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THE FLASH

Faster than the streak of the lightning in the sky... swifter than the speed of the light itself... fleeter than the rapidity of thought... is THE FLASH, reincarnation of the winged Mercury... his speed is the dismay of scientists, the joy of the oppressed — and the open mouthed wonder of the multitudes!!

By Gardner Fox and Harry Lampert

But before he became known and feared as the fastest thing on earth, Jay Garrick was an unknown student at Midwestern University...

Hi, Joan! Joan!

Oh, Jay... say, how about your victory dance date with me?

Yes, Joan... say, how about your victory dance date with me?

I... I don't think so, Jay... you're a scrub on the football team... and Captain Bull Tryon's already footbal... asked me!!

You mean you won't go with me... just because I'm a scrub? You won't put your mind to football...!!

No... but because a man of your build and brains could be a star... a scrub is just an old washwoman!!

But because a man of your build and brains could be a star... a scrub is just an old washwoman!!

You won't put your mind to football...!!
SO I'M AN OLD WASHWOMAN, EH? I'LL SHOW HER!

BUT JAY'S RESOLUTION SEEMS DOOMED TO FAILURE...

COME ON, LEADFOOT! JAY! PLANT YOUR FEET FIRMLY! I HAVEN'T TOLD YOU BEFORE...

JAY, YOU'VE STUDIED THE GASSES EMANATING FROM 'HARD WATER' FOR THREE YEARS... THIS NEW EXPERIMENT...

I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS, PROFESSOR... I'LL SEPARATE THE ELEMENTS!!

LONG INTO THE NIGHT THE EXPERIMENT GOES ON...

THREE-THIRTY! I NEED A SMOKE!!

BUT IN THE RESEARCH LABORATORY THE FOOTBALL DUKE IS A BRILLIANT STUDENT...

BOY, THAT FEELS GOOD... FOOTBALL TRAINING OR NO TRAIN... OOP!!

A DARTING HAND IS TOO SLOW TO SAVE THE RETORTS....

WHICH CRASH ON THE METAL FLOOR!!
WHHEW... THAT GAS IS POWERFUL STUFF...

OVERCOME BY THE FUMES, JAY LURCHES FORWARD...

IT... IT'S TOO MUCH... FOR ME...

A ALL NIGHT LONG JAY INHALES THE DEADLY FUMES OF THE GAS ELEMENTS OF "HARD WATER"... IN THE EARLY DAWN PROFESSOR HUGHES BECOMES CURIOUS....

JAY... JAY! ANSWER ME!!

JAY! OH, MY BOY! HELP SOMEBODY HELP ME!!

IS IT SERIOUS?

I DON'T KNOW... IT'S A NEW GAS, YOU KNOW... I CAN'T FORESEE IT'S RESULTS!!

JAY LIES BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH FOR WEEKS...

BUT THE YOUNG, HEALTHY BODY FIGHTS BACK TO LIFE!!

BOY, THAT FOOD TASTES GOOD! I COULD EAT A HORSE!

YOU'LL EAT MUSH FOR ANOTHER WEEK... AND LIKE IT!!
While in another section of the hospital...

It's strange!! We've taken twenty tests, and they all indicate the same thing. I don't want to alarm you, Professor...

Why, what's the matter?

Unless the specialist from New York is crazy... your boy will be the fastest thing that ever walked on earth!! The elements of hard water will speed up a person's reflexes... the gas injects him like a vaccination...

Science knows that hard water makes a person act much quicker than ordinarily... by an intake of its gases, Jay can walk, talk, run, and think swifter than thought... he will probably be able to outrace a bullet!! He is a freak of science!!

But the freak of science is thinking of a girl...--

Joan! Oh, Joan, wait up...

In his anxiety the patient discovers that the doctors are right...!!

As he gets to Joan before she can complete one step!!

I'm so glad to see you! I was going to get a book from the library...

You were? Let me instead! I won't be a minute!

Ulp!! You... you sprung from the thin air!! Never mind that... stamp this book!!

Joan! It... it's Jay!!

Why... where did you come from? All of a sudden you appeared before me!!

My... my word!! Wheee can I travel!!
HE'S...HE'S DIS-APPEARED!! I'M GOING TO Faint...AND I THINK I WILL!!

YOU...WHY YOU'VE GOT IT! AND YOU WEREN'T GONE TWO SECONDS EVEN I'M JUST A FREAK OF SCIENCE ANYHOW...WILL YOU GO TO THAT DANCE WITH ME?

IT SCARES ME, SORT OF! BUT I GUESS I'M JUST A FREAK OF SCIENCE...ANYHOW...WILL YOU GO TO THAT DANCE WITH ME?

I WILL...JAY...IF YOU'LL CONSENT TO PLAY IN THE STATE GAME!! WITH YOU IN THERE, WE CAN'T LOSE!!

ALL RIGHT, JOAN...BUT--IT'S JUST FOR YOU!!

STILL WEARING OUT MY PANTS AND THE UNIVERSITY'S BENCH! MAYBE I'LL GET IN THE GAME --- IF THEY KNOCK OUT THE REST OF OUR SQUAD!!

BULL TRYON'S HURT!! JAY, GET IN THERE!! WE HAVE NOBODY ELSE LEFT!!

BUT THE STATE GAME FINDS JAY STILL ON THE BENCH.

LEADFOOT CARRICK!! HEAVEN HELP US!! IT'S 30 TO 0 AGAINST US NOW!! IT'LL BE 90 TO 0!!

I'LL SHOW 'EM!! BOY, ARE THEY IN FOR A SURPRISE!!

HANG ON EVERYBODY!! HERE WE GO!!
Down the field Jay streaks... to a touchdown!

As touchdown after touchdown pile up...

I quit! I ain't playin' no ghost!

Nor me no hurricane!

I can't even see him now!

How'm I doin', Joan?

Why... wonderful...

In between signals Jay disappears...

But is on the field again before signals are over!!

This'll make it sixty-five to thirty!!

Boy, this is the stuff! A football star-- and a date with Joan tonight!!

The year sweeps by... and graduation is at hand...

I'm going to help Dad in his "atomic bombarder" scientific researches...

I'm off to New York... assistant professor at Coleman University!

One evening in New York, Jay Garrick takes time out to read the daily paper...

Maybe the district attorney wasn't fast enough for them... hm... something ought to be done about this!!

That night... the gangsters are visited by a figure clad in the wings of Mercury... a human bolt of lightning...

The Flash
HE JUST DISAPPEARS IN FRONT OF YOU! I'M QUITTING THIS RACKET!

HE EVEN MADE THE BOSS DOUGHS UP ALL THE DOUGH!! I'M SELLIN' PAPERS FROM NOW ON!!

ANOTHER JOB ACCOMPLISHED. JAY RETURNS TO HIS ROOM.

I FEEL BETTER... TURNING MY SPEED INTO CHANNELS TO FIGHT CRIME... I FEEL USEFUL TO HUMANITY!!

SOME TIME LATER... AT COLEMAN UNIVERSITY...

JOAN... DO YOU SEE WHAT I DO? THAT MAN IS PLAYING TENNIS... WITH HIMSELF!

THIS IS EASY... BUT GOOD EXERCISE!!

BACK AGAIN, BOY... HURRY UP!!

HE GOES SO FAST... I CAN'T SEE HIM!! ONLY ONE PERSON CAN DO THAT... JAY GARRICK!!

JOAN WILLIAMS! IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! WHAT'VE YOU BEEN DOING?

JAY... SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED! I THOUGHT YOU COULD HELP ME... DADDY'S BEEN KIDNAPPED!

