Editorial Advisory Board

ALL-AMERICAN COMIC MAGAZINES:

Dr. Lauretta Bender
Associate Professor of Psychiatry
School of Medicine, New York University

Pearl S. Buck
Author, "The Good Earth," "The Promise," etc.
Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize
President, The East and West Association

Joseph Frank
Consultant on Children's Reading,
Child Study Association of America

Dr. C. Bovie Milligan
Department of English Literature
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. Sones
Professor of Education and Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. Robert Thordike
Department of Educational Psychology,
Teachers College, Columbia University

Former World's Heavyweight Boxing Champion
Member, Executive Board
New York Boy Scout Foundation

The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

3 MONTHLY MAGAZINES:
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
FLASH COMICS
SENSATION COMICS

4 BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINES:
ALL-FLASH
ALL-STAR COMICS
MUTT & JEFF
WONDER WOMAN

3 QUARTERLY MAGAZINES:
COMIC CAVALCADE
FUNNY STUFF
GREEN LANTERN

also

Picture Stories from the Bible
(Published twice a year)

*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the size of the American magazine, ALL-AMERICAN COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUFF & JEFF will become four-color; ALL-AMERICAN will be published only eight times a year.*
The Flash
Fastest Man Alive!!

By Gardner F. Fox

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 one... 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!

The Tale of the Three Wishes
AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE.

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

I'LL FILL OUT THE FORMS, WARDEN!

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

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

THE PAROLE BOARD WANTS TO SEE YOU, CHARLEY!

THE PAROLE BOARD? I WAS EXPECTIN' SOLITARY CONFINEMENT! 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.

THAT'S 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, 3 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!

OUCH!

MIGHT AS WELL PICK UP THE REST OF THE CROWD.

I'D JUST AS SOON LEAVE IF YOU DON'T MIND.

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

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

I AIN'T SO SURE! I WROTE TO CHAMP CONNORS IN CHICAGO THE 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 TO 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 IT WIT! DE FLASH ... HE'LL FIND DAT CHAMP CONNERS HAS WAYS TO BEAT HIM!
ALL-FLASH

But Champ Connors 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 Connors, 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 ten o'clock.
Meanwhile at an uptown hotel...

Champ Connors! That's the name. I'll take the best suite you have!

Yes, Sir!

I heard him say so! It's him, all right!

He's early. Must have caught an earlier train. Come on. Let's go up to his room!

Come on, baby, give! I want a mob to take my orders! I want to be a big shot!...Who's there?

Hiya, Champ! Here we are. The mob you asked for. An' there's plenty of us. You give the orders...

Huh? Wha-what's that? My mob?

Wow, baby. What a magician you are!

Magician?

Huh?

So you're my mob, eh? Well, let's get down to business... I got a job all figured out!

There's one thing we hafta warn ya about... the Flash! He's been givin' us a lotta trouble!

He won't know nothin' about this job... it's at a party where they're exhibiting a dame's collection of rare books... the Flash'll never think we're after stuff like that!
The home of socialite Marion Nolan Speere is thronged with scintillatingly jeweled women and tuxedoed men...

Oh, here comes Joan Williams with Jay... Hello, there!

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' this book business. Maybe I shoulda learned to read, after all!

Just before they open them exhibit rooms, we stage a robbery in the main ballroom... But the real job takes place inside, when we swipe them books!

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?
Toss your jewels and wallets into the middle of the floor!

Hmmm, maybe if I put on some real speed, these babies will fail to notice the switch-over!

Moving with the speed of light, the fastest man alive scoops up both gunmen...

Here's where I swept 'em off their feet!

Oof!

Why, why, where'd they go?

All of a sudden poor they're gone!

Why, why, where'd they go?

Are you kiddin'?

Greetings, lads lucky thing I chanced along, isn't it?

And now we'll pay a visit to the nearest police station...

I'll just have time to get into my Flash costume!

In the meantime, swift hands have been at work in the exhibit room.

The boys'll keep the crowd busy while we clean out this place.

We'll do it so fast, you'll think the Flash was here!

Boy, a five million dollar truckload of rare books... we'll be on Easy Street!
DOESN'T THAT FELLA KNOW THE DAMP NIGHT AIR MIGHT DAMAGE THOSE RARE OLD BOOKS? I'D BETTER EDUCATE HIM!

THIS SHOULD HOLD YOU TWO UNTIL I GET BACK!

OWW!

PARDON ME, PAL, BUT DO YOU REALIZE THERE ARE RARE BOOKS INSIDE THAT ROOM? THE OPEN WINDOW LETS IN DAMP AIR!

DO I REALIZE IT? SAY, BROTHER, WHADDA YA THINK I...ULLP! HEH...HEH! HELLO, FLASH!

COME ON, CHICK! GRAB THESE BOOKS!

ULLP!

