

No.30

AUG.-SEPT.
A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

IND A SUPERMAN
DC PUBLICATION

AC-FLASH

TEN CENTS

7/6/27



A NEW **FLASH** ADVENTURE.....
"ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN!"

"Hey—
who's the genius?"



*Genius or not, you can make fine snaps easily
...saps the gang will go for in a great big way.*

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The FLASH

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!



PL 91

"FOUR FLASHERS AT ONCE! IMPOSSIBLE? NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE! AND WHERE JAY GARRICK (WHO IS REALLY THE FLASH) IS CONCERNED, EVEN WHEN NOTHING MORE EXCITING THAN A DINNER PARTY IS IN THE WIND..."

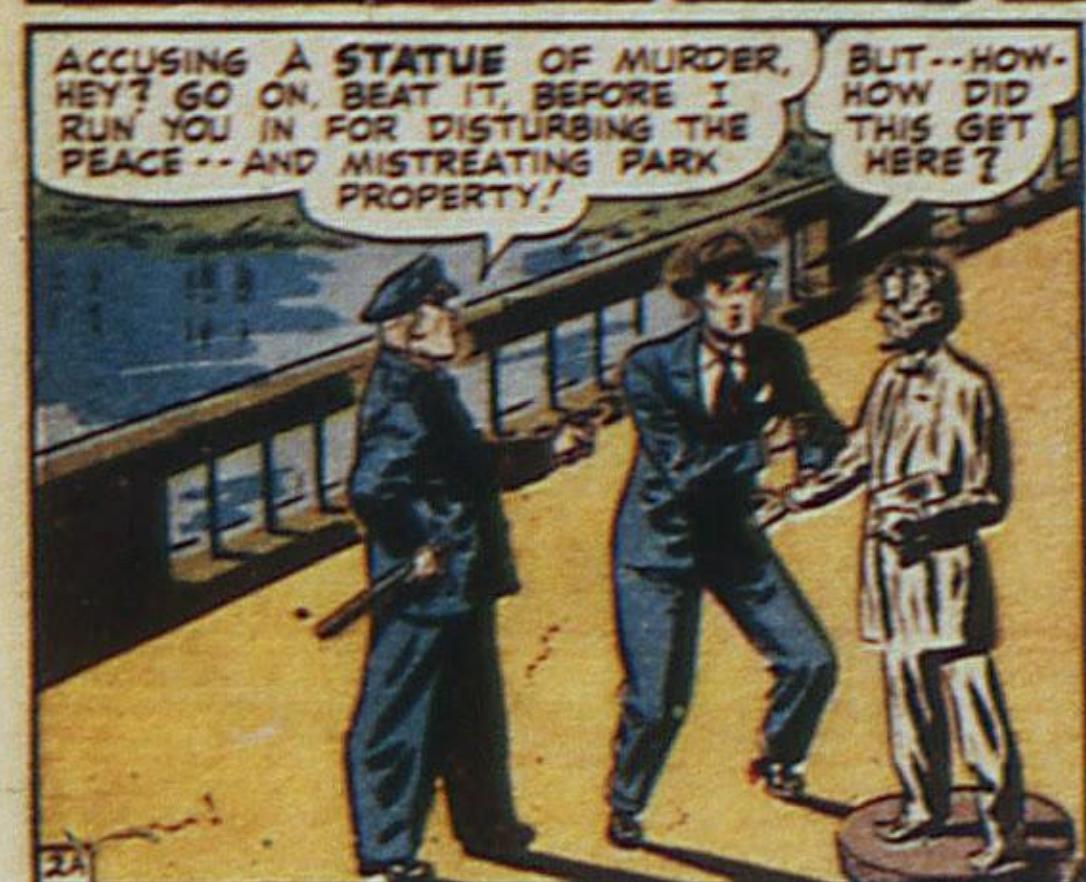
"Anything Can Happen!"

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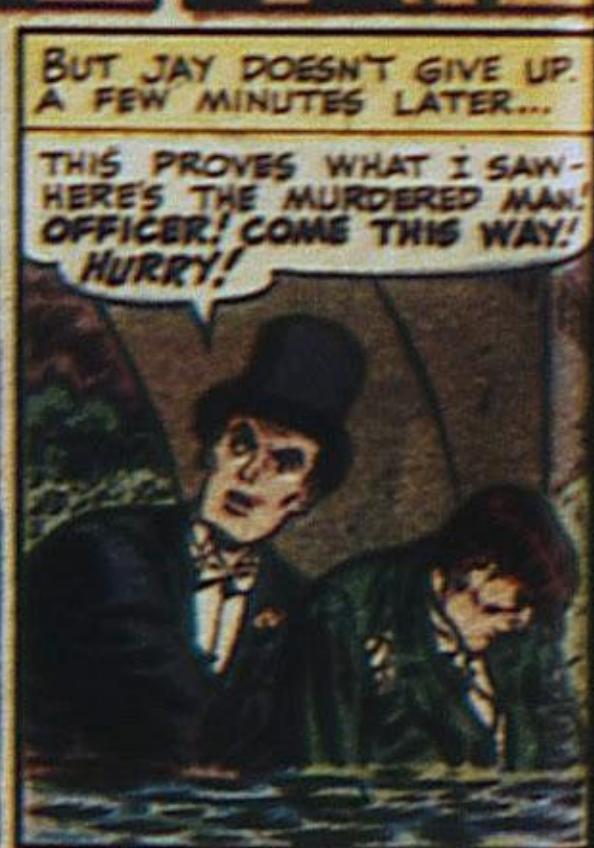
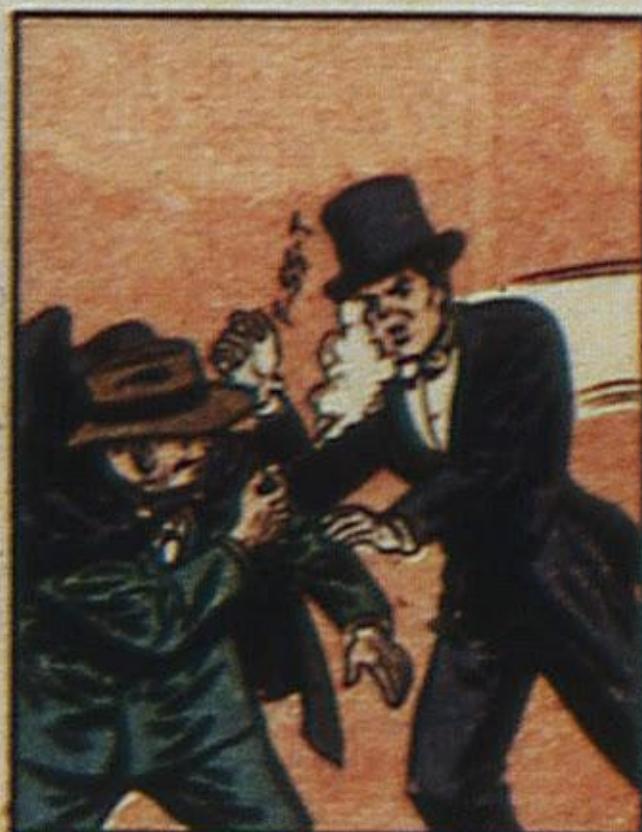


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D--DON'T MOVE, YOU
M-MURDERER! YOU'LL--
HANG -- FOR -- THIS!
I'M -- DYING ---
AHH---

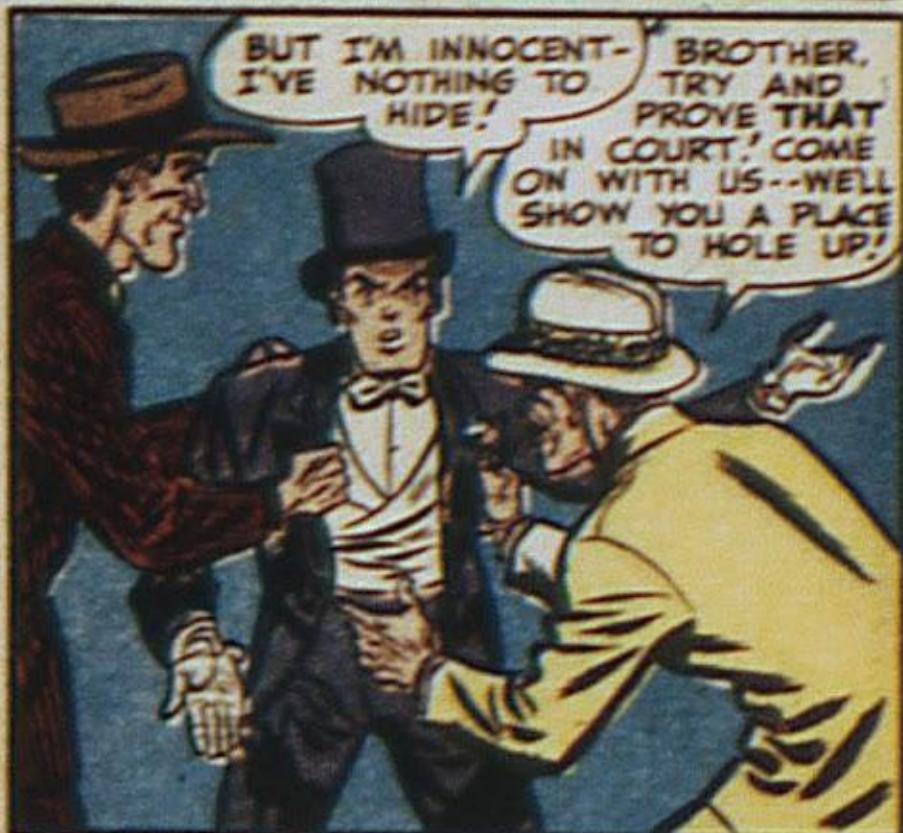
WHAT A
MESS! HE
THINKS I
DID IT!

IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT!
NO MISTAKE ABOUT
IT THIS TIME!



WE SAW YOU KNOCK
OFF THE COP! GREAT
STUFF! WE HATE 'EM--
ALL OF 'EM!

THEY'LL NAB YOU
IF YOU HANG
AROUND HERE--YOU
BETTER COME
WITH US!



LUCKY THING WE CAME
ALONG WHEN YOU PLUGGED
THE COP! ANYBODY ELSE
WOULD'VE TURNED YOU
IN!

WE'LL HIDE YOU OUT
TILL IT BLOW'S OVER--
NOT A THING TO
WORRY ABOUT, PAL!

THESE SMOOTH TALKERS
ARE WORKING TOO HARD
TO CONVINCE ME I'M GUILTY!
I'M GOING TO FIND OUT
WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!





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DASHING INTO SOME HEAVY BUSHES, JAY GARRICK MAKES A LIGHTNING-QUICK CHANGE TO THE FLASH!

HEY, HE'S GONE! HE RAN OUT ON US.

C'MON, HE CAN'T HAVE GONE FAR!

LOOKING FOR SOMEONE?

YEAH - DID YOU SEE A GUY RUNNIN---

THE FLASH!

DO YOU MAKE A HOBBY OF RESCUING PEOPLE FROM THE POLICE -- FOR CRIMES THEY DIDN'T COMMIT?

UFF!

I WON'T MISS THIS TIME!

BANG! BANG!

KEEP OFF

SUDDENLY --- REINFORCEMENTS!

WHEW! PARTY'S GROWING!

ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP!

AAAGHH-H!

CHINS UP!

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THEN--AN UNEXPECTED ATTACK FROM BEHIND...

UGH!



HOW'D THE FLASH GET MIXED UP IN THIS?
AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER GUY?

HE GOT AWAY--BUT
WE'LL GET HIM ANYWAY.
THE BOSS'LL BE GLAD TO GET HIS
HANDS ON THE FLASH!



LATER--AT THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS...

THE BOSS SURE IS A WHIZZ
AT SLEIGHT OF HAND, BOY
DID YOU SEE HIM SWITCH
PLACES WITH THE
STATUE IN THE PARK?

YEAH--AND
I SURE HAD
THAT GUY
FOOLED WITH
MY PHONEY
COP'S UNIFORM!



TOSS THE FLASH DOWN THE CHUTE! I'LL
GO TELL THE BOSS ABOUT HIS UNEXPECTED
GUEST!

QUICK--HE'S
COMING TO!



OWW, MY HEAD! HOW'D I GET HERE?
OH, THE PARK--I REMEMBER NOW!



HMM--TIME TO GET BUSY--I DON'T
LIKE BEING TIED UP IN SOMEBODY'S
CELLAR--IT'S NOT SAFE--SO--



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THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE SPRINGS TO HIS FEET AND ALTHOUGH TIED HAND AND FOOT SPINS AROUND WITH WHIRLWIND SPEED --

AH! FRICTION'S MAKING THE FLOOR SMOKE!

WHEW- HOT! BUT THE FLAMES ARE BURNING THE ROPES OFF MY FEET!

HANDS -- GETTING FREE --

BETTER STAMP OUT THESE FLAMES BEFORE THEY SPREAD -- WHAT'S THAT? COUGHING! CAME FROM OVER THERE!

COUGH!
COUGH!

THE FELLOW I FISHED OUT OF THE LAKE!

HIS ARM CAME LOOSE! NO WONDER! THIS "CORPSE" IS A WAX DUMMY! NOW I GET IT! THE SUPPOSED MURDER WAS A PLOT TO MAKE JAY GARRICK THINK HE WAS IN TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE! BUT WHY?

THEN THAT COUGHING! -- THE DUMMY COULDNT HAVE DONE IT! IT MUST HAVE COME FROM IN HERE!

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THE FLASH REVIVES THE BALD-HEADED IMPOSTER
AND--

WHY WERE
YOU WEARING
THIS MASK?

IT'S MY JOB - I'M P.G. LOGAN'S
DOUBLE. IN THAT WAY HE AVOIDS
BORING FUNCTIONS - I ATTEND
THEM FOR HIM... I WORE THIS
MASK WHILE I DELIVERED
A DRESS FOR MY
WIFE---

AND THAT'S WHEN
YOU WERE KID-
NAPPED! THE
GANGSTERS
THOUGHT YOU
WERE LOGAN!

THEY SHOWED ME
THAT NEWSPAPER-
SAID THEY'D TURN
ME OVER TO THE
POLICE UNLESS I GAVE
THEM A MILLION
DOLLARS. THEN THEY
FOUND OUT I WASN'T
MR. LOGAN.



SO THEY RE-ENACTED THE "CRIME"
FOR MY BENEFIT, THINKING I
WAS LOGAN, THE MURDERER--
THE VICTIM-- THE COP-- THE MEN
WHO WANTED TO HIDE ME -- WERE
ALL PART OF THE PLAN! WHAT'S
THAT-- VOICES?

AFTER WE POLISH OFF
THE FLASH AND THE
OTHER GUY, WE GO
AFTER LOGAN AGAIN.
AND NO MORE
MISTAKES!

THERE'S GOING TO BE
TROUBLE HERE! GET
INTO THAT CLOSET AND
CLOSE THE DOOR
AFTER YOU.



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MORE
FAST-
MOVING
ACTION
WITH
**THE
FLASH**
IN
EVERY
ISSUE
OF
**FLASH
COMICS**

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Pete REISER

I JUST COULDN'T
HELP IT, YOUR
HONOR

CHAMPION
BASE STEALER
OF THE
MAJOR
LEAGUES

"PISTOL PETE" WAS
CHARGED WITH
34 STOLEN BASES
DURING 1946. HE
COMMITTED 6 MORE
FELONIES THAN ANY
OTHER CUSHION COPPER IN
BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL

WHERE
DID I PICK
THIS UP?

"DON'T CATCH
ME MISSING AN IMPORTANT MEAL
LIKE BREAKFAST WHEN A DISH OF MILK,
FRUIT, AND WHEATIES IS ON THE MENU,"
SAYS CHAMPION PETE REISER. "THOSE
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES COME THROUGH
IN THE NOURISHMENT DEPARTMENT
-AND THEY'VE GOT A FLAVOR THAT
MAKES 'EM MIGHTY EASY TO TAKE."
MAKE IT WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS," EVERY MORNING

AMONG REISER'S LOOT
WERE 7 THEFTS OF
HOME PLATE. WITH THESE
MASTER BURGLARIES, PETE
CARRIED OFF A MODERN
MAJOR LEAGUE
RECORD



WHEATIES
**BREAKFAST
WITH MILK
AND
FRUIT
OF CHAMPIONS"**

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The FLASH
FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!



FL 92

JOAN WILLIAMS WAS ACCUSED OF MURDER - EVEN THOUGH SHE KNEW WHO THE REAL MURDERER WAS! FOR THE KILLER WAS A SNOWMAN -- AND WHO WAS GOING TO BELIEVE THAT?? AS THE FLASH SOUGHT DESPERATELY TO FIND A CLUE TO THE SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE CRIME, HE FOUND HIS EVERY MOVE THWARTED BY A BIZARRE ARRAY OF WEAPONS HURLED AGAINST HIM; AND ONLY BY OVERCOMING THIS FURIOUS ONSLAUGHT COULD THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE HOPE TO PICK UP THE TRAIL OF ---

THE VANISHING SNOWMAN!

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LATER---A JAIL CELL IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS---

THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, JAY. I SWEAR I DIDN'T KILL SUE. WHY SHOULD I? SHE IS-- WAS-- MY BEST FRIEND.

I KNOW YOU DIDN'T, JOAN. AND PLEASE DON'T WORRY. I'LL GET TO WORK ON THE CASE RIGHT AWAY.

JOAN'S STORY IS FANTASTIC! NO WONDER THE POLICE DIDN'T BELIEVE HER. ONLY ONE CLUE---THE HAT! IT'S IN THE POLICE PROPERTY ROOM. I'LL EXAMINE IT FOR CLUES.

OUT OF SIGHT IN THE CORRIDOR, JAY GARRICK SWIFTLY SWITCHES TO THE COSTUME OF THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE---

IT WILL BE EASIER TO GET THE POLICE TO COOPERATE AS THE FLASH!



BUT AS THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER BURSTS INTO THE POLICE PROPERTY ROOM---

LAY DOWN, COPPER. WE'RE AFTER THAT DERBY!

WELL--AN UNEXPECTED BREAK! SOMEONE ELSE IS INTERESTED IN THE HAT, TOO!

THE FLASH!

