BATMAN

No. 49

APRIL...MAY
TEN CENTS

DC

BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE BAD LUCK FOR THE JOKER WHEN HE JOINS "The 13 Club"

THE DAILY BUGLE
FRIDAY JUNE 13
The following magazines all bear the trademark of the best in comic reading:

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 FOLKS
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

RABBIT.

OH, HIPPETY-HOP—
ONCE HE STARTS READING
HE JUST HATES TO STOP!
DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY?
IT'S REALLY QUITE CLEAR—
HIS GUIDE IS THIS SYMBOL:
GUARANTEE OF GOOD CHEER!

---ON THE COVER OF
ANIMAL ANTICS
FOR EXAMPLE—
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE.
WHO RAISES ONE CORNER OF HIS RED MOUTH IN THE LAW, THE SARCASM OF HIS JOKER AT HIS FELLOW-MAN? YES, IT’S THAT NEFARIOUS CLOWN — THE JOKER — HOW HE RETURNED TO GOTHAM CITY AND BECAME A PROPHET OF EVIL? IN ENDURING BAD LUCK TO OTHERS, HE FINDS HIS OWN BAD LUCK IN A STRANGE CONTEST OF MADCAP CRIME WHICH ENDS IN VICTORY FOR "The B Club!"
AND SO, TELEVISION AUDIENCE... BEGINS ANOTHER MEETING OF THE 13 CLUB, ORGANIZED BY LOCAL CITIZENS TO PROVE THAT BAD LUCK, SUPERSTITIONS ARE NONSENSE!! PRESIDENT RAY STANDISH WILL OFFICIATE...

11-12-13 RAPS OF THE GAVEL? THE 13 CLUB WILL NOW COME TO ORDER?

AS FIRST MEMBER, I WILL DEFY SUPERSTITION—BY LETTING A BLACK CAT CROSS MY PATH!!

HA! HA! SO THEY THINK DEFY NO SUPERSTITION WON'T BRING BAD LUCK? AS SHAKESPEARE SAID, “JESTERS DO OFT PROVE PROPHECIES” I, THE GRIM JESTER, WILL SEND THE 13 CLUB A PROPHECY THAT WILL MAKE THEM SUPERSTITIOUS—AT A PROFIT TO MYSELF!!!

AND WHILE THE JOKER PLANS—JAMES PLANNING SPOILS SALT...

AND GRAY, MARTIN AND JONES, STORE OWNERS LIGHT CIGARETTES—THREE ON A MATCH... WHILE N. CHOLAS NOBLE BREAKS A MIRROR!!
While the Jennings brothers, contractors, walk under a ladder, Ed Chandler opens an umbrella indoors, and Milt Bundy puts his shoes on a table...

And now we present a man who defied superstition by becoming our 3rd member... Yes, what is it, boy?

Package for the 13 Club? Marked urgent?

The Package is opened...

Since you invite me to all suppers to test that the behind back years... so this one!

The Joker! Oh my! We'll need protection. Order! Order!

Gentlemen, we can't allow the Joker to ruin our club.

Desperate, standish turns to the tense audience...

Who among you will become member number 13? Surely someone...? 
Silence! And without a 13th member, the club is a failure! Then a firm voice speaks...

Will I do?

It's Batman!

Meanwhile, the Joker listens in...

So it's a duel of wits once again—with Batman? Ha, ha! I'll prove that is his unlucky number! Ha, ha!

Later after Batman dons the garb of Bruce Wayne again

One minute we're sitting quietly in a studio audience—then suddenly you change to Batman and go up on the stage? Why?

To see what the Joker is up to—and to stop him from ruining the 13 Club?

That night, unwanted guests appear at the standish mansion...

Now—while our 'black cat' crosses standish's path—we'll loot his home! Ha, ha!

Next day, the blast a hole in a dike being built by blanning the engineer who spilled salt

And salt water spills from the bay flooding the road as a bank truck passes

Help! Help!

We'll help ourselves to that money! Ha! Ha!
AT THAT MOMENT... THREE STORES IN A ROW! VERY CONVENIENT! I RUINED EVEN THE STORER AND I CAN LIGHT ALL THREE ON ONE MATCH! HA! HA!

GRAY MARTIN AND JONES THE STORE OWNERS WHO LIT THREE CIGARETTES ON A MATCH?

GRAY'S HABERDASHERY
MARTIN'S LEATHER GOODS
JONES' FLAT FURS

LATER... AS THE BATMOBILE ARRIVES

"TOO BAD, BATMAN! THE JOKER GOT HERE FIRST." HE FIRED THE THREE STORES ON ONE MATCH OF COURSE! ALL WE CAN DO NOW IS HELP THOSE FIREFIGHTERS.

INSIDE THE FUR STORE...

"OUT O' THE WAY! WE'RE THE SALVAGE SQUAD AND WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!"

They're phonies! Real salvage men would cover things with rubberized tarpaulins with rolled-up edges that carry off the water.

Hey, what's the idea?

This'll quench your thirst for action, Batman! Ha, ha!
They're escaping in the fire truck?

The Batmobile can run rings around it. Let's go!

With Robin at the wheel and Batman on the roof, the Batmobile overtakes the fire truck...

Men stand by to repel boarders. Ha! Ha!

Coming aboard, Joker?

What's your hurry? Going to a fire?

Oooh!

The truck suddenly swings round a corner and Batman is off-balance! Then the Joker strikes!

That fire hose — got it!

The hose unrolls and Batman plays surfboard rider?

Mind if I trail along, Joker?

What? still with us?

Too bad Batman but we must split up — for the moment! Ha! Ha!
Morning—Batman and Robin go to the State University.

Professor Noble is next on the Joker's list. He broke a mirror.

What's up, Fella?

Quick! Anything in the observatory like gold or diamonds?

No, wait—our Atom Smasher—we've been experimenting with platinum.

I agree that smashed mirror sent everyone to the observatory. So we'll be able to lift the platinum from the atom smasher laboratory undisturbed, hasn't he?

Joker, you're a genius!
But the Joker情节也太快了?

“那么你想成为独行侠吗？”

“不，不！我会做一些粉碎的事情，但不是原子！”

同时，蝙蝠侠转过身来，对抗一个黑衣人。他那疯癫的威胁者逐层攀爬着那根电线杆的绝缘子。

“哈哈，哈哈，原谅我，我来砸木头，为的是幸运！”

片刻后，动态双雄恢复了意识——并惊恐地察觉到什么？

“你被困在物理学系的实验室里，闪电实验室！哈哈！计时器已经设置10分钟——然后高压电将通过12英尺外的隔板！”

“可是，这是什么东西？”

“你被电死，蝙蝠侠——祝你好运！哈哈，哈哈，哈哈！”
BATMAN, THAT CRAZY COMIC FORGOT YOUR UTILITY BELT? YOU CAN MIX CHEMICALS THAT’LL BLOW OPEN THE DOOR!

