

No.12 TEN CENTS



BATMAN

AUG.
SEPT.

WAR
SAVINGS BONDS
AND STAMPS
KEEP 'EM
ROLLING!



**ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE**

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reviewed by **JOSETTE FRANK**, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America



KIT CARSON: TRAIL BLAZER AND SCOUT

By **SHANNON ZARST**

Illustrated by **HARRY DAUGHERTY**

The story of Kit Carson's life is a long and astonishing series of adventures. From that fateful day when Kit, only sixteen, and small for his age, ran away from the saddler's shop and joined up with a caravan heading West, his life was packed with danger and daring.

It took strong men to stand the hardships of the long trek across the trackless desert to Santa Fe, and Kit was only a boy. He was little, but he was determined to show them all that he could take his share.

The rugged life as a trapper in the Rocky Mountains, living in the open in constant danger from Indians and animals, taught Kit Carson many valuable things. Then, when the time came that the Government needed his help as guide and scout in pushing the frontiers of America to the Pacific Ocean, he was ready and able.

He knew the trail as few men did. He had the gift of leading men. He had unlimited courage. And his ability to handle Indians whether in a fight or in a parley was almost miraculous. No wonder his fame spread all through the United States. Tales of his courage and his exploits were told everywhere and he became a hero for boys to read about and men to admire.

This is a new book. Ask your librarian for it.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

ORPQC OQN JGRB FRCQ KXWMB JWM
BCJVBV!

BATMAN No. 18, August-September, 1942, published bi-monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 430 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. F. M. Eisner, Editor. He entered to record this matter Aug. 1, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Periodic subscription to the N. Y. C. 50 (including postage). Entries concern copyrighted 1942 by Detective Comics, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the words, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

BATMAN

WITH ROBIN

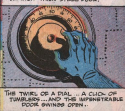
SYMBOL OF THE BATMAN'S VICTORIES OVER CRIME IS HIS HALL OF TROPHIES! HERE, IN A SECRET CHAMBER, ARE HOUSED FOR ALL TIME HUNDREDS OF ODD SOUVENIRS OF THE BATMAN'S NEVER-ENDING WAR AGAINST VILLANY!

AND PERHAPS THE STRANGEST KNIGHT IN THE BATMAN'S AWESOME COLLECTION OF TROPHIES IS A STEEL BULLET-PROOF VEST... A VEST OF ARMOR THAT AFFECTED THE LIVES OF THREE BROTHERS WHO FLOURED THE LAW...

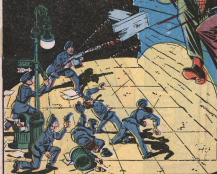
NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, IS REVEALED THE AMAZING CASE HISTORY OF TROPHY NO. 41...IN THE STARTLING STORY OF...

"BROTHERS IN CRIME!"

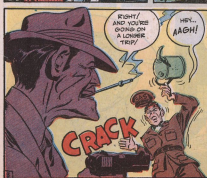
A GLOVED HAND REACHES FINGERLY FOR THE COMBINATION LOCK OF A SIX-INCH-THICK STEEL DOOR!



THE TWIRL OF A DIAL... A CLICK OF TUMBLERS... AND THE IMPENETRABLE DOOR SWINGS OPEN..







WOUNDED MORTALLY,
THE STATION
ATTENDANT DRAGS
HIS WAY TO THE
TELEPHONE...



KAFFERTY BROTHERS,
THREE OF THEM... HELD
UP STATION... SHOT
MY BUDDY...
AND...

I'D INSIDE A COTTAGE RETREAT, MILES OFF THE
STATE HIGHWAY...



YOU'RE...
YOU'RE
KILLERS!

PIPE DOWN,
PUNK! LOOK AT
THE TAKE! IT'LL
LAST UP A WEEK!
TURN ON THE RADIO
INSTEAD OF SNEAKING
...SEE WHAT
THE COPS KNOW!

...GUESS...
HELD UP A GAS
STATION AND SHOT
ITS ATTENDANTS!
THEY HAVE BEEN
IDENTIFIED AS THE
...

HEY...
DO YOU
HEAR
THAT?

I'M
GETTING
OUT OF
HERE! I
DENT DO
ANYTHING!

COME BACK
HERR, YOU
FOOL! YOU'RE
IN THIS NOW
UP TO YOUR
NECK!



THINK THE
COPS WILL
BELIEVE YOU
DON'T BE A
BAP! YOU'RE
HUNTING KID...
JUST LIKE
ME!

YEAH... AND
YOU MIGHT AS
WELL HANG FOR A
WOLF AS FOR A
SHEEP!



I... I... GUESS
YOU'RE
RIGHT...

THAT'S THE
SPOT, KID!
AND NOW WE'LL
MAKE YA ONE
OF US! WE
GOT SOMETHING
FOR YOU!



A BULLET-
TROOP VEST!
YA CAN LAUGH
AT THE COPPER!
THEY CAN'T
HURT YA!

GORE! GORE!
WE BOTH WEAR
ONE! YOU'LL
BE SAFE AS
A BUG IN A
RUG! HA/HA/HA!



THE
KAFFERTY
BROTHERS! BOY,
WHAT A COMBINATION!
WE'LL GET A GANG
TOGETHER AND
PAINT THE
TOWN RED!





AND AT THEIR
HIDEOUT...

WHAT'D I TELL
YOU, KID? YOU'RE
ON BUSH
STREET!

AND THOSE
BULLETPROOF VESTS
ARE JUST WHAT
THE DOCTOR
ORDERED!

BUT...
BUT WHY
DO YOU
HAVE TO
KILL?

QUIT WORRY-
ING! WE'RE
GETTING PLACED,
AIN'T WE? AND
TOMORROW WE GOT
OUR TWO BIGGEST
JOBS! NOBODY
CAN STOP US...
NOT EVEN THE
BATMAN!

BUT MIKE RAFFERTY HAS SPOKEN TOO SOON, FOR THAT
NIGHT, AS TWO CLOAKED FIGURES FLIT THROUGH THE
MOONLIT STREETS—



LOOK, ROBIN!
THE RAFFERTY
GANG!

IT'S ABOUT
TIME SOME-
BODY
STOPPED
THEM!

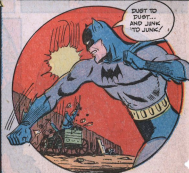
TWO AVENGERS
OF THE LAW,
THE BATMAN
AND THE BOY
WONDER ROCKET
INTO ACTION!



QUICK!
PUSH
EM!



KEEP YOUR
EAR TO THE
GROUND,
CHUM!



DUST TO
DUST...
AND JUNK
TO JUNK!



A PERILOUS MOMENT... AND JUST AS STEVE RAFFERTY IS ABOUT TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER... THE CRANE DIPS DOWN AND...

HELP



"HEY, LOOK AT STEVE!"

HIS MAGNETIZED! THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CRANE HADN'T LET GO OF HIS METAL VEST. HE'LL BE DROPPED TO HIS DEATH IF THAT OPERATOR CUTS OFF THE CURRENT! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM, EVEN IF HE'S A KILLER!



BUT A TREACHEROUS BLOW FROM BEHIND HELLS THE GALLANT DARK KNIGHT!



"GOT YOU!"

THE CRANE SWINGS OUT...



...AND RELEASES ITS LOAD IN THE FRONT CAR. AND THUS, IRONICALLY, THE GANG LEADER'S OWN HENCHMAN DOOMS HIM!

"SAFE AS A BUG IN A RUG!" VAN BOAST... FOR STEVE RAFFERTY'S BULLETPROOF VEST HAS BROUGHT HIM DEATH!



MEANWHILE, ROBIN SPRINGS TO THE RESCUE OF HIS DRAID COMPANION...



Suddenly, THE SHRIEK BLAST OF A WHISTLE...







AT THAT MOMENT
THE STREAMLINED
BATMOBILE NEARS THE
YACHT CLUB AT A
MILE-A-MINUTE
CLIP...

THEY'RE
PULLING UP
THE DICKY-
BRIDGE!

WE CAN'T STOP!
WE'LL HAVE TO
GO AHEAD!
HOLD
TIGHT!



WHO SAID
YOU SHOULD
NEVER CROSS A
BRIDGE BEFORE
COMING TO IT?

I KNEW...
BUT WE'RE
DOING IT!

ACCELERATING TO FULL SPEED
THE SUPER-CHARGED
CAR SHOOTS FORWARD
ACROSS EMPTY SPACE.



YEAH!
BACK TO
THE CLUB
HOUSE! WE'LL
FIX 'EM!

...AND MAKES
A FOUR-WHEEL
LANDING!



LAST
STOP!

ALL
OUT-
FOR ACTION!



AS THE POWER-
HOUSE PAIR
LEAPS TOWARD
THE CLUB
VERANDA, A WIDE
WIRE MESH-NET
SHOOTS DOWN
FROM ABOVE.

HA!
THEY
WALKED
RIGHT IN-
TO IT!



LOOK AT
'EM--THE
BATMAN
AND ROBIN!
SOME
CATCH!

HURRY UP! WE'LL
TAKE 'EM FOR
A NEW KIND OF
RIDE!



THEY'LL BE
DEAD FISH
IN NO
TIME!

WELL, I OOPS!
I'LL MEET THE
GANG AT THE
HIDEOUT. NO ONE
COULD SAVE BATMAN
AND ROBIN
NOW, NOT
EVEN ME!



