"Gee—
they’re great!"

Snapshots are always tops. Everybody likes to look at pictures of parties or picnics at home. And of familiar scenes and friends.

And it’s so easy to make good pictures! All you need is the camera, take your, and click. Kodak Verichrome Film takes care of the rest. You press the button—it does the rest! Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Kodak
Verichrome
Junior Six-20

Price with Kodak lens, $1.25 plus tax. This camera can photograph pictures in the most popular size—3½ x 2½ inches. Available in increasing quantities.

America’s favorite snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film—in the familiar yellow box.

Kodak Vigilant

"They’re great! And you’re plenty good in this camera too. I’ve got to have prints of this."

Kodak
BAT-MAN
WITH
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER

BIRD STORE
BIRDS OF PREY
FOR SALE CHEAP!
BATMAN & ROBIN PROPS.

WHEN CROOKS GIVE THINGS AWAY, WATCH OUT, SOMETHING IS COOKING—AND IT'S SOMEBODY'S GROUSE, AND ESPECIALLY WHEN THAT DRELL LITTLE CROOK WITH THE TRICK UMBRELLAS THE PENGUIN, DISTRIBUTES "GIFTS" WITH SPUTTER STRINGS ATTACHED. STRINGS THAT LEAD BATMAN AND ROBIN ALONG A LURE
TRAIL OF SINISTER CRIMES AS THEY FIGHT TO CLIP THE WINGS OF THE BIRD CAGE BANDITS!
The Penguin explained, "Yes, it looks as if the Umbrella Crook is really going straight."

Please print that to advertise our opening, we are giving away special birds to notable people.

If you're free again, will you go back to robbing people, Penguin?"

I'm through with crime! Since my hobby is birds, my friend, Mr. Buzzard, and I will open a bird store...

Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson— Alias Batman and Robin—are skeptical...

So the Penguin is giving away birds? I'll bet there's a catch to it.

To Robert Hawk, the plane manufacturer, we gave a Hawk, to Wallace Norton, the famous fisherman, a Kingfisher...

Batman and Robin had better check on those eggs!

Soon, the Batplane swoops low over the great airplane factory. Look an explosion!

We'll land and see what it is.

Later in their underground hangar, the dynamic duo readies the Batplane for action...

Newspapers say that Robert Hawk keeps the Penguin close to him at his factory.

We'll go there first!
IT'S BATMAN AND ROBIN! HOW DID THEY GET HERE?

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE? WELL THEY FOUND IT... OR ONE OF THOSE PLANES...

AND AS THE CRIME FIGHTERS RUSH UP...

WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT QUICK... TO THE BATPLANE!

SECONDS LATER

AREFUL BATMAN

WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT QUICK... TO THE BATPLANE!

STEEL NERVES AND SKILLED MUSCLES EFFECT A LIGHTNING JUMP! THEN...

NO THERE'S ONE OF THEM... SAY IT'S THE PENGUIN!
SO YOU AND YOUR THUGS ROBBED THAT SAFE?
I KNOW NOTHING OF THUGS MUGG.
I'M HERE TO SEE MY BIRD.

A LIKELY STORY.
PENGUIN!
YOU'RE ANNOYING AN HONEST MAN!
HERE COMES MR. HAWK.
HE'LL PROVE MY STORY.

Yes. I TEL PENGUIN
CAME HERE TO
HELP FOR THE
HAWK HE
GAVE ME.

You see BATMAN,
YOU HAVE DONE
ME A CRUEL
INJUSTICE!
GOOD N' GUT

They stole
my secret blueprints!

But the guard says everyone searched at the
gate. How did they get explosives in here?

HMM. I COULDN'T HAVE HAD A TIME-BOMB
HIDDEN IN IT.

Later...

But Batman
We can't prove
The Penguin's gift
Birdcage was a
JIGGY TRAP

...We'll examine
the other gift
birds and cages.
He gave one to
Norton. The famous
Raven.

hat's the case
in which the penguin
brought the hawk.
AND NORTON LIVES ON HIS YACHT. WE'LL VISIT HIM.

LOOKS LIKE HE'S THROWING A PARTY.

ABORD THE YACHT, YES. IT'S THE BIRD THAT ODDBALL LITTLE CHAP WHO RUNS A BIRD STORE GAVE ME.

A KINGFISHER!

SUDDENLY TWO COLORFUL MASKED FIGURES JOIN THE GLITTERING PARTY.

WHAT—WHO—Why IT'S BATMAN!

QUICK—GET AWAY FROM THAT BIRD CAGE!

SORRY TO INTRUDE, BUT THAT BIRD CAGE MAY BE A BOOBY TRAP.

WHAT?

BUT BATMAN'S SWIFT ACTION COMES TOO LATE! THERE'S A LOUD ROAR—A DAZZLING GLARE...

THIS CAGE HAS A FALSE BOTTOM! AND SOMETHING INSIDE IT IS TICKING! WE'VE GOT TO GET IT OUT OF HERE—

I'M BLINDED! I CAN'T SEE!
WE CAN'T SEE!!

NO PANIC FOLKS! WE'RE ONLY TEMPORARILY BLINDED BY A MAGNESIUM FLARE BUT THAT MEANS THE PENGUIN IS COMING ABOARD.

SO EVEN BATMAN'S BLINDED BY MY BRILLIANCE QUICK GET THE LOOT BEFORE THEY CAN SEE AGAIN?

I CAN FIND THE RIGHT SWITCH!

AH, HERE IT IS!

THE SWITCH IS PRESSED AND PITCH DARKNESS ENFOLDS THE ROOM.

NOW WE'RE ON EQUAL TERMS GRAB THEM ROBIN.

EGAD, I WASN'T COUNTING ON THIS.

IF YOU HAVE GEMS IN YOUR HANDS YOU'RE BANDITS AND YOU AREN'T CARRYING HAY.

OUCH!

O YOu WON'T BRAT!

IT WENT OFF ON THE DOT NOW TO RELIEVE MR. NORTON'S GUESTS OF THEIR JEWELS!
WOW! THAT UMBRELLA'S A FLAME THROWER! ONE OF PENGUIN'S TRICK GADGETS...