HMM!

SO THAT'S THE GAME! STAGE A ROBBERY IN THE FRONT ROOM... KEEP THE FOLKS BUSY IN THERE... THEN STEAL THESE RARE BOOKS!

OOGGHH! I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL SICK!

YOU STAY RIGHT THERE, CHUM IF YOU DON'T, YOU KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT!

I-I WON'T MOVE... NOT EVEN AN INCH!
TO AND FRO ZIPS THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER, REPLACING THE STOLEN TREASURES!

I'D HAVE SWORN I REMOVED THOSE BOOKS A COUPLE 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!

WHOA... WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?

MLMFF!

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

ULLP! WE'LL 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! OHH! 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....

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!

THERE ARE ONLY TWO ROADS LEADING AWAY FROM HERE. I CAN COVER BOTH OF THEM FOR TEN MILES EACH WAY IN A FEW SECONDS!
These are the parole forms I filled out, sir!

There must have been a mistake... let me see.

On a lonely road, the Scarlet Speedster soon overhauls the getaway car...

These fellas seem to be in pretty much of a hurry... I wonder if they're the guilty ones?

So swiftly does he run that his blurring speed renders the Flash invisible....

Too bad we missed up on those books... they were worth a fortune!

Yeah!

If it wasn't for the Flash, we'd be sitting pretty... he spoiled everything!

I'll say he did!

That's all I wanted to know!

What'd you want to know?

Nothing! I thought you did say... who were we talkin' to just then?

Ululp! I think I know.

The Flash! Hang on, he's takin' us for a ride!
Off the road, across meadow and field, bounces the hurtling car...

You said something about a magic idol... why don'tcha make a W-wish?

I-I-I can't get my breath long enough to make one 'cause we're goin' so fast!

Whoa! Got to respect traffic laws!

Why, hello, Flash... I don't know how you do it, but you sure get results!

Do what, officer?

We got the word less'n five minutes ago to bring in Trigger Lucas, an' you have him in tow already! Marvelous!

As Trigger opens dazed eyes, he whispers to the little idol!

Come on, baby... make with the magic for the third time... get me away from the Flash... someplace where I'll never see him again!

Then with the speed of light, the Flash springs into action, and after a mad dash across town, the car comes to an abrupt halt, but Trigger and his gunman keep on going!

Always willing to grant a last request, Trigger... last stop, all off!

Baby, you sure do get results! This is one place where the Flash won't bother me!

Follow the further adventures of the fastest man alive in every issue of Flash Comics!

"Listen to Hop Harrigan" on the Blue Network every Monday through Friday."
KITCH

K.P. DETAIL FOR TODAY

All right--I get it! You guys get yourselves posted for K.P. just so you can be around where the wheaties are!

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.
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!

Say, if ya was any sappier, ya'd be a tree!

Now gather 'round, folk... we're going to begin...
OH, YEAH? WELL, YOU'RE SO DUMB YA THINK A FOOTBALL COACH HAS FOUR WHEELS!

HOW MUCH AM I BID FOR ITEM NO. 83?

YA Couldn'T FIND BIGGER SAPS IN TEN YEARS... NO, NOT IN TWENTY!

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN SAYS TWENTY!

I BID THIRTY!

COME TO THINK OF IT, NOT EVEN IN FIFTY YEARS!

SOLD TO THE LITTLE MAN FOR FIFTY DOLLARS... BRING IN ITEM NO. 83!

WHO ME? I WASN'T EVEN BIDDIN'!

YEEOW! IS... IS THAT ITEM NO. 83?

IT IS... AND NOW IT'S ALL YOURS... THANK GOODNESS!

SHOO! GO 'WAY... SCRAM, BUDDY!

HEY, CUT IT OUT! AWW, COME ON NOW... STOP MUSHIN' AROUND, WILL YA? WINKY AN' BLINKY WOULD HAVE TO LEAVE ME AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
MEANWHILE JAY (THE FLASH) GARRICK IS ATTENDING A PARTY WITH JOAN WILLIAMS AT THE HOME OF BIG GAME HUNTER, DONALD TAUBE....

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!

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 TAUBE'S ANIMALS...

I TELL YA THIS TAUBE 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!

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

LOOK, RATS, IT'S NO MAY-POLE PARTY I'M 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'LL, MAYBE WE'LL GO ALONG!

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

AN HOUR LATER AT THE TAUBE ESTATE.

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

OH, MY! REMIND ME NOT TO GO OUT ON THE LAWN BY MISTAKE!
That very moment, outside...

Quiet, youse guys! Them' animals of Taube's has good hearing!

Right, rats! We don't wanna be no wildcat's meal ticket!

Huh! Someone's out there.... better take a look!

Come on, guys! We can fight our way out of this!

