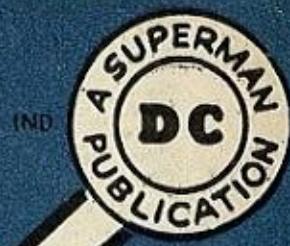


No. 27

FEB.-MAR.



AC-FLASH

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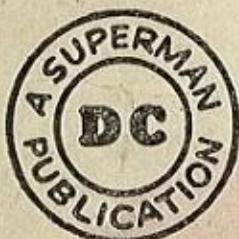
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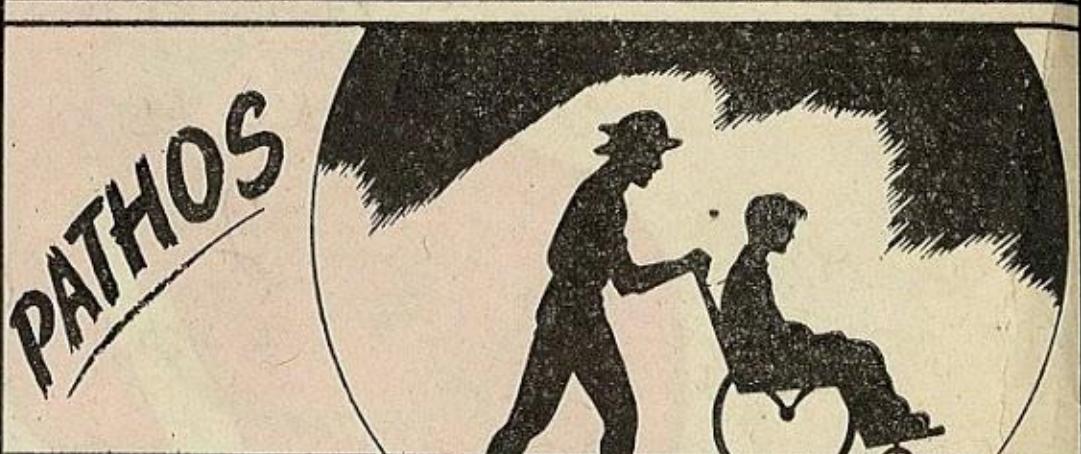
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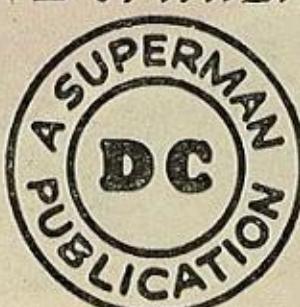
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ON SALE
EVERWHERE!



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Printed in U.S.A.

The Flash

FASTESt MAN ALIVE!!



GATHERING HIS IMMENSE RESERVES OF WICKED CUNNING, THE MOST BRILLIANT CRIMINAL OF ALL TIME CHOOSES TO MATCH WITS WITH THE ONE MAN HE TRULY FEARS! FOR, BEFORE HE CAN RENEW HIS CAREER, **THE THINKER** KNOWS HE MUST RID HIMSELF OF **THE FLASH**!

YES! HE TRAPS THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE AND LEAVES HIM TO MEET DEATH -- AND HE PLANS AND EXECUTES HIS CRIMINAL COUPS WITH SENSATIONAL SUCCESS BECAUSE ...

"THE THINKER COOKS WITH GAS!"

LATE ONE NIGHT IN A PRISON SURGERY
AN EMERGENCY CASE ---

PUT HIM IN THE OXYGEN TENT. HE HAS ALL THE SYMPTOMS OF PNEUMONIA!



HE SEEMS BETTER NOW -- FUNNY, BUT I FEEL STRANGLED -- MISTY OBJECTS BEFORE MY EYES -- A RINGING IN MY EARS --

SYMPTOMS LIKE CHLOROFORM ANAESTHESIA -- IMPOSSIBLE -- NO SPILLED CHLOROFORM NEAR HERE -- GAA! NOW I FEEL IT TOO -- HELP...



AS MASS INERTIA SWEEPS THE PRISON, STEALTHY FORMS MOVE QUICKLY THROUGH THE DARK CORRIDORS --

TRUST THE THINKER TO DREAM UP A SWEET JOB LIKE THIS. CHLOROFORM CAPSULES IN THE HEATING SYSTEM--AND FIVE MINUTES LATER EVERYBODY BUT US AND THE BOSS ARE SOUND ASLEEP!



DRINK THIS DOWN, BOSS -- IT'S GOT THE ANTIDOTE FOR THAT PILL YOU TOOK.

THE PILL MADE MY BODY ASSUME THE SYMPTOMS OF PNEUMONIA -- COMPLETELY FOOLING THE PRISON DOCTORS!

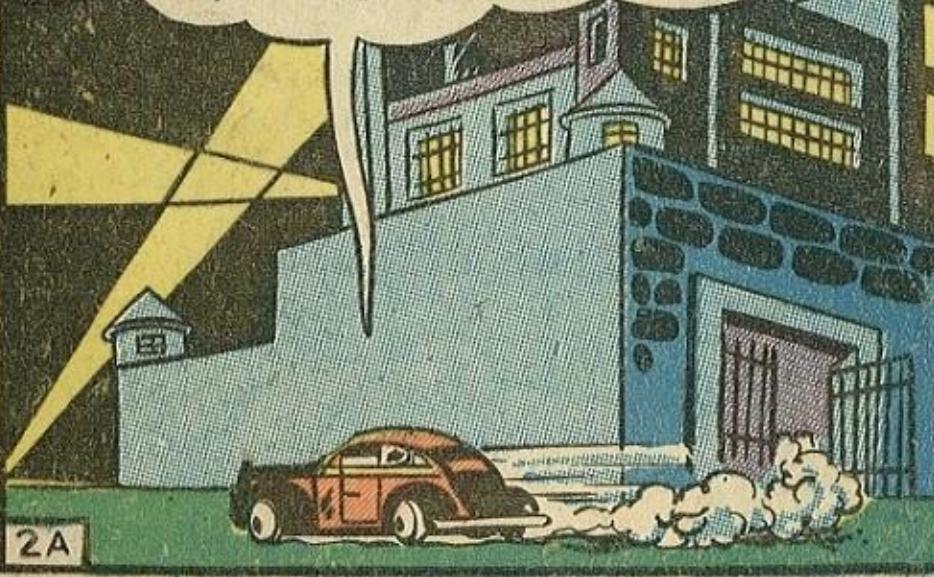


IDIOTS! THEY SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THEY COULDN'T KEEP CLIFFORD DEVOE -- THE THINKER -- IN JAIL!



SHORTLY, A HIGH-POWERED CAR PULLS AWAY FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE "BIG HOUSE" --

THEY'LL ALL WAKE UP SAFE AND SOUND IN A LITTLE WHILE -- BUT MINUS ONE PRISONER. I'M FREE AT LAST!



NEXT MORNING --

JOAN, THE THINKER ESCAPED FROM JAIL! I-I DON'T LIKE THIS --

OH! AND YOU SAID HE WAS THE TOUGHEST CRIMINAL THE FLASH EVER TACKLED!



BUT THE DAYS PASS AND A WEEK LENGTHENS INTO A MONTH--AND STILL THE THINKER HAS NOT STRUCK--

I'VE SPENT NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HUNTING FOR HIM, WITHOUT ANY LUCK. EITHER THE THINKER'S LAYING LOW--OR HE'S GIVEN UP CRIME!



WHAT IS THE MASTER CRIMINAL MIND UP TO ANYWAY?

I'VE THOUGHT IT OVER FROM ALL ANGLES--EXHAUSTED EVERY POSSIBILITY--AND EVERYTHING POINTS TO THE SAME CONCLUSION--



I DARE NOT STRIKE WHILE THE FLASH IS FREE TO FIGHT ME. THEREFORE, I MUST FIND A WAY TO ELIMINATE HIM. HE IS THE ONLY MAN I RESPECT--AND FEAR!



THEN, ONE NIGHT---

AT LAST--I HAVE IT! THIS MEANS DEATH TO THE FLASH!!



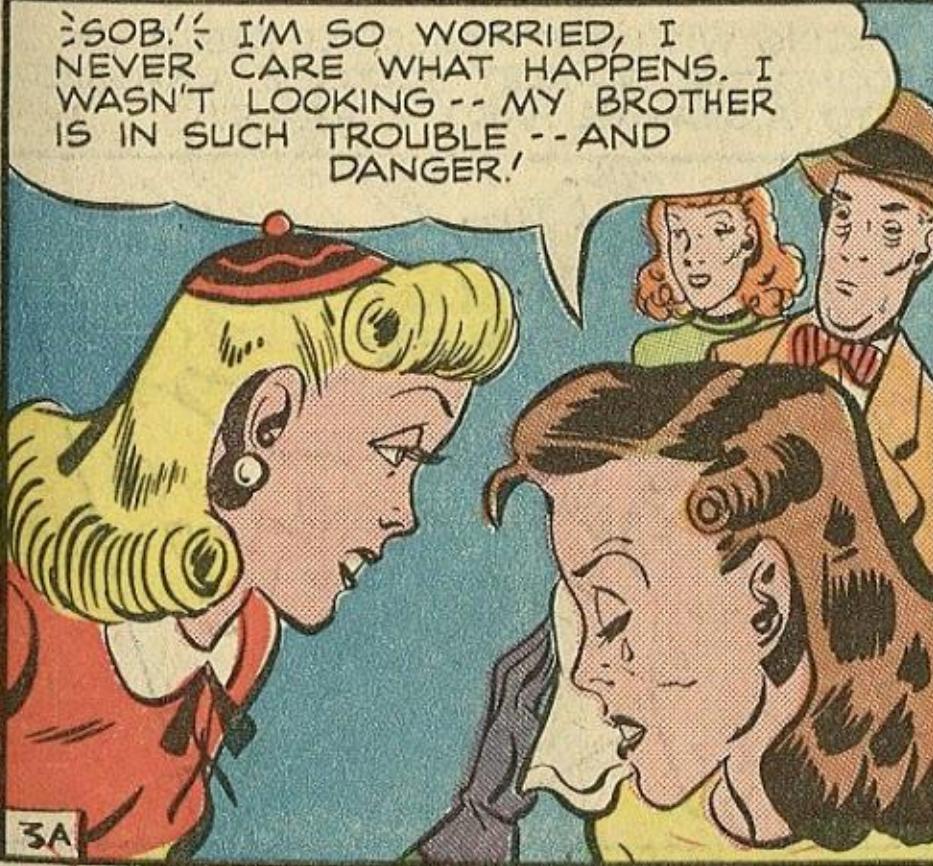
TWO DAYS LATER---

LOOK OUT! YOU WALKED RIGHT IN FRONT OF THAT CAR!

OHH!



SOB! I'M SO WORRIED, I NEVER CARE WHAT HAPPENS. I WASN'T LOOKING--MY BROTHER IS IN SUCH TROUBLE--AND DANGER!



MY BROTHER MADE FRIENDS WITH SOME AWFUL MEN. THEY WANT HIM TO--TO ROB PLACES WITH THEM. IF HE REFUSES, THEY SAY THEY'LL SH-----SHOOT HIM!





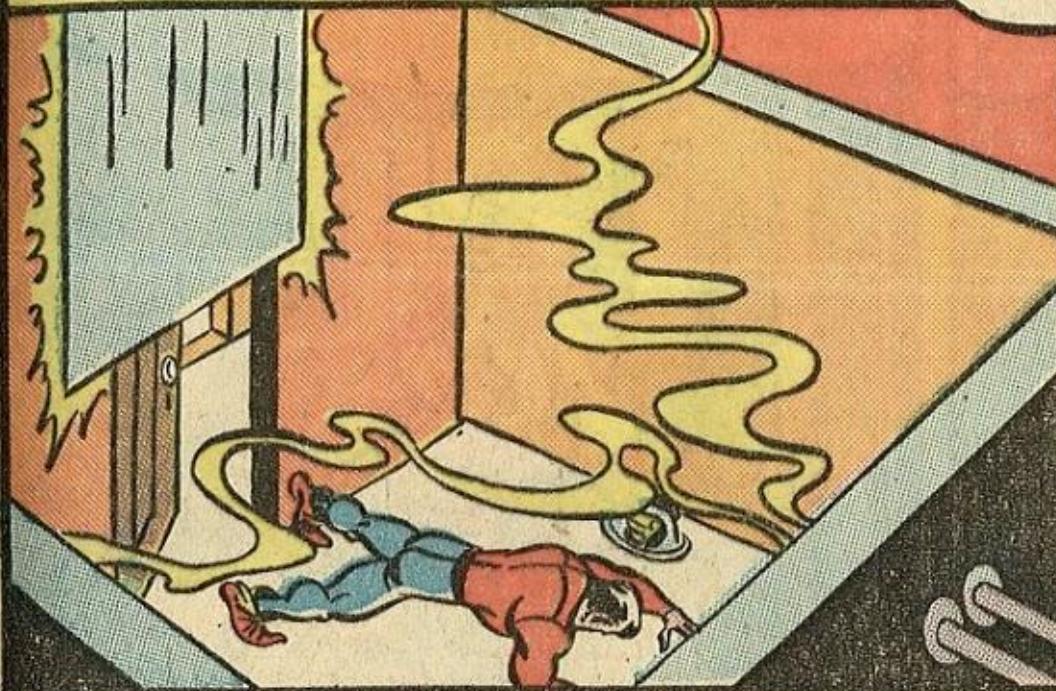


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A HEAVY STEEL WALL FALLS FROM THE CEILING, AS GAS VENTS BEGIN TO FLOOD THE SEALED ROOM WITH POISONOUS DEATH ---

THAT DOES IT! THE FLASH WILL BE DEAD IN A MATTER OF MINUTES. NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW. THE THINKER WILL STRIKE FAST AND HARD!



THE OLD MIRROR TRICK MAKES YOU THINK YOU SEE SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T EXIST -- IT WORKED WONDERS! IT REFLECTED THE IMAGES OF OUR LITTLE ACT ONTO A STEEL MIRROR IN THE TRAP-ROOM!

ALL RIGHT NOW -- YOU KNOW YOUR ASSIGNMENTS! AND REMEMBER, THE COLORS OF THE GASES WE'LL USE WILL INDICATE TO YOU WHAT ANTIDOTE TO TAKE TO AVOID BEING OVERCOME BY THEM.



I KNOW! HE STARTED OFF AS A SMART DISTRICT ATTORNEY -- THEN FIGURED IT'D BE EVEN SMARTER TO WORK FOR HUNK NORVOCK, THE GANG LEADER. WHY, HE SPENT TEN YEARS IN SECLUSION JUST THINKING UP CLEVER CRIMES!

HE KILLED NORVOCK AND BECAME THE GREATEST CRIMINAL GENIUS OF OUR TIME! THE FLASH CAPTURED HIM ONCE -- BUT THIS TIME, I -- I'M AFRAID THE FLASH HAS LOST!



NOT QUITE, JOAN -- WHERE THERE'S LIFE, THERE'S STILL HOPE!

WHOOSH! MY NOSTRILS ARE BURNING -- CHLORINE! THAT'S IT -- AND IT SMELLS LIKE A SOLUTION OF ONE IN THREE THOUSAND -- FATAL IN ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES --



OF COURSE! IF THERE'S A WAY INTO THIS SEALED ROOM, THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT!



THIS GAS VENT! GAS COMES IN -- AND WITH MY SUPER-SPEED, I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO MAKE IT GO OUT!

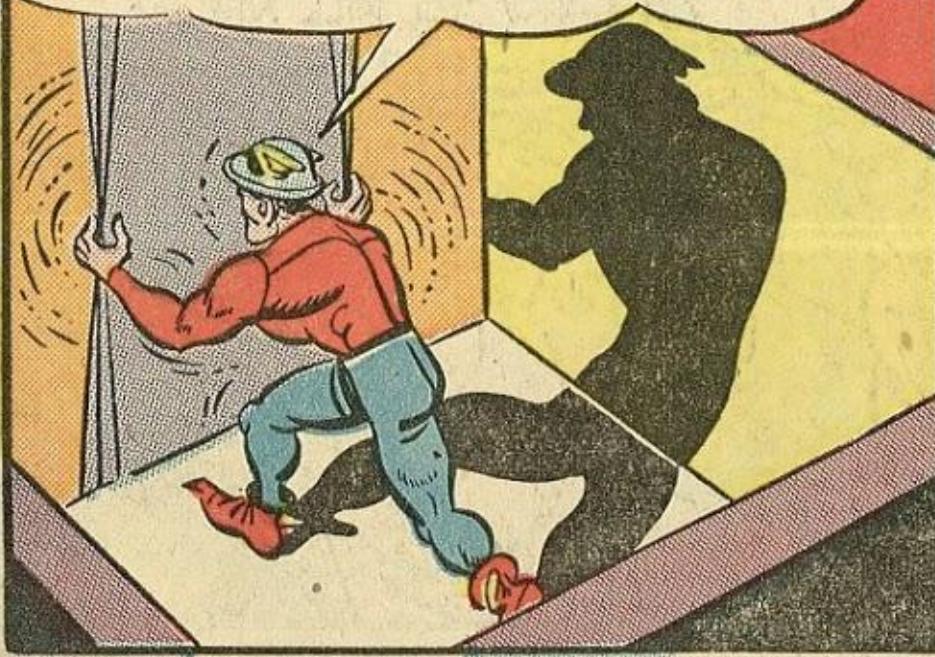


BY HOLDING HIS HELMET CLOSE TO THE OPENING, THE FLASH FANS IT SWIFTLY, BUILDING UP A STEADILY INCREASING AIR PRESSURE IN FRONT OF THE VENT. THIS PRESSURE FORCES ITSELF UP THE VENT, PUSHING THE GAS AHEAD OF IT --- MAKING THE GAS BACKFIRE ---

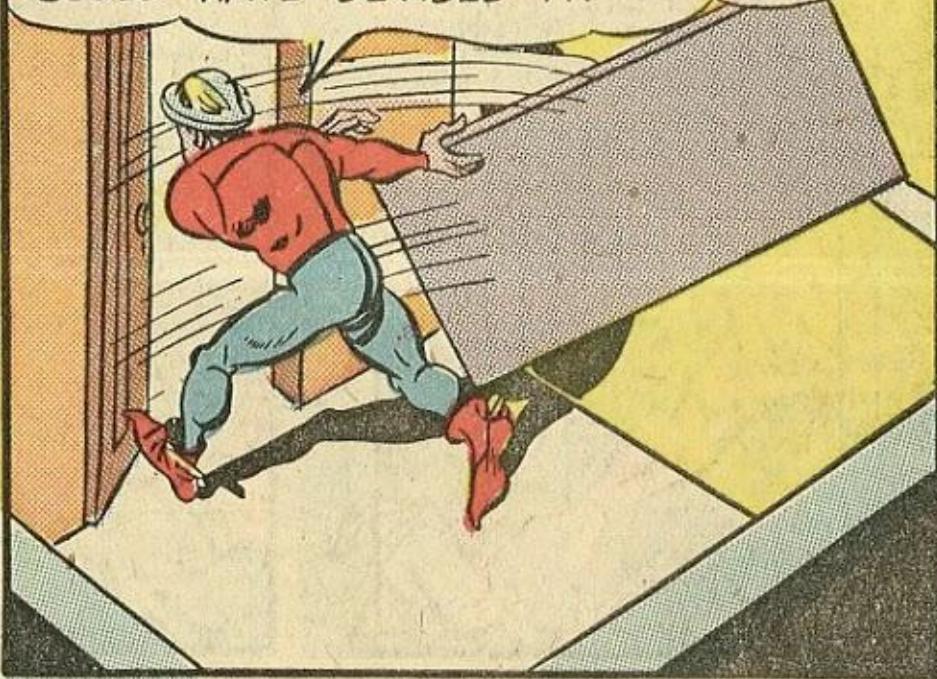


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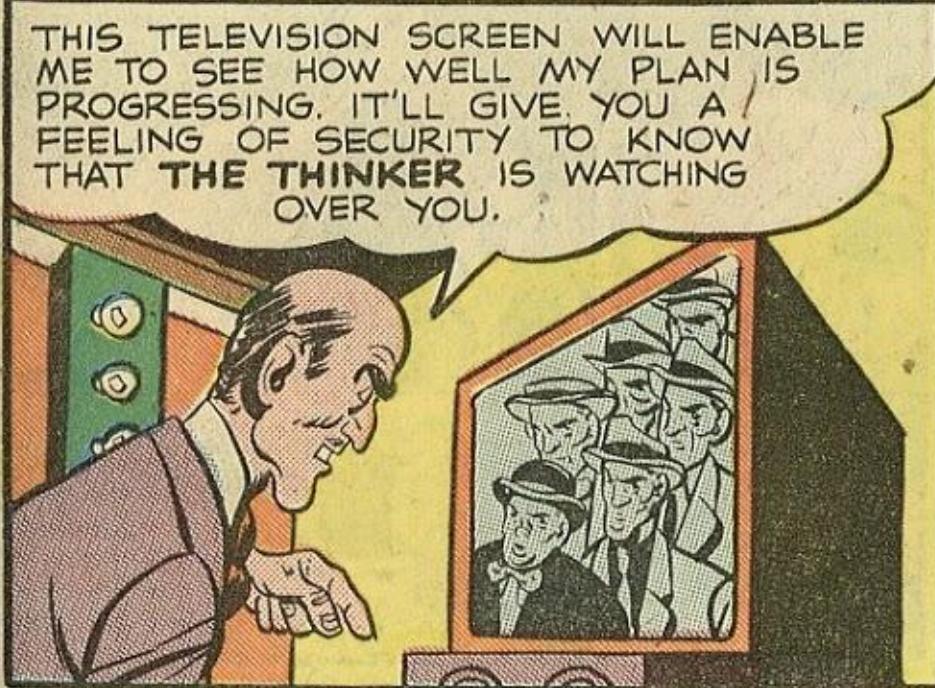
THAT GIVES ME ENOUGH TIME TO VIBRATE THESE SLIDING WALLS AND SEE WHICH -- AH, THIS ONE IS MOVING SLIGHTLY -- NOW TO PUSH FASTER AND SNAP THE HINGES WITH THE STRAIN!



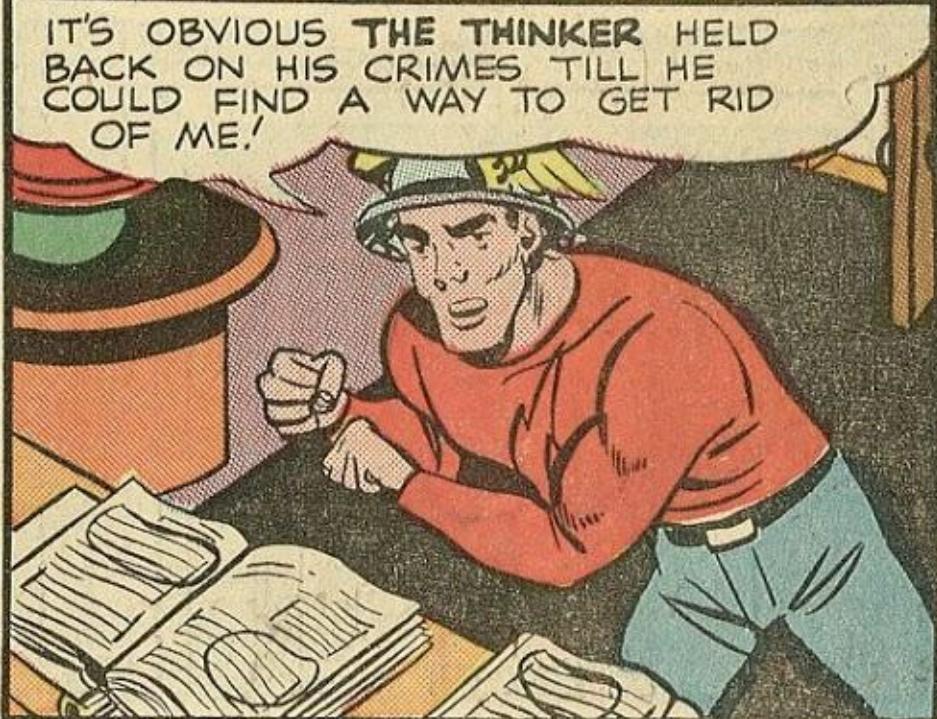
SUCCESS! -- AND I'LL BET I KNOW THE PARTY WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS INGENIOUS TRAP -- **THE THINKER!** ONLY A DIABOLICAL MIND LIKE HIS COULD HAVE DEVISED IT!



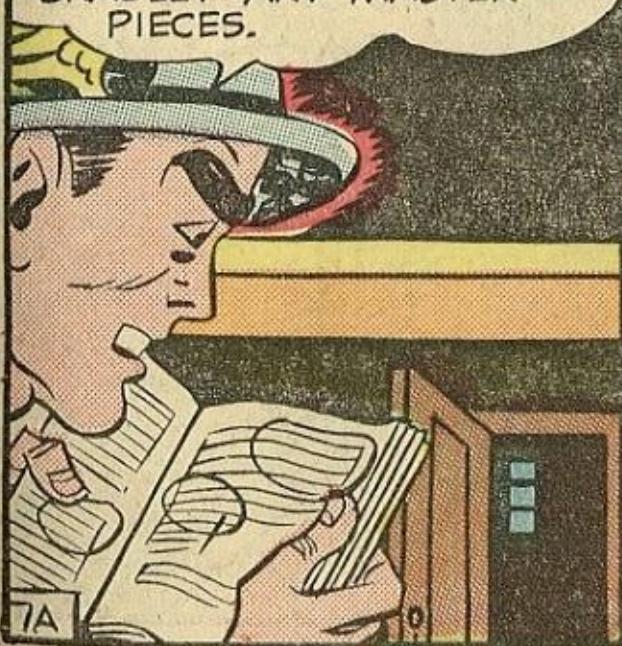
THE THINKER IS GIVING HIS MEN LAST-MINUTE ORDERS FROM HIS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED CONTROL ROOM ---



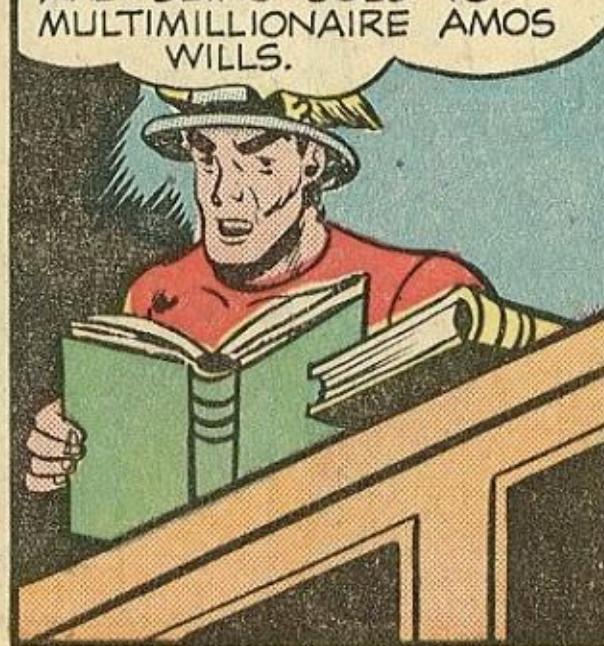
WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED, THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE RANSACKS THE GREAT MANSION ---



HMM, THESE BOOKS HAVE MARKED PASSAGES. THERE'S SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE ROWAN COLLECTION OF EMERALDS -- AND THE BRADLEY ART MASTER-PIECES.



