

No .1

SPRING ISSUE

BATMAN



10¢



ALL BRAND NEW
ADVENTURES
OF **THE BATMAN**
AND **ROBIN,**
THE BOY WONDER!

Boys! G-MAN OUTFIT with LIE DETECTOR

MAIL THE
COUPON
TO START

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Name.....Address.....

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CAN BE
YOURS!**



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The LEGEND of the

BATMAN

by
DOB
KANE

— WHO HE IS
AND HOW HE
CAME TO BE!

ONE NIGHT SOME FIFTEEN
YEARS AGO, THOMAS WAYNE,
HIS WIFE AND HIS SON WERE
WALKING HOME FROM A MOVIE...

W. WHAT
IS THIS?

A STICKUP BUDDY!
I'LL TAKE THAT NECK
LACE YOU'RE
WEARIN' LADY!

LEAVE HER
ALONE, YOU!
OH.....

YOU
ASKED
FOR IT!

THOMAS! YOU'VE
KILLED HIM. HELP!
POLICE... HELP!

THIS'LL SHUT
YOU UP!

THE BOY'S EYES ARE WIDE WITH TERROR AND SHOCK AS THE HORRIBLE SCENE IS SPREAD BEFORE HIM.



... DEAD!
THEY'RE
D. DEAD



DAYS LATER, A CURIOUS AND STRANGE SCENE TAKES PLACE.

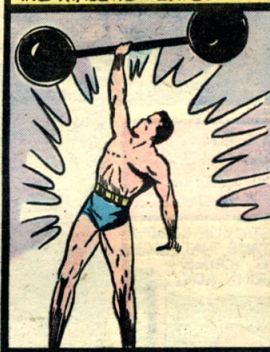
AND I SWEAR BY THE SPIRITS OF MY PARENTS TO AVENGE THEIR DEATHS BY SPENDING THE REST OF MY LIFE WARRING ON ALL CRIMINALS



AS THE YEARS PASS BRUCE WAYNE PREPARES HIMSELF FOR HIS CAREER. HE BECOMES A MASTER SCIENTIST.



TRAINS HIS BODY TO PHYSICAL PERFECTION UNTIL HE IS ABLE TO PERFORM AMAZING ATHLETIC FEATS.



DAD'S ESTATE LEFT ME WEALTHY. I AM READY... BUT FIRST I MUST HAVE A DISGUISE.



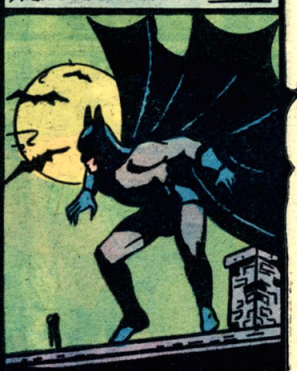
CRIMINALS ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS COWARDLY LOT, SOMY DISGUISE MUST BE ABLE TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THEIR HEARTS. I MUST BE A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, BLACK, TERRIBLE... A A.



AS IF IN ANSWER, A HUGE BAT FLIES IN THE OPEN WINDOW!



AND THIS IS BORN THIS WEIRD FIGURE OF THE DARK... THIS AVENGER OF EVIL... THE BATMAN



BAT MAN

WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-

by



ONCE AGAIN A MASTER CRIMINAL STALKS THE CITY STREETS-A CRIMINAL WEAVING A WEB OF DEATH ABOUT HIM-LEAVING STRICKEN VICTIMS BEHIND WEARING A GHASTLY CLOWN'S GRIN-THE SIGN OF DEATH FROM THE **JOKER**! ONLY TWO DARE TO OPPOSE HIM-**BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER! TWO TO BATTLE THE GRIM JESTER CALLED-**THE JOKER**! A BATTLE OF WITS-WITH SWIFT DEATH, THE ONLY COMPROMISE!!!



IT IS NIGHT-IN MOST HOMES PEOPLE LISTEN TO THEIR RADIOS-

MY, ISN'T IT PEACEFUL SITTING AT HOME LIKE THIS?

NOTHING LIKE IT! HMMM STATIC!

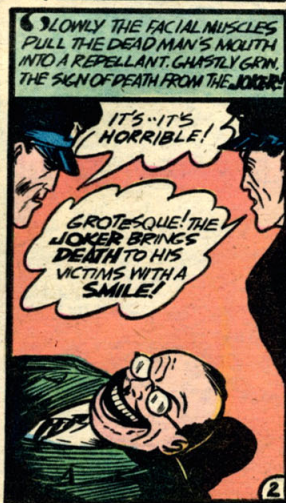
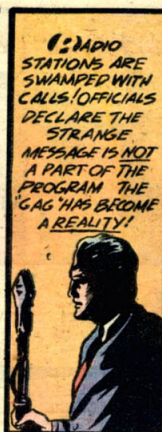
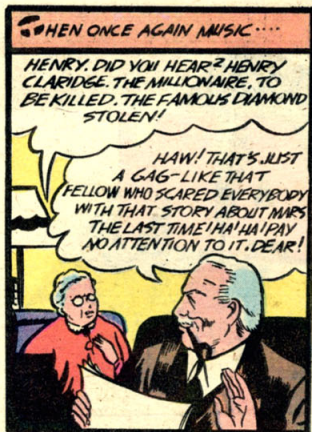
AWWK! CRACKLE! AWWK!



SUDDENLY THE MUSIC IS CUT OFF.. A VOICE.. A TONELESS VOICE DRONES...

TONIGHT, AT PRECISELY TWELVE O'CLOCK MIDNIGHT I WILL KILL HENRY CLARIDGE AND STEAL THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND! DO NOT TRY TO STOP ME! THE **JOKER** HAS SPOKEN!







WHAT NOW, CHIEF?

THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND! IF THE JOKER KILLED CLARIDGE, HE MUST HAVE THE DIAMOND!

BUT HOW COULD HE? WE WERE IN THE ROOM ALL THE TIME!



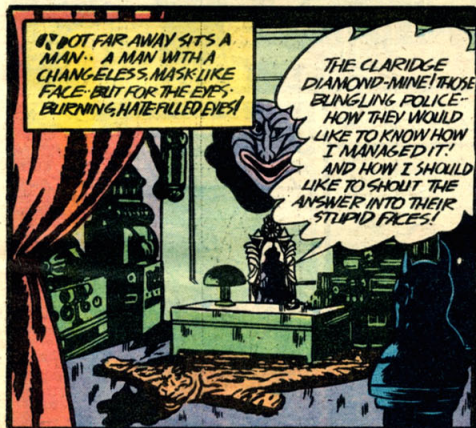
THE DIAMOND! THE JOKER DIDN'T GET IT AFTER ALL!

HE DID GET IT! THIS IS A PHONEY! IT'S GLASS!

CHIEF! I FOUND SOMETHING IN HERE! IT WAS UNDERNEATH THE CASE!

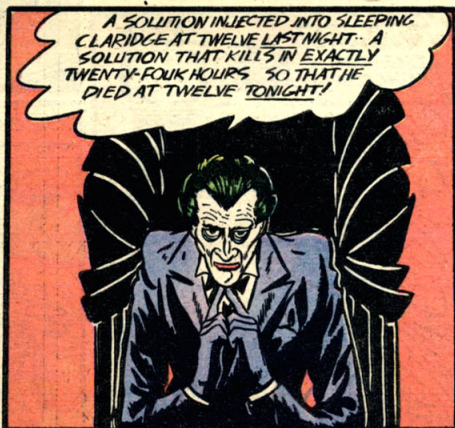


THE SIGN OF THE JOKER!



NOT FAR AWAY SITS A MAN... A MAN WITH A CHANGELESS MASK-LIKE FACE... BUT FOR THE EYES... BURNING, HATE-FILLED EYES!

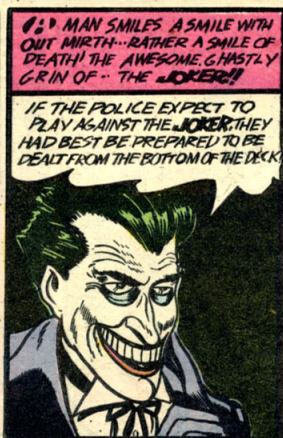
THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND-MINE! THOSE BRINGLING POLICE... HOW THEY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW I MANAGED IT! AND NOW I SHOULD LIKE TO SHOUT THE ANSWER INTO THEIR STUPID FACES!



A SOLUTION INJECTED INTO SLEEPING CLARIDGE AT TWELVE LAST NIGHT... A SOLUTION THAT KILLS IN EXACTLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS... SO THAT HE DIED AT TWELVE TONIGHT!



THEY FIND THE GLASS DIAMOND TO NIGHT, THAT I EXCHANGED FOR THE REAL ONE LAST NIGHT! A PREDICTION ON THE RADIO OF A CRIME THAT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE!



MAN SMILES A SMILE WITH OUT MIRTH... RATHER A SMILE OF DEATH! THE AWESOME, GHOSTLY GRIN OF - THE JOKER!!

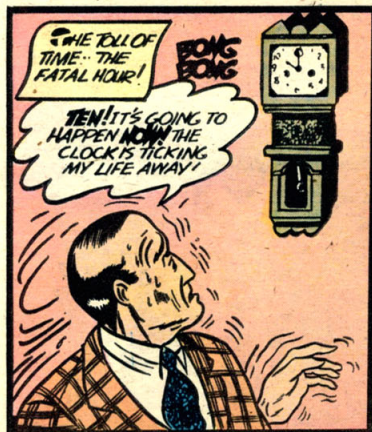
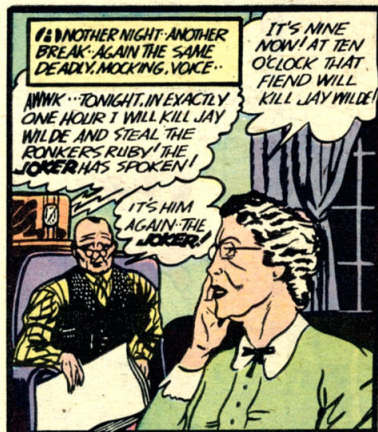
IF THE POLICE EXPECT TO PLAY AGAINST THE JOKER, THEY HAD BEST BE PREPARED TO BE DEALT FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE DECK



NEWSPAPERS-RADIOS ALL SCREAM THE STORY OF THE RUTHLESS CUNNING CRIMINAL THE JOKER! AT HOME BRUCE WAYNE, THE BATMAN SPEAKS WITH HIS YOUNG AID, DICK GRAYSON, KNOWN AS ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!

BUT BRUCE, WHY DON'T WE TAKE A SHOT AT THIS JOKER GUY?

NOT YET, DICK. THE TIME ISN'T RPE, BUT WHEN WE DO.



THE POLICE SEARCH EVERYWHERE FOR THE JOKER BUT TO NO AVAIL... BUT ANOTHER GROUP IS ALSO INTERESTED THE CRIMINAL! ... A HANGOUT NOTED FOR ITS CRIMINAL ELEMENT...

I TELL YA BOYS WE GOTTA GET THIS GUY, THE JOKER!

WE GET THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND LINED UP FOR AN EASY JOB AND HE PULLS THE JOB.

YOU'RE RIGHT, BRUTE. HE'S CUTTIN' IN ON OUR RACKET!

AND DON'T FORGET WE WERE GONNA TRY FOR THE RONKEER'S RUBBY!

WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO, TAKE IT LYIN' DOWN?

I GOT AN IDEA! YOU GUYS GO OUT AND PASS THE WORD AROUND THAT BRUTE NELSON IS GONNA GET THE JOKER... THAT HE THINKS THE JOKER IS A YELLER RAT!

THE SENSATIONAL NEWS THAT BRUTE NELSON IS GUNNING FOR THE JOKER TRAVELS THE CRIMINAL GRAPE VINE THE BATMAN IS READY TO GO INTO ACTION!

I'M GOING TO THE HOME OF BRUTE NELSON! I HEARD SOME NEWS TODAY OVER THE GRAPE VINE THAT MAKES ME THINK THE TIME IS RIPE!... WHERE ARE YOU GOING ALONE?

IT IS NIGHT... BRUTE NELSON SITS IN HIS PRIVATE HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS.

THE JOKER, EH. WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM HE'LL BE A JOKE ALL RIGHT!

SUDDENLY A DROWNING DEARLY VOICE A FUNERAL FACE... WITH EYES RADIATING HATE

TALKING ABOUT ME?

THE JOKER!

SUDDENLY DOORS BURST OPEN... THE JOKER IS TRAPPED!!

VERY NEAT... THAT UGLY HEAD OF YOURS DOES HAVE A BRAIN!

SURE, I KNEW IF YOU GOT SORE ENOUGH YOU'D COME FOR ME!

SUDDENLY THE SCRAPE OF A FOOT IS HEARD UP ON THE STAIR THE MIGHTY BATMAN!

I'M AFRAID I WASN'T AS SILENT AS I HOPED TO BE!

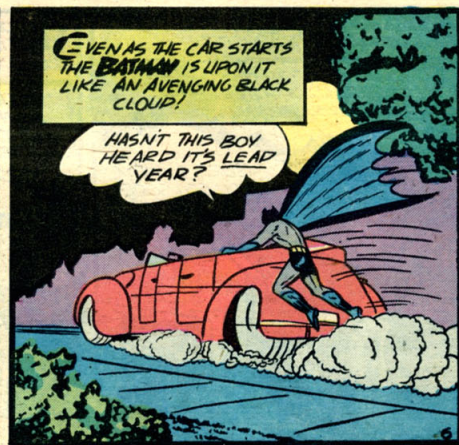
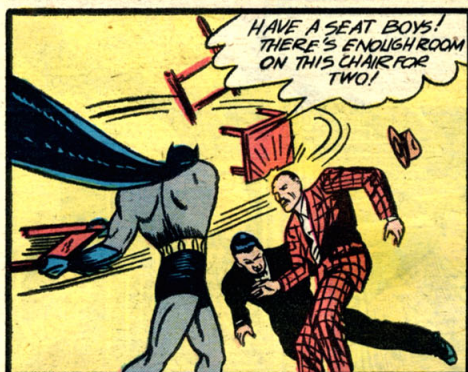
THE BATMAN! HOW DID HE GET IN HERE?

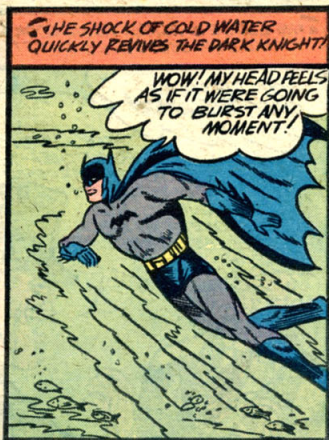
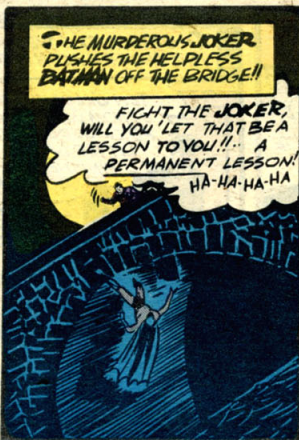
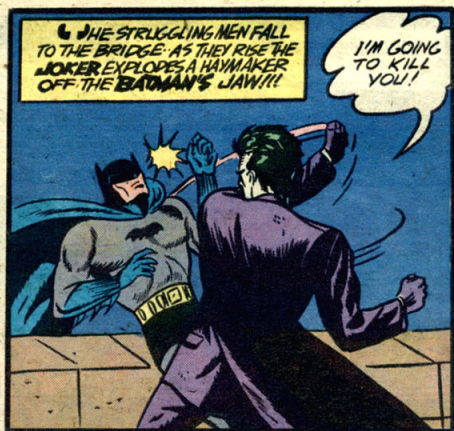
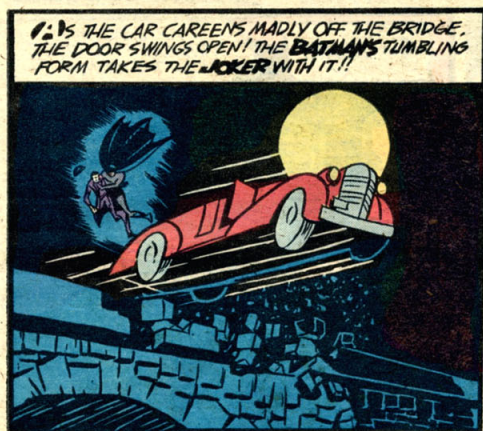
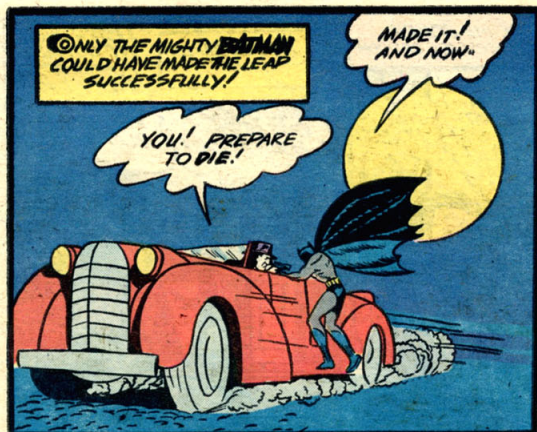
THE JOKER IS MOMENTARILY FORGOTTEN AS THE BATMAN LEAPS DOWN THE STAIRS...

