All Star Comics No. 14
DEC..JAN.

Occupied Europe

"Food for Starving Patriots!"
Another full-length adventure of The Justice Society of America
Featuring your favorites:
Hawkman, Dr. Fate, Atom, Sandman, Starman, Spectre, Johnny Thunder, Dr. Midnite and Wonder Woman!
GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING
reviewed by JOSITTE FRANK, staff advisor
Child Study Association of America

KIT CARSON: TRAIL BLAZER AND SCOUT
by SHANNON ZARST

The story of Kit Carson's life is a long and unending series of adventures. From that fateful day when he was born in the desert to the age of eight, he ran away from the saddle's shop and joined up with a cavalry unit. From then on, his life was packed with danger and daring.

It took strong men to stand the hardships of the long trail across the prairies to Santa Fe, and Kit was only a boy. He was little, but he was determined to show them all that he could take his share.

The rugged life as a trapper in the Rocky Mountains, living in the open in constant danger from Indians and animals, taught Kit Carson many valuable things. Then, when the time came that the Government needed his help as guide and scout in pushing the frontiers of America to the Pacific Ocean, he was ready and able.

He knew the trail as few men did. He had the gift of leading men. He had unlimited courage. And his ability to handle Indians whether in a fight or in a parley was almost miraculous. No wonder his fame spread all through the United States. Tales of his courage and his exploit were told everywhere and he became a hero for boys to read about and men to admire.

This is a new book. Ask your library for it.

HAVE YOU JOINED THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA?

IF YOU HAVE THE following message in a bottle:

ZED - WHAT ENGLISH JST SHOT
GTPEHAT PATRY BY NO SHIT

The following magazines will appear this winter as your guarantee of the best in comic reading.

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HAWKMAN
STARMAN
ATOM
DOCTOR FATE

THE ROLL CALL

DOCTOR MIDNIGHT
SPECTRE
JOHNNY THUNDER

AND AS SECRETARY TO THE JUSTICE SOCIETY,
WONDER-WOMAN

A TIDAL WAVE OF NAZI TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION ROLLS RELENTLESSLY OVER EUROPE CONQUERED BUT STILL UNBEATEN! AMERICANS... LONG KNOWN FOR THEIR OPENHANDED AND OPENHEARTED GENEROSITY FIND THEMSELVES FACED WITH THE GRAVEST PROBLEM EVER PRESENTED TO A CIVILIZED PEOPLE! IF THEY SEND FOOD TO THE PATRIOTS OF THE OCCUPIED NATIONS, THEY KNOW THAT THE MERCILESS NAZI DESPOTS WILL CALLOUSLY CONSPIRATE IT TO FEED THEMSELVES AND THEIR ARMY... BUT... AND ITS A BIG BUT... THE DOWNTRODDEN NATIONS OF THE CONQUERED COUNTRIES ARE AMONG OUR MOST IMPORTANT ALLIES... YES EVEN AS ENGLAND, RUSSIA AND CHINA NEED OUR MUNITIONS, SO DO THESE UNDERGROUND ARMIES... FORMED OF FEARLESS FIGHTERS... NEED FOOD TO CARRY ON THEIR UNYIELDING FIGHT, AND SO THE SUBJECT OF DISCUSSION AS THE FAMED JUSTICE SOCIETY MEETS AGAIN IS... "HOW TO FEED CONQUERED EUROPE AND STILL KEEP NAZISM UNDERNOURISHED!!"

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I tell you, it must be done! We know how much the R.A.F. depends on information received from Europe's gallant Underground Army!

Right!

Our business for this meeting is: resolved—point one! the liberty loving peoples of Europe must be fed! This must be accomplished without the enemy's knowledge... or they will show their usual mercy and eat the food themselves!

Gentlemen, I would vote that we take the job, Hawkman, but how can we carry tons of food into occupied territory?

It's a doggone shame! The Nazis have stripped the food from countries like Denmark, Norway, Holland and Greece! They've left the poor people starving!

And there are a lot of wonderful men and women working behind the enemy lines. Working for victory!

And you're not forgetting the boys and girls! So many are risking their lives in this work! There's no point in letting them die of starvation!

Yes—a clear head needs food in the stomach and we need clear heads over there—but what's that in your hand, Hawkman?

I was about to explain before but I became interested in your discussion and I almost forgot... this!

What? Believe it or not... this is a turkey dinner!

Turkey dinner? Can it be possible that the Hawkman is joking as he holds up a small capsule? Let us see!
YOU MEAN IT'S GOT NO SIR!!
ALL THE VITAMINS!
GOOD ! THIS IS THE DINNER ITSELF!
LOOK!

NOW TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE!
WOW IT IS A TURKEY DINNER COMPLETE TO THE LAST FRENCH FRIED POTATO!

A TURKEY DINNER CONDENSED IN A CAPSULE? ONE SIDE, JOHNNY, AND LET US LOOK TOO, TOO!
WELL THAT'S WHAT IT IS, ALL RIGHT!

THAT'S THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION, STAR MAN, ABOUT HOW WE'RE GOING TO GET FOOD TO EUROPE! SPRAY THAT CAPSULE WITH A SECRET SOLUTION AND THE DINNER HATCHES OUT OF IT AND GROWS TO NORMAL SIZE!

BOY-Y, WE COULD CARRY THOUSANDS IN NO TIME AT ALL!

WITH GOOD FOOD IN THEM, EUROPE'S MILLIONS WILL FIGHT HARDER THAN EVER FOR AN ALLIED VICTORY!

IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO BRING THEM THE FOOD CAPSULES! THAT IS I TAKE IT WERE ALL GOING!

I WAS GOING TO PUT IT TO A VOTE, BUT APR AND HONOR PARENTLY WERE ALL MEMBER UNANIMOUS. I HAVE TO REMAIN BEHIND, BUT I WILL BE WITH YOU IN SPIRIT!

I'LL MAKE ENOUGH CAPSULES TO FEED MILLIONS!

EACH MEMBER WILL GO TO A DIFFERENT COUNTRY, AND ONE MONTH FROM TODAY WE'LL MEET BACK HERE WITH OUR REPORTS!!

Swooping above the cobblestone streets of an occupied city in France, the keen-eyed Hawkman sights a struggling French patriot in the brutal grip of Nazi invaders!

Move along swine to the water dungeons...

Don't be frightened, I'm here to help you!

No one can help us...

Please, you must believe me and trust me. I have food for you.

Food. I've almost forgotten what it tastes like...

Except the sly one... and they've taken him away...

Don't speak so loudly. I do bring food! Take me someplace so I can prove it!
Sit down. You are going to eat as a Nazi trick to weaken our morale! But he says he's the Hawkman!

I am, and besides food I bring hope. Look!

Chicken - tender... juicy... mmm...

Food! Food! I can print our secret freedom newspaper by myself after this.

Eat heartily... tell me about this man the Nazis captured...

He's called the Sly One. He fearlessly fights the enemy, and we help him all we can...

He aids British amateurs who have been shot down and hides them away from the Nazis!

When it's dark, come down that road. I'll be waiting for you...

He makes contacts with English E-boats, letting R.A.F. men get through to England.

A man like that isn't going to rot in a jail while I'm around!

Righto, and thanks for freedom!

A secret way to enter the jail. Come with me, Hawkman.
SCANT MINUTES AFTER... THE NAZIS DO NOT KNOW THESE ANCIENT SEWERS...

THE SLY ONE IS INSIDE IN THE WATER DUNGEON. PUSH THAT LOOSE BRICK AND YOU WILL SEE!

THAT MOMENT THE SLY ONE RECEIVES VISITORS...

DON'T TELL ME YOU GIFF ARE GIVING YOU ME FOOD? FOOD. BUT FIRST CHEW ON THIS!

