No. 1
SPRING ISSUE
BATMAN

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BATMAN No. 1 • SPRING 1940 ISSUE

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The LEGEND of the BATMAN — 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.

Father, mother!

Dead, they're 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. Some disguise must be able to strike terror into their hearts. Must be a creature of the night. Black, terrible... A...

As if in answer, a huge bat flies in the open window!

A bat! That's it! It's an omen... I shall become a bat!

And thus is born this weird figure of the dark... this avenger of evil: The Batman.
Once again a master criminal stalks the city streets. A criminal wearing 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!
HENRY, DID YOU HEAR? HENRY CLARIDGE, THE MILLIONAIRE, TO BE KILLED, THE FAMOUS DIAMOND STOLEN!

HAW! THAT'S JUST A CAG-LIKE THAT FELLOW WHO SCARED EVERYBODY WITH THAT STORY ABOUT MARS THE LAST TIME! HAA!!! PAY NO ATTENTION TO IT, DEAR!

HENRY CLARIDGE, FRANTIC WITH FEAR, CALLS THE POLICE.

YOU'VE GOT TO PROTECT ME! I'M GOING TO BE KILLED... ROBBED!

DON'T WORRY, MR. CLARIDGE. YOU AND THAT DIAMOND OF YOURS WILL BE SAFE ENOUGH! WELL, ALL STAY IN THE SAME ROOM WHERE THE DIAMOND IS KEPT, AND WATCH YOU!

LEVEN O'CLOCK! ONE HOUR TO GO!

SOME DRAGSON SECONDS MINUTES THEN THE FATAL HOUR... TWELVE O'CLOCK!

I'M STILL ALIVE! I'M NOT DEAD, I'M SAFE!

SLOWLY THE FACIAL MUSCLES PULL THE DEAD MAN'S MOUTH INTO A REPELLANT, GHASTLY SMILE, THE SIGN OF DEATH FROM THE JOKER!

SAMA... AAGH!!

DEAD! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE AND YET...

CHIEF! LOOK HIS MOUTH!

GROTESQUE! THE JOKER BRINGS DEATH TO HIS VICTIMS WITH A SMILE!
WHAT NOW, CHIEF?

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

BUT HOW COULD HE'RE WERE IN THE ROOM ALL THE TIME?

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

HE DID GET IT! THIS IS A PHONE! 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 CHANGING MASHLIKE FACE BUT FOR THE EYES... BURNING, HATEFUL EYES!

THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND! NINE TIMES BRUNING: POLICE: HOW THEY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW I MANAGED IT! AND HOW 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 TONIGHT, THAT I EXCHANGED FOR THE REAL ONE LAST NIGHT! A PREDICTION ON THE RADIO OF A CRIME THAT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE!

IF THE POLICE EXPECT TO PLAY AGAINST THE JOKER, THEY HAD BEST BE PREPARED TO BE DEFEATED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE DECK!

IF A MAN SMILES A SMILE WITH OUT BIRTH... RATHER A SMILE OF DEATH! THE AWESOME GHOSTLY GRIN OF THE JOKER!


But Bruce, why don't we take a shot at this JOKER guy?

Not yet dick, the time isn't ripe, but when we do...
It's nine o'clock. At ten o'clock that Fiend will kill Jay Wilde!!

Again a Wall of humans encircles a doomed man!!

I'm going to die! In five minutes, I'm going to die! Die! Dye!!

A STRANGLED SCREAM—DEATH!!

...followed by a strange gas...

Ten! It's going to happen now. The clock is ticking. My life away!

From the armor, the Joker!!

Lucky for the Police that the venom spray only paralyzed for the while. Else they would have perished like Wilde! He had no spray but a brown dart!

You had the concentrated venom on the dart, eh? Wilde? Didn't you? Eh? Are you so happy that you smile for joy? Eh? MacLeod! I have brought you so much cheer!

He diabolical Joker removes the armor—steals the Ronker's Ruby.

Thank you, all gentlemen. You have me happy too! We shall meet again!
The police search everywhere for the Joker, but to no avail. But another group is also interested in the criminal! A hangout noted for its criminal element...

The sensational news that Brute Nelson is running for the Joker travels the criminal grapevine. The Batman is ready to go into action.

I'm going to the home of Brute Nelson. I heard some news today over the grapevine that makes me think the time is ripe.

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 Joker! How did he get in here?

The Joker is momentarily forgotten as the Batman leaps down the stairs.

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 yellow rat!

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 drooping, deadly voice - a funereal face... with eyes radiating hate talking about me?

The Joker!
Like a Juggernaut the Batman leaps after the ruthless Joker!

That guy isn't getting away if I can help it!

Massive fist crashes against a gunman's jaw!

Have a seat boys! There's enough room on this chair for two!

The Joker takes advantage of the fight to settle an old score!

I won't even waste the usual Joker venom on you brute, but give you something you can understand! Lead!

Even as the car starts the Batman is upon it like an avenging black cloud!

Hasn't this boy heard it's lead year?
ONLY THE MIGHTY BATMAN COULD HAVE MADE THE LEAP SUCCESSFULLY!

MADE IT! AND NOW—

YOU! PREPARE TO DIE!

BUT WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT THE BATMAN GRABS THE JOKER'S HAND—

I'D RATHER LIVE IF YOU DON'T MIND!

IS THE CAR CAREENS MADLY OFF THE BRIDGE, THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN! THE BATMAN'S Tumbling FORM TAKES THE JOKER WITH IT!!!

THE STRUGGLING MEN FALL TO THE BRIDGE AS THEY RISE THE JOKER EXPLODES A HAYMAKER OFF THE BATMAN'S JAW!!!

WICKED KICK RAKES THE BATMAN'S HEAD!

BLAST YOU FALL!!

