

All-Flash

WINTER
No. 17

AN ALL-AMERICAN
PUBLICATION
10¢



THE FLASH
and the
adventure
OF THE
4 in 1
CRIMINAL

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HIGH JINKS ON THE PINKS

FOR THE BEST IN READING PLEASURE!

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Printed in U.S.A.

The Flash

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

IT WAS JUST A SQUAT LITTLE IVORY IDOL, A RELIC OF THE MYSTIC PAST. IT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH. YET THERE WAS SOMETHING TERRIBLY FASCINATING ABOUT ITS GRINNING, UGLINESS. IT COULD GRANT WISHES! BY CHANCE IT FELL INTO THE EVIL HANDS OF TRIGGER, CHARLES LUCAS, GANGSTER.

HOW HE WISHED, AND HOW THOSE WISHES WERE GRANTED, AND HOW THEY LED HIS TRAIL ATHWART THAT ARCH FOE OF CRIME, THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER, ARE GRAPHICALLY PORTRAYED IN.....

THE TALE OF THE THREE WISHES!



IN A SHADOWED CELL AT THE BIG HOUSE, A MAN'S HANDS TREMBLE AS THEY TIGHTEN ABOUT A GRINNING IDOL.

ANYTHING I WISH FOR? ANYTHING? YOU. YOU MEAN IT ACTUALLY WORKS?

IT WORKS, ALL RIGHT! I GOT IT IN TIBET WHEN I WAS HIDIN' OUT THERE! BUT I'VE HAD MY THREE WISHES! NOW YOU CAN HAVE IT... FOR A PRICE!

WITH THAT CHARM, YOU'RE SET TO CLEAN UP! ALL I WANT IS A CUT!

SURE, SURE.. AND NOW MY FIRST WISH. I WANT TO GET OUT OF JAIL!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE
WARDEN'S OFFICE...

HERE'S A LIST OF
NAMES FOR PAROLE...
AND THE NAMES OF
THOSE PRISONERS TO
BE REPRIMAND FOR
MISCONDUCT!

I'LL FILL
OUT THE
FORMS,
WARDEN!

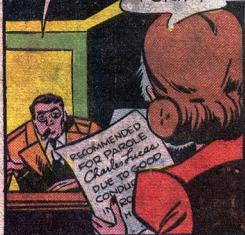


FATE TAKES A HAND... AS THE
SECRETARY'S FINGERS REACH
FOR THE LISTS OF NAMES, SHE
PICKS UP THE WRONG ONE BY
MISTAKE....



TAKE A LETTER,
PLEASE!

RIGHT AWAY,
SIR... AS SOON
AS I FILE THIS
FORM!



CAN THIS BE THE
WORK OF THE
MAGICAL LITTLE
IVORY IDOL?...
FOR WHEN THAT
FORM WAS HANDS
TO AN OFFICER,
THE WHEELS OF
JUSTICE SWUNG
OVER TO THE
SIDE OF EVIL...



THE FOLLOWING MORNING

PAROLE BOARD WANTS TO
SEE YOU, CHARLEY!

THE PAROLE
BOARD? I WAS
EXPECTIN' SOLITARY
CONFINEMENT!
SAY, MAYBE THAT
LITTLE STATUE
REALLY HAS
SOMETHING!



HOURS LATER, THE GREAT GRIM
GATES CLANG SHUT BEHIND
TRIGGER... HE IS FREE...

NOW I GOT TO GET
BUSY... I'M GONNA CARVE
MYSELF OUT A CAREER
AS A BIG SHOT... NO
SMALL TIME STUFF
FOR ME!



FIRST I'M GONNA CHANGE MY
NAME... LET'S SEE... CHAMP
THAT SOUNDS GOOD...
CHAMP CONNORS,
THATS ME FROM NOW ON...
I'LL GET ME A MOB AN'
GO PLACES!

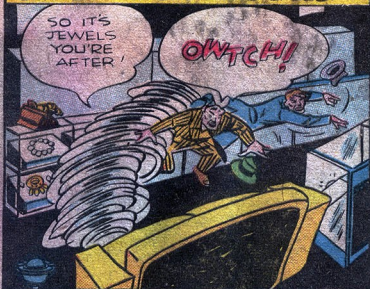


... BUT THERE IS
A CHAMP CONNORS
AND HE
ALREADY HAS
A MOB...
A STRANGE
COINCIDENCE...
OR IS IT MORE
WORK OF THE
MAGIC IDOL?

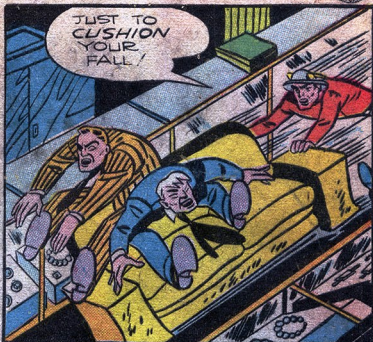
SEVERAL MILES AWAY IN KEYSTONE CITY, A SCARLET FORM SCATTERS GUNMEN WITH BLISTERING SPEED.

SO IT'S JEWELS YOU'RE AFTER!

OWTCH!

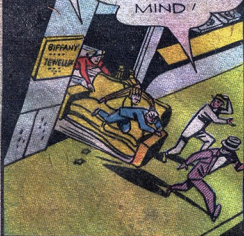


JUST TO CUSHION YOUR FALL!



MIGHT AS WELL PICK UP THE REST OF THE CROWD!

I'D JUST AS SOON WALK, IF YOU DON'T MIND!



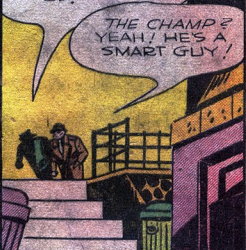
COWERING IN THE SHADOWS, OTHER GUNMEN WATCH WITH FRIGHTENED EYES...

THAT GUY IS THE REASON WE AIN'T GETTIN' NO PLACE... THERE AIN'T NO WAY TO BEAT HIM, EITHER!



I AIN'T SO SURE! I WROTE TO CHAMP CONNORS OUT IN CHICAGO... HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP US!

THE CHAMP? YEAH! HE'S A SMART GUY!



IF ANYBODY CAN FIGGER A WAY TO BEAT THE FLASH, HE'S THE ONE. HE'S COMIN' OUT T'MEET US ON THE TRANSCONTINENTAL LIMITED!... WITH HIM LEADIN' US, WE'LL BE A BIG-TIME MOB!



ON THE TRANSCONTINENTAL LIMITED..

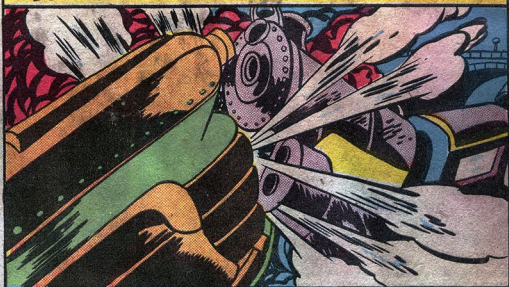
I'M ANXIOUS TO HAVE IT OUT WIT' DE FLASH... HE'LL FIND DAT CHAMP CONNORS HAS WAYS TO BEAT HIM!



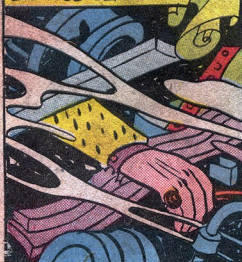
BUT CHAMP CONNERS IS DESTINED NEVER TO ARRIVE AT KEYSTONE CITY FOR A MISTAKEN SIGNAL RESULTS IN A THROWN SWITCH...



AND TWO MIGHTY TRAINS MEET HEAD-ON, VIOLENTLY CRASHING WITH EXPLODING BOILERS AND HISSING STEAM.



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WRECKAGE LIES ALL THAT IS LEFT OF CHAMP CONNERS, EX-MOB LEADER...

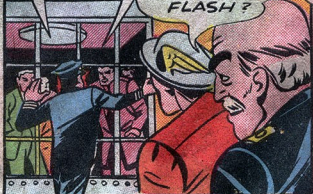


MEANWHILE...

YOU'LL LIKE OUR JAIL, BOYS!

AFTER THE FLASH, EVEN A CONCENTRATION CAMP WOULD BE A PLEASURE

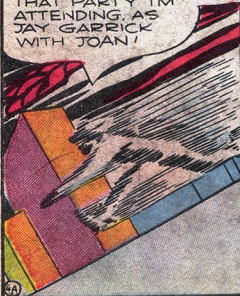
HOW'D YOU GET THEM, FLASH?



I WAS ON MY WAY TO A DATE WHEN A LIGHT INSIDE THE JEWELRY STORE CAUGHT MY ATTENTION! I LOOKED IN... AND HERE WE ARE!



I'D BETTER HURRY NOW, OR I'LL BE LATE FOR THAT PARTY I'M ATTENDING AS JAY GARRICK WITH JOAN!

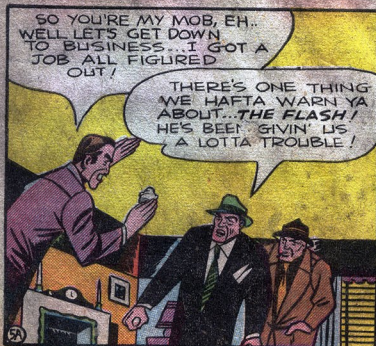


MOMENTS LATER...

ER... DID I GET HERE ON TIME?

OF COURSE YOU EVEN HAD TIME TO CATCH SOME CROOKS, IF YOU HAD WANTED TO! THE PARTY'S SET FOR EN O'CLOCK





THE HOME OF SOCIALITE MARION NOLAN SPEERE IS THROGGED WITH SCINTILLATINGLY JEWELLED WOMEN AND TUXEDOED MEN....

OH, HERE COMES JOAN WILLIAMS WITH JAY... HELLO, THERE!



YOU MUST SEE MY COLLECTION BEFORE I ALLOW THE CROWD IN... IT'S WORTH MORE THAN FIVE MILLION. YOU KNOW!

IT IS?



THIS FOLIO OF "MORTE D'ARTHUR" PRINTED BY WILLIAM CAXTON IS ALONE WORTH FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! A LOT OF RIVAL COLLECTORS WOULD PAY THAT MUCH FOR IT... NO QUESTIONS ASKED!



WHEW! FORTY GRAND FOR ONE BOOK! CHAMP SURE IS SOME GUY TO DOPE THIS OUT, HUH?

I'LL SAY! YA KNOW, THERE'S SOMETHIN' T' THIS BOOK BUSINESS.. MAYBE I SHOULD'A LEARNED T' READ, AFTER ALL!



JUST BEFORE THEY OPEN THEM EXHIBITION ROOMS, WE STAGE A ROBBERY IN THE MAIN BALLROOM... BUT THE REAL JOB TAKES PLACE INSIDE WHEN WE SWIPE THEM BOOKS!

LEAVE IT TO US!



AS MARION NOLAN SPEERE REACHES TO PULL THE DRAPE-CORD THAT WILL OFFICIALLY OPEN THE EXHIBIT, A HOARSE VOICE SHOUTS A COMMAND...

UP WITH YER HANDS, OR I'LL BLAST THIS GUY FOR KEEPS!

