SURPRISE!
SOMEBODY LEARNS THE TRUE IDENTITIES OF BATMAN & ROBIN!
WHO CAN HE BE?
You have heard that the Savages, Leonard, cannot change its ways, nor the Carrion-Eating Vulture become a gentle dove. But as you turn the page of this story, you may begin to have your doubts.

For that Jesting Jack, The JOKER -- that crafty clown of crime, that cunning gargoyl of crime -- suddenly forsakes his evil ways to become not only an honest, upstanding citizen, but a force for good as well!

Read on -- and share the thrilling, spine-chilling adventures of those denizens of the underworld, CRIME-GRISWOLD, Batman and Robin, as they battle through the perils of peril and mazes of mystery!

-- THE JOKER REFORMS! --

OUR HERO ∆ ∆ ∆

THE MOST HONEST MAN IN TOWN

HOTEL...
AND THIS IS A STRANGER IN TOWN -- A FALL, TRAVEL-WORN WAYFARER WHOM BUSINESS IS WITH THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES.

Mister? You expect me to believe you know Jed Johnson, the Chief Constable of Police? Sure, play with Sam Spade in the West!

WERE YOU THE CONSTABLE, JED JOHNSON?

Huh, huh! London life is hot 'n' busy now.

ARE YOU THE VIA WORLDS OF JUKY AND BERNY? IF YOUioned in a plane that crashed and burned a few miles away. I never heard of the Joker or the Batman, but I figured it was a matter for the police. As for me, I'm Mr. Do Smith.

WAIT A MINUTE, MR. JOSHDUB. HAVE WE SEEN THIS BEFORE? LOOKING FOR THE JOKER? LOOKING FOR THE BATMAN? NO, NO, NO. WHY ISN'T THE JOKER UNDERVAULTING EVERY CRIME? IT'S THE LAW.

THIS PAPER WHOSE HEADLINE READS "WHO WROTE THE JOKER'S LAST LETTER?"

CARRY ON...

THE JOKER'S LAST LETTER TO THE BATMAN!

-- THE JOKER IS OPTIMISTIC. HE BELIEVES IN THE FUTURE. THE FUTURE OF THE CITY. THE FUTURE OF THE PEOPLE.

-- THE JOKER BELIEVES IN THE POWER OF LOVE AND COMPASSION.

-- THE JOKER BELIEVES IN THE NEED FOR A STRONG LEADER.

-- THE JOKER BELIEVES IN THE POSSIBILITIES OF CHANGE.

-- THE JOKER BELIEVES IN THE IMPORTANCE OF STANDING UP FOR WHAT IS RIGHT.

-- THE JOKER BELIEVES IN THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP AND UNDERSTANDING.

-- THE JOKER BELIEVES IN THE NEED FOR A STRONG LEADER.

-- THE JOKER BELIEVES IN THE POSSIBILITIES OF CHANGE.

-- THE JOKER BELIEVES IN THE IMPORTANCE OF STANDING UP FOR WHAT IS RIGHT.

-- THE JOKER BELIEVES IN THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP AND UNDERSTANDING.

-- THE JOKER BELIEVES IN THE NEED FOR A STRONG LEADER.

-- THE JOKER BELIEVES IN THE POSSIBILITIES OF CHANGE.

-- THE JOKER BELIEVES IN THE IMPORTANCE OF STANDING UP FOR WHAT IS RIGHT.

-- THE JOKER BELIEVES IN THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP AND UNDERSTANDING.
Perhaps after all we should have started our tale with a story of the Joker, a battle that took place in the streets of Gotham City the preceding evening.

He was more clever than the criminals' bullets, the flashing lights of the Batman and Robin were unwilled targets.

You know, Kite, you look like you're about to break out.

Laugh, laugh, laugh! You'll be crying in a second. Ha ha!

This ought to take the wind out of your sails.

OF course! The getaway car is waiting!

What is an Ammonia bomb?

Quick, bail out on your chopper. I'll help you steady till you've gone and then I'll follow you. Chief.

I can't help it! I was too smart for Winter Boy!

You sure, Mr. Joker, with those rookies any stuff from our other jobs would be millionaires.

We'll be there in just a few minutes and what's that? The engine's getting ready to quit! What a spot for a forced landing. We'd never make it.

No, the brainiest criminal on Earth--and you these most skilful operators in the under world. We've had a lot of fun, haven't we, Sharpe?

I'll have more fun when I get to where you cached the swag and I get my share.

That clever fellow has done it again.

I think one of them dropped this scrap of paper, but my eyes are shiner. I can't read it.
So it is that these men parachute in the air high above the town!

While the Joker's queer device draws him to a treacherous gamble with fate!

HA, HA! What fools they are! If I can keep the plane in the air, I won't have to shoot with them! They'll never find the hidden loot -- and they'll never see me again! Ha, ha!

Hours pass -- and in a daze the plane is not far from the smoking ruin of the plane, a sprawled figure there.

Who am I?! Can't seem to remember a thing! Oh, well -- perhaps it will all come back as the shock wears off -- oh ... my head is spinning.

A plane! Crashed and deserted! Could I have been in it? But no -- if certainly have been killed! In that case -- hahah -- here's a valuables that was thrown clear.

Jewels worth a fortune! Wonder if this newspaper paper that was in with the value can tell me anything? Why, this must be the loot from that robbery! And the Joker -- whoever he is -- must have been burned to death making his getaway! Just one more from that crime doesn't pay!
IN GOTHAM CITY MEANWHILE, BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, NICK DRAZDON, CONSIDER THEIR NEXT MOVE.

SO YOU THINK THE JOKER HIT FOR THE TALL TIMBERS? YES, SIR. THE JEWEL ROBBERY HAD ALL THE EVIDENCE OF A NASTY JOB TO TOP OFF THAT SERIES OF STUFF CRIME AND WE HAVING A SINGLE CLUE TO FOLLOW UP.

THE SCRAP OF PAPER WE FOUND NEAR THE ROBBERY SCENE IS A CLUE. IT READS THE NAME OF A MAN AND A TOWN IN THE COUNTRY - THE KIND WAR FAKE COPPERS - BUT WE AREN'T EVEN SURE THE JOKER PROPPED IT!

I KNOW A GOOD WAY TO END OUR MYSTERY!

YOU'RE RIGHT, YOUNG STELLA -- WE MIGHT BETTER BE TAKING A LOOK AT FAKE COPPERS THAN WOOLING OUR THUMBS HERE!

I CAN'T RELAX ANYWAY. THINKING OF THAT LAUGHING HYENA GETTING AWAY WITH STOLEN MILLIONS!

CLOAKED AND MASKED, BATMAN PASSES FOR ANOTHER BOUT WITH THE JOKER, JACK-OF-ALL-CRIMES. THE BATMAN AND ROBIN FOLLOW A TUNNEL TO A SECRET UNDERGROUND HANG-OUT.

AURE AYE BATMAN!

GET THAT PACHE TURN ME!

A SUPER-CHARGED MOTOR THUNDER A CHALLENGE OF UNSURPASSED POWER AS THE BATPLANE STEAMS INTO THE SKY.

WESTWARD HO ROBIN! I WONDER WHAT WE'LL FIND AT THE END OF THE TRIP!

AS LONG AS IT'S LIKE THIS, I WON'T COMPLAIN.
While the dynamic duo of crime-smashers *who* were swiftly toward adventure their colorful schemes plot slowly toward the outskirts of Park Corners.

What a rotten break! The Joker and the Jewelry Man—and we don’t know where the rest of the swag is planted!

Ya wanna know what I think? Gonna start lookin’ for that double takeover with a pineapple in my pocket!

You’re dreamin’, pal! We didn’t see him jump, so he must have hopped up with the crate! It’s up to us to get back to the Big Town and make another stake out.

Mornin’. What the heck are you doing here?

As Mayor O’ this here town, I have ordered this here blowout to honor to a stranger who has put Park Corners on the map at last!

Welcome our hero.

I’m going to say to the Park Corners crew—nobody likes it more. But when there’s a party brewin’ everybody helps up an’ gets busy.

Before every newspaper in America will tell how Ed Smith belong to our enterprise nn-stable precious jewels stolen by crooks from the wicked cities of the East which bake we found out in the mountains.

Mr. Wonderful. I think the name’s O’ Park Corners will make every American who can read, right in th’ eye, folks.

Out the Jokers’ eyewax comrade in crime have a shock in store for them.

As you are right surrounded with joy on part of th’ honestest man in these parts—guest o’ honor—up with his self in th’ flesh.

Some chiseler who don’t even know if stuff was worth bought.

