L is for Lion, king of the zoo, he knows who's who, and when this symbol catches his eye, he knows exactly the comic to buy.

---

ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
ALL-FLASH
ALL FUNNY COMICS
ALL-STAR COMICS
ANIMAL ANTICS
BATMAN
BOY COMMANDOS
BUZZY
COMIC CAVALCADE
DETECTIVE COMICS
FLASH COMICS
FUNNY FOLK
FUNNY STUFF
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
MUTT & JEFF
REAL FACT COMICS
REAL SCREEN COMICS
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

---

ON THE COVER OF LEADING COMICS FOR EXAMPLE. IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ANY COMIC MAGAZINE!
A hospital-muffled theater where the drama of life and death plays a continuous performance—shady stage where laughter echoes against a backdrop of tragedy—a shut-in world with a heart and soul reflecting the men and women who staff it and those who lie in its beds! And very human are all of these from the airiest surgeon to the humblest patient—as the dynamic duo proves in—

CALLING DR. BATMAN!
Gotham Hospital, haven for suffering humanity is typical of its kind throughout America.

And Dr. Anny Burton, its chief is typical of all medical men who dedicate their lives to help others.

Today, Dr. King will try out his new radiotherapy machine on Little Jerry Marshall. Dr. Burton!

Fine, Noreen. If it works, it will save countless lives!

Nurse Noreen O'Bay is one of the best-loved nurses in the hospital!

Read us a story, please!

Hi kids! I'll be back soon!

Look, Miss Noreen— I'm almost well!

Young and with new ideas for treating old diseases is Dr. Phil King intern. Here's Lou Darrell with the ray cabinet! If it works, you'll be out of your plaster coat soon, Jerry!

That's great!

Lou built the cabinet after my plans, Jerry!

Oh, hell, could this machine harm a patient?

Indeed, doctor! With the current full on it could kill a strong man!

High voltage makes the machine's tubes purr and glow with light!
FIVE MINUTES LATER

I feel so warm and tingly! That means you're getting better! The machine is a success. Oh, Phil—I mean Dr. King—it works.

CONGRATULATIONS

King! A few cures with this and you'll be famous! Then I suppose you'll marry Norleen.

WELL—

I'm dizzy!

HAVE I

NOTHING TO SAY

ABOUT IT?

SUDDENLY...

Darrell's collapsed! Too much exposure to those rays in his experiments!

AN HOUR LATER

He's still unconscious! Poor Lou!

Rays can do terrible damage to the body! We'll give him complete rest, and hope.

YES, DOCTORS ARE AS ART TO BE STRICKER AS ANYONE! BUT THEIR CO-WORKERS CARRY ON.

Here's an emergency miss! He's going fast!

EMERGENCY

I'LL CALL DR. KING

THE EMERGENCY HOWEVER, IS NOT A MEDICAL CASE!

Yeah, I'm goin' fast when I get what I came after! Stick 'em up Doc!

ON H-H! A HOLDUP!

HUN? WHAT'S THIS?
PHIL!

NOW—SHOW US THAT Radium VAULT NURSE!

OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL, A CRUISING CAR OF UNIQUE DESGN SWERVES AT THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE—THE BATMOBILE!

IT'S FROM THE HOSPITAL! HANG ON, ROBIN!

BANG

LISTEN, BATMAN! A SHOT!

MOMENTS LATER

OKAY, NURSE! LET'S GET MOVING!

I THINK WE'RE WHAT THE DOCTOR WOULD ORDER IF HE WERE ABLE!

BATMAN AND ROBIN!

YOU'LL BE EMERGENCY CASES WHEN I FINISH!

DROP THAT GUN! UGH!

HEY BRAT, YA ERCILED MY AIM!

WE'LL GET YOU FIXED UP, BATMAN!

NO, ROBIN! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT! GIVE ME YOUR ARM!

PHIL EX STUNNED! I'LL CALL DR. BURTON!
LEANING ON HIS YOUNG PAL, BATMAN LIMPS TO THE BATMOBILE - THEN
KNEE SMASHED BY THAT BULLET BUT CANT GO TO THE HOSPITAL AS BATMAN DRIVE HOME - CHANGE CLOTHES UH-HH
HE'S FAINTED!

LATER...
YOU'RE A GOOD DOCTOR MOREEHH! I FEEL WELL, ALREADY!
THAT'S GOOD BECAUSE THE AMBULANCE IS BRINGING IN THAT PLAYBOY BRUCE WAYNE! HE'S HURT HIS KNEE!

WHAT HAPPENED, SON? HE SHOT HIMSELF - WHILE CLEANING A GUN!

SORRY GRAYSON, BUT I'LL HAVE TO OPERATE THE BONES ARE SMASHED!
HE CAN'T BE CRIPPLED! YOU MUST FIX HIM UP!

Dawn... and in the operating room a grim battle is fought
SCALPEl SPONGE

While outside the door, the Batman's pal keeps an anxious vigil!
They said he might be lame for life! Oh, please - let the operation be a success!
BATMAN

THAT AFTERNOON
YOU'LL BE HERE SEVERAL WEEKS!

DON'T WORRY FELLA! THINK OF THE GRAND REST I'LL HAVE, AND WITH MISS O'WAY ATTENDING ME!

MAYBE YOU CAN REST BUT I CAN'T UNTIL I'VE FIGURED OUT SOMETHING!

HOW IS IT THAT BATMAN IS SHOT IN THE LEG AND RUNS AWAY AND LATER YOU SHOW UP WITH A SIMILAR WOUND?

OH OH - NOT SO GOOD!

HEAR THAT DICK? SHE THINKS I'M BATMAN! HA HA HA!

MEANWHILE, IN THE NEXT ROOM.

I'M AFRAID - I'M FINISHED.

NONSENSE DARRELL! YOU CAN'T GIVE UP!

THE RADIOLOGY LAB NEEDS YOU FELLA! YOU'VE GOT TO GET WELL!

PRESENTLY, IN THE HOSPITAL'S RADIOLOGICAL LABORATORY

WE'VE GOT THE BEST X-RAY EQUIPMENT IN TOWN!

YES I AND DID YOU SEE THE Radium WE BORROWED FROM THE AJAX INSTITUTE?

THE RADIUM - IT'S GONE!

IMPOSSIBLE! I LOCKED IT IN THE SAFE AFTER I GAVE THAT TREATMENT TO JERRY YESTERDAY!

THOSE CROOKS DIDN'T STEAL IT BECAUSE THEY NEVER GOT THIS FAR!

PH & UNLESS WE FIND IT, GOTHAM HOSPITAL WILL HAVE TO CLOSE!
Radium is priceless because of its rarity and invaluable because nothing else can cure certain terrible diseases of man.

I locked the safe—and only you two doctors and I know the combination!

