NO.10 APRIL-MAY

ALL STAR

Comics

10¢

500 YEARS INTO THE FUTURE WITH THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Featuring
BOOKS WORTH READING

THREE INDIANS BIT THE DUST!
The Matchlock Gun
By Walter D. Edmonds
With Pictures by Paul Lantz

This is a true story of a real little Dutch boy in America and how he saved his family when Indians attacked their house and burned their farm. Edward was only ten years old, but when his father loaded his musket and rode off with the militia to defend the settlement, Edward knew that he was now the “man of the house” and that the lives of his mother and his baby sister depended on him. His great-grandfather’s old Spanish gun was all he had for a weapon. It was too heavy for him to lift, but propped on a table it could be aimed through the chink in the shuttered window. Then came the terrible moment when three swift Indians, tomahawks in hand, pressed close upon his mother’s heels as she tried to gain the door of their house. Edward fired the matchlock gun—and three Indians lay dead in a heap across the doorway.

The pictures in this book are even more exciting than the story. Ask for it at your library.

SUPERMAN CODE MESSAGE!
COUP: MERCURY!
C 'Z: NOXIE: TUBERT: EPPUFF: TUBNOT
JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA

The society holds two meetings this time, instead of one - all in the interests of American defense! One meeting is an emergency gathering in a scientific laboratory, and the other in utterly strange surroundings - five hundred years in the future...

The roll call is:
Hawkman, Dr. Midnite,
Doctor Fate, Sandman,
Starman, The Atom,
Johnny Thunder and The Spectre
Honorary Members
Superman, Batman,
Flash and Green Lantern

All the brilliant minds of the American world of science banded together in one laboratory... object?? to discover a fool-proof formula... a preparation never dreamed of by totalitarian militarists! A device that will make America completely safe from air bombing...

When a gang of international thieves breaks into this laboratory, three members of the Justice Society swoop down on them and find themselves embroiled in "the case of the bomb defense formula"?

Read on - and see how the entire Justice Society gathers once again to assist America and democracy!
Back where you came from, Rat!

Oww!

Help!

Dear, dear, what a manifestation of irresistible force! I wish we had that force always at our disposal—maybe we really could help the United States!

What do you mean—help the United States?

Well—we are working on a foolproof defense against air-raids—we're trying to find a scientific method of making the United States impervious to bombing planes... we might have accomplished something too, if there hadn't been so many "fifth column" attempts on our lives....

Say, fellows, what would be a more fitting task for the Justice Society than protecting these men who are devoting their genius to the defense of the American people?

Say, fellows, I was thinking the same thing!

Right!

Get the other members, Big Red. Tell them to follow you, at once!

Wheet!

I'd say to send Hooty, but Big Red, being a duck hawk, is the fastest thing that flies!

Miles from the research laboratory, at the usual meeting place of the Justice Society....

Wheet! Come with me, friends of the Hawkman! My master needs you!

It's Big Red! It's lucky the Hawkman wants us! The Hawkman taught us the language of his great bird friends!

Thus an impromptu meeting is held in the American defense laboratories....

Therefore, as chairman of the Justice Society, I volunteered our services to help American defense by protecting our scientists while they work!

The only thing to do, I'd like to see any more spies come in here! Oh boy! Would I!

So would I, folks! I'll bet even the Nazi army wouldn't dare come in here!
THE SCIENTISTS ARE SO RELIEVED BY THEIR NEW PROTECTION THAT THEY STAND TREAT TO DINNER...

DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU WILL EVER PEREFT AN ARTIFICIAL DEFENSE AGAINST BOMBINGS?

WE HOPE TO! SCIENCE HAS MADE GREAT STRIDES SINCE THE TURN OF THE CENTURY... THERE IS NO LIMIT TO WHAT WE MAY EVENTUALLY DO!

I'LL BET THIS PROBLEM WOULD SEEM LIKE A SIMPLE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE A FEW HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW!

OH, DEAR, DEAR! NOW YOU'VE GONE AND DONE IT! OH, DEAR...

DID I KNOCK YOUR ELBOW, SIR? I'M SORRY! MAYBE YOU SWALLOWED WORNG...

NO! NO! IT ISN'T THAT! IT'S JUST MY EXPERIMENTS, THAT'S ALL! I'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT THEM FOR A FEW MINUTES... AND NOW YOU GO AND REMIND ME OF THEM...

I WAS WORKING ON A TIME-RAY WHEN I WAS CALLED ON TO HELP THE UNITED STATES... IT'S IN MY BLOOD, I CAN'T FORGET IT... I TRY TO WORK ON DEFENSE PROBLEMS, BUT ALL I DO IS THINK ABOUT MY RAY MACHINE!

THAT'S A SHAME! IF IT WERE ONLY A SUCCESS, YOU COULD FORGET ABOUT IT!

BUT... IT IS A SUCCESS! I'VE TRIED IT, BUT I WANT TO TRY IT SOME MORE!

WHY, THINK OF THE THINGS YOU COULD DO IF IT WORKED... WHY, YOU COULD SAY... DO YOU SAY IT WAS A SUCCESS?

YES... I TRAVELED TEN YEARS INTO THE FUTURE WITH IT...

IF WE ONLY HAD A PERFECT DEFENSE AGAINST BOMBING, OUR CITIES WOULD BE SAFE...

HEY, HAWKMAN! WE HAVE! I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING! I'VE GOT IT! HAWKMAN... I'VE GOT IT!

TAKE IT EASY, JOHNNY! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?

THAT BOMB DEFENSE! LISTEN - THE SCIENTISTS OF THE FUTURE WOULD HAVE INVENTED AIR-TIGHT DEFENSE!

WELL, IF WE GO INTO THE FUTURE WE CAN GET IT...

OUCH! THE BOY'S DAFT! SOMETHING HE ATE, NO DOUBT!

THIS SCIENTIST HAS ALREADY INVENTED A TIME-RAY! HE CAN GO INTO THE FUTURE! ANYTHING WE SAY?

OH, BOY! OH, BOY... OH, BOY...

YES, IT'S TRUE, GENTLEMEN! I CAN SEND ANYONE TO ANY YEAR IN THE FUTURE!
SURE! WE CAN GET THEIR BOMB-DEFENSE INVENTION, AND SAVE THE UNITED STATES FROM ANY INVASION BY AIR!

I KNOW — I'M FOR IT... BUT, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE GUARDING THESE SCIENTISTS! SOME OF US WILL HAVE TO REMAIN HERE!

AHH, I SUPPOSE THAT MEANS ME!

Yeah, and me too!

NOT AT ALL! WHAT ABOUT SOME OF OUR HONORARY MEMBERS? I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT SUPERMAN AND BATMAN ARE BUSY AT THE MOMENT, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE FLASH — AND GREEN LANTERN?

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! BIG RED CAN GO AFTER THEM...

SAY, YOU COULD USE MY THUNDERBOLT!... BRING THE FLASH AND GREEN LANTERN HERE, THUNDERBOLT!

HUM-M-M- I HOPE HEobeys...

AND HE DOES...

JOHNNY'S THUNDERBOLT! HE MUST BE IN TROUBLE!

THAT'S NOTHING NEW! I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO, NOW?

Glad to see you, fellows! We have to go into the future for a de-vice against bombing raids! We need someone to guard these scientists while we're gone!

I WAS WORKING ON A CASE BUT...

THAT'S ALL RIGHT! FLASH, I'M FREE AT THE MOMENT! YOU GO AHEAD — I'LL STAY!!

HE WILL, JOHNNY! You just said those magic hex words (CEI-U) say you...

The little scientist rolls out his complicated ray apparatus and focusses it on the hawkman... You have a small duplicate of this gadget, watch-size, hawkman! When you are ready to return, flash it on!

Here I go — five hundred years into the future!

Boy, oh boy...

I'll be seeing you!

Oh boy, I'm next! Oh boy, oh boy!

I'll be back in a flash, lantern!

Take your time! I'm one fellow that isn't going anywhere!

One after another the members of the Justice Society are sent along the curved arc of time — far into the unknown future...

And so the society members embark on their most unusual adventure, all secretly wondering — what will the year 2442 be like?...
Into the year 2442 steps the Hawkman, right onto a tall ramp and a lot of trouble...

Well! That was short and... oh! Looks as though I've plunked right into a hornet's nest. And look at the size of those babies...

He meets the Defenders—police force of the future!

I am known as the Hawkman. I come from the past to find out about some defense that your scientists may have discovered against bombs.

The Hawkman? You expect us to believe that? You've got to think up a better one than that imposter!

But I am the Hawkman!

The Hawkman realizes that the story he tells is a bit fantastic...

Can't blame them. Suppose Washington appeared suddenly before a policeman back in 1942. He'd be sent to a nut-house... wow! Hope they don't do that to me.

And I'm George Washington! If you turn out to be one of those Martian highwaymen, it will be too bad for you.
The Hawkman is brought before a judge.

Do you realize the Hawkman is one of our great heroes? To the defenders he is a symbol of the ideal upholder of law and order. Let me show you something...

There is the Great Justice Society, and you pretend to be the permanent chairman of that great historic group.

I hate to get rough, boys... but the United States needs that defense measure against bombs. So... Oww!

Is that the hardest you can hit? Ha! Ha! Now I know you aren't the Hawkman.

Stunned with amazement and shock, the Hawkman finds that the defenders of the future are mighty tough customers.

I nearly broke my fist on his jaw--it must be made of rolled steel. I pity the poor crooks of these days.

A prisoner in a room of steel, the Hawkman begins to realize what he is up against...

Wonder what will happen to the rest of the boys? And the joke of it is we're heroes to these people and they won't believe we are us.
NO USE GETTING DOWN-HEARTED ABOUT THINGS. LET'S LOOK AT THESE BARS! ABOUT AS TOUGH AS THE LATEST U.S. BATTLE-WAGON...BUT THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT OF HERE.

MY BELT OF NINTH METAL RESISTS GRAVITY. IF THE WIRES THAT RE-INFORCE MY BELT WILL HOLD, MAYBE MY WINGS WILL DO THE JOB FOR ME.

STRAINING AND PULLING, THE BELT OF NINTH METAL IS RAISED TO ITS FULL POWER, AND WITH THE WINGS PULLING THE BARS SLOWLY BEND AND GIVE...

WITH A SWISH AND A TUG, THE HAWKMAN IS PULLED RIGHT OUT OF HIS PRISON!

WHOA! THINGS ARE GETTING OUT OF HAND. I'LL GET PULLED UP INTO SPACE UNLESS I CAN GET TO MY BELT...