Somebody found the Jokers’ valuables. Maybe we can steal it back!
SPARKY'S RIGHT! THE JOKER'S FOOLING THE PEOPLE SO HE CAN PULL SOMETHING BIG-- AND WE'LL CUT UP ON IT!

WELL, I'LL GIVE HIM A CHANCE-- BUT I'M KEEPING MY FINGERS CROSSED.

WE'LL HOLD UP IN THE LOCAL PEA-TRAP AND CONTACT HIM LATER WHEN THINGS HAVE CALMED DOWN!

WHERE'S WHAT HE'S OUT TO EAT ON? MAYBE THERE'S A GOLD MINE IN THE VICINITY-- OR REAL DOUGH IN THE BANK.

LOOKS LIKE OUR HOMES WORK.

SOMETIMES I THINK SMALL-TOWN POLICE HAVE A LOT MORE FUN THAN CITY PEOPLE.

SIS! LICKING ME! I'M READY ABOUT THE BATMAN AN' ROBIN-- AN' THEY'RE NOT!

THAT'S RIGHT, SONNY-- HERE'S WHERE IT'S AT-- BUT WHAT'S THE PARTY ABOUT?

IMAGINE ME MEETING YOU AT THE THROAT TH' PARTY? ON SUNDAY NOON SOME JEWEL'S STOLEN BY TH JOKER--

HEY CONSTABLE-- LOOK WHO'S LOOKING FOR YUN!

WHAT--? WHAT?! BATMAN!

WE JUST HEARD ABOUT THAT ROBBERY-- CONSTANCE WE CAME HERE TH' MUNICIPAL LIBRARY-- THE JOKER MIGHT BE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

WALLAHN NEWSCHUCKS-- WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER PARTY FOR YOU THIS-- BUT I RECKON YUN WON'T FIND TH' JOKER ON ACCOUNT OF SMITH'S LOCK. HE BURKE UP IN A PLANE--

THAT'S TOO BAD-- OR IS IT? ANYWAY, IF HE'S BURKE HE'LL MEET THE EYEBALL OF MATCHING WRENCH WITH HIM!...
"Of course, I ain't never seen the Joker - not even his pitchfork way out here - but come over to my office an' let Jim Smith tell you about it - he's so modest, he's gonna think he's from the circus."

"If there's the slightest chance that the Joker is living, I want to know. He's the most elusive criminal on Earth!"

"You'll like this feller! He's so honest -- so friendly!"

"Gee, up a fortune in jewels proves he's honest, anyway!"

"Meet up with the famous law-enforcement team of Batman and Robin!"

"It's a pleasure! I've been reading about you gentlemen in the newspapers!"

"Glad to know you, Smith -- huh?"

"You look as if I were a ghost! Is there anything wrong?"

"Uh -- 000. I'm not quite sure..."

"There's plenty wrong, if anyone should ask me!"

"...and that's the whole story, Mr. Batman! Naturally I brought the stones directly to the authorities!"

"Naturally, wwww -- there's no doubt that these are the ones stolen in Gotham City!"

"Nice honest feller, ain't he?"

"Doesn't make sense any way I look at it..."

"In the first place, whether or not he's bluffing about not recognizing us, I want to find out what his game is! And in the second place, I'd rather catch him with the loot from those other robberies than without it!"

"Why don't we leave him right away?"

"Still up? I'm going to the hotel for a good night's sleep!"

"Well, walk with you if you don't mind, Jim -- see you, Smith!"
The Batman and Robin -- and they've captured the Joker!

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN -- AND THEY'VE CAPTURED THE JOKER!

HE'S BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

The next instant:

DON'T WORRY, ROBB -- WELL SAY NO!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHO ARE YOU MEN?

As if you don't know you're flusher than Batman, city crooks!

You're one kite that's through with non-flying for a while!

Why should the Batman be surprised because I kept him from being killed, Robin?

But right now, I'm trying to shake sparks from Sparky's eyebrows!

Let's take it on faith! A Joker's double-crossin up!

No use chasing them in the dark -- I've got a hunch they'll be comin' back.

What rag that little chap sayin' about the Joker?

You wouldn't understand, chum -- and don't ask me why.

Whaddya mean, get out? How can we get out with the Joker?

Nither right, Sparky we've got to rescue him!

I don't like it but n game.
You can't sell me the Joker as a reformed character. Don't forget - those jewels he surrendered are only a small part of the swag he and his pals collected.

Well, we must have the rest hidden somewhere. Where? And as soon as we get a line on it we'll pick him up.

What a dream! It was so vivid - so real! I'm sure it must be true!

I'll do it! I'll take a look and make sure whether the dream was true. It might be wonderful if I could return all that stolen property to its rightful owners.

A great find! But out of a window and in the shadows. I feel like a crook using the window as an exit - but there's no need to disturb anyone.

Good night, fellow crime-fighters! If a clear conscience makes a man sleep well, I ought to get a good rest!

Huh? That's - uh - good night.

I tell you it's another of his revolver tricks!

And a dream of startling clarity! Picture his sleep...

Gold - jewels - cash million in stolen loot - packed away in boxes and trunks.

But there's no rest for Batman and Robin, faced with a problem as they have ever encountered.

Could he - but he did save my life. - When every time we've met before, he tried his best to kill me!
YOU CAN PUT YOUR GUN ON THE SHELF -- AND YOURSELF WITH IT.

THAT WAS YOUR LAST PUNCH, BATMAN!

MIND IF I HELP WITH THAT?

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME BROUGHT BY A BEAT!

THANKS, ROBIN!

WRAP THEM UP TIGHT, ROBIN! WE'LL EXPLORE THEM STRAIGHT TO THE WAREHOUSE!

DON'T FORGET THE JOKER! HE MAY HAVE A HEAD IN FEAR CORNERS -- BUT IN GOTHAM CITY HE'S STILL A WANTED MAN!

OHHHH!

OKAY -- THAT'S ENOUGH OF THIS!!!

DON'T FORGET THE JOKER!

GOOD ADVICE, ROBIN -- BECAUSE RIGHT NOW THE JOKER IS COMING TO REMEMBER!

MY POOR HEART! WHAT HAPPENS? CAN'T REMEMBER COMING TO THIS PLACE BUT -- WHY THERE ARE THE BATMAN AND ROBIN AND THEY'VE CAPTURED MY MEN!

BUT THEY WENT TO CARRY ME! THIS IS JUST ONE MORE TIME WHEN THE JOKER IS TOO SMART FOR THEM!

WELL, GENTLEMEN -- THIS IS A COMPLETE SURPRISE TO ME. BUT A HAPPY ONE! HA, HA, HA

THE JOKER! HE'S CONSCIOUS!

WORSE THAN THAT -- HE'S HIMSELF AGAIN!
I must have been crazy. All I can remember is my plant falling...

You had among a joker. I suspected it from the first and now I'm sure!

But fortunately I am sane and sensible. Once more I shall kill you and leave my three other partners, here for the author. It's an easy prey to enjoy his millions! Ha, ha!

...If I weren't worried about saving the Earth, I'd raise him!

If I can only get through those three shots, he'll be mine... but I only have one chance.

A bullet strike me. And who... a

And here's something for you!

Help! I'm being crushed!

Look, batman... money!

I know... look at the shipping tags on the ground!

Why—this stuff is addressed to... Joe Kentwell... the man whose name was on that slip of paper that brought us here!

It's just another way of spelling "joker ouster". A few minutes ago I realized we must have been fooled. His last lines to be held until he called me "it" clever, but it proved a boomerang.

The sound of shooting had awakened the sleeping zed Johnson to the upheaval of his place career.

Of course you couldn't be expected to recognize the joker since his picture of you have reached fame. It's even thought to be that he was an honest man.

They can't keep me in prison. I'll be back with you! When I escape the joker will be in you!

Beautiful, colourful! The calls for a celebration that is one.

Dawn and the bat-plane were a weary but triumphant pair onward...

Batman I can't get over the joker receiving a rapturous plea for a pay... even if it was unintentional.

There's some good in the hearts of men. Robin—aha! In no case, it hadn't ruined so scrap it took a plane crash to jar, it ended triumphantly.
THE WINNING TEAM!!

**Bateman and Robin**

Are America's No. 1 Action Team!

Follow their exploits in every issue of Detective Comics!

Also in each issue of Detective Comics:

Boy Commandos! -- Most sensational new strip of the year!

A new issue on sale every month!
MARMADUKE • JONES

I'm so glad you live here with us, Susie.

It's not only a pleasant home, it is also convenient to the school.

And being my son's teacher makes it pleasant too.

Yes, he escorts me to and from school every day.

Goodbye, Susie.

Goodbye.

