

22

APRIL-MAY



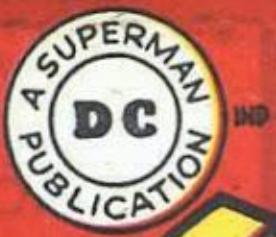
# Ace-Flash

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TEN  
CENTS

No. 22

APRIL-MAY



# Ace-Flash

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

TEN  
CENTS



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# GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK,

Director of Children's Reading.

CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

## THE MAIL WAGON MYSTERY

By May Justus

Illustrated by Lucia Patton

This is the story of a feud between two families in the mountain country of Tennessee.

When the six Murray children were left, during their mother's illness, to take care of themselves, they had a pretty hard time making ends meet and so they welcomed an invitation to come to Thunderhead Mountain to live with an uncle they had heard about but had never seen. They arrived in the midst of trouble, for their Uncle Matt had been accused of a mail robbery and was in jail awaiting trial. At the mines where many of the men from No-End Hollow earned their living there was strife, and fanned higher as men took sides in the feud between the Murrays and the Coomers.

To Bob and Dick Murray it became important to solve the mystery of the theft of the miners' money from the mail wagon and thus clear their Uncle Matt's good name. To Harriet, it seemed important also to settle the feud that was keeping the whole mountainside stirred to fever pitch.

When these two plans work out together, the story comes to an exciting climax.

Get this book at your library.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION,  
ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 14, 1912,  
AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF ALL FLASH, published quarterly at New  
York, N. Y., for October 1, 1945.

State of New York |

County of New York |

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 14, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 337, 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, Jolaine Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Sheldon Mayer, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., 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 thereafter 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.) Jolaine Publications Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1945.

ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 30, 1946)

using rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Except those who have authorized their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no connection with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or to be inferred.

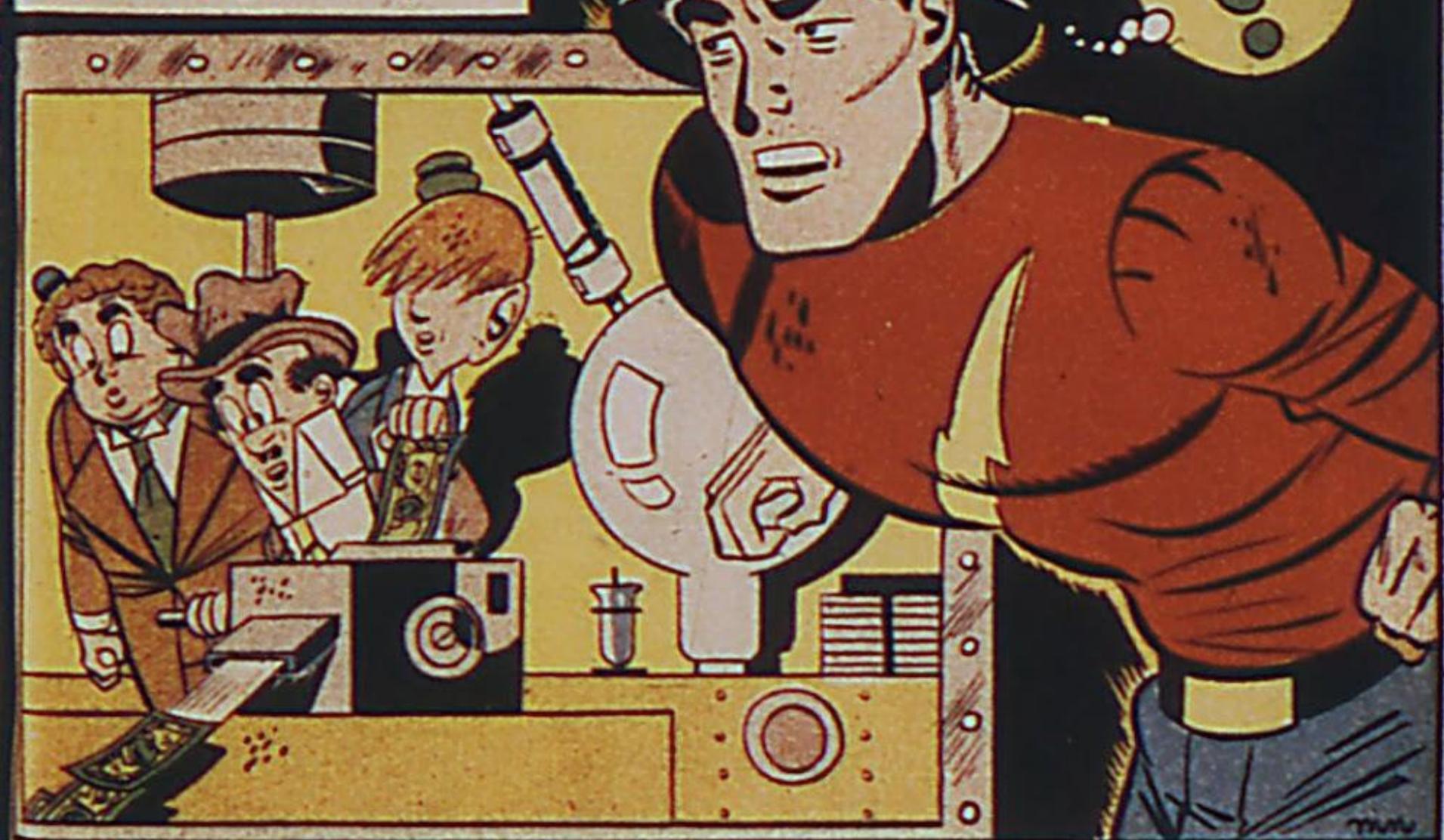
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All-Flash Comics

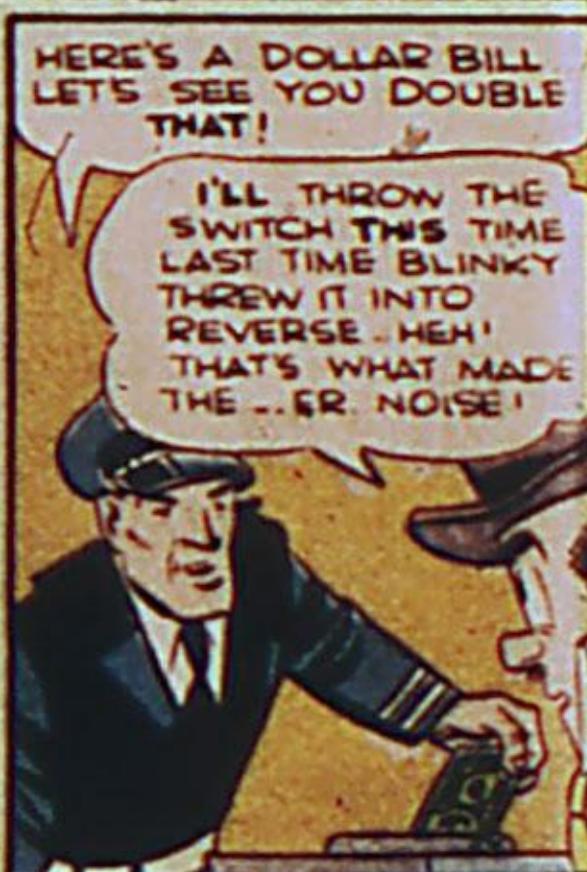
DID YOU EVER HAVE THE URGE TO INVENT SOMETHING? SURE, YOU DID... IN FACT... EVERYBODY DOES... AND THEREBY HANGS A TALE! THE STARTLING SAGA OF A TRIO OF THIMBLE-WITTED INVENTORS... WINKY, BLINKY AND NODDY. WHAT DID THEY INVENT? YOU CAN CALL IT MANY THINGS... THE FLASH DID... OR YOU MAY SIMPLY TERM IT.

"The MONEY DOUBLER!"

The Flash  
FASTESt MAN ALIVE!!  
BY GARDNER F. FOX



## All-Flash Comics



## All-Flash Comics

ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY THAT SAME NIGHT, A GROUP OF RESTLESS FIGURES PREPARE TO WATCH SOME HOME MOVIES...

WHAT'SA IDEA BRINGIN' US HERE TO SEE DEM MOVIES? I'D RADDER PAY MY HARD-EARNED DOUGH AND SEE SOME REAL ENTERTAINMENT!

SHADDUP!

THE CHIEF SAID TO SHOW 'EM TO YA SEE? JUST KEEP YER EYES GLUED ON THE SCREEN.. MAYBE YA'LL SEE SOMETHIN' INTERESTIN'.. AND IN THE MEANTIME... STOP BOODERIN' ME!

MOMENTS LATER....

HEY, IT'S GETTIN' HARDER T'SEE!

THE MOVIES SEEM TO BE GOIN' AWAY FROM US!

SATISFIED NOW, WISE GUYS? WHEN THE CHIEF TOLD ME WHAT THIS SPECIAL MOVIE PROJECTOR COULD DO, I RENTED THIS EMPTY HOUSE NEXT TO THE BANK FOR AN EXPERIMENT....

SURE THE PICTURES IS GOIN' AWAY FROM YOU... THEY'RE EATIN' RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL...

HOLY MACKEREL!... OX AINT KIDDIN'! LOOK! THE INSIDE OF THE BANK VAULT!

THE PROJECTOR GIVES OFF WHAT THE CHIEF CALLS HOMOGENEOUS LIGHT... IT HAS STREAMS OF PHOTONS WHICH CAN SIZZLE THEIR WAY THROUGH ANYTHING!

THEM PHOTONS ARE ENERGY. SEE? THEY'RE LIKE STREAMS OF ELECTRICITY BORING INTO ANYTHING WE FLASH THE LIGHT ON... IT'S SILENT AND QUICK!

I DON'T UNNERSTAN' IT, BUT IT SOUNDS TERRIFIC!

NOT FAR FROM THE MOVIE DISPLAY ROOM, JAY (THE FLASH) GARRICK WORKS LATE IN HIS SCIENCE RESEARCH LABORATORIES...

I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT... THE FOIL REACTS TO SOMETHING THAT JUST ISN'T THERE!

## All-Flash Comics

THE FOIL IS SENSITIVE TO LIGHT, BUT IT KEEPS REACTING WHEN THERE ISN'T ANY LIGHT! ... YET JUDGING FROM ITS PERFORMANCE ....

...THERE SHOULD BE A LIGHT COMING FROM THAT EMPTY BUILDING NEAR THE BANK... BUT THERE ISN'T ANY LIGHT IN THERE STRONG ENOUGH TO CAUSE SUCH A REACTION ... OR IS THERE?



IT'LL TAKE ONLY A MOMENT TO FIND OUT... AND SINCE THAT BUILDING IS NEXT TO A BANK, I THINK I'D BETTER GO AS.. THE FLASH!

TH. THE FLASH,  
NO! NO! HE  
CAN'T BE  
HERE!

LOOKS AS  
THOUGH I'LL  
HAVE TO  
CONVINCE  
YOU, THEN!



I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MADE THAT HOLE IN THE WALL, BUT I HAVE A HUNCH YOU'LL BE TELLING ME SOON!



**WOW!**

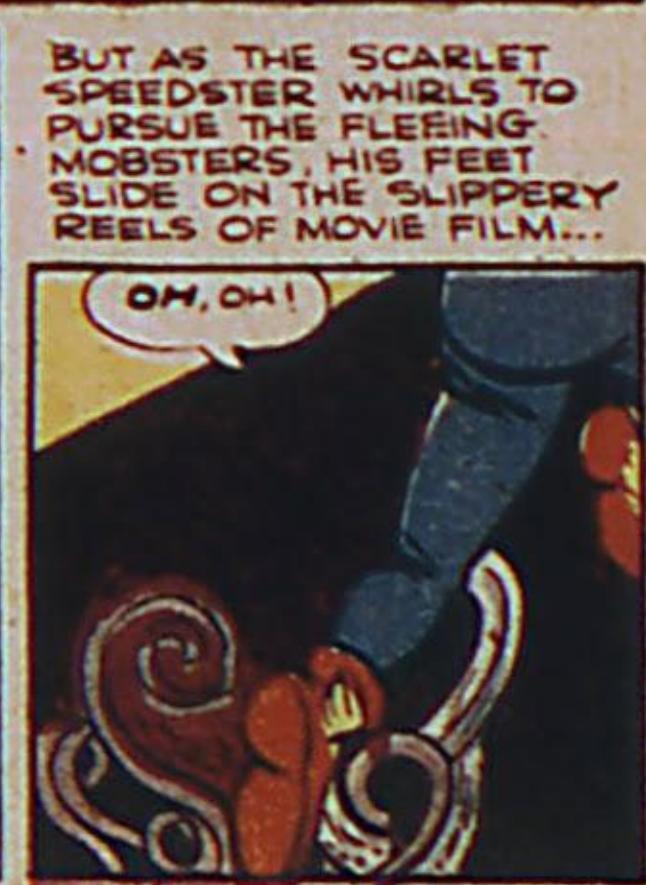
YOU'LL GET  
A TERRIFIC  
KICK OUT  
OF THIS!



SPEAKIN' OF HOLES IN WALLS... YOU'RE JUST AS GOOD AS THAT MOVIE PROJECTOR!



## All-Flash Comics



## All-Flash Comics

HE GOT YOU TOO, HEY, PAL? HE'S A WHIZ, THAT FLASH GUY.. YA AINT GOT A CHANCE IN A MILLION AGAINST HIM!