We've got to find it! We could never raise enough money to pay for the radium!

Cheer up sir! You taught us how to face a crisis, and we'll stand by you in this one!

No one could have smuggled it out in its 80-pound lead case! We'll search the premises.

I'll call the police!

Days pass, and as Bruce Wayne's knee mend, he becomes aware of the tension around him.

May I go for a run in the Park, Doc?

Of course—uh? What am I saying? Of course, not! My mind was on something else!

Why is everyone so worried? Nurse? Uh-no! No one thinks you're anyone except Bruce Wayne, Mr. Wayne!

Batman! Why didn't I think of him before? He's the only one who believes in Black Canary.

Something's wrong around here—Jack! But I can't find out what it is!

If it's trouble—I'm spoiling for action!
That night from police headquarters, a searchlight paints the eerie Bat symbol against the sky!

And Bruce Wayne lying sleepless cannot answer the call for help!

Blast this babble! I can't help the commissioner this time!

Minutes later, I saw the signal and called Gordon— and guess where the case is? Right here in Gotham Hospital!—Robin.

My Batman costume is in the false bottom of my bag— and the saw from my utility belt will cut the cast!

But if you break your knee again they'll find out Bruce Wayne is Batman!

But the Batman risks all to answer the urgent summons!

Your idea about Batman was good, Noreen, but he won't show up.

Want to bet Dr. Burton?

Presently— we're pretty sure it was an inside job and that the radium's still here but we can't find it.

The good work you do must not stop! I'll do my best!
TELL THE PATIENTS I'M HERE WORKING ON A CASE SO THEY WON'T BE ALARMED I'LL BEGIN IN THE LAB.

LEAVING ROBIN TO WATCH BELOW BATMAN ASCENDS TO THE Top FLOOR. THIS IS THE ONLY PART OF THE HOSPITAL THAT IS DESERTED AT NIGHT.

THEN, SUDDENLY A FIGURE IN WHITE MOVES SILENTLY DOWN THE HALL WHO WOULD BE GOING INTO THE RADIOLOGICAL LAB AT THIS HOUR?

NEXT MOMENT

CAUGHT IN THE ACT, BATMAN! I THOUGHT YOU'D BE SNOOPING!

WHAT MY LEGS WEAK

YOU SAW BATMAN CLICK THE SHUTTER OF THE X-RAY CAMERA WITH HIS ELBOW?

THE MASKED MAN FLEES INTO THE OPERATING ROOM WITH BATMAN LIMPING IN PURSUIT.

KEEP AWAY FROM ME OR I'LL KILL YOU!

NOT UNTIL I'VE UNMASKED YOU!

YOU SAT IN HUMANITARIAN'S CLOTHING.

I WARNED YOU!
But again Batman’s wounded leg gives way— and before he can recover.

AAA - AA

This is your last case, Batman!

Now I'm safe! And no one else will ever suspect the truth!

Imprisoned by metal and plastic, zapped by powerful death rays, Batman’s strength wanes fast.

I can't get out! But maybe if I can move it...

Pain wracking his leg, Batman hurls his weight desperately against the walls of his tiny prison.

Can't keep this up— but it is moving a little!

Inch by agonizing inch, the heavy machine creeps across the floor— while the death-rays within it glow fiercely.
FINALLY, AFTER WHAT SEEMS AN AGE
THANK HEAVENS - I MANAGED TO HIT THE SWITCHBOARD!

MEANWHILE, DOWNSTAIRS
A FUSE BLEW OUT!
'Huh! What happened to the lights?'
'**MAYBE SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE X-RAY EQUIPMENT!**
'**IT'S BETTER SEEM**'

'IT'S TO A LONG LIST OF NARROW ESCAPES, THE BATMAN ADDS ANOTHER!' 
'**YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE, WITH THOSE BURTONS WEARING A BANE TUNED TO FULL POWER, WHO DID IT?**
'MAYBE YOU OR DR. BURTON WORN A DOCTOR'S UNIFORM AND MASK!'

'LET'S DEVELOP THIS X-RAY PHOTO! I THINK I TOOK HIS PICTURE WHILE WE WERE ARGUING!'
'SPLENDID!'

'THE FACE IS UNRECOGNIZABLE'
'YES, BUT THAT DARK PATCH AT THE TEMPLE IDENTIFIES OUR MAN BEYOND QUESTION!

'AN INSTANT LATER -
**BY THE WAY DARRELL, DO YOU GET A HEAD INJURY IN THE WAR?**
'DARRELL! YOU SHOULDN'T BE OUT OF BED!'
NO IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT? WHY?
AND YOU HAVE A SILVER PLATE IN YOUR HEAD - IT SHOWED ON THE X-RAY PLATE!
THEN DARRELL IS THE THIEF!

YOU STOLE THE RADIUM AND FAKE DISEASE SO YOU WOULDN'T BE SUSPECTED!
AND YOU HIRED THOSE GUNMEN TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A ROBBERY!

YOU'RE CLEVER BATMAN, BUT YOU CAN'T OUTSMART MY BULLETS!

DARRELL'S TRIGGER FINGER TIGHTENS - BUT THE DYNAMIC DUO MOVES MORE SWIFTLY!

WHAT BETTER PLACE TO HIDE THE RADIUM THAN IN A LEADEN CASKET?
I HELPED THIEVES!
I WANTED MONEY TO DEVELOP MY OWN!

WRONG AGAIN RAT!

SO THE SHADOW THAT HANGS OVER GOTHAM HOSPITAL IS LIFTED - BUT ONE MORE TEST AWAITS THE MAN WHO DID THE LIFTING.
YOUR HEARTGRAPH, BATMAN, OR SHOULD I SAY BRUCE WAYNE? I FOUND YOUR ROOM EMPTY AND GUESSED YOUR SECRET!
YOU DON'T REALLY THINK I'M THAT PLAYBOY?

HERE'S A NEW TYPE RADIO RECORD OF WAYNE'S HEART ACTION - AS INDIVIDUAL AS FINGERPRINTS!
LET ME MAKE ONE OF YOU AND COMPARE THEM!

ER - WHY NOT?

HOW WILL I GET OUT OF THIS?
Now Batman is really on a spot! Will science at last reveal the carefully guarded secret of his dual identity?

If course, if you're not Wayne the test will fail.

Well know when I develop this!

I guess she's got you, Batman! You're sweating!

It's - uh - so warm!

The verdict:

They're not a bit alike!

Mmm... you have a very nervous heart, Batman! Maybe those gamma rays affected it.

Guess I'm just camera shy!

Next day, Bruce Wayne is discharged from a hospital which is now serene.

Your knee will be okay, Wayne - and your check earns you the eternal gratitude of Gotham Hospital.

I'm happy to help you, unselfish work for a healthier world, Doctor!

Next to Batman, you're our greatest benefactor!

