

NO. 9

FEB..MAR.

# ALL STAR Comics



*Presenting*  
**THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA**  
*IN ANOTHER COMPLETE BOOK LENGTH ADVENTURE*

*featuring*

**HAWKMAN • THE ATOM • DR. FATE • THE SPECTRE  
THE SANDMAN • JOHNNY THUNDER  
DR. MIDNITE and STARMAN!**





# JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA



HEMISPHERE DEFENSE  
IS THE KEYNOTE OF THIS  
SPECIAL MEETING  
OF THE JUSTICE  
SOCIETY OF AMERICA!  
CULLED FROM THEIR  
EVER-ALERT BATTLES  
AGAINST THE CRIMINAL  
AND THE LAWLESS,  
THE MEMBERS  
OF THE JUSTICE  
SOCIETY RALLY  
TOGETHER  
FOR A  
PATRIOTIC  
MEETING,  
CALLED BY THE  
HAWKMAN,  
PRESIDING  
CHAIRMAN!

## \*ROLL CALL\*

HAWKMAN... THE SPECTRE  
DOCTOR FATE · JOHNNY THUNDER  
THE ATOM... THE SANDMAN  
DOCTOR MIDNITE · STARMAN  
AND  
THE HONORARY MEMBERS  
SUPERMAN · BATMAN  
THE FLASH · GREEN LANTERN

\*\*\*

THE DEFENDERS OF LAW  
AND JUSTICE IN THEIR  
DIFFERENT LOCALITIES  
ARE ONCE MORE CALLED  
UPON TO FIGHT GI-  
STRIPES... UNOFFICIALLY  
OF COURSE! EVER SINCE  
THEIR GREAT FEAT  
OF RIDDING THE  
UNITED STATES  
OF FOREIGN  
SPIES AND AGENTS,  
THE F.B.I. CHIEF  
HAS HAD HIS  
EYE ON THEM!  
NOW ONCE  
AGAIN HE HAS  
SUMMONED  
THEIR AID!





IN THE JUSTICE SOCIETY CLUB ROOMS—

I ASKED YOU TO COME HERE EARLY SO THAT I COULD TELL YOU WE'RE EXPECTING A VISITOR! A MAN WHO HAS DONE MUCH FOR LAW AND JUSTICE IN THE UNITED STATES—THE F.B.I. CHIEF FROM WASHINGTON!

GOLLY! THAT'S WHAT I CALL AN HONOR!

IT SURE IS! WE'VE GOT TO SHOW HIM WE APPRECIATE IT!

THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR—MAYBE IT'S HIM...

GENTLEMEN, THE CHIEF OF THE F.B.I.! HE HAS A FEW WORDS TO SAY TO US!

WE WANT YOU TO KNOW WE FEEL MIGHTY GOOD ABOUT THIS VISIT, SIR!

ANYTHING YOU WANT—JUST ASK FOR IT!

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN! I KNEW THAT WOULD BE YOUR REACTION, AND THAT'S WHY I FELT THAT YOU WERE THE MEN TO COME TO!

I KNOW YOU ARE ALL PATRIOTIC AMERICANS—AND I'VE COME BEFORE YOU TO ASK YOU ONCE AGAIN—TO SERVE YOUR NATIVE LAND!

SPEAKING FOR THE BOYS—JUST YOU ASK, AND WE'LL SWING INTO ACTION!

RIGHT!

YOU SAID IT!

THAT'S FINE! FINE! WELL... YOU CLEANED UP SPIES AND FIFTH COLUMNISTS IN THE UNITED STATES! NOW THAT WE HAVE CLOSED ALL GERMAN AND ITALIAN CONSULATES, OUR HEMISPHERE IS MENACED MORE THAN EVER IN CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA AND IN MEXICO BY SPIES OF THOSE SAME TOTALITARIAN COUNTRIES! WE HAVE TO HELP OUR GOOD NEIGHBORS TO THE SOUTH STOP THEM! WE'VE GOT TO!

THE UNITED STATES CANNOT ACT OFFICIALLY FOR OBVIOUS DIPLOMATIC REASONS! IT MIGHT BE CONSTRUED AS AN ACT OF OPPRESSION BY THE TWISTED MINDS OF THE FOREIGN DICTATORS! YET THOSE SPIES MUST BE WEEDED OUT AND OVERCOME! THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN!

I GET IT! THE JUSTICE SOCIETY CAN GO DOWN THERE AND HELP CLEAN UP THOSE RATS, WITHOUT INVOLVING THE UNITED STATES—WE WORK UNDER COVER, AND UNCLE SAM CAN'T BE ACCUSED OF INTERFERENCE! WHATT A GOOD IDEA!

JOHNNY, JOHNNY! LET THE CHIEF DO THE TALKING!

AW, I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE DISRESPECTFUL...

AND YOU WEREN'T, JOHNNY! YOU HIT THE NAIL RIGHT ON THE HEAD! YOU SAID WHAT I CAME TO SAY! BUT—YOU MUST REMEMBER—THE DANGER IS GREAT—AND ONCE YOU START ON THIS JOB I CANNOT HELP YOU!

THE NAZIS AND FASCISTS HAVE LONG TRIED TO DAMAGE OUR FRIENDLY RELATIONS WITH SOUTH AMERICA BY TRICKERY AND UNDERHAND METHODS! — THEY ARE ATTEMPTING, BY MEANS OF LIES, TO GET A FOOTHOLD ON SOUTH AMERICAN SOIL, AND WHEN HITLER IS READY — IT WILL BECOME A STRANGLE-HOLD!

SPYIES AND SABOTEURS ARE POURING INTO MEXICO FROM MANZANILLO! THEIR OBJECTIVE IS TO GET CONTROL OF THE "SOUTHERN PACIFIC" OF MEXICO, A VITAL SUPPLY-LINK RAILROAD! THEY'RE ALSO TRYING TO FOMENT REVOLUTION INSIDE THE GOVERNMENTS THAT ARE FRIENDLY TO US!

CHILE, EXTREMELY RICH IN NITRATES THAT GO TO MAKE GUNPOWDER, IS A HOT-BED OF ACTIVITY! IN ARGENTINA AND VENEZUELA, RAW MATERIALS AND SUPPLIES THAT WOULD FEED AND SUPPLY AN INVADING ARMY IS HIGH ON THE PROPAGANDA LISTS!



I UNDERSTAND ALL OF YOU MEN — EXCEPT JOHNNY, SPEAK SPANISH, WHICH IS THE MAIN LANGUAGE IN THESE COUNTRIES! THE BRAZILIANS, OF COURSE, SPEAK PORTUGUESE! I HAVE SEALED ORDERS AGAIN FOR EACH OF YOU! TIPS AS TO WHERE TROUBLE IS EXPECTED, AND HOW YOU MAY COPE WITH IT!

THESE ENVELOPES HAVE THE NAMES OF THE VARIOUS COUNTRIES WRITTEN ON THEM — TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

I'D LIKE MEXICO OR CENTRAL AMERICA!

MAKE MINE BRAZIL! I'LL TAKE CHILE!

HEY, FELLERS — LET'S MAKE THE CHIEF AN ASSOCIATE MEMBER OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY! HE SURE IS ONE MAN WHO DOES A LOT FOR LAW AND ORDER!

I'M FOR THAT, JOHNNY!

SO AM I! AND I!



A SWELL IDEA! THREE CHEERS FOR THE CHIEF — A REAL PATRIOT!

THANKS, FELLOWS — I'VE ONLY BEEN DOING MY DUTY, BUT NEVERTHELESS I ACCEPT THE HONOR! AND I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON YOU BROTHER MEMBERS WHILE YOU'RE FIGHTING A REAL BATTLE FOR AMERICA!

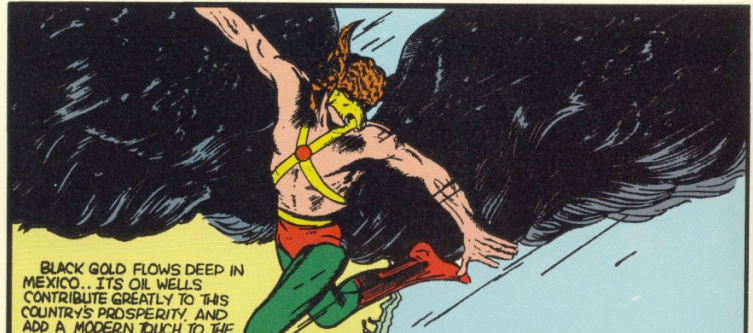
YAHOO!

WITH SHOUTS OF JOY AND ANTICIPATION, THE MEMBERS OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY ENTHUSIASTICALLY TAKE UP THE TRAIL ONCE MORE... FOR AMERICA AND DEMOCRACY!

WHAT MEN! WHAT REAL PATRIOTIC AMERICANS! ALL I DO IS ASK THEM FOR HELP AND HOW THEY LEAD AT THE CHANCE! WHY... I ALMOST FEEL SORRY FOR THE MEN THEY'RE GOING AFTER... ALMOST!





A large panel showing Hawkman in his classic red, green, and yellow costume, flying over a map of Mexico. He is reaching out with his right hand towards the land. The background is a dark, swirling mass, possibly representing clouds or a storm.

BLACK GOLD FLOWS DEEP IN MEXICO... ITS OIL WELLS CONTRIBUTE GREATLY TO THIS COUNTRY'S PROSPERITY AND ADD A MODERN TOUCH TO THE ROMANCE OF THE ANCIENT AZTECS, A CIVILIZATION FAR OLDER THAN THAT OF THE UNITED STATES... A LAND OF TRADITION AND PROGRESS, WITH RICH HISTORY,

TAPESTRIED BESIDE THE PAN-AMERICAN HIGHWAY AND THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY OF MEXICO!

Shelly

...ACTING UNDER SEALED ORDERS, THE HAWKMAN VISITS A MEMBER OF THE MEXICAN SECRET POLICE!

WHO... WHO'S THERE?

I AM THE HAWKMAN! I BELIEVE YOU HAVE SOME PLANS FOR FIGHTING NAZISM IN YOUR COUNTRY.

IF YOU WILL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO PERMIT ME... I AM AT YOUR SERVICE!

OH, YES. YOUR FIRST STOP WILL BE MANZANILLO, CALLED THE PORT OF HUMAN CARGOS. GO TO THE PLAZA HOTEL. THIS IS WHAT YOU WILL DO...

...THE ONE MAN TO GET IS JOHAN KRAUSS! HE'S THE BRAINS BEHIND THE WHOLE OUTFIT. HIS IDEA IS TO STATION MEN NEAR THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC TO WRECK IT IN CASE OF WAR, THIS CUTTING OFF A MEANS TO MOVE SUPPLIES...

RIGHT! I'LL SEE THAT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN... KEEP 'EM FLYING.

..BUT AS THE PINIONS OF THE HAWKMAN CARRY HIM AWAY.. THE SPECIAL AGENT MAKES A CALL!

YES. THE PLAZA HOTEL.. HURRY, PLEASE! IT'S IMPORTANT..

AT THE PLAZA HOTEL IN MANZANILLO..

THE BEST DEFENSE AGAINST THESE SPYING RATS IS A GOOD OFFENSE. SO IN I GO!

WHAT...! IT'S HIM... THE HAWKMAN. MEN... GET HIM!!

LOOKS AS IF THIS IS THE RIGHT SPOT!

GET HIM GOOT.. HE IS DANGEROUS!

JA! HE IS A MEMBER OF DOT JUSTICE SOCIETY.

A DOZEN MEN FLING THEMSELVES AT THE HAWKMAN..

LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU BOYS WERE TIPPED OFF ABOUT ME, HUH? I'LL DO SOME TIPPING MYSELF!

NOW I'M GETTING MAD.

ACH! MY NECK! HIMMEL, HE IS A SAMSON FOR STRENGTH.





YOU BOYS LIKE PIGS' KNUCKLES! HERE'S A HAWK'S KNUCKLES. SEE HOW YOU LIKE THESE!

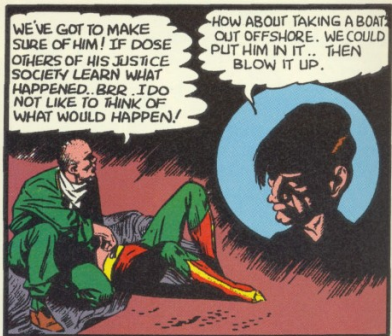


ACH. HOW DOT MAN CAN FIGHT.



I THOUGHT TO CAPTURE HIM AND LEARN HIS SECRETS. BUT HIMMEL. I'VE GOT TO KILL HIM TO SAVE MY MEN..