Well, day isn't it, Teacher?

Don't call me teacher. I'm one of the family now that I'm living at your house.

Just forget that I'm teacher—I'd like it much better.

Marmaduke, will you erase the blackboard, please?

Okay, Susie. ??

[Panel showing a group of children talking, possibly discussing a school-related topic.]
SILLY WILLY

THE SPOT LOOKS VERY QUIT!

I'LL HAVE TO GET OFF BY MYSELF TO GET IT DONE!

THERE - NOW I CAN DO MY KNITTING FOR THE RED CROSS WITHOUT ANYONE MAKING FUN OF ME!

BOMBSHELL!
THE SENSATIONAL YOUNG HEROES OF THE YEAR'S MOST SENSATIONAL NEW COMIC STRIP NOW HAVE A MAGAZINE OF THEIR OWN!

THE FIRST ISSUE OF THIS SLAM-BANG FAST-ACTION MAGAZINE SOLD OUT! READERS ARE STILL RAVING ABOUT IT... SO DON'T MISS THIS 2ND BIG ISSUE ON SALE FEB. 5TH.
ROBBERY AND VIOLENCE
RUN RAMPANT AS A
NEW BAFFLING CRIME
WAVE SWEEPS OVER
GOTHAM CITY - AN EVIL
BREW CONCOCTED IN THE
FERTILE BRAIN OF AN IN
SERIOUS CRIMINAL! UN-
SUSPECTED, UNKNOWN -
HE WALKS AMONG HIS
VICTIMS - WHILE HIS HIRE-
LINGS OBEY HIS COMMANDS
AND ESCAPE BEFORE THE
VERY EYES OF THE PUZ-
ZLED POLICE! EVEN THE
AGILE WITS OF
BATMAN AND ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER ARE
PUT TO A SEVERE TEST
WHEN THEY TRY TO
SOLVE THE MYSTERY
OF
"THE GRACE A
CRIMES!"

THE DARK HOUR BEFORE DAWN
GOTHAM CITY SLEEPS - ALL BUT
THE FAITHFUL SERVANTS OF RICH
AND POOR ALIKE - THE M. K. M. E. N.!
Suddenly a ringing shot crashes through the silence... a shadowy figure speeds quickly into the darkness... to be swallowed up by the night--leaving only the milkman and his horse plodding on their weary rounds.

Meanwhile, in a distant hideout an arch-criminal maps a master plan for plunder:

Okay, boys! We're on our way! That first job went without a snarl! Here's the layout on tonight's show: your part's a cinch.

See? This sure is a sweet racket. Whoever you are, we gotta hang it to ya.

But! What a sensation if my identity were known! At last I shall reap the reward of my careful plans... the fabulous gems of the ages will be long to me.

This starts the baffling early-morning crime wave... without warning, the mystery criminals strike unseen. They melt back into the night!

Bull's-eye! He didn't have a chance to spot us!

What goes on here? Ohhhhhhh!

C'mon! I've got the emerald collection!

Another early bird crime! And the crooks gone like ghosts.

Help! Help! The Rajah's ruby's been stolen.

And always, they work in those eerie hours before dawn when only the milkman and the wary criminal traverse the city's streets!
While somewhere near the crime swept city, the master criminal gloats:

Ah! Another flawless beauty! I'll never sell this one!

And as one night he leaves the lavish Morgan mansion, with his young ward, Dick Grayson:

Way past your bedtime, young 'stire. I didn't think the reception would last so late!

Boy! Did you see those wedding gifts? Let them tempt those early bird crooks.

The mysterious crime wave continues. Clues! None! But there is a pattern for those who can see it — and there is one who can! Batman, that nemesis of crime who cloaks his identity behind the guise of playboy Bruce Wayne!

An odd trick of light throws the shadow of Batman on a wall. A warning omen to gangland:

That's a mighty strange business... no clues, no crooks — and no jewels.

Suddenly — a shot! A piercing cry... and the sharp staccato of running feet!

Crack! Yaaaaaawwwww

What puzzles me is how these thugs get in so easily! Almost like ghosts!

And that means work for us!

Instantly, a startling change comes over the ruin. A few quick movements, and they race down the street as Batman and Robin:

Another early bird crime! That shot came from the Moreau mansion.

Look! Someone's getting away!

Yeow! Batman!

Not so fast, pal!
But as Batman struggles with the cloaked criminal, another figure leaps suddenly from the shadows.

Sock!

And the scales are tipped against the gallant boy... with Young Robin's life in the balance!

Okay! You win! But this is only round one!

A vicious blow crashes against Batman's skull!

You're not so tough now, Batman! Let's scram, sparks!

Here's your precious bat!

Brief moments later...

It's all my fault! I shouldn't have let him sneak upon me!

Whew! Never thought I'd hear a whistle blow! A kid! I should have blessed thee... but I'll let 'em go after thee... they can't have much of a head-start.

Down the street clatters a milkwagon, towed by a weary old horse.

They went this way! Maybe that milkman saw them!

Yes! A robbery and shooting! You're certain you didn't see anyone?

No, I'm not. Even a cat, me and old Daisy here sure would have spotted 'em!

A bewilderer, duod turns back toward the silent Morston mansion...

Well, at least we can find out about that shot!

There was no one in the house but the guard... everyone left on the Morston yacht!
MOVING WASTLY THROUGH THE DARK HALLS THE CRIME-FIGHTERS REACH A HALF-OPENED DOOR AND FIND...

BATMAN, LOOK, THAT'S THE ROOM WHERE THE GIFTS WERE DISPLAYED...

SOMEBODY LAYING ON THE FLOOR?

POOR CHAP, HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE SHOT IN THE BACK BY THOSE YELLOW MURDERERS?

IT'S THE GUARD!

Hmm... They took only the jewels again... Left all this valuable silver! Hey! What's this?

A white button torn from a white coat... and those cloaks were wearing black mantles! Very odd!

Two weary adventurers... finally reach home... and bed!

I've got to figure this out! Always the same pattern... mysterious entry at 3 or 4 AM... only valuable items stolen... the guard always taken by surprise... and put in the back... and a party always preceding the incoming man's talk! Meaning?

Ho-hum! Don't press that white button!

Next morning, Bruce and Dick are still trying to solve the mystery.

I know the answer's right here! If I can just fit the pieces together... this white button... the whole of the pattern?

Mama! This milk tastes good!

Milk! That's it! Wow! What a set-up... so simple... so completely safe... what a fool I am! Let them slip right out of my hands!

Oops! Let me in on this!

Mama! This milk tastes good!

Jeepers! You mean that milk driver was one of the crooks?

All this adds up at last! 4 A.M. in the morning - a white button - mysterious getaway the milkman.

Jeepers!
IN BRUCE WAYNE'S LABORATORY:

It's all clear now. These crimes always occur after a party. That means someone at each party is the inside man—gets the layout. Maybe he steals the keys.

You mean the crooks will probably strike at Wayne Enterprises after these other parties are over?

Sure! The Dorkai Diamond is the best bait yet! Here, Robin—prepare this formula while I do some checking up on those other parties.

OKAY—BUT THIS NIGHT LIFE IS WEARING ME DOWN!

SURE!

A FALICIOUS CLIMB DOWN A VINE-TRAINED WALL...

A RARE GEM BILL ALMOST PRICELESS! I'M KEEPING IT MIGHTY WELL GUARDED!

AND TWO MORE DISTINGUISHED GUESTS JOIN THE PARTY...NONE...

AND THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF MUSIC AND MILK COMPANY MEN AT TONIGHT'S PARTY.

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

WELL, WINTHROP! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE DORKAI DIAMOND? AS A JEWEL COLLECTOR YOU SHOULD KNOW ITS WORTH.

AND LIKE A GREAT SILENT BIRD COMES TO REST ON THE ROOF OF A PALatial MANSION...

OUR FISHING SHOULD BE DOUBLY GOOD TONIGHT! WHOEVER IS BEHIND THESE CRIMES MUST BE A BIG SHOT IN THE MILK INDUSTRY OR THOSE MILKMAN CROOKS COULD NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT.

AS THE MIDNIGHT HOUR CRIMES AN AWESOME SHAPE WINGS SILENTLY ACROSS THE SKY...THE BATPLANE!

AS THE MIDNIGHT HOUR CRIMES AN AWESOME SHAPE WINGS SILENTLY ACROSS THE SKY...THE BATPLANE!

AS THE MIDNIGHT HOUR CRIMES AN AWESOME SHAPE WINGS SILENTLY ACROSS THE SKY...THE BATPLANE!
LIKE AN EVIL GNOME OF NIGHT THE CLOAKED MARAUDER STEALS UP ON THE HELPLESS GUARDS

CAN'T LET THEM SHOOT THE GUARDS HAVE TO CHANGE MY PLANS SOMEWHAT!

