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THE BATMAN, MYSTERIOUS FIGURE OF NIGHT WHO HAS MATCHED WITS WITH MINIONS OF CRIME, AT LAST PLAYS A GAME OF CARDS WITH THAT SUPREME MASTER OF EVIL... THE JOKER! A GAME SO DEEP AND CRAFTY THAT THE ONLY WAY TO WIN IT WAS TO REACH ITS CLIMAX! CAN THE BATMAN DEFEAT A GAME... WHICH EVERYONE ELSE HAD THOUGHT WON? READ ON... READ ON AND FIND THE ANSWER IN... "THE RIDDLE OF THE MISSING CARD?"

In the apartment of Bruce Wayne and young Dick Grayson, who are in reality THE BATMAN and ROBIN, the boy wonder...

Nothing much doing in town since the Joker's finish—ho, hum!

I guess the Joker did die after all. When he plunged down that trap-door at least we haven't heard of him since.

But is the Joker really dead? Or is this master criminal of all time still alive?

Let us see what actually did befall the Joker when he plummeted through the trap-door to the sewage waters so far below...
A clinging rope hangs like a pall over the waterfront. A small boat looms in the fog and rides stealthily on the black water that laps gently at the dock. Posts a voice calls out...

**HELP... HELP...**

Listen... Someone in trouble?

**SO WHAT? WE CAN'T STOP TO PICK HIM UP.**

That Name Seems To Work Magic... For The Other Quickly Steers The Boat To The Joker's Boating Form. Later, In A Deserted Factory Building Nearby......

**How come you were floating around the waterfront this time of night?**

... Had a tussle with the Batman. Fell down to sewage water. Kept swimming through the pipe till I found Where it empties into the bay... Exhausted. Then you found me!

After The Joker Has Regained Some Of His Strength... I'm Curious To Know What You Hesitated To Pick Me Up First. Things Sound Something From The Police. You guessed it. We had a steward ride some diamonds on an incoming steamer... And then we swished them in. But the diamond statute of my business is pretty well shot... What with the war going on......

**Why did you change your mind about picking me up after you saw who I was?**

We think maybe you can figure out a new racket for us. We need a new racket. You're good with brains.

I'll Introduce Us. I'm Queenie, this is Diamond Jack Colgan... And the big lug is Clusby.

Hey... you gone crazy yelling at that light! The cops will hear us.

Shut up... Can't you see what it is? The Joker!

**I don't like to play whodid' cops. Ya can't cheat wid dem. Last time I played rummy wid sergeant Casey, he...**

Clusby, here... The king of clubs! Four cards... Four cards! About to play a game of chance with the police. **Shut up Clusby!**
GOT ANY IDEAS, JOKER?

YES.... FOR A GAMBLING SHIP? A GAMBLING SHIP OUTSIDE THE THREE MILE LIMIT SO THE LAW CAN'T TOUCH US.

OUR PATRONS WILL BE THE SOCIETY RICH. QUEENIE CAN GET PLAYBOYS DRUNK AND JACK CAN MIX WITH THE GUESTS. YOU PUMP THEM FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THEIR JEWELS--

I GET IT! WE TAKE THEIR DOUGH AWAY AT THE GAMBLING TABLES, AND TAKE AWAY THEIR JEWELS AT THEIR HOMES.

OK-AY.... OK-AY?


TWO MONTHS LATER.... THE GAMBLING SHIP, "THE DECK," HAS BECOME FRONT PAGE NEWS.... ALONG WITH THE NEWS OF RECURRENT ROBBERIES....

AT THE WAYNE HOME....

SO YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE GAMBLING SHIP, EH?

UHUUH.... I'VE GOT MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT THAT BOAT. IT.... Dugh... I CUT MYSELF! OH, WELL.... IT'S JUST A NICK.

"JUST A NICK?" YET IT IS THIS LITTLE NICK THAT WILL SAVE THE BATMAN FROM DEATH AND BRING ABOUT THE DEATH OF AN ARCH-CRIMINAL... WHICH IS THE IDENTITY OF LIFE?

EARLY THAT EVENING, BRUCE IS AMONG THE GUESTS THAT THRONG THE GAMBLING SHIP....

BY CHANCE, HE MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF QUEENIE, WHO ACTS THE PART OF HOSTESS ON THE SHIP....

I DARE SAY YOU'RE ABOUT THE ONLY EXCITING THING ABOARD THIS SHIP. YOU'RE QUITE PRETTY, YOU KNOW.

THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT. SURE YOU CAN SNAKE IT?

FUNNY THING... I GET TO FEELING BOREDOM IS AN ACT... AS IF HE WERE PLAYING A PART JUST TO KEEP ME OFF MY GUARD... BUT HE IS NICE--
Later, Bruce strolls about the deck. He steps into a dark ship corner to light a cigarette.

Wind keeps blowing out my match. Better try to light it in this corner.

Bruce has been unable to control his sudden exclamation upon hearing the name of the man he had thought dead. What now?

Hello, there! Just stepped in the corner to light my cigarette. A very devil of a wind.

The limp form of Bruce Wayne is dropped over the side.

The water must have revived him. He's trying to swim?

HA HA HA HA!

Bullets stab at Bruce Wayne and kick spray about his face. Suddenly, he throws up his arms in a despairing gesture and sinks beneath the black water.

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Moments later, a dripping figure climbs onto the waarf—IT IS BRUCE WAYNE…

Good thing I had presence of mind to pretend I was hit now home… and some dry clothes!

They race through a secret tunnel that runs under the Wayne home.

It races through the streets like a runaway comet and finally skids to a halt before the loom yacht…

We may be too late?

Just in time, I see!

Greetings, Joker! Nice to see you again?

Ugh!

Bring that pop-gun back to the toy counter!
The Joker whirls swiftly and seizing a fire-axe slashes wildly at the Batman.

Here, take this! Thanks?

But I don’t think I like your gift very much!

Meanwhile, Clubey is keeping Robin busy... he hurl his tremendous hulk at the boy wonder...

I’m gonna tear ya apart with me bare hands?

Nice fella?

Robin drops on his back, and bracing himself, meets Clubey’s bull-like charge with a bit of strategy...

Oops—up you go!

W-who shoved me into a revolvin’ door?

Just a little stunt I learned while I was with the circus!
The Joker races onto the wharf. He jumps into his car packed nearby. The car tears away just as the Batman leaps into the Batmobile... and the chase is on!

The two cars whip madly around dangerous curves on two wheels. Tires scream in protest as if reluctant to leave the ground.

Screeh!

The super-charged Batmobile overtakes the Joker. With startling suddenness, the Joker wheels his car about.

WHA... I'm cut off! I'll never be able to stop in time! I'll crash!

And hurtles off the steep cliff in a terrible, diving into a deep ravine!!

A deafening crash reverberates through the night. Then, a deadly stillness... a horrible silence that is broken by shuddering, sinister laughter. The triumphant laughter of the Joker?

Har! Har! I've lived to see the end of the man I hate the most! I've lived to see the death of the Batman! Ha-ha-ha-ha!

Has grinning death at last wrapped his black mantle about the Batman?
The Joker laughs too soon, for hanging from a jutting subbranch, which he had grasped in his downward plunge, is THE BATMAN?

Meanwhile, Robin, too, has his troubles. As he steps back to avoid Diamond Jack's gun, Clubby wraps his huge arms about him—

That brat is tougher to handle than a dozen cops!

Dat's fine, Jotcha!

Hey! You back? What happened?

I—Robin—this has been a fortunate day for me. The Batman and Robin—both in one day!

