INSURE THE 4TH OF JULY!
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!
How to Make YOUR Body Bring You FAME... Instead of SHAME!

Will You Let Me Prove I Can Make You a New Man?

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I don't care how old or young you are or how deformed or of your own will you're supposed to be. If you'll simply name your own plan and I can do it. I'll show you how to make you a new man in just 15 minutes a day. And I'll show you what I mean by a NEW MAN.

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FREE BOOK "Everlasting Health and Strength"

Name
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Have you ever seen a house with two sides to its character? You haven't then come along with mighty Batman and daring young Robin and meet a two face among buildings. A Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in wood and stone; and while you're at it get reacquainted with those rotund rascals that confound us known as Tweedledum and Tweedledee as the mantled crime fighters do when they seek to untye "The Secret of Hunter's Inn!"
Kneeling blankets — a lonely forest and the passage of a trio of weary travelers.

This is the road. Wayne! Hunter's Inn, one mile.

Stop on it. Alfred! We're tired and hungry after this long trip!

No ordinary travelers these. With in the limousine, in their everyday guise. Pose that dynamic duo — Batman and Robin, accompanied by their butler and factotum. Alfred, the only man who knows the true identities of Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson.

Not a soul around! A beautiful spot for a murder.

No murders yet, Dick, but it has made a fine locale for a series of robberies!

At least half a dozen wealthy men have been robbed at Hunter's Inn, and the rural police haven't found a single clue! I hope that we can do a little better.

Presently.

Here we are. Dick.

Yes, we're in famous company tonight, Dick! The man who just registered is John D. Rock, the millionaire!

I don't care who he is. Bruce — so long as he doesn't eat all the food here! I'm starved!

And so, slowly...

Stranger... Hunter's Inn is famous for its food. But the place is almost deserted.

What sets me is why the place is famous. Even though in Starved, this Hunter's Steph doesn't taste too good.
Soon the puzzled pair ascended to their suite.

Well, there doesn't seem to be evidence of wrongdoing.

We can tell better in daylight, Dick... What's that? HELP!

Sounds like trouble, Bruce.

And a job for Batman and Robin!

Seconds later, two mantled figures slit into the night.

We can't be seen coming out of the suite, we hired Robin!

Go on, Gotroon; I have yells some more. Maybe the owl will help you. HA, HA!

The owls won't, but here are a couple of night birds who will.

Hey where's these guys come from?

Hey you little brat, I'll ULP!

Ow!! I feel all lit up!

Why you little brat, I'll ULP!

Why you little brat, I'll ULP!

Smash your baggage, Mister!

This room has every convenience, chum! Both hot and cold running water!
UNEXPECTEDLY...

THE FAMOUS BATMAN AND ROBIN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? THIS IS A RESPECTABLE HOTEL!

AND THERE WERE VERY RESPECTABLE PEOPLE IN OUR HOTEL.

TUT TUT, YOU WISH TO ARGUE PERHAPS WE WILL CONVINCE YOU TO SEE THINGS MY WAY.

YOU SEEM TO HAVE BEEN IN YOUR ROBES. I AM ADDICTED TO THEM.

WE STILL HAVE OUR ROBES.

YOU? WE BETTER, NOW, BATMAN!

FAST ENOUGH, ROBIN?

HE'S IMMUNE TO BEES BUT NOT TO THINGS!

WHY YOU... YOU...

HELP! I'VE BEEN STUNG!

THAT'S GETTING OLD! NO ONE PLAYING AROUND WITH THESE BOYS ANY LONGER!

WE'VE GOT TO BEND HIM!

HOPE HE'S UNHARMED!

NEXT...

THE BULLET MISSES US... BUT THOSE BEEHIVES ARE AIMED PRETTY STRAIGHT.

YES, THAT FAT MAN MAY BE IMMUNE TO THEM, BUT HIS THING ABOUT HUMAN BEINGS STUNK AFTER ALL.

THEN UNEXPECTEDLY A SURPRISE OF SURPRISES.

WELL WHAT FAMOUS GUESTS I HAVE TONIGHT, BATMAN AND ROBIN! YOU HONOR ME, GENTLEMEN.

HUM... ANOTHER ONE? THE FAT MEN... EXACTLY ALIKE! WELL, THIS BRINGS BACK MEMORIES!
Hawk Eyes suddenly grow dim. Steel muscles lose their strength, and slowly... slowly... They didn't realize that all I had to do was press a button in my private elevator. And poisonous coal gas from the furnace would come up through the hot air registers! OHHH! AHHH!

I'll leave them here while I see how much money Jettick has on him. I'll have the boys take care of them...

I can hardly... now... maybe... I can warn Alfred! By... tapping...

But the jovial criminal has unknowingly overlooked one important factor.

Wonder what the monsters are doing? I heard the sound of a shot before... and now this strange tapping... I'd better investigate...

This comes or not awash! My advice! Next time they will know better but now I must remove them to safety...

Fortunately, my correspondence school taught me how to apply artificial respiration! I shall revive them and then... Say, boss, they ain't here!
THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE
MAN HAS BEEN NOTED SOON
THESE WILL BE QUESTIONS... I
MUST USE THE OLD DEATH
RAPIDLY NECES

LUCKY THERE IS NO
ONE OUT TO
OBSEIVER ME NOW TO
PACK MY KID.

AND SO PRESENTLY
MY WIFE WOULD
COME FROM THE
WAYNE?

THESE PEOPLE LOOK
LIKE CROOKS
TO ME.

GUESS THEY
HAD A LITTLE
MORE LIP
LEFT TO THEM
THAN YOU
THOUGHT

YES I
SEEM TO HAVE
UNDERESTIMATED
BATMAN!

IT WAS LATER.
I BELIEVE
I HANDLED THE
SITUATION QUITE WELL.
THE MASTERS SHOULD
BE PLEASED.

YES ALFRED, THEY'LL BE VERY
MUCH PLEASED TO POLL THEM-
SELVES ALIVE NEXT MORNING.

GOOD MORNING, WHEN
I SAW YOU BREATH
ING NORMALLY, I
FEAR THAT YOU TO
SLEEP THROUGH THE
NIGHT WITHOUT
INTERRUPTION.

THANKS,
ALFRED? LUCKY
WE HAD YOU.

YES, ROBIN... MUST SAVE
ME CONVINC
SING HER FAVOR TO
GRADUATE.

BATMAN!

YOU'RE WORKING WITH
THE THIEVES
NOW!

SO YOU'RE
GOING STRAIGHT EVER
SINCE I DROUGHT STER NOBODY?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOU MEAN. I'VE BEEN
HERE FOR A STRAY.

GIVE ME A JOB SO I COULD
GO INTO BUSINESS FOR
MYSELF.

WHAT HAPPENED
TO BATMAN?

WHO'S THE
THIEVES?
GOOD, SIR! BUT WHAT ARE YOUR OLD PALs DOING HERE?

I THOUGHT I SAW A FAMILIAR FACE.

ALL RIGHT, SIR! BUT WHERE DO ALL THESE GUESTS COME FROM OVER NIGHT?

