

No.25

OCT.-NOV.



# Ace-Flash



TEN CENTS

THE  
**FLASH**

GOES

JITTERBUG!!!

# The Flash

FASTESt MAN ALIVE!!

CALLING ALL JITTERBUGS! GATHER ROUND AND DIG THE JIVE-HAPPY FEET OF HEP CAT ALLY GATES AS HE GETS IN THE GROOVE AND SETS THE JOINT A-JUMPIN'! UNFORTUNATELY FOR ALLY, HE KEEPS RUNNING INTO A SQUARE BY THE NAME OF SLAPSY SIMMONS... WHO HATES MUSIC AND DANCING, BUT GOOD! THAT STARTS THE CLAMBAKE ROLLING AND BEFORE IT'S OVER THE FLASH HAS TO STEP IN AND SWING OUT WITH A FEW HOT LICKS OF HIS OWN... YEAH, MAN, YOU'LL HARDLY BELIEVE YOUR EYES AS ...

"THE FLASH CUTS A RUG!"



SOME YEARS AGO, SLAPSY SIMMONS WAS JUST AN ORDINARY KID WHO LIVED IN THE 'TOUGH' PART OF TOWN....

HEY, SLAPSY,  
COME ON. THIS  
DANCING IS  
FUN!

OKAY... BUT I DON'T  
THINK I'M MUCH  
GOOD AT IT...



ALL-FLASH, No. 25. Oct.-Nov., 1946. Published bi-monthly by Jolaine Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sheldon Mayer, Editor. Reentered as second class matter Feb. 21, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Foreign, \$1.50 in American funds. Entire contents copyrighted 1946 by Jolaine Publications, Inc. For adver-

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Printed in U.S.A.

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## All-Flash Comics

ANWR, CAN I HELP IT IF I CAN'T DANCE? THAT MUSIC WAS JUST NO GOOD!



SOME YEARS LATER... THE SAME OLD STORY!...

SLAPSY, YOU DANCE LIKE AN OLD SACK! FOLLOW THE MUSIC!

DO YOU CALL THAT MUSIC? MAYBE I AIN'T GOT RHYTHM.. BUT THAT BAND SURE HASN'T GOT IT EITHER!



DANCING! MUSIC! I HATE 'EM BOTH. AND SOMEDAY I'M GONNA MAKE 'EM PAY OFF FOR THE TROUBLE THEY'VE CAUSED ME!



AND SO A FEW NIGHTS LATER, THE PAY-OFF BEGINS...

OKAY, BUD... HAND OVER THAT DOUGH!

THE ENTIRE RECEIPTS OF THE MARATHON DANCE... THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!



LATER...

I TELL YA, FELLAS, I GOT A SYSTEM! ROB FROM DANCE-HALLS AND MUSIC PLACES. IT CAN'T BE BEAT.

CHICKEN FEED! NOW BANKS... THAT BRINGS IN THE REAL DOUGH!



BANKS! YA RUN INTO GUARDS AND COPPERS THAT WAY. BETTER TO SWIPE A FEW HUNDRED EASY THAN RISK YOUR LIFE ON THOUSANDS. MY SYSTEM'LL PAY... YOU'LL SEE!

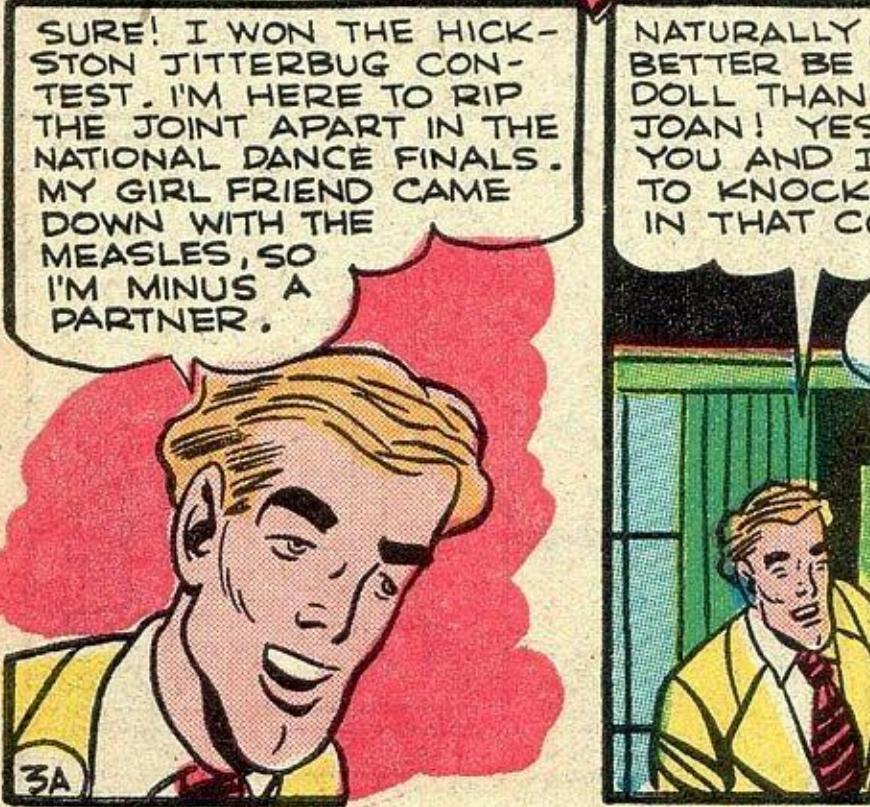


NOT LONG AFTER, A HEP CHARACTER NAMED ALLY GATES ARRIVES IN TOWN....

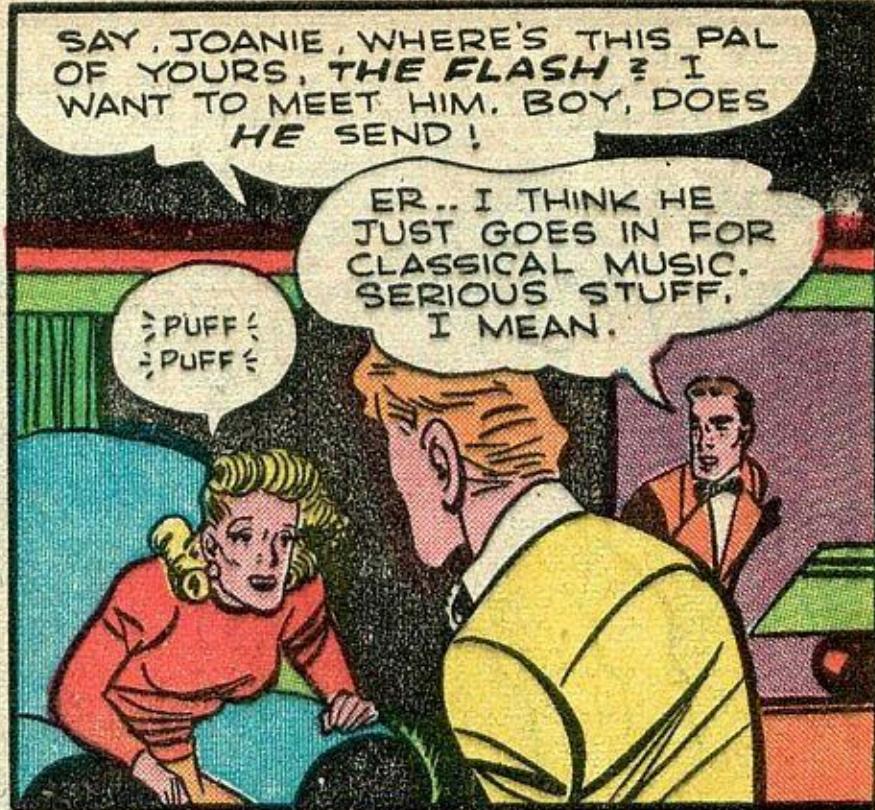
I'LL TRUCK ON DOWN THE AVENUE RIGHT TO COUSIN JOAN'S HOUSE...



## All-Flash Comics



## All-Flash Comics



THAT NIGHT, AT THE METROPOLIS STADIUM...



I'LL RELIEVE YOU OF THAT DOUGH, BUD. PASS IT ACROSS...OR ELSE !

'GULP' ALL RIGHT... BUT D-DON'T SHOOT!

OH! OH! TROUBLE AHEAD.. AND I HAVE TO CHANGE INTO MY **FLASH** COSTUME WITHOUT ALLY NOTICING IT ...

OH, NO.  
HE..ER...  
WENT ON  
AHEAD...

HEY! WE LOST JAY.  
HE WAS RIGHT HERE A MINUTE AGO.

SOLD OUT.

I HAD TO DELAY SO THAT ALLY WOULDN'T GUESS MY OTHER IDENTITY... WHICH GAVE THIS BABY A CHANCE TO HOGLIE THE CASHIER...

THE FLASH MOVES SO FAST, HE IS INVISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE....

YOU WON'T NEED THAT MONEY, BUD!  
THIS LITTLE WORK-OUT IS FREE!

YAAGH!!

NO, SIR... I WON'T CHARGE YOU A CENT!

OOF!

YEEOW! WHAT'D I TELL YOU? LOOK AT THE **FLASH**!  
BOY, IS HE SWINGOPATING!

THAT'S SENDING IT WAY OUT WIDE,  
FLASH!  
SOLID!

THIS IS ONE FORM OF SWING THAT... OH! OH!



THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER, FAST AS HE IS, CANNOT RECALL THE MOMENTUM WITH WHICH HE HAS FLUNG SLAPSY FROM HIM...

IF HE HITS ALLY AT THAT SPEED, HE'S LIABLE TO KILL HIM!

OHH!



WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING,  
THE FLASH DRIVES SLAPSY UP  
AND OVER ALLY....

HEP! HEP!  
THAT FLASH...  
WHAT A  
KILLER-  
DILLER!



FLASH!  
ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT?

Oooo!



THAT WAS REAL  
OFF-THE-ELBOW  
STUFF, FLASH.  
I KNEW YOU  
WEREN'T ANY  
LONG-HAIR!

GET ME TO A  
BED. I WANT TO  
REST MY BACK.  
IT FEELS AS  
THOUGH IT  
WERE MADE  
OF JELLY!



## All-Flash Comics

NEXT DAY...

YOU'LL HAVE TO REST THAT BACK, GARRICK. NO WORK FOR YOU FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

HMM. AND JOAN WANTS TO GO TO THE CHARITY DANCE TOMORROW NIGHT!

OH, JAY... I WANT TO GO TO A QUIET DANCE ! ALLY KEEPS ME JITTERBUGGING ALL THE TIME !

WELL, WE'LL SEE. MAYBE BY TOMORROW NIGHT MY BACK'LL BE IN BETTER SHAPE !

SLAPSY ALSO PLANS TO ATTEND THE CHARITY DANCE ....

I TELL YA THIS IS THE BIGGEST THING EVER. ALL I NEED IS A LITTLE HELP TO SWING IT !

ROBBIN' DANCIN' PLACES IS A LITTLE OUTTA MY LINE !

IT'S A CINCH, I TELL YA. AND I GUARANTEE THERE'LL BE A BIG TAKE !

OKAY, SLAPSY, WE'LL GIVE IT A TRY. COUNT US IN !

ON THE NIGHT OF THE CHARITY DANCE...

GOLLY, JAY. YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO MOVE WITH THIS ON !

I WOULD HAVE TO HURT MY BACK IN THE..ER..LAB. I'LL HAVE TO SIT OUT ALL THE DANCES, I GUESS !

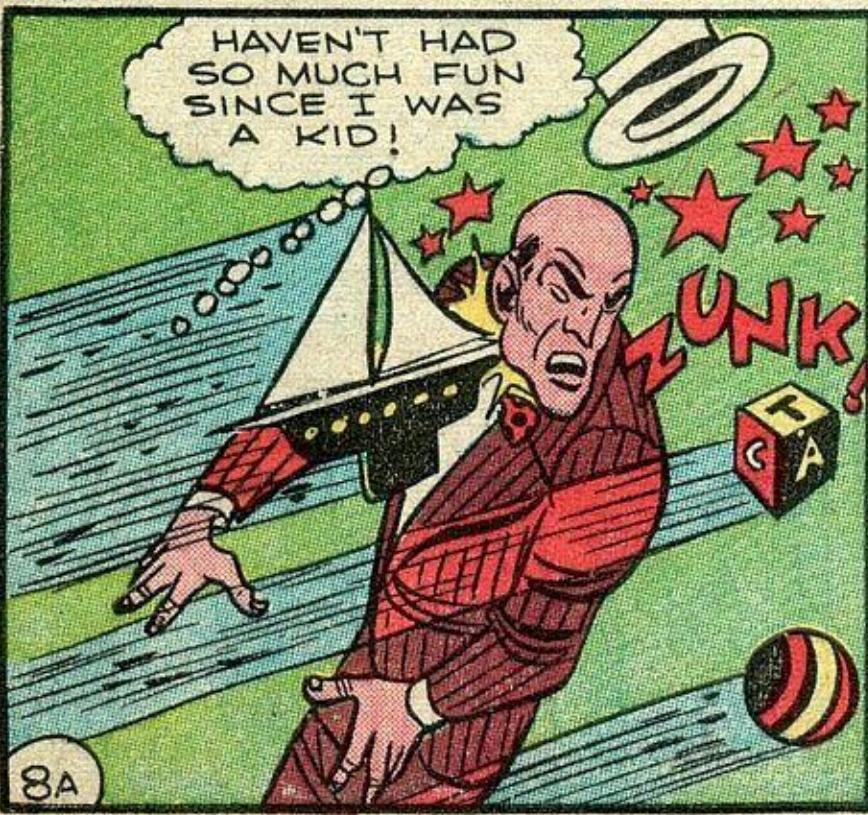
NOW JUST SIT HERE AND RELAX, JAY.

DON'T WORRY. IT'LL TAKE AN EARTHQUAKE TO GET ME OFF THIS CHAIR !

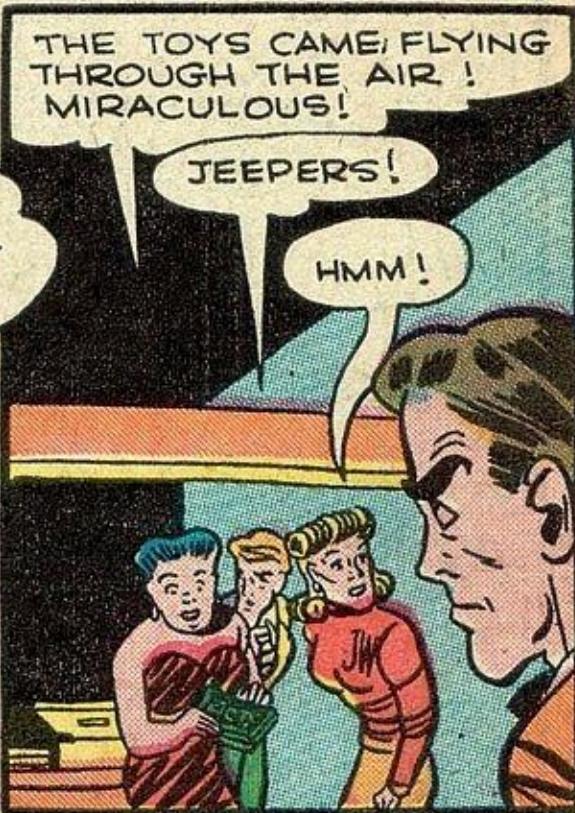
WHAT A SITUATION ! I FEEL LIKE A BABE IN ARMS. I CAN'T EVEN WALK !

THIS IS IT, GANG ! COME ON !

## All-Flash Comics



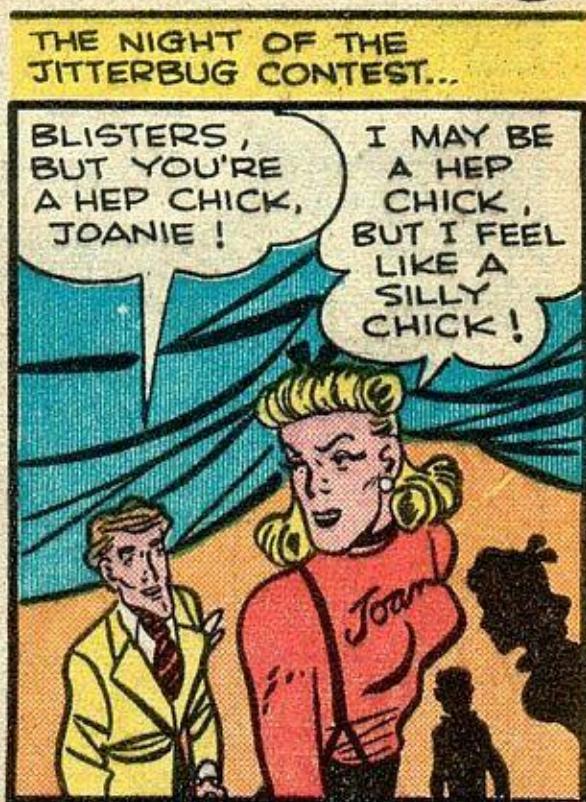
## All-Flash Comics



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, JOAN AND ALLY PERFECT THEIR JITTERBUG ROUTINES...



# All-Flash Comics



## All-Flash Comics

AND SURE ENOUGH.. A FEW MOMENTS LATER.....

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

YAAGH! THE FLASH!

PASS THE DOUGH, CHUM... HUH?

COME HERE, YOU! YOU GOT AWAY FROM ME TWICE, BUT I'M BREAKING YOU OF THAT HABIT RIGHT NOW!

YEOWP!

OUR NEXT CONTESTANTS ARE...

AI-EEE!!

WHERE YOU HEADED FOR, FRIEND?

IF I'M A FRIEND, I SURE WOULD HATE TO BE YOUR ENEMY!

ALTHOUGH HE'S NOT LISTED ON THE PROGRAM, FOLKS, I GIVE YOU AS OUR NEXT CONTESTANT, THE FLASH!

AWK!

JIGGERS! WHAT AN ALLIGATOR! IF JAY COULD ONLY SEE THE FLASH!

YOU'RE TRAVELLING IN BETTER CIRCLES NOW!

ON YOUR WAY, BUD!

CUT IT, FLASH!

THAT'S SOLID SENDING!

**All-Flash Comics**

ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE YOU'D BETTER GO THE OTHER WAY!



WITH DAZZLING SPEED, THE FLASH DARTS ALL OVER THE PLACE, ROUNDING UP THE THUGS...