We were going over him for any secret weapons an' look what we found...a wireless built in his belt-buckle.

So that's how they contact each other? Now I can tell whether the Batman is really dead....

Robin's belt is removed by the Joker and....

If he answers call....

Yes, Robin—what is it?

Batman—dead?

What wireless must be Robin?

Batman—have I knew it? I peed it!?
YES—I'M ALIVE—but you're using Robin's wireless—if you've hurt him I'll—

I SEE—THE OLD COME-ON GAME? OKAY—I'LL BE THERE!

I'LL BE EXPECTING YOU—I MAY EVEN PROVIDE SOME ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOU!

BATMAN doesn't come—IT'S A TRAP—DONT?

HE'LL COME... HE'LL COME... AND WHEN HE DOES—HA-HA-HA!

Shortly after, the door of the cabin is thrust open....

ALLOW ME to introduce my companions—the Black Queen... the Jack of Diamonds... and the King of Clubs?

not forgetting the Joker, of course? my—my aren't you all just cards—marked cards? hi, robin!

at the Joker's invitation, the Batman seats himself at the table for a game of cards....

Cards are shuffled—who will win this game with a human life at stake?

we play for high stakes. perhaps a life may be lost....

all life is a gamble. start dealing. Joker—and not from the bottom of the deck....

his chin is a nick in it, just like Bruce Wayne's. they're not dead... and he's the Batman?

I'M AFRAID you lose. I HOLD the winning card. the Joker?

I KNEW you wouldn't allow me to win!

At last, one person other than Robin knows the true identity of the Batman... and all because of Shaving Nick?
The treacherous Joker steps out of the door and locks the door behind him!

This door is of steel...and I've locked the steel shutters outside the windows. They'll burn to death...my stupid help and the Batman and Robin, they'll burn and there's no escape! Ha-ha-ha!

You're not going to kill him!

The Joker double-crossed us! Let's get out of here!

Fire...and we're locked in? The Joker double-crossed us! Let's get out of here!

Yeah...after I plug the Batman?

Me's going to kill him?

You can't kill him, it's murder.

Don't I know it? Get out of my way!

Suddenly, there is a shot...and the Black Queen slumps in the Batman's arms.

She's dead! Shot!
This is my finish. I guess I... loved you all the time, Mr. Bruce Wayne. I'm going... please kiss me before it's too late.

She knew I was Bruce Wayne??

But now the Batman must turn to his allies at hand, for the fire now rages fiercely. Quickly, he presses Robin.

Mixing two vials from your belt?

Yes... This will blast the door right off its hinges!

Come on... Maybe we can still see where the Joker has headed.

He can't have gone far in the short while!

Ha ha ha ha ha! Rain... Thunder... Lightning... They can't stop me now... I laugh at it! Ha ha ha ha!

My speedboat can run circles around that tub of his! It's down below where I left it! C'mon!

And now, the Joker himself seems a part of the elements... wild and violent!
1. The Joker becomes aware of the Batman's Speedboat cutting through the water; shortening his lead.

2. Blast them... I've got to find a place where I can hold them off. That lighthouse... Just the spot! Ha Ha Ha!

3. The lighthouse keeper falls prey to the Madman's wrath.

4. But the Batman arrives on the scene. In one burst of speed, he is after the Joker... chasing him up the winding lighthouse staircase.

5. We're playing the same game, Joker... but not with cards this time.

6. With sudden fury, the Joker tears himself free— a terrible blow sends the Batman reeling back, and he topples over the tower railing.

7. Can the Joker send the Batman plunging to a watery grave?
ABRUPTLY, A SMALL FIGURE HURLS HIMSELF AT THE BOY WONDER. **ROBIN**

YOU FORGOT ABOUT ME?

YOU?

ENRAGED, THE KILLER-CLOWN CATAPULTS TOWARD THE BOY WONDER... BUT ROBIN SUDDENLY DROPS TO ONE KNEE...

I'LL ATTEND TO YOU FIRST?

BROTHER, ARE YOU DUE FOR SURPRISE?

OUT INTO EMPTY SPACE FLIES THE JOKER... AND DOWN, DOWN HE PLUNGES, HIS BODY TWISTING AND TURNING....

UP... AND OVERT?

AS THE JOKER'S HURTLING BODY LOOKS ABOVE HIM, ROBIN QUICKLY THRUSTS UP HIS HANDS... BRACES HIMSELF... AND WITH ONE SWIFT MOVEMENT, THROWS THE MADMAN OVER HIS HEAD.

LATER THAT EVENING....

WHAT DID YOU MEAN WHEN YOU SAID THE JOKER LOST BECAUSE HE DIDN'T KEEP TRACK OF ONE CARD?


HE FORGOT ABOUT HEARTS.... AND THERE WAS A HEART... THE HEART OF THAT GIRL WHO DIED BACK THERE. HE DIDN'T COUNT ON THAT... AND THAT DEFeated HIM?

BUT IS THE JOKER REALLY DEFEATED? OR DOES HE STILL LIVE TO HIDE A HIDDEN TRICK? ONLY THE STORM-LASHED, TURBULENT SEA CAN ANSWER THAT QUESTION.
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1. What is the **oldest** inhabited city in the world?

2. In what country is the southernmost city in the world?

3. Who started the custom of saying **hello** on the telephone?

4. What kind of wood is used for fine cigar boxes?

**Answers here... hold upside down**

1. Damascus, in Syria.
2. In Chile, the city is called Punta Arenas, formerly called Magallanes.
3. Thomas A. Edison.
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Many of us have read tales of fairyland — that strange land of fantasy and witchcraft. And how many of us have often wondered what would happen if we should be suddenly transported into that bizarre land — it is the Batman and Robin, the Boy Wonder, who find the answer to that question when they enter into the "Book of Enchantment."

One night, as the Batman and Robin follow a homeward path, they see two sneak thieves about to climb into a house. Without a moment's hesitation, the charges forward with these...
The Thieves are quickly put out of business when a figure appears on the roof of the house and calls out...

WHAT! The Batman comes into my house? I need your help! I'm Professor Anderson.

Please don't think I'm one of those crackpot mad scientists one reads about in mystery stories and comic books... although you will think I'm mad when I show you my machine!

If you were to sit in this chair and read this book, by pressing a series of buttons, I could send you into the world of the book you are reading...

Into the land of the book... why couldn't be done--it's impossible!

For man to be able to fly was once thought impossible... radio, the telephone were once impossibilities!

My machine... my life's work?

It looks it... but what is it for?

All right--suppose it is possible... what has it got to do with us?

My daughter, Enid... I sent her into Fairyland two days ago--she hasn't come back... will you bring her back to me, please?

Why pick on us? Why not get someone else--or go get her yourself?

You who have seen so many strange things--you will not laugh--you--you must help me! Perhaps, Enid is in trouble!

Fairyland with its giants and witches aren't exactly our line, but you need help, well do it!
The professor throws a switch. The machine shivers, throbs with energy—a curious pressing, shrinking feeling is felt by the Batman and Robin—

...and the witch pointed with long, bony finger and the...

And they sense begin to swim... they seem to be lost in yawn no space—worlds... seem to white past them, far off there is a roll of thunder and all the while they feel that terrible shrinking sensation...

Suddenly, there is a blinding white flash of lightning... and they are in the strange world of fairyland?

The Batman and Robin quickly inspect the land about them, then decide to start their quest for the missing girl, Enid.

The first thing we ought to do is find out if anyone has seen the girl.

Let's ask that old man coming up the road.

Will you stop a moment, old man... I want to ask you a question?

