

No. 8



BATMAN

DEC.
JAN.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

10¢



ANOTHER MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

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Following is a complete list of the
magazines which comprise the
SUPERMAN DC Comic Group:

ACTION COMICS
DETECTIVE COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
FLASH COMICS
SUPERMAN
BATMAN
ALL-STAR COMICS
ALL FLASH QUARTERLY
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
GREEN LANTERN

WHEN we announced the formation of our Editorial Advisory Board in all our publications last month, we really did not expect such a wonderful reaction. We are receiving letters every day from every state in the union, from people in every walk of life, complimenting us on our selection and thanking us for our efforts in providing the boys and girls of America with clean, wholesome, comic entertainment.

It makes us very happy, indeed, to see that the majority of these letters are written and sent to us by the parents of our readers and our Editorial Advisory Board joins us in expressing our appreciation.

We welcome, at all times, letters from our readers as well as their parents and we hope that many more of you will write us.

This month we take great pleasure in introducing two more members of our Editorial Advisory Board.

Dr. William Moulton Marston, the well-known consulting psychologist, received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Harvard University. He has been a lecturer in psychology at the Universities of Columbia, New York and Southern California, and director of the Psychological Clinic at Tufts College. He is a frequent contributor to such outstanding magazines as *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Readers' Digest*.

Our other new member of the Editorial Advisory Board is **Dr. W. W. Sones**, Professor of Education and Director of Curriculum Study at the University of Pittsburgh. Dr. Sones is also a consultant of the Pennsylvania State Department of Education and the Carnegie Foundation for Teachers.

Sincerely,

The Publishers

P.S. Miss Josette Frank, of the Child Study Association recently made a radio address over station WABC and the Columbia Network on the subject of "CHILDREN'S COMICS." A copy of this address will be sent without charge to those readers or parents requesting it.



THIS TRADEMARK IS
YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST IN
COMIC READING

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN



STARTLING NEWS HEADLINES
THE MORNING PAPERS...



RUSSO CONFERES WITH HIS LAWYER
IN A POLICE STATION CELL...



BIG MIKE RUSSO'S TRIAL IS A
SHORT ONE...



AND SO
BIG MIKE
RUSSO
GOES TO
PRISON ON
THE EAST
RIVER...



WARDEN HOBBS GREETES HIS NEW
CHARGE...



THE NEWS OF BIG MIKE'S CAPTURE
HAS TRAVELED VIA THE PRISON...



YOU--GET
OFF? I'M
BEARING
THE
LOVER--YOU
TAKE THE
UPPER!



AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT,
THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR
MIKE'S IMPRISONMENT SPEAKS
TO HIS YOUNG AID--



BUT THE NEXT DAY AS
WARDEN HOBBS DRIVES BACK
FROM THE CITY TOWARD THE JAIL--



SOMETIME LATER--IN A HIDDEN ROOM--



YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

MAYBE--THAT'S RIGHT, MAC. THAT EYEBROW DOES UP A LITTLE THERE--YEAH--NOW YOU'VE GOT IT!

MOMENTS AFTER--TWO WARDENS HOBBS STAND IN THE ROOM!



A CLEVER MAKEUP JOB--BUT YOU'LL NEVER FORGIVE HIM--WHAT ABOUT VOICE AND GESTURES?

WE'RE TAKING CARE OF THAT, TOO! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEANT!

THE LIGHTS WINK OUT AND--

I DO NOT BELIEVE IN CAPITAL PUNISHMENT FOR MEN WHO--

--WE ALSO HAVE GOOD TALKS GOOD THING YOU'RE AN IMPORTANT MAN! WE'VE ENOUGH MATERIAL TO HAVE OUR MAN COPY YOUR ORGANS AND MANNER OF SPEAKING. CLEVER. ENT.

A NEWS-REEL OF ME!



LATER THAT EVENING--TWO BOATS PULL UP BEFORE THE ISLAND PRISON--



YOU'RE BACK LATE, WARDEN! WHY ALL THE NEW GUARDS?

I GOT A TIP THAT THERE MAY BE AN ATTEMPTED PRISON BREAK TONIGHT!

BUT ONCE INSIDE THE PRISON WALLS, THE NEW GUARDS MOVE FAST, AND THIS SCENE IS DUPLICATED MANY TIMES IN THE DEATH HOUSE WING--



GET EM UP!

HUH?



HVA, BOSS? EVERYTHING WORKED LIKE A CHARM--WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR FEET?

AL--I DON'T KNOW AND YOU WAS, I'D SAY YOU WAS HIBBIN' YOURSELF ONT' MY FEET! THESE PRISON SHOES!--NOW I CAN PUT ON SOME SORT SHOES!



THE PRISON GUARDS ARE STRIPPED OF THEIR GUNS AND HERDED FORWARD INTO THE PRISON YARD--

YOU GUARDS--I'M GONNA MAKE THIS PLACE MY HEADQUARTERS--NOW, YOU PLAY BALL WITH ME AND YOU'LL BE EATIN' OUTA GOLD PLATES!

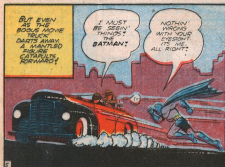
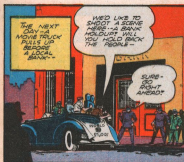
NOT MET YOU CAN'T USE ME FOR YOUR ROTTEN WORK.



A SHOT CRASHES THROUGH THE SILENT NIGHT--

THAT'S WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO OTHER GUARDS! NOW--YOU WANNA THROW IN WITH ME--I THINK IT OVER!

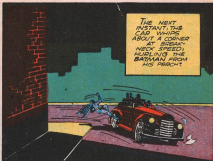




IN THE TUMBLE, A HANDYBACHER FALLS
AND THE BATMAN CRENS A CLUMPS
OF THE MAN'S FACE---



THE NEXT
INSTANT, THE
CAB WHIPS
ABOUT A CORNER
AT BREAK-
NECK SPEED,
HURLING THE
BATMAN FROM
HIS SEAT!



SOMETHING'S
WROUGHT THAT
CLUMPSMAN IS
TRIGGER SHERMAN--
SUPPOSED TO BE
ON NORTH ISLAND
PRISON, WAITING
FOR EXECUTION--



THE BATMAN VISITS
COMMISSIONER GORDON--

--AND TRIGGER
SHERMAN IS IN
THE SAME PRISON
THAT BIG MIKE
RUSSO IS IN! AND
THOSE GORRUPS
LARELY ALL READ
THE STAMP ON VELY
MARKET!

RUSSO BEHIND ALL
THIS? IMPOSSIBLE
TO PROVE
YOU'RE
WROUGHT, I'LL
TAKE YOU
TO THE PRISON
MYSELF--



AND SO--LATER THAT DAY--

THE
PRISON
SEEMS TO
BE IN
ORDER
WARDENT!

PERHAPS IT'S
BECAUSE I SENT
THEM HERE?

BATMAN--
YOU DON'T
SEEM VERY
POPULAR!

THE
BATMAN--
BOOT

BOO!
BATMAN!



BATMAN--
HERE'S
TRIGGER
SHERMAN!

HELLO,
TRIGGER!
HOW ARE
THEY DOING
YOU?

JUST DANDY
YOU GOTTA
EXCUSE ME
NOW--I
GOTTA PUT
ON MY
TUNED SOS
I CAN GO TO
THE POLICEMEN'S
BALL!



BIG MIKE RUSSO RECEIVES THE VISITOR

WELL--
THE BATMAN
AND COMMISSIONER
GORDON? THIS
IS AN
HONOR!

TOO BAD
I CAN'T
SAY THE
SAME!



SUDDENLY THE BATMAN
RIVETS HIS KEEN EYES ON
RUSSO'S FEET---



LATER... OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS...



THE NEXT DAY A WHOLE NEW SICKLING PRISONER IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE BOSS "WARDEN"



LATER AS ONE OF THE PRISON GUARDS PUSHES THE PRISONER TOWARD HIS CELL--



SOMETIME LATER--IN HIS OWN CELL, THE PRISONER SMILES-- FOR UNDER THE CLEVER MAKEUP IS THE GRINNING FACE OF BRUCE WAYNE, THE BATMAN--



OUTSIDE IN THE PRISON YARD, A HAND SCRAWLS A MESSAGE ON A BASEBALL--



THE BATMAN WAITS TILL THE RIGHT PITCH COMES ALONG. AND THEN----



---A SMALL PICTURE DARTS TOWARD THE BOUNDING BALL AND SNAGGING IT, RACES AWAY!

THE BATMAN SAID HIS MESSAGE WOULD COME OVER THE WALL SOMEWAY-- THIS MUST BE IT!



THAT NIGHT---

OKAY, YOU GUYS---YOU GOT YOUR ORDERS. KILLER, THIS IS YOUR FIRST JOB WITH ME. LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!

DON'T WORRY-- YOU'LL SEE PLenty BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OVER!



ONE HOUR LATER-- 9 O'CLOCK--- THE RINK WAREHOUSE

WHATS THE MATTER WITH YOUR WHATTURE 'NA STARIN' AT ME FOR?