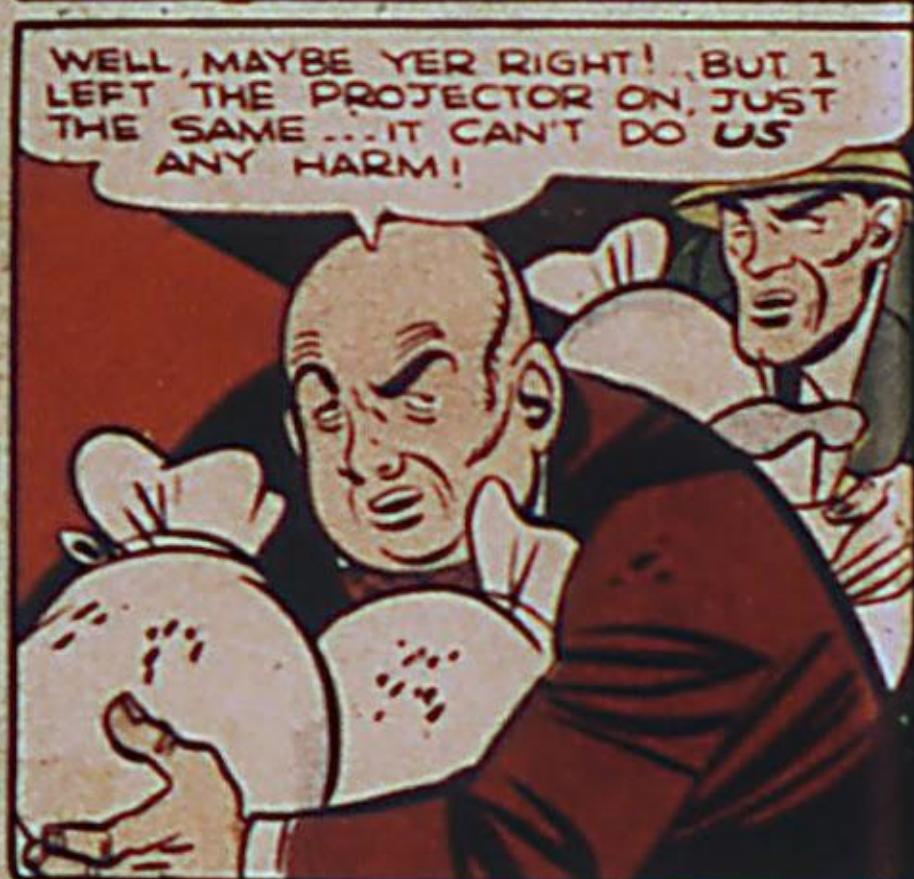
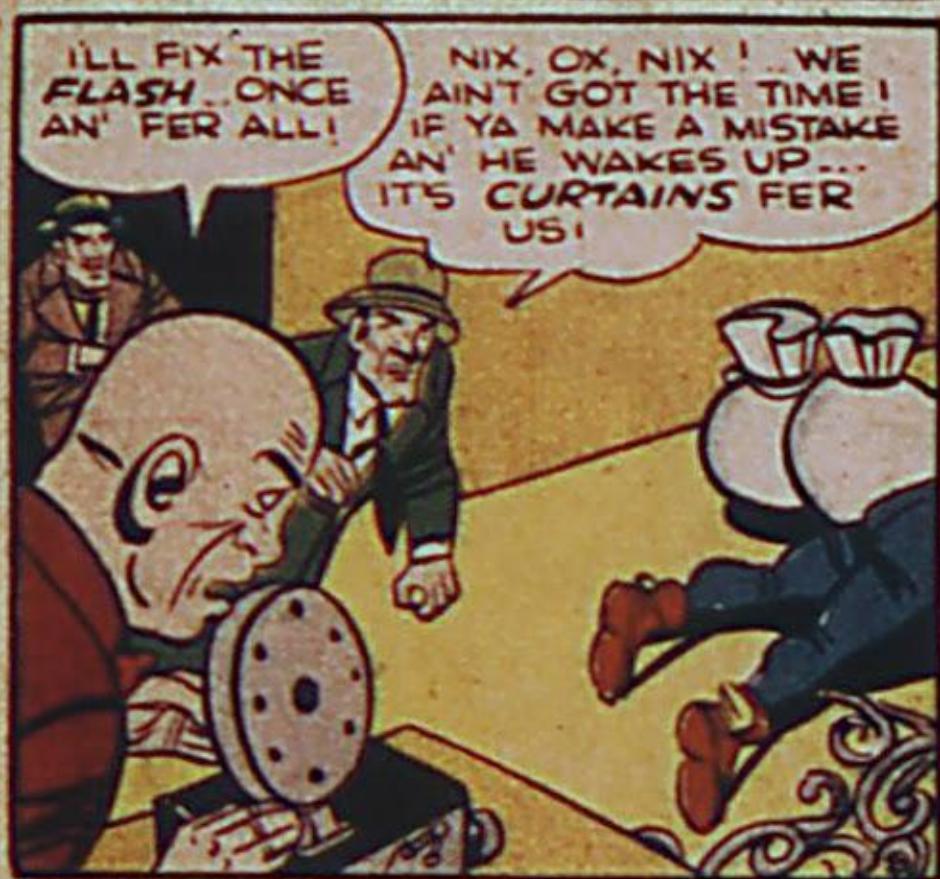
A MIRACLE! SOMEONE GOT THE FLASH! SNAP INTO IT YOUSE GUYS, AN' LET'S GET OUTA HERE!



I'LL FIX THE FLASH... ONCE AN' FER ALL!

NIX, OX, NIX! WE AINT GOT THE TIME! IF YA MAKE A MISTAKE AN' HE WAKES UP... IT'S CURTAINS FER US!

WELL, MAYBE YER RIGHT! BUT I LEFT THE PROJECTOR ON, JUST THE SAME... IT CAN'T DO US ANY HARM!



AS THE BEAM OF LIGHT STREAKS DOWN TOWARD THE FLASH, HE SHAKES HIS HEAD AS HE SLOWLY RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS...



AND THE BEAM OF LIGHT CAROMS OFF THE FLASH'S HELMET, REFLECTING BACK AT THE MOVIE PROJECTOR...



WHWEE! THAT LIGHT WOULD HAVE FINISHED MY CRIME-BUSTING CAREER, BUT GOOD... LOOK WHAT IT DID TO THAT PROJECTOR...



## All-Flash Comics

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING....

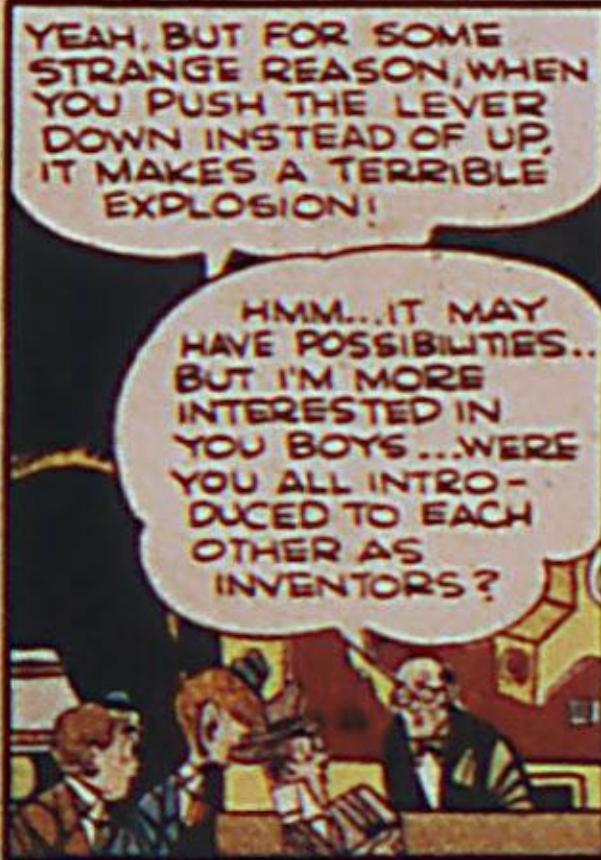
DO YOU THINK I SHOULD MENTION MY NEW CURE TO THIS GUY AND GET IT PATENTED, TOO?

YA GOT A NEW CURE FOR A DISEASE?..THAT'S SWELL...WHAT ILLNESS DOES IT CURE?

I DON'T KNOW...I AINT HAD TIME TO THINK UP A SICKNESS FOR IT YET!

LOOK, THE DOOR'S OPENING!

HEH! HEH! VERY FUNNY!



## All-Flash Comics

I OFTEN HELP INVENTORS EVEN THOUGH THERE IS NO MARKET FOR THEIR CURRENT INVENTIONS.... IT PAYS ME BECAUSE LATER ON ONE OF THEM MAY COME UP WITH A PAYING DISCOVERY.... SUPPOSE YOU WORK FOR ME FOR A WHILE ?

I WILL KEEP YOUR INVENTION IN ANOTHER ROOM...AHH...I'LL PAY YOU A NICE SALARY, AND YOU CAN SLEEP HERE...FAIR ENOUGH?

SURE! IT'S A CINCH TO SLEEP FOR A NICE SALARY!

WE'LL SHOW HIM WE ARE HARD WORKERS... WINKY, YOU POLISH THEM THINGS SO GOOD I'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE A SHAVE BY THEM....

WHY? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR RAZOR?

I WONDER WHAT THIS THING IS?

AUTOMATIC WALL SERVANT

WOW!

OWTCH!! HEY!

AHH..CHOO!  
GET M.ME DOWN!!

## All-Flash Comics

MEANWHILE, IN THE ROOM NEXT TO THE  
INVENTION CHAMBER....

...AND THE REVERSE  
GEAR SENDS OUT  
HIGHLY COMPRESSED  
AIR WITH SUCH  
FORCE IT COLLAPSES  
WALL STRUCTURES!  
AN ULTRA  
POWERFUL  
EXPLOSIVE!

JUST WHAT WE  
NEED, CHIEF, NOW  
THAT THE FLASH  
RUINED OUR  
MOVIE  
PROJECTOR!

I'LL SEND IT  
BY MESSENGER  
TO THE USUAL  
PLACE...

OWTCH!  
BE CAREFUL,  
WILLYA?

LEAVE IT TIME PAL!  
I'LL HAVE YA DOWN  
IN JUST A MINUTE!



YEAH, THIS INVENTION  
IS JUST WHAT WE  
NEED! THE COMPRESSED  
AIR JET WILL BLAST  
OPEN THAT WAREHOUSE  
VAULT LIKE IT WAS  
CHOCOLATE FUDGE!

LISTEN TO THAT,  
BLINKY... A TALKING  
TELEPHONE!  
AIN'T INVENTORS  
WONDERFUL?

HANG UP!  
I HEAR  
VOICES...  
SOMEBODY  
MAY BE  
TRYING TO  
CUT IN ON US!

OOOH!  
I LOVE  
CHOCOLATE  
FUDGE!

THAT NIGHT AT JOAN WILLIAMS'  
APARTMENT....

AND TO MAKE SURE WE DON'T INVENT  
FOR NOBODY ELSE, HE HIRED US TO  
WORK FOR HIM!

BUT THAT MONEY  
DOUBLER OF YOURS  
IS RIDICULOUS... ALL  
IT DOES, APPARENTLY,  
IS THIN OUT THE  
PAPER... IT ONLY  
DOUBLES THE SIZE!

HOW COULD YOU  
POSSIBLY EXPECT  
TO PASS OFF A  
DOLLAR BILL  
TWICE ITS  
NORMAL  
SIZE?

SAY, I NEVER  
THOUGHT OF THAT!  
THEN MAYBE HE  
WANTS THE AIR  
EXPLoder ON THE  
OTHER END OF THE  
THING? IT MAKES  
BLOWUPS!



## All-Flash Comics

I DON'T TRUST HIS TELEPHONES, THOUGH.. BOY, ARE THEY CROOKED! ONE OF THEM IS GONNA ROB A WAREHOUSE TONIGHT!

BLOWUPS? TALKING TELEPHONES? ROB A WAREHOUSE? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



YOU BIG DOPES! YOU'VE BEEN TAKEN FOR A RIDE... OF COURSE THAT PATENT ATTORNEY IS GOING TO USE THAT BLOWER-UPPER OF YOURS... TO ROB A WAREHOUSE! THAT'S WHY HE LET YOU WORK FOR HIM!



IT'S AN OLD RACKET. HE DUPES INVENTORS INTO GIVING HIM THEIR INVENTIONS BY CLAIMING THERE'S NO COMMERCIAL MARKET FOR THEM.... THEN TO KEEP THEM CONTENTED, HE PUTS THEM ON SALARY WHILE HE CASHES IN ON THEIR INVENTIONS...



SPLIT SECONDS LATER, THE CRIMSON FORM OF THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE STREAKS THROUGH THE NIGHT....

COME TO THINK OF IT, THAT MOVIE PROJECTOR WAS PROBABLY ONE OF THOSE 'INVENTIONS'!



IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO MAKE A SEARCH OF THESE WAREHOUSES TO FIND WHICH ONE THOSE RATS ARE PLANNING TO ROB!



MEANWHILE, GRIM FIGURES PREPARE TO BLAST THEIR WAY TO WEALTH....

GET SET, YOU GUYS, TO BACK-PEDAL FAST... WE DON'T KNOW JUST HOW BAD THIS BLAST OF CONCENTRATED AIR IS GONNA BE...



THE SWITCH SWINGS THE MACHINE INTO REVERSE... JUST AS THE FLASH SPEEDS INTO THE ROOM....

RIGHT IN TIME TO GET BLASTED OUT OF EXISTENCE!



## All-Flash Comics

ATAPULTING FORWARD LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING, THE CRIMSON COMET GRASPS 'THE MONEY DOUBLER'...

CAN I BEAT THE MACHINERY THAT DRAWS IN AIR AND COMPRESSES IT? CAN I GET THIS TO A WINDOW... IN TIME?



THANK YOU FOR TELLING ME, GENTLEMEN... IT CONVINCES ME THAT I MUST ALSO "RUS YOU OUT" AS WELL AS TAKING YOU FOR THAT RIDE YOU MENTIONED!



AND IT WILL EAT YOU UP SO THAT THERE WILL BE NOTHING LEFT FOR THE POLICE TO FIND... NOBODY WILL BLAME ME FOR THE JOB, AND, I'LL QUIETLY LEAVE TOWN AND ELUDE THE FLASH! NOW... ARE YOU READY?



AT THE WAREHOUSE A BLAST OF TERRIFYING VIOLENCE RENDS THE AIR... BUT ONLY THE AIR!

AND NOW FOR THE BOYS WHO LIKE TO PLAY WITH INVENTIONS!



MEANWHILE, PLENTY PEEVED ABOUT THE RIDE THEY HAVE BEEN TAKEN FOR, THE DIMWITS DECIDE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT....

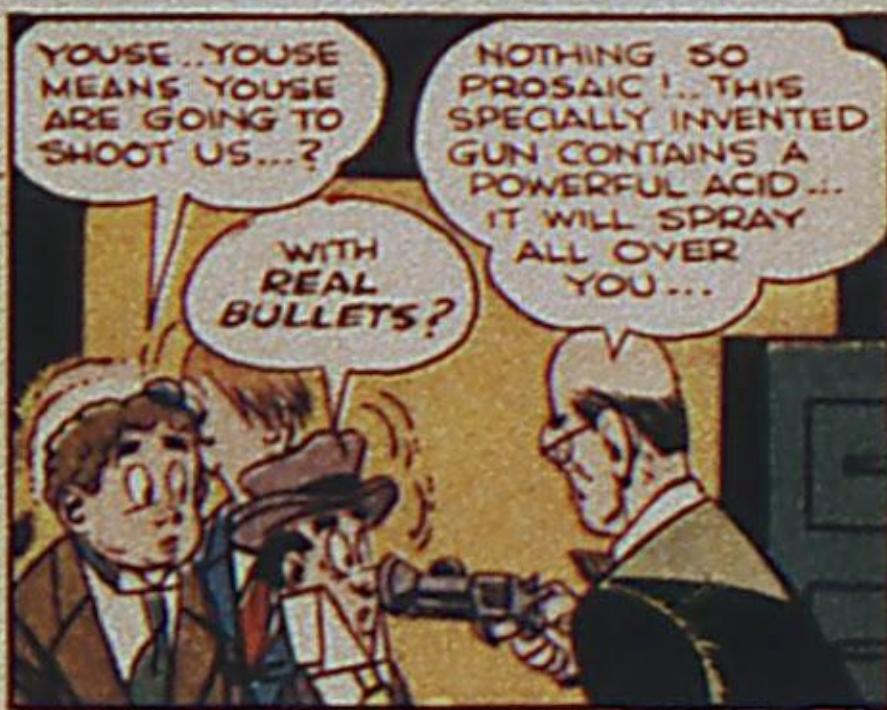
TRY TO PLAY US FOR SAPS, HUH!

WERE WISE TO YOUR WHOLE SETUP! THE FLASH IS GONNA TAKE CARE OF YOUSE AN' YOUR GANGSTERS!



YOUSE.. YOUSE MEANS YOUSE ARE GOING TO SHOOT US...?

WITH REAL BULLETS?



NOTHING SO PROSAIC!.. THIS SPECIALLY INVENTED GUN CONTAINS A POWERFUL ACID... IT WILL SPRAY ALL OVER YOU...

ME, I'M OLD FASHIONED ENOUGH TO PREFER THE PLAIN UPPERCUT!



## All-Flash Comics

WITH THE ULTRASPEED OF LIGHT ITSELF, THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE SWARMS OVER THE MOBSTER'S ....



AND WHAT OF THE PLIGHT OF THE THREE DUMMITS?



ONE WEEK LATER....



All-Flash Comics

MUTT & JEFF  
by BUD FISHER

A YEAR AGO YOU HIRED ME TO WORK FOR YOU AT TWELVE BUCKS A WEEK AND YOU HAVEN'T PAID ME A CENT!

LOOK! THERE ARE 365 DAYS IN THE YEAR! EIGHT HOURS EACH DAY YOU SLEEP! THAT AMOUNTS TO 121 DAYS LEAVING 244 DAYS--

-EIGHT HOURS OF EVERY DAY YOU HAVE TO YOURSELF THAT LEAVES 123 DAYS!