I never stop a moment. I never can. I am time—father time?

Father time? Time says everything that happens. Tell me—Enid Anderson... she arrived here two days ago. Where is she?

Ah yes, I have seen her. She has been captured by cruel... Gruber. He is a witch!
The Black Witch!

Yes—And you must rescue the girl before this day ends. Anyone who remains in Fairyland for three days is compelled to remain here forever!!

You have till sundown to take her back to your own land. Else she may never leave—Remember—sundown!!

Looks like we have a man-sized job on our hands.

Yes, and what's that up there in the sky?

Framed against the sky is a weird sight... A witch on a broomstick?

There they are—hee-hee?

The broomstick halts before the Batman and Robin, and the witch jumps off with a quick little hop....

A witch—the Black Witch?

Hee hee... I looked into my magic crystal and saw you arrive. Now I'm going to try to take the girl from me! Hee hee!

Let us see how you might shall avail against my magic if you would fight... fight two of my servants—

A puff of smoke, it clears slowly, and in its place stand two strange looking creatures....

Here are two opponents for you—burn the man of fire... and freeze the man of ice! Hee hee!

With the embrace of either or their opponents meaning death, the Batman and Robin face a supreme test... can they win?

Defeat them if you can! Hee hee hee!
**Panel 1:** Nearer come the strange antagonists of the Batman and Robin...

**Panel 2:** As the man of fire approaches him, the Batman finds it necessary to shield himself from the heat that sears his eyeballs...

**Panel 3:** Now I make you wrestle!

**Panel 4:** Quick as thought, the Batman drops to the ground. His out-thrust foot trips the man of fire...

**Panel 5:** While at that very instant, the man of ice lunates at the bowonder who sidesteps and...

**Panel 6:** In one split-second movement, Robin hurls the man of ice over his shoulder...onto the screaming man of fire...

**Panel 7:** Instantly, steam rises from them...screams come from their open mouths...
And in a moment all that is left is a pile of smoking ashes and a pool of water.

The Man of Fire melted the man of ice into water—and the water turned out the Man of Fire?

Our two travelers continue on their journey. At last, they stop before a young boy who skips merrily along the road.

Hey, boy!

Can't stop now, Mister Simple Simon, and I'm on my way to the fair!

Look, simp—I mean Simon—is this the road to the castle of the Black Witch?

Yep—but youotta lucky it through the mountain. The Great Dragon guards it. Good luck. Haw. Haw.

This is the mountain. See the path goes right through it?

Yes—but I don't see any dragon.

On they travel till they come to the mountain of the dragon...

...and they are forced to flee for their lives. The dragon has emerged!

Cautiously, they advance toward the hole—suddenly, they hear a bellowing roar. There is a smell of sulphur...

Run—run!
Disregarding danger to himself, the Batman races back toward his young aide—a giant ray descends....

...And misses its intended victim's scan inches?

Wow!

Placing Robin in a safe spot, the Batman draws two vials from his utility belt and mixes their contents... fearlessly, his dart hits the monster's eye before the azure dragon and hurl's the vial with its contents at the monster's gaping mouth.

This will fix that big problem once and for all!

There is a tremendous blast, and the head of the dragon is blown to bits!

And so the Batman and Robin are able to travel the road that leads through the mountain to the other side....

We got through all right, but now what? I'll ask directions of that fat fellow on the wall over there!
The witch's castle! You'll have to climb Jack's beanstalk, for it is the land at the end of it!

Very possibly -- very possibly! My name is very, very important. I am connected with the king's soldiers. I am humpty dumpty!

Say -- you look familiar! Haven't I seen you someplace before?

Better not be too important, humpty dumpty. You're riding for a fall!

Look! That bean-stalk? That's it! That's Jack's bean-stalk! Grab hold of it hurry!

The dynamic duo manages to secure a firm grip. The bean-stalk continues to grow, at a tremendous rate, higher, higher than the tallest building...

Hold tight, Robin -- and don't look down!

The cyclops carries the dynamic duo to his cottage and places them inside a cage...

Higher, higher and still higher, until it pierces the very clouds -- until it reaches the strange land above Earth!

Well, here we are. The land above the clouds!

What are you doing?

No one's going to make me into boiled beef. The acid in the vial should eat away these eggs easily enough!

A giant! A one-eyed giant!

Fee fi foe fum! What a meal you two will make! No ho!

Holy cats! What trouble!

Ho ho! I go to get water to boil you in?
FREE-FOR A MOMENT—FOR THE GIANT HAS RETURNED!

WHY... TRY TO ESCAPE WILL YOU? IT IS PLEASING.

BULL’S-EYE!

His single orb useless, the giant bellows in pain. His wildly flailing arms manage to catch Robin... just then another giant enters...

HO, COUSIN—WHAT GOES ON?

MY FOOD HAS FALLEN A MUTINY! I’LL KILL THEM! THEY HAVE BLINDED ME!

The maddened giant hurls Robin from him, but Robin is able to grasp one hand about the chain from which a lamp dangles...

The lamp swings like a pendulum... As it reaches the end of its swing, it crosses both and crashes into the temple of the other giant!

WHEN IS THE OTHER ONE? WHERE ARE YOU? I’LL HAVE YOU PAY!

WHERE IS THE OTHER ONE? WHERE ARE YOU? I’LL HAVE YOU PAY!
Easily making their escape from the dreaded giant's castle, Batman and Robin at last arrive before the castle of the Black Witch.

The black witch's castle and surrounded by a wall of fire? And look at this deep gorge! How can we ever expect to get to the other side and penetrate that fire?

The Batman gives directions, and he and Robin proceed to bend down a springy sapling—the sapling is tied down, and provides a rude catapult.

Think it will work?

I'm sure it will! When the rope of the catapult should hurl you over the gorge and through the fire?

The boy wonder twists his body in mid-air and lands on the balls of his feet!

The Batman prepares to travel the same dangerous way—

Here goes nothing!

Again a form is flung through the barrier of fire....
1. But even as the Batman alights, high up in one of the towers, the black witch is bending over a pot of boiling water...  
   "Hee, hee, hee!... Soon you shall be part of a witch's brew... a very tasty brew it will be, too!"

2. And a few minutes later, as the witch leans toward the girl, suddenly she whirls and sees...  
   "Fools!... And that must be the professor's daughter?"

3. But the witch is quick... one swift motion of her bony hands, and the stone becomes smooth. Now tumble the Batman and Robin...  
   "Hee, hee, hee!"

4. A stone moves in the floor—They tumble through into the torture dungeon of the black witch...  
   "Witch has starved us... We eat?"

   "Hohoho victims?"

   "Yeah—and a hard done lot, too."

   "A playful bunch, aren't they?"

   The dynamic duo is not to be taken so easily—

5. "Hi, there, fatty?"

6. "Now to crack a couple of nuts?"
NOW, MY LITTLE PIPSQUEAK, WHAT IS THE WAY TO DEFEAT THE WITCH'S POWER? TELL ME OR I'LL WRING YOUR SCRAWNY LITTLE NECK!

YOU MUST WRESTLE WITH HER...SHE WILL CHANGE INTO DIFFERENT BEASTS...BUT YOU MUST HOLD ON TILL AFTER THE THIRD CHANGE. DO THAT AND HER POWER IS LOST!

BEARING THIS IN MIND, THE BATMAN MAKES HIS WAY TO THE HIGH TOWER...

WANNA WRESTLE?

YOU'VE ESCAPED AGAINST THIS TIME I SHALL DEAL WITH YOU HERSELF!