LOOK, BATMAN!

THERE ARE THE TWO THUGS WE TANGLED WITH LAST NIGHT! THAT MAKES SENSE! STORY SOUNDS PRETTY FISHY!

GOOD EYE, BRUCE! WE'LL DO A LITTLE MORE TANGLING RIGHT NOW.

PERHAPS AFTER WE TIE THEM INTO KNOTS THEY'LL TELL US IF THEY'RE GOING STRAIGHT.

OWWW...

STOP, BATMAN!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, BATMAN! THIS IS A RESPECTABLE PLACE.

SEEMS TO ME I'VE MADE THOSE WORDS BEFORE.

WELL, IF THEY GO ON REPEATING THEMSELVES, WE MAY AS WELL TAKE THEM.

HELP!

BE CAREFUL, WALTER... YOU'RE UPSETTING YOUR BOSS.

AND AS THE CLERK AND BILL HOP FEE, FASTER! THEY'RE GAINING!

HOLD ON, CHUMS! WE WANT TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS!
STAY AWAY FROM MY BATMAN, OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE THIS

SO YOU'RE GOING IN FOR A NEW RACKET, BAT?

HEY...

WELL SEE WHETHER YOU CAN TAKE WHAT I GIVE UP!

OMWN...

YOU CAN'T... NOW I'LL TRY A FOLLOW THROUGH...

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS CROPP STROKE, OLD CHAP?

YIHHH...

BUT NOW REINFORCMENTS RUSH TO THE RESCUE...

NOW LOOK AT THAT...

THIS IS WHAT I CALL BEING OUTNUMBERED!

WELL, TEACH THEM THAT... THEY'RE JUST A BUNCH OF POOR FISH, DOING THE END OF THAT NET, ROBIN!

THE DYNAMIC DUO ACTS IN PERFECT TEAMWORK... SPLIT SECONDS LATER...

WHAT A HAIRY BATMAN!

HELP!

THEY DON'T LOOK SO GOOD TO ME, ROBIN... WE OUGHT TO THROW THEM BACK AND SEE IF WE CAN CATCH SOME BIGGER ONES!

OKAY, SAMP, WE'LL FIND OUT WHO'S THE POOR FISH!

AAAA...
Batman! What happened?

The same thing that's gonna happen to you, pal.

Yeah, the inevitable occurs! Some moments later...

We didn't wanna have no trouble, Batman. But you and the kid asked for it! Now you better scram!

Wha...? You're lettin' us go? I don't bet it!

We'll call the cops and have you picked up, Batman!

And so presently we find the bowlder Duo.

I'm in a buzz, Batman! What happened to the hotel overnight? It's like a different place. Our fat friends gone, all those guests here.

Wait a minute, Robin. I'm getting an idea.

This hotel entrance faces south, but last night, judging from the moon, mmm... come on, Robin, we're going for a tramp in the woods.

All right, Batman! But I don't know what you're lookin' for.

Through the brambles and underbrush of uncleaned forest land, they force their way across swampy ground and small, but swift flowing streams, until finally...
THAT'S IT, ROBIN! I DON'T KNOW YET WHY WE MISSTOOK THIS PLACE LAST NIGHT FOR THE OTHER. BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT!

NOT EXACTLY, BUT SLIGHT DIFFERENCES WOULDN'T BE NOTICED ON A DARK NIGHT. NOW THOSE FAT MEN AREN'T IN SIGHT... WE'RE STILL NOT SURE THEY'RE THE THREDDS!

YES, LOOK AT THE ROBIN CODES OF RESERVATIONS FOR THE REAL HUNTERS... MY SOMEONE WHO WORKS AT BOTH PLACES MUST HAVE BROUGHT THEM HERE!

I GET IT! THIS MUST BE AN OLD HOUSE THE THREDDS INVERTED INTO A DOUBLE OF THE INN! THEY LEARN WHEN A WEALTHY GUEST IS COMING AND PREPARE THE TRAP FOR HIM.

THEN AFTER HE'S SUCCEED, HE BRINGS THE POLICE TO THE REAL INN... AND THOUGH SPOOK AS AN EX-COYF GY, IS SUSPECTED. THE VICTIM CAN'T PROVE A THING.

GOT'TOX WAS THE VICTIM LAST NIGHT! HE JUST HAPPENED TO ARRIVE HERE BY SOME MISTAKE.

AS THE STARTLED DUO LANDS WITH A JARRING THUD:

BATMAN AND ROBIN! WE RATHER THOUGHT YOU'D DROP IN AGAIN. DON'T WE, COUSIN DUMPREE?

WE CERTAINLY DID. COUSIN DUMPREE!

WE WERE RIGHT, BATMAN! IT'S THREDDS PLAIN AND SIMPLE.

BRILLIANT DETECTION, BATMAN! HOW WILL YOU AND THE LITTLE LAD KINDLY ENTER THIS CELL?

TOO BAD YOU WOULDN'T HAVE COMPANY WE RELEASED GOT'TOX THIS MORNING!
But as Batman turns, fingers fumble futilely at his utility belt... a quick peep of the west... and

This grenade is so small they won't notice it until it lands. I hope

By Jove, I'm trying to trick us with a smoke screen!

Come on, Robin, let's not wait to say goodbye!

Trouble ahead, Robin!

You can't get away! We got guys on the other floors and now... but what's this?

This switch must actually change the roads!

That's how the Tweed brothers get people to come her whenever they want to!

They must have one switch in their rooms, and another in this private elevator for convenience. Lucky for us! It's our way out of here!

And now, a mile away from the trapped duo, a giant stage is set as huge imitation trees swing into their new places...
WHAT HAS BATMAN UP HIS SLEEVES? WE ARE NOT LONG IN FINDING OUT. FOR SHORTLY...

THE POLICE? INCREDIBLES! I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY FOUND THEIR WAY HERE BUT WE BETTER SCREAM!

BATMAN AND ROBIN ONCE MORE ENTER THE FRAY. TAKE IT EASY, TWEEDELEDEUM! A GOOD HOST WELCOMES HIS GUESTS!

AND PRESENTLY, AFTER EXPLANATIONS...

I KNEW GOTHBOY WOULD RETURN TO YOU AS SOON AS WE COULD, SO I MADE SURE YOUR RING THE RIGHT BELL INSTEAD OF WASTING YOUR TIME AS USUAL, AT THE REAL HUNTING INN.

AND INTO ANOTHER ONE NOW! YOU'RE ON THE WRONG ROAD, ALFRED! TRY TO SLEUTH YOUR WAY BACK TO THE RIGHT ONE!

LATER

BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT IN FUTURE YOU'LL HAVE LESS TROUBLE IF YOU CONSULT ME BEFORE ACTING! I GOT YOU OUT OF ONE JAM BEFORE!
THE BIG EIGHT!
Tops in monthly comic magazines!

Featuring:

BATMAN
AND
ROBIN

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!
Private Pete

Gosh - it's still raining and we've got to go on some sort of maneuvers today!

What a day to stay in bed with a good book!

All right, men fall out we're going to practice some commando tactics!