NOTHING IN
AN UTILITY
BELT IS SHARP
ENOUGH TO CUT
THIS WIRE!
EXCEPT...
MAYBE...

THERE'S NO
WAY OF
ESCAPE!
WE'LL
DROWN!



THE DROWNING BATMAN CLITCHES
AT A LAST STRAW!

ONLY ONE
CHANCE--
I'LL BURN A
HOLE
THROUGH
THE NET!

WHAT IS THE BATMAN THINKING
OF? BURN A WHOLE WHOLE
UNDER WATER? ...IS IT
POSSIBLE?

WITH A TINY OXY-ACETYLENE TORCH, THE BATMAN SHOOTS A STREAM OF TERROID HEAT AGAINST THE WIRE NET!



LUCKY I REMEMBERED THAT UNDER-SEA DIVERS USE THESE IN GALANGANG WRECKED SHIPS!

GEE!

MOMENTS LATER...



WHEN! FRESH AIR! BOY, THAT TORCH BURNED RIGHT THROUGH WATER!

SILENTLY, THE DYNAMIC DUO INCHES ALONG TOWARD THE KEEL OF THE BOAT...



AND EXPLODES INTO ACTION!

THE LOOSE WHEEL OF THE BOAT SPINS FREE AND...



LOOK OUT! WE'RE GOING OVER!



ASH... THAT'S THE SECOND DUCKING TODAY!

HELP... GUESS HELP!

WHAT'S THAT? SOMEBODY IS DROWNING!

BATMAN IS RIGHT! ALONE IN THE DARK, MIKE RAFFERTY...

MY VEST... GUESS ITS WEIGHING ME DOWN... HELP... AHH!



HEY, MIKE'S DROWNED!

HIS VEST MAY HAVE BEEN BULLETPROOF - BUT IT WASN'T WATER-PROOF! IF HE HADN'T BEEN WEARING IT, HE MIGHT HAVE SAVED HIMSELF!



AND A SECOND BROTHERME MEETS DOOM BECAUSE OF A BULLET-PROOF VEST!







DON & NANCY

... COME TO THE RESCUE OF
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC
... AND THEY ALL HAVE A
WONDERFUL TIME!

CHILDREN, I'M PROUD OF YOU FOR DONATING SO GENEROUSLY TO THE RED CROSS, EVEN THOUGH IT MEANS GIVING UP OUR CLASS PICNIC.

BUT, MISS WHITE, THERE IS A DOLLAR LEFT IN OUR TREASURY. CAN'T WE STILL HAVE OUR PICNIC?

I DON'T SEE HOW, NANCY.

REFRESHMENTS ON ONLY A DOLLAR? WHY THERE ARE TWENTY OF US IN THIS CLASS... THAT'S ONLY ABOUT THREE CENTS FOR EACH OF US!

WE KNOW NOW! LET US PLAN THE PICNIC AND WE'LL SURPRISE YOU!

AT LAST CAME THE DAY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC...

MAH-HA! FORTY SUCKERS! NINE'S ORANGE FLAVORED. WHAT'S YOURS?

GANGBLY TELLOWS ICE COLD DRINKS COMING UP! WHAT FLAVOR DO YOU WANT?

ROOT BEER! SAY, THIS IS THE BEST I EVER HAD.

LOOK, ICE CREAM SHERBET! WANT SOME, MARY?

WHAT FUN! ICE COLD DRINKS, FROZEN SUCKERS, AND ICE CREAM SHERBET!

HURRAH FOR DON AND NANCY! CAN I HAVE SOME MORE? IT SURE TASTES GOOD!

IT'S A WONDERFUL PICNIC! DON AND NANCY. HOW DID YOU DO SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE MONEY?

OH, IT WAS EASY! MOTHER HELPED US A LITTLE. AND KOOL-AID HELPED US A LOT. MOTHER ALWAYS SAVES MONEY BY USING KOOL-AID.

I'LL SAY! A NICKEL PACKAGE IS ENOUGH TO MAKE TEN BIG DRINKS, OR TWENTY FORTY SUCKERS, OR EIGHT BIG DISHES OF SHERBET!

KOOL-AID Costs So Little You Can Have It Often!

Tell your mother about Koal-Aid, how so good it is in so many different ways. Once the discounts how well it tastes and how little it costs, you'll be having Koal-Aid drinks and often. Recipes on packages tell how to make frozen suckers and ice cream sherbet, too. Ask mother to buy some Koal-Aid today! Try all seven flavors!

BOYS! GIRLS! TRY KOOL-AID BUBBLE GUM



HAVE YOU tried Koal-Aid Bubble Gum? It comes in five different flavors, every one extra tasty and chewy. And for blowing bubbles, Koal-Aid Bubble Gum just can't be beat! You get a great big piece for only a penny—and the flavor lasts a long, long time. Remember that, and get more fun for your money. Always ask for Koal-Aid Bubble Gum. PERKINS PRODUCTS CO. • CHICAGO

KOOL-AID

AT YOUR GROCER

Family Size
PACKAGE

5¢
PKG.

7 DELICIOUS FLAVORS

BUDDY

GOSH!
THERE'S THE
DOG
CATCHER!



PERHAPS NIMMO
IS BEING KEPT
IN AFTER SCHOOL.
HE DON'T KNOW
ABOUT THIS! WHERE'S
HIS DOG?



THERE HE
IS NOW!
HY-AH!
HY-AH!
SPORT!!



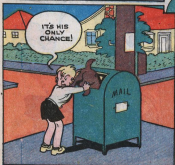
-- BUT
HURRY!
THE WAGON
IS COMING
DOWN THIS
WAY!!



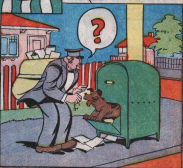
GOTCHA!



IT'S HIS
ONLY
CHANCE!



?



GEE MAN



DON'T FORGET THAT **BATMAN AND ROBIN** BATTLE THEIR WAY THROUGH SMASHING EXPLOITS IN EVERY MONTH'S ISSUE OF **DETECTIVE COMICS!**

--AND THAT SENSATIONAL NEW WAR-ACTION STRIP, **THE BOY COMMANDOS**, APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN **DETECTIVE COMICS**, TOO! BETTER NOT MISS IT!!



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

WHO LAUGHS AT THE LOCK-
SMITHS OF THE LAW?
WHO WEARS THE WHITE DEAD
MASK OF ANCIENT COMEDY AD-
JUSTED TO THE BODY OF A
LIVING MAN?

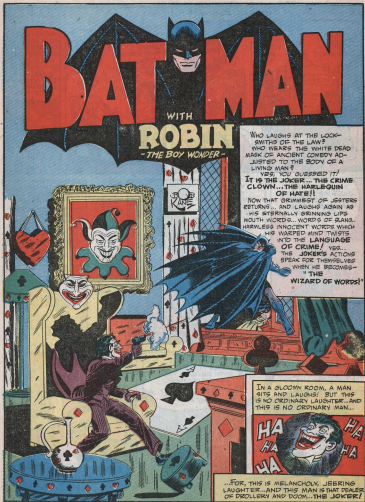
YES, YOU GUESSED IT!
**IT IS THE JOKER... THIS CRIME
CLOWN... THE HARLEQUIN
OF HATE!!**

NOW THAT GRIMMEST OF JESTERS
RETURNS... AND LAUGHS AGAIN AS
HIS ETERNALLY GRINNING LIPS
MOUTH WORDS... WORDS OF BLAND,
HARMLESS INNOCENT WORDS WHICH
HIS WARPED MIND TWISTS
INTO THE LANGUAGE
OF CRIME! YES...
THE JOKER'S ACTIONS
SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES
WHEN HE BECOMES—
"THE
WIZARD OF WORDS!"

IN A SLOOOWN ROOM, A MAN
SITS AND LAUGHS! BUT THIS
IS NO ORDINARY LAUGHTER...AND
THIS IS NO ORDINARY MAN...



...FOR, THIS IS MELANCHOLY, JEBBERING
LAUGHTER...AND THIS MAN IS THAT DEALER
OF DROLLERY AND DOOM...THE JOKER!



NOW THE JOKER RELAXES AFTER HIS LAST CRIME ESCAPE...



A VERY GOOD
JOKER, SLAPSY.
HA! HA! DO
YOU KNOW
ANY MORE?

WAIT'LL
YOU HEAR
THIS ONE,
BOSS. IT'LL
KILL
YA!



IT'LL KILL
ME! ID
RATHER LIVE,
THANK YOU! HA!
HA! SLAPSY,
WERE I TO TAKE
THAT REMARK
LITERALLY, IT
WOULD MEAN A
THREAT ON MY
LIFE!

AW BOSS,
I DIDN'T
MEAN
NOTHIN'!

I KNOW THAT,
YET MOST PEOPLE
USE SLANG
EXPRESSIONS
DAILY WHICH, IF
CARRIED OUT
WORD FOR WORD,
WOULD CAUSE
THEM TO COMMIT
CRIMES! 'I'LL
MOW YOU DOWN'
AND OTHERS, GET
THE IDEA?



HMM! AND THAT
GIVES ME A TEEENYWEEN
IDEA... AN IDEA THAT
ONLY THE JOKER
COULD THINK OF!
HA! HA!