C'MON, KILLER, GOT THOSE-- HOLY SMOKE!



YOUR FACE-- ITS MELTIN'!

THAT AIN'T HIS FACE! IT'S MAKEUP--THE TERRIFIC HEAT OF THAT LIGHT BULB HE'S STANDIN' UNDER MELTED IT!



THE BATMAN'S PICTURE DARTS SWIFTLY TO THE LIGHT SWITCH, AND---

GET THE LIGHT ON, SOME-BOOY!

--WHERE IS THAT GUY?

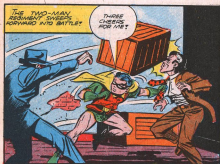
THE BATMAN!

RIGHT HE'LL CHUM!



THEN PLUNGING INTO THE ROOM IS ROBIN. THE BOY WONDER---







A FLOOR BELOW, A STEEL DOOR CLOSES—ROBIN HAS BEEN PUT IN SOLITARY!

A BARE STEEL ROOM! ABOVE A TINY VENTILATOR—NO KEYHOLE ON THE DOOR!

FOOTSTEPS! THE BATMAN MARCHING TOWARD HIS DOOR—THE GAS CHAMBER!



BELOW--ROBIN GAINS INSIGHT! HOW CAN HE ESCAPE FROM AN ESCAPE-PROOF CELL?

GOT TO GET OUT--IF I COULD ONLY MOVE THAT DOOR OUTSIDE--NEED A MAGNET--I'VE GOT IT--MY BELT--WIRELESS SET--DYNAMOT!

NOTE-- A DYNAMO CONSISTS OF A MAGNET WITH WIRE AROUND IT!



GOOD THING DYNAMO MAGNETS ARE THE MOST POWERFUL IN THE WORLD--NOW--MOVE THE LATCH UP LIKE THIS!

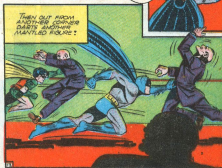
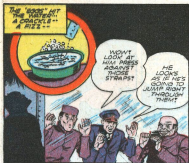


THE BATMAN IS BEING STRAPPED IN THE CHAIR--CAN ROBIN ESCAPE IN TIME TO SAVE THE BATMAN?

MINUTES PASS--CRIMINALS EAGERLY OBSERVE, AS THEIR NEMESIS THE BATMAN IS ABOUT TO DIE!

IT TOOK ME, MIKE RUSSO, TO END THE CAREER OF THE GREATEST BATMAN! HA-HA!







THE WINNING TEAM!

BATMAN AND ROBIN

BATTLE THEIR WAY
THROUGH FAST
AND FANTASTIC
ENCOUNTERS WITH

The World's Worst
(AND THEREFORE BEST!)

VILLAINS
EVERY MONTH
IN
DETECTIVE COMICS!



*"I'll be seeing you on
the screen... with more
thrills than ever before!"*

Yes, the world's greatest
adventure strip character
is now the movies' great-
est action hero. Ask the
manager of your favorite
theatre when "SUPERMAN"
is coming to your town!



SEE how the Man of
Steel came from the plan-
ets Krypton, and devel-
oped his wonderful speed,
strength and vision!

SEE Superman revolutionize
the madman who
tried to rule the world!

SEE Superman hold up
a skyscraper... raise the
dead... ray blast!

SUPERMAN

IS IN THE MOVIES!

Don't miss a single one of these Paramount Shorts in TECHNICOLOR!

RESCUE MISSION

BY JOHN HILTON

THIS was the first day in three rain hadn't hampered the search. Today, there was no sun but at least a pilot could see. Anxiously, Navy pilot Bob Crane focussed his binoculars over Death Jungle, which held the secret of Doctor Scott and his two assistants, who had been reported missing from the expedition. This was the last day the navy planes could search.

The Commander had been right when he said anyone lost in this jungle was likely to stay there. It was like being in a high-walled prison, the way cliffs and bluffs surrounded the dense foliage of the jungle. Landing would be virtually impossible.

Bob's powerful motor roared over the silence of the jungle. Studying his map, he noticed he was close to Amapranzo volcano. In the time that had elapsed, the Scott party could not have gone further than that.

Yet how was a search pilot to know? The closely linked trees jealously guarded the jungle's secret. A man lost there had no more chance of being found than a needle in a haystack. Not unless . . . unless . . .

It was as though Bob's thought had been voiced! He had been thinking that if the Scott party were alive and well, they should have managed some sort of signal.

And now, right before him, a thin trail of smoke was rising!

Less than a minute later, Bob saw them.

Two men, clothing in tatters, were waving their arms wildly, first pointing to the skies, then gesticulating to a figure at their feet.

It was Doctor Scott, and badly hurt Bob saw.

Bob studied the area where he had found Scott and his party. Here, the trees were not quite as dense, not so closely

packed together. And there was a small clearing at their foot.

Only for an instant did Bob reckon the danger. Then, his cool, methodical mind sprang to his aid. Carefully judging the distance, he sent the plane into a side-slip, one of the most difficult maneuvers in a pilot's book.

Bob's face was grim as the plane's wings grazed the trees. Anxiously, he coaxed the plane down.

He found himself wet with perspiration when the ship came to the ground safely. One of the men rushed over: "I'm Ransom," he said. "That was one of the finest pieces of flying I've ever seen." His voice was excited. "We've been running from natives," he said. "That's why we couldn't signal. It was agonizing, hearing your plane the last two days and being afraid to do anything about it. Today, we decided to take a chance when the Doctor's wound got worse."

Doctor Scott smiled weakly at Bob. He tried to speak when suddenly a low, ominous rumble spread through the jungle. The earth seemed to shake. The Doctor turned frightened eyes in the direction of the sound. "Amapranzo," he whispered. "It's erupting!"

The rumbling grew louder and a bright flash spread over the jungle. Ransom spoke first. "It looks like we're trapped, Lieutenant," he said. "But there is a chance that you and the Doctor might get out. We want you to take it."

Bob knew what was in the man's mind. The same thing was in his own. If, by some miracle, he could get out, the Doctor was the only person he could carry. The plane might lift over the trees, but never over the cliffs behind the erupting volcano.

The rumbling was like thunderclaps now and the flashes

came regularly. Wild animals crashed through the foliage, frightened and seeking safety. Doctor Scott said weakly: "I would rather stay here, Lieutenant, with my men."

It was a heroic gesture and in that instant Bob knew the reasons for the tales of courage that had grown around Doctor Scott. He looked at the pain-wracked face of the scientist and said: "Sorry, sir. I think we'll risk it." Brusquely, he said to the two men. "Carry him into the plane. And get in yourselves."

Ransom stared at him. "But you won't be able to get elevation with such a load. You'll never clear those cliffs!"

Bob's lips were grim. "I've got an idea," he said. "Get in!"

Yes, it was an idea, dangerous and one chance in a million. But he decided to take it. The plane, he was sure, would clear the tree tops if he side-slipped carefully.

It did! He heard Ransom's sigh of relief as the over-loaded ship zoomed levelly ahead, toward the volcano. Smoke and fire and gases rolled from it as the fighting plane nosed forward.

Heat blasted the sides of the ship. Bob revved up the motor.

"Now!" The word snapped from Bob's lips as he pulled back on the stick. For an instant, the ship seemed suspended in mid-air, over the yawning jaws of death.

Then, suddenly, it rose high as the gasses of the volcano caught it, tossed it in the air like a plaything. Back went the stick in Bob's whitened hands. Her nose went up as he pushed the motor to her utmost. The fuselage just grazed the dangerous, jagged cliffs as the ship cleared them! Bob had won his battle with nature, turned an enemy into an ally. He was grinning as Ransom's head poked toward him. "You did it," Ransom whispered. "You did it."

Bob smiled. "Had to," he said. "The Navy wanted me back on time."

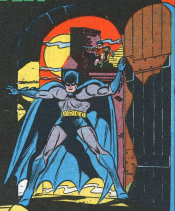
BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

BATMAN AND ROBIN, SWORN ENEMIES OF CRIME, MATCH WITS WITH A SINISTER AND CLEVER MASTER OF THE WEAPONS OF SCIENCE WHO IS THIS INCREDIBLE, BERE FLOUR GLOWING WITH UNUSUAL, FLUORESCENT LIGHT? LET US CALL HIM BY THAT DREAD NAME WHICH IS TO BECOME SO TERRIBLY FAMILIAR TO ALL --- **Professor Radium!**

CAN THE DYNAMIC DUO COPE WITH THE STRANGE WEAPONS OF THE WORLD OF SCIENCE? CAN THEY DEFEAT A MAN WHO MUST KILL SO THAT HE MAY LIVE? HERE IS THE ANSWER IN THE MOST AMAZING OF ALL ADVENTURES CALLED ---

"The Strange Case of Professor Radium!"



A STRANGE REQUEST IS MADE AT THE CITY DOG POUND--

THE PERMIT SEEMS ALL RIGHT. WE CAN DELIVER THE DOGS TO YOUR LABORATORY TONIGHT!

