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!
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 beneath the stars and stripes... unofficially, of course! Eversince their great feat of ridding the United States of foreign spies and agents, the F.B.I. chief in Washington has had his eye on them! Now once again he has summoned their aid!
IN THE JUSTICE SOCIETY CLUB ROOMS—

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. 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 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—what 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 unscrupulous methods! They are attempting, by means of lies, to get a foothold on South American soil, and when Hitler is ready—when he's ready—it will become a stranglehold!

Spies 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 hotbed of activity in Argentina and Venezuela. Raw materials and supplies that would feed and supply an invading army is high on the propaganda lists!

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!

What men! What real patriotic American! 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!

With shouts of joy and anticipation, the members of the Justice Society enthusiastically take up the trail once more for America and democracy!
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!

...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 the 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 DO I 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 OFF-SHORE. 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...

Ooh! 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!

Ah... 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?

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 AND 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 KRAUSS 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.

Thee's man is a 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.

The 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 PLANE'S DISAPPEARING MYSTERIOUSLY! SUSPECT 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!
UP, UP, UP GOES THE PLANE IN THE GRIP OF THIS STRANGE MONSTER OF THE SKY...

IT'S TAKING THE PLANE RIGHT UP INTO THE STRATOSPHERE!

MEANWHILE, IN THE PLANE... THE PILOTS STRUGGLE FOR AIR...

CAN'T BREATHE... ALTITUDE...

WH- WHAT'S... DOING THIS TO US??

THOSE MEN WILL PERISH! HAVE TO DO SOMETHING FAST!

BREAKING, THRU THE PLANE'S SIDE, THE SPECTRE REACHES THE MEN.

NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!

OH...!

AS THEY HURRIE THRU SPACE GAINING TERRIFIC MOMENTUM, THE SPECTRE STREAKS AFTER THEM...

CAN'T LET THEM GAIN TOO MUCH SPEED!

GENTLY, HE SLOWS THEIR FALL...

SAFELY IN THE ATMOSPHERE THE PARACHUTES OPEN AND THE PILOTS FLOAT EARTHWARD...

THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT... NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT FRENCH THING WAS!

NOW TO RELEASE THEIR PARACHUTES!
WHILE INSIDE THE TERRIBLE MONSTER OF THE AIR...

ANDERDER PLANE FOR OUR BLITZ FLEET!

YA! AND A GOOD ONE, TOO!

NO ONE CAN REACH US HERE IN THE STRATOSPHERE!

HIMMEL!

TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADERS OR I WILL BURN YOU WITH ETERNAL FIRE!

MERCY ANYTHING YOU ASK!

IT IS OVER FOR THE FUEHRER AND VATERLAND!

THE FANATICAL PILOT PULLS A LEVER...

I SCUTTLE THE SHIP!

A SUDDEN BLOW LANDS THE AERIAL PIRATE SHIP INTO SMITHEREENS.

A Sudden blast blows the aerial pirate ship into smithereens.

...HAVING NO BODILY SUBSTANCE THE SPECTRE IS UNHARMED.

GOOD RIDDANCE TO SUCH VULTURES BUT TOO BAD THEY TOOK THEIR SECRET WITH THEM!

DISAPPOINTED THE SPECTRE COMES TO EARTH AND TAKES THE FORM OF JIM CORRIGAN.

MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT MORE IN MY EARTHLY FORM!
Jim calls on the chief of the Argentine Secret Service...

I'd like to offer myself—unofficially of course!

Jim, thank you, my American friend—your reputation is well-known to us, Carlos!

However, we have been busy and today we have caught the leader of the whole ring! Carlos, bring him in!

Si!

He posed as a merchant, but we suspected him! Among his papers is proof that he and his crowd are stealing our planes! We will find where they are hidden.

Some day you pay for this, good work!

As the plane reaches the stifling heights above the atmosphere, Jim becomes again the dreaded Spectre...

O-o-o-n!

I die happy... for der... Fuehrer!