_There I'm free again. I've got to learn whether there is a defense measure against bombs, though. But how?_

_Oh-oh. I'll have these defenders on my track if I don't watch out._

_TELEVISION? Whatever that may be! HM, maybe they keep records by television now! No harm trying. I hope._
WHAT IS THE PRESENT POPULATION OF NEW YORK CITY...

SHE'S ASKING A QUESTION OF THAT MIKE

FIFTY-MILLION, SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND, IS THE PRESENT POPULATION OF NEW YORK CITY.

SO - THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE! WELL, WHAT AM I WAITING FOR.

THE DEFENSE FORMULA AGAINST BOMBS CONSISTS OF EIGHT SEPARATE MATHEMATICAL SECTIONS, KEPT IN EIGHT VARIOUS LOCALITIES. THE NINTH ELEMENT THAT TURNS THIS FORCE SCREEN INTO A WEAPON IS A MILITARY SECRET. THE EIGHT LOCALITIES ARE AS FOLLOWS.


I'LL TAKE THE FIRST SECTION AND WHEN THE OTHERS COME THROUGH THE TIME ARC, I'LL TIP THEM OFF AS TO WHERE THE REST OF THE FORMULA SECTIONS ARE HIDDEN!

TURNING ON THE FULL POWER OF HIS WINGS, THE HAWKMAN FLIES HIGH INTO THE SKY BEYOND THE CLOUDS. HE IS KEPT WARM BY RADIO ETHER WAVES THROWN OFF BY HIS NINTH METAL...

LOOK AT THAT ROCKET GO... BUT I CAN'T SPEND ANY TIME EXPLORING. I HAVE TO GET THAT FORMULA!
There's the swamp city... and what swamps. No way to get into that city except by air... Suddenfly... from above!

Who are you? Why are you wearing the ancient costume of the Hawkman? Are you an invader from Venus?

I am the Hawkman... but I don't expect to be believed!

What are you going to do with me...

Take you to headquarters but first...

Are you really the Hawkman? You're up. You after the mathematical boys are formula for bomb defense, aren't readers too, you...

I've done a lot of research. That on the Justice Society. I know from history that she feel you came into the future better for bomb defense, and we got it that you were successful, all right, and returned to the United States with it...

I have a teletype report from the New York judge saying you escaped! You will be imprisoned until the next strato-liner goes north!

Don't lose courage. I'll help you! As we walk, shove me. I'll fall and lead them off along another corridor. You keep going and you will be at the secret hiding place of the formula.

You're what I call a pal, pal!
RUN...RUN! WE'RE AT THE INTERSECTION... HEELP!

GOOD LUCK AND GOOD-BYE.

THE GALLANT HAD LEADS THE DEFENDERS ON A FALSE TRAIL... AS THE HAWKMAN CONTINUES ON TOWARD THE SECRET CHAMBER...

HE WENT THIS WAY, MEN... FOLLOW ME.

THE WINGED MAN OF MYSTERY SLAMS OPEN THE DOOR AND CHARGES RIGHT INTO TWO OF THE CHAMBER GUARDS.

WELL... LOOKS AS THOUGH I'VE RUN INTO SOMETHING.

THE MUSCLES OF MY LEGS ARE ABOUT TEN TIMES MORE POWERFUL THAN MY ARMS... SO HERE'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN HOPE TO OVERCOME YOU BOYS.

ALLEY... OOP!

WHIRLING, THE HAWKMAN PAGES FOR THE DOOR TO THE INNER ROOM, LEAVING THE GUARDS MOMENTARILY STUNNED...
HERE IT IS! CARVED IN METAL SO NO ONE CAN STEAL IT! WELL, AT LEAST I CAN MAKE A COPY OF IT...

OH OH! TROUBLE AGAIN...

LET'S SEE YOU GET OUT OF HERE NOW...

THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M THINKING, BIG BOY.

THE HAWKMAN'S ARMS ENCIRCLE THE GUARD'S BACK, AND HIS HAND TURNS THE SWITCH ON THE DEFENDERS FLYING BELT TO FULL SPEED!

THE GUARD IS PINNED TO THE CEILING.

OHHH, WHAT HAPPENED.

THE POWER OF HIS FLYING BELT WILL KEEP HIM SQUEEZED AGAINST THE WALL LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET AWAY.

I'LL BORROW A COUPLE OF THESE FLYING BELTS, THE ATOM AND SANDMAN COULD USE THEM...

...THE HAWKMAN RACES FORTH TO MEET THE REST OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO APPEAR IN THE YEAR 2442....

HAWKMAN appears each month in Flash Comics—Don't miss it!
HELLO, FELLOWS! Boy am I glad to see you! What I've been through will stand you on your ears! But I have good news!

HAD A LOT OF FUN, EH? TELL US ABOUT IT!

IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE FUN TO ME! WHAT'S WRONG, HAWKMAN?

WELL, IN THE FIRST PLACE THE MEN OF 2442 ARE PHYSICAL GIANTS! SCIENCE HAS FEED THEM THE RIGHT VITAMINS AND STUFF—SO WE WON'T GET ANYWHERE WITH THE ROUGH STUFF!

H-M-M—THAT MEANS WE'LL HAVE TO USE STRATEGY, EH?

WHAT ARE THE ODD-LOOKING BELTS FOR?

THESE ARE FLYING BELTS... FOR THE MEMBERS WHO DO NOT FLY ALREADY... BUT I TOLD YOU OFF THAT THESE DEFENDERS CAN REALLY TRAVEL! YOU'LL FIND YOURSELVES TAXED TO THE UTTERMOST... SO BE CAREFUL!

WE WILL! YOU SPOKE ABOUT SOME GOOD NEWS... WHAT IS IT?

WHILE YOU WERE COMING THROUGH THE TIME ARC, I MANAGED TO BE CAPTURED BY THE DEFENDERS WHO WOULDN'T BELIEVE I WAS THE HAWKMAN... (INCIDENTALLY, WE MEMBERS OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY ARE ALL KNOWN AS HISTORICAL CHARACTERS HERE)—ANYWAY, I DISCOVERED THE WHOLE STORY OF THE BOMB-PROOF FORCE FORMULA! IT IS IN EIGHT PARTS, ONE OF WHICH I SUCCEEDED IN SECURING FROM THE SWAMP CITY OF THE SOUTHLANDS—THAT LEAVES ONE FOR EACH OF YOU! ON THOSE SLIPS OF PAPER YOU WILL FIND DIRECTIONS...

WHY HAVE I THE SKY CITY? HOW AM I GOING TO GET UP THERE?

I HAVE THE MOUNTAIN-LANDS OF THE HIMALAYAS! BRR, I BET IT'S COLD THERE!

THERE THEY GO! I'M PRETTY SURE THEY'LL SUCCEED BECAUSE HAD TO TOLD ME SO! AND, UNLESS HE GOT HIS HISTORY MIXED UP, I'VE NO CAUSE TO WORRY!

I'D LIKE TO STAY AND LEARN MORE ABOUT THIS CIVILIZATION, BUT I WANT TO MAKE SURE THE SCIENTISTS GET THIS PART OF THE FORMULA AS SOON AS POSSIBLE—SO GOOD-BYE 2442!—TWENTIETH CENTURY—HERE I COME!

A CITY ENCASED IN GLASS! HOW IN THE WORLD AM I GOING TO GET IN THERE?

I THOUGHT I HEARD VOICES MIGHTY CLOSE! WHAT ARE THEY SUPPOSED TO BE DOING?

THE MEN OF THE FUTURE SHED THEIR MINING CLOTHES AND FLY HIGH INTO THE COOL AIR... THIS IDEA OF FLYING AN HOUR A DAY IN THE SUB-STRATOSPHERE IS A GREAT CONDITIONER!

THANKS A LOT, GENTS — YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT YOU DID ME A FAVOR! WITH ONE OF THESE SUITS, NO ONE WILL KNOW ME AS THE SANDMAN! I EVEN HAVE AN IDENTITY TAG, TOO!

YES, WE GET THE HEALTHFUL SUN RAYS, AND THE COOL, MOIST AIR ACTS LIKE A COLD SHOWER! IT TOUGHS US UP AND MAKES US STRONG!
WALKWAY NUMBER 10?

NOT SO BAD, NOT SO BAD! AT LEAST, I'LL BE INSIDE THE CITY IN A MINUTE! TOO BAD I HAD TO TAKE OFF THOSE WINGS, THOUGH—BUT NONE OF THESE MINERS ARE WEARING THEM.

WALKWAY NO. 10

WOW!

THIS SIDEWALK IS MOVING!

MUST BE A BEGINNER! HE HASN'T EVEN LEARNED TO RIDE THE WALKWAY YET! I REMEMBER WHEN I FIRST STEPPED ON IT! I'LL NEVER FORGET IT.

THE MOVING WALKWAY DEPOSITS THE SANDMAN UNGRACIOUSLY INSIDE AN ELEVATOR—NEITHER WILL I, BROTHER?

BABY, WHAT A INITIATION CEREMONY THIS WOULD MAKE!

SUDDENLY THE BOTTOM OF THE ELEVATOR SEEMS TO FALL FROM UNDER THE MAN OF NIGHT'S FEET AS IT SHOOTS DOWNWARD AT TERRIFYING SPEED!

WHY? THIS CAR'S DROPPING AT ABOUT A MILE A MINUTE!

A PNEUMATIC BRAKE CUSHIONS THE FALL OF THE CAGE. THE DOOR SWISHES OPEN ON SILENT RODS AND A HEAD IS POKE IN...

SHAKE A LEG! WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY! LET'S GET GOING! THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO—GET GOING! MY LEGS WON'T WORK RIGHT!

WHEN IN ROME, DO AS THE ROMANS DO! THIS THING MUST BE SOME SORT OF MINER'S TOOL! HMM! I'D BETTER WATCH THAT FELLOW AND DO WHAT HE DOES!
WE'RE ON A SECRET JOB TODAY! WE HAVE TO REPAIR THE PUMPS UNDER THE CHAMBER OF THE MANUSCRIPTS! THEY ONLY PICK OUT GOOD MEN FOR THAT JOB! IT'S MIGHTY DANGEROUS!

GOOD MEN! AND I'M A BEGINNER AT THIS WORK! THE MAN WHO OWNS THIS OUTFIT MUST BE SOMEBODY!

