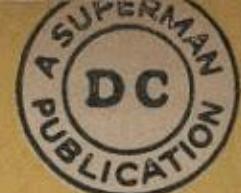


BATMAN
No. 47

JUNE...JULY
TEN CENTS



BATMAN

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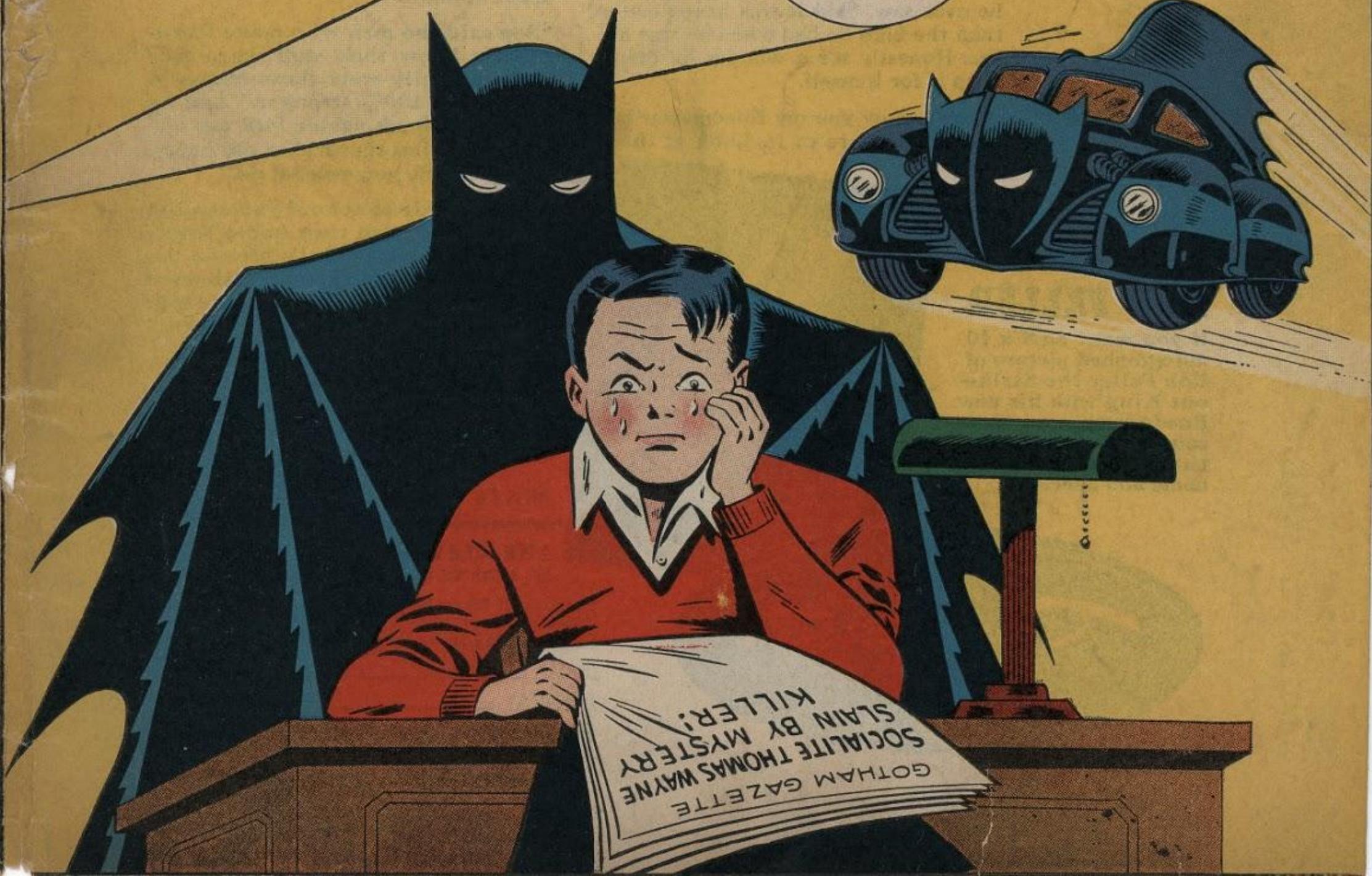
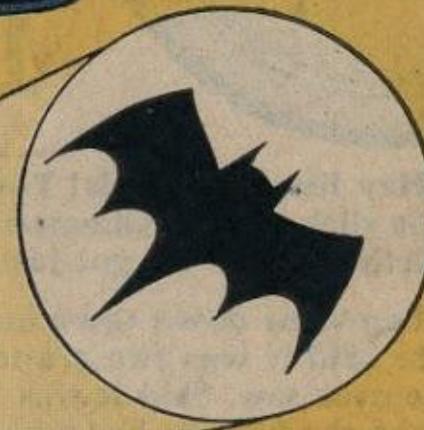
A 52 PAGE
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Special!
The

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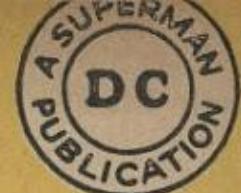
"*The*
ORIGIN of
BATMAN"

!



BATMAN
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JUNE...JULY
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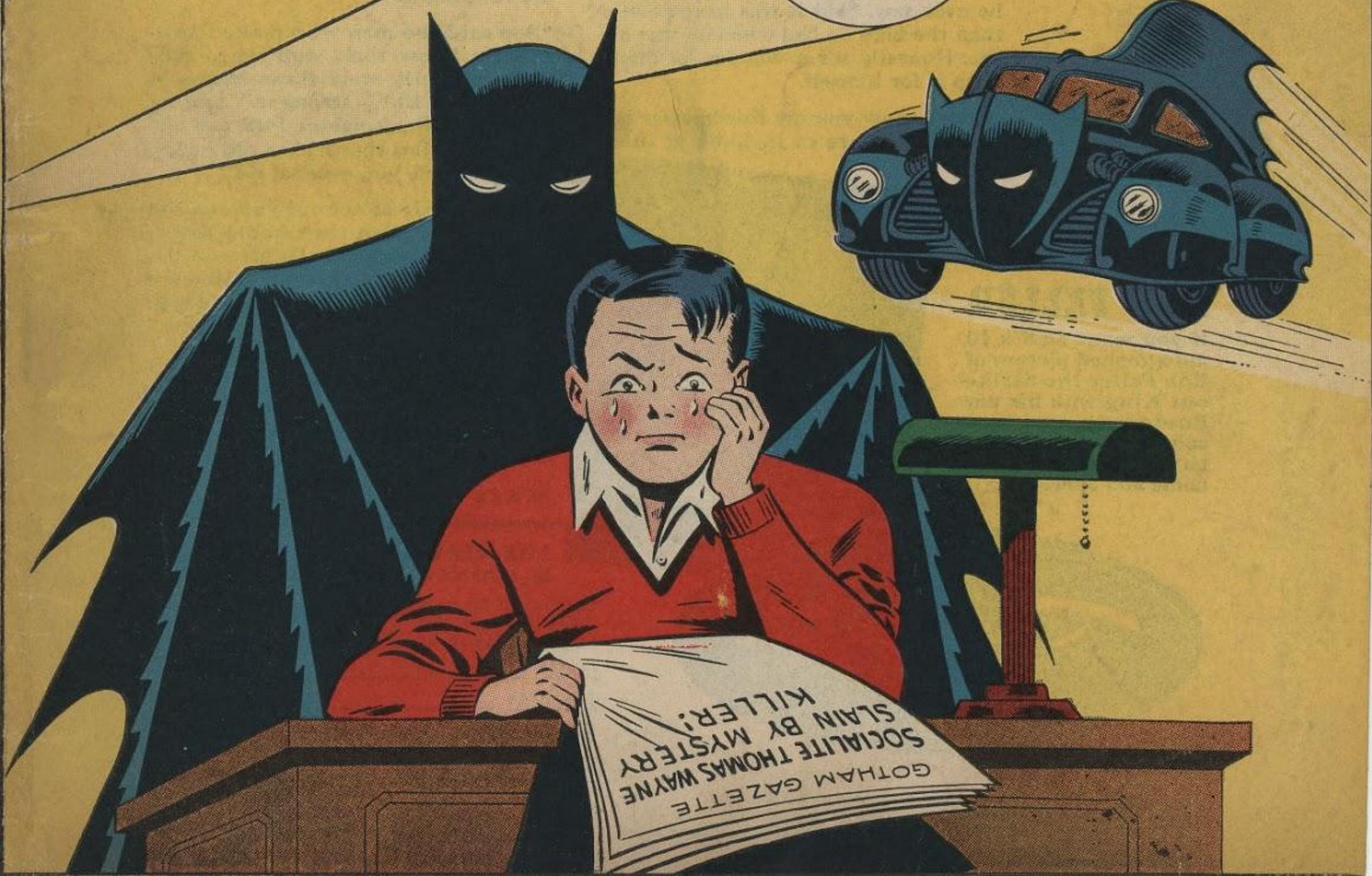
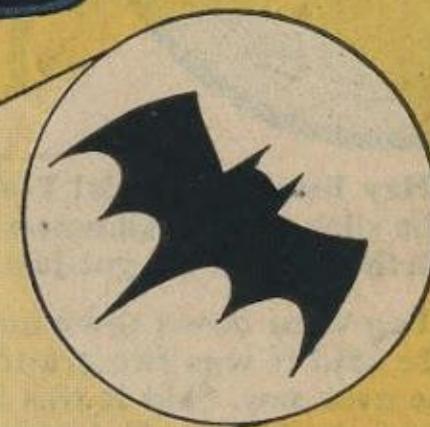


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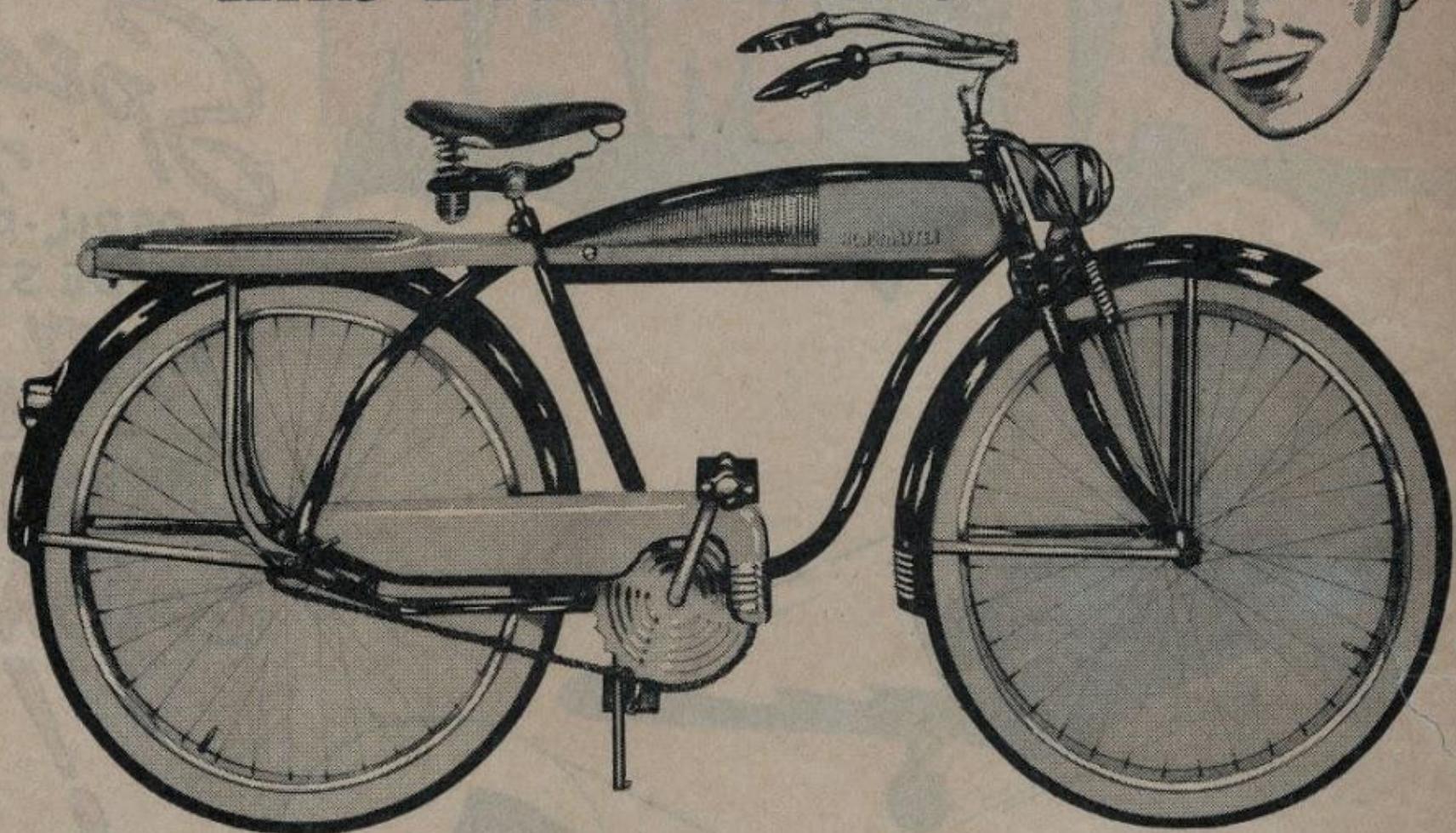
"*The*
ORIGIN of
BATMAN"

!



Tommy Jones says—

"MY ROADMASTER HAS EVERYTHING"



"Hey listen you kids! You should see the slick new Roadmaster I got for my birthday. Boy it's got just everything.

"Pop went down town and bought it. He said it was the grandest bicycle he ever saw. Said it was heaps better than the bike he had when he was my age. Honestly it's a wonder he didn't keep it for himself.

"I can't show you my Roadmaster but here's a picture of it. Look at those

long, sleek, modern lines. See that luggage carrier? Well right on the end is a new tail and stop light that works when you put on the brake. And see that searchbeam headlight? You should see it at night!

"Pop said the men who make Roadmasters know their stuff when they electronically weld those frames to make them 100% stronger." And he liked the Shockmaster fork and the wide base rims that makes the easiest riding bicycle you ever sat on.

"When I ride to school you can bet lots of kids wish they had a Roadmaster like mine. That's because the swell colors and shining embossed chrome really hits them in the eye. You must see a Roadmaster like mine."

Have your pop or mom take you to a Roadmaster dealer. He'll be glad to show you "America's Finer Bicycle." If there's no dealer in your town, send coupon for Roadmaster folder.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!



Get this Picture of

BOB FELLER

If you want an 8 x 10 autographed picture of Bob Feller the Strike-out King with his new Roadmaster, send 10c in coin to cover mailing and the coupon with your name and address.



THE CLEVELAND WELDING CO.
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Gentlemen: Please send folder describing Roadmaster,
"America's Finer Bicycle"

I am enclosing 10c for a Bob Feller Picture

NAME _____ AGE _____

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CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

(please print plainly)

BATMAN

WITH
ROB
- THE BOY W

Fashion
PARADE

FIRST
PRIZE

WHAT'S THE NEWEST THING IN FASHION-
AND IN FELONY? TWO UNRELATED
IDEAS, BUT THE CATWOMAN WEAVES
THEM TOGETHER TO CREATE A NEW
DESIGN IN BANDITRY! AND WHEN
THE MOST PHOTOGRAPHED MODEL OF
THE ROGUES' GALLERY SETS THE
STYLE FOR STEALING, THEN BATMAN
AND ROBIN, LIKE TWIN SCISSOR
BLADES, CUT THROUGH THE PATTERN
FOR PILFERY TO DESTROY FOREVER THE...

"Fashion in
Crime!"

BOB
KANE

BATMAN, No. 47. June-July, 1948. Published bi-monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter Aug. 1, 1941 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Foreign, \$1.50 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205

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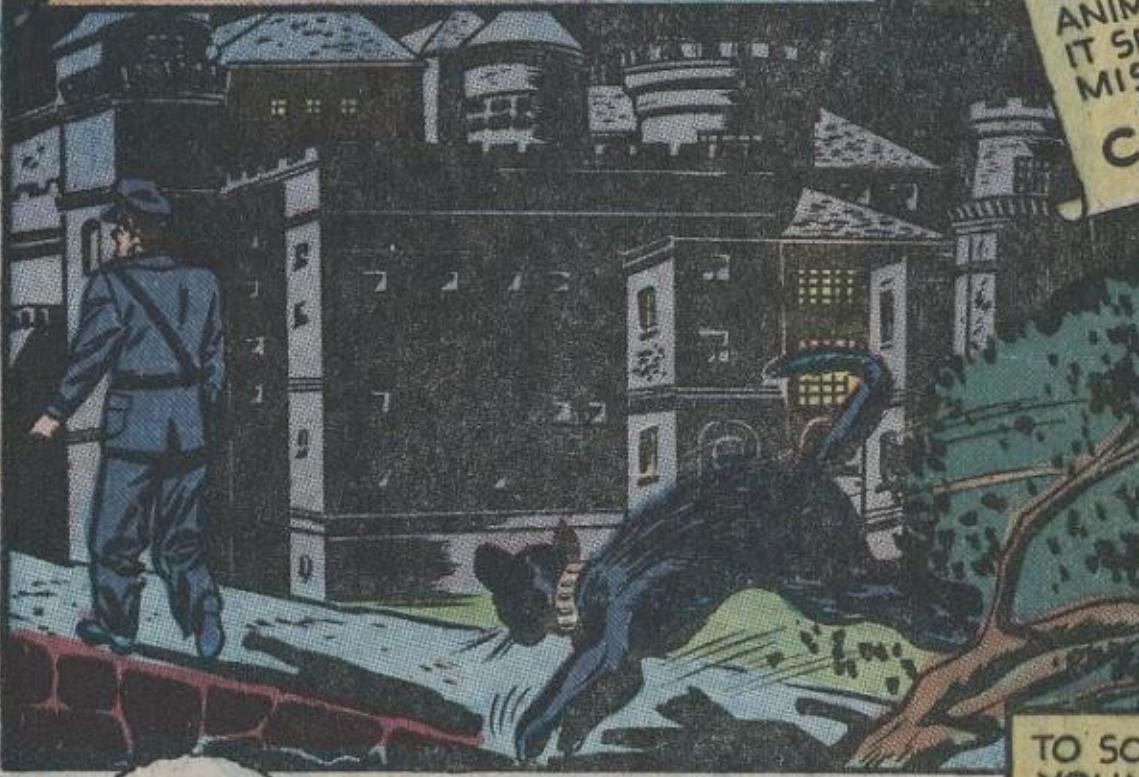
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BATMAN



UNDER NIGHT'S PROTECTING DARKNESS,
A FELINE CREATURE CREEPS STEALTHILY
INTO THE WOMEN'S PRISON!



WITH THAT UNERRING INSTINCT ALL ANIMALS POSSESS, IT SEEKS OUT ITS MISTRESS — THE NOTORIOUS CATWOMAN!

HECATE! I KNEW YOU WOULD FIND ME! NOW... I'LL REMOVE THE SKELETON KEY AND GAS CAPSULES I ALWAYS KEEP IN YOUR UTILITY COLLAR...



TO SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, THE NEWS IS A CALL-TO-ARMS!



DAYS PASS, AND ONE AFTERNOON, AS THE CATWOMAN VENTURES FROM HIDING...



SOMEONE SHOULD TELL HER TO READ A FASHION MAGAZINE!



HM-MM! SINCE I'VE BEEN IN PRISON, THE STYLE HAS CHANGED! FASHION MAGAZINE! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA...



BATMAN

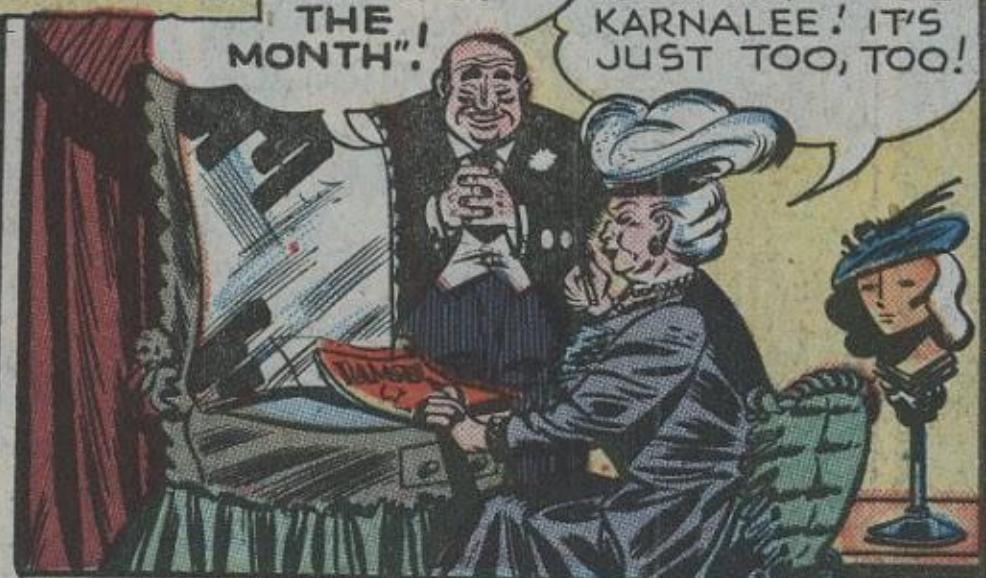


ONE MONTH LATER, A NEW WOMEN'S FASHION MAGAZINE MAKES ITS BOW...

IN A SHORT TIME,
DAMSEL BECOMES THE TALK OF THE FASHION WORLD...

DID YOU READ
DAMSEL'S NEW DEPARTMENT? IT'S CALLED "**THE STYLE OF THE MONTH**".

YES, I KNOW! LAST MONTH'S CHOICE WAS A GOWN BY MILLIE KARNALEE! IT'S JUST TOO, TOO!



THAT NIGHT... AS BRUCE VISITS A FRIEND, A RADIO EXECUTIVE...

STICK AROUND! WE'RE GETTING THE SET READY FOR **DAMSEL MAGAZINE'S TELEVISED FASHION SHOW!**

OKAY! WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE NEW LOOK!



SOON AFTER... HOME TELEVISION SCREENS SHOW THE VIDEO COMMERCIAL...





BATMAN



AS THE FASHION MODEL PIVOTS FOR THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE, SUDDENLY...



IN THE STUDIO...



HA! HA!
I'M NOT A
CATFISH,
BUT I CAN FISH
FOR MINK!

UNNOTICED IN THEIR EXCITEMENT, BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON SHED THEIR EVERYDAY GARB TO BECOME ONCE AGAIN—BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!

THE CATWOMAN!
ANOTHER ONE OF HER TRICKS TO CREATE CONFUSION WHILE SHE PULLS A JOB!

