

No. 11 JUNE JULY 10¢



# BATMAN



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### 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.



### SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Pluto No. 8)

ATIX I RIX EQBP I LMNMVAM ABIUX !

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# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
"THE BOY WONDER"

BOB  
KANE

## 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 ♪  
FOREVER...  
GOOD-BYE  
FOR... ♪

GOOD-BYE,  
LADY...  
SORRY!

GONG!

THE SECOND CONTESTANT  
GIVES HIS IMPRESSION OF  
A FAMOUS COMEDIAN!

HA-  
CHA-CHA-  
CHA!

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...BRR!

A MOMENT  
LATER, OUT  
STEPS A  
PERFECT DOUBLE  
FOR THAT  
CUNNING CRIME  
CLOWN-  
THE  
JOKER!

HA! HA!  
I'LL BEAT  
THE BATMAN  
YET! HA! HA!  
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!

CLAP!  
CLAP!

CLAP!  
CLAP!

...THE OTHER  
WAS MAKEUP-  
THIS IS MY  
REAL FACE...  
FOR I ACTUALLY  
AM THE  
JOKER!  
HA! HA!  
HA!

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!

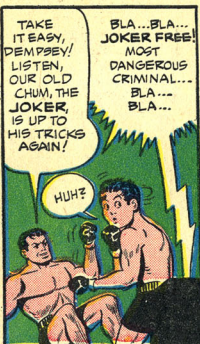
HUH?





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

RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!



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

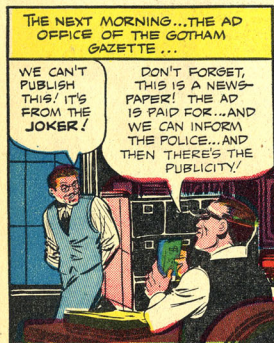
HUH?

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



AND IN HIS BIZARRE RETREAT, THE JOKER'S LAUGHTER MOUNTS AS HIS CUNNING BRAIN SPANNES 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!

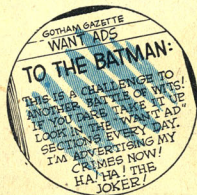


THE NEXT MORNING...THE AD OFFICE OF THE GOTHAM GAZETTE...

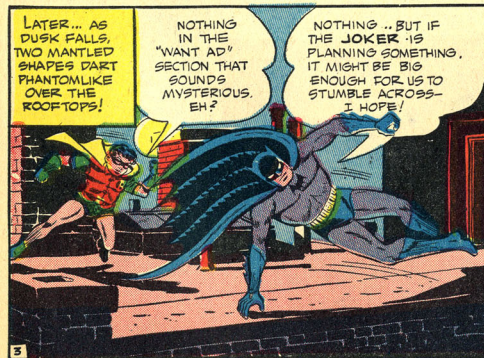
WE CAN'T PUBLISH THIS! IT'S FROM THE JOKER!

DON'T FORGET, THIS IS A NEWS-PAPER! 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.



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



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

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

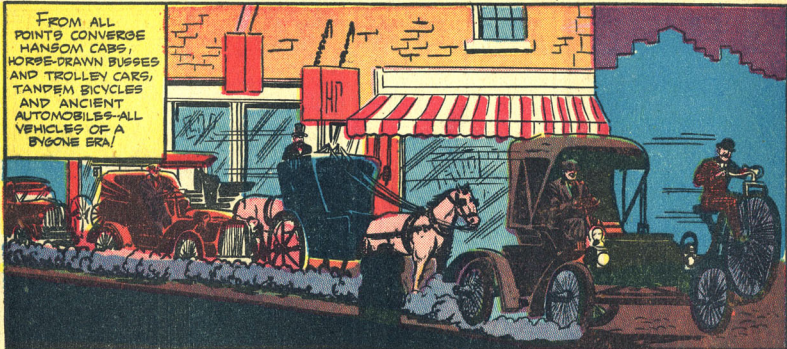
NOTHING...BUT IF THE JOKER IS PLANNING SOMETHING, IT MIGHT BE BIG ENOUGH FOR US TO STUMBLE ACROSS—I HOPE!



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

MAYBE IT'S JUST OUR EYES GOING BACK ON US!

FROM ALL  
POINTS CONVERGE  
HANSOM CABS,  
HORSE-DRAWN BUSES  
AND TROLLEY CARS,  
TANDEM BICYCLES  
AND ANCIENT  
AUTOMOBILES-ALL  
VEHICLES OF A  
BYGONE ERA!



SUDDENLY, A CRY!... AND A TERRIBLY  
FAMILIAR LAUGH!



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...

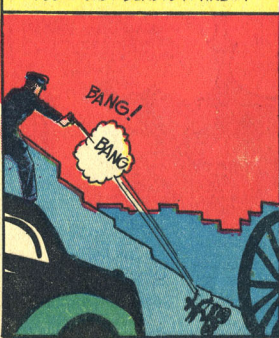
HOLY CATS!  
WE CAN'T  
MOVE!



ABOARD A ROARING MOTORCYCLE,  
THE JOKER WEAVES THRU THE  
TANGLED TRAFFIC...



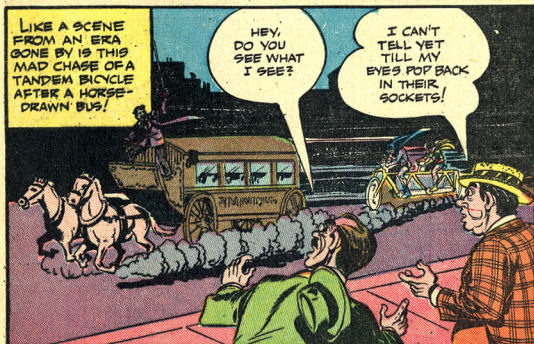
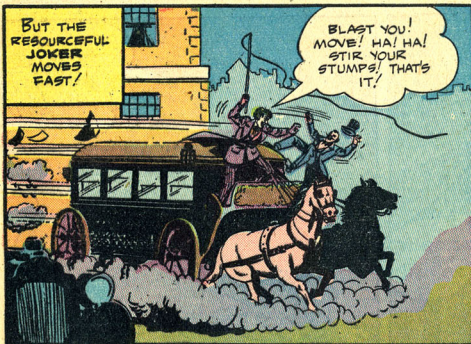
A LUCKY SHOT BLASTS A TIRE...!

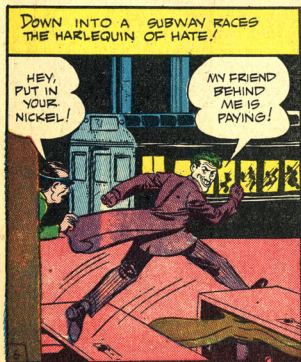
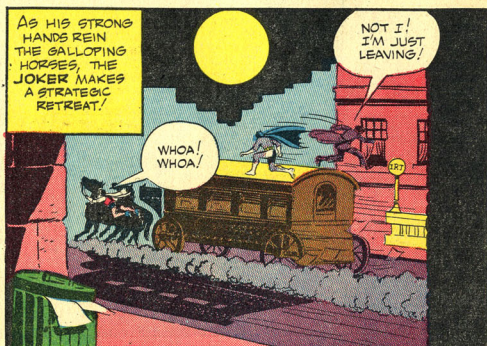
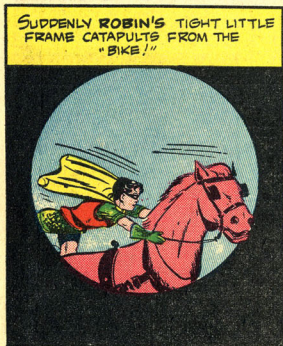
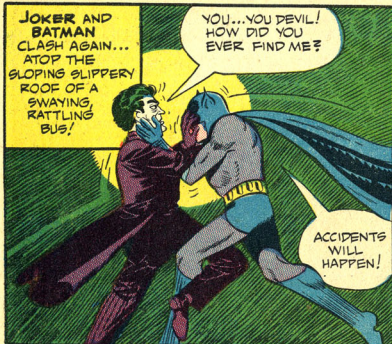


AND, AT THAT INSTANT,  
THE BATMAN AND ROBIN  
WHIP DOWNWARD IN  
SPECTACULAR AERIAL ASSAULT!











Later...

WANTED  
OLD VEHICLES  
FOR GAY  
NINETIES MOTOR  
PICTURES! WILL  
PAID BIG PRICES!  
DELIVER SHARPLY  
AT 8 P.M. ONLY!  
MAJOR PICTURES  
68 MORRIS  
ST.

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!  
68 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!



WANTED

POLICE TO KEEP  
AWAY CROWDS THAT  
WILL MOB THE  
PREMIERE PERFORMANCE  
OF PRESTO THE  
MAGICIAN AT THE  
GOTHAM  
THEATER!

HA! HA!  
HERE'S A WANT  
AD! SWELL  
PUBLICITY  
STUNT FOR PRESTO,  
EH?

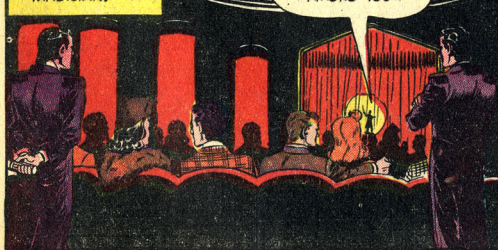
SAY ALMOST FORGOT!  
I'M GOING TO THAT  
SHOW, LINDA MAY  
PHONE IF SHE  
CAN MEET ME  
LATER, SO RELAY  
HER MESSAGE!

LOVE!  
AH, LOVE!



WEALTHY "FIRST  
NIGHTERS" ATTEND  
THE PREMIERE OF  
PRESTO, THE  
INTERNATIONAL  
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 THEATRE 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 UNDER-  
STAND 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!  
M'EYES ARE  
GOIN' BAD!

OF COURSE!  
THE OLD  
TRAPPOOR  
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 REVOIR,  
BATMAN, AND MONSIEUR  
PRESTO! AND THANK  
YOU, LADIES, FOR  
THE JEWELRY...  
HA! HA!