Taube's animals will never hurt them, but those thugs don't know it! Hmm, but maybe they will... with a little help from me!

Yeah, taube's animals will never hurt them, but those thugs don't know it! Huh, but maybe they will... with a little help from me!

And to be on the safe side, I'll go as the Flash... just in case!

And so...

Let's start cutting a thug-hepcat!

Haalp! It's after me! Yeeow!
Meanwhile, half a mile down the road, a pachyderm parade along the pavement.

Ya ain' I dumb? Why, yer head is so full of ivory it even sticks out!

Yeeow! He talked! He talked to me!

Of course I can talk. Dope! But listen... I'm hungry! How's about a thick sirloin steak?

Quit shovin', will ya? What a dumb elephant you turned out to be!

Aww, who's shovin' besides, I ain't dumb!

Have ya got yer ration points fer steak? Oh oh!

Ya can't lead pets around the streets like... Ugle-glub!

I can't run puff... puff... much further!

I'll carry ya if you make it two steaks with mushrooms!

Minutes later...

That's the first time I ever seen an elephant eat steaks!

Whaddy'a care who eats 'em as long as I pay fer 'em!

Lllpp! He talked to me!

Why not? I ain't high hat!

Thanks, bud!

Maybe Donald Taube could find Winky an' Blinky. He brings back all kinds of animals!

Come on, Elly. We got to find Winky and Blinky!
At Donald Taltos Estate, the Scarlet Speedster moves so swiftly, he remains invisible to the eyes of the frightened gunmen...

Oh! I certainly am having a ripping time! Jolly sport, what?

Let me introduce you to royalty... meet the King of Beasts!

Ow!

Heelp!

Tsik! Tsik! Such goings on!

Outta the way, pal! I'm takin' off!

Hello, Flash! You was movin' so fast I couldn't see youse... how 'ya like my new elephant? I got it at a raffle...

Oh, this is a special elephant, Flash! It talks and plays music, too. Play some music for the Flash, Elly!

Don't be ridiculous, noddy... I'm going back to round up the rest of those crooks.

Tsik! Tsik! Such goings on!

Outta the way, pal! I'm takin' off!

Hello, Flash! You was movin' so fast I couldn't see youse... how 'ya like my new elephant? I got it at a raffle...

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 piggy was a Bogglie Woogie piggy.

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?
IT CAN'T BE WHAT YOU JUST HEARD. MUSIC WAS RECORDED FROM A PHONOGRAPH... IT MUST OPERATE MECHANICALLY INSIDE THE ELEPHANT...

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

CHEER UP, NODDY! I'LL TAKE YOU IN TO SEE DONALD TAUBE, MAYBE HE CAN GET YOU A JOB ON THE STAGE WITH IT!

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

I'LL TIE THESE CROOKS UP... THEN WE'LL GO IN!

THE FLASH! I SHOULDA KNOWN HE WAS BEHIND THAT WORKOUT... BUT IF HE DON'T SEE ME, I CAN STILL GET OUTTA HERE!

ULLP! HERE'S ANOTHER ONE OF 'EM! THAT GUY TAUBE HAS MORE ANIMALS THAN THE AFRICAN JUNGLES!

OH, PARDON ME... I THOUGHT YOU WERE AN ELEPHANT!

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

HUUH? I BETTER SEE A DOCTOR... TIGERS, LIONS, GORILLAS... NOW WE GOT TALKIN' ELEPHANTS! AM I NUTS OR AM I CRAZY?

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

IF YOU ASK ME, YOU'RE NUTS AND CRAZY TOO!

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

OKAY, SMART BOY... I'M WISE TO YA NOW! MOVE OVER... I'M GETTIN' IN WITH YA!

THIS ELEPHANT WOULD HAVE TA OPENED ITS BIG MOUTH!
Well, I'll be darned! Pliable steel rods for beams, instruments to control it, and a periscope! Not bad!

Ya sap! I told ya not to go showin' yerself!

How was I to know he'd want to come in here?

Listen, chums... I'm gonna use this outfit to get into that house... it's just what I need! Now I can get past all them wild animals!

Boy! It's as easy as drivin' a car! It's got a microphone so's I can speak... and a phonograph to play me some records. What a snazzy dish this is... well, hold on boys. Cause here we go!

Hey, look! The elephant... he's comin' right at us!

Wow!

This ain't a real elephant, see? But nobody knows that... I'll be right at home at Donald Taube's house... if the guests see it, they'll think it's a pet!

Shaddup, youse saps! You talk too much... I'm gonna untie ya!

A swell idea, rats!

At that moment, in the Taube living room

And my elephant does tricks, and sings songs, and even makes speeches!

Marvelous, Toylan... why not give an exhibition?

Good idea, Noddy. Bring your 'elephant in!'

Why, there it is now come on in, Elly!
G'wan, beat it, will ya? I don't never want to see youse again! Scram!