DON'T SHOOT! TOO MUCH NOISE---WE'LL LAY HIM LOW WITH THIS STUFF---



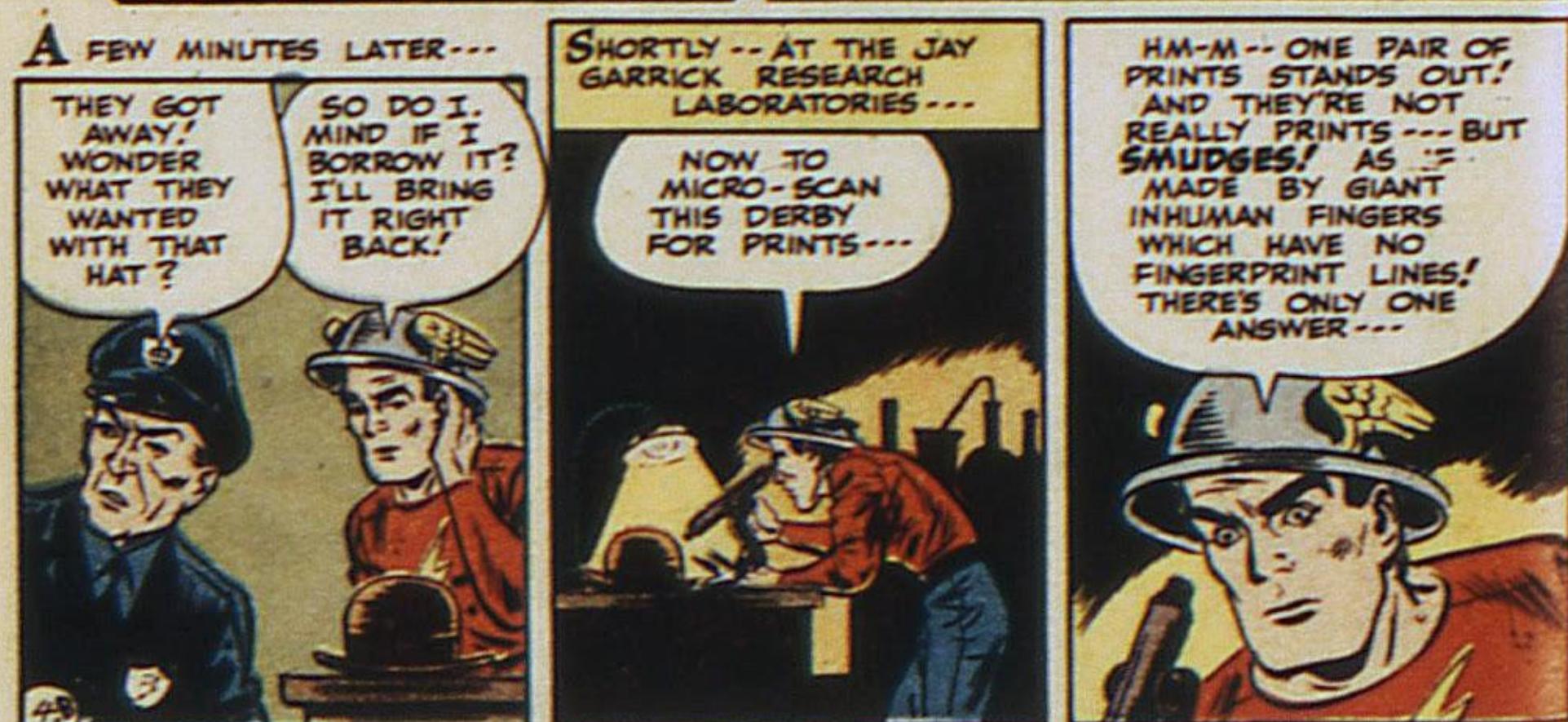
THIS'LL PART YOUR HAIR--PERMANENTLY!--- MISSED!

DID YOUR TARGET MOVE TOO FAST FOR YOU?

I HIT MY TARGET---RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!



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AND AS THE FLASH SPEEDS BACK TO THE POLICE STATION---

YES, THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER --- THE SNOWMAN! BUT HOW COULD AN INANIMATE PILE OF SNOW HAVE CLAPPED THE HAT OVER JOAN'S HEAD? AND SHOT SUE WITHOUT A SOUND? RIDICULOUS --- YET WHAT ELSE AM I TO BELIEVE?

EXTRA!
FOUR NEW
SNOWMAN
MURDERS!

EACH OF THE FOUR NEW SUSPECTS TELLS A STORY IDENTICAL WITH JOAN'S! ALL BLAME SNOWMEN FOR KILLING THEIR COMPANIONS! HOW CAN A JURY BE EXPECTED TO SWALLOW A YARN LIKE THAT? --- GOT TO QUESTION THOSE SUSPECTS---

TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU CAN ABOUT THE MURDERS YOU'RE ACCUSED OF. YOUR LIVES DEPEND ON IT!

LATER ---

THOUGHT I HAD SOMETHING WHEN I FOUND OUT TWO OF THE SUSPECTS WERE RELATIVES OF JOAN'S --- BUT SINCE THE OTHER TWO WEREN'T, THAT BREAKS THE LINK BETWEEN THE MURDERS. AND BLOWS UP THAT THEORY!

POLICE
STATION

NEXT DAY ---

HELLO,
JOAN.
WHY
SO
GLUM?

WHAT A JOKE!
MY RELATIVES
AND I JUST
RECEIVED
INVITATIONS TO
THE READING OF
MY UNCLE'S
WILL. HE WAS
VERY RICH. BUT
WHAT GOOD CAN
THAT DO US---
HERE IN JAIL?

FLASH ---
I JUST GOT
A WONDERFUL
IDEA! WILL YOU
GO IN OUR
PLACES? AS OUR
REPRESENTATIVE?
I'M SURE THE
OTHERS WILL
AGREE!

THE LATE ABNER WILLIAMS'
ESTATE ---

A POSSIBLE MOTIVE FOR THE MURDERS AT LAST! CAN THERE BE SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN THE WILL AND THE FACT THAT THREE OF THE HEIRS ARE IN JAIL, CHARGED WITH MURDER?

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INSIDE ---

MY NAME IS EVANS,
FLASH. I'M THE
LAWYER HANDLING
THE ESTATE.
COME, I'LL INTRODUCE
YOU TO BASIL
WILLIAMS, THE ONLY
HEIR PRESENT HERE
TODAY ---

THE SOLE
REMAINING HEIR
I'LL WAGER!
I THINK I'VE
FOUND MY
FIRST SUSPECT!

BASIL WILLIAMS ---

FORGIVE MY
NOT RISING.
I'M TOTALLY
PARALYZED
AS A RESULT
OF A HUNTING
ACCIDENT TWO
YEARS AGO.

A HELPLESS
INVALID!
HE COULDNT
POSSIBLY BE
AT THE BOTTOM
OF THIS.
ANOTHER THEORY
BLOWN 'UP'!

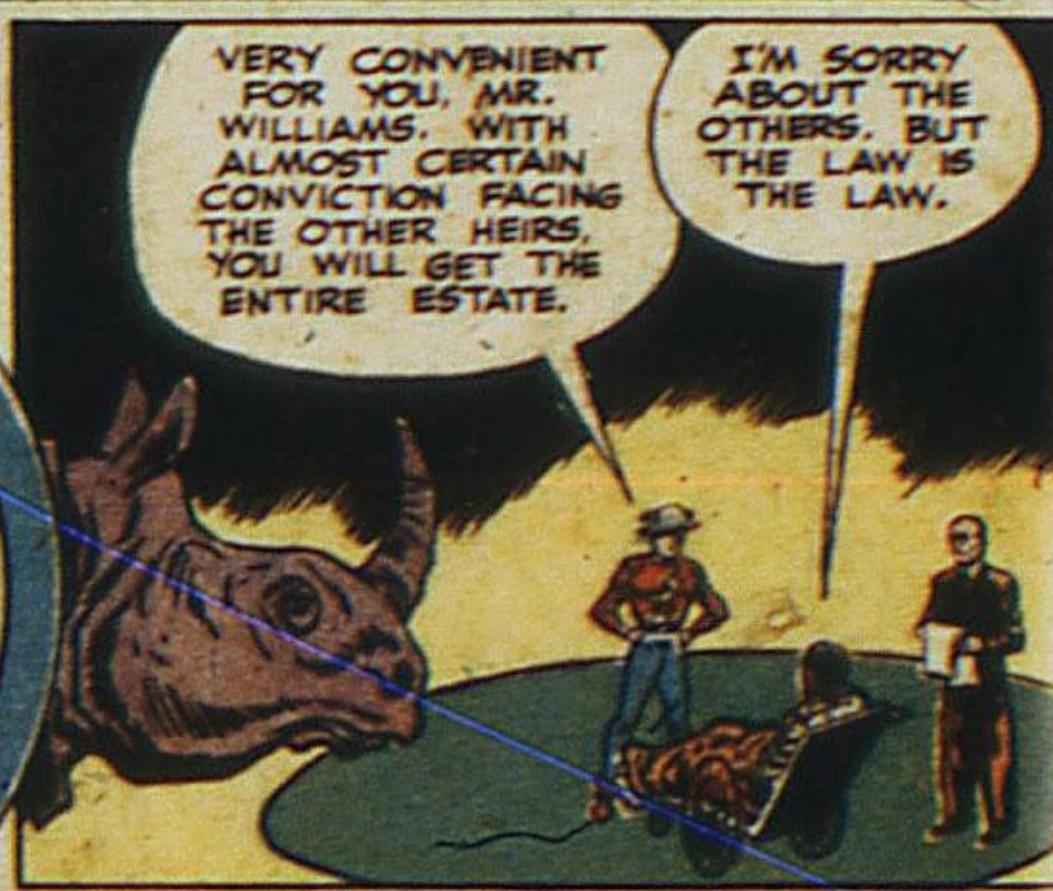


LAWYER EVANS COMPLETES THE
READING OF THE WILL ---

"-- AND SO MY FORTUNE
IS TO BE DIVIDED EQUALLY
AMONGST MY FOUR HEIRS.
HOWEVER, IF ANY ONE OF
THEM IS EVER DECLARED
GUILTY OF A CRIME,
BLACKENING THE NAME
OF WILLIAMS, HE OR SHE
SHALL BE CUT OFF
WITHOUT A CENT!"

VERY CONVENIENT
FOR YOU, MR.
WILLIAMS. WITH
ALMOST CERTAIN
CONVICTION FACING
THE OTHER HEIRS,
YOU WILL GET THE
ENTIRE ESTATE.

I'M SORRY
ABOUT THE
OTHERS. BUT
THE LAW IS
THE LAW.



