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

3 MONTHLY MAGAZINES:
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FLASH COMICS* 
SENSATION COMICS*

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

3 QUARTERLY MAGAZINES:
ALL-STAR COMICS. 
COMIC CAVALCADE 
GREEN LANTERN

Picture Stories from the Bible and Picture Stories from American History

*Since reductions in the use of paper, ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF have become quarterlies; and ALL-AMERICAN and FLASH COMICS will be published only eight times a year.

A hotel, whose guests disappear into thin air, where all traces of their occupancy fade away, where even the registry they signed is blank! What queer enigma lies behind the doors of this eerie establishment? Why are all its guests so odd? Why strange incidents occur behind its walls?

These questions and others face the attention of the fastest man alive as he registers for action and is conducted into a suite of thrills and chills at...

THE HOTEL OF MISSING MEN!

In the streets of a large city, Joan Williams and Jay the Flash Garrick, lod wearily from one hotel to another...

Oh, well... we may as well try this one, too!

If this keeps up, we'll have to reserve a couple of park benches for tonight!

I suppose you're looking for some rooms, folks? Too bad... but I haven't a single room vacant!

Boy, what a town this is!
I have one room left... Room 666... I saved it for a friend, but he can't come... I'll let you have it, Miss!

Oh, thanks!

Joan Williams?

Oh!

She's a friend of the Flash... this isn't good!

You know me?

Ha-ha! Silly of me... I just remembered a place where you can get a room, sir... it's in a hotel on the other side of town.

Why, thanks!

I think the clerk fell for me... did you notice how nice he became all of a sudden?

Yes, and I'm wondering why... it didn't ring quite true!

Take the room, Joan... and I'll try some other hotel!

Several hours later, after finding a room for himself, Jay returns to the Prince Hotel...

Hello, there! I'm back again to call for Miss Williams...

Er... ah... I beg your pardon, sir? What are you talking about?

Don't you remember me? I was with Joan Williams this afternoon when she checked in!

Sorry, sir... I never saw you before in my life... and... we have no Miss Williams registered here!
NOW WAIT A SECOND! DON'T TELL ME THAT! I WAS RIGHT HERE WHEN SHE REGISTERED... DON'T YOU REMEMBER RECOMMENDING ANOTHER HOTEL TO ME?

SAY... AM I GOING CRAZY? DID I COME HERE WITH JOAN OR WAS I DREAMING? WAIT A MINUTE... THE REGISTER! I SAW HER SIGN IT... AND IT'S BOUND TO HAVE HER SIGNATURE.

OKAY, FELLA. HAVE YOUR LITTLE JOKE... BUT I'LL TAKE YOU TO HER ROOM... IT'S NUMBER 666!

I'M SORRY, SIR... BUT WE HAVE NO ROOM 666!

I... I'M SORRY. B... BUT I'D HAVE SWORN THIS WAS IT... ER... EXCUSE ME!

BUT WHEN JAY EXAMINES THE REGISTER...

HER... HER NAME'S NOT HERE... BUT I SAW HER SIGN IT... GOSH! CAN IT BE THAT I'VE IMAGINED ALL THIS? I... I'LL SEE THE POLICE! THEY'LL HELP ME OUT!

THE FLASH? WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE? WITH MY SPEED, I CAN REMAIN INVISIBLE IN THAT HOTEL... AND LOOK INTO THIS FUNNY BUSINESS!
A FEW SECONDS LATER...

AND COME TO THINK OF IT, MY OLD PAL, BILLY ROGERS, ALSO DISAPPEARED IN THIS CITY! HMM...I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY CONNECTION!

SHUT THAT DOOR! THERE'S AN AWFUL BREEZE!

THE SUPER-SWIFT PASSAGE OF THE FLASH CREATES A WHIRLPOOL OF WIND BEHIND HIM...

BREEZE? IT'S A CYCLONE!

HAALP!

AND AS THE FLASH ZIPS DOWN THE CORRIDOR, DOORS OPEN AND WEIRD FACES PEER OUT...

SAY, WHAT GOES ON HERE, ANYHOW? WHAT ARE ALL THOSE GROWN MEN DOING WITH FALSE FACES?

SAVE ME! SAVE ME! YOU MUST! YOU KNOW THE POLICE WANT ME.

HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

YOU TOLD ME TO KILL JAMESON, AND I DID! NOW YOU'VE GOT TO PROTECT ME... YOU'VE GOT TO...

PRINCE ALI BEN SOHRAB WILL PROTECT YOU... AT A PRICE! YOU WILL ASSIGN ALL YOUR MONEY TO ME!

SIGN THIS POWER OF ATTORNEY OVER TO ME, AND YOU MAY STAY HERE IN SAFETY FOREVER!

LOOKS AS THOUGH I'VE STUMBLED ONTO A RACKET!

SO THE "PRINCE" SHELTERS MURDERERS AT A PRICE! THIS'LL BEAR LOOKING INTO, BUT FIRST I MUST LOCATE JOAN!
Joan must have left some clues in this room! Hmmm... there's nobody inside now and the door's unlocked...

The first thing a person usually does upon entering a hotel room is lift the windows to let in a little air... and anyone removing fingerprints wouldn't be likely to think of this place... aah!

30 seconds later at the Fingerprint Bureau.....

These are Miss Williams' prints, all right. No doubt at all.

Then she was there! And, by gosh I'll find her if it's the last thing I ever do!

Listen, chum. Jay Garrick wants me to have a talk with you! Start making with the chin music tell me... what have you done with Joan Williams?

B--but we have no Joan Williams here! You're lying, Bud because I found Miss Williams' fingerprints in the room Jay Garrick said you gave her!
ALL RIGHT, DON'T TELL ME... I'VE FELT THE NEED OF SOME EXERCISE LATELY, ANYHOW!

ROUND AND ROUND SHE GOES...

AND WHERE SHE STOPS... NOBODY KNOWS!

GEEK!

I CAN KEEP THIS UP ALL DAY, FELLA, SO YOU'D BETTER FIND YOUR TONGUE!

OH! THE FLASH! WOW!

ALI! HEY, ALI... THE FLASH IS HERE! HE'S IN THE LOBBY, TOSSEING THE CLERK AROUND LIKE HE WAS A FEATHER IN A CYCLONE!

WHAT.. THE FLASH? I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

GET BUSY, MEN, THERE'S YOUR VICTIM... THE FLASH! TAKE CARE OF HIM... AT ONCE!

ARE YOUSE KIDDIN', PRINCE... THAT GUY IS WORSE'n A FLYIN' FORTRESS!!

SO? EITHER YOU ATTEND TO HIM, OR I SEE THAT THE POLICE LEARN CERTAIN LITTLE SECRETS I KNOW ABOUT EACH OF YOU!

OKAY! OKAY!
Youse leave him alone, Flash!

Huh?

Leave him alone? Of course... anything to oblige!

Youse hadda open yer big mouth. Oof!

He's right! You talk too much, chum... maybe this will keep you quiet!

MMPFF

He's right! You talk too much, Chum... maybe this will keep you quiet!

Have a look around, pal... and see if there's anyone at home upstairs!

Yeeow!

I'll hit one more jail on the head, then I'm goin' home!

THUNK!

It seems I made a mistake... this Flash is a little too terrific even for me... I've got to get away from here!
ALL-FLASH

But before I go, I'm going to get everything my "guests" have!

While in the lobby, now maybe you'll speak up. Have you remembered where Joan Williams is?

Have I? What a dope I was to forget! Oooh! My head!

Oh, Flash! Am I glad to see you!

Are you all right? Have these rats harmed you?