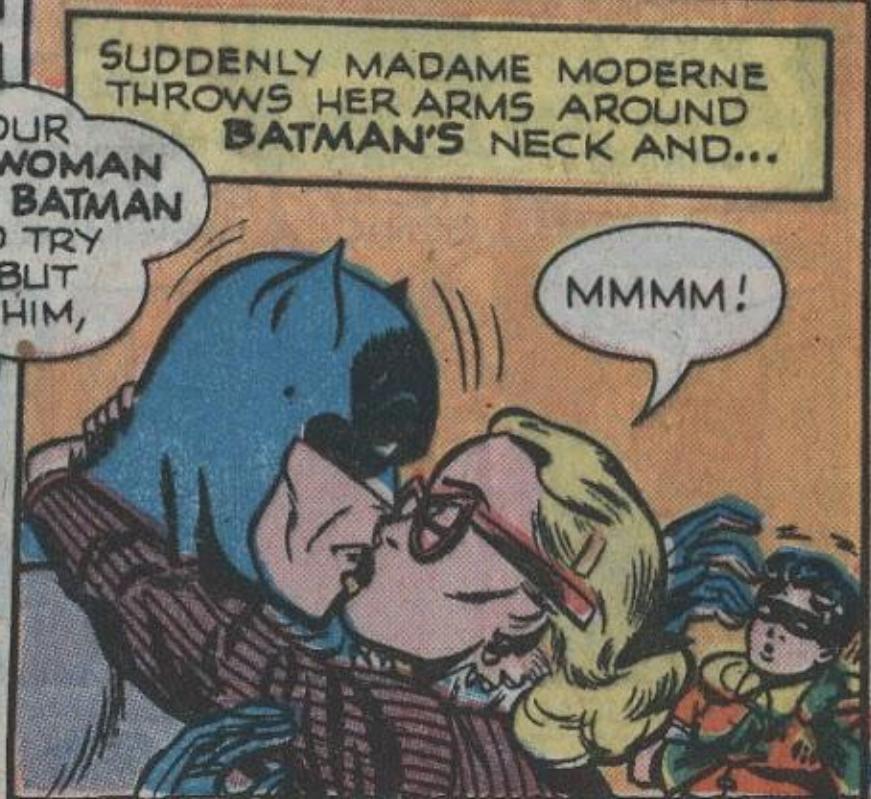
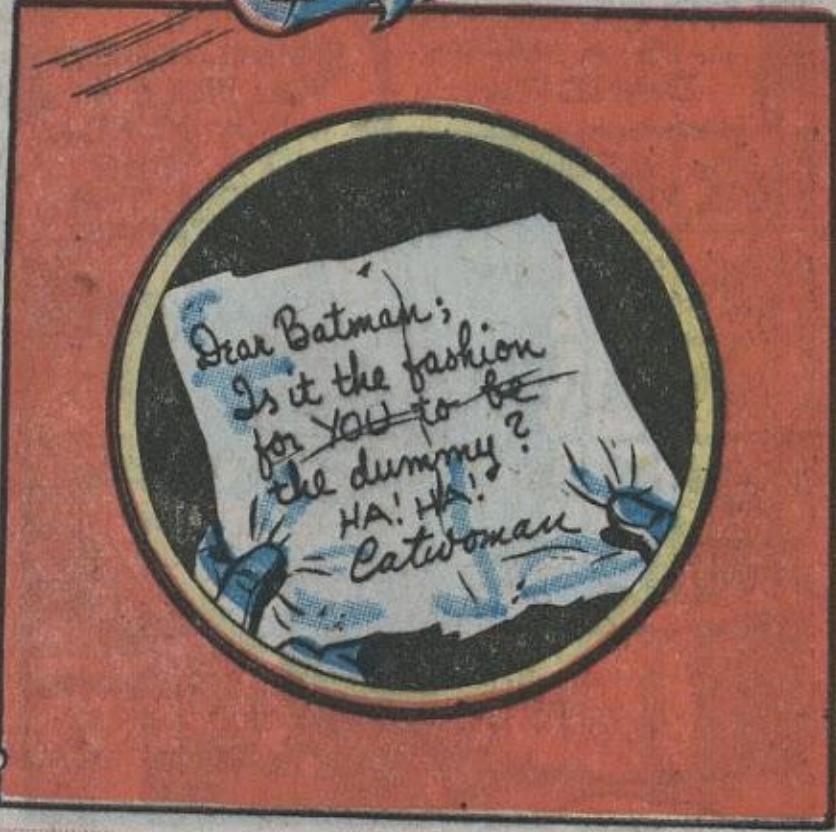
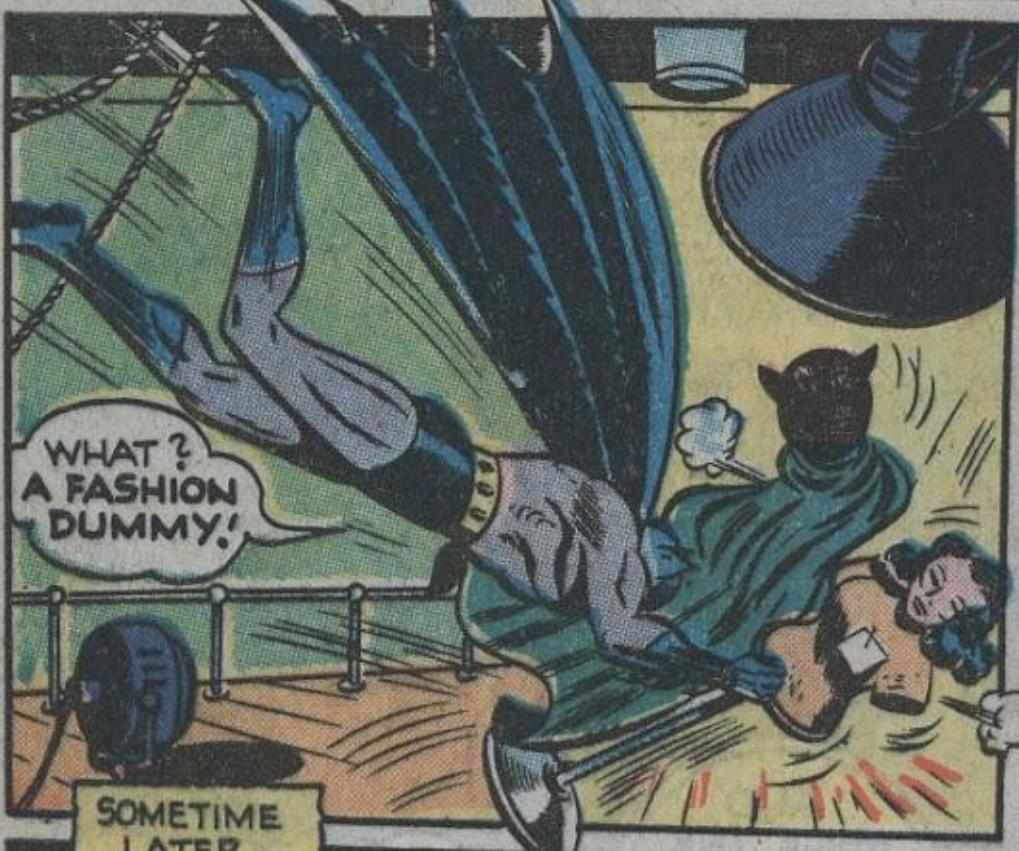
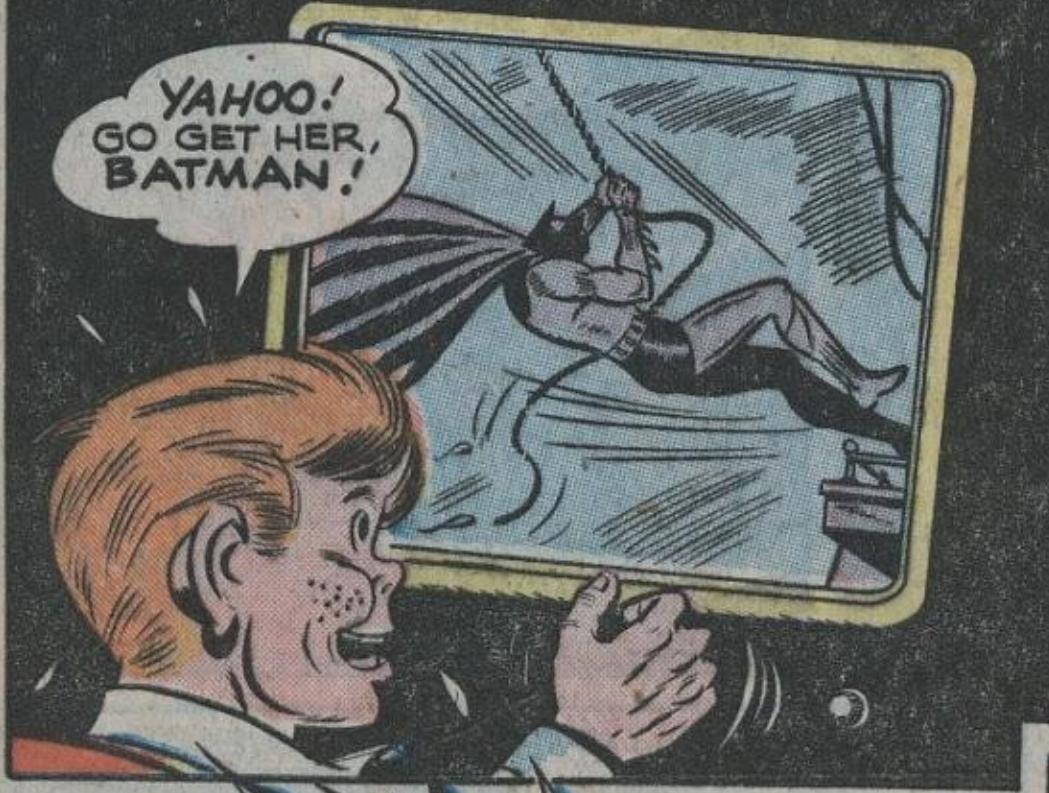
BATMAN AND ROBIN! I CAN'T LET YOU CAPTURE THE CATWOMAN ON A CATWALK! SO I'LL SHOOT OUT THE LIGHTS!

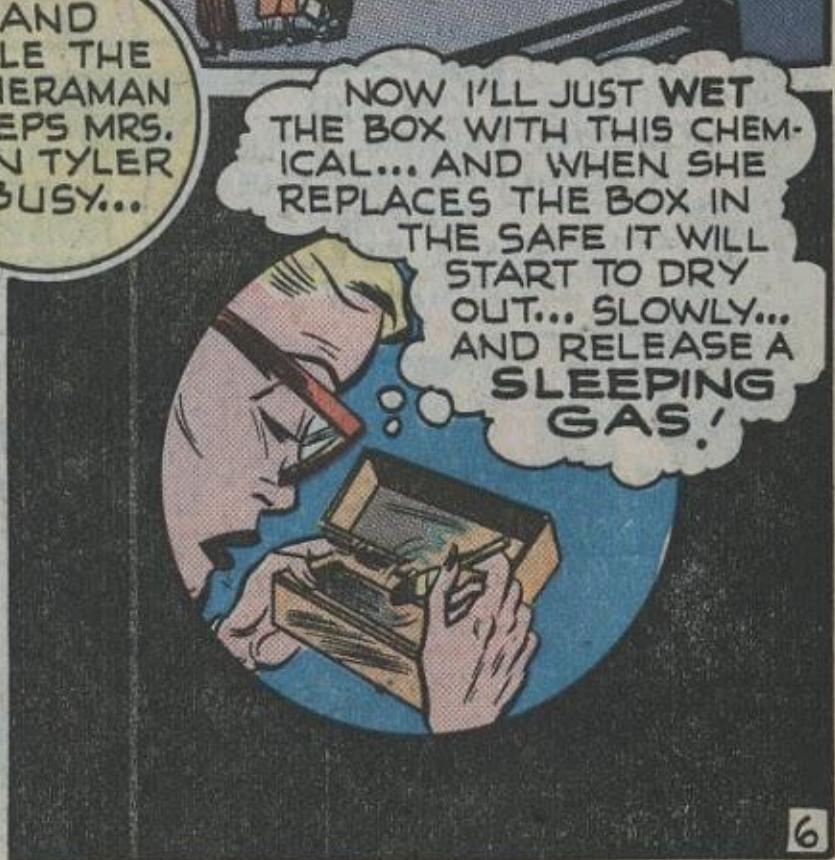
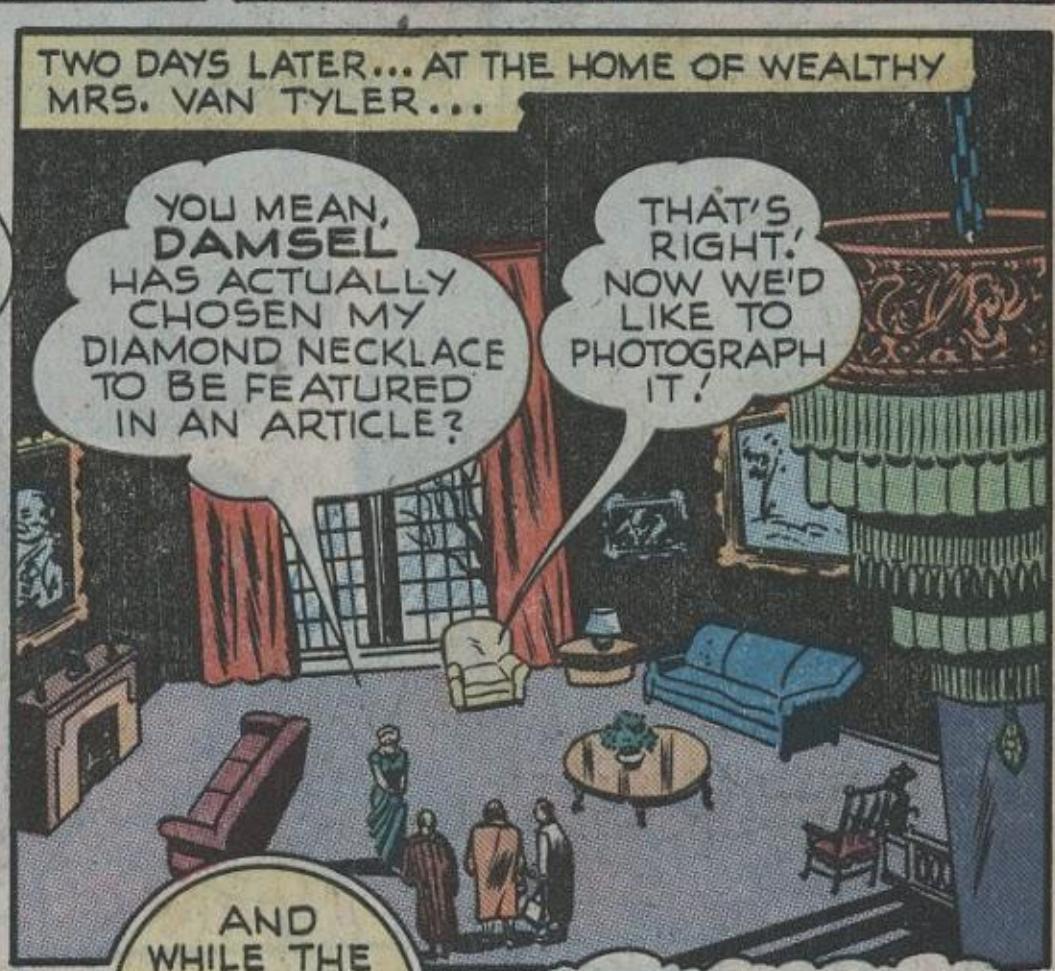
BECAUSE ONLY A CAT CAN SEE IN THE DARK!

YOW!

CRASH!

BUT THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE SEES THE BATMAN
RECOVER, SPIN HIS SILKEN LASSO AND ...







BATMAN



THAT NIGHT... AS MRS. VAN TYLER OPENS HER SAFE AGAIN TO PUT AWAY HER RINGS FOR THE NIGHT...

OHHH... I SUDDENLY FEEL FAINT... UHHHH...

SOON AFTER... A POLICE CALL GOES OUT TO THE FAMED BATMOBILE...

CALLING BATMAN! GO TO THE HOME OF MRS. VAN TYLER! CALLING BATMAN!...

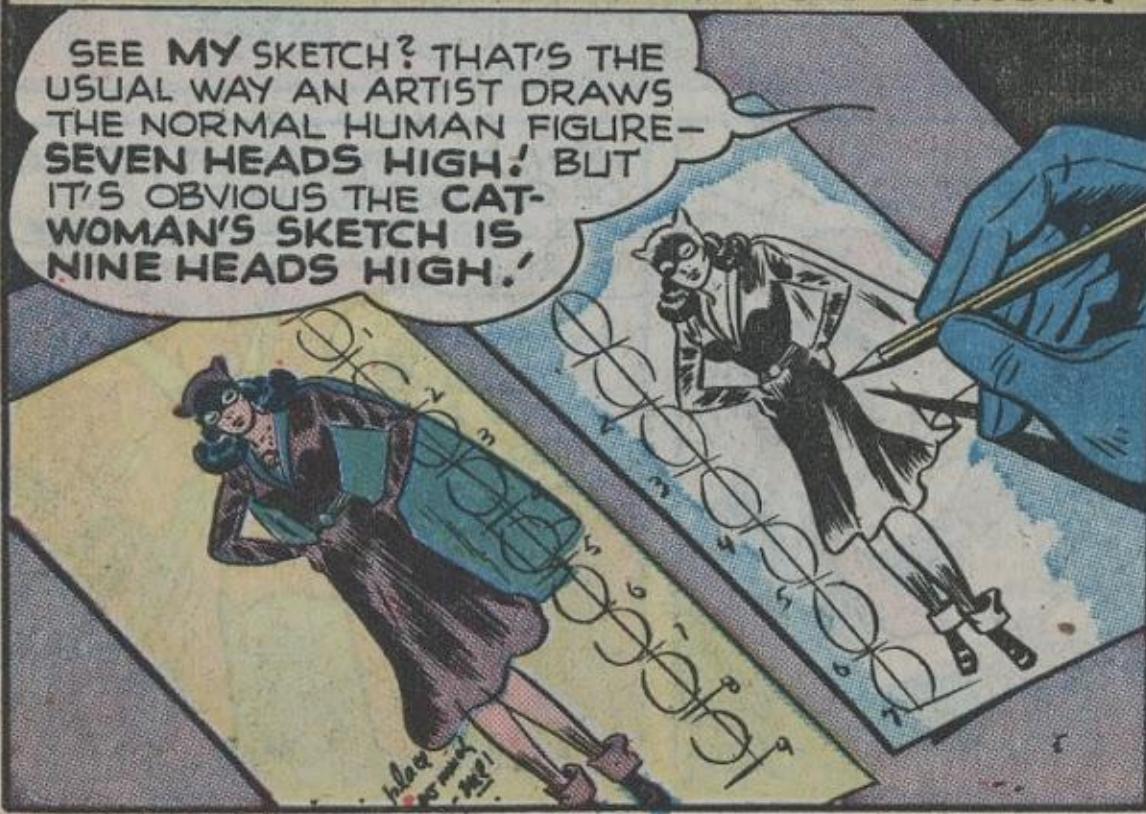
MOMENTS LATER...

AND WHILE I WAS IN A FAINT, THE SAFE WAS OPENED AND THE CATWOMAN STOLE MY NECKLACE! THAT WICKED WOMAN! SHE LEFT THIS DRAWING OF HERSELF!



LATER... BATMAN REVEALS HIS FIRST CLUE TO ROBIN!

SEE MY SKETCH? THAT'S THE USUAL WAY AN ARTIST DRAWS THE NORMAL HUMAN FIGURE—SEVEN HEADS HIGH! BUT IT'S OBVIOUS THE CATWOMAN'S SKETCH IS NINE HEADS HIGH.'



ONLY A FASHION ARTIST DRAWS THE HUMAN FIGURE THAT LONG, TO FLATTER THE FEMALE FIGURE IN ADVERTISEMENTS!

I GET IT! MRS. VAN TYLER MENTIONED MADAME MODERNE'S VISIT! THAT COULD MEAN THE CATWOMAN IS MADAME MODERNE!





BATMAN



NEXT DAY... SOME OF GOTHAM CITY'S MOST FASHIONABLE WOMEN RECEIVE ENGRAVED INVITATIONS...



AND IN HER LAIR, THE CRIME QUEEN EXPLAINS TO HER HIRELINGS...

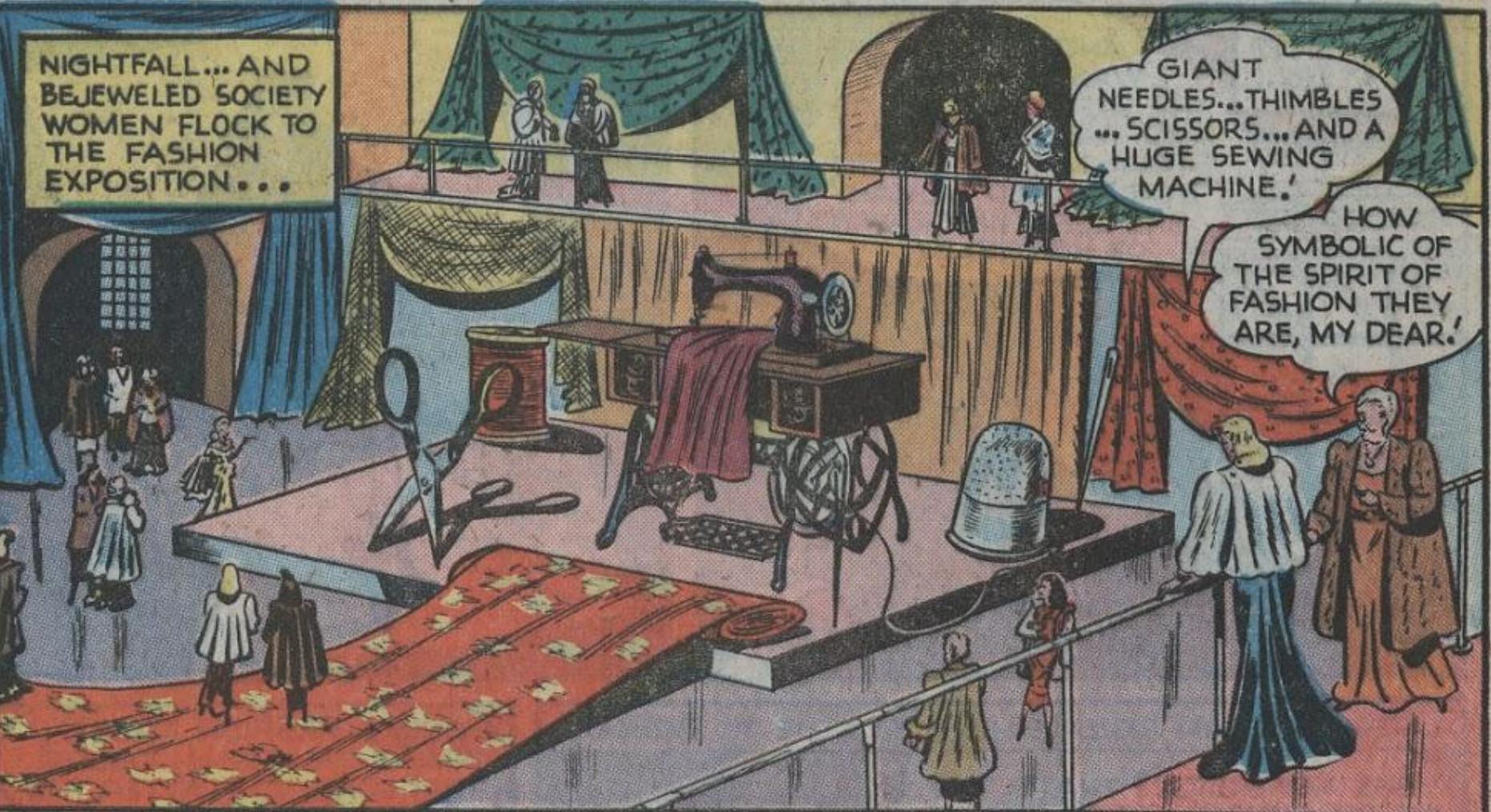
SO, YOU SEE, MY MAGAZINE HAS ANOTHER USE - TO GET THE WEALTHIEST WOMEN IN GOTHAM ALL TOGETHER IN THE SAME PLACE AT THE SAME TIME!