Good thing I came along on this trip!

In this state they won't have to breathe—I'll restore them later!!

As the plane reaches great heights, the pirate craft descends with its prey on a plateau high in the Andes.

They bring another victory!

Ya! Soon we blitz them with their own planes!
The men are carried out of the plane -- no one knows they are only in a trance...

Hermann, too -- oh, well, he died for a good cause! Now, I am the leader!

The heartless rat!

The sinister swastika is quickly painted on the captured plane...

Hurry! Now that I am leader, I strike at once!

The Spectre makes a quick reconnaissance of the plateau...

The question is quickly answered -- a few minutes later, the stratosphere ships go into action, lifting the planes high into the air...

So that's how it's done!

The captured planes! Hidden high up in the mountains, no one would look for them! But how do they take off from here?

The released planes take battle for nation and fly off...

Clever devils, aren't they?

As the first bomb is dropped over Buenos Aires, the Spectre swells to tremendous stature! He opens his mouth and lets the bomb drop in...

Then he sends it hurling back at the plane...

That's one out of the way!
LIKE LITTLE INSECTS—WHICH THEY ARE!

HAVE TO CLEAN OUT THESE PLANES!

GENTLY THE SPECTRE PLACES THE 40 CAPTURED PLANES BACK ON THE ARMOUR FIELD...

I'LL PUT THESE BACK WHERE THEY CAN SAFE AND LIBERTY AND DEMOCRACY!!

THIS TASK FINISHED, THE SPECTRE STREAKS BACK TO THE ANDES...

ONE TOUCH RELEASES THE MEN FROM THEIR TRANCE AS THE SPECTRE BECOMES JIM CORRIGAN.

THE NAZI IS QUICKLY TIED UP...

MORE VERMIN TO CLEAN OUT!

WHERE ARE WE?

WE'RE ALL RIGHT, JUST A LITTLE DIZZINESS FROM ALTITUDE!

WE'RE IN THEIR HIDE-OUT! WE'LL STRIKE SUDDENLY!

I'M WITH YOU!

UNWINDING THE TU SITIC A SUITABLE ATTACK SURPRISE ATTACK ON THE MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD...

VIVE LA LIBERTAD!

SURPRISE!

SURPRISE!

BACK IN BUENOS AIRES...

HOW THOSE PLANES GOT BACK NO ONE KNOWS— I AM PUZZLED!

SOME THINGS ARE BETTER LEFT UNKNOWN! WELL, TILL WE MEET AGAIN, KEEP 'EM FLYING.

AND SO THE SPECTRE CARRIES OUT HIS ASSIGNMENT! LET'S SEE HOW THE OTHERS ARE FARING....

Follow The SPECTRE'S exploits each month in MORE FUN COMICS!
To Chile, rich in nitrates, gold and copper comes the atom. In this land, which is only one hundred and twenty miles wide and over a thousand long, all manner of climate can be found. Before the presidential palace is the statue of Andrés Bello, carved on marble: scholar, statesman and patriot. To him Chile owes its fine university, its code of laws, and high standards of scholarship. Its school system ranks among the finest in the world.

At Santiago, magnificent capital, the Atom, as Al Pratt visits Alberto Medina, Chief of the Servicio de Identificación.

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!

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!
LOTH Fred Simmons, a friend painting native life for an art study, Al visits a restaurant that Hecht is known to frequent.

If you were not such a little thing of a man, I'drove to you that Nazis are not cowards! Bah... You are too small.

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!

Here's the opening move of our little game! This ought to loosen your tongue so you can tell me where that secret printing-press is!

Ow! 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!

YEEOW!

YOU SIT THIS OUT UNTIL I GET THROUGH 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?

TALK! WHERE'S THE ANDES! HIDDEN BENEATH THE GREAT STATUE! YOU ENTER BY PULLING A WISTERIA VINE!

STOP! I'LL TELL!

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 SEÑOR MEDINA MIGHT APPRECIATE YOUR THROWING THEM INTO JAIL!