I'm perfectly well, but here's an old friend of Jay Garrick's who isn't... Bill Rogers!

Bill Rogers! So this is where you disappeared to! Jay Garrick asked me to try to find you!

A flush of shame and guilt passes across Bill Rogers' face, and...

I'd feel better if you hadn't found me... you see. Flash... I'm a murderer! I killed a man last month and I've been hiding out here ever since!

I never saw him before... we met in the hotel restaurant... he wanted to me to his room for a drink and we got into an argument. We began to fight... then he suddenly slumped to the floor... dead!

But, Bill, there hasn't been a murder reported in this city for months... and no one has found anyone... you know... this Prince Ali has worked up a pretty good racket!

What?
Then... then that explains why I was kidnapped... on account of that man I saw! Now I understand what he meant!

"Well, I had unpacked my things and started for the lobby to wait for you, when a man walked by..."

"Just then... someone reached out from a doorway and seized him..."

"Idiot! Don't you realize that if anyone saw you, without your disguise, the jig would be up? As far as the world is concerned, you don't exist any more."

"I didn't think, Ali... I'm sorry!

"Too late... I knew this man. Ali, had seen me! He leaped toward me...."

"Ah, my pretty one... it is unfortunate that you have seen and heard so much! Now you must come with me!"

"I still don't get it... why would seeing that man spoil anything for Prince Ali?"

"I think I get the general idea! Bill... I want you to describe the man you're supposed to have killed!"

"He was short and stout... had red hair, and a huge Roman nose..."

"Why, that's the man I saw in the hall!

"Hmmm... it's all clear now!

"Don't you see how Prince Ali worked? He developed friendships with wealthy men, learned their weaknesses and preyed upon them until he cleverly "staged" a murder with his confederate as the victim..."

"You were tricked into believing that you had killed a man, although actually it was one man. Then to protect yourself, you signed your property over to Ali, and he's been pretending to hide you out since!"

"Whew! What a fool I've been!"
MEANWHILE...

WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE... ONCE THE FLASH FINDS JOAN WILLIAMS, HE'S BOUND TO LEARN WHAT I'VE BEEN UP TO!

NOW WE GOTTA GIVE UP ALL THE DOUGH WE WERE GONNA MAKE, HUH?

NOT ON YOUR LIFE! WE SEPARATE AND GO TO THE HOMES OF ALL THE "GUESTS" WE HAVE... WE'LL TAKE THEIR JEWELS AND CASH, THEN MEET... WE'LL HAVE A FORTUNE AND THEN WE CAN LAY LOW FOR A WHILE!

AND ON AN UPPER FLOOR OF THE HOTEL...

WE'VE BEEN DUPED MIGHTY CLEVERLY, GENTLEMEN... THE FLASH JUST PROVED TO ME THAT WE'RE ALL VICTIMS OF A GIGANTIC BLACKMAIL RACKET!

BUT I SAW HIM FALL... THE MAN I KILLED!

AND I!

JUST A MOMENT, GENTLEMEN, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

SAY! HE'S FLOWN THE COOP! AND HE'S TAKEN HIS MEN WITH HIM... THOSE MEN UPSTAIRS COULDN'T TELL ME IF HE'S PLANNING ANYTHING ELSE BEHIND ESCAPE!

A SPLIT SECOND LATER...

POSSESSING YOUR POWERS OF ATTORNEY, HE COULD CLEAN YOU OUT ALL OUT! YOU MUST GIVE ME YOUR HOME ADDRESSES, THOSE OF YOUR BANKS, AND LET'S HOPE I'M IN TIME TO STOP HIM!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO CONVINCE THEM THAT THEY'RE NOT MURDERERS... AND THAT IS TO BRING PROOF ALL BEFORE THEM AND MAKE THEM CONFESSION!
IN THE GLOOM OF A BOOK-LINED LIBRARY, A FLASHLIGHT BEAMS ON A WALL SAFE...

BOY, THIS IS A CINF! — WE LIFT THE DOUGH, MEET ALI AND WE'RE ALL ON EASY STREET!

YOU SHOULD FEEL PRETTY SAFE IN THERE, CHUM!

EEOW! THE FLASH!

READ ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY?

OWW!

WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE HURLS THE THUG INTO THE LIBRARY WALL, AND...

THAT OUGHT TO HOLD YOU! AWW, FLASH, HAVE A HEART! I GOT BUNIONS!

IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO VISIT THE OTHER HOMES ON MY LIST, AND ROUND UP THE REST OF PRINCE ALI'S GANG!

FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE RACES THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER, SPENDING A FEW SEARING SECONDS IN EACH ONE, AS HE SPEEDILY SUBDUES PRINCE ALI'S LOOTING MOBSTERS...
LOOKS AS THOUGH I'VE ARRIVED IN THE WELL-KNOWN NICK OF TIME!

NOW I'LL MEET THE BOYS AND GET OUT OF TOWN!

SORRY TO UPSET YOUR PLANS, FELLA—OH, OH... HE'S COMING APART RIGHT IN MY HANDS!

ULLP! THE FLASH!

I HAVEN'T PLAYED COWBOY FOR A WHILE, BUT THIS TURBAN MAKES A PRETTY GOOD LASSO!

TCH! TCH! IF YOUR "MUMMY" COULD ONLY SEE YOU NOW!

BAM!

AN HOUR LATER AS THE "MURDERERS" GATHER TO THANK THE SCARLET SCOURGE...

WE'VE DECIDED TO BUY THE HOTEL, FLASH, AND TURN IT OVER TO SOLDIERS ON LEAVE WHENEVER THEY LAND IN TOWN!

WELL, IT IS A GREAT GESTURE, BUT IT'S JUST MY LUCK...

WHY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JOAN?

AFTER ALL I WENT THROUGH TO GET A ROOM IN THIS TOWN. I HAVE TO MOVE OUT AND START LOOKING ALL OVER AGAIN! ISN'T IT AwFUL?

A GREAT GESTURE, FELLOWS!

BOYS AND GIRLS GIVE TO THE RED CROSS WAR FUND.
STOP SHOWING OFF, QUIMBY. WE KNOW YOU EAT WHEATIES!

Quimby is showing mighty good judgment in his eating. His favorite dish is a man-sized serving of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, famous "Breakfast of Champions." It's the dish for you, too. Big flakes of good whole wheat. Fresh roasted. Crisp-toasted. Flavored just right with malty-rich syrup. Chuck full of solid whole grain nourishment. And loaded with "Have-another-bowlful" flavor. Yes, you'll want this champion breakfast dish every day. So put in your bid for lots of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions."

HEFTY WHOLE GRAIN NOURISHMENT IN WHEATIES

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MUTT & JEFF

AH, AT LAST I FINISHED MY NEW INVENTION! IF IT WORKS I'LL MAKE A MILLION ON MY ELECTRIC HAIR CUTTER!

OM, MUTT'S ASLEEP! I'M KIND OF ANXIOUS TO FIND OUT IF IT WORKS!

I WONDER...

SNIP CHOP CHOP BANG!

AND I THOUGHT SURE I HAD IT PERFECTED!

SNIP CHOP SNIP CHOP!

IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO, MUTT! SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL! I DON'T REMEMBER WHERE I MET HER BUT I SHOULD HAVE MARRIED HER! SHE WAS MY MATE!

IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO FIND HER!

HOW, MUTT? HOW?

PROCESS OF ELIMINATION FIRST, WE KNOW IT'S NOT A MAN SO THAT JUST LEAVES THE WOMEN! RIGHT?

SHE IS NOT A REDHEAD, BLACK OR BRUNETTE IS SHE?