SNAP!



SLAPSY, GO
OUT AND GET
ME SOME BAKING
DOUGH, A
PICTURE FRAMES,
SOME FIRECRACKERS
AND SOME BAKERS
OR RED PANT!

HUH?

WHAT
IS THE
JOKER'S
PLAN?
HOW
CAN
THESE
UN-
RELATED
OBJECTS
FIT TO-
GETHER
TO FORM
A
CRIME
PATTERN?



NEXT DAY, A PROMINENT
BANKER RECEIVES A
STRANGE MESSAGE...

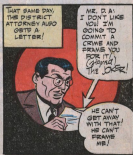
I HEAR YOU LIKE
MONEY! PERHAPS YOU
WILL BE PLEASED
WHEN I CROWN YOU
WITH DOUGH
(GIVEN)
THE JOKER!

TH-J-JOKER-
WANTS TO
GIVE ME A
LOT OF MONEY!



LATER THAT DAY...
AS THE BANKER
PASSES BENEATH
A WINDOW...

DIDN'T I SAY, I
WOULD "COVER YOU
WITH DOUGH! HA! HA!
THIS IS NOT MONEY...
BUT REAL
BAKING DOUGH!
HA! HA!



THAT SAME DAY,
THE DISTRICT
ATTORNEY ALSO
GETS A
LETTER!

ME, D.A.
I DON'T LIKE
YOU! I'M
GOING TO
COMMIT A
CRIME AND
FRAME YOU
FOR IT!
(GIVEN)
THE JOKER!

HE CAN'T
GET AWAY
WITH THAT!
HE CAN'T
FRAME
ME!



LATE THAT NIGHT... A STARTLING CHANGE OCCURS IN THE WAYNE HOME...

WHAT'S UP? WHY THE SUDDEN INTEREST IN TONIGHT'S PAPER?

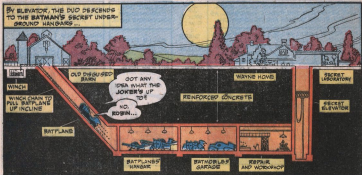
I'M CHECKING UP ON A LIST OF PLACES THAT WERE PAINTED RED BY THE JOKER'S MOB!

YOU THINK THE JOKER PULLED THESE STUNTS AS A COVER-UP FOR SOMETHING CROOKED?

BULL-S-BYE, ROBIN! NOW... LET'S SEE... GROCERY STORE WINDOW... MUSEUM WALL... BANK ROOFTOP... GAY! THAT'S THE ONLY BANK MENTIONED! THAT'S IT, THEN! IT MUST BE!



BY ELEVATOR, THE DUO DESCENDS TO THE BATMAN'S SECRET UNDERGROUND HANGAR...



... BUT I'VE HAD TOO MANY TISSUES WITH THAT GUY TO STOP ME FROM PLAYING MY HUNCH!

THE DISGUISED BARN'S AUTOMATIC DOOR SWINGS OPEN... AND THE BATPLANE ROARS SKYWARD!

AT THAT INSTANT... CRIME STRIKES ON THE BANK ROOFTOP!



MY SCHEME WORKED! ALL THESE SEEMINGLY INANE PRANKS... TO COVER UP A CRIME COUP! HA! HA!



HEY! I CAN SEE THE INSIDE O' THE BANK! YOU KICKED A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH THE ROOF!

PRECISELY! THAT RED PAINT I SPRAWLED HERE WAS MIXED WITH AN ACID SO POWERFUL, SO CORROSIVE, IT WEAKENED THE ROOF IN A FEW HOURS! HA! I'M REALLY BRILLIANT!

INSIDE, THE LOOTERS STROKE SWIFTLY

MHA...F
UGH!

CURIOUS
FELLOW,
AREN'T
YOU?
HA! HA!

JUST
DROPPED
IN TO MAKE
A DEPOSIT...
RIGHT ON
YOUR CHIN!

3 Suddenly...
TWO CAPED
FIGURES
INTERRUPT
THE EVIL
PROCEEDINGS!

WELL, WELL!
CERTAINLY
LOOKS LIKE
I CALLED
MY SHOT
THE TIME,
SH, ROBIN!

YOU MUST'VE
BEEN PEERING
INTO A CRYSTAL BALL! MY-
MY, LOOK AT ALL
THE NASTY MEN!
TSC-TSC!

BATMAN
AND
ROBIN!

4 MOVING WITH THE
LITHE GRACE OF PANTHERS,
THE CRIME-BUSTERS
TEAR INTO THE BANDITS!

LOOKING FOR
MONEY? HOW
ABOUT SOME
HARD CASH!

5 ALL RIGHT, KID...
HERE'S WHERE YOU
GET YOURS!

OH-OH!
GOT TO DO
SOMETHING...
BUT
QUICKLY!

6 DUCK,
ROBIN!

OOF!

LOW
BRIDGE!



THAT NIGHT... IN THE JOKER'S SECRET SANCTUM...

BOSS, WE DIDN'T GET NOTHIN' ON THAT JOB AND ALL BECAUSE OF THE BATMAN! YOU SHOULD LET ME PLAG 'IM!

NO! ANYONE CAN KILL WITH A GUN! BUT I'M NOT ANYONE! I'M THE JOKER!

WHEN I KILL IT MUST BE WITH SOME IMAGINATION. BUT YOU ARE RIGHT! I MUST GET THE BATMAN BEFORE HE GETS ME!

LEAVE ME! I WANT TO THINK! I WANT TO PLAN A FATAL TRAP FOR THE BATMAN... HA! HA!

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT... A NEWS FLASH...

FLASH! COMMISSIONER GORDON JUST RECEIVED A CALL FROM THE JOKER WHO VOWED TO "MAKE HOT NEWS BY SETTING THE WORLD ON FIRE!"

TO "GET THE WORLD ON FIRE" MEANS TO GET FAME! BUT THE JOKER ILLUSTRATING HIS MESSAGES WORD FOR WORD—

IF HE INTENDS TO PUT THE WHOLE WORLD IN FLAMES, HE WILL MAKE HOT NEWS!

"HOT NEWS"... THE GOTHAM WORLD! THE NEWSPAPER! IT JUST MOVED FROM AN OLD BUILDING TO A MODERNISTIC, FIRE-FLOOR SKYSCRAPER!

THERE! THAT'S THE WORLD HE'S GOING TO SET ON FIRE! LET'S GET GOING!

MINUTES LATER... THE TWO HALTS BEFORE A RANSHACKLE OLD FACTORY THAT LOOKS OBVIOUSLY AGAINST THE GLOOMY WATER-FRONT.

THERE'S WHERE THEY ONCE PRINTED THAT PAPER! BUT WHICH PLACE DO YOU THINK THE JOKER MEANS... THIS OR THE NEW BUILDING?

I DON'T KNOW! TELL YOU WHAT. WE'LL SPLIT UP! YOU TAKE THE NEW BUILDING. I'LL INVESTIGATE THE OLD FIRE-TRAP!

LATER... A WEIRD, BATLIKE SHAPE FLITS WARILY OVER DUST-COVERED FLOORS!

THEN, WITHOUT WARNING... **SUDDEN AMBUSH!**

"COME INTO MY TRAP!" SAID THE JOKER TO THE BATMAN!
HA! HA! A NEW APPROPRIATE VARIATION ON AN OLD SAYING!

WHAT?

moments later...

BOY-O-BOY!
AM I A PRIZE GAZE?

NOT EXACTLY. IT TOOK BRAIN MATTER TO FATHOM MY CRYPTIC MESSAGE...
NOW, BATMAN, YOU'RE THE TOP CRIME-BUSTER... AND TO SHOW MY RESPECT FOR YOUR TALENT... I'M TAKING YOU FOR A SPIN!

BEFORE THE BATMAN CAN COMPREHEND, HE IS STRADDLED ACROSS A HUGE GYROSCOPE!

A GYROSCOPE TOP FOR A TOP MAN! I PROMISED YOU A G.O.N... AND YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT! HA! HA!

A SWITCH IS THROWN! THERE IS THE HUM AND CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY... AND THE GYROSCOPE STARTS TO SPIN!

Suddenly,
THE JOKER'S HAND CLOSES THE SWITCH!
THE GIANT TOP FALTERS IN ITS SPIN!

FASTER...FASTER... AT A THOUSAND REVOLUTIONS PER SECOND... FASTER WITH THE TERRIBLE CENTRIFUGAL FORCE HURLING PULS-POUNING BLOOD IN HIS HEAD AND FEET!

IN A FEW MOMENTS YOUR BLOOD WILL HIT YOUR BRAIN WITH SUCH PRESSURE THAT YOU WILL GO MAD! HA! HA!

NO, BATMAN... I DON'T LIKE THAT SORT OF UNING DEATH FOR YOU! ...IT'S TOO TOO AN-INDIGNIFIED!

HAS THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE SAVED THE BATMAN FROM A HORRIBLE END? DON'T FORGET... HE IS... THE JOKER!

NO, BATMAN... I'VE A BETTER IDEA... I'M GOING TO LET YOU WALK THE ROAD TO SUCCESS!
HA! HA!

OH-H-H!
IT ISN'T BAD ENOUGH WHEN I SEE ONE JOKER... NOW I SEE FOUR OF HIM! MY HEAD... GOING ROUND... DIZZY!