Hey, who ya shovin'?

Whoa, ya oversized fugitive from the black market! Beat it, shrimp!

Oh oh! Looks like no one's having trouble!

Leggo of that elephant, ya big bully!

Hmm... ropes don't cut themselves... I've a hunch that elephant had something to do with it!

Why don'tcha pick on somebody yer size?

Who me?

This is just one of the many "cases" to break up a friendship.

Eek!

Now to find out what goes on in the peculiar pachyderm?

So this is where you went! I figured the brains of the outfit could be discovered sooner or later!

Yeeow! The Flash!
HERE'S WHERE I BREAK A COUPLE OF RECORDS... WITH YOU, CHUM!

WINKY! BLINKY! HOW'D YOU BOYS EVER GET INSIDE THIS THING?

WE WALKED INTO IT BY MISTAKE AT THE POST OFFICE RAFFLE!

YEAH... AN' AFTER WE WERE IN IT, WE THOUGHT WE'D HAVE SOME FUN WITH NODDY!

YA SEE, FLASH? WE HEAR WHAT NODDY SAYS, THEN WE TALK TO HIM THROUGH THE MICROPHONE!

OKAY, NODDY... FOR YOU... ANYTHING!

GOLLY, THAT'S SWELL! UH, UH... FLASH!

FLASH... I... I THOUGHT YOU WAS INSIDE THE ELEPHANT! AND WINKY AND BLINKY! WHERE'D YOUSE GUYS LOSE YOURSELVES?

WE BEEN FOLLOWING YOU ALL OVER, IF IT'S ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS!

WELL BOYS, YOU'VE HELPED ME BREAK UP RATS RANVEGAN'S GANG... HOPE THAT MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD!

IT SURE DOES, FLASH!

CRIME-BUSTER-UPPERS, THAT'S US!

COME ON, FELLA'S... I WANT YOUSE TO SEE MY ELEPHANT!

SAY... ARE YOU KIDDING?
SPORT SHORT

I'm feeling terrible... First, this cold and now we're losing the game!

If you hadn't gotten your feet wet last week, Bill, you'd be in there running up a score for us!

Visitors 29
Hometown 7

And later...

No, I'm still teddy bear shape, and Mary won't even speak to me!

Are you going to be able to go to the school dance tonight, Bill?

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 waterproof Mel-Flex soles!

It's a sad night for Bill!

Sizes 1-5½: $2.99

Sizes 1-5½: $2.99

Sizes 1-5½: $2.99

Sizes 1-5½: $2.99

Sizes 6-11: $4.20

Sizes 6-11: $4.20

Sizes 6-11: $4.20

Sizes 6-11: $4.20

M 20
M 43
M 40
M 28
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 Man shoes is flexible and shock-absorbent, really puts pep in your step!

See the wide variety of Thom Man shoes at one of the 600 Thom Man stores with the familiar white front!
The Flash

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!

By Gardner F. Fox

From the far reaches of galactic space, a strange craft swoops in with 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 underworld 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 throng 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!
ONE SIDE, PLEASE! WHERE IS THE RULER OF THIS LAND?

HEYTE, KEEP YOUR MITTS TO YOURSELF, BUD!

I OUGHT TO TAKE A POKE AT YOU!

WAIT, MY FRIEND! BEFORE I AM FORCED TO RESORT TO VIOLENCE, ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE THE POWERS OF THIS ROD I CARRY!

A SILENT STREAM OF LIGHT POURS FROM THE SLENDER ROD, AND THE BRICK CHIMNEY FADES INTO NOTHINGNESS...

AND IF THAT ISN'T PROOF ENOUGH... I SHALL NOW DESTROY THIS MAN IN BLUE WHO IS THREATENING ME! WATCH!

SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON?

AAAAAGH!

PANIC STAMPEDES THE FRIGHTENED ONLOOKERS...

LOOK OUT! TH...THAT GUY CAN DESTROY ANYTHING!

HELP! HELP!

LEMMIE OUTTA HERE!

COME, FELLOW-MARTIANS... LET US EXPLORE THIS QUEER, CRUDELY BUILT CITY!

WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, IN A NEARBY RADIO BROADCASTING STATION...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT! EVERYONE HAS BEEN ORDERED BY THE MAYOR TO STAY WHERE THEY ARE, MEN FROM MARS HAVE LANDED IN THE CITY!

JAY! WHAT IS THIS... A JOKE?

MAYBE IT'S PART OF THE PROGRAM, JOAN...
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 TAY GARRICK HAS DONNED THE COSTUME OF HIS ALTER EGO, THE FLASH!

SOMETHING'S 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!

WHOOPS... 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 HURSTLES 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!

THIS... THIS IS LIKE A NIGHTMARE! THEY'RE MOVING AWAY... I CAN'T CATCH A SINGLE ONE OF THEM...