YEH, BUT THERE ARE MILLIONS OF BLONDES! THE THING IS WHERE IS SHE?

I'M COMING TO THAT! HOW TO TRACK HER DOWN SHE WOULDN'T BE ON THE MOON OR THE STARS WOULD SHE?

NO!

SO THAT JUST LEAVES THE BLONDES

NO!

SO THAT JUST LEAVES ONE PLACE.... THE EARTH!

RIGHT!

YEAH!
Mutt & Jeff

by Bud Fisher

Mutt, do me a favor? Hold the end of this rope for me!

Sure!

When I grow up the man I marry must be handsome and good-looking just like a movie star!

Hey, pop! Do boys grow up to look like their fathers?

Sure! Lots of times!

Why?

Did you look like me when you were a boy?

Yes, son! I looked exactly like you do now.

Oh, nertz!

Listen to Hop Harrigan on the Blue Network 4:45 pm every Monday through Friday.
STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS... WE HAVE A REAL TREASURY FOR YOU TODAY... TEN DOLLARS WORTH OF Fun AND FURY FOR THE PRICE OF ONE THIN DIME, TEN TINY PENNIES! SEE THE FLASH IN ACTION... SEE ME, TOO, SELLING THE SWEETEST LITTLE HELD TO HOUSEWIVES YOU EVER LAID EYES ON, A COMBINATION POTATO MASHER, SHOE-POLISHER, BUT I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THAT LATER! OH, YEAH, WINKY, BLINKY AND NODDY ARE HERE, TOO... AND FLATBUSH FREDDY, THE SMARTEST CROOK IN TOWN!

IN OTHER WORDS, FOLKS, STEP RIGHT UP AND ENJOY...

"LADIES' DAY AT THE AMUSEMENT PARK!"

BOO-HOO-HOO! YOU'RE MEAN... SOBE-MOBE!

WILL YOU PLEASE ACT YOUR AGE? THE ANSWER IS STILL NO, NO, NO!

Now stop this crying! You boys are old enough to know better... only ladies are allowed in there today! I'm ashamed of you! Stop it... stop it!

WHAT'S WRONG HERE? WHAT CAN BE SO SERIOUS THAT WINKY, BLINKY AND NODDY ARE PRACTICALLY SWIMMING IN THEIR OWN TEARS? THEY'RE CRYING SO MUCH, THE BAROMETER READ: "RAIN"... WELL, LET'S FIND OUT!
OH, ALL RIGHT! COME ON IN AND RIDE ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND, THEN! I'LL FIX IT UP WITH JOAN!

THAT IS SWELL OF YOU, JAY: "SNIFF-!"

YEAH... WE SURE APPRECIATE IT!

YOU KNOW THAT THIS PARK HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY SOCIETY TODAY... ALL THE WEALTHY LADIES OF THE 400 WILL BE HERE TO SPEND MONEY FOR CHARITY... I'M HERE TO HELP OUT, BUT NO OTHER MEN ARE ALLOWED!

BUT JAY DOESN'T KNOW THAT FLATBUSH FREDDY AND HIS MOB ARE ALREADY INSIDE...

WHAT A BREAK! A LOTTA RICH DAMES AROUND WIT' NO COPS TO PREVENT US FROM RUNNIN' THIS SHOW THE WAY WE WANT TO!

I KNOW YOUSE GUYS DON'T LIKE WEARN' DAMES' CLOTHES. BUT SINCE NO MEN ARE ALLOWED HERE, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT! THE STAKES WE'RE PLAYIN' FOR MAKE IT WORTH-WHILE!

YOU GUYS CIRCULATE AROUND TO THE DIFFERENT CONCESSIONS... TAKE OVER AT THE GATE AND GET THE ADMISSION DOUGH! THE PICKPOCKETS WILL WORK BY THEMSELVES, MIXIN' WITH THE CROWD!

OH, JAY, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE EARLY... I WANT YOU TO MEET WINDY WILLIE O'HARA... HE'S A SPIELER, A BARKER... HE'LL BE PERFECT FOR TODAY!

BUT... BUT I THOUGHT NO MEN WERE ALLOWED IN, JOAN?

I'M SELLIN' THE GREATEST LITTLE GADGET IN THE WORLD, MR. GARRICK... A CROSS BETWEEN....

I THOUGHT THE GIRLS WOULD LIKE TO HEAR HIS PATTERN... IT'S SO STIMULATING, SO BREZZY... IT'LL BE A COMIC RELIEF...

TALKING ABOUT COMIC RELIEF, I HAD TO LET WINKY, BLINKY AND NODDY COME IN, TOO!
The great doors swing open and a bevy of excited society leaders daily enters...

Ten bucks each for admission tickets! Whoa, are we gonna rake in the mazuma today!

Oh, Gladys, wait for me!

Yoo-hoo, Mabel!

My, this is fun. Just like going on a picnic, isn't it?

I almost wish I hadn't let Joan talk me into coming here... among all these women, I feel just like a lamb in a lion's' den!

Ladies! Ladies! I hold before you the invention of the ages... the house-hold helper! It polishes your shoes, cuts fruits, mashes potatoes, scratches your back, and also sews, mends and darns... use it as a toothbrush or to rake a lawn... step right up, ladies...

Tee-hee, isn't he just too quaint?

Where did Joan ever find him?

No more worries over your breakfast grapefruit, folks. Just take out the reliable little handy man and put him to work... you see, no trouble at all!

The backscratcher... observe, folks, observe!

'WOW!'

'Hey!'
An' now, ladies... has your husband ever wanted an extra razor in the house? Here's your chance to give him one!

Ablubble-glub-glub!

He pulls out the household helper and zip-zip-zip... he's shaved and ready for work or play!

Ow! Youse is cutting me! Oh!

The price, ladies, is only ten dollars an item... think of it! Ten little bucks! One-tenth of a century note... cheap. Go away, boys! Don't bother me!

Yeah, but... my coat!

All right, folks... er... that's all, boys! Now go away, like good fellas... I'm busy...

Yeah, but... look... my...

And...

Haddaya like that guy?... he's got more nerve than a bad tooth!

Yeah!

Get 'em while they're hot, ladies... hurry, hurry... they're going fast... hurry, hurry!

Meanwhile excited bluebloods flocked to the various amusements...

I must ride on this!

I've always loved merry-go-rounds! They're so pointless... they never go anywhere!

Boy, what a racket, at ten bucks a throw!

Everyone's having a swell time... hmm, I never knew women wore trousers like that... must be a new fashion!

Look at Winky, Blinky and Noddy sneaking in! They don't know that everything is free to them!

Ha... ha! They sure are a funny sight!... but I can't get over that new style... it certainly is peculiar!
peculiar? What's the matter with me? Those were men's pants I saw!

with the speed of light, the scarlet scourge leads into action...

six hundred, six hundred and ten...

that's no lady! that's ike fife, one of flatbush freddy's gang!

hey, ike, your pants are showing!

huh? oh, yeah. thanks a lot, mac!

that red shirt! that helmet! that... that lightning on his shirt... aww... it... it couldn't be!

flash! what on earth is the matter with you? kicking a lady!

he's no lady! are you ike?

luck clubble club

meet ike fife, joan!

oh dear, that... that means other crooks may be here... and all the women helpless... ohh, this is awful! flash, you have to help me!

go around to all the concessions, but please be careful... if the women are alarmed, it'll spoil everything!

i'll be so careful they'll name a safety campaign after me!
Meanwhile, the three dimwits are going round with high society.

Here comes the ring, fellas. I'm gonna hook it an' get a free ride!

Can ya imagine hobnobbin' like this with the 400? I think I'll tell these ladies about my family tree!