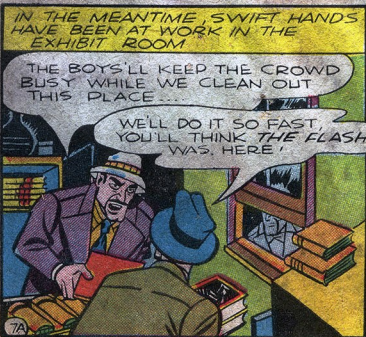
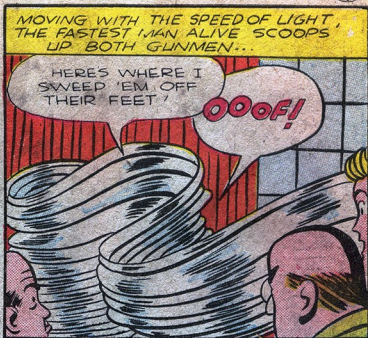
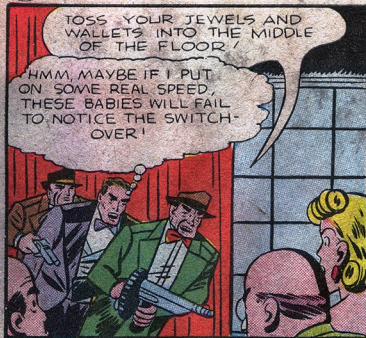
OH!

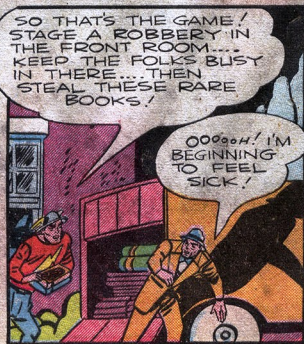
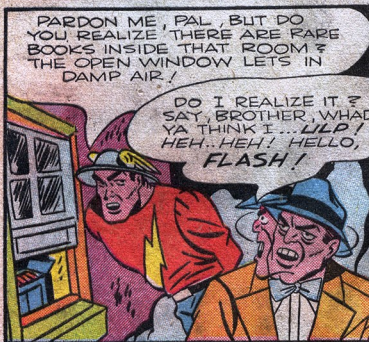
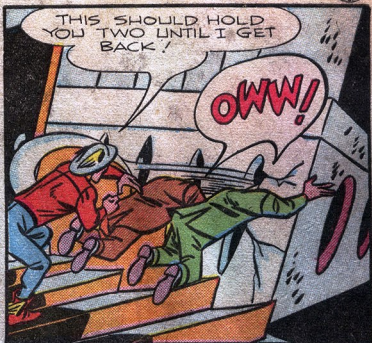
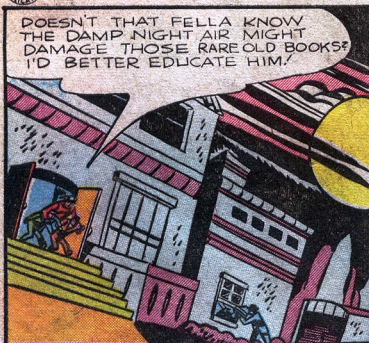
THEY'VE GOT GARRICK!



HOW CAN I GO INTO ACTION WITHOUT REVEALING THE FACT THAT I'M THE FLASH?







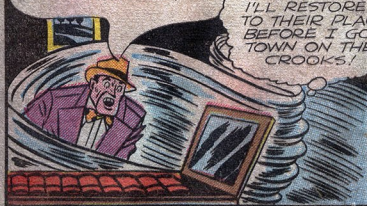
TO AND FRO ZIPS THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER REPLACING THE STOLEN TREASURES!

I'D HAVE SWORN I REMOVED THOSE BOOKS A COUPPLA MINUTES AGO!

IN ORDER THAT THESE VOLUMES AREN'T HARMED I'LL RESTORE THEM TO THEIR PLACES BEFORE I GO TO TOWN ON THESE CROOKS!

SOMETHIN' FUNNY IS GOIN' ON AROUND HERE!

IT SURE IS....



...AND IT'S GOING ON YOUR HEAD!

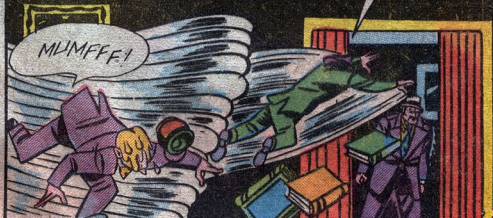
UGGLE-GLUB!



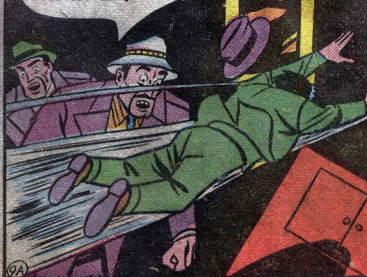
SAILING... SAILING...

AAAGH!

MUMFF!



WHA.. WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?



ALL THE BOOKS HAVE BEEN PUT BACK, AND FUNNY ACCIDENTS ARE HAPPENING TO THE BOYS!

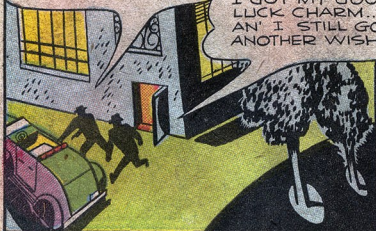
ULLP! WE'D BETTER TAKE IT ON THE LAM!



THE THUGS FLEE IN TERROR...

WE'D BETTER GO THIS WAY! HE MUST HAVE SEEN THE TRUCK, SO WE'D BETTER TAKE ANOTHER ROAD!

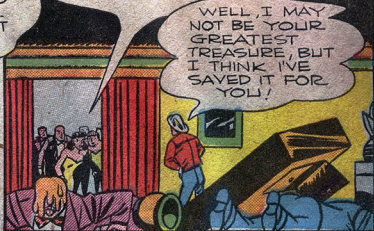
AW, THE FLASH CAN'T HURT ME. I GOT MY GOOD LUCK CHARM... AN' I STILL GOT ANOTHER WISH!



MEANWHILE MARION NOLAN SPEERE LEADS HER GUESTS INTO THE EXHIBIT ROOM TO FIND...

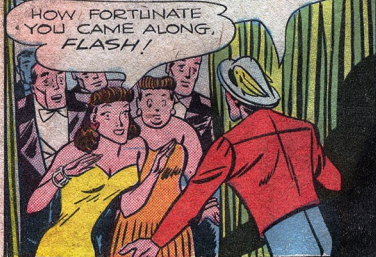
... SHOW YOU MY GREATEST TREASURE! OHHH! DEAR ME!

WELL, I MAY NOT BE YOUR GREATEST TREASURE, BUT I THINK I'VE SAVED IT FOR YOU!



THEY PLANNED TO DIVERT YOUR ATTENTION WITH THE HOLDUP IN THE BALLROOM, WHILE THE REST OF THE MOB MADE OFF WITH YOUR RARE BOOKS!

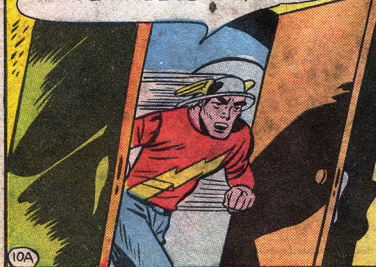
HOW FORTUNATE YOU CAME ALONG, FLASH!



I'M SURE SOME OF THEM GOT AWAY.... I'LL HAVE TO GO AFTER THEM...



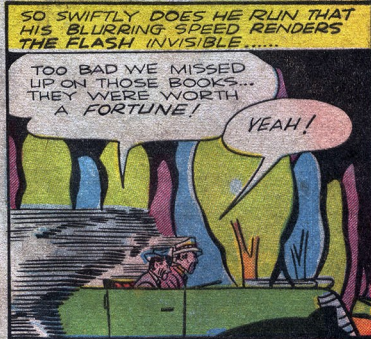
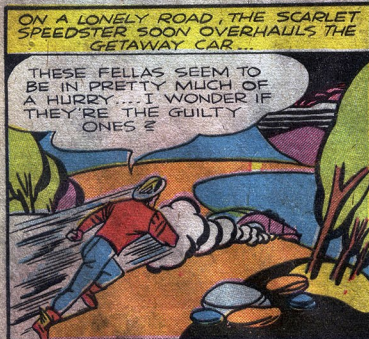
THERE ARE ONLY TWO ROADS LEADING AWAY FROM HERE. I CAN COVER BOTH OF THEM FOR TEN MILES EACH WAY IN A FEW SECONDS!

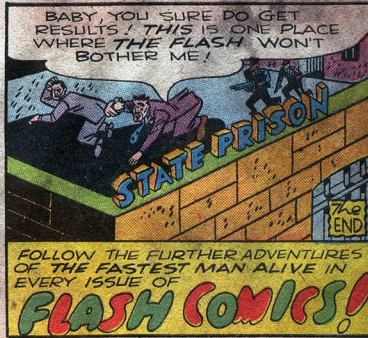
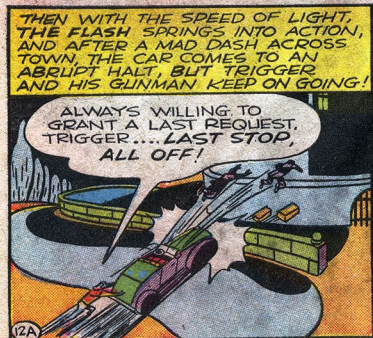
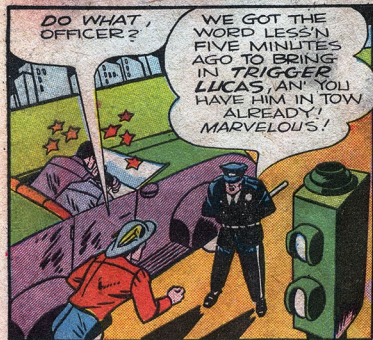


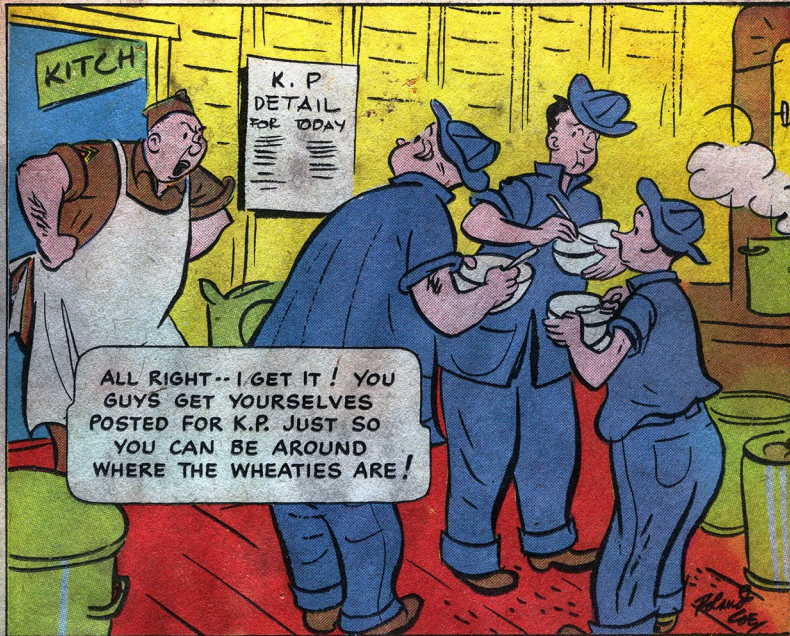
MEANWHILE, AT THE BIG-HOUSE, THE WARDEN FINDS HIMSELF CONFRONTED WITH A VEXING PROBLEM....