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

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!

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

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

IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM... THE TEST WAS A GREAT SUCCESS... NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! HA, HA! EVEN THE FLASH HIMSELF DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON!

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'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 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...

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 him our new cameras!
HELLO, JAY! SEE OUR CANDID CAMERAS? WE'VE GONE IN FOR PHOTOGRAPHY AS A HOBBY!

ALL FAMOUS MEN SHOULD HAVE HOBBIES!

YOU MEAN THAT AT A TIME LIKE THIS, YOU CAN THINK OF SNAPPING PICTURES?

NOT ME, BOY! I GOT ARRESTED FOR SNAPPING PICTURES ONCE...

WHO'D EVER ARREST YA FOR SNAPPIN' PICTURES?

THE ART MUSEUM, THAT'S WHO... YA SEE, I WAS TRYIN' TO SNAP 'EM OFF THE WALL!

YOU'RE SO DOPEN, THEY OUGHTTA CALL YA OPIUM!

AWW, CHEER UP, JAY! THE FLASH IS A PAL OF OURS... HE'LL GET THOSE BAD GUYS FROM MARS!

YEAH, THERE'S NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT!

MARTIANS INVADE THE EARTH,... OUR CITYS IN ANOTHER... AND YOU WHINE OVER SNAPSHOTS! DON'T YOU REALIZE THESE PEOPLE COULD OVERRUN THE WHOLE COUNTRY?

I GIVE UP, FELLAS! GOOD BYE NOW!

MOMENTS LATER...

BUT SINCE THOSE BOYS HAVE SUCH FAITH IN ME, I HATE TO LET THEM DOWN... AND I WON'T LET THEM DOWN! I'LL WIN YET!

THE MARTIANS SPEAK ENGLISH... THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE... AND THEY SEEM TO STRIKE ONLY AT PLACES WHERE THEY FIND MONEY! IT ALL ADDS UP TO SOMETHING... BUT WHAT?

THE GOLD CORPORATION STOREHOUSE...

SURE THEY WERE HERE, FLASH... IT WAS CREEPY, ALL THEM GUYS LOOKIN' ALIKE... MATCHING MEN, THEY WERE!

HMM... EVEN ON MARS, MEN MUST LOOK SOMETHING DIFFERENT FROM EACH OTHER... BUT THOSE BIRDS DON'T!
OTHERS ARE ALSO INTERESTED IN THE MARTIANS... ESPECIALLY UNDERWORLD CIAIR, HUMMER JOHNSON...

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

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

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'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...

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

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?

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...
Garrick, meet Johnny Berger, who's just discovered what the movie industry has been seeking for years... three-dimensional films!

Jay, she's actually here! That's not just an image!

Yes it is... go ahead... touch her!

That night, a worried opera house manager stares incredulously at his stage...

A hundred Roman soldiers, and a hired gang of four! Where oh where did they all come from?

Ricardo, I'm a Mars man, and I have my comrades with me... we want the jewels you're wearing!
NOW THOSE MARTIANS HAVE INVADED MY OPERA HOUSE... OH, WOHN'T SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING? CALL OUT THE POLICE... CALL OUT THE ARMY... CALL OUT THE NAVY!

WOW!

I'LL CALL A RADIO STATION AND HAVE THEM BROADCAST THE ALARM, SIR!

I'M A RUINED MAN!

Moments later, as the alarm is sounded throughout Keystone City...

Thank heavens, I've been hanging around the radio... opera house, here I come!

That's it, boy! Here's our chance to make a deal with the Mars-men! Let's go!

Fleet as a bullet, the scarlet speedster rockets into the opera house...

I'll settle this problem once and for all!

I was right... they are just three-dimensional forms... the only real one is the man with the loot... because he's carrying something solid!
HERE WE ARE, GANG... RIGHT ON TIME! I'M GOIN' DOWN T'MAKE A DEAL WIT' EM!

ULLP!... L...LOOK WHO'S HERE, FELLAS! DA FLASH!

OH OH... A COUPLE OF HUMMER JOHNSON'S BOYS! I NEVER FIGURED THEY WERE IN ON THIS!

BUT IF THEY ARE, THEY'LL GO RIGHT OUT AGAIN... FAST!

YEEOW!

HERE'S ANOTHER WAY OF HANDLING A SWORD, CHUM!

OWW!

MAYBE THIS WILL SHIELD YOU...

OOF!

ARE THESE "DROPS" PROPER FOR THIS OCCASION, BOYS?

A CHANGE OF SCENERY MIGHT DO YOU FELLAS SOME GOOD!
I was going to suggest that our gangs combine, Mac... but it looks like it's too late now.

How come?

The Flash, brother! An' he ain't kiddin'! Brrr... does he look mad!

