GOD BOOKS WORTH READING
reviewed by JOSEETTE FRANK,
Director of Children's Reading
CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

America's Fighting Planes In Action
By Reed Kinert

You may think you know something about planes, but you'll be surprised at all you will find out about them in this book. Here are about seventy different planes, with a full page action picture of each, and just the things about them that you want most to know—how they are constructed, and designed, what they can do to the enemy in the air and on the ground.

Did you know, for instance, that the Lightning Lockheed P-38 quickly outclimbed the Jap Zero and is much faster? Did you know that the Commando Curtis C 46 is the largest twin-engine transport plane in the world? What do you know about our "Watchdog of the Navy"—the Blimp that patrolled the sea lanes?

This book makes clear the different uses and differences in construction of bombers, fighters, interceptors, trainers planes—in fact every type of plane now being used by the U.S. Army and Navy is in this way.

If planes are your special interest, ask your librarian for this new book.
REPORTER EXPOSES VAST DEATH RING!

Gang

Gang

Poli

Poli

Flatt

Flatt

Report

Report

Gang

Gang

Poli

Poli

Flatt

Flatt

Report

Report

HEADLINES

TELL THRILLING STORIES—BUT MANY A STORY BEHIND THE HEADLINES IS FAR MORE DRAMATIC!

HERE IS ONE—THE STRANGE STORY OF LARRY SPACE VETERAN REPORTER, WHO PLANS TO END HIS COLORFUL CAREER WITH THE BIGGEST SCOOPE OF ALL—AND FINDS IT IN THE NEST OF DEADLY PENDA

THAT WOULD STOP A LESS DETERMINED MAN! AND WHEN HEARTLESS KILLERS STRIKE TO SILENCE HIM THOSE

ARCH-ENEMIES OF ALL, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, ERUPT INTO SPECTACULAR ACTION AGAINST A BACKGROUND

OF CHATTERING LINOTYPE AND THUNDERING PRESSES AS—

"BATMAN MAKES A DEADLINE!"
SOUNDS LIKE A WHALE OF A STORY, BUDDY... AND A DANGEROUS ONE! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE ME SOME FACTS YOU HAVE ALREADY DIGGED UP... JUST IN CASE?

SURE I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A WOLF AND THIS IS THE LAST STORY I'LL EVER DO... I'M THE DOCTOR SAID I WANTED TO EAT AND I MUST QUIT WORK IMMEDIATELY!

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, LARRY. I'M AN OLD-TIME REPORTER MYSELF, BUT FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, BE CAREFUL!

They say reporters are cynics... but I've seen enough of life to believe it's not absolute. And I have a feeling that nothing fatal can happen to me till this yarn is in print!

ONE MORE STATEMENT FROM SOMEONE NOT AFRAID TO KICK HIS LIFE IN THE TEETH -- AND THE GRAPHIC WILL SEND THE ROTTENEST RACKETEER EVER BORN TO PRISON FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!

But the veteran newspaper editor does not notice sinister figures lurking around him.

There he is! He slips. Now!

The next moment...

GOT HIM! THAT WILL DOO-H HOW'S NEWS!

Larry Speake believes in fate... and who can say that fate has not led playboy Bruce Wayne into this particular street at this particular time?

They're kidnaping that fellow? This looks like business for the Batman!
Suddenly!

If it isn't Skylark, Shellie! Let's hear you sing?

And legs, lasongs! Your legs seem to be crawling up under your! I'll give you legs, person, Batman!

Ouch?

Hold that there!

The Batman!

I'll make your teeth rattle! Rattle! I'll—OOPS!

Legs! Skylark! Grab him!

He ain't got a chance!

Too bad I left my brass knuckles home! It will take more than knuckles to stop me!

Well get a bonus for bustin' out the Batman! You're overdue for a bonus; payable in the execution chamber at the big house!

A blindingly, the roar of a high-powered motor, accompanied by a blaze of lights, kills the killer's enthusiasm.

A car? I don't like it! Maybe it's the cops! We better leave! That will be Robin—thank goodness!
Why, it's Larry Slate—my friend for years, and one of the best reporters in the business. And those weasels were trying to kill him?

What an end for a man who has spent his life exposing wrongs and making the world a better place!

I can't be sure till I see the X-ray photos—but offhand I'd say that skull fracture will prove fatal. Probably he'll never recover consciousness!

What an end for a man who has spent his life exposing wrongs and making the world a better place!

So we're going to perform an act of kindness for an old friend—and perhaps do a public service at the same time, by covering Slate's story for him?

So?...

He's got a nasty scalp wound where he was slugged! He may be dying? Don't spare the horses between here and the hospital?

I can't be sure till I see the X-ray photos—but offhand I'd say that skull fracture will prove fatal. Probably he'll never recover consciousness!