Oh well, you can't expect a playboy like me to match Batman as Miss O'Bay can test fly!

There's some similarity - both your hearts are in the right place.
HMM - IT'S RAINING!
MAYBE I WILL.
MAYBE I WON'T.

I WILL.
ONE PLEASE!

WELL, IF ANYTHING HAPPENS
IN THE STREET I'M NEAR
ENOUGH TO HEAR IT!

THIS WAY, SIR!

ER - UH, HELLO SARGE!
Vern Stephens
Home Run Champion of the American League, 1945

The Browns' brilliant shortstop was a "league leader" his first full year in organized baseball. In 1936 he led the Kitty League with a batting average of .361, 30 home runs, and 123 runs batted in.

"I've got two reasons for eating Wheaties," explains champion Vern Stephens.

1. I like to start the day with some solid nourishment. So naturally I include milk, fruit and Wheaties breakfast of champions.
2. I really go for that smell Wheaties flavor!

In a warm up for his home run record, Stephens led the league in runs batted in during 1944 - and led his team to its first American League pennant.

I've noticed that plenty of young ballplayers improve plenty fast once they get some good coaching," says Vern Stephens. "If you're interested in playing baseball, you can find some mighty good coaching tips in Wheaties' new library of sports books. Want to be a baseball champion? Incidentally I appear in the books and so do 23 other big leaguers!"
“PEPSI” THE PEPSI-COLA COP

Hey, Pepsi! I found a spring of nice fresh --

Quick! Tie th' rope around you, Pete!

Aah, what a whale of a drink!

Now just a little pepper on the nose!

And thar she blows!

Cheer up, Pete, you old Jonah! I saved a little sip for you.

More Pepsi, more! I knew there wuz sum'n fishy about this island!

Don't be a simple Simon -- ask for a big Pepsi-cola!
Hollywood, city of glamor, excitement and intrigue—where amid a background of costume and greasepaint, the most ambitious crime of the decade is conceived—film napping! The theft of a feature film worth a million dollars galvanizes Batman and Robin into action. In a picturesque fairyland suddenly turned sinister and deadly for the big "Hollywood Hop!"
SOMEBEHERE IN HOLLYWOOD.

WE'RE GONNA HAVE TROUBLE WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN AROUND. I DON'T LIKE IT, BOSS.

DON'T WORRY.

-WELL, SNATCH THAT "HEART'S DESIRE" FILM LIKE WE PLANNED--WITH ONE CHANGE IN OUR PLAN. LISTEN...

MEANWHILE, ON THE SET.

OKAY BOYS--REHEARSE THE SCENE ONCE MORE, THEN WE'LL SHOOT IT.

GEE, BATMAN! WE'VE ALREADY REHEarsed THIS SIX TIMES. HOW LONG CAN A BUILDING KEEP BURNING?

FOREVER, ROBIN, IN HOLLYWOOD, COME ON--SHOW EM YOUR PROFILE!

AMONG THE WATCHERS ARE A REPORTER AND STEPHEN MORGAN, PRESIDENT OF MAMMOTH PICTURES...

THIS YOUR BIG PICTURE OF THE YEAR, MR. MORGAN?

YES--AND WE'RE VERY PROUD THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ASKED US TO MAKE IT.

HELLO, MR. MORGAN! I HEAR "HEART'S DESIRE" IS TERRIFIC. YOU DIRECTED IT, DIDN'T YOU?

YES... WE'RE PREVIEWING IT SOON--

QUIET! THIS IS A TAKE!
CAMERAS! ACTION!

LET'S GET EM
ROBIN! YOU
TAKE THE FIFTH
FLOOR AND I'LL
TAKE THE SIXTH.

KABOOM!

OKAY BATMAN!

BATMAN! DID YOU HEAR
THAT?

CUT!

LOOK SOMEBODY BROKE INTO THE LAB!

CAREFUL ROBIN! THIS LOOKS LIKE ROBBERY!

WHAT HAPPENED?

THEY SLUGGED ME—BLEW OPEN THE V.A.L.U.E. AND STOLE
THE FILM OF "HEART'S DESIRE!"

SUDDENLY!

LOOK—A BALLOON WITH A FILM CAN TIED TO IT!

THERE GOES THE FILM OF "HEART'S DESIRE!" COME ON ROBIN—
LET'S FOLLOW THAT BALLOON!

SORRY CHIEF, WE'VE GOT TO BORROW YOUR V-8'S!

NO TIME FOR JOKES, ROBIN—WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE BATPLANE—FAST.

HOW? WAVE THE GUYS THIS NUH?
WHAT A SHOT! BATMAN AND ROBIN IN REAL ACTION! WOW!

CLEVER GAG THAT—GETTING THE FILM OUT OF THE STUDIO BY BALLOON!

YES—BUT WE KNOW SOME TRICKS TOO!

MEANWHILE ON THE GROUND...

I'LL BE A BREEZE, PUTTING A SLUG IN THAT CRAZY LOOKIN' PLANE!

THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US.

NEVER MIND THE PLANE SHOOT DOWN THE BALLOON!

NOT AT US ROBIN—AT THE BALLOON! HOLD YOUR HAT WE'RE GOING DOWN!

HMM... COME ON, LET'S LOOK FOR THE GUNMAN WHO FIRED THAT SHOT!

OH OH—MORE TRICKS! IT'S EMPTY!

THE SHOT CAME FROM THOSE TREES.

RIGHT? YOU CLOSE IN FROM THE LEFT AND I'LL GO RIGHT, BUT BE CAREFUL HE'S A GOOD SHOT.
Meanwhile, their hoax ended, the thugs leave...

(Puff) That'll keep 'em busy for a while - but I still think I coulda hit that plane.

Shadow! (Puff) One lucky shot an ya think ya're dead-eye Dick; we'll get them characters later.

Here're two sets of footprints.

Yes, that must have been their car we heard? Wait a minute... what's this?

Look like maps or diagrams. Hmm.

They're sketches of a jungle and a waterfront scene! Wonder if this is another trick?

Maybe but come on - let's go back to the studio.

Later...

To get the film back we'll have to pay the ransom they ask for in this note.

Maybe there's another way! May I see that note?

Morgan, if you want 50,000 in cash to絲, by midnight...
DON'T PAY IT, MORGAN! WE CAN GET OUR FINGERS BACK AND CATCH THESE CROOKS TOO--IF BATMAN AND ROBIN WILL HELP!

WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, LORING?

LET ME TAKE THE MONEY TO THE SET TONIGHT AND HAVE BATMAN AND ROBIN TRACK ME WHEN I REACH FOR MY HANOVER. THEY JOIN ME...

WHAT DO YOU SAY, BATMAN?

LORING'S PLAN SOUNDS GOOD! OKAY ROBIN!

ROGER!