...AND ALL READY FOR PICKIN' AT THE SAME TIME! HAW!

NIGHTFALL... AND BEJEWELED SOCIETY WOMEN FLOCK TO THE FASHION EXPOSITION...

GIANT NEEDLES... THIMBLES... SCISSORS... AND A HUGE SEWING MACHINE!

HOW SYMBOLIC OF THE SPIRIT OF FASHION THEY ARE, MY DEAR!



SUDDENLY... A PURRING VOICE...

GOOD EVENING! AND NOW, LINE UP, PLEASE... AND HAND OVER YOUR VALUABLES!

IF THERE'S ANY STICKING TO BE DONE, I'LL DO THE NEEDLING!

YEAH... THIS IS A STICK-UP!

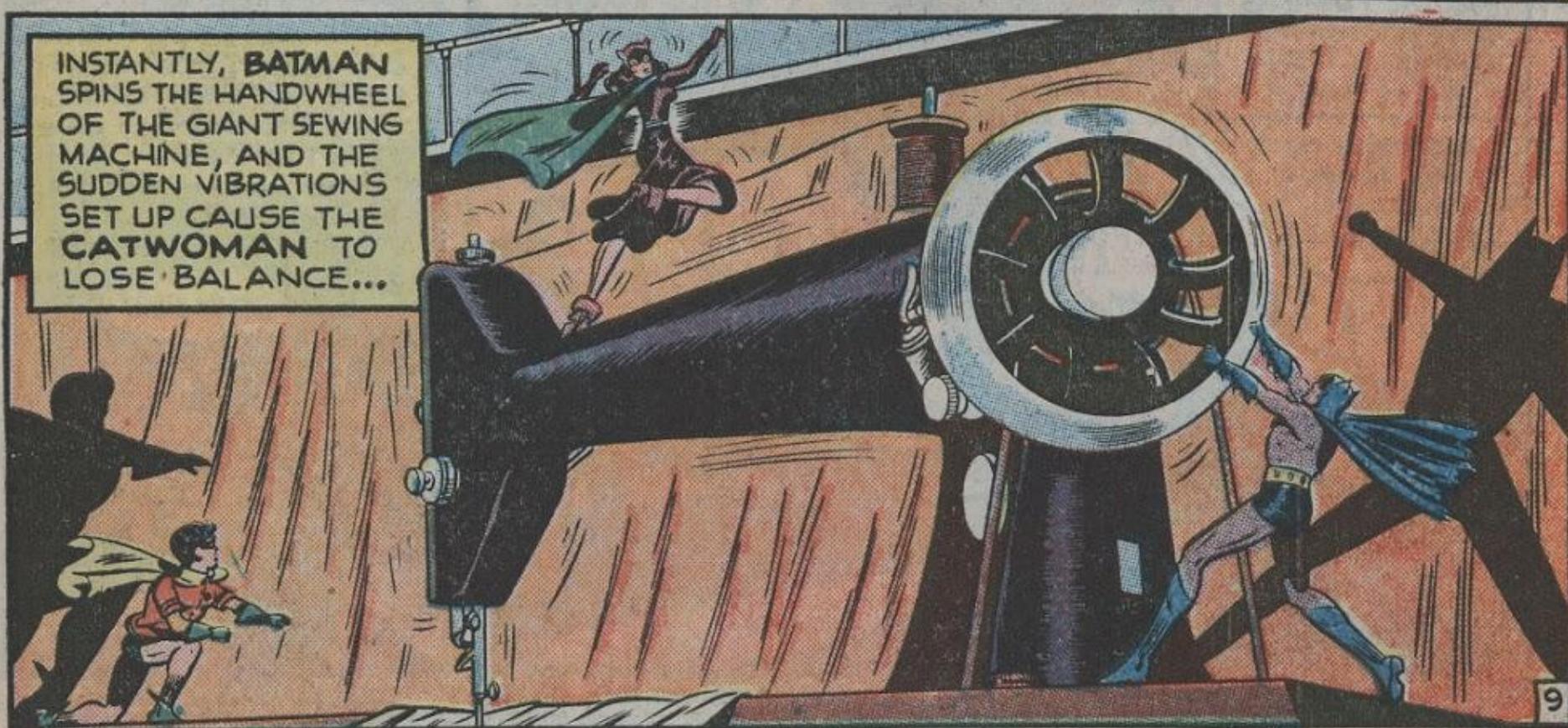


NOW, AMID THE GIANT REPLICAS OF SEWING EQUIPMENT, A STRANGE BATTLE IS TO TAKE PLACE!

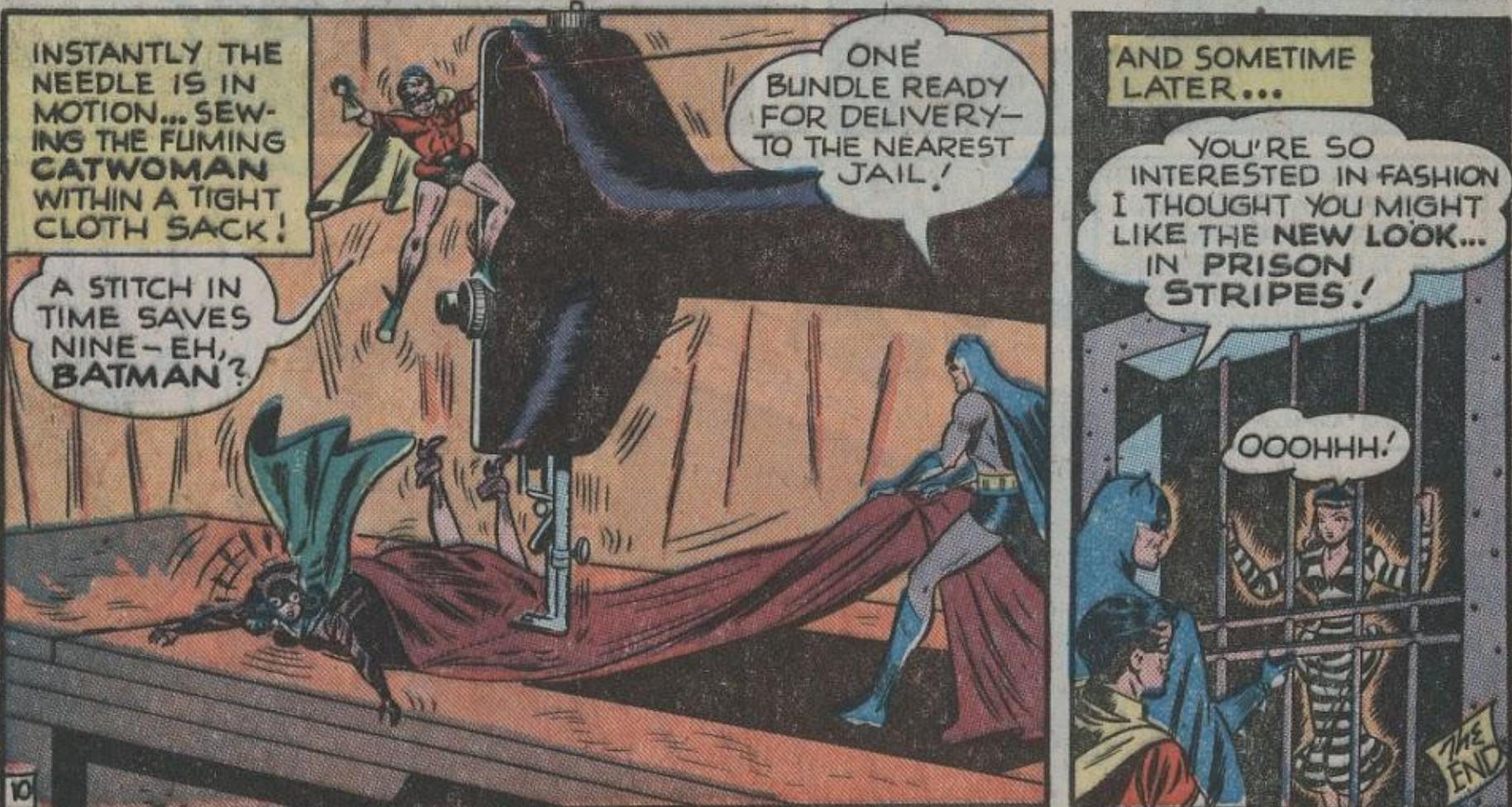
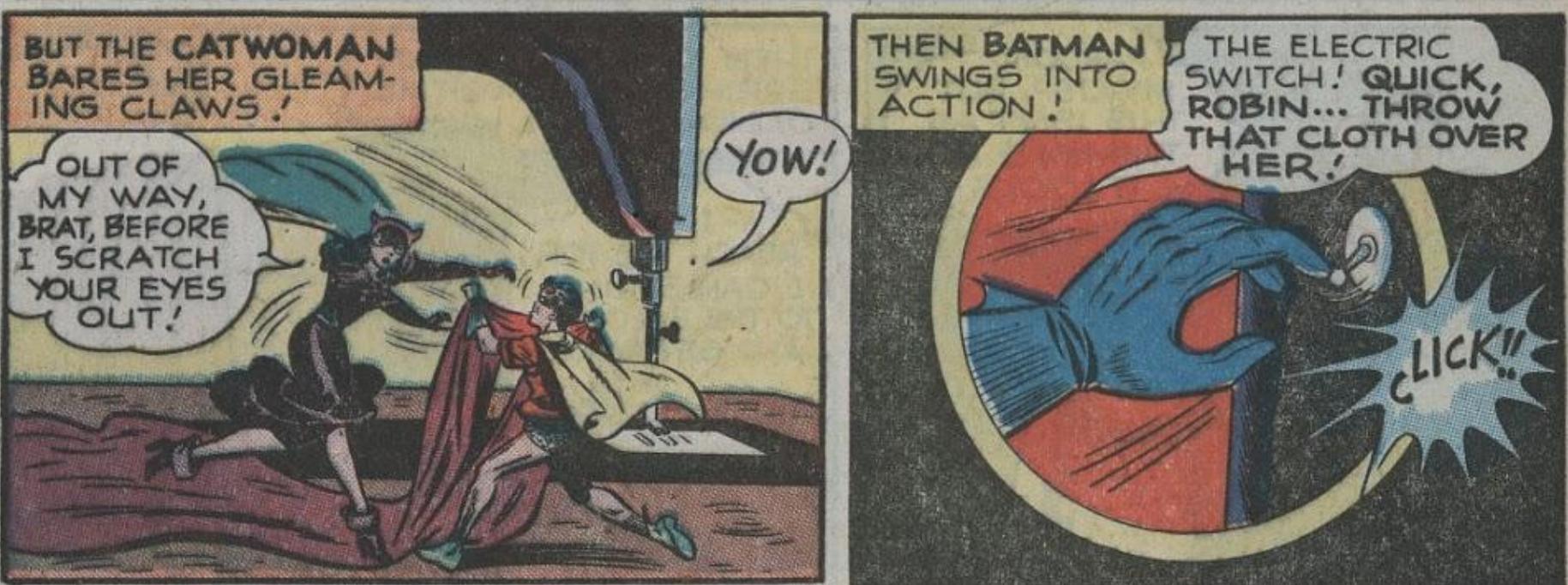
OKAY, JOE... LET'S GIVE NOSY A HAIRCUT!



BATMAN

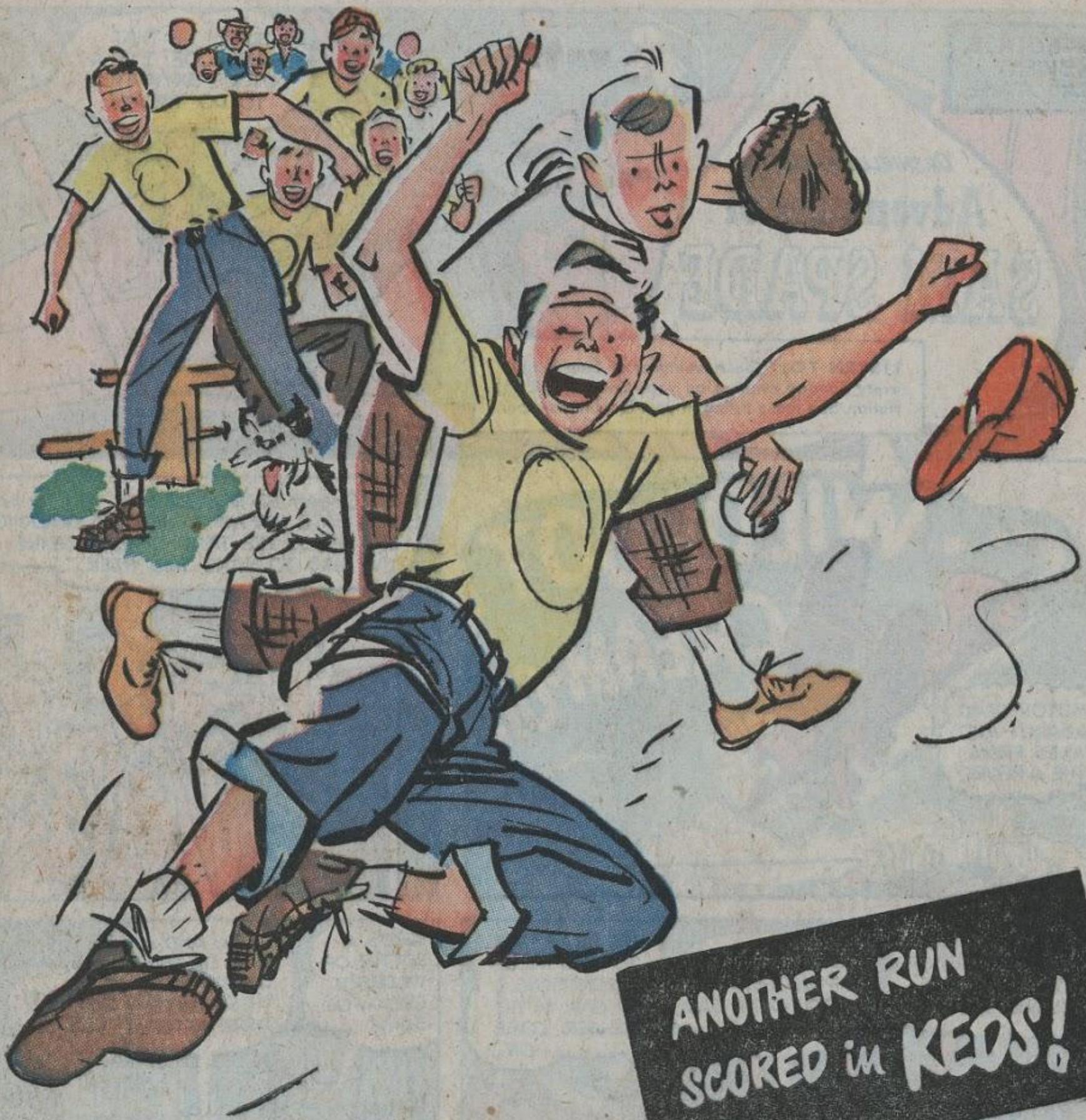


BATMAN



10 TOPS IN COMICS! BATMAN AND ROBIN ALSO FIGHT THE UNDERWORLD
IN DETECTIVE COMICS AND WORLD'S FINEST COMICS —

ADVERTISEMENT



ANOTHER RUN
SCORED in KEDS!

KEDS SHOCKPROOF ARCH CUSHION

SHOCK-
PROOF
INSOLE

SHOCK-
PROOF
HEEL



Only Keds Have ALL These Features:

- Scientific Last lets toes grip for action
- Slanted two-piece tops; won't bind
- Smooth inside construction
- Balanced toughness throughout
- Traction Soles; non-marking
- Pull-proof eyelets
- Wash clean with soap and water

They're not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoe.



BE SURE TO ASK FOR U. S. KEDS
THE NAME IS ON THE SHOE

U.S.
 **Keds**

The Shoe of Champions

MADE ONLY BY

U.S.RUBBER
SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE

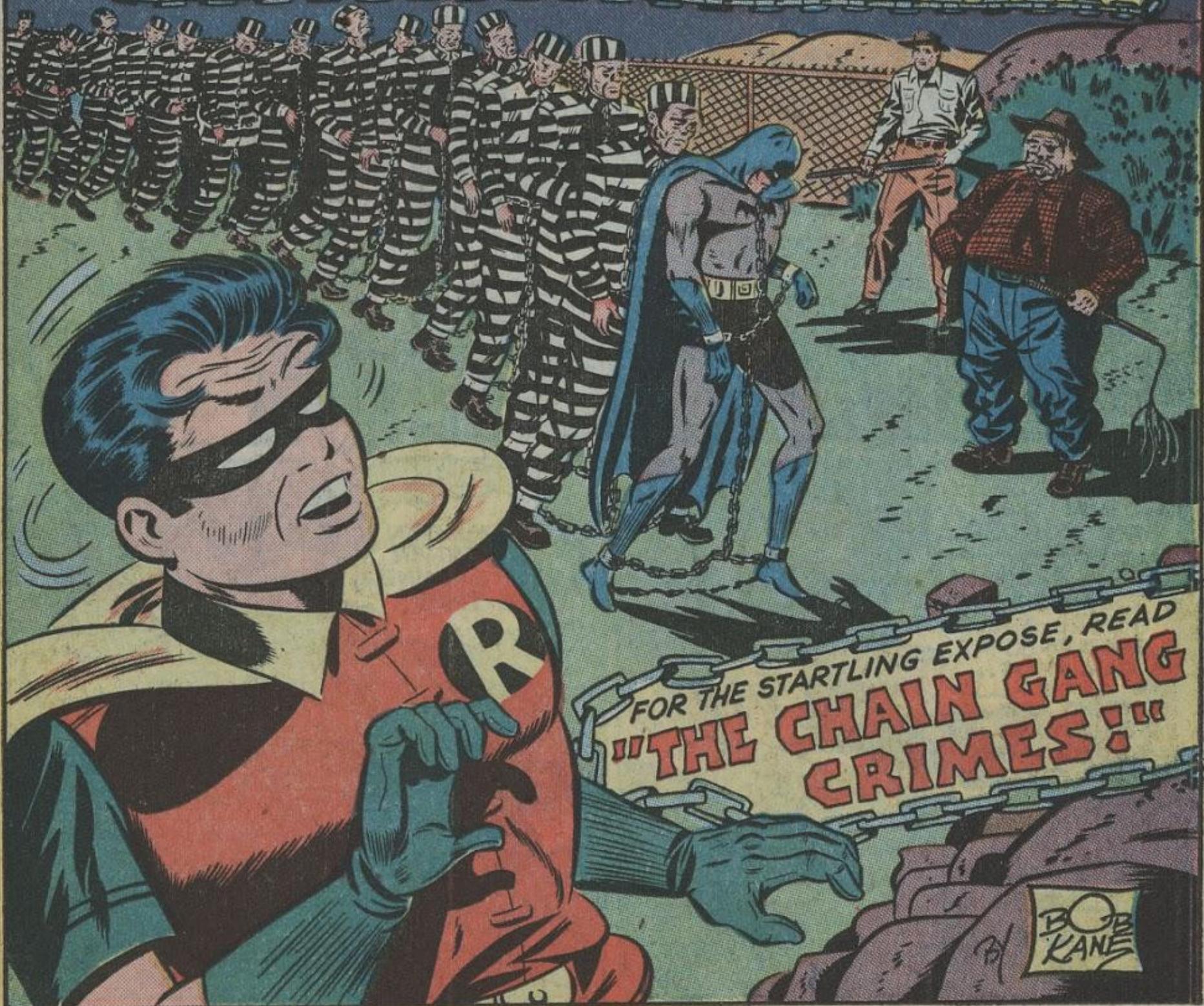
UNITED STATES
RUBBER COMPANY



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

BATMAN ON THE CHAIN GANG! THAT'S THE TERRIBLE ORDEAL HE VOLUNTARILY FACES... FOR ONLY BY MAKING HIMSELF A SHACKLED PRISONER COULD THE LAWMAN LEARN THE SECRET BEHIND A SERIES OF DARING ROBBERIES! HOW DOES BATMAN SURVIVE THE BRUTAL TERRORS OF A CRUEL, OUTMODED PENAL SYSTEM... FROM WHICH DEATH IS THE ONLY ESCAPE?





BATMAN



FAR FROM GOTHAM CITY, BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE BUSY ON A NEW CASE, AIDING A LOCAL SHERIFF IN ANOTHER STATE...

ROBIN, IF THE "WHISKERS MOB" STRIKES AGAIN TONIGHT, THEY WON'T EXPECT US AROUND!

I HOPE WE CAN STOP THEM! SHERIFF TOBEY SAYS THOSE BANDITS DISAPPEAR LIKE GHOSTS AFTER EACH JOB.

SUDDENLY...

HELP... THE WHISKERS MOB ...SLUGGED ME... MY HEAD...OHH!

THE SHIP COMPANY'S NIGHT WATCHMAN! MAYBE THE GANG'S STILL THERE. COME ON!

INSIDE THE HUGE PROPELLER MANUFACTURING WING OF THE SHIP COMPANY...

THIS LEADS TO THE SAFE WHERE THEY KEEP THE DOUGH!

THAT LEADS TO JAIL!

BATMAN AND ROBIN!

A HANGING PROP BECOMES A SHIELD AS BATMAN ACTS BOLDLY!

VERY CLEVER! INSTEAD OF MASKS, YOU THUGS WEAR PHONEY WHISKERS!

OW!

OOF!

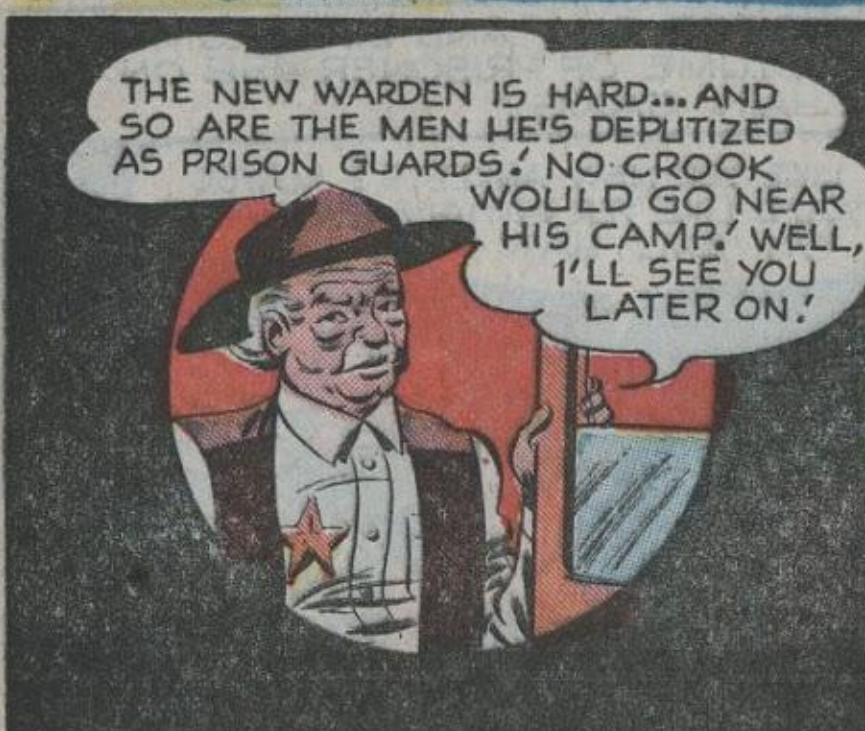
AND AS FOR ROBIN THE BOY WONDER...