WITH THE BRUTALITY OF WARPED MINDS, THE NAZIS HAVE USED A GLUE-LIKE CLAY THAT HOLDS THE SLY ONE'S TEETH IN A CRUEL BULL DOG-LIKE GRIP...

HE'LL SOON TELL US WHO THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE UNDERGROUND ARMY ARE. HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO WITHSTAND THE SIGHT OF FOOD OR HEIL HITLER!

DER TRICK IS TO EAT AFTER GETTING THIS CLAY IN YOUR MOUTH!

NOT FAR FROM THE SEWERS, AN OLD DESERTED BARN...

AFTER ALL, YOU MUST THINK OF THE BENEFIT OF MANY... AND NOT OF JUST ONE MAN...

HERE HE IS. THE HAWKMAN. WE WELCOME

YOU AREN'T GOING TO LEAVE HIM LIKE THAT? WE CAN DO WHAT IF HE BREAKS? NOTHING TILL LATER. COME!
MY FATHER AND BROTHER HAVE GATHERED MANY OF THESE PATRIOTS WHO WISH TO HELP THE DEMOCRACIES. HAWKMAN...

BUT NOW, WE STARVE! MOST OF US ARE TOO WEAK TO BE OF SERVICE...

OUI... IT IS HARD TO FIGHT WHEN YOU'RE STARVING TO DEATH...

I'LL REMEDY THAT. HOLD THESE CAPSULES WHILE I TREAT THEM...

WHAT ARE THEY? CAN THIS BE A TRICK?

IT IS NO TRICK... AND AS THE LEAN, FAMISHED PEASANTS DEVOUR THEIR FIRST GOOD MEAL IN TWO YEARS, THE FLYING FURY STANDS GUARD...

DO YOU SMELL STEAK? YAH... BUT I MUST BE DREAMING. NOT EVEN DER FUHRER GETS STEAK ANYMORE!!

YOU WEREN'T DREAMING, BUT NOW YOU ARE!

THEY WILL KILL MANY OF US FOR THIS... THERE WILL BE REPRISAL SHOOTINGS...

THEY CAN'T ACCUSE ANYONE IF THEY CAN'T FIND THESE BABIES!

I'LL DUMP THEM INTO AN ENGLISH CONCENTRATION CAMP AND BE BACK IN TIME TO FREE THE SLY ONE!
THE SECRET NEWSPAPER THAT HAS BEEN THE BANE OF THE GESTAPO IN FRANCE IS SOON ROLLING OFF THE PRESSES.

FEELS SWELL TO WORK WITH A FULL STOMACH, AND KNOW YOUR CHILDREN ARE BEING FED TOO.

ON THE SIDEWALKS, WELL-FED PATRIOTS EXCITE JEALOUS STARES...

DOGS! LOOK AT THEM! THEY LOOK HEALTHIER THAN EVER! EVEN WE ARE ON SHORT RATIONS.

YOUR THINK THEY WERE EATING REGULARLY, BUT THEY CAN'T BE SKINNIER THAN WE ARE!

SAY, COULD IT BE THEY ARE EATING?

I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!

THE PEASANTS HERE ARE GETTING FATTER AND WE GET SKINNIER...

HIMMEL—DON'T REMIND ME.

BUT THERE'S ONE MAN WHO IS SKINNIER THAN WE ARE! THE SLY ONE—HE CAN'T OPEN HIS MOUTH TO EAT!

HA—HA

HIMMEL—TWO OR THREE HIMMELS!!!

LOOK AT HIM. HE LOOKS LIKE A STUFFED PIG...

HOW DID YOU EAT? SPEAK TO ME! OH... I FORGOT... YOU CAN'T...
Meanwhile the Hawkman returns to the cell through the sewers...

I wouldn’t mind knowing the answer to that myself...

I will force the secret from you. I’ve haff ways to make you speak...Ja!

And I have ways to keep you quiet!

Himmel! A flying man!!

This is one of my favorite methods...

Now demonstrating another...

Oof!

We can escape while they’re out cold...through that hole, fella!

We’ll replace these stones. They’ll never figure out how I got in here.

You certainly look well fed! How do you do it, with that clay stuck in your teeth? Oh, I forgot. You can’t talk.
WHO SAW I CAN'T TALK? FALSE TEETH!
MY TEETH ARE STUCK, BUT I'M NOT...
I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!
NICE GOING...

WITH THE SLY ONE AS HIS CALLING CARD, THE
HAWKMAN IS WILDLY WELCOMED BY THE
UNDERGROUND REBELS...

A NEAT BIT OF COUNTER
PROPAGANDA! YOU
EXPLAIN WHY THE
R.A.F. IS BOMBING
PARTS OF FRANCE.

WE MUST KEEP OUR
PATRIOTS INFORMED!

WHEN BOMBS RAIN ALL AROUND YOU, YOU ARE APT
TO FORGET THAT A FRIEND IS DOING IT... WE
EXPLAIN THIS TO OUR COUNTRYMEN. THAT ENGLISH
PLANES BOMB ONLY MILITARY OBJECTIVES!

"THE NAZIS TRY TO FIND OUT WHERE OUR PAPER
COMES FROM, BUT WE FOOL THEM CONSISTENTLY.

"HIMMEL, THEY MUST
BE SOMEWHERE..."

NOW THAT WE HAVE FOOD... WE CAN
CARRY ON. THESE MEN WILL NOW
DISTRIBUTE THE FREEDOM
NEWSPAPER.

MORE POWER TO THEM.

THIS IS A
SECRET RADIO BY WHICH WE
INFORM THE R.A.F.
OF NAZI TROOP
MOVEMENTS.

INSET IN SHEER
ROCK. NO WONDER THE
NAZIS COULDN'T FIND IT.

I PROMISE THAT YOU'LL GET
MORE FOOD. WHEN A DUD
BOMB MARKED WITH AN X IS
DROPPED, NEAR YOUR HEAD-
QUARTERS, YOU
WILL KNOW THAT IT
CONTAINS MORE FOOD
CAPSULES.

HAVKMAN appears each month in Flash Comics—Don't miss it!
Poland! Land of romantic legend and military might! These days she is calmly courageous, conquered but unbowed, as Starman swoops over her borders to stare at a page seemingly torn from medieval history...

I must be seeing things! I've heard tales of the Bowman of Mons in the last war - but I never believed them.

Seconds later - weary men slip from worn saddles.

I hate to say it... but, it's no use!

True! How can one fight - when one's starving?

Our plans are complete... but we are too weak to carry them out.

If the Nazis took us for the ghosts of our ancient dead, we might have succeeded! But it's too late!
If all you need is food—your worries are over!

A new type of Nazi spy? What will the fools think of next? Destroy him!

Hey! Wait a minute. I'm speaking the truth! Let me show you!

Capsules? We're not sick! We're hungry!

I knew it! A dirty German trick to poison us!

I understand your suspicions—but watch me!

Eat! Eat and be strong enough to fight your country's battles again!

You don't have to urge me... er... comeade...

The secret solution restores the microscopic food to its former state! Then... Polish eyes, widen mouths, water... and...

Looks like you intended proving on Nazi superstitions!

Exactly! Some of us remember the craft of our fore-fathers and made these suits of armor, armor of the Polish knights of the middle ages!

We hoped by daring raids to free our imprisoned peoples to capture guns and weapons and aid in the world's fight for freedom!

We were losing that hope. We were weary... famished.

I'll ride along! I enjoy watching patriotic fireworks!
NOW I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!

IT WORKED! AND NOW FOR A FADEOUT!

AFTER TONIGHT'S DOINGS, THE STORY OF THOSE GHOSTS MIGHT PREVENT REPRIAL SHOOTINGS - BUT I'M NOT SO SURE!