I MISSED THE BRAT AND SET THE YACHT ON FIRE.

AS THE BLAZE SPREADS BATMAN AND ROBIN REGAIN THEIR SIGHT.

LEMMIE OUTA HERE. YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS.

BUT THE RATS DESERT THE BURNING SHIP—AND THEIR BOSS!

WE MUST GET THE FIRE UNDER CONTROL.

TH'S IS SO MORTIFYING.

F I CAN BURN THIS ROPE.

~I CAN SPEAD MY WINGS AND ESCAPE!~

BATMAN, THE PENGUIN IS ESCAPING.

WE CAN'T STOP FIGHTING THIS FIRE NOW ROBIN!
LATER AFTER THE FIRE IS OUT

AND WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST TO KEEP HIM FROM PULLING MORE.

WE HAVE PROOF NOW THAT THE PENGUIN IS STAGING THOSE BIRD CAGE ROBBERIES.

FIRST WE MUST GET THE NAMES OF OTHERS TO WHOM HE GAVE BIRDS.

WE'LL GO TO HIS STORE.

PENGUIN'S PARTNER MR. BLIZZARD CAN TELL US BUT WILL HE?

INSIDE THE BIRD STORE.

OH OH—WE STEPPED INTO AN AMBUSH.

I SAW YOUR PLANE. YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME TO JAIL!

NO! I WON'T TELL YOU.

NO? THEN INTO THIS CAGE YOU GO—WITH OTHER BUZZARDS.

I'M JUST BLUFFING—but I MAY SCARE HIM INTO GIVING US THOSE NAMES.

NICE WORK BATMAN!

I CAN'T SEE...
I'll tell the police to cage this blizzard. I'll go up to Snowbird Lodge in the Batplane! You warn Merrill Martin and follow me in the Batmobile!

Soon in the home of Merrill Martin, Art Collector...

See a time fised fire bomb and the Penguin's mob would have entered during the fire and stolen your paintings.

Afterレン and the booby trap, Robin drives to Snowbird Lodge, Winter Sports Resort for the wealthy.

What a place! The Penguin would find rich pickings here! I hope Batman was in time.

Meanwhile, inside the lodge...

I don't understand it, there's no booby trap in this Cage.

That's a relief, we're holding our big Bobsled Race today.

There must be a trick to it... I'll examine the birds.
The birds are all right too, Strange...

Here comes one of the bobsled teams now!

Suddenly as Batman puzzles over the riddle...

Anesthetic gas cough choke...

It came from the eggs in the cage, they were time-fused gas booby traps. Choke—cough—

As the powerful gas swiftly overcomes all in the lodge—

The gas egg and the bobsled snow masks protect us.

I'll give my little bird friends some air... but one of them is gone! Now, where—

Come on, Penguin! The gas is thinning out and they'll be waking up.

Look, the Batmobile! It must be Batman's fall.

Let's be on our way! One of these bobsleds will carry us down to our car in express time.

Why don't you throw away that bird cage?

No, my little winged friend is waking up! Eeaa, this is thrilling.
THE PENGUIN'S MOB. BUT WHERE'S BATMAN?

BATMAN! THE PENGUIN'S ESCAPING. MY HEAD'S CLEARING FAST. COME ON—WE'LL FOLLOW HIM.

SECOND'S LATER

WE CAN OVERTAKE THEM—IF WE DON'T USE THE BRAKE.

WOW! IT SURE IS DOING THE BATPLANE!

WE'RE GAINING ON THEM!

AS THE THICK UMBRELLA UNFOLDS, A WIRE NET DROPS ACROSS THE BOBBLESLIDE RUN!

I HATE TO SPOIL GOOD COASTING, BUT IT'S NECESSARY.

BATMAN, THOSE WIRE'S TOO LATE.

BATS AND ROBINS SHOULD NOT TRY TO BE ONE BROS.
MOMENTS LATER: THEY GOT AWAY IN THEIR CAR.
COME ON BACK TO THE LODGE. I'VE GOT AN IDEA.

THIS OTHER SNOWBIRD IS THE MATE TO THE ONE THE PENGUIN TOOK WITH HIM, AND A BIRD WILL ALWAYS FLY TO HIS MATE.
AND WE'LL FOLLOW HIM IN THE BATPLANE!

LOOK! MY OTHER LITTLE FRIEND HAS FOLLOWED ITS MATE, AND BATMAN HAS FOLLOWED IT! THERE'S THE BATPLANE!

THERE'S THE PENGUIN. BUT HOW CAN WE STOP HIS CAR?

THE BATPLANE'S JETS WILL CUT INTO THIS SNOW BANK AND START AN AVALANCHE.

- THAT WILL STOP THEM COLD AND I MEAN COLD!

ARK! CHOKI!

WHEN AN ANGRY PENGUIN IS DUG OUT OF THE SNOW -
IT'S NICE WE COULD USE A BIRD TO STOP THIS BIRD LOVER'S CRIMES.

DRAT!
"I TAKE A TIP FROM A LOT OF OTHER BALL PLAYERS," SAYS JERRY WITTE. "I GET MY BREAKFAST STARTED WITH MILK, FRUIT AND WHEATIES—BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS. THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES WHEATIES TASTE MIGHTY GOOD. THEY COME THROUGH IN THE NOURISHMENT DEPARTMENT TOO!"

WITTE TOPPED ASSOCIATION SLUGGERS WITH 46 HOMERS—SECOND BEST RECORD FOR RIGHT-HANDED BATTERS IN THE LOOP'S HISTORY. HE DROVE IN 120 RUNS.

A MEMBER OF THE TOLEDO MUD HENS ROOKIE CROP WITTE CRACKED OUT THREE CONSECUTIVE "HOME RUNS" (AGAINST THREE DIFFERENT PITCHERS) IN THE ASSOCIATION'S 1946 ALL-STAR GAME.

"1946 WINNER OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION 'MOST VALUABLE PLAYER' AWARD. NOW WITH THE ST. LOUIS BROWNS."