LOOK OUT. JOAN... THAT CAR THERE...
THE TREMENDOUS SPEED OF THE FLASH'S REACTIONS MATCHES THE SPEED OF A BULLET AND HE CATCHES IT IN FLIGHT!!

WHOA, THERE!!

I'LL BE UP TONIGHT... YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT...

I THINK YOU'RE MARVELOUS... I KNOW YOU CAN HELP ME!!

AMAZING... AMAZING!! BUT... I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT!!

AND IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...

GENTLEMEN... JOAN WILLIAMS IS DEAD!!

I, SIEUR SATAN, SAY THAT WILLIAMS WILL NOW TELL US HIS SECRET BASE OF THE ATOMIC BOMBARDER!!

AND I, SERGE ORLOFF, SURGEON EXTRAORDINARY, WILL GIVE HIS DAUGHTER HER LIFE... IF HE TELLS!!

WHAT OF ME, DURIEL? I SHALL VISIT HIM IN THE ROOM OF MIRRORS TO GET HIS ANSWER!!

THESE MIRRORS ARE STEALING MY MIND!! BUT... YOU DEVIL... I'LL NOT TELL... NOT EVEN FOR JOAN'S LIFE!! SHE WOULDN'T WANT ME TO!!
WE MUST FIND THE SECRET OF THIS ATOMIC BOMBARDE!! WE CAN SELL IT TO SEVERAL FOREIGN NATIONS... FOR A COOL MILLION FROM EACH!!

IT'S A MARVELOUS WAR WEAPON!! BUT WILLIAMS WOULDN'T TALK!!

ALLOW ME TO VISIT THE GIRL'S HOME... AS AN UNDERTAKER... I SHALL BRING THE BODY HERE... THE SHOCK OF SEEING HIS DAUGHTER DEAD MIGHT MAKE WILLIAMS TALK!!

AND THAT VERY NIGHT...

WAIT... I SHALL SOON BE OUT...

PARDON... DO YOU KNOW THE DEAD GIRL? WHAT DEAD... OH, YOU MEAN... MISS WILLIAMS?

YES, SHE HAD AN ACCIDENT TODAY, DID SHE NOT?

NOW, HOW DOES HE KNOW THAT... UNLESS HE KNOWS WHO SHOT AT HER? THIS IS VERY INTERESTING!!

JAY, COME IN... OH!! A FRIEND OF YOURS? PARDON ME, THERE'S SOME MISTAKE!!

I THINK THERE IS, TOO!!

HE KNEW OF THE SHOOTING... I LET HIM GO BECAUSE I WANT TO HEAR WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY...

HE MUST BE... ONE OF THE FAULTLESS FOUR!!
THREE MONTHS AGO, DADDY RECEIVED A CARD SIGNED "THE FAULTLESS FOUR" ASKING FOR HIS SECRET BOMBER. HE WOULDN'T TELL THEM THE ELEMENTS... SO THEY KIDNAPPED HIM... THEY HAVE GREAT POWER... ALL OF THEM ARE BRILLIANT SCIENTISTS!!

THEY PROBABLY HAVE YOUR FATHER A PRISONER... THIS LOOKS LIKE WORK FOR THE FLASH!! ADIEU, MY DEAR!!

JAY... HE'S GONE AGAIN... BUT MAYBE HE'LL FIND DADDY!!

IF I JUST INCREASE MY SPEED I MAY FIND MY UNDESKER FRIEND BEFORE HE GETS HOME!!

AND ONCE AGAIN THE FLASH IS ON HIS WAY WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT!!

THERE'S THE CAR NOW... TURNING INTO THAT APARTMENT COURTYARD!!

WHAT... THAT WIND SPRANG FROM NOWHERE!!

THAT "WIND" WILL BE WITH YOU BEFORE LONG, MY GOOD MAN!!
AND IN THE APARTMENT OF THE FAULTLESS FOUR...

THE GIRL IS STILL ALIVE... I'VE NEVER MISSED BEFORE... I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!!

YOU BUNGLED!! WE'LL HAVE TO TRY AGAIN!!

I WOULDN'T ADVISE TRYING AGAIN!!

THE FLASH!! I'VE HEARD OF HIM!!

AGAIN ATTUNING HIS SPEED TO THAT OF THE BULLET, THE FLASH LUNGES FORWARD!!!!

THIS'LL SLAY 'EM... AND WHAT I MEAN!!

AGAIN ATTUNING HIS SPEED TO THAT OF THE BULLET, THE FLASH LUNGES FORWARD!!!!

How does the Flash stop a bullet in flight without suffering injury to himself? Explanation: his process of thought and action due to his inhalation of the hard water gases have been so quickened that he has the speed of light itself! As a result, he can easily match the speed of a bullet when two bodies travel along together at equal speed even two they MEET, there is absolutely no friction and therefore no injury!!!

WOULDN'T TRY THAT AGAIN!!

HE... PLUCKED THE BULLET OUT OF THE AIR!!

I CAN SEE THAT... YOU FOOL!! THE QUESTION IS... WHERE?

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I CAN SEE THAT... YOU FOOL!! THE QUESTION IS... WHERE?
MAJOR WILLIAMS!! QUICKLY!! JUMP UP!!

EH? WHAT? WHO'S THAT?

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE... BUT I'M MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE YOU!!

THEY'VE SPOTTED US!! HANG ON, MAJOR, WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE!!

THERE THEY ARE!!

SO LONG, BOYS!! SEE YOU LATER...

STOP HIM!! HOW?? I CAN'T EVEN SEE HIM!!

THROUGH THE STREETS OF NEW YORK RACE THE PAIR...

IF I RUN FAST ENOUGH, NO ONE WILL SEE US!!

YOU RUN SO FAST NOW, I CAN'T BREATHE

DADDY!!

JOAN, MY BABY!! I'M HOME TO STAY, THANKS TO...

NEVER MIND, DADDY... HE DISAPPEARED AGAIN!! WHY... I DIDN'T EVEN GET A CHANCE TO SEE WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE!!

BACK TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE FOUR!

IF I CAN OVERHEAR THEIR PLANS...
THEN IT'S ALL SET FOR THE MORNING AT CONEY ISLAND BEACH?

RIGHT... THE SCARE WILL THROW PEOPLE INTO A PANIC... AND WE WILL GET JOAN AND HER FATHER WHILE THE POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR US AT CONEY ISLAND!!

IF I LET THEM GO THRU WITH IT, SECURE IN THE BELIEF ALL WORKS SMOOTHLY... I'LL GET THEM IN THE ACT OF MURDER!!

THE NEXT DAY AT CROWDED CONEY ISLAND BEACH...

IT STARTS...

THE ATTACK FROM THE SKY....!!

THIS'LL GET ENOUGH POLICE HERE SO THAT OUR ATTACK ON JOAN AND HER FATHER WILL GO OFF LIKE CLOCKWORK....

SUDDENLY A FIGURE AMONG THE CROWDS DOFFS HIS CLOTHES AND GOES INTO LIGHTNING ACTION!!

OH... HELP!

IS IT WAR?

A MAD-MAN!
HE'S GOT ME ON THE GO, BUT I CAN KEEP THIS UP TILL HE RUNS OUT OF BULLETS!

THE FLASH!!
I MUST WARN THE OTHERS!!

HE'S GONE...
NOW FOR THE ATTACK ON JOAN!!

I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING THEN...

IT'S A SUDDEN WIND...

LOOK OUT...
THERE'LL BE AN ACCIDENT!!

I'LL SLOW UP...
AND LET 'EM SEE ME!!

GET IN...
DRIVE TO THE APARTMENT!!

THE GAME'S UP...
THE FLASH!!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, JOAN?

YES, DADDY AND I ARE SAFE...

THIS TIME...
NO MERCY!!