OH..



WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE OF HIM! IF DOSE OTHERS OF HIS JUSTICE SOCIETY LEARN WHAT HAPPENED..BRR. I DO NOT LIKE TO THINK OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN!

HOW ABOUT TAKING A BOAT OUT OFFSHORE. WE COULD PUT HIM IN IT... THEN BLOW IT UP.

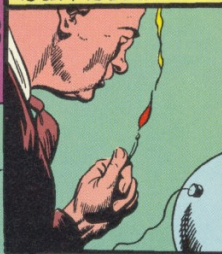
A MOTORBOAT TAKES THEM OUT TO SEA.

A GOOD BOMB WILL DESTROY ALL THE EVIDENCE. THEN NO ONE WILL KNOW WHO KILLED HIM.

JA, DOT IS BEST.



A BOMB FUSE IS LIGHTED AND THE UNCONSCIOUS HAWKMAN IS LEFT TO DIE..



THE FUSE BURNS SHORTER AND SHORTER.



THE BULLET HAVING STRUCK ONLY HIS HEADGEAR, THE HAWKMAN SLOWLY REGAINS HIS SENSES...

OOOH..MY HEAD..OH! A BOMB..IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING FAST, I'LL BE BLOWN OUT OF MY SKIN..

FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE! I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT MAY WORK.. IF ONLY THAT BOMB DOESN'T GO OFF BEFORE I GET STARTED..

THE KEROSENE LAMP CRASHES..AND A FIRE SPRINGS UP!

I DON'T RECOMMEND THIS FOR A SUMMER'S DAY.. BUT IT'S BURNING THE ROPES THAT HOLD ME!

AHA.. ANOTHER THREE SECONDS AND I'LL BE OFF THE BOAT..

THE SMALL BOAT IS BLOWN TO BITS!

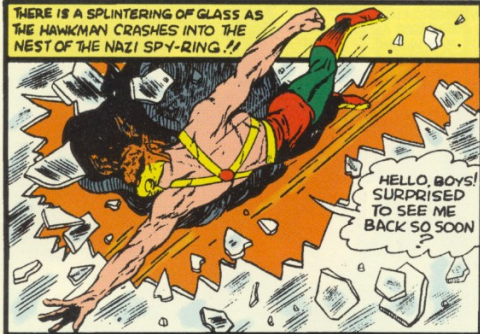
THOSE MEN WILL SEE THE FLAMES AND THINK I'M DEAD.. THEN TO CATCH THEM OFF GUARD.

HA.. I WAS RIGHT.. THEY'RE GOING ABOUT THEIR WORK AS THOUGH NOTHING HAD EVER HAPPENED.

HOURS LATER ...



THERE IS A SPLINTERING OF GLASS AS  
THE HAWKMAN CRASHES INTO THE  
NEST OF THE NAZI SPY-RING.!!



HELLO, BOYS!  
SURPRISED  
TO SEE ME  
BACK SO SOON

NINE ..TEN ..YOU'RE  
OUT !!



THIS TIME THE  
PARTY IS GOING  
TO BE ROUGH.



ACH. HE  
BLEW ME INTO  
SPACE...I SEE  
STARS ALL  
AROUND ME.



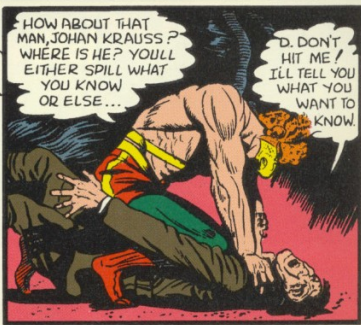
THOSE AREN'T  
STARS, HANS  
THOSE ARE  
HIS FISTS..

ACH. HIMMEL  
A BLITZKRIEG!

THIS CHAP LOOKS  
LIKE ONE OF THE  
LEADERS. I'LL SQUEEZE  
SOME INFORMATION  
OUT OF HIM..



HOW ABOUT THAT  
MAN, JOHAN KRAUSS?  
WHERE IS HE? YOU'LL  
EITHER SPILL WHAT  
YOU KNOW  
OR ELSE ...



D. DON'T  
HIT ME!  
I'LL TELL YOU  
WHAT YOU  
WANT TO  
KNOW.

WE HAVE BEEN TRYING TO GET CONTROL OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC OF MEXICO SO THAT WHEN THE DAY OF INVASION COMES, OUR ARMIES WILL BE ABLE TO CRIPPLE COMMUNICATION AND SUPPLY LINES!

AND HOW IS THIS BEING DONE!



WE HAFF MEN AT SPOTS ALONG THE RAILROAD. THEY ARE MEETING TO PREPARE THE WAY FOR THE FUEHRER. YOU WILL FIND THEM AT GUAYMAS.



THE HAWKMAN BINDS HIS VICTIMS. THEN GATHERS WRITTEN DOCUMENTS AS PROOF OF THEIR ESPIONAGE ACTIVITIES..



THE MEXICAN POLICE WILL KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH SPIES.

..WHICH HE TURNS OVER TO THE MEXICAN POLICE..

"WE SHALL HANDLE THEM PROPERLY, HAWKMAN. YOU CAN LEAVE THEM WITH US."



GOOD! THAT GIVES ME TIME TO GET AFTER THOSE RAILROAD-MINDED BOYS NORTH OF HERE.

AT GUAYMAS, PREPARATIONS ARE MADE FOR SWEEPING SUCCESS IN THE EVENT OF WAR!

THE HAWKMAN IS PROBABLY TAKEN CARE OF BY NOW!



YOUR IDEA IN CAPTURING THE MEXICAN AGENT AND YOU TAKING HIS PLACE BORE GOOD RESULTS. HERR, KRAUSS.

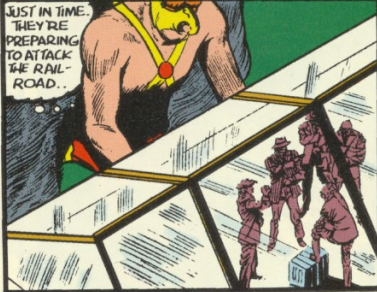
WE ARE READY FOR YOUR SPEECH, EXCELLENCY. YOU WILL TELL US HOW TO TREAT THE RAILROAD.



YES. I WILL EXPLAIN MY PLANS NOW.

AS JOHAN KRAUS MAKES HIS FIERY, TREACHEROUS SPEECH

JUST IN TIME. THEY'RE PREPARING TO ATTACK THE RAILROAD..





THE HAWKMAN DROPS INTO THE MEETING ROOM!!

MEXICAN AGENT, HUH? WHY, YOU DIRTY RAT. YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A MEXICAN.

THE HAWKMAN, CONVULSED WITH RAGE, DRIVES SLEDGEHAMMER BLOWS TO KRAUSS' JAW...



THE MEXICANS LOVE THEIR LIBERTY... AND NO BLACK-HEARTED NAZI IS GOING TO GET AWAY WITH TRYING TO TAKE IT AWAY FROM THEM.

NOW COME ON AND FIGHT, YOU SNEAKY DOGS. I'M ONE AMERICAN YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO STOP BEFORE YOU BLOW UP ANY RAILROAD..

ACH!  
HIMMEL!

LINE 'EM UP IN THE NEXT ALLEY...WHOOPEE!

ACH!  
HE IS GOOT 'N MAD..

THE SOUND OF BATTLE DRAWS THE MEXICAN POLICE!

HELLO, BOYS.  
I COULD USE  
A LITTLE  
HELP!

LOOK. THE HAWKMAN.  
LOOK WHAT HE'S DOING  
TO THOSE NAZIS.  
LET'S GIVE HIM  
A HAND!



THE MEXICANS JOIN THE FIGHT AGAINST  
THE NAZI SPIES...

VIVA  
HAWKMAN!

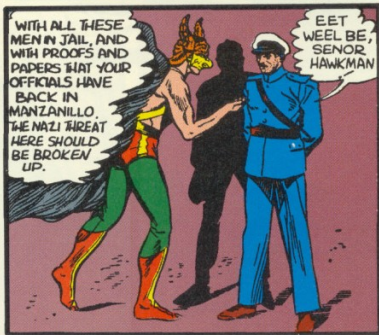


THESE MEN ARE NAZI, ACTING  
AS AN OFFICIAL OF OUR  
GOVERNMENT! WE WILL DEAL  
WITH HIM AS WE DO WITH ALL SPIES!



WITH ALL THESE  
MEN IN JAIL, AND  
WITH PROOFS AND  
PAPERS THAT YOUR  
OFFICIALS HAVE  
BACK IN  
MANZANILLO,  
THE NAZI THREAT  
HERE SHOULD  
BE BROKEN  
UP.

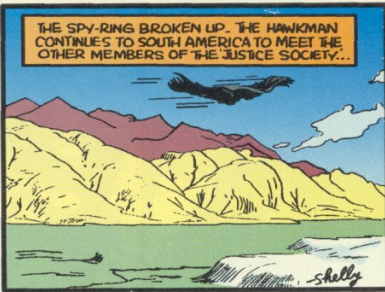
EET  
WEEL BE,  
SEÑOR  
HAWKMAN



WE MEN OF MEXICO ARE FRIENDLY TO THE  
UNITED STATES BECAUSE YOU DO NOT TRY TO  
TELL US HOW TO LIVE AND DIE... AND  
WE ARE VERY  
THANKFUL FOR  
YOUR HELP,  
HAWKMAN!



THE SPY-RING BROKEN UP. THE HAWKMAN  
CONTINUES TO SOUTH AMERICA TO MEET THE  
OTHER MEMBERS OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY...





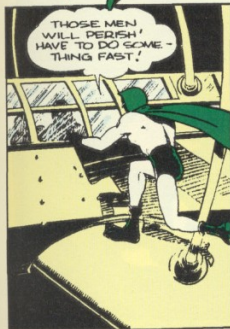
**THE SPECTRE**, TRAVELLING  
THRU' THE ETHER WAVES IN  
WRAITH-LIKE FASHION, QUICKLY  
REACHES HIS DESTINATION--  
THE DISTANT ARGENTINE...

ABOVE THE BEAUTIFUL  
CITY OF BUENOS AIRES...

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT  
MY JOB IS--HMM!...  
ARMY PLANES DISAPPEAR-  
ING MYSTERIOUSLY! SUS-  
PECT FIFTH COLUMNISTS  
RESPONSIBLE! INVESTIGATE!

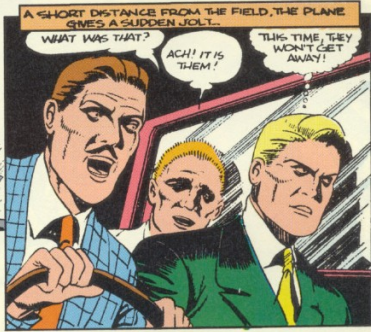
THERE'S AN  
ARMY PLANE NOW--  
BUT WHAT'S  
THAT STRANGE  
THING  
HOVERING  
OVER  
IT?

THE SPECTRE WITNESSES A  
WEIRD SIGHT--WHAT SEEMS  
TO BE A HUGE OCTOPUS OF  
THE AIR, DESCENDS AND GRIPS  
THE PLANE WITH ITS TENTACLES!

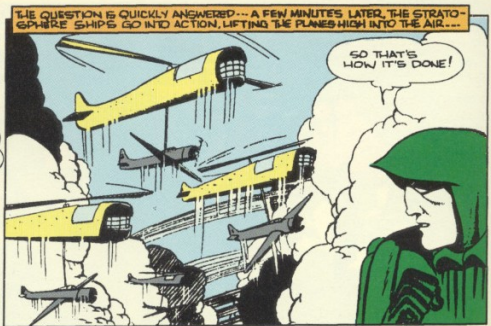








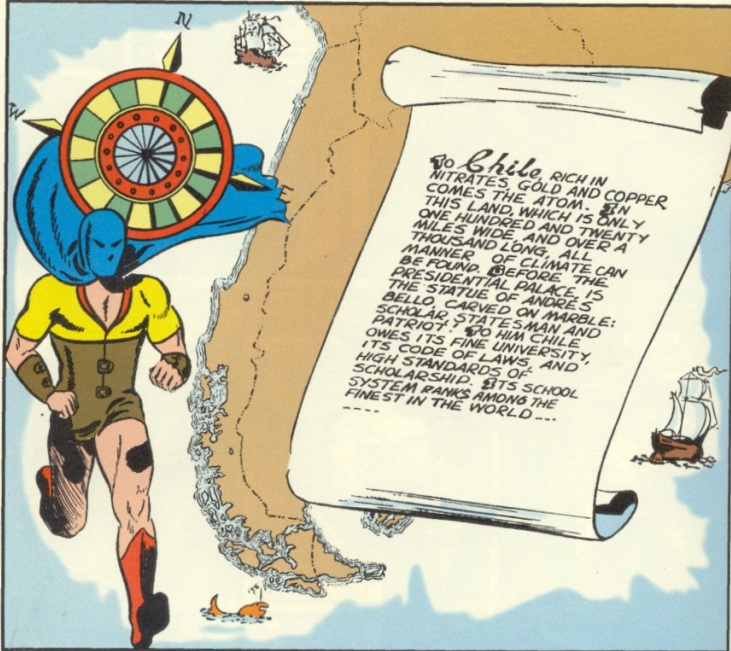






Follow The SPECTRE'S exploits each month in MORE FUN COMICS!





