

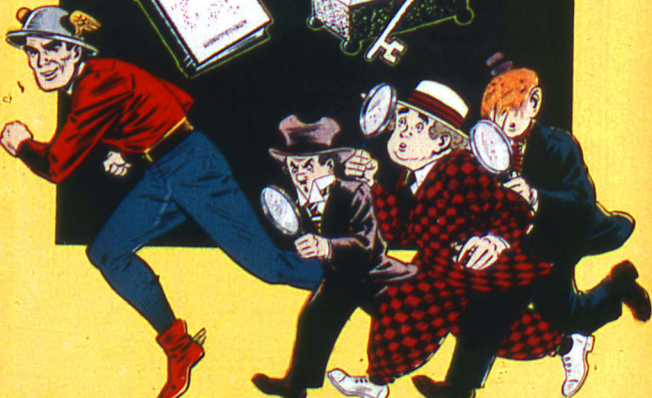
FALL ISSUE
No. 16

All-Flash



FIVE CLUES TO CRIME

10¢
IND.



An important
message to the
BOYS and GIRLS
of AMERICA!

from
**GENERAL
ARNOLD**

COMMANDING GENERAL
U.S. ARMY
AIR FORCES



**WAR DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON**

We of the armed forces urge every young man and woman of pre-military age who has been filling a summer war job to return to school this autumn. Such work is important, but your education has top priority. You will serve your country best by making the most of your education opportunities, for this is not only a brave man's war--it is also a smart man's war.

If you plan to enter military service, you will find that a good education offers the best assurance of progress and recognition. In all branches of service, we need trained leaders, engineers, scientists and specialists. And in the years to follow victory we will need them even more, as our nation charts its progress in the post-war world.

FOR VICTORY



H. H. Arnold
H. H. ARNOLD,
General, U. S. Army,

Commanding General, Army Air Forces.

(Prepared in cooperation with the Office of War Information and published in the interest of the NATIONAL GO-TO-SCHOOL DRIVE, sponsored by the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor, and the U. S. Office of Education, Federal Security Agency.)

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ALL-FLASH



The Flash

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

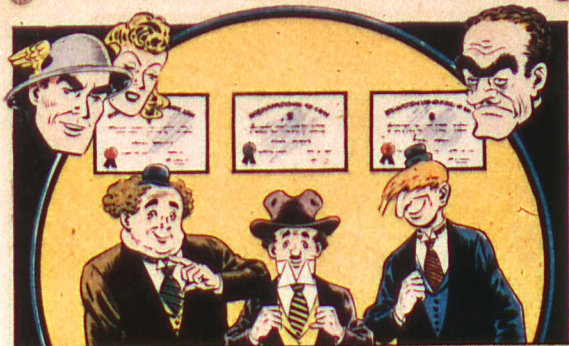
FIVE CLUES TO CRIME



1A

FIVE CLUES, FIVE TONGUES OF DESTINY SPEAKING FROM THE GRAVE, PUTTING THE FINGER ON THE GREATEST CRIMINAL GENIUS OF THE AGE! INSIGNIFICANT THINGS, SO WELL HIDDEN THAT ONLY THE FAST THINKING AND AMAZING LEG WORK OF **THE FLASH** CAN FATHOM THEIR RIDDLE!

AND SO, ONCE AGAIN WE PRESENT **THE FLASH**, FASTEST MAN ALIVE, IN ANOTHER FULL-LENGTH STORY.....



THREE DIPLOMAS, GLEANING ON THE WALL, THREE BRAND NEW LAWYERS, WAITING FOR BUSINESS, FILLED WITH HOPE AND AMBITION, READY TO FIRE ANY COURT WITH BLAZING ORATORY AND CLEVER BRIEF.....

UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE JUDGES OF THIS FAIR LAND, THESE NEW LAWYERS ARE WINKY, BLINKY AND NODDY, THE BIRDBRAINS OF THE LEGAL WORLD... GRADUATES OF A CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW, THEY HAVE SET UP

THEIR OFFICE AND ARE READY FOR BUSINESS.....

AND WHAT BUSINESS THEY ARE ABOUT TO GET! AS A MATTER OF FACT, THEY ARE ABOUT TO BE GIVEN THE BUSINESS, WHEN THE FLASH AND THAT MASTER OF MIS-DEED - THE SINISTER - LOCK GAIPS IN A BATTLE FOR POSSESSION OF.....

"THE LETTER OF THE LAW!"

IN HIS SPACIOUS LAW OFFICE, THE NOTORIOUS MOUTHPIECE J. EMMET WHITE, CONFERES WITH HIS EQUALLY NOTORIOUS CLIENT... THE SINISTER...

!

"I OUI." I'M THROUGH HANDLING YOUR DIRTY WORK! YOU CAN GET YOURSELF A NEW "MOUTHPIECE" AS YOU CALL IT!

"SIGH - IT LOOKS AS THOUGH I'LL HAVE TO, AT THAT." BUT, CALM DOWN, WHITE... I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A NICE FUNERAL....

IN FACT, A VERY NICE FUNERAL WHITE! BECAUSE NOBODY "OUTS" ME! THEY RETIRE PERMANENTLY!

YES, I KNOW... BUT I CAN'T GO ON! IT'S BETTER TO SIGN MY OWN DEATH WARRANT THAN CONTINUE TO COVER UP YOUR CRIMES...

AFTER THE SINISTER HAS GONE

BUT BEFORE I DIE, I'LL MAKE SURE HIS CRIMES FIND HIM OUT! I KNOW HIS PLANS FOR FIVE BIG JOBS... I'VE LAID FIVE CLUES TO THOSE JOBS ALL OVER THE CITY! THIS LETTER, ADDRESSED TO JOAN WILLIAMS, WILL SUMMON THE FLASH TO FIND THE FIRST CLUE... FROM THEN ON, EACH CLUE WILL GUIDE HIM TO THE NEXT CRIME... I HAVE TO DO IT THIS WAY BECAUSE THE SINISTER IS SO FIENDISHLY CLEVER!

OH, WELL - MY DUTY IS DONE! I WON'T NEED THE KEYS TO MY OFFICE ANY MORE....

WHILE ONE MAN'S LIFE HANGS ON THE WHIM OF ANOTHER, JAY (THE FLASH) GARRICK HAS BEEN IDLY CUTTING FUDGE

DID I TELL YOU, JAY? WINKY, BLINKY AND NODDY HAVE PASSED THE BAR EXAMS!

WHAT? YOU MEAN THOSE DAWGITS ARE CALLING THEMSELVES LAWYERS? OH, MY! WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO JUSTICE NOW?

COME ON! WE'RE GOING TO PAY THEM A VISIT AND SAY HELLO!

I'D MUCH RATHER STAY HERE AND EAT THIS FUDGE....

AT THE NEW OFFICE OF THE THREE MENACES TO THE LAW PROFESSION...

NOW WE GOTTA GET SOME CLIENTS!

NEVER MIND THAT! CUSTOMERS IS WHAT I WANT!

HEY, LISTEN TO THIS IN THE LAW GAZETTE... "THE PRACTICE OF AMBULANCE CHASING HAS BEEN LARGELY ABANDONED, ALTHOUGH IT ONCE BROUGHT MUCH BUSINESS TO CERTAIN UNETHICAL MEMBERS OF THE PROFESSION..."

THAT'S FOR US!
AMBULANCE
CHASING!

WAIT FER
ME... OWW!
OWTCH!!

I GOT A CASE!
I GOT A CASE!
SOMEBODY
LEFT THE LADDER
THERE AND
I FELL OVER IT!
NEGLECTENCE!

YA SAP—
YOU LEFT
IT THERE!
YA CAN'T
SUE
YOURSELF!



MY FIRST
CASE, AND
I HAVE TO
GET HURT
BY A GUY
WITH NO
MONEY!

STOP
MUTTERIN'!
WE GOTTA
FIND A
AMBULANCE!
COME
ON....

WHAT I
WANTA
KNOW IS,
HOW CAN
WE GET
BUSINESS
BY CHASIN'
AMBULANCES?
HUH?

OOOH, WHAT A DOPE!
ANYBODY KNOWS THE
AMBULANCE IS LIABLE
TO BACK UP SUDDEN
LIKE AND KNOCK
YA DOWN! THEN
YA SUE... SEE!

THERE
GOES ONE
NOW!
HURRY....



WHY, JAY! LOOK AT
THE BOYS! THEY
MUST BE IN TROUBLE!
LOOKS LIKE THEY NEED
AN AMBULANCE!

SO IT
DOES!

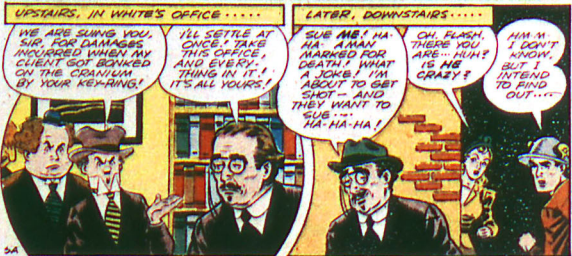
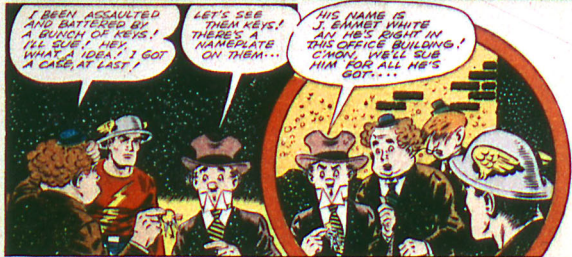
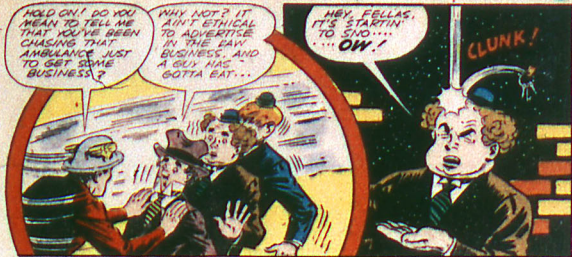
CLANG! CLANG!