MIDNIGHT-AND THE 20TH-CENTURY CRIME-BUSTERS KEEP A RENDEZVOUS IN AN 18TH CENTURY SETTING...

SAY, ONE OF THOSE MAPS WE FOUND IN THE WOODS WAS A SKETCH OF THIS SET!

CORRECT! NOW- WHEN LORING SIGNS WE MOVE IN...

OKAY--GIMME THE DOUGH!

WHERE'S THE FILM?

GIVE US DA DOUGH!

HERE IT IS--$50,000 IN CASH! BUT--
After losing leaves...

Those crooks didn't bring the film! That means they knew we were coming!

You mean... someone tipped them off?

That's my guess! And I'm sure the film is hidden in the studio. Nobody's left here without being searched since the robbery.

Let's visit the jungle set! I've got a hunch!

Why, of course! That other man! The jungle set!

Well, we've searched every inch here and no—say I've got an idea.

There's just one place we haven't searched, look out! I'm going for a swim!

Splash!
IT WAS JAMMED BETWEEN TWO FILE LINGS, UNDER THE DOCK! BATMAN, HOLLYWOOD NEEDS MORE IDEA MEN LIKE YOU!

A WATERPROOF FILM CAN'T IT'S THE FILM, ALL RIGHT LOOK!

WELL--WE'VE GOT THE FILM, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE DRAMA BEHIND THE FILM-MAKING?

NOW--WHO HAD THE BIGGEST INTEREST IN THE FILM?

LETS SEE--MORGAN INVESTED THE STUDIO'S MONEY IN THE PICTURE, AND LORING DIRECTED IT--

RIGHT, COME ON INTO THAT PROJECTION ROOM!

MINUTES PASS

WOW--WHAT A TURKEY! LORING'S REPUTATION AS A DIRECTOR WON'T BE HELPED BY THIS! SWITCH IT OFF, SO LORING SHOULD BE HAPPY IF THE FILM NEVER TURNS UP!
OUTSIDE AGAIN:

BUT WHY WOULD MORGAN BE ANXIOUS TO SPEND BIG MONEY TO RECOVER SUCH A FLOP? HE SHOULD BE GLAD TO GET RID OF IT.

YES—BOTH MORGAN AND LORING HAVE GOOD REASON TO WANT TO GET RID OF THE FILM...

ON THE JUNGLE SET...

SO YOU'RE NOT HAVING TRAP ENTRAPEN?

SOMEBODY WILL COME FOR THIS FILM, AND WE'LL BE READY FOR HIM! BRING THAT MORGAN BOOTH HERE...

YOU HIDE IN THAT TREE AND KEEP THE MIKE CLOSE ENOUGH TO PICK UP ANY VOICE OR SOUND FROM THE DOCK.

I GET IT—AND YOU'LL BE IN THE RECORDING BOOTH PICKING IT UP ON A RECORD.

CAN'T SLIP UP—THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY RETAKE ON THIS SCENE! OH-OH—HERE THEY COME.

FISH THAT FILM OUT, SLUGGsy, AND LET'S GET OUTA HERE!

YEAH, THAT BAT CHARACTER'S GONNA COME BACK, HE DON'T GIVE UP EASY.

ATTABoy, SLUGGsy—NOW WE Gotta BURN IT!

YEAH—BUT I WONDER WHY THE CHIEF WANTS DA FILM BURNED?
Meanwhile, in the recording booth...

ORDERS / ORDERS / SLUGG- N AND LORING'S AAHH - THAT'S WHAT I WAANTED OR BOSS

Then the roundup...

ALL RIGHT, SANDBAGGING SAM - WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

OO-O-PH

HAVE A NICE TRIP, OLD MAN!

Finally...

I'LL TURN THESE BRAVE BUCCANEERS OVER TO THE STUDIO POLICE, ROBIN. YOU GET THE RECORD FROM THE RECORDING BOOTH!

NEXT DAY, IN STEPHEN MORGAN'S OFFICE...

SORRY ABOUT LAST NIGHT MR MORGAN BUT I DID MY BEST AND SO DID BATMAN AND ROBIN!

I'M SURE YOU DID LORING BUT NOW WE'VE LOST THE MONEY AND THE FILM!
NO YOU HAVEN'T
MR. MORGAN! HERE'S
YOUR FILM—AND
WE HAVE ANOTHER
PRIZE FOR YOU...

WAIT'LL
YOU HEAR
THIS
RECORDING—
I'LL PLAY IT
FOR YOU!

ATTABOY, SLUGGSY.
NOW WE GOTTA
BURN IT! —Yeah—
BUT I WONDER WHY
THE CHIEF WANTS DA
FILM BURNED?

LODERS IS
LODERS, SLUGGSY—
AND LORING'S
DA BOSS!

GET HIM,
ROBIN!

HERE'S
WHERE
YOU DO
A FADE-
OUT!

THERE'S YOUR MAN,
MR. MORGAN! THE STUDIO
POLICE HAVE HIS ACCOM-
PANIES—AND
YOUR MONEY!

LORING! I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT!

WEEKS LATER, MR. MORGAN TAKES HIS
GOOD FRIENDS, BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK
GRAYSON, TO A BIG PREMIERE.

CRIME DOESN'T
STARRING
BATMAN AND ROBIN

I'M SORRY,
BATMAN AND
ROBIN COULDN'T
MAKE A PERSONAL
APPEARANCE TONIGHT.

I HEAR
THEY DON'T
LIKE CROWDS.
FROM "LEAD FOOT" TO ANCHOR MAN

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH WILLIE, COACH? WE NEED HIM TO WIN!

AS I TOLD THE GYM CLASS, AN ATHLETE'S ONLY AS GOOD AS HIS FEET!

SUE, COACH, I DON'T SEE HOW I'LL BE A WINNER ANY EASY OR GIVE IN MY LEGS.

BETTER TAKE MY ADVICE AND GET YOURSELF CANVAS SHOES WITH "P-F"!

WOW! LOOK, WILLIE NOW!

I'M NOT SURPRISED. "P-F" POSTURE FOUNDATION--KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NATURAL POSITION. PROTECTS LEG MUSCLES FROM TRAMING. GIVES YOU MORE "STAYING POWER" JUST WHAT YOU NEED FOR "GYM".

THE ONE MEET!

NICE SHOW, ANCHOR MAN--THAT'S A WIN TODAY--HIGH JUMP, HURDLES, AND RELAY!

AND MY FEET STILL FEEL LIKE A MILLION--THANKS TO "P-F".

HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE "STAYING POWER IN GYM WORK"

1. THIS RUBBER WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NATURAL POSITION.

2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER BUFFER PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION--A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY B.F. GOODRICH OR HOOD RUBBER CO.
For spine-tingling action...

Or rib-tickling humor...

