

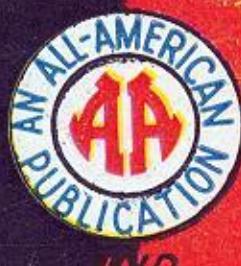
SUMMER ISSUE

No. 19

TEN CENTS

Ace-Flash

The Adventure
JUN 27 1941
of
THE MUMMY CASE
and the
WOODEN MAN



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE:

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Give us not only the needed implements of war, but the assurance and backing of a united people so necessary to hasten the victory and speed the return of your fighting men.

William Seaby
Douglas A. Egging
Dwight Stilman C.W. Nimitz
H. Arnold

**BACK THE 7th
WAR LOAN DRIVE!**

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All-Flash Comics



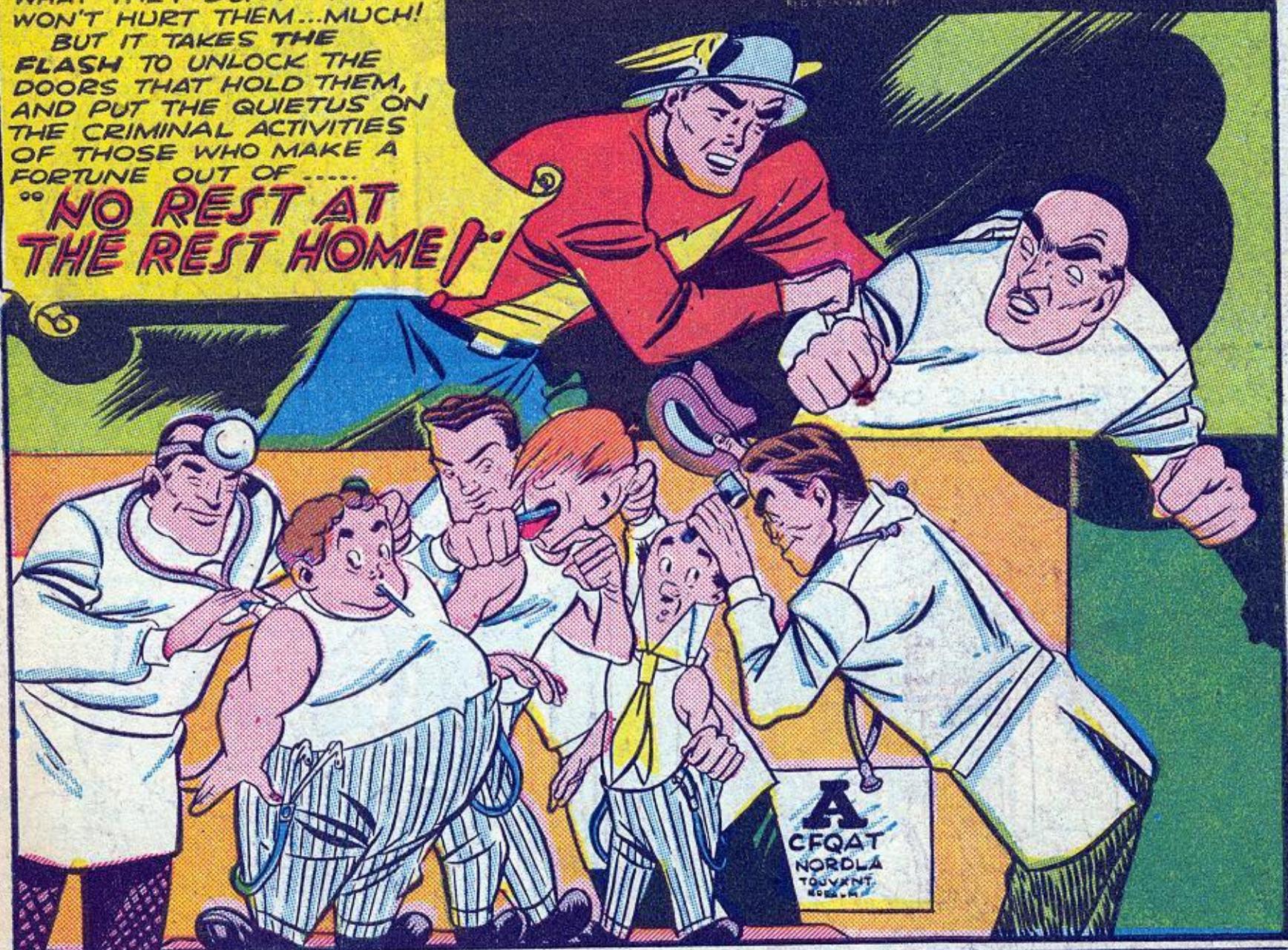
WHEN THOSE GAY GOONS OF GIDDINESS, WINKY, BLINKY AND NODDY, INNOCENTLY BECOME ENTANGLLED IN A WEB OF CRIME AT THE BIDE-A-BIT REST HOME, THEY FIND THEMSELVES TREATED "LIKE ONE OF THE BOYS." WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT THEM...MUCH! BUT IT TAKES THE FLASH TO UNLOCK THE DOORS THAT HOLD THEM, AND PUT THE QUIETUS ON THE CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES OF THOSE WHO MAKE A FORTUNE OUT OF.....

"NO REST AT THE REST HOME!"

The Flash

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX



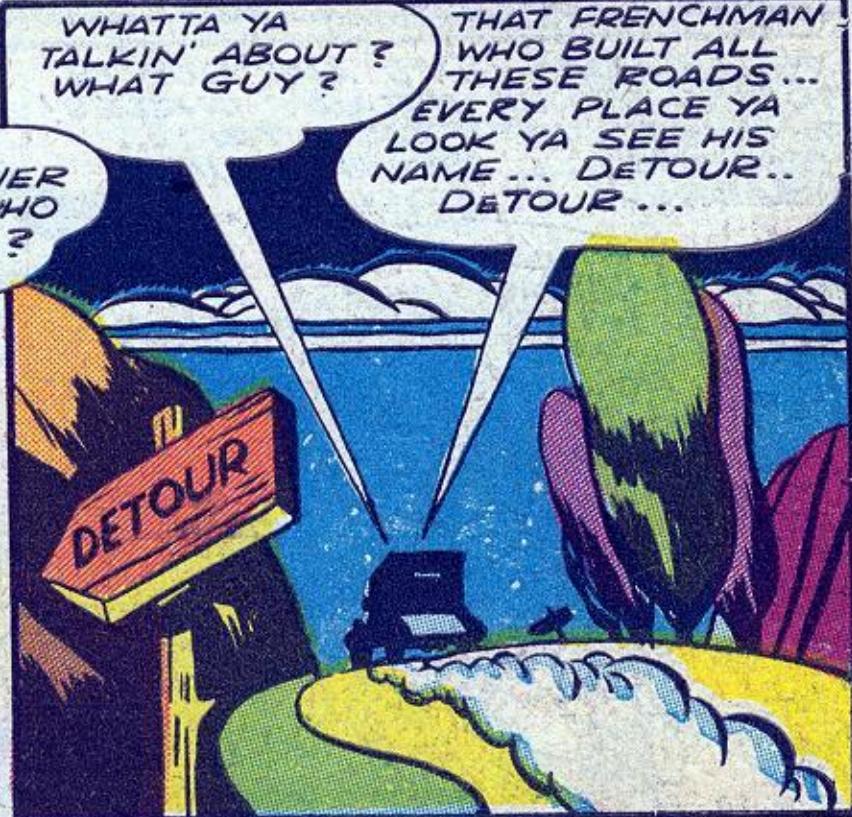
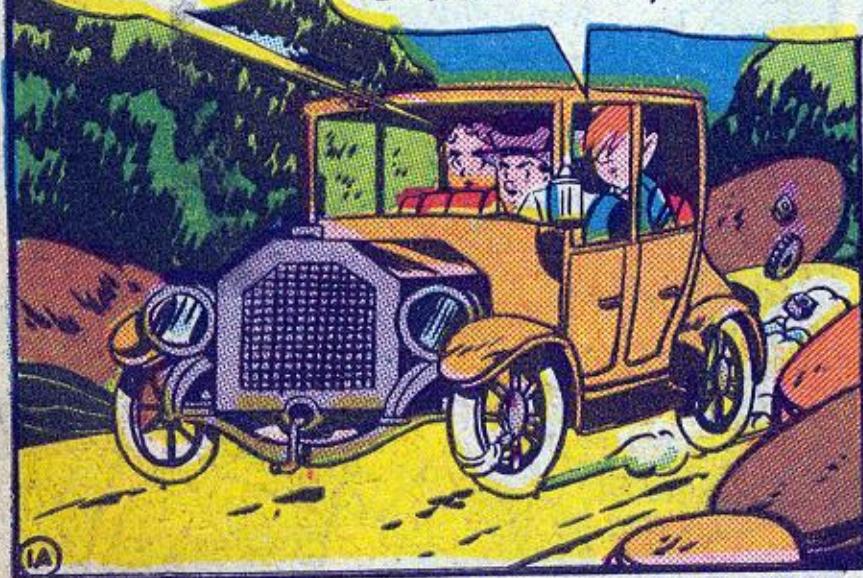
DOWN A DUSTY ROAD RATTLES AND SHAKES A MODEL T (FOR TIMEWORN AND TUMBLEDOWN) CAR.....

BOY, THIS IS SOME BUMPY ROAD!

THAT'S BECAUSE THEY HIRED A FOREIGNER TO BUILD IT!... SAY, WHO IS THAT GUY, ANYHOW?

WHATTA YA TALKIN' ABOUT? WHAT GUY?

THAT FRENCHMAN WHO BUILT ALL THESE ROADS... EVERY PLACE YA LOOK YA SEE HIS NAME... DETOUR... DETOUR...





All-Flash Comics



All-Flash Comics

MEANWHILE, JAY (THE FLASH)
GARRICK VISITS AN OLD
FRIEND...

I CAME TO SEE YOUR
UNCLE, WALTER....
WHERE IS HE?

WHY, UNCLE HIRAM
LEFT SEVERAL DAYS
AGO FOR HAMPSTEAD
DOWNS TO CATCH
SOME MORE BUTTER-
FLIES FOR HIS
COLLECTION...HE
HASN'T BEEN
BACK SINCE!

HAVEN'T YOU MADE
ANY EFFORT TO
LOCATE HIM? IT
ISN'T LIKE HIM TO
STAY AWAY SO
LONG!

WHY
SHOULD I?
HE'S OVER 21!
BESIDES, I ENJOY
THE USE OF HIS
HOME...AND MONEY...
UNTIL HE RETURNS!

MIGHTY PECULIAR
SITUATION...HMM...
WOULDN'T DO ANY
HARM FOR THE FLASH
TO GO ON A LITTLE
HUNTING TRIP AROUND
HAMPSTEAD DOWNS!



SECONDS LATER, THE
SCARLET FORM OF THE
FASTEST MAN ALIVE
SPEEDS ALONG A
DUSTY ROAD...

SAY, THAT LOOKS LIKE
NODDY'S CAR.. WONDER
IF HE'S ANYWHERE
AROUND HERE?
MAYBE I HAVE TO HUNT
FOR MORE THAN ONE
MAN, AT THAT!

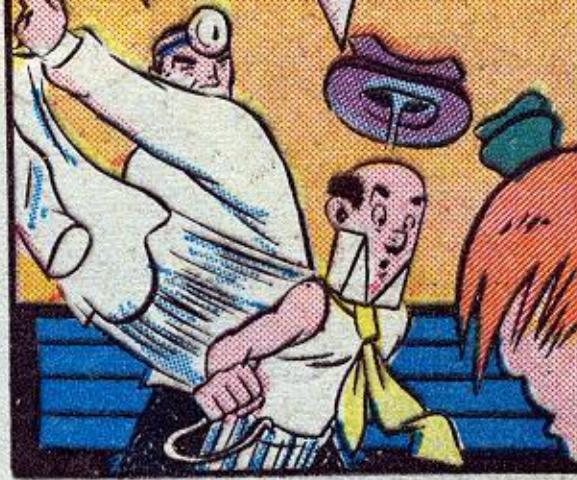
YOU MAY BE RIGHT,
FLASH! FOR THE
THREE DIMWITS FEEL
A BIT LOST RIGHT NOW!

MAKE YOURSELVES
RIGHT AT HOME, BOYS!

THAT IS VERY
DECENT OF YOUSE
FELLAS!

ALL RIGHT, GENTS..
PLEASE REMOVE
YOUR COATS AND
SHIRTS!

YEAH, SURE...
BUT YOUSE NEEDN'T
GO TO ALL THAT
BOther!



SAY,
"AHH"!

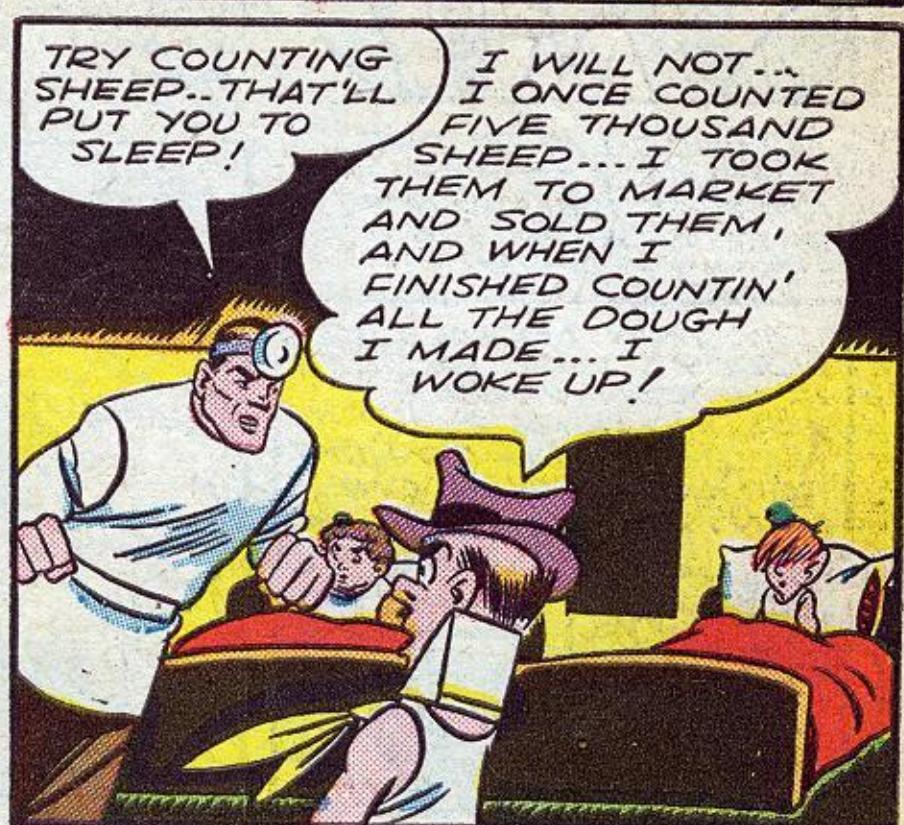
AHHH!

I GUESS
THEY'RE
TESTING HIS
VOICE TO SEE
IF HE CAN
TALK OVER THE
TELEPHONE!

HELLO, OPERATOR?
OPERATOR, OPERATOR,
WHY DON'T YOUSE
ANSWER?
HEY, OPERATOR!!

YEOWW!
MY
EARS!





MEANWHILE, THE FLASH BEGINS HIS SEARCH...

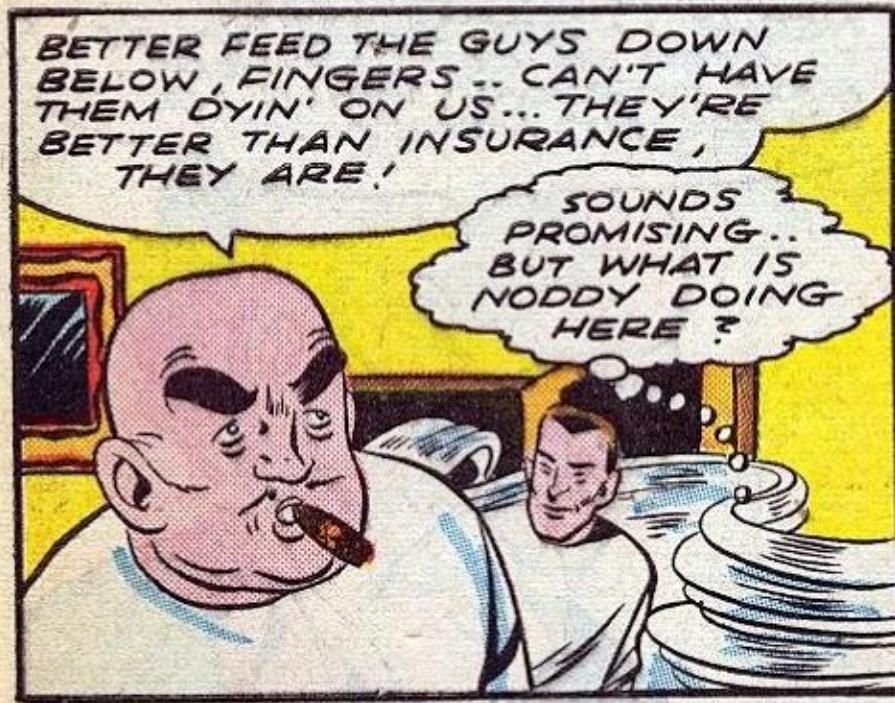


A BUTTERFLY NET! THE RUSTY METAL SHOWS IT'S BEEN OUT HERE FOR SOME TIME... KNOWING HIRAM MACLEAN, HE WASN'T APT TO WALK OFF WITHOUT IT!