"THE ROAD TO SUCCESS!"

A SLIM PLANK HOVERING OVER SUDDEN DEATH!



THE ROAD TO SUCCESS! GOOD, BUT I ADMIT IT IS MELODRAMATIC, BUT IT GIVES MY PERSONALITY! HA! HA!

THE DAZED BATMAN IS PRODDED OUTONTO THE PLANK WITHOUT FULLY REALIZING HIS DESPERATE FLIGHT...

CROSS THAT PLANK SUCCESSFULLY AND YOU ARE FREE! FAILURE MEANS DEATH! EITHER THE BURNING OIL ON ONE SIDE, OR THE UPRIGHT SPIKES ON THE OTHER! HA! HA!



BUT ONTO THE PLANK STEPS THE BATMAN...



I SEE THREE PLANKS NOW! WHICH IS THE REAL ONE?...GOT TO PICK THE RIGHT ONE! BUT I CAN'T TELL! I CAN'T TELL!



BUT THE CRAFTY JOKER KNOWS HOW THE PLANK AND CHASM MUST APPEAR TO THE BATMAN AFTER HIS TERRIBLE ORDEAL

EVERYTHING'S GOING AROUND... SPINNING... CAN'T SEE STRAIGHT!



HA!
HA!



O'WOO!

AS THE JOKER MOVES TO PROD THE BATMAN TO CERTAIN DEATH...SUDDENLY...A HUM...AND SOMETHING SMACKS HIS HAND!

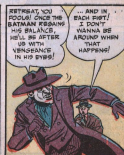
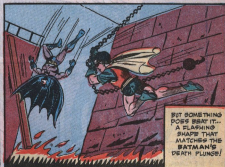
THEN CATAPULTING FORWARD, TWIRLING HIS SLING-SHOT IS A MODERN YOUNG DAVID TO DEFEAT A GOLIATH OF CRIME...
ROBIN!

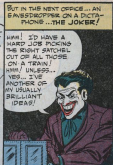


NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL ARRIVING IN THE NICK OF TIME!



YIPPEE!
OUTA MY WAY!
I'M RIDING HIGH!





BAT, RACING IN THE WAKE OF THE TRAIN...THE BATMOBILE!



IF YOU CAN FOLLOW A TRAIN, I GUESS I CAN, TOO! YOU'RE TRAPPED THIS TIME, JOKER!

THE WILY JOKER SWIFTLY SWITCHES ONTO ANOTHER TRACK... BUT THE BATMAN IS NOT TO BE DENIED!



A GOOD TRICK, JOKER... BUT IT WON'T WORK!



MASTER CRIME-FIGHTER AND MASTER CRIMINAL LOCK GRIPS IN SWAYING BATTLE ON A RUNAWAY HAND CAR!

THEN, A TERRIBLE SPINE-CHILLING WAIL... A TRAIN WHISTLE!



A ROARING MONSTER OF STEEL THUNDERS DOWN ON THE HAND CAR AND ITS HUMAN FREIGHT...



A HATTERING CRASH... AND A TWIN LEAP FOR LIFE!

THE IMMEDIATE DANGER AVERTED, THE GRUELING, EXCITING MANHUNT CONTINUES UNABATED!



AS LONG AS YOU'RE ALIVE, FOLLY, I'LL BE AROUND!

AS THE JOKER RACES PAST AN ARMY CAMP, HE SPIES A CHANCE FOR ESCAPE... A BLOW FALLS A GUARDING WATCHMAN...



HA! HA!

...AND THE ANCHOR CABLES OF A BARRAGE BALLOON BREAK LOOSE FROM THEIR MOORINGS!

EVEN AS THE
HUGE BAG
ROCK, THE BATMAN
LEAPS FOR
A TRAILING
CABLE...



COME
TO
POPPA!

...AND IN ANOTHER INSTANT IS
CLIMBING HAND OVER HAND UP ITS
SLIPPERY LENGTH!



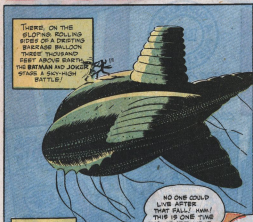
STILL
WITH YOU,
FUNNY
MAN!

NOT FOR
LONG!
YOU...



MISSED...
AND YOU'RE
NOT GOING
TO GET ANOTHER
CHANCE!

THERE, ON THE
SLOPING, ROLLING
SIDES OF A DRIETING
BARRAGE BALLOON
THREE THOUSAND
FEET ABOVE EARTH,
THE BATMAN AND JOKER
STAGE A SKY-HIGH
BATTLE!



Abruptly THE BATMAN TEARS
HIMSELF FREE, WINDS HIS
STRONG FINGERS INTO AN
IRON RIST AND SWINGS
HARD!



OH-HH!

CRACK

OKAY,
JOKER...
THIS IS
IT!

DOWN LIKE A
STONE DROPS THE
JOKER'S TWISTING
BODY... DOWN TO
THE RAGING RIVER
BELOW!



SOMETIME
AFTER, THE
RUNAWAY
BALLOON ARSOBY
ENDS AS ITS
CABLES TANGLE
IN A TREE-
TOP AND THAT
NIGHT...

NO ONE COULD
LIVE AFTER
THAT FALL! HMM!
THIS IS ONE TIME
THE JOKER WENT
INTO A CRIME
THAT WAS OVER
HIS HEAD!



YES... IN
FACT, RIGHT
NOW HE'S DROWNING
HIS GORROWN
AND WE CAN TAKE
THAT...WORD
FOR WORD...

But- IS THE
JOKER DEAD AT
LAST? OR, IS
THIS JUSTING
CRIME GENIUS
ALIVE... ALIVE AND
LAUGHING... LAUGHING
IN UNHOLY GLEE AS
HIS DISTORTED BEY!
SPRINGS NEW
WILLAINES?
ONLY TIME CAN
TELL...



LOOK FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR
THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!



NOW ON SALE

WINDY WATKINS

BY ALGER



BATMAN

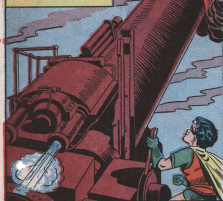
WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

DANGER IS THE DAILY DIET OF THOSE "HUMAN DAREDEVILS" WE CALL THE "STUNT MEN" --- THOSE FEARLESS FELLOWS WHO RECKLESSLY STAKE THEIR VERY LIVES UPON THEIR STEELY NERVES! HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES ARE THEIR STOCK IN TRADE. BREATH-TAKING HAZARDS HOLD NO TERRORS FOR THEM --- UNTIL DEATH MYSTERIOUSLY HALTS THEIR GALLANT DEEDS!

THIS IS THE THRILLING STORY OF MEN WHO HAVE TO BE BRAVE FOR A PRICE... AND OF BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, WHOSE BRAVERY COULD NOT BE BOUGHT... IN THE ADVENTURE OF ---

"THEY THRILL TO CONQUER!"

BOB
KANE



UP THE SHEER FACE OF A SKYSCRAPER CLIMBS A "HUMAN FLY" TO DO HIS BIT FOR UNCLE SAM!



THOUSANDS OF WATCHERS -- BUT ONLY TWO, KEEN-EYED BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, SEE --



-- A SINISTER GUNT OF LIGHT FROM A SHADED WINDOW!



ONLY A TELLTALE FLASH -- BUT SUFFICIENT TO TRANSFORM BRUCE WAYNE INTO HIS OTHER SELF, THE BATMAN!



TWENTY STORIES ABOVE THE GAPING THOUSANDS, THE CRIME NEWSGIRL SWAGES A SILKEN CORD ACROSS THE GULF OF SPACE...



ACROSS THE DIZZY CHASM NICHES THE ACRO-BATMAN...



ABRUPTLY...A TREACHEROUS SAUND OF HOT LEAD!



BUT OUT OF THE CRIME-FIGHTER'S BELT FLASHES A STRANGE WEAPON -- A POCKET-MIRROR!



INCH BY INCH -- AND AGAIN THE GUN ROARS!



ALMOST, MY FRIEND
--BUT--NOT--
QUITE!



AND CHEATED DEATH GRASPS
ITS TEETH!

HOLD IT! HOLD IT! KIDABOY!
NOW JUST A COUPLE
MORE STEPS....



MEANWHILE, ON THE FLOOR BELOW....

YOU MISSED HIM--
AND HE'S GOT
FORD! WAIT'LL
THE CHIEF
HEARS THIS!

AW, I COULDN'T SEE,
I TELL YER, DUKE!
HE SHONE A LIGHT
RIGHT IN MY EYES--
I--



THE DOOR TO ESCAPE--
BUT THROUGH IT WAITS
ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!

MUSN'T CROSS
AGAINST THE
LIGHT, OLD
TOP!



3 PUT SECONDS LATER, BATMAN
FACES A GROGGY ROBIN...



THIS DEVILISH GUN IS NO TOY!
ALL THEY HAD TO DO WAS
SHOOT ITS LOAD OF AMMONIA
DAG IN MY FACE AND IT'D PITCH
DOWN TO THE STREET! EVERY-
ONE WOULD CONSIDER IT AN-
OTHER ACCIDENTAL DEATH--
LIKE THESE...



OUT OF FORD'S POCKET CAME
THREE NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS...