Look for this Superman D-C Symbol!

It's your guarantee of the best in Magazine Comics!
KILLING DOES’NT PAY

By AL SINGER

CASSIUS CARMODY was Placerville’s old and only blacksmith. His forge was just a short distance from Main Street. Carmody did a good business. He was a well-liked man and his hammer was spread throughout the county. Consequently, he was seldom surprised when strangers stopped to have their horses shod.

But the short, squat man who got off after relining his buggy brake raised Cassius’s spout. Then he quickly inverted his nose. The black eyes of the man squinting out between belligerent brows, were looking steadily at him.

For a moment, Cassius’ pulse raced. Would the man say anything? Had he suspected something? Cassius’ eyes took in the bearded figure quickly noted the leather thongs which held the man’s holstered in his thigh. The mark of a killer.

“Know anything about guns?” granted the visitor.

“Six. A hite.” Cassius studied the stranger’s face. “What did I do let you Mister?”

Rather reluctantly, the man said, “Jenkins, Comin’ up from the Panhandle.”

“Yeah,” Cassius thought quickly, “I know you do. I never forget a face.” Yet, he wasn’t too sure. This man resembled Bob Coles, whom Sheriff Tatum had killed for rustling just a month ago.

The next moment thoughts of Coles were temporarily out of his mind. He marveled at the new six-gun the stranger pressed into his hand, saying, “I want that hammer fired, so I’ll have a hair trigger. Can you do it?”

“I think so,” Cassius said slowly. “I’ve seen the gun.” But what’s this?” His finger indicated a small piece of metal.

“Safety rat.” Latest thing on pistols. You don’t have to rest the hammer on an empty chamber anymore.” He watched as Cassius fiddled with the catch a moment, then said, impatiently, “How long’ll this take? I want to be in town by noon time.”

“Just a half an hour.” Cassius put the gun into a vise, bent over it. He was surprised to find his palms tooing Jenkins wanted to get into town by noon. This was Saturday and at noon time there was always a heavy shopping crowd.

Cassius said, “That young Sheriff Tatum still around Placerville?”

Cassius almost dropped his file for he, too, had had Sheriff Tatum in mind. Then it was true—Jenkins was a connection between this stranger and the popular Tatum.

“Sure,” Cassius said, “He eats at the Placerville Palace every day, if you should be wanting to see him.”

The man laughed, said curtly, “Mr. He do. But I don’t make it a practice in hang up sheriffs.” There was a challenge in his voice, “I don’t look like that kind of hombre do I?”

Cassius thought quickly, “I never judged a man,” he said, “I believe in minding my own business.”

The bushy brows drew together. “Not a bad idea, friendly.” Jenkins walked toward the door. “I’m going to look over my caption. Hurry it up.”

“Sure, sure!” Cassius’ nimble fingers went to work. His mind, equally nimble, was trying to conjure up the picture he was sure would take place in town. Soon. This man had said his name was Jenkins. It wasn’t. He was Hale Coles, brother of the slain Bob. “I’d hit my amythul up on it.” Cassius whispered to himself. He heard how Tatum shot Bob and how he was sworn to kill Tatum.

There couldn’t be any other reason, Elsa
why would Rafe Coles, who had a reputation as a killer throughout the Southwest, and whose face adorned the walls of numerous postoffices and reward posters, have risked coming here.

Somehow, he’d have to get warning to young Tatum, tell him this killer was heading his way. But how? There wasn’t any way of beating Coles into town. He’d be shot if he tried it, and Cassius wanted to live a while longer.

Absently, he raised the gun from the vase, tried the trigger. It would need a little more oomph. This safety catch... Suddenly Cassius tensed. It was a long chance, but why not? It wasn’t even given Tatum a break, something Coles wouldn’t give him.

"He bent over the gun again. In a few moments, he said, "It's finished, stranger."

The man took it, tapped the trigger. "Good," he said, "How much?"

Cassius told him. Then, after paying, and without saying goodbye, the man mounted the big bay and rode into town.

Rafe Coles was feeling very satisfied with himself as he rode down the main street. He hitched his horse at the last Channure saloon but didn’t go inside. His attention was riveted on the shack across the street. Bars at the side window showed it to be the town jail. A big sign—"SHERIFF—was over the front door.

Rafe Coles gawled it. It was almost noon. Any moment now, if his information was right, Sheriff Tatum, the man who had killed his brother, would be coming out the door, an big way to eat.

Suddenly, Coles suffered. The door opened. He had never seen Tatum before, but he knew it was the man he sought. The bright sheriff’s star was enough for him. Nevertheless, secure in the sense of power his new gun gave him, knowing the edge he had née the sheriff, Coles’ hand went hurriedly to his pistol. He slipped off the safety catch. "Thro’ he yelled—"Tatum!"

The sheriff looked over, surprised, "I’m Rafe Coles!" There was murder in Coles’ voice. "I came up here to pay my brother’s debt."

His narrowed eyes watched the sheriff. Despite his hatred of the lawman, Coles couldn’t help but feel grudging admiration. The sheriff had shown no surprise, no fear, over being accosted by the Southwest’s most feared killer.

"He had it coming to him," Tatum said.

All around him, the streets were clearing like magic. Someone had spread the feared name of Rafe Coles and it was going up and down the dusty street like wildfire. Everyone hastened to get under cover. Stray bullets had a nasty way of killing innocent bystanders.

Now, Tatum looked evenly across the street. Coles was approaching him slowly, but the sheriff’s voice didn’t falter. "Want to surrender, Coles, or get corralled out of town?"

Coles snarled at the sheriff. His hand snapped in his holster. The gun popped in. At the same instant, with a rapid motion, Tatum brought his gun into play. Everyone watching knew he had drawn slawee than Coles. He’d be dead in an instant.

But what had happened? Coles had gun en the gun not fast enough. He had pulled the haan trigger. But no bullet had come out. The hammer hadn’t clicked.

"The safety catch!" Coles muttered.

"The—"

And then he pitched forward as two slugs from Tatum’s gun tore into his body.

On his farm, later, Cassius Carmody heard the story from his wife, who had witnessed the shooting. "It was strange, Cassy, very strange. He had the draw on Tatum, and a new gun, but it didn’t go off." Mrs. Carmody shook her head. "Everybody was asking about it, and wonderin’ what happened.”

Cassius Carmody just smiled. Nobody would ever find out that he had removed the safety catch to save Sheriff Tatum’s life. For Cassius Carmody didn’t believe in murder.
LITTLE
WILLIE

HERE, WE'LL TAKE
THES E ENCYCLOPEDIAS
AND THE DICTIONARY
AND...

I GOT AN IDEA!

NOW THAT'S WHAT
I LIKE TO SEE —
IMPROVING THEIR LITTLE
MINDS, ETC. ETC...

