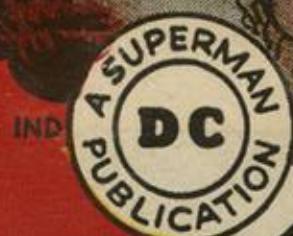


No. 29
TEN
CENTS

JUNE-JULY

Ace-Flash

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE



In this issue - 3 full length FLASH stories - 3 tales of mystery, suspense, and high adventure! . . . "THE THOUSAND-YEAR OLD TERROR!" . . .
"THE SECRET IN THE CHEST" and "ACCIDENTS BY APPOINTMENT"

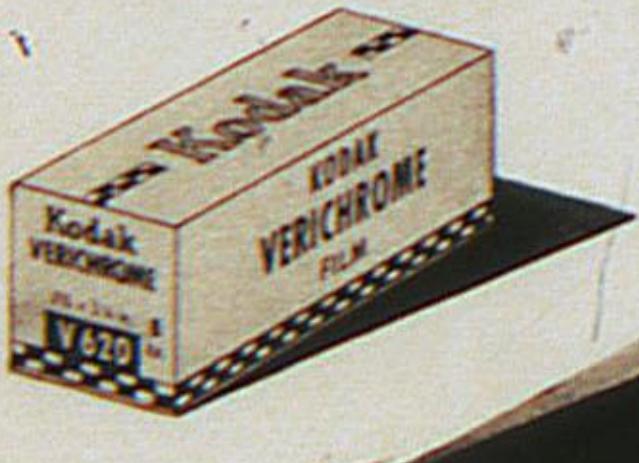
"Gee—
they're great!"



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WITHOUT WARNING, COMES AN ATTACK FROM THE STRANGEST ENEMY THAT MANKIND HAS EVER FACED--INVADERS FROM THE PAST! BRANDISHING WEAPONS OF A BYGONE AGE, THE ASSAILANT'S UNLEASH A WAVE OF DESTRUCTION THAT THREATENS THE WORLD... HOW CAN THE FLASH MATCH HIS SUPER-SPEED AGAINST THE INSIDIOUS CUNNING OF AN ENEMY THAT PARRIES EVERY ONE OF HIS BLOWS? THE FATE OF CIVILIZATION HANGS IN THE BALANCE AS THE FLASH BATTLES--

"The Thousand-Year Old Terror!"

ALL-FLASH, No. 29, June-July, 1947. Published bi-monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y. Sheldon Mayer, Editor. Registered as second class matter Feb. 21, 1946 at the Post Office at New York, N.Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U.S. 75c including postage. Foreign, \$1.50 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldman.

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All-Flash Comics



EARLY ONE MORNING, A STARTLING SPECTACLE CONFRONTS A NEW ENGLAND FARMER...

GET THEE FROM THAT DIABOLIC MACHINE KNAVE! IT MUST BE DESTROYED AT ONCE!

EH? WHO ARE YOU TO GIVE ME ORDERS? THIS IS MY LAND AND MY TRACTOR!

SERF! DARE YOU TO ARGUE WITH THE BARON OF BUCKTON?

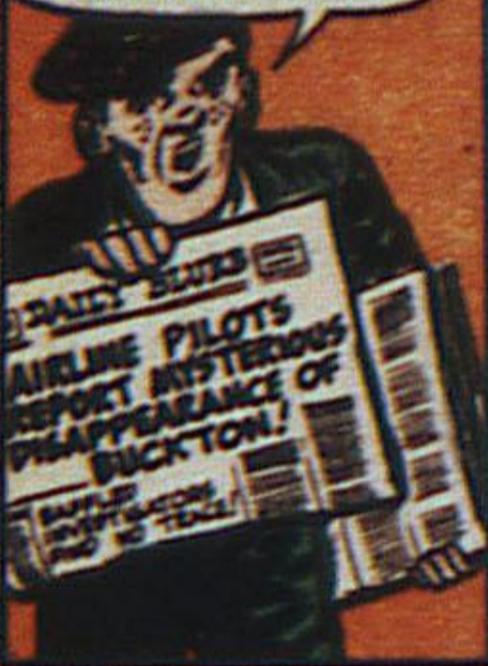
ALL THAT IS NEW MUST BE DESTROYED! THAT IS THE WILL OF THE IRON GAUNTLET!!

YASH!



NEXT DAY, IN KEYSTONE CITY...

WUXTREE! ENTIRE TOWN DISAPPEARS!



WHILE IN THE SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH LABORATORY OF JAY (THE FLASH) GARRICK...

THIS IS A STRANGE LETTER YOU RECEIVED, JOAN! AND YOU SAY IT WAS ADDRESSED TO "JOHN" WILLIAMS?

YES - THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN MY FATHER - BUT HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS!



REMEMBER THE-- IRON GAUNTLET.



FIRST THE TOWN OF BUCKTON VANISHES, THEN YOU GET THIS LETTER MENTIONING A MYSTERIOUS BARON OF BUCKTON! HMM! THIS BEARS INVESTIGATING!

IT'S PROBABLY JUST A CRANK LETTER, JAY...

PROBABLY... SEE YOU LATER! -- I'M GOING FOR A LITTLE WALK!

SURE - SEE YOU LATER!



All-Flash Comics

BUT AFTER JAY GARRICK LEAVES...

NOW JAY'S GOT ME WONDERING ABOUT THAT LETTER! I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO - I'LL DRESS AS "JOHN" WILLIAMS AND RALLY TO THIS BARON OF BUCKTON!

SHORTLY - AT THE KEYSTONE MUSEUM LIBRARY...

HMM - THE IRON GAUNTLET WAS THE SIGN OF AN ANCIENT, EVIL ORGANIZATION CALLED THE BLACK TEMPLARS A THOUSAND YEARS AGO!

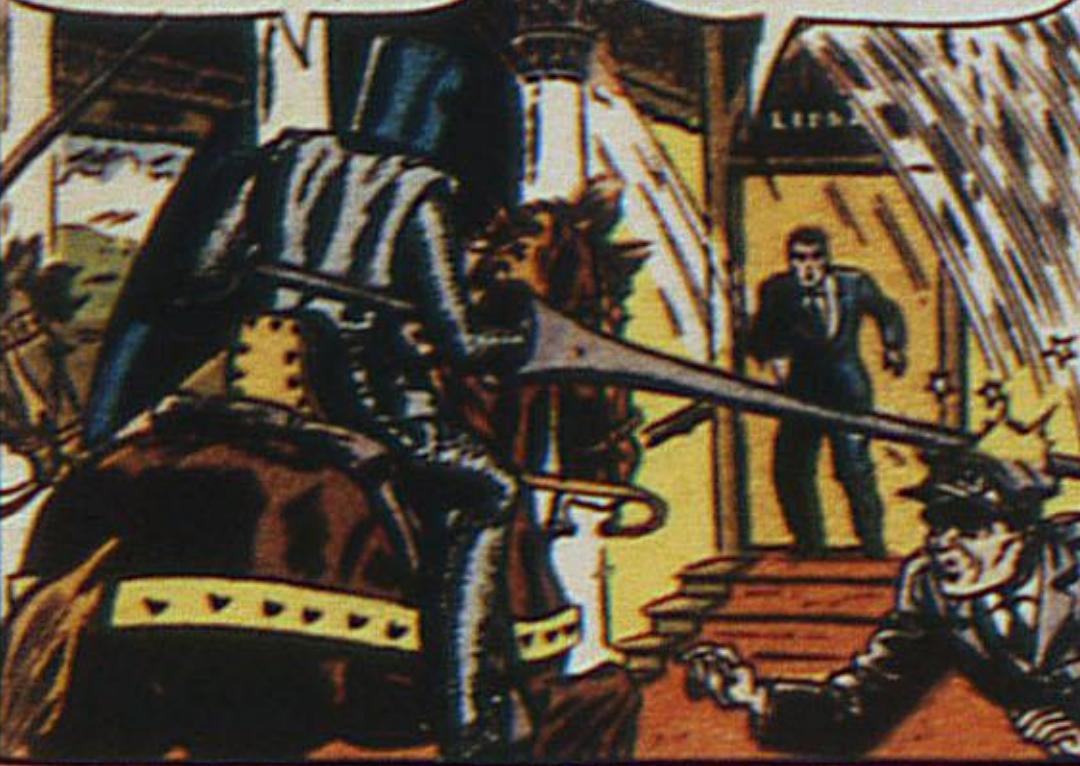


BUT IT'S INCREDIBLE THAT THE SAME ORGANIZATION COULD EXIST TODAY! COMPLETELY INCRE - HUH?



MAKE WAY FOR THE BARON OF BUCKTON, DOLT!

GREAT JUPITER! THE BLACK TEMPLARS!



INCREDIBLE OR NOT, THE BLACK TEMPLARS ARE HERE - AND MUST BE RECKONED WITH!



MEANWHILE, A POLICEMAN HAS ANSWERED THE QUICKLY-RAISED ALARM...

STOP, THIEVES! WH--? BULLETS DON'T HURT YOU!

THEY CAN'T PENE-TRATE OUR DOUBLE-STRENGTH CHAIN-MAIL, DULLARD!



BUT WATCH MY MACE PENETRATE YOUR THICK SKULL!

MISTER, YOU'RE RIDING FOR A FALL!



All-Flash Comics

GRABBING THE MENACING MACE THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER SWIFTLY VIBRATES IT BACK AND FORTH...

ZOUNDS! MY MACE IS BEWITCHED!



THAT WAS A SOLID JAW! AT LEAST YOU TEMPLARS AREN'T GHOSTS!

YAGHH!



HE OF THE RED TUNIC IS DANGEROUS! LET HIM HAVE A VOLLEY! READY-- AIM---

MM! TIME TO SHOW THEM SOME REAL SPEED NOW!



BY CIRCLING AT TERRIFIC VELOCITY, THE FLASH CREATES A MINIATURE WHIRLWIND!

THE VARLET MUST BE A WIZARD! HE'S RAISED A HIGH WIND OUT OF NOWHERE!



THEY'RE RUNNING FOR IT! I OUGHT TO CHASE THEM, BUT THIS POOR GUARD SEEMS BADLY HURT!

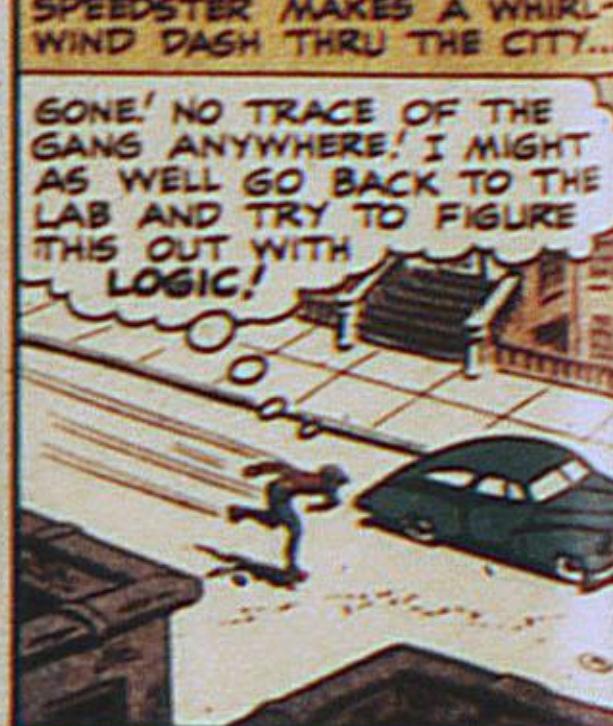


GOT TO TRY TO SAVE HIS LIFE - GET HIM TO A DOCTOR! AFTERWARDS I CAN TRACK DOWN THOSE MEN IN CHAIN MAIL AND FIND OUT WHAT THEIR GAME IS!



LEAVING THE WOUNDED GUARD SAFELY IN THE HANDS OF A DOCTOR, THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER MAKES A WHIRLWIND DASH THRU THE CITY...

GONE! NO TRACE OF THE GANG ANYWHERE! I MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO THE LAB AND TRY TO FIGURE THIS OUT WITH LOGIC!



All-Flash Comics

BUT BACK IN THE EMPTY LAB...

GOOD GOSH! THIS NOTE FROM JOAN SAYS SHE'S GONE TO BUCKTON POSING AS "JOHN" WILLIAMS! I'VE GOT TO GET UP THERE! SHE MAY BE IN DANGER!



BEFORE A HIDDEN CASTLE NEAR THE FORMER SITE OF BUCKTON...

BLACK TEMPLARS! THE MUSEUM RAID GAVE US ARMS AND ARMOUR APLENTY! GO NOW! CARRY OUT OUR PLANS!



LATER

THE WINGED CRAFT COMES ON APACE! NOTCH YOUR SHAFT!

FEAR NOT: 'TWILL NOT GET PAST US!



SUDDENLY, IN THE AIR A GREAT PLANE IS STRICKEN!



WHILE ON THE GROUND...

THE MONSTER THAT GLIDES ON ITS WHEELED BELLY APPROACHES!

YEA! APPROACHES ITS DOOM!



COME! WE HAVE DONE OURSELVES PROUD THIS NIGHT!



MEANWHILE, "JOHN" WILLIAMS HAS SEEN ENOUGH!

THESE BLACK TEMPLARS ARE DANGEROUS MADMEN! THEY SEEM BENT ON DESTROYING EVERYTHING NEW WITH ANCIENT WEAPONS! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE AND WARN THE COUNTRY!

HALT! WHO GOES?





All-Flash Comics



All-Flash Comics

JUST LIKE A STRAW DRIVEN BY A TORNADO CAN PIERCE A TREE WITHOUT HARM TO ITSELF THE CRIMSON COMET IN A TREMENDOUS BURST OF SPEED RIPS CLEAN THRU THE THOUSAND POUND SHOT!



WITHOUT HESITATION, FOOL! TRY ONE MORE TRICK AND SHE IS NO MORE!

WHAT A SHOT! I COULD MAKE MYSELF INVISIBLE, BUT I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES OF JOAN GETTING HURT!

