BATMAN

BY BOB KANE

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN AMERICA'S FASTEST-GROWING ADVENTURE TEAM

 WHEN LAST THE BATMAN HAD CONFRONTED THE JOKER, HIS IRON FIST HAD SENT THE JOKER STAGGERING TO A SHIP’S BALAGING...
The Joker plummeted down to hit the waters and remain below...

I wonder if this is really the end of the Joker at last?

As the lights of the ship twinkle like fireflies in the distance, a figure rises to the surface of the water... is it the Joker?

Hours later, a yacht makes out his bobbing form...

Man ahead, sir—looks like he's clinging to a bit of driftwood!

Give the necessary order to pick him up!

The Joker is taken ashore....

Yes... and that blank white face of his... oh! It gave me the creeps! Well, at least we saved a man's life!

Perhaps he would not have made that statement with such thankfulness had he known who that man was!

But the strange-looking mansion is not really "haunted" and deserted.... in reality it is the hidden sanctum of the Joker...

Unobserved, he steals to the edge of town to a seemingly deserted, lonely old mansion dubbed by the people as "haunted"....

Then, the Joker laughs a wild, jeering laugh that makes the very silence of the room crawl with menace.

I'm alive! Ha ha! I'm alive! Ha ha! Ha ha!

The Batman thinks, I'mriad. He'll know differently when we meet again! And we shall meet again.

The time was close when new factors would bring about an actual duel between the Batman and the Joker.

The cleverest and the most dangerous criminal in the annals of crime was still at liberty!
As night makes her entrance wearing her garments of blackness, two figures dart through the dark of her shadow.

Suddenly they see...

Look, Robin!

Three masked men—thieves!

The three men bend their knees as soon as they hit the ground, and roll over....

They rolled over to absorb the shock of hitting the ground. Just like professional acrobats would do it?

The two crime-fighters strike!

Perhaps you’re not aware of it... but there’s a law against stealing?

As they battle, they do not notice the huge, hulking form that comes from the car parked nearby....
A hand reaches out to slap Robin and send him spinning...

Hah! Just a boy!

Again he reaches out to clamp steel hands upon the Batman?

I fix you!

Wha...?

...he lifts the Batman high in the air....

...and hurls him against the concrete wall?

I break you to pieces?

Yeah—yeah. Some other time? C'mon!

I crush him to little bits?

Let's get away from here!

The strange bandits make their getaway... a few moments after...

Think so? No bones broken at any rate, but I'll bet I made a dent in that wall?

Anytime that guy wants a job as strongman at a circus he can call me to vouch for him?

Are you all right?

My face aches all over. Where that guy smacked me was he strong?
A week later, another rich home is robbed.

In his home, Bruce Wayne, the wealthy scion of society, scans the news with unusual interest.

The letter:

"The fifth robbery? Hmm?"

"Letter for you, Bruce."

Behind the apparently purposeless life of Playboy and idler, lurks another stranger—one for Bruce Wayne is the Batman!

Accordingly...that Saturday night...

Ah, Bruce—glad you could come? Wild horses couldn't keep me away, Darcey.

There's Bruce, yawnning as usual? Just look at him? He has no more brains in his head than the head of his walking stick has?

Suddenly, there is a roll on the drums—and Darcey addresses his guests...

Friends—now I have a treat in store for you! The ballroom will be cleared and you will be given seats so that you may watch a circus!

A miniature circus show is put on in the ballroom...a croc and perform...A strong man bends iron bars and lifts tremendous weights...

Ajax—The Strongest Mightiest Man in the World!
Replete with acrobats, strong man, trapeze artists, clown, the circus is a howling success....

Odd, how that clown reminds me of someone!

That night, when their engagement ends the circus troupe toils up the lonely road that leads to the haunted house....

Inside, the performers rid themselves of make-up.... especially the clown....

Every time I do this, it reminds me of that old song that goes, at night, I lay my mask on the shelf and see myself as really am....

Bruce! Bruce! The Darcey's—The people whose party you went to—they've been robbed?

What? That makes the sixth rich family robbed this month?

Under the humorous make-up is the real clown.... the killer-clown.... the joker!....

Bruce investigates, and at the end of the day announces his findings and suspicions to Dick....

...you mean to say you've found out that every rich home that has been robbed has had this circus play an engagement at their house?....

...and one was strong like the strong man of a circus! Now, what's to prevent this crooked circus from playing a rich home and 'casing' it for a future robbery? Logical, isn't it?

Gosh! The society column says the Morgan-Blitz party tonight will feature the miniature circus that is the current rage in society!... We can't tell when they'll strike, so we've got to prevent a future crime!... Dick, we're stepping out... tonight!
That night... in the "Haunted House"... the lair of the Joker...

Tonight, we play the Morganbilt Home. Look, the place over, find out where they have their safe hidden, work fast!

This is Tino. He has just joined up with us. He'll be our surprise guest tonight! Now let's go!

Evening, at the Morganbilt home... the Joker's crime circus holds the center of interest....

So was the stage set. With the Batman, Robin, and the Joker to be the principal players!

The harlequin of hate steps forward....

...and now we have a surprise for you, we present....

Look! They're putting on an act?

Fanfare, please!

Ratata?

...and as if on cue, the dynamic duo leaps into the room....

Look, the Batman!

And Robin, the Boy Wonder?

Making believe he is afraid, the boy wonder races away, followed by the acrobats, and....
“Swing”, eh, chums?

Might work again!

Again he simulates fear, races up a ladder and is followed by the trapeze artists.

With a quick hop the boy wonder slides through the ladder rungs, grasps the ankles of his nearest pursuers, and.....

Meanwhile, the Batman has been singled out for combat by Ajax, the strong man.

You—again? I make sure I kill you this time!

Elevator—going down!

Come ahead, big boy!
Meanwhile, the audience is still unaware that what they think is an act is grim reality.

What a clever show!

If I didn't know this was all rehearsed, I'd say those fellows meant it?

Why don't you fight with your fists instead of your feet?

ALL RIGHT—I WILL... BUT REMEMBER—YOU ASKED FOR IT!

Moving with lithe, easy grace before the heavy-footed strong man, the Batman sends his arms whirling like blades of a windmill......

As the bewildered Ajax stands dazed before him, the Batman again leaps forward, and with muscles bulging from the strain, lifts the hulking strong man above his head?

This is my spot to sing "Swing Low!"

As the strong man rises to his feet, the Batman leaps swiftly to a low hanging trapeze and reacts unexpectedly.

With a sweeping move that seems incredibly swift, the Batman wheels across the room—his fist shoots out to crack the strong man squarely on the jaw—

You may have steel muscles, but I'm afraid you have a glass jaw?

Once you did this to me—I'm just returning the compliment!
With a sudden quick heave of his arms, the Batman slams the giant body to the ground....

The Joker chooses that moment to effect his escape....

The clown--now, I know why he reminded me of someone--he's the Joker--alive?

Look? That clown--he's getting away?

Once again the Dark Knight has given proof of the old adage--brute strength cannot avail against a quick mind and a quick body.

The audience learns the truth....

...and if the police will question these men you'll find this entire circus is responsible for these robberies!

C'mon, Robin?

Did you hear that?

No wonder that fight looked so real?