THE MURDEROUS JOKER PUSHES THE HELPLESS BATMAN OFF THE BRIDGE!!

FIGHT THE JOKER, WILL YOU LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU! A PERMANENT LESSON! HA-HA-HA-HA

THE SHOCK OF COLD WATER QUICKLY REAVES THE DARK KNIGHT!

WOW! MY HEAD FEELS AS IF IT WERE GOING TO BUST ANY MOMENT!
It seems I've at last met a foe that can give me a good fight! However I'm not licked yet--not quite!

Once more the Joker delivers his message of doom!

Judge Drake: You once sent me to prison--for that you will die! Death will come at ten! The Joker has spoken!

It's now eight o'clock!

The Minutes Fly...

It's your bet, Judge! You win. I need the ace of spades to make the game!

The Joker!

You can't win anyway--you see. I hold the winning card.

The Judge is aghast as he looks at the supposed police chief!

You--the Police Chief--the Joker!

Yes! But no! I quite the police chief--the real chief is trussed up in the cellar. Disguise is also one of my many accomplishments!

The clock tolls the death knell for another victim of the Joker!

Ten o'clock! The venom works well! Adieu, Judge. Our little game is finished!

The Police Chief gives orders!!

Judge Drake is dead! The Joker has won again! Watch the body. I'm going to headquarters!

Dead... okay chief!
BUT AS HE EXITS... HE BEP ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!

BATMAN TOLD ME TO FOLLOW ANYONE THAT COMES OUT OF THE JUDGE'S HOUSE. SO HERE GOES!

ROBIN TRAILS THE MAN TO AN OLD DESERTED HOUSE!

...GOING INTO THAT HOUSE!

THE BOLD YOUNG DARE DEVIL ENTERS THE SINISTER DWELLING!!

CHEERFUL PLACE: I DON'T THINK!

IT'S QUIET... ALMOST TOO QUIET!

CRUSHING BLOW FROM BEHIND!

SNOOPER... EH?

ROBIN: GONE MUST HAVE FOLLOWED A LEAD! I'LL USE THE INFRA-RED LAMP!

RED LIGHT FLASHES OVER THE GROUND; MIRACULOUSLY, ROBIN'S FOOTSTEPS GLOW IN THE DARK!

THE SOLES OF BOTH ROBIN AND THE BATMAN'S BOOTS ARE TREATED WITH A LUMINOUS CHEMICAL THAT GLOWS ONLY IN THE LIGHT OF THE INFRA-RED RAYS!

NOW WE'LL SEE WHERE ROBIN WENT!!

WHAT OF THE BATMAN?

THE BATMAN, OUTSIDE THE JUDGE'S HOUSE, INSPECTS THE SCENE OF THE JOKER'S LATEST MURDER...
Jeuce disguise removed... once again the Joker prepares to have his little joke when...

"And now the venom into your-what?"

"Not so fast, friend..."

"Drop it!"

Clubbing blow...

You may be the Joker but I'm the King of clubs!

Sends the Joker crashing into the chemical table - a flash of electric flame ignites the chemicals - a blast... then... fire!

The harmless but paralysing gas spews forth...

The Joker's hand stealthily reaches for the spray gun that had fallen to the floor.

Injections of an antidote make me immune, Batman! But not you!

I leave you here paralysed to perish in the flames! Adieu, Batman!
BUT THE JOKER HAS NOT RECKONED WITH THE AMAZING RECOUPERATIVE POWERS OF THE MIGHTY BATMAN!

ROBIN: I'M GONNA GET OUT OF HERE!

CAN ESCAPE FROM A FIERY DEATH!

A 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—CMON. THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE—WITH A MANIAC ON THE LOOSE!

OTTO DREXEL LIVES ON THE PENT-HOUSE IN THAT BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET!

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

ON THE PENT-HOUSE THE JOKER PREPARES TO ENTER.

STILL AT IT, EH?
THE CRAZED KILLER WILDLY T HROWS BULLET AFTER BULLET INTO THE OCKINGEMBER FIGURE!

HASN'T THE JOKER EVER HEARD OF A BULLET-PROOF VEST!

DIE... BLAST YOU... DIE! WHY DON'T YOU DIE!

EMPTY!

THE MANIAC HURLS HIS GUN AT THE BATMAN!

I'LL KILL YOU!

IT SEEMS TO ME YOU'VE SAID THAT BEFORE AND NOW MR. JOKER LET'S SEE IF YOU REALLY CAN FIGHT!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME BATMAN!

THE MANIC LEAPS FOR THE ADJOINING CONSTRUCTION...

BUT THERE WAITING ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!!

RIGHT JOKER I'M THE ACE IN THE HOLE!

THAT'S FOR THE SOCK ON THE HEAD!

YOU TOO!

AS THE JOKER CLIMBS ON TO THE RIVETING PLATFORM... HE LEAPS AT ROBIN, WHO DROPS "AND..."
THE SMASHING KICK SENDS THE JOKER FLYING OFF THE SCAFFOLDING!

YOU PLAYED YOUR LAST HAND, JOKER!

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

YOU'RE TOO VALUABLE A PRIZE TO LOSE!

1: VS THE FRANTIC MAN FALLS PAST THE PENTHOUSE BALUSTRADE, A HAND REACHES OUT...

ARGH! I'M FALLING! OH NO, YOU'RE NOT!

NEXT DAY

DAILY STAR

BATMAN CAPTURES JOKER LEAVES JOKER IN FRONT OF POLICE STATION UNDER A3

THE Amazing BATMAN AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS ADVENTURE-STRIP CHARACTER WITH THAT SENSATIONAL NEW DISCOVERY THAT LAUGHING YOUNG DARE-DEVIL ROBIN THE BOY WONDER WILL THRILL YOU EVERY MONTH WITH THEIR ASTOUNDING EXPLOITS IN DETECTIVE COMICS

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

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

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

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

Wah-o-o!