IF WE COULD GIVE THE NAZIS ENOUGH FALSE CLUES TO FOLLOW, THEY MIGHT NOT TAKE HOSTAGES AND SHOOT THEM!

YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA! THANKS!

A PEACH! AN EAGLE! A RABBIT!! AND WITH NUMBERS AFTER THEM! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

I'M THROWING CURVE-BALLS AT FOUL-BALLS! AND NOW RUSTLE UP A PEASANTS OUTFIT FOR ME!

WELL? THINK I'LL DO?

IT MAKES ME PROUD TO SEE SO VALIANT A FIGHTER IN THE COSTUME OF MY COUNTRY

PSST! HEY, WHACKY! I'M AN INFORMER!

WHACKY? DOT ISS NOT MY NAME!

SHORTLY AFTER, A WHISTLE ATTRAETS A NAZI GUARD --

THAT'S A SPECIAL NAME AND ON YOU IT LOOKS GOOD!

OH DOT IS DIFFERENT! HERE OFFICER, HERE ISS A POLISH INFORMER!
This is the secret code which tells all about the underground movement in Poland!

Don't knock yourselves out, boys!

We've Vill decipher diss in short order.

Sounds easy!

Wonder what they're going to make out of Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, and Rabbit Maranville's lifetime baseball batting averages.

Sometime later...

You must now feed the rest of your people!

We will and you watch how they respond!

From hut to house, from campfire to mountain stream, the pills are presented and converted into tasty meals!
Fed and happy, the Poles send flaring flames aloft, guiding Russian bombers to Nazi military strongholds!

There's the signal! That arrow points towards a hidden airdrome.

Men in iron... G.O.G. GHOSTS ARGGH!

Freedom! For freedom!!

With them rights the Scarlet Scourge pistes flashing with thunderbolt force:

I'm no ghost, you punk!

To aid in future battles for liberty, captured stores of ammunition and guns are hidden in mountain caves!

You boys certainly can work when you're not worried about food!

From now on if there's worrying, it'll be done by the Nazis!

Into an honored niche in the cave goes a small chest filled with food capsules:

These precious capsules mean the difference between dying of starvation...

Or living to free our beloved Poland!

I'll have more dropped in parachutes by the R.A.F. and now... fare well, my friends.

Fleet feet flash forward... gain tremendous momentum then a little form launches itself upward... and the crimson clout soars high in the vaulted sky!

There goes a great man!

Yes! He's oomphy all right!

The STARMAN appears in every issue of Adventure Comics!
Thanks, boys! Girls for the wonderful reception you gave the first issue of Wonder Woman! It was a sell-out!

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

Another complete novel-length story featuring The Flash, fastest man alive in the fastest moving story you've ever read!

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

You've probably been waiting breathlessly for this one, and here it is! Another complete book of Wonder Woman containing four brand new adventures!

Alice Marble: world's former amateur tennis champion-associate editor!

Another complete book of Wonder Woman containing four brand new adventures!

Alice Marble: world's former amateur tennis champion-associate editor!

Murder and mayhem, kidnapping and arson take place in this weird house of horror, right before the Flash's eyes! Yet, no one is killed, hurt or kidnapped, and nothing is burned down!

What is behind it all?

Don't miss this mystery comedy adventure!
HOLLAND: LAND OF WINDMILLS, DIKES, AND WOODEN SHOES. ITS FAMINE BOXED PEOPLE, WAMEEN BY RUTHLESS WARE, VALIANTLY CONTINUE THE BATTLE THEIR TWO ENEMIES: TYRANNY AND HUNGER. AS NIGHTS BLACK Marlene Cloaks RAVAGED AMSTERDAM, NAZI TRUCKS Rumble OVER SPLINTERED COBBLESTONES.

I'LL PRETEND I CAN'T TALK AND BETTER NOT MOVE MY RIGHT ARM OR THE CAPSULES WILL FALL OUT!

ACH! STRAIGHT AHEAD, EH? GOODT!

BUT THAT ROAD LEADS TO - THE ZUYDER ZEE!

DER ROAD... GURGLE. MUST BE WASHED OUT. GURGLE.

HEY OLD WOMAN! WHICH IS DER ROAD TO PARIS?
I saw you send dose trucks and tankes into der Vater? Why did you do it?

Weren't they going to dangle der General direction?

Your swinish sense of humor is going to get you a good beating!

That's what you think, punkin head!

After I get my whip you will be glad to tell me who paid you to misdirect der tankes!

As the Nazi's footsteps die away the old lady goes thru a miraculous transformation! Off come blouse and skirt to reveal... the Atom!

This must be 'ersatz' steel! It's as weak as the Nazi's mentalities!

Short seconds after... as flashing feet pound thru a corridor...

Who... vot's dis? Ohhh! I've heard off him! Idt's... the Atom...

Arrghhh! And what're your names? Or don't you feel like answering?
Now to find some of the hungry Dutch! That's the Atom! What happened to the woman's clothes, Atom? Huh! What?

I know all the people in town, and I didn't know that old lady! So when I saw you come out of jail I knew you had disguised yourself.

Good headwork, youngster.

Unfortunately, I also have a stomach! Yes... if I wasn't so hungry all the time, I'd have the strength to fix those Nazi rats!

You're okay, kiddo. And I'm going to help you.

How'd you like a nice thick, juicy steak? That big!

Don't... don't tease, Atom! I'm hungry, starving!

Fifteen seconds later... inside the house. I wouldn't tease you, fella. Look!

WOW! Lemme at it!

No, I'd like to eat it all... but I won't! It must be shared!

Good boy!
But the plucky little Dutch boy's sacrifice isn't carried out, because the atom prepares other meals for assembled Dutch patriots. Your kindness and food, atom, have given us new fighting energy! Say! Would you like to see how we fool the Nazis?

"What have you in mind?" Well send the R.A.F. news of some secret Nazi hangars near here! I'll show you how!

We'll use the Nazis' latest invention—guns that fire all the way to Dover...to send the information!

"Using the Nazis' own weapons against 'em, eh?"

The shells are hollow! Our men in the factories have seen to that, and...in this one...we've put in maps which show the location of the hidden Nazi hangars!

Shortly after...

"Bang!"

The Nazis are happy because the shells reach England...and so are we! The English find the duds—open them and have information!

You Dutch people certainly are helping the Allied cause—say! Sounds like trouble.

"C'mon, bud. If that's trouble it means only one thing. Nazis!!"
MINUTES AFTER....

GOSH! WITH THE STILTS AND YOUR RED HAIR YOU'D FOOL ANYBODY!

LET'S HOPE YOU FOOL THE NAZIS INTO THINKING I'M THE GESTAPO MAN!

LATER....IN THE NAZI JAIL....THAT'S RIGHT....AND WE WON'T TALK!

COME OUT, YOU TWO! WE'RE NOT AFRAID TO TALK!

I ALMOST FEEL SORRY FOR THEM, GOING WITH THAT RED HEADED TERROR!

ACT FRIGHTENED, YOU TWO!

OH! SEE!

THE MIGHTY MITE SOON HAS HIS NEW FRIENDS BREATHING THE FRESH AIR OF FREEDOM!

THE ATOM IS ANSWERED...BY THE THUNDEROUS ROAR OF FLYING FORTRESS!

BELOW! THE BUILDING INDICATED ON THE DUTCH MAP AS THE SECRET HANGAR!

ATTACK!

WHISTLING BOMBS PLUMMET DOWN...DOWN...AND DER FUHRER'S PLANES SMASHED...RUINED...