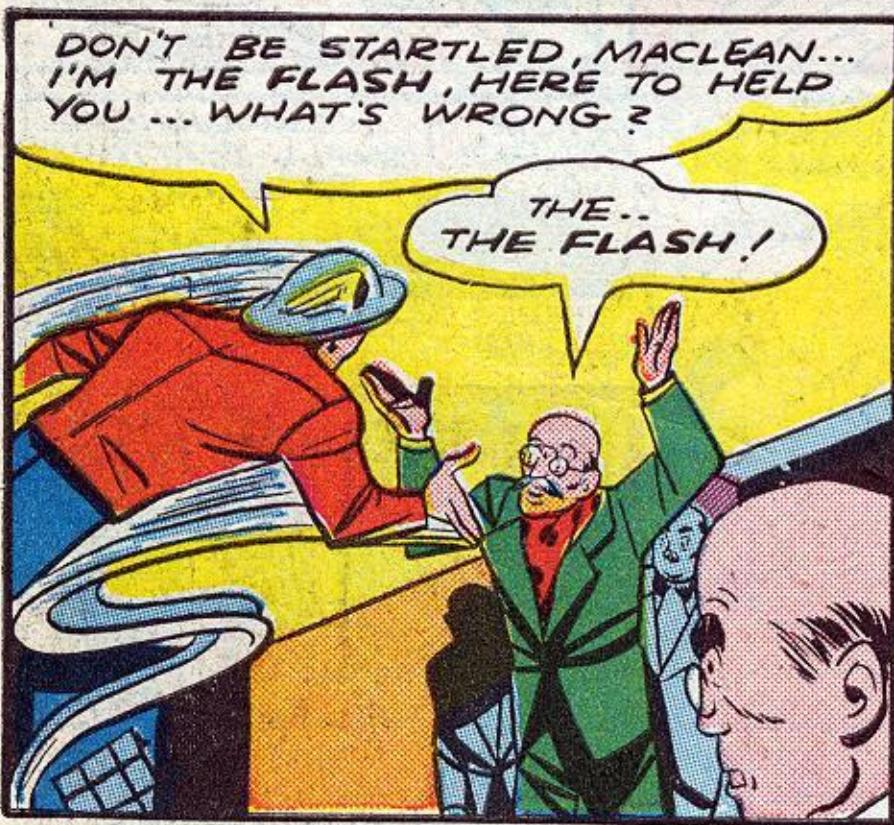
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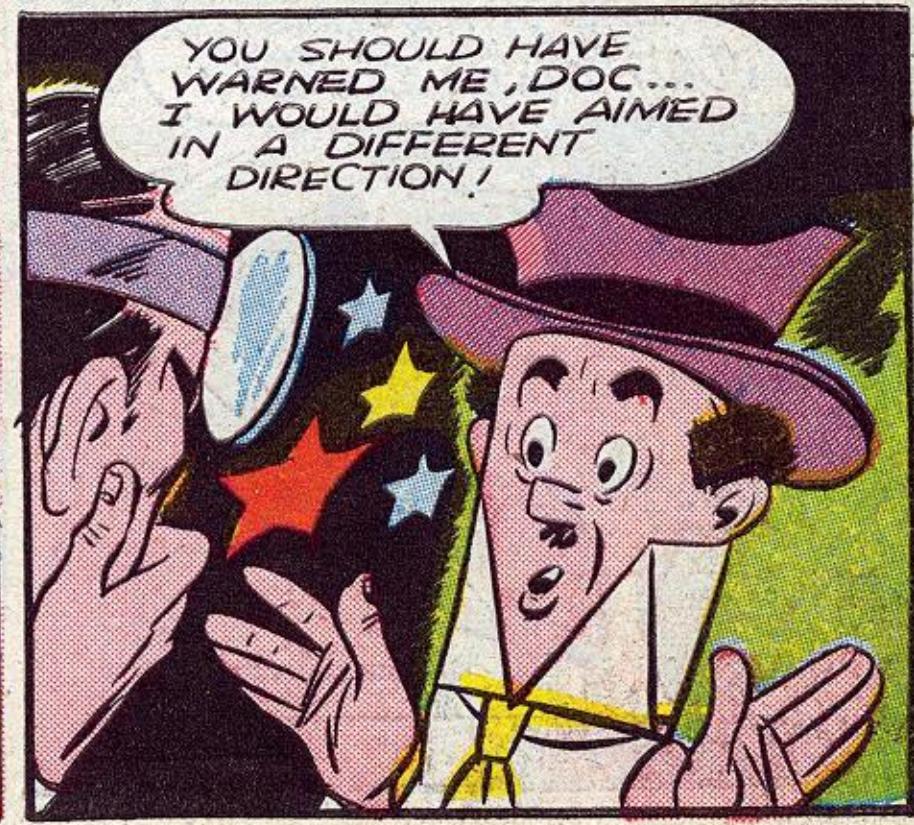
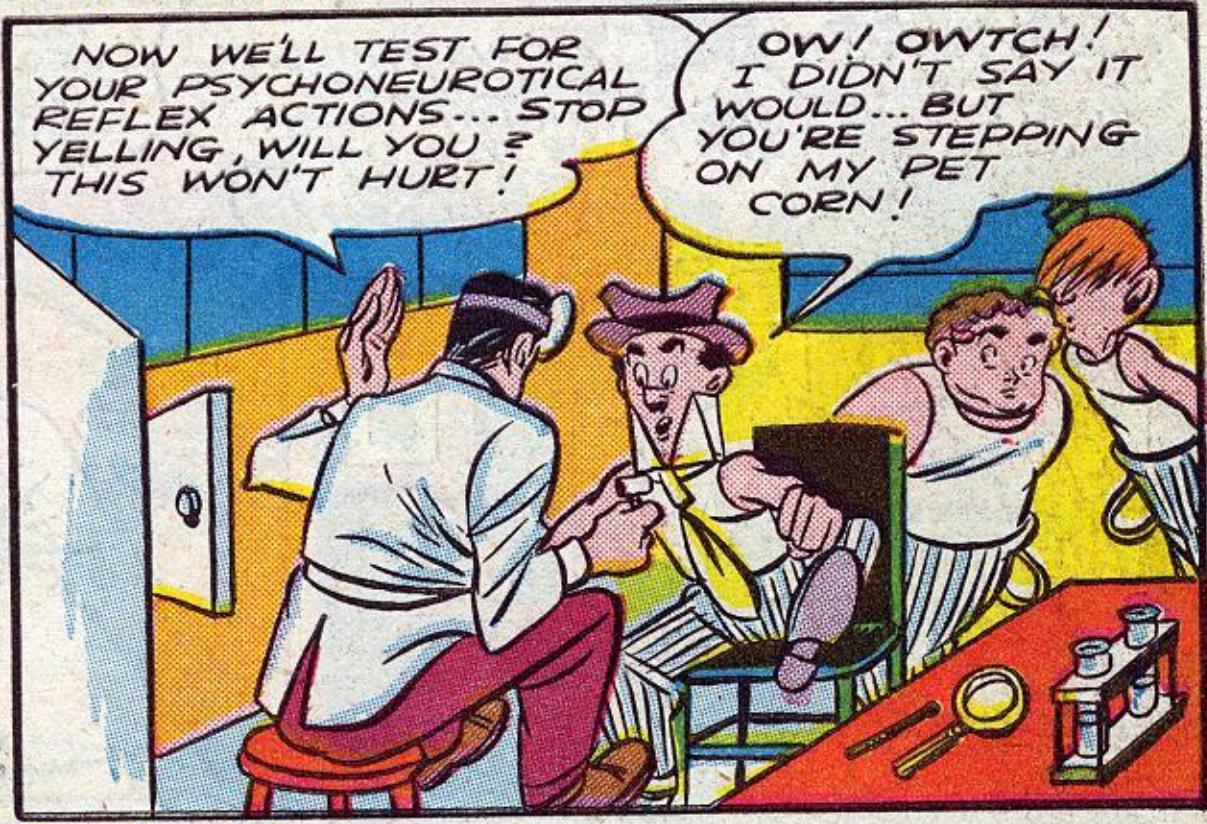
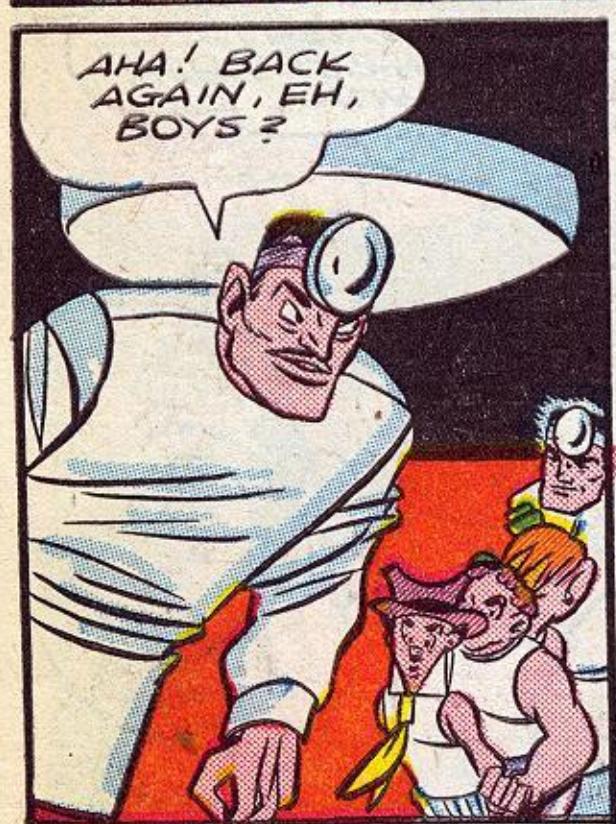
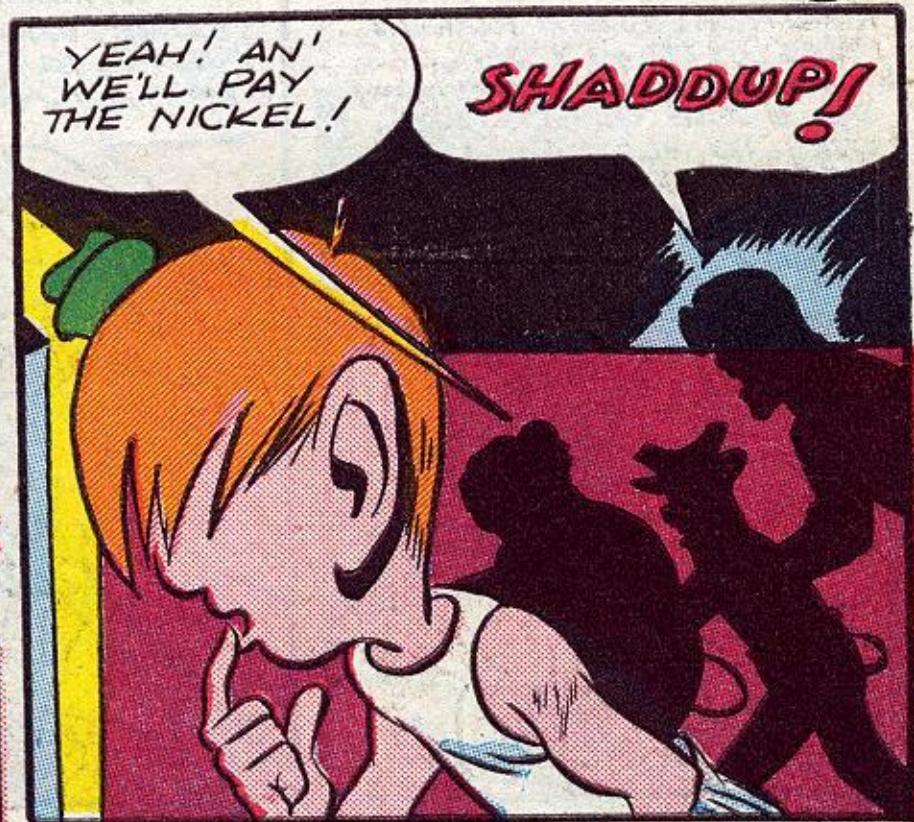
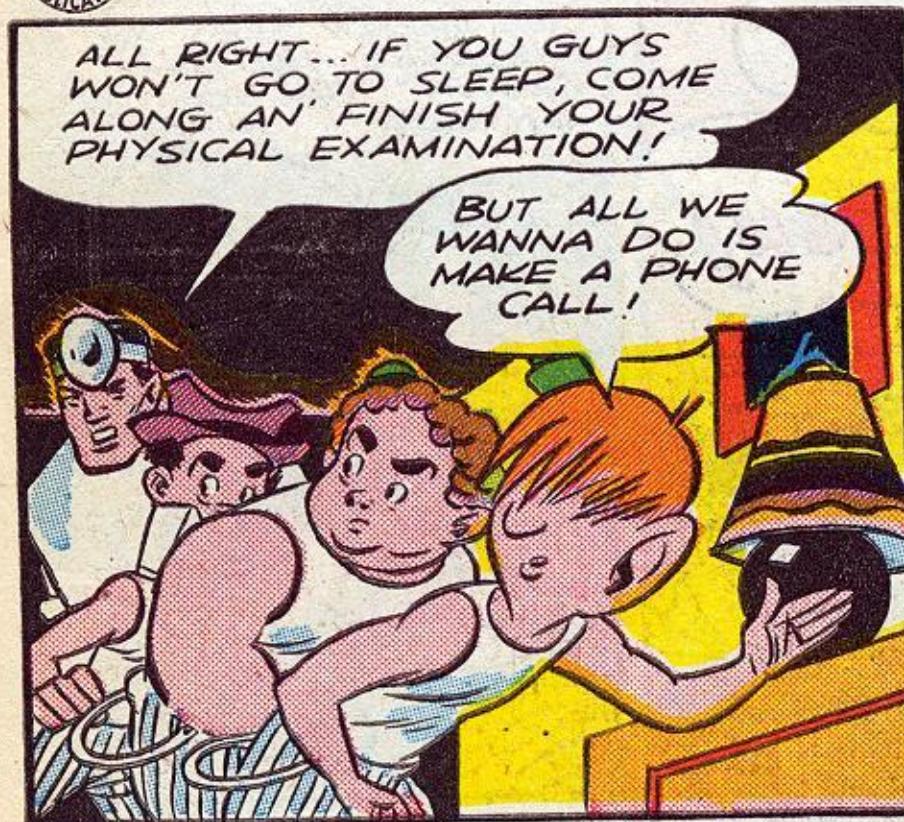
CLASPING THE BARS
OF THE JAIL DOOR,
THE FLASH VIBRATES
THEM WITH INFINITE
SPEED....



I WAS KIDNAPPED! I HAVE
A HUNCH MY RASCALLY
NEPHEW HIRED THESE THUGS
TO KEEP ME CUT OFF HERE
FROM EVERYONE, WHILE HE
SPENDS MY MONEY...



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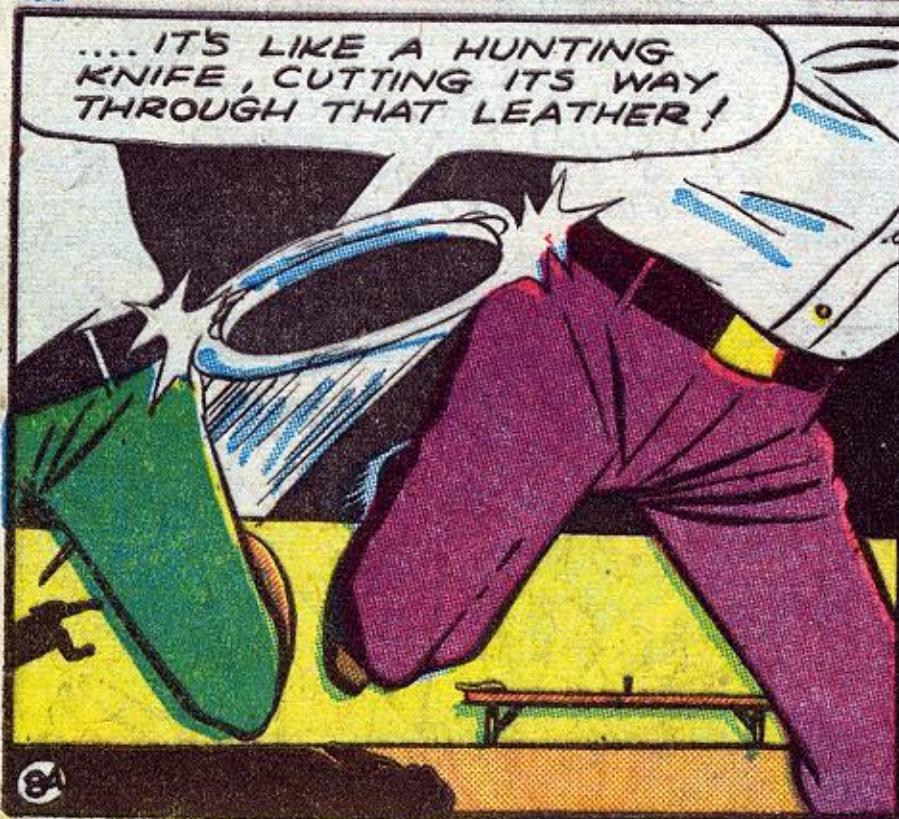
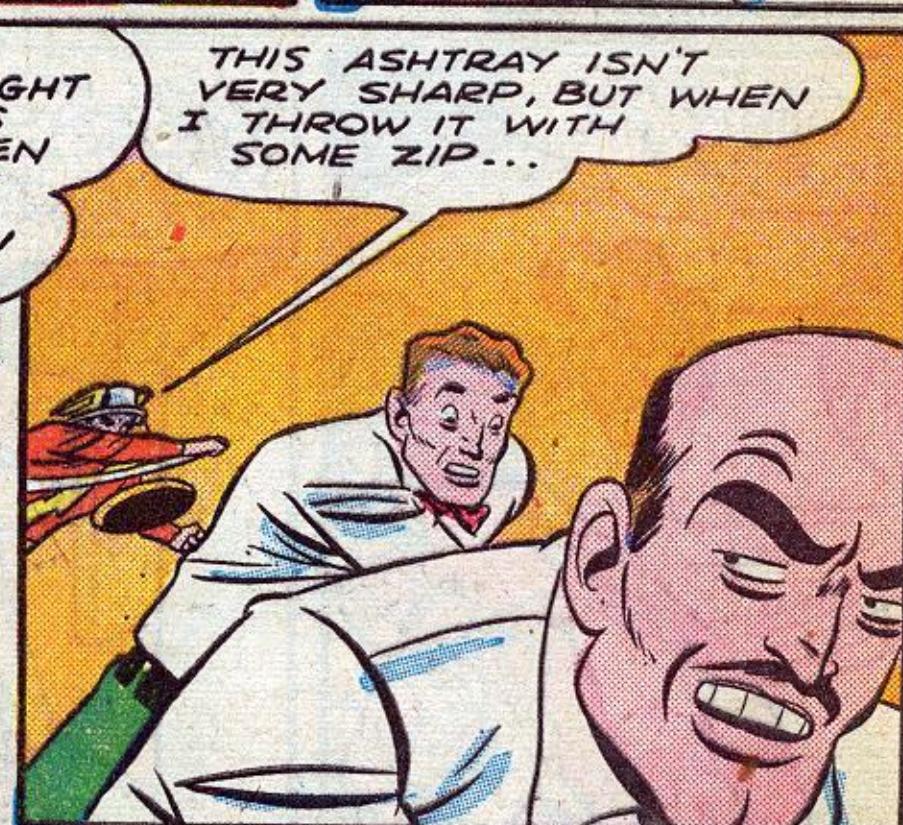
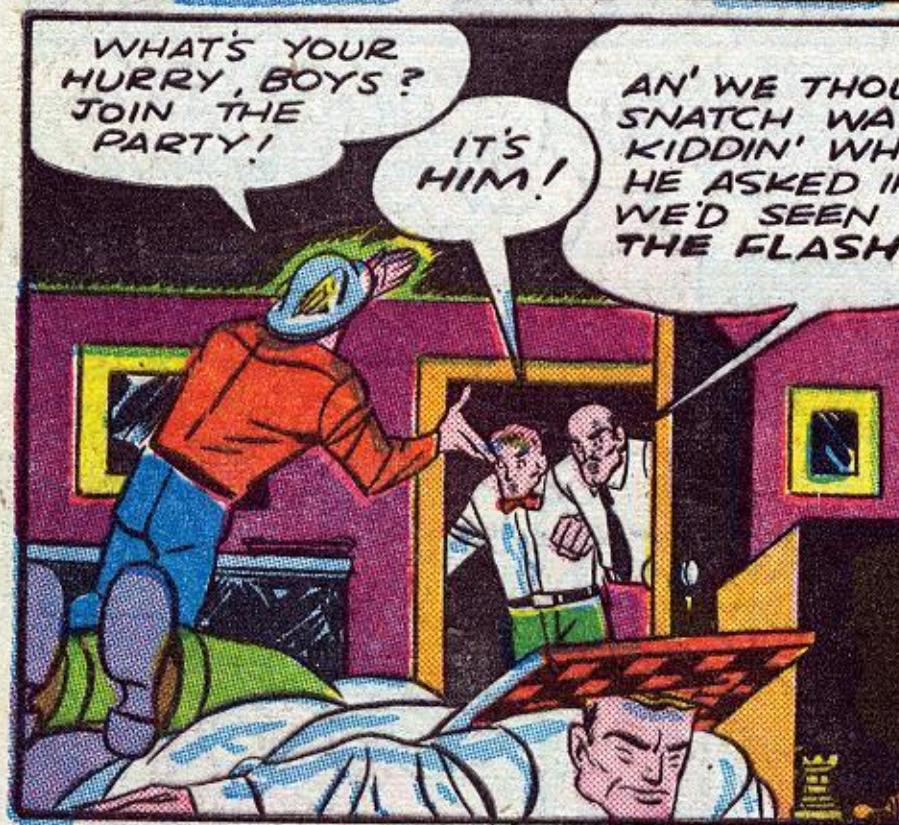


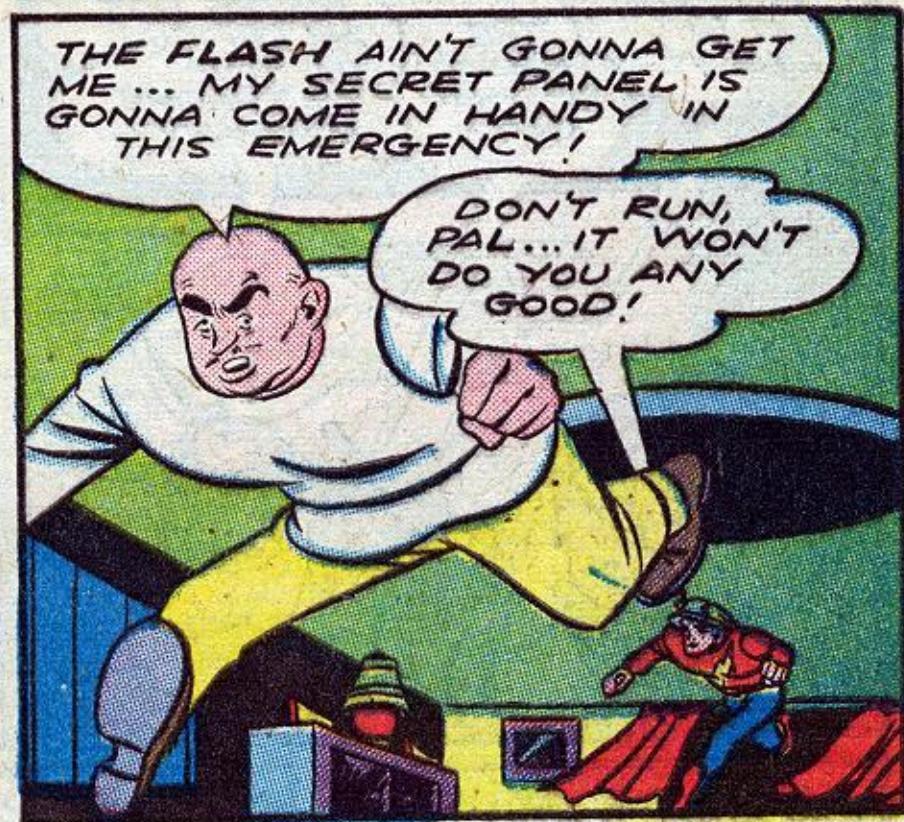
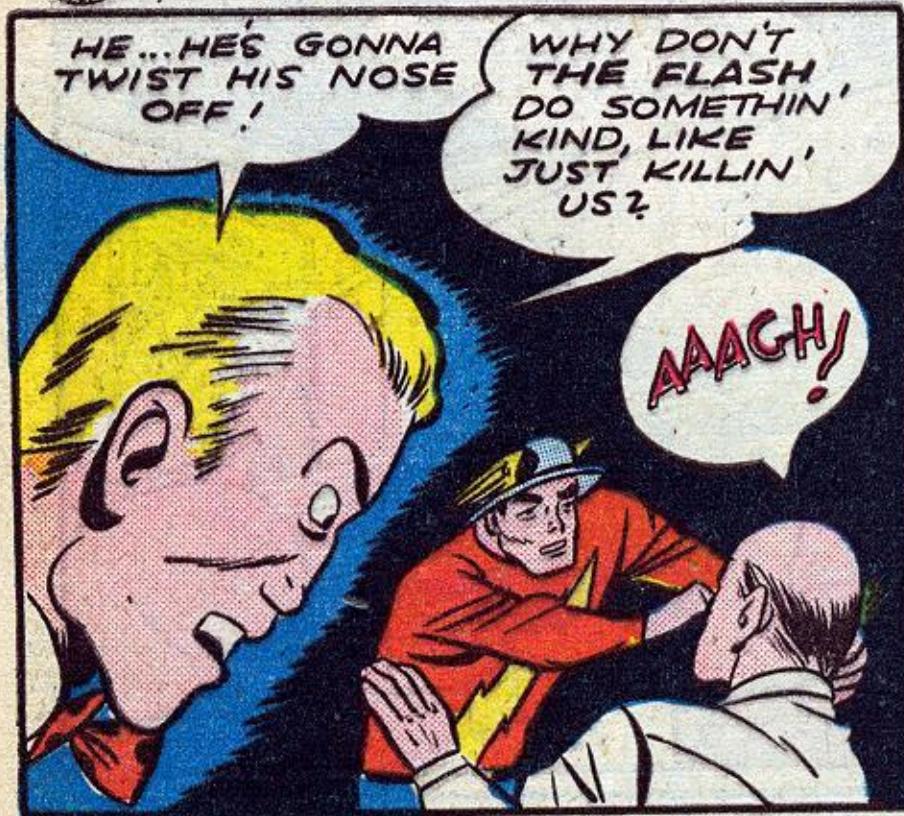


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MEANWHILE, THE FLASH GOES INTO ACTION....





A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE SNATCH'S SECRET REVOLVING PANEL CLOSES, THE CRIMSON CANNONBALL HURLS HIS WEIGHT AGAINST IT...