JUST THEN -- A BEE DRIFTS
THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW---
FLUTTERS ABOUT THE ROOM
FOR A MOMENT -- THEN
ALIGHTS ON BASIL'S KNEES ---

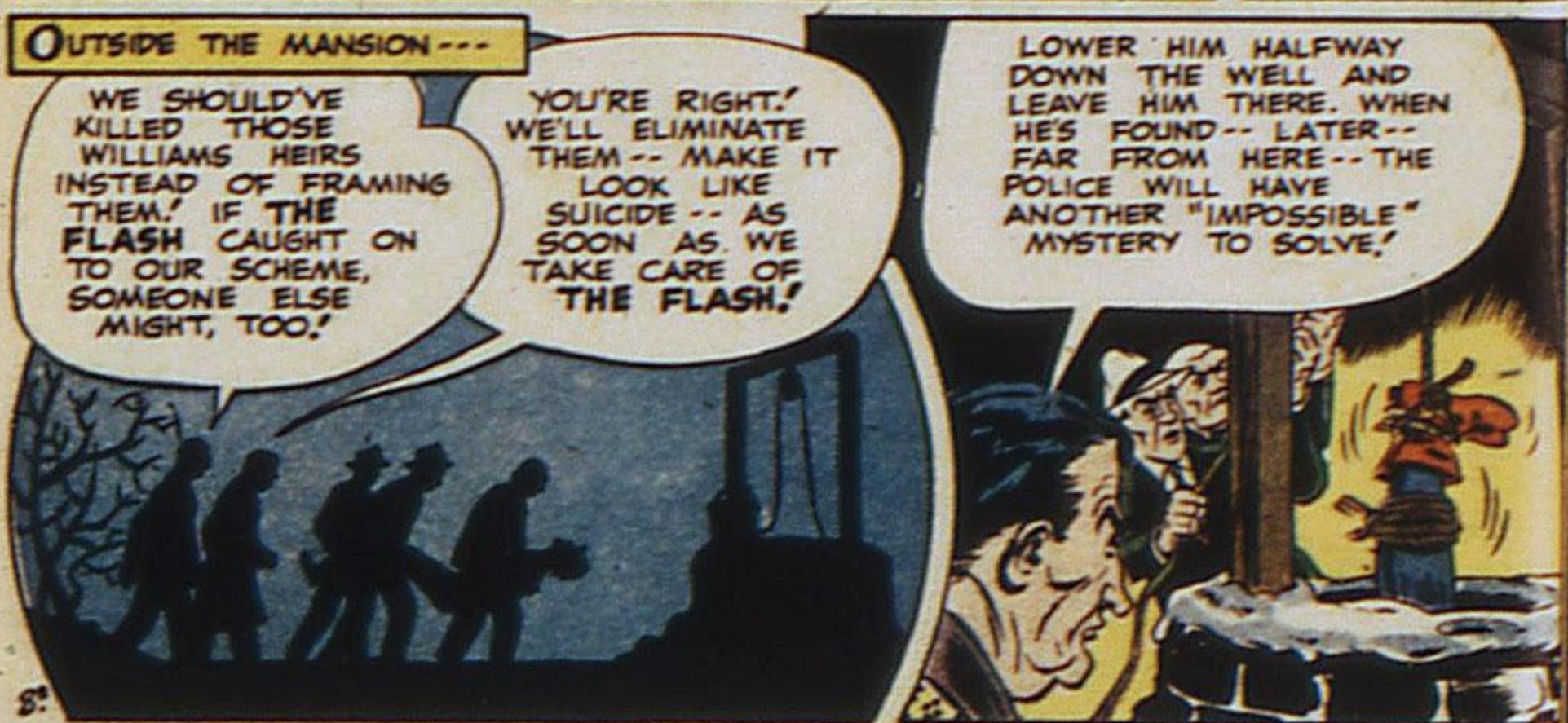
YOUR KNEE--
TWITCHING ---
BECAUSE OF THAT
BEE! YOU'RE
NOT PARALYZED!



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BASIL'S GOING TO MURDER JOAN AND THE OTHERS. I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM -- SOMEHOW!

CAN'T ACCOMPLISH MUCH --- HANGING HERE THIS WAY. GOT TO GET LOOSE ---

SUDDENLY, THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE STARTS TO SPIN HIMSELF AROUND WITH WHIRLWIND SPEED ---

AH! THE ROPE IS TWISTING --- LIFTING ME -- GOT TO REACH THE TOP OF THE WELL BEFORE IT SNAPS!

AH -- JUST A LITTLE MORE, THEN ---

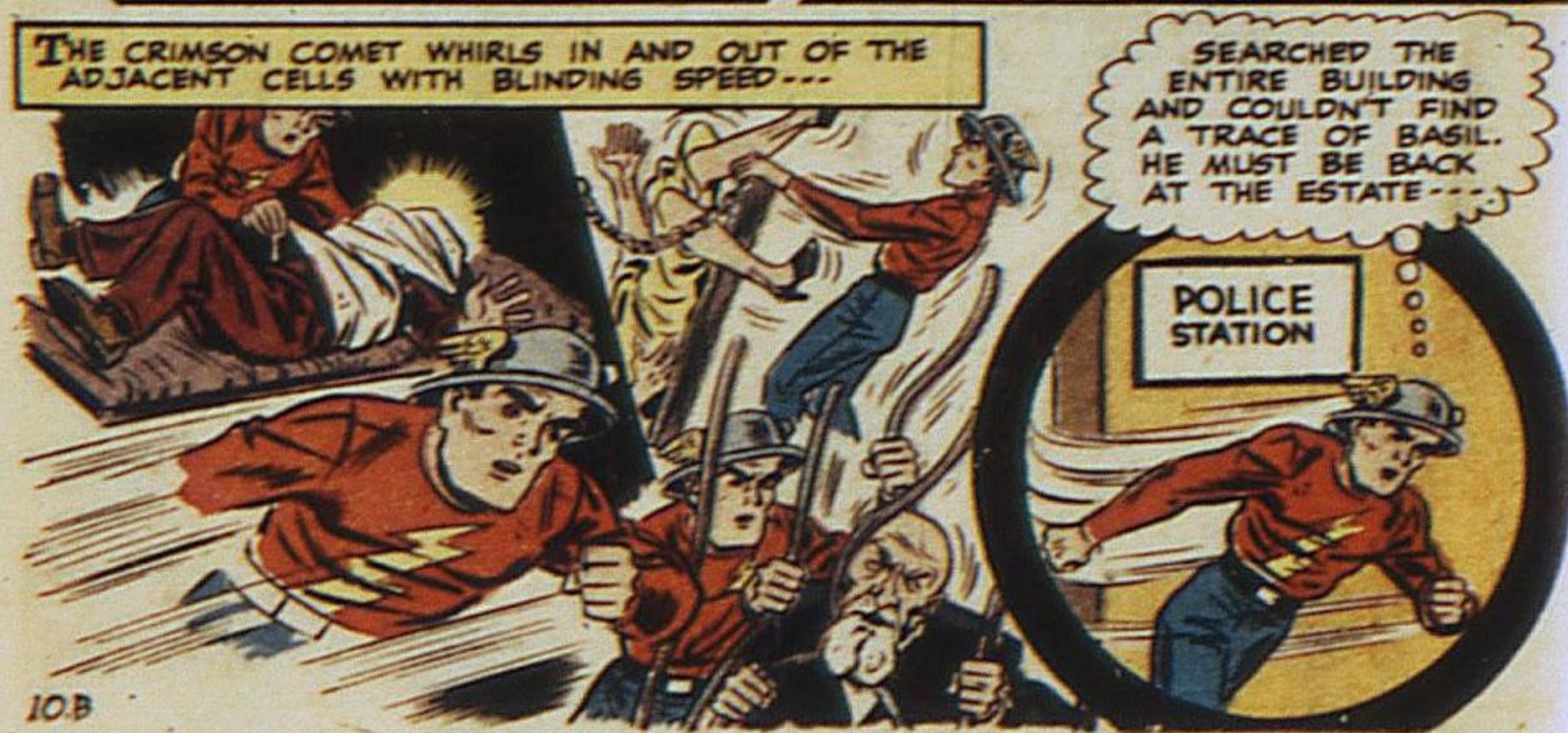
AT THE LAST SECOND, WITH A SUPER-HUMAN EFFORT, THE FLASH HURLS HIMSELF OVER THE WELL OPENING ---

--- OVER AND OUT!

A LITTLE RAPID-FIRE FRICTION WILL TAKE CARE OF THESE BONDS!



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RACING BACK TO THE MANSION---

THOSE THREE THUGS IN FRONT OF THE BARN. BASIL MUST BE INSIDE.'



THE FLASH! WE THOUGHT YOU WERE--

UGH!

WHY DON'T YOU THREE MUGS LEARN TO KEEP OUT OF MY WAY?



YOU BOYS REST EASY WHILE I FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE THE BARN.



INSIDE ---

THE ONE THING I REALLY REGRET ABOUT THIS WHOLE CASE IS INVOLVING THOSE INNOCENT PEOPLE WHO HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE WILL.

TOO LATE FOR REGRETS, EVANS. WE HAD TO INVOLVE THEM -- AS A SMOKESCREEN FOR OUR REAL ACTIVITIES.'

I'LL CACHE THE ANIMATOR UNTIL I FIND USE FOR IT AGAIN. MY RELATIVES ARE GONE, AND THE MONEY IS MINE. THE FLASH IS JUST A MEMORY---

REFRESH YOUR MEMORY!



YOU!???

THIS TIME I WON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES. I'LL ANIMATE THAT SCYTHE TO CUT YOU IN TWO. *!! MISSED!!?? ? + *

THAT'S IT, BASIL - YOU'VE KNOCKED HIM OFF HIS FEET!