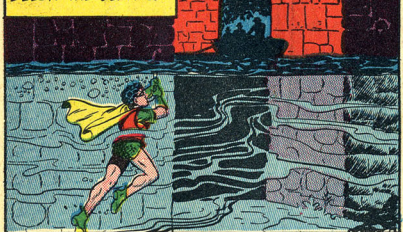
AT A TOUCH, A WALL SLIDES BACK AND THE THIEVING TRIO STEPS INTO AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE!

HUH! I'LL BET EVERYBODY'S FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE OLD SEWER!

I ONLY FOUND OUT ABOUT IT MYSELF BY PORING OVER SOME OLD BLUE-PRINTS OF THE THEATER!



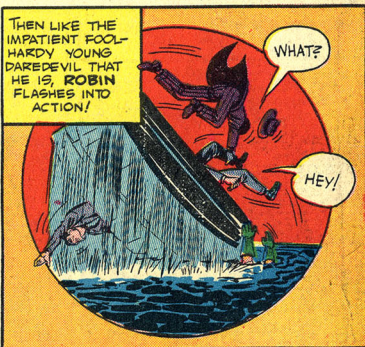
AS THE BOAT RIDES THE WATERS, THE BOY WONDER, BREATHING WITH THE AID OF AN OLD PIPE, FOLLOWS BELOW THE SURFACE.



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 CONVERGES 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!

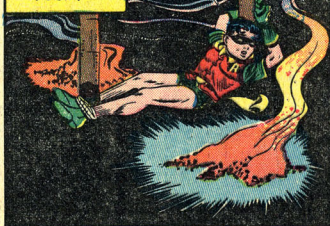




THIS IS PLAIN SULPHUR. ITS FUMES CAN OVERPOWER A HUMAN! HA! HA! SUFFOCATES! JUST LIKE A BLANKET! HA! HA! SLEEP WELL! HA-HA! GOOD JOKE, EH? HA! HA!



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!

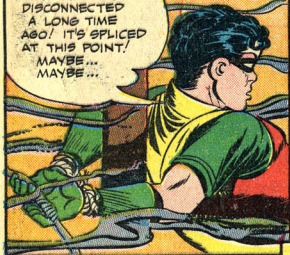
MINUTES PASS AND THE SULPHUROUS FUMES RISE THICKLY ABOUT THE BOY LIKE A MALIGNANT CLOUD!

(COUGH) I'M GOING TO DIE... NO... MUSTN'T LOSE MY HEAD... MUST THINK... THINK...(COUGH)

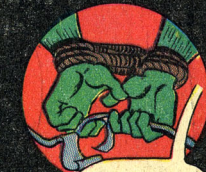


SUDDENLY ROBIN'S PROBING FINGERS ENCOUNTER A WIRE...

A TELEPHONE WIRE...PROBABLY DISCONNECTED A LONG TIME AGO! IT'S SPICED AT THIS POINT! MAYBE... MAYBE...

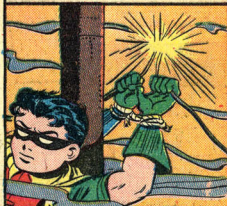


FUMBLING IN THEIR HASTE, HIS FINGERS SLOWLY, LABORIOUSLY UNWIND THE TAPE FROM THE SPICED WIRES.



IT MIGHT WORK...THERE'S A CHANCE...I'VE GOT A CHANCE!

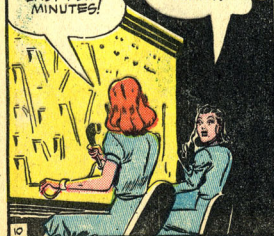
THEN, WHEN THE SPICED WIRES ARE UNWOUND, ROBIN TAPS ONE WIRE AGAINST THE OTHER...



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!

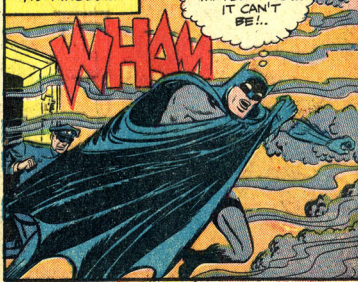


AND SO A DESPERATE MESSAGE IS TRANSMITTED OVER THE WIRES...



WILL IT BE PICKED UP BY THE BATMAN... IN TIME?

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!!





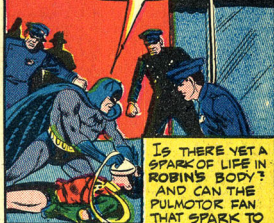
HE'S STOPPED BREATHING!  
BETTER BRACE YOURSELF, BATMAN!  
THIS BOY'S DEAD!

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!

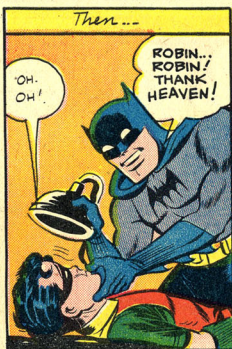


IS THERE YET A  
SPARK OF LIFE IN  
ROBIN'S BODY?  
AND CAN THE  
PULMOTOR FAN  
THAT SPARK TO  
FLAME?



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...

OH.  
OH!

ROBIN...  
ROBIN!  
THANK  
HEAVEN!

BACK HOME, BATMAN  
KEEPS AN ALL-NIGHT  
VIGIL AS THE EXHAUSTED  
BOY SLEEPS...UNTIL...



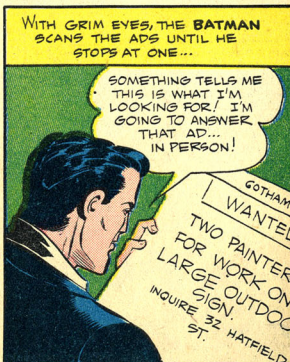
BATMAN!  
BRUCE!

HELLO, FELLA!  
WELCOME HOME  
AGAIN!



I'VE GOT TO  
TELL YOU...  
THE JOKER...  
I HEARD HIM  
SAY SOMETHING  
ABOUT PAINTERS  
FOR THE KIDDE  
CANDY  
SIGN!

OH, YEAH!  
I'D BETTER  
TAKE A  
LOOK AT  
THE WANT  
ADS FOR  
TODAY!

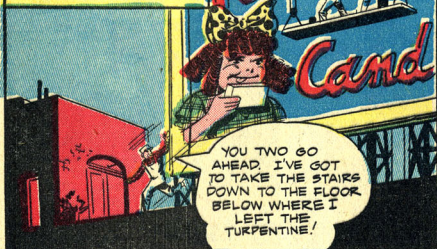


WITH GRIM EYES, THE BATMAN  
SCANS THE ADS UNTIL HE  
STOPS AT ONE...

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 OUTDOO  
SIGN.  
INQUIRE 32 HATFIELD  
ST.

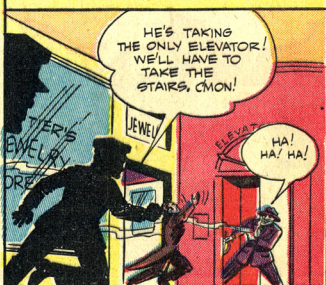
ATOP THE MARTIER JEWELRY BUILDING, THE DISGUISED JOKER PUTS HIS PLAN TO WORK...



YESSIR!

YOU TWO GO AHEAD. I'VE GOT TO TAKE THE STAIRS DOWN TO THE FLOOR BELOW WHERE I LEFT THE TURPENTINE!

AND IN THE JEWELRY STORE IN THE LOBBY OF THE BUILDING THE GRIM JESTER ACTS WITH TERRIBLY FAMILIAR SWIFTNESS!



HE'S TAKING THE ONLY ELEVATOR! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE STAIRS, CMON!

HA!  
HA! HA!

WHEN THE ROOF IS FINALLY REACHED, THE JOKER IS ONCE AGAIN THE INNOCENT PAINTER...

NOT ME! DID YOU, FELLOWS?

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!

HEY, YOU UP THERE! DID YOU SEE THE JOKER PASS THIS WAY?



A KIDDIE CANDY SIGN ABOVE MARTIER'S! NOW I KNOW HOW THE JOKER WORKED THIS JOB... AND WHERE HE IS AT THIS MOMENT!

Moments later...

HEY, JOKER!

THE BATMAN!

THE JOKER RIPS OFF HIS DISGUISE AND MAKES A DESPERATE LEAP FOR THE ADJOINING ROOF...

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!

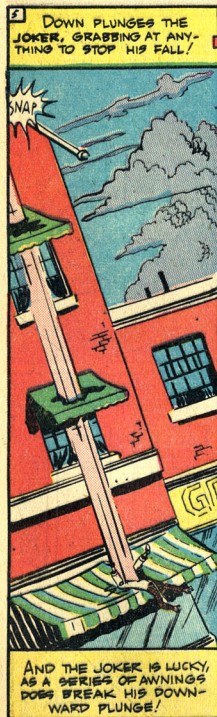
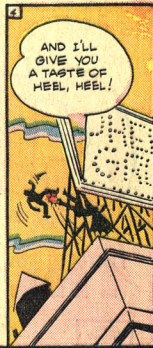


THAT'S YOUR FIRST MISTAKE, BROTHER!

UH!



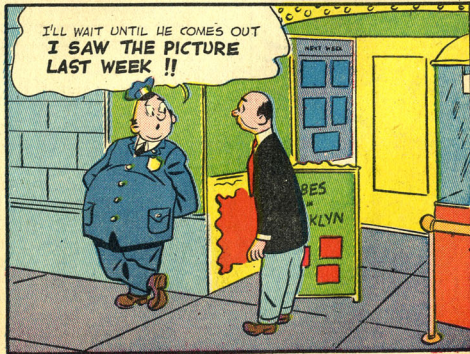
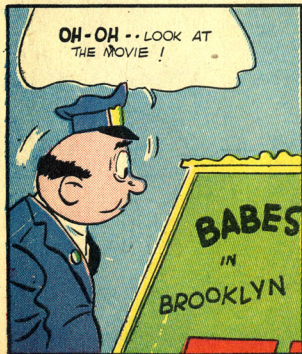
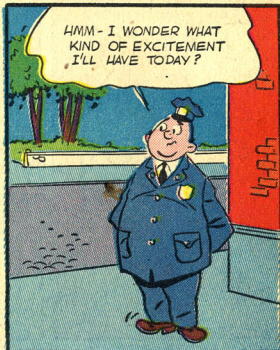
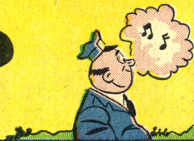




# CLANCY

## THE COP

Henry Holt







# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
BOY WONDER

ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL --- BUT MANY ARE THE TRAILS THEY FOLLOW THROUGH THEIR ENDINGS. VERY DIFFERENT THEIR STORY OF HERE IS THE STRANGE TOGETHER TWO WHO STARTED APART --- THE FINISHED A WORLD AND SUCCESSFUL ONE HONORED AND FOREVER DOOMED BY HIS MISDEEDS! IT IS A STORY OF FRIENDSHIP AND TREACHERY, OF VIOLENCE AND HEROISM --- AND OF A HUMAN PROBLEM SO KNOTTY BRAINS IT TOOK THE FISTS OF THE AND FLASHING BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER TO SOLVE IT! IN THE CASEBOOK OF THE BATMAN, IT IS CALLED ---

*"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!