WITH INCREDIBLE RAPIDITY, THE FAST-
EST MAN ALIVE SHEDS HIS STREET
CLOTHES, AND BOUNCES FORWARD....

WHAT'S THE
TROUBLE,
BOYS?
WHO'S
HURT?

HUH? OH, HELLO.
FLASH! NOBODY'S
HURT— PUFF, PUFF!
WE'RE LAWYERS, NOW,
AN' WE'RE CHASIN'
AMBULANCES....







HEY, JOAN! A GUY SETTLED AND LEFT US HIS LAW BUSINESS!

WHERE'S THE FLASH GOIN'?

AFTER A MAN THAT CAME OUT OF THE BUILDING... WE HEARD HIM SAY HE WAS GOING TO BE SHOT!

SHOT? THAT'S WONDERFUL... IT'LL BE ANOTHER CASE FOR US!

WE'LL GET HIM FOR A CLIENT... HURRY!

UP AHEAD, FOLLOWING J. EMMET WHITE, THE FLASH RUNS INTO SEVERAL SUB-MACHINE GUNS FULL OF TROUBLE.....

A FLIP OF HIS SPEED-BURDENED WRIST, AND THE GUNS OF THE WAITING KILLERS DO ACROBATICS — AGAINST THEIR OWN CHINS.....

WOW! LOOKS AS THOUGH HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT BEING SHOT..... I'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST....

OWW! OOF!!



ULLP! DA FLASH! THE SINISTER NEVER FIGURED ON HIM TAKIN' A HAND IN THIS!

MEANWHILE...

THERE HE IS... WHY, IT'S MR. WHITE!

KEEP YOUR EYE ON HIM! WHEN HE GETS SHOT, WE WANTA BE THERE SO'S HE CAN MAKE US HIS LAWYERS....



THREE PAIRS OF EYES PEER THROUGH THE SWIRLING SNOW AT THE SLOWLY STROLLING FORM OF J. EMMET WHITE—

AND ONE INSTANT LATER, THOSE EYES BLINK IN AMAZEMENT — FOR THE NOTED MOUTHPIECE HAS COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED !!!

UDD!
HE'S
GONE!

BU-BUT HE
CAN'T BE!
WE WAS
LOOKIN'
RIGHT AT
HIM!

OOH...
OOH...
OAT'S
WEIRD!

FOUR BLOCKS AWAY, IN FRONT OF THE LOCAL POLICE PRECINCT STATION.....

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN AN APARTMENT UPTOWN...

KEY THE SORTLY DROPPING SNOW CONTAINS THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF J. EMMET WHITE'S DISAPPEARANCE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT BE-FORE THE WATCHING EYES OF THREE MEN... AND SNOW DOES NOT TALK!

HE'S TAKIN' TH' BOYS TO JAIL! WAIT'LL THE SINISTER HEARS THIS....

SINISTER!
QUICK!
I GOTTA
SEE YA!
ALONE!

OKAY, BEAT IT, FOLKS! COME BACK IN A HALF HOUR.... I GOTTA BE DOLLED UP WHEN I GO TO JAIL....

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT JAIL, BOSS? YOUSE GONE NUTS?

NOT AT ALL! IT'S A PERFECT ALIBI! I'M GOING TO HAVE FIVE BIG JOBS ALL RULLED OFF AT ONCE, AND I'M GOING TO BE IN JAIL WHEN THEY HAPPEN....

MAYBE YOU WILL, AT THAT! THE FLASH JUST GOT THE BOYS WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO RUB OUT WHITE... THEY'RE ALL IN JAIL! IF WHITE SPILLS WHAT HE KNOWS, YOU'LL BE NEXT!

OH! OH! THAT'S BAD! I'VE GOT TO GET OVER TO WHITE'S OFFICE RIGHT AWAY! IF HE TURNS UP, I'LL FINISH HIM OFF MYSELF!



MINUTES LATER... AT THE OFFICES OF
MOYLAN, BOYLAN AND TOYLAN...
(FORMERLY J. EMMET WHITE) —

WHERE'S
WHITE?
WHAT'RE
YOU GUYS
DOING
HERE?

FOR YOUR
INFORMATION,
SIR, J. EMMET
WHITE TURNED
THIS BUSINESS
OVER TO US!

YEAH—
JUST
BEFORE HE
DISAPPEARED,
IN BROAD
DAYLIGHT,
TOO...

HE DISAPPEARED, EH?
HIM-M. MAYBE THE BOYS
GOT HIM AFTER ALL...
I MEAN, TOO BAD! SAY,
HOW'D YOU GUYS LIKE
TO MAKE A THOUSAND
BUCKS?

OH,
I DUNNO...
I GUESS SO...

WHAT??
A THOUSAN...
HOW? WHERE?
WHO DO WE
GOTTA
MOIDER?

NOW, NOW, CALM
DOWN... NOTHING
LIKE THAT! I JUST
WANT TO GO
TO JAIL....

YOU BOYS LOOK DUM... I MEAN
SMART ENOUGH TO GET ME
PUT IN JAIL FOR THIRTY
DAYS! THIRTY DAYS—
A THOUSAND BUCKS....

BOY! FOR A
THOUSAND BUCKS
WE'D GET YA
PUT IN JAIL FOR
LIFE — WE AIN'T
CHEAPSKATES!

ALL RIGHT
ALRIGHT,
TAKE IT EASY!
JUST THIRTY
DAYS, THAT'S
ALL! NOW
GET BUSY!

LEMME SEE... HOW TO GET
IN JAIL! DISTURBIN' TH'
PEACE OUGHTA DO IT....
LEAVE IT TO ME —
C'MON, MISTER!



THE NEXT DAY, JOAN WILLIAMS RECEIVES A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER....



"H-M-M. FROM J. EMMET WHITE — WHOEVER HE IS. OH, WELL, I'LL READ IT LATER.... I PROMISED TO MEET JAY DOWNTOWN...."

NEVER GUESSING THE IMPORTANT CONTENTS OF THE ENVELOPE, JOAN HASTILY STUFFS IT INTO HER HANDBAG AND HURRIES DOWNTOWN....



"HERE COMES A DOLLED-UP DAME! MAYBE SHE'LL HAVE SOME DOUGH IN HER PURSE...."

A LEADING FORM, EXPERT FINGERS CLOSING ABOUT A HANDBAG, A RAPID TATTOO OF RACING FEET....



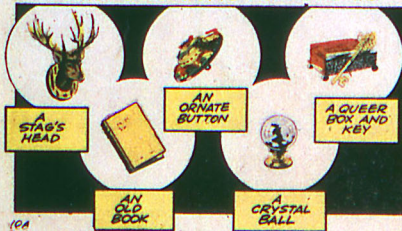
"OH! MY BAG! HELP! STOP! THIEF!"

AND SO THE LETTER FROM J. EMMET WHITE THAT IS MEANT FOR THE FLASH, THE LETTER THAT POINTS OUT CLUE NUMBER ONE TO THE FIVE CRIMES SCHEDULED BY THE SINISTER, DISAPPEARS IN THE CLUTCHES OF A PICKPOCKET.



"I HAVE TO FIND THE FLASH! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!"

FIVE CLUES — USELESS TO PREVENT THE CRIMES THEY BETRAY UNLESS THEY'RE KNOWN TO THE FLASH...



A STAG'S HEAD

AN ORNATE BUTTON

A QUEER BOX AND KEY

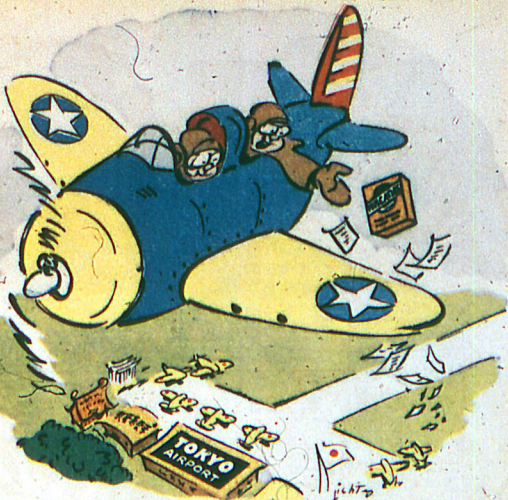
A CRYSTAL BALL

AN OLD BOOK

IF THE FLASH DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THOSE CLUES, HE CAN'T SOLVE THE RIDDLE LEFT HIM BY LAWYER J. EMMET WHITE, AND IF HE ISN'T AWARE OF THEM... HOW CAN HE STOP THE SCHEMES OF THE SINISTER, WHO IS EVEN NOW ON HIS WAY TO THE PERFECT ALIBI....

THIRTY DAYS IN JAIL!

?



"The leaflets tell 'em they'd be better off by surrendering
Wheaties will convince 'em." and the box of



HERE'S A SUGGESTION WE'D
LIKE TO DROP WITH YOU.

TRY WHEATIES AND LET
THOSE BIG WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES
CONVINCE YOU THAT THE GOOD

BREAKFAST YOU NEED CAN BE REAL FUN TO EAT.
YOU GET CRACK WHOLE GRAIN NOURISHMENT IN
WHEATIES. THE SAME VALUABLE FOOD ENERGY
RECOMMENDED BY LEADING COACHES AND
FAMOUS ATHLETES. YOU GET THAT WELL-
KNOWN "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR, TOO. A
ZIPPY, NUT-SWEET FLAVOR THAT MAKES A
DIRECT HIT WITH YOU.

TAKE OFF WITH A LOAD OF GOOD NOURISH-
MENT AND GOOD FLAVOR AND GOOD FUN...
EVERY MORNING, TAKE ON A MAN-SIZED
BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES,
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."



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GENERAL MILLS, INC.

"BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered
trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

CHAPTER
"TWO"**"MENACE
IN THE
MUSEUM!"**

The Flash

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

THE PEOPLE VS THE SINISTER! COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE, MOVLAN, BOVLAN AND TOVLAN! AS THE CLERK CRIES OUT, "ALL THOSE HAVING BUSINESS WITH THIS CRIMINAL COURTS SESSION DRAW NEAR, GIVE YOUR ATTENTION, AND YOU SHALL BE HEARD"... NODDY LEAPS TO HIS FEET AND

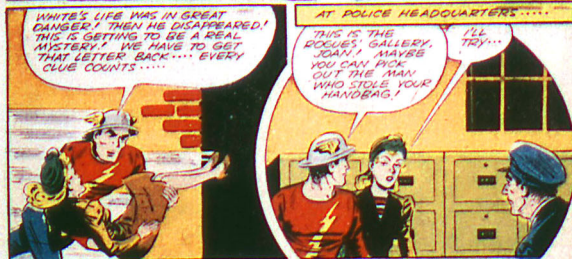
YOUR HONOR! OUR CLIENT HIT A COP WITH A TOMATO... THAT IS REPREENSIBLE... THE FREEDOM OF LIFE DOES NOT TOLERATE SUCH ACTION... IT IS TYRANNY... AND BESIDES, TOMATOES ARE KINDA HARD TO GET THESE DAYS... WE ASK A THIRTY-DAY SENTENCE TO TEACH HIM A LESSON.... AND....

ORDER! IN THE COURT! ORDER!

ORDER!!

QUIET!!

MR. ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE, WILL YOU DO ME A FAVOR...? SIT DOWN UNTIL YOUR CASE IS CALLED!!!





OH-H... I GOTTA GET ME A LAWYER TO ASK THE FLASH TO FORGIVE ME. IF HE FINDS I DIDN'T KEEP NOTHIN', MAYBE HE'LL GO EASY WITH ME...

MEANWHILE, AT THE COURTROOM IN CRIMINAL SESSIONS, SINISTER'S CASE HAS BEEN CALLED AND NODDY IS GOING TO TOWN.....

ALL RIGHT! I SAW YOU WITH THE TOMATOES, DIDN'T I? I SAW YOU HIT THE COP IN THE FACE WITH THEM, DIDN'T I? ANSWER YES OR NO.....

YES!

YOUR HONOR, IT IS PLAIN THAT MY CLIENT IS GUILTY. I DEMAND THAT YOU GIVE HIM THIRTY DAYS... NO MORE, NO LESS!

YOU DEMAND? WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE - THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY? I NEVER SAW SUCH AN OUTRAGE! YOU'RE ACTUALLY TRYING TO RAILROAD YOUR CLIENT TO JAIL!

I FIND YOU IN CONTEMPT OF COURT, AND HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO JAIL! YOUR CLIENT IS ACQUITTED!

OOOH, WHAT A DOPPE! I'M ON TRIAL - AND HE GETS SENTENCED! OOOH...

YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO OUR PARTNER!

I OBJECT!!

I OBJECT MYSELF! LOCK THESE TWO MANIACS UP ALONG WITH THE OTHER ONE!

AS THEY APPROACH THEIR CELL, THE DUMMIES FIND IT OCCUPIED BY A WHITE-HAIRED OLD VAGRANT MUMB-LING TO HIMSELF.....

OOOH, WHAT A SADDER JUDGE - WE AREN'T GUILTY!

IF I ONLY HAD A LAWYER, I'D GET OUTTA HERE! THEY WOULDN'T KEEP ME IN THIS PLACE... I'D... GET... OUT...

SOME LAWYERS WE TURNED OUT TO BE... I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER HOW A HABEAS CORPUSCLE IS WORDED...

EH? LAWYERS? ALL OF YOU? WHY GETTING US OUT OF HERE SHOULD BE EASY NOW! I'LL DICTATE A HABEAS CORPUS... YOU WRITE IT DOWN...

OKAY! GIVE WITH THE LAW LINGO, MISTER...

HABEAS CORPUS? HABEAS CORPUS? PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK: TO JUDGE JONES: WE COMMAND THAT YOU HAVE THE BODIES OF MESSRS.

AND SO, SOMETIME LATER, WITH THE AID OF THEIR NEW-FOUND FRIEND, THE DIMWITS ONCE AGAIN BREATHE FREE AIR...

YOU COME ALONG WITH US, MISTER! WE CAN USE A MAN LIKE YOU....

MEANWHILE...

LEMME! SEE... I NEED A LAWYER... WHO TO PICK?

FLASH! THAT MAN! HE'S THE ONE!

ALL RIGHT! HAND OVER THAT PURSE, YOU LIGHT-FINGERED CROOK!

ULP! FLASH! I WAS TRYIN' TO FIND YA! HONEST... HONEST I WAS!

NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME, ME QUICKFINGER BENNY... IF YOU DON'T TURN OVER A NEW LEAF, YOU WILL BE... ETC... ETC....

YES MA'AM, YES MA'AM...

JOAN, THIS IS PRICE-LESS! COME ON...

THIS LETTER IS SO WORDED THAT ITS CODE CAN BE READ ONLY BY ME!

WHAT?

OH, LOOK! HERE COMES THE FLASH! HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT TROUBLES!



MR. WHITE HAS SO ARRANGED THE WORDING OF THIS MESSAGE THAT CERTAIN GROUPS OF LETTERS OCCUPY DIFFERENT SPACES ON THE PAPER. WITH THE HELP OF A STROBOSCOPE, YOU COULD READ IT, TOO....

AND MAY I ASK WHAT A STROBOSCOPE IS?

IT'S AN INSTRUMENT WHICH ALLOWS THE HUMAN EYE TO SEE SWIFTLY MOVING OBJECTS AS THOUGH THEY WERE STANDING STILL. IT WOULD BRING OUT IN THIS LETTER CERTAIN WORD COMBINATIONS WHICH MY EYES, USED TO HIGH SPEEDS, CAN EASILY READ....



AND THOSE WORDS ARE TIPS-OFFS ON JOBS THE SINISTER PLANS.... THE FIRST CLUE IS AN OLD KEY IN THE CITY MUSEUM.... SEE YOU LATER....

HEY! WAIT FER US...

IT IS FOUNDER'S DAY AT THE CITY MUSEUM AND A PAGEANT IS TO BE STAGED... BUT THE REAL ACTORS ARE TIGHTLY BOUND AND HELPLESS....

YOU GUYS KEEP QUIET AND NORODYLL BE THE WISER, SEE?



THE SINISTER ARRIVES—
TOO LATE...

I WANTED TO STOP THEM UNTIL I COULD GET MYSELF PUT IN JAIL. IF THEY PULL THOSE JOBS WHILE I'M WALKING AROUND, MY ALIBI IS GONE!

AS THE COSTUMED MOBSTERS PARADE THROUGH THE MUSEUM, THEY SEEK ONE THING — THE DOOR TO THE ROYAL PHAROAH EMERALD ROOM....



FROM THE OPPOSITE END OF THE MUSEUM COMES THE FLASH, SEEKING HIS FIRST CLUE.....

WHITE SAID IN HIS LETTER THAT A SPECIALLY MADE KEY WOULD UNLOCK A BOX ON DISPLAY IN THE KEY ROOM... AND IN THAT BOX ARE THE CLUES TO THE FIRST TWO CRIMES....

WHITE MUST HAVE HAD A FRIEND IN THE MUSEUM IN ORDER TO GET TO USE THIS BOX... AH! THERE'S A PAPER INSIDE, ALL RIGHT...



OH OH! THEY'RE AFTER THE UNCUT EMERALDS ON DISPLAY IN THE ROYAL PHAROAH ROOM! AND AFTER THAT, THEY HAVE A DATE AT THE SEANCE ROOM OF SAHIB MOHAMMED ALI... WHO-EVER HE IS....

MEANWHILE, THE SINISTER'S MOB HAS BEEN APPLYING NIMBLE FINGERS.....

OKAY, THAT'S ALL OF THEM! NOW, DON'T FORGET WHAT WE'RE TO DO WITH THESE, IN CASE WE'RE CAUGHT....



JUST THEN, THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER CATAPULTS INTO THE ROOM.....

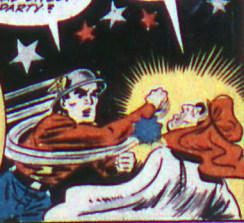
WHAT SAY WE MAKE THIS A REAL LIVELY PARTY?

OWOOO!

EEOOW! THE FLASH!

SCATTER YOU GUYS! BREAK IT UP!

MY, MY, AREN'T WE BUSY LITTLE BEES...





DON'T RUSH OFF, FELLAS!
LET'S TALK THINGS
OVER, HUH?

BONG!

WITH SPEED-ATTUNED FINGERS, THE
FLASH SEARCHES THE THUGS, BUT...

OKAY, I GIVE UP!
WHERE'D YOU PUT
THOSE EMERALDS?
THEY AREN'T ON
ANY OF YOU!

WE...WE
DON'T
KNOW...

I COULDN'T DISCOVER WHERE
THOSE JEWELS ARE, IF
YOU'D GIVE ME FIVE
MINUTES ALONE WITH
THOSE BABIES....

WE CAN'T,
FLASH!
WE GOT
ORDERS
TO BRING
'EM RIGHT
IN!

PUFF, PUFF!
HELLO,
FLASH!
WE WAS
DELAYED
BY NOT
BEING
ABLE
TO RUN AS
FAST AS
YOU....

YOU
DON'T
LOOK
ANY TOO
GLAD
TO SEE
US!

SH-H-
I'M
THINKING
!

I KNOW THEY TOOK
THE EMERALDS!
I CAUGHT UP WITH
THEM BEFORE THEY
COULD HAVE GIVEN
THEM TO ANYONE...
PROBLEM: WHERE
ARE THEY?

WELL, WHAT'S THE
MOST IMPROBABLE
PLACE TO PUT THEM?
WITH SOME OTHER
JEWELS, OF COURSE!

NO, BECAUSE THEY
COULDN'T GET TO THEM
EASILY ENOUGH LATER ON!
BUT THERE IS ONE OBJECT
THAT IS TAKEN OUT OF THE
MUSEUM EVERY NIGHT!
AND THAT'S WHERE THE
JEWELS ARE...
I HOPE!

THIS WASTE BIN IS EMPTIED AT NIGHT! IF THEY TOSSED THE JEWELS IN HERE, THEY COULD ALWAYS PICK 'EM OUT OF THE TRASH HEAP LATER... AH, HERE THEY ARE!