An', don't forget to mention that you're the sap!

Wise guy! I'll have you know I spent five times as much to have me family tree looked up!

And then it cost you twice as much to have it hushed up!

Come on down, nobody. You make a nifty orangoutang, but right now I need your help.

Oh, thanks, flash, I'm so glad you... Hey! An orangoutang is an ape!

Both youse guys keep quiet! Winky has a lot of blue blood in him... That's why he's so bad all the time... Now watch me grab this ring!

I got it... Hey, I caught it... See?

You mean it caught you!

I'm going to let you in on a little secret, boys... I know I can trust you... There are crooks in this park! They're at the various concessions, and our job is to find them!

Leave 'em to us... I'd know a crook anywhere!

Sure! All ya gotta do is look in a mirror!

Now keep this quiet... We don't want to alarm the women!
ALL OVER THE AMUSEMENT PARK, FLATBUSH FREDDY AND HIS BOYS ARE GETTING WEALTHIER BY THE MOMENT...

THEY MUST BE PLENTY DIZZY BY NOW, FLATBUSH!

HAW! HAW! I BEEN KEEPIN' 'EM WHIRLIN' ON THAT THING FER TWENTY MINUTES!

ALL RIGHT! LET 'EM OFF NOW!

TAKE IT SLOW, LADY!

WE'LL GET YOU SOME AMMONIA TO SNIFF!

OOGH, DEAR. THAT WAS TERRIBLE!

I CAN HARDLY STAND UP!

WE'RE ALL SET, FLATBUSH... EACH OF THEM DAMES HAS A PICKPOCKET ALONGSIDE OF HER!

AND AS THE DIZZY DOWAGERS ARE LED AWAY, NIMBLE FINGERS FILCH JEWELRY AND PROBE MONEY-LADEN HANDBAGS...

GOOD...

GOOD...

AND HOW'S YOUR TAKE, BOYS?

ALMOST ONE GRAND ALREADY! THEM SASSITY DAMES TOSSES THAT MOOLA AROUND LIKE IT WAS SAWDUST OR SOMETHIN'!

WHAT A SETUP! I CAN'T GET OVER IT....

HE DOESN'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT! WAIT UNTIL THE FLASH GETS HIM ON THE NEXT FOLLOWING PAGE
**Volto**

"It's headed straight for us, Volto!"

"What a way to run a roller coaster! I better get busy!"

"Whee! Isn't this fun, Volto?"

"Well, I thought so up till now... Look!"

"Watch! When I say 'Volto' my left arm repels!"

"But look! That woman's falling!"

"Well, here I go again! See, when I say 'Volto' my right arm attracts! Come here, lady!"

"I'll pay $100 for that trick, mister!"

"It's no trick for Volto! He's from Mars where everybody gets that magnetism from eating whole-grain cereals!"

"And I must have some right now to recharge my power!"

"Then, let me repay you with the tastiest whole-grain cereal in this world... Grape-Nuts flakes!"

"Maybe Grape-Nuts flakes won't give you Volto's powers... but it'll help give you a powerhouse of energy in the morning! Get them today! You'll say, Grape-Nuts flakes taste swell!"

"Me too! Huh?"

---

**Tune in Hop Harrigan**

Blue Network Mon. thru Fri.
WHY, HELLO, BOYS... FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!

TSK! TSK! SHAME ON YOU, FELLA, WEARING SKIRTS! BETTER TAKE 'EM OFF, HADN'T YOU?

GULP!

I CAN SNEAK OUT THE BACK WAY... LET FLATBUSH HAVE THE DOUGH... I'D RATHER GET OUTTA HERE AN' KEEP MY HEALTH!

HAHL!

WHAT'RE YOU YELLING FOR? DON'T YOU WANT TO CATCH UP TO YOUR PAL?

Yeah! But this is such a drastic way to travel!

GULP!!

OH, I JUST GAVE HIM HIS OWN WAY... AN' HERE I GO!

...HOW'D YOU GET AWAY FROM THE FLASH?

Hey, 'there goes 'chick! Hiya, fella! Tell Flatbush 'things is goin' great!

Huh!

I always thought he was a queer bird, but I never knew he could fly!
I still say youse didn't have to be so rough when you caught me!

Quiet, mopface... you and I are going to a conference!

Bonk!

Conference? This ain't no conference where I come from...

So what you're all tied up, aren't you?

Meanwhile, Winky, Blinky and Noddy are trying to prove their worth as detectives...

Is she a crook?

Is he a woman?

Maybe she's a man... I mean maybe he's a woman... Aww! Youse know what I mean!

Yeah, but we gotta make sure!

I'll find out!

Say, look who we found! I'd like to find that guy alone in a dark alley!

He's gotta pay us for the damage he did to us... let's make him... we're three to one!

Youse is gonna pay us...

Or else we're gonna get rough!

Ahh, good day, gents... now there's no use fighting... I'll gladly sell you one of my household helpers! Why waste your money on trash? Get something worth-while!
IMAGINE IT! ONLY TEN DOLLARS! FOR THIS LITTLE MASTERPIECE! GENTLEMEN, IT WILL COST YOU TEN TIMES THAT NOT TO BUY ONE OF THESE!

YA MEAN IT’LL COST US A HUNDRED BUCKS IF WE DON’T BUY ONE?

SAY, WE BETTER BUY ONE! THEN WE’LL SAVE NINETY BUCKS!

AH! YES... BUSINESS IS VERY GOOD TODAY!

NOW, WHATTA WE GONNA DO WITH IT?

WHO CARES, AS LONG AS WE SAVED NINETY BUCKS!

SHADDUP, YOU GUYS! I WANNA SEE HOW THIS WORKS!

PRESS A BUTTON NODDY!

WHADDA YA KNOW... A SHOE BRUSH!

OMCH!

TURN IT OFF... IT’S HURTIN’ ME! OW!

AWRIGHT! AWRIGHT! I’LL PRESS ANOTHER BUTTON!

OOF!

HEY! THIS IS WORSE!

MEANWHILE, A RUMOR SWEEPS THROUGH THE DARK... A RUMOR THAT SETS VERY UNEASILY ON FLATBUSH FREDDY’S SHOULDERS...

AREN’T THERE’S ONLY ONE GUY WHAT CAN MAKE ANYBODY FLY LIKE THAT... THE FLASH!

WE BETTER AMSCRAY, FLATBUSH, YOU’RE RIGHT!

ARE YOU GUYS SURE CHICK WENT FLYING THROUGH THAT TUNNEL?

OF COURSE! HE PASSED THROUGH THE TUNNEL WALL RIGHT OVER OUR HEADS!
COME, COME, BOYS! THIS IS NO TIME FOR PLAY... THERE ARE CROOKS AROUND! WE CAN'T WASTE TIME LIKE THIS!

SHUT IT OFF? WHY, IF THAT'S ALL YOU WANT, I'LL DO THAT.... SEE, ISN'T IT SIMPLE?

IF WE COULD... OWWW... ONLY SHUT THIS THING OFF!

WE WOULD BE... YEOWW!... ONLY TOO GLAD TO FIND 'EM!

NOW, COME ON! FLATBUSH FREDDY IS STILL ON THE LOOSE!

HERE COMES THE FLASH!

I'M IN LUCK... GOT ALL MY YEGGS IN ONE BASKET!

HOP ONTO THE FERRIS WHEEL... MAYBE HE CAN'T STAND HEIGHT!

HE AIN'T COMIN', FELLAS... WE GOT HIM BEAT!

YA DUMB BENNY... HE DON'T HAVE TO COME UP BUT WE GOT TO GO DOWN SOME TIME!