He's talking about some news story...but it's too disjointed to make sense!

Tiny tots' investments in death—got to write story...what do you think, Batman?

What? Shade must have been hot on the trail of some thing big, to invite murder—and it will be a shame if he falls down on his last assignment?

So?...
Here we are—
"Tiny Toy Shoppe!" It's as near as we can come in the phone book to what grade was mumbling about!

Toys don't sound deadly—but you never can tell!

"Hello, Tiny Toy Shoppe!"

Why, yes, gentlemen! I'm about to close up—but I can do something for you first.

You're the-proprietor, huh?

Later in the Tiny Toy Shoppe

Why, yes, gentlemen! I'm about to close up—but I can do something for you first.

You can do something for us all right—unless you want us to hang this hand grenade around your neck and blow you all over the joint!

Not do that? I'll do anything you say!

Put your autograph on the dotted line! Don't bother with discretion—reading that and don't ever tell anybody we were here unless you want us to come back!

You may rely on any discretion.

Look, Big Ben—

Huh?

Oh, those dolls? They're very popular with the children.

Behind the tent flaps

Well, they ain't popular with me—and I only wish I had the originals here to prove it!

Did you see that Batman?

I not only saw—

The next instant

I heard!

Big Ben rolling—your wish is coming true!

Isn't it lucky we happened to pop in while you were busy collecting autographs?

Wha...?
THAT LL LOOK CUTE AROUND YOUR NECK, BATMAN?

NO DOUBT.

BUT IF I' D RATHER TRY IT ON YOU FIRST?

HELP

KIDS WHO PLAY COPS AND ROBBERS SOMETIMES GET SHOT!

I'M GLAD YOU SAID SOMETHING.

LOOK OUT, ROBIN!

HUNH?... LOOKS LIKE I'M GETTING A LIFT!

CLANG CLANG

CLANG CLANG

CLANG A CLANG

WHY?

WHAT A RIDE!

BEST RECKLESS DRIVING I EVER SAW, FELLA

THEY WOULDN'T FEEL SO FUNNY IN A MINUTE!

A TENNIS NET TO SAVE OUR SKIN! HAH! WHAT A JOKE!

GET IN THERE WITH YOUR FALS BEAT!

HEY... WHAT'S THIS!
In a moment the Batman and Robin are the helpless victims of a grimy game than ever was played on a tennis court.

A smart trick, rat--but how long do you think this will hold us?

Long enough.

Ah, I am not all bad! In my heart I'm just a kid. I like to play with toys--like this model steam engine.

All very scientific! The boiler gets hot, the steam turns the fly wheel, the wheel tightens the strings and pulls the pins from the grenades. Do you follow me?

I'd like to stay for the blowout, but I must hurry to check the hospitals! I'm anxious about the health of a friend of mine--name, Spade.

If I could break these ropes, I'd put you in the nearest hospital in a hurry.

A tiny blue flame prelude to flaming annihilation blazes brightly.

Hmm...

As if killing me wasn't bad enough, those weasels are going to collect the insurance that should go to my wife and children!
Speaking of tanks, you've given me an idea, Robin! If I can only get to the tank...

I don't see how even a real tank could save us now.

Stretching, straining the Batman's tough muscles, press against the tough cords—until finally, the steam engine has started!

The flywheel is winding in the strings!

Got to set it right up—am I and throw the starting lever?

Hurry! Faster!

A child's toy—a thing of clockwork and paper thin metal—yet many a real tank has plunged into the thick of battle with less depending on it!

Let's hope it doesn't knock the engine over the wrong way.

Hurray! We're safe! The engine has stopped and we can quit sweating!

Instant later...

No, we can't! We're still prisoners—and those killers are on the way to make sure that no miracle saves space life!

And speaking of saints and miracles—here we see the two together.

I'm where am I? Great Scott! A hospital room—must have been knocked out—how've and...

Two powerful forces drive the veteran reporter even in the shadow of death—his lifelong creed that a big news story is more important than anything else, and his inordinate belief that fate is on his side?

I've got to check my tip that the only tots to shoppe is next on Eg Ben's list and I should have been there long ago!
SORT OF ROCKY—BUT I CAN'T QUITE TELL IF IT'S TOO LATE TO DO TO THAT TOY STORIES THE DEADLINE MIGHT WAIT—NOT EVEN FOR ME? I'LL HAVE TO USE THE EVIDENCE I ALREADY HAVE?

DEMURRANCE

"THANKS?"

I GUESS WHEN A FELLOW QUITS THE GAME AFTER THIRTY YEARS HE'S GOT A RIGHT TO CELEBRATE?

JUMP!