NO, HE DIDN’T FORGET! HE EMTIED THE BELT! WE'RE STOPPED, ROBIN.

DOWN—BUT NOT OUT...

BUT WE'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE! ELECTRICITY IS LAZY IT FOLLOWS THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE! IF WE RUN A CHAIN OF METAL ALONG ONE WALL CONNECTING THE TWO POLES, THE ELECTRICITY WILL MOVE LONG THE METAL PATH RATHER THAN LEAP THE GAP!

AND WE'LL HUG ONE WALL WHILE THE ELECTRICITY IS RUNNING ALONG THE OPPOSITE WALL!

RIGHT! NOW DIG UP EVERY BIT OF METAL ON YOU! I'LL START WITH MY BELT BUCKLE!

HERE'S ANOTHER IDEA BUT WE'VE STILL GOT A LONG WAY TO GO!

THE CHAIN OF METAL GROWS BUT ANY MINUTE NOW THE GENERATORS WILL CHARGE!

THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT—AND IT DOESN'T REACH THE OTHER TUBE!

OUR METAL WATCH BANDS! HURRY!

OUT COME THE USUAL ODDS AND ENDS A MAN AND BOY CARRY IN THEIR POCKETS...

YOUR BELT RADIO? PULL IT APART! STRETCH THE WIRES OUT! I'LL TAKE MINE FROM MY BOOT HEEL!

BUT THEY FIND THEIR CHAIN IS STILL TOO SHORT?

ANOTHER INCH—AND WE'VE NOTHING TO FILL IT? OUR LUCK'S RUN OUT?
AND THE LITTLE PIN COMPLETES THE LIFE-LINE! JUST IN TIME—FOR THE NEXT MOMENT, A FORK OF FLAME DANCES OVER THE METAL CHAIN!

THE SWITCH IS THROWN AND THE DANGER IS PAST.

I REMEMBERED ABOUT THE PLATINUM AND HURRIED OVER HERE. THEN I HEARD THE GENERATOR... WOW!

NO WONDER THEY SAY, *SEE A PIN, PICK IT UP, ALL THE DAY YOU'LL HAVE GOOD LUCK*!

LATER...

IF OUR LUCK HOLDS, WE CAN CATCH THE JOKER WORKING ON THE JENNINGS BROTHERS! REMEMBER—THEY WALKED UNDER A LADDER?

SIDE BY SIDE ARE TWO CONTRACTING JOBS BEING DONE BY THE JENNINGS BROTHERS—A SANDBLASTING AND A HOUSE-WRECKING JOB!
Suddenly a driverless car hurtles down the steep hill, smashes into the ladders supporting the sandblasters!

And in the ensuing confusion, The Joker gets control of the wrecking debris!

Then the harlequin of hate and his pack enter the bank...

Ha! Ha! The ladder has done its share...now we take ours! To the bank vaults, ye hearties!

While overhead, two mantled avenging angels approach...

You? How did you get here? By carrier pigeon? Losing your sense of humor, Joker?
HIS LUCK IS RUNNING OUT ON HIM—COME ON?

THE JOKER'S RUNNING OUT ON US?

WELL, SLOW HIM DOWN AND WITH A GOOD LUCK PIECE TOO! HERE—WE'LL BORROW A HORSESHOE—FOR LUCK!

BOY IS HE IN A HURRY!

A RINGER! NICE FORM!

LONGER! ANOTHER RINGER—AND WHAT A RING IT MADE!

NEXT TIME TWIST YOUR WRIST A LITTLE YOUNG FELLER—YA GET MORE POWER?

ONE O'CLOCK. THAT'S 13 HUNDRED ARMY TIME—SO, WE MIGHT SAY THE JOKER WAS CAUGHT AT 13 HUNDRED BY THE 13TH MEMBER OF THE 13 CLUB!

YESSIR, WE'RE IN CLOVER NOW—THE FOUR-LEAF KIND!

OHHH! I CAN'T STAND IT! PUT ME IN JAIL ANYPLACE—SO I WON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO ROBIN'S PUNS ANY MORE!
Wheaties

Breakfast of Champions

Wheaties help you whiz thru the day.

Wheaties, Breakfast of Champions

With milk and fruit.

Mills' kids (1942-43) were the first team to sweep a Big Nine schedule in 15 years--first team to win two consecutive titles in 20 seasons.

Doug Mills

His Illinois 'White Kids' were one of the most famous teams in college basketball history.

'It's important!'

A nourishing breakfast is an important part of an athlete's training schedule, says Doug Mills. That's why I recommend Wheaties, breakfast of champions, with milk and fruit as an ideal training dish. I think you'll like that swell Wheaties flavor, too.

Thanks, Doug

Thanks, kid.

The 'kids' gave Coach Mills big Nine records for total points, total field goals, and total games. One kid set an individual scoring record with better than 21 points per game.
DID YOU EVER WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE MIGHTY TEAM OF BATMAN AND ROBIN SHOULD BE BROKEN UP? WELL, NOW IT CAN BE TOLD... FOR TRAGEDY STRIKES AND BRUCE WAYNE'S UNTIMELY DEATH IS MOURNED PUBLICLY AND PRIVATELY... AND ONLY ALFRED, THE BROKEN-HEARTED BUTLER, REMAINS TO STAND BESIDE THE FORLORN DICK GRAYSON. BUT THE UNDERWORLD MUST NEVER KNOW THAT BRUCE'S DEATH MEANS THE END OF BATMAN, LET A TIDAL WAVE OF CRIME BE UNLEASHED... AND SO WE HAVE THE SAD, YET STIRRING AND WARMLY HUMAN STORY OF...

"THE CASE OF BATMAN II"
ONE MORNING, THE GOTHAM CITY NEWSPAPERS CARRY A TRAGIC HEADLINE:

**BRUCE WAYNE NEAR DEATH DUE TO AUTO CRASH!**

AND AS THE SHADOW OF TRAGEDY HOVERS OVER GOTHAM HOSPITAL, DICK GRAYSON AND THE FAITHFUL WAYNE BUTLER, ALFRED, KEEP ANXIOUS VISIT.

DR. CROFT? IS HE-?

WE'VE DONE OUR BEST, DICK. NOW WE CAN ONLY WAIT— AND HOPE.

THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT, THE SLEEPLESS WATCHERS WAIT...

AND AS THE GRAY DAWN BREAKS...

MY BOY YOU MUST BE BRAVE! THAT'S WHAT HE'D HAVE WANTED.

THEN HE 3- NO! OH NO!

I'M SORRY, DICK. HE WAS MY FRIEND, TOO...
“Bruce Wayne is dead!” screamed the headlines. And some days later, in the bleak mansion he once inhabited...

Mr. Henry Bannister, the late Mr. Wayne’s lawyer?

Huh...?

