GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING
reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor
Child Study Association of America

JERRY AND THE PONY EXPRESS
By Sanford Tousey.

Living on a ranch meant a pretty rough life for a little boy in the days when the only way to travel was by horse or stagecoach:

Jerry was a fine horseman himself and he loved horses.

When the first Pony Express rider came through with the fast mail, Jerry was there to welcome him. Sometimes, he even helped with the horses, which the riders changed at the station.

He made friends with the riders, too.

Soon they began to bring in news of trouble with the Indians. And then, one day, the Indians did attack the express station, stealing the horses.

Then it was that Jerry offered his own precious pony to the Express Rider.

But Jerry's ambition to be a Pony Express rider himself was never realized; for when the telegraph came through there was no need for riding the mail.

But by that time Jerry was grown up enough to be happy that he could be a good cowboy on the western range.

This book is full of pictures and action. Ask for it at your library. You're bound to enjoy it.
HELP WANTED: MEN

TWO CRIME-FIGHTERS, CLEVER AND COURAGEOUS, TO BATTLE THE JOKER, ALIAS "THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE," THE CRIME CLOWN... ETC. EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!

Positions filled by Batman and Robin!

A LARGE MOVIE HOUSE HOLDS ITS WEEKLY AMATEUR HOUR...

GOOD-BYE FOR... GOOD-BYE FOR...

GOOD-BYE, LADY... SORRY!

GOOD-DEE!
The Second Contestant gives his impression of a famous comedian!

Ha-chaa-chaa-chaa!

Another candidate!

And now you, sir... what's your specialty?

I do an imitation of... the Joker!

Behind a screen, the man busies himself with makeup.

Well, folks, I guess you'd better prepare yourselves for a scare! We're going to see the Joker... brrr!

A moment later, out steps a perfect double for that cunning crime clown—The Joker!

Ha! ha! I'll beat The Batman yet! Ha!

Here's your prize... for a great impersonation! I almost believed you were the Joker! Well, now you can remove that makeup!

...but I can't...

Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap!

The scene shifts to the busy gymnasium of Bruce Wayne and his ward, Dick Grayson!

Get it, now? Left uppercut first... and then follow with a right-cross!

Golly... I couldn't even see that one!

Suddenly, a startling announcement pulls Bruce off guard... but Dick is too intent and eager... and—

We interrupt to bring you a special announcement! The Joker has escaped from jail!

Huh?
AFTER A SPECTACULAR PRISON ESCAPE, HE BRAZENLY ENTERED AN AMATEUR CONTEST...

RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!

TAKING EASY, DEMPSEY! LISTEN, OUR OLD CHUM, THE JOKER, IS UP TO HIS TRICKS AGAIN!

BLA...BLA... JOKER FREE! MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINAL... BLA... BLA...

AND IN HIS BIZARRE RETREAT, THE JOKER'S LAUGHTER MOUNTS AS HIS CUNNING BRAIN SPAWS A MASTER CRIME PLOT!

HA! HA! THAT'S ONE WAY OF ADVERTISING TO THE BATMAN THAT I'M FREE AGAIN! ADVERTISING... HA... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

THE NEXT MORNING... THE AD OFFICE OF THE GOTHAM GAZETTE...

WE CAN'T PUBLISH THIS! IT'S FROM THE JOKER!

DON'T FORGET, THIS IS A NEWSPAPER! THE AD IS PAID FOR... AND WE CAN INFORM THE POLICE... AND THEN THERE'S THE PUBLICITY!

AND SO THE GOTHAM GAZETTE PUBLISHES THIS FULL PAGE AD.

DICIKEY, MY LAD, LAY OUT OUR WORKING CLOTHES! WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS AGAIN! NOW... WHERE'S THE "WANT AD" SECTION?

GOVERNMENT GAZETTE WANT ADS

TO THE BATMAN:

THIS IS A CHALLENGE TO ANOTHER BATTLE OF WITS! IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, YOU CAN'T PUBLISH IT! LOOK IN THE "WANT AD" SECTION EVERY DAY. I'M ADVERTISING MY CRIMES NOW! HA! HA! THE JOKER!

LATER... AS DUSK FALLS, TWO MANTEL SHAPES PHANTOMLIKE OVER THE ROOFTOPS!

NOTHING IN THE "WANT AD" SECTION THAT SOUNDS MYSTERIOUS. EH?

NOTHING... BUT IF THE JOKER IS PLANNING SOMETHING, IT MIGHT BE BIG ENOUGH FOR US TO STUMBLE ACROSS— I HOPE!

SAY... LOOK DOWN THERE! ARE WE GOING BACK IN TIME?

MAYBE IT'S JUST OUR EYES GOING BACK ON US!
Suddenly, a cry... and a terribly familiar laugh!

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Jewelry

The Joker! Help!

Cruising police cars race from nearby sectors.

It came from around this corner!

But there is no clear passage on this narrow street choked with these age-old, ponderous, slow-moving vehicles...

Holy cats! We can't move!

Hey! Get these junk heaps out of the way!

Aboard a roaring motorcycle, the Joker weaves thru the tangled traffic...

Ha! Ha! It worked perfectly!

A lucky shot blasts a tire...

And, at that instant, the Batman and Robin whip downward in spectacular aerial assault!

Okay, Robin, here we go again!

Busy... always busy!
But the resourceful Joker moves fast!

Blast you! Move! Ha! Ha! Stir your stumps, that's it!

We'll never catch him now!

Want to bet we do? Sorry, Pop, but I've got to borrow this!

Like a scene from an era gone by is this mad chase of a tandem bicycle after a horse-drawn bus!

Hey, do you see what I see?

I can't tell you till my eyes pop back in their sockets!

Legs pumping like pistons, the duo gradually closes the gap and...

Come to Poppa!

Catlike, the crime-fighter picks his way over the lurching bus that tears along at a bone-jarring clip!

Crack!

Get off! This bus isn't taking any passengers!

Well, you've got one now!
JOKER AND BATMAN CLASH AGAIN... ATOP THE SLOPING SLIPPERY ROOF OF A SWAYING RATTLING BUS!

YOU... YOU DEVIL! HOW DID YOU EVER FIND ME?

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN!

WHACK!

YES... AND ONE IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU RIGHT NOW! HA! HA!

SUDDENLY ROBIN'S TIGHT LITTLE FRAME CATAPULTS FROM THE "BIKE!"

AS HIS STRONG HANDS REIN THE GALLOPING HORSES, THE JOKER MAKES A STRATEGIC RETREAT!

WHOA! WHOA!

NOT I! I'M JUST LEAVING!

DOWN INTO A SUBWAY RACES THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE!

HEY, PUT IN YOUR NICKEL!

MY FRIEND BEHIND ME IS PAYING!

YOU WON'T MAKE IT, BATMAN! HA! HA!

DON'T FORGET TO PAY MY FARE, BATMAN! HA! HA!

I'LL PAY YOUR FARE SOON... TO ALCATRAZ!
Later...

There! That's the ad that did the trick for the Joker!

By making all those old buggies appear at the same time, and by purposely picking a narrow street, the Joker blocked off all pursuit by the police! 66 Morris Street happens to be a store next door to the jeweler's. Clever, eh?

And how! I wonder what trick he's going to pull out of his hat next?

The next day, the two eagerly scan the want ads.

No, not a thing here that sounds suspicious! And don't forget, anything here might be used for crime in some way... but how can we pick the right one?

The same ad is read by the Harlequin of Hate...

Everyone thinks it's just publicity. Even the Batman won't suspect it as my quaint way of advertising another crime! Ha! Ha!

Gay almost forgot! I'm going to that show, Linda may phone if she can meet me later, so relay her message!

Love! Yah, love!

WANTED

Police to keep away crowds that will mob the premiere performance of Presto, the internationally famous magician at the Gotham Theater!

Ha! Ha! Here's a want ad! Swell publicity stunt for Presto, eh?

Wealthy "first nighters" attend the premiere of Presto, the internationally famous magician.

For my first trick, I will need some assistance, and so will choose three ladies from among you.

At that instant, Linda's message brings Dick before the theater in time to overhear...

You mean, that you, the publicity agent, didn't place that ad in the paper? I wish I had thought of it, but I didn't. The paper got the money and instructions anonymously through the mail. I can't understand it!

But I can - the Joker!
And onstage...

I place the three ladies inside the cabinet—so!

I close the door... wave my wand...

And presto... empty! They have disappeared!

And now I make myself disappear... like this! Ha! Ha! Ha!

That laugh! It's the Joker!

A scant instant discard of outer garb in the gloomy hall... and the Batman leaps to the stage.

The Batman!

Is he part of the show?

What...

The Batman!

I must have my glasses fixed! My eyes are goin' bad!

Of course! The old trapdoor stunt!