HOLLAND...HOLLAND HAS HAD A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED! ITS LIONHEARTED PATRIOTS HAVE BEEN FED BY THE ATOM AND R.A.F. BOMBERS HAVE SMASHED MORE OF THE NAZIS' FAST DWINDLING SUPPLY OF WAR BIRDS! SO OF WE LEAVE HOLLAND KNOWING THAT ITS TREMENDOUS UNDERGROUND ARMY IS GOING TO FIGHT...FIGHT!!!

Follow the adventures of The ATOM every month in All-American Comics!
Nazi concentration camps rustle with secret rumour!
The Justice Society is feeding Europe, and Europe's grateful underground armies are rising against the fanatic forces of barbarism!

Superstitious Adolph sees his fate in tea leaves!

You say you see my fate in there? What is it?

Not only your fate, but the fate of all evil ones! Look!

It's him! Dot's his name. All right!

Those Justiss Society members! Always they haff spoiled my plans! Now... now suppose one... uff them vas here... in... in Germany!
A MEMBER OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY IN Germany? Yes! For in this cruel, cold-blooded country are former free men who have been made SLAVES! Men from all walks of life whose only crime was that they loved liberty! Flung into concentration camps they stand listlessly about... and speak!

It's useless to hope for food! We are the last the Nazis will feed!

Yes! And letting us starve to death is an inexpensive way for the Nazis to get rid of us!

I've brought food for you men in concentration camps?

Food? For us? But why?

Who are you? Another Nazi torturer?

Who... AHHHHH!

My main problem is how to get the men together to eat—wait! I've an idea!

Because you prisoners are members of a worldwide fraternity of fighters for freedom! Otherwise you wouldn't be here! Besides, before long you'll do your bit to help humanity once again, and will need strength!

I can use that uniform, RAT!
Sixty seconds after...

This first aid kit suggests another idea to me! Now to find a sentry!

Headquarters orders, lowly sentry! First aid practice for officers, we are to use you sentries to practice on!

My eyes too, Herr Captain?

Certainly you dumbkopf! You never can tell when you might get injured there!

One by one, the sentries are rendered completely helpless!

Sorry I can’t stop to admire my work, boys! The prisoners are waiting to put on a collective feed bag!

Thus, sheltered from vengeful vandals, the once-despairing men are fed!

Tell me, do you do any work for the Nazis?

Hmm!

Do we? Ha! About eighteen hours a day!

They make us do dangerous work — that of loading the big shells with gunpowder. If an accident happens, then there are fewer of us!

Then come with me! I’ll show you how to commit sabotage without the Nazis finding out...

Show us how! Just show us!
In the prison factory, now left unguarded, the man of mystery explains his daring plan!

These are your working implements, eh? The shell itself, gunpowder, and sand with which to polish the shell case!

Listen carefully! If you mix sand with the gunpowder, the shells will explode—but will lose their tremendous velocity!

Of course! Sand!! Sand inside a gun shell... with enough powder also there to make the shell explode!

Exactly! And the Nazis will not understand why their shots fall short of their marks!

Ho-ho! The Nazi swine will be shooting their own men with these, after we get through!

But dark danger lurks nearby as slitted eyes watch the duo! Remember that face!

I don't know vat got into them!

They work like men up iron... on crackers and vater!

If I didn't know better, I'd say they were getting fat!
And in Berlin...

I tell you, everybody's getting as big as I am in these conquered countries. I'm jealous!

Nonsense! I've haff not left them anything to eat!

They're being fed, I say!

Stop gifting me my own propaganda!

I tell the rest of the world just that—but don't try to tell me such silly stories. I know they're starving!

But starving men can't work day and night, producing the shells of war: and that is what these prisoners are doing!

Every shell is phony! Every one!

That food is making you work wonders—say what's that?

On all sides, Gestapo men rise up... and...

We heard you! You are saboteurs!

You haff been fooling us. But we are wise now!

Then a face to be remembered—glares with hatred!

I've informed on you! I've told! They know everything! I was 'planted' among you by the Gestapo!

I suppose all Berlin knows about this!

Mein! Mein! All der credit for this I take myself! I will be made a general for this! Ja!

Well, that's fine! In fact... that's all I want to know!
LUNGING WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED, A FLASHING FIGURE EXPLODES INTO ACTION!

IF YOU ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW, THEN MY FRIENDS ARE SAFE!

D-DON'T AARRGGHH!

GEDIT HIM!

IDT. MEANS MEDALS!

AND NOW FOR MY FINE-FEATHERED FRIEND--THE STOOL-PIGEON!

NO... NO...

THIS IS THE SECOND TIME YOU'RE OPENING YOUR BIG MOUTH ABOUT THE SAND, ONLY THIS TIME, INSTEAD OF TALKING ABOUT THE STUFF YOU'RE GOING TO EAT IT!

YOU'RE A TERROR IN ACTION, DOCTOR FATE, BUT IT'S NO USE! THE REST OF THE GESTAPO WILL GET US!

IF I TAKE THESE MEN OUT OF THE COUNTRY, WHO'S TO KNOW?

SEEMS AS THOUGH I'VE "NETTED" MYSELF A LITTLE PROFIT ON THIS ADVENTURE! HA-HA--HAD FUN--BUT A GOOD DAY'S WORK!

An exciting adventure of DR. FATE every month in More Fun Comics!
Well, boys and girls of America, thousands of you all over the country asked for it—so here it is—THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA! You, too, can become a member of what is destined to be one of the largest organizations of its kind in this country—a club in which you, as a loyal and patriotic American, can do your part in bringing our war against the Axis to a glorious and victorious end!

Never before in our history has Uncle Sam needed the wholehearted support of every American woman and child in America, as right now. In forming the JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY at this time, we do so with the hope that every Junior Justice Member will display the same spirit of cooperation and patriotism as shown by the regular and honorary members of the JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA in their fight for right and justice!
NORWAY! Blanketed in snow and the despotism of the Nazi war lords, the gallant little kingdom is starving! All it's food ruthlessly taken to feed the German conquerors. The people of Norway are almost helpless, but in-wardly seething with brave rebellion! Now let us turn to a side street in a little town in northern Norway—where a familiar figure pads silently toward a house... Then...

Poor chap! Playing with toys—oppression must have unbalanced him!

That Norwegian who fled to London when the commandos raided Narvik, gave me the name and address of the leader of the Norwegian underground army!

Ohhh! W-we've done nothing! We're innocent! Ssssh! Be quiet! I am a friend! I come from other friends in London—Gunther sent me to see his brother! No! No!! He isn't here!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, MARTHA?
GO AWAY, ERIC! PLEASE GO AWAY!

AUH! THE MAN WHO PLAYS WITH TOYS! WHAT'S THE MYSTERY HERE?

OH, THESE? WHY—ER—JUST A LITTLE HOBBY OF MINE—I LIKE TO MAKE TOYS—SOMETIMES I SELL SOME OF THE CHEAPER THINGS—

LOOK HERE! YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIE TO ME—I'M A FRIEND! SEE THESE CAPSULES? IT'S FOOD—SMUGGLED OUT FROM AMERICA!—WATCH!

FOOD? YOU HAVE FOOD?

NOTHING ELSE BUT! JUST KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN AS I POUR THIS SOLUTION OVER THE CAPSULE I'VE PUT ON THIS PLATE!

LOOK! THE CAPSULES ARE TURNING INTO CHICKENS—SQUABS! OF ALL THINGS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HER?

OH—H—HARRIET! HARRIET!

POOR KID! SHE'S SUFFERING FROM LACK OF FOOD—SHE FAINTED AT THE SIGHT OF IT—BUT SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

I HAVE OPPOSED YOU LONG ENOUGH, ERIC—I CAN REFUSE, NO LONGER! YOU MUST DO YOUR DUTY!

SAY, WHAT GOES ON, MARTHA?
ERIC TAKES DR. MID-NITE INTO HIS WORKROOM!