As the Batman and Robin dash up the winding path, a face peeks out at them.... the Joker?

So, they're coming in, are they? I'll fix them. I'll scare them just as I scare the villagers when they pry into this house! Ha ha ha!

Keeping the Joker's car in sight, the Batman and Robin follow him to his lair....

So, this is his hideout? Say--this is "haunted house."

As the Batman and Robin enter the mysterious house, the massive door suddenly swings shut behind them?

The two mount creaky, old stairs....

The door--locked itself!

Pleasant little place, isn't it?

Yes--it makes a lovely breeding ground for ghosts!
And there, waiting for them atop the stairs, is an awesome sight.

intruders? get out! get out of my house else i'll vent my wrath upon you!

the batman attacks the ghost?

never tackled a ghost before— but there's always a first time for everything!

the "ghost" is unmasked?

my, what a healthy-looking ghost you are? flesh and everything?

and when the batman finally does look around...

our "ghost" friend is none other... robin! gone? and he was just standing here a moment ago!

absorbed in the unmasking, the batman and robin do not see a wall panel slide open... and awaiting inside is the joker!

the "ghost" he must know where he is! i'll... oh-oh... he's getting away!

racing after him, the batman darts into a room in which the "ghost" has entered... to find the "ghost" is gone?

gone... now, this door has shut on me? i'll soon fix that!

slam!
The Batman slams his powerful frame at the door again and again... but it does not even budge?

This door—IT MUST BE STEEL. PAINTED TO LOOK LIKE WOOD. IT WON'T GIVE AN INCH!

Suddenly, the lights go out and a small luminous face glows in the darkness... a whispered laugh filters through the room...

Now what?

The head, hanging disembodied in the darkness, GROWS LARGER... THE SNEERING LAUGH GROWS LOUDER...

HA HA HA

HA HA HA

JOKER!

With startling suddenness the Batman whirls and leaps at the wall behind him....

Larger, larger swells the eerie, misty face, until it seems to fill the whole room.... The mad laughter grows louder, louder.... It thunders, pounds at the Batman's ear drums....

HA HA HA

HA HA HA

He tears down an object fastened to the wall....

I thought so.... a motion picture projector that threw the image of the Joker's face on the wall.... And there must be microphones hidden about to send out that laugh!

Then, a voice... a sinister, mocking voice... the voice of the Joker!

Quite right, Batman! And now listen. Batman—listen for the hiss or gas! It marks your end... your end.... HA-HA-HA...

GASP! I'VE GOTTEN OUT OK HERE!

The Batman takes two particular vials from his utility belt....
Placing the contents of one pill into the other, he throws the pellet at the wall....there is a shattering blast!

The Batman darts through the rent in the wall to see....the Joker and Robin!

Just in time, eh, Joker?

Batman!

Crime-smasher and arch-criminal meet in combat!

I'll make sure you die this time!

As the Joker leaps forward, the Batman thrusts his feet in a lightning move.

Fighting with manicured fury, the Joker unleashes a blow that stuns even the mighty Batman.

...The Joker is sent sailing over the Batman's head....

...and drops into the open trap-door....down....down goes the Joker, to plunge deep into the sewage waters running beneath the mansion?

Perhaps....perhaps....but he always seems to have a way of cheating death! Well....it's all over anyway. Let's go home?

Looks like the Joker won't get out of this so easy!

Is the Joker alive? If the path of the Batman and the Joker cross again—well, that will be another story?
EVERY MONTH!

YESSIR, FANS —

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN

RACE THROUGH ACTION-PACKED
WHIRLWIND ADVENTURES

EVERY MONTH

IN

No. 49

Detective

March

COMICS

MARCH

64 THRILLING PAGES IN FULL COLOR!
ODDITIES...

by HENRY BOLTINOFF

There is a Desert in New England. The Maine Desert is in the Village of Freeport.

Gosh, what an Order!
The largest selling item in a mail order house is Shoes!

HERE YOU ARE, FANS!

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No. 9

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FALSE ALARMS

NORTH TONAWANDA—SLEEPING THROUGH A GENERAL FIRE ALARM COST A FIREMAN NINE WEEKS PAY AND HIS ANNUAL VACATION.

I almost missed that alarm also. With that foghorn going—SNORE.

Milton Park—Volunteer Firemen had to call in a suburban fire department to put out a fire in their own firehouse. They couldn't find the key to get in in time.

HELP! Call a fire department. Our firehouse is on fire.

Overhill, Mass.—A woman sent a note to the fire department asking them to send someone to put out a fire in her kitchen.

MY MOTHER TOLD ME TO WAIT FOR AN ANSWER.

Bridgeport, Conn.—Firemen were called to put out a fire in a refrigerator. The motor had overheated.

Here's a HOT ONE, Chief—an icebox is on fire.
This is a story of bold adventures and the Batman and Robin. Impossible, you say... Batman and Robin are of the past, yet here it is—a story of flashing steel, savage fighting, swashbuckling piracy by the thundering fists of the dynamic duo... Here it is, all contained in the strange tale called 'Blackbeards Crew and the Yacht Society'.

The clash of steel upon steel is heard in the Bruce Wayne home......

Nice work, Dick?
The Business of Bruce Wayne and Young Dick Grayson — Fighting Crime? — For They Are in Reality, The Batman and Robin the Boy Wonder!

A Young, Lovely Girl, with Her Two Ardent Admirers...

When Are You Going to Break Down and Marry Me, Elaine?

Boys... How Can I Marry Either One of You When I Don’t Know Which One I Love the Most?

Looks Tired, Doesn’t He?

Who Are These People... Minor Players, Certainly... But It Is the Minor Players That Make Up the Cast of the Drama of Life... For They Are Life!

As Soon As the Last Guest Is Aboard, the Yacht Heads for the High Seas... and One of the Strangest of Modern Adventures!

In the Days That Follow, the Guests Lead Their Normal, Everyday Lives...

That’s the Exclusive Yacht Society — a Club Composed of Yacht Owners. Once a Year on a Certain Day They Go for a Long Cruise. Another Member’s Yacht?

I Hear They Wear the Fanciest Jewels... Try To Compete With Each Other. What a Setup for Crooks?

Stanley... Stop Gawking at the Sea. You’re Not a Guest Here. You Know, But Just My Secretary. Take a Letter Yes, Sir! Yes, Mr. Horn? Yes, Sir!
It's very flattering to a girl to be loved by two such young men, but it's also very difficult for her.

Don't kid yourself, is he? Are you really in love?

I'm tired. Beat me! I don't want to fight anymore. That water. Drown your troubles, they say.

That night the moon is hidden by black clouds... a heavy fog rolls over the churning waves....

Small boats are lowered from her side and with muffled oars, men slip up to the yacht....

Suddenly out of the murky mist, the ghostly form of a schooner sails majestically on the horizon... a black flag waves defiantly proclaiming it to be.... a pirate ship.

The door of the captain's cabin is thrust open....

Pirates! Pirates?

Pirates! Why, it must be a masquerade party?

Not exactly, matey... not exactly! Haw-haw!
The people are all brought up on deck, where they are stripped of their valuables, when a terrible figure appears. A man who seeks to be a reincarnation of the dreaded Blackbeard, the pirate?

