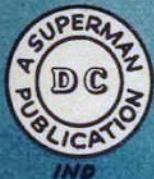


NO.14

DEC..JAN.

ALL STAR Comics

10¢



"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!**

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THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF *America*

HAWKMAN
STARMAN
ATOM
DOCTOR FATE

★ THE ROLL CALL ★
DOCTOR MIDNITE
SPECTRE
JOHNNY THUNDER

★ SANDMAN
AND AS SECRETARY TO
THE JUSTICE -SOCIETY,
WONDER-WOMAN



A TIDAL WAVE OF NAZI TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION ROLLS RELENTLESSLY OVER A EUROPE CONQUERED BUT STILL UNBEATEN! AMERICANS... LONG KNOWN FOR THEIR OPENHENDED 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 CONFISCATE IT TO FEED THEMSELVES AND THEIR ARMY. **BUT..** AND IT'S A **BIG BUT..** THE DOWNTRODDEN MASSES 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!!"

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 CALL FOR DISCUSSION! 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!

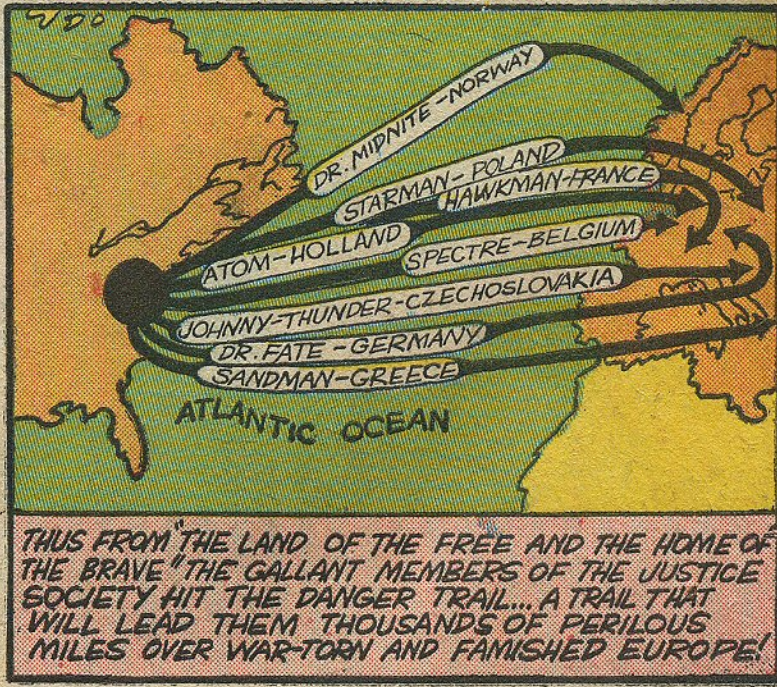
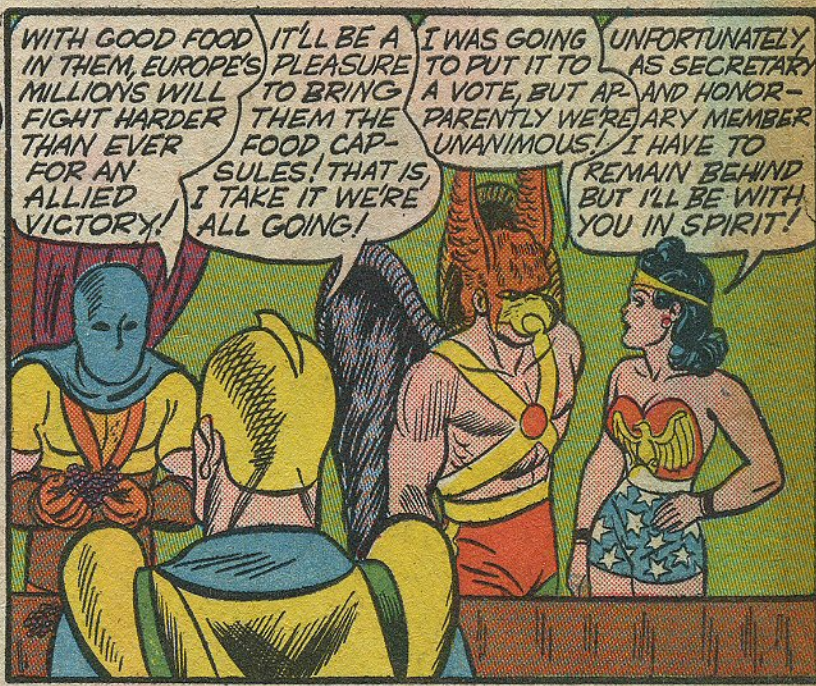
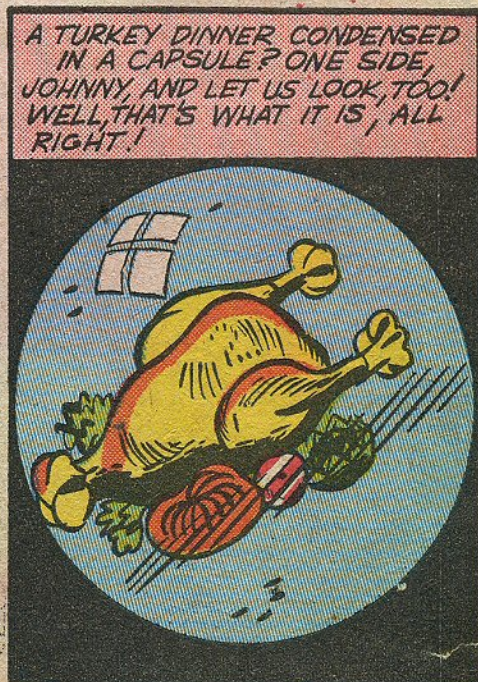
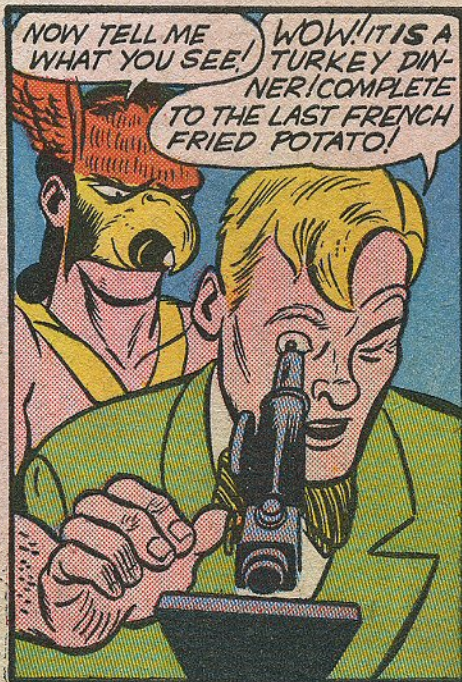
YES-A CLEAR HEAD NEEDS FOOD IN THE STOMACH AND WE NEED CLEAR HEADS OVER THERE- BUT WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR HAND, HAWKMAN?

I WAS ABOUT TO EXPLAIN BEFORE BUT I BECAME INTERESTED IN YOUR DISCUSSION AND I ALMOST FORGOT... THIS!

WHAT IS IT? 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!



THUS FROM "THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE" THE GALLANT MEMBERS OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY HIT THE DANGER TRAIL... A TRAIL THAT WILL LEAD THEM THOUSANDS OF PERILOUS MILES OVER WAR-TORN AND FAMISHED EUROPE!

SWOODING 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...

DON'T SPEAK SO LOUDLY. THOSE NAZI PIGS WILL HEAR..

TAKE ME SOME WHERE SO I CAN PROVE I DO BRING FOOD!

EXCEPT THE SLY ONE... AND THEY'VE TAKEN HIM AWAY..

SIT DOWN. YOU ARE GOING TO EAT AS FREE FRENCHMEN USED TO EAT..

BAH! ANOTHER 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.. MMMM...

FOOD! FOOD! I CAN PRINT OUR SECRET FREEDOM NEWSPAPER BY MY- SELF AFTER THIS..



EAT HEARTY.. 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 AVIATORS 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...



RIGHTO, AND THANKS.

"HE MAKES CONTACTS WITH ENGLISH E-BOATS, LETTING R.A.F MEN GET THROUGH TO ENGLAND."



FOR FREEDOM!

A MAN LIKE THAT ISN'T GOING TO ROT IN A JAIL WHILE I'M AROUND!



THERE IS 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
ARE GIVING ME FOOD?
GIVE ME FOOD!
BUT FIRST
CHEW ON
THIS!



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

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 - JA -
HEIL HITLER!



YOU AREN'T GOING TO
LEAVE HIM LIKE THAT?
WHAT IF HE BREAKS
DOWN AND TALKS?

HE WON'T.
WE CAN DO
NOTHING TILL
LATER - COME!

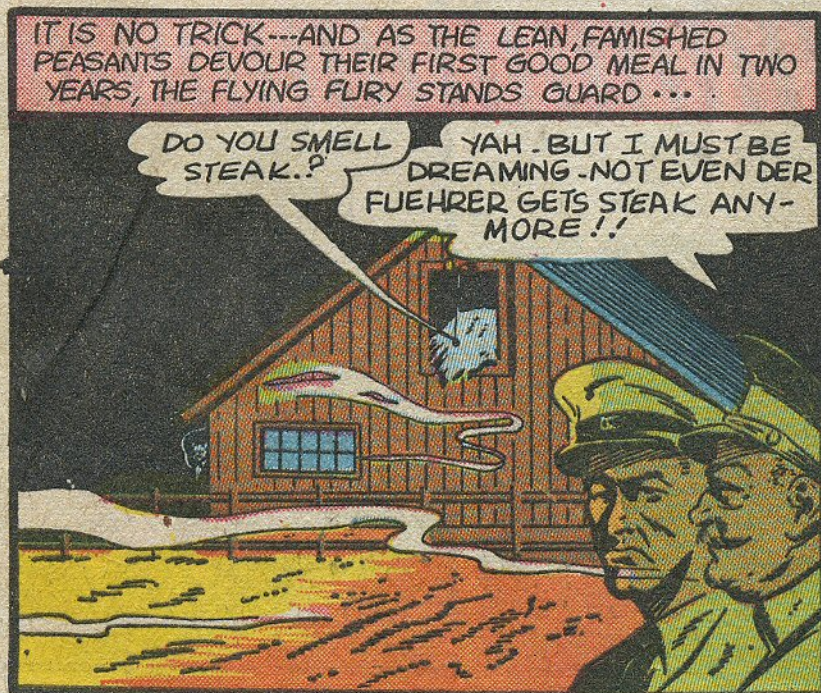


NOT FAR FROM THE SEWERS. AN OLD DESERTED BARN!

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

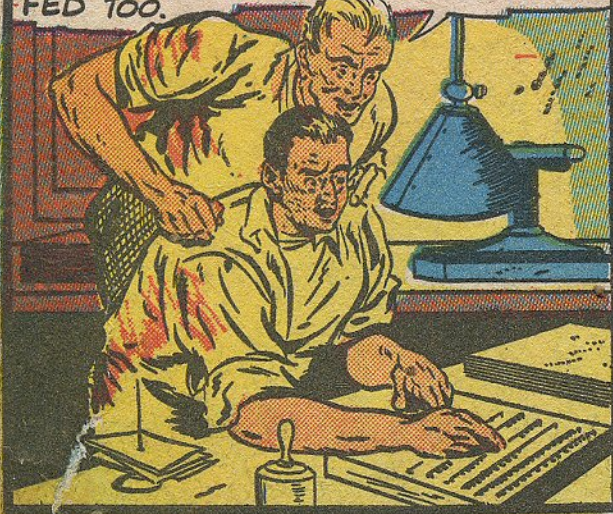
HERE HE
IS - THE
HAWKMAN -
WELCOME





THE SECRET NEWSPAPER THAT HAS BEEN THE BANE OF THE GESTAPO IN FRANCE IS SOON ROLLING OFF THE PRESSES.

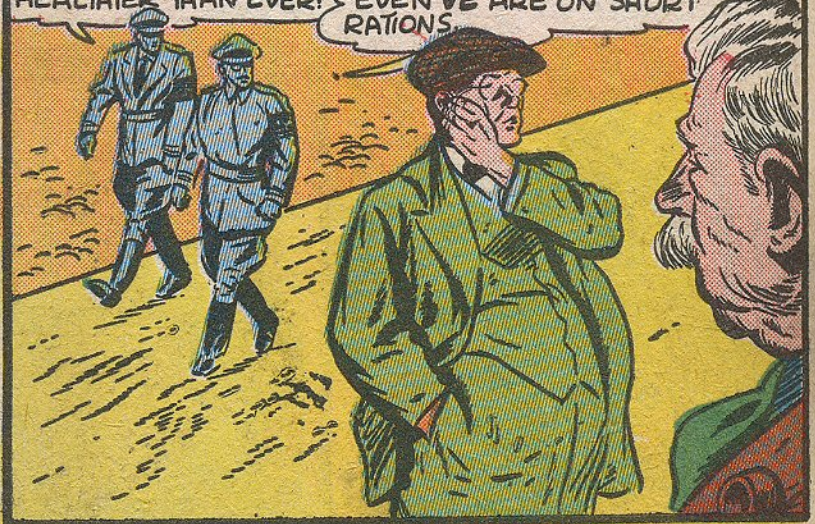
FEELS SWELL TO WORK WITH A FULL STOMACH, AND KNOW YOUR CHILDREN ARE BEING FED TOO.



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

DOGS! LOOK AT THEM. THEY LOOK HEALTHIER THAN EVER!

YOU'D THINK THEY WERE EATING REGULARLY. BUT THEY CAN'T BE, EVEN WE ARE ON SHORT RATIONS.



SAY. COULD IT BE THEY ARE EATING?

I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!



THE PEASANTS HERE ARE WELL FED! WE SEE THEM 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.

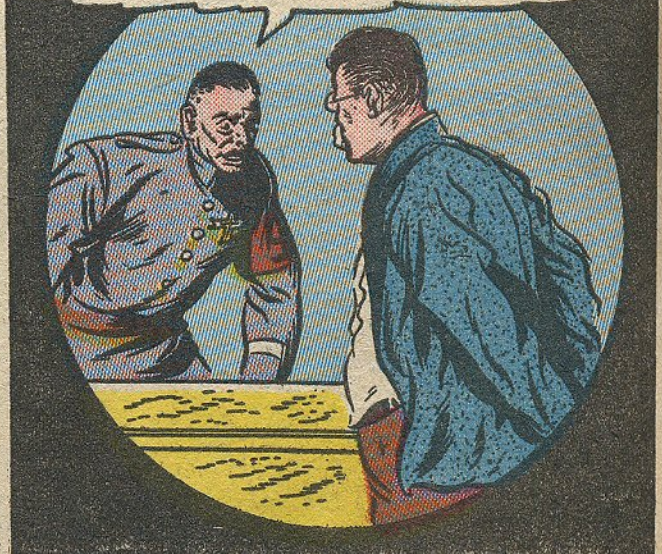


HIMMEL.. TWO OR THREE HIMMELS!!!

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. VE HAFF WAYS TO MAKE YOU SPEAK-JA!



AND I HAVE WAYS TO KEEP YOU QUIET!

HIMMEL! A FLYING MAN!!

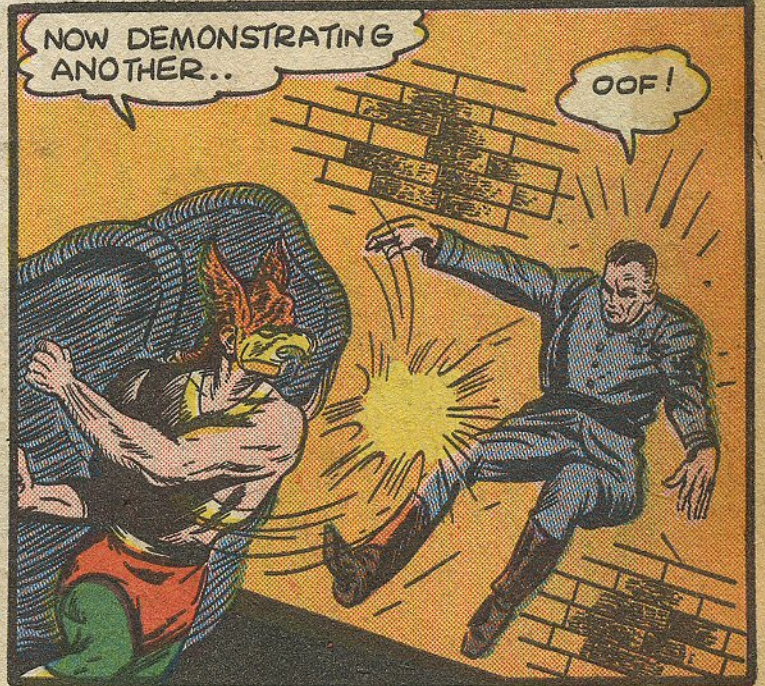


THIS IS ONE OF MY FAVORITE METHODS..



NOW DEMONSTRATING ANOTHER..

OOF!



WE CAN ESCAPE WHILE THEY'RE OUT COLD.. THROUGH THAT HOLE, FELLA!

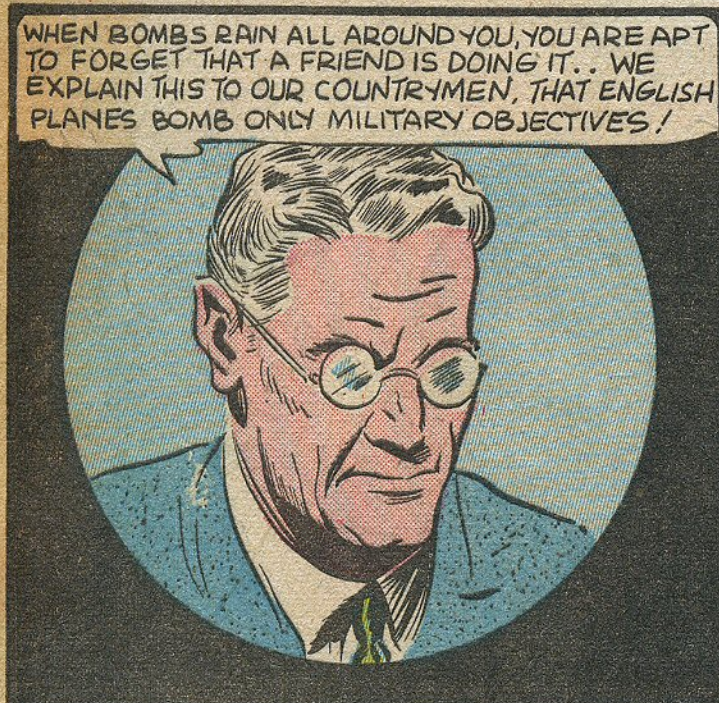


WE'LL REPLACE THESE STONES. THEY'LL NEVER FIGURE OUT HOW I GOT IN HERE.



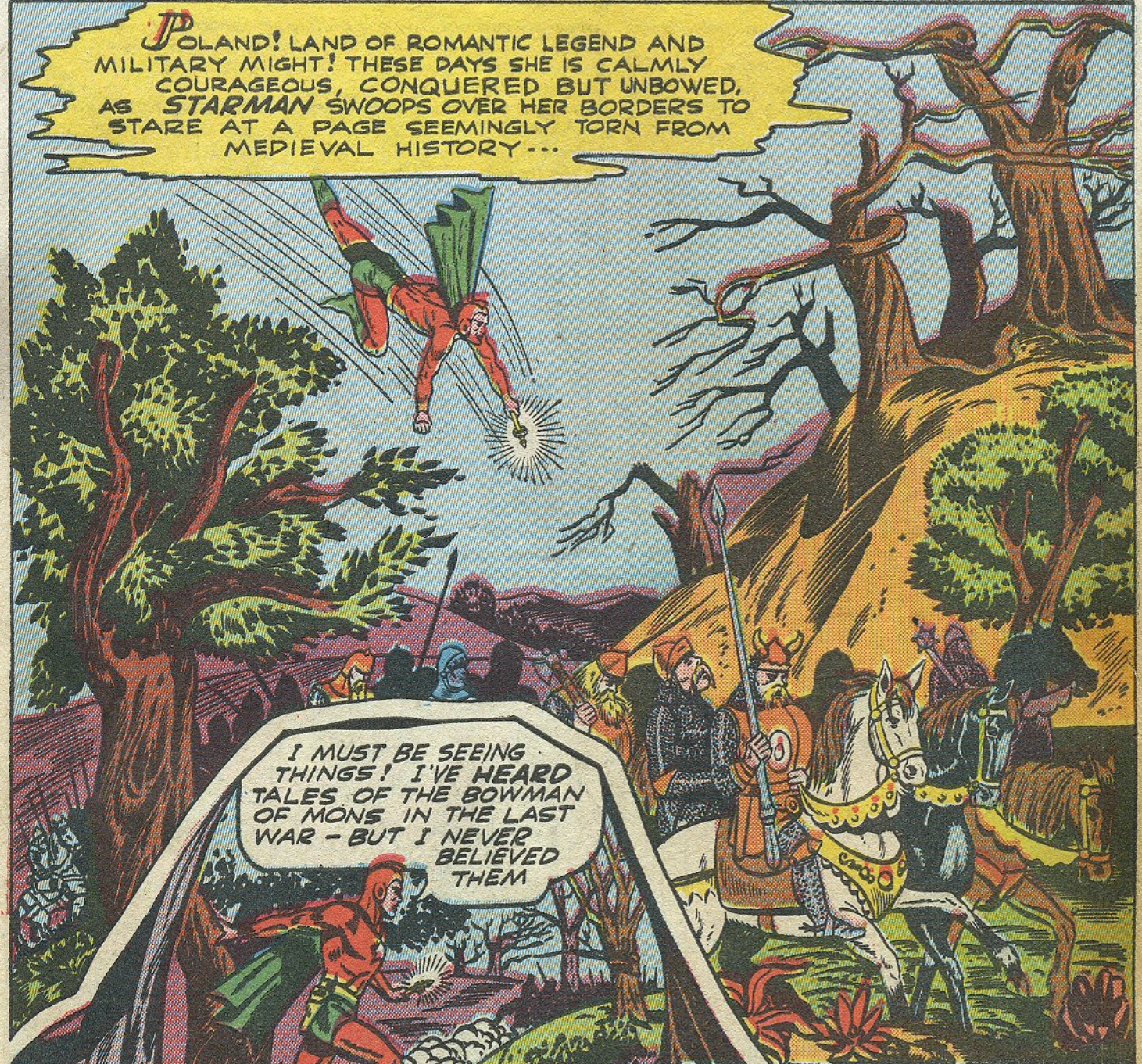
YOU CERTAINLY LOOK WELL FED! HOW DO YOU DO IT, WITH THAT CLAY STUCK IN YOUR TEETH? OH. I FORGOT. YOU CAN'T TALK.