CHARLEY LUCAS IS GONE! THERE WAS NO JAIL BREAK, AND HIS NAME ISN'T ON ANY PAROLE LIST... YET, HE'S DISAPPEARED!









MORNING CHOW BECOMES MIGHTY IMPORTANT EATING WHEN IT INCLUDES A BIG BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. THE SAME NOURISHING DISH THAT'S A TRAINING TABLE FAVORITE WITH MANY LEADING COACHES AND CHAMPION ATHLETES.

GOOD WHOLE GRAIN FOOD VALUES IN WHEATIES. AND DELICIOUSLY GOOD FLAVOR. A ZESTY BLEND OF NUTTY, TOASTED TASTES AND MELLOW, MALT SWEET SYRUP THAT SETS YOUR APPETITE FOR SECOND HELPINGS.

GET YOURSELF POSTED FOR SOLID NOURISHMENT AND SNAPPY FLAVOR AND SWELL FUN. PUT IN YOUR BID FOR LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

HAVE YOUR
WHEATIES
EVERY DAY.



**"BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS"**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT
A Product of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

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



The Flash

FATEST MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX



BIG THINGS ARE IN STORE FOR NODDY WHEN HE ACQUIRES AN ELEPHANT IN A POST OFFICE RAFFLE, BUT NODDY DOESN'T REALIZE JUST HOW BIG THEY ARE BECAUSE RATS RANNIGAN WANTS THAT ELEPHANT, TOO! AND WHEN RATS RANNIGAN WANTS ANYTHING, IT BREWS TROUBLE...

AND TROUBLE IS WHAT HE GETS WHEN THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE CRASHES INTO THE MIXUP CAUSED BY...

"THE ENERGETIC ELEPHANT!"



HEY, LET'S GO TO THAT RAFFLE... I LOVE RAFFLES... ESPECIALLY WITH MAPLE SYRUP ON THEM!

YOU MEAN WAFFLES! A RAFFLE IS WHERE YA TAKE A CHANCE AN' WIN SOMETHIN'!

I WON A RAFFLE ONCE... BUT I FOUND OUT LATER IT WAS THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE SO I DIDN'T KEEP IT!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... EVERY YEAR WE HAVE A RAFFLE TO GET RID OF 'DEAD' MAIL, WHICH IS UNDELIVERABLE OR UNCALLED FOR...

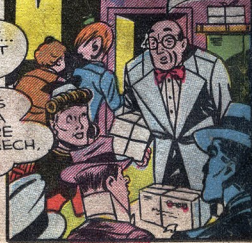
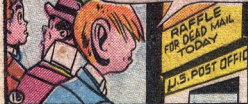
DEAD STUFF... HUH! I WANT SOMETHING LIVELY!

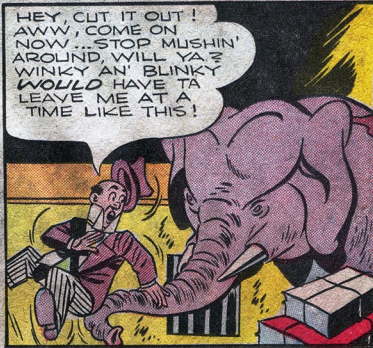
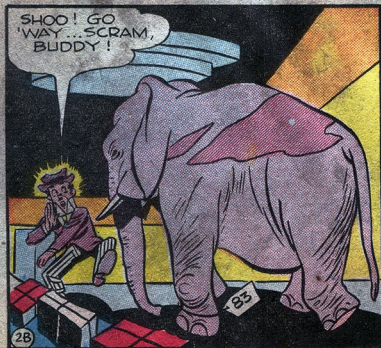
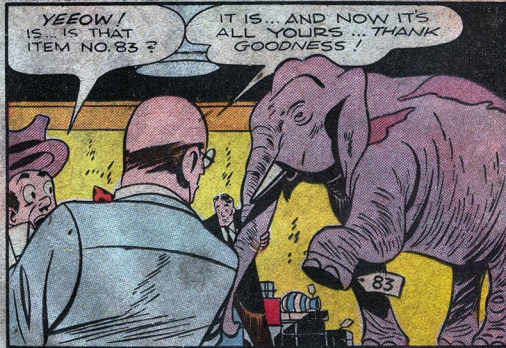
THAT'S JUST A FIGURE OF SPEECH, SAP!

I AM NOT A SAD!

SAY, IF YA WAS ANY SAPPYER, YA'D BE A TREE!

NOW GATHER 'ROUND, FOLKS... WE'RE GOING TO BEGIN...





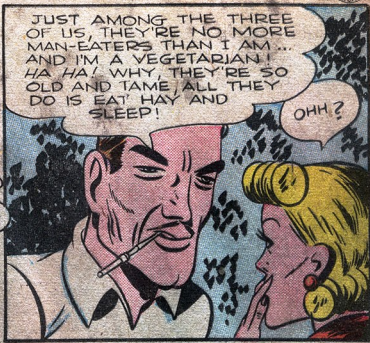
MEANWHILE JAY (THE FLASH) GARRICK IS ATTENDING A PARTY WITH JOAN WILLIAMS AT THE HOME OF BIG GAME HUNTER, DONALD TALUBE....



MY COLLECTION OF ANIMALS IS RIGHT OVER THERE... I'M RATHER PROUD OF THEM, YOU KNOW!

I UNDERSTAND THEY'RE QUITE THE MAN-EATERS!

YES, YOU'LL NEVER BE BOTHERED WITH CROOKS HERE!



JUST AMONG THE THREE OF US, THEY'RE NO MORE MAN-EATERS THAN I AM... AND I'M A VEGETARIAN! HA HA! WHY, THEY'RE SO OLD AND TAME, ALL THEY DO IS EAT HAY AND SLEEP!

OH, H?



I HAVE SOME RATHER RARE ANIMALS, BUT THAT'S ABOUT ALL... ACTUALLY THEY WOULDN'T HURT A FLEA!

STILL, I GUESS NO CROOKS WOULD EVER TAKE A CHANCE OF FINDING THAT OUT FOR THEMSELVES!



IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN, 'RATS RANNIGAN' IS ALSO DISCUSSING TALUBE'S ANIMALS..

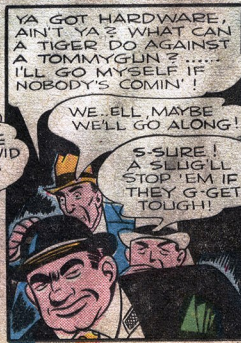
I TELL YA THIS TALUBE GUY HAS PLENTY OF JEWELS IN THAT MANSION OF HIS!

YEAH! AN' A LOTTA WILD ANIMALS HANGIN' AROUND TO MAKE SURE NOBODY TRIES TA SWIPE THEM JEWELS!



YOUSE GUYS MAKE ME SICK! YA MEAN YER SO AFRAID OF A COUPLE O' CUTS AN' BITES, YA DON'T WANNA TRY T'GET RICH?

LOOK, RATS, IT'S NO MAY-POLE PARTY 'MIXIN' WID A GORILLA OR A WILD TIGER!



YA GOT HARDWARE, AIN'T YA? WHAT CAN A TIGER DO AGAINST A TOMMYGUN? I'LL GO MYSELF IF NOBODY'S COMIN'!

WE..ELL, MAYBE WE'LL GO ALONG!

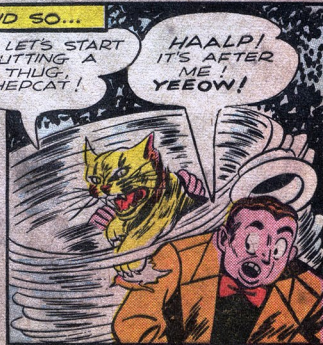
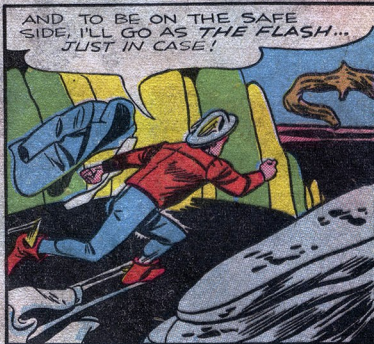
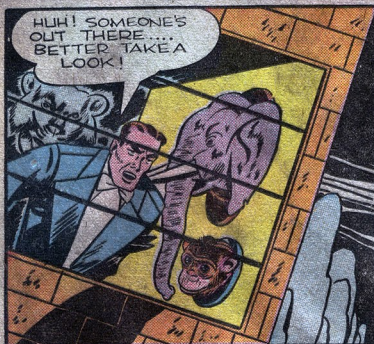
S-SURE! A SLUG'LL STOP 'EM IF THEY G'GET TOUGH!

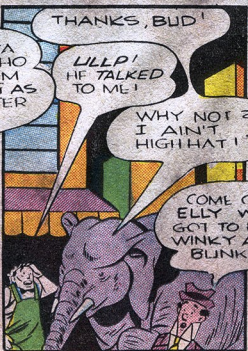
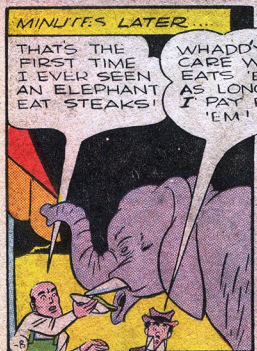
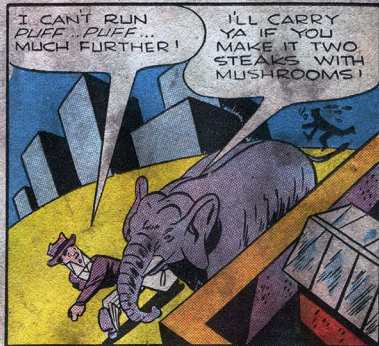
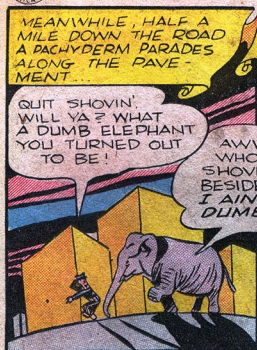


AN HOUR LATER AT THE TALUBE ESTATE.

THIS SWITCH OPENS THE DOORS OF THE ANIMALS CAGES... EVERY NIGHT I LET THEM ROOM LOOSE ON THE GROUNDS!

OH, MY! REMIND ME NOT TO GO OUT ON THE LAWN BY MISTAKE!





AT DONALD TAUBES ESTATE, THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER MOVES SO SWIFTLY, HE REMAINS INVISIBLE TO THE EYES OF THE FRIGHTENED GUNMEN...

LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO ROYALTY... MEET THE KING OF BEASTS!

OWW!

HEEELP!

I CERTAINLY AM HAVING A RIPPING TIME! JOLLY SPORT, WHAT?

OWTCH!

TSK! TSK! SUCH GOINGS ON!

OUTTA THE WAY, PAL! I'M TAKIN' OFF!

HELLO, FLASH! YOU WAS MOVIN' SO FAST I COULDN'T SEE YOUSE... HOW D'YA LIKE MY NEW ELEPHANT? I GOT IT AT A RAFFLE...

OH, THIS IS A SPECIAL ELEPHANT, FLASH! IT TALKS AN' PLAYS MUSIC, TOO... PLAY SOME MUSIC FOR THE FLASH, ELLY!

NODDY TOYLAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

ON YOU IT LOOKS GOOD, NODDY! BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, NODDY... I'M GOING BACK TO ROUND UP THE REST OF THOSE CROOKS

THIS LITTLE PIGGIE WAS A BOOG-LIE WOOG-LIE PIGGY.