As the witch hurls herself at the Batman, he feels her undergo a change. She has turned into a lion!

But remembering the dwarf's words, the Batman holds onto the vicious beast.

Lion or no lion, I'm sticking to you like glue!

Again the witch tries to shake the Batman, this time as a grinning crocodile.

The third desperate change...a snarling, clawing, man-eating tiger!

That's not going to do you any good!

Hold that tiger...

Hold that tiger...

The Batman holds on like grim death. The tiger cannot scare him or shake his tenacious grip...and the witch becomes herself again?

The Batman holds on, like grim death. The tiger cannot scare him or shake his tenacious grip...and the witch becomes herself again?

You've defeated me. My power is gone...
The Batman quickly releases Enid.

I wish I knew how we could go back in time?

The Witch... She must have stolen it some time ago.

The sun... It's starting to set. Urges me or else I will have to remain in Fairyland forever.

Oh, if this were only a magic carpet, I could say "magic carpet, take us back to where we arrived!"

Up over mountains rises the carpet. It soars like a swift bird over the land.

We're settling right on the exact spot where we first arrived at.

Bob Kane

At last...

Just in time, too... The sun is going down.

The three comrades whirl through spinning comets. There is a curious shrinking feeling... Until at last they can be seen coming out of the fairy-tale book itself.

Enid... You've come back to me?

I want to thank you for all you've done.

We ought to thank you for never having seen... My life.

I'm going to read my own fairy-tale book all over again.

Anthology of Fairy Tales
JUNGLE FUN

WELCOME

GEE! WE CAN'T SLIDE DOWN TODAY!

I WONDER WHERE THAT BALL DISAPPEARED?

YOU'VE TAKEN AWAY OUR HOME!

THANKS, PAL!
THE ‘BIG SIX’ COMIC MAGAZINES STILL LEAD THE FIELD!

Watch for these Headline Features Every Month!

SUPERMAN
ON SALE ABOUT THE 22ND OF EVERY MONTH

STAR MAN
ON SALE ABOUT THE 28TH OF EVERY MONTH

BATMAN
ON SALE ABOUT THE 22ND OF EVERY MONTH

GREEN LANTERN
ON SALE ABOUT THE 18TH OF EVERY MONTH

SPECTRE
ON SALE ABOUT THE 25TH OF EVERY MONTH

FLASH
ON SALE ABOUT THE 15TH OF EVERY MONTH
There is a time when justice is blind, when justice exacts the time. The long arm of the law points an accusing finger at an innocent man. That is the story of a man who was found in the case of the honest crook.

A cry cuts sharply through the midnight air. A thief flees in panic from the scene of his crime. When suddenly an avenging figure slinks out of the deep shadows....
A SHORT RUN, A LOW TACKLE AND THE MANTLED FIGURE BRINGS DOWN THE FUGITIVE THIEF.

HOLD WHAT HOLD WHAT

AS THE BATMAN IS ABOUT TO STRIKE THE THIEF, SOMETHING IN THE BOYS EYES STAYS HIS FIST, FOR THEY REVEAL A DESPERATE, TORTURED SOUL.

(PUFF-PUFF) SUCH A STRUGGLE HE HELD ME UP AND ONLY TOOK SIX DOLLARS—THERE WAS MORE, BUT HE WOULDN'T TAKE IT (PUFF-PUFF)

SIX DOLLARS—WHY SIX DOLLARS WHEN YOU COULD HAVE HAD MORE?

I'M NOT REALLY CROOKED. I JUST NEEDED SIX DOLLARS MY WIFE IS SICK. I NEEDED MEDICINE AND...

WITH THESE FEW WORDS THE BOY BURYED HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS.

HERE--HERE IT TAKES IT EASY. WHY NOT TELL US ALL ABOUT IT?

MY NAME IS JOE SANDS. IT ALL STARTED ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO. I HAD A GOOD JOB IN A GARAGE AND WAS ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED....

BUT MY GIRL, ANNY, DIDN'T WANT TO GET MARRIED UNTIL WE HAD $1000 IN THE BANK?

LET'S WAIT UNTIL WE'VE GOT ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY FURNITURE AND EVERYTHING FOR OUR NEW HOME. LET'S PLAY SAFE?

OKAY, HONEY. WE ONLY NEED $300 MORE. IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

EVERYTHING WAS GOING ALONG SWELL. WHEN ONE NIGHT WHILE I WAS ALONE IN THE GARAGE, A CAR CAME TEARING UP THE RAMP....
"Three hard-looking men jumped out. One walked over to me..."

"Listen, kid. The cops are on our trail. We just pulled a big job. And we want you to keep this hot car running for the night.""1000. We'd have the 1-000. Ann and I could get married!"

"I couldn't lie to Ann. I told her the truth, and told her how she faked it into me!"

"I told the mobster about it that night when he came for his car. I could see he didn't like the idea..."

"I thought that was the end of that. But I was wrong. That night, after I took out the parking patrons' home and was bringing his car back to the garage to be parked overnight..."

"I was pretty dazed but could tell that I was on one of the cops. One of the other cars was the cop's, who was looking at me... somebody called him Matty!"

"Why don't we plug 'im? That'll shut him up!"

"Then they hit me over the head with a gunbutt, and stepping on the gas, sent the car speeding through the street..."
"I was still unconscious when I woke up; somebody steered it; the car swerved and crashed into a store..."

"A cop pulled up at the wreck!"

"Drunk... Drunk..."

"Vic's Bar... CRASH!"

"I was brought before a judge who decided to make an example of me, of course, he didn't believe my story..."

"You drunken drivers are a public menace. I'm going to sentence you two years in the state prison!"

"... Ann was waiting for me when I got out. I was broke. They had taken my savings to pay for the damages to the store and the car!"

"Swell girl, Ann. I agreed, and we were married as soon as I got myself a job..."

"Do you know Ann? Take this man to..."

"... I guess we thought all our troubles were over then, but we were wrong. One day, my boss called me into his office..."

"I've just learned you have a prison record. We can't allow that in this company. You're discharged."

"... And it was the same with every other job. As soon as the found out I was once in jail..."

"... And it got so I couldn't hold any job. We were almost flat broke the day Ann fell sick..."

"ARUMP! In view of your past record... ARUMP!"

"Yeah-- I know-- I'm fired!"

"She'll be all right, Doc-- she'll be all right!"

"Get this prescription filled and buy these medicines, that'll do it!"
"I gave the doctor our last two dollars. I didn't know what I was going to do about the medicines—"

MM-I should say about six dollars?

Six dollars to save Ann, where can I get six dollars? I can't steal it... or can I?

That's it, I didn't even have a gun... I just shoved my hand in my pocket—I'm sorry, Mister, if I--

I forgot all about it, you do the same thing!

This fellow, Matty... did he have a face that reminded you of a snake? Did he wear sleek clothes?

Yes, he did, how did you know?

I know a lot of things--here, here's some money to tide you over for a while. Now just give me your address and I'll be off.

Oosh--I don't know what to say?

Later, when the grateful boy has gone, the Batman's little form darts through the darkened streets...

Only one gumman is called Matty, and looks like a snake. Matty Link... and he belongs to Smiley Sikes' mob!

As a mobster stands guard before the sanctum of the ganglord... silently, an arrow of steel encircles his throat...

Evening, Smiley? Thought I'd come to pay a social call?

The Batman?
BATMAN, I gotta hand it to ya. My men all over the place and you walk in as bold as brass! What's on your mind?

Lemme...

MATTY LINK framed a kid I know--Joe Sands. Would you by any chance have been the one who fixed up the frame?