HAWKMAN 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!

THE
SECRET
SOLUTION
RESTORES
THE MICRO-
SCOPIC FOOD
TO ITS
FORMER
STATE!
THEN.....
POLISH
EYES
WIDEN,
MOUTHS
WATER..
AND..
.....



EAT! EAT
AND BE STRONG
ENOUGH TO FIGHT
YOUR COUNTRY'S
BATTLES AGAIN!

YOU DON'T
HAVE TO URGE
ME.... ER...
COMRADE



LOOKS LIKE
YOU INTENDED
PREYING ON
NAZI SUPER-
STITIONS!

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!



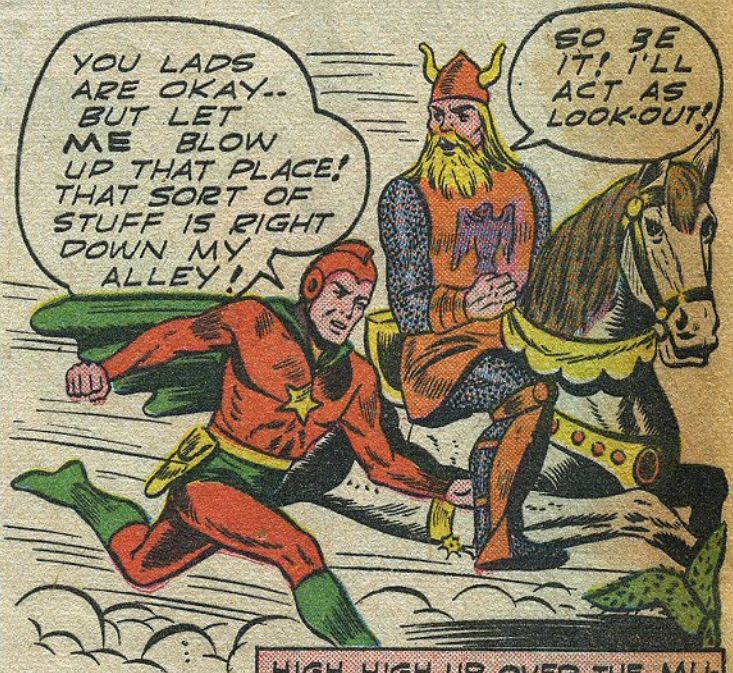
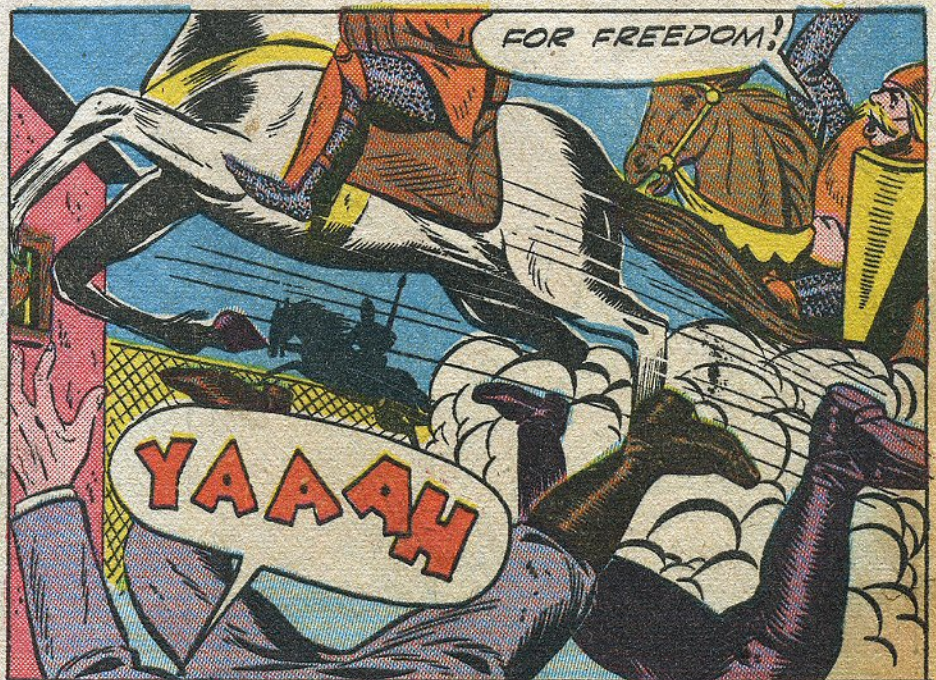
WE HOPED, BY DARING
RAIDS TO FREE OUR
IMPRISONED PEOPLES,
TO CAPTURE GUNS
AND WEAPONS AND
AID IN THE WORLD-
WIDE FIGHT FOR
FREEDOM!

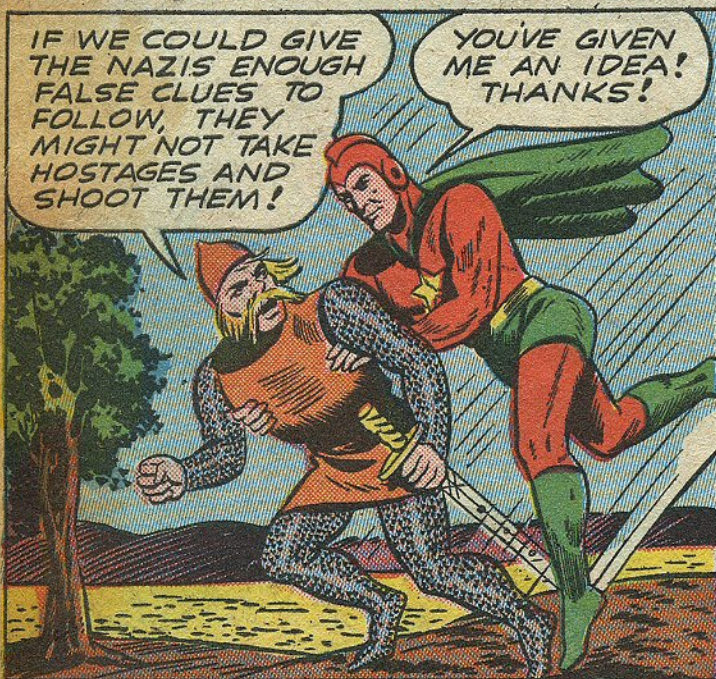


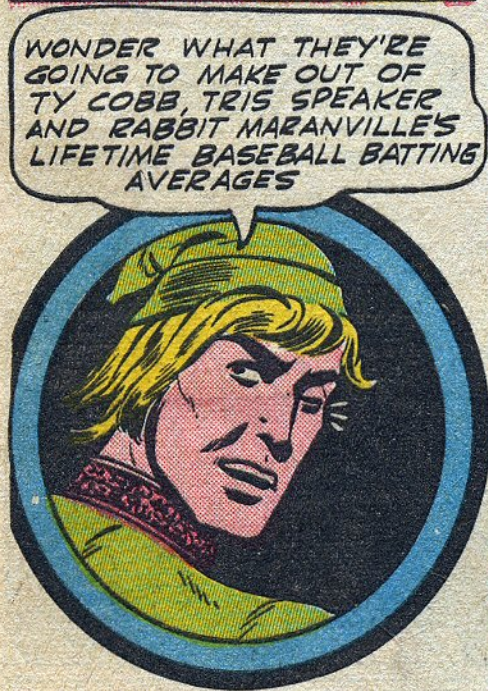
WE WERE
LOSING
THAT
HOPE!
WE WERE
WEARY..
FAMISHED!

I'LL RIDE
ALONG!
I ENJOY
WATCHING
PATRIOTIC
FIREWORKS
!

SHORTLY AFTER..AND NAZIS, GUARDING THE LOCAL JAIL, WHIRL WITH HORROR AS THUNDERING HOOVES POUND CLOSER.. CLOSER!







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.



NAZI TROOPS
ARE FURTHER
TERRORIZED
BY SUDDEN
SMASHING RAIDS
OF GHOST-LIKE
WARRIORS!

FREEDOM!
FOR
FREEDOM!!

MEN IN
IRON! G-G-
GHOSTS
ARGGH!

WITH THEM FIGHTS THE SCARLET SCOURGE,
FISTS 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 BE-
LOVED POLAND!



I'LL
HAVE
MORE
DROPPED
IN PARA-
CHUTES
BY THE
R. A. F.
AND
NOW...
FARE-
WELL,
MY FRIENDS

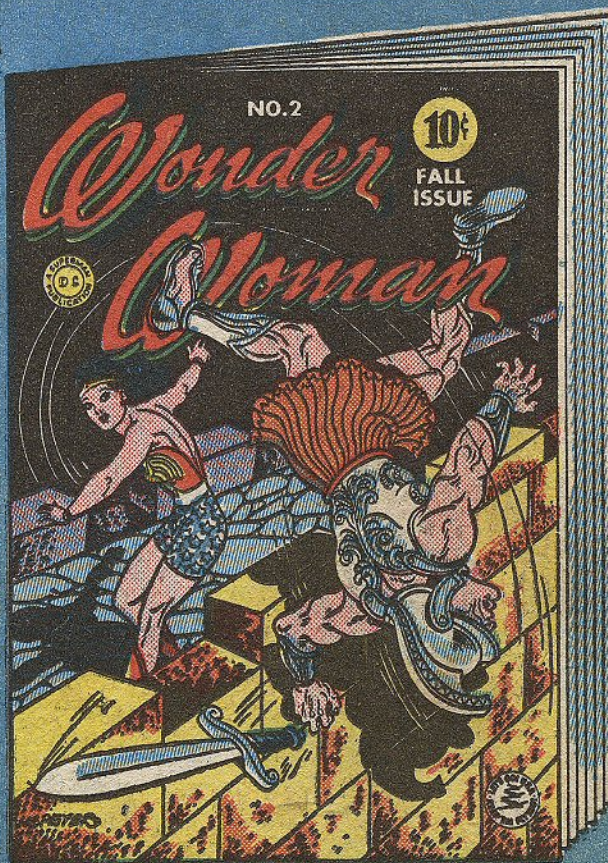
FLEET FEET FLASH FORWARD.. GAIN
TREMENDOUS MOMENTUM
THEN A LITHE FORM
LAUNCHES ITSELF UP-
WARD. AND THE
CRIMSON CLOUTER
SOARS HIGH IN THE
VAULTED SKY!



THERE
GOES A
GREAT
MAN!

YES! HE'S
OOMPHY
ALL RIGHT!

**Thanks,
BOYS & GIRLS,
FOR THE
WONDERFUL
RECEPTION
YOU GAVE THE
FIRST ISSUE
OF
WONDER
WOMAN
!
IT WAS A
SELL-OUT!**



**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!**

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

**ANOTHER
COMPLETE
NOVEL-LENGTH
STORY
featuring
THE FLASH,
FASTEST
MAN ALIVE
in
THE FASTEST
MOVING STORY
YOU'VE EVER
READ
!**

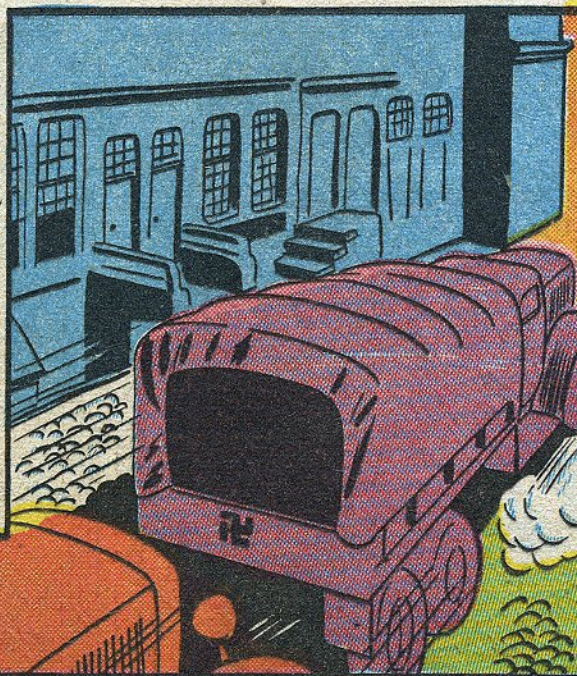


**NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!**

**MURDER
AND MAYHEM,
KIDNAPPING
AND ARSON
TAKE PLACE IN
THIS WIERD
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 FAMISHED PEOPLE, WEAKENED BY RUTHLESS WARFARE, VALIANTLY CONTINUE TO BATTLE THEIR TWO ENEMIES: TYRANNY AND HUNGER!
AS NIGHT'S BLACK MANTLE CLOAKS RAVAGED AMSTERDAM, NAZI TRUCKS RUMBLE OVER SPLINTERED COBBLESTONES!

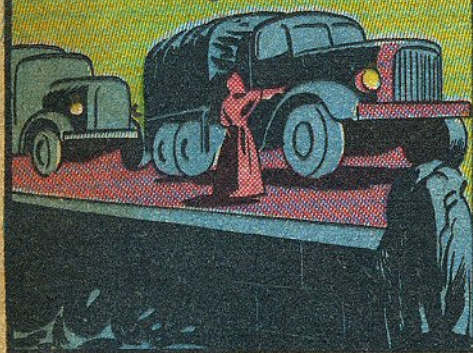


HEY! OLDT VOMAN! VICH ISS DER ROAD TO PARIS?

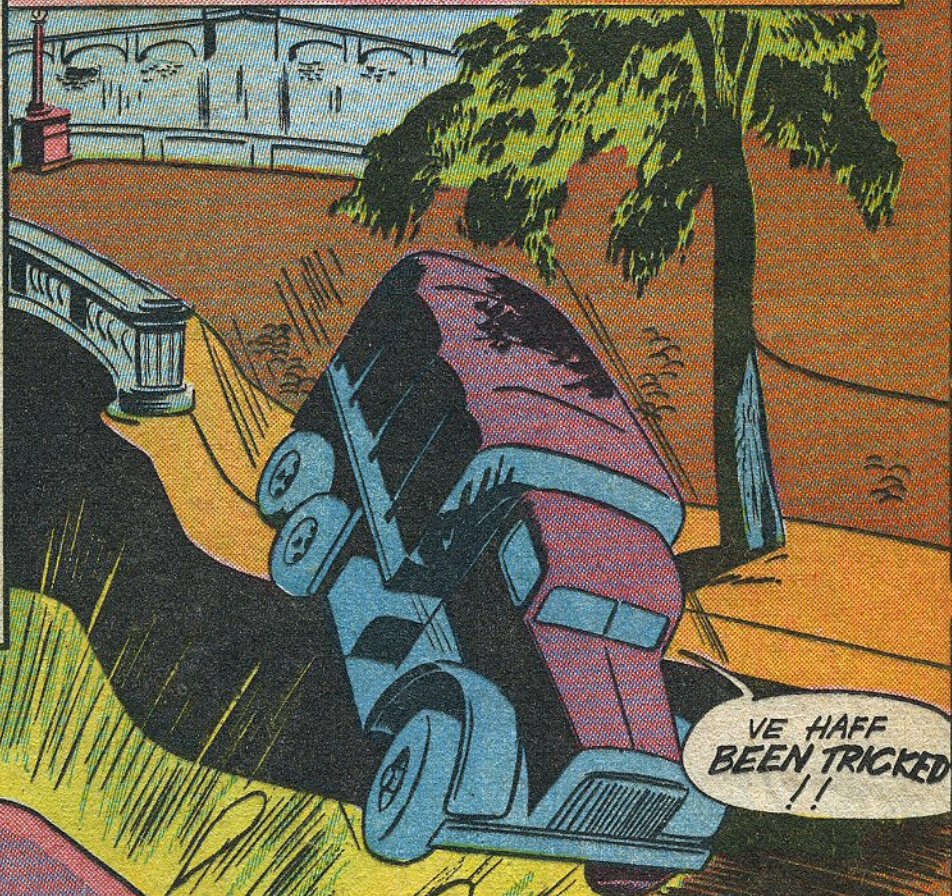


I'LL PRETEND I CAN'T TALK AND BETTER NOT MOVE MY RIGHT ARM OR THE CAPSULES WILL FALL OUT!

ACH! STRAIGHT AHEAD, EH? GOODT!

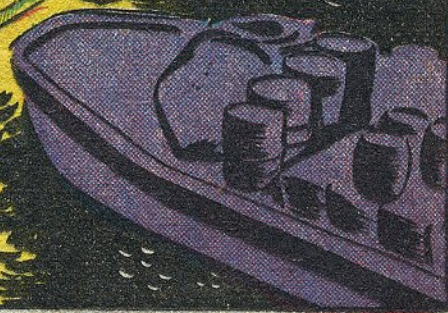


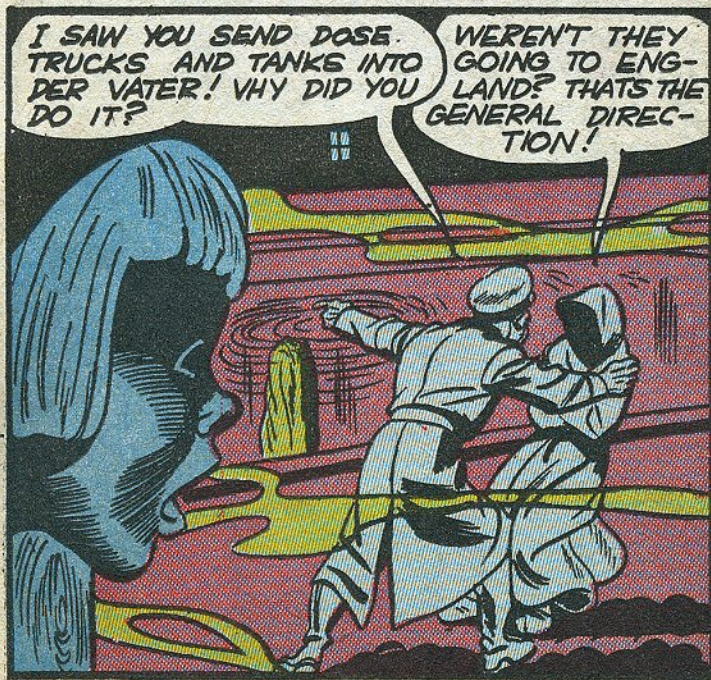
BUT THAT ROAD LEADS TO - THE ZUYDER ZEE!



VE HAFF BEEN TRICKED !!

DER ROAD... GURGLE... MUST BE VASHED OUTT... GURGLE...





I SAW YOU SEND DOSE TRUCKS AND TANKE INTO DER VATER! VHY DID YOU DO IT?

WERENT THEY GOING TO ENGLAND? THATS THE GENERAL DIRECTION!



YOUR SVINISH SENSE OF HUMOR IS GOING TO GEDT YOU A GOOD BEATING!

THATS WHAT YOU THINK, FUN-KIN HEAD!

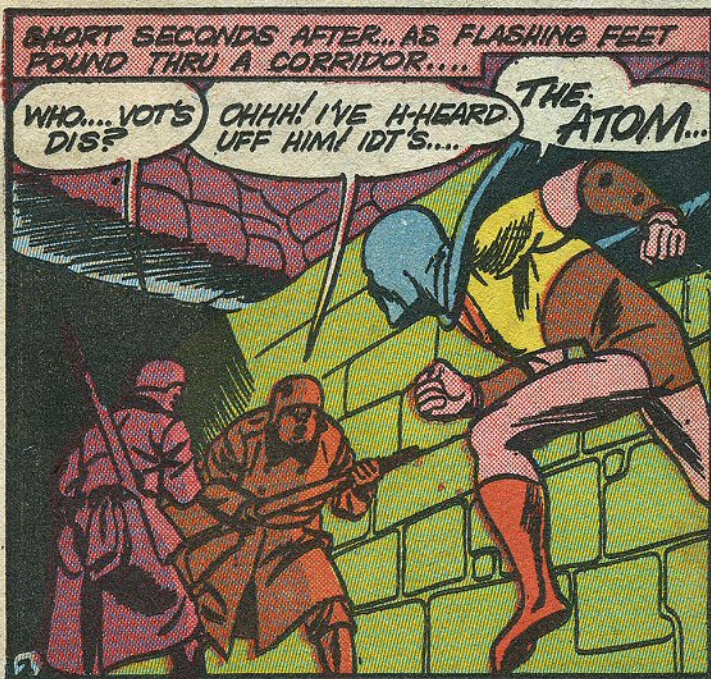


AFTER I GEDT MY VHIP YOU VILL BE GLAD TO TELL ME WHO PAID YOU TO MISDIRECT DER TANKE!