Shucks, Botts, you always spoil my fun! I wonder if I ought to fire you again or not?

Betcha he's thinkin' about robbin' the bank! Let's tell th' sheriff!

Yeah—he told me he was two-gun Biggs!

Now stay here until I get the trunks.

Where did that station man go? We have to hire a taxi.

He's not under here!

Look—he comes! I guess that fellow with him is the taxi driver!

Ok, two-gun Biggs—you're not holdin' up any bank around here! I'm puttin' you in jail right now!
BETCHA HE ROBS POOR OLD WOMEN! KEEP MOVIN'!

HE'S A DEAD SHOT—EVEN BLINDFOLDED!

BUT, SHERIFF...

I WONDER WHAT I DID WRONG NOW!

LOOKS JUST LIKE A CRIMINAL

I GUESS THE WORST BANDIT SINCE BILLY THE KID!

AIN'T LETTIN' CRIMINALS RUN LOOSE IN THIS TOWN AS LONG AS I'M SHERIFF!

WHAT??

G-GOSH MISTER WE'RE NOT CRIMINALS! WE JUST CAME FROM NEW YORK!

WHO BE YUH, THEN?

HE'S MAJOR BISSE - JUST BOUGHT THE "BAR-Q" RANCH SOMEWHERE NEAR HERE!

HE'S OUT HERE FOR HIS HEALTH!

SO - JUST CAUSE YUH BOUGHT ALMOST ALL TH LAND AROUND HERE, DOESN'T MEAN YUH KIN SCARE EVERYBODY OUT OF THEIR BOOTS!

WE'RE SORRY IT HAPPENED! I'LL GLADLY PAY THE FINE IF YOU'LL LET US OUT!

FIN - ??? I COULD USE SOME SPARE CASH AT THE DANCE TILTE! ALL RIGHT - YOU'RE FINE -- LET'S SEE -- 50 CENTS!

YIPPE-EE! WE'RE FREE!!

WHY, TH' COYOTE!

Y'KNOW, BOLTS - THE WEST ISN'T THE SAME AS IT USED TO BE!

DON'T TALK TO ME!
ALREADY AN ALMOST LEGENDARY FIGURE, THE COWLED SHADOW OF THE BATMAN PROCEDES 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. 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...

ONE OF YOU MEN GET THE WARDEN WE'LL USE HIM AS A SHIELD!

OKAY, STRANGE

WYNYRI! PROFESSOR STRANGE ESCAPES IN PRISON BREAK!

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

GET THEM OUT QUICKLY!

'CMON NUTS!

THE NEXT NIGHT... THE METROPOLIS INSANE ASYLUM.
That Night... The Home of Bruce Wayne

Flash: A guard identified Professor Strange as the leader of the men who freed five insane patients from the city insane asylum.

Insane men?

Suddenly a woman stops and screams in fright!

Aa-aah! Look! Help! What is it? It isn't human!

Henry! Help! What is it?

Bullets thud into the beast but this only maddens him.

Look! Bullets don't stop him... he's still living!

The horrible creature begins its wave of destruction...

Bullets thud into the beast but this only maddens him.

Look! Bullets don't stop him... he's still living!

A monster! We'll all be killed!
HE ENRAGED BEAST SEEMS TO GO MAD!

THE PEOPLE ARE PANIC-STRIKEN!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

THE MONSTER HELDS 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!

If the police draw near, the monster hurl something at the car...
There is a shattering roar as the object hits the police car!

That night...

It could be the work of only one man... Strange!

And the monster made good his escape by bombing the police car! the people...

If I know Professor Strange there will be more of them to come. I must stop him...

Hmmm...

Again the next day the monster appears!

Help!!

It's tearing down the El! They'll all be killed!!

Is police again pursue they meet the same fate as those the day before...

But high above...

That truck should lead me straight to the hideout of Hugo Strange!

Well it looks like the end of my search!

A few minutes later...
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 CREATED THESE MONSTERS, AND WHY?

WITH THE GREATEST OF PLEASURE, MY DEAR BATMAN, IF YOU WILL LOOK CLOSER 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 ACQUAINTED WITH HIM. TOMORROW I SHALL SEND OUT TWO MORE 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, MY DEAR BATMAN, ARE TO BE A MONSTER! A MONSTER!! HA-HA-HA...
THE BATMAN STRUGGLES MIGHTILY, BUT
THE MONSTERS HOLD HIM FIRM!

YOU FIEND!

THAT IS NO WAY TO TALK TO YOUR
MASTER! SOON YOU WILL BE A MONSTER
AND OBEY ME AS THEY DO! PREPARE
TO MEET YOUR FATE!

THE DEADLY NEEDLE
PLUNGES DEEP INTO THE
ARM OF THE BATMAN!

DONE!

OBSERVE THE
CLOCK! BATMAN!
IT IS EXACTLY SIX
O'CLOCK AT NIGHT
THE SERUM TAKES
EIGHTEEN HOURS
BEFORE IT WORKS
AT PRECISELY NOON.
TOMORROW THE SERUM
WILL TAKE EFFECT!
AHH-HA!

MASSIVE PIST CRASHES AGAINST
THE BATMAN'S JAW... THEN BLACKNESS

THEN THE
BATMAN SEES...

NOW REMEMBER! THREE MEN
TAKE A MONSTER ONE TRUCK
WILL GO BY DALY AVENUE
AND THE OTHER BY THE POST ROAD.
NOW GET GOING... AND NO SLIP UPS!

DON'T WORRY STANGE! THOSE
BANKS ARE AS GOOD AS OPENED RIGHT
NOW!