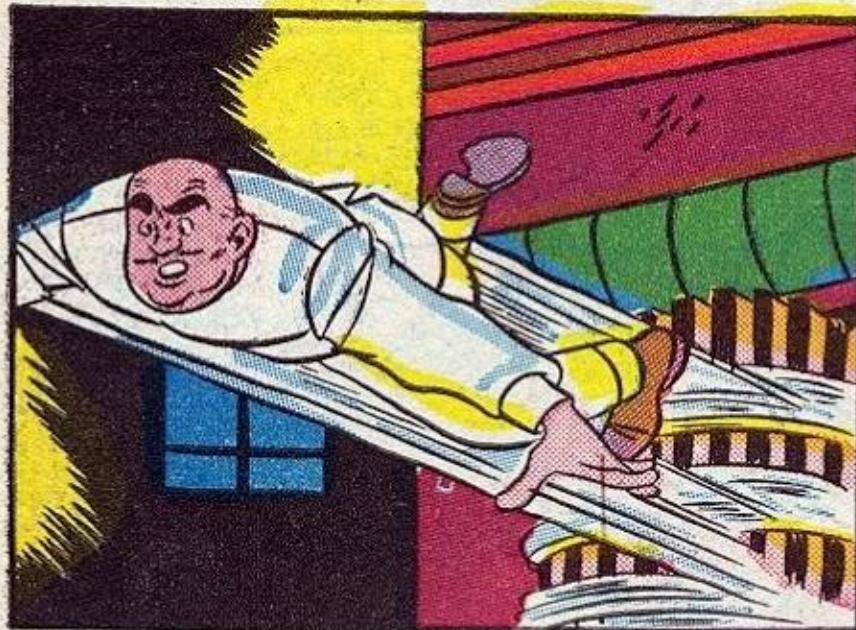




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ROUND AND ROUND GOES THE REVOLVING PANEL... AND SUDDENLY SNATCH GOES FLYING OFF TO THE OPPOSITE WALL....





All-Flash Comics



MEANWHILE, SNATCH'S FLIGHT COMES TO AN ABRUPT HALT...

OOF!
JUST AN OLD WALL-FLOWER TRYING TO CONVINCE ME HE'S A "PUT-UP" JOB!

I'LL HAVE TO REVIVE HIM AND GET A SIGNED CONFESSION... THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WILL CARRY ON FROM THERE!

YOU WERE ALL WET ANYWAY, SNATCH!

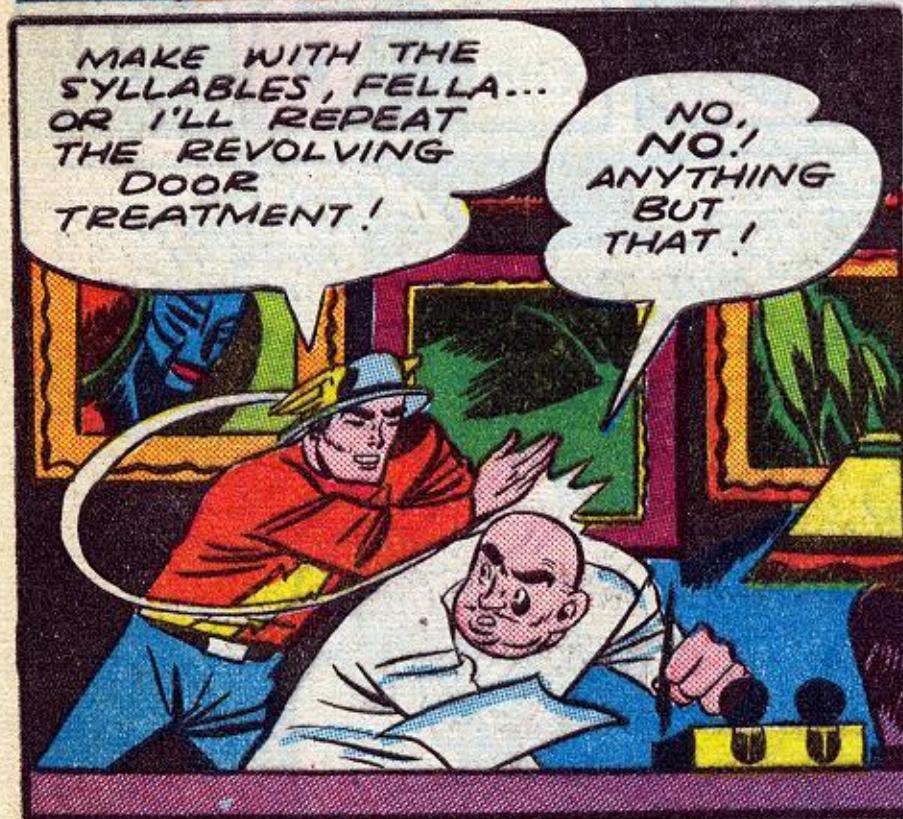


MAKE WITH THE SYLLABLES, FELLA... OR I'LL REPEAT THE REVOLVING DOOR TREATMENT!

NO, NO! ANYTHING BUT THAT!

THAT'LL KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE THEY BELONG... AND YOU, TOO... WHILE I RELEASE THOSE MEN DOWNSTAIRS!

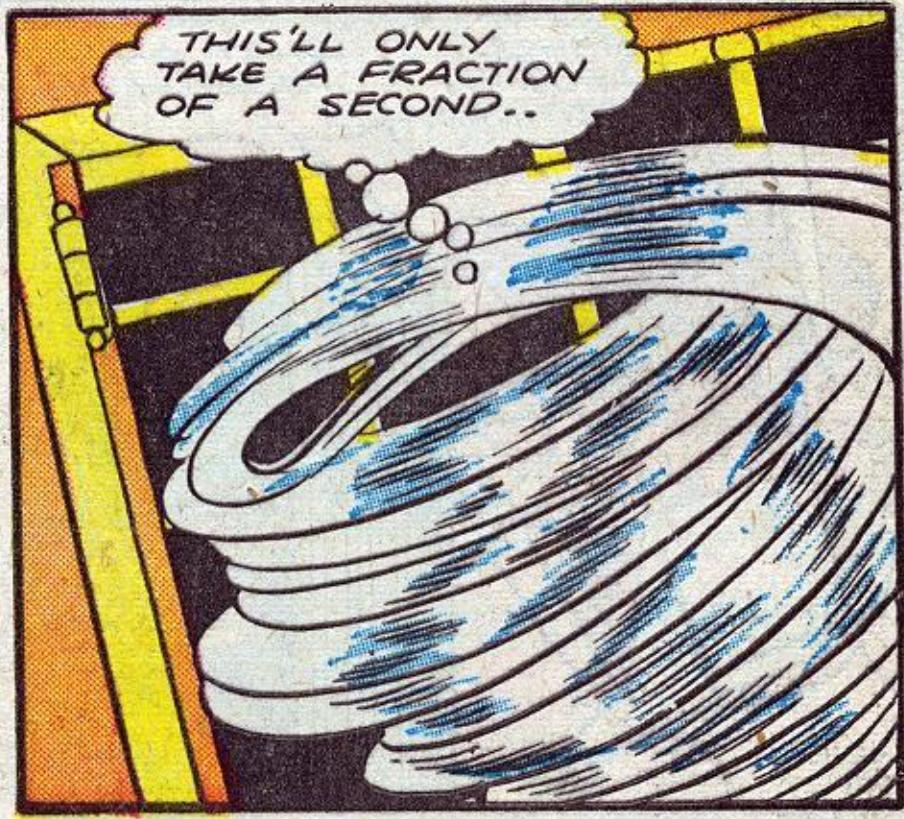
OW!
I COULDN'T MOVE IF I WANTED TO!



I'D LIKE TO SEE ANYBODY OPEN THAT DOOR NOW!

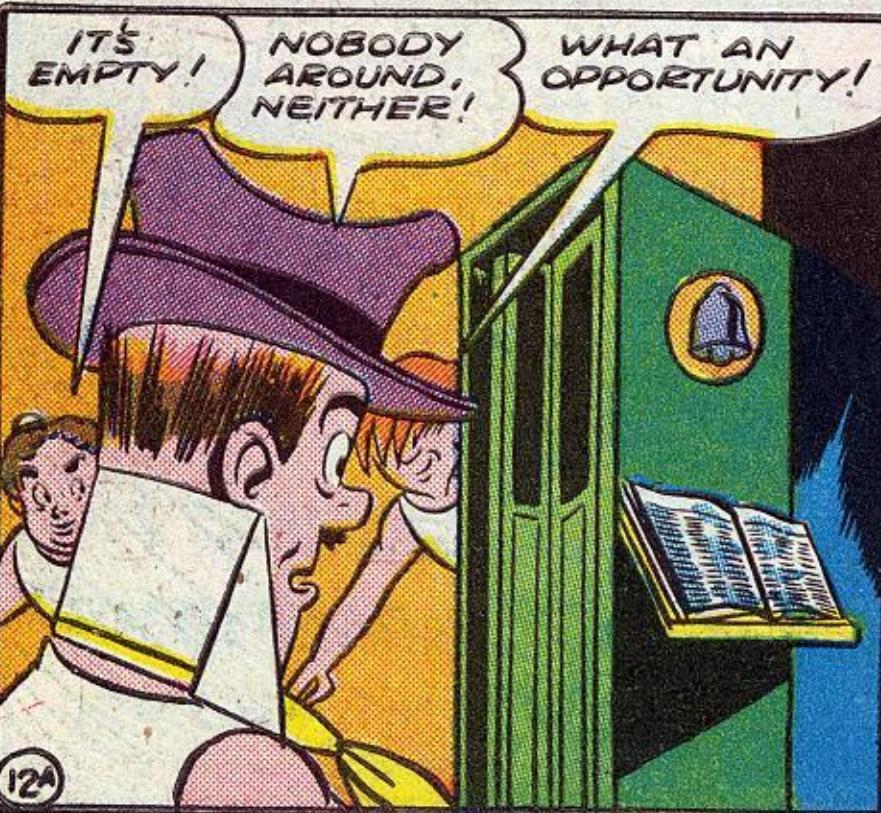
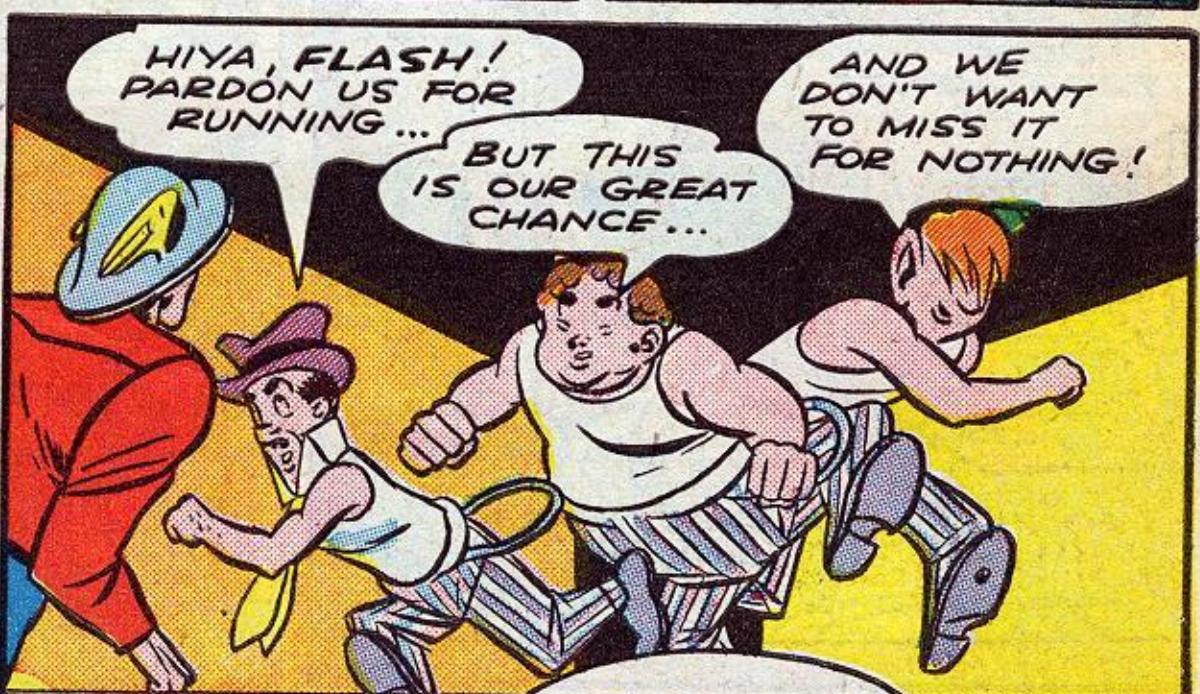
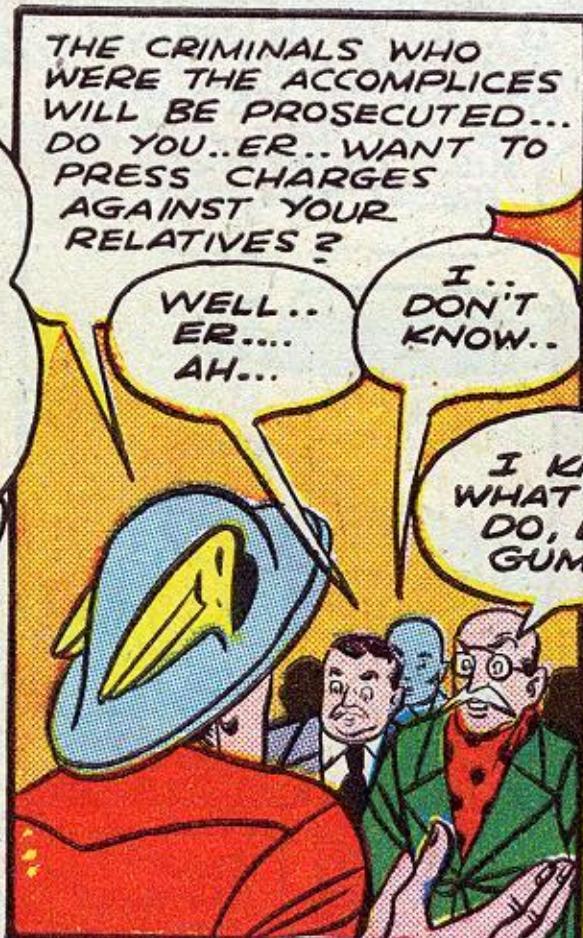
YOUR WISH WILL BE GRANTED, OLD MAN!

THIS'LL ONLY TAKE A FRACTION OF A SECOND..





All-Flash Comics



REALLY, FOLKS, THE FLASH LOVES WINKY, BLINKY AND NODDY, EVEN THOUGH THEY GET HIM INVOLVED IN THE STRANGEST CASES! ... BUT IN OUR NEXT STORY, THE FLASH BATTLES A FANTASTIC MENACE... UNAIDED AND UNHAMPERED BY THE THREE LOVABLE NITWITS... ARE YOU READY? ALL RIGHT... TURN TO THE ADVENTURE OF...

"The Talisman in the Tapestry!"



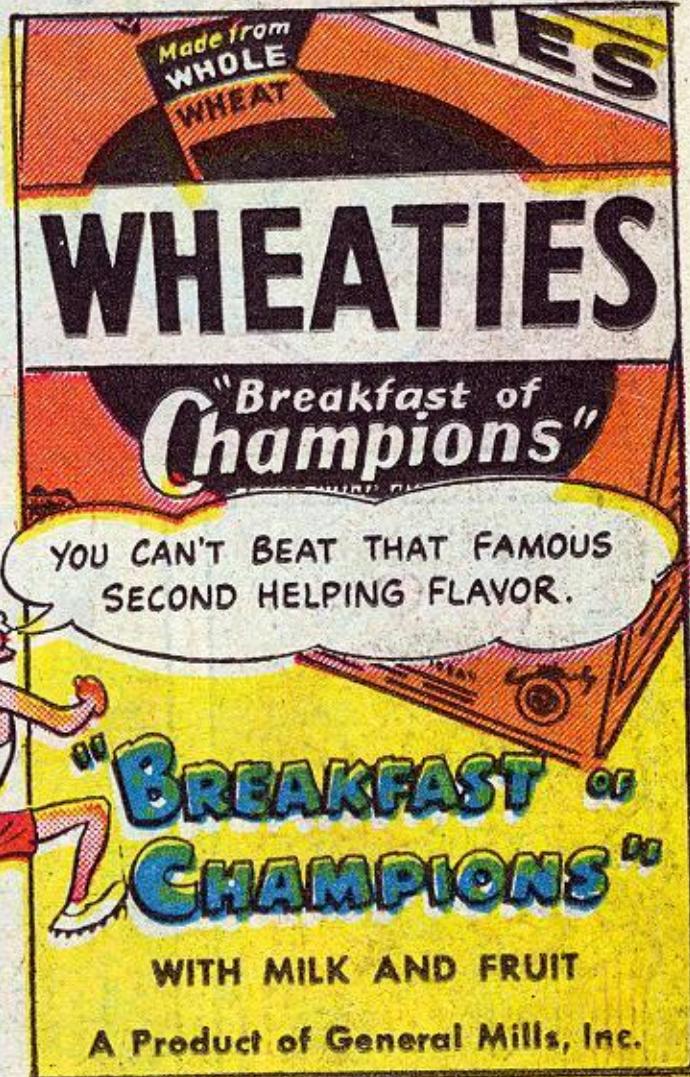
YOU'RE OFF TO A GOOD START -- WITH A BIG BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

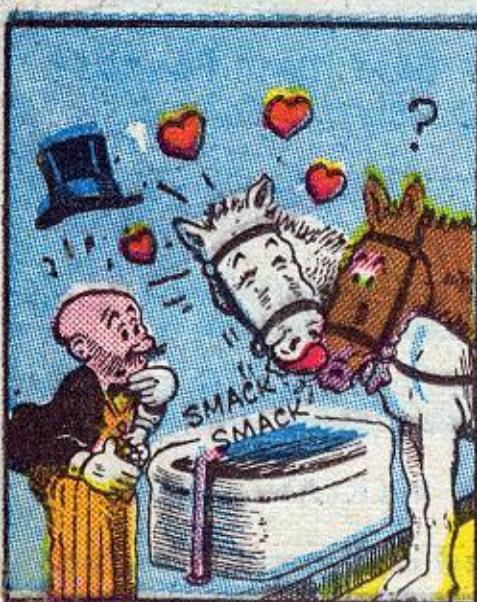
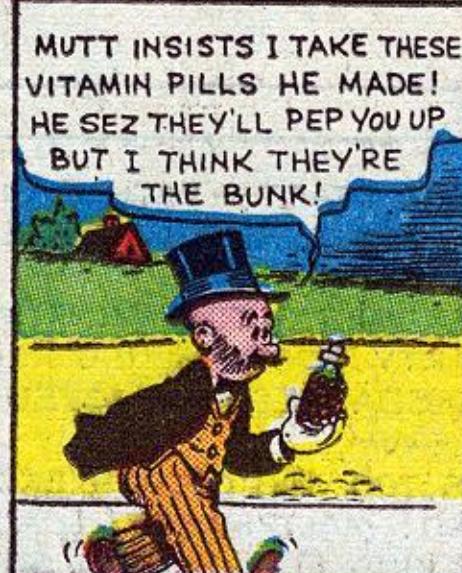
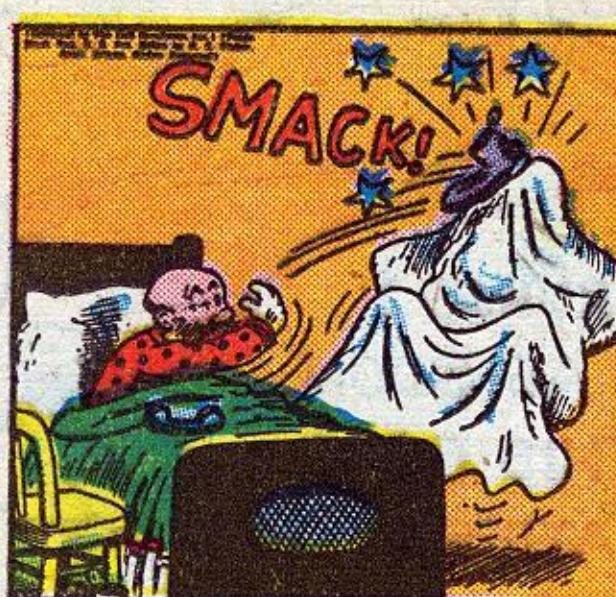
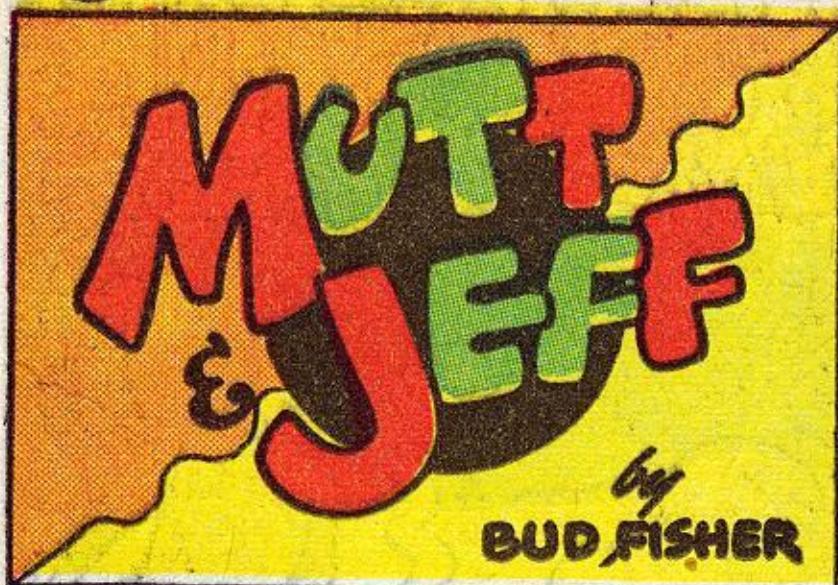
CHAMPION WHOLE GRAIN NOURISHMENT IN WHEATIES. HEFTY, HEARTY FOOD VALUES RECOMMENDED BY LEADING COACHES -- ENJOYED BY FAMOUS ATHLETES.

YOU'LL LIKE WHEATIES, TOO. BIG GOLDEN BROWN FLAKES. CRISP-TOASTED! MALT-SWEET! LOADED WITH DOWNRIGHT DELICIOUS FLAVOR THAT SWINGS YOUR APPETITE INTO "SECOND HELPING" STRIDE.