And as the bustling lawyer departs...

What a great man Mr. Wayne was, sir! His affairs, arranged as if he knew his life might end at any moment?

Not quite Alfred!

He didn’t provide another Batman—and we need one. The underworld must never know that Batman died when Bruce went away.

How true. Manster Dick, but no one can ever take Batman’s place!

A second Batman? The idea seems preposterous to the bereft boy and the butler, who wander through the Batman’s Hall of Trophies...

I’ve got to carry on alone—but it’s a big order.

Remember this case, Alfred? You saved Batman’s life—and nearly lost your own?

If only I could have... (sniff)... given my life... (sniff) for him... this time?
Meanwhile, in another part of the city

BEETLE BOLES! I thought you were in 'the big house.'

FOR YOUR INFORMATION COPPER, I CRASHED OUT—AN' YOU AIN'T TAXIN ME BACK.

Let's go? The whole police department can't stop us now.

AAA-AAA-A-

Minutes later, the awesome bat symbol flames in the sky.

Oh oh—Commissioner Gordon's calling for help! But I don't dare tell even him that Batman is dead.

If only I could take his place.

Shortly...

Robin! Thanks for coming! But where's Batman?

I'm on double duty tonight, Commissioner Gordon. Batman's—er—busy.

Beetle Boles is on the loose! He killed a policeman tonight! We've got a lead—but you can't tackle him and his mob alone.

I'm not afraid. Let me try.

I don't question your courage, Robin—but no one but Batman could stop Boles single-handedly. I'll give you the details when Batman's with you.

Well, if you insist I'll being the Batman here tomorrow.
QUITE AN ORDER.
ROBIN HAS UNDERTAKEN TO
FILL IT WITH BRUCE
WAYNE GONE, WHERE WILL HE
FIND ANOTHER?

TRUE, A MAN OF
FAULTLESS PHYSIQUE
AND KEEN MIND
MIGHT AFTER YEARS
OF INTENSIVE
TRAINING, COME
CLOSE TO THE
QUALIFICATIONS.

BUT ROBIN HAS
ONLY 24 HOURS.

NEXT MORNING...

BUT MAWSTER DICK,
THIS IS A FUTILE QUEST,
NO ONE COULD POSSIBLY
FILL THE REQUIREMENTS.

WE'LL SEE? THIS PLACE
IS PATRONIZED BY
AMATEUR AND
PROFESSIONAL
ATHLETES?

MAYBE...

ACROBATS?
ADEQUATE FOR
THE VAUDEVILLE
STAGE BUT
NOT FOR
OUR
PURPOSE?

THEY AREN'T
THE TYPE ANYWAY.

BATMAN COULD LIFT
TWO LIKE
THAT—
ONE IN
EITHER
HAND?

MAYBE THIS
PEOPLE CAN TOO,
BUT HE'S
MUSCLE-BOUND
FOR FAST
ACTION.

EXTRAORDINARY?
I HAVE SEEN BATMAN
— ER MR WAYNE — DO
THAT MANY TIMES.

WHAT'S MORE, HE'S
ABOUT THE SAME SIZE,
BUILD AND GENERAL
APPEARANCE AS
BRUCE? IF ONLY
HE CAN PASS
THE OTHER
TESTS?

MIND, SIR,
I'M NOT SAYING
HE'S AS GOOD AS
THE LATE MAWSTER
— BUT HE ISN'T BAD.

HE CERTAINLY
ISN'T, ALFRED.
MY NAME'S DICK GRAYSON. MIND IF I ASK YOU SOME PERSONAL QUESTIONS?

ARE YOU MARRIED?

FIRE AWAY? I'M BILL RANDALL—AND I HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE!

ONE "NO" ANSWERS THEM ALL. I'M SINGLE.

ARE YOU A PROFESSIONAL ACROBAT? HAVE YOU A JOB THAT TIES YOU DOWN?

AN AMATEUR ATHLETE—AND MY BUSINESS PRACTICALLY RUNS ITSELF!

YOUR AERIAL SOMERSAULTS REMINDED ME OF SOME I SAW BATMAN DO!

THAT'S THE FINEST COMPLIMENT I'VE EVER HAD. I'VE LONG ADMIRER THE BATMAN!

IF YOU'LL COME TO THIS ADDRESS IN AN HOUR—ALONE—YOU'LL MEET HIM!

YOU'RE NOT KIDDING, GRAYSON? THANKS A MILLION!

AN HOUR LATER, BILL RANDALL KNOCKS AT THE DOOR OF A DILAPIDATED SHACK ON A BACK STREET.

AND IMMEDIATELY...

HELLO! HAVEN'T I SEEN YOUR PICTURE IN THE PAPERS AS THE MYSTERIOUS SLEUTH WHO HAS SOLVED SEVERAL STRANGE CRIMES?

YOUR POWERS OF OBSERVATION ARE ADMIRABLE, SIR—COME IN!
FROM THE SHACK'S CELLAR A SECRET PASSAGE LEADS TO THAT EERIE SUBTERRANEAN RETREAT—OFTEN MENTIONED BUT Seldom Seen—THE BAT CAVE.

BILL RANDALL I BELIEVE? OCK GRAYSON Told ME ABOUT YOU.

ROBIN! THIS IS GREAT! BUT WHERE'S BATMAN?

YOU'LL SEE HIM IN A MOMENT BUT FIRST, PUT THIS ON!

A BATMAN UNIFORM? I'LL ENJOY THIS.

AND NOW—A CRITICAL MOMENT IN THE HISTORY OF MODERN MAN'S BATTLE AGAINST CRIME!

HOW DO I LOOK? WHERE'S BATMAN?

HUN— MEET BATMAN, BILL—YOURSELF, IF YOU'RE WILLING TO DEDICATE YOUR LIFE TO THE JOB.

YOU SEE, BATMAN IS DEAD. BUT IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TAKE ON HIS DANGEROUS RESPONSIBILITIES WE CAN FORGET THE OFFER I MADE TO YOU—AND LOOK FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

BATMAN—DEAD?

BUT BILL RANDALL AGREES TO TRY TO REPLACE BATMAN—

THIS IS THE PROUDEST AND BADDEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE! I KNOW I CAN NEVER BE AS GOOD AS BATMAN—BUT I PROMISE I'll DO MY BEST!

THANKS, BILL. ER, BATMAN?
The sincerity of 'Batman II' is evident—but that is not enough. There are arduous tests such as this blindfolded experiment in nerve and muscular control.

And this one calling for sure footing and a fine sense of balance?

Oops! That was close! Tsk, tsk! The original Batman had greater poise!

A game of tag on floating kegs? Now you chase me!

Then there are special weapons and unique devices whose mysteries must be revealed to Batman II...

The Bataram pistol uses the Boomerang principle?

Humph... very effective, I imagine!

Yes, precision teamwork is of utmost importance in the work of the Dynamic Duo.