WONDER WHERE
THEY WENT TO READ
ALL THOSE BOOKS?

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

I CAN'T BEAR TO BE WITHOUT
DUBBLE BUBBLE
IT'S SO GOOD!

SNARKS ALIVE
WHAT A WHIPPING
PIECE YOU GET FOR
A PENNY!

YOU AIN'T LUSH
AND EVERY PIECE
IS WRAPPED IN
FUNNIES!

HEY SKINNY,
YOUR PANTHER
FALLING DOWN!

YOU OTHA'ER
TRY FLEER'S
CANDY COATED
GUM TOO!

OH DEER
YOU SHAME ME
WITH SUCH
PUNNY TALK!

I DUBBLE
DUBBLE BUBBLE
BECAUSE IT
MAKES BIGGER
BUBBLES!

IT'S GETTING
LATE — I MUST
GO HOME NOW!

IF YOU WANT THE BEST BE SURE TO ASK FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE!
Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery - but when that cackling cut-up of the crime world, The Joker apes the sensational tactics of Batman and Robin, Gotham City witnesses a bewildering game of double-dealing, indeed. Facing an opponent whose moves are familiar, the dynamic duo proves that sometimes flattery can be almost fatally embarrassing when "The Joker follows suit!"
LIKE A GLEAMING DAGGER SUDDENLY UNLEASHED, A SEARCHLIGHT BEAM STARKS INTO THE NIGHT SKY OVER GOTHAM CITY.

LOOK, BRUCE. THE BAT SYMBOL! OK, BATMAN AND ROBIN!

AND BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON DRAW THE OBVIOUS CONCLUSION.

THE SURPRISE AND CONSTERNATION OF THE CITY'S INHABITANTS ARE REFLECTED IN OTHER FACE ALL AROUND THE TOWN.

'WHO MIND OF A JOKE - I HOPE! THAT KID OF JOKE MAKES MY BLOOD RUN COLD.'

BUT WE'RE RUNNING AWAY FROM IT!

ONLY SO WE CAN GET TO THE SOURCE OF IT FASTER, FELLA! WE'LL NEED THE BATMOBILE!

SECONDS LATER, A STREAMLINED CAR OF WEIRD DESIGN STREAMS THROUGH SHADOWS!

THE JOKER ESCAPED FROM PRISON LAST MONTH - BUT WOULD HE DARE ADVERTISE HIMSELF THIS WAY, BATMAN?

WE CAN EXPECT ANYTHING OR THAT HARLEQUIN!
What lies behind the fantastic phenomena of the "Joker Symbol"? Let us look backward for the answer to a day following closely upon the cunning crime clowns escape...

Ha ha! What fools these mortals be to think that any jail can hold the Joker!

But no more! The same weapons he has used against me, I can turn against him with such improvements as only my genius could devise! No, no, ho, ho, ho!

Presently news of an amazing insurance plan invades through the underworld!

Wow, it's our dream crime true faunterboy!

Make crime pay the Joker way!

Gang chief and longhull operators flock to the headquarters of the sly schemer:

I want your emergency rescue service?

A million dollar job for the Joker!

One at a time, gentlemen! Just sign the contracts!

Remember, gentlemen, when you need me to help you escape press the button of this Joker signal! There's one in front of every store in Gotham City! Ha ha!
SO IT IS THAT, RETURNING TO THE PRESENT, WE FIND AN OBSERVER IN THE WATCHTOWER OF AN ABANDONED FIREHOUSE, HEEDING THE STRANGE SIGNAL!

THE JOKER'S SYMBOL! I GUESS SOME OF MY CLIENTS ARE IN NEED OF EMERGENCY AID FOR OUTLAWS!

JUDGING BY THE LOCATION, PETE, THE PLUMBER AND HIS BOYS ARE HAVING TROUBLE WITH THAT JEWELRY STORE JIM I MAPPED FOR THEM!

YOU MINDS - PETE THE PLUMBER AND HIS PALS ARE HAVING MORE TROUBLE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR!

THEM GET NEEDLE, PETE!

THEM GET US, TOO, SNICKY, IF THE JOKER DOESN'T SHOW UP IN A HURRY.

SUDDENLY

OKAY PETE - BRING YOUR CASUALTIES AND YOUR LOOT ALONG! I OUGHTA PINCH YOU FOR ESPECIALLY THE RECKLESS MOVING LOOT!

A SPLIT SECOND TOO LATE, THE BATMOBILE REACHES THE SCENE!

BATMAN! IT'S THE JOKER WITH PETE THE PLUMBER! THERE'S A SEWER DITCH PLUMBERS MIGHT GET RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET, BUT HALF A BLOCK AWAY!!
A yawning excavation blocks the road—but the Joker's thundering car catapults steel tracks!

Ooh!...Look out, Joker! We'll crash!

HA HA HA Watch the Jokermobile build its bridges before it crosses them.

Oh, oh! Looks as if he's got us stumped, Robin.

I never thought I'd see the day when the Joker would have a car that could play tricks on the Bat-mobile!

In the Joker's four-wheeled fortress equipped with hospital facilities...

How's Needle? I'll call a doctor when we get back.

He's okay. He only creases his scalp!

Back in the firehouse... Needle can rest down below till he feels better. Everything will need to be down there.

Jeepers, Joker—you've got the perfect set-up! Now we've got them juggling about fixing us up with another of his tricks!

How about the priceless treasures in the P. J. Gorgon Museum, Pete? I'll be locked and buried—standing by again. But the sewer tunnel in case we get spotted!

I've dreamed of making a haul like that! But you've got to be locked and buried. Stand by again. But the sewer tunnel in case we get spotted!

Plans of Gorgon museum.

In the meantime, Batman and Robin get their first clue to the Joker's newest scheme...

IT SAYS JOKERLIGHT NO. 13—for emergency use only! That means there are others what's the angle, Batman?

Offhand I'd say crooks are laying the Joker to rescue them if they run into trouble!
NEAT NIGHT, AN SECRETS CRAFT CRAFTS LEW OVER THE ROOFTOPS OF THE CITY IT'S MOTOR MUFFLED ALMOST TO DEAD SILENCE.

ONE THING'S SURE, ROBIN THAT GINNIN FIEND'S TRICK GAMBLING WILL NEVER OUTWIT THE BATPLANE.

LOOK BATMAN BESIDE THAT LIGHTED SKYLIGHT. TWO MEN PUTTING DOWN A BOX LIKE THE ONE THAT SEARCHLIGHT WAS IN LAST NIGHT.

THAT'S THE GORGON MUSEUM THE GEM AND ART OBJECTS DOWN THERE ARE WORTH MILLIONS.

WHISPERING ANONYMOUS BLINDS LOWER THE BATPLANE TO A BUILDING OPPOSITE THE MUSEUM.