Now, that's a kinda personal question. I don't like that--so ya know what I'm gonna do--?

...I'm gonna let the boys mess you up a bit so you don't ask me things like that no more. No shots, boys--we don't want the police in our private party.

I'm gonna sit back in my riverside seat and enjoy this!

Make yourself comfortable!

TAKE DIRT!

Missed? Tch tch! Now is that nice trying to hit a man when he's sitting down?

NICE OF YOU to provide entertainment at your party, Smiley...when aren't they serving tea?

THE BATMAN shoots up out of the chair like an unleashed bolt of lightning!

Better tell your boys to put away their popguns, Smiley, before they hurt themselves!
ENJOYING YOUR LITTLE RIDE?

TCH-TCH? HOW CARELESS OF ME.... SLIDED RIGHT OUT OF MY HANDS!

AU REVOIR, GENTLEMEN—I HOPE I HAVEN'T CAUSED YOU ANY INCONVENIENCE?

BY THE WAY, SMILEY, I GUESS YOU DID FRAME THE KID AFTER ALL? THANKS FOR TELLING ME?

A FEW MOMENTS AFTER THE BATMAN HAS LEFT, ANOTHER ENTERS SMILEY'S HEADQUARTERS—IT IS MATTY LINK?

N' SMILEY? SAY—WHAT HIT THIS PLACE—A CYCLONE?

THE BATMAN WAS ASKING ANY ABOUT JOE SANDS?

N' SMILEY? SAY—WHAT HIT THIS PLACE—A CYCLONE?

YEAH—AND IT'S NAME WAS BATMAN?

BATMAN—JOE SANDS? I THINK I BETTER GET OUTTA TOWN A COUPLE NIGHTS BEFORE I'LL BE SEEN—YAY?
**After Matty Leaves...**

I gotta hunch the Batman is gonna try to make Matty talk. Maybe Matty ought to take a vacation—a permanent one?

Ye-ah?

I should have expected this. Smiley covers himself well.

Dick, I want you to search Matty Link's rooms. Maybe you can dig up something linking him and Smiley with Joe Sands.

Sure thing, Bruce?

Maybe the police found something on Matty's body—so-o-o... I shall visit my good friend, Police Commissioner Gordon as Bruce Wayne socials playboy and see what I can find out.

Night has thrown its black cloak over the city. A slim figure moves swiftly and silently up the fire-escape of the late Matty Link's boarding house.

What's the idea of us searchin' the place anyway?

Smiley wants to make sure there's nothin' here that might tie him up with this Sands kid?

Hey—look—somebody's comin' up the fire escape!

Douse the lights. Let's duck in one of these closets.

Click!
THE SANDS OF TIME DROP SLOWLY. BRUCE HAS ALREADY REACHED HOME AND WAITS IMPATIENTLY FOR ROBIN'S RETURN.

HASTILY, HE DONS HIS COSTUME. AN INSTANT LATER, HE SENDS THE WEIRD BATMOBILE STREAKING THROUGH THE CITY STREETS--

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM-- I FEEL IT!

MOMENTS LATER, THE BATMAN STOPS BEFORE THE DOOR OF MATTY'S ROOM....

THE STRANGEST FEELING JUST CAME OVER ME. IT SEEMS TO DREAD OPENING THIS DOOR--

A TOUCH OF THE KNOB, AND THE DOOR SLOWLY SWINGS OPEN. LIGHT FROM THE HALL LAMP ILLUMINATES A SMALL, STILL FIGURE ON THE FLOOR!

ROBIN!

HIS HEAD... ALL BLOODY... HE'S BEEN CLUBBED... CLUBBED TO DEATH? ROBIN'S DEAD??

THE BATMAN. MAN WHO HAS FACED A THOUSAND DANGERS, MAN OF STRENGTH AND WILL-POWER, NOW BENDS HIS HEAD AND WEEP. ANGRIED, SOBS ARE TORN FROM HIM.

SLOWLY, HIS GREAT FRAME STRAIGHTENS. SMALL VEINS STAND OUT ON HIS FEATURES. MUSCLES CORD IN HIS THROAT. HIS EYES BECOME FIRES. HIS MOUTH A KNIFE-EDGED LINE--

FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE BATMAN KNOWS RAGE, BLEAK, ORIM RAGE. WOE TO ALL CRIMINALS, FOR NOW, THE BATMAN HAS BECOME A TERRIBLE FIGURE OF VENGEANCE!
THEN, AS HE PLACES ROBIN IN THE BATMOBILE....

UH!...HE'S ALIVE!...HE'S ALIVE!...I'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A DOCTOR....A DOCTOR....

WHAAA!....HE'S ALIVE!...HE'S ALIVE!...I'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A DOCTOR....A DOCTOR....

OHHHHH!

AN INSISTENT THUMPING ON HIS FRONT DOOR RUSES A DOCTOR FROM SLEEP....

THIS BOY IS HURT....BADLY! HE NEEDS AN OPERATION! HURRAY!

I CAN'T SEE HERE....WHAAA!....I CAN'T SEE HERE....WHAAA!

LISTEN IF THIS BOY DIES BECAUSE YOU REFUSED TO OPERATE....I'LL COME BACK AND KILL YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS!

I'LL OPERATE....BUT NOT BECAUSE OF YOUR THREATS....BUT BECAUSE IT IS THE DUTY OF A DOCTOR TO COME TO THE AID OF ANYONE WHO NEEDS HIS SERVICES!

OKAY....I'LL BE BACK LATER. I'VE GOT TO SEE A MAN NAMED SMILEY ABOUT SOMETHING!

A SECOND LATER, THERE IS THE ROAR OF A MOTOR.....AND THE BATMOBILE LEAPS AWAY AND TEARS UP THE STREET LIKE A CYCLONE!

In Smiley's Retreat....

YEAH....AS SOON AS I SEEN HIM I KNEW IT WAS THAT ROBIN KID THAT WORKS WITH THE BATMAN!

NICE WORK! THAT'LL WARN HIM TO KEEP AWAY!

SWEET! THE BATMOBILE JUST PULLED UP!

A SUDDEN TINKLING OF GLASS. A BULLET BONES INTO THE BATMAN'S SHOULDER, BUT MERE BULLETS CANNOT STOP THE BATMAN NOW....

THE GANG LORD HYSTERICALLY YELLS ORDERS AT HIS GUNMEN....

WATCH THAT DOOR KNOB. AS SOON YOU SEE IT TURN-FIRE THROUGH THE DOOR!
But the Batman doesn’t even bother with opening the door. There is a crash... the wood splinters as his broad shoulders smash through.

You murdering rats—you won't forget this day!

Another bullet looses in the Batman’s shoulder, but it is no more than a flea bite to him now—

By now, the Batman has thrown all caution to the winds. He is mad, fighting mad!

Rats—dirty rats?

Long ago, the Batman had permanently discarded his bullet-proof vest because it hampered freedom of movement.

Picking up one helpless thug, the Batman uses him as a human bludgeon.

I’d like to beat you all to a pulp before I get to work on you?

A bullet sings its song of death as it hums past his ear....

Smiley! You’re the man I want!
A bullet skids off the Batman's ribs, but he does not falter...

I'm going to wipe that smile off your face?

As Smiley sees that the Batman advances in the face of death, he grows nervous, aims hastily...

I know one of my shots hit, but he doesn't stop. He isn't human?

I'm going to get you, Smiley?

Dragging Smiley to his feet, the Batman blasts a vicious uppercut to his chin...

Ugh!

Not smiling now, are you?