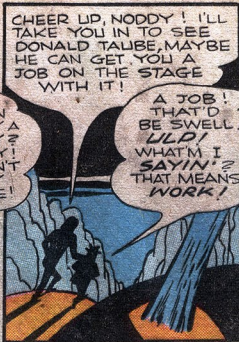
HUHH! I... I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

IT'S TERRIFIC, NODDY... WITH THAT YOU'LL MAKE MONEY! IT CERTAINLY IS A CLEVER IMITATION!

IMITATION? YA... YA MEAN IT AIN'T A REAL ELEPHANT?



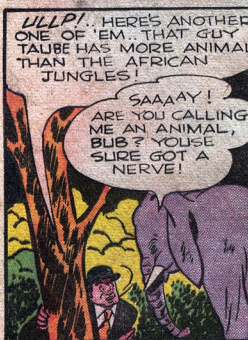
YA MEAN ITS ONLY A BIG TOY? G-GOLLY! IT...IT AIN'T MY ELLY NO MORE!



A JOB! THAT'D BE SWELL... ULLP! WHAT'M I SAYIN' THAT MEANS WORK!



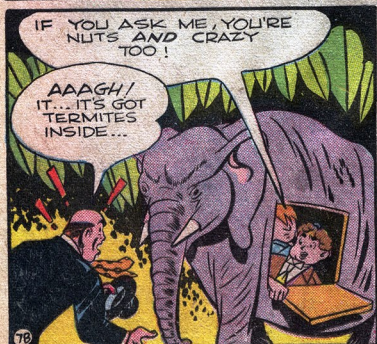
THE FLASH! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN HE WAS BEHIND THAT WORK-OUT... BUT IF HE DON'T SEE ME, I CAN STILL GET OUTTA HERE!



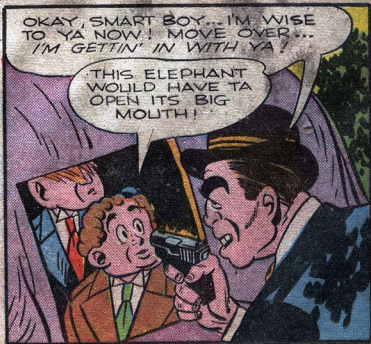
SAAAAAY! ARE YOU CALLING ME AN ANIMAL, BUB? YOUSE SURE GOT A NERVE!



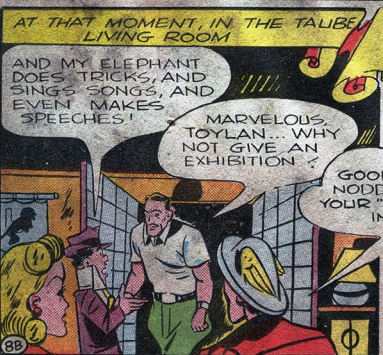
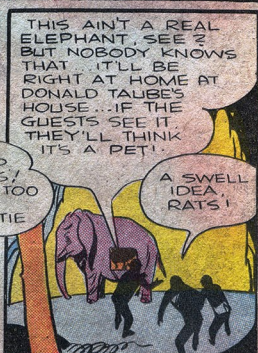
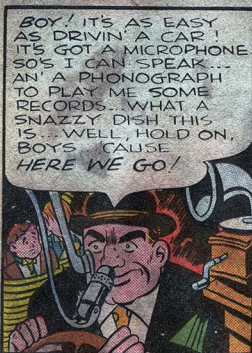
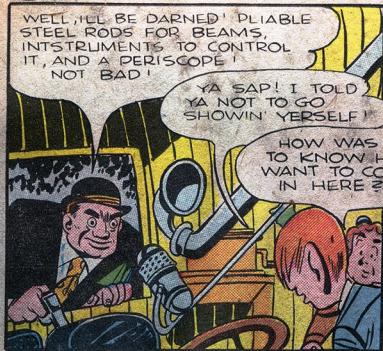
THAT'S OKAY... ONLY DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN!

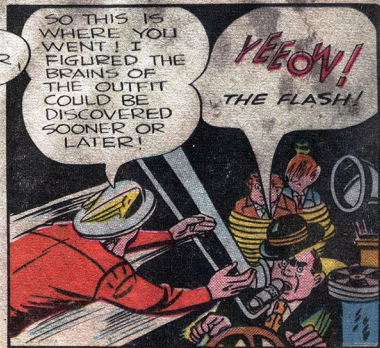
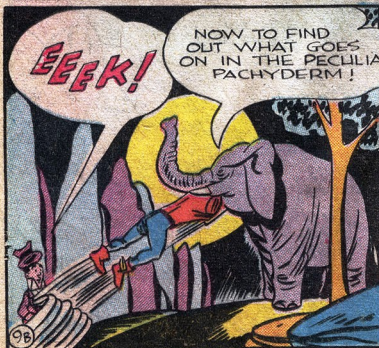
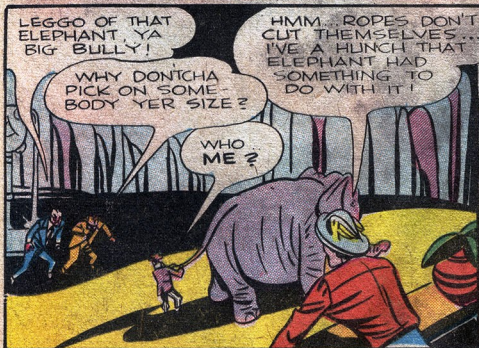
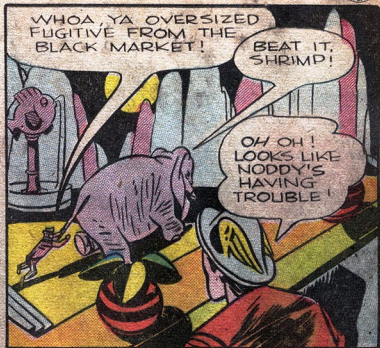


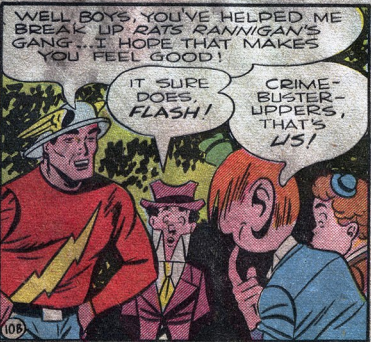
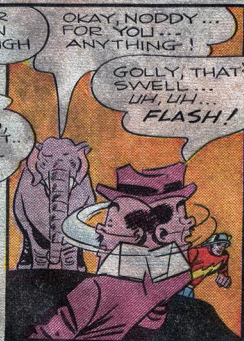
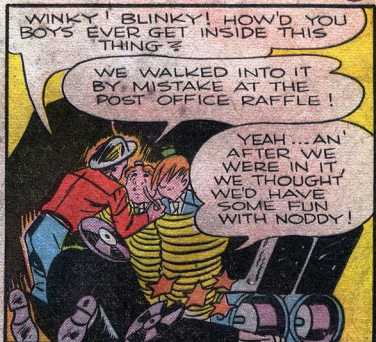
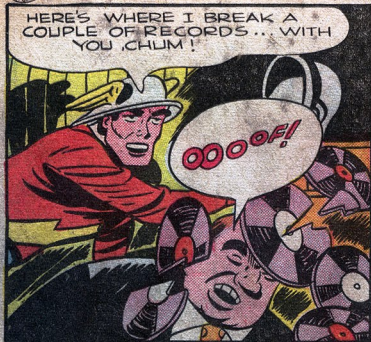
AAAGH! IT... IT'S GOT TERMITES INSIDE...



THIS ELEPHANT WOULD HAVE TA OPEN ITS BIG MOUTH!







SPORT SHORT

WITH THE FIRST GAME OF THE BASKETBALL SEASON APPROACHING, BILL JENKINS, THE HOMETOWN STAR, GOT HIS FEET WET AND CAUGHT A HEAVY COLD. WITHOUT HIM, THE HOMETOWN TEAM IS OVERWHELMED.

I'B FEEL'G TERRIBLE...FIRST, THIS CO'D AND NOW WE'RE LOSING THE GAME!

SNIFF
SNIFF

IF YOU HADN'T GOTTEN YOUR FEET WET LAST WEEK, BILL, YOU'D BE IN THERE RUNNING UP A SCORE FOR US!

And later...

ARE YOU GOING TO BE ABLE TO GO TO THE SCHOOL DANCE TONIGHT, BILL?

NO, I'B ID TEDDIBLE SHAPE, AND MARY WON'T EVEN SPEAK TO ME!

SNIFF
SNIFF

ROUSSO



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...

NOW THAT YOU'RE OVER THAT DARNED COLD, BILL, WHY DON'T YOU MAKE SURE YOU WON'T GET WET FEET AGAIN...BUY A PAIR OF THOM MCAN'S SHOES WITH WATER-PROOF MELFLEX SOLES!

I'M GOING TO, THOM... AND RIGHT NOW!

Thom McAn



NOT LONG AFTERWARDS BILL AND THOM ARE OFF ON A HIKE ...

GEE, THOM, THESE THOM MEAN'S FEEL SWELL!

STOP ADMIRING YOUR SHOES, BILL, AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE SKY OVER THERE. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE STORM BEFORE WE GET HOME!



SURE ENOUGH, A STORM WAS BREWING! ON THE WAY HOME THOM AND BILL HAD TO RUN THROUGH HEAVY RAIN. AT LAST, THEY REACHED THEIR FRONT PORCH...

BILL, YOUR FEET MUST BE SOAKED!

NO, MOTHER... THESE MEL-FLEX SOLES ARE WATER-PROOF!



THE NEXT SATURDAY IS THE DATE OF THE BIG GAME. HAVING AVOIDED A COLD, BILL IS RIGHT IN THERE, PLAYING THE FULL GAME... AND CARRYING HIS TEAM TO VICTORY!!



Later... BILL AND MARY ARE THE HIT OF THE DANCE!



SIZES 1-5 1/2
\$2.99

M31

SIZES 6-11
\$4.20

FELLOWS! AVOID WET FEET AND COLDS WITH WATERPROOF INSULATED MEL-FLEX SOLES!

WHEN UNCLE SAM NEEDED ALL OF THE BEST SOLE LEATHER FOR HIS FIGHTING MEN, SCIENCE DEVELOPED THE MEL-FLEX SOLE... SO TOUGH THAT IT OUTWEARS EVEN THE FINEST LEATHER! IT KEEPS OUT MOISTURE, HEAT AND COLD, TOO. THE MEL-FLEX SOLE ON THOM M31 SHOES IS FLEXIBLE AND SHOCK-ABSORBENT, REALLY PUTS PEP IN YOUR STEP! SEE THE WIDE VARIETY OF THOM MEAN SHOES AT ONE OF THE 600 THOM MEAN STORES, WITH THE FAMILIAR WHITE FRONT!

Thom McAn

The Flash

FATEST MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



FROM THE FAR REACHES OF GALACTIC SPACE SWOOPS A STRANGE CRAFT, ITS DESTINATION... THE EARTH! AND FROM THE ROUNDED SHIP STEP WEIRD CREATURES, AS IDENTICAL AS PEAS IN A POD! IN THEIR HANDS THEY BEAR THIN TUBES OF DEATH... IN THEIR MINDS IS ONE DESIRE... TO POSSESS THE WEALTH OF THE EARTH!