GAS CHAMBER CITY DOG POUND

EXCELLENT! I WANT THEM AS THEY ARE NOW--DEAD!



THAT NIGHT--IN A HOSPITAL LABORATORY, THE SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR ROSS, LABORS TO SOLVE MAN'S GREATEST RIDDLE--

GILL MY RADIUM SERUM REPAIR DEAD TISSUE FOREVER! I SHALL EITHER FIND THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY SINCE TIME BEGAN--OR FAILURE!



BUT THE SERUM-INJECTED DOGS SHOW NO SIGN OF MOVEMENT--

I'VE FAILED! ALL THESE MONTHS OF WORK--BUT WAIT-- PERHAPS IT'S TOO SOON-- PERHAPS IT NEEDS MORE TIME!



MINUTES DRAIN INTO HOURS, AND AS THE BLEARY-EYED SCIENTIST WAITS AND WATCHES, SLEEP FINALLY CONQUERS HIS EXHAUSTED BODY--



A HAND SHAKES HIM--



HEY--WAKE UP! YOU MUST HAVE SLEPT IN THAT CHAIR ALL NIGHT! AND SAY, WHAT ARE YOU STARTING AROUND HERE... A DOG KENNEL? HA-HA!



ALVET THE DOGS ARE ALVET RADIUM SERUM CAN REPAIR PROTOPLASM! I MUST SUBMIT A REPORT TO THE DIRECTORS AT ONCE! NEXT I MUST REVIVE A DEAD MAN-- THEN I SHALL BE FAMOUS!

LATER THAT DAY, IN THE INSTITUTE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE--

THEY LOOK LIKE THE DOGS WE DELIVERED TO THE PROFESSOR, BUT I CAN'T BE SURE!

THESE X-RAYS SHOW NO TRACE OF RADIUM IN THE DOGS! ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL A HOAX ON ME, PROFESSOR?



OF COURSE, NOT I'LL BRING ANOTHER DOG TO LIFE AND PROVE MY CLAIM IS TRUE!

A LIVE DOG COULD BE SUBSTITUTED FOR A DEAD ONE, YOU KNOW! YOUR LIFE--RENEWING CLAIM SEEMS ABSURD! PERHAPS YOU HAVE APPROPRIATED THE RADIUM FOR YOUR OWN PRIVATE USE.



FOR YOUR EXCELLENT WORK IN THE PAST, WE WILL NOT CHARGE YOU WITH THE THEFT OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS OF RADIUM, BUT SHALL INSTEAD ASK FOR YOUR RESIGNATION! GOOD DAY, PROFESSOR ROSS!





BUT I'LL SHOW HIM
WHAT A TRUE SCIENTIST
IS!... A MAN WHO IS
WILLING TO EXPERIMENT
ON HIMSELF TO PROVE
TO THE WORLD HE'S
RIGHT!



THE NEXT MORNING!

GOOD GRACIOUS!
ROSS... DEAD?
WAIT... WHAT'S
THIS NOTE...!

"I HAVE DELIBERATELY
TAKEN MY LIFE SO I
MAY PROVE MY SERUM
WILL GIVE IT BACK TO ME
AGAIN! THE SERUM IS ON
MY LABORATORY TABLE...
WITH INSTRUCTIONS...
Professor Ross"

WITH FEVERISH HASTE, JOHNSTON
INJECTS THE SERUM INTO THE BRAVE
PROFESSOR... AND WAITS UNTIL...



HE... HE'S
MOVING!
IT'S INCREDIBLE...
BUT HE'S
ALIVE!

OH!!!

LATER, JOHNSTON EXAMINES A DROP
OF THE PROFESSOR'S BLOOD UNDER
A MICROSCOPE...



AMAZING!
THE BLOOD
IS COMPLETELY
FREE OF
RADIANT!

I'M GOING HOME
TO PREPARE MY
PAPER EXPLAINING
THE EXPERIMENT...
I WANT TO SHOW
IT AS A SURPRISE
ON THE DIRECTOR!

AFTER WORKING MANY
TEDIOUS HOURS, THE
PROFESSOR RELAXES
A FEW MOMENTS IN
HIS GARDEN...



AAAAH!

SURPRISINGLY, THE FLOWER
WITHERS IN HIS HAND!



A FRIENDLY SPARROW LIGHTS
ON THE PROFESSOR'S HAND
TO EAT SOME CRUMBS... AND
TORNIES OVER--DEAD!



TAKE YOUR
CRUMBS... WHY
HE'S...
HE'S...

LATER THAT DAY--



ROSS--I
EXAMINED
THAT SLIDE
AGAIN--AND
THERE ARE
DEFINITE
TRACES
OF RADIANT

WHAT?
QUICK! TAKE
AN X-RAY
OF MY BONE
STRUCTURE
IN MY
LABORATORY!

ONCE IN A DARK LABORATORY JOHNSTON
SUDDENLY GASPS-- THE PROFESSOR'S
BODY GLOWS FERVLY WITH A GREEN
RADIANT LIGHT

LOOK
AT YOUR
BODY?

AGH!

WHEN THE LIGHT IS FINALLY
SWITCHED ON--

YOU
SAID IT --
WHAT HAS
HAPPENED
TO ME?

JOHNSTON,
DO YOU
SUPPOSE--
WHY...

OH!

HE'S DEAD--
I TOUCHED HIM--
NOW I KNOW
WHAT KILLED THE
ROSE, THE SPARROW,
AND NOW YOU?
I HAVE MADE
MYSELF A MONSTER
A HUMAN RADIUM
RAY!

RE CALLS THE POLICE, THE CORNER
EXAMINES THE BODY--

NO WOUNDS!
LOOKS LIKE
HEART
FAILURE!

YES--HE
DROPPED
DEAD WHILE
WE WERE
TALKING!

QUEER FELLOW!
LEAVING I
WENT TO
SHAKE HANDS.
HE AVOIDED IT.

I MIGHT HAVE
KILLED THAT
CORNER HAD
I TOUCHED HIM!
I MUST FIND AN
ANTIDOTE BEFORE
I CAUSE SOMEONE'S
DEATH!

HE WORKS FEVERISHLY
NIGHT AND DAY,
WHEN--

I'VE GOT IT!
THE ANTIDOTE--
MY BLOOD SHOWS
LESS RADIUM
ACTIVITIES AFTER
EACH INJECTION!
YOU TELL WILL
MAKE ME WELL
AGAIN--

BUT ALL DOESN'T GO WELL--HE FINDS THAT VOLITELL HEARS OFF AFTER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS--

IT'S HORRIBLE--
I'VE CHANGED BACK
TO RADIUM AGAIN--
I'VE NO MORE
VOLITELL SERUM TO
MAKE ME NORMAL--
I MUST GET
VOLITELL--
BUT FIRST, I'VE
GOT TO MAKE
SURE NO ONE
ELSE WILL
DIE--



HE FASHIONS A
SUIT WOVEN
FROM A
GLASS-AND-LEAD
COMPOSITION--
A CLASP THROUGH
WHICH THE
DEADLY RADIUM
RAYS WILL
NOT PASS--

IT LOOKS
BIZARRE,
BUT WILL
PROTECT ANYBODY
WHO MIGHT
CONTACT ANY
RADIUM-CHARGED
BODY--NOW I
CAN GO AFTER
THE VOLITELL!



VOLITELL IS AN EXPENSIVE
DRUG, AND HE HAS USED HIS
FUNDS ON HIS EXPERIMENTS--
THAT NIGHT, HE FURTHER
ENTERS A HOSPITAL'S SUPPLY
ROOM--

ONLY TWO
OUNCES? I'LL
NEED A MUCH
GREATER
QUANTITY!



AS THE DESPERATE SCIENTIST
STEALS MORE AND MORE VOLITELL,
NEWSPAPERS TELL AN AMAZING
STORY--

DURING HOSPITAL
ROBBERIES-VOLITELL
DRUG STOLE

I MUST
HAVE
MORE
VOLITELL!



AND IN HIS HOME, BRUCE
WAYNE SPEAKS TO HIS
YOUNG WARD, DICK
GRAYSON--

WONDER
WHO IS
BEHIND
THIS
VOLITELL
BUSINESS?

ONLY A
SCIENTIST WOULD
HAVE ANY
KNOWLEDGE OF
VOLITELL--I
HAVE A HUNCH
THAT MAYBE
OUR MYSTERY
MAN WILL
SHOW UP AT
GOTHAM
HOSPITAL
TOMORROW.



NIGHT--TWO CAPED FIGURES SWING THROUGH EMPTY SPACE--

THIS IS ONE
WAY TO GET
TO THE HOSPITAL
UNSEEN!

ONE WAY
IS AS GOOD
AS ANOTHER!



THE PROFESSOR HAS REMAINED
HIDDEN INSIDE THE HOSPITAL
ALL DAY LONG--

I CAN SLIP PAST
THOSE GUARDS
EASILY ENOUGH AND
GET INTO THE
SUPPLY ROOM!