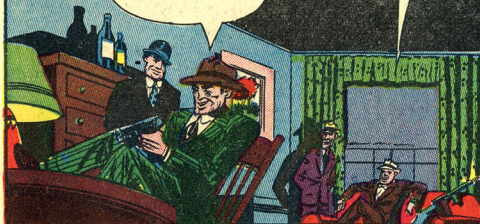
WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR!



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! SOME-  
BODY'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...

OW!

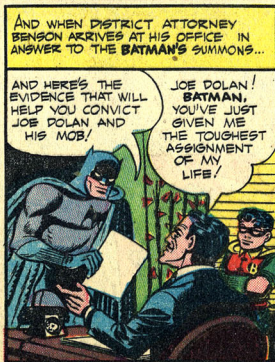
HUH?  
WHAT'S  
THIS?



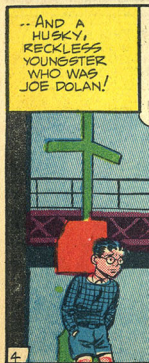
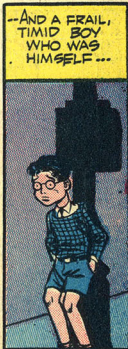
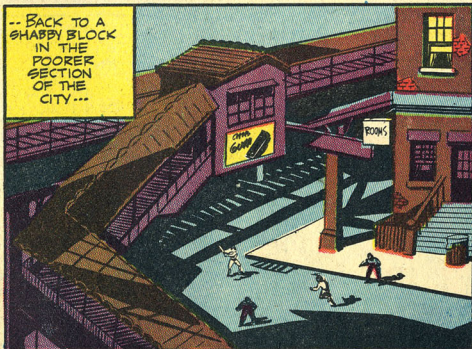
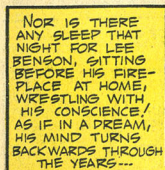
...THEN  
THIS  
ONE  
MUST!

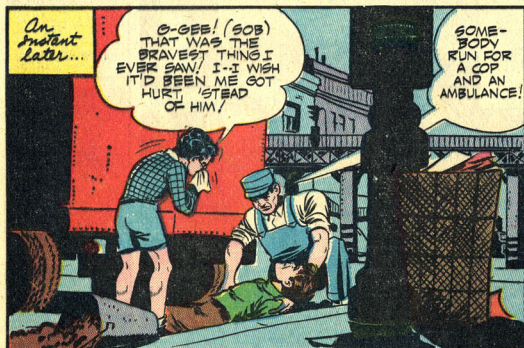
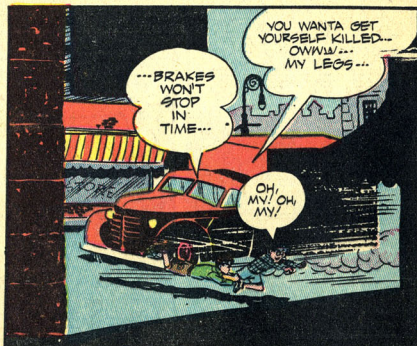
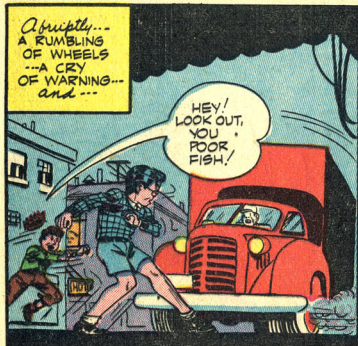
NICE  
GOING,  
FELLA!













BUT AS THE YEARS PASS, A  
CHANGE COMES OVER JOE DOLAN---



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  
GOOFY!



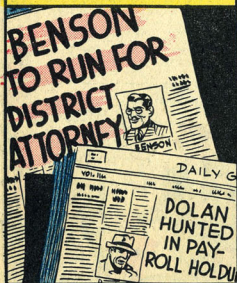
BOTH ADVANCE RAPIDLY IN  
THEIR CHOOSEN CAREERS---

I BELIEVE IN  
YOUR INNOCENCE,  
MR. JORDAN...I'LL  
BE GLAD TO  
DEFEND YOU IN  
COURT!

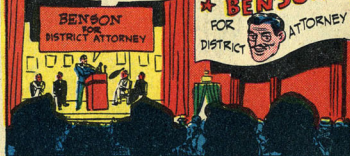
THEY  
TOLD ME  
YOU WERE ONE  
OF THE BEST  
LAWYERS  
IN TOWN!



AND EACH RECEIVES HIS SHARE OF NEWSPAPER HEADLINES...



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!



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!



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!



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--



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!



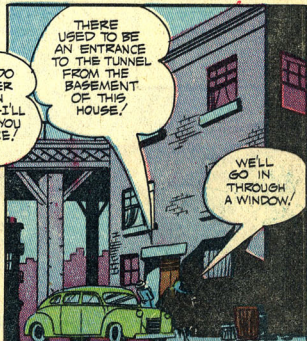
AN UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT? SOUNDS EXCITING!

IF YOU'LL TELL US HOW TO FIND IT, BENSON--

I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT--I'LL TAKE YOU THERE!



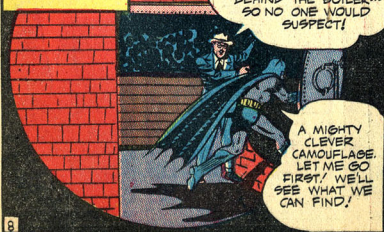
THERE USED TO BE AN ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL FROM THE BASEMENT OF THIS HOUSE!



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!

A MIGHTY CLEVER CAMOUFLAGE. LET ME GO FIRST! WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND!



BOY, WHAT A SCARY PLACE!

NO LIGHTS! WE DON'T WANT HIM TO SEE US FIRST!



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?



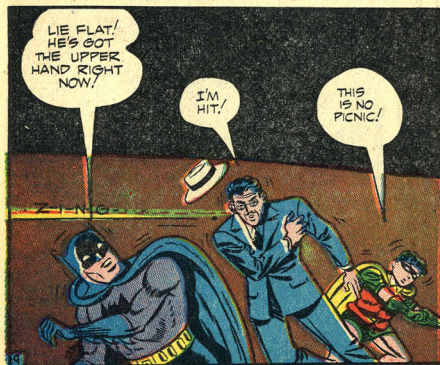
BENSON! YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING HEEL! I SHOULD'A LET THAT TRUCK RUN OVER YOU!



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---

GOT TO GET OUTA HERE! EVEN IF I'VE KILLED HIM, BENSON MIGHT'VE TOLD THE COPS ABOUT THIS PLACE!

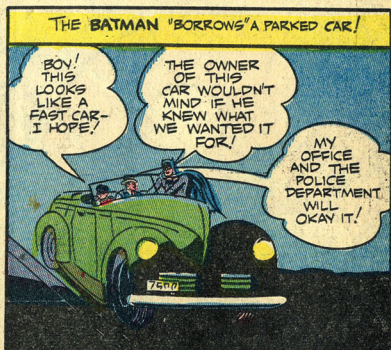
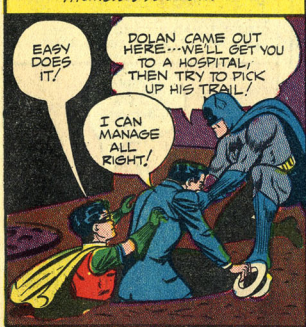


THIS TOWN'S GETTIN' TOO HOT FOR ME! I BETTER TAKE IT ON THE LAM TILL THINGS COOL DOWN!



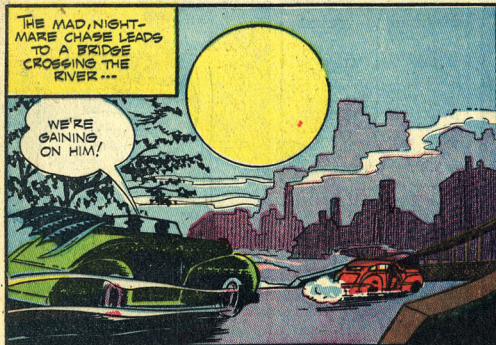


Moments later...





THE MAD, NIGHT-  
MARE 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...



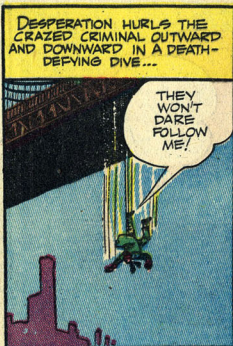
I CAN'T  
GO ON!  
OHHHHHH!

YOU  
DONE  
THAT ON  
PURPOSE!



I'LL FOOL  
'EM YET,  
THEY WON'T  
TAKE ME  
BACK!

DESPERATION HURLS THE  
CRAZED CRIMINAL OUTWARD  
AND DOWNWARD IN A DEATH-  
DEFYING DIVE...



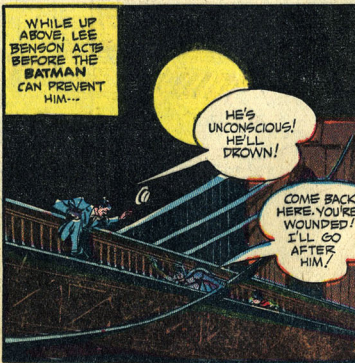
THEY  
WON'T  
DARE  
FOLLOW  
ME!



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!

COME BACK  
HERE, YOU'RE  
WOUNDED!  
I'LL GO  
AFTER  
HIM!

