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.

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.)
The Flash
FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!
BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

FIVE CLUES TO CRIME

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.......

ALL-FLASH No. 16. ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1944 BY JOLAINE PUBLICATIONS INC.
Three diplomas gleaming 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 misdeeds, the sinister, lock grips in a battle for possession of...

"The letter of the law!"

In his spacious law office, the notorious "Mouthpiece" J. Emmett White, confers with his equally notorious client... the sinister...!

I quit! I'm through handling your dirty work! You can get your self 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 "QUITS" 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 ADDED TO JOHN 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 FRIENDLY 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 MOODY HAVE PASSED THE BAR EXAMS!

WHAT? YOU MEAN THESE DIAMONDS 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...

NOW WE GOTTA GET SOME CUSTOMERS! NEVER MIND THAT!

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

NEVER MIND THAT! 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 FOR ME... OW! OWITCH!!
I GOT A CASE!
I GOT A CASE!
SOMEBODY LEFT THE LADDER THERE AND I FELL OVER IT!
NEGLIGENCE!
YA SAD—YA LEFT IT THERE! YA CAN'T SUE YOURSELF!

MY FIRST CASE, AND I HAVE TO GET HURT BY A GUY WITH NO MONEY!
STOP MUTHERIN', WE GOTA FIND A AMBULANCE, COME ON....
WHAT I WANNA KNOW IS HOW CAN WE GET BUSINESS, BY CHASIN' AMBULANCES? HUH?

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

THAT GOES ONE NOW! HURRY....

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

CLANG! CLANG!

SO IT DOES!

WITH INCREDIBLE RAPIDITY, THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE SHEDS HIS STREET CLOTHES, AND BOUNDS FORWARD....

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

CLANG! CLANG!
Hold on! Do you mean to tell me that you've been chasing that ambulance just to get some business?

Why not? It ain't ethical to advertise in the saw business and a guy has gotta eat....

Hey, fellas, it's startin' to sno... OW!

Clunk!

I been assaulted and battered by a bunch of keys! I'll sue, hey! What a idea! I got a case, at last!

Let's see them keys! There's a nameplate on them...

His name is J. Emmett White... an' he's right in this office building! C'mon, we'll bust him for all he's got....

Upstairs, in White's office....

We are suing you, sir, for damages incurred when my client got bonked on the cranium by your key-ring!

I'll settle at once! Take this office and everything in it! It's all yours!

Sue me! Ha-ha! A man marked for death? What a joke! I'm about to get shot - and they want to sue! Ha-ha-ha!

Later, downstairs....

Sue me! Ha-ha! A man marked for death? What a joke! I'm about to get shot - and they want to sue! Ha-ha-ha!

Oh, Flash, there you are... huh? Is he crazy?

Hm-m. I don't know, but I intend to find out....
HEY, JOAN! A GUY SETTLED AND LEFT US HIS LAW BUSINESS!
WHERE'S THE FLASH GOIN'? 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....

OHH! OOF!

Wow! Looks as though he was right about being shot... I'll have to move fast....

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

MEANWHILE...

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

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

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!

OLD! HE'S GONE!

BU— BUT HE CAN'T BE! HE WAS LOOKING RIGHT AT HIM!

OHHH... OHHH... CAN'T BE WEIRD!

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

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

THE SOFTLY DROPPING SNOW CONTAINS THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF J. EMMET WHITE'S DISAPPEARANCE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT BEFORE THE WATCHING EYES OF THREE MEN.... AND SNOW DOESN'T TALK!

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

SINISTER! QUICK! I GOTA SEE YA! ALONE!

OKAY. BEAT IT. FOLKS! COME BACK IN A HALF HOUR.... I GOTA 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 PULLED OFF AT ONCE, AND I'M GOING TO BE IN JAIL WHEN THEY HAPPEN....

MAYBE YOU WILL, AT THAT! THE FLASH GOT THE BOYS WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO EUB OUT WHITE.... THEY'RE ALL IN JAIL! IF WHITE SPIES 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? HMM... MAYBE THE BOYS
GOT HIM AFTER ALL... I MEAN, TOO BAD! SAW,
HOW'D YOU GUYS LIKE TO MAKE A THOUSAND
BUCKS?