WE HAVE TO THROW A CABLE ACROSS TO THAT STALAGMITE, THEN GO OVER. FEW ARE ALLOWED HERE, BECAUSE THAT ROOM ACROSS THE CHASM CONTAINS THE SECOND PART OF THE GREAT FORMULA!

YOU MEAN—THE DEFENSE AGAINST BOMBS? I'M PLAYING IN LUCK!

WE GOT THE IDEA OF THIS CABLE, YOU KNOW, FROM AN ANCIENT HERO OF AMERICA, CALLED THE SANDMAN. IT SEEMS HE HAD A WIREPOWON AFFAIR—

YES, YES, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. HOW'D YOU LIKE TO RIDE ACROSS ON THE ORIGINAL THING?

OH! YOU—you have the wirepoon! But you must have stolen it from the Defender Museum! You are a criminal! HEelp! HEelp!

THE MINER LEAPS AT THE SANDMAN—WHO SOON LEARNS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO FIGHT A MAN OF 2442! HE IS AS HELPLESS AS A NEW-BORN BABY!

HELP! HE—say, you aren't very strong, are you?

WHew! THIS GUY'S GOT MUSCLES LIKE AN ELEPHANT! He's cracking my ribs!

ANKLES AWAY! ONLY CHANCE I HAVE IS BY-TRIPPING HIM!

OHH! SO IT'S TRICKERY, IS IT?

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL HAVE THE DEFENDERS ON YOU IN NO TIME!

AND IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL GET THAT FORMULA! THAT MINER'S SUIT WAS TOO BULKY, SO I HAD TO LEAVE IT BEHIND!
HOW TO GET HOLD OF THE SECRET AND GET AWAY BEFORE THAT AINER CAN MAKE ANY MORE TROUBLE FOR ME!

THE MAN OF MIGHT LEARNS TONIS DISGUST THAT THE POLISHED COLUMNS THAT SUPPORT THE CHAMBER OF MANUSCRIPTS ARE GREASED SO MUCH THAT HE CANNOT CLIMB THEM!

THE CHAMBER ITSELF IS OF METAL, AND MY WIRE WOON'T HOLD IN THAT! NOW THAT I'M HERE, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

IF THE MOUNTAIN WON'T COME TO MAHOMET, MAHOMET MUST GO TO THE MOUNTAIN! GANGWAY! HERE I COME!

-RUSH DEFENDERS TO LEVEL 38! A MADMAN IS ON THE LOOSE! HE'S TRYING TO STEAL THE SECRET FORMULA!

I HATE TO DO THIS, BUT IF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY DOESN'T GET THAT FORMULA, MAYBE YOU FELLOWS WOULDN'T BE ENJOYING THE WONDERFUL CIVILIZATION YOU POSSESS TODAY.

THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO KILL A CAT! IF I CAN'T CLIMB TO THAT SECRET ROOM, I'LL BRING IT DOWN TO ME!

OOGH! WHAT HIT ME?

THE MAN OF MIGHT DRILLS HOLES IN THE PILING'S AND INSERTS SALT PETRE... FARMERS BACK IN 1842 USED THIS METHOD TO GET RID OF TREE-STUMPS! THE SALT PETRE BURNS THEM TO A PILE OF ASHES, SO WHY WON'T IT WORK TODAY?


OH OH! I HAVE TO WAIT AWHILE FOR THE SALT PETRE TO DO THE TRICK, AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH I'M GOING TO HAVE VISITORS!
I've got to do something to hold them while the plings burn! Maybe a little "swing session" might do the trick!

Brrr - if those gun-rays hit me, something gives me a creepy feeling there'll be no more Sandman!

He's like a pendulum, swinging back and forth! If he'd only hang still a minute!

Let's talk disarmament, boys!

How's about fighting this out man to man down on the stalagmite?

Suits me fine!

If we ever get our hands on you -!

Take this baby alive! He'll regret what he's doing when he's serving a criminal sentence in the radium mines!

The cabled wirepoon slashes through the air, digs into a piling of the secret chamber; and then the Sandman begins to "loop the loops"...

Cowboys used this trick to bulldog steers! Maybe you aren't steers, but you are bullish!

You've got to catch me first!

Tricked!
This is the day we wash our clothes!

Just behave yourselves and nothing will happen to you! I'll borrow these flying belts, too, while I'm at it - an elixir detail can bring you more!

Aha! About time those flings gave way! Now to copy the second part of that formula!

The man that worked out this formula must have been a combination of Einstein, Steinmetz, Edison and my old arithmetic teacher! Oh well - I'm sure the defense scientists back in 1942 will understand it!

All of these wings ought to give me a lot of speed, eh, boys? Try to catch me now!

Say, are you really the Sandman?

Do I look like I would kid you?

I have a hunch he's telling the truth!

Awed eyes watch the Sandman as he flies back toward the entrance of the mines, and the year 1942... His many winged belts giving him such swiftness that no one can possibly overtake him!

And we tried to fight with him!

"Tried" is good! One of our legendary heroes, in the flesh! Boy, oh, boy!

That doesn't do him much good now or us, either!

The Sandman appears in every issue of Adventure Comics!
A CROSS THE MIGHTY PACIFIC OCEAN WHIPS THE ATOM, FOLLOWING A TRAIL MARKED OUT FOR HIM! COLDER AND COLDER GROWS THE ATMOSPHERE AS HE RUSHES ON HIS JOURNEY. SUDDENLY... HE SIGHTS A MASSIVE CITY TOWERING MAJESTICALLY AMONG SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS... 

A YELLOW BEAM OF LIGHT SHOOTS SKYWARD AND STABS THE JUSTICE SOCIETY MEMBER! 

I CAN'T MOVE! THAT BEAM... IT'S PULLING ME DOWN!

A RACE OF GIANTS! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THEM!

WHAT A STRANGE LITTLE MAN! HE IS A MAN, ISN'T HE?

HE'LL MAKE A NICE HOUSE PET! I'VE GOT A BIRD CAGE HOME HE'LL FIT INTO!

THIS IS HUMILIATING! HOW CAN I CONVINCE THESE BRUISERS ABOUT ME?
LOOK WHAT I BROUGHT HOME, CARLA! A NEW SORT OF PET FOR YOU!

OHH! ISN'T HE JUST TOO DARLING? I'LL CLEAN OUT THE BIRD CAGE AND PLACE HIM IN IT!

BOY, AM I EVER FUMING! I'M A HOUSEHOLD PET...

DOES 'DO LIKE YOUR NEW HOME, DUMPLIN'? AWW, LADY, PLEASE! BOY, AM I GLAD JOHNNY THUNDER AND THE OTHER BOYS AIN'T HERE! DUMPLING! HUH!

POOR ATOM! HE'S SMALL BUT TERRIFIC, AND EVEN THOUGH THINGS ARE DISCOURAGING AT THE MOMENT, HE'S CONFIDENT HE'LL FIGURE A WAY OUT OF THIS!

THE MAGNIFICENT MITE IS ALL EYES, THOUGH, IN HIS ENFORCED CAPTIVITY. HE OBSERVES THE WAYS OF LIFE OF THESE TALL PEOPLE. FOR INSTANCE AT DINNER TIME.

BOY, WHEN I GET OUT AM I GOING TO GET EVEN FOR A FEW MAJOR INSULTS!

DINNER TIME, DARLING!

I DON'T KNOW WHERE DINNER IS... I HAVEN'T SMELLED ANY COOKING!

AT A PRESS OF THE FINGER, OILED HINGES SWING WALLS AROUND, AND CONVERT A LIVING ROOM INTO A DINING ROOM....

THIS IS APARTMENT 234! SEND UP DINNER NUMBER 4 ON THE MENU, PLEASE!

A MOMENT LATER... PNEUMATIC TUBES SHOOT SEALED VACUUM BOTTLES CONTAINING COMPLETE DINNERS INTO THE ROOM.

NOW ISN'T THAT SOMETHING! NO FOOD TO COOK, NO DISHES TO WASH AFTERWARDS! HUH, AND THEY SAY THIS IS A MAN'S WORLD!

FEW DAYS LATER, ATOM DISCOVERS A NEW "HOUSEHOLD PET"... HERE'S A FEATHERED FRIEND, LITTLE ONE. A MOUNTAIN EAGLE!

HELLO, SHRIMP! IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET SOMEBODY WHO TALKS MY LANGUAGE... WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

WHEET! HI THERE, OLD TIMER!

IF I SET YOU FREE, WILL YOU HELP ME DO A LITTLE JOB?

THE HAWKMAN DID US A FAVOR WHEN HE TAUGHT US JUSTICE SOCIETY MEMBERS THE BIRD LANGUAGE!
WHEE! PARDON ME FOR SCREAMING IN AMUSEMENT, BUT HOW CAN YOU FREE ME?
LIKE THIS... REACH OUT AND TOUCH YOUR LOCK! THE KEY HANGS JUST OUTSIDE IT! YOU GET OUT, GIVE ME MY KEY THAT HANGS UNDER MY CAGE... AND WE'RE BOTH FREE!

AS SOON AS THE GIANTESS IS GONE, THE ATOM PUTS HIS PLAN INTO ACTION!
YOU'RE NOT SO DUMB, PAL! WHO ARE YOU?

I'M THE ATOM, A FRIEND OF THE HAWK-MAN'S!

I'M AFTER A SECRET FORMULA TO PROTECT THE UNITED STATES FROM BOMBS! CAN YOU GIVE ME A TIP ABOUT THAT?

SURE! IT'S HIDDEN IN A MOUNTAIN CAVE! BUT THERE'S A SEAL AROUND THE DOOR THAT SENDS OUT AN ALARM IF IT'S BROKEN!

A SEAL, EH?... WELL, HOW ABOUT TAKING ME THERE?

HANG ON, ATOM! WE'RE GOING TO TRAVEL!

THE FASTER THE BETTER! LISTEN TO THAT WOMAN YELL, WILL YOU?

MY LITTLE ITSIE BITSIE DUMPLING, COME BACK!

GOLLY IT'S COLD UP THIS HIGH! I THINK I KNOW WHY THE PEOPLE LIVING HERE ARE GIANTS... THEIR GREAT LUNGS ENABLE THEM TO GET MORE OXYGEN IN THESE RAREFIED ALTITUDES!

THE DOOR IS SEALED BY SOME STRANGE LIQUID FROZEN INTO A HARDENED FORM! IF I SMASH IT, I'LL HAVE THOSE GIANTS PUTTING ME BACK IN THAT CAGE AGAIN!
A fire to heat the snow? Sure! That's it! Say, old scout, how're chances of getting some firewood? Oh yes, some dry tinder and a metal bucket!