Confession in hand, the Batman drags Smiley across the floor of his den. No one offers resistance. They are too awed by this man with his face set in an unwinking mask....

Almost forgot my original reason for hunting you up in the first place. I want a written confession from you... about how you framed Joe Sands or by Godfrey Ill...

Think we oughta take a shot at the Batman?

Confession in hand, the Batman drags Smiley across the floor of his den. No one offers resistance. They are too awed by this man with his face set in an unwinking mask....

And follows up with a terrific right cross....

Don't... Don't hit me again! I did anything... but don't hit me!

Not me? Ain't talkin' with him today!
Here... here's Smiley... and here's something you might be interested in... a confession?

The police are too astounded to even halt the masked figure....

Did you see his face?

Yeah! That's the first time I ever saw a man look like that! It was terrible... like a demon's!

A few moments later....

How is he? How is Robin?

He'll be all right. He'll live?

I--I think I'm going to be a sissy and faint, doc... sorry.

Sissy, and faint! I don't know how he kept going the way he did with three bullets in him! Amazing... amazing....

The next day....

I was tempted to look at your face while you were unconscious, but I didn't... I left your cowl on while I operated. Your identity is still secret. It's better that way.

Doctor... you're all right!

By the way... those people you wanted me to get in touch with are waiting outside?

Thanks to you, my name is cleared now. And Ann will be all right?

...and me, I gave him a job in my store! He's a nice boy?

All's well that ends well, eh, Robin?
A Master Mind organizes the entire gangdom of America to destroy the JUSTICE SOCIETY. Does he succeed? Read this issue!

Also in this issue — an inspiring message to the boys and girls of America from the President's wife — Mrs. Eleanor ROOSEVELT!

ON SALE EVERYWHERE ABOUT APRIL 25!
DETECTIVE John Burton surveyed the semi-circle of grim faces. "Knowledge can be dangerous," he said. "I've been hunting criminals for thirty years, and I find that murderers are frequently trapped by what they know!"

Four set countenances glared stonily at the middle-aged speaker.

"Last night Harold Stoms was shot to death. You four are the only logical suspects. You all profit by his death; as his overnight guests you each had equal opportunity to commit the crime. Two of you, the son and daughter of the murdered man, inherit the small fortune and his paint business." He peered over horn-rimmed glasses at a thin, hawk-faced woman in a black dress. "Is it true that you didn't get along very well with your father, Miss Stoms?"

The woman straightened in her chair. "My father was an eccentric man, preferring to live alone in this old house than with my brother and me in the city. He hated servants; said they snooped. Three times a day, winter and summer, a local restaurant sent his meals to him." She tossed her head. "About the only thing he did like was the past. He and Mr. Bemin, his broker, used to sit for hours discussing Indian raids, escapes through secret passageways, and stories of this house during and before the Revolution. It drove me crazy!"

The detective nodded to the woman's brother, a stoutish man, graying at the temples. "And you, Mr. James Stoms, how did you get on with your father?"

"Fairly well. I ran the business for him in the city. My sister and I visited here rarely; last night was the first time in months." He wiped his forehead with a blue silk handkerchief. "When my father and Mr. Bemin began their lengthy historical talks, I left the room. If Mr. Eggleton was present, we played billiards together."

John Burton rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Hm—then neither you, your sister, or Eggleton cared about this house?"

"Like this house?" the woman snorted. "I guess not! It gives me the creeps! Both my brother and I advised my father not to buy it, but Mr. Bemin told him what a bargain it was—with so much history attached to it. Mr. Bemin told me he mentioned it in his latest historical novel." She glanced sharply at the broker. "He writes to take his mind off the stock market."

"Why were you here last night, Mr. Eggleton?" the detective asked the young lawyer.

"Mr. Stoms summoned me from New York. He said he wanted to change his will." "And did he?"

"No. It was to be done today." The lawyer rubbed his thick palms together. "I don't know what changes Mr. Stoms intended; his letter was cryptic. That was strange, for he never made a secret of the contents of his
will."

"Do you benefit?"

"You know I do. It's common knowledge that Mr. Bemin and myself are to receive $50,000 each."

The detective turned to Richard Bemin. "Did you induce Mr. Stoms to buy several thousand shares of Reardon's Synthetic Rubber, Incorporated?"

"I advised him," snapped the broker. "I thought it a sound investment. I lost a considerable amount of money myself when the firm went bankrupt the other day!"

"What did Mr. Stoms say when he heard of the company's failure?" "He was angry, and asked me here to explain his losses. Mr. Stoms was a wealthy man, but he hated to lose money."

The detective pulled a folded white handkerchief from his pocket. He spread it apart, disclosing a single bullet. "This killed Harold Stoms. But a bullet needs a gun! Last night's crime was not for robbery. It was a deliberate, well-planned killing! The murderer is still in this house, and so the gun must be here too!"

"But the police searched the house from top to bottom without finding a trace of it," James Stoms ventured.

"Quite right. You remember I said murderers are often caught by what they know?" Burton paused to let the question sink in. "To discover the murderer in this case we must learn who knows this house so well that he or she could conceal the gun without fear of its being discovered."

Eight eyes blinked. "Where would such a hiding place exist?" the detective continued. "There is only one deducible answer—in a secret passageway!"

There was a deadly stillness. "If I have to tear the house down, I'll find that gun and trace its ownership to the only one of you whose knowledge of this house would make him aware of the existence of a secret passageway—Stoms' broker, Richard Bemin!"

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**IS EPILEPSY INHERITED? WHAT CAUSES IT?**

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Bemin started forward, then sank back in his chair, eyes closed. "It's true," he whispered. Stoms was enraged over his stock market loss. He said he was going to cut me out of his will." Bemin opened his eyes and stared hard at the detective. "But how did you guess?"

Burton gave a faint smile. "In your latest historical novel you describe this house and casually mention a secret passageway through which the hero escaped from raiding Indians. I read that book."

---

**HERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN! WHAT MAN? SUPERMAN OF COURSE!**

A BRAND NEW ISSUE FILLED WITH THE STARTLING EXPLOITS OF THE MAN OF STEEL ON SALE MAY 2nd
I sent him a singing telegram for his first birthday.

Look, Mom — I made a hole in one!

Tree surgeon? — Well, come right away — my weeping willow has hysterics!

Is there a boy scout in the house? They're in a hard knot!

Run along now — I've told you not to visit me during business hours!

I'm giving 'em a lift — it's their first solo flight!
The Largest Pyramid was built by Cheops, an Egyptian King. According to tradition, 100,000 men were employed for 20 years on it!

During the last World War, Thomas Edison gave the Gov't. free 50 inventions for war use, but none of them was used!

You never see a turtle with a brood of young. Not maternal, she buries her eggs, walks away and lets the Sun's heat do the hatching.

The Largest U.S. Hailstone on record measures 17 inches around, weighs 1 1/2 lbs. It fell in Nebraska in 1928.
CLEAR THE WAY
FOR THE CROWDS RUSHING TO GET
DETECTIVE COMICS!!

THAT'S RIGHT! THEY ALL KNOW
THAT BATMAN AND ROBIN
SMASH THEIR WAY THROUGH EVERY
MONTH'S ISSUE OF
DETECTIVE COMICS
Strange creature of darkness, mysterious as night itself. This is the Batman, nemesis of crime. At his side is a young right arm, is his winged ally. Robin, the wonder boy. He's the greatest thief of the world, ever known. Follow them in this, their latest adventure. Now prove once again to an erring boy that crime does not pay!
The Batman twirls his strong silken rope over his head.