AN AGILE CAT-LIKE LEAP... AND A LEAN FIGURE SPRINGS FROM THE SHADOWS

I HAVEN'T SEEN THINGS!

EOW! I'M INTRUDING!

YES! YOU'RE SEEING STARS!

YOU'VE SEEN TOO MUCH FOR YOUR OWN HEALTH!

AND A CRUMPLED FIGURE LIES UPRIGHT THE FLOOR CAN'T BE HAS THE CHAMPION OF JUSTICE FOUGHT HIS LAST BATTLE AGAINST EVIL?

IT'S BATMAN AGAIN DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY THIS TIME!

HE'S LOOKING LIKE HE'LL NEVER GO AT PLACE AGAIN BUT WE'LL MAKE SURE!

BUT BATMAN IS VERY MUCH ALIVE

I'M GOING PLACES RIGHT NOW!

HELP!

HE AIN'T DEAD!
I'm no ghost, brother! Just an old army trick—pretend you're shot—throw enemy off guard!

And as the mighty man of night fights the plunderers, a strange tableau is enacted outside.

Whoa, there! Feller, you're going to help us catch some bad eggs!

Inside... the struggle continues...

 Didn't plan on having this fight!

Say uncle!

Boy! I bet you're burned up!

Nice timing, Robin!

This time I won't miss!

Hey, Batman! You got the wrong guy!

Take it easy, Robin! You forget our plan? Head for the Batplane!

Get it now, Robin? They'll head straight for the dairy stables—and I'll wager that's the hideout where our chief prize is.

Sorry, Batman! I lost my head!

Get up there, Daisy!
A dark sky - and a weird sight below a sleek winged black plane flying close along a country road!

Good now to get down to business!

Presently two shades blend with the shadows as they streak through the farm grounds.

That haystack will conceal the Batplane - let's try the barns first!

In the stable someone is coming! Quick into the stall!

Swiftly, the dynamic duo in disguise appears as two whitemasked figures enter the barn!

Here's one of those electrical milking pumps - work by suction. A fabulous glittering stream flows out of the milking pump - into a milk can.

Wow! I wish all cows gave milk like this!

That cache looks like a real milking pump - you're sure smart boys who'd look for fools in a daisy!

A model farm - gleaming and spotless, equipped with every modern electrical convenience!

Nothing out of order here. Holy cow what a perfect idea for a perfect hide-out!

As though from nowhere twin thunderbolts flash across the barn!

We would you've done enough "milking"!

Get the gang sparks this time!

Yeow! Batman again!

And don't forget me!
WHERE'D THEY COME FROM?
TAKE A STALL FOR YOURSELF

A FURTIVE HAND STEALS OUT—A LEVER FALLS!

AND A Sudden Blast of WATER PLUNGES DOWNWARD
THE WASHING SYSTEM!
WHAT NEXT WATERFALLS IN A DAIRY!

HAMPERED BY THE CLINGING FOLDS OF HIS CAPE, BATMAN FIGHTS ON—BUT THE DYNAMIC DUO IS SOON OUTNUMBERED
GLUG GLUG! TSK! TSK CRYING OVER SPILLED MILK.

AND FINALLY OVERPOWERED
WELL, WELL! NOBLE FIGHTING DESERVES A NOBLE END, TRIGGER, TAKE THEM TO THE PESTRUAZING PLANT!
YOU CAN DROP THAT MASK, WINTHROP! I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOU!

WINTHROP, WEALTHY TREASURER OF THE PURITY MILK CO., HOST OF BARON KUNGLE, CAN HE BE THE ARCH-CROOK?
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! YOU COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN, EVEN MY MEN DON'T KNOW WHO I AM!

I ADMIRE YOUR CLEVER SLEUTHING, BATMAN! WHAT ELSE DID YOU FIGURE OUT?
IT WAS EASY, WINTHROP! THE JEWELS WERE HIDDEN FROM THE INSIDE! YOU WERE PRESENT AT EACH PARTY YOU GOT THE SKELETON KEY. YOU RUINED THE GUARD! YOU ARE THE JEWEL COLLECTOR! ONLY AN EXPERT WOULD HAVE SELECTED THE JEWELS YOU TOOK!
AS THE MIGHTY BATMAN FIGHTS WITH THE STRENGTH OF MANY...

HEAVE NO AWAY WE GO!

UGH GLUG

AS DAYLIGHT GROWS STRONGER THE UN EVEN FIGHT IS FINISHED!

LEAVE THOSE CHAPS ON ICE TILL THE POLICE GET HERE WINTHROP AND THE MILKSM COME ALONG WITH US AS A PRESENT FOR THE COMMISSIONER!

PUFF PUFF
THOSE CRIMES MUST CARRY LEAD WEIGHTS ON 'EM.

LATER IN POLICE COMMISSIONER
GORDON'S OFFICE...

THAT'S WHY IT WAS SUCH A NEAT SET UP WINTHROP PROBABLY BOUGHT THE SMALL DARY UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME AND IF ANYONE FOUND OUT IT WAS HIS WHY HE COULD SAY IT WAS A HOBBY!

I JUST CHECKED OVER WINTHROP'S BOOKS FOR THE MILK COMPANY THERE'S A LARGE FUND SHORTAGE HERE!

THAT EXPLAINS A LOT HE MUST HAVE BABBLED WITH THE COMPANY'S MONEY AND HAD TO MAKE GOOD! HE SPENT EVERY CENT HE HAD ON COLLECTING JEWELS!

BACK IN THE WAYNE MANSION...

I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT BATMAN AND ROBIN CAUGHT THOSE EARLY BIRD CRUMPS! IT'S SORT OF IRONICAL BRUCE I BET DRINKING THIS STUFF AND WHAT MADE BATMAN AND ROBIN STRONG ENOUGH TO FIGHT THOSE MILKSMEN ROBBERS MMM SURE IS GOOD!
THE BIG EIGHT!
Tops in monthly comic magazines!

Featuring BATMAN and ROBIN

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!
FANTASTIC FACTS

GHOST SHIP!
The "MARY CELESTE" set sail from New York bound for Genoa in 1872. On this trip, a British ship sighted her off her course. The British captain boarded her and found everything in perfect condition but not a single person aboard! Her log showed no hint of trouble. Clothes were hung up to dry and meals were partly finished. To this day, nobody knows what happened to the crew of the "MARY CELESTE."

GIANTIC CANNON BALLS
were thrown "by" Father Tim, who lived in the tower with his rooster. The tower was located at the top of a hill near Albuquerque.

RAZORS
Many of the blades were used more than 3000 years ago.

"SMALLEST DACTUS" OF ARIZONA
is the cactus of the planet Mars... orders up robot slave from a planet in last 1000 years or even younger.
Bite's about how someone paid some attention to one—the paper on which this Batman magazine is printed! And if you can't see anything exciting about a sheet of newsprint that wouldn't rate a second look except for the words and pictures—why that just proves you haven't been around ever since I was a tall young brac. That's the kind of stuff I've seen. Things that would curl your whiskers if any—and then, I saw the battle of Batman and the reckless Robin punch their way right along with me from logging camp to pulp mill to the thundering press room life. Death, thrill, chills—you'll learn something about all of them as you turn the pages and read—"The Adventures of the Bandit Tree!"

[Image of Batman and Robin in action]
MARK WELL THIS TREE WITH THE SNUGGER-SHAPED SCAR CUT DEEP IN THE LIVING WOODS!

AY WOOFER WHAT THE SNAGGER MARK BANE MEAN SCOTTY?"

"FOOSH YONSON -- I MNA HOOG IT MEAN NASTHEN' AT ALL. SOME RAZOR-BACK WOODED BEASTIE WACKED IT HAVIN' NA BETTER WORE R'R IC.""

BUT CLAI YONSON HAS BROKEN TOO EEO -- FOR A CERTAIN BREED OF CITY FALLERS WOULD NOT RECOGNIZE ANY CLOSED SEASON ON THE WILDLANDS. IT'S A QUEST OF HUNTING NO EXPEDITION IT'S RIGHT CLOSEBY KEEP YOUR EYES WARNED FOR THE SIGN OF THE BANZAIN -- LISTEN — I HEAR SOMEONE CHOPING!

WHY, YE MURK-RIBBERIN' SON O SATAN -- YELL NA WAS THE SATISFACTION O SEE IN THE FACE O' GUN, CAMERON GROVING AROUND YEER CONABLY WEAPONS!