I'll seek it in the lower levels. A bucket too, eh? Okay!

While he's gone, I'll get things ready. Plenty of snow to melt, turn to water... then to steam!

Boy, this feels good! I'm beginning to feel like myself again!

Meanwhile, the giantess complains about the Atom's escape...

The hot steam rising all around the door slowly melts the seal. The liquid begins to run...

The melted seal won't set off an alarm!

A museum for ancient weapons! That plaque in the center! It has writing on it!

This is it! I'll copy it and get away!

This little man just flew out the window on an eagle!

Say, are you sure you saw that? I don't want to say you're fibbing, but after all...
DON'T CALL ME A FIBBER!

ALL RIGHT, LADY, WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND!... HEY, JON, JAK!

COMING!

THIS IS A WILD-GOOSE CHASE! IMAGINE A MAN RIDING ON AN EAGLE!

LOOK! THE CAVE OF THE SECRET FORMULA! THE DOOR IS OPEN!

THERE'S A VERY TINY MAN INSIDE! WE'LL GO RIGHT IN AFTER HIM!

OH OH! I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE USED DYNAMITE ON THAT DOOR FOR ALL THE GOOD IT DID ME!

SURRENDER BEFORE WE CRUSH YOU TO DEATH!

UGH!

THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL!

OWWW! I'LL SAY THEY FALL HARD! THIS LEG OF HIS KNOCKED ALMOST ALL THE WIND OUT OF ME!

YEEOW!

I NEVER THOUGHT THIS POCKET PENCIL WOULD COME IN HANDY AS A WEAPON! GET UP, BIG BOY!!
There he is! Let's grab him!

Oohhh! Double trouble in big portions!

Now I know how a fly feels when a human is after it. Only a fly can fly!... say, I forgot. So can I!

Switching on his winged belt the Atom dips and darts around the room!

When I get my hands on you...

One field goal coming up!

You... you... you...

So long, boys! Be seeing you. I hope not!

The Atom says farewell to his eagle friend as he begins the long trip back to New York... and the year 1942...

Let him go! He's more trouble than he's worth!

Keep 'em flying, pal!

Give my regards to my ancestors!

Follow the adventures of The ATOM every month in All-American Comics!
A CITY BUILT ON GIANT TREES!

RIPPING THRU THE GREAT TREELANDS OF THE AMERICAN NORTHWEST, STARMAN COMES IN SIGHT OF THE CITY BUILT HIGH IN THE AIR ON THE FOREST GIANTS! SECRETED IN ITS GREAT EXPANSE IS THE FOURTH SECTION OF THE MATHEMATICAL FORMULA!

SO THIS IS CALIFORNIA OF 2442! THESE MAMMOTH TREES MUST BE THE OLD REDWOODS GROWN TO GIGANTIC SIZE!

I'VE BEEN SEEN! THERE GOES MY GRAVITY ROD!

SUDDENLY STARMAN'S GRAVITY ROD IS DRAWN FROM HIS HAND BY A MAGNETIC RAY!

HAWKMAN DIDN'T EXAGGERATE! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE DEFENDERS! I'VE GOT TO USE MY HEAD THIS TIME!
WHO ARE YOU? THAT GARB YOU WEAR! DO YOU REALIZE THAT IT HAS HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE? THAT WAS THE COSTUME OF STARMAN!

(AHA! INSANE!) YOU'LL BETTER COME ALONG WITH US, STARMAN! WE'LL HAVE A GUARD OF HONOR FOR YOU!

(WELL, THAT'S WHY I WEAR IT--YOU SEE--I'M STARMAN!)

STARMAN, EH? I'VE ALWAYS wanted to know you! You're one of our heroes!

(Oh! Quiet place all ready for you!)

WE HAVE A NICE QUIET PLACE ALL READY FOR YOU!

INTO THE SPHERE, STARMAN!

THAT'LL HOLD YOU TILL WE DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH YOU!

THE DEFENDERS OPEN THE LID OF THE GLOBE AND DROP STARMAN WITHIN. THEN THEY BOLT THE LID AND DEPART!

THEY TAKE THE MAN OF WIGHT TO A STEEP NARROW CANNON--A GLASS GLOBE HANGS FROM ONE OF THE ROCKY CLIFFS!

(I WAS AFRAID OF THIS!)

TRAPPED! HOW AM I EVER GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE?

FAR BELOW, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CANNON, HE SEES A PLATFORM WITH HUGE SPRINGS SUPPORTING IT!

FUNNY-LOOKING CONTRAPTION DOWN THERE! I WONDER WHAT IT'S FOR!
ON A LEDGE OF THE CLIFF OPPOSITE, STARMAN SEES SEVERAL HUSKY YOUTHS WITH AN INSTRUCTOR:

YOU MUST PASS THE CATAPULT LEAP TEST, BEFORE YOU CAN BE ACCEPTED AS FULL-FLEETED DEFENDERS! CANDIDATE NUMBER ONE!

OUT OF THE CANNON AND HIGH OVER THE CITY, SOARS THE FUTURE DEFENDER, LANDING AMONG THE GIANT TREE TOPS!

I GUESS I PASSED THAT TEST, ALL RIGHT!

BADLY AVOIDING THE BITS OF SHATTERED GLASS, HE LEAPS OUT AND DOWNWARD--

NOW TO SEE IF I CAN HIT THAT CATAPULT BELOW!

AS IT CRASHES AGAINST THE CANNON WALL, ONE SIDE OF THE GLOBE CRACKS OPEN--

THE CANDIDATE FOR THE DEFENDER GROUP HITS THE CATAPULT--THE MIGHTY SPRING LINCOLNS AND HURLS HIM UPWARD!

MEANWHILE, STARMAN THROWS HIS WEIGHT AGAINST A SIDE OF THE GLOBE, CAUSING IT TO SLING OUTWARD...

IF I CAN GET UP ENOUGH MOMENTUM, THE GLASS WILL CRACK AGAINST THE CLIFF!

WITH THE FORCE OF MY DESCENT, THIS OUGHT TO THROW ME CLEAR OVER THE CITY!
OH OH! THAT STRUCTURE ON TOP OF THE CLIFF IS IN MY WAY! I'M GOING TO CRASH!

HELL NEVER BECOME A DEFENDER, GOING OFF HIS COURSE THAT WAY! SAY--HE CRASHED RIGHT THRU THE WINDOW OF THE MANUSCRIPT ROOM!

THE CATAPULT HURLS HIM UP AT A TANGENT AND HE FAILS TO CLEAR THE CANYON, CRASHING INTO A BUILDING ATOP THE CLIFF...

MAYBE HE'S A SPY!

TALK ABOUT PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES! OUCH!

GET HIM!

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

I WAS GOING FOR A RIDE AND NOW IT SEEMS THAT I'M STILL GOING FOR A RIDE--WITH YOU DOING THE DRIVING!

YOU COULDN'T, BY ANY CHANCE, HAVE BEEN AFTER THE FORMULA, COULD YOU?

(THAT MUST BE THE FORMULA UNDER THE GLASS TOP ON THE TABLE! I'VE GOT TO GET IT!)

WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

STARMAN PRETENDS TO TRIP.

OOPS! SORRY! MY FEET ARE GETTING TANGLED!
HEADS I WIN!

They're both out! Now's my chance to copy that formula! I'll risk getting away with it after I get it!

Ughh!

If I didn't already have a headache from crashing through that wall, I'd get one from these mathematical figures! I sure admire the man who figured it all out! Imagine! There are seven others to go with this!

He is a spy! He tucked a copy of the formula in his belt! I've got to get it away from him!

Meanwhile, one of the defenders recovers in time to see Starman copy the formula!

BUT AS THE DEFENDER HURLS HIMSELF AT STARMAN--

I hope someday you people will realize that we're doing this for the good of the whole world!

Hey!

You're one human flying machine that's going into a tailspin!

Without my gravity rod I can't fly through the air, so my hope of escaping depends on one thing!

Starman kneels suddenly and lifts his arms, causing the fast-charging defender to plunge over his head and crash to the floor!
HE IS CRAZY! HE'S LEAPING OUT THE WINDOW INTO THE CANYON! THAT'S A SHEER DROP OF HUNDREDS OF FEET! HE'LL NEVER SURVIVE THAT FALL!

This is a high dive with a vengeance!

Dropping with the momentum of a bomb, Starman hits the catapult squarely with both feet!

This time I'm going up over the cliff and the city and into the trees!

The machine throws Starman back faster than he came down!

Hey! That man is here again!

Quick! After him!

As Starman alights among the trees:

Sorry, old man, but your ancestors in the United States are counting on me. I've got to borrow those flying wings you have!

They'll never catch me now!

Here comes a defender. I'll take him by surprise!

Here comes the surprised defender!

Adjusting the flying unit about his own waist, he leaps into the air and heads toward New York and 1942!

The Starman appears in every issue of Adventure Comics!
Diving down into the depths of the ocean, Doctor Fate approaches the mighty underwater city of the marine dwellers. Hidden somewhere in this great pile of buildings is the fifth section of the formula! Boldly the man of magic drops toward the suboceanic metropolis, trusting to his ingenuity to see him through—

Lucky thing I can hold my breath for quite a time! Ohoh! Here comes trouble! He must be one of the defenders the Hawkman spoke about!

HALT!

 Inside a sub-ocean air bubble.

What is your business with Oceania? And—your clothes! They are historical! Why, you're dressed in the ancient costume of Doctor Fate!

I've a hunch from what the Hawkman said it won't do any good to tell you this but—

I am Doctor Fate

Who am I to judge who you are? I will take you before the tribunal! But I did read once that the justice society travelled into the future to secure a bomb defense for their generation—
I doubt you only because it is my duty to doubt every stranger who comes here—you might be a spy from another planet! Come here, I want to show you something.

What a huge hall! Washington's Lincoln's statue! This must be a hall of heroes! Here is our justice hall where we keep the images of those men who dedicated their lives that honor and justice might survive crime!

I wish the rest of the boys were here to see this! So you see, I recognized you for Doctor Fate! Whether you are an imposter is up to the tribunal! Myself, I believe in you! Your voice sounds honest.

The tribunal of the suboceanic city ponders on the fate of their strange visitor—-

Stranger, the tribunal has heard the defender, Karles, who pleads for you. We vote that you remain in his custody! We cannot let you take the bomb defense formula because of our treaties with our neighboring states—but if you should—ahem! You need not fear our anger. That is all!

We have company, Mary! Ohh, good! I have the finest dinner ordered via the pneumatic tube way! I can't thank you enough for all you're doing!