HOURS LATER

NOW! WHAT HIT
ME THE CLOCK...
IT SAYS ALMOST
A QUARTER TO ONE!
I'VE BEEN UNCOGNIZANT
ALMOST EIGHTEEN
HOURS... AND IT'S
ALMOST TIME
FOR THE SERUM TO
WORK!

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF
HERE! THEY TOOK MY BELT
BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT
MY BOOTHEELS BY MIXING
SOME CHEMICALS I HAVE IN
THEM I CAN MAKE AN
EXPLOSIVE! THE TRUCKS
HAVE GONE WITH TWO OF
THE MONSTERS, SO THAT
AT LEAST GIVES ME
A CHANCE!

A MOMENT LATER...

THAT DOES IT!

BOOM!
WHAT...YOU...OUT!!

YES...

AND SO ARE YOU!

THE POWERFUL BLOW SENDS STRANGE OUT-TO-ALL TO MURKY WATERS BELOW...

I WONDER IF THIS REALLY IS THE END OF PROFESSOR HUGO STRANGE?? MEANWHILE TIME IS FLYING - IT MUST BE ALMOST TIME FOR THE SERUM TO WORK!

I'VE GOT TO STOP IT!

SUDDENLY A DOOR OPENS... AND THERE... THREE MONSTERS!!

THE REST OF THE MONSTERS!!

HE BATMAN SPIES THE LONG POLE USED TO OPEN THE SKYLIGHT!!

THERE'S STILL A CHANCE!

ALTHOUGH YOUR BULLET-PROOF CLOTHING PROTECTS YOU FROM BULLETS - IT DOESN'T FROM THIS!!
1. THE BATMAN TRIES FOR THE KNOB ON THE SKYLIGHT!
   IF THIS DOESN'T CATCH, THEN I'LL CATCH IT FROM THE MONSTERS!

2. THE HOOK CATCHES AND...
   BIG BOY, HERE I COME!

3. I BET YOU'RE SURPRISED!

4. IS THE ENRAGED COLOSSUS LUMBERS FORWARD, THE BATMAN DEFTLY THRUSTS THE POLE BETWEEN HIS LEGS...

5. ...AND PULLS HARD!!

6. I HOPE THIS WORKS!

7. IS THE MONSTERS COLLIDE, THEY IMMEDIATELY BECOME ENRAGED AND STARE AT EACH OTHER WITH HATE IN THEIR EYES!

8. ALL THOUGHTS OF THE BATMAN ARE FORGOTTEN AS THE MADDENED BEASTS FIERCELY ENGAGE IN HEATED BATTLE!
IT WORKED! AND NOW I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST TO STOP THE SERUM... I'VE JUST GOT FIVE MINUTES!

IT IS A MACABRE SCENE, AS THE BATMAN FRANTICALLY MIXES A COMPOUND SO THAT HE MAY NOT BECOME LIKE THE MADDEEN MONSTERS WHO BATTLE AROUND HIM!

THIS COMPOUND WILL ACT AS AN ANTIODE AND STOP ANY EXCESS ACTION FROM THE GROWTH GLANDS THERE! IT'S IN! I'VE BEATEN HUGO STRANGE BY A SINGLE MINUTE!

THEY'VE KILLED EACH OTHER AS I HOPE THEY WOULD BE NOW DEAD! TWO STILL LIVE THEY'RE IN THOSE TRUCKS ONE ON DALY AVENUE AND THE OTHER ON POST ROAD. I CAN STILL CATCH THEM.

A MOMENT LATER... THE BATPLANE RISES INTO THE AIR!

THE POST ROAD FIRST?

ON THE POST ROAD...

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

WHAT A CINCH! THE MONKEY IN THE BACK STARTS A RIOT, KILLS A FEW PEOPLE AND WE CRACK A BANK! A SWEET RACKET!

"OUT OF THE SKY, SPITTING DEATH" THE BATMAN!

MUCH AS I HATE TO TAKE HUMAN LIFE, I'M AFRAID THIS TIME IT'S NECESSARY.
The Bullets Take Their Toll: The Truck Crashes Into a Tree!

The Monster Rises, the Steel-Like Rope of the Batman Loops about His Neck!

The Rising Batplane Jerks the Monster from the Ground. I've Roped Steers Before, But You're Much More Deadly!

The Giant Tries to Break the Ever-Tightening Rope!

Few Moments Later...

He's Probably Better off This Way

Now I'll Cut this Fellow Down and Then Go to Daly Avenue... For the Last Monster!

I'm In Time!! There's the Truck Now!!
The crazed beast, seeing the building rear high in the air, thinks he can reach the Batplane that way.

He insane monster starts to climb the tower.

Up... up... he climbs...

...and finally the top!
HE BULLET PROOF CLOTHES PROTECT THE MONSTER...

IF BULLETS DON'T STOP HIM - I KNOW WHAT WILL.

HIS TIME FROM THE BATPLANE GAS PELLETS!!

IS THE GAS TAKES EFFECT THE MONSTER ONE MORE SERST THE BATPLANE - SHAKES HIS HANDS DEFIANTLY...

...AND THEN TOPPLES OFF TO HIS DOOM!!

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!!

THE BATMAN

APPEARING EVERY MONTH IN DETECTIVE COMICS
"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 disappointed, 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 phoney 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
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 Seamman 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
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.

Among the guests walks a young steward, Dick Grayson, who is in reality... Robin the Boy Wonder!

How does he come here? "Mmm? It 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 Polishing. Mrs. Travers will wear her diamond at half a million a masquerade ball at which she...
READING ABOUT THE TRAYERS YACHT PARTY. EH? IT SURE IS GETTING A LOT OF PUBLICITY! EVERYONE KNOWS ABOUT IT!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE EVERY CRUIKER IN TOWN WILL BE THINKING ABOUT STEALING THAT NECKLACE IF HE CAN!