AT SANTIAGO, MAGNIFICENT CAPITAL, THE ATOM, AS AL PRATT, VISITS ALBERTO MEDINA, CHIEF OF THE SERVICIO DE IDENTIFICACION.

YOUR GRACIOUS GESTURE IN OFFERING TO HELP REMOVE THE NAZIS WHOSE PROPAGANDA IS FLOODING MY COUNTRY IS ACCEPTED, SENOR PRATT, ONLY I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU SHOULD BEGIN!

YOU MEAN, YOU DON'T KNOW WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS?

I KNOW, BUT I CANNOT PROVE IT - THE HEAD MAN IS ADOLPHUS HECHT! YET IF I ARREST HIM - WITHOUT PROOF - I CREATE AN INTERNATIONAL CRISIS!

SUPPOSE I GO OUT AFTER PROOF! AS AN AMERICAN, WORKING INDEPENDENTLY. THERE CAN BE NO "COME-BACK" AGAINST YOU!

THAT IS A GOOD SUGGESTION! IF YOU NEED HELP AT THE FINISH, CALL ON ME! I'LL BACK UP YOUR MOVE. I GUESS I CAN TAKE THAT RISK!

BUT ONLY IF I GET THE PROOF! I UNDERSTAND SENOR, AND THANK YOU! KEEP 'EM FLYING!



WITH FRED SIMMONS, A FRIEND PAINTING NATIVE LIFE FOR AN ART STUDY, AL VISITS A RESTAURANT THAT HECHT IS KNOWN TO FREQUENT...

I HATE THE NAZIS AND EVERYTHING THEY STAND FOR! THEY'RE ALL BULLIES AND COWARDS AT HEART!



S-SHH! HERE COMES ONE OF THEM. NOW, HECHT! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE THEIR LEADER!

IF YOU WERE NOT SUCH A LITTLE THING OF A MAN, I'D PROVE TO YOU THAT NAZIS ARE NOT COWARDS! BAH - YOU ARE TOO SMALL!



JO'S DYNAMITE SHALL BUT NOBODY FOOLS AROUND WITH IT, PUNK! I GUESS YOU'RE JUST SCARED!

AL! ARE YOU NUTS? THAT GUY'S LIABLE TO CALL UP A COUPLE OF THUGS AND HAVE YOU BEATEN TO A PULP!



THAT'S JUST WHAT I WANT HIM TO DO! I'LL MAKE HIM SHOW HIS HAND AND I'LL HAVE AN EXCUSE TO GO INTO ACTION!

OH, OH! DON'T LOOK NOW, AL, BUT, AS ONE TOE SAID TO THE OTHER ONE, A COUPLE OF HEELS ARE 'AFTER US!



YOU'D BETTER RUN, FRED - IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!

THIS IS JUST WHAT I WANT! I'LL LET FRED GET AWAY AND THEN MAKE THEM FOLLOW ME!

AL PRATT DARTS INTO A NEARBY ALLEY...



HAH! HE TRIES TO ESCAPE US!

HIMMEL! WE'LL CATCH HIM!

HERR HECHT WAS RIGHT! HE IS TRYING TO STIR UP TROUBLE!

SCREENED BY A CORNER OF THE BUILDING, HE DONS THE GARB OF THE ATOM!



HERE'S THE OPENING MOVE OF OUR LITTLE GAME! THIS OUGHT TO LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE SO YOU CAN TELL ME WHERE THAT SECRE T PRINTING-PRESS IS!

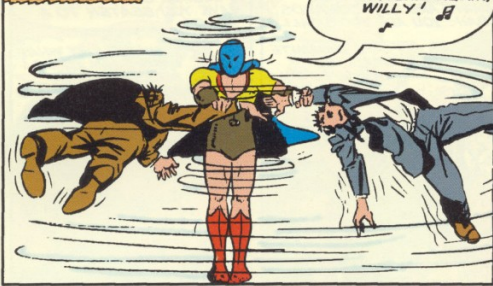
OWW!



MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE, BOYS? OR WOULD YOU RATHER SIT THIS ONE OUT AND TELL ME ABOUT YOUR SPYING-SELVES?



THE ATOM WHIRLS THE TOUGHS  
AROUND LIKE A COUPLE  
OF WHIPS!



♪ WALTZ ME  
AROUND AGAIN,  
WILLY! ♪

WE LET THEM GO RIGHT  
INTO THE FACES OF  
THEIR COMRADES!



YOU SIT THIS OUT  
UNTIL I GET TOWARD  
WITH THE REST OF  
YOUR PALS!



I ONLY COME UP TO  
YOUR JAW - BUT THAT'S  
AS FAR AS I  
WANT TO COME!



NOW THAT WE'VE  
SETTLED OUR LITTLE  
DIFFERENCES IN MY  
FAVOR, LET'S GET REAL  
CHUMMY! WHERE'S THAT  
SECRET PRINTING PRESS?

OWW... MY HEAD!  
MY FACE  
IS RUINED!



THEN I'LL GIVE YOU A FACIAL  
MASSAGE, FREE FOR NOTHING! THAT'LL  
IMPROVE YOUR LOOKS AND ALSO  
MAKE YOU WAG YOUR JAW!  
TALK! WHERE'S  
THAT PRINTING  
PRESS?

STOP! I'LL TELL!



IT'S IN THE SIDE OF  
THE ANDES! HIDDEN  
BENEATH THE GREAT  
STATUE! YOU  
ENTER BY  
PULLING A  
WISTERIA VINE!

THANKS, PAL!  
I'D ADVISE YOU  
TO TAKE THE  
FIRST BOAT BACK TO  
WHEREVER  
ANYTHING LIKE  
YOU CAME FROM!

WHERE'S AL PRATT? AND WHO'RE YOU?

I'M A FRIEND OF ALL LOVERS OF FREEDOM! THESE THUGS TRIED TO GANG UP ON AL, BUT I HAPPENED ALONG. OFFICER SENOR MEDINA MIGHT APPRECIATE YOUR THROWING THEM INTO JAIL!



YOU MIGHT ALSO TELL SENOR MEDINA THAT THE PRINTING-PRESS IS HIDDEN IN THE ANDES! I'M ON MY WAY THERE NOW!

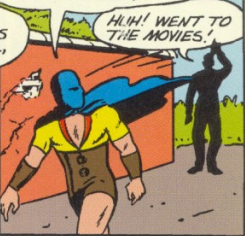
IT SHALL BE MY PRIVILEGE, SENOR!

SAY WHERE'S MY PAL, AL?

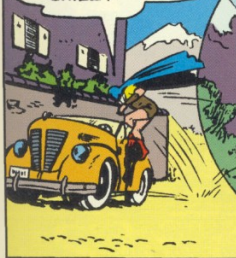


I THINK HE WENT TO THE MOVIES. WHY DON'T YOU TRY THEM YOURSELF. SANTIAGO IS FULL OF MOVING PICTURE HOUSES... WITH ALL THE LATEST PICTURES TOO!

HI-HI! WENT TO THE MOVIES!



THOUGHTFUL OF FRED TO LEAVE HIS CAR FOR ME! IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO GET OUT THERE WITH THE SWELL ROADS THEY HAVE IN CHILE!



IF I LET THEM CAPTURE ME AND BRAG A LITTLE, MAYBE THEY'LL GIVE ME ENOUGH INFORMATION FOR THE POLICE TO ACT ON!



SO HE TOLD THE TRUTH! THERE IS AN OPENING HERE!



THAT'S WHERE THE TUNNEL ENDS! MAYBE IT'S THE SECRET ROOM WHERE THE PRINTING-PRESS IS CONCEALED!



WELL, I FOUND IT, ANYHOW!

PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

HA, SO YOU FOUND OUR SECRET HEADQUARTERS! -THE KNOWLEDGE WILL DO YOU NO GOOD!





IT WAS FOOLISH OF YOU TO COME INTO OUR SIGHT LIKE THAT! I HAVE NO PITY FOR FOOLISH MEN!

SO WHAT? WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE - KING SOLOMON? YOU'RE NO MENTAL MARVEL!



NO? I SHALL PROVE TO YOU HOW SMART ADOLPHUS HECHT IS! FOR YEARS I WORKED IN THE UNITED STATES, FOOLING THEIR AGENTS! NOW I DO THE SAME THING HERE!

PHOOEY!



DELIBERATELY THE ATOM TAUNTS HECHT, UNTIL THE MAN'S RAGE CAUSES HIM TO BOAST EXTRAVAGANTLY!

HIMMEL! THIS DRESS, SO CLEVERLY HIDDEN, PRINTS ALL THE NAZI PROPAGANDA!



LOOK HERE! LETTERS FROM DER FUEHRER HIMSELF, COMPLIMENTING MY GREAT CLEVERNESS!

SO THEY ARE! I GUESS YOU'RE CLEVER, AFTER ALL!



AT LAST YOU ADMIT MY BRILLIANCE! TOO BAD YOU HAVE TO DIE FOR IT - TAKE HIM AWAY, MEN! AND SEE - THAT HE DOESN'T COME BACK!

JA!

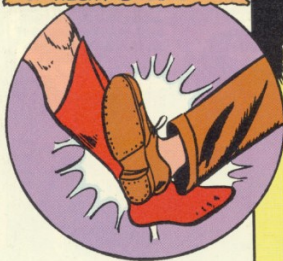


YOU'RE PRETTY CLEVER, BUT THERE'S JUST ONE THING YOU'VE FORGOTTEN!

SO? WHAT IS THAT?

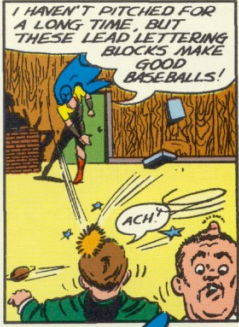


AS THE ATOM SPEAKS HE SLIPS HIS FOOT IN FRONT OF HECHT'S - - -



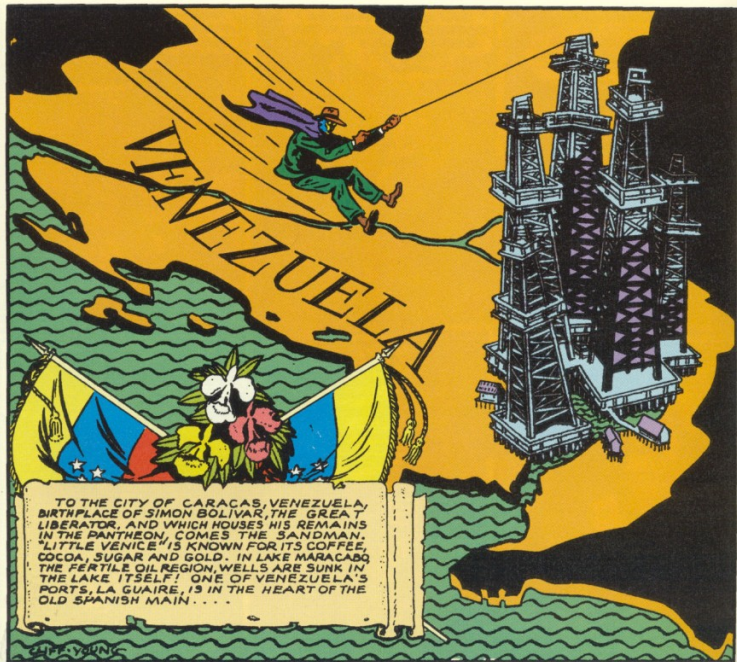
NEVER LET AN ENEMY GET THIS CLOSE TO YOU! BECAUSE HE'S LIABLE TO TRIP YOU UP - AND GET YOU BETWEEN HIM AND THE MEN WITH THE GUNS!





Follow the adventures of The ATOM every month in All-American Comics!