ALL RIGHT, YOU SKUNKS!



I SURRENDER! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH US?

YOU WILL SEE! FASTEN THEM BOTH WELL, MEN, AND CARRY THEM DOWN TO THE SPECIAL DUNGEON!



MINUTES AFTER...

AS YOU CAN SEE, MY FRIENDS, WE DO THINGS IN THE OLD WAY! ABOVE YOU SWINGS A PENDULUM SWORD...



IT'S EDGE IS RAZOR-SHARP! WITH EACH SWING OF THE PENDULUM THE BLADE WILL GET CLOSER! I WONDER IF YOU CAN GUESS WHAT WILL EVENTUALLY HAPPEN?

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, WHATEVER YOUR GAME IS!





All-Flash Comics



"WILL WE NOT? MAYHAP YOU KNOW NOT WITH WHOM YOU DEAL! SINCE THE WORLD WILL SOON KNOW ANYWAY, YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW OUR HISTORY BEFORE YOU DIE!"



"A THOUSAND YEARS AGO A LORD LAY DYING. AROUND HIM WERE HIS FOLLOWERS, THE KNIGHTS OF AN ANCIENT ORGANIZATION, ONCE ALL-POWERFUL, CALLED THE BLACK TEMPLARS..."



"PROMISE BY YON IRON GAUNTLET THAT YE WILL PASS ON THE WORD TO YOUR SONS AND YOUR SONS' SONS! LET THEM PREPARE FOR THE DAY WHEN THE BLACK TEMPLARS RISE AGAIN!"



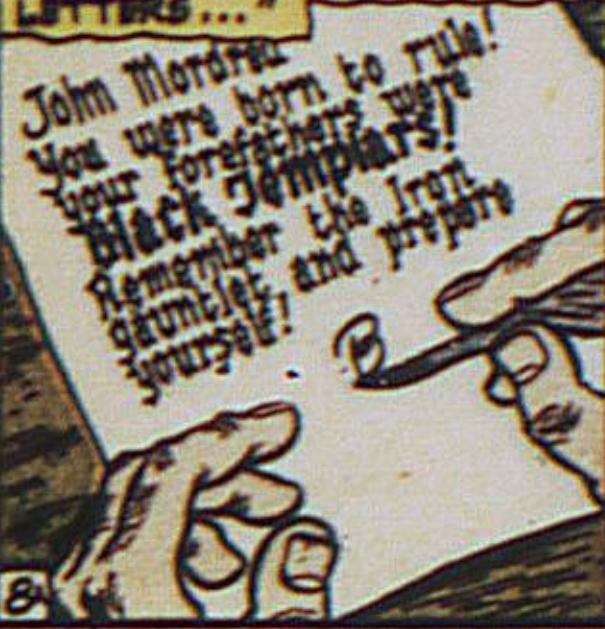
"THE FAITH WAS KEPT FOR A THOUSAND YEARS! WHEN I WAS A BOY, MY FATHER TOOK ME ASIDE..."

"SON, I AM POOR BUT YOU ARE YOUNG AND STRONG! REMEMBER! IT MAY FALL TO YOUR LOT TO BRING BACK THE BLACK TEMPLARS TO CLAIM OUR HERITAGE OF WEALTH AND POWER!"

"I'LL REMEMBER!"



"LATER ON I REMEMBERED! I HATED THE NEW WAYS, AND I RESOLVED TO BRING BACK THE OLD DAYS WHEN THE BLACK TEMPLARS RULED! I BEGAN TO SEND OUT LETTERS..."



"I SIGNED THE LETTERS WITH THE TITLE I HAD TAKEN-- BARON OF BUCKTON! THE LETTERS WERE EFFECTIVE!"

"BORN TO RULE! AND I AM, ONLY A LOWLY GARDENER! THIS LETTER IS RIGHT! WE SONS OF BLACK TEMPLAR SHOULD RUN THIS COUNTRY! I'LL ANSWER IT!"



"FROM ALL OVER AMERICA AT MY CALL CAME THE SONS OF THE BLACK TEMPLARS READY TO FIGHT TO WIN BACK OUR LOST INHERITANCE!"

"BUCKTON! I'LL GET THERE IF I HAVE TO WALK ALL THE WAY."



All-Flash Comics

"WE OUTFITTED OURSELVES WITH ARMS AND ARMOUR FROM MUSEUMS. THEN WE WERE READY! WE RESOLVED TO BRING BACK THE OLD DAYS --- BY FIGHTING IN THE OLD WAY!"

DOWN WITH THIS NEW VILLAGE OF BUCKTON!

REMEMBER THE IRON GAUNTLET!

TODAY BUCKTON, TOMORROW AMERICA!

KNOW YE FULL WELL THEN, THAT YE DIE AS PUNISHMENT FOR TREASON! TREASON AGAINST YOUR RIGHTFUL LORDS, THE BLACK TEMPLARS!

FLASH, THEY'RE MAD!

JOAN, KEEP YOUR HEAD SIDeways LIKE THIS! THAT'LL GIVE US A LITTLE MORE TIME...

HURRY! THINK OF SOMETHING! --- THAT BLADE IS GETTING CLOSER!

THE BLACK TEMPLARS HAVE GONE TO ROB THE KEYSTONE BANK! I HEARD THEIR PLANS!

THE KEYSTONE BANK? GREAT SCOTT! IF THEY CAN CRACK THAT BANK THEY'LL PANIC THE COUNTRY!

WHOOSH

WHOOSH

THE KEYSTONE BANK HOLDS HALF OF AMERICA'S GOLD RESERVE IN ITS VAULTS!

THAT'S WHY THEY PICKED IT! THEY'RE OUT TO DESTROY THE COUNTRY AND TAKE OVER -- AS RULERS!

WHOOSH

SO IT'S NOT ONLY OUR OWN LIVES AT STAKE! IT'S OUR COUNTRY'S WELFARE!

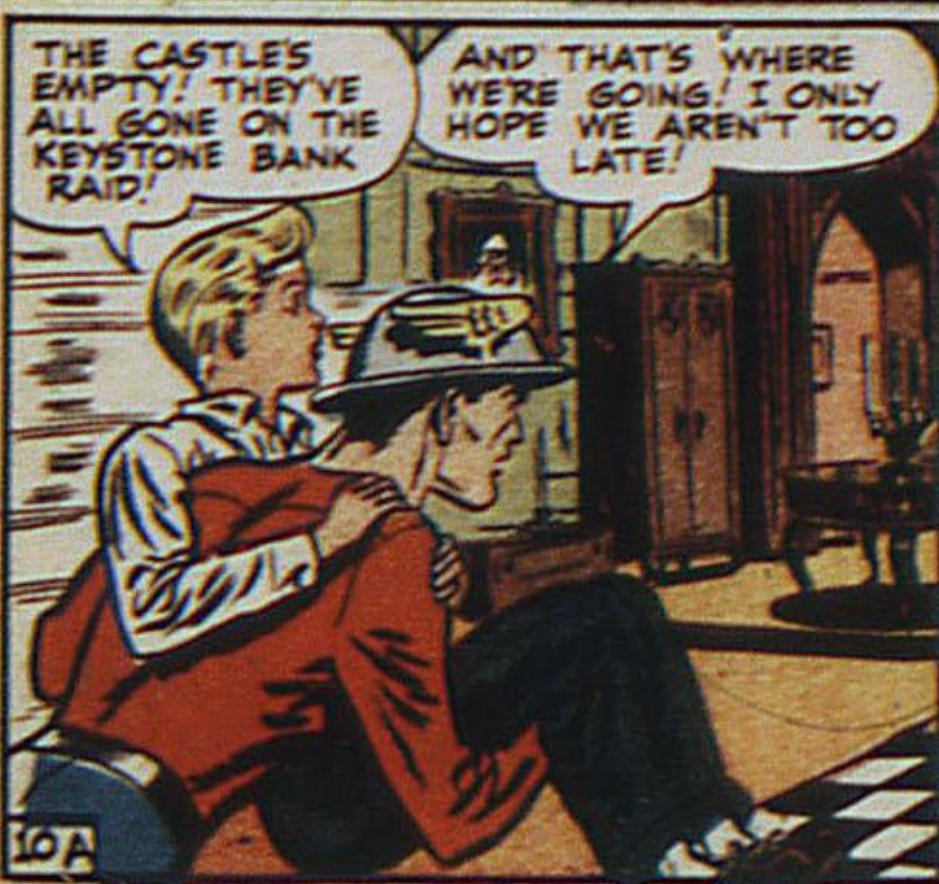
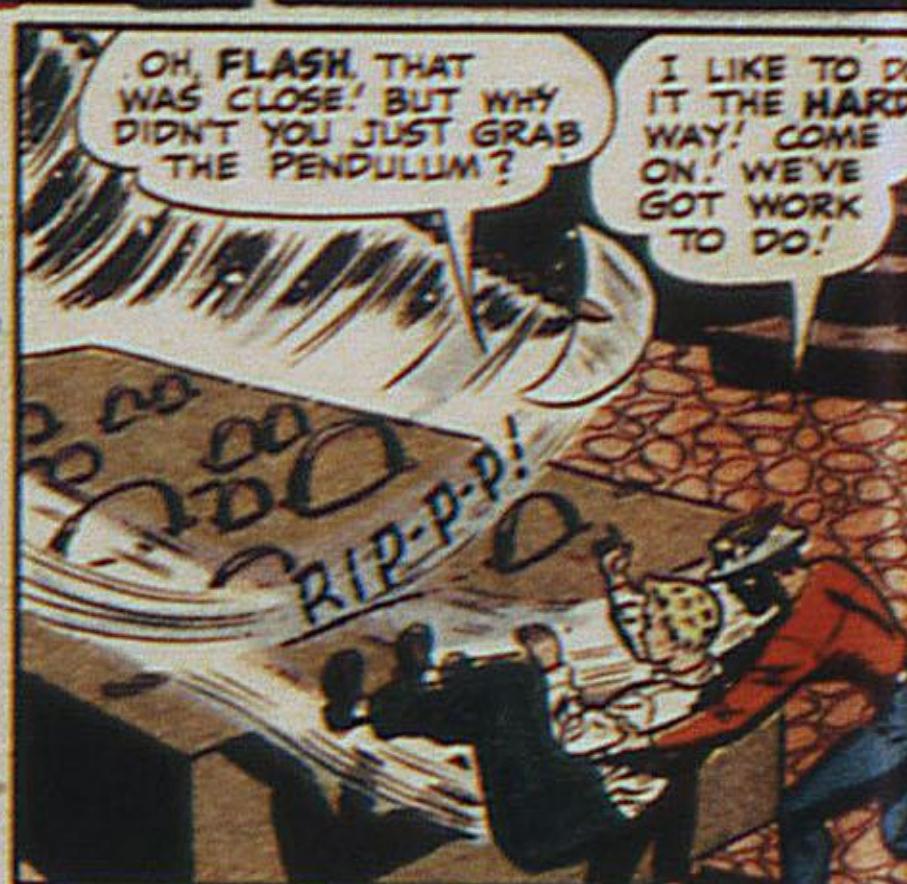
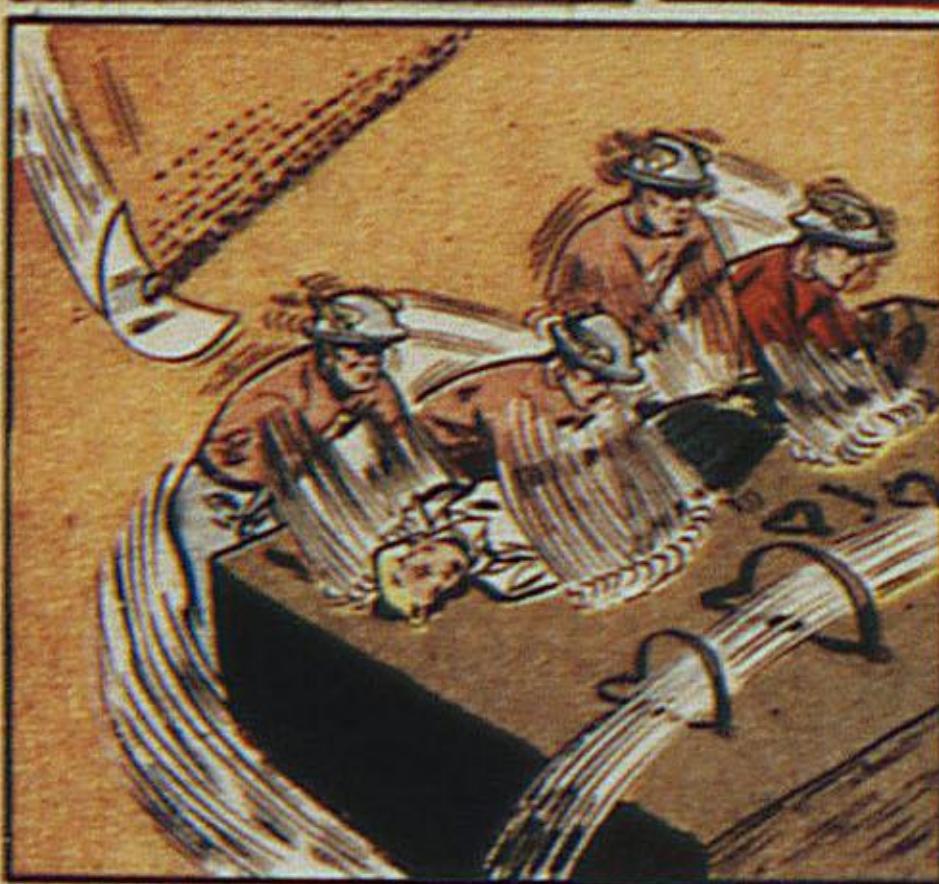
THAT GANG IS MAD! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE SOMEHOW AND STOP THEM!... WAIT...

I CAN MOVE MY FINGER! THAT HELPS! IF I VIBRATE IT FAST ENOUGH, THE FRICTION WILL HEAT UP THE METAL BAND!