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

WHAT??

A THOUSAND...

HOW? WHERE?

WHO DO WE
GOTTA MURDER?

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

YOU GUYS 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 PUT YA 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!
Here help yourself to some ripe tomatoes!
Steal from a fruit stand? That's beneath my dignity!
Dat's okay—pretend you're drunk!
UMFP!!

Scant seconds later— as an innocent cop patrols his beat...

Which one of you wise guys flung them tomatoes? Answer me, ye lugs!
He did officer! An we think he oughta get thirty days....

A few minutes later....
Eight... nine hundred... a thousand... a thousand! Boy, oh boy, our first fee!
Now what have you done?

We just sent a guy to jail and this is what he paid us for doin' it!

What??... a man paying to be sent to jail he must be an eccentric!

No, he ain't! He's a American!

They'll hold him for trial! You'll have to appear as his lawyers!
Oh boy—we'll get real courtroom experience now! Wow!

Oh boy—let's go to the office an practice cross-speechin' an examinin'.

Hmmm—If it was anyone but their client, I'd be suspicious of a man with an eccentric.
The next day, Joan Williams receives a special delivery letter:

Hm-mm. From J. Emmet White—whichever he is! Oh, well, I'll read it later... I promised to meet Jay downtown.

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?

Oh! My bag! Help! Stop! Thief!

I have to find the Flash. He'll know what to do!

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 are now on his way to the perfect alibi?... Thirty days in jail!

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
"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 nourishment and good flavor and good fun every morning. Take on a man-sized bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "breakfast of champions."
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, Moylan, Boxlan and Toylan! As the clerk cries out: All those having business with this Criminal Courts Session, draw near. Give your attention, and you shall be heard.... Noody leaps to his feet and...

Your Honor! Our client hit a cop with a tomato... that is reprehensible... 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, hello, Flash. Ya come to see us. Plead a case. Huh?

Judging from what I've heard, you fellows had better read for clemency!

Flash: Oh, Flash! Somebody stole my purse. And there was a letter in it for you... from a lawyer named J. Emmett White.

I give up, they're absolutely hopeless.

Outside the courtroom...

What? At police headquarters...

This is the rogues' gallery. Joan! Maybe you can pick out the man who stole your handbag.

I'll try...

That's the man! I'd know him anywhere.

Quickfinger Benny Quirk. A slick article, he is.

Hmm, I've heard of him...

At that moment, quickfinger Benny is having himself a case of the jumping jitters...

Ohh, dis is aw-awful! I'm ruined! I'm a goner! Seven million people in Dis City, an' I gotta swipe a purse from de Flash's girl friend! He'll slay me! He'll mangle me... Ohhh...
'OHH... I Gotta GET me a LAWYER to ASK the FLASH to FORGIVE me.' IF HE FINDS didn't KEEP NO THIN', MAYBE HE'll GO GRY 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 AGAIN in 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!

Oohh, what a Dope! on TRIAL and he gets SENTENCED! oohh......

Oohh, what a Sappy Judge - we aren't GUILTY!

As they APPROACH their CELL, the DIMEPLINTS find it OCCUPIED by a WHITE-HAIRED OLD WANDER, MUMB. LING to himself......

Oohh, what a Sappy 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......

You can't do that to our PARTNER!

i OBJECT!!

lock these two MANIACS up alongside with the OTHER one!

as they approach their cell, the dimeplints find it occupied by a white-haired old wander, mumbling to himself......
SOME LAWYERS? WE TURNED OUT TO BE.... I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER HOW A HABEAS CORPUSCLE IS WROTE.

OH? 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? 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...

LEMMEREE... I NEED A LAWYER.... WHO TO PICK?  FLASH! THAT MAN! HE'S THE ONE!

ALL RIGHT! HAND OVER THE PURSE, YOU LIGHT-FINGERED CRUK....

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

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

YES MA'AM, YES MA'AM.

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

THIS LETTER IS SO WROTE 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 COME OUT IN THIS LETTER. CERTAIN WORD COMBINATIONS WHICH MY EYES, USED TO HIGH SPEEDS, CAN EASILY READ....

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

HEY! WAIT FOR US....