"WHEATIES BREAKFAST CHAMPIONS WITH MILK AND FRUIT."

"THIS FRESHMAN LEARNS FAST."

"Wheaties" is a registered trademark of General Mills, Inc.
Swifty Seaver Wins for Beaver

Another Jim Wise Real-Life Sports Story

Near the bad news, Swifty! Three of our men can't run in the track meet tomorrow. Ku-Ko Rock Camp will lick us for sure!

It all looked mighty bad to the fellas that day at camp.

Not if I can help it! I'm running in all three events—and I'm out to win.

Just watch my smoke! Mr. Wise gave me a hot tip on form.

The Great Track Meet Begins

Attta boy, Swifty.

Nice work, Swifty! See you P-F canes! Shoes would give you extra staying power.

Thanks for the tip, Mr. Wise. My legs never felt tired at all. P-F sure makes a difference.

P-F? What's that?

What Mr. Wise said about "P-F"

1. This rigid rubber hoop keeps the bones of the foot in their natural normal position.

2. This sponge rubber cushion absorbs shock for the sensitive area of the foot.

3. "P-F" means posture foundation. A patented feature found only in canvas shoes made by Goodrich and Hood Rubber Co.

Wotta team they've all got P-F canvas shoes now.
IT'S A SMALL WORLD LIKE AN OLD SAYING, AND IT'S AN EVEN SMALLER WORLD THAN USUAL IN ONE CORNER OF MODERN AMERICA, WHERE THE ELVES AND LEPRECHAUNS AND LITTLE PEOPLE OF LEGEND STILL SEEM TO DWELL. HOWEVER THESE LITTLE PEOPLE ARE NOT LEGEND—THEY'RE REAL. FACT, AND WHEN CRAFTY MONSTERS TRY TO EXPLOIT THAT FACT FOR CRIME, BATMAN AND ROBIN AND THEIR TINY ALLIES SEEK TO TURN THE TAB AS ON TOWN!
LET'S LOOK IN ON A STRANGE AND LITTLE KNOWN AMERICAN TOWN.

IT DOESN'T LOOK STRANGE AT FIRST GLANCE, DOES IT? YET, IT'S THE ODDEST TOWN IN THE WORLD.

ANY TROUBLE... CHIEF?

NO, MAYOR HAWKINS. THERE'S NO CRIME IN OUR TOWN.

SUDDENLY...

BANDITS FROM OUTSIDE! THEY'RE RAIDING OUR TOWN!

CALL OUT EVERY MAN ON THE FORCE!

HERE COMES THEIR POLICE CAR!

SAY DIS IS GOOD WATCH MOOSE.

IT'S LIKE PLAYING WIT' DOLL'S!

THIS LITTLE JEWELRY FACTORY IS A PUSH OVER!

WE CAN'T FIGHT BIG FOLK, RUN EVERYBODY!

LISTEN TO ME, OR WE'LL KICK YOUR WHOLE TOWN OVER.

THERE'S A LOGICAL EXPLANATION...
FOR THIS TOWN IS ONLY 
ONE-FOURTH OF NORMAL 
SIZE AND TS PEOPLE 
ARE ALL MIDGETS! 
RETIRED FROM CIRCUS 
AND THEATER JOBS, 
THESE LITTLE FOLK 
BANDED TOGETHER 
AND BUILT MIDGET CITY 
TO THEIR OWN SCALE 
AND HERE THEY'VE PROSPERED MAKING FINE 
JEWELRY, A WORK IN 
WHICH TINY HANDS ARE 
AN ADVANTAGE BUT 
NOW 'MOOSE' MILLER'S 
THUGS TAKE OVER ...

I CLEANED OUT DA 
JEWELRY FACTORY 
MOOSE!

AND HERE'S THE MAYOR 
AND HIS DAUGHTER

THEY CAN'T 
DO THIS TO 
ME, CAROL. 
HERE COMES 
JOHNNY WISTER. 
HE'LL SAVE US!

JOHNNY WISTER MAY BE ONLY TWO FEET 
HIGH, BUT NO BRAVER KNIGHT EVER DASHED 
TO HIS LADY'S DEFENSE

I'M COMING, 
CAROL!

JOHNNY, LOOK 
OUT BEHIND 
YOU!

DIS'LL 
KEEP YOU OUT 
OF TROUBLE. 
LISTEN, YOU MIDGETS, 
WE'RE TAKING 
OVER YOUR 
TOWN!

THE GOTHAM CITY 
COPS WILL NEVER THINK OF 
LOOKING FOR US HERE. 
YOUR TOWN HALL IS BIG 
ENOUGH FOR US TO LIVE IN. 
AND YOU'LL ALL DO 
AS WE SAY OR WE'LL FIX 
YOUR MAYOR AND HIS 
DAUGHTER

IF WE DON'T OBEY THEM 
THEY'LL KILL THE MAYOR 
AND CAROL!
Then begins a wave of mysterious bandit raids in Gotham City. Gotham Gazette: Bandits' hideout still a mystery!

That soon draws two familiar figures into their oddest adventure: Look Robin, the Batsignal! Comm. Gower, Gordon wants us, let's go.

At Commissioner Gordon's office: Those bandits are terrorizing the hotel upstate area. We can't find their hideout.

Then we'll have to catch them. The act and follow them when is the next big money shipment?

A big factory payroll leaves Central City by air express tonight. Then we'll be there to see it off.

Shortly over Central City Airport:

They've put the money aboard Batman put the lid on it. Maybe the crooks are going to try something new.

That night at the hidden Batcave a black 1940s craft is run out. We'll have to hurry, that airflow leaves at ten!
A good guess, Batman! Noose Miller’s band is trying a brand new stratagem in crime tonight!

Quick, I want to ship this box on that airliner... You just made it, Mister!

There goes the airliner and the bandits never showed up!

I’m not so sure, let’s follow that airliner.

Do you think the bandits are inside the liner?

No, for the money is with the express cargo in the plane’s tail and can’t be reached during flight.

But inside the express compartment...