WHOOSH



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LOA

All-Flash Comics

"Surrender to the Black Templars or take the consequences!"

THIS LOOKS LIKE NON-SENSE BUT I'D BETTER NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES! GUARDS! TO YOUR EMERGENCY POSTS!

WHY IT'S JUST A BUNCH OF FOOLS DRESSED UP AS KNIGHTS!

THEY SCORN OUR WARNING, THE DOLTS! FIRE THE FIRST VOLLEY!

ATTACK - WITH ANCIENT WEAPONS!

THESE WOODEN ARROWS FIRED INTO THE BURGLAR ALARMS OF THE BANK WILL RENDER THEM USELESS!

THESE SMOKE-CAULDRONS CATAPOULTED INTO THE BANK WILL CAST THE DEFENDERS INTO CONFUSION!

AHA! THE MINIONS OF THE BANK FIRE THEIR NEW WEAPONS, BUT OUR MAIL PROTECTS US! NOW BRING UP THE SIEGE WALL FOR THE FINAL ASSAULT!



A MOMENT LATER...

THE UPPER WINDOWS ARE UNBARRED! NONE EXPECTED THAT THIS SUPER SMOOTH WALL COULD BE SCALED!

THEY RECKONED NOT WITH OUR METHODS OF ANCIENT DAYS, BARON!

TAKEN BY SURPRISE, THE BANK GUARDS ARE ROUTED!

THE POLTROONS RUN! VICTORY IS OURS! DOWN TO THE GOLD VAULTS, MEN!

HAIL TO OUR LIEGE, BARON, OF BUCKTON, TO THE GOLD!



All-Flash Comics



Advertisement

TAKE MY
TIP

JUST TOOK A
DOUBLE HELPING

"I TAKE A TIP
FROM A LOT OF
OTHER BALL PLAYERS,"
SAYS JERRY WITTE.
"I GET MY BREAKFAST
STARTED WITH MILK,
FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. - 'BREAK-
FAST OF CHAMPIONS. THOSE
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES, WHEATIES,
TASTE MIGHTY GOOD. THEY
COME THROUGH IN THE
NOURISHMENT DEPART-
MENT TOO!"

I'M PLAYING
WITTE DEEP

HE EATS
WHEATIES

WITTE TOPPED
ASSOCIATION SLUGGERS
WITH 46 HOMERS—SECOND
BEST RECORD FOR RIGHT-
HANDED BATTERS IN THE
LOOP'S HISTORY. HE
DROVE IN 120 RUNS

A MEMBER OF THE TOLEDO
MUD HENS' ROOKIE GROUP,
WITTE CRACKED OUT THREE
CONSECUTIVE HOME RUNS
(AGAINST THREE DIFFERENT
PITCHERS) IN THE ASSOCIATION'S
1946 ALL-STAR GAME

JERRY WITTE

1946 WINNER OF THE
AMERICAN ASSOCIATION'S "MOST
VALUABLE PLAYER" AWARD... NOW
WITH THE ST. LOUIS BROWNS



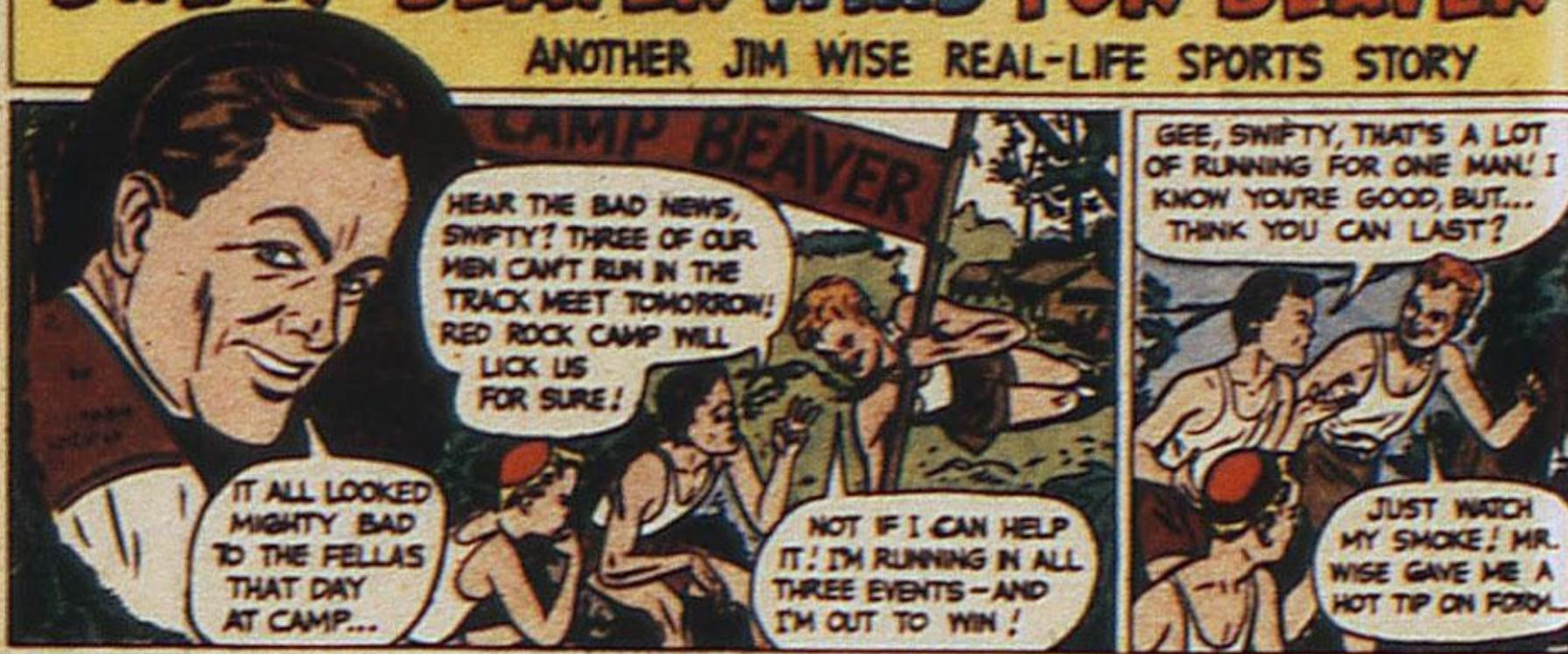
**WHEATIES "BREAKFAST
OF
CHAMPIONS"**
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

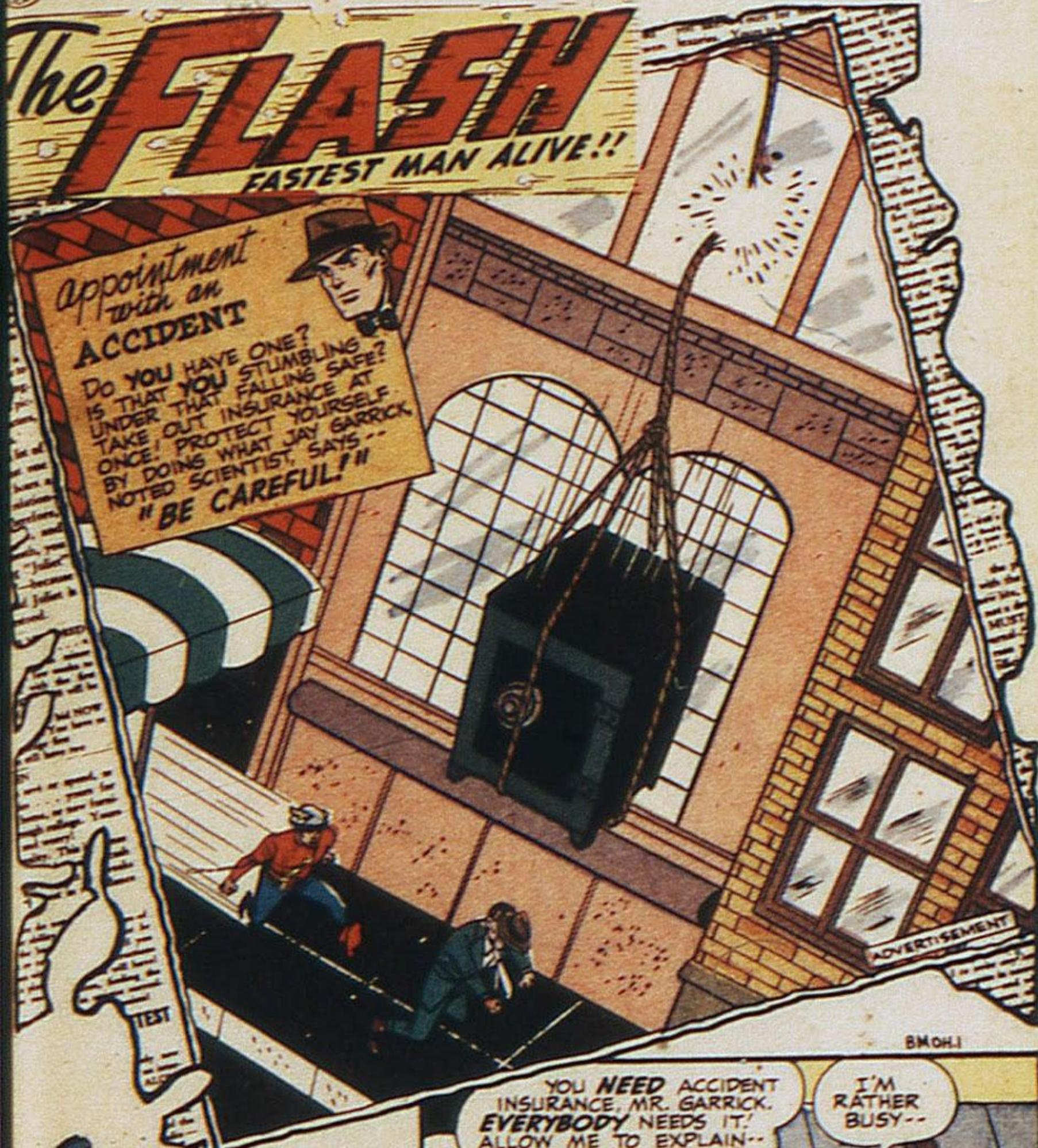
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Advertisement

SWIFTY SEAVER WINS FOR BEAVER

ANOTHER JIM WISE REAL-LIFE SPORTS STORY





SOMETIMES ACCIDENTS ARE NOT ACCIDENTAL. AND WHEN THEY HAPPEN WITH CURIOUS FREQUENCY, TO THE SAME MAN, IT'S TIME FOR THE SCARLET STREAK TO ISSUE SOME INSURANCE OF HIS OWN AGAINST--

"ACCIDENTS
by
APPOINTMENT!"

YOU NEED ACCIDENT INSURANCE, MR. GARRICK. EVERYBODY NEEDS IT. ALLOW ME TO EXPLAIN--

I'M RATHER BUSY--





All-Flash Comics

OUR FIRM IS A BRAND-NEW OUTFIT, WITH SPECIAL RATES, AND WONDERFUL CLAUSES. NOW CONSIDER OUR NUMBER ONE POLICY---

INSURANCE AGENTS AND LABORATORY EXPERIMENTS DON'T MIX. I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM.

IF THE POOR SAP ONLY KNEW I WAS THE FLASH, HE'D REALIZE MY SPEED PREVENTED ANY ACCIDENTS FROM HAPPENING TO ME!

LOOK, FELLA. I DON'T WANT TO BUY ANY ACCIDENT INSURANCE! I'M BUSY. I HAVE IMPORTANT WORK TO DO!

MY DEAR MR. GARRICK, WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT SELLING YOU INSURANCE? I DON'T WANT TO SELL YOU INSURANCE!

YOU - YOU DON'T WANT TO SELL ME INSURANCE? THEN WHY ARE YOU ---?

TO PAY YOU MONEY!! YES, MR. GARRICK--- WE WANT TO GIVE YOU TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

JUST PUT YOUR NAME ON THE DOTTED LINE ENDORSING OUR POLICIES. AS A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY, YOUR UNQUALIFIED ENDORSEMENT WILL HELP US SELL ---

AH, I SEE!

GET OUT AND STAY OUT! I NEVER ENDORSE ANYTHING!

BUT-- BUT---

VERY WELL, GARRICK. IF YOU WANT TO PLAY ROUGH, THAT'S THE WAY WE'LL PLAY! I'LL BE SEEIN' YOU!

GARRICK RESEARCH LABORATORIES



All-Flash Comics



WELL, WELL... QUITE AN UNUSUAL INSURANCE AGENT WE'RE DEALING WITH! BUT LET'S GO ALONG AND SEE JUST HOW UNUSUAL HE REALLY IS---

GARRICK TURNED MY OFFER DOWN COLD!

WHAT?! DID YOU TELL HIM WE'D PAY HIM TEN GRAND FOR THE USE OF HIS NAME?

WE GOT TO DO SOMETHIN' OR THE WHOLE IDEA'S NO GOOD!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW? THAT SELLING ACCIDENT INSURANCE RACKET IS THE BEST WE EVER CAME UP WITH. WE PUT ACROSS A RAPID-FIRE SALES CAMPAIGN, CLEAN UP PLENTY--- THEN BEAT IT!

BUT WE'VE GOT TO HAVE ADVERTISING. WE NEED JAY GARRICK'S NAME TO ENDORSE OUR POLICY!

AWW! SOMEBODY ELSE WILL DO!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG!

WE'RE AIMIN' AT THE WORKERS, AIN'T WE? THEY KNOW GARRICK'S REPUTATION AS A RESEARCH SCIENTIST. HE'S INVENTED MANY SAFETY DEVICES FOR THEIR PROTECTION.

SURE! HIS WORD TO THEM IS LIKE DOUGH IN THE BANK!

OKAY, OKAY, IT'S SETTLED. JAY GARRICK'S GOT TO SIGN THAT ENDORSEMENT--- AND WE GOT TO CONVINCE HIM!