But as he drops below, a bludgeon crashes down in a cruel blow!

Do we plug the Batman?

No! Let him live! He is so amusing when he tries to match wits with me! Ha! Ha! Au Renoir, Batman; and Monsieur Presto! And thank you, ladies, for the jewelry... Ha! Ha!
At a touch, a wall slides back and the thieving trio steps into an underground passage!

I only found out about it myself by poring over some old blueprints of the theater!

This sewer hasn't been used for years! Now it provides us with the perfect getaway!

Huh! I'll bet everybody's forgotten about the old sewer!

As the boat rides the waters, the boy wonder, breathing with the aid of an old pipe, follows below the surface.

Then like the impatient fool-hardy young daredevil that he is, Robin flashes into action!

What?

Hey!

That's for Batman, you rats!

But the trio converses on the lone battler and holds him under water until he goes limp!

That's it! Now bring him along! I have a special treat in store for him!

When Robin regains consciousness:

Ah! I'm glad you're awake now! You've annoyed me no end with your interferences so I'm going to kill you... simply and quietly!
This is Plain Sulphur. Its fumes can overpower a human! Ha! Ha! Suffocates! Just like a blanket! Ha! Ha! Sleep well! Ha-ha! Good joke, eh? Ha! Ha!

The door closes... and helpless Robin is left alone to face a horrible, choking doom!

I can't get loose! I can't get loose... cough!

Minutes pass and the sulphurous fumes rise thickly about the boy like a malignant cloud!

(coff) I'm going to die... no... mustn't lose my head... must think... think... (coff)

Suddenly Robin's probing fingers encounter a wire...

A telephone wire... probably disconnected a long time ago! It's spliced at this point! Maybe... maybe...

Fumbling in their haste, his fingers slowly, laboriously unwind the tape from the spliced wires.

It might work... there's a chance... I've got a chance!

Then, when the spliced wires are unwound, Robin taps one wire against the other...

Out into space goes a call for help! Will it be heard... before it is too late?

Listen, Miss Henley! This S.O.S. has been coming over for the last few minutes!

Call the police! They'll trace it with their signal finder! Hurry!

And so a desperate message is transmitted over the wires.

Minutes later... a powerful frame rips a door from its hinges...

(cough) Robin, Robin! He's lying so still! Maybe... no... it can't be!

Will it be picked up by the Batman... in time?
HE'S STOPPED BREATHING! BETTER BRACE YOURSELF, BATMAN! THIS BOY'S DEAD!

NO... NO... NOT ROBIN... I WON'T BELIEVE IT... YOU HEAR ME... I WON'T...

EASY MAN! TALKING LIKE THAT WON'T BRING HIM BACK TO LIFE!

THEN MAYBE ACTION WILL! GET ME A PULMOTOR, SOMEBODY! HURRY!

THIS WILL PUMP THE POISONOUS GAS OUT AND FORCE FRESH AIR INTO HIS COLLAPSED LUNGS!

Is there yet a spark of life in Robins body? And can the pulmotor fan that spark to flame?

Expand... contract! Desperately science tries to stem the dark tide of death! Expand... contract...

C'mon, Robin... you've got to make it... fight, boy... fight your way back...

Then...

ROBIN... ROBIN! THANK HEAVEN!

Back home, Batman keeps an all-night vigil as the exhausted boy sleeps... until...

Batman! Bruce!

Hello, fella! Welcome home again!

I've got to tell you... the Joker... I heard him say something about painters for the kiddie candy sign!

Oh, yeah! I'd better take a look at the want ads for today!

With grim eyes, the Batman scans the ads until he stops at one...

Something tells me... this is what I'm looking for! I'm going to answer that ad... in person!

Gotham wanted two painter for work on large outdoor sign. Inquire 32 Hatfield St.
Atop the Martier Jewelry building, the disguised Joker puts his plan to work...

“Yessssss!”

And in the Jewelry store in the lobby of the building the Grin Jester acts with terribly familiar swiftness!

He’s taking the only elevator! We’ll have to take the stairs, mon!

“You two go ahead. I’ve got to take the stairs down to the floor below where I left the turpentine!”

When the roof is finally reached, the Joker is once again the innocent painter...

Hey, you up there! Did you see the Joker pass this way?

Not me! Did you fellows see him?

We didn’t see him!

At that moment, the Batman hears the news via the police call!

Calling all cars... Joker just robbed Martier’s Jewelry Store.

Well... well... action already!

A kiddie candy sign above Martiers! Now I know how the Joker worked this job... and where he is at this moment!

Moments later...

The Joker rips off his disguise and makes a desperate leap for the adjoining roof...

Hey, Joker!

The Batman!

I figured you’d show yourself when you saw me! When I get you... I’m...

But you’re not going to get me! Ha! Ha! Ha!

That’s your first mistake, brother!

Uh!
If the shoe fits, wear it! Ha! Ha!

I'll bet that one hurt!

Get away from me, or I'll give you a taste of gas!

And I'll give you a taste of heel, heel!

Down plunges the Joker, grabbing at anything to stop his fall!

Why... I wasn't even hurt! Wh...

Think so? Wait till I get through with you!

Try to kill Robin, will you? I'm going to give you the beating of your life!

CRASH!

Sometimes later...

Puzzled police found a bruised, battered Joker lying on the court steps. He was taken to a prison hospital for treatment...

Say... what did you do to that guy, anyway?

Oh, I just let him have a poke or two or three...

And the Joker is lucky, as a series of awnings does break his downward plunge!

The End.
Clancy the Cop

Hmmm - I wonder what kind of excitement I'll have today?

Help! There's a burglar inside the theatre!

It's coming from around this corner!

Help! Help! Help!

Oh-oh -- look at the movie!

I'll wait until he comes out. I saw the picture last week!!

Babes in Brooklyn

"PAYMENT IN FULL."

Night — and two caped figures reach the end of a thrilling manhunt...

Here it is, Robin... the hideout of Joe Dolan, wanted robber and murderer!

Well, what are we waiting for?
Within the house...

We're sittin', pretty, boys. We lifted forty grand an' only had to kill one guy -- an' the cops can't find us!

We'd get the chair if they did!

No hot seat for me! I got a drag with the district attorney. Once I--hey! Somebody's at the door!

If it's the law, I'll chop 'em down!

Suddenly...

Better surrender in a hurry, you crooks!

This'll blast him outa our hair!

The Batman!

If you don't, I'll have to slap you silly!

I'll slug him.

The small but powerful ally of the Batman flashes into the fray!

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust...

If this doesn't finish you...

Huh? What's this?

Then this one must!

Nice going, fella!
You won't be needing this any more, Smokey!

One bullet's all it'll take, if I put it in the right place!

You put it in the right place, as far as I'm concerned!

You clumsy fool, Smokey... you made me miss!

You've given headaches to a lot of people... have a couple yourselves!

Do I hear a hollow sound?

Later, at police headquarters...

They're all yours, Inspector!

You guys are just wastin' your time. Lee Benson, the district attorney, won't ever send me over the road!

Joe Dolan and his gang! Batman, how do you do it?

What's that about Lee Benson?

We was kids together--I saved his life once--he won't forget that! He's my pal!

And when district attorney Benson arrives at his office in answer to the Batman's summons...

And here's the evidence that will help you convict Joe Dolan and his mob!

Joe Dolan! Batman, you've just given me the toughest assignment of my life!

If it wasn't for Dolan, I wouldn't be alive today! How can I ask the state to take his life?

It's your duty, Benson--Dolan may have been decent when you were kids together, but he's a menace to society now!
MY DUTY, YES—but I'm human! I swore I'd be grateful to Dolan all my life; and do all I could to help him—
I'd better resign and let someone else handle the case!

THE CITIZENS OF THE STATE PUT THEIR TRUST IN YOU, AND YOU CAN'T LET THEM DOWN! PROMISE ME YOU'LL TAKE THE NIGHT TO THINK IT OVER!

NOW FOR BED! BUT I WON'T SLEEP FOR WONDERING WHAT BENSON WILL DECIDE.

IT WILL BE HARD FOR HIM, BUT HE'LL DECIDE IN THE ONLY WAY AN HONEST MAN COULD: HE'LL PROSECUTE DOLAN!

---

Nor is there any sleep that night for Lee Benson. Sitting before his fireplace at home, wrestling with his conscience as if in a dream, his mind turns backwards through the years.

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Back to a shabby block in the poorer section of the city.

---

And a frail, timid boy who was himself...

---

And a husky, reckless younger who was Joe Dolan!

Lee Benson's a sissy! He never plays with the other kids 'cause he's scared he'll get hurt.

Blinded by tears of loneliness, the shy boy turns to run from his tormentor...

Golly—why can't I be popular like Joe Dolan and the rest of the kids?
Abruptly...
A RUMBLING
OF WHEELS
---A CRY
OF WARNING---
and---

HEY!
LOOK OUT,
YOU POOR
FISH!