THOSE WERENT
ACCIDENTS, BATMAN.
THEY WERE MURDERS!
SOMEONE IS FORCING
US STUNT MEN TO
BUY PROTECTION.
THOSE THREE WOULDN'T
PAY--SO THEY DIED!
I'M NEXT!

BUT WHY DON'T
YOU PAY--
RATHER THAN
BE KILLED?



I CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY!
I'M ONE OF THE FLYING
FOODS. REMEMBER US?
THERE WERE THREE OF US--
ME AND NAN AND YOUNG
TOM. HE'S JUST ABOUT
ROBIN'S AGE...



"LITTLE TOMMY WAS A GREAT PERFORMER, BUT WE DIDN'T LET HIM DO ANY-
THING DANGEROUS--JUST GOING UP WITH US AND TAKING EASY SWINGS."



UNTIL THAT DAY
WHEN MY GEAR
BROKE. I WAS
FALLING STRAIGHT
FOR A BIG ANIMAL
WAGON. TOM SAW
WHAT WAS COMING
AND DIVED AT
THE ROPE.



I'VE
GOT IT,
DAD!

THAT CHECKED ME SO
THAT I MISSED THE
WAGON--BUT TOM LANDED
IN THE ARENA IN A HEAP HE
CRUSHED HIS SPINE--AND
HE'S NEVER WALKED SINCE!

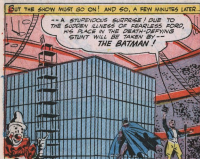


TOMMY!
OH,
TOMMY!
DARLING!

TOMMY NEEDS AN
OPERATION THAT
WILL COST THOUSANDS
OF DOLLARS. THAT'S
WHY I TAKE THESE
DANGEROUS JOBS
AND WHY I
WOULDN'T PAY
THOSE CROOKS!



DON'T
WORRY, YOU
WON'T
NEED TO!



HISH UP INSIDE THE ARENA, THE BOY WONDER SUDDENLY CLIMBERS A KEY TO THE ANSWER!



THAT FACE -- THAT'S THE GENT WHO GAVE ME THE AMMONIA BATH! BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!

HISH UP TOWARD THE ROOF OF THE MAMMOTH AUDITORIUM THE PROWLER LEADS!



A CONTROL BOOTH! BUT YOU MUSTN'T GET OUT OF CONTROL, BROTHER!



TOO BAD YOU DON'T HAVE ANOTHER BARREL OF AMMONIA TO EMPTY IN MY FACE!

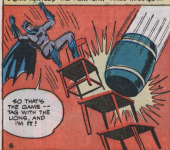


YOU WANT ANOTHER BARREL, EH? TAKE A LOOK DOWN BELOW, SMART GUY!



TOO LATE! THE TIGHT-DRAWN ROPE SPRINGS THE TRAP!

DOWN KURTLES THE FENDISHLY TIMED MISSILE...



SO THAT'S THE GAME -- TAG WITH THE LONG, AND I'M IN!

AND THE GAIRIE BEASTS CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL!



TOO BAD FRANK BUCK ISN'T HERE -- MAYBE HE COULD BRING ME BACK ALIVE OUT OF THIS!



THE AFTERNOON OF THE GALA FETE AT BRUCE WAYNE'S ESTATE--AND BRUCE CALLS ON HIS STAR PERFORMER....

READY, FORD? YOUR STUNT ON NEXT!

NO, MR. WAYNE--I'VE CHANGED MY MIND! I THOUGHT I'D GET MY NERVE BACK--BUT I CAN'T! I'M AFRAID I'LL CRASH & BURN IN THAT CAR!



SORRY, MR. WAYNE... BUT I'M ALL WASHED UP! I'LL NEVER HAVE THE NERVE TO STUNT AGAIN... GOOD-BYE!...



WELL, CAN'T DISAPPOINT THE CROWD, BOBBS, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A BREAK LITTLE BOB TO KEEP A PRISON FIT!... DON'T THINK ANYONE WILL BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE ME BEHIND THESE GOGGLES!



OUTSIDE, THE ANNOUNCER GOES INTO HIS SPIN....

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THAT INTREPID DAREDEVIL, FEARLESS FORD, IN HIS SPECTACULAR LOOP-THE-LOOP INTO INFERNAL CHAOS, FEARLESS!



OH, FEARLESS!... AND OFF ROCKETS THE BAT-MAN AT BLIST'R SPEED INTO THE HEART OF DANGER!



2 SECONDS LATER, AT THE CREST OF THAT PERILOUS LOOP, BATMAN SPINS SUDDEN DEATH AHEAD.

A TRUCK! I CAN'T POSSIBLY MISS IT! SO I'M TO ROAST IN THAT BLAZING CHEN!

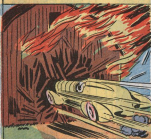


THE TRAP THAT WAITS--AN ABANDONED TRUCK!



TOO LATE TO SURVIVE FROM THAT DEATH-STUDDED COURSE--AND AHEAD LIES A HEAD-ON COLLISION OR FLAMING DOOM!

STRAIGHT INTO THE FIERY MASH SPLITS THE CRASH CAR...

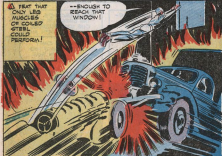


BUT EVEN IN THAT FLASHING SIXTH-SECOND A DESPERATE PLAN SPARKS FROM THE BATMAN'S DYNAMIC BRAIN!



6 FEAT THAT ONLY LEG MUSCLES OF COULD STEEL COULD PERFORM!

--ENOUGH TO REACH THAT WINDOW!



AND ONCE AGAIN DEATH'S CHILL FINGERS SNATCH FOR THE BATMAN IN VAIN!



YEA, FEARLESS!

HURRAY FOR FEARLESS FORD!

YEA, FORD!



AND FEARLESS FORD FALLS IN THE SHADOWS HE WATCHES HIS HOLLOW TRIUMPH...

DEAD--THAT'S WHAT I WOULD BE NOW! DOWN TO BITS! NO MAN COULD HAVE ESCAPED--NO MAN BUT THE BATMAN! AND IN NO BATMAN...



THAT TRIUMPH BRINGS SHIFT CONSEQUENCES!

GREAT WORK, FORD! I'VE ANOTHER DATE FOR YOU ALREADY! SATURDAY--A HIGH DIVE AT THE NEW BRONX--FOR BIG DOLPH!

OKAY--YOU'RE THE BOSS, KICK!



EATER...

GREAT SHOW YOU PUT ON FOR US TODAY, BRUCE!

WOULDN'T YOU THINK BRUCE WOULD WANT TO DO SOMETHING LIKE FORD'S ACT INSTEAD OF ONLY SPON-SORING IT?

BRUCE! WHYNE! MY DEAR, HE COULDN'T BE BOTHERED!



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FAIR--TWO CLOAKED FIGURES GLIDE SOFTLY OVER THE GROUNDS!

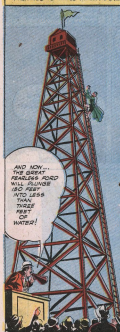


LOOK AT THAT FURROW! SOME-ONE'S BEEN DIGGING HERE!

JUST AS I EXPECTED... CLEVER JOB-- THE GROUND IS HARDLY DISTURBED-- BUT LET'S SEE WHERE THAT RAIN TRAIL LEADS US...



OPENING DAY AT THE FAIR...AND ONCE AGAIN A DISGUISED BATMAN PREPARES TO THRILL THOUSANDS...



AND "FEARLESS FORD" PLUNGES-- JUST AS A MIGHTY EXPLOSION ROCKS THE FAIRGROUNDS!



STUNNED SILENCE---UNTIL SUDDENLY A GRILL-SHRIEK SOUNDS "FORD'S" REQUiem!

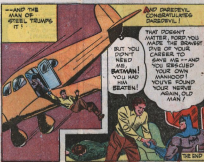


BUT THE REAL FEARLESS FORD IS FAR FROM DEATH!









GAGS



HONEST INJUN!

NOW ON
SALE!



UGH! IS MUCH TRUE THAT
SUPER-BIG 96-PAGE
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
IS WORLD'S FINEST BUY!
HAS IN IT SUPERMAN
AND BATMAN BOTH
--AND MUCH OTHERS!
CATCHUM ALSO
ALL STORIES
BRAND-NEW
--NO CHEATUM
PUBLIC WITH
REPRINTS!



MURDER RAP

by Sam Case

ED SWAIN sauntered through the busy city room, with its clicking typewriters and chattering teletype machines providing noisy accompaniment. Copy boys scurried about the room, snatching stories handed them by reporters and rewrite men. There was an air of a big story breaking and it is a feeling only a newspaperman can fully appreciate. But part of it communicated itself to Ed Swain because, as crack detective on the Homicide Squad, his work brought him in contact with reporters.

And especially one reporter. Female.

Her name was Jane Winters and she was star sob sister on the *Blade*.

Lately, Swain had taken to worrying about Jane. He had never figured she'd turn out to be a swell crime reporter. But within twelve weeks, she had been turning out sensational stuff on the underworld, breaking stories even the stoolies couldn't bring in. And now here she was mixed up with Fats Martin, against whom a murder rap was pending.

Swain scowled, thinking of this. The indictment had been handed down today. Already, Fats was out on bail. Serenely, he had called the press into the sumptuous realty office he maintained—actually the police knew it to be a bookmaking establishment—and promised a breath-taking revelation at the time of his trial.