KILLER,  
OR NOT,  
HE SAVED  
MY LIFE  
ONCE AND I  
CAN'T SEE  
HIM DROWN  
LIKE THIS!





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!

THIS IS THE HIGHEST DIVE I EVER WANT TO MAKE!

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... WERE, EVEN! I DON'T OWE YOU ANYTHING!

BUT I OWE YOU SOMETHIN', COPPER!

JOE! YOU...YOU WOULDN'T!

OH, WOULDN'T I?

YOU'RE JUST THE KIND OF GISSY 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!





OUCH!  
BATMAN!  
WHERE  
DID  
YOU  
COME  
FROM?

THAT  
DOES  
IT!

WHAT  
DO  
YOU  
CARE!



ALL THAT  
MATTERS  
TO YOU  
IS WHERE  
YOU'RE  
GOING!



CUT  
IT  
OUT!  
I QUIT!

CRACK

THIS IS THE  
END OF THE LINE,  
DOLAN! YOU WON'T  
GET AWAY AGAIN ---  
YOU'LL HAVE  
EXTRA SPECIAL  
GUARDS FROM  
NOW ON! ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT, BENSON?

IT'S FUNNY --  
BUT THE JOE DOLAN  
I KNEW AS A KID  
WAS AN ENTIRELY  
DIFFERENT PERSON  
FROM THIS JOE  
DOLAN! YOU HAVE  
MY DEEPEST THANKS  
FOR SAVING MY  
LIFE, BATMAN!

TWO  
SEPARATE  
PATHS --- AND  
AT THEIR  
ENDS THE  
REWARDS  
THAT FATE  
HAS SET  
ASIDE FOR  
THE MEN  
WHO CHOSE  
TO TRAVEL  
THEM,  
OUT OF  
ALL THE  
MANY  
PATHS  
IN LIFE ---

FOR THE ONE WHO CHOSE THE  
HARD AND UP-HILL WAY ---

AND FOR THE ONE WHO WAS DELUDED BY A  
FALSE DREAM OF EASY RICHES ---

AND IN BRUCE WAYNE'S  
HOME ---

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!

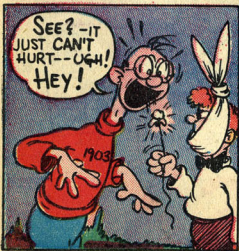
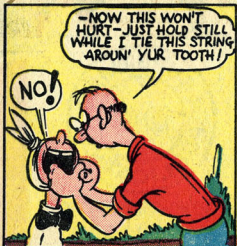
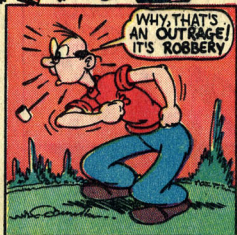
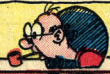
BUT IF DOLAN WAS SUCH A  
DECENT KID, HOW DID HE  
HAPPEN TO TURN INTO  
SUCH A ROTTEN EXCUSE  
FOR A MAN?

THE LITTLE THEFTS STARTED  
IT... 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



## WHAT CAUSES EPILEPSY?

A booklet containing the opinions of famous doctors on this interesting subject will be sent FREE, while they last, to any reader interested in the subject. Please use the coupon below.

EDUCATIONAL DIVISION, DEPT. BQ-11  
555 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.  
Please send me free of charge booklet entitled  
"Can Epilepsy Be Cured?"  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

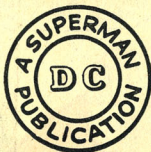
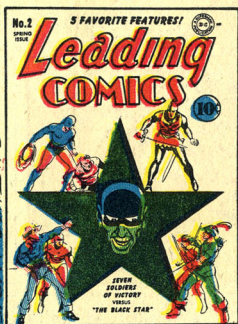
## Free for Asthma

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 today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

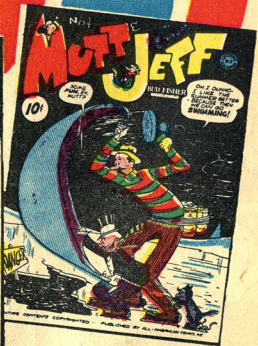
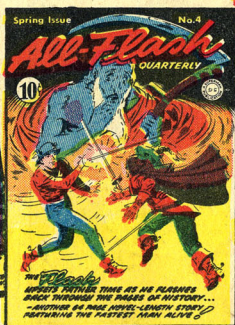
FRONTIER ASTHMA CO. 90-1/2 Frontier Bldg.  
462 Niagara St. Buffalo, N. Y.

## A REAL PRIZE!





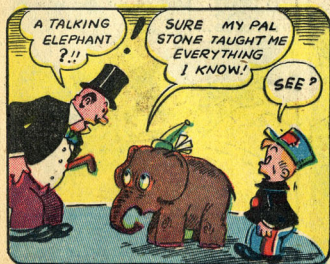
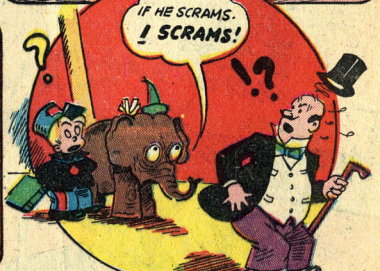
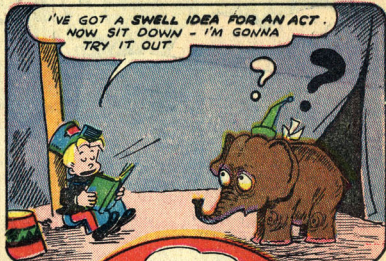
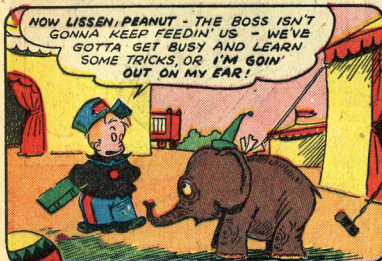
LOOK FOR THIS  
TRADEMARK  
FOR  
THE BEST IN  
COMIC MAGAZINES!



NOW ON SALE



# ROLLIN STONE



# BAT MAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

BOB  
KANB

R. H. STACY'S

**TOYS**

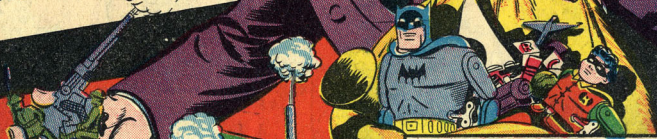
DEPARTMENT STORE

IN THE LAW COURTS OF THE  
LAND, MEN ARE OFTEN WEIGHED  
ON THE SCALES OF JUSTICE AND  
RIGHTFULLY FOUND WANTING.

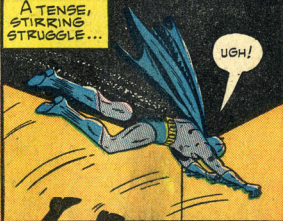
BUT SOMETIMES THOSE  
DELICATE SCALES ARE TILTED  
BY A HUMAN HAND WITH A  
SINISTER PURPOSE...AND  
AN INNOCENT MAN'S LIFE IS  
FOREVER RUINED!

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!

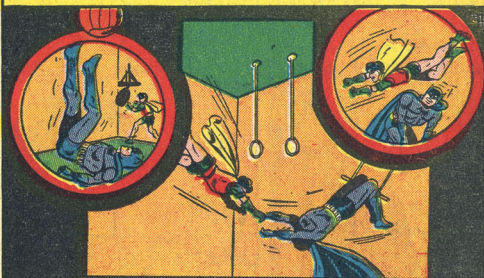
GOOD WORK, ROBIN! NOW LET'S TACKLE SOME OTHER EXERCISE! PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT, YOU KNOW!

A BRISK SHOWER, AND THE DYNAMIC DUO DRESS FOR THEIR EVERYDAY ROLES OF PLAYBOY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON!

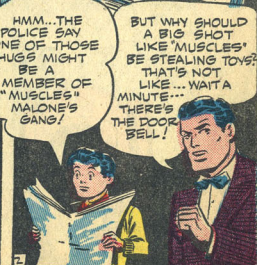
LOOK AT THOSE HEADLINES, BRUCE! SOME GANG IS ROBBING KIDS OF THEIR TOYS!

THE CHEAP CROOKS! NEXT THING THEY'LL BE STEALING PENNIES FROM BLIND MEN!

YES, PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT! THAT IS THE SECRET BEHIND THE DARING DEEDS AND PHENOMENAL FEATS OF THE TWIN FOES OF CRIME!



BOLD HEADLINES CONJURE UP A PUZZLING CRIME PICTURE!



MR BRUCE WAYNE?  
A SUMMONS  
FOR YOU!

SUMMONS?

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

"OUR 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!"

OKAY,  
NO JEWELRY  
ON HIM!  
NEXT!



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!



PATSY DAY AND JOHNNY TEAL KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THIS CASE! HERE I COME, BOYS!

MEANWHILE, YOUNG ROBIN BECOMES RESTLESS...

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!



AT MALONE'S HEAD-QUARTERS...

C'MON, GUYS! FIRST STOP'S THE VAN COURTLEY HOME!

AH! THERE THEY ARE! I'LL TRAIL THEM IN THE BATMOBILE!



LATER... AT THE VAN COURTLEY RESIDENCE...

THERE'S A TOY AROUND HERE THAT I WANT... A LITTLE TANK! WHERE IS IT?

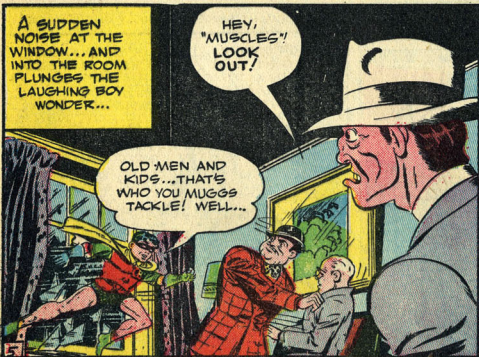
I DON'T KNOW! I'M THE BUTLER—THE FAMILY IS OUT. I...I BELIEVE THE TOY YOU MENTION WAS LEFT AT THE PLAYGROUND NEARBY!



A SUDDEN NOISE AT THE WINDOW... AND INTO THE ROOM PLUNGES THE LAUGHING BOY WONDER...

HEY, "MUSCLES" LOOK OUT!

