

No. 1

SPRING ISSUE

BATMAN



10¢



BOB KANE

ALL BRAND NEW
ADVENTURES
OF THE BATMAN
AND ROBIN,
THE BOY WONDER!

Boys! G-MAN OUTFIT with LIE DETECTOR

MAIL THE COUPON TO START

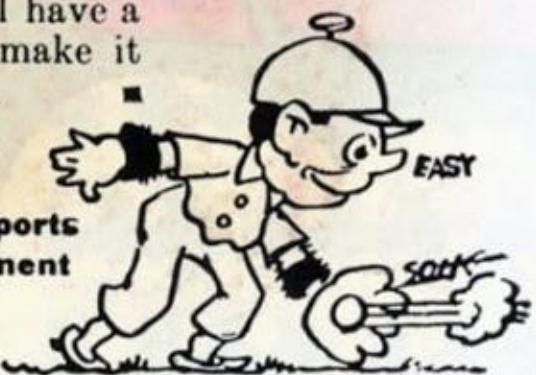
Earn This Thrilling Prize or Any of 300 Others and Make Spending Money Every Week, Besides!

SH-H-H! Here's the secret. You can become a Junior G-Man with this scientific outfit. Includes 100-power microscope, radial lie detector, chemicals, and mysterious dyes. Pounce upon that strange fingerprint, run down the "suspect," then slap a lie detector on his arm as you begin your questioning. One of the most thrilling games imaginable.

This is but one of the many prizes you can earn, besides making your own MONEY. It's easy. Just deliver our popular magazines to people you obtain as customers in your neighborhood. Soon you'll have a money-making, prize-earning business. We'll make it so easy for you to start that you can earn a model plane kit the first day. Mail coupon NOW.

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Earn Sports Equipment



With our book of inside dope you can soon pull amazing feats of magic that will make your chums goggle-eyed! Get in on the fun. Earn prizes. Make money. To start, mail coupon.

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IMAGINE yourself diving out of bed, racing downstairs, and finding THIS bike on your doorstep. Imagine leaping upon the cushion-soft saddle, pressing the pedals, and zooming down the street with a flash! Large balloon tires, side-kick stand, matched horn and headlight!

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MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!



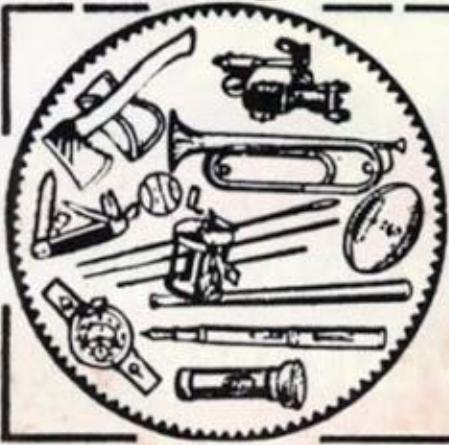
Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 956
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Sure I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes and make my own spending money. Send me your PRIZE BOOK showing nearly 300 prizes boys can earn, and help me get off to a flying start.

Name..... Address.....

City..... State.....

Your Age.....



BATMAN No. 1 • SPRING 1940 ISSUE

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The LEGEND of the

BATMAN

By BOB KANE

- WHO HE IS
AND HOW HE
CAME TO BE!

ONE NIGHT SOME FIFTEEN
YEARS AGO, THOMAS WAYNE,
HIS WIFE AND HIS SON WERE
WALKING HOME FROM A MOVIE...

W. WHAT
IS THIS?

A STICKUP BUDDY!
I'LL TAKE THAT NECK-
LACE YOU'RE
WEARIN' LADY!

LEAVE HER
ALONE, YOU!
OH.....

YOU
ASKED
FOR IT!

THOMAS! YOU'VE
KILLED HIM. HELP!
POLICE.. HELP!

THIS'LL SHUT
YOU UP!

THE BOY'S EYES ARE WIDE WITH TERROR AND SHOCK AS THE HORRIBLE SCENE IS SPREAD BEFORE HIM.

FATHER... MOTHER!

...DEAD! THEY'RE D. DEAD

DAYS LATER, A CURIOUS AND STRANGE SCENE TAKES PLACE.

AND I SWEAR BY THE SPIRITS OF MY PARENTS TO AVENGE THEIR DEATHS BY SPENDING THE REST OF MY LIFE WARRING ON ALL CRIMINALS

AS THE YEARS PASS BRUCE WAYNE PREPARES HIMSELF FOR HIS CAREER. HE BECOMES A MASTER SCIENTIST.

TRAIN HIS BODY TO PHYSICAL PERFECTION UNTIL HE IS ABLE TO PERFORM AMAZING ATHLETIC FEATS.

DAD'S ESTATE LEFT ME WEALTHY. I AM READY.. BUT FIRST I MUST HAVE A DISGUISE.

CRIMINALS ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS COWARDLY LOT, SO MY DISGUISE MUST BE ABLE TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THEIR HEARTS. I MUST BE A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, BLACK, TERRIBLE... A A...

-AS IF IN ANSWER, A HUGE BAT FLIES IN THE OPEN WINDOW!

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

AND THIS IS BORN THIS WEIRD FIGURE OF THE DARK.. THIS AVENGER OF EVIL: THE BATMAN



BATMAN

WITH
Robin

-THE BOY WONDER-

by

BO
KANE

ONCE AGAIN A MASTER CRIMINAL STALKS THE CITY STREETS. A CRIMINAL WEAVING A WEB OF DEATH ABOUT HIM, LEAVING STRICKEN VICTIMS BEHIND WEARING A GHASTLY CLOWN'S GRIN. THE SIGN OF DEATH FROM THE JOKER! ONLY TWO DARE TO OPPOSE HIM - BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER! TWO TO BATTLE THE GRIM JESTER CALLED... THE JOKER! A BATTLE OF WITS... WITH SWIFT DEATH, THE ONLY COMPROMISE!!!



IT IS NIGHT... IN MOST HOMES PEOPLE LISTEN TO THEIR RADIOS...

MY, ISN'T IT PEACEFUL SITTING AT HOME LIKE THIS?

NOTHING LIKE IT! HMMM STATIC!

AWWKK!
CRACKLE!
AWWKK!



SUDDENLY THE MUSIC IS CUT OFF... A VOICE... A TONELESS VOICE DRONES...

TONIGHT, AT PRECISELY TWELVE O'CLOCK MIDNIGHT I WILL KILL HENRY CLARIDGE AND STEAL THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND! DO NOT TRY TO STOP ME! THE JOKER HAS SPOKEN!



WHEN ONCE AGAIN MUSIC . . .

HENRY. DID YOU HEAR² HENRY CLARIDGE. THE MILLIONAIRE, TO BE KILLED. THE FAMOUS DIAMOND STOLEN!

HAW! THAT'S JUST A GAG-LIKE THAT FELLOW WHO SCARED EVERYBODY WITH THAT STORY ABOUT MARS THE LAST TIME I HA HA PAY NO ATTENTION TO IT. DEAR!



1: RADIO

STATIONS ARE SWAMPED WITH CALLS! OFFICIALS DECLARE THE STRANGE MESSAGE IS NOT A PART OF THE PROGRAM THE "GAG HAS BECOME A REALITY!"



2: HENRY CLARIDGE, FRANTIC WITH FEAR, CALLS THE POLICE

YOU'VE GOT TO PROTECT ME! I'M GOING TO BE KILLED ROBBED!

DON'T WORRY, MR. CLARIDGE. YOU AND THAT DIAMOND OF YOURS WILL BE SAFE ENOUGH! WELL ALL STAY IN THE SAME ROOM WHERE THE DIAMOND IS KEPT, AND WATCH YOU



ELEVEN O'CLOCK!
ONE HOUR TO GO!

3: AN INFLEXIBLE CORDON IS FORMED ABOUT THE DOOMED MAN!



TIME DRAGS ON SECONDS MINUTES THEN THE FATAL HOUR . . . TWELVE OCLOCK!



I'M STILL ALIVE!
I'M NOT DEAD!
I'M SAFE!...



4: LOWLY THE FACIAL MUSCLES PULL THE DEAD MAN'S MOUTH INTO A REPELLANT, GHASTLY GRIN, THE SIGN OF DEATH FROM THE JOKER!

5: THE JOKER HAS FULLFILLED HIS THREAT CLARIDGE IS DEAD!!



6: WHEN WITHOUT WARNING!

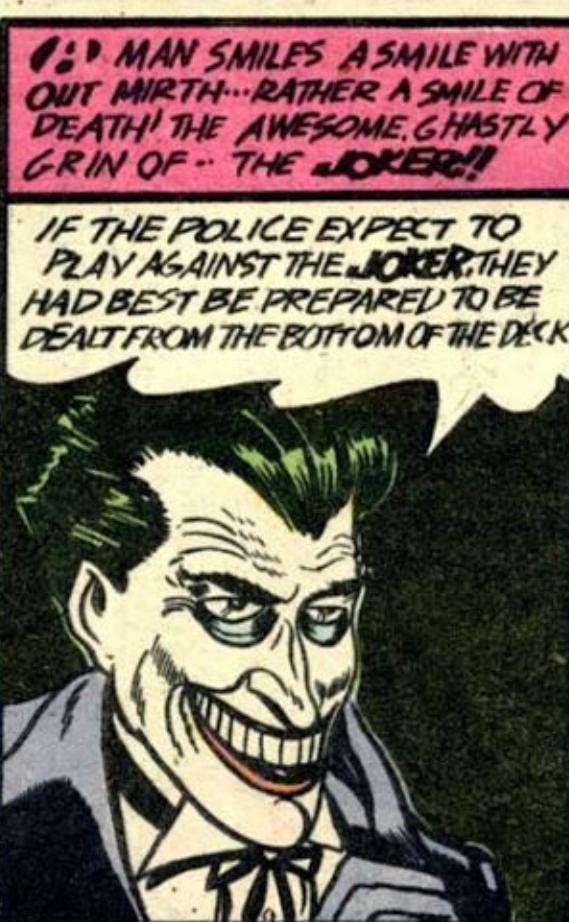
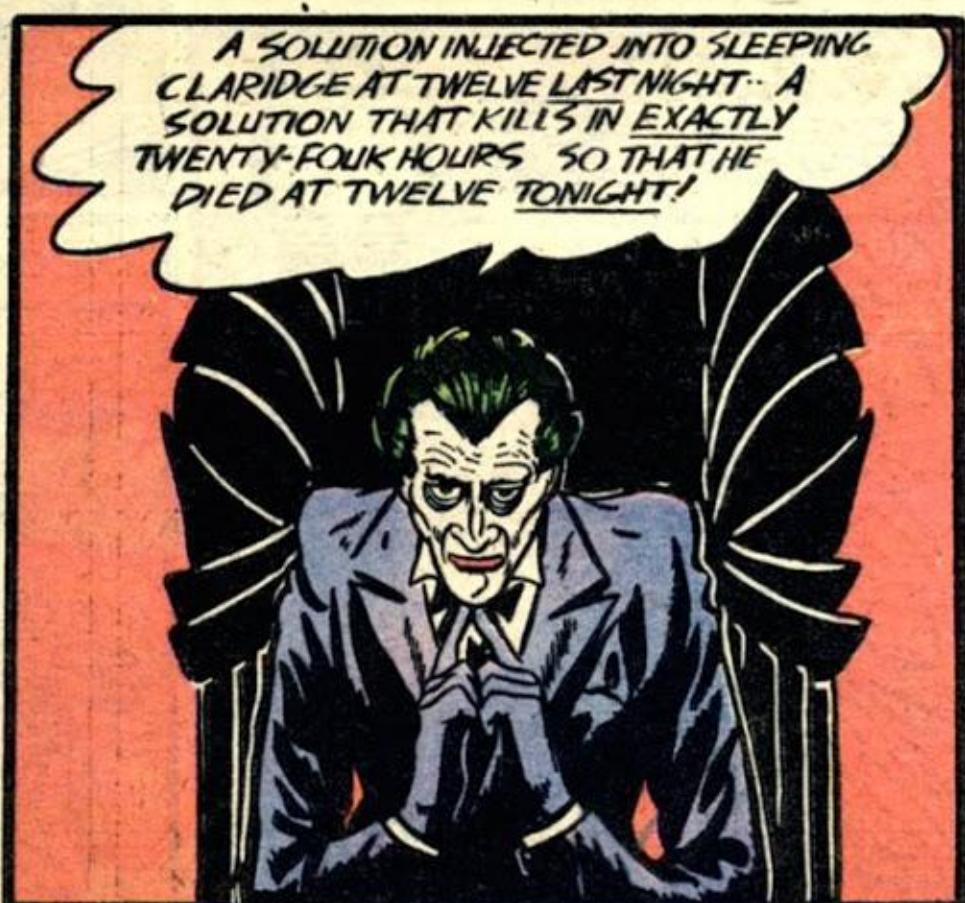
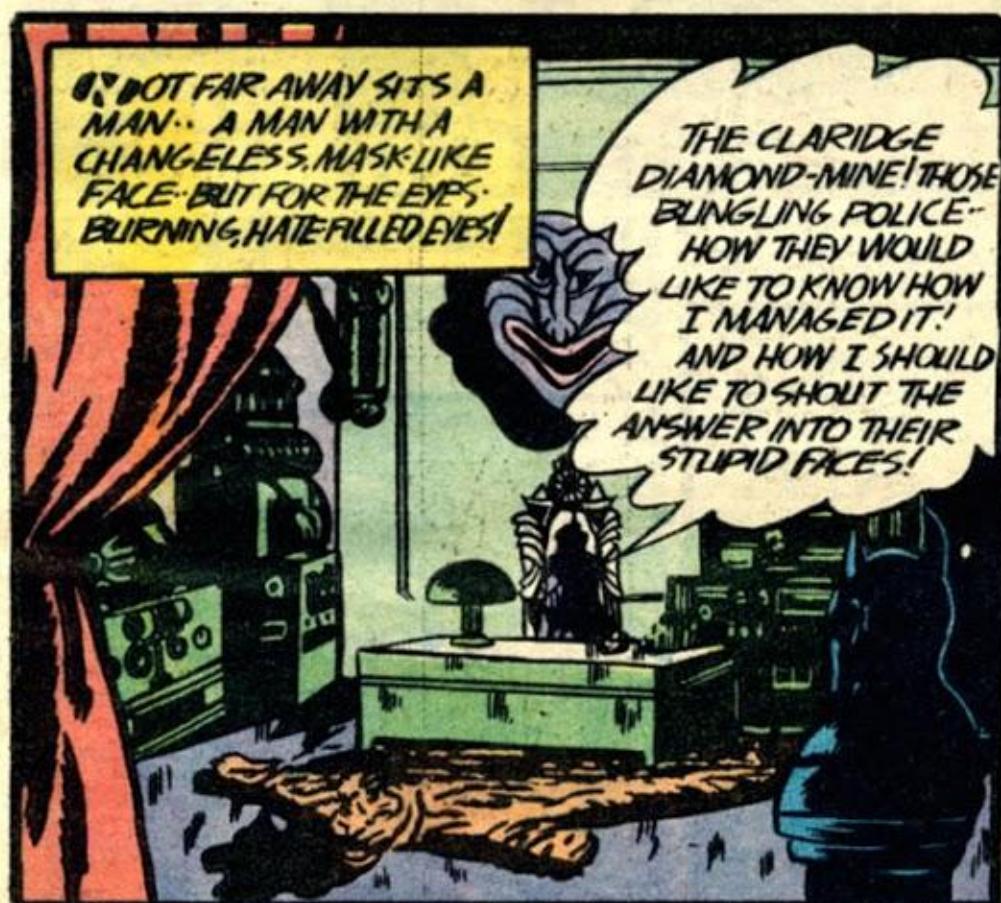
...I'M SAAA-AAGH! AAGHH!



7: DEAD . . . IT ISN'T POSSIBLE AND YET . . .

CHIEF! LOOK HIS MOUTH!





ANOTHER NIGHT ANOTHER BREAK AGAIN THE SAME DEADLY MOCKING VOICE..

ANNUK... TONIGHT IN EXACTLY ONE HOUR I WILL KILL JAY WILDE AND STEAL THE RONKERS RUBY! THE JOKER HAS SPOKEN!

IT'S NINE NOW! AT TEN O'CLOCK THAT FIEND WILL KILL JAY WILDE!

IT'S HIM AGAIN THE JOKER!

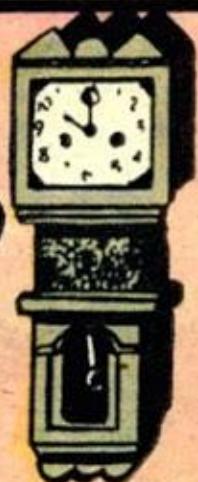
AGAIN A WALL OF HUMAN'S ENCIRCLES A DOOMED MAN!!

I'M GOING TO DIE! IN FIVE MINUTES I'M GOING TO DIE! DIE! DIE!



THE TOLL OF TIME... THE FATAL HOUR!

BONG BONG



TEN! IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NOW! THE CLOCK IS TICKING MY LIFE AWAY!

A STRANGLED SCREAM DEATH!



... FOLLOWED BY A STRANGE GAS...



FROM THE ARMOR THE JOKER!!!

LUCKY FOR THE POLICE THAT THE VENOM SPRAY ONLY PARALYSES FOR THE WHILE ELSE THEY WOULD HAVE PERISHED LIKE WILDE! HE HAD NO SPRAY BUT A BLOWN DART!



YOU HAD THE CONCENTRATED VENOM ON THE DART, EH WILDE? DIDN'T YOU EH? ARE YOU SO HAPPY THAT YOU SMILE FOR JOY, EH? I'M GLAD I HAVE BROUGHT YOU SOME CHEER,

THE DIABOLICAL JOKER REMOVES THE ARMOR STEALS THE RONKERS RUBY.

THANK YOU, ALL GENTLEMEN. YOU HAVE ME HAPPY TOO! WE SHALL MEET AGAIN!



THE POLICE SEARCH EVERYWHERE FOR THE JOKER BUT TO NO AVAIL. BUT ANOTHER GROUP IS ALSO INTERESTED IN THE CRIMINAL! ...A HANGOUT NOTED FOR ITS CRIMINAL ELEMENT...

I TELL YA BOYS WE GOTTA GET THIS GUY. THE JOKER!

WE GET THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND LINED UP FOR AN EASY JOB AND HE PULLS THE JOB.

YOU'RE RIGHT, BRUTE, HE'S CUTTIN' IN ON OUR RACKET!

AND DON'T FORGET WE WERE GOING TO TRY FOR THE RONKERS RUBY!

WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO, TAKE IT LYIN' DOWN?

I GOT AN IDEA! YOU GUYS GO OUT AND PASS THE WORD AROUND THAT BRUTE NELSON IS GONNA GET THE JOKER. THAT HE THINKS THE JOKER IS A YELLERRAT!



THE SENSATIONAL NEWS THAT BRUTE NELSON IS GLUNNING FOR THE JOKER TRAVELS THE CRIMINAL GRADE VINE. THE BATMAN IS READY TO GO INTO ACTION!



IT IS NIGHT. BRUTE NELSON SITS IN HIS PRIVATE HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS.



SUDDENLY A DRONING DEADLY VOICE A FLINERAL FACE. WITH EYES RADIATING HATE



SUDDENLY DOORS BURST OPEN. THE JOKER IS TRAPPED!!

VERY NEAT. THAT UGLY HEAD OF YOURS DOES HAVE A BRAIN!

SURE, I KNEW IF YOU GOT SORE ENOUGH YOU'D COME FOR ME!

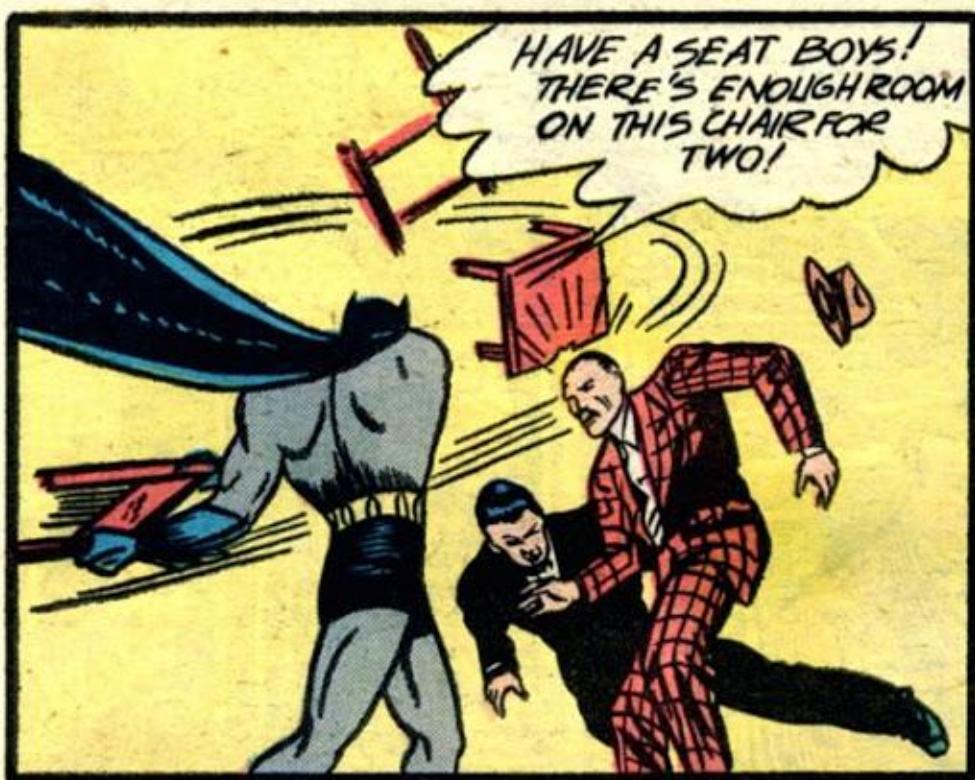
SUDDENLY THE SCRAP OF A FOOT IS HEARD UP ON THE STAIR. THE MIGHTY BATMAN!

I'M AFRAID I WASN'T AS SILENT AS I HOPED TO BE!

THE BATMAN! HOW DID HE GET IN HERE?

THE JOKER IS MOMENTARILY FORGOTTEN AS THE BATMAN LEAPS DOWN THE STAIRS..





ONLY THE MIGHTY BATMAN
COULD HAVE MADE THE LEAP
SUCCESSFULLY!

MADE IT!
AND NOW...

YOU! PREPARE
TO DIE!

"...BUT WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT..THE
BATMAN GRABS THE JOKER'S HAND!"

I'D RATHER LIVE
IF YOU DON'T
MIND!