Here’s the money all right and I’m supposed to jump with it right now...

Batman, someone jumped from the airliner!

I saw it— and here we go after him.

Will gallant little Johnny Master be a partner to this crime?
Look! The little guy jumped—without the money.

Don't I tell you what we'd do to Carol if you failed us?

Carol wouldn't want me to be a thief and I won't be if you warn her.

Moose, there's the Batplane!

As the Batplane roars down, callous thugs use a brutal trick—

Batman will catch the little guy and that'll delay him.

Quick, let's get out of here.

They're getting away in their car, Batman!

I didn't hit that little fellow o' the CRC ND!

Quickly returning and landing...

One of the express thieves! And he's a m'dget?

I'm no thief! But maybe she should have obeyed them—they'll take it out on Carol.

Tell us about it if you're not one of them. Maybe we can help you.

Say you're Batman!
QUICKLY JOHNNY WISTER'S STORY IS TOLD... WE'RE GOING TO MIDGET CITY AND WE'LL KEEP THEM FROM HARMING YOUR CAROL.

LATER AS THE THUGS RETURN TO THE TINY TOWN... BATS ARE ALWAYS FASTER THAN RATS.

THE BANDYS ARE HIDING IN OUR TOWN. THEY'RE PLANNING A BIG NEW ROBBERY!

BATMAN GOT HERE AHEAD OF US IN THE BATPLANE.

HERE'S ONE ON THE HOUSE!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THAT PAIR... STOP IT, OR I'LL TOSST THIS LITTLE DAME ON HER HEAD.

WE CAN'T LET HER BE HARMED. HOLD ON, ROBIN.

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'EM MOOSE?

PUT WEIGHTS ON 'EM AND DROP 'EM INTO THAT MIDGET RIVER.

SO LONG SAPS. NOW WE'LL FULFILL THAT LAST BIG JOB WE PLANNED.
These hollow reeds are our only chance, if Robin understands and imitates me—

A desperate stratagem succeeds, using their last breaths to blow the water out of the reeds...

At least we can breathe, but we can't hold out for long.

While not far away...

Your trucks go to the Gotham City gold refinery for gold! Yeah for your jewelry. Two of us are riding them. We're going with you.

Later, at the Gotham gold refinery—

Here come those midgets for more gold for the jewelry plant.

Let them.

Get back there!

Here come Moose and the boys.

Once inside the refinery...

Load up those gold bricks, quick!

Here come some more guards!
This acid will burn up their enthusiasm for a fight with us.

Meanwhile, at Midget City:

We'll have to recover their bodies and—say, look at those two reeds—They're still alive. They breathed through the reeds.

Quick, bring cranes and power winches.

They're still alive. They breathed through the reeds.

Robin, are you all right? Yes! But it was a close call!

The bandits were going to rob the gold refinery. They cut all wires so we couldn't warn—say, listen to that radio flash.

—Bandits who looted the gold refinery escaped in car toward south section of Gotham City.

They exploited our small size to commit those crimes!

Then why don't you use your small size to bring them to justice?

Ordinary sized men can't find those thugs in the maze of Gotham City but you could.

Tell us how, Batman! We'll do it.
ATMAN

LATELY, THE STRANGEST ARMY OF MAN HUNTERS IN HISTORY ARRIVES IN GOTHAM CITY!

THE THUGS DISAPPEARED IN THIS SECTION! IF YOU CAN FIND THEM ROBIN AND I WILL CORRAL THEM!

COME ON, MEN—YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO

YOU TAKE THAT CHIMNEY. BE SURE TO LOOK INTO EVERY ROOM.

UNsuspecting citIzens begin to think their houses are haunted.

EEK! THERE'S AN ELF IN THE VENTILATOR!

YOU'VE BEEN READING TOO MANY FARY TALES. EAT YOUR SLIPPER

meanwhile, in a nearby loft moose miller's gang divide their loot.

RELAX. THE cops will never think of looking for us IN A TOY WAREHOUSE

HA HA! DESE TOYS REMIND ME OF DEM MIDGETS
I'VE FOUND THEM, AND NOW—OH OH THEY'VE SEEN ME.

ONE OF THE MIDGETS GET HIM!

NO TIME TO GET BACK INTO THE CHIMNEY, BUT THIS TOY AUTO RUNS FASTER THAN I CAN!

THE SIGNAL THEY'VE FOUND THE BANDITS!

AND THIS TOY PARACHUTE WILL HOLD ME UP LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE BATMAN THE SIGNAL.

THIS WAY MEN.

BUT AS THEY ENTER, THE MIDGETS BUILD ME!

THEY'RE DESPERATE NOW THAT WE HAVE THEM CORNERED WE CAN'T RUSH THESE STAIRS.

WE CAN GET UP THROUGH THE PIPES AND CHIMNEYS AND DISTRACT THEM, BATMAN.

MOMENTS LATER.

WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT MEN—

MOOSE MIDGETS ARE COMING OUTA DA WALLS' HUNDREDS OF EM.
LATER IN BATMAN’S HALL OF TROPHIES—

THEY SURELY GAVE US A FINE PRESENT—A BEAUTIFUL NEW HOUSE.

YES, BUT WE CAN’T EVEN GET INSIDE IT.
Dogs, Wild Animals—A Whole New Set!

Click for shirts, jackets, bandanas, and sweatshirts! An exciting animal transfer in your package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat—a running Hippopotamus, Boston Terrier, Russian Wolfhound, alert Airedale, walking Cocker, or a money Snail!

Easy to put on! Just simply press on your clothing with a hot iron. They come out clean and sharp—can be washed many times. Start wearing them today—swap extras to get the whole set—it's worth the fun! Ask Mom to get you Kellogg's Shredded Wheat now!

Show this to Mom

Mom! This is for you. Kellogg's Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat—temping toasted with honey and strawberries. 12 generous servings made to fit the new kids love Kellogg's Shredded Wheat—and love those transfer prizes, too!

Kellogg's Shredded Wheat

No box tops or money to mail! A picture prize in each package!