"I'm being persecuted," he had said. "I'm just an honest business man. But the Mayor of this town is out to get me. I'm just waiting to get on that stand. You boys tell your readers that."

And the papers were doing it. Worried, wondering what ace Fats might have, the Mayor had called the Commissioner, who had in turn called the

Chief Inspector and down the line it went until the order was dropped on Ed Swain's desk. "Find out what Fats intends to do."

Morosely, Swain looked at the headline on the freshly-printed paper dropped hurriedly on Jane's desk by a copy boy. **MARTIN PROMISES SURPRISE!**

"So!" Swain dropped the paper as he heard Jane's voice. Poised, her face flushed, she stood there, her eyes dancing. "Don't tell me," she said, "that the police department is getting its information from the *Blade* now?"

She smiled. "It's tough enough when its crack detective decides maybe he'd better learn something about being a fireman, just in case."

Swain flushed. He didn't mind being kidded about the off-time he spent with the Auxiliary Fire Corps. He had thought it a good idea, in war time, to learn something about fighting fires. Never knew when it would come in handy. But Jane didn't have to keep rubbing it in.

"Well, maybe I did come up for some information. What's Martin going to spring? It's got to be good because the Grand Jury is rushing the trial for next week. Something tells me the good citizens in this town are pretty tired of his murdering."

"Now, now," Jane jested. "You, as a police officer, should know you oughtn't to accuse a man without evidence."

"That job was evidence enough for me," Swain growled. "Only his mob kills a guy the way we found the victim." He paused, looked at Jane. "Hey, where you going in such a hurry? I thought maybe you'd have dinner with me?"

"Sorry," Jane applied the final touch of lipstick. "But I'm

combining business with social life. Tonight, I'm dining with Fats at the Blue Penguin." She waved a parting hand at Ed Swain. "See you later."

"Yeah," Swain muttered. "And you will. I'll be at the Blue Penguin, too. I'd love to sock that guy. I just wish they'd give him to me. He'd talk."

But it isn't done that way. Not always. Nor can a guy make promises to himself and keep them all. You see, Ed Swain had forgotten that on this evening, he was to put in two hours at the Auxiliary Fireman school and learn about riding a fire truck. One hour was all he could spare, conscientiously, and he gave it. He was really feeling sorry about losing a ride on the truck when he left the course to hurry to the Blue Penguin.

The night club, privately owned by Martin, was doing a brisk business. Swain glowered as he saw Jane, her arm hooked in Fats' pudgy arm, leave the dance floor. They were heading toward a large, flower-banked table, where some of Fats' friends were being fêted. Jane, catching Swain's eye, waved to him, then said something to Fats. The mobster's boisterous laugh resounded through the club.

He was still laughing when Swain came over. Whatever he had heard from Jane, had been told the rest of the table. They, too, were roaring. Martin wiped his fat face. "Ho—ho," he roared, pointing at Swain. "Here comes the fireman!"

He said: "I don't think that's so funny. But maybe you can dress it up for your paper. These guests would make a fine society column!" His eyes darted swiftly about the table. There wasn't a man there who hadn't done time.

"Hey, wait a minute." Fats' voice welled up and his slitted eyes bored into Swain. "Never mind the cracks, copper. Nobody invited you." His huge arm went affectionately behind Jane's chair, and Swain writhed. "I got friends on papers," Fats said. "And believe me, you can

tell your pal, the Mayor, that tomorrow the people of this town can start laughing at him, instead of waiting for the trial." His thick lips worked into a smile of a thousand creases of compulsion. "This little lady has persuaded me to let her print my alibi!"

"Your alibi?" Swain echoed weakly. So that was what Fats had been holding up his sleeve! Swain felt disgusted. The Mayor should have figured that out himself. Swain could feel Fats slipping through the law's fingers. Of course the gangster would have a perfect alibi as usual.

"I should have expected it," Swain said, contemptuously. "You were just shooting off, looking for publicity. And the Mayor fell for it." He turned, intending to leave, but bumped into a small, nervous individual who was approaching the table.

It was Maxie Hart, Fats' lawyer. "Hello, Swain!" Maxie said. "Not making a pinch, are you?"

"Not him!" Fats guffawed. "I was just going to tell him that at 9:10, when that murdered man died—just like it said in the papers—Fats Martin was arguing with a fire truck that hit his car." His beady eyes glistened. "Yeah, Swain," Fats jeered. "I was in the neighborhood, okay. But it so happens that my chauffeur hears the fire engine siren and gets flustered. The engine hits my car and goes on. But the cop on the beat makes a note of the time. And I got my dented car, as well as the cop's word, to prove where I was!" He guffawed again, enjoying Swain's consternation. "So I think maybe I'll let this reporter, here, put the heat on the Mayor and you lugs tomorrow."

Swain was still thinking of this when he went outside. He knew Maxie's flare for the sensational, and now Fats had tipped off the lawyer's grandstand play. Swain sighed. There was nothing to do now but check on Fats' alibi, and tell the Commissioner.

At the firehouse, there was a record of the collision. It

had taken place only a few blocks from where the murdered man had been found. The fireman had been called out on a false alarm. Wearily, Swain closed the report, showing the accident at 9:10 P. M. Martin was in the clear.

The night captain looked up from his desk. "What's up, Swain?"

The detective told him. "Yeah," the captain nodded. "I remember. I was right behind the hook and ladder when it hit the car. The truck wasn't going fast and the bell was ringing loud enough. I don't know how it happened to hit."

"The bell?" Swain said. "Did you say the bell was ringing?"

"Sure?" The captain's eyes mocked Swain's. "Say, weren't you paying attention to the lecture tonight? What did we tell you about fire apparatus and the noises they make when going to and from fires?"

Swain snapped his fingers. "Brother," he said, "you don't have to tell me. I've got this memorized forever." He rushed out of the firehouse.

Fats wasn't at the Blue Penguin. No one knew where he had gone. Outside, he stood indecisively plotting his next move. The doorman, who had abandoned his post to call a cab, walked back. There was a newsie with him.

"Know where Fats went?" Swain asked the doorman.

The man grinned. "Now how would I know?" he asked. "Oh, pardon me." He rushed to open the door for a party.

"I saw Fats getting into a cab with a girl and a little guy," a voice said. "The little guy said something about going to his apartment." It was the newsie, an ex-pug.

Fifteen minutes later, he pressed the buzzer on Hart's door. The lawyer occupied a suite in a fashionable apartment house. Swain, leaning against the door, thought he heard the sounds of scuffling. But a moment later, Hart's surprised face appeared. "Swain! What—what do you want? I'm busy."

"So am I," Swain pushed him into the room. "I'm looking for Fats Martin. There's—"

Suddenly, a woman's scream sounded in the dim lit room. Swain went for his gun as he saw a flash of white shirt front detach itself from the shadows. A bullet whistled by him as he heard Hart's frightened cry. "Fats—no!"

Fats' heavy body struck the floor after the impact of Swain's bullet. "Get those lights on, Hart. Fast!" Swain grated. His eyes widened as the room filled with light. Jane Winters, her face white, was rising from the floor, where Fats lay groaning, clutching his shoulder.

Jane ran to Swain. "Oh, Ed," she cried. "They were going to hold me until the trial to keep me from writing the story. Hart and Fats had a fight about it."

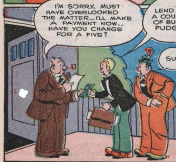
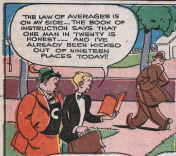
Swain glared at her as he picked up Fats' gun. "I told you to keep out of this kind of business," he said savagely. He motioned to Hart. "Call a doctor," he said. "I'm taking you and Fats in."

Hart had recovered his bravado. "You can't intimidate me, Swain," he said. "Until action is taken, Fats is still my client. And my office will see that he gets off. His alibi is perfect."

Swain wet his lips. "Sure, sure," he said. "And we're going to let Fats tell his story." He grinned at Fats, who was staring at him. "It wasn't a bad alibi, Fats," he said. "Of course, just because the papers said the man was murdered at 9:10 doesn't mean the time was exact. It was approximately that. Might have been five, even ten minutes, one way or another. But you were pretty safe in figuring you could make contact with the fire engines that had responded to your false alarm. Sure enough, you—the truck at 9:10."

"Sure," Swain said. "But you said you heard the siren! Remember? But you didn't know, Fats, that a fire truck only sounds a siren going to a fire? You hit the truck, coming back—and they always ring only the bells on a return trip!"

BUSY BILL *the* BILL COLLECTOR





FUNNYBONERS





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



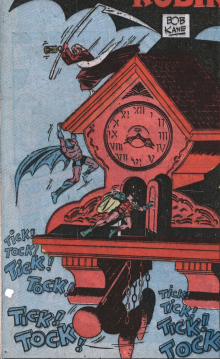
**NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!**



BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN

BOB
KANE



Tick!
Tock!
Tick!
Tock!

Tick!
Tick!
Tick!
Tock!