THINK I'LL GIVE THE BOYS A LITTLE RIDE... THIS'LL REALLY 'SEND' THEM!

WITH STUNNING SPEED, THE SCARLET SCOURGE DEFTLY WINDS THE FERRIS WHEEL CRANK...
Faster and faster spins the giant wheel, the centrifugal force hurls the baskets out at right angles.

Joan, darling, this is terrific! Look at all those clever acrobats.

Joan: Gulp? Yes... aren't they?

A death-defying leap right off the Ferris wheel!

Oh, oh... they're starting to fly off!

How brave!

I think I can get them all by speeding up a little. This is like playing the outfield with a wheelbarrow for a glove!

That was a wonderful exhibition, Joan!

Yes, marvelous!

We're having a simply wonderful time!

Well, I certainly am relieved... I mean, delighted to hear you say that! Er... pardon me.
WHAT ABOUT THESE VALUABLES? HOW CAN I RETURN THEM TO THE LADIES WITHOUT CAUSING ALARM?

HEMH, LOOK IT! ALL THE CROOKS WE CAPTURED, FELLAS!

TELL THEM YOU HAD THEM REMOVED. FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SO THEY WOULDN'T GET LOST!

LET'S TURN THIS INVENTION LOOSE ON THEM!

YEAH, IT'LL TEACH 'EM A LESSON!

HEMH, LOOK AT THE KNIFE! IT'S CUTTING THEM LOOSE!

HEMH, FLASH! THOSE CROOKS IS LOOSE AGAIN!

OH-OH! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!

SOME MOMENTS LATER....

EVERYTHING'S CALM AGAIN. SO TAKE THIS THING AND GET OUT OF HERE. I WANT TO HELP JOAN RETURN THESE STOLEN ARTICLES!

AWW! JUST LET US TRY ONCE, NODDY!

YEAH, MAYBE WE KNOW HOW TO WORK IT NOW!

WELL, THERE'S NO HARM IN TRYING JUST ONCE. I HOPE!

OHMH, FLASH!

HAALP!

TURN IT OFF. SOMEBODY, TURN IT OFF!
THERE'S ONE OF THESE PLANES-A PRIZE FOR YOU IN EVERY PACKAGE OF PEP

LATEST, AUTHENTIC UNITED NATIONS War Plane Models!

EASY TO ASSEMBLE! PRINTED IN COLOR! STURDY! LONG-LASTING!

WAIT! YOU SEE this new series of plane models of latest United Nations' warplanes—fighters, bombers, dive bombers and transports! Absolutely authentic in outline—you can use 'em for spotter identification!

 Loads of Fun! Educational!

What you'll really want these swell scale models for is to build your own fleets of planes—swarms of 'em! You can 'blacken the skies' in your room with wonderfully realistic models of the very planes that have fought against the Nazis and the Nips!

You can trade 'em—fight sham air battles with 'em—hang 'em on strings in battle formation. There's no end of fun and amusement you can have with these brightly-colored, sturdy, easy-to-put-together warplane models!

Get 'em as Prize!

They're easy to get, too. No box tops to send in, no extra money! You get one as a PRIZE right in your package of PEP! And there's one in every package! PEP out clean and neat. Assemble without fuss. You'll like 'em! And you'll love PEP, too—because it's not only delicious-tasting, but a sound, muscle-building breakfast food, chock-full of important, whole-wheat "build-uppers," and liberally fortified with VITAMIN B1 and VITAMIN D. In fact, KELLOGG'S PEP is the kind of breakfast cereal you'll want to boast to the gang about eating. Get you PEP, and model plane PRIZE, soon!

Get models of these planes!

Douglas A-24 "Dauntless"  Curtiss SB2C-1C "Helldiver"
Curtiss P-40F "Warhawk"  Lockheed C-69 "Constellation"
Vought JRS-5 "Excalibur"  Lockheed B-34 "Ventura"
Consolidated Vultee B-24 "Liberator"  Douglas C-44 "Skymaster"
Short "Sunderland"  Avro "Lancaster"
Westland "Whirlwind"  Handley Page "Hampden"
"Yak-4"  1-18

FLASH! Listen to SUPERMAN for more exciting details of these swell planes and KELLOGG'S PEP. See local paper for station and time.

KELLOGG'S PEP

Nothing to mail or send in—Get one as a PRIZE in every package of PEP.
IT IS NIGHT... THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE DEJECTEDLY CONTemplates THE MOONLIGHT... Pondering... Pondering --

I'LL BE THE FIRST TIME I'VE FAILED. LETTING THE COPS DOWN AT A TIME LIKE THIS... I JUST CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN!

OM, FLASH! THERE YOU ARE. I NEED YOU...

YOU'RE JUST THE MAN TO HELP ME COLLECT IN THE SCRAP PAPER SALVAGE DRIVE. YOU KNOW THE COUNTRY IS PRETTY HARD UP FOR PULP TO MAKE PAPER.

MAMM... THAT'S A TOUGH BUNCH, TOO. THEY WON'T BE BOTHERED BY ORDINARY TACTICS!

WILL YOU PLEASE STOP TALKING ABOUT COWBOYS LONG ENOUGH TO LISTEN TO ME? THE NATION FACES A VAST PAPER SHORTAGE DUE TO LACK OF LABOR FOR THE LUMBER GANGS. UNABLE TO GET FROM THE FORESTS, WE HAVE TO FIND IT SOMEWHERE ELSE... BUT WE NEED IT.

WHY, LOTS OF ARMY EQUIPMENT IS MADE OF PAPER - BOMB BANDS, PRACTICE BOMBS, PARACHUTE FLARES, AMMUNITION CHESTS, AIRPLANE WING TIPS, SHELL CONTAINERS.

MAMM... YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING GO ON!

THE MILLIONS OF CARDBOARD FOOD CONTAINERS SENT TO OUR BOYS OVERSEAS ARE MADE OF PAPER AND ARE NEVER RETURNED. WE HAVE TO REPLACE THAT LOSS BY COLLECTING SCRAP PAPER TO RECONVERT BACK TO PULP.

YOU'RE A PAL, JOANIE! HERE I WAS WORRYING ABOUT WHAT TO SAY AT THE POLICE BANQUET ABOUT THE WASTE PAPER DRIVE. THEY'LL BROADCAST THE SPEECH ON THE AIR, AND YOU'VE SOLVED MY PROBLEM!

SURE... NOW I'VE GOT MY SPEECH... YOU GAVE IT TO ME!

SAY... AREN'T YOU GOING TO WAIT FOR ME?

I'LL SEE YOU LATER... RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO TELL THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA TO JOIN IN THE WASTE PAPER DRIVE TO SEE THEIR TEACHERS ABOUT FORMING GROUPS TO CANVAS THEIR NEIGHBORHOODS FROM DOOR TO DOOR TO GET EVERY OLD PAPER AND MAGAZINE AND CARDBOARD CONTAINER THEY CAN... WE HAVE TO WIN... LET'S ALL PITCH IN!
THE STRANGER IN THE LOBBY

By LYNNE LOVELACE

DR. MARLIO was aware that the house detective's eyes were on him as he crossed the lobby of the Hotel Imperial. He beamed. The closer the house dick watched him, the safer he felt.

"Good morning, Rogers," he greeted the house dick.

"Morning, Dr. Marlio," the thickset, heavy eyebrowed detective nodded, as he had every morning for nearly a year now.

Under the watchful scrutiny of the house detective, Dr. Marlio purchased a newspaper at the stand in the hotel lobby and seated himself in one of the comfortable armchairs. Before opening his paper, he glanced carefully all around the lobby. In a facing armchair sat a tall, thin man absorbed in a magazine. Dr. Marlio cheerfully ignored him.