I never thought they'd try to make a commando out of me!

Look at all this mud we've got to crawl through, and on orders too!

-- to think that my mother used to spank me for making mud pies!
ROBIN THE BOY WONDER! THERE'S A REASON FOR THAT NAME! IT TAKES SIZABLE AND TRAINED MUSCLES TO BE THE HARE-FISTED LITTLE SCRAPPER YOU'VE SO OFTEN WATCHED IN ACTION! AND IT TAKES A NIMBLE WISE-AWAKE MANE TO FIGHT CRIME AND KEEP UP WITH SCHOOL HOMEWORK AT THE SAME TIME! BUT WHEN ROBIN BEGS HOME A SURPRISING REPORT CARD BATMAN IS FORCED TO GET OUT ALONE AGAINST A TRICKY AND TREACHEROUS GANG OF THUGS WHILE "ROBIN STUDIES HIS LESSONS!"
Late afternoon... and a strangely silent lad tramps wearily up the stairs in the home of Bruce Wayne.

Dick: Why, you didn't even say hello! What's wrong?

Nothing much, Bruce.

At your age, no trouble should be really serious! Out with it, lad! Tell me what's bothering you.

I couldn't keep it a secret even if I wanted to, Bruce. It's my report card.

I don't understand it! I tried to keep my promise to you! I studied hard and I know my subjects! 1-1.

Hand it over, Dick!

Hmmm... you know what I told you would happen if you flunked Dick?

But, Bruce, I tell you I don't understand it! I know my chemistry, for instance, backward and forward.

Sorry, Dick, but you can't get around this report card! Your adventures as Robin are temporarily suspended. From now on Batman works alone until...

Until you pass everyone of those subjects! You are going to study every night and under no circumstances will you leave this house.

And so that evening, a darkly mantled figure flits forth into the crime-ridden city alone, while behind him a bewildered boy struggles bravely to hold back the tears...

With cat-like agility and in phantom silence, the solitary watcher prowls the rooftops, and soon a chance for some fast action! Maybe this will help take my mind off Dick's troubles!

I'm sorry to do this to Dick, but he has to learn not to neglect his lessons!
Hello, Chum! You haven't any idea how pleased I am to meet you!

Yeeeeesss... the feeling ain't mutual, Batman!

Print-up feelings find their release in a furious whirlwind of action...

Must be quite a while since you've seen this close to a bath!

Well, here's a thrill with a lot of snap to him!

Batman's workin' alone tonight... here's me chance...

A belt in the jaw will take care of you... hope you don't buckle under the strain.

That was a close brush! Hmmm... Robin may not be here in body, but he certainly is in spirit... I'm even running like him!

Certainly do miss Robin...

Huh?
But now a narrow pencil of light peels through the darkness.

A flashlight! Here's where I make one thing sorry he didn't stay under cover.

A hard fist lashed out with savage force, and Batman reels off balance as his knuckles dig into empty, unresisting air!

Where? Nobody there.

Slight error, Batman!

Come on, boys, here's our chance to get away.

A second later.

So that's how they fooled me—with this plastic rope. They held a small flashlight at one end and the light followed the plastic and came out at the other.

Meanwhile—

Wait a minute boys, what are we runnin' for?

Huh? You don't think we wanna get caught by Batman, do you?
That guy's got us all, Buffalo! We sock him over the head and instead of finishing him off and robbing the safe, we run!

Sure, Spike! Because a lot of guys try to pin 5 down on him and that kid, the Joker, Penguin, Scarecrow... and look what happened to them!

Yeah, but now him and the kid don't seem to be workin' together! Batman alone, maybe we can handle? You wanna tangle with that guy again?

And now! In fact, I'm gonna invite him to tomorrow night's party!

And thus, later...

They ran this way... ah- what's this...

This is almost too good to be true! The Consolidated... I'll be seeing those rats again tomorrow!

Boss, everything's set. There won't be no watchman at the Consolidated fish place tomorrow night... but there'll be plenty of cough in the treasurers office, Mr. Dwyer.

Batman returns home to find...

Poor kid, this must have hit him even harder than I realized! I wonder if he guessed how early I feel about it!

Leave me... come... gotta study...

Take it easy, Dick. You've studied enough for tonight.
A BRIEF NIGHT’S REST . . . AND THEN FOR SICKING.
SCHOOL AGAIN; CLASSES ALL DAY LONG, AND
IN THE EVENING ONCE MORE THE CRIME OR
STUDY, WHILE BATMAN...

HA! HA! WONDER
WHAT THESE ARE...? LOOK
LIKE ALPHABET BLOCKS THAT
CHILDREN PLAY WITH! WELLO—NO TIME TO PUZZLE
THEM OUT NOW...

NO SIGN OF
THOSE THINGS YET,
BUT I’D BETTER
INVESTIGATE WITH CARE... I FOUND THAT
SCRAP OF PAPER TOO EASILY—THIS MAY
BE A TRAP...

SUDDENLY...

WHAT?...
SOUNDS AS IF
I SET OFF
A BUNCH OF
FIRECRACKERS!

THAT MUST
HAVE WARNED
THOSE CREONS THAT
I’M HERE! BUT THEY
CAN’T SEE ME ANY
MORE THAN I
CAN SEE
THEM...

WITHIN THE
SILENT GLOOM,
ENVELOPED
OFFICE, THE
LITHE FIGURE
OF BATMAN
STEALS FORWARD
SOUNDLESSLY.

I’VE GOT PLENTY
OF ROOM TO CHOOS
FROM, AND THERE’S
NO SIGN OF A TRAP
YET... IF THOSE
CREONS ARE AL-
READY HERE I’LL
BE ABLE TO
SURPRISE THEM...

CRACK!

SECONDS LATER, THE
SOUND OF A SHARP
BLOW... AND
A HARSH LAUGH OF
TRiumPh ECHOES IN
THE NIGHT...

NO SIGN OF THEM
YET!

SEE THEM
GLOWIN’ HANDS,
BOYS? TIME
FOR US TO DO SOMETHIN’!
Now the lights flash on to reveal...

SPIKE: We're sure glad you once worked in a laboratory and learned that stuff you used tonight.

Yeah, that chemical on the floors exploded when Batman stepped on it, and told us what door he came in by! And the stuff on his hands made them shine and showed us where he was.

Yes, it was a clever trap and Batman, alone could not guard against every danger! Would things have been different if Robin had been along? Perhaps... at least Robin might think so!

For now, we're grateful for his study, the lad relaxes for a moment and even fondly at a costume he has been forbidden to wear.

But I suppose we'd get angry if I left; still, I can contact him with my belt radio... Huh?

Don't be too sure of yourself, Spike! You've been clever but you're not the first clever crook who thought he had Batman trapped...

That's his voice... and he's in trouble! I've got to help him!

Batman! Where are you? What happened?

A startled, shaken crime chef hears Robin's voice and stares in bewilderment, and then slowly in dawning understanding...

Wha... hold on, boys, I'm beginnin' to get it! That kid partner of his is tryin' to get in touch with him!
AND SO THE SLIM-DARING FIGURE OF THE BOY WONDER NOW FOLLOWS THE PATH WHICH HAS PROVED DISASTROUS TO HIS OLDER, STRONGER, AND WISER COMPANION!