BUT AS THE PROFESSOR REACHES FOR THE
VOLUME...TWO MANTLED FURIES STORM INTO THE ROOM-



THE FEAR-MADDENED PROFESSOR
HURLS RAZOR-EDGED SURGICAL
INSTRUMENTS AT THE CHARGING
ROBIN...



AS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN
CHARGE AGAIN, THE PROFESSOR
PUSHES AN INSTRUMENT CLOSET
OVER THEM-



AS GUARDS RUN IN, THE SCIENTIST CLIMBS THRU THE WINDOW AND DESCENDS THE WATER PIPE...

C'MON, ROBIN... OUR LITTLE BIRD IS TRYING TO FLEE THE COOP!

FROM THE EXPOSED BLOWING HOLE EMANATES DEADLY RADIUM RAYS THAT EAT AWAY THE PIPE, AND...

I'M... I'M SLIPPING!

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME BEING A HUMAN RADIUM BOY HELPED ME!

MEANWHILE, THE PROFESSOR SLIPS IN THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW ON THE FLOOR BELOW.

I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS... BUT I HAVE TO...

I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM...

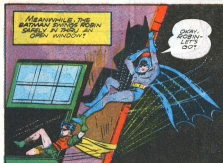
EVEN AS HE DROPS, THE BOY WONDER CLUTCHES THE BATMAN'S ANKLE AND HANDS PERILOUSLY...

HOLD ON, ROBIN!

YOU'RE TELLING ME?

...AND IN THE HOSPITAL BASEMENT... HE MAKES HIS GET-A-WAY...

I HAVE THE POLYTELL - WHEN I CURE MYSELF, I'LL TELL THE WORLD OF MY DISCOVERY!



THE NEXT MORNING!

THE INJECTION OF VOLITELL SERUM I TOOK HAS MADE ME NORMAL AGAIN! NOW TO SEE MARY AND TELL HER ABOUT MY GREAT DISCOVERY.



HENRY DARLING-- YOU LOOK EXCITED?

THE MOST WONDERFUL THING HAS HAPPENED, MARY!



BUT HE DOES NOT NOTICE THE GLOW ABOUT HIS BODY GROWING STRONGER--AS HE LEANS FORWARD!

MARY, YOU'RE GOING TO BE SURPRISED-- MARYT...

GROOOO!



THE GLOW IS BACK! THE INJECTION I TOOK WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH-- I KILLED HER!



I'VE KILLED HER-- I--

KILLED HER--! HELP! POLICE!



POLICE COMMISSIONER'S BORDON OFFICE-- WHERE NOW THE POLICE AND BATMAN WORK HAND IN HAND--

THESE PRINTS MATCH THOSE OF A PROFESSOR ROSS-- HE'S A CIVIL SERVICE EMPLOYEE SO THE STATE HAS HIS FINGERPRINTS ON FILE!

ROSS, EN? HE WAS INVOLVED IN THE DEATH OF HIS ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR.



WHAT? YOUR MISTRESS, MISS LAMONT, KILLED? WHO-- PROFESSOR ROSS?

OH--OH-- GET READY, ROBIN!



YOU SAY, HIS BODY HAD A SORT OF A GLOW ABOUT IT?

A GLOW, EN? I SUGGEST YOU MAKE A FAST AUTOPSY, CORONER.

YES, SIR-- IT WAS AS IF HE WAS ALL LIT UP INSIDE!



SOMETIME LATER—

YOU WERE
RIGHT, BATMAN!
THAT GIRL DIED
OF INTERNAL
RADIIUM
BURNS!

RADIUM
BURNIST

YES—AND I
SUSPECT PROFESSOR
JOHNSTON DIED
THE SAME WAY.
THIS ALL TIES UP
WITH PROFESSOR
ROSS'S RADIIUM
EXPERIMENTS!
SOMETHING
WENT WRONG—
HE NEEDS
VOLITELL FOR
AN ANTIDOTE—

LATER THAT DAY AS PROFESSOR
ROSS RETURNS TO HIS HOME—

POLICE!
I SHOULD HAVE
RETURNED HOME
SOONER—
GOOD THING
THE VOLITELL
IS HIDDEN—

THE DAYS THAT
FOLLOW SEE THE
GREATEST MURDER IN
THE HISTORY OF CRIME—

PROF. HENRY
RADIIUM) ROSS
AT LARGE!

MEANWHILE, A DESPERATE
CHANCE COMES OUR
PROFESSOR ROSS—HE IS NOW
KNOWN AS PROFESSOR RADIIUM.

I NEED
MORE
VOLITELL!

I'M MAD!
HA-HA!
I'M CRAZY!
THE CURSED
RADIIUM!

MY HAIR IS
FALLING OUT!
THE RADIIUM IS
BEGINNING TO
WREAK ITS MAD
ON MY BODY!

I WANT TO
MURDER—
WAIT—WHAT'S
THE MATTER
WITH ME?

THE
RADIIUM—IT'S
EATING INTO
MY BODY—
INTO MY
BRAIN—
I'M GOING MAD!

NOT A SIGN
OF PROFESSOR
RADIIUM AND
THAT BLASTED
VOLITELL
WHERE DID
HE HIDE
IT?

VOLITELL, HMM?
THAT'S WHAT
HE NEEDS—
IF YOU DRIVE
YOUR MEN AWAY
FROM HIS HOUSE,
I THINK HE'LL
COME BACK AND
THAT VOLITELL'S
ROBIN AND I
WILL BE WAITING
FOR HIM—

POLICE
WITHDRAWN
FROM ROSS
HOME!

POLICE GIVE UP
SEARCH FOR
PROF. RADIIUM

AND THAT VERY NIGHT—TWO FIGURES
WAIT IN THE SHADOWS—

DO YOU
THINK HE'LL
FALL FOR
THIS STUNT?

WE'LL SEE!
BIM—I
THINK I
HEAR
SOMETHING!

SO STRONG IS THE RADIUM-CHARGED BODY OF THE PROFESSOR THAT HE LITERALLY SEARS HIS WAY THROUGH THE DOOR!



GOODY!
IT'S
EMPTY!

HE RACES
SWIFTLY
TO HIS
LABORATORY
AND DONNS
HIS
PROTECTIVE
SUIT!



IF I DON'T PUT
ON THIS SUIT, I MIGHT
HAVE SET THE HOUSE
ON FIRE! LUCKILY
I'VE AN EXTRA GLOVE
TO REPLACE THE
ONE LOST! NOW--
THE VOLTELL!

HE WITHDRAWS A
LARGE BOOK,
AND ...

THE VOLTELL!
THE POLICE
NEVER THOUGHT
OF LOOKING
IN A BOOK
FOR IT!



THAT'S ALL I
WANTED TO KNOW--
LET'S TAKE
HIM, ROBIN!



CHEER!

SWIFTLY
PEELING OFF
A GLOVE,
THE PROFESSOR
EXPOSES A
GLOWING HAND!

YOU FOOLST
DE--DE-
NOW?



DEATH-DEALING
RADIUM RAYS
BOMBARD THE
BATMAN AND ROBIN--

BUT THE DUO REMAINS UNSCATHED--

YES--WE'RE STILL
ALIVE! I MADE A
TRANSPARENT RUBBEROID
COMPOSITION THAT I
SPRAYED OVER OUR BODIES
IMMUNIZING US FROM THE
RADIUM--



THE MADMAN
RECOVERS AND
THROWS A DAZZLING
BEAM AT THE
CEILING CHANDLIER!

YOU
HAVEN'T
BEATEN
ME YET!
HA HA!



THE CHANDLER PLUNGES DOWN, PANNING THE BATMAN TO THE FLOOR!



SO STARTLED IS ROBIN BY THE SUDDEN TURN OF EVENTS THAT HE IS CAUGHT NAPPING!

AND THIS SHOULD TAKE CARE OF YOU!



THEY RECOVER QUICKLY AND CHASE AFTER THE ESCAPING MADMAN!

AFTER HIM, ROBIN!

HIS HEADS FOR THE SHIPYARD!



PROFESSOR RADIUM SCRAMBLES UP A SIDE LADDER...



MINUTES LATER, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN LEAP ABOARD THE SHIP...

I DON'T SEE HIM--DO YOU?

NOT WONDER WHERE THAT BIRD HAS HIDDEN HIMSELF?



LOOK OUT!



HAT HAT MISSED YOU, BUT I WON'T AGAIN!

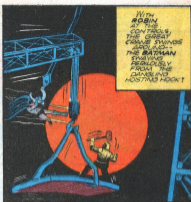
CAUTION ROBIN--BEFORE THAT MANIAC KILLS US--I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

WHAT? WHO?





TAKING THE
LIFT UP TO THE
TOP OF A WAREHOUSE
CAME THE
BATMAN
CAREFULLY PICKS
HIS WAY OVER
THE FRAMEWORK
OF A LIFTING
ARM FROM WHICH
A GIANT HOOK
DANGLES...



WITH
ROBIN
AT THE
CONTROLS,
THE GREAT
CRANE SWINGS
AROUND--
THE **BATMAN**
SWINGING
SERIOUSLY
FROM THE
DANGLING
HOISTING HOOK!