REACH FOR YN SLY OR Y'LL GET A TASTE O' YA GAME.

"I'LL BREAK YE WITH BARE PISTOLS -- AAA--AAA--"

"OKAY -- Y'ARE AVEN FOR IT."

"WHY DINT JA LET ME USE THIS? THEY'LL HEAR THAT SHOT AT THE LUGGIN' CAMP!"
HOT off the pages, the other city retirees have invaded the big woods in search of nothing more serene than relaxation —

PLAY HARD! DON'T LET HIM SEE YOUR TREASURE!

A ROYAL NAME TO HELP YOU ARE!

A SHOT SOME HUNTERS MUST BE SENDING THE SEASON!

HUNTERS, NOTICE! THAT WAS A .38 CALIBER PISTOL. AND A HANDGUN SHOT USUALLY MEANS TROUBLE!

AND TROUBLE MEANS ACTION FOR US!

— BOB WYNN, WEALTHY SPORTSMAN, AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK CRAWLEY!

LOOK — CITY GANGSTERS! AND THERE ARE TWO LUMBERJACKS ON THE GROUND, DEAD OR WOUNDED!

OUTER GARMENTS ELONG AS THE PAIR BECOMES THE FAMOUS CRIME CRUSHING TEAM OF BATMAN AND ROBIN!

I CAME UP HERE TO FISH; ROBIN — AND I'M NOT GOING TO MISS ANY CHANCES!

WHERE WOULD I CATCH A WHIPPET!

A PENDING ENGAGEMENT PAYS OFF A FINE BILBOE LINE AND...

YIP! I'M SHOT!

BEFORE THE SHOCK OF THE SHOT HE WAS WORN OFF, TWO FIGURES OF FIGHTING FRANK CHARLIE THE CRIMINALS!

GOOD FISHING UP HERE — AND GOOD HUNTING!

WHOA —! DA BATMAN! AN' ROBIN!

WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?
Well, well--if it isn't a fellow-citizen of Gotham City--Bill Sleeton!

I wish I was somebody else.

Two bad I can't wear my high-nailed boots!

Haw, haw! Missed me!

A perfect cast--but I'd hate to have to eat what I caught.

This will be good--if it works!

If I get the Batman, I'm gonna have him stuffed for a trophy!

A storm of snarling slugs proved the Dynamic Duo to cover...

Ow! Who the hell was that stick of dynamite?

We gotta beat it!

A load of sawn logs left by workmen at the sound of the dinner bell blocks the trail...

You'd save yourselves a lot of trouble by giving up now, Bill!

After them, Robin!

Make it fast, you're guys! I got an idea how to stop the Batman and Robin!

I hope ya aren't kiddin'!
LATER WHEN FIRST AD HAS BEEN ASHAMED STOOD TO THE ONE LIVING VICTIM OF THE COWARDLY SHOOTING

THATLL THEY MUST NOW DO TILL ANY IDEA WHAT THEY CAN DO WITH YOU? SCOTTY!

HELL, YE MIGHT TRY TO TAKE A LOOK AT THAT TREE" WE WERE FOR A MINUTE IT WAS MASKED BY A DANGER! WE KNEW!

BUT THE EAGLE-SCARRED TREE WAS ALREADY STARTED ITS JOURNEY TO THE MILL...

"MY MUMA, BATMAN--PRESSES AN TRICK, 25 MARK BUT WE FIND NOIZING OF SET!

WE FINISH CUTTING DOWN THE TREES, AN SAWS PUT UP AN WOODEN TO 21 RUGE!

THEN WE BETTER LOOK IN THE DRAWER!

YOU WOULD NOT FIND IT BEEN A LIFETIME HEREF/from BATMAN'S LOOPS, EACH EXACTLY LIKE 25 OZER!

SCOTTY, SCOTTY, IT LOOKS AS IF WE'RE STUCK IN A LOG-JAM!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT... ALL WE CAN DO IS TO TRY TO TRACK DOWN DOLL AND HIS MOB

ANYWAY, THESE SIFH OON'T GET AWAY--AND THEY TASTE TWICE AS GOOD NOW THAT WE'VE WOKEN UP AN APPLE...

LOG-JAM IS RIGHT! IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO TURN OVER EVERY STICK IN THAT MESS LOOKING FOR A DANGER CARVING.

WHAT STRANGE SOCIETY, SYMBOLIZED BY THIS MOVER-REMAIN OF THE DANGER WE LINE DESPERATE MEN FROM THIS UNDERWORLD HAUNTS TO COMMIT MURDER IN THE DEEP WOES. LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND A CLUE IN THE OZER EVENTS YET TO COME...
That night, violence flared in a nearby town. "I mean, ya mean why I work here, ya know? Ya gotta knock a couple more offa ya payroll?"

"Come on--we gotta knock a couple more offa ya payroll!"

Employment Office

"Ain't that a coincidence?"

Your job is to watch the logging as they move toward the chopper, and take out the ones with knots or knots. Place a cut there. It's round. Spoiled paper with the saw and put the log back again.

Wotta break... we can't miss on logs we're after.

All you have to do is make sure the logs keep going up that chute into the mill.

Wanna break, we can't miss on logs we're after.

We'll be chopped to bits and we'd better get that solution in--into the kisser vat, where sulfuric acid would run off the job."

The disaster, the solution... the solution... the solution... and into the mill, into the paper machine. It comes out of the rollers at the end, isn't that paper?

Meanwhile, at the local police station

"We haven't been no buzz of our characters--but somebody beat up those of the paper mill workers. And down to the hospital last night."

Mmm--that means the paper mill will have to return new men. I got the picture...
PRESIDENT

DO YOU THINK THEY WANT TO KEEP THE WORKMEN JUST TO GET THEIR PAPER MILL?

IF THEY'RE NOT STILL AFTER THAT SPICED TREE OR THE LOGS IT WAS CUT UP INTO,THAT WOULD BE ONE WAY OF GETTING AT IT.

THE NEXT INSTANT

A BAT FOR AN \N BATMAN AN\N RIDING GUNNA \N WEAR A SPINNING SING! \N WHY, YOU BIT-

IT'S-dem.
I GETTA KEEP \N EM FROM \N 00 LIN' \N EVERY'NG.

SLEEPIN LIKE \N A COUPLE-LOGS, \N HAW, HAW! BY IN TIME THEY \N GO THROUGH A MILL, THEY'LL \N BE FULL.

KNUCKLES, \N WILL YOU \N LOOK AT THIS!

WELL, SLAP ME \N WITH AN' LOCOMOTIVE \N VISITORS MAKIN' \N A TOUR OF THE MILL \N ON MAIN STREET!!

THE POOR GUYS-- \N THEY'LL GON'RIGHT \N THROUGH THE CHUTE. \N INTO THE AGES I \N HAW, HAW, HAW!!

THAT'S \N NO TIN-- \N LOOKA WHAT'S \N COMIN' UP WITH 'EM!

IT'S THE \N ONE! \N WE FOUNN IT \N AT LAST.

QUICK--SAINT \N OPEN, AN' LET'S \N TAKE THE STUFF \N AN LAWFULL \N CALL BULL.

WHAT'S THIS-- \N A METAL \N CLAMPS CONCEALED \N BENEATH THE TASSER \N SHIN? \N WE GOT IT! \N WE'RE \N SITTIN' ON TOP OF THE \N WORLD--AN' THE \N BATMAN AN' RIDIN' \N DON'T NEVER BOTHER \N US NO MORE
PLANNING SPINNING KNIVES SNARE HUMBERLY AS THE HELPLESS CIVILIZERS ARE DRAWN TOWARD A TERRIBLE FATE.

WHAM...! WHAT A HEADACHE! I'LL GO TO SLEEP.

NO CHANCE UP REACHING HIM IN TIME... BUT IF I CAN BLOCK THE OPENING TO THE CHUTE WE'LL SMASH HIS SKULL.

SUPPOSE THEY ARE THE TERRORS OF THE DEEP-CLAY WELL OR CORRAL. LOSE RAPTOR THEN THE WHIRLING TEETH OF STEEL CAN CHEW THEM.

OH... WHAT'S HAPPENING?

COME ON FELLA-- WE'RE OUT A LITTLE CHOKE TO DO!

YOU SKUNKS ARE GONNA SEND THROUGH THE MILL THIS TIME-- ON A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR!

AND IF WE MISS ANYTHING WE'LL DO IT TWICE.

GET EM BEFORE THEY GET US.

OH OH-- I'M BATMAN, NOT LKE THE FPA O' GO N' "ROUGH IN MILL!"
THIS IS WHERE THE PULP PAPER, MIXED WITH WATER, ENTERS THE PAPER-MAKING MACHINE.
TAKE A GOOD LOOK.