"Ho ho... what a prize catch this is!"

"If this is someone's idea of a joke..."

"I shall protest to the authorities."

"What, do you intend to interfere with us?"

"But ye on my ship and hold ye for ransom, you're a rich man, your relatives and associates will be glad to pay!"

In the wireless room, the quick-thinking Sparks manages to send out a message before he is subdued... men dressed as pirates... may be masquerade party... look vicious... etc..."

The message is caught by the authorities.

"I guess you're right, sir! It couldn't be true!"

The message is also caught at another point... by Dick Grayson and Bruce Wayne... you heard it? Think we ought to investigate?

Strange garb transforms the two into that dynamic duo... Batman and Robin, the boy wonder...

"Sounds fantastic, but the most improbable things sometimes turn out to be quite true! We ought to take a look. Won't hurt!"

"All set, Robin?"

"Just lead me to those pirates!"

Later, a strange, mind-looker flies like the sea... the Batplane!
AS THE BATPLANE HITS THE WATER, THE BATMAN PREPARE 
A BUTTON. THE WHEELS ARE DRAWN IN. THE WINGS FOLD AGAINST 
THE PLANE'S SIDE.

NOW, I'LL SET THE ROBOT CONTROL BY THE DIRECTIONAL BEAM FROM MY BELT CONTROL.

AS THE TWO SPRING LIGHTLY TO THE DECK, THEY ARE UNAWARE OF A RELIEF SENTRY'S WATCHING EYES......

SECONDS LATER, AS THEY PASS THE HOLE, MANY FORMS ENSNARE THEMSELVES OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

WHAM?
Though they battle valiantly, the Batman and Robin are overwhelmed by superior numbers.

When the Batman awakens...

Perhaps, you've heard of me? I'm Blackbeard! I know you... Batman.

Amazing how an eighteenth century pirate knows of a twentieth century person like myself? Well, Mr. Dirty Beard, or Blackbeard, what now?

What now? Ho... ho! Look! Your little companion is going to walk the plank?

Robin!

The Batman goes berserk at the sight...

You rotten swine! I set you for this! Let me go! Let me go!

Ho ho... ho...

A final move... and Robin topples off the plank?

In you go! Ha ha!

Nothing could hold the Batman after this... not even overpowering odds! With almost superhuman strength, he tears himself and... one hand darts to a pirate belt...

...a lithe spring and he's over the ship's side....

A new menace approaches -- a tiger shark appears, cutting sharply toward Robin's plummeting form....
A sudden twist, and the Batman is beneath the demon of the deep, his blade biting deep into the monster...

Look! Blood? That shark we seen must have got em? That's the end of the Batman!

But the Batman and Robin are very much alive... Swimming beneath the ship, they climb up the other side....

The hold is open above us? We heard Blackbeard and his men talking about you?

Thanks, but how did you know?

List the crew above might hear, the prisoners gather in a far corner of the hold.

You have a plan to free us?

Yes, while Robin and I keep the pirates occupied, I want two men to gather arms from the Roundhouse.

This is crazy, they'll get you before you can get started?

Eyes shining with eagerness, Cowden steps forward....

I'm your other man? I want to fight?

You're mad, all of you mad! Trusting your life to this masquerade bandit?--

You can count me in on this?

It may be crazy, but it's thrilling? Go to it, Henry?

The Batman! Like as not he's....

Shut up!
FOR TEN YEARS NOW, YOU'VE ORDERED ME AROUND. NOW, I'M GOING TO TELL YOU WHAT TO DO. IF YOU DON'T SHUT UP, I'M GOING TO SLAP YOU SILLY. NOW, SHUT UP!

IF YOU CAN USE AN EXTRA MAN?...
THANKS, BUT JUST TWO WILL BE ENOUGH NOW. LISTEN CAREFULLY...

Moments later, a pirate wheels as a voice nabs him....

HI, THERE, UGLY! IT'S HIM, THE BOY! ESCAPED—NOT DEAD!

DRAWING HIS CUTLASS, THE PIRATE LUNGEs FORWARD....

BUT THE BOY, WONDER NIMBLELY LEAPS OVER THE SLASHING BLADE, WITH THE ABILITY OF A TRAINED ACROBAT?

I'LL MAKE SURE YOU DIE THIS TIME!

TCH-TCH NO MANNERS! DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S NOT MANNERS TO TURN YOUR BACK TO PEOPLE?

LOOK! THE GHOST OF THE BOY?

WE KNOW HOW TO SETTLE WITH "GHOSTS," C'MON!
Robin sweeps up the fallen pirate's sword.... There is the clang of steel upon steel as the boy wonder classes with the pirates!

Come ahead and try it?

Set that boy?

Meanwhile, the Batman has been quite busy...

Ugh?

I'll take that sword, please!

A lithe springs to a dangling rope, and he swings across the deck.....

Mind if I butt in?

Side by side, the dynamic duo battle the pirate horde.... Their twin blades become hissing streaks of silver....

These two fight like devils?

Use only the flat of your sword, Robin! Remember, we never kill with weapons of any kind!

Right!

As more pirates charge on deck, Robin suddenly puts a plan into action. He races away pursued by a shouting pirate....

Frightened, eh?
The boy wonder grasps the low-hanging rope....

Up the stairs, men—He's getting away!

...Swings to the upper deck.... A quick pivot....

The Batman tries a little strategy of his own—Whirling sharply, he grabs a large water barrel....

...And the pirates go sprawling down the stairs!

You boys look like you can use a bath, anyway!

Then, the Batman charges—As his blade flashes—the pirates break before him like water, tumbling against one another as they run!

Come on you spineless swine—Fight!
HA HA HA! LOOK AT THE JELLYFISH! TEN AGAINST ONE AND STILL THEY RUN! HA HA HA!

HIGH ABOVE, ROBIN SCRAMBLES UP THE SHIP'S RIGGINGS....

His knife slashes at the rigging ropes, and the sails drop from the masts in great waves....

THE SAILS? THEY'RE FALLING!

THE PIRATES ARE ENVELOPED BY THE HEAVY SAILS!

AT THAT VERY INSTANT, THE GREAT BLACKBEARD HIMSELF RUSHES FULL TILT AT THE BATMAN!

SO, YOU'VE Risen FROM THE GRAVE, EH? — well, I'll send you back to it?

WORDS, BLACKBEARD—JUST WORDS!

They meet, test their strength, and then are at it! The deck rings with the clash of steel....

SORRY, but it's NOT on MY DIET!

Suddenly, the Batman slips on a fallen knife....

YOU'LL EAT MY NAKED STEEL YET!

NOW, I have you!
Blackbeard's sword darts in like the tongue of a snake, but the Batman twists aside.

"My steel?"

"My foot!"

Snapping erect like a coiled spring, the Batman parries a terrible counter-stroke.

"Ha! Ha!"

Then, the Batman's hand streaks forward in a deadly thrust.... it is a master-stroke for Blackbeard's sword flies from his hand...

"Now?"

"Muh?"

I don't need a sword. Now? This will be just as effective!

Ugh!

Henry and Cowden round up the pirates...

...and now, I'll show you who our friend, Blackbeard, really is!
The Batman Yanks at the Beard and....

Why... that man... I recognize him from the papers... Thatcher, the gangster?