THE SANDMAN PAYS A CALL TO SENOR JOSE ORTEZ, OFFICER IN THE DEPARTAMENTO DE INVESTIGACIONES, THE SECRET SERVICE BUREAU OF THE VENEZUELAN GOVERNMENT.

SENOR, I COME FROM WASHINGTON, HOPING THAT I MAY BE OF SOME SERVICE TO YOU IN YOUR FIGHT AGAINST FASCISM! IF YOU'LL COMMAND ME, I'LL TRY TO CARRY OUT YOUR ORDERS!

I'M GLAD TO MEET YOU, SENOR SANDMAN!



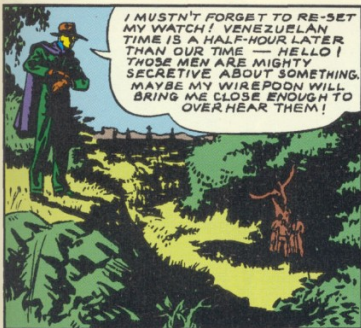
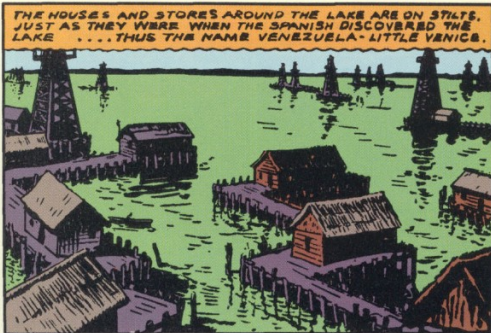
VENEZUELA LEASED HER OIL FIELDS TO BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES. NOW THE FASCISTS ARE ATTEMPTING TO SABOTAGE THOSE WELLS IN AN EFFORT TO SLOW UP PRODUCTION, OR TAKE COMPLETE CONTROL OVER THEIR OUTPUT!



THE PEOPLE OF THIS NATION LOVE FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY! DID NOT OUR BOLIVAR FREE THIS COUNTRY, PERU, ECUADOR, COLOMBIA AND BOLIVIA? WE HATE TOTALITARIANISM, AND WISH TO SEE IT BEATEN!

THOSE ARE THE SENTIMENTS OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY. I'LL GO OUT TO THOSE OIL WELLS FOR A STARTER, AND MEET YOU LATER!







INSTEAD OF HIDING MYSELF, I'LL COME OUT AND GIVE YOU A HIDING!

HE MUST HAVE OVERHEARD US! GET HIM! IT'S THE SANDMAN— THAT JUSTICE SOCIETY IS AFTER US AGAIN!

YOU'LL HAVE TO GET UP PRETTY EARLY IN THE MORNING TO DO THAT, BOYS —

KNOW THE TRACK TEAM'S SONG, DON'T YOU? AMAPOLLA VAULTER! I'LL VAULT RIGHT INTO YOU!

OUGH! THE AMERICAN'S "WISECRACKS" HURT MORE THAN HIS PUNCHES!

YOU WON'T NEED THE GUN, SONNY BOY— DROP IT.

OW! MY WRIST!  
YOUR WRIST—  
MY EYE!

THE SANDMAN WADES IN WITH LEFTS, RIGHTS AND UPPERCUTS!

MY FIST—YOUR EYE—  
COMING AT YOU,  
BOYS!

YOU AREN'T TIRED, ARE YOU? LET'S PLAY FOLLOW THE LEADER! RIGHT DOWN TO THE JAIL!

THE TREACHEROUS SHOT FELS THE SANDMAN!

COME ON! I GOT HIM! NOW WE CAN GO AHEAD WITH OUR PLANS WITHOUT FEAR OF BEING BETRAYED!

YOU ONLY WINGED HIM THROUGH THE SHOULDER! WE'LL FINISH HIM FOR GOOD, BEFORE HE COMES TO AND FINISHES US!

WAIT! IF WE KILL HIM, HE'LL NEVER KNOW HE FAILED! LET'S DRUG HIM. HE'LL RECOVER TOO LATE TO STOP US!

GOOD IDEA! THEN HE'LL KNOW HE FAILED TO STOP US! WHEN WORD GETS AROUND THAT WE FOILED THE SANDMAN, IT WILL THROW FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF OUR ENEMIES.



THIS'LL PUT HIM TO SLEEP FOR HOURS! MEANTIME, WE'LL GET ON OUR WAY!



WOUNDED AND DRUGGED, THE SANDMAN LIES UNCONSCIOUS...



HOURS LATER, A MOON RISES OVER LAKE MARACAIBO TO DISCLOSE A BOATLOAD OF SABOTEURS SLIPPING OUT TOWARD THE OIL WELLS...



AND STILL THE SANDMAN SLEEPS ON...



WHAT HAPPENED---?-- GOT TO-- STOP-- THOSE MEN-- IS THERE STILL TIME?



TEN MINUTES AFTER ONE! THEY WERE TO BLOW UP THE WELLS AT MIDNIGHT!--





WEAK AND WOUNDED, THE SANDMAN STAGGERS DOWNHILL TOWARD THE LAKE....

I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED. IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE THE WELLS, BUT MAYBE I CAN STILL TRAIL THOSE MEN ----



THANK HEAVENS! THE WELLS ARE STILL THERE! THERE'S STILL A CHANCE TO SAVE THEM!



HIS WIREPOON LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR AND DIGS INTO THE WOOD OF THE OIL DERRICK..



HE GOT LOOSE! BLAZES! I'M GETTIN' AWAY FROM HERE!

ANOTHER PASSENGER COMING ABOARD

YEE-E-E-O-W!  
HE'S GONNA SINK US!



SIT DOWN, BOYS - YOU'RE ROCKING THE BOAT!





The SANDMAN appears in every issue of Adventure Comics!



# The Flash

(FASTEST MAN ALIVE!)

## CELEBRATES THE PRESIDENT'S DIAMOND JUBILEE BIRTHDAY!

JAY GARRICK (THE FLASH) MEETS AN OLD FRIEND... DOCTOR BENSON....

HELLO, DOC! WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING SO LOW ABOUT?

OH, GOOD MORNING, JAY! I JUST LEFT A YOUNG PATIENT WITH INFANTILE PARALYSIS....

I'M AFRAID HIS CASE IS HOPELESS... HE'LL BE A CRIPPLE FOR LIFE! WE CAN'T GET AN IRON LUNG QUICK ENOUGH TO DO ANY GOOD... THE NEAREST ONE IS AT THE SMITH HOSPITAL... HUH? JAY!... WHY - HE - HE **DISAPPEARED!**

A FRACTION OF A SECOND LATER... AFTER HAVING DASHED HOME AND CHANGED CLOTHES....

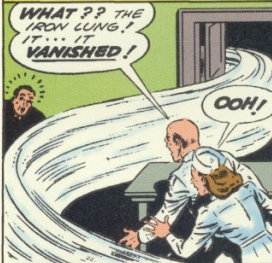
SMITH HOSPITAL, EH? IF SPEED WILL HELP THAT YOUNGSTER, OLD DOC BENSON RAN INTO THE RIGHT MAN... **SPEED IS MY DISH!**



AT THE SMITH HOSPITAL....

WHAT?? THE IRON LUNG! IT... IT **VANISHED!**

OOH!



SO QUICKLY HAS THE FLASH MOVED THAT DOCTOR BENSON IS STILL STANDING IN THE SAME SPOT...

FOLLOW ME, DOC! INSIDE... QUICK!

UHP!



WHY, IT'S AN IRON LUNG! AND COMPLETELY SET UP, TOO!

OH! THAT MEANS TOMMY IS **SAVED!** THANK YOU! THANK YOU!

GEE! LOOK WHO BROUGHT IT! **THE FLASH!** GEE, CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH... HUH, CAN I?



What THE FLASH did for Tommy—one of 26,000 children crippled by Infantile Paralysis during the past three years — would cost the family of each of these children thousands of dollars.

The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis has, for the past three years, been attempting to do exactly what THE FLASH did. They have provided communities all over the United States with portable Iron Lungs, movable hospital units and trained doctors, so that help can be rushed where it's needed almost the same as your local fire department comes to the rescue when you turn in an alarm!

Beginning January 12, 1942, there will be the annual March of Dimes, and on January 30th, there will be dances, sports events and parties all over the country to celebrate the President's DIAMOND JUBILEE Birthday.

Every dime you contribute is like a payment on an insurance policy—insurance that protects the life and limbs of every boy and girl in America. Half of your contribution goes to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, the other half is used in your local community to fight this dread disease! **EVERY NICKEL OR DIME WILL HELP—GIVE AS MUCH AS YOU CAN AFFORD!**

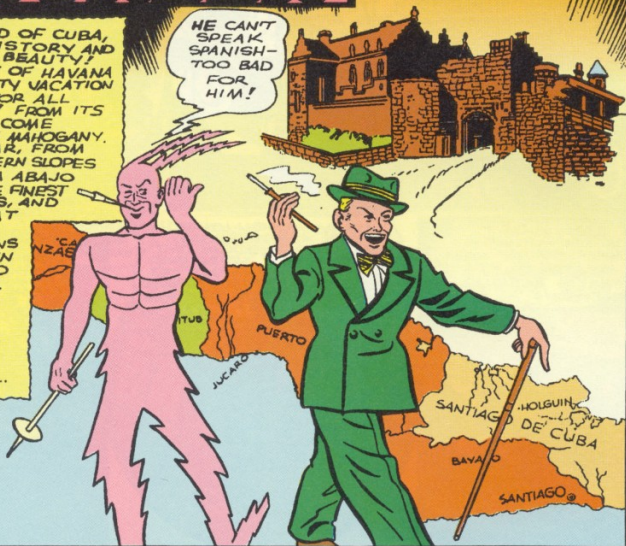


THIS DRAWING WAS CONTRIBUTED BY E.E. HIBBARD AND THIS SPACE DONATED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS MAGAZINE

# JOHNNY THUNDER

THE ISLAND OF CUBA, RICH IN HISTORY AND NATURAL BEAUTY! THE PORT OF HAVANA IS A MIGHTY VACATION RESORT FOR ALL AMERICA! FROM ITS FORESTS COME VALUABLE MAHOGANY, AND CEDAR, FROM THE SOUTHERN SLOPES OF VUELTA ABAJO COME THE FINEST TOBACCOS, AND ITS GREAT SUGAR PLANTATIONS ARE KNOWN THE WORLD OVER..... AND HERE COMES JOHNNY THUNDER, JUST LANDING AT HAVANA...

HE CAN'T SPEAK SPANISH—TOO BAD FOR HIM!



I'M SUPPOSED TO GET IN TOUCH WITH CUBA'S CLEVER ESPIONAGE AGENT, BRADLEY ZENEA. H'M, HE'S GOING TO TID ME UP TO WHAT I CAN DO TO HELP FIGHT NAZIS !!

OH SAY THAT'S A MIGHTY PRETTY GIRL—I WONDER IF SHE KNOWS THIS BRADLEY ZENEA? I'LL ASK HER! ER—HELLO!

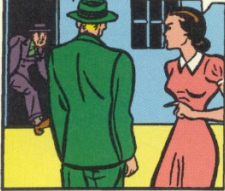
SALUD, SENOR! MAY I BE OF HELP?

I'M LOOKING FOR A BRADLEY ZENEA—YOU SEE, I'M GOING TO HELP HIM FIGHT SPIES—I-ER—I DON'T WANT TO BRAG, BUT I'M A MEMBER OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY! SI—I KNOW YOU—YOU ARE THE TERRIBLE JOHNNIE THUNDER—AND YOU LOOK FOR SPIES?





YES, INDEED I GUESS I'M SORT OF A HERO—THE KIND THAT CATCHES CROOKS AND EVERY-THING—DO YOU KNOW THIS ZENE? WITH ZENE? THAT MAN THERE! SEE HIM? HE IS KNOWN TO BE A SPY! WHY NOT CATCH HIM AND SHOW HIM UP!



I TOLD HIM YOU WERE A SPY MIGUEL! I TOLD HIM YOU WERE A SPY MIGUEL! I TOLD HIM YOU WERE A SPY MIGUEL! I TOLD HIM YOU WERE A SPY MIGUEL! I TOLD HIM YOU WERE A SPY MIGUEL!



I TOLD HIM YOU WERE AFTER SPYES! YOU SAW HOW HE LOOKED AT YOU IN FEAR AND RAN AWAY? HE IS A DANGEROUS MAN, JOHNNIE! YOU TWO WOULDN'T SPEAK SPANISH—I DON'T UNDERSTAND A WORD OF IT!