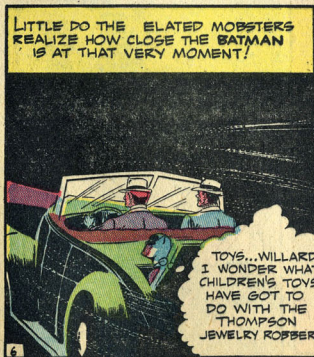
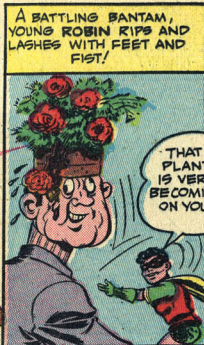
OLD MEN AND KIDS... THAT'S WHO YOU MUSS TACKLE! WELL...

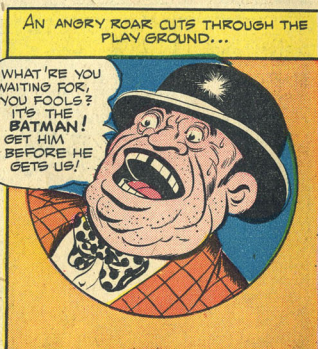
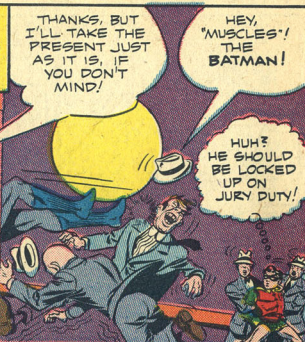
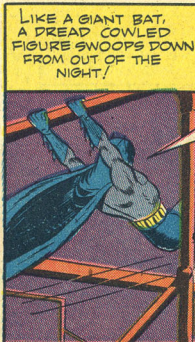
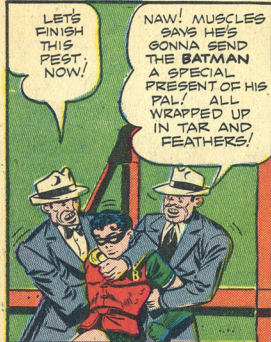


...HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS LITTLE BOY?

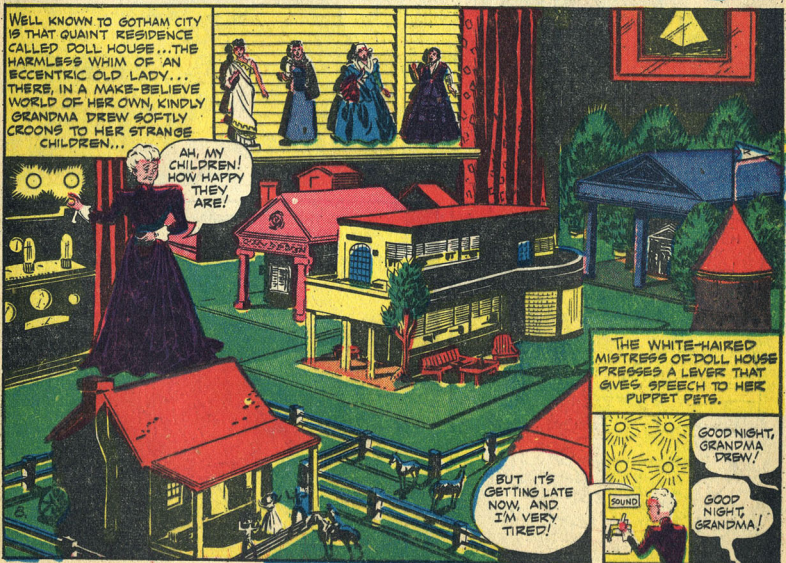
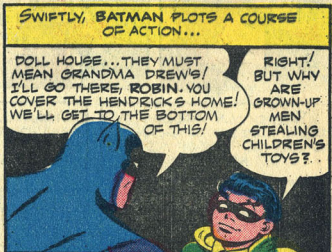
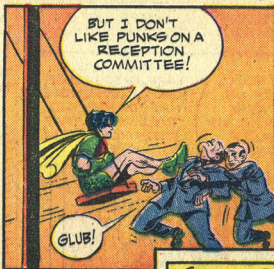


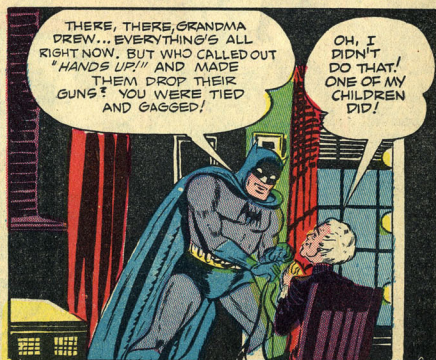
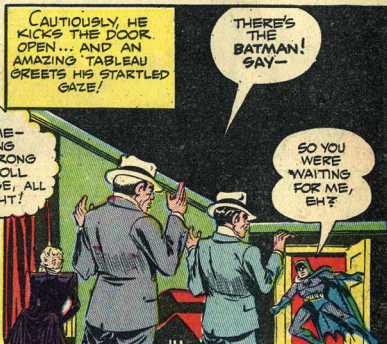




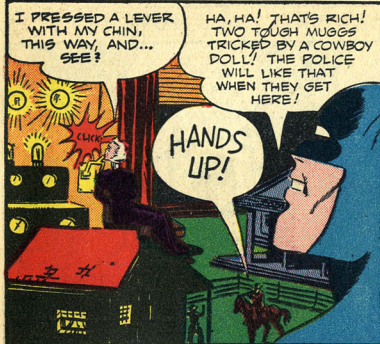












COME ON KID,  
TALK! WHERE'S  
THAT TOY  
SUBMARINE  
YOUR FATHER  
BOUGHT  
YOU?

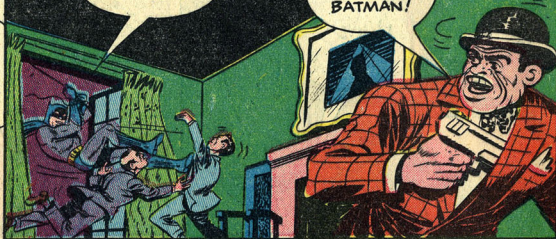
OUCH!  
YOU'RE HURTING  
ME! IT...IT  
WAS RETURNED  
TO THE  
STORE BECAUSE  
IT DIDN'T  
WORK!



A HUMAN PROJECTILE SUDDENLY HURTTLES INTO THE ROOM...

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

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



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

ONE BULLET...  
AND YOU'RE  
THROUGH!

I'VE GOT  
TO DO  
SOME-  
THING,  
QUICK!

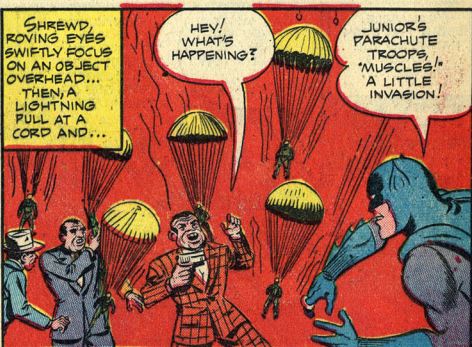


...AND STARES INTO THE YAWNING  
MOUTH OF DEATH!

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

HEY!  
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!

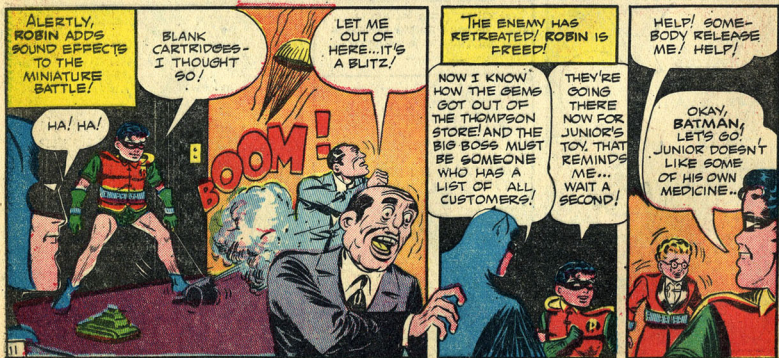
THE ENEMY HAS  
RETRACTED! ROBIN IS  
FREED!

HELP! SOME-  
BODY RELEASE  
ME! HELP!

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!

OKAY,  
BATMAN,  
LET'S GO!  
JUNIOR DOESN'T  
LIKE SOME  
OF HIS OWN  
MEDICINE...





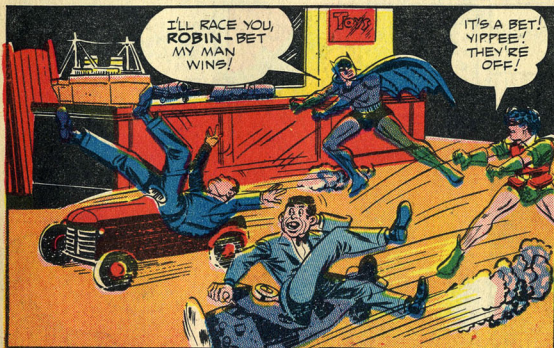
IN THE TOY DEPARTMENT OF THE THOMPSON LUXURY SHOP...



BUT BEFORE THE CRIME CHIEF CAN RESPOND, TWO HUMAN TIDAL WAVES ENGULF HIM!

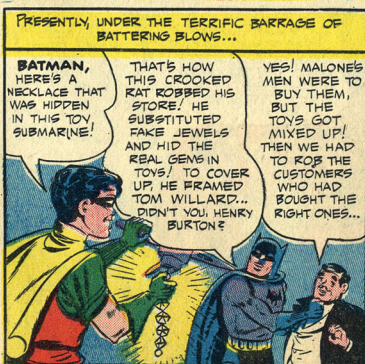
THE BATMAN!

YES, DON'T YOU KNOW WE ALWAYS SIT IN THE BALCONY?



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! MALONE'S MEN WERE TO BUY THEM, BUT THE TOYS GOT MIXED UP! THEN WE HAD TO ROB THE CUSTOMERS WHO HAD BOUGHT THE RIGHT ONES...



ROBIN... THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO DO! LISTEN -

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.