I AM AN INVENTOR!
I HAVE BEEN WORKING ON A SPECIAL GUN TO DESTROY NAZI SUBMARINES!

A MAN CAN'T WORK WHILE HUNGER GNAWS AT HIS STOMACH—NOW, THANKS TO YOU AND YOUR WONDERFUL JUSTICE SOCIETY THINGS ARE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT!

WATCH THE TORPEDO AS I FIRE IT! IT PLUNGES INTO THE WATER AFTER THE SUB!

I CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF THE SUBMARINE BY RADIO CONTROL....AH! SEE THE TORPEDO? IT ALSO CHANGES ITS DIRECTION—FOLLOWING THE SUBMARINE!

IT NEVER FAILS! THE TORPEDO ALWAYS FINDS ITS MARK!

MARTHA HAS REFUSED TO LET ME TRY TO ESCAPE TO ENGLAND WITH MY INVENTION FOR FEAR I'D BE KILLED! BUT NOW THAT YOU, AN AMERICAN, HAVE BROUGHT FOOD FOR US, SHE FEELS DIFFERENTLY!

HMM... LET'S GO INSIDE!

THE CHILD WILL GET WELL SWIFTLY! BUT WHAT OF THE REST OF YOUR PEOPLE? I MUST ALSO FEED THEM!

YOU SHALL COME!
High on a Norwegian mountain top, which only the most skilled skiers can reach, Dr. Mid-Nite meets the patriots.

They have taken our rifles, our jobs, and our food, but they can't take away our love of liberty!

Here is food—the quantity is almost inexhaustible and it's easy to hide—One pill can feed a family for days! Just treat it with the solution I have given you.

You have given them new hope, Dr. And-Nite! With strengthening food in them, my people can continue their fight against tyranny!

Follow me, and tonight I'll show you a surprise party!

That evening... Do you see those boats? Yes... say! They're commandos!

Powerful binoculars bring the swift, sure action seemingly within arms reach!

Below—gallant Norsemen direct their agile allies. The ammunition is hidden in the next house! We'll take care of that!
There goes somebody's stored up ammunition!

It did belong to the Nazis — ha-ha!

The food you brought gave my men the energy to continue their fight for freedom, see?

-- And how! They're fighting side by side with the commandos!

Suddenly...

Look! Nazi soldiers! They're going to cut the commandos off from the shore!

If course we must warn them, but how? Wait — there's a way — but a dangerous one!

What're we waiting for?

Then... skis gliding over the hard packed snow... Dr. Mid-Nite and Eric Zoom along with express train speed!

Listen, Eric — why not one of those commando boats and get to England with your invention?

But — my wife!

Oh-OH! Here comes more Nazi trouble!

More of them! Kill the cursed Norwegians!

Steel-like muscles dig ski-poles deep into the snow — a supple body swings into the air — and...

Timber!
COME ON! DON'T WASTE TIME HERE! WE'VE GOT TO TRAVEL!

RIGHT WITH YOU! JUST A LITTLE MOP-UP JOB TO DO!

SHORT SECONDS AFTER... AS HOT LEAD CARRIES DEADLY, WHINING MESSAGES OF HATE...

WHEN! WHERE TO NOW?

THE TOWN IS RIGHT AHEAD-- ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS CLEAR THAT ROCK BARRIER AHEAD--

IF I COULD ONLY TELL MARTHA MY WIFE!

ILL SEND WORD TO YOUR WIFE, HOOY! HE'LL FIND HER. THEN FOLLOW US!

ALL RIGHT! AND WHEN I COME BACK-- IT'LL BE TO A FREE NORWAY!

BLIMEY! WHAT A JUMP!

GET GOING! A NAZI DIVISION IS COMING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN!

YOU'VE GOT TO COME WITH US NOW, ERIC!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER, IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF NARKOY...

I SHOULDN'T CRY-- I REALLY AM GLAD HE GOT AWAY NOW HE'LL HELP FIGHT THOSE HORRIBLE NAZIS--

WE HAVE FOOD, MOMMIE-- WE CAN BE STRONG AND BRAVE NOW!

AND MILES AWAY.......

FAREWELL, MY NORWAY! WHEREVER I GO, I'LL BE FIGHTING FOR YOU!

ALL THE LIBERTY-LOVING PEOPLES WILL BE FIGHTING BY YOUR SIDE, TOO! AND ALL FOR THE SAME THING-- NOT FOR REVENGE, BUT FOR JUSTICE!

Dr. Midnite appears in every issue of All-American Comics!
DOIBY DICKLES, SPEAKIN':

Here it is again, boys an' goils! Annudder complete novel-length story featurin' me an' me pal, Green Lantern, fighten' de Axis in de desert, on de sea, an' in de air!!

DON'T MISS IT!!

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

WELL, JEFF, WE MADE IT!

Starting with this next big issue, Mutt & Jeff becomes a quarterly!

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

SAY, THAT MEANS WE COME OUT ON THE STANDS EVERY THREE MONTHS FROM NOW ON! WOW!

NOW WE'LL HAVE TO BE FUNNIER THAN EVER TO DESERVE SUCH POPULARITY!
BELGIUM - OVERRUN, BUT UNDAUNTED SHE CEASELESSLY AND FEARLESSLY FIGHTS THE INVADING HUN! ONCE AGAIN THE BRAVELY BATTLING BELGIANs DEFY DEADLY DANGER AS THEY KEEP SHINING AT THE AXIS!!

ON A HIDDEN AIRPLANE HANGAR SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF BRUSSELS, PLUCKY PATRIOTS WORK FRENZIzLDY...
I'LL TELL HIM YOU'RE ON ICE FOR THE DURATION!

LOCK! THE STRANGE ONE RETURNS!

VOT WILL ADOLPH SAY?

ALL THE FOOD YOU WANT. RIGHT HERE! BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS DARK ARROW?

IN ORDER TO FOOI THE NAZI PIGS AND GIVE THE R.A.F. ALL THE HELP WE CAN, WE USE A SPECIAL PAINT. IT CAN ONLY BE SEEN IN INFRA-RED LIGHT.

HERE COME THE R.A.F. BOMBERS NOW! WATCH FOR THEIR SPECIAL SEARCHLIGHT BEAM -- OF INFRA-RED RAYS!

VERY CLEVER!

AS THE WarniING DRONE OF MANY NOT RED BOMBERS SOUNDS OVERHEAD ... THE STABBING ENFER OF AN INFRA-RED RAY IS SEEN!

DOWN BELOW-- THE SIGNAL / RELEASE BOMBS!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, BUT DER ENGELSHERS HAF BOMBed US AGAIN!

I KNOW IT'S IMPOSSIBLE -- BECAUSE DER PUSHER SAYS SO, BUT BLANKETS BLANK-- BLANK!
Yes, we've been signalling military objectives to the English... but it gets harder without food!

Chin up, fella! You're going to get first crack at those turkeys.

Turkeys! Mmmmm!

I don't need urging! Nor me! Me neither!

Now big in?

As the first pink streaks of dawn brighten the Belgian countryside, the Spectre walks in the fields with his guide.

Now you have to help me feed the rest of your underground army!

Gladly! We will also take you around and show you how they help the allies!

Cutting down fodder for their cattle, eh?

More than that! Take a look from above!

Hmmm! A marker set in the field to direct more Allied bombers to their Nazi target. After the bombers go over, the patriots finish their cutting.

Swell idea!

Now watch how this pig stares at me picking my teeth!