THE CROOKS WHO GOT AWAY WILL PROBABLY MAKE AN ATTEMPT AT THE CITY DUMP PILE TO-NIGHT—AND THEY'LL FIND THE FLASH!

AN' WE'LL HELP YOUSE, FLASH!



MEANWHILE, UNAWARE THAT THE FLASH HAS FOUND THE EMERALDS, THE SINISTER HAS HURRIED FROM THE CITY MUSEUM.....

SOME MINUTES LATER, BEFORE A QUEER DOOR IN AN ODD HOUSE...

THANKS TO THOSE SAPPY LAWYERS, MY WHOLE SCHEME TO PULL FIVE BIG JOBS WHILE I WAS SAFE IN JAIL IS BECOMING A BOOMERANG! HM-M- MAYBE I CAN STOP THE BOYS FROM PULLING THAT JOB AT SAHIB MOHAMMED ALI'S....

I'LL PRETEND THAT I'M INTERESTED IN THE SEANCE, IN ORDER TO BE ON HAND TO TELL MY BOYS TO LAY OFF....



AT THE SAME MOMENT, THE WASTE BINS OF THE CITY MUSEUM ARE EMPTIED INTO THE CITY DUMP.....

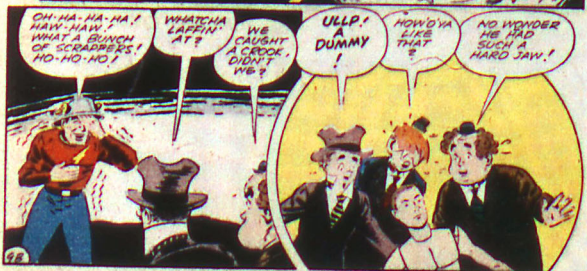
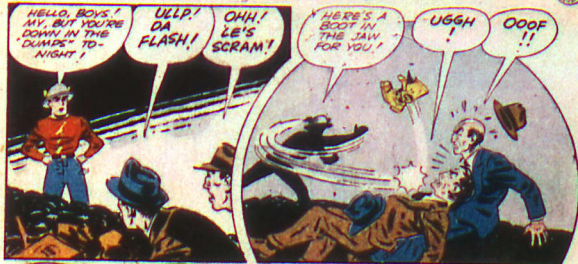
MINUTES LATER....

THERE THEY ARE! THE STUFF'S IN ONE OF THEM....

I—I DON'T SEE THE BAG ANYWHERE!

NONSENSE! THE PAPERS SAY THE EMERALDS HAVEN'T BEEN FOUND... SO, THEY MUST BE HERE!







AFTER THE TWO MOBSTERS HAVE BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE POLICE, THE FLASH TAKES THE THREE DOPES INTO HIS CONFIDENCE.....

CHEER UP, FELLAS! YOU CAN HELP ME BREAK UP THE NEXT CRIME!

THAT'S SWELL OF YOU, FLASH!

IT'LL TAKE OUR MINDS OFF OUR TROUBLES!

I FOUND THE CLUE THAT WAS PLANTED IN THE MUSEUM! THE NEXT CRIME IS SCHEDULED TO TAKE PLACE AT A SEANCE ROOM OWNED BY A SAHIB MOHAMMED ALI!

WHAT'S A SEANCE ROOM?

WHY, IT'S A PLACE WHERE GHOSTS WALK AROUND AND TAP ON TABLES, AND TALK TO YOU... OR THAT'S WHAT THE MEDIUMS CLAIM ANYWAY....

WHADDAYA KNOW? WE CALL THAT A GRAVE-YARD WHERE I COME FROM!

GHO-OSTS, HUH? WELL, I'LL BE SEBIN' YA... SO LONG!

LET'S HAVE NO MORE NONSENSE! MAYBE YOU CAN HAVE YOUR FORTUNE TOLD!

MY FORTUNE? ALL I GOT IS A DOLLAR AN' FIFTEEN CENTS. AN' THAT AIN'T NO FORTUNE!

AHR... SHUT UP!

AR-TH

TOWARD THE GIBBIE DOOR OF THE MIGHTY MAGI, SAHIB MOHAMMED ALI, WALK THE FLASH AND HIS THREE HELPLESS HELP-MATES.... WHAT WEIRD SECRETS HIDE BEHIND THAT DOOR? WHAT EVIL CRIME IS ABOUT TO BE REVEALED...

?

150 MILE RACE

TO SAVE A NATION!

OUT OF THE RECORDS OF A LONG-AGO WAR COMES THIS TRUE STORY OF A BOY'S AMAZING RACE AGAINST TIME...WITH HIS COUNTRY'S FATE AT STAKE! ALMOST 2500 YEARS AGO, A HORDE OF BARBARIANS SWIFT DOWN ON A FREEDOM-LOVING NATION--AND ONLY YOUNG PHILIPIDES' STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE COULD SAVE HIS NATIVE GREECE!

IN 490 B.C.
A POWER-HUNGRY
RULER

SENT HIS
GANGSTER ARMY
AGAINST BRAVE
LITTLE GREECE.
THE PERSIANS
SOON OVER-
WHELMED THE
BORDER CITY
OF BRITREA...
AND THE
CONQUERING
GENERAL
GLOATS...



WE HAVE WIPE-
D OUT THESE PEACE-
LOVING
FOOLS!

AYE...AND
NOW...ON TO
ATHENS--AND A
GREATER
VICTORY!

BUT ALREADY NEWS OF
THE INVASION HAS
REACHED ATHENS.
THE GREEK GENERAL,
MULTIADES, HAS
RALLIED A SMALL
BAND OF BRAVE
WARRIORS...

MULTIADES PLANS TO MARCH OUT TO MEET THE
PERSIANS ON THE PLAINS OF MARATHON...BUT BEFORE
THEY START...



WE MUST HAVE
THE HELP OF
THE SPARTANS!
BRING ME THE
RUNNER,
PHILIPIDES!



AND SO WE MUST
SUMMON THE SPARTANS!
IT IS A MIGHTY
RUN I ASK OF
YOU, AND
SPEED IS
IMPORTANT!

I
WILL
DO MY
BEST,
SIR!

See the NEW Thom McAn "MARATHON!"

THE MARATHON WAS DESIGNED FOR
FELLOWS LIKE YOU! BUILT TO TAKE PUNISHMENT
AND COME UP FOR MORE, THIS "HUSKY" HAS THE
FAMOUS MEL-FLEX SOLE...SPRINGY, FLEXIBLE,
WATERPROOF, INSULATED AGAINST HEAT AND COLD...
AND GUARANTEED TO OUTLAST LEATHER EVERY
TIME! THE MOCCASIN-DESIGN GIVES YOUR FOOT
PLENTY OF ROOM TO SPREAD (IMPORTANT FOR
QUICK STARTS AND STOPS)...AND THE DOUBLE-
FLAP LACING GIVES YOU ADJUSTABLE INSTEP
FIT FOR EXTRA SUPPORT AND SNUGGNESS!
MAKE SURE YOUR NEXT SHOES ARE
THOM McAN "MARATHONS!"



ONLY
\$2.99

ADJUSTABLE
DOUBLE-FLAP
LACING

COMFORTABLE
MOCCASIN DESIGN

DESIGN SPRING
MEL-FLEX SOLE

EQUIPPED ONLY WITH EXTRA SANDALS AND A FLASK OF WATER, THE YOUNG ATHLETE... STARTS TOWARD SPARTA...



YOU CARRY OUR FATE, COMRADE! GOOD LUCK!

Hour after hour, all day and the following night, Philipides' great endurance carries him on... and on... and on...

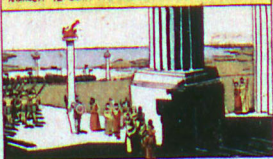


TWO DAYS AND TWO NIGHTS AFTER HIS LEAVE ATHENS, PHILIPIDES STUMBLES EXHAUSTED INTO THE ARMS OF A SURPRISED SPARTAN GUARD...



TAKE ME TO YOUR COMMANDER!

THE ARMY OF SPARTA STARTS A FORCED MARCH TO JOIN ITS ALLIES AT MARATHON --



BRAVE MEN DEFENDING THEIR NATIVE COUNTRY, THE OUT-NUMBERED GREEKS FORCE THE MIGHTY ARMY TO FLEE... A GREAT VICTORY FOR THE WORLD'S FIRST DEMOCRACY!

And Later...



YOU HAVE RUN THE GREATEST RACE IN HISTORY, MY SON. AND ALL GREECE THANKS YOU!

PHILIPIDES' AMAZING FEAT OF STRENGTH AND THE GREAT GREEK VICTORY ARE REMEMBERED IN TODAY'S LONG-DISTANCE "MARATHON RACE!"

OUR ARMY FIGHTS ON ITS FEET, TOO!

EVEN IN TODAY'S MECHANIZED WARFARE, THERE'S PLENTY OF MARCHING AND FIGHTING ON FOOT... AND UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIERS NEED THE FINEST LEATHER AND EXPERT WORKMANSHIP IN THEIR SHOES. MILLIONS OF CRAFTSMEN IN THOM McAN'S 21 RIGHT NOW TURNING OUT 25 PAIRS OF PAIRS OF ARMY SHOES... ARE RIGHT NOW TURNING OUT 25 PAIRS OF PAIRS OF THE SPECIAL NEW ARMY ALL-PURPOSE BOOT! THESE SAME CRAFTSMEN BUILD EXTRA MILEAGE INTO THOM McAN SHOES FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY. STOP IN AT ONE OF THE 600 THOM McAN STORES WITH THE FAMILIAR WHITE FRONT... AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHY MORE PEOPLE BUY AT THOM McAN'S THAN AT ANY OTHER SHOE STORE IN THE COUNTRY!



Thom McAn



IN THE DOAPED SEANCE ROOM OF SEER SAHIB MOHAMMED ALI SITS THE **SINISTER**, HOPING, FOR ONCE IN HIS LIFE, TO PREVENT A CRIME! HE FEARS THAT IF HIS GANGSTERS CONTINUE THEIR PLUNDERING PILGRIMAGE, HE WILL BE BLAMED FOR IT.....