For perhaps the thousandth time, he sighed with relief as he saw no sign of the midget. Dr. Marlio's haunted eyes were almost hopeful as he realized that for a whole year he had had no evidence that his tormentor was anywhere nearby. Perhaps, in this tiny resort hotel in New England, he had finally shaken his five year old nightmare! There was a smile on Dr. Marlio's lips as he turned to his newspaper.

"Queer lookin' people hangin' around this hotel, all right!" Dr. Marlio glanced up at the tall man in the facing armchair, who spoke.

"Queer?" he echoed. "I'm afraid I don't get you."

"That midget over there!

He's been staring your way for half an hour!"

"That midget's smile froze. The stranger's eyes narrowed. "Say ... anything wrong?"

"Dr. Marlio croaked, "The midget! Where ... where is he?"

"Dr. Marlio didn't dare turn at once in the direction his neighbor indicated; when at last he did, he saw no one. "He bolted out the front door when he saw we were talking about him."

"Dr. Marlio's first thought was to call the house detective. But when he tried to get up from his seat, he couldn't move. His heart ... again.

He was getting on in years. The strain of being on the wrong end of a man hunt that had already lasted five years and threatened to go on until one or other of the men was dead, was proving too much for the old doctor.

"Help you to your room, if you like," the stranger offered.

"I'd appreciate that," Dr. Marlio gasped. "But please ... call the house detective."

The stranger left, but in a few minutes was back. He explained that he had left word at the desk that the house detective was wanted in Dr. Marlio's room.

Upstairs, Dr. Marlio was grateful for the man's presence and pleaded with him not to go until the detective arrived. Obligingly, the stranger sat down and lit a cigarette, his blue eyes peering curiously through his glasses at the quavering doctor.

Dr. Marlio was a shadow of the husky man he had been five years before. His face was pale, haggard. His hand shook. Bags under his eyes told of sleepless nights. Sitting on the edge of the bed, clutching the bedpost, the poor old doctor seemed at his wit's end.

"I can't stand it any more," he blurted out, suddenly. "The little fiend ... why doesn't he kill me and get it over with? Sometimes I think he follow me around just to torment me ... He could have killed me a dozen times and didn't."

The stranger looked puzzled for a minute. "You're not talking about that midget who was watching you in the lobby just now?" he asked.

"Yes," Dr. Marlio shuddered. "He's a midget, but he's no ordinary midget. He's Pee wee Hawkins, the notorious killer."

"Pee wee Hawkins!" the stranger gasped.

"Yes," Dr. Marlio's voice was bitter. "You remember that robbery of the State Street Bank on November 4th 1940? That was the night it all happened. I was on my way home from a case when a couple of thugs pulled up alongside the curb and was ordered in. They put blindfold on me and took me to Pee wee's hide-out. He been shot in a bank robbed they'd pulled that night."

Dr. Marlio panted for breath. Talking so much w...
strain on his heart after the sudden attack. But he went on: The hide-out was a gambling place, and, just my luck, the police picked that very night to raid it! When they heard the cops break in, Peewee's gang dodged out a secret exit at the back." He paused. "I was left alone with the dying midget.

"What happened then?" I heard the police outside. I was afraid to get mixed up in it. I made a quick decision: left, the same way I'd seen Peewee's men go.

He shuddered. "I'll never forget the hatred in that midget's eyes as he watched me go at the door. But I still can't figure out yet how Peewee shed. I had noticed the bullet had scraped the pituitary gland. Of course, the police might have found him and taken him to the hospital; but even then, they'd have killed him. He wouldn't have been free to follow me about for five years, seeking revenge..."

"Oh, I can help you clear that point. The police missed that room in their search. Later, one of Peewee's men came back with another doctor... who saved his life."

It was the stranger speaking!

The thumping of Dr. Marlio's heart seemed to blot out everything else... everything but the tall, thin, hard-faced man into whom the kind-faced stranger had suddenly turned!

Dr. Marlio could hardly believe what he saw, yet he knew with a sinking feeling that it was true! The man he was looking at was Peewee Hawkins!

"You left me to rot!" Peewee was saying. He moved closer, and Dr. Marlio saw a gun in his hand. "You could have saved me, but you left me to die! And you call yourself a doctor! Sure I could have killed you a dozen times, but it was more fun to watch you shiver and shake, waitin' for me to come and get you. And all the time you were lookin' for a midget. You didn't know that something happened to one of my glands and after I got well that time, I started to grow! That's why I never let you see me these past five years... just sent notes and telephoned..."

One of those rare tricks of nature had been played on Peewee Hawkins, Dr. Marlio realized. After his near-fatal injury, the midget had begun to grow to normal size... and now was almost six feet tall!

The man's manic laughter filled the room, and old Dr. Marlio knew that the end for him was at hand. Dr. Marlio's heart had taken more than it could stand. He collapsed just before the gun exploded.

Rogers, the house detective, was holding the water to Dr. Marlio's lips.

"Had to shoot him in the hand," he explained, as Dr. Marlio stared at the sullen killer, nursing his wounded hand on the floor. "I kept my eye on you all right, Dr. Marlio. But to tell you the truth, I was more suspicious of you than trying to protect you from this midget— you were always talking about! That's why I had that dictaphone planted in your room... I heard everything that happened..."

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**NOT TO BE REPEATED!**

Remember this about anything that concerns our armed forces or our war production:

- If you HEAR it from someone... don't repeat it!
- If you SEE it yourself... don't repeat it!
- If you read it in personal letters... don't repeat it!

What you privately hear, see, or read may not seem important to you. But Axis agents piece together big military secrets from many little scraps of conversation overheard all over our country.

You may safely repeat only information you read in newspapers and magazines, or hear on the radio.

The life of someone dear to you may be at stake. Think before you talk!
FELLOWS! GIRLS! WANT TO BE A CHAMPION?

CHOOSE YOUR COACH FROM THIS ALL-STAR LINE-UP!

WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL CHAMPION? by Bernie Bierman, Head Coach of famous Minnesota Golden Gophers.

WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION? by Lew Fonseca, famous for league-infielder and manager of the American League's Most Valuable Player Award winner.

WANT TO BE A BASKETBALL CHAMPION? by Carl Nordly and Dave MacMillan (for boys), basketball Coaches, University of Minnesota.

WANT TO BE A SWIMMING CHAMPION? by Matt Mann, Head Swimming Coach, University of Michigan.

WANT TO BE A GOLF CHAMPION? by Gene Sarazen (for boys), National Open Champion, British Open Champion, Western Open Champion.


WANT TO BE A SOFTBALL CHAMPION? by Thelma Glassman and Arnie Simko, nationally known players and coaches of champion softball teams.

WANT TO BE A BOWLING CHAMPION? by New Day, Five-time Winner of World's Individual Match Game Champion, Again named "Bowler of the Year" 1944.

WANT TO BE A BASKETBALL CHAMPION? by Catherine Snell and Elise Jaeger (for girls), Physical Education Instructors, University of Wisconsin.


WANT TO BE A TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPION? by Leo Johnson (Track Events), Famous Track Coach.

WANT TO BE A GOLF CHAMPION? by Paul Berg (for girls), Women's National Amateur Champion, Women's Western Amateur Champion, Women's Western Open Champion, Winner Outstanding Woman Athlete Award.

WANT TO BE A HOME AND NEIGHBORHOOD GAMES CHAMPION? by Carl Nordly, National known Authority on Physical Education and Recreation.

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State ______________________________
The Liars' Club!