AGAINST THEM, THE WORLD THROWS ITS EVERY RESOURCE, AND FINDS ITSELF LACKING... EVEN THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER, THE FLASH, IS AMAZED TO LEARN THAT HIS GREAT SPEED CANNOT STOP THE INVADERS! BUT WHEN THE UNDER-WORLD SEES ITS CHANCE TO MAKE A DEAL WITH THESE NEWCOMERS, THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE REALLY GOES TO TOWN ON...

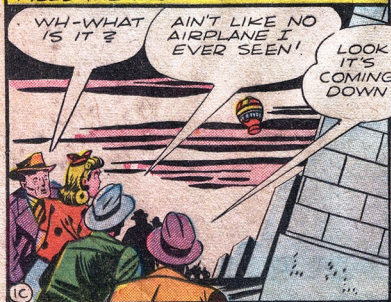
THE MATCHING MEN FROM MARS!

AS CROWDS THROG THE STREETS OF KEYSTONE CITY... A LOW HUM FILLS THE NIGHT SKY...

WH-WHAT IS IT?

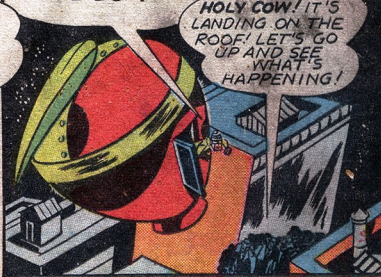
AIN'T LIKE NO AIRPLANE I EVER SEEN!

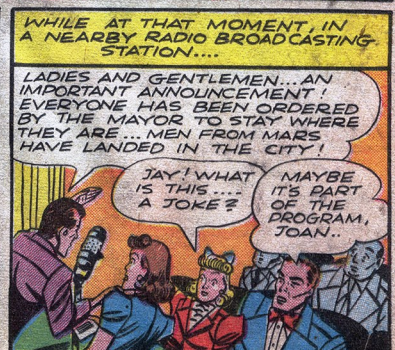
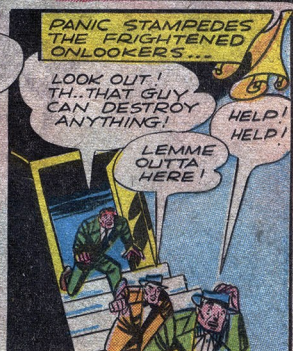
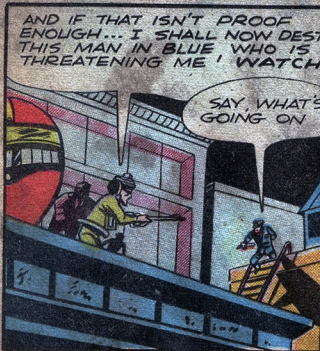
LOOK! IT'S COMING DOWN!



BEHOLD THE CREATURES OF THE THIRD PLANET, FELLOWMEN... I WONDER IF THEY SPEAK AS WE DO?

HOLY COW! IT'S LANDING ON THE ROOF! LET'S GO UP AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING!





NO, I DON'T THINK IT IS! THEY WOULDN'T USE A STUNT LIKE THAT ON THIS SHOW. THE PEOPLE ARE ALL GETTING TOO PANICKY!

BUT..BUT HOW COULD MARTIANS HAVE LANDED ON EARTH? THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS SPACE TRAVEL!

WE KNOW NOTHING OF OTHER PLANETS, JOAN...PERHAPS ANOTHER RACE DID DISCOVER A WAY TO TRAVEL THROUGH SPACE... ANYHOW, THERE MAY BE SOMETHING I CAN DO...AS THE FLASH!

SECONDS LATER, AFTER JAY GARRICK HAS DONNED THE COSTUME OF HIS ALTER EGO, THE FLASH!

SOMETHING IS CERTAINLY WRONG! THERE'S NOT A PERSON LEFT ON THE STREETS. GUESS THE MAYOR WON'T MIND IF I DISOBEY HIM AND OFFER TO HELP OUT!

THERE IT IS, FLASH!

DON'T ASK US IF IT COMES FROM MARS! ALL WE KNOW IS IT HAS SECRET DEADLY WEAPONS ON IT!

I'M GOING OVER THERE TO SEE IF I CAN HANDLE IT BY MYSELF!

MOMENTS LATER...

HERE'S WHERE MARS AND EARTH TANGLE...

ANOTHER MAN OF THE THIRD PLANET! STAND BACK FELLOWS... STAND BACK!

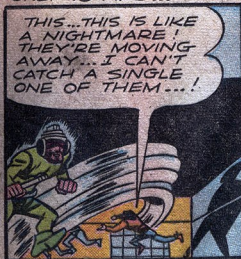
WHOOOPS.. WHY, HE'S AS FAST AS I AM!

YOU MEAN AS FAST AS YOU WERE... FOR NOW YOU DIE!

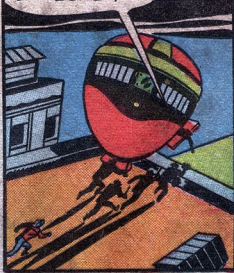
WAIT! LET US NOT KILL ALL OF THESE CREATURES...AFTER ALL THEY MAY BE OF SOME USE TO US, LATER...WHEN WE HAVE TAKEN FROM THEM WHAT WE WANT!

FELLA, YOU SURE HAVE A NERVE!

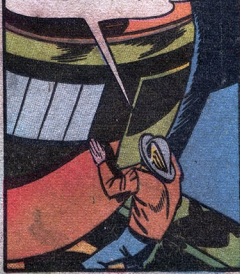
ANGERED BY THE
SNEERING SPACE-MEN,
THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER
HURTLES FORWARD...
ONLY TO FIND...



HURRY, MARTIANS!
WE HAVE MORE OF
THIS PLANET TO
EXPLORE!



IF THERE WERE ONLY
A FINGERHOLD TO
CLING TO, I'D GO
WITH THEM!



WHEW! IT SLIPPED RIGHT
OUT OF MY FINGERS! GOSH,
THOSE BOYS ARE PLENTY
FAST!



AND SO, THE QUEER CRAFT
DISAPPEARS INTO THE COLD BLACK
REACHES OF THE SKY.....

ONE HOUR LATER, A FURTIVE
FIGURE SCURRIES ALONG THE
STREETS OF KEYSTONE CITY...

I'VE GOT TO HURRY HOME...
CAN'T BE SEEN OUT HERE ON
THE STREETS!



THEN, WITHIN THE SAFETY OF
FOUR WALLS, THE MAN REMOVES
HIS OUTER GARMENTS...



MONEY... BEAUTIFUL
MONEY! ALL I COULD CARRY
AWAY WITH ME... MONEY TO
BRING ME THE THINGS I'VE
ALWAYS WANTED...AND
THERE'S PLENTY MORE OF
IT IN THIS TOWN JUST
WAITING FOR ME TO
TAKE IT!



MEANWHILE, THE FLASH ESCORTS JOAN WILLIAMS TO HER HOME

IT'S INCREDIBLE, JOAN... INCREDIBLE! WHY THOSE SPACE-MEN MOVED TOO FAST EVEN FOR ME!

I KNOW, FLASH... AND I..I'M REALLY WORRIED!

WELL, THEY'VE WON THE FIRST ROUND, BUT I'M NOT THROUGH YET! THEY MUST HAVE AN ACHILLES' HEEL... SOMEWHERE SOMEHOW! THERE ARE CERTAIN PECULIARITIES ABOUT THEM THAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND... FOR INSTANCE... THEY ALL SPEAK PERFECT ENGLISH... AND THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE!

TWO DAYS LATER THE GREAT SPACE-SHIP AGAIN SWOOPS EARTHWARD...

MEN OF THIS THIRD PLANET AWAY FROM THE SUN SAY THEY STORE THEIR GOLD HERE... AND WE CAN USE GOLD ON MARS!

YES...YES! FORWARD!

INSIDE THE GOLD CORPORATION'S SQUAT STOREHOUSE, FEAR PARALYZES THE GUARDS...

IT..IT'S THEM, ALL RIGHT!

I HEARD THEY CAN M..MAKE GUYS DISAPPEAR IN PUFFS OF SMOKE!

YEAH... AN' WHOLE B..BUILDINGS, TOO!

COME OUT, ALL OF YOU... IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIVES! RESIST, AND WE WILL DESTROY YOU!

HOLD IT, MAC... WE S..SURRENDER!

VERY GOOD! NOW GET THOSE GOLD INGOTS OUT HERE... WE'LL LOAD THEM IN THE SPACE-SHIP LATER... AFTER WE GAG AND BIND YOU...

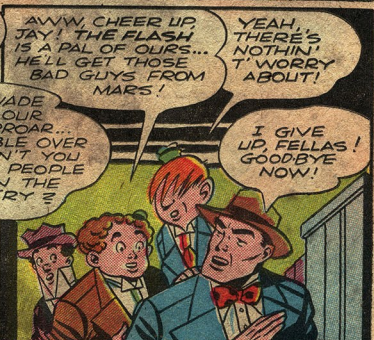
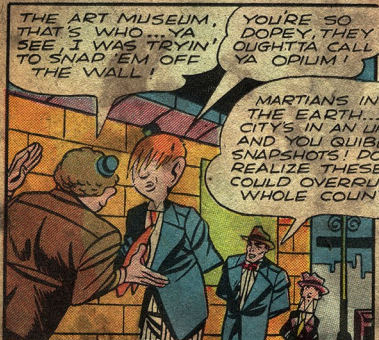
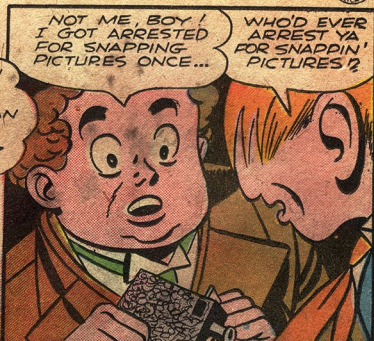
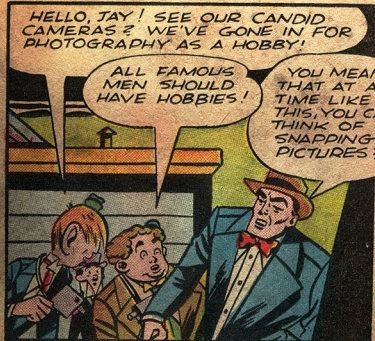
YES... Y..YES, SIR!

AND IN THE HEART OF KEYSTONE CITY...

A LATE BULLETIN REPORTS THE MARTIANS HAVE STRUCK AGAIN! THEY ARE LOOTING THE GOLD CORPORATION'S STOCKHOUSE RIGHT NOW, TAKING AWAY GOLD...

HEY, THERE'S JAY GARRICK!

LET'S SHOW 'IM OUR NEW CAMERAS!



OTHERS ARE ALSO INTERESTED IN THE MARTIANS... ESPECIALLY UNDERWORLD CZAR, HUMMER JOHNSON...

THINGS HAS GONE KINDA TOPSY TURVY SINCE THEM GUYS FROM MARS MUSCLED IN ON US... WE OUGHTTA JOIN SIDES WITH 'EM!

YEAH... THEN WE'D BE SITTING PRETTY!

OKAY... LET'S BE PARTNERS WITH 'EM! NEXT TIME WE HEAR A BROADCAST ABOUT THEM, WE'LL HOTFOOT IT OVER TO WHERE THEY'RE OPERATING AND MAKE A DEAL!