That's right! I suspected it when he appeared as Blackbeard. Blackbeard's name was also Thatcher. The rest of the crew is Thatcher's mob of hoodlums. Also made up is how they knew me as the Batman.

So, you knew of the Yacht Society's trip a year ago?

Sure! After last year's cruise, the society mentioned the yacht picked for this year? I planned it then. I was going to rob the people.

...and hold them for a ransom. I got my men together and had a friend teach them to duel. I bought this ship for cash under another name.

And naturally, when you returned as yourselves again, no one would suspect the suddenly reincarnated Blackbeard and his pirates. Are you gangsters? Clever!

Later the Batman and Robin, the boy wonder, take leave of the ship....

Thatcher certainly went through a lot of trouble. Pirates... whatever made him pick that?

Thatcher used to be an actor. Costumes and fantasy always appealed to him. Well, that's one more case off the books.

The Batman's adventure may be finished, but for others it is just beginning... aboard the yacht....

When did you know it was me you really loved?

When you offered to help the Batman, and Paulie hesitated—his hesitation decided me?

I hear you're thinking of quitting the field, Cowden.

I was, but this trip suddenly showed me what excitement there is in fighting instead of quitting? I'm not quitting!

Then, you're not going to fire me?

Hmph! Harumph! Not our organization needs men like you? I rather like the way you spoke up to me... I should have a long time ago... here—have a cigar!

And so, a sudden turn of events brings about certain reactions in people! Imagine how they would still behaving if this adventure had not happened?

Acclaimed

America's number one adventure team

The amazing Batman with that sensational young phenomenon, the original and greatest wonder boy of them all. Robin—thril you every month—with their astounding, action-packed exploits in Detective Comics
Here's what you've been waiting for—ALL STAR NO. 4!

You will remember, in All Star No. 3, at their last meeting, the members of the Justice Society of America—the Flash—Sandman—Hawkman—Doctor Fate—Spectre—Green Lantern—Hourman—and the Atom. They received a telegram from the FBI Chief in Washington telling them they were needed as patriotic Americans to meet and conquer upon a matter of vital importance to the United States!

Now, in this issue, All Star No. 4, they come from every part of the nation, from their haunts and bypaths, speeding to the Capitol in answer to their country's call!

This is the story of how they met, and why! Of what they did, and how they did it! The Justice Society of America against the enemies of America—... for America and democracy!

ON SALE EVERYWHERE FEB. 7!
PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1 STARTS JAIL SENTENCE

ALONG WITH THE GLITTER OF WEALTH THEY SOUGHT, MEN OF EVIL COULD EXPECT TO FIND THEIR NEMESIS...THE BATMAN...THE BATMAN, MASTER SLEUTH, WHO TIME AND TIME AGAIN, WITH THE AID OF LAUGHING ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER, HAD CRUSHED THE LOATHSOME CRIMINAL VULTURES WHO Sought TO PREY ON SOCIETY.

CRIMINAL IDENTIFICATION FILES

YOU WIN, JIMMY. DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!

WELL, JIMMY, YOU DID IT. YOU'RE KING OF THE RACKETS!

Many men have tried to beat the law. Jimmy McCoy was such a man. He started from the gutter, clawed his way up until he became an overlord of crime. Public enemy no. 1...then, deserted by his friends, hunted by the police, died violently and alone. In the very gutter that had been his beginning...There is a moral to his story, perhaps you already know it by now.
THE REAL STORY OF JIMMY McCOY BEGINS WHEN HIS FATHER WAS KILLED IN AN ACCIDENT AT THE PLANT WHERE HE WORKED...

WHEN JIMMY AND HIS MOTHER moved to a section of town... the slums... JIMMY learned the law of the streets, and in spite of his size, became known as a tough little egg...

THOUGH HE WORKED, HE didn't earn enough, and his mother had to take in washing. At this time, Prohibition was passed...

DON'T WORRY I'LL QUIT SCHOOL AND GET A JOB. I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

GIVE IT TO ME!

D. DONT! OH!

WISE GUY EH?

WOW! WHAT A CLOUT?

AND ALL I DO IS TAKE THE BOTTLES. THEM BOOTLEGERS GIVE ME AND DELIVER THEM TO PEOPLE... AND LOOK AT THE DOUGH I GET. OEE, IF I COULD EARN REAL DOLLARS, MAMA WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORK SO HARD! MAYBE THIS GUY COULD GET ME A JOB?

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE JIMMY WAS DELIVERING BOOTLEG LIQUOR. HE TOLD HIS MOTHER HE HAD A GOOD JOB IN AN OFFICE... AND SHE... GULLIBLE SOUL... BELIEVED HIM!

HERE'S THE STUFF FOR MR. COURTNEY!

O.KAY? HE TOLD ME TO TELL YOU TO BRING SOME MORE FOR THE PARTY HE'S THROWING TOMORROW NIGHT!

BUT HE WAS ALWAYS SUCH A GOOD BOY!

THEN, ONE DAY, JIMMY WAS CAUGHT AND TRIED BEFORE A JUSTICE...

NEVER THE LESS, IT'S THE DUTY OF THIS COURT TO SENTENCE YOU TO THE BOY'S REFORMATORY TILL YOU REACH THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

THAT'S A YEAR AND A HALF?

UPON HEARING THE SENTENCE, HIS MOTHER GAVE A HEART-RENDING SHRIEK AND TOPELED TO THE FLOOR. THE SHOCK WAS TOO MUCH, AND SHE DIED WITH HER SON'S NAME ON HER LIPS!

Mom, Mom!

Mom, AHHHH!

JIMMY WENT TO THE REFORMATORY... BUT FROM THAT MOMENT ON, THE DELUSION BOY SINCERELY BELIEVED TO A POORER SECTION RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER!

THEY KILLED HER! THEY KILLED MY MOM!

When he was released, JIMMY secured another job delivering bootleg liquor, but he was soon caught again!

... AND SINCE YOU ARE TOO OLD TO BE SENT TO THE BOY'S REFORMATORY, I MUST SENTENCE YOU TO ONE YEAR IN THE PENITENTIARY!
In jail Jimmy became acquainted with hardened criminals. Men who had bucked the law all their life.

When we get out, kid, I'll get you in with a mob! I know? You're a smart kid! You can get to be a big shot?

In the years that followed, Jimmy McCoy changed from an embittered boy to a sneering, cunning criminal.

An' from now on, you're gonna buy our beer? An' if ya don't...

Jimmy wasn't content to be a mere mobster. He organized his own mob and it wasn't long before he was being called the King of Rackets.

Then one day, Jimmy's bubble burst... prohibition was repealed.

We'll expand our "protection" racket! There's ways we can get dough from the cluckers. Stop worryin'!

But the public was after Jimmy and his like! G-men called him Public Enemy No. 1.

Investigation of Jimmy's earnings showed he had been careless about his entries. He was found guilty.

But Jimmy's threats didn't help him... he was sent to prison.

Then the day came when he was released... Jimmy "Red" McCoy was free... once more!

Now that I'm out the first thing I'm gonna do is get my old mob together! I'm gonna run this town just like I used to!

The court finds you guilty of tax evasion and sentences you to ten years in the state prison!