DO YOU THINK THERE MIGHT BE TROUBLE THAT SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN?

CALL IT A HUNCH! I'D LIKE TO BE ON THAT YACHT TOMORROW NIGHT, BUT I'VE ANOTHER JOB TO DO FIRST! I WONDER HMM...

DICK, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE CHARGE OF THIS CASE UNTIL I GET THERE IN TIME TO HELP YOU? THINK YOU CAN DO IT ALONE?

BUT HOW WOULD I GET ON THE YACHT WITHOUT BEING SUSPECTED?

I KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE I'LL GET YOU A JOB AS A STEWARD THERE FROM THEN ON YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN! NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY...

AND SO IT IS THAT YOUNG DICK GRAYSON IS ABOARD THE DOLPHIN...

BETTER KEEP MY EYES AND EARS OPEN SAY THERE'S MRS. TRAYERS, THINK I'LL EAVE DRO...

HELLO AUNT MARTHA. I WANT YOU TO MEET MISS PEGGS. SHE IS A GUEST OF MINE! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY BRINGING HER ABOARD?

AH, DENNY MY FAVORITE NEPHEW WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

NONSENSE GLAD TO HAVE MISS PEGGS!

THANK YOU! EVER SINCE I SPRAINED MY ANKLE DENNY HAS BEEN ESCORTING ME ABOUT, A FINE BOY, YOUR NEPHEW A FINE BOY!
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!

They all try to get dough out of her! See that guy who just walked over? THAT'S HER DOCTOR - WALLACE. GAMBLES all his dough away... and then he borrows money from Mrs. Travers! I bet he owes her plenty!... PLENTY!

Sometimes later as Dick passes a cabin...

Voices! Sounds like a quarrel!

Mo! 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!

Whew! Looks like this yacht isn't the safest place in the world for a necklace worth a half a million dollars!

In the corner he sees Denny, furtively throw a paper over the rail!

If ever a guy looked guilty about something he does, I wonder what's in that paper?

(3) A queer quirk of fate, the wind seizes the paper and tosses it back on deck!

What a break! Now to read it!
THE CAT! Mrs. Travers is keeping her necklace in her room till the big party later! I'd better get to the room right away!

Suddenly a scream splits the night air!

I've been robbed! My necklace has been stolen! Help quick...

Too late, the cat's got here first!

I had this private detective guarding my safe--and when I came here I found him like this! Oh! My necklace gone! Oh Denny, what will I do?

Necklace... gone??

Don't worry, Martha--we'll find it for you!

Wightly it draws along side the yacht... its form indistinct because of the dense fog!

What do you want? Who are you?

Coast guard! Police! They'll find my necklace! Of course they will!

Coast guard! We're coming aboard!

Helloooo there! Stand by!
"But instead of the Coast Guard—quite the reverse!"  
WHY WHY YOU'RE NOT THE COAST GUARD?  
YOU'RE A BRIGHT BOY! YOU MUSTA GOT HIGH MARKS IN SCHOOL!  
RAISE YOUR HANDS HIGH, ALL OF YA!  

"Get this, Captain. If any of your men just so much as moves a finger I'll spray these people with lead! We're takin' over the boat!"  
CAPTAIN, TELL THE SAILORS TO LAY DOWN THEIR ARMS! WE DON'T WANT ANYONE HURT!  
YES MAM!  

"In a few moments all the crew is locked below and the guests lined up on deck..."  
NOW MRS. TRAVERS—YOU CAN HAND OVER THAT NECKLACE OF YOURS OR SAY SHE GONE NUTS? WHAT'S SHE LAUGHING ABOUT? YOU'RE TOO LATE! HA-HA-HA—IT'S ALREADY STOLEN!  
IT'S TRUE. IT WAS JUST TAKEN WHEN YOU CAME. WE THOUGHT YOU WERE THE HAND OVER THE COAST GUARD NECKLACE! AND MIGHT HOLD AN INVESTIGATION, BUT NOW...  
CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT? SOMEONE STOLE IT BEFORE WE DID? WHATTA CROOK! YA CAN'T TRUST ANYBODY THESE DAYS! COASTGUARD OR NOT, WE'RE STILL GONNA HOLD AN INVESTIGATION RIGHT NOW! COM'ON BOYS, FRISK EM!  
AND WHILE WE'RE AT IT, WE MIGHT AS WELL TAKE WHATEVER ELSE IS AROUND...  

"As one of them approaches a woman..."  
OKAY, BABY LETS HAVE THAT BRACELET C'MON, GIVE IT TO ME! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HER, YOU DIRTY THIEF!  
A FRESH GUY, HUH? I'LL TAKE THAT OUTA YA!  
MUSTN'T PLAY WITH GUNS—MIGHT HURT SOMEBODY!  
"But hurtin' through the air, Dick Grayson!"
I don't like your face. I'll think I'll change its appearance!

Get that kid!

You've got to get me first!

Headlong dive—nothing like a cold plunge!

Rain of death follows the plummeting figure!

The boy's figure hits the water to remain below!

Did ya get him?

He ain't come up yet!

Sure, boss, we got him! We don't miss!

But the gunman is wrong—there are times they do miss and this was one of them!

Think I'd better get out of these clothes and into character!
Well, we can't kick. We got more than the necklace is worth. In dough and jewels in the bag we oughta scram!

Sorry Boss, not one of this bunch has the necklace on 'em!

Let's go! The coast guard may be here any minute. C'mon!

Upon the deck of the "Dolphin" the gunmen quickly gather their loot.

It's a fast one. She'll be on us in a minute. Give em a taste of lead!

Hail of lead greets the boat. But on she comes like a huge juggernaut!

Give it to 'em!