OUCH! IT'S HOT!

HEY—
YA GONNA GET BURNED IF YA WANTA STAY THERE!

WHEN THE PAPER FINALLY GOES THROUGH THOSE 'CALENDER' ROLLERS, IT'S FINISHED—
LIKE YOU!

AN'T TOLD YOU BEIN' A CROOK WOULDN'T BE AN EASY LIFE!

BUT AGAIN—
BATMAN! THAT CALENDER NEEDS SCOBININ'!

MEANWHILE BULL BEATON IS DROWN TO TAKE DESPERATE MEASURES...

"IF IT CAUGHT ME, I DON'T WANT BIG BOSS ON ME! AN' IF I GET AWAY, I CAN PICK IT UP AGAIN EASY!"

WHAT HAPPENED TO BULL?

SPOON NUT DIS IS FOR, BUT I KNOW A SURE WAY TO FIND OUT!

THERE HE GON!

SUDENLY!

LOOK OUT! THERE'S SULPHURIC ACID IN THAT STUFF!

WHY THE UPTURN SNARK!

BATMAN YOU SAVED THE LIVES OF THE WORKERS—THOSE PUMPS WOULD HAVE BEEN FATAL IF THEY'D KEPT SPREADING NIT.

ARE YOU SURE (BUD) THEY WEREN'T STRONG ENOUGH (BUD) TO BE FATAL ALREADY?

FROM THREE MEN YOU WERE JUST JUMPED IN YOUR CAR AND BEAT IT, Mr. MATHERS!

GONE—BUT HE HADN'T HAVE THAT CYLINDER, WHEN HE CAN FLOOM UP! MAYBE WE CAN FIND IT...

THE NEEDS OF THEM!
I know... It seems like I was looking for the killers twice in a row and not being able to find that cylinder they left behind.

They didn't think they'd get away with it -- but they're not so sure they left it up there either. I think Bull put something extra clever over on us.

Huh? I wonder.

---

Midnight! And the night watchman at the printing plant had unexpected visitors.

Take us to da press room, see? Or p'ra want somebody to take a hit in a cemetery?

If you don't want to, I'll take you anywhere you say.

Ah... here we are. A smarter trick? O a year? I do say it myself!

Okay, for take a rest.

You're a bonus, Bull!

---

It ain't here!

But here, either... oohh -- what if it got lost?

Keep yer shots on!

---

A fortune! From now on, we're all big shots.

I'm gonna buy a ticket to someplace where a Batman won't never catch up with me.

I'm gonna buy me a yacht.
Complicated machinery rumbles into action as the gang boss throws the starting switch of the huge printing press.

You're gonna get tangled up with a mess of high-speed rollers if ya don't look out.

I'll take the chance if you will.

Okay... to your funeral!

Help! Save me! I'll be killed!

Please don't flowers!

Wouldn't that be too sad?

A thanks thanos-- a treacherous blow that leaves the Batman steering on the edge of death!

I won't forget my pal -- not even after I kill ya!

Ya saved me!

I hope nobody gives me a medal for it!

Now "suck no!"
I hope you don't mind!

Take it! Nothing’s worth what I’ve been through!

Presently...

All right, watchman—call the police!

This is one issue we had plenty to do with besides furnishing the adventure. We watch the tests cut and the paper made and delivered—and were the first readers!

Don’t forget Bill Burton—he started everything including the press.

What’s more, while reading my adventures as a sheet of paper, have hardly begun! Now that you have finished my story, I’ll move on to the next Batman fan—and...

---

Industrial diamonds! Our Ponting tools, these must be the ones stolen in that express robbery up north a couple of weeks ago!

Right! I was just starting to cut down a tree for paper—"an' den youse had ta show up! Diamond like these are needed in American war effort!" When a judicious mind can't sort out a thief, a traitor, a murderer—well, criminals will operate.

But luck was against us when we went back for 'em! Boy was just starting to cut down a tree for paper—"an' den youse had ta show up!

Diamonds like these are needed in American war effort! When a judicious mind can't sort out a thief, a traitor, a murderer—well, criminals will operate.
Chief Hot Foot

---YES, GENERAL, IT'S THE ONLY MAGAZINE CONTAINING ALL THREE OF THOSE TOP FEATURES!

---CORRECT, ADMIRAL! AND LOTS OF OTHER GREAT ACTION STORIES IN THOSE 96 PAGES! YESIR, IT'S TOO GOOD TO MISS!!

NOW ON SALE
**MOTIVE**

by Eric Carter

It was all figured out. Not a move would be made without his knowledge. Just as he did every weekend, Junius would come up here to Spencer's house. But this weekend—because Junius, only three hours before, had found out about the shortages in the working capital—wouldn't be pleasant now.

No, Spencer answered, he'd be dead in a week.

And why not? If Junius' lips were sealed, he, Spencer, would take over the company. The books could be changed after the funeral, and nobody would ever know.

A quarter of a million dollars there! Spencer smiled, recalling the argument earlier in the day when Junius had discovered the depression. The fool—why hadn't he been content in handling his estate business? Did he have to mess with the books?

Junius' lips tautened. It was a good thing he had managed to convince Junius to keep quiet and come out as usual. That story about knowing something was wrong, too, had allayed Junius' fears. He had agreed to come out as usual for the weekend. He did not know that Death and not Spencer would be his host.

Wrapped now in the protective darkness of his checked car, Spencer looked down at the illuminated dial on his wrist watch. A quarter of a minute. In a few moments, it would be time to start, to establish the alibi. Spencer smiled craftily. It had been a good idea to be seen in a neighboring town, making a purchase for his laboratory. After that, a breath-taking ride to make time in this spot. He had cut ten minutes off the normal time, had been willing to gamble against a cop tailing him.

And he had won. Luck was riding with him. Spencer told himself. Promptly at midnight, Junius would ascend the long stone steps to the house. He would use the pocket flashlight; he always wanted to shun the tendency to ascend the staircase. Junius had always claimed the stairs were inadequately lighted. "It's a wonder the law doesn't make you do something about your lights, Spencer."

The law? Shariit Tate? Once more, Spencer smiled. That bumpkin wouldn't even realize that his friendship with Spencer would tend to make the latter's alibi more plausible.

Spencer opened the window of his warm car. The cool night wind clicked against the car, then the cool night wind spoke to the car. Suddenly, Spencer went rigid as a prancing whippet reached his ears. It was the Morgan tug on its homeward journey. It always reached the drawbridge at this time and, ten minutes later, was in its slip. Morgan prided himself on keeping a schedule as rigid and inflexible as a railroad.

Unmindful of the cold sun, Spencer left the window open, leaning at his watch. Another whistle reached his ear. That would be the tug sailing through the drawbridge—and now Spencer could start back because he could say that he saw the tug in its slip at its regular time.

And when Spencer reached the house, he would find Junius dead!

Oh, it was magnificent, all right. Only a man like Spencer could have thought of it. Now, driving furiously along, he wondered...
baw he had. Forgetting to return the feinted pen he had taken from Junius' desk a few days ago and been another stroke of luck. The pen was now lying on one of the steps leading to the house. Junius’ fiancé couldn’t help picking it up, and Junius would have cried, pick it up, and there would be a terrific explosion.

Junius never would know that a wire ran from the pen to high explosives hidden behind the house entrance. And as one would be able to figure it out, because the whole town knew that Junius and Spencer were dealers in high explosives. Maybe, some might say—poor Mr. Junius was carrying a sample with him.

As simple as that? Spencer looked at his speedometer, slunk down the car. It was still a five minute drive to the house, and the clock was one minute to nine. Despite his cold-blooded planning, Spencer felt a shiver run through him as the watch hand stole to three.

And then he heard it. A single powerful explosion, and far ahead a bright light illuminated the sky.

A half hour later, after having viewed the wreckage of his house, Spencer sat in Sheriff Tate's office and his head bowed, his legs as haggard as he could make it. "It's horrible, horrible," he thought. "Poor Junius. He was a good friend to us. If I had been there, I could have helped."

"Here, here, Mr. Spencer," Tate said sympathetically, "you can't blame yourself. And I know how you feel. But it's a good thing for you that you were there to see to it that your close-to-hit's unfortunate was."

He shook his head. "Mr. Junius was a fine man, an amiable fellow, too. I'm going to miss seeing him every weekend. We sure got along fine.

Through half-closed eyes, Spencer studied Tate homely him. "Sure," he thought, "you both put along fine because you both had the same simple mind of mine. Neither of you would ever suspect me. Not you fellows—you trust everyone."

"We'll both miss him, Sheriff, very much."