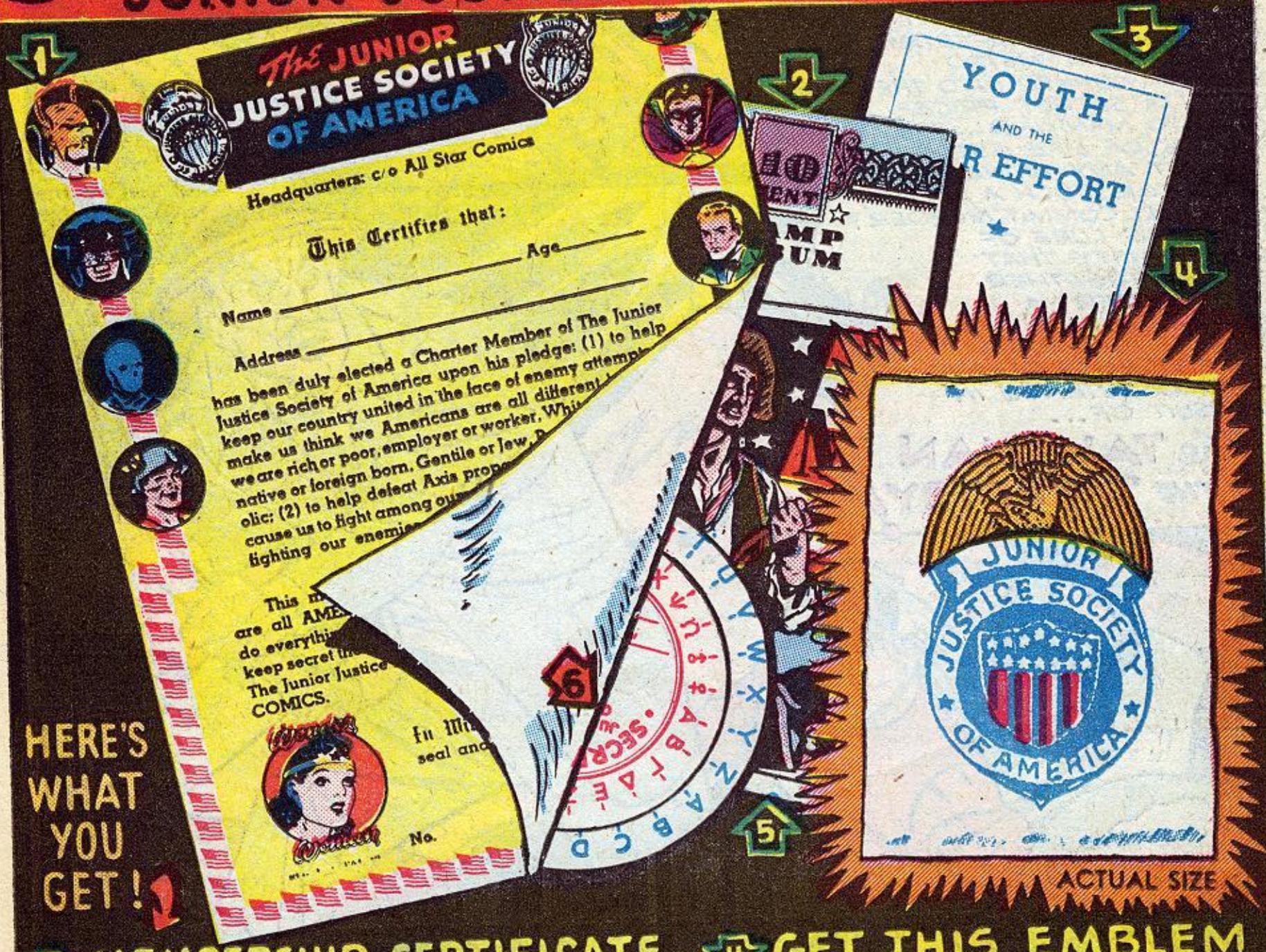
GET SET FOR CHAMPION EATING - TOMORROW MORNING. GET GOING WITH LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.





JOIN The THOUSANDS of BOYS and GIRLS WHO ARE NOW MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY of AMERICA!



HERE'S
WHAT
YOU
GET!

1 **MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATE**
SUITABLE FOR FRAMING - 8½" x 11"

2 **WAR STAMP ALBUM**
FILL IT UP AND GET A BOND!

3 **YOUTH AND THE WAR EFFORT**
A MESSAGE OF IMPORTANCE!

4 **GET THIS EMBLEM**
FOUR BRILLIANT COLORS

5 **MINUTE MAN STORY**
FOUR PAGES IN FULL COLOR

6 **SECRET CODE CHART**
KEY TO J.J.S.A. MESSAGES!

MAIL

THIS
COUPON
NOW-

WITH
ONLY

15¢

PLEASE
-DO NOT SEND STAMPS

WONDER WOMAN, Secretary,
THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA
225 LAFAYETTE ST., N. Y. 12, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a charter member of the JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA. I promise to uphold the principles of right and justice. I enclose 15 cents in coins to cover cost of Complete Membership Outfit.

Name (Please PRINT Plainly)

Age

Street or Box No.

City

State

HIGH ON A REMOTE PEAK OF THE CHILEAN ANDES STANDS A LONELY STONE TOWER... IN THAT TOWER HANGS A TAPESTRY CONTAINING A WEIRD SECRET WORKED INTO THE CLOTH, A SECRET, PRICELESS TO MANKIND... THE RIDDLE OF LIFE ITSELF!!

IS IT ANY WONDER THAT FOR SUCH A SECRET, MAN WILL COMMIT MURDER? IT IS THIS LURE OF IMMORTALITY THAT BRINGS TOGETHER A GANGSTER, A SCIENTIST AND THE FLASH IN A WILD RACE ACROSS OCEANS AND CONTINENTS IN PURSUIT OF...

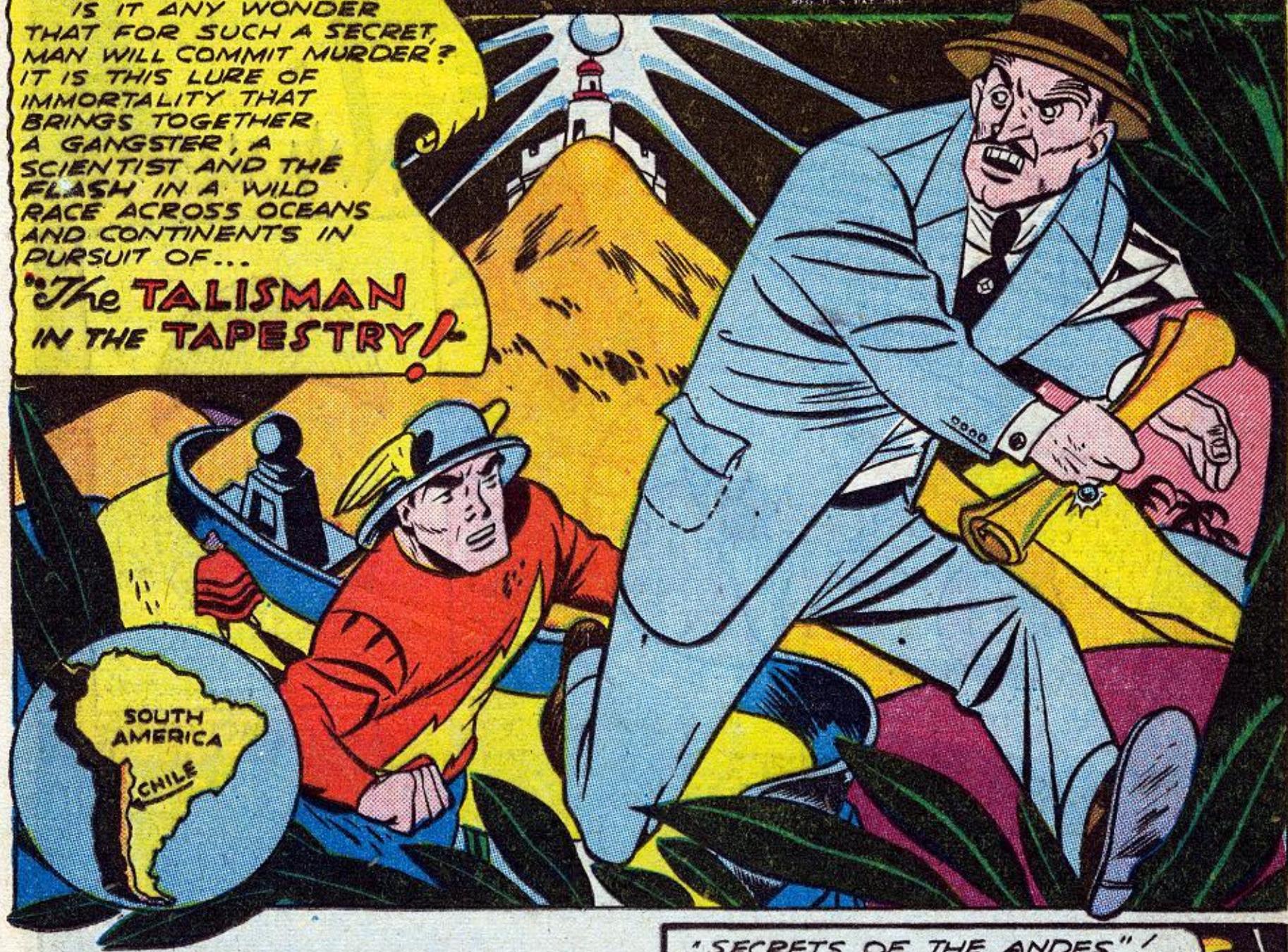
"The TALISMAN IN THE TAPESTRY!"

The Flash

FASTESt MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



ONE AFTERNOON JAY GARRICK BROWSES THROUGH SOME MUSTY VOLUMES IN A SECOND-HAND BOOK STORE....

WHEW, THIS DUST IS KILLING ME, JAY,... MUST WE SELECT SO OLD A STORE TO HUNT FOR LITERATURE?

SORRY, JOAN, BUT IT'S IN THESE OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACES THAT YOU OCCASIONALLY FIND SOMETHING WHILE....

"SECRETS OF THE ANDES".! NOW, DOESN'T THAT TITLE GET YOU? IT SUGGESTS MYSTERY AND... HEY- WHAT'S THIS?







All-Flash Comics



AT THAT MOMENT, ROCKS ARNOLD IS OFFERING A FORTUNE FOR HIS LIFE, BUT TO NO AVAIL...

A HUNDRED...TWO HUNDRED GRAND, DOC... NAME YER OWN PRICE!

I'M SORRY, ARNOLD, BUT NO ONE CAN DO A THING FOR YOU... YOU WILL BE DEAD INSIDE OF SIX MONTHS!

THE DOC GAVE ME SIX MONTHS TO LIVE... SIX MONTHS! JUST WHEN MY RACKETS WAS GOIN' GOOD!

AWW, MAYBE HE WAS WRONG, ROCKS!

SI... THEY MAKE-A MEESTAKE PLENTY A TIME, THEES-A DOCTAIRE!

HELLO, ROCKS.. I GOTTA VALUABLE BOOK T'SELL YA!

OUTTA MY WAY, LUG.. I WON'T BUY NO BOOK! WITH ONLY SIX MONTHS TO LIVE, I'D NEVER FINISH IT!

WAIT.. BOSS.. THEES BOOK VERREE EENTERESTING.

DOWN EEN ANDES MOUNTAINS EES A TAPESTRY... SHE TELLS HOW TO LIVE FOR EVER... EET SAYS SO.. RIGHT HERE! I HAVE HEARD SUCH A TALE FROM MY MEXICAN GRANDFATHER!

SOME CHEMICAL TO CURE WHATEVER AILS YA, EH?

HEY, ROCKS, HOW ABOUT A FIVE SPOT? I.. I OWN THE BOOK!

YOU DO, EH? AN' NOBODY BUT YOU KNOWS ABOUT THIS MAP? GOOD.. GO ALONG WITH MY BOYS... THEY'LL..ER.. TAKE CARE OF YOU!

CHEE, THANKS, ROCKS!

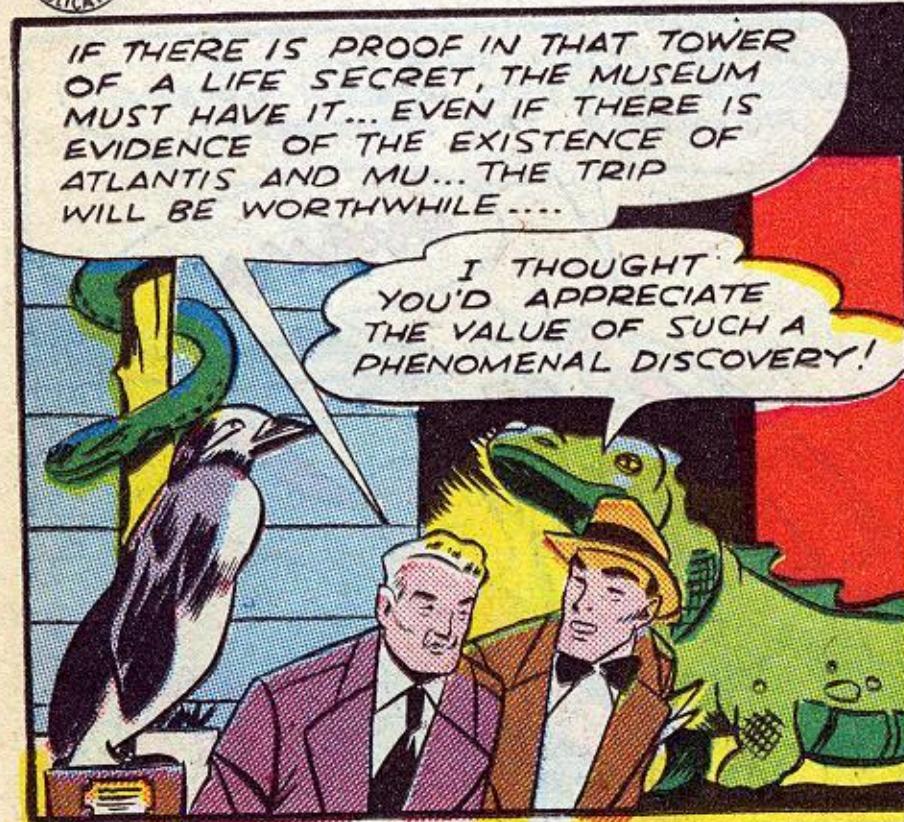
MY BOYS WILL TREAT YOU VERY... GOOD.. EH, BOYS?

SURE, ROCKS. NO NOISE NO PAIN!

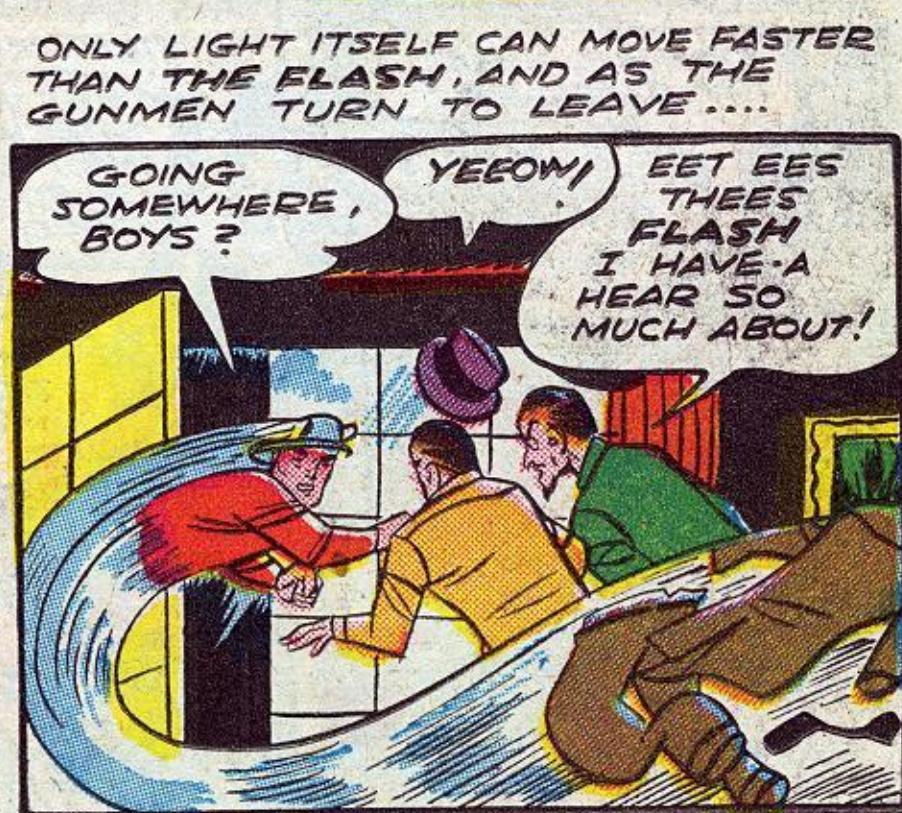
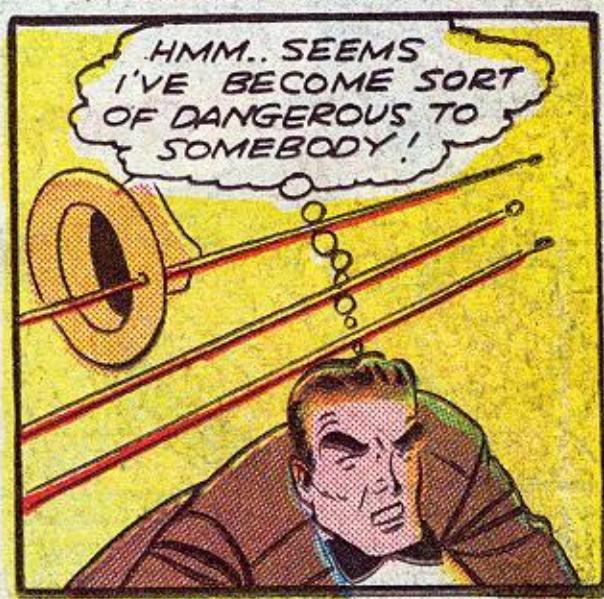
THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM....

WHEN I FOUND THE BOOK GONE, I CAME RIGHT OVER.. TAKE MY WORD, CARSON-- THAT PARCHMENT WAS.. OLD!

YOU'RE A SCIENTIST, GARRICK... I APPRECIATE YOUR WORD.. DRAW ME A DUPLICATE OF THE MAP FROM THE COPY MISS WILLIAMS MADE, AND I'LL LEAVE FOR CHILE AT ONCE!



SWERVING HIS BODY SO SWIFTLY THAT HIS MOTION CANNOT BE SEEN, JAY GARRICK PLUNGES TO THE FLOOR, EVADING THE BULLETS...





All-Flash Comics



YOU'RE ON A HOT SPOT, BUDDY... THIS FRICTION STARTS FIRES PRETTY EASILY!

EE-OWTCH! I BURN..I SIZZLE..OWW!

YOU FELLOWS RUB ME THE WRONG WAY, SO HERE'S WHERE I REVERSE THE PROCESS!

OWWW!

CAN'T LET YOU BURN TO DEATH... THE RULE BOOK SAYS TO BEAT OUT A FIRE....

BUT NOT-A. WHEN THEE MAN BEING BURNED EES INSIDE THEE FIRE...

OWTCH!

EEE.. EET EES COLD!

SAY, DOESN'T ANYTHING SATISFY YOU?

OKAY, BOYS..THE CHARGE IS FIRST DEGREE MURDER!

OOH! I LOST MY SMELLER!