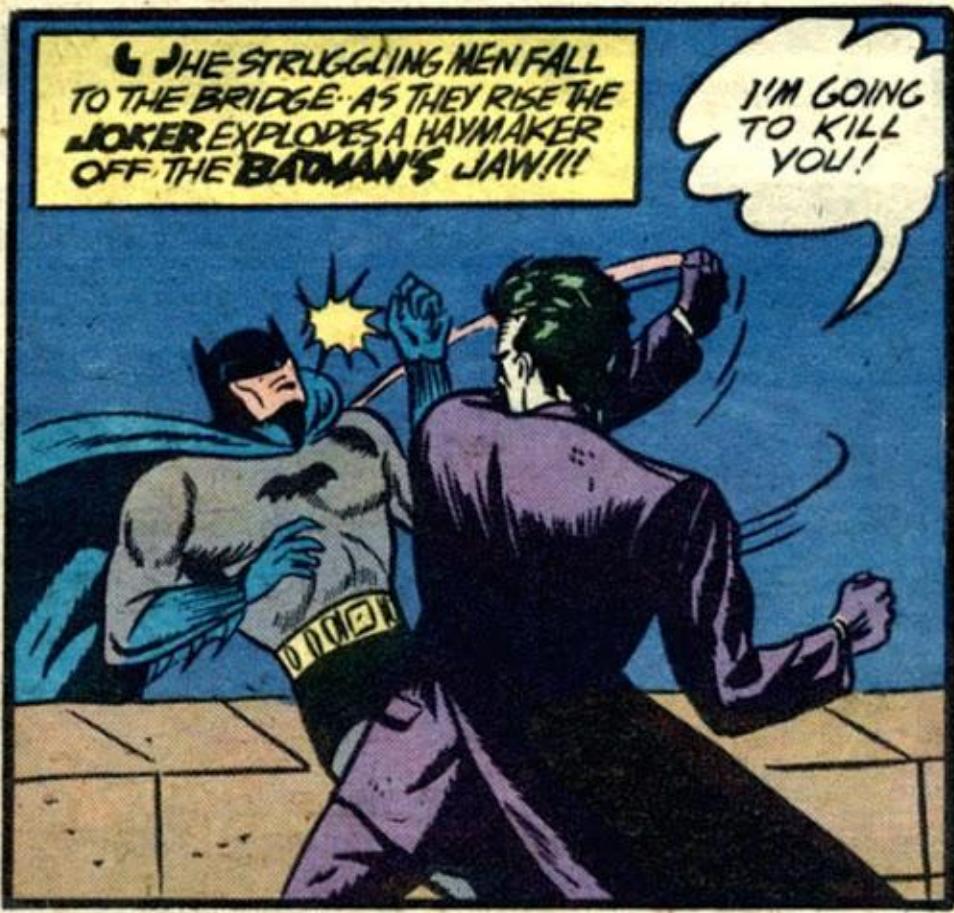


IS THE CAR CAREENS MADLY OFF THE BRIDGE.
THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN! THE BATMAN'S TUMBLING
FORM TAKES THE JOKER WITH IT!!



THE STRUGGLING MEN FALL
TO THE BRIDGE. AS THEY RISE THE
JOKER EXPLODES A HAYMAKER
OFF THE BATMAN'S JAW!!!

I'M GOING
TO KILL
YOU!



WICKED KICK RAKES THE
BATMAN'S HEAD!

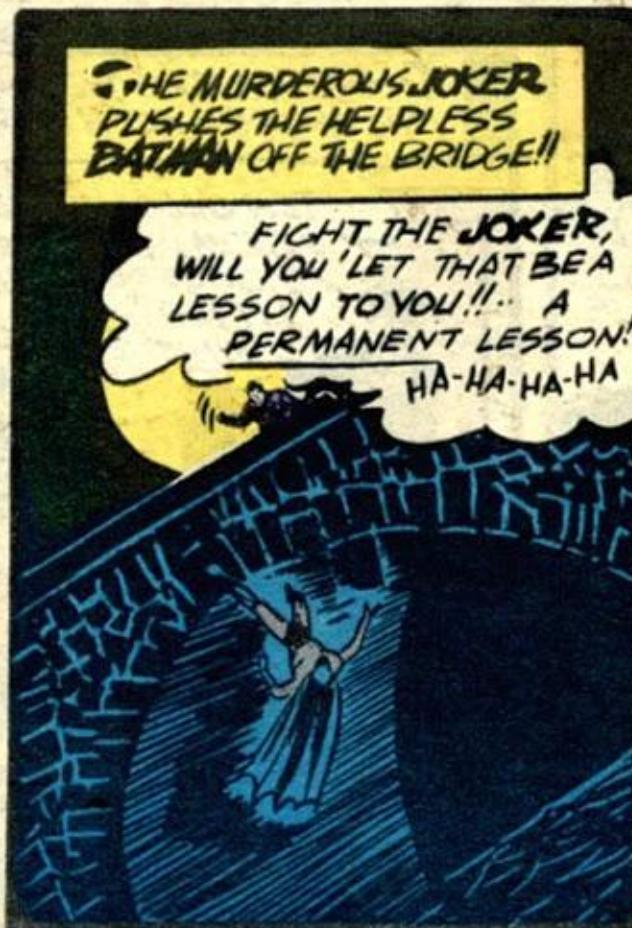
BLAST YOU
FALL!!

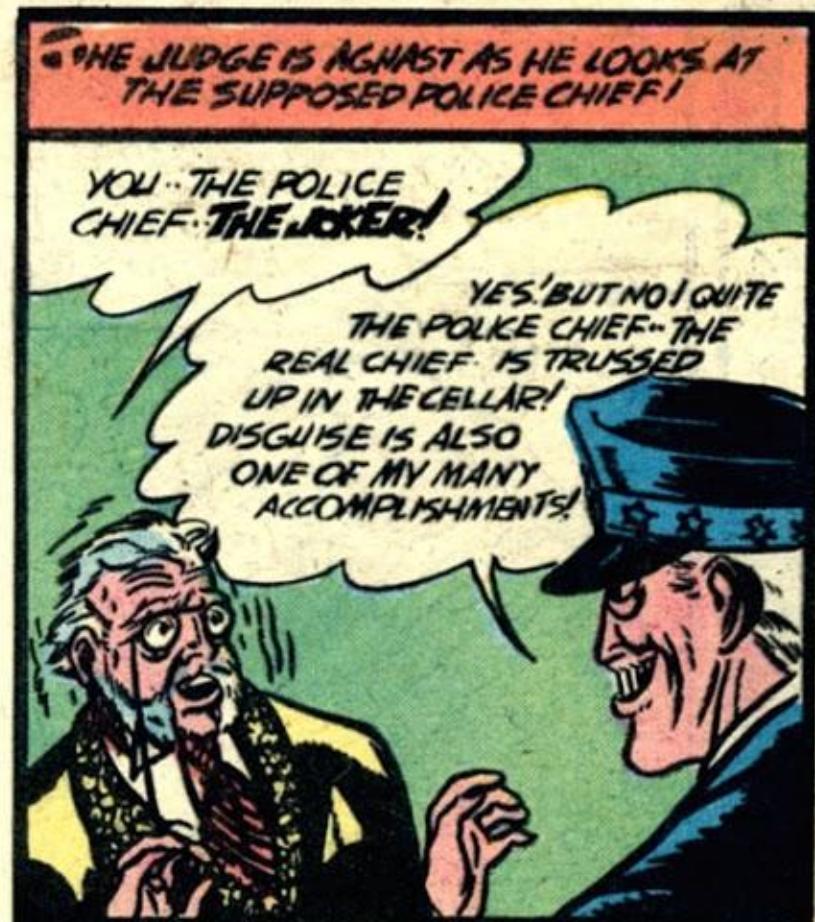
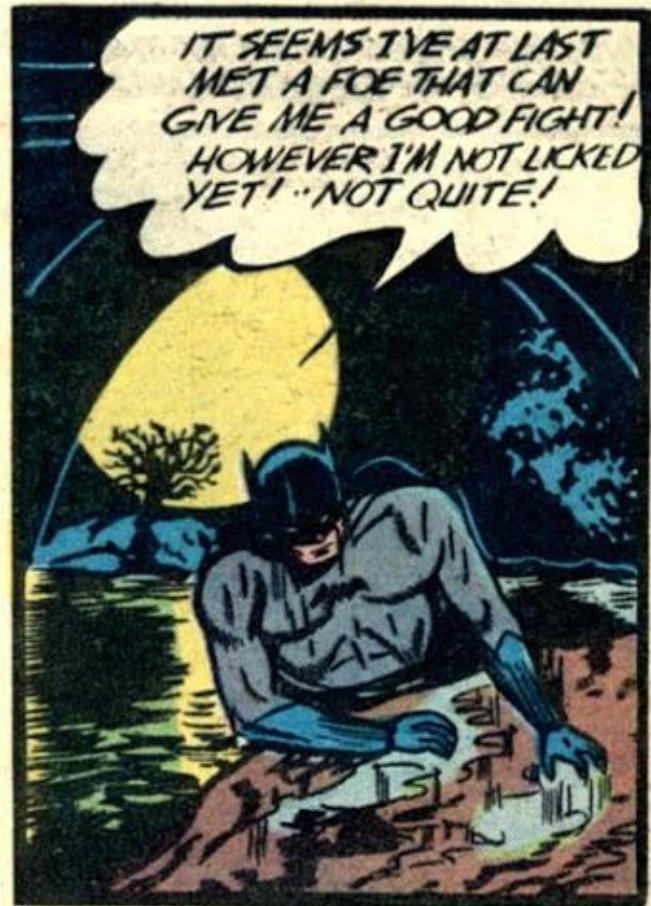
THE MURDEROUS JOKER
PUSHES THE HELPLESS
BATMAN OFF THE BRIDGE!!

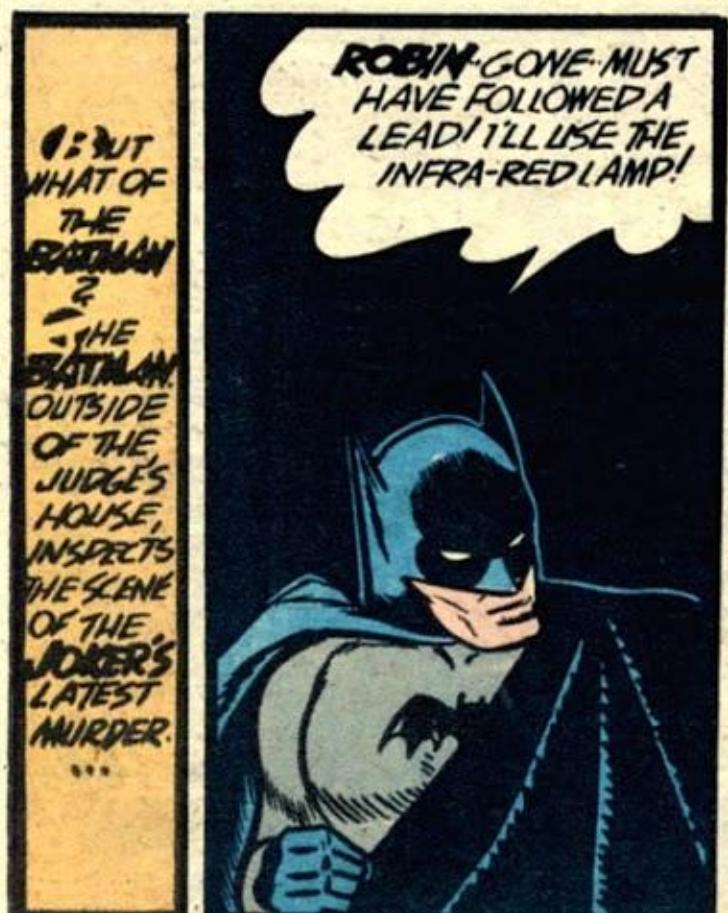
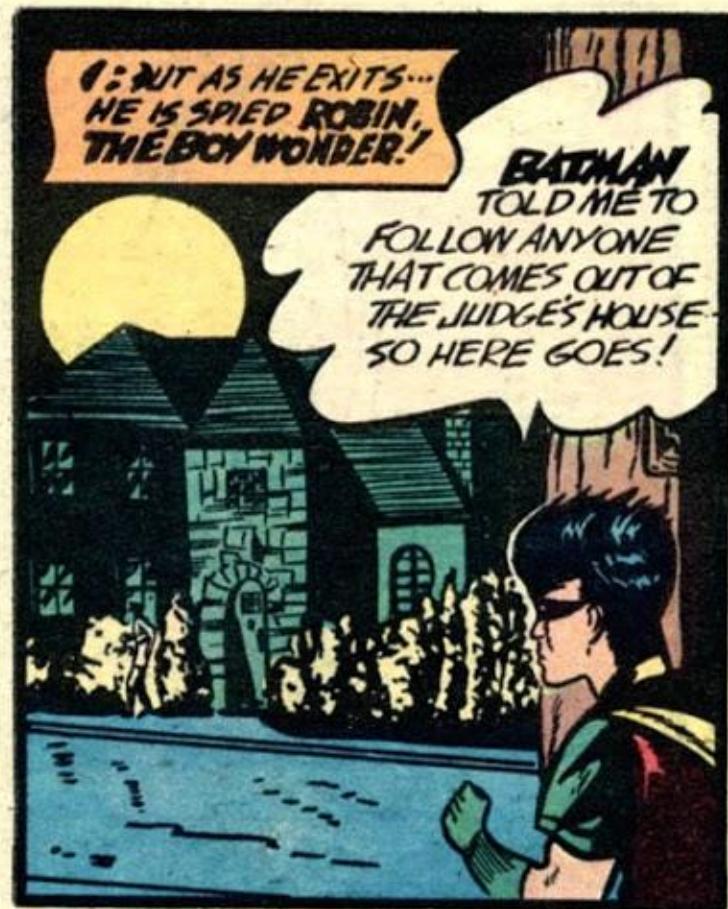
FIGHT THE JOKER,
WILL YOU LET THAT BE A
LESSON TO YOU!!! A
PERMANENT LESSON!
HA-HA-HA

THE SHOCK OF COLD WATER
QUICKLY REVIVES THE DARK KNIGHT!

WOW! MY HEAD FEELS
AS IF IT WERE GOING
TO BURST ANY
MOMENT!







"POLICE DISGUISE REMOVED...
ONCE AGAIN THE JOKER
PREPARES TO HAVE HIS
LITTLE JOKE WHEN..."

"AND NOW THE
VENOM INTO
YOUR... WHA?"

"NOT SO FAST,
FRIEND..."

DROP
IT!"

"CLUBBING
BLOW!..."

"YOU MAY BE THE
JOKER BUT I'M
THE KING OF
CLUBS!"

"...SENDS THE JOKER CRASHING
INTO THE CHEMICAL TABLE.
A FLASH OF ELECTRIC FLAME
IGNITES THE CHEMICALS-A
BLAST-THEN-FIRE!"

"THE JOKER'S HAND
STEALTHILY REACHES FOR
THE SPRAY GUN THAT HAD
FALLEN TO THE FLOOR!"

"INJECTIONS OF AN
ANTIDOTE MAKE ME
IMMUNE BATMAN
BUT NOT YOU!"

"...THE BATMAN'S JAW
TIGHTENS INTO THE GHASTLY
JOKER "GRIN"!"

I LEAVE YOU HERE
PARALYSED TO PERISH
IN THE FLAMES! ADIEU,
BATMAN!

BUT THE JOKER HAS NOT RECKONED WITH THE AMAZING RECUPERATIVE POWERS OF THE MIGHTY BATMAN!

ROBIN TIED GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

IN ESCAPE FROM A FIERY DEATH!

FEW MOMENTS LATER..

HE BOASTED INSIDE THAT HE WAS GOING TO GET THE CLEOPATRA NECKLACE NEXT!

THE JOKER IS GONE! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO KNOW WHERE!

THE CLEOPATRA NECKLACE! THAT'S OWNED BY OTTO DREXEL! C'MON. THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE.. WITH A MANIAC ON THE LOOSE!

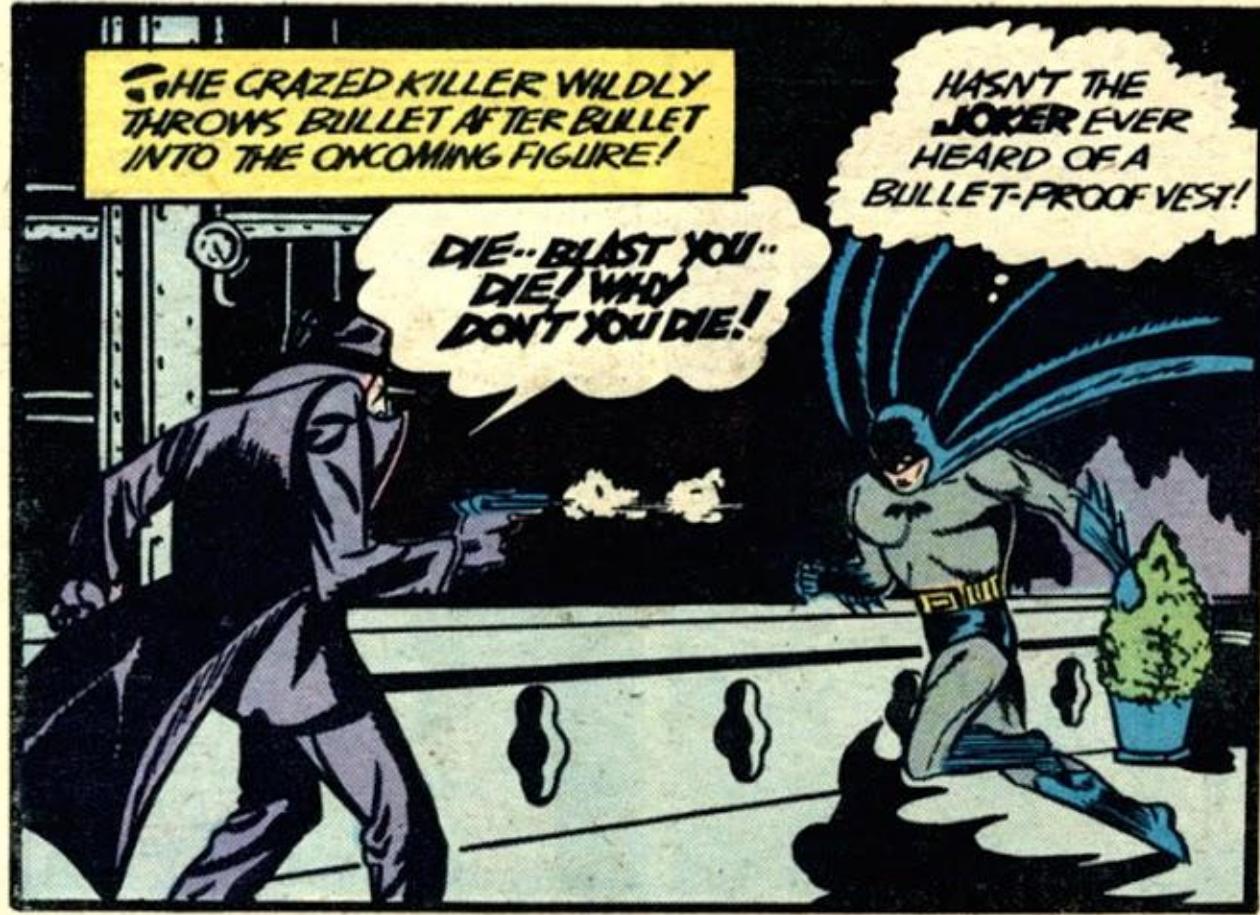
OTTO DREXEL LIVES ON THE PENTHOUSE IN THAT BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET!

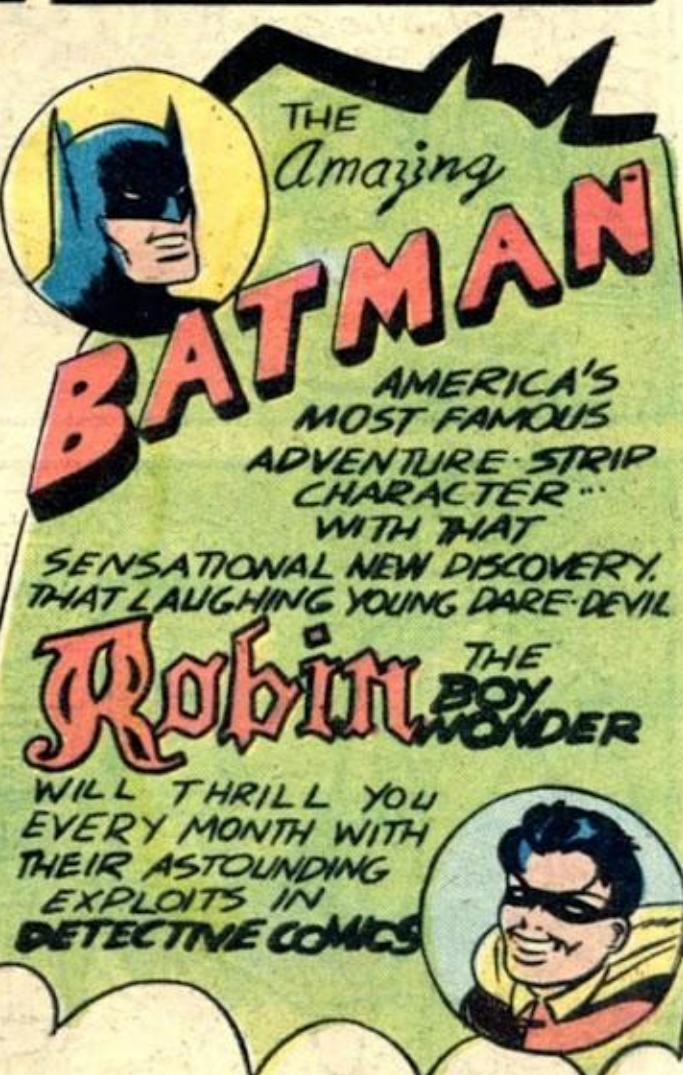
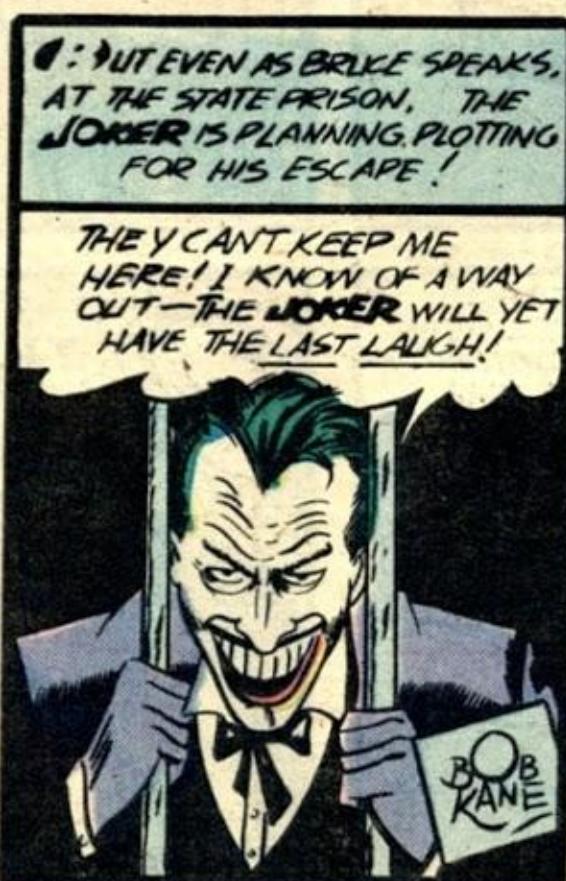
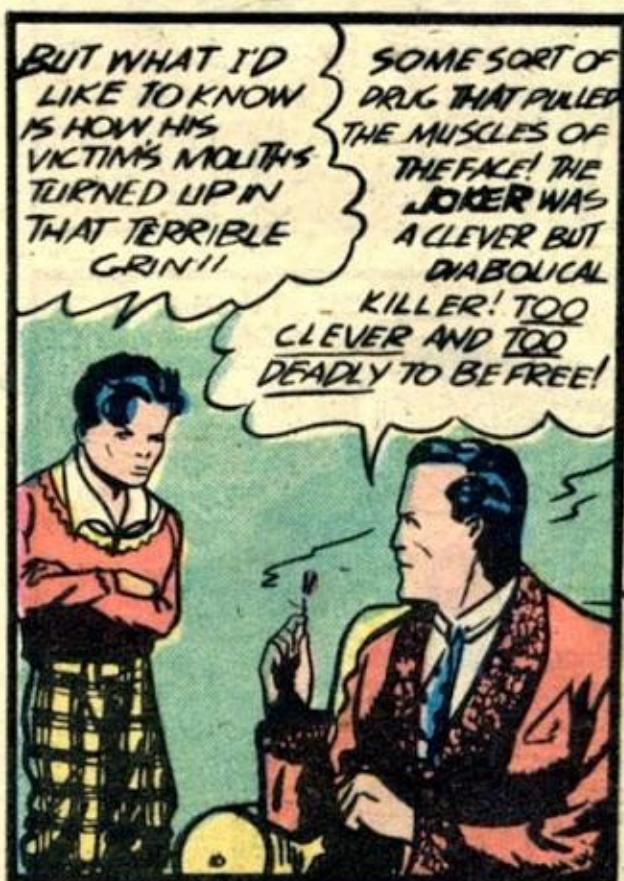
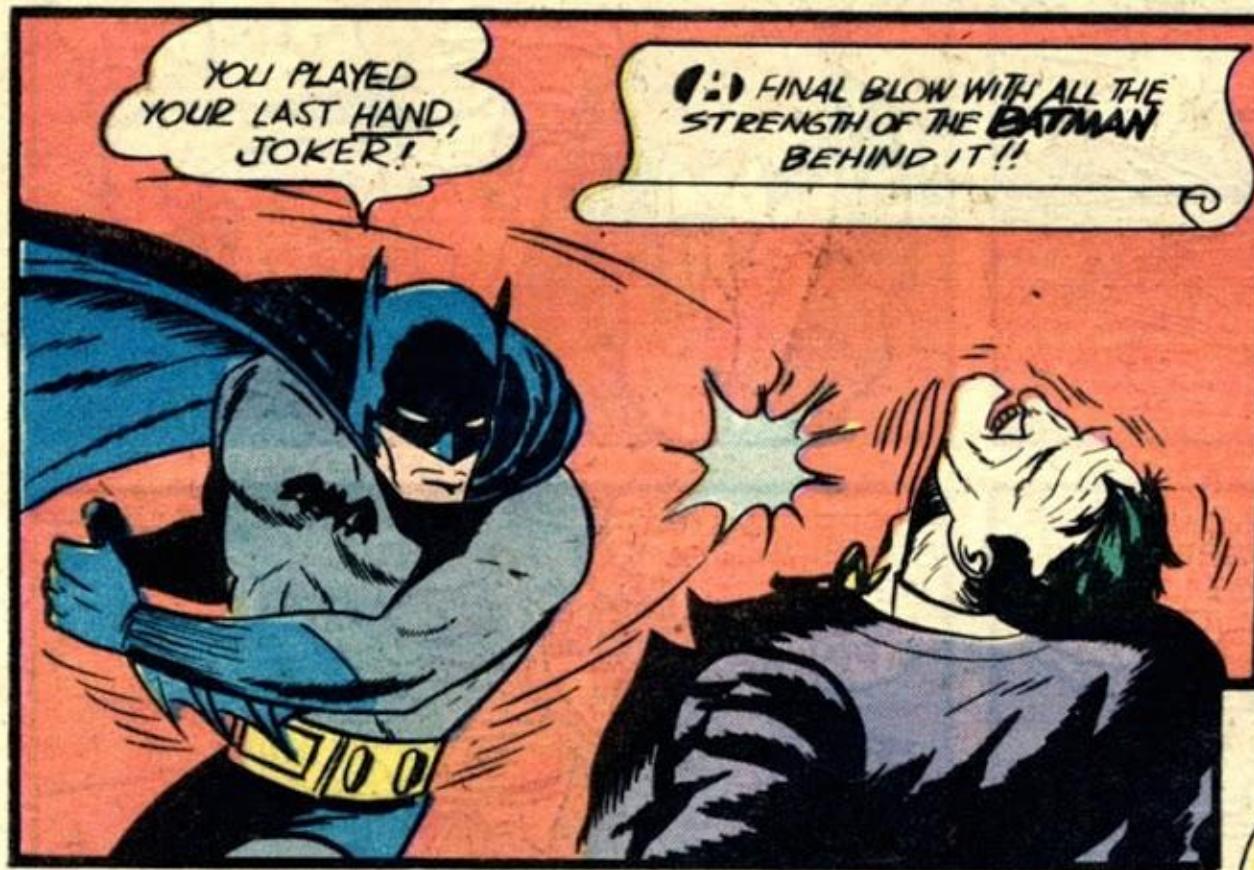
IF WE CAN ONLY GET UP THERE BEFORE THE JOKER DOES!