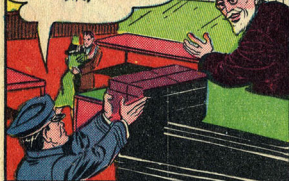
GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, HAVE YOU REACHED A VERDICT?

YES, YOUR HONOR...WE FIND TOM WILLARD... GUILTY!



A DEATHLY 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 gem 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!

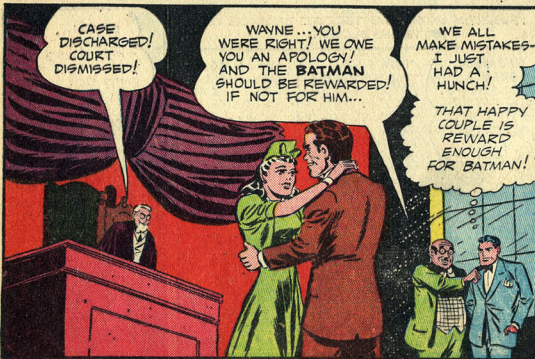


CASE DISCHARGED! COURT DISMISSED!

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 REWARDED ENOUGH FOR BATMAN!



AND AS BRUCE WALKS DOWN THE COURTHOUSE STEPS AND WINKS AT THE STATUE OF JUSTICE...

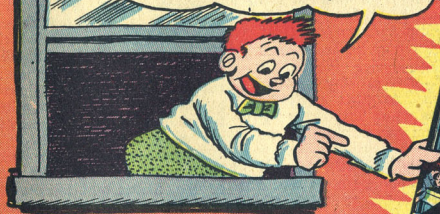
JUSTICE MAY BE BLINDFOLDED... BUT SHE ISN'T BLIND!



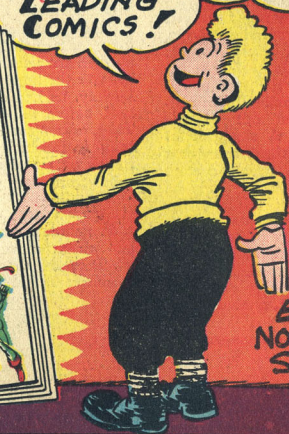
The End



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!**

# ALL THE ANGLES

by Edgar Wilton

**T**HIN 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 crone the swampland lay before him, curling long, withered fingers around the heavy car as it inched 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 retreated 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.

"Eh . . . 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 grated 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, slowed 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."

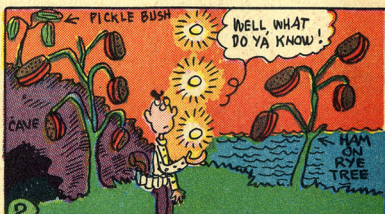




# GRANDPA PETERS



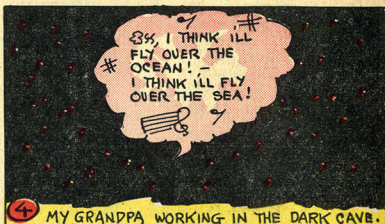
1 MY GRANDPA CLEM PETERS IS NOW GOING TO TELL ME HOW ONE TIME WHEN HE WAS STRANDED ON THE HAM ON RYE ONE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS AND GOT VERY LIGHTWEIGHTED FROM EATING NOTHING BUT PICKLES, HE HAULED OFF AND RESCUED HIMSELF WITH SUN STONES.



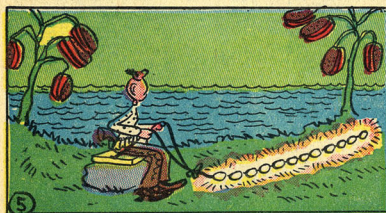
2 WHEN HE WAS IN A DARK CAVE ONE DAY LOOKING FOR MUSTARD SO HE COULD EAT A SANDWICH HE FOUND SOME FUNNY FEELING STONES AND WHEN HE TOOK THEM OUTSIDE AT HIGH NOON TO EXAMINE THEM THEY FLEW OUT OF HIS HAND STRAIGHT UP TOWARDS THE SUN.



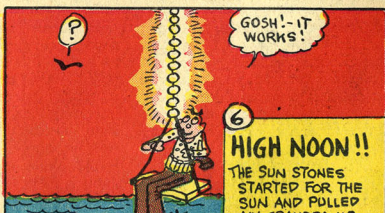
3 SO HE LAYED DOWN AND WORRIED ABOUT IT TILL PRETTY SOON A BIG IDEA CAME TO HIM AND ALL THAT NIGHT HE WORKED IN THE DARK CAVE AND MADE AN INVENTION FROM HIS IDEA TO TRY OUT THE NEXT DAY WHEN HIGH NOON CAME AGAIN.



4 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 WOULD NOT 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.



5 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.

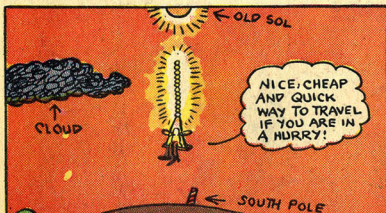


6 HIGH NOON !! THE SUN STONES STARTED FOR THE SUN AND PULLED MY GRANDPA UP AFTER THEM AND SOON THE HAM ON RYE ISLAND WAS LEFT BEHIND AND HE WAS OVER JUST PLAIN OCEAN.



# BY LEFTY O'GRADY

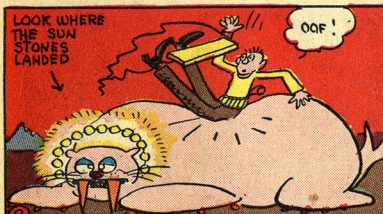
CHAMPION NINE AND THREE  
QUARTERS YEARS OLD FREE HAND  
SOUTH PAW LIGHTWEIGHT  
ARTIST AND WRITER OF  
313 ELM STREET.  
PERIODS, COMMAS AND  
SPELLING BY  
JOM MENAMARA



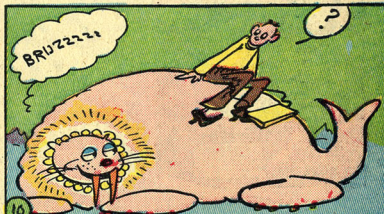
7 MY GRANDPA'S WEIGHT KEPT THE SUN STONES FROM GETTING TO THE SUN, BUT THEY WERE ALWAYS TRYING TO DO IT, AND AS FAST AS THE SUN TRAVELED, MY GRANDP DID, BUT A CLOUD CAME ALONG. A NASTY LOOKING ONE TOO. HE GOT NERVOUS!



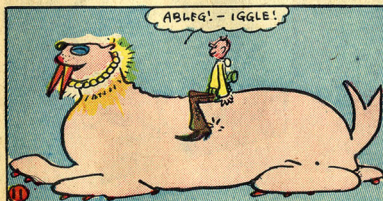
8 WHEN THE CLOUD GOT BETWEEN THE SUN AND THE SUN STONES THE SUN COULDN'T PULL THEM UP ANY MORE SO THEY STARTED BACK DOWN. ALL MY GRANDPA COULD DO WAS TO HOLD ON TIGHT AND TRUST TO LUCK, SO THAT IS WHAT HE DID TO KILL TIME TILL HE LANDED.



9 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

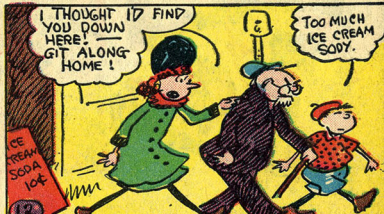


10 THEN THE STRANGEST THING HAPPENED. THE CEILINGRUS STARTED TO PURR LIKE A SAW-MILL AND RIGHT AWAY MY GRANDPA CAUGHT ON. IT WAS A LADY CEILINGRUS AND THE SUN STONES AROUND HER NECK MADE HER FEEL GOOD. MAYBE SHE EVEN THOUGHT SHE LOOKED GOOD.



11 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

AWWWW!



12 - ALWAYS SOMETHING HAPPENS. BEFORE I COULD FIND OUT WHERE MY GRANDPA WAS GOING WITH THE CEILINGRUS AUNTIE MINERVA DROPPED IN ON US, AND LOOK!

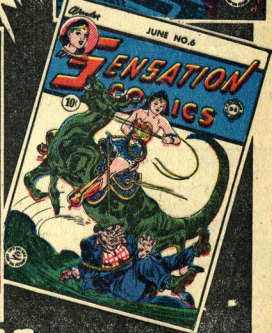
Go on, now pal lefty

THANKS FOR LOOKING!





**THE  
BIG  
EIGHT!**  
"TOPS"  
IN  
MONTHLY COMIC  
MAGAZINES



**NOW ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE!**





# BATMAN

WITH  
ROBIN

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN CRIME  
MEET THE CANARY! SHE WARBLER A  
SWEET SONG--LIKE THE SCHEMING SIRENS  
OF OLD! JOE CROW...WHOSE HEART IS AS  
BLACK AS HIS NAMESAKE! BUZZARD BENNY...  
BIG, BRAUNY...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 ROBIN GIVE THE SECRET  
AWAY! READ IT YOURSELF, IN THIS BIZARRE  
TALE OF...*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  
COLD MAN  
WINTER.  
HE SWIRLS  
INTO  
GOTHAM  
CITY  
AND  
PLUCKS  
LILLY  
AT ITS  
INHABITANTS!

BOB  
KANE



OTHER "BIRDS" TOO, THINK OF THE WARM SOUTHLAND... BIRDS OF PREY... HUMAN CULTURES!

BUZZARD, 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 NOT I! JOVE... 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? HE'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 ESCAPE... THE "HOBBOES" 'JUNGLE' AFFAIR!



THE PENGUIN'S TWISTED BUT FERTILE BRAIN CONCOCTS A CLEVER PLAN!



A FIRST-CLASS RACKET!

WE'LL BE ON EASY STREET... FOUR BIRDS OF A FEATHER! A CANARY, A CROW, A BUZZARD AND ARUMPH... A PENGUIN!

FLORIDA! TO THIS WINTER VACATIONLAND FLOCK PEOPLE OF THE NORTH, BUT TO IT ALSO SWARM HUMAN CULTURES...



BEYOND MIAMI'S SHORE RIDES A SMALL YACHT! IT'S TWO-MAN CREW, BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON!

WHY THE COSTUMES WERE 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!

H-E-L-P

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE TENTACLES!

