

No.23

JUNE-JULY



# Ace-Flash

TEN  
CENTS



A  
**WORLD**  
with  
**2**  
**Futures!**

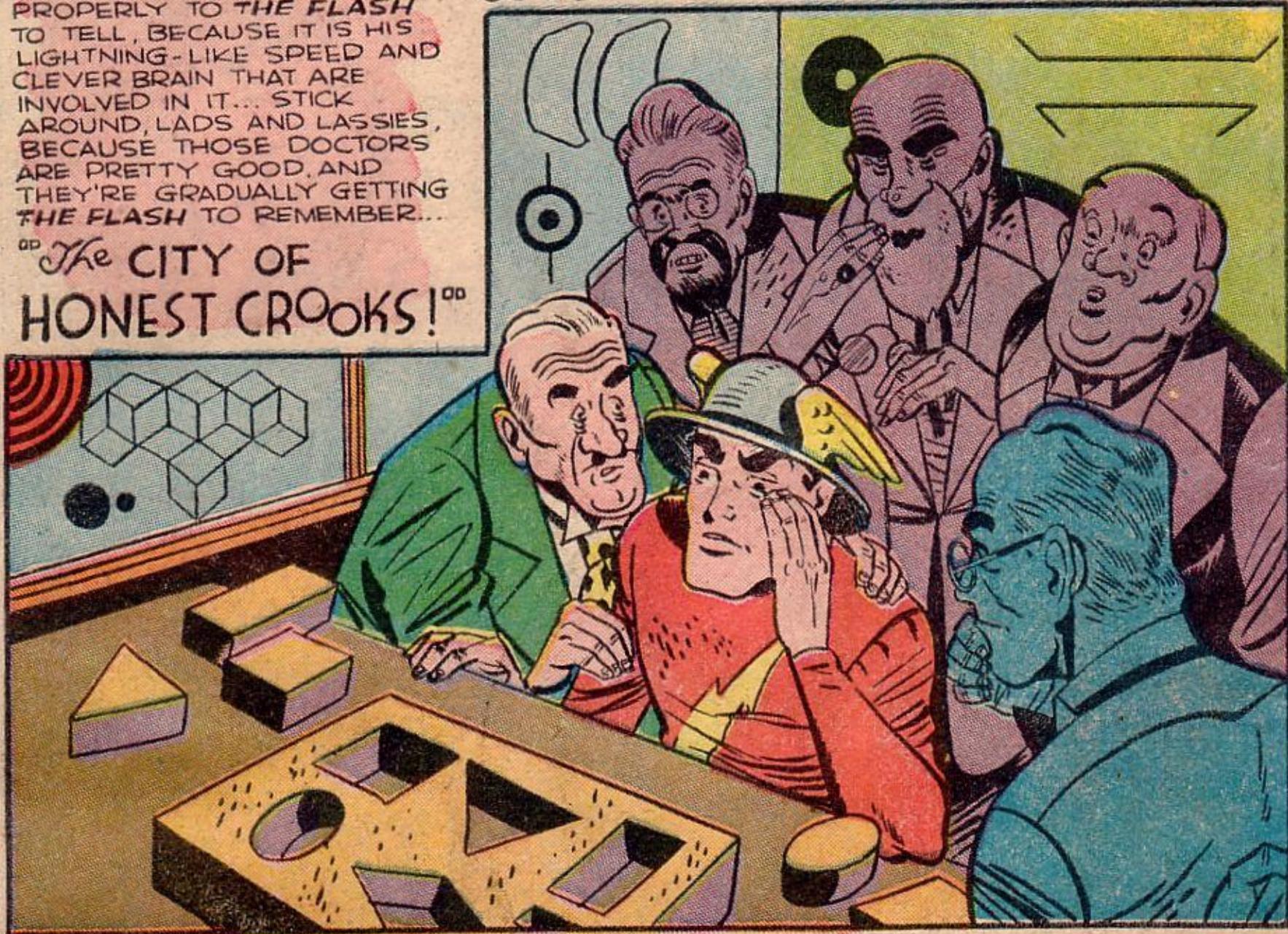
LOOKS AS THOUGH THE FLASH IS BEING PSYCHOANALYZED, AND THAT'S JUST WHAT'S HAPPENING... THE DOCTORS YOU SEE ARE FAMOUS PHYSICIANS.... THEY ARE TRYING TO RESTORE THE FLASH'S MEMORY!

WHY? WELL, THAT'S A LONG STORY... IT BELONGS PROPERLY TO THE FLASH TO TELL, BECAUSE IT IS HIS LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED AND CLEVER BRAIN THAT ARE INVOLVED IN IT... STICK AROUND, LADS AND LASSIES, BECAUSE THOSE DOCTORS ARE PRETTY GOOD, AND THEY'RE GRADUALLY GETTING THE FLASH TO REMEMBER...

"**The CITY OF HONEST CROOKS!**"

# The Flash

FASTESt MAN ALIVE!!

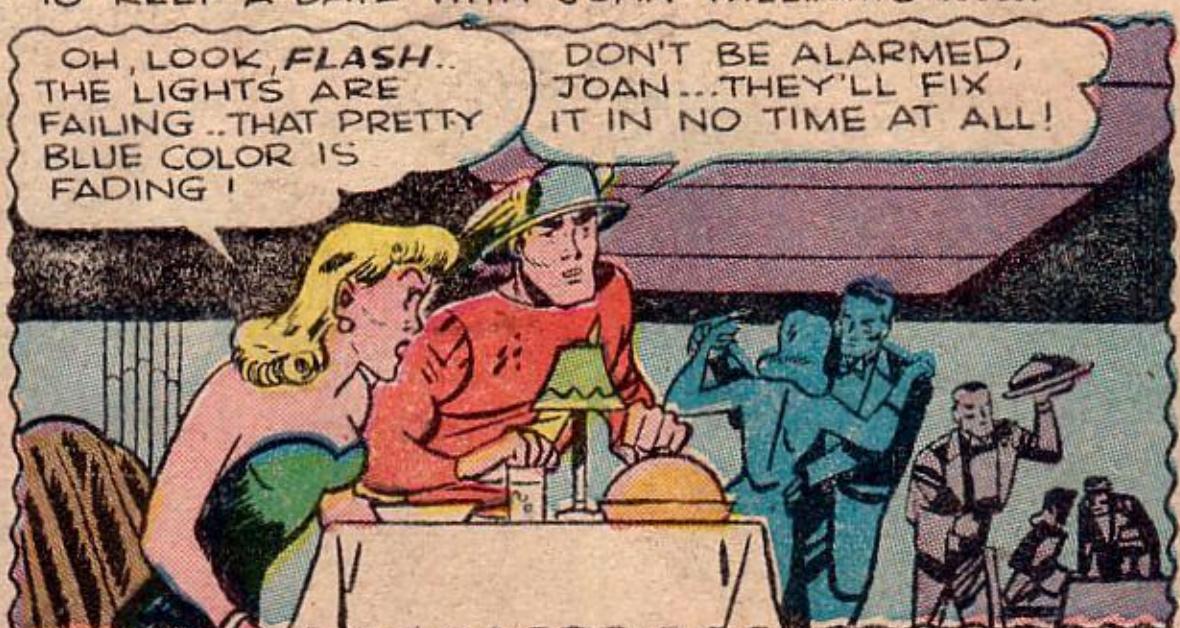


YES, YES... NOW I SEEM TO REMEMBER A LITTLE... BRIGHT LIGHTS... GAY MUSIC... MEN AND WOMEN DANCING... NOW IT'S SLIPPING AWAY FROM ME AGAIN... WAIT... WAIT! I HAVE IT!

" IF I EVER NEEDED SOME RELAXATION IT WAS JUST AFTER MY GRUELLED STRUGGLE TO SMASH THE WAXEY MAXIE GANG... WITHOUT BOTHERING TO CHANGE, I DASHED OVER TO 'THE BLUE CLUB' TO KEEP A DATE WITH JOAN WILLIAMS .....

OH, LOOK, FLASH... THE LIGHTS ARE FAILING... THAT PRETTY BLUE COLOR IS FADING!

DON'T BE ALARMED, JOAN... THEY'LL FIX IT IN NO TIME AT ALL!



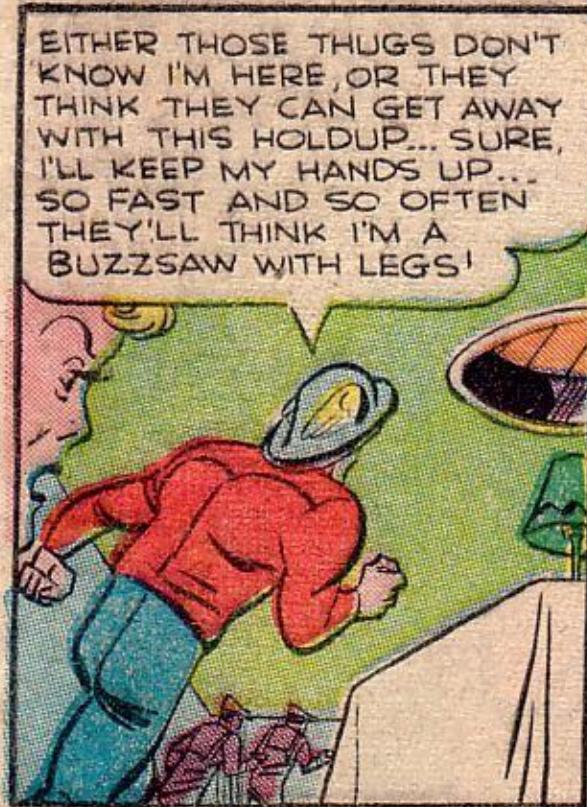
WHAT'D I TELL YOU? THE EFFICIENCY OF THESE PLACES ALWAYS AMAZES ME... THEY SEEM TO CHANGE THE BULBS EVEN BEFORE THEY GO OUT!



"THE NEXT THING I REMEMBER IS GUNS... GLEAMING BLACK AUTOMATICS, HELD IN THE HANDS OF THESE WORKMEN"



EITHER THOSE THUGS DON'T KNOW I'M HERE, OR THEY THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS HOLDUP... SURE, I'LL KEEP MY HANDS UP... SO FAST AND SO OFTEN THEY'LL THINK I'M A BUZZSAW WITH LEGS!



HERE'S WHERE I START BUZZING!



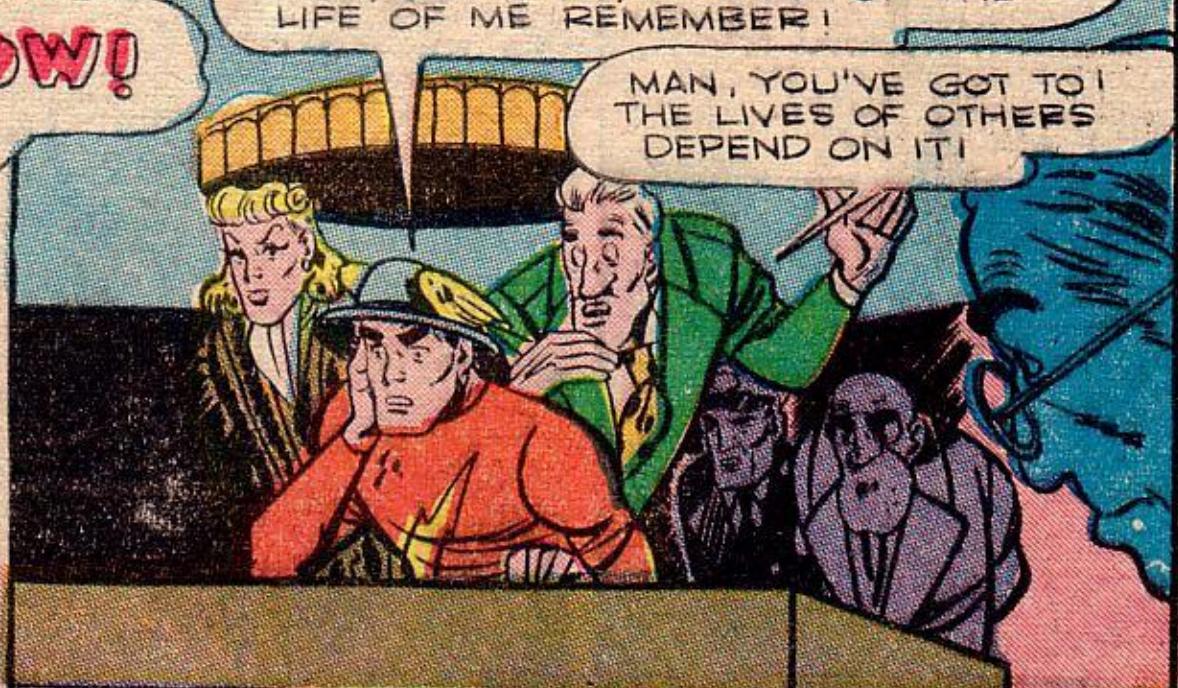
AND HERE'S WHERE I START SAWING!



NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE NIP AT THIS TIME... SORT OF KEEPS THINGS LIVENED UP!



IT'S... IT'S JUST NO USE, DOCTOR... I KNOW SOMETHING QUEER HAPPENED THEN, BUT WHAT, I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME REMEMBER!



# All-Flash Comics



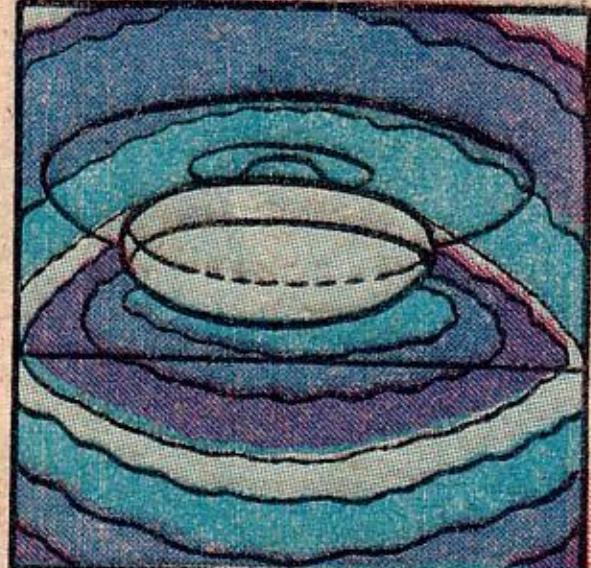
PLEASE, FLASH... THINK HARD... YOU MUST REMEMBER... FOR THE SAKE OF THE OTHERS!

I... I'M TRYING!

START FROM THE BEGINNING, FLASH... REMEMBER THOSE LIGHTS...

THAT'S IT!  
THAT'S IT!  
THE FLICKERING LIGHTS!

"IT WAS THOSE PECULIAR BULBS THE WORKMEN INSTALLED... THEY DIDN'T GLOW... THEY FLICKERED! THEY EMITTED SOME SORT OF A QUEER BLUE RAY..."



"PEOPLE ON ALL SIDES BECAME MOMENTARILY RIGID... THE RAYS SEEMED TO PASS RIGHT THROUGH THEM..."



WE DEMAND TO BE ARRESTED!

OTHERWISE, YOU'LL HAVE NO LAW AND ORDER AT ALL!

PROTECTION FOR SOCIETY! THAT'S WHAT IT IS!

I'M DREAMING!

HA! HA! YOU'RE SO DROLL... ARE YOU THAT AMAZED? SOMEONE'S SIMPLY PUT YOU OUT OF BUSINESS! AND I... I AM THAT MAN!

YOU?

THOSE BLUE RAYS... YOU CAUSED THEM!



## All-Flash Comics

RIGHT! AND TONIGHT'S AFFAIR WAS SIMPLY AN EXPERIMENT! ... MY FIRST PUBLIC ONE ... LOOK AROUND YOU... TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE ....



"I DIDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES AND EARS AT FIRST ...."

I .. I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE, MEN ... I INTENDED TO SELL YOU ALL OUT BY DROPPING AMALGAMATED AFFAIRS FIFTY POINTS!



HERE, WAITER, YOU GAVE ME BACK TOO MUCH CHANGE ... I WAS GOING TO KEEP IT BUT... SOMETHING MADE ME CHANGE MY MIND!



WHAT'S GOT INTO EVERYBODY? THEY'RE ALL SO HONEST!

EXACTLY! ... I TREATED CERTAIN PORTIONS OF THEIR MINDS WITH THAT BLUE RAY YOU SAW! .. I MADE THEM HONEST!



"OUTSIDE, AS I STOOD WATCHING HIM DISAPPEAR INTO THE FOG, CONFLICTING THOUGHTS RACED THROUGH MY MIND..."

IS HE ON THE LEVEL... OR HAVE I BEEN TAKEN IN BY A PRACTICAL JOKER? ... IT'S POSSIBLE SCIENTIFICALLY... BUT HARDLY PROBABLE.... SHOULD I FOLLOW HIM?



I CAN LOOK INTO THE CASE OF THE "HONEST" CROOKS LATER ... THE POLICE WILL HAVE TAKEN CARE OF THEM... WHAT I'M INTERESTED IN RIGHT NOW IS THAT..ER..INVENTOR!



I FOLLOWED HIM TO HIS HOME, A FASHIONABLE MANSION OFF BY ITSELF IN A REMOTE PART OF TOWN... I RANG HIS BELL... HE ADMITTED ME...



YES... YES.. GO ON, TIME IS VALUABLE!

## All-Flash Comics

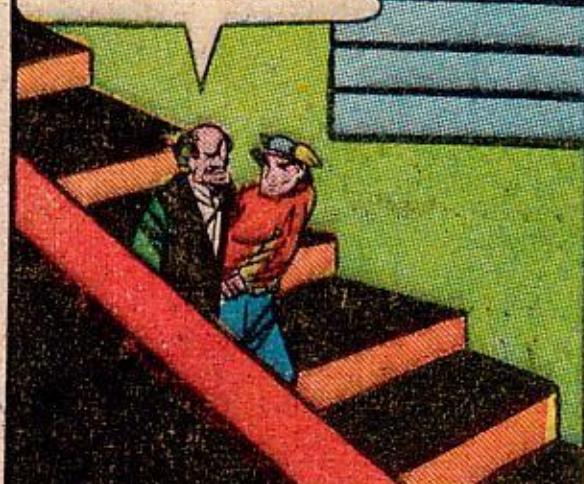
MY NAME IS JARVIS... I'M A SCIENTIST, INTERESTED BOTH IN THE FORMATION OF RAYS..OR ETHERIC VIBRATIONS...AND ALSO FORMATION OF THE HUMAN MIND!



IT IS A KNOWN FACT THAT CERTAIN MENTAL ILLNESSES CAN BE CURED BY ELECTRICAL SHOCKS..THE SO-CALLED 'CRIMINAL' MIND IS A DISEASED MIND..IF SO, WHY NOT CURE IT BY A SHOCK OF SOME SORT?

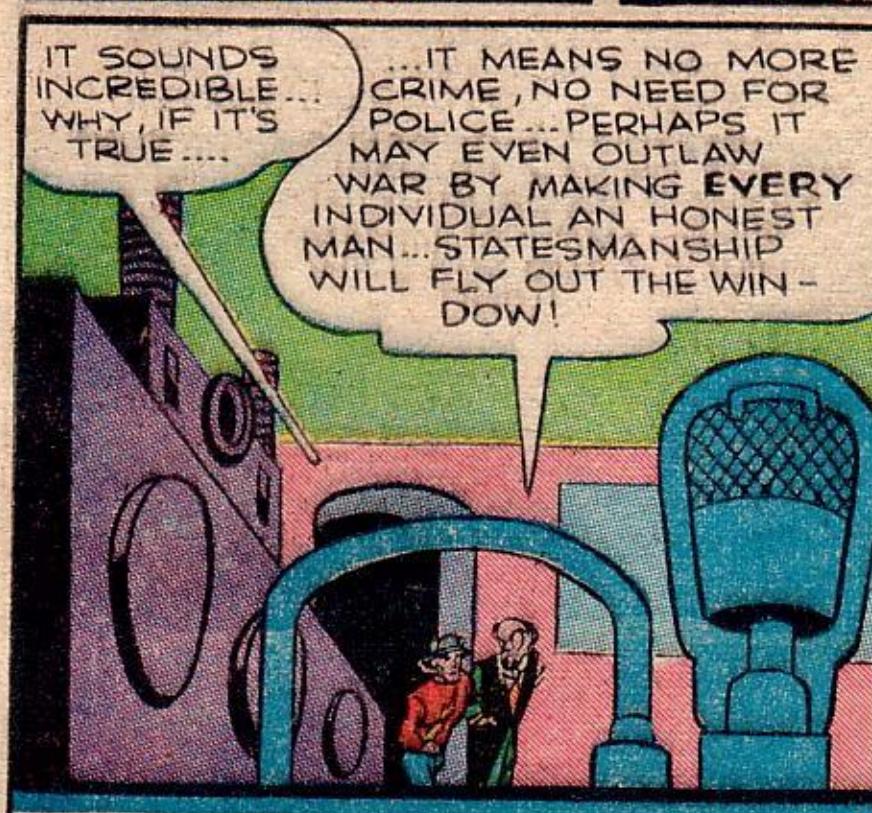


MY PROBLEM WAS TO FIND THE TYPE OF SHOCKING RAY THAT WOULD TREAT THAT PARTICULAR ILLNESS ALONE..AFTER THOUSANDS OF TRIES...I HIT UPON IT... FROM NOW ON, THERE WILL BE NO MORE CRIMINALS!

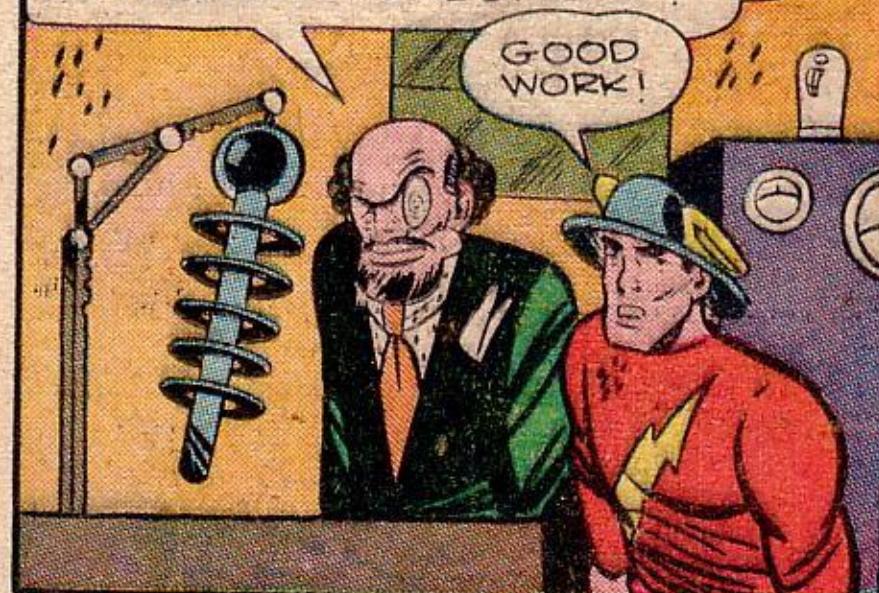


IT SOUNDS INCREDIBLE... WHY, IF IT'S TRUE....

IT MEANS NO MORE CRIME, NO NEED FOR POLICE...PERHAPS IT MAY EVEN OUTLAW WAR BY MAKING EVERY INDIVIDUAL AN HONEST MAN...STATESMANSHIP WILL FLY OUT THE WINDOW!



THAT TEST TONIGHT ON THE PUBLIC WITH THOSE BLUE BULBS WAS MY FINAL EXPERIMENT...IT WORKED, AND NOW I'M READY TO THROW THE SWITCH...TO MAKE THIS A COMPLETELY HONEST CITY!

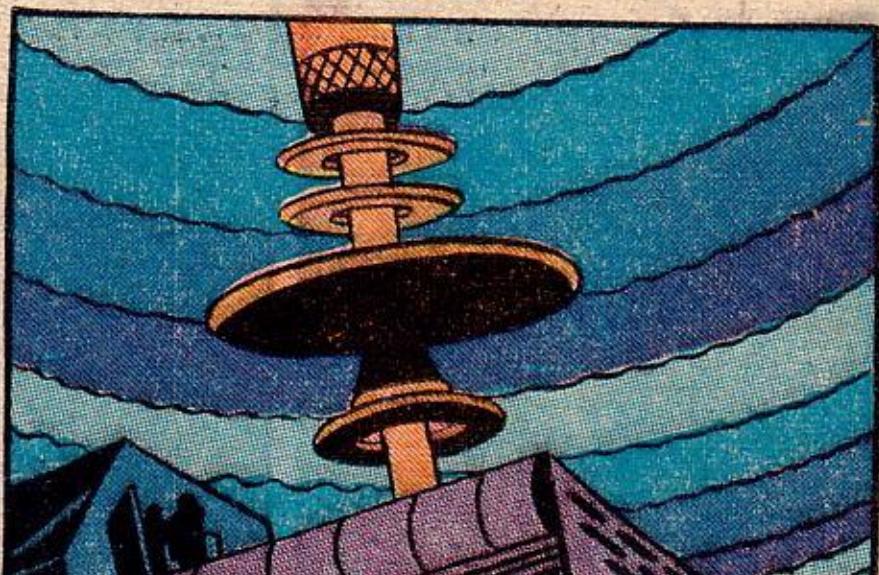


BUT I GRACIOUSLY YIELD THE HONOR TO YOU...YOU HAVE DEDICATED YOUR LIFE TO FIGHTING CRIME...NOW YOU CAN WIPE IT OUT WITH ONE MOVE OF YOUR HAND...THROW THE SWITCH,  
FLASH!

I..I WILL!



"I THREW THE SWITCH... GENERATORS HUMMED WITH POWER.. ABOVE US THERE WAS A CRACKLING AS THE AMPLIFIERS BUILT UP FORCE... THE RAYS SPED OUTWARD, ALL OVER THE CITY..."



# All-Flash Comics



"OUT OVER THE CITY SPED THE QUEER  
BLUE RAY..."

FRANKIE WON'T MISS THE.... GOSH...  
I.. I FEEL FUNNY ... WHAT'M I DOING ?  
EVEN IF I DID ORIGINALLY GIVE THE  
KID THIS DOUGH , IT BELONGS TO  
HIM ! I CAN'T STEAL IT !



I MUST BE GOIN' OFF MY BEAN ...  
BUT SOMETHING INSIDE ME WON'T  
LET ME TAKE DIS STUFF... HERE,  
LADY... YOU CAN HAVE IT BACK!

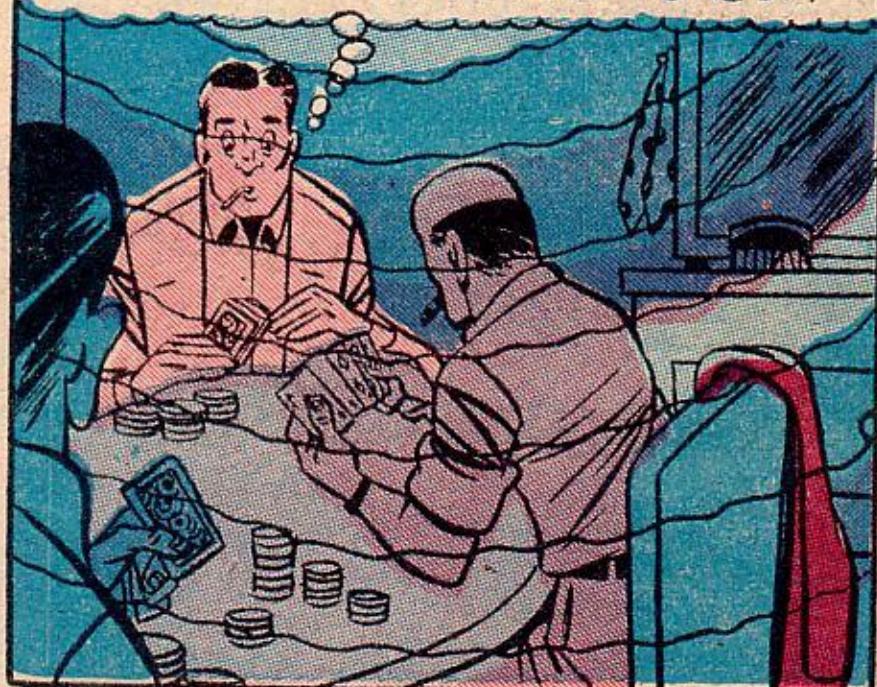


WELL, MY DEAR, SINCE YOU ASKED  
ME ... I HONESTLY FEEL IT'S THE  
SILLIEST HAT I EVER SAW !

WELL, TEE-HEE !  
I'M INCLINED TO  
AGREE WITH  
YOU !



I MARKED THE CARDS, BUT NOW  
MY CONSCIENCE WON'T LET ME  
USE 'EM .... I GOTTA PLAY HONEST !



IF THIS MAKES THE  
ENTIRE CITY HONEST,  
MY DAYS AS A CRIME  
FIGHTER WILL BE OVER...  
IT'S THE CULMINATION  
OF ALL MY HOPES !

I THOUGHT  
YOU'D LIKE IT,  
**FLASH!**



"AS I STOOD THERE  
LOOKING UP AT THE  
PULSING BLUE BEAMS ,  
THEY SEEMED TO  
SOOTHE ME , MAKE ME  
DROWSY ...

I.. I FEEL SLEEPY...  
CAN HARDLY KEEP  
MY EYES OPEN...



"I DIDN'T REALIZE IT AT  
THE TIME , BUT JARVIS  
WAS HYPNOTIZING ME !"

FORGET ALL ABOUT THIS,  
**FLASH** ... GO HOME AND  
FORGET .. JUST READ  
TOMORROW'S PAPERS  
AND REALIZE THAT A  
MIRACLE HAS HAPPENED !



## All-Flash Comics

"BY NOW I WAS COMPLETELY UNDER JARVIS' SPELL... SOMEHOW I GOT HOME... AND THE NEXT MORNING..."

WHEW! WHAT A NIGHT I MUST HAVE HAD.. I FELL ASLEEP IN MY FLASH OUTFIT... THE PAPER... I MUST GET A NEWSPAPER!



"STRANGE BLUE LIGHT MAKES EVERYONE HONEST.. ODD CASES OF MIRACLE! 'NO MORE CRIME' SAYS COMMISSIONER..." WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW!



I'VE A QUEER FEELING THAT I'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT.... BUT NOTHING'S IMPORTANT EXCEPT THIS WAVE OF HONESTY... HMM.. MIGHT AS WELL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT AND GO AWAY FOR A FEW DAYS AND DO A LITTLE FISHING... I NEED A REST...



AND WHILE YOU WERE AWAY FISHING, THIS SO-CALLED "HONEST" CITY HAS BEEN OVERRUN BY GANGSTERS... THEY RAID ALMOST WHERE THEY WANT, AND WITH LITTLE OR NO INTERFERENCE!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



YOU SEE, FLASH, WE HAVE LOTS OF RECORDS AND DATA ON CROOKS.. HOW THEY WORK, WHERE THEY HANG OUT, AND SO ON... BUT NOW ALL THOSE CROOKS ARE HONEST! THIS NEW GANG, NOW...WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT 'EM!