Ask Mom for Kellogg's Shredded Wheat, right now!
CASEY
THE COP

I understand Lefty Lodge is in the neighborhood — I'll have to be very careful.

WHERE I go I see peeping eyes!

WHAT A SPOT!
NOT A SOUL AROUND!

THERE!
NOW I CAN PRACTICE WITH MY YO-YO IN PEACE!

advertisement

Rollfast

STRENGTHENED
BICYCLES
BALL-BEARING
ROLLER SKATES

They're Super!
Ask the kids who have 'em

HARRIS NEW GENUINE HOLLISTER BICYCLES - NEW YORK N.Y.
OFFICER Martin O'Clare bought the tie himself and when he brought it home his wife Mary, raised her hands in horror. "And where did you get that, O'Clare?" she demanded. She sniffed. "That thing!"

But Dpare frownd, held up the offending tie. This was a gauinuri Tintareta, he said, and it was given to him by the artist, Angela Tintareta who at you well know, had a studio in my beat. O'Clare held the cremane at arm's length. It looked like an exploded rubbish. Hand painted it is, Mary and I mean to wear it on my day off. I'll glare at his wife. "Regardism?"

Regardless or no, said Mary O'Clare firmly. "You will not wear that tie! You wouldn't want the Failey's laughing at you, would you? And you know how Dennis Failey can laugh."

"I'll not laugh at this tie," O'Clare growled. Sergeant Frisky was his friend, and Mrs Failey was a good friend of O'Clare's wife.

"That tie'll bring you nothing but worry," warned Mary O'Clare, darkly. "Wit out see."

"Hum," said O'Clare, placing it carefully in a drawer. "I'll be off on my beat."

O'Clare was land of his artist friend Angela Tintareta. Famous for his window designs, Angela was seen in the eccenttric role. For years now he had resisted the encroachments of commerce on his home, a narrow building tucked between the Clarendon National Bank and the store of Wolf the Forrner. He had refused many offers for his property.

Even today, as O'Clare dropped by, as usual, to pay the time of day, Angela was in the midst of declining another offer. Angela's two visitors carried letters. While one of the men argued with Angela, the other inspected the building. O'Clare watched as he walked around tapping the walls.

Angela grew impatient. "It will do you no good," he said, "I refuse to sell, Cheini. And I'm too busy to argue further."

The man called Cheini nodded. "My partner would like to talk to you."

"Not today, sir," said Angeles. "I'm going to talk now to my good friend, Officer O'Clare." He turned away. "Goodbye, Mr. Faustin."

Faustin, the man who had been talking to Cheini and they left. Angela called after them. "And don't come back! I'm not selling!"

Outside, the two men smiled at each other.

"It looks easy," said Cheini, "a clinch."

"But the rap?"

"Dumb. Forget him."

Meanwhile, Mrs. O'Clare was thinking the same thing. "Dumb is the word for O'Clare," she muttered to herself. "And it's up to me to protect him from the intruder in his friends."

She went to the bureau drawer, gingerly picked up the flashy neck tie carried it out to the kitchen and dropped it down the dumbwaiter shaft.

The trash collectors jumped back, startled, at the blazing necktie held into the garbage can be air about to remove it from the dumbwaiter. Then he touched it gingerly. "A new tie," he said, surprised. "Laker will buy this, all right."

Laker the pushcart peddler, called himself the haberdashery prince of the sidewalk merchants. Laker specialized in socks and ties and when he saw what the trash collector was offering, he shook his head. "That I will not touch," he said. "It offends my sense of decor. Take it away!"

"But it's new and you can have it for almost nothing," the trash collector pleaded. "Look, somebody bought it once, didn't they? So you can sell it again."

Struck by the logic of the argument, Laker panned. "If there was one sucker who'd buy such a tie there'd surely be another."

"A quarter," said Laker, "and I'm giving myself."

TIE SCORE

by Bob Baker
"Sold," said the druggist, happily.
"Sold," said Chetum two days later, and handed over the dollar and a half back demanded. "Did you ever see such a tie?" he gurgled to Parton. "Look at it. Look at those colors." He sniffed at the toe. "Hand painted. It's a steal."

"I am glad you mentioned 'steal'" said Parton, dryly. "Come on, let's pick up the boys and get to work." He looked disgustingly at Chetum, who was shuffling a LESS handsomely tie and dashing the muffler number. "You mean you're going in somber that thing?"

"Why not?" Chetum said, unabashed. "It was made to be worn."

It was nearly midnight when Parton and Chetum, after picking up the two men who were going to use acetylene torches to cut through the wall of Angelo's studio and Not Wall the Furr'm place stopped them up around the corner from Angelo Tintoretto's home.

Parton looked at his watch. "The cap'll be changing shifts in a few minutes," he said. "You stay around in front of the studio. Chetum. You know the signal?"

Chetum nodded. "Right!"

Angelo Tintoretto blinked sleepily as he opened the door in response to Parton's ring. The stars left his eyes when he saw the gun. It came back again as Parton stepped. Parton pushed Angelo back into the hall as the artist's knees went limp. "Okay, boys," he said. "Tiu him up and start cutting through that wall! I figure we can do the job in no time. Carefully he lifted the door slightly ajar in case Chetum had to open it and wheeze the signal. "This is going to be a soft touch," Parton said to the boys. "All the valuable items we can handle."

Outside Chetum fumbled in his pocket for a match, meaning to light his cigarette. He paused at the set, as a blue-cuffed po- liceman turned the corner. It was Officer Martin O'Clare, making the rounds of his beat.

And Officer O'Clare was in a fighting mood. For O'Clare was prior to reporting to the station house, had discovered that his new tie was missing. Mrs. O'Clareanimed she'd want it to the cleaners. But O'Clare had his suspicions. Being a good police officer he could not, without evidence, give voice to them. But if the tie got "lost"—and he strongly suspected his wife would miss it on a few days—he was going to smert himself.

Chetum was lightening his cigarette an O'Clare came abreast of him. "Good evening, officer," Chetum said. O'Clare touched his stick to his cap automatically, mumbled, "'Evening, sir."