AND HASTENING TO FORESTALL HIS PLANS IS THE **FLASH**, FASTEST MAN ALIVE, SEEKING THE CLUE THAT WILL SPELL THE DOWNFALL OF THE **SINISTER** FOREVER.....

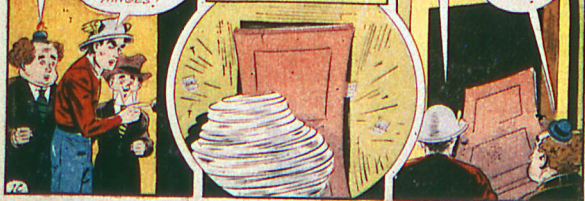
NOBODY
ANSWERS
!

THEY WILL WHEN
THEY FIND THEIR
DOOR HAS
DROPPED RIGHT
OFF ITS
HINGES!

SO SWIFTLY DOES THE
FLASH RATTLE THE DOOR
THAT NUTS AND BOLTS
FLY OFF IN ALL
DIRECTIONS...

THERE
!

FLASH,
YOU'RE
STILL
AMAZES
ME!





INSIDE, IN THE DARKENED SEANCE ROOM, THE WORRYING SINISTER WAITS FOR HIS BOYS.....

HM-M-THE SAHIR HAS GATHERED A CHOICE CLIENTELE FOR MY BOYS TO ROB....

ARISE, O GHOSTS OF THE DEPARTED, AND SPEAK TO US!

AND SINCE THE SAHIR WORKS FOR ME, HE CAN LEAVE TOWN WITH A NICE FEE FOR THIS JOB! BUT I HAVE TO STAY ON.... I'VE A FEW MORE THINGS TO ATTEND TO.....

MY BOYS SHOULD BE HERE IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES.... I MUST SIGNAL THEM TO LAY OFF UNTIL I CAN GET IN JAIL!

SPEAK, O GHOST! SPEAK TO US!



PARDON ME, BUT HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN BLINKY?

OH-H!

WHAT?

YOU! SO THEY LET YOU OUT OF JAIL, EH? ARE - ARE YOU FOLLOWING ME, BY ANY CHANCE?

OF-OF COURSE NOT! ME AND TH' FLASH... ARE....



THE FLASH? IS HE WITH YOU? HERE? NOW?

I - I'LL TELL YA.... IF YA... YA ONLY- STO- STOP SHAKIN' ME....

IN ANOTHER ROOM....

FLASH, FLASH! WINKY GOT LOST IN TH' DARK. I HE'S SOMEWHERE IN TH' SEANCE ROOM NOW...

I HEAR HIM! THE IDIOT'S BLABBING ALL HE KNOWS. TOO, I WE MUST STOP HIM....





IN THE SEANCE ROOM, THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO HAPPEN... THE SINISTER'S "BOYS" HAVE ARRIVED...



OKAY, YOUSE GUYS... REACH!

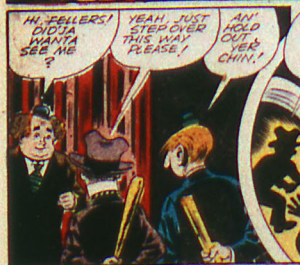
AN' DON'T TRY NOthin' FUNNY!

RSST... NIX... NIX!

COME ALONG, WINKY... NODDY AND BLINKY WANT TO SEE YOU...

OH, IS THAT SO, FLASH? THANKS FOR TELLIN' M... OOP!

OOH! TOO LATE! THE FLASH IS HERE ALREADY! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY....



HI, FELLERS! DIDJA WANTA SEE ME?

YEAH, JUST STEP OVER THIS WAY PLEASE!

AN' HOLD OUT YER CHIN!

TELL PEOPLE ABOUT WHAT THE FLASH IS DOIN', WILL YA!

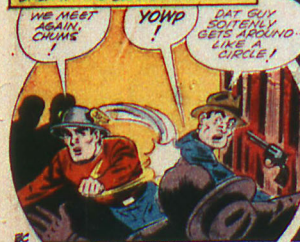
OOOF !!

YA GOON! COCH, YA SAG!

THANKS TO THIS BIT OF HORSEPLAY, I CAN SLIP OUT UNNOTICED...



BACK IN THE SEANCE ROOM.....



WE MEET AGAIN, CHUMS!

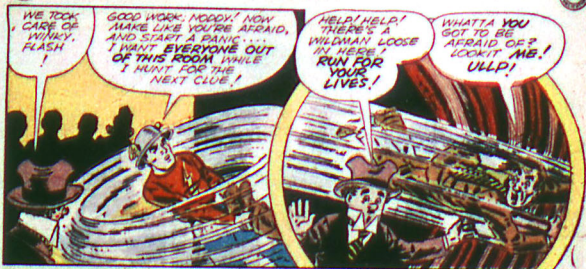
YOWP!

DAT GUY SOITENLY GETS AROUND... LIKE A CIRCLE!

AWWWK !!

THAT'S USING YOUR HEAD, FELLA...





HM-M. THE HOTEL RICHNESS IS ~~IS~~ FAVORITE MEETING SPOT FOR BIG BUSINESS MEN! THEY MAY HAVE A BIG DEAL ON, WITH PLENTY OF CASH IN THE HOTEL SAFE! ANYHOW, I'LL BE THERE...

SOMETIME LATER, OUTSIDE, THE SINISTER WATCHES AS THE FLASH BIDS THE DOPES GOOD-BYE...

SEE YOU TONIGHT AT SIX, BOYS!

WE'LL BE THERE!

THOSE DUMB LAWYERS— W. WITH HIM! I WONDER IF THEY KNOW WHO I REALLY AM, OR WHY I WANTED TO GO TO JAIL?

I'LL FOLLOW THEM AND FIND OUT HOW MUCH THEY KNOW... I DON'T LIKE IT... THEY'RE TOO FRIENDLY WITH THE FLASH...



AT THE THREE DIMWITS' OFFICE...

HEY, MISTER... AIN'TCHA SORRY AT US NO MORE?

OF COURSE NOT! LET BYGONES BE BYGONES! TELL ME, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?

DOIN' WELL... MAYBE WE COULDN'T PUT YOU IN JAIL, BUT WE COULD PUT OTHER GUYS IN... AN' DID!

SURE... WE'VE ALWAYS HELPED THE FLASH OUT, YOU KNOW! WE HANDLE ALL HIS PROBLEMS... WHY, HE ALWAYS CALLS ON US WHEN WE'RE IN TROUBLE... I MEAN, WHEN HE NEEDS US!

HM-M. TELL ME MORE!



OH, BY THE WAY... ER... WHAT WERE YOU DOING AT THAT SEANCE?

WE WAS FOLLOWIN' UP SOME CLUES IN A LETTER...

YEAH, THAT J. EMMET WHITE WROTE TO THE FLASH ABOUT SOME BIG SHOT CROOK... SEEMS THERE WAS FIVE CLUES...

WOW!
NOW THEY'VE DONE IT!

FIVE CLUES, EH? TWO ALREADY FOUND! FLASH KNOWS THEM, EH? AH, SPLENDID! SPLENDID WORK, BOYS!

AWW, IT WAS ONLY OUR DUTY!





AT TWO MINUTES TO SIX, THE HOTEL RICHNESS LOBBY HUMS WITH ACTIVITY

TH' SINISTER COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER SPOT! EVEN IF THE COFFERS DO SHOW UP, THEY WON'T DARE SHOOT FOR FEAR OF HITTING SOMEBODY...



AT EXACTLY SIX P.M.

TH' SAFE, BUB... MAKE WITH TH' COMBINATION... AN' FAST!

HUH? YE... YESSIR!



WITH INCREDIBLE SUDDENNESS, AS IF... FROM SPACE

OOH!
TH' FLASH!!

SPLAT!



THE REMAINING CROOKS MAKE A WILD DASH FOR FREEDOM... THE FLASH CAN'T UNLEASH HIS FULL SPEED FOR FEAR OF HURTING SOME INNOCENT BYSTANDER....

THOSE BATS ARE GETTING AWAY - BUT NOT FAR!



THE PANICKY GUNMEN RACE INTO THE HOTEL RICHNESS TURKISH BATHS, AND ARE SOON HIDDEN IN BILLOWING CLOUDS OF STEAM

HA! HE'LL NEVER FIND US HERE!

HM-M.
I KNOW THEY'RE HERE - BUT WHERE?



AND ON THE STREET OUTSIDE.....

IT'S AFTER SIX!
WE'RE TARDY!

YEAH, AN' WE'RE LATE, TOO!

LET'S GO IN THIS DOOR!

HOTEL
RICHNE'
TURKIS
BATH

LOOK! TH' CROOKS!
THEY'VE ALREADY ROBBED TH' SAFE!

WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING!

AN' I KNOW WHAT....

HEY!
WHAT-??

YAH! YAH!
YA CAN'T CATCH ME....

I GOTTA GET 'EM! PUFF-PUFF!
OFF SOMEWHERE'S AN' KEEP 'EM THERE....

I'LL GET TH' DOUGH!
YOUSE TAKE CARE OF HIS PALS!

OKAY, I GOTCHA!

STEAM ROOM

DERE! TRIGGER'LL TAKE CARE OF DAT DOPE... WHILE I ATTEND TO YOUSE BUSYBODIES!

WHO-US?

WE AIN'T VERY BUSY-HONEST WE AIN'T!

DIS IS ONE PLACE WHERE I'LL PERSONALLY GUARANTEE YOU'LL HAVE A HOT TIME, BUB!

YEEOW!!

FOR YOU A FREE RUBDOWN WIT' DE COMPLIMENTS OF DE SINISTER!

UMPF-FOO-MUGGLE...!!

STEAM ROOM

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER ROOM OF THE TURKISH BATHS....

NOW, WHERE DID THOSE THUGS GO? WHAT...? THAT SOUNDS LIKE NODDY!

OOOH! YEEEOW! HELP!

WELL! WELL!

OH! DA FLASH!!