PROFESSOR RADIUM IS READY AND
WAITING! EXPOSING HIS HAND, HE
SENDS OUT SEARING RAYS THAT PART
THE CABLE!



HE
TRY
TO GET
OUT OF
THIS
BATMANT



BUT THE TERRIFIC MOMENTUM
OF THE SWINGING HOOK IS
ENOUGH TO SEND THE **BATMAN**
SHOOTING FORWARD AS THE CABLE
SNAPS...



PROFESSOR RADIUM'S
ARMS FLAIL WILDLY AS HE
TRIES TO KEEP HIS
BALANCE...



AND THEN PLUNGES BACKWARD
AND SPACE!



--HE MUST HAVE SUNK
LIKE A LOSER! I MIGHT
AS WELL GO BACK TO
RECOVER THE VOLTAGE
AND RETURN IT TO
THE HOSPITAL!



SOMETIME LATER--

WHY
THE
DOWN,
BRUCE!

I WAS THINKING--
HERE WAS A MAN
WHO TRIED TO
DISCOVER SOMETHING
THAT WOULD GIVE
LIFE TO PEOPLE--
BUT IN SO DOING
HE CREATED
FRANKENSTEIN'S
MONSTER THAT
DESTROYED
HIS OWN LIFE!

THE
CHILD

BUT WAS THE MYSTER
THE SON OF THE UNUSUAL
MANS OR DOES HE STILL LIVE
ON AS THE NEW MAD *Professor Radium*



OUT IN FRONT!

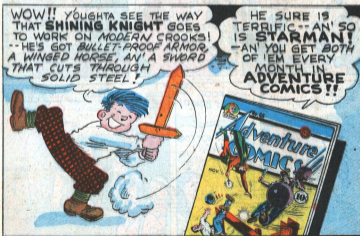
The STAR-SPANGLED KID
And STRIPESY ARE MAKING
COMIC MAGAZINE HISTORY!

WRITTEN BY JERRY SIEGEL
—CREATOR OF SUPERMAN!
DRAWN By HAL SHERMAN
—FAMOUS ACTION-ARTIST!

A TOP COMBINATION
ON A TOP FEATURE!

64 BREATHTAKING, ACTION-PACKED PAGES

NOW ON SALE!

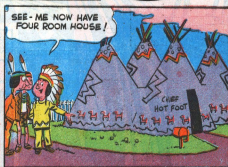


P.S. BRAND-NEW SIZZLERS IN MORE FUN COMICS, TOO!

CHIEF HOT FOOT

HERBY
ROCKFORD



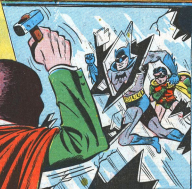


BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

EVER WALK UNDER A
LADDER AND WONDER WHAT
WOULD HAPPEN? EVER
JUMP IN FRIGHT AS A
BLACK CAT CROSSED YOUR
PATH? EVER SEEN TEARS OF
AND READ SEVEN YEARS OF
AND BAD LUCK WOULD ROLL
WELL--YOU ARE GOING TO
BE INTRODUCED TO A GROUP
OF PEOPLE WHO DARED THESE
OLD SUPERSTITIONS--AND
THE STRANGE EVENTS THAT
BEFELL THEM.

BRAD KNEW A FEW OF
SUPERSTITION TRANSFORMED A
COMPANY OF ACTORS INTO TERROR-
RIDEN WRETCHES WHO CRINGED
AT THEIR OWN SHADOWS--AND
NOW THE BATMAN AND ROBIN
WERE ASKED TO CALL UPON
THE LAST OUNCE OF THEIR
STRENGTH AND REASONING
POWERS TO UNRAVEL THE
MYSTERY OF
The Superstition Murders!



A DIZZING NEEDLE ENTERS THE
BODY OF A DOLL--A HAND
CLUTCHES AT A GIDDY HEART--
AND A LIFELESS BODY FALLS FORWARD!

HA-HA--AS THIS
NEEDLE ENTERS THE
HEART OF THE DOLL,
WHICH REPRESENTS
YOU--YOU
DIE!





THE VILLAIN
EXITS LAUGHING--
AND THE CURTAIN
FALLS ON THE
LAST ACT OF
A SUMMER
THEATRE TRYOUT!

HAT,
HAT,
HAT...

THAT WAS
THE BEST
REHEARSAL
I EVER SAW--
WE'VE GOT
A GOOD
SHOW!

I'M GLAD
THIS IS
THE FIRST
PLAY I'VE
EVER WRITTEN
AND I
WANT IT
TO BE A GOOD
ONE!



YES--WE'RE
HAVING A
SUPERSTITION-
BREAKING PARTY
TONIGHT-- YOU
MIGHT GET SOME
INTERESTING
PICTURES!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE PARTY,
BRUCE WAYNE IS ONE OF
THE INVITED GUESTS...

HELLO, BANKS...
LOOKS LIKE
YOU HAVE
ANOTHER
HIT!

NOT A
HIT, BRUCE--
BUT A
FAIR PLAY--
IT'LL GET
BY!



SAY, DON'T I
COME IN
FOR MY
SHARE OF
INTRODUCTIONS?

BRUCE, THIS IS
JOHNNY BLUM,
THE AUTHOR
OF THIS
MASTERPIECE! HAT, HAT

AM--THE
GENIUS IN
PERSON!



WELL, FOLKS,
NOW THAT
EVERYONE'S
HERE FOLLOWING
THE PHOTOGRAPHER--
LET'S START
SMASHING
SUPERSTITIONS!

AS THE
LEADING
ACTOR--
AH--
I WILL
BEGIN THE
PROCEEDINGS!



THE REHEARSAL OVER--THE ACTORS COME
FROM THE WINGS--

I'VE GOT AN IDEA SINCE
THIS IS A PLAY DEALING
WITH SUPERSTITION--LET'S
HAVE A "SUPERSTITION
PARTY" TONIGHT--
WE'LL BREAK MIRRORS,
WALK UNDER LADDERS,
AND SO ON--

WHY--THAT'S
WONDERFUL!
I'LL CALL UP
3000 MAGAZINE
TO SEND A
PHOTOGRAPHER
DOWN--



ER--ER--BRUCE--
LAST YEAR
BROOKS, HE'S
FINANCING
THIS SHOW
AND ACTING THE
HANGED MAN
IN THE LEADING
ROLE?

HOW DO YOU
DO? THIS IS
MY LEADING
LADY, MISS
FRANCINE--

I'M
OVERWHELMED
BY A
COMBINATION
OF BEAUTY
AND TALENT!

A GLEAM OF HATRED FLASHES
IN THE PRODUCER'S EYES AS
THE INSINUATING CLUTCHES HER
ESCORTS ARM TIGHTLY--



WALKING UNDER A LADDER
IS THE FIRST SUPERSTITION
THAT IS VIOLATED!

BAD BUSINESS--
GOING
UNDER
LADDERS--

HAT, HAT
YOU HAVE
UNSUSPECTED
TALENT,
BROOK!

THREE CIGARETTES ARE LIT ON ONE MATCH!

HOLO
IT, FOLKS!
BUT
IT!

THIS
IS BURN!
THREE
ON A
MATCH!

MARK MY WORDS.
THIS WON'T BE THE
END. WHEN POLICE
START BREAKING
SUPERSTITIONS--
THINGS ARE BOUND
TO HAPPEN! I
WAIT AND SEE IT!



THE PHOTOGRAPHER
JOINS THE PARTY..

EXCUSE
IT--BUT
I'M GETTIN'
INTO THE
SPIRIT
OF THINGS!

SURE--
THAT
MAKES YOU
ONE OF US!



YELLOW EYES
SHINING--AND RED
BROCK--A BLACK CAT
STALKS IN...

LOOK!
WE HAVE
COMPANY.
COME,
KITTY--
KITTY--
CROSS
MY
PATH!

SOME-
HOW,
I DON'T
LIKE
THIS--
IT'S AS
IF THEY
WERE
INVITING
TROUBLE



ANOTHER SUPERSTITION IS BROKEN--AN
UMBRELLA IS OPENED INDOORS!

THIS
IS ONE
ON ME!
MAYBE IT'S
COMING
RAIN--
AUNT HAT.

FRANKLY...
NOT I DON'T
LIKE
IT!

ISN'T
THIS
RUE?



LATER--AS THE PARTY
GROWS WILDER, A
TERRIFIED SHRIEK--
FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF
A FALLING BODY--CUTS
THROUGH THE MERRY-
MAKERS' DIN?

WHAT
WAS
THAT?

FLASH!

THAT
SCREAM--
IT CAME
FROM
OUTSIDE!



OUTSIDE--
A WHITE
BODY BEARS
ITS OWN
TESTIMONY?

IT'S--IT'S
FRODO CHINN!



THE LADDER
KILLED HIM--
AND HE WAS
THE ONE WHO
LAUGHED AS
HE WALKED
UNDER ONE
A LITTLE
WHILE AGO!