He ain't stoppin'. Keeps right on coming!

What the... a rope!!

Suddenly a hissing sound and...

Sorry you can't talk to these men now. They're a little tied up!

From atop the cabin--roof--Robin, the Wonder Boy!

Robin!
THE GUNMEN ARE DISARMED!

I'M GOING TO SHOW THE KIDS OF AMERICA HOW YELLOW YOU RATS ARE WITHOUT YOUR GUNS! I'M GOING TO LET ROBIN HERE TAKE FOUR OF YOU ON, ALL AT THE SAME TIME.

THE TRAIL GOT COLD ON MY OTHER CASE, SO I DROVE TO THE YACHT! WHEN I SAW THIS LAUNCH SPEEDING AWAY, I FIGURED SOMETHING WAS UP, SO HERE I AM!

ROBIN I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED JUST HOW BRAVE A CROOK IS WITHOUT HIS GUN! I'D LIKE TO TRY A LITTLE EXPERIMENT AND YOU'RE GOING TO PROVE IT!

HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

HOW?

FOUR OF US AGAINST THAT KID! HA-HA-HA!

THAT'S MY PROPOSITION TAKE IT?

AND HOW! JUST LET ME GET MY HANDS ON HIM?

THE GUYS NUTS!

WE'LL KNOCK THE KID SILLY!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE THE ONES WHO ARE GOING TO FEEL SILLY!

(ROBIN ACTS WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT)

FANCY BUMPING INTO YOU BOYS WAY OUT HERE!

WHEN A FIST THAT SHOOTS OUT WITH THE FORCE OF A PISTON-ROD!

COME, COME BOYS, HOW ABOUT A LITTLE COMPETITION!
WHAT HAPPENED... DID WE HIT A REEF?

COME ON BOYS. GET UP. JUST ONCE MORE...

TSK! TSK!

I’LL... PHHHT!

I DIDN’T QUITE GET WHAT YOU SAID!

WELL KIDS, THERE’S YOUR PROOF. CROOKS ARE YELLOW WITHOUT THEIR GUNS! DON’T GO AROUND ADMIRING THEM. RATHER DO YOUR BEST IN FIGHTING THEM AND ALL THEIR KIND!

HOW ABOUT THESE BOYS, BATMAN!

NOT A BAD IDEA! WOULD YOU FELLOWS LIKE TO TRY A JOUST WITH THE KID!

NO-No! DON’T HIT ME AGAIN! I QUIT... YOU WIN!

T-TAKE IT EASY KID!

NO-NO! GET THAT KID AWAY FROM ME!

NOT ME!

IF I ONLY HAD MY GUN...
A moment later with the jewels in their possession and the men trussed up, Batman and Robin speed away...

Looks like Denny, Mrs. Travers' nephew is in with the cat! Tell me about the passengers you suspect might be the cat!

And then I picked up this paper with the message from the cat!

So it's either her gambling doctor Wallace or her stick-playing brother Roger!

Looks that way doesn't it...but you never can tell...now listen...

Board 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 Peggs?

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 dressed as the Batman what a clever idea!

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 drink, sir?

No dear lady, with your stolen property! I have recovered it...you see...I really am the Batman!

The Batman...he's really is...

Our money and jewels!

At that moment the loud clanging of a bell is heard, the fire alarm!

Fire alarm. The ship is on fire...get to the lifeboats!
As the panic-stricken people dash out, the Batman notices a strange thing... Miss Peggs is running like a much younger person—and without a limp!!

It worked! There goes Miss Peggs nice legs for an old woman!

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... it's after me!! It's a trap!

But even as she descends the stairs, a figure hurtles 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!

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

swiftly the swaddling frock is removed... and there in the place of old miss peggs: a beautiful young woman!

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 LIKED! GO AHEAD!

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

HERE UNDER THE BANDAGE: THE MISSING TRAYER NECKLACE!!

Cat and not doctor Wallace or roger?

The note dropped by denny, mrs. traver's nephew. said he had an accomplice. you remember you said 'miss peggs' was a guest of denny's. not his aunt... and then:

You had the kid turn in a false alarm to trap me—clever!

Suddenl—

Denny!

I'll take that batman!

as long as you want it... here!
BOY, HE'S COLDER THAN A DEAD MACKEREL!

BATMAN... I WAS SUPPOSED TO GIVE Denny HALF OF THE JEWELS - WHY DON'T YOU COME IN AS A PARTNER WITH ME! YOU AND I TOGETHER!

YOU AND I, KING AND QUEEN OF CRIME! WE'D MAKE A GREAT TEAM! WITH YOU AS MY PARTNER WE...

SORRY, YOUR PROPOSITION TEMPTS ME BUT WE WORK ON DIFFERENT SIDES OF THE LAW! LET'S GO!

WITH THE JEWELS GIVEN TO MRS. TRAYERS AND HER NEPHEW LOCKED IN HIS CABIN, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE HOMEWARD BOUND WITH THE CAT!

WELL, WE'RE HERE, THE WHART NOW!

WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAVE ME BEHIND ON THE YACHT INSTEAD OF TAKING ME TO THE POLICE YOURSELF?

I'VE GOT MY REASONS!

SUDDENLY THE CAT LEAPS TO HER FEET AND...

WATCH HER - SHE'S JUMPED OVERBOARD!

FANCY THAT.

ROBIN MAKES READY TO JUMP AFTHER THE CAT. THE BATMAN CLUMSILY BUMPS INTO HIM!

HEY!

OOPS - SORRY ROBIN!

TOO LATE SHE'S GONE! AND... SAY I'LL BET YOU BUMPED INTO ME ON PURPOSE! THAT'S WHY YOU TOOK HER ALONG WITH US - SO SHE MIGHT TRY A BREAK!