MEANWHILE, THE MEN FROM MARS STRIKE AT WIDELY SCATTERED LOCALITIES, MAKING OFF WITH THE WEALTH OF A FEAR-STRICKEN PEOPLE...

IT'S GOTTEN SO THAT ANY ONE OF THOSE SPACE-MEN CAN WALK DOWN A STREET AND TAKE WHATEVER HE FANCIES... AND NO ONE DARES STOP HIM!

BECAUSE EVERYONE IS AFRAID OF THEIR RAYGUNS! MY, I WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING YOU COULD DO, FLASH! I.. I'M SO NERVOUS!

OH, THERE'S NO USE WORRYING... LET'S GO OUT... I'D LIKE TO SEE ONE OF THOSE SYNDICATED THREE-DIMENSIONAL SHOWS THE NIGHT CLUBS USED TO PUT ON...

IT'S BEEN OVER A MONTH SINCE THEY'VE PUT ON ONE OF THEIR SHOWS... THE SECRET WAS LOST WHEN THE INVENTOR, JOHNNY BERGER, WAS KILLED! I HAVE A HUNCH THOSE "MARTIANS" ARE CONNECTED WITH THIS!

ARE YOU CRAZY? WHAT DO THREE-DIMENSIONAL MOVIES HAVE TO DO WITH THE INVADERS?

HAVEN'T SEEN ONE OF THOSE IN... SAAAY! WAIT A MINUTE!

PLENTY, I'LL BET! THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHY THEY SPEAK ENGLISH... AND WHY THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE! YESSIR, I THINK WE'VE FOUND THE ANSWER, JOAN!... LISTEN...



"REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME WE WENT TO SEE THOSE MOVIES AT THE 64 CLUB?"

GARRICK, MEET JOHNNY BERGER, WHO'S JUST DISCOVERED WHAT THE MOVIE INDUSTRY HAS BEEN SEEKING FOR YEARS... THREE-DIMENSIONAL FILMS!

GREAT! HOW DO THEY WORK?

THEY'RE BASED ON A SPECIAL HIGH-SPEED LIGHT BEAM THAT CAN BE RAYED TO ANY DISTANCE, AND THE PICTURE IMAGES ARE FOCUSED ON DUST... YOU SEE, THERE ARE TINY PARTICLES OF DUST EVERYWHERE IN THE ATMOSPHERE!

I MAKE REGULAR FILMS OF MOVIE STARS, BUT NEEDING NO SCREEN, I CAN MAKE THEM APPEAR ANYWHERE... FOR INSTANCE, IDA HAYMAN WILL APPEAR TONIGHT AND WALK AMONG THE TABLES... WHILE SHE IS REALLY BACK IN HOLLYWOOD!

I KNOW! WITHOUT THOSE MOTES OF DUST, THE WORLD WOULD HAVE NO LIGHT... THEY REFLECT SUNBEAMS!

"AND THEN, JOAN, WE DID SEE IDA HAYMAN! IT WAS SENSATIONAL, FOR BEING VISIBLE IN THREE DIMENSIONS, SHE SEEMED REAL!"

JAY, SHE'S ACTUALLY HERE! THAT'S NOT JUST AN IMAGE!

YES IT IS... GO AHEAD... TOUCH HER!

I REMEMBER, JAY! MY HAND PASSED RIGHT THROUGH HER, STIRRING UP THE DUST THAT REFLECTED HER IMAGE! IT WAS JUST LIKE A MIRAGE!

NOW THAT I GET THE GENERAL IDEA, I'M GOING TO BE RIGHT ON HAND THE NEXT TIME JOE-FROM-MARS LANDS!

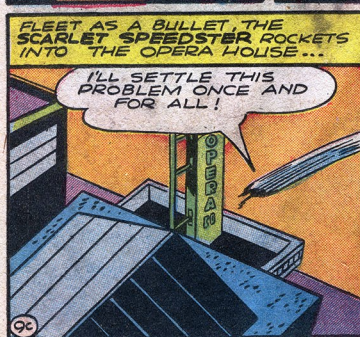
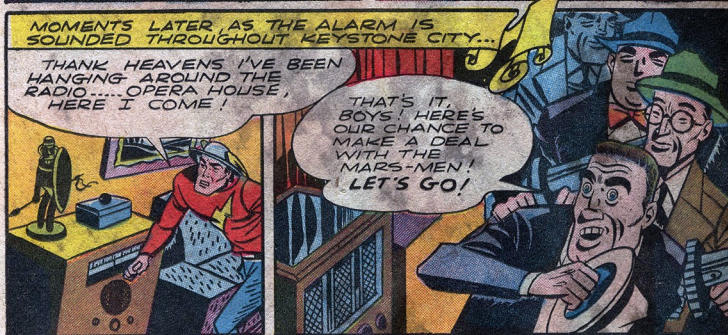
EXACTLY... A MIRAGE THAT MAN CAN PRODUCE AT WILL! A MIRAGE OF WHATEVER HE WANTS PEOPLE TO SEE... LIKE A SPACE-SHIP AND MARTIANS! I'VE GOT TO LEAVE NOW, JOAN!

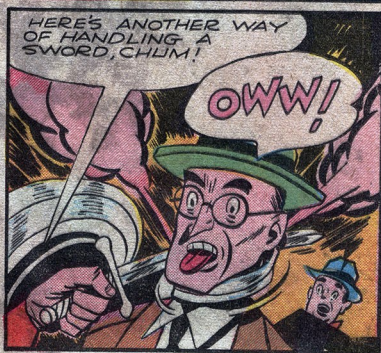
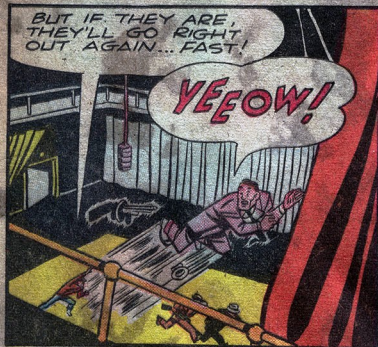
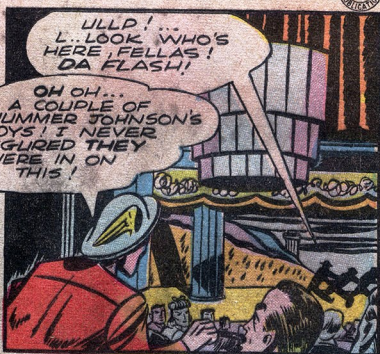
THAT NIGHT, A WORRIED OPERA HOUSE MANAGER STARES INCREDULOUSLY AT HIS STAGE...

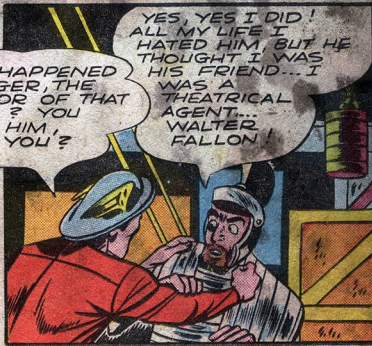
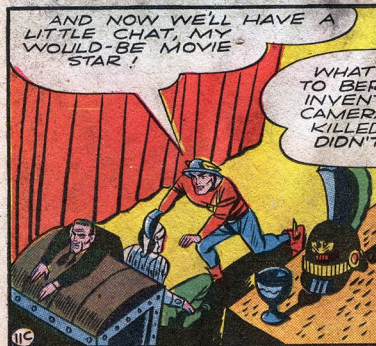
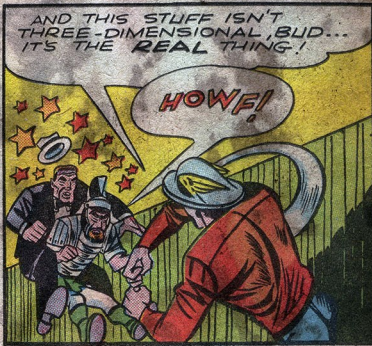
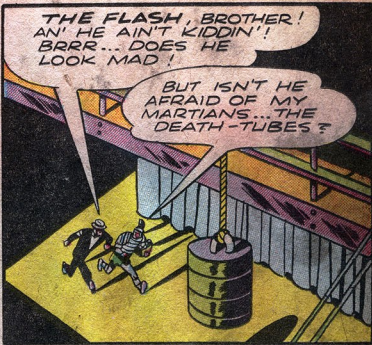
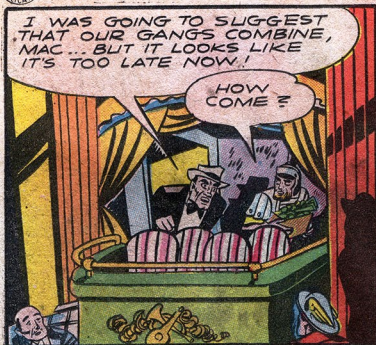
A HUNDRED ROMAN SOLDIERS, AND I HIRED ONLY FOUR! WHERE... OH WHERE DID THEY ALL COME FROM?

HOLD EVERYTHING, GALLI-WALL! I AM A MARS-MAN, AND I HAVE MY COMRADES WITH ME... WE WANT THE JEWELS YOU'RE WEARING!

OOOH!







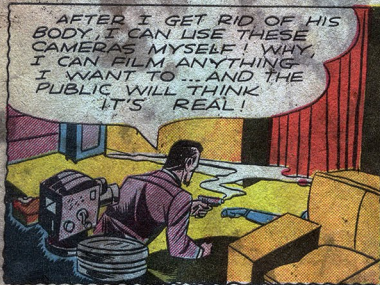
"EVERYTHING BERGER DID TURNED TO MONEY WHILE I STRUGGLED WITH MY THEATRICAL AGENCY..."

NOW HE'S INVENTED THREE-DIMENSIONAL MOVING PICTURES... HE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE... HE CAN SYNDICATE THOSE FILMS SO THAT EVEN A HICK TOWN CAN AFFORD TO HAVE A BIG NAME BAND LEADER...



"THEN ONE NIGHT BERGER CAME TO MY APARTMENT TO SHOW ME HIS INVENTION... I... I KILLED HIM..."

AFTER I GET RID OF HIS BODY, I CAN USE THESE CAMERAS MYSELF! WHY, I CAN FILM ANYTHING I WANT TO... AND THE PUBLIC WILL THINK IT'S REAL!



WHEN I MADE THAT CHIMNEY AND THAT COP "DISAPPEAR"... IT WAS JUST A PHOTOGRAPHIC MIRAGE!

WHEW! AN' I WAS TRYIN' T' CUT IN ON A SCHEME LIKE THAT... WHEW!



WHICH KNOCKS MY AGENCY OUT OF THE PICTURE! IMAGINE HAVING TOMMY JAMES PLAYING IN PODUNK! IT WOULD BE LIKE THE REAL MAN, A SORT OF WALKING STATUE OF HIM! SO BERGER NOT ONLY MAKES HIMSELF A FORTUNE, BUT RUINS ME AT THE SAME TIME!



"I MADE MODELS OF THE SPACE-SHIP AND SNAPPED THEM... THEN I TOOK SHOTS OF MYSELF DRESSED AS A MARTIAN AND A ROMAN SOLDIER, IN DIFFERENT POSES..."

I'LL "INVADE" THE EARTH WITH MARTIANS! PEOPLE WILL SEE SO MANY IMAGES OF ME, THEY WON'T KNOW MY REAL SELF AT ALL... THUS I CAN ROB THEM AT WILL...



WHICH ALL GOES TO DISPROVE THE OLD ADAGE... SEEING IS NOT BELIEVING...!