YOU GUYS KEEP QUIET AND NOBODY'LL BE THE WISER, SEE?

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

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!
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 pharaoh room! And after that, they have a date at the seance room of Sahib Mohammed Ali... whoever 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...

Eeow! The Flash! Scatter you guys! Break it up!

My, my, aren't we busy little bees...

What say we make this a real lively party?

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

BONG!

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

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

I ORDER 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-HH! 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 IMPOSSIBLE 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 head later—ah, here they are!

The crooks who got away will probably make an attempt at the city dump pile tonight—and they'll find the Flash!

An, we'll help you, 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...

I'll pretend that I'm interested in the seance, in order to be on hand to tell my boys to lay off...

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....

At the same moment, the waste bins of the city museum are emptied into the city dump.

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, fellows! 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 graveyard where I come from.

Ghosts, huh? Well, I'll be seein' 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' a few cents. Ain't that a fine fortune to have?

Ahr... shut up!

Toward the eerie door of the mighty Magi, Sahib Mohammed Ali, walk the Flash and his three helpless henchmen... what weird secrets hide behind that door? What evil crime is about to be revealed?
150 MILE RACE
TO SAVE A NATION!

In 490 B.C. a power-hungry ruler sent his gangster army against brave little Greece. The Persians soon overwhelmed the border city of Eretria...and the conquering general's goats...

But already news of the invasion has reached Athens. The Greek general, Miltiades, has rallied a small band of brave warriors...

Miltiades plans to march out to meet the Persians on the plains of Marathon...but before they start...

We have wiped out these peace-loving fools!

And now...on to Athens...and a greater victory!

The new Thom McAn "MARATHON!"

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 comfort. Make sure your next shoes are Thom McAn "Marathons!"

ONLY $2.99
Equipped only with extra sandals and a flack of water, the young athlete starts toward Sparta.

You carry our fate, comrades! Good luck!

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

Two days and two nights after his best Athens, Philippiades, 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 outnumbered 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!

Philippiades' 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 are plenty of marching and fighting on foot... and Uncle Sam's soldiers need the finest leather and expert workmanship in their shoes. Skilled craftsmen in Thom McAn's 11 huge factories have made millions of pairs of army shoes. Right now turning out 25 pairs a minute 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 frot. And see for yourself why more people buy at Thom McAn's than at any other shoe store in the country!
In the draped 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 all 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, youse still amazes me!
INSIDE, IN THE DARKENED SEANCE ROOM, THE WORRYING SINISTER WAITS FOR HIS BOYS.

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

AND SINCE THE SAHIB 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 . . .

PARSON ME, BUT HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN BLINKY?

OH-H-H-

WHAT?

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

OF-COURSE NOT - AND 'TH FLASH ARE:

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

IT - I'LL TELL YA . . . YA ONLY - STOP SHAKIN' ME . . .

IN ANOTHER ROOM . . .

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

I HEAR HIM! THE IDIOT'S BLABBERING ALL HE KNOWS, 'TOO.' I MUST STOP HIM . . .
All-Flash

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

OKAY, YOUSE GUYS... REACH!

AN' DON'T TRY NOTHIN' FUNNY!

PSST! NIX NIX!

COME ALONG, WINKY. NOODY AND BLINKY WANT TO SEE YOU!

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

OOF!

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

BACK IN THE SEANCE ROOM....

We MEET AGAIN, CHUMS!

YOWP!

Dat guy SOFTENLY GETS AROUND LIKE A CIRCLE!

AWWWK

THAT'S USING YOUR HEAD, FELLA...
WE TOOK CARE OF WINKY, FLASH!

GOOD WORK, MOODY! NOW MAKE LIKE YOU'RE AFRAID, AND START A PANIC. I WANT EVERYONE OUT OF THIS ROOM WHILE I HUNT FOR THE NEXT CLUE!

HELP! HELP! THERE'S A WILD MAN LOOSE IN HERE! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

WHAT A YOU GOT TO BE AFRAID OF? LOCK IT ME! ULP!

THE CONTAGION OF FEAR, LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE, SPREADS SWIFTLY......

YAAA.... GET OUTTA MY WAY!

AALP!

NOW FOR THE CLUE... WHAT?? WHO'S THAT?