BRAKES
WON'T
STOP
IN
TIME.

---A FAST FRIENDSHIP GROWS
DURING LONG WEEKS IN A HOSPITAL---

A few moments later...
G-gee! (Sob)
THAT WAS THE
BRAVEST THING I
EVER SAW! I—I WISH
IT'D SEEN ME GET
HURT INSTEAD OF HIM!

SOMEBODY RUN FOR
A COP AND AN
AMBULANCE!

SHUCKS! I COULDN'T
LET YOU GET RUN DOWN,
COULD I?

AS LONG AS I LIVE,
I'LL BE
WATCHING
FOR A CHANCE
TO PAY YOU
BACK! IF I
CAN EVER HELP
YOU, YOU CAN
COUNT ON
ME!

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT,
LEE! I'M SORRY I
CALLED YOU A SISsy!

AND AFTERWARD, THE TWO CONTINUE
TO BE PALS—

How'd you
LIKE A PUNCH
IN THE SNOT,
BABY?

I NEVER
DID ANYTHING
TO YOU!

HE'S MY PAL, SEE?
ANYBODY WHO WANTS
TO PICK ON HIM
HAS GOT TO PICK
ON ME, TOO!

BUTCH,
YOU LEAVE
LEE ALONE!

I GIVE UP!
I DIDN'T
MEAN,
NOTHIN'!
But as the years pass, a change comes over Joe Dolan...

Gosh... where did you get all that money, Joe?

Somedays an' me swiped some stuff an' sold it! Why don't you come out with us tonight?

Not me... and if you've got any sense, you'll never steal again! It's wrong! You know what'll happen to you if you keep on!

Nothin' happens to nobody if they're smart... an' I'm plenty smart!

The years roll by...

Are ya gonna be a dope all your life, pal? Why don't ya join our gang? Robbin' stores is easy, an' the law's the bunk!

The law's no joke to me! I'm studying it. I'm going to be a lawyer some day!

Now the friends begin to drift apart, as Lee spends his nights with his books...

I'm tired but I can't go to bed yet... examinations are next week...

And Joe's nights are spent in another kind of endeavor.

This is the easiest way of makin' money! I know of guys who work for a livin' are goopy!

Both advance rapidly in their chosen careers...

I believe in your innocence, Mr. Jordan... I'll be glad to defend you in court.

Benson attorneys... they told me you were one of the best lawyers in town!

Try to stop me, will ya?
AND EACH RECEIVES HIS SHARE OF NEWSPAPER HEADLINES...

BENSON TO RUN FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

DOLAN HUNTED IN PAYROLL HOLDUP

FELLOW CITIZENS, I PROMISE TO JUSTIFY YOUR FAITH IN ELECTING ME. I SHALL WORK UNCEASINGLY TO STAMP OUT CRIME AMONG US, SHOWING MERCY TO NONE WHO DOES NOT DESERVE IT, WHOEVER HE MAY BE!

BENSON FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

LEE BENSON FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

This, then, is the background of our story... and as for the district attorney's anxiety about his debt to his boyhood friend and protector, Joe Dolan...

...Dolan himself is hastening, the solution of that problem!

GUARD! OH, GUARD! I'M SICK! I'M DYIN'! CALL A DOCTOR, QUICK!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU HAVING A BAD DREAM ABOUT THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, DOLAN?

I'LL NEVER LIVE TO GO TO THE CHAIR! I'M BURNIN' UP WITH FEVER. JUST FEEL MY HEAD!

LUCKY FOR ME SOME PEOPLE ARE DUMB!

AAAGH!

WHAT A JAIL! ONLY ONE GUARD IN THE WHOLE CELL BLOCK! THESE KEYS'LL GET ME OUT THE SIDE DOOR WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE!

I'LL LAY LOW IN A PLACE I KNOW ABOUT IN THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD. TILL I CAN GET A NEW GANG... THEN I'LL PAINT THIS TOWN RED!
Next morning’s headlines prove startling to Bruce Wayne and his young ward, Dick Grayson—

Looks as if we’ll have to become the Batman and Robin again, Dick!

All our trouble for nothing!

In Benson’s office...

This saves you from fighting with your conscience, doesn’t it?

Catch Dolan and I’ll go ahead with the prosecution! My duty comes before my personal feelings!

Then I’ll try and round him up for you again, have you any idea where he might be headed?

It’s just possible that I have!

Years ago, when Joe first started to go wrong, he and some other hoodlums hid their loot in an old sewer tunnel. Joe might have picked that tunnel as a safe hiding place!

An underground hideout? Sounds exciting!

If you’ll tell us how to find it, Benson...

I’ll do better than that—I’ll take you there!

There used to be an entrance to the tunnel from the basement of this house!

We’ll go in through a window!

Inside the gloomy cellar... the district attorney leads the duo towards an abandoned boiler...

Here it is! The front of this old boiler swings open on make-shift hinges—the entrance to the tunnel was cut through directly behind the boiler... so no one would suspect!

Boy, what a scary place!

Boy, what a scary place!

No lights! We don’t want him to see us first!

A mighty clever camouflage. Let me go first. I’ll see what we can find!
Meanwhile, in a cavern-like recess of the tunnel...

This is worse'n jail! The only good thing about it is, I can leave whenever I want! Bah! This solitaire is gettin' on me nerves!

Distant sounds make the fugitive instantly alert...

What's that... probably rats... but I better make sure!

Creeping into the tunnel, the jittery Dolan spies a shadowy silhouette...

Can't see into that darkness, who's there? Speak up, or I'll blast ya!

Benson makes a forlorn attempt to reason with his one-time friend...

It's Lee Benson, Joe! Surrender and I'll guarantee you'll have a fair trial!

I'm afraid he won't like your proposition!

What? Benson?

Benson! You double-crossing heel! I shoulda let that truck run over you!

Lie flat! He's got the upper hand right now!

I'm hit!

This is no picnic!

Blasting lead covers the retreat of the desperate fugitive criminal...

Gotta get outta here! Even if I've killed him, Benson might've told the cops about this place!

This town's gettin' too hot for me. I better take it on the lam till things cool down!
Moments later...

Dolan came out here....we'll get you to a hospital, then try to pick up his trail!

I can manage all right!

Hospital! Nothing! That bullet only scratched me! I'm mad now, and I'm sticking with you!

You're old enough to know better, Benson, but we haven't time to argue if we want to catch him.

There he goes!

We'll have to commandeer a car in a hurry!

Get goin' sister! Take the shortest way outa town! One false move an' I'll blow your pretty head off!

I'll do what you say. Please, don't shoot!

Boy! This looks like a fast car—hope!

The owner of this car wouldn't mind if he knew what we wanted it for!

My office and the police department will okay it!

The Batman "borrows" a parked car!

Perilously whipping in and out of traffic, the cars streak toward the river like runaway meteors...

He'll never get away!

They'll never get me!

Whew! He almost won a cigar with that one!
The mad nightmare chase leads to a bridge crossing the river...

We're gaining on him!

The terrified girl's taut nerves snap, and the speeding car careens madly through the railing into the side road...

I can't go on! Ooohhhhh!

You done that on purpose!

Desperation hurls the crazed criminal outward and downward in a death-defying dive...

They won't dare follow me!

Stunned by his impact with the icy waters, he floats helplessly...

While up above, Lee Benson acts before the Batman can prevent him...

He's unconscious! He'll drown!

Killer or not, he saved my life once and I can't see him drown like this!

Come back here, you're wounded! I'll go after him!
Weakened by his wound, the district attorney strokes feebly to the side of the senseless Dolan...

I'll save him... or die trying!

And two mantled figures plummet swiftly to his aid...

They'll never get to shore without help!

But superhuman effort drives Lee Benson beyond the limits of ordinary strength...

Huh? Where am I? Who's got hold of me?

It's Lee---your old chum. Remember when you saved my life?

Now... we're even! I don't owe you anything!

But I owe you somethin', Copper!

Oh, wouldn't I?

Joe! You... you wouldn't!

You're just the kind of sissy that would remember old times! But me, I'm tough! I only worry about myself! After this hits you, you won't go puttin' the Batman on my trail no more!

In his blind frenzy, the killer does not see the charging agents of his doom...

Another second will be too late!

Maybe this piece of driftwood will help!
Mr. Benson, the State Committee was so impressed by your handling of the Dolan case that we've decided to nominate you for Governor.

Why, I... I hardly know what to say!

I thought I was smart, but I was a dope... If only I could start over again... but it's too late!

And in Bruce Wayne's home...

Mr. Wayne and Mr. Wayne's assistant... Crime rots people from the inside out, Dick! If everyone realized that there wouldn't be any need for the Batman and Robin in the world!
Gran'pa

Huh?