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

IT SHALL BE MY PRIVILEGE, SEÑOR!

SAY WHERE'S MY PAL, AL?

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!

J A!

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!

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!
I've got to get some ammunition myself!

Get dot man! Get him! I tell you, he has made a fool of me!

I haven't pitched for a long time, but these lead lettering blocks make good baseballs!

Strike three... and you're out!

Whoa, smart-guy! I would have a few words with thee!

Not me, you got me speechless!

You said it, rat, you sure are speechless.

You stole this man's car! You on!

Hello, Senor Medina! Here's Adolphus Hecht and inside that cave you'll find more of his men and the proof you've been looking for! Now you can go ahead.

While I've got to be on my way to meet the rest of the Justice Society! Buenos noches!

Follow the adventures of The Atom every month in All-American Comics!
TO THE CITY OF CARACAS, VENEZUELA, BIRTHPLACE OF SIMON BOLIVAR, THE GREAT LIBERATOR, AND WHICH HOUSES HIS REMAINS IN THE PANTEON, COMES THE SANDMAN. "LITTLE VENICE" IS KNOWN FOR ITS COFFEE, COCOA, SUGAR AND GOLD. IN LAKE MARACAibo THE FERTILE OIL REGION, WELLS ARE SUNK IN THE LAKE ITSELF! ONE OF VENEZUELA'S PORTS, LA GUAIRE, IS IN THE HEART OF THE OLD SPANISH MAIN...

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

SEÑOR, 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, SEÑOR 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!
LAKE MARACA BO IS MY FIRST PORT OF CALL. IF THOSE BABIES ARE TRYING SABOTAGE, THEY'LL HAVE TO RECKON WITH ME!

THE HOUSES AND STORES AROUND THE LAKE ARE ON STILTS, JUST AS THEY WERE WHEN THE SPANISH DISCOVERED THE LAKE ... THUS THE NAME VENEZUELA - LITTLE VENICE.

I MUSTN'T FORGET TO RE-SET MY WATCH! VENEZUELAN TIME IS A HALF-HOUR LATER THAN OUR TIME — HELLO! THOSE MEN ARE MIGHTY SECRETIVE ABOUT SOMETHING. MAYBE MY WIREPOON WILL BRING ME CLOSE ENOUGH TO OVERHEAR THEM!

FIRING HIS POWERFUL WIREPOON AT A TREE STUMP, THE SANDMAN SWINGS ACROSS, HIGH OVER THE HEADS OF THE PLOTTERS ....

I'M RIDING S HIGH — #

YOU MIGHT CALL ME A "LEAVES DROPPER" CONSIDERING WHERE I AM!

THE SABOTAGE WE'VE BEEN DOING HAS THROWN A LOT OF THESE MEN OUT OF WORK. UNTIL REPAIRS HAVE BEEN MADE!

YES, AND THEY'RE GETTING RESTLESS! IF THE SABOTAGE CONTINUES, IT WILL BE EASY TO SWING THE SYMPATHIES OF THOSE PEOPLE TO OUR SIDE! AND WE'LL SEE IT CONTINUES!

TONIGHT WE SMASH THE WELLS IN THE LAKE! AT MIDNIGHT, WE ROW OUT THERE AND BLOW UP THE WELLS!

GOOD! WE — LOOK! IN THE TREE — A MAN! SPYING ON US!
INSTEAD OF HIDING MYSELF, I'LL COME OUT AND GIVE YOU A HIDING!

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!

Ouch! The American's wisecracks hurt more than his punches!

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

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

OH! 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 FELLS 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! MEANWHILE, 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!...
WATER CURES A BOMB, AND MAYBE IT'LL CURE YOU, WATER-RAT!

COME DOWN WITH THAT BEFORE YOU GO UP WITH IT!
CAREFUL—THIS IS T-N-T.!
BLUBB-GURBLE
WE'LL TELL YOU...