What? Why you... you can't do that to me! I'm Jimmy McCoy. I can buy and sell you!
Among the many who digest this particular piece of news is the present rackets king... Big Costello...

Boys, I see that "Red" McCoy is loose! I don't like that?

Why, Boss, what've you got to be afraid of?

Sure, you're the big shot now.

I know Jimmy McCoy! The first thing that guys gonna do is get a mob together and try to be the big shot he once was.

Well, before McCoy gets a chance to get started, I want him rubbed out! Get him... I don't care how... but get him!

Yeah, Jimmy's like that?

Gotcha, boss.

Later that day, as Jimmy McCoy wanders idly down the street that he lived on as a boy...

Same old block... bunch o' kids still playin' the same games? Chee... it gives me a funny feelin'!

Suddenly, a car whips around the corner. The snout of a machine gun chattering smoke and death...

At the sound of the deadly chatter, McCoy throws himself to the ground as bullets lance over him...

Mama?

Mama...

Look out, kid?
But one stray bullet finds a target... in the leg of a little girl running for safety?

As the car speeds up the street, McCoy draws his gun and taking careful aim. Fires!

My child—my child?

That got 'em?

As the tire blows out, the car skids madly and crashes into a pole!

With a triumphant laugh, McCoy leaps to his feet and darts away.

Ha-ha! Now, I'll scream before he cops get here?

What's all this racket? The Batman?

But at this moment a mantled figure plummets down from a low roof top... It is the Batman?

...the mighty crime-smasher chases after the fleeing hoodlum......

The Batman flattens himself against the wall as bullets hit the wall, sending chips into his face......

The Batman?

As the chase is resumed, the gunman straddles a fence, and whipping around, fires again.

I'll get him this time!
...AND A SHOT BORES INTO THE BATMAN'S UNPROTECTED SHOULDER?

UGH?

WITH A MOCKING LAUGH, MCCOY MAKES HIS ESCAPE....

SO LONG, BATMAN! HAW... HAW!

MY FOLLOWING MCCOY TO SEE IF HE WAS GOING STRAIGHT, AT LEAST CONVINCED ME OF ONE THING: MCCOY IS NOT GOING UP THAT NARROW PATH—BUT A VERY CROOKED ONE!

IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO, I'M GOING TO GET MCCOY! THE NEXT TIME WE MEET, THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT!

WHAT'S THE IDEA O' GETTIN' US TOGETHER, MCCOY?

THAT NIGHT... MEN GATHER IN AN OLD DESERTED WAREHOUSE....

WHAT'S I SENT FOR YOU GUYS 'CAUSE I KNOW THAT EACH O' YA HAS A GRUDGE AGAINST BIG COSTELLO... AN' SOME O' YA USED TO BE IN MY OLD MOB?

I WANT TO START A NEW MOB! YOU GUYS STICK WITH ME AN' YOU'LL BE EAT I N' OUTA GOLD PLATES?

WHAT ABOUT BIG COSTELLO? HE RUNS THIS TOWN NOW?

YEAH? HE AIN'T GONNA LIKE IT?

WHATS A MATTER WITH YOU GUYS? COSTELLO'S GOT YOU SCARED?

DON'T GET SORR' MCCOY... I'M WITH YA?

COUNT ME IN?

ME, TOO!
As the rival gangs clash, battles are fought... the smoking gun holds sway...!

While in his apartment, Bruce Wayne, who is in reality the Batman, speaks with his ward, Dick Grayson, whose other self is Robin, the Boy Wonder?

Reading about the gang war again!

Yes, and I've got a feeling that McCoy is the one who is bucking Big Costello! But nobody can prove it. Store owners are afraid to talk. Dick, you've got a job to do – listen...
The next day, a grubby, dirty-faced shoe-shine boy stands before the house wherein "Red" McCoy lives. . . .

"Beat it!" "Scram!"

"Red McCoy.

"Shine. Mister?"

"The next day, a grubby, dirty-faced shoe-shine boy stands before the house wherein "Red" McCoy lives. . . ."

"Beating it!"

But instead of "scramming," the boy follows the gangsters into the house. . . .

He steps softly to the door and listens intently at the keyhole.

"Can't hear what they're saying! They're talking too low!"

Applying his eye to the keyhole, the boy begins to read the lips of the men. . . .

"So it's the Penguin Club tomorrow night? That guy is not gonna stall us anymore!"

The boy wonder quickly reports to his chief.

"So, they're going to scare him tomorrow night? Hm? I've a hunch we'll be there, too!"

"And I'd like to know where this protection is that I'm paying for? I don't want any trouble!"

"So, McCoy is calling tomorrow night... don't worry, pal, you're not gonna have any trouble. McCoy is selling to that!"

Reading the lips, as would a deaf man, is one of the many accomplishments used by the Batman and Robin in their fight against crime.

The next night, two figures on a nearby roof watch the entrance of the Penguin Club.

"Look!"

"McCoys and his men!"

A scant few moments later...

I recognize them! They belong to Big Costello's mob & men. There's going to be shooting . . . and that place is jammed with people!
Inside the Penguin Club

You what do you want? You know what I want? When are you gonna pay off?

McCoy and his men whirl swiftly, tugging at their guns! Pandemonium breaks out with the sound of gunfire!

Ouch! My shoulder!

Abruptly, streaking toward the fray are two inspiring figures... It is that dynamic duo: Batman and Robin, the boy wonder!

The rival gangsters forget their enmity and wheel to meet their common foe...

Just like football—take our man so your own man can come through!

McGoy... though nicked in the shoulder—blazes away furiously at the rival gangster's

Tch-tch! A gentleman never rests his elbows on the table?

Crack! The steel fists of the Batman begin their deadly and effective work...

I'll teach the dirty crooks to mind their own business...
Holding a heavy dining table over his head proves child's play for the Dark Knight.

As the gunmen band together for a concerted rush, the mantled fighters hastily decide upon a plan of attack?

Look, Robin... ammunition?

I get you.

The thugs are met by a barrage of hand grenades.

Ouch?

Awk?

Do have a plate of soup?

And a cup of tea?

Bet you never knew I studied the bass fiddle... does it shock you?

While Robin provides the "entertainment" some "after-dinner music."

Pie for dessert!
Suddenly the air is pierced by the sound of a police whistle ...

Cops! Jimmy?

C'mon! Let's scram outa here!

Penguin Club

Their work done, the Batman and Robin decide upon their exit?

Under pressure from the police, the night club owner forgets his fear of reprisal from the racketeers and babbles his tale of woe.

Then, McCoy's men started shooting! Oh, my place is ruined...ruined!

McCoy, eh? You'd better come along for questioning, Costello!

One O'Costello's rats got me in the shoulder?

Listen!

All police officers...be on the lookout for Jimmy Red McCoy! Wanted for attempted extortion back! Also pick up Big Costello for questioning!

This is where I get off! You're too hot for me to be stickin' to!

Yeah—every cop in town will be lookin' for ya! And I don't wanna be around when they get ya!

Red McCoy wanted (aww).

As McCoy speeds away in his car, he turns on the radio to the police calls and hears.....

'BIG' Costello's responsible for this! I'm gonna get that guy! They probably have him over at the courthouse for questioning by now...I'll get him!