JOHNNY SAYS "SAY YOU" (CELU, THE BAHNDISIAN HEX WORD THAT SUMMONS HIS THUNDERBOLT) BUT SINCE THEY ARE IN CUBA, THE THUNDERBOLT WANTS JOHNNY TO SAY "SAY YOU" IN SPANISH, AND JOHNNY DOESN'T KNOW ANY SPANISH!

STOP, YOU! I KNOW YOU'RE A SPY! STOP! HE-EY, THUNDERBOLT! WHAT'S KEEPING YOU?



JOHNNY TAKES UP THE CHASE BY HIMSELF!

HURRY UP, YOU LOAFERS! THERE'S A MEMBER OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY CHASING ME! HE THINKS I'M A SPY! WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM BEFORE THE DANGEROUS ONES TURN ON US!

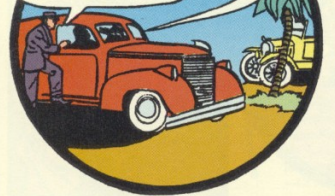


IT WAS TO BE A JOKE ON HIM—BUT THE WOMAN WHO ASKED ME TO PRETEND TO BE A SPY—DID NOT KNOW THAT I AM ONE! HA-HA! THAT THUNDER FELCH WILL PLAY RIGHT INTO MY HANDS!



UNKNOWN TO JOHNNY, A TRAP IS BEING SET FOR HIM.....

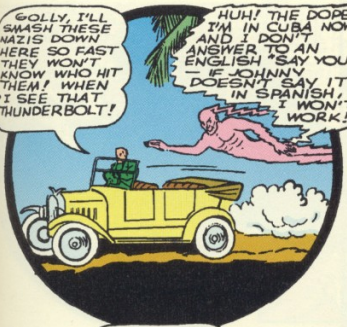
WE WILL LEAD HIM OUT TO THE OLD CASTLE! WHEN HE PASSES THROUGH THE CASTLE GATE, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!



YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS—I'LL FOLLOW YOU IN THAT OLD CAR! HE-EY, THUNDER BOLT!



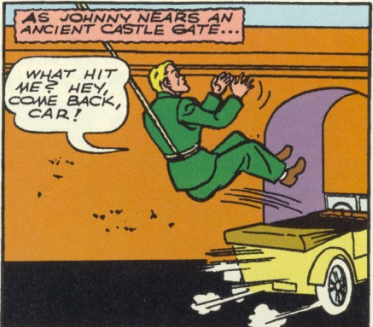
GOLLY, I'LL SMASH THESE NAZIS DOWN HERE SO FAST THEY WON'T KNOW WHO HIT THEM! WHEN I SEE THAT THUNDERBOLT!



HUH! THE DOPE! I'M IN CUBA NOW, AND I DON'T ANSWER TO AN ENGLISH "SAY YOU" — IF JOHNNY DOESN'T SAY IT IN SPANISH, I WON'T WORK!

AS JOHNNY NEARS AN ANCIENT CASTLE GATE...

WHAT HIT ME? HEY, COME BACK, CAR!



SO? DIRTY WORK, HEY? YOU SPY, I'LL SHOW MY FRIEND YOU!!



IF I WIN, I HANG HIM! IF I WIN, I CHOP HIM TO LITTLE PIECES WITH MY KNIFE!



YOU WILL BE A DEAD SPY-CATCHER WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH YOU!

I FOUND THE PLANS TO THIS SECRET UNDERGROUND PASSAGE IN THIS OLD CASTLE YEARS AGO — THEY MAKE VERY GOOD HEADQUARTERS FOR SPIES! EVEN THE CUBANS THEMSELVES KNOW IT NOT!



DEEP INTO THE SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBERS OF THE OLD CASTLE JOHNNY IS TAKEN.....

I AM A FAIR MAN! I WILL GIVE YOU A SPORTING CHANCE FOR YOUR LIFE! WE WILL THROW DICE — TO SEE HOW YOU DIE!

SOME SPORT! OH, BOY, THAT'LL BE FUN! I-HUHH ???



THIS DICE GAME WILL BE THE END OF ME! I CAN FEEL IT! DICE, YOU STAY TIED! DON'T LET ANYBODY WIN!



OH, OH! DICE-USTED-! THAT'S SPANISH FOR "SAY YOU" — IT GIVES HIM CONTROL OVER HIS THUNDERBOLT, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW IT!

I SAY I WON! NOBODY CAN BEAT TWO SIXES — WE'LL FEED HIM TO EL DIABLO! THE SHARK THAT LIVES IN THE BOTTOMLESS WELL UNDER THE CASTLE!





WE'LL PUT HIM IN THIS NET, THEN LET EL DIABLO CHEW HIS WAY THROUGH THE NET TO GET HIM!  
IMAGINE HOW HE'LL SUFFER AS HE SEES THE SHARK GETTING CLOSER, AND CLOSER TO A MEAL!

WHAT'S THIS FOR? YOU GOT ME TIED UP ENOUGH! I CAN'T GO ANYPLACE!

JOHNNY IS CARRIED THROUGH THE ANCIENT, SECRET PASSAGES OF THE OLD CASTLE TO A DEEP WELL

YEEEEEOOW!  
A SHARK!

THINK OF YOUR MOTHER SHARKIE!  
SHE WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO EAT A POOR BOY LIKE ME! BESIDES, I DON'T TASTE GOOD! HEEELP!! HEEELP!!

LOWER AND LOWER GOES JOHNNY UNTIL HE TOUCHES THE WATER...

MAYBE BY KEEPING FAR AWAY FROM HIM I CAN HOLD HIM OFF FOR AWHILE —UNTIL HE CHEWS UP THE NET, ANYHOW!

THE SHARK MAKE A MAD RUSH...

OH— HE'S GETTING NEARER AND NEARER—! AND THE NET IS GETTING SHORTER AND SHORTER!!

HEY, THUNDERBOLT! WHERE IS MY WANDERING THUNDERBOLT NOW? HE-E-E-Y?

AWR, WHADDA YA WANT NOW?

THIS SHARK IS GONNA EAT ME! SAVE ME, THUNDERBOLT, SAVE ME!

YOU'RE SAFE! YOU'RE UP AWAY FROM THE WATER! ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS CLIMB THE ROPE!

GOLLY, WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY TELL ME THESE THINGS! THAT'S SWEET!

IN THE MEANTIME THE YOUNG LADY WHO TOLD JOHNNY THAT MIGUEL GOERTERS WAS A SPY LEARNS THAT HE REALLY IS ONE!

YOU MEAN MIGUEL IS A SPY! THAT'S AWFUL!

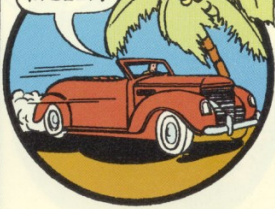
DO NOT BLAME YOURSELF! ONLY RECENTLY WE DECODED SOME SECRET MESSAGES TO HIM! WHERE CAN WE FIND HIM?



IF JOHNNY THUNDER DIES, I WILL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF! FOOL! TO THINK MYSELF SO SMART THAT I KNOW EVERYTHING!



HE WENT TOWARD THE CASTLE! THAT MUCH I KNOW! I'LL GO THERE MYSELF!



YOU! MIGUEL! HALT! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!

NOT SO FAST, MY LITTLE CHICKADEE !!



WHERE YOU GO YOU WILL NOT NEED THAT TOY! I AM FEEDING YOU, AS I FED THAT STUPID JOHNNY THUNDER, TO THE SHARK EL DIABLO!

OH!!



JUST THEN JOHNNY FINDS HIS WAY OUT-

COME ALONG!

OH! MORE SKULLDUGGERY EH? PUT UP YOUR FISTS, PUNK! LEAVE THAT POOR GIRL ALONE!



PUT UP MY FISTS? GLADLY! LIKE THIS!

OHH-H!

OWW! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE, SOMEWHERE!

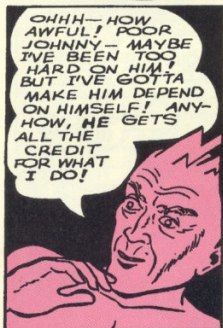
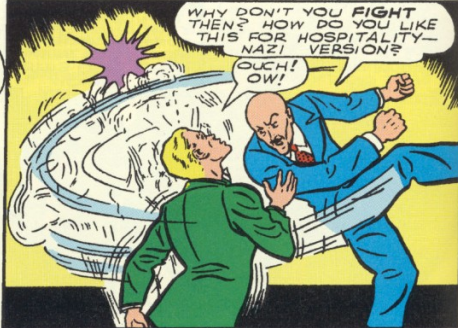


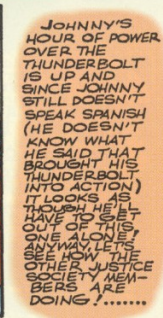
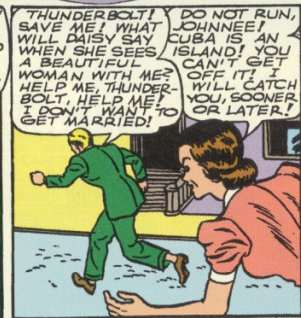
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S WRONG! YOU'RE WRONG! ALL WRONG! GET BACK ON THAT WALL! OH, WHAT'S A DOPE!

I'M NOT A DOPE, THUNDER - SOLT, AND I'LL SHOW YOU! I'M NOT! YOU WATCH MY STUFF!



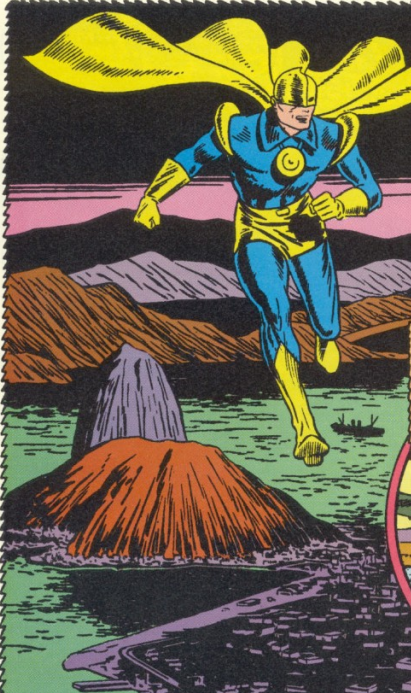






FOLLOW JOHNNY THUNDER EVERY MONTH IN FLASH COMICS





THE REPUBLIC OF BRAZIL,  
LARGER IN AREA THAN  
THE UNITED STATES/  
AND GREAT GREEN JUNGLES/  
WATERWAYS VIE WITH  
MODERN AIRLINERS,  
GREAT CITIES AND  
PARISIENNE CAFES AND  
INTEREST FOR THE  
GIFTED WITH TRAVELLERS,  
COFFEES AND FINE  
RUBBER, BRAZIL SUPPLIES  
THESE TO THE REST OF  
THE WORLD ---

HIGH OVER RIO DE  
JANEIRO, MIGHTY  
CAPITAL OF BRAZIL,  
WHICH IS SURROUNDED  
BY MOUNTAINS AND  
FACES GUANABARA  
BAY, HOVERS A  
STRANGE FLOATING  
FORTRESS ---



JA! MY  
WORK IS DONE. I  
HAVE COMPLETED TESTS ON  
THIS FLOATING FORT OF MINE.  
SHE WILL REVOLUTIONIZE  
ALL WAR! WITH ENOUGH OF  
THESE, THE VATERLAND  
WILL HAVE A FLOATING  
SIEGFRIED LINE  
ABLE TO CONQUER  
THE WORLD!

JA,  
HERR  
GENERAL!

WE MUST PREPARE  
THE WAY IN BRAZIL. TO DO  
THAT WE MUST CAPTURE  
SENIOR DE CORDOBAN, WHO  
IS THE DEMOCRATIC LEADER.  
I HAVE ALREADY GIVEN  
ORDERS TO OUR AGENTS TO  
DO AWAY WITH HIS WIFE, SO  
THAT IF SOMEONE DISGUISED  
AS CORDOBAN SHOULD STEP  
INTO HIS SHOES - NO ONE  
WOULD BE THE WISER!

ON A MODERN AIRLINER, KENT NELSON (DOCTOR FATE), SENSES TROUBLE BREWING ---

PARDON ME, BUT WOULD YOU CARE FOR A GLASS OF WATER? IT IS SO HOT!

WHY, -ER- THANK YOU YES!

STRANGE THAT A MAN WOULD PICK THAT WOMAN TO -OH!

HE KEEN EYES SEE THE MAN'S FINGER DROP A TINY PELLET INTO THE CUP ---

WITH THE RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT KENT NELSON SLIPS INTO AN EMPTY STATE-ROOM AND DONS HIS DOCTOR FATE COSTUME ---

HOLD EVERYTHING! DON'T DRINK! THAT WATER! IT'S BEEN POISONED!