I AM HERE,
GENTLEMEN!!
I've killed the Flash!! I've electrocuted him!! The room is wired to kill... I... I've killed them all!!

But even the speed car is not fast enough...
You shall also die... even as Durkel, Doloff, and Smythe!!

Satan's mind cracks under the terrific strain!!

Aagh... get away... get away...!!

The car sweeps thru the railing and hurtles downward!!

The Flash is already on the bottom of the ravine...!!

I'm on hand... just to see your finish... Sieur Satan!! Thus ends the threat of the 'Faultless Four'!!

Yes... this Flash person is the most marvelous fellow... he saved my life and broke up the Four... do you know him, Joan? Most interesting!!

I just can't imagine, Dad... anyhow... a secret's a secret, isn't it?

Next month! Another amazing story of the one and only Flash!
CLIFF CORNWALL
SPECIAL AGENT
BY SHELDON MOLDOFF

In Washington, D.C., are special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, whose duties are many and varied. The chief of which is to guard against sabotage and espionage activities in the United States...

A fleet of U.S. bombers wing their way toward Alaska...

In the private cabin of one of the planes, the commanding officers go over secret plans for a new air base in Alaska...

Two weeks later... in Washington!

Cliff Cornwall, the army is borrowing you from the F.B.I. Your reputation makes it imperative that you be the man the army air expedition to Alaska...

I'm an amateur air bird myself. I followed that flight closely. They just disappeared into thin air! It's incredible.

They radiated last somewhere south of Skagway. You've got to go up there alone... and find them! Can you?

I'll find them or else...!
I'm supposed to be on a vacation from the F.B.I. I'm going to like this rest cure! Alaska by air.

Your special plane has been thoroughly checked, Cliff. Then it's time to go? Good, I'm anxious.

America to Alaska in a single-seater!

The three-thousandth mile just slipped by. I'll be over Skagway soon!

So long, Skagway! From now on it's best to be wary. Oh, oh!

From the white cloud bank comes a jet-black plane.
WHICH DIVES TO THE ATTACK!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! MY PLANE MUST HAVE BEEN HIT. I'M DIVING EARTHWARD.

WITH SCREAMING SPEED, THE SPECIAL AGENT NOSE-DIVES!!

'CLIFF' LANDS IN A GREEN VALLEY

WELL HE DIDN'T CHASE ME ANYHOW! THOUGHT I WAS SOME PLAYBOY WHO GOT LOST!

PUT 'EM UP, BIG BOY!

TSK, TSK. IT'S A SHAME TO SEE SUCH A PRETTY GIRL BEHIND SUCH AN UGLY GUN.

I'M LYS VALLIERE. YOU AREN'T ONE OF THE BLACK PLANES, ARE YOU?

I'LL SAY I'M NOT! SAY... IS A WAR GOING ON AROUND HERE? SINCE WHEN DO THEY SHOOT SHIPS OUT OF THE SKY IN ALASKA?

FOR SIX MONTHS! THEY CAME HERE TO MOUNT LOGAN AND KILLED MY DAD. THEY THOUGHT I WAS DEAD! RECENTLY THEY CAPTURED A FLEET OF ARMY BOMBERS.

THEY DID! MY SEARCH IS ENDED.
I've got to get that gang. They've captured a U.S. Army Squadron! I don't see how they did it though.

**Surprise attack! They aim for the pilots.** I've seen them do it often! No plane flies over Mount Logan in safety.

**Will you help me get revenge? We'll fix up my plane and take to the air. It's a single seater, but you can squeeze in beside me.**

**GOT IT/NAPPED Wires! Come on, Honey Girl! Let's get going.**

**Honey-Girl? Say, that's making progress.**

**Sure why not? Say, can you operate a machine gun?**

**Not only that I can fly a plane.**

**You can? Say, I could love you for that. I say, will ya look at that!**

**I call it the graveyard of airships. They are all there.**

**The Valley of Lost Airplanes.**

**The special agent dips into the valley.**
That loaded bomber gives me an idea. You'll take my plane up and lead me to their hideout.

The fleet of two take the air.

A concrete runway, and a hangar built into the mountain. Clever, I'll say.

The hangar in the mountain.

The bomber goes into action!

The bombs destroy the runway, sealing the black planes within the hangar.

G-30 calling Skagway. Send flight of Army planes to Logan Mountain. G-30 has located lost squadron. Hurry, may need help.
The Hawkman

Beginning the tale of a phantom of the night, the Hawkman, who from time immemorial has fought the cause of justice against the force of evil. The Hawk fights the evil of the present with the weapons of the past.

In the weapon-lined library of Carter Hall, wealthy collector of weapons and research scientist—

Another prize for my collection from Jim Rock in Egypt.

A glass knife— to offer ancient sacrifices. Why—it—it.

The knife is glowing! It's making me dizzy! I seem to be falling asleep!

As though hypnotized by the knife, Carter lunges to the floor.

So sleepy . . . sleepy . . .
AND SLEEPING—A STRANGE, WEIRD DREAM UNFOLDS!

ENOUGH, KOLAR. PERHAPS HE WILL NOW SPEAK!

NO—NO—NEVER!

YOU FOOL! YOU COULD GO FREE IF YOU WOULD BUT TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW.

I'LL NEVER TELL YOU OF SHIERA, BETRAYED BY THE HAWK-GOD ANUBIS. I LOVE HER—AND HATE YOUR EVIL WAYS. I SHALL YET WIN.

NOT YET DO YOU DEFEAT PRINCE KHUFU!

I SHALL RETURN AND KILL, FALSE PRIEST. AND WHEN I DO—YOUR DEATH SHALL NOT BE PLEASANT.

—AND SO, CARTER HALL—(PRINCE KHUFU)—RUSHES TO HIS LOVED ONE. HALL DRIVES A FAST-MOVING CHARIOT THROUGH THE SPACES OF THE DESERT. HIS WHIPLASH SNAKES OUT OVER THE HORSES' HEADS.

FASTER, FASTER! HATH-SET MUST NOT ARRIVE BEFORE ME—!
SHIETA! SHIETA!

THANK THE GODS, SHIETA, YOU ARE SAFE!

BUT EVEN NOW HATH-SET STRIKES. LOOK, MY BELOVED!

BLACKNESS AT NOON OF DAY! MORE OF HATH-SET'S ANCIENT MAGIC!

IT IS THUS THE HAWK-GOD STRIKES, KHUFU!

THE FALSE PRIEST'S SOLDIERS FOLLOWED ME! AT LEAST THAT IS NO MAGIC MEN I CAN FIGHT!

AND THE BLADE OF KHUFU FLASHES DEATH ONCE MORE!

BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT—KHUFU TIRES!

YOU FIENDS—MY STRENGTH EBBS? YET—
Yet Shiera shall die with me — in my arms.

Hold your hand or —

The arrow speeds true to its mark —

Hath-set wins!

Back along the weary miles to Abydos and the temple of Anubis!

My victims! You who would have stopped me from becoming master of the globe!

Only we have that power, Hath-set. I know the older sciences as well as you!

Then die, Khufu! And after you — Shiera!

The dying prophecy!

I die — but I shall live again — as shall you, Hath-set. And then I shall be the victor.
Back in the twentieth century again—Carter Hall awakes from his dream.

The knife that killed me; who was Khufu? Then—does not Hath-set live again, and perhaps Shiera, too? We have been reincarnated.

Into your box you go, my beauty. You killed me once—I don’t want you to again! This time I shall be prepared.

Several hours later—

I think a trip around the block would do me good after that dream—or recollection of mine.

Suddenly, people rush from a subway exit.

The rails—they’re turning blue! The train’s on fire!

What’s this?

Rails turning blue? What can cause that?