NOW FOR THE REST OF THE MEN IN YOUR RANKS—WHERE ARE THEY? SPEAK FAST, FASCISTS!

KEEP LIFTING YOUR HEELS, HEELS? HERE COMES A CAR!

IT'S ORTEZ OF THE DEPARTAMENTO DE INVESTIGACIONES!

HERE THEY ARE, AND I HAVE A LIST OF THE REST OF THE MEN DOWN HERE WHO'VE BEEN CAUSING TROUBLE. FROM NOW ON YOU CAN TAKE OVER, OFFICERS!

A FINE JOB, SANDMAN! KEEP 'EM FLYING.

BUT WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS—IF YOUR WRIST WATCH SHOWED TEN AFTER ONE—WHY DIDN'T THE OILWELLS BLOW UP BEFORE THAT, IF THEY GOT OUT THERE AT MIDNIGHT?

OF COURSE, I JUST REMEMBERED! I WAS SETTING MY WATCH FOR VENEZUELAN TIME, AND WAS INTERRUPTED—SO MY WATCH WAS RUNNING AN HOUR FAST!

AND NOW, I'VE GOT TO MEET THE REST OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY BOYS DOWN HERE—HASTA LA VISTA!
What THE FLASH did for Tommy—one of 25,000 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 as soon 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!
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 ZE NEA—HIM, HE'S GOING TO TELL ME OFF TO WHAT I CAN DO TO HELP FIGHT NAZIS!!

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

SALUD, SENOR! MAY I BE OF HELP?

I'M LOOKING FOR A BRADLEY ZE NEA—YOU SEE, I'M GOING TO HELP HIM FIGHT SPIES—ER—I DON'T WANT TO BRAG, BUT I'M A MEMBER OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY!

SI—I KNOW YOU—you are the terrible JOHNNY THUNDER, AND I LOOK FOR SPIES?
YES, Indeed I GUESS I'M SORT OF A HERO—THE KIND THAT CATCHES CROOKS AND EVERYTHING—DO YOU KNOW THIS ZEENA?

WHY BOTHER WITH ZEENA? THAT MAN THERE? SEE HIM? HE IS KNOWN TO BE A SPY! WHY NOT CATCH HIM AND SHOW HIM UP?

I TOLD HIM, SI, SENORITA! YOU WERE WITH GREAT PLEASURE! IF MIGUEL, THIS IS JOHNNY PRETEND THUNDER, I WILL FOOL HIM A LITTLE? I WOULDN'T SPEAK SPANISH—YOU UNDERSTAND A WORD OF IT?

JOHNNY SAYS, "SAY YOU" (CELLU-THU BANDNISIAN 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?

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!

JOHNNY TAKES UP THE CHASE BY HIMSELF!

UNKNOW 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!

JA! WE KNOW WHAT TO DO! A ROPE PASSED FROM ABOVE AND--PFFF!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS—I'LL FOLLOW YOU IN THAT OLD CAR! HE-EY, THUNDERBOLT!
Golly, I'll smash those 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 you! Thunderbolt? Say you! Say you! Don'tcha hear me, Thunderbolt?

You will be dead spy-catcher when we get through with you, my friend!

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-huh?

If I win, I hang him! If I win, I chop him to little pieces with my knife!

Oh, Thunderbolt! Dear Thunderbolt, what are you doing?

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. YEEEEEOW! 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! HEELP!! HEELP!!

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

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

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

THE SHARK MAKE A MAD RUSH...

AHR, 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 SWELL!
IN THE MEANTIME THE YOUNG LADY WHO TOLD JOHNNY THAT MIGUEL GOERTZER WAS A SPY LEARNS THAT HE REALLY IS ONE.

YOU MEAN MIGUEL IS A SPY? OH—THAT'S AWFUL!

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

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, MORE SKULL-DEE! EH? PUT UP YOUR FISTS, PUNK! LEAVE THAT POOR GIRL ALONE!

PUT UP MY FISTS? GLADLY! LIKE THIS!