W
I
C
K
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Y

Puzzles

A POPULAR WAR SONG



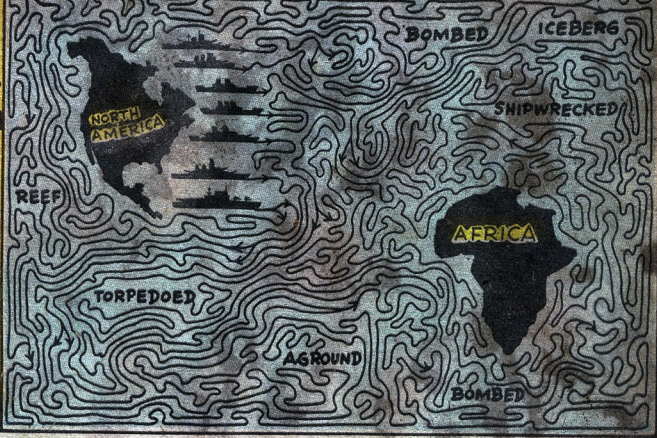
JOHNNY DOUGHBOY HAS CHALKED ON THE WALL, BEHIND THESE CURTAINS, THE NAME OF A POPULAR WAR SONG. THERE ARE SEVEN WORDS TO THE TITLE AND, READING DOWNWARD, THERE IS ONE WORD ON A LINE. YOU SEE ONLY TWO LETTERS OF EACH WORD. WHAT IS THE TITLE?



A + M +
-SR+ -DIB=

LESS THE NAMES OF THESE PICTURES, THEN ADD AND SUBTRACT THE LETTERS, AS INDICATED, TO SPELL THE NAME OF AN IMPORTANT DEFENSE JOB.
G. W. HUGGETT

AFRICA BOUND. TO WIN THIS FASCINATING CONVOY MAZE GAME YOU ARE REQUIRED TO PILOT AT LEAST FOUR OF THE SEVEN SHIPS FROM NORTH AMERICA TO AFRICA. IF YOU SAIL TO ANY OF THE HAZARDS YOU LOSE THAT PARTICULAR VESSEL. FOLLOW THE ARROWS IN EITHER DIRECTION WHERE THE LINES FORK, BUT REMEMBER, YOU MUST NEVER SAIL BACK OVER YOUR COURSE.



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF ALL FLASH published quarterly at New York, N. Y. for October 12, 1944.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the ALL FLASH and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, JoLaine Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Sheldon Mayer, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Managing Editor, M. C. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
2. That the owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock; if not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) JoLaine Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington

Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; M. C. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: If there are none, so state; None.
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, as given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1944.
ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public (My Commission expires March 30, 1946)

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G-LINE FLIGHT. Rigged for continuous G-line flying, your models will zoom, dive, climb, and hedge-hop—under your control.

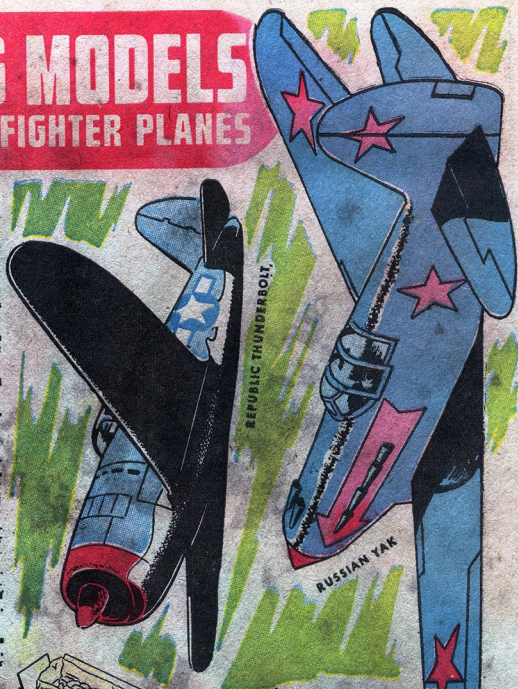
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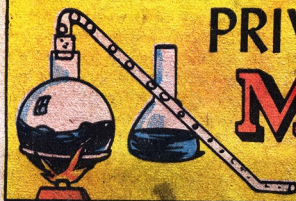
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PRIVATE SCHOOL MYSTERY

By Jay Marr

FOOTBALL practice had ended early. The squad trooped into the old locker rooms in the basement of Kingsbury Military School. Bud Lawson, one of the first to enter, wrinkled up his muddy nose and sniffed loud and long.

"Boy!" he exclaimed to his room-mate, Ted Stevens, "I've been planning a rabbit hunt so much lately, my imagination is starting to play tricks on me. I smell gunpowder, even in here!"

"Souise meat!" retorted young Stevens. "It's probably just that new rubbing liniment the Coach has stocked up with. C'mon. Pull this skinny jersey off over these shoulder pads. I'm primed for a shower before the hot water gives out."

"Okay. Front an' center. Then you help me with mine."

"You won't need help with your jersey." Bud's room-mate laughing, grabbed his elbow and pulled Bud halfway 'round. "Look at it. All you've got left is the front of it!" Stevens gave a yank at the collar and the torn jersey slid to the floor.

As Bud Lawson stooped to rescue the pieces, his sharp eyes detected a spot of blood upon the clean cement. Then another and another. It was a tiny trail of crimson drops. Then the rest

of his teammates crowded in with their muddy cleats and obliterated them.

A further interruption came just as a puzzled Bud was beginning to wonder out loud if some of the numerous rats that ranged the twisting passageways and corridors under the century-old institution, had fought a duel in the locker rooms.

Coach Warnerher was bellowing for silence. "Has anyone seen Pasco, that new Philippino rubber?" He paused, but no one had seen him. "Johnson, I want you to dig him up at once and get him to give your lame shoulder a good massage before he starts on the other boys."

Johnson, the big center, nodded and went off in search of the missing Philippino, who had just that Fall taken over the place vacated by old Pop Moody, retired after forty years as rubber and counselor to a thousand athletes.

In two minutes Johnson bounded back into the locker and shower room. He was so excited he could scarcely talk. "Th-the g-g-guy . . . hey! The Philippino's been shot!"

There was a wild scramble after the Coach and Johnson as they tore around corridor corners. Every last man, except Johnson and the Coach, were

stark naked. They had either been going under the showers or lolling on the benches waiting their turn.

Johnson, literally, had obeyed the Coach's instructions to "dig up that Philippino." Pasco was half-buried under egg-size stuff in the huge coal bin. The big center had dug up the man's torso, after seeing a hand and forearm protruding from the heat nuggets, as he made his way along the dimly lighted passageway.

The Coach dragged him all the way out and laid him down on his back.

"Read about fif . . ." The Coach never finished speaking as a commotion at the rear of the astonished group boiled up.

The crash of knuckles on bone and cries of "there he goes" . . . "he was hiding in the coal bin" combined with the rush of bare feet, set the dumb-founded Coach to blowing his whistle as frantically as if he were calling an off-side on the gridiron. Then, he too, bounded pell-mell down the passageway leading under the main class rooms above.

They all came to a halt before the closed door of the room housing the main ventilating machinery, like a pack of restless hounds below a trapped cougar, twenty feet up a tree trunk.

A precise voice, as cold as a steel chisel on a cake of ice, echoed thru the closed door. A black head of stiff hair rose above the transom. More slowly, followed a pair of jet black eyes. A pistol next appeared and waved menacingly like the head of a coiled snake.

"American rabbits!" The voice was sneeringly arrogant. "Get away from that door and walk quietly down the corridor . . . before I kill one of you to show I mean business!"

Bud Lawson, standing slightly to one side, saw his chance. With a bounding leap he darted off and was just rounding the nearest corridor corner when the bullets started whining about him. Young Stevens, as if following interference, plunged behind on the instant.

But he was not so fortunate. A bullet grooved its way into his shoulder and the blood ran as he followed his room-mate upstairs and into the chemistry lab.

Lawson was greatly concerned . . . even more so than Stevens because the gritty chap said, "Don't mind me, pal . . . let's go . . . after our rifles!" He started off but Bud Lawson called him back.

"Hey!" Bud nearly laughed. "Have you forgotten that all rifles are in their racks in the drill hall and this is visitor's day? And we're both as naked as jaybirds!"

Ted halted and looked down at himself . . . pretended to press the crease in his trousers he didn't wear, with a moist forefinger. "That's so . . . but I'm covered . . . with blood, anyway." He bent lower and slid below the large window

fronting the parade ground, "I can call the police from the instructor's phone on the desk."

Meanwhile Bud Lawson's nimble fingers were working expertly with some stoppered bottles and a large test tube. He soon finished his task and bare-footed it over to a large duct at the side of the room. Quickly he poured the chemicals inside the metal framing of the ventilating pipe.

"Let's go!" Stooping low, the two room-mates raced out of the chemistry lab, down into the basement again, just in time to see the fun.

Up at Bud's Uncle Dan's place next day, with Ted Stevens along, Bud sniffed the clean Fall air and looked admiringly at the coursing beagle hounds.

"That combination stink bomb and tear gas capsule concoction sure got Mister Japrat out of the air-conditioning room in a hurry, eh, Ted?"

"Yea, boy! Your imagination center rush was a beaut, son. And who would have thought that Pasco wasn't any Philippino at all, but a Jap with a short-wave job hidden behind a panel in his room down there!"

"And that the other Jap did not pay off so well for vital information and that he and Pasco, and of course, his name was not really Pasco, quarreled over blood money from Tojo." Ted loaded his shotgun, slowly. "The F.B.I. men doped it all out pretty quick! Figured the rubber had managed to knife the other duck before he passed out."

"Tried to bury Pasco out of sight in the coal bin," Bud leaned over and patted Nan, the moist-nosed, friendly beagle. "But we came in too soon for him. He didn't have time to make a getaway and so he had to hide . . . or tried to."

"But, boy oh boy!" Stevens felt good in spite of his bandaged shoulder, "What really matters is that you used your head and killed two birds with one chemical mix! Did that Jap scream out of there, right into Coach's arms . . . and the master blower fans went on to plumb ruin all six buildings for the week-end!"

"Yes," replied Bud as he pushed on after the hounds. "There's more than one way to fix up for rabbit hunting when two rats fight a duel in a locker room!"

Boys and Girls



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TO THE CLICK OF SNAPPING CAMERAS AND THE HUM OF RACING FILM, THEY SPREAD A REIGN OF TERROR THAT REQUIRES ALL THE SPEED OF THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE AS HE SEEKS TO UNRAVEL THE TANGLED MASS OF...
"CAMERAS, CRIME AND CUCKOOS!"

The Flash

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX

Part Two



HEY, LOOK! THE FLASH HAS CAUGHT SOME MORE CROOKS!

AWW, HE'S ALWAYS CATCHIN' CROOKS... LET'S GO IN AN' LISTEN TO THE OPERA!

KEYSTONE OPERA HOUSE

HEY! EVERYBODY'S GOIN' HOME!

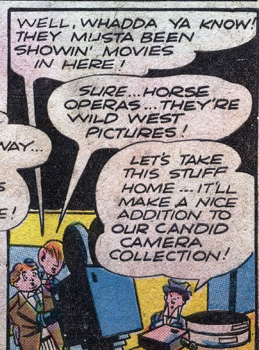
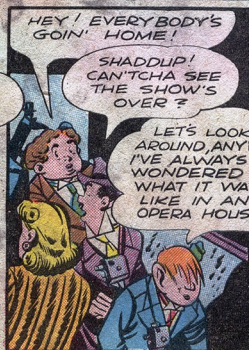
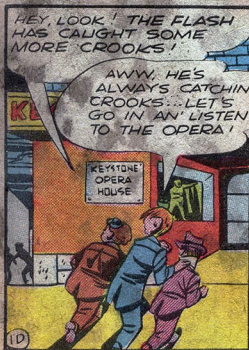
SHADDUP! CAN'TCHA SEE THE SHOW'S OVER?