Oh—

Pardon me—you— you are Shiera!

Shiera! How—how did you know that?
NEVER MIND NOW—LOOK! THE RAILS! THEY'RE BEING FLOODLED BY MILLIONS OF VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY!

THE POOR PEOPLE ON THE TRAINS! BURNED TO CINDERS!

88 RIMBLE ROAD—AND HURRY! I'M TAKING YOU TO MY HOME, SHIERA. I'VE A STORY TO TELL YOU!

—AND THAT'S HOW I GOT THE KNIFE, AND THE TALE OF THE PRIEST, AND YOU, AND ME.

I'VE HAD THOSE DREAMS TOO, ONLY I THOUGHT THEM NIGHTMARES.

REST HERE, SHIERA. I'M GOING OUT FOR A WHILE! I THINK I KNOW WHERE TO GO! WHEN I RETURN I'LL TAKE YOU HOME.

CARTER HALL GOES TO HIS LABORATORY—

—TUNES IN ON HIS DYNAMO-DETECTOR AND EMERGES SHORTLY AFTER FROM HIS WEAPONS ROOM, CLAD, AS A GRIM JEST, IN THE GUISE OF THE ANCIENT HAWK-GOD ANUBIS...

THE HAWKMAN — PERIL OF THE NIGHT—


AND THE HAWKMAN GOES FORTH!

I MUST HAVE KNOWN THIS NIGHT WOULD COME. AND I KNOW WHERE TO STRIKE.
In that night of terrors a new one is added, as high in the air the hawk wheels in flight.

Look!

A gigantic hawk, you mean!

The home of Doctor Hastor—electrician extraordinary!

Inside the darkened house a great hum arises!

My lightnings have swept clean the subways of the city. Soon I shall make my demands and then—

The lightnings of the heavens—and their master!

My own creation, with it I shall rule the world—even as did Hath-set, priest of—

What's that?

In the queer blue light a face appears!
IT'S - THE HAWKMAN!

IT MUST BE ANUBIS—HAWK-GOD OF THE ANCEINTS.

THE HAWK CIRCLES TO THE ATTACK!

YOU FOOL! I'LL BLAST YOU TO ETERNITY WITH A MILLION VOLTS!

BUT THE HAWK FLIES THROUGH THE ARC—UNHURT!

I HAVE NO VULNERABLE METAL ON ME, HASTOR—FALSE ONE. MY WEAPON IS THE WOODEN QUARTERSTAFF—MY GARBO THE HOOD OF THE HAWK—

AND MY CLOAK OF THE WED OF THE NINTH METAL IS NON-CONDUCTING. IT REPELS ELECTRICITY WHICH IS THE BASE OF THE FORCE OF GRAVITY! YOU CANNOT HARM ME!

IGNORING DOCTOR HASTOR, THE HAWK ATTACKS THE TURBINES!

A QUARTERSTAFF FOR ROUGH WORK EVERY TIME!

YOU SHALL PAY, YOU FOOL! PAY, AND PAY, AND PAY!
SEVERAL HOURS LATER—
I'VE SEARCHED THE HOUSE—
AND NO DOCTOR HASTOR.
THERE MUST BE A
SECRET ROOM.

NO IT'S NOT
ANUBIS, 'TIS KHUFU—
RE-INCARNATED, THEN SHIERA
MUST LIVE ALSO.

THE ATTAR OF MYRRH—
TO CALL THOSE
OF THE ANCIENT
BLOOD. I
STRIKE AT
KHUFU—
THROUGH
SHIERA.

ANCIENT CHANTS AND MAGIC—THE SONG TO ANUBIS!
ATTAR OF MYRRH
AND PRAYER
BRING TO ME—
THE BETRAYER!

THE SCENT OF MYRRH RISES IN THE CITY—
THAT SMELL—
WHAT IS IT?
IT'S SWEET,
SICKLY SWEET—

BUT TO THOSE OF THE OLD BLOOD THE MYRRH IS—
A SUMMONS!
ANUBIS CALLS THE ANCIENT
BLOOD. I COME, HAWK—
GOD!

THE HAWK FLIES TOO HIGH TO SMELL THE
MYRRH!
I SHALL RETURN AGAIN—
AND RAZE THE HOUSE
tO THE GROUND!
NOW TO SEE SHIERA AND EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!

THE LIBRARY IS EMPTY — GONE! SHIERA IS GONE!
THAT CAN MEAN BUT ONE THING!

HASTOR (HATH-SET) HAS HER IN HIS POWER! THIS TIME I SHALL SHOW NO MERCY!

ANOTHER CLOAK OF THE NINTH METAL, FOR SHIERA AND A CROSSBOW. THESE ARE MY WEAPONS NOW!

THE RETURN TO THE ATTACK!

SHIERA AS ONE DRUGGED! — APPROACHES THE ALTAR OF ANUBIS!

ANUBIS IS ALL POWERFUL. THE BETRAYER COMES!
JUST A FEW STEPS MORE, SHIERA! ONLY A FEW—

THE SACRIFICE TO ANUBIS IS READY!

ANUBIS—ACCEPT YOUR SACRIFICE!

THE CONSUMMATION OF THE SACRIFICE—JUST AS THE LIGHTNING WAVES BEGIN TO CRACKLE—

—THE HAWKMAN RETURNS—

AND THROWS THE MANTLE OF THE NINTH METAL OVER HER BODY!

FIRST, TO SAVE SHIERA FROM THE LIGHTNING—
NOW FOR YOU, HASTOR!

THE-THE HAWK-MAN! NO-NO!

LIKE A BOLT THE HAWK-MAN'S ARROW SPEEDS TO ITS MARK—

UGH!

YOU SHALL BE FOREVER STILLED, HASTOR THE EVIL ONE!

YOU—WIN NOW, HAWK. MAYHAP. PERHAPS I SHALL NOT—NOT DIE. WHO KNOWS?

THE SUBWAY ACCIDENT WILL BE EXPLAINED AS A FREAK OF ELECTRICITY. ONLY I KNOW IT WAS YOU.

THIS TIME, ANUBIS, GOD OF EVIL—WE WON! YOUR PRIEST IS DEAD.

NOT EVEN YOU KNOW OF THE NIGHT'S DOINGS, SHIERA. IT'S JUST AS WELL.

IT SEEMED TOO EASY A VICTORY. I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF HASTOR!

—AND THE HAWKMAN BRINGS SHIERA BACK TO HIS HOME TO REST, AFTER HER TERRIBLE ORDEAL!

FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE HAWKMAN AGAINST THE POWERS OF ANCIENT EVIL! HE WARS NEXT MONTH ON——THE GLOBE CONQUEROR!
JOHNNY THUNDERBOLT!

Simon B. Thunder was a bank clerk in the case National Bank, who lived in a...

...four room cottage with bath in the Bronx section of New York with...

...his wife Mildred Thunder and...

His infant son John L. Thunder, whom they called Johnny....

One night in August, 1918, Simon came home from the bank and found a crowd around his house....

Simon! Our Johnny's been kidnapped!!

What's up, mister? Search me!

Don't worry, we'll probably get a ransom note and the police will throw out a drag-net. We'll get our Johnny back!

But they didn't get him back because something very peculiar happened to little Johnny Thunder....

Pour the whole bottle on him - we don't want any mistakes!

Glub! Glrk!

They won't be able to tell him from a little Badhnisan baby as soon as he's dry!

His own parents wouldn't know him!
A month later they smuggled Johnny into Badhnisia, thousands of miles away from The Bronx—they took him to the Priest of Aissor in the Temple of the Seven Great Gates.

You are sure he was born in the Seventh Circle of The Moon Lahseen?

Positive, according to the American Calendar, at 7 A.M. on the 7th of July, 1917! We saw his birth certificate!