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! ITS AS WEAK AS THE NAZI'S MENTALITIES!

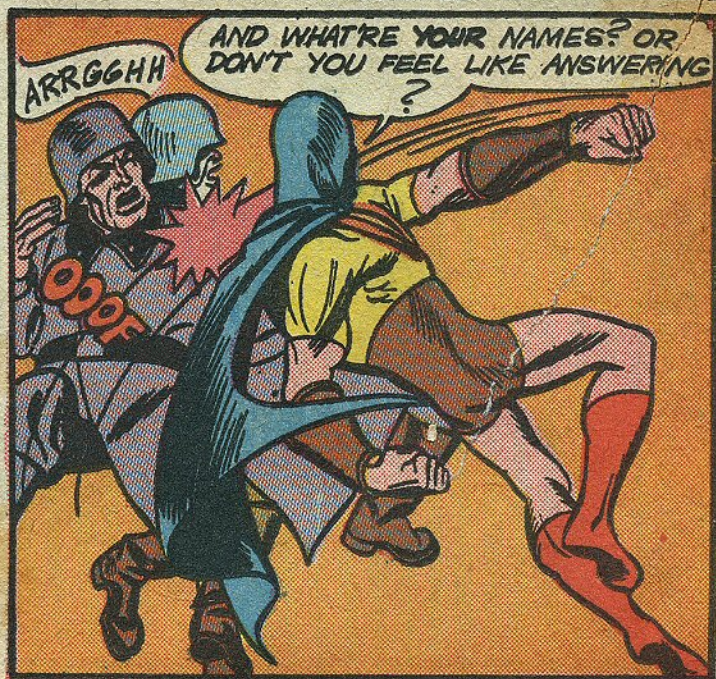


SHORT SECONDS AFTER... AS FLASHING FEET POUND THRU A CORRIDOR....

WHO... VOT'S DIS?

OH HH! I'VE H-HEARD UFF HIM! IDT'S....

THE ATOM...



ARRGGHH

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,--?



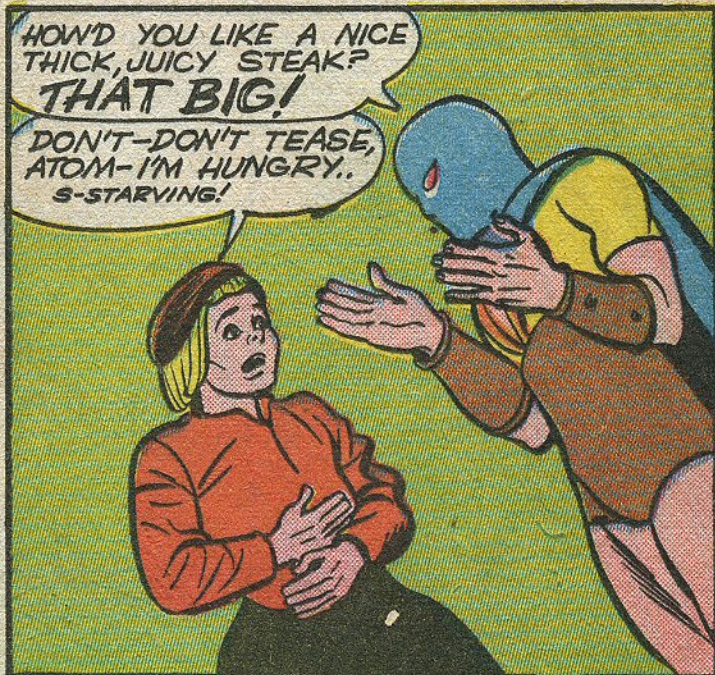
I KNOW ALL THE PEOPLE IN TOWN, AND I DIDN'T KNOW THAT OLD LADY! SO WHEN I SAW YOU COME OUT OF JAIL I KNEW YOU HAD BEEN DIS-GUISED!

GOOD HEAD-WORK YOUNG-STER!



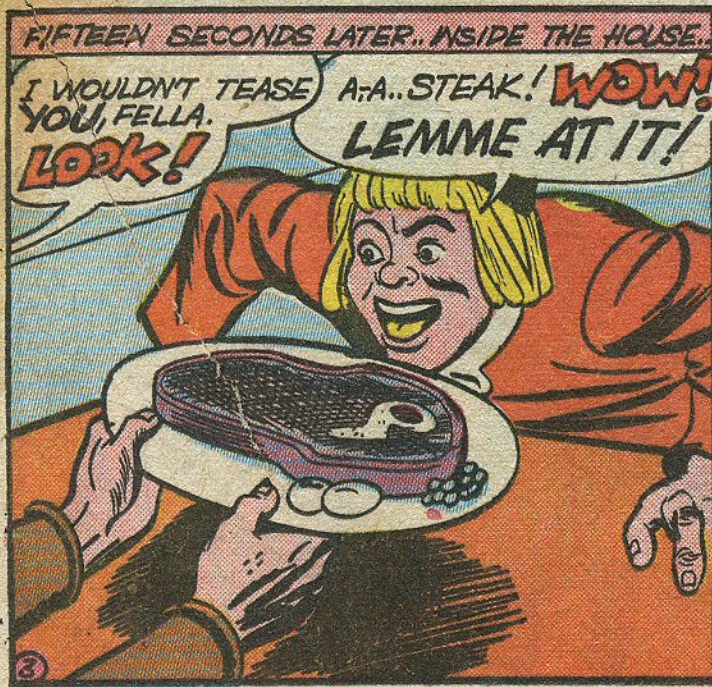
UNFORTUNATELY, I ALSO HAVE A STOMACH! YES... IF I WASN'T SO HUNGRY ALL THE TIME, I'D HAVE THE STRENGTH TO FIX THOSE NAZI RATS!

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.. S-STARVING!



FIFTEEN SECONDS LATER.. INSIDE THE HOUSE..

I WOULDN'T TEASE YOU, FELLA. LOOK!

A-A.. STEAK! WOW! LEMME AT IT!

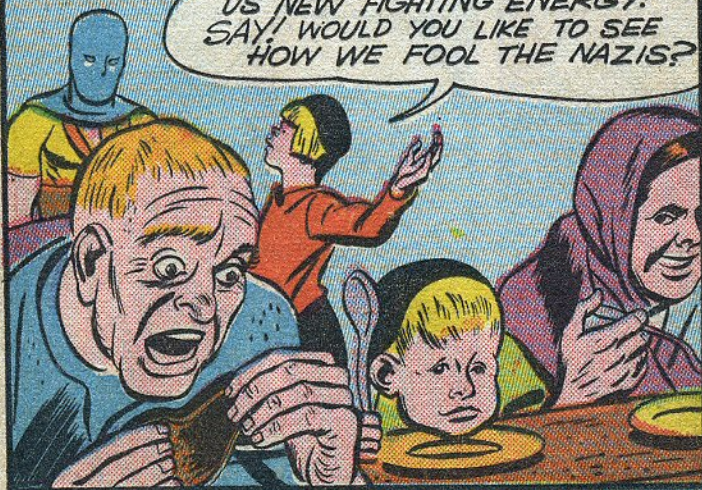


NO, I'D LIKE TO EAT IT ALL... BUT I WON'T! IT MUST BE SHARED!

GOOD BOY!

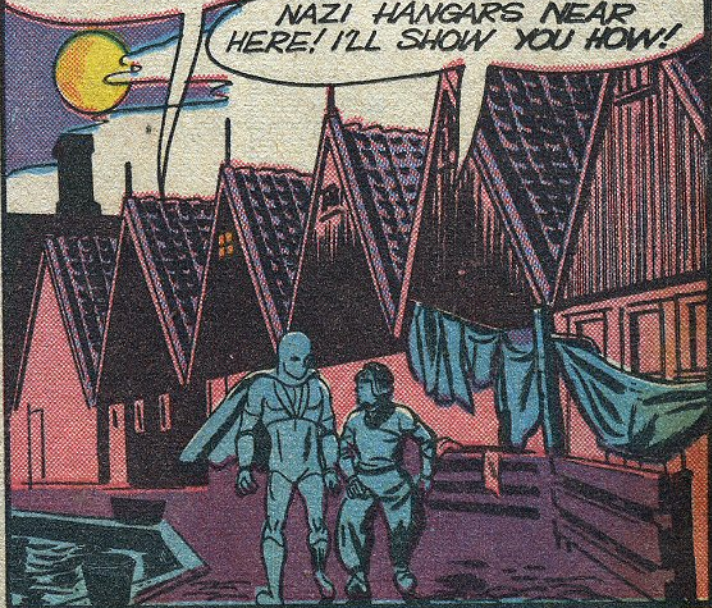
BUT THE PLUCKY LITTLE DUTCH BOY'S SACRIFICE ISN'T CARRIED OUT, BECAUSE THE ATOM PREPARES OTHER MEALS FOR ASSEMBLED DUTCH PATRIOTS!

YOUR KINDNESS AND **FOOD**, ATOM, HAVE GIVEN US NEW FIGHTING ENERGY! SAY! WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE HOW WE FOOL THE NAZIS?



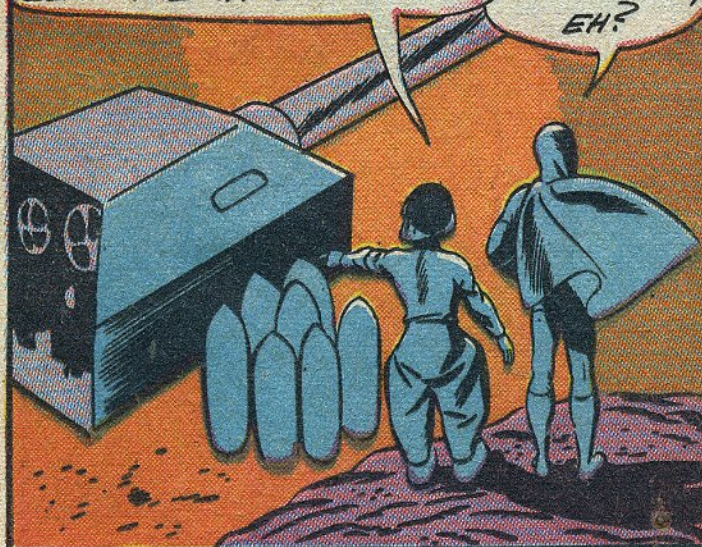
WHAT HAVE YOU IN MIND?

WE'LL 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!

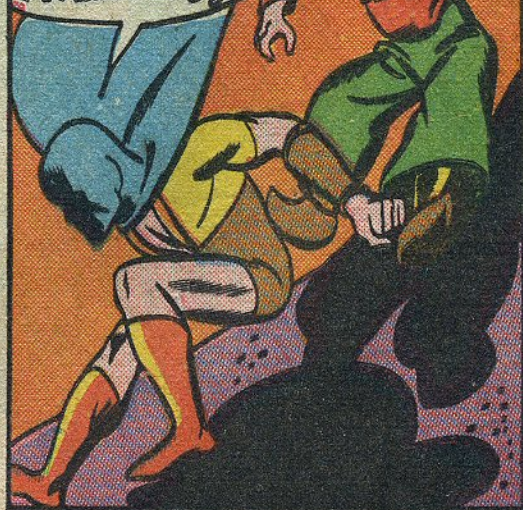
YOU DUTCH PEOPLE CERTAINLY ARE HELPING THE ALLIED CAUSE—**SAY!**

WHANG
LATTER

SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE!



C'MON, BUD. IF THAT'S TROUBLE IT MEANS ONLY ONE THING! **NAZIS!!**





PIGS! I SAY I DID SMELL HOT CHICKEN! WHERE ISS IDT?

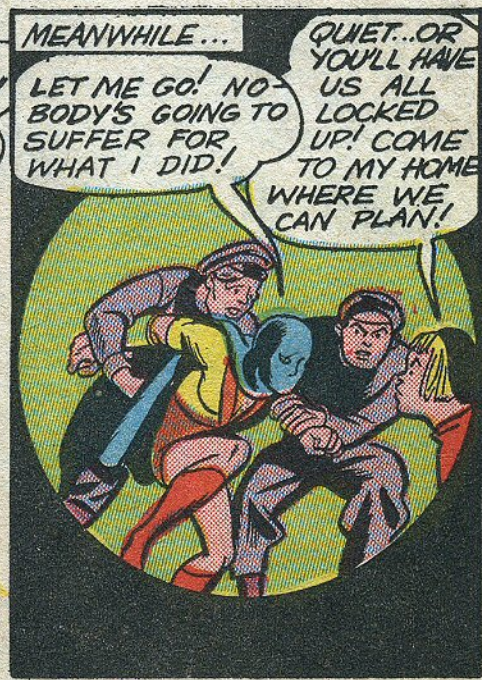
YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE!



HO! MAYBE YOUR LYING TONGUE WILL SHPEAK DER TRUTH AFTER I PUTT YOU IN JAIL!

DON'T TORTURE US ...PLEASE!

COURAGE, HILDA!



MEANWHILE...

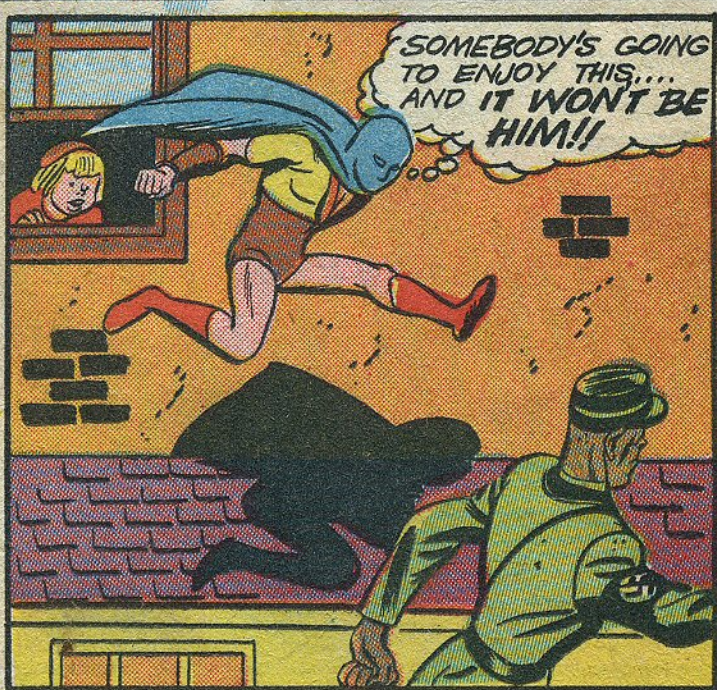
LET ME GO! NO-BODY'S GOING TO SUFFER FOR WHAT I DID!

QUET...OR YOU'LL HAVE US ALL LOCKED UP! COME TO MY HOME WHERE WE CAN PLAN!

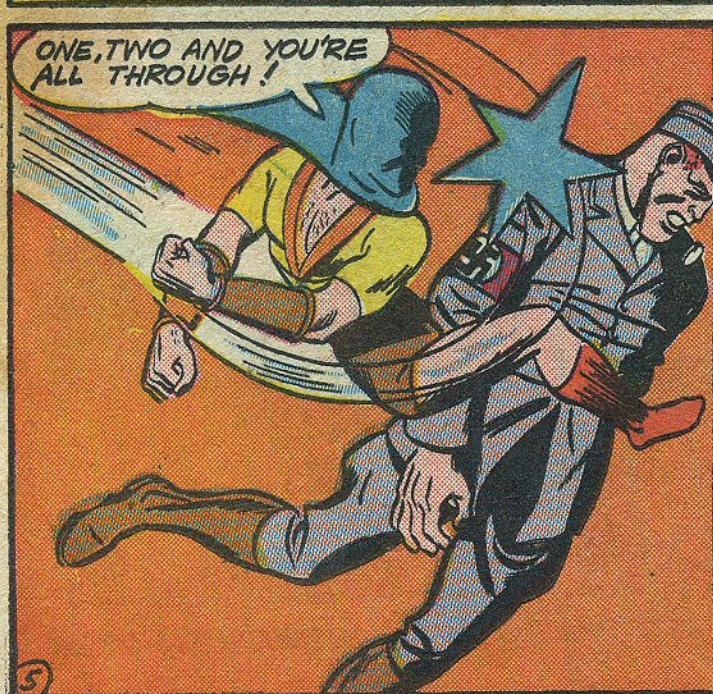


LOOK, ATOM! THERE GOES ONE OF THE GESTAPO, THE RED HEADED SWINE!

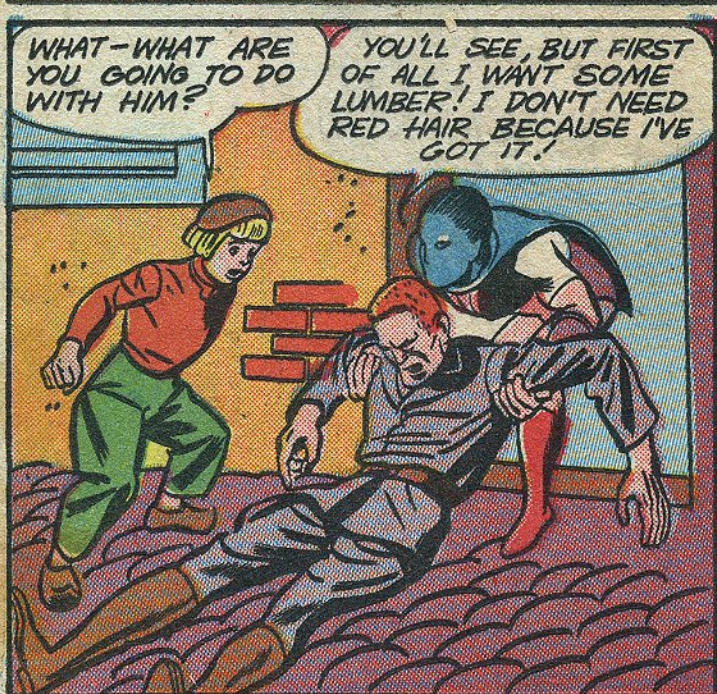
HE'S NO SWINE... HE'S THE ANSWER TO OUR PROBLEM! WATCH!



SOMEBODY'S GOING TO ENJOY THIS... AND IT WON'T BE HIM!!



ONE, TWO AND YOU'RE ALL THROUGH!



WHAT-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH HIM?

YOU'LL SEE, BUT FIRST OF ALL I WANT SOME LUMBER! I DON'T NEED RED HAIR BECAUSE I'VE GOT IT!



MINUTES AFTER....

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

LET'S HOPE I FOOL THE NAZIS INTO THINKING I'M THE GESTA-PO MAN!



LATER....IN THE NAZI JAIL....

COME OUT, YOU TWO! WE'RE NOT AFRAID! I VISH TO HAFF WORDS VIDT YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT... AND WE WON'T TALK!



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

ACT FRIGHT-ENED, YOU TWO!

OH! I SEE!



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

I THOUGHT IT WAS THE END!

AND IT MAYBE WOULD HAVE BEEN FOR THE BEST THAT IT HAPPENED!



WHAT IT TAUGHT US A LESSON! FROM NOW ON THE FOOD MUST BE EATEN WITH CAUTION... WONDER IF THE R.A.F. FOUND THAT SHELL WITH THE INFORMATION IN IT!



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

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



WHISTLING BOMBS PLUMMET DOWN... AND

DER FUEHRER'S PLANES ... SMASHED... RUINED... OH H H H H!



HOLLAND HAS HAD A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED! ITS LION HEARTED 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... WE LEAVE HOLLAND KNOWING THAT ITS TREMENDOUS UNDERGROUND ARMY IS GOING TO CONTINUE TO FIGHT... FIGHT... FIGHT!!!