QUICKER THAN IT TAKES TO TELL IT, THE FLASH REMOVES NODDY FROM THE STEAM BOX AND PUTS THE CROOK IN INSTEAD.....

THERE! THAT SHOULD COOL YOU OFF...

YI-I-I!! UGGLE-GLUB-GLUB...

ICE WATER PLUNGE POOL

YEEOW... OWW... I'M BURNIN' UP!!

WHAT'S THAT? TOO HOT? WELL, MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU...

GOSH, BLINKY! YOUSE LOOKS LIKE A PRETZEL!

HUH! I'M SO TWISTED THEY COULD SELL ME FOR A CORKSCREW!

HEY! WHERE'S WINKY? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM!

HE'S IN TH' STEAM ROOM - WITH ANOTHER CROOK....

WINKY! WOW!
THAT STEAM
DID A JOB
ON YOU
ALL RIGHT!

OH, YEAH?
WAIT'LL
YOUSE SEE
TH' OTHER
GUY....

OH, HO...
HA-HA-HA-
WAIT'LL THE
BOYS AT THE
POLICE
STATION
GET A LOAD
OF YOU!

AWW, FLASH...
DYS. IS
EMBARRASSIN'
!

IN THE MEANTIME, THE SINISTER HAS
VISITED THE OFFICES OF MOYLAN,
BOYLAN AND TOYLAN IN THEIR ABSENCE...

THIS USED TO BE
WHITE'S OFFICE!
ALL HIS PAPERS
ARE STILL ON
FILE — AHH...!

...A COPY OF A LETTER
ADDRESSED TO JOAN
WILLIAMS! IT MUST
BE THE ONE FOR
THE FLASH....

HA HA! WHITE FORGOT ONE
THING WHEN HE DICTATED
THIS LETTER TO HIS TYPIST,
AND THAT WAS TO TELL HER
NOT TO MAKE A CARBON COPY!
IT'S SECOND NATURE TO A
SECRETARY TO MAKE A
DUPLICATE OF EVERY LETTER
SHE TYPES... AND NOW
I HAVE THAT COPY!

H-M-M- THIS IS TOUGHER
THAN I EXPECTED....
HE HAS ARRANGED THIS
LETTER IN SOME FORM SO
THAT ONLY THE FLASH
COULD READ IT....
I'VE GOT TO DECIPHER
IT... I'VE GOT TO!!

IN HIS LUXURIOUS APARTMENT, THE SINISTER UNWRAPS A SCIENTIFIC GADGET: A STROBOSCOPE.....

THE ONLY ADVANTAGE THE FLASH COULD HAVE IS HIS SUPER-SWIFT EYES! WITH THIS THING I CAN SEE FAST OBJECTS, OR SPECIALLY GROUPED WORDS, TOO....

AH... SO! CLEVER OF J. EMMET WHITE! HE LEAVES THESE CLUES FOR THE FLASH, AND BEATS ME AT MY OWN GAME....

BUT IF I JUST WANDER OUT AND REMOVE THOSE CLUES MYSELF... THE FLASH WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO STOP ME!

MINUTES LATER... AMID THE WRECKAGE OF SAHIR MOHAMMED ALI'S SEANCE ROOM.....

HM-M- SO THE NEXT CLUE IS A MOUNTED STAG'S HEAD AT TELLER'S TAXIDERMIST SHOP... MAYBE I CAN BEAT THE FLASH THERE...

UNAWARE THAT THE ARCH-CRIMINAL IS ON THE TRAIL OF THE CLUES, THE FLASH HAS JUST TURNED HIS CAPTIVES OVER TO THE POLICE.....

GREAT WORK, FLASH... YOU OUGHT TO GET A MEDAL!

WHAT I OUGHTTA GET IS SOME CLOTHES!

I'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME, JOAN! I'LL GET AFTER THOSE CLUES WHILE THE BOYS BUY WINKY SOME CLOTHES...

I HOPE THEY KNOW WHAT TO BUY...

AS THE SINISTER PROCEEDS TO THOSE LOCALITIES WHERE HIS FORMER MOUTHPIECE HAS HIDDEN HIS CLUES, THE FLASH FOLLOWS WITH JOAN! WILL THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER BE IN TIME IF THE SINISTER REMOVES THOSE CLUES? HOW CAN THE FLASH STOP HIS CRIMES?

I. FITTEM. TAILOR



FARM BOY, Ted Ransom, figured he'd weigh one-hundred ninety when he took his physical for the Marines on his eighteenth birthday next month.

At he studied the brown and seered pasture where his brother's young oxen tried to graze on the parched grass, his handsome blue eyes clouded.

Just thirty days more here on the farm. Then both he and the farm would be gone!

Banker Dirksen was going to foreclose the \$600 balance on the mortgage then and Ted's aging parents would be forced out of their home.

Ted's brother, Roy, crew chief of a Marine amphib tractor somewhere in the South Pacific, was sending home all he made, but Dirksen's abrupt decision to foreclose that Fall, was making it virtually impossible for them to save the farm.

The present drought had lasted for two months and the grain crops were practically lost. Little money would come in from the farm . . . unless he sold Roy's oxen. And this would break Roy's heart, he knew.

Later in his small bedroom, Ted read again the announcement in the County paper. It was the annual pullometer contest to be held at the County Fair. The trials would be held all through Fair week with the finals on the last day.

This pullometer contest was going to be a free-for-all. Any pair of animals could be entered. Draft horses, mules or oxen.

The entry fee, thirty dollars. The purse was expected to be a large one and the winner take all.

Ted had seen many of these contests at the County Fairs. The pullometer was a machine bolted to the chassis of a five-ton truck. Attached to the machine was a tested steel cable a half inch thick. Contesting farmers would hook their animals through a whistle-tree to this cable and urge them to pull.

It was a mechanical tug-of-war for beast and man. The machine would automatically register the tonnage that each team moved. In addition, the heavy truck wheels were braked and blocked with four by four lengths of oak!

Ted Ransom's eyes glowed. He had come to a decision.

The following morning the sun had hardly risen before young Ransom was putting the heavy, wooden yoke over the necks of Roy's oxen.

He knew he would be up against tough competition, and what the big, black beasts needed was experience. Just the right kind of know-how. How to gather their feet under them in just the exact spot to begin their pull. Precisely how far to lower their huge head and horns, toward the dust before pushing those rhythmic bulges of power through their great flanks. How to dig in with their fore-feet, legs stretched and straight. Steady, flowing power that could move tons of

deadweight.

Yes you had to know your oxen and know exactly what they could pull. They should be given greater loads gradually so that they would learn to pull in confidence. Never make a young ox try to pull what's too much for him for then he'll never trust his master again.

Ted Ransom steadily gained their confidence. Gradually he called upon the tremendous reserve power in the gallant beasts.

For their final test, Ted had saved a fallen black oak tree thirty feet long, and two feet in diameter at its butt end.

The big, rugged fellows strained under their mighty oaken yoke. Their flanks started to quiver under the strain; their wide nostrils flared and huge gusts came from their barrel-like lungs.

The oak tree trembled . . . slowly moved an inch . . . two, then four.

"Whoa, boys! Enough . . . enough!" He knew now they would give anyone's animals a contest!

The second day following, Young Ransom won his trials at the Fair. His father had been with him out at the Fair barns.

"Son," the elder Ransom broke off a fresh chew, "you have just two parties to beat, I figure. One of 'em is that bloated Dirksen, with his Belgian draft horses, and the other is Ronny Newkirk with his heavy team of grey mules!"

Ted bit his lip. "They say Dirksen paid a thousand dollars for his team."

"Them grey mules is good," the elder Ransom insisted. "Better git your black ones' heads right in the dust Saturday . . . or else. . ."

The day of the finals found an expectant crowd overflowing the seating capacity near the pullometer contest. Six teams were listed for the finals. Three went out at seven tons, tied for fourth place. But today, there was no fourth money. Winner would take all.

The heavy team of greys tried valiantly at 14,900

pounds, but Lem Partin, their owner-driver, got excited and whistled at the wrong moment. They bucked into their breast harness a fraction before the hitch was tight and reared back on their haunches. The fear of the unknown weight they were hitched to welled into their big eyes. They pitched high, forefeet pawing, broke the traces and raced across the track, disqualified.

That left Young Ransom and his black oxen, and Banker Dirksen with his giant Belgians.

The crowd grew tense as Dirksen lost the toss and brought up his team for their final and last pull.

He took his time getting hitched. He was cool . . . and cruel. He held a short, thick whip. So far he had not used it. Now he laid it on as he yipped frantically at his huge Belgians. They were magnificent as they arched their thick necks and braced against the drag-line hitch.

The pullometer officials consulted the dials on the truck. The crowd roared as one when the result was announced. 17,820 pounds! A new State record!

Dirksen swelled up like a turkey gobbler, strutted around and waved to his friends in the crowd.

But Young Ransom had the crowd with him, too, as he led out his sleek, black fellows. The heavy yoke they wore was new, fashioned at night through many long hours, by the young farmer. He knew it just suited them.

Ted had them hitched in seconds. He crouched over them, whispering. His steady hands pressed between their somber eyes. The crowd was spellbound by the tableau on the track.

Suddenly the hitch was tight! Things were lined up for the pull.

"Now!"

"Together! Yip, yip eeeee!" The black fellows gradually inched ahead one foot, two feet. "Yip, yip eeeee!" They gathered momentum. Young Ransom tooled out in front, hands no

longer pressing down on their heads. They were coaxing hands, cajoling hands, pleading hands.

The black fellows responded. Their muscles bulged in twenty-pound knots. Their breath heaved their sides in and out. They kept going.

Then suddenly, unexpectedly it happened!—The half inch steel cable snapped in two!

Released from the terrific weight behind, the oxen surged ahead, They stumbled, lost their footing and somersaulted on top of Young Ransom!

Ted woke up hours later in the hospital ward. Beside him with sleep-rimmed anxious eyes were his father and mother. Judge Newton was there too, and a tall, rugged young chap wearing a Marine Sergeant's natty dress rig.

His mother smiled and laid her hand over his, resting on the bed clothes. His father coughed in his embarrassment. Judge Newton spoke first.