I GIVE YOU AN HOUR FOR LUNCH EVERY DAY THAT'S FIFTEEN DAYS MORE LEAVING 108 DAYS--

YOU DON'T WORK SATURDAYS OR SUNDAYS-- THAT'S 104 MORE DAYS OFF LEAVING ONLY FOUR DAYS--

-YOU GET TWO WEEKS VACATION AND WITH CHRISTMAS AND ALL THE HOLIDAYS OFF-- WHY SHOULD I PAY YOU! YOU OWE ME MONEY!



MUTT & JEFF  
by BUD FISHER



TOMORROW WE START  
TRAININ' FOR A RETURN BOUT  
--THIS TIME WITH PLENTY  
OF WHEATIES!

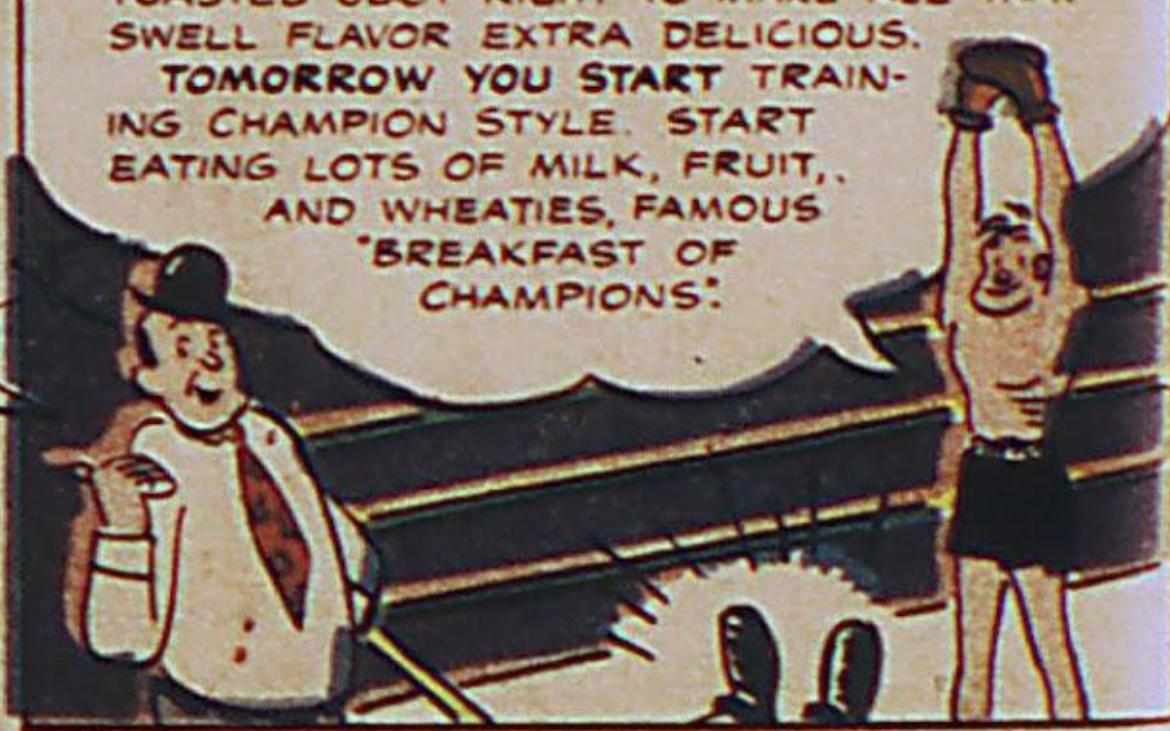


Roland  
Cosby



PLenty of WHEATIES --THAT'S FOR YOU!  
WHEATIES PACK PLENTY OF SOCK NOUR-  
ISHMENT -- BEING FLAKES OF REAL  
WHOLE WHEAT. CHAMPS IN THE GOOD  
EATS DEPARTMENT, TOO. WHEATIES ARE  
MALT-RICH! NUT-SWEET! HONEY-SMOOTH!  
TOASTED JUST RIGHT TO MAKE ALL THAT  
SWELL FLAVOR EXTRA DELICIOUS.

TOMORROW YOU START TRAIN-  
ING CHAMPION STYLE. START  
EATING LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT,  
AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS  
"BREAKFAST OF  
CHAMPIONS".



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

All-Flash Comics

ACE WOLFE IS A GUY WHAT  
WNS THE SLICKEST PAIR OF  
HANDS IN THE WORLD... AND  
WHEN I SAY SLICK I MEAN  
MORE THAN SOMEWHAT!  
BECAUSE WHAT ACE CAN DO  
WITH A DECK OF CARDS IS  
SOMETHING TO MAKE YOUR  
EYES CLICK LIKE TWO  
VENETIAN BLINDS... ACE HAS  
TALENT... BUT HE'S CROOKED  
LIKE A CORKSCREW....  
ONLY WORSE....

NOW ME, MY NAME IS  
JUICES WILDE.. SOME OF  
YOU MAY REMEMBER ME  
AS A GUY WHO MAKES  
COFFEE WITH THE  
PASTEBOARDS MYSELF....  
BUT I AM HONEST.. THIS IS  
FACT YOU CAN JUDGE  
FOR YOURSELF WHEN YOU  
SEE ME SEND FOR THE  
FLASH.. WHY DO I DO  
THIS THING ? BECAUSE  
ACE WANTS TO....

**DEAL ME FROM  
THE BOTTOM!"**



I AM BORN AND RAISED IN A SIDE-  
STREET IN DOWNTOWN BROOKLYN...  
NEAR ME LIVES A KID BY THE NAME  
OF ACE WOLFE.. HE IS ALWAYS  
FOOLING AROUND WITH CARDS...."

"YOU'RE PRETTY  
GOOD WITH THEM  
CARDS, ACE!"

"I CUT MY  
EYETEETH ON  
THEM.... WHY  
SHOULDN'T I  
BE GOOD?"

"THEN ACE TELLS ME HOW HIS OLD  
MAN HANDS HIM A PACK OF CARDS  
ONE NIGHT...."

"TAKE THESE AN' PLAY WIT'  
'EM ... AN' SHADDUP, WILL YA!"



## All-Flash Comics

"ACE BEGINS TO PLAY WITH THEM PASTEBOARDS LIKE THEY ARE A RATTLE..."



SO IT'S NO WONDER I CAN DO TRICKS WITH CARDS... I PRACTICE WITH THEM EVERY DAY... FLIPPING THEM, DEALING THEM, SHUFFLING THEM...



"WOW! THAT WAS PERFECT, ACE... RIGHT ON THE BUTTON..."



"IT IS CURLY MAGEE WHO FIRST SHOWS ACE WOLFE WHAT IT'S LIKE TO PLAY WITH THE PASTEBOARDS FOR MORE THAN PEANUTS..."



"NOW ACE IS NOT SUCH A GEE AS: WILL CHEAT UNLESS HE IS LOSING, FOR HE IS MORE THAN SOMEWHAT WILLING TO WIN HONEST, IF HE CAN..."



"NOW CURLY HIMSELF IS WISE TO ALL THE TRICKS IN THE BOOK, BUT ACE IS SO EXPERT, CURLY NEVER CATCHES ON..."



"YOU MEAN THIS DOUGH IS ALL MINE JUST FOR PLAYIN' CARDS?.. HOW LONG HAS THIS BEEN GOIN' ON?"



## All-Flash Comics

NOW ACE MORE THAN MAKES OUT OKAY AT THESE GAMES FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS..BUT THEN HE GETS HIMSELF A DIFFERENT SLANT...

I'M CLEAN! I MADE FIFTY... BOY, WAS I LUCKY!

THREE HUNDRED BUCKS! CHICKEN FEED! BY THIS TIME, I SHOULD BE MAKING THOUSANDS!



WATCH THIS, FELLAS.. THIS IS ONE OF MY 'SPECIAL' CARDS.. IT'S MADE OF HIGH-GRADE STEEL..



WE'LL RIFLE THOSE VAULTS AND GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE REPAIR CREWS CAN GET HERE!

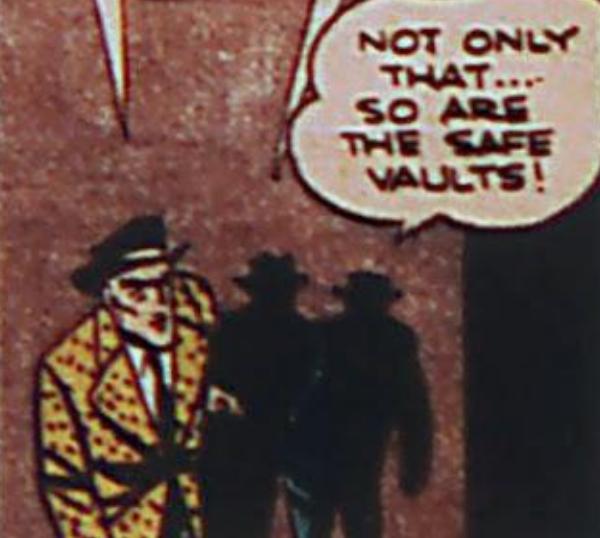


THIS IS NO WAY TO CLEAN UP WITH THE BIG DOUGH.. I'M TIRED OF THIS PENNY ANTE SORT OF STUFF.. I GOT IDEAS, I HAVE! I'M GOING TO GET RICH!



"ONE NIGHT..."

THIS BANK IS THE ONE WE'RE GONNA CRACK! BUT, ACE... ALL THE DOORS ARE OPERATED ELECTRICALLY!



NOT ONLY THAT... SO ARE THE SAFE VAULTS!

"I AM NOT PRESENT.. AS I AM HONEST... BUT I AM GIVEN TO UNDERSTAND THAT THIS CARD ACE HEAVES SLICES RIGHT THROUGH AN ELECTRICAL WIRE..."



"FROM THAT NIGHT ON, ACE IS KNOWN AROUND TOWN AS A VERY SMART GEE, INDEED..."



## All-Flash Comics

"IT IS NOISED AROUND TOWN FROM TIME TO TIME THAT ACE WOLFE IS DOING ALL RIGHT FOR HIMSELF OUT WEST..."

A HUNNERT GRAND HE GETS I CAN Y'IMAGINE ?

NOT BAD... NOT BAD AT ALL !

A REAL HOT GUY IN CHI, AND HE PRACTICALLY RUNS FRISCO ALL BY HISSELF !

TO THINK I KNEW HIM WHEN !

"I AM SITTING IN CHINA-TOWN CHARLEY'S ENJOYING MYSELF SOME CHOP SUEY ONE NIGHT WHEN SOMEBODY TALKS UP TO ME..."

DEUCES WILDE ! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU !

HUH ?

EATING IN A DUMP LIKE THIS ! GET YOUR HAT.... YOU AND I ARE GOING PLACES !

ACE !  
ACE WOLFE !

"IT IS NOT CONSIDERED HEALTHY TO REFUSE AN INVITATION FROM SUCH A GUY AS ACE WOLFE..."

I GOT ME ENOUGH PICKINGS OUT WEST... TILL THE COPS GOT TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT. NOW I'VE COME BACK TO TAKE OVER THE BIG TOWN. DEUCES... AND YOU'RE GOING TO HELP !

BUT...

DON'T SAY 'NO' TO ME, DEUCES... I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU A BIG SHOT... I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOU WERE MY PAL WHEN I WAS A LONESOME KID !

YEAH,  
BUT...

I'M A GAMBLER, BUT AN HONEST ONE... ACE IS A CROOK.. HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT HERE IN KEYSTONE CITY WE HAVE A HOT GUY WHO THINKS LESS THAN SOMEWHAT OF CROOKS. THE FLASH !

## All-Flash Comics

I AM NOT THE ONE TO ARGUE WITH ACE. SO I HEED HIS REQUEST TO SHOW UP IN HIS APARTMENT THE FOLLOWING DAY...

NOW FOR OUR FIRST JOB, WE'RE GOING TO TACKLE A THEATRE!

I DON'T LIKE THIS!



AW, DERE AINT NO MOOLA IN A JOB LIKE DAT!

THERE WILL BE IN THIS ONE.. A LOT OF BLUEBLOODS ARE BEIN' TREATED TO A BEHIND-THE-CURTAIN DINNER BY A BIG BROADWAY STAR... THINK OF THE DIAMONDS AND THE BULGING WALLETS....

YES, SIR!



TWO DAYS LATER MISS JOAN WILLIAMS IS QUITE SOME LITTLE SURPRISED AT HER MORNING MAIL...

MY GOODNESS... A PLAYING CARD!



MISS JOAN IS KNOWN AROUND TOWN AS A SMART CHICK, WHO HAS AN 'IN' WITH THE FLASH... SO SHE HUSTLES OVER TO JAY GARRICK TO GET HERSELF WISED UP.

JAY, WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

I DON'T KNOW... IT'S JUST A DEUCE OF... SAY, A DEUCE! I WONDER IF IT'S FROM DEUCES WILDE?



WE TRIED IT FOR SECRET INK.. LET'S SEE IF STEAM WILL... OH! OH!

IT'S PEELING APART... WHAT'S INSIDE, JAY?



IT'S FROM DEUCES. ALL RIGHT!.. HE SAYS ACE WOLFE'S BACK IN TOWN. AND IS PLANNING A JOB TONIGHT AT THE EMPEROR THEATRE!



MY PLAN WORKED... JOAN AN' JAY MUST'VE GIVEN MY TIP-OFF TO THE FLASH...

THIS ISN'T SUPPOSED TO BE A SURPRISE PARTY. BUT I RATHER THINK IT WILL BE!



EDITOR'S NOTE: NOBODY, NOT EVEN DEUCES, KNOWS THAT JAY GARRICK IS THE FLASH!

CONTINUED ON NEXT FOLLOWING PAGE....

# IF YOU CAN CARRY A TUNE YOU CAN PLAY THE GAHOON!



BOYS! GIRLS!

PICK IT UP AND PLAY IT!

No study—no lessons—no musical education  
no reading of notes—no practice. Simply  
bend the mysterious stem and PLAY IT!

**THE AMAZING GAHOON**—the  
sensational new musical invention that nine  
out of ten people can play in 10 minutes. Gives  
two full octaves of rich, clear tone like an  
E-flat Saxophone. Genuine Sax mouthpiece  
—Genuine Sax reed. Built on the same prin-  
ciple as a Saxophone, EXCEPT, with the  
mysterious new simplified Principle. Instead  
of opening air ports, you merely bend the  
coiled-spring stem. This shortening or length-  
ening of the air column determines the tone,  
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ties, in school bands, army camps, in amateur  
or professional hill-billy and jug bands, in rhythm bands, or as  
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or professional hill-billy and jug bands, in rhythm bands, or as  
accompaniment for singing. Plays any type of music from Bach to  
Carmichael. The more you play, the better you become. Play "hot,  
sweet," loud, soft, rhumba, boogie-woogie or classical.