Alley—

Hup!

My word! How clumsy of him?

Yes, indeed—very effective?

Take off your utility belt and I'll explain its contents—and the self-buckle radio! Then we'll try out the Batmobile and the Batplane?

Find!
That night in an abandoned theater...

Cheer, we sure work for our dough?

We'll do that getaway stunt again—and this time put some pep into it! Ready?

One move an I'll let ya have it!

Snap it up!

Comissioner Gordon mentioned underworld rumors that Beetle's going 'Theatrical'—so we'll play our hunch!

My word! I came along to coach 'Batman II'—but it's all I can do to keep up with him!

The old lane theater has been closed for years—but there are lights behind those boarded windows!

You'll be our reserve force, Alfred? If you hear us yell, come on the run!

All right, Robin. I'll try not to think you're leaving me here because you think I'd not be of much help?

It was a good hunch—we'll cross on our ropes, eh?
INSIDE THE PLAYHOUSE...

But Beetle how can we pretend dey're real cops w't real guns when dey ain't?

Use your imagination, fool! Imagine Batman's pouncin' on ya, an' the hot seat's waitin'...

SUDDENLY...

Why imagine it? Let's be realistic.

YOOOUU!

Pardon my heel, neel!

We'll turn da Tommyguns on 'em!

CRACK THAT SAFE!

I'll fix ya, Smarty!

NOW YOU CAN TELL THE JUDGE I FRAMED you with window frames!

Seetle Boles fires not at the caped warriors but at a taut rope upstairs! and abruptly...

Into the wings, lugs! I'll pin 'em down!
LOOKS AS IF WE'RE ON THE SPOT!

BRACE YOURSELF! MAYBE IT ISN'T AS HEAVY AS IT LOOKS?

WE GOT EM! GRAB THOSE GUNS - AN' THE REST OF YOU LIFT THAT HUNK OF STUFF! BE CAREFUL!

WHAM!

OH H-H-H MY HEAD!

CHEER UP KID! YA WON'T FEEL A THING IN A MINUTE - EVER!

MEANWHILE, THE DYNAMIC DUO'S "RESERVE FORCE" HAS BECOME RESTLESS AND IS NOW DIRECTLY OVERHEAD!

I WAS TOLD TO REMAIN WHERE I WAS BUT I CAN HEAR BETTER FROM HERE IF - EN?

MY WORD!

ALFRED'S NEXT MOVE SEEMS TO MEAN CERTAIN DEATH - YET HE DOES NOT HESITATE!

TAKE THAT, SCOUNDRELS! AAA-AAA-AAA...

AND IN A FLASH, THE TABLES ARE TURNED!

THIS IS WHAT I SHOULDA DONE IN THE FOIST PLACE!

NOW LET'S SURPRISE YOU FOR A CHANGE!
Later, after the crooks are safely jailed.

You're a hero, Alfred, but for you Robin and the new Batman both be dead!

I suppose so, sir, but why couldn't I have given my life for the real Batman? (Sign) This new one is only a pallid imitation, sir?

Tears stream down Alfred's cheeks as Bruce Wayne's last will and testament is read.

...and such allowance shall be made to Dick Grayson, and the following amounts to the Lane research foundation.

Suddenly...

'...Mr Wayne!'

'NYA-AH!'

'Bruce!'

Mr Bush waiting

Hello, Dick! I've come to read the will.

Hello, Mr Bush, come on in...

And for Beetle Boles & Co. - it's all over but the electrocution?

Wh-where am I?
IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD!

DON'T YOU WISH I WERE? MY DEATH WAS A TRAP SET FOR YOU—WITH THE HELP OF THE POLICE AND THE HOSPITAL—BECAUSE OF RUMORS THAT YOU WEREN'T AS HONEST AS YOU SHOULD BE!

THE LANE FOUNDATION YOU INSERTED INTO MY WILL IS A PHONEY CORPORATION CONTROLLED BY YOU. BUSH? THROUGH IT, YOU WOULD HAVE DRAWN OFF THE MONEY I MEANT TO GO TO LEGITIMATE RESEARCH AND CHARITY ORGANIZATIONS.

TO TEST YOU, I HAD TO CONVINCE YOU I WAS DEAD! TONIGHT, I HEARD THE PROOF FROM YOUR OWN LIPS THAT YOU ARE DISHONEST!

YES I CHANGED YOUR WILL! "WAYNE" BUT DON'T PLEASE DON'T SEND ME TO JAIL!

LATER AFTER BUSH IS GONE AND ALFRED HAS REVIVED—

SO YOU DIDN'T THINK "BATMAN II" WAS AS GOOD AS THE ORIGINAL, ALFRED? I MUST BE SLIPPING.

SIR, AFTER NEARLY BREAKING MY HEART, MUST YOU JOSN ME, TOO? YOU TRUSTED MAWSTER DICK WITH THE SECRET—BUT NOT ME!

I HATED TO FOOL YOU, ALFRED—but I KNEW YOUR GENUINE SORROW WOULD CONVINCE BUSH I WAS DEAD AND PUT THE SCHEME OVER!

AND HE HAD TO LET ME IN ON THE SECRET SO I COULD HELP HIM!

SAY NO MORE? WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN—AND THAT'S WHAT COUNTS?

TOGETHER FOR ALWAYS—THROUGH THICK AND THIN!

THE END
HURRY, HURRY! LAST CHANCE TO OWN A VALUABLE COMPASS RING!

Hey kids! Don't miss out on this handsome, scientific ring!

And don't miss a morning of my favorite cereal, Nabisco Shredded Wheat!

- Specially designed for National Biscuit Company!
- Styled by a leading American ring designer!
- Streamlined, sturdy construction!
- Self-adjusting band, fits any finger!
- Accurately magnetized needle always swings North!

NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT

Glittering, gold-colored victory bronze!

His Nibs

Last call for this compass ring!

Nabisco Shredded Wheat, In a comin' ring - it's tasty - in the heart of the whole wheat cereal with the picture of Niagara Falls on the box. Always good and good all ways - the flavor blended in for keeps. Ask Mother to buy you a Bong of Nabisco Shredded Wheat. Then mail the box top with 15¢ for your compass ring. But hurry - those aren't the many days!

Baked by Nabisco • National Biscuit Company
The Publishers of Superman, Batman, Boy Commandos—and a host of other favorites

Now give you:

JIMMINY and the MAGIC BOOK

Here's a brand-new action-feature that's excitingly different!

—-and best of all, there are two big Jimminy stories in every issue of More Fun Comics—plus other features!

Be sure to get your copy!
MELODY OF MURDER
by Tom Neill

DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT BLANEY
said: "You can't think of any reason
why someone should want to kill your hus-
band, Mrs. Meggs?"