YAAAAGH! SAVE ME! SAVE ME!!

OOOOOH... FLASH.... IT WAS ALL DARK... JUST THESE LETTERS STARIN' AT ME... I GOT SCARED!

HA! THE NEXT CLUE. IN GLOWING LETTERS OF PHOSPHORUS!

HOTEL RICHNESS ON THE 5TH AT SIX FOR THIRD CLUE. SEE STAGS EYE AT TELLER'S TAXIDERMIIST SHOP
HM-M-M. THE HOTEL RICHNESS IS MY FAVORITE MEETING SPOT FOR BIG BUSINESS MEN! THEY MAY HAVE A BIG DEAL ON, WITH PLENTY OF CASH IN THE HOTEL. ANYWAY, I'LL BE THERE.

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.... THEY DON'T LIKE IT—they're TOO FRIENDLY WITH THE FLASH....

AT THE THREE DIMWITS' OFFICE....

HEY, MISTER... AIN'T CHA BORED AT US NO MORE?

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

DON'T WELL MAYBE WE COULDN'T PUT YOU IN JAIL. BUT WE COULD PUT OTHER GUYS IN—AND 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-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 I EMETT WHITE WROTE TO THE Flash ABOUT SOME BIG SHOT CRUCK.... SEEMS THERE WAS FIVE CLUES....

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

WOW! NOW THEY'VE DONE IT!

AWW—IT WAS ONLY OUR DUTY....
At two minutes to six, the hotel Richness Lobby hums with activity.

Three sinisters couldn't have picked a better spot! Even if the cops do show up, they won't dare shoot for fear of hitting somebody.

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 innocent bystanders.

Those rats 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!

Hmm? 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!

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

WE GOTA DO SOMETHING!

AN' I KNOW WHAT....

HOTE RICHNE! TURKIS BATH

HEY! WHAT??

YAH! YAH! YA CAN'T CATCH ME!

I Gotta get 'em! Puff, Puff! Off somewheres an' keep 'em there....

I'll get th' dough! Yose take care of his pals!

Okay, I gotcha!

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, bud!

Yeeeow!!

For you a free rubdown with compliments of de sinister!

Umpe-foo-muggle...!!
Meanwhile, in another room of the Turkish baths....

Now, where did those thugs go? What? That sounds like Noddy!

Ooh! Yeeew! Help!

Well! Well!

Ohh! 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-ii!! UGGLE-Glug-Blug...

Yeeow... Oww... I'm burnin' up!!

What's that? Too hot? Well, maybe I can help you...

Ice water plunge pool

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 the steam room--with another crook....
Winky! Wow! That steam did a job on you all right!

Oh, yeah? Wait, I'll youse see th' other guy.

Oh, ho... Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Wait'll the boys at the police station get a load of you!

Aww, Flash... Dis' is embarrassin'!

In the meantime, the sinister has visited the offices of Moylan, Boylan and Toylan in their absence...

A copy of a letter addressed to Joan Williams! It must be the one for the Flash...

This used to be White's office! All his papers are still on file—Ahh...

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!

Hm-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 SANEH MOHAMMED ALI'S SEANCE ROOM....

HM-M-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....

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....

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

WHAT I OUGHTTA GET IS SOME CLOTHES!

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?
FARM BOY, Ted Ransom, figured he'd weigh one-ninety when he took his physical for the Marines on his eighteenth birthday next month. At he studied the brown and sick 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 the home.

Ted's brother, Roy, crew chief of a Marine amphibious 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. Competing farmers would hook their animals through a whiffletree 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 gleamed. 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 pressing 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 push tons of dead weight.

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... three... 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... figure. One of 'em is that blotted 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 yer 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 track. 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 swell-headed. 

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

"Now!"

"Together! Yip, yip eeeeee!"

The black fellows gradually inched ahead one foot, two feet. "Yip, yip eeeeee!" They gathered momentum. Young Ransom bawled out in front, hands no longer pressing down on their heads. They were coaxing hands, caressing hands, pleading hands.

The black fellows responded. Their muscles bulged in twenty-pound knaps. 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 youngchap 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 those 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 for 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 chucked up, looked out the window, "unless he sells 'em to me!"