WHY, ROBIN, MY BOY, WHAT EVER GAVE YOU SUCH AN IDEA? HAMM - NICE NIGHT, ISN'T IT?

"LOVELY GIRL! WHAT EYES! SAY - MUSTN'T FORGET I'VE GOT A GIRL NAMED JULIE! OH WELL, SHE STILL HAD LOVELY EYES! MAYBE I'LL BUMP INTO HER AGAIN SOMEWHERE...

HMM.

SO MANY OF OUR READERS HAVE WRITTEN US SUCH NICE LETTERS THAT WE HAVE DECIDED TO SHOW OUR APPRECIATION... THEREFORE ON THE BACK COVER OF THIS MAGAZINE YOU WILL FIND A FULL-PAGE AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE SUITABLE FOR FRAMING OF BOTH BATMAN AND ROBIN... THE BOY WONDER...

THIS IS OUR WAY OF SAYING THANKS...
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

ADVENTURE COMICS
ON SALE ABOUT THE 7TH OF EVERY MONTH

THE BATMAN
ON SALE ABOUT THE 5TH OF EVERY MONTH

ALL AMERICAN COMICS
ON SALE ABOUT THE 20TH OF EVERY MONTH

MORE FUN COMICS
ON SALE ABOUT THE 1ST OF EVERY MONTH

THE FLASH
ON SALE ABOUT THE 15TH OF EVERY MONTH
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 Sync, 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 credits. 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 never 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. Splatitly . . . splattity . . . splat tity . . . his bullets shattered 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 sidestepped, 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 glitter 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
Oh Goody—Here comes Uncle Zep... He'll buy me one.

Ah, Hello my little Chickadee. Hello, Uncle Zep.

Don't they look delicious? And I'm so thirsty!


Yes, sir.

Ah, yes—two of your special Choclit sodas. My good man.

M-M-M! This is delicious! Yum! Yum!

Thanks, Uncle Zep. If I had another, I'd double up!

Woop! Make it a single order this time.
GOSH! YOU CERTAINLY GUZZLE THOSE SODAS DOWN FAST!

SHALL WE GO, UNCLE ZEP?

IRPS! Mmmm... THEY ARE DELICIOUS... BRING ME ANOTHER, MY GOOD MAN... WHOOPS!

THAT'S THE TENTH SODA YOU'VE HAD... DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH?

WHOOPS!

1 HOUR LATER

THAT'S JUST THREE BUCKS! BOY YOU CAN SURE DRINK SODAS! WHew!

IRPS! OOPS!

Oops! I've got to rest for a moment--I feel a trifle bloated.

Who wouldn't be after thirty sodas??

DON'T YOU THINK THE SODAS YOU SERVE HAVE JUST A LITTLE TOO MUCH IN THEM?

GAS

WHAT IS IT?... A BLIMP?
In Egypt they say, "How are you sweating?"
Instead of, "How is your health?"

GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS

In Morocco the firing of a pistol is considered a warm welcome.

A tribe of Mexican Indians blow into a friend's ear as a form of greeting.

Who's Joe Louis?

Jack Dempsey's left hook traveled at the terrific speed of 135 m.p.h.

Joe Louis ranks next with 127 m.p.h.

Who's Joe Louis?

Kangaroos—although they grow to a height of eight feet—are only one inch long at birth.
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 hero figures, Batman and Robin the Boy Wonder, put their amazing skill in a supreme effort to halt this parade of crime...

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 FLOATS THE GHOSTLY GRIN... THE TERRIBLE SMILE OF THE JOKER!

AND THAT BATMAN AND THE BOY... IF EVER I MEET THEM AGAIN... BUT FIRST I MUST ESCAPE... NONAH!
From the back of his mouth the Joker unscrews two false teeth!

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! Au revoir gentleman... till we meet again—ha ha ha ha!

Startling news! The Joker has just escaped from prison after mysteriously blowing up his cell! He overpowered two guards and...

Flash! We've just received word that the Joker has just escaped from prison! After mysteriously blowing up his cell, he overpowered two guards and... well, I'll be—!

I can't believe it! I can't believe it says the Joker is free! I can hardly believe it!

I can! He's a very unusual man! He's shrewd, subtle and above all ruthless! Mark my words, the Joker will return with vengeance!

At that moment a figure ghosts through the gloom that hangs over the decaying gravestones of a deserted cemetery!

He 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 come that break—a dearly voice a message of doom!!

Away—heard me now? To chief of police Chalmers, I bring death... tonight at ten o'clock, the Joker has spoken!!
that night - a police cordon protects the man marked for death!
he wouldn't dare... not to a police chief... he wouldn't dare! almost time... almost time...

suddenly the jingle of the telephone bell...
who? you want to speak to the chief? just a minute, i'll put him on!!

what! i can't hear you. speak louder!!

he clock tolls the hour ten o'clock... the joker has struck again!
look! on his face... that terrible grin... the sign of death from the joker!

dead... he's dead!

see there in his ear... a dart! must have had that joker poison on it!
sure, the joker must have set it in the receiver. he blasted a word into it strong enough to set up vibrations that blew the dart into the ear. clever guy, eh!

the following day, a famous painting is stolen from a gallery and in its place for all the world to see....

true... rare gem is stolen! the owner grinning in death, as if he enjoyed the visit from the joker!
ONCE MORE THE MOURNFUL VOICE OF THE CLOWN JESTER IS HEARD!

AWWAK! TONIGHT AT EIGHT SHARP I WILL ENTER THE DRAKE MUSEUM AND STEAL THE CLEOPATRA NECKLACE...THE JOKER HAS SPOKEN!

...AND I'LL STOP YOU, THE BATMAN HAS SPOKEN!

WHAT NIGHT DETERMINED POLICE GUARD THE PRECIOUS NECKLACE!