LOOK OUT!!... SHOOT HIM!

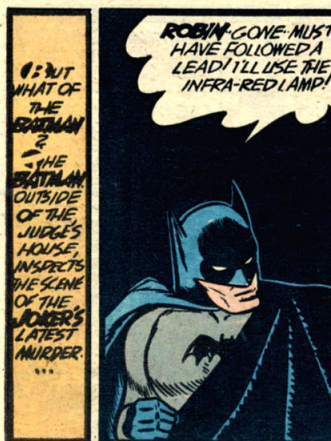


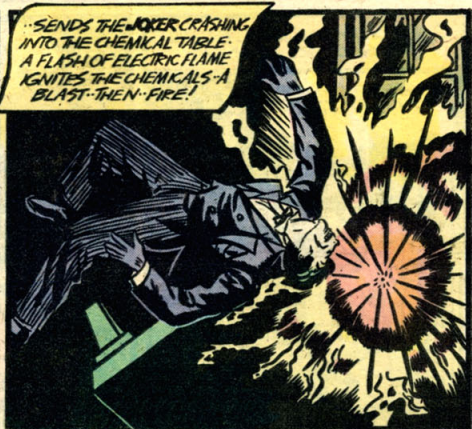
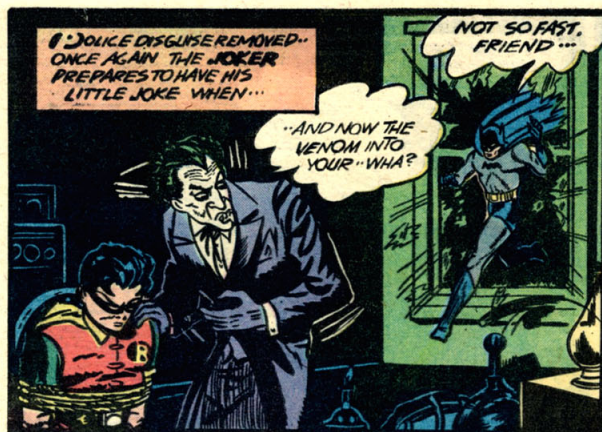
THE JOKER TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE FIGHT TO SETTLE AN OLD SCORE!











BUT THE **JOKER** HAS NOT RECKONED WITH THE AMAZING RECUPERATIVE POWERS OF THE MIGHTY **BATMAN**!



HE CAN ESCAPE FROM A FIERY DEATH!



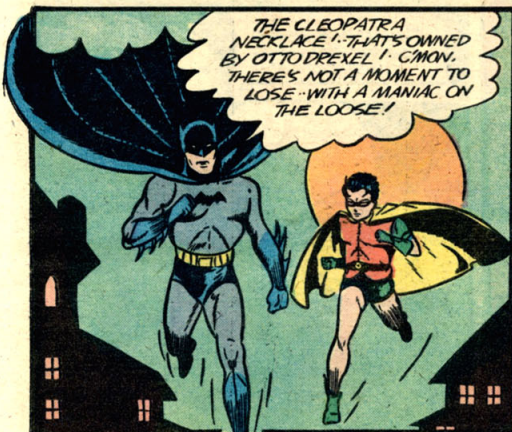
FEW MOMENTS LATER...

THE **JOKER** IS GONE! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO KNOW WHERE!

HE BOASTED INSIDE THAT HE WAS GOING TO GET THE CLEOPATRA NECKLACE NEXT!



THE CLEOPATRA NECKLACE! - THAT'S OWNED BY OTTO DREXEL! - COMON. THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE - WITH A MANIAC ON THE LOOSE!



OTTO DREXEL LIVES ON THE PENTHOUSE IN THAT BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET!

IF WE CAN ONLY GET UP THERE BEFORE THE **JOKER** DOES!

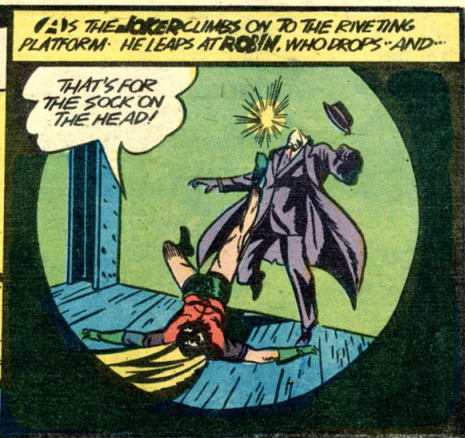
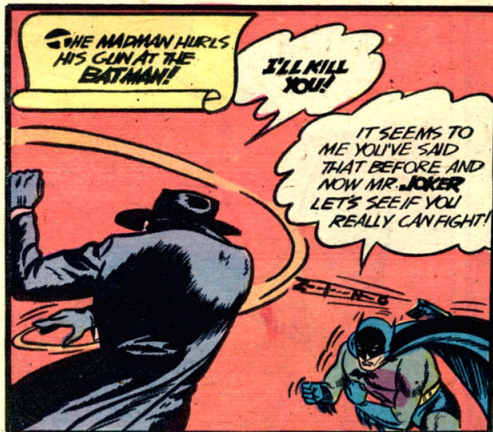
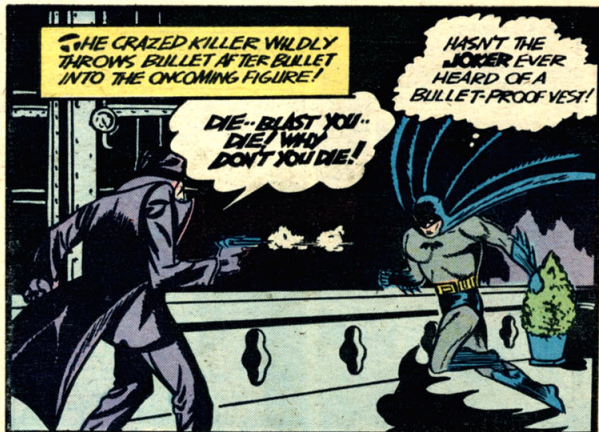


ON THE PENTHOUSE THE **JOKER** PREPARES TO ENTER.



BUT LEAPING FROM THE SCAFFOLD THE COWLED **BATMAN**.







THE SMASHING KICK SENDS THE JOKER FLYING OFF THE SCAFFOLDING!

THE FRANTIC MAN FALLS PAST THE PENHOUSE BALLUSTRADE. A HAND REACHES OUT...



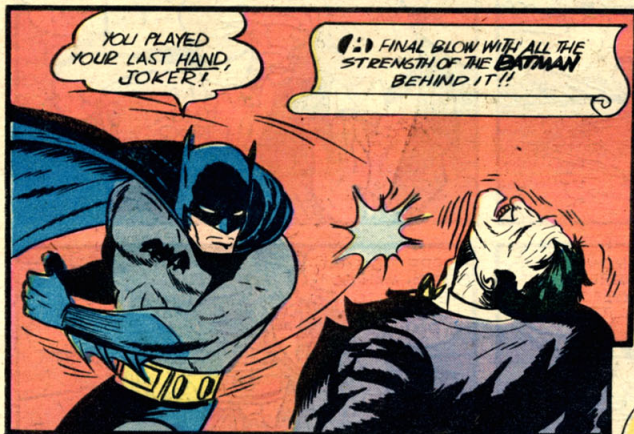
AAGH! I'M FALLING!

OH NO, YOU'RE NOT!



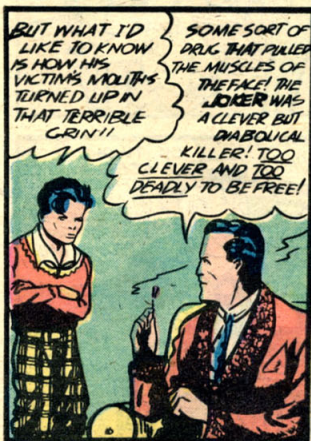
THE STRONG ARM OF THE BATMAN HAULS HIM BACK TO SAFETY!

YOU'RE TOO VALUABLE A PRIZE TO LOSE!



YOU PLAYED YOUR LAST HAND, JOKER!

FINAL BLOW WITH ALL THE STRENGTH OF THE BATMAN BEHIND IT!!



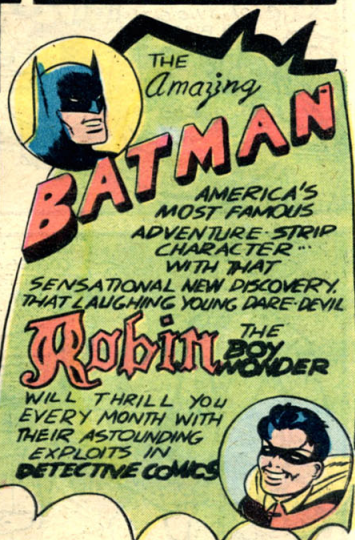
BUT WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS HOW HIS VICTIMS' MOUTHS TURNED UP IN THAT TERRIBLE GRIN!!

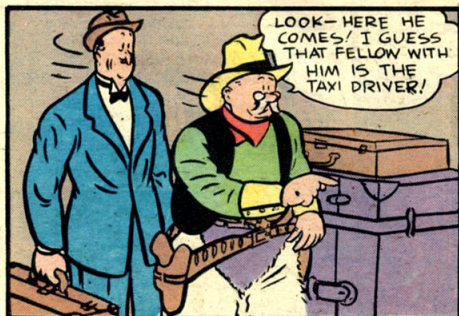
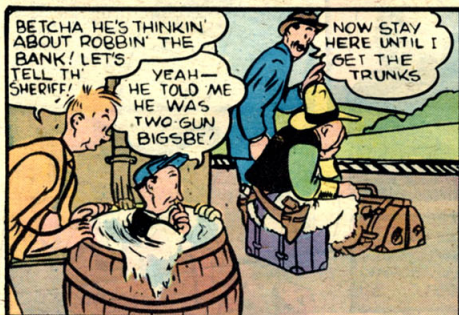
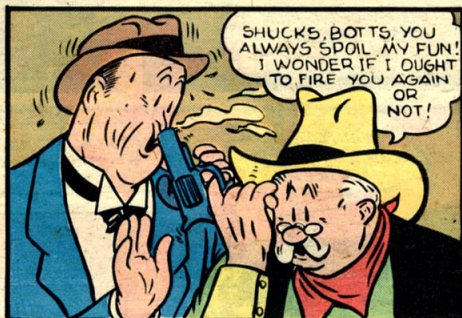
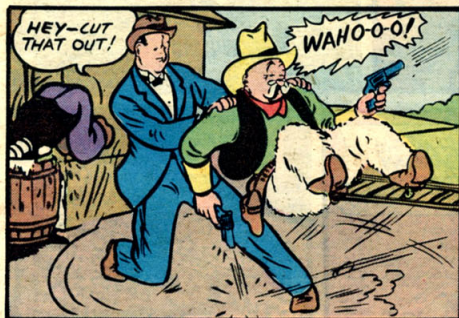
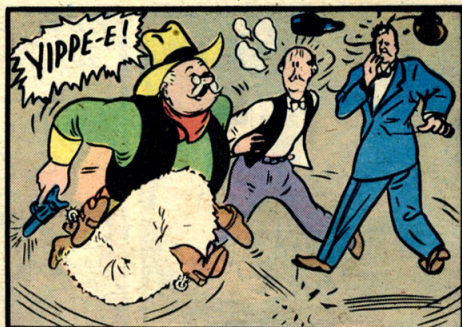
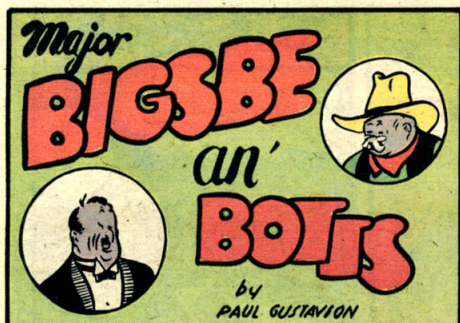
SOME SORT OF DRUG THAT PULLED THE MUSCLES OF THE FACE! THE JOKER WAS A CLEVER BUT DIABOLICAL KILLER! TOO CLEVER AND TOO READY TO BE FREE!

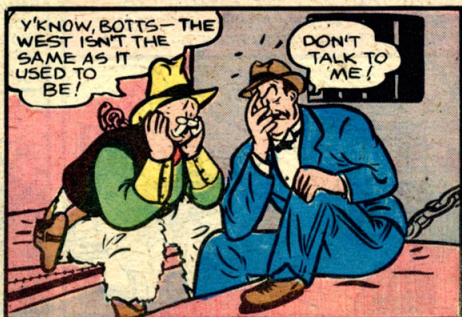
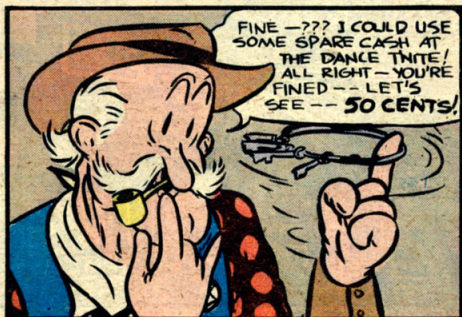
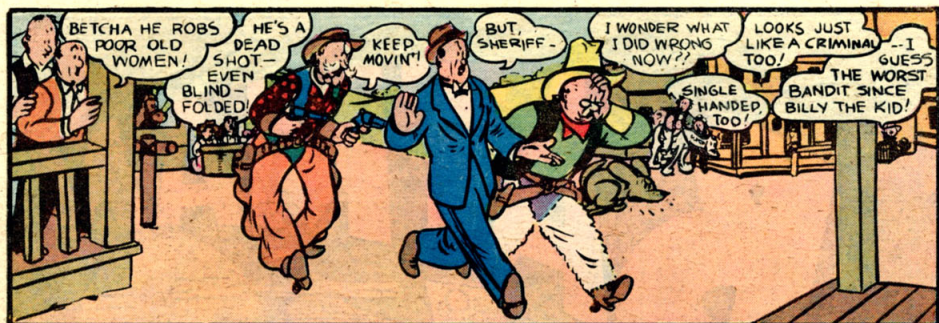


BUT EVEN AS BRUCE SPEAKS, AT THE STATE PRISON, THE JOKER IS PLANNING PLOTING FOR HIS ESCAPE!

THEY CAN'T KEEP ME HERE! I KNOW OF A WAY OUT—THE JOKER WILL YET HAVE THE LAST LAUGH!







BATMAN

By BOB KANE

ALREADY AN ALMOST LEGENDARY FIGURE, THE COWLED SHADOW OF THE BATMAN PROWLs THROUGH THE NIGHT PREYING UPON THE CRIMINAL PARASITE, LIKE THE WINGED CREATURE WHOSE NAME HE HAD ADOPTED



WHILE AN INNOCENT METROPOLIS SLEEPS, LITTLE DOES IT REALIZE THAT HUGE, TERRIFYING MAN - MONSTERS SHALL SOON STALK THE STREETS AND BRING TO THEM HAVOC AND DESTRUCTION! AND LITTLE DOES BRUCE WAYNE SUSPECT THAT FATE SHALL TOUCH HIS SHOULDER AND SINGLE HIM OUT AS THE ONE TO DO BATTLE WITH THESE MONSTERS. AS HE GOES FORTH CLAD IN THE GARB OF THE WEIRD AND MENACING....
BATMAN!



NOT LONG AGO THE BATMAN HAD SEEN THE ARCH-CRIMINAL, PROFESSOR HUGO STRANGE IMPRISONED...AND YET...