YOU -YOU MESSING UPSTART!

WHAT?

SEIZING THE CUP, HE DRINKS THE WATER.

YOU'LL ANSWER TO ME FOR THIS!

SINCE MY BODY IS COMPOSED OF PURE ENERGY, POISON CANNOT HURT ME - THOUGH IT WOULD HAVE KILLED THE LADY!

OHH!

COME ALONG, BUSTER! WE'RE GOING INTO A DIVE - RIGHT OUT OF THE PLANE!

NO! I - I'LL BE KILLED! YAAAGH!

USING THE MAGICAL POWERS OF WHICH HE IS MASTER, DOCTOR FATE LEAPS THROUGH THE WALL OF THE PLANE ---

YOU AND I ARE GOING TO KEEP A DATE WITH DEATH!

STOP IT! STOP! I - I'M AFRAID!

WHEN YOU'RE READY TO TELL ME WHY YOU TRIED TO KILL THAT WOMAN - I'LL SAVE YOU!

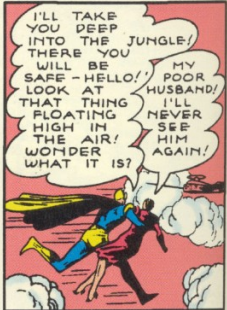
SAVE ME! SAVE ME! I'LL TELL!

DIVING QUICKLY, DOCTOR FATE CATCHES THE NAZI AGENT AND SLOWLY BOTH FLOAT TO EARTH ---

I ACTED UNDER ORDERS. THAT WOMAN WAS SENORA CORDOBAN! HER HUSBAND IS VERY ANTI-NAZI. HE WAS KIDNAPPED. SHE WAS TO BE KILLED SO AS NOT TO BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY THE FALSE MAN WHO IS TAKING HIS PLACE IN DISGUISE.

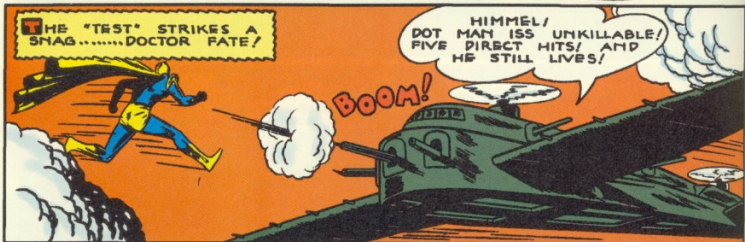
YOU RATS!

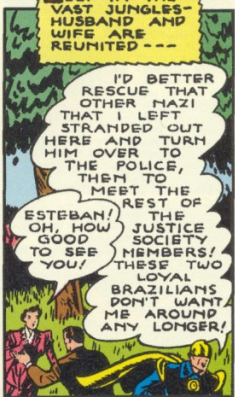












An exciting adventure of DR. FATE every month in More Fun Comics!



# MIDNIGHT MEETING (A Hop Harrigan Story)

**E**LEVEN-THIRTY!" Tank exploded. "I didn't know it was so late!"

Quickly he gathered up the papers on his desk and stuffed them into his briefcase. Hop looked up curiously.

"Where are you going?"

"Meeting."

"What kind?"

"Oh—just a meeting."

Every Tuesday night it was like this. Tank would pore over papers all evening. Then, at 11:30, he would bolt out of the house like a streak of lightning. He wouldn't say where he was going, or why.

"Okay, chum. None of my business. I get the hint," Hop growled, and went back to the newspaper account of the murder of Colonel Dunbar's wife. According to the write-up, the Colonel's wife had just arrived from a stay in Canada and had registered at a New York hotel until her husband could join her. She was murdered the night she arrived. Police thought it a simple case of robbery, since all her rings were missing.

Hop was absorbed in the story when the front door slam reminded him of what he had to do tonight. He had determined to follow Tank and see what kind of foolishness he had gotten himself mixed up in! Climbing into the cockpit of his autogiro, he could hear the roar of Tank's car as he sped down the highway.

Hop pushed open the throttle and lifted the autogiro into the air.

He meant to trail Tank's car. It would be easy, for earlier that evening he had marked the roof of the car with phosphorescent paint. Now it glowed in the darkness, serving him as a beacon!

The car sped along the highway for about ten miles, then twisted onto another road which it followed for three more miles. Then it stopped. Hop could make out a large private estate, walled all around. About fifty automobiles were parked near the wall.

He noticed, with a start, that guards were posted at the gate.

Tank was stopped for a few minutes, and apparently questioned, before he was allowed to pass. More and more curious, Hop decided to land. It entailed some risk in the dark and on strange terrain, but with the help of flares he brought the giro down in a perfect landing... inside the walled lawn!

Three guards raced up as he legged out of the cockpit. They grabbed his arms and hung on as if they had captured a killer with a price on his head!

"He's a spy!" one guard clipped. "Take him to Colonel Dunbar—he'll know what to do with him!"

Colonel Dunbar! In his surprise at the mention of that name, Hop forgot to struggle, for a minute. Colonel Dunbar, whose wife had been murdered by a robber the day before, according to the newspaper account he had read that very evening... Colonel Dunbar here!

"I'm no spy, you dumbbells! I came to meet my friend—"

For answer, the men pushed him roughly toward the house.

That was when he heard heavy footsteps behind him and turned his head to see Tank running.

"Whoa, boys!" Tank yelled. "Where are you taking my friend, Hop?"

The guards loosed their grip on Hop reluctantly. "He's a friend of yours?" one of them asked, eyes narrowed.

"Sure. I can vouch for him. He's all right," Tank answered swiftly. "Let him come in with me tonight and I'll make him join the Club!"

The guards turned poor, puzzled Hop over to Tank, who led him toward the front entrance of the house. They entered a large auditorium which seated a few thousand people. On the platform, at the front of the auditorium, stood a man in uniform.

"Colonel Dunbar," Tank confided. "He runs the show."

"What goes on?" Hop asked.

Tank explained: "It's like this. The name of this organization is the 'Guard America League.' It was the Colonel's idea.

"All these men you see here are inventors or scientists, or people who are working on some idea that might be of benefit to Uncle Sam in wartime. We work like a team. Anyone who has an idea gives it to the League. It then becomes common property, and other League members work on the idea to improve it. When the idea is perfected, we turn it over to the government.

"The entrance fee into the League is \$100 per member. This money is also turned over to the U.S. Government for defense."

Hop was enthusiastic.

"It's a great idea!" he beamed. "I'm all for it!"

Tank grinned. "Another thing—the reason I didn't say anything was that we're all sworn to secrecy. The Colonel says he doesn't want any spies to get hold of the ideas we work out. He recruits all the members personally."

Colonel Dunbar himself had taken the platform. He was a tall, spare man with black hair and black, hostile eyebrows. His voice was deep and rumbling. Hop saw that he wore a patch of black in the arm of his coat, in mourning for his murdered wife. Hop found himself wondering how the Colonel could preside at all after what had happened the day before!

When his speech was over, the Colonel stepped down off the platform amid great applause. Hop saw a small, nervous man wearing a slouch hat lay his hand familiarly on the Colonel's arm. The Colonel went off with him.

"Hop, come on into the Colonel's office," Tank said. "I'll try to get you into the League."

Hop had an uneasy feeling about the League. The air of secrecy weighed heavily on him. There seemed to be something sinister about the place, but he didn't know what it was. They reached the Colonel's door two minutes, but the sound of raised voices made them stop.

"What do you mean by coming here, you fool!" the Colonel's voice barked.

"I want my dough. I did a nice, neat job! She's dead, ain't she?"

"They still think you're Colonel Dunbar, don't they? Pay me off, or I'll spill!"

"Quiet, you numbskull! Do you want them to

hear! Here's your money. Get out!" the other's voice rasped.

With one accord Hop and Tank burst in the door and lunged at the fake Colonel and the stooge! The "Colonel" blanched, took a quick step back and pressed a buzzer. The other, the small nervous man who had gone up to him at the speech, whipped out a gun and thrust it at Tank's face.

Tank hesitated. He leaned one hand on a chair-back. Then suddenly, he swung the chair into the mighty air and dashed the gun from his opponent's hand. Its shot went wild. The man slid to the floor, the overturned chair atop him. Hop, meanwhile, had landed a terrific blow to the "Colonel's" jaw. He stood swaying dizzily when Tank moved in with a right that finished him off.

The door burst open and six men rushed in. They were the "guards"!

"You ring, Chief?" the first one began. Then at sight of the "Colonel" sprawled on the floor, three of the men whipped out guns and covered Hop and Tank closely.

Faced by three staring nozzles, their hands went up reluctantly.

Then they heard it. The murmur of a mob of people swarming in the hall outside. The noise of the fight had reached the League members and they came piling into the room to the aid of Hop and Tank. They overcame the six gunmen in less than five minutes by sheer force of numbers.

A few minutes later, Hop was explaining to the League members:

"This fake Colonel Dunbar is really the head of a vicious spy ring. He organized this league to get ideas for scientific and mechanical inventions which, instead of turning over to the United States Government, he turned over to the German Government. Also, the \$100 entrance fees he charged each one of you, he planned to turn over to the Reich.

"The real Colonel Dunbar is, unfortunately, dead. He was murdered by this impostor or one of his underlings. This spy disguised himself as Colonel Dunbar and got away with it—until he learned that Mrs. Dunbar, who had been in Canada for a few months, was coming back to join her husband. Knowing Mrs. Dunbar would realize he was not her husband and expose him, he had her murdered by this other spy, in such a way as to make it look like a robbery!"

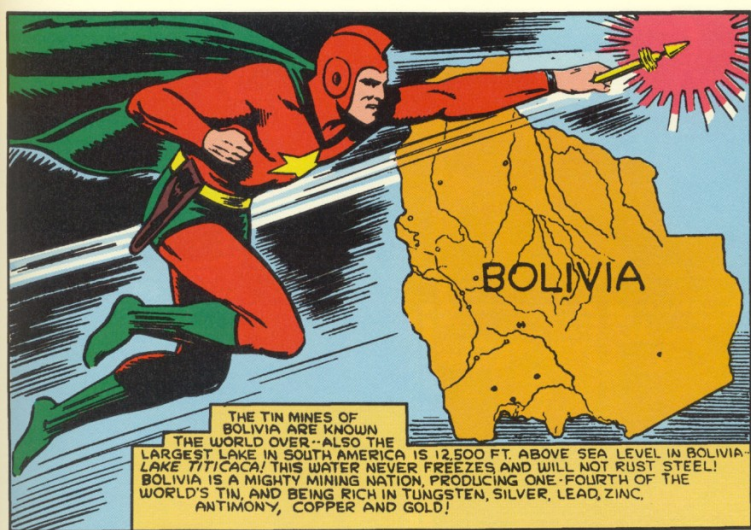
"So that's what's become of the League!" sighed one of the members. "We might as well forget about it now!"

"Not!" cried Hop. "Let's not forget about it! It's a splendid idea for all you scientists and inventors to work together for National Defense! Now that we've caught the spies, let's elect an honest Chairman and make the Guard America League worthwhile! I nominate... TANK TINKER!"

Tank blushed furiously while a chorus of cheers rang out.

"You shouldn't do that!" Tank mumbled. "You shouldn't do that!"

But Hop knew that Tank loved it!





MARCH AHEAD DOWN THE TUNNEL! THESE RAIDS WILL CONTINUE UNTIL YOUR FELLOW MINERS LEARN IT IS USELESS TO WORK THESE MINES UNLESS YOUR TIN IS SHIPPED TO THE FATHERLAND FOR ITS WAR NEEDS!



BEHOLD--OUR BORING TANK! IT BORES RIGHT THROUGH THE EARTH--WITH IT WE ATTACK YOUR MINES WHENEVER WE PLEASE! WE HAVE NO SET PASSAGES, SO NO ONE CAN DISCOVER US!



MEANWHILE--

I THINK I CAN PUT A STOP TO THIS MINE MENACE! I'LL GET TO WORK AT ONCE!

I'M SURE YOU WILL DO ALL THAT YOU CAN! OUR AGENT, JOSE MAGRAS, WILL PLACE YOU IN THE MINES!



THUS STARMAN TAKES HIS PLACE BESIDE THE NATIVE MINERS IN THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH, AWAITING THE WEIRD UNDERGROUND INVADERS!

I'VE BEEN HERE ALMOST A WEEK NOW--AND NO SIGN OF TROUBLE!