Why, that's an outrage! It's robbery!

Huh?

But ha! Just leave it to yur Gran'pappy to pull it fer you!

Hi, how ya gonna do it, huh?

Now this won't hurt—just hold still while I tie this string aron' yur tooth!

Aw—why don't you act your age? You won't feel a thing!

It isn't gonna hurt you a bit!

See—just can't hurt—ugh! Hey!

I might as well be truthful. This is gonna hurt you!

Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief, even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co. 90-J Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N.Y.

A Real Prize!

Yessir, gang... here's a comic magazine that's just loaded with top features!

Now on sale
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LEADING COMICS

GREEN LANTERN

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION

LOOK FOR THIS TRADEMARK FOR THE BEST IN COMIC MAGAZINES!

ALL-STAR COMICS

ALL-FLASH QUARTERLY

MUTT AND JEFF

NOW ON SALE
SAY, AL - HOW IS STONE COMIN' WITH TH' BABY ELEPHANT?

BOSS, I DON'T THINK HE KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT TRAINING AN ELEPHANT - ALL HE DOES IS READ BOOKS!

I'M NOT LOSIN' THIS JOB JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE DUMB!

HOW LISSEN, PEANUT - THE BOSS ISN'T GONNA KEEP FEEDIN' US - WE'VE GOTTA GET BUSY AND LEARN SOME TRICKS, OR I'M GON' OUT ON MY EAR!

I'VE GOT A SWELL IDEA FOR AN ACT. NOW SIT DOWN - I'M GONNA TRY IT OUT.

OKAY, STONE - YOU'RE THROUGH - FIRED. I'M GETTIN' SOMEONE THAT KNOWS HOW TO TRAIN ELEPHANTS.

SCRAM!

IF HE SCRAMS.

I SCRAMS!

A TALKING ELEPHANT ??!

SURE MY PAL STONE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNOW!

SEE?

SAY, STONE - THAT'S THE ONLY TALKING ELEPHANT IN THE WORLD - WE'VE GOT A FORTUNE HERE! I'M RAISING YOUR SALARY!

GOSH, PEANUT - IT'S A GOOD THING I TOOK UP VENTRiloQUIsm!
In the law courts of the land, men are often weighed on the scales of justice and rightfully found wanting. But sometimes those delicate scales are tilted by a human hand with a sinister purpose... and an innocent man's life is forever ruined! As a mighty barrier against these errors of justice looms the stalwart caped form of the Batman! Follow him now on a mission of mercy as he and Robin set out on the high-tension adventure of...

"Bandits in Toyland!"

A tense, stirring struggle...

...And the sinewy figure of the mighty Batman is sent spinning thru the air by a pair of sturdy legs!
But his opponent is only Robin, the Boy Wonder...in a wrestling drill with a master coach!

Well, I broke that hold, Batman!

Good work, Robin! Now let's tackle some other exercise! Practice makes perfect, you know!

A brisk shower, and the dynamic duo dress for their everyday roles of playboy Bruce Wayne and his young ward, Dick Grayson!

Look at those headlines, Bruce! Some gang is robbing kids of their toys!

The cheap crooks! Next thing they'll be stealing pennies from blind men!

Bold headlines conjure up a puzzling crime picture!

Otham Gazette
Night Edition

Toy bear stolen from nursery—a mystery...

Church Due

Camp Line

Brit Des Mal

Youngster robbed of mechanical mule

Skating doll stolen from marriage

Hmm...The police say one of those thugs might be a member of 'Muscles' Malone's gang!

But why should a big shot like 'Muscles' be stealing toys? That's not like...Wait a minute...There's the doorbell!
MR. BRUCE WAYNE, A SUMMONS FOR YOU.

So you've been up to some mischief, eh, Bruce?

No, Dick... it's a summons for immediate jury duty! I'm going to be on the convicting end of the law instead of the catching, for a change!

Well, since you're going to be tied up at court, I think I'll look into those toy robberies myself.

Oh, no you don't! You've got to study for an examination, youngster!

Later, impaneled as a juror, Bruce Wayne listens to the trial of Tom Willard.

Don't cry, dear! I'm innocent! Everything will be all right!

Your honor, as my first witness, I call upon the manager of Thompson's luxury shop, from whose premises the defendant is accused of stealing $200,000 worth of gems! Mr. Henry Burton!

Proceed, Mr. Burton!

Well, we were taking inventory in the jewelry department of the store one day.

Your Gem Expert suddenly noticed that a number of the stones in the vault were counterfeit!

These are clever paste reproductions!

Then we've been robbed! One of our employees has substituted these fakes for the real gems!

"A fortune in gems had been stolen! But how? The men were always inspected by a fluoroscope machine before leaving the store!"
A store detective and I searched the lockers where the employees kept their coats—and in one of them...

Here are some of those jewels, Mr. Burton! Aha! Tom Willard's locker! He must have been robbing us for months!

Obviously, Willard hid the gems in his jacket during business hours.

Thank you, Mr. Burton! That will be all!

That fellow doesn't look like a crook! Nice wife, too! No, a job like this would require a clever gang of organized thieves!

Suddenly, Bruce's attention is attracted by a pair of familiar faces among the spectators...

Patsy Day and Johnny Teal... Members of 'Muscles' Malone's gang! Wonder what they're joking about? I'll soon find out!

Keen eyes effortlessly translate those furtively moving mouths... For Bruce Wayne... The Batman... is an accomplished lip-reader!

Say, Johnny, that Willard kid looks hooked, don't he?

Yeah, the big boss framed him good!

So my hunch is right! But how can I prevent the law from making a grave error?

Later in the jury room, twelve good men and true decide the fate of a fellow man!

The third ballot... and it's still eleven for guilty and one against! Gentlemen, we can't go home until we reach a verdict. Who's holding out?

I am! I think Willard was framed! How could he have managed to sneak all those gems out of the store?

The argument waxes furiously until dusk!

Time for dinner, gentlemen! Then you'll have to be locked up for the night at a hotel!

All Wayne's fault! We're kept away from our families, just because he's stubborn!

Hmph! A lot these wealthy playboys know about law!
That night, at Bruce Wayne's hotel room...

Whew! Those fellows think I'm crazy! But that man's innocent, I know! And I only have until morning to prove it!

Minutes later, a mantled figure swings out into the night on an errand of justice—The Batman!

That's enough studying! I'm going out to see what 'Muscles' Malone has to do with those toy robberies! Won't Bruce be surprised if I solve this case myself?

Meanwhile, young Robin becomes restless...

Patsey Day and Johnny Teal know something about this case! Here I come, boys!

Later... at the Van Courtley residence...

There's a toy around here that I want... a little tank! Where is it?

I don't know! I'm the butler—the family is out. I... I believe the toy you mention was left at the playground nearby!

A sudden noise at the window... and into the room plunges the laughing boy wonder...

Hey, 'Muscles'! Look out!

Old men and kids... that's who you mug! Tackle! Well...

...how do you like this little boy?
Here... keep "muscles" company. He looks lonesome!

Get that little brat!

A battling bantam, young Robin rips and lashes with feet and fist!

But even Robin's superbly trained body cannot long stand before the cataract of human bodies that deluges him!

"Be still, or I'll dent your scalp!"

That plant is very becoming on you!

Soon afterward from Malone's headquarters...

The boss wants us to meet him... we gotta look for a lost toy.

Yeah! And then we only got two more places to search... the doll house and the Hendricks mansion!

They'll convict that Willard sap sure! And we're in the clear!

And this is one job the Batman aint wise to! Boy, we put it over, all right!

Little do the elated mobsters realize how close the Batman is at that very moment!

Presently, at the playground!

Say, who's that kid they got there?

Toys... Willard? I wonder what children's toys have got to do with the Thompson jewelry robbery?
LET'S FINISH THIS PEST NOW!

NAW! MUSCLES SAYS HE'S GONNA SEND THE BATMAN A SPECIAL PRESENT OF HIS PAL! ALL WRAPPED UP IN TAR AND FEATHERS!

LIKE A GIANT BAT, A DREAD COWLED FIGURE SWOOPS DOWN FROM OUT OF THE NIGHT!

THANKS, BUT I'LL TAKE THE PRESENT JUST AS IT IS, IF YOU DON'T MIND!

HEY, "MUSCLES"! THE BATMAN!

Huh? He should be locked up on jury duty!

I TOLD YOU TO STUDY, ROBIN, DIDN'T I?

THIS IS MUCH MORE INTERESTING THAN GEOMETRY!

AN ANGRY ROAR CUTS THROUGH THE PLAYGROUND...

WHAT'RE YOU WAITING FOR, YOU FOOLS? IT'S THE BATMAN! GET HIM BEFORE HE CUTS US!

UNDANOUNED, THE DYNAMIC DUO MEETS THE CHALLENGE!