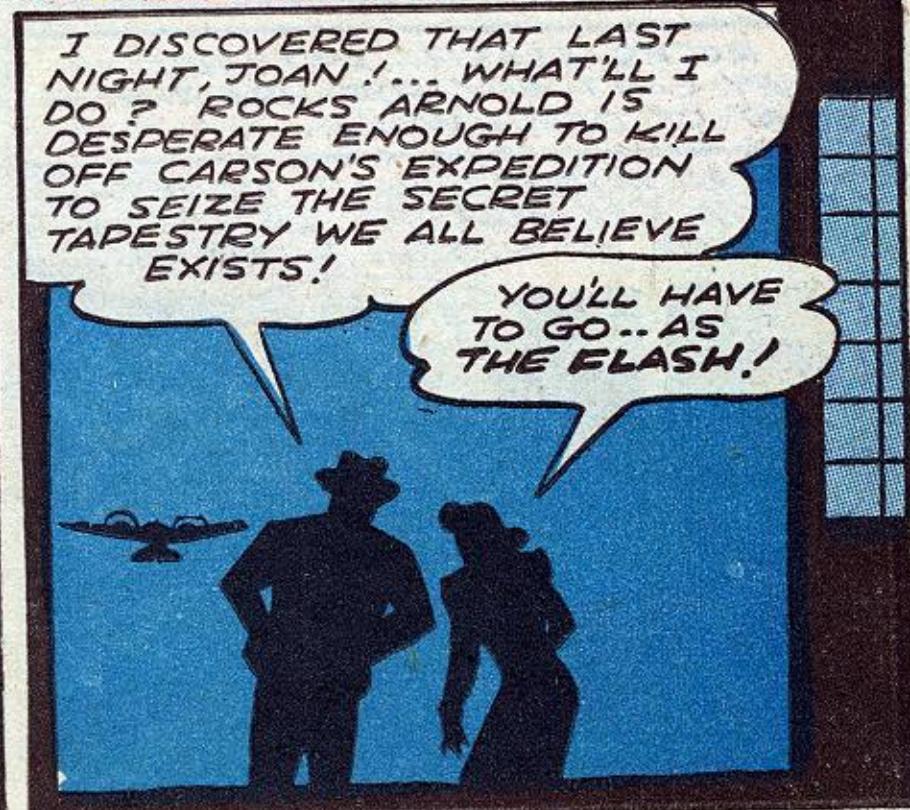
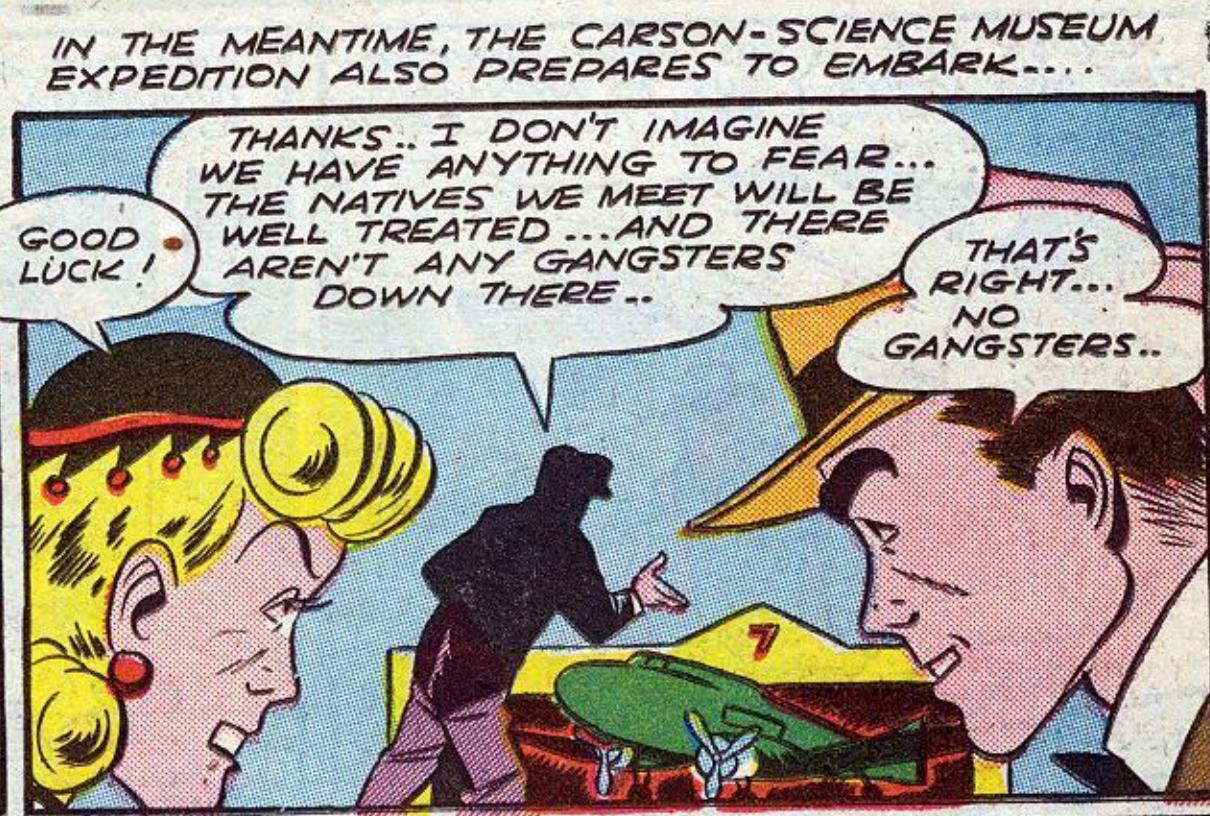
I HAVE BEEN CALLED A DRIP BEFORE, BUT THEES EES FIRST TIME I AGREE!

GUESS YOU HAD SOMETHING SPECIAL AGAINST THIS GARRICK FELLOW, TO KILL HIM, EH?

EES NOTHING SPECIAL..JUST THAT HE HAD A MAD AN' A BOOK THAT..ER.. TOLD ABOUT THEE SECRET OF LIFE!

SO ROCKS HAS SIX MONTHS TO LIVE AND HOPES TO SAVE HIS LIFE WITH THIS SECRET, EH? HMM!..WELL, CHILE IS A LITTLE OFF MY BEAT, SO I GUESS I WON'T INTERFERE!

YEAH..AN' HE MIGHT BLAB THAT ROCKS ARNOLD... WHOOPS!..THAT SLIPPED!





All-Flash Comics

THEN WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE SCARLET SCOURGE STREAKS OVER HILL AND MEADOW.....



ACROSS RIVERS AND PART OF THE VAST PACIFIC....



HE LEAPS FROM THE OCEAN ONTO THE SHORES OF THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRY...

CHILE....

ROCKS AND CARSON WON'T ARRIVE FOR A DAY OR TWO YET... MIGHT AS WELL FAMILIARIZE MYSELF WITH THIS PLACE BEFORE I DO ANY CROOK-HUNTING!

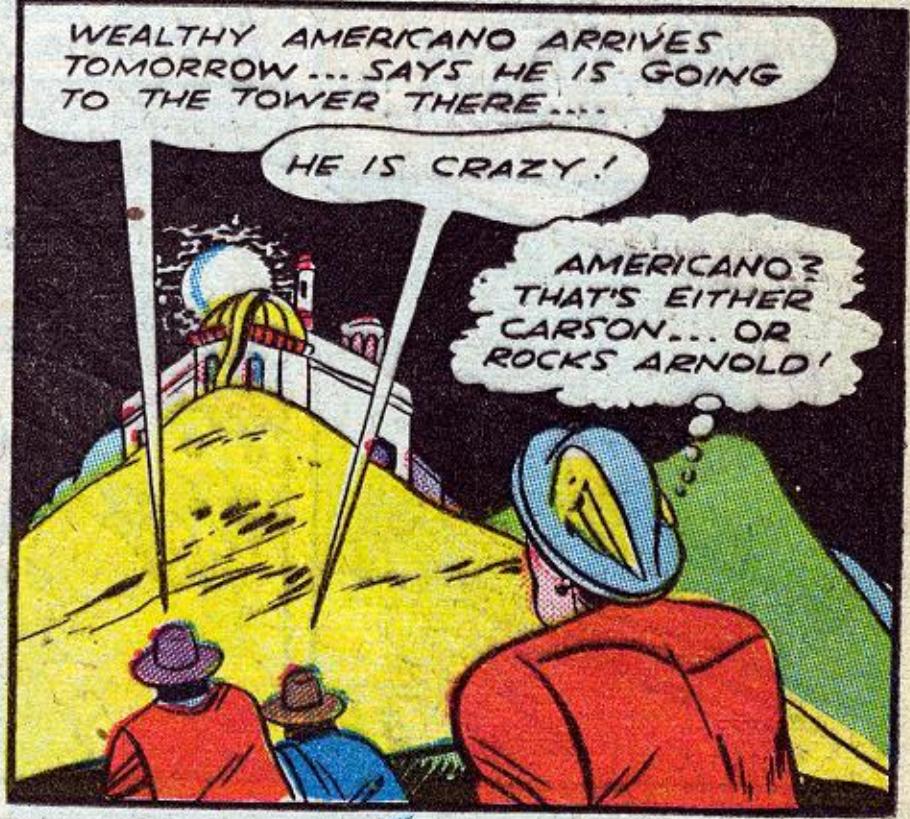


YONDER ARE THE MOUNTAINS OF THE SHINING GLOBE...

YES, VERY DANGEROUS TO MEN WHO SEEK ITS SECRET!



WEALTHY AMERICANO ARRIVES TOMORROW... SAYS HE IS GOING TO THE TOWER THERE....



IT'S ROCKS, FLASH... AND WHAT MONEY CAN'T BUY FOR HIM, THE THREAT OF DEATH WILL...

OKAY, SO YA DON'T WANT MONEY... THEN YA GET BULLETS... UNLESS YOU GUIDE US INTO THE INTERIOR...



I'M BEGINNIN' T'FEEL BETTER ALREADY.. THIS AIR SURE WORKS WONDERS FOR A GUY...





All-Flash Comics

HOURS LATER, ANOTHER EXPEDITION SETS FORTH FROM THE TINY TOWN....

I WON'T NEED GUIDES... I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE AND KNOW MOST OF THE ROUTE BY HEART!



AND AS NIGHT FALLS...

WHO.. WHO'S THAT ? WHY.. IT'S THE FLASH ! WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING HERE ?



UNSEEN BY THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER, A WHITISH BALL OF FIRE HOVERS IN THE HEAVENS ACROSS THE VALLEY...

THERE'S A GANGSTER DOWN HERE, CARSON... A MAN WHO IS TO DIE IN SIX MONTHS... HE'S SEEKING THE SECRET OF LIFE IN THAT TAPESTRY, TOO !



CARSON SPOTS THE GLOWING WONDER....

WHY.. WHAT IS THAT ?

THE SHINING GLOBE... I HEARD THE NATIVES DISCUSSING IT ! THEY SAID IT IS DANGEROUS !



NOT HALF AS DANGEROUS AS WE ARE !

NEVER MIND THE GAB... POLISH THEM OFF... ROCKS SAID NOT TO WASTE NO TIME ON POLITENESS !

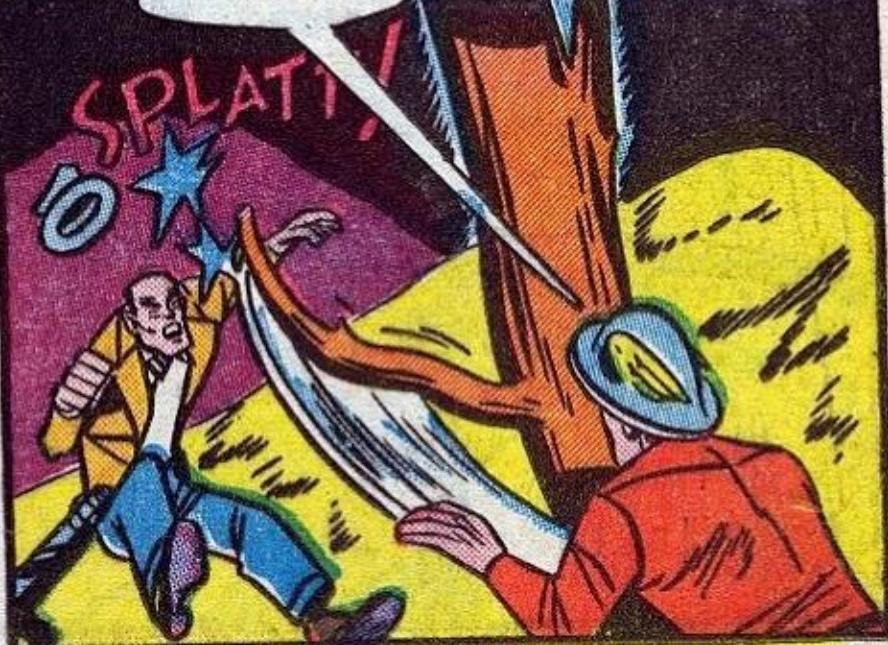


WOW ! THE FLASH !!

YES, SIR... I CERTAINLY DO GET ABOUT, DON'T I ?



EXCUSE MY CARELESSNESS... BUT THEN, ROCKS SAID NEVER MIND THE POLITENESS, DIDN'T HE ?





All-Flash Comics



HMM... QUITE A BIT OF SPRING TO THAT BRANCH!

OOOOOH!

AND NOW, WE'LL SEE HOW MUCH SPRING THERE IS IN YOU, CHUM!

NIX, FLASH.... LEMME BE YOUR PAL!

TSK! TSK!
TOO BAD....
NO BOUNCE!

OWTGH!

STILL NO BOUNCE!

OOOOF!

HEY.. SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH CHICK AND FREDDY... THEY'RE TIED TO A TREE....

AND... AND...

HURRY UP, YOU GUYS... THE... THE FLASH IS DOWN THERE, TOO!

SAY, AIN'T THAT GUY GOT A HOME?

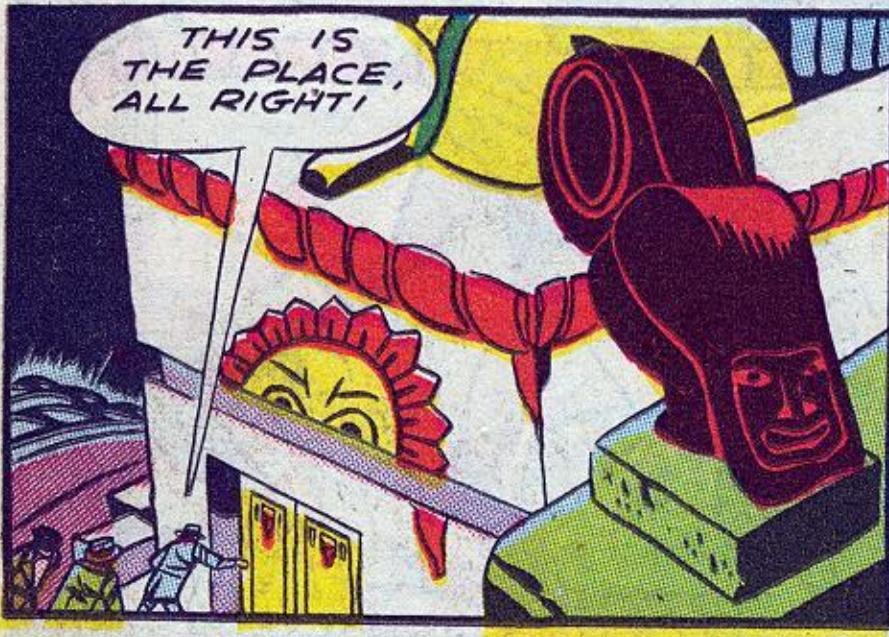
HE'S TOUGH TO LOSE!



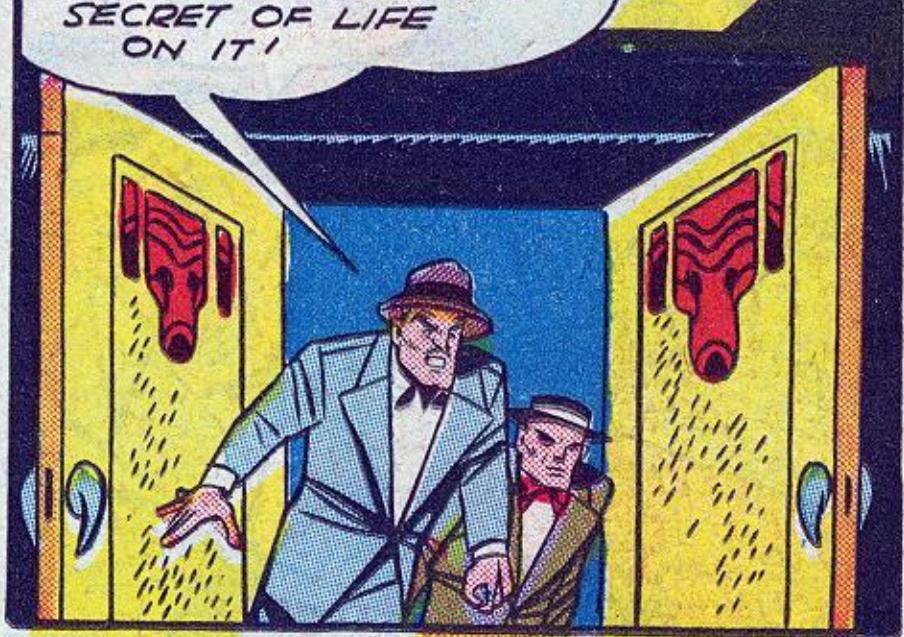
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PANTING AND STRUGGLING, ROCKS AND HIS GUNMEN MAKE THEIR WAY UP THE MOUNTAININSIDE, AND FIND THEMSELVES BEFORE THE RUINS OF A FORGOTTEN CITY....



COME ON...THE TOWER ITSELF CAN'T BE VERY FAR FROM HERE...AND INSIDE THE TOWER IS THAT TAPESTRY WITH THE SECRET OF LIFE ON IT!



A SILENT, COWLED FIGURE MOVES FORWARD TO GREET THE GANGSTERS....

GO FORWARD, THEN...AND YOU WILL SEE THE TAPESTRY!

I DON'T TRUST THIS GUY..YOU STAY HERE, AND MAKE SURE HE DON'T TRY NO TRICKS!



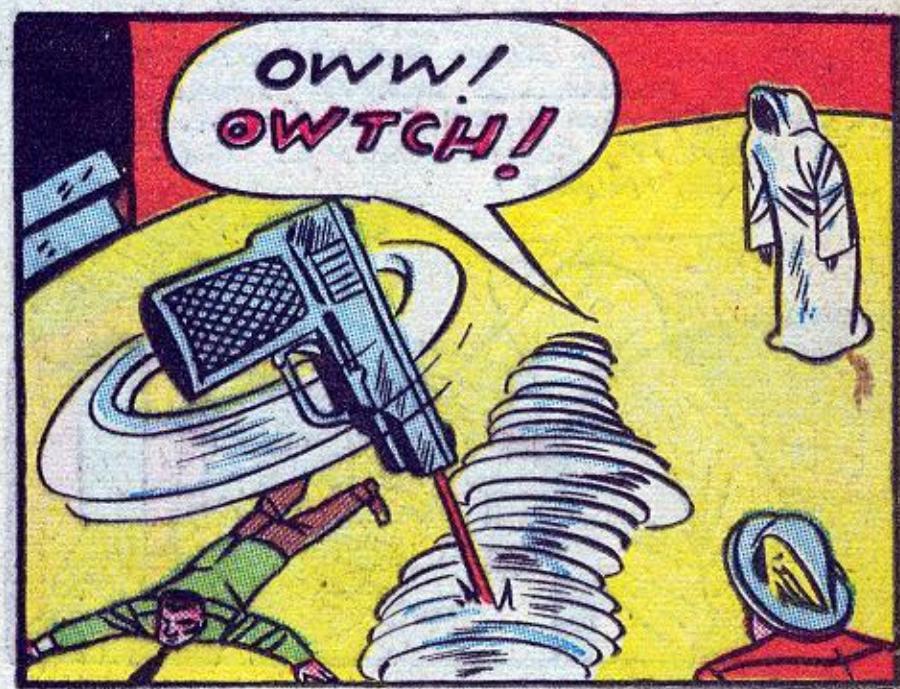
IN THE VALLEY FAR BELOW....

A SCARLET FORM STREAKS UP THE HALF-HIDDEN TRAIL...





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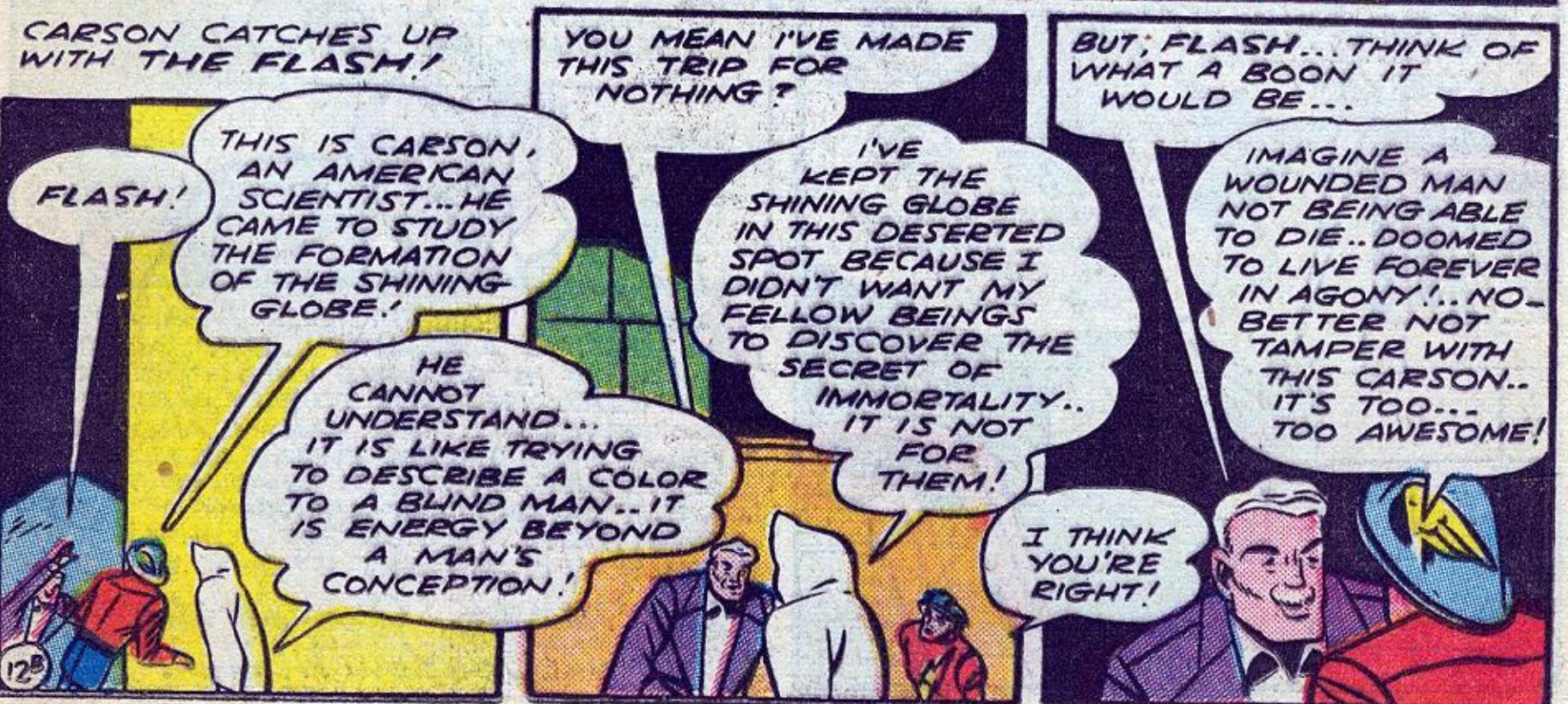




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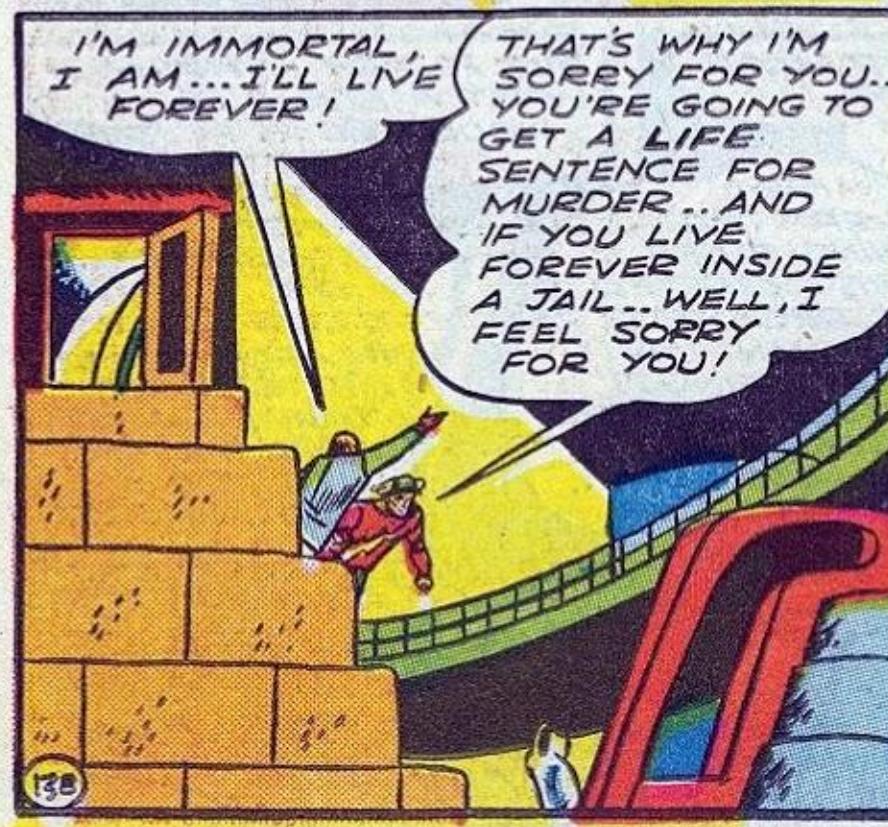


ON THE THRESHOLD OF IMMORTALITY...