EVERY DAY, DAY IN AND DAY
OUT... TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY
NEW ON THE JOBS
WHOLE THE BATMAN!
HE'S ALWAYS THERE... TO HELP
ADVISE... CHALK UP THE WHEAT
PLUNDER THE HARDWARE!
TOS TALKS IS A DAY IN THE
LIFE OF THE BATMAN... HIS REBIRTH-
INGENIOUS, HEADLINE-MAKING
EXPLOITS AND TOO, ALL
THOSE MANY PERSONAL INC-
IDENTS IN HIS DAILY LIFE YOU'VE
NEVER HEARD ABOUT... THAT
FANTASTIC SCOUTING, THOSE SOBTIFIC
HABITS THAT GO TO MAKE THE BATMAN
ALL HE IS... AND MORE!
YES, THIS IS THE STORY... AND
THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE NAME FOR IT...
**"AROUND THE CLOCK WITH
the Batman!"**

THE GANT PRESSER ROLLOUT AN EXTRA...
FOR THIS IS A NEWS-MAKING DAY IN
BOTHAM CITY!!



CHERS AND CONPETTI ARE SHOWERED ON THE CITY'S CHAMPIONS!



THE CROWD LISTENS IN AWE AND ALMOST DISBELIEF TO THE LONG LIST OF AMAZING FACTS! A BANKER...

A MONUMENT TO THEIR CEASELESS CRIME CRUSADE IS UNVEILED!



AT THE CITY HALL, THE MAYOR LAIDS THEIR MAN-HUNTING ACHIEVEMENTS,



--ENCOUNTERED AND DEFEATED THE JOKER SIX TIMES, THE PENGUIN, ETC. ETC..



A HOUSEWIFE...

AND I COMPLAIN ABOUT PREPARING MEALS, CLEANING HOUSE, IRONING, GETTING JOHNNY OFF TO SCHOOL!



AND A CROOK...

THE WAY THAT GUY SETS AROUND TO SHOVE US GUYS IN THE CLINK, WE MUST BE QUADRUPLETS!



EVEN THAT HUSTLING, BUSTLING LITTLE DYNAMO OF ENERGY, THE MAYOR, IS ASTOUNDED!

...JAILED THE SCARECROW...ETC...



IMPOSSIBLE? MAYBE... BUT LET'S SEE! LET'S TAKE A DAY, ANY DAY... AND SPEND IT WITH THE BATMAN AND SEE HOW IT IS POSSIBLE!





ROBIN AGAIN... AND HOMEWORK...

OKAY, ROBIN...
DO YOUR LESSONS
AND SOME DAY
YOU MAY BE
PRESIDENT!

YOU'RE GOING TO
WORK ON YOUR
BOOK AGAIN...
BUT WHAT'S
THE TITLE?



"OBSERVATIONS
ON CRIME".
A FILE OF MY
CASES WITH
NOTES ON THE
PSYCHOLOGICAL
ASPECTS OF
CRIME!

AND THE
PAGES GO TO
THE RED
CROSS. SHE
OWES! BUT WHY
THE WORDED
LOOK?



I'M STUCK!
I CAN'T GET AN
IDEA FOR THE LAST
CHAPTER... AND THE
PUBLISHER'S DEADLINE
IS MONDAY! IF I COULD
ONLY THINK OF
SOMETHING!



NOT A GIMMER!
WHAT I NEED IS A
CASE TO WRITE
ABOUT. MAYBE
COMMISSIONER GORDON
HAS ONE FOR ME.
COMING, ROBIN?



MINUTES LATER,
AN EERIE
CRAFT STREAKS
FROM A SECRET
HANDOFF INTO
THE AFTERNOON
SKY... THE
BATPLANE!



SAY, MAYBE
YOU WONT
HAVE TO GO TO
GOTHAM CITY
FOR THAT
CASE!

WHY
NOT,
ROBIN?



BECAUSE
THERE'S A
ROBBERY
GOING ON
DOWN
THERE!



DOWN SWOOPS
THE BATPLANE
TO HOVER MOTION-
LESS ABOVE
THE BUILDING!



THROUGH THE
JEWELRY STORE
SKYLIGHT CRASH
THE TWIN
CRIME-
CRACKERS!



EACH FINGER'S TWO AT
TRIGGERS ...AND FOUR GUNS
BEGUN FLARE AND LEAD...



BUT THE ACROBATMAN AND ROBIN
WHIP INTO A SPLIT-INSTANT PLUNGE...



AND SLAM
INTO THE
MAGGED
THUGS!



THE CRACKLE
OF GUNFIRE
IS REPLACED
BY THE
CRACK OF
FISTS AGAINST
BONE!



A SUDDEN PLOP AND...TEAR GAS...



COUGH!
COUGH!

C'MON, LET'S
GET THESE ROCKS
TO THE
BOSS!

COUGH!

HAW! TEAR GAS
CAN'T HURT US...
WITH THESE
CHEMICALLY
TREATED
HANDKERCHIEFS
ON!



(COUGH)
ROBIN...
QUICK...
(COUGH)...
TO THE
BATPLANE!

LIKE A GIANT BIRD, THE
WINGED SHIPS PURSUE ITS
HUMAN PREY!

WELL, WHY
DON'T WE GO
DOWN
AND STOP
THEIR STINKY
TRUCKS

NOT YET!
I WANT THEM
TO LEAD US
TO THEIR BOSS...
SO WE'LL
FOLLOW THEM...
OUR OWN
WAY!



MOTOR ROARING,
THE BATPLANE
POWER-DIVES
AT THE
BANDIT
TRUCK!



OKAY, ROBIN,
LET'S
DIVE-
BOMB
'EM!

AND AS THE BAT-SHAPED CRAFT
PULLS OUT, SMALL HURLED
CAPSULES SPLASH OPEN!



HA! WE
SCARED THEM
OFF! THEY'RE
FLYING
AWAY!



AND SO THE
BANDITS' TRUCK
SPEEDS AWAY...AS
TINY DROPS
OF LIQUID ROLL
OFF ITS SURFACE
AND SPLATTER
THE STREETS!



THEY GOT COLD
FEET...OKAY, NOW
WE CAN PUT THE
SIGN OUT-
SIDE!

BUT IN THE BATPLANE...

OKAY, ROBIN...
ON WITH
OUR INFR-
RED
GLASSES!



AND...MIRACLS OF SCIENCE...
SEEN THRU THE INFRA-RED
LENSES, THIS CHEMICALLY TREAT-
ED LIQUID GROWS WEIRDLY!



FIFTY EASY
TO TRAIL
THEM NOW
WITHOUT THE
HANDY
KNOWLEDGE!

SOME TIME LATER, THE TRAIL ENDS
AT AN OUTDOOR SCULPTURE SHOW!



THAT'S THE
TRUCK! THEY
PROBABLY STUCK A
SIGN ON IT ON
THE WAY! CALL
THE POLICE
ON OUR RADIO,
ROBIN!

FOUR INDIGNANT MEN ARE
TAKEN INTO CUSTODY!



NOTHING IN
THE TRUCK BUT
ART SUPPLIES,
GARGES!

SURE! THAT'S
OUR BUSINESS...
A LOSTIMATE
ONE! WE'RE
NOT
ROBBERS!

THIS IS MR.
HOPPE,
THE ART
CONNOISSEUR
HE SAYS
THESE MEN
ARE
OKAY!

YES, WE BUY
MATERIALS FROM THEM
BECAUSE THEIR
PRICES ARE LOW!

IF THE JEWELS AREN'T
IN THE TRUCK, THEY
MUST BE IN THE
SCULPTURE
EXHIBIT!



SOME TIME LATER...
AN OLD COUPLE JOINS
THE SCULPTURE
SHOW'S SPECTATORS!



MY, HOW
GIGANTIC!
TELL ME, SIR,
WHY DID YOU MAKE
THOSE EYES SO LARGE
AND SO DEEP?

THIS PIECE
REPRESENTS AN
INDIAN HYMNIST,
AND IT SYMBOLIZES
HIS DEEP HYPNOTIC
EYES!

EVERYONE HERE
SEEMS TO BE A
GENUINELY FINE
SCULPTOR...TO
JUDGE BY
THESE PIECES!

NOTHING
PHONEY ABOUT
THEM!
MAYBE THIS
ISN'T THE
JEWEL CACHE
AFTER ALL!



YES...THESE
TWO ARE NONE
OTHER THAN
BATMAN AND
ROBIN IN
DISGUISE!



WHAT'S
UP?

WHEN I
STOOD
HERE A
MINUTE AGO,
IT SEEMED
AS IF THE EYES
IN THAT STATUE
LOOKED ALIVE!
THERE! SEE
IT!

THE BATMAN
WATCHES WITH AN...
FOR THE DEEP EYES
OF THE TITANIC SCULPTURE
GLAZES...WITH AN UN-
EARTHLY HYPNOTIC LIGHT!



Abruptly...
DISCUSSIONS
ARE DISCARDED...
AND THE
DYNAMIC DUO
SPRINGS
FORWARD...

B-BATMAN
AND
R-ROBIN!

YES...WE'VE
COME BACK
FOR THE
JEWELS!

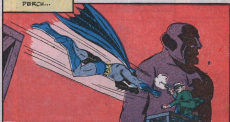
YOU...
YOU'LL
NEVER
GET
THEM!

WHAT'LL
YOU
GET?

EVEN AS THE
BANDITS SCRAMBLE
UP LADDERS,
THE BATMAN
DIVES FROM HIS
PERCH...

SUDDENLY LEAD WHINES, SMACKS INTO
STONE, AND SENDS THE CHIPS BITING
INTO THE DUO'S FACES!