But isn't he afraid of my Martians... the Death-Tubes?

I am not! They're only three-dimensional movies, aren't they?

He knows! Ugh!

And this stuff isn't three-dimensional, bud... it's the real thing!

And now we'll have a little chat, my would-be movie star!

What happened to Berger, the inventor of that camera? You killed him, didn't you?

Yes, yes I did! All my life I hated him, but he thought I was his friend... I was an theatrical agent... Walter Fallon!
“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!

“I MADE MODELS OF THE SPACE SHIP AND SNAPED THEM... THEN I MADE 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....”

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 ALL GOES TO DISPROVE THE OLD ADAGE... SEEING IS NOT BELIEVING...!”
FLYING MODELS OF FAMOUS FIGHTER PLANES

- Actually fly. Designed to glide and soar up to 75 feet or more when launched by hand.
- Easy to build. Assembly kits include complete cut-out sheets on special paper over stock and step-by-step illustrated instructions.
- Authentic models. Realistic copies of actual war-famed fighters.
- Hollow fuselage. Shaped to give recognition silhouettes of real Yak I-26 and Republic Thunderbolt P-47.
- Over 9-inch wing spread. For real gliding power.
- Rugged construction. Will fly hundreds of missions—indoors and out—without serious damage to ships.
- Realistic detail. Including such features as motor cowling and ventilator, cockpit cover, propeller hub, indicating retractable landing gear, ailerons, landing flaps, machine guns.
- Official battle insignia. Thunderbolt carries the U.S. bar and star design. Yak displays red star marking of Soviet Air Force and special squadron arrow insignia along fuselage.
- G-line flight. Rigged for continuous G-line flying, your models will zoom, dive, climb, and hedge-hop—under your control.

ONLY WITH WHEATIES

These are planes 9 and 10 in a series of 12 famous fighters developed exclusively for Wheaties. They can be obtained only through Wheaties. Start right now to get every one of these flying models. And start enjoying more of the champion nourishment and zippy flavor in a big bowl of milk, fruit, and Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions. Have Wheaties every morning—sometimes for lunch or supper—often for snacks.


GET TWO COMPLETE ASSEMBLY KITS to build real flying fighters—exactly like those illustrated in this advertisement. Order yours with easy-to-mail coupon. Or just send your name and address with one Wheaties box top and five cents to Jack Armstrong, Box 8610, Chicago, Illinois. This is a limited offer—good only while supplies last, or until March 1, 1945. So send at once! Right now!

Two complete unassembled planes for only ONE BOX TOP and FIVE CENTS

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

TEAR OUT AND MAIL TODAY

JACK ARMSTRONG
Box 8610, Chicago, III.
Please send me TWO complete assembly kits for my flying models: U.S. Thunderbolt and Russian Yak I-26.
I enclose ONE Wheaties box top and five cents.

Name: ____________________________
Street Address: ____________________
City: ____________________________ Zone: ________ State: ________
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 roommate, 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!"

"Souse 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 roommate 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 Warneker was bellowing for silence. "Has anyone seen Pasco, that new Philippino rubber?" He paused, but no one had ever 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 it . . ." 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 gristy 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 most 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 somestopped 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's linked bomb and tear gas capsule concoction sure got Mister Japrat out of the air-conditioning room in a hurry, eh, Ted?"

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

"And that the other Jap didn't 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

JOIN IN
NATIONWIDE BIBLE READING - THANKSGIVING TO CHRISTMAS, 1944.

SPECIAL BIBLE PASSAGES FOR EACH DAY'S READING ON THE HOME AND FIGHTING FRONT.

GET YOUR LISTS FROM YOUR MINISTER OR THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, NEW YORK.
HERE THEY COME!

THE MAGIC TRAINS
of the LIONEL Line!

ALL THE EXCITEMENT OF REAL RAILROADING! THE NEW LIONEL TRAINS AND EQUIPMENT WILL DO ANYTHING BIG TRAINS CAN DO. ELECTRIC REMOTE CONTROL PANEL WORKS LIKE MAGIC! ONLY LIONEL TRAINS LOOK AND OPERATE EXACTLY LIKE REAL TRAINS! TODAY, LIONEL IS HELPING TO WIN THE WAR, BUT, WHEN THE WAR IS OVER, LIONEL WILL BE MAKING NEW MAGIC TRAINS FOR YOU! START PLANNING YOUR MODEL RAILROAD NOW - YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HAVE IT SOON AND, BOY, IT'S WORTH WAITING FOR!

FREE!

Big Lionel Wonder Book of Railroading

Pictures the streamline bullet-trains of the future. Tells you how to talk in the slanguage of the rails. Tells you how to recognize locomotive types by their wheel arrangements. Gives you the official railroad whistle signal code. Page after page of exciting stories of pioneer railroading. Send for your copy at once.