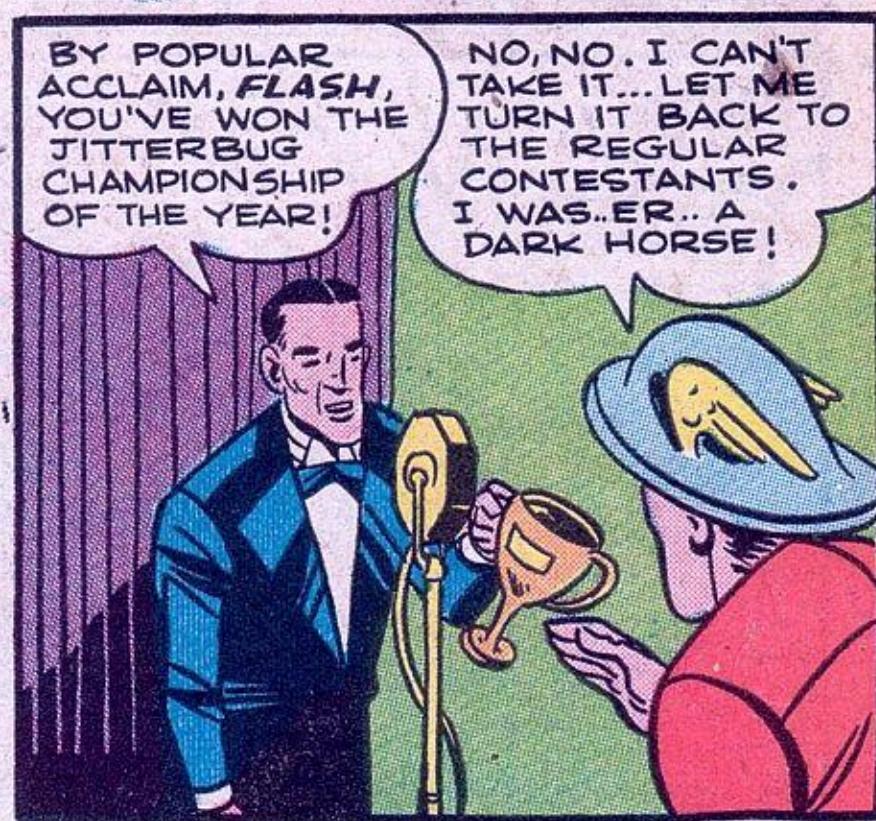


THE AUDIENCE GOES WILD WITH DELIGHT!



BY POPULAR ACCLAIM, FLASH, YOU'VE WON THE JITTERBUG CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE YEAR!

NO, NO. I CAN'T TAKE IT... LET ME TURN IT BACK TO THE REGULAR CONTESTANTS. I WAS..ER.. A DARK HORSE!

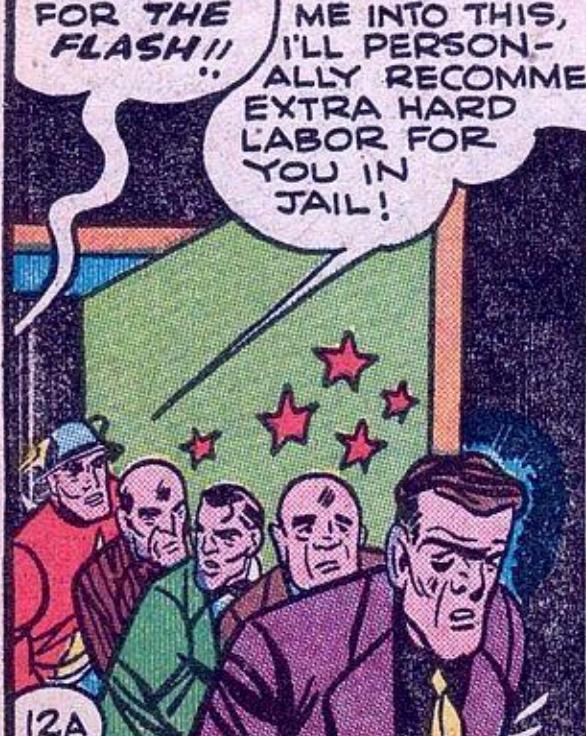


HOORAY FOR THE FLASH!!

FOR GETTING ME INTO THIS, I'LL PERSONALLY RECOMMEND EXTRA HARD LABOR FOR YOU IN JAIL!

SOME HOURS LATER...

THANKS TO THE FLASH RETURNING THE CUP AFTER HE WON IT, JOAN AND I COPPED THE CONTEST! BOY, WHAT A RUG-CUTTER! AND YOU SAID HE WASN'T HEP, JAY!



WHAT CAN I SAY?



# Marty Marion

SELECTED THE MOST VALUABLE PLAYER IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE IN 1944 -- AND NAMED NO. 1 MAJOR LEAGUE PLAYER BY "THE SPORTING NEWS"

BOY! AM I HAPPY!



"WANT TO MAKE ME HAPPY?" ASKS CHAMPION MARTY MARION. "WELL, JUST SET ME DOWN TO A BIG BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.' GOOD NOURISHMENT? WHEATIES ARE LOADED WITH IT! GOOD FLAVOR? NOTHING BETTER! DON'T TAKE THOSE WHEATIES AWAY. I USUALLY TAKE SECOND HELPINGS!"

"HITTING WAS MY PROBLEM," SAYS FANCY FIELDING MARTY MARION. "GOOD COACHING HELPED ME AND IT CAN HELP YOU, TOO. FOR HITTING HELP I RECOMMEND WHEATIES NEW BOOK, 'WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION? -- THE OFFENSIVE GAME.' AND FOR PITCHING AND FIELDING, THERE'S A COMPANION VOLUME, 'THE DEFENSIVE GAME.' I'LL SEE YOU IN BOTH BOOKS. YOU SEE YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE TO GET YOUR COPIES!"

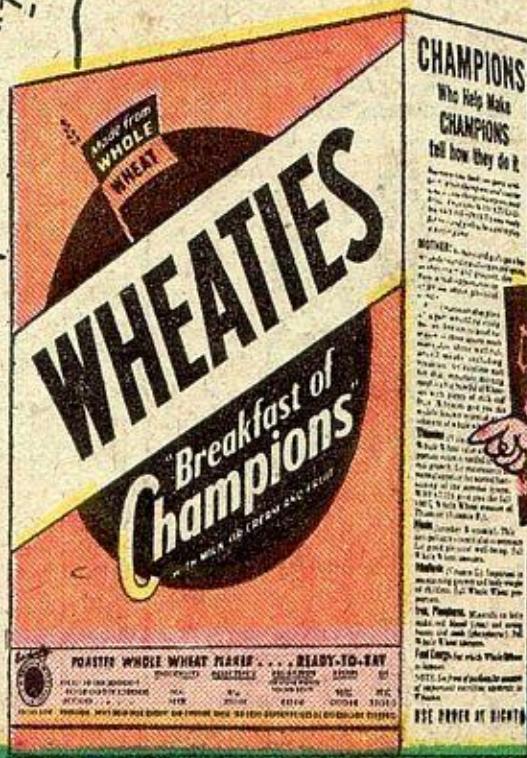
GLAD TO KNOW YOU, MR. SHORTSTOP  
NOT US!

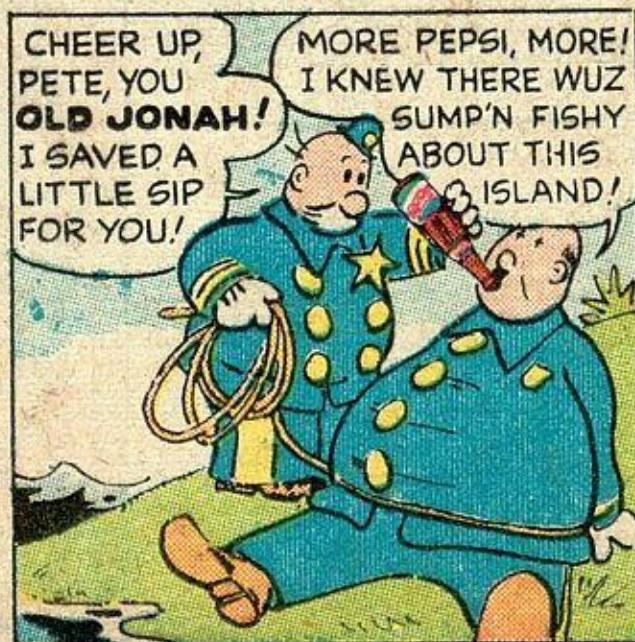
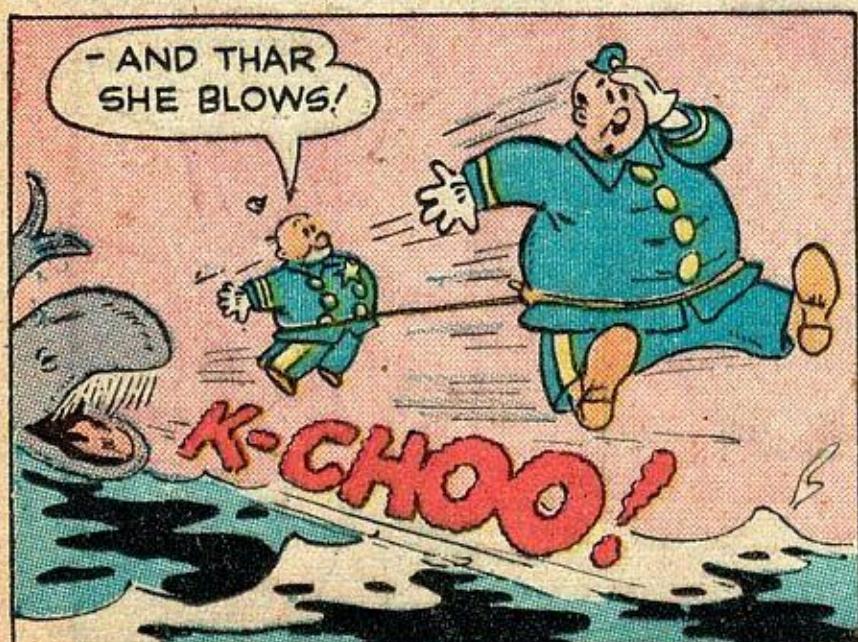
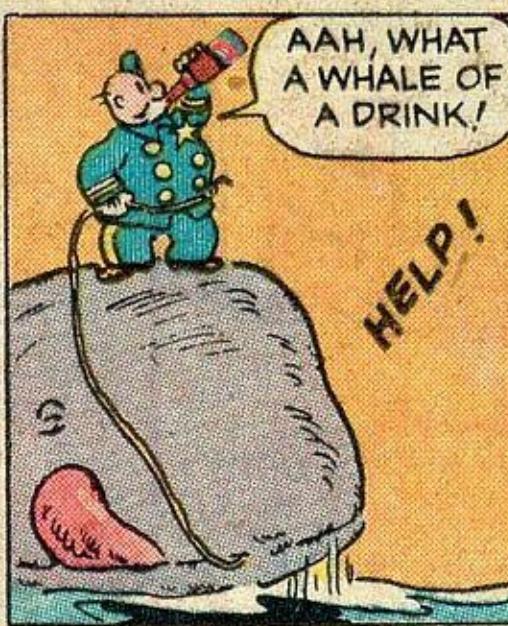
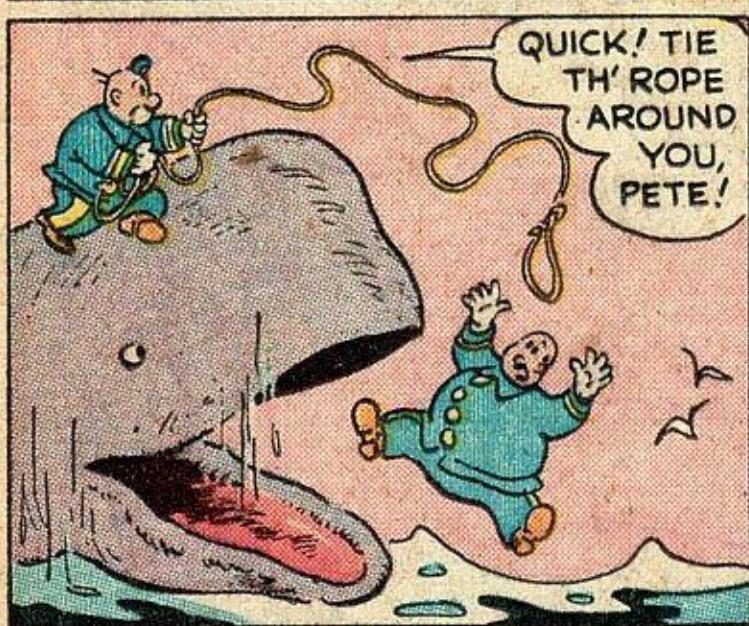
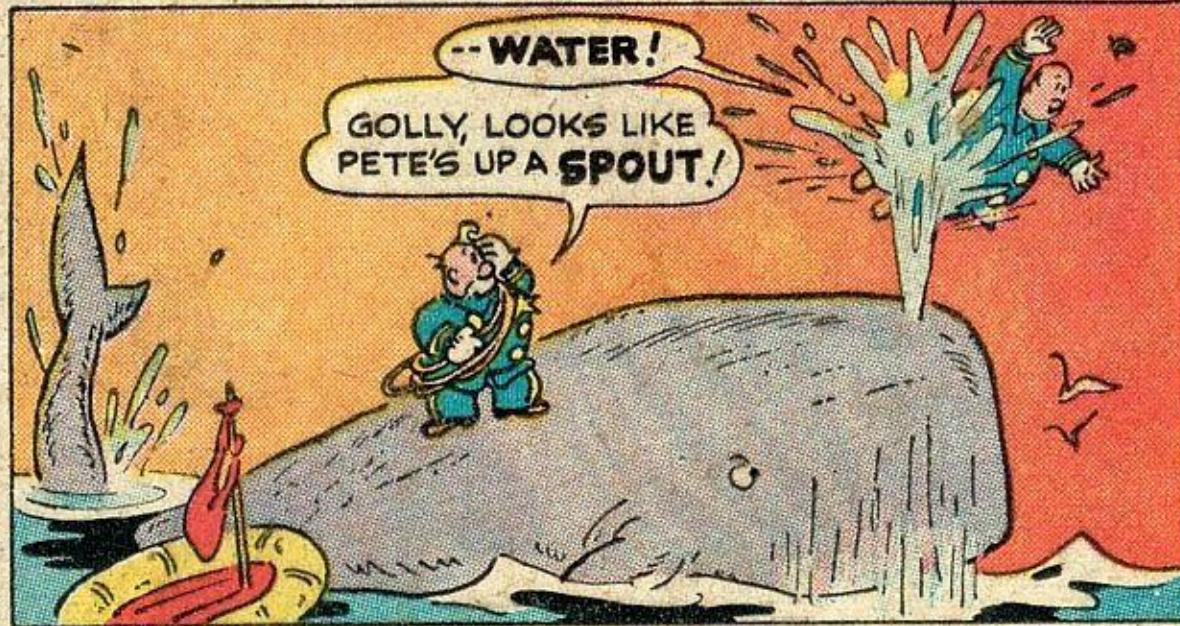
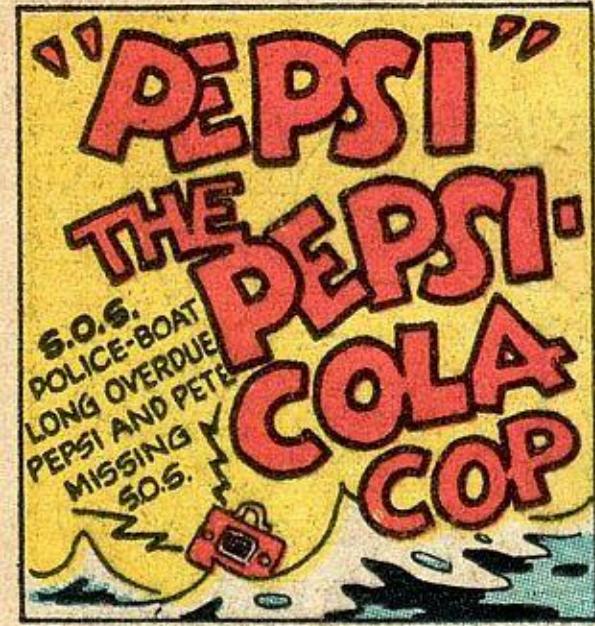
THE ST. LOUIS CARDINALS' GREAT INFILDER WAS NICKNAMED "SLATS" BECAUSE OF HIS LANKY FRAME, BUT HE EARNED THE UNOFFICIAL TITLE, "MR. SHORTSTOP" BY TURNING "SURE" HITS INTO "EASY" OUTS

I'LL GET IT

MARION TRIES FOR EVERYTHING. YET HE FINISHED 1944 WITH A FIELDING AVERAGE OF .972 -- HIGH MARK FOR REGULAR NATIONAL LEAGUE SHORTSTOPS

USE COUPON ON YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE





**T**HINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM—  
WHAT MAY SEEM REAL MAY BE A DREAM.  
WHAT MAY SEEM FULL REALITY  
MAY BE BUT A PHANTASY.  
IN THE STORY TO UNFOLD  
GOLD PROVES THAT IT ISN'T GOLD.  
STRANGE THINGS WILL POP INTO VIEW  
THAT ARE NEW TO YOU — AND YOU.  
WE OFFER NOW WITH VARIED HOPES,  
THE TALE OF....

## "The MERMAID and the DOPES!"

**The Flash**  
FASTESt MAN ALIVE!!



IT IS A GOLDEN SPRING MORNING, AND WE FIND THREE FAMILIAR FIGURES TRAMPING ALONG A DUSTY ROAD...

I THOUGHT YOUSE WAS GOING GOLFING TODAY?

I ALREADY WENT...BUT I DUG UP SO MANY WORMS TRYIN' TO HIT THE BALL, I THOUGHT I'D JOIN YOU GUYS FOR A LITTLE FISHING INSTEAD!

I WONDER IF THIS IS A GOOD PLACE FOR FISHING.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD... FOR THE FISH. I'VE BEEN FISHIN' HERE FOR TWO WEEKS AND AIN'T CAUGHT ONE YET!



## All-Flash Comics

THE BEST FISHING PLACE I EVER SAW WAS IN COLORADO. BOY, THERE WERE THOUSANDS OF FISH THERE!

YEAH.. BUT THE QUESTION IS... DID THEY BITE EASY?

BITE EASY? BROTHER, YOU HAD TO HIDE BEHIND A TREE TO BAIT YOUR HOOK!

I GOT SOMETHING. WOW! IT MUST BE A WHALE!

PLAY HIM, NODDY... PLAY HIM!

OOPS!

HEY.. LEAN ON YOUR OWN BREAKFAST, WILL YA?

WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW! IT'S A NOTE!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

WHY DON'TCHA WRITE BACK AND TELL HIM TO GO CHASE HIMSELF!

MOMENTS LATER...