ON THE PENTHOUSE THE JOKER PREPARES TO ENTER.

BUT LEAPING FROM THE SCAFFOLD THE COWLED BATMAN.

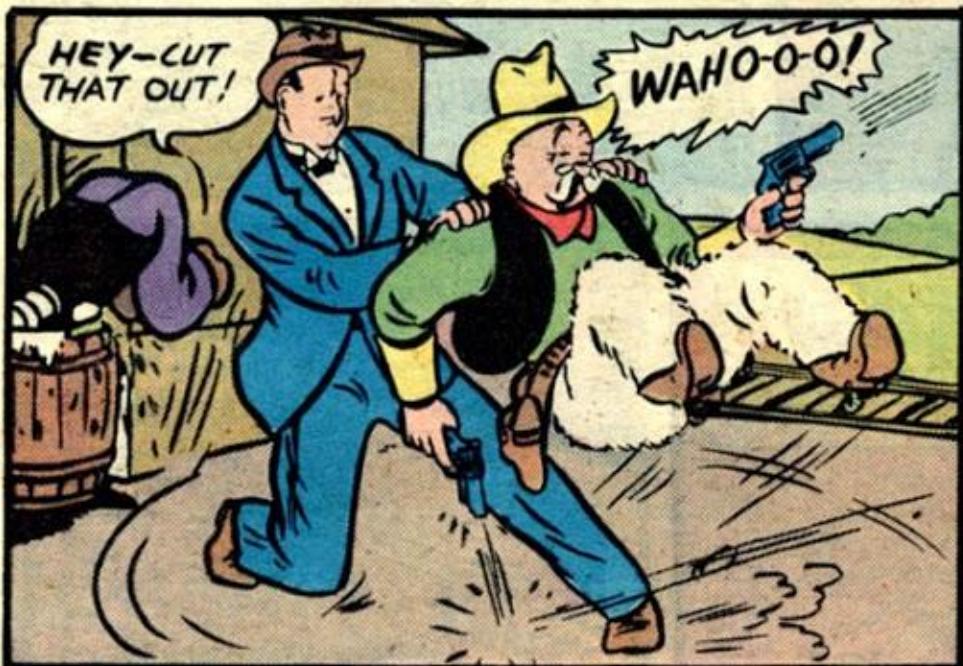
STILL AT IT, EH?

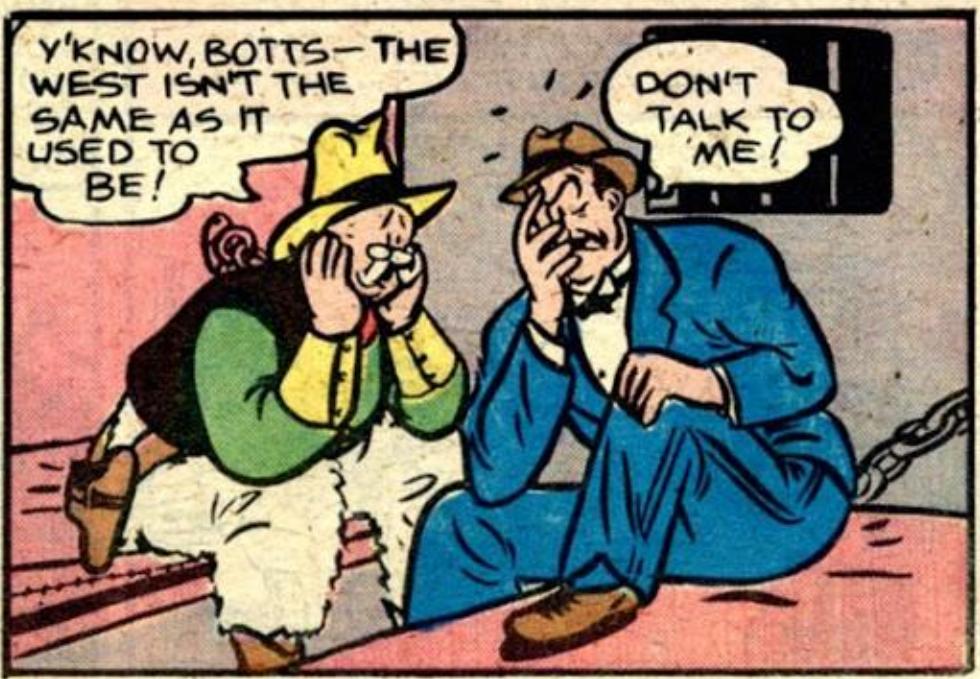
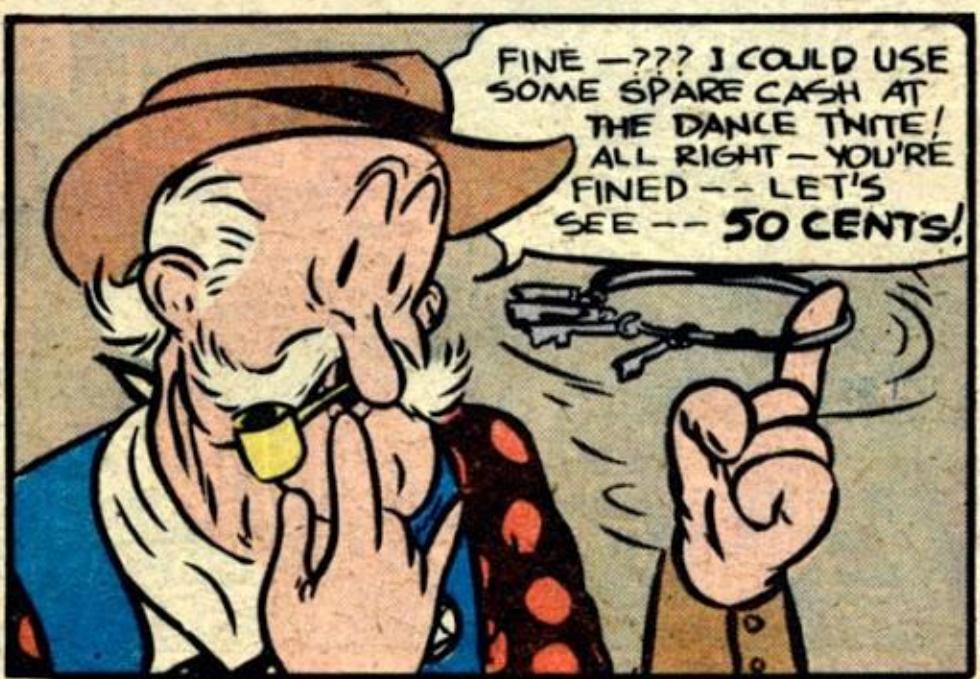




Major BIGSBE an' BOTTs

by PAUL GUSTAVION





BATMAN

BY

BO KANE

ALREADY AN ALMOST LEGENDARY FIGURE, THE COWLED SHADOW OF THE BATMAN PROWLS THROUGH THE NIGHT PREYING UPON THE CRIMINAL PARASITE, LIKE THE WINGED CREATURE WHOSE NAME HE HAD ADOPTED



WHILE AN INNOCENT METROPOLIS SLEEPS, LITTLE DOES IT REALIZE THAT HUGE, TERRIFYING MAN-MONSTERS SHALL SOON STALK THE STREETS AND BRING TO THEM HAVOC AND DESTRUCTION. AND LITTLE DOES BRUCE WAYNE SUSPECT THAT FATE SHALL TOUCH HIS SHOULDER AND SINGLE HIM OUT AS THE ONE TO DO BATTLE WITH THESE MONSTERS, AS HE GOES FORTH CLAD IN THE GARB OF THE WEIRD AND MENACING....

BATMAN!

NOT LONG AGO THE BATMAN HAD SEEN THE ARCH-CRIMINAL, PROFESSOR HUGO STRANGE IMPRISONED...AND YET...

ONE OF YOU MEN GET THE WARDEN! WE'LL USE HIM AS A SHIELD!

OKAY STRANGE

ONCE MORE PROFESSOR HUGO STRANGE IS FREE TO CARRY OUT THE NEXT OF HIS DIABOLICAL SCHEMES.

TRY! PROFESSOR STRANGE ESCAPES IN PRISON BREAK!

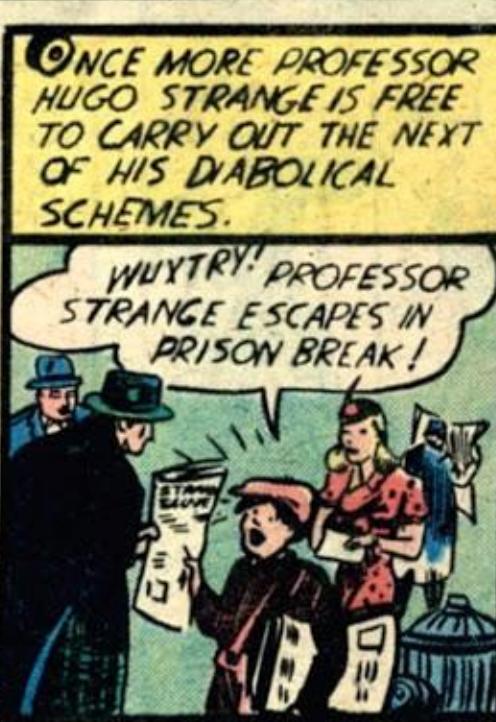
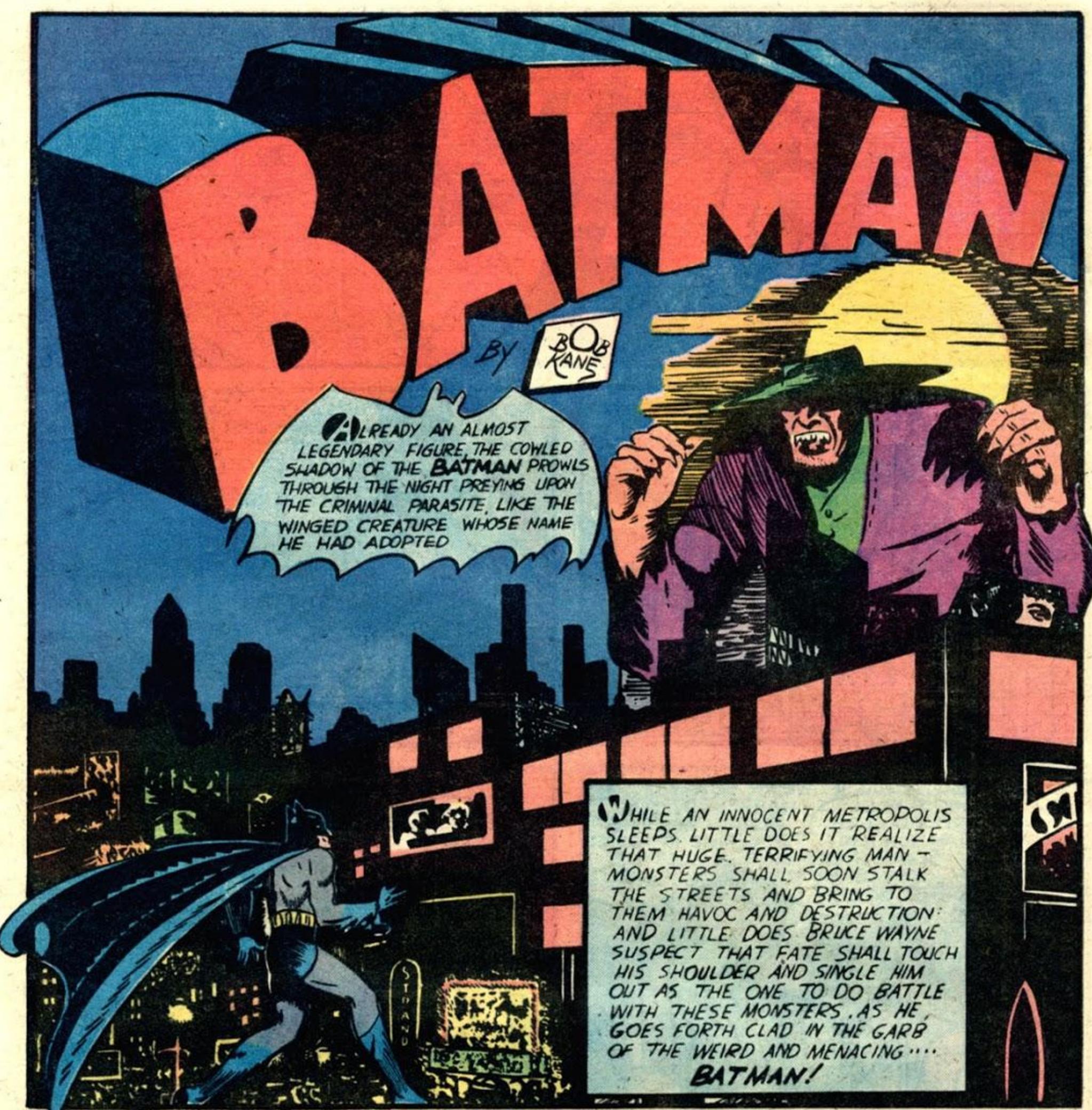
THE NEXT NIGHT...THE METROPOLIS INSANE ASYLUM.

GET THEM OUT QUICKLY!

C'MON NUTS!

GOODY! GOODY!

OH GOO!



THAT NIGHT ... THE HOME
OF BRUCE WAYNE

FLASH A GUARD IDENTIFIED
PROFESSOR STRANGE AS THE
LEADER OF THE MEN WHO
FREED FIVE INSANE PATIENTS
FROM THE CITY INSANE ASYLUM.

INSANE
MEN?

CRIMINALS, MANIACS, AND
STRANGE CAN ONLY ADD
UP TO ONE THING ... SOME-
THING NEW IN CRIME ... SOME-
VERY TERRIBLE!!

MONTH LATER ...
A CROWDED STREET IN LOWER
MANHATTAN

1 SUDDENLY A WOMAN STOPS AND
SCREAMS IN FRIGHT!

AA-AA-AH!
LOOK!

HELP!

WHAT IS IT?
IT ISN'T
HUMAN!

OWERING UP A
FULL FIFTEEN
FEET, A GIGANTIC
HULK LOOMS ABOVE
THEM. HUGE AND
TERRIBLE!!

HELP!

2 THE HORRIBLE CREATURE BEGINS
ITS WAVE OF DESTRUCTION....

HELP!

WHAT
IS IT?

YAAA-A-

3 BULLETS THUD
INTO THE BEAST
BUT THIS ONLY
MADDENS HIM!

LOOK!
BULLETS
DON'T STOP
HIM ... HE'S
STILL LIVING!



THE ENRAGED BEAST SEEKS TO GO MAD!



THE PEOPLE ARE PANIC-STRIKEN!



AS MORE POLICE RUN UP THE MONSTER RIPS UP A LAMP POST...



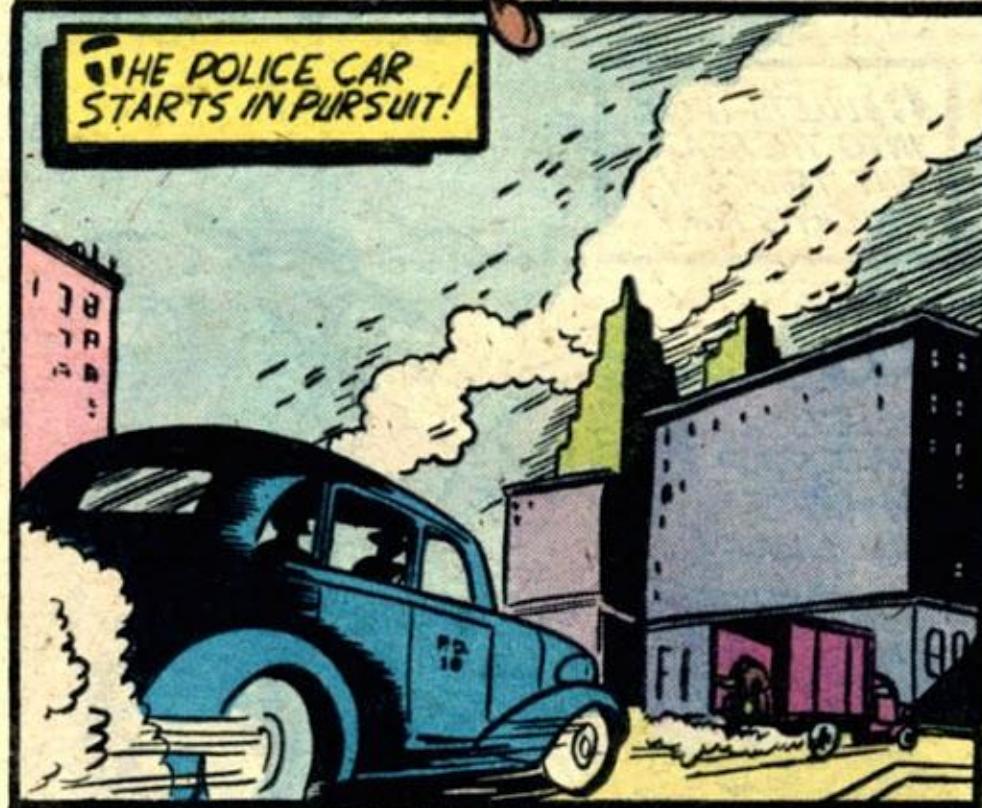
THE MONSTER WIELDS THE WEAPON WITH TERRIBLE EFFECT!



SUDENLY AS POLICE CARS APPEAR, THE MONSTER LUMBERS TOWARD A TRUCK IDLING NEARBY



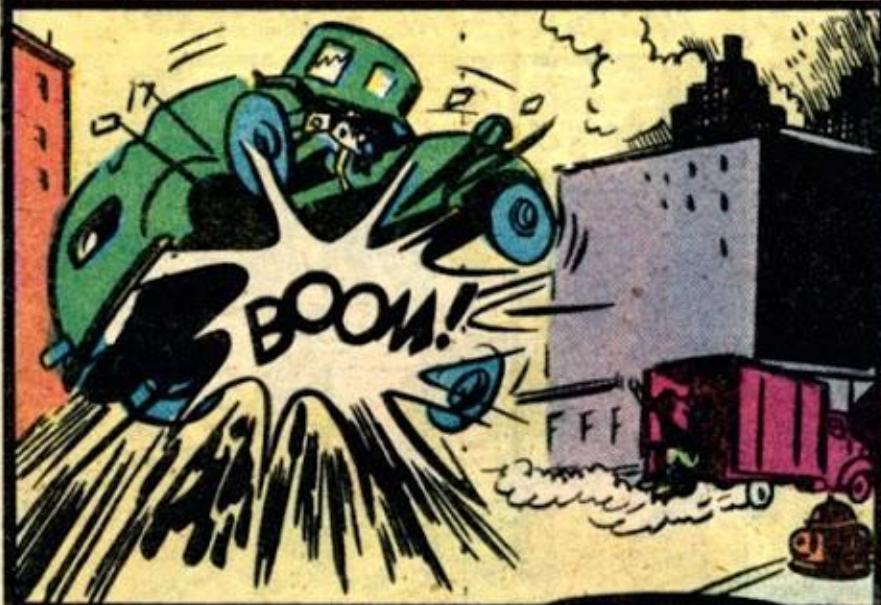
THE POLICE CAR STARTS IN PURSUIT!



AS THE POLICE DRAW NEAR, THE MONSTER HURLS SOMETHING AT THE CAR ...



HERE IS A SHATTERING ROAR AS THE OBJECT HITS THE POLICE CAR!



THAT NIGHT...

IT COULD BE
THE WORK OF
ONLY ONE
MAN...
STRANGE

AND THE
MONSTER MADE
GOOD HIS ESCAPE
BY BOMBING THE
POLICE CAR THE
PEOPLE...

IF I KNOW PROFESSOR
STRANGE THERE WILL BE
MORE OF THEM TO COME
I MUST STOP HIM...
HMM...

GAIN THE NEXT
DAY THE MONSTER
APPEARS!

IS POLICE AGAIN PURSUE THEY MEET
THE SAME FATE AS THOSE
THE DAY BEFORE!!

HELP!!
IT'S TEARING
DOWN THE "EL"
THEY'LL ALL
BE KILLED!!!

BUT HIGH ABOVE....

THAT TRUCK SHOULD
LEAD ME STRAIGHT TO
THE HIDEOUT OF HUGO
STRANGE!

WELL IT LOOKS
LIKE THE END
OF MY SEARCH!

FEW MINUTES LATER...