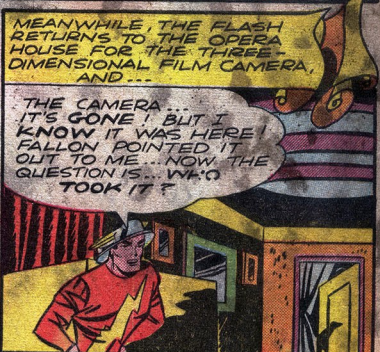
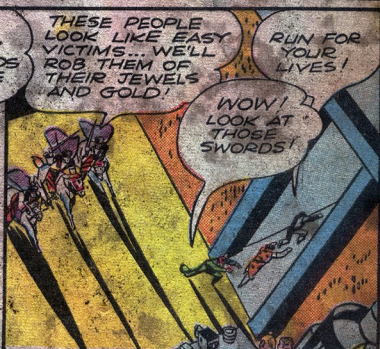
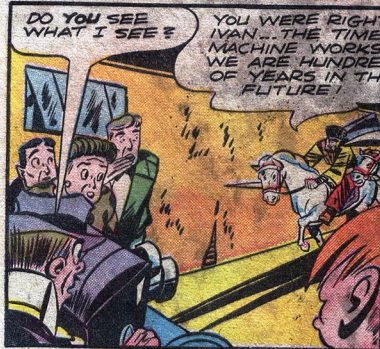
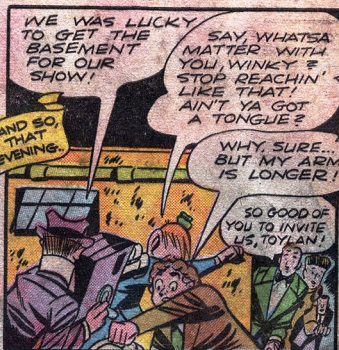
LET'S LOOK AROUND, ANYWAY... I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT IT WAS LIKE IN AN OPERA HOUSE!

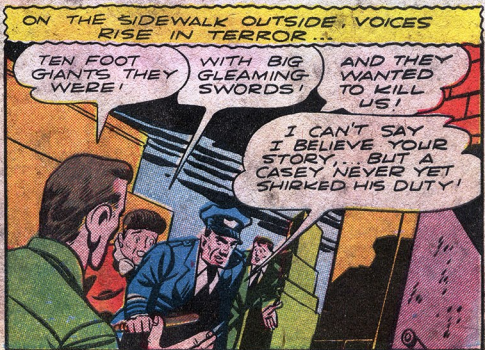
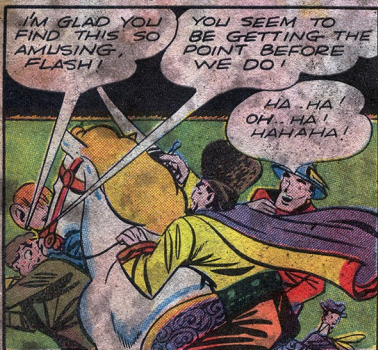
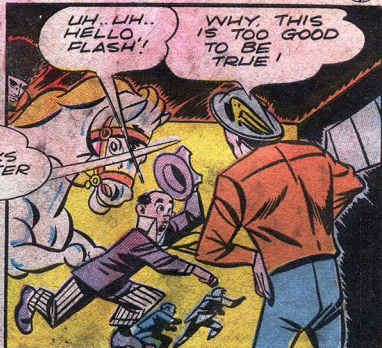
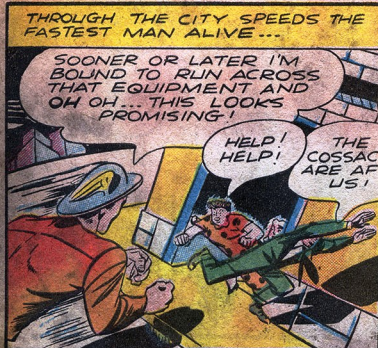
WELL, WHADDA YA KNOW! THEY MUSTA BEEN SHOWIN' MOVIES IN HERE!

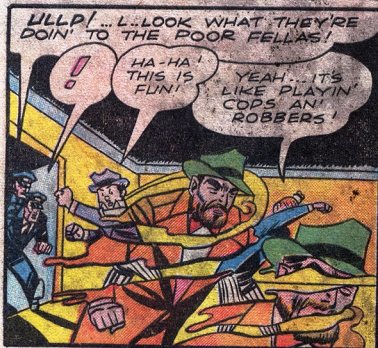
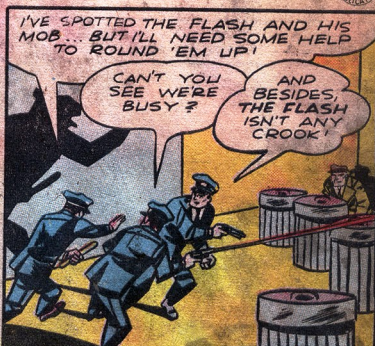
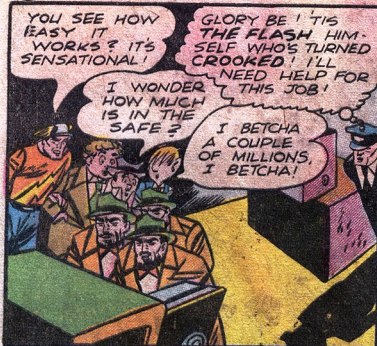
SURE... HORSE OPERAS... THEY'RE WILD WEST PICTURES!

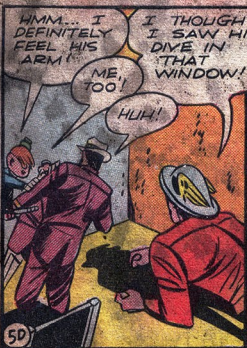
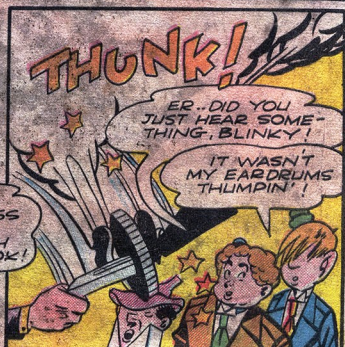
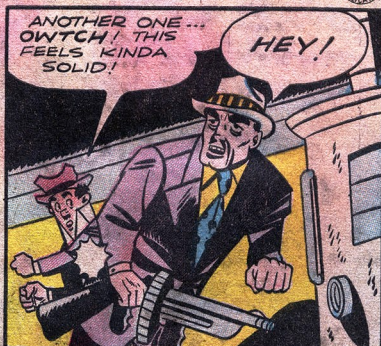
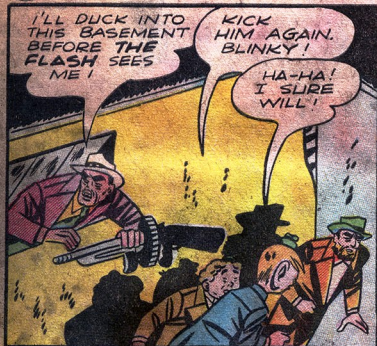
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I'LL TAKE THAT HOOTIN' Tootsie LITTLE CANNON KID!



WHEN EDOLLO TOOTSIE FOR TOOTSIE CAPTAIN TOOTSIE COMES A-RUNNING!

HA, HA, HO, HO, HO! TRYING TO HURT ME WITH A CORK BULLET! HA, HO!



HEH, HEH, YOU'LL GET WEAKER AND WEAKER CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! BECAUSE WITH THAT CORK IN YOUR MOUTH, YOU CAN'T EAT TOOTSIE ROLLS FOR ENERGY!



BUT ROLLO AND THE SECRET LEGION COME TO THE RESCUE!

THANKS PALS!



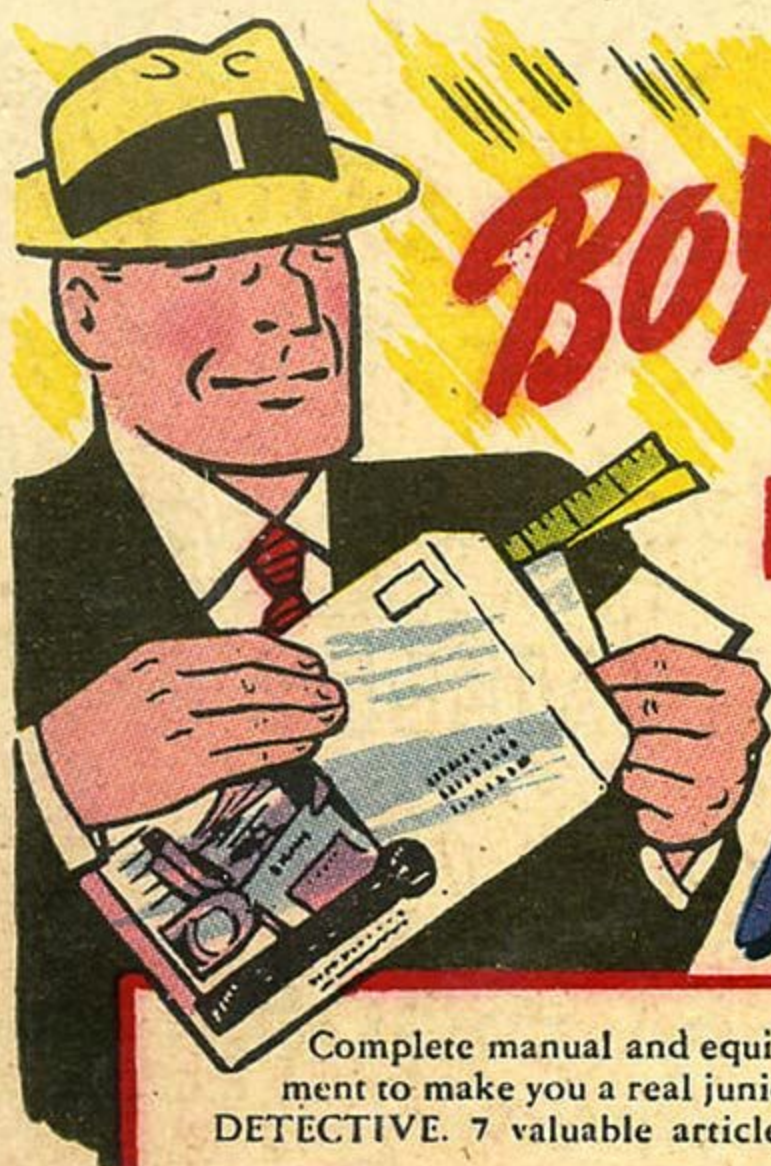
CURSES! I MUST FLEE!

NOT SO FAST, DR. NASTY! I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO PRISON AGAIN!



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Address _____

City _____ State _____

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY - OFFER EXPIRES SEPTEMBER, 1945

If your grocer cannot supply Tootsie V-M, send 70¢. We'll mail you Dick Tracy's De-

tective Kit and a full-pound jar of Tootsie V-M direct, all charges prepaid

AT YOUR GROCER'S
NO RATION POINTS