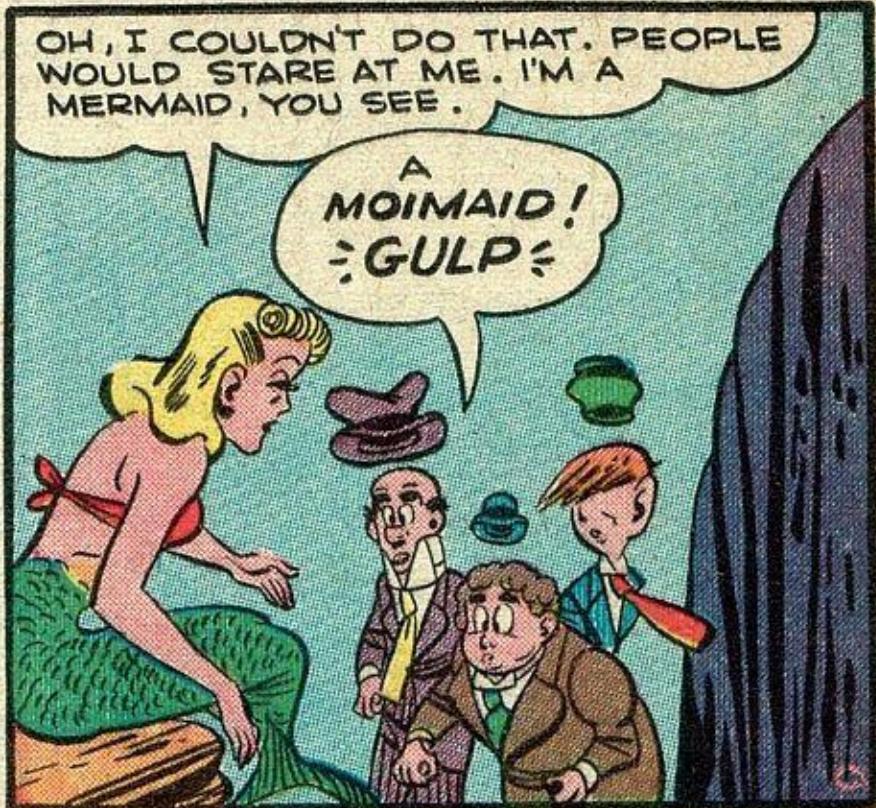
I'LL THROW DOWN A KNIFE, THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! WE'LL SEE IF WE'RE BEIN' KIDDED OR NOT!

? ?  
I CAN'T.  
I'M CAUGHT  
IN A BIG  
FISHNET!

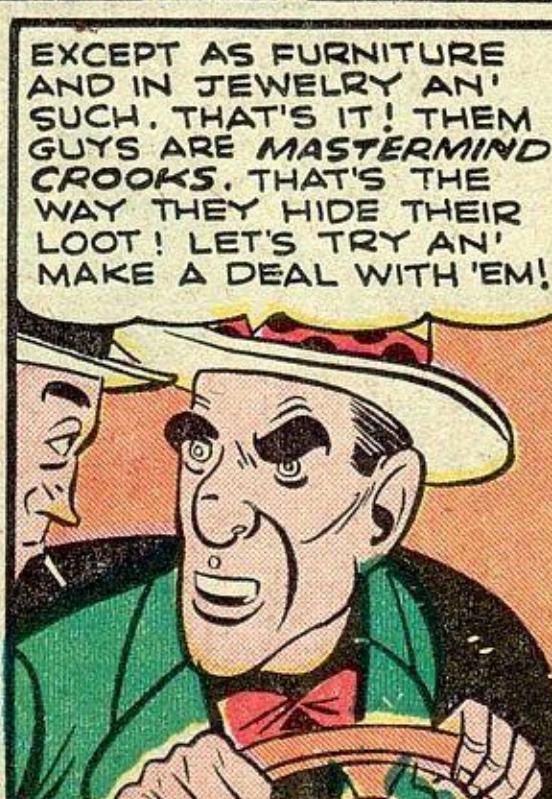
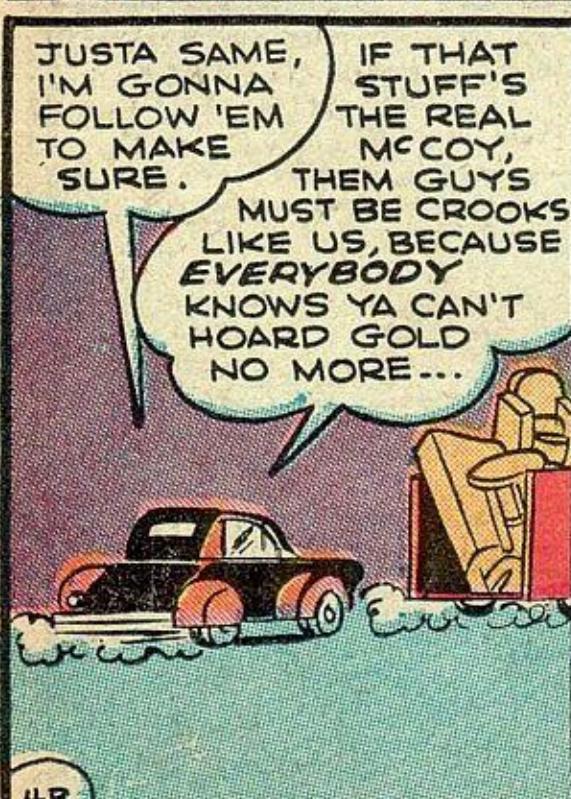
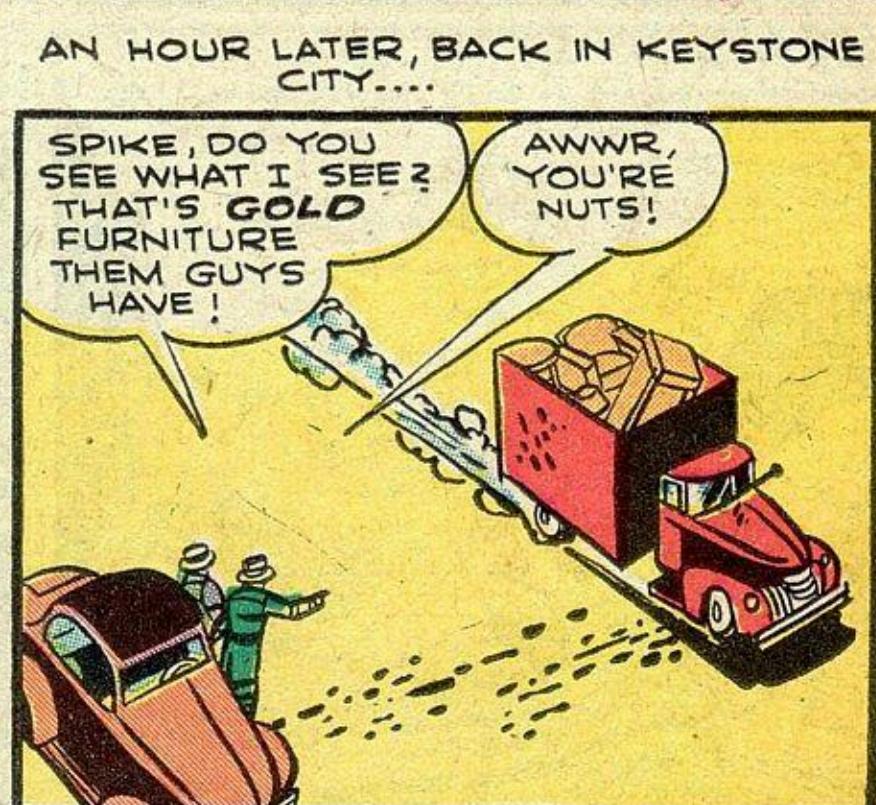
AND THEN A FANTASTIC SIGHT....

OH, YOU DARLINGS! YOU SAVED MY LIFE. I'VE BEEN DOWN THERE FOR THREE DAYS, AND COULDN'T GET LOOSE!

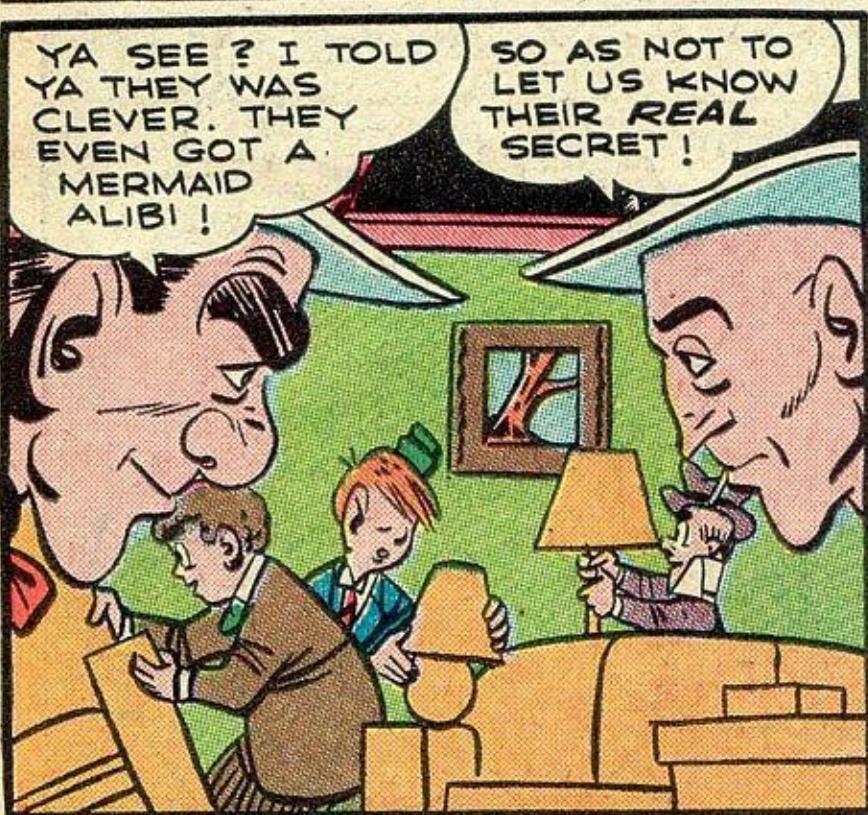
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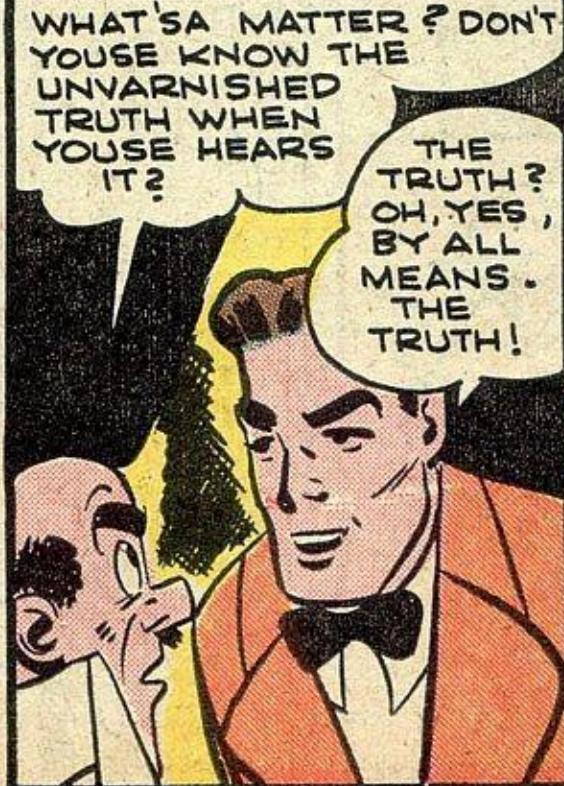
## All-Flash Comics



MINUTES LATER...

GIVE YOU  
A HAND,  
FELLAS?YEAH. THAT  
LOOKS LIKE  
HARD WORK,  
CARRYIN'  
ALL THAT  
STUFF.THAT IS  
VERY  
GENEROUS  
OF YOUSE,  
INDEED!YOU GUYS  
ARE PLENTY  
SMART TO  
PULL OFF A  
STUNT LIKE  
THIS!OH, WE'RE NOT SO  
SMART. AFTER ALL,  
THE MOIMAI DID  
ALL THE WORK.YA SEE ? I TOLD  
YA THEY WAS  
CLEVER. THEY  
EVEN GOT A  
MERMAID  
ALIBI !SO AS NOT TO  
LET US KNOW  
THEIR REAL  
SECRET !THANKS A LOT.  
WELL, SO LONG.  
WE GOTTA GO TO  
A DINNER  
APPOINTMENT  
NOW.RIGHT. SEE YA  
AROUND SOME  
TIME !LATER, IN THE ELITE  
RESTAURANT....AND THEN THE MOIMAI  
GIVES US ALL THIS  
FURNITURE, SEE ?  
SOLID GOLD,  
EVERY BIT  
OF IT.

UH-HUH !

WHAT'SA MATTER ? DON'T  
YOUSE KNOW THE  
UNVARNISHED  
TRUTH WHEN  
YOUSE HEARS  
IT ?THE  
TRUTH ?  
OH, YES ,  
BY ALL  
MEANS .  
THE  
TRUTH !HERE'S ONE OF THEM  
GOLD SPOONS SHE  
GAVE US !LET ME  
SEE  
THAT !

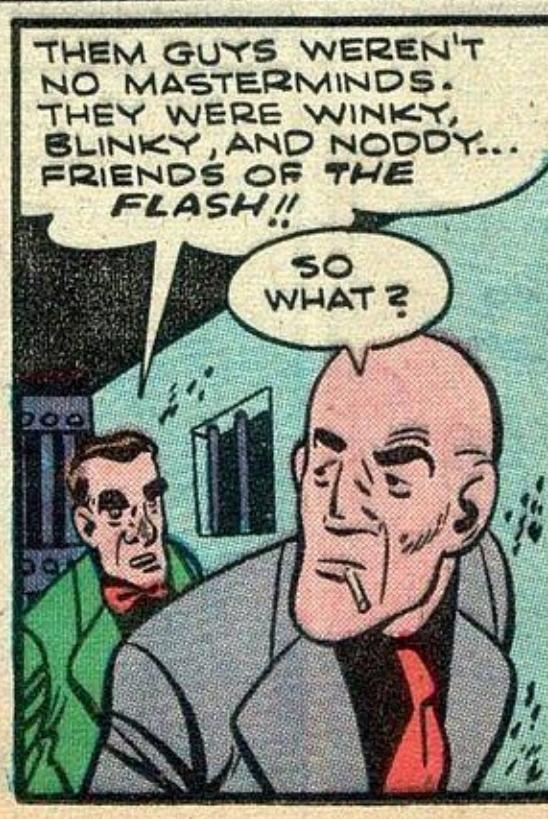
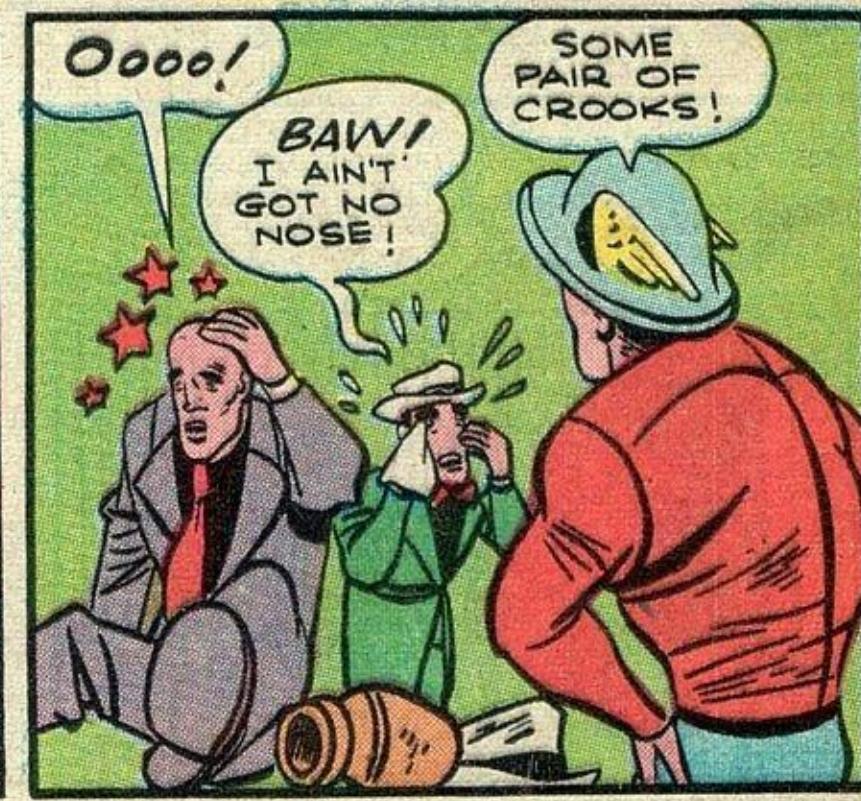
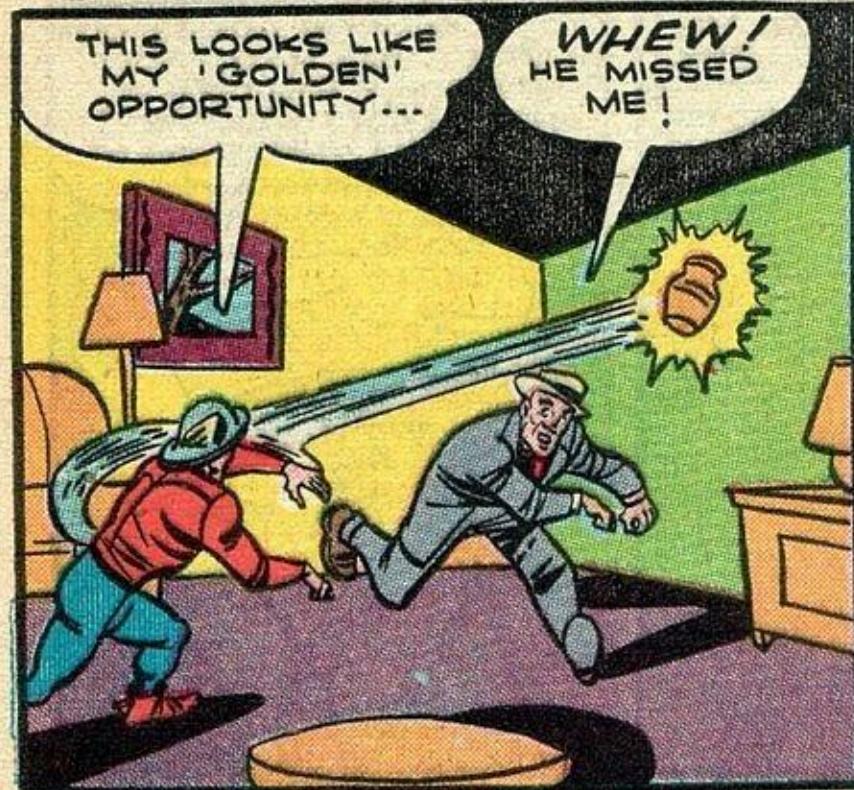
## All-Flash Comics



WORKING HIS THUMB BACK AND FORTH, THE SCARLET STREAK SOON HAS THE THUG'S NOSE VIBRATING AT A TERRIFIC SPEED...

UNTIL THE GANGSTER'S NOSE VIBRATES SO FAST, IT BECOMES INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE!





## All-Flash Comics

IN THE MEANTIME...