1 THE DOORS SUDENLY SWINGS OPEN REVEALING THE DARK INTERIOR!

2 THE BATMAN CAUTIOUSLY STEPS INSIDE FAILING TO NOTICE HUGE HANDS....

3 SUDDENLY THE LIGHT FLASHES ON! THE BATMAN IS IN THE HANDS OF THE MONSTERS!!

WHAT TH! IT LOOKS LIKE A TRAP BUT I'VE GOT TO CHANCE IT!

ER.. GOOD EVENING GENTLEMEN!

4 OHEN... A VOICE!

AH! I EXPECTED TO SEE YOUR UGLY FACE AROUND HERE I HAD A HUNCH YOU WERE BEHIND THIS WE MEET AGAIN PROFESSOR STRANGE!

5 CAUGHT! AND VERY NEATLY TOO!

NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT ME I DON'T SUPPOSE I'LL LIVE VERY LONG. GRANT ME A DYING MAN'S REQUEST AND TELL ME HOW YOU'VE CREATED THESE MONSTERS, AND WHY?

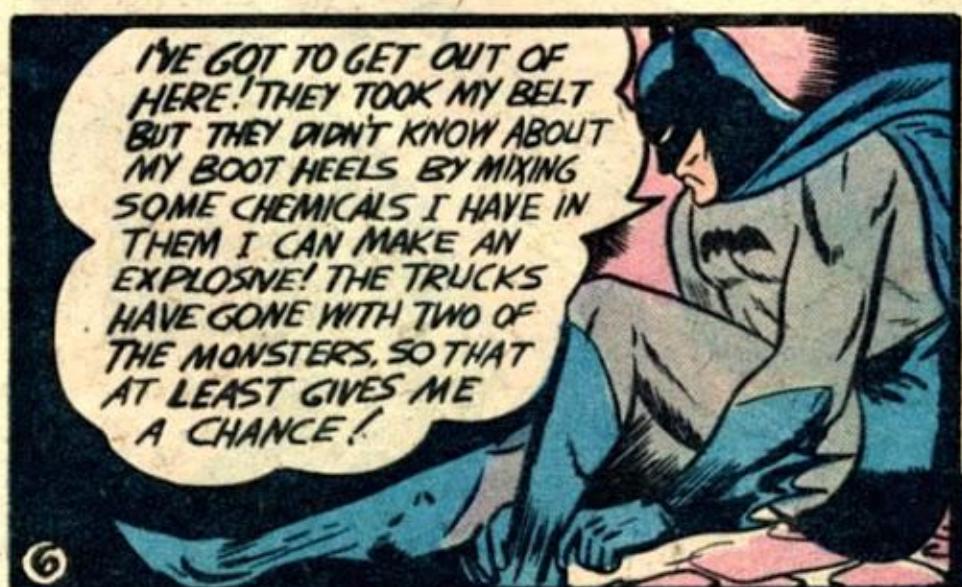
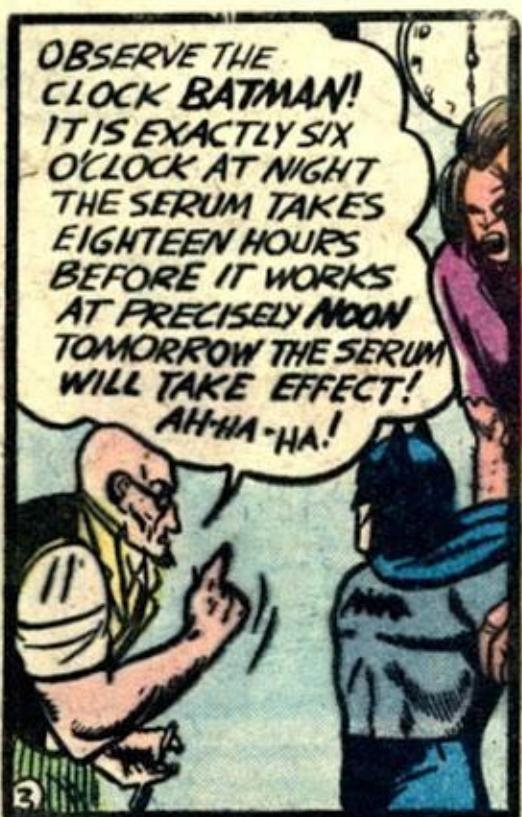
WITH THE GREATEST OF PLEASURE MY DEAR BATMAN. IF YOU WILL LOOK CLOSELY YOU WILL RECOGNIZE THEIR PICTURES IN THE PAPERS. THEY ARE THE ESCAPED LUNATICS

6 ...AND THESE ARE MONSTERS. I MADE THEM SO! I DISCOVERED AN EXTRACT THAT SPEEDS UP THE GROWTH GLANDS, I INJECT THIS FLUID INTO A NORMAL MAN THE SUDDEN GROWTH NOT ONLY DISTORTS THE BODY BUT ALSO THE BRAIN - AND SOON HE IS A MONSTER!

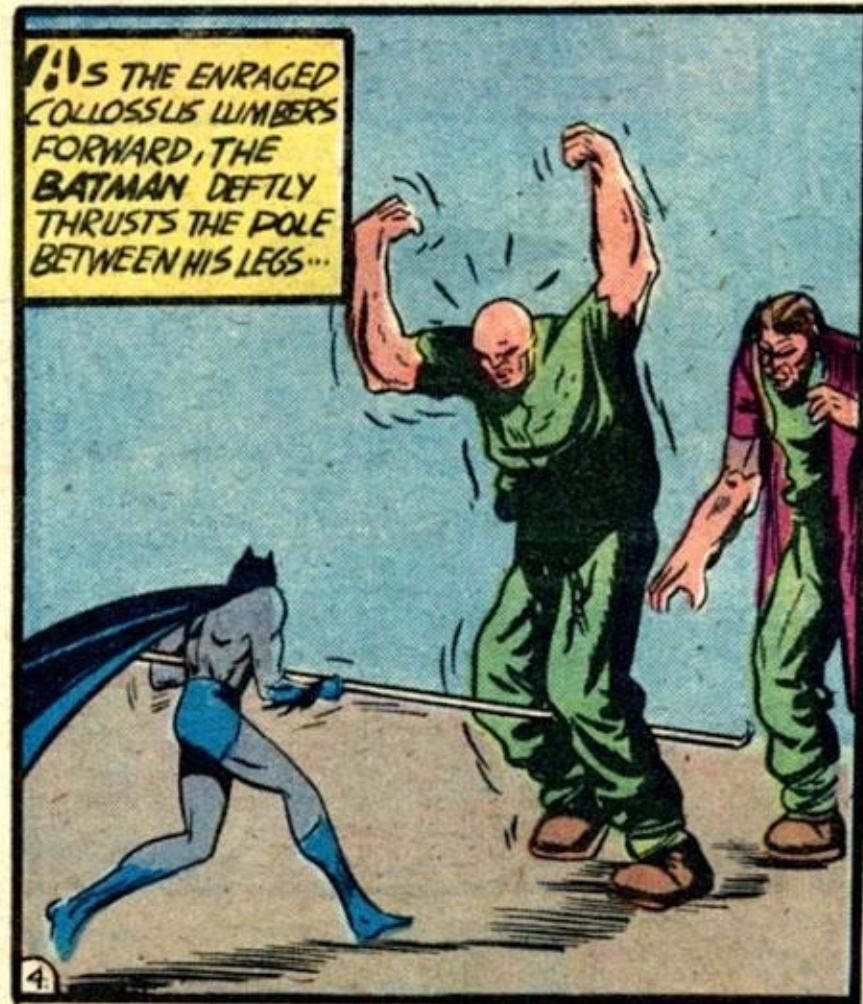
7 I HAVE SENT OUT A MONSTER IN CLOTHES OF BULLET PROOF MATERIAL SO THAT THE PUBLIC AND THE POLICE MAY BE ER ACQUAINTED WITH HIM. TOMORROW I SHALL SEND OUT TWO MONSTERS AND WHILE THE POLICE ARE CONCERNED WITH THEM MY MEN WILL LOOT THE BANKS. CLEVER ISN'T IT? YOU KNOW, AT TIMES I AM AMAZED AT MY OWN GENIUS!

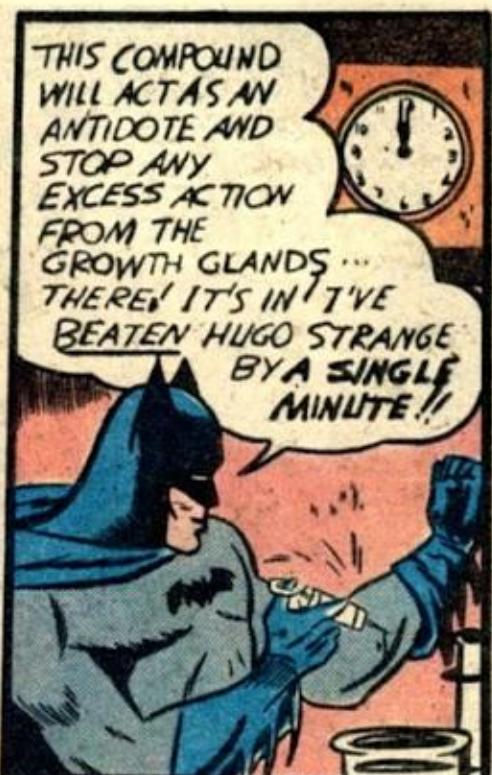
AN EVIL GENIUS, STRANGE!

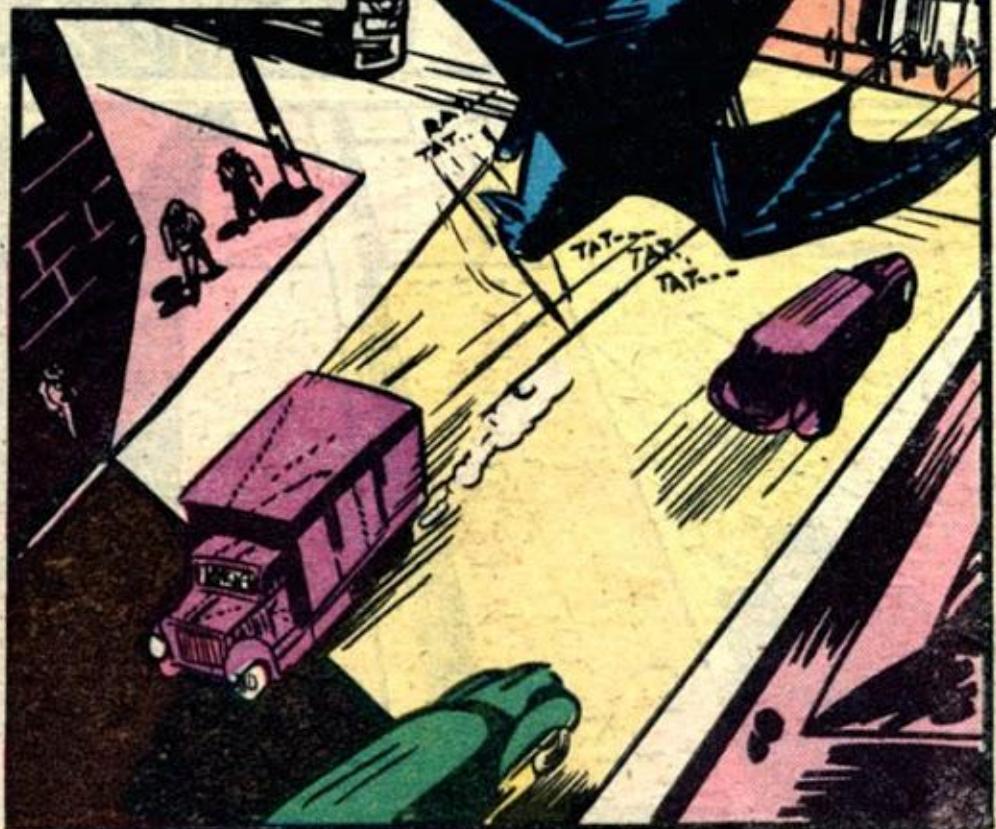
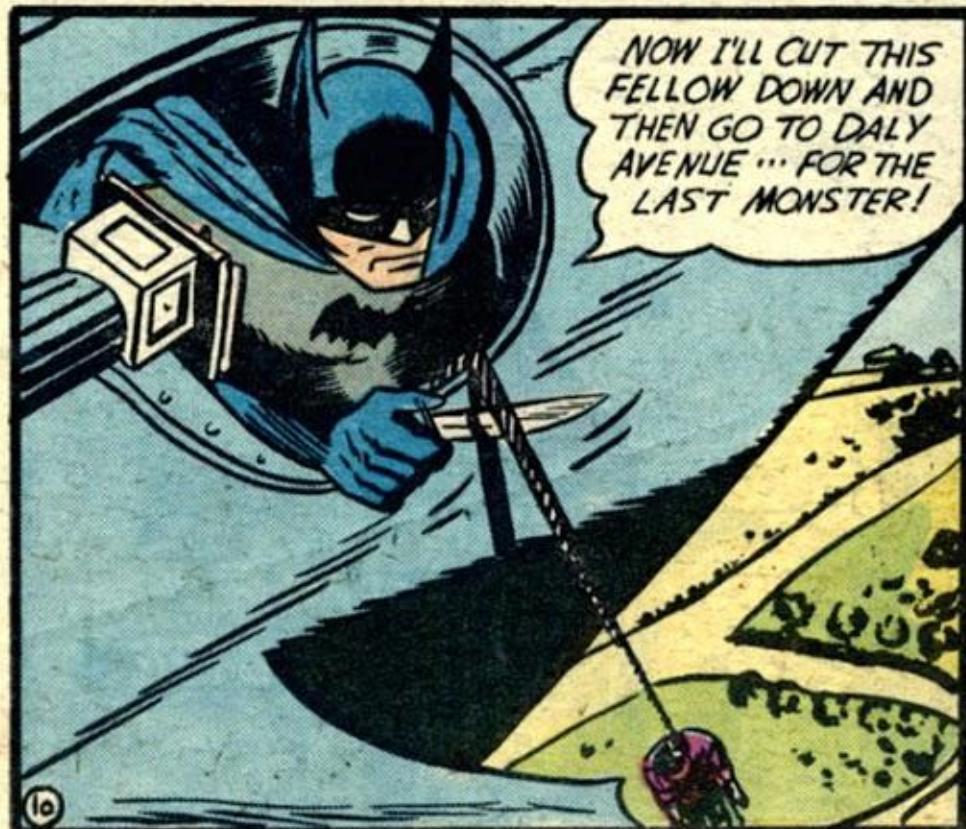
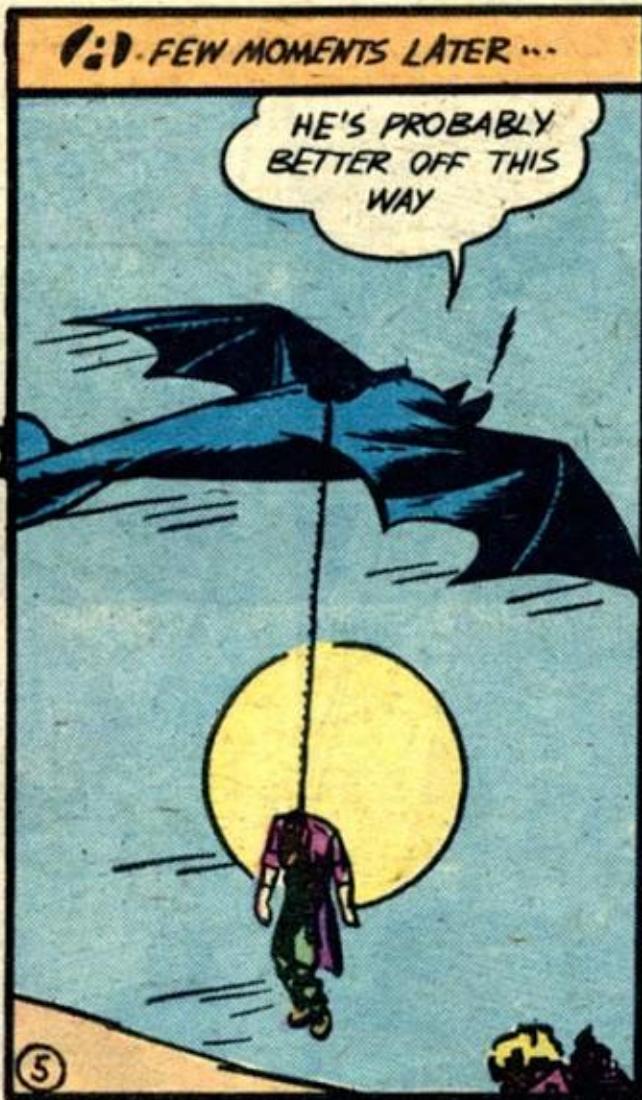
8 REMOVE HIS BELT OF GAS CAPSULES... I WANT NO ESCAPE. I AM GOING TO INJECT THIS FLUID INTO YOU! YOU, DEAR BATMAN, ARE TO BE A MONSTER! A MONSTER! HA-HA















STRICTLY PUBLICITY

By
GUY MONROE

"IT JUST isn't possible!" The Chief was saying. "A guy can't be killed when he's all alone in a room, with the door and windows barred from the inside and covered with steel shutters!"

"There's always the suicide angle," young Terry Gallant put in.

The chief snorted. "Look, Terry; you're one of the smartest young detectives on the force, but when you say 'suicide,' you're crazy! A guy can't shoot himself without a gun, can he?"

"Definitely not," Terry admitted. "But look, Chief, tell me how the whole thing worked out, will you? I just happened not to be listening to Barlow's radio program at the time of his death."

"Well, he was getting off his usual line of homespun drivel for his twenty million radio listeners, and giving them that old, old routine of his about being afraid for his life because he'd made a lot of enemies in the course of his helping so many people out of scrapes with unscrupulous characters——"

"And then?" Terry prompted.

"And then the radio audience heard a noise sort of like a sharp clap of the hands, then a terrific roar, then silence."

Terry got up. "Chief you can hand out the story that Barton Barlow committed suicide. I'll have all the details later."

With that, Terry Gallant left Headquarters and headed for the residence of the late Barton Barlow. And the Chief had confidence enough in Terry's detective ability to feel pretty certain that Terry would be able to substantiate his theory that Barlow had not been murdered

—that he had, indeed, taken his own life. Accordingly the Chief gave that story to the reporters, promising them all the details for their next edition. Neither the Chief nor the reporters were disappointed, for Terry was gone for less than an hour.

When he returned to Headquarters, the Chief's office was filled with newspapermen. And with rare concern for press deadlines, Terry didn't waste any time in telling the rest of the story.

"Barlow killed himself, all right," Terry said.

"Then what did he do with the gun—swallow it?" asked a reporter.

Terry ignored the question, considering it too facetious to warrant notice. "Let's start at the beginning," he said. "We all know that Barton Barlow was probably the greatest publicity hound the country ever produced. He'd do anything to get his name in the papers—and he's been mighty successful at it. He's a nationally known figure, and he has twenty million radio listeners. He's had a big income for years. And the biggest angle he had for publicity was that business of yelling that he expected to be bumped off at any moment. Most of that, as we all realize, was phoney."

"But he's dead," a newspaperman put in.

"Sure—by his own hand. In spite of the fact that he had a huge income, he was living beyond his means. He was deeply in debt, and on top of that the Federal government was on the verge of indicting him for income tax evasion. That would have been pretty hard for a

'righteous' guy like Barlow to take. All in all, he was badly jammed up, so he decided to kill himself, like the cowardly phoney he was."

"I still want to know," the first reporter said sarcastically, "did he eat the gun?"

Terry shook his head. "No, the gun's there. All you have to do is look for it. Concealed in a recess behind a light fixture. There's also a small electro-magnet which operates from a flashlight battery, and a very sensitive diaphragm such as you'd find in a telephone. And, you see, there was one thing that happened before the shot that gave me the clue—there was a sharp noise like the clapping of hands. It was indeed just that, and that sharp noise was just enough to disturb the diaphragm, break the electro-magnetic contact, and allow a lever to hit the trigger of the gun which killed Barlow! He wanted to kill himself in a very mysterious manner—a manner which would cause much speculation in the newspapers."

The newspapermen were running from the room, heading for telephones, anxious to get the solution of the story into the next editions of their papers.

Terry grinned at the Chief. "See? Barlow was a publicity hound in life, and he's still one in death! He'll be on the front pages of every paper in the country! A pretty good man, at that!"

The Chief lighted a fresh cigar. "You're not a bad man yourself, Terry my boy!"

Terry grinned back at him. "Remember that, will you, Chief, next time I come up for promotion?" **THE END**

MEET THE ARTIST!

READERS, meet Bob Kane, creator of THE BATMAN! Realizing that people like to know something about the men who draw their favorite cartoon-strips, we induced Bob to sit down at a typewriter and dash off a few pertinent facts about his life. He complained that a drawing-board—and not a typewriter—was his natural means of artistic expression, but he did manage to hammer out a sort of synopsis about himself.

On top of that, we felt that we should have a picture of Bob to grace this page. We asked him to bring us one. "Sure," he said, "I'll take care of that." But as the days went by, and publication date came nearer and nearer, we still had no picture. Finally we had to sit Bob down at a drawing board, hold him there until a photographer could be called in from another floor of the building—and we finally got our picture!

Bob Kane was born twenty-four years ago in New York City, and has spent most of his life in the big town. As you might expect, his primary interest has always been in drawing. His work has appeared in a long list of national magazines. For some time Bob was a straight "comic" artist, specializing in drawings of a humorous nature. When the trend swung toward the adventure type of drawing, Bob was quick to see that therein lay his future, and though the abrupt change in drawing technique necessitated plenty of hard labor on his part, the phenomenal success of THE BATMAN is proof enough that Bob was capable of making the transition. It hasn't been easy, and it isn't easy even now. Anyone who thinks a comic artist has an easy life should take a look at Bob Kane's working-schedule. It's an unusual week which doesn't find Bob at the drawing board on seven consecutive days. The saving grace about it all is the fact that he enjoys his work, though he does admit that he might like to have a



little vacation come summer—three days in a row, or something like that.

Bob has spent a good deal of time in the North woods, hunting and fishing (before THE BATMAN took up all his time, of course). He loves outdoor life in all its phases. For a time he worked as seaman on a boat plying South American waters, and he says that he feels that this contact with all sorts of people, plus the satisfaction of seeing parts of the world absolutely foreign to the environment of New York, has been of great help to him in humanizing the characters which he draws.

Bob is certainly not a copyist; his work shows a definite originality and freshness which has attracted many fervent fans. He studies

constantly, striving always to improve his work. If he has a free hour or two, he is very likely to spend it at one of the local medical colleges studying anatomy, for he well realizes that only by a thorough knowledge of bone and muscle structure is an artist able to inject into his drawings the true expression of action and motion which is so necessary to this type of art.

Bob Kane has worked hard, is still working hard, and will continue to work hard to give you just the sort of thing which you have come to expect in THE BATMAN. We predict ever-increasing success for both the artist and the creation of his facile pen. And they both deserve that success!