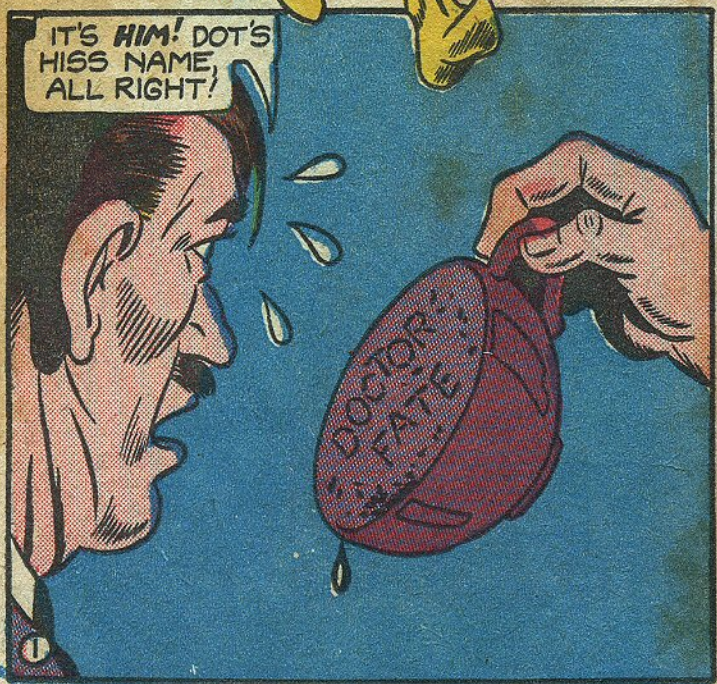
NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMPS RUSTLE WITH SECRET RUMOUR!
THE JUSTICE SOCIETY IS FEEDING EUROPE, AND EUROPE'S GRATEFUL UNDERGROUND ARMIES ARE RISING AGAINST THE FANATIC FORCES OF BARBARISM!



SUPERSTITIOUS ADOLPH SEES HIS FATE IN--- TEA LEAVES!

YOU SAY YOU SEE M-MY FATE IN THERE? WHAT ISS IT?

NOT ONLY **YOUR** FATE, BUT THE FATE OF ALL EVIL ONES! **LOOK!**

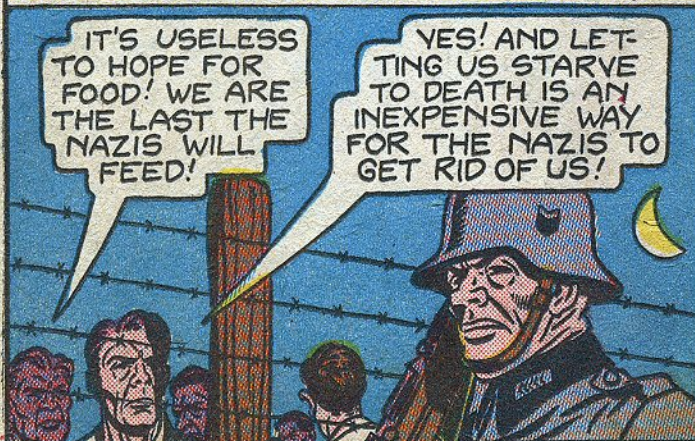


IT'S **HIM!** DOT'S HISS NAME, ALL RIGHT!

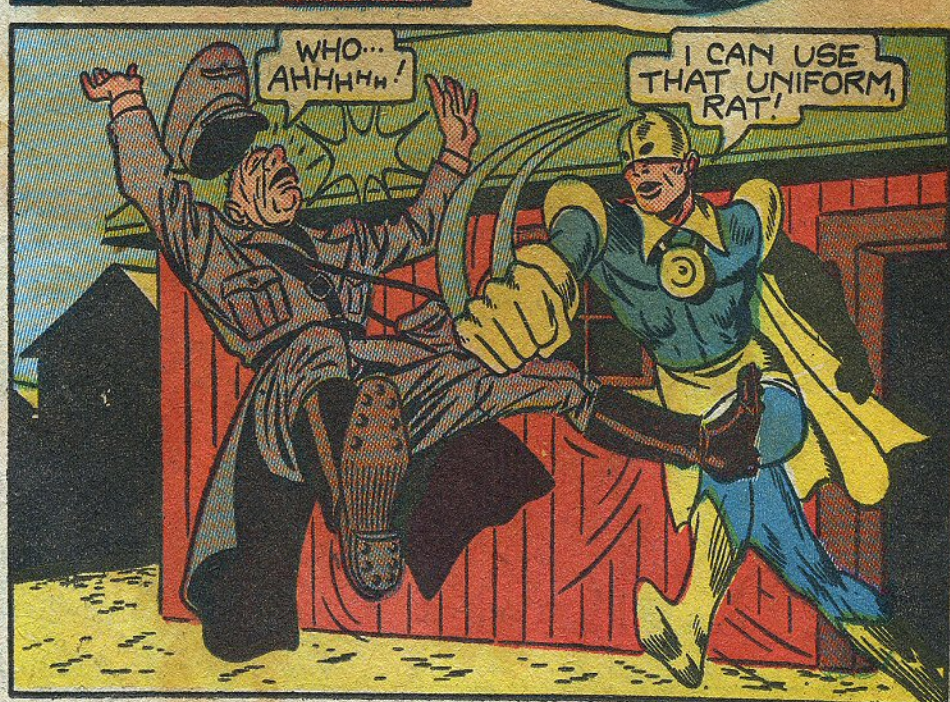
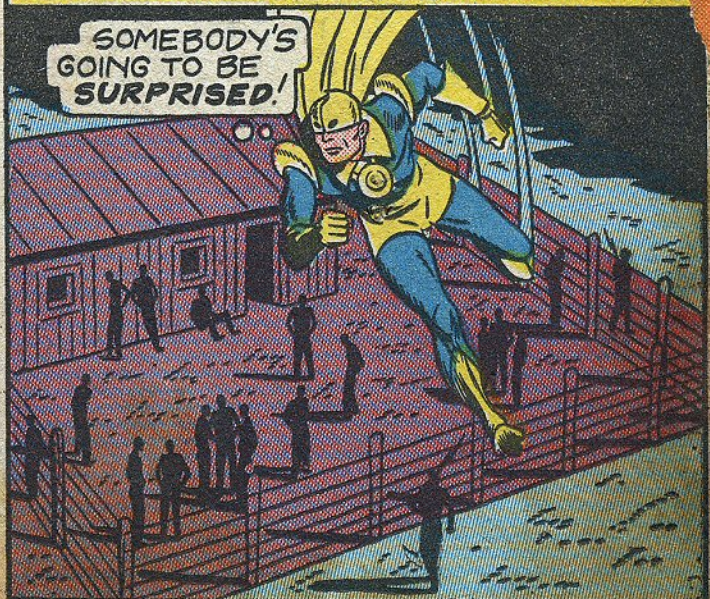


THOSE JUSTISS SOCIETY MEMBERS! ALWAYS THEY HAFF SPOILED MY PLANS! NOW... NOW SUBBOSE ONE OFF THEM VAS HERE ... IN... IN GERMANY!

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!



UNSEEN.. A SILENT, SHADOWY SHAPE SHOOTS FROM THE SKY ABOVE! DOCTOR FATE





IN THE PRISON FACTORY, NOW LEFT UNGUARDED, THE MAN OF MYSTERY EXPLAINS HIS DARING PLAN!

THESE ARE YOUR WORKING IMPLEMENTS, EH? THE SHELL ITSELF, GUN-POWDER, AND SAND WITH WHICH TO POLISH THE SHELL CASE!



LISTEN CAREFULLY! IF YOU MIX SAND WITH THE GUN-POWDER, THE SHELLS WILL EXPLODE... BUT WILL LOSE THEIR TREMENDOUS VELOCITY!

SAND



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!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW SWIFTLY PRISONERS WORK HARDER THAN EVER FOR THE NAZIS... SABOTAGING THEIR BIG SHELLS!

SHELL READY!

HERE TOO!

ANOTHER ONE COMING UP!



I DON'T KNOW VAT GOT INTO THEM!

THEY WORK LIKE MEN UP IRON... ON CRACKERS UND 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! WE HAVEN'T LEFT THEM ANYTHING TO EAT!



THEY'RE BEING WELL FED, I SAY!

STOP GIFFING 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!

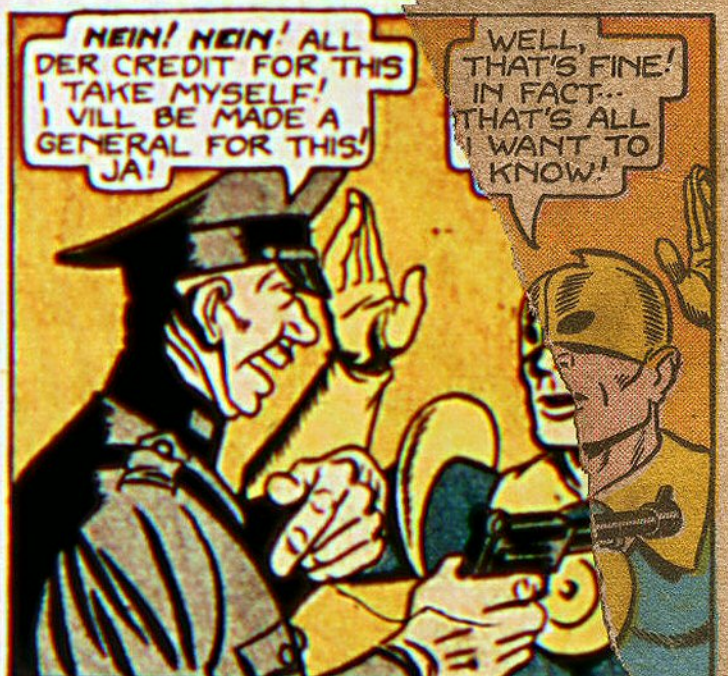
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN FOOLING US-- BUT WE ARE WISE NOW!



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!



NEIN! NEIN! 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!

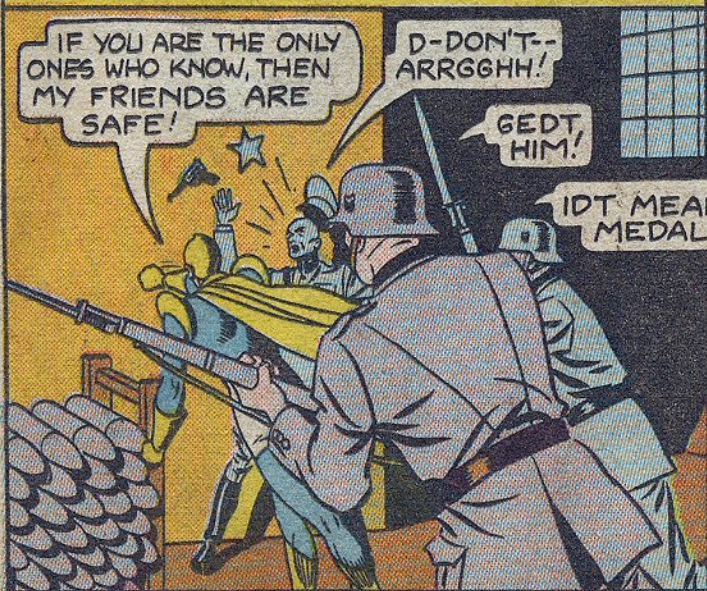
LUNGING WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED, A FLASHING FIGURE EXPLODES INTO ACTION!

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

D-DON'T--ARRGGHH!

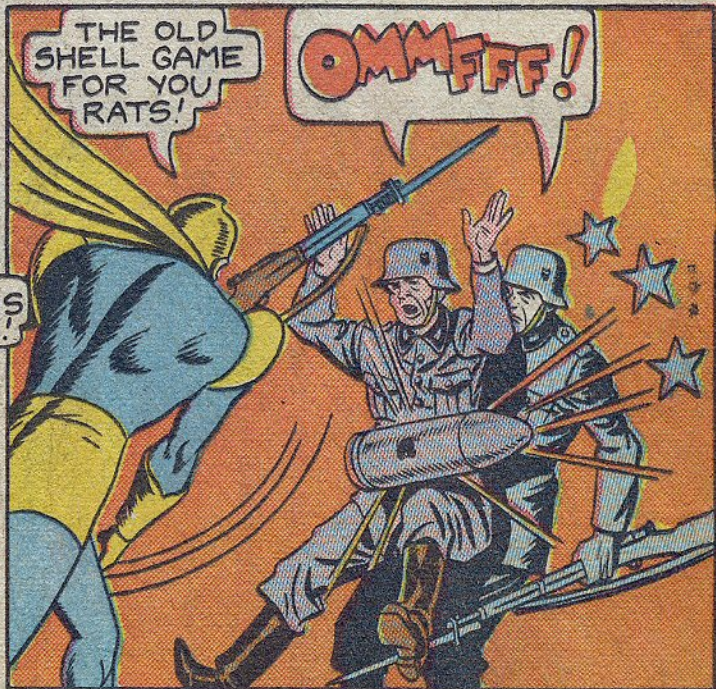
GEDT HIM!

IDT MEANS MEDALS!



THE OLD SHELL GAME FOR YOU RATS!

OMMFFF!



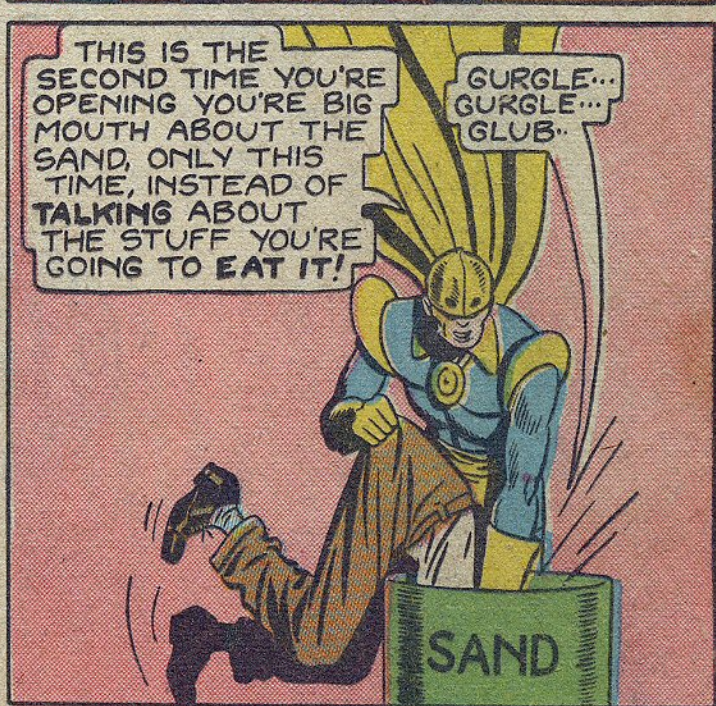
AND NOW FOR MY FINE-FEATHERED FRIEND-- THE STOOL-PIGEON!

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!

GURGLE... GURGLE... GLUB...

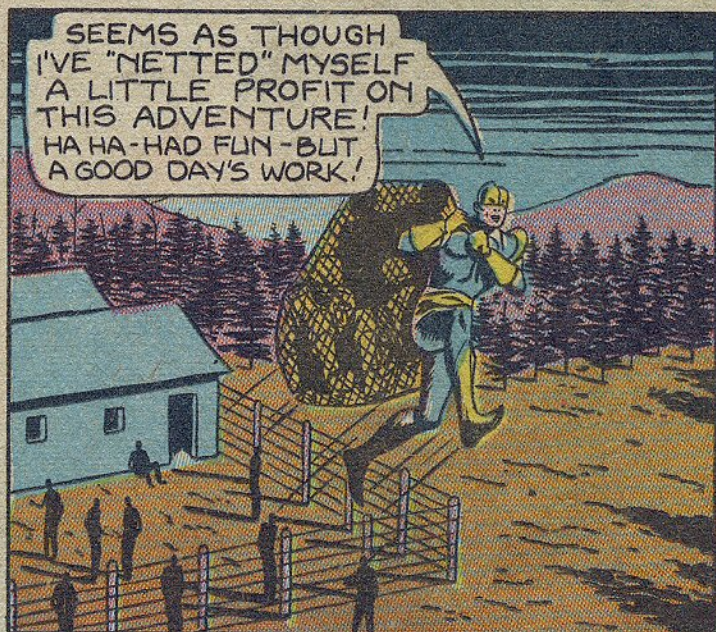


YOU'RE A TERROR IN ACTION, DOCTOR FATE, BUT IT'S NO USE! THE REST OF THE GESTAPO WILL GET US!

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!

The JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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 share 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 man, 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 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!



This is the actual size of the beautiful silver-plated membership emblem:



Not only will you enjoy wearing this beautiful membership emblem, but you will like the handsomely engraved membership certificate. And you will be fascinated by the special JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA Secret Code, based on WONDER WOMAN's knowledge of the Greek alphabet, which will enable you to decipher the Secret Code messages (in each of the thirteen codes) which will be published in ALL-STAR COMICS.



HERE'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU JOIN THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA!

1. A beautiful silver-plated JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA emblem.
2. A handsomely engraved JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY membership certificate.
3. A secret JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA Code Card.
4. A U. S. Treasury Department Ten-cent War Savings Stamp Album.
5. A four-page, four-color lithographed "History of the Minute Man."
6. A Victory Bulletin—"How to Organize A Victory Club in Your School."

And in addition, opportunities to enter many contests for valuable prizes.

SEND YOUR APPLICATION IN AT ONCE!

(And be sure to enclose fifteen cents in coins to cover costs)

THANKS! BOYS and GIRLS!

FOR THE WONDERFUL
RECEPTION YOU GAVE THE
JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF
AMERICA. THOUSANDS OF YOU
HAVE ALREADY JOINED! IF YOUR
MEMBERSHIP NUMBER IS 1000
OR LESS, IT MEANS YOU WERE
ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES TO GET
A FREE 10¢ WAR SAVINGS STAMP!
KEEP 'EM FLYING!



JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA

A.S. NO. 14

Headquarters, c/o All-Star Comics,
480 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

Please enroll me as a charter member of the JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA! I enclose 15c, in coins, to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive membership emblem, certificate, code card, etc.

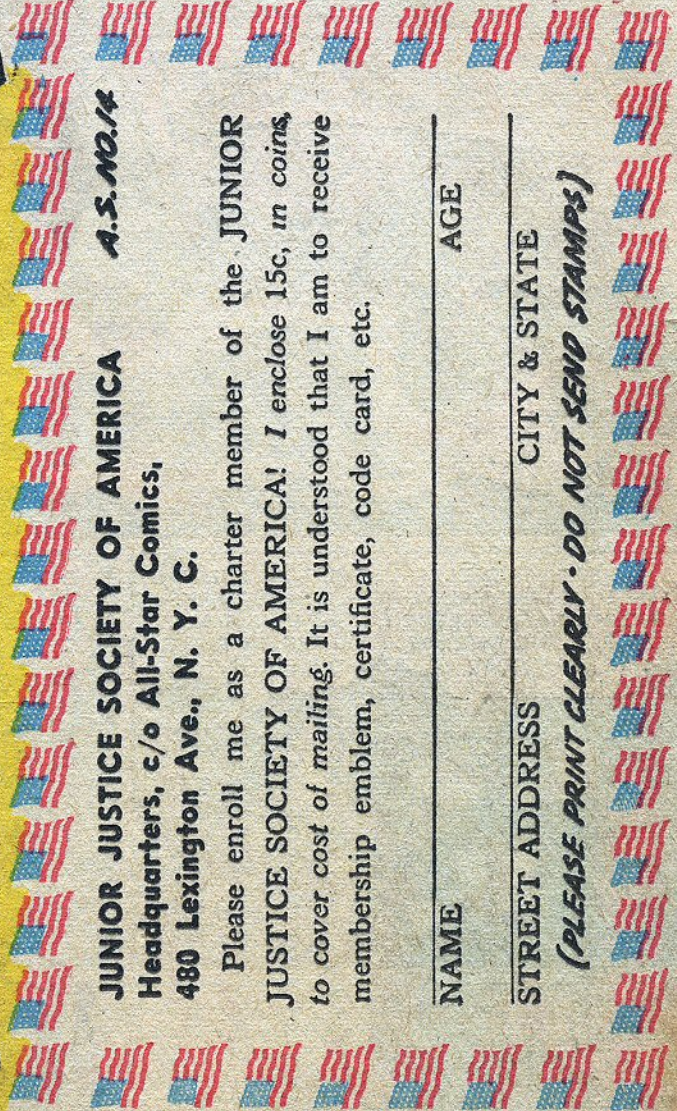
NAME

AGE

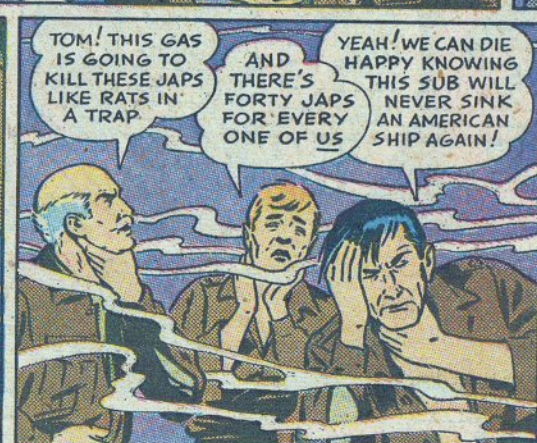
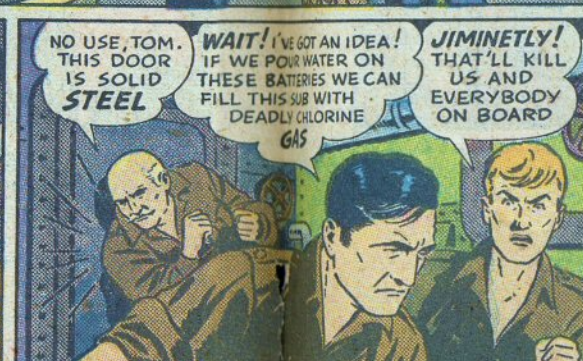
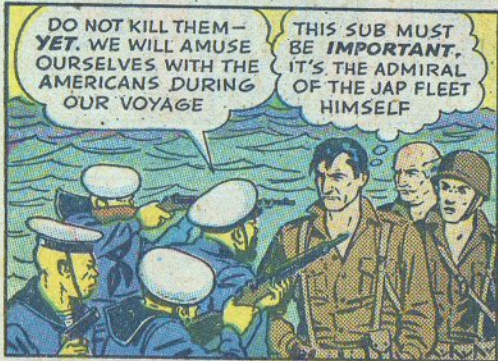
STREET ADDRESS

CITY & STATE

(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY - DO NOT SEND STAMPS)



TOM MIX AND HIS COMMANDOS ARE ON A DANGEROUS MISSION, WHEN THEIR P.T. BOAT RAMS A JAPANESE SUBMARINE



IS THIS THE END OF TOM MIX AND HIS COMMANDOS?