THIS PROPELLER TOUCHES THE ONE THEY'RE STANDING BEHIND, SO IF I CAN HIT IT...

CLANG!

CLANG!

IT WILL SPIN THE OTHER PROP AROUND... LIKE THIS!



BUT THE TRAIL LEADS DOWN THE PRISON ROAD! DON'T TELL ME THE CROOKS ARE HIDING OUT INSIDE THE PRISON!

NOT UNLESS THE WARDEN AND THE GUARDS ARE IN LEAGUE WITH THEM! HMM.. THAT MIGHT EXPLAIN HOW THE MOB ALWAYS DISAPPEARS. BUT HOW COULD I GET PROOF?

BATMAN PRESSES A SECRET BUTTON, AND A FLAP SWINGS DOWN INSIDE THE BATMOBILE, REVEALING AN INGENIOUS MAKEUP KIT!

IF BATMAN ENTERED THE PRISON, THE WARDEN WOULD BE SUSPICIOUS... BUT HE WOULDN'T SUSPECT A PRISONER!

LATER...

THE SHERIFF IS BUSY CHASING THE WHISKERS MOB SO HE ASKED ME TO DO HIM A FAVOR AND DELIVER THIS PRISONER TO YOU.

HUH? OKAY, ROBIN... THANKS!

SO IT IS THAT THE DISGUISED BATMAN IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE DREADED WARDEN BELTT!

A NEW ONE, WARDEN!

LOOKS SOFT! WE'LL HAFTA TOUGHEN 'IM UP!

THAT'S SO YOU'LL REMEMBER I'M WARDEN HERE! GUARD, GET 'IM MEASURED FOR A ZEBRA SUIT!

STRIPED SUIT AND LEG IRONS—THE COSTUME OF PRISONER 458 ON THE CHAIN GANG!

LIKE YER NEW ANKLETS? MAYBE YOU'D LIKE YER INITIALS ENGRAVED ON 'EM! HAW!



BATMAN



INSIDE THE PRISON BARRACKS, EMACIATED MEN STARE WITH DEAD EYES AT THE NEW CONVICT...



LATER... PRISONERS ARE HERDED INTO TRUCKS... CHAINED IN LIKE ANIMALS!

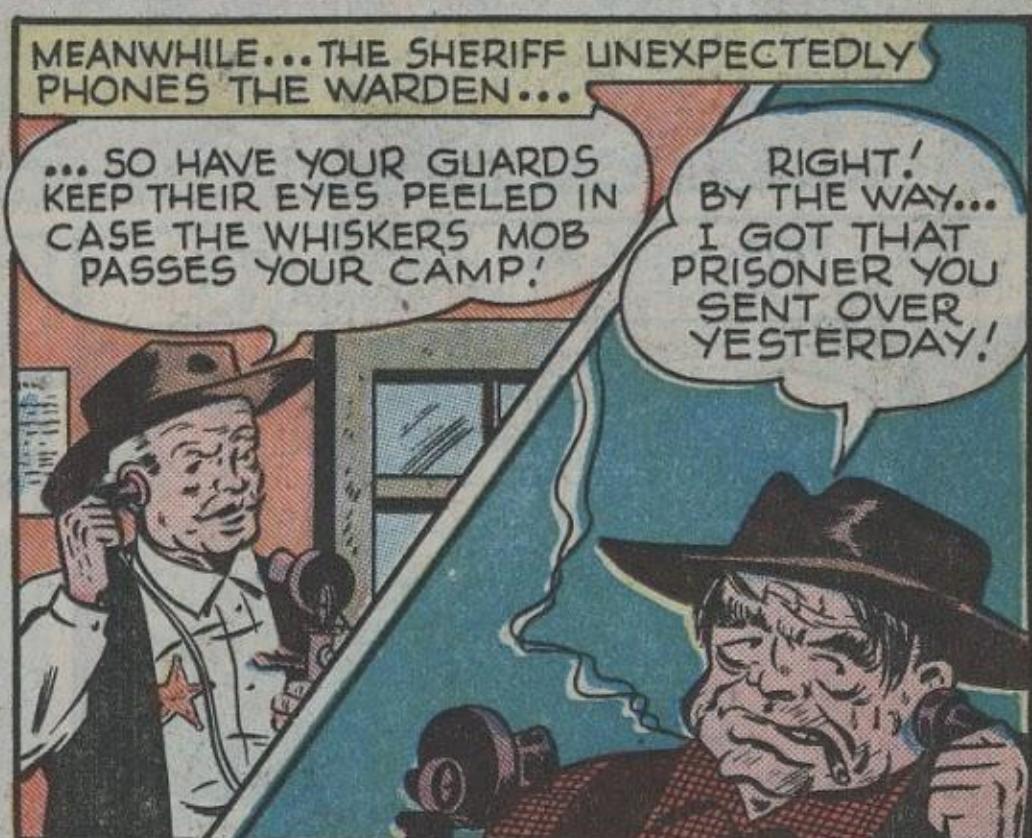


PRESENTLY, HEAVY ROAD CONSTRUCTION LABOR BEGINS UNDER THE FIERY SUN WHILE BRUTAL GUARDS SHOUT WHIPLASH COMMANDS...





BATMAN



Bazooka

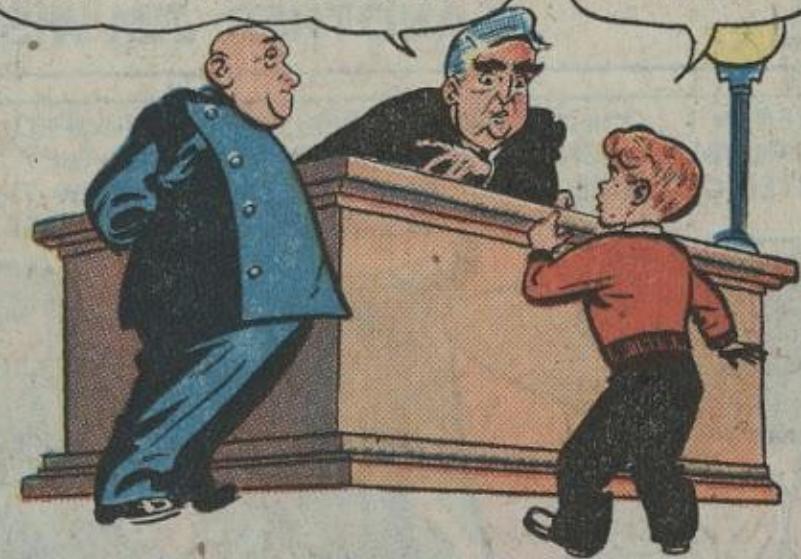
THE ATOM

BUBBLE BOY

in
THE MISSING
MESSENGER

BAZOOKA, WE NEED YOUR HELP ON THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK ROBBERY CASE! I GUESS YOU READ ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS.

YES COMMISSIONER, AND I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP!



HERE'S THE STORY! THE CALLEY GANG HAS ALBERT CRANE, THE BANK MESSENGER IN A SHACK HALFWAY UP THE MOUNTAIN!

WE SPOTTED 'EM FROM A PLANE BUT WE CAN'T LAND WITHIN 20 MILES!

AND IF WE GO UP THE MOUNTAIN AFTER THEM THEY'RE LIABLE TO KILL CRANE AND RUN FOR IT!

THIS IS SOMETHING NEW! A SLEEP BOMB! IF YOU CAN THROW IT IN THE WINDOW OF THE SHACK IT WILL PUT THEM TO SLEEP FOR EIGHT HOURS!

MEANWHILE WE CAN GO UP THE MOUNTAIN AND GRAB THEM!

I THINK I CAN DO IT!



THIS IS MY SPECIAL BAZOOKA BUBBLE GUM! WATCH ME BLOW A GIANT BUBBLE AND SAIL OFF TO THE MOUNTAIN!

MY KIDS CHEW BAZOOKA, TOO! SIX BIG CHEWS FOR A NICKEL! THAT'S A BARGAIN!

WHAT A BUBBLE! WHAT A BOY!

COOL AS ICE! HE'S READING THE COMIC THAT COMES WITH HIS PACKAGE OF BAZOOKA GUM!

AKOOZAB! AKOOZAB! AND DOWN I GO!

HERE GOES THE SLEEP BOMB AND IN A FEW HOURS THE POLICE WILL BE HERE TO GRAB THE CALLEY GANG!



GREAT WORK, BAZOOKA! YOU'LL GET A BIG REWARD!

WHEN THEY WENT TO SLEEP, I WENT IN AND GOT MR. CRANE AND THE BAG OF MONEY!



HEY KIDS, YOU GET SIX BIG CHEWS FOR 5¢ WITH BAZOOKA BUBBLE GUM AND A COMIC STRIP IN EVERY PACKAGE!

AND BAZOOKA BUBBLE GUM HAS THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE SEAL! THAT'S IMPORTANT!

SAVE WRAPPERS FOR SWELL PRIZES



THE SECRET of MYSTERY MOUNTAIN!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY

WE WEREN'T LOOKING FOR TROUBLE WHEN WE STARTED OUR HIKE...

PEE WEE'LL BE POOPED BY THE TIME WE CLIMB THIS MOUNTAIN.

POOPED, EH? IF THEY ONLY KNEW THE TIP JIM WISE GAVE ME.

HEY! THERE ARE SOME MEN UP AT THE DESERTED CABIN!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

QUIET NOW, FELLOWS.

WE'LL HIDE THE LOOT HERE UNTIL THE COAST IS CLEAR!



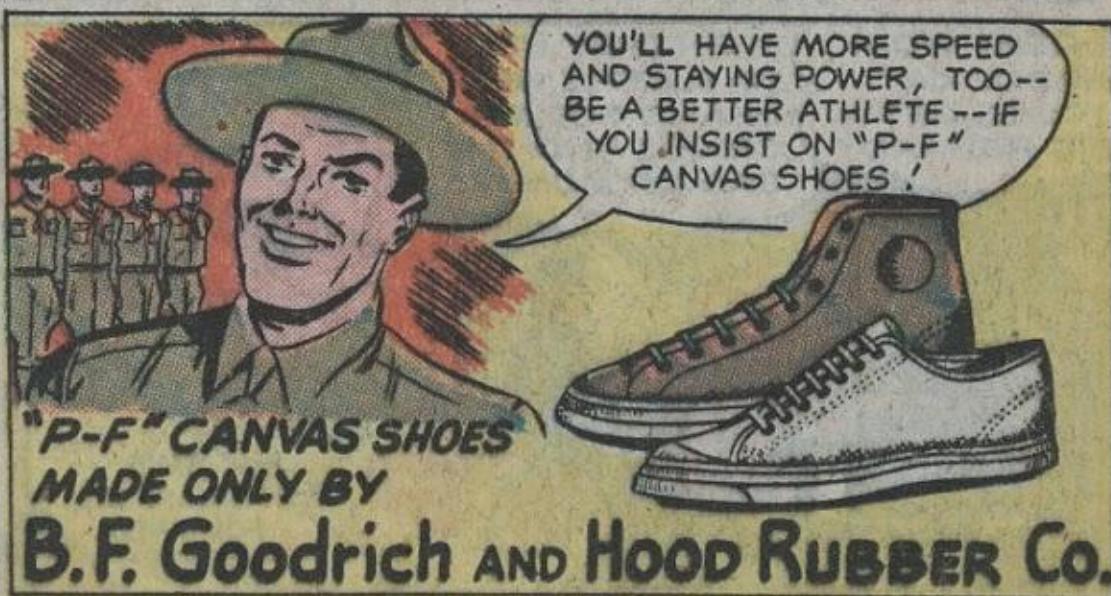
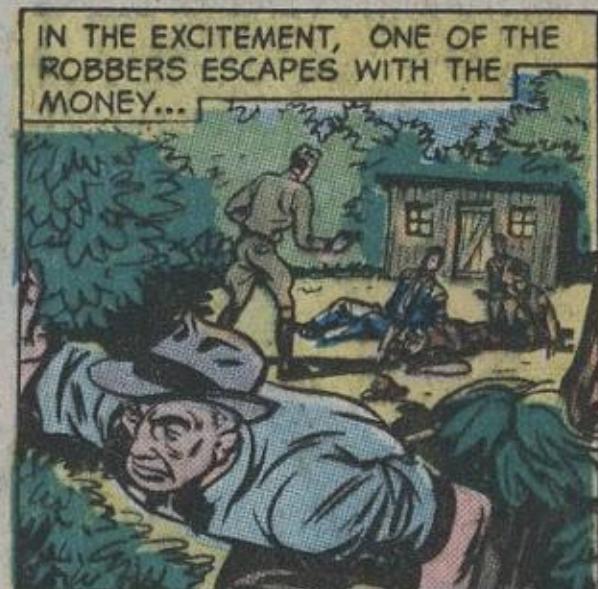
WHAT JIM TOLD THE BOYS ABOUT "P-F"
HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER, SPEEDS UP YOUR GAME, MAKES YOU A BETTER ATHLETE:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



* TRADE MARK

"P-F*" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION... A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN "P-F" CANVAS SHOES



WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS...

TALK! YOU AIN'T NO CONVICT! YOU CAME HERE TO SNOOP! WHO ARE YOU, MISTER?

THEY DON'T KNOW I'M BATMAN! THAT'S A BREAK! MAYBE I CAN BLUFF MY WAY OUT OF THIS JAM!

THE DISGUISED BATMAN RIPS AT A WIDE STRIP OF FLESH-COLORED, SKIN-TIGHT TAPE COVERING HIS CHEST...

I'VE GOT MY CREDENTIALS UNDER THIS LITTLE HIDING PLACE I'VE BEEN CARRYING AROUND WITH ME!

THEN HE UNFOLDS THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC MIRACLE—A COSTUME MADE OF NEW PLASTIC MATERIAL SO FINE IT CAN BE FOLDED INTO A THIN PACKET!

BATMAN!

THE SHERIFF SENT ME HERE! IF I'M MISSING, HE'LL KNOW YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE.

ARE YOU KIDDIN'? I HAPPEN TO KNOW THE SHERIFF DOESN'T KNOW YOU'RE HERE. THIS IS SOMETHING YOU'RE DOIN' ON YOUR OWN HOOK!
HAW! HAW!

SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE CONVICTS INTERRUPTS...

BOSS, IT'S GETTIN' LATE! WE GOTTA GET STARTED ON THAT OIL FIELD PAYROLL JOB!

OKAY! GET GOIN'! WHEN YOU GUYS RETURN, WE'LL DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH BATMAN! MEANTIME, ... HE CAN'T GO FAR WITH THEM LEG IRONS ON!

AND NOW THE REAL PURPOSE OF THE BALL-AND-CHAIN IS REVEALED!

YEAH... TOO BAD BATMAN'S LEG IRONS DON'T SLIP OFF AS EASY!

'COURSE OURS ARE MADE A LITTLE BIG FOR OUR FEET! HAW! HAW!



LATER... A LONG BRANCH IS BROUGHT INTO PLAY!

MIND IF I VISIT AWHILE?



BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED GUARD CAN ACT, ROBIN COMPLETES HIS MISSION!

COME ON, BATMAN... LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE AT RUNNING!



IF WE'RE GOING TO WIN THIS RACE, WE'VE GOT TO SLOW UP THE OPPPOSITION! NOW—LET'S GO!



AS THE DYNAMIC DUO IS SWALLOWED UP BY THE SURROUNDING BRUSH, BELTT MAKES QUICK PLANS FOR PURSUIT!

GET THOSE BLOODHOUNDS AFTER 'EM! IF THEY ESCAPE OUR SETUP HERE IS FINISHED!
SHOOT TO KILL!



WE'VE GOT THE SCENT NOW! THEY WON'T GET FAR!



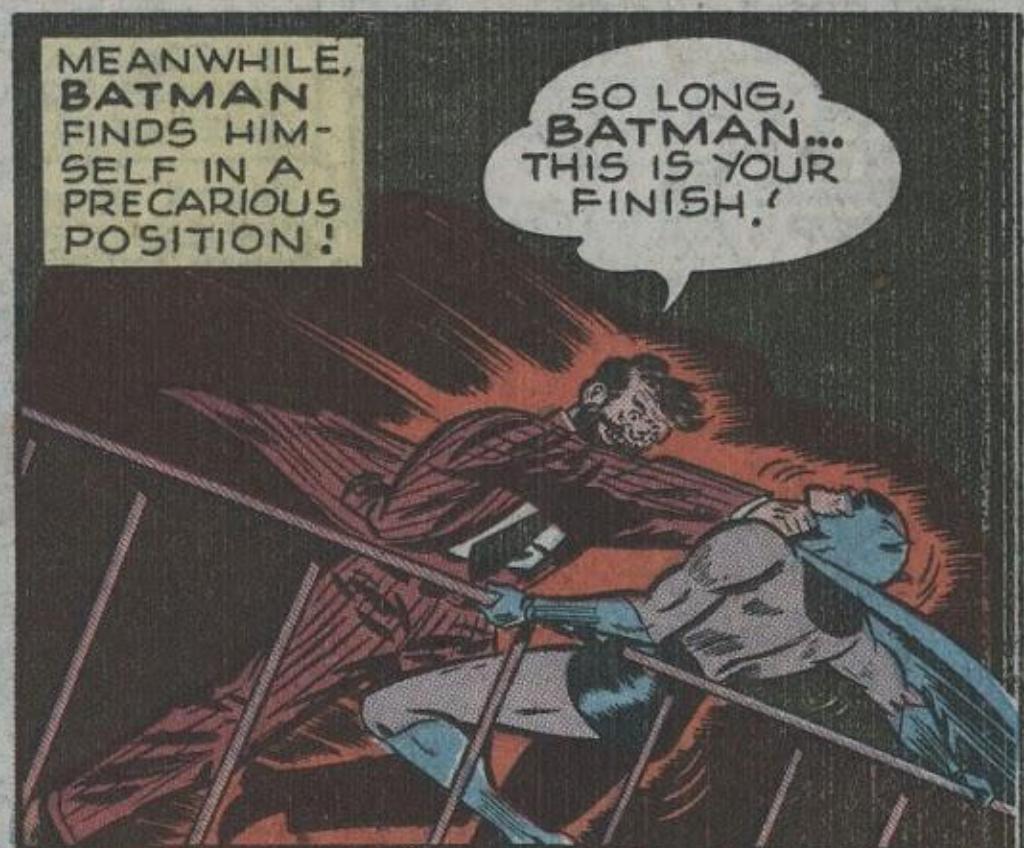
AS THE DEEP, SPINE-CHILLING BAYING OF THE HOUNDS SOUNDS CLOSER, THE FUGITIVES DECIDE ON A DESPERATE MOVE!

QUICKLY! THESE HOLLOW REEDS ARE OUR ONLY HOPE!



BATMAN





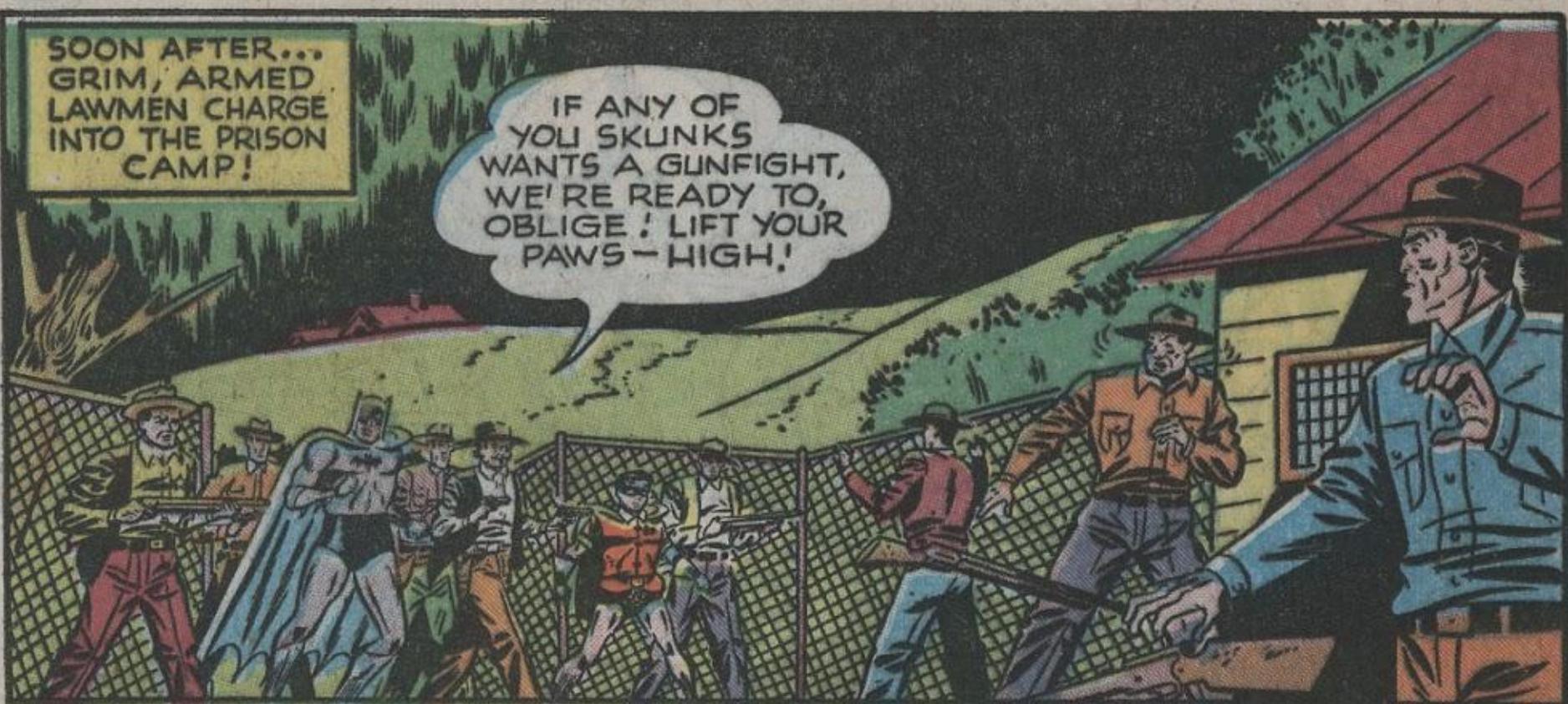


BATMAN



SOON AFTER...
GRIM, ARMED
LAWMEN CHARGE
INTO THE PRISON
CAMP!

IF ANY OF
YOU SKUNKS
WANTS A GUNFIGHT,
WE'RE READY TO,
OBLIGE! LIFT YOUR
PAWS - HIGH!



READ ABOUT THE DARING DUO - BATMAN AND ROBIN - IN WORLD'S FINEST AND DETECTIVE COMICS!

This Tall Tale from Texas is true!



Ray O'Vac says:

"It's based on a letter in our files!"