THE ROWAN EMERALDS ARE BEING DISPLAYED AT THE METROPOLIS MUSEUM -- AND THE BRADLEY ART PIECES ARE BEING SOLD TO MULTIMILLIONAIRE AMOS WILLS.

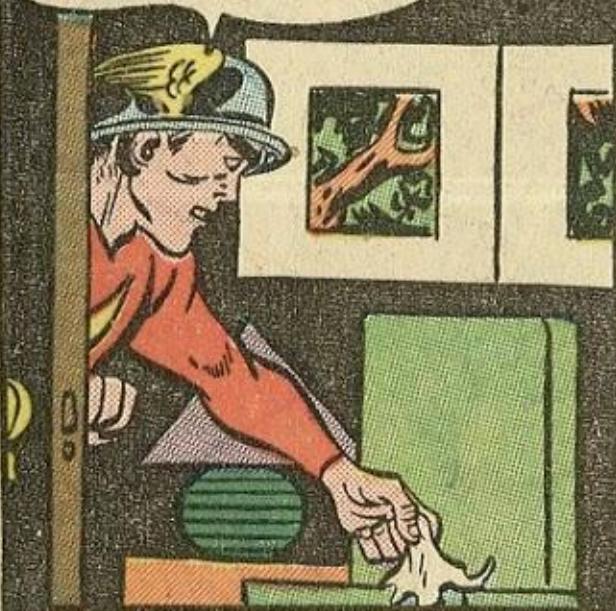


I HOPE THERE'S STILL TIME TO SNIFF THAT PERFUME! I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE -- SNIFF! -- JOAN! SHE'S BEEN HERE!



All-Flash Comics

AND THIS IS HER HAND-KERCHIEF! THE THINKER MUST BE HOLDING HER AS A HOSTAGE. IF I INTERFERE WITH HIS MEN-JOAN WILL DIE!



AND WHAT'S THIS? SOMEONE'S LEFT PENCIL IMPRINTS ON THIS SECOND SHEET -- A LITTLE GROUND LEAD SCATTERED OVER THE PAPER WILL BRING OUT THE IMPRINTS.



RED-LAUGHING, GREEN-TEAR. DOESN'T MAKE -- OH! GASES! SURE, THE THINKER USED CHLOROFORM TO ESCAPE FROM JAIL, AND CHLORINE TO TRY TO KILL ME ---



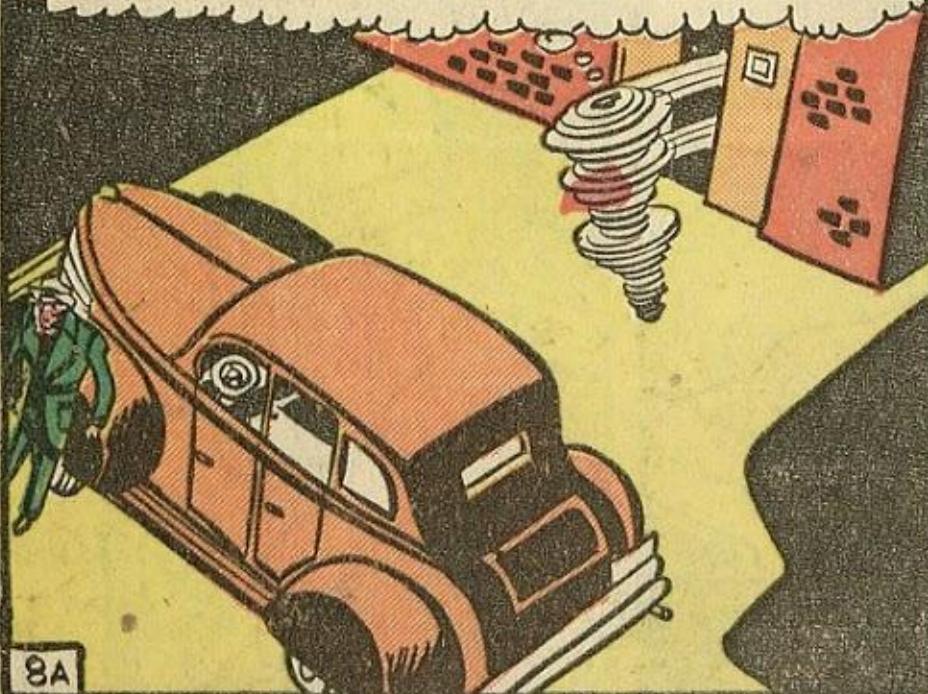
THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA! I CAN THROW A MONKEY WRENCH INTO THOSE CROOKS' PLANS--AND FREE JOAN AT THE SAME TIME --



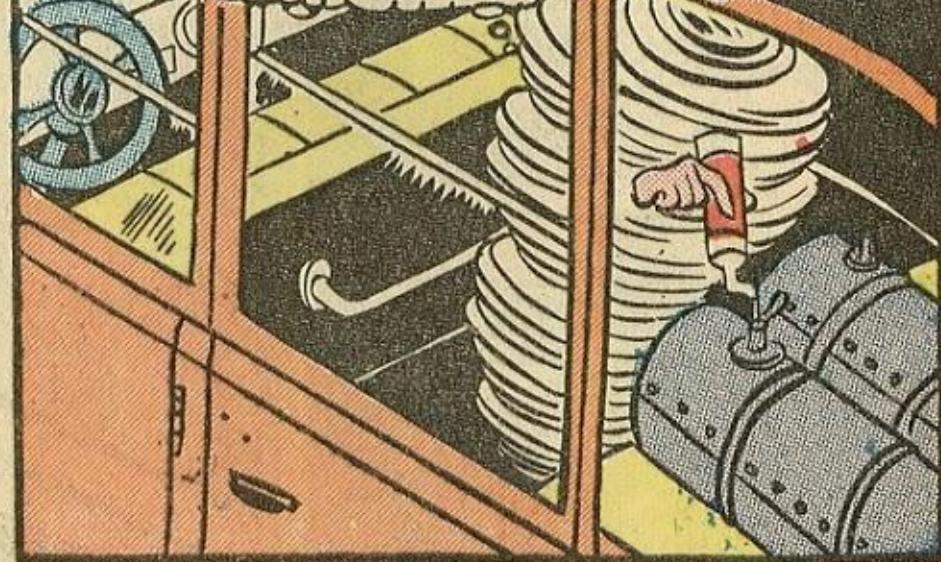
MOVING SO SWIFTLY THAT HE BECOMES INVISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE, THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER MIXES SOLUTIONS, PREPARES LIQUIDS ---



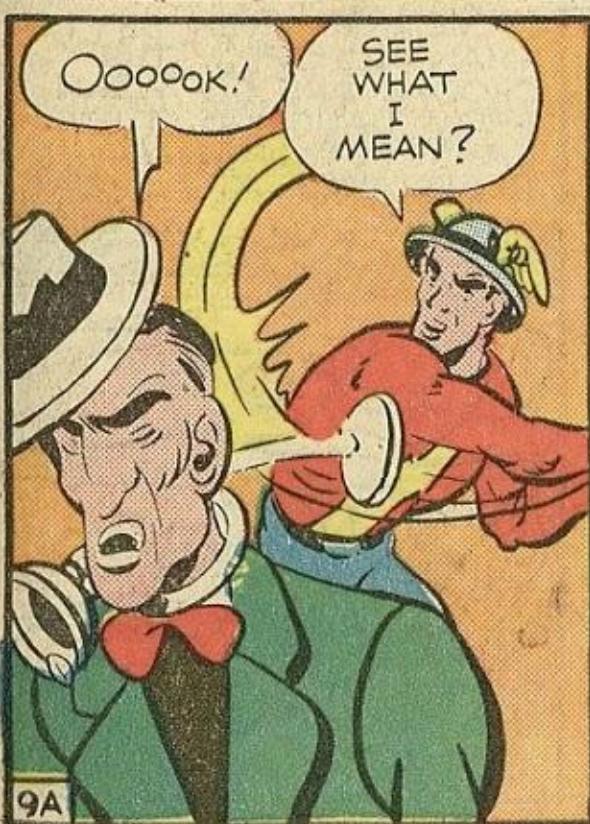
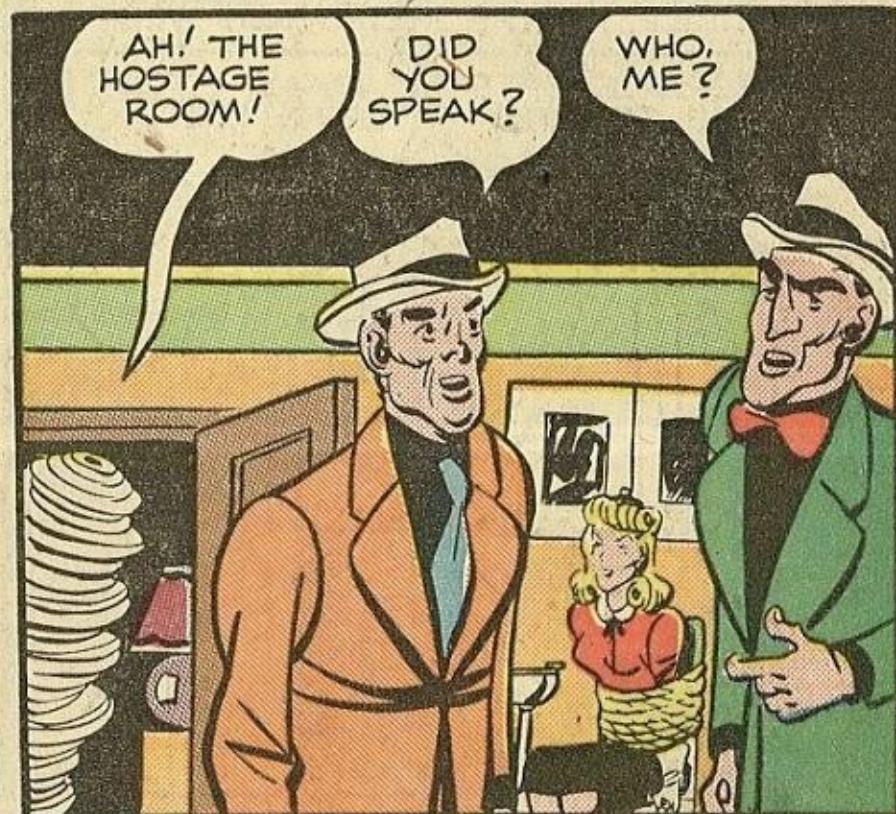
I DAREN'T LET THOSE THUGS KNOW I'M ALIVE, FOR FEAR OF WHAT MAY HAPPEN TO JOAN! EVERYTHING I DO HAS TO BE SILENT AND UNSEEN ---



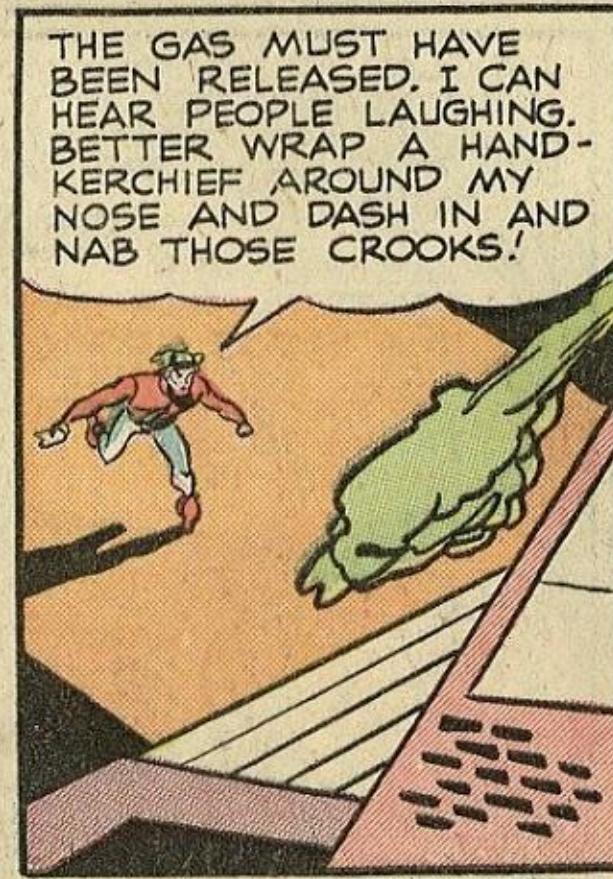
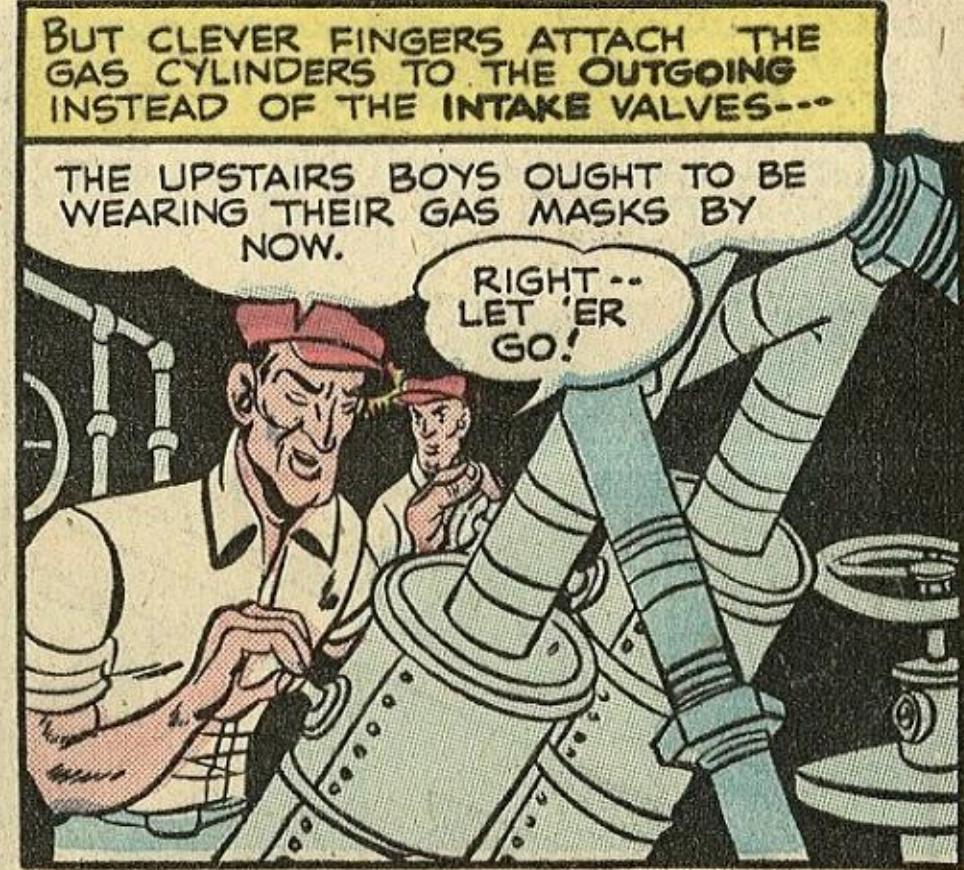
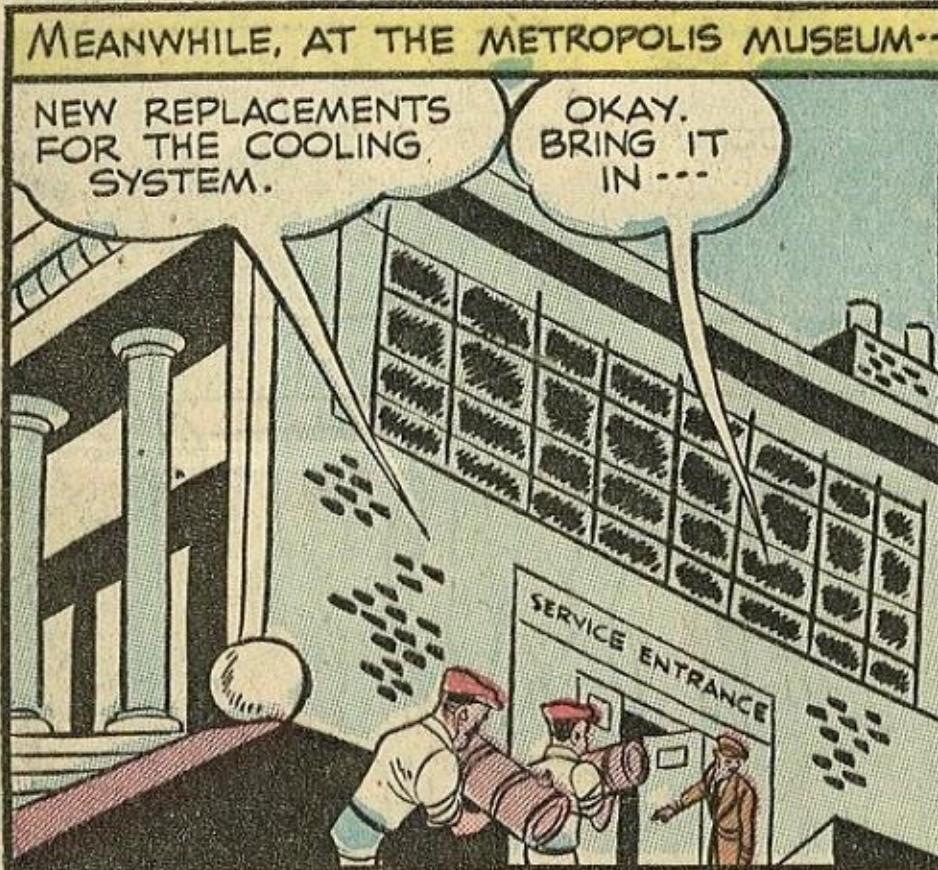
THERE -- THAT SWITCH I MADE "TAKES CARE" OF THOSE GASES! NOW THE BOYS WILL BE IN FOR AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE WHEN THEY TURN ON THE GAS VALVES, THE ANTIDOTES WON'T WORK--BECAUSE THE EFFECTS OF THE GASES WILL BE THE OPPOSITES OF WHAT THEY'LL EXPECT!



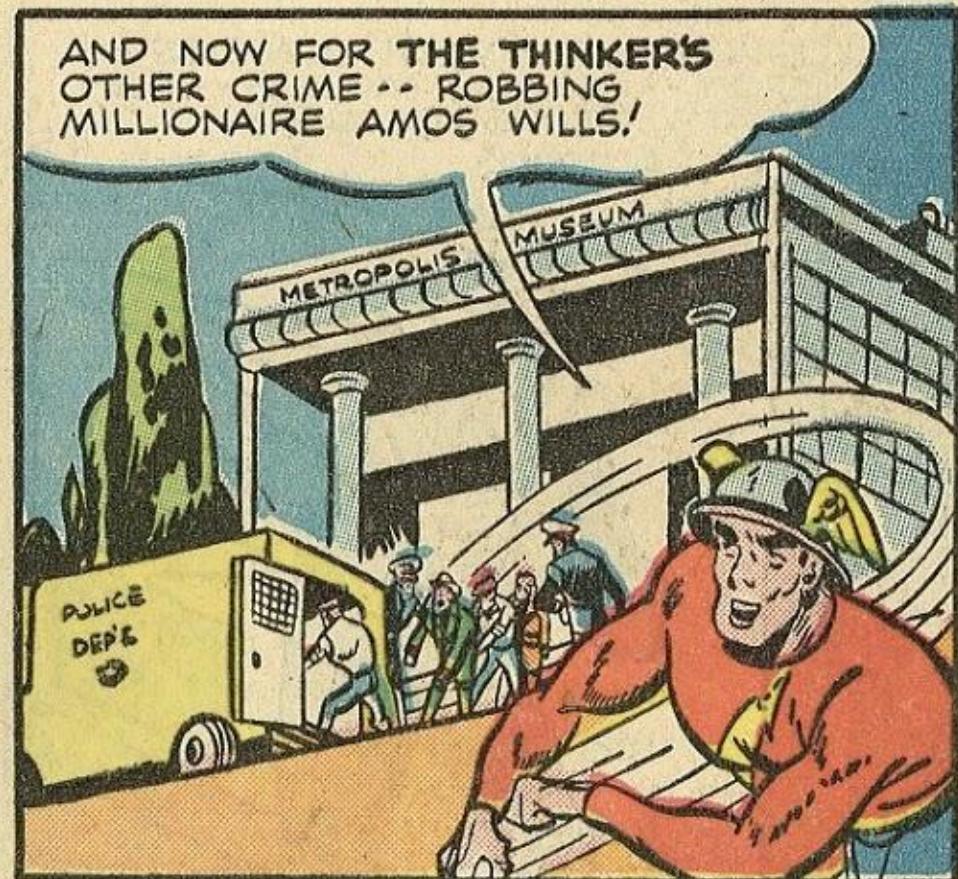
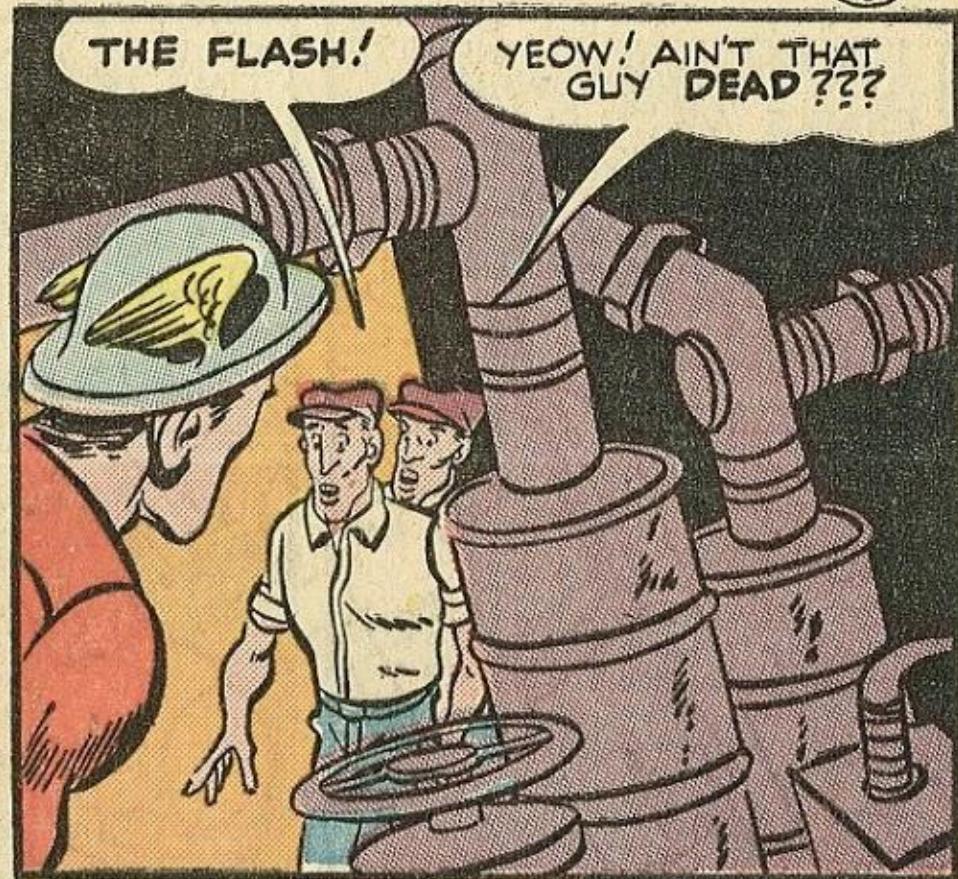
NOW THAT I'VE MADE SURE THE THINKER'S MEN ARE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH ANY ROBBERIES, I MUST FIND JOAN AND GET HER OUT OF DANGER! SHE HAS TO BE SOMEWHERE NEAR HERE!



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AT THE WILLS MANSION, THE FLASH'S FEAT OF SWITCHING THE PROPERTIES OF THE GASES HAS WORKED ALL TOO WELL ...

TSK! TSK! IF ONLY THE THINKER COULD SEE YOU CRY BABIES NOW!



CHEER UP, BOYS. I'M TAKING YOU WHERE YOU CAN DO ALL THE CRYING YOU WANT --- JAIL!



AN HOUR LATER, A SQUADRON OF POLICE GATHERS OUTSIDE THE MANSION OF THE THINKER ---

WE'RE GOING IN, FLASH. WE'LL GET THE THINKER, DEAD OR ALIVE!