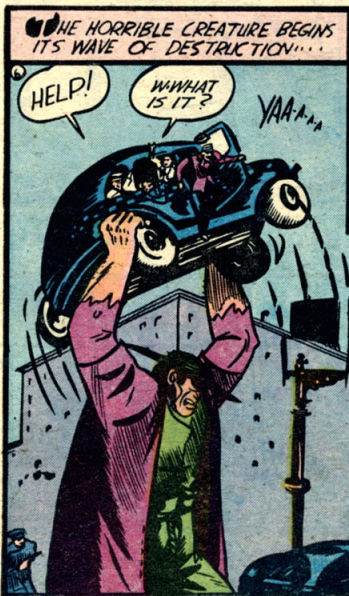
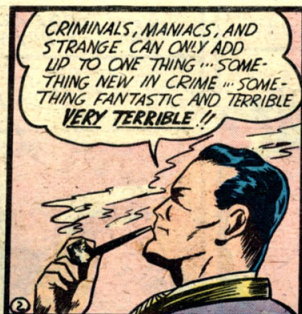


ONCE MORE PROFESSOR HUGO STRANGE IS FREE TO CARRY OUT THE NEXT OF HIS DIABOLICAL SCHEMES.



THE NEXT NIGHT...THE METROPOLIS INSANE ASYLUM.





THE ENRAGED BEAST SEEMS TO GO MAD!



THE PEOPLE ARE PANIC - STRIKEN!



MORE POLICE RUN UP THE MONSTER RIPS UP A LAMP POST...



THE MONSTER WIELDS THE WEAPON WITH TERRIBLE EFFECT!

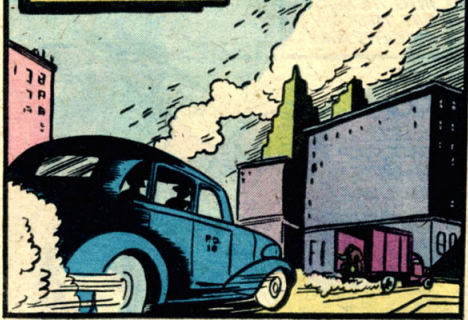


SUDDENLY AS POLICE CARS APPEAR, THE MONSTER LUMBERS TOWARD A TRUCK IDLING NEARBY

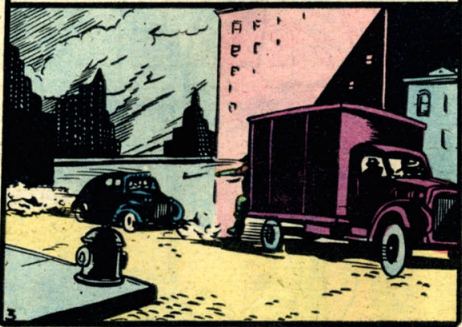


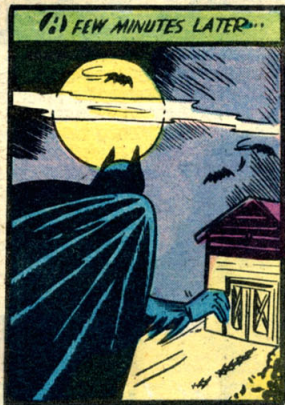
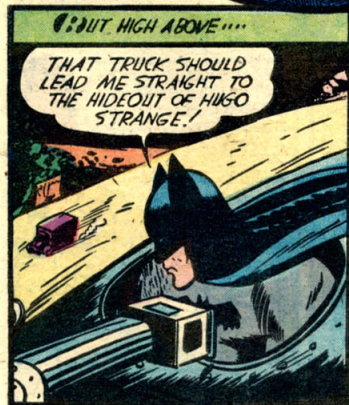
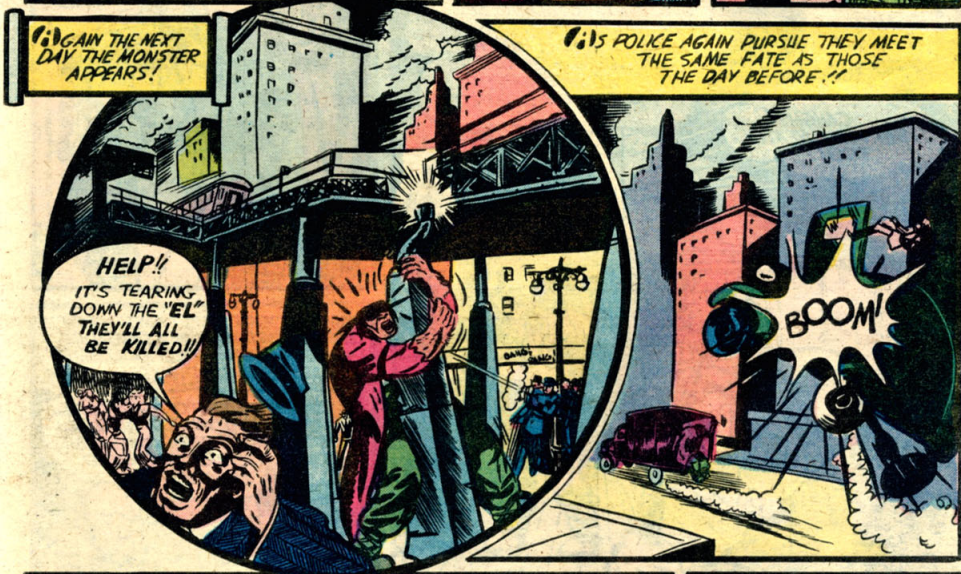
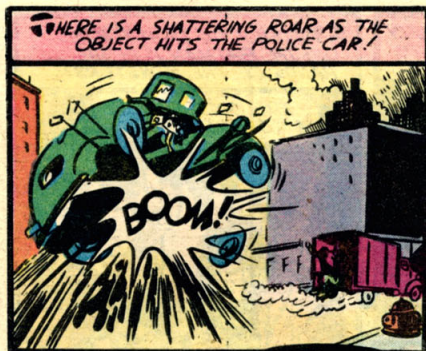
THERE HE GOES TOWARDS THE TRUCK! STEP ON IT!!

THE POLICE CAR STARTS IN PURSUIT!



AS THE POLICE DRAW NEAR, THE MONSTER HURLS SOMETHING AT THE CAR...



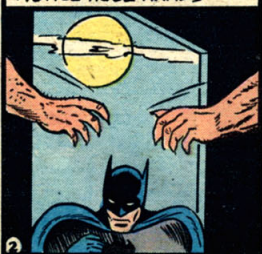


THE DOORS SUDDENLY SWINGS OPEN REVEALING THE DARK INTERIOR



WHAT TH! IT LOOKS LIKE A TRAP BUT I'VE GOT TO CHANCE IT!

THE BATMAN CAUTIOUSLY STEPS INSIDE, FAILING TO NOTICE HUGE HANDS....



SUDDENLY THE LIGHT FLASHES ON! THE BATMAN IS IN THE HANDS OF THE MONSTERS!!



ER... GOOD EVENING GENTLEMEN!

WHEN... A VOICE!

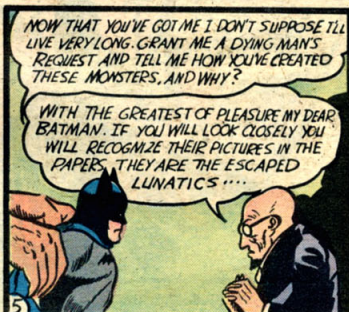
AH! I EXPECTED TO SEE YOUR UGLY FACE AROUND HERE I HAD A HUNCH YOU WERE BEHIND THIS WE MEET AGAIN PROFESSOR STRANGE!

CAUGHT! AND VERY NEATLY TOO!



NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT ME I DON'T SUPPOSE I'LL LIVE VERY LONG. GRANT ME A DYING MAN'S REQUEST AND TELL ME HOW YOU'VE CREATED THESE MONSTERS, AND WHY?

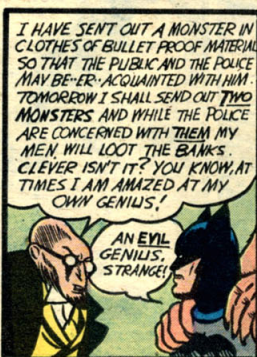
WITH THE GREATEST OF PLEASURE MY DEAR BATMAN. IF YOU WILL LOOK CLOSELY YOU WILL RECOGNIZE THEIR PICTURES IN THE PAPERS. THEY ARE THE ESCAPED LUNATICS...



... AND THESE ARE MONSTERS. I MADE THEM SO! I DISCOVERED AN EXTRACT THAT SPEEDS UP THE GROWTH GLANDS, I INJECT THIS FLUID INTO A NORMAL MAN THE SUDDEN GROWTH NOT ONLY DISTORTS THE BODY BUT ALSO THE BRAIN - AND SOON HE IS A MONSTER!



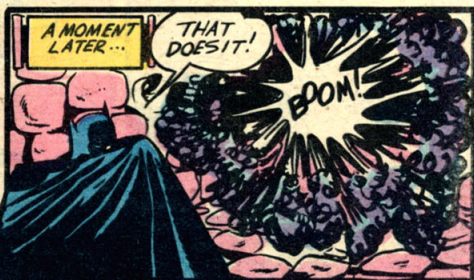
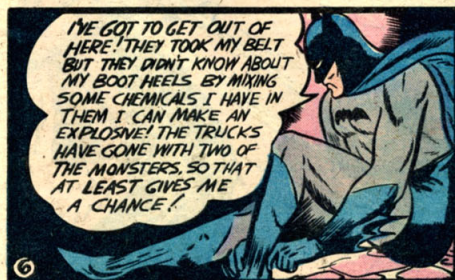
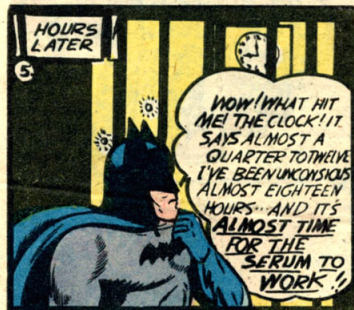
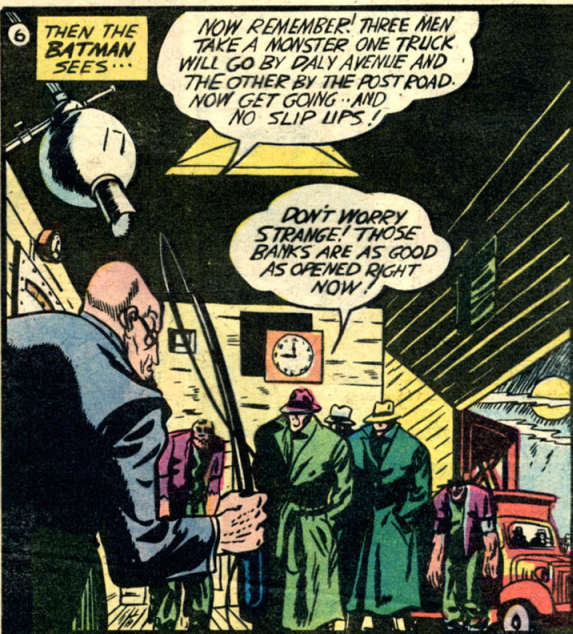
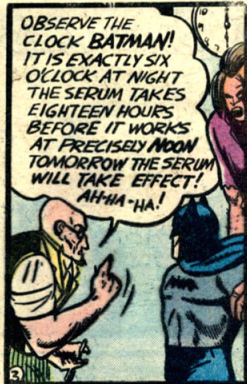
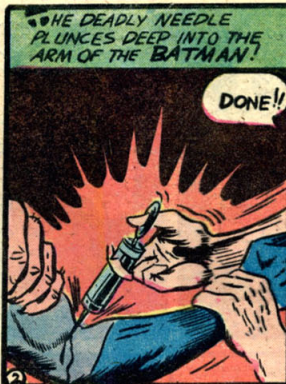
I HAVE SENT OUT A MONSTER IN CLOTHES OF BULLET PROOF MATERIAL SO THAT THE PUBLIC AND THE POLICE MAY BE-ER- ACQUAINTED WITH HIM. TOMORROW I SHALL SEND OUT TWO MONSTERS AND WHILE THE POLICE ARE CONCERNED WITH THEM MY MEN WILL LOOT THE BANKS. CLEVER ISN'T IT? YOU KNOW, AT TIMES I AM AMAZED AT MY OWN GENIUS!

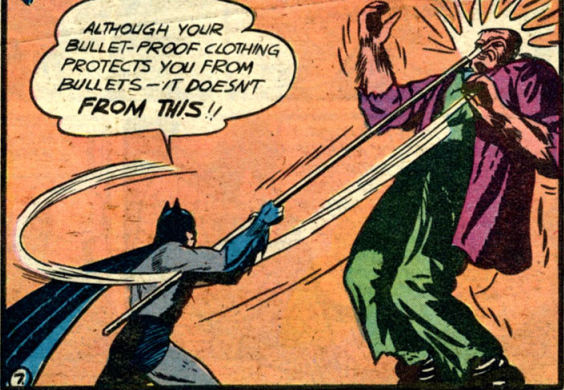
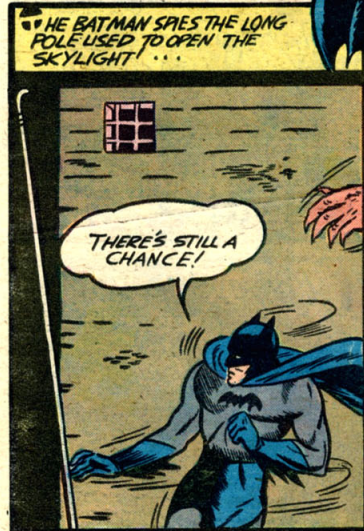


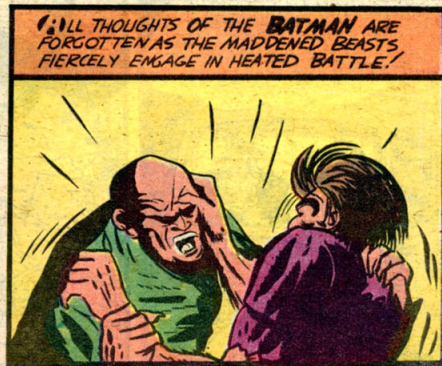
AN EVIL GENIUS, STRANGE!

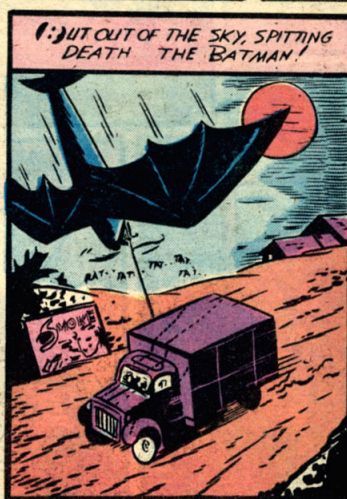
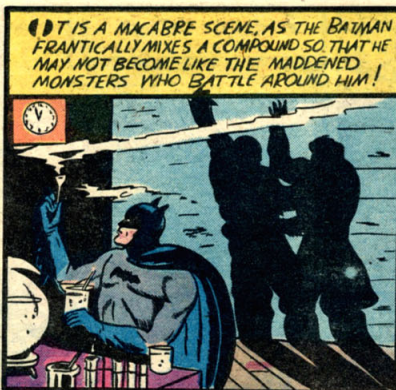
REMOVE HIS BELT OF GAS CAPSULES! I WANT NO ESCAPE! I AM GOING TO INJECT THIS FLUID INTO YOU! YOU, DEAR BATMAN, ARE TO BE A MONSTER! HA-HA-HA



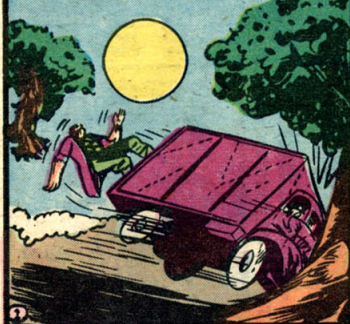








THE BULLETS TAKE THEIR TOLL... THE TRUCK CRASHES INTO A TREE!



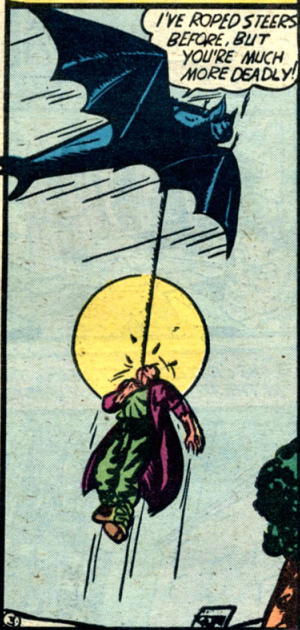
1

AS THE MONSTER RISES, THE STEEL-LIKE ROPE OF THE BATMAN LOOPS ABOUT HIS NECK!