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 A DOPE!

I'M NOT A DOPE, THUNDER-BOLT, AND I'LL SHOW YOU I'M NOT! YOU WATCH MY STUFF!
Take care of the nitwit, boys! I'll drop the woman to the shark myself! JA!

Nitwit, did you say? Them's fighting words!!

Why don't you fight then? How do you like this for hospitality—NAZI version?

Ouch! Ow!

Ohh—how awful! Poo! Johnny—maybe I've been too hard on him! But I've gotta make him depend on himself! Anyhow, he gets all the credit for what I do!

Get back in there and fight!

You too, Thunderbolt? It seems everybody's pickin' on—Whoops!

Wanta fight, hey?

Ouch!

Oooh!

Johnny trips as he leaps forward....

Now for you, Miguel, you big pill! Ooops!

Ha-ha! You can't even stay on your feet! Do they ache?

....and he lands hard!!!

Not as much as your stomach is going to!!

Ooof!
Johnny's Thunderbolt gets right on the job!
You heard what he said! Start flying!
And keep 'em flying, Thunderbolt!

You've got your sailboat now sail back to your "fatherland" where maybe they can appreciate thugs and killers like you!

My hero! Johnnie, you saved Cuba! You are my great hero!
Oh-er-ha-ha! Maybe I better see this guy Bradley Zenea now, huh?

Foolish little Johnnie! I am Bradlee Zenea! I am the great spy-catcher until you came along! I love you! We will get married and catch lots of spies together!!

Thunderbolt! Save me! What will Daisy say when she sees a beautiful woman with me? Help me, Thunderbolt, help me! I don't want to get married!

Do not run, Johnnie! Cuba is an island! You can't get off it! I will catch you sooner or later!

Johnny's hour of power over the Thunderbolt is up and since Johnny still doesn't speak Spanish (he doesn't know what he said that brought his Thunderbolt into action) it looks as though he'll have to get the one alone! Anyway, let's see what the other Justice Society members are doing! .......

Follow Johnny Thunderbolt every month in Flash Comics
THE REPUBLIC OF BRAZIL!
LARGER IN AREA THAN THE UNITED STATES!
GREAT GREEN JUNGLES AND MIGHTY RIVER WATERWAYS VIE WITH MODERN AIRLINERS.
GREAT CITIES AND STREET CAFES A LA PARISIENNE FOR THE INTEREST OF TRAVELLERS.
GIFTED WITH RICH 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 PACES 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 SENOR DE CORPOBAN, 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 COR POBAN 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!

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

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

HOLD EVERYTHING! DON'T DRINK THAT WATER! YOU'VE BEEN MEDITATING POISONED 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!

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

NO! I'LL BE KILLED! YAAAGH!

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

I ACTED UNDER ORDERS, THAT WOMAN WAS SEMORA CORDOBAK! HER HUSBAND IS 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 AND I ARE GOING TO KEEP A DATE WITH DEATH!

STOP IT, STOP! I'M AFRAID!

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

YOU SAVE ME! I'LL TELL!
At the Cordoban home in Rio, nestling in the shadow of the gigantic statue that crowns Mount Corcovado--

Oh, Esteban, something—oh you—you are not Esteban, though you look like him! Who are you?

I will tell you for you will not live to tell anyone else!

I am Herr Kornmann! I am a Nazi spy who has taken your husband's place so that we Nazis can control the great industries your husband owns!

A leaping figure swoops across the path of the bullet as Doctor Fate has arrived in time!

I think you've got to guess again, Rat! She won't die, and the bullets from your gun can't hurt me!

But I know something that will hurt you! My fists!

I'd better take you along with me. You will not be safe here until this menace is wiped out—

My husband! He may be dead now! And—-and—oh, this is awful!

I'll take you deep into the jungle! There you will be safe—hello! Look at that thing floating high in the air! Wonder what it is?

Ow!

My poor husband! I'll never see him again!
You will be safe here. These jungles are almost unexplored. I will return for you shortly. When I can save your husband and bring him to you! Keep 'em flying.