SO YE THOUGHT
YE KNEW
EVERYTHIN'!
LEAVE ME TELL YE
THAT THERE ARE
THINGS WHICH
CAN'T BE
TAMPERED WITH--
AN SUPERSTITION
IS ONE OF 'EM!



SOMEONE CALLS THE LOCAL POLICE...



I'D SAY THE LADDER FELL ON HIM! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

I'D LIKE TO BE NINE IF IT GLASS HAD THE BODY!

A FEW MINUT. LATER...



ACCIDENT-- HEARD THEM POLICE NEVER DO HEY BRAGGARS ITS MURDER--

HE MAY BE RIGHT-- I'LL KNOW AFTER I EXAMINE THAT GLASS! I'LL KICK IT TO THE SIDE AS IT ISLY ACCIDENT!

IN HIS LABORATORY, THE PHOTOGRAPHER DEVELOPS THE PARTY'S PICTURES--WHEN--



WELL-- THAT OLD COOT WAS RIGHT! THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT-- IT WAS MURDER!

LATER...



I GET YOUR PHONE CALL-- WHAT DO YOU WANT?

NOTHING-- I EXCEPT-- EXAMINE THIS PICTURE!



IT SHOWS YOU PUTTING POISON FROM THE TRICK RING ON YOUR HAND INTO BROOK'S GLASS! ER-- WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY THE PICTURE... FOR A PRICE?

I SEE--

BLACKMAIL!

MEANWHILE--



TWO THINGS HAVE TO BE CLEARED UP-- ONE IS FREE'S DRINKING GLASS--AND THE OTHER IS THAT LADDER!

LATER-- AFTER RETURNING FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHER--



YOU OUTLIVED YOUR USEFULNESS!

THE BATMAN SLIDES SILENTLY OVER THE HARD-PAVED GROUND.

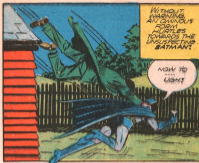


HERE'S HOPING NOBODY'S MOVED ANYTHING!

OUTSIDE THE THEATRE-BAR, HE MINDS--



AMT HERE IT IS! JUST AS I SUSPECTED-- AN OODOR LIKE THAT OF BURNT ALMONDS! THIS MAN WAS MURDERED-- POISONED BY PHOSPHORIC ACID!



BATMAN EXPLAINS ABOUT THE MUSIC BOX

IN OTHER WORDS, WHOEVER HAS THE GLASS ON HIM, IS THE MURDERER!

THAT'S RIGHT... AND I'M STARTING MY SEARCH WITH METT, HERE!

SURE-POCK ON ME - BECAUSE I GOT THE HADDS! YOU THINK I KILLED BROOKS?

AS THE PANICKY ACTOR SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER, A ROUSE LEADS FORWARD!

I'VE WARNED YOU - NOW!

WHY?

WHILE BATMAN SEARCHES METT, ONE OF THE TROUPE PHONES THE POLICE--

THANKS - YOU SAVED MY LIFE! I WANT TO SEE WHAT THIS CHAIR IS CONCEALING - WHAT'S THIS? DRAMATIC WRITE-UPS OF PAUL REDMON? BUT NO GLASS!

DRAMATIC CLIPPINGS! MORE PRECIOUS TO AN ACTOR THAN HIS OOD - TOO BAD - BUT THE PATH TO OBSESSION IS DREADED!

UPON ARRIVING, THE POLICE OREST BATMAN--

BY GINGER, IT'S THE BATMAN!

FRED BROOKS WAS MURDERED, AND I'M CHECKING ON THIS MAN FOR A CLUE!

SORRY, MISTER BATMAN, BUT ONLY TEN MINUTES AGO WE LET HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE GOING WHERE HE WAS CONFINED FOR DRUNKENNESS!

THE OTHERS ARE SEARCHED - BUT NO GLASS!

WELL, YOU AND BROOKS WERE IN PARTNERSHIP ON ALL YOUR SHOWS - IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU ARE THE ONE TO PROMPT MOST BY HIS... DEATH?

IF I HAD ANY INTENTIONS OF COMMITTING MURDER - I WOULD NOT HAVE COME ALIVE!

A CRACKING VOICE BIPS THROUGH THE NIGHT--ZIG--

MARK MY WORDS--THERE'LL BE MORE MURDERS! ONLY EVILANT PEOPLE BRING SUPERSTITIONS!

HE MEANS US!

LATER--

--YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST TO PREVENT MORE MURDERS!

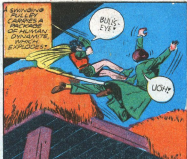
THAT GLASS WAS MY ONLY CLUE AND ITS GONE - I WONDER IF THE PHOTOGRAPHER WOULD SAY... I'VE GOT IT! TOMORROW NIGHT, I WANT YOU TO SEE THE PHOTOGRAPHER LOOK AT THE PICTURES HE SHAPED - ONE OF THEM MAY CONTAIN A CLUE!

NEXT NIGHT-- THE PHOTOGRAPHERS CABIN!

WHAT'S THAT?

I PAID FOR THE PICTURE, BUT YOU KEPT THE NEGATIVE!







AT THE BARN-THEATRE, SCENERY IS BEING TAKEN TO WAITING TRUCKS---FOR TONIGHT--THE PLAY OPENS IN THE CITY!

WELL, CHILLIN' TONIGHT, THE NIGHT--I'LL BE IN THE FRONT ROW, CHEERING!

DO YOU THINK THE ER--UNFORTUNATE PUBLICITY WILL AFFECT THE SALE OF TICKETS?

THIS PLAY SHOULD NEVER OPEN--IT'S CURSED!

THAT NIGHT OUTSIDE THE TROJAN THEATRE!

ERS

SUPERSTITION MURDERS

DON'T--DON'T EVEN SAY THAT!

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, MY FRIEND. THE PUBLIC ALWAYS WILL BE ATTRACTED TO SOMETHING WITH HORROR OVER-TONES--THEY'RE PROBABLY HOPING FOR ANOTHER MURDER!

HELLO, BANKS-- THOUGHT THE POLICE WERE HOLDING YOU.

THEY COULDN'T HOLD ME--I GOT OUT ON A WRIT OR HABEAS CORPUS-- HOLY SMOKE! LOOK AT THAT CROWD!

AS THE CURTAIN RISES, AN ODD SCENE TAKES PLACE IN ONE OF THE DRESSING ROOMS!

MEOWRRR--

QUIET--SOON YOU WILL BE PLAYING A STARRING ROLE!

IN THE WINGS--AS THE INSIDIOUS AWAKES HER CUE---

I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE IN YOUR SHOES--HAVING TO CARRY A BLACK CAT ON THE STAGE!

DON'T BE SILLY! THEY ARE MY FAVORITES.

AT THAT MOMENT, A DART STREAKS FROM A BLOW-TUBE--

---AND INHITS ITS NEEDLE-POINT INTO THE BLACK CAT'S HIDE--

I LOVE CATS-- AAAIIII!--

GOOD HEAVENS!

THE BODY TUMBLES TO THE STAGE IN FULL VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE---

SHE'S-- SHE'S DEAD

ONCE AGAIN, A VIOLATED SUPERSTITION INVOKES VENGEANCE UPON THE PERSON WHO DARED TO BREAK IT!

A FRENZIED PHONE CALL BRINGS THE POLICE AND CORONER BUSTLING TO THE SCENE!



THIS GUY WAS POISONED!

YEAH! THERE'S ENOUGH POISON TO KILL A RESIDENT ON THIS CAT'S CLAW!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU GOT THE GUY FOR HITTING THE BOTTLES!

THEY NEEDED SOMEONE FOR THE PART AND I WAS GIVEN ANOTHER CHANCE!



THAT'S IT! YOU KILLED THE FIRST GUY TO GET HIS PART IN THE PLAY!

VERY CLEVER! AND TELL ME-- DID I KILL THE INSIDE TO GET HIS PART?



HIS FACE CONFUSED--THE COMMISSIONER TURNS ON THE PRODUCER--



AND YOU, BANKER! I'VE BEEN TOLD YOU HATED BROOKS BECAUSE HE TOOK YOUR OWN AWAY FROM YOU!

YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME!

I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU-- IN PRIVATE!

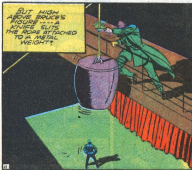


--I FOUND A CLUE BACKSTAGE, AND I'M COMING BACK LATER, AFTER EVERYONE'S GONE-- AND I KNOW I'LL FIND ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO CONVICT THE MURDERER!

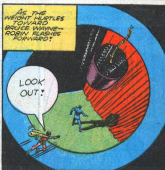


LATER THAT NIGHT, BRUCE FINDS HIS WAY BACKSTAGE OF THE DESERTED THEATRE!

I HAVE MY PLANS WORK-- IF I'M TO CATCH THE GUILTY FIBER!