YOU'D THINK IN A CITY OF HONEST FOLKS, IT'D BE EASY TO CATCH CROOKS.. BUT IT DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY.. WHERE PREVIOUSLY WE HAD SPIES, STOOL-PIGEONS, DISGRUNTLED CROOKS TO TELL US THINGS... WE'RE NOW PRACTICALLY WORKING IN THE DARK!



WHY DIDN'T SOMEBODY TELL ME ALL THIS? AND... WHAT AM I STANDING AROUND HERE FOR?



## All-Flash Comics

THE FIRST THING TO DO IS MAKE AN UNANNOUNCED VISIT TO JARVIS' HOUSE... IF HE HYPNOTIZED ME, HE HAD A REASON FOR IT.... I'VE GOT TO KNOW THAT REASON!



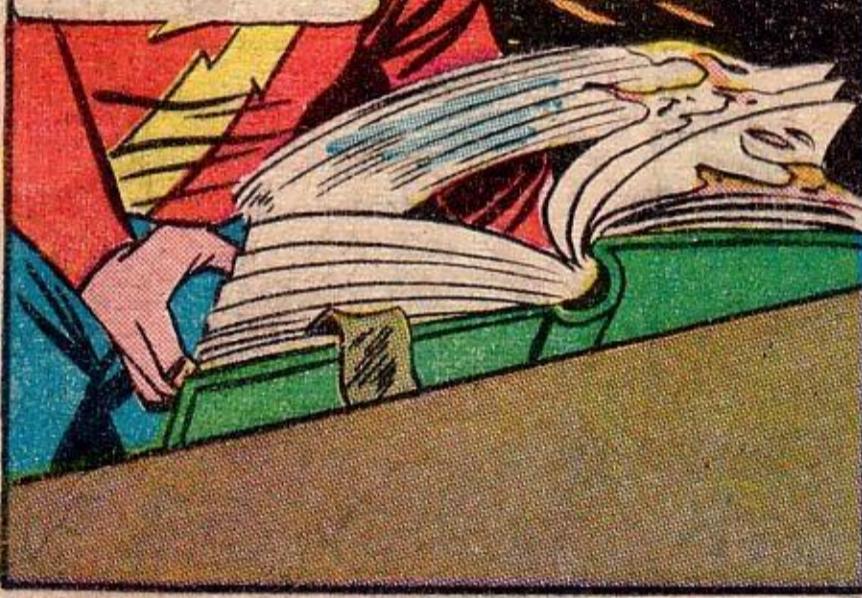
IF HE'S THE ONE BEHIND THOSE RECENT CRIMES, WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF HIS MAKING PEOPLE HONEST?



THE ANSWER MAY BE AROUND HERE IF I CAN FIND IT... AHA! HERE'RE HIS FORMULAS... AND HOW TO DEVISE PROTECTING PLATES SO HIS MEN WON'T BE AFFECTED BY THE RAY!



OH OH! WENT A LITTLE TOO FAST IN MY EAGERNESS... SHEER SPEED AND FRICTION BEGAN SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF THIS THIN PAPER... GOT TO PUT OUT THE FIRE...



ELSEWHERE IN THE HOUSE...

AFTER THAT, THE BANK.....  
**HOLD IT...**  
I SMELL PAPER BURNING!

I DON'T SMELL NUTTIN'!



I'VE BEEN CONDUCTING SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS LONG ENOUGH TO DETECT SLIGHT CHANGES IN SMELL... AND I'M TELLING YOU THERE'S SOMEONE IN THIS HOUSE BESIDES YOU, ME AND THE BOYS!

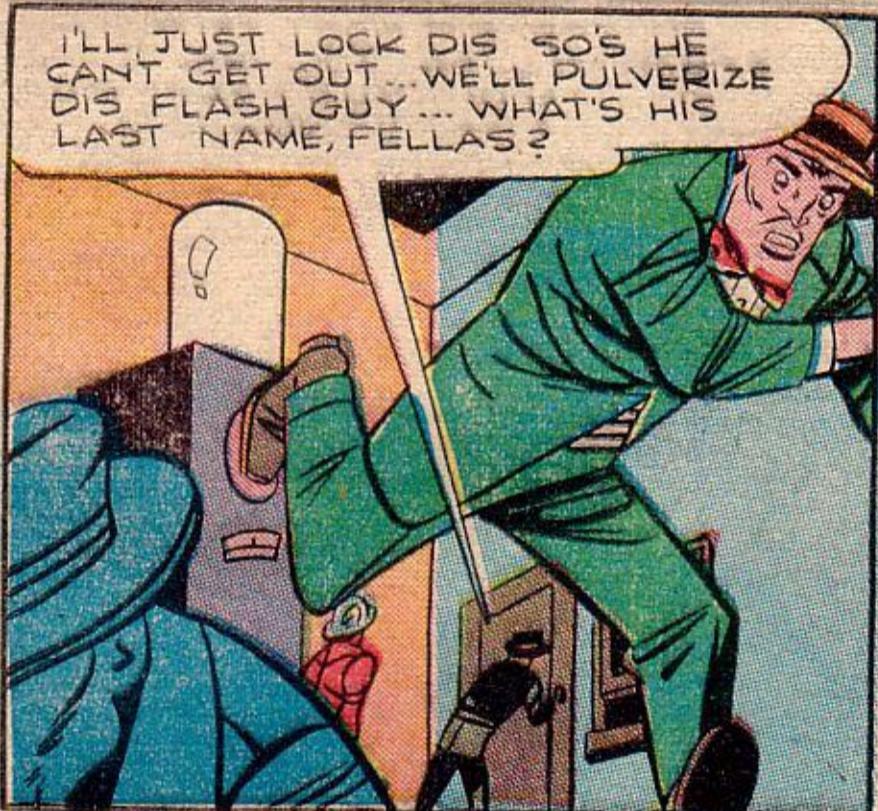


THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE CATCHIN' SOME POOR CROOK AN' BEATIN' HIM UP!

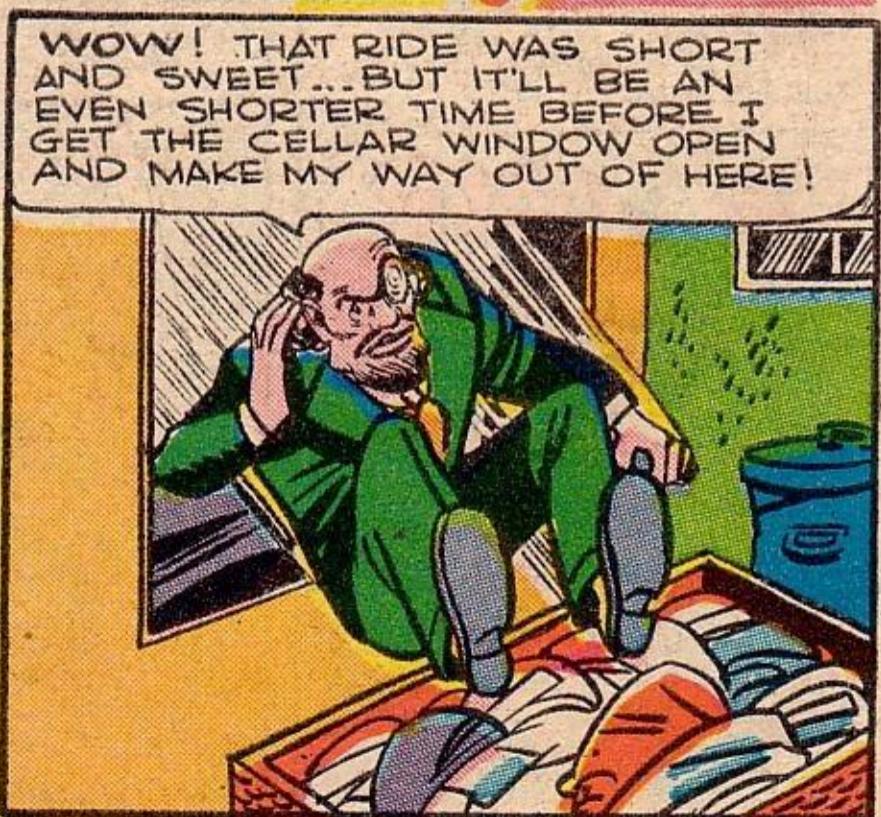
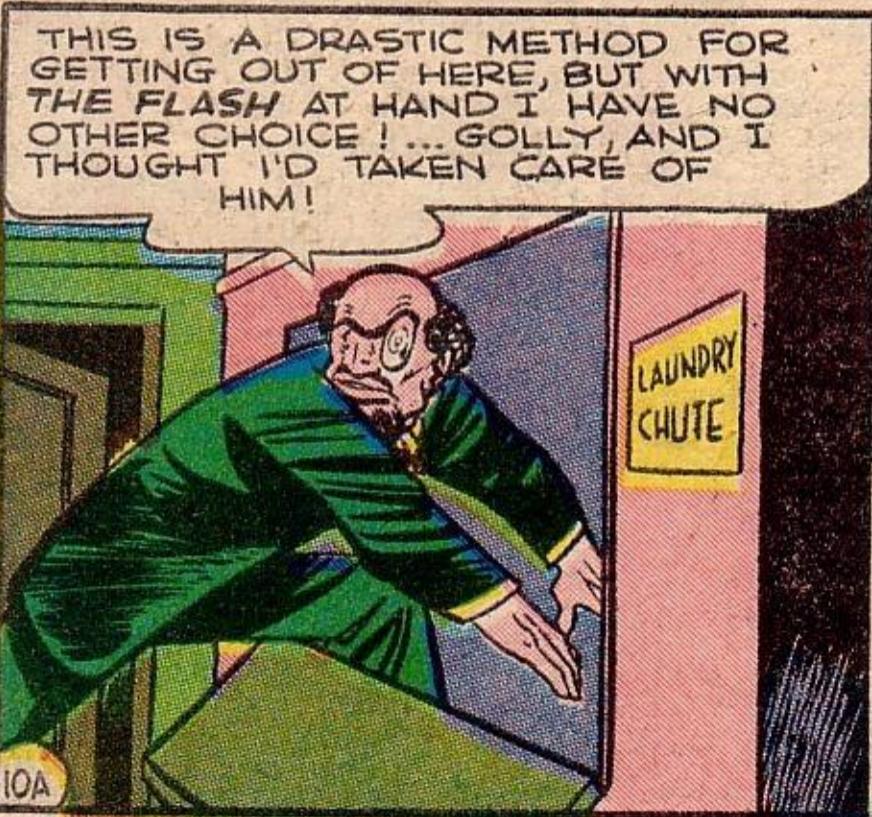
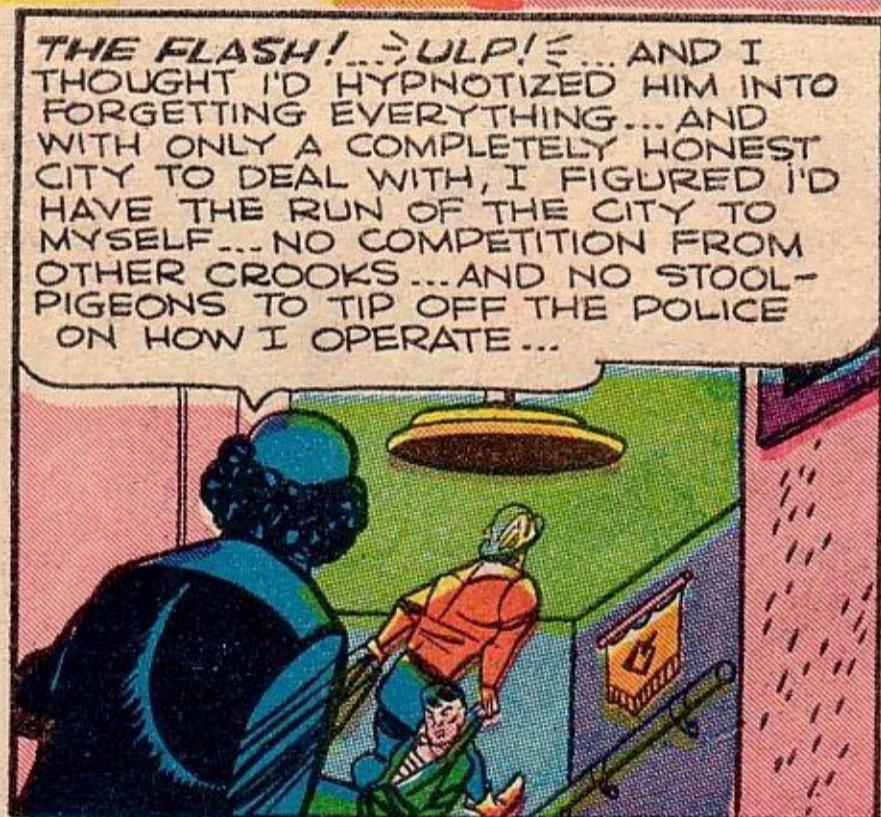
YEAH!  
I JUST CAN'T WAIT!

HE SURE DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S IN FOR!

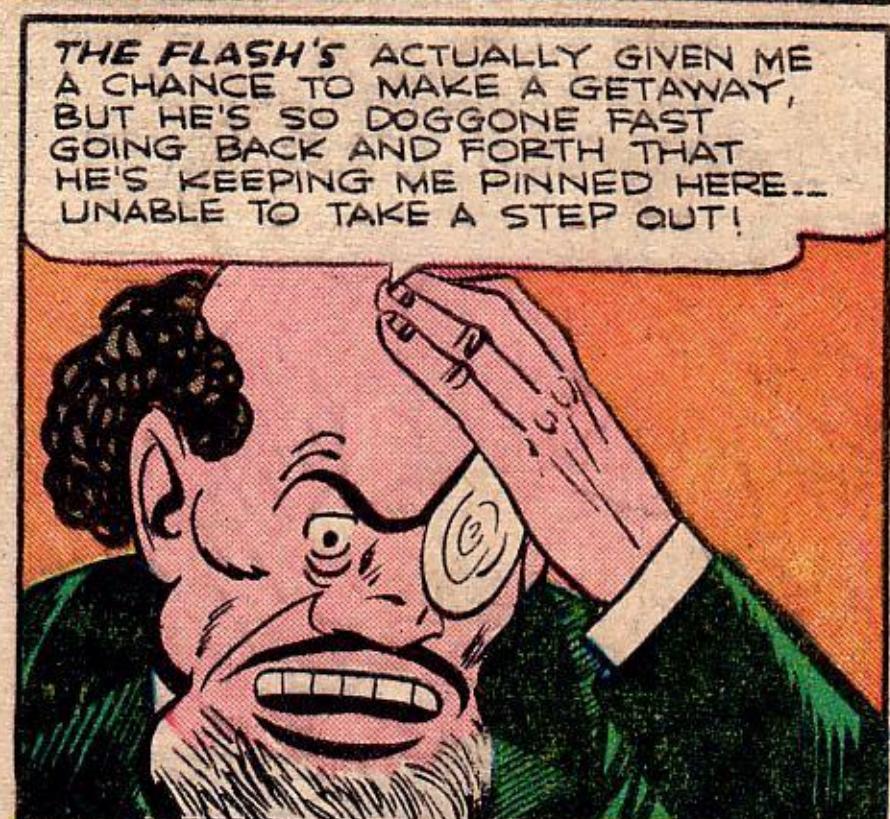
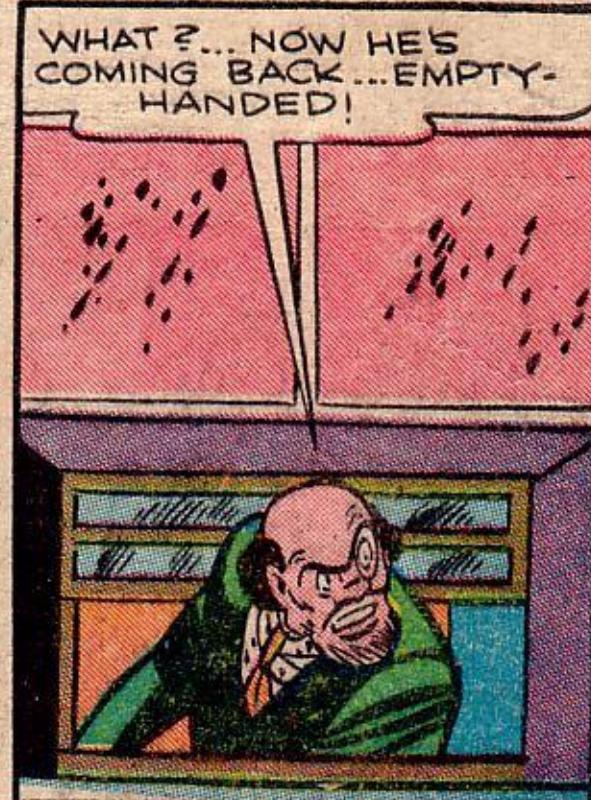
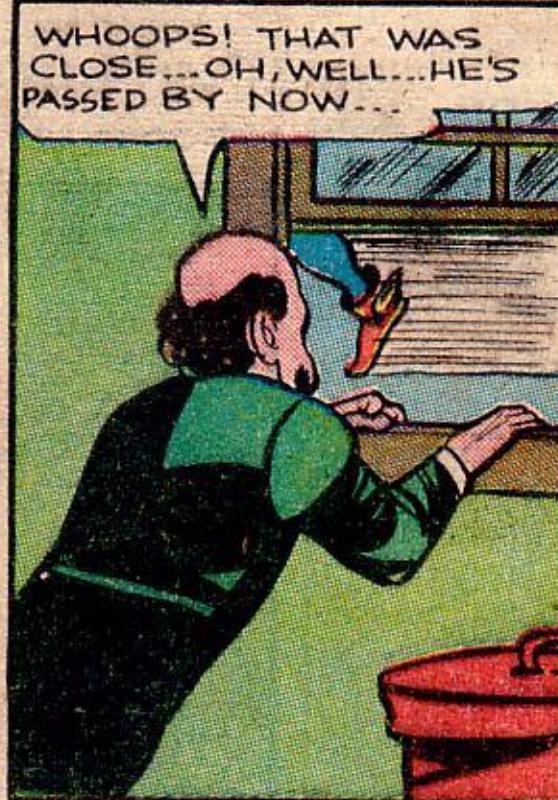
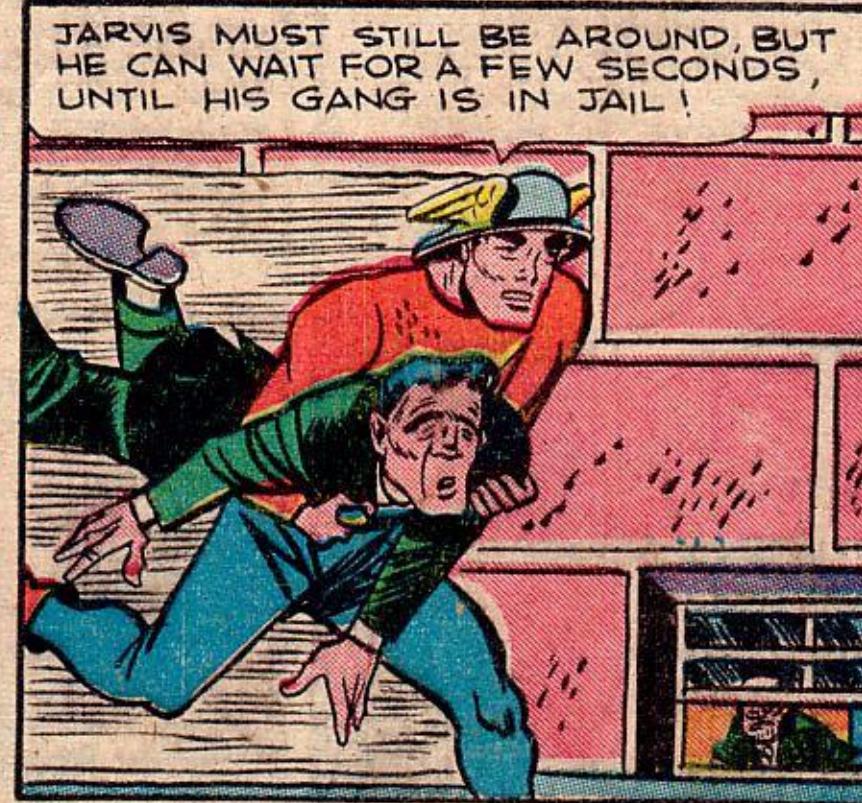




## All-Flash Comics



MEANWHILE....



## All-Flash Comics

EXCEPT FOR JARVIS HIMSELF, THIS IS THE LAST OF HIS GANG... I STILL HAVE TO HUNT FOR HIM!

THAT'S SWELL, FLASH... BUT..ER..THERE'S ONE THING....



WE HAVE NO PROOF THAT JARVIS AND HIS MEN ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE ROBBERIES... NO WITNESSES AT ALL... EVEN YOU, FLASH... YOU PICKED THEM UP IN A PRIVATE HOUSE!

THAT'S RIGHT, BUT I KNOW HE'S GUILTY!



PROOF IS SOMETHING I'LL NEED... BECAUSE NO MATTER WHAT I FEEL OR AM SURE OF... THIS IS STILL A DEMOCRACY AND-- A PERSON IS CONSIDERED INNOCENT TILL PROVED GUILTY!

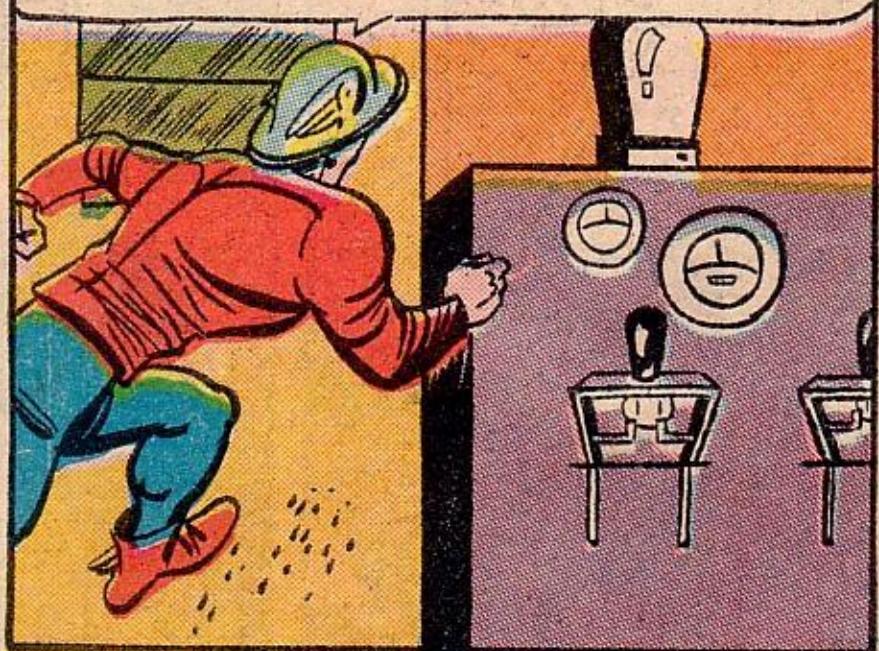


BACK AT THE JARVIS MANSION....

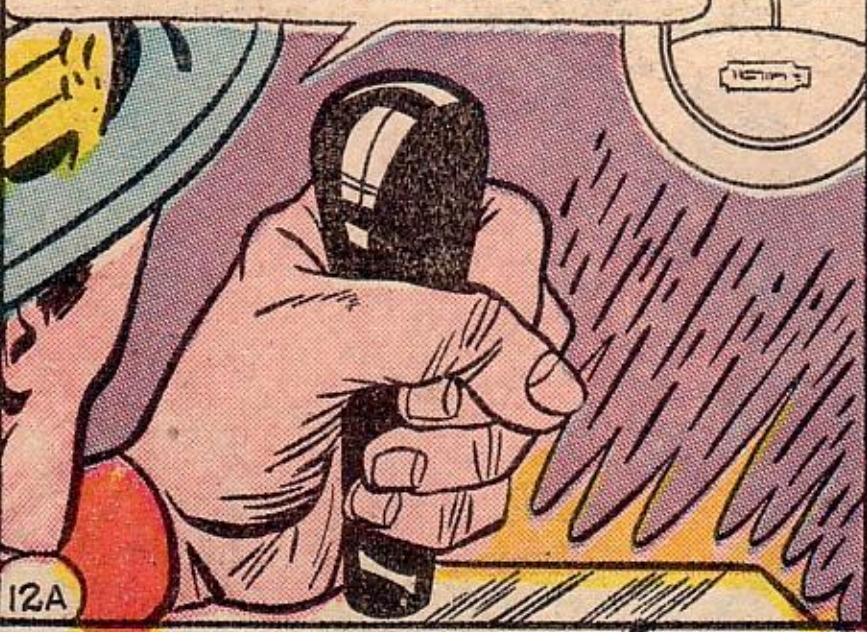
I HAVE TO KNOW WHERE THE FLASH IS... MY BEST POINT OF VANTAGE IS THE ROOF!



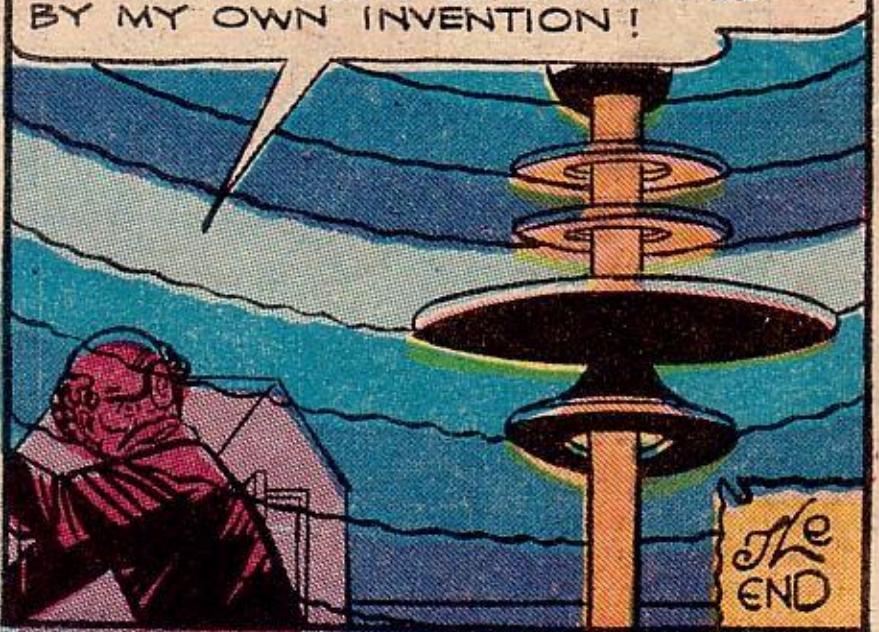
I DON'T KNOW WHERE JARVIS IS, BUT IF HE'S ANYWHERE IN THE CITY, I KNOW A WAY TO TAKE HIM PRISONER AND GET THAT PROOF OF HIS GUILT!



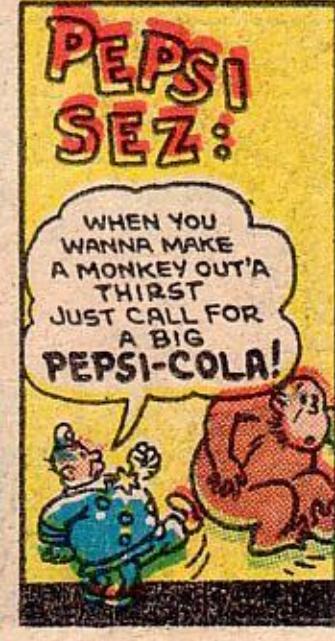
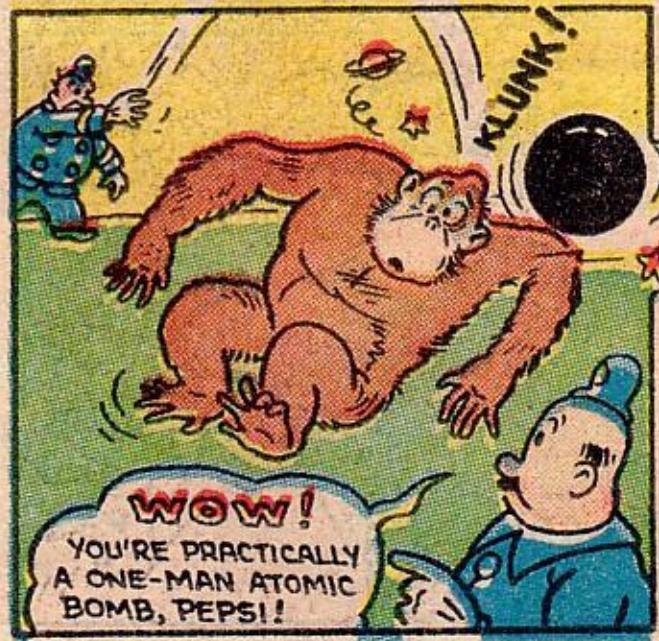
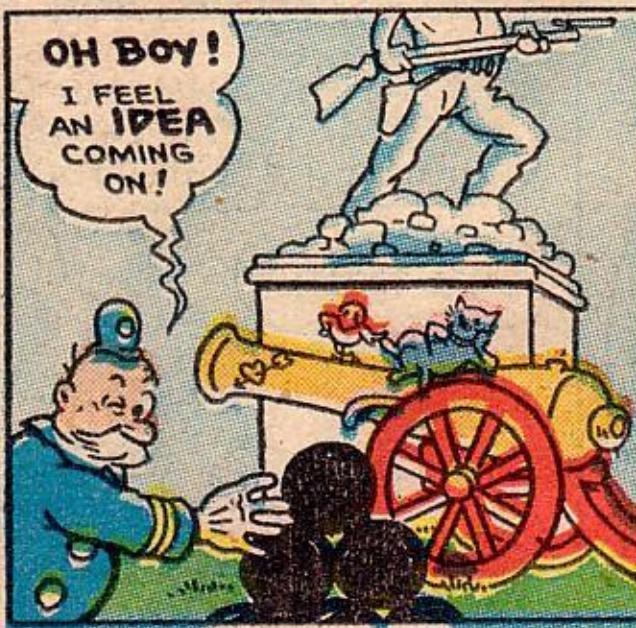
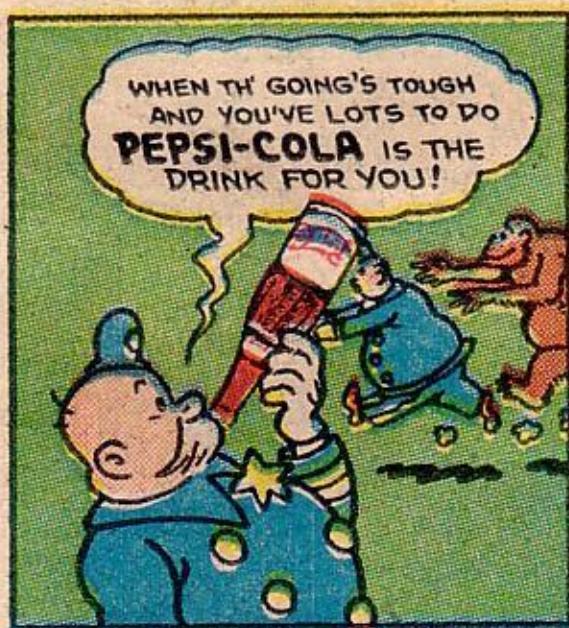
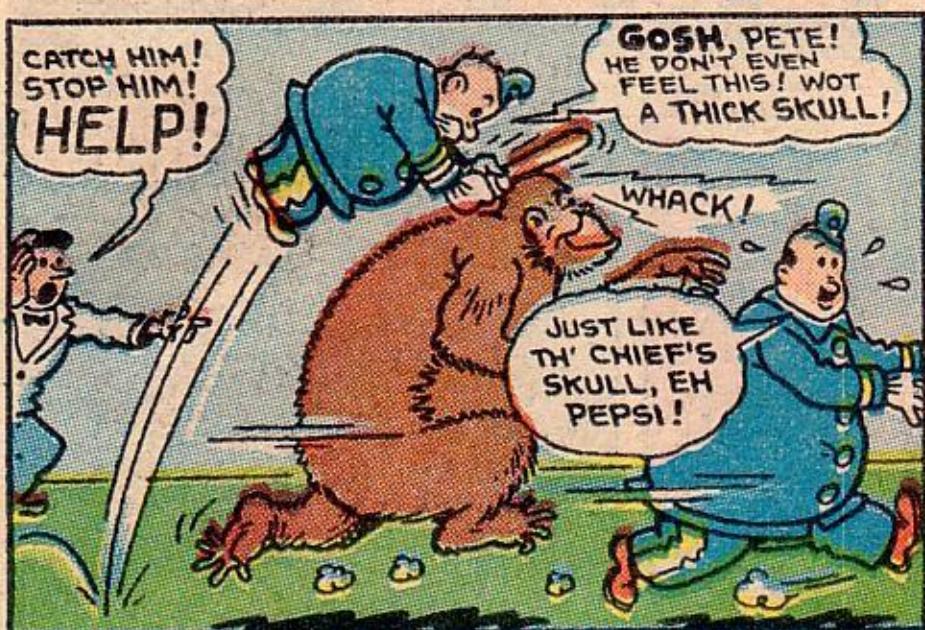
NO MATTER WHERE HE IS... HIS OWN RAY WILL MAKE HIM HONEST!! THE PROTECTING PLATES THAT KEEP THE RAY FROM AFFECTING HIM ARE ALL IN MY POSSESSION...