2

THE RISING BATPLANE JERKS THE MONSTER FROM THE GROUND



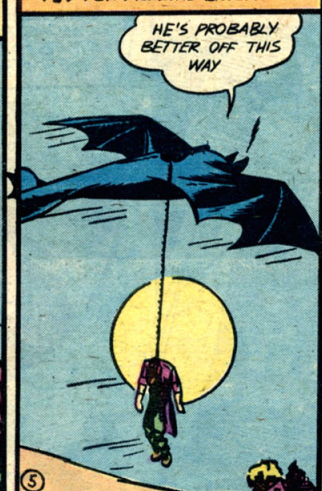
3

THE GIANT TRIES TO BREAK THE EVER-TIGHTENING ROPE!

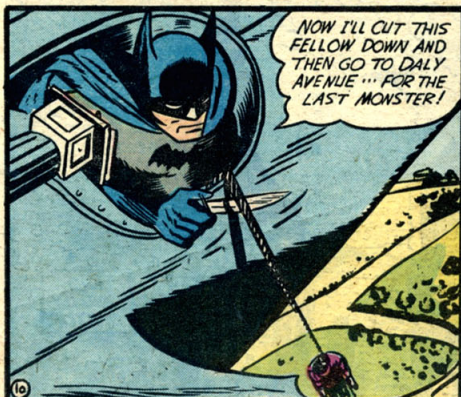


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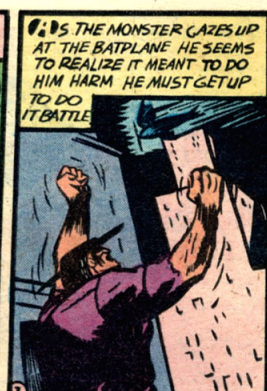
FEW MOMENTS LATER...



5



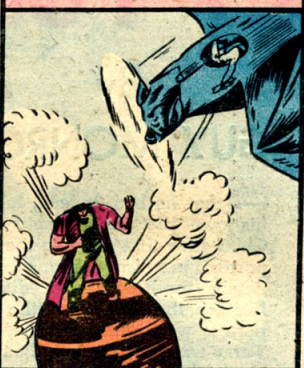
10



THE BULLET PROOF CLOTHES PROTECT THE MONSTER...



HIS TIME FROM THE BATPLANE GAS PELLETS!!



AS THE GAS TAKES EFFECT THE MONSTER ONCE MORE SEES THE BATPLANE... SHAKES HIS HANDS DEFIANTLY...



THERE GOES THE LAST OF THE MONSTERS... YET I HAVE A FEELING THAT THE BIGGEST MONSTER OF THEM ALL, PROFESSOR HUGO STRANGE, STILL LIVES! PERHAPS WE SHALL MEET AGAIN... PERHAPS!!



BOB KANE



STRICTLY PUBLICITY

By
GUY MONROE

"IT JUST isn't possible!" The Chief was saying. "A guy can't be killed when he's all alone in a room, with the door and windows barred *from the inside* and covered with steel shutters!"

"There's always the suicide angle," young Terry Gallant put in.

The chief snorted. "Look, Terry; you're one of the smartest young detectives on the force, but when you say 'suicide,' you're crazy! A guy can't shoot himself without a gun, can he?"

"Definitely not," Terry admitted. "But look, Chief, tell me how the whole thing worked out, will you? I just happened *not* to be listening to Barlow's radio program at the time of his death."

"Well, he was getting off his usual line of homespun drivel for his twenty million radio listeners, and giving them that old, old routine of his about being afraid for his life because he'd made a lot of enemies in the course of his helping so many people out of scrapes with unscrupulous characters—"

"And then?" Terry prompted. "And then the radio audience heard a noise sort of like a sharp clap of the hands, then a terrific roar, then silence."

Terry got up. "Chief you can hand out the story that Barton Barlow committed suicide. I'll have all the details later."

With that, Terry Gallant left Headquarters and headed for the residence of the late Barton Barlow. And the Chief had confidence enough in Terry's detective ability to feel pretty certain that Terry would be able to substantiate his theory that Barlow had not been murdered

—that he had, indeed, taken his own life. Accordingly the Chief gave that story to the reporters, promising them all the details for their next edition. Neither the Chief nor the reporters were dissatisfied, for Terry was gone for less than an hour.

When he returned to Headquarters, the Chief's office was filled with newspapermen. And with rare concern for press deadlines, Terry didn't waste any time in telling the rest of the story.

"Barlow killed himself, all right," Terry said.

"Then what did he do with the gun—swallow it?" asked a reporter.

Terry ignored the question, considering it too facetious to warrant notice. "Let's start at the beginning," he said. "We all know that Barton Barlow was probably the greatest publicity hound the country ever produced. He'd do anything to get his name in the papers—and he's been mighty successful at it. He's a nationally known figure, and he has twenty million radio listeners. He's had a big income for years. And the biggest angle he had for publicity was that business of yelling that he expected to be bumped off at any moment. Most of that, as we all realize, was phoney."

"But he's dead," a newspaperman put in.

"Sure—by his own hand. In spite of the fact that he had a huge income, he was living beyond his means. He was deeply in debt, and on top of that the Federal government was on the verge of indicting him for income tax evasion. That would have been pretty hard for a

'righteous' guy like Barlow to take. All in all, he was badly jammed up, so he decided to kill himself, like the cowardly phony he was."

"I still want to know," the first reporter said sarcastically, "did he eat the gun?"

Terry shook his head. "No, the gun's there. All you have to do is look for it. Concealed in a recess behind a light fixture. There's also a small electro-magnet which operates from a flashlight battery, and a very sensitive diaphragm such as you'd find in a telephone. And, you see, there was one thing that happened before the shot that gave me the clue—there was a sharp noise like the clapping of hands. It was indeed just that, and that sharp noise was just enough to disturb the diaphragm, break the electro-magnetic contact, and allow a lever to hit the trigger of the gun which killed Barlow! He wanted to kill himself in a very mysterious manner—a manner which would cause much speculation in the newspapers."

The newspapermen were running from the room, heading for telephones, anxious to get the solution of the story into the next editions of their papers.

Terry grinned at the Chief. "See? Barlow was a publicity hound in life, and he's still one in death! He'll be on the front pages of every paper in the country! A pretty good man, at that!"

The Chief lighted a fresh cigar. "You're not a bad man yourself, Terry my boy!"

Terry grinned back at him. "Remember that, will you, Chief, next time I come up for promotion?" THE END

MEET THE ARTIST!

READERS, meet Bob Kane, creator of **THE BATMAN!** Realizing that people like to know something about the men who draw their favorite cartoon-strips, we induced Bob to sit down at a typewriter and dash off a few pertinent facts about his life. He complained that a drawing-board—and not a typewriter—was his natural means of artistic expression, but he did manage to hammer out a sort of synopsis about himself.

On top of that, we felt that we should have a picture of Bob to grace this page. We asked him to bring us one. "Sure," he said, "I'll take care of that." But as the days went by, and publication date came nearer and nearer, we still had no picture. Finally we had to sit Bob down at a drawing board, hold him there until a photographer could be called in from another floor of the building—and we finally got our picture!

Bob Kane was born twenty-four years ago in New York City, and has spent most of his life in the big town. As you might expect, his primary interest has always been in drawing. His work has appeared in a long list of national magazines. For some time Bob was a straight "comic" artist, specializing in drawings of a humorous nature. When the trend swung toward the adventure type of drawing, Bob was quick to see that therein lay his future, and though the abrupt change in drawing technique necessitated plenty of hard labor on his part, the phenomenal success of **THE BATMAN** is proof enough that Bob was capable of making the transition. It hasn't been easy, and it isn't easy even now. Anyone who thinks a comic artist has an easy life should take a look at Bob Kane's working-schedule. It's an unusual week which doesn't find Bob at the drawing board on seven consecutive days. The saving grace about it all is the fact that he enjoys his work, though he does admit that he might like to have a



little vacation come summer—three days in a row, or something like that.

Bob has spent a good deal of time in the North woods, hunting and fishing (before **THE BATMAN** took up all his time, of course). He loves outdoor life in all its phases. For a time he worked as seaman on a boat plying South American waters, and he says that he feels that this contact with all sorts of people, plus the satisfaction of seeing parts of the world absolutely foreign to the environment of New York, has been of great help to him in humanizing the characters which he draws.

Bob is certainly not a copyist; his work shows a definite originality and freshness which has attracted many fervent fans. He studies

constantly, striving always to improve his work. If he has a free hour or two, he is very likely to spend it at one of the local medical colleges studying anatomy, for he well realizes that only by a thorough knowledge of bone and muscle structure is an artist able to inject into his drawings the true expression of action and motion which is so necessary to this type of art.

Bob Kane has worked hard, is still working hard, and will continue to work hard to give you just the sort of thing which you have come to expect in **THE BATMAN**. We predict ever-increasing success for both the artist and the creation of his facile pen. And they both deserve that success!

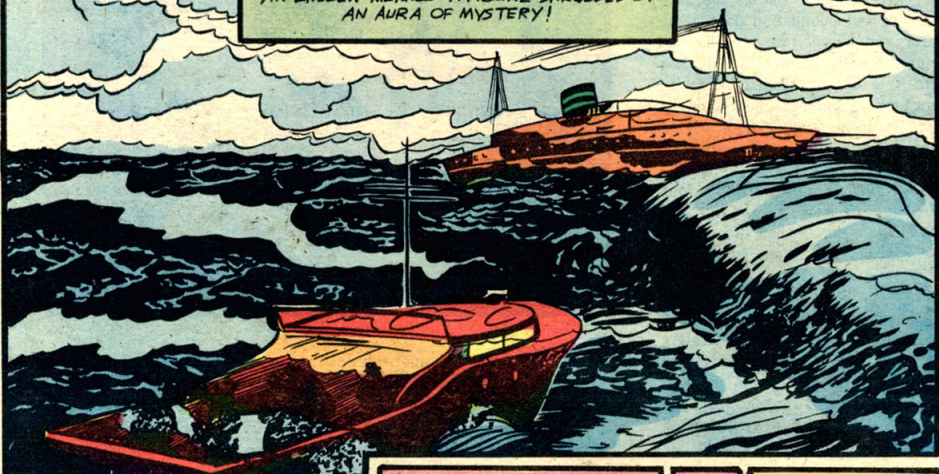
—THE EDITOR

BATMAN

WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-

ONCE MORE THAT EERIE FIGURE OF THE NIGHT, THE **BATMAN** AND HIS YOUNG AIDE THAT LAUGHING DARE-DEVIL THAT YOUNG ROBIN HOOD OF TODAY **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER FIND THEMSELVES SWIMMING IN TROUBLED WATERS! A YACHT SAILS A SEA OF INTRIGUE WHILE ABOARD HER DECK LURKS AN UNSEEN MENACE A FIGURE SHROUDED BY AN AURA OF MYSTERY!

BY
BOB KANE



AMONG THE GUESTS WALKS A YOUNG STEWARD-DICK GRAYSON WHO IS IN REALITY... **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER!



BOY DOES HE COME HERE?

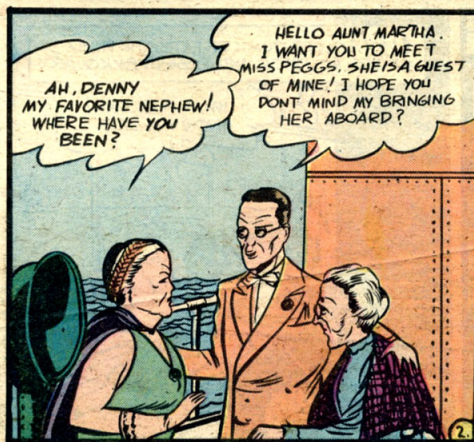
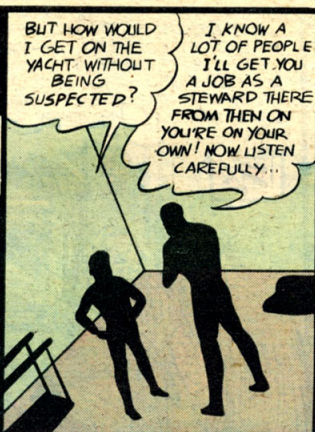
WHY?

HE HAD COME ABOUT WHEN...

BRUCE WAYNE...THE **BATMAN** HAD READ ALOUD THIS ITEM IN THE NEWSPAPER...

SOCIETY

MRS. JOHN TRAVERS IS TAKING A GROUP OF SELECTED GUESTS ON A TRIP ABOARD HER YACHT, THE DOLPHIN. MRS. TRAVERS WILL WEAR HER FAMOUS EMERALD NECKLACE THAT IS WORTH HALF A MILLION AT A MASQUERADE PARTY WHICH THE



(1) DICK "PUMPS" ONE OF THE REGULAR STEWARDS!

MUST BE A NICE FELLOW, HER NEPHEW TO ESCORT AN OLD WOMAN AROUND LIKE THAT!

HUH, HIM? HE'S A RAT... PROBABLY HANGING AROUND TO GET SOME MONEY OUT OF HER! HE'S ALWAYS BORROWING DOUGH FROM HIS AUNT MRS TRAVERS!



SOMETIME LATER AS DICK PASSES A CABIN...

VOICES! SOUNDS LIKE A QUARREL!

NO! I WON'T LEND YOU A CENT, ROGER AND THAT'S FINAL!

BUT I NEED IT TO COVER MY STOCK LOSSES! PLEASE!

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE MY BROTHER, DOESN'T MEAN I MUST FINANCE ALL YOUR STUPID PLUNGES IN THE STOCK MARKET!

I'LL BE RUINED! AND YOU'LL BE THE CAUSE OF IT ALL! I'LL GET THAT MONEY, SOMEHOW SOMEWAY!

WHOW! LOOKS LIKE THIS YACHT ISN'T THE SAFEST PLACE IN THE WORLD FOR A NECKLACE WORTH A HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!



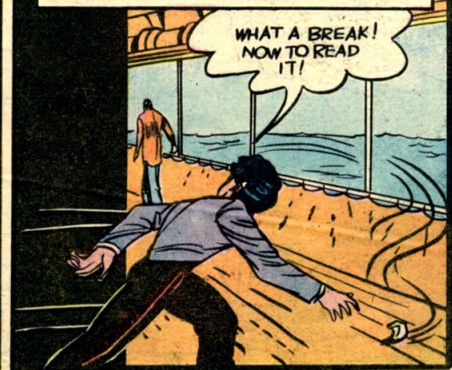
AS HE TURNS A CORNER HE SEES DENNY FLURTIPLY THROW A PAPER OVER THE RAIL!

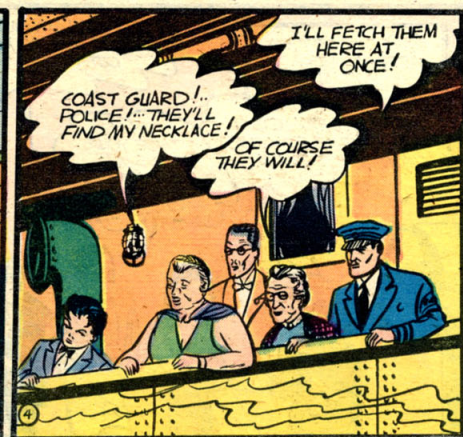
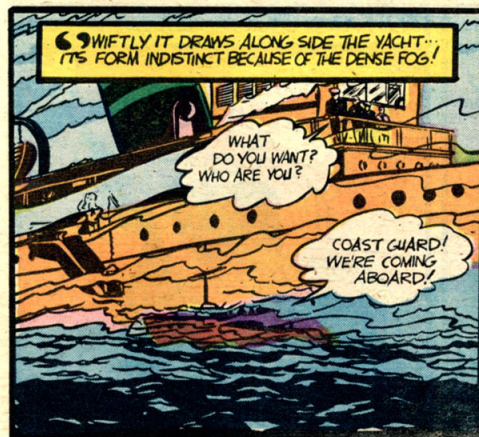
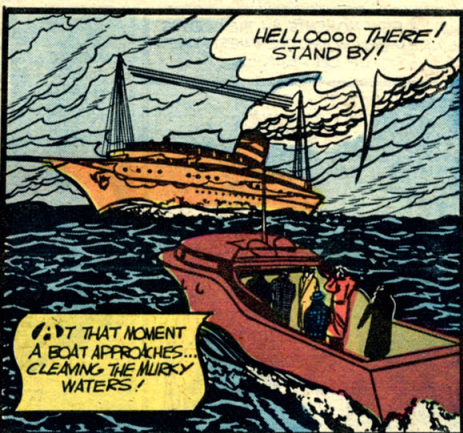
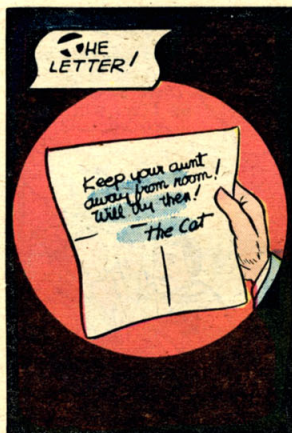
IF EVER A GUY LOOKED GUILTY ABOUT SOMETHING HE DOES! WONDER WHAT'S IN THAT PAPER?