BROKER, RAT HERE, WILL HELP YOU!

...BECAUSE... RISE UP IN THE WORLD!
Well known to Gotham City is that quaint residence called Doll House... the harmless whim of an eccentric old lady... there, in a make-believe world of her own, kindly Grandma Drew softly croons to her strange children...

Ah, my children! How happy they are!

The white-haired mistress of Doll House presses a lever that gives speech to her puppet pets.

Good night, Grandma! Good night, Grandma Drew!
GOOD NIGHT, MY LITTLE ONES. AND NOW I'LL TURN OUT THE LIGHTS!

BUT A SUDDEN HARSH INTERRUPTION MARS THE PATHETIC SCENE!

SH-H! YOU'LL DISTURB MY CHILDREN! THEY'RE GOING TO SLEEP NOW!

SO WILL YOU, OLD LADY, IF YOU DON'T KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, HA! THERE'S THE TOY I WANT... THAT BETSY ROSS DOLL!

WE'RE GOING OVER TO THE HENDRICKS' PLACE! YOU TWO STAY HERE, JUST IN CASE THE BATMAN HAS TRAILED US! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

WE GOTCHA, BOSS. WE'LL FILL HIM WITH LEAD!

OH, THOSE BAD, BAD MEN! IF ONLY I COULD WARN THE BATMAN!

PRESENTLY, A SHADOWY FIGURE GLIDES UNSUSPECTINGLY TOWARD THE DOOR OF THE DOLL ROOM!

THAT'S FUNNY... EVERYTHING'S SO QUIET! MAYBE "MUSCLES" DIDN'T COME HERE YET!

ABRUPTLY, A GRIM COMMAND BARKS OUT FROM BEYOND THE DOOR.

HANDS UP!

CAUTIOUSLY, HE KICKS THE DOOR OPEN... AND AN AMAZING TABLEAU GREETED HIS STARTLED EYE!

THERE'S THE BATMAN! SAY—

SO YOU WERE WAITING FOR ME, EH?

HEADS... YOU LOOSE!

CRACK!

THERE, THERE, GRANDMA DREW... EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW, BUT WHO CALLED OUT "HANDS UP!" AND MADE THEM DROP THEIR GUNS? YOU WERE TIED AND GAGGED!

OH, I DIDN'T DO THAT! ONE OF MY CHILDREN DID!
I pressed a lever with my chin, this way, and... see?

Ha, ha! That's rich! Two tough muggs tricked by a cowboy doll! The police will like that when they get here!

Hands up!

Meanwhile, Robin has been prowling the Hendricks mansion...

Say, what do you want here? I don’t know you. Listen, junior, I'm going to help you! Some thieves are going to steal one of your toys!

Rot! Who would want to steal my toys? And why are you wearing that silly costume?

Now, look...

Wait a minute! I've got a marvelous idea! You stand right there... I want to show you something!

Okay, but why...

The click of a switch... and Robin finds himself the victim of a practical joke.

Ha! Ha! My prisoner of war! Ha! You're much better than the butler—He's too fat!

Let me out, you spoiled park avenue brat! Those crooks will be here any minute!

Sooner than that, you meddlesome punk! My, look at him... haw! haw! Take your hands off me!

If I could only put my hands on you, Junior!
COME ON KID, TALK! WHERE'S THAT TOY SUBMARINE YOUR FATHER BOUGHT YOU?

OUCH! YOU'RE HURTING ME! IT... IT WAS RETURNED TO THE STORE BECAUSE IT DIDN'T WORK!

LET'S PLAY, PUNKS... YOU LIKE TOYS SO MUCH!

I'LL PULL YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL, BATMAN!

AND JUST THEN, BY AN UNLUCKY TWIST OF FATE, THE VALIANT CRIME-FIGHTER SKIPS OVER A TOY...

ONE BULLET... AND YOU'RE THROUGH!

I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, QUICK!

AND STARES INTO THE YAWNING MOUTH OF DEATH!

SHREWD, ROVING EYES SWIFTLY FOCUS ON AN OBJECT OVERHEAD... THEN, A LIGHTNING PULL AT A CORD AND...

AND JUST THEN... WHAT'S HAPPENING?

JUNIOR'S PARACHUTE TROOPS, 'MUSCLES!' A LITTLE INVASION!

ALERTLY, ROBIN ADDS SOUND EFFECTS TO THE MINIATURE BATTLE!

BLANK CARTRIDGES—I THOUGHT SO!

LET ME OUT OF HERE... IT'S A BLITZ!

THE ENEMY HAS RETREATED! ROBIN IS FREE!

NOW I KNOW HOW THE GEMS GOT OUT OF THE THOMPSON STORE! AND THE BIG BOSS MUST BE SOMEONE WHO HAS A LIST OF ALL CUSTOMERS!

THEY'RE GOING THERE NOW FOR JUNIOR'S TOY, THAT REMINDS ME... WAIT A SECOND!

HELP! SOMEBODY RELEASE ME! HELP!

OKAY, BATMAN, LET'S GO! JUNIOR DOESN'T LIKE SOME OF HIS OWN MEDICINE...
In the toy department of the Thompson luxury shop...

I tell you, the toy must have been put back in stock!

I found it, 'Muscles!' Here it is!

But before the crime chief can respond, two human tidal waves engulf him!

The Batman!

Yes, don't you know we always sit in the balcony?

I'll race you, Robin — bet my man wins!

It's a bet! Yippee! They're off!

My man won!

So I lost... Tsk... tsk.

Presently, under the terrific barrage of battering blows...

Batman, here's a necklace that was hidden in this toy submarine!

That's how this crooked rat robbed his store! He substituted fake jewels and hid the real gems in toys! To cover up, he framed Tom Willard... didn't you, Henry Burton?

Yes! Malones men were to buy them, but the toys got mixed up! Then we had to robs the customers who had bought the right ones...

Robin... there's something I want you to do! Listen —

You're getting fat... need some exercise!

Oof!
The Next Morning... in the Jury Room...

Guilty... Guilty! That makes twelve... unanimous! Well, I'm glad to see you finally came to your senses, Wayne!

I don't know. I still think he's innocent, but I didn't want to delay matters any longer.

Gentlemen of the Jury, have you reached a verdict?

Yes, Your Honor... we find Tom Willard... Guilty!

A deadly hush stills the courtroom, broken only by a woman's soft sobs, when suddenly...

A package for you, Your Honor... to be opened immediately! Material witness, Sir!

The carton is torn open... and a giant bat wings its way upward!

Bless my soul! A bat!

And a letter! "This will inform the Court that the real gems thieves have been apprehended! Henry Burton's confession is in the hands of the police stating that Tom Willard was framed! signed Batman. Is this true, Officer?"

Yes, Your Honor!

Case discharged! Court dismissed!

Wayne... you were right! We owe you an apology! And the Batman should be rewarded! If not for him...

We all make mistakes--I just had a hunch!

That happy couple is reward enough for Batman!

And as Bruce walks down the courthouse steps and winks at the statue of justice... Justice may be blindfolded... but she isn't blind!
Say, pal... Do you realize there's a terrific Batman and Robin adventure every month in Detective Comics... plus that great new war-action feature, "The Boy Commandos".

Right, brother! And you'd better not miss those five favorite features in the second issue of Leading Comics!

Both now on sale!
THIN lips compressed, his hard, cruel eyes straining on the road ahead as powerful headlights proved ineffective against the fog. Trigger Thames pushed the accelerator down to the floor and the heavy car gave up every ounce of its 120-horse strength.

But to Trigger it still wasn't enough to put the miles behind him. He cursed the bad break that had allowed the bank watchman to sound the alarm before being shot. Otherwise, the robbery wouldn't have been discovered until morning. There would also have been no robbery if buying this car from a fence in Biloxi hadn't taken all his cash. After that, Trigger had decided to knock over a small town bank.

The watchman was dead because he had gotten in the way. But the fool had lived long enough to give the cops a description of the car. Trigger learned this over the radio, also that the scar on his face hadn't gone unnoticed.

And then the fog had come up, heavy and ghostly. Keeping to the less-travelled highways, Trigger had managed to put a good many miles between him and his would-be captors. Not enough for safety, though.

Trigger's body stiffened; his hand stole to the gun alongside him as a yellow light suddenly appeared out of the murky gloom. A single light! Instinctively, Trigger knew that it was a motorcycle cop. A state copper!

Snarling, he gripped the wheel and prodded the car forward. The officer's form, alongside his wheel, appeared in the middle of the road. His arms were raised. Trigger drove the car forward, then swung the wheel and felt the impact of the motorcycle off his bumper. He thought he saw the officer fly through the air.

The sudden whine of a bullet made him realize he hadn't harmed the officer. The man must have had his gun ready, fired as Trigger's car raced along. There was another sharp crack. Then silence. Trigger smiled grimly to himself. No gun could reach him now.