THE MEN ARE GOING INSIDE LEAVING THE BOX THEY HAVEN'T SEEN US.

THEY COULDN'T SEE THE BLACK PLAN AGAINST THE DARK SKY.

AND STRONG SILK ROPE SWING THE CAPED CRIME-FIGHTERS ACROSS THE INTERVENING CHASM.

REMEMBER, ROBIN. TAKE IT EASY TILL WE'RE SURE. THESE MEN MIGHT HAVE BEEN WATCHMEN.

MAYBE - BUT THE CLOSER WE GET TO THAT BOX THE MORE SUSPICIOUS IT LOOKS.

WITHIN THE MAIN EXHIBITION ROOM OF THE MUSEUM.

RUBIES, EMERALDS AND DIAMONDS! THIS MUST BE WORTH A MILLION!

GOLLY! THE STUFF THEY LOCK UP IN HERE MUST BE REALLY VALUABLE.

ABRUPTLY.

WHITE BATMAN!

PETE THE PLUMBER AND TWO OF HIS MEN DON'T WE MEET BRIEFLY LAST NIGHT? ALMOST?
SWEE DREAMS!

I'LL DO A BETTER JOB ON BATMAN THAN THE COPS DID ON ME!

TELL YOUR PAL THE JOKER, THAT THE JOKER'S ON YOU THIS T ME!

WHEN CLOSE!

HEARS UP GUYS!

WATCH IT BATMAN!

QUICK-UP ON THE ROOF!

OOPS

SECONDS LATER AS BATMAN AND ROBIN STRUGGLE BLINDLY IN THE HEAVY FIELDS OF THE CURTAIN, A BRIGHT SHAFT OF LIGHT SOARS SKYWARD ONCE AGAIN!

HOWLL THE JOKER GET US OFF HERE? THE OUTSIDE GUARDS HEARD THE SHOTS!

BUT THAT'S HIS HEADACHE!

IT'S OUR HEADACHE IF HE DOESN'T!

A FLYING WINDMILL THAT'S ELEIF!

IF ONLY WE'D RUMPED OFF BATMAN AND GOT SOME OF THAT SWAG OUT WITH US—EVERYTHING WOULD BE PERFECT!

IF YOU BEAT IT FIRST A JOKERMOBILE AND NOW A JOKERGYRO!

IT'S ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR THE WLY JOKER!

HA HA HA HO HO HO

THOSE NEW ROCKET TUBES ON THE BAT PLANE WILL BEAT ANYTHING!
LEAVING TWO TRAILS OF FLAME, THE BAT-PLANE BARES IN PURSUIT OF THE CRIME CLOWN!

WHAT'S THE PLAN OF ATTACK, BATMAN?

WE'LL SQUEEZE THEM INTO A FORCED LANDING AND TACKLE THEM ON THE GROUND!

BUT THE JOKER, IT APPEARS, IS PREPARED FOR PRACTICALLY ANYTHING!

THEY GET US! THIS CRATE IS CRAWLING COMPARED TO THE BATPLANE!

IN A MINUTE I'LL CRAWL RIGHT AWAY - WATCH!

FROM OPENINGS IN THE SIDE OF THE JOKER'S YARD, MULTIPLE STRANDS OF CABLE WITH SILKEN PACKS AT THEIR ENDS WHIRL FORTH!

WHAT'S THIS -?

HA HA HA HA HA HA!

AND AS THE CABLES TWIST ABOUT THE BATPLANE, PARACHUTES SNAP OPEN!

JOKER, YOU'RE A WIZARD!

PARACHUTES! NOT A CHANCE OF CATCHING THEM NOW! ALL WE KNOW IS THE SECTION OF TOWN THEY'RE HEADING FOR!

SO, EVEN THOUGH A CUNNINGLY PLANNED ROBBERY HAS BEEN PEELED, THE JOKER HAS THE LAST LAUGH AGAIN! AND LATER, IN THE HOME OF POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON...

NOT INTRUDING, I WAS SENDING COMMISSIONER GORDON A CALL FOR YOU TWO!

THE JOKER IS TURNING GOTHAM CITY INTO A THREE-RING CIRCUS! HE'S MAKING MONKEYS OF US! BUT WITH YOUR COOPERATION, ROBIN AND I HAVE A PLAN TO PUT HIM BEHIND BARS!
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

BUSINESS IS STARTING EARLY TONIGHT. HAMM!
WHO R. W. WHICH OF THE MUSKETEERS?

THE JOKER'S MOBILE PARTS FORM! BUT WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER SIGNAL APPEARS—AND ANOTHER!

Huh? Two of them, and how do I know which place I'm needed most— or where the biggest swag is?

AND NOW: A GLEAMING FOREST OF RAYS WITH THE AWESOME BAT SYMBOL DOMINATING THEM ALL—AND THE BATMOBILE AT LAST WITHIN REACH OF ITS RIVAL.

A FLASHING CHASE AT BREAK-NECK SPEED ENDS AT THE ABANDONED MUSEUM!

Here's his hideout! Once we knew the part of town it was in, the rest wasn't so hard.

ANG ON, ROBIN! HERE WE GO!

At least I can fight them on my own ground.

THE BATMOBILE IT'S A TRAP! BACK TO HEADQUARTERS FOR ME!

THERE IS A THUNDEROUS CRASH!

AND THEN THE DELUGE!

From now on, they'll call you BATMAN! HO, HO, HO!
BEATEN UNCONSCIOUS BY THE BRUTAL FORCE OF THE HIGH PRESSURE STREAM, BATMAN AND ROBIN BECOME EASY PREY FOR THE MIRTHFUL MOUNTEBANK...

NOW FOR THE FUNNIEST EPISODE OF MY CAREER! I TRUST THE BATMAN'S SENSE OF HUMOR WONT FAIL HIM IN THE CRISIS!

WH-WHAT HAPPENED? MY AHH!

HA, HA, HA

OH R H - HO HO MR

HA HA

DROLL, ISN'T IT? YOU'RE TRAPPED BY YOUR OWN WEAPONS - THE BATMOBILE, BAT PLANE, AND BAT SYMBOL - ADAPTED TO MY PURPOSES WITH SUCH IMPROVEMENTS AS ONLY MY GENIUS COULD DEVISE!

STRANGELY ENOUGH I'M NOT AMUSED!

YOU FIEND!

AND NOW WHILE I LEAVE YOU TEMPORARILY TO PARTAKE OF SOME MORE LIQUID REFRESHMENT? HA HA HA, HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!

I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND IF I BORROW YOUR BATMOBILE TO INVESTIGATE THOSE JOKER SYMBOLS. SOME OF WHICH MAY BE GENUINE! IT SHOULD MAKE THE POLICE GIVE ME THE RIGHT OF WAY!