Trapped in a stricken submarine—choked by chlorine gas—they face certain death. Can some miracle save them? Read the breath-taking climax to this sensational story in the Tom Mix Comics Book.

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

In addition to thrill-packed Commando Comics, this big book contains four unusual full length feature comics—tells secrets every Tom Mix Commando should know. HURRY! MAIL COUPON FOR YOUR FREE COPY TODAY.

TOM MIX COMICS BOOK FREE!

SEND NO MONEY JUST ONE BOX TOP



5 BIG COMICS IN FULL COLOR

BRAND NEW NOT FOR SALE ANYWHERE

You Serve Uncle Sam When You Serve These Ralston Whole Grain Cereals

THEY'RE THE KIND OF CEREALS THAT ARE BRINGING WARMTH AND VIGOR TO OUR FIGHTING MEN

THEY'RE HELPING WAR WORKERS FIGHT FATIGUE (they're extra rich in vitamin B-1)

THEY'RE GIVING YOUNG AMERICA COWBOY ENERGY



INSTANT RALSTON... An amazing new hot whole wheat cereal that needs no cooking. Just stir into boiling water or milk and serve. A delicious warm-up build-up breakfast for all the family. Brimful of energy.

RALSTON WHOLE WHEAT CEREAL a family favorite for over 40 years. Cooks in 5 minutes.

Uncle Sam says "eat whole grain cereals" and both Instant Ralston and Ralston are whole grain. Both are whole wheat, extra rich in vitamin B₁. Take your choice.



MAIL THIS COUPON

TOM MIX, 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Tom:

I enclose one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top. Please send me your big Commandos Comic Book free!

Name _____

Address _____

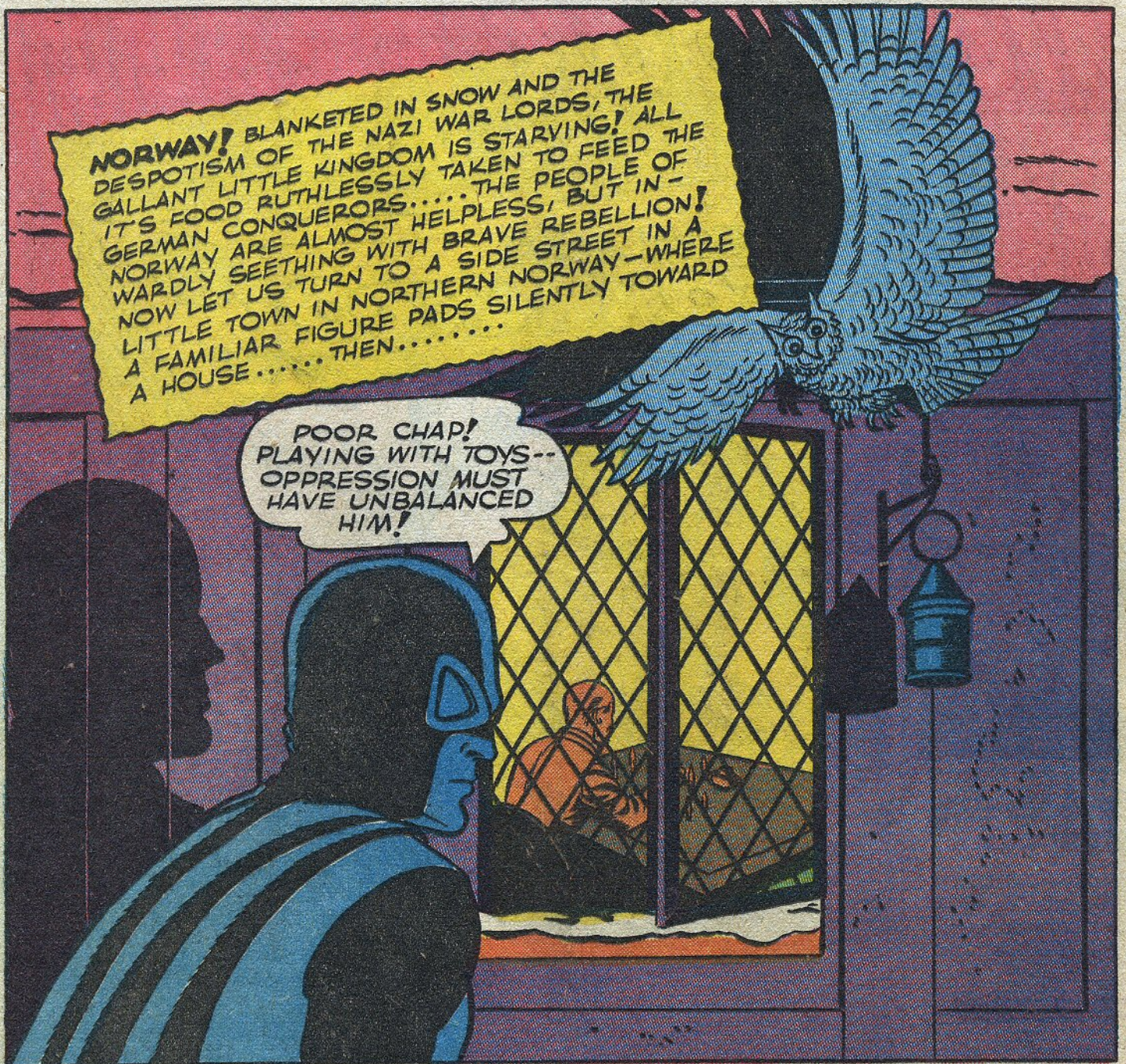
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IMPORTANT: If you have no coupon you can get the Tom Mix COM-MANDOS COMICS Book anyway. Simply send one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top with your name and address to 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo. This offer expires January 1, 1943.

NORWAY! BLANKETED IN SNOW AND THE DESPOTISM OF THE NAZI WAR LORDS, THE GALLANT LITTLE KINGDOM IS STARVING! ALL ITS FOOD RUTHLESSLY TAKEN TO FEED THE GERMAN CONQUERORS.....THE PEOPLE OF NORWAY ARE ALMOST HELPLESS, BUT INWARDLY 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!

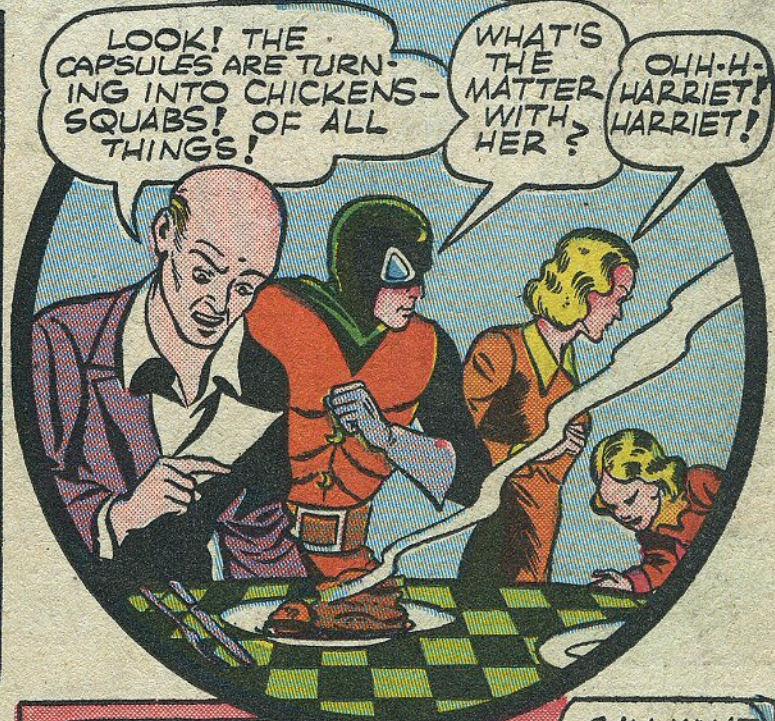
OH!!
W-WE'VE DONE
NOTHING! WE'RE
INNOCENT!

SSSH!
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!





....ERIC TAKES DR. MID-NITE INTO HIS WORKROOM!

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

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 IT'S 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!

HMMM--
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. MID-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!



GOOD!

THAT EVENING...

DO YOU SEE THOSE BOATS?

YES-- SAY! THEY'RE COMMANDOS!



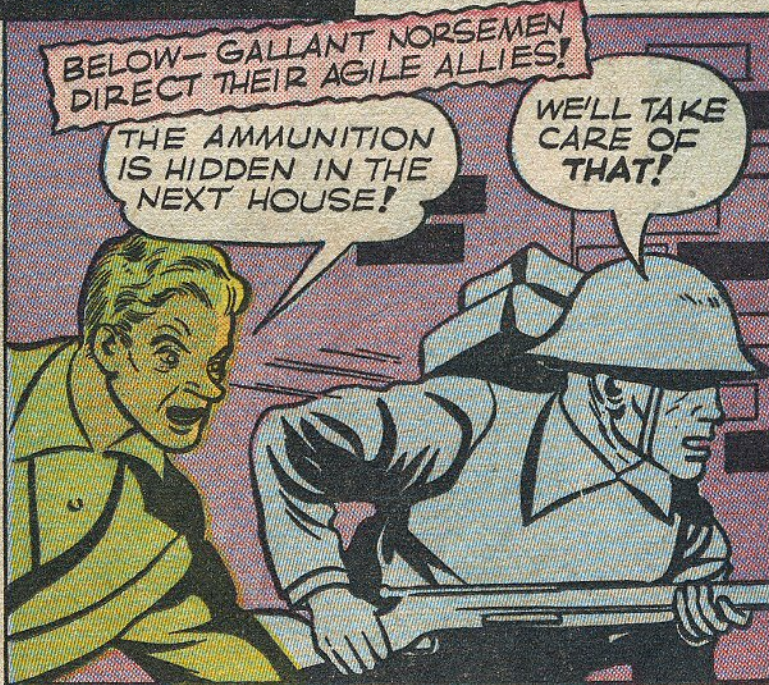
POWERFUL BINOCULARS BRING THE SWIFT, SURE ACTION SEEMINGLY WITHIN ARM'S REACH!

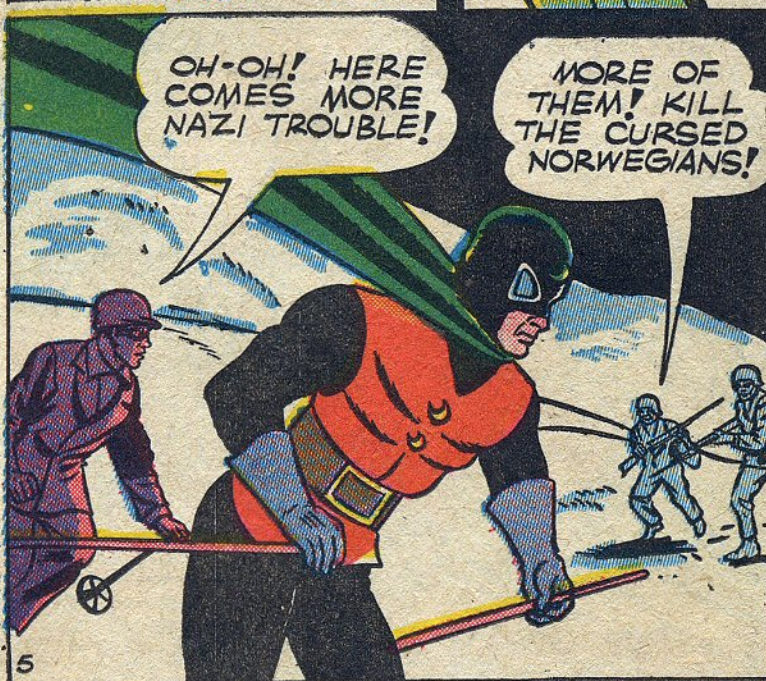
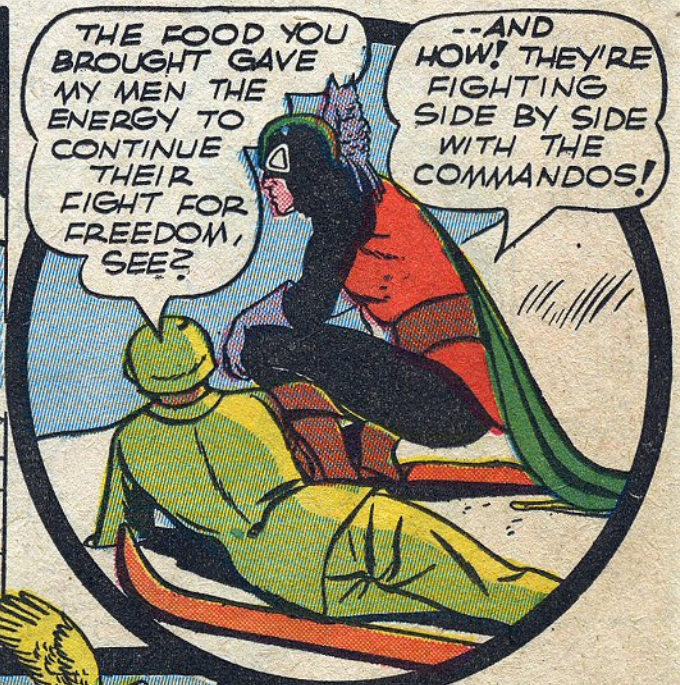
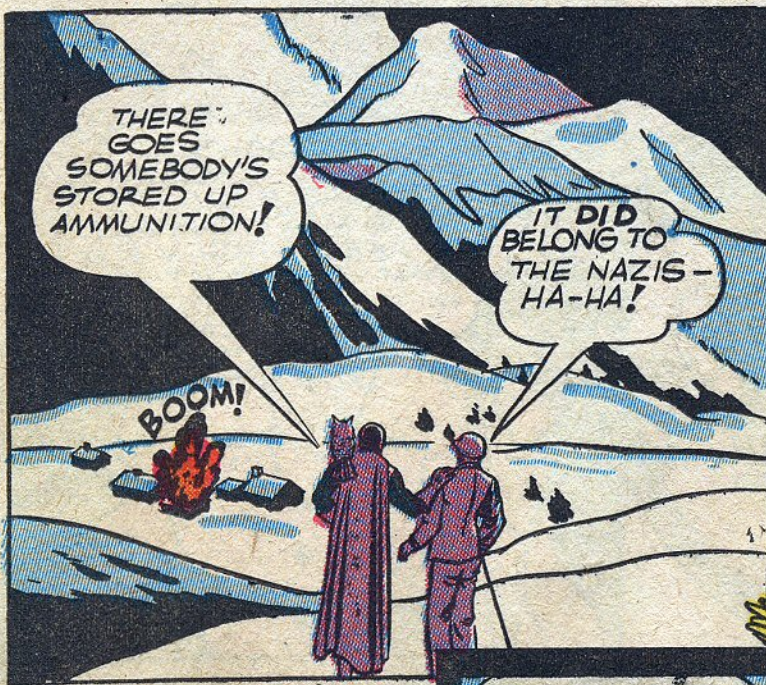


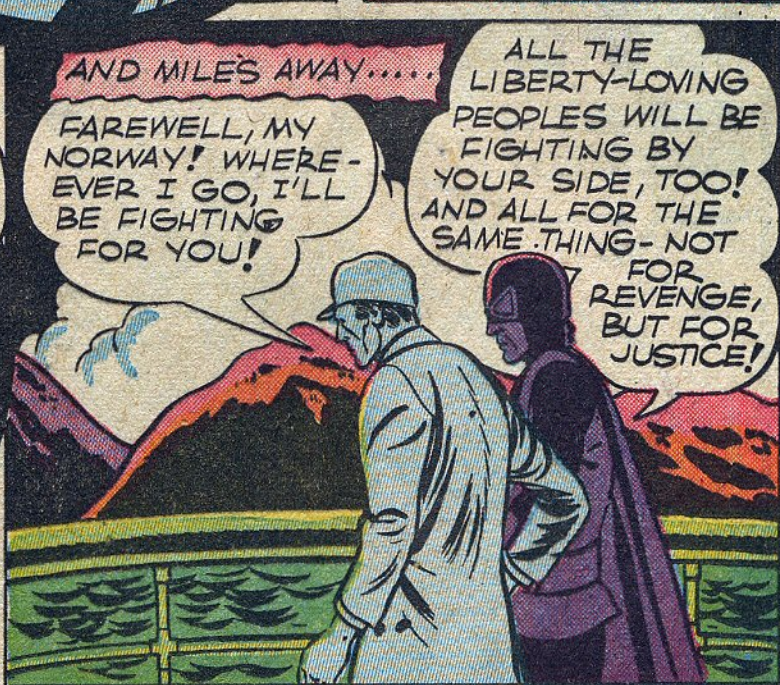
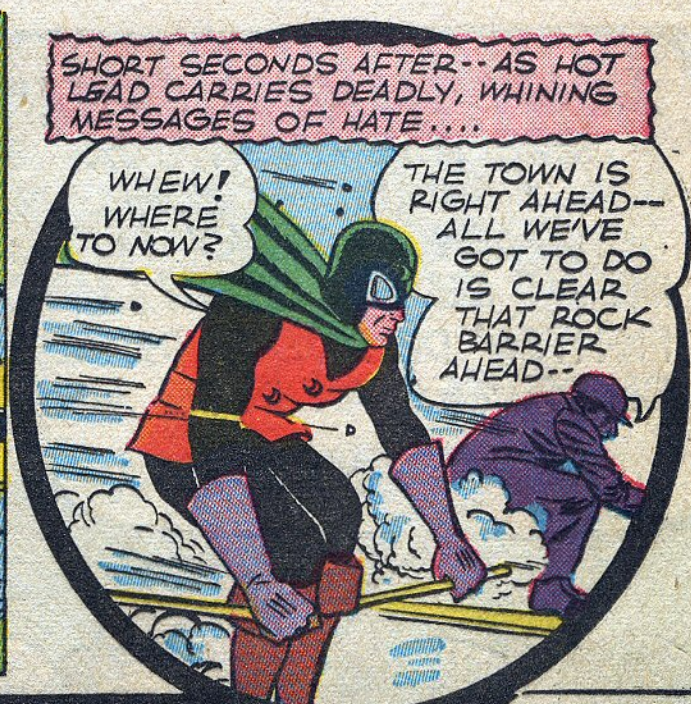
BELOW-- GALLANT NORSEMEN DIRECT THEIR AGILE ALLIES!

THE AMMUNITION IS HIDDEN IN THE NEXT HOUSE!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT!

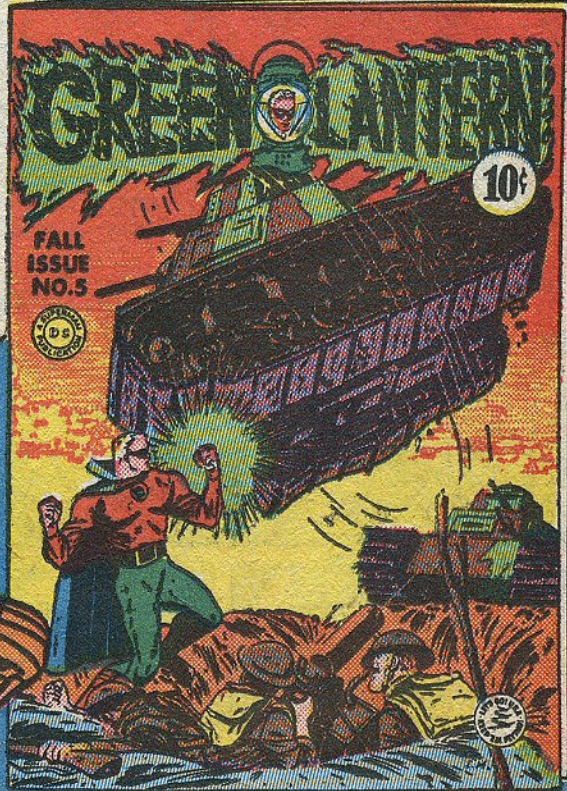






Dr. Midnite appears in every issue of All-American Comics!

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**
SWINGING AT THE AXIS!!

ON A HIDDEN AIRPLANE
HANGAR SOMEWHERE SOUTH
OF BRUSSELS, PLUCKY PATRIOTS
WORK FRENZIEDLY...





TRY TO SABOTAGE DER FUEHRER, VILL YOU!