He snapped on the map light, studied the map he had picked up at a service station. It wouldn't pay to stay on this highway. The tires screamed in protest when Trigger, a few moments later, cut off to the right.

Pridefully, he told himself that not many mobsters would have been able to think the way he had done. Run down the cop's bike, then let him try and catch you. His eyes strayed to the speedometer and he decided to slow down. This road wasn't built for speed. It—he started—what was wrong with the gas gauge? It was going down too fast!

Trigger stopped the car, pulled a flashlight from the glove compartment, and ran to the gas tank. His worst fears were realized: the cop's second shot had punctured the tank!

Quickly, Trigger tore strips from his handkerchief and plugged the hole. It was almost beneath the bottom of the tank. Luckily, he had discovered the leak before all the gas went. Then, as realization of his plight came in full, Trigger's face assumed an air of concern. That cop would call up from the first house he came to. The gas stations would be covered!

Panic took control of Trigger when he returned to the wheel of the car. It was a few moments before he felt calm enough to go on. All his life he had gone along without capture just by figuring the angles. Now he had made a mistake by not carrying extra gas.

Through the gloom, his headlights showed a forked road. Trigger went to the right as an idea entered his mind: there must be farms around here. It wasn't so late. Perhaps he could borrow some gas from a farmer. Buoyed by this hope, he drove the car onward.

* * *

Like a sullen crore the swampland lay before him, curling long, withered fingers around the heavy car as it inch ed over the moist road. The headlights were but fireflies in the inky blackness, a ghostly gloom made more compelling by the presence of fantastic, top-heavy magnolia trees.

It seemed as though death itself ruled this particular part of the Mississippi backwoods.

Trigger laughed nervously, trying to hold back his fears. "I can beat this," he muttered. "I've gotten out of tighter spots than this one." Intent on thoughts of himself, his eyes had strayed from the road. Now, returning, they tensed.

Was that a light ahead? Trigger squinted through the mist at the yellowish spot that suddenly appeared. His heart skipped a beat as a hot breeze parted a low-hanging branch of magnolia and he saw that it was indeed a light.

And a light meant a house. He might even stay there long enough to eat. These backwoods people would do anything for money. Usually, they all had Model T Fords; if they had no extra gas, they'd get it for him.

Craftiness tenanted Trigger's eyes as the car drew toward the house. He'd better get his story ready. What was it now? Yes, he was lost, and out of gas. Could they help him and set him on the right road?

Light blazed in the doorway as Trigger got out of the car. His hand darted to his gun as he saw the shotgun in the man's hand. Then he paused. "Look out!" the man said, "You're in spike grass."

The warnig came too late. A sharp pain cut into Trigger's
foot as he stepped heavily down. He yelled, saw the man coming toward him with a lantern, and retraced back into the safety of the car.

The farmer skirted the car. "I—tried—to—tell—you," he panted, "You was in a patch of spike-brush. Get out this side, stranger."

Trigger limped out, eyes wondering. The man guided him around the car, stopped and lowered the lantern. There was a sort of brush beneath it, stiff and straight.

"You're lucky it didn't go through your tires, stranger," the man said. "Guess you just missed it." He sounded apologetic. "Allus told myself I'd clear it away. Dangerous for us 'cause we don't wear shoes. But I never expected a visitor at this hour."

"It's all right," Trigger said. "I lost my way and ran out of gas."

"I got some I can spare," the farmer said. "Come on into the house. Just follow me."

He advanced toward the house, Trigger following. It was one of the type the natives called a "dogtrot." It had a central corridor open to hounds and stray breezes. The roof sloped downward. To either side of the central corridor were small rooms, for cooking and sleeping.

The house was old-fashioned. It was lighted by an old kerosene lamp, which stood on the table. It was to the kitchen that the old man took Trigger. His name was Mains.

"Better let me look at that foot of yours," he said, resting the shotgun against the wall. From a side room a radio blared. Mains, Trigger discovered, was slightly deaf. He stared at Trigger as the latter declined medication.

"I'll have it looked at in Jackson," he said. "I've got to be there by morning. If you'll just get the gas, I'll pay you for it."

"Sure. Sure." The old man nodded vigorously. "Too bad maw ain't here. But she and the girl went to town to a movie. Me, I don't like them. Hmm. Yes, the gas. I got it out in the barn. Just make yourself comfortable, stranger. Listen to the radio."

Trigger nodded impatiently and helped himself to a drink of water while the man was out. It was cool, spring water and it tempered the heat of his feverish throat. His foot was hurting him, but he could have it looked at later.

The tin drinking cup fell from his hand as the dance music in the next room ceased. There was a flash on.

"A man believed to be Trigger Thames, bank robber and murderer, tonight almost killed a State Trooper on Highway One. Citizens are warned to be on the lookout for him. He has a livid scar on the left side of his face and—"

* * *

Trigger snapped off the blaring radio. If that old fool of a farmer had heard that—! He turned back toward the kitchen. His eyes contracted as he saw Mains in the doorway, looking at him.

"What's the matter?" Trigger rasped.

"Ah . . . nothing . . . nothing." He held up a can, his eyes on Trigger's face. "I brought the gas, Mister. Want me to fill your car?"

"I'll take it!" Trigger grabbed the can from the man, thrust a bill into his hand. He was breathing easier now; the old fool probably hadn't heard a thing.

He turned, moved toward the door; then, remembering, started back. That shotgun! The guy might have been waiting for a chance to get at it.

His eyes lighted murderously as in the fraction of a second he saw his hunch come true. The farmer was reaching for the gun.

He screamed as Trigger's bullet entered his shoulder and he fell against the wall. "So you did hear it?" Trigger grunted, leaping for the shotgun. His fingers closed over it and he flung it through the kitchen window. The man's eyes were closed.

Trigger, gasoline can in hand, ran for the door. The old man's lantern was on the porch. Trigger seized it, slowly down his run to a walk, remembering the spear-grass. He ran around the car. He'd better get out of here before Mains' wife and kid got back. The gas could be put in a little later.

Trigger climbed into the car and, as he did so, he saw Mains stagger out of the house, the kerosene lamp in his hand. Somehow, he had managed to get to his feet and now, half-crazed, was pursuing Trigger.

He plunged into the gloom, the light wavering in his hands. He was an easy target and Trigger meant to use it.

Trigger squeezed the gun as Mains came closer. The lamp described an arc in the air just as Trigger gunned the motor. Trigger got a glimpse of Mains falling. Then he snapped off the brake.

Suddenly, the car was enveloped in flames. Trigger screamed in terror but even a scream couldn't be heard over the explosion that took place.

* * *

An hour later, called by Mrs. Mains, State Troopers removed the blackened body of Trigger Thames from the twisted car. "The reward he'll bring will pay for plenty of doctor's care for your husband, Mrs. Mains," one of the troopers said. "We're sure glad Mains is going to be all right."

Another trooper, studying the back of the car said: "Here it is. Look!"

They bent over, saw the spike-like blade sticking into the gas tank. The blade was charred.

"He must have had a gas leak and it flowed out, making a puddle," the trooper said. "And when Mains' light hit it, the thing blew up." He shook his head. "Funny, Trigger never knew his tank was leaking. I always read where he was a smart guy—you know, one of those who figures out all the angles."
Grandpa Peters

1. My grandpa Clem Peters is now going to tell me how one time when he was stranded on the Ham on Rye one of the Sandwich Islands and got very lightweighted from eating nothing but pickles, he hauled off and rescued himself with sun stones.

2. When he was in a dark cave one day looking for mustard so he could eat a sandwich he found some funny feeling stones and when he took them outside at high noon to examine them they flew out of his hand straight up towards the sun.

3. Them stones never came down again!

4. So he layed down and worried about it till pretty soon a big idea came to him and all that night he worked in the dark cave and made an invention from his idea to try out the next day when high noon came again.

5. My grandpa working in the dark cave. The little spots are lightning bugs, but they didn’t do him much good to see by he said because they wouldn’t all get lit at once and stay lit so they might as well not have been there. Don’t pay any attention to them if you don’t feel like it.

6. The next day just before high noon he was waiting for the sun to get straight up over him to see what happened. You can see what he did the night before, he strung a lot of the stones together and on one end he had a seat for himself. Now it is almost high noon. Only 10 seconds to go.

High Noon!!

The Sun Stones started for the sun and pulled my grandpa up after them. And soon the ham on Rye island was left behind and he was over just plain ocean.
My grandpa's weight kept the sun stones from getting to the sun, but they were always trying to do it and as fast as the sun traveled, my grandpa did, but a cloud came along, a nasty looking one too. He got nervous!

When the cloud got between the sun and the sun stones the sun couldn't pull them up any more so they started back down. All my grandpa could do was to hold on tight and trust to luck, so that is what he did to kill time till he landed.