BY A QUEER QUIRK OF FATE, THE WIND SEIZES THE PAPER AND TOSSES IT BACK ON DECK.

WHAT A BREAK! NOW TO READ IT!

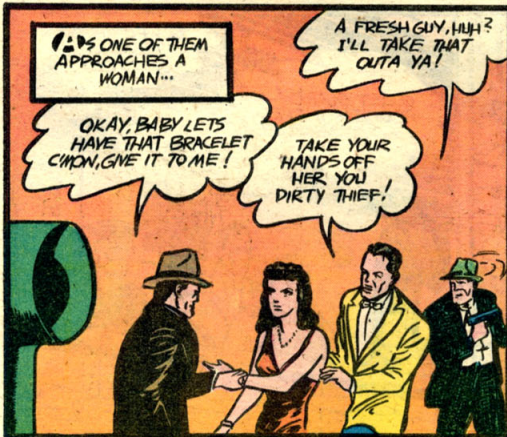
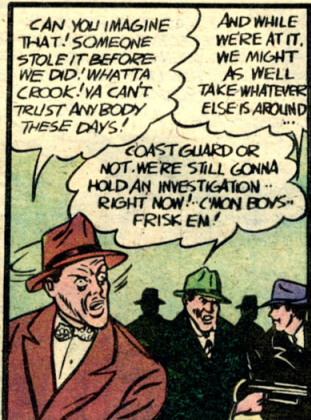
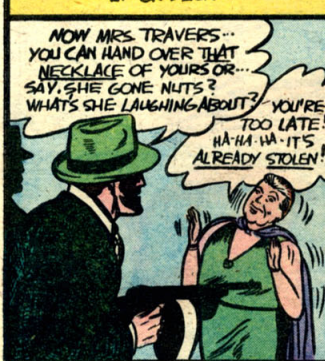


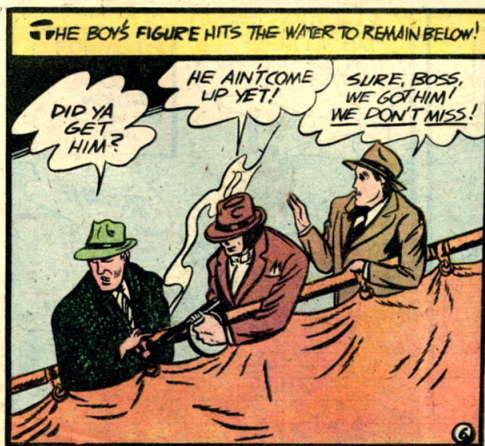
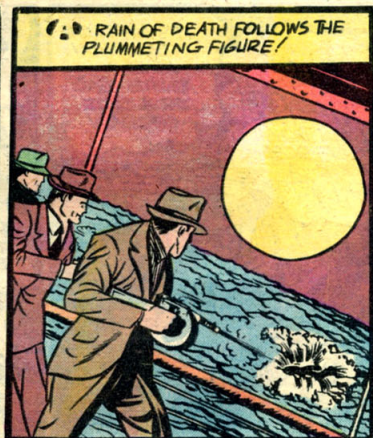
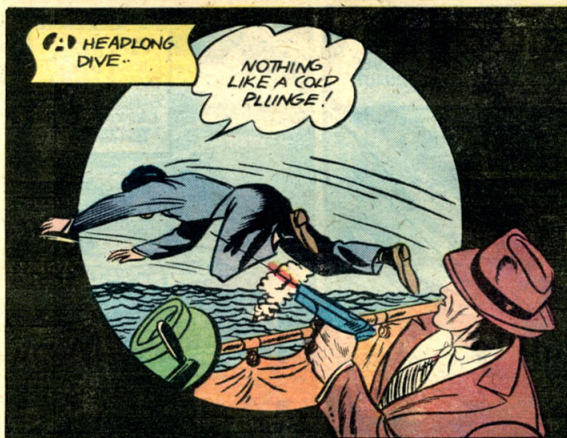


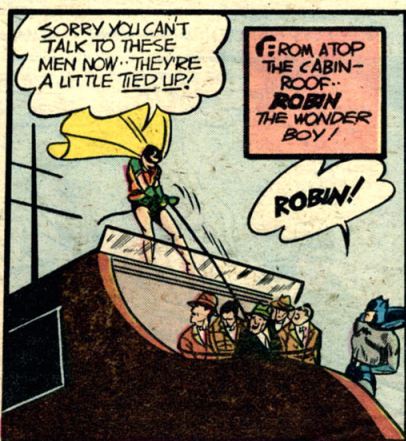
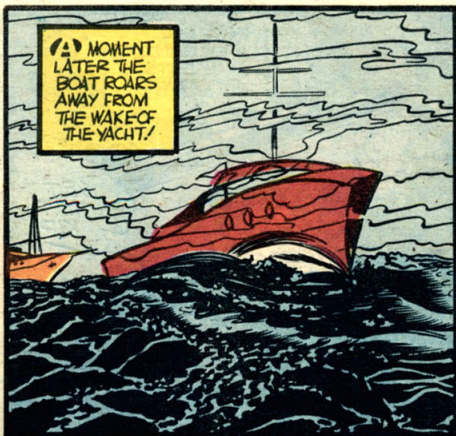
! BUT INSTEAD OF THE COAST GUARD... QUITE THE REVERSE!

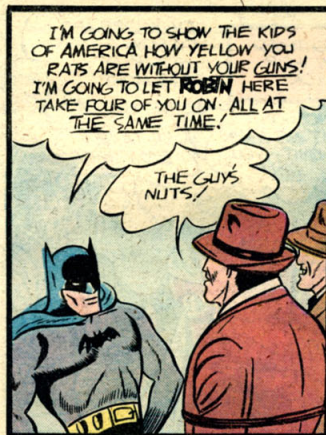
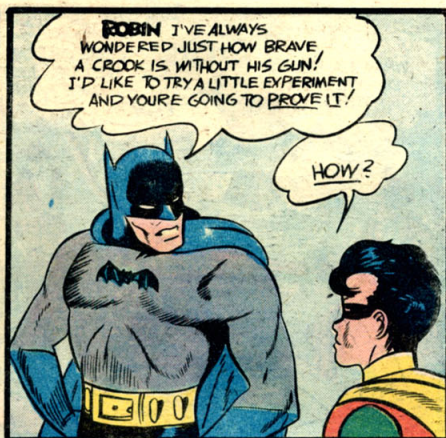
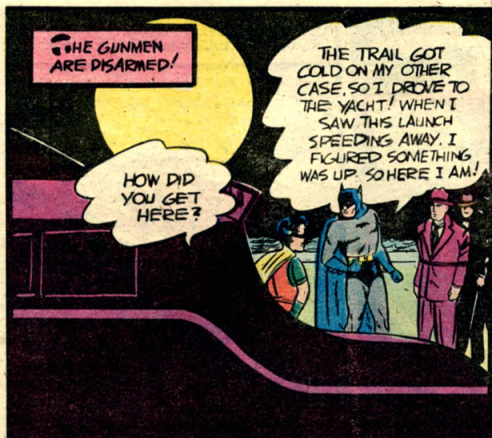


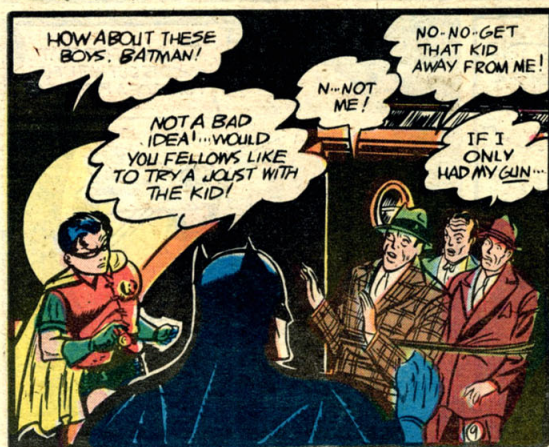
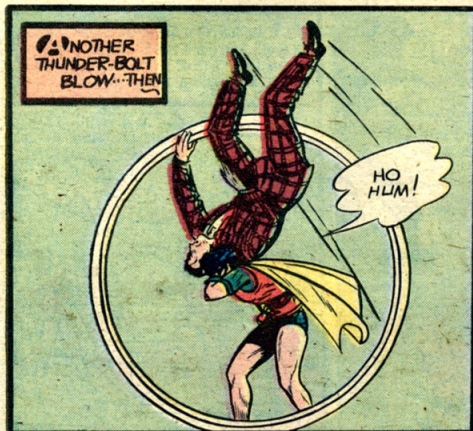
ON A FEW MOMENTS ALL THE CREW IS LOCKED BELOW AND THE GUESTS LINED UP ON DECK...











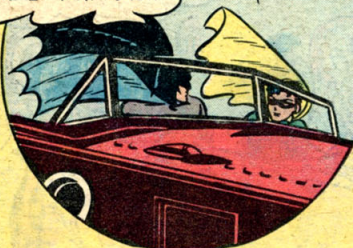
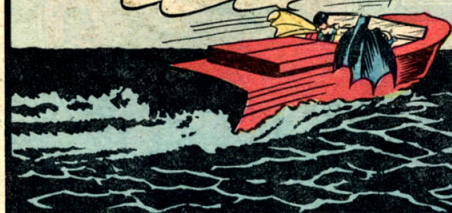
A MOMENT LATER WITH THE JEWELS IN THEIR POSSESSION AND THE MEN TRUSSSED UP, BATMAN AND ROBIN SPEED AWAY....

AND THEN I PICKED UP THIS PAPER WITH THE MESSAGE FROM THE CAT!

LOOKS LIKE DENNY, MRS. TRAVERS' NEPHEW IS IN WITH THE CAT! TELL ME ABOUT THE PASSENGERS YOU SUSPECT MIGHT BE THE CAT!

...SO IT'S EITHER HER GAMBLING DOCTOR WALLACE OR HER STOCK-PLAYING BROTHER ROGER!

LOOKS THAT WAY DOESN'T IT... BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL! NOW LISTEN...

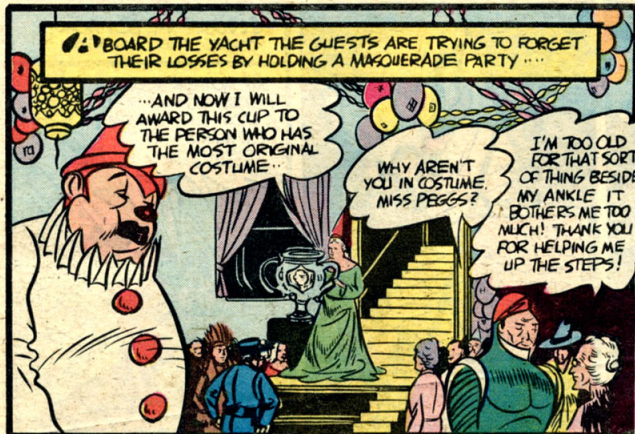


ABOARD THE YACHT THE GUESTS ARE TRYING TO FORGET THEIR LOSSES BY HOLDING A MASQUERADE PARTY...

...AND NOW I WILL AWARD THIS CUP TO THE PERSON WHO HAS THE MOST ORIGINAL COSTUME...

WHY AREN'T YOU IN COSTUME, MISS PEGG?

I'M TOO OLD FOR THAT SORT OF THING BESIDES MY ANKLE! IT BOTHERS ME TOO MUCH! THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME UP THE STEPS!



AT THAT MOMENT A FIGURE STEPS DOWN FROM THE STAIRWAY ONTO THE DECK DRESSED IN A WEIRD COSTUME



...LOOK... WHAT A STRANGE COSTUME!

HE OUGHT TO GET THE PRIZE!!

HE'S DRESSED AS THE BATMAN WHAT A CLEVER IDEA!

AN IRONICAL JOKE TAKES PLACE!!

IT HAS BEEN DECIDED THAT YOUR COSTUME OF THE BATMAN IS THE MOST ORIGINAL HERE TONIGHT... THE CUP IS YOURS!!

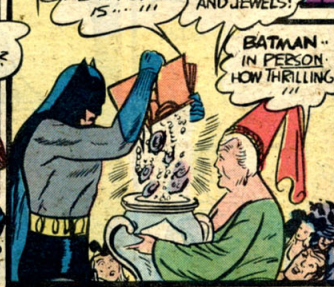
THANK YOU I ACCEPT THE CUP AND NOW IF I MAY I WOULD LIKE TO FILL IT WITH...

...NO DEAR LADY, WITH YOUR STOLEN PROPERTY I HAVE RECOVERED IT... YOU SEE, I REALLY AM... THE BATMAN!

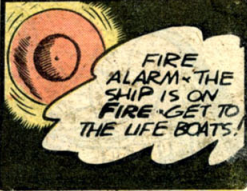
THE BATMAN HE R' REALLY IS...!!!

OUR MONEY AND JEWELS!

BATMAN... IN PERSON... HOW THRILLING!!!



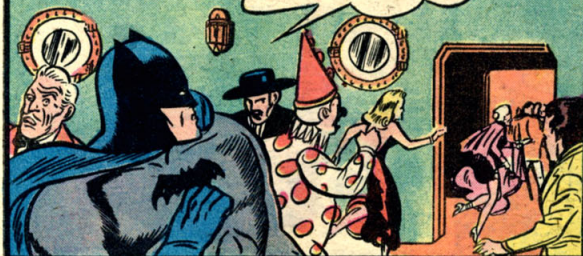
AT THAT MOMENT THE LOUD CLANGING OF A BELL IS HEARD THE FIRE ALARM!



FIRE ALARM... THE SHIP IS ON FIRE... GET TO THE LIFE BOATS!

AS THE PANIC-STRIKEN PEOPLE DASH OUT...THE BATMAN NOTICES A STRANGE THING...MISS PEGGS IS RUNNING LIKE A MUCH YOUNGER PERSON...AND WITHOUT A LUMP!!

IT WORKED!...THERE GOES MISS PEGGS NICE LEGS FOR AN OLD WOMAN!

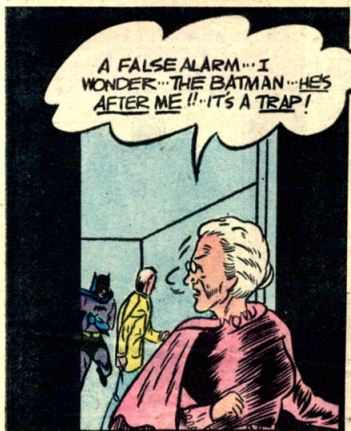


THE CAPTAIN APPEARS AND SHOUTS OUT WORDS THAT ALMOST HYPNOTIZE THE PEOPLE TO ORDER...

STOP! THERE'S NO FIRE! IT'S A FALSE ALARM! SOME CRAZY FOOL MUST HAVE SET THE ALARM OFF AS A JOKE!!!



A FALSE ALARM...I WONDER...THE BATMAN...HE'S AFTER ME!!...IT'S A TRAP!

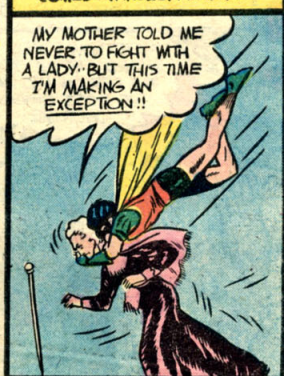


BUT EVEN AS SHE DESCENDS THE STAIRS...A FIGURE HURTLIES AFTER HER!