WHATSOEVER

GRASSHOPPERS

LOOK AT SPACES! I NEVER SAW HIM THIS WAY BEFORE!

RE-OPEN THE FRONT PAGE! MY STORY WILL BEAT THE DEADLINE TO YOUR DESK—IF YOU SIT FESTERING ME?

MEANWHILE, BIG BEN IS ALSO CONCERNED WITH NEWS—BAD NEWS!

HE WAS AT THE GENERAL HOSPITAL, BUT HE'S GONE! HE WALKED OUT WHILE NOBODY WAS LOOKING!

IT'S ALL HERE—BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO WRITE MY OR TURNOVER—YOURSELF?

IT'S ALL HERE—BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO WRITE MY OR TURNOVER—YOURSELF?

WE KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM—WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

WE'RE GONNA TO KILL THIS STORY AND THE SAME EYES FOR ANYBODY WHO SAYS NO!

I CAN'T LET THEM CALL THE CopS?

DON'T LET THEM CALL THE COP?

I FIGURED THE 93 WHERE SPARD WENT FROM THE HOSPITAL—AND SO DID THE RATS!

THE BATMAN—OR HIS GHOST? GET HIM!

IF IT'S HIS GHOST—HOW CAN WE?
NO HAN-GRENADES IN MY HAND! AND THESE ARE MY HANDS.

BOY! BRUSH THIS TO THE COMPOSING ROOM WHILE I TAKE CARE OF SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS!

IF YOU WANT TO WASTE BULLETS IT'S NO SKIN OFF MY KNUCKLES— OR IS IT?

LET'S GO! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO HERE!

OH OH— THEY'RE HARD TO DISCOURAGE!

STOP THESE MACHINES! STOP EVERYTHING!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

WHILE WE'RE ABOUT IT, MAYBE WE'LL BETTER SEE YOU!

THE TYPE IS SET; THE PAGE FROM THE STEREOTYPE PLEIN AND THE PLATES FOR THE NEW FIRST PAGE START DOWN TO THE PRESSROOM!

THAT'S THAT! DO YOU THINK WE SCARES THOSE CATS OFF FOR GOOD, BATMAN?

I HOPE NOT! I DON'T WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF THE NIGHT HUNTING THEM AFTER THE PAPER IS PRINTED!

IN THE PRESSROOM— A LAST DESPERATE ATTEMPT.

HERE'S THE PLATES WITH THE STORY? WE'LL SMASH EM AND WRECK THE PRESS!

ONE MOVE AM YA GET IT?
FLASH!
BIG BEN MEANS JAW!

THIS IS AN EXTRA!

THE RACE-LIFTING OPERATION WILL PLEASE THE WARREN?

WE'RE SUNK!

This is what it's all been leading up to, Robin?

CONTACT!

As the mighty presses peel out their deep-toned thunder,
A man's last remaining ounce of strength and pride
and courage carry him to the uttermost end of the road...

The story... it's over...

LARRY?

Here I am...

We're it, Batman? You and Robin and I do it? Now. I'm ready...

We're later, in the Bruce Wayne home...

They got what they earned.
They killed Larry Spade—and would have killed others for money.

But one thing they couldn't kill, Dick... the spirit that lives in honest, loyal men like Spade, and because of that rats like big Ben will never get very far in this world?

The End.
LIKE A P-38 - GIVE YOURSELF A
POWER START

EVENOMING!

HERE'S the "food-power" breakfast treat that'll help you get up and go in champion style tomorrow morning! Reach for the Wheaties and enjoy a "Breakfast of Champions" with lots of milk and fruit.

Just like a P-38 needs super fuel to rule the air, you need plenty of food energy to help you keep going. So get that food energy and all the well-known vital nourishment of good whole wheat in Wheaties - "Breakfast of Champions!"

Yes, have a the new breakfast favorite you've been looking for: Cereal-toasted flakes with a special goodness you can't resist - a flavor that's got em all for solid enjoyment. Probably more great athletes in many sports eat Wheaties for breakfast than any other dish of the kind. Why don't you eat like a champion, too? Get your "power start" tomorrow with a "Breakfast of Champions!"

Hey look! Special offer good only while our limited supplies last. Get hand-crafted mechanical pencil shaped like big league baseball bat - streamline curves to fit your fingers. Send 10c and one Wheaties box top to General Mills, Inc. Dept 314, Minneapolis, Minn. And send today!

Look. Frital! Dear Americans are capturing our own troops with free samples Wheaties again!

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.