Happy landing on a ceilingrus. It looked something like a walrus, but felt more like a feather bed. My grandpa said the ceilingrus was waked up out of a sound sleep and they are extra fierce when that happens. My grandpa was scared.

Then the strangest thing happened. The ceilingrus started to purr like a saw-mill and right away my grandpa caught on. It was a lady ceilingrus and the sun stones around her neck made her feel good. Maybe she even thought she looked good.

Everybody knows the ceilingrus is the very wildest thing in the world. But this one was like a little kitten to my grandpa. She understood fish language and my grandpa could talk it, so they got along swell and started for —— Ahhhh!
The Big Eight!
"Tops" in Monthly Comic Magazines

Now on Sale Everywhere!
What happens when crime sprouts wings? Meet the Canary! She warbles a sweet song-like the scheming sirens of old! Joe Crow... whose heart is as black as his namesake! Buzzard Benny... big, branny... beastly! And now... the queerest bird of all... whose jovial manner belies a racket-hatching brain... meet that infamous Umbrella Man... THE PENGUIN!

Yes, he's back to fly his feathered friends to a crime-nest, until the Batman and Co.—but why give the secret away? Read it yourself, in this bizarre tale or... "Four Birds of a Feather!"

But birds do not stay... they hate the cold and migrate southward in quest of the sun...

Snow and storm herald old man winter. He swirls into Gotham City and plucks icily at its inhabitants!
Other “Birds,” too! Think of the warm Southland... Birds of prey... human vultures!

BZZARD, the Night-club business is dead! Yeah, crow! The canary, here, ain’t even got one customer to sing to!

Let’s shake this town and go south... Florida! The tourist trade down there is full of chumps!

Now we meet another “Bird” whose waddling gait and cherubic face masks evil purpose... the PENGUIN!

Real PENGUINS relish the cold, but new... love... a car! Ho, there! HALT!

Shades of Shelley, but this is delightful! My old compatriots the ever-lovely canary, Joe Crow and buzzard Benny! The PENGUIN! Hop in! We’re drivin’ down south!

We heard the Batman was on your tail!

The Batman? We’ll find it hard to put salt on my tail... ha, ha!

We want to open a night club in Florida, with gambling as the real racket! Only we need more dough to get started!

Then behold your new partner, the proceeds of my last escapade, the Hobo’s “Jungle” affair!

The Penguin’s twisted but fertile brain concocts a clever plan!

Well be on easy street... four birds of a feather! A canary, a crow, a buzzard and arumph... a penguin!

Florida! To this winter vacation land flock people of the North, but to it also swarm human vultures...

Beyond Miami’s shore rides a small yacht! It’s two-man crew, Bruce Wayne and Dick Gravson!

Why the costume? We’re on a vacation! Rats go everywhere, so we’ve got to be prepared... just in case.

The race-track tout, the gambler, the gunman, the racketeer!
Suddenly...a cry for help!

Look! That girl swam too far out and she's in danger!

I don't like the looks of those tentacles!

A scant instant for a switch of gars—and now it is the Batman who whips overside...

Wow! This isn't going to be a picnic!

Down through shimmering water he swims...blades poised for undersea battle with that demon of the deep...a giant squid!

A single slash frees the monster's captive!

But one of the night-make creatures arms snakes lightly about the Batman!

Oh—oh! This baby likes me so much he wants to hug me to death!

Viciously, the cruel, parrot-like beak of the water beast snaps at the cloaked fighter!

The blade bites deep into a baleful eye...and instinctively the squid squirts forth a stream of inky fluid!

Need air...and this fella...not fooling! Better make it fast...

Thanks, bud. That makes it all the easier for us both to get away.
Later, when the grateful girl regains her strength on a nearby float...

**Batman!** Wait! ...I want to thank you for saving my life!

Jot it down in your memo book under "Things to remember" see you again some time.

The canary loses a bombshell in her cronies' midst...

I saw your old friend the Batman today, Penguin!

What? Him here? ...in Florida!

Just cause he pulled that "hero" stunt. Don't start getting any ideas about him!

She tells of her timely rescue by the Batman.

Here! Let us forget the Batman and concentrate on our business venture!

You can't stop me from dreaming!

Business begins! The Bird House opens!

Looking for some sport, sir? Free taxi service to the Bird House—a new gambling place. Where you get a square deal.

The host greets the players—

Notice... glass tables! You can see through them. No wires, no crooked mechanisms. Here a sportsman is given an even chance!

Soon the authorities investigate the new phenomenon—an honest gambling house!

Your books show hardly any profit at all!

Too true! What little we win from the small players is lost when one or two individuals make a big kill.

Only last week, a man won over $10,000. That's where our profit goes! Good thing we have the night club to keep us going.

But when the police leave, the true tale of treachery is revealed...

Hee-hee! I do believe they felt sorry for us. Well, to work again! It is time we made a profit!

G-golly! Just look at all this money!

Eh... Sir... too much money invites thievery! Cabby, see this gentleman safely to his hotel!
But on a dark road...

Thanks, Paly, tell my boss I'm retirin' from hacking... as of right, now!

Oh... Mi-my winnings!

Later...

Here's his roll! Job was as clean as a whistle!

You certainly give the customers a break... or should I say, broke?

But my Chickadee, don't our glass tables show our... ah... honesty? And there are always winners!

Haw! Can we help it if those winners are robbed... by our men? Han! What a wise owl you are! Haw!

Still later... the Penguin gets a phone call...

And so, by many such Willy Tricks, the Fleeing Flock flies high until one night...

The Taxi-Driver... a thief? I shall notify the police. Meanwhile, the Bird House will compensate your loss with a gift of $500.

Say... that's damned decent of you!

One of the Penguin's cab-drivers finds a new customer—Bruce Wayne!

One of the Penguin's cab-drivers finds a new customer—Bruce Wayne!

Why... er... yes!

I've wanted to take a look at those glass tables I've heard so much about!

The Bird House Front... a Night Club!

Oh! I want to fly right into your arms... wells, fan me with a crowbar! The bathing beauty I saved from the squad! But, business before pleasure.

The Rear... the Gambling Rooms!

That's Bruce Wayne, the Society Playboy!

Yeah! Hasn't got a brain in his head!

Haw! Glass table, but metal molding! I've a hunch...

Secretly, he drops a pin to the table! As the roulette wheel ball tumbles into a slot, the pin faces its swing...

...seems drawn by an invisible force... slides along to the table's molding edge... and sticks there!
VERY CLEVER! ELECTROMAGNETS IN THE MOLDING! THE STEEL BALL IS DRAWN INTO THE ROULETTE SLOT DIRECTLY IN LINE WITH THE MAGNET THAT THE CROUCHIER SENDS CURRENT THROUGH!

GOT A NEW CLUCK PICKED OUT TONIGHT! BRUCE WAYNE, A PLAYBOY. YOU KNOW THE KIND... PLENTY OF MONEY BUT SHORT ON BRAINS!

SOUNDS FASCINATING. THINK I'LL TOPPLE ALONG, TOO, AND WATCH YOU... AH... TAKE HIM!

AFTER A WONDERING BRUCE NOTES THAT THE CROUCHIER PERMITS HIM TO WIN A LARGE SUM...

MR. WAYNE, THE HOUSE WOULD LIKE YOUR ADDRESS... FOR THE RECORD OF YOUR WINNINGS, OF COURSE!

WELL, WELL! BUZZARD BENNY AND JOE CROW—THESE BIRDS BODE NO GOOD! I'LL GIVE THEM THE ADDRESS OF MY TEMPORARY ROOM IN TOWN!

BRUCE MAKES A HASTY CALL TO DICK GRAYSON...

...AND THEY PROBABLY WANT TO LIFT MY WINNINGS!

THEY WANTED YOUR ADDRESS SO THEY CAN BEAT YOU HOME AND WAIT FOR YOU! NICE PEOPLE!

LATER... FROM THE BROODING SHADOWS OF BRUCE'S PENTHOUSE...

Y... YES, SIR!

REACH FOR A CLOUD, CHUM!

THEN, FLASHING FROM CONCEALMENT, COMES A CATAPULTING, COLORFUL FIGURE... ROBIN!

I'M GOING INSIDE TO PHONE THE POLICE!

SURPRISED?

A SPLIT-SECOND DISCARD OF OUTER CLOTHING... AND THE BATMAN CRASHES THE FRAY!

GOT TO KEEP MY IDENTITY A SECRET, SO...

DON'T PHONE THE POLICE, MR. WAYNE! ROBIN AND I, SPOTTED THESE RATS PROWLING ABOUT AND WE CLAIM THE PRIVILEGE OF THE FIGHT!
GOOD THING I DECIDED TO SAVE THIS FOR A RAINY DAY!