Perfect! We will proceed with the ceremony at once!

Here is the male child you sent us forth to get, most puissant guardian of the Seven Great Gates!

They dressed Johnny in the Seven Emeralds of Strength. They took him through the Seven Great Gates and laid him on the altar of Aissor...

Boor! Kesh! Ghadiga hoopla!

Korpo Vashini Shinoor Kaverly Perkish Shubeira Ralebierh Cei-U! Cei-U!

They put on him the eternal zone of the Zodiac...

CeI-U! CeI-U!

And pronounced the sacred word CeI-U which sounds in the American language like say-you, seven times... and that was the end of the ceremony.

CeI-U!!

Oh, Badhnisians! The child is now prepared! Guard him with your lives, for when he is seven years old he will have power to rule the world! And he is ours!!
But word leaked out that the Badhnsians had a scheme for ruling the world, so the neighboring country of Agolea, their ancient enemy, started a war.

So the woman went and hid with Johnny in a fishing village north of Brunei-Borneo. Someday we will return to Badhnsia in glory, you and I!

One day when Johnny was five, he got away from his jailer-nurse:

Ding bust it! I never get to play by myself!

And went to play in the boats along the beach...

This'll be fun! I'm going to pretend I'm a big sailor!

But the tide came in, a breeze sprang up and the first thing Johnny knew, Borneo was 23 miles behind...

Whee-e-e! I am a real big sailor!

Aboard the American freighter "Eastern Sea"...

Say, Captain Cosher, there's nothing but a kid in that peanut shell!

Avast, young fella! Who do you think you are? Columbus?
Meanwhile, things hadn't been going so well for Johnny's father. He lost his job at the bank; two more children joined the family in the next four years and finally, Simon Thunder again got steady work-a job on a Third Avenue street car.

You can't get on here with that lawn mower! Oh, better hide my monkey!

Fares, please! In you go, young fellow!

Here you! Little boy! You're not allowed to bring live animals!

One Tuesday the "Eastern Seas" docked in New York. You found this little tike, Congreve. You'd better turn him over to the police!
When Simon saw the strawberry mark on Johnny's shoulder!

Where did you get this boy?

Thus Johnny's extraordinary fate re-united him with his family...

Oh, Simon! He's the spitting image of you!

The Week of Johnny's Seventh Birthday. A peculiar thing happened - it rained buckets for six days...

Regular flood, eh? Ain't seen nuthin' like it since my grandmother caught her teeth in the ringer!

On the Seventh Day it rained cats and dogs and buckets...

All this time, though the neighbors were swamped, not a drop touched the Thunder home!

The paper says local showers today...

It just goes to show...you can't trust these "weather men"!

And the curious motto on Johnny's belt glowed strangely...the charm of the Badhnisian priests was taking effect and none of the Thunder family knew what it meant!

When the storm struck all over the world, only the high priest of Aissor understood its portent...

Men of Badhnisia, the storm tells me that the ceremony has been successful!

But in our last war with Agolea the boy was lost, or stolen from us! We must have him back!! Find him! Use force if you must, but bring back the son of Simon Thunder!
WHEN THE MEN OF BADUNISIA GOT TO THE BRONY, SIMON THUNDER HAD MOVED—HE'D CHANGED JOBS TOO, SO THE BADUNISIANS ARE STILL SEARCHING IN 1930, WHEN JOHNNY IS 23.

JOHNNY IS LOOKING FOR A JOB.

COME RIGHT IN YOUNG MAN—

YOU SEE, SIR—I HAVEN'T HAD MUCH EXPERIENCE, BUT I'M VERY AMBITIOUS TO GET AHEAD.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT I LIKE... YOU'LL DO REPORT FOR WORK TOMORROW MORNING.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE
KASH N' KARR
DEPARTMENT STORES, INC.

GEE! I NEVER DREAMED I'D GET UP IN THE WORLD SO FAST!

SAY YOU! I SORRY I DON'T KNOW YOUR NAME, BUT I FORGOT TO BRING A SPONGE... GOT AN EXTRA ONE?

SURE!

SAY YOU!—CEI-U! THEY'RE BOTH PRONOUNCED ALIKE! JOHNNY THUNDER HAS ACCIDENTALLY SAID THE WORDS THAT GIVE HIM POWER! ANY COMMAND HE GIVES WILL BE OBeyed!

HERE YOU ARE... OOPS!

HANG ON TILL I GET OVER THERE!

GOOD GRAVY!!

IN FRANTIC HASTE, JOHNNY CLIMBS IN THE WINDOW TO RUSH TO HIS FELLOW WORKMEN'S ASSISTANCE.

GANGWAY!!
HERE, HERE! YOU CAN'T GO JUMP AT A RUSH THROUGH THIS STORE LIKE THAT!!

Ah, go jump a duck!

TOYS

BOO!

N.O.

Z-BOOM!

Obeying Johnny's command, the other window washer hangs on till Johnny gets there... then drops!!

OMGOSH! STOP! STOP!!

Z-BOOM!

You up there! What's holding you up?

Hanged if I know!

Hey! Are you going to leave me hanging here all day?!

You've got a mind of your own! Come on down!

Did you have to do it all of a sudden?
But watching in the crowd are two Badhnisian agents!

That is he! No other could do what he has just done!

Remember! He should not be hurt. Badhnisia needs him for the terrible power we have given him. Capture him! But if you cannot... then kill him!!

Next morning at the store....

As a reward for saving the life of a fellow employee, the store wishes to present you with this medal! You will also be head window washer from now on!

It just goes to show... if you're honest you get ahead fast!

There he is.

You will come with us.

Now wait a minute!

Look here you guys. You'll get me in Dutch with the store... you want me to lose my job?

Your job means nothing to us. Not to make trouble!!
WHAT IS IT YOU GUYS ARE AFTER ANYHOW!
ARFGH!
URFGH!
THF FLOOR
THEY'VE GOT PLENTY OF NERVE WHOEVER THEY ARE!
THERE HE IS!

WHAT IS THIS?! YOU WILL PLEASE COME WITH US!
MI'GOSH! I'M SURROUNDED!!
STOP HIM!
CLEAR ALL WIRES! I'M GOING THROUGH!!
UGH!

SPORTS DEPT.
GREAT GRAVY! IT'S A CONVENTION!
THERE HE IS!!

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
SEIZE HIM!
NO YOU DON'T!
GLPMFPH!
YOU BELONG TO US! WE MADE YOU WHAT YOU ARE TODAY!
WE HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED!

WELL, I'M NOT SATISFIED! YOU GUYS GET IN MY HAIR, EVERY ONE OF YOU! GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM-- SCRAM! FADE! BLOW AWAY!

CRISES! WHAT A BREEZE!

MR. THUNDER! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR PRANKS! YOU'VE WRECKED THE STORE WHICH BEFRIENDED YOU-- YOU'RE FIRED!!

I WAS JUST TRYING TO PROTECT MYSELF!

GET OUT!

DO YOU CALL THAT JUSTICE?

JUST AN ORDINARY GUY TRYING TO LEAD AN ORDINARY LIFE, AND THIS HAS TO HAPPEN TO HIM!... HOW CAN JOHNNY LEARN TO MASTER THE TERRIBLE POWER HE POSSESSES? SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF FLASH COMICS!
"I've got it!" cried Billy Morton.
Eagerly he turned to the grey-haired man who stood beside him at the metal beakers and scientific equipment that littered the laboratory tabletop.

"I've got it at last," Billy enthused, snapping his fingers in excitement. "The thing Dad worked all his life for is a weapon that can be used effectively in interstellar space!"