BEHIND HIM, EVEN THEN, A WHIRLING METAL NOSE BITES THROUGH THE ROCK!



SURRENDER! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED!

THE INVADERS! HOW DID THEY GET PAST THE MINE GUARDS?



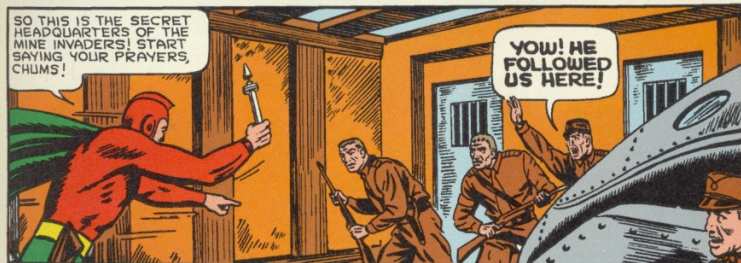
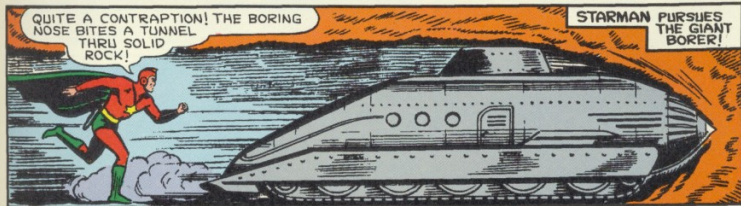
TAKING THE NAZIS BY SURPRISE, STARMAN DISARMS THEM WITH A FLYING TACKLE!

OUCH!

HEY!

THINK YOU'VE GOT US BLUFFED, EH?







IN THE WOODEN DOORWAY  
BEHIND STARMAN, A NAZI  
TAKES AIM!

I'LL  
BRING  
DOWN  
THAT  
FIGHTING  
FOOL!



BUT--AS HE FIRES--

I-I CAN'T SEEM  
TO SHOOT STRAIGHT!

A SNIPER!  
THE MAGNETIC  
RAY OF THE  
GRAVITY ROD  
DEFLECTS  
BULLETS!



TRYING TO SHOOT  
ME IN THE BACK, EH?  
I'LL HAVE TO TEACH  
YOU BETTER  
MANNERS!



THE IMPETUS OF STARMAN'S  
LUNGING BODY KNOCKS ASIDE  
A BEAM HOLDING UP THE WALL--



AS PART OF THE TUNNEL WALL FALLS,  
A CASCADE OF STONE, DIRT AND  
WOODEN BEAMS, LANDS ON **STARMAN!**

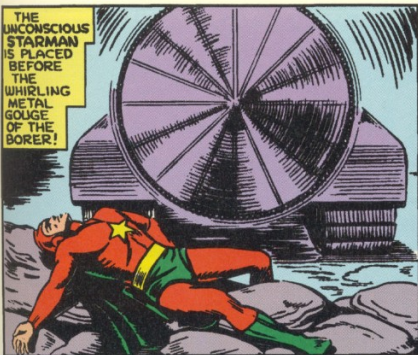
THAT CAVE-IN  
KNOCKED HIM OUT!  
NOW'S OUR CHANCE!



WE WILL FINISH THIS  
IMPETUOUS MEDDLER  
ONCE AND FOR ALL!  
TAKE HIM OUT TO A  
TUNNEL AND PLACE  
HIM IN THE PATH OF THE  
**BORING TANK!** THE  
WHIRLING, SUPERMETAL  
NOSE WILL TEAR  
HIM TO RIBBONS!



THE UNCONSCIOUS STARMAN IS PLACED BEFORE THE WHIRLING METAL GOUGE OF THE BORER!



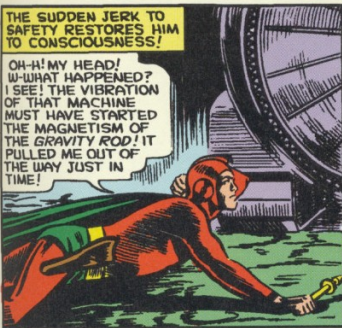
AS THE HUGE MACHINE BEARS DOWN ON HIM, STARMAN'S BODY MOVES OUT OF ITS PATH, THOUGH HE IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS!

THE GRAVITY ROD STRAPPED TO HIS WRIST, GLOWS!



THE SUDDEN JERK TO SAFETY RESTORES HIM TO CONSCIOUSNESS!

OH-H! MY HEAD! WHAT HAPPENED? I SEE! THE VIBRATION OF THAT MACHINE MUST HAVE STARTED THE MAGNETISM OF THE GRAVITY ROD! IT PULLED ME OUT OF THE WAY JUST IN TIME!



TRY TO KILL ME THAT WAY, WILL THEY? I'LL FIX THAT MACHINE OF THEIRS! THE STELLAR POWER OF THE ROD MELTS METAL AS IF IT WERE ICE!



INSIDE THE TANK, THE HEAT IS TERRIFIC!

HAS OOT MAN GOT VOLCANOES AT HIS FINGERTIPS?

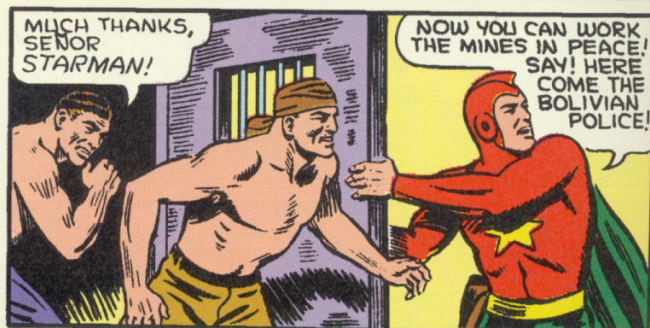
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!



I GUESS THINGS ARE GETTING TOO HOT FOR THEM-BUT I WON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!

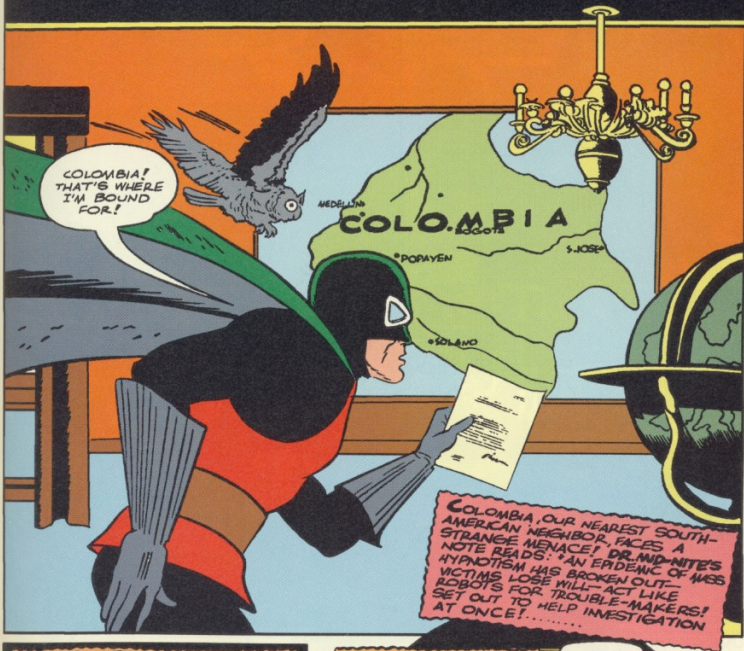






The STARMAN appears in every issue of Adventure Comics!







**DEMOCRACY IS  
FOR FOOLS!!**

WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?

IT IS  
THAT STRANGE,  
THING—MAYBE  
A DISEASE—

AS YET WE DO NOT  
KNOW— BUT LET'S  
GET AWAY FROM  
HERE— THEY WILL  
ATTACK EVERY—  
THING REPRESENTING  
LAW  
AND ORDER

COME,  
DOCTOR...  
DOWN WITH  
FREEDOM  
!!

DR. GOMEZ DOES NOT  
KNOW THAT WITH HIS  
SPECIAL GLASSES DR.  
MCNIIDER HAS OVERCOME  
HIS BLINDNESS...

IT IS A MERCY  
YOU CANNOT SEE IT—  
THEY WILL FIGHT  
LIKE DEMONS UNTIL  
THOROUGHLY  
SUBDUED....

**AT DR. GOMEZ'S  
HOME.....**

IN THE OLD DAYS  
PEOPLE WOULD  
SPEAK OF THEM  
AS "BEWITCHED"—  
POSSESSED BY  
THE DEVIL— NOW  
WE ARE JUST  
PUZZLED....

I KNOW  
THE PEOPLE OF  
COLOMBIA  
LOVE LIBERTY  
AND DEMOCRACY—  
THIS IS IN—  
DEED A STRANGE  
DISEASE—

OUR ONE  
HOPE IS  
DR. SWEIN,  
THE EUROPEAN  
SCIENTIST—  
HE IS NOW  
USING A  
NEW  
SERUM—

SWEIN!  
WHY, HE'S  
A WELL-  
KNOWN  
NAZI  
LEADER!

UNFORTUNATELY—  
BUT HE IS  
ALSO A DOCTOR—  
AND YOU KNOW  
— HOW WE DOCTORS  
PUT OUR MEDICAL  
DUTIES ABOVE  
ALL OTHERS—

I  
HOPE  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT...

**BUT AT THAT VERY  
MOMENT WE FIND SWEIN  
NOT FAR AWAY.....**

**DEMOCRACY  
IS DEAD!!**  
BUT ENOUGH  
FOR NOW—  
THE STEVEDORES  
ARE ALL ARRESTED.

SWEIN,  
YOU  
ARE A  
GENIUS  
!!

—AND SOON COMES  
THE DAY WHEN WE  
STRIKE WITH FULL  
FORCE AND MAKE THIS  
COUNTRY ANOTHER  
ONE OF OUR SLAVE  
STATES!

HAVE THE LOUD-  
SPEAKERS PLACED  
EVERYWHERE!  
CONTINUE TO INOCULATE  
IN ALL QUARTERS!  
BUT I MUST  
GO NOW TO  
MEET THIS  
FOOL  
AMERICAN  
DOCTOR!

HEIL!  
IT  
SHALL  
BE  
DONE!

WHAT SINISTER  
AND MYSTERIOUS  
WEAPON IS SWEIN  
USING AGAINST  
THE LIBERTY-  
LOVING PEOPLE  
OF COLOMBIA?  
WILL EVEN DR.  
MID-NITE BE  
ABLE TO COMBAT  
IT?... LET US  
SEE .....

THE NAZI LEADER GOES  
DIRECTLY TO DR. GOMEZ'S  
HOME .....

DR. SWEIN-  
YES, I'VE  
HEARD A  
GREAT DEAL  
ABOUT YOU-  
DR. MCNI-  
DER-  
SWEIN--

AND I'M  
GOING  
TO FIND  
OUT MUCH  
MORE!

OH, THE  
FAMOUS  
AMERICAN  
CRIME  
FICTION  
WRITER!

BLIND-  
WELL, I  
DON'T  
HAVE TO  
FEAR  
HIM!

THIS  
SERUM  
YOU ARE  
USING--  
I'D LIKE  
TO LEARN  
SOMETHING  
ABOUT IT!

SO! THEN  
COME TO MY  
LABORATORY  
TOMORROW-  
ALSO I  
WILL GIVE  
YOU AN  
INOCULATION  
--- NO ONE  
IS IMMUNE,  
YOU  
KNOW...

LATER, MYRA SEES DR.  
MCNIIDER TO HIS HOTEL ROOM...

I DON'T  
TRUST THIS  
DR. SWEIN...  
I WISH DR.  
MID-NITE  
WERE HERE  
TO CHECK  
UP ON HIM!

PRITTLE PRATTLE!  
DR. MID-NITE IS  
ONLY A MYTH! WELL,  
GOOD NIGHT, MYRA  
--- SEE YOU  
TOMORROW!

BUT AS SOON AS  
MYRA IS GONE, DR.  
MCNIIDER PUTS OUT  
THE LIGHTS AND DONS  
A STRANGE GARB...

WOULDN'T MYRA  
BE SURPRISED TO  
KNOW THAT DR.  
MID-NITE AND HER  
POOR HELPLESS BOSS  
ARE THE  
SAME  
MAN!

WORK TO  
BE DONE, HOOTY!  
I HOPE YOU  
LIKE THIS SOUTH  
AMERICAN  
CLIMATE!

WHOO!  
WHOO!