All-Flash Comics

I'LL WORK UP AN INFINITE RATE OF SPEED WHICH'LL ENABLE ME TO SLIP PAST ANY ELECTRIC EYE BEAMS THAT MAY BE PLANTED AROUND THE HOUSE -- AND AT THE SAME TIME BE INVISIBLE TO THE THINKER!



IT'LL BE A WASTE OF TIME TRYING TO FIND HIS ROOM -- IT MUST BE WELL-HIDDEN, BUT THAT ROOM IS HEATED -- AND THIS GAS INTRODUCED INTO THE HEATING SYSTEM OUGHT TO DRIVE HIM OUT!



UPSTAIRS --

EVERYTHING'S GONE WRONG! NOW POLICE ARE AROUND THE HOUSE AND THINK THEY'LL CATCH ME, BUT THEY'LL NEVER GET ME IN THIS SPECIALLY EQUIPPED ROOM. ONLY I CAN GET IN OR OUT ---



I'LL SPRAY THEM WITH LEWISITE --- I'LL SHOW -- COUGH! COUGH! -- NOW WHAT'S WRONG? COUGH! ACHOOO!



SNEEZE GAS -- COUGH GAS! COUGH! ACHOOO!

THE THINKER --- TRAPPED BY HIS OWN WEAPON! IT WON'T HURT YOU, AND THE POLICE WILL CHEERFULLY LET YOU GARGLE WITH BAKING SODA ---



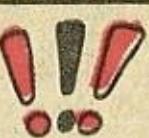
YOU'VE BEATEN ME AGAIN, FLASH -- BUT I'M WARNING YOU, I'LL FIND SOME OTHER WAY TO GET OUT OF JAIL, AND NEXT TIME ---

I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU!



SOME MONTHS LATER ---

NO WONDER THEY MADE YOU A COOK, THINKER -- I HEAR YOU LIKE TO COOK WITH GAS! HA! HA!



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The Flash

FASTESt MAN ALIVE!!

"I AM NEVER ONE TO BE CALLED HIGH-HAT, BUT I HOPE YOU FOLKS REMEMBER ME. I AM NAMED DEUCES WILDE AND BY INCLINATION AND PROFESSION AM A MAN WHO PLAYS CARDS FOR MONEY. TO WIN MONEY GIVES ME GREAT JOY. ALSO, I AM HONEST. AND IF YOU FOLKS HAVE NOTHING BETTER TO DO... AND EVEN IF YOU HAVE... I AM GOING TO TELL YOU A LITTLE STORY. IT IS WORTH YOUR WHILE TO LISTEN, FOR IT IS A TALE ABOUT THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE. I MIGHT ADD IT IS MORE THAN SOMEWHAT EXCITING. I LIKE TO CALL IT..."

"FIGHTING OVER FISH!"





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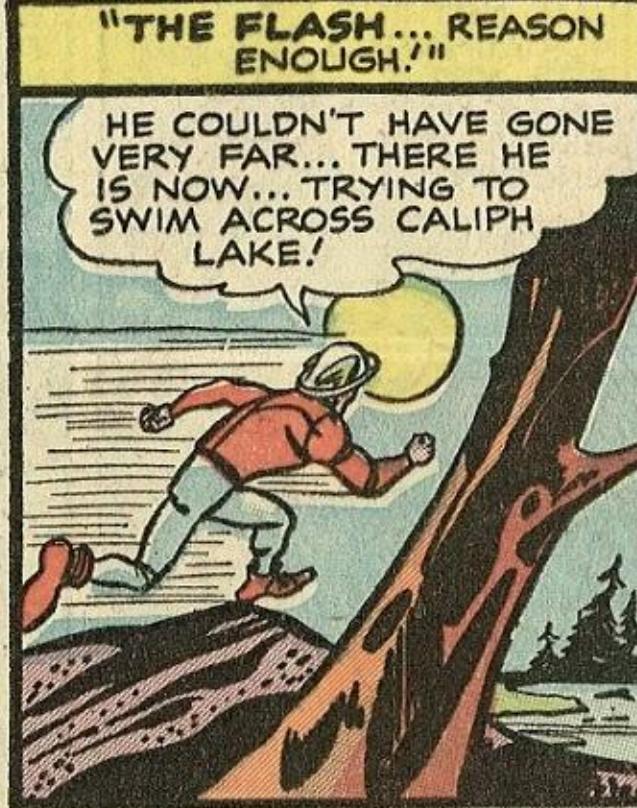


"IT IS A SURPRISING SIGHT, FOR ERASER EDDIE IS BY NO MEANS THE SORT OF GUY WHO GOES IN FOR MOON-LIGHT SWIMMING, ESPECIALLY WITH ALL HIS CLOTHES ON... SO WHEN ERASER EDDIE IS DOING SOMETHING FOR WHICH HE HAS NO SPECIAL LIKING, WE CAN LOOK FOR A VERY GOOD REASON..."



"THE FLASH... REASON ENOUGH!"

HE COULDN'T HAVE GONE VERY FAR... THERE HE IS NOW... TRYING TO SWIM ACROSS CALIPH LAKE!



I DIDN'T BREAK UP YOUR JEWEL STORE ROBBERY TO LET YOU GET AWAY, FELLA. I'M COMING IN RIGHT AFTER YOU...

ULP! HE'S CAUGHT UP TO ME!



"NOW I AM NO PERSON WHO SYMPATHIZES WITH CROOKS, BUT EVEN I FEEL SORRY FOR ERASER EDDIE AT THAT MINUTE..."

IF THE FLASH FINDS THIS LOOT ON ME, I'M AS GOOD AS SERVING TIME. BUT IF HE DON'T, I MAY STILL GET OUT OF IT.

"IF ERASER EDDIE HAS A HEART, IT BREAKS WHEN HE LET'S GO OF THE BAG..."

I GOT ONE BREAK ANYHOW... THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANY FISH IN THIS LAKE!

C'MON, CHUM. WE CAN TALK BETTER ON SHORE.



I ADMIT I DIDN'T SEE YOU PULL THAT JOB, BUT YOU SURE RAN FAST ENOUGH WHEN YOU SAW ME!

HONEST, FLASH, YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG. I'M INNOCENT!

THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY... TILL I SEARCH THEM.

OW!



All-Flash Comics



"ERASER EDDIE KNOWS VERY WELL WHICH SIDE OF THE JAILHOUSE HE LIKES BEST, SO HE FADES OUT OF SIGHT AND NOT EVEN HIS OWN GANG KNOWS WHERE HE KEEPS THE BODY. AS A MATTER OF FACT, A WHOLE YEAR PASSES BEFORE EDDIE IS SEEN AGAIN... BUT I AM GETTING AHEAD OF MY STORY..."



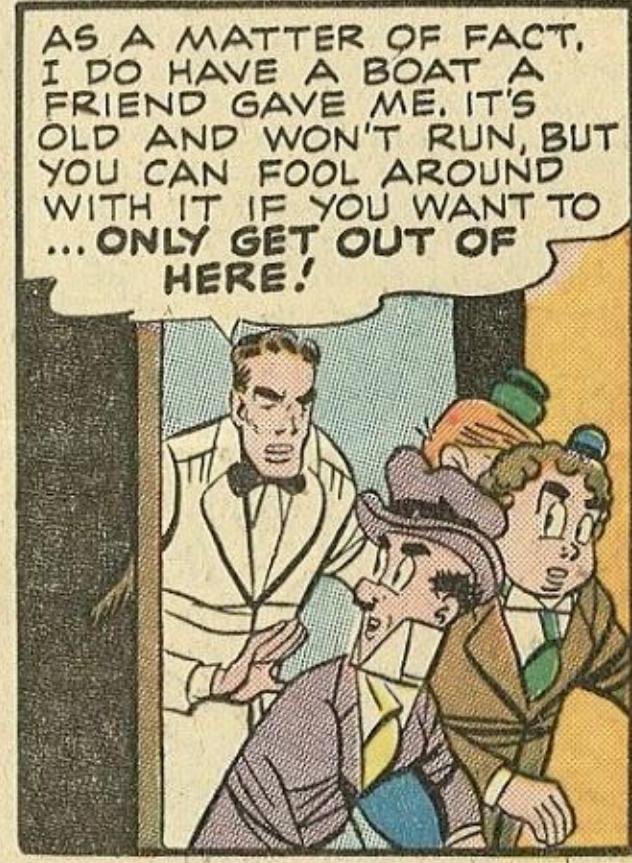
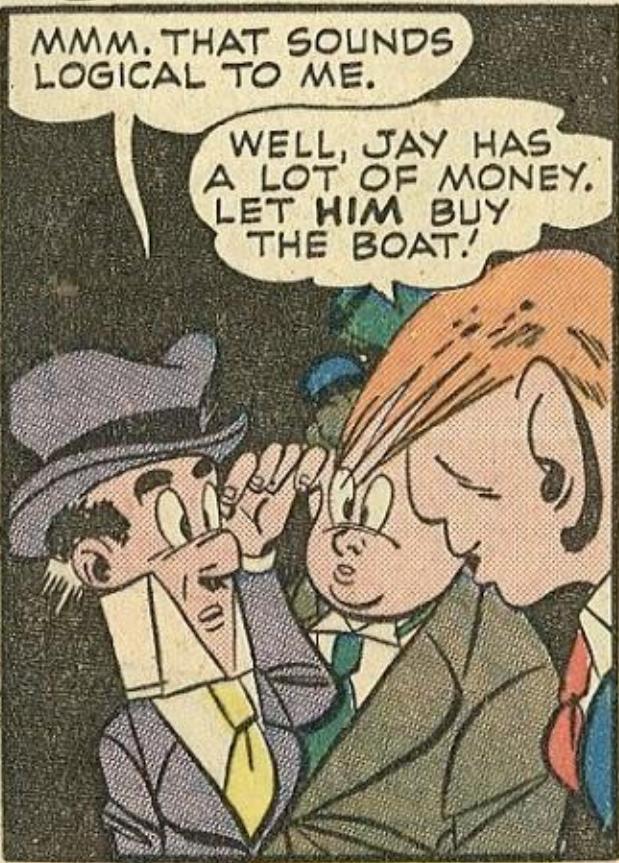
"IT IS ABOUT A YEAR LATER, AND THREE CHARACTERS, A BIT SHORT ON THE BRAINY SIDE, ARE PESTERING JAY GARRICK, WHO IS WELL-KNOWN AROUND TOWN AS A RESEARCH SCIENTIST..."



IN THE FIRST PLACE, HOW CAN JOAN AND I GO FOR A BOAT RIDE WITH YOU WHEN YOU DON'T EVEN OWN A BOAT? MOREOVER, SINCE THERE AREN'T ANY FISH IN CALIPH LAKE, WE CAN'T VERY WELL GO FISHING THERE!



All-Flash Comics





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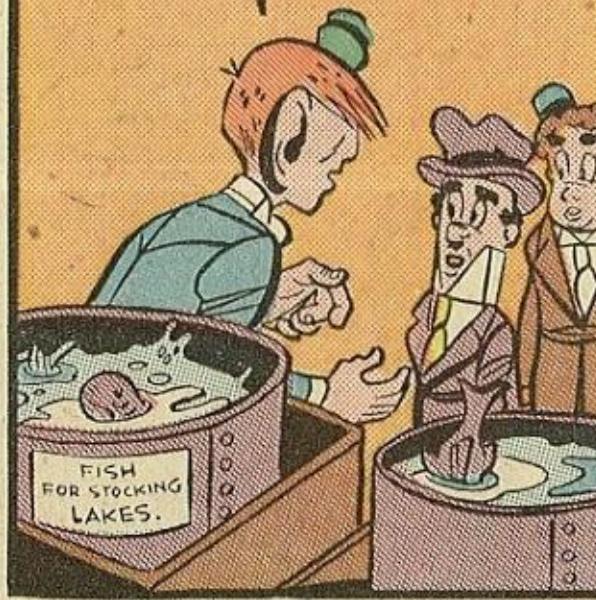
"THERE IS NO TELLING WHAT THOSE DIMPED WITS WILL PUT ON THEIR BOAT... NOT JUST YET, ANYHOW..."

WE'RE ALL SET TO GO FISHIN' NOW. YEAH... EXCEPT FOR THE FISH THAT THERE AIN'T NONE OF!

HUH! I TOOK CARE OF THAT!



I SENT AWAY FOR SOME FISH. THE PLACE THAT SENT 'EM TO ME SAID ALL YA GOTTA DO IS DUMP 'EM IN!



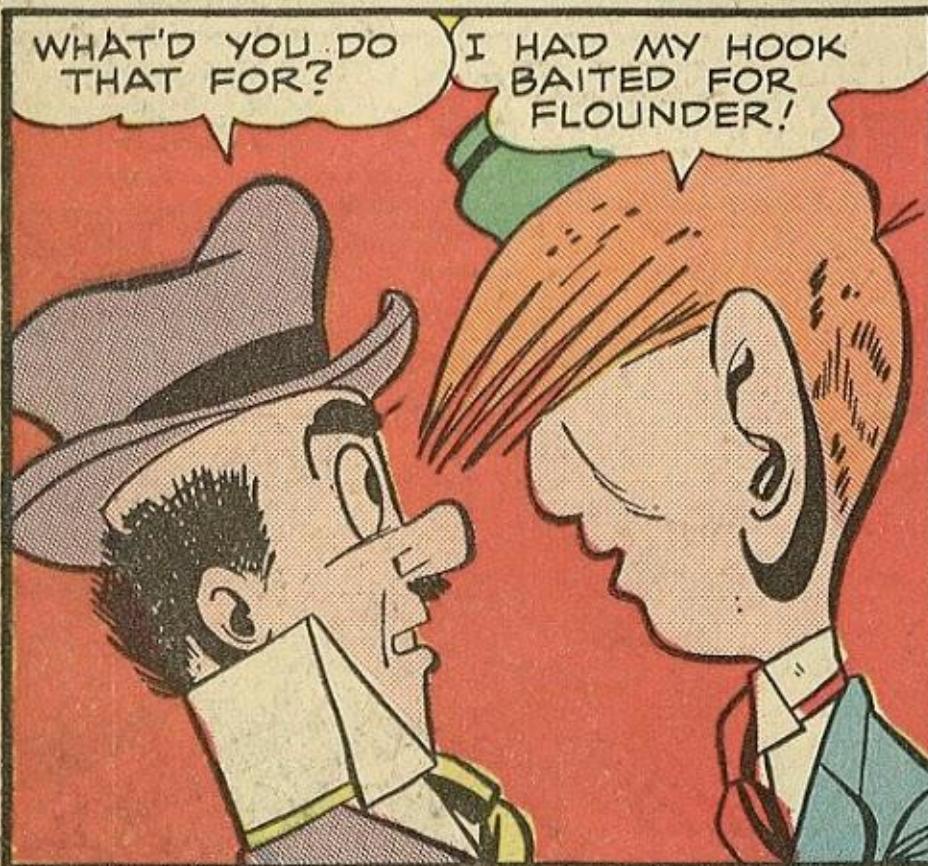
BOY, THEY'RE GONNA MAKE SWELL FISHIN'!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO START. I LOVE CATCHIN' FISH. LAST YEAR I CAUGHT A MACKEREL, BUT I THREW IT BACK.



WHAT'D YOU DO THAT FOR?

I HAD MY HOOK BAITED FOR FLOUNDER!



OH, GENTLEMEN!

HE MUST BE TALKIN' TO US. WE'RE THE ONLY GUYS IN SIGHT!



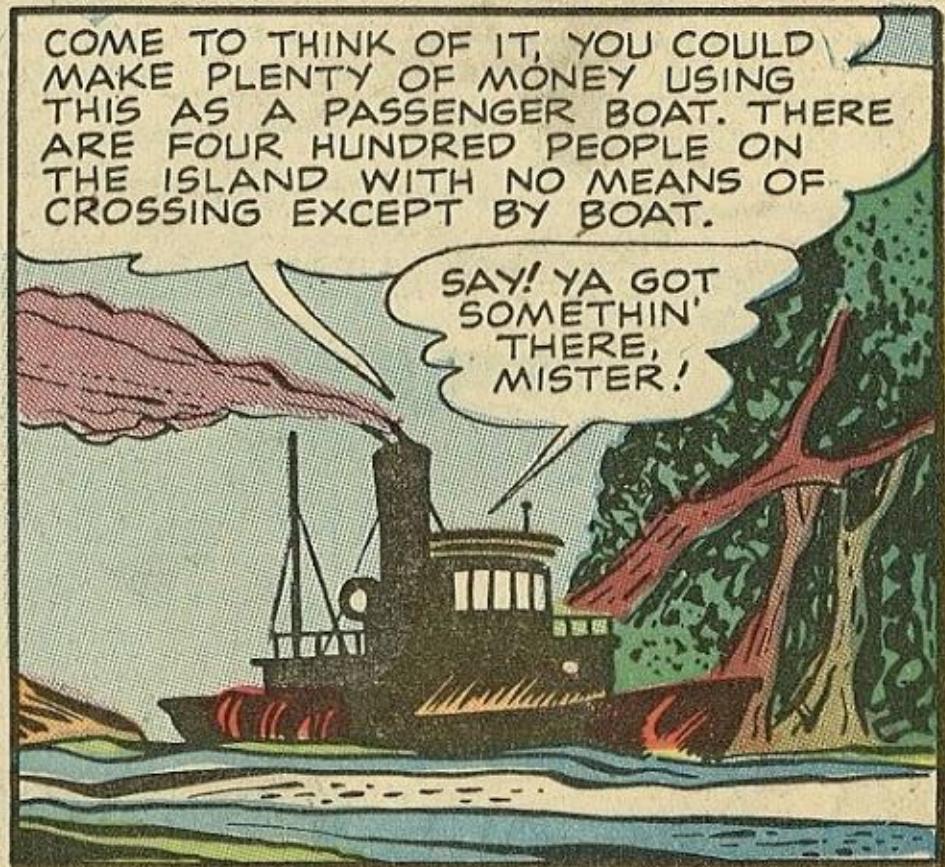
I'LL PAY YOU TEN DOLLARS TO TAKE ME ACROSS TO IKOTTO ISLAND. WE HAVE A SUMMER COLONY OVER THERE, YOU KNOW. SOCIETY PEOPLE AND SUCH.

TEN DOLLARS? IT'S A DEAL!



COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU COULD MAKE PLENTY OF MONEY USING THIS AS A PASSENGER BOAT. THERE ARE FOUR HUNDRED PEOPLE ON THE ISLAND WITH NO MEANS OF CROSSING EXCEPT BY BOAT.

SAY! YA GOT SOMETHIN' THERE, MISTER!



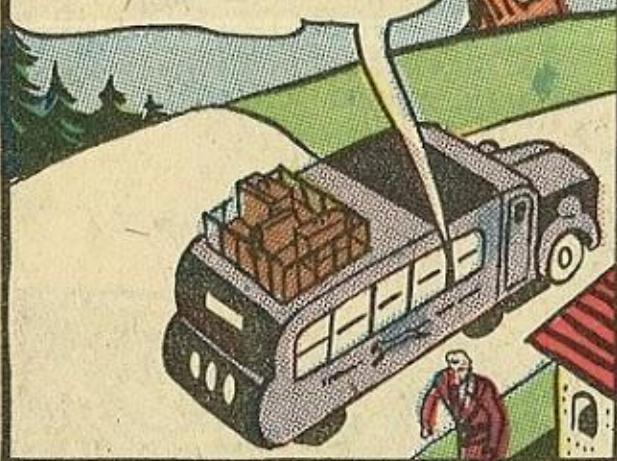


All-Flash Comics



"IT IS JUST AT THIS TIME THAT ERASER EDDIE SHOWS UP AGAIN..."

AFTER A YEAR, THE FLASH SHOULD HAVE FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT ME. EVEN IF HE DOES BUMP INTO ME, MAYBE HE WON'T RECOGNIZE ME IN THIS DISGUISE...



THIS IS THE SPOT. NOW ALL I GOT TO DO IS DIVE FOR THE SWAG AND... HUH?

CHUG-CHUG-
CHUCCA-
CHUG-

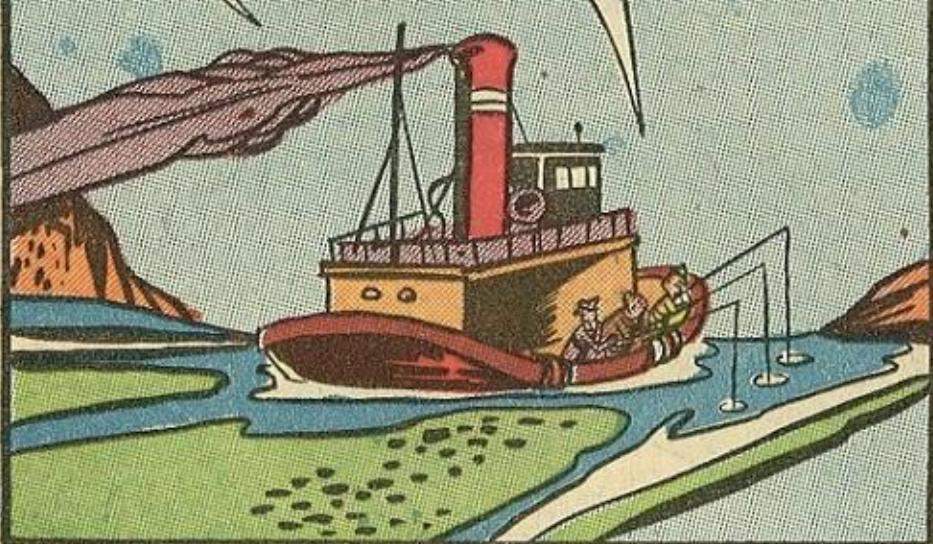


YIPE! ARE THOSE GUYS FISHING??



I BEEN FIGGERIN'. FOUR HUNDRED PEOPLE AT TEN BUCKS A RIDE FIVE TIMES A WEEK FOR TWELVE WEEKS DURING THE SUMMER SEASON...

AMOUNTS TO A COUPLA HUNDRED BUCKS, HUH?



TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! WE'RE RICH... HEY, I GOT A FISH!

ME, TOO!

OH, BOY!



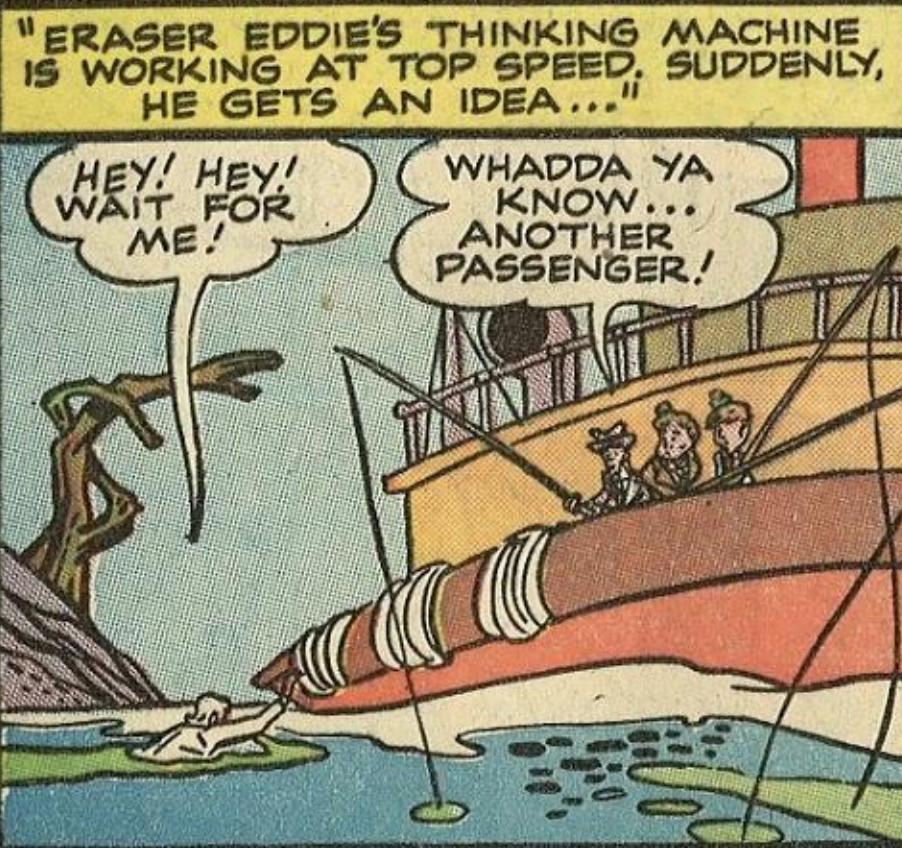
THERE ARE FISH IN THIS LAKE! SULP! THAT MEANS... THE SWAG... RINGS AND DIAMONDS... THE FISH MIGHT'VE SWALLOWED THEM!



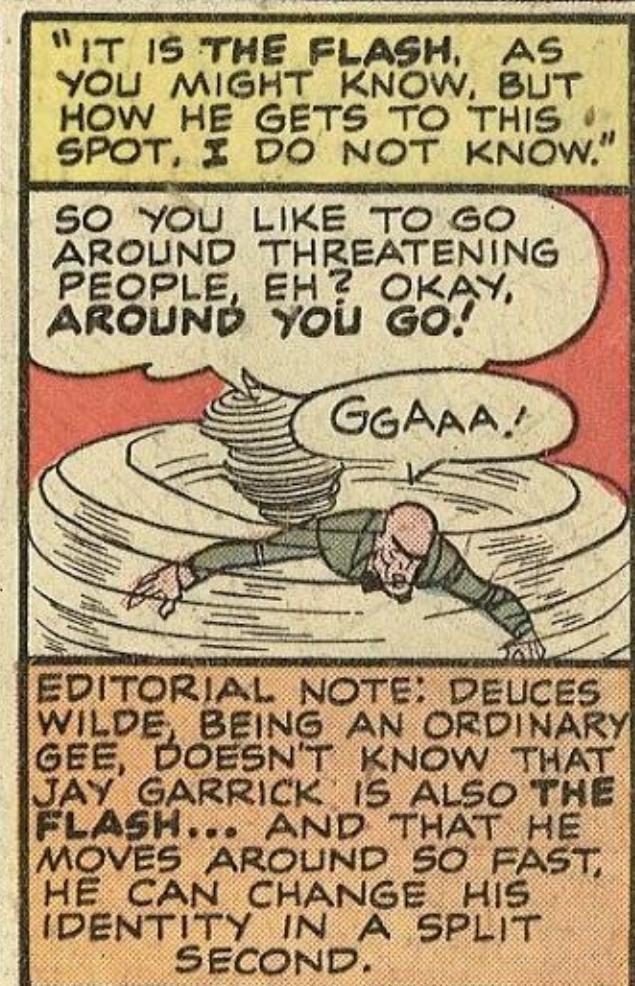
THE CHAMOIS BAG THAT HELD THE LOOT IS IN RAGS... CHEWED BY FISH... AND NO JEWELS AROUND HERE... THE FISH DID GET 'EM!