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Mail postage prepaid One Standard E-Flat Alto GAHOON,  
with simple and exact instructions for playing melody in ten  
minutes. I receive \$1.00 in full payment and you agree to  
return the \$1.00 if I return the Gahoon in ten days after  
getting it.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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9 OUT OF 10  
PLAY IT  
IN 10  
MINUTES

SOUNDS  
LIKE  
A  
SAXO-  
PHONE

NOT A  
HUMMING TOY  
NOT A  
WHISTLING  
GADGET

IT'S A  
REAL  
MUSICAL  
INSTRUMENT

IT'S A  
SENSATION  
AT  
PARTIES

PLAY SWING  
BOOGIE  
WOOGIE  
RUMBA

PLAYS "SWEET"  
NOTHING PLAYS  
MORE TO PAY "HOT"  
Complete  
**\$1.00**

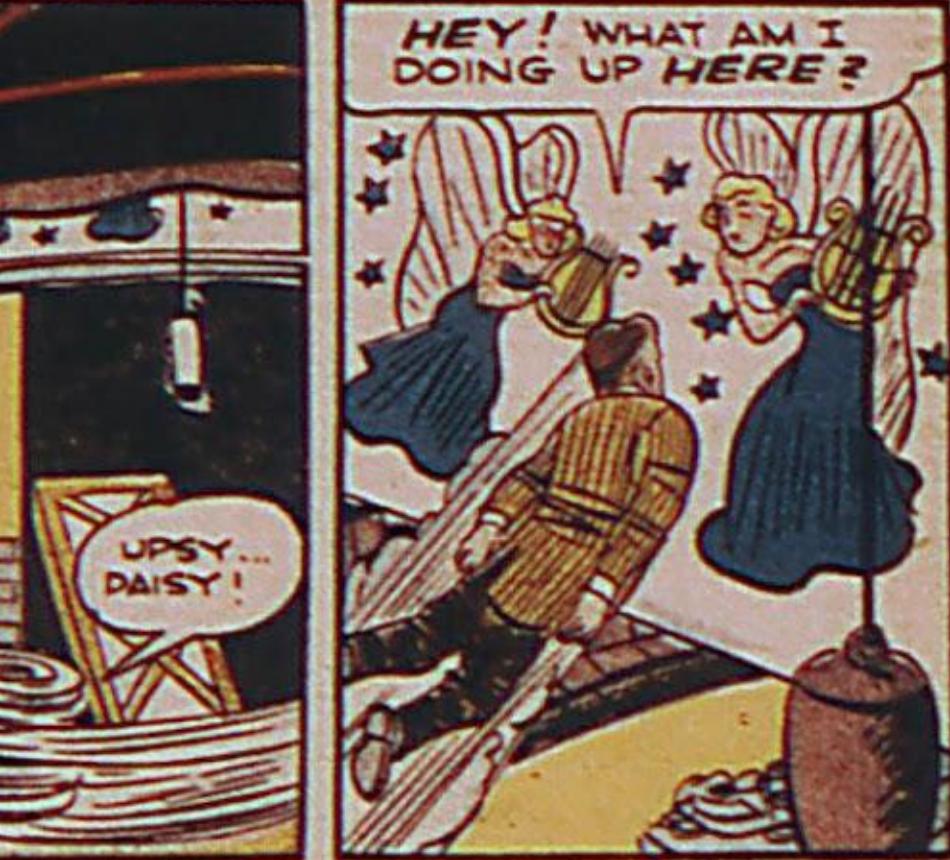
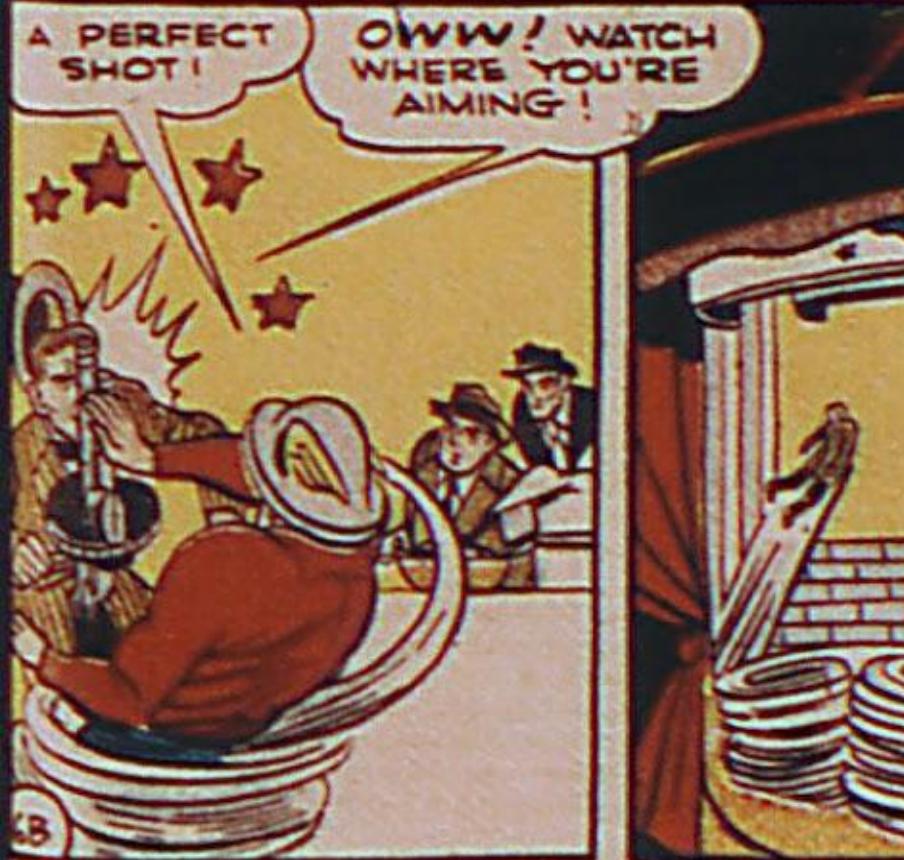
MONEY BACK IF YOU DON'T PLAY IT  
IN TEN MINUTES

The GAHOON is yours for \$1.00—a hundred dol-  
lars worth of fun and melody. AND \$1.00 IS NOT  
the DOWN PAYMENT. It is the complete and only and  
final payment. Simple and exact instructions fur-  
nished with each GAHOON. Read them once. THEN  
if you are not playing melody in 10 minutes, return the  
GAHOON and your \$1.00 will be refunded at once, with-  
out quibble or question. Send for yours now. Be the first  
in your group to introduce this amazing new musical sen-  
sation. Surprise and delight your friends with your musical  
skill. Send the coupon with a \$1.00 bill or P. O. Money Order.

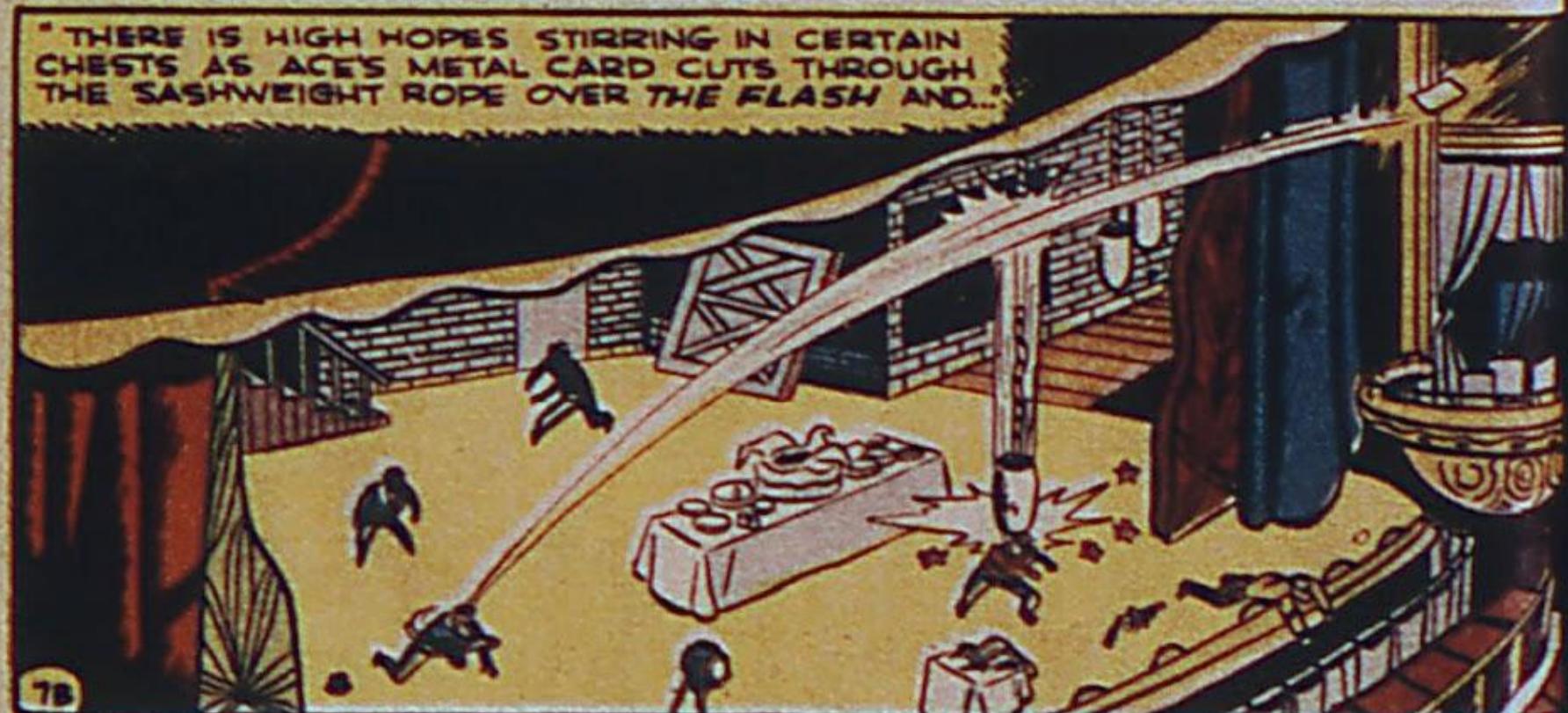
GAHOON PROD. CO., Dept. 11, 520 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## All-Flash Comics

I AM SHIVERING IN MY BOOTS AROUND ELEVEN O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT, FOR I AM STANDING BESIDE ACE WOLFE ..."



## All-Flash Comics



## All-Flash Comics

HE WOULD HAVE HAD US IF I HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, ACE... BUT THAT TEMPORARY KNOCKOUT AIN'T GONNA HOLD HIM LONG!



BESIDES, THEM RICH GUYS HAVE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO CALL THE COPS! WE WRITE OFF TONIGHT AS A FLOP!



NOT MUCH! I STILL HAVE A TRICK UP MY SLEEVE... THERE'S A STANDARD ROUTINE USED BY ALL MAGICIANS...MAKING A CARD DISAPPEAR... THE FLASH CAN'T FIND US IF WE DISAPPEAR, CAN HE?



I AM NOT THE WORRYING SORT, BUT I ADD A FEW NEW WRINKLES TO MY FACE ALL THE NEXT DAY.

DISAPPEAR ? WHAT'D ACE MEAN BY THAT? I GOT TO LET THE FLASH KNOW... I CAN'T AFFORD TO LET ACE RUIN HIMSELF AN' ME TOO... I'M AN HONEST GAMBLER, BUT ACE IS AN OUT-AN'-OUT CROOK!



LATER ON I LEARN THAT THE FLASH IS DOING SOME HIGH AN' HEAVY FOREHEAD WRINKLING HIMSELF AT AN' AROUND THIS TIME...

TRICKED LIKE A RANK AMATEUR BY THAT CARDSHARP... WHAT A BUNGLING FOOL I AM... NOW HE'LL RUN LOOSE IN THE CITY... AND I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHERE TO BEGIN TO FIND HIM!



A LITTLE LATER, JOAN PHONES JAY GARRICK.

IM WAITING... YOU WERE TO TAKE ME TO THE COSTUME DESIGNER'S... REMEMBER?



JAY, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN SINCE WE STARTED OUT!

ACE WOLFE... DEUCES WILDE... OH, I WAS JUST THINKING HOW... ER, CERTAIN CARDS ARE STACKED AGAINST ME!



## All-Flash Comics



## All-Flash Comics

THIS POSTMAN'S BALL, ACE... ARE YA SURE YA KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'?

IT'S A BENEFIT, SLUG... AND THERE'LL BE A LOT OF GUYS THERE WITH ENOUGH DOUGH TO START A BANK!

I MEAN FOR US TO GET THAT DOUGH.. AND SINCE MOST EVERYONE WILL BE DRESSED AS A POSTMAN, WHO IS GOING TO PAY ANY ATTENTION TO US?

I GETCHA!



THIS IS WHAT I MEAN WHEN I SAY WE ARE GOING TO DISAPPEAR! AMONG A LOT OF OTHER GUYS DRESSED LIKE WE ARE, WE JUST LOSE OURSELVES IN THE CROWD! IT'LL BE EASY PICKINGS!

"I AM STANDING IN A ROOM WHERE ACE HAS LEFT ME, WITH THE DOOR LOCKED AND THE WINDOWS BARRED IN CASE I SHOULD WANT TO JUMP OUT, WHICH IS MAYBE NOT A BAD IDEA AT THAT, BECAUSE I REMEMBER THE TRICK CARD OF MINE THAT ACE HAS..."

I SLIPPED UP.. NOW THE FLASH WILL NEVER STOP ACE, AND ACE WILL COME BACK HERE AND I WILL BE A VERY DEAD PIGEON, INDEED, BECAUSE ACE IS NOT SUCH A ONE TO LET WHAT I DID PASS BY!



"I LATER LEARN THAT JAY GARRICK IS DRESSING FOR HIS OWN AFFAIR AT THIS TIME..."

I CERTAINLY LOOK.. AND FEEL.. PLENTY FOOLISH!

I'VE HALF A MIND NOT TO GO... BUT I'D NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT FROM JOAN...

HEY!



## All-Flash Comics

AN INSPIRATION AT LAST! THAT COSTUME DESIGNER TOLD ME SHE HAD MANY CALLS FOR POSTMAN'S UNIFORMS... BUT WHY SHOULD REAL POSTMEN RENT UNIFORMS FOR THE POSTMAN'S BALL WHEN THEY CAN WEAR THEIR OWN?



I MAY HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF A LITTLE BUSINESS LATER, JOAN... ER... I DON'T THINK IT WILL INTERFERE WITH OUR EVENING, THOUGH...



"I AM NOT THERE TOO SEE THIS, BUT I HEAR IT AFTER FROM RELIABLE SOURCES THAT JAY IS DANCING WITH JOAN AT THEIR MASQUERADE."

JAY, DO I SEE THAT FAR-AWAY LOOK IN YOUR EYE AGAIN?

I'M AFRAID SO, JOAN... I WARNED YOU I HAD A LITTLE BUSINESS TO LOOK INTO...



OH, THERE ARE THE BRADBURY'S... I WANT YOU TO MEET THEM...

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE!



"WHAT A MAN! THAT FLASH JUST POPPED FROM NOWHERE..."



"THE POSTMAN'S BALL IS DEFINITELY NOT A SAFE PLACE TO BE THAT NIGHT..."

IT IS SUCH A SETUP AS I'VE SELDOM SEEN BEFORE... IT IS ALL TO OUR ADVANTAGE....



NOW THERE'S A PEARL NECKLACE THAT I LIKE...



## All-Flash Comics

MY  
NECK-  
LACE!

YOUR MISTAKE, LADY...  
THE NECKLACE IS ...  
MINE!

JUST DROP YOUR VALUABLES ON  
THAT TABLE, FOLKS ... ME AND MY  
BOYS ARE TAKING UP A  
COLLECTION!

AN' DON'T  
PUT UP NO  
FIGHT!



DOES THAT  
ORDER GO  
FOR ME,  
TOO?

DA  
FLASH!!