AND SO THAT VERY NIGHT---

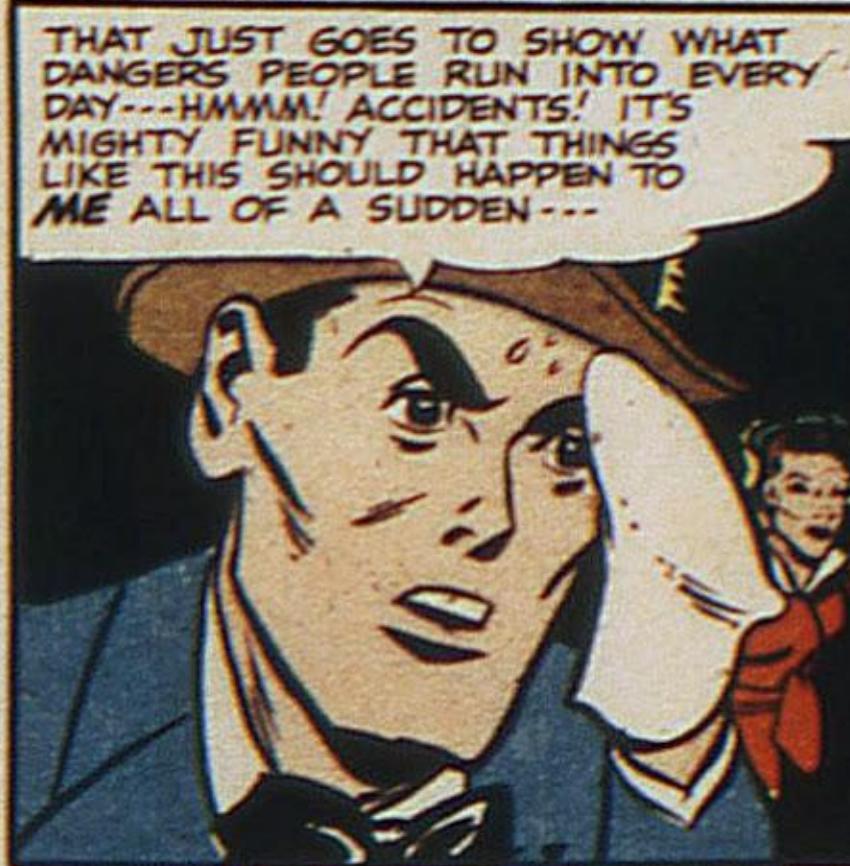
LET'S SEE HOW CLOSE I CAN COME TO MISSING JAY GARRICK---

All-Flash Comics

AS THE SEARING FLAMES EAT THROUGH THE PULLEY-ROPES, THE GIANT SAFE HURLES GROUNDWARDS...



SOME MOMENTS LATER---



WATCH OUT, JAY! THERE'S MORE TO COME---



WHAT'S THIS? JAY GARRICK RUNNING AWAY FROM DANGER?



IN THE PRIVACY OF THE SHADY ALLEYWAY, A RAPID CHANGE --- AND THE FLASH MAKES HIS APPEARANCE ---





All-Flash Comics



A LITTLE PRESSURE ON THESE WHEELS WHILE I MOVE MY HANDS AT THEIR RATE OF SPEED, OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!

THERE WE ARE, SAFE AND SOUND!

YOU'RE LUCKY, CHUM. NEXT TIME I MIGHT NOT BE AROUND.

ULP! THE FLASH!!

I'M HANDING YOU A COUPLE OF TICKETS FOR THAT RECKLESS DRIVING...

JOAN ALWAYS SAYS I'M TOO SUSPICIOUS -- BUT SOMEHOW THAT DRIVER LOOKS GUILTY -- AS THOUGH IT WERE A DELIBERATELY PLANNED ACCIDENT!

WAIT'LL THAT GUY HEARS THE HEAVY FINE THE JUDGE'LL SLAP ON HIM! IT'LL PUT A STOP TO HIS RECKLESS DRIVING, ALL RIGHT!

I WONDER!

JUST TO EASE MY CONSCIENCE, I'LL TRAIL HIM. WHO KNOWS --- MY SUSPICIOUS NATURE HAS LED ME TO SHADY DEALINGS BEFORE!

DID YOU GET GARRICK?

IS HE IN THE HOSPITAL? HE'LL BE A CINCH TO SELL NOW!

ER, NO. FELLAS, YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THIS, BUT ---

ACE ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY



All-Flash Comics



WHO DO YOU THINK SHOWED UP BUT THE FLASH! HE TURNED MY WHEELS BACK ONTO THE STREET AND SAVED GARRICK!

THAT MEANS WE GOT TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN!

I'VE ALREADY SENT THE SALESMEN OUT TO SELL INSURANCE AND TOLD 'EM TO USE GARRICK'S NAME. WE GOT TO GET HIS OKAY ... FAST!

AHA!

WITH THE RAPIDITY OF A BOLT OF LIGHTNING, THE HAND OF THE FLASH DARTS OUT ...

OOPS -- DROPPED IT --



SO THAT'S WHERE THEY'VE SENT THEIR SALESMEN! GUESS I'D BETTER PAY THEM A VISIT BEFORE THEY CHEAT THOSE WORKERS OUT OF THEIR HARD-EARNED MONEY!



JUST SHOWS YOU --- SOMETIMES YOU DROP SOMETHING AND NEVER CAN FIND IT ---

I'LL MAKE A FEW NOTES!



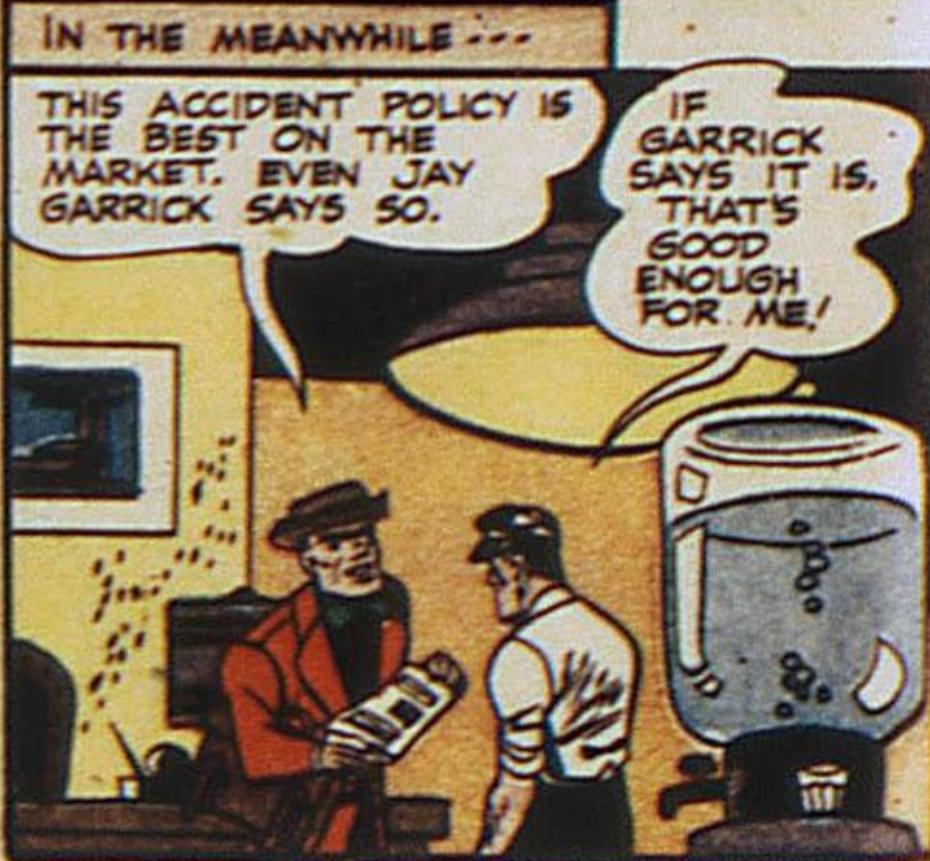
I THINK THOSE "INSURANCE SALESMEN" ARE GOING TO MEET UP WITH A FEW UNEXPECTED ACCIDENTS.



IN THE MEANWHILE ---

THIS ACCIDENT POLICY IS THE BEST ON THE MARKET. EVEN JAY GARRICK SAYS SO.

IF GARRICK SAYS IT IS, THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!



All-Flash Comics

GOOD. YOU CAN SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE AND I'LL TAKE THE FIRST PREMIUM IN CASH...

HE'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO HIM ALL RIGHT!

OOOPS!

CAREFUL...

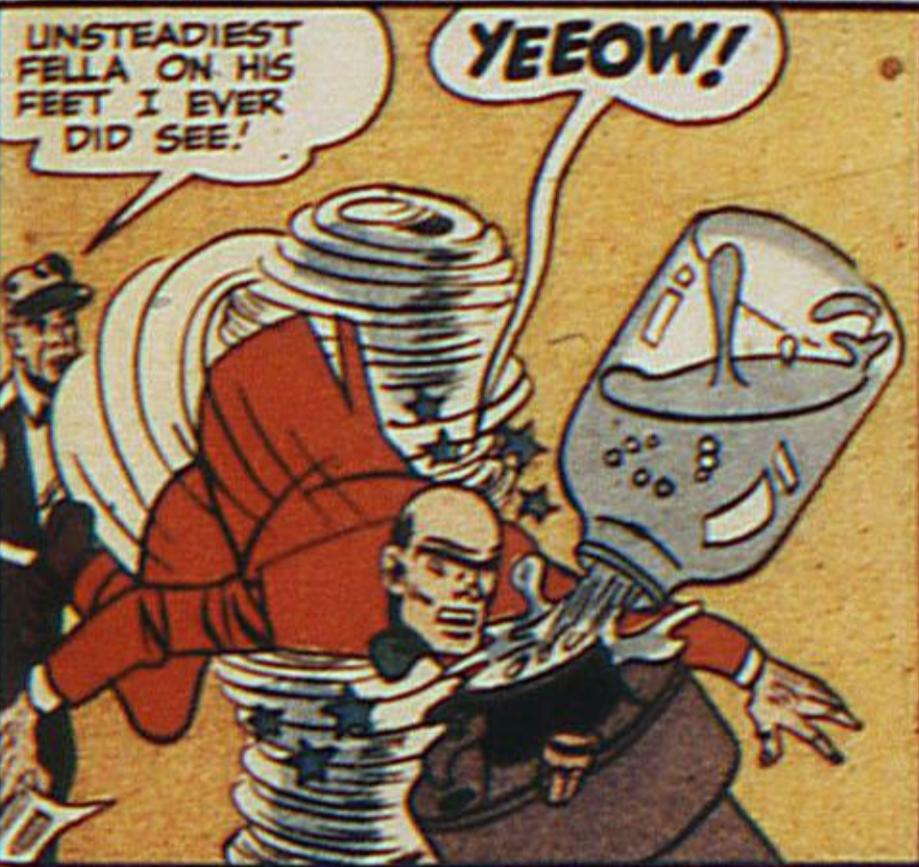
WOWFF!

SAY, YOU WANT TO WATCH OUT, MISTER.



UNSTEADIES FELLA ON HIS FEET I EVER DID SEE!

YEEOW!



FUNNIEST ACCIDENT I EVER SAW. THE CONTRACT'S ALL WET--- CAN'T USE IT NOW!



A LITTLE LATER, AT THE ELECT BLAST FURNACE FACTORY...

BEST POLICY AVAILABLE. PROTECTS YOU AND YOUR FAMILY. YOU SURE NEED IT IN A BUSINESS LIKE THIS!



I KNOW JAY GARRICK. IF HE SAYS IT'S OKAY, IT'S A DEAL.

BUT THE CARDS ARE STACKED AGAINST YOU...



All-Flash Comics

TO THE EYES OF THE SALESMAN AND IRON WORKER, THIS IS WHAT SEEMS TO HAPPEN ---

A WIND TOOK IT --- GRAB IT!

NEVER KNEW ANY WIND TO COME DOWN HERE BEFORE!

BUT OF COURSE, THE ULTRASPEED OF THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE IS BEHIND THE STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

THIS TAKES CARE OF THAT PHONEY CONTRACT!

HEY! WATCH OUT!

AWWW! NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO ME!

OW!

HE-E-ELP!

CAN'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO HIM ---

WHHEW! I ALMOST GOT ROASTED ALIVE!

BROTHER, IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU'RE THE ONE THAT NEEDS ACCIDENT INSURANCE!

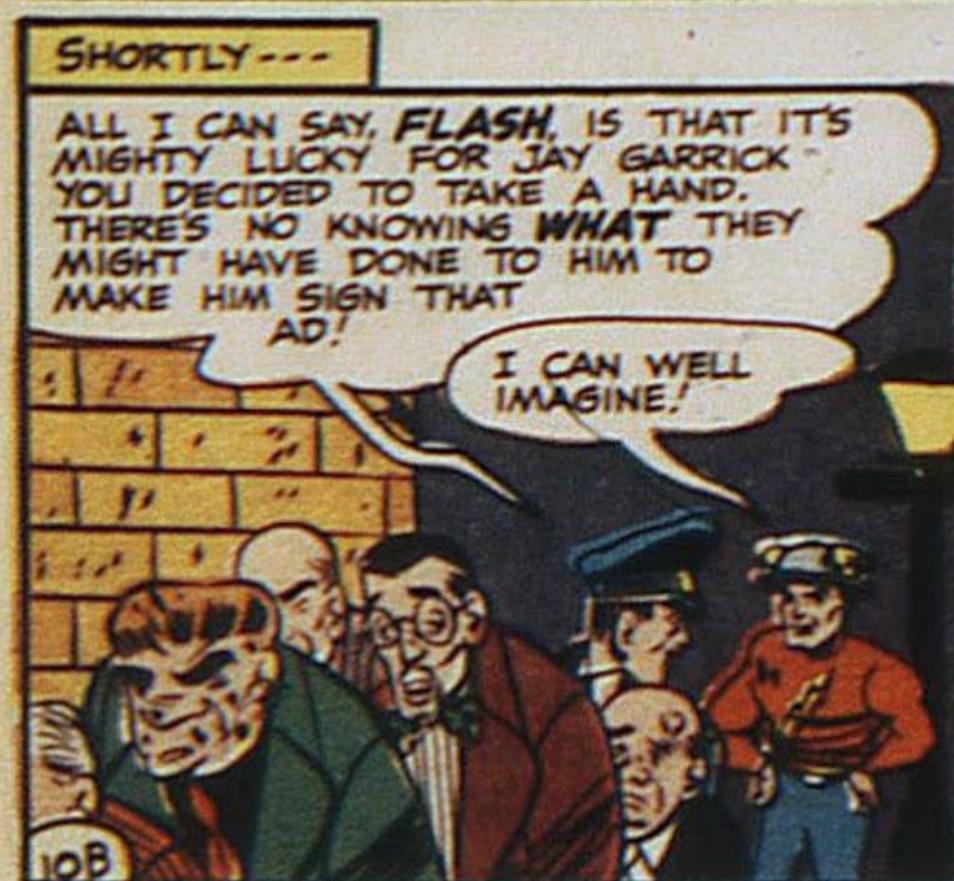
ONLY ONE MORE TO GO, AND THEN TO TAKE CARE OF THE OFFICE FORCE!