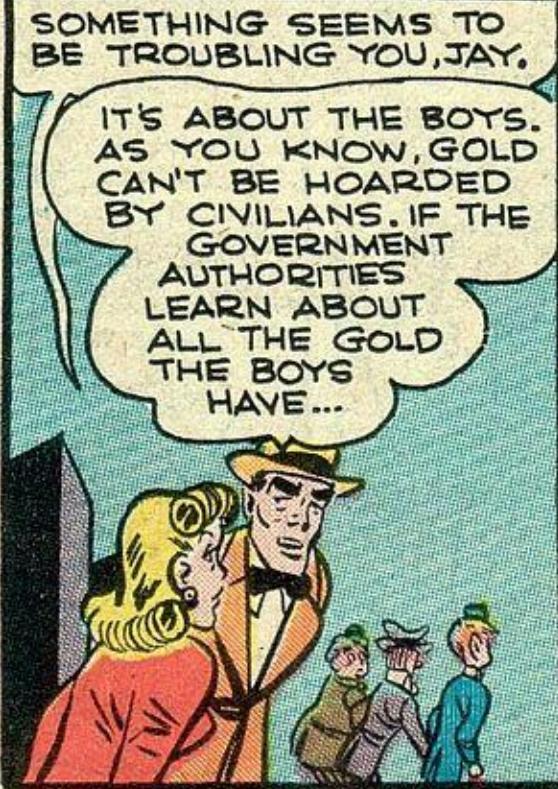
YOU SEE, I WASN'T GONE LONG, WAS I ? NOW TELL ME ABOUT THAT..ER... MERMAID, NODDY !

SHE WAS PLENTY PRETTY, JAY... AN' SHE WAS PLENTY STRONG, TOO !



SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE TROUBLING YOU, JAY.

IT'S ABOUT THE BOYS. AS YOU KNOW, GOLD CAN'T BE HOARDED BY CIVILIANS. IF THE GOVERNMENT AUTHORITIES LEARN ABOUT ALL THE GOLD THE BOYS HAVE...



THEY MAY BE ARRESTED-IMPRISONED. NATURALLY THEY DON'T REALIZE IT, AND I DON'T WANT TO TELL THEM. THEY'D ONLY WORRY THEMSELVES SICK. I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE SOMETHING OUT !



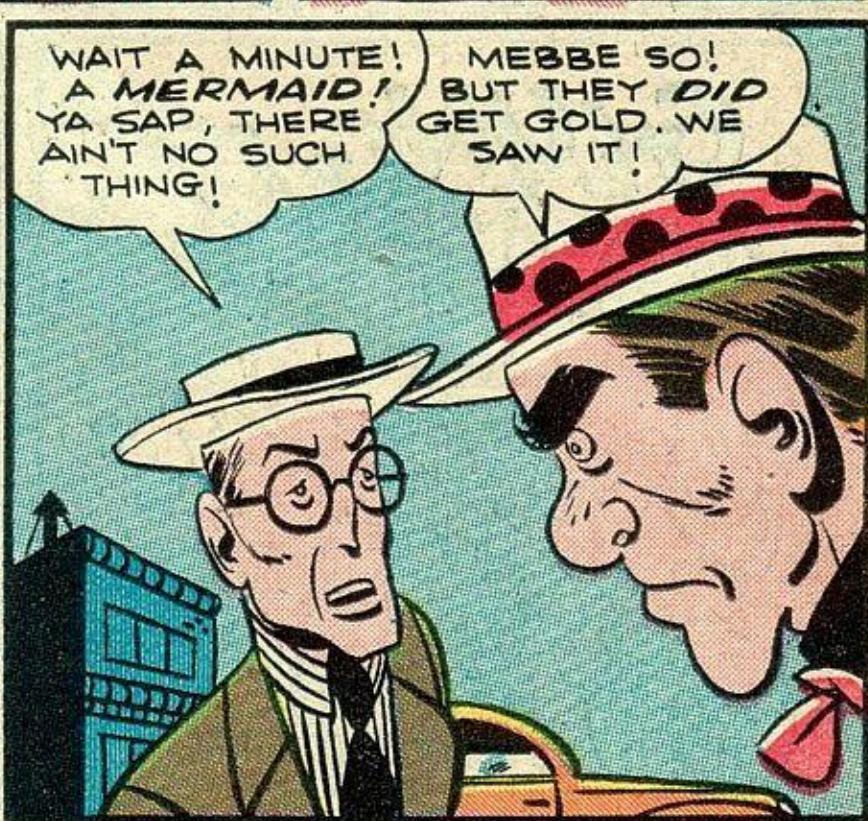
OTHERS ARE ALSO FIGURING THINGS OUT...

NOW THAT I'VE LAID OUT DOUGH FOR YOUR BAIL.. WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT ?

OUR BIG CHANCE, HUNK. WE KNOW THREE GUYS WHO GET GOLD FROM A MERMAID...

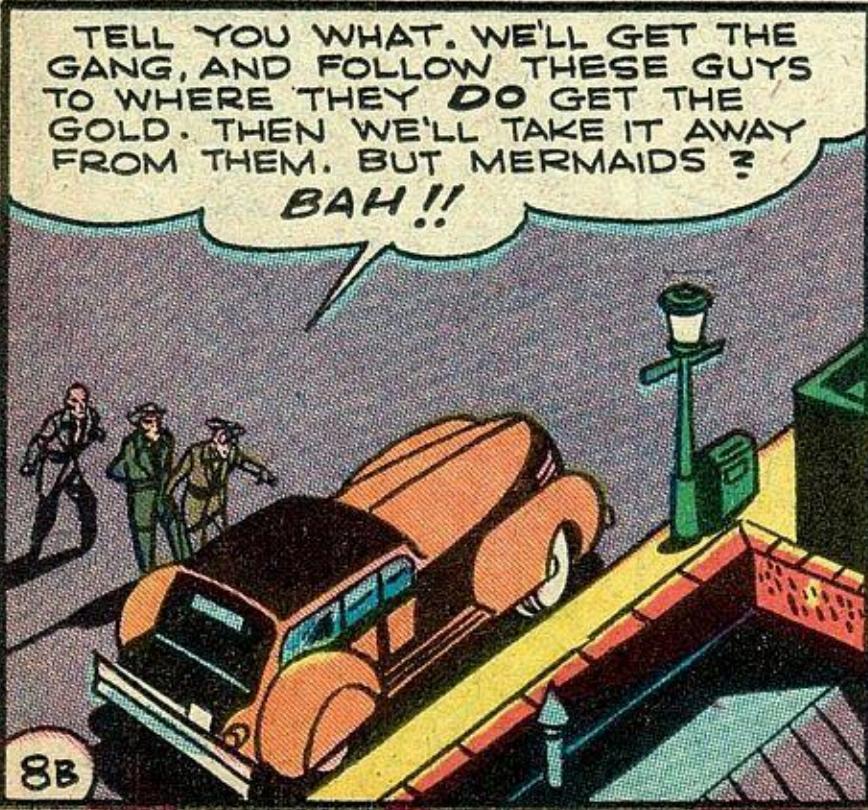


WAIT A MINUTE ! MEbbe SO ! BUT THEY DID GET GOLD. WE SAW IT !



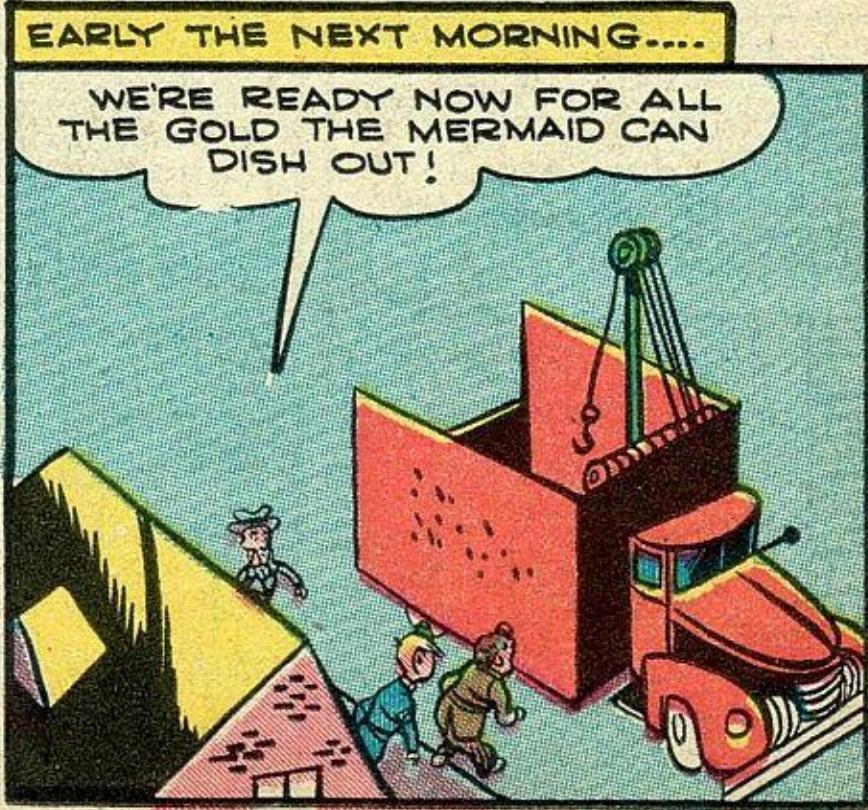
TELL YOU WHAT. WE'LL GET THE GANG, AND FOLLOW THESE GUYS TO WHERE THEY DO GET THE GOLD. THEN WE'LL TAKE IT AWAY FROM THEM. BUT MERMAIDS ?

BAH !!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING....

WE'RE READY NOW FOR ALL THE GOLD THE MERMAID CAN DISH OUT !



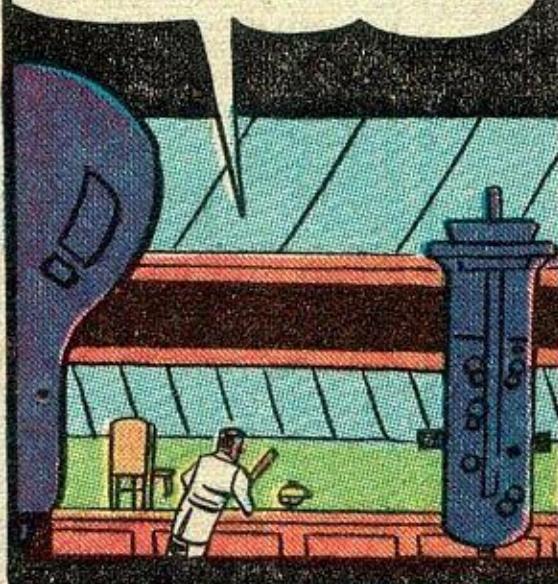
## All-Flash Comics

MEANWHILE, JAY GARRICK IS WORKING OVER THE PROBLEM OF THE MERMAID'S GOLD...

FANTASTIC AS THAT MERMAID STORY SOUNDS, I'VE GOT TO CHECK UP ON IT. THESE TESTS OUGHT TO TELL ME IF THIS IS GOLD OR NOT.



WELL, EVERY TEST POINTS TO THE FACT THAT IT'S REAL GOLD ALL RIGHT. AND YET...AND YET, THERE IS SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT IT!



AND THE FLASH TAKES OVER!

I'D BETTER GET DOWN TO THE BEACH IN A HURRY, IF I WANT TO SEE THAT MERMAID MYSELF...



AND ELSEWHERE AT THE SAME MOMENT...

PERSONALLY, I STILL THINK YOU'RE LOONEY... BUT IF A MERMAID DOES EXIST, AND SHE CAN GET GOLD TO US... WHO ARE WE TO COMPLAIN?



I TOLD YA HOW THE FLASH CAUGHT US, DIDN'T I? YOU SAW THE CHARGE THEY BOOKED US ON. WHY SHOULD WE MAKE UP SUCH A CRAZY STORY?

OKAY, OKAY... BUT SEEIN'S BELIEVIN'! C'MON...



ON THE BEACH AHEAD OF THE GANGSTERS...

YOO-HOO!

OHHH, MOIMAI!

COME ON UP!



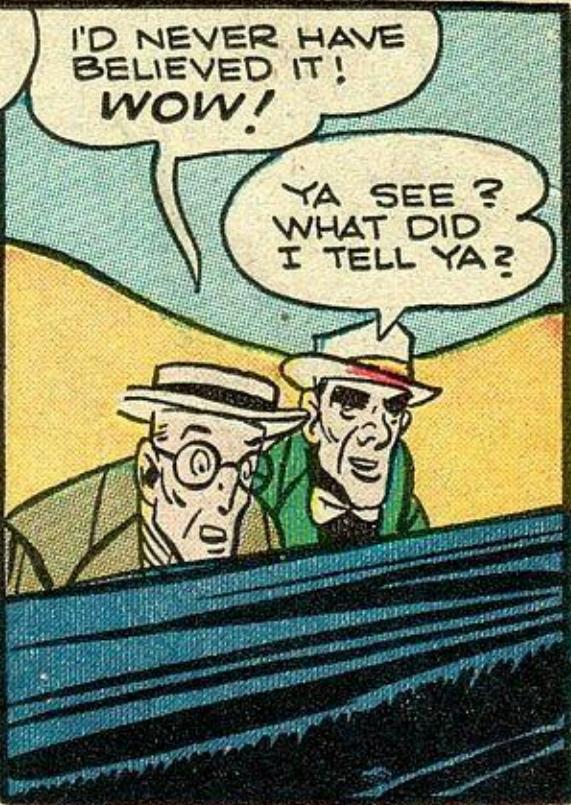
HELLO, EVERYBODY!



GULP! I STILL CAN'T GET OVER IT!



## All-Flash Comics



## All-Flash Comics

GANGWAY, BOID...  
HERE I COME !



OH..OH! EVERYTHING  
DAT GOES UP, HAS GOTTA  
GO DOWN!

HAALP!



LET'S GO  
PLACES,  
SHALL  
WE ?

I WAS  
AFRAID OF  
THAT!



OWPFF!

SANDY DOWN  
THERE, ISN'T  
IT?

MPFTT!



I'M BURNING  
UP ! MY FACE  
IS ON FIRE !!

OH..WELL,  
IN THAT CASE...



COOL  
OFF  
FOR  
A  
WHILE!

SPLASSH!



## All-Flash Comics

AS FAR AS YOU BOYS ARE CONCERNED... DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S ILLEGAL TO OWN ALL THIS GOLD? WHAT WILL YOU DO WHEN THE GOVERNMENT GETS AFTER YOU?

HUH?

OH, I CAN FEEL THEM PRISON BARS ALREADY!

MEN, WE GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'!

... AND QUICK!

IF WE KEEP AT THIS, WE MAY COVER ALL THIS GOLD YET!

SURE, BY NEXT YEAR, ANYHOW...

OH, BOYS... LOOK WHAT ELSE I HAVE FOR YOU!

NIX, LADY, NIX!

THROW IT BACK WHERE YOUSE GOT IT!

HA! HA! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME. YOU LOVE THIS GOLD!

PLEASE, MISS MOIMAI, GIVE US A BREAK! YOUSE ARE ONLY MAKIN' IT TOUGHER AN' TOUGHER FER US!

LATER...

: PHEW! WHAT A RELIEF! WE FINALLY TALKED THE MOIMAI INTO TAKIN' BACK HER OLD GOLD!

I HATE TO MENTION THIS, BUT..ER..WHAT ABOUT ALL THE GOLD AT YOUR HOUSE?

YA THINK YER SITTIN' PRETTY, FLASH, BUT I KNOW A WAY TO GET EVEN! YA JUST WAIT AN' SEE!

ANY TIME AT ALL, BUB... ANY TIME AT ALL!

## All-Flash Comics

THAT'S RIGHT. THEM PALS OF THE FLASH HAVE A WHOLE HOUSE FULL OF GOLD. HOARDERS, THAT'S WHAT THEY ARE!

WE'LL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS, FLASH!

I'LL HIRE A GOOD LAWYER FOR YOU, BOYS. MAYBE THE COURT WILL BE LENIENT!

Ooooh! I'M SICK!

EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO US!

POOR GUYS. I FEEL SORRY FOR....

HUH ??

AAGHH!

HAALD!

WAIT'LL I GET THOSE CROOKS. THEY PLANNED THIS! GOLD! THERE'S NOTHING BUT SEA WATER IN THERE!

I WAS NEVER SO GLAD TO GET WET IN MY LIFE!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD....

WHAT HAPPENED, FLASH?

WELL, I THINK I CAN EXPLAIN. THAT GOLD YOU SAW WAS EXTRACTED FROM SEA WATER ALL RIGHT, BUT IT WAS SO CONSTRUCTED AS TO MAINTAIN ITS SHAPE ONLY UNDER WATER!

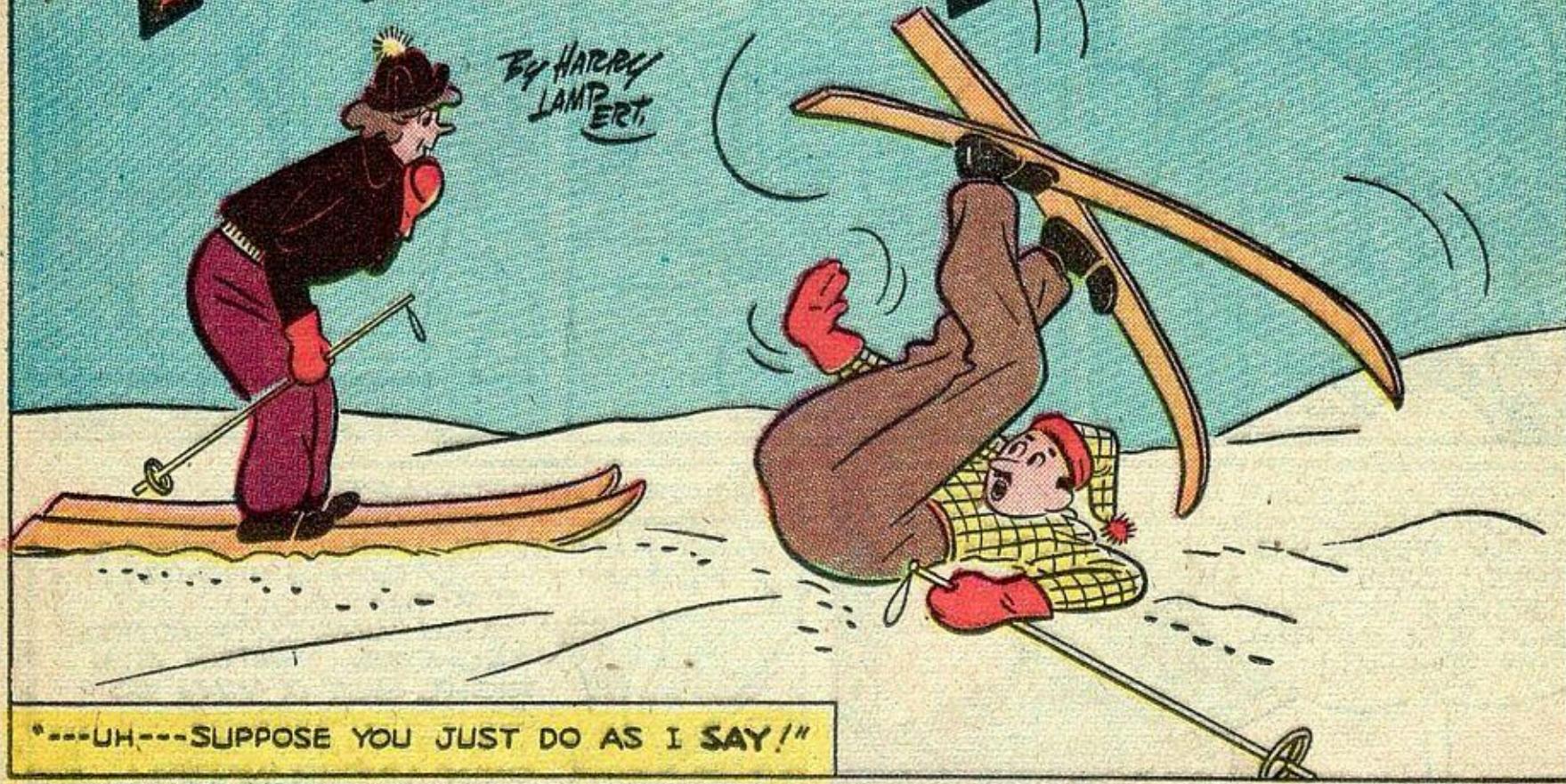
IN WATER IT WOULD HAVE REMAINED IN ITS STATE OF COLLOIDAL PRECIPITATION. BUT IN THE AIR...WHY, IT JUST MELTED BACK INTO THE SEA WATER FROM WHICH IT CAME!