Then, suddenly, something caught his eye and he stopped. Something familiar. Some thing bright. He turned quickly. "Where did you put that tie?" he demanded.

The startled Chetum dropped the lighted match. Why?—"I—bought it in a store," he lied. "Lucky!"

O'Clare's brows narrowed. "You did not," he challenged. "In all the world there isn't one tie like that. He peered at Chetum. "I've seen you before, somewhere, haven't I?"

Although rattled, Chetum managed to regain his composure. He didn't have to blast it out with the dumb and crazy crap. "Sure," he said. "A couple of days ago I was trying to buy Tintoretto's house. Matter of fact, I just came from there."

"You just came from there?" There was a note of triumph in O'Clare's voice, and Chetum turned. "This was an admirably job. This was a madman. The way he was glaring at that tie was proved Chetum put nervous fingers over the tie.

"So you just came from Angelo's did you?" said O'Clare triumphantly. "and he didn't mention that tie I suppose?" His hand closed around Chetum's arm, and he said softly, "If I'm wrong, I'll apologize. Just the same, you and me are going in to see Angelo Now.

A policeman of O'Clare's caliber couldn't be surprised twice in one night. Besides, the backs of Parton and the two acetylene torch workers were turned, giving O'Clare plenty of time to get his gun out. And there was plenty of time too to reclaim his tie before the wagon arrived to take the four crooks away.
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NIGHT-TIME IN GOTHAM CITY AND SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE TAKES A WALK.

ANOTHER JOB DONE AND NOBODY IN THE WORLD GUESSES I'M BATMAN!

SUBLIMELY, A PASSING STRANGER ASKS A FAVOR...

A MATCH? SURE HERE YOU ARE... THANKS, BATMAN!

BATMAN? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I'M BRUCE WAYNE!

YES, AND BRUCE WAYNE IS BATMAN!

I'M FROM MARS, WE MARTIANS HAVE LONG OBSERVED EARTH WITH X-RAY TELESCOPES AND KNOW HOW YOU AND ROBIN FIGHT CRIME! WE NEED YOUR HELP!

LATER, AT THE BRUCE WAYNE MANSION...

HELLO, ROBIN!

BRUCE, WHO'S THIS? HOW DOES HE KNOW OUR SECRET?

TAKEN TO THE BATCAVE, THUND DRAN, MARTIAN SCIENTIST, EXPLAINS!

FOR AGES, MARS WAS CRIMELESS! THEN SAK BOLAI, A SCIENTIST INVENTED A RAY THAT AFFECTED HIS BRAIN AND MADE HIM A CRIMINAL! USING THIS RAY ON OTHERS, HE FORMED A BAND—
HE SEeks to rule Mars now—We Martians don’t know how to conquer him, but you two, the greatest crime fighters in the world, could!

IT'S A STRANGE MISSION, but if we’re needed on Mars, we’ll go.

GOOD. WE'LL leave Earth tonight in my space ship.

THAT NIGHT THE BATPLANE HURTS TOWARD A DISTANT MOUNTAIN PEAK WHERE WAITS THE MARTIAN'S ROCKET SHIP.

WE'LL TAKE OFF IMMEDIATELY for Mars? I still expect to wake up suddenly.

A MIGHTY ROAR OF FLAME HERALDS THE RUSH OF THE STRANGE SHIP INTO TRACKLESS SPACE!

OUT INTO THE VOID RACES THE MARTIAN CRAFT, HEADED FOR ITS HOME PLANET.

WE'RE ALREADY MILLIONS OF MILES FROM EARTH, ROBIN. BUT WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US? I FEEL ODD.
IN INTERPLANETARY SPACE, A STRANGE PHENOMENON STRIKES.

BATMAN, I'M FLOATING IN THE AIR! I DON'T WEIGH ANYTHING!

IT'S BECAUSE WE'RE BEYOND EARTH'S GRAVITY.

NOTHING WEIGHS ANYTHING OUT HERE TO GET A DRINK YOU HAVE TO SQUEEZE IT OUT OF A RUBBER BULB.

GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL GO TO SLEEP RIGHT HERE!

LATER: APPROACHING THE DESERT PLANET MARS.

THOSE DARK LINES ARE WATER CANALS WHICH KEEP MARS ALIVE. GOLA'S BAND PLANS TO SEIZE THE GREAT PUMP STATION IN CANAL CITY AND DOMINATE MARS!

WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY SOME SORT OF RAY.

THE MARTIAN CRIMINALS ARE DOING IT QUICK, USE A LEAD PLATE AS A SHIELD.

NO EFFECT! SWIFTLY A TERRIBLE CHANGE IN THE MARTIAN SCIENTIST!

THIRD DEAN: THE RAY IS STRIKING YOU, SHIELD YOUR HEAD WITH A LEAD PLATE LIKE US!

IT'S ALL RIGHT THE RAY HAS NO EFFECT ON ME!

HE'S GONE MAD. LOOK AT HIS FACE HE ON'T THE SAME MAN!

M GOING TO KILL YOU TWO AND THEN JOIN SAX GOLA.
THE CRIME-RAY--IT'S TWISTED HIS MIND!

THE SHIP'S FALLING ON MARS--WE'LL CRASH!

AS THE UNCONTROLLED SHIP PLUNGE--TOWARD DOOM--I

TRY TO USE THE CONTROLS, ROBIN, BRAKE OUR FALL!

I'LL TRY--IF I CAN FIGURE OUT THIS 'RUMBLE PANEL'!

I'VE GOT THE BRAKE-JETS ON--BUT TOO LATE, WE'LL CRASH IN THAT RUINED CITY.

DOWN THROUGH THE THIN AIR OF MARS LIKE A METEOR FROM OUTER SPACE, SCREAMS THE SHIP.

LATER INSIDE THE BATTERED SHIP, WHEN THE DUO PENS:

WH-AH-WHAT HAPPENED?

WE CRASH-LANDED BUT YOUR LAST MINUTE BRAKING SAVED US QUICK, WE'LL GET UP THUNDER DRAM BEFORE HE REVIVES!