Ah, yes. Those tellers of tall tales are once again gathered to test their powers of prevarication! This time they attempt to explain why time goes so much faster for some folks than it does for others... all in fun, of course, and nobody takes them seriously! And nobody knows that Jay Garrick is the Flash, Fastest Man Alive, which makes it all the more laughable when they tell how... "The Flash has the time of his life!"

World's Champion Liar

1944... Jay Garrick
1945... Jay Garrick

One evening in the clubroom, a stranger enters...

Hiya, boys... just dropped over from your neighboring county to exchange a few fibs with you! Draw a chair up and call yourself an artist! Any time our county couldn't beat yours at telling fibs, I'd quit!
JUST TO WARM UP, LET ME TELL YOU THAT I CAME OVER HERE IN A TRAIN THAT WENT SO FAST, THE TELEGRAPH POLES WERE A PICKET FENCE! YOU CALL THAT FAST?

I WAS ON A TRAIN ONCE THAT WENT SO FAST, THE MILESTONES BY THE TRACKS BEGAN TO CROWD CLOSER AND CLOSER TOGETHER. UNTIL EVERYONE THOUGHT WE WERE PASSING A GRAVEYARD.

SPEAKING OF SPEED, I'VE BEEN WONDERING ABOUT THE FLASH... TIME MUST PASS MIGHTY FAST FOR HIM! I DON'T THINK SO. HE DOES SO MUCH, IT OUGHT TO GO PRETTY SLOWLY!

WELL, I THINK...

HOW WOULD YOU KNOW WHAT THE FLASH FEELS, JAY?

Yeah, ha-ha! First thing you know, you'll say you knew him!

Well, I...

NOW THERE'S A NICE TOPIC TO FIB ABOUT! THE FLASH, AND HOW FAST OR SLOW TIME GOES FOR HIM! I'LL START IT OFF WITH A STORY HE TOLD ME HIMSELF!

ONE DAY, THE FLASH WAS SPEEDING AROUND TOWN, WHEN A TERRIFIC WIND SPRANG UP FROM NOWHERE...

WHEW... BETTER PUT ON MORE STEAM, OR THIS WIND WILL CARRY ME ALONG WITH IT!

AS HE ROUNDED THE CORNER HE SAW A BIG, HUSKY GIANT...

SAY, BIG BOY! THAT GALE SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM YOU!

Yeah, I guess it is... I'm sighing and when I sigh so much breath goes in and out it seems like a gale!
THAT'S A LITTLE STEEP TO BELIEVE, BUT ANYHOW... WHY ARE YOU SIGHING?

BECAUSE I'M SAD... HERE I AM... A BIG, HUSKY GUY, ABLE TO WORK LIKE A FIEND, AND SO WHAT? I NEVER HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO DO THE THINGS I SHOULD!

WELL, IF YOU'D DO SOMETHING INSTEAD OF STANDING AROUND MOPING, MAYBE YOU'D GET THESE JOBS DONE!

THAT'S EASY TO SAY, STRANGER, BUT I HAPPEN TO OWN A MIGHTY BIG FARM... YOU SEE, MY NAME IS PAUL BUNION!

MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU, PAUL... SUPPOSE WE TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR FARM...

ALL RIGHT, BUT IT'S MIGHTY BIG I WHY IT'S SO BIG THAT WHEN YOU LET OUT A HOG-CALL, IT TAKES A FULL WEEK FOR THE ECHO TO COME BACK!

WHEN... IT IS PRETTY LARGE, AT THAT?

YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET... I USE THIS SECTION JUST TO STORE THE WHEAT AFTER I GET THROUGH CUTTING IT!

ARE YOU LISTENING, FELLA? DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THAT FARM?

I'M NOT OVERCOMING YOU. AM I? JUST PAY ATTENTION, AND LEARN HOW TO TELL A WHOPPER!

HMM? YEAH... GO AHEAD!

"WELL, SIR. THE FLASH STARTED RIGHT IN TO SHOW PAUL HOW TO TEND HIS FARM PROPERLY..."

"YOU MUST STOP THINKING ABOUT YOUR WORRIES AND GET INTO ACTION... LIKE THIS! WATCH ME MILK YOUR COWS!"
"The Flash started milking those cows, but the milk came out so fast, it passed right through the pail...."

"So the Flash ran to the next town and got some pans to catch the milk before any of it was wasted...."

"Just made it!"

"All day long the Scarlet Speedster dashed from hen-house to wheat field, from silo to well, from corncrib to feedbox...."

"Finally, Paul Bunyon tossed aside his coat and pitched in...."

"He's right, by gum! You never get anything done just moping about it. That moping takes time, too.... no, sir, you got to jump right in and keep movin'!"

"Then when he had finished a whole year's work in one day, the Flash began to slow down...."

"Maybe a cup of cool well water will perk me up.... Golly, my joints are mighty stiff and sore!"

"Owutch! I... I can just about walk.... I'm aching all over! I... I never felt like this before!"

"All of a sudden, the Flash caught a glimpse of his face in the water."

"Yeeow! I'm an old man! I've aged to about ninety or a hundred... all in one day!"
ROY: That's some tall tale!

HMM: Yeah!

The Flash realized that his metabolism had speeded up terrifically!

AND SO...

I've got to restore my youth! All the crooks in the state would have a holiday if I stayed like this... Let's see, now, what can I do?

The rate of metabolism in a person's body causes it to age... mine aged because I went so fast time couldn't keep up with me! But if I should do things exactly the opposite from the way I did them, it would counter-balance the injured tissue!

IT'S SILLY TO USE THE SCYTHE THIS WAY, BUT I'M BEGINNING TO MOVE FASTER ALREADY!

YESSIR, STRANGE AS IT MAY BE, I'M GETTING YOUNGER EVERY SECOND!... BUT I'D BETTER NOT OVERDO IT... I DON'T WANT TO BECOME A BABY AGAIN!

AND THAT'S HOW THE FLASH got his youth back again... OH, YES, AND TODAY PAUL BUNION RUNS HIS FARM JUST FINE!

I ADMIT IT'S A GOOD STORY BUT I HAVE A TALLER ONE!

YEAH? LET'S HEAR IT, GARRICK!

WHAT IS TIME? TO A CERTAIN SPECIES OF INSECT THAT IS BORN, MATURES AND DIES IN ONE DAY, TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IS A LIFETIME... CAN THAT EQUATION OF TIME BE DISTURBED? CAN TIME BE WARDED... BY ANYTHING... CAN IT CAN?
VISUALIZE TIME AS A LOT OF GLOBES OF LIGHT, ONE WITHIN ANOTHER...NOW SUPPOSE A WARP, OR TINY HOLE IS BURNED IN ONE GLOBE...IT LETS IN THE LIGHT...OR EVENTS...OF ANOTHER GLOBE...THE PAST!

OF COURSE THE FLASH WASN'T THINKING ABOUT THAT AT ALL, THE NIGHT HE FIRST MET TONY GROGARTY...

I'LL TEACH YOU RATS TO MUSCLE IN ON ME! TAKE THAT...AND THAT...

HUUH, WONDER WHAT THE TROUBLE IS?

SAY, BUDDY, YOU SHOULDN'T PICK ON THOSE FELLOWS LIKE THAT!

OH, I SHOULDN'T, EH? LET ME TELL YOU, THOSE TWO ARE THE CONNINGVINGEST RATS YOU EVER LAYED YOUR EYES ON...STEALIN' MY STORY...BUT NO TWO-BY-FOUR PUNK OF A RIVAL REPORTER IS GONNA STEAL TONY GROGARTY'S SCOOP!