THE NEXT DAY....

BUT ALL I SAID WAS... 'LET'S GO FISHIN', FELLAS!' The End

# TON O' FUN

By HARRY LAMPERT



"---UH---SUPPOSE YOU JUST DO AS I SAY!"



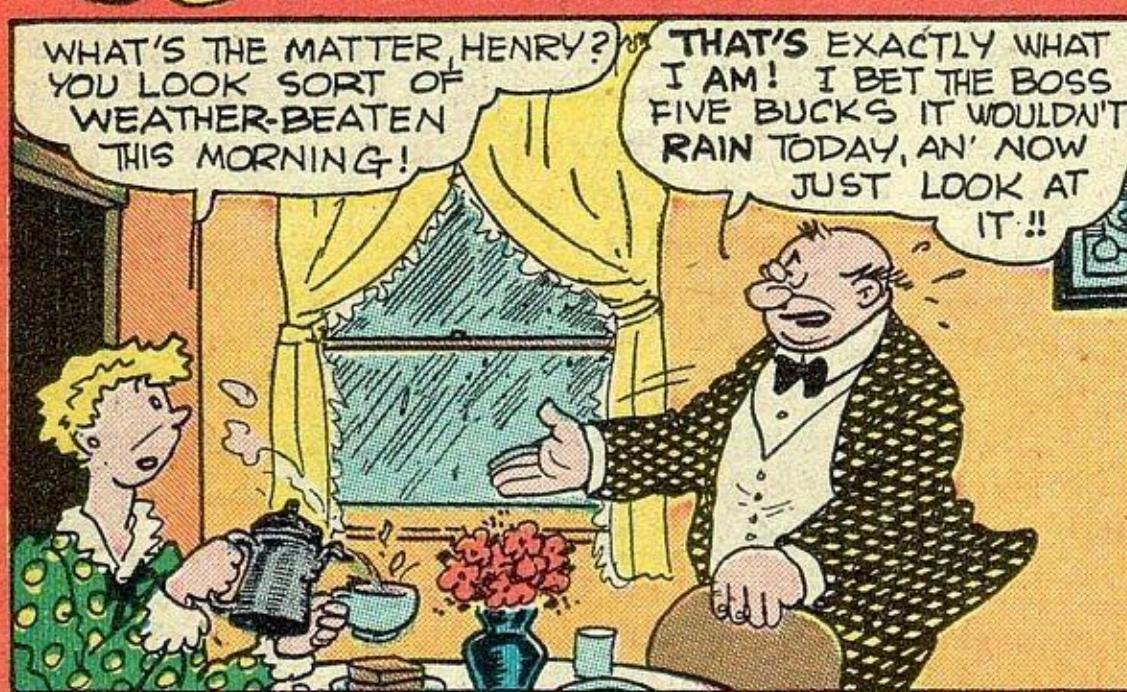
"THAT WAS A GOOD IDEA OF YOURS—  
SHOPLIFT EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH!"



"I CAN'T LOOK—TELL ME  
IF ANYTHING HAPPENS!"



# OUT OF THE GAG-BAG.

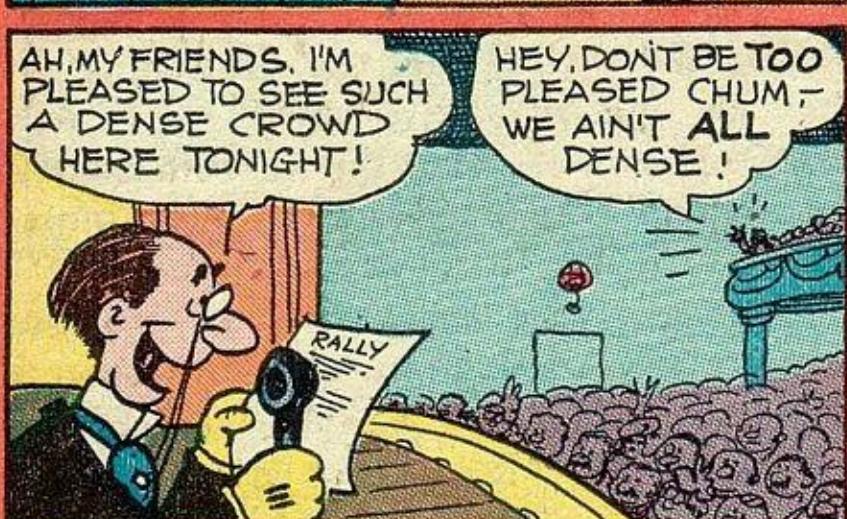
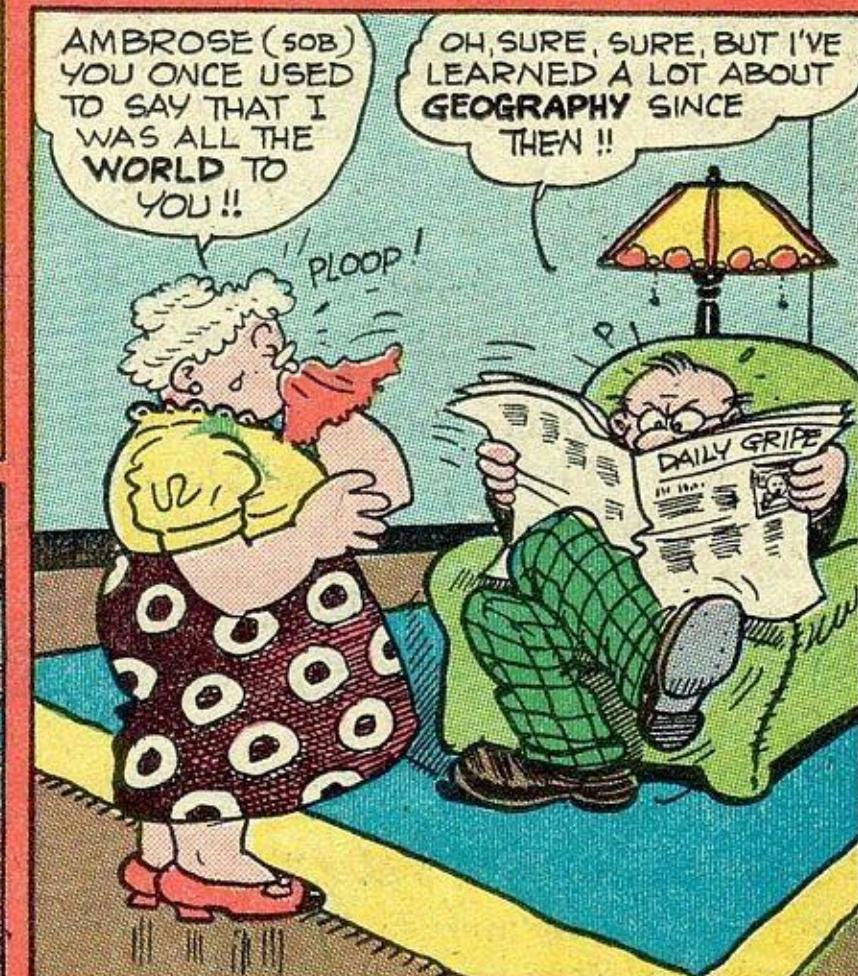


YOUNG MAN, HOW WOULD YOU CLASSIFY A TELEPHONE GIRL - IS HERS A BUSINESS OR A PROFESSION?

NEITHER, PROFESSOR - IT'S A CALLING !!



SILLY SALLY SAYS:  
"HITCH YOUR GAGGIN' TO A STAR!"



P.S. (PLAIN SELFISH)  
A CONFIRMED BACHELOR IS ONE WHO WON'T TAKES YES FOR AN ANSWER.

# STRICTLY PRACTICAL

by JOHN OSGOOD

THE hour was late in Martin's Ice Cream Parlor and no customers were in the store. Jimmy had cleaned and put away the last ice cream dish and now he sat at the counter, absorbed in a soft-covered magazine which he had selected from the rack in the front of the store. From the cash register where he was totalling the day's receipts, Mr. Martin looked up toward the boy.

"Why do you always read those magazines, Jimmy?" Mr. Martin queried sharply. "I've told you they are no good for a boy of your age!"

Jimmy raised his head, somewhat embarrassed. "But Mr. Martin," he defended himself, "I like these stories. I learn practical things from them."

"Yeah," Mr. Martin grunted, "Strictly practical—like how to shoot somebody maybe, huh?"

Jimmy colored. He could never get far in an exchange with his employer and he hardly ever hoped to change Mr. Martin's mind regarding soft-covered magazines. Mr. Martin, Jimmy figured, was just too old to change his mind about anything once he had made it up. Still the boy found himself hoping that somehow he could prove to Mr. Martin that the practical things he learned from the magazines were valuable. Then maybe he would let him alone on evenings when business was dull—and Jimmy could devour the many publications in the store to his heart's content.

"A pack of cigarettes, please."

Jimmy looked up and saw that a man had entered the store and was standing before the cash register taking out his wallet. The man was well-dressed and carried a cane. Mr. Martin put a package of cigarettes and a book of matches on the counter. "Seventeen cents, please. Will that be all?"

"Yes, that's all," the man said pleasantly. He gave Mr. Martin a polite smile. "I'm afraid all I've got is a twenty. Can you change it?" Mr. Martin nodded cordially, took the twenty-dollar bill and made change for it from the register. The man took the change, thanked Mr. Martin and went out of the store.

"Now," Jimmy mused to himself, "if that man had been a crook and somehow I could have discovered it before he pulled anything—that would have shown Mr. Martin!" But he realized he was only day-dreaming and shook the thought off. By now Mr. Martin was almost finished at the register and it was nearly time to go home. Jimmy put away the magazine at the front of the store and waited for his employer to finish and put out the lights. Mr. Martin liked Jimmy to close the store with him so he wouldn't be left alone with the day's cash proceeds.

As Jimmy waited the door opened and another man came into the store. This man wore a belted black coat and had an alert air about him that signified authority. He walked up to Mr. Martin at the counter.

"Listen," he said, "was there a man in here a short while ago, well-dressed, about five-ten, and carrying a cane?"

Mr. Martin stared at the newcomer questioningly. "Yes," he said. "Not five minutes ago a man like that came in here. Why?"

The other did not answer at once but his lips pursed slightly. "Did he change a bill here? A big bill, a twenty or fifty?"

"Yes!" Mr. Martin said growing a bit alarmed now. "He did. He bought a pack of cigarettes and I changed a twenty-dollar bill for him. Is—is there anything the matter?"

By way of answer the man in the black coat threw back his lapel revealing a gleam-

ing badge with a U. S. emblem on it. "Federal Bureau of Investigation," he snapped. "We've been trailing that crook. He's passed a lot of counterfeit money. Let's see the bill he gave you."

"Here it is." Mr. Martin's fingers trembled as he extended the note. "It was right on top of the pile." The man ran his finger tips over the bill in expert fashion then examined it under the light. "Just as I thought," he announced. "This bill isn't worth the paper it's printed on! Quick! Which way did the man go? Maybe I can nail him before he gets too far away—and get your money back for you."

"I—I think he turned to the right," Mr. Martin said in an anguished voice. "You will catch him, won't you? I can't afford to lose twenty dollars."

The man in the black coat nodded his head and turned swiftly toward the door. But he didn't go out. Before he could do so one hundred and twenty-five pounds of sinewy young boyhood flew through the air and struck him in a flying tackle. The man almost went down. But he recovered and swung around with a surprised snarl, pushing Jimmy roughly away from him. But he did not succeed in dislodging the boy.

"What's the matter with this crazy kid?" he exclaimed to Martin. The proprietor's eyes were popping as he watched Jimmy struggling with the man. "Jimmy!" the old man cried. "What are you doing?"

"Go outside and yell for help, Mr. Martin!" Jimmy panted out. "I'll hold on to him!" But Mr. Martin stood as if transfixed. Suddenly the man in the black coat made a swift movement that flung Jimmy away from him and sent the boy crashing against the counter.

"Darn fool kid!" the man muttered and started again for the door—but again he didn't get through it, for blocking his path in the doorway stood a blue-clad figure.

"Uh-huh—Spud Harris!" said Patrolman Dan Jenkins pleasantly. "I've been looking for you for quite a few weeks, Spud! We just caught your partner up the street in a drug store. Now, are you going to come quietly or—" The cop fingered his club meaningfully. The man called Spud made

a sour face and all the spirit seemed to go out of him. "All right," he mumbled. He reached into his coat pocket, extracted the twenty-dollar bill Martin had given him and tossed it on the counter before the still completely bewildered proprietor.

Patrolman Jenkins took a good grip on Spud's arm and faced the store owner. "It's a cute little game they've been working, Mr. Martin. The fellow with the cane always changes a big bill—then along comes Spud here posing as a G-man after the first guy for passing counterfeit money. Of course the twenty-dollar bill is good—but once Spud got out of your store you'd never have seen him or your money again!"

He turned to Jimmy who was standing by rubbing a bruised elbow. "I saw you struggling with him, Jimmy—that's why I came in here. But how did you spot Spud as a crook? He's fooled a lot of people in his time!"

Jimmy flushed with pleasure at the compliment. "Well," he said, "it was a little thing, but I've always read it's the little thing that gives a crook away. You see, when he showed Mr. Martin his badge, Spud flashed it from inside his lapel. But no real G-man ever carries his badge pinned on to him. It's too easy to lose that way. He carries it *inside his wallet!*"

A broad smile stole over the policeman's face. "By golly, Jimmy, you're absolutely right!" Then he turned to his prisoner. "Come on, Spud. Time for us to go."

When they were alone, Mr. Martin was quiet for some time while they were closing up the store. Finally he said, "Jimmy, is that what you mean by practical things—like where a G-man keeps his badge?"

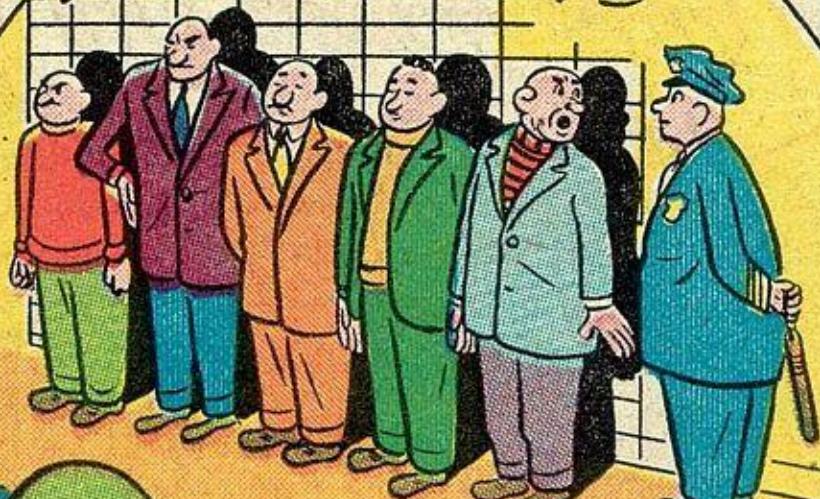
"Yes, Mr. Martin."

Mr. Martin was quiet again. Then "Er—Jimmy, would you like to take some of those soft-covered magazines home with you?"

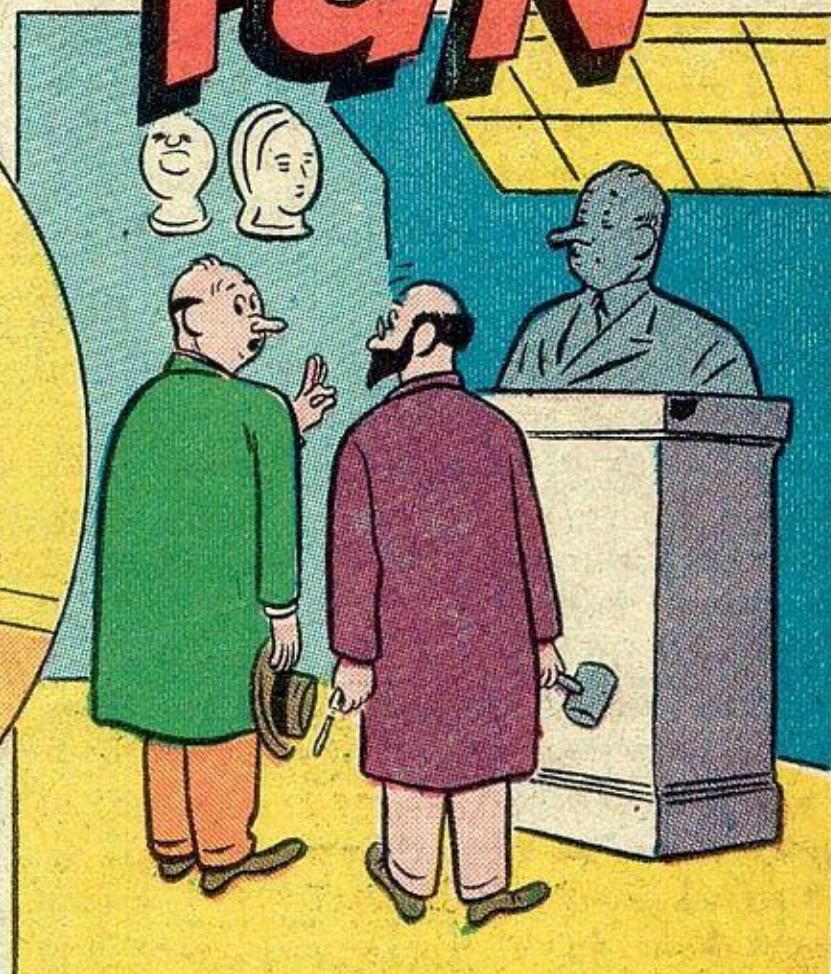
"Gee, thanks, Mr. Martin!" Jimmy breathed. And he felt that he had learned another practical thing that night—one that would make working in the store a lot easier from now on. Mr. Martin could admit when he was wrong—so he wasn't such a bad old fellow, after all!