"Breakfast of Champions"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

A product of GENERAL MILLS, Inc.
ATLANTIS—MYSTERIOUS LAND OF LEGEND—ENIGMA WHICH HAS
ENTHRALLED THE FANCY OF SCIENTISTS AND HISTORIANS ANCIENT AND
MODERN! WHAT BECAME OF ITS PEOPLE, ITS CULTURE, ITS DEATHS WHEN
EARTHQUAKE AND TIDAL WAVE BURIED IT DEEP IN THE OCEAN THOUSANDS
OF YEARS AGO?

NO ONE REALLY KNOWS SAY THE SCHOLARS—

BUT THE MIGHTY BATMAN AND HIS DAREDEVIL COMRADE ROBIN KNOW—
FOR THE TRAIL OF SKULTING NAZI U-BOATS LEADS THEM INTO THEIR MOST
FANTASTIC ADVENTURE OF ALL—DEEP IN THE ROLLING SEA! TREACHERY AND
PERIL, BATTLES AND HARDERATH ESCAPES! GLAMOR AND ROMANCE!—ALL
THESE HAVE THEIR PART IN THE AMAZING STORY AS—"ATLANTIS GOES TO WAR!"

A HEARLESS KILLER OF THE DEEP STALKS HIS DEFENSELESS
PREY—NUMBER ONE TORPEDO—

CAPTAIN?"
AND THE CRY OF THE NIGHT IS
SHATTERED BY THE FLAME AND
THUNDER OF A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION

ABOARD THE STEAMER AMERICAN
TANKER, A WOUNDED HERO
STOPS UNMILY AT HIS POST

CALLING U.S. COAST GUARD!
TANKER CRYSTAL BELLE
TORPEDOED EIGHTY MILES
EAST OF SAVANNAH.
WE'RE SINKING FAST....

CRACKLING THROUGH THE BLIND THE
RADIO CALL IS AT ONCE A WARNING
AND A FAREWELL

LANDSPEED PLANES SOAR INTO THE
BLANKNESS ON THE SLIM CHANCE
OF SIGHTING THE DEADLY U-BOAT
IN THE VAST EXPANSE OF OCEAN!!!

IF YOU SIGHT THE
SHIP BEFORE SHE
SINKS DROP YOUR RUBBER
LifeBOAT.... IT
MIGHT SAVE
SOME OF THOSE
POOR DEVILS!

RIGHT MAJOR!!

OUR RADIO
OPERATOR
REPORTS THAT
THE SHIP IS
CALLING FOR
HELP OR?

LET THEM
CALL! NO
ONE WILL EVER
FIND THEM---
OR US!

MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN KURT
PETZL, IN THE FIRST
TRADITION OF NAZI WARRIORS,
ANNOUXES HIMSELF ON SHELLING
HIS HELPLESS VICTIM

NOT IN TEN MILLION
YEARS COULD AMERICAN
PLANES OR SHIPS
END THE SECRET
GAGE OF OUR
UNDERSEA FLEET!
SOMETIMES I MYSELF
WONDER IF IT IS NOT
ALL A DREAM!

LATE AS THE KILLER
CRUISE GLIDES THROUGH
THE INKY DEPTHS THAT
ARE THE COMMON GRAVE
OF BRAVE MERCHANT
SEA MEN...

WE HAVE DONE
A GOOD NIGHT'S
WORK FOR
DER FUEHRER-
LET US RETURN
TO OUR HOME
PORT TO
ATLANtis!

WHAT'S THIS? ATLANTIS—
THE FABULOUS LAND
WHERE THE ANCESTORS
BELIEVED A GREAT
CIVILIZATION
FLOURISHED BETWEEN
THE CONTINENTS OF
EUROPE AND AMERICA,
UNTIL THE SEA SWALLOWED
IT?

DID SUCH A LAND EVER
EXIST? CAN IT POSSIBLY
STILL EXIST SOMEWHERE
BENEATH
THE RESTLESS WAVES?

OH, WELL.... PERHAPS THE
NAZI U-BOAT COMMANDER
WAS SPEAKING IN JEST...

PERHAPS.
A baffling mystery faces the men responsible for the safety of a nation at stake. Bruce Wayne and his young ward Dick Grayson are more than interested.

But it's a big ocean job, and the job is too tough than finding a needle in a haystack.

"Can't the Batman and Robin help?"

New York Times

SECRET SUB BASE ELUSION SEARCHERS

Navy officials in the Caribbean

Although convinced two submarines were shipping off a mysterious base, have been exposed to American waters by a newspaper who's on the case.

"Navy Department in search of the lost submarine."

"Why doesn't the Navy wet up those guys, Bruce?"

"Hey, it's not as soon as the base is located, and our ablest and bravest men are risking their lives day and night to find it!"

"Let's try. I know who knows. We may be lucky enough to stumble on exactly what the others have missed."

"So that two grim cloaked figures slip from the Bruce Wayne home that night? The Batman and Robin?"

"I'm spoiling for action!"