I HAD A
HUNCH WE
SHOULD COME
BACK! TWO OF
YOU GUNS CLIMB
UP THE LADDER
AND BLAST THE
BATMAN OFF
THERE!



... AND BLANG INTO A TRIGGER-
MAD THUG!

KEEP
'EM
FLYING!

WHILE YOUNG
ROBIN
TRIES TO
KEEP CRIME
FROM THE
WORLD!

YOU'RE
ONE GUY
WHO HAS
NO PLACE
ON HERE!



THEN...THE
WAIL OF A
POLICE
SIREN!



BUT ALREADY
ROBIN RIDES A
SCAFFOLD
LADDER
THAT
ARCS
DOWN...



...AND SNAKES
THE HOODLUMS
WHILE HE
BREAKS HIS
FALL WITH AN
OLD CIRCUS
STUNT!



THE POLICE TAKE OVER...

OUR SCULPTOR FRIEND
WAS USING THIS SHOW
AS A HIDEOUT
FOR STOLEN GEMS.
HIS MEN POSSED
AS ART SUPPLY
DEALERS!

BUT WHERE
ARE THE
GEMS?



HIGH ATOP A SCAFFOLD, THE BATMAN
REACHES INTO THE STONE INDIAN'S
EYES, AND...



GENTLEMEN, THE
SCULPTURE SHOW
IS SPONSORED
BY A CON-
SERVATIVE PATRON.
THIS UNFAMOR-
ABLE PUBLICITY
WOULD PUT UP
IN A BAD
LIGHT... HE
MIGHT WITHDRAW
HIS SUPPORT!

DON'T
WORRY, I'LL
SEE THAT
THIS IS
KEPT OUT
OF THE
PAPERS!



LATER, IN THE
BATMOBILE...

WELL, NOW YOU
CAN WRITE THIS
STORY UP FOR THE
LAST CHAPTER
OF YOUR BOOK!

NO, ROBIN...
IT WOULD
HURT THE
HONEST SCULP-
TORS AND THE
SHOW! THEIR
ART MUST BE
PROTECTED!
BUT... NOW WE'VE
A DATE AT A
HOSPITAL!

DON'T
THINK
THE
DAY
IS
OVER,
YET...
THIS
IS
ONLY
THE
BEGINNING.
SOLDS...
ONLY
THE
BEGINNING!

AT A HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN WHO ARE VICTIMS OF INFANTILE PARALYSIS, BATMAN AND ROBIN PUT ON A SHOW!

GOSH! LOOKA THAT! I WISH I COULD DO THAT!

AFTERWARDS... AUTOGRAPHS FOR ALL!

"TO OUR DEAR FRIEND FRANKIE- SINCERELY, Batman and Robin." GEE WHIZ! GOLLY!

8:30... ALMOST NINE O'CLOCK... AND HOMEWARD BOUND...

GOSH, I'M GLAD WE MADE THOSE KIDS A LITTLE HAPPIER! THEY SUCK ARE A BRAVE BUNCH, GRINNING IN SPIRIT OF EVERYTHING!

YES, AND IF PEOPLE CONTINUE TO GIVE TO THIS MARCH OF DIMES... SOME DAY THOSE KIDS WILL BE ABLE TO WALK LIKE OTHER CHILDREN!

THEN... STRAIGHT AHEAD...

SAY, LOOK AT THAT CROWD! WONDER WHAT'S UP?

WHAT'S UP... A WOULD-BE SUICIDE ON A HIGH BUILDING LEDGE!

SHE'S GETTING READY TO JUMP!

DON'T DO IT!

LOOK, SHE'LL KILL HERSELF!

A POLICEMAN VAINLY CONVES THE GIRL TO ABANDON HER DEATH PLUNGE...

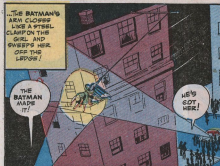
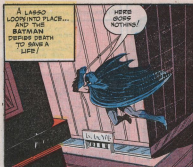
NON... WHY DON'T YOU COME INSIDE? YOU'LL CATCH A COLD OUT THERE!

STOP! IF YOU COME OUT, I'LL JUMP! I SWEAR IT! I'LL JUMP!

THE DYNAMIC DUO RACES TO THE ROOF OF AN ADJOINING BUILDING!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT GIRL! SEE THAT FLAGPOLE JUTTING OUT THERE?

I GET YOU... BUT THIS STUNT IS A LONG SHOT. I'D BETTER TELL THE POLICEMAN TO KEEP TALKING TO OCCUPY HER!



BACK AT HER ROOM, THE GIRL RECEIVES A CALL...

HELLO? OH, ITS YOU, "HEIST"... HOW DID IT GO?

OKAY! YOU WERE GREAT! WE MADE A BIG HAUL! I'M GONNA CUT YOU IN FOR A BIG SHARE!



BUT THE CALLER... IS THE BATMAN, IMITATING THE VOICE OF "HEIST" ANDREWS!

SO SHE WAS IN ON IT!

WE'RE AT THE HEIST! COME NOW IF YOU WANT YOUR SHARE!



...BE RIGHT OVER!

SOMETIME LATER, THE GIRL'S CAR GLIDES TO A HALT BEFORE A RAM-SHACKLE OLD BUILDING... BUT FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND... THE BATMOBILE!



NARGH! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HARR?

WHY...YOU JUST CALLED ME...YOU TOLD ME TO COME OUT!



INTO THE BANDIT'S LUNGS THE HARD-HITTING TEAM!

PLUG 'EM! SEND 'EM LEAD!



I NEVER PHONED! YOU FOOL... THIS IS A TRAP! HUH?



YOU TELL "HEIST"... YOU TELL!

SCREAMING SLUGS RICOCHET OFF ROBIN'S IMPROVISED SHIELD...

...AND THE GENT WINKS A CIGAR!



SORRY, BUT... THIS IS WHERE I DID IT!

...AND THEN A SHIELD BECOMES A WEAPON!



THE HURRICANE ACTION OF THE TYPHOON TEAM PANICS THE HOODLUMS AND...

MAKE WAY FOR A GUY WHAT'S IN A HURRY!

ONE GOE!

BUT THE WORD "ESCAPE" IS KNOCKED RIGHT OUT OF THE THUG'S VOCABULARY!

ASHES TO ASHES...

LATER... AT THE JAIL, A THUG MAKES A SHAMEFUL PLEA...

LOOK! MY MOM'S PRETTY GICK... SHE AINT WISE I'M A CROOK... IF SHE READS ABOUT IT, THE SHOCK WILL KILL HER!

ALL RIGHT... FOR YOUR MOTHER'S SAKE, WE'LL KEEP THIS OUT OF THE PAPERS.

OH-H-H! THERE GOES MY LAST CHAPTER AGAIN!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, PAL!

FROM NOW ON, "HEIST"-YOU'RE GOING TO BE SINGING THE "PRISONERS SONGS," AND IT WON'T BE A SOLO EITHER!

STILL LATER... HOMB ASKIN FOR THE CRIME-FIGHTERS...

TOO BAD YOU CANT WRITE THAT STORY UP! WHAT ABOUT YOU LAST CHAPTER NOW?

YOU TELL ME! I'VE GOT TO WRITE ABOUT SOMETHING... BUT WHAT? ...WHAT?

I'VE GOT IT! WHY DONT YOU STOP BEING SO NOBESIT AND WRITE ABOUT OUR DIRT OUR MORNIN' WORKOUT, EXPERIMENTS... EVERYTHING!

DICK... YOU'RE A LIPS-SUCKER! I THINK I'LL CALL THE CHAPTER... AROUND THE CLOCK WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN!

AND SO TO BED!

AND SO ENDS A TYPICAL DAY WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN!... BUT... SHH! LET'S NOT TALK SO LOUD. WE MIGHT WAKE THEM! THEY ARE GETTING A GOOD SLEEP! DONT YOU THINK THEY DESERVE IT?

**A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS and
GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM
HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.**

**"-SECRETARY OF THE
TREASURY."**

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON



Boys and Girls of America:
Here's a way for every one of you
to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp
you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part
of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers,
brothers or uncles are using for the defense
of our country.

If every one of you forty million
boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent
Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending
your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars
every year. Think of all the guns, planes and
ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em
Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

Henry Morgenthau Jr.

FOR VICTORY



**BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND
STAMPS**

**THIS
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DONATED BY THE
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Daisy proudly announces the wonderful new DAISY DEFENDER... 1000-shot Military Style air rifle every boy wants! And—the safest air rifle in the world. Cools the DEFENDER—that Special Bolt Action automatically locks trigger "On Safety." You must release the Safety Bolt before you can shoot. This new DAISY DEFENDER looks, feels, handles like a real Army rifle. The 36-inch military gun sling is adjustable. Use it to carry gun slung on shoulder or across back, leaving both hands free—also to steady your aim in firing. The Elevation-Window Adjusters on Rear Sight permit movement of sight to left or right and up or down—to compensate for cross-winds and control the trajectory of your shots. The OVAL stock is strictly Army style as is the full-length wooden fore-end. But—get your own Daisy Defender and see for yourself! Buy it at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Dealer is near, send us only \$5.00—we'll rush your DEFENDER to you post-paid! (Duty added in Canada.)

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