I'VE GOT ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR YOU, FLASH. THE ANIMATOR ALSO FIRES BULLETS!



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FOLLOW
-- THE
FAST-MOVING
FLASH
IN
EVERY
ISSUE
OF
**FLASH
COMICS** !!

LOOK AT BILL'S SHIRT! GEE WHIZ— ANIMAL PICTURES!



THEY'RE CALLED "HOT IRON TRANSFERS"—MOM JUST PRESSES THEM ON WITH A HOT IRON. YOU GET ONE AS A PRIZE IN EVERY PACKAGE OF KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT!

THAT'S FOR US!



HERE'S THE LATEST
—A SEAL!

GOSH! SLICK PICTURES
AND KELLOGG'S
SHREDDED WHEAT
TOO! M-M-M-M-

WE CAN SWAP EXTRAS
AND GET A WHOLE SET!



GENUINE HOT IRON TRANSFERS—

a picture prize in every package!

EASY—Mom just irons 'em on! Come out sharp and clear—stand many washings. There's one as a prize in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat!

HEY KIDS! GET YOUR PICTURES
TO WEAR ON SHIRTS AND
BANDANNAS—IN KELLOGG'S
SHREDDED WHEAT!

BIG!

up to 4½" long
2½" wide



KIDS LOVE IT, MOM!

Full of
that can't-be-copied Kellogg flavor!
Full of good old-fashioned, energy-giv-
ing nourishment, too!

TON O' FUN

BY HARRY LAMPERT



"ALL YOU EVER DO ON YOUR DAY OFF IS REST!"



"OKAY, YOU TWO, GO IN THERE AND FIGHT!"



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COMPLETE YOUR HOME CIRCUS!

RING NO. 3 of Post's Cereal Circus
now ready! Shoot the little man from
the cannon! Make the lively black
leopard do real somersaults!

JUST TEN CENTS
and a GRAPE:NUTS
BOX TOP!

If you thought Ring No. 2 was fun—
wait, wait, wait till you get your
hands on Ring No. 3!

You can actually shoot the little
man from a cannon. The lively black
leopard does real somersaults. There
are cowboys, and bronchos that
sure-enough buck! And that's not
all . . .

You also get a fat lady, an India
rubber man, a bearded lady, a



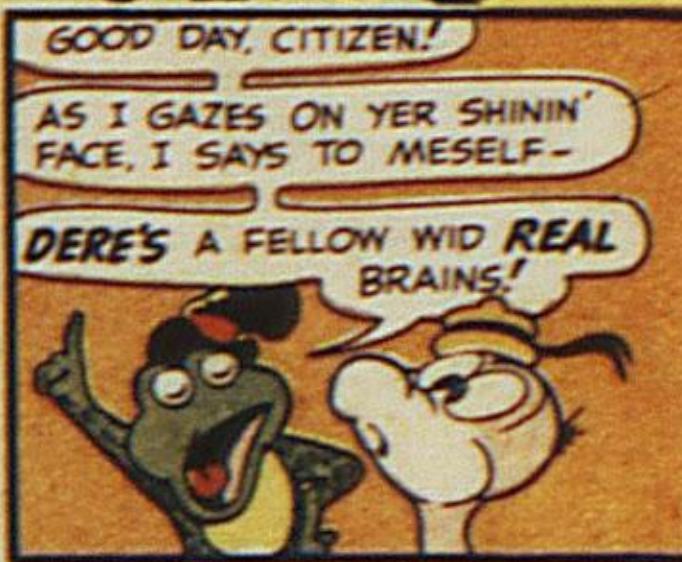
strong man, a thin man, a clown, animal trainers, tigers, lions, a giraffe, a steer, a performers' platform, and a racing runway.

All animals and performers are made of heavy, durable cardboard. They come in bright circus colors. Nothing to cut or paste. Just press 'em out and put 'em together.

The whole business is yours for one dime and the top of a package of Grape-Nuts. Get Grape-Nuts, the malty-sweet, sugaroasted cereal that tastes like more. Rush your box top and dime with coupon for POST'S CEREALS CIRCUS, Ring No. 3.



THE DODO AND THE FROG



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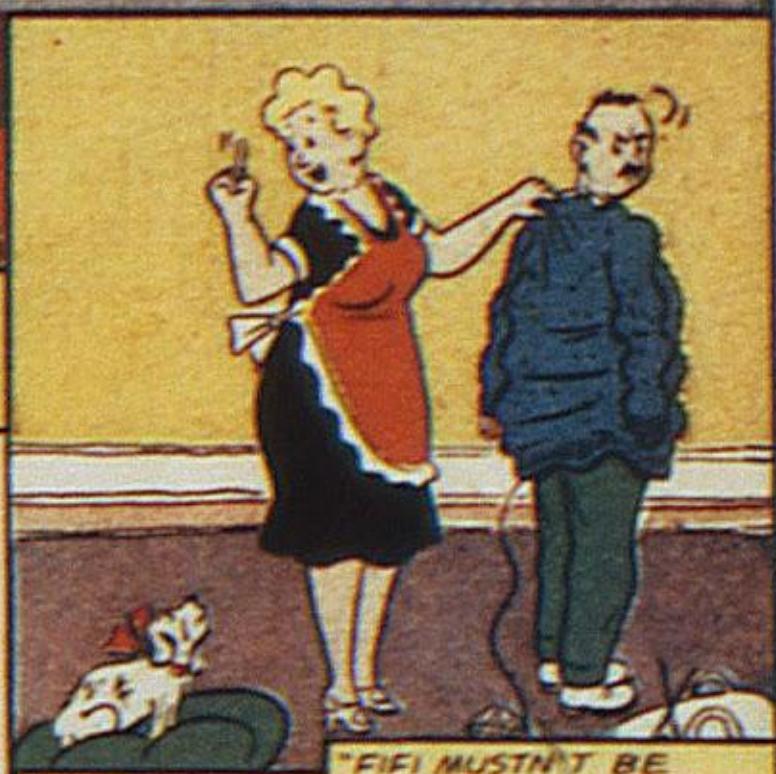
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TON O' FUN

BY HARRY LAMPERT.



"OUR MEMBERS DON'T KNOW IT, BUT THEY'RE DIGGING THE SITE FOR OUR NEW CLUBHOUSE!"

ADVERTISEMENT

TRAPPING THE BANK ROBBER



THAT'S THE BANK!
HE MUST BE A CROOK!
LET'S TRY TO CATCH
HIM!

EVERYBODY BACK OUTA SIGHT! LISTEN
FELLAS--GET YOUR FLASHLIGHTS READY!
THEN AT MY SIGNAL---



CAUGHT! AND BY KIDS WITH FLASHLIGHTS!

YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON
BRIGHT STAR FLASHLIGHTS AND
BATTERIES!

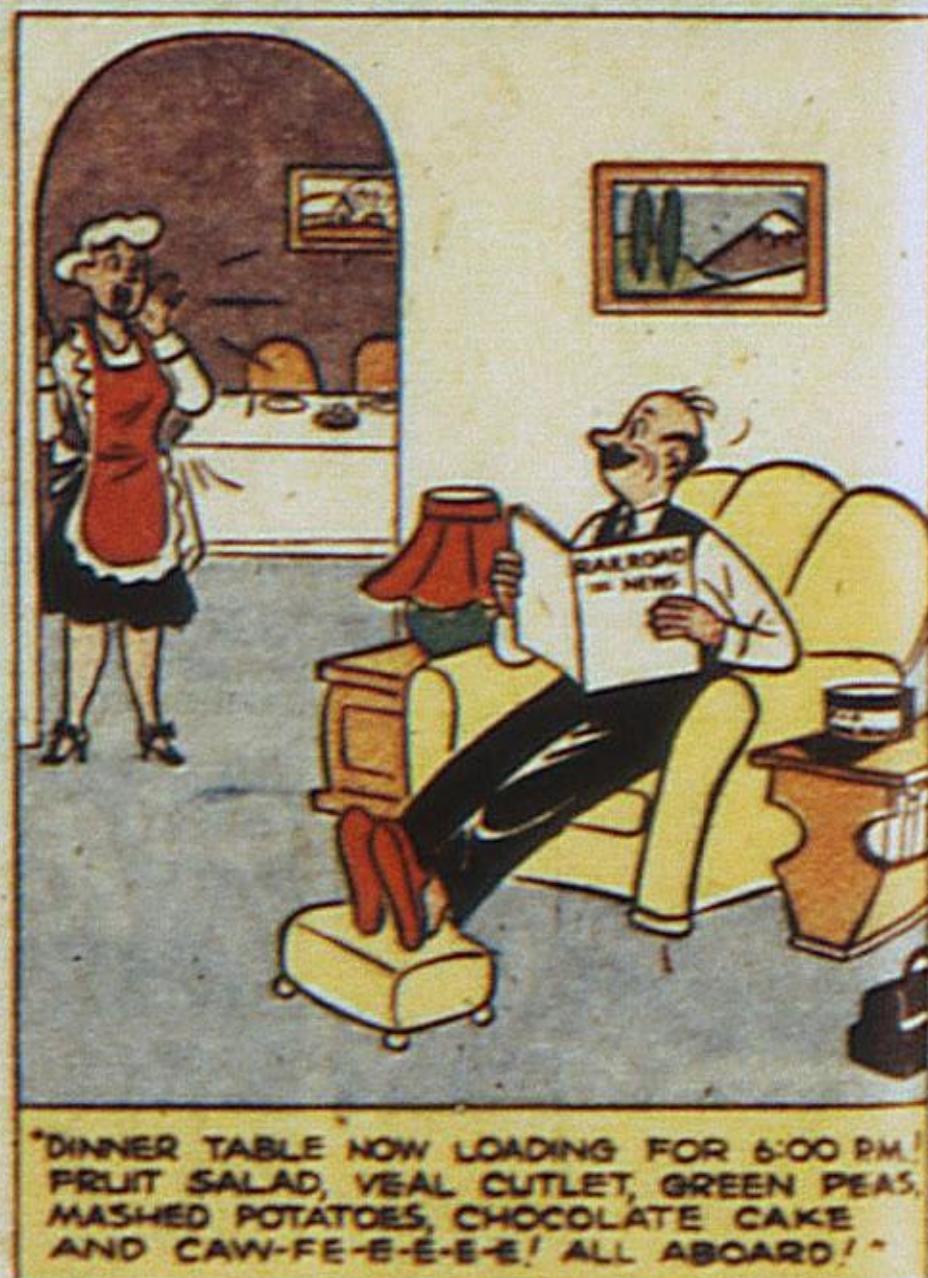
GIVES MORE
BRIGHT LIGHT
LONGER!