"Moments later an eerie craft streaks from an underground hangar to the starry sky--the Batplane!"

"Out over the broad Atlantic and southward, hardly less swift than a shell from a big gun. The Batplane's wings are charged by the supercharged ship!"

"As dawn breaks over the trackless area of water."

"I guess I've been the ocean a thousand times but I never realized how big it was!"

"There are forty million square miles of acres under the water!"

"Batman, there's a boat and someone's waiting for us!"

"Down we go!" Looks as if we're going to save one life, anyway!"
HASTILY-LOWERNED FLOATS SWIM THE WATER...

AND A VETERAN SEA DOG HAS A NARROW ESCAPE FROM "Davy Jones' Locker."

BLAST MY DEATHLIGHTS, IS T HE BATMAN I'M GONNA OR IS OLD BEN SPINSEL LOGIN' HIS WITS FROM THIRST AND HUNGER?

RIGHT THE FIRST TIME, BEN!

IT WAS BEGINNIN' TO LOOK LIKE MY LAST VOYAGE I NOT A BITE TO EAT OR A DROP TO DRINK HAVE I HAD SINCE THE SNEAKIN' NASTY'S SANK THE ANNA BOWER AND MACHINE-GUNNED ALL HANDS BUT YET,

WE HAVE FOOD AND WATER FOR YOU--AND MAYBE WEST BEFORE WE'RE FINISHED!

SUDDENLY THE SURFACE OF THE SEA SHAFTS CONJUICELY

WHAT'S HAPPENING? I DON'T KNOW--BUT I HOPE IT DOESN'T LAST LONG!

LIKE A FLY CAUGHT IN A VACUUM CLEANER, THE TINY CRAFT IS DRAWN INTO THE DARK VORTEX--

WE CAN TAKE OFF THE CENTRIFUGAL FORCE IS TOO GREAT!

OH, MAYBE WE'LL COME THROUGH THIS YET!

FASTER, FASTER SPINS THE CURRENT, OPENING A CONE-SHAPED CENTER IN THE WATER.

A WHIRLPOOL? GIVE HER THE GUN, ROBIN! SEE IF THE ENGINE CAN PULL US OUT?

I'LL GIVE HER ALL THE HORSEPOWER SHE'S GOT!
Plunging toward the ocean floor, the Batplane and its passengers seem hopelessly doomed...

"The water will close in on us any minute and then..."

That light... it's blinding me! Can we have fallen into a volcano crater under the ocean?

Batman-- look!

Incredibly beautiful in the radiance of the huge flaming glow, a great city of marble and metal appears before the dazzled eyes of the adventurers...
HOW CAN YOU LIKE BEING HIT ANYWHERE?

KABOOOM!

OLD BEN STUNNEL FIGHTS WITH A FURY THAT BELONGS TO HIS AGE.

YE MURDEROUS SEAPLATES--I'LL BEA IN THE SCUPPERS!

I'LL GOING, SAILOR!

VALIANT AS THE AMERICAN BATTLELINES ARE, THE NAZIS OVERTHROW THEM BY SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS...

I DARE YOU TO TAKE US ON ONE AT A TIME!

Y'AH? THEY'LL HAffen BUT Y'HAffen OUT!

NOW YOU SHALL DIE LIKE THE DOGS YOU ARE!

IT WOULD BE A PLEASURE IF I COULD SEE YOU DIE FIRST LIKE THE WAY YOU ARE!

BUT A COMMANDING VOICE CRIES OUT IN ARCHAIC ENGLISH--

AND THEIR TRIGGER-FINGERS RELAX!

HOLEA! KNOW'ST
THOU NOT NO
MAN MAY BE
PUT TO DEATH
IN ATLANTIS
SAVE BY ORDER
OF OUR MOST
HIGH RULERS?

KANO--THE
HIGH PRIEST!

BUT THESE
ARE AMERICAN SAVAGES
SUCH AS I
HAVE TOLD
THEM THEY
PLUNDER
AND DESTROY THE WORLD!

WHERE THEY
FINDS FROM THE PIT OUR
ATLANTICAN JUSTICE CAN
BUT STILL GRANT THEM
A TRIAL BEFORE OUR
ALL-WISE EMPIRE AND EMpress!

COME--
WE SHALL
GO TO THE
TEMPLE OF JUSTICE!

ATLANTIS--
THE LOST LAND? AM I
DREAMING, ROBIN?

PUNCH ME AND I'LL TELL YOU!
Stern but kindly, Xano, high priest of Atlantis, enlightens his amazed prisoners with a fantastic tale.

Is this actually the Atlantis that was a part of the ancient world?

Aye—our history reaches back ten thousand years and more. At that time we had already harnessed the power of the lightning and built flying ships such as these.