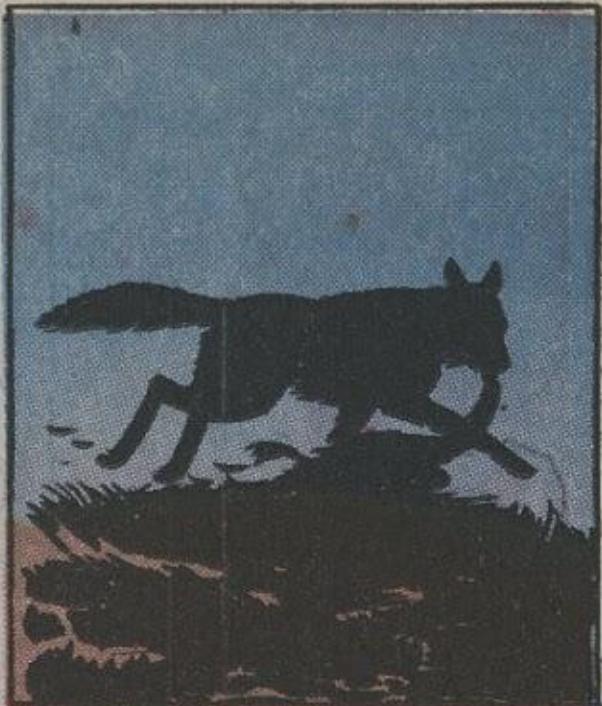
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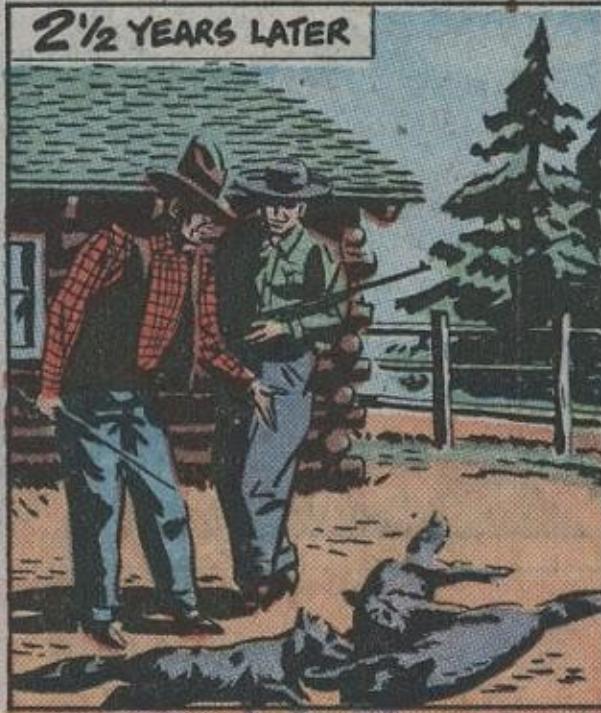
3 "So! Soon as I buy a new flashlight, my old one turns up. I'll hide this new one away somewhere so it'll be safe."



1 "Coyote after the geese again! Where the Sam Hill's that flashlight gone? Good night! Have to get a new one tomorrow."



2 But, meanwhile, another goose has been caught by a crafty coyote, and is being carried away for a big family feast.



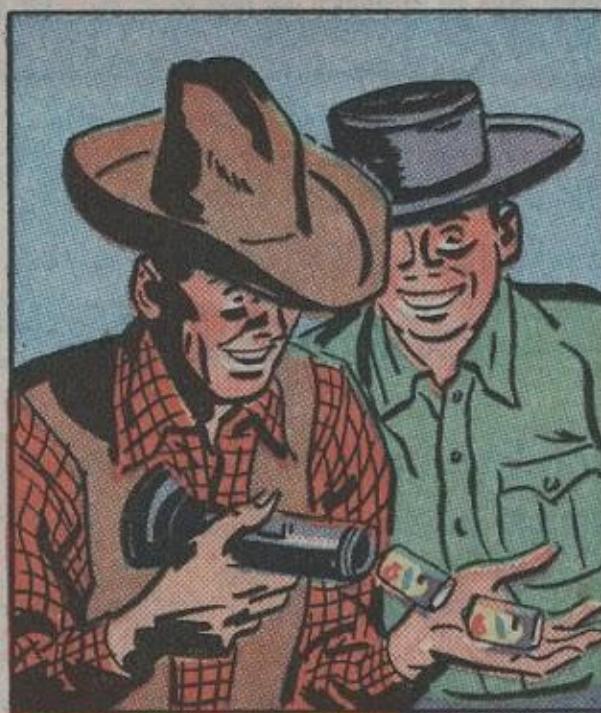
4 "Being in the army put this hunt off too long, but at last we've got a few. Now, my skinning knife—in the attic, I think."



5 "Here's the knife—and look—here's that flashlight I hid away—let's see—why that was 'way over 2 years ago!"



6 "Whada you know—it works! What kind of batteries could possibly stay fresh that long? Let's take a look at them."

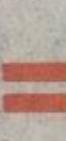


7 "I thought so. See? They're Ray-O-Vac Leak Proofs—the modern kind that are sealed in steel to keep them fresh."



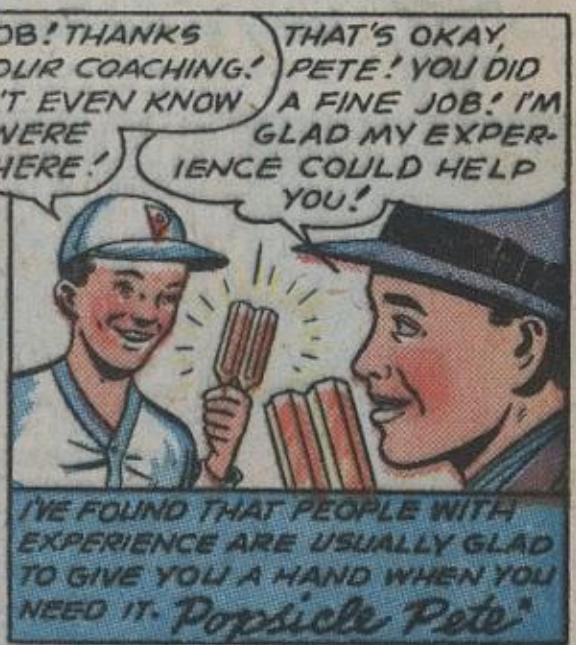
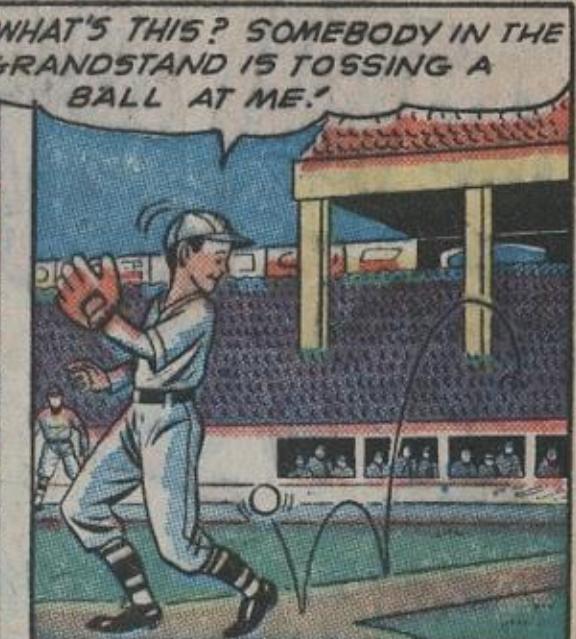
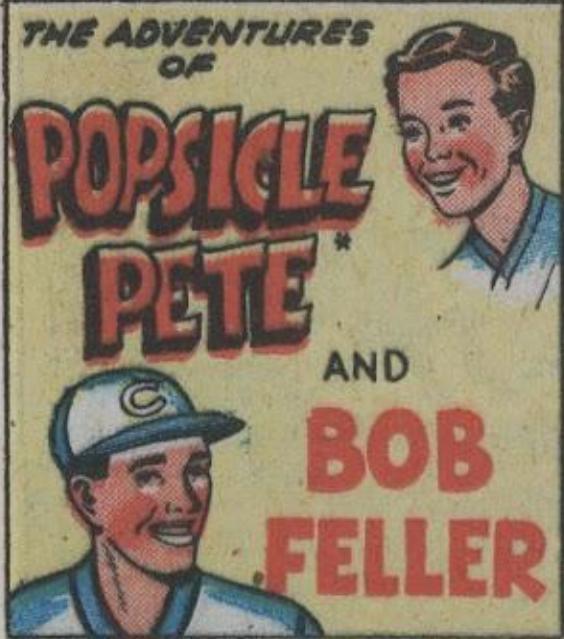
8 "And a guarantee on every one—a new flashlight free, if yours is ever harmed by Ray-O-Vac swelling or sticking."

Only RAY-O-VAC makes batteries this way



**ASK FOR
RAY-O-VAC
LEAK PROOFS**

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I'VE FOUND THAT PEOPLE WITH EXPERIENCE ARE USUALLY GLAD TO GIVE YOU A HAND WHEN YOU NEED IT. *Popsicle Pete*

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*T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WINGED JUSTICE

By TED ROSEN

THE young boy bit his lip, making a valiant effort to hold back the tears, as he heard his father's decision.

"I've been telling you for almost a week," Mr. Cane said irritably, "that I want you to get rid of those pigeons, and destroy that chicken coop arrangement you put up." He glared at Charlie. "I don't care who gave you the pigeons, they don't belong around this house."

Mr. Cane waved a fork at his wife. "You know that too, Martha, so don't try siding with the boy. He can find some other hobby. Hmph. It's a wonder a man can't have a little peace and quiet around the house when he gets home to meals. I certainly don't get it at work."

Mrs. Cane looked at her son. She wished he could understand that only this trouble at the Claims' Office, where Mr. Cane worked for the Government, made the boy's father so irritable. Prospectors were coming in crying that their claims had been jumped. Yet they could furnish no proof. She sighed. Well, maybe when the Marshal got here to investigate, things would be different. If only that Army Sergeant, who had pulled out with his detachment, hadn't taken such a fondness to young Charles and given him those two pigeons.

"Tomorrow I want that coop destroyed and those pigeons given away. Or I'll do it myself. You understand?" Mr. Cane asked his son.

The boy's lower lip trembled. "Yes, Pa." No use explaining again how special these pigeons were.

It seemed at dinner as though his whole world had crashed around young Charlie's head.

Just when the idea came to him to run away, he couldn't tell. All he knew was that he wanted to keep his pigeons. It was useless trying to argue with his father, to make him see.

"Yes, I know, dear, what store you set by your pets," his mother said kindly as she came into the room to bid her son goodnight, "but I'm afraid this time we'll have to do what Dad says." She tried to manage a reassuring smile, knowing the boy's heartache. "Maybe when some of his work lessens, he'll send to Kansas

City and get some for you." She bent over and kissed him. "And now, son, goodnight."

In the darkness, Charlie lay wide awake. Outside in the soft summer night, he could hear the cooing of his birds.

He'd go into the hills, that's what. "And they'll never see me again," he said sadly, feeling sorry for himself, "not until I'm grown up. Then, they'll be sorry."

He stole from the house shortly after midnight. Under his arm was a small crate containing his pigeons. In his school knapsack, he had placed some cold meat and half a loaf of bread.

The weather had been unseasonably warm, and there was just the slightest chill as he struck out for the hills. Usually, it would be cold, so Charlie was grateful for the miraculous weather.

He reached the foothills and started to climb. He was not afraid of the night, but so preoccupied was he with his thoughts that he didn't notice the stars suddenly disappear, and the night cloud over.

With startling suddenness the rainstorm broke. It came down in torrents, accompanied by crashing rolls of thunder and lightning.

Panic struck at the boy as he realized he had lost his way. He cried out for help, and the sound was lost against the thunder and the wind. Then, as the heavens seemed to split open, Charlie saw the rude cabin. He ran toward it, fear lending wings to his bruised feet.

The door was locked, which was unusual. People in these hills didn't lock things. They trusted one another. "Help! Help!" Charlie banged on the door, his frightened cries rolling out one after another.

After moments that seemed years a flickering light appeared in the window. The door opened a crack, and a lantern was held in Charlie's face. The muzzle of a shotgun was in his stomach. A voice said, "What in tarnation. Why, it's a lad! Come in boy!"

Trembling with fear and cold, Charlie went into the rude room. A grizzled old prospector,

with kindly eyes, was looking at him. The old man had on a flannel night shirt. "What you doing here, boy?"

The scared lad blurted out the whole story, while the prospector rummaged for dry clothes. When Charlie finished his story, and was drinking some hot milk, the old man grinned, "Well, boy, guess I can't hold it agin you for running away. Pears to me I did it sort of regular when I was a shaver." He chuckled, looked at the pigeons. "Them's right cute birds, but nothing to run away from home fer." He scratched his grayed locks. "Now you just roll up by that fire and tomorrow you and I'll go back and explain to your paw. I got business with him anyhow."

Charlie's eyes widened. The old man, whose name was Nate said, "Yep. I got it written all down. Made my strike today, and I want to get it registered before them varmints that's been claim jumpin' try anything with me. Too many people, I'm afeard, know a man's business these days. That's why I kept the door locked and came up to you with a gun, lad."

Old Nate patted Charlie's head. "Now you just get right down to sleep." He watched while Charlie bedded down, then blew out the light. Outside, the storm beat against the cozy cabin. Charlie, tired out, closed his eyes. Time enough tomorrow to think.

The old man's outraged cry woke him in the morning. Charlie sat up, frightened. Two men, the lower part of their faces covered with bandanas, were holding guns on Nate. In his hand, one of the men held Nate's map, which had been on the table.

He turned, hearing Charlie. "Who's this kid?"

"Friend of mine," Nate said. He spat. "He won't hurt you, claim jumpers."

The man nearest Nate roared. "Don't get riled. Pop," he said. "no one's getting hurt. We just happen to know you hit a vein yesterday. After one of us registers your claim, and comes back, you and the kid can be alone again." He nodded to his friend. "Get going, and back as fast as you can. I'll ride herd on these two."

His bright eyes menaced Nate. He picked up the prospector's shotgun. "Too bad we ate, Pop, or you could fix for us. No harm in you fixing your own chow, though. I'll be sitting right outside. Waiting and watching" He shrugged.

"This place smells."

Nate bridled, but said nothing. His eyes looked hopelessly at Charlie, then he said dourly. "I thought my mule got loose, and I opened the door to see. It was them claim jumpers." Nate shrugged. "Well, I guess there's nothing can be done. Might as well make the best of it boy. Once he registers that claim, it's his."

"But that's dishonest," Charlie cried.

"Sure boy," said Nate, readying a skillet. "But he's getting to your Pop's office afore me. I'd have to have wings to beat him."

Wings? Charlie's heart leaped. It was odd, but the men hadn't noticed the pigeons, in their covered coop. Luckily, the birds had remained quiet. "Nate," he said, "copy that map, quick. Maybe we can do something about it. I'll watch the door."

In whispers, Charlie explained. The old man scratched his head. "Tarnation," he said, "what an idee. Think it'll work?"

"I don't know," said Charlie. "It all depends on Mom."

The hours dragged by after breakfast, first one, then two, then three. It was past high noon, shortly after they had lunched, their captor still wearing his bandana covering his face, when a horse's hoofbeat sounded outside. The man said:

"Just sit tight. It's my pal, coming back." He got up, his gun ready.

A bulky form loomed in the doorway. A star glinted from the man's chest, and a ray went to the six gun in his hand. He fired as the claim jumper reached. The man went down, a bullet in his shoulder.

Nate blinked. "Sheriff," he gasped, "I was never so glad to see anyone afore."

The man smiled. "Not Sheriff; Marshal. I came into town today to try to apprehend these claim jumpers." He looked at Charlie, and a big grin came over his face. "And much obliged am I to you, lad, for making it a short job." He hauled the wounded claim jumper to his feet. "We picked up his pal when he came in to register the stolen claim. That sure was a bright idea of yours son, to send that homing pigeon back with a message and Nate's claim. Your Mom caught on right away." He put an arm around Charlie's shoulder. "And she said to tell you to be sure and bring that other pigeon home. Your Dad wants to build a new coop for them!"

**FRED "DIXIE"
WALKER**

TOP-RANKING MAJOR LEAGUE
HITTING ACE, *Says*:

"BOTH MY BATTING EYE AND MY EYE FOR VALUE
HAVE TO BE SHARP.....THAT'S WHY I'M SUCH A STRONG
WINTHROP FAN....WINTHROP SHOES ARE ON MY
ALL-STAR TEAM FOR STYLE, COMFORT
AND LONG WEAR!"

DIXIE'S SON HAS A LOT OF HIS
DAD'S KEEN EYE.....
FRED JR. *Says*:

"DAD AND I BOTH GO
FOR WINTHROP SHOES IN
A BIG WAY... DAD'S SHOES
AND MY WINTHROP JRS.
MATCH EACH OTHER
EXACTLY, EXCEPT FOR
SIZE.....OH, BOY! ARE
THEY SUPER!"



SEE, DAD, THE ONLY
DIFFERENCE
IS THE SIZE!