SURRENDER, SHEEP-HEADS OR VE SHOOT,!

TRAPPED

AND TOO WEAK TO FIGHT!



TELL YOUR PONEY FUEHRER THAT IF WE WEREN'T WEAK FROM HUNGER WE WOULD NOT HAVE YIELDED LIKE THIS!

POT BOASTFUL MOUTH VILL SOON BE FILLED ---- VIDI LEAD!



OH-OH!

V-VOT... VUUGHH!

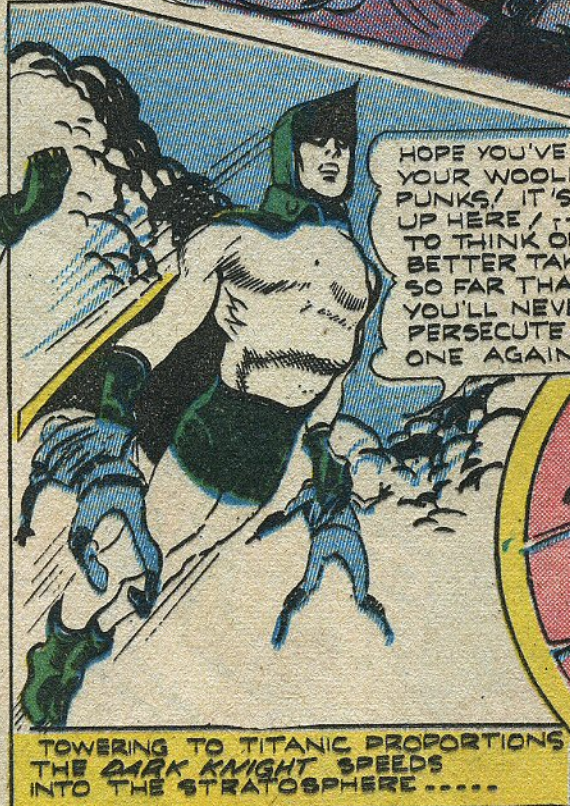


WITH CANNON-BALL SPEED THE GRIM GHOST ZOOMS DOWN... DOWN... AND ----!

HIMMEL! ARRGHH!

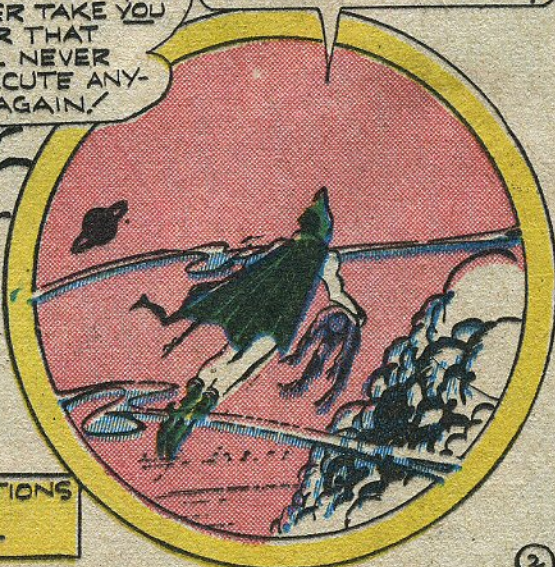


OTHER NAZIS FIRE AT THE SPECTRE WHO PIVOTS ON A FOOT AS HE LEAPS IN AT THEM!



HOPE YOU'VE GOT YOUR WOOLIES ON, PUNKS! IT'S COLD UP HERE! -- COME TO THINK OF IT, I'D BETTER TAKE YOU SO FAR THAT YOU'LL NEVER PERSECUTE ANYONE AGAIN!

I'LL LEAVE YOU ON PLUTO, WHERE YOU CANT HURT ANYONE EXCEPT YOURSELVES!



TOWERING TO TITANIC PROPORTIONS THE DARK KNIGHT SPEEDS INTO THE STRATOSPHERE.....



SCANT SECONDS LATER/

VOT VILL ADOLPH SAY?

I'LL TELL HIM YOU'RE ON ICE FOR THE DURATION!

LOOK! THE STRANGE ONE RETURNS!

HIS POWERS ARE UNCANNY! WHO CAN HE REALLY BE?

I AM KNOWN AS... THE SPECTRE I BRING YOU FOOD FROM AMERICA! AND HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF PAINTING A DARK ARROW? NO ONE CAN SEE THAT FROM ABOVE!!

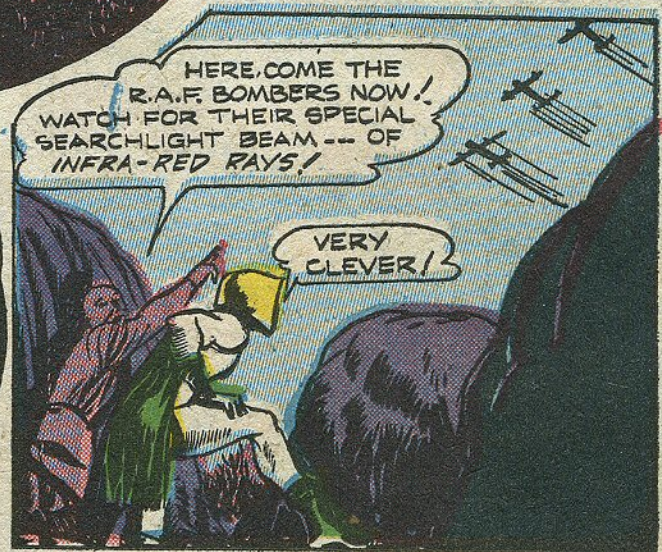
DID YOU SAY - FOOD?



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

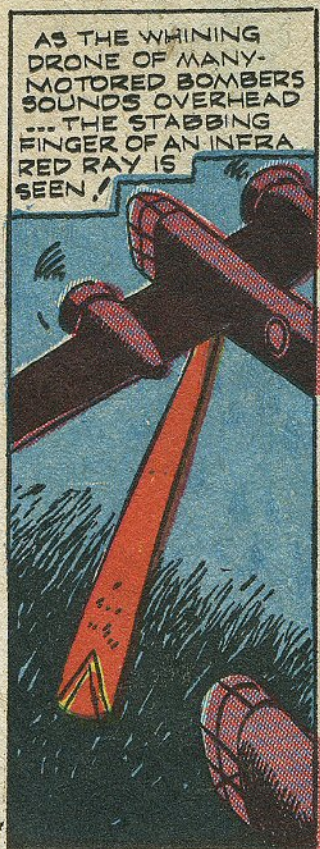
I'LL EXPLAIN!

IN ORDER TO FOOL 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!!

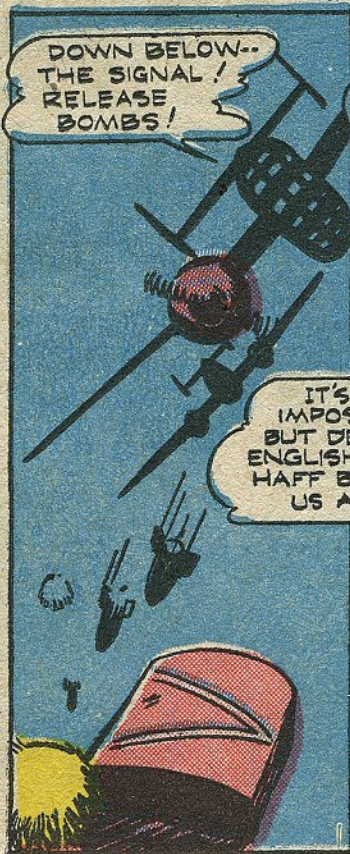


HERE, COME THE R.A.F. BOMBERS NOW! WATCH FOR THEIR SPECIAL SEARCHLIGHT BEAM... OF INFRA-RED RAYS!

VERY CLEVER!



AS THE WHINING DRONE OF MANY-MOTORED BOMBERS SOUNDS OVERHEAD... THE STABBING FINGER OF AN INFRA-RED RAY IS SEEN!



DOWN BELOW-- THE SIGNAL! RELEASE BOMBS!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. BUT DER ENGLISHERS HAFF BOMBED US AGAIN!

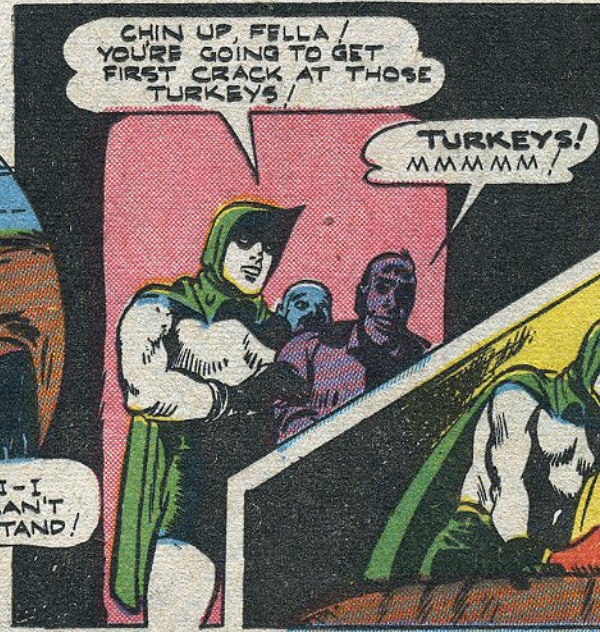


I KNOW IT'S IMPOSSIBLE... BECAUSE DER FUEHRER SAYS SO! BUT BLANKETY-BLANK-BLANK!



YES, WE'VE BEEN
SIGNALLING MILITARY
OBJECTIVES TO THE
ENGLISH... BUT IT
GETS HARDER -
WITHOUT FOOD!

I-I
CAN'T
STAND!



CHIN UP, FELLA /
YOU'RE GOING TO GET
FIRST CRACK AT THOSE
TURKEYS!

TURKEYS!
MMMMMM!



I DON'T
NEED URGING!

NOR ME!

ME NEITHER!

NOW -
DIG IN!



NOW YOU HAVE TO
HELP ME FEED THE
REST OF YOUR UNDER-
GROUND ARMY!

GLADLY! WE
WILL ALSO TAKE
YOU AROUND
AND SHOW YOU
HOW THEY HELP
THE ALLIES!

CUTTING
DOWN
FODDER
FOR THEIR
CATTLE,
EH?

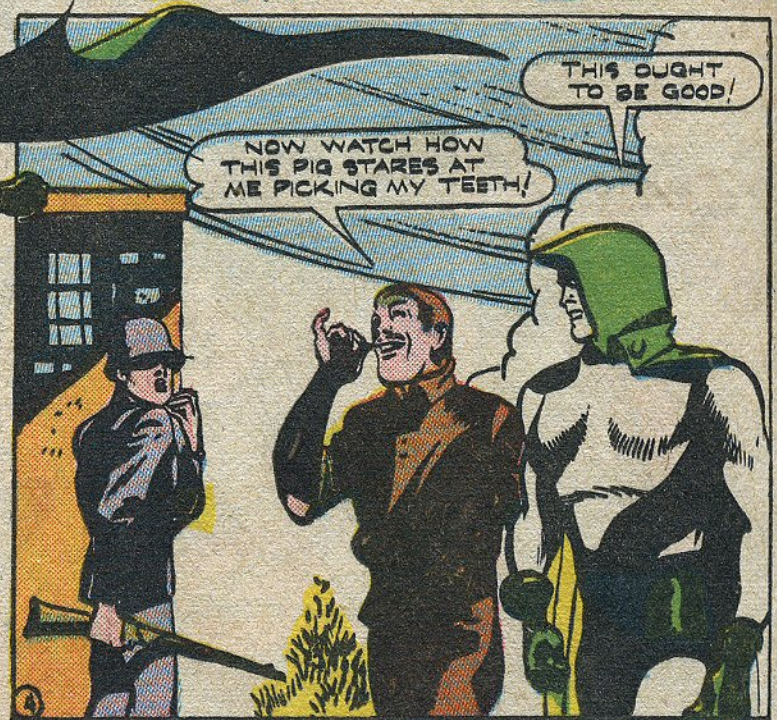


AS THE FIRST
PINK STREAKS OF DAWN
BRIGHTEN THE BELGIAN COUNTRY-
SIDE, THE SPECTRE WALKS IN THE FIELDS
WITH HIS GUIDE!

MORE THAN
THAT! TAKE A
LOOK FROM ABOVE!

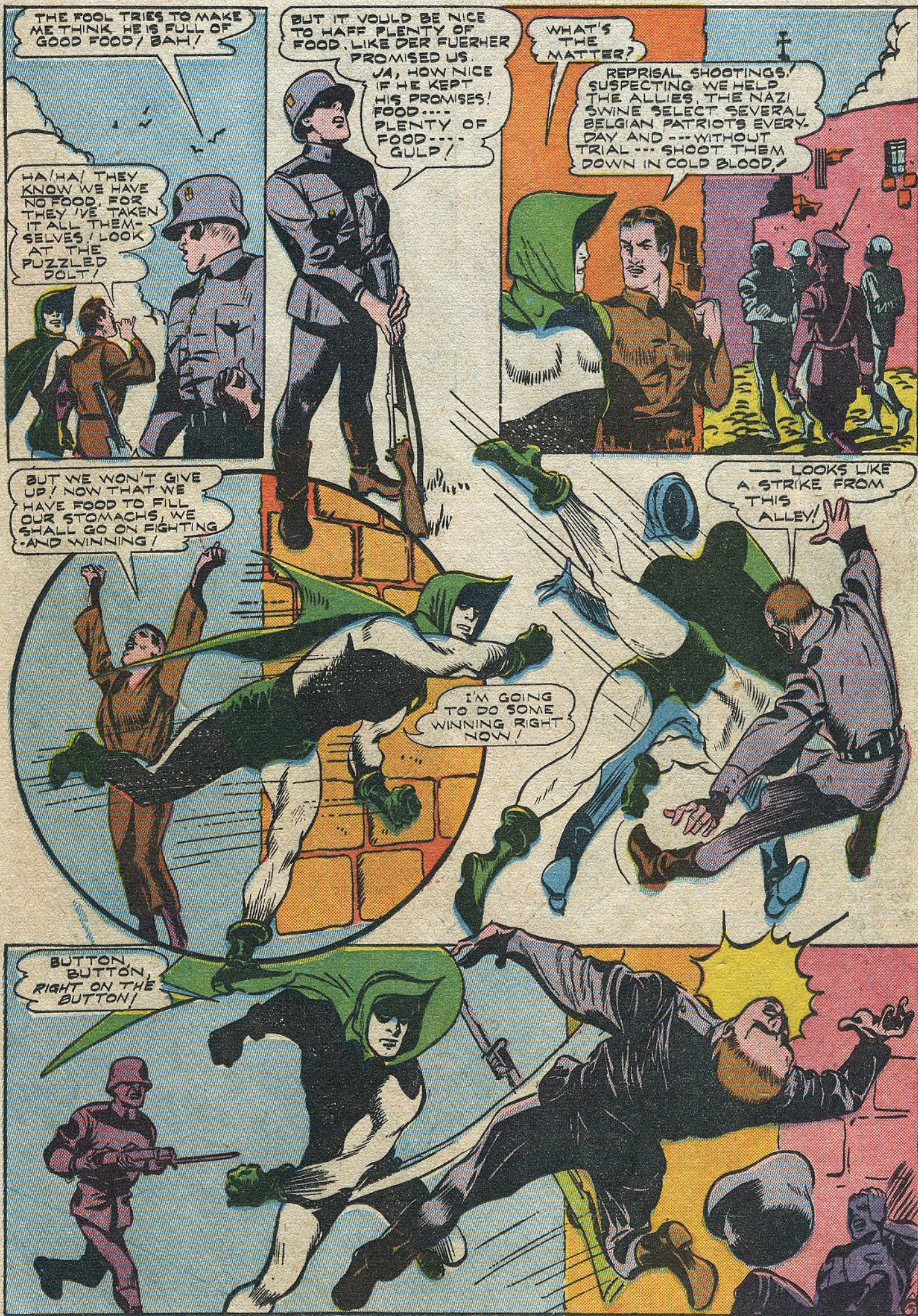


HHMM / A MARKER SET
IN THE FIELD TO DIRECT
MORE ALLIED BOMBERS
TO THEIR NAZI TARGET!
AFTER THE BOMBERS
GO OVER, THE PATRIOTS
FINISH THEIR CUTTING!
SWELL IDEA!



THIS OUGHT
TO BE GOOD!

NOW WATCH HOW
THIS PIG STARES AT
ME PICKING MY TEETH!



THE FOOL TRIES TO MAKE ME THINK HE IS FULL OF GOOD FOOD! BAH!

BUT IT WOULD BE NICE TO HAVE PLENTY OF FOOD. LIKE DER FUERHER PROMISED US. JA, HOW NICE IF HE KEPT HIS PROMISES! FOOD.... PLENTY OF FOOD.... GULP!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

REPRISAL SHOOTINGS. SUSPECTING WE HELP THE ALLIES. THE NAZI SWINE SELECT SEVERAL BELGIAN PATRIOTS EVERY DAY AND --- WITHOUT TRIAL --- SHOOT THEM DOWN IN COLD BLOOD!

HA/HA! THEY KNOW WE HAVE NO FOOD. FOR THEY'VE TAKEN IT ALL THEMSELVES! LOOK AT THE PUZZLED DOLT!

BUT WE WON'T GIVE UP! NOW THAT WE HAVE FOOD TO FILL OUR STOMACHS, WE SHALL GO ON FIGHTING AND WINNING!

LOOKS LIKE A STRIKE FROM THIS ALLEY!

I'M GOING TO DO SOME WINNING SOME LONG RIGHT NOW!

BUTTON BUTTON RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!

WITH THE FORCE OF A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE THE GRIM GHOST KEEPS PLUNGING FORWARD!

ONE SIDE, NAZIS, ONE SIDE!

THEN, SWELLING TO SKYSCRAPER SIZE THE DARK KNIGHT VAULTS SKYWARD, HUGE HANDS FILLED WITH RESCUED BELGIANS!

THAT'S ONE REPRISAL SHOOTING THAT'LL NEVER COME OFF!

YOU'VE SHOWN US WHAT YOU CAN DO, GALLANT SPECTRE, AND NOW LET US SHOW YOU OUR POWERS!

AND MORE AND MORE 'SIGNS' DIRECT ENDLESS WAVES OF R.A.F. BOMBERS TO NAZI TARGETS!

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, DEFIANT PATRIOTS POINT IN DIRECTION OF THE NAZIS, KNOWING THAT IF THEY WOULD DISOBEY AND LOSE THEIR LIVES, THEY WOULD BE TO REBELS, THEY THEMSELVES!

PARIS RUEUXNIES

IN FACTORIES, SHARP PINNERS SABOTAGE NAZI WAR MACHINES!

I'VE BEEN WELL FED BY MEN MAKE INSPIRED REBELS, SPECTRE, AND FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE EVERY BELGIAN PATRIOT GIVES HIS HEARTFELT THANKS

MY THANKS TO THEM -- FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF MEETING MEN WHO LAUGH AT ODDS AND VALIANTLY FIGHT FOR VICTORY

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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 harakiri—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 ailerons 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 air field 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 ad-

vanced 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 Thailanders 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 wiff 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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HOP HARRIGAN, President,
ALL-AMERICAN FLYING CLUB
c/o ALL-AMERICAN COMICS, 480 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

ALL-STAR NO. 14

Dear Hop:

Please enroll me as a Charter Member of the ALL-AMERICAN FLYING CLUB! I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of mailing, etc.

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

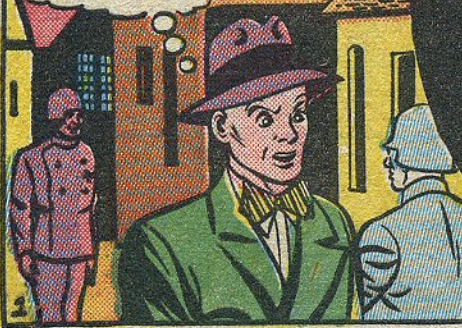
CITY & STATE

CZECHOSLOVAKIA—ONE OF THE FIRST NATIONS TO FEEL THE CRUSHING PRESSURE OF THE NAZI WAR LORDS, AND ONE OF THE FIRST TO REBEL AGAINST THE YOKE OF SLAVERY! ONE OF THE MORE PLEASANT MEMORIES TREASURED BY THIS INDOMITABLE NATION OF STOUT-HEARTED SCRAPPERS CONCERNS THE TIME WHEN THEY WERE VISITED BY JOHNNY THUNDER!