A SCANT INSTANT FOR A SWITCH OF GARB--AND NOW IT IS THE BATMAN WHO WHIPS OVER-SIDE...

WOW! THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE A PICNIC!

DOWN THROUGH SHIMMERING WATER HE SWIMS...BLADE 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-MARE 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...ISN'T 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 LOOSES A BOMBHELL IN HER CRONIES' MIDST...

I SAW YOUR OLD FRIEND THE BATMAN TODAY, PENGUIN!

WHAT? HIM HERE? ...IN FLORIDA!



SHE TELLS OF HER TIMELY RESCUE BY THE BATMAN.

JUST 'CAUSE HE PULLED THAT "HERO" STUNT, DON'T START GETTING ANY IDEAS ABOUT HIM!

HERE! LET US FORGET THE BATMAN AND CONCENTRATE ON OUR BUSINESS VENTURE!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM DREAMING!



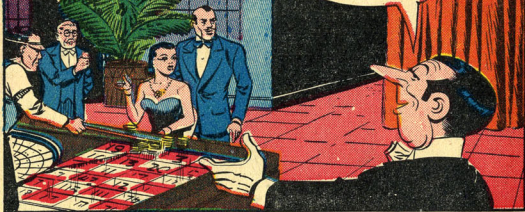
BUSINESS BEGINS! THE BIRD HOUSE OPENS!

LOOKING FOR SOME SPORT, SIR? FREE TAXI SERVICE TO THE BIRD HOUSE - A NEW GAMBLING PLACE WHERE YOU GET A SQUARE DEAL!



THE HOST GREETES THE PLAYERS -

NOTICE... GLASS TABLES! YOU CAN SEE THROUGH THEM. NO WIRES, NO CROOKED MECHANISM! 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!

I GOT A STUPID-LOOKING SNAFFL PICKED OUT!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AN UNBELIEVING VICTIM FINDS HIMSELF A BIG WINNER AT ROULETTE...

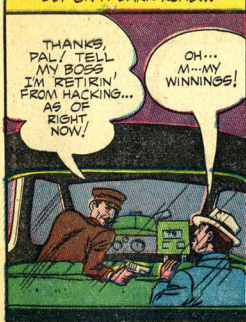
G-GOLLY! JUST LOOK AT ALL THIS MONEY!

EGAD, SIR... TOO MUCH MONEY INVITES THIEVERY! CABBY, SEE THIS GENTLEMAN AND HIS WINNINGS...AH... SAFELY TO HIS HOTEL!





BUT ON A DARK ROAD...



THANKS, PAL! TELL MY BOSS I'M RETIRIN' FROM HACKIN'... AS OF RIGHT NOW!

OH... M...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?

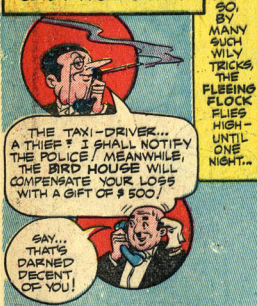
SPLENDID, BUZZARD, SPLENDID!



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? HAW! WHAT A WISE ONE YOU ARE! HAW!

STILL LATER...THE PENGUIN GETS A PHONE CALL...



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!

AND SO, BY MANY SUCH WILY TRICKS, THE FLEEING FLOCK FLIES HIGH- UNTIL ONE NIGHT...

ONE OF THE PENGUIN'S CAB-DRIVERS FINDS A NEW CUSTOMER- BRUCE WAYNE!

HOW ABOUT SOME SPORT AT AN HONEST GAMBLING CLUB... THE BIRD HOUSE?

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!... ♪ ♪

WELL, FAN ME WITH A CROWBAR! THE BATHING BEAUTY I SAVED FROM THE SQUID! BUT, BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE!

THE REAR... THE GAMBLING ROOMS!

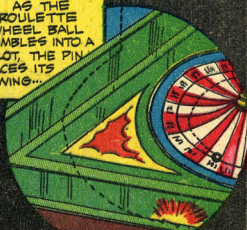


THAT'S BRUCE WAYNE, THE SOCIETY PLAYBOY!

YEAH! WASN'T GOT A BRAIN IN HIS HEAD!

HMM! 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 PACES ITS SWING...



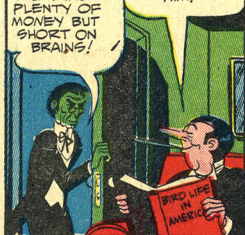
...SEEMS DRAWN BY AN INVISIBLE FORCE... SLIDES ALONG TO THE TABLES MOLDING EDGE... AND STICKS THERE!

VERY CLEVER!  
ELECTRO-MAGNETS IN THE  
MOLDING! THE STEEL  
BALL IS DRAWN INTO  
THE ROULETTE SLOT,  
DIRECTLY IN LINE WITH  
THE MAGNET THAT THE  
CROUPIER SENDS  
CURRENT THROUGH!



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

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



AFTER A WONDERING BRUCE NOTES THAT  
THE CROUPIER 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 PICK 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...



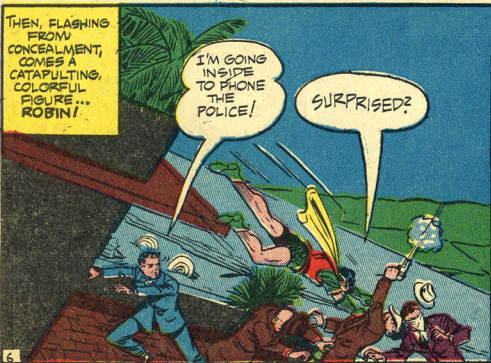
Y...  
YES  
SIR!

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...

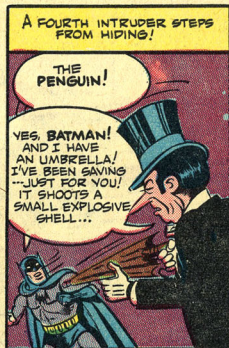
DON'T PHONE THE  
POLICE, MR. WAYNE!  
ROBIN AND I SPOTTED  
THESE RATS PROWLING  
ABOUT AND WE CLAIM THE  
PRIVILEGE OF THE FIGHT!







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, PENGIN BUT THIS TIME I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU THE "BIRD!"



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



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

SHUCKS! NOW WE'LL NEVER CATCH THEM!

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

SLAM!



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

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

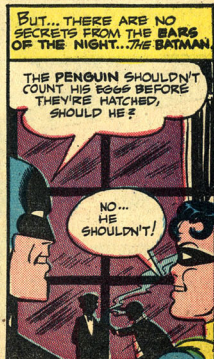
AND I! WE MUST MAKE THE MOST OF OUR TIME... AND ENOUGH MONEY, IN CASE WE HAVE TO MAKE A SUDDEN DEPARTURE! SEND IN THAT BOAT-RACING DRIVER!



THE PENGUIN EXPLAINS...

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

YOU ARE THE FAVORITE! WE SHALL REAP NICE OPDS IN BETTING AGAINST YOU... IN RETURN WE SHALL FORGET YOUR GAMBLING 'DEBT'!



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

THE PENGUIN SHOULDN'T COUNT HIS EGGS BEFORE THEY'RE HATCHED, SHOULD HE?

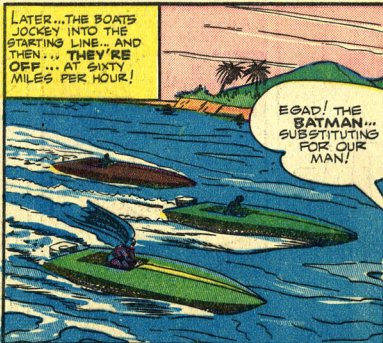
NO... HE SHOULDN'T!



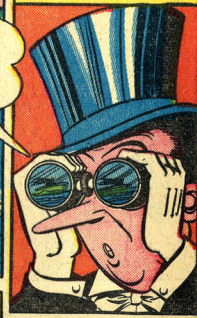
THE DAY OF THE OUTBOARD STEEPLECHASE RACE THAT A CERTAIN DRIVER IS DESTINED NEVER TO SEE!



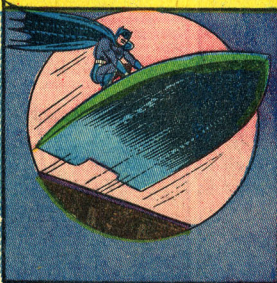
LATER...THE BOATS JOCKEY INTO THE STARTING LINE... AND THEN... THEY'RE OFF... AT SIXTY MILES PER HOUR!



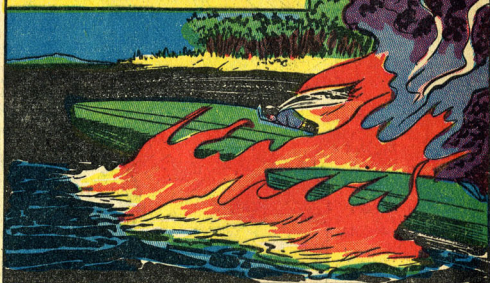
FROM A CAR ON SHORE, THE PENGUIN SPIES A FAMILIAR FIGURE!



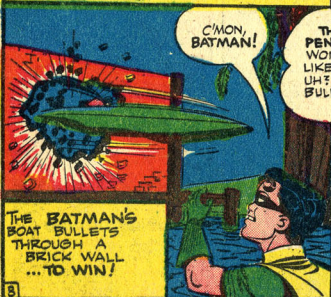
AND INDEED IT IS THE BATMAN WHOSE CRAFT LEAPS HIGH OVER THE SLANTING PLATFORM FOR THE LEADING JUMP!



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!



THE BATMAN'S BOAT BULLETS THROUGH A BRICK WALL... TO WIN!

AT THE FINISH LINE... A BULLET DRILLS PAST THE PENGUIN AND SMASHES INTO THE WOOD!

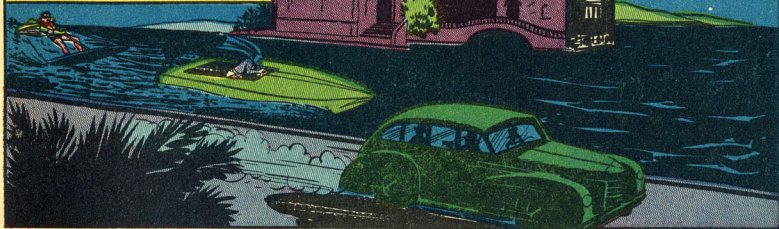


YOU'LL GET HURT! THEY'RE OUT TO KILL... AND BESIDES... ER...THE BOAT CAN ONLY CARRY ONE PERSON!