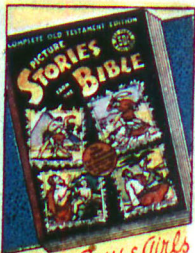
"The Doc says you got internal injuries from the weight of them big boys of yours, but that you'll be out of bed in two, three weeks. This here," the Judge extended a green, stiff piece of folded paper, "is a War Bond for \$750. . . . Equivalent of first prize money. And don't worry about Dirksen's mortgage; I'm takin' that over. You're a fine lad."

The elder Ransom could contain himself no longer. "Son, Roy's black devils broke that steel cable tested for 20,000 pounds! I'm putting in fer you, fer a new world's record!"

The Marine Sergeant edged forward. He shook hands. "Mighty glad your injuries won't keep you out of service, Ransom. I was with your brother, Roy. I'm on furlough . . . just got in today. He says it's okay to sell those oxen . . . if things get tough. . . ."

"Tell him," Ted whispered grimly, "things ain't that tough. . . . Them oxen don't get sold—unless," he choked up, looked out the window, "unless he sells 'em to me!"

THE END



Thanks, Boys & Girls

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Who's Who in Zootville

R. SANTI

MEET... TIMID BERTIE

DON'T BE SCARED, BERTIE! TRY IT... JUST LOOK AT YOUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS!

NO... NO... I DON'T WANT TO SOLO! I AIN'T GOT NO PARACHUTE!



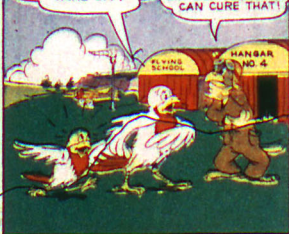
THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO... YOU'RE GOING TO A FLYING SCHOOL!

NOW DON'T RUSH ME, MA! I'LL CLIMB DOWN I'M AFRAID TO FLY!



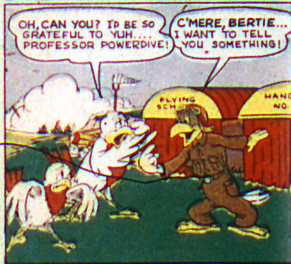
... AND HE JUST WON'T TAKE OFF!

HMMM! AIR-SICKNESS EH? BUT MAYBE WE CAN CURE THAT!



OH, CAN YOU? I'D BE SO GRATEFUL TO YUH... PROFESSOR POWERDIVE!

C'MERE, BERTIE... I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING!



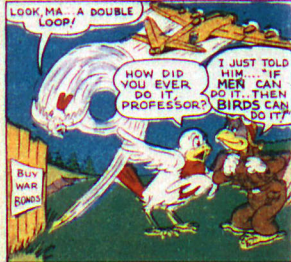
NOW LISTEN... BZZ... BZZ... BZZ... SEE?



LOOK, MA... A DOUBLE LOOP!

HOW DID YOU EVER DO IT, PROFESSOR?

I JUST TOLD HIM... "IF MEN CAN DO IT... THEN BIRDS CAN DO IT!"



BUY WAR BONDS

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*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly, ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies, ALL-AMERICAN will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year, until further notice.

THE BIG EIGHT!!

TOPS IN
COMIC
MONTHLIES



LOOK FOR
THIS
EMBLEM

ON EVERY COMIC BOOK YOU BUY



ALL-FLASH



The Flash

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

CHAPTER
- FOUR -

"IT ALL COMES
OUT IN
THE WASH!"

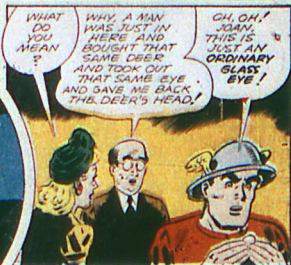
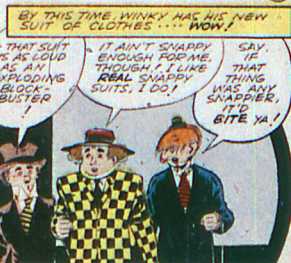
OF WHAT USE THE BLINDING SPEED OF THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE, NOW THAT THE SECRET OF THE FIVE CLUBS IS KNOWN BY THAT ARCH-CRIMINAL — THE SINISTER? INDEED THE FLASH CAN LOSE NO TIME AS HE EMBARKS ON THE LAST LEG OF HIS MIGHTY CHASE, FOR ALREADY HIS ENEMY HAS BEGUN TO ELIMINATE THOSE CLUBS, ONE BY ONE.....

AT TELLER'S TAXIDERMIST SHOP, THE SINISTER RE-MOVES A GLASS EYE FROM THE MOUNTED STAG'S HEAD...

THE SINISTER WHISTLES SOFTLY AS A JEWELER'S MAGNIFYING-GLASS REVEALS.....

"241 CLUB NUMBER THREE, ONE LESS THAT THE FLASH WILL FIND!"

NEVER'S JEWEL STORE — AT TEN ON THE TENTH —
FOR NEXT CLUE, GO TO UNIVERSAL JUNK SHOP —
BEWARE THE SINISTER!



AMID THE JUMBLED LITTER OF A THIRD AVENUE JUNK SHOP, THE SINISTER FINDS AN ORNATE BUTTON.....

HM-M. ONE OF WHITE'S DISCARDED SMOKING JACKETS... SMART LAWYER, THAT FELLOW! TOO BAD I HAD TO GET RID OF HIM.....

AN OLD STYLE BUTTON WITH TOP AND BOTTOM THAT COME APART.... AND INSIDE - CLUE NUMBER FOUR!



TOO LATE, JOAN AND THE FLASH FIND THEIR QUARRY GONE....

OH, DEAR. THIS IS GETTING WORSE AND WORSE...

HE GOT HERE AHEAD OF US, ALL RIGHT!

THE LAST CLUE OF ALL DISAPPEARS FROM BETWEEN THE COVERS OF AN OLD BOOK IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY....

HA, HA! CLUE NUMBER FIVE! NOW I'VE GOT 'EM ALL!



AND, BRIEF MOMENTS LATER....

GONE! WHAT A SWEET FIX WE'RE IN! I MUFFED THE WHOLE JOB!

THREE MORE ROBBERIES TO OCCUR.... BUT WHERE? ... AND WHEN? THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY TO HANDLE THIS! THERE'S GOT TO BE....

YES.... BUT HOW? EVEN YOU CAN'T BE EVERYWHERE AT THE SAME TIME!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE MINISTER
CALLS AT THE DOPES' OFFICE.....

HELLO,
MISTER!
YOU BACK
AGAIN?

I THOUGHT I'D BRING
YOU SOME BUSINESS!
YOU SEE - ER - I'VE
BEEN DOING SOME
CHARITY WORK LATELY!
SOME CROOKS IN JAIL
NEED HELP.... I'M
SURE THEY'D REFORM
IF WE GOT THEM OUT...
HERE'S A THOUSAND
BUCKS, I SEE WHAT
YOU CAN DO!

A
THOUSAND
BUCKS,
HUH? WE'LL GO
RIGHT DOWN
TO COURT
NOW!

THE THREE DIMWITS CONTACT THEIR
VAGRANT FRIEND.....

WE'LL TAKE
YOU ALONG
WITH US,
YOU GAVE
US GOOD
ADVICE
BEFORE...

DELIGHTED,
GENTLEMEN...
MUMBLE...
MUMBLE...
GLAD TO...

AND IN THE CRIMINAL COURTS SESSION--

OH!
YOU AGAIN?
NOW,
WHAT
IS IT?

HEH-HEH!
WE'RE HERE
TO FREE
SOME MEN,
JUDGE!
ACCUSED OF
TRYING TO
STEAL SOME
MONEY...

SILLY
THING
TO STEAL.
ISN'T IT?
YOU ONLY
SPEND IT
AGAIN.
ANYHOW!

ALL RIGHT--
ALL RIGHT!
TELL ME
ABOUT
IT!

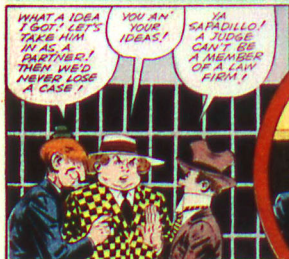
WELL, WE
WAS HELPIN'
OUR PAL,
THE FLASH,
SEE? WE
CORNER THESE
CROOKS IN A
TURKISH BATH,
AN' CAPTURE
THEM....

SURE, WE
KNEW THEY
WAS GONNA
BE THERE--
THAT'S HOW
WE WAS ON
HAND TO
GRAB 'EM...

HM-M- I SEE... YOU
KNEW THEY WERE
GOING TO COMMIT A
CRIME! YOU DID NOT
INFORM THE POLICE.
BUT CAPTURED THEM
YOURSELVES! NOW
YOU APPEAR TO
DEFEND THEM....

YES,
SIR!

THEN I FIND YOU THREE
GUILTY OF COMMON BARRATRY!
YOU CONSPIRED TO STIR UP
CRIMINAL PROSECUTIONS
TO GET BUSINESS FOR
YOURSELVES!
TAKE 'EM TO JAIL !!!



MEANWHILE, THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE IS STILL UNABLE TO LEARN WHAT CRIMES THE CLUES POINTED TO.....

I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF! BUT HOW WAS I TO KNOW THE SINISTER WOULD STUMBLE ON THE SECRET OF THOSE FIVE CLUBS?

OH, SOMEONE AT THE DOOR! I'LL ANSWER IT....

BEG PARDON, MISS WILLIAMS, I'M LOOKING FOR THE FLASH....

OH, YES, YOU'RE THE NEW FRIEND OF THE BOYS! COME IN....

IT'S ABOUT MOYLAN, BOYLAN AND TOYLAN! THEY'RE IN JAIL AGAIN! IF YOU'LL GO AND SEE THE JUDGE AND PERHAPS EXPLAIN TO HIM....

AT A TIME LIKE THIS I HAVE TO PLAY NURSE MAID TO THOSE IDIOTS!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT... I'LL GET THEM OUT... I HOPE!

WE'LL MEET YOU AT THEIR LAW OFFICE, FLASH....