WITH THE MOON BEHIND A CLOUD, I'D BETTER WATCH MY STEP! I'D HATE TO TUMBLE OFF THIS ROOF AND LEAVE BATMAN IN DANGER!

THESE BLOCKS MUST HAVE BEEN SMEARED WITH LUMINOUS PAINT! LUCKY THE MOON IS HIDDEN AND IT'S SO DARK... OR I WOULDN'T HAVE NOTICED THEM GLWOWING IF I HAD PICKED THEM UP. THE PAINT PROBABLY WOULD COME OFF IN MY HANDS.

BATMAN MUST HAVE ENTERED THROUGH ONE OF THESE DOORS. THAT WOULD BE THE NATURAL THING TO DO. SO I BETTER NOT FOLLOW HIS EXAMPLE. I'LL TRY FURTHER DOWN THE HALL.

AND DON'T YOU DIET, YOU RARE TO HARM ROBIN, AND TAKE IT EASY, BATMAN! YOU AIN'T IN NO POSITION TO MAKE NOBODY PAY FOR NOTHIN'!

LISTEN, KID, I'M GONNA GIVE YA A BREAK. I'M GONNA KEEP BATMAN ALIVE TILL YA GET HERE, BUT BE SURE YA COME ALONE, BECAUSE IF I SEE THEM COPS, I'LL BLAST 'EM FIST, AND YOU NEXT. WE'RE AT THE CONSOLIDATED FISHERIES:

PAY NO ATTENTION, ROBIN! STAY HOME AND STUDY!

THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN I'M NOT OBEYING BATMAN'S ORDERS!

WONDER HOW THEY CAUGHT HIM, ANYWAY? HE MUST HAVE WALKED RIGHT INTO A TRAP! I BETTER BE ON GUARD! - SAY WHAT'S THAT?
A BIG ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR! HUH? I LEARNED SOMETHING IN SCHOOL THE OTHER DAY, YES! I'M GOT IT.

STANDING ON A BOX—ROBIN REACHES UP AND SMASHES AT THE COILS OF THE GREAT REFRIGERATOR...

NOW, I BETTER ACT FAST, AND GET AWAY FROM HERE, BEFORE I OUT-SMART MYSELF AND FALL VICTIM TO THIS GAS AHEAD OF THOSE CLOCKS!

THERE IS REASON TO ROBIN'S MADNESS! THE COILS, FILLED WITH LIQUIFIED GAS, RELEASE CHOKING FUMES, AND A STIFF BREEZE FROM THE OPEN ROOFTOP DOOR, DRIVES THEM IN UPON THE CRIMINALS!

THE ODOR OF THAT GAS TELLS ME THAT IT'S PHOSPHORUS DIOXIDE, HEAVIER THAN AIR! SO I'LL STAY UP HERE FOR A WHILE WHERE IT WON'T REACH ME SO EASILY!

PRESENTLY, THE LIGHTS ARE SWITCHED ON AS THE ASTONISHED CRIMINALS GASP AND CHOKE.

IT'S THAT (COUGH) BEAT (COUGH) HIM! ROBIN! DIDN'T I (COUGH) TELL YOU...

SORRY, BATMAN—I THOUGHT I CONTINUE MY STUDIES IN CHEMISTRY OVER HERE!

THE BOY WONDER SWINGS INTO ACTION...

DROP THAT BAT, RAY! OWWW... (COUGH)...

I HOPE BOATS DON'T MAKE YOU SEA-SICK, MUSK!

YOUR SHIPS COMING IN, BUT NOT THE WAY YOU WANT IT!

COME ON BOYS, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
The thugs flee—and a battling boy pursues—after seeing Batman of his bonds.

What a job Robin’s done! (Cough!) This must be a welcome release to him after all that studying! But it better (Cough) follow and see that he doesn’t get hurt.

A wise decision, Batman! For by now, Robin’s taking verses on recklessness.

That gas (Cough) ain’t so bad in here, Spike—hey, that kid followed us!

Well, here’s where we fix his wagon.

Wow! That hit him like a Tun-A brick! What a pun! Sounds as if you’re trying to make up for lost opportunity.

Holy Mackeral! You named it, chum—It’s yours.

With both Batman and Robin arrayed against them, the thugs can stomach no more fight—and so...

What a disappointment! I thought they’d stay and tear a herring with us! They’ve had enough Robin, and so, I think, have you.

You shouldn’t have come here in the first place. He saved my life and I have to pretend I’m angry! But there’s such a thing as discipline... now you’re better go back to your books! After what I did! Can’t you be serious, Batman?

I certainly am, and you’ve got a lot to learn yet. That was a neat trick with those refrigerators. Come for a kid who flunked chemistry.
**Blinking eyelids hold back the tears as a bewilpered heartbroken boy stumbles away.**

**I'll— I'll show him! I'll fix those crooks myself!**

**They came this way. I can tell because they kicked these blocks to the edge of the roof. That means that the phosphorescent paint must be on their shoes.**

**And there they are! Here's where I show them... and Batman... A few more tricks!**

---

**Next moment— on the neighboring rooftop.**

**What? How could the Batman follow us in the dark?**

**Lucky us! He's thrown those blocks at us instead of coming at us himself.**

**Oh— oh! Looks as if I should have stayed home and studied my lessons after all.**

**The moon peeps out momentarily from behind a dense bank of clouds to reveal.**

**It's only the kid. Get him! Nice to see you again, Bat— we forgot to pay ya for them fish!**

---

**But meanwhile.**

**Robin felt so proud of his trick. I don't want him to know that the gas he let loose almost blinded me for a few minutes but I feel better now.**

**And I think I know how to get on their trail again. Sulphur dioxide sometimes acts as a bleach— huh?**

**Mess! Him again! Owww!— as like a little wildcat, boss!**

**BANG**
TRY ON THOSE KNUCKLES FOR SIZE.

SO ROBIN DIDN'T GO HOME AS I ORDERED HIM TO. THIS CALLS FOR QUICK WORK!

LOOK—THREE COMES THE BATMAN!

I CAN SEE RATS IN THE DARK—WHEN THE RATS ARE MASCARO WITH LUMINOUS PAINT.

I FEEL A SMOKE OF SATISFACTION EVERY TIME I DO THIS!

GOOD IDEA, ROBIN, AND IT TURNED OUT TO BE USEFUL...BUT FOR YOUR ORIGINAL PURPOSE IT WASN'T NECESSARY. THE SULPHUR DIOXIDE BLEACHED THEIR CLOTHES—THAT WOULD HAVE IDENTIFIED THEM!

NO, BATMAN—SOMETIMES THE EFFECT OF SULPHUR DIOXIDE DISSAPPEARS VERY QUICKLY. THE COLOR MIGHT HAVE RETURNED TO THEIR CLOTHES AS IT DID TO MY CLOAK!

HUUH? YOU KNOW THAT? AND YOU FLUNKED CHEMISTRY? THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. AFTER WE TURN THESE THINGS OVER TO THE POLICE I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE!