The elders agreed that we should exclude ourselves from the rest of the world. They built the dome you see above us, and hung a firey globe to take the place of the sun.

When the sea rose up against us, we were ready.

Twice each month, Mach-Newe creates the whirlpool which brought you here. It opens a passage from the surface of the ocean to the city, whereby we obtain air to breathe.

Four centuries ago an English vessel was caught in the whirlpool. Aboard it was a philosopher who survived, and taught us this language which we speak in preference to our ancient tongue...

Our wise men looked into the future and foresaw not only the tidal wave and earthquake that would engulf us, but also the wars and plagues that would visit the world thereafter.

Why perish when we may so easily cut ourselves off from other nations? Why perish when we may so easily cut ourselves off from other nations? Why perish when we may so easily cut ourselves off from other nations? Why perish when we may so easily cut ourselves off from other nations?

He was our last visitor, until our Nazi friends—who love peace and justice as we do—found the underwater entrance to Atlantis by accident.

Your Nazi friends who love—what?
THE TRIAL IS SCRUPULOUSLY FAIR

Your Majesty America wishes to enslave the world— and if these three go free, they will bring war to Atlantis also. We Germans under our enlightened Fuehrer are sworn to preserve peace and liberty.

It's a lie! Your honor— I mean, your majesty!

The Nazis have deceived you so that you will permit them to use Atlantis as a submarine base. They are the savages. The ones who would bind all nations in chains.

Ach, such a fib!

How can I wish the world of these against the sworn testimony of a hundred?

But from the point of view of the boy monarch, only one verdict is possible—

I have no choice but to believe the hundreds. The three must die for the greatest good of the greatest number.

No brother— pray let me speak!

That one is no more than a boy! If he be evil, it is because he hath fallen in evil company.

Very well— place the lad in the dungeon— and let the others be sacrificed to our Atlantean sun.

If you kill the Batman, I don't want to live!
A light's no change of garment and

We look enough alike, so that I ought
to let away with,

but I must

speak

old style English.

Lo, men of Atlantis —

Our Emperor

and Ben

is not a slave

at once?

Taro! Brother,

I am so glad.

Why, why

you are

Taro.

Please express

you saved

my life — now let

me save my

friend! We
told the truth, even

Pardo

wouldn't believe us!

Faith lad, I believe the old,

my brother

will be

angry but

do as the

thickest

right!

If I give one

chance, I shall

seize the

Emperor.

Ah, we are
to have done

the best

place?

It's Robin,

but how did

he manage it?

At last

the

masks

reveal

themselves

in

their

true

colors.

Proceed with

the execution,

or I shall kill

your foolish

Emperor.

As the Batman struggles vainly to

pluck his half-loosened "Hong," Ben

Stinzel snatches a bronze helmet from an

Atlantean guard and hurls it with

perfect aim.

So now you

murder boys

as well as honest

seamen would ye?

Kil him,

soldiers of

the Reich!
The next instant...

But the heretic act has given them all the opportunity he needs...

Why don't you fight like a man for a change?

Smite him, of truth he hath deserved us bravely?

One bullet will put an end to all this?

And a split second later a mighty lunge sets the Batman free.

Save that bullet, admiration?

He-ho! shall save it for you?

A little slow on the trigger aren't you?

Ach---I am ruined?

If you think I'm going to let this one out, you're crazy?

Let none escape, my people? I show them how to fight. Even though we prefer peace?

Had enough, chum?

This will settle your nerves?

Presently.

To the dungeons with them! We shall deal likewise with the others when they return in their submarines for fuel and supplies.

What a fight?

What a girl!?
Some days later

Here's something, Dick—an American submarine in the Caribbean near where we were found three Nazi U-boats trapped in a net. Far below the surface—and no one seems to know how the net got there!

And to think I'll probably never see her again?
PRIVATE
PETE

Remember, men! These maneuvers are as important as actual combat!

Advance into those woods! The Blue Army has it now, and we've got to get it!

Jawp, Jones - Private Pete rounded up that whole section by himself!

Help!

We give up!!

No - no, we all surrender!

Congratulations! You've done a masterful job! How on earth did you manage to overpower them?

"We" did it, sir! I brought along Honk, my pet!

A skunk!
Though the zoo's a home for all animals, from aardvarks to zebras, there's one species that's been overlooked until a clever criminal weaves steel wire and iron bars into a bewildering crime-pattern that baffles even that Dynamic Duo, Batman and Robin! And when that arch buffer of Batman, the Joker, finds himself in troubled waters, attempts to fox the Batman and lift the Lion's share of the loot there's a thimble cornered right ahead with the forces of crime doubling up against "The Mantle of Power as the named crime-fighters tackle "The Case of the Third Lion".