...AND GARRICK SAYS YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS THIS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY TO PROTECT YOURSELF AND YOUR FAMILY ---

All-Flash Comics



All-Flash Comics



ADVERTISEMENT

PRIZES!

HOT-IRON
TRANSFERS!

YES! PICTURES THAT MOM
CAN IRON RIGHT ON YOUR
SHIRT! EVERY KID ON THE
BLOCK WILL ENVY YOU!

GET THEM
IN Kellogg's
SHREDDED WHEAT!
WEAR THEM ON
SHIRTS,
BANDANAS!

MOM JUST
PRESSES THEM ON
WITH A HOT IRON!
SHARP, CLEAR—
MEASURE UP TO
4½ INCHES BY
2½ INCHES

Dogs, Wild Animals—A Whole New Set!

SLICK FOR SHIRTS, jackets, bandanas, and sweatshirts! An exciting animal transfer in your package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat: a roaring Hippopotamus, Boston Terrier, Russian Wolfhound, alert Airedale, walking Camel, or a snazzy Seal!

EASY TO PUT ON! Mom simply presses 'em on your clothing with a hot iron. They come out clean and sharp—can be washed many times. Start wearing them today—swap extras to get the whole set—it's neat fun! Ask Mom to get you Kellogg's Shredded Wheat now!

Show this to Mom

MOM!—THIS IS FOR YOU! Kellogg's Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat—tempting, toasted, nourishing, and delicious.

15 generous biscuits made to fit the bowl. Kids love Kellogg's Shredded Wheat—and love these transfer prizes, too!

No box tops or money to mail! A picture prize in each package!

Ask Mom for *Kellogg's*
SHREDDED WHEAT, right now!

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Kellogg's
SHREDDED WHEAT

15 BISCUITS

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



HOW
JET-PROPULSION
WORKS



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL STREAKS TO A STOP ON HIS JET-PROPELLED BIKE...

H, FELLAS!

WOW!
WHAT
SPEED!

GOSH, U.S. --
HOW DOES
THAT JET
ENGINE
WORK?

IT'S EASY, BOYS...
REMEMBER NEWTON'S
THIRD LAW OF MOTION:
EVERY ACTION PRO-
DUCES A RE-ACTION.

AS THE AIR SHOOTS
OUT OF THIS BALLOON
IN ONE DIRECTION, THE
REACTION PUSHES IT IN
THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.



WHEN A SPARK STARTS THE VAPOR
AND AIR BURNING, IT EXPANDS RAPIDLY
...SHOOTING OUT THE BACK AND
DRIVING THE ENGINE FORWARD.

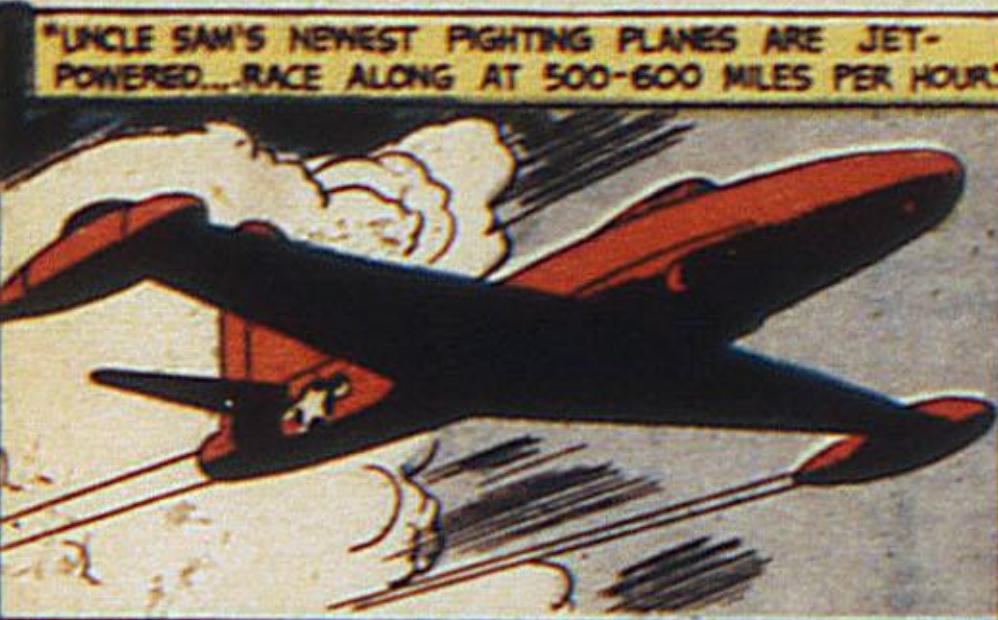


"AND HERE - TO PUT IT SIMPLY - IS
HOW A JET ENGINE WORKS. AT THE
FRONT END, A COMPRESSOR... A
SORT OF FAN... FORCES AIR INTO
A COMBUSTION CHAMBER, WHERE
KEROSENE VAPOR IS MIXED
WITH IT."



BUT WHAT TURNS THE
FAN UP FRONT?

"AH, THAT'S THE TRICKY PART:
ON THE WAY OUT, THE "JET"
OF EXPANDING GASES TURNS
A TURBINE... ANOTHER SORT OF
FAN. AND THE TURBINE TURNS
A SHAFT THAT TURNS THE
COMPRESSOR."

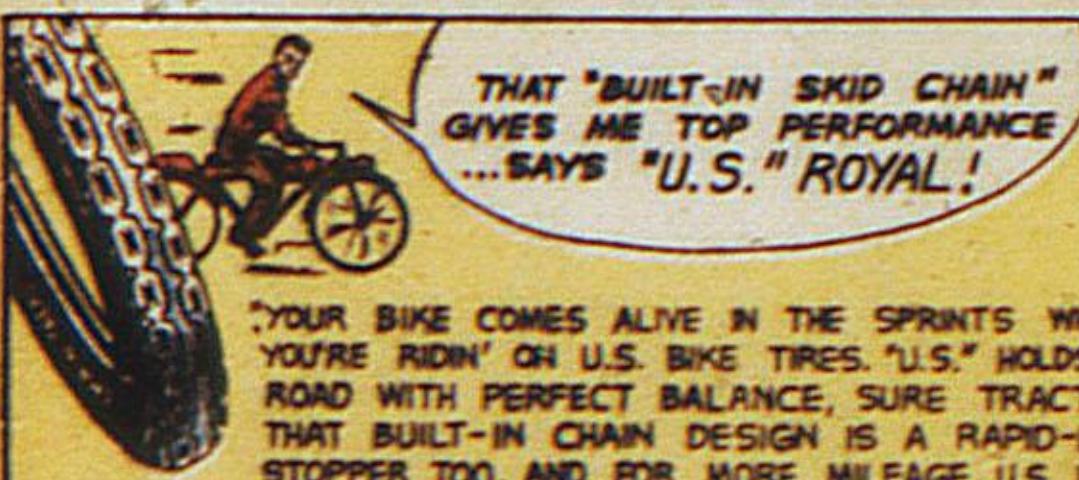


"UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST FIGHTING PLANES ARE JET-POWERED... RACE ALONG AT 500-600 MILES PER HOUR."

GEE, U.S. ...
THAT JET-SPEED
MUST BE PRETTY
TOUGH ON YOUR
BIKE TIRES!

THAT'S WHY I
ALWAYS INSIST ON
U.S. ROYAL BIKE
TIRES.

THEY'RE TOUGH
AND PLENTY
RUGGED. AND
DON'T FORGET
THAT BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN FOR BETTER
CONTROL.



THAT "BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"
GIVES ME TOP PERFORMANCE
...SAYS "U.S." ROYAL!

"YOUR BIKE COMES ALIVE IN THE SPRINTS WHEN
YOU'RE RIDIN' ON U.S. BIKE TIRES. "U.S." HOLDS THE
ROAD WITH PERFECT BALANCE, SURE TRACTION.
THAT BUILT-IN CHAIN DESIGN IS A RAPID-FIRE
STOPPER TOO, AND FOR MORE MILEAGE, U.S. IS TOPS."

U. S.
BIKE TIRES

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TON O' FUN

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BANK
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LOAN CO.



"I'VE INVENTED A NEW TYPE OF STOP LIGHT, AND I NEED JUST A LITTLE MORE CAPITAL TO MAKE A 'GO OF IT'!"

BY HARRY LANGE



"I MAKE MORE MONEY THIS WAY!"

MISC.

I WONDER,
WHAT THEY
CHARGE
FOR
CHILDREN?

ADMISSION
ADULTS
25¢



ADMISSION
ADULTS
25¢

CHILDREN
10¢





TON O' FUN

BY HARRY LAMPERT



"I FINALLY GOT AN ORDER ---
'GET OUT AND STAY OUT!'"



"I HAVE TO WRITE A NOTE --- MIND
IF I LEAN ON YOUR BACK ?"

MISC.



1



2

THE LINK

by CHARLES KING

"LOOK! He's practicing again!"

"Aye . . . the old ways satisfy him no longer!"

The last speaker scuttled swiftly, on all fours, towards the entrance to the long, rank-smelling cave. There, he rested easily on his fur-thatched haunches and stared out.

He looked very much like the others in the cave. Nostrils always flaring for the scent of food; long, wickedly curved talons that could rend and tear. His eyes were small and red, always gleaming balefully, and his gaping mouth showed long tusks that could inflict immense damage.

At the moment, his brutal bloodshot eyes were fixed vindictively upon the cause of the previous conversation inside the cave.

The one on the outside was very like the others, with one exception . . . his eyes. They lacked the red balefulness and malice common to the others. And right now they wore a look of concentration . . . concentration on the effort he was laboriously expending.

The creature was trying to draw himself erect!

The Watcher stirred himself angrily, fighting a feeling of uneasiness that permeated him. No longer able to contain himself, he grunted aloud to the other:

"Fool! Trying to stand on your hind legs when everyone of good sense knows that it is easier—more practical—to use all four legs!"

Outside, the other paid no heed. As if he hadn't heard the Watcher's caustic comments, he kept trying to stand up, Knuckles pressed so hard against the pebbly ground that his coarse skin whitened, he kept shoving himself upward. Harder . . . harder . . . then a mighty heave upwards.

Triumphantly erect, he swayed a moment in his unpracticed position—grinned widely—and fell!

Inside, the Watcher cackled loudly. Outside, the unheeding creature started the slow, painful process all over again.

Knobby knuckles fought the earth to force a massive body up. Straining muscles that had never been called upon before caused the creature to groan aloud thru repeated spurrings. Joints creaked in the painful process. But, indomitable, the Experimenter tried, and tried again. Always, at long length, he rose—and, as quickly, fell.

"Fool!" repeated the Watcher. "Are you not satisfied to be happy? To be as the rest of us? To be comfortable?"

For the first time, the Experimenter on the outside turned his massive head. "I am trying," he grunted.

"Trying!" The Watcher mocked. "Trying for what?"

"To . . . to . . ." but the Experimenter could not summon proper sounds to answer. They were words he had never used before . . . did not know. He contented himself with going back to his incredibly patient efforts.

Up . . . pain . . . up . . . teeter . . . fall!
Up . . . pain . . . teeter . . . fall!

Calculated cunning ran across the Watcher's cruel countenance. Even his dim brain realized that the creature on the outside represented something alien. And anything alien was dangerous to the Watcher's position for he was chief of the tribe. If he challenged the other now he might be beaten, so why take that risk, he thought craftily.

Crawling back into the cave, he reasoned that by nightfall, the Experimenter would be so tired that he—the chief—could fight him with the certainty of killing the fool who was too stupid to realize that four legs were better than two.

Suddenly, from the outside, came a great shout of triumph—a veritable peal of exultation.

All scrambled out of the cave to see the startling sight of the Experimenter standing erect. He swayed as he stood—but he did not fall.

"I've learned," he grunted gleefully, "I've learned!"

Throwing all caution to the winds, the chief scrambled forward. It was now or never. Razor-sharp talons swept in a vicious arc as the Experimenter hopped to

one side just in time to avoid being sliced to ribbons. He nearly lost his balance in his new-found position, but just managed to keep erect. Once again he hopped to one side as the chief again rushed him on all fours.

Now he was gaining confidence. His balance, now achieved, became stronger every second . . . likewise his cunning. This time he met the chief's blind rush with a well-placed kick that sent the other back ten feet.

Bracing himself, the chief made one last, concerted effort. All his strength went into the blind rush that carried him towards the Experimenter. Only this time the Experimenter was ready. Obeying some new instinct, he clubbed a set of knuckles and brought them down with hammer-like power on the Chief's neck. There was a snapping sound.

The chief rolled over and lay still.

Calm in his new found power, the Experimenter faced the others. "Shall I go—or am I your new chief?"