OHHH!... THE RAY! SOMEONE'S TURNED IT ON... AND NOW... NOW I'M HONEST, TOO... MY CONSCIENCE WILL MAKE ME CONFESS... MAKE ME GIVE MYSELF UP... TRAPPED BY MY OWN INVENTION!



"PEPSI" . . .  
 THE  
 PEPSI-COLA  
 CO.



Copyright 1946, Pepsi-Cola Company

A SHOCKING DRAMA OF TODAY  
THE DOCTOR'S DIAGNOSIS  
THE PATIENT.... FAT THE PHYSICIAN... SLAT



# LOOK! TWO NEW SERIES

OF THRILLING  
HOT-IRON TRANSFERS



WILD ANIMALS  
IN ACTION!

DOGS!

One as a **PRIZE** in every package  
of Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT!

HEY kids! Here are thrills galore! Exciting new hot-iron transfers! Think of the fun you'll have, showing the rest of the kids these swell prizes!

Cover your sport shirt or jacket with transfers of charging elephants, skulking tigers, springing lions—with pictures of popular breeds of dogs! The pictures transfer clean and sharp. They're long-lasting; will stand laundering.

#### Get 'Em As Prizes!

You don't have to send in a thing to get these keen transfers!

There's one in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat. And watch your family go through a package of this delicious breakfast cereal! It won't take long to get a full collection of these great new hot-iron transfers!

Kellogg's Shredded Wheat is a swell food for energy. Helps build strong bodies. Tell Mom that those crisp, crunchy biscuits are as good for you as they are to eat. Ask her to buy Kellogg's Shredded Wheat next time she shops. Start collecting these two new series of thrilling hot-iron transfers right away!



NOTE: All transfers are much larger than shown on this page. Actual trim size is 2 3/4" by 6 1/4"

NOTHING TO MAIL OR  
SEND IN! GET ONE AS A  
**PRIZE**  
IN EVERY  
PACKAGE!

*Kellogg's*  
**SHREDDED**  
**WHEAT**



Start Collecting Now!

Trade Duplicates With The Other Kids!

YIPPEE, PARDNER ! GRAB YOURSELF A HORSE AND HIT THE TRAIL WITH AS ROOTIN', TOOTIN' A TRIO OF COWBOYS AS EVER FELL OUT OF A SADDLE ! OUT HERE IN THE COW COUNTRY, WHERE MEN ARE MEN AND THE DIMWITS ARE STILL DOPES, THE WEST RELIVES ITS FLAMING PAST, WITH THE HELP OF WINKY, BLINKY AND NODDY....

THEN, STREAKING IN LIKE THE BOLT OF UNCHAINED LIGHTNING HE IS, THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER HANDS A RIGHT CROSS TO A PASSEL OF HOMBRES WHO TRY TO DOUBLE-CROSS...

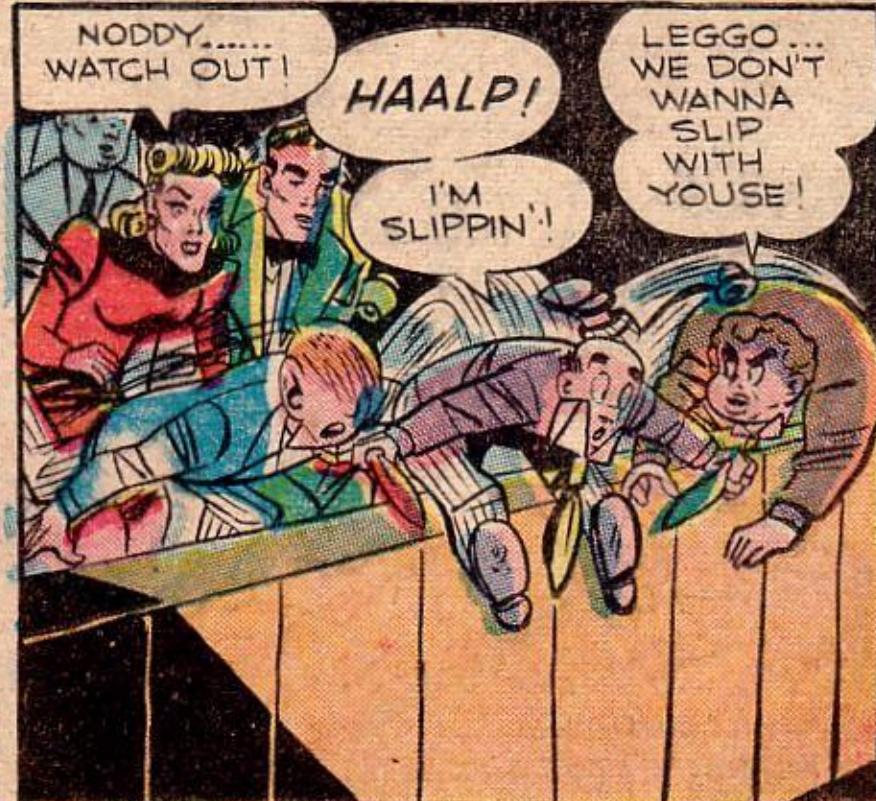
"THE BAD MEN OF BAR NOTHING!"

# The Flash!

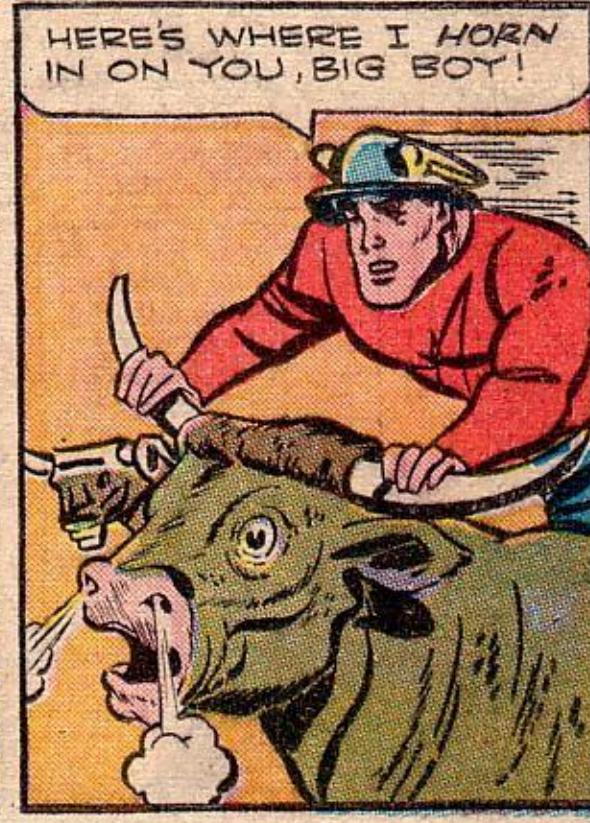
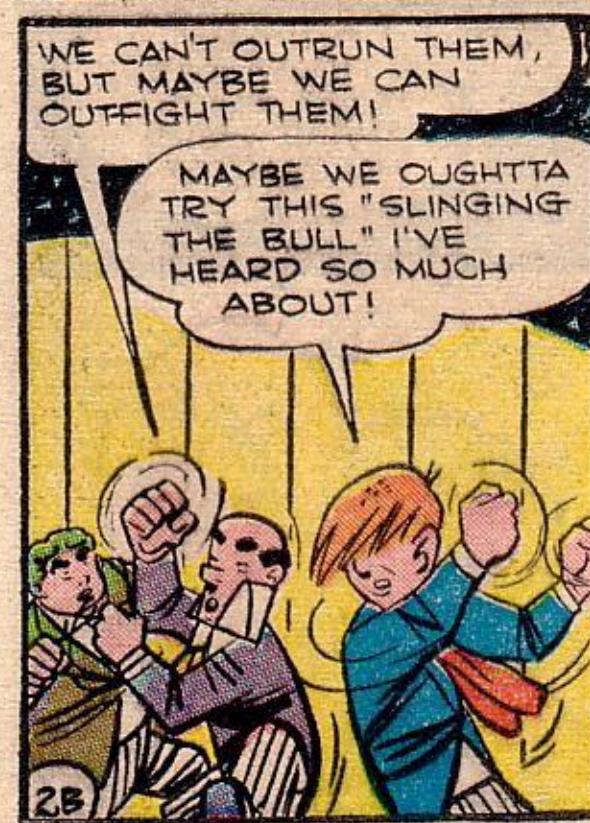
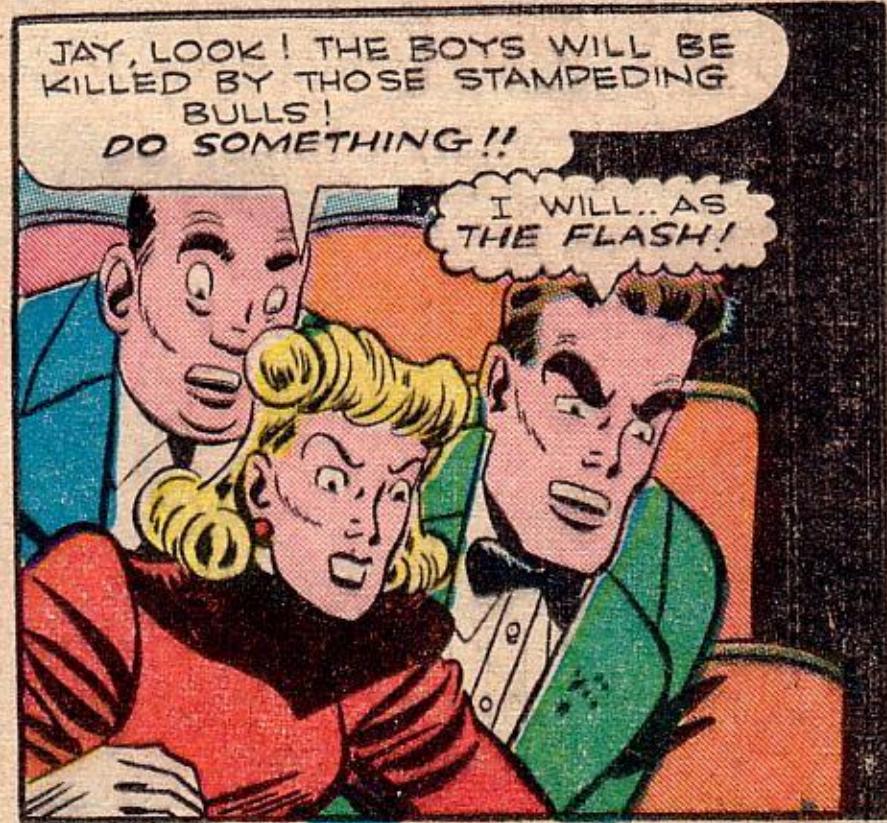
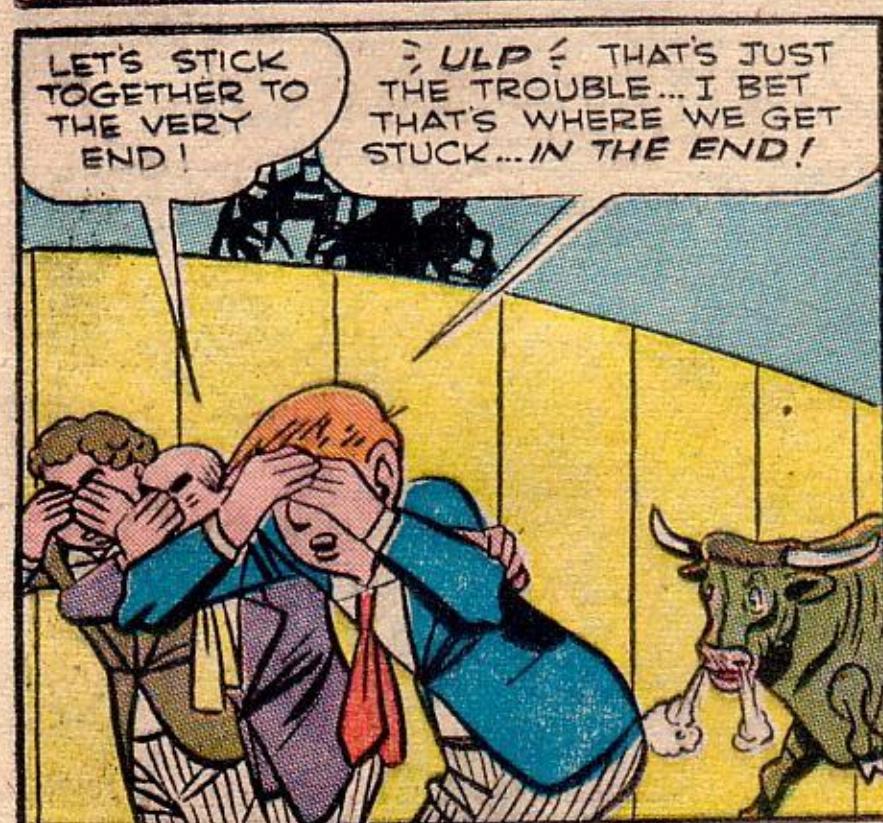
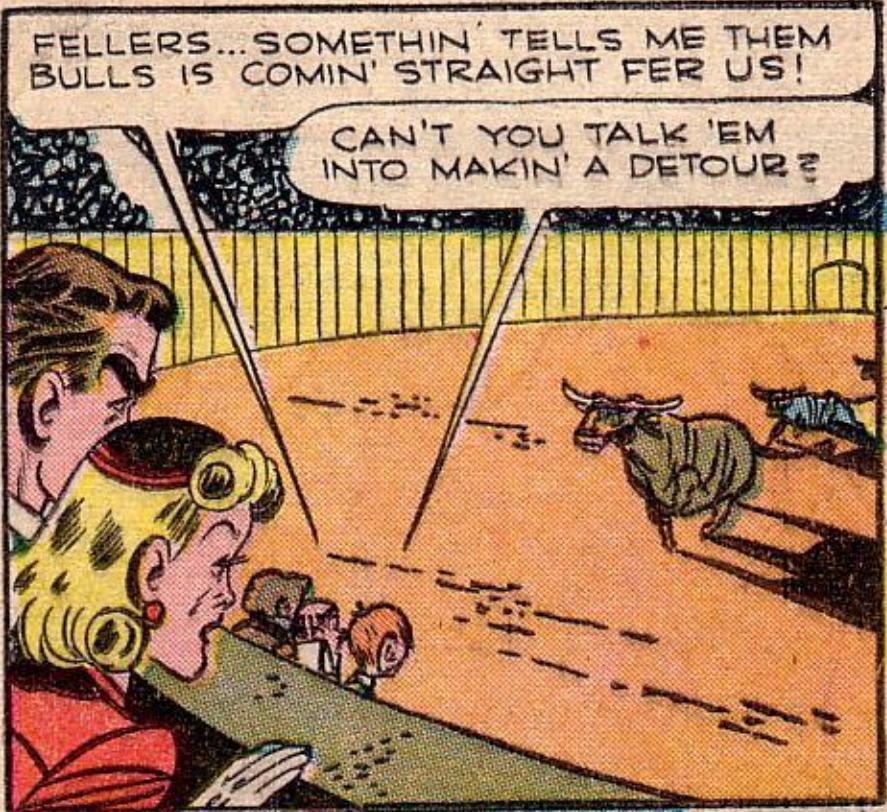
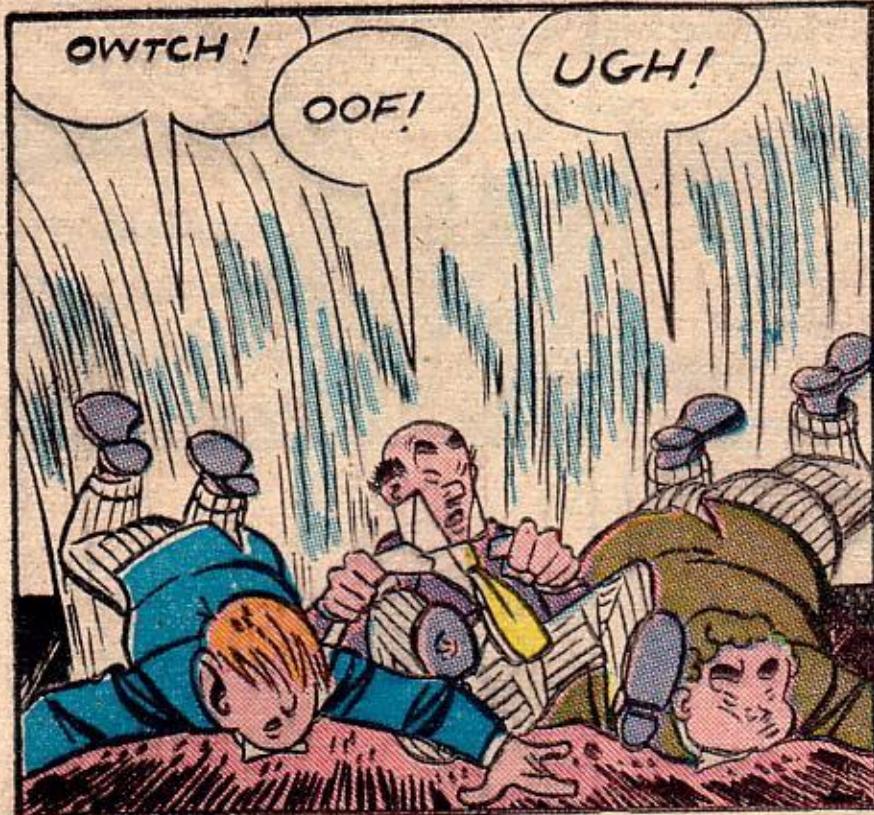
FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!



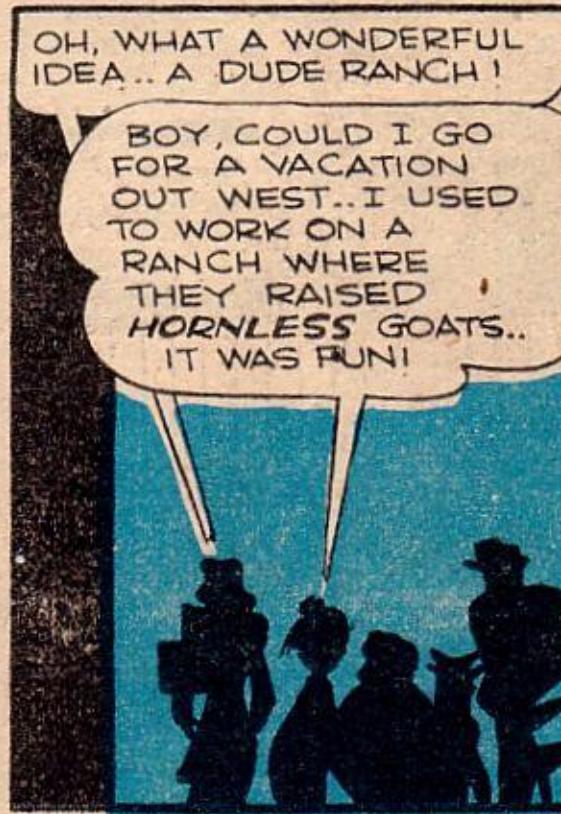
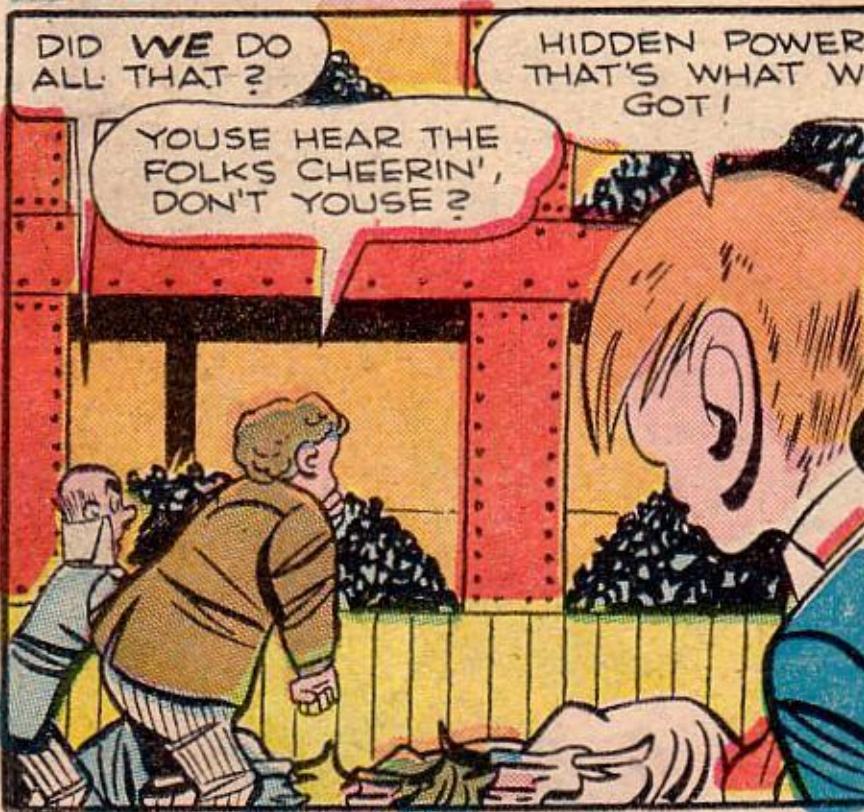
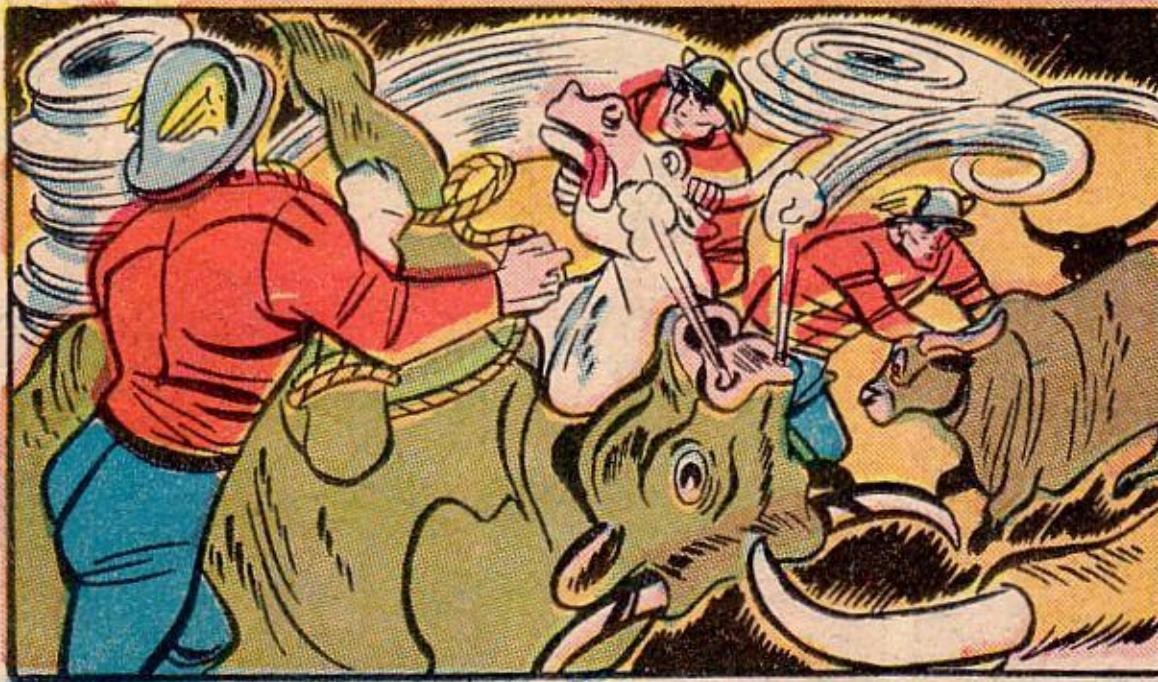
THREE RABID RODEO FANS ATTEND THE ANNUAL MEET IN MADISON ROUND GARDEN...



## All-Flash Comics



MOVING WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE RAPIDITY, THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE MOVES FROM STEER TO STEER, PERFORMING MIRACLES OF ULTRA-SPEED.....



# All-Flash Comics



AND SO, SIX DAYS LATER....

SINCE WE'RE TREATING THE BOYS TO A TWO WEEK VACATION ON THAT RANCH, THE LEAST THEY COULD DO IS CATCH THE TRAIN ON TIME!

THEY'LL BE HERE... I'M SURE OF IT!



WHW! YOU ALMOST MISSED IT, BOYS!

THAT'S BECAUSE WE DROVE DOWN HERE IN A TAXI AND THE FARE WAS SEVENTY CENTS...



WHAT HAS THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?

THE DRIVER DIDN'T HAVE CHANGE FOR OUR DOLLAR, SO WE KEPT RIDIN' AROUND TILL THE FARE WAS A DOLLAR!



THUNDERING WHEELS BEAT A TATTOO OF TRAVEL INTO THE EARDRUMS OF OUR SLEEPY TRAVELLERS WHO KEEP POUNDING THE PILLOWS ALL NIGHT...

WHAT A NOISY TRAIN!

I CAN'T SLEEP!

THIS PILLOW'S LIKE A ROCK!

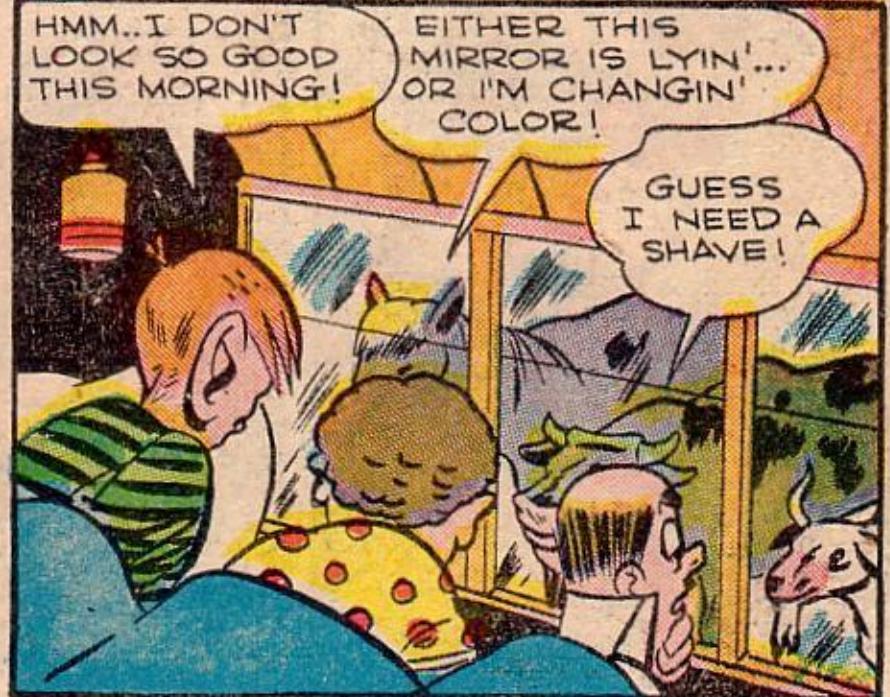


CAME DAWN... AND THREE BLEARY FACES PEER AT LOVELY WYOMING...