Monsene! I realize that unless the society succeeds in their mission, countless thousands of our ancestors would suffer, bombs and destruction!

Well, I'm certainly glad someone realizes that—only that—but we're going to show you some very secret micromovies tonight.

These films are our private library. All learning is reduced to motion picture film of a minute size, these days, so that everyone can have complete information about past events, history, and other subjects! What I am going to show tonight is a defender secret—watch!

I'm all eyes!

After dinner the trio adjourns to the library where Karles the defender appears with microscopic-size film--
ON THE SCREEN THERE FLASHS THE STORY OF THE FIFTH MATHEMATICAL SEGMENT: HOW IT WAS HIDDEN BY THE PEOPLE OF OCEANIA.

TO A DEPTH SO GREAT THAT LUNGS BURST FROM THE ENORMOUS PRESSURE; THE GREAT SECRET WAS HIDDEN, SAFE FROM THE EYES OF ALL MEN!

THE FORMULA RESTS TODAY FATHOMS AND FATHOMS BELOW THE CITY--GUARDED BY THE FIERCE PENIZENS OF THE DEEP--

WELL--I'M NOT AFRAID OF THOSE PENIZENS OF THE DEEP, BUT BEING ABLE TO STAY UNDER WATER LONG ENOUGH TO REACH THEM--THAT'S MY PROBLEM--

KARLES HAS INVENTED A SPECIAL DIVING OUTFIT--

WHICH IS KEPT IN A CLOSET IN THIS ROOM. COME, MARY, LET US LEAVE OUR GUEST!

YOU--MY FRIENDS!--ARE TRULY REAL PEOPLE!

A MOMENT LATER, EQUIPPED WITH DIVING OUTFIT AND HELMET, THE MAN OF MAGIC LEAPS FROM A WINDOW, AND DIVES DOWN INTO THE DARK ABYSSES OF THE OCEAN FLOOR--

THE REST IS STRICTLY UP TO ME!

I EXPECT I'LL HAVE TROUBLE APLENTY ANY MINUTE NOW--


OH OH! SHARKS IN THE REAR AND OCTOPUS IN FRONT! I'M IN FOR SOME EXCITING MOMENTS!
IF THE SHARK SEES THE OCTOPUS, HE'LL FIGHT HIM AND KEEP HIM SO BUSY I CAN GET INSIDE THE CAVE OF THE FORMULA!

Wow! I hope when I get back with this, I'll find somebody who understands it! There must be thousands of equations here!

AHH! FRESH AIR FEELS GOOD! I'LL DISCARD THIS SUIT! I'LL HAVE NO MORE NEED FOR IT!

Unknown to Doctor Fate, things have been happening at a swift pace... It's a matter of politics! If we let this Doctor Fate take our formula, we may get in trouble with our sister-states who fought to keep their secret! It may mean war!

JUST MADE IT -- BUT PHew! THAT WAS CLOSE!

THE WATER ALL ABOUT THE CAVERN SWIRLS AND BUBBLES AS THE MIGHTY MONSTERS OF THE DEEP MEET IN SAVAGE COMBAT!

This specially treated parchment and pen that can write in water itself, that Karles slipped me, sure came in handy! Now with the formula safe in my belt, I'll start back to New York -- and 1942!
I tell you he left. He went away hours ago!

That means he must have reached the secret caves. We'll throw a corde of defenders around the ocean to bring him back!

Speedy defenders race through the waters—

He can't be far away! I think I see him now?

Just as Doctor Fate is congratulating himself upon the ease of his venture, powerful arms grasp his legs and drag him downward.

Looks as though I spoke out of turn! Come back, Doctor Fate!

Fortunately I can hold my breath a long time underwater—but these men have oxygen helmets so I'd better act fast!

Good thing jujitsu works as well under water as it does on land—

I wish I could swim as fast as I can dart through the air! Oof!

Show him no mercy! Bring him down with the rays!

If I ever get out of this, I'll never want to go for a swim again!

A roaring and dinning sounds in the man of magic's head as his lungs labor madly, fighting for time to reach the surface and get life-giving air!

Got to get air—or die!
A yellow ray-beam hits him full on the chest from below just as his lungs are about to burst!

Ohhh!

To his amazement, Doctor Fate finds himself lifted through the water and propelled upwards into the air!

I don't know what happened, but whatever it was, saved me for sure!

The ray didn't hurt him! It sent him flying upwards instead!

Let's get closer and give him a good blast! See if he can survive both these guns!

I haven't enough strength just yet—to fly—!

Again the strange phenomenon! The two rays hit Doctor Fate and send him flying high into the air!

So that's what happened to me, huh, I should have suspected it!

Say, what is that man made of?

The man of magic has a body composed of pure energy—which is indestructible. The ray, being of solid matter, acts like a terrific push against the invulnerable body of Doctor Fate! An ordinary man would have been blown to atoms—but the Justice Society member is given a "lift" to try!

I'd better have this gun examined—or my eyes!

Thanks a lot, boys! Give my regards to Mary and Karles.

With the formula safe in his belt, the man of magic heads toward New York City, and the year 1942—!

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

A Hop Harrigan Story

For a minute, Hop thought he was seeing things! He shoved the throttle wide open on his two-seater sport plane, rushing the air at 200 m.p.h. every nerve set on getting another look at that plane ahead. He blinked his eyes twice, then opened them wide and took a good look. It was a silver liner flying parallel to him, had no one at the controls!

"Well, I'll be glad-darned!" Hop muttered vacantly. "There were 25 people on that plane according to the report! Where are they all?"

Hungering for some sort of explanation, his eyes sought the mountainsous country below. Two white specks were visible far below. Hop recognized them for parachutes. Shoving his stick ahead, he tipped the plane down into a dive.

Hop was in Nevada country. He had been cruising from California to New York when the report came over his plane radio that a transcontinental liner was reported missing. Somewhere in Nevada, it had gone off course or crashed. The pilot of the plane, in giving his last report, had been suddenly interrupted and had not been heard from for two hours. Hop had started his search at once, searching frantically for hours, only to come suddenly upon the missing plane heading west without a soul on board.

"Those two fellows ought to enlighten me!" he told himself, checking the dive and gliding around the parachutists in slow circles.

Hop tensed as he watched the two men. One wore a uniform, that of a pilot. His face was bloodstained, and tornured with pain. His fingers gripped the shroud strings rigidly.

Then Hop's icy stare fixed the bulked figure in the chute above the pilot's. In his hand was a smoking automatic! At sight of the plane, he blanched. Hop shoved the gun into his pocket and looked down. Then his eyes widened with fright.

He failed his arms and legs wildly, trying to steer clear of the stream toward which his chute was heading him. He saw the pilot he had shot hit the water and disappear beneath the surface. The huge white umbrella settled down over the water. A crinum stain appeared.

Hop slammed his plane toward the bank. If the killer slipped free of his parachute, and started swimming for the opposite bank, Hop might lose him.

"Here goes!" Hop muttered, snapping off the ignition. Except for his right wing grasping a hanging tree branch, it was a perfect landing. He piled out of the cockpit and made for the stream. The sight that greeted him made him smile ironically. The killer had come down on the bullet-riddled body of his victim in the water. The two chutes and their shrouds had tangle, trapping him!

Then Hop snapped to attention. The killer was swearing— in German!

Hop struck out toward the struggling German, cut his shroud strings one by one, dragged him back to shore.

"Don't worry, I won't let you die!" he thought. "You know too much about this mystery!"

Hop wanted to know about the ghost plane. What had happened to the 20 passengers on board, and the five members of the crew? Why had he been the pilot bailed out over the mountainsous Nevada stretch? Who was he, and why had he murdered the pilot? Already, Hop was getting ideas. His prisoner was German!

Hop threw the winded man on the whore, and went back for the pilot. It was some time before he brought the body to the surface. Then Hop saw it was too late.

He set to work reviving the German. He pumped what seemed like gallons of water out of him. The man's lips fluttered open—to stare into the wrong end of an automatic, held by a grim-lipped Hop?

"My gun!" he gasped, his voice gutteral.

"Yes, your gun!" Hop said calmly. "But our papers—papers belonging to the United States Government! Where did you steal this information on the sailing of U.S. Naval Bases in the Caribbean?"

The spy made a move to—
ward the oilskin packet containing the secret data, which Hop had found, in the lining of his coat, but a move of Hop's wrist pushed him back.

"Talk!" Hop barked. "And talk fast! First I want to know what happened on that passenger plane." He strapped the precious packet around his waist as he spoke.

"There was a detective on the plane—Flannery," the spy began. "I could tell right away he was watching me. One time I make believe I fall asleep, and he starts to look through my brief case. I knew if I stay on dot place, I be arrested at the Los Angeles airport. The American dogs would find my papers and kill me. I had to act fast: I shoot him, dot dog of a detective. Then I make the pilot to land der plane, and order all der passengers out!"

The spy sat up. He had a violent fit of coughing, and bent double, his right hand outstretched. Hop caught the move. He cracked the butt end of his revolver down on the spy's hand, and he wrenched it back quickly. He had tried to reach Hop's knife lying on the grass a few feet away. Hop's eyes glinted danger as he jabbed the point of the gun at the spy's heart.

"Finish your story!" Hop ordered.

"When we landed, the wing was bruised a little and we had to wait two hours while the pilot fixed it. Then we took off. Just the pilot and me. I sat behind him with my gun. But, ach! I dozed off, and he opened the porthole and bailed out. I could not fly the plane so I had to bail out too. But I made him pay for his impudence!"

"And you'll pay for yours!" thought Hop, bristling. He asked: "Where were you taking this information?"

The spy sighed. He looked down at the gun pressed against his heart.

"To X-58," he said quickly. "I went on, telling Hop where they were to meet, and how, and what the password was.

Hop was in a restaurant at a Los Angeles airport. "Waiter," he called. A squat, dark man rushed to his table.

"Bring me two glasses of water," Hop said. "One for my carnation."

"You don't wear a carnation," the waiter said.

"Then bring me one," Hop said. "I have something for you as well."

The waiter smiled, slightly. "I always feel silly going through that," he said. "But you give the password correctly. He at 88 Pond St., second floor front, tonight at eight."