As Jimmy steps from his car, clouds gather, lowering masses in the sky...it is like some ominous foreboding of things to come...

The first thing the cops will do is stop every car to better walk there!

Thunder pulls giant waves....jagged streaks of white lightning leap in the storm-lashed sky...a heavy downpour of rain pours down on the lone staggering figure....

Thunder pulls giant waves....jagged streaks of white lightning leap in the storm-lashed sky...a heavy downpour of rain pours down on the lone staggering figure....

My lucky rabbit's foot...it's gone! I must have dropped it at the club! It's gone...My luck's gone!
At that very instant, the mantled form of the Batman strides into McCoy's rooms...

He's not here... I wonder if that not-headed...

The next moment, he and Robin are racing along the streets in desperate haste...

You think he's gone to the courthouse to get Costello?

I know it! He's not-headed, makes quick, reckless decisions! C'mon! There's going to be more shooting!

And at that moment as Jimmy McCoy nears the courthouse a small creature dashes before him... a black cat?

A black cat? Crossing my path! That's bad luck! And today, I forgot... it's Friday the 13th.

Though his superstition is great, his hatred of Costello is greater... up the many steps of the courthouse walks Jimmy McCoy...

... then, the great doors open and close behind the figures of three men. Big Costello and his bodyguards?

They sure find out they couldn't hold you, Boss! Haw, haw!

They didn't have a thing on me, and they knew it!

Boss, look? It's McCoy?

A sudden clash of lightning merged with the roar of guns... guns that Lance Flame and sudden death!

Two cloaked figures leap up the steps and put an end to the gun-fight?

That'll be enough of that!

Looks like the other guys are all shot!
Suddenly, McCoy's laughter is choked off by a hacking cough. He claws convulsively at his chest...

Just a little too late, ha ha (cough) ahhhh!!

I'm not going to jail anymore! Ha ha! You're just a little too late! Ha ha!

...Rolls along the sidewalk...

...and sprawls over the curb and the gutter...

It is the next day in the Wayne home...

Something that suggested he was a boy trying to act like a big shot? Yes, it felt it, too! Too bad... he had talent. He wouldn't have gone far in business!

You know... even though McCoy was a criminal, there was something about him...

Bruce... if you could speak to every girl and boy right now, what would you say?

Just this: don't be impressed by the power of criminals, or their sleek clothes, their luxurious surroundings? There is a life of fear... fear of the police, fear that they too will end as Jimmy McCoy did!

lest all of you forget, think back now to that dreadful night, that terrible scene when Jimmy McCoy lay face down in the gutter, as the rain pelleted down on his sprawled figure? Think back and be wise!

You remember, we said there was a moral to this story. You must slowly know it by now. It's that of the repeated phrase, that horrible "Try crime, crime does not pay!"
COLOSSAL!
TERRIFIC!
STUPENDOUS!

IT TAKES
Big Adjectives
TO DESCRIBE THIS
Big Magazine!

96
PAGES IN
FULL COLOR

—CHOCK-FULL
OF BRAND NEW
ADVENTURES OF
SUCH HEADLINE
CHARACTERS AS

• Superman • Batman and Robin • Crimson Avenger • Zatara • Johnny Thunder • The King • Red White and Blue

—AND MANY OTHERS!

ON SALE FEB. 10th
DON'T MISS IT!
BILLY SUMMERS studied the notice on the post office bulletin board.

Wanted For Murder
James Rollin, alias Ace Rill.
Age: 32. Height: 5 ft. 11 in.
Weight: 162 lbs. Identifying marks: scar on chin extending up left cheek. Reward for capture: $10,000.

Billy looked at his friend, Mike Casey, the G-man and neighborhood hero. Billy's eyes danced as he looked from Mike to the bulletin board, and back again.

"I could use that money," he said eagerly. "Imagine me with ten thousand berries! I could start studying for that telegrapher's job I've wanted for so long!"

Mike grunted disdainfully. He said, "If I could fly, I'd get in the aviation corps of the Army. But I can't fly!"

Billy watched Mike go, and he felt hurt. Mike didn't have to be so sarcastic! But maybe Mike was worried about this killer. He was supposed to be in the vicinity and Mike hadn't been able to catch up with him.

Billy turned and started off for the boxing school where he trained daily. He was a firm believer in keeping his body fit. He went to a good school, too. The Acme Institute had boxing bouts every night, and they took in large amounts of money, too. Some day, if he didn't make the grade as telegrapher, Billy hoped to get on their nightly card as a promising youngster.

He entered the dressing room where he changed his street clothes for a pair of trunks and a sweatshirt. Then he walked down the runway to the big basement that was equipped like a gymnasium, with a boxing ring, parallel bars, horses and punching bags.

Billy chose the punching bag first. He drew back his gloved fist and started to tear into it. Left and right, then a hook, and a straight left sailed into the leather bag.

"Rip!"
The bag went sailing through the air to bounce and roll along the floor. Billy was after it at once before Eagle-eye Joe Dolan, who was in charge of the gym, could see him.

He was too late. Eagle-eye was standing in a corner, keeping an eye on his property. He ran towards Billy and grabbed him.

"Who do you think you are—Louis? Or Dempsey, maybe? Take it easy with that bag! Every time you hit it, it breaks!"

"I'll be careful, Mr. Dolan," he said. "I want to be strong so I can fight in the shows the Acme gives at night."

Dolan was an Irishman, and he liked a good fight. He was mollified, and he smiled as Billy restrung the punching bag.

"You're ambitious, Billy. The Acme needs young men to fight on their cards. Not that the club doesn't make out all right. They got a whole week's receipts upstairs! Over five thousand dollars!"

Billy started to whistle when he saw a man enter the gym and start toward the street door. There came a shout from behind
him. The man whirled and drew a gun from his pocket.

"Everybody get busy! Act natural! If you don't, you get a lead dinner!"

Billy gasped. James Rollin, alias Ace Rill! He could see the scar on his chin from where he stood! Billy started to tap the bag lightly, thinking furiously. He glanced upward toward the street window above him. A shadow—stooped and hunch-shouldered passed by. Mike Casey!

Billy's arm began to tap steadily and rhythmically at the bag. The killer glanced at him and grinned twistedly.

"Tryin' to hammer out a Morse Code message, eh?" he snarled, and lifted his gun.

Billy's knees shook with fright, but he drove his right fist straight for the punching bag. It leaped from the string and flew through the air. It caught the amazed gunman in the face. Billy leaped straight at the killer, but a voice brought him up short.

"I got the rat covered, Billy!" rasped Mike Casey's voice. "Just stand aside. If he moves, I'll plug him!"

Billy was puzzled and turned to Mike Casey as Rollin was being led away. "How do I know I was sending a Morse Code?"

he asked.

Casey grinned. "He used to be a telegrapher before he turned bad. He felt the Morse Code in the vibrations of the floor when you hit the bag. You see, Rollin is stone deaf!"

STATEMENT of the OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., Required by the ACT of CONGRESS of August 24, 1912 and March 3, 1933 of Batman Magazine published quarterly at New York, N. Y. for October, 1940.