THESE BONDS WILL HOLD HIM TILL WE CAN COUNTERACT THE CRIME RAY THAT WARPED HIS MIND.

BATMAN, LOOK AT THOSE THINGS COMING ACROSS THE DESERT.
TUST BE THE MARTIAN CRIMINALS! BATMAN, THEY'RE FIRING FLAME GUNS AT US. WE'VE ONLY GOT ONE CHANCE TO STOP THEM!

BATTENED! THAT DID IT, BATMAN. OUR JETS SCARED THEM OFF.

USING THE BATTERED SHIP'S STEERING JETS TO TURN IT ON THE GROUND NOW. OUR STEER JET TUBES POINT AT THOSE ATTACKING SNAKEMOBILES.

I GET IT! WE'LL JUST BLAST THEM!

SCANT SECONDS LATER...

THEY'RE GONE BUT WHAT DO WE DO NOW? THUNDER DRAN'S MIND IS STILL WARPED.

SOON WE HAVE TO FIND THE OTHER MARTIAN PATRIOT SCIENTISTS!

HE SAID THEIR SECRET LABORATORY IS IN THE CRYSTAL MOUNTAINS TO THE SOUTH. WE MUST FIND IT!

WITH THE SHIP WRECKED IT'S A LONG HIKE.

AS NIGHT FALLS, TWO INTREPID ADVENTURERS TIL SOUTHWARD UNDER THE TWIN MOONS OF MARS!

LUCKY THINGS WEIGH LESS ON MARS, OR WE COULDN'T TOW THIS MAKESHIFT SLEDGE SO EASILY.

THERE'S A CANAL AHEAD. WE'LL FOLLOW IT SOUTH.
AS DAWN BREAKS!

SO THIS IS ONE OF THE CANALS THAT CARRY SNOW-WATER FROM THE SOUTH POLE HERE TO THE MARTIAN DESERT CITIES.

ROBIN LOOK AT THAT RAD ANCE AHE IN!

IT'S THE CRYSTAL MOUNTAINS! BUT WHERE'S THE SCIENTISTS' SECRET LABORATORY?

BATMAN, LOOK GLASS MEN!

AN INCREDIBLY WEIRD FORM OF MARTIAN LIFE APPOACHES, TRANSPARENT HUMANS!

GLASS MEN - IT JUST ISN'T POSSIBLE

THEY MUST BE SILICATE CREATURES WHO CAN EAT SAND TO NOURISH THEIR GLASSY BODIES.

IF THEY UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE THUIND DRAN TAUGHT US, I CAN TELL THEM WE'RE FRIENDS.

THE MAGNETIC PERSONALITY OF BATMAN QUICKLY TURNS ENEMIES INTO NEW FRIENDS!

THEY SAY THEY'RE ALLIES OF THE PATR OF SCIENTISTS AND WILL LEAD US TO THE SECRET LABORATORY!

LATER . . . THERE'S THE SECRET LABORATORY.

THEY GAVE ME THE CREEPS. I CAN'T SEEM TO GET THROUGH ETT!

THEN WE'VE FOUND THUIND DRAN'S FRIENDS.
IN THE MIRACLE MOUNTAIN LABORATORY OF THE MARTIAN PATRIOTS...

50 THUND ORAN brought you two from Earth to help us! But why have you tied him?

SAX GOLA'S CRIME RAY twisted his mind. Can you cure him?

THIS CURATIVE BEAM counteracts the Crime Ray He's all right now.

AND NOW I CAN HELP PREPARE you two for the fight against Gola.

MARTIAN SCIENCE ARMS THE EARTH Duo for the struggle with other-world outlaws.

These one-man jet-motors will enable you to fly. They'll take you to canal City, stronghold of sax gola's band.

But what if we nosedive?

I THOUGHT OF THAT ROBIN! We'll wear these padded metal crash helmets. A GOOD IDEA.

MINUTES LATER, TWO STRANGE HUMAN BIRDS soar into the Martian sky.

Wow! If the Joker could see us now.

WELL HEAD STRAIGHT NORTH TO CANAL CITY!

Meanwhile, a Spy among the Scientists BETrays BATMAN.

Sax gola, I've news the two Earthmen are on their Way to canal City to kill you.

We'll be ready for them.
After hours of flight Batman and Robin approach the mighty Martian metropolis...

**CANAL CITY**
The heart of Mars that pumps the canal water to all the cities on desert world!

We'll enter the city unobserved in this snake mobile and then to hunt out say Golia.

But as the vehicle enters the Martian city... There are the Earthmen use the Shockers' on them to take them alive! The Martian Outlaws! They were warned of us.

Wow, the gravity's so weak on Mars I can jump like a cat! Look out for those queer weapons!

Aaah! These electric Shockers have stunned us. Quick down the tunnels with them to our base!
Presently inside the ancient tunnels beneath the Martian Metropolis...

I don't see any of the giant cats.

Be careful—they roam these old tunnels.

I can just turn on my jet-motor.

Under the evil ray Batman's face twists, menace glares from his eyes.

After all, why not? I'll join you, Sax Gola.

The crime ray will change your noble ideas and make you one of us?

I won't! I-I-

After we conquer Mars, we'll use Martian science to rule Earth, too.

Batman, no! You can't mean it. The crime ray has warped your mind.

I've got to warn Thundrawn that Batman's been crazed! If I can just turn on my jet-motor—
The jet motor roars into life and Robin hurtles forth, a human projectile...

If I can just squirm my arms enough to steer...

The young Earthman escapes... grab him!

Look out! Giant cats are in it. We've got to crash through.

The startled beasts recoil wildly as the boy wonder jokey... between them.

I made it. Now to get out of here and fly south to warn Thundrak.

Hours later... sax golas's crime ray has crazed Batman. We'll try to seize the plumps now.

We could march north with the glass men, but that would take days.

Can't go back today. If I have to go a one...

We shall not let you go a one. If the price... we'll strike with you.
A valiant little band races through the sky to Canal City! To find—
Sax Gola's band is already attacking the pump station.

And Batman's helping them.