I'd like to know more about that huge palace that seemed to be floating in midair, but I have to attend to business! I see my friend has recovered.

You must have liked the menu to invite all your friends to get what you got.

It's him again! Himmel! Stop him!

But mere numbers never stopped Doctor Fate.

The more the merrier! Come on, boys - join the party!

I'll try to make this short and snappy. The boy said when he cut the rubber band in half!

Here's a flying young man without his trapeze!

I've got five knuckles just itching to let you try your teeth on them! Now talk! Where have you hidden Cordoban?

D-don't hit me anymore! I'll tell you! He's in Strauss' Fort up in the sky!

That floating palace affair I saw? Is that where he is?

Ye-yes! That's it! Strauss must be ready to strike if he allows the palace to be seen - you are too late! 
A MAN FLYING THROUGH THE AIR! AN ODD, QUERR MAN IN STRANGE GARMENTS! BUT I MUST NOT LET HIM INTERFERE WITH MY MISSION!

MEIN FUEHRER ENTRUSTED ME WITH THE TASK OF MAKING AN INVASION OF SOUTH AMERICA EASY! I SHALL NOT FAIL HIM! BUT I MUST TEST MY PORT IN BATTLE!

HE "TEST" STRIKES A SHLAG.......DOCTOR FATE!

HIMMEL! DOT MAN ISS UNKILLABLE! FIVE DIRECT HITS! AND HE STILL LIVES!

YOU'VE HAD YOUR TURN AT TAKING SHOTS! NOW I'LL TAKE MINE!

HIMMEL! THE MAN ISS MADE OF STEEL!

A HEADACHE IN ONE PIST AND A STOMACHACHE IN THE OTHER!

KAMERAD! KAMERAD! WE GIVE UP! NEVER CAN WE FIGHT DOT MAN! HE DOSS NOT KNOW ENOUGH TO QUIT! MEIN!

IF A BODY MEET A BODY --- COMING THROUGH THE DOOR
YOU'RE IN THE WAY, BUDDY! I WANT TO GET TO THE BOSS OF YOURS!

HOLD HIM, ADOLPH—UNTIL I CAN GET TO SENOR CORDOBAN!

HALT OR I KILL SENOR CORDOBAN! YOU DO NOT WISH TO SEE HIM DIE, MEIN?

WHOEVER YOU ARE, SENOR—KEEP UP THE FIGHT! I WILL GLADLY GIVE MY LIFE TO KEEP MY COUNTRY FREE!

TIE HIM IN IRONS, MEN! THAT OUGHT TO HOLD HIM!

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU'VE GOT ME, DOESN'T IT?

Moving with the speed and accuracy of an Indian Club Juggler—Doctor Fate hurls the Nazis at Strauss!

One two, you're all through, Strauss! Three, four—do you want any more?

You were supposed to send me about instructions as to ridding my country of Nazis, Doctor Fate, but it seems you've done all right by yourself!

I've had a lucky break, Senor! Now if we can dispose of these rats—I'll take you to your wife!

The Brazilian Police, Senor Cordoban. Efficient orders with dispatch.

Huh, you'll give me a swelled head! Let's go find Mrs. Cordoban. She'll be glad to see you!

Deep in the vast jungles—husband and wife are reunited—

I'd better rescue that other Nazi that I left stranded out here and turn him over to the police, them to meet the rest of Esteban! Oh, how good to see you! These two loyal Brazilians don't want me around any longer!