"You are our chief," they howled in unison.

"You will obey me in all I tell you?"

"Aye—in everything!"

He smiled. "Good! Starting tomorrow you will all practice as I have done! You will all learn to stand erect, as will your children!"

The others groaned, but the new chief smiled again. He knew they would obey him and that thenceforth they would not live like the animals . . . or think like them.

Man would learn to walk!

WATT THE QUESTION MAN

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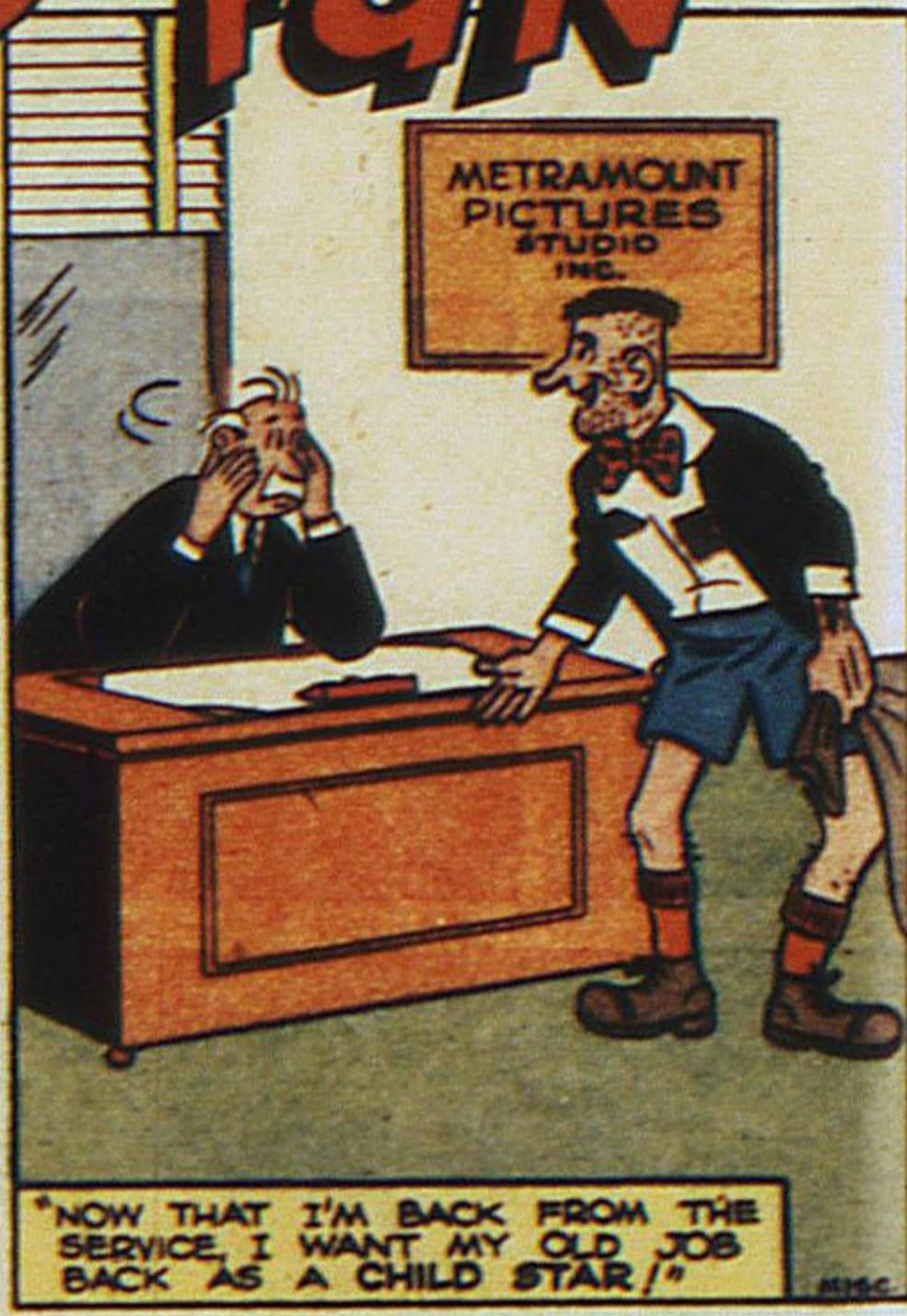
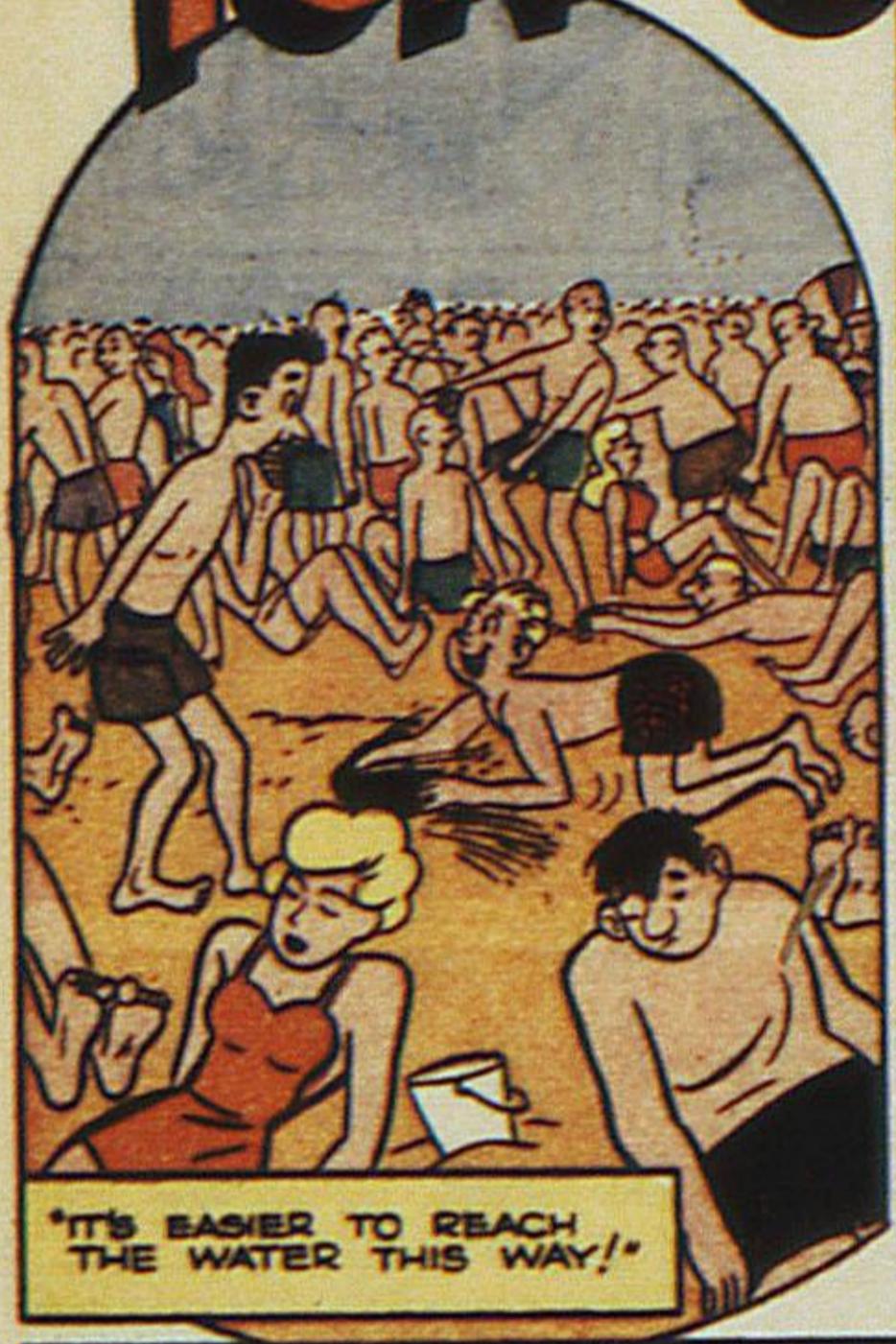
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The FLASH

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!



OUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS ORIENT
COMES AN ANCIENT BLACK CHEST.
ITS CONTENTS ARE THE CAUSE OF
A FURIOUS BATTLE BETWEEN THE
SCARLET SPEEDSTER AND THE DENIZENS
OF THE UNDERWORLD AS THEY CLASH
FORCES IN AN ATTEMPT TO BEAT EACH
OTHER TO ---

"The SECRET in
the CHEST!"

TENSE EXCITEMENT IS IN THE AIR AS
THE LINER OCEANIC DOCKS AND THREE
MEN HASTEN DOWN THE GANG-
PLANK...



All-Flash Comics

WE CAN'T GET A SHOT OF
THEIR FACES...

TRY TO GET ONE OF
THAT BLACK CHEST
THEY'RE CARRYIN'!

I WONDER WHAT
DEEP SECRET LIES
HIDDEN IN
THAT
CHEST?

IT'S HOT
STUFF--
SUPPOSED TO
BE SOMETHING
ABSOLUTELY
AMAZING!

SOME DISTANCE UPTOWN....

I NEVER
THOUGHT
I'D PLAY
NURSEMAID
TO A
MUMMY!

I THOUGHT
YOU WAS IN
FAVOR OF
MOTHERS! ?

IT AINT
THAT KIND
OF A MUMMY,
YA SAP!

IT'S AN EGYPTIAN
MUMMY, AN' WE
GOT TO DELIVER
IT TONIGHT!

I HEARD THIS
MUMMY WAS
SUPPOSED TO BE
FIVE THOUSAND
YEARS OLD!

G'WAN... YOUSE
EXPECT ME TO
BELIEVE THAT?
THIS IS ONLY
THE YEAR
1947!

STOP BLABBIN',
YOUSE GUYS.
GET BUSY!

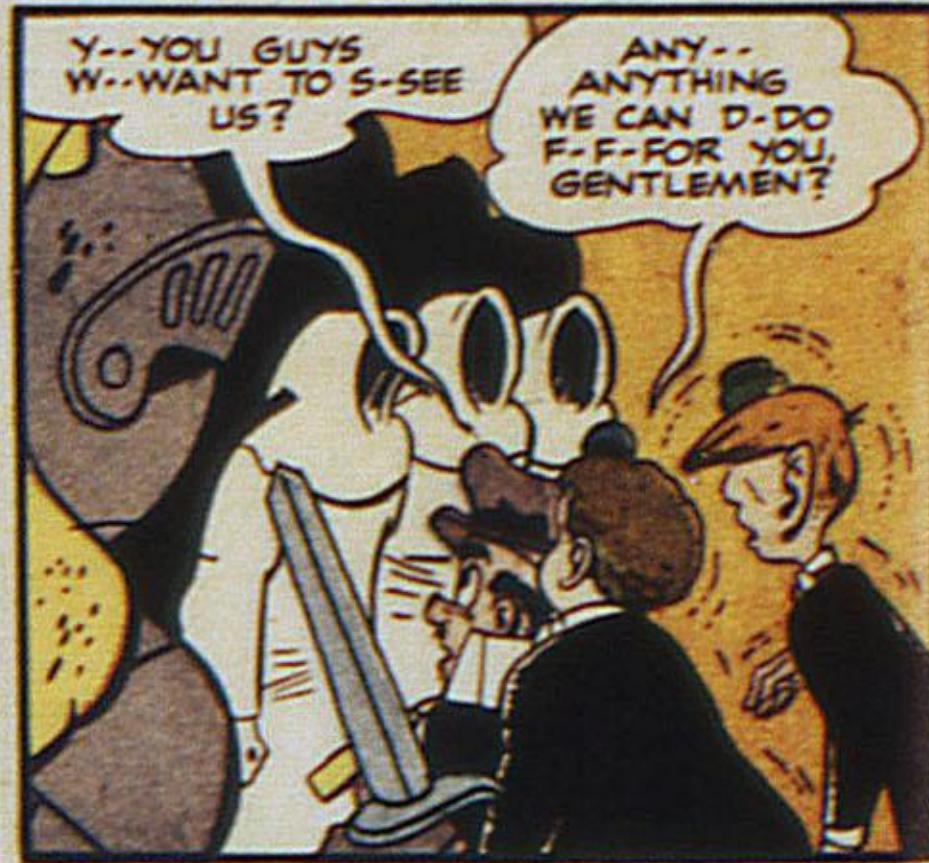
GEE..
I DIDN'T
THINK OF
THAT!

SILENCE IN THE
PRESENCE OF THE
DEAD, PLEASE!