—THE EDITOR

BATMAN

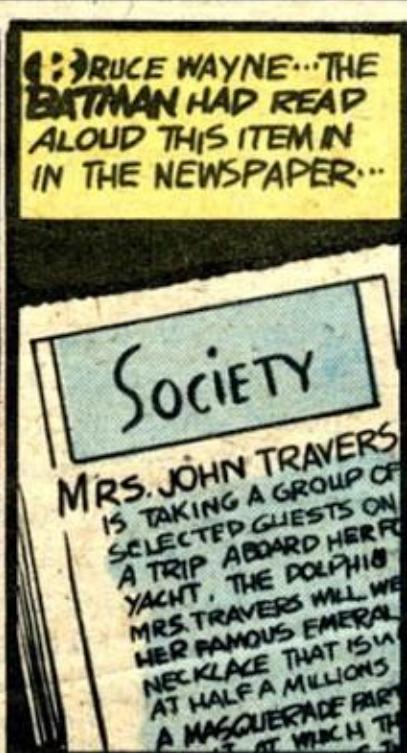
WITH
Robin

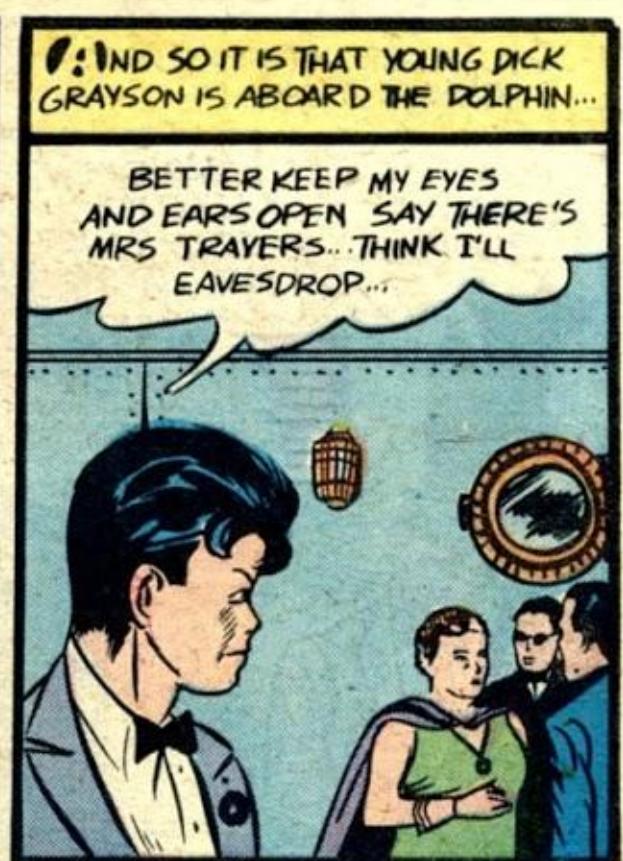
-THE BOY WONDER-

ONCE MORE THAT EERIE FIGURE OF THE NIGHT, THE **BATMAN** AND HIS YOUNG AIDE THAT LAUGHING DARE-DEVIL THAT YOUNG ROBIN HOOD OF TODAY **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER FIND THEMSELVES SWIMMING IN TROUBLED WATERS! A YACHT SAILS A SEA OF INTRIGUE WHILE ABOARD HER DECK LURKS AN UNSEEN MENACE A FIGURE SHROUDED BY AN AURA OF MYSTERY!

BY

BOB
KANE





(1) DICK "PUMPS" ONE OF THE REGULAR STEWARDS!

MUST BE A NICE FELLOW, HER NEPHEW TO ESCORT AN OLD WOMAN AROUND LIKE THAT!

HUH, HIM? HE'S A RAT... PROBABLY HANGING AROUND TO GET SOME MONEY OUT OF HER! HE'S ALWAYS BORROWING DOUGH FROM HIS AUNT MRS. TRAVERS!

THEY ALL TRY TO GET DOUGH OUT OF HER! SEE THAT GUY WHO JUST WALKED OVER? THAT'S HER DOCTOR WALLACE GAMBLER ALL HIS DOUGH AWAY... AND THEN HE BORROWS MONEY FROM MRS. TRAVERS! I BET HE OWES HER PLENTY!... PLENTY!



SOMETIME LATER AS DICK PASSES A CABIN...

VOICES! SOUNDS LIKE A QUARREL!

NO! I WON'T LEND YOU A CENT, ROGER AND THAT'S FINAL!

BUT I NEED IT TO COVER MY STOCK LOSSES! PLEASE!

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE MY BROTHER, DOESN'T MEAN I MUST FINANCE ALL YOUR STUPID PLUNGES IN THE STOCK MARKET!

I'LL BE RUINED! AND YOU'LL BE THE CAUSE OF IT ALL! I'LL GET THAT MONEY SOMEHOW SOMEWAY!

WHEW! LOOKS LIKE THIS YACHT ISN'T THE SAFEST PLACE IN THE WORLD FOR A NECKLACE WORTH A HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!



AS HE TURNS A CORNER HE SEES DENNY, FURTIVELY THROW A PAPER OVER THE RAIL!

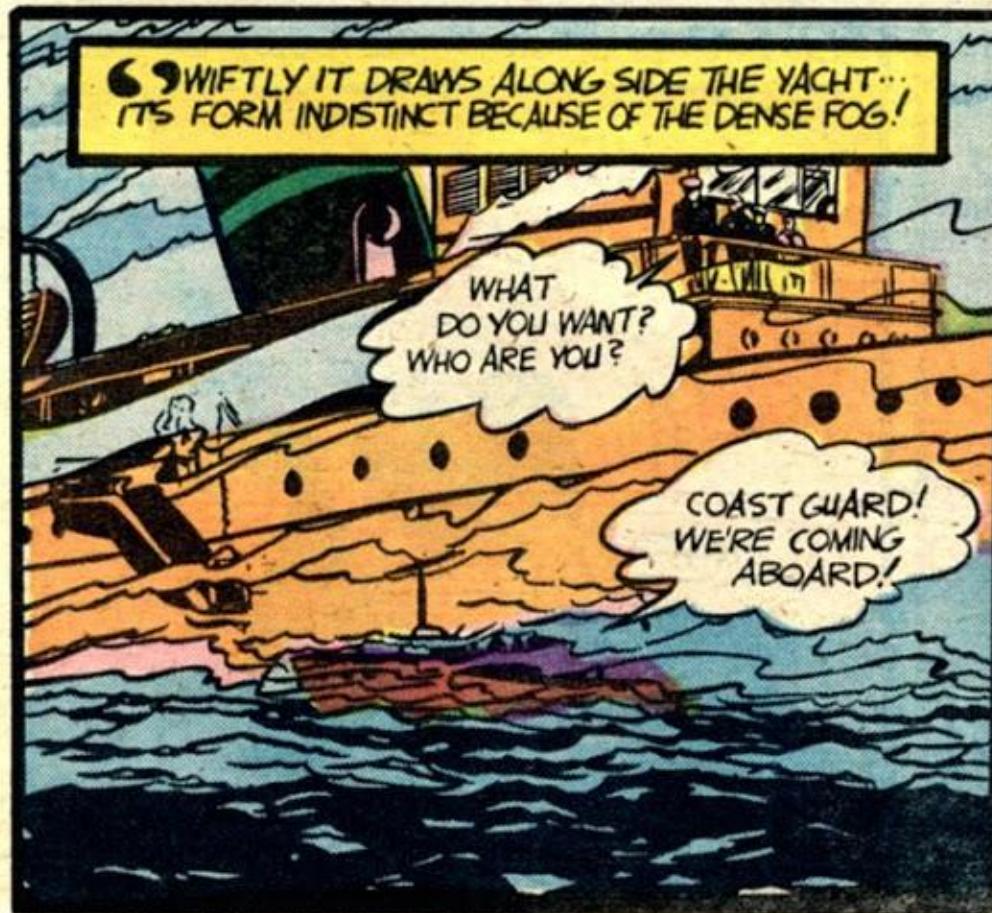
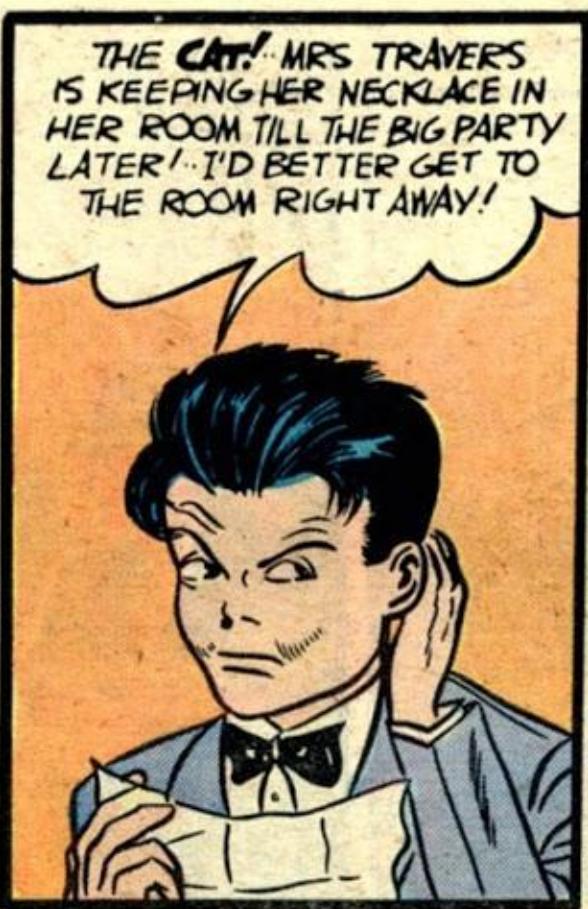
IF EVER A GUY LOOKED GUILTY ABOUT SOMETHING HE DOES! WONDER WHAT'S IN THAT PAPER?



BY A QUEER QUIRK OF FATE, THE WIND SEIZES THE PAPER AND TOSSES IT BACK ON DECK...

WHAT A BREAK! NOW TO READ IT!





•: BUT INSTEAD OF THE COAST GUARD, QUITE THE REVERSE!

WHY YOU'RE NOT
THE COAST GUARD!

YOU'RE A BRIGHT
BOY! YOU MUSTA GOT
HIGH MARKS IN
SCHOOL!

RAISE YOUR
HANDS HIGH,
ALL OF YA'



GET THIS, CAPTAIN. IF
ANY OF YOUR MEN JUST
SO MUCH AS MOVES A FINGER
I'LL SPRAY THESE PEOPLE
WITH LEAD! WE'RE
TAKIN' OVER THE BOAT!

CAPTAIN, TELL THE
SAILORS TO LAY
DOWN THEIR ARMS!
WE DON'T WANT
ANYONE HURT!

YES
MAM!



ON A FEW MOMENTS ALL THE CREW IS
LOCKED BELOW AND THE GUESTS LINED
UP ON DECK...

NOW MRS. TRAVERS...
YOU CAN HAND OVER THAT
NECKLACE OF YOURS OR...
SAY, SHE GONE NUTS?
WHAT'S SHE LAUGHING ABOUT?

YOU'RE
TOO LATE!
HA-HA-HA-IT'S
ALREADY STOLEN!



IT'S TRUE IT WAS
JUST TAKEN WHEN
YOU CAME! WE
THOUGHT YOU
WERE THE
COAST GUARD
AND MIGHT HOLD
AN INVESTIGATION,
BUT NOW...

WHAT'S THIS?..
HAND OVER THE
NECKLACE!



CAN YOU IMAGINE
THAT! SOMEONE
STOLE IT BEFORE
WE DID. WHATTAB
CROOK! YA CAN'T
TRUST ANY BODY
THESE DAYS!

AND WHILE
WE'RE AT IT,
WE MIGHT
AS WELL
TAKE WHATEVER
ELSE IS AROUND

COAST GUARD OR
NOT. WE'RE STILL GONNA
HOLD AN INVESTIGATION
RIGHT NOW! C'MON BOYS
FRISK EM!



•: AS ONE OF THEM
APPROACHES A
WOMAN...

A FRESH GUY, HUH?
I'LL TAKE THAT
OUTA YA!

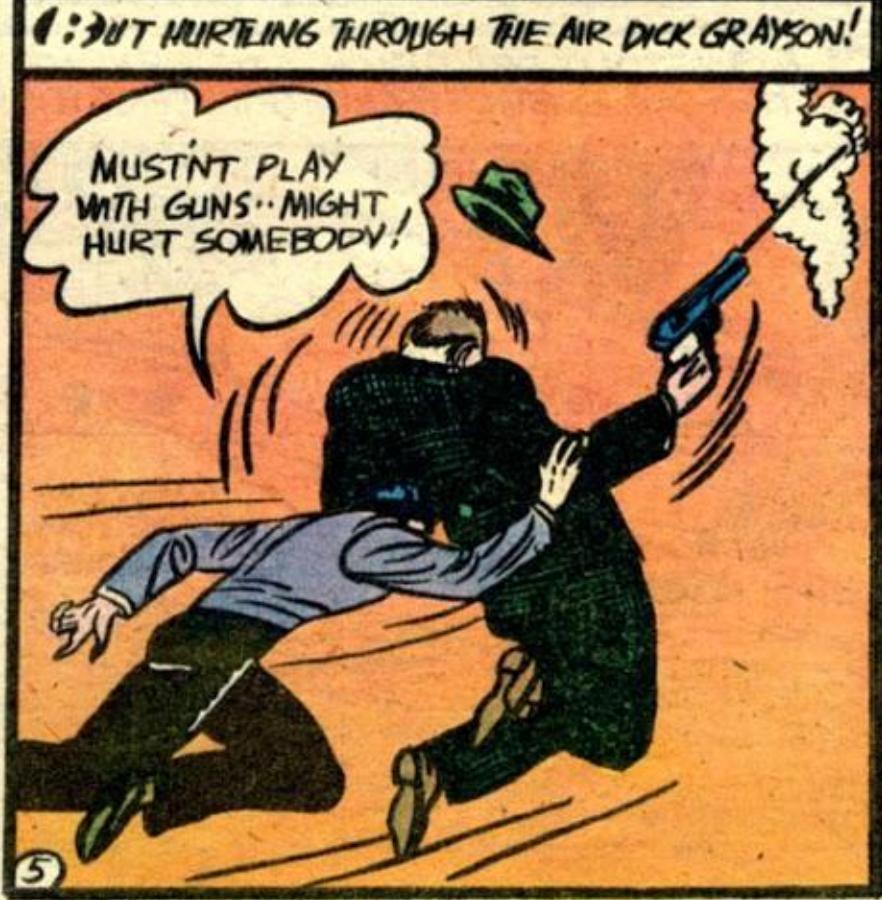
OKAY, BABY LETS
HAVE THAT BRACELET
C'MON, GIVE IT TO ME!

TAKE YOUR
HANDS OFF
HER YOU
DIRTY THIEF!

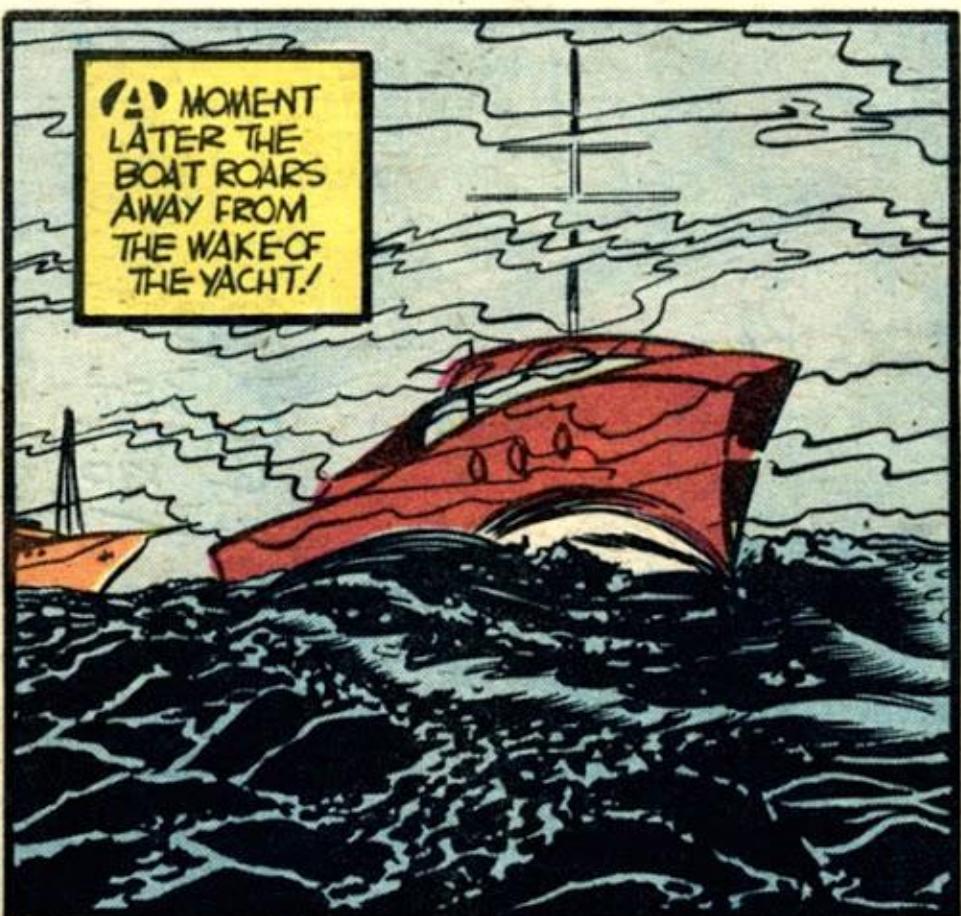


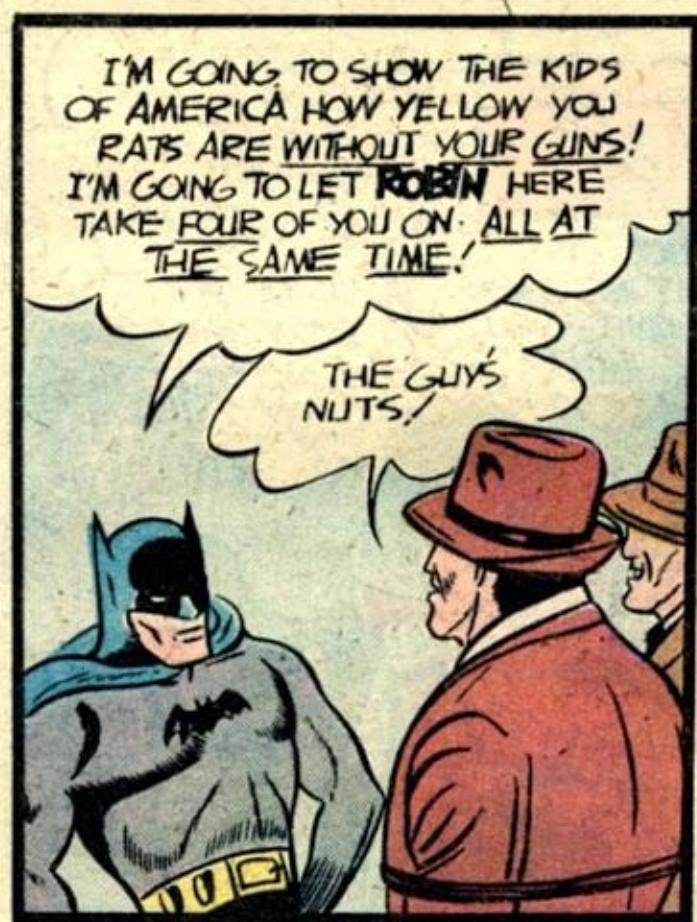
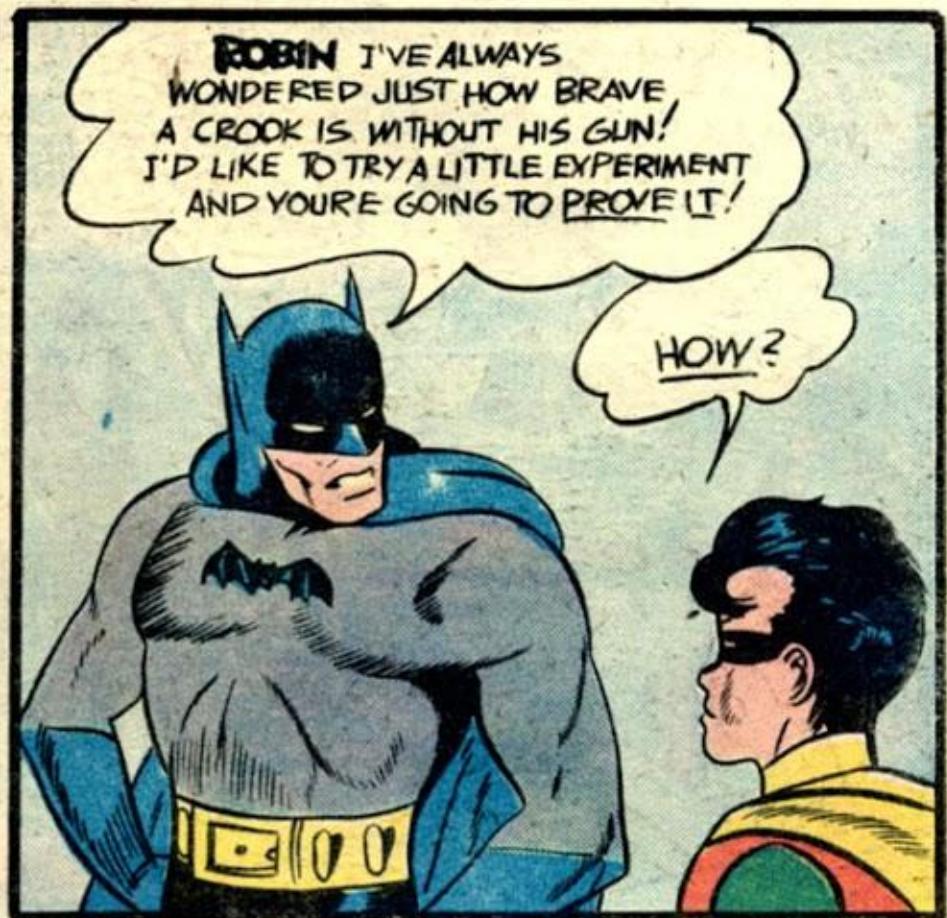
•: BUT HURTLED THROUGH THE AIR DICK GRAYSON!

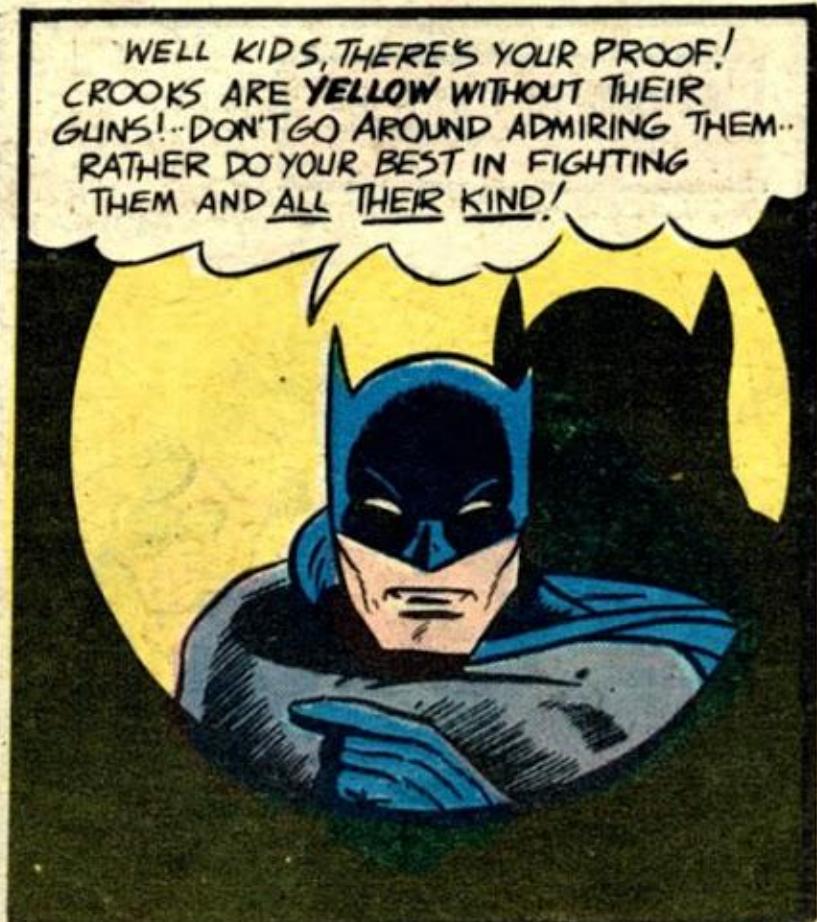
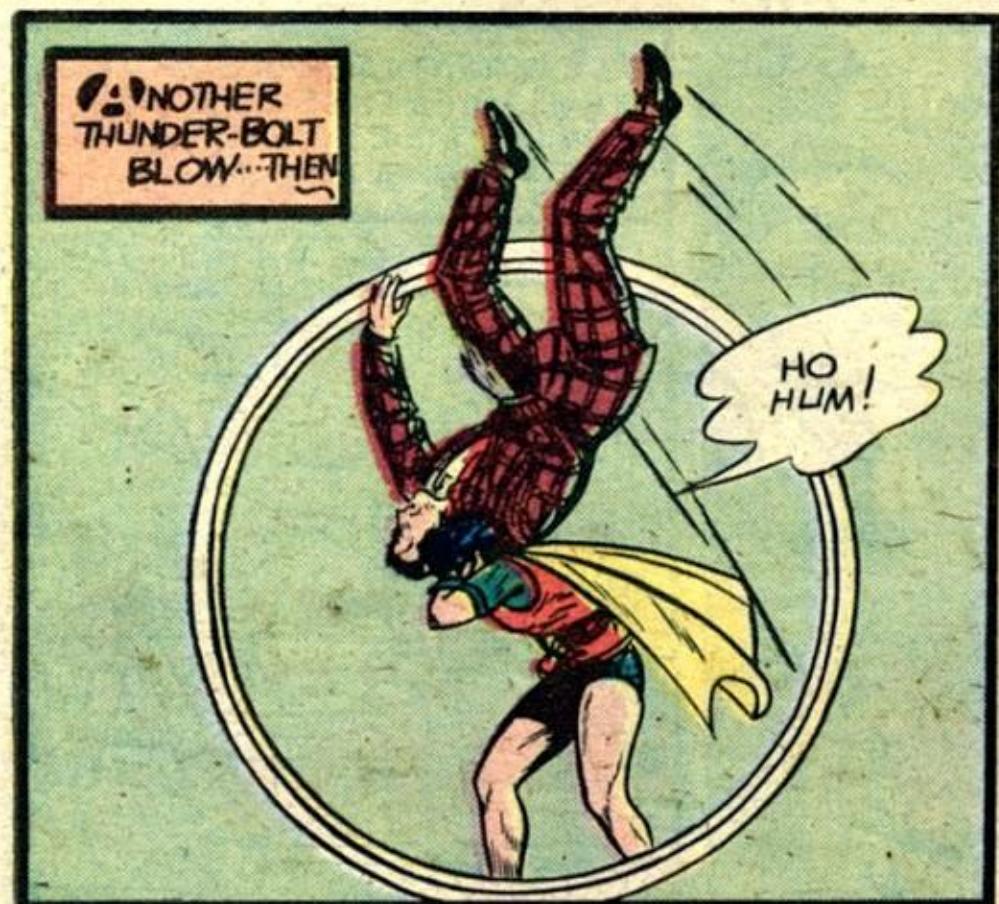
MUSTN'T PLAY
WITH GUNS.. MIGHT
HURT SOMEBODY!