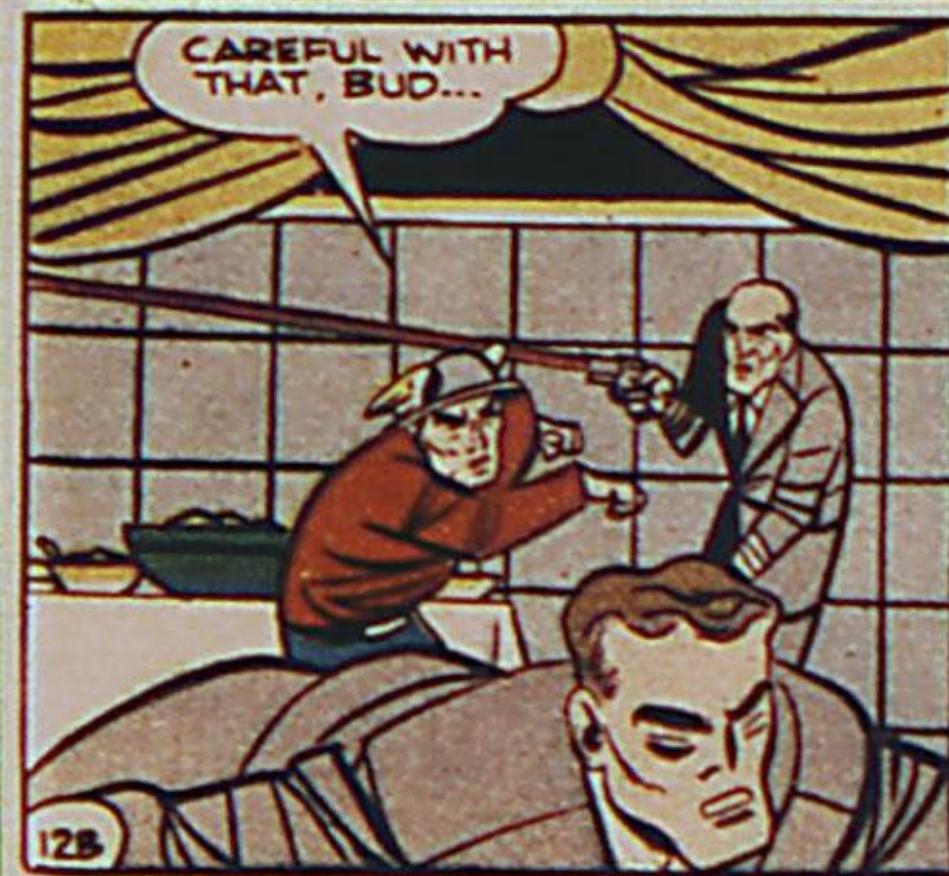
LOOKS LIKE A GRAND SLAM FOR  
ME, FELLA!

OOF!

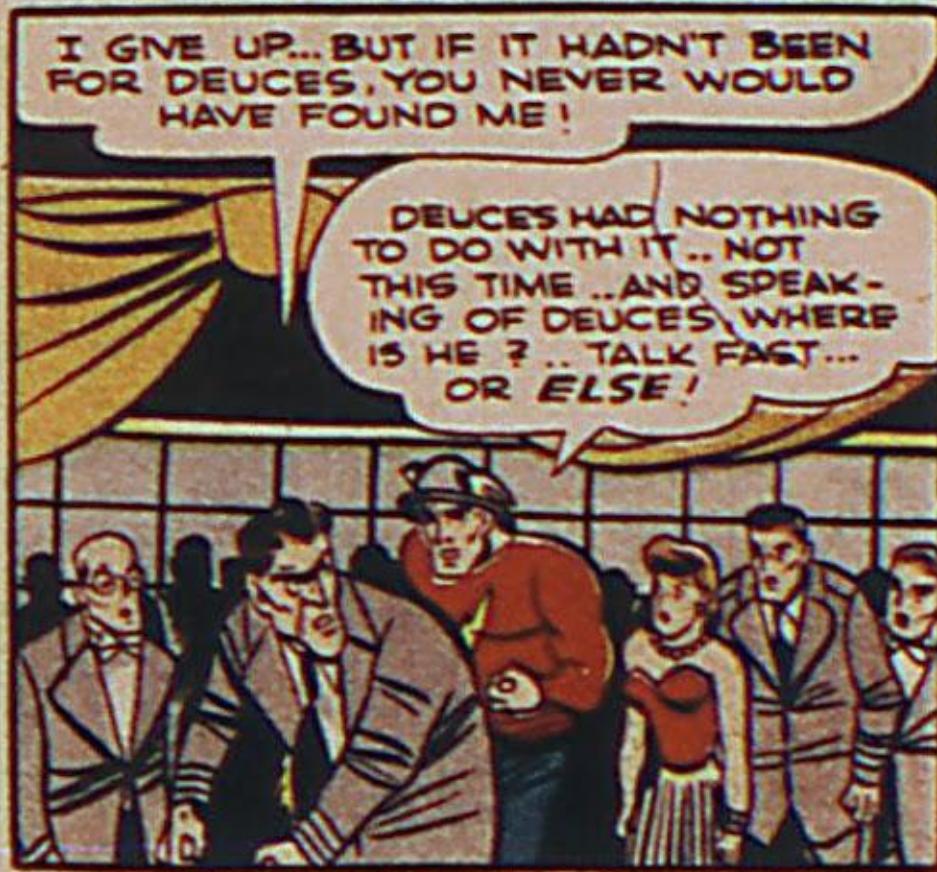
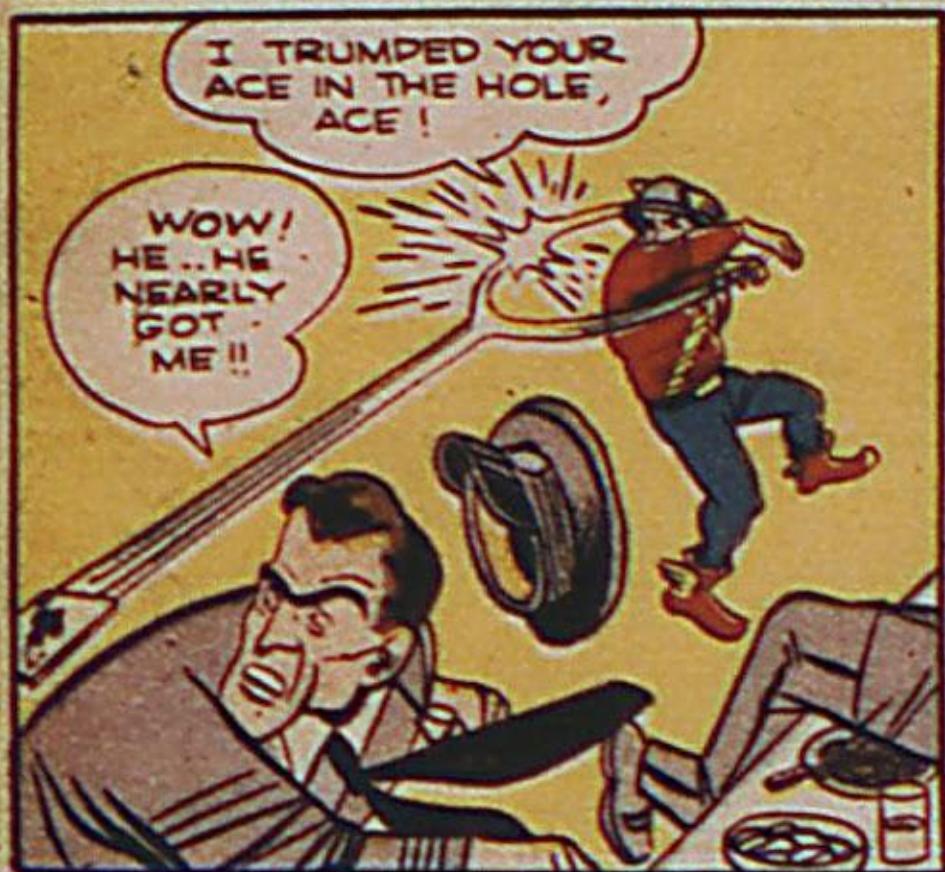


CAREFUL WITH  
THAT, BUD...

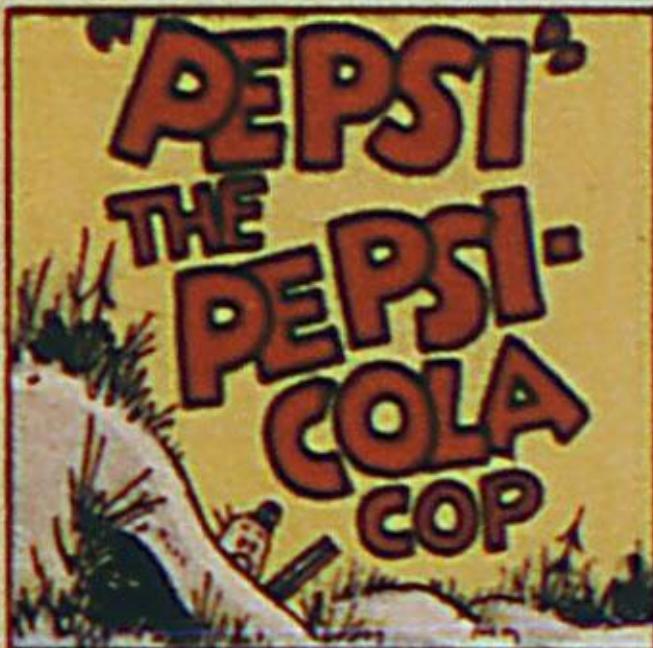
YOU'RE LIABLE TO  
HURT YOURSELF!



## All-Flash Comics



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# The LOST MINE

by  
JIM ROBINSON

MYSTEROUS Superstition Mountains, where lay concealed the fabulous Lost Dutchman's Mine, loomed directly ahead of the small pack train. From the height of Peralta Canyon the athletic, red-haired man astride his roan horse, gazed over the area, so desolate and yet so full of scenic grandeur.

But Mike McTigue had not made the long trip from Mesa along the old Apache Trail just to look at the marvelous scenery.

Riding horseback in New York's Central Park was one thing, climbing up rugged canyons in the dry torridness of a July forenoon in Arizona, was something else again.

Mike turned part-way in his saddle and studied his two pack animals staring stolidly and morosely at his broad back. They didn't seem to be liking this trip into the Superstition Mountains, either. Mike ran a parched tongue slowly around his lips, then drew heavily on the canteen he tilted to his wide mouth.

"I ought to whip the ears off that hotel clerk," McTigue complained as he wiped his lips on a sleeve and stoppered the canteen. "Letting on who I was that way . . . I wanted a vacation from detective work and after coming two thousand odd miles to get away from the routine, this punk lets on who I am!"

McTigue clucked to his horse and gave a tug on the burros' lead line looped around his saddle horn. He and the three animals started over the lip of the canyon toward the valley floor a thousand feet below.

"That Sheriff provided himself with a good excuse for not coming along all right!" Mike's talk sifted into the ears of his horse which were thrust rearward like twin trumpets of a deaf person. "He said it would put that murdering pirate wise if HE came along . . . wanted things to look natural so the party who's murdering and stealing from tourists in the Superstitions would

take me for one of them. A guinea pig on horseback!"

The story of Jacob Walz, the lost, mad Dutchman who found the unbelievably rich gold vein in the Superstitions and then lost it again, is known throughout the world. Every year scores of prospectors, both professional and amateur, set forth into the barren ranges of the desert country to find the lode's vast wealth. Every year adds to the mystery concerning the lost mine because, of course, no one has found it yet. And lately, many of these same prospectors, mostly amateurs, *had never come back!* They had disappeared as completely and as mysteriously as had the mad Dutchman himself. Mike was wondering why.

Late in the afternoon Mike McTigue's horse was picking his way along a dry, boulder-strewn creek bed. The creek bed was in shadow as the rising shoulder of the mountains hid the sun lowering into the west. Mike reined in his mount. His eyes fairly clamored aloud for a much needed rest from the incessant glare. He rubbed them slowly and carefully and they felt relief. The next moment he rubbed them again in astonishment as he saw a small pile of boulders in the creek bed not five feet ahead of him where plainly visible, even in the shadows, were the initials J. W. chipped into the stone surmounting the pile.

"Jacob Walz! That's all it can mean!" exclaimed McTigue and he legged out of the saddle. "Looks old enough to be authentic, too!" A note of excitement crept into Mike's voice.

"Now you don't suppose I've blundered into the Lost Dutchman's Mine!" Mike straightened up and scanned the slopes above him. The rocks were painted with shades of pink and orange as the rays of the setting sun gilded them. "With so many people looking for it all these years . . . it can't be as easy as that!" From long habit Mike reached into his pocket and brought forth a packet of gum. "Huh! Last chew in the package," Mike grumbled as he wadded the wrapper into a ball and threw it away.

The tiny ball of paper bounced down among the rocks strewing the creek bed and unconsciously Mike watched it land. It

came to rest alongside a peculiarly shaped stone. A stone about four inches long and chipped into the form and shape of an arrow head. It seemed to be pointing down the dry creek bed. "Maybe I won't whip the ears off that clerk after all," said Mike as he led his horse forward. "That guy may have been the means of making me the richest detective in the world!"

Around a bend in the creek bed went McTigue, his eyes glued to the ground in his patient search for more trail sign. So intent was he upon the path he was following, that the detective came within ten feet of the black-bearded man before he saw him. McTigue settled back on the heels of his boots in amazement as he came face to face with the wild-eyed individual sitting on a rock and twirling an old-fashioned six-gun with his gnarled fingers.

The fellow's mouth parted his scraggly beard and a heavy, wild bellow of laughter rolled out. His gun came to rest, pointing steadily at McTigue's left-hand shirt pocket. "Nother eastern dude . . . said the spider to the fly . . ." the bearded one's voice held a grisly note of mockery. "Hist yore hands, partner, and step ovah here!"

Mike was relieved of his Colt first, then his watch, chain and wallet disappeared in the bearded one's pocket. "Git holt of them reins now, partner," the black-visaged gunman growled, "and lead them animals up the crick!" He glared at McTigue like he wanted to split him down the middle on a skewer and roast him over a greasewood fire for supper.

A hundred yards further along the party turned up a narrow connecting gulch. Five minutes later McTigue saw a darker shadow below the rim rock. It was a cave and soon McTigue was pushed into its dark mouth by the wild ruffian who jabbed his backbone with the shooting iron.

A flashlight's beam immediately came from behind him and McTigue realized that this mad man must be the pirate of the Superstitions. In the torch rays he saw huge piles of plunder in the center of the cave.

The gleam of silver-mounted saddles shone out from the pile . . . a dozen canteens or more were there in a stack to one side. A stack of rifles leaning against the

rock; blankets, picks, shovels . . . three boxes of dynamite. McTigue shuddered involuntarily as the realization hit him that this vulture of the desert country must have murdered all his victims. And that stone with the initials of the lost Dutchman! A decoy which had provided this crazy pirate with more wealth than he could have received from fifty years of legitimate prospecting!

McTigue noticed a tiny spring issuing from one side of the cave. Ah! Then this was the pirate's secret. How he could hole up in those mountains for months at a time without anyone hearing of him or seeing him. With wild birds, a stray beef critter and maybe a sheep from some mountain flock, this pirate could live in the midst of desolation with city-like splendor.

The bearded one waved his gun imperiously at McTigue. "So you thot yuh'd found the Lost Dutchman's Mine!" His stare settled permanently on McTigue like a shroud. "Yuh haven't found nuthin' but a quick death my frien' because I have found the Lost Mine and I kill all them that comes anyways near it!" His wild laughter echoed in the cave and McTigue's roan reared up where he was tied at the entrance.

"I'm gonna kill yuh, too. An' bury yuh deep . . . with dynamite!" McTigue's ears heard the threat clearly enough but his mind was racing . . . formulating an impulsive plan.

He watched his captor closely and seeing his opportunity, spat out the gum he had been chewing. The pirate of the Superstition Mountains took a step closer to McTigue, his gun waving wildly. Then he hesitated; he frowned. McTigue got his break! The pirate had stepped squarely on McTigue's gum! It was an unusual experience for the bearded one. He stopped momentarily to see what stuck his boot. Just then McTigue leaped in. His fist crashed on the point of the wild man's jaw. The gunman's head flew back. The force behind McTigue's 190 pounds had dislocated the pirate's neck.

"Whew!" sighed Mike McTigue as he licked his damaged knuckles, "maybe they don't call us New York dicks 'gumshoes' fer nothing!"