All-Flash Comics



ABOUT AS INAUSPICIOUS A BEGINNING TO A BEAUTIFUL DAY WE CAN THINK OF IS TO HAVE WINKY, BLINKY AND NODDY SET OUT TO BUY A BIRTHDAY PRESENT... YOU KNOW, AND WE KNOW, THAT THOSE THREE GENIAL GOONS ARE ABOUT TO INVOLVE THE FLASH IN ANOTHER AMAZING ADVENTURE.. YOU'LL GET COMPLETE DETAILS IN OUR NEXT STORY OF...

"The Mummy-Case of the Wooden Man!"

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CREAMSICLE® Bags**

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*TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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- No. 158 Jewelry Clip — Openwork metal reproduction of Old Masterpieces.
- No. 127 Battle Set — each makes 12 boats, tanks, planes, field guns, etc.
- No. 130 Buckle Bracelet — Gold-Color Metal — Baked enamel — adjustable.

FOR 100 BAGS or 10c and 50 BAGS

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- No. 152 Air Pressure Cataplane — Loops — Dives — Glides — Spins — Turns.
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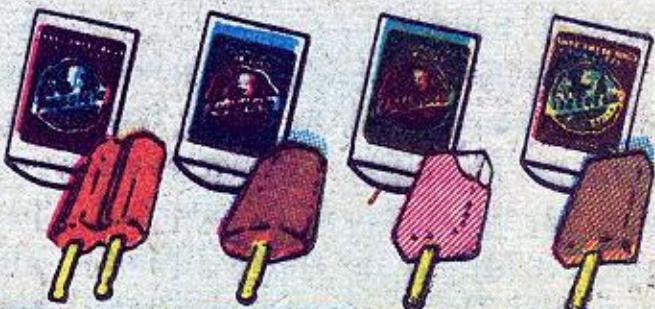
FOR 200 BAGS or 25c and 100 BAGS

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- No. 115 Bowling Game — Ten Pins — Alley over two feet long — Like big game.
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THE OATMEAL KID

by Jay Marr

JACK BIRCH could hardly believe his eyes when he saw that the boxing coach had paired him off with "Bull" Dawson. Not that Dawson wasn't a legitimate welterweight, but Jack knew his opponent was a seasoned veteran of two years in the amateur boxing clubs before he came to Elleon College.

Turning away from the bulletin board, Jack saw that Dawson himself was standing in back of him. His eyes had been fastened on Jack's shoulders as if sizing them up for power and heft. Jack hitched up his trunks automatically and stepped around to Dawson. "Well, it's you and me today, Bull. Third pair in the ring, too . . . we ought to finish up early."

"Brother, you'll get thru plenty early!" The Bull sneered at Jack and deliberately turned on his heel. "Better tell your seconds to have a few towels handy to toss in the ring!" He chuckled to himself mirthlessly as he walked over to the weight machine at the side of the gym and began jabbing at the air with a ten-pound weight in each hand.

Elleon College is a small school if you compare it to Yale, Harvard or Princeton, but its small size hardly lessened the spirited pride it had in its athletic teams.

Red Murphy, the boxing coach, was one of Elleon's most famous alumni, having represented the United States on the track and boxing teams in the star 1924 Olympic aggregation. Red Murphy had wondered about Jack Birch the first day he'd come out for the boxing team in the 145-

pound welterweight class. There was plenty of stiff competition in the welters for freshie Jack Birch, but somehow he stood out. . . . And no wonder! It was all over the campus that the promising young welter was training on oatmeal!

"Say, Jack," his roommate wanted to know, "how come you always eat so much of that horse food? You eat it for breakfast, lunch and dinner. . . . don't you ever get tired of it?"

"Oh, I'm used to it by now, Ned," Jack would always reply. "Got the habit, I guess, when I was a kid. My dad used to plow all day behind the mules, just on a big bowl of oatmeal."

"Aw, cut the kiddin', Jack; what's the real reason?" Ned Newsom picked up his big red mackinaw as he prepared to go down to the Elleon stadium for football practice.

"Ned, you know I'm working my way thru . . . that I haven't enough dough. I can save a dollar a day on food this way!"

"Stranger things have happened, pal. But, I say you need plenty of steaks under your belt to be an athlete." Ned went out, struggling into his big mackinaw.

Red Murphy, the boxing coach, had no mercy on his boxers that afternoon. He had them going three rounds, fast, and three rounds of shadow boxing. Then calisthenics for fifteen minutes without a letup. When the guys hit the showers about five o'clock, they were sagged out.

"Hey, Jack!" someone called thru his towel as he briskly dried off his face, "got any oatmeal in

your locker? If that's what it takes for boxing drills, lemme have a couple pounds, will ya?"

"Yeah! C'mon, fellas," put in Fred Lund, "give us a spoonful of that good oatmeal!" The boxing team laughed but kept on getting showered and dressed as fast as they could. Everyone was getting plenty hungry and chow was at 5:30 in the main mess.

"Go ahead and laugh, you guys, but oatmeal is okay for training." Jack WAS a little sensitive about that oatmeal diet. Most everyone knew about it thru Jack's roommate but they didn't know why Jack was skimping on his food. Ned had spread the word about his electric plate and the double-boiler, and how Jack heaped his bowl with oatmeal, sugar and canned milk and ate it like cake or candy with smacking and great gusto.

Red Murphy, the stocky coach, called all the fellows together one afternoon and had them sit around on the wrestling mats in the gym. He told them that this was the last practice session before he would select the team to take on the Staunton boxing outfit down at Riverton. All the fellows started buzzing and talking but he shouted them down. When they got quiet again, he said, "Everyone is paired off on this sheet," he waved a typewritten paper, "and every pair will go five rounds. No loafing!" The coach walked then to the bulletin board and tacked up the paper. The team crowded around to see who was fighting whom.

And that's when Jack Birch noticed, with a lump in his throat

as big as a walnut, that he was paired off with the formidable "Bull" Dawson. Dawson, whose knotty legs were all muscle and whose shoulders and arms were those of a middleweight.

But that's the way Coach Murphy wanted it. The "Bull" would give the kid a good licking. Murphy had heard the gossip about Jack's daily menu. He didn't wish to break the freshie down in his first season and discourage him for good . . . but, with so little food! The kid ought to learn how to train!

The bell clanged and the "Bull" was off his stool and charging. He started a long jab at the Oatmeal Kid and a powerhouse hook. But neither blow landed as the Kid pranced out of reach. Jack's footwork would have to be a "bi-cycling" if he was to keep off the floor; the "Bull" was trying for a one-round knockout!

Round two! The bell's echo was still bouncing off the ceiling beams as Dawson rushed to the center of the ring . . . even before his stool was lifted from the canvas. He had missed his chance for a one-round victory and was boiling sore. His little eyes gimleted out from under his scar-tissue eyelids. He saw his opening. He caught the Kid with a stunning uppercut that resounded thruout the gym. Smack! He crossed with a lightning left hook . . . another uppercut, only partially blocked by the Kid. Jack's knees were buckling. They seemed made of rubber. He bored in and tried to clinch while he regained his whirling head which seemed to be lifted clean off his shoulders and flying loose in the air.

Red Murphy was refereeing and he kept his keen eyes on the Oatmeal Kid. He'd step in when it was time. Again that wicked uppercut of Dawson's. Jack Birch

seemed to have no defense for it. Smack. Again came that ripping, jolting left hook and the Kid sagged slowly to the canvas. At the count of four he was again facing Dawson. The Kid could take it! Dawson rushed him and pounded his mid-section so that the Kid would drop his guard away from that vulnerable chin. The "Bull's" muscular arms seemed tireless in their flailing as the end of the round neared.

"Clang!" The bell saved the Kid. Jack's head cleared and the volunteer "seconds" had a neat patch over his right eye. His left was plenty puffy but his nose was free. His breath came in great, sobbing gasps as the seconds worked over him. He went out for round three. He kept a long left in the "Bull's" face; he danced away and around. He outboxed Dawson until ten seconds before the end of the round. Then the Bull clouted him again with that uppercut. The Kid's chin was beginning to feel like glass —a few more of those . . .

Round four came and went and the Kid was still in there punching. He felt, rather than was told, that the Bull's strength was waning. However, his left eye had been closed tight by Dawson's hooks.

As the gong sounded for the fifth and final round, Jack Birch called upon his last reserve of power. He went over to the offensive. He stepped fast around the Bull and peppered away with his left. How that flashing, rapier-like glove annoyed the slugger.

Then the Kid saw his opening as the Bull's shoulder dropped. Like a flash of powder he plunged his fist for Dawson's craggy jaw. He put all his weight behind the blow. The impact jarred his arm all the way to the shoulder. The Bull reeled backwards on his heels and a surprised look of fear came over his scared face.

Leaping like a tiger at the wide-open and tottering Bull, the Kid sank his right fist into the chunky fellow's solar plexis. With a cougar-fast twist of his left, the Kid spun on the balls of his feet and practically lifted Dawson off the canvas with a slamming left cross. The Bull sank to his knees; without a sound he fell forward on his face and lay still. Red Murphy counted him out and found time for a queer look at the Kid.

"Well, slap me with a wet towel and call me Dopey," the Coach whispered under his breath, "if I don't make a Champ out of that guy yet!"

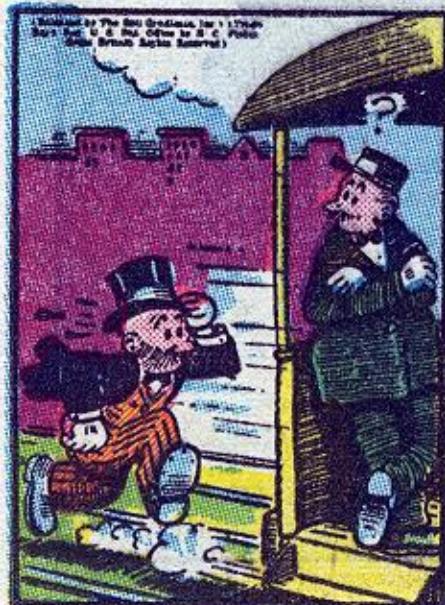
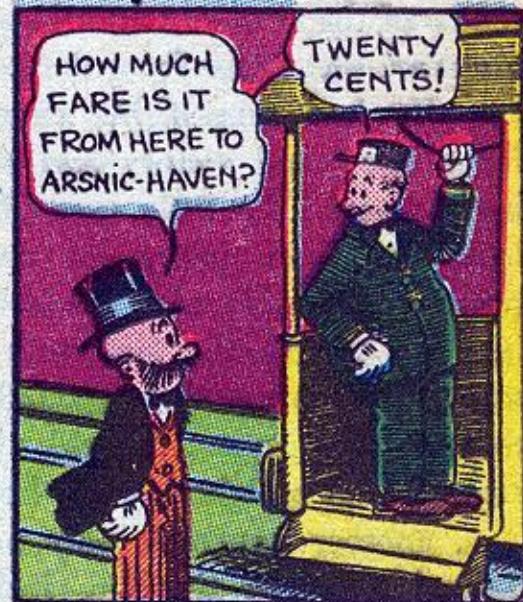
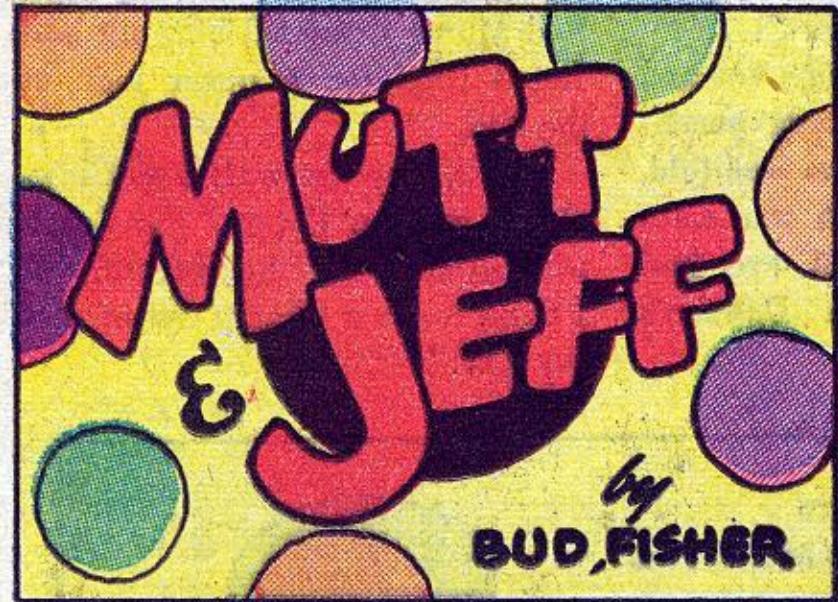
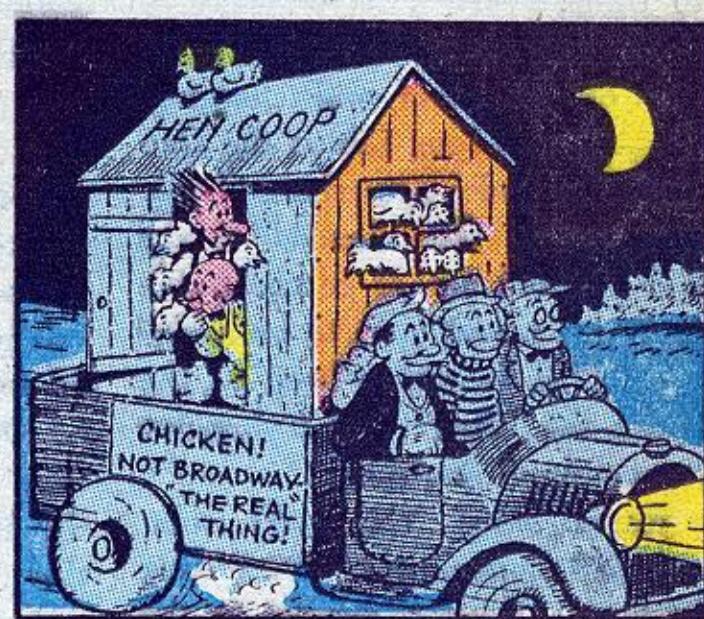
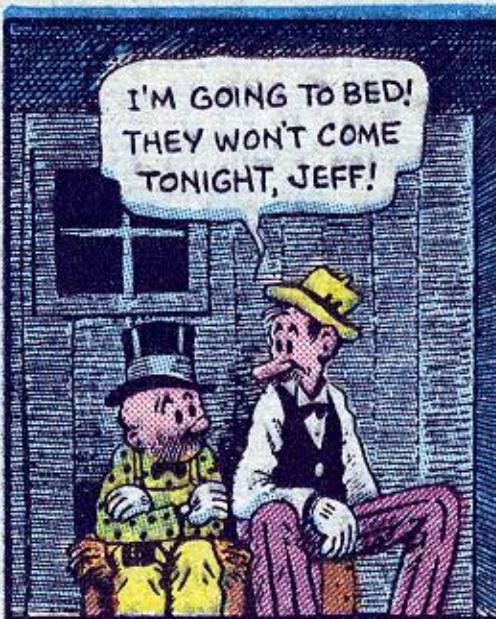
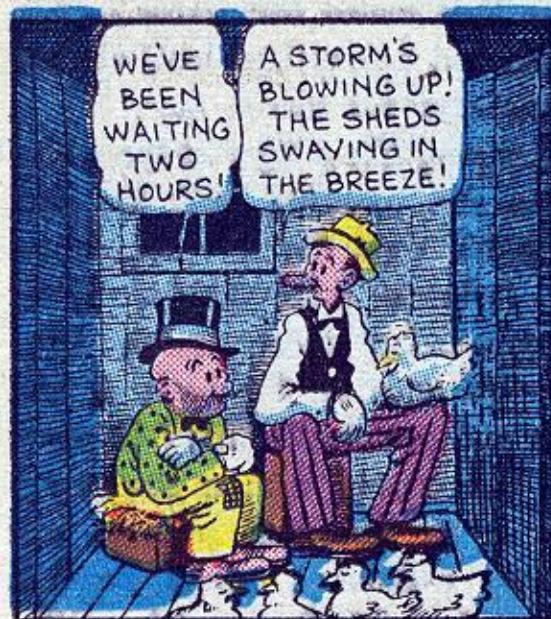
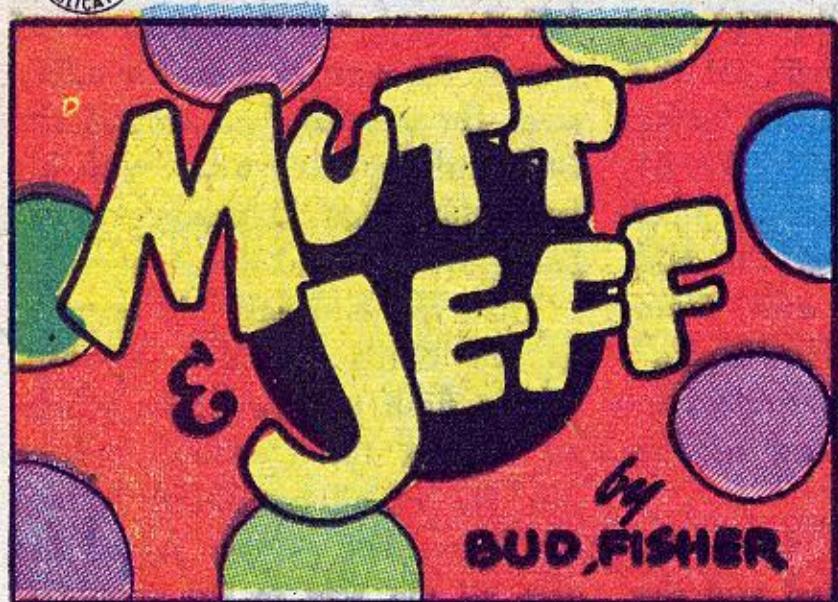
You tell it to
SOMEONE
who repeats it to
SOMEONE
who's overheard by
SOMEONE
in Axis pay, so
SOMEONE
you know . . . may die!