State of New York County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Batman Magazine, and that the foregoing is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, and circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933 embodied in section 357 Postal Laws and Regulations to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher, Detective Comics Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City; Editor, W. F. Eshleworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Detective Comics Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City; Harry Donenfeld, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City; P. H. Ramphiler, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

3. That the little known stockholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and securityholders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears to carry all or part of any issues of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary capacity, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities as so stated by him.

(Signed) J. S. Liebowitz, Business Manager

(Signed) Alfred B. Yaffe. (My commission expires March 30, 1942.)

THE SPECTRE

WRITTEN BY JERRY SIEGEL

APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN

MORE-FUN

COMICS
OH GINGER!

Mum Pop just bought me a YACHT! Would you like to go for a ride?

—Well, it isn't exactly a YACHT—it's... it's sorta a motor launch!

A motor launch

Oh, all right—so the boat has cars! Anyway a boat is a boat, ain't it?

Rowing is so restful, isn't it Wilbur?

Yeah! Nu-huh

About a mile out—Oh! Oh! Looks like a storm!

Boom! Crash!
BE CAREFUL, WILBUR—YOU'RE TIPPING THE BOAT!

—NOW SEE WHAT YOU WENT AND DID—YOU FILLED HALF THE BOAT WITH WATER—NOW WE'LL SURELY SINK!

CRIPES!

HURRY UP AND START BAILING THE WATER OUT... IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, WILBUR!

JUST LIKE A WOMAN!

IT'S NO USE... THE RAIN IS COMIN' DOWN TOO HARD... AND BESIDES, YOU'RE SO FAT YOU'RE SINKIN' THE BOAT!

(SNFF!) (SNFF!)

CAN I HELP IT IF I LIKE TO EAT—? SAY, IT'S GETTIN' KINDA DAMP IN HERE, Y'NOW?

HELP! THE BOATS GOING DOWN—WE'RE DROWNING—HELP! HELP!

HELP! SAVE ME!

QUIET! I'M THINKIN'

—I'VE GOT IT, GINGER! GET IN THE CAB, QUICK!

AS I WUIZ SAW... RAINING IS SO RESTFUL... ISN'T IT, WILBUR?
SUPER SLEUTH, ARCH-AVENGER OF CRIME, POE OF THE UNDERWORLD... THIS IS THE BATMAN!... A DARK-MANTLED FIGHTER WHO SEEMS TO DWELL IN NIGHT ITSELF AND WHOSE FAME AS A SCOURGE OF EVIL HAS BECOME ALMOST LEGENDARY. ASSISTING THE BATMAN IN HIS UNCEASING BATTLE AGAINST CRIME IS A BOY... NOT AN ORDINARY BOY... BUT ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER. LITTLE WONDER IT IS THEN THAT EVERY CAMPAIGN AGAINST CRIME HAS RESULTED IN COMPLETE VICTORY FOR THE DYNAMIC DUO?...

AS A GROUP OF THUGS ATTACK A MAN, SUDDENLY THE AIR IS SPLIT BY A CHALLENGING CRY, AND WHIRLING, THE HOODLUMS SEE TWO DREADFULLY FAMILIAR FIGURES RACING TOWARD THEM... IT IS BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!...
NICE LITTLE RIOT, EH ROBIN?

TWO WHIRLWINDS OF ACTION STRIKE?

NOT BAD AT ALL?

A BIG BOY LIKE YOU PLAYING WITH TOYS? TCH-TCH!

A SMALL BUT COMPACT FIST SHOOTS OUT WITH TRIP-HAMMER SPEED?

MEANWHILE, THE BATMAN FINDS HIMSELF BUSILY OCCUPIED.......

CREEPING UP ON ME, EH?

WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING BATTLES, THE BATMAN'S HAND STRIKES FORWARD.......

SUDDENLY, A CAR WHIPS AROUND THE STREET CORNER FROM A WINDOW THE UGLY SHOUT OF A MACHINE GUN BEGINS ITS DEADLY CHATTER OF DEATH....

NEXT TIME DON'T BE SO COY!

GET DOWN?

...AND THE NEXT MOMENT, THE ASTONISHED THUG FINDS HIMSELF SPINNING THROUGH THE AIR?
A door swings open and the shaky thugs stagger toward it......

Hurry up you guys!

As the car makes its getaway, the machine gun is pointed at the huddled figure of the rescued man.......

Look out! They're gunning for you! Behind the ash can!

As bullets whine over him like angry hornets, the Batman picks up a gun dropped by a thug, takes careful aim---and fires!

Just want to wing him!

The Batman's aim is true. The shot finds a target in the hand of the machine-gunner!

Editor's note: The Batman never carries or kills with a gun!

Say, aren't you Tim Bannon, the coach of the Panthers---the professional football team?

Yes---and you're the Batman! I've heard of you!

You can get up now. I don't think they want to play anymore!
Any idea why those men tried to beat you up?

My team is playing the Lions in a couple of days. That's the team owned by Stacy the Gambler. I think...

I know... You think that Stacy wants to make sure his team is going to win. I heard he has a lot of money bet on his team for that game!

That's it! That guy's trying every dirty trick to hurt my team's chances? He's a dangerous man!

Those shots came from up here?

Oh-oh! See you again, Bannon when we're not so pressed for time!

Suddenly...

Later... in a house on the suburbs... exit Batman and Robin -- enter Bruce Wayne and Young Dick Grayson!

Dickey, m'lady -- I've a strange feeling we're going to have a little excitement in the next couple of days?

You've only a feeling... I know it?

You're right! We've got to get rid of the Batman... and I know just the way to do it! You see... I think I know who the Batman is!

Nun?

Wha...?

One of the stooges that works for the police tells me that this fellow guy, Bruce Wayne, is always hanging around headquarters! Seems he's a friend of Commissioner Gordon!
NOW WHAT'S A RICH PLAYBOY LIKE HIM HANGING AROUND THERE So much, maybe this "PLAYBOY" business is an act so the police don't get wise!

SOUNDS GOOD! WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, STACY?

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME* I KNOW YOU ARE THE BATMAN! I'M IN DANGER. THEY WANT TO KILL ME!

YES-- THIS IS BRUCE WAYNE. WHO?

WHOA? HELLO? HELLO?

I LIVE AT 225 GRAND STREET ON THE FOURTH FLOOR. DON'T FAIL TO COME THERE TONIGHT AT TEN?

CLICK.


HOW COULD ANYONE KNOW YOU'RE THE BATMAN?

I DON'T KNOW-- BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT-TOMORROW NIGHT AT TEN!

THE NEXT NIGHT - TWO MANTLED FIGURES ARE BOARDED AGAINST THE INKY SKY THAT FORMS THE BACKDROP OF THE GREAT STAGE THAT IS CALLED - GOTHAM CITY....

THAT'S THE BUILDING DOWN THERE?

MOMENTS LATER, THE BATMAN EASES HIS BODY THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE BUILDING....

SUDDENLY, LIGHTS BLAZE ON... THE BATMAN HAS WALKED INTO A TRAP!

DARK? FUNNY?

* COME INTO MY PARLOR, SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY* APPROPRIATE, EH, BATMAN?

NOW, WE'LL SEE IF YOU'RE REALLY BRUCE WAYNE... JOE? RIP THAT GOWN OFF HIS HEAD!