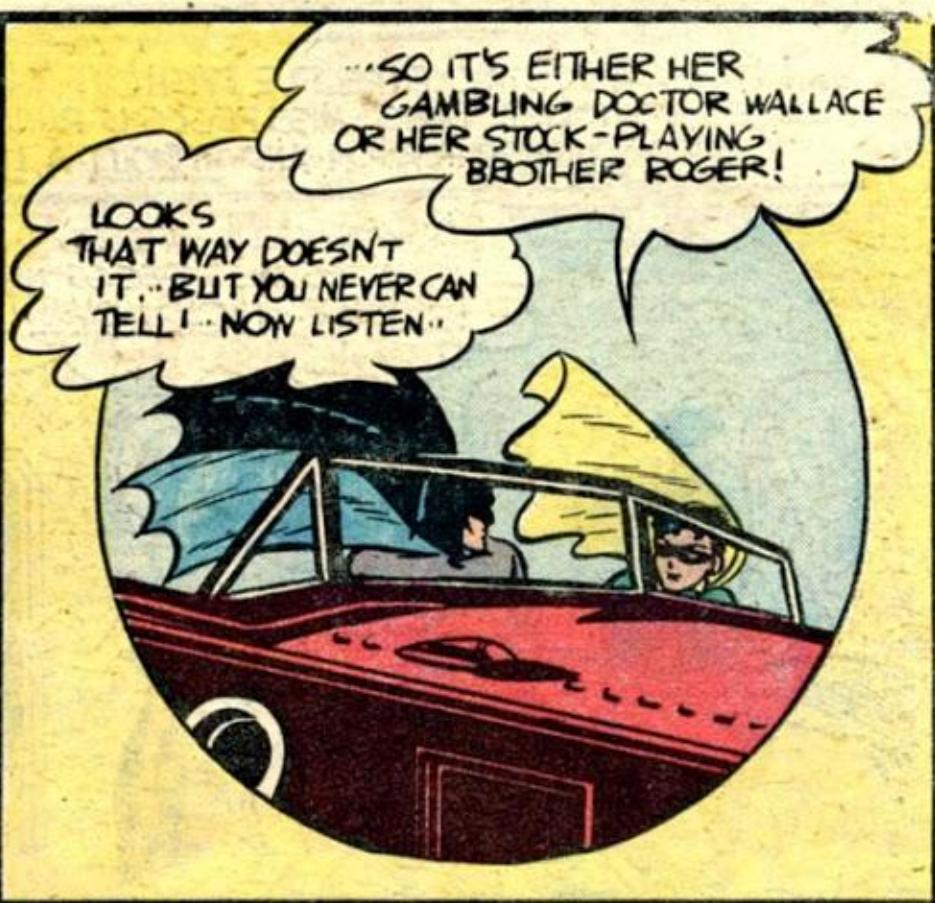
A moment later with the jewels in their possession and the men trussed up, Batman and Robin speed away....

LOOKS LIKE DENNY, MRS. TRAVERS' NEPHEW IS IN WITH THE CAT! TELL ME ABOUT THE PASSENGERS YOU SUSPECT MIGHT BE THE CAT!

AND THEN I PICKED UP THIS PAPER WITH THE MESSAGE FROM THE CAT!

...SO IT'S EITHER HER GAMBLING DOCTOR WALLACE OR HER STOCK-PLAYING BROTHER ROGER!

LOOKS THAT WAY DOESN'T IT... BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL! NOW LISTEN...



BOARD THE YACHT THE GUESTS ARE TRYING TO FORGET THEIR LOSSES BY HOLDING A MASQUERADE PARTY....

AT THAT MOMENT A FIGURE STEPS DOWN FROM THE STAIRWAY ONTO THE DECK DRESSED IN A WEIRD COSTUME

...AND NOW I WILL AWARD THIS CUP TO THE PERSON WHO HAS THE MOST ORIGINAL COSTUME...

WHY AREN'T YOU IN COSTUME, MISS PEGGS?

I'M TOO OLD FOR THAT SORT OF THING BESIDES MY ANKLE IT BOthers ME TOO MUCH! THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME UP THE STEPS!

...LOOK... WHAT A STRANGE COSTUME!

HE OUGHT TO GET THE PRIZE!!

AN IRONICAL JOKE TAKES PLACE!!

IT HAS BEEN DECIDED THAT YOUR COSTUME OF THE BATMAN IS THE MOST ORIGINAL HERE TONIGHT... THE CUP IS YOURS!!

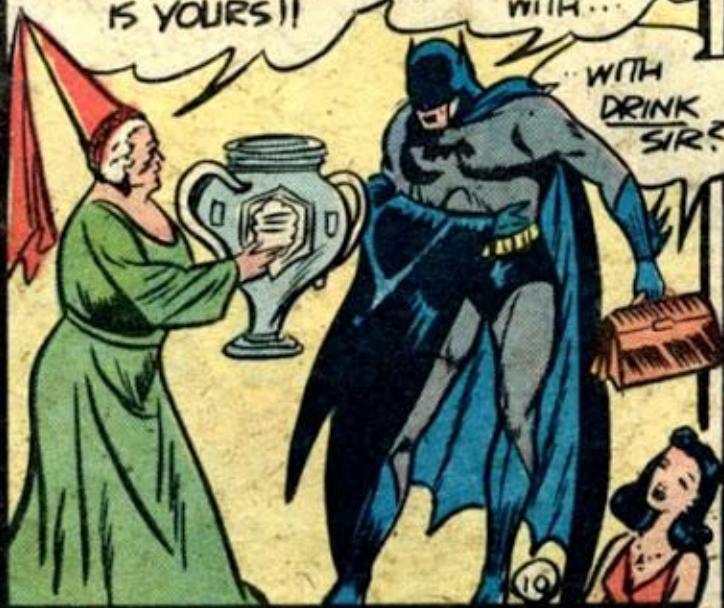
THANK YOU I ACCEPT THE CUP AND NOW, IF I MAY, I WOULD LIKE TO FILL IT WITH...

NO DEAR LADY, WITH YOUR STOLEN PROPERTY! I HAVE RECOVERED IT. YOU SEE, I REALLY AM THE BATMAN!

THE BATMAN HE'S REALLY IS...!!!

OUR MONEY AND JEWELS!

HE'S DRESSED AS THE BATMAN WHAT A CLEVER IDEA!



AT THAT MOMENT THE LOUD CLANGING OF A BELL IS HEARD THE FIRE ALARM!

FIRE ALARM - THE SHIP IS ON FIRE - GET TO THE LIFE BOATS!

AS THE PANIC-STRICKEN PEOPLE DASH OUT.. THE BATMAN NOTICES A STRANGE THING... MISS PEGGS IS RUNNING LIKE A MUCH YOUNGER PERSON.. AND WITHOUT A LIMP!!

THE CAPTAIN APPEARS AND SHOUTS OUT WORDS THAT ALMOST HYPNOTIZE THE PEOPLE TO ORDER...

IT WORKED!... THERE GOES MISS PEGGS NICE LEGS FOR AN OLD WOMAN!

STOP!.. THERE'S NO FIRE! IT'S A FALSE ALARM! SOME CRAZY FOOL MUST HAVE SET THE ALARM OFF AS A JOKE!!!



A FALSE ALARM... I WONDER... THE BATMAN... HE'S AFTER ME!! IT'S A TRAP!



BUT EVEN AS SHE DESCENDS THE STAIRS... A FIGURE HURLETS AFTER HER!

ROBIN.. THE BOY WONDER COMES THROUGH AGAIN!!!

MY MOTHER TOLD ME NEVER TO FIGHT WITH A LADY.. BUT THIS TIME I'M MAKING AN EXCEPTION!!



THE BATMAN TAKES CHARGE!

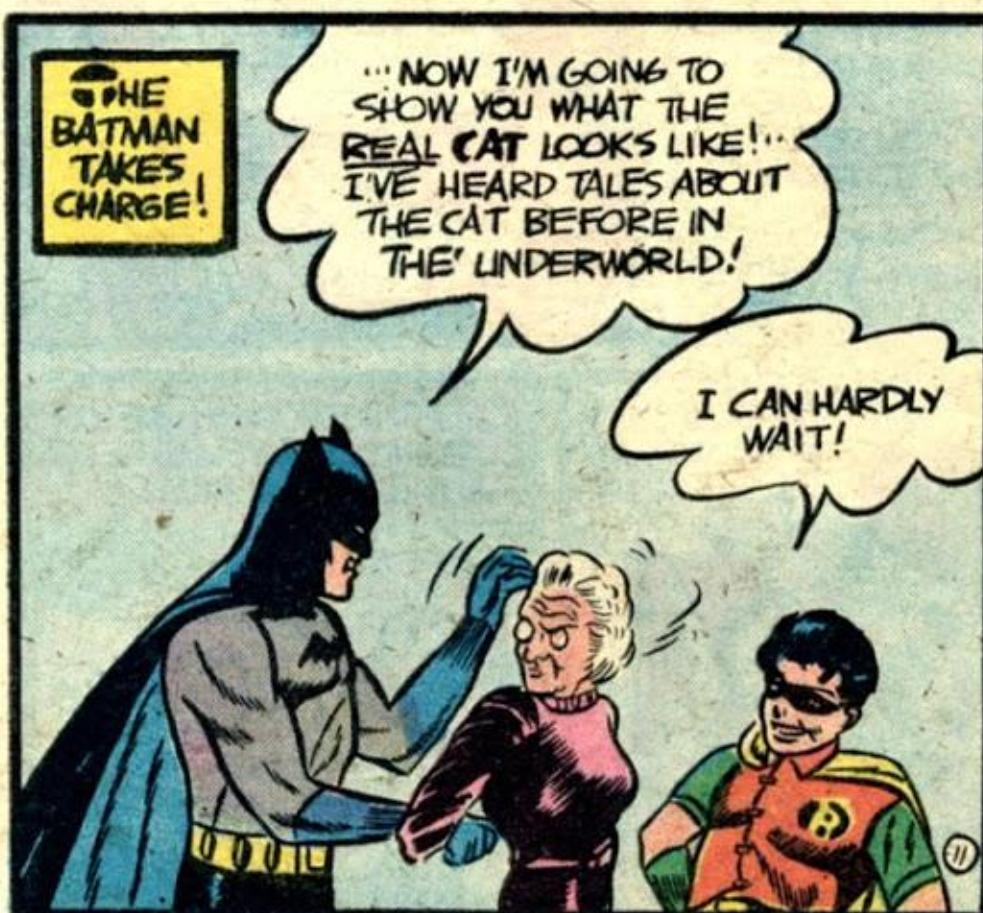
NOW I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHAT THE REAL CAT LOOKS LIKE!.. I'VE HEARD TALES ABOUT THE CAT BEFORE IN THE UNDERWORLD!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

BLACK HAIR IS REVEALED UNDER THE GREY WIG!

FIRST OFF WITH THE WIG!

YOU... YOU....!!



THE MAKEUP WAX IS
QUICKLY RUBBED OFF...

QUIET OR
PAPA SPANK!

LET GO
OF ME!

SWIFTLY THE SWADDLING FROCK IS REMOVED... AND THERE IN
THE PLACE OF OLD MISS PEGGS... A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMEN!

WELL, WHAT'S THE
MATTER? HAVEN'T YOU EVER
SEEN A PRETTY GIRL BEFORE?

WELL CAT, IT SEEMS
WE'VE GOT YOU AT
LAST! NOW LET'S TAKE
A LOOK AT THAT
BANDAGE!

WHAT'S THE
USE... I KNOW
WHEN I'M
LICKED! GO
AHEAD!

HERE UNDER THE BANDAGE... THE
MISSING TRAVER NECKLACE!!

WHEEW! NO WONDER
YOU WANTED TO STEAL
THEM! THEY'RE
PERFECT! A HALF A
MILLION DOLLARS!

HOW DID YOU KNOW SHE WAS THE
CAT AND NOT DOCTOR WALLACE
OR ROGER?

THE NOTE DROPPED
BY DENNY, MRS TRAVER'S NEPHEW,
SAID HE HAD AN ACCOMPLICE. YOU
REMEMBER YOU SAID "MISS PEGGS"
WAS A GUEST OF DENNY'S NOT HIS
AUNT... AND THEN...

YOU HAD THE
KID TURN IN A
FALSE ALARM TO
TRAP ME. CLEVER!

ABRUPTLY...

DENNY!

I'LL TAKE THAT
BATMAN!

AS LONG AS YOU
WANT IT... HERE!

BOY, HE'S OUT
COLDER THAN
A DEAD
MACKEREL!

BATMAN... I
WAS SUPPOSED
TO GIVE DENNY
HALF OF THE
JEWELS... WHY
DON'T YOU COME IN,
AS A PARTNER WITH ME.
YOU AND I TOGETHER!

YOU AND I KING AND
QUEEN OF CRIME!...
WE'D MAKE A GREAT
TEAM! WITH YOU AS
MY PARTNER WE...

SORRY, YOUR
PROPOSITION
TEMPTS ME
BUT WE WORK
ON DIFFERENT SIDES
OF THE LAW! LET'S GO!

WITH THE JEWELS GONE TO MRS.
TRIVERS AND HER NEPHEW LOCKED
IN HIS CABIN, THE BATMAN AND
ROBIN ARE HOMEWARD BOUND...
WITH THE CAT!

WELL, WE'RE HOME.
THERE'S THE
WHARF NOW!

WHY DIDN'T YOU
LEAVE ME BEHIND
ON THE YACHT
INSTEAD OF
TAKING ME TO THE
POLICE YOURSELF?

I'VE GOT
MY REASONS!

6 SUDENLY THE CAT LEAPS TO HER FEET AND...

WATCH HER... SHE'S
JUMPED OVERBOARD!

FANCY
THAT.

7 AS ROBIN MAKES READY TO JUMP
AFTER THE CAT, THE BATMAN
CLUMSILY 'BUMPS' INTO HIM!

HEY!

OOPS... SORRY
ROBIN!

8 BY THE TIME THEY RECOVER,
THE CAT HAS MADE GOOD HER
ESCAPE!

TOO LATE SHE'S GONE! AND...
SAY... I'LL BET YOU BUMPED
INTO ME ON PURPOSE! THAT'S
WHY YOU TOOK HER ALONG WITH
US... SO SHE MIGHT TRY A BREAK!

WHY, ROBIN, MY BOY.
WHAT EVER GAVE YOU
SUCH AN IDEA!...
HMM... NICE NIGHT,
ISN'T IT?

"LOVELY GIRL!... WHAT EYES!
SAY... MUSTNT FORGET I'VE
GOT A GIRL NAMED JULIE!...
OH WELL... SHE STILL HAD
LOVELY EYES!... MAYBE I'LL
BUMP INTO HER AGAIN SOMETIME..."

HMM...



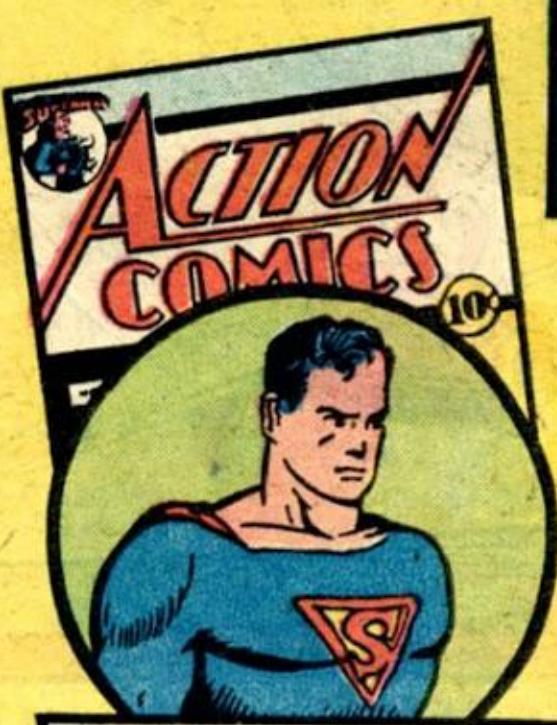
9 SO MANY OF OUR READERS
HAVE WRITTEN US SUCH NICE
LETTERS THAT WE HAVE DECIDED
TO SHOW OUR APPRECIATION...
THEREFORE ON THE BACK COVER
OF THIS MAGAZINE YOU WILL FIND A
FULL-PAGE AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE SUITABLE
FOR FRAMING, OF BOTH BATMAN AND
ROBIN... THE BOY WONDER...

■ ■ HIS IS OUR WAY OF
SAYING THANKS ...

Bob Kane



THE 'BIG SIX' COMIC MAGAZINES STILL LEAD THE FIELD!



SUPERMAN

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 23RD
OF EVERY MONTH

Watch for these Headline
Features Every Month!



THE SANDMAN

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 7TH
OF EVERY MONTH



The BATMAN

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 5TH
OF EVERY MONTH



ULTRAMAN

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 20TH
OF EVERY MONTH



The SPECTRE

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 1ST
OF EVERY MONTH



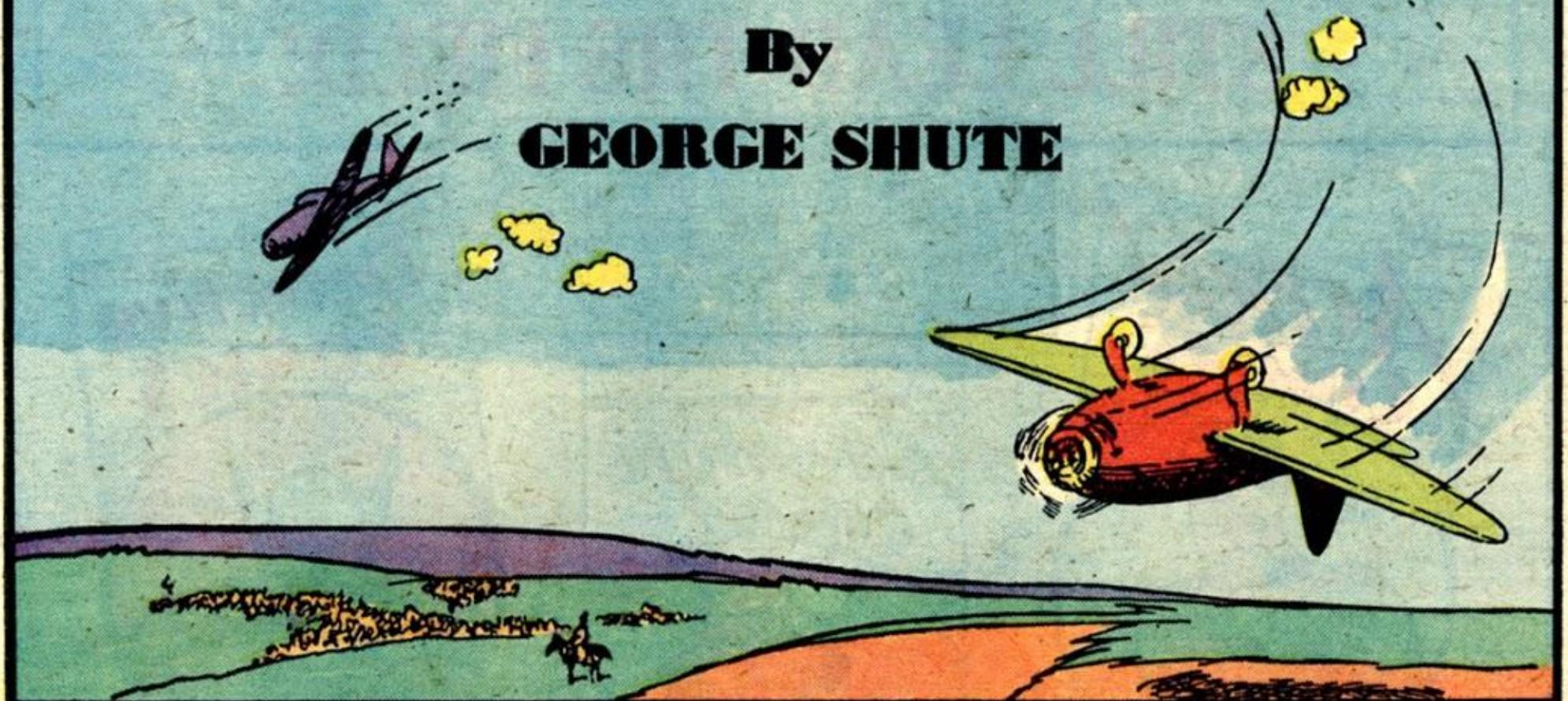
The FLASH

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 15TH
OF EVERY MONTH

TWO ACES

By

GEORGE SHUTE



VISIBILITY excellent; ceiling unlimited. Those were the things Lieutenant Bill Wayne of the United States Navy Air Corps had just concluded reporting. He hadn't said what he thought; that might have meant disciplining.

What he had thought was this: "The nerve of that inventor, Doctor Sync, getting a Navy flier to carry his precious plans from Pensacola to the Coast. After all, that spy talk is silly. A regular transport could have run them just as well."

Wayne's eyes strayed to the instrument board. Everything was in perfect order. His eyes sought the horizon, watched a solitary plane zoom through the skies. Mechanically, into Wayne's mind flashed the thought that the pilot of the strange plane was flying below required altitude level.

"Another amateur," he grumbled. "Those prairie pilots will never learn." Beneath him, the colorless stretch of Texas wasteland rolled on endlessly, dotted now and then with herds resembling giant ants in sluggish mood.

Suddenly, Wayne stiffened. The plane ahead was closing the distance between them with the speed of a meteor. "That's no amateur," Wayne muttered. "That guy's a real pilot." He didn't know why, but there came from the past a picture the years hadn't been able to wipe out. Twenty-two

years ago . . .