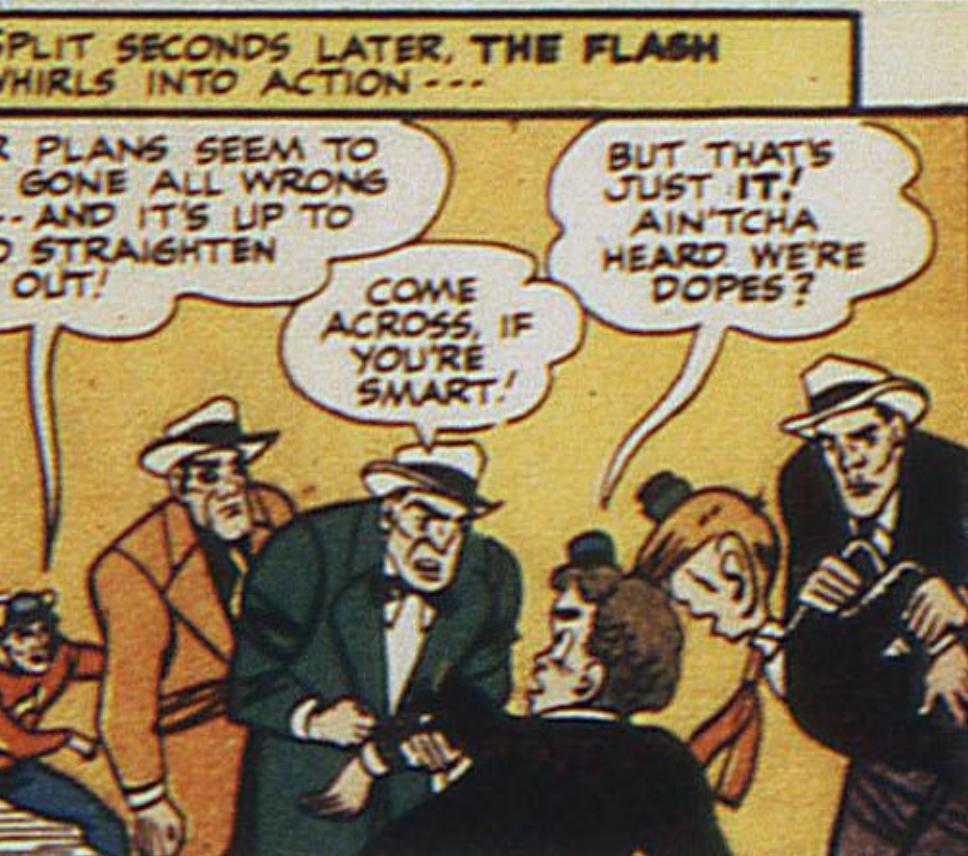
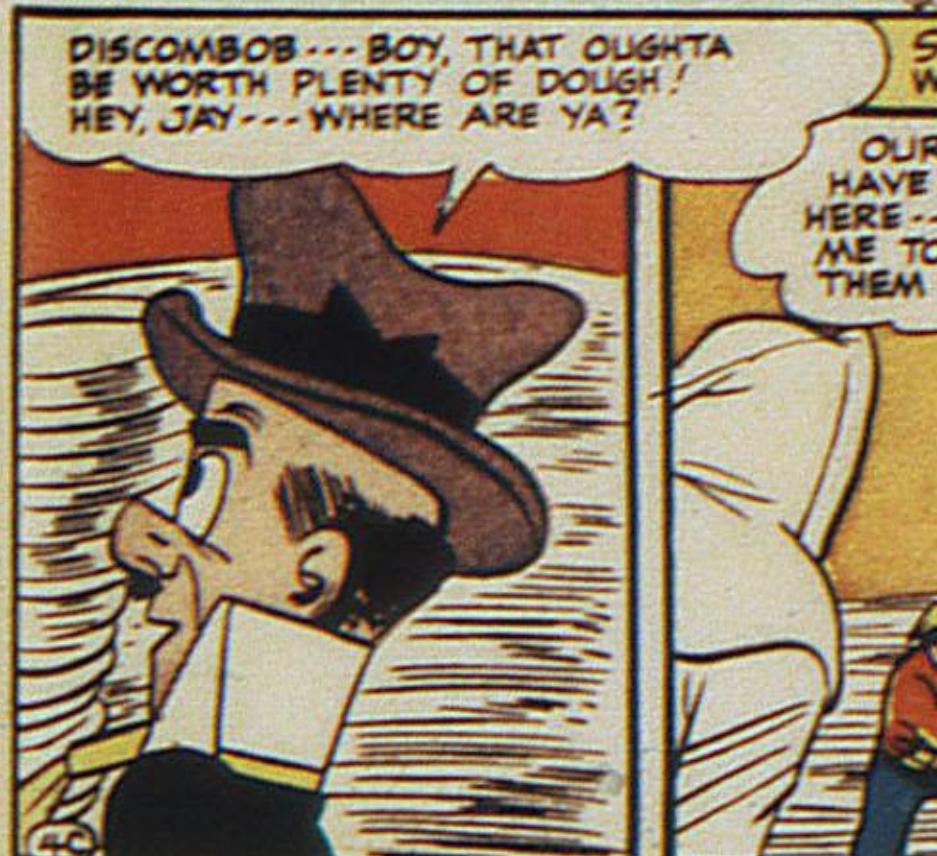
GU-- GULP! -
Y--Y--YES,
SIR!

HEY, NODDY, THIS
AIN'T NO TIME TO
PRACTICE YOUR
SINGIN'.

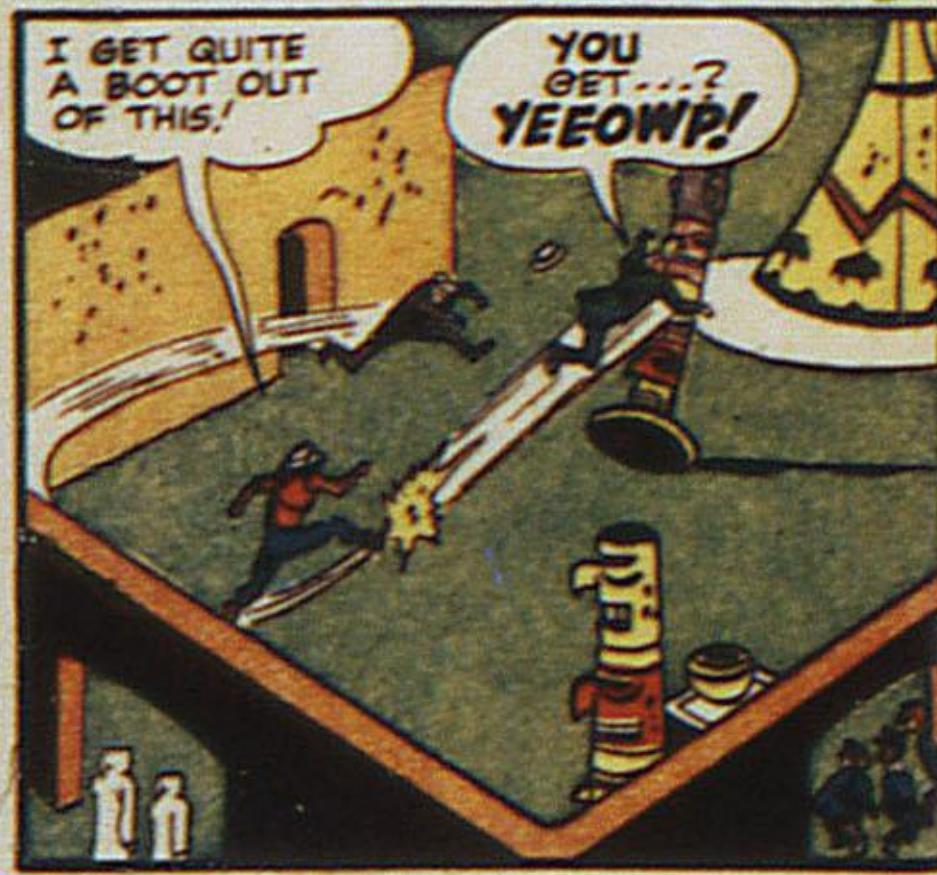
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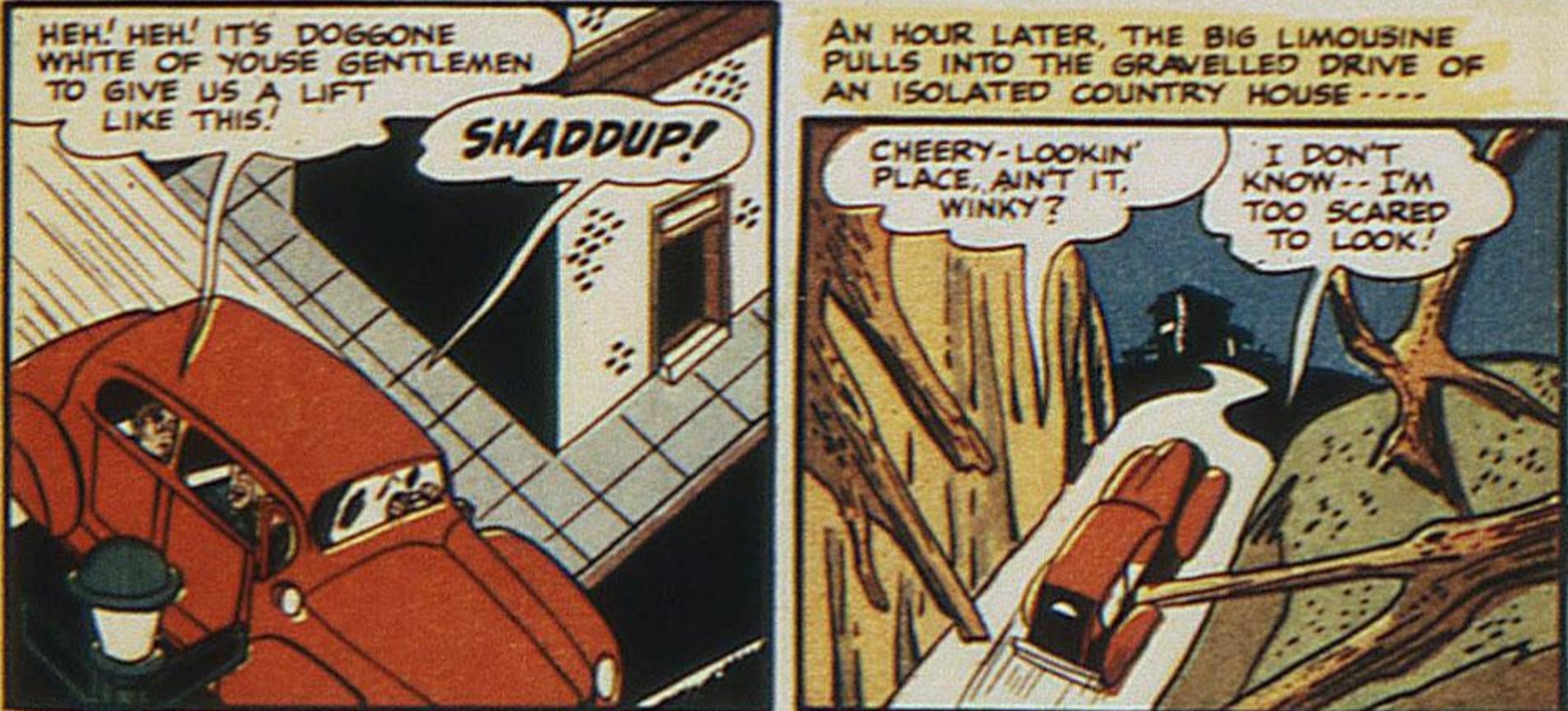
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BACK AT THE MUSEUM ---

OUR SURPRISE RECEPTION FOR THOSE THREE EXPLORERS BACKFIRED!

FLASH, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'M OKAY NOW. BUT NODDY --- WINKY --- WHERE ARE THEY?

THEY RAN OUT OF HERE WITH THOSE GANGSTERS!

THAT'S NOT SO GOOD. THOSE THUGS WERE THREATENING THEM ABOUT SOMETHING!



HMM - WHAT'S THIS?... SOMEBODY DROPPED A TAX BILL FOR PROPERTY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN ---

THIS MIGHT BE A CLUE TO WHERE THOSE RATS HAVE HOLED UP... IT'S WORTH LOOKING INTO AT ANY RATE!

AND WHILE THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER SPLITS THE OZONE IN HIS SUPER-SWIFT DASH ACROSS TOWN ---



WE KNOW THERE'S A BIG SECRET WORTH PLENTY IN THAT CHEST. SO WHAT IS IT, BEFORE WE GO TO WORK?

IF YOUSE IS ON YOUR WAY TO WORK... DON'T LET US DETAIN YOUSE!



WISE GUY, AINTCHA? I OUGHTA LET YOU HAVE IT!

THIS SILLY THING'S GONE FAR ENOUGH!

IF YOUSE LETS ME HAVE IT, I'LL GIVE IT RIGHT BACK TO YOUSE --- DOUBLE!



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I GOT A HUNCH THEM OTHER THREE MEN ARE TRYING TO CHEAT US OUT OF OUR KIDNAP DOUGH. BUT WAITING HERE WON'T GET US THE ANSWER... C'MON, GET A MOVE ON!

I WONDER IF IT'LL WORK AGAIN?

SEZ YOU, YA BIG LUG!

NOPE, IT DIDN'T WORK!

TSK--TSK-- SCRATCHED MY GUN ON HIS HEAD!

THE RUMBLING SOUND OF THE CROOKS' CAR AWAKENS THE DAZED FLASH---

OHH--WHAT A HEADACHE! GUNSHOT--- HIT MY HELMET--- WHERE IS EVERYBODY--?

THAT MUST BE THOSE THUGS IN THAT CAR---AND I'LL BET THEY'RE TAKING WINKY, BLINKY, AND NODDY WITH THEM---

I WON'T STOP THEM NOW! FIRST I MUST FIND OUT WHY THEY WANT THOSE THREE NITWITS--AND WHAT THEY HOPE TO LEARN FROM THEM!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER---

WHY DON'T YOUSE GUYS ADMIT YOUSE MADE A MISTAKE AND LET US GO?

SURE--WE'RE JUST THREE DOPES. WE DON'T KNOW FROM NOTHIN'!