Tate nodded slowly, staring at the desk long, slender fingers. Something glinted between his thumb and forefinger and as he extracted it, a puzzled frown came over his face. It was a small piece of metal and he had been playing with it all the way back to the office. "What I can't understand," he said, "is why Mr. Junius should be packing explosives that dangerous around. He always seemed level headed to me."

He thrust the piece of metal at Spencer and said: "I could have identified him by this, I guess, if you hadn't come along."

His eyes watched Spencer on the latter's look curiously at the metal.

But Spencer suppressed a start as he recognized the object. The clip from a fourteen pen! With an effort he centralized himself and his eyes and voice were steady. He said to the Sheriff: "What is it?"

Tate didn't answer, He seemed feet in thought. Then, suddenly, he said: "You say you didn't see Mr. Junius this week?"

"You weren't in the office?"

Tate nodded. "That's right," Spencer said, his eyes narrowing. "No one had been seen him when he had visited Junius at the plant. It had been night and he had stopped off after the theatre, used the private entrance. Junius had asked him to drop on for some dinner consultation.

Now he studied Tate covertly. What was this Yankee driving at? He'd better put him right on that side.

"No, Sheriff," he said. "I haven't seen him. You know how cold it has been, too cold for going out. I don't go out much work here. Tonight would have been our first meeting in a week. Oftly he went on, well of being in town, of driving back."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I saw the Masonic tag going him its slip at the time of the explosion. He smiled to himself: he saw the fireworks leave the Masonic's forecourt. And he knew that he had had six tight slips, because the Sheriff and everybody was well aware of the time the tag always barreled.

Spencer sighed. "Poor Junius," he said. His fingers touched the pen clip, "I'd like to keep this, Sheriff," he said, "if you don't mind. To remember Junius by."

"It won't help," the Sheriff said. "That clip belongs to and."

"To you?" Spencer's face muscles tightened. What was this fellow thinking about? And why were the Sheriff's eyes suddenly haggard? Why was he getting to his feet? What was slipped? Spencer tried to force a smile. "You're joking," he said mockingly. "I'm almost puffed from their sockets as he saw the sheriff's gun, heard the words of condemnation.

"No, Spencer...I'm not joking. This is my pen and Mr. Junius took it into the city last week to have it repaired for me. He said he expected you and would ask you to bring it out."

Sheriff Tate's hand darted out, a menace snapped on the struggling Spencer's wrist as the county law officer forced the panting wild-eyed man into a chair.

"I don't know what this pen's got to do with it," the Sheriff said slowly. "But it's time to find out."

He usually humorous eyes were hard and cold. "You see to me you went to a lot of trouble to get on with that didn't come off Spencer."

Spencer's chest heaved. "You can't prove a thing," he cried. "You can't prove a thing, you're mad!"

"Mebbe," the Sheriff said. "But you can't prove you saw the Masonic tag getting into its berth tonight Spencer. Because it's still on the other side of the drawbridge and can't get through because the cold weather froze up the mechanism tonight! And unless tomorrow you and we are going to look in a Junius' and Spencer's business and mebbe find a motive for murder!"
Laffs

Swab, Mister?

WE HAD TO
NURSE 'EM
THEY LOOK SO
MUCH ALIVE

If Fluffy recognizes me I'll take it!

Fast as a Bullet!

That's the sort of high-speed adventure you can count on finding every month in these two swell magazines!

Brother---I know every word of that to be true!
CLANCY
THE COP

- An old deserted house/may be the dustiness inside will help my headache!

-Boss it's dark/maybe the place is haunted!!

-I'd hate to meet up with a ghost!

-Clonk!

-Someone hit me! Let me cuta hers!

-See-in all the excitement my headache disappeared...!!! That's swell!!

-If it worked on me it ought to work on other people!

-HEADACHE CURE 10¢

CLANCY THE COP
BE SURE TO GET THESE TOP FAVORITES FOR THE BEST IN COMICS!

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!
THERE'S A PERFECT FIGHTING TEAM AND THERE'S A CROWD IN THE CASE OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN - AND WHAT A CROWD WHEN THE THREE IS THE SINGULAR GENTLEMAN YOU ARE ABOUT TO MEET! THINKING IN THE MOST OF VIOLENCE AFTER A VIOLENT CROSSING OF MANY MEN'S IMPROBABLELY ATTRACTING VIOLENCE WHEREVER HE MOVES THIS AMAZING FELLOW GIVES AMERICA'S ACE CRIMINAL SMASHERS THE MOST VIOLENT SURPRISE OF THEIR LIVES - AND MAKES THEM LIKE HIM IN IT! YOU HAVE NEVER IN YOUR ENTRANCED ANYTHING QUITE LIKE HIM BUT YOU'LL BE SITTING TO SEE HIM AGAIN!

NOW IT'S T'GART FOR

HERE COMES ALFREDO!
I'd afraid you blunderers will want to wait till I've finished my work.

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!

TWIN TORMOORS OR JUSTICE!
GUTTERS: BUT I HAVEN'T HAD ONE IN YEARS! I DON'T NEED ONE, AND I'M AFRAID I DON'T WANT ONE!

WE'RE FINE. WE CAN GET ALONG FINE WITHOUT SERVANTS OF ANY KIND!

IT MAY BE A BIT AWKWARD AT FIRST, BUT I PROMISE YOU'LL GET USED TO ME!

YOU MAY REMEMBER MY FATHER, JARVIS. WHO WAS YOUR FATHER'S BUTLER FOR MANY YEARS. THE POOR OLD MAN WAS HEARTBROKEN WHEN I FORGOT THE FAMILY CALLING TO BE AN ACTOR. IN THE MUSIC HALLS!

SO YOU ARE THE SON OF GOOD OLD JARVIS! HOW IS HE?

AND ON HIS DEATHBED, HE MADE ME PROMISE TO MEND MY WAYS AND COME TO YOUR HOUSE IN AMERICA! DO YOU SEE? EVEN IF YOU DON'T WANT ME THERE, ISN'T ANY HELP FOR IT?

UN-- WEL--

BUT, I MUSTN'T KEEP YOU STANDING HERE IN YOUR FATHOMLESS HALL. THEN DOWN THE HALL AND MAKE THINGS READY FOR THE NIGHT?

AND I THOUGHT IT'S BEEN PRETTY NEAR EVERYTHING!

BUT WE CAN'T HAVE HIM DOING HIS AMATEUR BULLETTING HERE! IF HE SHOULD FIND OUR SECRET LABORATORY AND THE TUNNEL TO THE BATTLESHIP HANGAR? HE'S REALLY KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

THESE RIGHT. BUT I HAVEN'T THE HEART TO SEND HIM PACKING.

TONIGHT, I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING IN THE MORNING!

THIS IS UNTHINKABLE-- THAT WE SHOULD FAIL! IF WE DO NOT GET THE VALUE TOWARD MILLIONS OR MILLIONS WILL SLIP THROUGH OUR FINGERS!

RATHER WOULD I NOT IN PERSON THAN HAVE THAT HAPPEN!

AND A SILENT BOWL OF WATER AWAKES BRUCE!

WHAT'S MY SPECIAL SUBMARINE ALARM? SOMEONE HAS FORCED OPEN ONE OF THE BATTY WINDOWS!
ON YOU'RE AWAY MY DUTY... MAN'S ALARM IS ON... AND I WONDER IF YOU KNEW... BUT I SEE YOU DO!

AND NOW LET'S JOIN THE REMARKABLE ALFRED AS HIS ENTHUSIASM FOR HIS NEW JOB CAUSES HIM FAR INTO THE NIGHT!

MR. WAYNE IS A NICE PERSON BUT A TYPICAL BACHELOR! LOOK AT THESE NEWSPAPERS! NEVER OLDER AND NOT YET TAKEN OUT! --- WAMMA--- THE PICTURE.

MR. WAYNE WANTS TO ESCAPE FROM HIS HOUSE, BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF THEY DON'T WANT TO BE THE MASTERS?

Ah! AT LAST! THE TREASURY IS QUEEN!

BLESS ME! I KNEW THIS VALUE WAS OLD, BUT I NEVER DREAMED IT WAS A VALUABLE ANTIQUE!

I SAY --- IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO STEAL BUT IT'S DOWNTOWN CHICAGO TO DESTROY A TREASURE WHILE THERE'S STILL LIVED IN IT!

FATHER, HE ANNOYS ME ---- KILL HIM!
Suddenly

You rotten
murderer! Don't think I could follow you, did you?

I say, old chap, you're certainly welcome!

You again!

You are as good as dead, Batman! Manuel never misses!

I'll bet I get a kick out of this!