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Sizes 1 to 9

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BATMAN



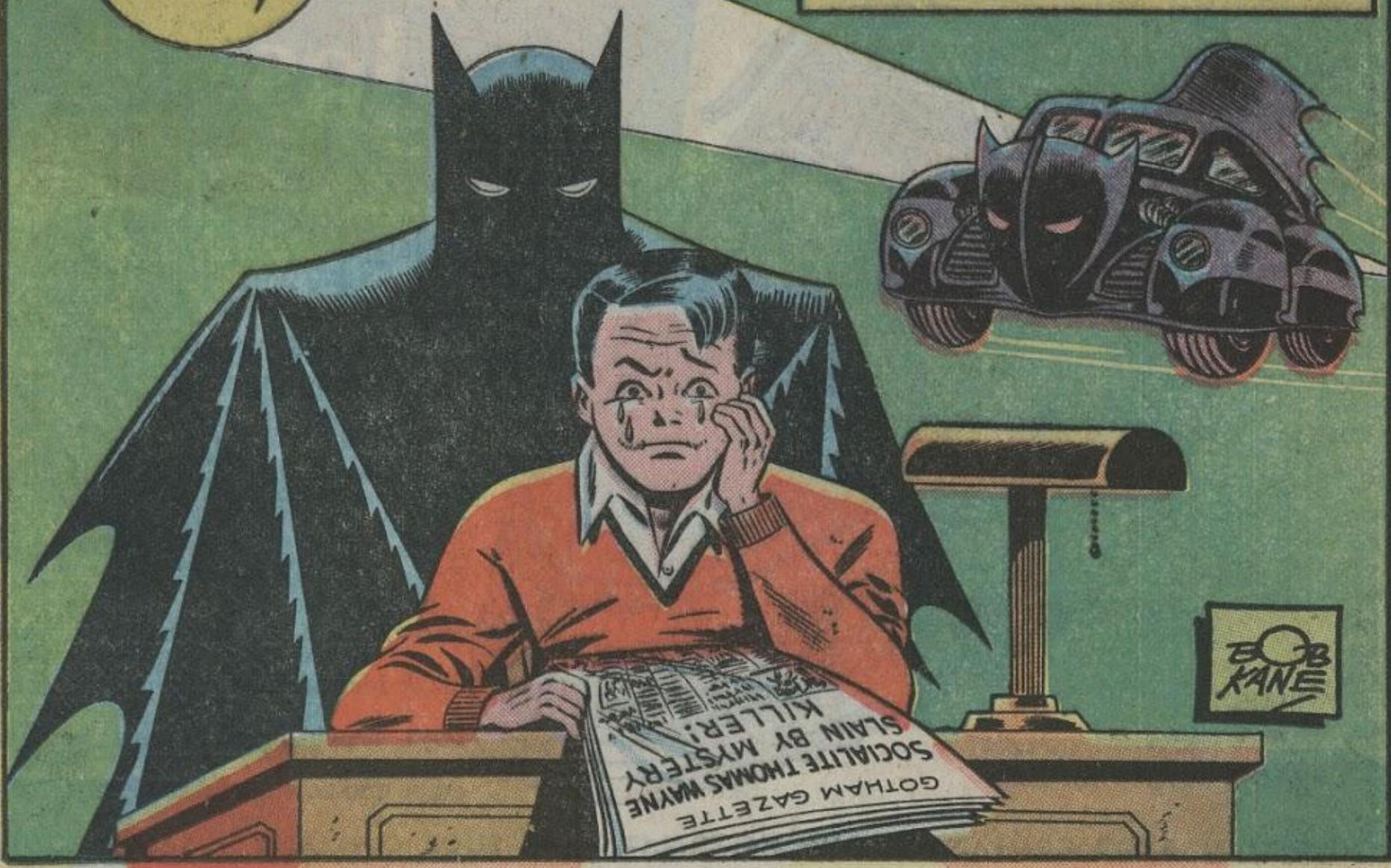
BATMAN

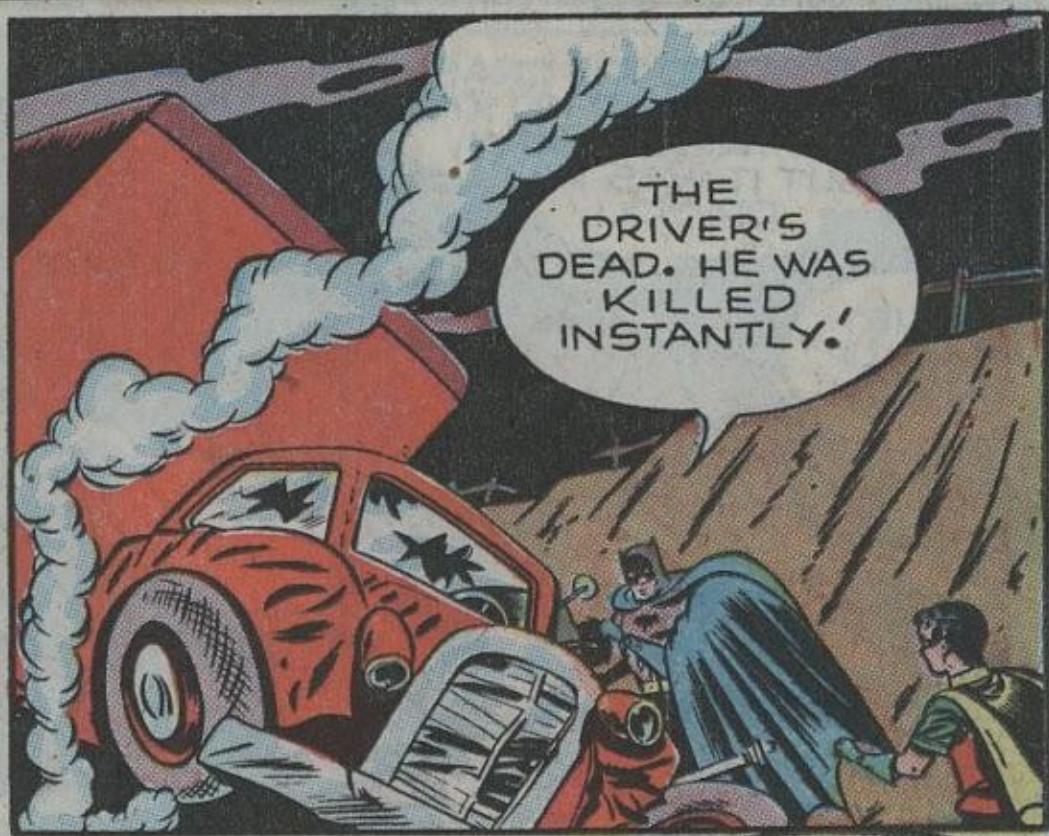
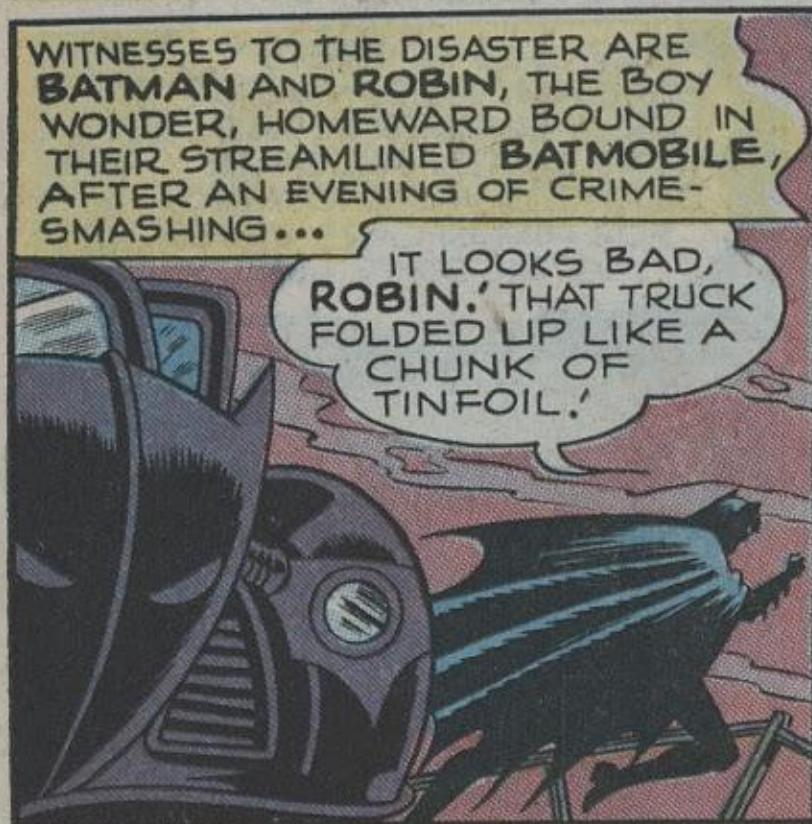
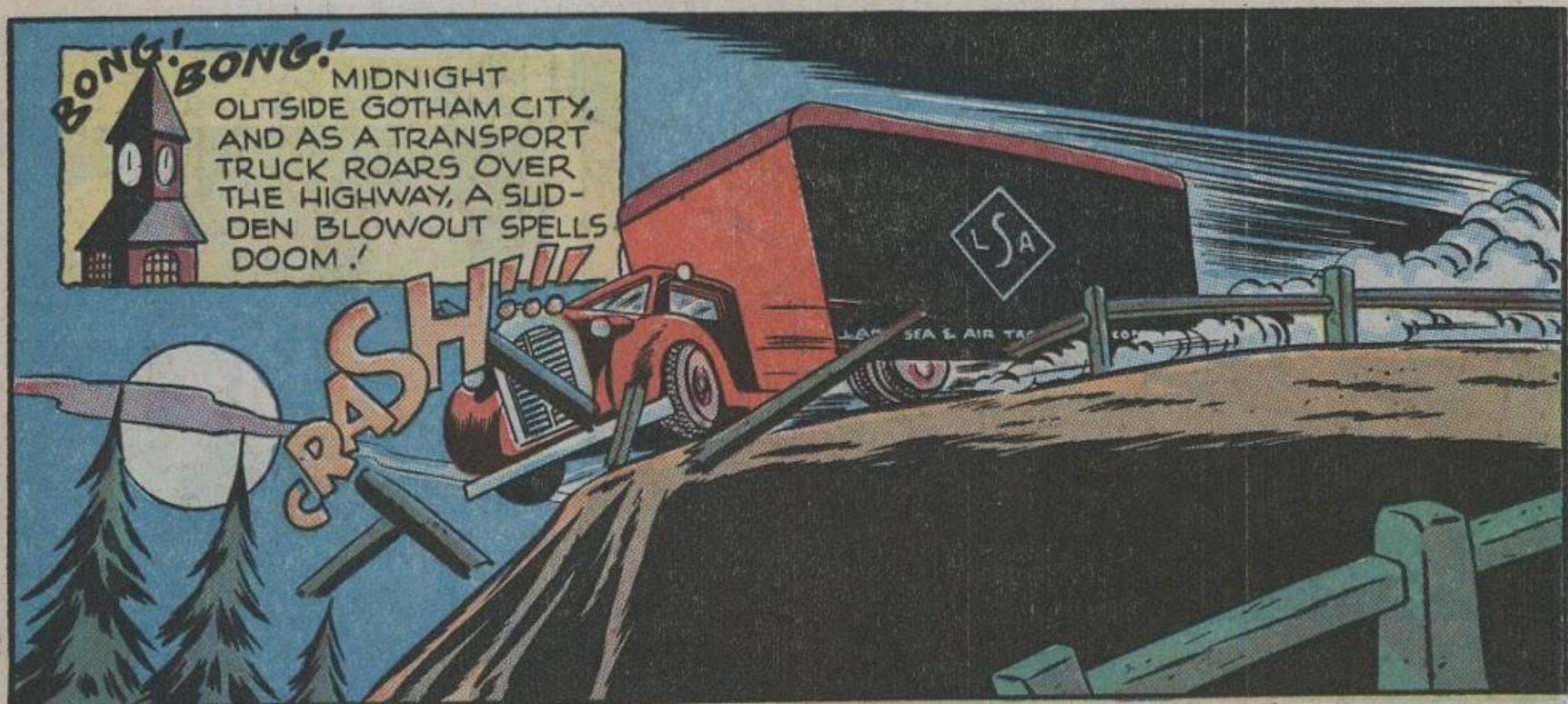
WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER



HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHY BRUCE WAYNE, A SOCIETY BLUE-BLOOD, CHOSE THE DANGEROUS CAREER OF **BATMAN**? WHAT MADE HIM BECOME A RELENTLESS, HARD-HITTING CRIME-FIGHTER? HOW DID HE TRAIN HIMSELF IN ATHLETIC AND SCIENTIFIC SKILL UNTIL HE BECAME THE NEMESIS OF THE JOKER, THE PENGUIN, CAT-WOMAN AND OTHER NEFARIOUS CRIMINALS OF OUR TIME? WHAT INSPIRED THE **BATMOBILE** AND THE **BATPLANE**? HERE IS THE ANSWER... THE INSIDE STORY OF A BOY WHO MADE A GRIM VOW... THE INSIDE STORY OF...

**"The Origin of
THE BATMAN!"**







BATMAN



BUT, ROBIN, DAZED, UNWITTINGLY TRIPS BATMAN, AND DEATH HOVERS OMINOUSLY OVER THE CAPE MANHUNTER...

I'M MEASURIN' YOU FOR A COFFIN, BATMAN—RIGHT NOW!

ABRuptly, a bullet from nowhere clips the murderous thug...

BLAM!

UH...

WE HEARD THE CRASH! I DIDN'T WANT TO KILL THAT TRIGGERMAN, BUT IT WAS HIM OR YOU!

THE RADIO PATROL!

SAY, THIS IS "FEETS" BORGAM! HE'S WANTED FOR A MURDER IN THE NEXT STATE. ALL STATE TROOPERS WERE TO WATCH FOR HIM IN CARS CROSSING THE STATE LINE!

HMM.. CONTAINER OF MILK... SANDWICHES... CIGARETTES... ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME IN THAT SECRET COMPARTMENT.

A NEW RACKET, EH? SMUGGLING HOT CROOKS ACROSS THE LINE INTO OTHER STATES!

IT'S OBVIOUS THE DRIVER WASN'T ALONE IN THIS SET-UP. I WONDER IF THE OWNER OF THE LAND-SEA-AIR TRANSPORT CO. IS TOP MAN?

THAT PROVES THE DRIVER KNEW HE WAS CARRYING "FEETS".

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, COMMISSIONER GORDON SECURES QUICK INFORMATION...

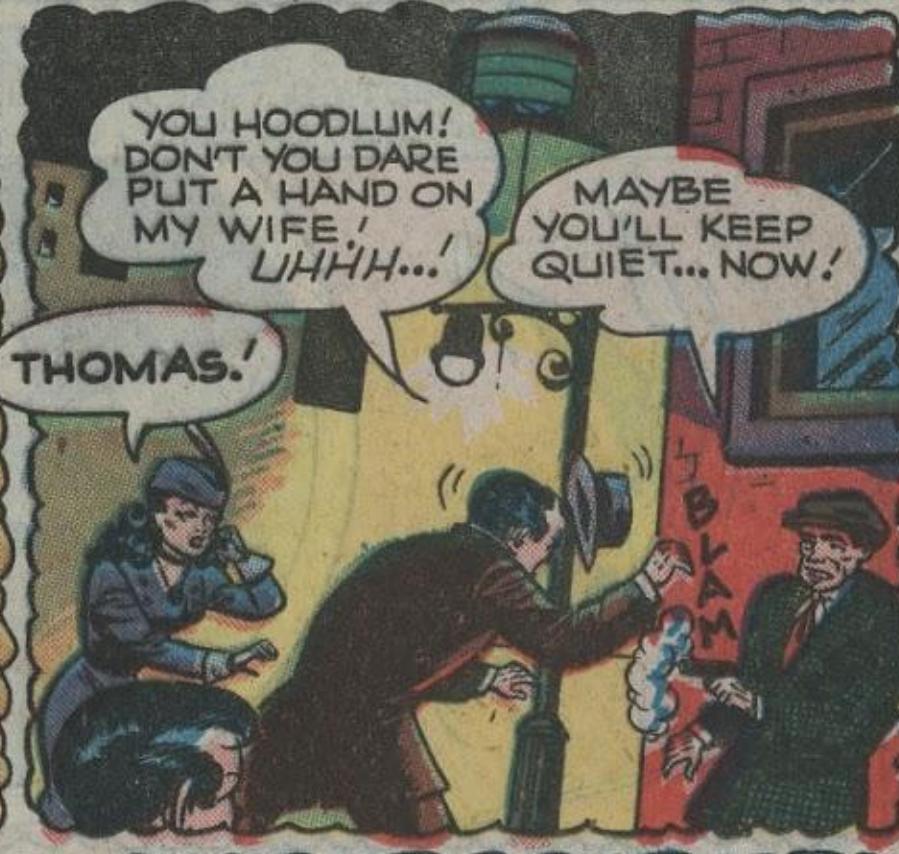
THE REPORT SAYS THE NEW LSA. OWNER BOUGHT OUT THE OLD OWNER, FIRED THE OLD TRUCKERS AND HIRED A NEW STAFF. THE OWNER'S NAME IS JOE CHILL. HERE'S A RADIO-PHOTO OF HIM...



AND BATMAN'S THOUGHTS WHIRL HIM BACK TO A VIVID NIGHT MANY YEARS BEFORE... TO A NIGHT WHEN HE WAS WALKING WITH HIS PARENTS, THOMAS AND MARTHA WAYNE...

THIS IS A STICKUP! I'LL TAKE THAT NECKLACE YOU'RE WEARIN', LADY!

OH... NOT MY NECK-LACE...



THAT SINGLE BULLET REALLY KILLED TWO PEOPLE, FOR MARTHA WAYNE'S WEAK HEART STOPPED FROM THE SUDDEN SHOCK!

THEY'RE DEAD! YOU KILLED THEM... YOU KILLED MY MOTHER AND FATHER...

STOP LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE THAT!



SOMETHING ABOUT YOUNG BRUCE'S EYES MADE THE KILLER RETREAT... THEY WERE ACCUSING EYES THAT MEMORIZED HIS EVERY FEATURE... EYES THAT WOULD NEVER FORGET...



BATMAN

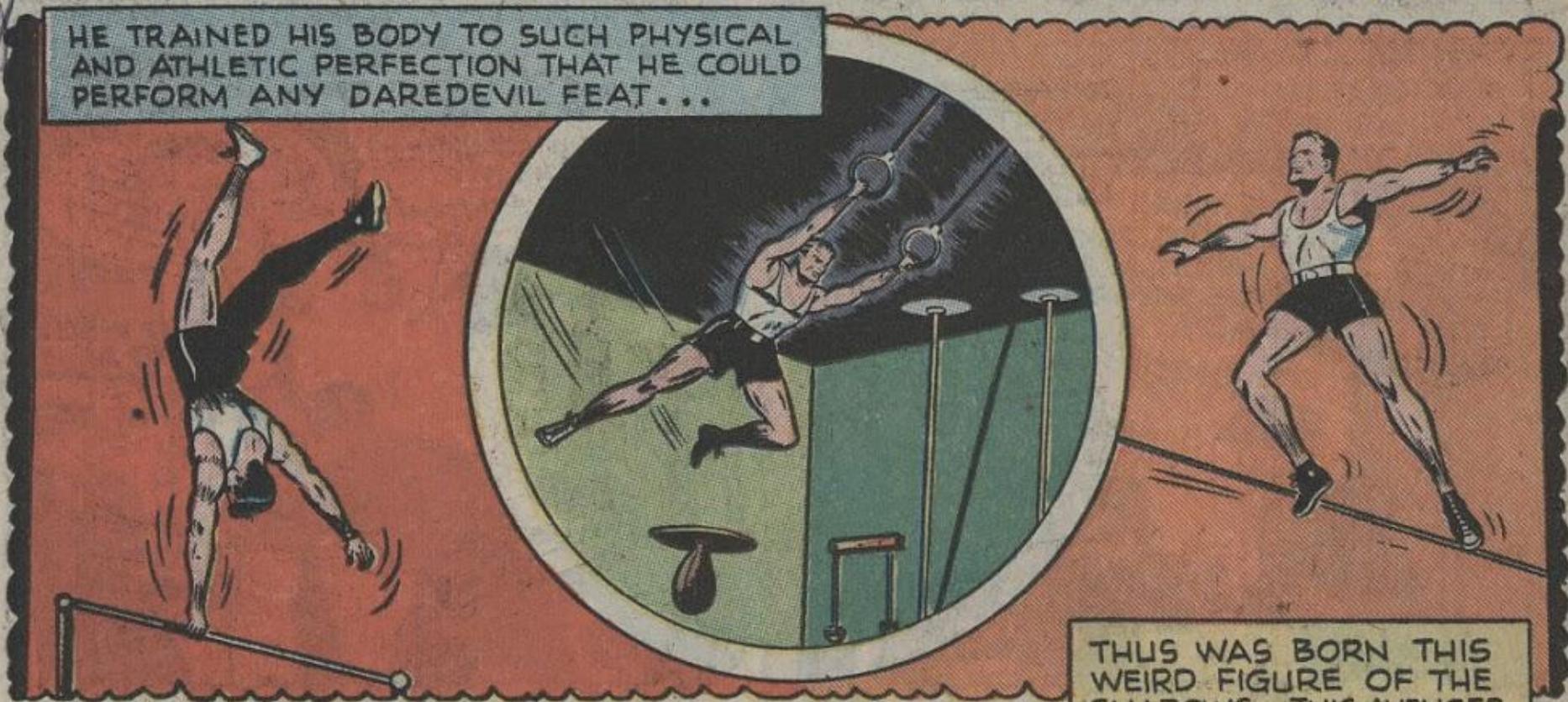
THE KILLER WAS NEVER FOUND, AND SOON AFTER, A YOUNG LAD MADE A GRIM PROMISE...

I SWEAR I'LL DEDICATE MY LIFE AND INHERITANCE TO BRINGING YOUR KILLER TO JUSTICE... AND TO FIGHTING ALL CRIMINALS! I SWEAR IT!

THE YEARS PASSED AS BRUCE WAYNE PREPARED FOR HIS CHOSEN CAREER!



HE TRAINED HIS BODY TO SUCH PHYSICAL AND ATHLETIC PERFECTION THAT HE COULD PERFORM ANY DAREDEVIL FEAT...



X
Then, one day he was ready for his new role.

CRIMINALS ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS, COWARDLY LOT, SO I MUST WEAR A DISGUISE THAT WILL STRIKE TERROR INTO THEIR HEARTS! I MUST BE A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, LIKE A... A...

AND, AS IF IN ANSWER, A WINGED CREATURE FLEW IN THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW!

A BAT! THAT'S IT! IT'S LIKE AN OMEN! I SHALL BECOME A BAT!

THUS WAS BORN THIS WEIRD FIGURE OF THE SHADOWS... THIS AVENGER OF EVIL - THE BATMAN!



His story changed slightly & actually his writing & lettering improved "somehow over the years"

THE KILLER WAS NEVER FOUND, AND SOON AFTER, A YOUNG LAD MADE A GRIM PROMISE...

I SWEAR I'LL DEDICATE MY LIFE AND INHERITANCE TO BRINGING YOUR KILLER TO JUSTICE... AND TO FIGHTING ALL CRIMINALS! I SWEAR IT!

THE YEARS PASSED AS BRUCE WAYNE PREPARED FOR HIS CHOSEN CAREER!

WAYNE
THOMAS MARTHA
BORN
DIED

HE MASTERED SCIENTIFIC CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION!

HE TRAINED HIS BODY TO SUCH PHYSICAL AND ATHLETIC PERFECTION THAT HE COULD PERFORM ANY DAREDEVIL FEAT...



THEN, ONE DAY HE WAS READY FOR HIS NEW ROLE.

CRIMINALS ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS, COWARDLY LOT, SO I MUST WEAR A DISGUISE THAT WILL STRIKE TERROR INTO THEIR HEARTS! I MUST BE A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, LIKE A... A...

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A BAT! THAT'S IT! IT'S LIKE AN OMEN! I SHALL BECOME A BAT!

THUS WAS BORN THIS WEIRD FIGURE OF THE SHADOWS... THIS AVENGER OF EVIL - THE BATMAN!





BATMAN



AS BATMAN, BRUCE WAYNE HAD SEARCHED ALL CRIMINAL HAUNTS. BUT THERE'D BEEN NO SIGN OF THE KILLER—TILL NOW!

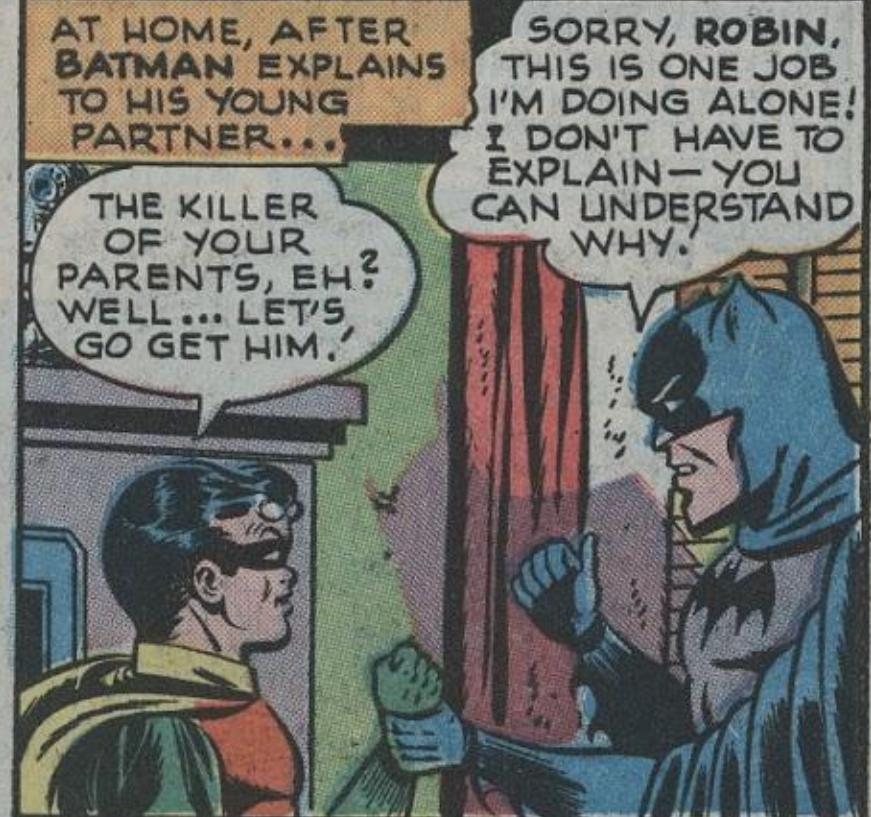
WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I'D LIKE TO TAKE OVER THIS CASE.

ODD! BATMAN LOOKED SO STRANGE WHEN HE SAID THAT. I WONDER WHY?

AT HOME, AFTER BATMAN EXPLAINS TO HIS YOUNG PARTNER...

THE KILLER OF YOUR PARENTS, EH? WELL... LET'S GO GET HIM.

SORRY, ROBIN, THIS IS ONE JOB I'M DOING ALONE! I DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN—YOU CAN UNDERSTAND WHY.



THE NEXT DAY,
A DISGUISED
BATMAN CALLS
AT THE L.S.A.
TERMINAL...



YOU WANT
A JOB AS A
TRUCKER?
THAT'S UP TO
THE BOSS,
BUD!

SO AT LONG LAST, BRUCE WAYNE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE MAN HE HAD VOWED TO TRACK DOWN!

HE HASN'T CHANGED! HE'S STILL CRUEL... STILL A KILLER!

ON YOUR WAY, PUNCHY!
I ONLY HIRE GUYS I KNOW!

LATER... HE'S CAGEY.
ONLY WANTS DRIVERS HE'S SURE HE CAN TRUST! THAT KILLS MY CHANCES OF GETTING INSIDE HIS GANG! WHAT NOW?

I'VE GOT IT.
I'M GOING TO
BRING BUSINESS TO JOE CHILL!





BATMAN



THAT NIGHT, BATMAN RIDES WITH THE POLICE HARBOR PATROL...

SO THAT SHOWBOAT IS REALLY A GAMBLING SHIP, EH?

YES! RUN BY MONTY JULEP. HE HAS ALL HIS CREW COSTUMED LIKE OLDTIME MISSISSIPPI GAMBLERS! HIS SHOWBOAT PADDLES AROUND OUTSIDE THE LEGAL LIMIT SO WE CAN'T ARREST HIM!

ONE HOUR LATER... ON THE GAMBLING SHIP, TWO SENTRIES IDLE AWAY THE TIME...

PETE, I THINK I'LL TRY SOME TARGET PRACTICE ON THAT SEA GULL!

YOU SAP! THE SHOTS WOULD PANIC THE CHUMPS AT JULEP'S TABLES! PUT YOUR GUN AWAY!

A GOOD THING, TOO... FOR THE "SEA GULL" IS IN REALITY A UNIQUE CAMOUFLAGE UNDER-WATER HELMET WORN BY BATMAN!

THEN, THE CHURNING STERNWHEEL CARRIES THE ACROBATMAN UNSEEN TO A TOP DECK!