A FOURTH INTRUDER STEPS FROM HIDING!

THE PENGUIN!

YES, BATMAN! AND I HAVE AN UMBRELLA! I'VE BEEN SAVING JUST FOR YOU! IT SHOOTS A SMALL EXPLOSIVE SHELL....

...THAT WILL BLAST YOU TO...OOF!

SORRY PENGUIN BUT THIS TIME I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU THE 'BIRD'!

THE WATER REVIVES THE THUGS, AND IN THE CONFUSION THEY ESCAPE TO THE LONE ELEVATOR!

SHUCKS! NOW WELL NEVER CATCH THEM!

WHY WORRY! WE KNOW THEY'RE GOING TO THE BIRD HOUSE, DON'T WE?

BUT THE SHELL BLASTS THE BUILDING'S WATER TANK... AND A MINIATURE NIAGARA SPLILLS OVER THE COMBATANTS!

LATER... BACK AT THE BIRD HOUSE...

WE'RE LUCKY THE BATMAN ONLY STUMBLED ACROSS US AND DOESN'T KNOW THIS PLACE AND OUR RACKET... BUT STILL... I'M WORRIED!

AND IF WE MUST MAKE THE MOST OF OUR TIME AND ENOUGH MONEY, IN CASE WE HAVE TO MAKE A SUDDEN DEPARTURE! SEND IN THAT BOAT-RACING DRIVER!

THE PENGUIN explains...

Y-YOU WANT ME TO LOSE... THROW THE RACE TOMORROW?

YOU ARE THE FAVORITES! WE SHALL RAP NICE OPDS IN BETTING AGAINST YOU... IN RETURN WE SHALL FORSET YOUR GAMBLING DEBT!

BUT... THERE ARE NO SECRETS FROM THE EYES OF THE NIGHT... THE BATMAN.

THE PENGUIN shouldn't COUNT HIS EGGS BEFORE THEY'RE HATCHED, SHOULD HE?

NO... HE shouldn't!
The day of the outboard steeplechase race that a certain driver is destined never to see!

Later...the boats jockey into the starting line...and then...they're off...at sixty miles per hour!

Eeooad! The Batman...substituting for our man!

And indeed it is the Batman whose craft leaps high over the slanting platform for the leading jump!

Holding the scant lead, the outboard rockets over choppy waters...through the next hazard...a sheet of roaring flame!

On whip the boats, at a mile-a-minute clip...round hair-pin turns...over more jumps then...the final hazard!

At the finish line...a bullet drills past the Batman and smashes into the wood!

You'll get hurt! They're out to kill...and besides...er...the boat can only carry one person!

C'mon, Batman!

The Penguin won't like that...uh...a bullet!

Look! In that car...the Penguin and his crew! Let's go and get 'em!

The Batman's boat bullets through a brick wall...to win!

Cut the sentiment! I can ride a surfboard, can't I? C'mon...while we're arguing, they're getting away!
AN INSANE CHASE BEGINS! RACING PARALLEL ALONG THE FAMOUS VENETIAN ISLANDS — A POWER-CHARGED CAR... AND A ROARING OUTBOARD — WITH A MADCAP LAD RIDING A SWAYING SURFBOARD!!

SUDDENLY! ANGRY BULLETS CRACK THE STEERING WHEEL! THE BOAT SWINGS IN A WILD ARC...

ROBIN! LOOK OUT!

To thud heavily on the earth!

GRAB THE BOY! WE MUST ASSUME NOW THAT THE BATMAN KNOWS OF OUR GAMBLING PLACE! SO... I HAVE A PLAN...

HEE... HEE!

Not long after... eyes like chips of blue steel, the batman strides purposefully into the bird house.

Talk! Where has the penguin taken that boy? Talk or...

I'll talk! The kid is at a deserted barn at...

No, don't go! You'll be killed! The penguin is using the boy to lure you into a trap!

Why... you squealing...

But as buzzard tells the address...

Put that gun away... or... ugh!

Instinctively... the batman pushes the girl out of harm's way... and...
There were shots! You didn't get hit? You're all right?

Of course! You stay here and tie up buzzard. I'm going after Robin... and the penguin!

But the Batman lied! Two lead bullets have bored into his body!

I'm hurt bad, but I can't stop now! Got to get Robin away from those killers!

There is a grumbling roar! Lightning glitters through huddled black clouds... and then the sky seems to open up!

Mustn't stop! Must go on! Robin!

Rain pours down in a sullen flood on a stumbling, lurching man, half delirious with pain... and fear... fear for his young buddy!

-Staggering, crawling, the Black Veil of unconsciousness cloaking his brain, he pushes himself on... on... on...

I'm drowning! Going under the river... no!... only rain... rain go away... Robin, Robin!

-Got to save Robin... they'll kill him! Robin... great little kid... Robin... Robin!

On... on... until...

Can't see a thing in this blasted rain!

Don't worry! He'll come... and when he does...

You'll do what?

Batman!

Yes... me... or my ghost!
YOU'RE NEXT, PENGUIN!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET ME... NOT ME!

This last taking of strength is too much and the Batman sinks to the floor...

PENGUIN got away, in his car!... too bad... too... oh man...

PENGUIN, you've been shot! You may die. I've go to get you to a doctor!

Now the storm riots in its fury! Thunder rolls on a giant drum in the sky!

The wind screams like a banshee! A titanic black mass rushes across the prowning sky and there is a great rustling, like a stirring giant...

It's a hurricane! We've got only one chance... got to tie us both to a tree!

Tropical hurricane! Nature in its most terrible mood! And in the midst of raging destruction, a lone boy defies the elements!

We'll beat this, Batman... and get you to a hospital! See if we don't!

At last, the storm relents, leaves tangled wreckage behind... and happiness in a boy's heart?

He's alive! There's still a chance if I...

I was afraid you... Batman! He's hurt!

Shot! We've got to get him to a hospital! Quick!
But at the hospital...

Robin, we can't wait any longer! Once I was a doctor's assistant. Perhaps I can pull him through! Are you willing to let me operate on your friend?

Anything you do to save Batman is okay with me. But save him... please!

Scalpel, Robin!

At last... finished! The nerve-wracking task is over.

Will he...? Yes! He'll live. Robin... he'll live!

Some time later... the Bird House.

A nice haul, but we better start movin'!

Egad! We had better before the Batman makes another appearance!

The Batman couldn't come... so I came in his place... to clip your wings!

And as the Batman would say, "That gentlemen, is that?"

The Batman's physically perfect body rallies, and the next morning he awakens. Weak, but quite recovered... to find...

I jailed the others myself, but I thought you might like taking in the Penguin!

Robin, you make me feel better already! But the Penguin looks a little sick... eh?
CANARY, I'LL BE GRATEFUL TO YOU ALL MY LIFE! BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR LIFE? ARE YOU GOING BACK TO THE RACKETS AGAIN?

NO, THAT'S ALL FINISHED! I'M GOING TO BECOME A RED CROSS NURSE! YOU KNOW... NOT SO LONG AGO...

ANOTHER WOMAN BECAME A NURSE, AND SHE HAD A BIRD'S NAME, TOO... NIGHTINGALE - FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE!

THIS IS GOOD-BYE, BATMAN! I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU!

THIS WASN'T MEANT FOR YOU, ROBIN. TURN AWAY!

TWO DAYS LATER... A WARY DUO ESCORTS A LUDICROUS, LITTLE MAN TOWARD THE CITY JAIL...

JOVE, BATMAN! IT SEEMS THE GREAT PENGUIN IS CAUGHT GOOD AND PROPER!

AND HOW! PENGUIN, YOU'RE ONE BIRD THAT'S GOING TO BE A JAIL-BIRD FOR A LONG TIME!

I REGRET I MUST TEAR MYSELF AWAY FROM YOUR CHARMING COMPANY, BATMAN! HEE! HEE!

I RESPET I MUST TEAR MYSELF AWAY FROM YOUR CHARMING COMPANY, BATMAN!

SADLY... THE PENGUIN IS TORN FROM THE BATMAN'S GRIP!

THEM TRICKY LITTLE BIRD BEAT US AGAIN! HE CERTAINLY COOKS UP A GOOD STUNTY!

NOT ALL THE TIME! HIS BIRD HOUSE SCHEME LAID A BAD EGG; HE GOT TOO CARELESS THERE!

THEM TRICKY LITTLE BIRD BEAT US AGAIN! HE CERTAINLY COOKS UP A GOOD STUNTY!

THEM TRICKY LITTLE BIRD BEAT US AGAIN! HE CERTAINLY COOKS UP A GOOD STUNTY!

OH, YEAH! WELL, WHAT ABOUT ME? I'M A BIRD, TOO! YOU PEOPLE SEEM TO FORGET THAT I'M A ROBIN!
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