GET A
BRIGHT STAR
FLASHLIGHT ALSO!



TON o' FUN



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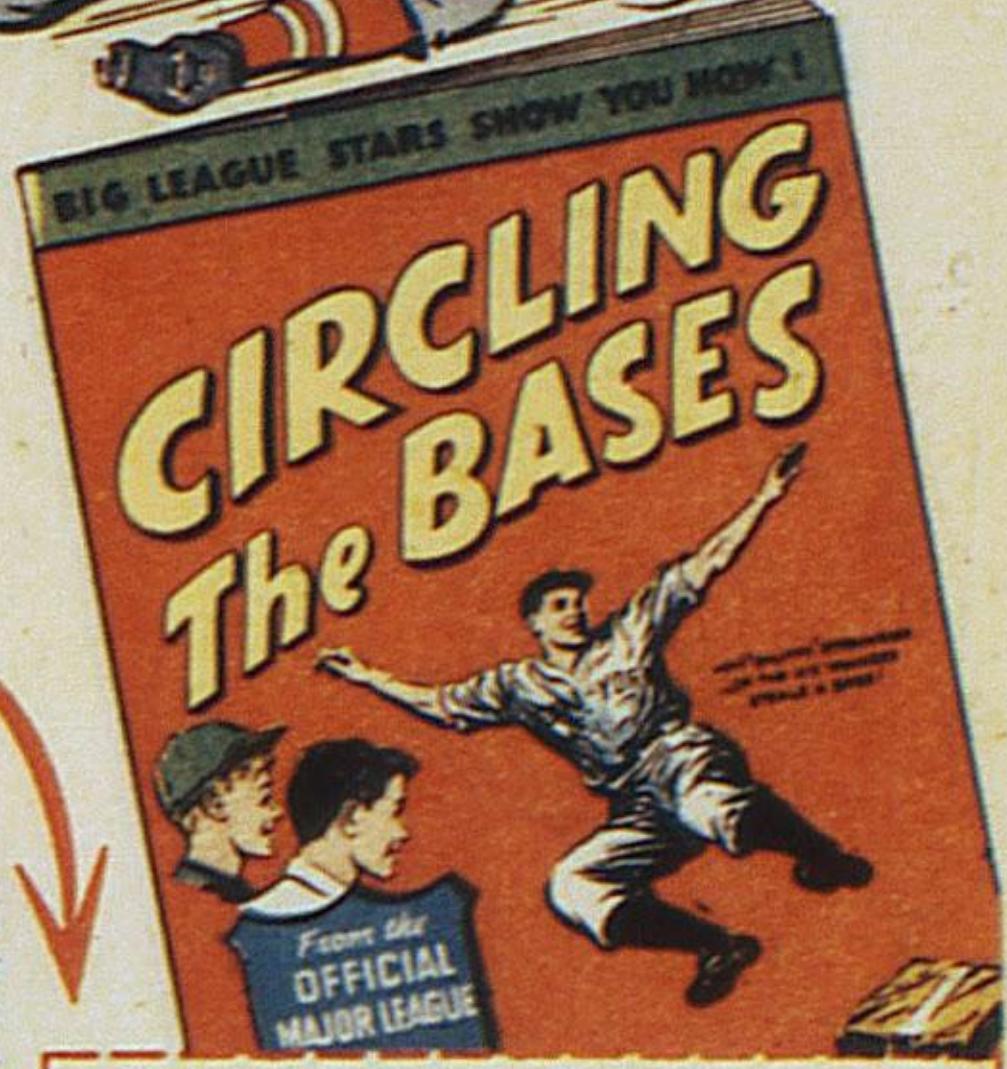
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•FROM BIG LEAGUE STARS!



SEND FOR IT
TODAY!



You'll star on the bases—be the envy of your team—when you get all the "inside dope" from this exciting picture book! The champion base stealers and speed kings of the American League—"Snuffy" Stirnweiss of the N. Y. Yankees, George Case and George Myatt of the Senators—show you how to run . . . how to slide . . . how to steal. It's all there in easy-reading comic book style—with a hundred full-color, action pictures taken from the Spalding co-sponsored OFFICIAL AMERICAN LEAGUE FILM!

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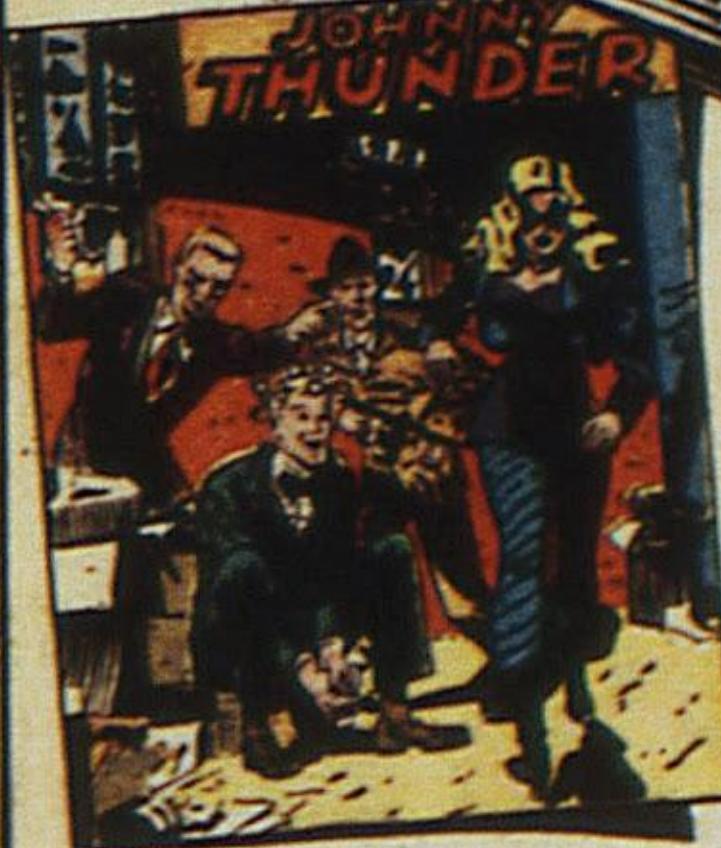
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JOHNNY THUNDER
meets
"The BLACK
CANARY!"

**WATCH OUT!
IT'S LOADED!**

YESSIR! THIS ISSUE OF FLASH COMICS IS POSITIVELY
LOADED WITH THRILLS, EXCITEMENT AND ADVENTURE!



Hawkman
in
The VALLEY
of the
PURPLE
PILGRIM!



The
GHOST
PATROL
in
THE CASE
OF THE
EXTRA
GHOST



featuring
THE FLASH
in
"STONE AGE
MENACE!"

DON'T MISS THIS **NEW** ISSUE ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

TWO WORDS

by

Charles King

"GET going, Doc—and make it snappy!" The menace behind the bleak eyes was backed up by two revolvers pointed unerringly at the famed Surgeon's heart.

"But," protested the other, "you just can't perform an operation like . . . like brushing one's teeth. There are things you need—certain preparations—"

Fritz Corvo moved forward, his two armed henchmen slipping right behind him like sleek, protective shadows.

"You've got everything you need right here, Doc—" his arm waved about the large, spotless office. "Operating table, anaesthetics and lots of sharp knives." His teeth grinned whitely in a mirthless grin. "And if you get any ideas . . . well," iron crept into his voice, "my boys will take you so fast you'll never know what happened!"

"Wait, man," the Surgeon pleaded. "The operation you demand means that your entire face will be covered by bandages, leaving only slits for eye-holes. You'll be in a definitely weakened condition . . . require a long rest . . ."

Corvo's palm shot forward, cutting

off the elderly man in white. "I won't mind bandages covering my face—in fact I like the idea. As for needing a long rest, I'll get that, too. My boys will tote me out of here—put me in the car—and we'll take off for my place in the mountains." His voice rang with confidence.

"Very well," sighed the other, "I suppose I'll have to accede to your wishes."

"You know me, don't you?" Corvo asked evenly.

"Yes. At the time of your trial, the newspapers featured your face with much—ah—prominence." A hand gestured at the nearby radio. "And then there are the news reports. Your escape from prison has been widely publicized."

"Enough chinning." Corvo's eyes became thoughtful. "Be a good boy and you won't get hurt. We'll both forget that we ever saw each other."

His voice became jovial. "And when the bandages come off it'll be the first time I see myself—in my new face." His manner changed. "All right, lads . . . one of you at the window, the other at the door. The Doctor is very busy, see?"

Still silent, the twin torpedoes moved to their appointed posts.

Corvo slid onto the operating table. Then, as the Surgeon's deft hands brought forth the anaesthetic: "Remember, Doc—play nice. Any bright ideas and my boys will play rough—very rough!"

Moments later, and the room was still, save for the swishing sound of the Surgeon's white garments. His movements were sure; practiced.