AND SO, NEXT DAY—

I'M SORRY, MR. WAYNE... YOUR WARD'S NAME WAS CONFUSED WITH THAT OF RICHARD E. GRAYSON. HIS OWN REPORT IS EXCELLENT ESPECIALLY IN CHEMISTRY.

I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT; PROFESSOR. NOW HE CAN RESUME HIS HOBBIES OF STUDY OF BIRDS, PARTICULARLY THE ROBIN SPECIES! HE'LL LIKE THAT!

AND NOW!
SALOMON ALWAG COMES TO MY WINDAM - UGH - ANNOYING!

PALEFACE LAWYER LOOK FOR YOU BEFORE SAY UNGLE ON AND LEAVE YOU LOT OF MANJUM!

UGH! ME SAY HIM AWAY - TELL HIM TO SCREAM AND NOT COME BACK!

CHIEF HOT FOOT R.K.T. - THINGS DIFFERENT NOW!

THERE! NOW MEN WITH PRESENTS CANNOT GET AWAY!
BE SURE TO GET THESE TOP FAVORITES FOR THE BEST IN COMICS!

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!
Our story begins with a sound—the sound of a small no. 5iren. It attracts the attention of Bruce Wayne and Dick Granson.

There goes one of those green tricks again.

I know Dick. It's a good idea if you knew a little more about our various police services. The emergency squad men are hand-picked and specially trained.

Let's go.

Yes Dick, the emergency squad. They roll only when the regular force is stumped.

This is Brexler on call. I should have warned you! Here he comes with those pictures of his young kid again.

Ah, Sergeant. I just thought Batman might want to see her...

I sure would have quite a kid herself.

Well rookies! I hear today's your first ride with the emergency squad!

Emergency Squad? "Nurse Maid" Squad! All they do is rescue cats from telephone poles! And I wanted to see some action.

Richards, I promise you that the "nurse maid" squad, as you call it, will give you more action than you bargained for.

And so later police head quarters...
Suddenly, an emergency call comes through! Nerves tingling with excitement, Batman and Robin are aware that a great adventure is beginning!

"Okay, boys! Into the truck! C'mon, Batman... Robin! Let 'er roll!!"

"Bell clanging a clamorous warning, the truck tears through hastily opened holes in the traffic! The emergency squad is on the way!"

"Here we go, Robin!"

"We're flying!!"

"Meow! Meow!"

"Here, pussy, pussy!"

"Haw! Haw!"

"Richards, I know what you're thinking—a pussy cat on a pole like you said... but if we have to be nurse-maids to a little kid whose heart is breaking, we do it— and like it!!"

"Richards, your little kitten squeals. "Up, hey!"

"Here's your little kitten, squeals. "Up, hey!"

"Oh thank you. Thank you!"

"My-yy hero! Arent you the lady killer, though? Tis a pity the older ones aren't smart enough to kiss the likes of ye! No! No!"

"Look who's talking— and with that face!"

"Look who's talking— and with that face!"
One call completed, the truck rolls on.

**Suddenly**

Calling emergency truck number six! Proceed to island in Lower Bay! Man caught in quicksand!

Quasimere! That's as treacherous as quicksand!

You said it! Let 'er out, Brannigan!

Bearing the line the squad despies legs-sick slough and slowly wades toward the doomed man!

**Help!**

Carefully Batman crawls out on the tree branch that looms directly over the seemingly doomed man!

As soon as my weight bends the branch down toward your hands, you grab it!

A. All right!

**Good!** Now hold on tight when I shift my weight back!
Cat-Quickly
Batman leaps
toward a higher
branch... and
the released
sapling
snaps upright,
jerking the
man from
a living
grave!

SLL-UP!

NOW!

Ohhh!

He's too
weak to walk back
and if I carry him,
the combined
weight
will drag us both
down!

Kamak! Back to land,
boys! We'll have to
shoot Batman a
pulley-line!

Once on land... Bres-
gler uses a special
gun that shoots a
rope toward the
waiting Batman!

Bull's-eye!

This rope is only a lead
rope to the stout pulley-
line.

Easy, pal! You'll be off here in
just a sec!

Don't bother! The
old hand-over-
hand method is
good enough
for me.

How's the
patient?

Okay...
Thanks to you
that was
fast thinking!
I'm certainly
glad you
were around
to lend
a hand.

There she goes! Grab
him!

We'll be back
for you
in a
jiffy!

Nice
going
Batman!
LATER, AFTER DELIVERING THE GUARDIAN VICTIM TO HIS HOME:

"BATMAN, I CERTAINLY HOPE THE MAN WHO TAKES MY PLACE TOMORROW IS AS CAPABLE AS YOU."

"TAKE YOUR PLACE? YOU BEING TRANSFERRED?"

"NO, I'M NOT RETIRED, ADAM LIND! I OFFERED MY SERVICES TO THE ARMY. THEY REJECTED ME. I'M TOO OLD FOR THAT TOO."

"I'M TOO OLD EVEN TO SERVE MY COUNTRY! I WANT TO DO SOMETHING—BUT I SUGGEST IT'S THE OLD FURNACE AND CARPET SLIPPERS FOR ME! SOMETHING WILL TURN UP YET! YOU'LL SEE!"

EXCITING MOMENTS LATER, THE MEAT PACKING PLANT!

"AMMONIUM GAS GET GOIN', BRANNIGAN!"

"GAS MASKS! PULMOTORS! SIES! SLIR, TAKE CARE OF THOSE PEOPLE ON THE SIDEWALK! THE REST OF YOU FOLLOW ME!"

BOLDLY, THE MEN WALK INTO THE PLANT WITH ITS BILLOWING GAS CLOUDS!

"BRANNIGAN, BREAK OPEN THOSE WINDOWS! LET SOME AIR IN HERE!"

"ROBIN, YOU GET THAT GIRL! I'LL TAKE THIS MAN! HURRY!"

SKILLED IN FIRST-AID TREATMENT, THE EMERGENCY POLICEMEN TREAT THE GAS-VICTIMS. PULMOTORS PUMP NEW LIFE INTO COLLAPSING LUNGS!

"CHON, ROBIN! WE'LL HAVE TO SEARCH AROUND AND MAKE SURE THERE'S NOBODY ELSE IN THERE. RIGHT BEHIND YOU, PAL!"
Hunting fruitlessly through the big killed room of the plant, the duo finally pushes open a door in the meat storage room to see...

**LOOK!**

**BATMAN AND ROBIN!**

I get it! You rats broke that pipe line so I would knock every one out and you could get the meats for a black market! You swine!

You skunks didn't care how many people were bashed so long as you got your meat why you??

Help! Get this kid offa me! Ooohh!

Suddenly Batman is aware of death rushing at him in the shape of a blundering ice-pick!

This is gonna put you on ice Mr. Smith.

Look whose talking about being on ice?

You mean about twenty years or so?

Okay, Robin, let's put them in cold storage for a while?
The black market looters are turned over to a patrol wagon, but the emergency squad's rescue work goes on.