An exciting adventure of DR. FATE every month in More Fun Comics!
MIDNIGHT MEETING
(A Hop Harrigan Story)

ELEVEN-THIRTY!" Tank exploded. "I didn't know it was so late!"
Quickly he gathered up the papers on his desk and stowed 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 slammed 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 hanged 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 dumbbell! 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 loosened 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 where 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 had an idea for 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, beetling 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 in 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 his 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 after the speech, whipped out a gun and thrust it in Tank's face.
Tank hesitated. He leaned one hand on a chair back. Then suddenly, he swung the chair in mighty arc and dashed the gun from his opponent's hand. Its shot went wild. The man slid to the floor, the overturned chair atop him.
Meanwhile, 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. Than 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 murdered her 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 secretary 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 it!"
But Hop knew that Tank loved it!
THE TIN MINES OF BOLIVIA ARE KNOWN THE WORLD OVER—ALSO THE LARGEST LAKE IN SOUTH AMERICA IS 12,500 FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL IN BOLIVIA—LAKE TITICACA! THIS WATER NEVER FREEZES, AND WILL NOT RUST STEEL! BOLIVIA IS A MIGHTY MINING NATION, PRODUCING ONE-FOURTH OF THE WORLD’S TIN, AND BEING RICH IN TUNGSTEN, SILVER, LEAD, ZINC, ANTIMONY, COPPER AND GOLD!

WELCOME TO BOLIVIA! I’VE HEARD OF YOUR GREAT EXPLORATION, AS WELL AS THOSE OF OUR FELLOW MEMBERS! I THINK YOU CAN HELP ME CLEAR UP A PUZZLING MATTER!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, SENOR—OUR TIN MINES ARE UNDERGOING A STRANGE FORM OF SABOTAGE! DEEP IN THE EARTH THERE ARE SUDDEN RAIDS BY MEN THAT NO MAN SEES! HOW THE NAZIS ENTER THE MINES… HOW THEY DEPART… IS A MYSTERY!

STARMAN VISITS THE OFFICE OF LA SECCION EXTRAÑERA, BOLIVIAN SECRET POLICE!

EVEN AT THAT MOMENT, A RAID IN THE MINES IS IN PROGRESS! THROW UP YOUR ARMS AND YOU WON’T BE HURT! THE MINE INVADERS!

HELP! HELP!
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?
You've got your back to the wall, as the wallpaper said to the picture!

Wham!

Himmel! He'll brain us all!

The fleeing Nazis reach the boring tank! Into the borer! It's our only chance to escape that madman!

So that's how they come and go so mysteriously! I'll follow them into the tunnel they're making!

Quite a contraption! The boring nose bites a tunnel thru solid rock!

Starman pursues the giant borer!

So this is the secret headquarters of the mine invaders! Start saying your prayers, chums!

Yow! He followed us here!
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!

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

WE WILL FINISH THIS IMPETUOUS MEEDLER 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!

AS PART OF THE TUNNEL WALL FALLS, A CASCADE OF STONE, DIRT AND WOODEN BEAMS, LANDS ON STARMAN!
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! 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 Dot 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!
STARMAN LEAPS DOWN FROM THE BATTERED TANK!

IT GIVES ME A BIG KICK TO LAND ON A PAIR OF HEELS!

OOF!

I'LL SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE OF SEEING A DENTIST! I'LL REMOVE ALL YOUR TEETH FREE!

Ow!

WHAT ISS?

NOW LET'S PLAY NINEPINS! THERE'S NO DE'NINE' I'LL KNOCK YOU OFF YOUR PINS!

WELL, I'VE BUSTED UP THE GANG OF MINE INVADERS AND SMASHED THEIR BORING MACHINE! NOW TO FREE THE MINERS THEY IMPRISONED HERE!

MUCH THANKS, SEÑOR STARMAN!

NOW YOU CAN WORK THE MINES IN PEACE! SAY! HERE COME THE BOLIVIAN POLICE!

WHEN I LEARNED THAT YOU HAD FOLLOWED THE NAZIS INTO THEIR SECRET TUNNEL, I HURRIED OVER TO THE MINES WITH MY MEN! NOW THAT WE HAVE ALL THE PROOF WE NEED...

...YOU WON'T BE NEEDING ME ANY LONGER, SO KEEP IM FLYING!

I'LL JOIN THE REST OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY AND SEE HOW THEY MADE OUT!