The crime ray has swept all resistance away. But how can we get into the citadel?

I know a way to get in!

And now we see an incredible sight—Batman helping criminals to seize the heart of a world!

My jet motor will carry me inside against the current. This Earthman is closer.

Inside the citadel whose giant pumps are the beating heart of Mars.

Flee! The Earthman will kill us.

Now to let Sax Gola's band that switchboard up there should open the doors—

I'm going in there the same way Batman did.

But inside the citadel, a moment later...

The pumps are ours! Now we control all the water of Mars. I've closed the doors. I'm reversing the pumps.

Mars is lost! Your crazed friend has let Sax Gola's men inside to seize the pumps!
The pumps are sucking in water now. To drown you like rats unless you surrender.

The Earthman was deceiving us all along. He planned to trap us here.

Yes, and I think they're ready to give up now. I'll turn off the pumps so the Thundran's men can enter.

Batman! You weren't crazed. You had this in mind from the first.

Soon, you saved Mars by trapping them here. But we thought you were crime-crazed.

Yes, I expect the X-ray will affect you.

These crash-helmets I made for us have a lining of lead, which you will recall is impervious to the crime-ray. I only pretended to be crazed by it.

Later...

Goodbye, Batman! Our world owes you a reward we can never pay.

The only reward we were to be taken back to Earth for.

And days afterwards.

Nobody in the world knows who Batman really is!

Nobody in this world, anyway.

The end.
**U.S. ROYAL**

WITH HIS

JET-PROPELLED BIKE

**How Jet-Propulsion Works**

**U.S. Royal Streams to a Speed!**

**What?**

**Fell-Low!**


**As the air escapes out of this ballon, in one direction, the reaction produces it in the opposite direction.**

**A Jet!**

**How?** Simply put, one works at the back and another at the front. Air is forced into a combustion chamber where kerosene vapor is mixed with it.

**When a valve sprays the vapor and air burning it expands rapidly shooting out the back and driving the engine forward.**

**What turning the fan up front?**

**But what turns the fan up front?**

**Shaft turning**

**Jet!**

**Hey! That's the tricky part! On the way out, the Jet of expanding gases turns a turbine, another sort of fan, and the turbine turns a shaft that turns the compressor.**

**That's how I always get on U.S. Royal &ke!**

**That's why I always get on U.S. Royal &ke!**

**They're tough and plenty!**

**That's the built-in chain for better control.**

**That 'Built in Side Chain' gives me top performance say's U.S. Royal!**

**Your bike comes alive in the sprints when you're ridden on U.S. Bike Tires.**

**U.S. BIKE TIRES**

America's Fastest Sailing Team

United States Rubber Company

Serving Through Science
MUGSIE: Boy, is fun! I'll fill my pals so I can make lots of 'em.

TOM: Oh, rpu!

ARTHUR: Hey, lots of mud and getting all dirty!

ER KIM PEP:

I DON'T SEE ANY OF THE OTHER KIDS PLAYING WITH MUD AND GETTING ALL DIRTY!

BUT YOU FORGET WHY THIS IS MY BATH NIGHT?

WHERE E!

ARTHUR: Look at you! Get in the house!

SO IT IS BUT WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES THAT MAKE?

I WAS SO NICE AND CLEAN. I DON'T WANT MY BATH TO BE WASTED! Oh, my no!
READY NOW... YOUR OWN CIRCUS!

Yours for 10¢ and a GRAPE-NUTS BOX TOP!

THE TRUNKS OF THE ELEPHANTS ACTUALLY MOVE!

The four agile acrobats do REAL TRICKS!

WOW what a show you can give with a home circus like this!

The trunks of the two elephants actually move. The four agile acrobats do real tricks. The merry-go-round just moved and rotated!

And that's not all. There's a lovely longrider, a sea lion balancing a ball, two clowns with handbills, riddles, clown funny clowns, two monkeys, two bears, and a big, bright-colored circus tent to enhance the whole show.

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YOU get the whole shooting for one dime and the top of a box of GRAPE NUTS. The tiny, agile acrobat will always make you smile. Use this coupon. Rush your box top and your dime today.

HURRY! Hurry! Hurry!

POST'S GRAPE-NUTS
FAMOUS SPORTS FLOPS

A TRIP INTO THE PAST WITH THOM MC'AN AND HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

Hey, fellas, did you just come back from another "Bazooka-Shoe" flight into the past...where I saw an amazing Grahim 'Sports Flee'?

Okay, Red. Don't. Next time. This is how much you scare us.

But the Bearcats' role playing is a feat, bigger than runs of yards to a touchdown in the first play of the game. Some Bear cats put that's what we've got for being too sure!

That broke the Bearcats' spirit, Big Red's team with 34-34.

It just shoes you can't appeal to one too sure about anything.

Take your feet, for example. Just because they feel OK, don't be too sure they are soft. You and your mates can't 'cry out' even when crampéd by ''outgrown shoes.'

And your too be seen. Your feet aren't being satisfied but of shape by outgrown shoes. The Thom Mc'An rules have made it easy just keep measuring your foot growth in your own Thom mean 'too smart.'

Thom Mc'An

OVER AND OUT -- ON OVER 200 SHOES
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FOR EXAMPLE! IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST IN ANY COMIC MAGAZINE!
SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

BOYS! SHOW THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR PARENTS!

You'll never see a real outdoorsman aim or shoot his rifle at anything but a proper target. He handles his firearms with care and respect. Your Daisy is made for fun shooting. It is not a lethal weapon but... like a knife or gun or any other thing that may cause damage if handled carelessly. So, do not aim or shoot at windows, street lights, song birds, pets, property or any other person. Remember, carelessness causes accidents to millions of Americans every year in auto, home, and factories. So, if you are careless with your Daisy or give the privilege of owning one... if your parents have the right to do so... then, you should have the right to take it from them. If they let the happen, be safe and use and shoot safe, Buddy!

MEMORIZE THE SHOOTER'S SAFETY PLEDGE!

I pledge my self to protect animals, property and people in my community by always owning and shooting my Daisy safely.

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