GET THIS GIANT BOOK TODAY! USE THIS COUPON!

THE LIONEL CORPORATION
Department A
15 East 26th Street, New York 10, N.Y.

Please rush me a FREE copy of the Lionel Wonder Book of Railroading.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ______ Zone No. ______ State ______

Elevator picks up coal and loads cars - magnetic crane picks up revolves and deposits - all by remote control!

Scale model locomotives have built-in whistles. You can give real railroading signals - and all by remote control!

WOW - 000 000
The Flash: Fastest Man Alive!

By Gardner F. Fox

Part Two

While the Flash is taking his captives to the nearest station house, Winky, Blinky, and Noddy arrive at the opera... with their gifted penchant for trouble, they are soon knee-deep in real trouble!

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!"

Hey, look! The Flash has caught some more crooks!

Aww, he's always catchin' crooks... let's go in an' listen to the opera!

Hey! Everybody's goin' home!

Shaddock! Can'tcha see the show's over?

Well, whadda ya know! They musta been showin' movies in here!

Sure... horse operas... they're wild west pictures!

Let's take this stuff home... it'll make a nice addition to our candid camera collection!

Hey, everybody's goin' home!
SAY, LET'S THROW A MOVIE PARTY TONIGHT... WE'LL INVITE ALL THE NEIGHBORS!

YEAH, LET'S! I LIKE PEOPLE!

SO DO I! IN FACT, I THINK PEOPLE ARE MORE FUN THAN ANYBODY!

WE WERE LUCKY TO GET THE BASEMENT FOR OUR SHOW!

AND SO, THAT EVENING.

SAY, WHAT'SA MATTER WITH YOU WINKY? STOP REACHIN' LIKE THAT! AIN'T YA GOT A TONGUE?

WHY, SURE... BUT MY ARM IS LONGER!

SO GOOD OF YOU TO INVITE US, TOYLAN!

DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

YOU WERE RIGHT, IVAN... THE TIME MACHINE WORKS! WE ARE HUNDREDS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE!

THOSE PEOPLE LOOK LIKE EASY VICTIMS... WE'LL ROB THEM OF THEIR JEWELS AND GOLD!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

WOW! LOOK AT THOSE SWORDS!

YEEOW! HE'S AFTER ME!

YA MEAN US, DON'T YA?

HAALD!

MEANWHILE, THE FLASH RETURNS TO THE OPERA HOUSE FOR THE THREE-DIMENSIONAL FILM CAMERA, AND...

THE CAMERA... IT'S GONE! BUT I KNOW WHERE IT IS! FALLON POINTED IT OUT TO ME... NOW, THE QUESTION IS... WHO TOOK IT?
THROUGH THE CITY SPEEDS THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE...

SOONER OR LATER I'M BOUND TO RUN ACROSS THAT EQUIPMENT AND OH OH... THIS LOOKS PROMISING!

HELP! HELP!

THE COSSACKS ARE AFTER US!

UH... UH... HELLO, FLASH!

WHY, THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

IM GLAD YOU FIND THIS SO AMUSING, FLASH!

YOU SEEM TO BE GETTING THE POINT BEFORE WE DO!

HA HA OH... HA! HAHAHA!

THESE COSSACKS AREN'T REAL! THEY'RE THREE-DIMENSIONAL MOVIES... THEY ONLY LOOK REAL UNTIL YOU TOUCH THEM!

YA MEAN T'SAY THEY WAS ONLY MOVIES?

WELL WHAT TA YA KNOW?

HERE! I'LL USE THESE FILMS AND SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN!

ON THE SIDEWALK OUTSIDE... VOICES RISE IN TERROR...

TEN FOOT GIANTS THEY WERE!

WITH BIG GLEAMING SWORDS!

AND THEY WANTED TO KILL US!

I CAN'T SAY I BELIEVE YOUR STORY... BUT A CASEY NEVER YET SHIRKED HIS DUTY!
YOU SEE HOW EASY IT WORKS? IT'S SENSATIONAL!

GLORY BE! 'TIS THE FLASH HIMSELF WHO'S TURNED CROOKED! I'LL NEED HELP FOR THIS JOB!

I'VE SPOTTED THE FLASH AND HIS MOB... BUT I'LL NEED SOME HELP TO ROUND 'EM UP!

CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE BUSY? AND BESIDES, THE FLASH ISN'T ANY CROOK.

I WONDER HOW MUCH IS IN THE SAFE?

I BETCHA A COUPLE OF MILLIONS, I BETCHA!

ULLP!... LLOOK WHAT THEY'RE DOIN' TO THE POOR FELLAS!

HA-HA! THIS IS FUN! YEAH... IT'S LIKE PLAYIN' COPS AN' ROBBERS!

ER... EXCUSE ME, FLASH, BUT IS THAT YOUR MOB OR ISN'T IT?