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

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



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

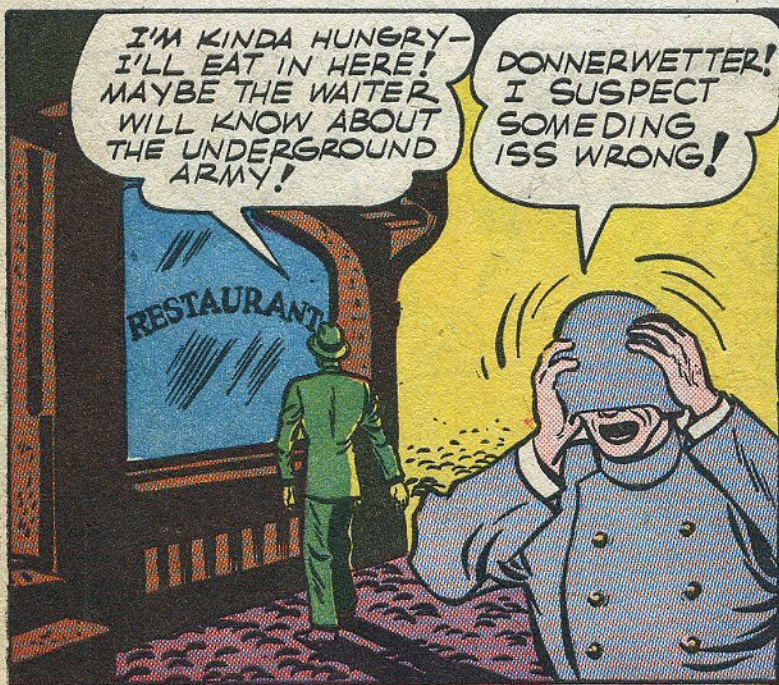


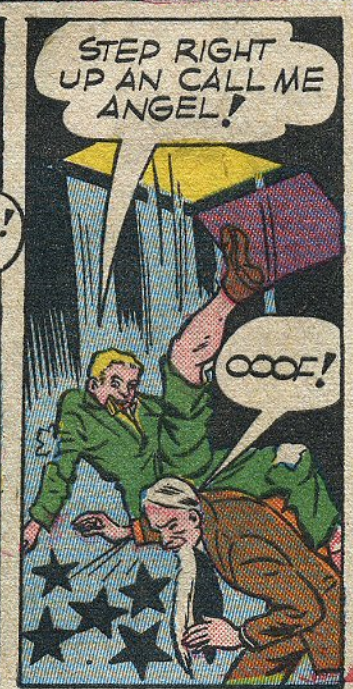
NEIN!

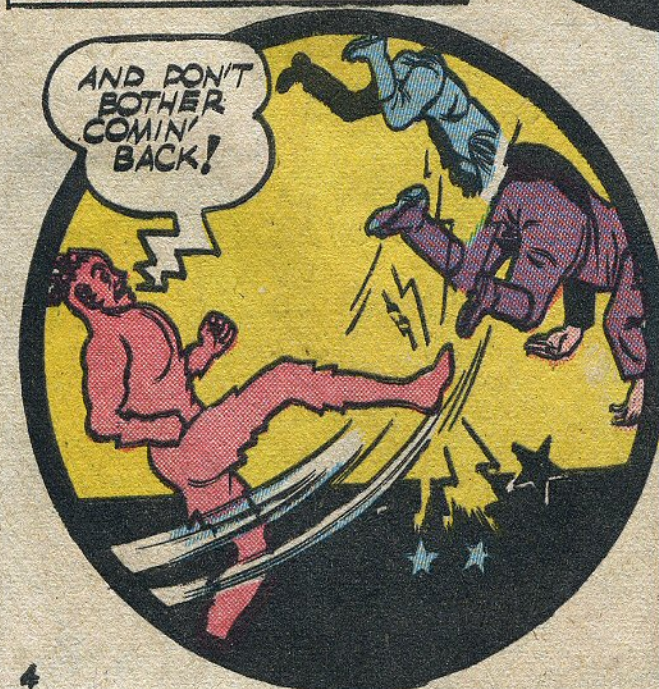
WE CANNOT FIND THEM OURSELVES!

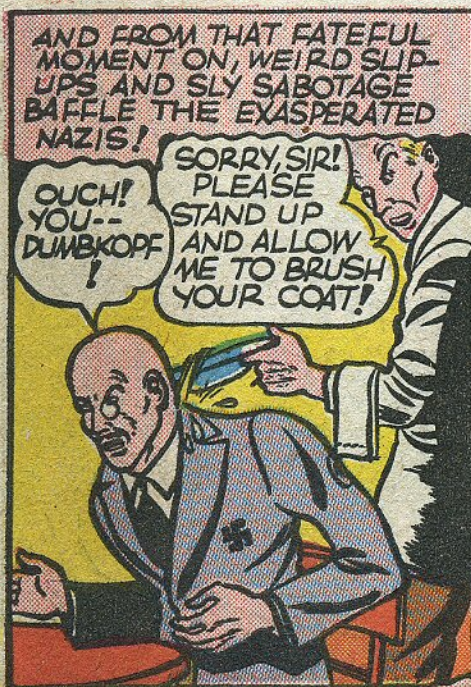
OH, WELL, IN THAT CASE-- SO LONG, SHORTY!

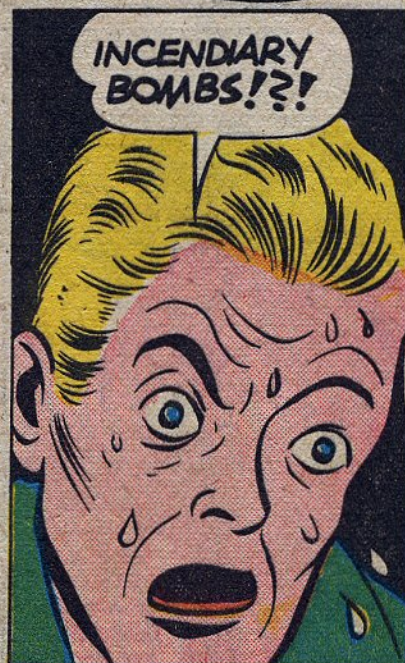
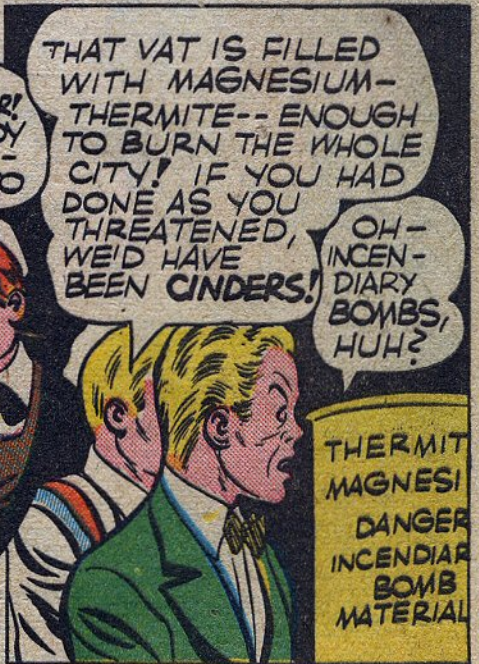












FOLLOW JOHNNY THUNDER EVERY MONTH IN FLASH COMICS

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 OF SPARTA AND ATHENS!



DER GREEK SCHWEIN DARED TO OPPOSE US! BEAST THEM! SHOOT THEM DOWN!

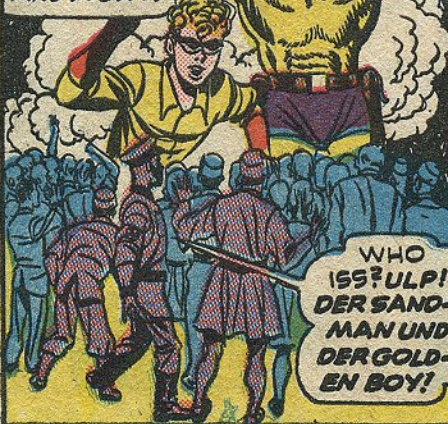
JA!

UGH!



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

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



WHO IS THAT? ULP! DER SAND-MAN UND DER GOLD-EN BOY!

FOR FREEDOM... ARISE! ARISE! ARISE!

WE ARE HELPED BY THE GOLDEN GODS OF ANCIENT GREECE!





SHORTLY AFTER...

FOOD! LOOK...THE SANDMAN BRINGS FOOD!

WE ARE STARVING! P-LEASE FEED US! HAFF MERCY!



DID YOU EVER FEED THE GREEKS YOU SMASHED AND PLUNDERED? DID YOU HAVE MERCY?

NEIN! VE HAFF NEVER SHOWN MERCY TO ANY-VUN!



V-VOT MADE ME SAY DOT? ACH! SUPPOSE DER GESTAPO HEARD ME!!



NEVER MIND THE GESTAPO! I HEARD YOU!!

STAY AWAY-- DON'T TOUCH ME--- HELP!!



BUT THE GOLDEN GLADIATOR SWINGS A ROCK-LIKE FIST...

A-AGH!!



HERR CAPTAIN-- BAD NEWS! BAD NEWS!

DER SANDMAN ISS RUNNING LOOSE AGAIN! HE'S KILLING ME... AHHH!



ANNUDDER TROOP TRAIN DESTROYED! UND REPORTS SAY DER SANDMAN AND SANDY ARE RRRESSSPONSIBLE!

I KNEW IT! EFFERY TIME I DREAM OF HIM, BRD LUCK SOON COMES! VY MUST MEIN NIGHTMARES ALWAYS COME TRUE?

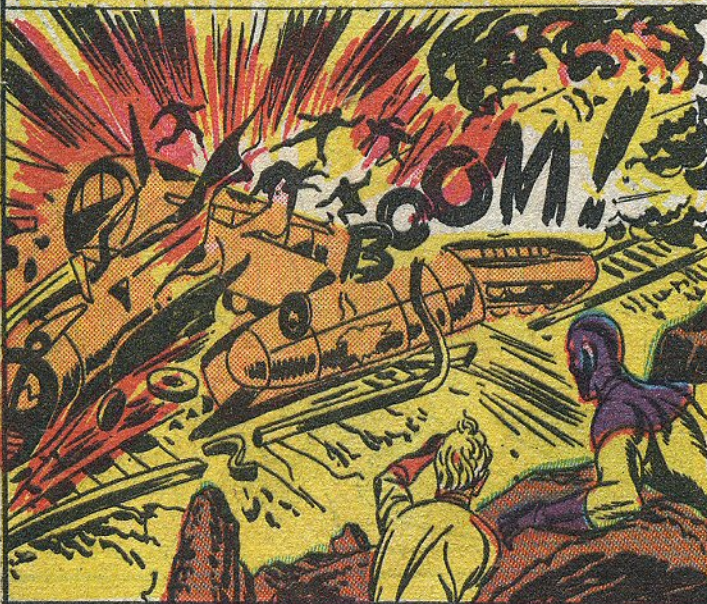
THAT VERY MOMENT, AMONG THE NEARBY FOOTHILLS OF GREECE...

IF WE GET THIS NAZI TROOP TRAIN IT'LL BE THE THIRD ONE THAT WE'VE STOPPED, SANDY!

NICE TIMING, SAND-MAN!

WHEW! YOU MEAN CLOSE TIMING, SANDY!

MIGHTY MUSCLES BULGE IN ONE FINAL EFFORT! THE TROOP TRAIN JUMPS THE TRACKS...THEN...



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!



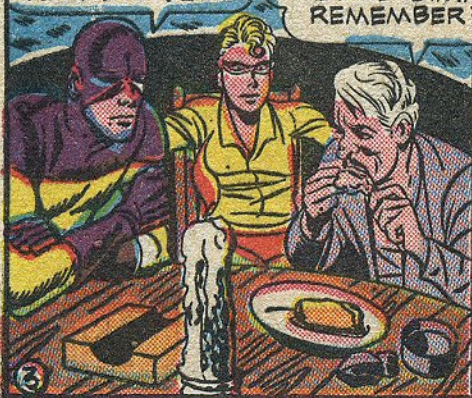
LATER...IN THE SWITCHMAN'S HUT CLOSE BY THE SCENE OF THE TRAIN WRECK...

EAT HEARTY, FRIEND! AND EXPLAIN WHY THOSE NAZI TRAINS WERE HEADING FOR TURKEY...GERMANY ISN'T AT WAR WITH TURKEY...YET!

GERMANY WASN'T AT WAR WITH CZECHOSLOVAKIA, POLAND AND 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!

BUT HOW?



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..

...AND THAT'S MY PLAN IN A NUT-SHELL!

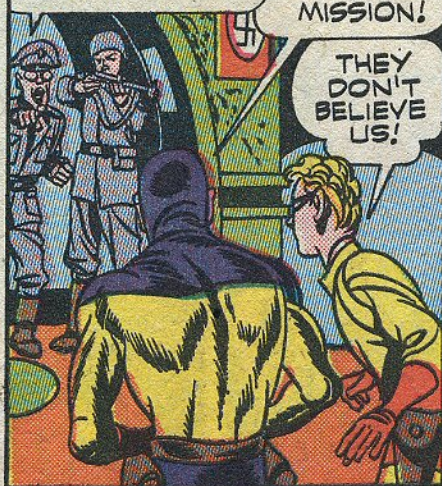
NOT BAD... NOT BAD! OH-OH... NAZIS AHEAD!

WHA--HIMMEL! THOSE TWO! DER CAPTAIN HASS VARNED US ABOUT DEM--SHOOT DEM AT VUNCE!

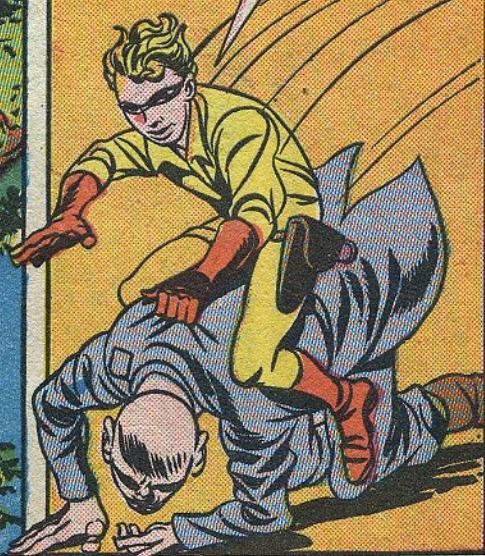
HI, BOYS! HOLD YOUR FIRE... WE'VE COME ON A PEACEFUL MISSION!

THEY DON'T BELIEVE US!

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO CONVINCE 'EM WE'RE PEACEFUL!



FIRST TIME I'VE RIDDEN PIGGY-BACK ON A HUMAN PIG!



CUT THE COMEDY-- WE'VE 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 IFF YOU ARE...YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ME?



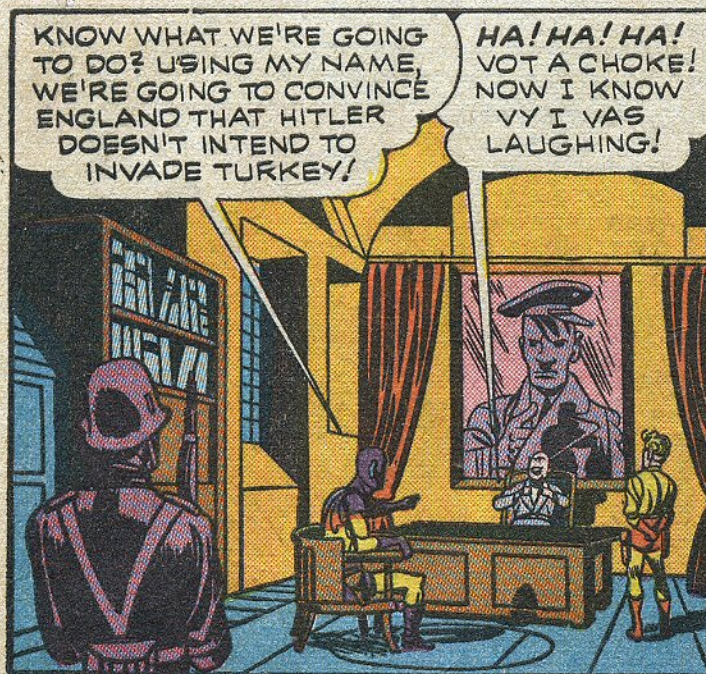
FOOLING HIM? WOULD WE DO THAT? HO! HO!

CERTAINLY NOT! HA! HA! HA!

VELL---IN DOT CASE MAYBE I'LL LAFF MYSELF! HEH! HEH!

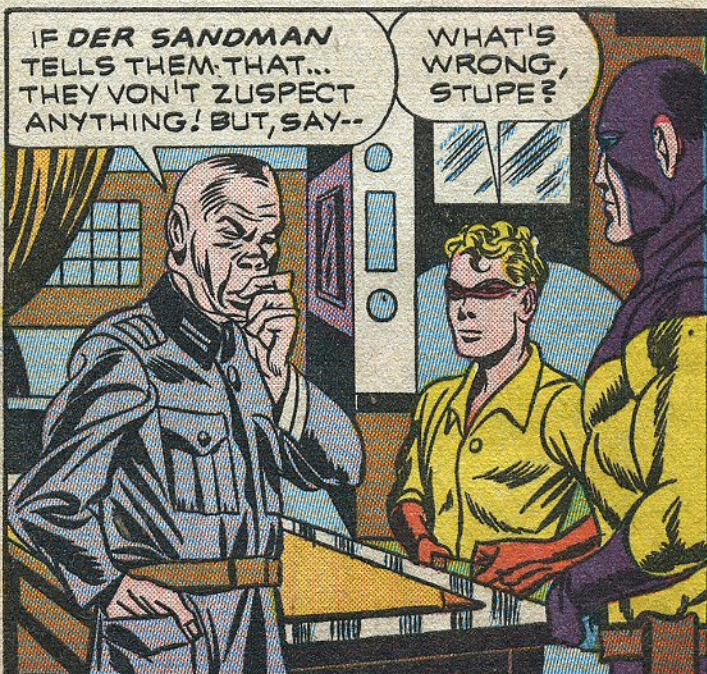


SAY... VOT AM I LAFFING AT?



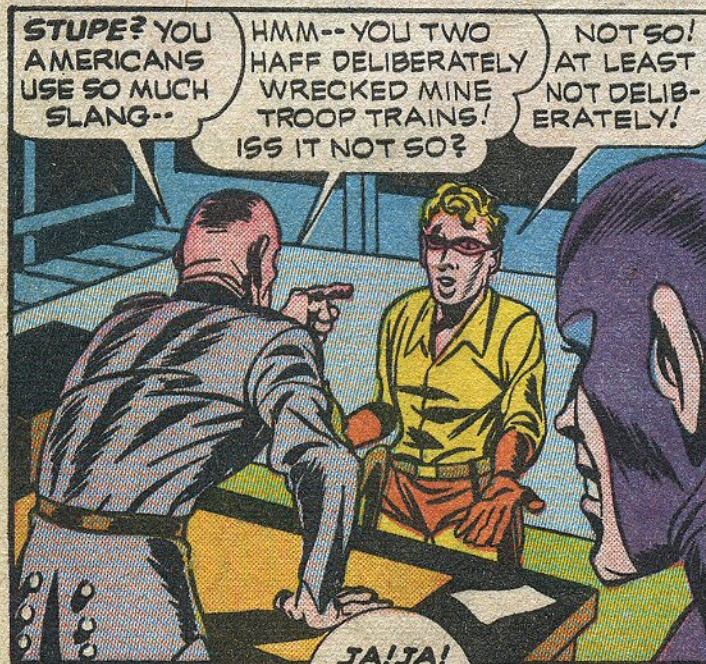
KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO? USING MY NAME, WE'RE GOING TO CONVINCE ENGLAND THAT HITLER DOESN'T INTEND TO INVADE TURKEY!

HA! HA! HA! VOT A CHOKE! NOW I KNOW VY I VAS LAUGHING!



IF DER SANDMAN TELLS THEM THAT... THEY VON'T ZUSPECT ANYTHING! BUT, SAY--

WHAT'S WRONG, STUPE?



STUPE? YOU AMERICANS USE SO MUCH SLANG--

HMM-- YOU TWO HAFF DELIBERATELY WRECKED MINE TROOP TRAINS! 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, YESS!! 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 VILL NOW CALL OUP PROPAGANDA BROADCASTING OFFICE UND HAFF THEM RELAY THIS MESSAGE BY SHORT-WAVE!

SWELL! BE SEEING YOU-- SO LONG!



A GOOD CHOKE, ALL RIGHT--- BUT I VONDER WHO DISS SVEENEY 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!!

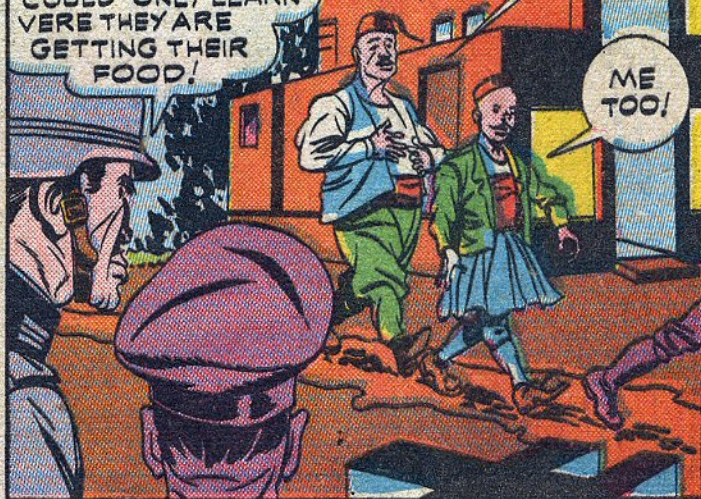


MEANWHILE...GAY GRECIANS HAVE BEEN EATING REGULARLY--TOO REGULARLY FOR THE HEINIES...