Eight that night, Hop was walking up the steps of 68 Pond Street, a cheap apartment house. Second floor front, the spy had said. Hop swallowed hard. He didn't want to miss this. He had to play the part of the spy, to find out certain things, and he had to do it alone, X-58 was there, walking up and down smoking. Hop approached him and he stood next to him at the table, where he had a map of the Caribbean area spread before him. Hop listened. It was all he could do to contain his wrath as he heard the diabolical schemes. He gritted his teeth, and nodded. He had to remember it all, to repeat it to the F.B.I. Now X-58 was mentioning names, writing them down, telling him his co-workers were to be in this job.

Hop took the precious slip of paper and put it in his pocket. He was just congratulating himself on getting through when it happened. X-58 said a few words in German, laughing, and nudged him. Hop looked blank. He laughed, hoping to get by, but the spy looked at him in sudden distrust.

"My people are German, and since I was born here, I didn't learn the language," Hop said. "But I am a true Nazi at heart!"

But he wasn't looking X-58.

"My instructions read that you speak and understand German," he barked, whipping out a gun.

Then things became a whirl. Hop was dodging, then he was throwing over a table to stop X-58 until he could hurl something through the window—the signal to the waiting police! He heard them stamping up the stairs, but it was too late. X-58 was behind him, and steel was pressing against the small of his back.

"Let me through or this young man dies," X-58 said, and he meant it.

The police parted. They let him pass, following down the stairs and out onto the street. They dared not move. But Hop did! Just as X-58 bent to open the door of his sedan, Hop rushed neatly to one side and clipped X-58 on the jaw. The gun shot wild. The police closed in and after a mad rush and scramble, X-58 was on the pavement, looking up.

"Very pretty!" a policeman said. "You're all right for a young'un!"

Hop picked up the spy's automaton, and was trying it in the air. He was thinking how much better it felt in the hand than in his back.
THE BIG EIGHT!
"TOPS" IN MONTHLY COMIC MAGAZINES

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!
ENERGY TO MOVE A MOUNTAIN

A WINTER’s fury hits, highways linking the country’s transportation system are blocked by whistling drifts. Day after day, giant snow-plows plough through mountains of glistening white—clearing the way for “business as usual”—driven forward by the irresistible energy generated from fuel fed their powerful engines.

Yes—it’s energy that commands performance—in a snow-plow—and in the human body, too. Your body needs energy for action—and you ensure your energy from fuel—so—your fuel is the food you eat. That’s why a Curtiss Baby Ruth Candy Bar is something to think about—for Baby Ruth is rich in Dextrose—sugar the body uses directly for energy. Baby Ruth is so deliciously good—so smooth and sanitary and handy—a hill of maintenance and food-energy—that you get it real twice—that’s good and good for you—when you try Baby Ruth!

Hey, kids—come on—77 a Baby Ruth—it’s a super treat!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
With the aid of the wings the Hawkman gave him, Dr. Mid-Nite soon reaches his specified destination—The City of Knowledge! This is in the heart of what was once the Great Sahara Desert.

In the center of science and learning... Dr. Mid-Nite discards his wings temporarily—very clever, these people of the future! In our times this was just barren wasteland desert.

Now it is the world’s capital of culture and research—excuse me, can you tell me the way to the shrine of science?

The shrine of science! man, do you jest with me?

Everyone knows that only the very greatest scientists ever find their way to its secret chambers! Begone with your mockery!

-I can see this isn’t going to be easy!

Let’s see if I can get any help from the commissioner of culture—the Hawkman’s note says he’s the chief administrator of the City of Knowledge!
IN THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...
I'M ON A VERY IMPORTANT MISSION WHICH I CAN DISCUSS ONLY WITH THE SUPREME COUNCILORS AT THE SHRINE OF KNOWLEDGE.

BURR, MY DEAR MAN, EVEN I DO NOT KNOW ITS LOCATION TO BE ADMITTED THERE YOU WOULD HAVE TO BE AS GREAT A SCIENTIST AS WELL AS THE GREAT DR. MID-NITE OF ANCIENT HISTORY!

DR. MID-NITE—DR. MID-NITE! WHY, I'M DR. MID-NITE!

OH-ER JUST A MINUTE...

THE COMMISSIONER'S SIGNAL BRINGS THE DEFENDERS TO HIS OFFICE...

ALL RIGHT, OLD BOY—IF YOU'RE DR. MID-NITE YOU MUST BE PRETTY WEARY AFTER YOU'VE SPENT 50 YEARS OLD, COME ALONG!

BUT...

DR. MID-NITE IS HURRIED TO A HOSPITAL......
I MUST FIND A WAY TO CONVINCE THEM WHO I AM OR I'LL NEVER REACH THE SHRINE OF SCIENCE!

I THOUGHT WE HAD WIPED OUT ALL MADNESS....
A RARE CASE BUT WE'LL BRING HIM AROUND ALL RIGHT!

THEY THINK I'M MAD!

SAY—WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HOSPITAL......
I'LL POUR IN SOME SOLUTION, AND—

WATCH OUT, DOCTOR!! THAT'S THE WRONG BOTTLE!

THE WARNING COMES TOO LATE—THERE IS A TERRIFIC BLAST!!

THE GREAT MEDICAL SKILL OF THE CITY OF KNOWLEDGE IS CHALLENGED......
WE MUST DO EVERYTHING IN OUR POWER TO HELP THEM—THEY'RE TWO OF OUR FINEST RESEARCH MEN!

YES, BUT THIS ONE REQUIRES AN OPERATION OF UNUSUAL SKILL!
WORD OF THE ACCIDENT SPREADS AROUND THE HOSPITAL....

CAN THEY SAVE THEM?

LOOKS BAD FOR ROGER—HE NEEDS THE KIND OF OPERATION OLD DR. MID-NITE USED TO PERFORM—

HIM THIS LOOKS LIKE MY BIG CHANCE!

ONCE MORE THE BLACK-WIDOW ROCK OF DR. CREATURE OF DARKNESS CRASHES TO THE FLOOR!

SORRY TO UPSET YOU, GENTLEMEN?

HENRY, THE LIGHTS ARE DIMMING!

JUST A MILD ANESTHETIC!

While in the operating room...

IT IS WRITTEN THAT DR. MID-NITE USED TO PERFORM SUCH OPERATIONS—BUT MAY BE THAT'S JUST A MYTH!

DR. MID-NITE CALLS HOOTY, WHO HAS BEEN HIDING OUTSIDE AND GOES INTO ACTION—

COME ON HOOTY!!

WHOOh!

LOOK! IT’S DR. MID-NITE HIMSELF!

STOP HIM!

BE PATIENT, DOCTOR! YOU CAN’T SAVE THIS MAN ANYWAY! I’LL JUST TURN OFF THIS LIGHT!

IN TOTAL DARKNESS, DR. MID-NITE—WHO, LIKE AN OWL, CAN SEE BEST IN THE DARK—PERFORMS ONE OF HIS FAMOUS OPERATIONS...

AND CONVINCE YOU THAT DR. MID-NITE WAS NO MYTH!

AT THAT MOMENT A SUDDEN BLAST OF LIGHT—AND GREAT DOCTOR, IT’S THE MADMAN! HE’S COME IN HERE!

That light! It’s blinding me!!
But Hooty, Dr. Mid-Nite's little friend and ally, comes to the rescue!...  

Hooty! That gave me time to finish up!

Careful! He's a madman!

Don't worry, we have him!

Wait! Look at that fine operation—he must be...

He is—the real Dr. Mid-Nite! Release him!

And so, gentlemen, I was sent to get the part of the formula which is kept at the hidden shrine of science!

Remarkable! After all these years your work has never been equalled?

Well help you all we can?

However, the man you saved is the only one among us great enough to know exactly where the shrine is—you must tell him what you want.

You saved my life! Here are the secret directions to the shrine of science—and good luck!

Thank you, doctor, on behalf of the people of 1943!

Listen! This is our big chance!

Yes! All we have to do is follow him!
JEALOUS OF THE GREAT
POWER WIELDING BY THE
SUPREME SCIENTISTS, THE
THREE PLAN A COUP.....

WITH OUR
FOLLOWERS WE
WILL OVERTHROW
THEM AND SEIZE
THEIR SECRETS!

YES! AND
THEN WE
WILL RULE
THE MODERN
WORLD!

UNAWARE THAT HE IS
BEING FOLLOWED, DR.
MID-NITE GOES TO THE
LARGEST OF THE THREE
PYRAMIDS.....

THERE IT STANDS
AFTER ALL THESE
CENTURIES—AND
IT WAS ANCIENT
IN OUR DAYS!

INSIDE THE PYRAMID, A DARK
NARROW PASSAGE......

IT'S A GOOD THING
WE CAN SEE IN THE
DARK! THIS JOB
WAS MADE TO
ORDER FOR US,
HOSTY!

WHO!

DOWN, DEEPER, AND DEEPER THE
WAY LEADS THROUGH A LABYRINTH
OF UNDERGROUND TUNNELS.....

WE MUST BE
NEARLY THERE—
THERE'S A LIGHT
AHEAD! IT'S A
GOOD THING
WE'VE COME
TOWARD IT
GRADUALLY—EVEN WITH MY
INFRA-RED GLASSES I'M
BLINDED BY
SUDDEN FLASHES
OF LIGHT!

DR. MID-NITE ENTERS THE
HIDDEN CHAMBER OF THE
SHRINE OF SCIENCE!

WELCOME, DR.
MID-NITE! DR.
RUGER HAS
INFORMED US
BY TELERAY
OF YOUR
COMING—
AND HERE IS A COPY
OF THE PART OF
THE FORMULA
YOU SEEK!

I'M GRATEFUL TO YOU,
SIR!

I WISH THERE
WERE SOME WAY I
COULD REPAY YOU—

CALL THE
DEFENDERS!
WHO ARE
THOSE MEN
COMING IN HERE?

WE ARE THE
NEW RULERS
OF THE
UNIVERSE! WITH
THE SECRET
KNOWLEDGE YOU
HAVE HERE, WE
CAN CONTROL
EVERYTHING LIKE
THE MIGHTY
MONARCHS OF OLD!

BUT THAT'S
TURNING
CIVILIZATION
BACKWARD!!

WELL, MAYBE
WE'RE A LITTLE
OLD-FASHIONED—

HUM— I KNOW
A FEW OLD-
FASHIONED
TRICKS MYSELF!

INK
A well aimed shot smashes the sun-ray globe that lights the chamber.

Zowie! Just like 1942!

In the darkness Dr. Mid-Nite is master of the situation!

I used to do things like this to your great-great-grandfathers!

After 500 years crime still doesn't pay?

I suppose there always will be fools who'll never understand that!

With the rebels subdued, the scientists light the chamber with torches...

You wanted to repay us, Dr. Mid-Nite! Well— you did!