From their places, a distance away, the gunmen occasionally shot him a quick glance. Their eyes were expressionless, their faces seemingly unconcerned, but about them was an aura of sudden death.

Disregarding them completely, the Surgeon worked on and on, pausing only once in a while to wipe his streaming brow.

Gray streaks of dawn were crawling across the sky as he started bandaging Corvo's face. Round and round the mobster's still face went layer upon layer of bandage.

Finally, the Surgeon straightened. He began cleaning up. For the first time the silent hoods left their posts. One lifted an eyebrow inquiringly.

"He'll be awake in about five minutes. It . . . was not an easy job."

The minutes ticked slowly by. No-

body spoke. As the gunmen smoked stolidly, the Surgeon simply sat, his shoulders sagging with weariness and his hands resting limp on his knees.

There was a small sound. The gunmen leaped forward as the prone figure on the operating table stirred slightly. They were at his side in a trice, looking down into Corvo's now opened eyes.

After a while he sat up—and a little later was on his feet, one of his thugs on either side, steadyng him.

"Well, Doc," his voice was weak but meaningful. "I said we'd forget we'd ever seen each other, didn't I? You'll start forgetting—now!"

Two guns roared their message of death. Bending forward, the Surgeon's body jack-knifed slowly towards the floor. He stirred feebly . . . then lay still.

Two months later, Fritz Corvo's body was found in his mountain retreat. His gun was still clutched in his hand . . . a suicide.

He'd finally removed the bandages—and seen his new face for the first time.

It was new, true enough, but a crimson scar, that would never eradicate, looped and whorled across his forehead. It spelled out two words.

Fritz Corvo!



All-Flash Comics



The FLASH

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!



BEYOND THE BORDERS OF THIS COMMON-SENSE WORLD OF OURS IS A BIZARRE WORLD WHERE DWELL AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN GROUP OF MEN --- STRANGE MEN WITH EVEN STRANGER POWERS -- OR SO SAYS JAY (THE FLASH) GARRICK!

YOU DON'T BELIEVE HIM, EH? WELL, YOU AREN'T THE ONLY ONE! ANYWAY, COME ON AND LISTEN TO THE TALE OF ----

"THE LAND BEYOND THE PICTURE!"

A DREARY, COLD NIGHT - WITH A DRIVING RAIN BEATING DOWN ON KEYSTONE CITY - AND JAY GARRICK, AS HE APPROACHES THE LIAR'S CLUB ---

WHW!
WHAT A
NIGHT!

LIAR'S
CLUB

All-Flash Comics

GOOD EVENING, JENKS. THERE SEEKS TO BE QUITE A CROWD HERE TONIGHT. ANYTHING DOING?

ONLY THE NEW PICTURE BY THAT SURREALIST ARTIST, PALLI.

HIYA, JAY. ISN'T THAT THE QUEEREST PICTURE YOU EVER SAW?

OH, IT'S QUEER ENOUGH - BUT, NOTHING EXTRAORDINARY!



OH, NO? I SUPPOSE YOU'VE SEEN A QUEERER ONE!

I CERTAINLY DID. ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW QUEER IT REALLY WAS AT FIRST. ACTUALLY IT WASN'T TILL AFTER A FELLOW NAMED KELTON DISAPPEARED THAT THE WHOLE FANTASTIC AFFAIR WAS BROUGHT TO LIGHT ---

THE FLASH IS REALLY THE ONE WHO LEARNED HOW ODD THE PAINTING WAS, AFTER HE WENT INTO THE LAND THAT LAY BEYOND IT. IT ALL BEGAN WHEN ---



OH! OH! GATHER 'ROUND, FELLAS - GARRICK IS OFF AGAIN ON ONE OF HIS WILD FLASH STORIES. IT SOUNDS LIKE A PIP!

NO, REALLY. IT'S TRUE. INCREDIBLE, BUT ABSOLUTELY TRUE ---

SURE, WE KNOW. HA! HA!

YEAH, YOU AREN'T THE CLUB'S CHAMPION FIBBER FOR NOTHING!

WELL, ALL RIGHT -- LET'S SEE NOW - IT ALL BEGAN AT A PARTY AT THE ART CRITIC, KEVIN KELTON'S HOME --





All-Flash Comics



"KELTON SHOWED JOAN WILLIAMS AND ME THE PAINTING, WITH A CURIOUS SMILE ON HIS LIPS ---"

"I TOOK JOAN HOME FAIRLY EARLY. LATER THAT NIGHT SHE HAD A PHONE CALL FROM KELTON'S DISTRAUGHT BUTLER---"

IT LOOKS ORDINARY, DOESN'T IT? AND YET THERE IS A LEGEND THAT A MAN COULD LOSE HIMSELF IN THAT PICTURE!

IT'D TAKE SOME MIGHTY TALL DOING TO CONVINCE ME!

MR. KELTON LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS ROOM, AND HE HAS DISAPPEARED! MISS JOAN, YOU KNOW THE FLASH - PLEASE ASK HIM TO COME OVER RIGHT AWAY!

"THE FLASH" DIDN'T TAKE MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES TO GET TO THE KELTON MANSION ---"

THE WINDOWS ARE ALL LOCKED FROM INSIDE, AND THE DOOR TOO - BEFORE I BROKE IT DOWN, MR. KELTON WAS IN HERE ALONE, AND NOW HE'S GONE!

NOTHING SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN DISTURBED. HOWEVER, I'LL GIVE THE ROOM A THOROUGH SEARCH!

I SHALL BE DOWNSTAIRS IF YOU NEED ME, SIR.

* ONLY JOAN WILLIAMS KNOWS OF JAY GARRICK'S SECRET IDENTITY AS THE FLASH!

HMM - THAT'S PECULIAR. AS I KEEP LOOKING AT THAT PAINTING IT SEEMS TO TAKE ON A THREE-DIMENSIONAL APPEARANCE

IT'S ALMOST AS IF I COULD PUT MY HAND IN THERE -- AND TOUCH THE BRANCH OF A TREE --

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YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT?
OH, YOU MUST BE FROM
THE WORLD BEYOND
THE PAINTING. WHY,
I'M A WITCH MYSELF.
LOOK ---

"SHE WHISPERED SOME WORDS ABOUT
'WIDDERSHINS' --- AND SUDDENLY
THE ROCKS BEGAN TO CHANGE ---"

YOU SEE? IT'S MAGIC, OF
COURSE. EVERYONE IN
PICALAND CAN DO MAGIC.
THAT'S WHY MY FATHER'S
QUARREL IS SO ABSURD!

I - ER...
I SEE.
YES,
INDEED
ABSURD!

THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO
PICALAND WAS CREATED BY
THE SORCERERS AND MAGICIANS
OF YOUR OWN WORLD. BUT
MANY OF THE KINGS OF THAT
DAY WERE FEARFUL OF THEM.
AND, WHILE NO ONE CAN HARM
A TRUE MAGICIAN, IT WAS
THOUGHT BEST TO FLEE ---

SO THE MAGICIANS MADE SPELLS
AND WOVE ENCHANTMENTS AND
CREATED THIS WORLD. THEY
PAINTED A PICTURE, A GATEWAY
INTO IT, BUT THEY COULD NOT
DRAW THE PICTURE IN AFTER
THEM. THUS AN ENTRANCE INTO
THIS LAND HAS EXISTED
FOR CENTURIES!

YOUR FATHER
WANTS YOU,
MISS CARLA!

TAKE THE SCARLET
FELLOW! HE
HAS ABDUCTED
HER!



All-Flash Comics



"THE PEOPLE OF THAT LAND MAY ALL HAVE BEEN MAGICIANS, BUT THEIR EYES OPENED WIDE WHEN THE FLASH SHOWED THEM A SAMPLE OF THE MAGIC OF ULTRA-SPEED!"

MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE ANOTHER, AND HARDER ONE --
HAPPY LANDING!

YOU WERE RIDING HARD FOR A FALL, MY FRIEND!

OW-MFFT!



AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

"A LOOSENED SADDLE-GIRTH, AND ---"

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED. YOU WON'T BE HURT!

I'M NOT FRIGHTENED FOR MYSELF, BUT FOR YOU. THESE ARE DESPERATE MEN --- MY FATHER'S WARRIOR! THEY WERE SENT TO FETCH ME HOME!



YOU SAY YOU DON'T WANT TO GO BACK TO YOUR FATHER?

NO! I MUST SEE MARTIN!

YOU HEARD THE LADY - BEAT IT!



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"LATER, IN A ROOM AT DAGON'S PALACE..."

ABBA DABBA
SETHAMA SA--
WH--?
CARLA!

OH, MARTIN!
CAN'T WE STOP
THIS SILLY
'QUARREL
BETWEEN OUR
FATHERS?

AHEM:
EXCUSE ME, BUT
DO EITHER OF YOU
KNOW OF A KEVIN
KELTON? HE'S A
FRIEND OF MINE
WHO ALSO CAME
THROUGH THE
PAINTING.

NO--
I'VE NEVER
HEARD
OF HIM.



BUT PERHAPS MY FATHER
CAN HELP YOU. HE'S BUSY
TRYING TO COMBAT THE
WIZARDRIES OF CARLA'S
FATHER ...

DRAT! NOTHING SEEMS
TO WORK AGAINST THAT
OLD WARLOCK! HE'S
GETTING TO BE TOO
CUNNING FOR ME!

FATHER,
THIS IS THE
FLASH ...



GLAD TO MEET YOU, FLASH...
BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE
ME. AZAEL - CARLA'S FATHER -
IS GETTING TO BE
TERRIFIC ALL OF A SUDDEN.
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHERE
HE GETS HIS IDEAS!

EEEEEH! LOOK!
MORE OF MY FATHER'S
MAGIC! WHIRLING
BLADES TO CUT
DAGON TO PIECES!