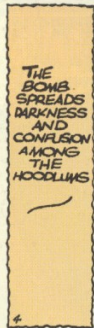
AND  
FROM A  
SPECIAL  
TRAVELLING  
CASE HE  
RELEASES  
HIS  
FAITHFUL  
COMPANION...  
HOOTY,  
THE  
OWL...

AND SHORTLY AFTER, THERE IS  
A STRANGE VISITOR IN DR.  
SWEIN'S LABORATORY .....

NICE AND  
DARK HERE--  
GOOD THING  
I CAN SEE IN  
THE DARK  
LIKE YOU  
CAN, HOOTY!

WHOOO!





NOW I CAN LOOK OVER THE PLACE IN PEACE-- AN UNUSUAL "MIKE"--H'M, I SEE-- IT CONVERTS SOUND BEYOND THE HUMAN HEARING LIKE THAT WHISTLE! I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND!



ON THE WAY BACK TO HIS ROOM, DR. MID-NITE FINDS HE IS NOT THE ONLY ONE SEEKING THE COVER OF DARKNESS.....

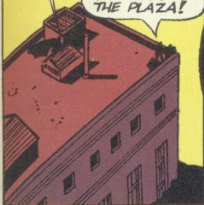
THOSE MEN ON THAT ROOF! THEY LOOK LIKE SWEIN'S KIND! I'LL SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!



JUST AS I SUSPECTED !!

FROM THIS LOUD SPEAKER

THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN INOCULATED WILL HEAR THE MASTER'S VOICE ALL OVER THE PLAZA!



BACK AT HIS ROOM, DR. MID-NITE MAKES A QUICK ANALYSIS OF THE SERUM..

THAT RAT! THIS STUFF MAKES THE HEARING SENSITIVE TO SOUNDS WE NORMALLY CAN--NOT HEAR--SUCH AS THOSE THAT COME OVER SWEIN'S PRIVATE RADIO!



THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN INOCULATED BECOME SWEIN'S VICTIMS! HIS MESSAGES REACH THEM STRANGELY--APPARENTLY FROM NOWHERE..I NO WONDER THEY BREAK OUT IN COLD FURY LIKE ROBOTS



BUT THE NEXT MORNING DR. MCNIDER KEEPS HIS APPOINTMENT WITH THE WICKED SWEIN--KEEPING HIS SECRET INFORMATION TO HIMSELF

I HOPE YOU WON'T TRUST THIS SWEIN TOO FAR!

DON'T WORRY, MYRA!



MEANWHILE, IN SWEIN'S INNER OFFICE.....

IT IS THE TRUTH, MASTER! WE WERE ATTACKED BY DR. MID-NITE!

FOOLS! DR. MID-NITE IS AN AMERICAN FAIRY TALE! HE LEFT THIS SYMBOL!



AH, GOOD MORNING, DR. MCNIDER---SO GLAD YOU CAME!





DR. MCNIDER SUBMITS TO INOCULATION.....

MORE THAN 50,000 COLOMBIANS ALREADY HAVE BEEN INOCULATED - EXPERIMENTS VERY SUCCESSFUL ---- YES, HERMAN?

AN IMPORTANT CABLE, HERR DOKTOR--

VERY INTERESTING

NOW I'LL KNOW HOW YOUR VICTIMS ARE AFFECTED, YOU RAT!



BELIEVING DR. MCNIDER TO BE BLIND, SWEIN CARELESSLY EXPOSES THE CABLE TO HIS VIEW.....

HM-- THIS IS IMPORTANT, HERMAN...

YA! AND EVERYTHING IS READY, ALSO--!

ORDERS TO STRIKE AT ONCE! I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!



GOOD BYE, DOCTOR-- WE WILL MEET SOON AGAIN--MAYBE..

THE GREAT DR. MCNIDER! LIKE THE REST OF THESE FOOLS, NOW HE WILL BE A ROBOT FOR ME AND THE WATERLAND!



SUDDENLY DR. MCNIDER, LIKE THOUSANDS ALL OVER THE LAND, BEGINS TO HEAR SWEIN'S BROADCAST VOICE.....

I AM YOUR CONSCIENCE---THE TIME HAS COME TO REBEL!!

LEAVE ME AT THE HOTEL, MYRA... I WANT TO REST TODAY!

AH! SWEIN IS BEGINNING TO BROADCAST!



LOOK? SUDDENLY HE'S BECOME DR. MID-NIGHT!

LIBERTY IS A FOOL'S DREAM! ASSEMBLE WITH YOUR BROTHERS IN THE PUBLIC SQUARES!!

THOSE MESSAGES! IF I DIDN'T KNOW SWEIN'S SECRET, I'D THINK THESE THOUGHTS WERE COMING FROM MY OWN MIND!



FORTUNATELY, I KNOW WHAT THOSE PEOPLE ARE HEARING! I MUST STOP THIS SINISTER SCHEME!

TODAY WE ARE GOING TO DESTROY DEMOCRACY!!



**SWAIN PREPARES FOR A COU ...**

ONLY THE  
FUHRER, IS  
FIT TO RULE,  
AND HIS DEPUTY  
IN THIS  
COUNTRY  
IS—

YOUR  
STATE  
UNIFORM  
IS READY,  
MASTER!

**BUT AGAIN THE BLACK-  
OUT BOMB OF DR.  
MID-NITE SPREADS  
DARKNESS AND CONFUSION.**

WHO!?  
WHO!?

THE PARTY'S  
OVER,  
SWAIN!

ACH!

**THE "MIKE" PICKS UP  
HOOTY'S CRY AND  
BREAKS THE SPELL OVER  
THE PUZZLED CROWD...**

AND HIS DEPUTY ?  
IN THIS COUNTRY  
IS WHO? WHO?

WHO IS RIGHT!  
SAY, WHAT ARE WE  
ALL DOING HERE,  
ANYWAYS?

LONG  
LIVE LIBERTY,  
PEOPLE OF  
COLOMBIA!  
YOU HAVE  
BEEN DUPED  
BY DR. SWAIN!  
HE WILL  
CONFESS  
TO YOU!

JA! JA!  
I CONFESS  
EVERYTHING  
!!

**SWAIN'S CONFESSION AROUSES  
THE ANGER OF THE CROWD....**

I MADE YOU  
THINK YOU WERE  
THINKING THINGS I  
WANTED YOU TO  
THINK

DOWN  
WITH  
SWAIN!

LET'S  
GET  
HOLD  
OF HIM!!

**BUT AS THE CROWD  
SURGES TOWARD THE  
BUILDING DR. MID-NITE  
APPEARS ON A BALCONY.**

WAIT! NO  
VIOLENCE! IN  
COLOMBIA YOU  
HAVE JUSTICE AS  
WELL AS  
LIBERTY!

THE AMERICAN  
DR. MID-NITE  
IS RIGHT!

LONG LIVE  
LIBERTY AND  
JUSTICE! KEEP  
'EM FLYING!

**AND SO SWAIN AND HIS HENCHMEN  
ARE HANDED OVER TO THE POLICE....**

IN THIS COUNTRY,  
UNLIKE YOURS,  
SWAIN, YOU WILL  
GET A FAIR  
TRIAL....

JA—MAYBE  
DEMOCRACY  
IS NOT SO  
WORSE AFTER  
ALL....

**LATER, MYRA REPORTS  
TO DR. MCNIDER....**

JUST THINK!  
DR. MID-NITE  
HAS JUST---

DO I HAVE  
TO HEAR ABOUT  
HIM HERE,  
TOO? DON'T  
FORGET I'M  
ON VACATION  
MYRA—!

**WELL,  
DR.  
MID-NITE  
AND  
HOOTY  
HAVE DONE  
THEIR  
PART....  
LET'S  
SEE WHAT  
THE OTHER  
MEMBERS  
ARE  
DOING!!**

**Dr. Midnite appears in every issue of All-American Comics!**



FOR THE HAWKMAN, IT IS A SHORT HOP FROM MEXICO TO THE PANAMA CANAL....

THE OTHERS WERE TO MEET ME HERE AS SOON AS THEY FINISHED THEIR ASSIGNMENTS! WONDER HOW THEY MADE OUT?

I THINK YOU'LL FIND THAT THE JEFE DE LA POLICIA HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND IN MEXICO, SIR!

THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR BRAZIL!

AND FOR COLOMBIA!

YES, SO I UNDERSTAND, HAWKMAN—THANKS TO YOUR HELP!

ONE BY ONE, THE OTHER MEMBERS ARRIVE, EACH WITH HIS TALE OF SUCCESS! ALL BUT JOHNNY THUNDER!

I HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN! SINCE THE ARMY IS GIVING A BIG DANCE IN YOUR HONOR THIS EVENING—I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE PARTNERS...

IN THE NEXT ROOM—THE GIRL FRIENDS OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY MEMBERS....

INZA!

I MUST SAY—THIS IS A SURPRISE!

SHIERA!

ALL YOU GIRLS HAVE YOUR FELLOWS, BUT WHAT ABOUT MY JOHNNY THUNDER? I-I BET HE'S BEEN KILLED OR SOMETHING—THEN YOU'LL ALL BE SORRY!

THAT'S RIGHT, MEN! WE CAN'T CELEBRATE OUR GOOD FORTUNE BEFORE WE KNOW THAT JOHNNY IS SAFE!

LISTEN! IS IT MY EXCITED NERVES OR DO I HEAR MUSIC?

I HEAR IT, TOO!

IT'S THE WEDDING MARCH! SOMEBODY'S GETTING MARRIED!

OH! MAYBE IT'S JOHNNY! HE'S GONE AND GOT HIMSELF MARRIED! I KNOW IT! I KNOW IT! OH... BOO-HOO!

WHOO

HAWKMAN—  
SAVE ME—  
SAVE ME!  
I DON'T  
WANNA  
GET  
MARRIED!  
SAVE ME!

WHY, IT'S  
JOHNNY, THE  
HEART-BREAKER!  
WHO'S THE  
GIRL  
THIS  
TIME?

**THIS  
TIME!**  
WHY,  
JOHNNY  
THUNDER—  
YOU—YOU  
WRETCH!

DARLING! I'VE  
GOT MY  
VACATION!  
NOW WE  
CAN GET  
MARRIED  
AT LAST!

SHE  
CHASED  
ME ALL  
THE WAY  
FROM CUBA!  
SHE'S NUTS  
ABOUT  
ME!  
SAVE  
ME!

NUTS  
ABOUT  
YOU?  
LOOK!

GENTLEMEN, ALLOW  
ME TO INTRODUCE  
BRADLEY ZENEA,  
FAMOUS CUBAN  
ESPIONAGE AGENT!  
WE FELL IN LOVE LONG  
AGO— BUT COULDN'T  
GET MARRIED UNTIL  
THE SPY MENACE  
WAS CLEANED UP...  
NOW, THANKS TO YOUR  
WONDERFUL HELP, WE  
CAN BE MARRIED  
AT LAST!

OW-W-W!

FORGIVE MY LITTLE  
JOKE, JOHNNY!  
I KNEW YOU  
WERE COMING  
HERE, SO I  
DECIDED TO  
MAKE BELIEVE  
IT WAS YOU  
I LOVED!  
PLEASE  
FORGEEVE  
ME?

OH—AH—  
SURE!  
SURE!  
THAT'S ALL  
RIGHT!  
I—I WISH  
YOU BOTH  
LOTS OF  
HAPPINESS!

THAT EVENING A VICTORY BALL IS HELD, ATTEND-  
ED BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SOUTH  
AMERICAN REPUBLICS AND THE MEMBERS OF THE  
JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA....

YES, SEÑOR—  
THIS BALL CELEBRATES  
OUR FREEDOM FROM  
ALL FIFTH COLUMN  
ACTIVITIES AND ALSO  
CEMENTS THE TIES  
OF FRIENDSHIP WITH  
ALL THE AMERICAS!

DURING THE EVENING JOHNNY AND  
DAISY TAKE A WALK IN THE GARDEN!  
NOW THAT JOHNNY IS IN PANAMA,  
HIS THUNDERBOLT LISTENS TO ENGLISH!

SAY, YOU  
KNOW WHAT,  
DAISY? I WISH  
I HAD YOU ALL  
TO MYSELF—  
WAY UP ON  
THE MOON...

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE....

IF THIS IS  
ANOTHER  
OF YOUR  
LITTLE JOKES,  
JOHNNY THUNDER,  
I DON'T  
LIKE IT!

IT'S A PLOT! THAT'S  
WHAT IT IS! IT'S  
FIFTH COLUMNISTS'  
WORK! JUST  
BECAUSE I'M A  
FAMOUS JUSTICE  
SOCIETY MEMBER!  
HEEELP!  
HEEELP!

WELL—  
HE ASKED  
FOR IT...

THE  
END