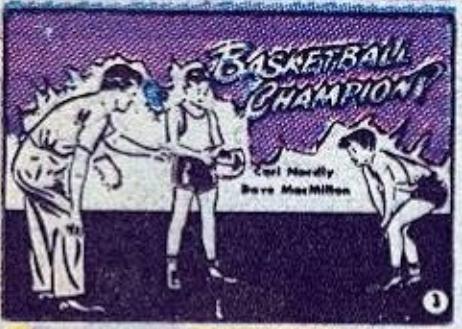
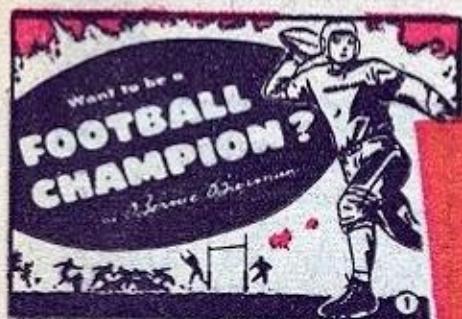
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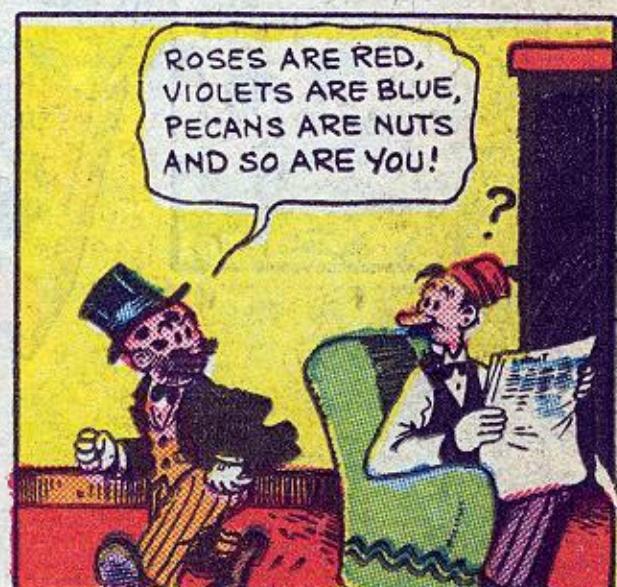
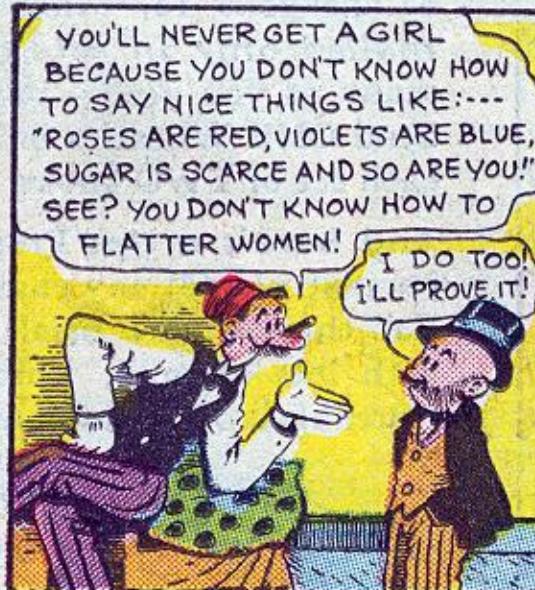
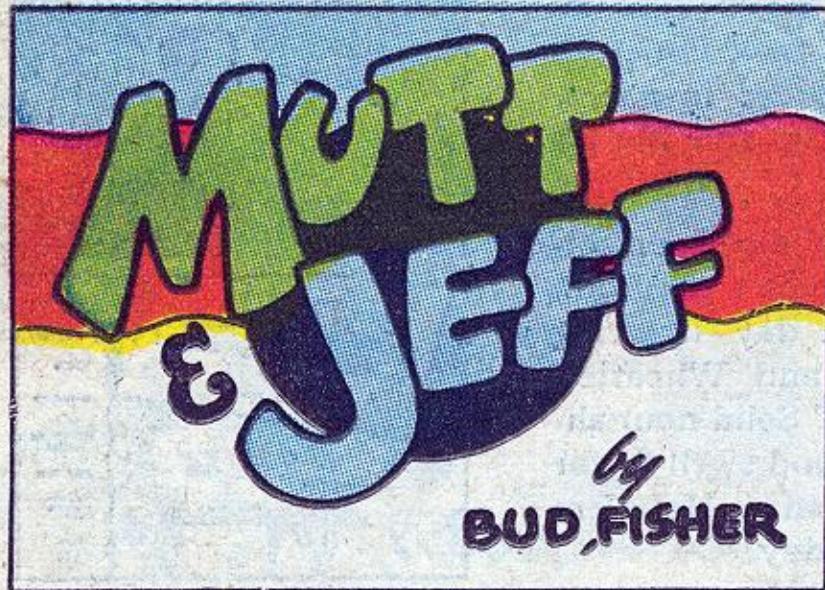
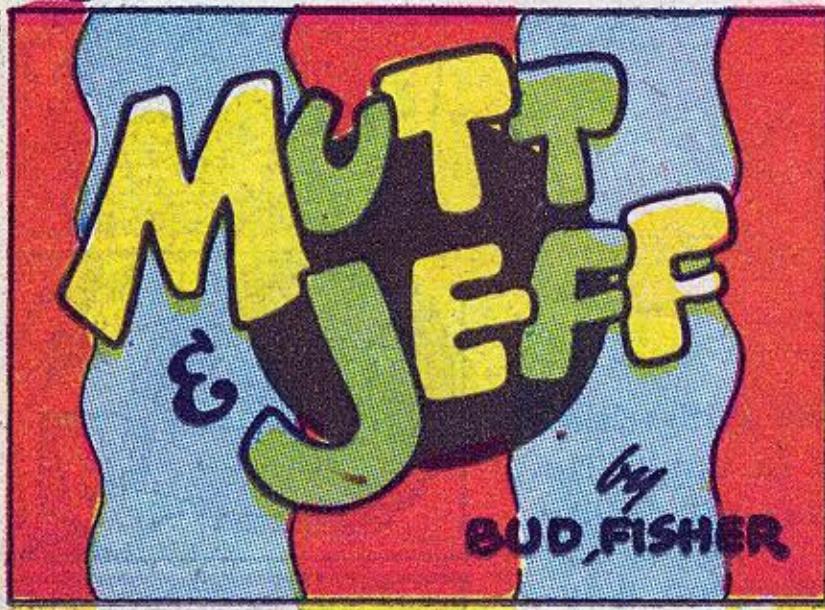
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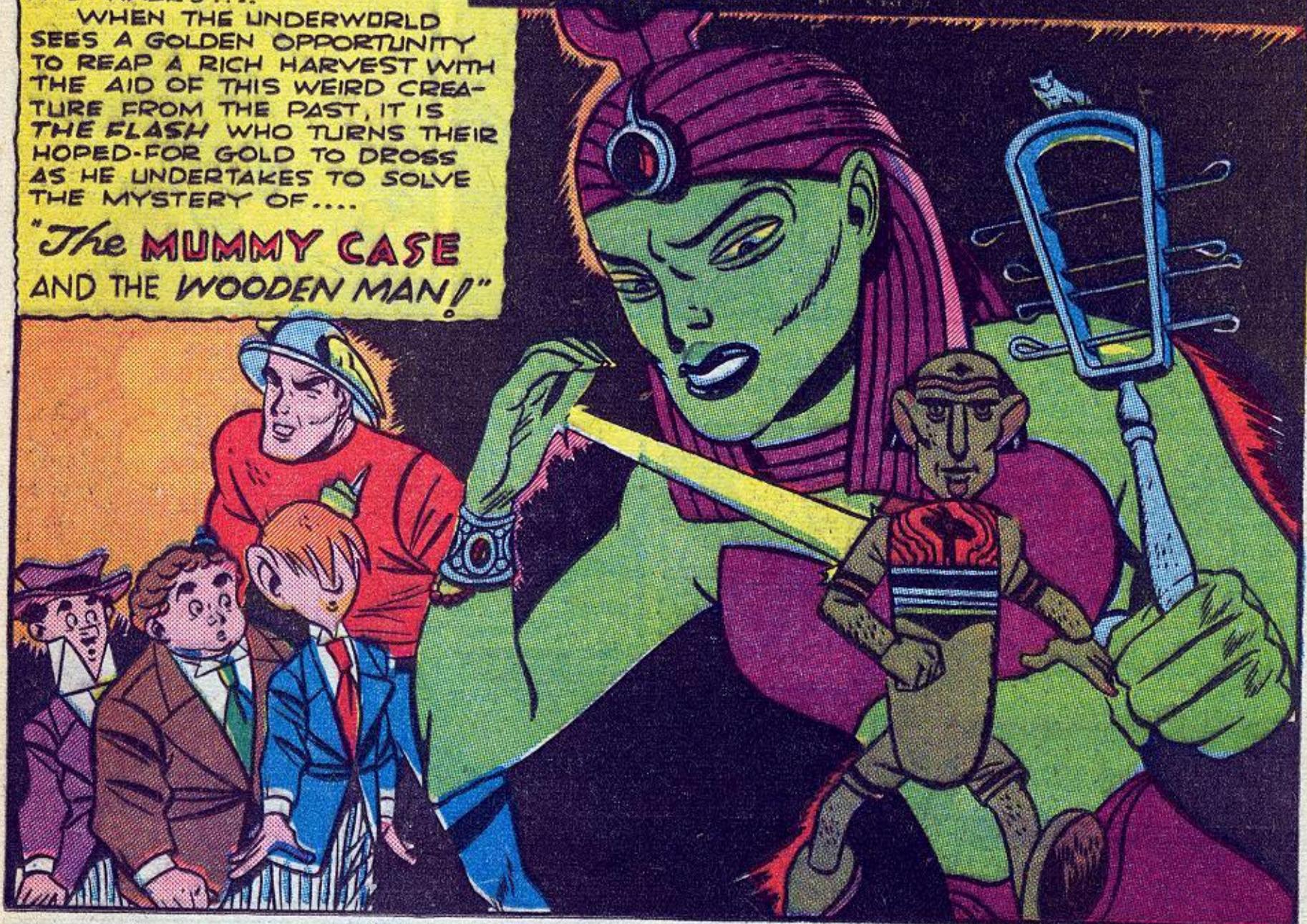
FOR COUNTLESS CENTURIES, THE STRANGELY WROUGHT MUMMY CASE OF A CERTAIN EGYPTIAN PHARAOH HAS LAIN INERT..WAITING..WAITING... AND THEN ONE NIGHT, WITH THE AID OF A JUNKMAN AND THE BENEFICENT RAYS OF THE EGYPTIAN GODDESS ISIS... IT STIRS TO LIFE!..IT WAKES AND WALKS....

WHEN THE UNDERWORLD SEES A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY TO REAP A RICH HARVEST WITH THE AID OF THIS WEIRD CREATURE FROM THE PAST, IT IS THE FLASH WHO TURNS THEIR HOPED-FOR GOLD TO DROSS AS HE UNDERTAKES TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF....

"**The MUMMY CASE AND THE WOODEN MAN!**"

The Flash

FASTESt MAN ALIVE!!
BY GARDNER F. FOX



AT THE REAR DOOR OF A PARK AVENUE MANSION....

THE MASTER'S WIFE WISHES TO REMOVE THESE OLD THINGS!

I'LL TAKE IT OFF YOUR HANDS...MY LITTLE GRANDSON, TIM, WOULD LIKE THIS...IT'S A MUMMY CASE, ISN'T IT?

TIM'LL BE DELIGHTED WITH THIS....I REMEMBER HOW EXCITED HE WAS WHEN I TOOK HIM TO THE MUSEUM!





All-Flash Comics



WOULDN'T IT BE SWELL
IF WE COULD MAKE A
MAN OUT OF THE MUMMY
CASE, GRANDPA? ... IT
SORTA LOOKS LIKE A
MAN ALREADY!

HMM! IT MIGHT
BE DONE.. FETCH
MY TOOL BOX,
AND WE'LL GET
TO WORK!



HA.. HA.. HE IS LIKE A
MAN, GRANDPA.. SEE
HOW BRIGHT HIS EYES
ARE.. SEE HOW SMART
HE LOOKS!



AND AFTER THE LIFE-LESS FIGURE IS JOINED AND CLASPED, TIM AND HIS GRANDFATHER DANCE AROUND IT...

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW...



FAR AWAY BEYOND THE REACHES OF SPACE AND TIME, AN EGYPTIAN GODDESS SPEAKS..

HOW STRANGE! AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES, I FEEL THE VIBRATIONS CAUSED BY THE REGROUPING OF THE PARTS OF THE MUMMY CASE OF RA-AMEN-THOS! ... I MUST GO TO IT AT ONCE!

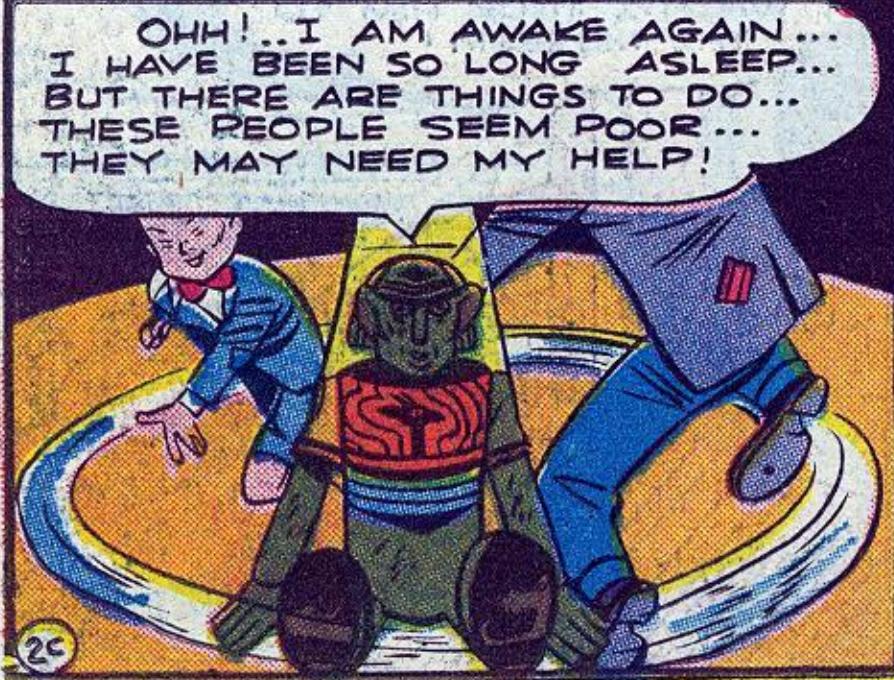


ARISE, FORM OF LIVING WOOD... I, ISIS, GODDESS OF LIFE, GIVE THEE SUCH POWER AS OF YORE, TO WALK AND MOVE AMONG MORTALS, SEEKING THOSE TO WHOM YOU SHALL RENDER ASSISTANCE!



BATHED IN THE SCINTILLATING RAY OF LIGHT, THE WOODEN FIGURE INHALES THE BREATH OF LIFE...

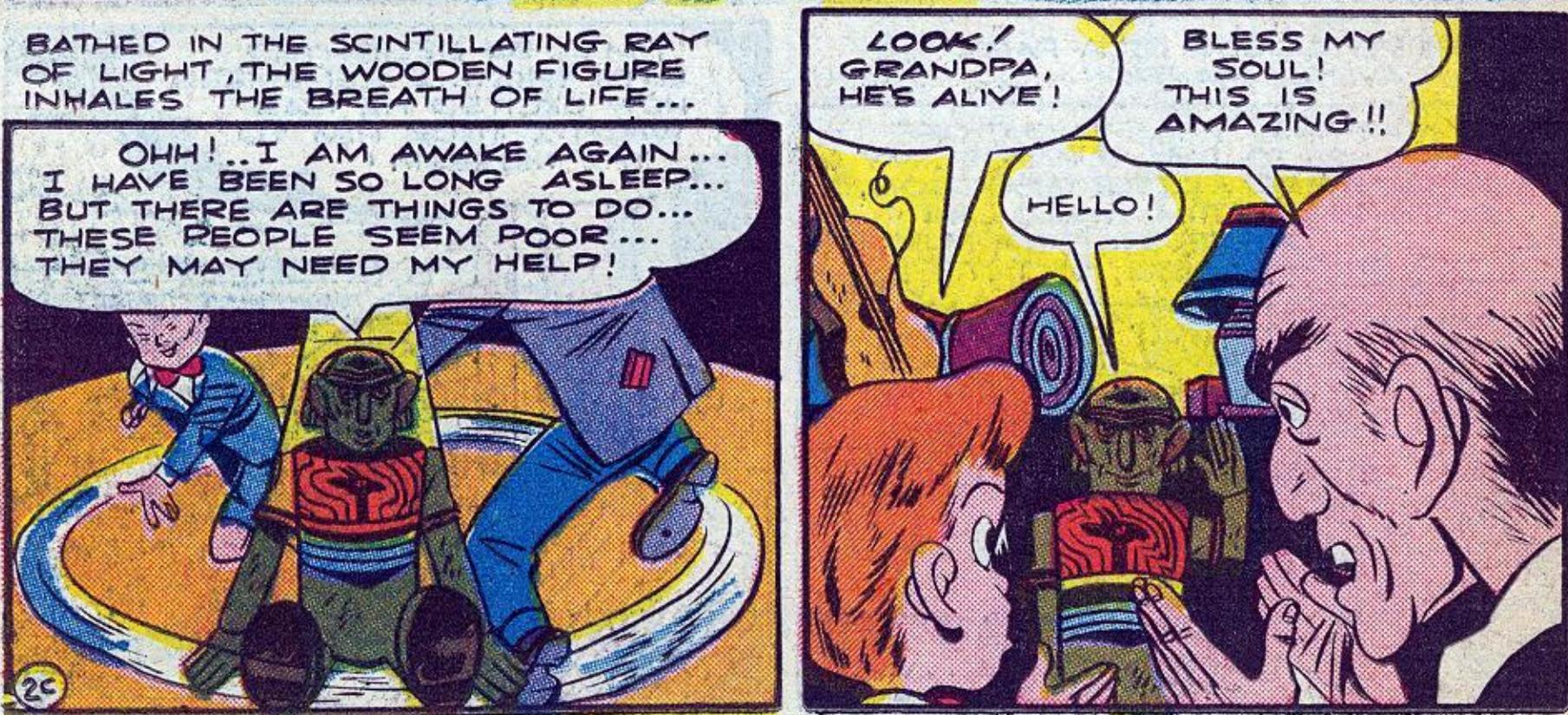
OH!.. I AM AWAKE AGAIN... I HAVE BEEN SO LONG ASLEEP... BUT THERE ARE THINGS TO DO... THESE PEOPLE SEEM POOR... THEY MAY NEED MY HELP!



LOOK!
GRANDPA,
HE'S ALIVE!

BLESS MY
SOUL!
THIS IS
AMAZING!!

HELLO!

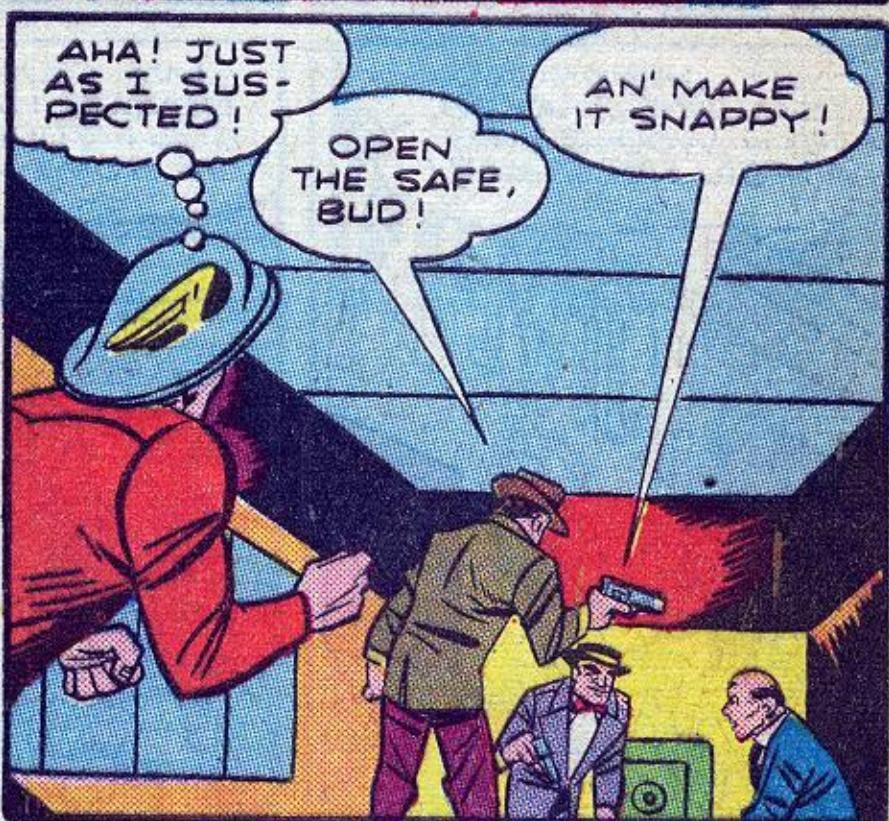




A FEW BLOCKS UPTOWN,
ON THAT SAME FATEFUL
DAY...

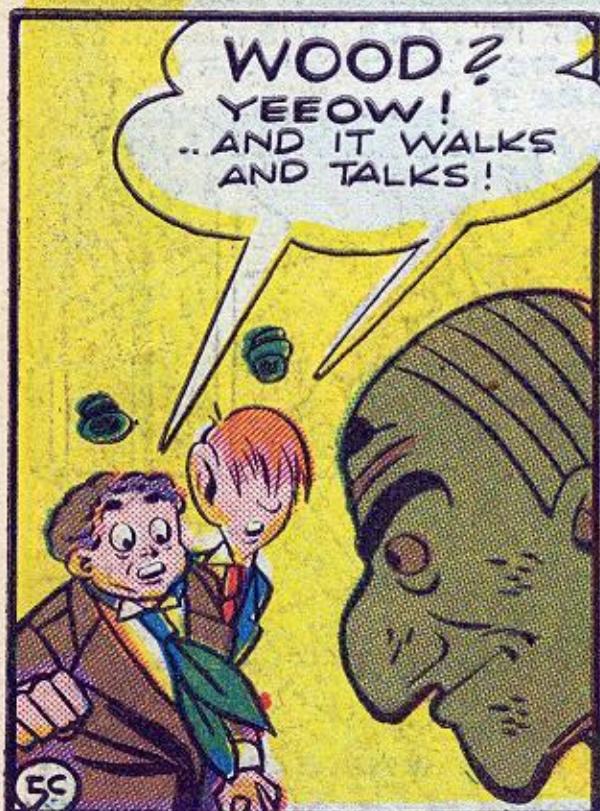


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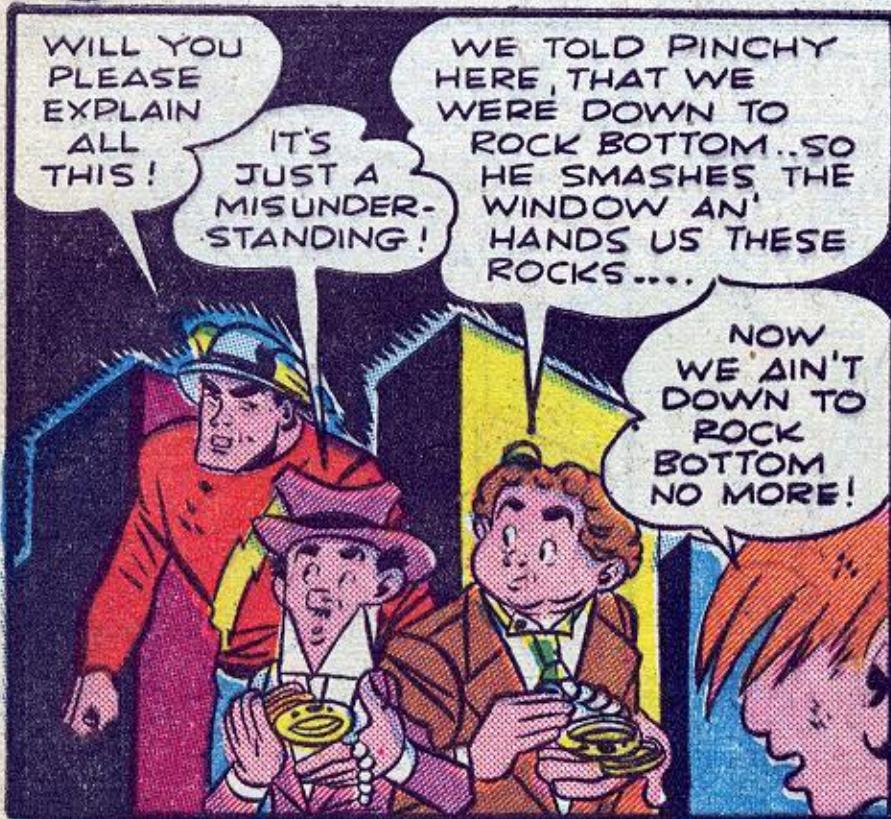