This ought to be good!
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NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE
THE STATUE OF BUDDHA
Another Hop Harrigan Adventure
Based on the Strip by JON L. BLUMMER
now appearing in All-American Comics

Based on the hot and little-known island of Moa in the Timor Sea only eight degrees south of the Equator, was the advanced scouting 218th squadron of the U. S. Army Air Force. It consisted of only ten bombers and twice as many fighters but they were so successful in wrecking Jap supply centers that Mitsui Mato, the Nip commander in Batavia, was half crazy trying to figure out where they could be coming from. He had given himself but three more days to locate the Americans. After that he would admit failure and commit hara-kiri—kill himself over the futility of his task.

But that very day a spy had appeared at his headquarters and brought the solution to the mystery. He had remained for a week after the Americans had arrived, and he now reported that every day between dawn and noon only the small ground crew remained on the island as the rest soared aloft to do their bombing.

The spy suggested that Mitsui send two large transport planes towing five gliders of twenty men each and land them on Moa after the Americans had taken off. He volunteered to guide them and suggested it would be easy for the Jap landing party to silence the ground crew and lie in ambush for the returning flyers. He ran his yellow finger suggestively around his scrawny throat.

In a stuffy and humid tent under a camouflage netting of woven palm tree leaves, Tank Tinker rolled his bulk from side to side on his cot. The island of Moa was already sweltering at eight in the morning, and besides he wasn’t feeling so well.

In fact he had a case of the mumps. His face and neck were puffed out like an angry adder’s and his flushed face testified to the fever he was running.

“Hop, old buddy, I’m sure glad you persuaded the Flight Commander that you should stay here with me,” it was difficult for Tank to speak distinctly, “I know how you miss being with the rest of the squadron.”

“Take it easy now Tank; just get over that fever. I wouldn’t talk any more if I were you.”

“Lieutenant Harrigan . . . Lieutenant Harrigan!” The technical sergeant manning the airplane listening device at the field came bursting into the tent. “There are several planes heading this way and I’m sure they can’t be any of our ships returning! They’re coming in from a point thirty degrees West of what our ships’ headings would be!”

“How far off do you make them to be, Sergeant?”

“Thirty miles, sir, and coming fast!”

“See you later, Tank! Have to check on this . . . Sergeant, return to your post and telephone the repair hangar . . . tell them Lt. Harrigan wants them to roll out that damaged Curtiss Kittyhawk and get ‘er warmed up!”

“But, sir, the ailerons . . . “ “Are shot . . . I know, Sergeant. But that’s the only ship we have on the field. Hurry now! She’s going up to greet our Nip visitors!”

Tank was struggling to a sitting position on the cot. “I’m coming with you!”

“Not a chance, Tank! You stay right there and amuse yourself!” Hop handed Tank a metal shaving mirror . . . look at that guy in there and see if he doesn’t give you a laugh!”

The Curtiss Kittyhawk yawed dangerously from side to side as she took to the air. Half of her aileron surface had been shot away in a dog fight with Zeros the day before, and it was a marvel that she could have been flown back to the base. But the ship was Hop’s personal favorite and he zoomed her up into the torrid air above Moa to meet the Nips . . . how many he did not care!

It proved to be three heavily laden transports towing gliders packed like sardines with troops.

Hop got the first one on the cross hairs of his sights and poured a stream of tracers into her innards. Immediately smoke billowed out into her air stream. An orange-colored flame licked backward at her tail surfaces as her pilot made a wobbling descent toward the sea.

It was all over within seconds. No Jap fighters had accompanied the transports, the Nips believing that only the ground crew remained on Moa.

Harrigan was hardly back at the hangar where he had helped ‘dolly’ the Kittyhawk, when the phone jangled. He answered it with misgivings.

It was the Corporal on the day watch in his doghouse on top of a tall palm tree.

“Lt. Harrington, sir. Those Japs you just shot down have nine lives. They have detached the wings of their gliders and are paddling ashore! Those gliders must be made of plywood and are just as fast as canoes. They’ll be here in a few minutes!”

Tank looked up and tried to grin as Hop returned to his tent . . . he held up three fingers.
Hop grinned back and nodded. “Tank, we’ve got to work fast. There are about two hundred of those Nips heading for shore and I can’t take the Curtiss up to machine-gun them. The rest of that torn fabric has ripped off the silerons and she hasn’t any lateral control at all. Nearly cracked her up when I came in! Got any ideas?”

Tank, with his puffed face and neck, slowly got out of his cot. “Yeah, Hop,” he spoke with evident pain. “Tell me, what d’ya think of this one?”

As the enemy force, two hundred strong, advanced upon the airfield from the beach they were struck with the quietness that prevailed. There was no sign of the American ground crew ... But what was that at the far end in front of a brown tent ...? It was a huge statue of Buddha sitting upon a platform with two natives bowing and scraping below ... groveling in the dirt.

Cautiously the invaders advanced until they were within twenty yards of the idol. Then they too, bowed and knelt upon the surface of the airfield. The Japs, as Tank had guessed, had requisitioned troops from conquered Thailand for their gliders and the Thais were Buddhists as 475,000,000 other Orientals are.

Presently the two natives nearest to the Buddha arose and turning quickly hurled what looked like brown apples at the kneeling throng of Thai soldiers. But they were not brown apples ... they were tear gas bombs and soon the airfield was covered with capering and crying Thais. Among them raced the two ‘natives’ that had been worshipping Buddha when the Thais had first arrived. They now wore gas masks and were scooping up the Thais’ rifles and machine guns and stacking them in a worshipful heap at the feet of the statue of Buddha! Before the tearful Thais could recover they were driven off to a corral.

Then the statue itself came to life and began unwinding blankets from about its middle. Presently he was back to normal size again. His high turban fell off and there shining in the sun was a shock of red hair! Even with his burnt cork makeup on and with his mumps-swollen face and neck, no one could mistake the honest face of Tank Tinker!

One of the ‘natives’ stopped in front of the platform where Tank, the Buddha, was wiping off streams of perspiration. The ‘native’ removed his gas mask and grinned ... “Oh Glorious and Wise, Buddha!” Hop shouted, “how does it feel to sweat out the mumps in those blankets?”

“Brother!” Tank’s voice could hardly carry ten feet ... “I feel so good ... I think ...”

Just then the wind changed and Tank got a whiff of the tear gas. “I ... I could cry for joy!”

And a big tear rolled down the cheek of the red-headed Buddha!

BOYS AND GIRLS - I'M ON THE RADIO NOW, FIVE DAYS A WEEK! CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR TIME AND BLUE NETWORK STATION? (WRITE AND TELL ME HOW YOU LIKE IT!)

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Dear Hop:

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It is understood that I am to receive a Membership Card and emblem and be entitled to all the privileges of the organization.

NAME ____________________________

AGE ____________________________

STREET ADDRESS __________________

CITY & STATE _____________________

ALL-STAR NO.16

NAZI TROOPERS FLANK THE STREETS OF A CZECH CITY AS JOHNNY THUNDER COMES MARCHING IN....

GOLLY, THE FELLA TOLD ME TO FEED THE CZECH PATRIOTS... BUT THEY DIDN'T TELL ME HOW TO FIND THEM! OH WELL, WHEN IN DOUBT, ASK A COP—

I BROUGHT FOOD FOR THE CZECH UNDERGROUND ARMY—CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE TO FIND 'EM?

NEIN!

WE CANNOT FIND THEM CURSELVES!

OH, WELL, IN THAT CASE—SO LONG, SHORTY!!
I'M KINDA HUNGRY—
I'LL EAT IN HERE!
MAYBE THE WAITER
WILL KNOW ABOUT
THE UNDERGROUND
ARMY!

DONNERWETTER!
I SUSPECT
SOMETHING
ISS WRONG!

HIMMEL!
DID HE SAY
EAT???

I DON'T KNOW
WHY YOU CAME
IN HERE— WE
HAVEN'T ANY FOOD—
THAT'S ALL RIGHT— I HAVE
SEE THIS PILL?