WILL THE BATMAN'S REAL IDENTITY BE REVEALED? IS THIS THE END OF THE CAREER OF THE NEMESIS OF CRIME?
Hello—am I late?

No—we've been holding up the party for you!

Abruptly, a living hurricane sweeps into the room... It is Robin, the boy wonder!

Can I give you a lift, Stacy?

This is one merry-go-round that's free, eh, boys?

As the dynamic duo streaks out of the room toward the stairs, they find their exit is blocked?

Oh-oh—we've got more company!

Allow me to welcome our guests?

As the men spill down the stairs, the Batman and the wonderboy take a long headlong dive....

Low bridge?
...AND LIKE TWO CANNONBALLS LEAVING THE MUSCLE OF A SPRING-GUN, THEY BOMBARD THE CREW OF THUGS MASSED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS...

....ROLL OVER THEM IN MID-AIR....

FOLLOW THEM? DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY?

LIKE TWO FOXES ELUDING THE HOWLING PACK, THE DYNAMIC DUO LEADS THE THUGS A MERRY CHASE!

IF IT'S A CHASE THEY WANT, WE'LL GIVE IT TO THEM?

........AFTER WHAT SEEMS HOURS TO THE WEARY GUNMEN, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN LEAD THEIR PURSUERS TO AN OPEN FIELD AT THE EDGE OF TOWN....

BUT WHEN THE GANGSTERS ENTER THE BARN....

FiNE? THAT'S BRUCE WAYNE'S HOME OVER THERE? I PLANTED SOME BOYS THERE EARLIER THIS EVENING IN CASE THIS SHOULD HAPPEN!

GONE? THERE'S NOBODY HERE!

THEY MUST'VE GONE THROUGH THE WINDOW!
Stacy questions two of the men he has posted around the Wayne house.

A flea couldn’t get past the boys! We’re watchin’ like hawks?

Naw? Nobody?

Just then, the hooligans hear a voice, and wheel about to see the man they suspect is the Batman... Bruce Wayne!

I don’t know who you people are, but you’re disturbing me!

Ulp!

It’s him—Bruce Wayne?

With a final admonishing, Bruce closes the door on the bewildered men!

What the men see when they peer through the window.

That guy can’t be the Batman? Nobody got past us?

It must be a trick! I’ll look through the window and see what he’s doing!

Yeah? He’s readin’ a book.

I’ll watch him! Let’s watch him awhile...

Hya boy! Is he looking for me?

Ulp! Then, this hooligan can’t be him... he’s still sittin’ in the chair readin’ a book?

The chase begins all over again!

Perhaps you are wondering how the Batman managed to get into the house without being seen by the thugs?... it’s all very simple... 

This tunnel ran directly to the Wayne house where the Batman mounted steps, and slipped through a secret panel into his home...

When the Batman darted into the barn, he unclipped a cleverly hidden trap door which leads to a tunnel below...

Then he simply discarded his costume and opened the front door!
...and perhaps you wonder how the Batman managed to appear and lead the thugs. Another merry chase when he apparently reading a book as Bruce Wayne."

"...and when Robin works his hands into the sleeves, it seems to the observer to be the actions of Bruce Wayne himself?"

"Meanwhile, the elusive Batman throws a parting word at Stacy and his thugs.

"Perhaps, you are wondering how I managed to show up tonight, when it was Bruce Wayne who received that phone call - it might interest you to know that I listened in on your little coup last night, and acted accordingly."

"Explanations... an especially constructed life-like dummy which is slipped over Robin's form."

"While Robin manipulated the dummy, Bruce slipped on his costume and raced through the tunnel and out in the night!"

"Oh, that's how...?"

That very night, Stacy and his men are weary and footsore after a futile effort to catch the Batman.

"Well, Stacy, are you convinced now that Bruce Wayne ain't the Batman?"

"Yeah, yeah, but that isn't going to stop me from going ahead with my plans. I've got too much money bet to stop now!"

"Okay? We know what to do?"

"What's the idea of slipping over to see Stockton, the star quarterback of the Panthers?"

"Just want to make sure that Stacy's men haven't intimidated him. Threatened to hurt him unless he fumbles a few plays!"

The morning of the big game...

Seating himself before a mirror, the Batman spots up a picture of the kidnapped star.

"Say... what are you doing?"

"Stockton's my height and about my build. I think it will work!"

Deft fingers apply makeup from the utility belt... slowly mold and change the contours of the face...
Until at last...

How do I look?

You're Stockton! You're him exactly!

The Batman was now ready to make the final move in his campaign against Stacy and his cohorts?

Stacy unwittingly leads the boy to the hideout?

Stacy leaves, and in his haste does not notice the youngster who follows him...

But it can't be... I just saw him on the football field?

You're nuts, boss! This guy's been here all the time?

Sure, boss—we've watched 'im like a hawk?

Pardon my feet!

Later that day... huge throngs fill the stadium—cheer wildly as the players dash onto the field.

In his box, Stacy gets a decided shock as he peers through his opera glasses...

No 34... Stockton? That's him

What's the matter with you, mug's? I thought I told you to snatch Stockton and... Stockton?—Meke!

Suddenly a figure crashes through the skylight; it is that amazing young phenomenon—Robin, the Boy Wonder!
GET THAT KID! HE WORKS WITH THE BATMAN!

THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

GOOD THING NOBODY WAS SITTING IN IT!

YOU LOOK VERY TIRED! DO YOU HAVE A CHAIR?

AS STACY AND A THUG SEND SHOTS WINDING TOWARD HIM, THE QUICK-THINKING BOY WONDER DROPS TO THE FLOOR......

(Oh-oh! The floor is the best place for me right now!)

BUT STACY IS IN LINE OF FIRE FROM HIS THUG... AND A LEADEN PELLET BORES INTO HIS BODY?

STACY IS FINISHED... AND SO ARE YOU!
Robin frees Stockton...

Don't tell me a kid like you took care of these toughs!!

Rosin tells Stockton how the Batman has taken his place at the big game...

Took my place? I'll bet he's fumbling every play! I better get back there and stop him in time!

You go there alone. I want to deliver these muggs to jail. One of them is guilty of the murder of your roommate?

Meanwhile... at the stadium, the two teams have been battling, with either side failing to score

The rival team gets the ball... the play is put into action... The quarterback throws a long pass to an end....

But a man suddenly leaps up and literally plucks it from his hands..... It is the "Batman... Stockton"

A stiff straight arm takes care of the end....

Sorry buddy--I've got a date with the goal posts?

Haven't done this since my college days!

.... Down the field streaks the Batman, weaving in and out of the opposition in a perfect example of broken field running....
The Batmen's kick for the extra point is good. The Panthers lead 7 to 0...

...at that moment, the real Stockton enters the stadium to hear cheer after cheer for his brilliant performance on the field.

At the end of the half, the Batmen meet Stockton in a secluded corner...

G-gosh! You're more like me than I am myself! Now that you're here, you can go out and do your own playing.

They change clothes...

Stockton goes onto the field and plays like a man inspired!

I don't know how to thank you for everything! Forget it? I like to keep my sports clean and honest! Now go out there and play!

While up in the stands, two figures watch with interest... they are Bruce Wayne and Young Dick Grayson...

Nice game, eh, Bruce? Not bad at all!
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