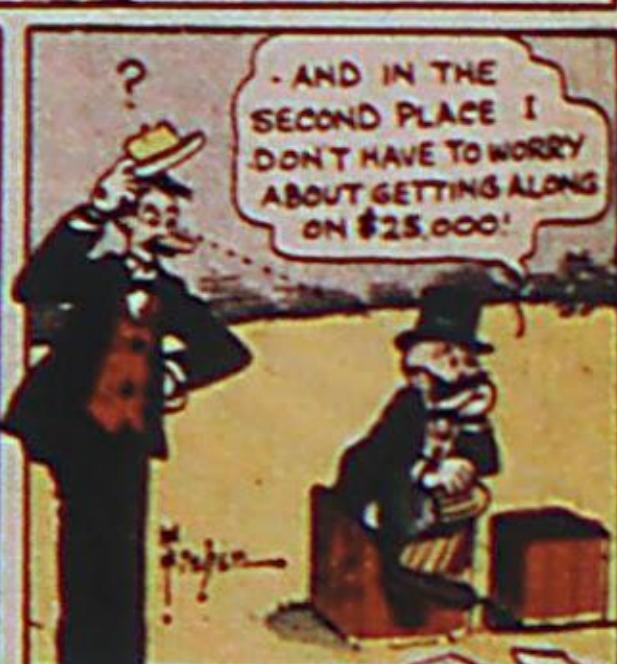
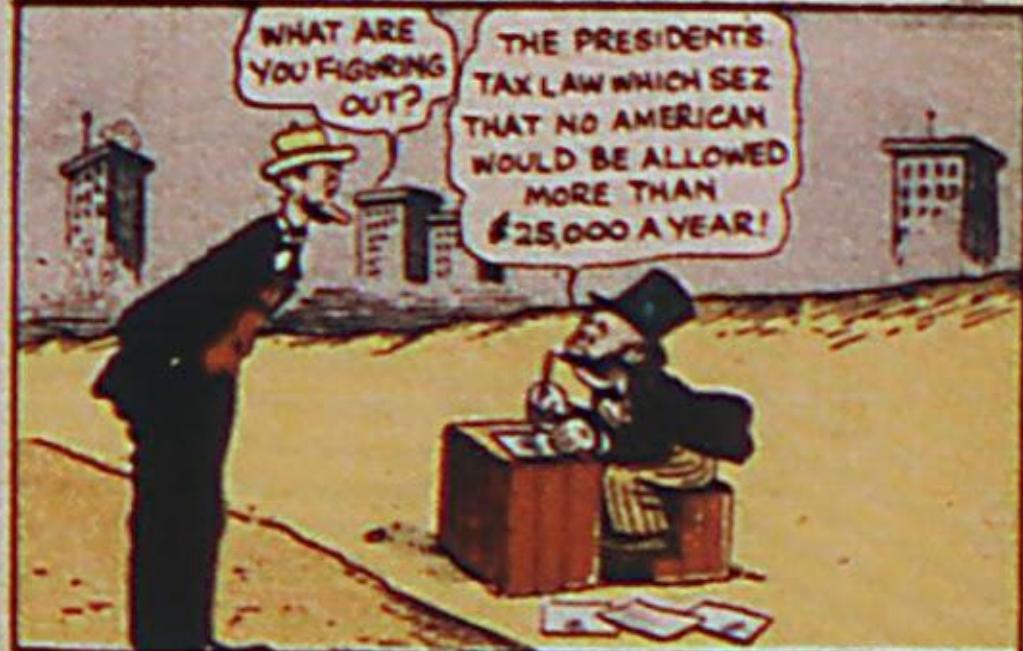
THE PAY IS THE SAME, THE HOURS ARE ABOUT THE SAME. I GET OUTDOORS A LOT-



All-Flash Comics



BUD FISHER



BUD FISHER



All-Flash Comics



THEY  
MUST'VE HAD  
THEIR WHEATIES

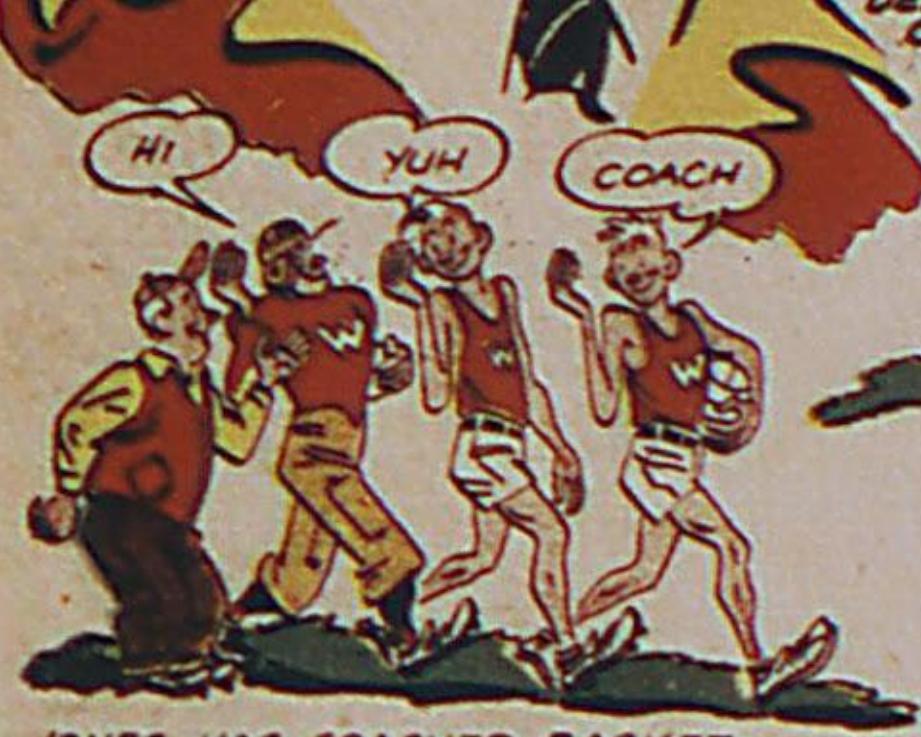
YEAH, THEY  
MUST'VE

COACHING MISSOURI IN 1911, JONES ENTERED THE BIG TEN OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP. SO LIGHTLY WERE MISSOURI TRACKMEN HELD THAT OFFICIALS ALLOWED THEM NO SCOREBOARD SPACE. BUT JONES' TIGERS CHALKED UP THE CHAMPIONSHIP

# Tom Jones

YOU'RE OFF  
TO A FAST  
START

DEAN OF TRACK AND FIELD COACHES, HIS 34 YEAR RECORD AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN IS STUDED WITH CHAMPIONSHIPS



"IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A BREAKFAST DISH THAT'S PACKED WITH GOOD NOURISHMENT, I'D SAY TRY WHEATIES," SAYS TOM JONES. "WHEATIES ARE FLAKES OF WHOLE WHEAT, AND HAND YOU A SUPPLY OF WHOLE WHEAT'S FOOD-ENERGY TO HELP GIVE YOU A FAST START FOR YOUR DAY"

JONES HAS COACHED BASKETBALL, FOOTBALL AND TRACK AT WISCONSIN. CONCENTRATING ON TRACK SINCE 1925, HE'S DEVELOPED CHAMPIONS IN EVERY MAJOR TRACK AND FIELD EVENT

HURDLES? HIGH JUMP? BROAD JUMP? SHOT PUT?

DISCUS?

POLE VAULT!

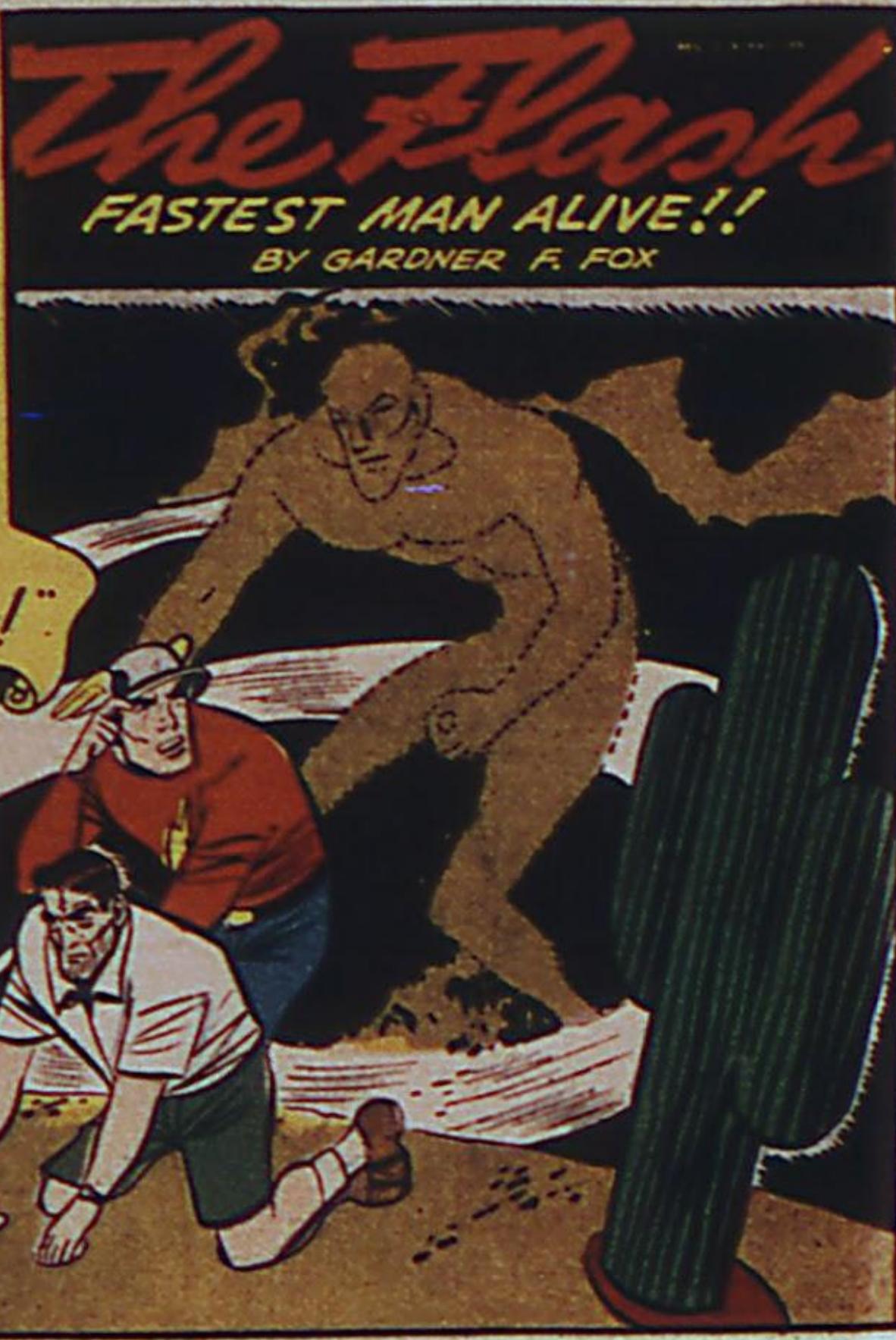
"THERE'S A PLACE IN TRACK AND FIELD EVENTS FOR EVERY NORMAL BOY," SAYS CHAMPION COACH JONES. PICK YOUR SPOT--AND LEARN YOUR FUNDAMENTALS--FROM JONES' NEW BOOK, "WANT TO BE A TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPION?" (FIELD EVENTS). SEE WHEATIES PACKAGE ON HOW TO GET YOUR COPY...AND CHECK ON 13 OTHER ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS



PEOPLE DON'T WORRY ABOUT SAND. TO THE AVERAGE PERSON IT IS COMMON, ORDINARY STUFF. AND THAT... SAYS JAY GARRICK TO THE LIAR'S CLUB... IS JUST THE TROUBLE! ... BECAUSE, TO THOSE MEN WHO HAVE SPENT YEARS FIGHTING THE DESERT, ITS VICIOUS SANDSTORMS AND CRUEL MIRAGES, SAND IS A DEADLY THING.

THERE IS EVEN AN ANCIENT CITY WHERE... BUT WE'D BETTER LET JAY TELL YOU THE STORY HIMSELF AS HE DEFENDS HIS TITLE AS CHAMPION LIAR BY TELLING ABOUT....

"The CITY OF SHIFTING SAND!"



THE NIGHT OF THE ANNUAL LIAR'S CLUB CONVENTION... AND THE REPORTERS ARE OUT IN FULL FORCE TO COVER THE EVENT....

WONDER IF JAY GARRICK'LL WIN THE TITLE AGAIN?

SURE, HANDS DOWN! THOSE FLASH WHOPPERS OF HIS ARE UNBEATABLE!

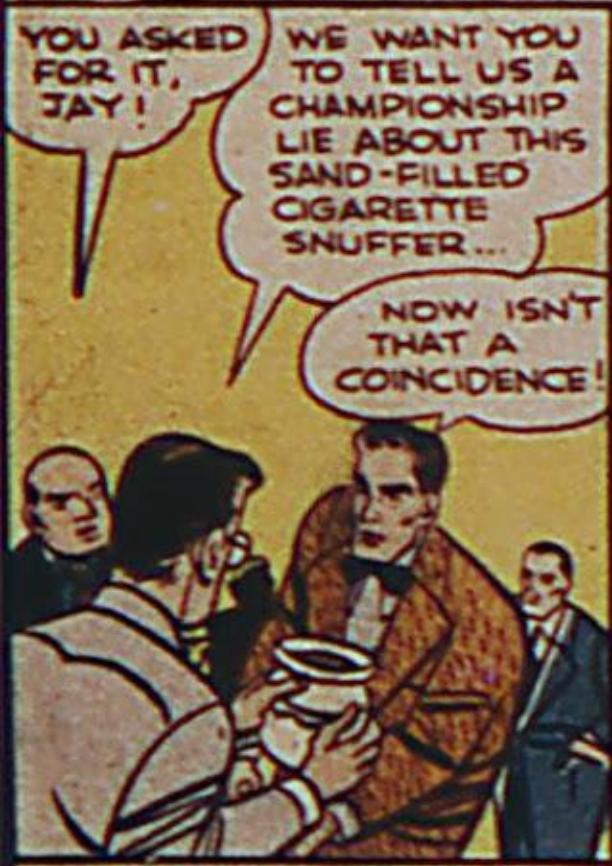


HOW ABOUT IT, JAY? CAN YOU GIVE US A TIP ON TONIGHT'S TALL TALE?

CAN'T TELL YOU, BOYS. THE OTHER FELLOWS ARE GOING TO SELECT MY SUBJECT...



## All-Flash Comics



NOW ISN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE!



\* IT TOOK PLACE A FEW YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS WITH THE METROPOLIS MUSEUM IN THE GOBI DESERT ...

JOAN, I BELIEVE THOSE ROCKS CONTAIN THE CHEMICAL WE'RE LOOKING FOR.

I HOPE SO... BRRR... THIS SANDY DESERT GIVES ME THE CREEPS, AND THE SOONER WE LEAVE, THE BETTER I'LL LIKE IT!

SAND IS ONE OF THE FOUNDATIONS OF OUR CIVILIZATION, JOAN. IT'S USED TO MAKE GLASS, MORTAR AND CEMENT. IT'S USED AS AN ABRASIVE, FOR MOLDS IN FOUNDRY, FOR POTTERY....

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT I FEEL AS THOUGH OUR VERY PRESENCE WERE RESENTED HERE... AS THOUGH THE DESERT WERE WATCHING US...



I WAS RIGHT! LOOK... LOOK THERE! A MAN MADE OF SAND WATCHING US!

WHAAAT?

\* THERE REALLY WAS A MAN THERE! A TALL MAN OF SAND, STARING AT US... WE COULD FEEL HIS EYES BURNING WITH HATE !



I... I SEE IT, TOO! I MUST HAVE A TOUCH OF THE SUN!

## All-Flash Comics

WHOA, WAIT A SECOND!  
LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT.  
YOU SAW A SAND-MAN?  
A LIVING ONE?