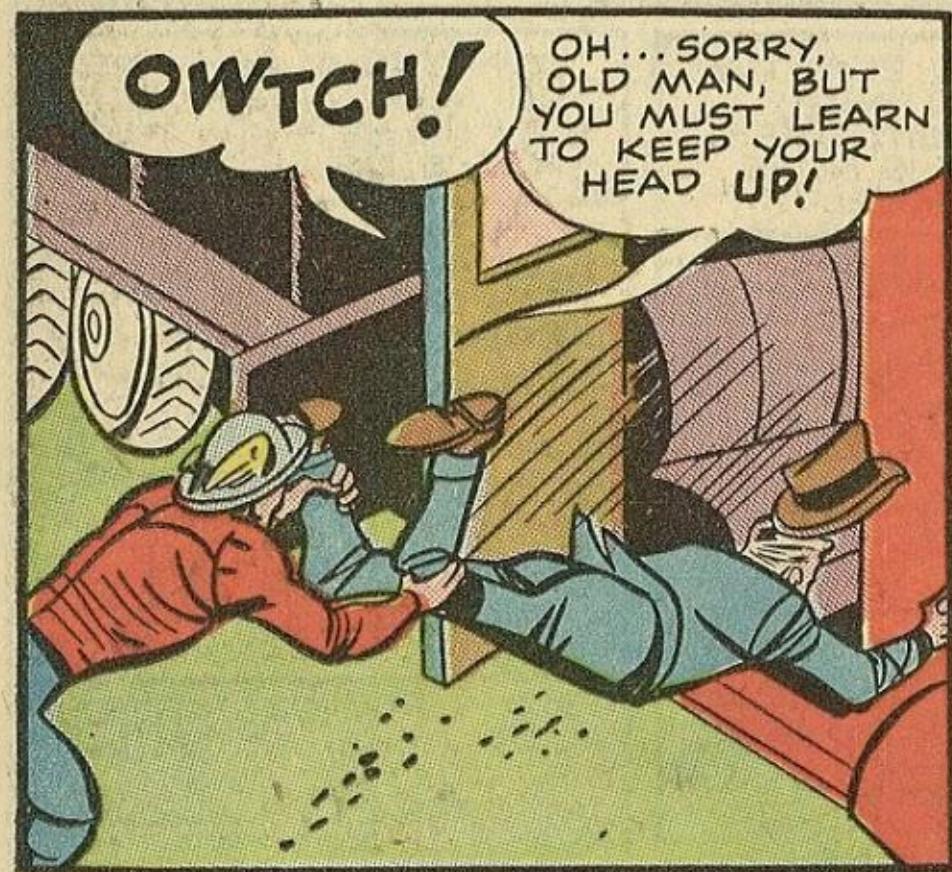
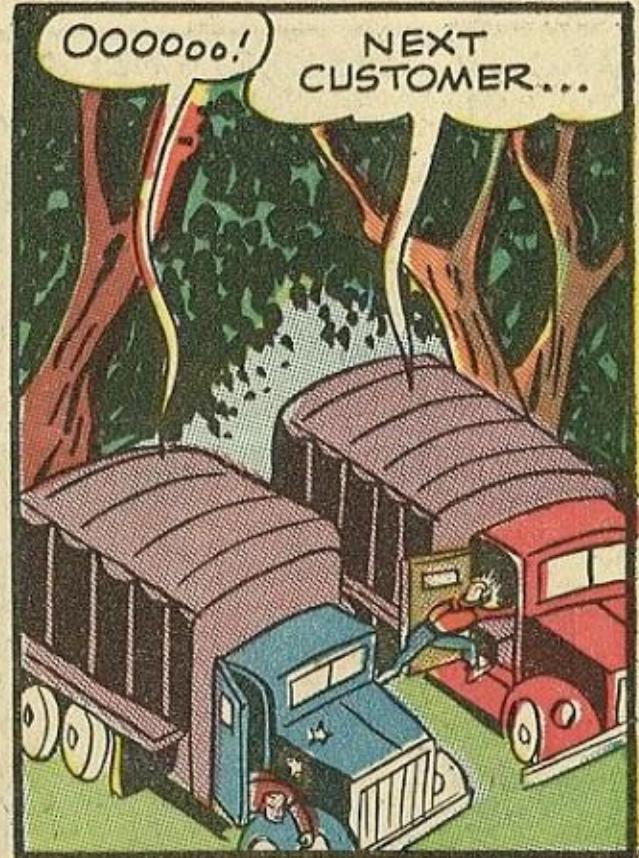
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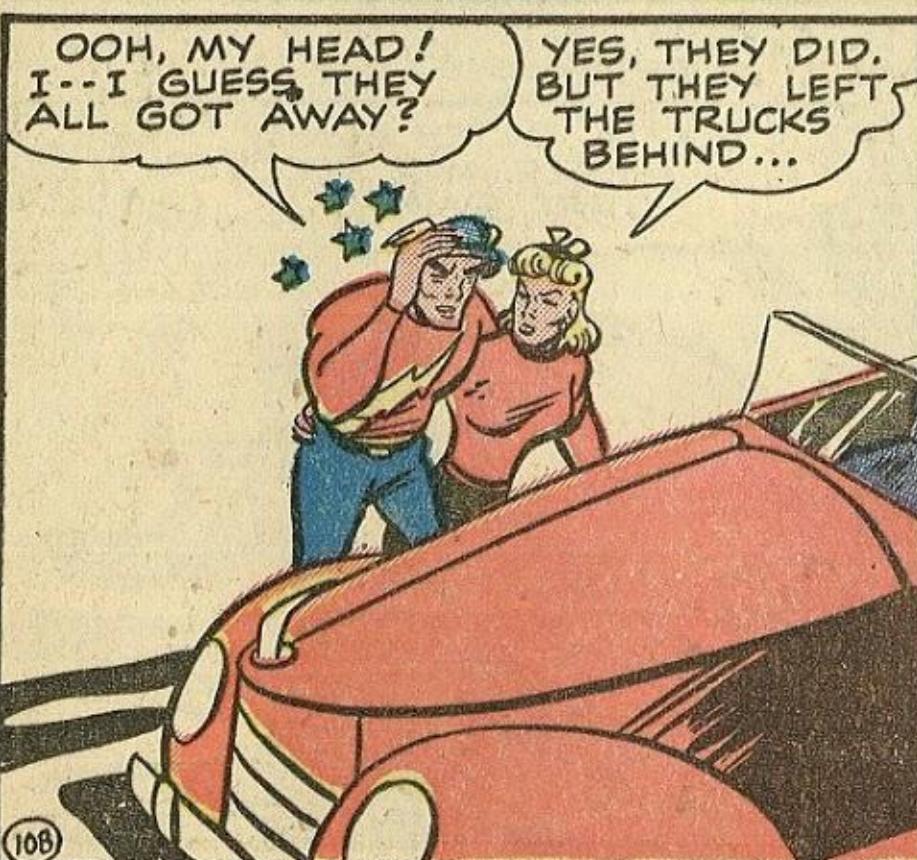
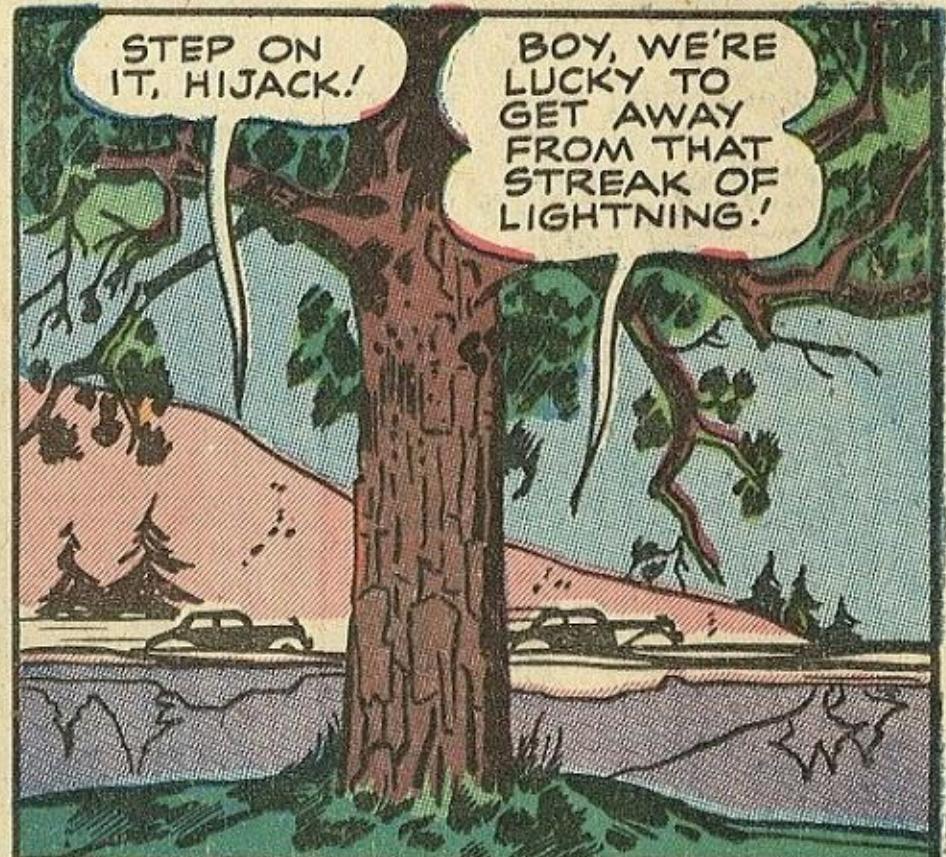
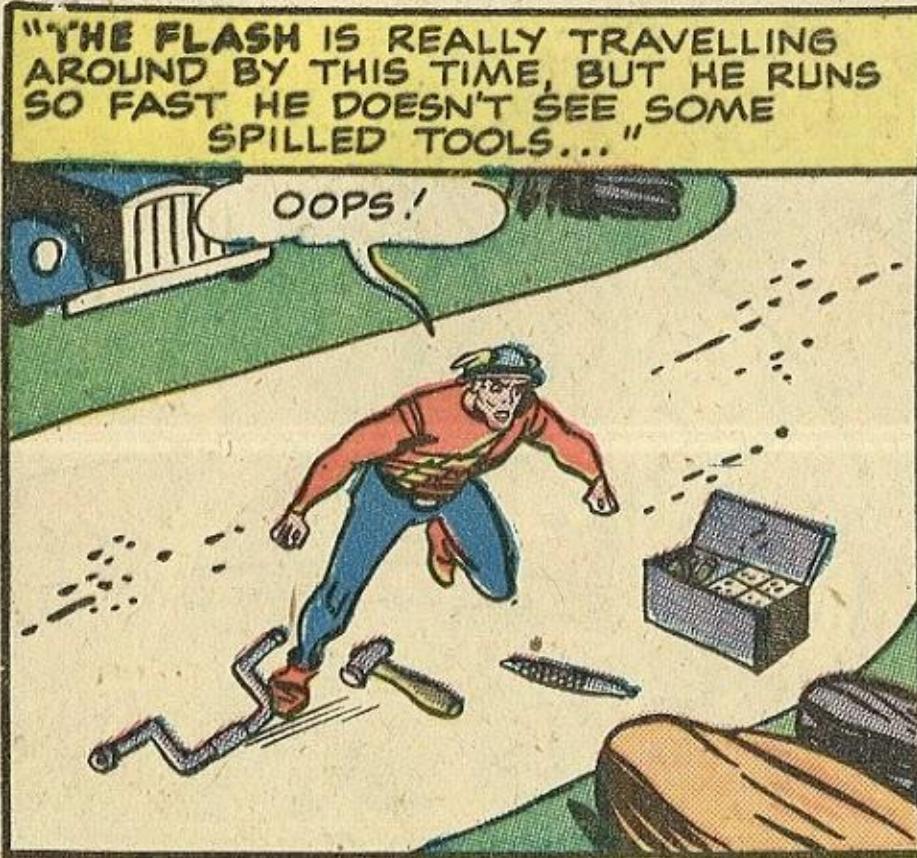
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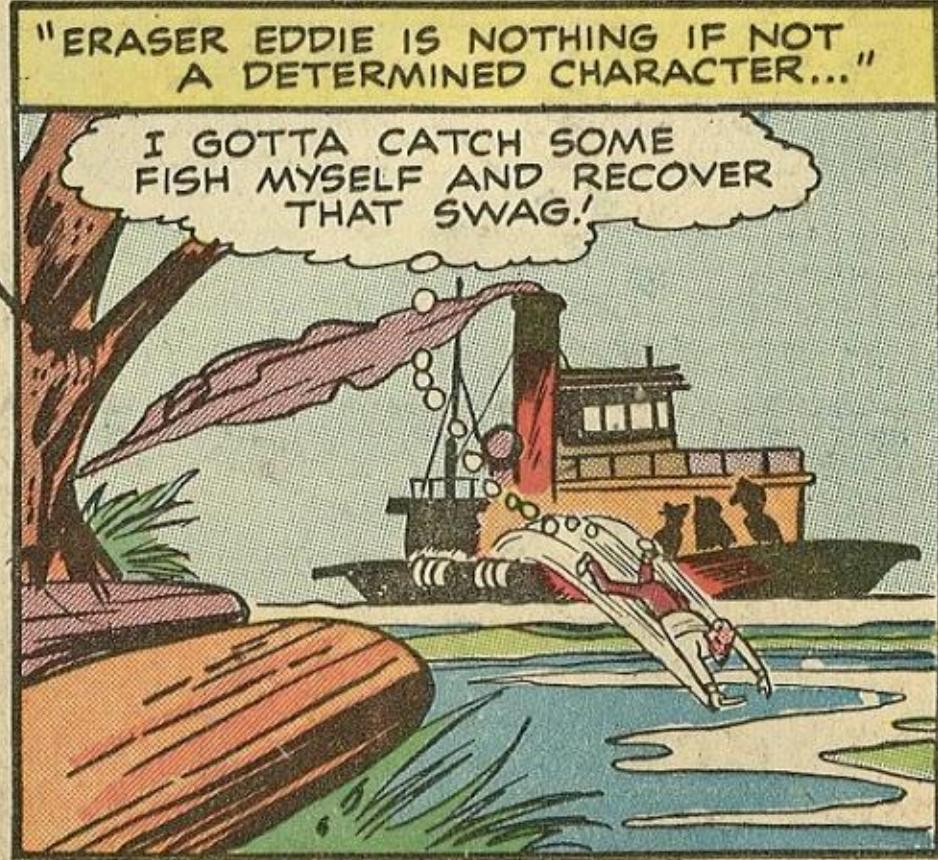
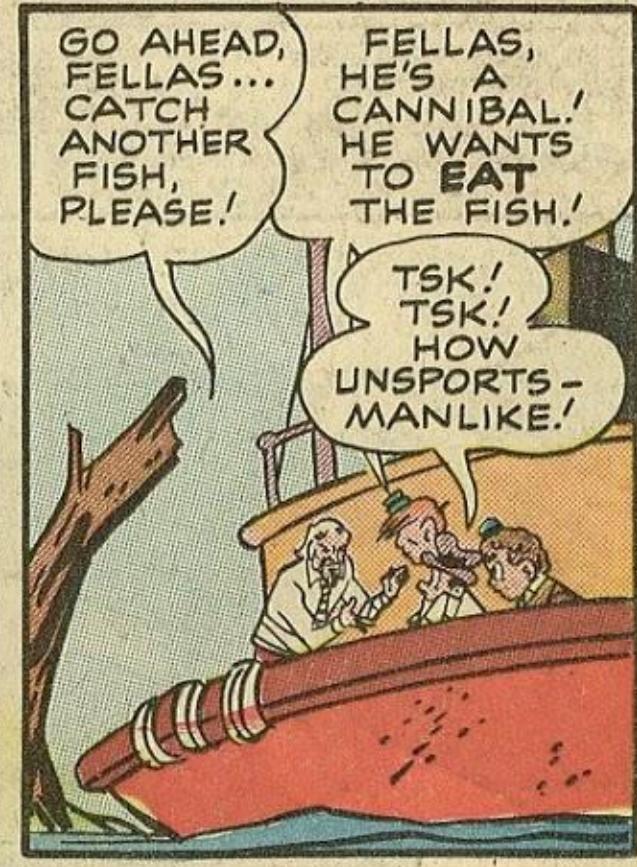
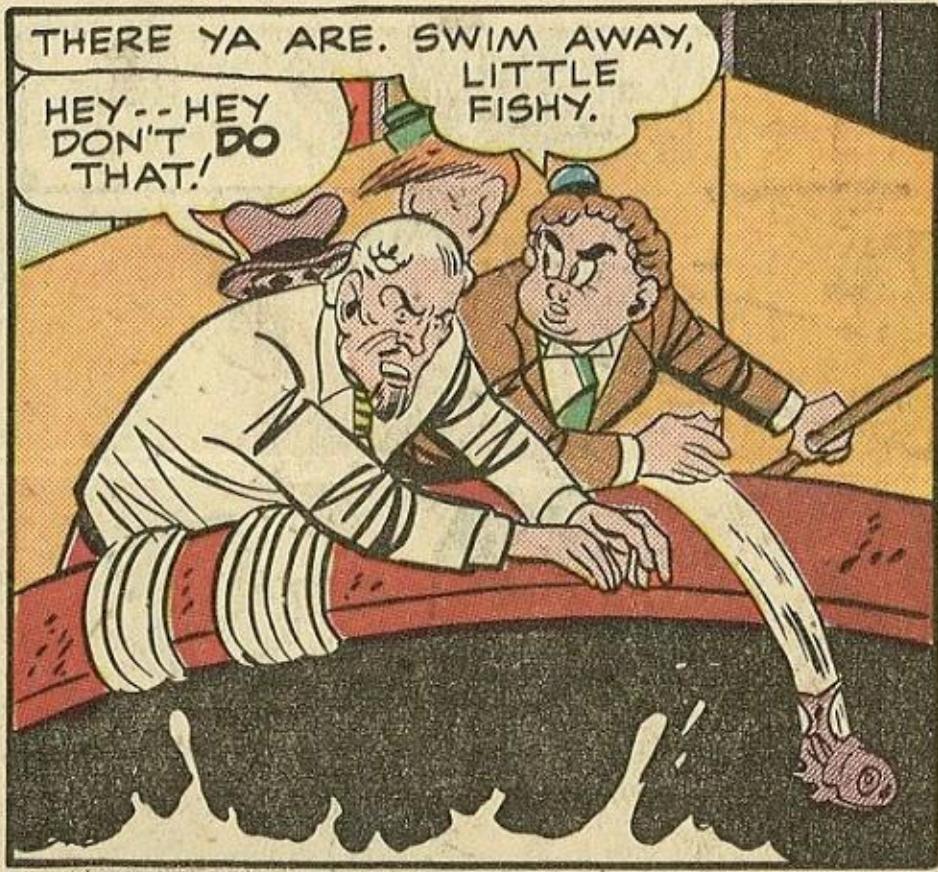
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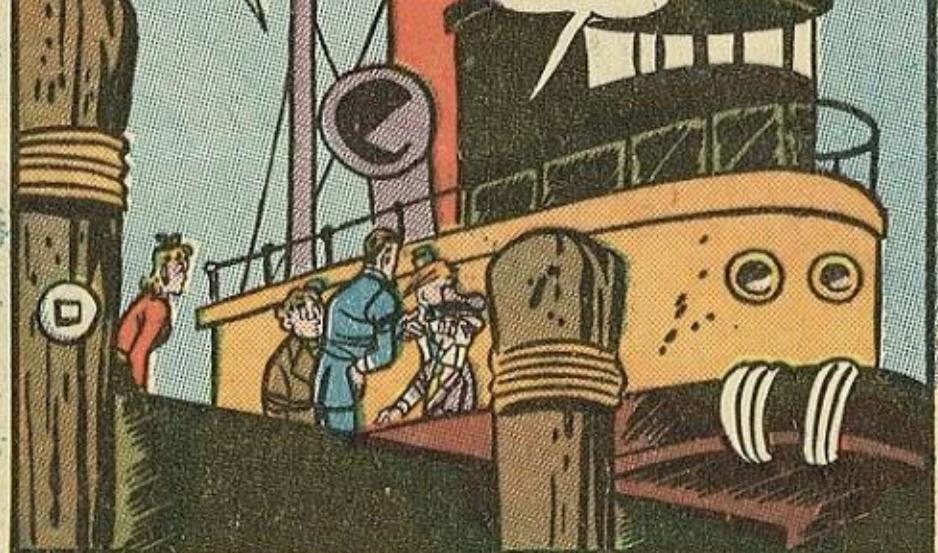
"THE NEXT DAY, JAY AND JOAN TAKE A WALK DOWN TO THE WHARF..."

IT WAS NICE OF COUSIN MARIE TO LET US STAY WITH HER FOR A FEW DAYS. OH, THERE'S WINKY, BLINKY, AND NODDY!



YOU DID A... ER... BANG-UP JOB ON THE BOAT, NODDY!

NOT ONLY THAT, BUT WE ALREADY BUILT UP A TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND DOLLAR A YEAR BUSINESS WITH IT!



HUH? SURE! WE'RE GONNA TAKE PASSENGERS OVER TO IKOTTO ISLAND. A LOT OF RICH GUYS LIVE THERE, AND ARE WILLIN' TO PAY FOR PASSENGER SERVICE OVER AND BACK!



"ERASER EDDIE IS CASUALLY WALKIN' ALONG THE LITTLE TOWN OF CALIPH LAKE WHEN HIJACK HARRY SPOTS HIM..."

THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' AT ALL DOIN' HERE, HIJACK. LET'S MOVE ON!

WAIT... ISN'T THAT ERASER EDDIE?



EDDIE IS NOT SUCH A PERSON AS WOULD BE HERE UNLESS THERE WAS SOMETHING READY TO PAY OFF FOR HIM, AND GOOD!



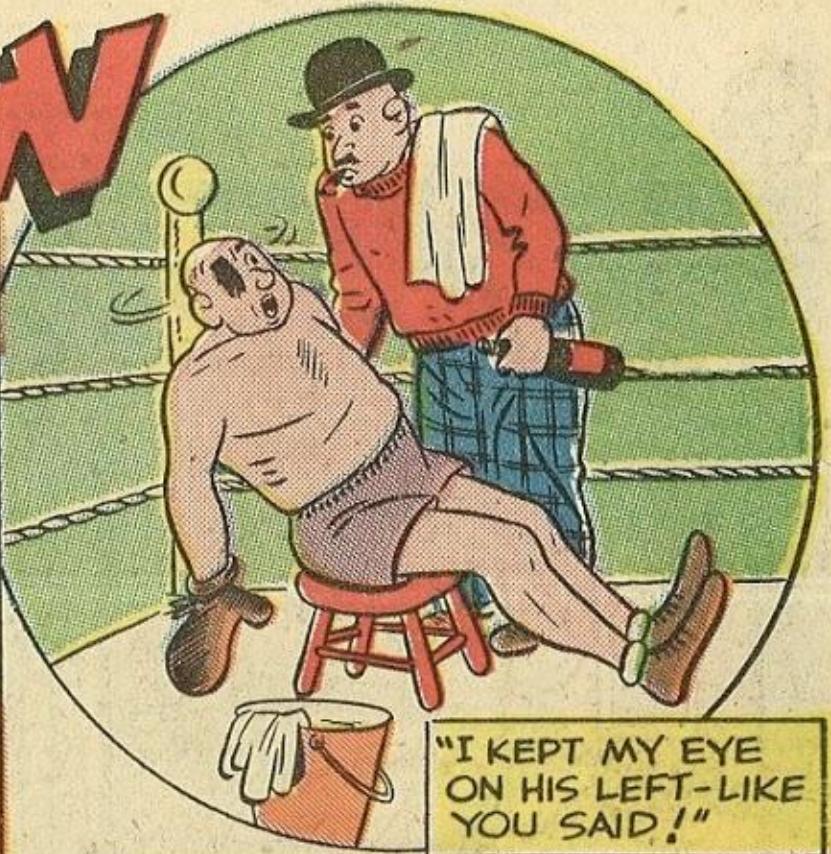
AND IF THAT'S THE CASE, WE'RE GONNA STICK AROUND HERE, TOO, AND LEARN WHAT IT IS THAT IS SO ATTRACTIVE TO ERASER EDDIE! I BET THE PAYOFF'LL BE PLENTY!