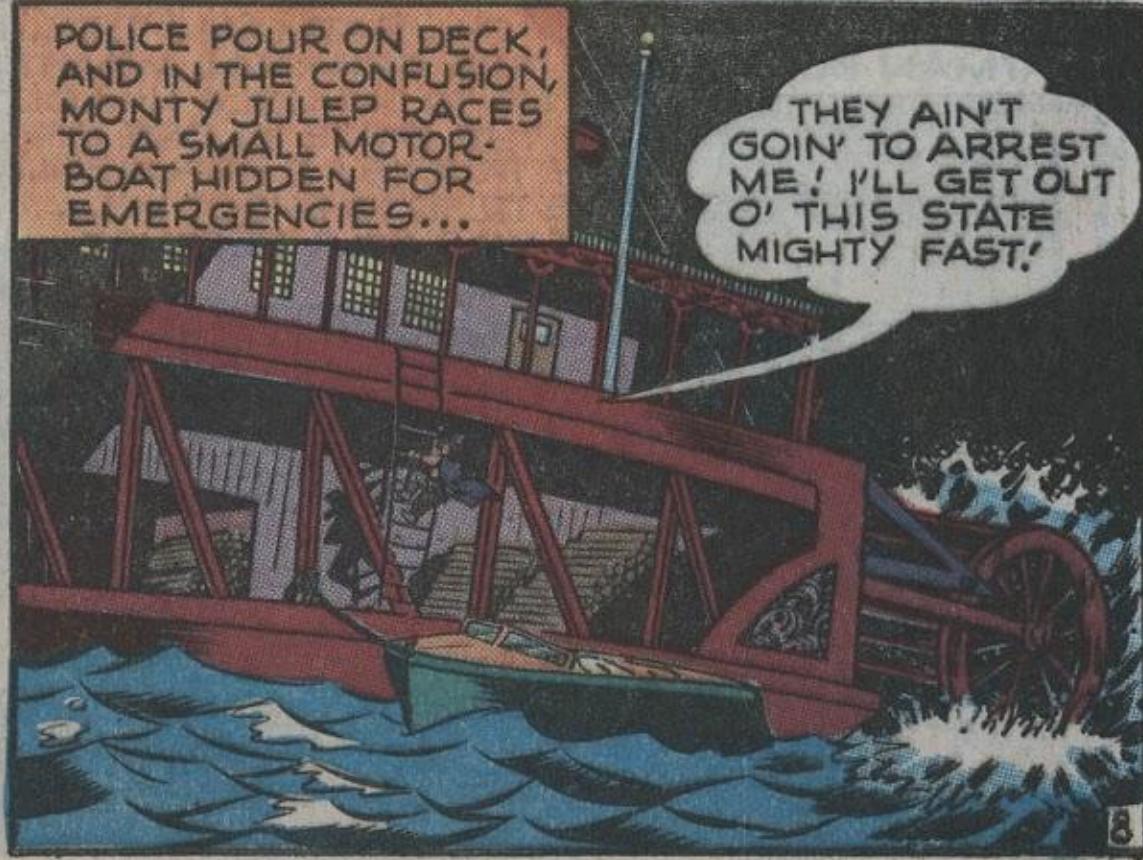
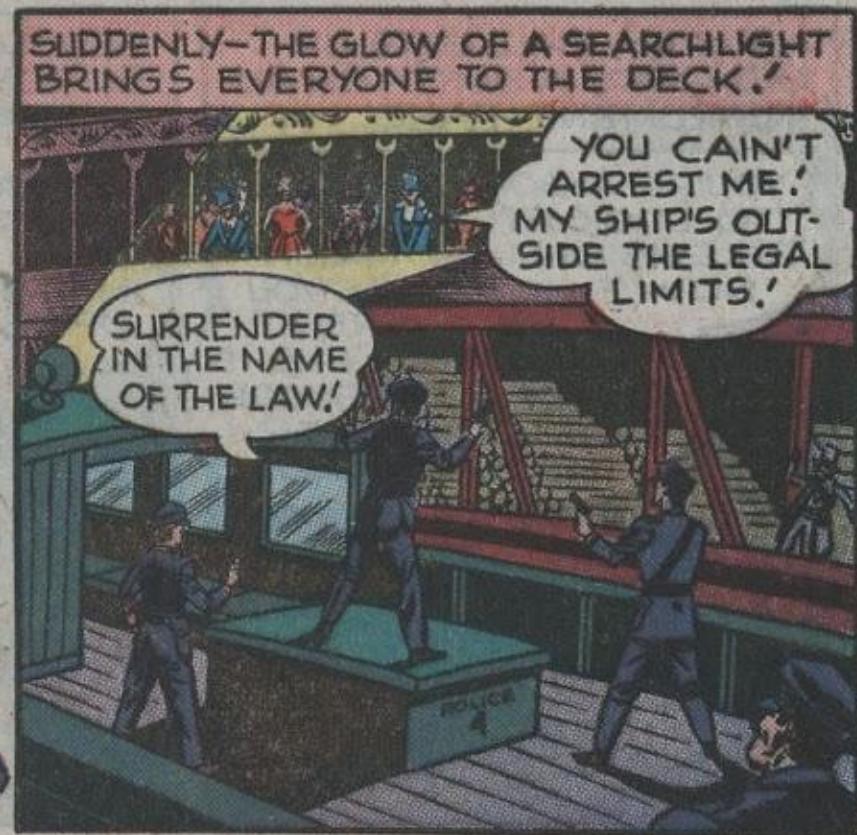
TRICKY, BUT IT'S A SHORT-CUT TO THE WHEEL-ROOM!

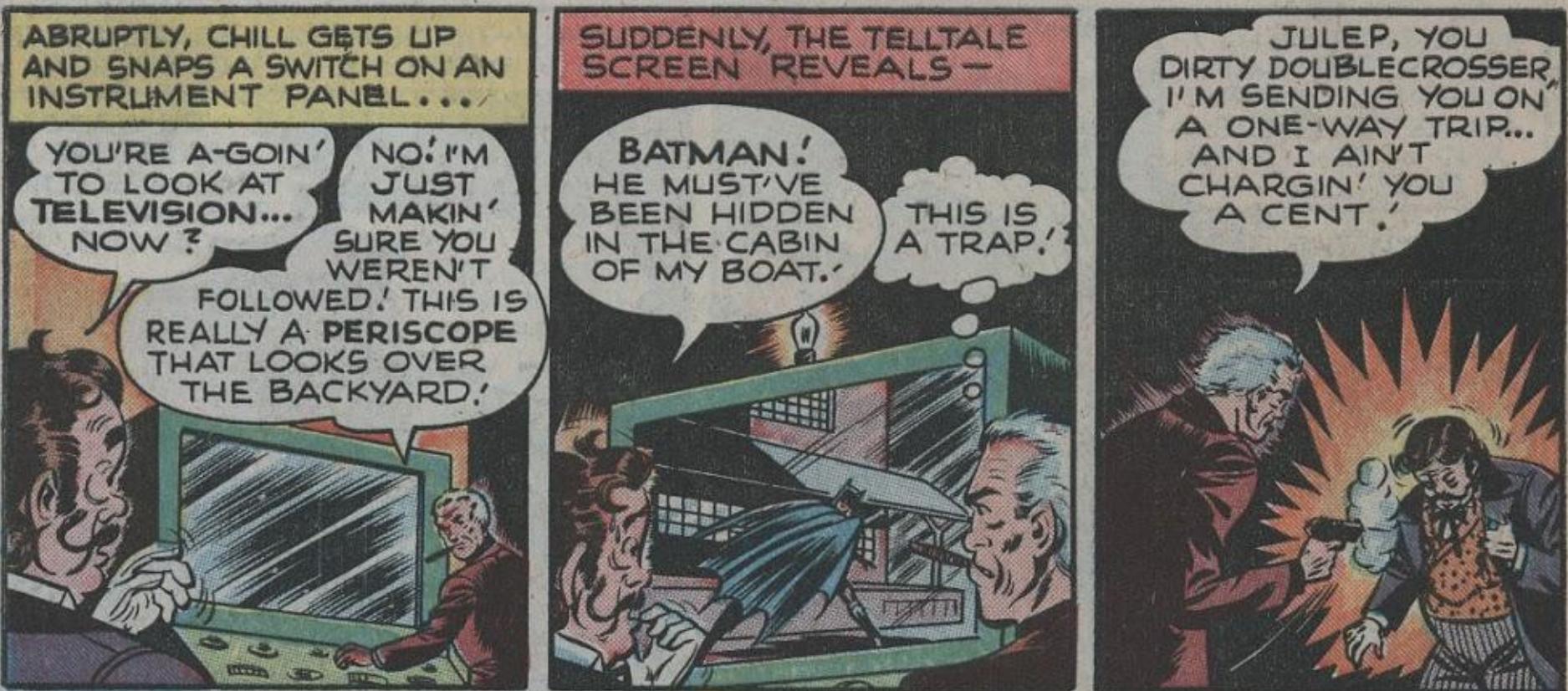
JUST A LITTLE MUTINY, CAPTAIN!

SOON AFTER... A CYCLONIC FIGURE CHARGES INTO THE GAMBLING ROOM.

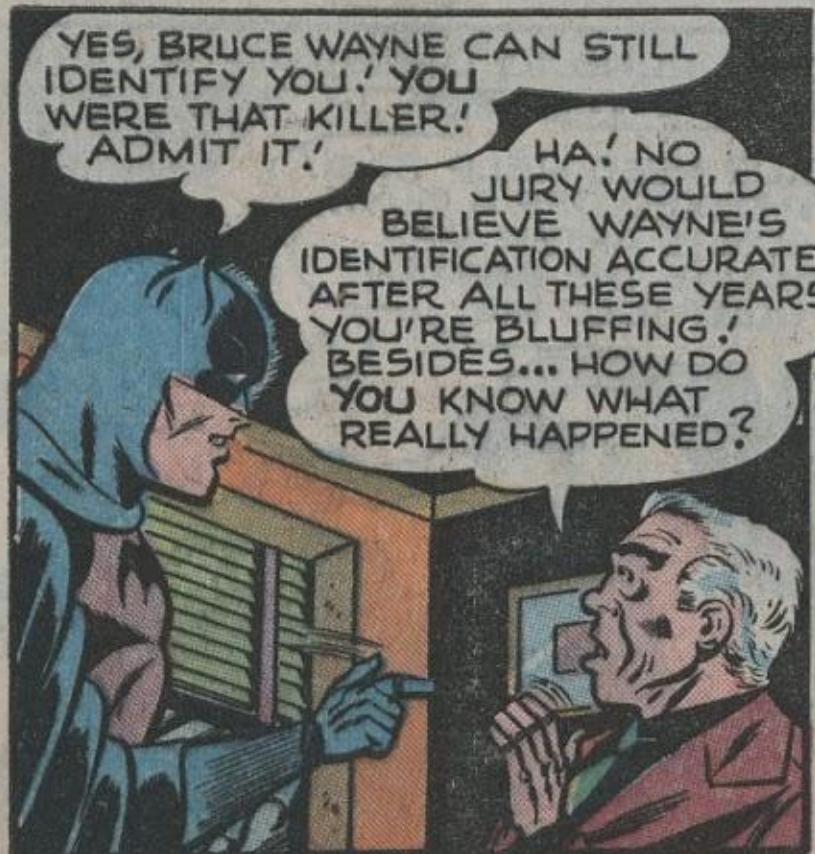
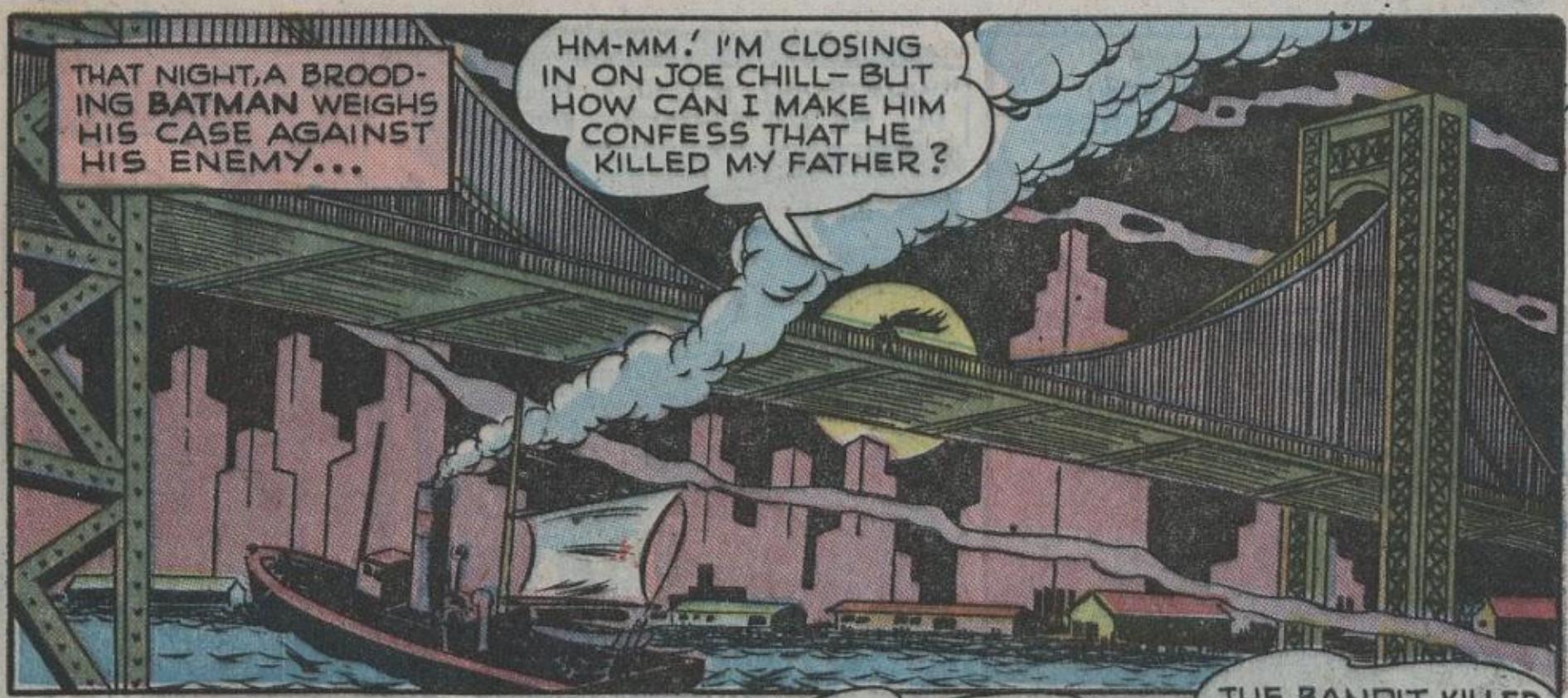
THROW IN YOUR CARDS, FOLKS! MONTY JULEP'S NOT DEALING ANOTHER HAND TONIGHT!

DON'T BE TOO SHORE, BATMAN! BOYS, COME A-RUNNIN'!



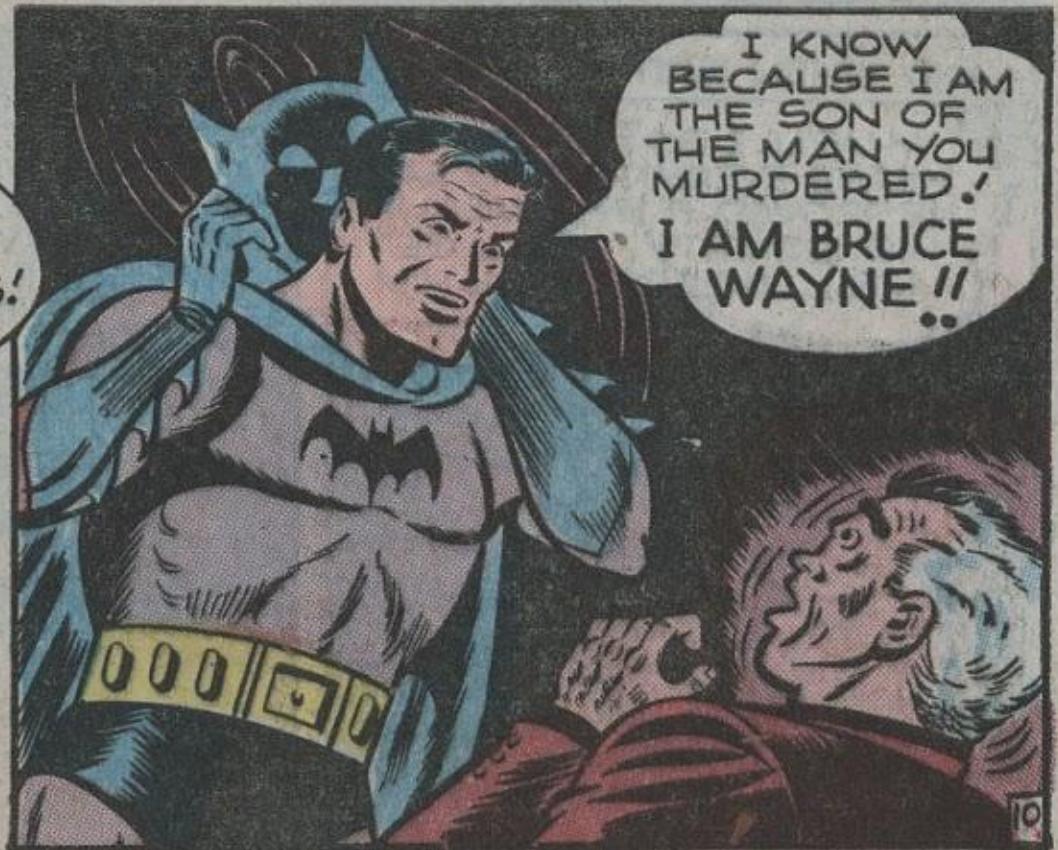
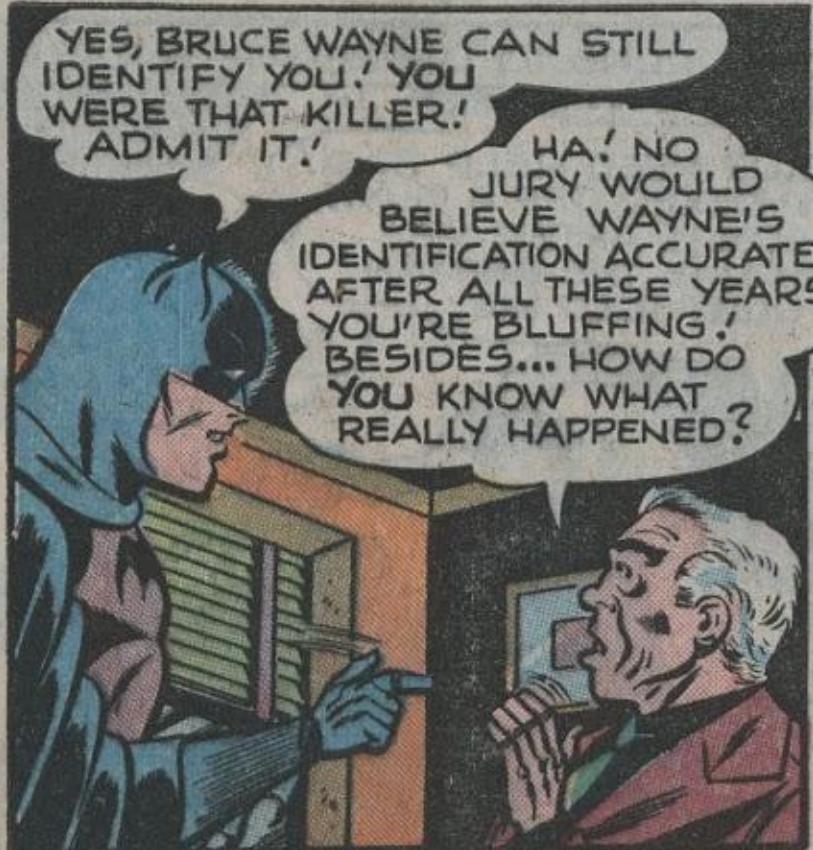
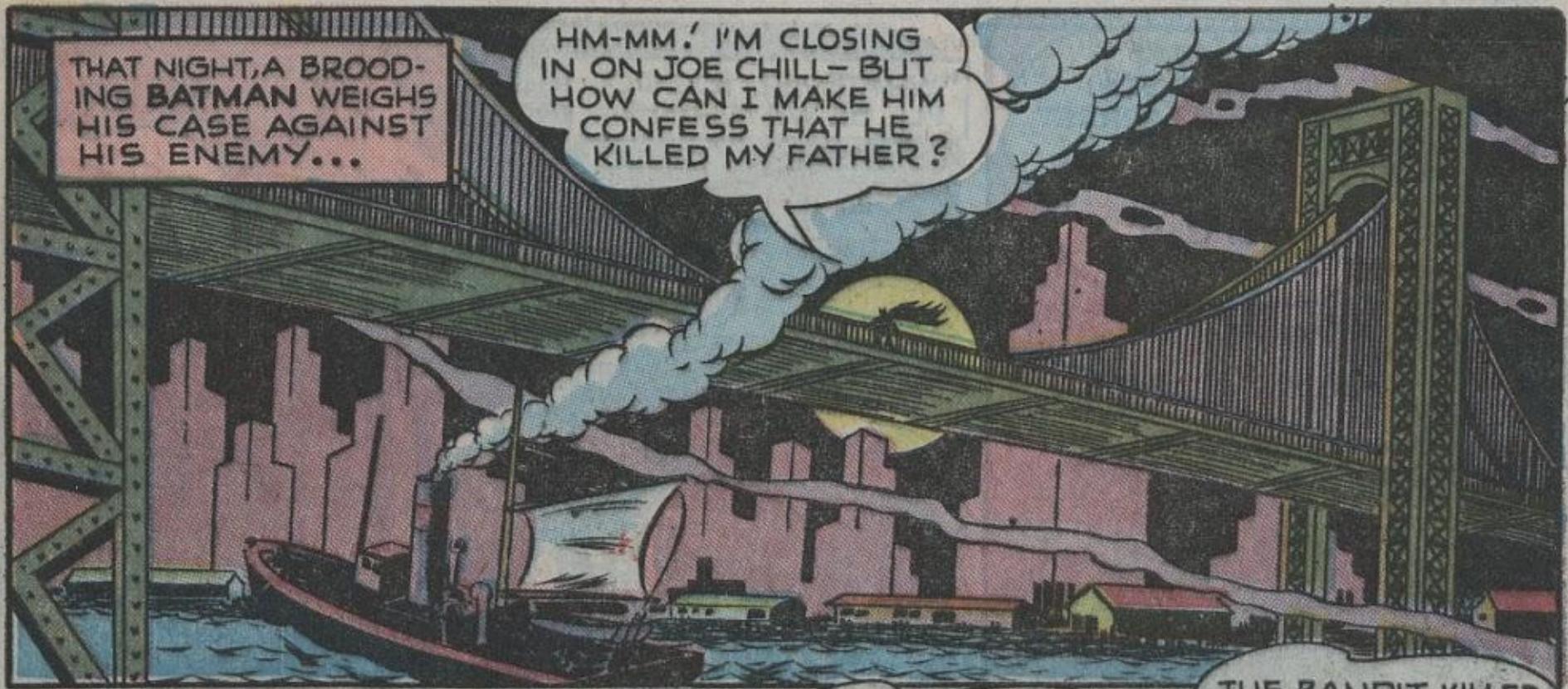


BATMAN



Kane has good dramatic sense, plot construction, is well educated and dedicated

BATMAN





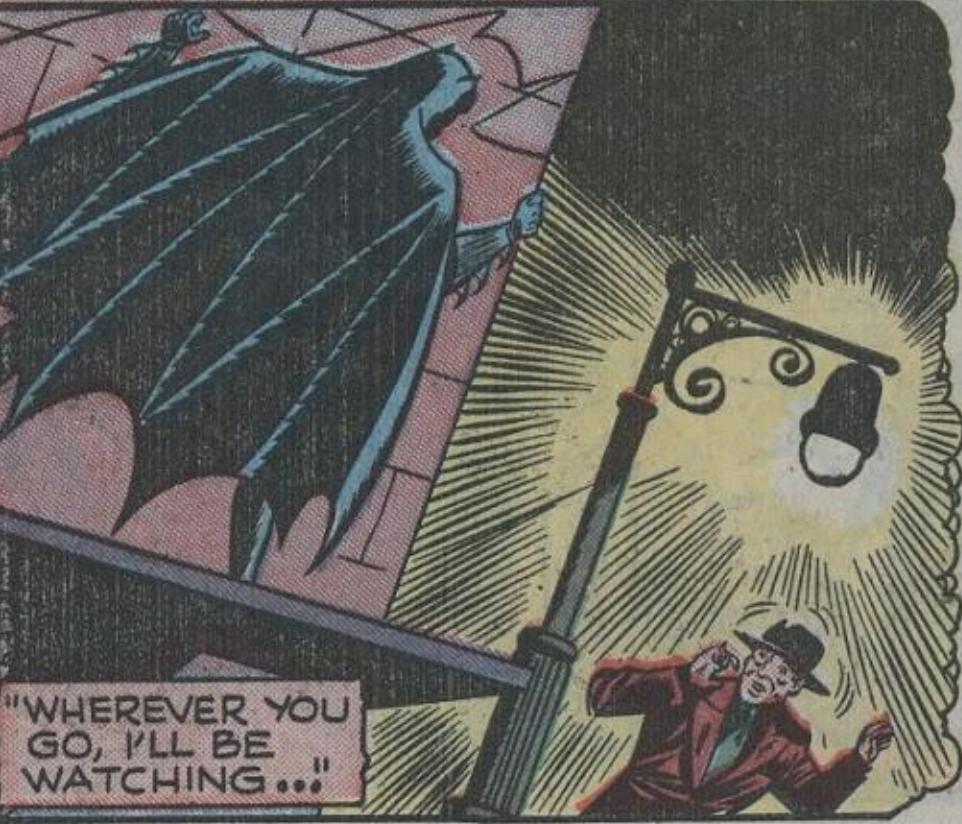
BATMAN



I BECAME BATMAN
BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU
DID AND I SWEARED I'D ARREST
YOU FOR IT SOME DAY! I
CAN'T PROVE YOUR GUILT,
BUT I'LL NEVER STOP
HOUNDING YOU UNTIL
I DO...