WHY, YOU'RE THE FLASH! SAY, I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT'LL Tickle YOU PINK...A JOB SOME CROOKS ARE GOING TO FELL!

AND THAT IS WHY YOU WERE BEATING UP THOSE OTHER FELLOWS?

GROGARTY? OH, YES...YOU'RE A NEWSPAPER MAN ON THE WORLD-TIMES...I'VE READ YOUR STUFF!

SO I SEE...YOU THINK ONLY OF YOURSELF! BUT IF A TIME SHOULD COME WHEN YOU NEEDED HELP FROM THOSE OTHER FELLOWS...WHAT THEN?

YOU BET! THEY WERE TRYING TO 'FIND OUT ABOUT IT...NOBODY PULLS ANY FAST STUFF ON TONY GROGARTY!' IN THIS WORLD ONLY THE FITTEST SURVIVE...AND I'M FIT...I GET MY STORIES...LET THEM GET THEIRS...I'M AN INDIVIDUALIST, I AM!

THEN IT'S MY TOUGH LUCK! IF I CAN'T TAKE CARE OF MYSELF, I DESERVE TO GET IT IN THE NECK...NO, SIR, I DON'T NEED ANYBODY!
THE FLASH TRIED IN VAIN TO ARGUE WITH TONY, THEN...  

YES, SIR! BRAINS HAD A CREW OF HIS OWN MEN THERE WHILE SOME RE-DECORATING WAS BEING DONE... THEY COVERED THE HOUSE WITH SOME SPECIAL CHEMICALS... BRAINS IS GOING TO ELECTROCUTE THE HOUSE... AND HASKINS WITH IT!  

BARKER, THE UNDERWORLD KING!  

THEN AFTER HASKINS IS DEAD, HE'LL ENTER AND ROB IT... A SWELL IDEA... BUT I DON'T THINK I'LL LET HIM PULL IT OFF...  

WAIT, WAIT! HE'S GOING TO TURN THE JUICE ON ANY MINUTE NOW!  

YES, AT THAT VERY INSTANT, BRAINS BARKER'S HAND WAS PULLING THE LEVER...  

AN' THAT'S THE END OF HIM!  

Yeah... Now well walk over there and grab the dough Haskins has in his safe!  

AND AS THE ELECTRIC CURRENT RACED TOWARD THE MANSION, THE FLASH PUT ON SPEED AS NEVER BEFORE...  

I'VE GOT TO GET HASKINS OUT OF THERE BEFORE ANYTHING HAPPENS!  

I'M MOVING SO FAST, HE CAN'T USE HIS VOCAL CHORDS TO CRY OUT!  

I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE EVER TRAVELED AS FAST AS THIS!
"I'm not sure just how it happened, but just as the Flash raced out of the house... it disappeared!"

Somebody's swiped my home! I'll have the law on 'em! YEEOW!

This is something BIG! Something's gone wrong with time itself!

My house and my money... all gone! I've gone MAD!

You two don't realize what's happened, do you?

My terrific speed, which created a whirling vortex of air and kinetic energy, combined with the sudden force of electricity that Barker shot into the house... ripped a hole in time itself, and let in a section of the past!

WOW! That's really a corker, Jay!

Well, it's not over yet!

Suddenly, they were startled by a fiendish face peering down at them...

AAAAAH!

WHA...?

It'll kill us!

Flash... you can save us! Save us from... from that, Flash!

Having a change of heart, Tony? After all, it's every man for himself... survival of the fittest. You said that if you can't help yourself, YOU deserve to die!
MAYBE THAT'LL GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT WHILE I ROUT THIS OVER-SIZED LIZARD...

THIS BABY'S SO BIG AND HEFTY, HE DOESN'T FEEL ME... HE'S THE ORIGINAL TRIPLE-PLATED TANK!

I... ER... THAT IS, THE FLASH POUNDED THE MONSTER'S TENDER NOSE MERCILESSLY...

Hmm... The nose is a tender spot! How many lumps, Big Boy? I have a million of them...

He won't be back for some time!

Boy, is that a relief!

Whew!

Suppose I'd followed your creed, Tony, and run off to let you and Haskin's die? After all, it would prove that I am more fit than you to run away. That's all!

How so? Those two reporters need their salaries. If they get fired for not bringing in their story, they wouldn't get paid...

Yeah, I see what you mean. I kept 'em from getting any story at all!

Look! Look at what's before us!

What is it, Flash?
We're on Haskins' estate. The time warp affected only a few hundred square yards of space! You mean that the rest exists here only on a certain amount of ground that the rest of the place is as it's always been? Wow! What a story!

Say, where do you think you're going?

I'm going after those guys I slugged earlier! Then we'll round up a photographer and come back... What a yarn!

Gulp! Where... Where's the house?

Maybe ya destroyed it, Brains! With all that electricity.

Hey! What kind of a bird is THAT?

Yeeow!

Run for yer lives!

Oh, oh... To make it worse, he has to come along!

Shaddup! Ya sap! The Flash is the only guy what can save us!

"Instantly, the Scarlet Streak hurled a stone with such speed it had the destructive power of a rifle..."

Get back to that hideout of yours, Brains, and send those volts back over that wire again! We've got to get rid of this nightmare!

Yeah! Sure! Flash, sure!
ALL FLASH

"FOR ONCE FLASH AND THE UNDERWORLD WORKED HAND IN GLOVE..."

I'M GOING TO TRY SOME MORE SPEED, AND WITH THE ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE YOUR BATTERIES PROVIDE, I THINK WE CAN SWING THIS WARP BACK WHERE IT BELONGS...

LOOK!

I'+ COMIN' STRAIGHT AT US!

ULLP!

I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THAT BABY!

I've got to prevent the rest of the nightmares in this jungle from coming out into the world! You guys get to those electrical controls PRONTO!

'VE GOTTEN TO THE REST OF THE NIGHTMARES IN THIS JUNGLE FROM COMING OUT INTO THE WORLD! YOU GUYS GET TO THOSE ELECTRICAL CONTROLS PRONTO!

SNIFF-SNIFF. HMM... NEW SORT OF COUNTRY, THIS...

I'LL ACT AS A SHEPHERD UNTIL BRAINS CAN SEND HIS ELECTRICITY BACK HERE AGAIN!

By the time the beast turned around, the flash was back again...

Boy, now I know how a candle feels that gets burned at both ends!

ARRGH!

ARRGH!
Meanwhile, Brains threw that switch and a vast concentration of energy hit that square of space...

That's my cue for more speed, and then some more speed!

That did it... now to find Brains and take him into custody for what he was trying to do...... oh, hello, Tony!

We're working this story together, Flash!

Yeah, but I still don't believe what I saw!

Okay, boys, here he is! We can stop playing now!

What goes on? Why the stacked-up guns?

Well, it's like this, Flash.... you know all about what we was tryin' to do tonight.... you know us, and where to find us!

Confidentially, we were a little scared that if you started making with the speed rounding us up, you'd get going so fast that the past would return to stay!
Well, stranger, can you top that tale?

Well, fellas, believe it or not... I can't think of a thing to compare with what happened to me just a few minutes ago!

Huh?

Say... are you kidding? Nothing happened to you!

Oh yes, it did!

You see, while you fellows were telling your stories, The Flash came in here and took me away with him. While he rounded up a gang of crooks! Some excitement, I'll say!

But... but you were here all the time!

Yessir! The way The Flash cleaned up those crooks was somethin' to behold! So, you see, compared with a true adventure like that... I couldn't lie now! It... it wouldn't be fair to a great guy like The Flash!

Here, stranger... take it away!

Wow!!

You earned it, old man! What a whopper! Compared to you, brother, we're pikers!

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