Who is that?

Kid who delivers candy to employees gas got him! All the pulmoters are being used.

Bressler's breathing into his mouth, trying to save him. Looks hopeless.

Hunh, hunh, hunh

The kid's alive. Thank heaven.

Hunh, hunh, hunh

He's moving.

It'll do away; you'll be all right. You just wait and see.

You're a great guy, Bressler.

Later, as the emergency truck draws away... it's job done.

I couldn't let that kid die! He was so young. That reminds me, my own kid said something cute yesterday. Uh, you want to hear it, Bressler? I'll be glad to listen to anything you have to say about kids.

But before Bressler can relate his child's cute saying, headquarters cuts in.

calling emergency truck six! Hanman on the loose at Gaythe and Vine street!

Another homicidal maniac, let's go, Brannigan!

Hey! Does this go on all day?

Soon, the source of the trouble!

We can't shoot if we hit him, that gun will drop.

Hee, hee, look at all the people! But if they come too close, I'll throw you off, hee, hee.

Begorrah! Look at the pretty girl! I think I'll rescue her.

No, you don't, Pushface! I'll rescue all the pretty girls around here!
Racing up the stairs, Flannigan bursts into the room connecting the balcony ledge.

Ding! Ding! I shot your policeman! He looked so surprised! Heh! Heh!

Minutes later, one floor above the balcony, Robin stealthily swings from a jutting flagpole.

Then, cutting the flappin' flagpole line, Robin swings down in a surprising aerial maneuver.

Parse he got Flannigan.

Get out the tear gas guns well.

Wait! Robin and I have a better plan. You just keep that maniac's attention off us!

There goes Robin! Let's keep the maniac occupied. Hey, you! Why don't you come down here?

Yeah, come down and I'll eat your face in! Poor Flannigan!

And at that precise instant, Batman catapults forward in a long low dive.

But the Batman of potent fights with the maniacal fury and strength all manner possums in moments of frenzy...

Kill! Kill! Heh! Heh!
Desperately Batman tears those clawing fingers loose! His fist whistles in a short arc — and...

**WHEW!**

In an empty building, kill-crazy, two-gun Fowley and his mob defy the police! But now — the Green Truck rolls up!

In an empty building, kill-crazy, two-gun Fowley and his mob defy the police! But now — the Green Truck rolls up!

**Better give up, Fowley!**

**Okay, boys, let's get to work!**

**Come and get me, coppers!**

**Okay! We're on our way!**

**Okay, okay!**

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**Okay, boys, let's get to work!**

**Come and get me, coppers!**

**Okay, okay!**
The Emergency Squad at work! Each man to his job, each trained in knowing just what to do first. Long tear gas shells are fired into fortified windows...

Okay to your posts, boys. Good luck, Batman!

Thanks, let's go, Robin—Richard!

On the side away from the gunmen, Batman, Robin and the rookie, Richards, clamber up portable scaling ladders!

Gaining windows on the same floor with the killers, the trio launches forward.

Tough guys eh?

We gotta get outta here, more cops coming up the stairs. Make for the top floor—Batman and Robin!

But squad axes chop holes through the roof, and gas bombs flop open, filling the top floor with choking tear gas!

That's the ticket...

(Cough-cough! We're cut off. We gotta blast through the Batman (cough-cough.)
But blasting through the Batmobile and his tiny group is not so easy!

Prop those guns and make it easy for yourselves! You ain't stoppin' me, wise guy!

Thanks, Richards. That was too close for comfort.

I—uhhh

Say 'uncle!'

Uncle! Uncle!

And after the whole Rowley mob says 'uncle'...

Sarge, I want to apologize for calling the squad a... nurse squad... changed your mind about us Richards-kinda thought you'd be a good kid and a good cop.

And when Mead reports to Commissioner Gordon...

Mead, I'd like to defer your retirement for the duration. Our younger men are going into the service. We need you here.

Gosh, sir, I'm glad I can help.

Later, when the squad meets in the garage...

Well, we've been a good day's work. Robin and I are hearing for home now but we want to say we're glad we...

There's been an explosion at the Becker Iron Works! Some men are trapped under wreckage!

Right! Get the acetylene torches! Pull motors—sorely to leave you like this! Batman—prop around to see us sometime!

And so the emergency truck rolls again, things trouble someplace and they're off to lend a hand...

Well! They're a great bunch Robin... they never stop!
GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING
reviewed by JOSEETTE FRANK,
Director of Children’s Reading
CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

WEB ADAMS
By Willard Temple
Illustrated by Dwight Logan

Web Adams was one of those boys with a regular talent for getting into trouble. No matter how good his intentions were, he always ended up doing things that teachers and parents and grown-ups in general didn’t think little boys should do. He had a lot of fun doing them through.

Sometimes the fun was worth the punishment that came after it. And sometimes, miraculously, he wasn’t even punished—as, for instance, the time he beat up the school “musher” and his father gave him a new baseball bat instead of a licking.

Web’s friend, Chuck, was a good pal, and together they had a lot of ideas for starting things. The “revenge club” was one and it kept them busy gathering wood to build their hut and trying out ways to earn the money they needed for it. Selling crabs was another idea. Then first crabbing expeditions earned them fifty cents. But the second faded and gave them some bad moments. Then there was the school picnic. Web and Chuck didn’t want to go anywhere so out of things they made away with all the children’s sandwiches and the watermelons. You may imagine that the boys weren’t very popular around there after that, and the picnic was not a success.

Parents won’t approve of Web Adams, but boys will enjoy reading about his exploits and his friends and his dog, Dutch.

This is a new book. Ask your librarian for it.
“BOARDERS AWAY!”
by TOD LOWRY

You would feel the tension as the small craft, shrouded in the cloak of night, moved slowly to its objective. On the wheel of the ketch, the knuckles of the wheelman’s hands showed stark white, and the lieutenant who had observed this smiled. To himself he thought how good it was that the men each of them, realized their responsibility. "Gad," the lieutenant thought, "it's like sitting on a powder keg.

And then, again, a smile. This was a powder keg—a virtual arsenal of destruction. Below decks, in addition to the men hidden there, were enough explosive and fire materials to blow every man on board to Kingdom Come. In the night, the lieutenant squinted his eyes. Then, softly, he spoke to the wheelman. "Steady as you go, lad. We'll be challenged in a moment."

He could see the objective now, and the blood raced through his body. She was the American ship! And around her were the gunboats and, should man at them sway, there would be little hope.

"What ship?"

The lieutenant’s fingers hit into the wheelman’s arm as the sentinel challenged once over the murky waters.

"A trader from Malta," the pilot returned easily. "We last saw她们 in the gale." He wanted to gibbly. "Would it be possible in time to reach the bigger vessel until morning? This trader was carrying a valuable cargo."

Listening, the lieutenant held his breath. A lot depended on the sentinel’s answer. The last was probably confering now with an officer.

And at last the answer came.

and it was the answer of avarice. "You may board."

Three words only? Yes, but enough to bring a smile to the lieutenant’s face. He was imagining the officer’s gleam as on the American ship. Tomorrows the bigger vessel would subdue the smaller man, and appropriate her cargo.