OH, WELL—
THAT'S OKAY,
THEN—
YEEEOOW!
FOOD!!

BOY— AM
I HUNGRY!

I—ER
HELLO—
YOU
HUNGRY TOO?

NAH!
I'M JUST
STARVING
TO DEATH,
THAT'S
ALL!

TASTES
GOOD, HUH?
I GOT LOTS
MORE— BUT
I WANT TO
GIVE IT TO
DESERVING
CZECHS!

NEVER
MIND
HIM—
GRAB THE
FOOD!

HE'S GOT
A STEAK!

A STEAK?
VOT'S DOT?
ACH— NOW
I REMEMBER!
YOU EAT
IT!!

YAH! YOU
AIN'T GONNA
CATCH ME
BEFORE I
FINISH THIS!

HEE-R!
GRAB HIM!

GRAB THE
FOOD!

OGR!
Hey, I'm all here! Whooppee! Now I can keep on feeding patriots!

Did you say something about feeding somebody?

You'll have to take pot luck--I don't know which is turkey and which is chicken!

Out of the way, beard--I'm going to be busy!!

Here they are! Let's get that food and then them!

Say you can't come in here! I didn't invite you!

Thunderbolt! Get these guys out of here--quick! quick!

Okay! Okay! Gosh, what a slave driver!

Upsadaisy, boys!

Ommooow!

Johnny has just said those banana is hell words celul (say you) which give him power over his thunderbolt--for one hour.

And don't bother comin' back!

Now this is my idea! We'll all pretend to be unlucky! Accidents will--uh--happen! Nobody can blame you for that! See??

We see!!
AND FROM THAT FATEFUL MOMENT ON, WEIRD SLEEP-UPS AND SLY SABOTAGE BATTLE THE EXASPERATED NAZIS!

OUCH! YOU-- DUMPKOFF!

SORRY SIR! PLEASE STAND UP AND ALLOW ME TO BRUSH YOUR COAT!

CURIOUS HUMORS PROBE AND EXTRACT MILITARY PLANS?

...AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT, SIR!

HERE ARE THE NAZI PLANS, JOHNNY THUNDER!!

IT WORKED! NOW I'LL HAVE THUNDERBOLT DELIVER THEM TO THE R.A.F.!!

ON THE MILITARY FRONT...

DER THIRD BOMBER IN TWO DAYS TO BURN UP-- ALL THESE CZECH GROUND CREWS SAY IS SO SORRY-- AN ACCIDENT!

I TRAVEL TO LONDON-- UND NONE OF MY BOMBS EXplode! VAT'S DER USE?

THE GESTAPO HAS A SECRET SESSION!

ZOMBEHOW THEY ARE GEDDING BLEN'T OF FOOD! DOSE NO GOOD CZECHS ARE GEDDING FAT!

AND THEY KEEP ON VIDT THEIR "ACCIDENTS" WHICH COSTS US MONEY!

BUT TONIGHT THEY HOLD A SECRET MEETING AT ONE UFF OUR INCENDIARY BOMB FACTORIES! WE WILL TRAP THEM ALL!

GOOT! IT IS ABOUT TIME!
Let's have a little attention, folks! Yeah, let him talk! His food sure talked!

We've got to keep it up--we can't let down! We've got to get in and fight!

You'll fight! All right! Then you'll go to a concentration camp---if you're still alive! A Gestapo raid!

I got to pretend I'm not nervous---I'll light a cigarette!

If he drops dot match in der tank, we all get killed!

Don't do it! Don't drop dot match! Ve surrender!

You're a brave man, Johnny Thunder! Not everybody would be willing to burn to death for freedom!

That vat is filled with magnesium--thermite--enough to burn the whole city! If you had done as you threatened, we'd have been cinders! Oh--incendiary bombs, huh?

Thermite magnesium danger incendiary bomb material

You naughty men! Now you're going to get a taste of our concentration camps in the foothills! Yes, sir--incendiary bombs--hmm-- huh??!

Incendiary bombs!!??

Oooooooh!

Follow Johnny Thunder every month in Flash Comics
GREECE... ITS CRAGGY CLIFFS AND ROVING PLAINS HAVE LONG AND HONORABLE TRADITIONS OF VALOR AND CALM COURAGE! SANDMAN... MIGHTY CRIME SMASHER, AND THE GOLDEN BOY LEARN THAT THE GREEKS' BURNING LOVE OF LIBERTY FLAMES AS STRONGLY AS IT DID IN THE OLDEN, HEROIC DAYS OF SPARTA AND ATHENS!

DER GREEK SCHWEIN DARED TO OPPOSE US! BEAT THEM DOWN! SHOOT THEM DOWN!
JA!
UGH!

SUDDENLY... TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES RISE FROM AMONG THE BATTERED GREEKS!

ARISE, SONS OF GREECE... THROW OFF THE FETTERS OF SLAVERY... AND FIGHT!

FOR FREEDOM... ARISE! ARISE!

WE ARE HELPED BY THE GOLDEN GODS OF ANCIENT GREECE!

WHO IS IT? ULF? DER SANDMAN UND DER GOLDEN BOY!
That very moment, among the nearby foothills of Greece...

If we get this Nazi troop train, it'll be the third one that we've stopped, Sandy!

Nice timing, Sandman!

Whew! You mean close timing, Sandy!

Mighty muscles bulge in one final effort! The troop train jumps the tracks... then...

Boom!

Following the Sandman's plan, Greek guerrillas swarm from cover...

Kamerad! Kamerad! Thanks to the Sandman and the food he brought us, we've another load of prisoners... and ammunition!

Later... in the switchman's hut close by the scene of the train wreck...

Eat hearty, friend! Germany wasn't at war with those Nazi trains were heading for Turkey...? Germany isn't at war with Austria when they were invaded! Remember?

Of course! Hitler wants the oil fields in Iran! He must be stopped... and the allies must be warned!

We're going to Gestapo headquarters... we're going to tell them... we're turning Nazi! What?
Later... as two Golden Gladiators near the Nazi stronghold...

Not bad... Not bad!

And that's my plan in a nutshell!

Wha-himmel! Those two!率先, Captain Hass warned us about 'em—shoot 'em at vunce!

Hi, boys! Hold your fire... We've come on a peaceful mission!

They don't believe us.

First time I've ridden piggy-back on a human pig!

Cut the comedy—we're work to do!

Something tells me that this baby doesn't believe we're being peaceful!

And so... one minute later...

I tell you I've become a friend of Hitler's.

Are you sure you're the sand-man... and if you are... you're not fooling me?

Fooling him? Wouldn't do that? Ho! Ho!

Certainly not! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Vell... in dot case maybe I'll laff myself! Heh! Heh!

Say... vot am I laffing at?
Know what we're going to do? Using my name, we're going to convince England that Hitler doesn't intend to invade Turkey!

Ha! Ha! Ha! Not a choke! Now I know why I was laughing!

If Der Sandman tells them that... They won't suspect anything! But, say...

What's wrong, Stupe?

Stupe? You Americans use so much slang...

Hm--you two haf deliberately wrecked mine troop train! Iss it not so?

Not so! At least not deliberately!

It was done to convince the Allies that what news we send them will be...er...on the level!

Oof! Ach, yes! I see! But vot iss der message?

Write this--"The Nazis do not intend to invade Turkey! Be sure and tell it to Sweeney!"

Ja! Ja! Very goot! Ha! Ha!

I will now call our propaganda broadcasting office and have them relay this message by short-wave!

Swell! Be seeing you--so long!

A good choke, all right? But I wonder who diss Sweeney iss?
THE NAZI DOESN'T KNOW "SWEENEY"... BUT THE ALLIED COMMANDERS DO!