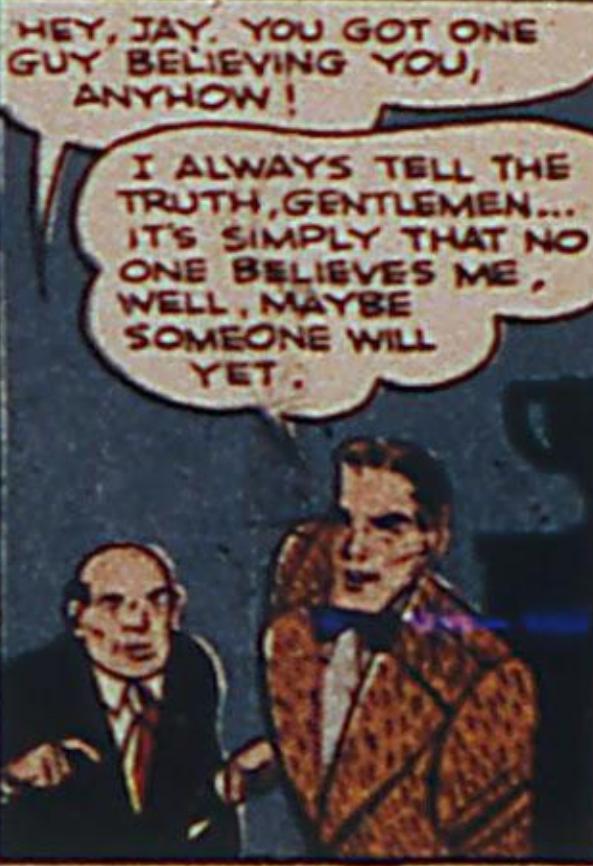
PRECISELY!  
BUT LET ME GET  
ON WITH MY  
STORY....

GARRICK  
SURE CAN  
TELL 'EM!

HOW HE  
MAKES 'EM  
UP IS A  
MYSTERY  
TO ME!

HEY, JAY. YOU GOT ONE  
GUY BELIEVING YOU,  
ANYHOW!

I ALWAYS TELL THE  
TRUTH, GENTLEMEN...  
IT'S SIMPLY THAT NO  
ONE BELIEVES ME,  
WELL, MAYBE  
SOMEONE WILL  
YET.



"TO CONTINUE...WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW  
AT THAT TIME WAS THAT A MAN WAS  
DYING OF THIRST A FEW MILES AWAY..."

"HE FELL FORWARD, SEEING VISIONS,  
HEARING VOICES..."

NO WATER...CAN'T WALK MUCH  
FARTHER...TONGUE IS PARCHED...

A HUMAN!

HE IS DYING!  
GOOD! THAT WILL  
MAKE ONE LESS OF  
HIS KIND!

MAD..  
I'M  
GOING  
MAD!!



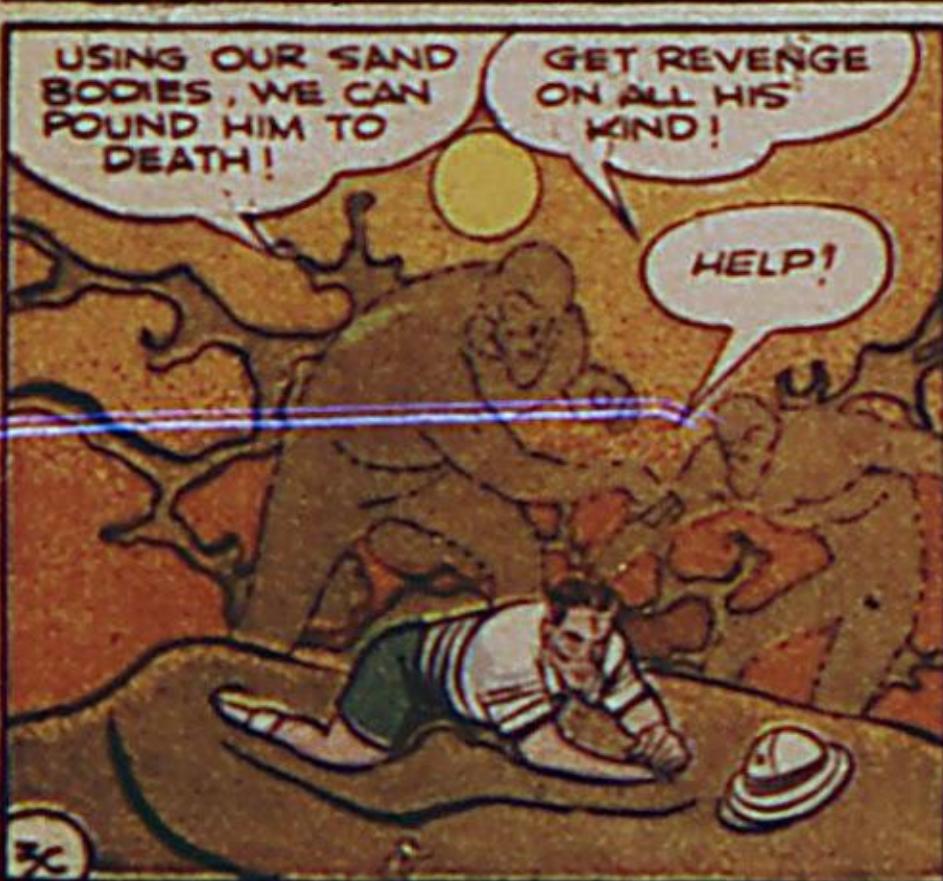
USING OUR SAND  
BOODIES, WE CAN  
POUND HIM TO  
DEATH!

GET REVENGE  
ON ALL HIS  
KIND!

HELP!

"I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE CAME FROM  
BUT THE FLASH MATERIALIZED RIGHT  
IN FRONT OF JOAN, AND WENT RACING  
AWAY..."

I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS  
MYSTERY OF THE MAN OF SAND.



## All-Flash Comics

GOT  
HIM !

"BUT ALL THE FLASH HAD  
WAS AN ARMFUL AND  
MOUTHFUL ... OF SAND ..."

I ... OOPHH... FAHHH...  
THAT SAND IS GRITTY !

THAT'S ODD ... NOW I  
HEAR SOMEONE CRYING  
FOR HELP !

WHOEVER CALLED THIS THE  
MYSTERIOUS GOBI DESERT  
SURE WAS RIGHT !

"TO 'CORN' A PHRASE ... THE FLASH SAW  
IT, BUT DIDN'T BELIEVE IT ..."

THIS MYSTERY INCREASES  
WITH EVERY ADDED SECOND !

"THERE WAS A MOMENT OF WHIRLING  
SAND, BALLED INTO HAMMERS THAT  
DOVE AND HIT AT HIM LIKE SLEDGES..."

"WHEW! CAN'T STAND  
TOO MUCH OF THIS! BETTER  
DO SOME HAMMERING ON MY  
OWN ACCOUNT..."

HOLY SMOKE! AS SOON AS I  
HIT ANYTHING, IT FALLS APART.  
THE SAND JUST DROPS TO THE  
GROUND!

## All-Flash Comics



"I'M ON THE TRACK OF A BIGGER SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY THAN I BARGAINED FOR. I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THEM..."



"THEY CAME TO A SITE OF AN ANCIENT CITY BURIED BENEATH THE DESERT..."  
OH! OH! IF I WENT IN THERE, I'M AFRAID THEY'D PILE SAND ALL AROUND THE ENTRANCE AND SUFFOCATE ME ...



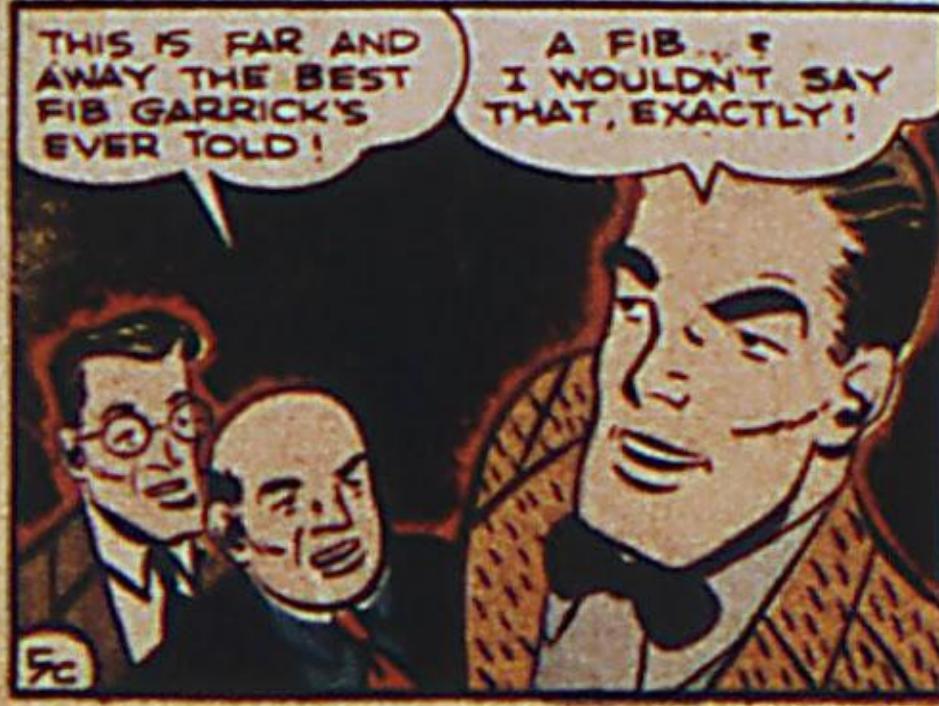
"...AND BESIDES, THIS MAN REQUIRES IMMEDIATE ATTENTION... MUCH MORE SO THAN THOSE SAND-MEN..."

"THAT NIGHT JOAN AND THE FLASH KEPT A LONG, WEARY VIGIL..."

"HE'LL COME AROUND PRESENTLY. I'M GOING OUT FOR A BREATH OF AIR."

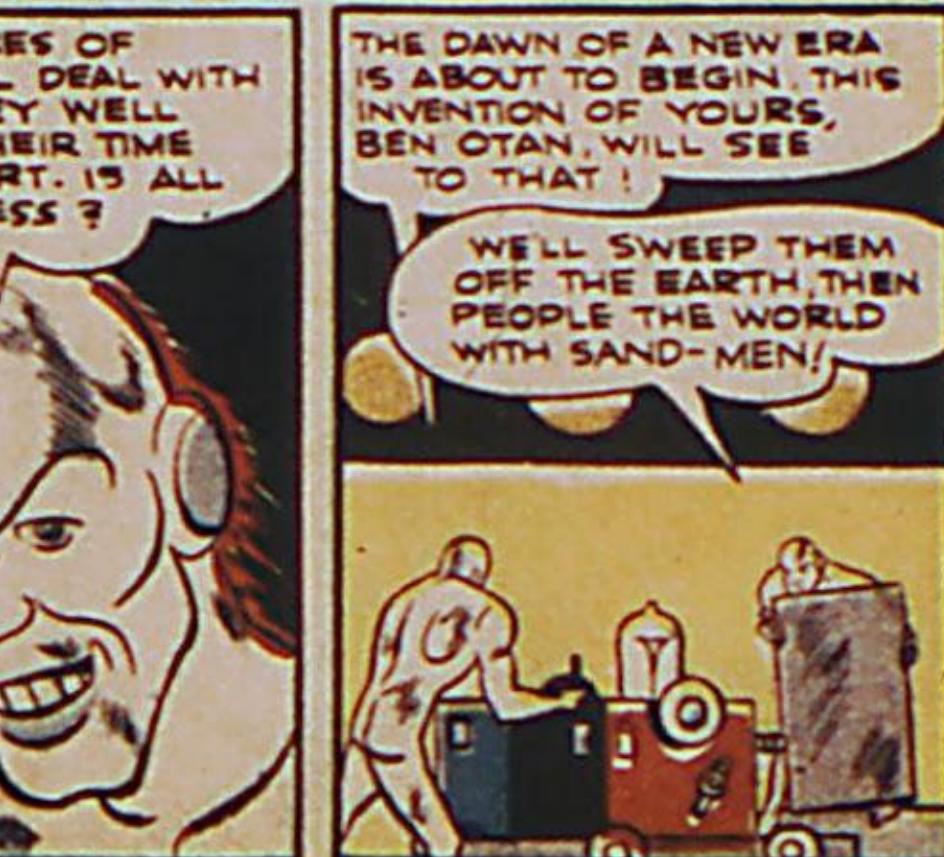
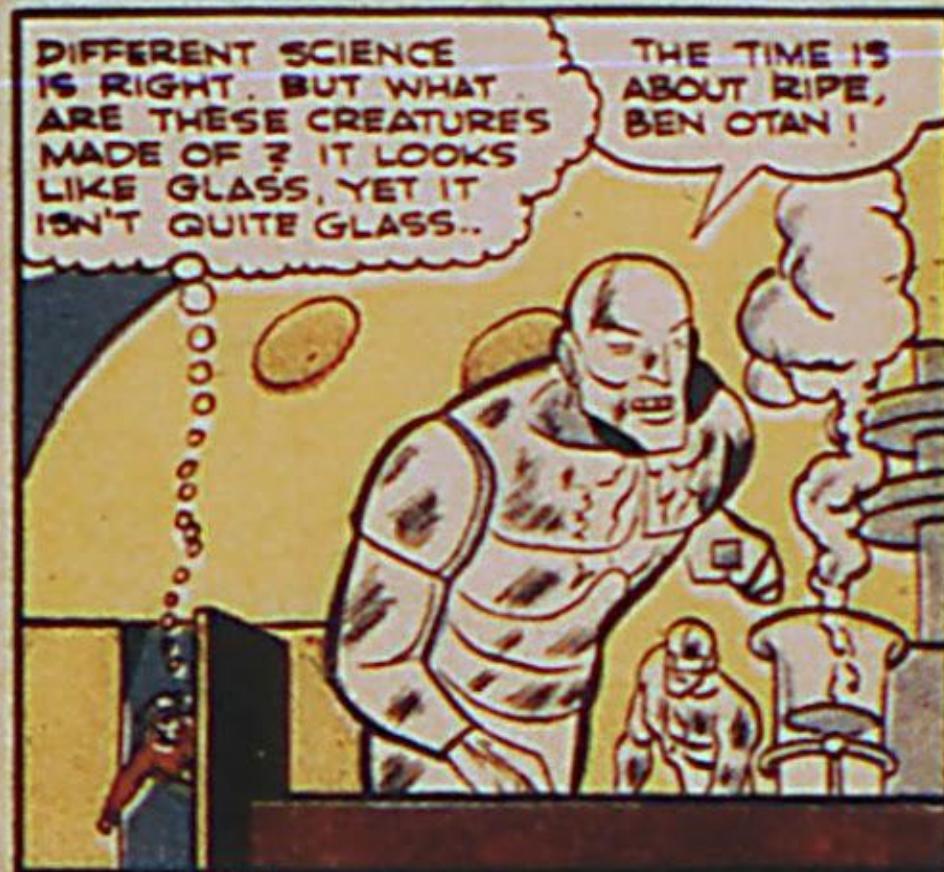
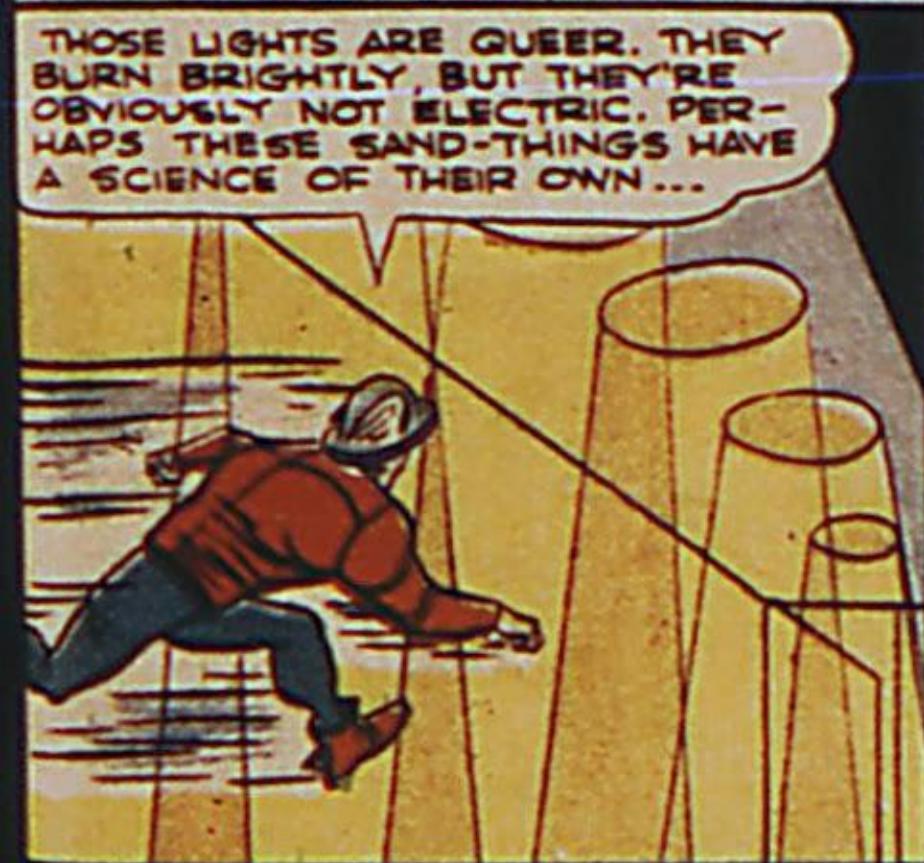
HE'S DELIRIOUS.  
TALKS OF SAND HATING MANKIND...  
WHY LOOK HOW WHITE HIS HAIR HAS TURNED IN ONE PLACE!