The blonde woman shook her head. "No,
Lieutenant, I can't." She looked at him
anxiously. "As for his hooking up the part-
nership with Arthur Constant, well, those
things happen in the songwriting business.
I can't imagine Artie harboring a grudge."

Blaney nodded. "I guess you're right,
Mrs. Meggs. He's done all right as a lyric
writer himself. But he seemed to sell more
songs with yore husband's melodies."

Lieutenant Blaney had come to the pent-
house an hour earlier. Martin Meggs, one of
the world's foremost songwriters, had been
found dead in his penthouse apartment.
Mrs. Meggs had been on Long Island, visit-
ing friends. The butler, finding the body,
had summoned her immediately, after no-
tifying police.

Blaney said: "The only thing that puzzles
me is why Mr. Meggs had this secret
entrance built in the penthouse."

His widow smiled. "When you're as pop-
ular as Artie, you've got to sort of seclu-
sed out. There were always people trying
to get to him. He hated to give testimon-
ials for things, and he wouldn't play
benefits." She played with her hands, ex-
presively. "You've probably heard how
eccentric he was."

"Yes, I understand his working habits
were the same."

"That's right." Mrs. Meggs moved over
to a beautiful console radio-phonograph.
"This was his piano."

"His what?"

"His way of expressing himself." Along-
side the console was a small piano. Mrs.
Meggs lifted the lid on the console, brought
out a small microphone. "Very few people
know this," she said, "but Martin used to
compose his tunes by singing into this mike,
or playing a number. See?"

The woman flipped a switch. Blaney
nodded approval as, from the record, there
came a catchy tune.

For a moment, Mrs. Meggs trembled as
her late husband's voice came through the
loudspeaker. Then she switched off the ap-
ppliance. "I liked to play them back. That
way he could detect any flaws in his melody.
He was working on this song when I left.
Nobody has heard it yet."

"I see." Blaney picked up his hat. "Well,
Mrs. Meggs, we'll do what we can to pick
up your husband's killer."

His voice sounded confident. But Blaney was anything but.

Outside, he climbed into his car. This
case was really a puzzler. Whoever the
murderer was, he had covered his tracks
carefully. Without any great trouble, he had
gotten into the penthouse unabated, used
the secret entrance, effected the murder,
and gone out again unrecognised except
by his victim.

But why? Blaney shrugged. Mrs. Meggs
had scented up that avenue pretty effec-
tively. "Not only Arthur Constant, but
Chadie Dawes, Dick La Cava, Bunny
Bannes and a number of other songwriters
had had, at some time, access to that secret
entrance.

It would take a good while to question
them all. And the longer it took, the tougher
it would be to pick up any trail. The killer
might have left Blaney wasn't kidding himself that this was one of the toughest
cases he had ever tackled.

He told the commissioner as he
returned to police headquarters some four
hours later. The commissioner shook his
head. "We've got to make an arrest fast, Blaney," he said. "This Meggs was a pretty big guy. And you know how the Mayor thrives on what the Broadway columnists say."

"Yeah, I know," Blaney assented gloomily. "One of those boys' columnists and he takes it seriously. You'd think the editorial pages of every paper in the country were after him."

"Not only that, Blaney, Meggs was a personal friend of the Mayor's." The commissioner looked worried. "What do you propose to do? And let heavens take, Eddie, stop that whistling."

Blaney grinned. "Sorry, I heard the tune in Meggs' apartment. One he was working on for some picture deal he had just signed. The lyric was good too. I suppose a songwriter gets paid more for words and music than just music."

"I wouldn't know," said the commissioner, "Just stop the whistling. I've got a headache."

"Okay," said Blaney, cheerfully. "I think I'll run up and talk to Constant now. I hear he might have a lead. He was out when I was there this afternoon."

Arthur Constant opened the door himself. He was wearing a vividly-colored dressing gown. He greeted Blaney cordially. "I've been waiting for you, Lieutenant. My man has the evening off, left a message that you called." He led the way into a sumptuous living room. Logs crackled in the fireplace. Constant's desk was littered with papers.

"I've been working on a new number," he said, smiling. "You know a lyricist's life isn't his own. Always work and more work. Have a drink, Lieutenant?"

"No thanks," Blaney smiled. "I thought you might be able to give me a hand. We know Meggs was murdered. But why?"

"I don't know," Constant said slowly. "His death will be a great loss to the music world. The man was a genius. I enjoyed the two years I worked with him." He spread his hands, expressively. "Of course you know we split up. Martin decided he could write his own lyrics."

"I know," Blaney's eyes bored into Constant's. "You haven't seen him since the split-up?"

Constant shook his head. "Not for two weeks. I've been commissioned to write the lyrics for the new Martin Revue. I've been too busy to see anyone." He pursed his lips. "I'm not saying I won't miss Martin. He was great, could push rhythms out of the 4/4."

Constant brought out a large volume from the middle drawer of his desk. "I kept this scrapbook of press clippings on Martin and me," he said, "I like to look at it while I finish a line I'm writing when you came in?"

"Sure," Blaney took the book. It was filled with pictures and cut-ups of the pair. Engrossed, he turned the pages, humming to himself.

At his desk, Constant labored over a sheet of paper.

Blaney, humming, suddenly realized he might be disturbing the songwriter. He stopped humming. Then, he stiffened Constant, while working on his lyrics, was humming absentmindedly.

Blaney got to his feet. The writer looked up. "What's the trouble, Lieutenant? Bored?" He smiled affably. "I'll be through in a minute."

Blaney stared at him. "You're through now, Constant," he said. "Come along with me."

"What?" The songwriter looked at him, his expression incredulous. "What are you talking about?"

"The tune you were humming," Blaney said evenly. "When I stopped singing it, you picked it up and hummed the rest of the melody." His voice was cold. "That melody happens to be the song Martin Meggs composed this morning. And the only one who could have heard it besides Mrs. Meggs and me was the killer—Meggs was writing it when the bullet arrived."

He shrugged. "And it probably added fuel to your murder-on-rage, Constant; in discover Meggs had written another hit. Alone, this time!"
PROF.
DIPP.

Wholesale dealer in star dust, and
an astrological oracle of the future
of whom there are none oracler~!

This is a month during which the planetary
aspects will be most favorable to those born
under the signs of Jupiter, Virgo, Aries and
Capricorn — also those with a bulging trust fund
a yacht and a 500 acre estate with no mortgages.
Great promise of improvement is in store for man
kind generally and — I also predict that

... by a secret chemical
process certain grain
stalks of straw, when
crossed with leather
sweatbands (sized to
suit), will soon produce
a very husky crop of
straw hats annually!

Yeaah... next year I'm
gonna raise me some
Panamas!

And by a newly discovered
device you will get all of
one day's wrong phone
numbers in a bunch — from
10:40 A.M. to 10:50 A.M.
This will save a heap of
headache tablets!