THE END
Who's Who in Zooville

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 you, 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? Then birds can do it!

Buy War Bonds
THE BIG EIGHT!!
TOPS IN COMIC MONTHLYIES

Sensation

Flash Comics

Adventure

Action

Action

Flash

Fun

Star Spangled

Detective

Detective

All-American

Picture Stories from the Bible

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 have longer quar- terlies. ALL-AMERICAN will be published only eight times a year until further notice.
The Flash
FASTEST MAN ALIVE!
BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

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 THESE CLUBS, ONE BY ONE...


CHAPTER FOUR
"IT ALL COMES OUT IN THE WASH!"

AT TELLER'S TAXIDERMIST SHOP THE SINISTER REMOVES A GLASS EYE FROM THE MOUNTED STAG'S HEAD...

OAH! CLUE 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!
Mister Flash may fancy himself a detective, but he won't get anywhere without clues! And I'm out to get every one of them!

Meanwhile, The Flash and Joan have reached the taxidermist's...

I'll buy this stag's head... all I want is one of its (eyes)...

Sure, Flash! Say what goes on around town, anyhow?

What do you mean?

What? Why, a man was just in here and bought that same deer and took out that same eye and gave me back the deer's head!

Oh, oh! Joan, this is just an ordinary glass eye!

Sure! The other fellow took the eye that was in there with him...

If that was the Sinister, he's wise to us... and is out to get all the clues... we'll be lost without them!

Oh, dear!

Yeah, yeah, I'm tellin' ya! Maybe I'm wrong, but ya can't tell in this business! Yeah, I want a hundred glass deer eyes! I got a rush for 'em, all of a sudden...
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!
ALL-FLASH

THE FOLLOWING MORNING... THE SINISTER CALLS AT THE DOPES' OFFICE...

HELLO, MISTER! YOU BACK AGAIN?
I THOUGHT I'D BRING YOU SOME BUSINESS! YOU SEE, 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! SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!

AND IN THE CRIMINAL COURTS SESSION...

OH! YOU AGAIN? NOW WHAT IS IT?

H-H-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, ANYWAY!

HM-M-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...

THEY'RE GUILTY OF COMMON BARRATRY! YOU CONSPIRED TO STIR UP CRIMINAL PROSECUTIONS TO GET BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF.

THEN I FIND YOU THREE GUILTY OF COMMON BARRATRY!

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

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

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

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

THEN I FIND YOU THREE GUILTY OF COMMON BARRATRY!

YOU CONSPIRED TO STIR UP CRIMINAL PROSECUTIONS TO GET BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF.

TAKE 'EM TO JAIL!!!
They ought to be disgraced... disgraceful exhibition... release those crooks... they brought in! I'll not have those saps' hirelings cluttering up my jail!

You know there must be something wrong with the way we practice law!

Aw, that old judge don't know what he's doin'!

Oh, yeah? He's one of the smartest men on the bench today!

What a idea I got! Let's take him in as a partner! Then we'd never lose a case!

You and your ideas!

Ya, Sapadillo! A judge can't be a member of a law firm!

Hey, Sinister, who's the new mouthpiece? He must be good... we're free!

There's three of 'em! They're terrific! Every client of theirs goes free... but somehow they always wind up in jail!

I got you out so we could pull one big job... then get away before the Flash stumbles onto us. Let's go up to my place and I'll tell you about it....

These are the floor and lighting plans of the third universal bank! I've studied the new lighting system they have there, and I have a plan....

These clothes have been specially treated with chemicals! Those tricky blue lights in the bank vaults gave me the idea! You see, wearing these clothes under those blue lights... you'll be invisible!
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 friend of the boys! Come in.....

It's about Moylan! Moylan and Toylan! They're in jail again! If you'll go and see the judge and perhaps explain to him....

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- 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! I will.

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....

Half an hour later....
YOU'VE HAD A BAD TIME OF IT, OLD MAN! BUT, CAN YOU REMEMBER THOSE CLUES?

OH, YES! HOW COULD I FORGET THEM? LET'S SEE... THERE WAS THE THIRD UNIVERSAL BANK... AND...