THE JUDICIAL CHAMBERS OF THE CRIMINAL COURTS....

HELLO, FLASH! GLAD TO SEE YOU! ANYTHING I CAN DO?

YES, THERE IS, JUDGE! THREE FRIENDS OF MINE - ER - ARE IN JAIL! THEY'RE DUMB, BUT THEY AREN'T CRIMINALS! IF YOU COULD....

ON YOUR COGNIZANCE, I'LL LET THEM GO! BUT FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, PLEASE TELL THEM TO STUDY A CASE BEFORE THEY ARGUE IT!

I WILL, AND THANKS, JUDGE!

HALF AN HOUR LATER....

TRY TO THINK UP A WAY TO DISCOVER WHAT THE SINISTER IS DOING! THAT'S ALL I ASK!

SURE, FLASH! GEE, IF WE ONLY KNEW WHO HE WAS, THEN WE COULD DESCRIBE HIM TO YA....

LATER, AT THE OFFICE OF THE THREE DIMWITS.....

HEY! THAT'S THE GUY THAT RAILROADED US!

YEAH, HE COULDA GOT US OUT WITH ONE OF THEM HABEAS CORPUSCLES!

WE'LL TEACH HIM TO LOSE OUR CASES FOR US!

SAY, BUB DO YOU WANT TO SEE SOME STARS?

WHY, YES! I'VE ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTED IN ASTRONOMY! BUT YOU CAN'T SEE STARS IN THE DAYTIME....



OH, NO?



SHAME ON YOU, WINKY!

OH, WHAT HIT ME? I REMEMBER NOW... OOOH, HAVE I GOT TROUBLES...

YOU'VE GOT TROUBLES? SAY, WITH THE SINISTER RUNNING AROUND LOOSE IN THIS TOWN, AND ME WITHOUT ANY CLUES... TROUBLE? HUH!!



THE SINISTER? HE'S MY TROUBLE, TOO, FLASH! AND YOU CAN HELP ME!

SAY, WAIT A MINUTE! IF YOUR HAIR WAS DARK, AND YOU WORE A BEARD... YOU'D BE J. EMMET WHITE!!



I AM EMMET WHITE! THAT DAY YOU LAST SAW ME, I FELL INTO AN OPEN SEWER, AND WAS CARRIED INTO THE RIVER! I - ER - USED TO DYE MY HAIR BLACK... A LITTLE CONCEIT, YOU KNOW... BUT THE WATER WASHED THE DYE OUT, AND TURNED IT WHITE...



I WAS FISHED OUT OF THE RIVER BY A BARGE CAPTAIN... BUT I HAD LOST MY MEMORY! SO HE TOOK ME TO A CHARITY MISSION WHERE THEY FED AND SHAVED ME! THEN I WANDERED ABOUT THE CITY, AND WAS JAILED FOR VAGRANCY....





ULLP! THE MORE MONEY WE BRING IN, THE LESS THERE IS....

THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON HERE... AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

LET'S DON'T GET NOSEY, SUB...

H.M.M. NOTHING WRONG HERE... JUST SOME TELLERS... WHAT?

OOOF!

UNABLE TO SEE THE AZURE-CLAD GUNMEN, THE FLASH IS AMAZED TO SEE THE INJURED TELLER PLUNGE FORWARD.....

WHOA, THERE, TRIP OVER SOMETHING?

UHHH...

OH, OH! THERE'S A BUMP ON HIS HEAD, BUT WHERE'D HE GET IT? I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING STRIKE HIM....

THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY PECULIAR GOING ON HERE! THAT QUEER BLUE LIGHT, AND A MAN KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BY NOTHING... H.M.M. I'LL TRY THIS SWITCH... PERHAPS THE EMERGENCY LIGHTS ARE NORMAL.....

FLASH PULLS THE SWITCH AND THE VAULTS ARE FLOODED WITH BRILLIANT LIGHT...

WOW! THE PLACE IS FULL OF THUGS! NO WONDER I COULDN'T SEE THEM... THEY'RE DRESSED IN CLOTHES AS BLUE AS THE LIGHT... THEY WERE INVISIBLE!

GANGWAY!!

ULLP!

HEY! TH' FLASH IS HERE!

THE FLASH MAKES SUCH QUICK WORK OF THE BLUE-CLAD ROBBERS THAT THEY THINK THEY HAVE BEEN SLIGHTLY MANHANDLED BY A TORNADO.....



HERE'S YOUR MONEY, BOYS! I'VE STOPPED THE CROOKS, BUT I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND THE SINISTER!

WHOW! WHATTA GUY... SO FAST I DIDN'T EVEN SEE HIM...



OUTSIDE....

SAY! THAT MAN... HE'S THE SINISTER!

HIM? HE'S ONE OF OUR CLIENTS!

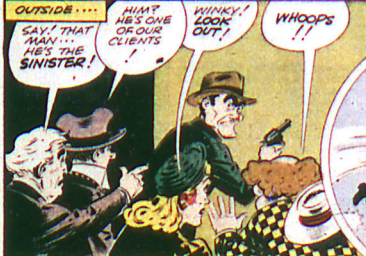
WINKY! LOOK OUT!

WHOOOPS!!

A CLUMSY FOOT TRIPS ON A LOOSE BRICK... AND...

OOOF!!

OWTCH!!



SOME MINUTES LATER, AFTER ARRESTS HAVE BEEN MADE, AND IDENTITIES REVEALED....

GREAT WORK, WINKY. YOU CAUGHT THE SINISTER!

THA-THANKS, FLASH! IT WAS JUST AS EASY AS FALLIN' DOWN!

THERE'S SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO SAY BEFORE YOU TAKE ME TO JAIL...

ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU LET THOSE THREE GUYS BE MY LAWYERS! BOY, I'LL BE OUT AGAIN IN NO TIME!

OH, YEAH? WELL, WE'RE GONNA FOOL YA! WE'RE GINN' UP LAW ON ACCOUNTA WE'RE SICK 'O GETTIN' PUT INTO JAIL ALLA TIME...

SO THERE, MISTER SINISTER, YOU'RE A GONER!



THE END

JACK ARMSTRONG TRU-FLITE FIGHTER MODELS

Actually Fly

GLIDE . . . SOAR . . . LOOP . . . ROLL

Two amazing new planes in the official Jack Armstrong series of rival fighters. The carrier-based Fairey Fulmar, speed king of the British Navy. And the Heinkel-113, deadly, nose-cannoned fighter of the Nazi Luftwaffe.

Full-color authentic camouflage decorates both models. The fast striking Fulmar carries the famous concentric circle symbol of British air might. The hawking Heinkel is marked with the proud German Cross and the sinister Nazi swastika.

You build these planes yourself from special cover stock material. The plane designs are drawn to characteristic proportion, clearly and expertly marked for cutting and gluing. Even the hollow fuselages are easy to construct.

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FREE

WITH TWO WHEATIES
BOX TOPS

SEND NO MONEY

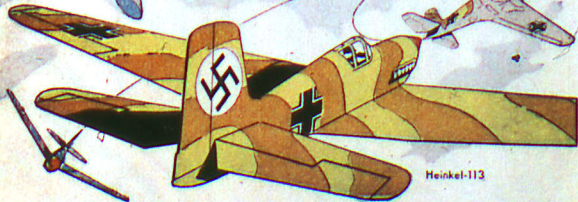
Get two complete assembly kits for your flying model Fairey Fulmar and Heinkel-113. Just send your name and address with two Wheaties box tops to Jack Armstrong, Box 7940, Chicago, Illinois. Send no money—put your dimes in War Stamps. But remember this special offer is good only while limited supplies last, or until Dec. 31, 1944. So send today!

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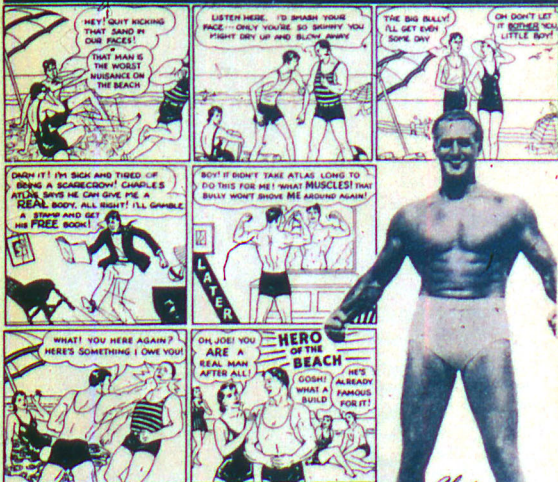
"Breakfast of
Champions"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

Fairey Fulmar



Heinkel-113

HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU! Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 354K, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 354K,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

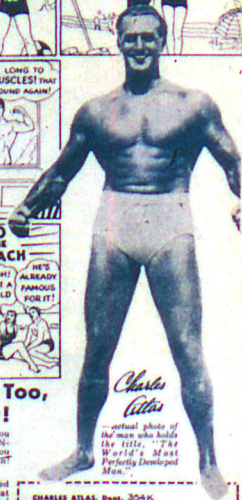
I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name (Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A



Captain Tootsie BATTLES MONSTER MAN!



THIS MONSTER MAN IS VERY DANGEROUS, SO REMEMBER--IF YOU SEE HIM, JUST TOOT FOR TOOTSIE!

YOU BET, CAP!

'RAY FOR CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

HOOTIN' TOOTS! THERE'S MONSTER MAN NOW!



KIDS, IT'S NEW-TOOTSIE VM

IT MAKES MILK TASTE LIKE CHOCOLATEY TOOTSIE ROLLS!

AND LOOK WHAT ITS VITAMINS GIVE YOU

A
THE RESISTANCE VITAMIN

R
THE APPETITE VITAMIN

R
THE GROWTH VITAMIN

D
THE SHINING VITAMIN

PLEASE--IRON, THE RED BLOOD MINERAL, CALCIUM, PHOSPHORUS, AND NIACIN.

GROW UP TO BE A BIG, TALL, HUSKY GUY LIKE ME!

NO NUTRITION POINTS
OR NUTRITION
ANYWHERE