# TON O' FUN

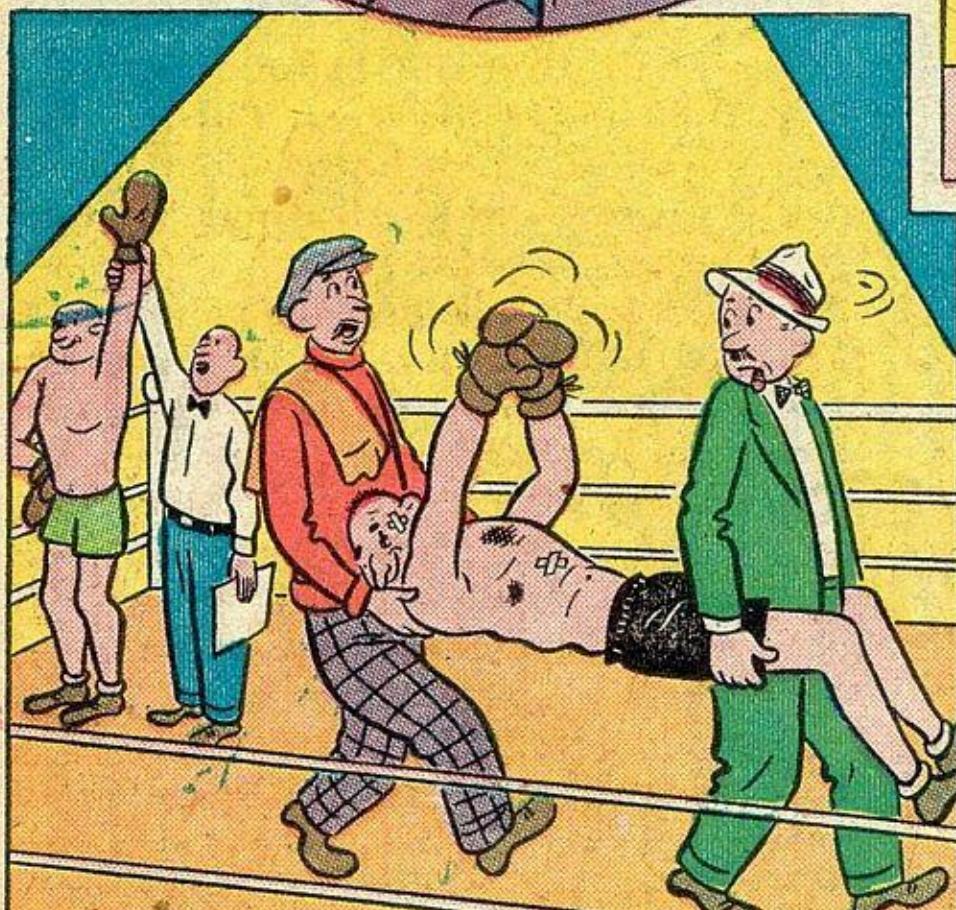
BY HARRY LAMPERT



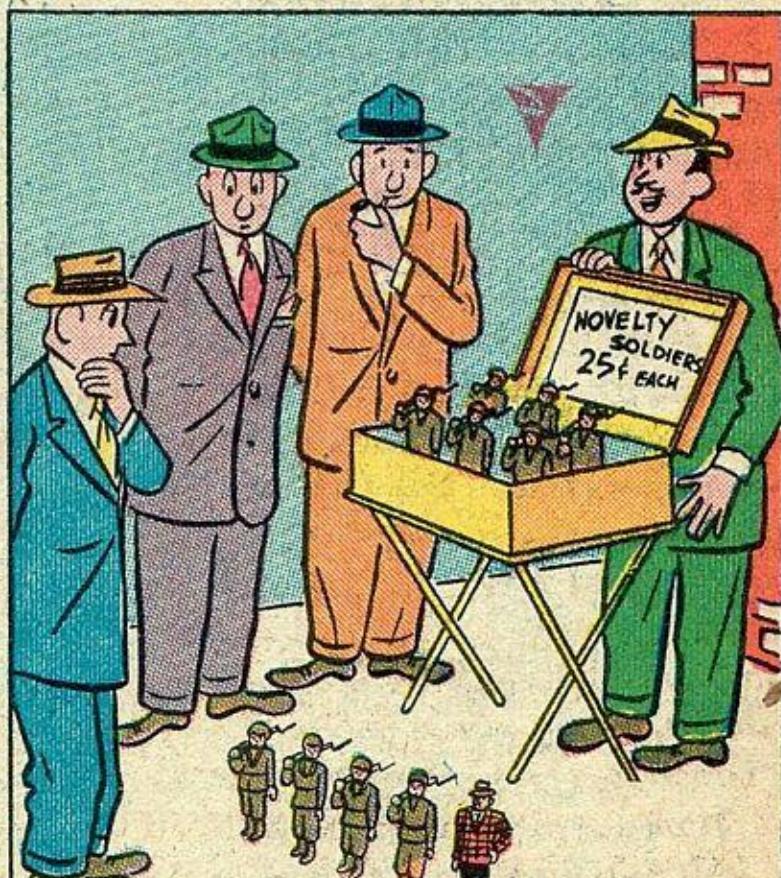
"EVERYWHERE I GO THESE DAYS IT'S ALWAYS LINES! LINES! LINES!"



"COULDN'T YOU SORT OF CHOP OFF A PIECE AND STILL KEEP IT ART?"



"THE KID STILL THINKS HE SHOULDA WON THE DECISION!"



"THE ONE ON YOUR RIGHT IS AN HONORABLY DISCHARGED VETERAN!"

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WHEN A GUY YOU'VE NEVER SEEN TAKES A SHOT AT YOU, AND A GIRL YOU'VE NEVER SEEN TAKES A SLAP AT YOU - BROTHER, YOU'VE GOT TROUBLE!

WE WANT YOU TO MEET TEDDY BAROMETER. HE'S VERY UNUSUAL... AND IT TAKES ALL THE SPEED OF THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE, PLUS PLENTY OF TALL EXPLAINING, TO SAVE THE NECK OF ....

"The MAN WHO LED TWO LIVES!"

# The Flash

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!



THIS IS TEDDY BAROMETER: HANDSOME... WEALTHY... LIVING THE LIFE OF A HERMIT.

AHH, THIS IS WONDERFUL! I'VE HAD SIX MONTHS OF SOLITUDE... AND I WANT SIX MONTHS MORE!



1C

RETIRING FROM A MEANINGLESS SOCIAL LIFE WAS THE BEST IDEA I EVER HAD. YES, SIR, NOBODY TO TELL ME WHAT I CAN - OR CANNOT DO. I'VE GOT A LOT OF GOOD READING TO CATCH UP ON... AND I'M DOING IT.



## All-Flash Comics

I'VE ONLY SEEN ONE MAN IN SIX MONTHS... AND I DIDN'T SEE HIM FOR VERY LONG. I'M LIVING ALONE... AND LIKING IT! I'LL NEVER BE A SOCIAL BUTTERFLY AGAIN. NEVER!

THEN, ONE AFTERNOON...

ALL OUT OF CIGARS! OH, OH! THIS IS BAD. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO INTO TOWN AFTER ALL AND GET MORE SMOKES!

BAH, PEOPLE! ME FOR THE QUIET LIFE... BUT I WON'T HAVE TO STAY HERE LONG, THANK GOODNESS!

OH YOU... TED BAROMETER! YOU WAIT FOR ME!

HUH? WHO ARE YOU?? I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

YOU UTTERLY FRESH THING! I'VE WANTED TO GIVE YOU THIS FOR DAYS! THERE!

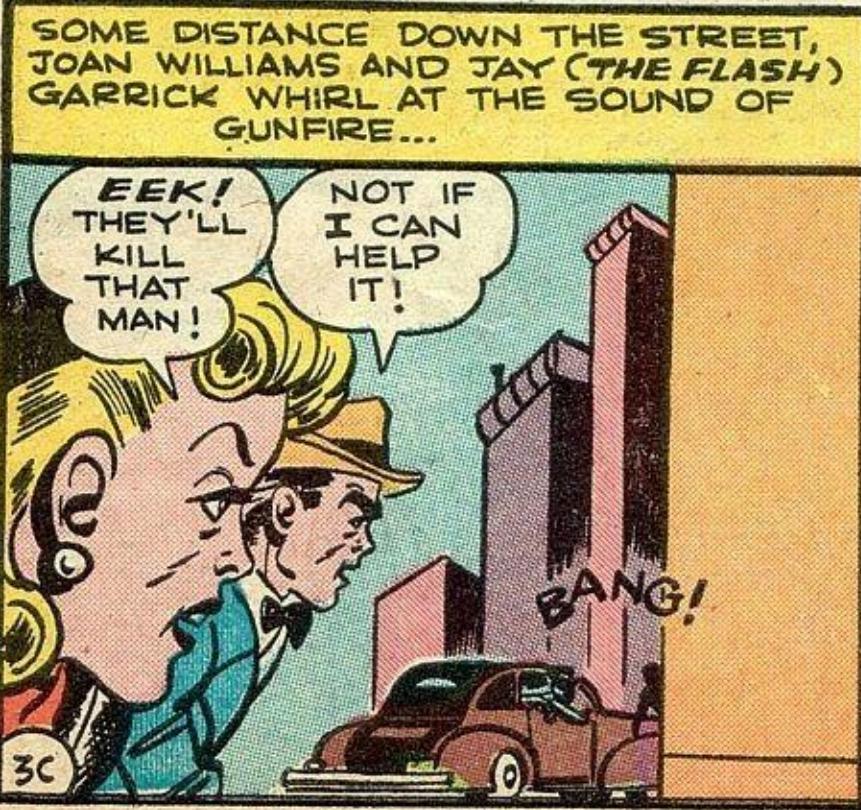
HEY... OUCH!!

AND IF YOU EVER DO ANYTHING LIKE YOU DID THE OTHER NIGHT, I'LL... I'LL...

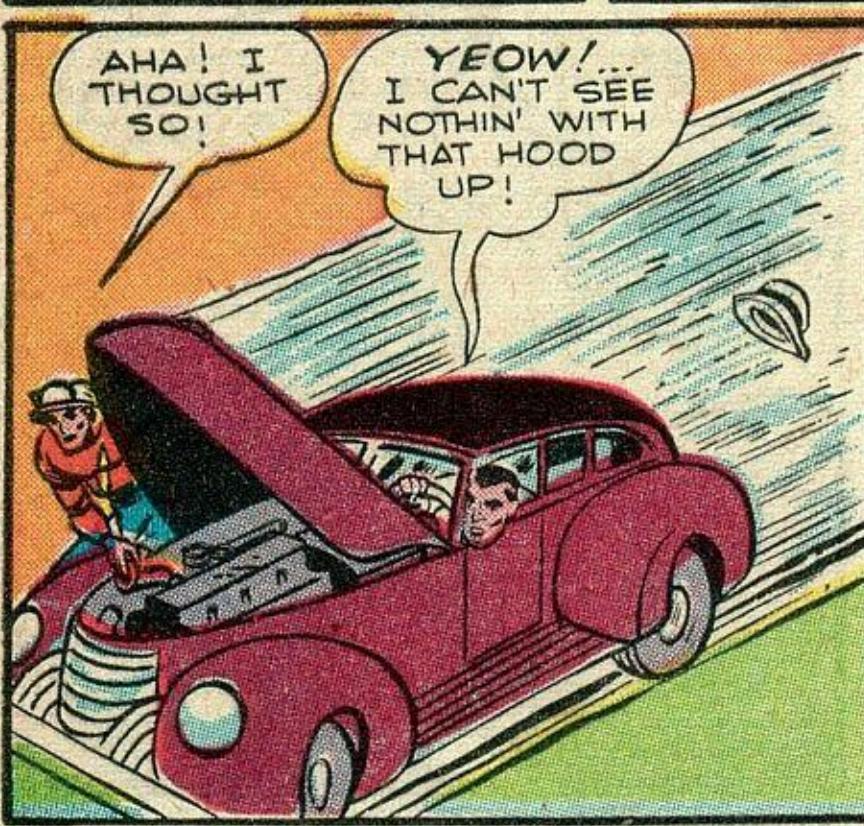
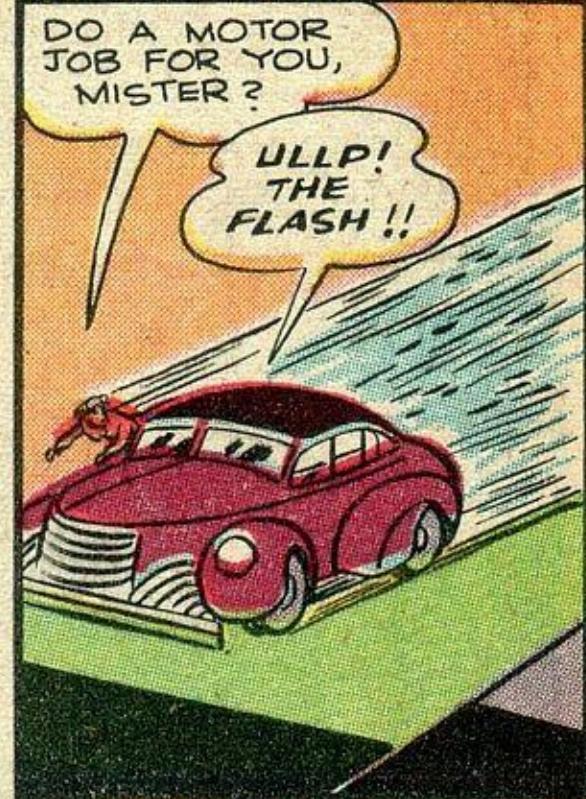
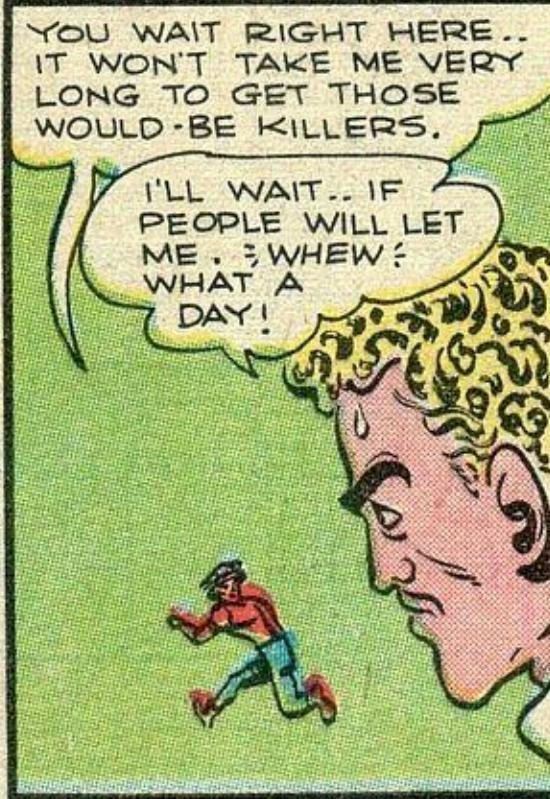
THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE... I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU!

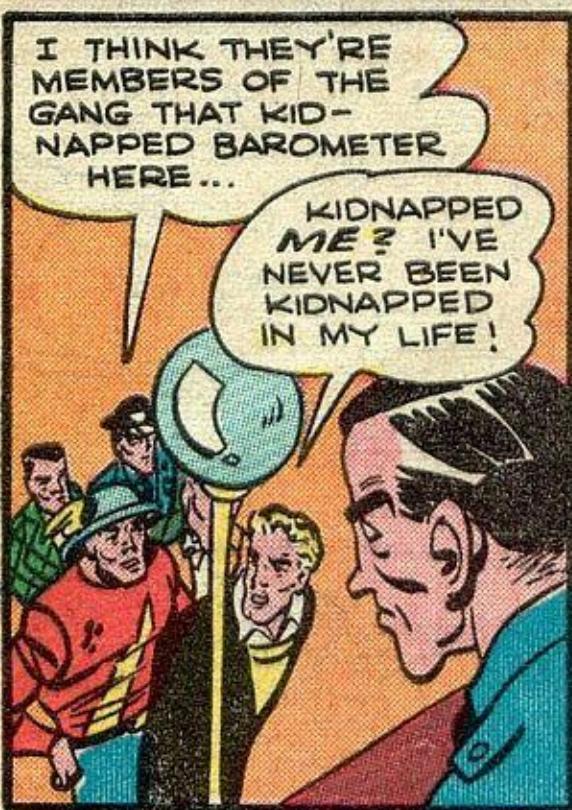
YOU-YOU - !! OHH, I'VE NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED IN MY LIFE!

THIS MAN BOthering YOU, LADY?