ROBIN...THE BOY WONDER...COMES THROUGH AGAIN!!!

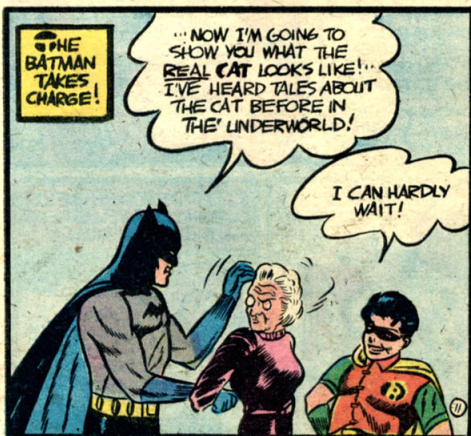
MY MOTHER TOLD ME NEVER TO FIGHT WITH A LADY...BUT THIS TIME I'M MAKING AN EXCEPTION!!



THE BATMAN TAKES CHARGE!

...NOW I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHAT THE REAL CAT LOOKS LIKE! I'VE HEARD TALES ABOUT THE CAT BEFORE IN THE UNDERWORLD!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

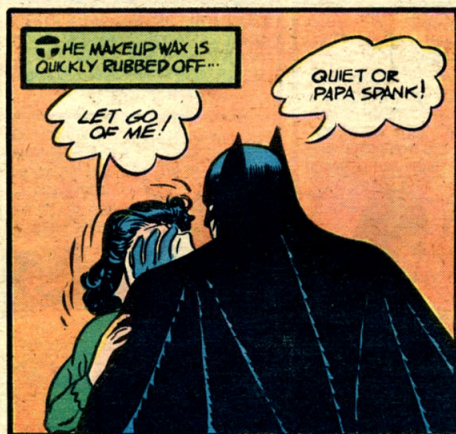


BLACK HAIR IS REVEALED UNDER THE GREY WIG!

FIRST...OFF WITH THE WIG!

YOU... YOU...!!





THE MAKEUP WAX IS QUICKLY RUBBED OFF...

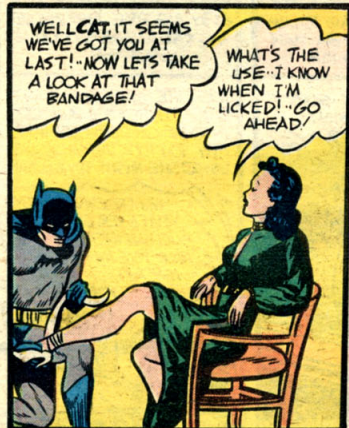
LET GO OF ME!

QUIET OR PAPA SPANK!

SWIFTLY THE SWADDLING FROCK IS REMOVED...AND THERE IN THE PLACE OF OLD MISS PEGGS...A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN!



WELL...WHAT'S THE MATTER?...HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN A PRETTY GIRL BEFORE?



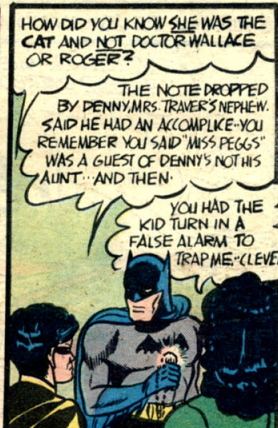
WELL CAT, IT SEEMS WE'VE GOT YOU AT LAST!...NOW LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THAT BANDAGE!

WHAT'S THE USE...I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED!...GO AHEAD!



HERE UNDER THE BANDAGE...THE MISSING TRAYER NECKLACE!!

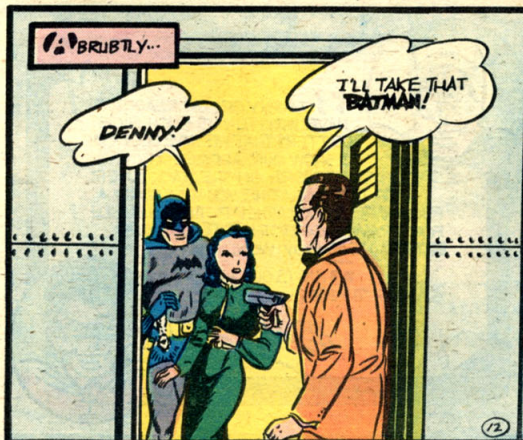
WHEEW!...NO WONDER YOU WANTED TO STEAL THEM!...THEY'RE PERFECT...A HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!



HOW DID YOU KNOW SHE WAS THE CAT AND NOT DOCTOR WALLACE OR ROGER?

THE NOTE DROPPED BY PENNY, MRS. TRAYER'S NEPHEW, SAID HE HAD AN ACCOMPLICE...YOU REMEMBER YOU SAID 'MISS PEGGS' WAS A GUEST OF PENNY'S NOT HIS AUNT?...AND THEN...

YOU HAD THE KID TURN IN A FALSE ALARM TO TRAP ME...CLEVER!



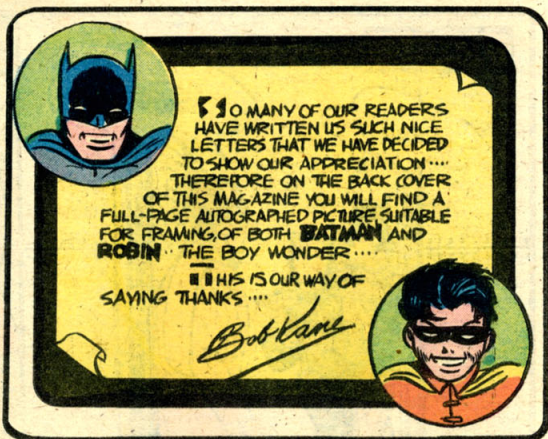
BRUTALLY...

DENNY!

I'LL TAKE THAT BATMAN!

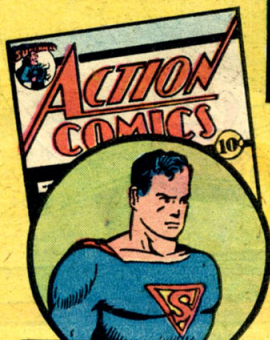


AS LONG AS YOU WANT IT...HERE!



THE 'BIG SIX' COMIC MAGAZINES STILL LEAD THE FIELD!

Watch for these Headline
Features Every Month!



SUPERMAN

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 23RD
OF EVERY MONTH



THE
SANDMAN

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 7TH
OF EVERY MONTH



The **BATMAN**

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 5TH
OF EVERY MONTH



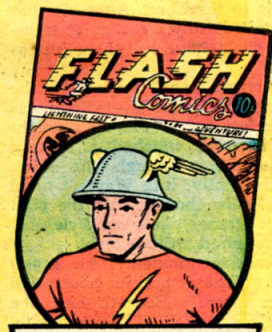
ULTRAMAN

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 20TH
OF EVERY MONTH



The **SPECTRE**

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 1ST
OF EVERY MONTH

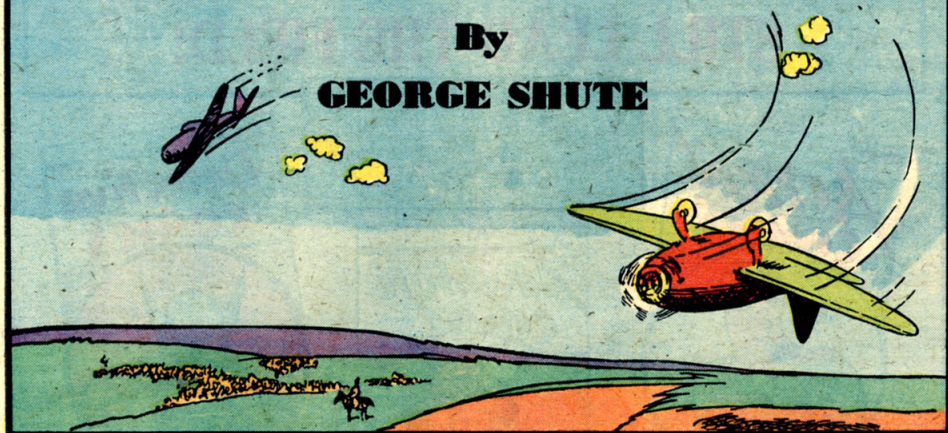


The **FLASH**

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 15TH
OF EVERY MONTH

TWO ACES

By
GEORGE SHUTE



VISIBILITY excellent; ceiling unlimited. Those were the things Lieutenant Bill Wayne of the United States Navy Air Corps had just concluded reporting. He hadn't said what he thought; that might have meant disciplining.

What he had thought was this: "The nerve of that inventor, Doctor Synce, getting a Navy flier to carry his precious plans from Pensacola to the Coast. After all, that spy talk is silly. A regular transport could have run them just as well."

Wayne's eyes strayed to the instrument board. Everything was in perfect order. His eyes sought the horizon, watched a solitary plane zoom through the skies. Mechanically, into Wayne's mind flashed the thought that the pilot of the strange plane was flying below required altitude level.

"Another amateur," he grumbled. "Those prairie pilots will never learn." Beneath him, the colorless stretch of Texas wasteland rolled on endlessly, dotted now and then with herds resembling giant ants in sluggish mood.

Suddenly, Wayne stiffened. The plane ahead was closing the distance between them with the speed of a meteor. "That's no amateur," Wayne muttered. "That guy's a real pilot." He didn't know why, but there came from the past a picture the years hadn't been able to wipe out. Twenty-two

years ago . . .

That time, he had been easing his Spad home, back to the disciplining he would get, despite being an ace, for losing his squadron. They had gone into a cloud bank and then disappeared from sight. Unable to find them, he started home.

Then, streaking like a comet, had come the most feared plane in the air: Von Berket's "FIRE-BIRD," with 28 planes to its credit. For almost an hour, Wayne and Von Berket had fought, using every trick of aerial combat. And then, when Wayne's hands were so tired he could hardly grip his machine gun, a miracle had happened. Flame belched from Von Berket's engine. Like a flash, Wayne was behind him, ready to send a hail of death into the enemy's back.

But something had stayed his hand. That something was the love of a sportsman, a gentleman and an officer, for one who had shown fair play.

It was Bill Wayne who had pulled Von Berket to safety from the German plane after it dropped on French soil.

And it was Bill Wayne who visited him in the field hospital and found a boy like himself. Both aces. Admiration had ripened into friendship, a pact almost, because Von Berket gave Bill his Iron Cross. And Wayne, who nev-

er wore his medals, gave the German his fraternity pin.

But that was years ago. Von Berket had been enmeshed in Nazi politics since, seemed to have dropped out of sight, while he, Bill Wayne, had been reduced to flying military plans for scared inventors.

Wayne started to yawn, but that yawn was never quite completed. He shook his head in disbelief. The other plane was above him, executing a tricky aerial maneuver, trying to get onto his tail and force him down!

Wayne waved him away excitedly. "What's the fool trying to do!" he fumed. "Show off?" He yelled over the cockpit, then ducked. A stream of bullets initiated the left side of his fuselage.

Instantly, Wayne's nerves tightened. This was war again, a fight to the finish! The inventor had been right! Somebody was after those plans, and the somebody was above him! Well, let the dirty spies come!

Wayne went into a roll, straightened, pulled back on the stick. This guy was crazy, attacking a Navy plane. Wayne's engine roared as the ship nosed up. Wayne ticked his gun button. Splattity . . . splattity . . . splattity . . . his bullets chattered beneath the other plane's belly, sending it up for altitude.

Warily they fought. And the

longer they fought, the greater was Bill Wayne's admiration for his adversary. This guy, whoever he was, could handle a plane. And he sure had nerve to try forcing a Navy flier down.

War in peacetime! Wayne's heart was singing a symphony of lead as he matched trick for trick with his opponent. It was like two champions in the ring, both skilled in footwork, both adept with their hands, each possessing powerful punches. And below, a herd of cattle grazed contentedly.

Then it happened. The attacker went high, winged over in an Immelmann turn. Wayne almost screamed with joy. This was a fatal mistake on the enemy's part. He would have gotten away with it with almost any other flier in the Navy.

But not with Bill Wayne! Because it was just that trick—a trick Von Berket had perfected and that he had shown to Bill—

that had made Bill a greater ace. Wayne knew the defense and the offense for it.

His motor roared as he side-slipped, then climbed. In an instant, his inside loop carried him behind the other plane. He saw the pilot stiffen in his seat as the bullets hit.

A long plume of black smoke marked the plane's progress to the ground. The explosion wrote the end.

Two cowboys were staring at the burning wreckage as Bill Wayne three-pointed onto the bumpy land and ran over, gun in hand.

"Burned to death, mister, that feller did!" The cowboy's eyes were mournful. "We tried to help him. Too late. His shoes are over in that sagebrush. What happened? Who's he?"

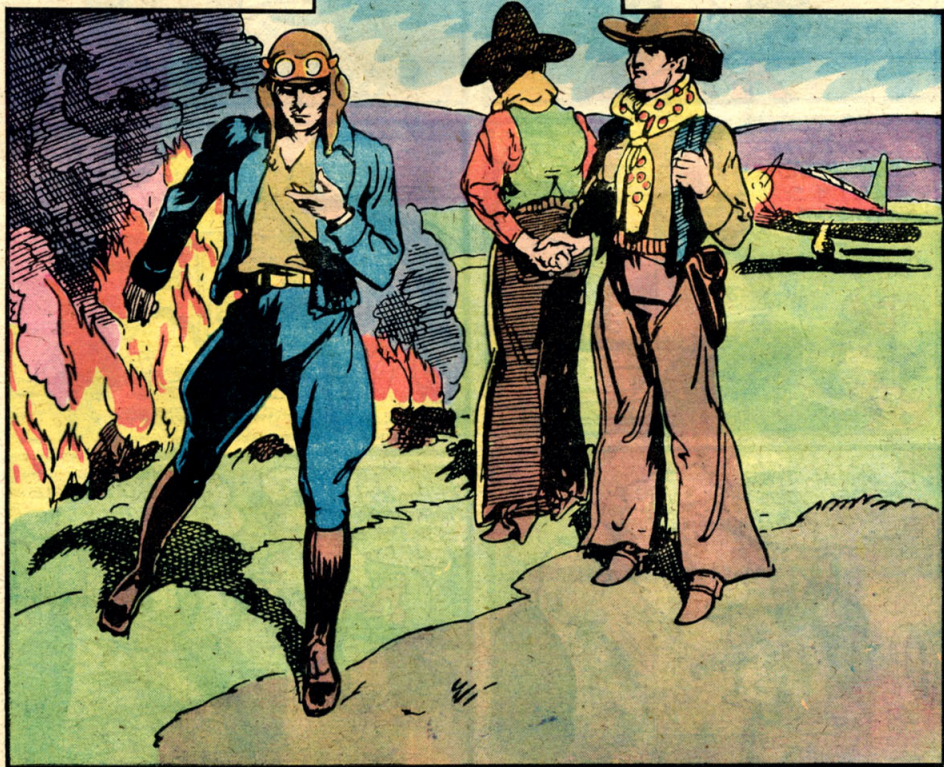
Wayne's eyes caught the glint of gold beneath a shred of canvas. He picked it up, looked at the Greek letters.

There was no doubt about it. The broken clasp was still there, just as it had been when he had handed it to Von Berket ages ago in a field hospital in France.

In his throat, the lump seemed to grow bigger as he spoke. "Him?" He really didn't want to talk. "Just a fellow who found out that politics make strange bedfellows." The cowboys stared curiously at him. "You see," Bill explained. "When a man fights for things he can't touch, he'll always lose!"

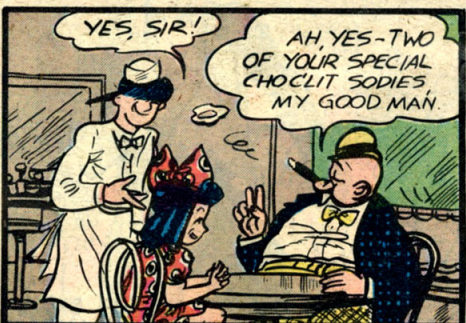
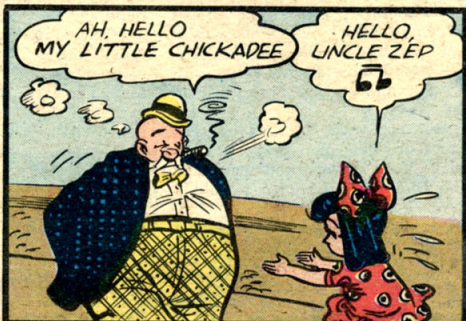
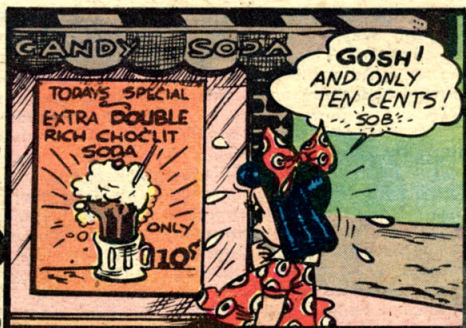
Slowly, he walked toward his plane. But he had already decided that when he made out his report, he wouldn't mention anything about Von Berket. Because to Bill, Von Berket had died somewhere in Germany! Died a hero; not a spy!