Vip!

Well hardly ever!

What -- ?

I shall have revenge for this, Bat!

What? Bruce? Clever!

Just to make sure you have your full quota of bad luck!

I am always nasty!

Those of the criminals who are still able
exit with inelegant haste.

Wait, Thomas!
Your leader shall go first!

They're getting away!
Come on, Robin!

They're getting into a
Car! I'll get the
Batmobile!

Better tie this fellow before he comes to!

Yes, sir! And about your address.

Strange!

He didn't seem to hear me around
where he lives! Oh well -- I'll see
whether Mr. Wayne and
Mr. Wayne and
Mr. Wayne and
Mr. Wayne have been disturbed
by the noise and
by the noise and
by the noise and
by the noise!
I shall consult my detective book and--eh, what? "Pier, my soul, the blighter has revived and is coming at me!"

So--the pleasure of calling you has been delayed, but not lost!

A dear, Thomasine will improve your manners, my man, such!

I have a sharp answer for that clumsy blow!

Good heavens, I must repeat it for the amusement of Mr. Wayne!

Well, well--it appears a miss is as good as a knock out! Ha, ha--a jest, I must repeat it for the amusement of Mr. Wayne!

But in falling the heavy shelf has struck a concealed teardrop and released a secret spring--and

By John, a sliding panel and a secret stairway! It reminds me of some of the old castles in England.

There cannot--be any doubt about it--Mr. Bruce Wayne is the Batman, and the young Minister is Robin! How clever of me to have discovered this! How fortunate they are to have a man of my abilities in their employ!
Meanwhile, neverassuming that the all-important secret of their sole survival has been nearer by a stroke of luck, the Batman and Robin join in hot pursuit of the flying manuel.

There they are -- turning that corner almost!

Step on it! If we don’t catch them now we may never have another chance!

There’s their car -- but where are they?

There’s a strange whirring sound coming from somewhere.

Look out! -- soon!

Too late! The next instant kissing rods whirl around the limbs and bodies of the startled crime-crushers.

I can’t move my arms or feet! I’m falling!

As fine a cast as was ever made to finish them!

Not yet! Let us all put the killing at once and be done with the stupid ones. They will be shot with arrows and thrown into the air!
BACK IN THE THEATER...

ANOTHER WORD TO THE WISE! AND IT SHOWS HOW PROMPTLY WE HAVE ACTED!
But with lightning swiftness, masked figures plummet from the shadows overhead!

"You're about to have some distinguished company yourself—and we'll be it!"

"Wha—?"

"This cannot be! It is a joke!"

"A joke on you!"

"Good morning, Tommy! I'll kill them or all is lost!"

"Time to ring down the curtain on this act!"

"Look out, Tomas!"

"It is the Batman who has better look out."

"Bimbly nearly fell and head can strike! Alfred lodges a rope in the wings—and the curtain with it! Heavy wooden framework must be downward!"

"That's right—take a bow! Am good work, ol' bean!"

"A fitting finale for a bad actor! Big wet?"

Here's an all-star act to finish the bill!

"So there are what they were after! But where did they come from and who do they really belong to?"

"If you will permit me, sir I can elucidate the mystery!""Where am I?"

"They are the crown jewels of the country of which this man—the son of Orion—is the father! I bought them here secretly for his government, but one of the criminals got wind of it, and to think I laughed when you said you were an amateur detective!"

"And he wasn't the only one who laughed!"
THE FOLLOWING EVENING...

ALFRED'S PRETTY PWAYS SINCE WE GAVE HIM FULL CREDIT FOR THE CASE! I REALLY THOUGHT HE'D DONE A GREAT JOB OF DETECTING ME, UNTIL SNATCHED IT OUT OF ALL HIS INFORMATION BY ACCIDENT.

POE AWHILE, I WAS AFRAID HE'D FIND OUT WHO WE REALLY ARE - BUT IF WE'RE CAREFUL, IT WILL BE SAFE TO LET HIM STAY SINCE HE ISN'T TOO BRIGHT.

THE SEARCHLIGHT WENT ON A FEW SECONDS AGO! I BELIEVE IT MEANS THE POLICE REQUIRE THE BATMAN'S SERVICES.

THE SIGNAL.... BUT... BUT WHAT'S THAT NOT TO DO WITH US?

YOU FORGET MY DETECTIVE ABILITIES! I HAVE KNOWN SINCE LAST NIGHT THAT YOU WERE THE BATMAN AND ROBIN - BUT I SAID NO REASON TO MENTION IT TIL NOW!

SOMETHING TELLS ME I WAS RIGHT IN WHAT I SAID A MINUTE AGO, BRUCE!

MEMORO LATER, THE BATPLANE SACRED THROUGH THE SKY!

AND AS THE EARNO HEREFER KEEP ANOTHER ENGAGEMENT WITH HIS ADVENTURE, ALFRED MAKES A COMPROMISE WITH HIS CONCISE!

THEY ARE SO IMPRESSIVE WITH ME I WOULD NEVER DO TO TELL THEM I LEARNED THE THREATEN BY SHIRE LUCK NOT MISTRESS TO ACT MYSTERIOUS AND SAY NOTHING!

ALFRED CAN BE USEFUL AT THAT HE SAVES OUR LIVES IN THE THEATER! HE MIST BE SMARTER THAN WE THINK TO HAVE RUN THROUGH OUR SMOKE!

KEEP AN EYE ON ALFRED YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF HIM!
C'mon—Says Girls
Men Women
PICK YOUR PRIZE

These prizes are given to you—just send for 40 cents or 50 cents mailing garden spot seeds which you can easily and quietly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10¢ each. Return the $4.00 amount and select your prize in accordance with our offer. THE JIM NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

One Pair
Aiding Women Pigeons

All 3 Given
SUKA MANHOLE
AND BANJO

Priscilla Curtain Set

CANDY-TYPE
CAMERA

Handed Spread
Here is a hand
made spread
by your own
people, yours
which it is
given to your
women; worth
$25.00
.

Basket Ball
Given

Suitable for
Bad or Son

Plant A
Victory Garden
This Year

One Pair Rabbits

Send No Money
We Trust You.
FREE
WITH THIS OFFER

33 POWER TELESCOPE LENS KIT

You can now own a genuine high powered telescope by making it in one evening of easy work. It is included FREE with this Special Offer of Wonders of Science, Simplified. All the optical parts are completely finished for a reliable astronomical telescope over 4 hours. You can use the same date & time to see the moon, Venus, Jupiter and Saturn. See also Mars, Mercury, Mars and hundreds of other interesting sights. Make your own money saving telescope. Contain 3 volumes bound in cloth. The 33 power eyepiece is made in Japan. A China. A China. A China.

HUNDERS OF PHOTOGRAPHS, MAPS, DRAWINGS ETC.

3 Volumes Bound in 1

Volume I - Partial Contents

WONDERFUL SCIENCE

Volume II - Partial Contents

WONDERS OF POPULAR SCIENCE

Volume III - Partial Contents

WONDERS OF LIFE

WONDER OF SCIENCE SFRMLIZED

Formerly $35.00 New Only $1.98

LEARNING PUBLICATIONS
16 West 17th St., New York
HURRY! HURRY!
SELL SEEDS FOR VICTORY GARDENS
GET YOUR PRIZE!

NEW CAMER-A-TYPE CAMERAS—two to a package. Great for selling only and made of American Seeds!

"TAKI-MA-MIC"—that's a single Crank Spinning Class. Delicious ball. Sell only now.

WANT WAY MORE for boys, girls, men, and women. Great for selling only and now. Don't miss.

COMPLETE CAMPING SET has a playpen, tent, and box. Send now for only one order of American Seeds.

RABBIT BAIT SET great for selling only one order of American Seeds.

GREAT HUNTING GUN for boys, girls, men, and women. Great for selling only and order.

SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED.

COMPLETE CHORE CART has a playpen, tent, and box. Selling only one order of American Seeds.

DON'T MISS OUT ON THIS GREAT HUNTING GUN for boys, girls, men, and women.

RABBIT BAIT SET great for selling only one order of American Seeds.

BULLET! You'll have the FULL SIZE TOOTH AND MANICURE SET great for selling only one order.

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and others are yours FREE—sent without cost by selling only one 500-pound order of American Vegetable and Flower Seed at the price shown. Some of the bigger prizes require a 1000-pound order of American Seeds.

Everybody wants American Seeds for Victory Gardens—this is fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your price of 25 cents. If you prefer take the bird nest commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY—and send a coupon today for free price book and samples.

OUR 27TH YEAR.

Send No Money—We Trust You

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept 996, Lancaster, Pa.