LEFT SHIVERING IN THE ICY Torrent, THE DYNAMIC DUO CASTS ABOUT DESPERATELY FOR A MEANS OF ESCAPE!

IF ONLY WE COULD PAY THE BARM LOOSE, BUT WE HAVE NOTHING BUT THIS STICK - AND IT WOULDN'T HELP!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

GIVE IT TO ME, ROBIN! MAYBE IT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE NEED!
An argosy of hope! The bit of wood floats out on the miniature river that rushes from the cage bearing the end of the Batman's silken rope...

I know you're not playing kid games, Batman! But what? I don't talk just hold your breath—and hope!

And now the rope is used to pull the imprisoned fair captive to the source of the terrific water punishment!

The nearer we come to the nozzle the worse it gets!

Stick it out, fellow! It won't be long if my plan works!

If you're hoping it will smash the back of the box—

I'm not! Grab hold of it—and pull!

Give it everything you've got! It's the best lever we'll get our hands on!

It's working! One of the bars is loose already!

So drenched and chilled—but more determined than ever—The Joker races into action once more!

Hey! Don't tell me we're being too late! I'm in a hurry!

You can walk if you want! It just happens that I'm in a hurry!

No sign of the Joker yet. Batman! Hope you find him!

Look!
BULLETS AND A HASTILY CONSTRUCTED BARRELCADE ARE AMONG THE HAZARDS OF THE HUNT...

THE JOKER MUST BE HAVING A LAUGH! THERE'LL BE POLICE STATIONED AT EVERY JOKERLIGHT WE RIGGED UP!

MAYBE NOT ROBIN—BECAUSE HE KNOWS THE JOKERMOBILE IS BULLETPROOF!

NOR IS THE JOKER ENTIRELY SATISFIED WITH THE ARRANGEMENT.

BAD ENOUGH THAT THEY ESCAPED BUT HOW IS IT THEY'RE GAINING? I THOUGHT THEIR BATMOBILE WAS THE FASTEST THING ON WHEELS!

CAN'T FIND THE SECRET THROTTLE FOR HIGHSPEED TRAVELING, EH JOKER? LET ME HELP YOU!

DON'T TRY TO BE HUMOROUS WITH ME BRAT! YOU'RE DEALING WITH A PAST MASTER!

YOU'RE LIKELY TO GET LEFT AT THE POST—IF YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN! HA, HA, HA!

GOT TO GRAB THE WHEEL FAST OR THE BATMOBILE WILL FLY UP!

NEXT INSTANT

NCE OF YOU TO PUT GOOD BRAKES ON THAT FREAK JALO

THEY'RE NOTHING TO THE 'BREAKS' YOU'LL GET WITH THIS! THEY'LL BE COMPOUND FRACTURES!

MISSED! BUT THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE FOR YOU ANYWAY SO LONG!

DON'T BE IN A RUSH! LET'S BOTH GET OFF!
WATCH YOUR STEP!

HELP! I'LL BE HURT!

I WOULDN'T WANT A THING LIKE THAT TO HAPPEN TO YOU!

NOW YOU WON'T FEEL A THING, NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU LAND!

DO IT AGAIN BATMAN! THAT'S THE FUNNIEST THING I'VE SEEN YET!

IT'S YOU, JOKER BEHIND BARS. DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING MORE COMICAL?

BABY! THAT'S NOTHING TO LAUGH AT!

NEXT DAY AT THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME
THINK THEY'LL BE ABLE TO KEEP HIM THERE FOR GOOD THIS TIME, BRUCE?

WHO KNOWS DICK? ALL I'M SURE OF IS IF THEY CAN'T BATMAN AND ROBIN WILL JUMP AT THE CHANCE TO TANGLE WITH HIM AGAIN!
Adventures of "R.E." and Quiche

Later, outside the club -
Hey there's Monki and let's take a tilt at that table.
And look, he's having trouble with that bag, tough-looking scum.
Come on, kid, it's time to take over.

That's what you think, punk! We're taking over.

Listen! I scream, mama! If you know what's good for you!
Okay, we're leaving.

Just as soon as we take care of some real business.

What's on me! Games, and boy, I'll cause it's the best tasting cola by all.

Alan "Red Ryder" Lane says:
RC is my brand! It really tastes best!

Alan Lane, star of the "Red Ryder" Westerns, was the role originally intended for Roy Rogers. This brand, Royal Crown Cola, is best tasted by all.
THOM AND HIS CHUMS ARE VACATIONING IN A SMALL WESTERN TOWN SUDDENLY... CATTLE STAMPEDES! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

WOW! THIS LOOKS LIKE A BIG JOB FOR ME! QUICK, "H, MY BAZOOKA-SHOES! AND SET THEIR HEELS AT LASSOBY!"

LQQQ! THE LIGHTNING COMES FROM THOM'S BAZOOKA-SHOES MAKES LIGHTNING SCARED BY THE BLINDING LIGHTNING CRACKLING FROM THOM'S SHOES THE CATTLE BREAK UP AND SCURRY AWAY—THE TOWN IS SAVED!

GREAT WORK, SON! YOU SAVED OUR LIVES!

GEE, IT'S BRAWN: CUSTER' BELL THE RODEO STAR! HEY-YI YOU'RE WEARING THEM MEANS, TOO!

THAT'S RIGHT, THOM: BOOTS ARE OK FOR KEEPING YOUR FEET IN THE STIRRUPS BUT FOR COMFORT AND EASY WALKING ON THE GROUND, GIVE ME THEM MEAN SHOES!

YOU SEE, I'M STEPPING OUT WITH MY BEST GIRL NOW—SO I WANT TO LOOK MY BEST AND THAT CALLS FOR THEM MEANS!

WHAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR US, HUH, HARDNERS? GUESS WE'RE RIDIN' THE RIGHT TRAIL WHEN WE TELL OUR FOLKS WE WANT A FOOTS BEST ALL THEM MEANS!

WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN THOM McAN—ALWAYS SILENT! ("THE "H" IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SHOUTS OUT LOUD!)

Thom McAn

OVER 500 SHOES IN OVER 500 CITIES
TOPS IN COMICS!

These are the magazines which comprise the Superman DC Comic Group.

Look for this trade mark on the cover.

It's your guarantee of the best in comics.

Now on sale everywhere.

Look for the DC trade mark.
 WHAT A HIT!

NOW FOR A

Baby Ruth

Curtiss Candy Company • Producer of Fine Foods • Chicago 13, Ill.

Good Fun:
It's a good old American custom to relax with the gang and enjoy a tempting Baby Ruth bar. The minute you bite into that chewy, delicious candy, you know it's the best you can buy.

Good Food:
You need lots of energy to keep up with the team Baby Ruth candy is rich in dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. It contains other vital ingredients, too.

Good Baby Ruth Cookies are great! Recipe on every wrapper.