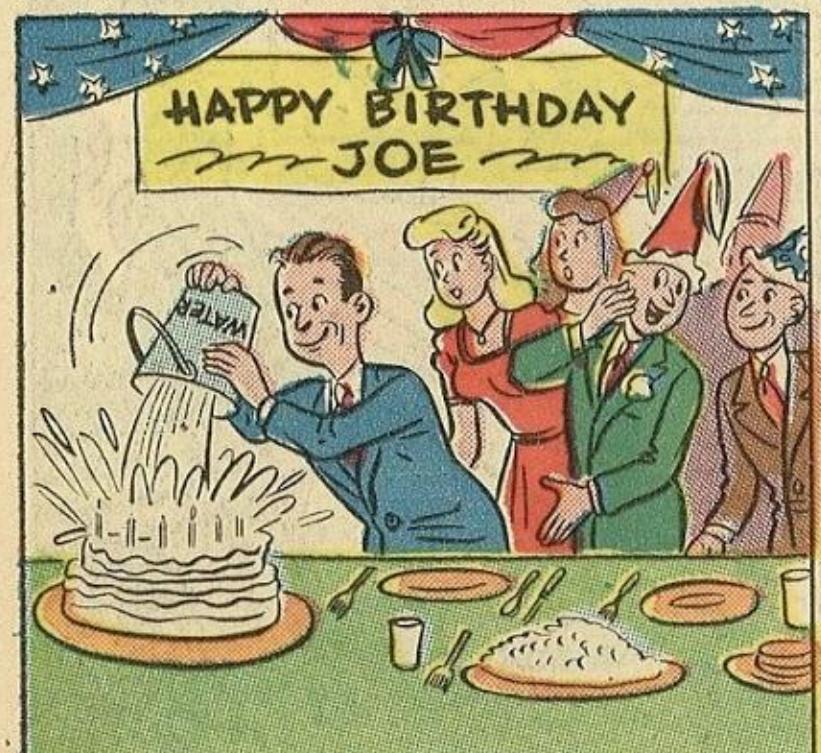
"SO THERE YOU HAVE A SITUATION THE LIKES OF WHICH I WOULD PREFER PERSONALLY NOT TO BE INVOLVED IN! ERASER EDDIE IS AFTER THE LOST JEWELS... HIJACK HARRY IS AFTER ERASER EDDIE... AND THE FLASH IS AFTER 'EM BOTH!... SOMETHING IS BOUND TO HAPPEN... AND SOON DOES... AS YOU'RE ABOUT TO WITNESS FOR YOURSELF!"



TON O' FUN



"THE MANAGEMENT WISHES TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO ANNOUNCE OUR REGULARLY SCHEDULED FIGHTS FOR THIS FRIDAY NIGHT!"



"JOE ISN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES ON HIS WISH NOT COMING TRUE!"



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of ALL FLASH COMICS, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1946.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the ALL-FLASH and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Sheldon Mayer, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc.; Harry Donenfeld, Gussie Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, Rose Liebowitz, P. H. Sampliner, Sophie U. Sampliner, Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham

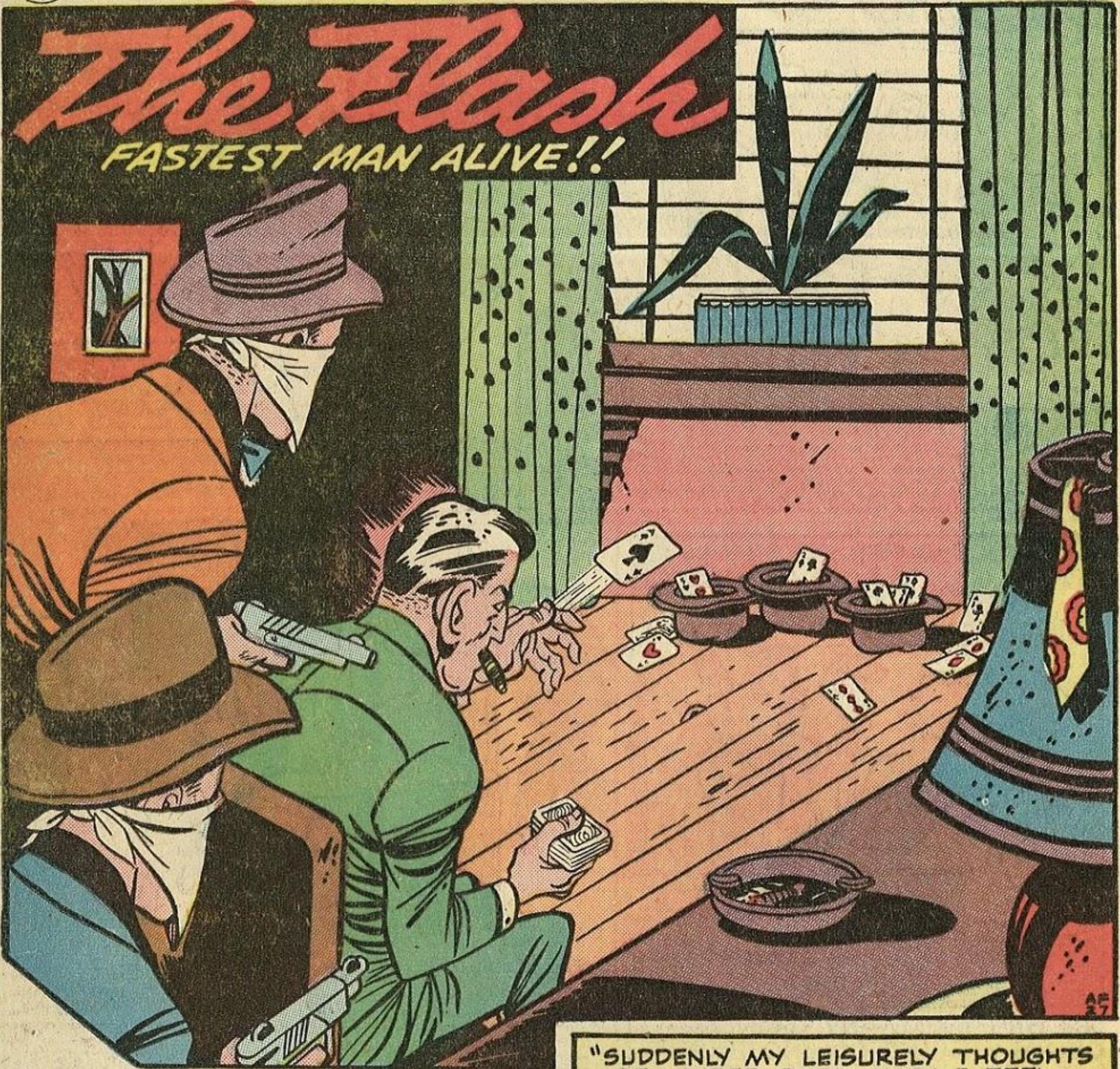
I. Menin as Successor Trustees for Irwin Donenfeld, Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham I. Menin as Successor Trustees for Sonia Donenfeld, all at 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1946.
ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 30, 1948)



AF 27

"IT IS EARLY EVENING, AND I AM PASSING THE TIME AWAY TOSSING CARDS TO KEEP MY FINGERS BUSY, WHEN CERTAIN HARD CHARACTERS ENTER MY ROOM. I DO NOT HEAR THEM. ANYHOW, THIS IS HOW I AM FORCED TO ENTER THIS STORY AND LEARN ABOUT IT. I SAY I AM FORCED, BECAUSE, IF I AM GIVEN MY CHOICE, I WISH TO ENTER NO STORY THAT HAS HIJACK HARRY - AND ESPECIALLY ERASER EDDIE-IN IT. BUT I LEARN I AM GIVEN SUCH A CHOICE THAT I MUST CHOOSE TO ENTER THE STORY, SO I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU . . ."

"A BOAT CAN BE BAD BUSINESS!"

"SUDDENLY MY LEISURELY THOUGHTS ARE INTERRUPTED WHEN I FEEL TWO COLD GUN MUZZLES PRESSING AGAINST MY NECK . . ."

HONEST, GUYS,
YOU ARE MAKING
A MISTAKE. I NEVER
PUT THE FINGER ON
NOBODY EVER.

NAW, DEUCES.
HIJACK WANTS
TO... ER.. HIRE
YOU. YOU OWE
HIM SUCH
STUFF AS IS
KNOWN AS
MONEY!

All-Flash Comics

"I AM DRIVEN IN A BIG CAR, VERY FAST. I LATER LEARN WE ARE ON OUR WAY TO CALIPH LAKE."

HIJACK KNOWS YOU LIKE TO STEER CLEAR OF TROUBLE AND BE FRIENDLY WITH EVERYONE. AND SINCE YOU OWE HIM MONEY FROM A GAMBLING MISHAP, HE THINKS YOU WILL DO HIM A SMALL FAVOR.

"IT IS SOON AGREED BY ME THAT I WILL SEE ERASER EDDIE AND LEARN WHAT IT IS THAT BRINGS HIM TO CALIPH LAKE..."

A WISE DECISION, DEUCES. EVEN IF ERASER IS HERE FOR HIS HEALTH - WHICH COULD BE SINCE A LOT OF PEOPLE WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM DEAD - YOU GET THESE I.O.U.S...

"I DO NOT KNOW IT AT THE TIME, BUT HIJACK HAS SENT THREE OF HIS GORILLAS TO KEEP AN EYE ON ME..."

SAY, DEUCES AND ERASER ARE GOIN' OFF IN THAT BOAT!

IT'S THE OLD DOUBLE-CROSS!

"SO I MEET HIJACK IN HIS ROOM..."

YOU KNOW ERASER EDDIE, AND HE KNOWS YOU. YOU LIKE TO PLAY POKER TOGETHER. WELL, I WANT YOU TO FIND OUT WHY ERASER IS IN THIS HICK TOWN.

ERASER IS NOT A TALKATIVE FELLOW. I THINK I DO NOT CARE FOR THIS JOB AT ALL.

MAYBE YOU CARE LESS FOR THESE UNPAID I.O.U.S?

"IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE I LEARN THAT ERASER EDDIE IS WORKING ON A BOAT..."

...THAT'S THE STORY, DEUCES. BUT KEEP YOUR LIP BUTTONED.

IT'S SEWED TIGHT, EDDIE.

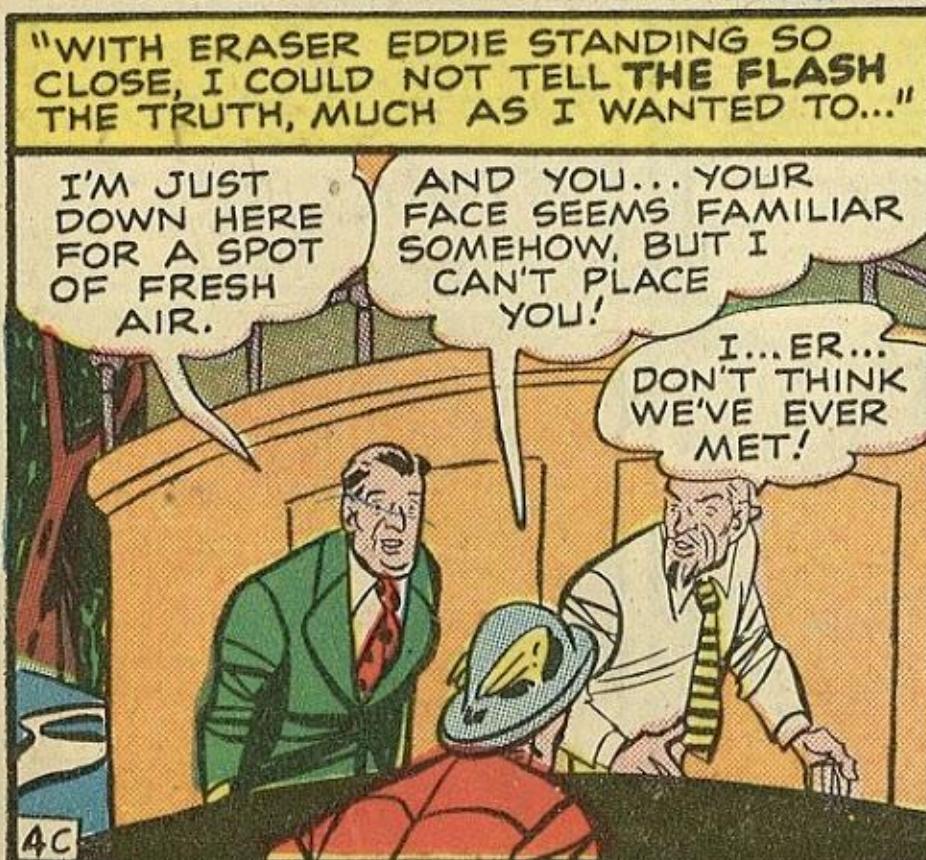
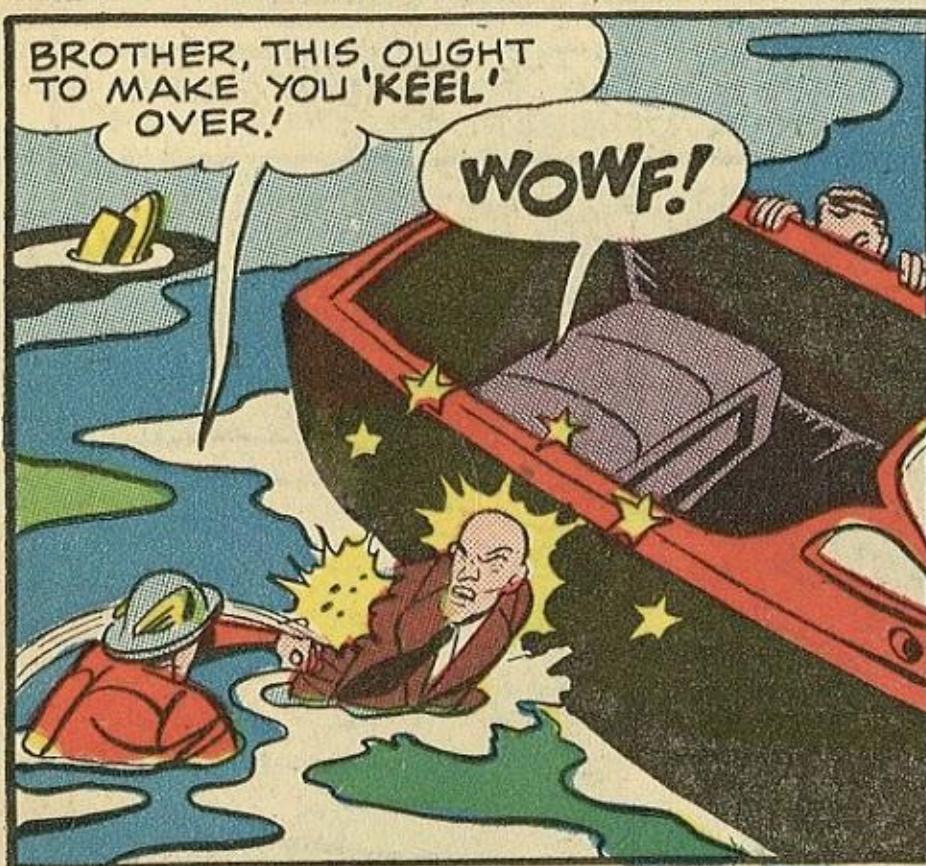
LEAVE US FOLLOW THEM OUT ONTO THE LAKE, AND MAKE ERASER TALK!

SURE... I NEVER TRUSTED DEUCES, ANYHOW!

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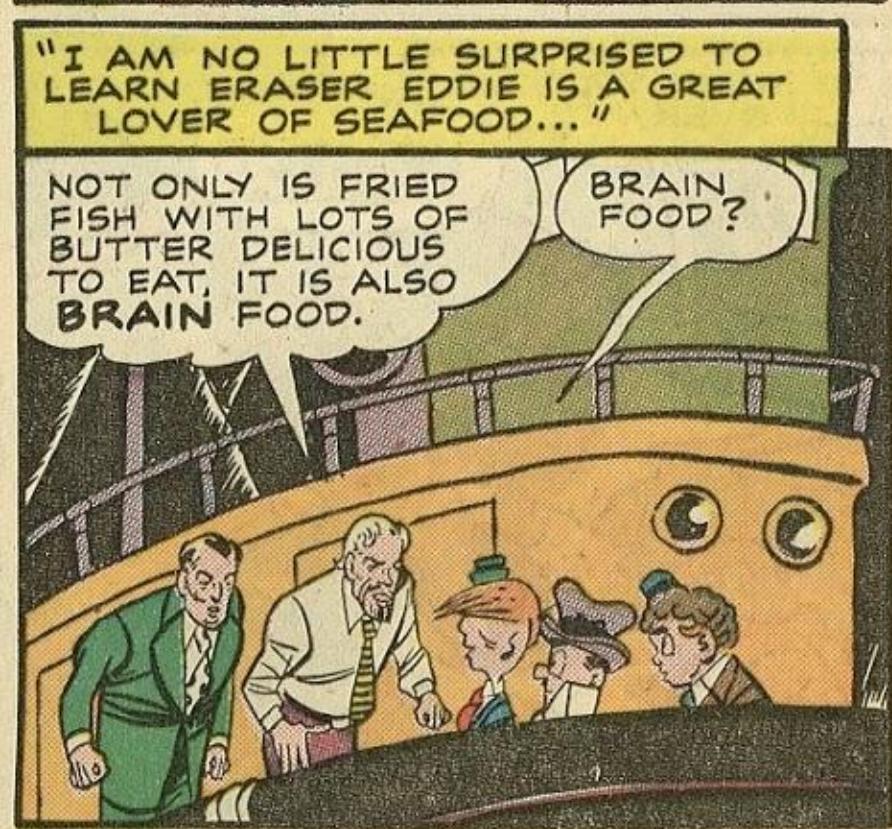


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"IT IS LESS THAN NO TIME AT ALL BEFORE THERE IS A MESS OF WRIGGLING BEAUTIES ON THE DECK."

YOU STAY HERE, DEUCES. I CAN DO THIS... BY MYSELF!

GLADLY.

AT LAST I'M GOING TO GET SOME OF THAT SWAG THESE FISH ATE UP ON ME!

AHOY THE BOAT!

NOW TO... WHAT'S THAT? SOMEBODY WANTING TO COME ABOARD. BETTER NOT OPEN THESE YET... CAN'T LET ANYONE KNOW!

A FRIEND TOLD ME YOU RUN A FERRY SERVICE TO IKOTTO ISLAND. I BELIEVE THE CHARGE IS TEN DOLLARS APIECE?

THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER... GET ABOARD, FOLKS!

THAT AIN'T A BAD HAUL. IKOTTO ISLAND! SAY, THAT'S WHERE ALL THEM SWELLS HANG OUT!

YEAH. THE SWELLS AND RICH FOLKS ON AN ISLAND... AND NO WAY TO GET OFF IT EXCEPT BY BOAT. NOT A BAD SET-UP FOR A JOB, EH, BOYS?

"NODDY THINKS BUSINESS IS BOOMING WHEN HE RETURNS TO THE WHARF..."

TAKE US TO IKOTTO ISLAND, TOO. HERE'S A HUNDRED BUCKS!

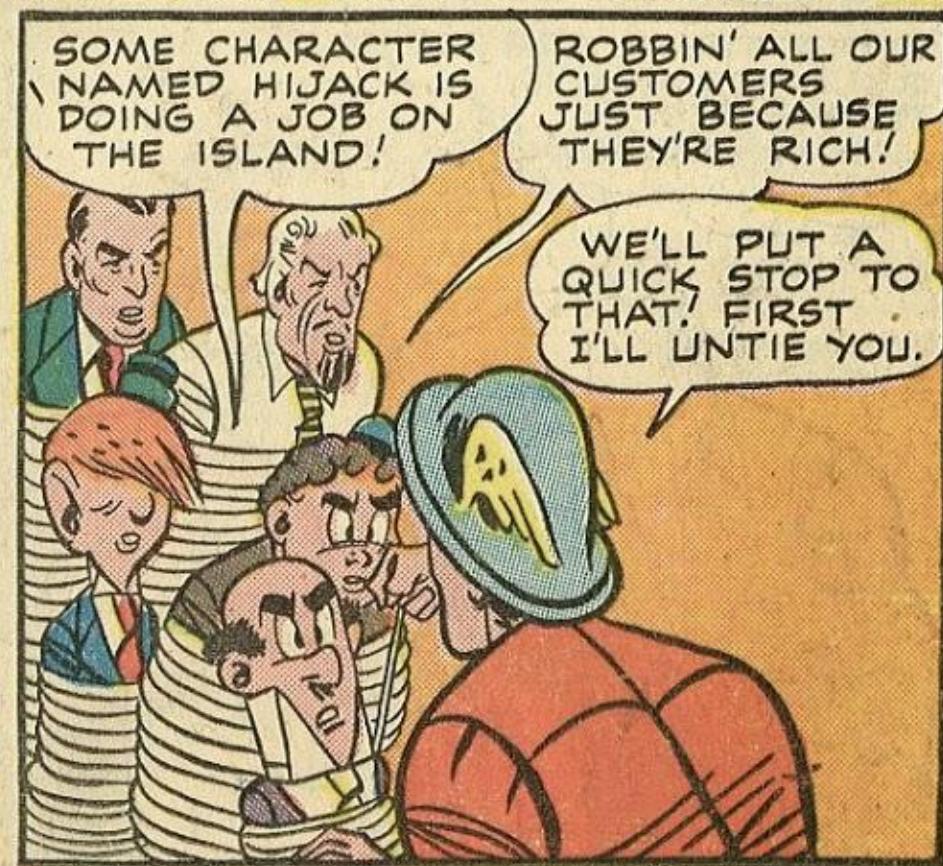
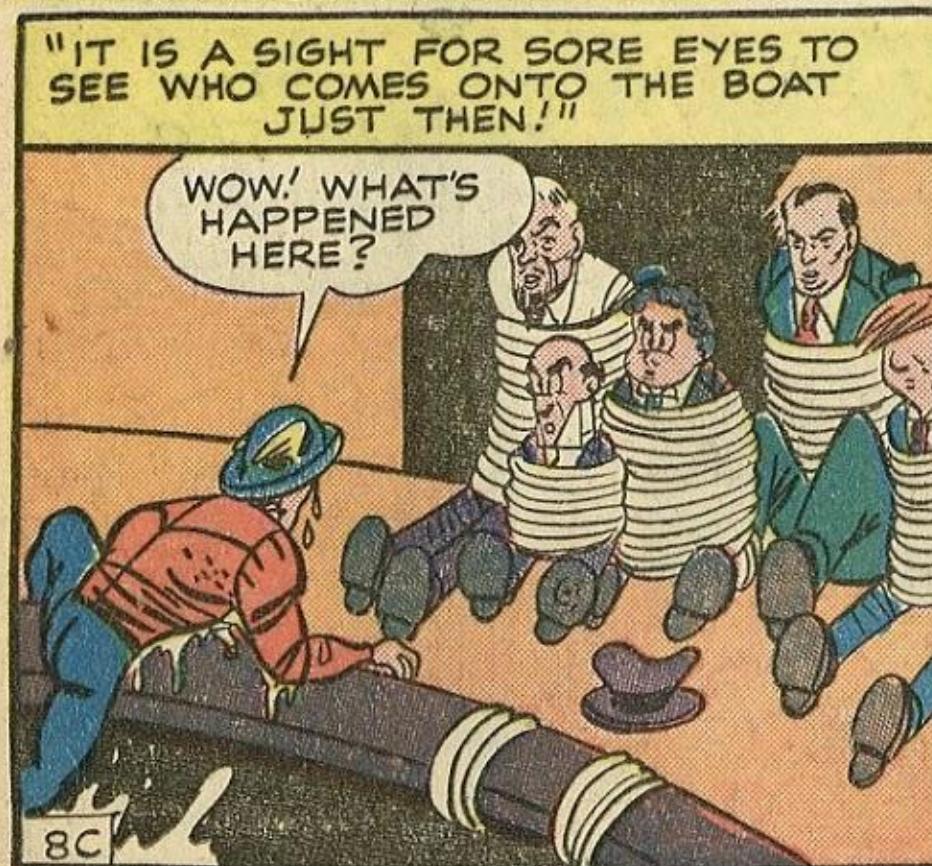
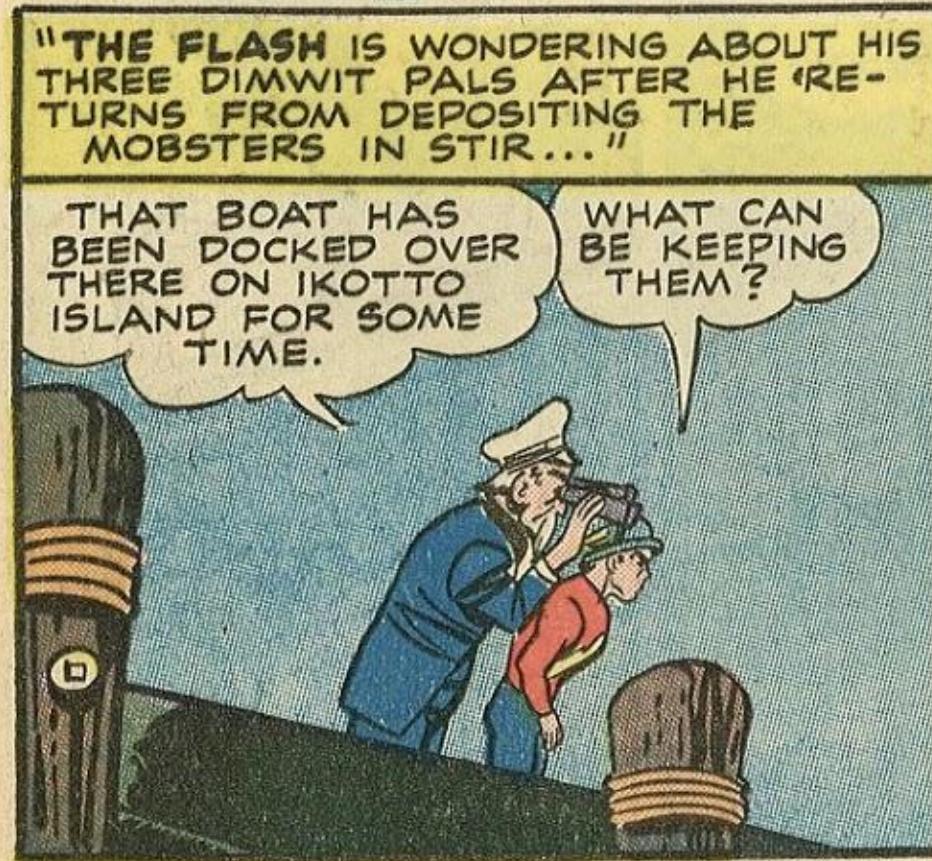
S-SURE, IT'S A PLEASURE!