I STILL FEEL WE'RE BEING WATCHED. WELL, I HOPE THE COMING DAY WILL THROW SOME LIGHT UPON THIS MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR!



## All-Flash Comics

"THE MAN RESCUED BY THE FLASH BEGGED HIM NOT TO LEAVE CAMP NEXT MORNING..."



## All-Flash Comics

"THE FLASH WAS STUNNED WITH HIS NEW KNOWLEDGE..."

BEINGS WITH SILICON AS A BASE... WHEREAS THE BASIC STRUCTURE OF HUMANS IS CARBON! IT'LL BE A WAR OF THE ELEMENTS!

"BEFORE HIS EYES, THE MACHINE LANDED A QUIVERING SHEET OF LIGHT AT THE METAL PLATE, AND THE METAL WENT UP IN SMOKE..."

GREAT SCOTT! THEY WEREN'T EXAGGERATING! THAT WEAPON COULD WIPE OUT THE HUMAN RACE!

NO WONDER THEY LOOK SO GLASSY! GLASS IS MERELY A MIXTURE OF SILICATES AND THAT MEANS THEY DERIVE THEIR ENERGY NOT FROM FOOD... BUT IN SOME TOTALLY ALIEN MANNER...

THE HUMANS HAVE NOTHING TO MATCH THIS. WITH A BATTERY OF THESE WE'LL TURN THEIR CITIES INTO A MASS OF RUBBLE!

AND IF THEY AREN'T ENOUGH, A FEW SOLAR ENERGY LAMPS WILL TOAST THOSE HUMANS TO A CRISP! THE LAMPS GIVE US OUR ENERGY, BUT THEY'D BE DEADLY TO MAN!

WE ARE THE RULERS OF THE SANDS. THEY ARE OUR SUBJECTS, BUT HOW ARE THEY TREATED BY HUMANS? TO BUILD FOR THEM! TO SCOUR AND POLISH!

"SO ENGROSSED WAS THE FLASH WITH THIS FANTASTIC SAND-WORLD THAT HE DID NOT HEAR ANYONE BEHIND HIM UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE..."

INTRUDER!  
WE HAVE YOU NOW!

....WOW!  
THIS BABY HAS  
A GRIP LIKE A  
VISE!

## All-Flash Comics

IT'S TAKING EVERY OUNCE OF SPEED I CAN SUMMON TO BREAK LOOSE ...

BEWARE OF HIM. HE IS SO FAST I CAN'T SEE HIM ...

YEEOW... HIS JAW MAY BE SAND... BUT IT FEELS LIKE STEEL!

GNUNCH!



MAYBE I CAN FINISH THIS CREW BEFORE IT STARTS THAT ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION ...



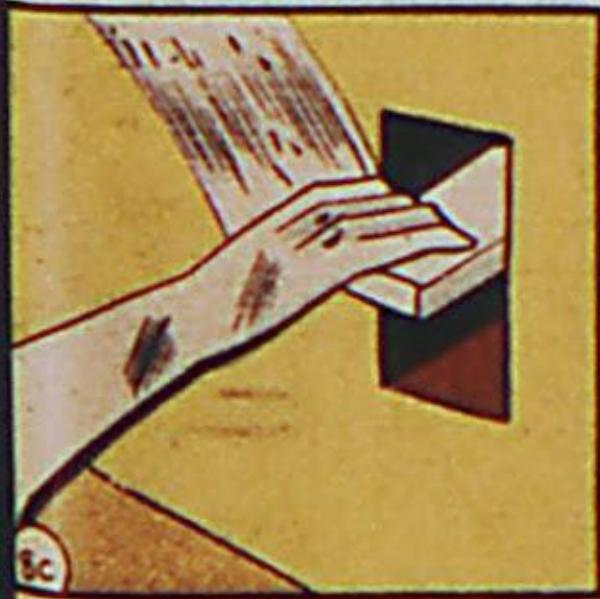
IF ONLY I CAN REACH THAT LEVER!



"THE FLASH HAD HEARD THEM MENTION THOSE SUN LAMPS, BUT HE DIDN'T THINK SERIOUSLY ABOUT IT UNTIL A HAND SNAPPED DOWN THE LEVER OF ONE OF THEM..."

"AND A BURST OF BRILLIANT HEAT AND ENERGY CAUGHT HIM IN THE CHEST!"

"HE OPENED HIS EYES... A PRISONER!"



## All-Flash Comics

YOUR KIND SHALL PAY FOR THE INDIGNITIES YOU HAVE HEAPED UPON OUR RACE. TOO LONG HAVE YOU INSULTED US...FORCED OUR SAND SUBJECTS TO DO YOUR MENIAL TASKS!



THIS MACHINE WILL CONQUER THE EARTH FOR US. WE ARE GOING TO GIVE IT ITS FIRST TRIAL TEST ON SOME HUMANS CAMPED NEAR HERE!



"ALTHOUGH THE FLASH USED EVERY OUNCE OF HIS ENERGY TO BURST THOSE THIN STRANDS, IT WAS TO NO AVAIL..."

GOT TO GET FREE.... THEY'LL BE BURNED ALIVE...BUT I CAN'T... TOO STRONG FOR ME...



"OUTSIDE THE ANCIENT CITY THE SANDS GATHERED IN A GIGANTIC STORM..."

GATHER 'ROUND, YE SANDS OF WRATH. WE GO FORTH TO CHALLENGE THE WORLD!



OH, MY GOODNESS!  
A SANDSTORM....

?



IT WILL BE A TERRIBLE STORM. LISTEN TO THE SANDS HOWLING!

DO YOU THINK IT WILL BE SAFE INSIDE THIS TENT?



FIRST LET US HURL OURSELVES AT THEM!

SPEND SOME OF OUR FURY...

... BEFORE WE TURN THE MACHINE ON THEM!



## All-Flash Comics

"MEANWHILE ..."

MY BELT BUCKLE -  
IF I CAN REACH IT--  
AND--

"HE GAUGED HIS MARK,  
AND FLIPPED THE BUCKLE  
ACROSS THE ROOM..."

"THE BUCKLE FLEW TRUE  
TO ITS GOAL AND THE  
LEVER SNAPPED OVER..."

HERE'S  
HOPING !



THIS IS TORTURE ! LUCKILY, THE  
MAIN BLAST IS PASSING UNDER THE  
TABLE, OR IT WOULD KNOCK ME APART  
AT THE SAME TIME ...

THAT DID IT ! NOW TO MAKE  
TRACKS TO JOAN ....



WHOW ! THEY REALLY DON'T  
NEED THEIR MACHINE . THEY'LL  
HAMMER EVERYTHING IN THEIR  
PATH TO A PULP !

...UNLESS I CAN  
STOP THEM !



## All-Flash Comics

"TO AND FRO RACED THE FLASH, CREATING SUCTIONS OF WIND AS HE PASSED. AT EVER SWIFTER SPEED HE RAN, UNTIL THE AIR HOWLED WITH FURY ALL AROUND HIM! THE SUCTION HE CREATED STROVE AGAINST THE SANDS, WHIPPING THEM AROUND..."



"THE 'SAND-BEING' SHIVERED SUDDENLY. THE POWERFUL FORCES OF SUCTION CREATED BY THE SPEEDING FLASH TUGGED AT HIM..."



BEFORE WE HEAR THE SMASHING CLIMAX, JAY, HOW COME THAT SAND-MAN COLLAPSED LIKE THAT?

HE WAS COMPRISED OF SILICON CRYSTALS. THE FLAME IN HIS CHEST WAS HIS LIFE FORCE. IT GOT ENERGY FROM THE SUN, AND FROM THOSE SOLAR LAMPS.



"WITH A VIOLENT SHUDDER HE FELL APART AND THE FLAME OF LIFE WITHIN HIM DIED. HE RAINED SAND AS HE DISSOLVED..."



HE WAS LIKE A VORTEX OF POWER REVOLVING AROUND THE LIGHT. HE COULD PUT ON THOSE GLASS BODIES OR BODIES OF SAND. BUT ONCE THEY WERE STRIPPED FROM HIM, HE DIED!



## All-Flash Comics

THEY WERE HIGHLY INTELLIGENT, BUT THERE WERE SO FEW OF THEM THEY NEVER GOT ANYWHERE. THEY LIVED IN THAT ONE SPOT BECAUSE THERE WAS A TERRIFIC AMOUNT OF SILICON DEPOSITED THERE...



"BUT TO GET BACK..."

FLASH, THIS DESERT IS DANGEROUS. LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!

NOT BEFORE I TAKE CARE OF AN IMPORTANT MATTER!



STAY THERE! I HAVE TO SAVE THE REST OF THE EXPEDITION BEFORE THEY FIRE THAT WEAPON OF THEIRS. YOU ARE SAFE HERE, TEN MILES FROM CAMP!



"BUT EVEN AS HE SPOKE, A HAND OF SAND REACHED FORTH..."



THIS WILL WIPE THEM OUT!

"THIS SOUNDS INCREDIBLE, BUT BEFORE THE FLAME HAD TIME TO REACH THE NOZZLE OF THE GUN, THE FLASH WAS ON IT..."



MADE IT JUST IN TIME!

YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THE FLASH RAN TEN MILES BEFORE THAT FLAME GOT FROM THE FIRING CHAMBER TO THE GUN'S MUZZLE?



WHY, YES, THE FLASH IS FAST, YOU KNOW. BUT THAT ISN'T ANYTHING TO WHAT CAME LATER...

"NATURALLY THE SAND-MEN FLED BEFORE THE FLASH..."



THEY'RE SEEKING THE SAFETY OF THEIR ANCIENT CITY!

## All-Flash Comics

"WHEN THE FLASH WENT INSIDE THE CITY, HE FOUND EVERY ONE OF THE SAND-MEN DEAD!"

DEAD...THE SOLAR LAMP BROKEN...OF COURSE! NO WONDER THEY DIED! WELL, THAT ENDS THEIR THREAT FOREVER!



COME ON, MAN, TELL US. WHAT KILLED THEM?

AS I TOLD YOU, THEY DERIVED THEIR ENERGY FROM THE SOLAR LAMPS. IT WAS LIKE FOOD TO THEM. WHEN I ORIGINALLY ESCAPED FROM THE ANCIENT CITY, I LEFT THAT LAMP ON AT ITS HIGHEST POWER!



THE SAND-BEINGS RAN INTO A ROOM STORED WITH PENT-UP ENERGY. THIS ENERGY HAD SUSTAINED THEM AS FOOD SUSTAINS US. THEY COULDN'T HELP THEMSELVES. THE ENERGY JUST SWARMED INTO THEM. GENTLEMEN, THOSE SAND-BEINGS DIED FROM OVERTEATING!



OKAY, JAY... YOU WIN!

THERE'S NO ARGUMENT AFTER THAT STORY!

FLASH ALWAYS SAID IT WAS A ... ER... TRUE STORY!



I SUPPOSE YOU STILL SAY IT WAS TRUE...

YES, GENTLEMEN, I DO!

YOU AND THE FLASH, HUH?

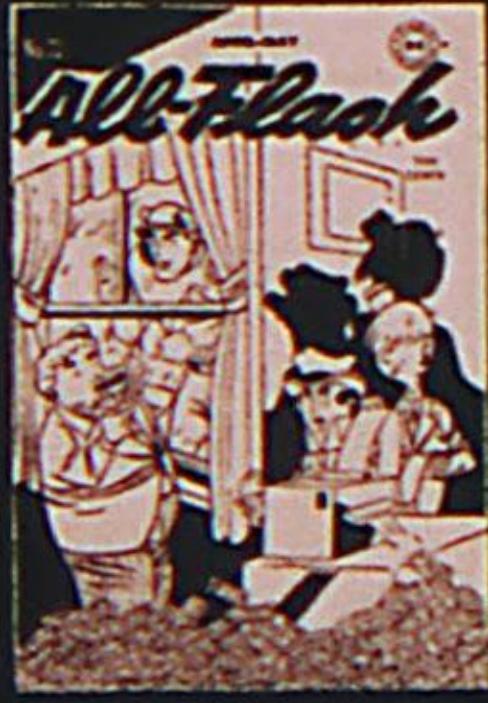


YES, THAT WAS A TRUE STORY. AND I'LL NEVER FORGET IT... NEVER....





Don't Miss  
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★  
TOPS  
in  
READING  
ENJOYMENT!



NOW ON SALE

EVERWHERE!



OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

# AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER  
24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

YOURS TO TEST  
ON OUR  
MONEY BACK OFFER

#### IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, un-dependable storm glass nor plastic house! The Weatherman Weather House is the original "Swiss" Weather House which actually tells you the weather in advance. Beware of imitations.

#### BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN... KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster. It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, housewives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positive the most amazing advertising offer we have ever made.

YOU'LL MARVEL AT ITS ACCURACY

#### SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfect it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly in full without question. Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable index of what the weather will be. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D.

#### DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. NAW  
29 East Madison Street  
Chicago 2, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Rush (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will prepay \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. I can return the Weather House for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

Send C.O.D.  I Enclose \$1.69. Postage Prepaid.  2 for \$2.54

4 for \$3.00  12 for \$5.00  Send Free Leaf only.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

(Please print plainly)

State: \_\_\_\_\_

FREE  
Good Luck  
Leaf

No Postage Required  
in Leaf Only



#### MAGIC LEAF Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition is—a person owning one of these plants will have much good luck and success.

Your free—leaf will grow in your room placed to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every touch. The small plants may be detached and placed if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be red and dead and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and it rates very high in plant evolution.

#### HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY

"Please rush & more Weather Houses. I want to give them away at fairs. They are wonderful!"  
Mrs. J. F. Aquinton, Ohio

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"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they could shoot out, I decided to take you for myself!"  
Mrs. L. S., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to play my piano a day ahead. It's wonderful!"  
Mrs. O. L. A., Connecticut, Conn.

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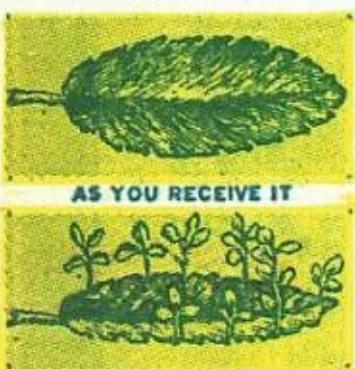
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Mrs. I. S. Amsterdam, Ohio

"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful."

Mrs. I. F. Booth, Maine

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself."

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