Thank you, thank you! Thanks!
Now I'm gonna play a lil' golf!
Quick-freezing processed food will fill the
restaurant menu a few short months from
now and an ordinary meal will be
ordered something like this—

"I'd, Senator — Lemme have
an icle of roast beef —
some sleet clam chowder,
slush pumpkin pie A la mode
and a blaze of Java —"

Magnesium, the lightest metal
in the world, will soon fill its
own important place in world
affairs — and in a big way!

"Got sick'n tired
workin' in the office
alone every night —
now I bring it home!"

Floating country estates will soon be
available to the tourist-minded stay-at-homes —
Labrador in the summer — the Caribbean in the
winter (seasickness both ways an route)
size 6 to 10 acres, speed 20 knots —

Junior — where's
your Pap?

He's down
cellar, maw —
trawling for
sharks

A new vending machine that promises to give
you a haircut, shampoo, shave, sing, shine
with coffee and doughnuts — all in 3 minutes,
to the time of changing, will soon be
offered for public sale —

"If I never come
back, lil' Eva —
I'll write!"

No tipping
please

And science will finally perfect
a method for taking the shine
out of a blue serge suit while
also changing the color, size
and style of the garment, all in one
3-minute operation —

"Now it's a green twed —
overcoat — too big though
OOGY! Am I proud!"
FOR MODEL BUILDING—

It's slick! It's quick!
PLASTIC WOOD

PLASTIC WOOD is the slickest stuff ever for building model planes. With PLASTIC WOOD you can build 'em like the experts!

QUICK—too DRIES FAST! Use it for illate, patching, repairing, sockets, motor mounts and dozens of slick new tricks. With SOLVENT it makes a swell base for that hard, high-gloss finish that'll be the envy of every model builder in your neighborhood. Sands easily, takes paint, varnish or dope perfectly.

37 out of 33 WINNERS in a recent big model contest used PLASTIC WOOD—proof that with PLASTIC WOOD you, too, can build better models.

FREE BOOKLET "SLICK NEW TRICKS"
Get your copy at your local store or send a postcard with your name and address for

BOYLE MIRWAY INC 27 E 41st St New York 16, N.Y.

FREE BOOKLET
SECRET of the EXPERTS!

Slick New Tricks
for Building
Better Model Planes

A CELLULOSE FIBRE FILLER
TRAGEDY IN THE GRAND TRADITION BROODS OVER THE GOTHAM CITY OPERA, WHERE LOVELY HEROINES SIGH FOR GOLDEN-THROATED HEROES AND DYING IS MERELY THE FINAL NOTE OF PATHOS IN MELODIOUS MAKE-BELIEVES. BUT WHEN A PHANTOM KILLER STILLS FOREVER THE GOLDEN VOICES OF FAMOUS SONGERS, THEN BATMAN AND ROBIN ENTER THE SCENE TO SOLVE THE SHOCKING CASE OF— "THE BAT AND ROBIN MURDERS!"
**BATMAN**

**Opening Night of Gotham City's Grand Opera Season Brings Out Society Folk—Also Many Sincere Opera-Lovers...**

**I Pad Colin Vanning**

Viola Estes

Graham Lenox

**It brings, too, a great show of artistic temperament backstage.**

**Idiot! Imbecile!**

Listen to that, Lacroix! With all my other headaches as Stage Manager, I have to put up with him!

Be glad you don't have to manage him! Colin Vanning is a great tenor and a great pain in the neck.

**Behind the Door, Vanning dresses for the role of Canio in I Pagliacci...**

Be careful with that collar, fool.

Y-Yes, Sir, Mr. Vanning, Sir.

**Meanwhile, Bruce Wayne and his young ward, Dick Grayson, enter their opera box...**

Vanning is a showoff, Bruce. But his voice is powerful enough to shatter a glass goblet.

Yes, Dick, he's vain and many people hate him—but a great artist can be forgiven vanity.

**Then the curtain rises...and the opera begins**

**This way they come, with fife and drum.**
Presently the last act during which the opera nears its tragic climax!

It is cance -- He will kill you? You must flee!

A fake blade flashes -- and Caino pretends to slay Columbine and Silvio, a villager who races to protect her. According to the script...

No punchinello am I -- but a man!

Now for the tragic clown's closing line -- "The comedy is ended!" But, instead...

(Tough cough!) My throat! I'm choking!

Something's gone wrong, Dick! Let's get backstage!

In the corridor behind their box, Bruce and Dick remove outer clothes -- and Batman and Robin race for the wings!

They're dead, killed by poison gas! Open the stage doors wide and let in fresh air!

And I'll bet it was no accident!

As the cast gathers around the victims, manager-director Lackoix emerges from the prompter's box. And...

Look, the prompter's taking a gas cylinder from under the table! And hiding it under his coat!

Next moment... Batman and Robin! I'm glad you're here! I'm sure that gas was meant to kill me -- not those two?

But who'd want to kill you, Vanining?
Many people hate me! Lacroix Crowley and Noyes here, who used to sing the tenor roles I now get. It's true that I'm not getting the breaks I used to—but I blame Lacron, not Yanning?

Don't be ridiculous! Why should I kill off my best singers? I was in the cafe next door playing the juke box—and I can prove it!

The mystery deepens.

Lacroix was in the prompter's box and Noyes was singing in the chorus. Yes, everybody seems to have an alibi!

But as Lacron starts to leave...

I'll call the police. Huh?

I'll take charge of that empty gas cylinder you've got under your coat, Lacron.

I was holding it to avoid bad publicity for the opera, Batman! Can't we call this an accident till it's proven otherwise?

If the police agree, but no concealing evidence;

Lacking tangible clues, the police agree to call it an accident temporarily... and next day's papers print 'Jinx' headlines.

Wux-tree! Two die at opera!

Death strikes twice at opera as tragic ending comes true! Batman and police mystified by 'Jinx' case!
TOSCA IS THE NEXT OPERA ON THE BILL, AND TWO SPECTATORS ARRIVE EARLY TO CONCEAL THEMSELVES HIGH ABOVE THE STAGE.

EVERYTHING'S READY—AND THE CURTAIN RISES! COLIN VANNING, AS MARIO, WILL BE ON THAT SCAFFOLD, PAINTING A MURAL.

SUDDENLY—A DARK FIGURE APPEARS BELOW...

ON YOUR TOES, ROBIN? THIS LOOKS LIKE PLANS FOR ANOTHER ACCIDENT?

NO DOUBT ABOUT WHO THE KILLER IS AFTER THIS TIME? HE'S FIXING THAT SCAFFOLD SO IT WILL FALL WITH VANNING?

LIKE GRIFF BIRDS OF PREY, THE DUO SWOOPS—BUT THEIR QUARRY IS NOT TO BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE!

BATMAN: YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME!

DODGE IT, HE SAYS TO ME—AND LOOK AT HIM?

DODGE THAT SCAFFOLD, ROBIN!

OOOFF!