HELLO, BOYS... GLAD TO SEE YOU! THESE AIN'T CROOKS! IT'S ONLY THREE-DIMENSIONAL MOVIES... BUT THEY DO LOOK REAL, DON'T THEY?

movies, huh? Ain't I left a gun battle to come here?

GUN BATTLE? THAT'S FOR ME, BOYS! LEAD ME TO IT!

LEAD YOU? ARE YOU KIDDING, FLASH?

SPLIT SECONDS LATER......

OKAY, FELLAS... WHAT'S COOKING?

EXCUSE ME IF I MAKE YOU THE "BUTT" OF THIS JOKE!

OOF!

THIS AIN'T NO PLACE FOR ME!
I'll duck into this basement before the flash sees me!

Kick him again, Blinky!

Ha-ha! I sure will!

Another one... Owch! This feels kinda solid!

Hey!

I oughtta bounce this Tommy-gun off your jaw, Shrimp!

Go ahead... I dare ya... G'wan, try it!

That's it, Noddy. Dare him to... Ha-ha-he ain't real!

Thunk!

Er... Did you just hear something, Blinky?

It wasn't my eardrums thumpin'!

Watch him pass right through the crook!

Hmm... I definitely feel his arm! Me, too!

I thought I saw him dive in that window!

Have a chair, Chum, until the wagon gets here!

Ow!

Oooh! What pretty movies!
AMAZING NEW GAME

Sensation

"LET'S GO TO COLLEGE"

The Newest COAST-to-COAST CRAZE

Once in a Blue Moon comes a game like this. Fascinating! Grows on everybody! Panics a party! By Christmas—the fad of the nation! Your friends have an unforgettable good time. Brings together excitement of rolling dice, the fun of rummy, interspersed with the rah-rah spirit of College Life.

Every throw of the dice attracts attention, and the result affects all players. Each player rolls the dice to pass his courses. Hilarious incidents of Sports, Fun, Re-exam and Flunk cards keep the game full of pep from start to finish. The player with the best hand at end of game is the winniah!

Panic a party

You'll want one to make your home parties a riot of fun. Also an ideal holiday gift. Send your order today only $1 postpaid.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Electric Game Co., Inc
4 Canal Street
Holyoke, Mass.

Please send ______ games "Let's Go To College"

Name ___________________________
Street ___________________________
City and State _____________________
BOYS! GIRLS!
ACCEPT
DICK TRACY'S
DETECTIVE KIT
for Only 15¢
WITH NAME "TOOTSIE" FROM JAR OF TOOTSIE VM

Super-charged with Vitamins and Minerals
Makes milk taste like Tootsie Rolls!

HURRY! HURRY! SUPPLY LIMITED!
MAIL COUPON TODAY!

TOOTSIE ROLLS CO., Dept. F-5
P.O. Box 16, New York 11, New York
Rush me Dick Tracy's Detective Kit. I enclose 15¢ in coin and the big name TOOTSIE from jar of Tootsie V-M.
Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City __________________ State ______

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY — OFFER EXPIRES SEPTEMBER 30

Complete manual and equipment to make you a real junior DETECTIVE. 7 valuable articles.

Now have all the thrill 'n' chills of playing Detective Spy, Saboteur games! Accept Dick Tracy's Detective Manual, Badge, Membership Certificate, Secret Code Dial, Suspect Wall Chart, File Cards, Tape Measure. Worth many dollars in hours of fun to you.

Dick Tracy offers you his Detective Kit almost free so you'll try Tootsie V-M that makes milk taste like Tootsie Rolls. It's super-charged with vitamins and minerals to help you be rugged. Have Mom get Tootsie V-M. Hurry! Mail coupon now.

TUNE IN DICK TRACY — See Radio Page for time and station

If your grocer cannot supply Tootsie V-M, send 70¢. We'll mail you Dick Tracy's Detective Kit and a full-pound jar of Tootsie V-M direct, all charges prepaid.

AT YOUR GROCER'S NO RATION POINTS

Capt. TOOTSIE and the TOY CANNON

THE WICKED DR. NASTY WHO LOVES TO MAKE SMALL CHILDREN UNHAPPY IS ENJOYING HIMSELF.

I'LL TAKE THAT, HOOTIN' ZOOTIE! LITTLE CANNON, STALKIN' A KID! THEN I'LL TUNE TOOTIE FOR TOOTSIE!

WHEN ROLLO TOOTSIE, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE COMES A-RUNNING!

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

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

BUT ROLLO AND THE SECRET AGENT COME TO THE RESCUE!

CURSES! I MUST FLEE!

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

BOY! GLAD WE'VE BEEN EATING TOOTSIE ROLLS REGULARLY! THEY GAVE US THE EXTRA ENERGY TO HELP OUR CAPTAIN!