Suddenly the lieutenant stiffened. A puff of wind was taking his command away from the American boat. Something would have to be done immediately if the缤 were to be discovered.

Calmly, he leaned over his quarterdeck, gave the order for two sailors to cast off in a small boat and carry a line to the American vessel’s forecastle.

A slight crash of creaking: the sound ofalsa striking the water. Then, in a few moments, the hatch was being warped along side the objective. The space between the two lines became lesser and lesser.

And then the unexpected happened! A swarthy face peered on a port of the big American vessel. Sharp eyes fell on the uniform of the lieutenant, swept to the uniform of the man on deck.

"The enemy! The enemy!"

Now there was no time to lose. The lieutenant whirled, gave a command, instantly unformed men poured from the place of concealment below decks. They ran to the mooring line and pulled with the concerted strength of men fighting mad. The ketch moved alongside her prey.

"Boarders away!" With the command the second gave into the prey’s rigging. He didn’t look back at his men. They knew, would be behind him, already doing the things that had been rehearsed so many times. Only this time it was the real thing.

Not a shot was fired. Cutlasses whirled and swooped. Criss of pain and anguish cut through the night. The ensign on the American ship leaped overboard, those few that were not cut down.

But the job was not yet done. This boat, which was blocking passage into the harbor had to be destroyed. Grimly the boarding party set those the explosives that were pushed up from the hatch’s hold, each charge set according to the diagram that had been so carefully studied.

Within minutes, the job was done. Like great ghosts, the boarders returned to the ketch, swept with the tide to safety as the detonations of the explosive swept the enemy harbor.

Guns harried through the night, but their fire was of no effect. The enemy had been completely taken by surprise and the ship, the American ship, "The Philadelphia," which they had gained only by a fresh of fortune, was sliding seaward the waves.

On board the ketch, which was cutting out to sea again, the lieutenant’s eyes rested proudly on the men who had performed one of the most stunning cuttin-cutout exploit in the history of the sea. So well had the job been performed that not a man had been lost.

He was proud of them, this Lieutenant Stephen Doane—proud of each and every one of these Marines. Tripoli, he told himself would never he forget. Nor would the Marines he forgotten, either after this night of February 16, 1864!
This is the final chapter in the story of the Crime Clinic and its now famed battle with Batman and Robin! It is also the final chapter in the life of the man they dubbed the Crime Surgeon - the specialist whose criminal operations were as brilliant as his medical operations! Doctor of Medicine and Doctor of Crime, two strong wills, good and evil constantly in a tug-of-war for a man's soul! One had to win - and DC in this the last case of "The Crime Surgeon!"
NoCT, Batman cases bwe with crinmalz going to jail. This one begins with criminals going out with a jail break!

OUTA THE WAY WARDEN! WE'RE... OHHH!

They got the warden! Let 'em have it!

Then to save the warden, call the most brilliant surgeon here—Convict 5649.

What's this? A convict to operate on a prison warden?

Yes, here is an operation to contemplate keen-eyed guards with ready rifles watching as a prisoner labors to save the life of his warden.

SCALPEL, SCISSORS!

All is silence but for the panting of the cory sings tank—the ticking of the wall clock—the snip of scissors, then, at last...

A brilliant operation. It was an honor to assist you.

Thank you! Now I think it best to remain here to watch the warden's condition.

Hello, what are you doing?

Just getting the warden some medicine.

Suddenly... You gullible fool! Breathe this ether and go to sleep! I must have your keys!

You! I'll ahhhhhh!

Later... A mad dash! Then the whine of bullets, the dull thwack of lead smacking the prison wall.

IT'S THAT CON 5649! Doctor Thorne, going over the wall!

And sometime later...

I made it! I made it! I'm free! Free to carry on the work of the crime clinic!
ONE MONTH LATER!... THE CRIMINAL KING - RINGS OF A NEIGHBORING CITY RECEIVE STRANGE BUSINESS CARDS...

FROM THE DOCTOR:

"IT'S A FLU! HOW TO OPERATE A CRIME? ROOM THE CRIME CLINIC WILL VISIT YOUR TOWN AND CURE YOUR ILLS! I GUARANTEE TO DOCTOR YOUR TROUBLE WITH your TREATMENT!

OKAY WITH ME?

THIS PRESCRIPTION SHOULD CURE YOUR TROUBLE! I'LL FILL IT MYSELF IN MY LABORATORY. MY PROFESSIONAL FEE WILL BE 50% OF THE LOOT!

ADMINISTER GAS (TEAR GAS) TREATMENT TO SHOOTER THEN APPLY POISON (COCAINE) DUST TO VAULT DOOR.

AND THIS AN EPIDEMIC BREAKS OUT AN EPIDEMIC OF CRIME AT THE CRIME CLINIC TRAVELS COUNTRY WIDE!

BUT HOW CAN I DOCTOR? CAN DOCTOR HORSIE TAKE HIS AMAZING LABORATORY FROM CITY TO CITY?

WELL, BACK IN GOTHAM CITY, IT'S TWO MOST FAMOUS INHABITANTS, BATMAN AND ROBIN, WONDER ABOUT THAT, TOO AS THEY MAP A CAMPAIGN OF ACTION AGAINST AN OLD RUE.

THE POLICE TELL ME THEIR TEA-PIE CHINESE HAVE LEARNED THE CRIME CLINIC MAIL'S CARDS ANNOUNCING ITS ARRIVAL! THERE ARE SIX CITIES IT HAS VISITED AND WHAT DOES THIS MAP SHOW UP?

NEXT DAY... A NEW SHOPEE BOY WANDERS ABOUT THE TOWN, SLUM SECTION OF A BIG CITY!

SO I SAY TO THE BOY "WATCH ME OR I'LL SLUDE YA ONE!"
The dirty-faced sheriff is easily accepted by the local toughs and in his presence, conversation becomes unguarded.

Hya, Flop-Ears! What's new?

The doc's in town! I went to the clinic yesterday and got the doc to do an operation free to night, personally.

What's the idea of shootin' yer mouth off in front o' the kid?

Go what? Plenty o' people talk about doctors. Now's that kid gonna know? I mean the crime doc?

But Flop-Ears that kid is actually Robin the Boy Wonder.

Sure! He was Flop-Ears Bailey and I'll bet my yo-yo he meant Doctor Thorne's ears.

That night— In his secret laboratory, doctor Thorne prepares for an operation— a crime operation.

Surgical mask, rubber gloves— I'm ready! All set, pills!

Yeah, Doc— but its looks like tough work tonight! I think I'll take me a vitamin pill. It'll fool me up.

In an excavation where the city is installing a new sewage system, the night watchman suddenly slumps into unconsciousness.

Relax Pop!
Okay, Robin -- now!

Check it!

You'll need a dentist's drill now!

Then... a reckless plunge through space!

Nice to see you again, doctor!

You!!

Here, have a sample of my type of anesthetic -- a knockout drop.

I've got bars, too, Floppy bars! I heard your floppy feet!

Phffft!