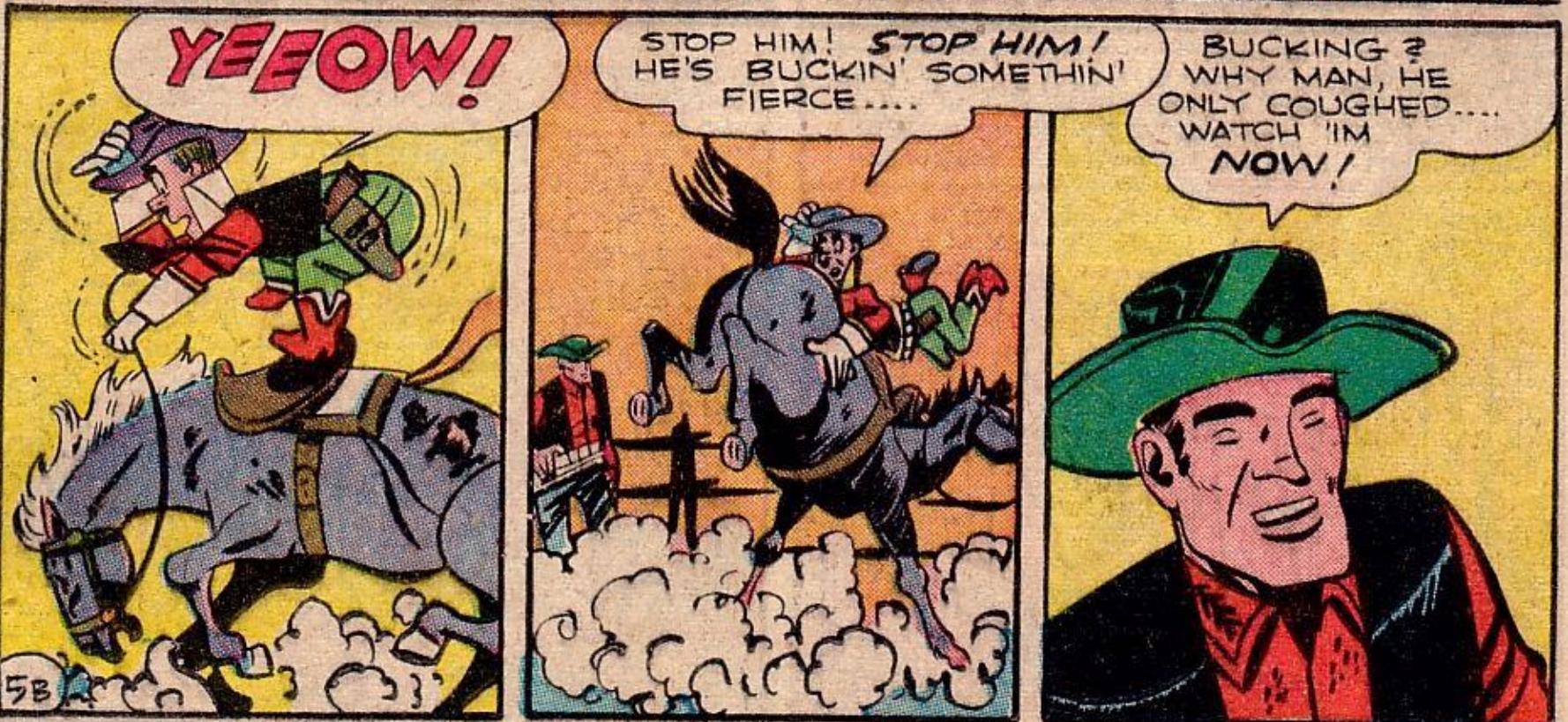
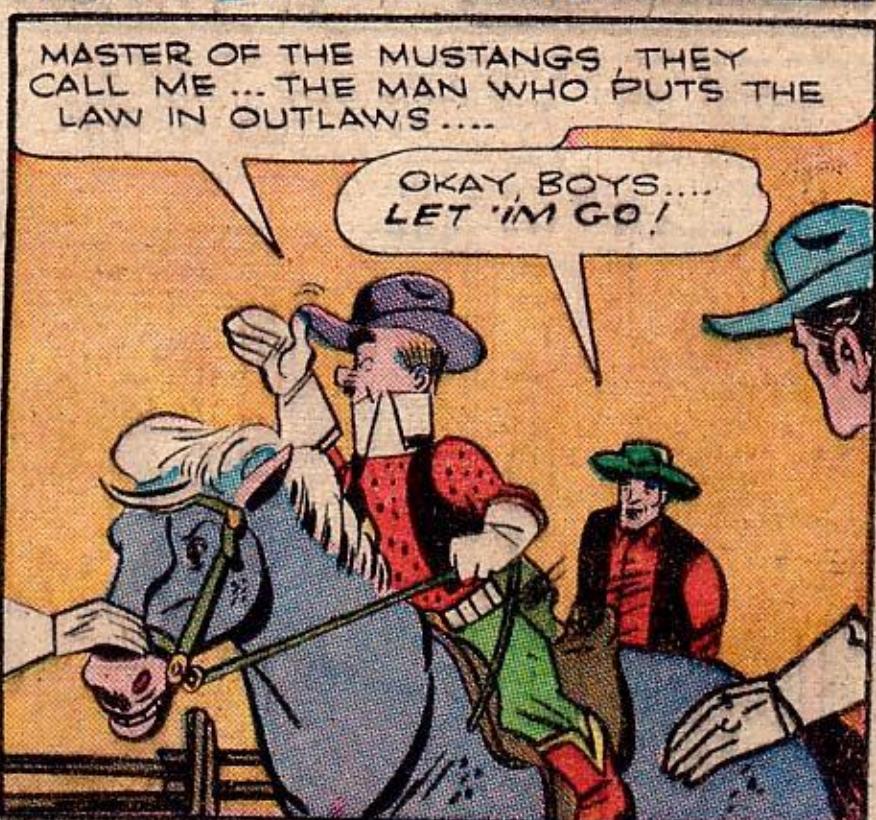
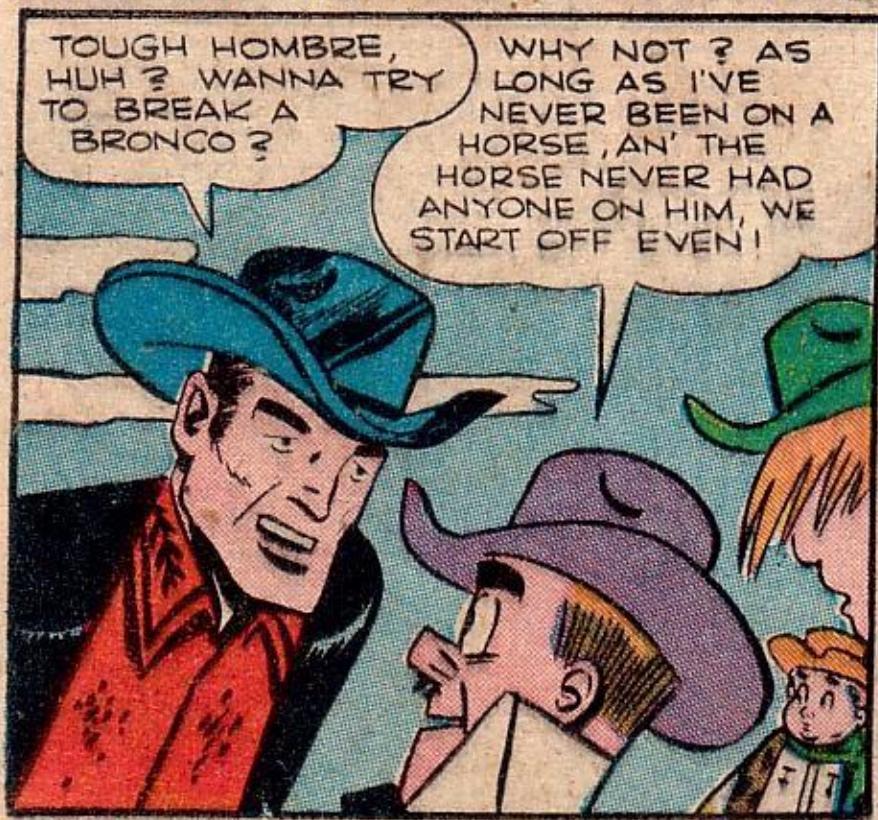
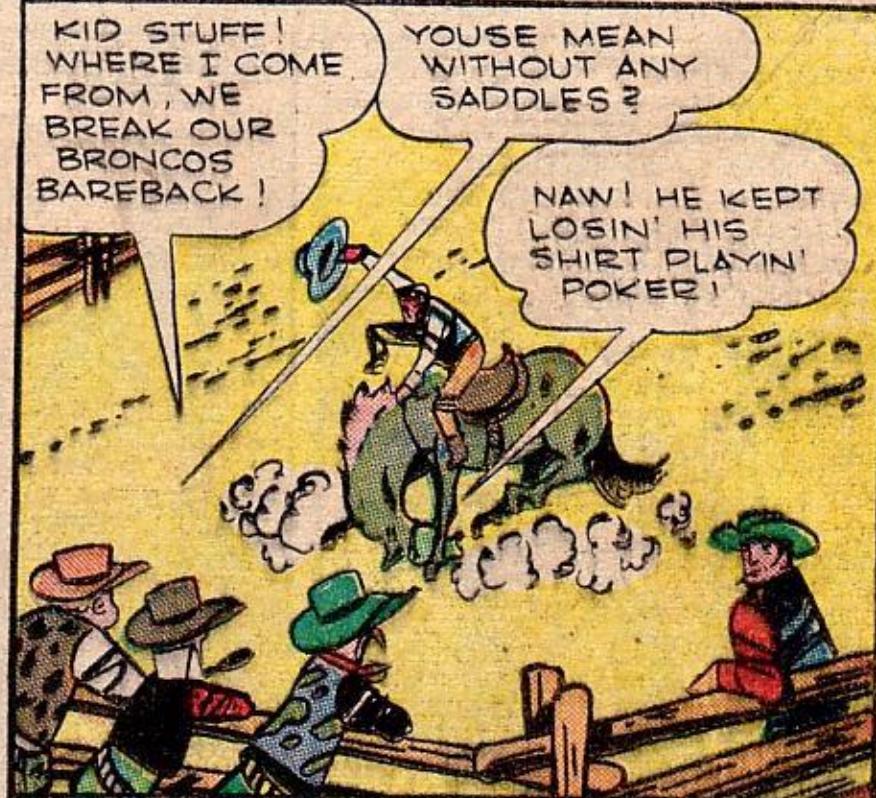
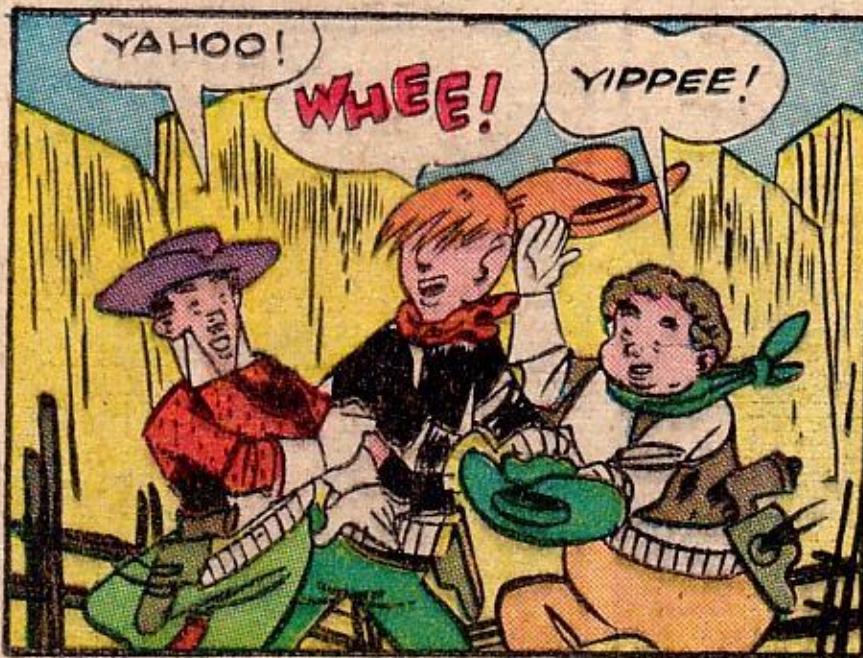
HMM.. I DON'T LOOK SO GOOD THIS MORNING!

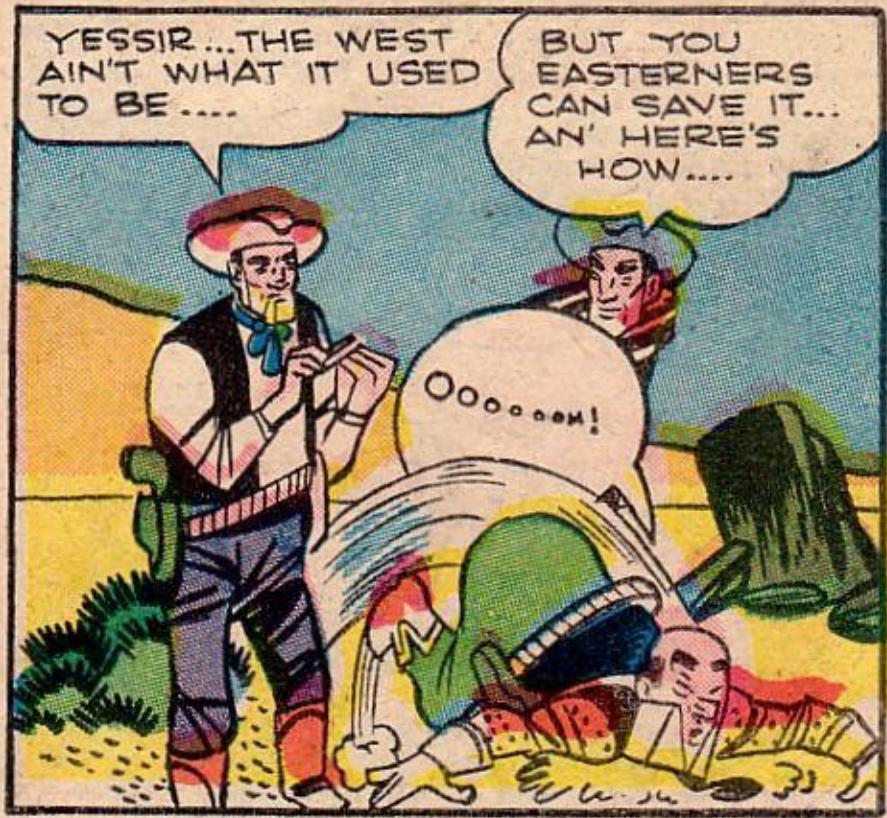
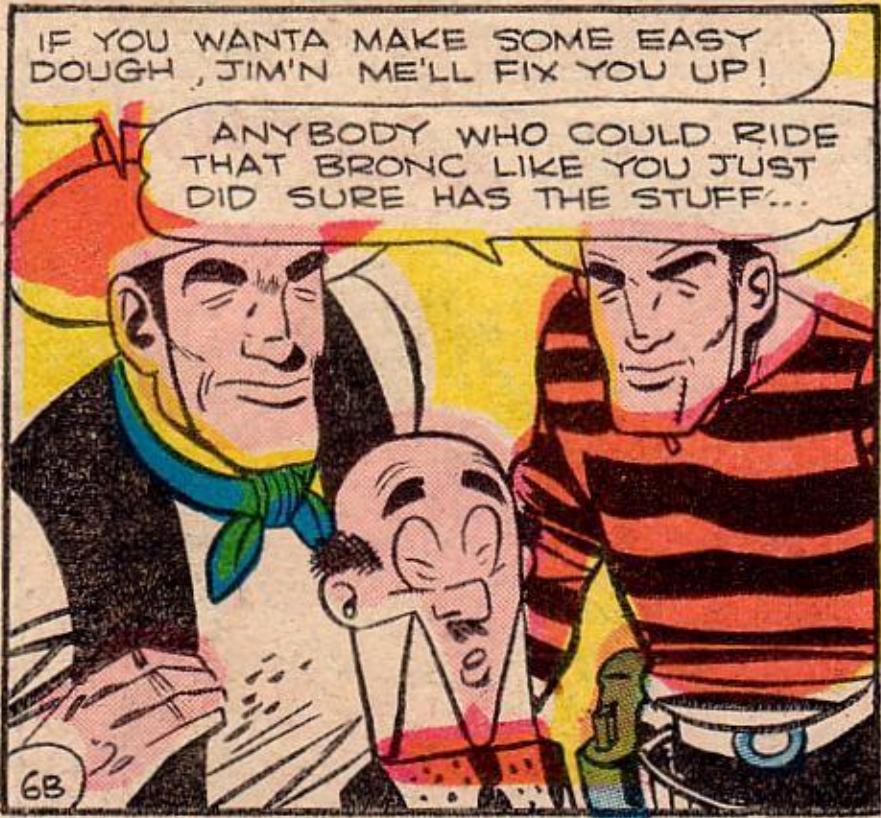
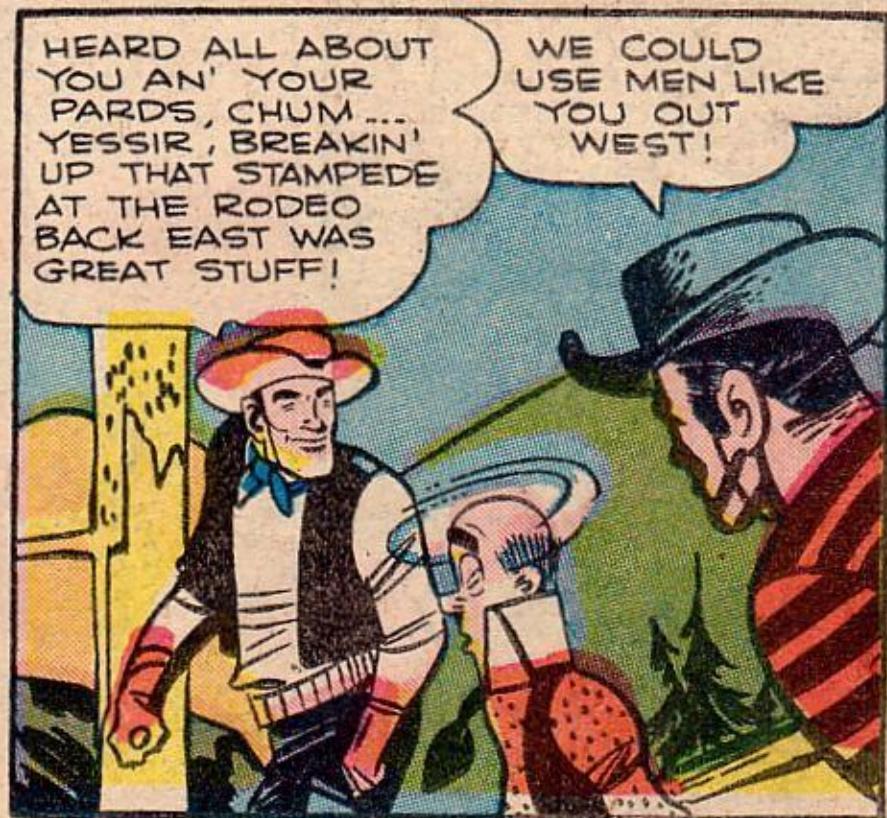
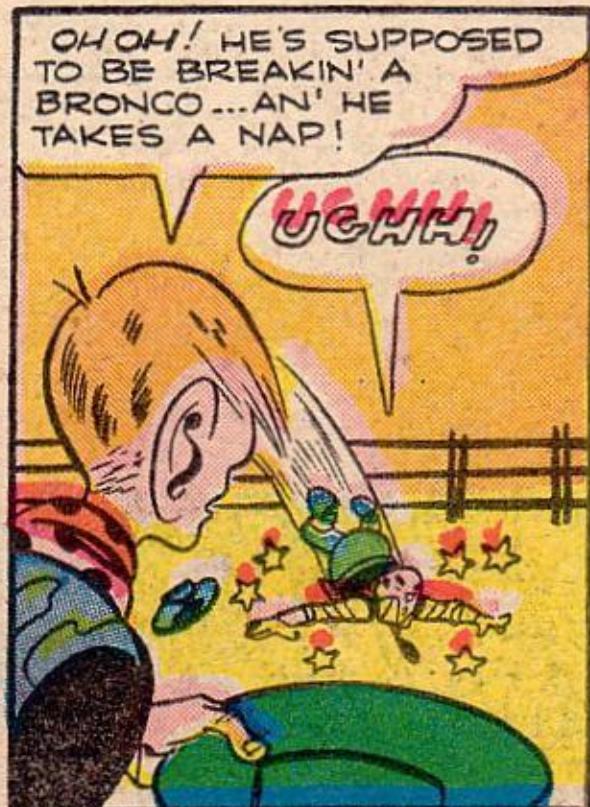
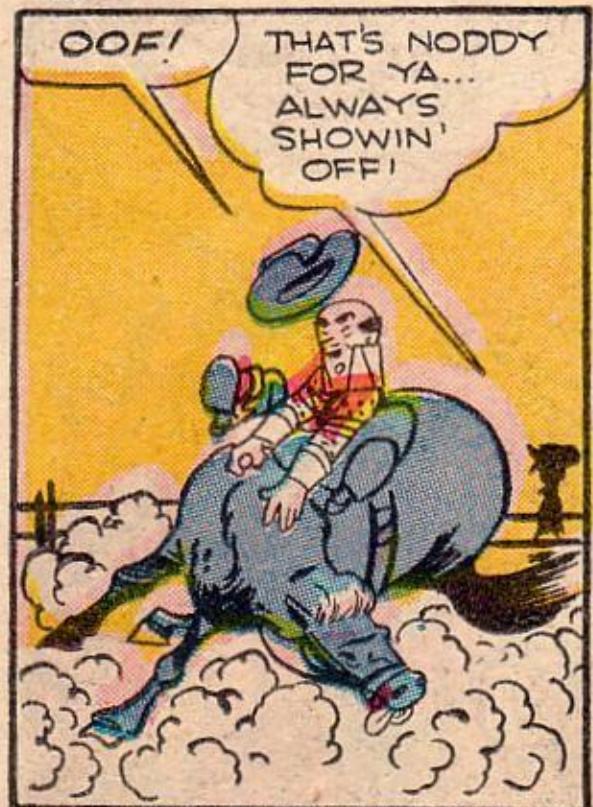
EITHER THIS MIRROR IS LYIN'... OR I'M CHANGIN' COLOR!

GUESS I NEED A SHAVE!



LATER.. AT THE BAR NOTHING RANCH... WE MEET THOSE ROOTIN', TOOTIN', SHOOTIN' COWBOYS.. WINKY BLINKY AND NODDY....

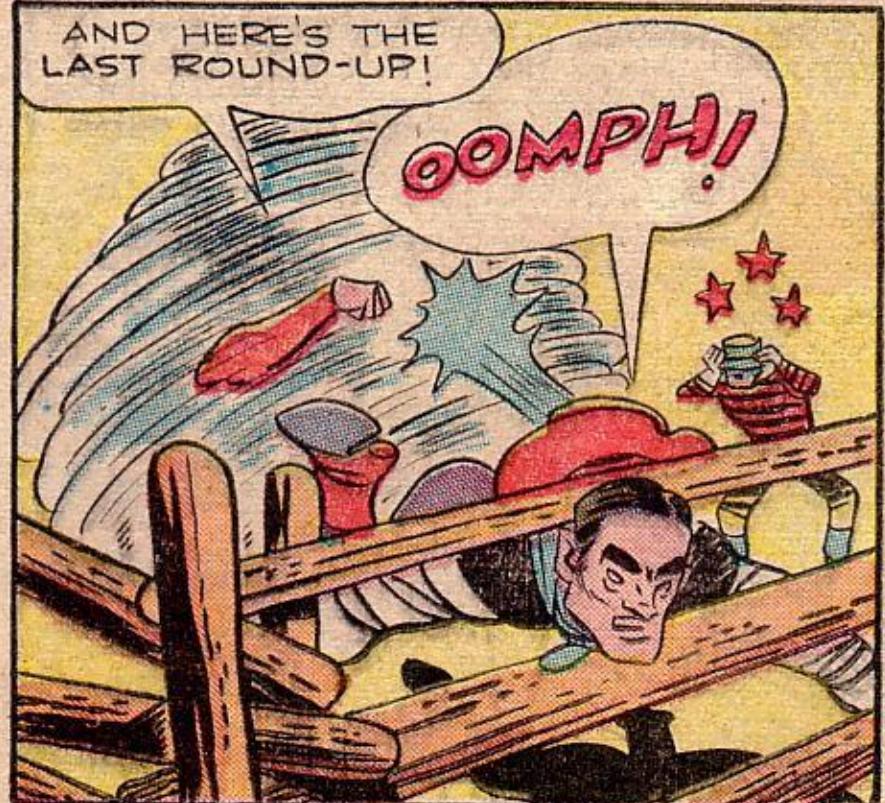
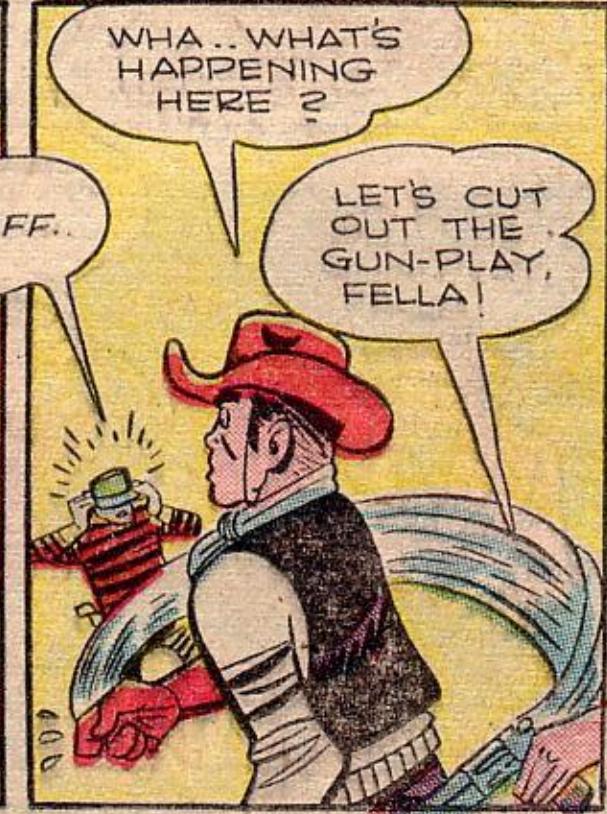
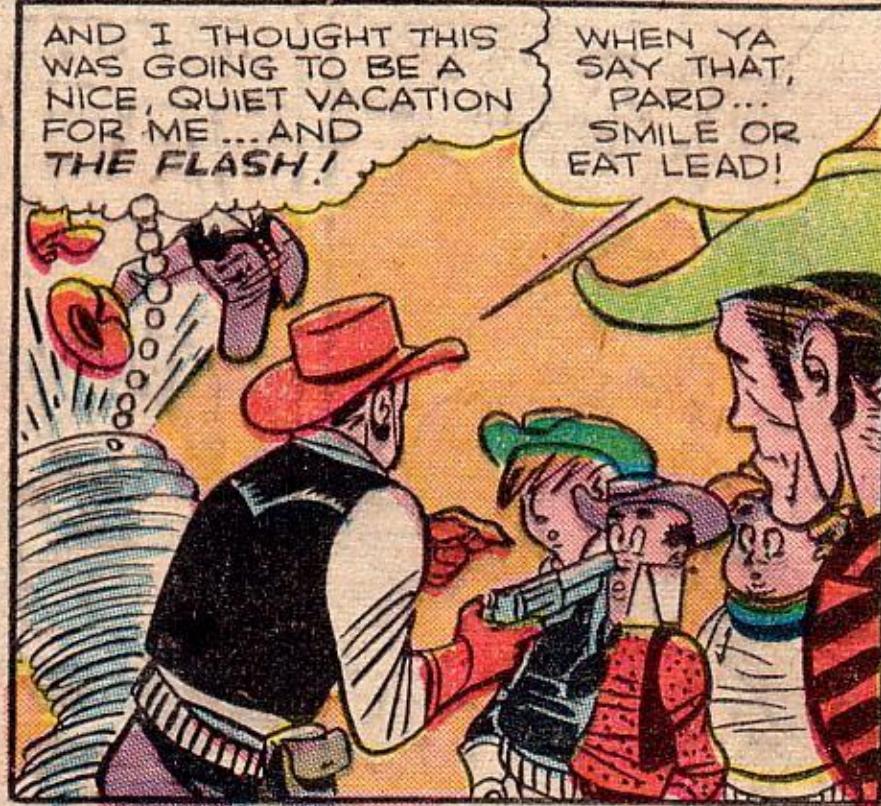
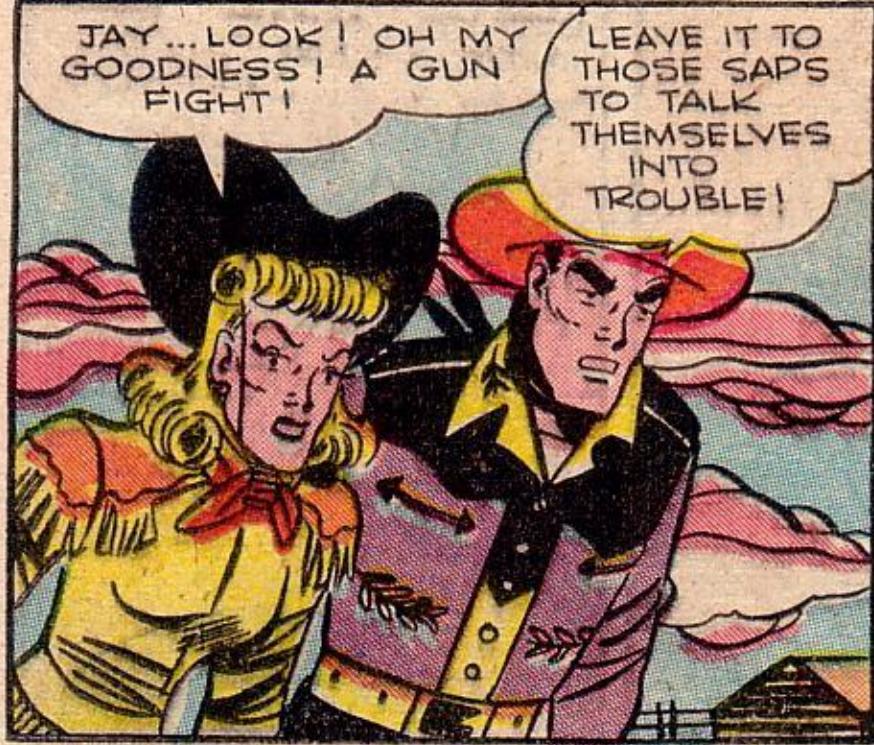




# All-Flash Comics



A FEW MINUTES LATER...



## All-Flash Comics

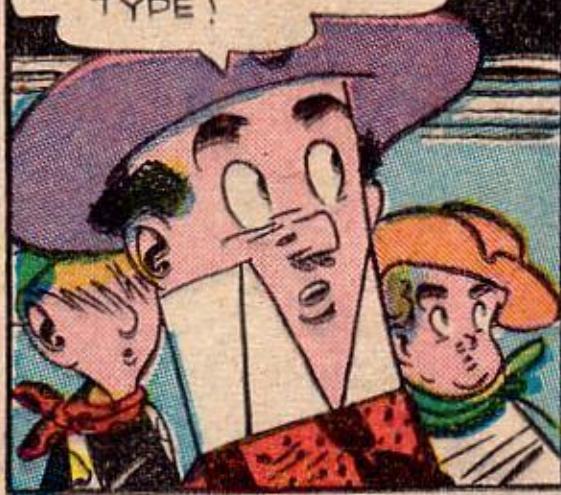
FLASH, YOUSE HAS MADE A MISTAKE... THEM GUYS WAS JUST SHOWIN' US HOW TO ACT TOUGH!

SURE... FOR THE FOUNDER'S DAY PAGEANT!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

EVERY YEAR THEY HOLD A BIG PAGEANT OUT HERE WHEN GUYS DRESS UP LIKE THE OLD-TIMERS... THEY WANT US TO IMPERSONATE THREE FAMOUS OLD-TIME BANDITS... THEY SAY WE'RE JUST THE TYPE!