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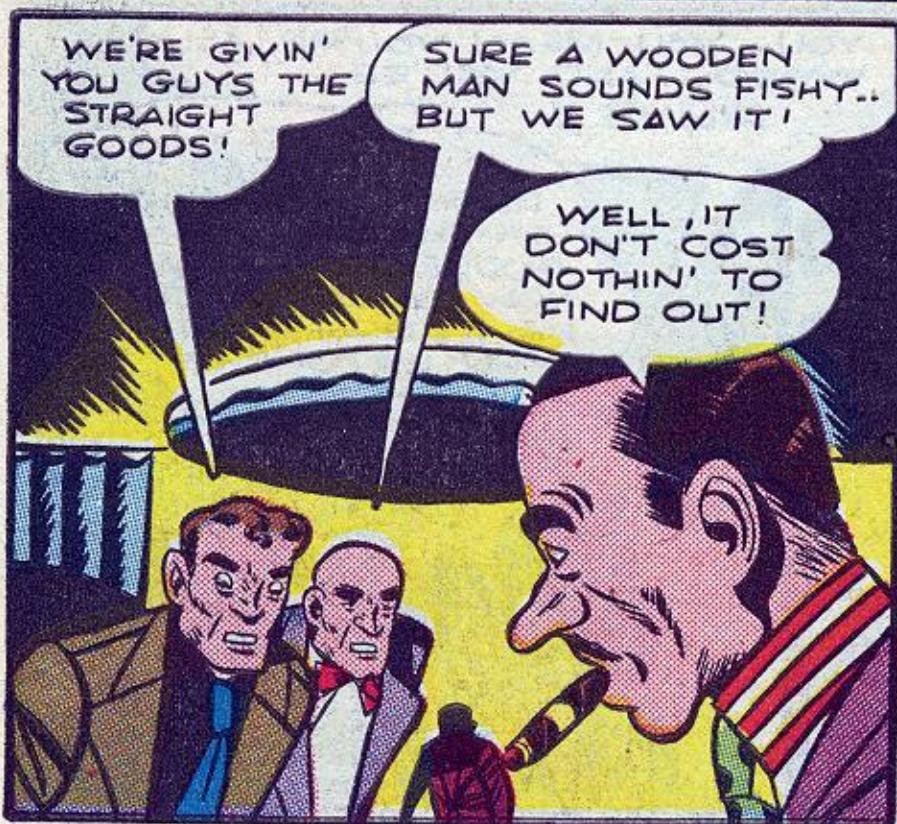
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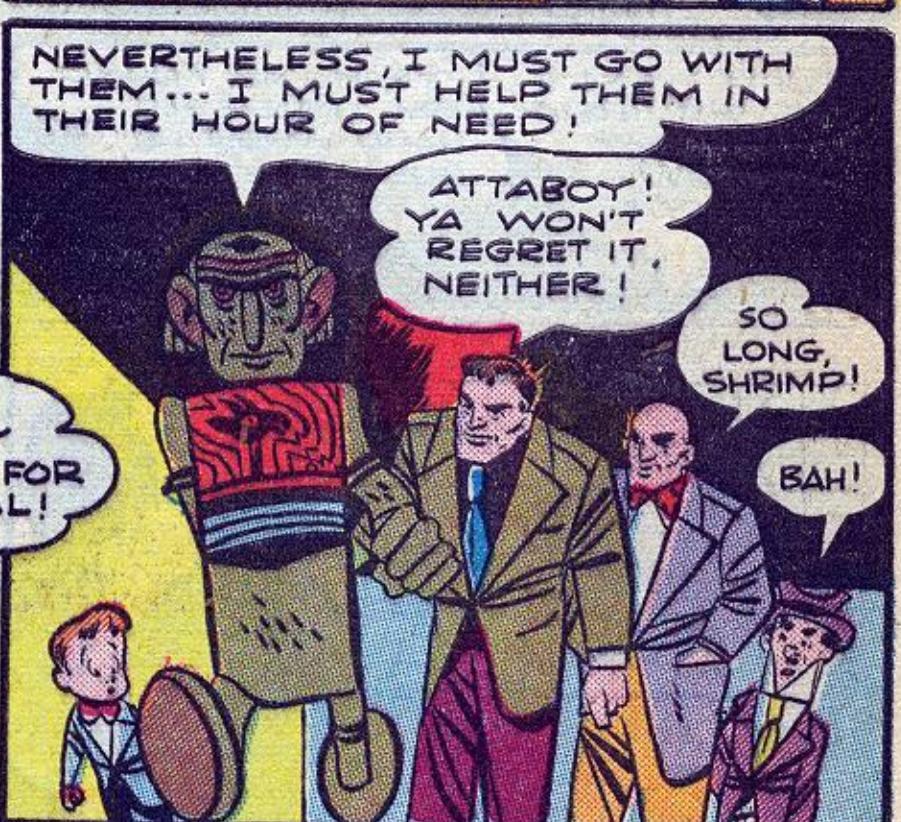


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THIS MAY SOUND SILLY.. BUT COULD THAT CASE BE RECONVERTED... INTO A WOODEN ROBOT THAT CAN WALK?

THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE ONE... IT WAS KNOWN AS THE CASE OF ISIS!



LEGEND SAYS THAT ISIS, GODDESS OF LIFE AND LOVE, CAN ANIMATE THAT FIGURE WHEN IT IS A CERTAIN SHAPE SO THAT IT'LL DO GOOD DEEDS ON EARTH... I NEVER BELIEVED IT.. UNTIL NOW!



COME ON JAY.. I'VE GOT TO RECOVER THAT CASE!

I'LL TAKE YOU TO WHERE IT WAS LAST.. ER.. THE FLASH ACTUALLY FOUND IT.. HE MAY BE ABLE TO HELP YOU MORE THAN I... YOU GO AHEAD.. I'LL GET HIM...



MINUTES LATER, AFTER THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER AGAIN DONS HIS COSTUME...

HEY, FLASH... SOME GUYS STOLE PINCHY FROM US!

AT THE POINT OF THEIR GUNS, TOO!

THAT WAS ONE POINT WE DIDN'T WANT TO GET!

OH, HELLO MARLIN.. SOME GANGSTERS HAVE STOLEN YOUR WOODEN MAN... NO DOUBT THEY PLAN TO GET HIM TO HELP THEM WITH THEIR CRIMES... I'VE GOT TO GET HIM BACK, BUT FAST!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE OFFICES OF THE MAIN STREET TRUST COMPANY...

LISTEN, PINCHY.. YOU WAIT HERE, AN' WHEN THE COPS COME, YOU KEEP 'EM AWAY FROM US!

YEAH, THEY'RE BAD GUYS... THEY DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF US GETTIN' OUR OWN MONEY!

LEAVE THEM TO ME!

AS THE DRILLS BITE INTO THE STEEL FACE OF THE SAFE, A HIDDEN ALARM BANGS SUDDENLY...





All-Flash Comics



SIRENS WAIL IN THE DARKENED STREETS...

WHEEEEEE..
...EEE



THE FLASH SNAPS TO SUDDEN LIFE...

ACTION AT LAST... I SEE THOSE RATS ARE BEGINNING TO USE PINCHY AFTER ALL!



WHAT'S UP, OFFICER?

OH, HELLO, FLASH.. THE BURGLAR ALARM AT THE MAIN STREET BANK JUST SOUNDED!



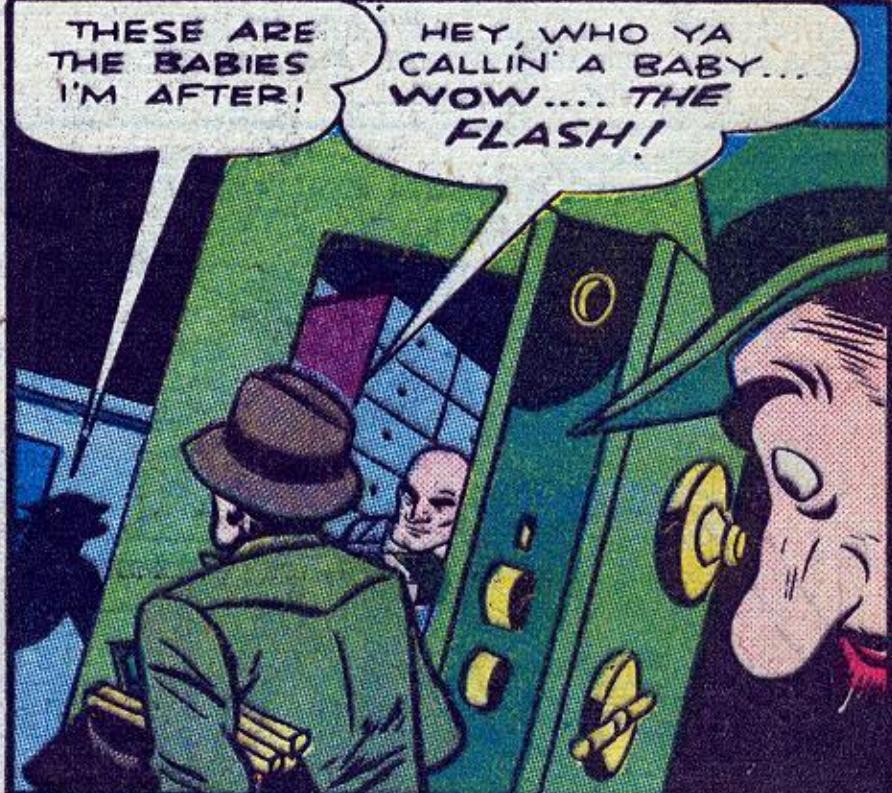
I'LL GET TO YOU LATER, PINCHY... FIRST I HAVE SOME CUSTOMERS INSIDE!

WHY.. WHAT'S THAT?.. WHO SPOKE TO ME?



THESE ARE THE BABIES I'M AFTER!

HEY, WHO YA CALLIN' A BABY... WOW.... THE FLASH!



YOU'RE GOING TO GET A BANG OUT OF THIS!

OOOF!



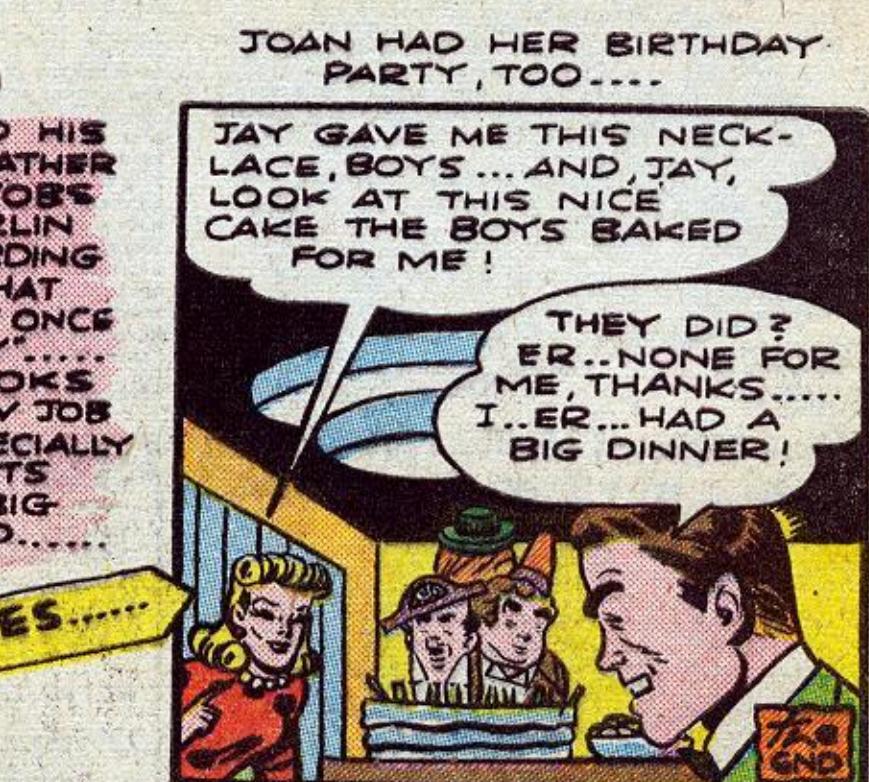
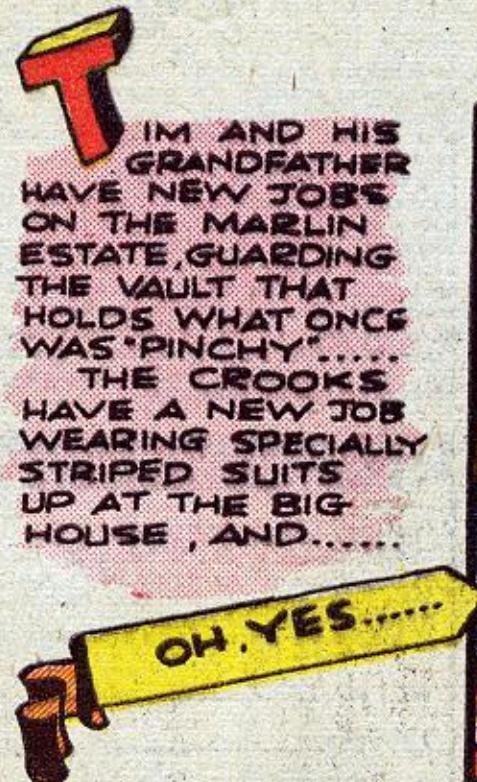
THIS IS THE OLD ONE.. TWO...

OWTCH!





All-Flash Comics



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Heres the Greatest BILLFOLD BARGAIN in all America!

3 BIG VALUES in ONE

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With Your Name, Address

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It "Zips" All the Way Around



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CELLULOID
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Exteriors Of
These Billfolds
Are Made Of
Such Beautiful
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Complete With
PASS CASE
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Here without a doubt is the last word in a real man's Billfold. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him—his currency, his change, his credit and membership cards, his personal identification. Along with the all around Zipper Billfold and Change Purse, we also include a hand engraved Identification Key Tag as shown. You get the 3 Big Values in one as described all for only \$2.98. But hurry. SEND NO MONEY. Just rush your order on the handy coupon below today. On arrival, pay postman only \$2.98 plus 20% tax and postage with understanding that if this isn't the greatest Billfold Bargain you've ever seen, you can return in 10 days for full refund.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!

ILLINOIS MERCHANTISE MART, Dept. 4320
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Please rush me the "All-around" Zipper Pass Case Billfold with Built-in Change Purse and hand engraved Identification Key Tag. On arrival I will pay postman only \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. Charges. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME _____

(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Excise tax (total \$3.58).

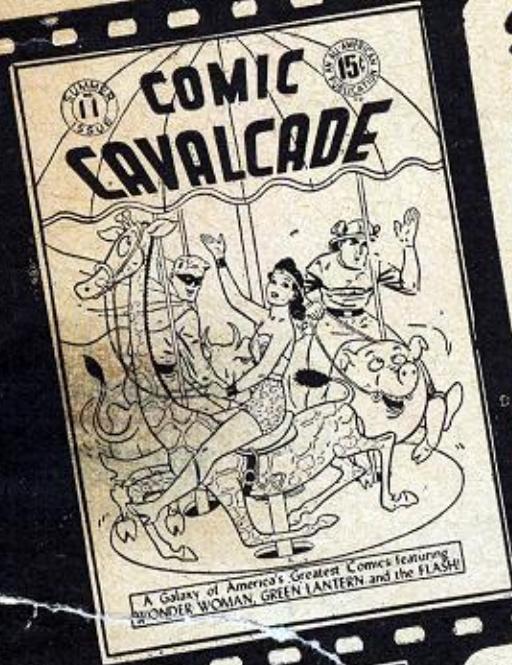
Please ship my Zipper Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

We also send you this beautiful 3-color identification key tag, hand engraved with your full name, address, city and state. It's the ideal key tag. Provides ample room for all your keys with your permanent identification for recovery in case of loss.





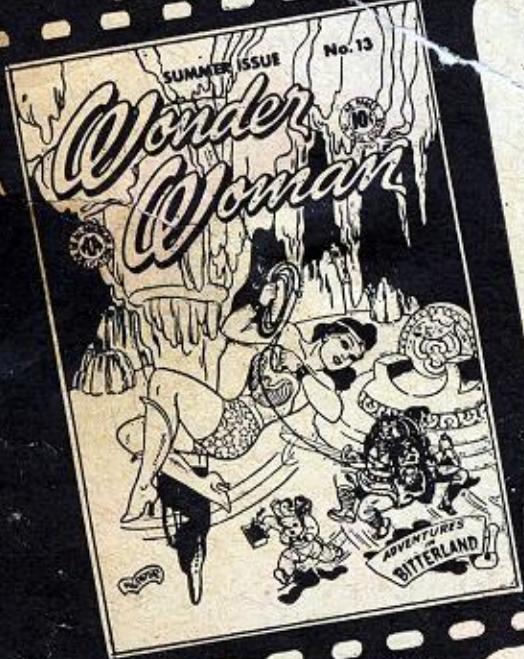
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SUSPENSE



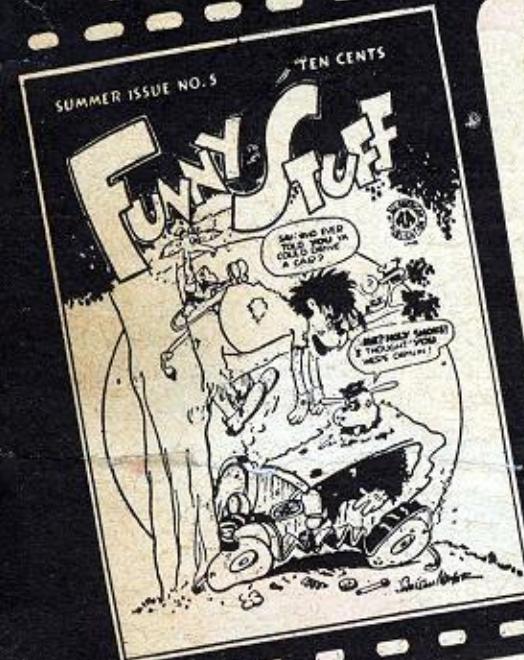
THRILLS



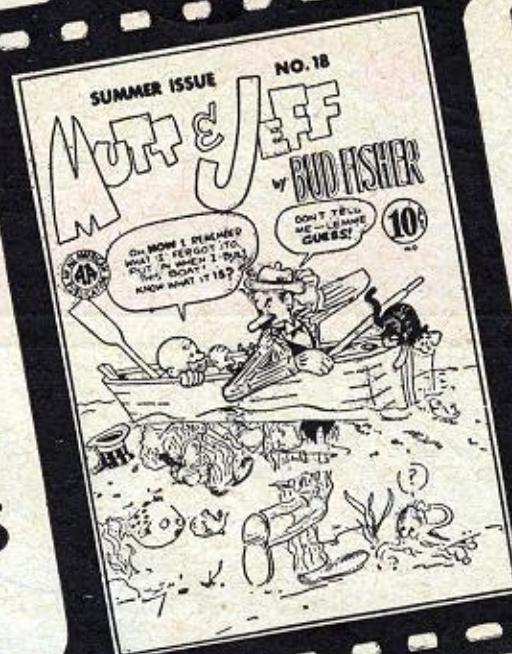
ACTION



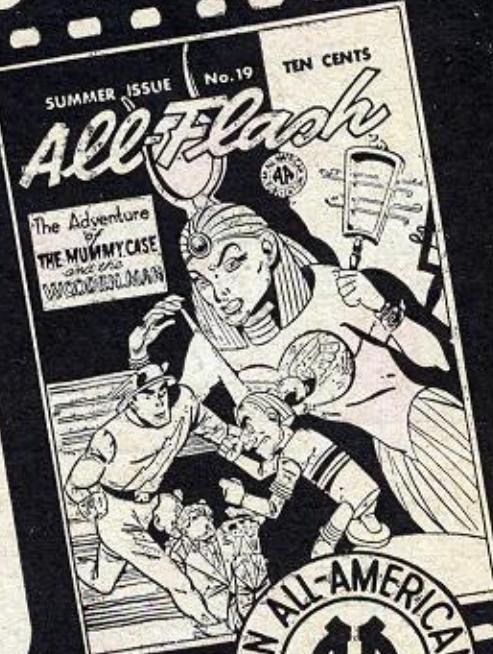
MYSTERY



LAUGHS



EXCITEMENT

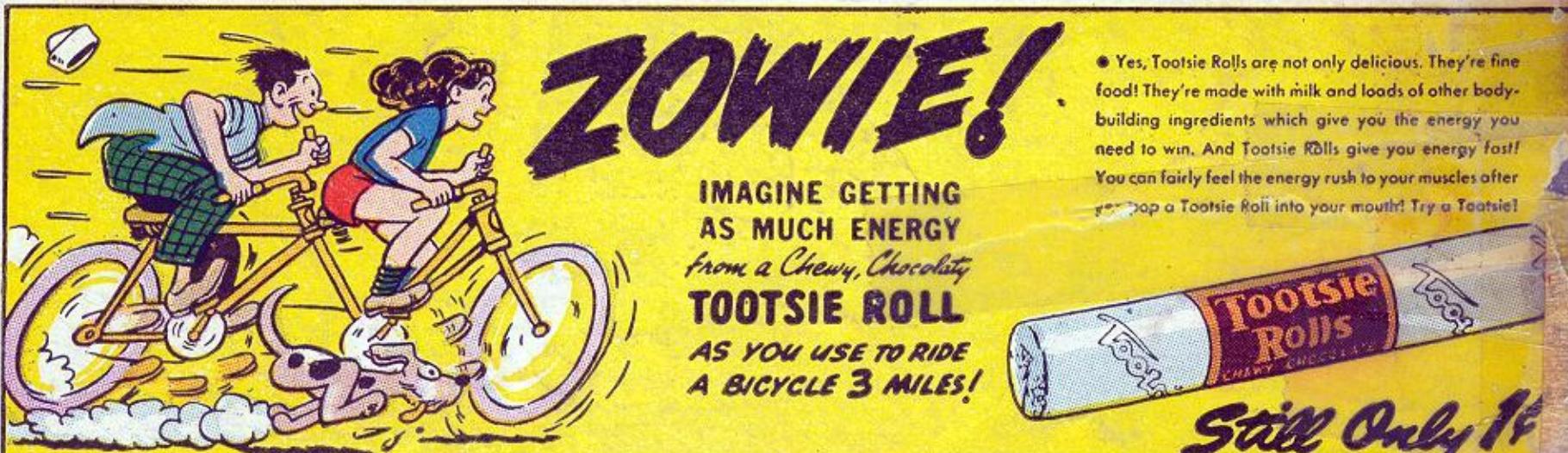


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