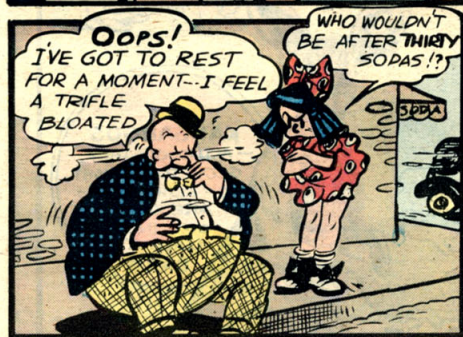
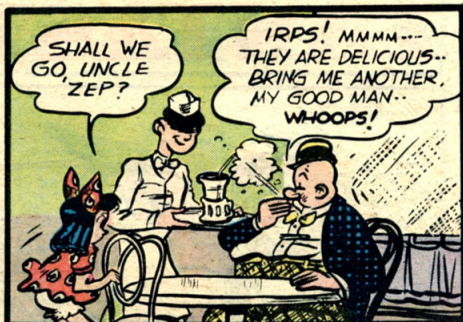
THE END



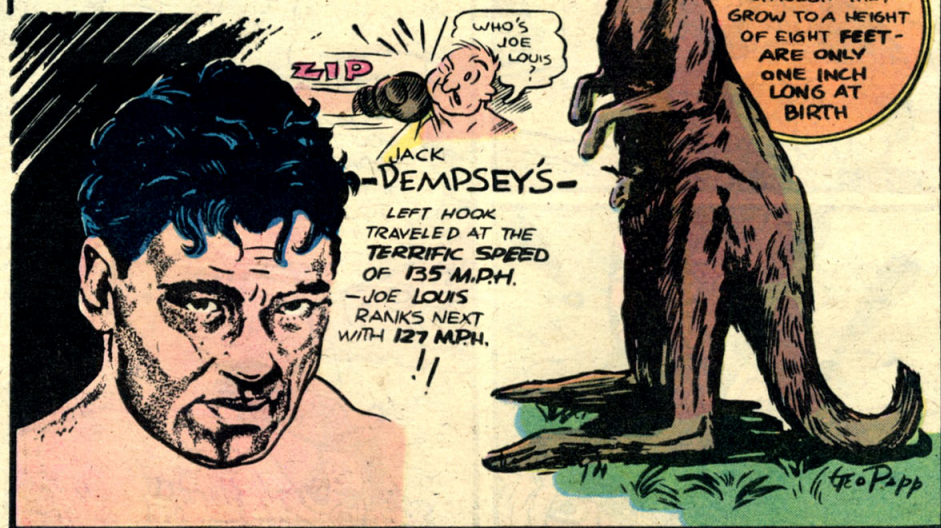
WINTER SNAP!

by Ted Rave





FANTASTIC FACTS



BAT MAN

WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-

THE JOKER RETURNS--

ONCE AGAIN THAT HARLEQUIN OF HATE... THE **JOKER**... BRINGS GRINNING DEATH TO A TERRIFIED PEOPLE... A MOCKING DOOM FROM WHICH NO ONE CAN ESCAPE... AND ONCE AGAIN TWO HEROIC FIGURES... **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER... PUT THEIR AMAZING SKILL IN A SUPREME EFFORT TO HALT THIS PARADE OF CRIME...



BY

BOB
KANE

LESS THAN TWO DAYS AGO THE **BATMAN** HAD SEEN THE **JOKER** THRUST INTO A CELL TO AWAIT TRIAL. IN HIS CELL THE WILY **JOKER** PLANS ESCAPE.

JAIL ME, WILL THEY? A MAN OF MY INTELLECT? I'LL ESCAPE AND MAKE THEM PAY FOR THIS INSULT!

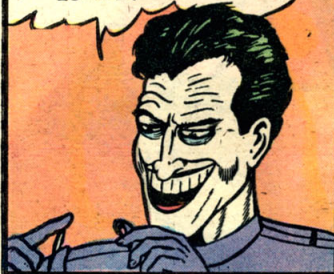
ACROSS THE SATURNINE FACE FLITS THE GHASTLY GRIN... THE TERRIBLE SMILE OF THE **JOKER**!

AND THAT **BATMAN** AND THE **BOY**... IF EVER I MEET THEM AGAIN... BUT FIRST I MUST ESCAPE... NOW!!



FROM THE BACK OF HIS MOUTH THE **JOKER** UNSCREWS TWO FALSE TEE TH!

INSIDE EACH TOOTH IS A CHEMICAL, WHICH WHEN MIXED TOGETHER, FORMS A POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE... MY MEANS OF ESCAPE!



MOMENTS LATER A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION BLOWS A GAPING HOLE IN THE CELL WALL!!

FREEDOM!! I REVOIR GENTLEMAN...TILL WE MEET AGAIN-HA-HA-HA



STARTLING NEWS STIRS BRUCE WAYNE AND YOUNG DICK GRAYSON!

FLASH! WE'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT THE **JOKER** HAS JUST ESCAPED PRISON! AFTER MYSTERIOUSLY BLOWING UP HIS CELL, HE OVERPOWERED TWO GUARDS AND...

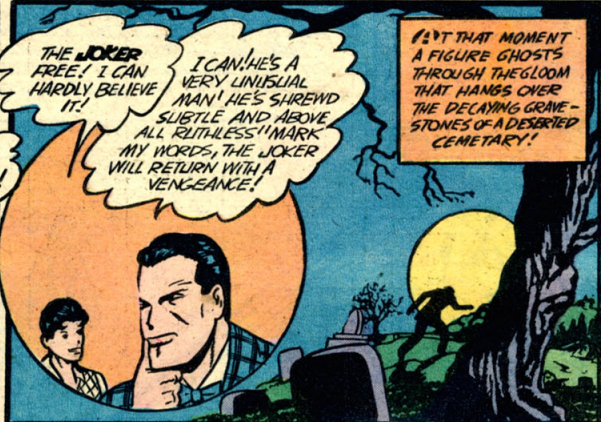
WELL I'LL BE--!



THE **JOKER** FREE! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

I CAN! HE'S A VERY UNUSUAL MAN! HE'S SHREWD SUELTLE AND ABOVE ALL RUTHLESS! MARK MY WORDS, THE **JOKER** WILL RETURN WITH A VENGEANCE!

AT THAT MOMENT A FIGURE GHOSTS THROUGH THE GLOOM THAT HANGS OVER THE DECAYING GRAVESTONES OF A DESERTED CEMETARY!



THE PHANTOM LIKE FORM PUSHES AGAINST A CURIOUS GRAVESTONE... THE GROUND SLIPS AWAY REVEALING A YAWNING GAP AT HIS FEET



THE FIGURE DESCENDS INTO THE CRYPT--A LIGHT SWITCHES ON--AND REVEALS THE **JOKER**!!

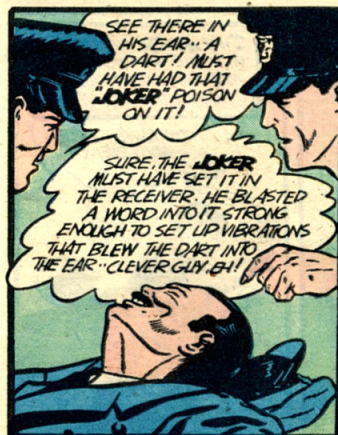
HERE IN MY LABORATORY I WILL ONCE MORE LET ALL KNOW THAT THE **JOKER** IS STILL IN THE GAME AND IS STILL HIGH CARD!!

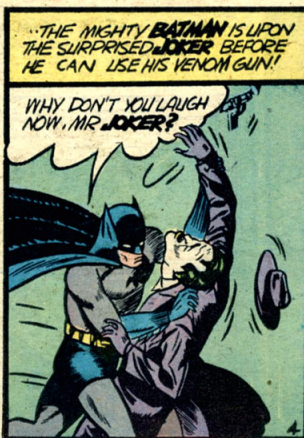
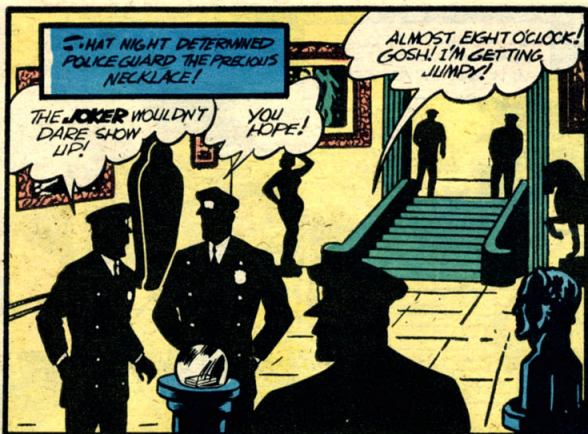


ONCE AGAIN AS PEOPLE LISTEN AT RADIOS COMES THAT BREAK--A DEADLY VOICE A MESSAGE OF DOOM!!

AWWK--HEAR ME NOW! TO CHIEF OF POLICE CHALMERS I BRING DEATH--TONIGHT AT TEN O'CLOCK--THE **JOKER** HAS SPOKEN!









THE MADMAN REACHES FOR AN ANCIENT MALE!



I'LL FINISH YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL...MR. BATMAN. HA...HA...HA...HA.



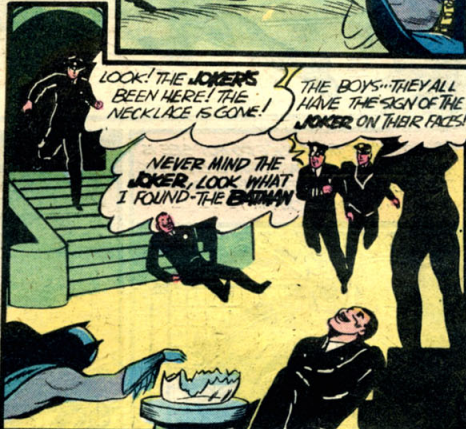
A SHEER, DESPERATE TWIST OF THE BATMAN'S BODY AND THE MALE GIVES HIM A GLANCING BLOW ON THE SIDE OF THE HEAD



SUDDENLY THE POUNDING OF RUNNING FEET...RAISED VOICES...

IT'S AFTER EIGHT!...LET'S SEE IF THE BOYS ARE ALL RIGHT!

THE POLICE FROM DOWNSTAIRS THEY MUST FIND ME!



LOOK! THE JOKERS BEEN HERE! THE NECKLACE IS GONE!

THE BOYS...THEY ALL HAVE THE SIGN OF THE JOKER ON THEIR FACES!

NEVER MIND THE JOKER, LOOK WHAT I FOUND...THE BATMAN



THE BATMAN! WELL, WE HAVE CAUGHT SOMEBODY NOW I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO DO FOR A LONG TIME...TAKE OFF THE BATMAN'S MASK AND SEE WHO HE REALLY IS!



A HAND REACHES OUT TO WRENCH OFF BATMAN'S COWL!

WILL THE COWL BE TAKEN OFF?
OF THE BATMAN IS REVEALED AS BRUCE WAYNE HIS CAREER AS A METEOR OF CRIME IS FINISHED!
IS THIS THE END OF THE MIGHTY BATMAN?



WITH STARTLING ABRUPTNESS
THE INERT FIGURE SPRINGS OFF
THE FLOOR!!

SORRY BOYS BUT
I'M NOT QUITE
READY FOR JAIL!



THE POLICE SEE THE MANTLED
FIGURE LEAP THROUGH THE WINDOW
TO APPARENTLY DEEPLY TO THE
GROUND BELOW!

STOP HIM! HE'S GOING TO
TRY A DROP TO THE GROUND!

BUT WHAT THE POLICE DO NOT SEE IS
THE BATMAN'S STRONG HANDS GRASPING
THE EDGE OF THE OVERHANGING ROOF!!
... A SWING OUT ...



... A POWERFUL SHOVE...
A TWIST UPWARD ...



... AND THE BATMAN ROLLS UP
OVER THE LIP OF THE ROOF!

NICE TRICK IF I DO IT!
AND I DID!



GONE!...NOT A SIGN
OF HIM! THE BATMAN!
WATTAMAN!!

FAILURE OF THE POLICE TO
CAPTURE THE **WONNER** MOVES A
REFORMER EDGAR MARTIN TO
PUBLIC SPEECHES!



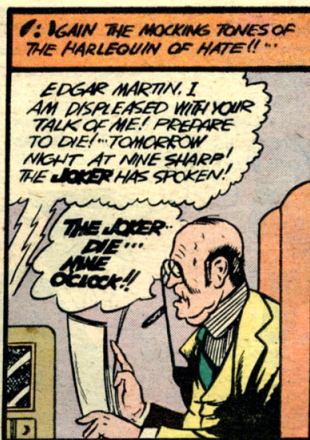
IF THE POLICE CAN'T
DO IT, WE MUST! I TELL
YOU THIS FIENDISH
CRIMINAL MUST BE
CAUGHT!

HE'S RIGHT! THE **WONNER**
SURE IS MAKING THE
POLICE LOOK SILLY!



EDGAR MARTIN
TALKS TOO
MUCH... HE

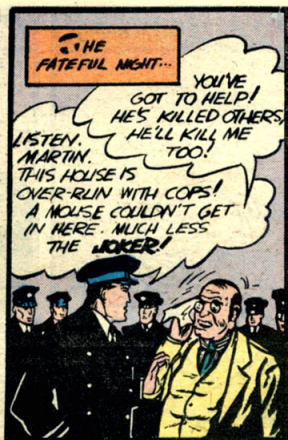
MIGHT GET A SORE THROAT
FROM TALKING SO MUCH! I
HAVE A MEDICINE FOR
HIM IN THIS TEST TUBE!



AGAIN THE MOCKING TONES OF
THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE!!...

EDGAR MARTIN, I
AM DISPLEASED WITH YOUR
TALK OF ME! PREPARE
TO DIE! TOMORROW
NIGHT AT NINE SHARP!
THE JOKER HAS SPOKEN!

THE JOKER
DIE...
NINE
O'CLOCK!!



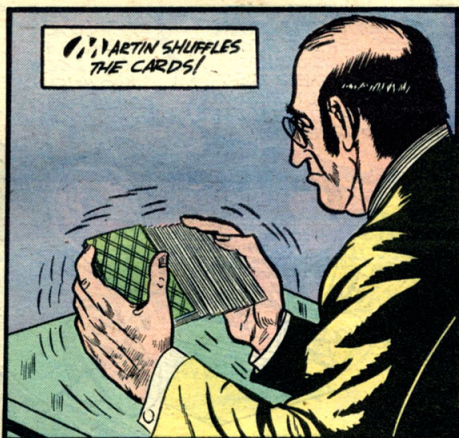
THE
FATEFUL NIGHT...

YOU'VE
GOT TO HELP!
HE'S KILLED OTHERS,
HE'LL KILL ME
TOO!
LISTEN,
MARTIN,
THIS HOUSE IS
OVER-ROUT WITH COPS!
A MOUSE COULDN'T GET
IN HERE. MUCH LESS
THE JOKER!

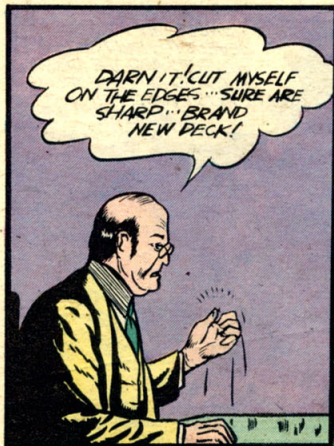


RELAX ONE OF THE
BOYS MUST HAVE LEFT THOSE
CARDS FOR YOU! WHY
NOT PLAY SOME
SOLITAIRE?