SOMETHING IS FISHY AROUND HERE... NOBODY IN THEIR RIGHT MINDS COULD EVER TYPE THOSE NITWITS AS BAD MEN... I'LL HAVE TO KEEP MY EYES ON THEM...



MEANWHILE...

THOSE THREE GUYS WERE FIGHTIN' FOOLS!

THEY DIDN'T KNOW THEIR OWN STRENGTH!

THAT'S FUNNY... THEY SURE DIDN'T LOOK IT!



THIS CHANGES THINGS... I WAS GONNA LET 'EM DO OUR DIRTY WORK ALONE... BUT NOW WE'LL LET 'EM DO IT, THEN STEP IN BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO DOUBLE-CROSS US!



THERE'S GONNA BE A LOT OF DOUGH FLOATIN' AROUND IN THAT PAGEANT!

AN' DON'T FORGET THAT SPECIAL GOLD SHIPMENT BEIN' SENT IN!

OKAY, BOYS... YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

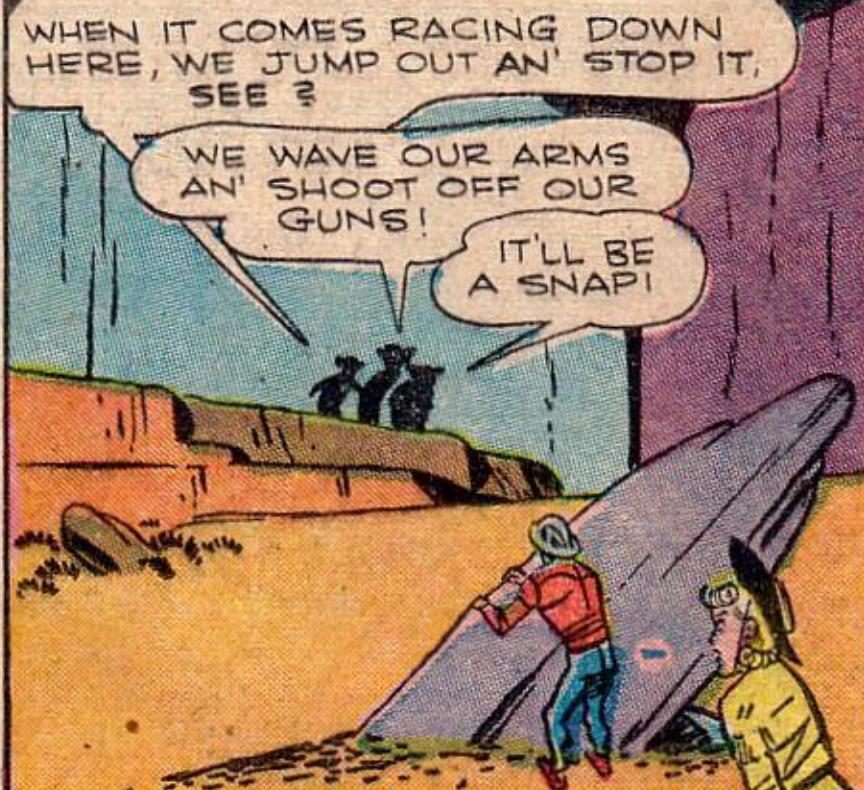


AND OUT ON THE OPEN RANGE, WINKY, BLINKY AND NODDY ARE PLANNING THEIR "JOB"....

WHEN IT COMES RACING DOWN HERE, WE JUMP OUT AN' STOP IT, SEE?

WE WAVE OUR ARMS AN' SHOOT OFF OUR GUNS!

IT'LL BE A SNAP!



# All-Flash Comics

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION DC

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION DC

OBVIOUSLY THE BOYS ARE GOING TO HOLD UP THE STAGECOACH... BUT IS IT PART OF THE PAGEANT?

WE KNOW THEY AREN'T CROOKS, FLASH!

WE KNOW THEY ARE HONEST, BUT I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT SOME OF THE OTHER CHARACTERS AROUND HERE... I'M STILL KEEPIN' BOTH EYES ON THEM!

THE DAY OF THE PAGEANT FINDS WINKY, BLINKY AND NODDY SET FOR ACTION....

HERE COMES THE STAGECOACH NOW!

I'M ALL SET TO HOLD IT UP... BOY, DO I FEEL TOUGH!

ME, TOO!

GET 'EM UP... WE'RE COACHING THE KIDNAPPERS... NO, WE'RE COACHNAPPING THE KIDS... WE'RE KIDNAPPING THE COACH!

YEAH!

YOU KNOW THIS IS A FEDERAL OFFENSE!... YOU COULD GO TO JAIL FOR THIS!

TO... TO JAIL?

I JUST REMEMBERED AN IMPORTANT DATE I GOT....

SO LONG!

HEY! HOLD ON... I WAS JUST PLAY-ACTING! IT'S ALL PART OF THE SHOW!

YOUSE HAD US WORRIED FOR A MINUTE... WE DON'T WANNA GET IN NO TROUBLE!

SURE... IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE JUST IN FUN FOR THE PAGEANT....

THAT'S WHAT IT IS... STOP WORRYING!

## All-Flash Comics

ON THE TRAIL AHEAD....

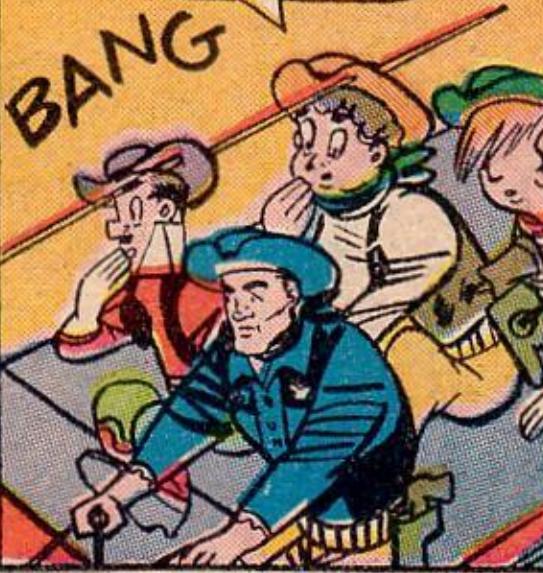
THE COACH'LL BE ALONG ANY MINUTE NOW... DON'T FORGET... PRETEND THAT YOU'RE ALSO PART OF THE SHOW... BUT GET THAT GOLD!

RIGHT... THEN IF ANYONE ACCUSES US... WE ACCUSE THEM DOPES!



HEY! SOMEBODY'S GOT THE WRONG PAGEANT!

WHAT A TIME TO MAKE A MISTAKE!



THIS ISN'T IN THE PAGEANT... WHAT'S THE IDEA?

KEEP YER ARMS UP AN' NOBODY'LL GET HURT... WE JUST WANNA SEE A HOLDUP IN REAL STYLE!

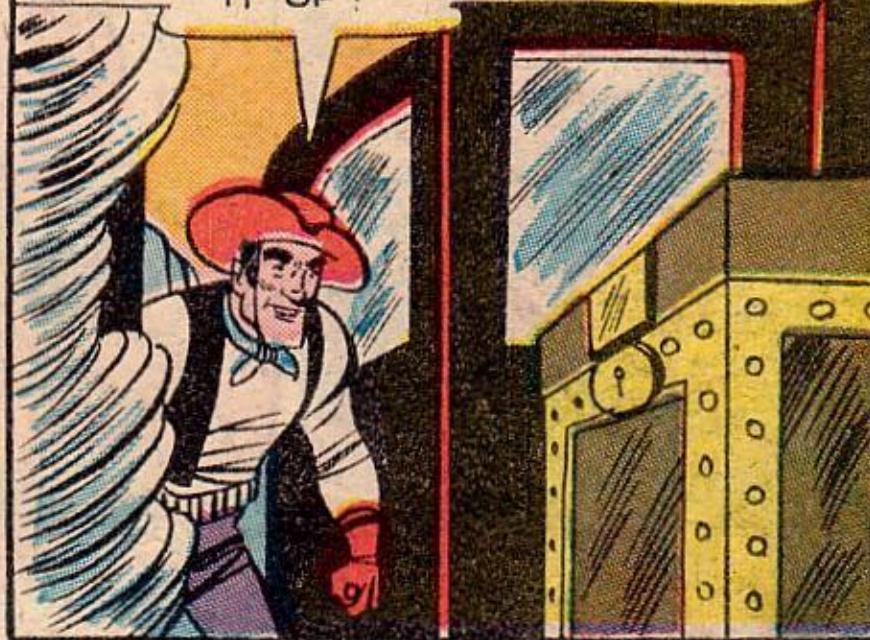


I'M GONNA RIDE BACK IN HERE, SEE? WE AIN'T STEALIN' NOTHIN', SO DON'T GET EXCITED!

OH? GUESS I'D BETTER STICK AROUND, SIGHT UNSEEN... THIS SHOULD BE GOOD!



WITH NOBODY WATCHIN' ME BACK HERE, IT'LL BE A CINCH TO TOSS THE GOLD TRUNK OUT OF THE COACH, WHERE JARVIS CAN PICK IT UP!

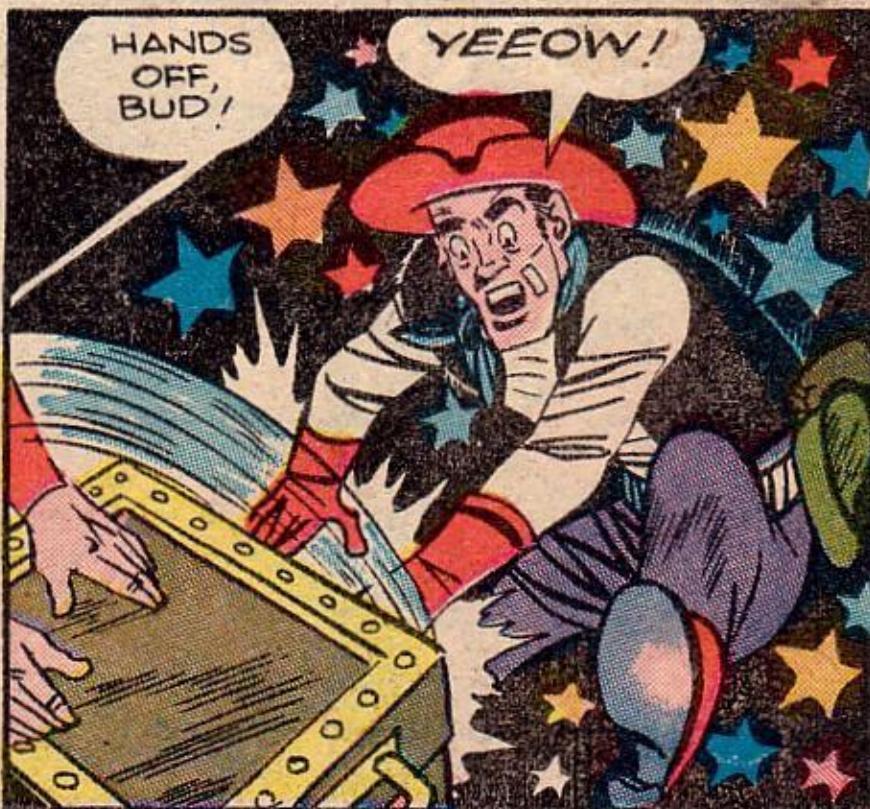


I'M DYIN' TO TAKE A QUICK LOOK AT THE STUFF... WOW! WHAT A WONDERFUL SIGHT... MAYBE I COULD SNITCH ONE OR TWO OF THEM GOLD BARS FOR MYSELF!



HANDS OFF, BUD!

YEEOW!



# All-Flash Comics



ON THE DRIVER'S SEAT....

LEAVE IT TO US, BOSS...THE JOB'LL GO OFF JUST AS YOU PLANNED!

ARE YOUSE BY ANY CHANCE REFERRING TO ME?

SAY, WHAT IS THIS?

GET A LOAD OF THEM GUYS...THE SMARTEST HOLDUP MEN IN THE COUNTRY...AND SO MODEST!

AND I THOUGHT IT WAS PART OF THE PAGEANT!

SO DID WE!

THAT'S FUNNY! I'D A SWORN I DIDN'T LET GO OF THAT TRUNK LID...WELL, THERE'S STILL TIME FOR ME TO TAKE ANOTHER PEEK!

MAKE THIS A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY, BUD!

THIS IS WHAT I CALL THE OLD FOLLOW-THROUGH!

OOF!

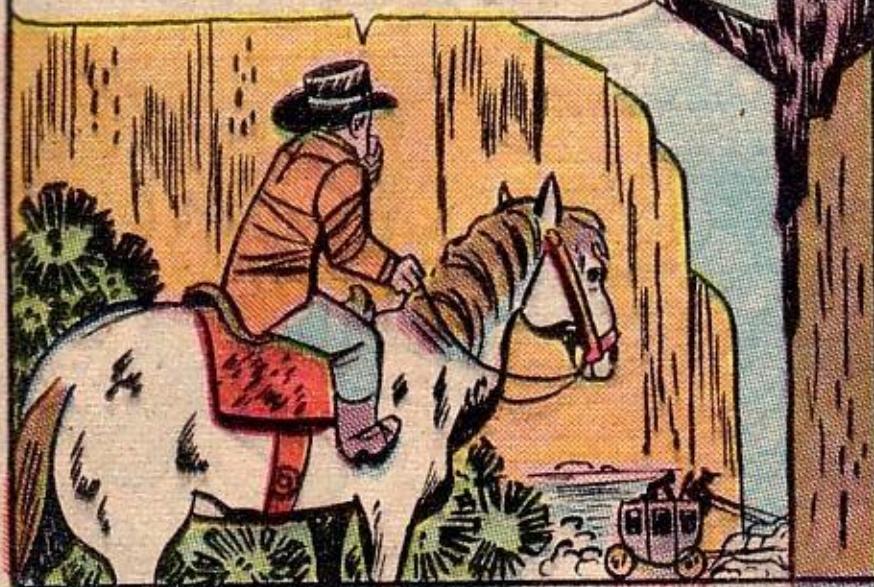
AWKK!

THAT'LL HOLD YOU FOR A WHILE!

I.. I CAN'T MOVE!

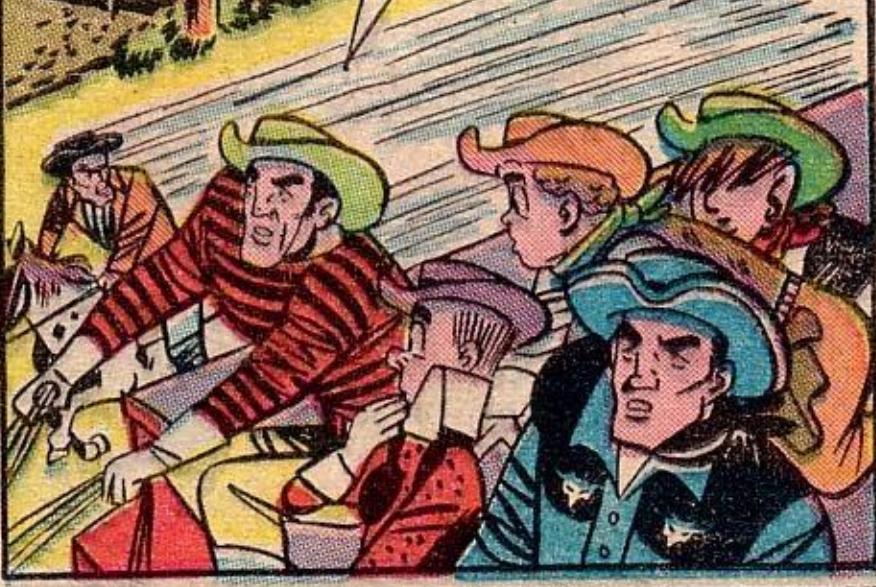
NOW TO GET THESE BOYS INTO TOWN BEFORE THEY CAN DO ANY MORE DAMAGE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE LUNKHEADS? ... THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO TOSS OUT THE GOLD TRUNK HERE... AND THERE THEY GO TEARING INTO TOWN... WELL, I KNOW A SHORT CUT!



HAVE YOU GUYS GONE CRAZY?  
WHERE'S THE GOLD TRUNK?

CHUCK THREW IT OUT,  
DIDN'T HE?



CHUCK?  
WHA... WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
HIM?

I DUNNO... BUT  
WHATEVER IT WAS,  
I DON'T LIKE IT!



I HAPPENED  
TO HIM, BOYS!

YEEOW!!  
I KNOW WHAT  
IT WAS NOW,  
AND I STILL  
DON'T LIKE IT!

FLASH!



I GOTTA  
GET OUT  
OF HERE!

I'LL GIVE YOU  
A HAND!



I DIDN'T KNOW  
YOU WERE SO  
INTERESTED IN  
PLANT LIFE,  
JARVIS!

AWKK!



PUFF... PUFF...  
GUESS I CAN STILL  
GET AWAY. PUFF.

GUESS  
AGAIN...

AS THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE WHIPS  
THE GUNMAN'S BELT FROM HIM, HE  
SPINS LIKE A TOP AT HIGH SPEED!

YOU'RE DOING AN AWFUL LOT  
OF TRAVELLING, BUT YOU'RE  
STILL IN THE SAME POSITION!

HEYEEE!

SO YOU'RE THE  
MEN BEHIND THE  
ROBBERY, HEY?

JUST A  
MINUTE,  
SHERIFF!

THESE ARE YOUR  
REAL CROOKS,  
SHERIFF... I  
CAUGHT THEM  
IN THE ACT!

**FLASH!**  
JUMPIN' CACTUS  
PLANTS! YOU  
SURE GET AROUND...  
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU  
WERE ANYWHERE  
NEAR HERE!

OKAY, BAD MEN.. YOU CAN PUT  
YOUR HANDS DOWN NOW!

ARE YOUSE SURE  
IT'LL BE SAFE?

NIX ON THAT  
'BAD MEN' STUFF,  
**FLASH**... FROM NOW  
ON, IT'S GONNA BE  
DIFFERENT!

I GUESS THIS'LL  
CONVINCE EVERYBODY!

TEE..HEE!

# SIDEARM Delivery

by BOB LONGHORN



**W**HEN a guy's been in there pitching against the Japs and comes home with two game legs, he doesn't stop his pitching. Not if he's a red-haired chap like Don Reed. Because Don Reed was an up-and-coming pitcher in the Texas League before he ever got a "greetings" from his Uncle Samuel.

Wasn't one-armed Pete Grey in the big leagues? And Jimmy Foxx with sinus trouble so bad he sometimes "blacks-out" when he leans over to pin a fast grounder? And a silver gimmick for knee caps wasn't going to put Don Reed out of the running. No sir. Not with the smooth side-arm delivery that he had up the sleeve of his jersey. Some good pro team could surely use him . . . or could they?

Don limped up Oil City's Main Street and headed for the cool short grass of the courthouse lawn. He sighed absently as he hunkered there in the shade. Three team managers had answered his newspaper ad, but the docs had shook their collective bald heads and the managers had turned thumbs down.

Why, Don wondered bitterly, couldn't those chunks of shrapnel have hit him in the fleshy part of his legs instead of ripping the bone and cartilage on both knees? "Lucky I can walk at all," Don muttered to himself. "Those Army medics sure can do wonders for a guy."

"Whut didya say, Buddy?" A pasty-faced little runt with tobacco-stained teeth was squinting at Don. He had ghosted up onto the grass alongside the veteran and was squatting there like an evil-faced little genii.

"Who wants to know?" Don wanted to be alone to think out his problem.

"Aw, don't crack off like a iceberg, Buddy. I see yore Army shirt and G.I. shoes and you limpin'. Right away I says, 'this guy needs some easy dough till he gets used t'being a civilian again.' That's what yuh are now, ain't it?"

"I still say, who wants to know, Mister? Get on your hoop and roll away."

The little buster squinted his eyes and the lids batted nervously but he didn't make any move.

"Lissen, Buddy," the weazel-face continued, "I can get yuh a job drivin' a beverage delivery truck. You never see an easier layout for yore money," he persisted. "Twenty-five bucks for just today and tomorrow—regular guy's off sick."

"How come I get picked for the job?"

"Yuh must not be back here long, Buddy. There's a new oil field that's come in about fifteen miles from here and every able-bodied guy is out there. Now if yuh was a rigger or a driller or a 'casing man' you could get moola out there. But yuh don't know nothin' about oil field work, do yuh?"

Mechanically, Don shook his head. "I'm a ballplayer," Don said, "and I intend to remain one." Then he added, "I guess I could use an honest twenty-five bucks!"

"Okay, Buddy. Come 'long with me." The little buster twisted his nose and sniffed. He coughed. "You'll get yore dough tomorrow," he said.

The 7-High Beverage Company specialized in lemon soda pop. Don didn't give much rate to the bottling plant. It was but a hole-in-the-wall place and its equipment regular antiques and unsanitary.

His first load of "pop" was going out to the boom town at the new oil field, he discovered. The panel delivery was already loaded with twenty cases of 7-High, when Don got there. He worked his silver-gimmicked knees under the wheel, once again listened to his instructions on how to get there and stepped on the starter. He took his time going out and breathed deeply of the warm summer air. "This is God's country again," Don chortled.

As Don pulled up before the boom town shack at the outskirts of the oil field, he questioned whether he had followed his instructions correctly. This was the sorriest dump he ever saw. "But it's got big cold drink signs plastered all over it," thought Don, "and a likely joint to palm off this punk lemon soda." He got out from behind the wheel just as a tough-looking individual came out of the shack. He was eating snuff and the bulge of it under his lip distorted still further a twisted jaw that screwed one eye up like a gimlet hole in a piece of shagbark hickory.

"Okay, Buddy," this character grunted thru his thick lips, "I'll unload for yuh. Cool inside —go in and set."

Don shrugged his shoulders. If his job wasn't to unload and deliver, then the little runt in town was right. "No easier layout for the money...."

Don turned in thru the low doorway of the shack. It took his eyes a full half-minute to become accustomed to the gloom after the bright glare of the white dusty road.

He had left the weazel-faced buster back at the bottling plant and yet, there he was grinning evilly from atop an oil drum, his back against the rough boards of the soft drink shack.

"Didn't expect t'find me out here ahead of yuh, eh, Buddy?" His tobacco-stained teeth showed in the half-light, his mouth an evil leer. "Yuh was luckier than the last sucker we hooked! He struck a bump and took off. No one ain't seen him or the second-hand truck, since! Yeah, yuh was lucky, and so was we."

Don scratched uncertainly in his mop of red hair. The riddle was slowly beginning to unravel. "You mean," he drawled gently, "that I drove a load of nitroglycerin explosive out here thinking I had on twenty cases of lemon soda?"

The gimlet-eyed gent came into the shack and gingerly placed the case he was carrying on a thick rubber mat. He set it down as gently as he would have cradled a day-old infant. Don's face started flushing deeply. His voice became lower, more soothing than ever.

"Straw-colored nitro!—lemon soda...." Don's flush receded and was replaced by a pallor of deadly anger. Red flecks danced in his eyes.

"Take it easy now!" The weazel-face on the oil drum shifted his hand slightly. A snub-nosed gun eyed Don Reed from the edge of the runt's coat sleeve. "You'll get yore twenty-five bucks, Buddy!"

"Twenty-five bucks! Why you couldn't have gotten a man to touch that stuff without special trucking equipment for a thousand!" Don's silver-gimmicked knees bent for a spring. It took him behind the gimlet-eyed gent and he twisted that worthy between him and the runt's snub-nosed gun. With the other arm Don dipped low and came up with a bottle of 7-High from the crate on the rubber mat. He held it in his fist like a grenade. At sight of the nitro, the little buster dropped his gun and lunged off the oil drum. He flew out the door and hit the dusty road like a track star.

With commando precision, Don deliberately kicked the gimlet-eyed gent behind his knees

which promptly folded him up on the floor. Slowly Don limped toward the door, muttering to himself. "What a number one sucker!" he stared at the bottle of "lemon pop" in his fist. "That was a regular Nip trick and I'll sure bust..." a distant roaring sound filled the shack. The sound multiplied with each ticking second until the very ground vibrated with it.

As Don rushed out into the dusty road he saw rising billows of black smoke and soaring plumes of flame spewing from a new gusher not a half-mile distant. Still carrying the bottle of nitro, Don broke into a limping trot. Racing, shouting men were heading for the blazing gusher from every direction of the large oil tract. The tower of flame was threatening the entire area.

Picking up a workman's heavy overalls beside a pumping shack, Don threw them over his head as some protection from the fire's searing heat. Rapidly, he closed the last hundred-foot gap between him and the towering inferno.

Then the heat slowed him down. The overalls and the roaring blaze drowned out the warning shouts of the men. Then they stopped their shouting. They seemed to sense what Don held in his hand.

Ninety feet away from the burning well, Don felt the cloth of his trousers scorching. He rubbed out a small blaze on one forearm. He kept the nitro from jarring by a miracle. Eighty feet away and the heat seared his lungs. His breath felt half fire. It wasn't the distance of a pitcher's box to the plate but he straightened from his crouch, wound up like he was pitching to his favorite catcher with the score tied up. He hurled with all his skill and strength the bottle of 7-High.

Straight as a speed-ball the bottle flew. It missed a derrick brace by a fraction of an inch and plummeted straight into the casing of the burning well. Instantly, there was an immense explosion. And almost at once the fire was snuffed out by the blast. Excited men raced up to Don who was beating out a small blaze on his trouser's cuff.

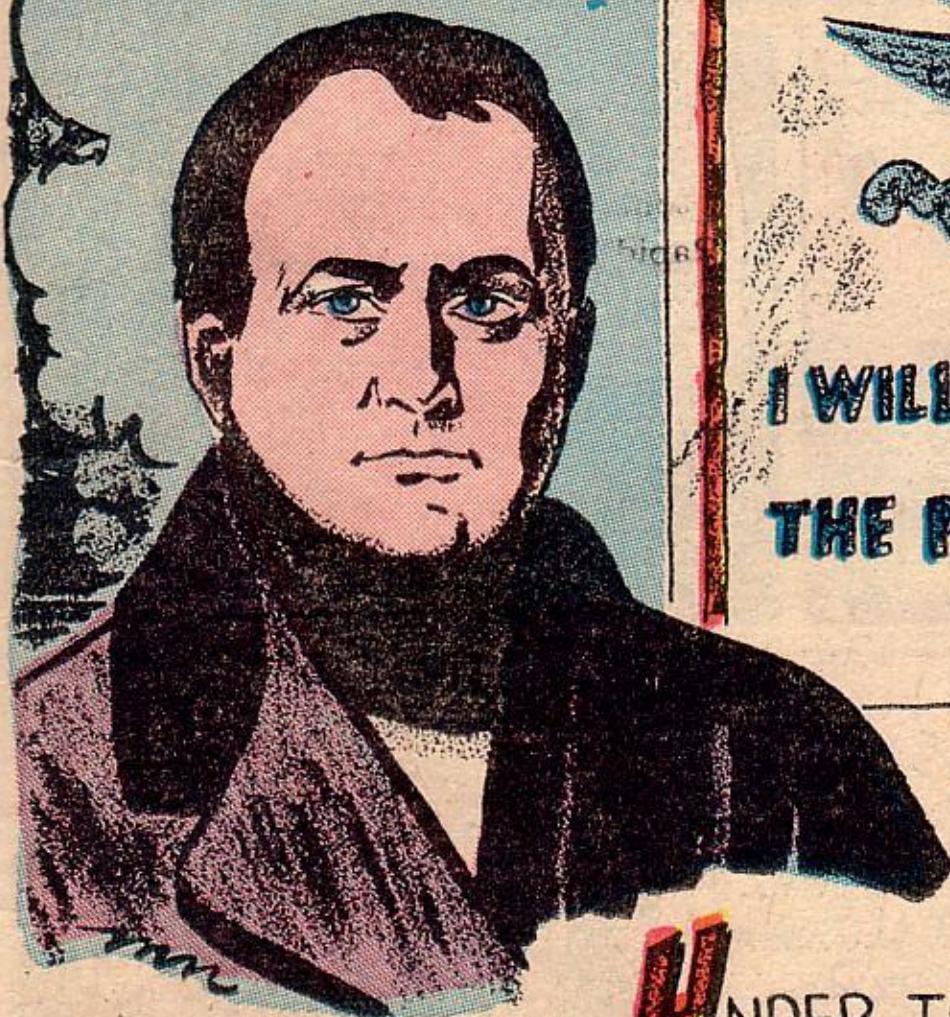
That 7-High pitch was as good as a no-hit ball game for Don Reed. The owner of the oil field lease was also owner of the Blue Jays of the Texas League. He was in that first group of men to reach Don. You can understand how it was then that Don got his pitching job soon after—after such a smooth sidearm delivery of a bottle of deadly nitro!

\*FLYING COLORS\*

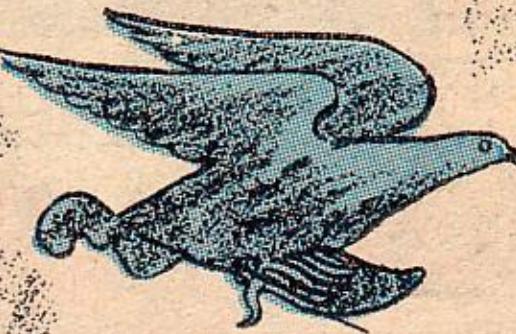
by John M. Jenks

# RHODE ISLAND'S

PRIVATE  
WAR!