It's morning at the Gotham Zoo... and a still sleepy attendant yawns as the new day's work begins. Wonder why they didn't leave these fish at the aquarium; instead of bringing them to the zoo? They're just more work, Mum? What's that tapping?
Yes, all Gotham knows and fears the Master Humorist, the Joker! And so, almost no one is surprised when the following day:

**HELP!**

**LET ME OUT!**

...for you see funny things when you come to the zoo... fairly.

...SULT! It must be another trick of the Joker!

A: Not everyone can be the Joker! There are even a few unfortunate who are named well. SEE FOR YOURSELF.

**HELP!**

**POLICE! HELP!**

Take it easy, Master! What's all the excitement about?

Huh?

You're next.

Mr. Lion! Ha, Ha! The Joker.

He wanted to put me into the lion's cage! You've got to stop him.
I MUST CONFESS THAT THIS IS ONE TIME I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT THE JOKER IS UP TO.

I SUPPOSE HE HIMSELF MUST BE THE ONLY ONE IN THE WORLD WHO KNOWS.

THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE HERE, BRUCE. THE JOKER ACTED WITHOUT WARNING.
THE CASE OF MR. FISH AND MR. PONT BLOT HERE.

WE LET MR. LYON KNOW WHAT HE INTEND TO DO.
I NOTICED THAT POINT, DICK?
ALL THE SAME.

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, BOSS. THIS TIME EVEN THE MASTER OF MÖCKERY IS SATISFIED BY THE SEEN OF MYSTERY EVENTS!

HA, HA!
I DON'T KNOW, MONK!

I HAVEN'T BEEN COMMITTING THESE CRIMES AT ALL!
SOME POOL HAS BEEN USING MY NAME TO LEARN WHO HE WAS, AND THEN... HA, HA, I'LL ENJOY MYSELF!

I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE IN HIS SHOES WHEN YOU GET AFTER HIM, BOSS!

H AH THE EVIL KING OF JESTS! INNOCENT FOR ONCE? THEN WHAT CUMHING KNAVE IS GUILTY?
LET US WHICH TREMBLING MR. LYON, AS DISGUSTED WITH POLICE PROTECTION, HE HASE A BODYGUARD OF HIS OWN.

THE JOKER CERTAINLY THREW A SCARE INTO ME. I DON'T WANT HE DON'T EVEN WALK DOWN A CHINOOK STREET WITHOUT HIS BODYGUARD?

YES, WHEREVER MR. LYON GOES, THERE GOES HIS BODYGUARD AS FOR EXAMPLE...

HEY, BOSS, THIS IS A TREACHEROUS PLACE! YOU CAN'T GET IN BUT WE CAN'T!
They sure got plenty to eat here! Must be a two-pound steak inside that? I can picture it now.

WHAM... just a glass of tomato juice? Never mind, there'll be more later! Excuse me a moment...

Suddenly as Pope money happy guards lick their lips

By Jove, someone has put out the lights!

Here's where we earn our pay, boys! We don't hire us for nothing!

And at that moment outside the Dividend Club

Lucky we kept a watch on Mr. Lyon, Robin. The Joker has stricken at last!

Ha, ha? I thought that if I kept my eye on Lyon, the fool who used my name would eventually show his hand? Come on boys!

Thus entering at the moment through opposite windows...

The arch-enemies baffle at each other with unconcealed hatred!

Hello, Jokers! Surprised to find me here?

You devil! So it was your trap from the beginning and I fell into it?

Don't pretend innocence, Jokers! How about not letting me Lyon and having a little lamb for a change?

Wha...?

The Batman's whacky! Is he himself? Arranged this trap what's this nonsense about Mr. Lyon?
YOU LOOK WEAK. CHUM! TRY THIS GRAPPLING FOR VITAMIN C!

GLUB!

EACH COMING AT ME AT THE SAME TIME! I'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST. FASTER I'M AFRAID THAN I CAN.

HAVE A DRINK BATMAN? YOU WOULDN'T FEEL THIRSTY AFTER THIS HA-HA-HA.

NOBODY DRINKS OUT OF A PITCHER THESE DAYS JOKER! USE THE TUMBLER INSTEAD!

OH! WHY YOU LITTLE BEAST!

NICE HOSPITALITY ROBIN! I'M GLAD I'VE TAUGHT YOU POLIENESS!

I FOLLOW YOUR EXAMPLE BATMAN! THIS THUG COMES AT YOU WITH MURDER IN HIS EYE

AND ALL I SAY IS HAVE A PIECE OF CAMEL CHUM!

WHAT'S YOUR MERRY JOKE? THE FUN JUST BEGINNING!

GUESS YOU BATMAN THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU CATCH ME BY SURPRISE!