The STARMAN appears in every issue of Adventure Comics!
COLOMBIA! THAT'S WHERE I'M BOUND FOR!

COLOMBIA, OUR NEAREST SOUTH-AMERICAN NEIGHBOR, FACES A STRANGE MENACE! DR. MID-NITE'S NOTE READS: "AN EPIDEMIC OF MIND HYPNOTISM HAS BROKEN OUT—VICTIMS LOSE WILL—ACT LIKE ROBOTS FOR TROUBLE-MAKERS! AT ONCE!"

DR. MID-NITE SAILS IN HIS EVERY-DAY IDENTITY AS DR. HKNIDER, THE "BLIND" SCIENTIST AND WRITER, WITH HIS ASSISTANT, MIRA MASON...

I'M SO GLAD YOU DECIDED ON THIS SUDDEN VACATION—YOU'VE BEEN WORKING SO HARD—I'LL BE GLAD TO MEET DR. GOMEZ AGAIN—HE'S AN OLD COLLEGE PROFESSOR OF MINE!

WHEN THE BOAT DOCKS, THE OLD FRIENDS ARE RE-UNITED...

MY OLD AMERICAN FRIEND—AH, I HAVE HEARD OF YOUR BLINDNESS—SUCH A PITY...

THOSE STEVEDORES! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THEM?

DOWN WITH DEMOCRACY!!
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 EVERYTHING REPRESENTING LAW AND ORDER.

COME, DOCTOR... I'M DOWN WITH FREEDOM!!

DR. GOMEZ DOES NOT KNOW THAT WITH HIS SPECIAL GLASSES DR. MCNIDER 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 INDEED 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....

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

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

—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!

What sinister and mysterious weapon is Sween 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. McNider -- Dr. Sween --

Dr. Sween -- Yes, I've heard a great deal about you ....

And I'm going to find out much more!

On, the famous American Crime Fiction Writer!

And 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. McNider to his hotel room.

I don't trust this Dr. Sween ... I wish Dr. Mid-Nite were here to check up on him!

Prattle prattle! Dr. Mid-Nite is only a myth! Well, good night, Myra -- see you tomorrow!

But as soon as Myra is gone, Dr. McNider puts out the lights and dons strange garb ....

Won't Myra be surprised to know that Dr. Mid-Nite and her poor helpless's boss are the same man!

Work to be done. Hooty! I hope you like this South American climate!

Who! Who!

Nice and dark here ... Good thing I can see in the dark like you can, Hooty!

And shortly after, there is a strange visitor in Dr. Sween's laboratory ....

Whoa!
This must be the serum he is working with—I'll take some along and analyze it... And what's this? What an odd-looking whistle...

Dr. Mid-Nite blows into the whistle but there is no sound whatsoever...

The pitch is too high for the human ear—what's that? People rushing up the stairs! I'd better hide!

In a moment the room is filled with uniformed hoodlums—Swein's personal bodyguards.

I heard the master's signal!

Some one must be here—we will search!

They could hear the whistle—odd! I'll bet this serum has something to do with that!

Dr. Mid-Nite crashes one of his black-out bombs to the floor.

I'll find out very soon—but first to get out of this tight spot!

The bomb spreads darkness and confusion among the hoodlums.

Who made out the lights?

Thanks for the assistance!

Three out—all out!
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 loudspeaker 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 cannot 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! 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!

Meanwhile, in Swein's inner office......

Ah, good morning, Dr. McNider—so glad you came!

It is the truth, Master! We were attacked by Dr. Mid-Nite! Rats! Dr. Mid-Nite is an American fairy tale! He left his symbol! Get out!"
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!

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

THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR BRAZIL!

AND FOR COLOMBIA!

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....

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?

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!
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!

NUTS ABOUT YOU?

LOOK!

GENTLEMEN, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE BRADLEY ZEENA, 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!

OH-W!

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

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

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

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

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 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! HELLP! HEEELLPP!

WELL—HE ASKED FOR IT....