T.W. DORR



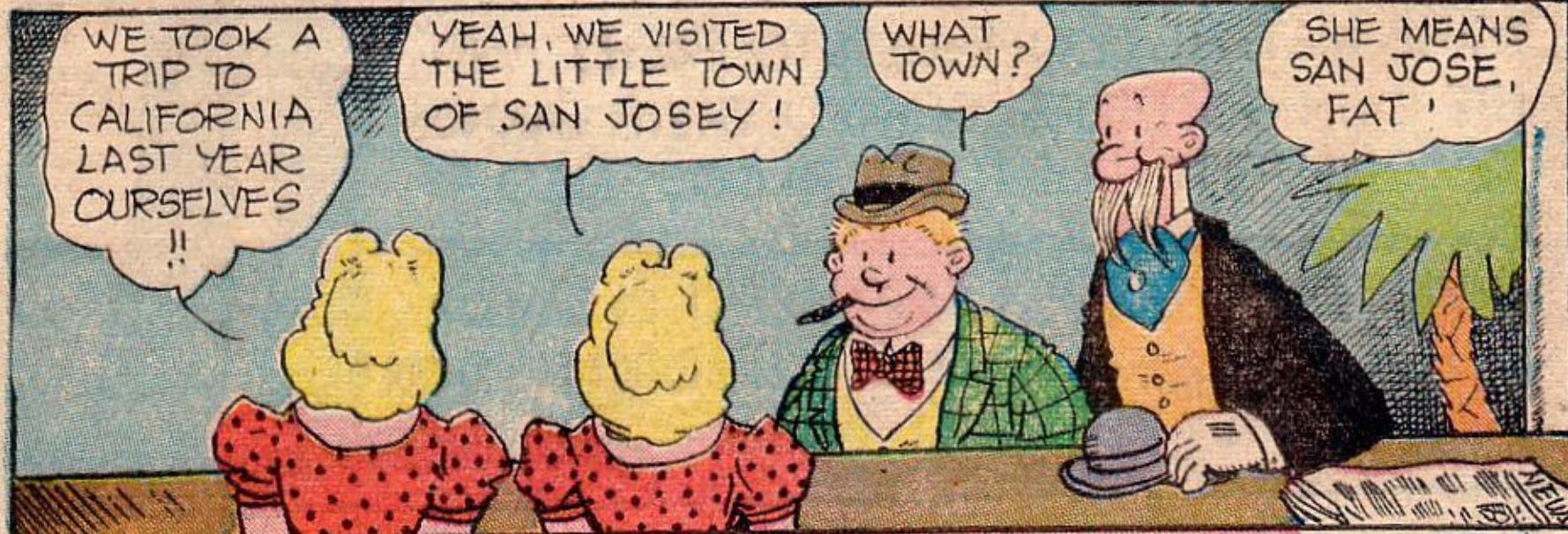
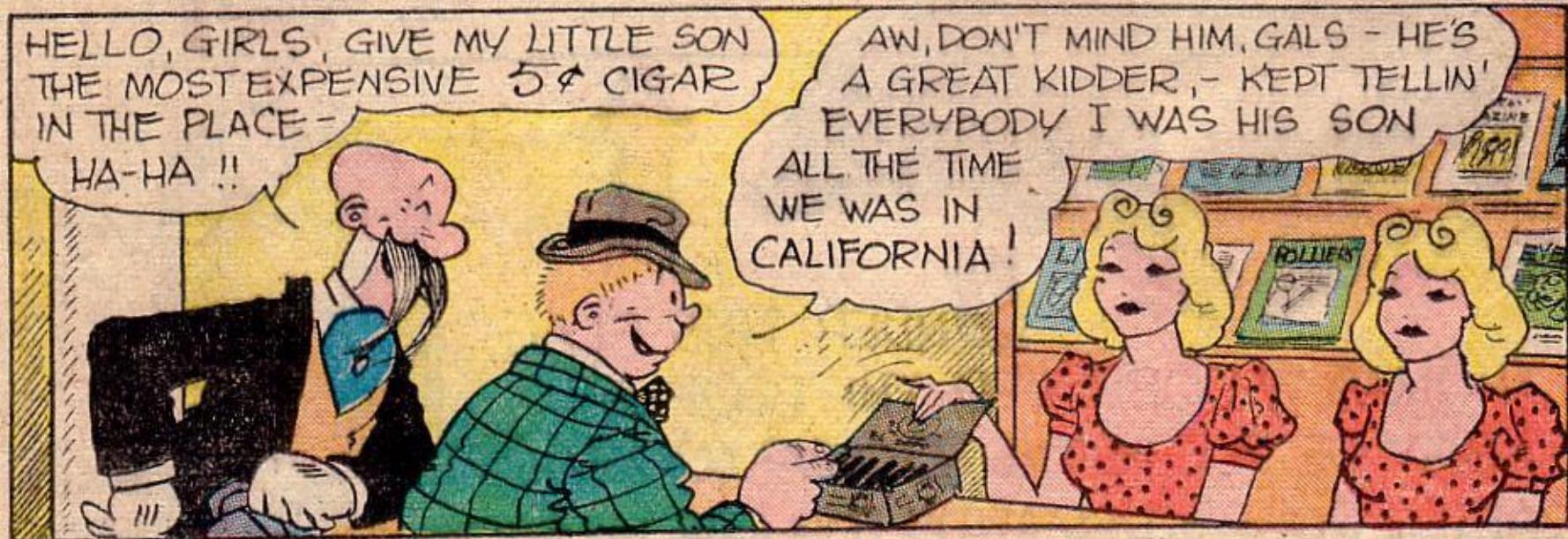
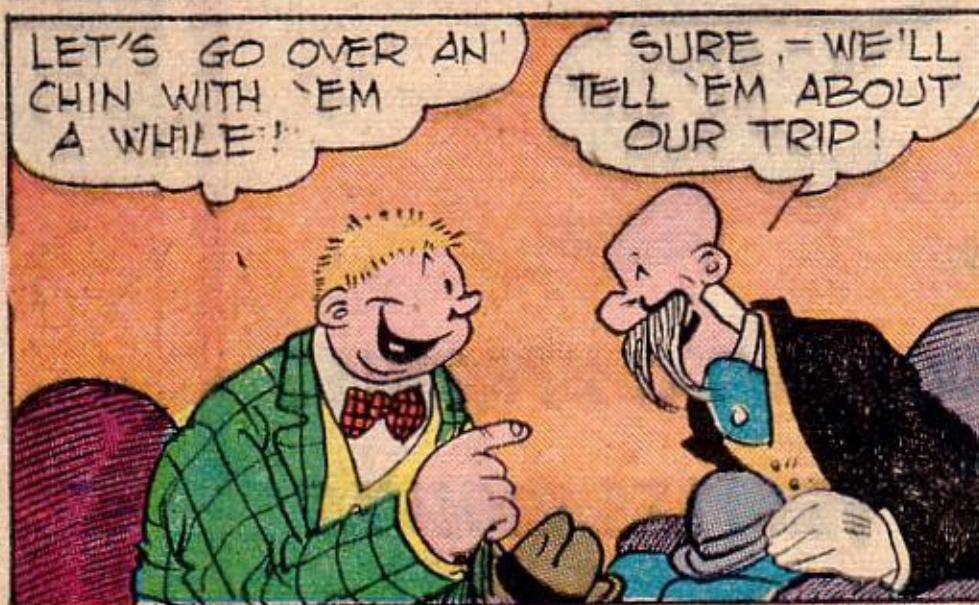
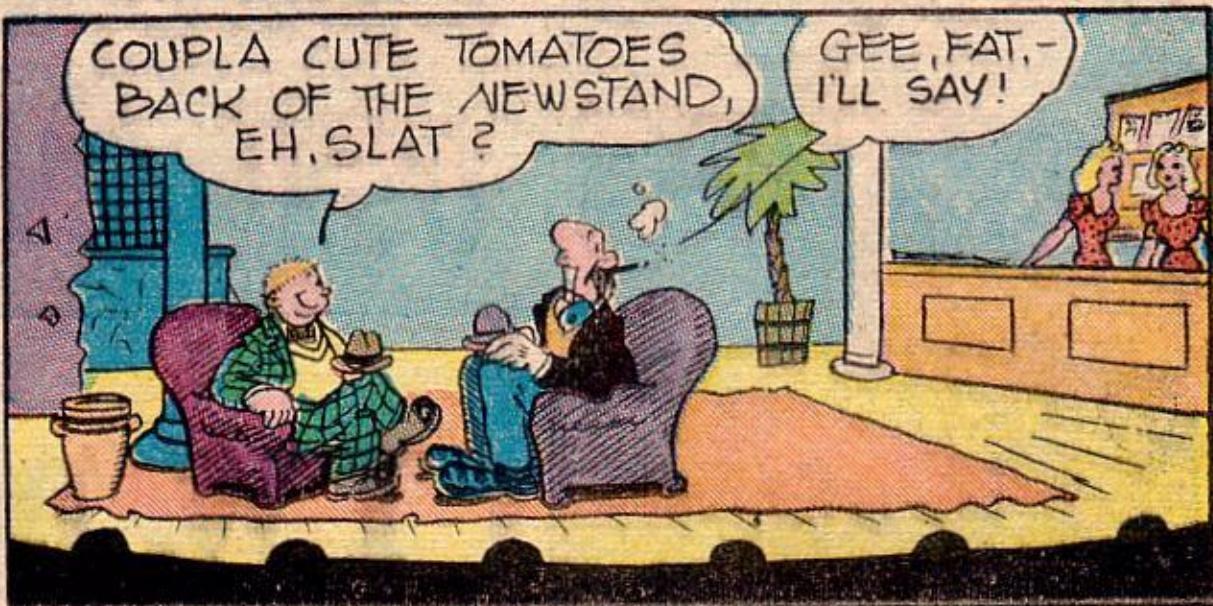
I WILL NOT COMPROMISE  
THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS

UNDER THIS FLAG,  
THOMAS W. DORR LED THE PEOPLE'S  
ARMY OF R.I. IN THE **DORR WAR** (1842)  
AFTER DORR'S DEMANDS FOR FAIR TAXATION  
WERE MET, HE CONTINUED TO FIGHT, AND  
HIS OWN SOLDIERS SPIKED THEIR CANNON  
TO PREVENT FURTHER BLOODSHED!



BLACK SCARFS WERE ADDED TO SAILOR'S  
UNIFORMS IN MOURNING FOR LORD NELSON  
— AND THEY ARE STILL WORN —

4 STAR PLAYLET  
**FAT AND SLAT**  
AND THE  
**SMILEY SISTERS**.  
TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST  
TIME ON ANY STAGE.  
IN  
**A HOTEL LOBBY.**



All-Flash Comics

S-A-N J-O-S-E IS PRONOUNCED  
SAN HOSAY, NOT SAN JOSEY.  
MY LITTLE  
BLONDE  
SUGAR-PIE!

OH, HOW  
INT'RESTIN',  
SIR!

GOSH!! — THEY'RE EVEN  
WORSE THAN I THOUGHT!

TELL US  
MORE,  
MISTER!

YES, - PLEASE  
DON'T STOP  
NOW, SIR!

WELL, Y'SEE, GALS, IT'S LIKE THIS,-  
IN CALIFORNIA YOU PRO-  
NOUNCE THE J'S  
AS IF THEY WERE  
H'S !!

IT'S AN OLD  
SPANISH  
CUSTOM, I  
GUESS -  
HA-HA !!

BY THE WAY, GIRLS,  
WHEN WERE YOU  
OUT IN CALIFORNIA  
LAST YEAR  
?

IN HUNE AND HULY!!

PLOP!

PLOP!

THE  
END

ZAM!!

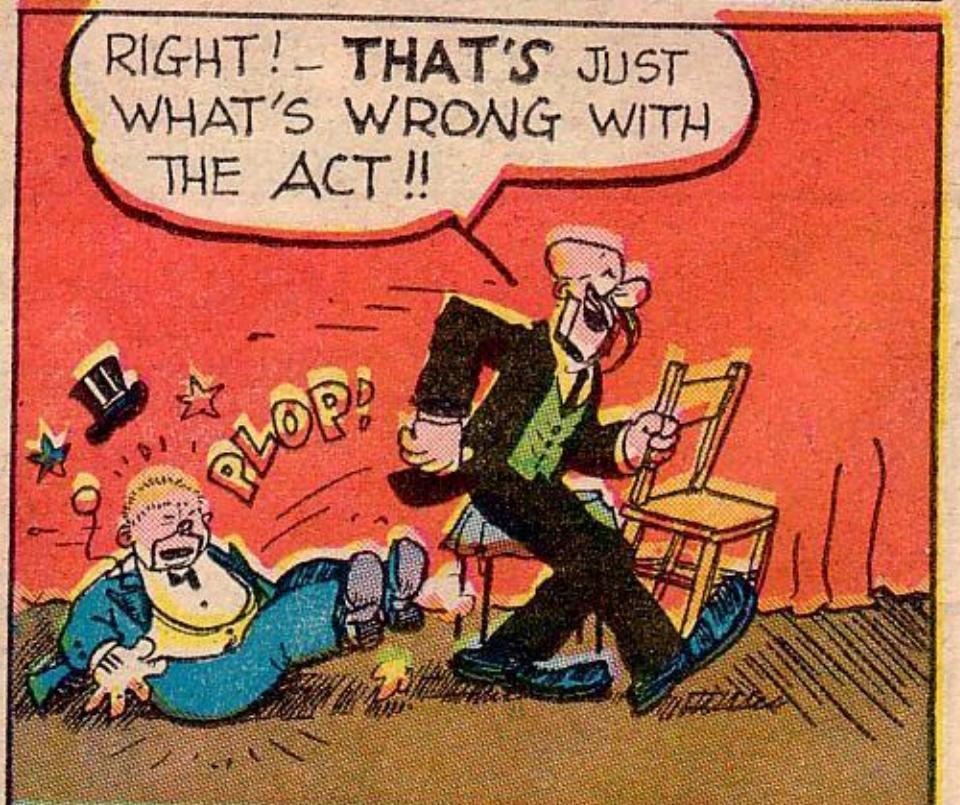
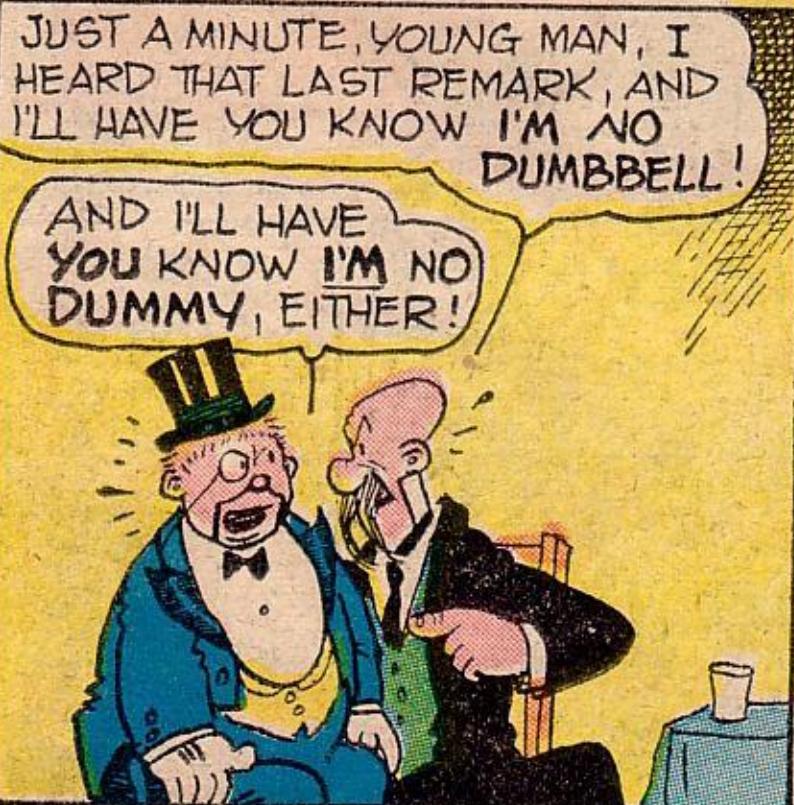
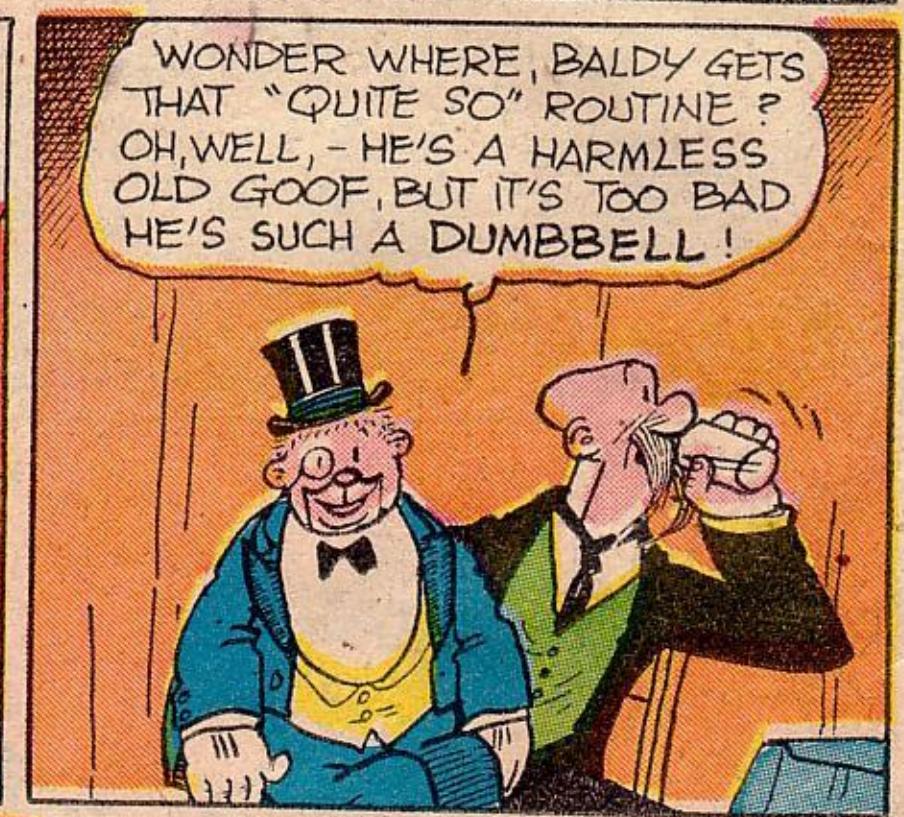
**FAT AND SLAT**  
IN  
THEIR OWN  
ORIGINAL  
VERSION  
OF  
**THE  
VENTRIL-  
OQUIST  
AND THE  
DUMMY**



WELL, "PROFESSOR," Y'SEE, IF YOU TELLA GUY THAT THERE ARE 961,765,421,527 STARS IN THE UNIVERSE, HE'LL BELIEVE YOU, BUT IF YOU TELL HIM - "LOOK OUT THERE, - THAT'S FRESH PAINT!!" - HE HAS TO GO AND MAKE A PERSONAL INVESTIGATION !!



WONDER WHERE, BALDY GETS THAT "QUITE SO" ROUTINE? OH, WELL, - HE'S A HARMLESS OLD GOOF, BUT IT'S TOO BAD HE'S SUCH A DUMBBELL!



WHAT POSITION YA PLAYIN' THIS YEAR, HANK?

GREENBERG PLAYED THE ALL-STAR GAME BOTH AS 1ST BASEMAN AND LEFT FIELDER. HE WAS TWICE VOTED THE MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AWARD

BETTER DUCK! GREENBERG'S AT BAT

HARD-HITTING HANK MANUFACTURED 56 HOMERS IN ONE YEAR -- HE IS THE ONLY PLAYER WHO EVER DROVE THE BALL INTO CENTER-FIELD BLEACHERS AT CHICAGO'S COMISKEY PARK

# GREENBERG

CHAMPION SLUGGER OF THE CHAMPION DETROIT TIGERS

MUST'VE HAD HIS WHEATIES

"I EAT WHEATIES JUST ABOUT EVERY MORNING," SAYS HANK GREENBERG. "THAT SWELL WHEATIES FLAVOR -- PLUS THAT FINE NOURISHMENT -- GIVES ME JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR TO START MY BREAKFAST RIGHT."

"YOU'LL FIND SOME VERY GOOD TIPS IN WHEATIES NEW BOOK, 'WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION ?'" SAYS CHAMPION HANK GREENBERG. USE COUPON ON WHEATIES PACKAGE TO GET YOUR COPY -- GET 13 OTHER ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS

EAT YOUR WHEATIES

WHEATIES

Breakfast of Champions

GET YOUR BASEBALL BOOK

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General Mills, Inc.

# The Flash

FASTESt MAN ALIVE!!

TWO FUTURES...ONE GLORIOUS AND AWE-INSPIRING, WITH MAN RISING TO SUPERHUMAN HEIGHTS, THE OTHER DECADENT AND WITHERED, WITH MEN SINKING TO THE LEVEL OF THE BEASTS! **BUT WHICH FUTURE WILL COME TRUE?**  
COME TO THE PLANET KARMA WITH THE FLASH, WHERE THE INHABITANTS FACE UTTER EXTINCTION, AND THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE BATTLES TIME ITSELF IN

"A WORLD WITH TWO FUTURES"



TIME: THE PRESENT...

PLACE: JAY GARRICK'S LABORATORY...

"WHEW... I'M PLENTY TIRED... TWENTY HOURS WITHOUT SLEEP NOW... TRYING TO CATCH UP ON RESEARCH PROBLEMS!"



SUDDENLY! A SECTION OF THE ROOM GIVES WAY TO A SHIMMERING SCREEN OF LIGHT....

TIRED? I MUST BE EXHAUSTED!  
I'M SEEING THINGS!



EVART KEENAN!  
BUT... BUT YOU'RE ON THE  
PLANET KARMA!

THAT'S RIGHT, JAY...  
BUT, AS YOU REMEM-  
BER, I SPEND MY  
TIME INVENTING THINGS.  
THIS IS MY NEW  
TELEVISION SCREEN  
THAT I CAN PROJECT  
ANYWHERE!

I CAN "BEND" SPACE BY  
MEANS OF A NEW RAY I  
DISCOVERED... IT ENABLED  
ME TO SEND THIS SCREEN  
THRU A "BEND" IN SPACE  
RIGHT TO YOUR  
LABORATORY...  
JAY... I NEED  
HELP... I'VE  
MADE A  
DREADFUL  
DISCOVERY!

"FOR A LONG TIME I'VE  
BEEN INTERESTED IN A  
TIME-SCANNER.. WITH IT  
I CAN PEER INTO THE  
PAST AND THE FUTURE..."

INCREDIBLE !!

I'M LOOKING AT THE FUTURE...  
FIVE HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW...  
BUT INSTEAD OF PROGRESSING, IT  
HAS GONE PRIMITIVE!  
WHY? WHY?

"SOMEWHERE ALONG THE CORRIDOR  
OF TIME SOMETHING HAPPENED....  
AND THE RESULT CATAULPTED KARMA  
INTO CAVEMAN DAYS"...

AS YOU KNOW, JAY, THERE ARE  
SEVERAL POSSIBLE FUTURES-ON  
KARMA... SOME OF THEM MAY COME  
TRUE, SOME MAY NOT---LET ME  
EXPLAIN WHAT I MEAN BY A  
"POSSIBLE" FUTURE... LET US PUT  
A CRAYON ON THE TABLE...

I'LL DEMONSTRATE ONE POSSIBLE  
FUTURE... I PICK UP THE CRAYON...  
THEN AGAIN THERE IS ANOTHER  
POSSIBLE FUTURE: I DO NOT PICK  
UP THE CRAYON... ACTUALLY, THE  
FUTURE IS A MAZE OF  
POSSIBILITIES!

## All-Flash Comics

LET US ASSUME THE PICKING UP OF THIS CRAYON DETERMINED WHETHER OR NOT A MOMENTOUS EVENT IN THE FUTURE WOULD OCCUR... IF I PICK IT UP, IT WILL INEVITABLY OCCUR... IF I DON'T, IT WON'T! SEE WHAT I MEAN?

YES.. BUT HOW CAN I HELP YOU, EVART?

YOU KNOW THE FLASH, JAY.... YOU MUST SPEAK TO HIM, CONVINCE HIM THAT KARMA URGENTLY NEEDS HIM... I'M SURE HE'D BE GLAD TO HELP!

I CAN DETERMINE PRECISELY AT WHAT POINT IN TIME THE FUTURE WILL TURN TO THE PRIMITIVE... WITH THE FLASH'S HELP, I HOPE TO TURN THAT FUTURE INTO DIFFERENT CHANNELS...

I'M SURE HE WILL HELP, EVART.... ER... I'LL HAVE HIM AT MY LABORATORY IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS...

GOOD ENOUGH... I'LL BE WAITING!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, JAY GARRICK ENTERS THE LABORATORY AS THE FLASH!

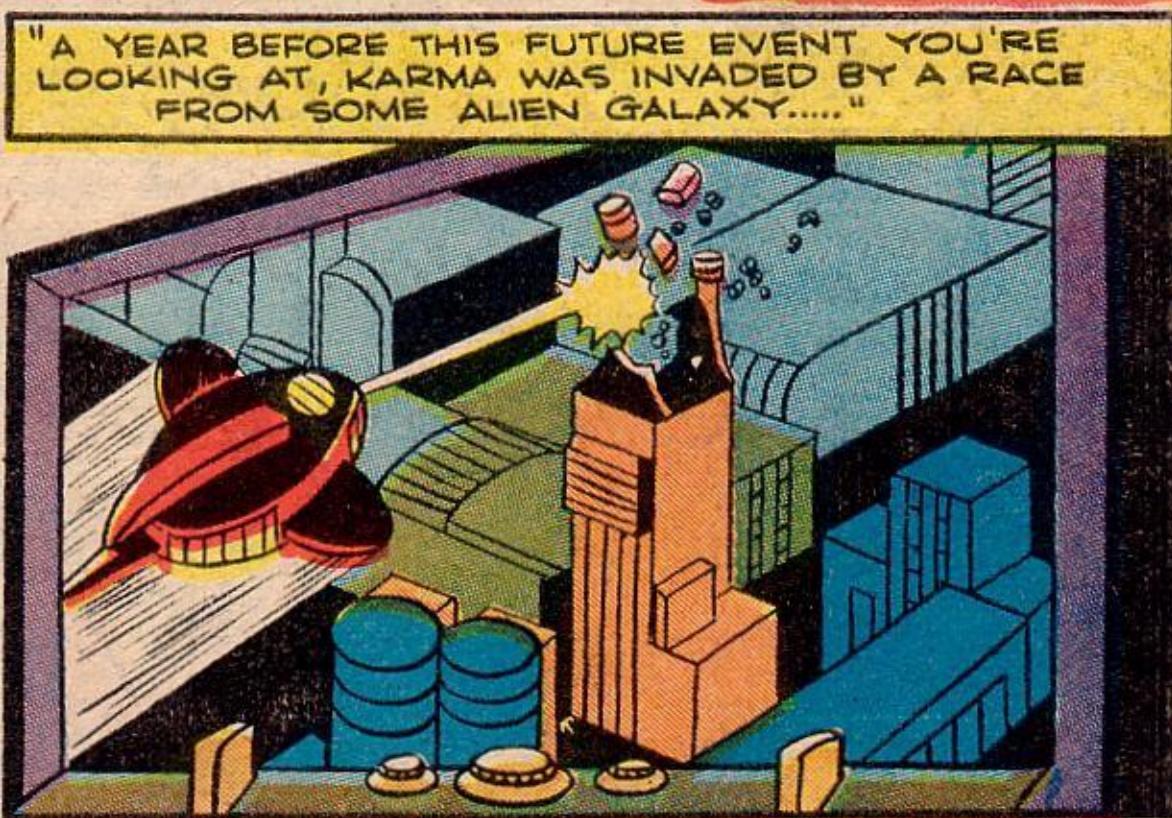
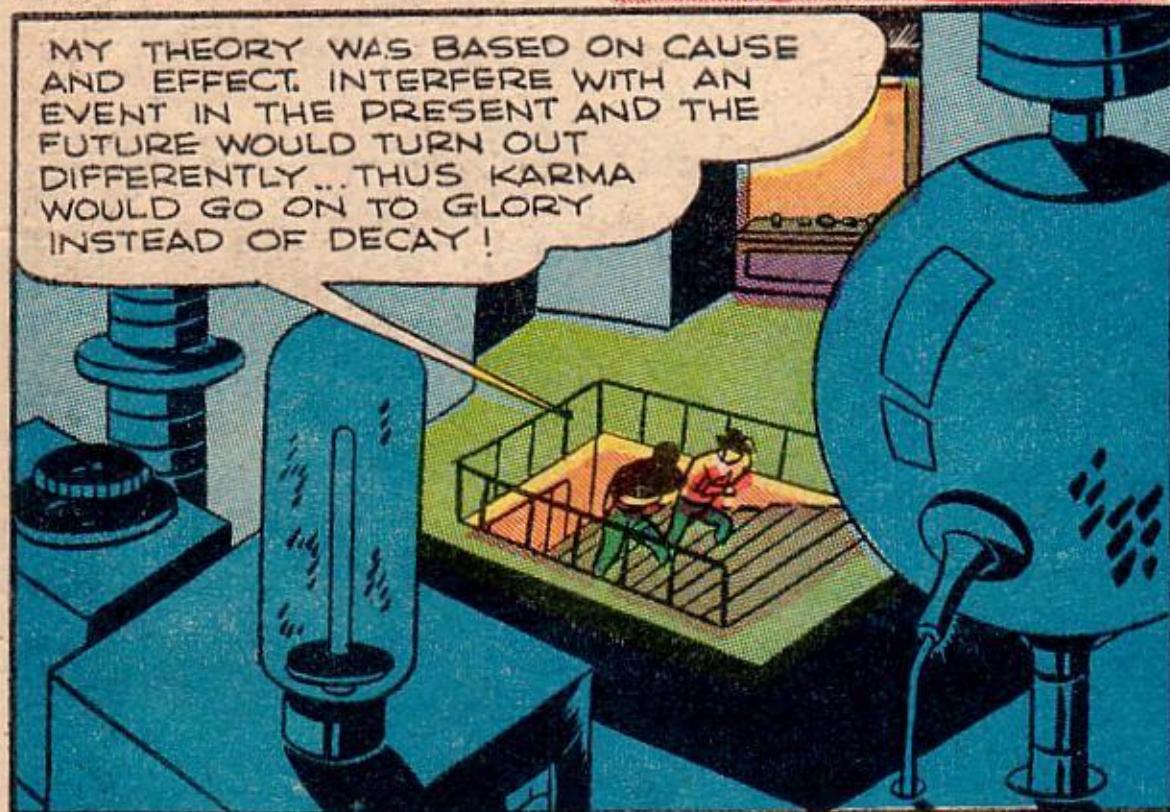
TRYING TO CHANGE THE FUTURE IS WAY OUT OF MY LINE, BUT I'LL DO ANYTHING TO HELP SAVE A CIVILIZATION LIKE KARMA'S!

READY, FLASH? I'M SENDING A BEAM ACROSS SPACE TO WARP IT, TO CAUSE YOUR ATOMS TO DISSOLVE TO THOSE OF LIGHT, AND TO SPEED THROUGH THE WARP!

READY!

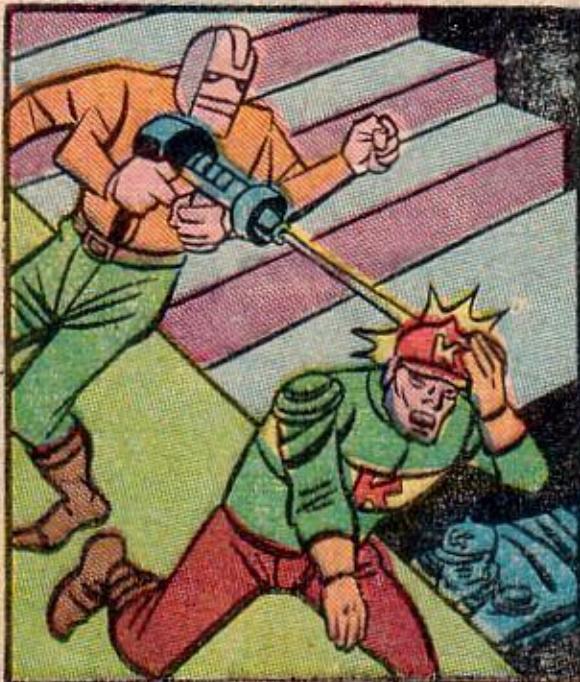
THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE IS AWARE OF A QUEER LOOSENESS IN HIS BODILY STRUCTURE.. HE FEELS AS THOUGH HE IS FALLING APART, YET THE FEELING IS ONLY MOMENTARY.... THERE IS A SPLIT SECOND OF TERRIFIC COLD, AND THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER ENTERS THE WARP OF SPACE...