Suddenly Batman turns... and goes the ton-heavy steam shovel scoop plunging down at Robin!

Robin! Above you! Above you!
Suddenly the tunnel ends... on the waterfront. The Doctor leaps to a waiting vehicle and leaves his stumped pursuers behind!

Golly! He pulled a fast one!

Yes! The Doc's always prepared. He had that stolen ambulance all set for his getaway just in case! But we know which city is next on his list—so...

So three days later in the next key city...

Ah, the Crime Clinic's business car. He'll probably send a representative to see me about a job! Good...

... not long after...

Have a vitamin pill, quick? De Doc sent me sick! Let's get started!

Okay, I got a job in mind that's making me sick. Let's get started!
Hey why the blindfold? Just in case you're going to sit there and try to keep the coppers fooled.

Chug, chug, chug, chug, chug, chug, chug, chug, chug, chug, chug, chug.

The car rolls on the motor purring quietly. Then he hears:

Clang! Clang! Bong! Bong!

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

From the car's vibrations he knows it is no longer on slick pavement but rough road. And soon he notes:

Moo! Moo! Moo! Cackle Cackle Cackle

Roar! Splash! Roar! Splash!

Then the car squeals to a stop. He is led up some stairs. Suddenly the blindfold is whipped off and he sits.

Good evening Mr. Slick Minder won't you sit down? Well, if it ain't the crime surgeon himself!

Suddenly outside the sound of a scuffle. A figure is abruptly thrust into the room.

Caught off guard, weren't you? Am I thought so! Batman!

Yes... Batman! I knew you'd contact Slick Minder so I knocked him out these days ago. Disguised myself and took his place.

Oh, um? You told him to do what? What, slick... what?

I thought I told you to... oh oh!
No, I'm still a doctor even though I'm banned from practice. That boy needs care! Pulls will blindfold and take you to a hospital.

Thorpe, you're a criminal! And, even though you say Robin's life, I must still fight you! This is a truce for now... but not for long!

Later... At the hospital...

He's sleeping now. I won't disturb him yet. He's still suffering from shock!

I had hoped he might tell me his whereabouts. He saw where I went. I was blindfolded.

Fortunately, I took no chances! All through that ride, I was counting the pulse beats at my wrist - using medicine to defeat medicine!

Normally, the heart pulses 74 beats to the minute and I was able to Figure out the minute it took to get to each sound I heard! Now to rent a car and locate those sounds by ticking off those minutes.

Batman, the man who tracks down criminals, now tracks down sound!

Now let's see... my first pulse count was 268 - that adds up to approximately four minutes. When I heard that clanging sound...

Four minutes of riding. Then... "Chug! Chug! Chug!" That's it! A railroad junction! So it was a train chugging past!

The train rolls on! The Batman's watch ticks off 6 minutes.

The second sound! A blacksmith hammer, striking a horseshoe! I'm on the right track! Next, two and one-half minutes later...

...right on the nose! So that's why the car shivered, and that hollow rumble! It passed over this wooden bridge!
380 PULSE BEATS OR 5 MINUTES LATER. THE CAR VIBRATES.

Oh! I got it! We left the paved road for this dirt road and there are those sounds I heard.

Moo! Moo!!

Then partner on actually only one minute and a half later... that dull booming sound.

A water fall of course. I should have known only a short distance now.

Road is.

FLASH!

...That explains how Doctor Thorness was able to take his laboratory from city to city, he put his crime clinic on wheels... on the wheels of a trailer!!

This is the place... but where's Doctor Thorness' hideout? There's nothing here... nothing at all.

But it's got to be here, it has. What's this extra wide track? Now I know why that room was so narrow and long. The windows small.

Ah! Apparently they backed up the trailer here and the licence number was impressed on the mud bank that would be 50/92.

Later.

This is Batman speaking! I want an alarm put out for all state police to watch for a trailer with a Gotham state license number 50/92.

Batnahm! Call just came in! That trailer was seen parked near a gold field in California.

Gold field! Thanks officer I'm off Robin!

Sux, I've got to miss all the fun.
The Outskirts of That Certain Gold Field

That's the gold dredge it scoops up the gravel, washes it through a screen and traps the gold. Interested, Doc?

And the company safe holds all that gold? Now, yes, Tippie... I'm very interested.

But Doctor Thorne is still interested in medicine.

Moccasin, your wife needs an operation! She's in a coma now! Stay with her! I'll return tonight!

Later, Doc. I got a tip the guards are moving the month's gold to the assay office to Moccasin Morn No.

Then we must strike tonight instead of tomorrow night as planned! Get your men to either quickly tipper.

Oh... I just remember! Moccasin, wife but if I operate now? I won't be able to perform the gold operation! What'll I do?

All that gold... so much of it? No, I can't give it up, besides, Moccasin's wife isn't too well. She can wait! I'll operate later!

But though his crime operation proceeds smoothly, the doctor's conscience bothered him:

You act kinda nervous tonight, Doc! Something on your mind?

Moccasin's not here! Naw he called the medics but he says his wife is sick and combing!

And so for the first time, Dr. Thorne betrays his doctor's oath!

Leaving the guards to pounce on the escaped bandits, Batman chases after the crime surgeon, a chase that leads through the vaulted interior of the gold dredge itself.

You're a fool! You won't get away this time!

(Puff-Puff) I can try, Batman...

(Puff-Puff) I can try...
The Doctor's fear of prison is even greater than his fear in no time in

I'll kill you! I'll kill you before I'll go back to prison!

The scalpel is a flash of silver as it slashes down at Batman! Abruptly a gun thunders and a bullet smashes into the doctor's spine!

Mocco has arrived!

You double crossing rat! She died! My wife died! You could have saved her! But you didn't! You didn't!

We'll catch Mocco! We'll pay for this!

But we're right; you know any doctor who deserts a patient should be shot going to do now — glad it's all over. I won't have to go on fighting myself anymore...

And so ends the strange case of Doctor Thorne, the crime surgeon... The Doctor who could not cure himself!
The SECRET WEAPON You MUST Have!

ONE!
TWO!
THREE!

BLITZED
BY
LIGHTNING
JU-JITSU!

YOU TOO CAN BE TOUGH! No matter how small you are, you're gonna be having fun and helping around—just as you are. The secret of double-quick time becomes a daily routine. And but not as you are—there are lots of powerhouses in that modern group of yours. Learning to be as fast and as the mind is the basis of the simultaneous movement of LIGHTNING JU-JITSU.

Just think! You need no longer be pushed around by a horse under your feet. You need no longer be exposed with fright because you lack confidence in your own ability to take care of yourself. You have been taught in self defense. But, remember that the man who dares to challenge his boy, will be you or me.

WHAT IS THE SECRET? LIGHTNING JU-JITSU is that mental technique of movement which turns your mind's weight into a weapon. Nowhere does it use the same time that it takes for the thinking to be mastered. Immediately in your hand becomes a weapon to control your thoughts. With the speed of your thoughts, you'll learn to throw a 20-pound man as effectively as you did from a chair down the road.

LEARN AT ONCE! You must learn NOW! It's

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