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...



...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...

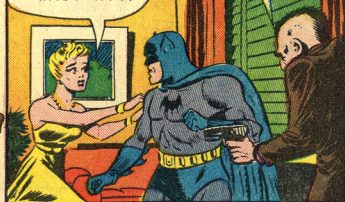
I'LL  
TALK!  
THE KID  
IS AT A  
DESERTED  
BARN AT...



BUT AS BUZZARD TELLS THE ADDRESS...

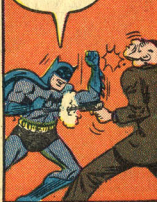
NO, DON'T  
GO! YOU'LL  
BE KILLED!  
THE PENGUIN  
IS USING  
THE BOY TO  
LURE YOU  
INTO A TRAP!

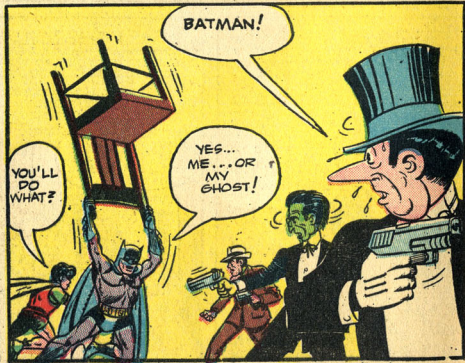
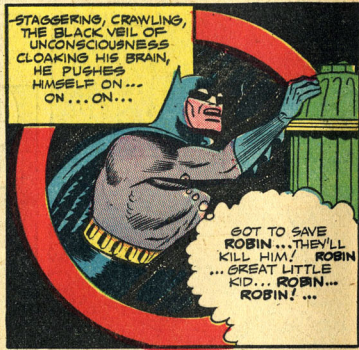
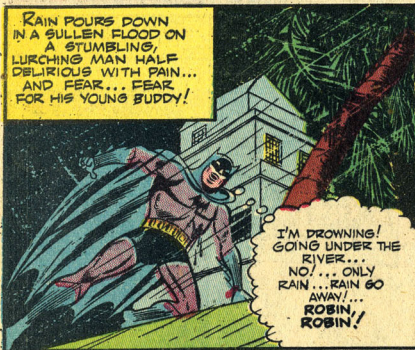
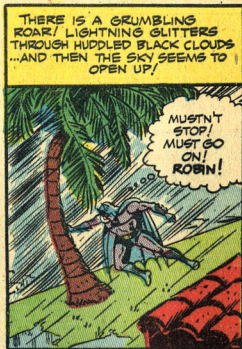
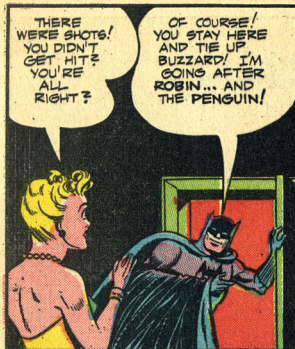
WHY...  
YOU  
SQUEALING...



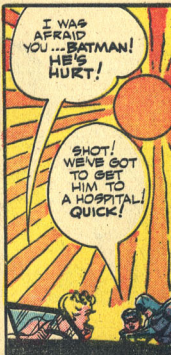
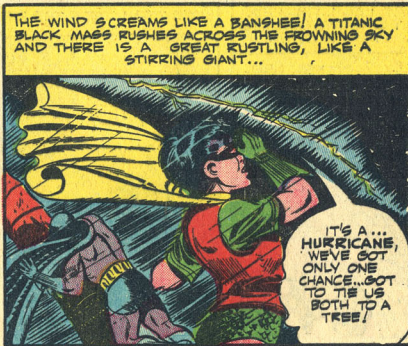
INSTINCTIVELY...THE  
BATMAN PUSHES THE  
GIRL OUT OF HARM'S  
WAY... AND...

PUT  
THAT  
GUN  
AWAY,  
OR... UGH!









BUT AT THE HOSPITAL...

BUT WE CAN'T WAIT TILL A DOCTOR IS FREE! THIS MAN MAY DIE!

EVERY DOCTOR HERE HAS MORE SERIOUS CASES THAN HE CAN HANDLE!

THE HURRICANE CAUSED MANY CASUALTIES! WE'RE SO RUSHED!



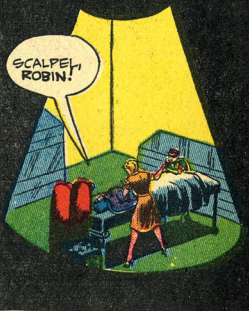
ROBIN, WE CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER! ONCE I WAS A DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT! PERHAPS I CAN PULL HIM THROUGH! ARE YOU WILLING TO LET ME OPERATE ON YOUR FRIEND?

ANYTHING YOU DO TO SAVE BATMAN IS OKAY WITH ME! BUT SAVE HIM... PLEASE!



INSTRUMENTS ARE BORROWED, AND IN A ROOM AS WHITE AS DEATH, A NIGHT CLUB SINGER'S MANICURED FINGERS TOIL TO GIVE THE BATMAN BACK HIS LIFE!

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.

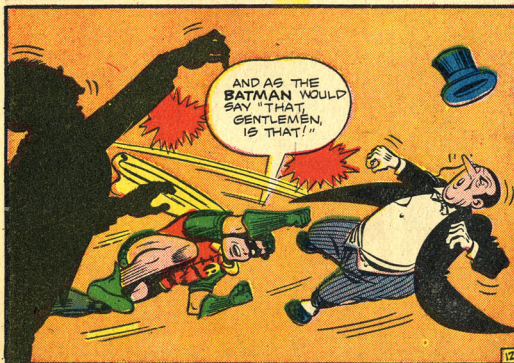
A NICE HAUL, BUT WE BETTER START MOVIN'!



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!

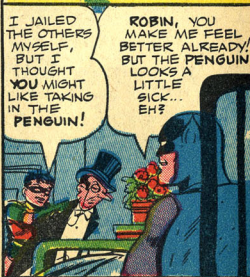


AND AS THE BATMAN WOULD SAY "THAT, GENTLEMEN, IS THAT!"

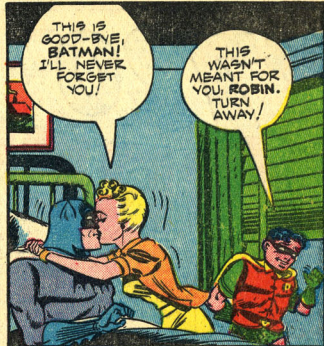
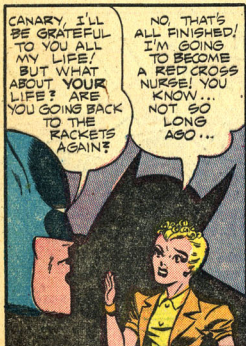
THE BATMAN'S PHYSICALLY PERFECT BODY RALLIES, AND THE NEXT MORNING HE AWAKENS, WEAK, BUT QUITE RECOVERED...TO FIND...

I JAILED THE OTHERS MYSELF, BUT I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TAKING IN THE PENGUIN!

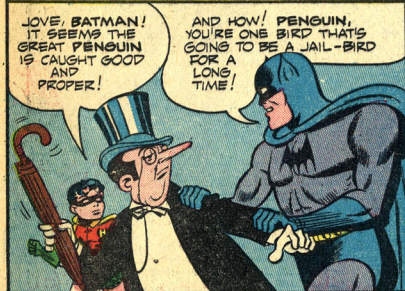
ROBIN, YOU MAKE ME FEEL BETTER ALREADY! BUT THE PENGUIN LOOKS A LITTLE SICK... EH?



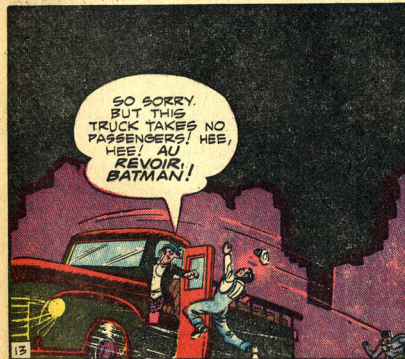
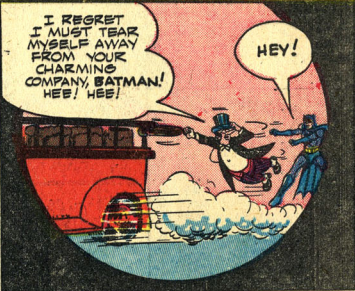




TWO DAYS LATER... A WARY DUO ESCORTS A LUDICROUS, LITTLE MAN TOWARD THE CITY JAIL...



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



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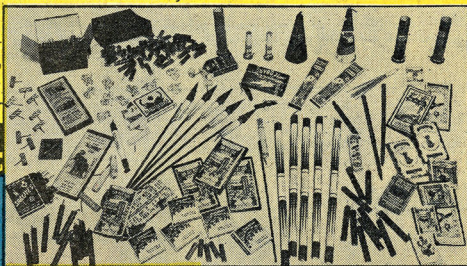
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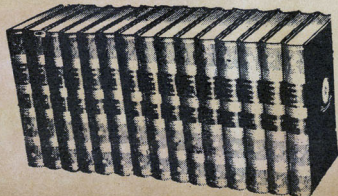
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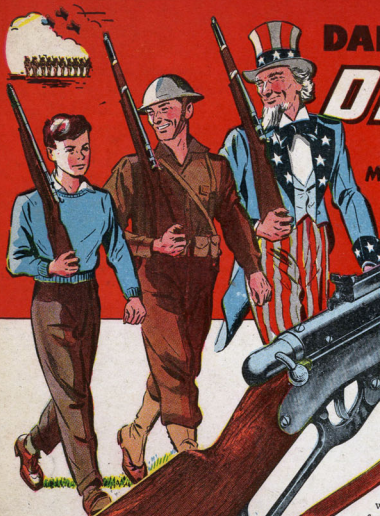
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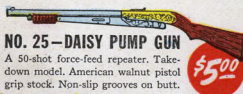
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