MINUTES LATER, WITH THE SINISTER'S STRIKING PLACES NARROWED TO THREE POSSIBILITIES, THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE SETS OUT....

LOOK OUT, MISTER SINISTER! I'M FLASH! I'M HEADIN' YOUR WAY....

AND, OUTSIDE....

NOW WHEN YOU GET INSIDE UNDER THE BLUE LIGHTS, SLIP YOUR HOODS ON AND YOU'LL BE INVISIBLE!

IN THE MIGHTY VAULTS OF THE THIRD UNIVERSAL BANK, TELLERS STACK THE DAY'S DEPOSITS....

FIFTY THOUSAND.... SIXTY THOUSAND....

IN THE INTENSE AZURE LIGHT, THE BLUE-CLAD FORMS OF THE MOBSTER'S ARE COMPLETELY CONCEALED....

THAT'S ODD! I COULD HAVE SWORN THERE WAS MONEY THERE A MOMENT AGO....

BOY, WHAT A SETUP! LEAVE IT TO THE SINISTER!

WHEN I STICK TH' DOUGH INSIDE THIS BLUE BAG, IT BECOMES INVISIBLE, TOO. WHATTA RACKET!
ULLP!! THE MORE MONEY WE BRING IN THE LESS THERE IS...... THERE'S SOMETHING FUNKY GOING ON HERE AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

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

WHOA, THERE! Trip over something? UHH......

There's something mighty peculiar going on here! That queer blue light, and a man knocked unconscious by nothing...... HMM... I'LL TRY THIS SWITCH...... PERHAPS THE EMERGENCY LIGHTS ARE NORMAL......

FLASH PULLS THE SWITCH AND THE VAULTS ARE FLOODDED 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!!

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. Whew! What a guy... so fast I didn't even see him...

Outside....

Say! That man he's one of our clients! Winky! Look out! Whoops!!

A clumsy foot trips on a loose brick... and...

Oof!! Owch!!

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 at 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 givin' up law on accounta we're sick of gettin' put into jail all the time...

So there, Mister Sinister, youse is a goner!

The End.
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.

Your planes actually fly! Yes, they are designed to glide and soar for 75 feet or more when launched by hand. And when you rig them for Q-line forays they will zoom, dive, climb, and hedge-hop—under your control. Fly 'em fast and fly 'em hard. Your planes are built for real speed and maneuverability. They're built for ruggedness, too. You can send them on hundreds of missions—indoors and out—without serious damage to the ships.

Start a collection of flying fighters. These two planes are numbers 7 and 8 in a series of aircraft which are your extra dividend for eating Wheaties. Learn how you can get all the flying models. And learn how good breakfast can be when you start with a heaping bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions." Whole wheat flakes with a "second helping" flavor. That's Wheaties—and that's for you.
HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME

HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!
THAT MAN IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH!

LISTEN HERE, I'D SMASH YOUR FACE--ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY.

THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY.

OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU LITTLE BOY!

DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS TOLD ME HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY, ALL RIGHT! I'LL GIMME A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!

BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOW ME AROUND AGAIN!

WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN?
HERE'S SOMETHING I OWE YOU!

OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!

HERO OF THE BEACH

GOSH! WHAT A BUILD
HE'S ALREADY FAMOUS FOR IT!

LATER

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 one. 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 33rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

Charles Atlas, Dept. 354K, 115 East 33rd 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
Address
City
State
I/We check here if under 16 for Booklet A.
Captain Toy Tootsie battles Monster Man!

Daily Paper

MONSTER MAN TERRORIZES TOWN

Choozies and Secret Legion for Realized Giant!

You bet, Cap! 'Ray for Captain Tootsie!

Hootin' Tootsie! There's Monster Man now!

Captain Tootsie to the rescue!

Hey! Bank! Get Rich!

Me Smash Little Man!

Hey! Ken! Missed me!

This'll teach you not to rob banks!

Bam!

Hooray for Captain Tootsie!

Kids, it's new - Tootsie VM

It makes milk taste like chocolatey Tootsie Rolls!

And look what its vitamins give you!

A: The Appetizer Vitamin
B: The Growth Vitamin
C: The Sunshine Vitamin

Grow up to be a big, tall, husky guy like me!

Tootsie VM