## All-Flash Comics

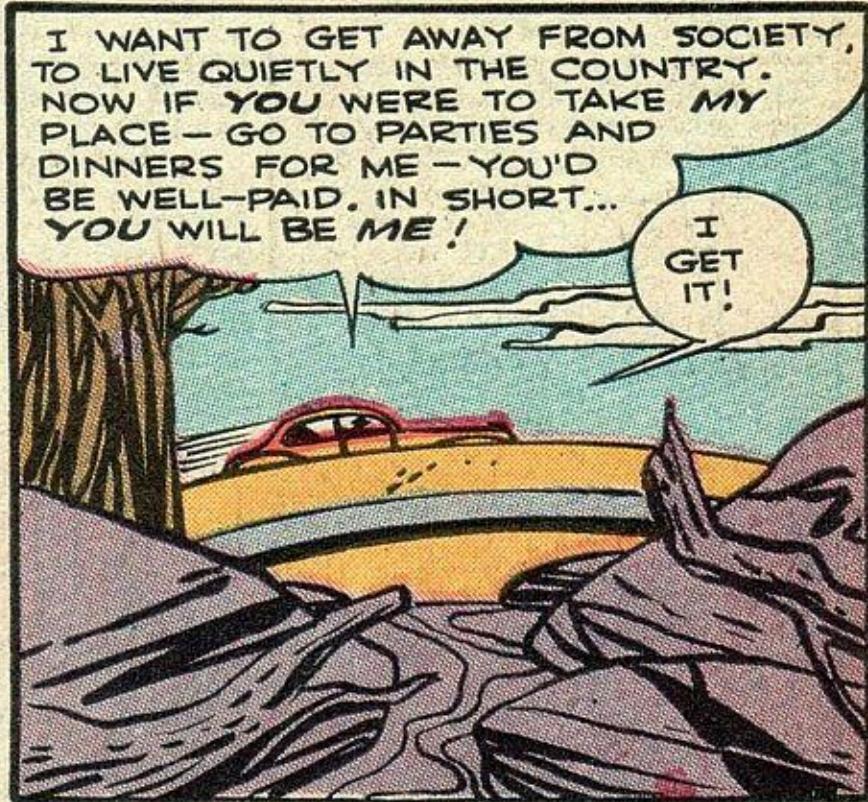
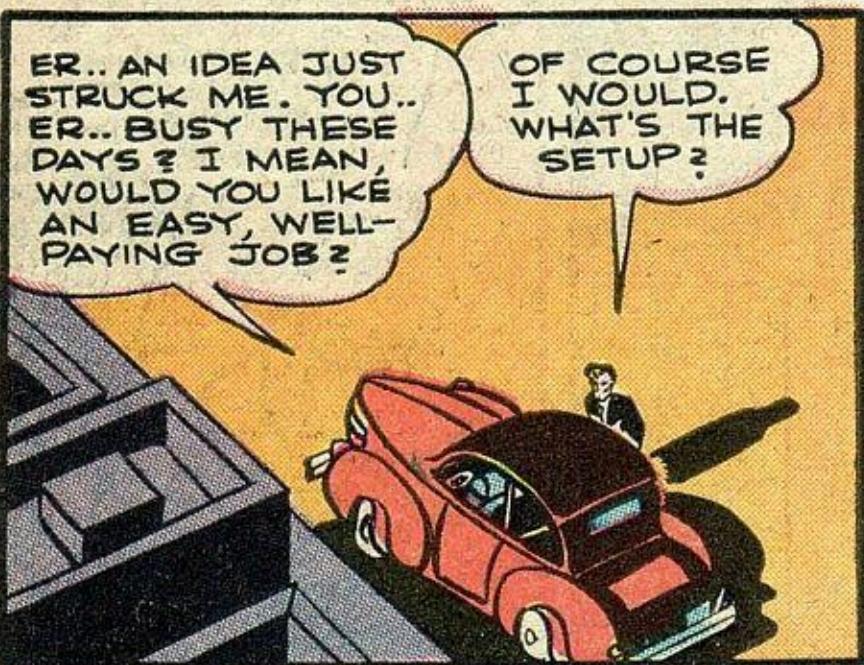
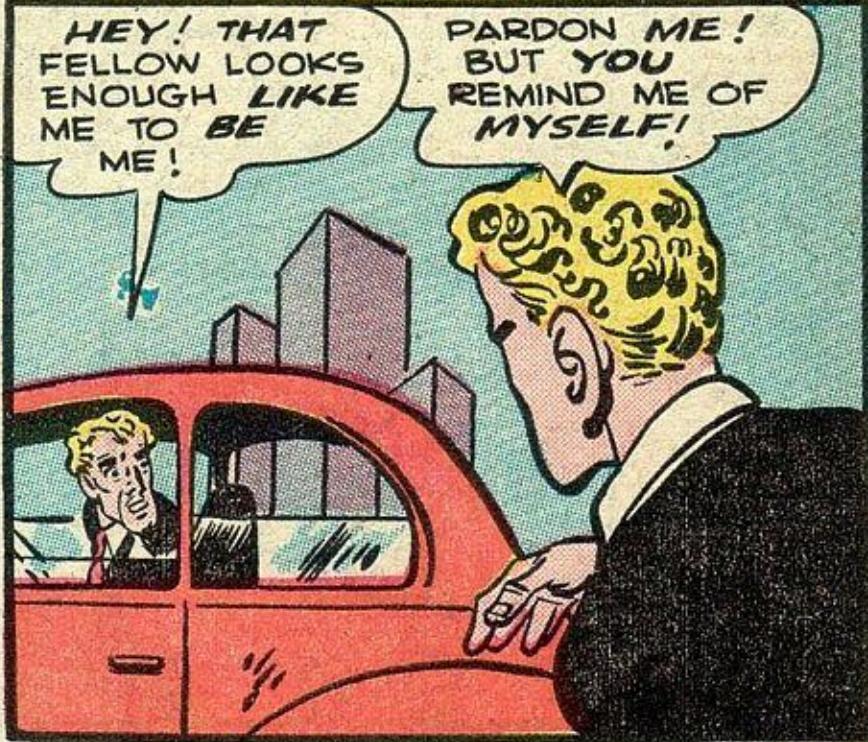




WOHA! WOHA! LET'S STRAIGHTEN OUT ALL THIS DOUBLE-TALK! SO THAT WE CAN UNDERSTAND WHAT GOES AROUND HERE, LET'S LOOK BACKWARD SOME MONTHS, TO AN AFTERNOON WHEN TEDDY BAROMETER WAS TAKING A WALK...



Thus, a day or two later...



THAT'S TED BAROMETER, NOW. HE SPENDS DOUGH LIKE IT WAS DIRT!

HMM. WE COULD SELL HIM SOMETHIN', FRANK.

DON'T BE A SAP. WHAT COULD WE SELL HIM?

HIMSELF! IF WE..AH.. BORROWED HIM FOR A WHILE, AND LET HIM PAY US TO LET HIM GO.. SEE?

A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

I CERTAINLY ENJOYED YOUR TALK ON ATOMIC STRUCTURES AND THEIR USE, GARRICK.

THANKS A LOT. YOU DID ALL RIGHT AS TOASTMASTER, YOURSELF!

THEY'RE A NICE COUPLE, AREN'T THEY?

YES... THOUGH I NEVER KNEW BAROMETER WAS SUCH A CUT-UP. HE WAS THE LIFE OF THE PARTY TONIGHT. I ALWAYS THOUGHT HIM A QUIET FELLOW BEFORE. ODD.

I'LL MEET YOU AT THE CLUB, MADGE. HAVE TO GO TO THE OFFICE A MOMENT.

I'LL GO WITH JAY AND JOAN.

BUT TEDDY BAROMETER'S DOUBLE IS DESTINED NEVER TO KEEP THAT DATE WITH MADGE...

KEEP YOUR LIP BUTTONED... THIS IS A SNATCH.

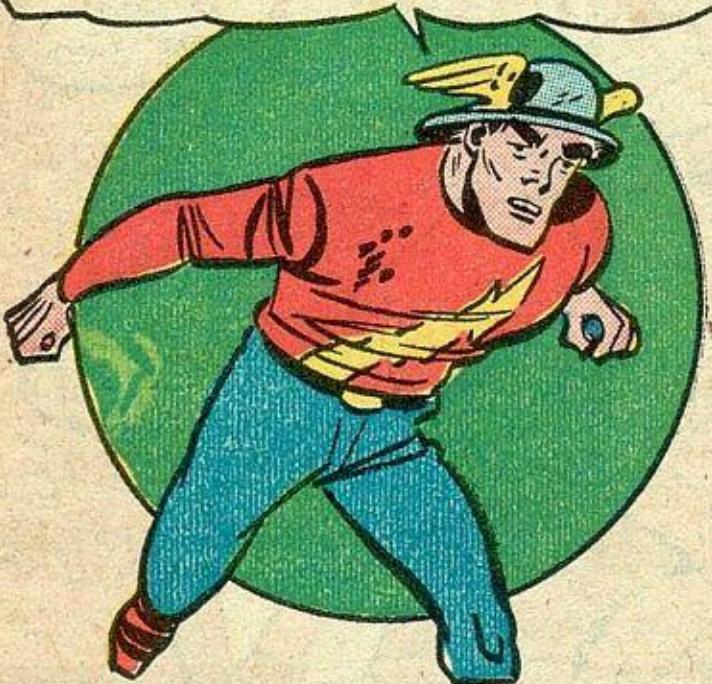
WHAT...? OH!

THAT'S FUNNY. THE CAB JUST SHOT OFF. HE DIDN'T SAY GOODBYE TO ME, AND.. I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE IN THE CAB TALKING!

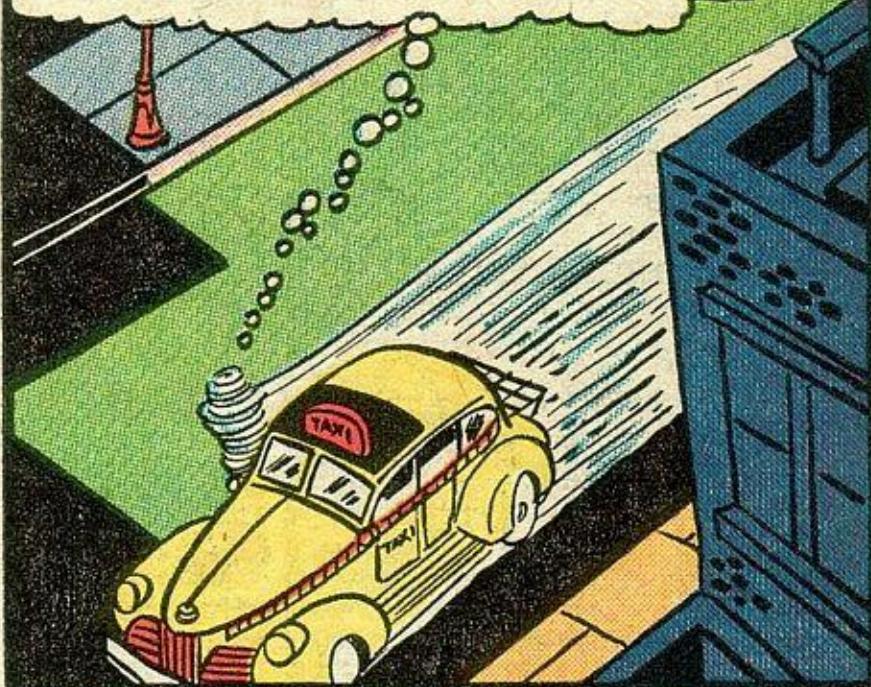
SUPPOSE.. ER.. YOU AND JOAN GO TO THE CLUB. I'LL MEET YOU LATER.

## All-Flash Comics

BAROMETER CERTAINLY DID ACT PECULIARLY. WELL, WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE MAY BE FIRE!



OH, OH! A KIDNAPPING. WELL, THAT'S GOING OUT OF STYLE RIGHT NOW ... BUT FAST!



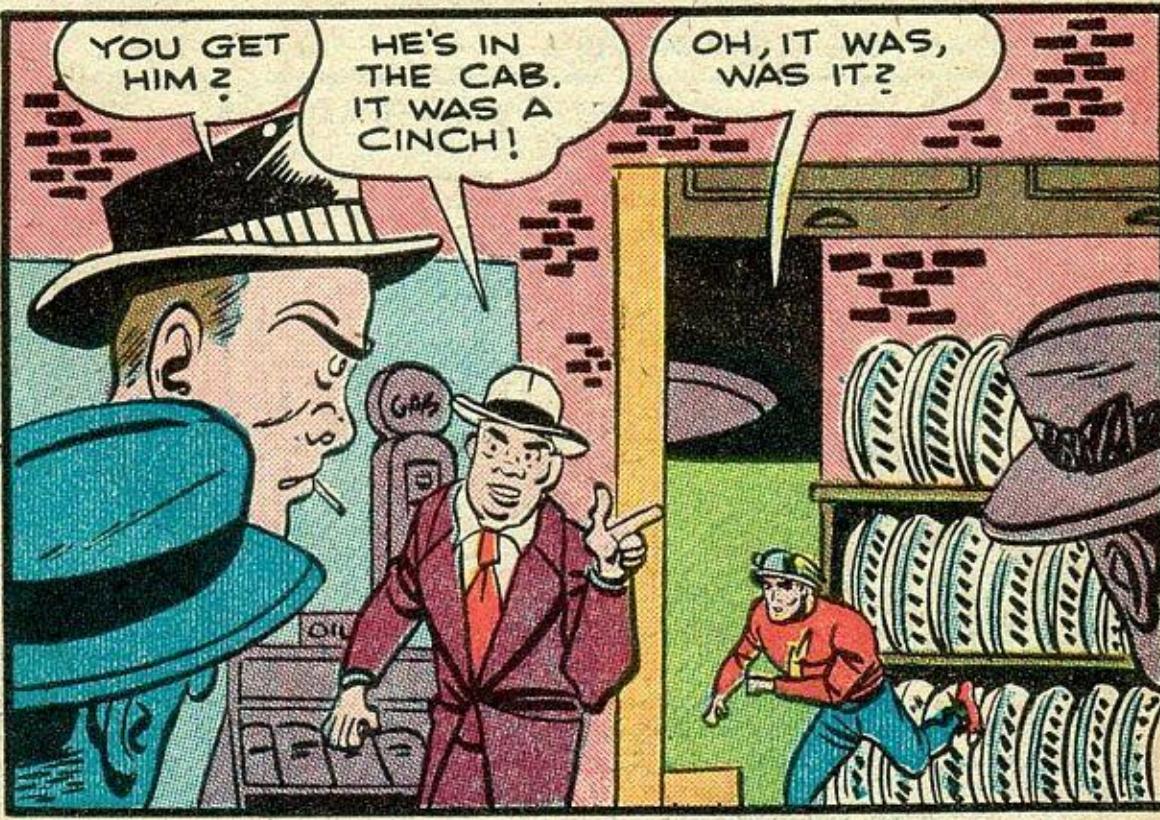
THEY'RE TURNING IN HERE. OH, WELL, I CAN WORK JUST AS WELL IN A GARAGE AS OUT OF IT!



YOU GET HIM?

HE'S IN THE CAB. IT WAS A CINCH!

OH, IT WAS, WAS IT?



SUPPOSE YOU TRY BEING A WALL-FLOWER, CHUM!

AWWK!



WE'RE ONLY BEGINNING, BOYS, ONLY BEGINNING!

IF YOU EVER "SAW" THIS TRICK BEFORE.. STOP ME!

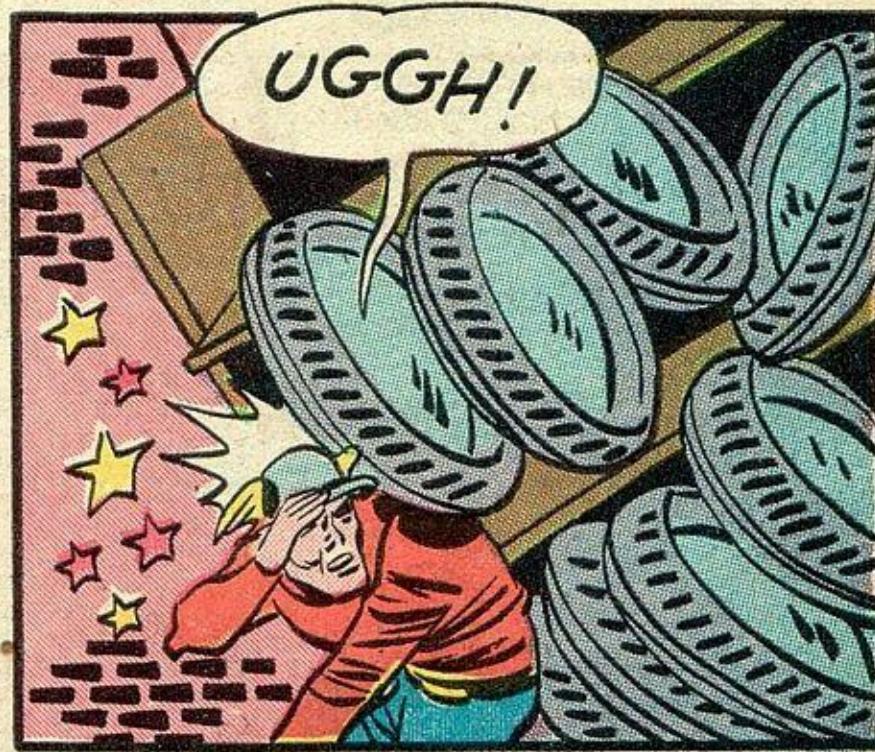
:GULP: I WISH I KNEW HOW!



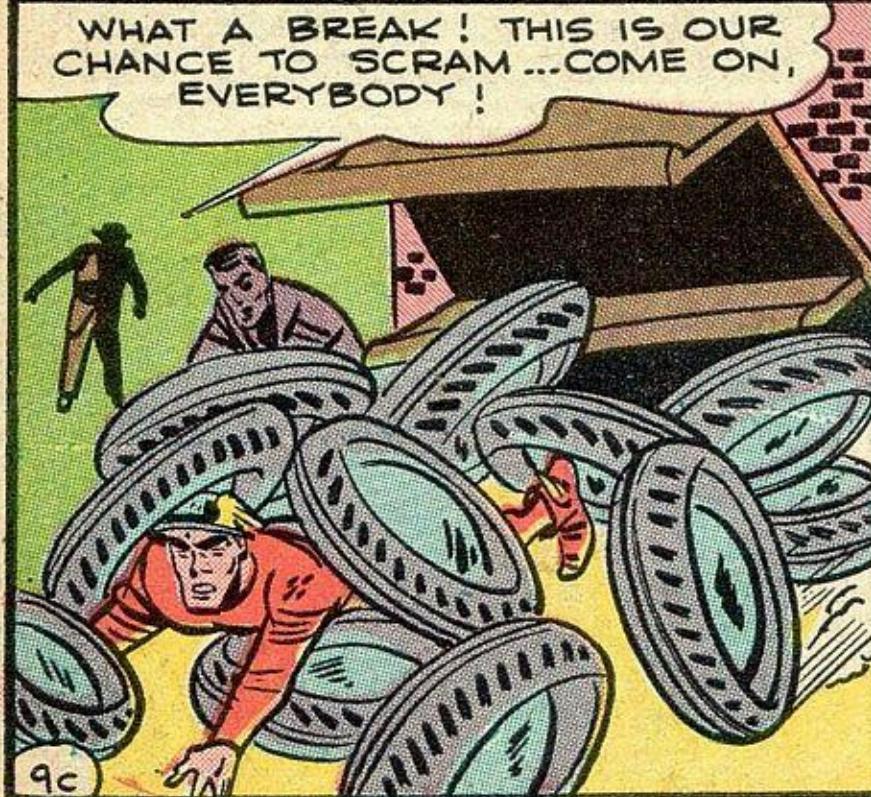


LIKE A HUMAN ARROW, THE THUG SLAMS INTO A TIRE-RACK ....

OVER IT GOES, AND....



WHAT A BREAK! THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO SCRAM ... COME ON, EVERYBODY!



NICE GOIN', JERRY!



DAZED, STUMBLING AROUND AFTER THE TERRIFIC BATTERING THE FALLEN TIRES HAVE GIVEN HIM, THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER REALIZES HIS QUARRY HAS ESCAPED...

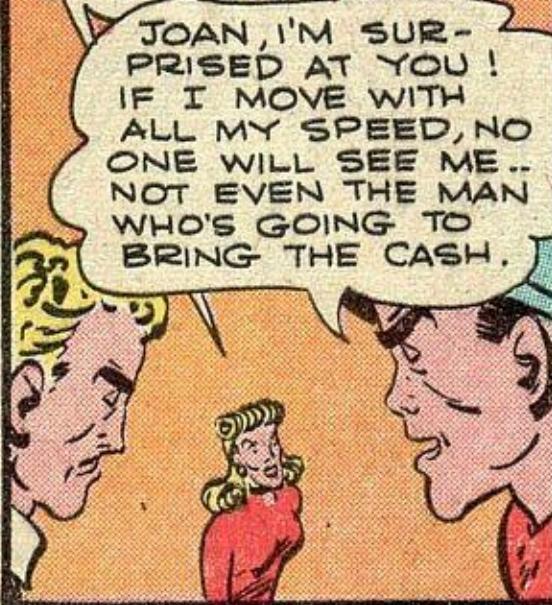
NO USE TRYING TO FIND THEM. THEY COULD BE ANYWHERE BY THIS TIME...



THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN. YOU'RE GOING TO LEGALIZE HIS SIGNATURE WITH A POWER OF ATTORNEY. THEN, WHEN THE KIDNAPPERS APPEAR TO PICK UP THE CASH... I'LL BE THERE!



BUT IF THE KIDNAPPERS KNOW YOU'RE THERE, THEY'LL KILL WHOEVER BRINGS THE RANSOM MONEY!



THAT LAWYER'D BE A LOT EASIER IF HE KNEW I WAS AROUND TO PROTECT HIM!

HERE THEY COME NOW. MY, I'M NERVOUS...



## WHICH BRINGS US RIGHT UP TO DATE.

SO THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY. EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT MADGE SLAPPED YOU FOR STANDING HER UP, AND YOUR HIRED DOUBLE MADE OUT A RANSOM CHECK TO YOUR ACCOUNT!

BUT MY BANK WON'T HONOR HIS SIGNATURE!



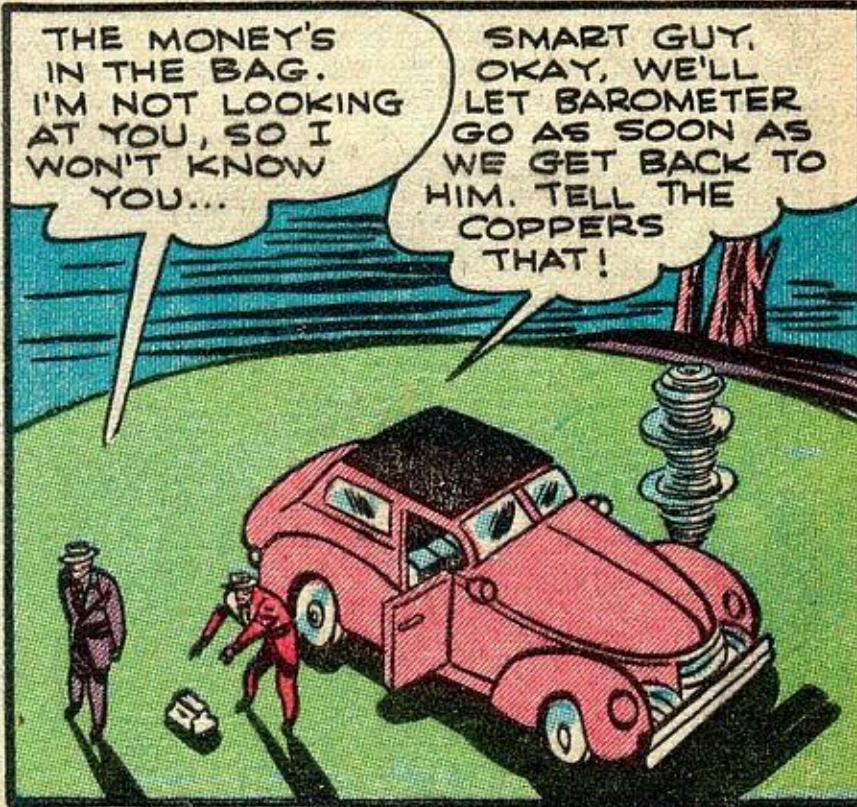
THAT SAME NIGHT, ON A LONELY ROAD A FEW MILES FROM THE CITY...

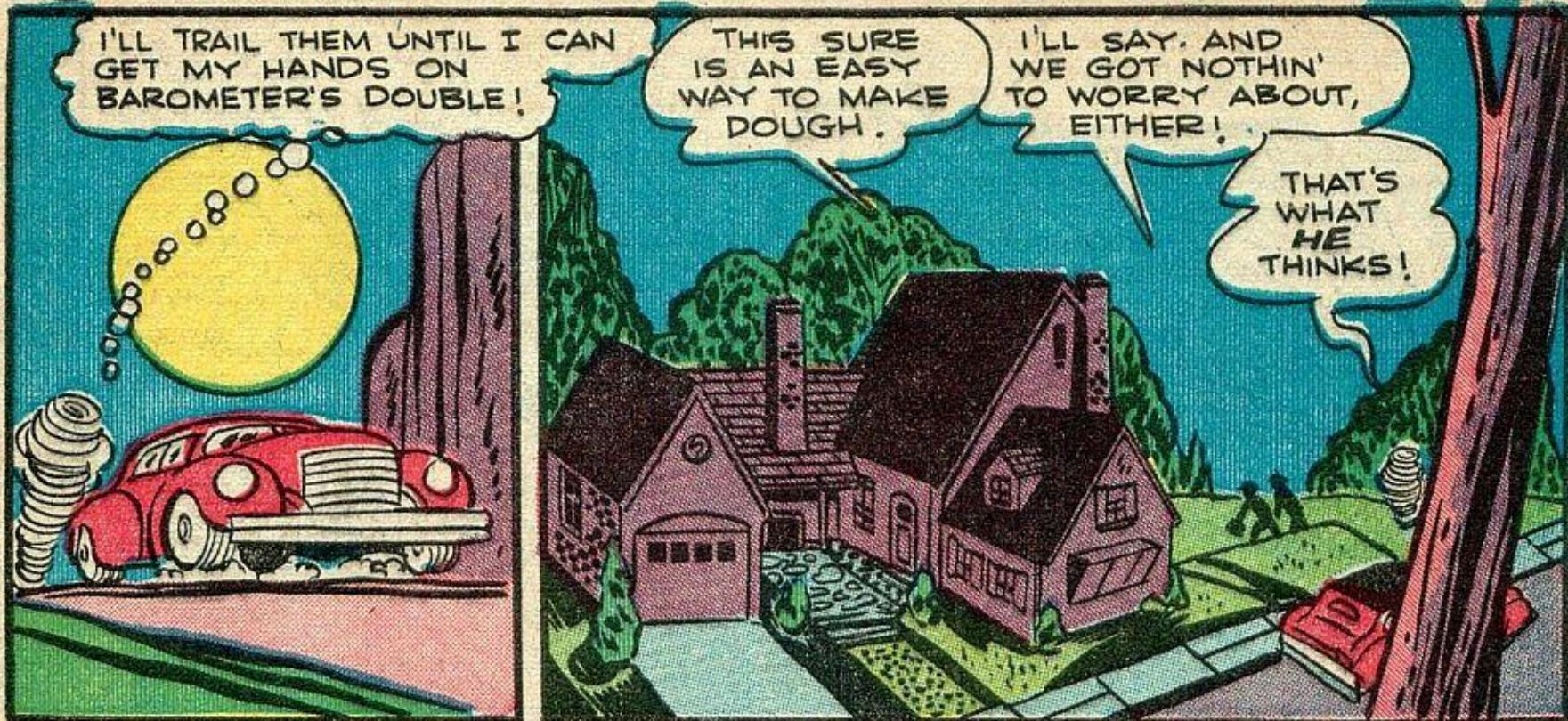
I SURE HOPE THOSE THUGS DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS ON ME. AFTER ALL, I'M ONLY A LAWYER WHO AGREED TO ACT FOR BAROMETER.



THE MONEY'S IN THE BAG. I'M NOT LOOKING AT YOU, SO I WON'T KNOW YOU...

SMART GUY. OKAY, WE'LL LET BAROMETER GO AS SOON AS WE GET BACK TO HIM. TELL THE COPPERS THAT!





WHADDYA MEAN,  
WINDSTORM? IT'S A  
QUIET NIGHT OUTSIDE...

GANGWAY!

IT MAY BE QUIET  
OUTSIDE, BUT IN  
HERE IT'S LIKE A  
HURRICANE!

ONCE YOU'RE  
SAFE AND SOUND  
OUTSIDE, I'M  
COMING BACK...



AND I'M COMING  
WITH FIRE IN MY  
EYE, TOO!

:GOSH!  
I ALMOST  
FEEL SORRY  
FOR THOSE  
POOR CHAPS  
INSIDE!

TRY SLIDING  
UPSTAIRS  
FOR A CHANGE,  
PAL!

I'M BOININ'  
UP... OW!

PARDON  
ME... OOOF!



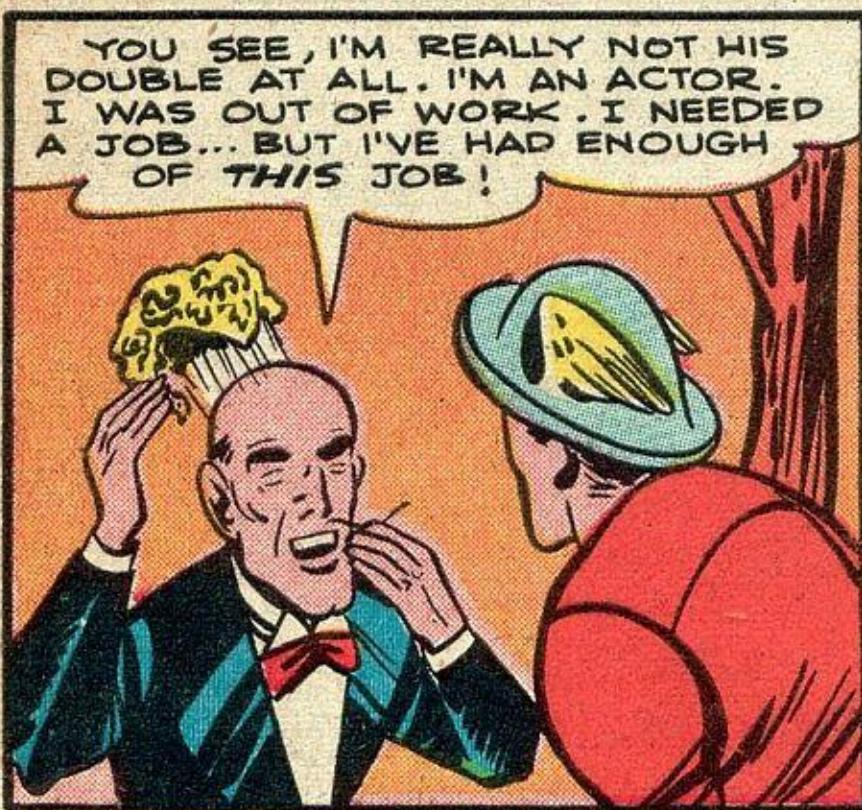
A DIVE ON THE  
DIVAN FOR YOU,  
BUD!

BLURK!



I JUST  
CAN'T LISTEN  
ANY MORE!

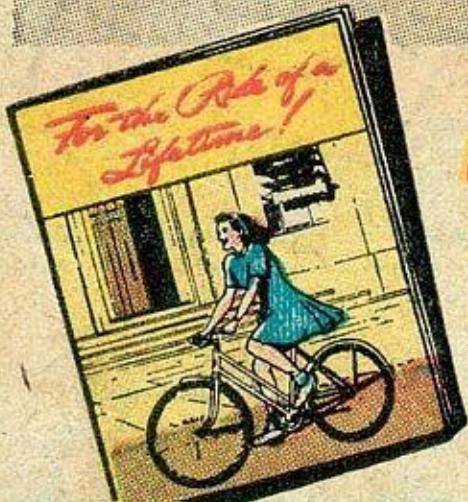
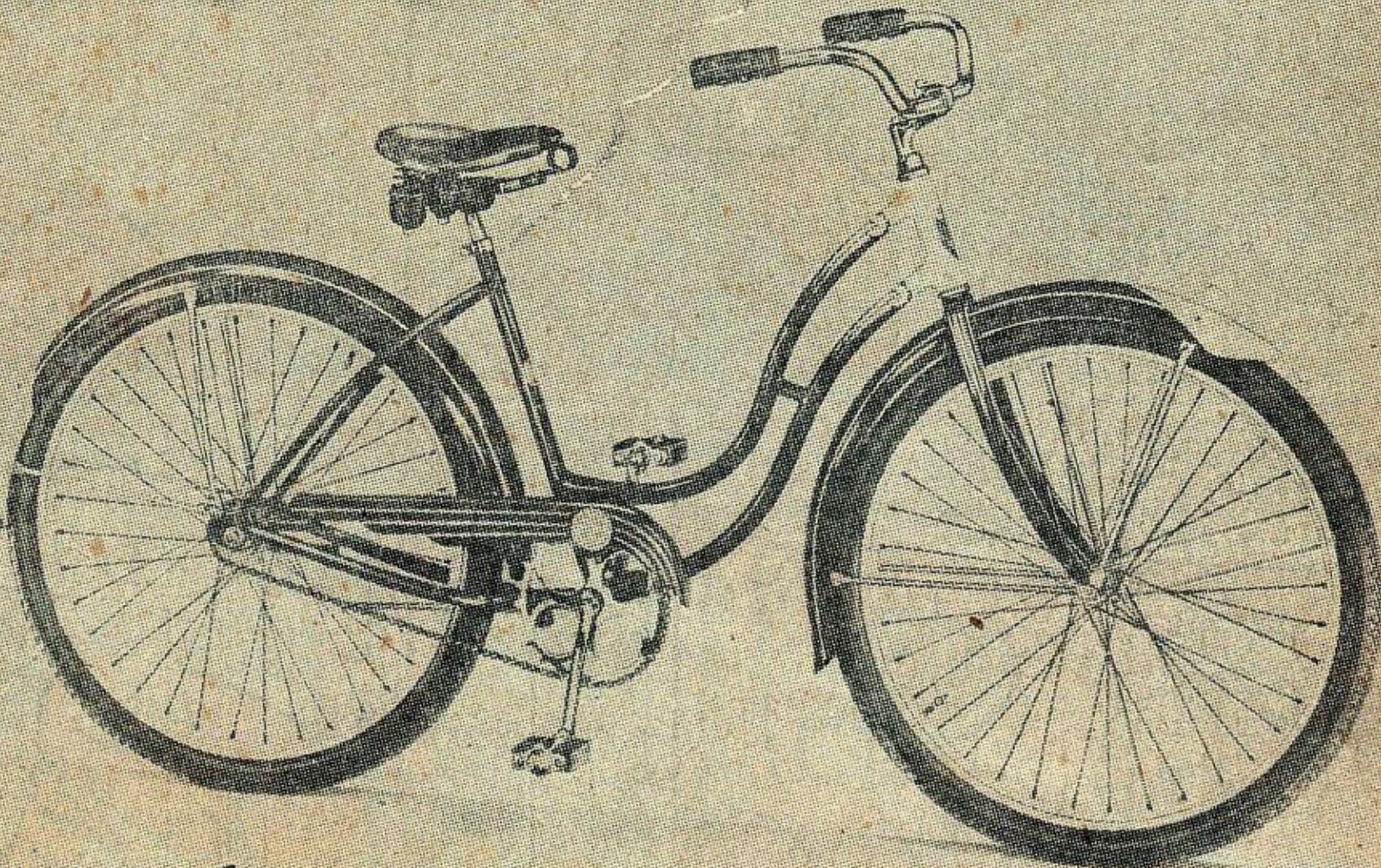
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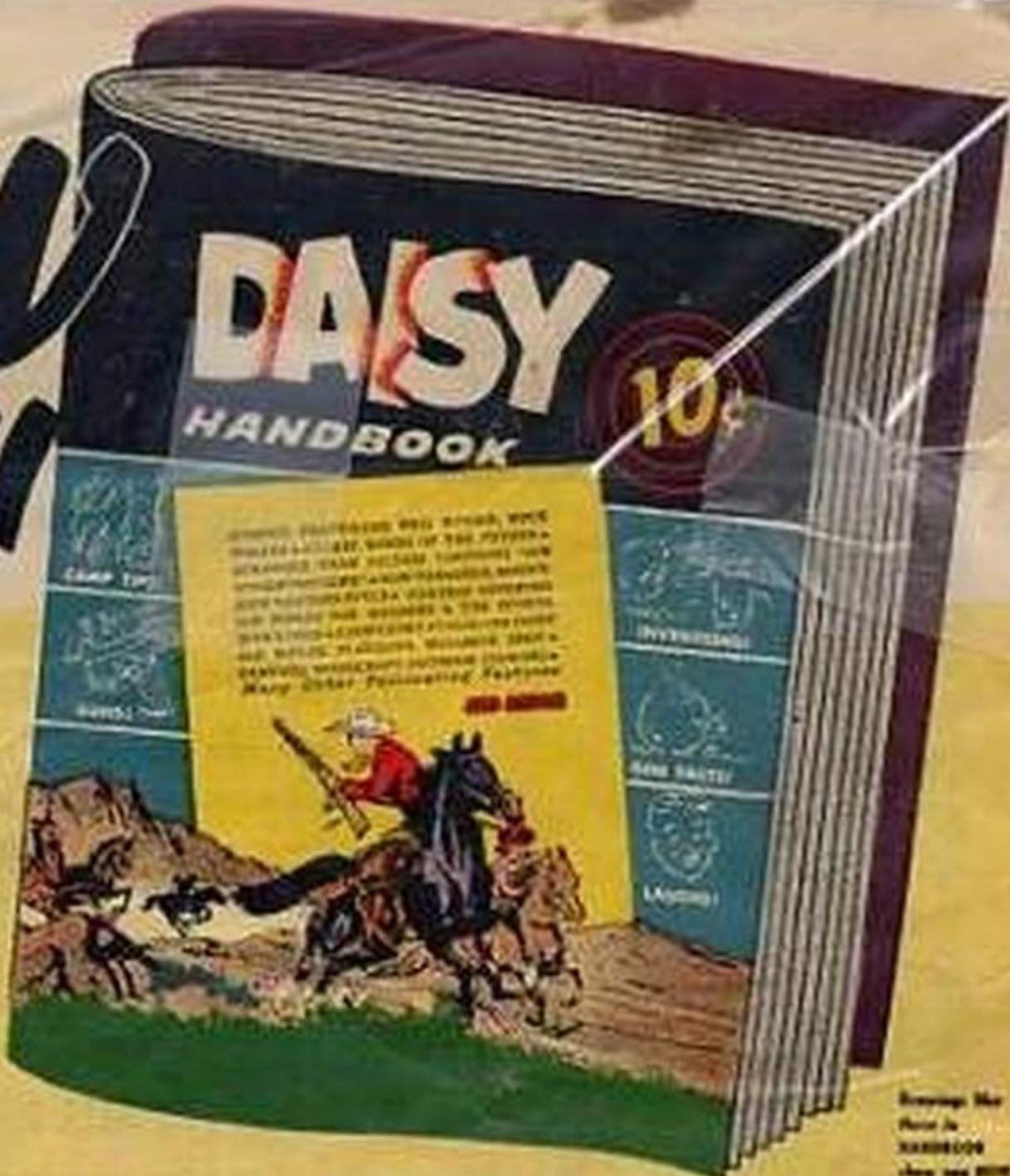
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...But Now...Please Be Patient!**



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Good  
I enclose one that came (12V) with a 100 watt for EACH  
motor enclosed (A TIP: Many times you will need an extra  
motor for the Get Friend.)  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street & No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_

**Please Check: I am a boy, Age:  10-12, Age:  13-15, Age:  16-18**

Environ Biol Fish

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 5010 UNION ST., DEPT. 6, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.