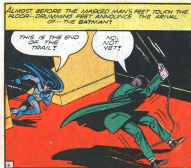
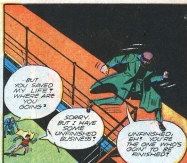
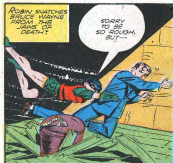


BUT HIGH ABOVE BRUCE'S FIGURE---A KNIFE SLITS THE ROPE ATTACHED TO A METAL WEIGHT!



AS THE WEIGHT HEAVES TOWARD BRUCE WAYNE-- ROBIN FLASHES FORWARD!

LOOK OUT!





The 'BIG SIX' now becomes the 'BIG SEVEN'

— again calling your attention to: —



WITH THE ADDITION OF
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
TO THE DC COMIC
GROUP, THERE ARE NOW
SEVEN

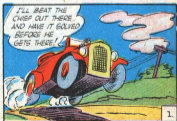
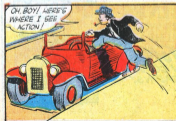
**MONTHLY
MAGAZINES**
BEARING THIS TRADE-
MARK WHICH MEANS

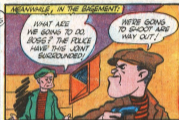


**"Tops"
IN COMIC
READING!**

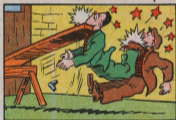


POKEY BEEZER









ACTION STUFF BY ERIC CARTER

JOHNNY SHEAN put down his megaphone and signaled the cameraman to stop grinding. Grimacing, the cameraman, Ben Boyd, slung the light tripod and camera over his shoulder and walked over to where Johnny was bawling out his youthful cast in this amateur movie the gang was making.

"You fellows are supposed to be gangsters, fleeing from the police," he raged. "So when you come around that bend in the road come around fast!"

"But, Johnny," protested Willie Evans. "We came as fast as that old jalopy of mine would go. And Tim's car isn't any faster." He ventured a suggestion. "Why don't we make this picture another 'Grapes of Wrath'? The car would fit in nice then."

Johnny's voice was exasperated. By now the boys who were playing the FBI had come up. They listened as Johnny again explained. "First, the gangsters firing blanks, come around the bend. A bank has just been robbed and the FBI is after the mobsters. Here, wait a minute—"

Johnny ran down the road, stopped and waved his hands. Then he rushed back. "Right where I was," he said, "is where the gangster car should pass the camera going at least fifty. I'll mark it somehow. Nobody uses this old road anymore so it's safe to speed. And I know Willie can handle his car. If nobody else can. Now are you with me or against me?"

"Gosh, Johnny," they chorused. "We're with you. After all, we want the Winawasha Moviemakers Club to win the amateur movie productions tourney."

"Okay," Johnny said professionally. "On your way then. And come out shooting," he added as an afterthought.

Johnny and Ben, his cameraman, watched as the car turned

around and headed for the bend. "It'll take five minutes for them to get started," Johnny said. "So we'll have to hurry and mark the spot where the cars will flash by the camera. Here, we'll use your car, Ben. It's small and won't appear in the picture."

Ben's protests fell upon deaf ears. The car, a bentam model, was his pride and joy. But when Johnny explained nothing could happen to it, he agreed to use it as a marker on the side of the site Johnny had selected. "Willie will set it there," Johnny said, "and race his car. That way we'll get a good action shot."

Johnny climbed into the small car and drove it where it would serve as a marker. It sat upon a slight incline, but Johnny figured that wouldn't show in the picture.

Ben had his camera set up. Seeing Johnny leave the car, he cried plaintively: "Listen Johnny, I want—"

"Never mind," Johnny said, excitedly. "Here they come now." The sound of pistol fire reached their anxious ears. "Start cranking Ben," Johnny cried. "And don't miss a thing!"

Directorial eye alert, Johnny watched the progress of the dilapidated car as it rounded the bend and raced ahead. "Good work, Willie," he murmured. "You're sure getting plenty of speed out of it."

Apprehensively, he watched as the FBI car came around the bend. Then he goggled. What had happened? These weren't FBI men—they were uniformed officers! How had the boys gotten those suits?

Johnny's heart leaped as he suddenly realized he wasn't looking at his actors. Those were real cops!

And the others? He couldn't be sure as the car zoomed past him. What had happened? What was Willie trying to do?

"Johnny, my car. Look!"

There was anguish in Ben's voice, but his eye was still glued to the camera as he cranked.

His car was sliding down the incline, straight into the path of Willie's ancient vehicle. Too late, the driver of the latter swerved. There was a loud explosion as tires blew out. The car crashed into the cliffs lining the mountain road.

Ben's eyes were wet as he shouldered his camera and ran with Johnny to the collision. Police were pulling strange men from the wreckage of Willie's car.

Dazed, Johnny heard Ben say: "They didn't hurt my car. But no thanks to you, Johnny. I tried to tell you not to park it on an incline. The brakes wouldn't hold."

Johnny heard these words in a daze. Police Chief Weber was talking to him and saying: "You sure saved the day, Johnny. These muggs held up a bank in town, and figured on getting out over this old highway. When their car broke down, they seized one you boys were using. We saw them from the other hill." His eyes strayed to Willie's wrecked car. "We could have caught that on a bicycle," he added. "But you can be sure the bank will replace it." His men hustled the thieves into the police car.

Weber's eyes fell on the camera. "So you lads are making another movie, Johnny," he said. "That's fine. Keeps you out of mischief."

Weber, hustled his burly figure into the car as an excited Willie and his "thugs" came up. "By the way, Johnny," Weber said kindly. "I don't want to spoil your fun, but be careful out here. Anything can happen. This isn't the movies, you know."

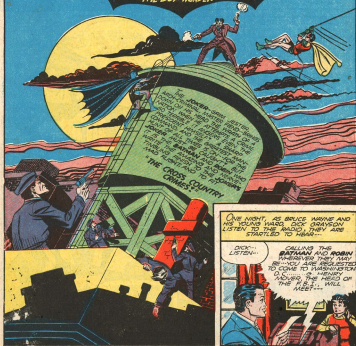
Johnny smiled as the police car rolled away. "No," he said, softly. "It isn't the movies. Just wait until you see this picture!"

THE END

BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-





AND SO
BEGINS THE
GREATEST
MANHUNT OF ALL
TIME. AT ONE
TIME, BIGGEST
CITY, BIGGEST
COUNTRY LIKE
A ROAD TO
FIRE... GET
THE
JOKER?

CALLING
ALL COPS--
BE ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR
THE **JOKER**...

WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE
BY **JOKER**
I WILL BE
HOLDING
THE **JOKER**

5
...HEIGHT: SIX FEET
TWO INCHES...COLOR
OF SKIN IS BLANK
WHITE EXCEPT FOR
RED LIPS...HAIR,
GREEN... THE
JOKER IS...



WE'RE
GOING
AFTER
THE
JOKER!

NOT JUST GOING
AFTER HIM--
WE'RE GOING
TO GET THE
JOKER
THIS TIME!



A SMALL RADIO STATION NEARBY...

...AS YET THE JOKER HAS NOT APPEARED IN THIS TERRITORY AND...



YOU SPEAK TOO SOON!



GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN-- THIS IS A SPECIAL PROGRAM COMING TO YOU FROM THE JOKER! HAT WAY TO THE POLICE AND ESPECIALLY THE BUREAU. I HAVE THIS TO SAY---YOU MAY LOOK FOR ME, BUT YOU WON'T FIND ME!



AND ON A LONELY ROAD SOMEWHERE--

I-- THE JOKER--- LAUGH AT YOUR EFFORTS-- YOU HEAR ME-- HA! HA! HA!

THAT WAS STATION ROB-- A SHORT DISTANCE FROM HERE! I'LL HEAD RIGHT FOR IT!

IT'S HALF EVERYBODY LOOKING FOR HIM, AND HE MAKES A SPEECH! WOW!



BUT WHEN THEY ARRIVE, THEY FIND THE JOKER IS...

GONE! THE JOKER'S GONE!

YES--- BUT WE'VE LEFT SOMETHING FOR US!



THE FIRST CLUB!

QUEEN WHERE I AM GOING NOW, BATHING-HAT!



WHAT'S IT MEAN?

THE JOKER'S JUST TOLD US HE'S GOING TO NEW JERSEY-- AND THAT'S WHERE WE'LL RICK UP HIS TRAIL! C'MON!



A SMALL TOWN SOMEWHERE IN NEW JERSEY....

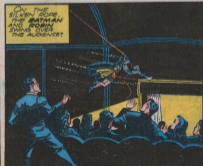
GOOD PLAY BY, JOKER! I READ THE WIND GUYS ARE LETTING THE ACTORS USE THE REAL WINDMILL CHANGING FOR TONIGHT'S OPENING PERFORMANCE.

GOOD PUBLICITY STUNT! HAVE A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF RISK LENT BY THE PEOPLE CONCERNED IN THE PLAY!

VERY INTERESTING.....!

STRAIGHT FROM THE STAGE TO THE VANDGILS! A PLAY ABOUT THE FIRST FAMILIES OF OUR FAMILIES!