Orphaned son of a brilliant scientist, Keith Morton, Bill had inherited his father's keen mind and interest in scientific research. As a technician on the only space-port on the planet Jupiter in the year 2139, there wasn't much for a boy of eighteen to do except work. And since his work was at once his hobby, Billy Morton was perfectly satisfied.

Billy's snapping black eyes clouded. His carelessly parted black hair fell over his high forehead. His lips grimly grew with sudden thought.

"If Ralph Farnham — the Ruthless — ever raids Jupiter again, he said, "I'll be ready for him!"

Port Commander Worth nodded his leonine head. He had been the lifelong friend of Billy's father. When Ralph "the Ruthless" had raided Jupiter four years ago and slain the elder Morton, Billy had sworn two vows. One, to continue his Dad's research for a space weapon; and second, to get revenge on Ralph Farnham.

The first vow was now accomplished. Before Commander Worth's admiring blue eyes, Billy was unwrapping a metal rod that had attached to it a round box at its trigger-end.

"This is the discharger-gun," explained Billy. "In this round box I place a coil of elemental chemical essences — what they are is the secret Dad and I were working on! — and then, press the trigger! Zowie!"

"But are you sure it will work in space? You know the space between the planets is a great void, empty of air, which conducts electricity, and permits bullets and bombs to take effect. A bullet in
within striking distance of the space port.

And he had to avoid Commander Worth! The old man would never consent to his journeying out alone into the void against Ralph Farnham's space fleet!

The smooth metal sides of the flyer, loomed large before him, Billy swung over a lever to lift the hanger roof, and started for the flyer door.

"Billy! Billy Morton!"

Billy groaned. He knew well that military-sounding voice. He didn't have to turn to know that Commander Worth, was running along the metal platform, waving his arms and shouting.

"Billy — hold on! Wait!"

He turned ready to argue the need for his going out alone, into space, to test his new weapon. He knew as well as Commander Worth the danger of a single flyer fighting a space fleet by itself — with only a boy of eighteen at the controls. But he also knew that he was the only chance they had to win!

"Yes, Commander Worth?"

"You — you were going up alone!" said the Spaceport chief accusingly.

"I must!" Billy protested. "I'm the only one who can successfully fight them off before they reach Jupiter. You know that!"

Commander Worth smiled grimly and caught Billy's big hand.

"I know, boy. I know how much you want to go — out there! But I know that if you don't come back I'll never sleep soundly again, cursed by the thoughts of your sacrifice.

"And yet — I knew your father and I know you. And when you said 'I've got it,' I knew you had, finally, concluded your experiment.

"You're my only hope, Billy. Get into that flyer and go, before I change my mind!"

"Golly!" shouted Billy, grinning and snapping his fingers. "That's swell! And thanks, Commander Worth — you won't regret it!"

Billy swung open the flyer's door and let himself into the round steering room. The space flyer was made of smooth aluminum — steel, light but strong enough to resist the terrific pull of gravity. Four long metal tails on each side of the ship reached out behind it to give it balance and direction. An open vent in the rear permitted rocket blasts which propelled the ship in outer space.

As Billy let himself down into the leather and steel gyro-seat, he faced a window of thick quartz, ground with gelida, a cold-and-heat resiting mineral from Venus's vast quarries. It was a round, yellow sheet of space-glass that permitted the driver to see ahead of him.

Billy glanced at his wristwatch. He had less than thirty minutes to get free of Jupiter's terrible gravity-pull. Less than thirty minutes to rocket into position to fight the space battle of all time! He frowned and threw over the degrativizer lever.

The flyer lurched against its steel props, then slowly began to lift free of its hanger. Below him Billy could see Commander Worth waving to him, wishing him luck.

Billy gasped. He began to shake. Not with fear, for Billy Morton wasn't afraid of death, but with that nervous tension an athlete feels before a game. He thought swiftly of the thousands of helpless Earth colonists who were unknowingly depending on him and his new weapon. Billy reached out a hand to pat the cold metal rod.

"You're got to come through," he whispered to it. "You've just got to!"

Then he gave himself over to grim business. Swiftly he strapped himself into his gyro-seat that maintained the same position even if the flyer itself was standing on its pointed nose.

He began to check his instrument board, watching the degrativizer — needle raise and raise; one hundred, one thousand, two thousand feet from the surface of the planet.

Soon now his ship would burst into the radiant aura of the sun-bathed atmospheric belt which protected the air of the planet Jupiter from the cold nothingness of outer space. His quartz window shone with concentrated light. That would last only a few seconds at the rate his flyer was lifting. Only a few seconds, and then...

The bright colors flashing through the window darkened. Instantly Billy reached out and flipped over his rocket-blast. From the rear of the space flyer came a stream of brilliant yellow. With a sudden surge and a low roar, the tiny ship flamed out into black space.

Inside his driving room Billy Morton felt only a slight push forward. But his indicator showed incredible speed. He smiled tightly, and glanced at his watch. He had made it just in time! Through his window he could see Ralph Farnham and his pirate fleet like little black dots in space, come racing toward him!

Billy chuckled to himself. "He's going to get the surprise of his life!"

To Be Concluded Next Month

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<Advertisement>
Polish postage stamps picture many eras in its unusual story. In medieval times Poland was a most important European nation; as far back as the year A.D. 1000 we find King Boleslav ruling and his country then one of the great powers.

Later on Poland and Lithuania united through the marriage of the monarchs of both states, so that Poland became one of the most extensive nations of Europe, stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The union occurred with the marriage of Jagello of Lithuania (grand duke) and the Polish queen, Jadwiga.

All these events are pictured by postage stamps; and there are several other scenes to be found, to cover other parts of the Polish national story. We even find stampic remembrances of the 1830 revolt as well as the 1863-64 rebellion. In addition, there are stamps marking contemporary times.

Poland had its first postage stamps when a Russian duchy, in 1860. A single stamp appeared. No further postage appears until Poland is a republic, with local issues beginning in 1918. General issues—‘national’ postage stamps—begin in 1919.

In 1919 the first semi-postals make their appearance; postage dues had first come out a year previously. Airmail stamps began in 1925.

In 1915 Germany overprinted its stamps for use in occupied Poland; in 1925 Poland overprinted stamps for use in the Free State of Danzig.

The country, which has had a most exciting history, has some extremely fascinating stamps which are attracting numerous collectors today.
THE DEMON DUMMY...

"FLASH" PICTURE NOVEL

IN TWO PARTS

by

Ed Wheelan

LISSEN T'ME, WILL YA, YA SAP?!!

NO, NO, RED!!

NOW, RED, TELL ME JUST WHAT YOU WOULD DO IF YOU SAW YOUR BEST GIRL STEPPING OUT WITH ANOTHER FELLOW?

NOW, RED, TELL ME JUST WHAT YOU WOULD DO IF YOU SAW YOUR BEST GIRL STEPPING OUT WITH ANOTHER FELLOW?

I'D MOIDER THA BUM! WHY, RED!!

DUNSTAN ALWAYS PRETENDED TO BE GREATLY SHOCKED BY THE DUMMY'S TOUGH TALK WHILE THE AUDIENCE ROARS.

MEANWHILE, IN ONE OF THE DRESSING ROOMS BACK STAGE...

I AM, MADGE - I'M NUTS ABOUT YOU!

YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT HARRY DUNSTAN AND I ARE ENGAGED NOW, SO PLEASE JIM, STOP PHONING ME AND DON'T COME HERE AGAIN!
You weren't so up stage with me, Madge Devere, before you met this ham ventriloquist!!

Oh--er--pardon me...

Come in, Harry!

I want you to meet an old friend of mine! Private detective Devlin! This is my fiancé, Harry Dunstan!

Well--lll, congratulations!