# All-Flash Comics



## All-Flash Comics

"WE ON KARMA COULD NOT FIGHT THE STRANGE RAYS OF THE ENEMY...."

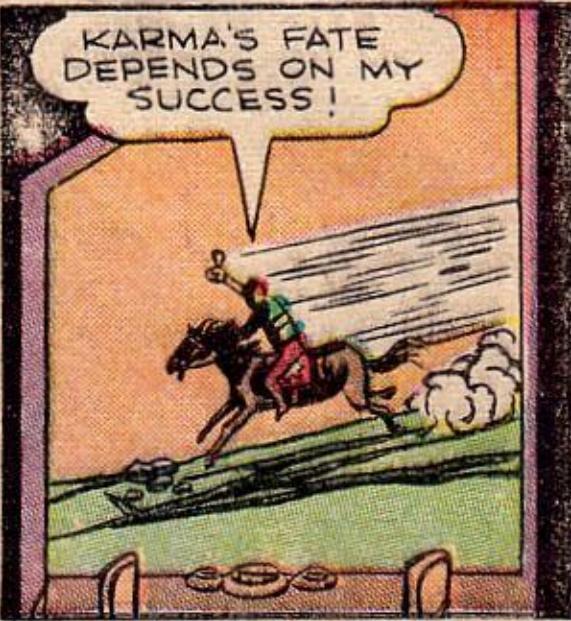


"IN MY ISOLATED LABORATORY, I FEVERISHLY SOUGHT TO FIND A MORE POTENT WEAPON THAN THE INVADERS..."

THERE, THAT DOES IT! WHEN THE MESSENGER ARRIVES WITH THE GLYPSRA TUBE THE WEAPON WILL BE READY TO WORK...



"ALL RIGHT! NOW HERE'S THE MESSENGER COMING FULL TILT AT A GALLOP.... HE HAS THE TUBE... WILL HE REACH ME IN TIME?"

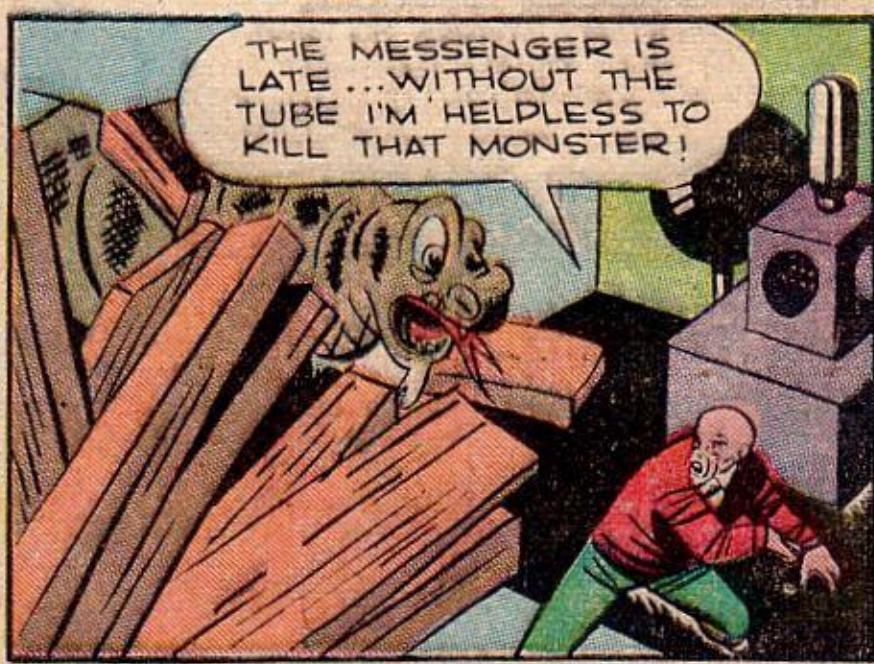


"HIS HORSE STUMBLIES AND FALLS... THE TUBE IS BROKEN!"

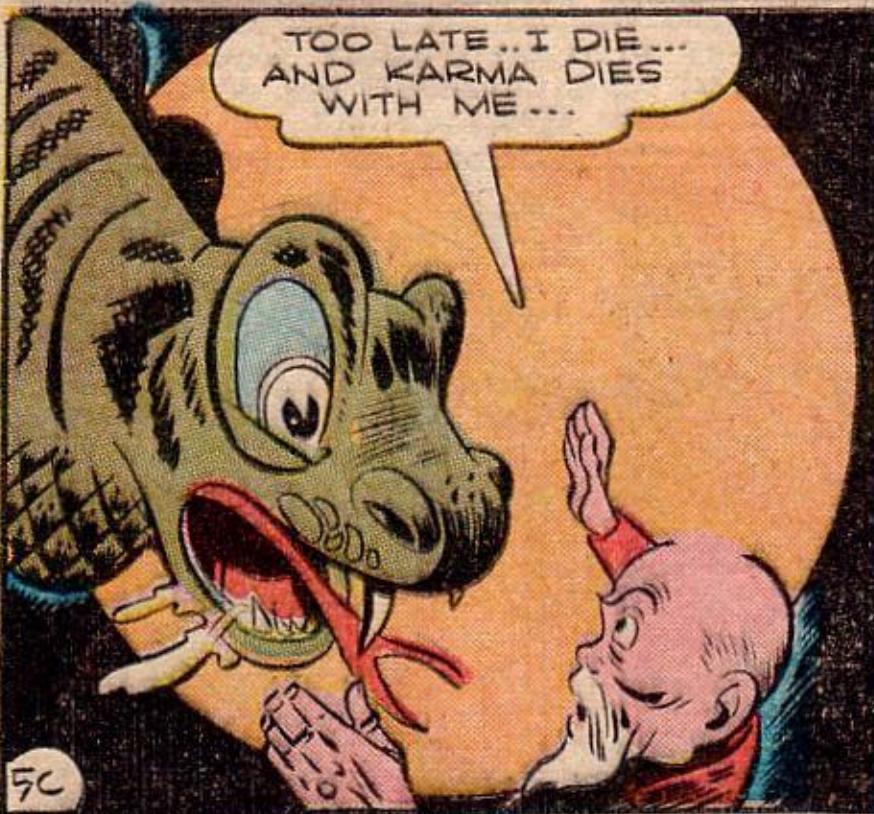
OH... NOW KEENAN WILL NEVER GET THE GLYPSRA TUBE! KARMA IS DOOMED!



"WHILE IN MY LABORATORY, AN ALMOST EXTINCT MEGASAURUS PUTS ON AN INVASION OF HIS OWN, MAD WITH HUNGER...."

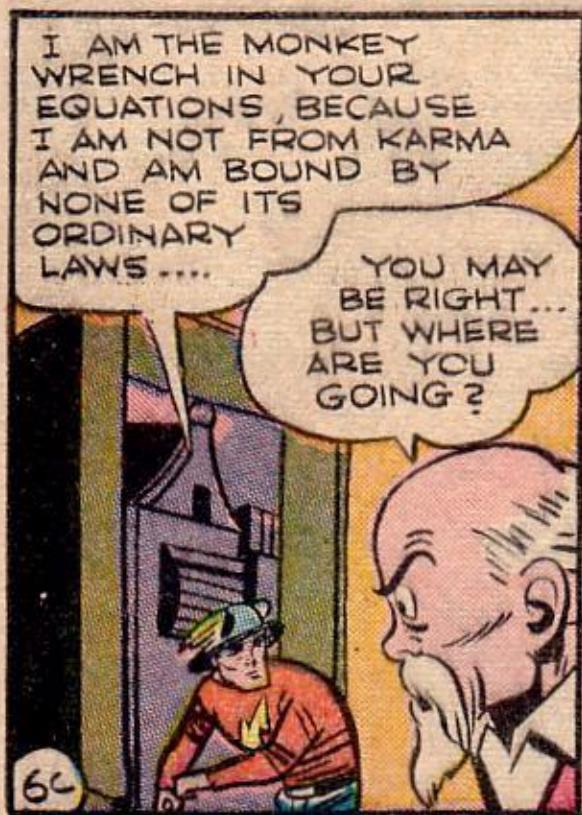
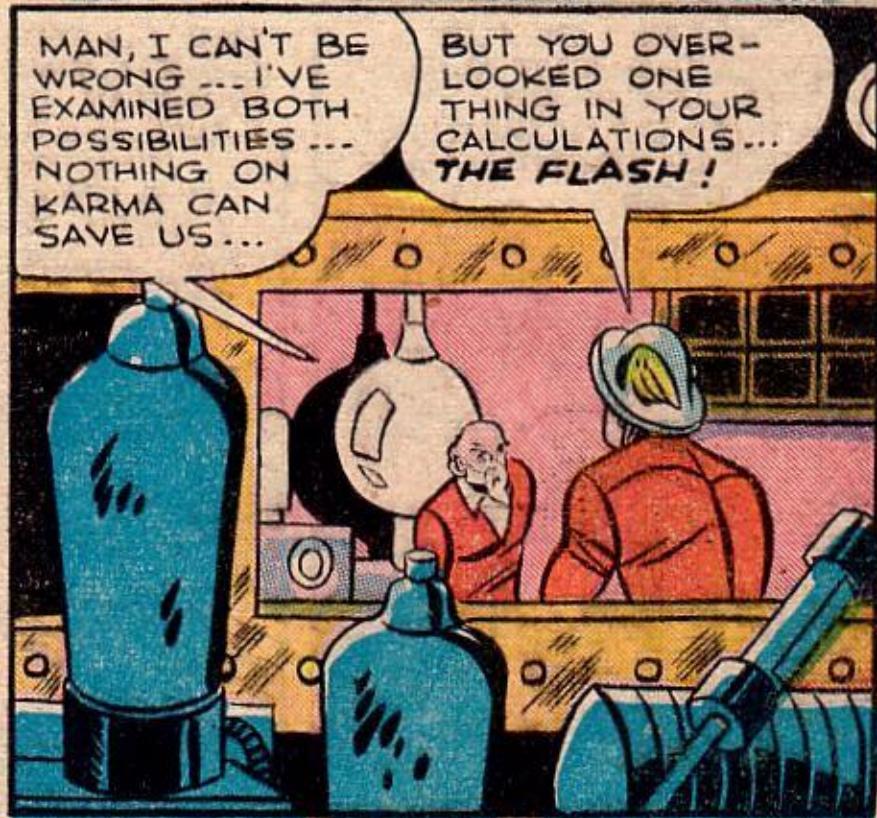
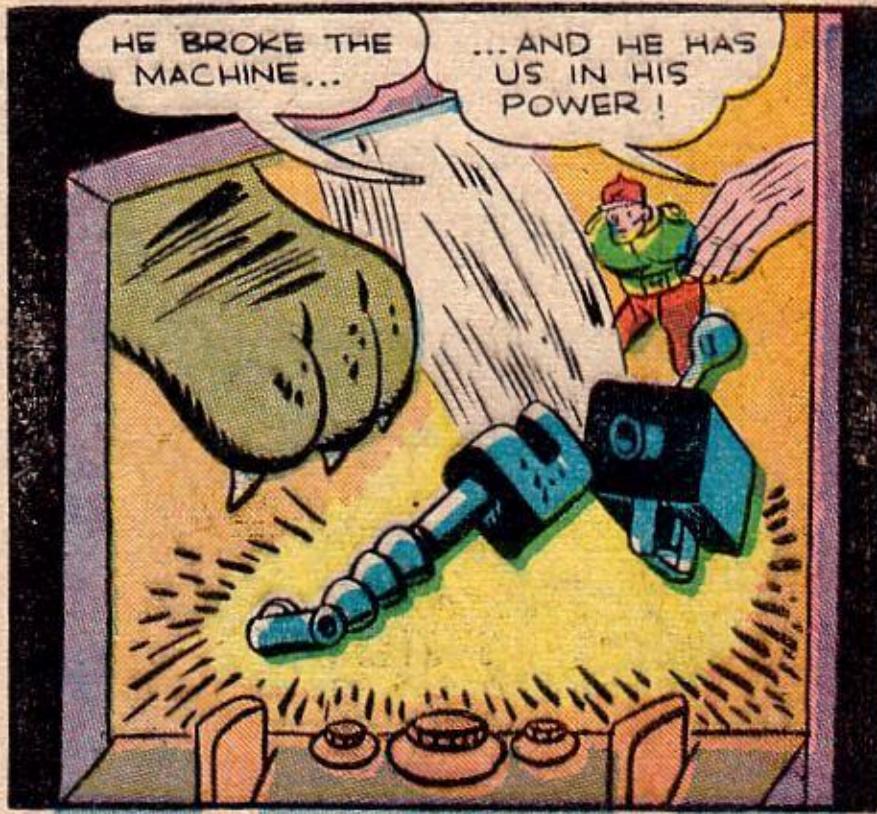
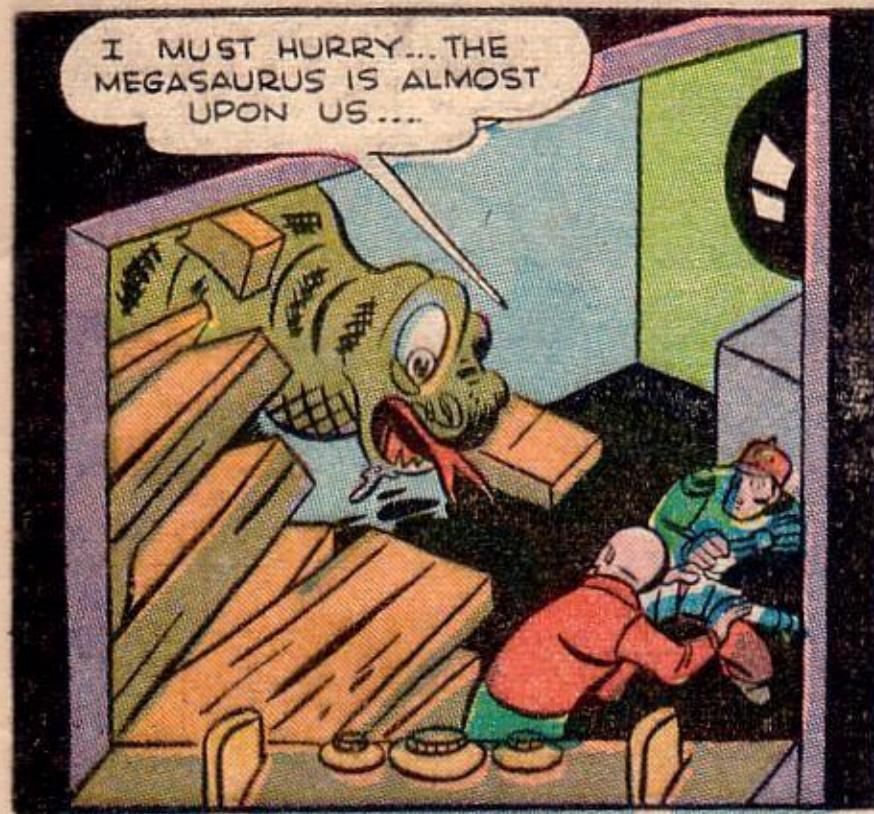


TOO LATE... I DIE... AND KARMA DIES WITH ME...



I WAS HOPING YOU COULD FIND A WAY TO GET THAT MESSENGER TO ME IN TIME... BUT JUST NOW I VIEWED ANOTHER FUTURE IN WHICH THE MESSENGER DID ARRIVE... WATCH!





# All-Flash Comics



THE HUMAN LIGHTNING BOLT SEES THE SEASONS COME AND GO, KNOWS HEAT AND COLD, SNOW AND RAIN, ALL IN THE SPACE OF SECONDS...

BETTER SLOW DOWN AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND.. I DON'T WANT TO GO PAST MY DESTINATION!



OH OH! I'VE PASSED THE TIME WHEN I WAS SUPPOSED TO STOP... THESE ARE THE RUINS OF KEENAN'S LABORATORY, YEARS AFTER HE WAS KILLED...

KARMA NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO SEE THIS WEAPON... THE HOPES OF THE WORLD LIE RIGHT HERE IN THE JUNGLE.. UNLESS I GET BUSY!

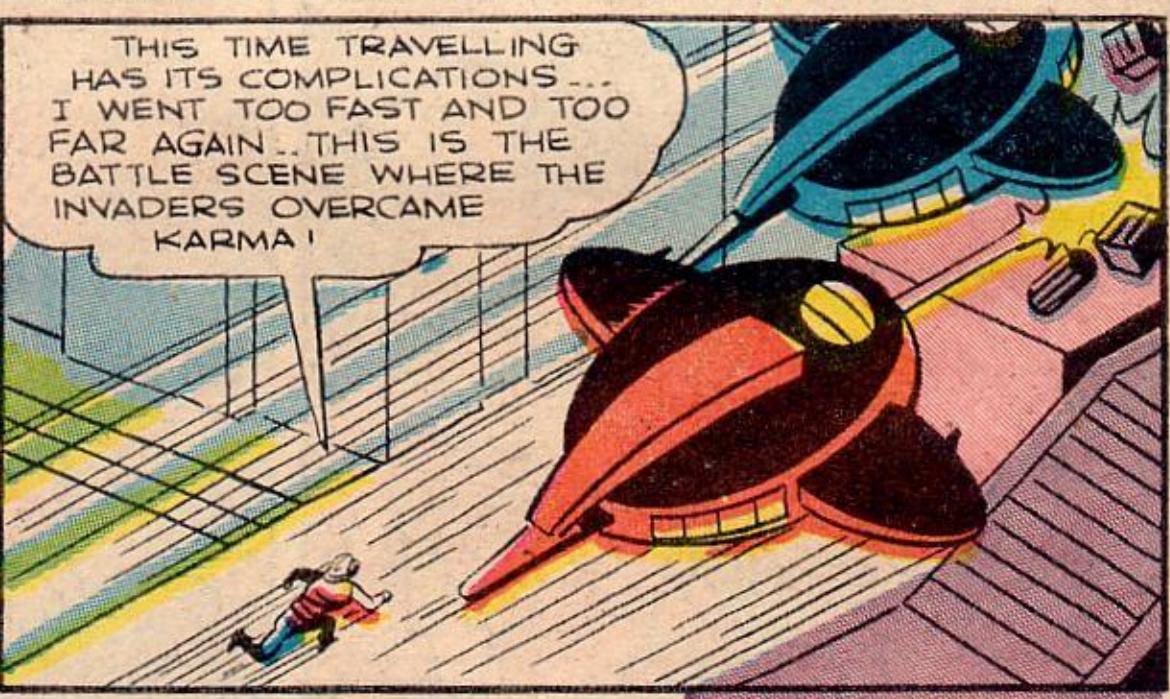


THERE'S NO SENSE MOONING ABOUT WHAT-MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN... I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING TO BRING ABOUT WHAT-WILL-BE!

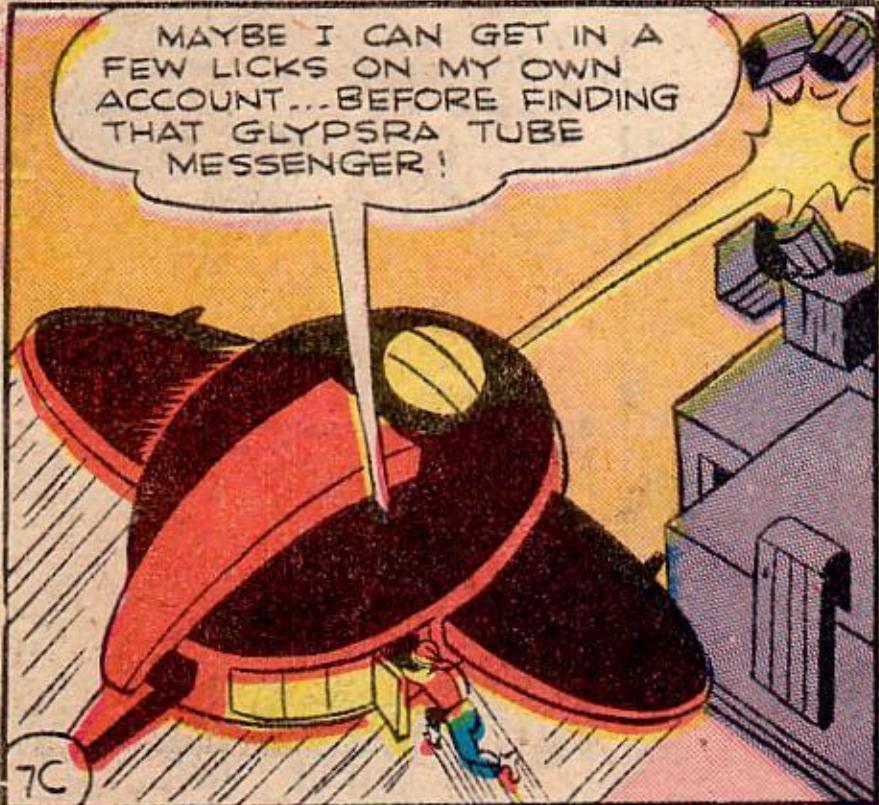


DUE TO THE FACT THAT HE HAS TO RACE AT TOP SPEED, THE FLASH CANNOT CONTROL THE EXACT MOMENT OF TIME WHEN HE ARRIVES IN THE FUTURE..

THIS TIME TRAVELLING HAS ITS COMPLICATIONS... I WENT TOO FAST AND TOO FAR AGAIN.. THIS IS THE BATTLE SCENE WHERE THE INVADERS OVERCAME KARMA!

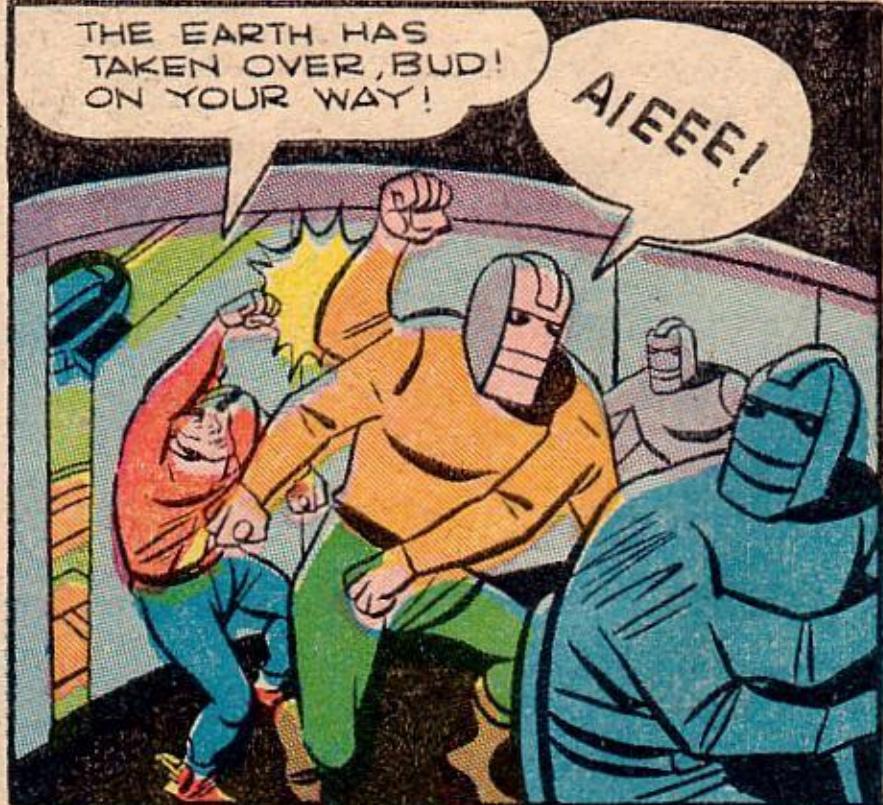


MAYBE I CAN GET IN A FEW LICKS ON MY OWN ACCOUNT... BEFORE FINDING THAT GLYPSRA TUBE MESSENGER!



THE EARTH HAS TAKEN OVER, BUD! ON YOUR WAY!

AIEEEEE!



## All-Flash Comics

DESTRUCTABLE AS A CYCLONE, THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER SWINGS INTO ACTION...



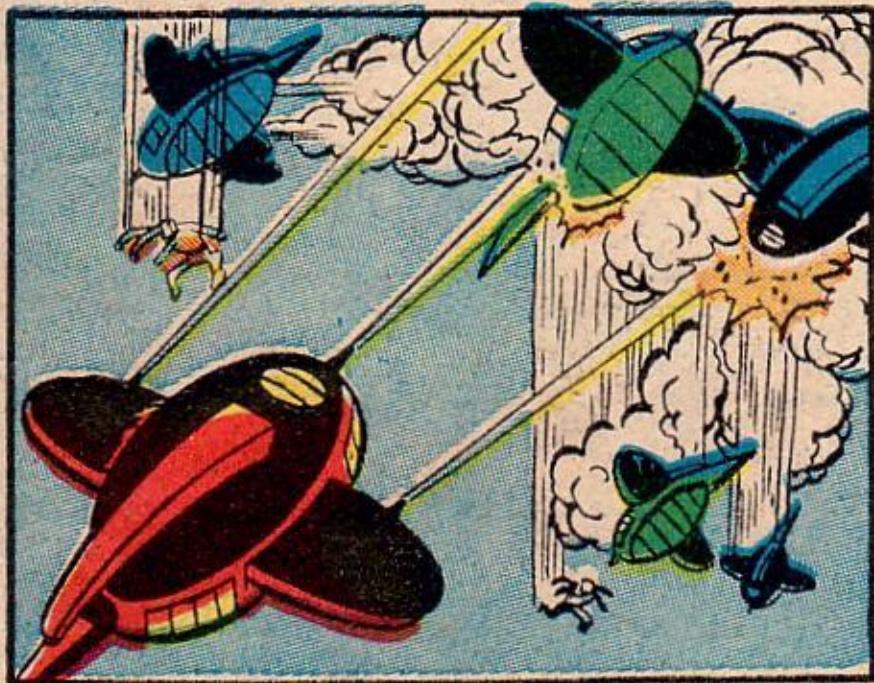
YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY OUT, FELLA... I'M TAKING OVER...



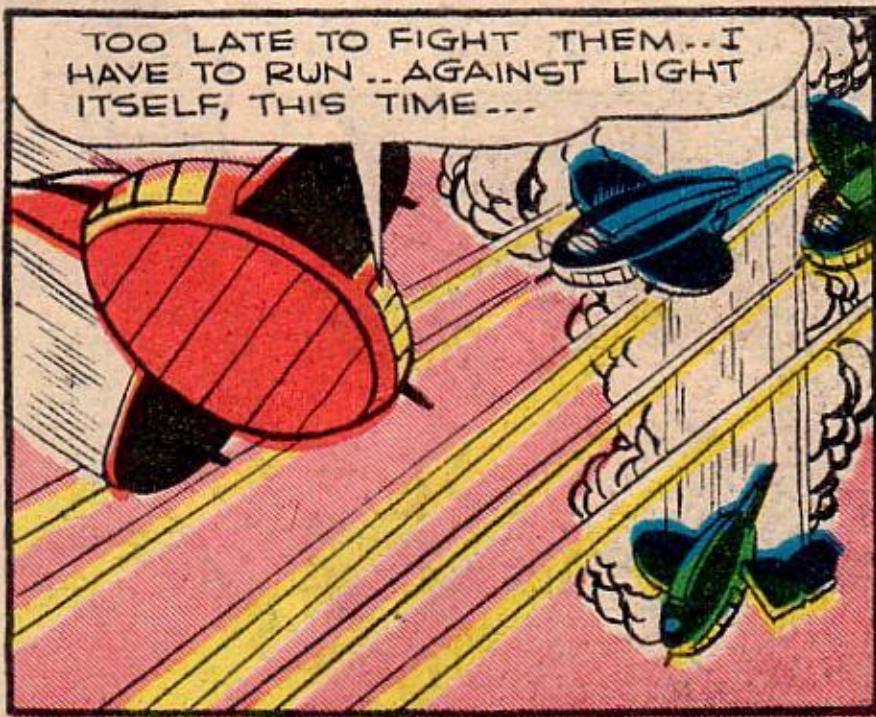
I'LL GIVE THESE FOUR-ARMED BABIES A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE...



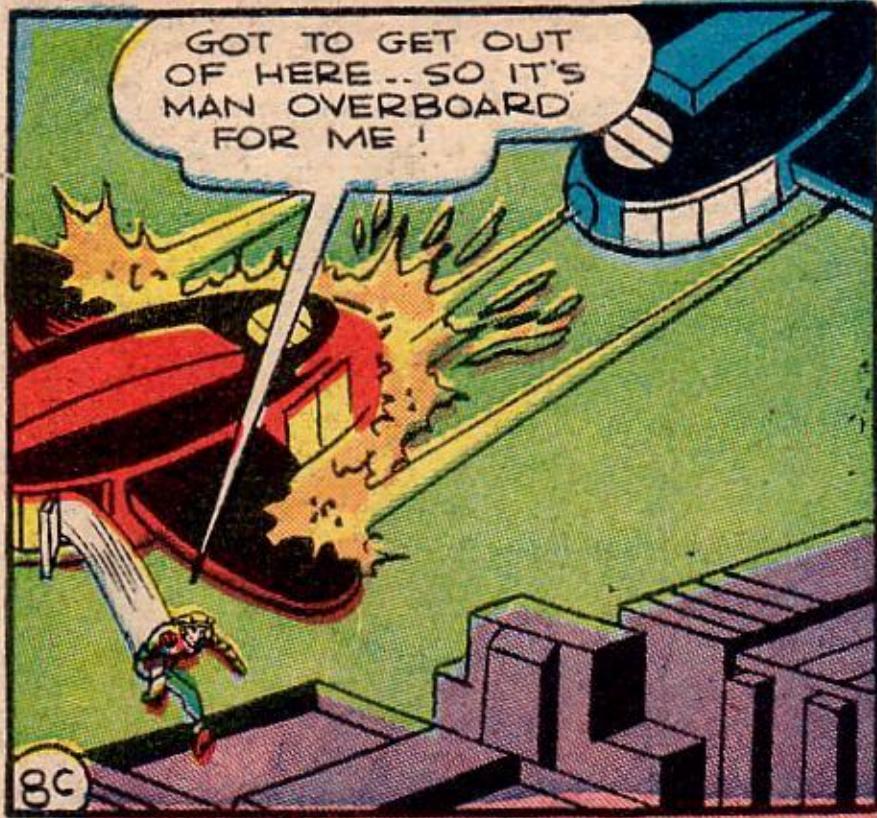
THE INVADERS' POWER BEAM IS TURNED AGAINST THEMSELVES WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS...



BUT TWO ALIEN CRAFT ARE LEFT UNDAMAGED...



GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... SO IT'S MAN OVERBOARD FOR ME!



THAT'LL PUT A BIT OF A CRIMP IN THEIR PLANS... THEIR MIGHTY FLEET HAS BEEN REDUCED TO ALMOST NOTHING!



# All-Flash Comics



AND NOW I KNOW WHY THE FUTURE HAS PRESCRIBED A CAVEMAN ERA FOR KARMA INSTEAD OF THE INVADER'S CIVILIZATION... I WRECKED THAT INVADING FLEET, LEFT ONLY A FEW SAVAGE SURVIVORS WHO DIED WITHOUT BEING ABLE TO ESTABLISH ANY CULTURE AT ALL!