That time, he had been easing his Spad home, back to the disciplining he would get, despite being an ace, for losing his squadron. They had gone into a cloud bank and then disappeared from sight. Unable to find them, he started home.

Then, streaking like a comet, had come the most feared plane in the air: Von Berket's "FIRE-BIRD," with 28 planes to its credit. For almost an hour, Wayne and Von Berket had fought, using every trick of aerial combat. And then, when Wayne's hands were so tired he could hardly grip his machine gun, a miracle had happened. Flame belched from Von Berket's engine. Like a flash, Wayne was behind him, ready to send a hail of death into the enemy's back.

But something had stayed his hand. That something was the love of a sportsman, a gentleman and an officer, for one who had shown fair play.

It was Bill Wayne who had pulled Von Berket to safety from the German plane after it dropped on French soil.

And it was Bill Wayne who visited him in the field hospital and found a boy like himself. Both aces. Admiration had ripened into friendship, a pact almost, because Von Berket gave Bill his Iron Cross. And Wayne, who nev-

er wore his medals, gave the German his fraternity pin.

But that was years ago. Von Berket had been enmeshed in Nazi politics since, seemed to have dropped out of sight, while he, Bill Wayne, had been reduced to flying military plans for scared inventors.

Wayne started to yawn, but that yawn was never quite completed. He shook his head in disbelief. The other plane was above him, executing a tricky aerial maneuver, trying to get onto his tail and force him down!

Wayne waved him away excitedly. "What's the fool trying to do!" he fumed. "Show off?" He yelled over the cockpit, then ducked. A stream of bullets initiated the left side of his fuselage.

Instantly, Wayne's nerves tightened. This was war again, a fight to the finish! The inventor had been right! Somebody was after those plans, and the somebody was above him! Well, let the dirty spies come!

Wayne went into a roll, straightened, pulled back on the stick. This guy was crazy, attacking a Navy plane. Wayne's engine roared as the ship nosed up. Wayne ticked his gun button. Splattity . . . splattity . . . splatty . . . his bullets chattered beneath the other plane's belly, sending it up for altitude.

Warily they fought. And the

longer they fought, the greater was Bill Wayne's admiration for his adversary. This guy, whoever he was, could handle a plane. And he sure had nerve to try forcing a Navy flier down.

War in peacetime! Wayne's heart was singing a symphony of lead as he matched trick for trick with his opponent. It was like two champions in the ring, both skilled in footwork, both adept with their hands, each possessing powerful punches. And below, a herd of cattle grazed contentedly.

Then it happened. The attacker went high, winged over in an Immelmann turn. Wayne almost screamed with joy. This was a fatal mistake on the enemy's part. He would have gotten away with it with almost any other flier in the Navy.

But not with Bill Wayne! Because it was just that trick—a trick Von Berket had perfected and that he had shown to Bill—

that had made Bill a greater ace. Wayne knew the defense and the offense for it.

His motor roared as he side-slipped, then climbed. In an instant, his inside loop carried him behind the other plane. He saw the pilot stiffen in his seat as the bullets hit.

A long plume of black smoke marked the plane's progress to the ground. The explosion wrote the end.

Two cowboys were staring at the burning wreckage as Bill Wayne three-pointed onto the bumpy land and ran over, gun in hand.

"Burned to death, mister, that feller did!" The cowboy's eyes were mournful. "We tried to help him. Too late. His shoes are over in that sagebrush. What happened? Who's he?"

Wayne's eyes caught the glint of gold beneath a shred of canvas. He picked it up, looked at the Greek letters.

There was no doubt about it. The broken clasp was still there, just as it had been when he had handed it to Von Berket ages ago in a field hospital in France.

In his throat, the lump seemed to grow bigger as he spoke. "Him?" He really didn't want to talk. "Just a fellow who found out that politics make strange bedfellows." The cowboys stared curiously at him. "You see," Bill explained. "When a man fights for things he can't touch, he'll always lose!"

Slowly, he walked toward his plane. But he had already decided that when he made out his report, he wouldn't mention anything about Von Berket. Because to Bill, Von Berket had died somewhere in Germany! Died a hero; not a spy!

THE END



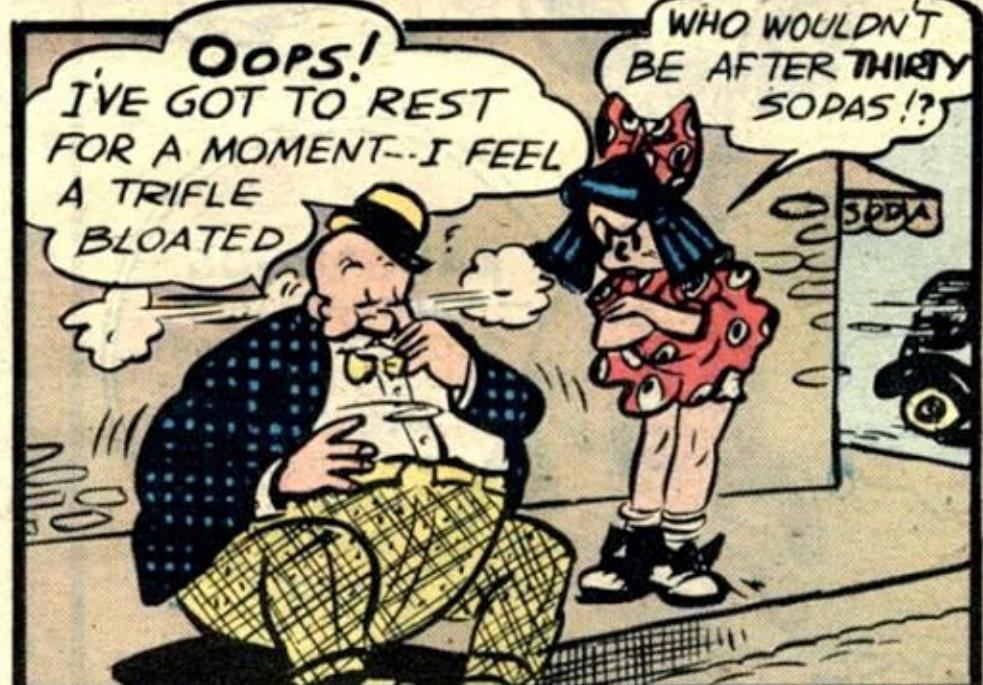
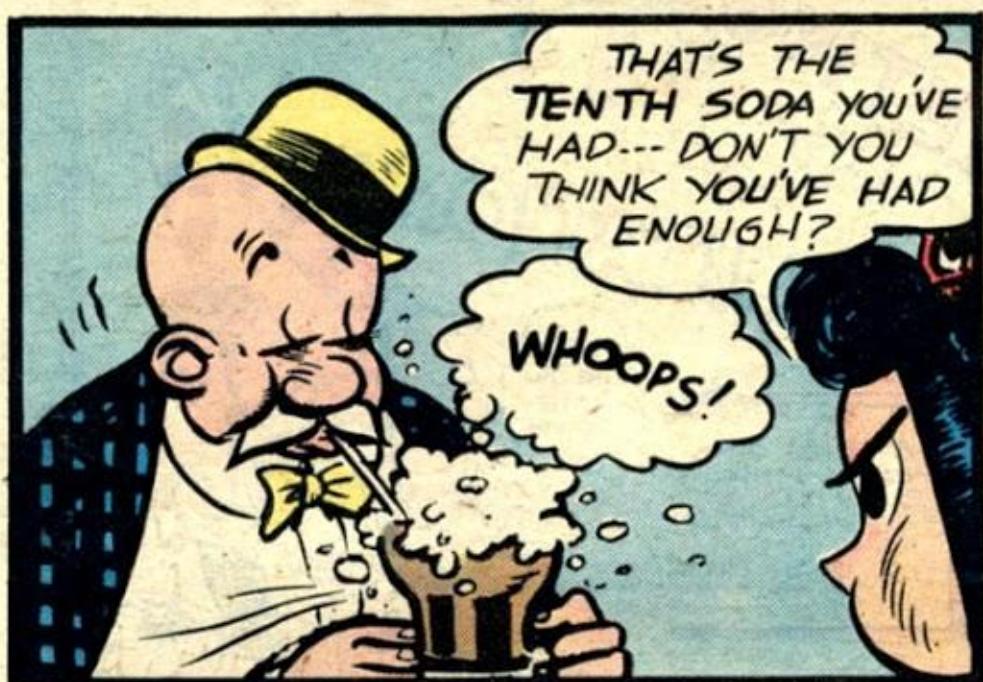


WINGER SNAP.

by Ted Raye

by Ted
Reye





FANTASTIC FACTS

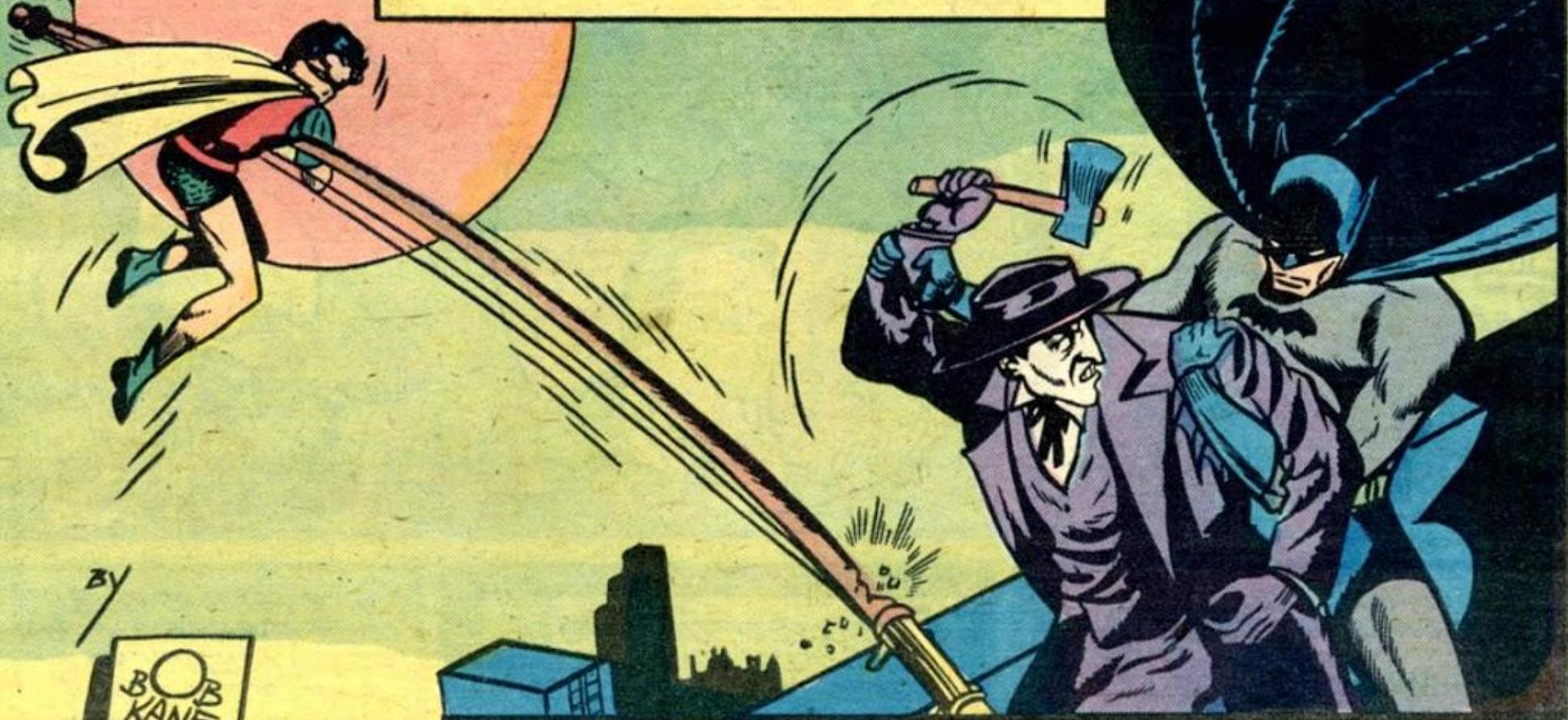


BATMAN

WITH
Robin
—THE BOY WONDER—

THE JOKER RETURNS!!

"ONCE AGAIN THAT HARLEQUIN OF HATE — THE JOKER — BRINGS GRINNING DEATH TO A TERRIFIED PEOPLE ... A MOCKING DOOM FROM WHICH NO ONE CAN ESCAPE ... AND ONCE AGAIN TWO HEROIC FIGURES — BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER — PIT THEIR AMAZING SKILL IN A SUPREME EFFORT TO HALT THIS PARADE OF CRIME..."



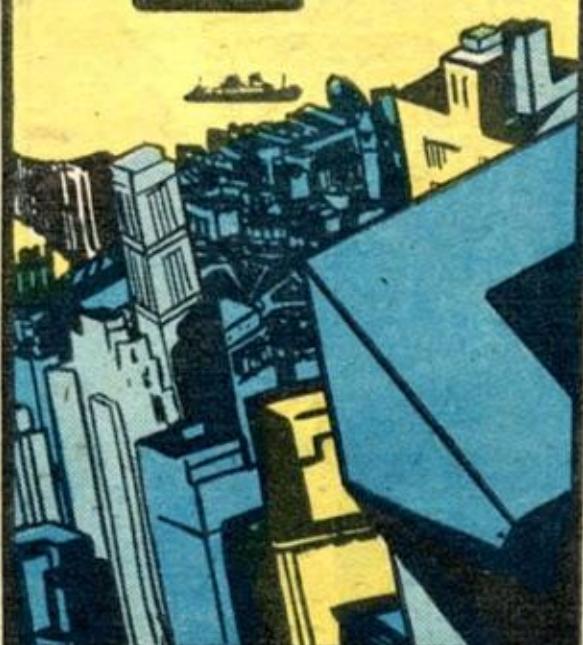
By

BOB KANE

LESS THAN TWO DAYS AGO THE BATMAN HAD SEEN THE JOKER THRUST INTO A CELL TO AWAIT TRIAL IN HIS CELL. THE WILY JOKER PLANS ESCAPE.

JAIL ME, WILL THEY A MAN OF MY INTELLECT? I'LL ESCAPE AND MAKE THEM PAY FOR THIS INSULT!

A CROSS THE SATURNINE FACE FLITS THE GHASTLY GRIN ... THE TERRIBLE SMILE OF THE JOKER! AND THAT BATMAN AND THE BOY, IF EVER I MEET THEM AGAIN ... BUT FIRST I MUST ESCAPE ... NOW!!



FROM THE BACK OF HIS MOUTH THE JOKER UNSCREWS TWO FALSE TEETH!

INSIDE EACH TOOTH IS A CHEMICAL, WHICH WHEN MIXED TOGETHER, FORMS A POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE... MY MEANS OF ESCAPE!

MOMENTS LATER A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION BLOWS A GAPPING HOLE IN THE CELL WALL!!

FREEDOM! AU REVOIR GENTLEMAN... TILL WE MEET AGAIN-HA-HA-HA

STARTLING NEWS STIRS BRUCE WAYNE AND YOUNG DICK GRAYSON!

FLASH! WE'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT THE JOKER HAS JUST ESCAPED PRISON! AFTER MYSTERIOUSLY BLOWING UP HIS CELL, HE OVERPOWERED TWO GUARDS AND...

WELL I'LL BE...!

THE JOKER FREE! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

I CAN! HE'S A VERY UNUSUAL MAN! HE'S SHREWD, SLEUTH AND ABOVE ALL RUTHLESS! MARK MY WORDS, THE JOKER WILL RETURN WITH A VENGEANCE!

AT THAT MOMENT A FIGURE GHOSTS THROUGH THE GLOOM THAT HANGS OVER THE DECAYING GRAVESTONES OF A DESERTED CEMETARY!

THE PHANTOM-LIKE FORM PUSHES AGAINST A CURIOUS GRAVESTONE... THE GROUND SLIPS AWAY REVEALING A YAWNING GAP AT HIS FEET

THE FIGURE DESCENDS INTO THE CRYPT... A LIGHT SWITCHES ON... AND REVEALS THE JOKER!!

ONCE AGAIN AS PEOPLE LISTEN AT RADIOS COMES THAT BREAK... A DEADLY VOICE A MESSAGE OF DOOM!!

HERE IN MY LABRATORY I WILL ONCE MORE LET ALL KNOW THAT THE JOKER IS STILL IN THE GAME AND IS STILL HIGH CARD!!

AWW.. HEAR ME NOW! TO CHIEF OF POLICE CHALMERS I BRING DEATH... TONIGHT AT TEN O'CLOCK... THE JOKER HAS SPOKEN!!



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ONCE MORE THE MOURNFUL VOICE
OF THE GRIM JESTER IS HEARD!

AWWK! TO-NIGHT AT EIGHT SHARP
I WILL ENTER THE DRAKE MUSEUM
AND STEAL THE CLEOPATRA
NECKLACE... THE JOKER HAS
SPOKEN!

...AND I'LL
STOP YOU...
THE BATMAN
HAS SPOKEN!

—HAT NIGHT DETERMINED
POLICE GUARD THE PRECIOUS
NECKLACE!

ALMOST EIGHT O'CLOCK!
GOSH! I'M GETTING
JUMPY!

AS THE CLOCK STRIKES THE
FATAL HOUR, THE LID OF A
MUMMY CASE QUIETLY OPENS!

—HERE THE MELANCHOLY JOKER! AND
HIS VENOM GUN!

THE JOKER!
...AAAGH!

WHY BE SO
SURPRISED, YOU
WERE EXPECTING ME!

CLEOPATRA'S NECKLACE...
FROM HER LILY-WHITE
NECK... WHA....?

I'D LIKE TO PUT
MY HANDS AROUND
YOUR LILY-WHITE
NECK!

FROM THE
SHADOWS...

I MIGHT
ASK YOU
THE SAME
QUESTION!

BATMAN! HOW
DID YOU GET
IN HERE?

...THE MIGHTY BATMAN IS UPON
THE SURPRISED JOKER BEFORE
HE CAN USE HIS VENOM GUN!

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH
NOW, MR. JOKER?

—THE JOKER FIGHTING
WITH THE STRENGTH OF A
MADMAN UNLEASHES A
SMASHING BLOW!

I WILL YET LAUGH
MY FRIEND!

THE MADMAN REACHES FOR AN ANCIENT MACE!



1:1 SHEER, DESPERATE TWIST OF THE BATMAN'S BODY AND THE MACE GIVES HIM A GLANCING BLOW ON THE SIDE OF THE HEAD



"SUDENLY THE POUNDING OF RUNNING FEET RAISED VOICES..."

THE POLICE FROM DOWNSTAIRS THEY MUSTN'T FIND ME!

IT'S AFTER EIGHT! LET'S SEE IF THE BOYS ARE ALL RIGHT!



NEVER MIND THE JOKER, LOOK WHAT I FOUND - THE BATMAN

THE BOYS...THEY ALL HAVE THE SIGN OF THE JOKER ON THEIR FACES!

THE BATMAN! WELL, WE HAVE CAUGHT SOMEBODY! NOW I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO DO FOR A LONG TIME...TAKE OFF THE BATMAN'S MASK AND SEE WHO HE REALLY IS!



1:1 HAND REACHES OUT TO WRENCH OFF BATMAN'S COWL!

"WILL THE COWL BE TAKEN OFF?

1 OF THE BATMAN IS REVEALED AS BRUCE WAYNE HIS CAREER AS AN ENEMESIS OF CRIME IS FINISHED!

IS THIS THE END OF THE MIGHTY BATMAN?

"WITH STARTLING ABRUPTNESS THE INERT FIGURE SPRINGS OFF THE FLOOR!!

SORRY BOYS, BUT I'M NOT QUITE READY FOR JAIL!

"THE POLICE SEE THE MANTLED FIGURE LEAP THROUGH THE WINDOW TO APPARENTLY DROP TO THE GROUND BELOW!"

STOP HIM! HE'S GOING TO TRY A DROP TO THE GROUND!

"BUT WHAT THE POLICE DO NOT SEE IS THE BATMAN'S STRONG HANDS GRASPING THE EDGE OF THE OVERHANGING ROOF!!
...A SWING OUT...

...A POWERFUL SHOVE...
A TWIST UPWARD...

...AND THE BATMAN ROLLS UP OVER THE UP OF THE ROOF!

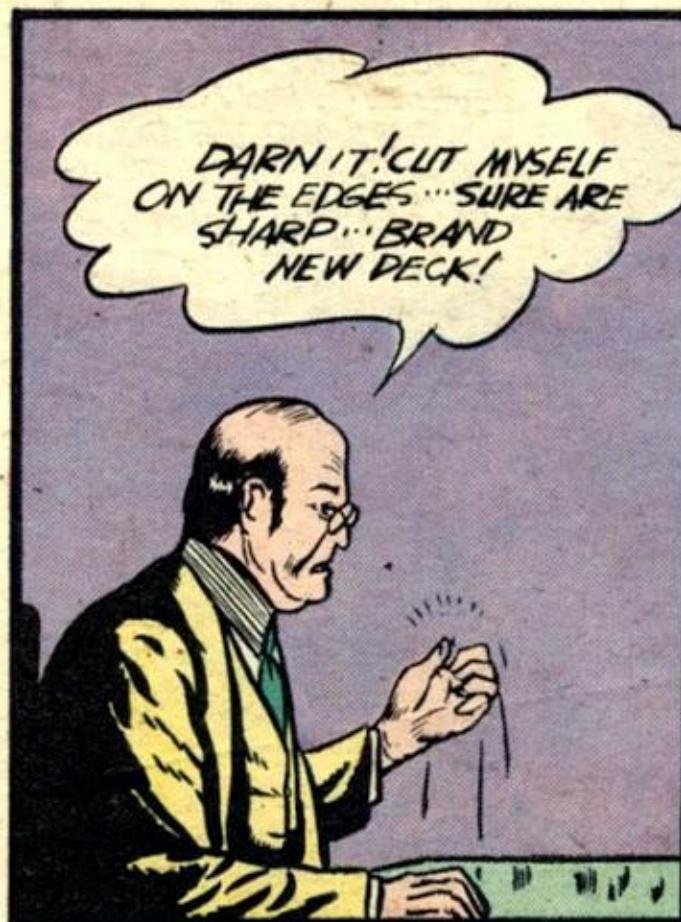
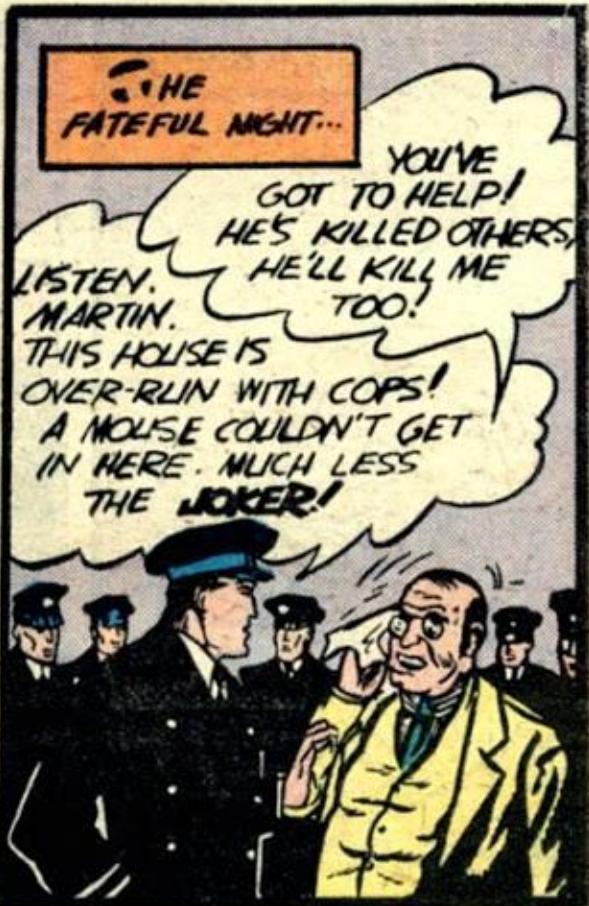
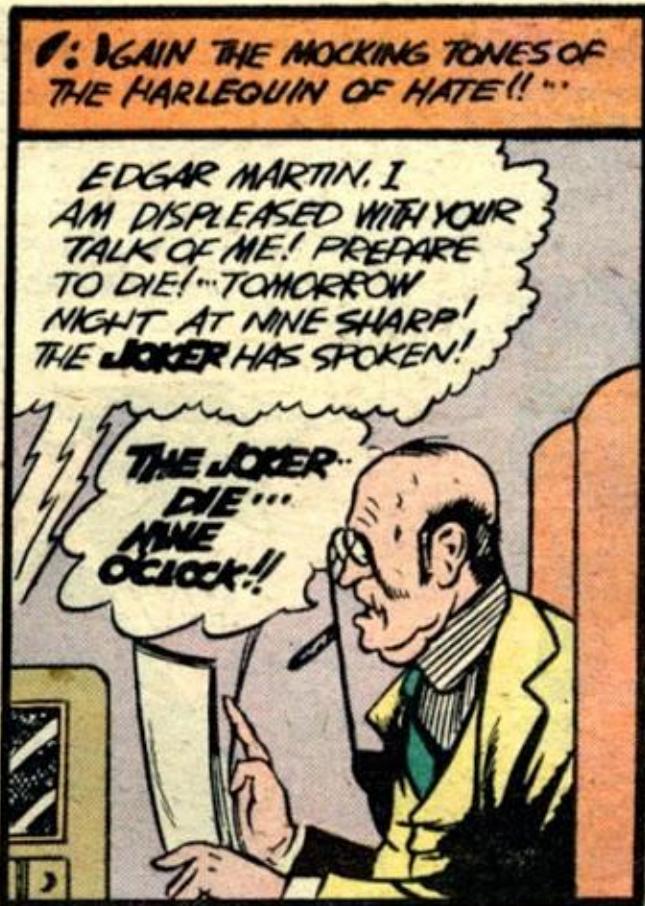
NICE TRICK IF I DO IT...
AND I DID!