Yes, I've known Madge ever since she was a kid--just dropped in to say hello--must be on my way now--happy to have met you, Dunstan--so long, Madge!

Nice chap, that Devlin!

I think he's a tramp!!

Oh, honey, I wish you'd stop putting your own unkind ideas into Red's mouth! When that dummy is with you, you seem like two utterly different personalities!!

It frightens me sometimes I'm beginning to hate that Red!

Gnats to you, lady!
HA-HA! DON'T BE LIKE THAT, SWEETHEART! I JUST HAVE A LOT OF FUN PRETENDING THAT RED IS A TOUGH LITTLE BRAT WHO INSULTS ME AS WELL AS EVERYONE ELSE!

YOU SAID IT!

I DON'T THINK IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT, DEAR! I'M AFRAID THAT DUMMY HAS BECOME PART OF YOU AND THAT I'LL BE MARRYING HIM, TOO! HONESTLY, HARRY, I'M SCARED!!

MEANWHILE, PRIVATE DETECTIVE JIM DEVILIN ARRIVES AT HIS OFFICE.

I'VE GOT TO GET DUNSTAN OUT OF MY WAY... BUT HOW?

IF I COULD ONLY PIN SOME CRIME OR DISGRACE ON HIM, MADGE MIGHT THEN CONSENT TO MARRY ME!

HM-M-M, I'VE GOT IT!!!

YOU'RE WANTED ON THE PHONE, HARRY!

THANKS, SAM!

HELLO... OH, YES, MR. DEVILIN...

NO, I'M NOT... I SEE... UH HUH...

YES, I GUESS I COULD ARRANGE IT... MEET YOU WHERE?... O.K., I'LL BE THERE... THANKS... G'BYE!

MADGE, YOUR FRIEND, DEVILIN WANTS ME TO DO MY ACT FOR HIS CLUB NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT! I'M TO MEET HIM AFTER THE LAST SHOW TONIGHT AND DISCUSS THE DOUGH AND DETAILS!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW TO GET BUSY ON THE FRAME-UP!!
DEVLIN GOES TO THE ROOMS OF SOME OF HIS HIRED HENCHMEN AND OUTLINES HIS DIABOLICAL SCHEME.

O.K., BOSS - IT SOUNDS PRETTY RISKS, BUT I GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN' - I ONLY HOPE THERE AIN'T NO SLIP-UP, THAT'S ALL!!

THERE WON'T BE, SLIM! I'M GOING RIGHT OVER TO THE CAFE NOW AND GET EVERYTHING SET FOR TONIGHT!!

THE CARGO CAFE, SECRETLY OWNED BY THE RACKETEERING DETECTIVE

DEVLIN ARRANGES FOR THE FRAME-UP OF DUNSTAN

WE'LL USE THIS BACK ROOM, TIM! SLIM GRIMES AND THE BOYS WILL PICK UP SOME OLD BUM AND WILL BE BUYING HIM DRINKS - YOU GIVE DUNSTAN A KNOCK-OUT DRINK AND THEN WATCH FOR MY SIGNAL ABOUT THE LIGHTS!!

THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE SHOW

WELL, DEAR I'M OFF TO MEET DEVLIN NOW!!

I'LL CALL YOUR ROOM IN THE MORNING, HARRY TO HEAR WHAT HAPPENED!!

HELLO, DUNSTAN - STILL CARRYING YOUR DUMMY I SEE!

YES, MR. DEVLIN WHEREVER I GO, RED GOES TOO!
Devlin now takes the unsuspecting ventriloquist to the Cargo Cafe where the stage is all set for the frame-up.

Drink up, buddy! Youse guys sure is reg'lar guys! Let's sit in the back room and talk things over!

As arranged, Dunstan is given "knockout drops" in his drink.

S-say, what's the matter with m-me? Oh-hh.

The next morning...

His room doesn't answer, Miss Devere, B-but have you seen the morning P.P. paper?!

"Witnesses say that he became violently angry at detective Devlin and may have intended to shoot him!"

Before he can pass out, Devlin gives the signal, and the lights are switched off.

Bang! Bang!

Ventriloquist shoots derelict in Cafe brawl.

Harry Dunstan charged with murder of unidentified vagrant.

A month later Dunstan is sentenced to 20 years for manslaughter.

I still claim I am innocent altho I cannot remember what happened, your honor!
Good-bye, Madge - you know I'm not guilty. Don't you?

Oh, Harry, I wish I did but...

It's that demon of a dummy, Red - that other side of you which I've never understood - always saying "I'd moider tha bum." Oh, it's too awful!

Well, officer, I've lost my liberty, my sweetheart, and everything in the world but one little pal, my dummy!

At the warden's office...

It's an odd request, Dunstan, but I see no harm in allowing you to keep the dummy in your cell!

And now... No. 2379

Cheer up, pal, you ain't lost all hope yet! Y'can still hope for revenge on that detective rat, Devlin!!

Sure - keep on hopin' an' hopin' for revenge - revenge on a dirty double-crossin' Dick!

Don't talk that way, Red!

In the dreary days which drag by, the other prisoners gradually forget about Dunstan and address most of their remarks to Red, who has become to them an absolutely real person.

Hey, Red - we got a letter from Butch Scanlon today!

He says Devlin - married Madge Devere two months ago!
OH, IS ZAT SO?
WELL, I'LL MOIDER
THA BUM SOME DAY
DON'T WORRY!!

STOP IT, RED!

DRAB DAYS ---- WEARY WEEKS.
MONOTONOUS MONTHS PASS--

JAN
FEB
MARCH
APRIL
MAY
JUNE
JULY

DUNSTAN IS NOW A WRECK OF
HIS FORMER SELF, HATE AND
A BURNING DESIRE FOR
REVENGE ON THE MAN WHO HAS
RUINED HIS LIFE AND STOLEN
HIS GIRL HAVE ALL BUT
UNBALANCED HIS MIND. RED
HAS INDEED BECOME HIS
EVIL GENIUS - A DEMON
DUMMY WITHOUT A SOUL.

YA MUGG, I ALWAYS TOLD
YA THAT PRIVATE 'DICK
WAS A RAT - HE
JUST PUT YA OUT
OF HIS WAY SO'S
HE COULD HAVE
MADGE!!

AN Lissen, sucker, don't
worry none about Madge
neither! Tha
way she gave
ya Tha BUM'S
rush showed
she never
really
loved ya!!

YOU SAID IT, RED - TELL THAT
BUDDY O' YOURS HE'S JUST
A SAP!! ALL DAMES WILL
DOUBLE-CROSS YA SOONER
OR LATER!!

AND THEN ONE DAY,
THRU THE MYSTERIOUS
"GRAPEVINE" OF THE
UNDERWORLD WHICH
KNOWS NO BARRIERS,
SUDDENLY DRIFTED
THE SENSATIONAL
NEWS THAT JIM
DEVLIN HAD BEEN
ARRESTED FOR
MURDER!!

I HEAR THAT
SLIM GRIMES
CONFESSED
TO THA "BULLS!!

YEH, AN' THA
REST OF THA
MOB PINNED
THA "FRAME
ON DEVLIN

THAT MEANS
THEY'LL HAVE
TO FREE
DUNSTAN!!
When the news reaches Harry Dunstan, all that his warped mind can think of is to tell Red.

Poor guy - he's 'Stir-Crazy' and don't know it!

Hey, Red!

They've got him, Red - they've got him at last!

Whoopee - oh, boy, oh, boy!!

The next day

Dunstan, I have received an order for your release! A terrible injustice has been done you, but for your own good we will have to detain you until Devlin arrives! There have been too many rumors that you seek a personal revenge on him!!

Poor old chap, Madge Devlin died yesterday giving birth to a baby boy! The child will be placed in a foundling home!