LOOK AT THEM! FAT AS POUTER-PIGEONS! IF VE 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...

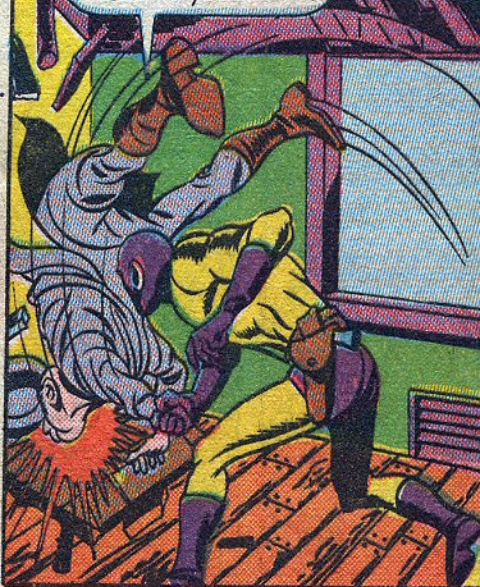
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?

BE SOCIABLE! MAYBE THEY'RE LOOKING FOR US!



VOS ISS? WHO? ULP! IT'S DEM AGAIN!!

HAVE A FEW ASSORTED LUMPS, RATZIS!



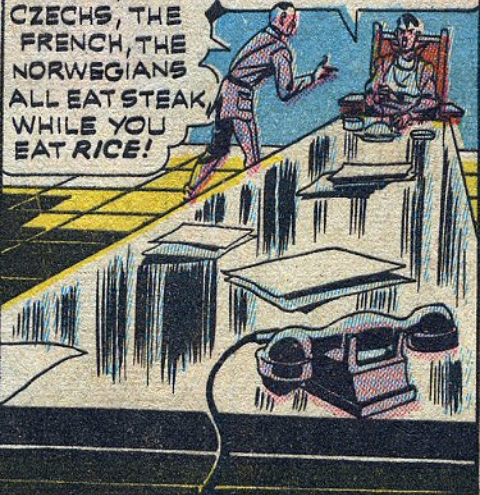
JUST A GENTLE REMINDER THAT YOU GUYS ARE GOING TO STOP BREAKING INTO GREEK HOMES...OR ELSE...



AND IN FAR-OFF BERLIN...

BUT, MINE FEUHRER...THE GREEKS, THE CZECHS, THE FRENCH, THE NORWEGIANS ALL EAT STEAK, WHILE YOU EAT RICE!

I AM NOT! I'M EATING TURKEY, UND YOU KNOW IT!



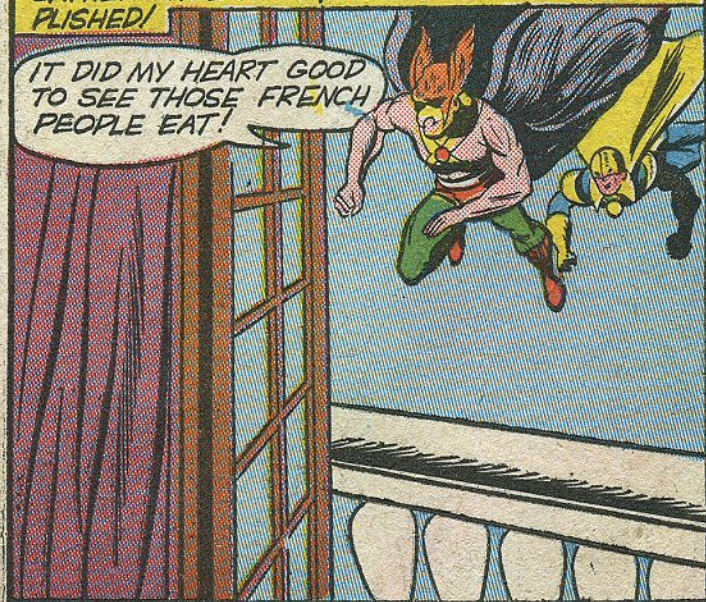
ACH...VY AM I LYING ? I'M ONLY KIDDING MYSELF DIS TIME--NOT DER REST UFF DER VORL!



The SANDMAN appears in every issue of Adventure Comics!

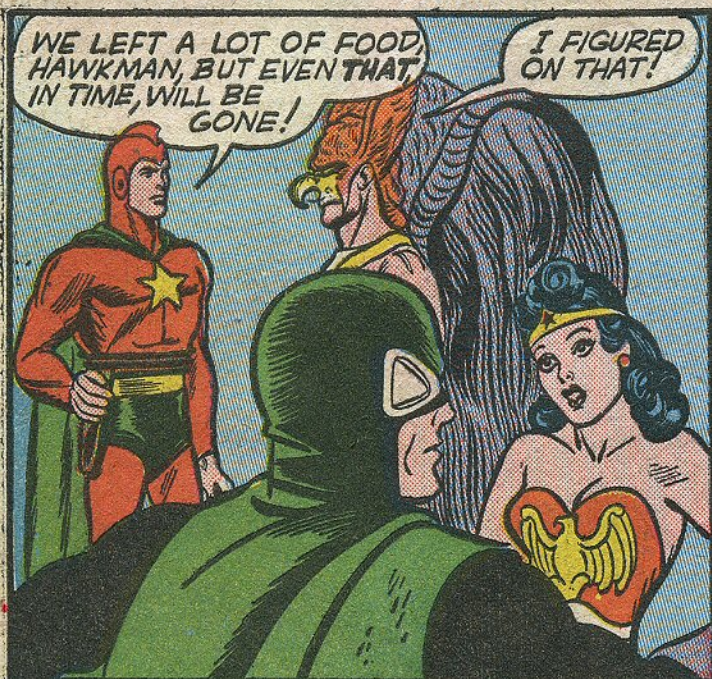
IN TWOS AND THREES THE DAREDEVIL MEMBERS GATHER ONCE AGAIN, THEIR NOBLE TASK ACCOMPLISHED!

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



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

I FIGURED ON THAT!



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! **WHEW!**



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?

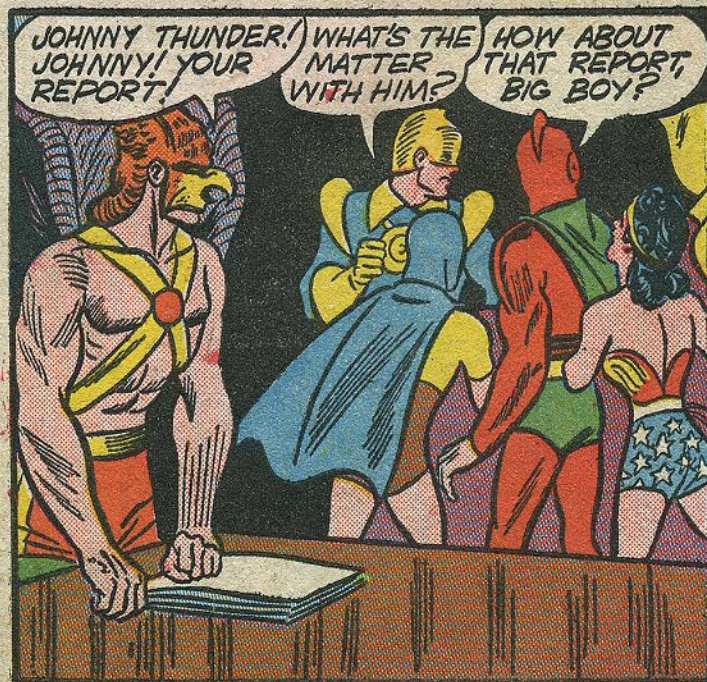
HERE IT IS, HAWKMAN!

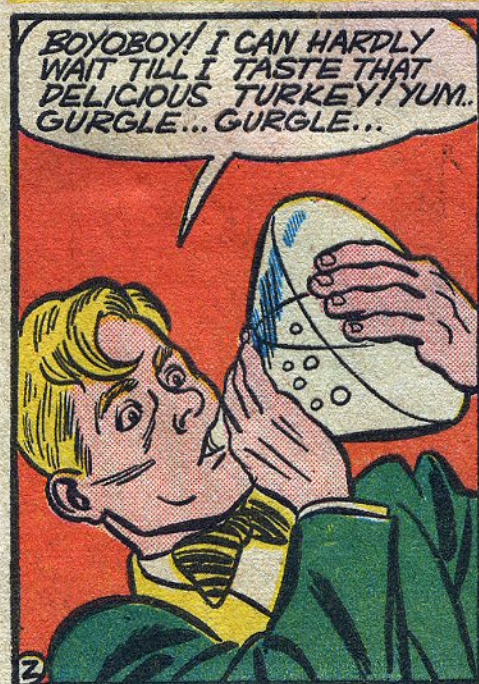
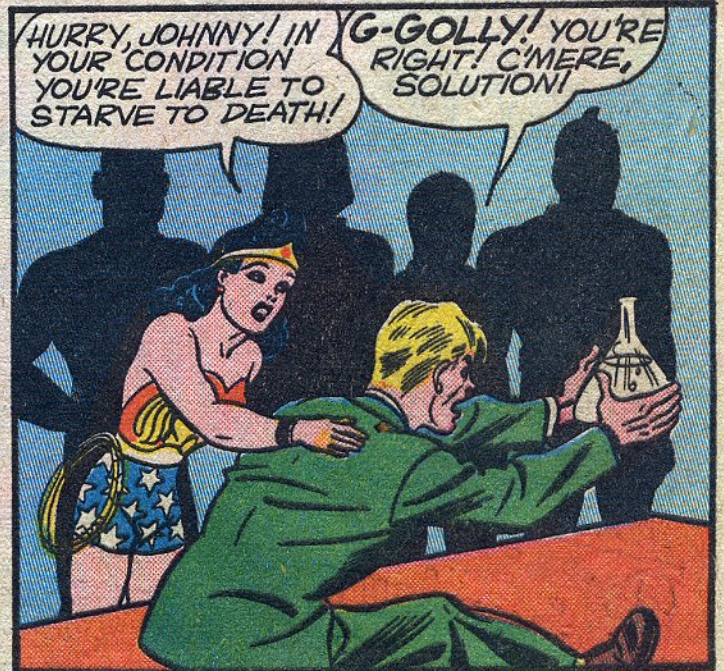
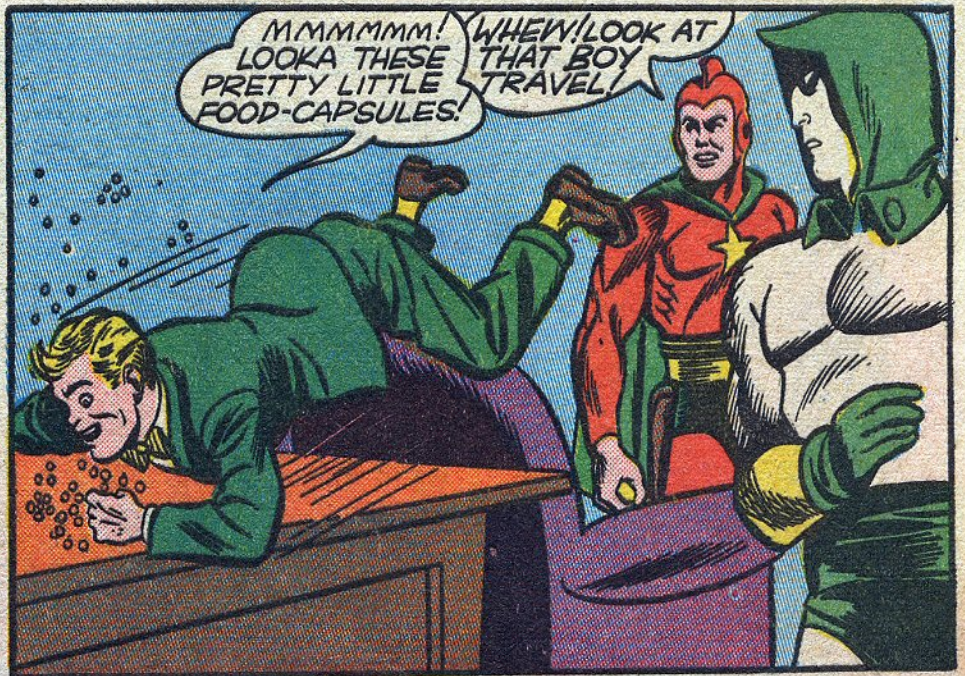


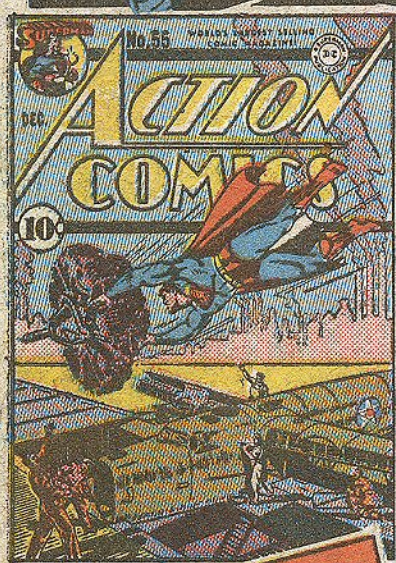
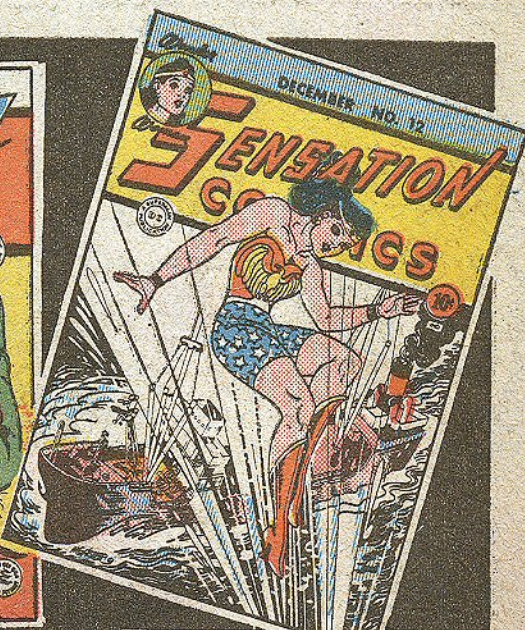
JOHNNY THUNDER! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?

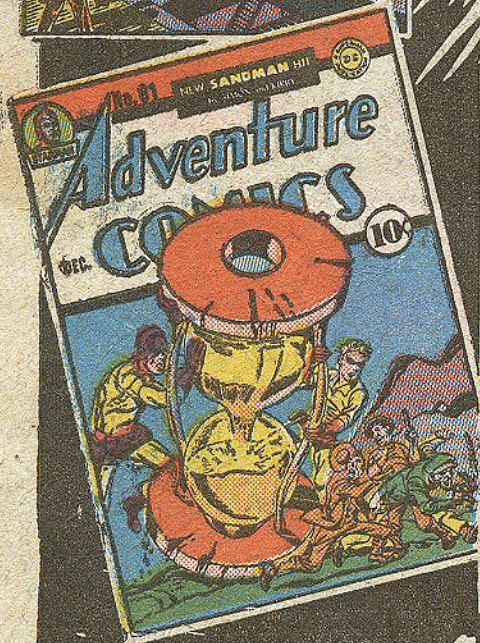
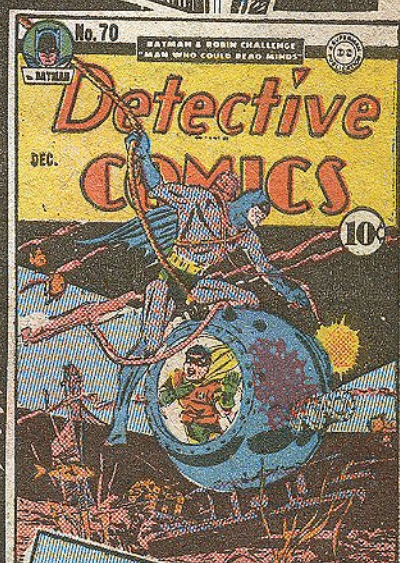
HOW ABOUT THAT REPORT, BIG BOY?



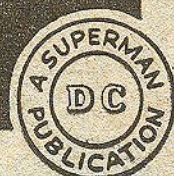
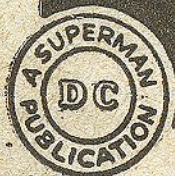


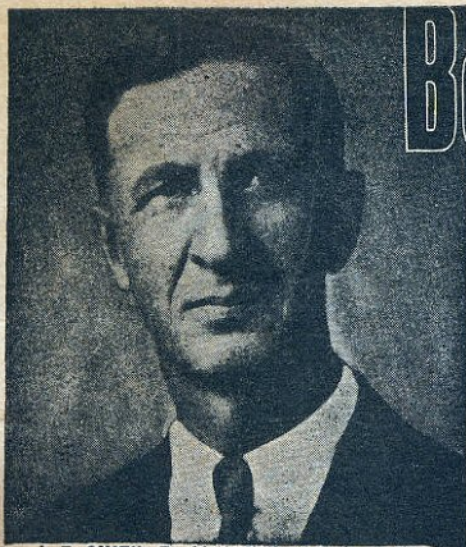


**THE
BIG
EIGHT!**
"TOPS"
IN
MONTHLY COMIC
MAGAZINES



**NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!**





J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Established 27 years

He has directed the training of more men for the Radio Industry than anyone else.



Set Servicing pays many N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 extra a week in spare time.

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 repaired some Radio sets when I was on my tenth lesson. I really don't see how you can give \$50 much for such a small amount of money. I made \$600 in a year and a half, and I have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time."

JOHN JERRY, 1729 Penn St., Denver Colorado.

Had Own Business 6 Months After Enrolling

"I went into business for myself 6 months after enrolling. In my Radio repair shop I do about \$300 worth of business a month. I can't tell you how valuable your Course has been to me."

—A. J. BATEN, Box 1168, Gladewater, Texas.



Sergeant in Signal Corps

"I am now a Sergeant in the U. S. Army, Signal Corps. My duties cover Radio operating, maintenance of Army Transmitters and Receivers, operating Teletypes, handling duties of the Chief Operator in his absence."

SERGEANT RICHARD W. ANDERSON, U.S. Army. (Address omitted for military reasons.)



Be a RADIO Technician

I Train Beginners at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs
More Now Make \$30 \$40 \$50 a Week Than Ever Before

Here is a quick way to more pay. Radio offers a way to make \$5, \$10 a week extra in spare time a few months from now, plus the opportunity for a permanent job in the growing Radio Industry. There is an increasing demand for full time Radio Technicians and Radio Operators. Many make \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Clip the Coupon below and mail it. Find out how I train you at home for these opportunities.

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 57,400,000 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 THOROUGHLY 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 cashing in on these opportunities early. You get Radio parts and instructions for building test equipment, for conducting

experiments which give you valuable practical experience. My 50-50 method—half working with Radio parts, half studying my lesson texts—makes learning Radio at home interesting, fascinating, practical.



Extra Pay in Army, Navy, Too



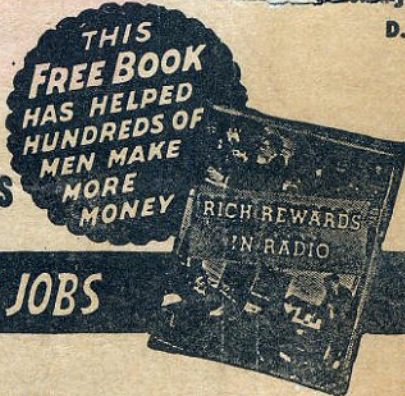
Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the Coupon Now! Learning Radio helps men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duty at pay up to several times a private's base pay. Also prepares for good Radio jobs after service ends. IT'S SMART TO TRAIN FOR RADIO NOW!

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 my 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

Dept. 2MB9
Washington,
D. C.



TRAINING MEN FOR VITAL JOBS

FREE TO MEN WHO WANT BETTER JOBS

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 2MB9
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Mail me FREE without obligation, your 64 page book "Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

Get it the American Way



32 PC.
DINNER
SET

Girls!
Boys!
Get this fine
"ROSE" DIN-
NER SET for mother. Sell only
one order. Sent Ex-
pressage
Collect.



GIRLS! You'll
love this FULL
SIZE TOILET &
MANICURE
SET. Given for
selling only one
order.



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



Boys!
Girls!
Get this
famous
Chemistry Set,
without
cost.

"CHEMCRAFT" CHEMISTRY SET. Hours
of instructive fun. Given for selling
only one order.



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



U. S. ARMY
OUTFIT

A WONDERFUL
BOY'S PRIZE

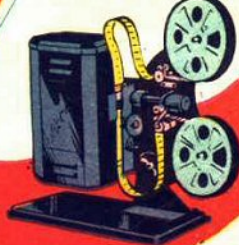
Belt, holster and army Colt Re-
peater cap pistol. Given for
selling only one order.



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



WRIST WATCH for boys,
girls, men & women. Giv-
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one order, plus 75c
extra.



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AUTRY
COMPLETE
HOLSTER SET

You can be a
straight shootin'
cowboy with this Gene
Autry holster, cap
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hat. All given for selling
only one order of Xmas
Packs.

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

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Given per plan in
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Ice Skates
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Print Set
Ukulele
Family Bible
Sleepy Head Doll
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with Dictionary
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My choice of prize is _____

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or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____