Sandman sure pulled the wool over somebody's eyes!

We can stop this invasion now in short order. We'll put troops in the right places, and Hitler will either hold off... or find himself in a trap!

Meanwhile... gay Grecians have been eating regularly... too regularly for the Heinies...

Look at them! Fat as pouter-pigeons! If we could only learn where they are getting their food!

Ho hum! I feel lazy after that big meal.

Me too!

But somehow Gestapo raids always run into those golden grapplers... the Sandman and Sandy...

Looking for something? Be sociable! Maybe they're looking for us!

Have a few assorted lumps, ratzis!

Just a gentle reminder that you guys are going to stop breaking into Greek homes... or else...

And in far-off Berlin...

But, mine Fehrer... the Greeks, the Czechs, the French, the Norwegians all eat steak, while you eat rice!

I am not! I'm eating turkey, and you know it!

Vos iss? Who? Ulp! It's dem again!!

Ach... vy am I lying? I'm only kidding myself dis time--not der rest up der world!

The SANDMAN appears in every issue of Adventure Comics!
IN TWOS AND THREES, THE PARADEVL MEMBERS GATHER ONCE AGAIN, THEIR NOBLE TASK ACCOMPLISHED!

IT DID MY HEART GOOD TO SEE THOSE FRENCH PEOPLE EAT!

THOSE MEN IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS COULDN'T BELIEVE THEIR EYES WHEN I SHOWED THEM FOOD!

AND WHAT THOSE GREEKS DID TO THE NAZIS AFTER THEY HAD STEAKS UNDER THEIR BELTS! WHHEW!

WE LEFT A LOT OF FOOD! HAWKMAN, BUT EVEN THAT IN TIME WILL BE GONE!

I FIGURED ON THAT!

BEFORE RETURNING I MADE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE ROYAL AIR FORCE TO DROP PACKAGES OF FOOD CAPSULES EVERY MONTH AT DESIGNATED SPOTS! IN THAT WAY OUR SECRET ALLIES WILL BE WELL FED!

NOW FOR OUR REPORTS! DOCTOR FATE, HAVE YOU YOURS?

HERE IT IS, HAWKMAN!

JOHNNY THUNDER! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

JOHNNY! YOUR REPORT WITH HIM?
REPORT? WHO'S GOT TIME? NO KIDDIN', FELLERS I WAS SO BUSY FEEDING EVERYBODY ELSE, THAT I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO EAT ANYTHING MYSELF! WOW! AM I HUNGRY!!

Mmmmm! LOOKA THESE PRETTY LITTLE FOOD-CAPSULES!

WHW-H! LOOK AT THAT BOY TRAVEL!

YOU'RE A PARTICULAR PET OF MINE, JOHNNY, SO I'M GOING TO LET YOU IN ON A SECRET! THOSE CAPSULES HAVE NO FOOD VALUE WITHOUT THE HANKMAN'S SOLUTION!

HURRY, JOHNNY! IN YOUR CONDITION YOU'RE LIABLE TO STARVE TO DEATH!

G-GOLLY! YOU'RE RIGHT! C'MERE, SOLUTION!

BOY-BOY! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TILL I TASTE THAT DELICIOUS TURKEY! YUM. GURGLE.... GURGLE....

SUDDENLY...

HEY... HALP! TH-THIS TURKEY AIN'T DEAD! IT'S ALIVE... AND GROWIN'!

The END
THE BIG EIGHT! "TOPS" IN MONTHLY COMIC MAGAZINES

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Broadcasting Stations employ N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, for installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.

Loudspeaker System building, installing, servicing and operating is another growing field for N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians.

Radio Operators find good jobs with Government Departments, Shipping Companies and in Commercial Aviation; opportunities are increasing in these fields.

I Trained These Men

$10 a Week in Spare Time

"I trained some Radio boys when I was on my tenth lesson. I really don't see how you can get a job for as little money as my students did. They made $500 in a year and a half, and I know many who make an average of $30 a week—just spare time."—JOHN JEMRY, 1798 Pennington Rd., Denver, Colorado.

Had Own Business 6 Months After Enrolling

"I went into business for myself 6 months after enrolling. In my Radio course I do about $500 worth of business a month. I can't tell you how valuable your course has been to me."—A. J. RAYEN, Box 1163, Glendale, Texas.

Sergeant in Signal Corps

"I am now a Sergeant in the U.S. Army, Signal Corps. My duties cover Radio operators, radiomen of Army Transmitters, and operators of Aircraft, handling duties of the Chief Operator in his absence."—SERGEANT RICHARD W. ANDERSON, U.S. Army.

Jobs Like These Go To Men Who Know Radio

The 882 broadcasting stations in the U.S. employ Radio Technicians and Operators with average pay among the country's best paid industries. The Radio repair business is booming now because manufacturers have stopped making, new home and auto Radios and the country's 5,749,000 sets are getting older, requiring more repairs, new tubes, parts. Many N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians take advantage of the opportunities to have their own full time or spare time Radio service businesses. The Government needs many civilian Radio Operators, Technicians. Radio factories employ thousands of trained technicians as they rush to fill millions of dollars worth of Government orders. Think of the many good jobs in connection with Aviation, Commercial, Police Radio and Public Address Systems. N.R.I. gives you the required knowledge for these jobs. N.R.I. trains you to be ready when Television opens jobs in the future. Yes, N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians make good money because they use their heads as well as their hands. They are THROUGHLY TRAINED. Many N.R.I. trained men hold their regular jobs, and make extra money fixing Radio sets in spare time.

Beginners Soon Learn to Make $5, $10 a Week Extra in Spare Time

Nearly every neighborhood offers opportunities for a good part time Radio Technician to make extra money fixing Radio sets. I give you special training to show you how to start earning in on these opportunities early. You get Radio parts and instructions for building test equipment, for constructing experimentals which give you valuable practical experience. My 56-58 method—half working with Radio parts, half studying my lesson texts—makes learning Radio at home interesting, fascinating practical.

Find Out How N.R.I. Teaches Radio and Television

Act today! Mail coupon now for 64-page Book. It's FREE! It points out Radio's spare time and full time opportunities and those coming in Television. Tells about our Course in Radio and Television—shows more than 100 letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing and earning. Find out what Radio offers you. Mail coupon in envelope or paste on penny postcard—NOW.

J. E. SMITH, President National Radio Institute

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Get it the American Way

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NER SET for mother. Sell only one order. Sent Express collect.

U.S. ARMY OUTFIT
Girls! You'll love this FULL SIZE TOILET & MANICURE SET. Given for selling only one order.

JIM PRENITCE'S FAMOUS ELECTRIC FOOTBALL GAME
Boys! Don't miss the thrill of this fast moving Electric Game.

32 PC. DINNER SET
Girls! You'll love this FULL SIZE TOILET & MANICURE SET. Given for selling only one order.

NEW CANDID TYPE CAMERA
Easy to focus, quick in operation. Given for selling only one order.

A WONDERFUL BOY'S PRIZE
Belt, holster and army Colt Repeater cap pistol. Given for selling only one order.

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Hours of instructive fun. Given for selling only one order.

WRISEET WATCH for boys, girls, men & women. Given for selling only one order, plus 75c extra.

ELECTRIC MOVIE OUTFIT
with film. Given for selling only one order, plus 50c extra. Show movies at home.

VICTORY WATCH & FOB
Newest type watch with track dial & red second indicator. Sell only one order.

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY "AMERICAN" WAY!

Boys! Girls! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself and gifts for Mother and Dad.

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Catalog are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in BIG PRIZE CATALOG.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 2 Beautiful Xmas Cards, 2 Envelopes and 24 sparkling Xmas Seals. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Catalog.

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