THE JOKER WOULDN'T DARE SHOW UP!

THE JOKER WOULDN'T DARE SHOW UP!

YOU HOPE!

ALMOST EIGHT O'CLOCK! GOSH! I'M GETTING JUMPY!

HERE THE MELANCHOLY JOKER! AND HIS VENOM GUN!

THE JOKER! AAAGH!

WHY BE SO SURPRISED, YOU WERE EXPECTING ME!

CLEOPATRA'S NECKLACE... FROM HER LILLY-WHITE NECK... WHA?...

I'D LIKE TO PUT MY HANDS AROUND YOUR LILLY-WHITE NECK!

FROM THE SHADOWS...

I MIGHT ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION!

THE MIGHTY BATMAN IS UPON THE SURPRISED JOKER BEFORE HE CAN USE HIS VENOM GUN!

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH NOW, MR. JOKER?

THE JOKER FIGHTING WITH THE STRENGTH OF A MADMAN UNLEASHES A SMASHING BLOW!

I WILL YET LAUGH MY FRIEND!
THE MADMAN REACHES FOR AN ANCIENT MACE!

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

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

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

THE POLICE FROM DOWNSTAIRS THEY MUSN'T FIND ME!

LOOK! THE JOKER'S BEEN HERE! THE NECKLACE IS GONE!

THE BOYS: THEY ALL HAVE THE SIGNS OF THE JOKER ON THEIR FACES!

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

THE BATMAN! WELL, WE HAVE CAUGHT SOMEONE 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!

HAND REACHES OUT TO WRENCH OFF BATMAN'S COWL!

WILL THE COWL BE TAKEN OFF?

OF THE BATMAN'S FACE IS REVEALED AS BRUCE WAYNE, HIS CAREER AS A NEPHEW 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!!

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 gripping 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 Joker means 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 Joker sabe 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!

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... MINE OCULARS!...

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

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

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

WHAA... THE JOKER!

JOKERS! ALL JOKERS!!
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! IT'S 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 NEWSPAPERS!

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!!!
THE JOKER NIBBLES AT THE BAIT!!

TOMORROW NIGHT AT EXACTLY NINE O'CLOCK I WILL STEAL THE FIRE RUBY!!! THE JOKER HAS SPOKEN!!

EXT NIGHT THE JOKER WALKS AGAIN!!

SOMETIMES LATER A FIGURE PAUSES OUTSIDE A BALCONY WINDOW... THEN...

SOMETHING LIGHTS BLAZE ON... THE JOKER IS AT LAST TRAPPED!!

PUT UP YOUR HANDS, JOKER, YOUR GANG WONT DO ANY GOOD AGAINST OUR MASKS. BETTER GIVE UP!!

THE CUNNING JOKER SWIFTLY DROPS TO THE FLOOR BLAZING AWAY...

IF MY JOKER VENOM DONT GET YOU, BULLETS WILL!!

TRY TO GET THE JOKER WILL YOU!!

THE JOKER MAKES FOR THE ROOF

PUT ON THE ROOF... ROBIN... THE BOY WONDER!!

AT LAST THE JOKER HE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED!!
I'm coming for you, Joker!

That boy again!

Tremendous leap carries the Joker to the next roof!

Daring leap into space by Robin, the Boy Wonder!

If I don't catch this pole, I'll never catch anything else!

Even as he falls, the perfect athletic body twists in mid-air...

Ugh...!! Made it!!!

Meanwhile the Joker descends the fire escape.

I didn't hear the boy's body hit the ground—perhaps he...

And with a wrench that almost tears his arms from his body, Robin's second hand close about the pole!
When a voice: 'The Batman has exposed himself to draw away the fire from Robin!'

Joker... STOP!!

'Are you?... in that case I'll finish the job.'

'You know you wear a bullet-proof vest, this time I'm going to shoot at your head.' The Joker is still trump card.

In order to get in position for a shot, the Joker moves directly under the dangling boy.

But at that moment the pole breaks under Robin's weight.

His figure hurtles down... down...

'...it turns in mid-air, hits an open window and bounces off...'

'To land on the back of the Joker!'
THE BATMAN LEAPS TO THE ATTACK!

MR. JOKER, WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL LOOK LIKE THE DEVIL!

THE JOKER GETS UP... ANOTHER BATTERING BLOW!

LOOKS LIKE YOUR HOUSE OF CARDS IS TUMBLING!

NOT SO FAST WITH THE CUTLERY, FRIEND!

I'LL KILL YOU YET!

DOWN-DOWN COMES THE KNIFE CLOSER CLOSER!

MIND IF I TRY TO STOP YOU?

THE BATMAN SIDE STEPS... THE KILLER-CLOWN STUMBLE FORWARD INTO THE BUILDING DRIVING THE KNIFE INTO HIS OWN CHEST!

THE MADMAN STAGGER'S BACK TO LOOK DOWN UNBELIEVINGLY AT THE KNIFE IN HIS CHEST

NO... NO... IT CAN'T BE TRUE... YET... THERE IT IS...
Scene 1:

The Joker is laughing wildly.

Joker: This time you couldn't win... the cards were stacked against you!

Scene 2:

Joker: The Joker has played his last hand and lost!

Scene 3:

Batman: The only thing to take over is the body!

Scene 4:

Joker: Why it's the Joker! It seems the Joker has saved us a lot of trouble! We'd better call the ambulance!

Scene 5:

In the ambulance, a startling fact is brought to light:

Doctor: What's the matter, Doc? You look as if you had seen a ghost!

I might have... I just examined this man—he's not dead! He's still alive, and he's going to live!

Scene 6:

Golden Rules for Robin's Regulars:

Robin's Code:

- Readiness
- BePience
- Brotherhoold
- 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!
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