I CAN'T CALCULATE MY RATE OF SPEED EXACTLY, BUT NEARLY AS I CAN MAKE OUT, I'M ABOUT AT THE TIME THAT MESSENGER IS DUE TO BRING KEENAN THE GLYPSRA TUBE...

...AND HERE HE COMES NOW... BUT THIS TIME I'LL MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T STUMBLE!



BUT....



STRUCK BY THE SWAYING BRANCH, DOWN DROPS THE BATTERED FLASH.. TO LIE LIMP AND STILL ON THE JUNGLE TRAIL....



WHILE THE MESSENGER RIDES ON,  
UNAWARE THAT HIS PROTECTION  
LIES BEHIND HIM....

KEENAN WILL SECURE  
THE GLYPSRA TUBE IN TIME...  
KARMA WILL BE SAVED...



HOURS LATER....

I'VE FAILED.. FAILED!  
KEENAN DEAD! HIS WEAPON  
AND HIS LABORATORY A WRECK!  
NOW... NOW... HEY! WHAT'M  
I TALKING ABOUT!



ALL I HAVE TO DO IS  
GO BACK IN TIME AGAIN,  
TO THE MESSENGER AND  
AVOID GETTING HIT BY  
THAT BRANCH!

THIS SURE IS THE  
SILLIEST THING EVER...  
BUT BEING ABLE TO  
TRAVEL BACK IN TIME  
HAS ONE ADVANTAGE...  
YOU CAN 'SECOND GUESS'  
ALL YOU WANT TO!



AND SO THE FLASH ONCE  
AGAIN TAKES UP THE TRAIL  
OF THE RACING MESSENGER,  
BUT THIS TIME HE DUCKS  
BENEATH THE SWAYING  
BRANCH...

THIS IS GETTING TO  
BE MONOTONOUS!

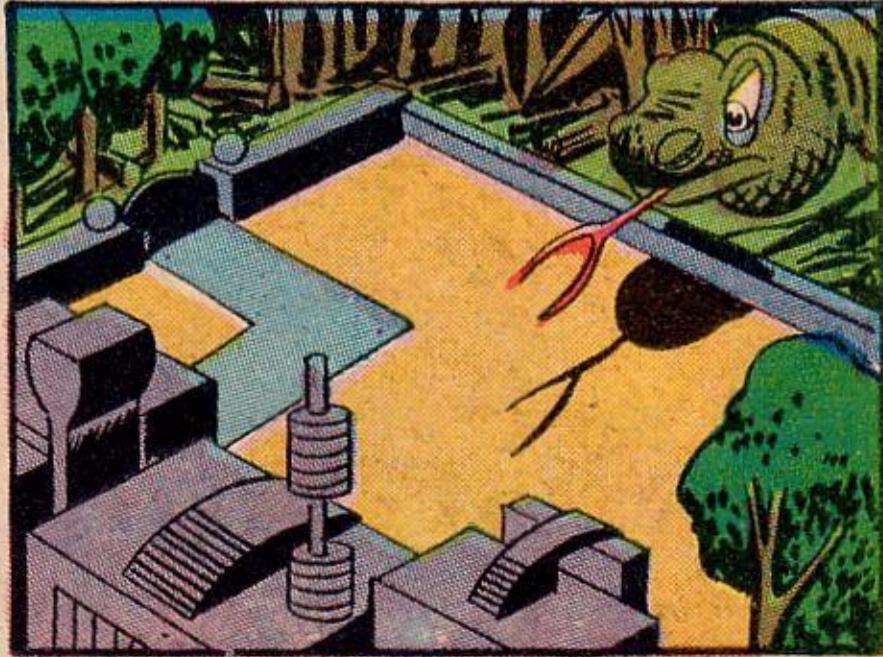


YOU GOT HERE  
SAFELY! GOOD!

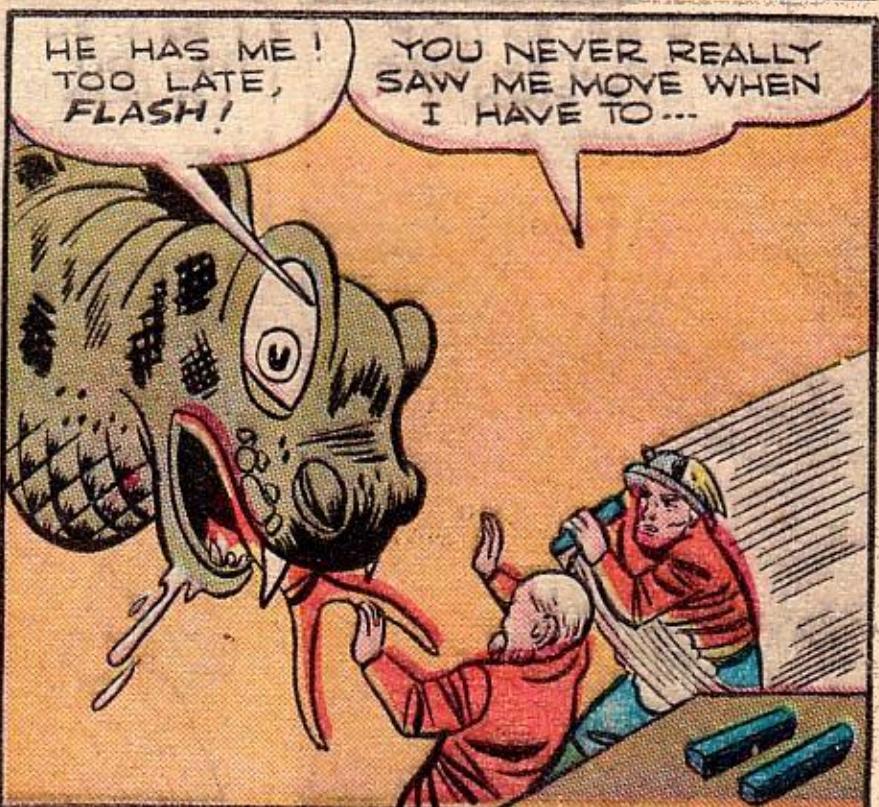
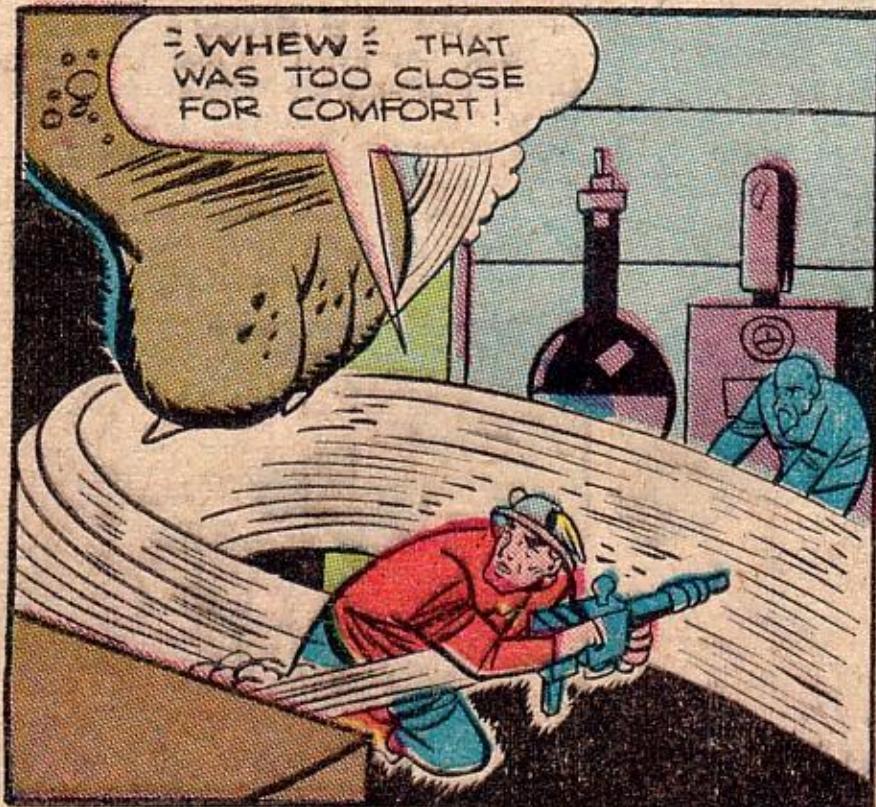
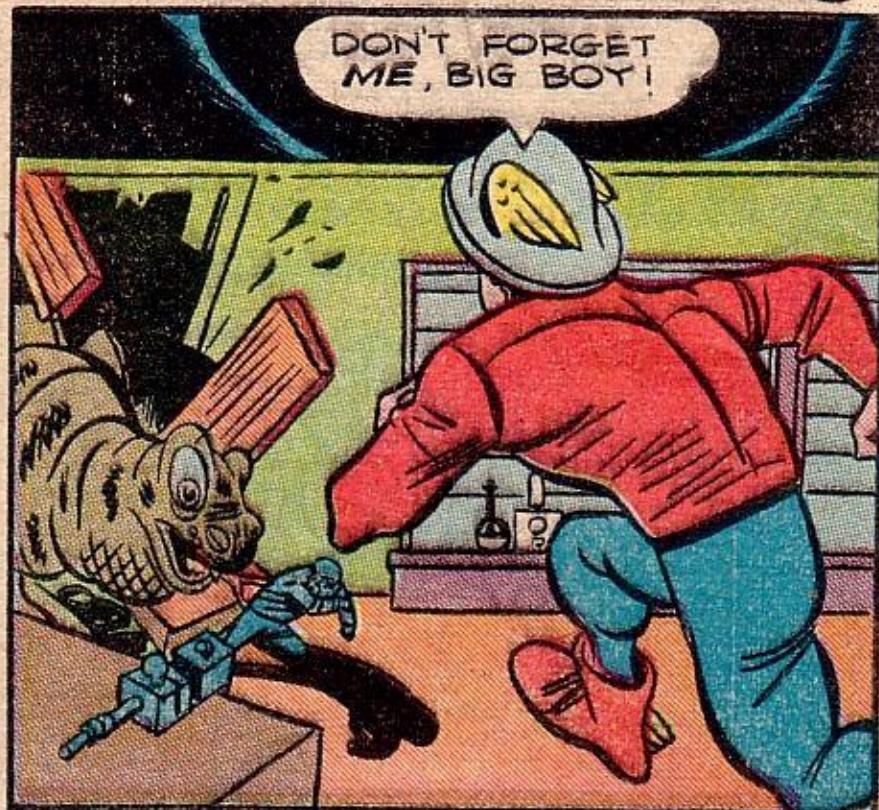
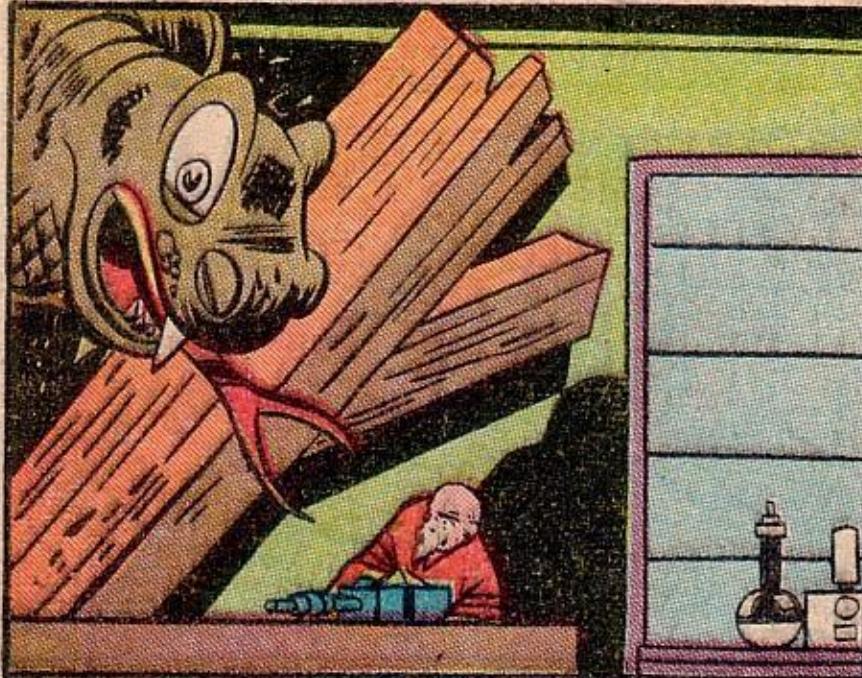
WE MUST  
HURRY, GREAT  
EVART KEENAN...  
THE INVADERS  
HAVE ATTACKED  
THE LAST CITY  
ON KARMA!



THAT MOMENT, IN THE MOIST AND  
STEAMING JUNGLE, A MIGHTY MEG-  
ASAURUS LIFTS A GREAT ANGRY  
HEAD.....



ROARING AND RAGING, THE FAMISHED REPTILE FOLLOWS THE SCENT OF MAN UNTIL...



## All-Flash Comics

I'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM OUTSIDE AND LOSE HIM SOMEWHERE... BUT WHERE... AND HOW?

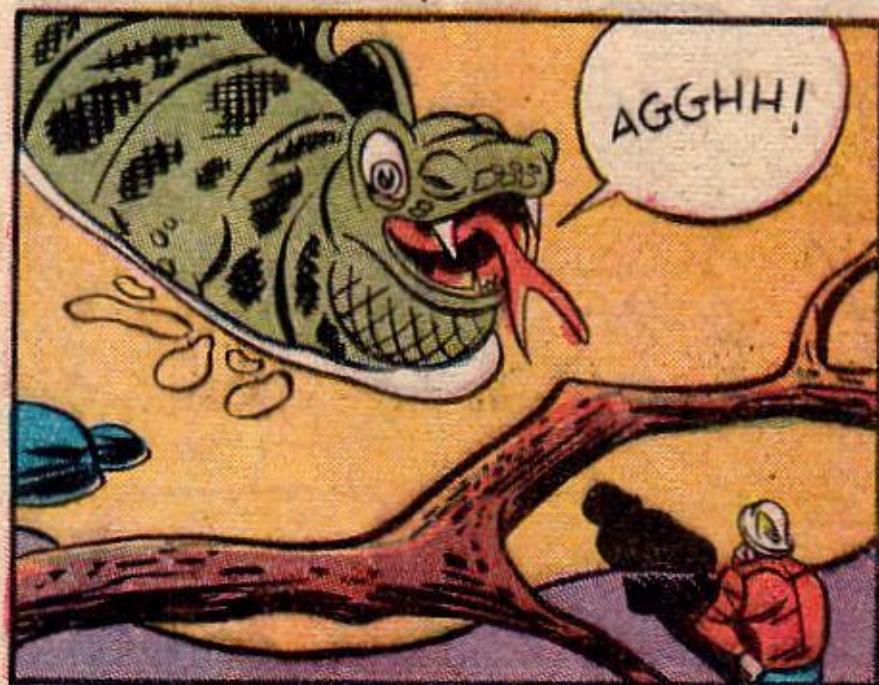
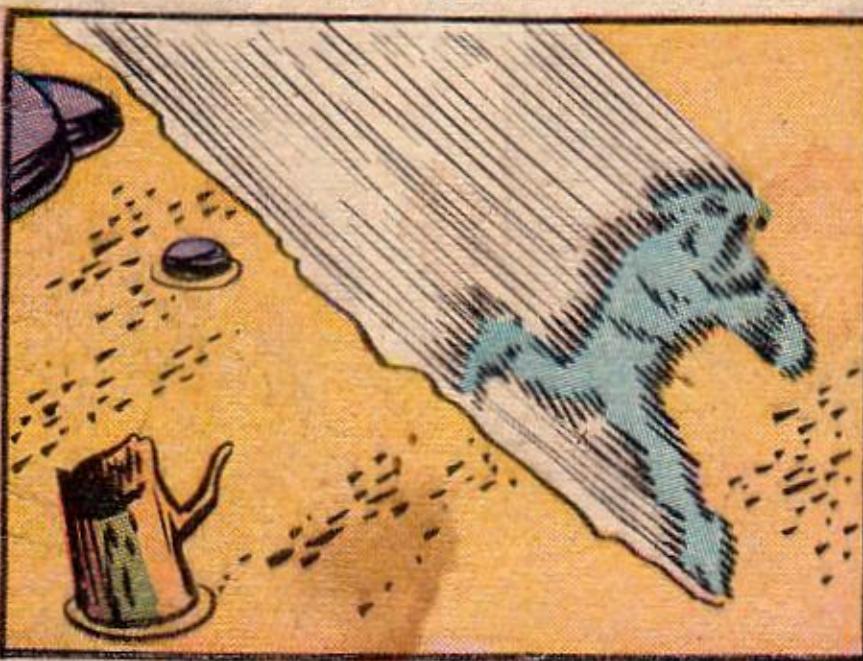


I CAN LOSE HIM EASILY ENOUGH... BUT HE'LL ALWAYS RETURN TO PLAGUE KEENAN... I'VE GOT IT!... THAT'S QUICKSAND UP AHEAD.....



THE SPEED OF THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE IS SO GREAT THAT HIS FEET MERELY SKIM THE SURFACE OF THE QUICKSAND.....

WHILE THE LUMBERING MONSTER SINKS DEEP INTO THE TREACHEROUS MIRE!



MOMENTS LATER....

YOU DID IT, FLASH..... KARMA'S FUTURE IS PERFECTLY SAFE NOW... MY TIME-SCANNER SHOWS YOU EFFECTIVELY DESTROYED THE INVADER'S FLEET!

IT WAS..ER, A TOUGH FIVE HUNDRED YEARS WORK..BUT I'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK TO TEN YEARS AGO.. AND ON EARTH!

YOU FORGET THAT THE SPACE WARP STILL EXISTS, AND SINCE YOU SAVED MY LIFE, I AM ALIVE TO OPERATE IT FROM HERE!

THIS TIME AND SPACE BUSINESS CERTAINLY MIXES A FELLOW UP!

I WANT YOU TO SEE KARMA OF THE FUTURE, FLASH... A WORLD THAT MY SCIENCE WILL REBUILD... A BETTER WORLD... A PARADISE!

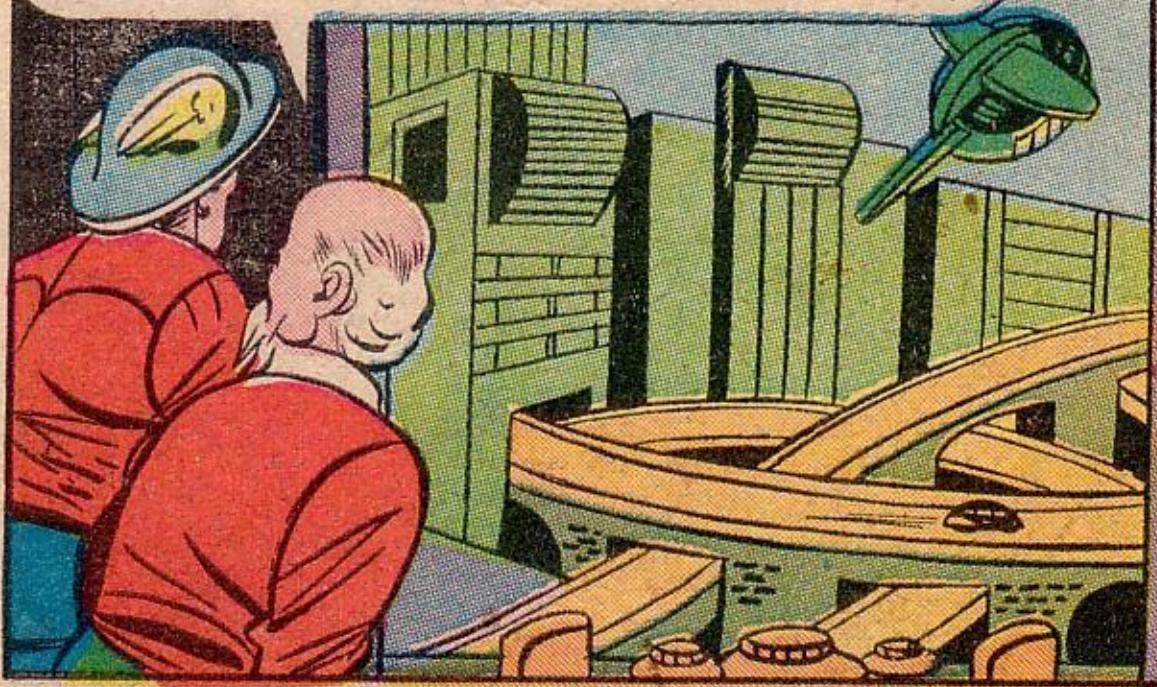


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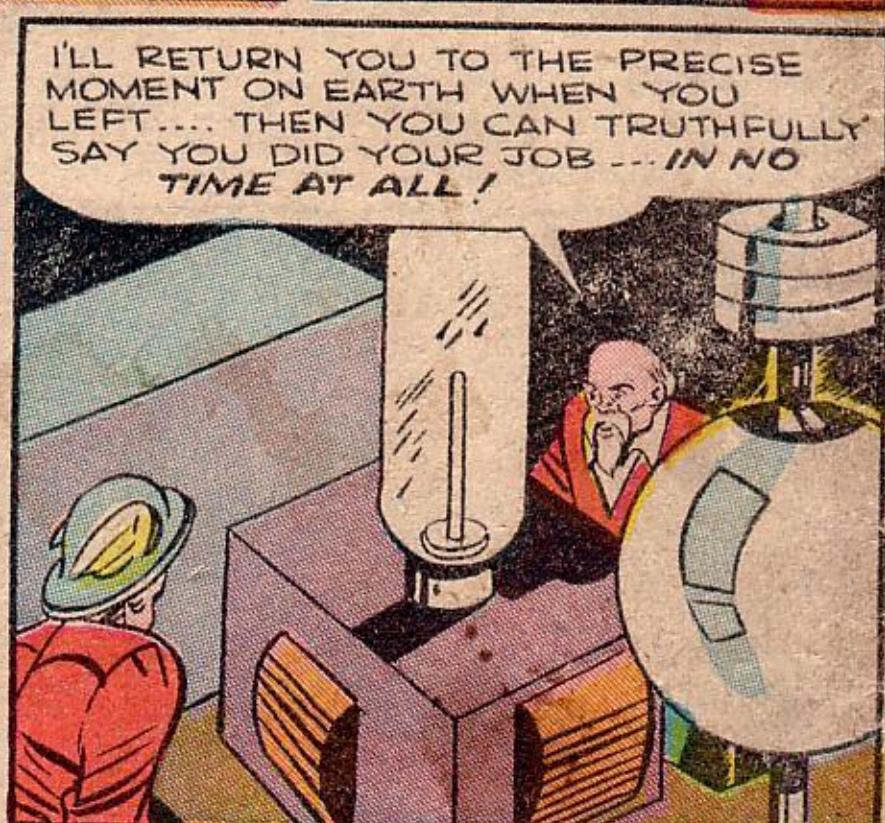
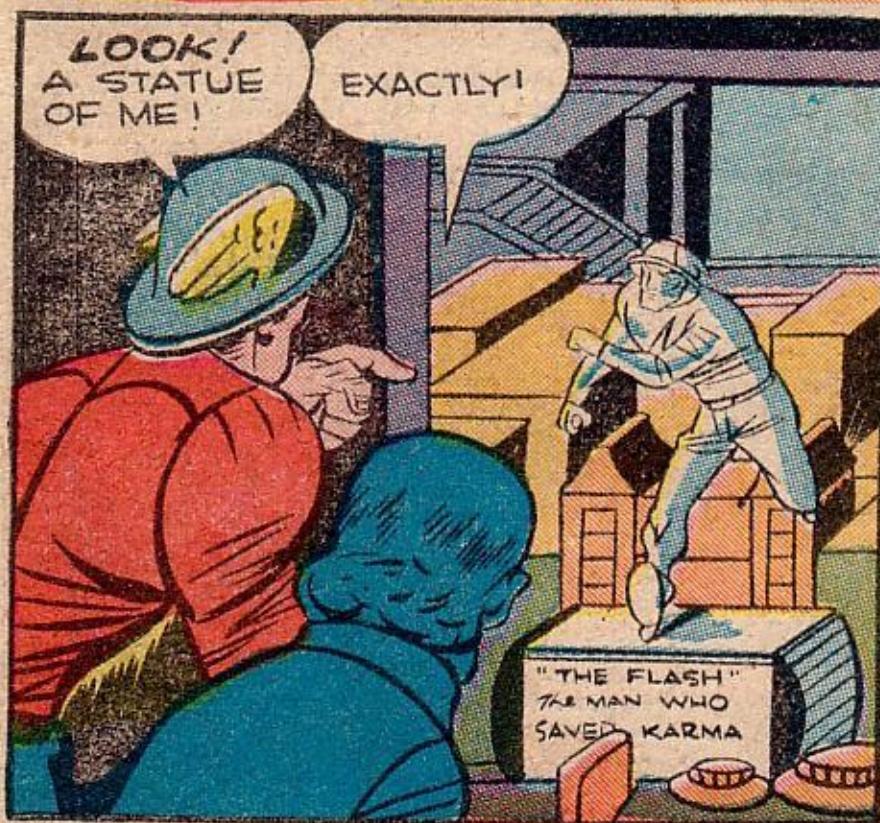
A SUPERMAN  
PUBLICATION  
DC

A SUPERMAN  
PUBLICATION  
DC

THERE WILL BE NO WARFARE HERE, NO BATTLE ... YET GUARDS WILL BE VIGILANT AGAINST ANY INVASION FROM SPACE !



THERE WILL BE ENOUGH WORK FOR ALL, AND AT THE SAME TIME, AMPLE LEISURE FOR PLAY, MUSIC AND THE ARTS... CHILDREN WILL GROW STRONG WITH GOOD FOOD AND ABUNDANT SUNLIGHT !



BACK ON EARTH, JAY GARRICK VISITS JOAN WILLIAMS AND FINDS HER QUITE ANNOYED...

OF ALL THE IMPOSSIBLE THINGS... I JUST READ A STORY HERE WHERE A MAN TRAVELS INTO THE FUTURE TO SAVE CIVILIZATION FROM AN INTERPLANETARY INVASION !



DON'T LOOK SO SMUG... WHY I ACTUALLY BELIEVE YOU THINK IT'S POSSIBLE!.. IF YOU DO, JUST READ THIS STORY .....

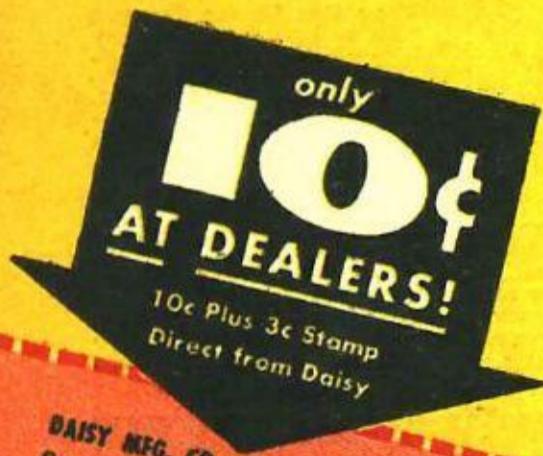


I JUST DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THAT SORT OF THING ... NO TIME AT ALL !



# New for you

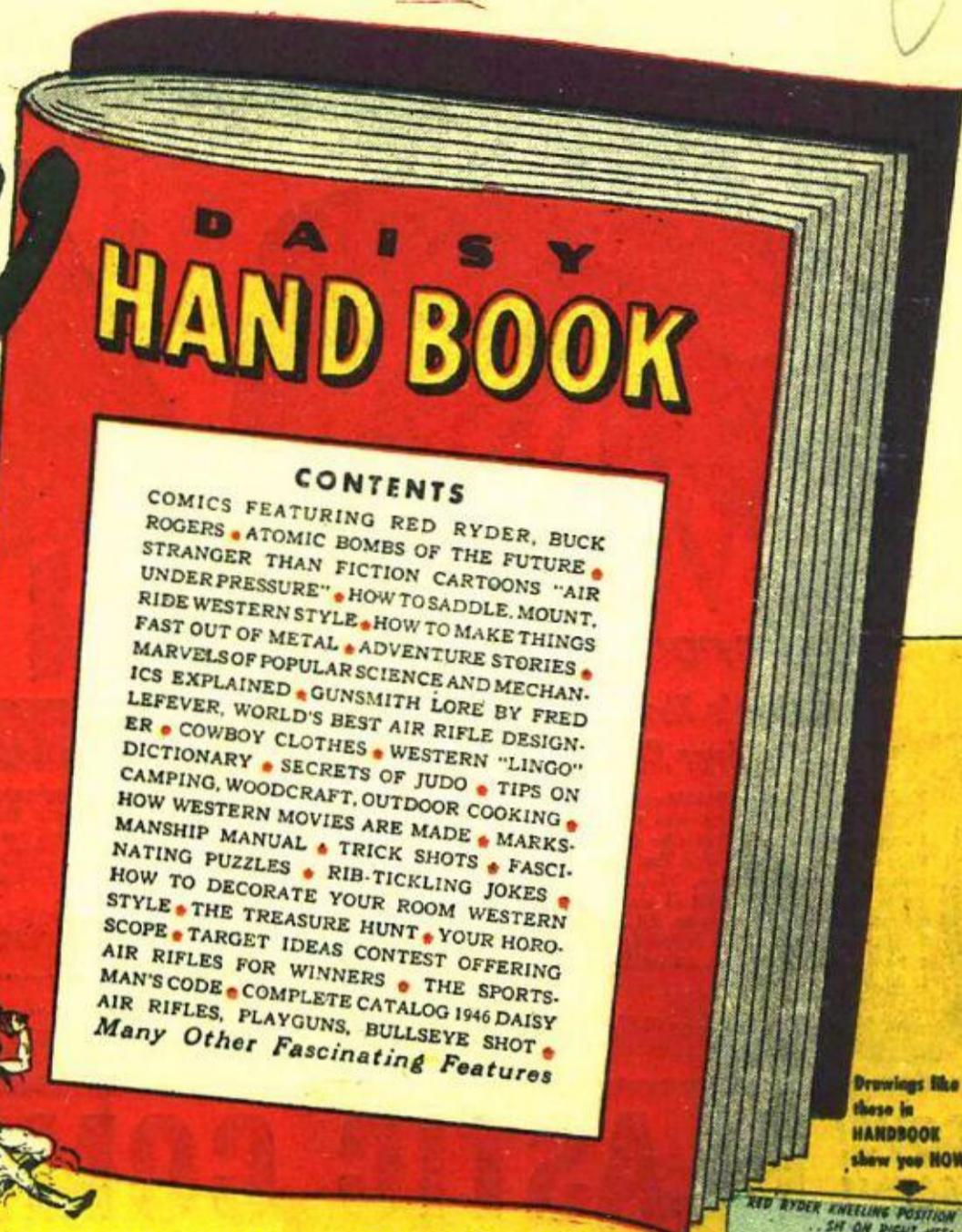
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