HMM-M-
ELECTRIC
FANS!
I THINK I'M
BEGINNING
TO CATCH ON!



All-Flash Comics

THIS IS
POSITIVELY
HUMILIATING!

IT WOULDN'T
SURPRISE ME A BIT
TO LEARN THAT
AZAEL IS GETTING
HIS IDEAS FROM
KEVIN KELTON, WHO
ELSE IN PICALAND
WOULD KNOW ABOUT
ELECTRIC FANS?

I'LL JUST SHUT
THEM OFF AND
THEN GO SEEK
OUT AZAEL.

HOLD ON THERE, JAY
GARRICK! YOU MEAN
TO SAY THE FLASH
COULD TURN OFF THOSE
MAGIC ELECTRIC FANS?
BUT THEY WERE JUST
PHANTASMS. THEY
REALLY DIDN'T EXIST...
AND THEY WEREN'T
CONNECTED TO ANYTHING!

HAVE YOU
EVER SEEN
A MAGIC
ELECTRIC
FAN?

NO...
B-BUT...

THEN HOW COULD
YOU EXPECT TO KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT
THEM? ... LET
ME CONTINUE...

"THE FLASH TOLD DAGON AND THE
OTHERS HIS CONCLUSIONS..."

I THINK AZAEL FOUND
KELTON AND IS MAKING HIM
TELL ABOUT THE WONDERS
OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
WORLD... AND HE IS USING
SOME OF THE THINGS KELTON
TELLS HIM ABOUT AS
WEAPONS...

WHAT I'M REALLY AFRAID
OF IS THAT KELTON MAY
TELL HIM OF SOMETHING
ACTUALLY DANGEROUS--
LIKE ATOMIC BOMBS!
I'LL HAVE TO PAY AZAEL
A VISIT--PRONTO!

All-Flash Comics



"THE
FLASH
SPED
TO
AZAEL'S
CASTLE --"



"INSIDE THE WIZARD AZAEL SAT SURROUNDED BY STRANGELY COWLED GUESTS --"

HERMITS OF THE WOOD,
I HAVE SUMMONED YOU
HERE TO TELL YOU OF
THE MARVELOUS MAGIC
FEATS I HAVE LEARNED
TO PERFORM ---

YES, THEY
ARE OUT
OF THIS
WORLD ...

WELL PUT,
HERMIT.
FOR IN THE
CASTLE
DUNGEON I
ACTUALLY
HAVE A MAN
FROM ANOTHER
WORLD ---

THANKS,
THAT'S ALL
I WANTED
TO KNOW!



I'VE BEEN
BETRAYED!
SEIZE HIM,
HERMITS!

OOOF! Ooow!

SO SORRY,
GENTLEMEN,
BUT I'M
WANTED IN
THE DUNGEON!



All-Flash Comics

"DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS OF AZAEL'S
CASTLE SPED THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE--"

"AND IN THE LOWEST DUNGEON --"

KEVIN
KELTON!
ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

THE - THE,
FLASH!
MAN, WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING IN THIS
FANTASTIC
PLACE?



"HIS SUPERSWIFT SPEED BROKE THE
LOCKS OF THE MANACLES BY SNAPPING
THEIR TUMBLERS --"

WHEN YOU DISAPPEARED
FROM YOUR ROOM, I
SUSPECTED THE PAINTING,
SO I FOLLOWED!
NOW, LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE ---

TOO LATE, FLASH!
IT'S THE WIZARD!
HIS SORCERIES ARE
TOO MUCH FOR YOU!
EVEN YOUR SPEED
CAN'T COMPETE WITH
REAL MAGIC --
AND IN THIS LAND
ALL MAGIC IS
REAL!

BY THE
PENTAGRAM
I CONJURE
UP THE
SPIRITS OF...



IN THAT CASE, I'D
BETTER GET MOVING
BEFORE HE CAN
COMPLETE HIS SPELL---





All-Flash Comics



"WHEN DAGON, MARTIN AND CARLA ARRIVED,
AZAEL WAS READY TO CALL IT QUIT, TOO--"

MERCY, MERCY!
LET NOT THE RED
WIZARD COME NEAR
ME AGAIN! I
SURRENDER!

GOOD! NOW WE'LL
HAVE SOME PEACE
AROUND HERE, AND
MARTIN AND I CAN
BE MARRIED!

"IMMEDIATELY AFTER THEY WENT
BACK THROUGH THE PAINTING,
KELTON BEGAN TO COVER IT WITH
BLACK PAINT --"

THIS IS ONE GATEWAY
TO A STRANGE WORLD
THAT WON'T BE USED
AGAIN -- ;WHEW!;



I SUPPOSE THAT'S
A TRUE STORY, HUH?
THAT THERE REALLY
WAS SUCH A
PICTURE, HUH?

OF COURSE!
I'D GET KELTON
TO SHOW IT TO
YOU -- ONLY
NOW IT'S JUST
A BIG Splotch
OF BLACK
PAINT!

HONEST, FELLAS --
REALLY -- I SWEAR
IT'S TRUE -- OH,
WELL, WHAT'S THE
USE? YOU NEVER
BELIEVE MY
FLASH STORIES
ANYWAY!

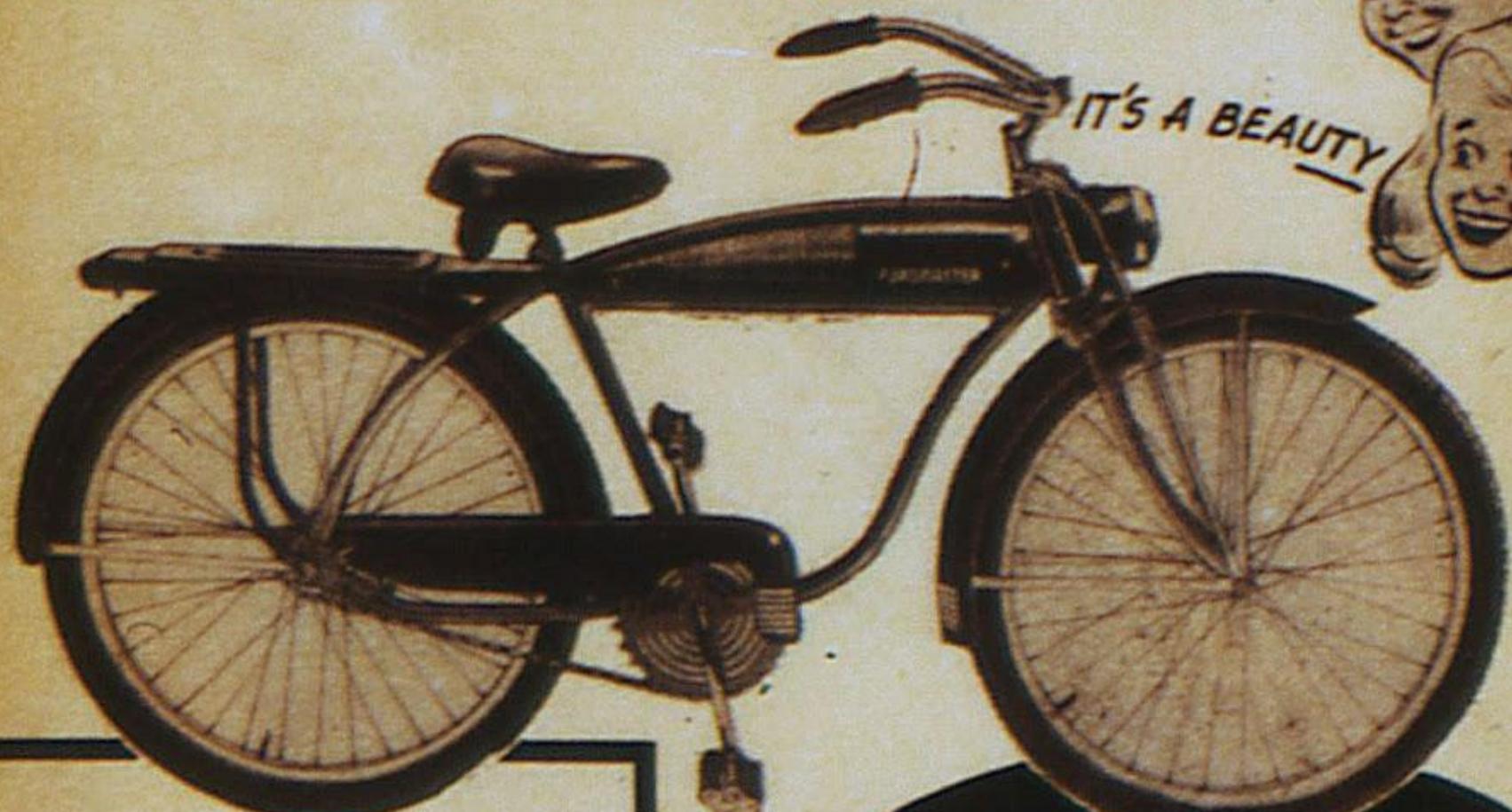


FOLLOW
THE
FLEET-FOOTED

FLASH
IN
EVERY
ISSUE OF
FLASH
COMICS

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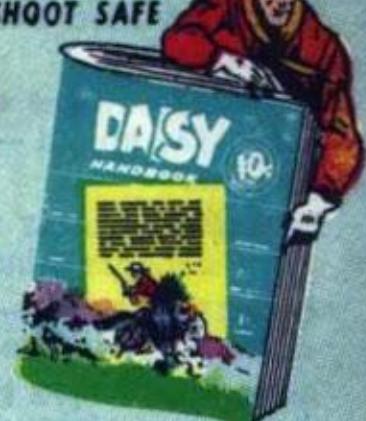
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