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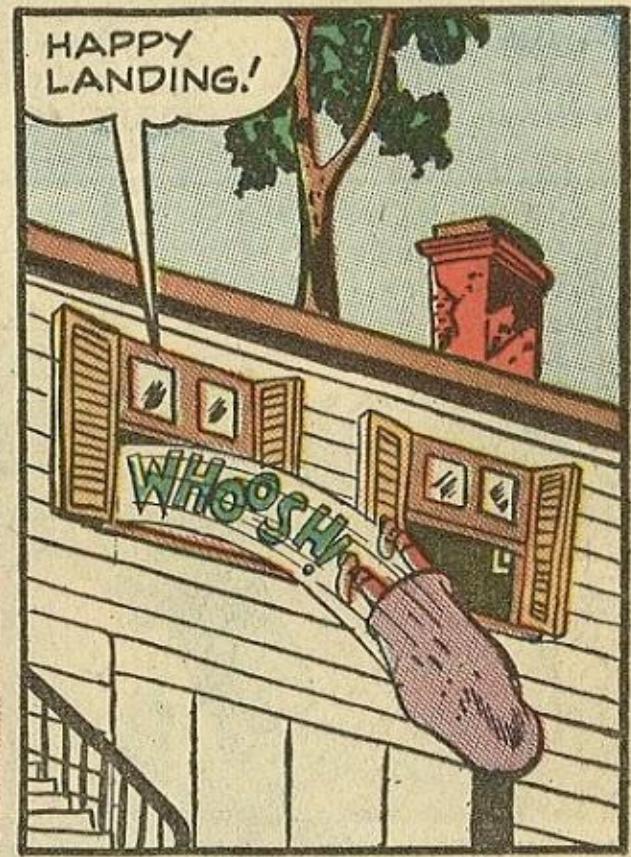
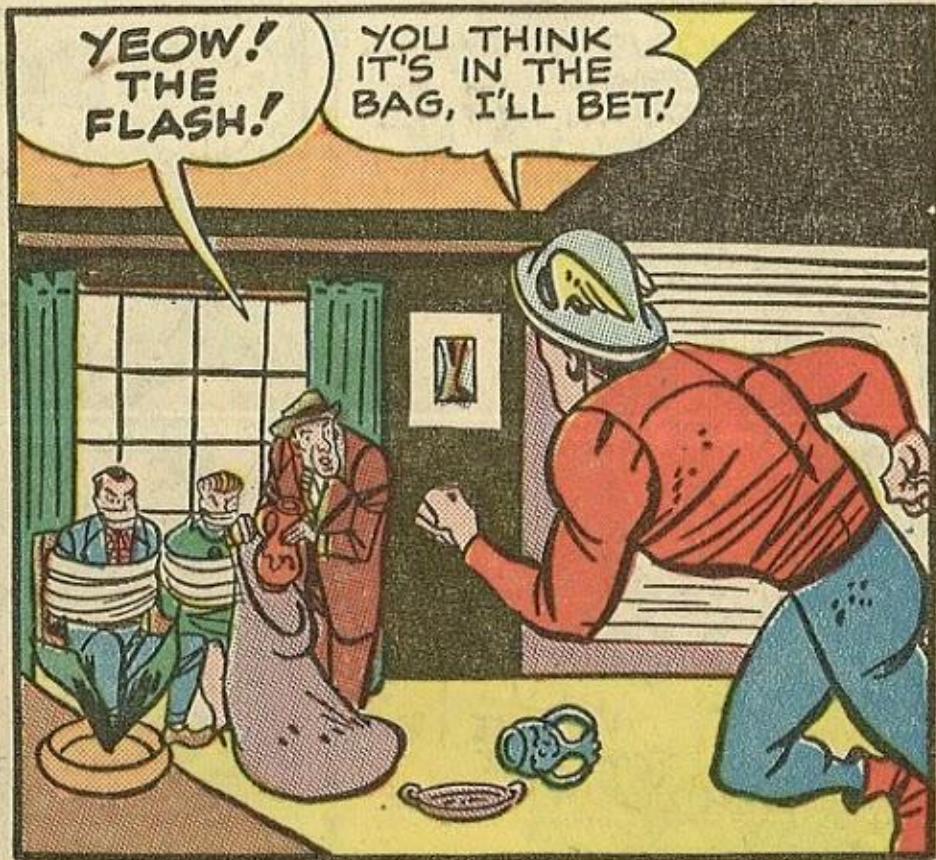


"THE FLASH SPEEDS FASTER THAN SOMETHING AS HE TEARS AFTER THOSE MOBSTERS..."

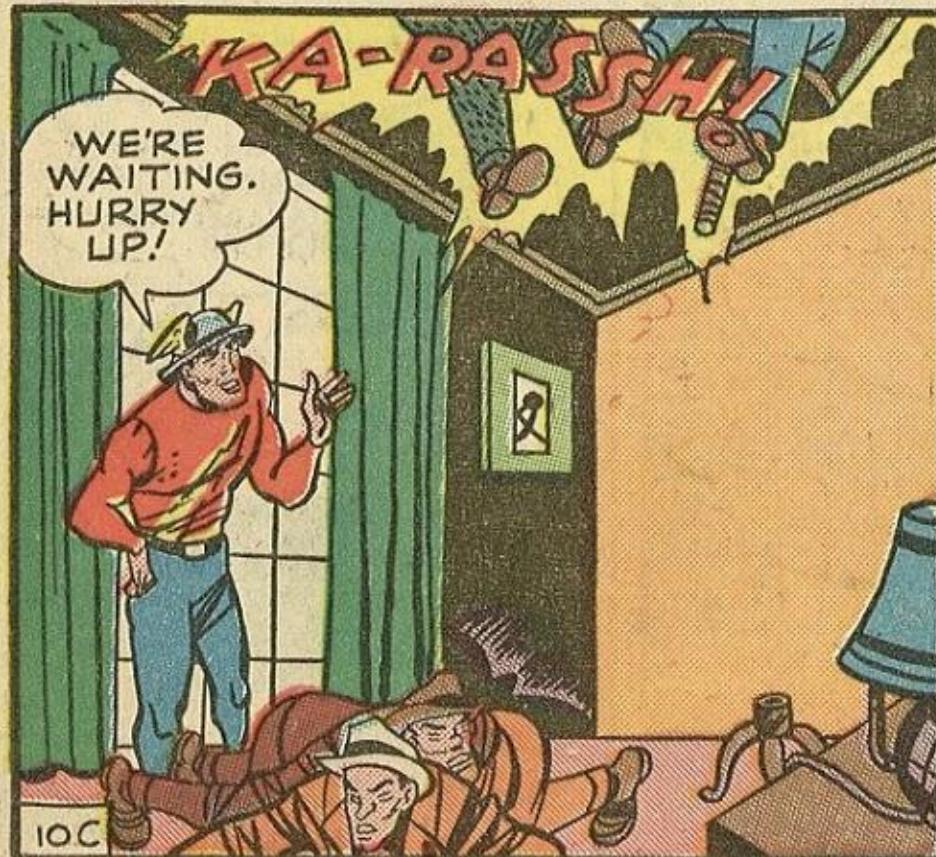
I'VE GOT THOSE CROOKS IN A PERFECT SPOT... ALL OF THEM HERE ON THE ISLAND WITH NO WAY OF ESCAPE!

YEOW! THE FLASH!

YOU THINK IT'S IN THE BAG, I'LL BET!

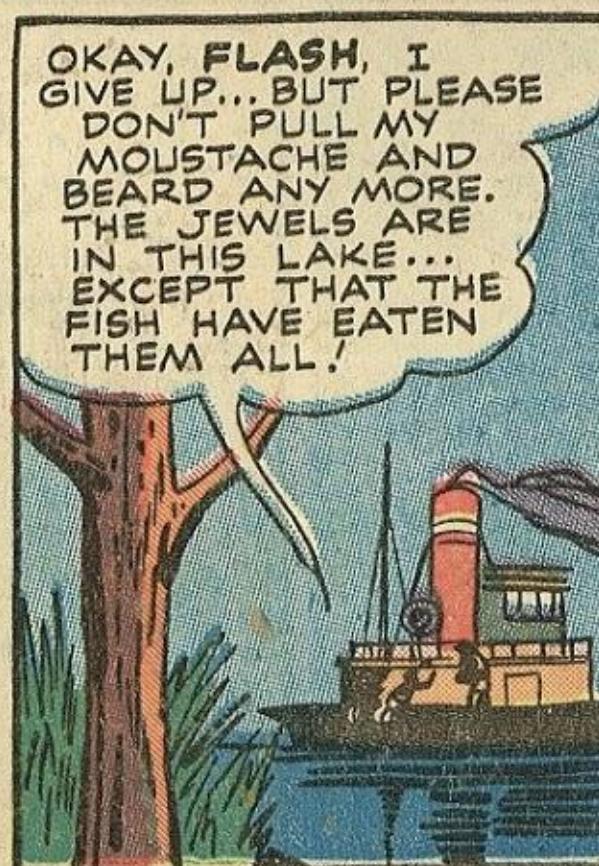
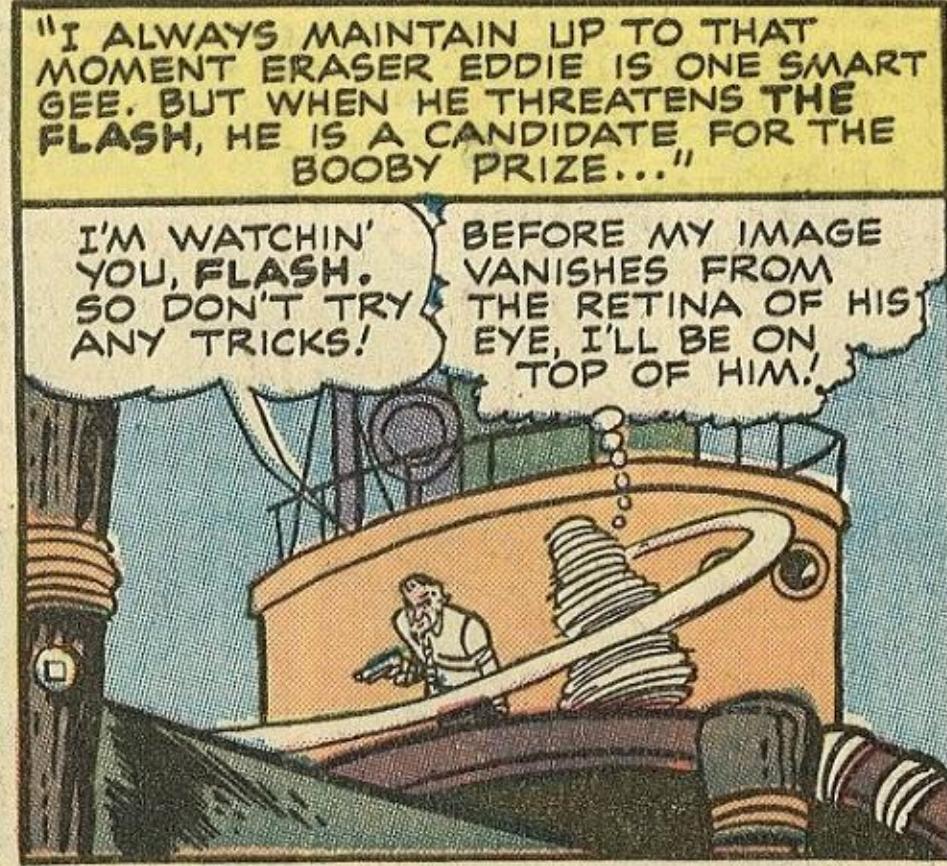


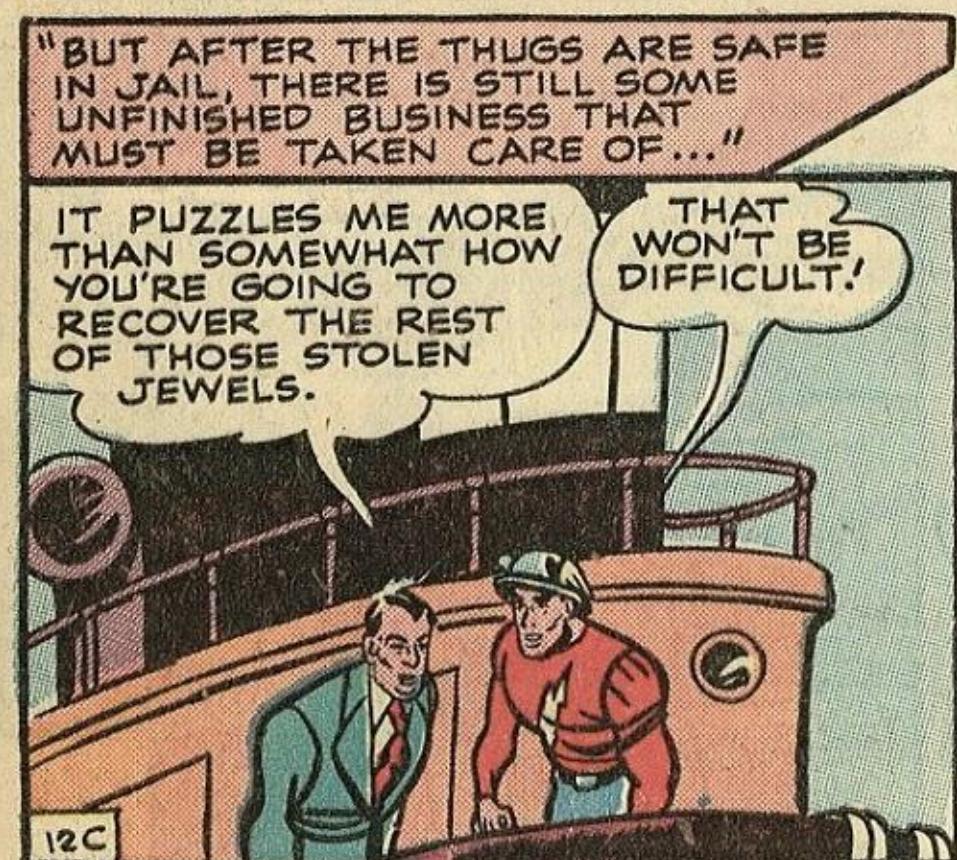
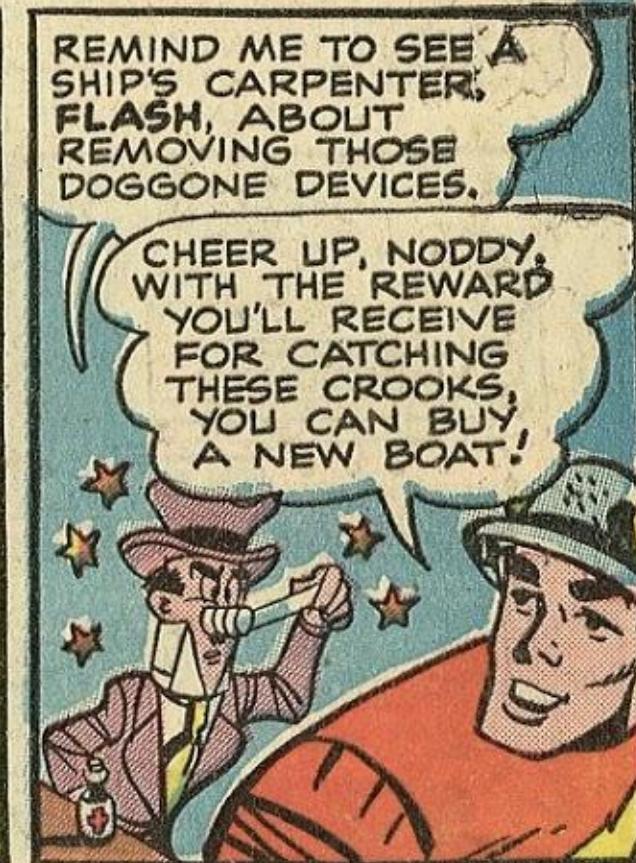
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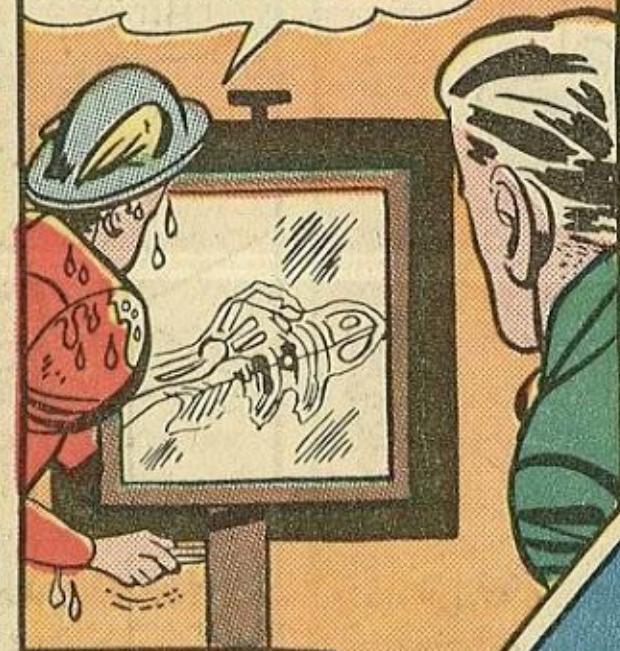
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"I AM AMAZED AND ASTOUNDED TO SEE THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE DIVE INTO THE LAKE..."

YOU SEE, THAT'S AN X-RAY MACHINE I BUILT... AND ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CATCH A FISH...



...GIVE HIM A QUICK LOOKING INTO... AND SEE? THIS ONE'S GOT A RING AND EARRING IN HIM!



"IT IS NO TIME AT ALL BEFORE THE FLASH HAS RECOVERED ALL OF ERASER'S SWAG. WE THEN GO DOWN TO THE JAIL TO PREFER CHARGES AGAINST ERASER, HIJACK AND HIS GANG..."

YOU FELLOWS WILL GET A NICE REWARD FOR CAPTURIN' US. JUST TO SHOW YA THERE'S NO HARD FEELIN'S, PLEASE ACCEPT THIS BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE,

GEE, THANKS!



"AND THIS IS WHAT THE THREE DIMWITS BUY WITH THEIR REWARD MOOLA..."



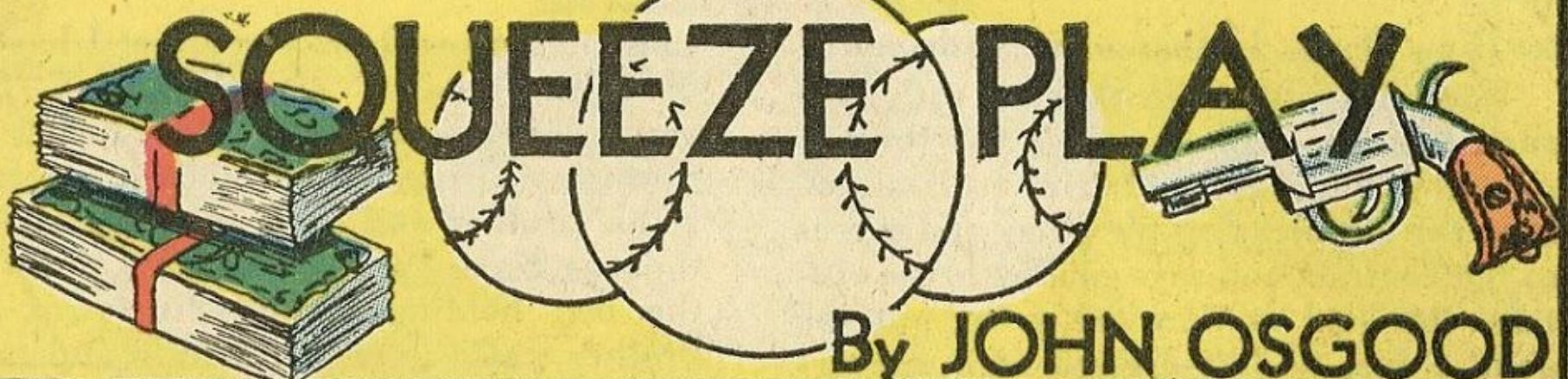
"SINCE THEY ARE BY NO MEANS DRINKING MEN, WINKY, BLINKY, AND NODDY USE THE CHAMPAGNE TO CHRISTEN THEIR BOAT..."



13C

THAT HIJACK...
WHAT A SENSE
OF HUMOR!





SQUEEZE PLAY

By JOHN OSGOOD

NOW all this happens some time ago and after it happens the newspapers do not nearly get the whole story. In fact about all the papers give out with is that Fred Page, the Hawks' rookie pitcher, is shot in the arm by Ding Dong Tommy, the big shot racketeer. And that simultaneously Ding Dong attempts to relieve Page of \$5,000 in cash that the pitcher is carrying on him at the time. Which is like reporting the Titanic sinking by announcing that a big iceberg gets badly scraped up in the Atlantic.

The real story begins the day Little Fishy and Coney Island, two of Ding Dong's boys, make an unannounced call on Fred Page in his hotel room in Pittsburgh. You may remember that in his first season Page is practically holding the Hawks up there single-handed. Well, the last game of the season is coming up next day to decide the pennant, and naturally the Hawks' manager is pitching Page.

When Little Fishy and Coney Island appear in Page's single room the night before the big game, they do not waste any time.

"Look here, son," says Coney Island who is a tall gee with a face like the outside of a coconut, "it is rumored here and about that you are very dissatisfied with the money being paid you this season—a paltry \$2,000. That is a crying shame. How would you like to make five grand for one day's work?"

"\$5,000! For one day's work? Why, how can I do that?" says the kid astonished, for truth to tell he is pretty dumb and is only a blinking Einstein when he is toeing the rubber with a baseball clutched in his big right paw.

"Very simple," says Coney Island, "all

you have to do is to throw a few good balls at the Robins' sluggers tomorrow—just enough so that the Robins will win the game." And with that Coney Island takes an awful lot of crisp green bills from his pocket and lays them down on the table before the kid. Now it so happens that Fred is indeed grieved by the anemic size of his salary that year. And, looking at the dough on the table, even he can figure that the cash represents at least two years' work by him. So he does not throw the two gees out on their ear right off as you might think. As I say he is pretty dumb then; so all he does is frown and say slowly:

"Gentlemen, I would like to make this deal with you. But I am afraid to do it, for only one reason. My brother, Tom Page, who is a very successful and high-minded man who I have not seen in ten years, is coming here to see me tonight. He is also very hot-tempered and he socks me around plenty when we are both kids and I do something wrong. And now I am afraid if he finds out about this he will get so mad at me that he will beat me within an inch of my life."

Coney Island and Little Fishy exchange smiles at this, and Little Fishy says, "Kid, do not worry about your brother. We will see that he does no harm to you even if he should find out about this deal. You see," adds Little Fishy proudly, "we are part of Ding Dong Tommy's mob, and in fact Ding Dong himself would be up here only he has a peculiar bug in his noodle about baseball. He thinks baseball should be on the up and up and, anyway, you can not make good money out of it, because it is too clean. But we are going to show him he is wrong. It's like what you call a squeeze play in baseball. So do not tell your brother and we will say nothing

to Ding Dong. Is that okay with you?"

With this assurance that he will have such fine protection in case his brother somehow finds out and tries to lambaste him, the kid picks up the o-day and agrees to the contract and says goodby to his visitors. But just as they are going out the door, a big, flashily-dressed man appears in the hallway and they almost bump into him.

Fred Page takes one look at the huge newcomer and recognizes none other than his brother Tom Page who he does not see in so many years. Then what is his surprise when Little Fishy and Coney Island take just one gander at Fred Page's long-lost brother, give a strangled sort of gasp, and then run down the hall and down the stairway as if chased by cops.

Tom Page comes into the room closes the door behind him and says: "If I know those two cheap rats, Coney Island and Little Fishy, they offer you about \$5,000 to throw the game tomorrow. And if I know you, Freddie, you are still so dumb that you take it."

Fred blushes and sees that as usual it's useless to try to tell an untruth to his big brother. "All right," he says stubbornly, "so I take the money. But I am being robbed this season as everybody admits. And I will keep the money no matter what you do and I will throw the game tomorrow like I say."

Tom Page sighs at this. "Listen, Freddie," he says quietly, "there are only two things in this world I love—two things I believe in, and that is you and baseball. You are a good kid but dumb as ever. I cannot let you do this thing to yourself and baseball."

"Okay. You can try to beat me up," Freddie says angrily, "but I won't give up the money. After all, you're rich and successful—it's easy for you to talk about throwing away \$5,000!"

"I'm not going to hit you, Freddie," says Tom sadly, "but I am going to fix you so that you cannot possibly throw that

game tomorrow. I am sorry that I have to do this, Freddie." And with this, Tom very unexpectedly pulls a black heater out of an inside pocket and aims it carefully at his brother and pulls the trigger! And then as Fred Page sits dazedly down on the bed holding his bleeding arm, his brother walks over sorrowfully and takes the \$5,000 from him. But at this moment an even more unexpected thing occurs. For while Tom Page has his gun in one hand and the stack of bills in another, the door flies open and in charges the hotel dick with a bared automatic in his fist.