SECONDS LATER, AS THEY RUN OFF—STAGE...

CROWLEY? DID YOU MEET ANYBODY RUNNING OUT OF HERE?

NO. I'VE BEEN DRAPE OVER MY FAVORITE JUKE BOX FOR THE LAST HALF HOUR.

THE FIRING SQUAD FOR THE MOCK EXECUTION OF MARIO... I LOADED THE GUNS—WITH BLANKS—SO NOBODY WILL GET KILLED IN THIS SCENE.

LOOK! CROWLEY—AT THE TABLE WHERE THE MUSKETS WERE LAYING!
THEN CROWLEY RUSHES UP TO BATMAN...
I FOUND A BLANK CARTRIDGE ON THE TABLE! WHAT IF SOMEONE PUT A REAL ONE IN ITS PLACE IN ONE OF THE MUSKETS?
GREAT SCOTT—AND THEY'RE READY TO SHOOT?
READY—AIM—

SHOTS RING OUT—BUT FAR MORE THRILLING TO THE AUDIENCE IS AN UNSCHEDULED ENTRANCE BY BATMAN!
FIRE! WHAT—?

BRAVO, BATMAN!
ABOUT TIME THEY PEPPED UP THESE OLD OPERAS!

AFTER THE CURTAIN FALLS...
HERE'S THE BULLET-HOLE, SARGE? IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ME, IF I HAD NOT INTERFERED!
THEM NOT INTERFERED! AND THE KILLER IS SOMEONE ON THIS STAGE?

THE BARREL OF NOYES' MUSKET SHOWS IT FIRED A REAL BULLET?
CROWLEY HAS CHARGE OF THE PROPS AND HE HANDED ME THAT MUSKET!

LATER IN MANAGER LACROIX'S OFFICE...
WE'LL TRY A NEW STRATEGY TO SOLVE THIS CASE, LACROIX. ROBIN AND I WILL SING IN YOUR NEXT OPERA—

LAY THAT PISTOL DOWN, SARGE... BRAVO. BEST SINGING I'VE HEARD YET IN THIS JOINT!

SHADES OF MOZART! GOOD SINGERS DIE—AND I MUST REPLACE THEM—WITH DETECTIVES, LET ME HEAR YOU SING!
STOP IT!
A horrible song? But their voices will pass in a chorus?

We can't shatter glasses, but I'll bet we can shatter eardrums.

Do-mi-sol - do-o-o-o.

Here's the score for the gypsy blacksmiths in "Il Trovatore." If you pound the anvils loud enough, no one will hear you sing.

Awful.

"Il Trovatore" goes on next evening with Vanning singing the role of Manrico, and Batman and Robin hammering on the anvils in the famous anvil chorus scene...

See how the shadows leap.

Then, the last act... and desperate Leonora lifts a cup of poison to her lips...

She was to pretend to drink from an empty goblet, Batman—but there's liquid in that glass!

What? Great Caesar? But if we yelled or ran out, we might startle her into gulping it?

Vanning I dare you to shatter that glass with your voice?

Hah! What do I care for your dare! Still to amuse myself, I'll do it.
And a single magnificent, piercing note fills the theater as Leonora hesitates the goblet vibrating in her hand.aaa-aaa-aaa  aaa

So Leonora does not drink—but pretends death anyway as the death of Manrico is enacted.

The Count is condemning the troubadour to death. Now I'll take the headsman's part.

Then we can be sure the ax won't do any real damage?

Suddenly, a clockwork mechanism clicks high above the stage then...

Batman! Another ax—falling on Vanning?

As steel clashes on steel in midair, Noyes leaps from the wings and...

Look out Vanning?

The heavy axes miss Vanning—but he does not rise from where he has fallen.

He's unconscious! Get a doctor! Dr. Ingram—Vanning's physician is in the audience?

But fate is not ready for Colin Vanning to die...

You fainted! I warned you against the terrific strain on your heart when you sing that glass shattering note!

Wh what happened?
YOU SAVED HIS LIFE, NOYES! AT THE RISK OF YOUR OWN? I THOUGHT YOU HATED HIM.

I HATE HIS VANITY, HIS SELFISHNESS, HIS SNEERING EGOTISM! BUT--

—HIS GREAT VOICE BRINGS JOY TO MANY! I'M A HAS-BEEN, BUT I'D DIE TO PROTECT A VOICE LIKE HIS!

WAIT NOYES! I'VE MISJUDGED YOU! I PUT YOU IN THE CHORUS BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU WERE TOO CRITICAL!

YOU'RE A TRUE ARTIST! VANNING WILL NEED A REST NOW! YOU WILL SING THE ROLE OF SAMSON IN HIS PLACE TOMORROW NIGHT?

DO YOU MEAN IT, LACROIX? IT'S MY FAVORITE PART!

NOW I CAN RELAX! WITH VANNING AT HOME IN BED, THERE'LL BE NO MORE OPERA MURDERS?

I'M NOT SO SURE, LACROIX! THE LIQUID SPILLED FROM THAT VOICE-SHATTERED GLASS TURNED RED LITMUS PAPER BLUE! THAT MEANS POISON!

SOMEONE WANTED TO KILL MILDRED STARR, WHO SANG THE ROLE OF LEONORA?

SHADES OF VERDI? SOME MADMAN—A CRAZY PHANTOM OF THE GOTHAM OPERA—is TRYING TO RUIN MY COMPANY!

MADMAN—PHANTOM...

LACROIX'S SHOCKED WORDS ECHO IN NEWSPAPER HEADLINES AND RADIO NEWSCASTS.

MEANWHILE, GOTHAMITES OFFER FANTASTIC SUMS FOR TICKETS TO "SAMSON AND DELILAH"—THE OPERATIC VERSION OF ONE OF HISTORY'S MOST FAMOUS TALES OF TREACHERY AND VENGEANCE!
Next day Batman and Robin watch preparations for the big spectacle.

**Presently...**

Why, he's cutting the ropes so they'll break under a strain?

Hey--what's the idea?

You see, Robin, in the final scene, falling scenery would crush the actors if nets and ropes didn't catch the pieces.

You again? Take that! Batman! Help! Coming, Robin!

Thanks, pal? He's not as good at dodging as you are?

He rigged the net so he could pull it down with that rope--and he's getting away?

Oh--h--h!

I'll make him sorry for that!

Ho--ho wo--hos!
ONCE MORE, THE DYNAMIC DUO SEARCHES BACKSTAGE IN VAIN!

MUST BE A THOUSAND HIDING PLACES HERE?

HMM—THE DOOR OF VANNING’S DRESSING ROOM IS OPEN. LET’S GO IN.

OH, BOY, WHAT A MAKEUP KIT! PAINTS, PUTTY, FALSE WIGS AND 'WHISKERS,' NOSTRIL PLUGS. HMM ... HEY—LET’S HAVE A LOOK AT THAT KIT!