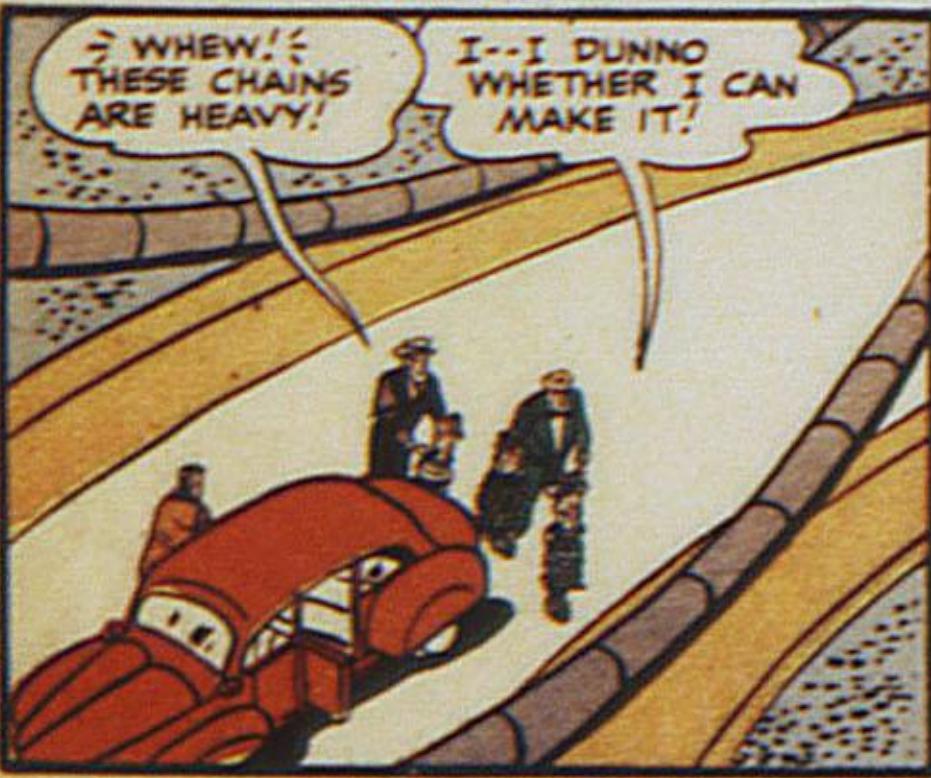


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LATER, AS A DISTANT CLOCK STRIKES
THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT ---



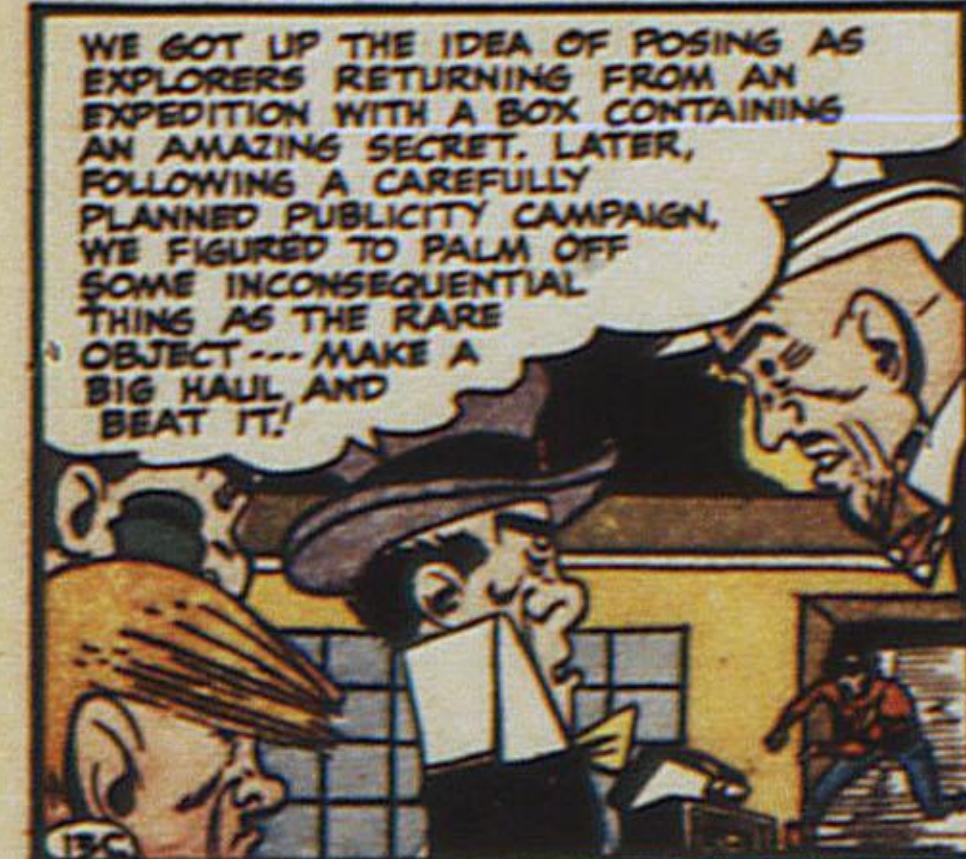
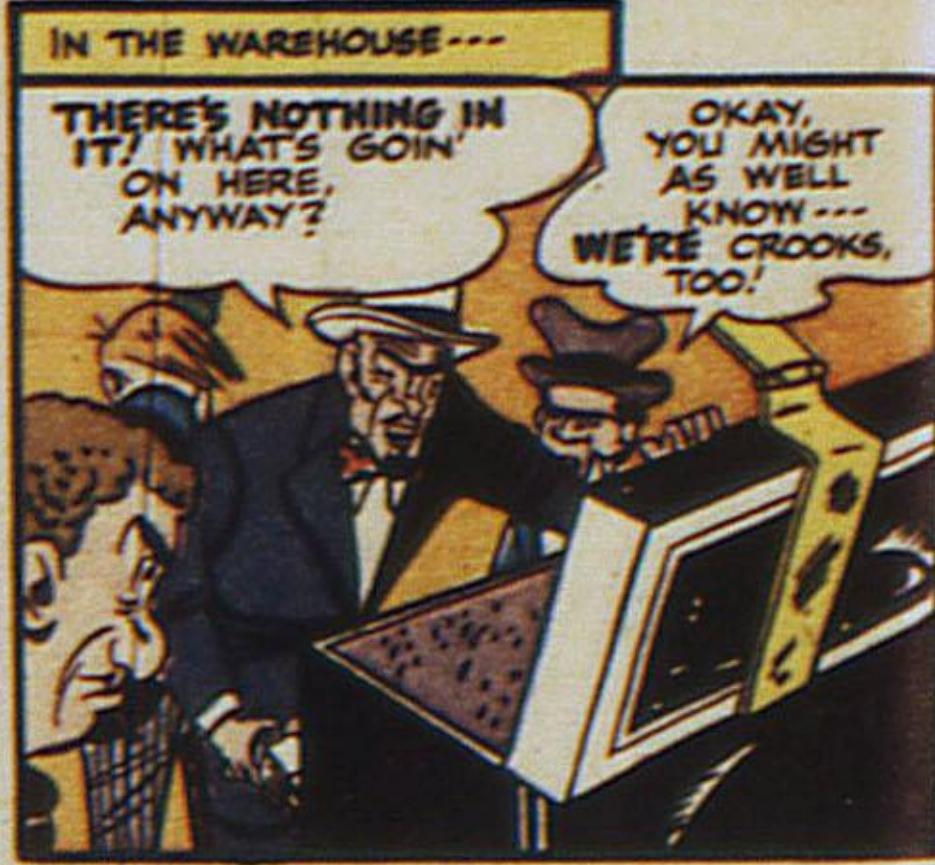
THAT SHOULD HOLD THOSE CROOKS FOR A WHILE TILL I GET AFTER THE OTHERS. THEY OUGHT TO BE STARTING OUT NOW FOR THE WAREHOUSE ---



AHH, TIMED THIS PERFECTLY --- I'LL FOLLOW THEM TO THE WAREHOUSE, THEN SPEED BACK TO THE DUMMITS BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE HAPPENS TO THEM!



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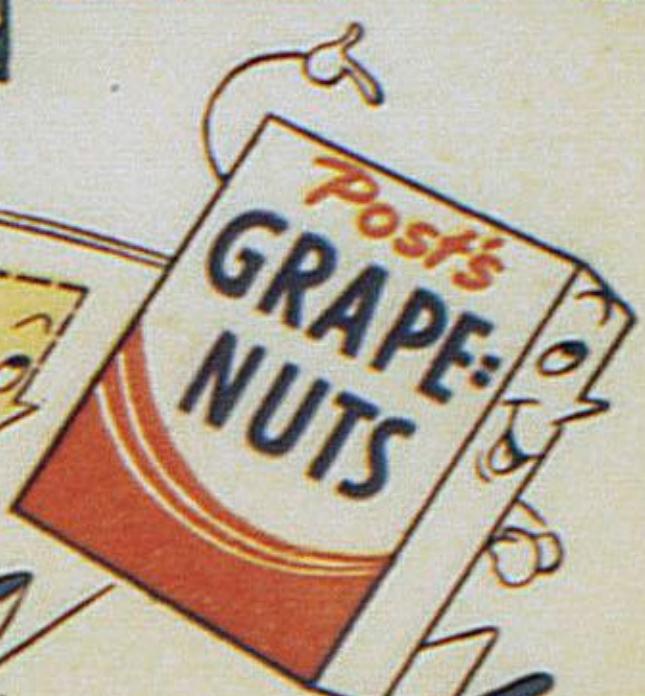
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HURRY!
HURRY!
HURRY!

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A TRIP INTO THE PAST WITH THOM MC'AN AND HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

The "TOO-SURE ELEVEN"

HOLD IT! HERE'S THOM MC'AN!

TIME OUT, FELLOWS! I'VE JUST COME BACK FROM ANOTHER "BAZOOKA-SHOE" FLIGHT INTO THE PAST... WHERE I SAW AN AMAZING GRIDIRON "SPORTS FLOP"!



"BIG RED" WAS THE WORLD'S BEST FOOTBALL PLAYER, BUT THE UNBEATEN "BEARCATS" WERE SURE THEY COULD DEFEAT HIM... TOO SURE!

WHERE'S "BIG RED"? WE WANT TO KICK OFF STRAIGHT TO HIM!

YOU GUYS HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE AHEAD WITHOUT ASKING FOR IT! BUT HE'S RIGHT BACK THERE!



OKAY, "RED," RIGHT INTO YOUR ARMS! THAT'S HOW MUCH YOU SCARE US!

BUT THE BEARCATS' BOLD OPENING IS A FLOP! "BIG RED" RUNS 95 YARDS TO A TOUCHDOWN IN THE FIRST PLAY OF THE GAME!!

SORRY, "BEARCATS," BUT THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR BEING TOO SURE!



THAT BROKE THE "BEARCATS'" SPIRIT! BIG RED'S TEAM WON 39-14.

IT JUST SHOWS, YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO BE TOO SURE ABOUT ANYTHING.



TAKE YOUR FEET, FOR EXAMPLE. JUST BECAUSE THEY FEEL O.K., DON'T BE TOO SURE THEY ARE. SOFT YOUNG FOOT-BONES CAN'T 'CRY OUT,' EVEN WHEN CRAMPED BY OUTGROWN SHOES!



HOW CAN YOU BE SURE YOUR FEET AREN'T BEING SQUEEZED OUT OF SHAPE BY OUTGROWN SHOES? THE THOM MC'AN FOLKS HAVE MADE IT EASY! JUST KEEP MEASURING YOUR FOOT-GROWTH ON YOUR OWN THOM MC'AN "GRO-CHART."

WITH EACH NEW PAIR OF THOM MC'AN SHOES, YOU ARE GIVEN--FREE--YOUR OWN PERSONAL "GRO-CHART." ON IT, AN AMAZING NEW INVENTION STAMPS EXACTLY HOW MUCH ROOM TO GROW YOU HAVE BEFORE YOU NEED LARGER SHOES. WHEN YOUR FOOT GROWS TO THE "DANGER-LINE," YOU NEED LARGER-SIZED THOM MC'ANS!



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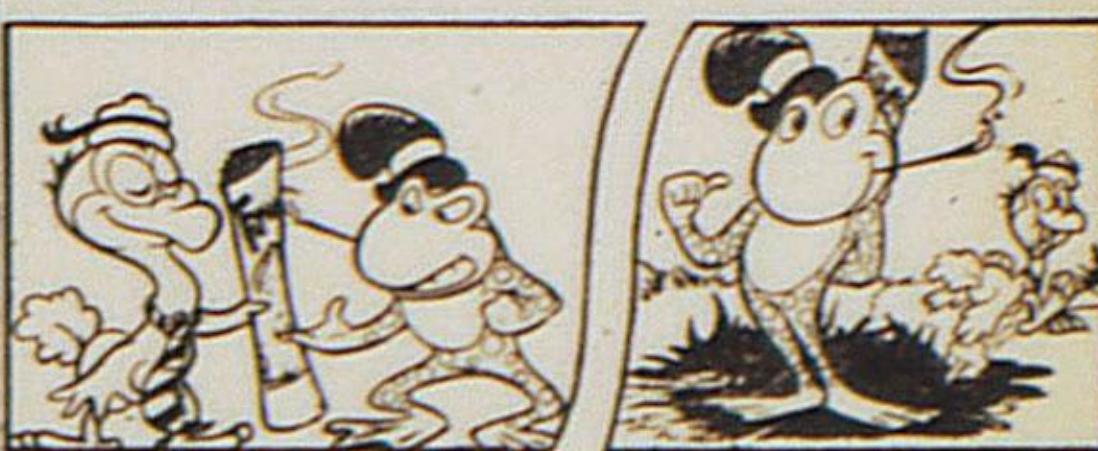
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AND THE FROG"



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BOYS! SHOW THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR PARENTS!

You'll never see a real outdoorsman proper target...he handles his firearms is made for fun shooting. It is not a lethal weapon but...like a knife, or auto it may cause damage if handled carelessly. So do not aim or shoot at windows, street lights, song-birds, other person...ever! Remember, carelessness causes accidents to millions of Americans every year in cars, homes, factories. So...if you are careless with your Daisy or abuse the privilege of owning one.... your parents, guardian or police have the right to take it from you..and should! Don't let this happen. Be careful. Aim and shoot safe, Buddy!

SAFETY TIPS



BICYCLE SAFELY...

Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid ruts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...



Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.



DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...



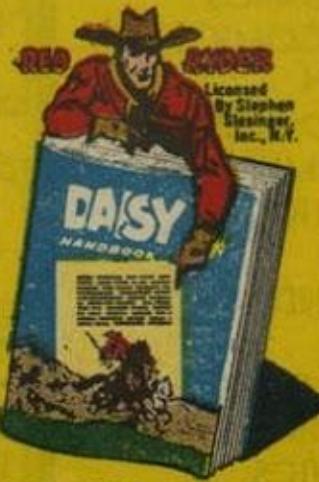
Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run...walk!

AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!



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