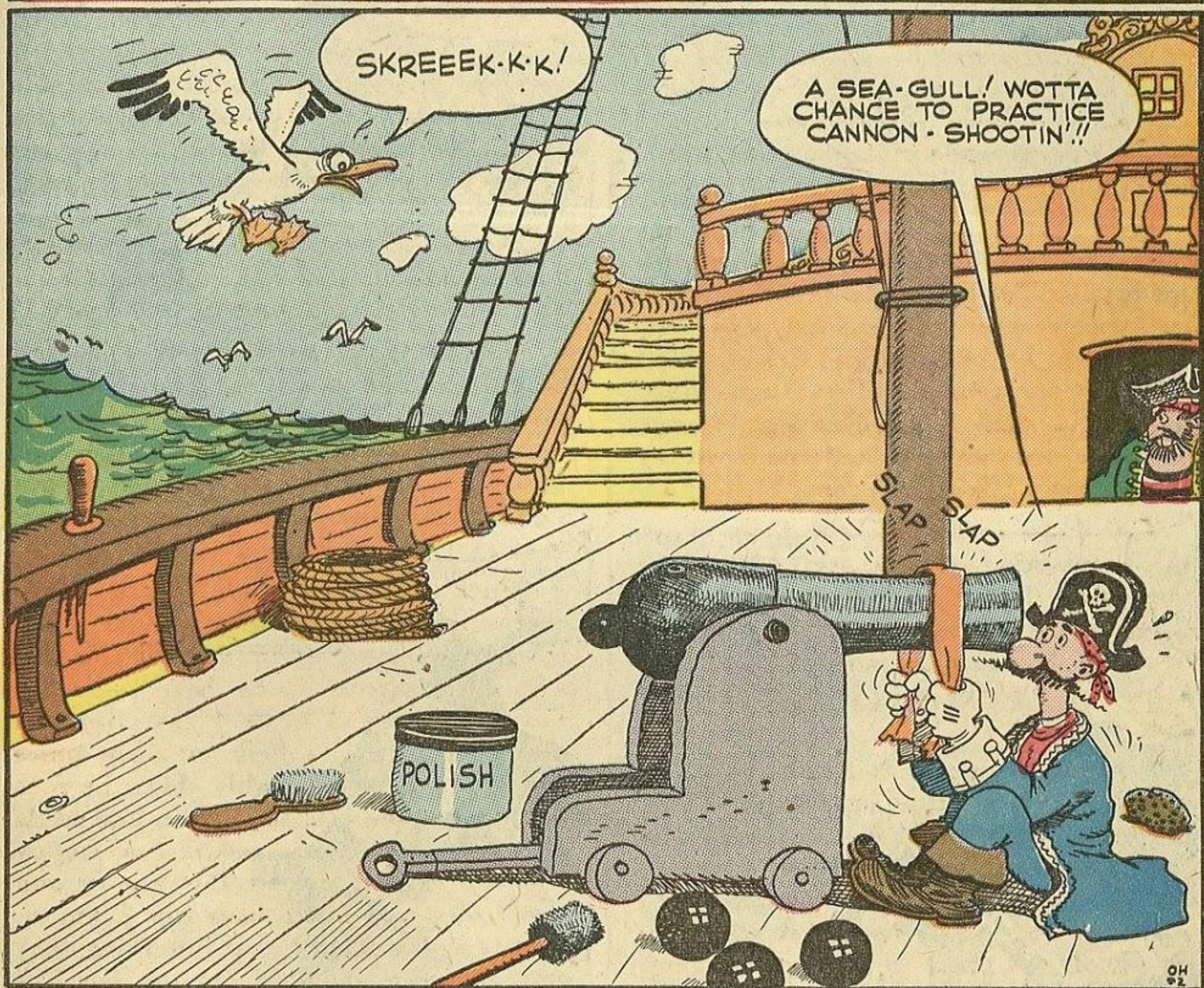
"Get 'em up!" he snarls at Tom and takes in the situation. "So! You shoot this man, Ding Dong Tommy," he says to Fred's brother, "and rob him of that dough too! Come on—the cops are looking to pin something on you for ten years—and this is plenty, you rat!"

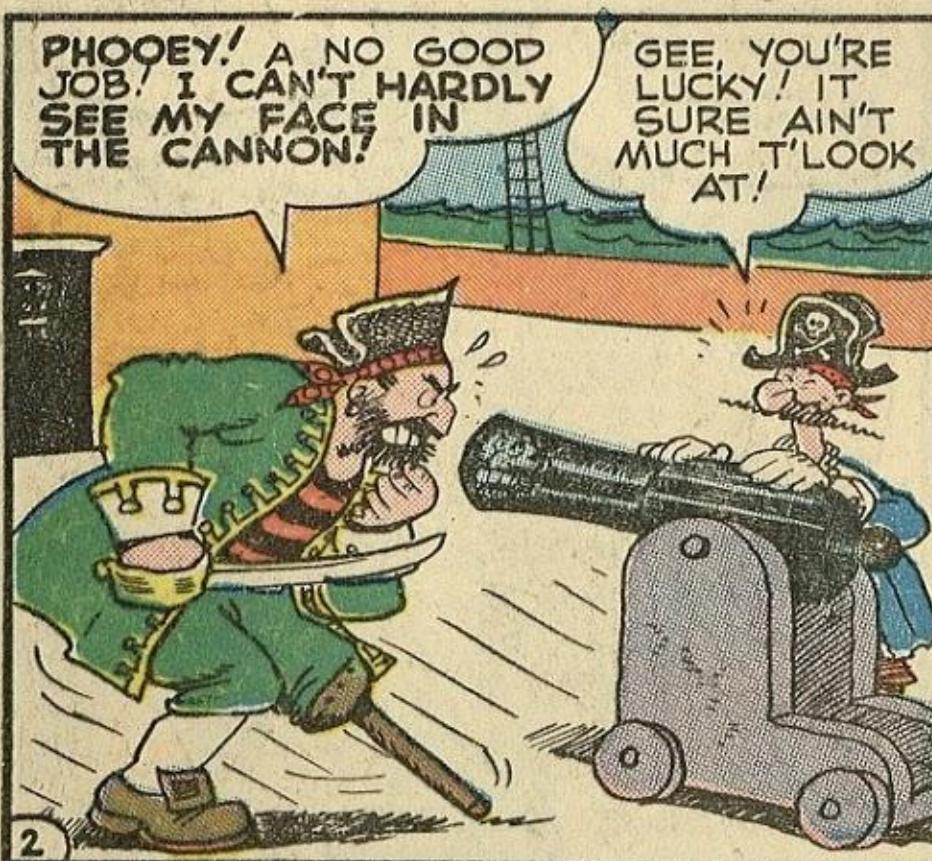
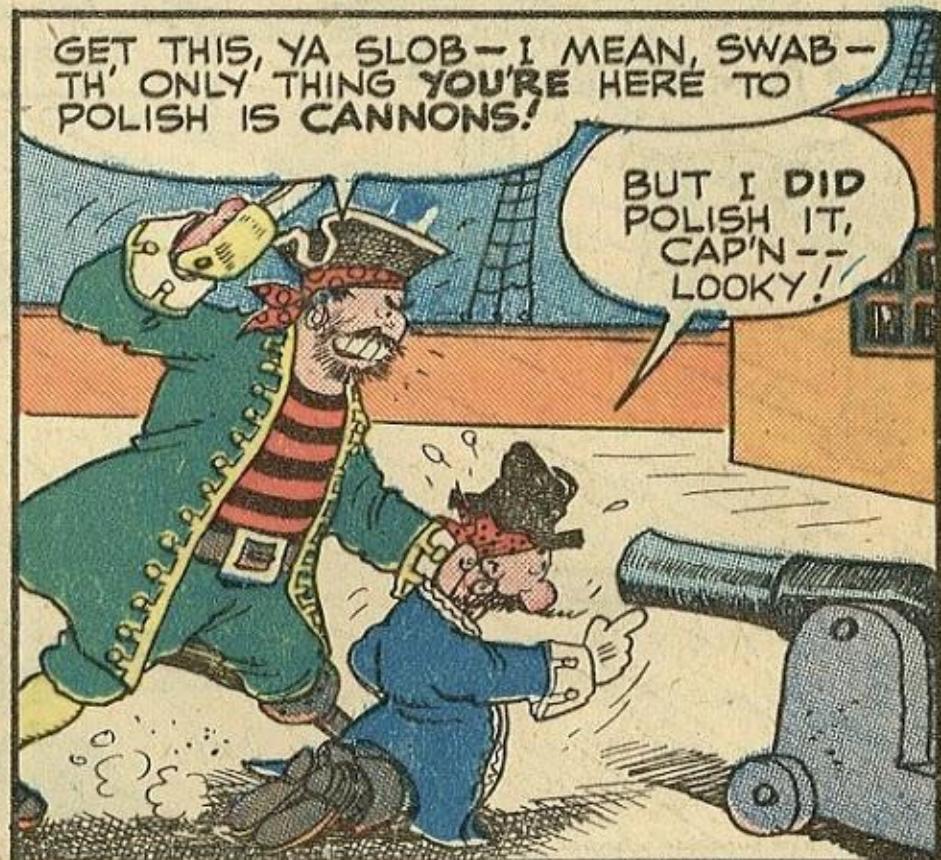
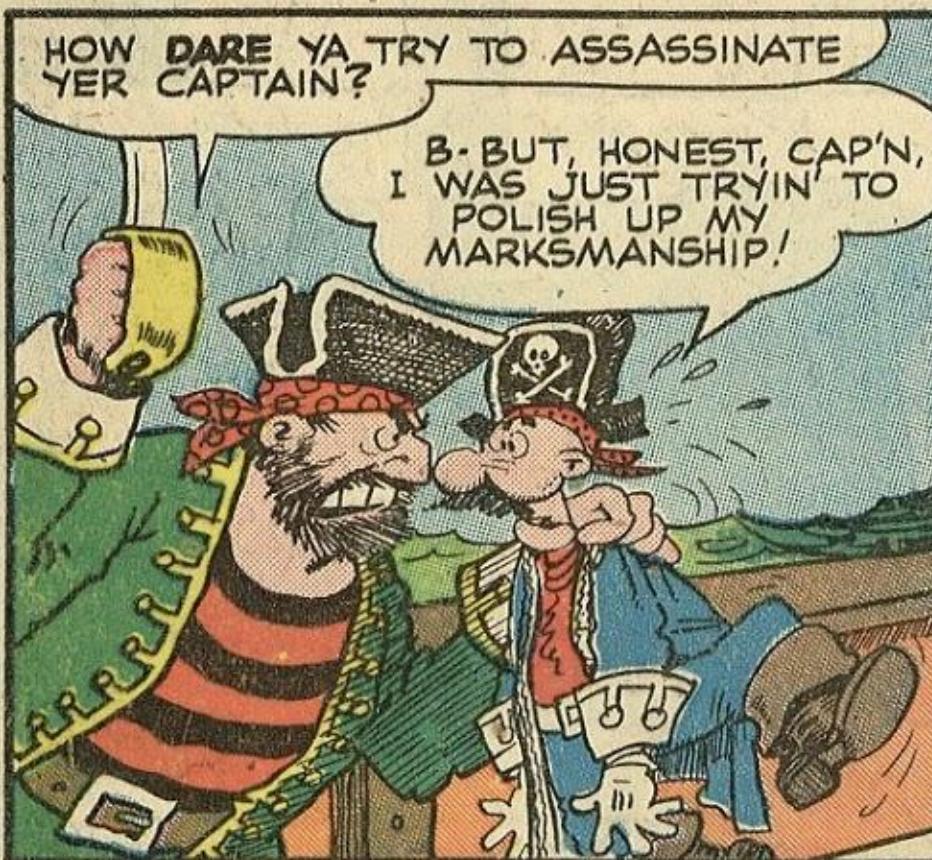
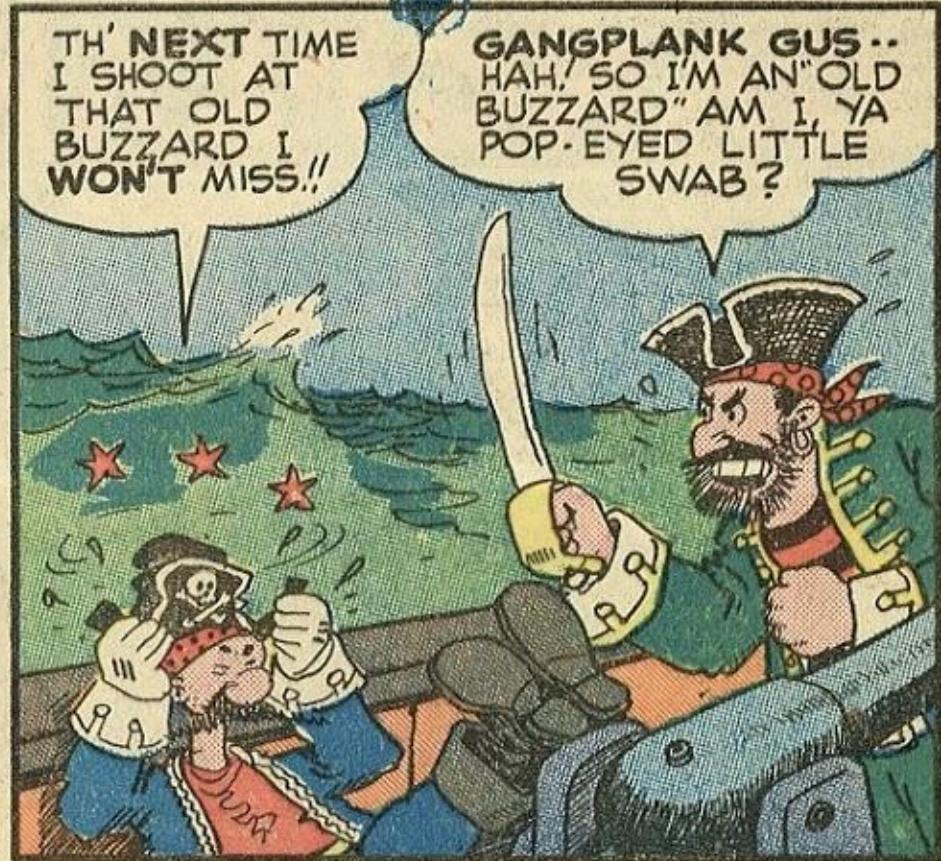
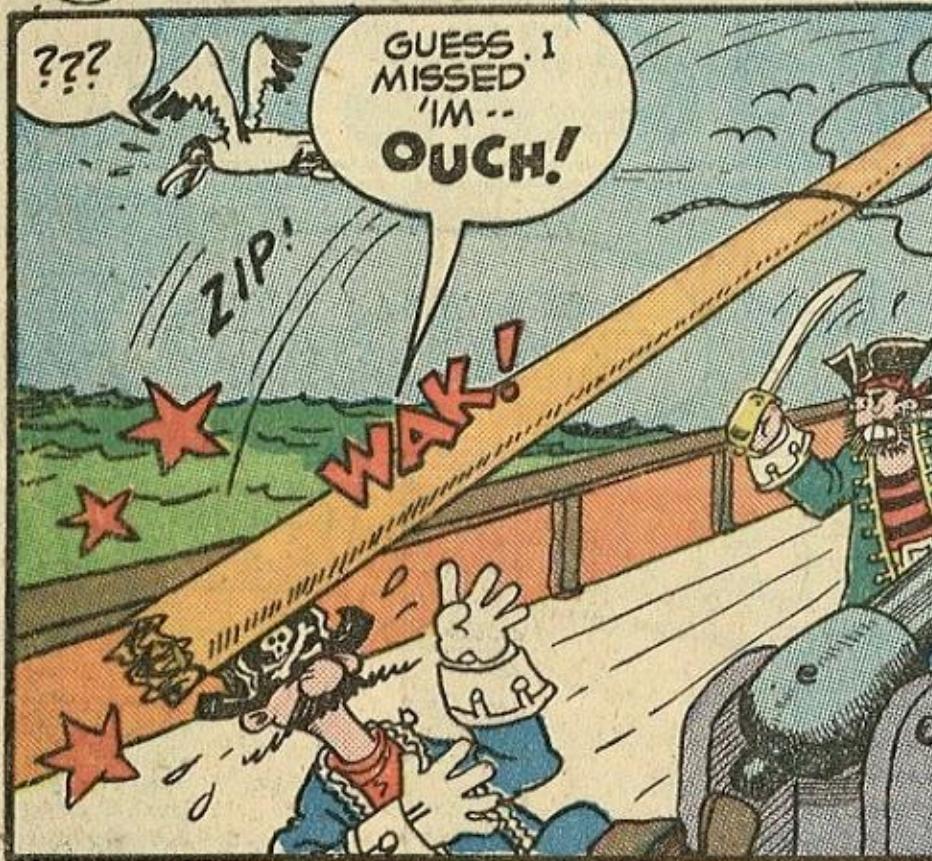
Which is about all there is to the story except this: one day a year later when Fred Page is burning up the league again, who should appear in his hotel room but Coney Island and Little Fishy. But this time Fred Page hits them not a few times and tosses them out bodily. Then he goes to a drawer and gets out a letter and reads it over. It says: "*Dear Freddie, I am happy you are such a success this season and that I hurt you just a little like I aim to. Do not worry about me as I'm doing okay and am even pitching for the baseball team at this place. It is something I always want to do. Love to you and baseball. Tom*

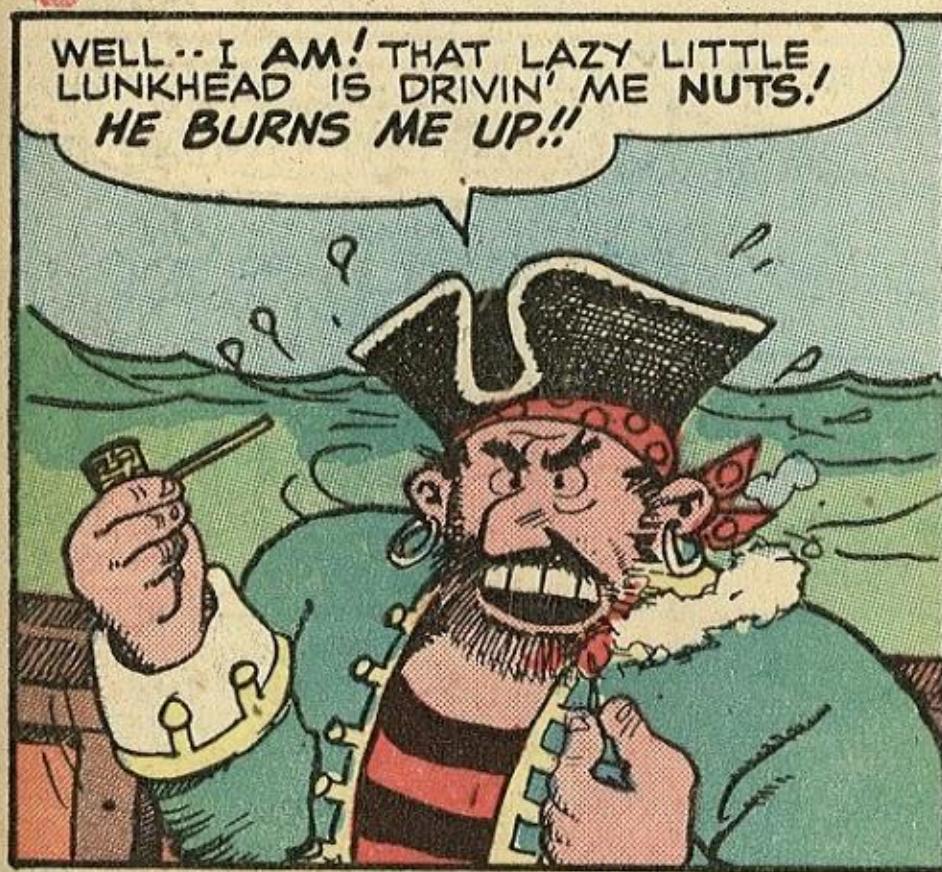
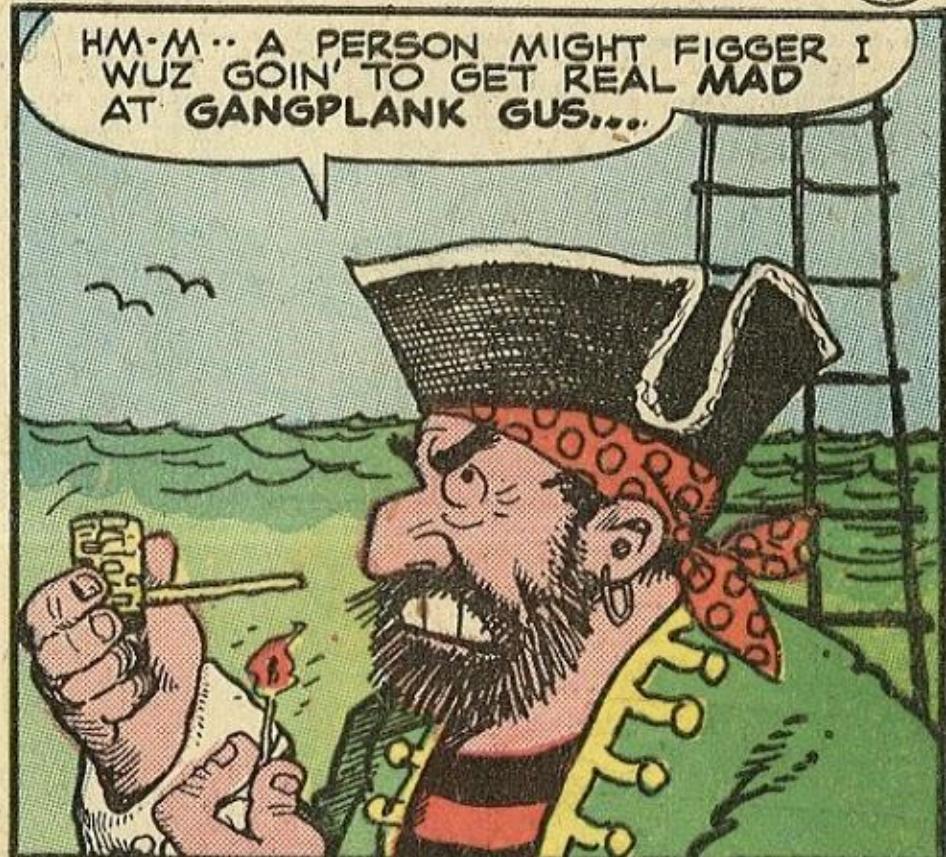
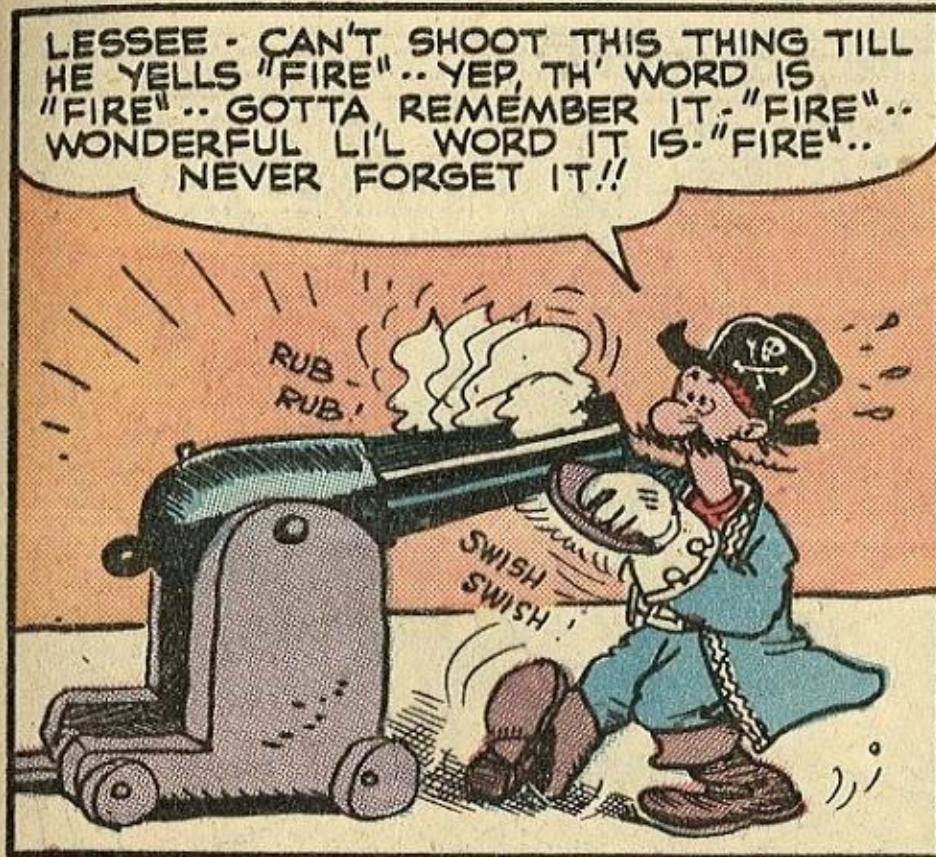
After he finishes reading this, Fred Page goes out on the ball field and his pitching is so fast that day that the other team's batters think for sure he must be mad at them. They do not realize that Fred is pitching so hard not because of hate but because of love—love for his brother and baseball!