SUDDENLY:

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY DRESSING ROOM?

VANNING: THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU TO STAY IN BED!

BAH! ALL DOCTORS ARE FOOLS! AND I REFUSE TO LET ANYTHING INTERFERENCE WITH MY SINGING!

PLEASE VANNING, DON’T GO ON! I’M AFRAID OF WHAT MAY HAPPEN TO YOU! ANYWAY, I PROMISED NOVES YOU ROLE!

LET NOVES SING THE SECOND TENOR LEAD? AND DON’T WORRY ABOUT ME! I KNOW WHAT I’M DOING!

I THINK HE DOES AT THAT LACROIX!' LET HIM SING!

JUST BEFORE CURTAIN TIME, THE NET AND ROPES ARE GIVEN A FINAL TEST.

THIS IS FUN!

WHAT I’M DOING MAY NOT BE ART—BUT IT’S IN THE CAUSE OF ART!
Then—on with the show! And as the mighty Samson is lulled by the song of the beautiful Delilah...

Spring voices are singing...

Finally, as Samson is scorned of his strength—giving locks and blinded...

O feeble giant, sing us a song in praise of Delilah!

Give me but a moment of my strength...

Now the terrifying climax. Samson pulls the temple down!

AAA-AAA-AAA-

Bravo! Brav-o! Colin Vanning! What a voice!

As the curtain drops, muffling the wild applause...

Vanning won't take any bows. Lacroix! He's dead!

But—but that piece of pillar is only cardboard and canvas! How could it kill him?

The pillar didn't kill him. Vanning sang himself to death!

Noyes is right! He committed suicide in a last vain grasp for fame—ob inamy!
Batman

VANNING RELEASED THAT POISON GAS THE FIRST NIGHT WEARING HOSTIL PLUGS TO SAVE HIMSELF! HE WANTED TO KILL OTHERS BEFORE HIMSELF.

BUT WHY?

His heart ailment would have forced his retirement soon! So he planned to die—and to take with him those who would continue to get the applause he loved.

A GREAT SINGER—BUT A MADMAN?

He was an egomaniac! He wanted to die spectacularly so that he would be remembered.

And he did?

When he had that stroke last night, he realized he could burst his heart, as he shattered goblets, with that terrifying note! Tonight he sang that note—but louder and longer...

Until his heart shattered?

So ends our story, as tragically as any opera! And another evening.

Noyes rates the breaks. He's getting. He hasn't Vanning's color but he's a great tenor?

Take a look, Bruce! There's Crowley and Lacroix?

But I need you at rehearsal, Crowley?

See my assistant! I need some juke-box jive to fortify me against tonight's screeching.

The end
Two of America's Most Famous Boys!

ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER
Two-fisted action-packed pal of famous, hard-hitting BATMAN now on his own in single-handed combat against the underworld! In every issue of Star Spangled Comics!

AND

SUPERBOY
The thrilling, action-packed story of SUPERMAN when he was a boy! In every great issue of Adventure Comics!

Be sure to get these two great magazines at your favorite newsstand!
TONY PASTOR
Famous Saxophonist and Band Leader
Says IF YOU CAN CARRY A TUNE YOU CAN PLAY
THE GAHOON
PICK IT UP AND PLAY IT!

NEW! Real Precision Saxophone Mouthpiece
Extra Reed furnished Free!

9 Out Of 10 PLAY IT IN 10 MINUTES

THE AMAZING GAHOON—the sensational new musical invention that nine out of ten people can play in 10 minutes. Give two full octaves of rich, true tone like an E-Zacs Saxophone, Genuine Sax mouthpiece—Genuine Sax reed. Built on the same principle as a Saxophone, EXCEPT, with the mysterious new simplified principle. Instead of opening air passage, you merely bend the controlled signaling valve. This advertising or lengthening of the air column determines the higher, half-tone or quarter tones. What a hit at parties, in school bands, army camps, in amateur or professional ill-billy and jug bands, in rhythm bands, or as entertainment for singing. Plays any type of music from Bach to Carmichael. The more you play the better you become. Play "Twist," "Sweet," "boogie," "swing," rhythm, marching-band or standard.

INTERNATIONAL MERCHANDISE CORP.
BOX 3D, OZONE PARK 18, NEW YORK

Mail passage prepaid. The Standard E-Zacs Art GAHOON, with simple and exact instructions for playing, mailed in two minutes. I will receive $1.98 on full payment and you agree to remit this $1.98 if I return the GAHOON in ten days after writing. Free Gold C.O.D. Canadian orders $2.50

Return coupon with $1.98 or Post Money Order.

International White Gold. Dec. 21, 1950, Ozone Park 18, N.Y.
Now Any AUTO REPAIR JOB Can Be a "Push-Over" for You!

IN LESS TIME—WITH LESS WORK—AND MORE PROFITS!

Motor's new AUTOMOBILE REPAIR MANUAL shows you how to service and repair any part of any car! You can lick even the toughest jobs when you have this amazing Manual to make your work easier.

Every job on every car built since 1935 is explained so simply as A to B C. Clear illustrations and instructions lead you step by step, now you can tackle any job from carburetor to rear axle and do it quick, easy, right, the FIRST TIME! Just look up make model, and the job in the quick index of Motor's AUTOMOBILE REPAIR MANUAL—and go to work!

ONLY Manual of its Kind

We wonder this manual is used by the U.S. Army and Navy! Across technical schools everywhere, and thousands of potential auto mechanics.

To create this great book possible, the engineers of Motor Magazine interviewed all the men from the official factory men for you. They drew out all the information you want and wrote every word of it in a clear, easy-to-read form and sent it to this great, handy book!

FREE 7-DAY OFFER
SEND NO MONEY

Mail now to your nearest Motor Distributor. When the handsome new book reaches you, take a look—and give it a study. Dated December 1936, it's got U. S. Navy appeal in it and is the greatest, handiest book ever you'll need.
“Get This Handy 128 Page DAISY HANDBOOK
Pronto, Partner!” - Red Ryder

HERE’S WHAT YOU GET, BOYS...

You’ll receive a comic book plus a popular science and adventure book plus a "how to make it" book plus a western story book plus a mechanics-shop manual and a complete Daisy Air Rifle Catalog—all combined into one 128-page handbook. Now you can enjoy reading the adventures of Red Ryder, Buck Rogers, and the other great comic strip heroes.

- Electric bell, telephone, dynamite, plastic motor, vehicles, engines, airplanes, and more!
- All this and more, plus the handy guide to Daisy guns—how to read brands, make and use them! We'll give you all the facts you need to know.

Talk to your local Daisy dealer today! Stamp coupon to Daisy. We'll mail your Handbook postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

1000 SHOT
RED RYDER COWBOY CARbine
$4.25

SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., 504 UNION ST, DEPT 2, PLYMOUTH, MICH