YOU'RE RIGHT,
IT MIGHT TAKE
MY MIND OFF
THINGS!



MARTIN SHUFFLES
THE CARDS!



DARN IT! CUT MYSELF
ON THE EDGES... SURE ARE
SHARP... BRAND
NEW DECK!



MARTIN LAYS OUT
THE FIRST CARD HE SEES...

WHA...
THE JOKER!



THE MAN BECOMES PANIC-
STRICKEN... COLD TERROR
CLUTCHES HIS HEART...

JOKERS!!
ALL
JOKERS!!

FRENZIED SHRIEK!

AAAAAGH!!



MARTIN HAS PLAYED CARDS WITH DEATH!

THE **JOKER** GOT HIM... BUT HOW?

THE SHARP EDGES ON THESE CARDS MUST HAVE HAD HIS POISON ON THEM! MARTIN CUT HIMSELF ON THEM! THE **JOKER** PLANTED THE CARDS HERE FIGURING THAT WOULD HAPPEN



THE NEXT DAY POLICE WAYNE VISITS HIS FRIEND, POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDEN!

I TELL YOU BRUCE, IF WE DON'T CATCH THE **JOKER**, THEY'LL BE CALLING IN THE **BATMAN** TO TAKE OVER MY JOB!

THAT WOULD BE BAD WOULDN'T IT? BUT I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA HOW TO GET THE **JOKER**!



EVIDENTLY THE **JOKER** LIKES JEWELS BECAUSE MOST OF HIS CRIMES CONCERN THEIR THEFT! NOW WHY NOT GIVE HIM A JEWEL TO STEAL THAT WOULD TRAP HIM!

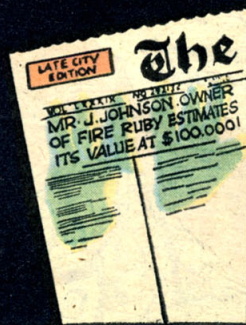
OF COURSE! PLAY UP A FAMOUS GEM. AND WHEN HE COMES FOR IT... POOF! HE'S CAUGHT!



I'LL GET THE NEWSPAPERS TO PLAY UP THE FAMOUS FIRE RUBY! ITS OWNER WILL COOPERATE WITH US! AFTER WE GET THROUGH PUBLICIZING THE RUBY, THE **JOKER** WON'T BE ABLE TO STAY AWAY!



THE FOLLOWING DAYS SEE MANY REFERENCES TO THE FIRE RUBY IN THE NEWSPAPER!



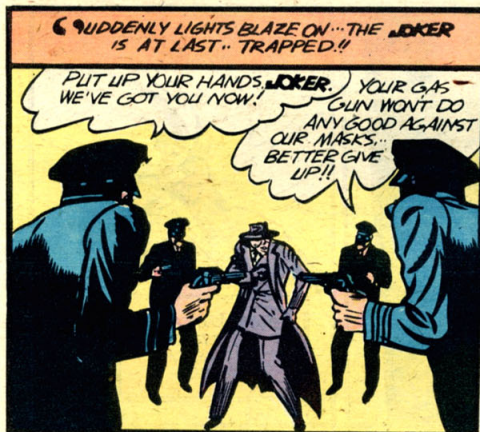
THE **JOKER** SCANS THE NEWS WITH INTEREST!

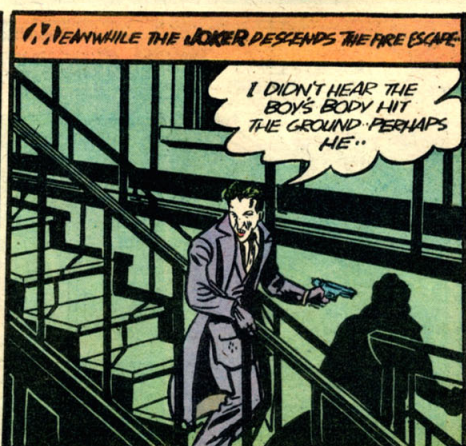
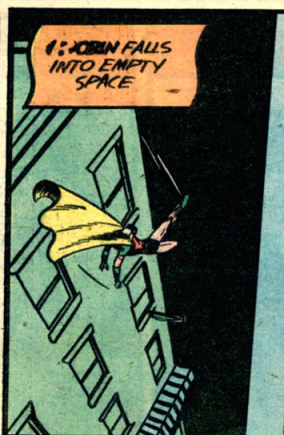
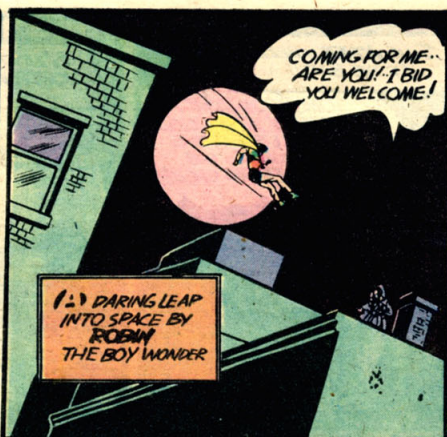
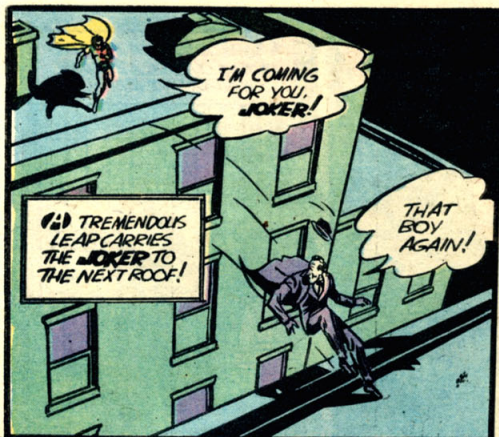
THE FIRE RUBY AGAIN! SO MUCH PUBLICITY!! COULD IT BE A TRAP?--HOW I WOULD LIKE TO OWN THE GEM!

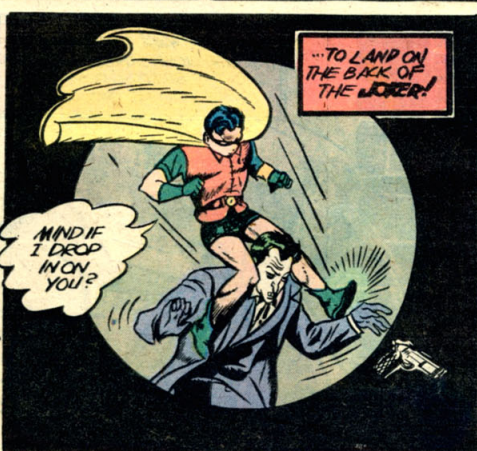
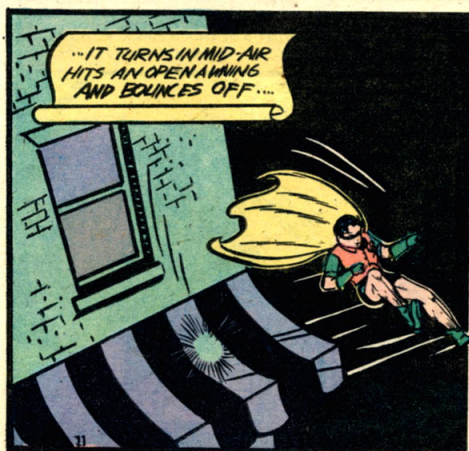
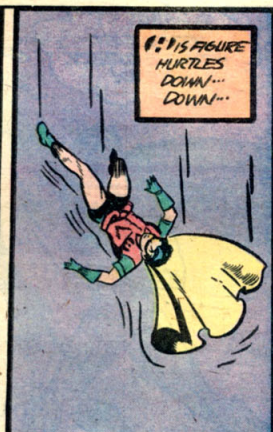
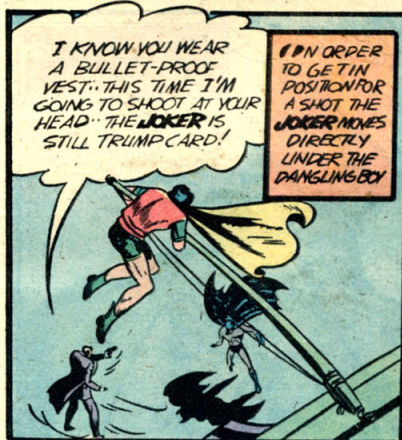


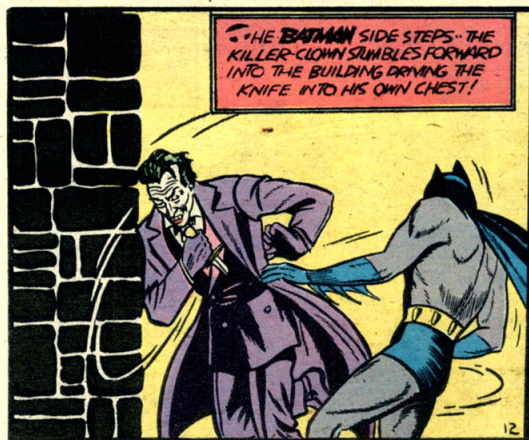
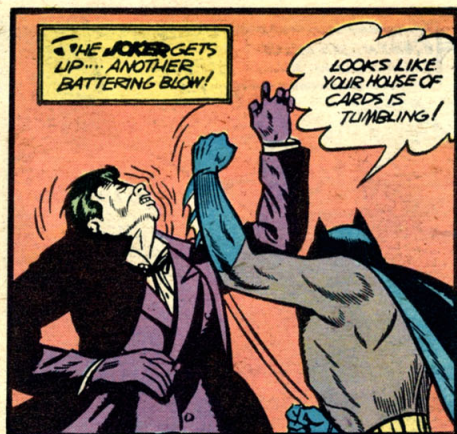
JEWELS... MY PRETTY JEWELS!!... HOW I WOULD LOVE TO ADD THE FIRE RUBY TO MY COLLECTION! I MUST HAVE IT!! I MUST!!!







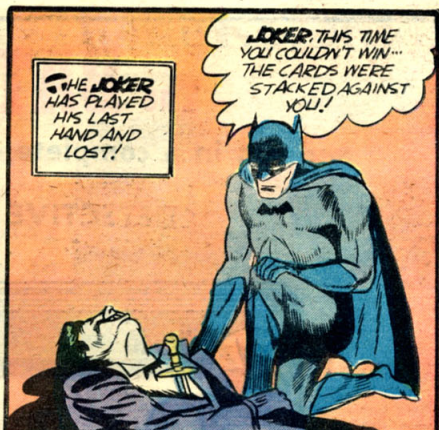




DEAL AFTER FEAL OF
WILD HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER
COMES FROM HIS GAPPING MOUTH



HA! HA! HA!
THE JOKER IS GOING TO DIE
HA! HA! THE LAUGH IS ON
THE JOKER! HA! HA! LAUGH
CLOWN LAUGH! HA! HA! HA!
HA-HA-WA-HA



THE JOKER
HAS PLAYED
HIS LAST
HAND AND
LOST!

JOKER: THIS TIME
YOU COULDN'T WIN...
THE CARDS WERE
STACKED AGAINST
YOU!



LOOK - STILL
GRINNING
IN DEATH!

YES - AND WHEN THE
FLESH IS GONE - THE
GRINNING SKULL
WILL STILL CARRY
THE SIGN OF THE
JOKER... INTO
ETERNITY!



THERE'S SOMEONE
ON THE GROUND!
LOOK. BATMAN AND
THAT KID, ROBIN!

THE ONLY
THING TO TAKE
OVER IS THE
BODY!

LET'S GO ROBIN...
THE POLICE SEEM
TO THINK IT'S TIME
TO TAKE OVER!



WHY IT'S THE
JOKER IT
SEEMS THE
BATMAN HAS
SAVED US A LOT
OF TROUBLE!...
WE'D BETTER CALL
THE AMBULANCE!



WHAT'S THE MATTER,
DOC. YOU LOOK AS IF
YOU HAD SEEN A GHOST!

I MIGHT HAVE...
I JUST EXAMINED
THIS MAN - HE ISN'T
DEAD! - HE'S STILL
ALIVE - AND HE'S
GOING TO LIVE!

GOLDEN RULES FOR
"ROBIN'S REGULARS"

ROBIN'S CODE:

- READINESS
- OBEEDIENCE
- BROTHERHOOD
- INDUSTRIOUSNESS
- NATIONALISM

OH NO, SIR,
I COULDN'T TAKE
ANYTHING! YOU SEE
I'M A MEMBER OF THE
"ROBIN'S REGULARS"
OUR FIRST MOTTO IS...
"ALWAYS BE HELPFUL TO
THOSE WHO NEED HELP!"

WHY NOT
BECOME ONE
OF ROBIN'S
REGULARS?"
NO BUTTON
OR BADGE IS
NEEDED -
THE WORLD
WILL RECOGNIZE
YOUR GOLDEN
ACTS WITHOUT
THEM! BE
A "ROBIN
REGULAR"
BY BEING
REGULAR!

THANK YOU
VERY MUCH FOR HELPING
AN OLD MAN ACROSS
THE STREET - I'D
LIKE TO REPAY
YOU FOR IT!

The **BATMAN**

appears in a complete episode every month in

DETECTIVE COMICS!



NOW ON SALE!

Charlie Barnet Uses Home Recordo!



Charlie Barnet in his private hotel suite checking a duet by Judy Ellington and Larry Taylor, Vocalists in his band.

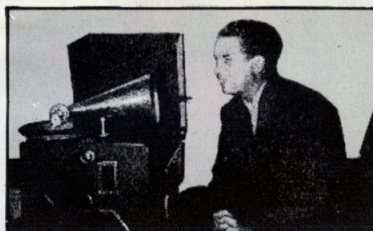
**You, Too,
Can Make
Your Own
Records If
You Sing
or Play an
Instrument**



Judy Ellington heard in Charlie Barnet's Band making a Home Recordo record for her personal album.

MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.



Larry Taylor, Vocalist in Charlie Barnet's Band, listening to a play back of a recording he just made with Home Recordo.

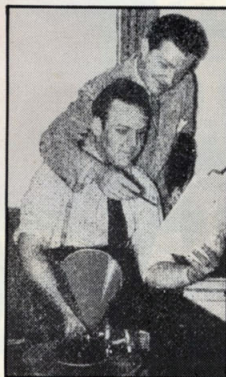
Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also

Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friend's voices. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestras or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.



IT'S LOTS OF FUN TOO! HAVING RECORDING PARTIES!

You'll get a real thrill out of HOME RECORDING. Surprise your friends by letting them hear your voice or playing right from a record. Record a snappy talking feature. Record jokes and become the life of the party. Great to help train your voice and to cultivate speech. Nothing to practice . . . you start recording at once . . . no other mechanical or electrical devices needed . . . everything necessary included. Nothing else to buy. Just sing, speak or play and HOME RECORDO unit, which operates on any electric or old type phonograph, will do the recording on special blank records we furnish. You can immediately play the records back as often as you wish. Make your home movie a talking picture with HOME RECORDO. Simply make the record while filming and play back while showing the picture.



Charlie Barnet with his arranger, Bill May, often check new arrangements on Home Recordo.

From Wm. C., California:

I have made several records and they have turned out swell.

A. R. G., writes:

I received my Home Recordo and am having lots of enjoyment with it.

It sure is nice when you can make a record and afterwards listen to yourself play.

Miss Lillian C. of New York says:

Your recording outfit was received all O.K. and proved to be all you claim it to be.

OPERATES ON ANY

A. C. OR D. C.

ELECTRIC

PHONOGRAPHS

RECORD PLAYERS

RADIO-PHONO

COMBINATIONS

Old or New Type

PHONOGRAPHS and

PORTABLES

**SEND NO MONEY! HURRY COUPON!
START RECORDING AT ONCE!**

COMPLETE OUTFIT \$2.98
**INCLUDING SIX TWO-SIDED
BLANK RECORDS ONLY**

HOME RECORDING CO.

STUDIO B.M.

11 WEST 17th ST.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

**HOME RECORDING CO.,
STUDIO B. M., 11 WEST 17 ST.,
New York, N. Y.**

Send entire HOME RECORDING OUTFIT (including 6 two-sided records) described above, by return mail. I will pay postman \$2.98 plus postage on arrival. (Send cash or money order now for \$3.00 and save postage.)

Send.....Doz. additional blank records at \$1.75 per dozen.

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Address

City and State

Note: Canadian and Foreign \$3.50 cash with order.



CUT OUT AND FRAME