We'll be taking a terrible chance, but it's the only way.

The rope catches about the lamppost. Robin clammers onto the Batman's broad shoulders...and the duo swings out into empty space.

Here we go?

Below them, the depths of the building stretch sheer and dizzy like a great canyon. Down they swing in a breath-taking sweep.

The tight hold is suddenly released as the Batman and Robin drop like two birds of prey and their backs of the astonished thieves.

Do we intrude?

As the Batman moves toward a hoodlum, suddenly another dart forward and, pushing the other out of harm's way, turns to face the crime-fighter himself.

Pleasant chores, Rat?

That's the first time I've ever seen a crook face danger for another very queer.
In the meleé, the rescued hoodlum's kerchief falls and the Batman catches a quick glimpse of his face... 

But that glimpse is all the Batman is able to get, for he is forced for a moment to fling himself to the side as a bullet whines past him... 

That moment is all the crooks need. Swiftly gathering up their fallen companions, they pile into their car and speed off... 

They're going to get away? 

The Batmobile --- I parked it around the corner! C'mon! 

It is the face of a boy --- a boy who is scared stiff? 

Like an impatient steed straining at the reins, the Batmobile shivers as its super-charged motor throbs with energy... and an instant later it tears after the fleeing hoodlums. 

Nearer and nearer draws the Batmobile as the chase takes the cars whirling around corners, roaring up streets... 

Abruptly, the Batmobile streaks screaming about a corner toward the bandits' car... only to find they are... 

Gone? They must have ducked into one of these buildings? 

Certainly... they probably have some hideout or connection on this street? 

But they can be traced by the car... and then the police will search these houses... 

The car was probably stolen... and they're smart enough to know the police won't believe they'll be stupid enough to reveal their neighborhood? 

I'm curious to know why that bandit protected the other at their risk or himself... so I'm coming back to investigate tomorrow... as Bruce Wayne!
Accordingly, the Batman costume is discarded, and the next day it’s Bruce Wayne, Playboy of Society, who saunters down the street, when... 

You big ape... why don’t you look—Bruce Wayne? 

Linda Page! Well, well! I haven’t seen you in a while. The whole crowd has been asking about you. 

Tell the crowd I woke up one day to realize there are more important things than the society scene. So-o-o... I’ve moved out and become a nurse! 

You... you gave up. A place in society to work for a living? It’s... it’s stupid!

You’re the one who’s stupid—wasting your life as the great society playboy. You’ve got talent. If you wanted to, you could... 

Ah—ah! Don’t try to reform me. I’m having too good a time to kill myself with work!

It’s not use talking to you—c’mon—let’s go. At least you can walk me home. 

Sure—I want to see this little flat of yours. ‘Workin’ goil.”

As they near Linda’s modest apartment building... 

Hello, Mrs. O’Roar. What’s wrong? You look worried. 

It’s my boy, Tommy. If only his father were alive, he’d put a stop to his running around. 

Tommy boy giving her trouble? 

Tommy is really a good kid at heart, but lately he’s been mixing with the mob down at the pool parlors. Poor woman... I feel sorry for her!

Tommy has an older brother, Mike, who is a gangster. Tommy idolizes his brother Matt because he’s good to him and... 

And his mother is afraid he’ll follow in Matt’s footsteps. The usual story?

As they entered the building, the doorman noticed the group. 

As the group entered the building, the doorman noticed the group.
Speaking of the devil—there's Mike and Tommy now?

It's the boy... and the other is the one who saved him yesterday? Brothers... no wonder?

Later that very afternoon, the Andytown bank...

Help! Police! Aah...

It's these bank robbers again?

A policeman's shot finds its mark?

Their wounded companion is hustled into the car and the hoodlums make good their escape again?

Oooh?

That night as Linda raced to her apartment, the door is suddenly thrust open...

Okay, babe... grab your instrument bag... you're going for a little ride?

We got a patient for you, c'mon!

Hey... whatcha doin'?

Linda is bundled and taken to a car.

You—you can't expect me to go out without putting some fresh lipstick on, do you?

Wha—what's the idea?
After what seems an endless ride, Linda's blindfold is removed and she sees...

Mike Grogan... and Tommy... He's been wounded!

Yeah... a slug got him and you're gonna take it out. We got you, kid. A cop has to make a report... and you don't?

Are you gonna fix Tommy up and keep your mouth closed?

You know I won't talk. If I did, it would kill your mother to know Tommy was a bank robber?

You know I wouldn't do anything to hurt Tommy. He kept hanging around. You know how it is. Ya gotta believe me.

I believe you, Tommy. Just wanted to be what you are because he idolizes you. But you let him down, Mike... you let him down?

At that very moment, the Batmobile darts through the city streets...

What's the idea of going to see this girl, Linda?

She knows Mike Grogan and Tommy. Well, maybe she can give me some information about them?

Minutes later, a bat-like shape swings silently and swiftly up the fire-escape leading to Linda's room...

Nobody home. Might as well go... want to know what's this?

A message in lipstick... written hurriedly on the dresser?

Down to the Batmobile, races the Batman. From a hidden compartment, he takes makeup... and a picture.

Linda mentioned a poolroom on the corner which Tommy and Mike frequent. So what?

So this? Going in there, but not as the Batman?

Two gunmen have kidnapped me...
The Batman's fists lash out in pile-driver blows....

Your posture is bad. Pardon me while I straighten it for you!

Suddenly, the door is thrown back as Jr. by a cyclone... and that cyclone is Robin, the Boy Wonder!

I kind of thought something was up when I heard that sound... let me in on this?

Ah... ammunition?

8

Ah... chum?

Behind the eightball, eh?

Robbins puts the cue stick to good use...

The corner pocket for Mr. Cue Baldo here?

Okay... we've done enough damage here... let's go!

Right!
After the Batman and Robin are gone:

Get the number o' the truck that hit me?

Listen... that Dick was after me... gotta get word to Tim?

I'll get to the hideout right away.

As the hoodlum rushes to his car, the Batman, who has removed the makeup of "Trigger" Burns, and Robin watch from the corner:

Looks like it worked out better than I expected. Unless I'm much taken that Thug will lead us to the hideout?

Shutting down the headlights, the Batman and Robin cautiously follow the Thug to the hideout on the waterfront.

Mike downstairs?

Yeah? He's down wit' de gang. Me, I'm up here, watchin' all alone.

Chee... dem shadows gimmie de chills. They got such funny shapes. Dat one looks just like a bat?

Downstairs:

Brother, you were never more right in your whole life?

Sure... that copper was askin' for you Mike.

They must be wise to us?

Yeah-- we better all scram outta here. Grab the kid and let's go!
TOMMY CAN'T BE MOVED? IT MIGHT BE FATAL?
THAT MEANS I STAY YOU GUYS CAN DO IT?
WHAT AN' LEAVE YOU BEHIND TO SPILL EVERYTHING WHEN THE GAMS START WORKIN' ON YOU?
YOU MUST BE OUTA YOUR HEAD, C'MON, GRAB THAT KID... WE'RE GETTIN' OUTA HERE!

THERE IS A SUDDEN ROAR OF A GUN--MIKE CLAWS AT HIS CHEST AND SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR

YOU... YOU KILLED HIM?
SURE... AND I'M GONNA LET YOU AND THE KID HAVE IT TOO. THAT'LL TAKE CARE O' ALL THE LOOSE ENDS!

PULL THAT TRIGGER AND ONE OF THOSE LOOSE ENDS WILL BE A ROPE-AROUND YOUR NECK?

MIKE... MIKE...

THE BATMAN?