It was a pleasure—just have these specimens tossed in jail!

You are old fashioned, Dr. Mid-Nite! Jails were abolished centuries ago!

You mean to say they're going Scott-free?!!

No, we'll send them to a special school where they'll learn through study that only knowledge is power.

Well, that really is an improvement!

And so Dr. Mid-Nite fulfills his mission and with the wings Hawkman gave him, hurries back to New York and 1942 with his part of the formula.

I'm almost sorry to have it off to school, you go!

And so Dr. Mid-Night fulfills his mission and with the wings Hawkman gave him, hurries back to New York and 1942 with his part of the formula.

I'm almost sorry to have it off to school—but the boys will be waiting for us!

Dr. Midnite appears in every issue of All-American Comics!
TO THE SPECTRE
GOES THE WEIRDEST TASK OF ALL! HIS PART OF THE
FORMULA IS HIDDEN ON
THE PLANET "ULTIMA"
WHICH HAD NOT BEEN DIS-
COVERED, IN 1442....

"GO TO THE PLANET
ULTIMA -- FURTH-EST OUTPOST
OF CIVILIZATION" ----
WELL, I THOUGHT I
KNEW SOME --
THING ABOUT THE HEAVENLY
BODIES, BUT THIS
ONE HAS ME STUMPED!

WHAT'S THAT? A
FLOATING ISLAND
IN THE AIR? --
PEOPLE ON IT!!
MAYBE THEY CAN
HELP ME!!

THE SPECTRE TAKES
ON HIS EARTHLY FORM...
I'LL DO BETTER,
AS JIM CORRIGAN!

NEXT ROCKET
OUT-- MARS, VENUS-- MERCURY.
LOCAL-- ALL STOPS, HAVE TICKETS
READY!
ALL THINGS!
IN INTERPLANETARY BUS STATION!
I'll just consult the bulletin board...

This is a very dangerous business!

Yes... but the stakes are high!

When we get to Ultima, everything will be easy!

Ultima! Those fellows are going there! I'll tag along after them!

The hard-fisted detective is soon enjoying his first rocket trip

This is almost as fast as the Spectre travels!

Those fellows are getting off here! I mustn't lose sight of them!

There is a hurried transfer to another rocket...

There they go!

On the second ship...

It'll be a little longer making all these roundabout transfers!

I know... but this way we'll be sure we're not being suspected and followed!

Soon after...

What's this? Those fellows are getting off again and we're only at Mercury!

Say... do you notice something...?

Yes! The fellow with the foreign-looking clothes! He's probably from another planet! You know... he reminds me of one of those old-fashioned detectives!

I don't get this! We could have gotten here on the first ship... and faster.....
YOUR SUSPICIONS ARE CONFIRMED! HE'S HERE AGAIN-- IN THE OBSERVATION CAR!

COME! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

TRAVELLING FAR, STRANGER?

WELL-- YOU'RE TRAVELLING FURTHER THAN THAT!

WHY, YES! TO ULTIMA!

THEY'RE ACTING STRANGE! WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO?

OH!

THEY MUST HAVE SENT YOU AFTER US BUT IT'LL BE TOO LATE TO STOP US NOW!

WE'RE ALONE! THE COAST IS CLEAR!

LOOK AT THE PRETTY SCENERY!

HA-HA! --YOU CAN'T TELL THEM YOU FAILED TO STOP US!

WHEN YOU GET TO EARTH--

THRU BOUNDLESS SPACE FALLS THE BODY OF JIM CORRIGAN...

THRU THE GREAT FRICITION PRODUCED BY THE SPEED OF THE FALLING BODY IT SUDDENLY BURSTS INTO A BLAST OF LIGHT

THEN OUT OF THE CHAOS COMES THE INDESTRUCTIBLE FORM OF THE SPECTRE...

AFTER 500 YEARS OF PROGRESS THERE IS STILL CRIME, GREED AND SELFISHNESS!
WITH SPEED THAT SURPASSES THE LAWS OF TIME AND SPACE, THE SPECTRE QUICKLY OVERTAKES THE ROCKET SHIP...

I COULD QUICKLY DESTROY THESE PUNY CONNIVERS... BUT I HAVE A BETTER PLAN...

RENDERING HIMSELF INVISIBLE, THE SPECTRE GOES THROUGH THE WALLS OF THE ROCKET...

By striking suddenly with our new ray gun, we will enslave the Ultimani... AND FROM ULTIMA WE CAN ATTACK THE REST OF THE CIVILIZED UNIVERSE!

THE PEOPLE OF THE OTHER PLANETS WILL THINK THE ULTIMANIANS HAVE ATTACKED THEM! THE INTERPLANETARY FRIENDSHIP LEAGUE WILL BE SWASSHED AND I— I MEAN WE WILL RULE THE WORLD!

A PRETTY DREAM, ISN'T IT?

THE FUNNY-LOOKING THING LANDS ON ULTIMA—BECOMING ONCE MORE THE EARTHMAN, JIM CORRIGAN...

I'VE GOT TO GET TO ULTIMA BEFORE THEY DO! AH—SO THAT'S WHERE IT IS... A LITTLE SATCHEL OFF NEPTUNE!

WHEN GREAT POWERS, THE SPECTRE BECOMES A FORCE OF ENERGY RIDING OTHER NAMES...

I WONDER WHAT THAT FUNNY-LOOKING THING IS?

I MUST HURRY TO THE HIGH SAVANT OF ULTIMA!

SURPRISINGLY, JIM IS GRANTED AN INTERVIEW AT ONCE....

Quickly Jim tells the story of his mission and the plot he has accidentally uncovered...

The part of the formula you seek was entrusted to us by Earth people! To me—part it to you would be to break faith... but if your story proves true...

BECALM YOURSELF, EARTH-MAN! YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT THE SAVANT, WHO RULES BY WISDOM AND JUSTICE, DENIES NO ONE AN AUDIENCE!

MUST SEE HIM! THIS IS VERY URGENT!

IT WILL! AND WE MUST BE PREPARED TO STOP THEM!
All right! We shall see! What do you propose?

I have a plan...

And so the Ultimaniang are forewarned and forearmed when the visitors arrive...

You have received our tele-message?

Yes! The High Savant is ready to receive you!

Yes! One that concerns great by the government of Ultima!!

I understand you come on a mission of high import!

It's very simple! We don't like your government! We're taking over!

Oh!

Behind the curtains the real savant watches with great anxiety.

Well, that takes care of him! Take off his robe and give it to me! He won't need it anymore!

It's just as he said! We should help him — but he said do nothing!

Haw! It looks better on me!

The imposter goes to the television apparatus and gives terse commands.

Have all the envoys from other planets brought before me — in chains!
But a surprise is in store for the villains...

Hey look at this body! It's the guy we tossed off the rocket ship!

Say... what's happening to him?

Before their startled eyes, the Spectre assumes gigantic proportions...

The ray doesn't hurt him!

It was lucky the evant let me take his place!

The Spectre brings the conspirators down to the floor with terrific force.

Here are your would-be assassins!

You are everything you said!

And see that this is put to no harmful use!

On behalf of modern civilization, I thank you!

And so the Spectre has fulfilled his mission...

I know now that I can entrust you with this part of the great formula!

And I thank you on behalf of the civilization of 1942! There is great hope for humanity if the future holds so much that you have here!

Well, I did a little more than get my part of the formula! Now to get back to 1942 and those scientists!!

Follow The SPECTRE'S exploits each month in MORE FUN COMICS!
POOR JOHNNY! JUST AS HE COMES IN SIGHT OF THE SKY CITY OF THE AMERICAN NORTHWEST, HIS FLYING WINGS REFUSE TO FUNCTION AND HE PLUNGES EARTHWARD! NOW HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW HE'S GOING TO GET UP THERE! BECAUSE HE THINKS HE'S PRETTY GOOD AND DOESN'T WANT HIS THUNDERBOLT TO HELP HIM!

MYSTERY MEN SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIX ANYTHING! I WISH I WAS AS FAST AS THE FLASH, THOUGH! I'D GET THIS DONE IN NO TIME!

JOHNNY MANAGES TO PUT HIS MECHANICAL WINGS BACK TOGETHER AGAIN AND STRAPS THEM ON.

JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU WHAT THAT CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN HOME MECHANICS DID FOR ME! WELL, HERE GOES!

HEY, SOMETHING'S ALL WRONG! I'M FLYING BACKWARDS! WELL, MAYBE IT'S RIGHT. AFTER ALL, EVEN MY MOTHER USED TO SAY I WAS A BACKWARD BOY!

JOHNNY STARTS OFF THE WRONG WAY, AS USUAL...
Someone's trying to be funny — using our wings to fly backwards!

Look out! I'm not so sure I know how to control these things!

Look, you're going! See? I told you!

I'll blast you with my ray gun unless you stop!

Ooh — my head!

Johnny's spiralling flight raises havoc with a flight of defenders.

Sorry — oh, pardon my foot!

Get that flying fool! He'll ruin our entire outfit unless we stop him!

Hey, grab me, somebody. I can't control these blasted wings!

Oh! That's fast work! But — but I don't want to travel this fast...

What's the idea of stunting with those wings? Don't you know it's against air traffic regulations?

I ought to jug you for this, but since you're Johnny Thunder, and since you can apparently outfly all my defenders, I'm going to see that you're treated right.

You — you know me?

Who doesn't?

You're one of our legendary heroes, Mr. Thunder — I er — used to think you were just a dope — but er — I see you can fly all right! With skill and daring!

Oh — aw — it was nothing!
This is our television-news! It is radioed all over the world! Listen!

News flash! The great heroes of the past, the Justice Society, all right of them, have appeared in various places on the earth. Seeking the bomb defense secret! Cities are requested to co-operate!

Shucks—what means you're going to give it to me? I don't have the fun of getting it by myself!

A man of your talents, Mr. Thunder, would have had no trouble at all!

Here is your picture, Mr. Thunder! That's nice! All right! Huh—it isn't very flattering, is it?

Commander, the secret formula for the bomb defense! It's been stolen! By Black Butch the killer!

Black Butch! Heck, that means I'll have to go after him and get it back!

Stolen! No, it's not him! No, no?

Oh, that's wonderful, Mr. Thunder! You'll go get Black Butch all right!

I thought for a minute we defenders would be ordered out! But with you here, why you can do it single-handed!

Johnny is shown the town, and in the showing, visits the defenders. Gallery of heroes and sees his own picture in a place of honor...