GONE!..NOT A SIGN OF HIM! THE BATMAN!
WATTAMAN!!

"FAILURE OF THE POLICE TO CAPTURE THE WICKED MOVES A REFORMER EDGAR MARTIN TO PUBLIC SPEECHES!"

IF THE POLICE CAN'T DO IT, WE MUST! I TELL YOU THIS FIENDISH CRIMINAL MUST BE CAUGHT!

HE'S RIGHT. THE WICKED SURE IS MAKING THE POLICE LOOK SILLY!



1. FRENZIED SHRIEK!



2. MR. MARTIN HAS PLAYED CARDS WITH DEATH!

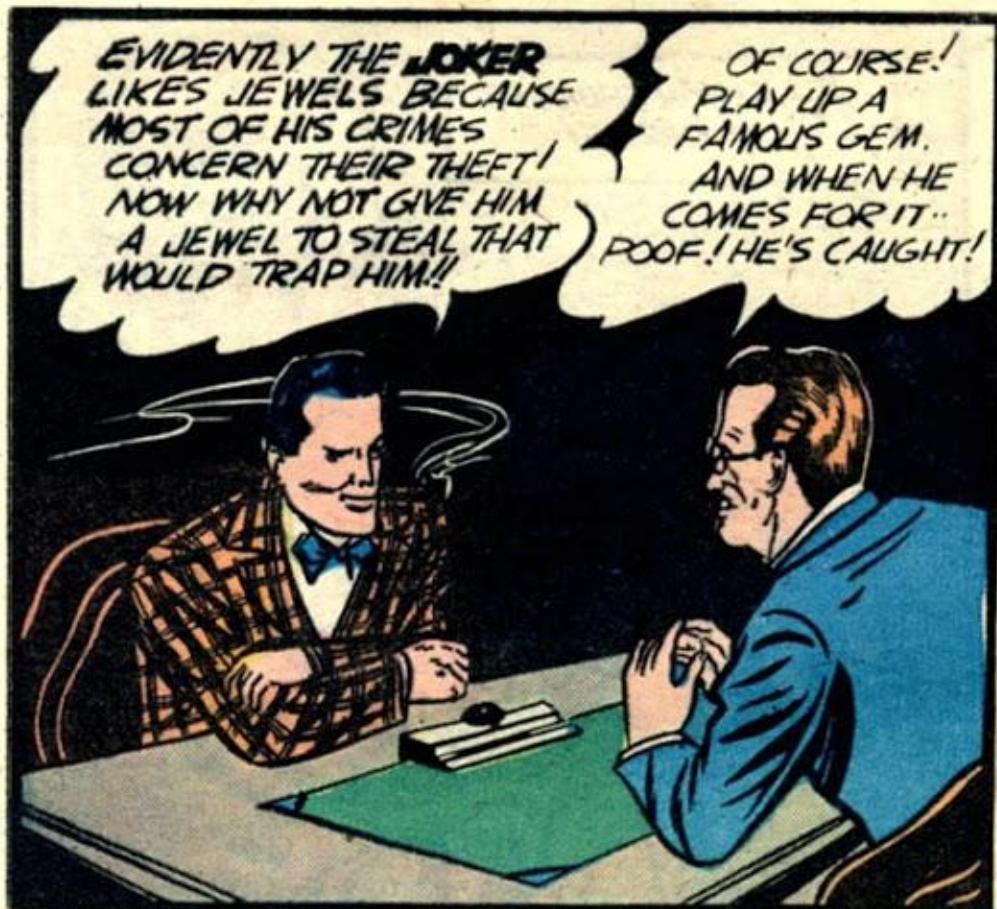


3. THE NEXT DAY BRUCE WAYNE VISITS HIS FRIEND, POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDEN!

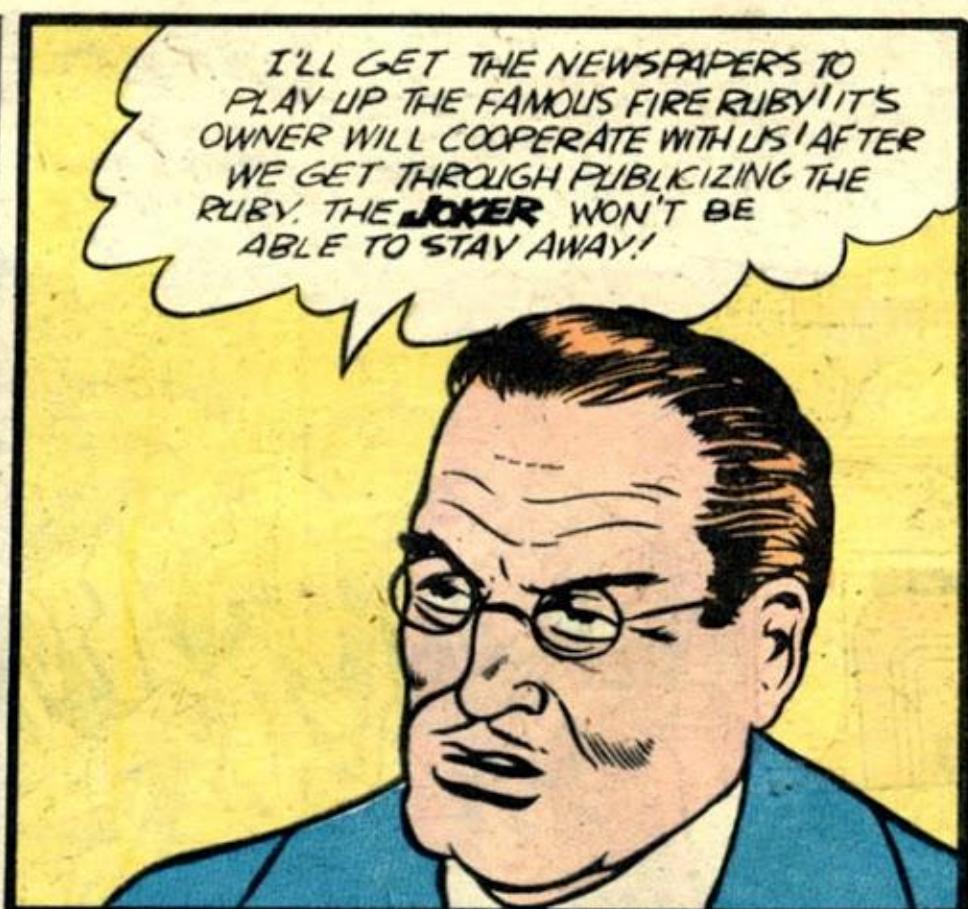


EVIDENTLY THE JOKER LIKES JEWELS BECAUSE MOST OF HIS CRIMES CONCERN THEIR THEFT! NOW WHY NOT GIVE HIM A JEWEL TO STEAL THAT WOULD TRAP HIM!!

OF COURSE! PLAY UP A FAMOUS GEM. AND WHEN HE COMES FOR IT.. POOF! HE'S CAUGHT!



I'LL GET THE NEWSPAPERS TO PLAY UP THE FAMOUS FIRE RUBY! IT'S OWNER WILL COOPERATE WITH US! AFTER WE GET THROUGH PUBLICIZING THE RUBY, THE JOKER WON'T BE ABLE TO STAY AWAY!

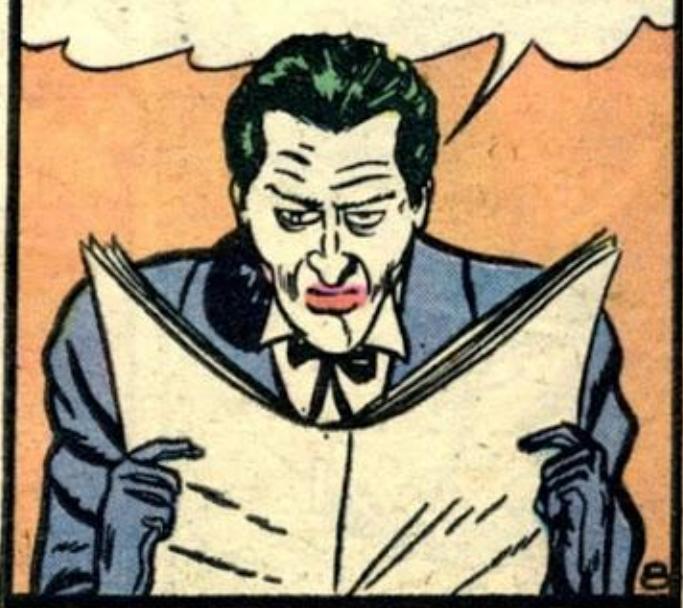


4. THE FOLLOWING DAYS SEE MANY REFERENCES TO THE FIRE RUBY IN THE NEWSPAPER!



5. THE JOKER SCANS THE NEWS WITH INTEREST!

THE FIRE RUBY AGAIN! SO MUCH PUBLICITY!! COULD IT BE A TRAP?... HOW I WOULD LIKE TO OWN THE GEM!



JEWELS.. MY PRETTY JEWELS!!.. HOW I WOULD LOVE TO ADD THE FIRE RUBY TO MY COLLECTION! I MUST HAVE IT!!.. I MUST!!!



THE JOKER NIBBLES
AT THE BAIT!!

TOMORROW NIGHT AT
EXACTLY NINE O'CLOCK
I WILL STEAL THE
FIRE RUBY!.. THE
JOKER HAS SPOKEN!

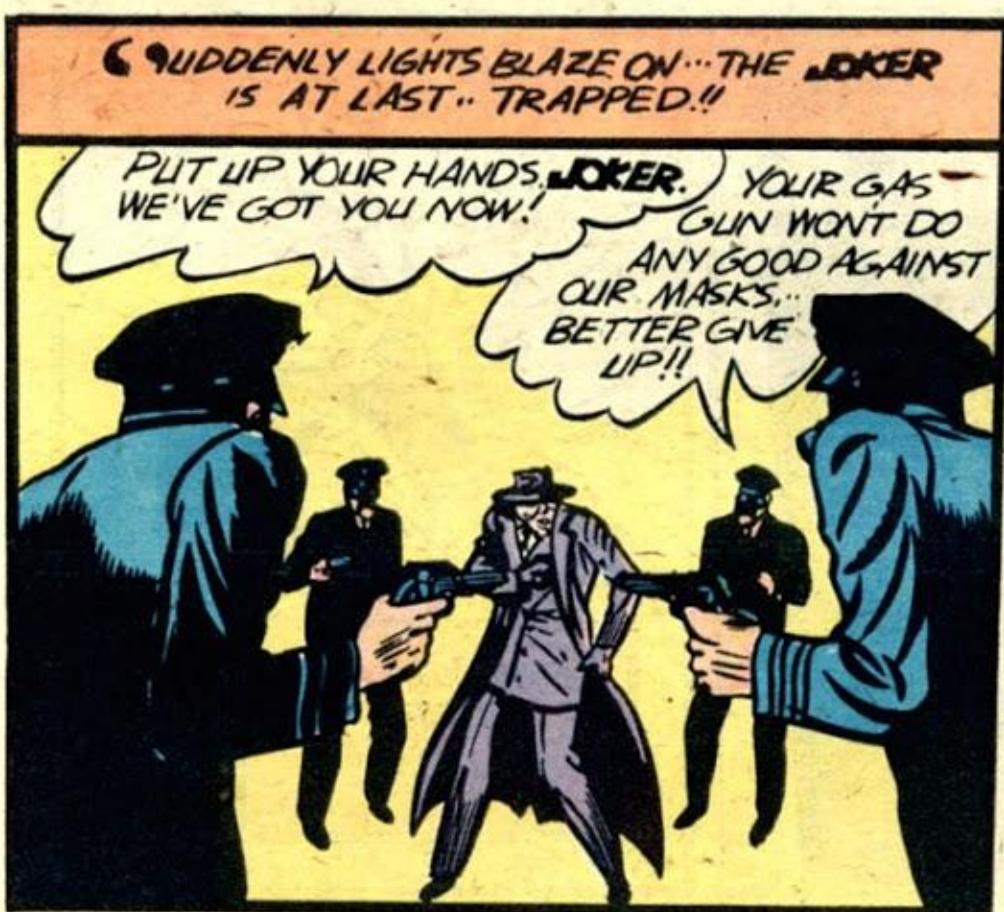
NEXT NIGHT.. THE
JOKER WALKS AGAIN!!

SOME TIME LATER A FIGURE
PAUSES OUTSIDE A BALCONY
WINDOW... THEN...



SUDDENLY LIGHTS BLAZE ON... THE JOKER
IS AT LAST.. TRAPPED!!

THE CUNNING JOKER SWIFTLY DROPS TO
THE FLOOR.. BLAZING AWAY..

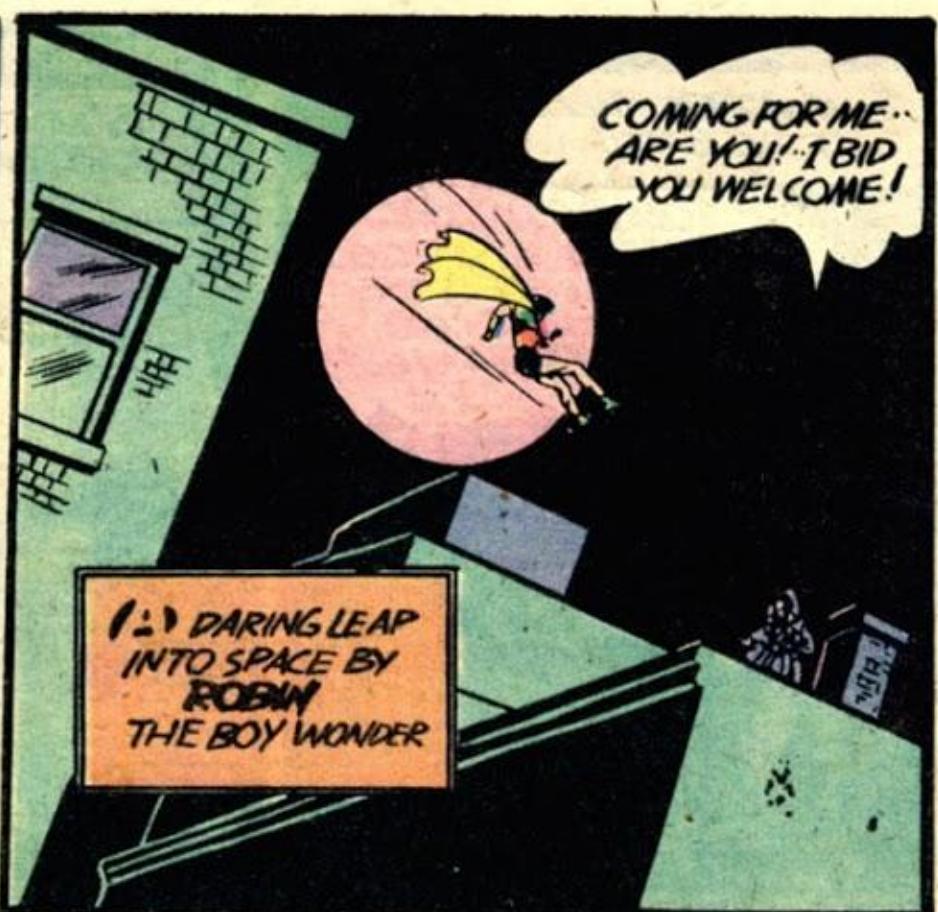


TRY TO GET
THE JOKER.
WILL YOU!

THE JOKER
MAKES FOR
THE ROOF

BUT ON THE
ROOF.. ROBIN,
THE BOY WONDER!









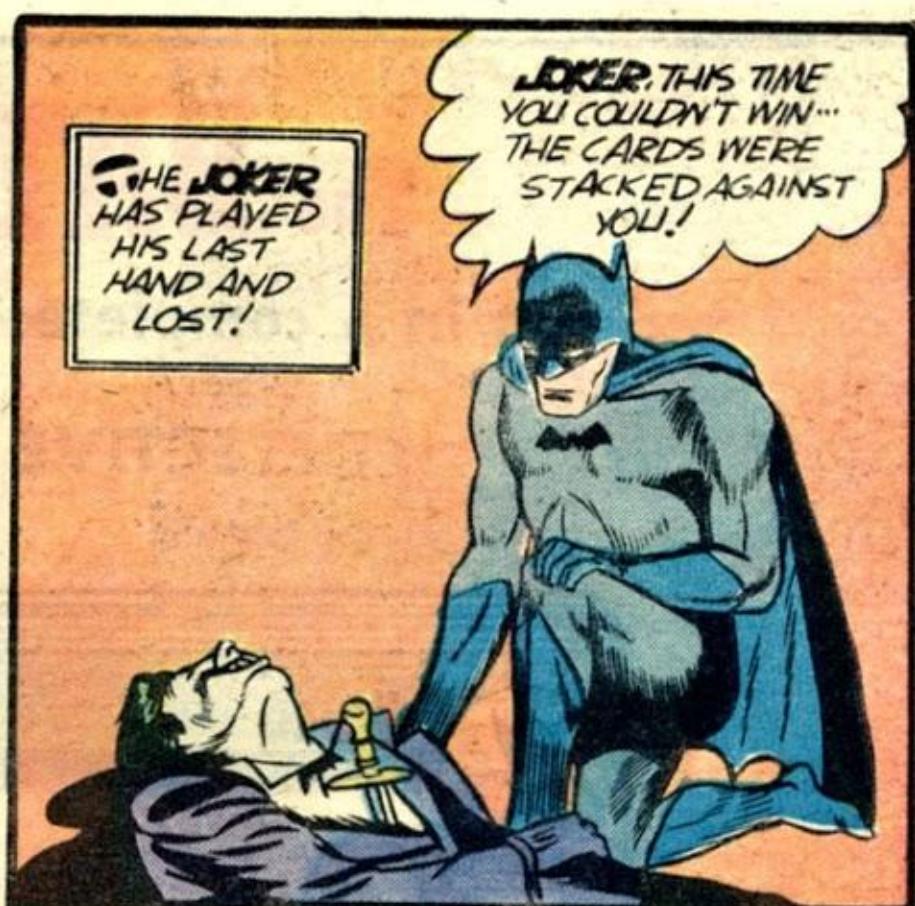
"DEAL AFTER PEAL OF WILD HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER COMES FROM HIS Gaping MOUTH"

HA! HA! HA!

THE JOKER IS GOING TO DIE
HA! HA! THE LAUGH IS ON
THE JOKER! HA! HA! LAUGH
CLOWN LAUGH! HA! HA! HA!
HA-HA-HA-HA

THE JOKER HAS PLAYED HIS LAST HAND AND LOST!

JOKER, THIS TIME YOU COULDN'T WIN... THE CARDS WERE STACKED AGAINST YOU!



"BUT IN THE AMBULANCE A STARTLING FACT IS BROUGHT TO LIGHT!!"

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DOC. YOU LOOK AS IF YOU HAD SEEN A GHOST!

I MIGHT HAVE... I JUST EXAMINED THIS MAN - HE ISN'T DEAD! - HE'S STILL ALIVE - AND HE'S GOING TO LIVE!



GOLDEN RULES FOR "ROBIN'S REGULARS"

ROBIN'S CODE:

READINESS
OBEDIENCE
BROTHERHOOD
INDUSTRIOUSNESS
NATIONALISM

OH NO, SIR,
I COULDN'T TAKE
ANYTHING! YOU SEE
I'M A MEMBER OF THE
"ROBIN'S REGULARS"

THANK YOU
VERY MUCH FOR HELPING
AN OLD MAN ACROSS
THE STREET - I'D
LIKE TO REPAY
YOU FOR IT!



WHY NOT
BECOME ONE
OF "ROBIN'S
REGULARS"?
NO BUTTON
OR BADGE IS
NEEDED -
THE WORLD
WILL RECOGNIZE
YOUR GOLDEN
ACTS WITHOUT
THEM! BE
A "ROBIN
REGULAR"
BY BEING
REGULAR!

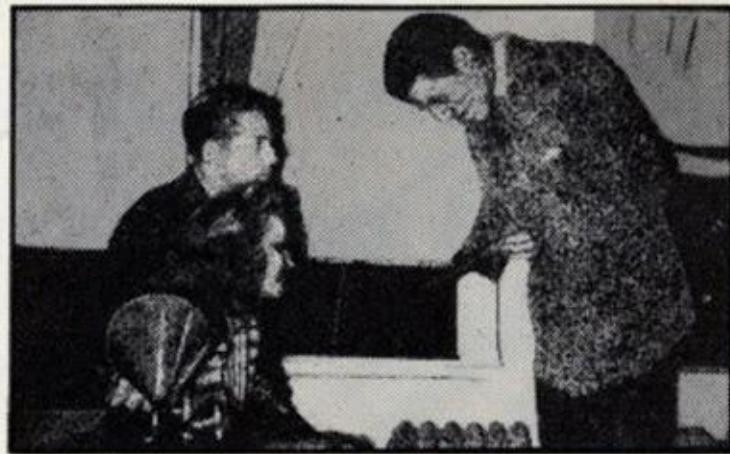
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Charlie Barnet Uses Home Record!



Charlie Barnet in his private hotel suite checking a duet by Judy Ellington and Larry Taylor, Vocalists in his band.

You, Too,
Can Make
Your Own
Records If
You Sing
or Play an
Instrument



Judy Ellington heard in Charlie Barnet's Band making a Home Record record for her personal album.

MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.



Larry Taylor, Vocalist in Charlie Barnet's Band, listening to a play back of a recording he just made with Home Recordo.

Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friend's voices. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestras or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.



Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also guide record and spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and play-back unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. ADDITIONAL 2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY \$.75 per dozen.

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I have made several records and they have turned out swell.

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I received my Home Recordo and am having lots of enjoyment with it.

It sure is nice when you can make a record and afterwards listen to yourself play.

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Your recording outfit was received all O.K. and proved to be all you claim it to be.

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PHONOGRAHS
RECORD PLAYERS
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COMBINATIONS
Old or New Type
PHONOGRAHS and
PORTABLES

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Charlie Barnet with his arranger, Bill May, often check new arrangements on Home Recordo.

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