THE BATMAN'S FIST LANDS WITH TERRIFIC IMPACT ON THE KILLERS CHIN.

A FIRST-CLASS PUNCH FOR A FIRST-CLASS RAT!
Sensing danger, the Batman suddenly whirls and...

Meanwhile, Robin is having some fun...

Hey! Leggo my suspenders—leggo—leggo—YOU HEAD?

It's not nice to try to shoot people in the back, or didn't you know?

...with pleasure?

Oww!

Enough kidding around—now to get to work?

Death faces the Batman!

Ha—I can pick that guy off like a clay pigeon—here?

Try to shoot the Batman, will you? Take that—and that...and that?

Hey! Oh—leeroo!
Unnoticed, a figure drops off the cot, picks up a gun and staggering to the door way... it is Tommy.

The wounded boy drags his pain-wracked, weakened body up the stairs. Once... twice... he falters... but up... up he climbs....

Until he steps onto the dock itself, his finger's tug at the pistol's trigger... shot rings out.

Down below the Batman and Robin battle... furiously when a thug suddenly places a pistol against Linda's head and shouts....

"You... you..."

"Okay... cut out the horse play or I'll plug this dame!"

"Nice work, Joel! Now I'm gonna do somethin' I always wanted to do... give it to the Batman?"

A shot blasts through the room... but the Batman still stands erect... it is the killer who meets his end.

Just in time, eh, Batman?

Police?

You boys can take over soon. Our job is finished.

Robin?
FIREWORKS

This 4th of July show your real American spirit in a good old fun packed noisy celebration. Have fireworks everyone enjoys - the sure-fire, high quality kind you always get from SPENCER

6.45 WORTH FOR ONLY 2.95

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OUR BIG NEW 1941 catalog gives you choice of the world's best noisemakers, light displays, pieces and novelty fireworks...all at money saving prices. Order direct from Fireworks Headquarters and get your money's worth more and better firework shipped right to your door. Send for a FREE Catalog today.

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MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Think of it! I just made this record with the new HOME RECORDER!

Yes, Bob, and it sure sounds like your voice!

It's wonderful—and so simple—please let me make a record.

With HOME RECORDER you can make a record of your singing, talking, reciting or instrument playing right in your own home, too! No longer need the high prices of recording machines or studio facilities prevent you or your family or friends from hearing your own voices or playing. No experience necessary. No "mike" fright to worry about. No complicated gadgets. In a jiffy you can set up HOME RECORDER, play or sing or talk, and immediately you have a record which you and your friends can hear as often as you wish.

CHARLIE BARNET
and other famous orchestra leaders use
HOME RECORDER

YOU TOO CAN MAKE RECORDS RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME

Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and playback unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. ADDITIONAL, 2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY 75c per dozen.

ANYONE CAN MAKE A RECORD

If you play a musical instrument, or if you sing, or if you just recite, you can make your own records. You can also use Home Recorder for recording letters to your friends, and they can play them back on their own phonographs.

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

HOME RECORDING COMPANY
Studio BR 54 East 11th St., New York, N. Y.

Send entire HOME RECORDING OUTFIT (including 6 2-sided records) described above, by return mail. I will pay postage $2.98, plus postage on records. (Send cash or money order now for $3.00 and save postage.)

Send . . . . dozen additional blank records at 75c per dozen.

Name: 
City and State: 
Note: Canadian and Foreign $3.59 cash with order

H ave recording parties

You'll get a real thrill out of HOME RECORDING. Surprise your friends by letting them hear your voice or playing right from a record. Record a snappy talking feature. Record jokes and become the life of the party. Great to help train your voice and to cultivate speech. Nothing to practice . . . you start recording at once . . . everything necessary included. Nothing else to buy, just sing, speak or play and HOME RECORDER unit, which operates on your electric or hand-winding type phonograph, will do the recording on special blank records we furnish. You can immediately play the records back as often as you wish. Make your HOME MOVIE, a talking picture with Home Recorder. Simply make the record while filming and play back while showing.

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INCLUDING SIX TWO-SIDED BLANK RECORDS
ONLY
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NEW YORK, N. Y.
WIN ONE OF THESE 2 FREE TRIPS TO RED RYDER'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO

WE HOPE YOU WINNING PRIZE!

STRaight SHOOTIN' - AND THINKIN' WINS A TRIP TO MY RANCHO

 ENTER DAISY'S BIG ROOTIN' TOOTIN' SHOOTIN' CONTEST NOW!

210 PRIZES GIVEN!

1st and 2nd PRIZE

A Thrilling 2 Weeks' EXPOSURE-PAID Trip to Red Ryder Ranch

These 2 happy Trip Winners will meet at Denver, Colorado, Aug. 16, and under responsible adult supervision, visit Estes National Park, Grand Lake, Pike's Peak, Garden of The Gods, then cowboys life on the Rancho - a mountaintop-trip - visit to Cliff Dwellings, Indian Reservation, etc.

SEE Fred Harman actually DRAW his famous Cartoon Strip "RED RYDER" in his mountain studio! What a trip!! - What a contest!! Enter!!

Portable HOME RECORDER RADIO PHONOGRAPH

RECORDER JR.

Win one of these 5 beautiful, amazing new RECORDERs - the WOND-ER MACHINE of the next Century! Carry anywhere. Make your own records of your voice, instrument, play back instantly. Use as a radio or phonograph! Makes records of your favorite radio programs. Complete with "mike" a blank recording disc. VALUE each - $39.95

DAISY TARGETEER PISTOL

Gun Brackets
Win a pair of air rifle wall brackets, woodcut-outs of Red Ryder's famous horse $100 THUNDER VALLEY.

The Fred Harman Award

Largest 1st and 2nd Prize Winners get a PAIR OF HANDMADE CONROY CHAPS FROM Fred Harman, Cartoonist, as his PERSONAL GIFT!

Pump Repeater 20-Shot. $50.00

O R I G I N A L L I G H T N O - L O A DING REPEATER $25.00

DAISY 20-BULLET CARBINE

Daizy CARBINE 30-BULLET CARBINE

CONTEST RULES

1. Each contestant must shoot at one Official Target. No Target may be duplicated. All Targets and completed SENTENCES must be returned to Daisy Manufacturing Company, Fremont, Michigan by mail. July 31st.

2. 10 air rifle shots using 1 type shot may be used.

3. Contestants may be of any age up to 21 and must have been residents of the 48 United States at least 10 years at the time of entry.

4. Targets only may be used and must be properly fired in order to be entered in contest.entry must be in person. If you write for Free Official Target, enclose 50c stamp for return. In case of loss or theft of Official Target, contestant must purchase another.

5. Contestants must submit entry on Official 10-Bullet Target. Each contestant must make 10 shots to each Official Target. Each entry must be turned in at the same time. Each Target must register a total of 20 shots. If more than 50 shots were made, the best 50 are counted for score. This 25 shots must be shot consecutively, one after the other, in 20 minutes.

6. Contestant must be 21 years of age as of July 31st, and must be a U.S. citizen.

7. Contestant must register a total of 20 shots. If more than 50 shots are made, the best 50 are counted for score.

8. All entries must be turned in by July 31st, 1960.

9. Contestants may be awarded prizes up to the value of $100.00. All entries will be returned.

10. The decision of the Judges will be final. Duplicate entries will be disqualified. All entries will be returned. Entries, contests and ideas wherein becomes the property of Daisy Manufacturing Company, Get Official Target for complete rules.

GET FREE CONTEST TARGET - ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS OR WRITE US!

DAISY AIR RIFLES
DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 936 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.