"WHATEVER YOU DO,
I'LL BE WATCHING..."



"WHEREVER YOU
GO, I'LL BE
WATCHING..."

I'LL ALWAYS BE WATCHING...
AND SOMEDAY YOU'LL MAKE A
MISTAKE... AND I'LL BE THERE...
WAITING! REMEMBER
THAT-AND THIS!"



AND WHEN BATMAN LEAVES...

WHAT'LL I DO? BATMAN
MEANS EVERYTHING HE SAID!
HE PROVED IT BY REVEALING
HIS IDENTITY! HE'LL GET
ME... UNLESS I KILL HIM
FIRST!



DESPERATE, CHILL RUNS TO THE REPAIR GARAGE
OF HIS TERMINAL...

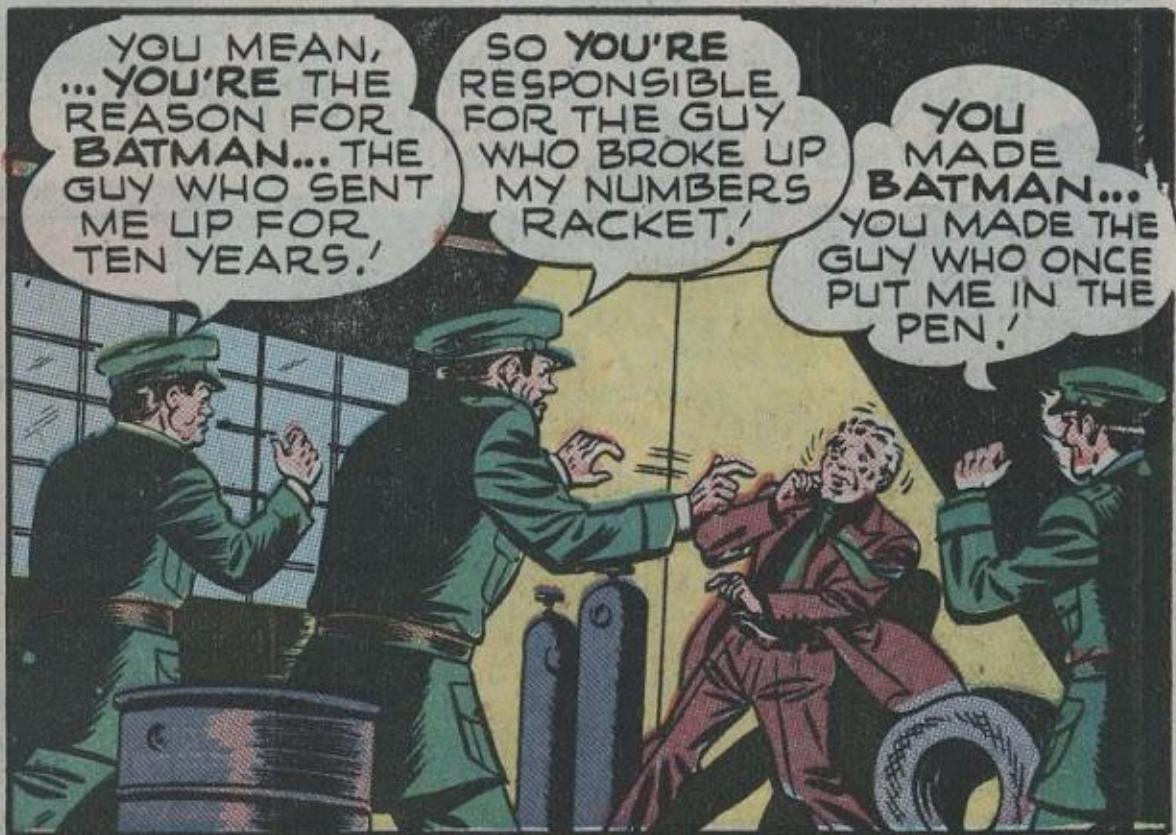
LISTEN, BOYS... I NEED HELP BAD!
YEARS AGO, I KNOCKED OFF A GUY...
AN' NOW HIS SON IS AFTER ME!
THAT GUY'S SON IS THE BATMAN!
HE JUST TOLD ME!

YOU...
KNOCKED OFF
BATMAN'S
FATHER? YOU'RE
KIDDIN'!





BATMAN



ALMOST AS ONE MAN, THE HATE-CRAZED THUGS METE VENGEANCE TO THE CRIMINAL RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR DREADED NEMESIS!



ONLY AFTERWARDS DOES COLD SANITY RETURN!

WE MUST'VE GONE TRIGGER-HAPPY! YOU GUYS REALIZE WHAT WE DID?

YEAH... WE PLUGGED CHILL BEFORE HE TOLD US BATMAN'S REAL NAME!





BATMAN



BATMAN'S JUNIOR PARTNER-ROBIN THE BOY WONDER-STARS IN STAR SPANGLED COMICS

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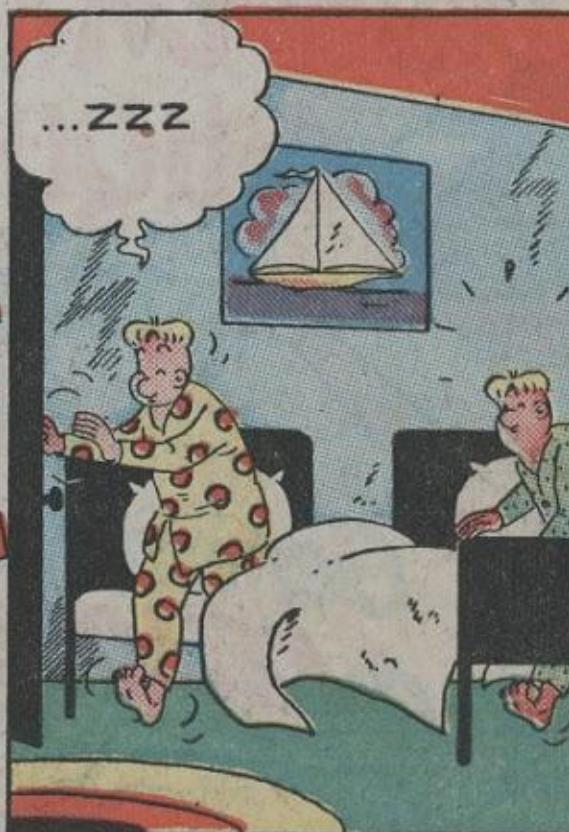
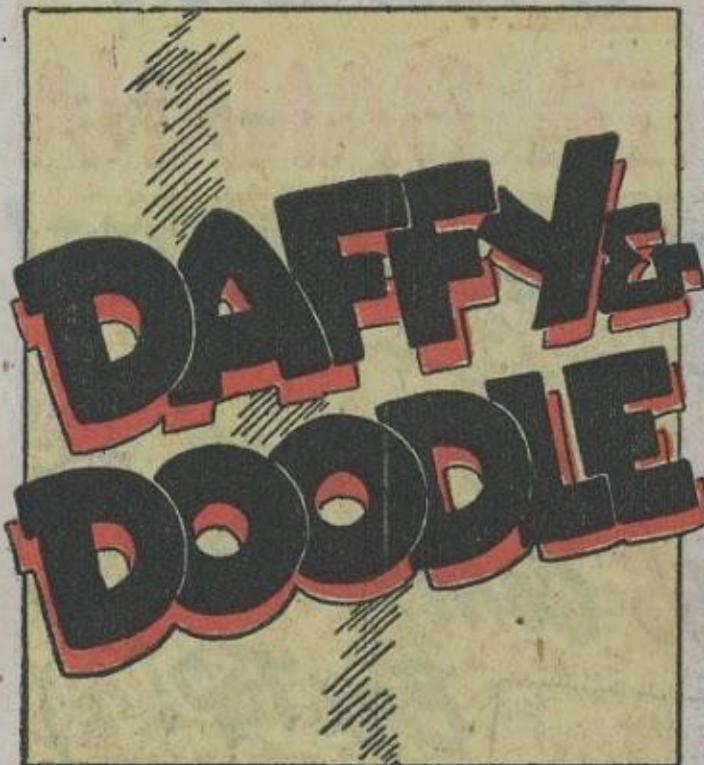
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"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



FOILING THE LUNATIC'S REVENGE

DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB PICK UP A POLICE RADIO-FLASH...

...DANGEROUS LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM STATE ASYLUM... SEEKING REVENGE ON DOCTOR WHO HAD HIM COMMITTED...

STATE ASYLUM?!? WHY, THAT'S JUST A MILE OR SO AWAY!



THE INSANE MAN LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE PASSING WAGON, AND...

NICE OF YOU TO "LEND" ME YOUR CHARIOT! HEH-HEH...

THERE'S OUR MADMAN, BOYS! BIKE OVER TO THE ASYLUM FOR HELP... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER HIM!



U.S. ROYAL CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDER-BENT MANIAC, AND RACING NECK-TO-NECK WITH THE FRIGHTENED HORSE...

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BUGGY-RIDE, MY BUGGY FRIEND!



LATER, AT THE ASYLUM...

NO TELLING WHAT THAT FELLOW MIGHT HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HIM...

GLAD WE WERE AROUND, DOCTOR... AND LUCKY WE WERE RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYALS!



WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES -- WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



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TOM DENHART

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OF YOUR LOCALITY

"OUTSTANDING BOY"

A STUDENT AT HUGHES HIGH
SCHOOL, CINCINNATI, OHIO

TOM DENHART

is one of the most popular boys in his school—and with good reason! He's a versatile athlete, fine speaker, good student. Elected to Hi-Y Club, he's also senior adviser to school newspaper. Enjoys photography, experiments with trick lighting effects. Hopes to study law or journalism. Tom likes sports clothes; selected, as his favorite, Thom McAn shoe style shown below.

HE'S PRESIDENT OF "PARLATORS" SPEAKING CLUB--WON HONOR EMBLEM FOR DEBATING SKILL



HE'S QUITE A SKIER, TOO!

SENIOR CLASS ELECTED HIM EDITOR OF YEARBOOK



TOM LOVES SPORTS. BASKETBALL AND SWIMMING ARE AMONG HIS FAVORITES

TOM SELECTS THIS HANDSOME THOM MCAN STYLE IN BOYS' SHOES... A STURDY BEAUTY IN RICH GRAIN-LEATHER. (BOY'S STYLE NO. X24; MEN'S STYLE NO. 304)

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR SHOE

Thom McAn

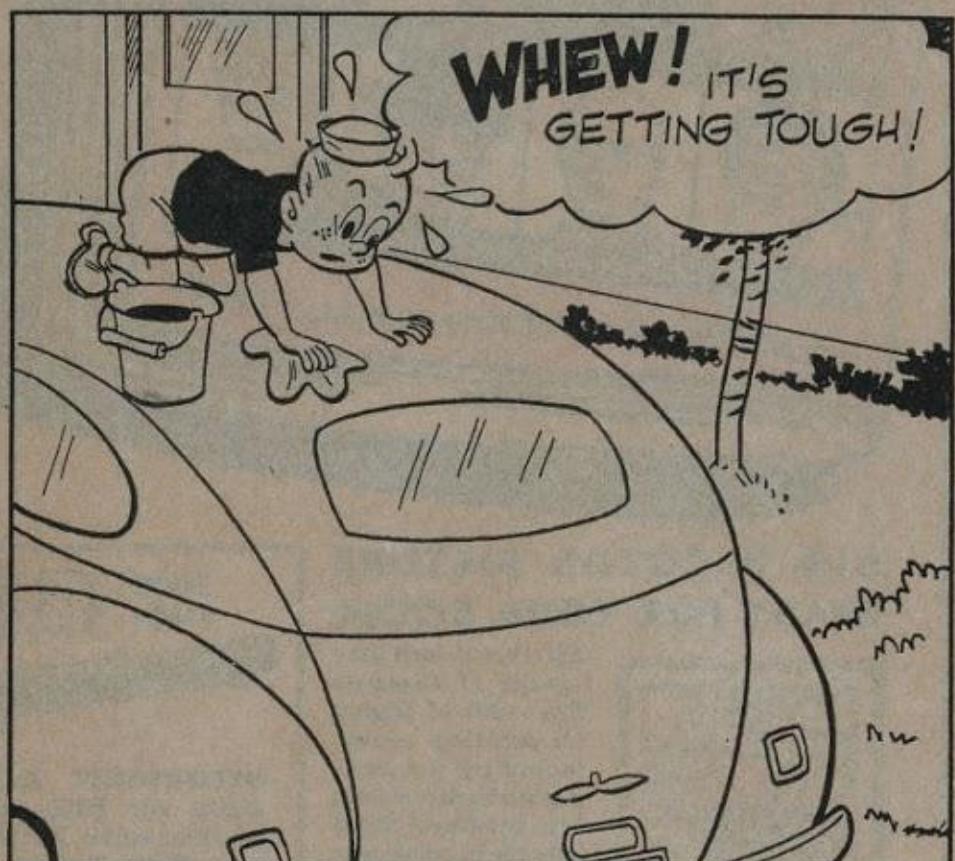
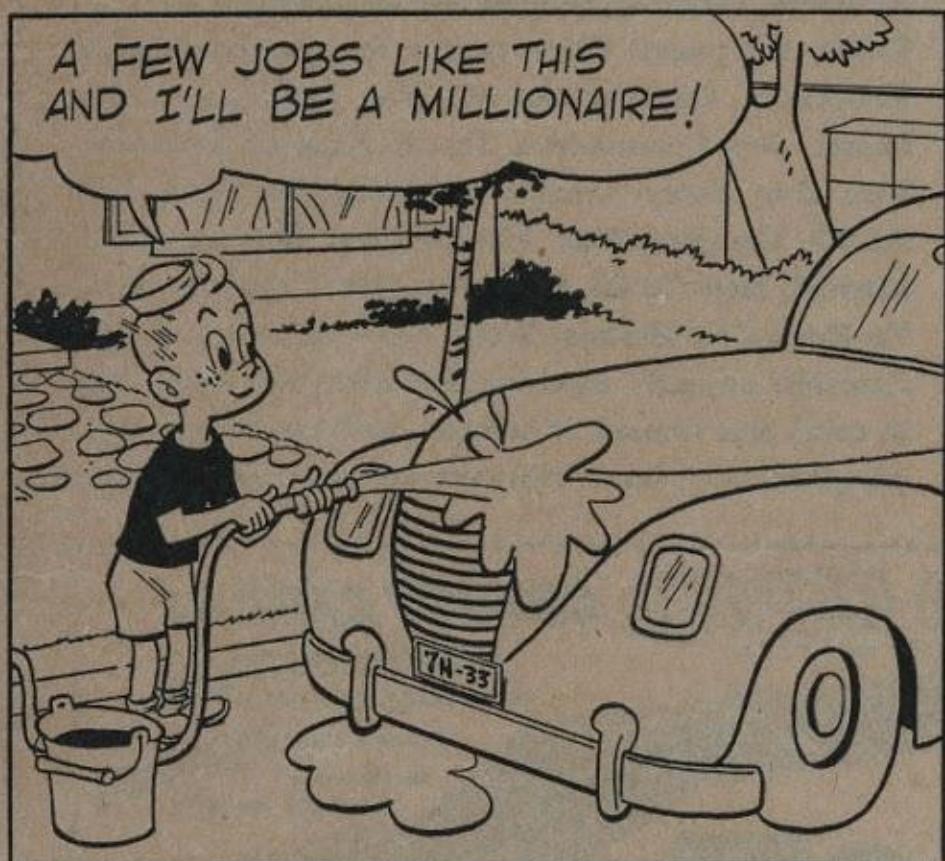
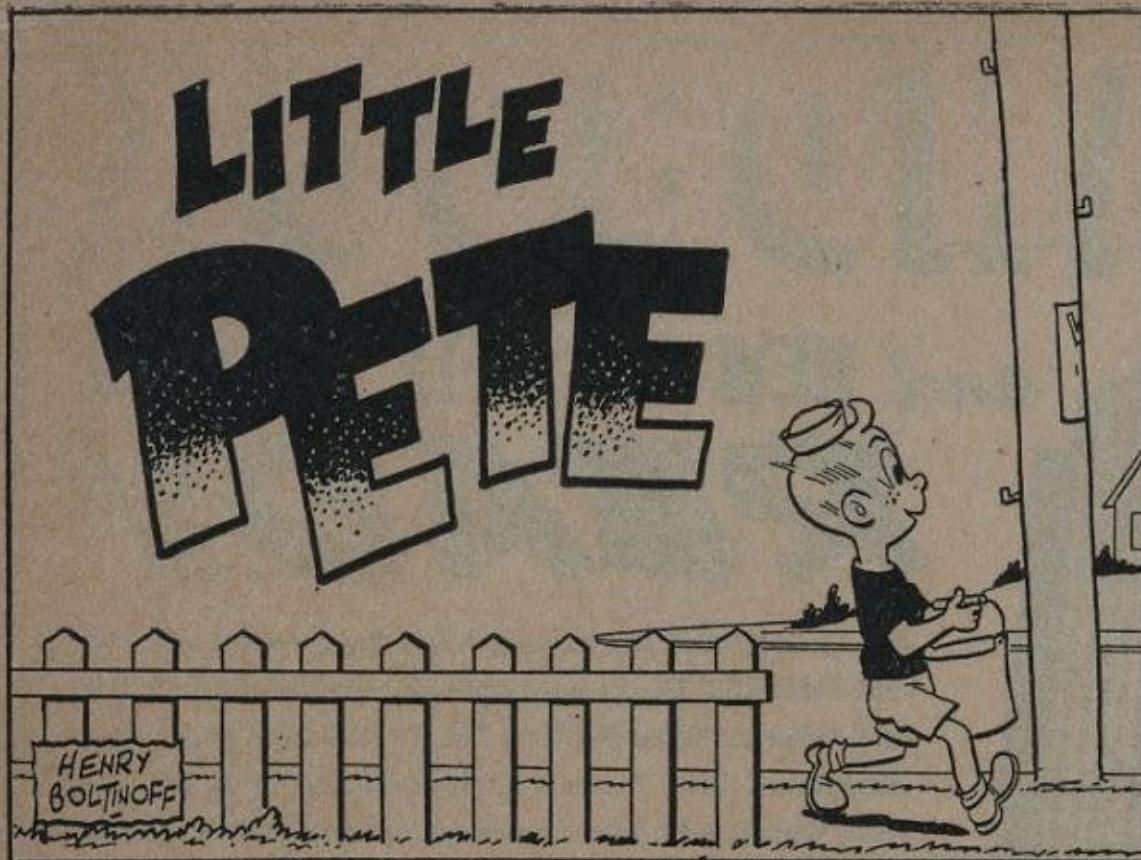


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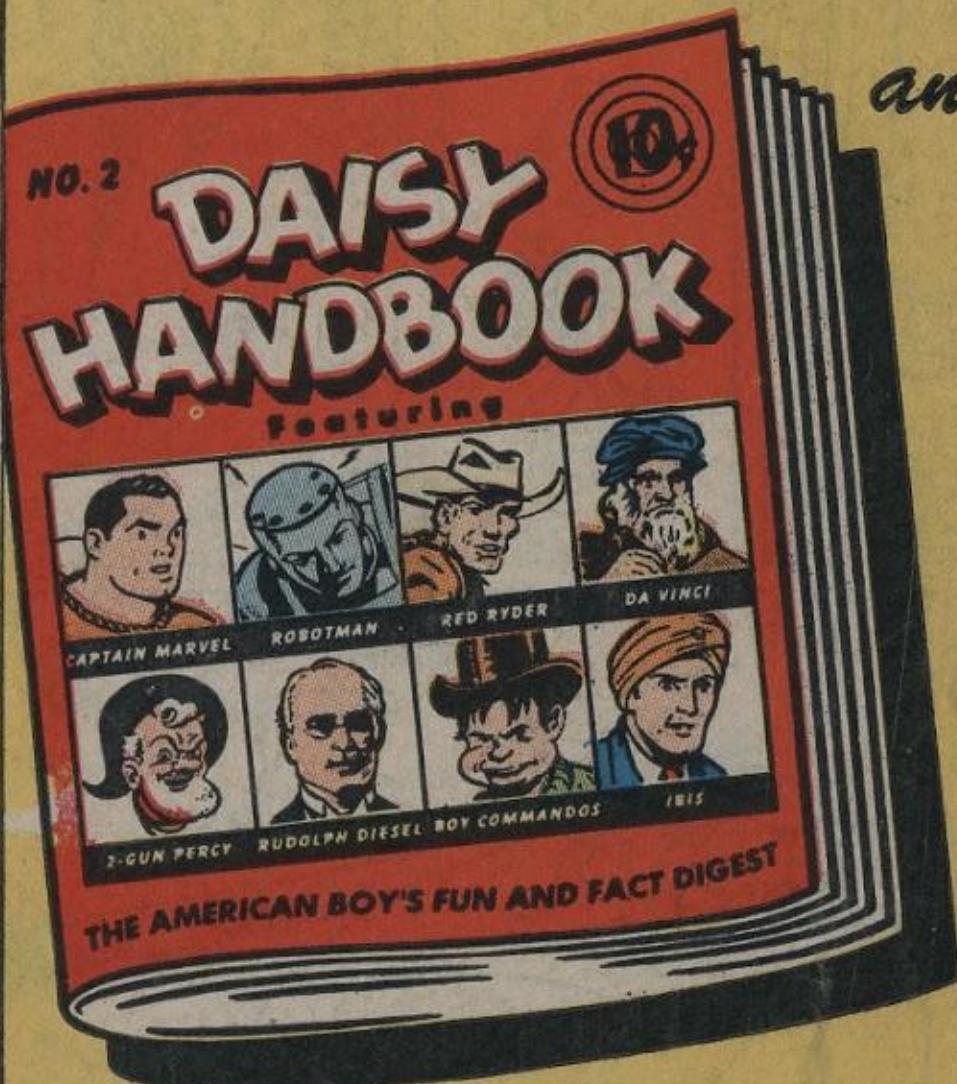
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