Two weeks later Devlin arrives to begin serving a life sentence.

And Harry Dunstan suddenly finds himself outside the grim prison walls...a free man!!

Oh ya sap - ya sap!! How are we ever gonna get Devlin now?

Please, red-stop it - you're driving me crazy!

Foiled of his revenge what does the unbalanced ventriloquist do now?? What of Madge's baby? What of Devlin?

Follow this powerful picture novel "by Ed Wheelan, famous creator of 'Minute Movies". in the next issue of Flash Comics!
The Whip

By John B. Wentworth and George Storm

From the time of Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, to Geronimo, red-skinned scourge of the white pioneers—no caballero so stirred the hearts of the people as did El Castigo—The Whip!!

He was known as Don Fernando Suarez, a patrician descended from the grandees of Spain.....

But no one knew it was he, who, single-handed, fought the wealthy Mexican landowners to protect the poor peons.

Stop!! in the name of...

El Castigo!

Many a peon knelt in prayer for El Castigo in the humble churches.

Pro Castigo Santa Maria

Wealthy rancheros banded together and raised a fortune to fight El Castigo. Weeth such a sum we could run El Diablo to earth and hang heem!!

We poot thees in the bank.....we may say, amigos, the day of El Castigo is over.
YOU MENTIONED MY NAME, SEÑORES!

SHOOT HIM DOWN!! HE IS UNARMED!!

UNARMED DID YOU SAY?

PING!

CRACK

SWISH!

WRETCHED HORSEMAN—SHIP!!

THEIR TREASURE!! ADIOS VULTURES

THE ASSOCIADAD DE LOS RANCHEROS NEVER HEARD OF THEIR TREASURE AGAIN... IT IS MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS NOW SINCE EL CASTIGO RODE ALONE... BUT THEY WHISPER HIS NAME TODAY WHEN THE GAUNT HAND OF STARVATION STRETCHES OVER THE LAND.....
The ranges the whip rode 100 years ago are now a part of America's great Southwest... but the poor peons are still in sore straits...

You could get steady work if you wanted it...

Less than three bags for the day again!

I can't use you!

Senor... my woman, my little one they starve!

No rent, no roof! Get out!!

Go on now, scram!

You do your best, good padre.

There is no money left to give you none at all!

What can one priest do against the greed of the world? El castigo, I need your help!

Padre mio.... there is nothing left for me now but to steal!

I seen him climb outa that window there he goes!!

He ain't gonna get away with no stealin' in this town. Not with on the job!
I caught 'im climbin' out of a window with the goods!

Obviously, then he must plead guilty!!

He was driven to steal, your honor; if he only had a chance!

Carlos is a good man... I know!! If he wasn't starving to death!!

I deeply sympathize... but he has broken the law of the land... a year and a day at hard labor....

They railroaded another of those poor pickers to jail this morning, dad

Marissa, my dear.... I don't see what I...\n
Don't sidestep dad; gangsters are holding up the people with high rents, no jobs... no food....

Meanwhile - our scene changes to the polo field of an exclusive Long-Island Hunt Club. The final match of the international competition is in progress.

Don't be piggish with that ball fellows...

Rod Gaynor is simply wonderful!! I never saw such riding!!
Glad you liked my riding, Nita, but I won't be with the team... going away!

But why?

I'm bored stiff round here. I'll toss a coin... Heads I go to the Orient... Tails I see America first!

What do you say, Wing, which road?

All same difference... six eggs make half a dozen...

Okay... toss me a coin... Heads we go to Seguro, tails to Tecalote.

Everything go up... she come down on his head.

What did you figure on doin' in Seguro Strange?

Thought I'd have lunch and pull out.

You won't like it!

You mean the town or the lunch?

But dad those vigilantes are fakes... I know.

Marissa, my dear, I've told you time and again!
HEADS WE STAY IN SEGURO TAILS WE DON'T GO

DURING ROD'S LUNCH HIS MAN WING RAN A LITTLE ERRAND......

YOUNG LADY DAUGHTER OF NEWSPAPER PAY THE CHECK AND WAIT FOR ME AT THE CAR

ASSOCIATION OF RANCHERS MY FOOT!! YOU'RE JUST A PACK OF VULTURES!! MONEY POURING INTO YOUR POCKETS AND NEVER A THOUGHT FOR THE POOR SLAVES WHO

SEGURO SENTINEL

JOE PRINCE

AND YOU!! YOU'RE NO MORE SHERIFF THAN I AM, THOSE VICILANTES ARE A PAID CREW AND....

AHEM!

WELL WHAT DO YOU WANT??

I JUST DROPPED IN TO BUY A PAPER!!

THERE YOU ARE LATEST EDITION!!
After Sheriff Todd had left...

Where did you come from again?

I forgot to pay for my paper...

Don't bother me about a three cent paper... I'm in a hurry!!

Couldn't I take you where you're going... my car's just outside!

Padre, we've got to do something......
The vigilantes plan to make an example of poor Carlos to frighten the workers......
They're going to take him from the jail and lynch him!!!

Who are we?...... One weak woman and an old padre......

In the old days we had El Castigo fighting for us!

After all, Padre El Castigo was only a legend

He was not a legend, Senorita...... He left a fortune to the church in this trunk and for a hundred years the padres have helped seguros poor...... I myself gave the last of the money to the poor......

Well,...... even if El Castigo was real his empty trunk won't help...... I'm going now to do what I can......

Wait a minute Padre...... Please tell me more about this El Castigo......
The whip...
That night the girl and her father watched as the vigilantes gathered before the seguro jail....

Poor Carlos

Senorita Dillon! Senorita....

I've done everything I could, Padre.... I'm afraid Carlos is doomed.

But.... El Castigo's Chaparejos, his saddle, bridle sombrero... whip.... all have disappeared from the wall of the church!!

Go on now, you men... you can't have the prisoner! I'm defending this jail with my life!!

Give us Carlos and keep your jail!!

With a roar the vigilantes charged...... disarming the sheriff....

Good act I put on, eh?

It ought be good we rehearsed it often enough!!

Bust the door!

Into the melee suddenly leaped a horseman!!!

El Castigo!

A Ghost!

Madre Dio!
LOOK OUT FOR THEM HOOF'S THE WHIP!!

OW! MY BACK!

COME WEE THE MIO DIABLO FANTASTICO!!

YOU DON'T LIKE THEES RIDE SENOR SHERIFF, NO?

WAN FONNY MOVE FROM ANYONE... GEEY!
A BITTLE TWITCH TO THE WHIP.... SHE BREAK THE
NECK OF YOUR SENOR EL SHERIFF!!

HELP ME YOU COWARDS!

ONE WHISPERED WORD TO HIS MOUNT, AND.....

CRASH!

NOW YOU WEEL THROW THE CELL KEYS TO THE PRESONAIR CARLOS PLEASE!!

I'LL GET HIM!

CUIDADO!! UNO TE ... LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!!
Gracias!!
Imperito!!
I can use these gon!!

Now's my chance!!

You don't like my companee?

Carlos you weel mount behind me... we leave thees unfriendly hombres weeth SHERIFF Todd in tow.

Adelante! We have far to go... and adios vultures.

Next morning

Where were you last night during all the excitement Mr. Gaynor?

Just cruising about... why? Was there something doing in town?

You've 'cruised about' quite a good deal. Haven't you Mr. Gaynor? Ever been to South America?

Why yes, why?

Oh nothing... except that in South America, so I've been told, you could learn very well how to use a very long bull whip. Couldn't you Mr. Gaynor?

Is Marissa Dillon right? Is the eastern dude Rodney Elwood Gaynor really the ghost of the whip? See the next issue of Flash Comics
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