Black Butch is a real killer! He's a big, huge man with muscles like an ox! Of course, that won't make any difference to you!

Of course, not! You mean he—He's bigger than than you?

Bigger than me? I'll say he is! More than twice as big! And is he strong! I've seen him in a fit of rage tear a piece of sheet iron in two with his bare hands!

Ha! Maybe! Ha—ha—ha! You're full of jokes, aren't you? A better pair of wings! These are a special job, ha—ha!
HERE GOES JOHNNY, FLYING STRAIGHT NORTH—JUST AS THE DEFENDERS GET HIS CONTROLS...

THOSE GUYS SET THE CONTROLS IN BACK OF ME SO I CAN'T STOP MYSELF! AND I'M GETTING NEARER BLACK BUTCH FASTER AND FASTER! SAY, YOU'D THINK THEY'D GO AFTER THEIR OWN CRIMINALS!

JOHNNY JUST SAID THOSE MAGIC BALDWINIAN HEX WORDS CEI-U (SAY YOU) THAT GIVE HIM CONTROL OVER HIS THUNDERBOLT!

YES, BUT BLACK BUTCH HAS THE SECRETS FORMULA YOU'VE GOT TO BRING THAT BACK TO 1942?

THAT'S RIGHT! WHY DO ALL THESE THINGS HAVE TO HAPPEN TO ME? TAKE ME TO BLACK BUTCH, THUNDERBOLT!

HEY, THUNDERBOLT! GET ME OUT OF THIS! I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT SOMEBODY ELSE'S BATTLE!

I JUST DROPPED IN FOR A CHAT! ER—HAVE YOU GOT A BITE TO EAT FOR ME?

I'LL GIVE YOU A BIT TO EAT!

GEE, HE IS SORTA BIG, ISN'T HE? YOU'D BETTER HANDLE HIM YOURSELF!

FOR A LITTLE GUY LIKE YOU I'LL ONCE NEED HALF OF THIS!

GULP!! HE BROKE THAT IRON CROWBAR RIGHT IN TWO! OHH— I'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE!

THUNDERBOLT! GET THE JUSTICE SOCIETY HERE QUICK! WOW! I COULD FEEL THE BREEZE OF THAT ONE!

OH MAN— I'M RIGHT BACK WITH JOHNNY! WITH THIS YOU'LL SLEEP FOREVER!

YOU'RE RIGHT THROUGH THE FLOOR!
Oh, I forgot? I can't last without Johnny! And that means the Justice Society can't trust Johnny because they've probably all completed their assignments.

I wonder how Johnny's making out? I've only been gone a split second, but I'd better find out.

Stand up straight, will you? I've missed you!

I can't! My legs must be made of rubber. Can't hold me up!

Oh! I'm just about in time!

I won't miss with this Haymaker!

Will somebody stop my head from shaking, so please? I want to die like a man!

Yeowww! What a hard jaw! I broke my fist on it!

There, Johnny, I'll hold it still.

Thanks a lot! Thunderbolt! What happened to the rest of the Society?

I'll try my right!

They went back into the present. I can't do that without you!

It looks as though I'll never see the fellows again!

Oh! Wow! I'll try a kick! Oh!

Who's yelling Thunderbolt?

Got me! I guess Butch is working a mad!

What's the matter with him? What's he sitting down for?

Maybe I've broken my hands and feet on him! Is he tough? Oooh! I hurt all over!
WHERE IS THE MANUSCRIPT FORMULA YOU STOLE QUICK? WHERE IS IT?

BOY, THIS THING IS HEAVY! I'LL BETTER USE MY WINGS ON THIS!

THAT'S SOME MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM ON THERE, ISN'T IT?

THERE IT GOES!

AND HERE WE GO TOO, JOHNNY! COME ON, BUTCH!

I'M COMING BACK HERE FEELING A LOT BETTER THAN I DID WHEN I LEFT!

IT'S JOHNNY THUNDER! AND HE'S GOT BLACK BUTCH! AND THE FORMULA, TOO!

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT!!

NEITHER DO I — I MEAN, IT WAS NOTHING—NOTHING AT ALL!

GOOD-BYE, JOHNNY! AND GOOD LUCK!

HERE'S A COPY OF THE FORMULA YOU CAME FOR — I GUESS — HA-HA! HOW TRUE! HOW TRUE!

YES, I LOSE MYSELF IN BATTLE! JUST A MOMENT, MR. THUNDER!!

AND SO JOHNNY STILL SETS OFF TO NEW YORK!

I BETTER NOT LOOK AT THIS ANYMORE — IT'S SO COMPLICATED — I GET A HEADACHE JUST STARING AT IT!

WELL, I'LL BE SAYING SO LONG! I'VE GOT TO GO BACK TO 1942!

FOLLOW JOHNNY THUNDER EVERY MONTH IN FLASH COMICS
BACK THROUGH THE MISTS OF TIME COME THE JUSTICE SOCIETY MEMBERS....

Say, we timed it just right! We're all back in 1942 at the same time we left!

Only because the inventor of the time ray set the return dial for twelve o'clock! So we had to come back now, even if we had spent years in the future!

Did you say twelve o'clock? We left at twelve!

Did you say twelve o'clock? We left at twelve!

That means we haven't even been gone a minute! Whew, and I spent weeks in that birdcage...

Huh! That's putting it mildly!

Well, we brought the formula for it! I hope you can make it out—it's mighty complicated!

Hmm, stereooscopic correlated rays—plus negative propulsion rays lifted to include the Stratis quotient worked out by Longbow and the statis correlate invented by Grombley that places the strain on the Corretalis beam!

Haven't you fellows gone yet?

They've been and returned, flash! Seems they could come back through time at any set hour—so they returned at the very same time they left—get it?

Wow! Please—let's forget it—my head's spinning...

THE SCIENTISTS GET TO WORK IMMEDIATELY...

Listen to this! The cardiographic impulses are stimulated by a routine bombardment of microelectronic isotopes! But think what that will mean when we reunite the deuterionic elements of thyatron...

A few hours later...

Ah... they've done it! Was it difficult?

It was quite simple... just an adjustment of the homosporous variables in Harley's formula...

Gulp! Is that what we brought back?

We're going to test it now—with your help! We've already ordered some bombs!

But what do we do?

Oh...
WE STAY HERE! YOU TWO FLY UP IN THE AIR AND DROP THOSE BOMBS ON US!

THE SCIENTISTS UNREEL A SCREEN OF PURE FORCE FROM THE MOUTH OF THEIR "LITTLE GADGET"...

THE BOMBS DROP AND SHATTER ON THE BEAM OF FORCE...

IF YOU SAY SO - I HOPE THAT LITTLE GADGET WORKS!

IF IT DOESN'T, SOMEBODY'S GOING TO GET THE "BOMB'S RUSH."

WHAM!

AH! NOT EVEN A JAR!

MARVELOUS! MARVELOUS!

WE MUST GET YOU TO WASHINGTON AT ONCE! A SECRET LIKE THIS MUST GO INTO THE SECRET ARCHIVES OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT!

WE'LL STAY HERE AND PROTECT THE LABORATORY!

THE BOMB DEFENSE SECRET GOES INTO THE PRIVATE VAULTS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY...

YOU SCIENTISTS AND JUSTICE SOCIETY MEMBERS HAVE DONE YOUR COUNTRY A NOBLE SERVICE!

THE JUSTICE SOCIETY HAD THE HARD JOB! THEY WENT INTO THE FUTURE AND GOT THE FORMULA!

OH, NO... WE THINK YOU SCIENTISTS DID THE HARD WORK - UNRAVELLING THAT FORMULA WAS NO SNAP!

WHEN, I'LL SAY!

BACK AT THE LABORATORY, EVERYBODY AGREES ON ONETHING - THE UNITED STATES WILL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BOMBING RAIDS, ANYHOW!

... AND ANYTIME YOU NEED ANY OTHER LITTLE SERVICE, JUST CALL ON US!

WE'LL BE PRIVILEGED TO DO SO!

THERE'S ONE THING I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND!

WHAT'S THAT, JOHNNY?

I'LL NEVER FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO BLACK BUTCH'S HANDS AND FEET! I'M WONDERING - MAYBE MY JAW IS MADE OF CEMENT...

THE END.
AND NOW Wonder Woman

The only adventure character to be endorsed by two former world’s heavyweight champions, Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, now in the services of their country, receives another endorsement from Miss Alice Marble, the former World’s Amateur Tennis Champion!

Free!
Ten thousand Wonder Woman buttons like the above in FIVE BRILLIANT COLORS! Read complete details in May issue of SENSATION COMICS!

READ WHAT ALICE MARBLE
A champion among champions, who in her youth played handball and tennis with Joe DiMaggio, who overcame a serious illness to win the world’s amateur championship, considered the greatest woman tennis player of all time, now the leading women’s professional tennis player and Assistant Director for Physical Fitness in the U.S. Office of Civilian Defense.

SAYS ABOUT WONDER WOMAN

New York, Dec. 30, 1941:
Mrs. E. O. Schaefer, Pres.,
All-American Comics, Inc.,
Lexington Ave.,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Schaefer:

I have been following the adventures of Wonder Woman in every issue of SENSATION COMICS. She is really wonderful.

She especially would be stiff competition in a tennis tournament, and in a game of doubles, I would like her on my side.

Best of luck to her and to all the fortunate American boys and girls who here and abroad will soon enjoy the antics of John Barley in their small comic strips. I look forward in good health to your next issue.

Sincerely,

Alice Marble

MAY ISSUE NO.5-ON SALE EVERYWHERE!
Here are the answers to everyone's questions! The book that should be in the home of every American!

How You Can Defend Your Home!

How to spot the planes of the Nazis!

A handbook of air raid preparedness!

Based on official information from the U.S. Office of Civilian Defense.

Now on sale everywhere!
PRIZES FOR ALL!

Any prizes shown in this circle, and dozens of others in our FREE PRIZE BOOK, is GIVEN to you for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Everybody wants American Seeds — they are fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once. Send the coupon now for FREE SINGING LARIAT Seeds and Free Prize Book showing over sixty prizes like Toilet Set, Roller Skates, Radio, etc.

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- A Lightning - Snubbing, low-lying, 1000 shot Air Rifle.

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- Open for selling only one order.

PEPPERALL, warm-weather park wool blanket. Warm, soft and heavy!

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- For boys and girls.

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- Given for selling only one order. Free delivery guaranteed.

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EXTRA VALUE PRIZES
- Given for selling extra orders as explained in BIG PRIZE BOOK.

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My choice of Prize is

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