AH--
BATMAN
AND ROBIN
I'VE BEEN
EXPECTING
YOU!



AND NOW
I THINK IT
ONLY FITTING
--GREET
YOU WITH
A "BANG-UP"
WELCOME!
HA! HA!



THEIR TRAINED BODIES CUSHION
THE BLUNCE WITH THE OLD
ACROBATIC STUNT OF ROLLING
OVER AND OVER AS THEY HIT
THE FLOOR!



EVEN AS ROBIN STARTS
TO RISE, THE JOKER
LEAPS FORWARD AND
RAKES THE BOY'S HEAD
WITH A SAVAGE BLOW!



AH--AH!
STAY BACK,
BATMAN!
ONE FALSE
MOVE FROM
YOU OR
ANYBODY
HERE, AND
THIS BOY
DIES!

YOU!



THE
AUDIENCE
WITNES A
DRAMMA
MORE
TENSE
THAN ANY
YET PLAYED
ON THIS
STAGE!

KEEP
BACK--
I WARN
YOU!

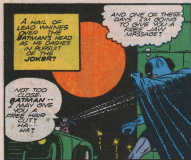
STAY
BACK,
BATMAN!
HE'LL KILL
THIS BOY!



THEN AS
THE
JOKER
REACHES
THE
DOORWAY
HE ACTS
SWIFTLY--
HE KICKS
ROBIN
FORWARD!



AND NOW--
YOU MAY
HAVE YOUR
MERCYLESS
ROBIN!



WILDER AND STILL WILDER GROWS THE LAUGHTER. SUDDENLY, ONE MAN GRABS COMRADE'S WRIST AND CLUTCHES AT HIS THROAT...



HIS BODY SINKS TO THE FLOOR, LIPS FLOPPING INTO A TERRIBLE JOKERS GRIN!



AND THAT NIGHT...A MAN TOOK THIEFLESSLY ON THE MAIN HIGHWAY...



FIRST I'LL BLACK OUT PART OF THE HIGHWAY STRIPE...

SOME DISTANCE BACK A SPECIALLY CHARTERED 'JEWELERS' CONVENTION BUS HURTTLES THROUGH THE BLACK NIGHT!



WE NIGHT DRIVERS ROUTE OUR HEADLIGHTS ON THE WHITE STRIPES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HIGHWAY AND JUST FOLLOW IT!

LOOK! NOW DARK IT IS! NOW DO YOU BUS DRIVERS MANAGE TO DRIVE ON THE HIGHWAY ON THIS SOLE OF NIGHT!

AND NOW TO CONTINUE THE STRIPE TILL HERE! HA... HA... HA...



THAT'S INTERESTING... LOOK OUT-!

WHA? WHA...!



A REVERBERATING CRASH REACHES THE EARS OF THE TWO OCCUPANTS OF ANOTHER CAR ON THE SAME HIGHWAY!



WHAT WAS THAT?

SOUNDS LIKE A SHAMING... AHEAD, WE'D BETTER STOP AND INVESTIGATE!

CRASH

TWO MANTLED SHAPES DROP DOWN TOWARD A MAN WHO BENDS OVER THE TWISTED WRECKAGE!



THIS HIGHWAY PROVED A PATH OF DESTRUCTION FOR THEM! HA... HA... HA...

YOU MURDERER!

A SWIFTLY-DRAWN GUN
SPRAYS JOKER GAS AT
THE CHARGING ROBIN!

YOU ARE
MUCH TOO
IMPETUOUS!

THIS GAS IS DILUTED AND ONLY
RENDERS THE VICTIM UNCONSCIOUS
FOR A FEW MOMENTS!

NOW--
IT'S
YOUR
TURN
...
LIGHT!

NOTE
QUITE
JOKER?

THE JOKER
WHEELS AND
FLEES. THE
BATMAN IN
FULL PURSUIT!
THE CHASE
TAKES THEM
UP A
MOUNTAIN
SIDE--

A
MONORAIL
CAR? A
PERFECT
ESCAPE!

I'LL
SEE
YOU
AGAIN,
SOMETIME.
BATMAN!
HA! HA!

YOU'LL
SEE
ME
SOONER
THAN
YOU
THINK--
IN FACT--

EVEN
SOONER!

OH
YEAAH!
LEAT
HAT!

A
UNEXPECTED
VICIOUS
KICK
ALMOST
SENDS
THE BATMAN
PLUMMING INTO
YAWNING
SPACE!

ANY
THAT
ONE
MUST
HAVE
HURT--OH,
BATMAN?

THEN--

WHAT--?
THE CAR'S
MOVING THE
OTHER WAY--
BACK WHERE
IT STARTED!

YOU'LL
GOOD
RIGHT
INTO MY
HANDS
NOW, JOKER!

THE ANSWER: ROBIN
HAS RECOVERED FROM
THE GAS AND PULLED
THE SWITCH THAT
WILL SEND THE CAR
BACK--WITH THE JOKER
IN IT!



BUT YOU
ROBBY I
KNOW A
TRICK OR
TWO MYSELF...



ARE
YOU
AGAINST
AM NOT

BEFORE
THE ATTEMPTED
BATMAN AND
ROBIN
CAN RECOVER
FROM THIS
UNEXPECTED
MOVE, THE
JOKER
MAKES
HIS
ESCAPE!

LATER-- THEY FIND
THE THIRD CLUE!

WARRIORS, BUT IS
THAT'S THE JOKER'S NEW
MOVE, IT'S
TOD?

THE BATMOBILE ROCKETE
THRU STATE AFTER STATE
ON THE TRAIL OF THE
ELUSIVE JOKER!



THE BATMAN AND ROBIN
CLING TO THE TRAIL,
WHEN STARTLING WORDS
SNAP THEM UPRIGHT--

CALLING ALL
CARS! THE
JOKER HAS BEEN
SEEN ENTERING A
HOUSE ON
2355 CONCORDE
AVE. (1000)





BUT AS THE MEN SPRING ON THE SEATED JOKE-- A SUDDEN BLINDING FLASH--AND AN INVISIBLE HAND HURTS THEM BACK TO SHOCKED UNCONSCIOUSNESS ON THE FLOOR!



THE BATMAN WRITES A LIST OF THE CLUES--

LOOK WHAT THE LETTERS OF EACH STATE SPELL OUT AFTER WE CROSS OUT "NEW" AND THE "O" OF DELAWARE!

NEW JERSEY
OHIO
KANSAS
& ELEWARE

AND ADD THE "O" OF RHODE ISLAND--JOKER! THAT EMOLOGICAL MANAGER HAS SPOILED HIS NAME ACROSS THE COUNTRY INSTEAD OF GOING TO DELAWARE AS HE EXPECTS US TO--

I KNOW-- WE'RE GOING TO RHODE ISLAND-- WE'LL BE ONE JUMP AHEAD OF HIM--

NEW JERSEY
OHIO
KANSAS
& ELEWARE
RHODE ISLAND

TWO DAYS LATER--

HAT MAT "F. NANTAB WILL STOP AT THE FRAY HOTEL AT PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND. NANTAB IT IS RUMORED HAS WITH HIM THE JOKER'S DIAMOND, ONE OF THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD..."

PROVIDENCE, RH-- I'LL BE THERE AND AWAY BEFORE THE BATMAN-- THE DIAMOND IS MINE!

FRAY HOTEL-- THE JOKER'S KNUCKLES RAP SHARPLY ON J. NANTAB'S DOOR--

COME IN!

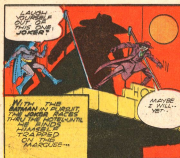
YOU? THE BATMAN?

ALSO I NANTAB--BATMAN REVERSED, I KNOW IF I USED A DIAMOND AS BAIT IN THE NEWSPAPER, YOU'D BITE-- AND YOU DID!

I'M NOT CAUGHT YET, BATMAN! NOT YET!

BUT YOU SOON WILL BE, BROTHA-- YOU SOON WILL BE!

YOU LITTLE BRAT-- GET OUT OF MY WAY!



I GOT OUT
OF JAIL ONCE
BEFORE AND
I'LL DO IT
AGAIN! THERE'S
NO JAIL
MADE THAT
CAN HOLD
THE POWER!

THE
End

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comes attached
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boys! For ridin'
th' range, I slip a stout
3-foot cord thru th' Ring
and tie th' other end
to my saddle-horn,
so she can't fall clear to th' ground
if she slides outa my saddle
'holster or gits knocked
from my hands by
a ba'ar!"

SOME SIGHTS!

"It's a Humdinger,
Fellers! Raise th' Adjust-
able Double-Notch Rear
Sight for long range—
lower it for short. Aim
thru small notch for target
work...large notch for snap-
shooting. And say! Daisy
made th' Front Sight GOLD-
EN-COLORED to remind
yuh of th' Golden West!"

GOLDEN-
BANDED
BARREL!

"Those glittery
golden-colored bands
'round th' muzzle an' fore-
piece look mighty purty
... kinda like th' real gold
I used to prospect for
out West. You'll be
proud of 'em!"

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