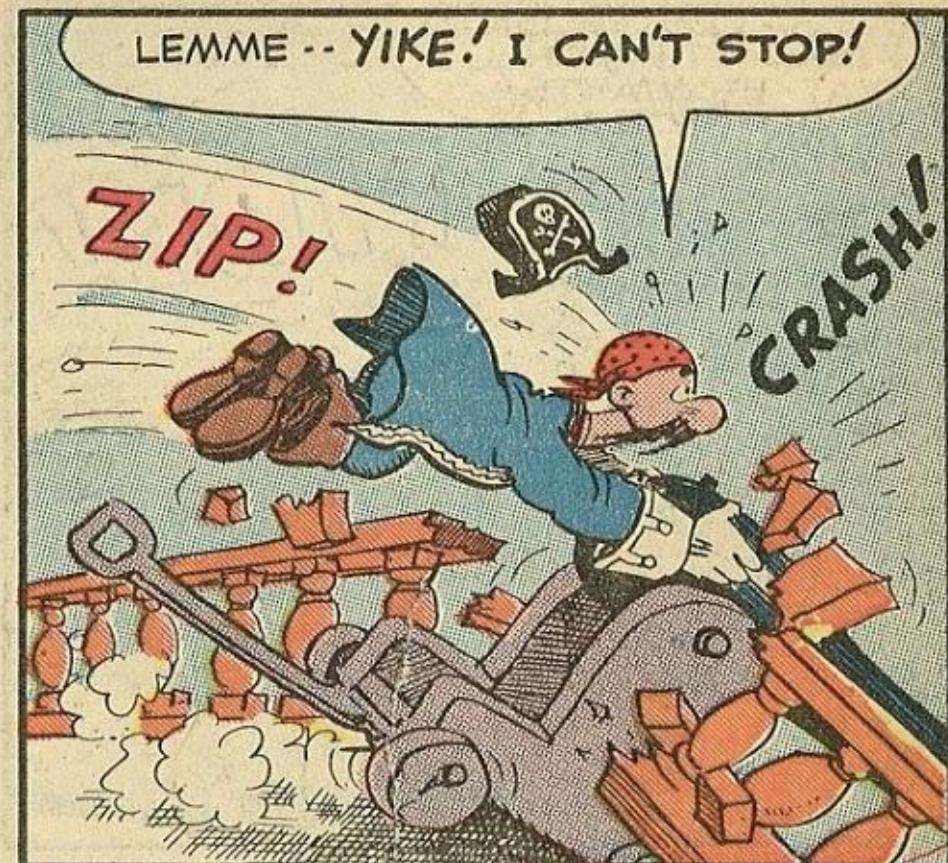
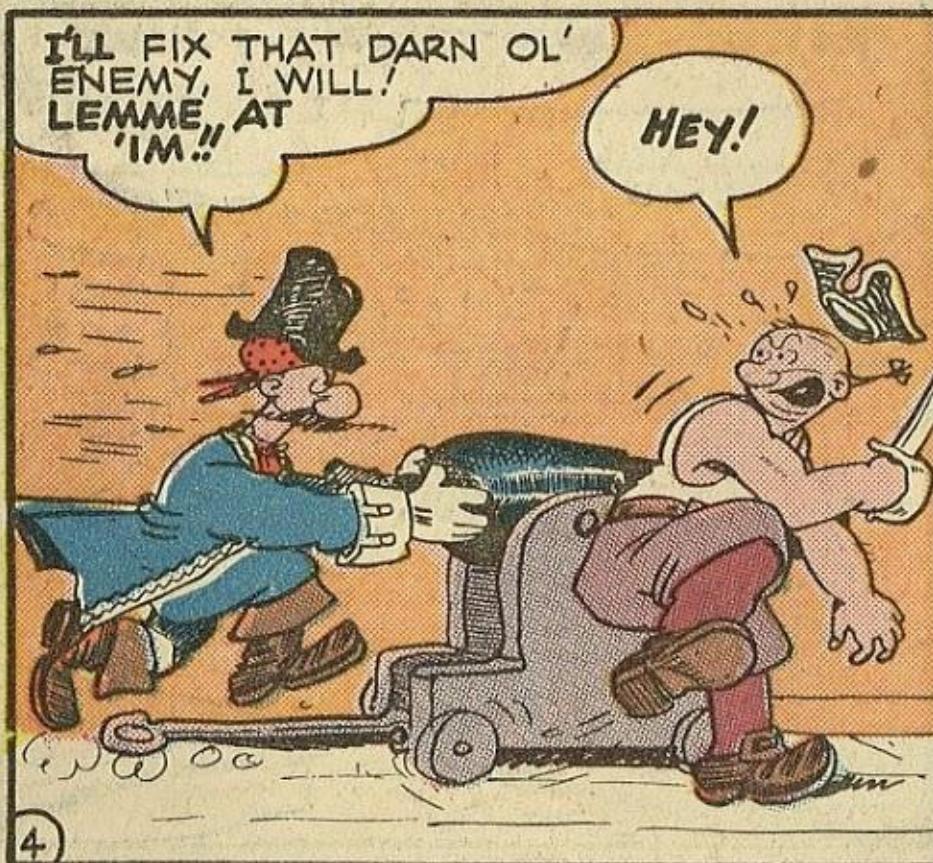
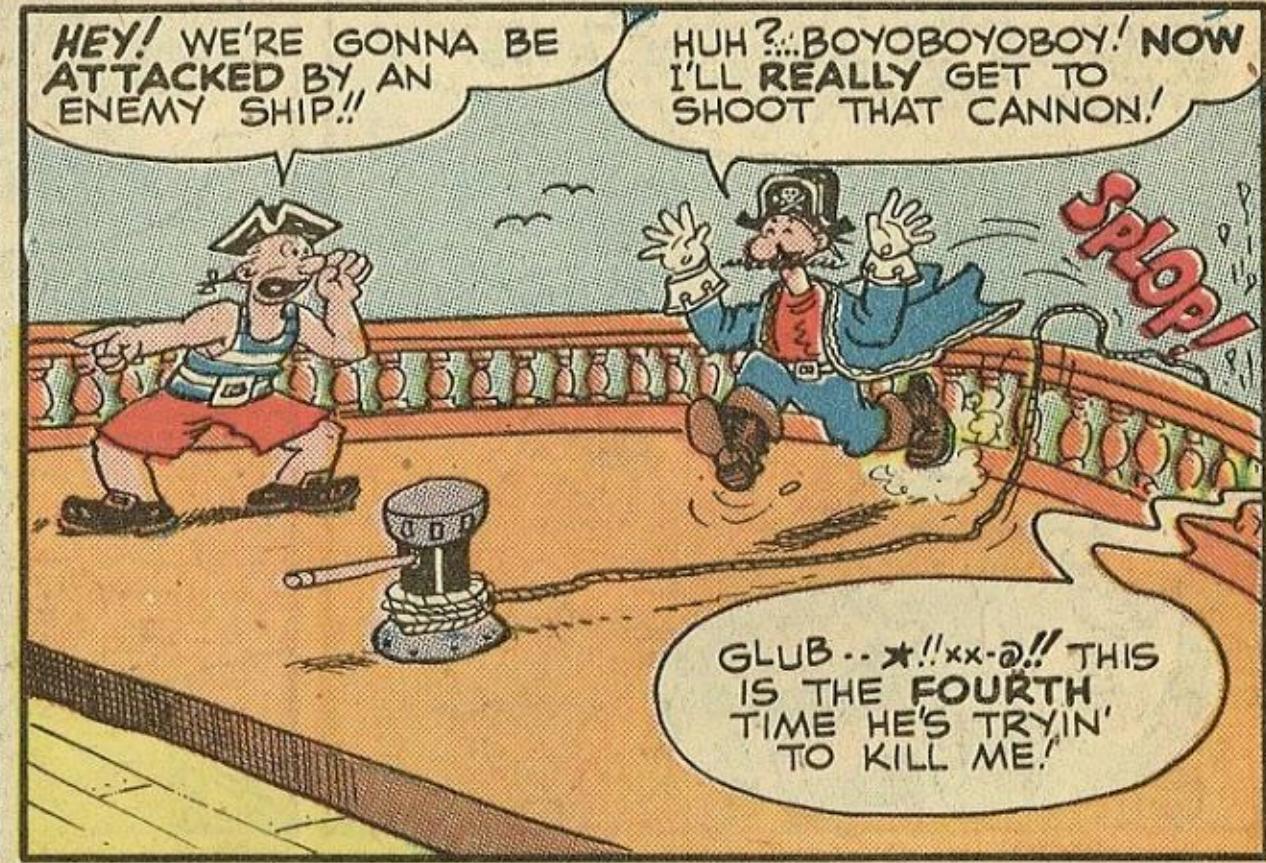
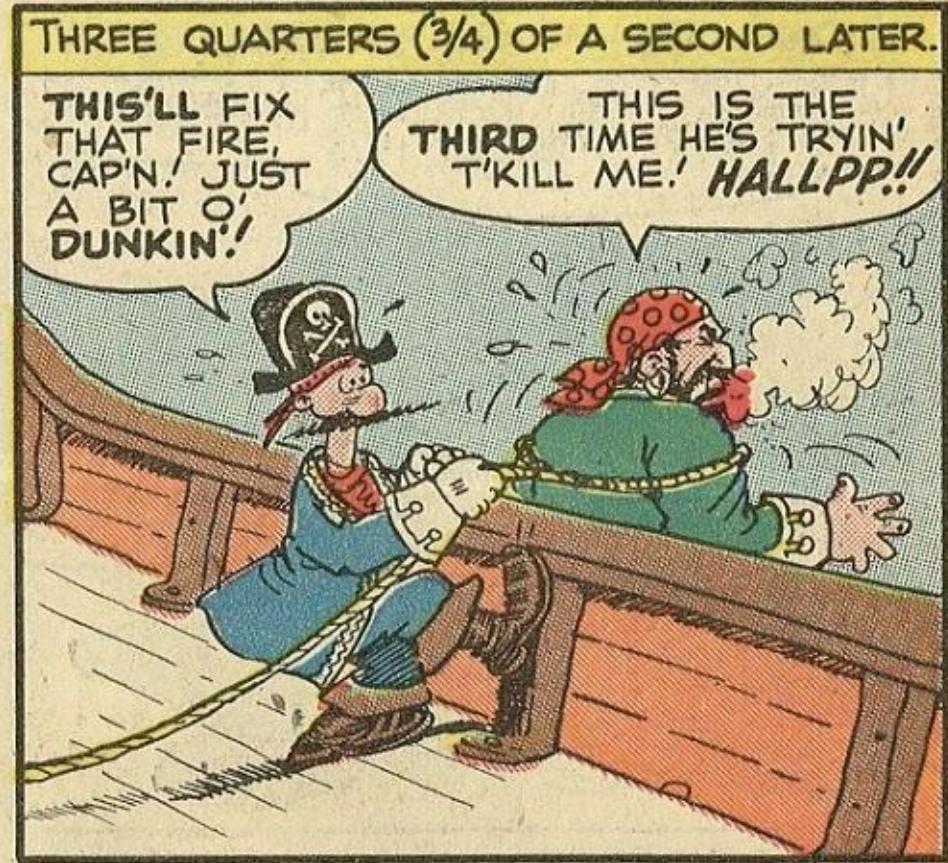
But, you may ask, how do I know all this? Well, where I am now fellows call me Ding Dong but to my brother, I guess, I'll always be Tom. And I promise him just yesterday that Tom is the name I keep when I get out of here.

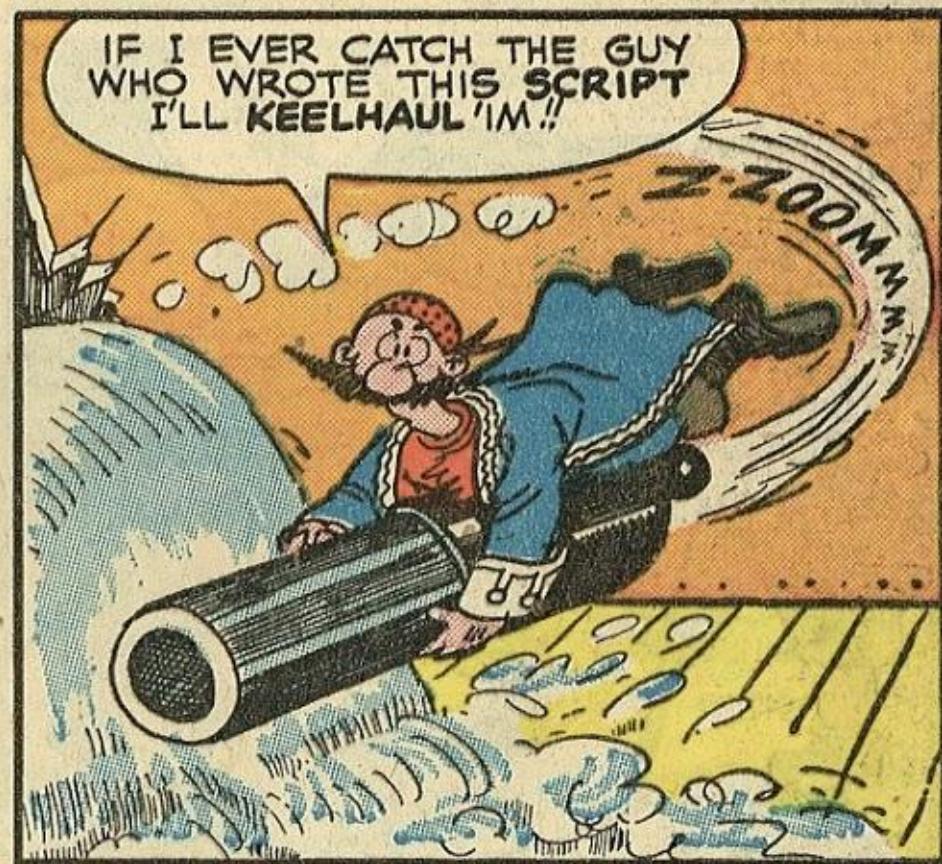
GANGPLANK GUS



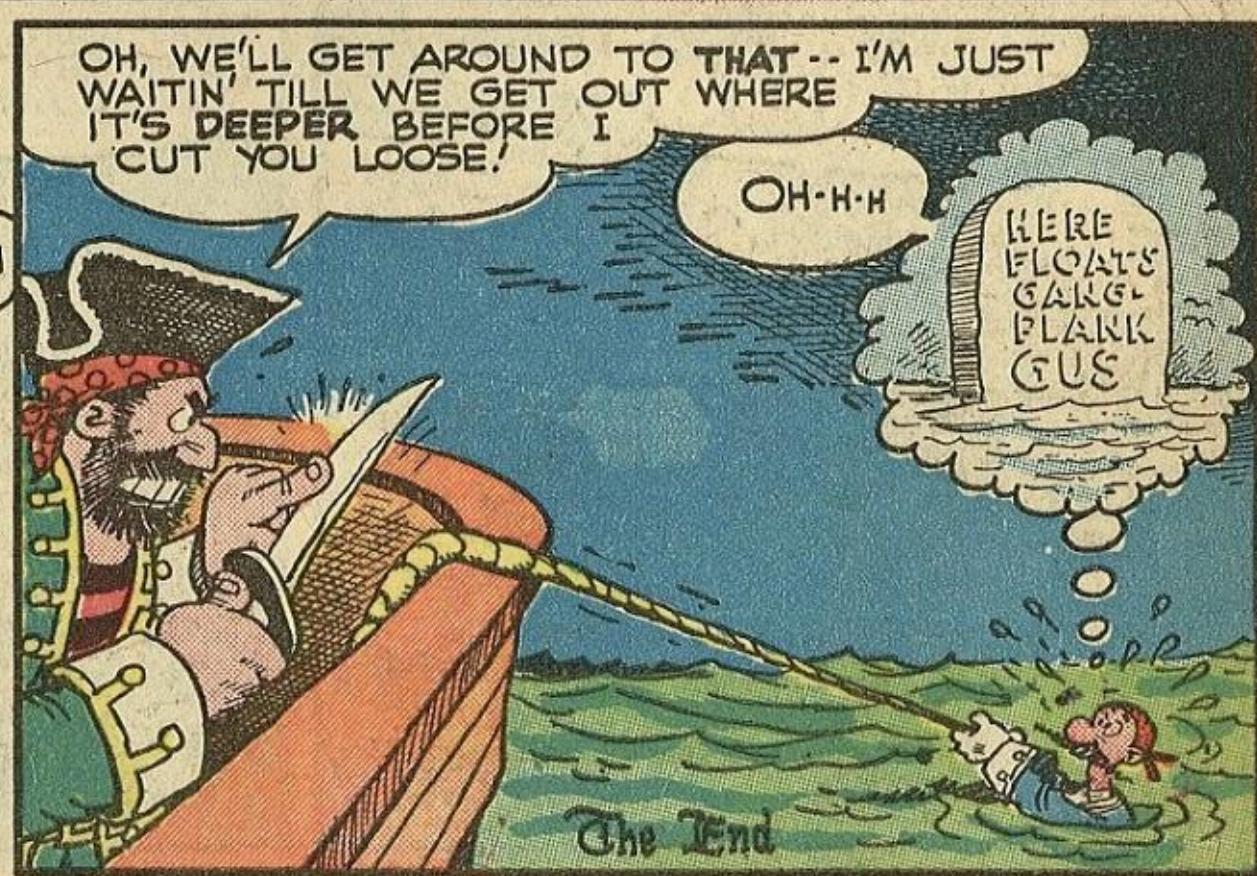


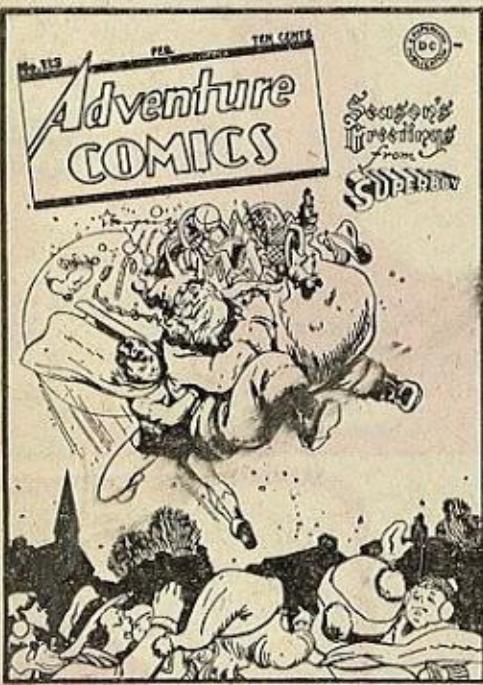
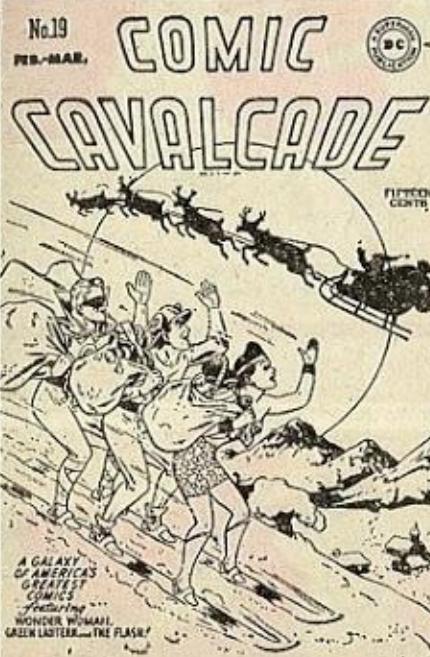




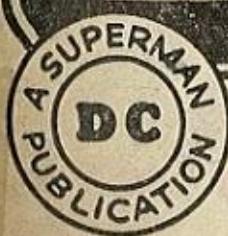
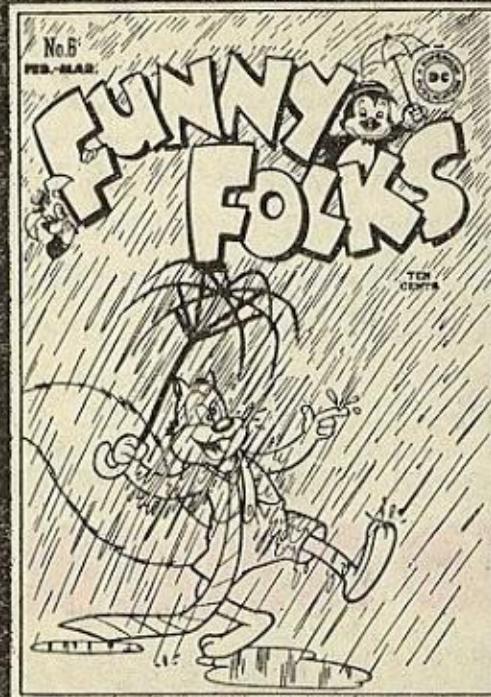
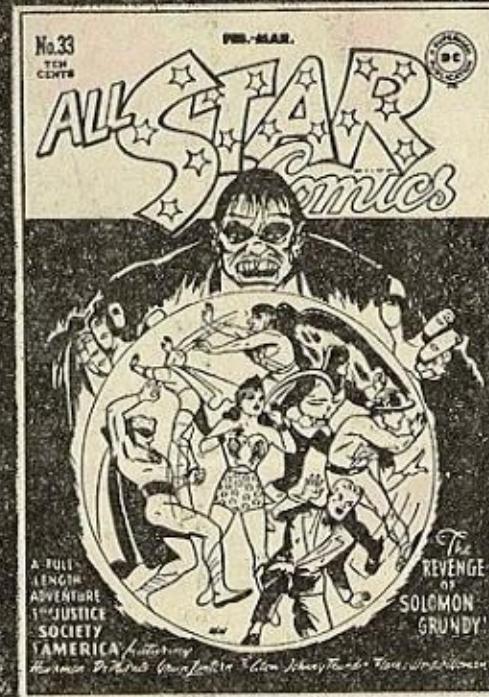
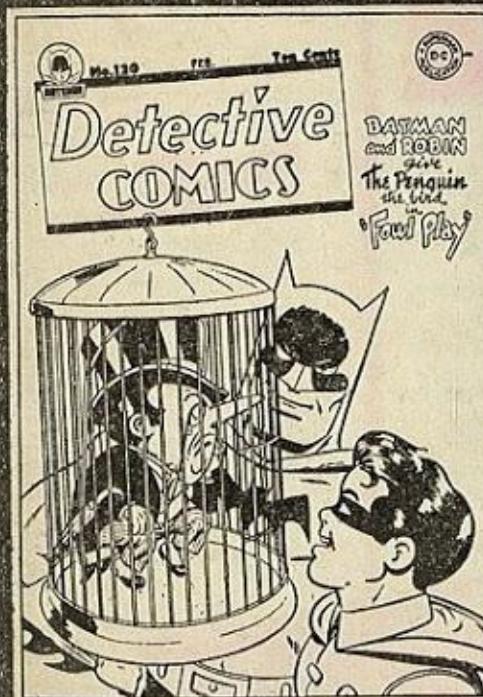


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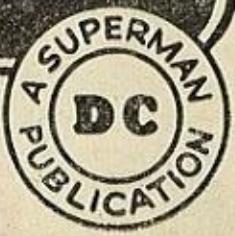


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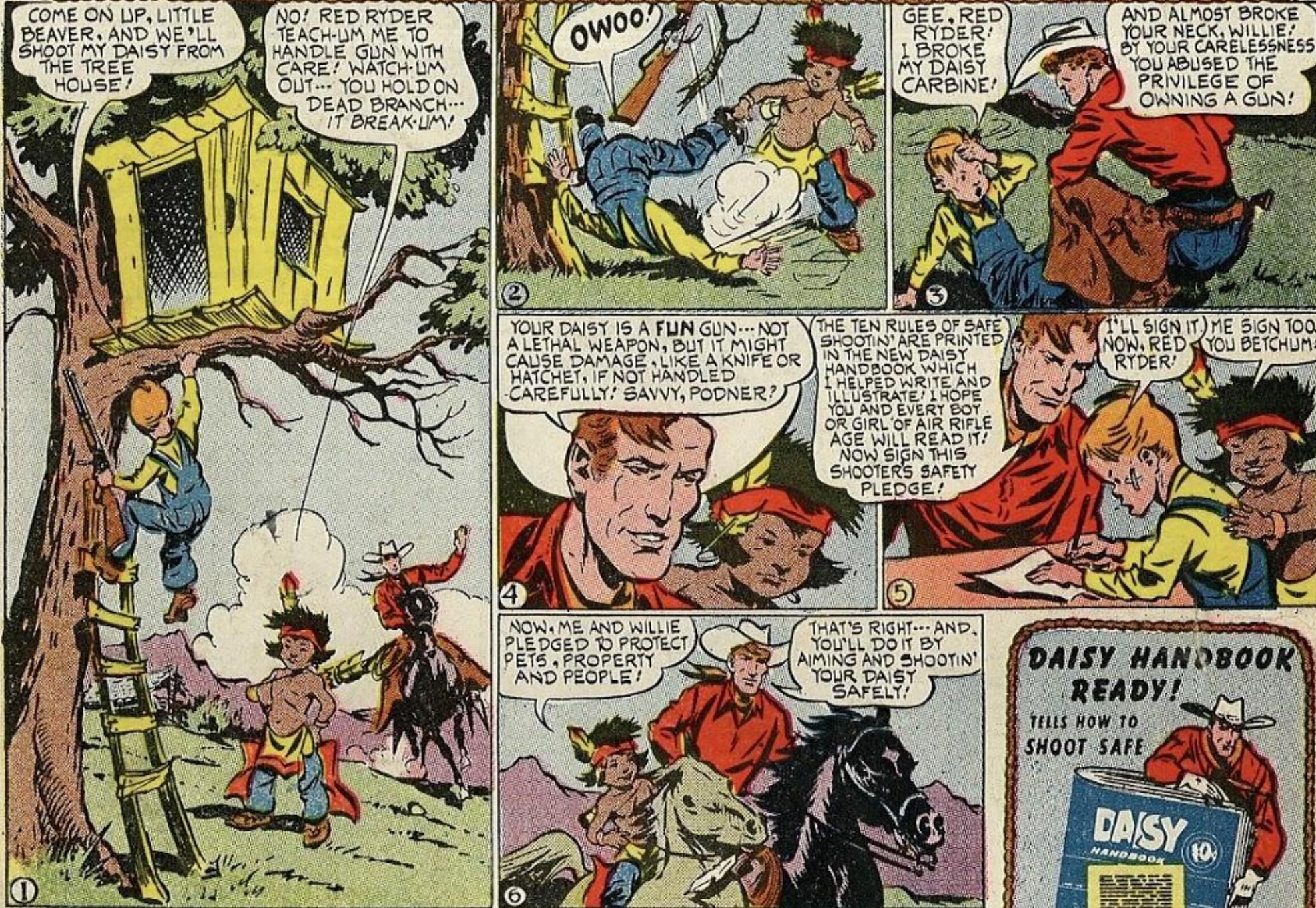
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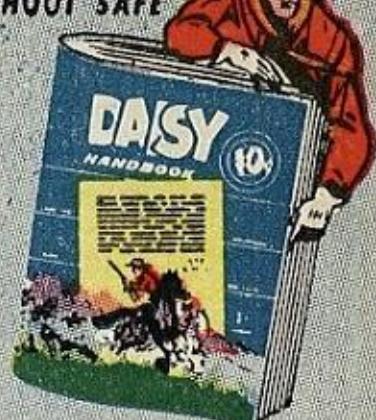


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