HE THINKS HE'S GETTING AWAY WHAT A MISTAKE!

THE WATER FROM THAT PITCHER IS PUTT NO THE GUNS UNDER US!

AND THE JOKER IS SLIPPING AWAY!

BUT AS THE OLD SONG SAYS THERE'S MANY A SLIP...
What a shock when they learn I am the one responsible for what happened to Fisher and Fox! Not the Joker and that I threatened myself merely to have an excuse for hiring a bodyguard!

And for getting us into a place we couldn't have got into any other way I don't forget that boss!

But later

Yes, next time Boss, everybody will know I can't be this lucky twice!

Nobody suspects me!
I can show my self again and say I ran away to escape the Joker and pull off another job!

Mister Lyon is being blamed for everything!

Joker...mob's dividend club...and escapes.

Mr. Lyon disappears...People no mention.

So, nobody suspects me...you're forgetting some one. Mr. Lyon the clown-king of crime himself!

I get the blame and Lyon gets the loot? Ha, ha. The Joker's on me. Gee. I never suspected he was the one until we read the dough was gone.

Clever sense of humor, Mr. Lyon has! I wonder if he'll laugh after the next time he tangled with me? Ha, ha.

And then again. Mr. Lyon. Batman and Robin don't need much of a hint either.

We kept the Joker too busy to steal that money and besides he thought we had lured him into a trap! But we'll keep our suspicions to ourselves.

And our eyes on Mr. Lyon.
So presently—

SEE ME, LYON—Why come here? Them guns ballooned around them—satin ball don't make sense— Quiet, Mulligan! All the best people come to polo games!

I get it... We be only the best people then have more things worth takin'— Exactly and we start takin' now!

OVERLOOK NOTHING, MEN... This opportunity may not come again?

HELP!

BEAUTY BEGINS ARE, LADY... We'll look better on me than on you?

Seconds later as the loot laden criminals dash for an exit

THE JOKER?

SURPRISED TO SEE ME? HA, HA, HA! Why you're Trembling Like a House, Me Lyon?

And then...

BATS MAN? WHERE did you and that beat come from?

NICE OF YOU TO ASK, JOKER! We were Hidden in a Box—We had commissioner Gordon resinary!

We had an idea there might be a little reunion soon?

WHAT A PLEasure, I'M IN NOW!
"Try the view from this box, Joker!
Curse you, Batman!

I never thought I'd have to take a lion all by myself!
OH...."

"Tut, tut boys! Mustn't fight, isn't it much nicer when you get together?
OWWW! NO!

As the flashing lights of the dynamic duo wreak havoc in a shrieking castle-royal..."

"I'll run away and let them fight it out themselves?
You win this time, Batman, but next time I'm not finished with you, you funny man!"

"You be in too much of a hurry to get away, hold your horses!
Excuse me, I'd like to borrow this..."

"My word! What?

"Take a tee—travel will broaden you—It even flattens you!"

"Hey, cut that, cut!"
I THINK I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS GAME! HA HA!

AND WATCH IT SIMPLY AT THE UNEXPECTED, BATMAN!

THIS WILL KNOCK YOU FOR A GOAL, BATMAN!

BUT THE MOCKING MURDERS WAS REACTIONS WITHOUT THE BATMAN'S FAITHFUL YOUNG COMPANION!

YOU'VE DONE AS MUCH FOR ME PLENTY OF TIMES, BATMAN.

WHATEVER, ROBIN.

SCORE ONE FOR OUR SIDE!

THIS IS TOO SMART!

AN OPPORTUNITY TO RETURN ROBIN'S FAVOR . . . BUT IT BETTER HURRY!

AND NOW AS THE DYNAMIC DUO FOUND ITS MAJORING ROBS, ENTER FATE IN THE PERSON OF THE FRIGHTENED ME, LYON.

RING UP ANOTHER GOAL FOR YOURSELF, ROBIN?

CLOP!

Huh, you're taking this game seriously, Batman!

Batman and Robin after me. The Joker wanting to steal my loot! The horses trying to run me down. I'm sorry—oh—oooff!
The Malevolent Mime is quick to grasp his opportunity.

I've been waiting to catch you, sir! Guard Batman! Now I'll finish off that beast of yours and the interfering Mr. Lyon.

As the comic's character's henchmen dispose of their remaining foes...

Seconds later...

Ha, ha! The police arrive too late!

All they'll catch is, Mr. Lyon's men! We're bettin' away!

The hue and cry for us away! Once more, evil jester, has escaped! And then, slowly, my men broke their way back to consciousness.

Ha ha! I never threatened to put Lyon in the lion's cage! But I don't overlook good ideas. Batman? I'll look you in the eye, then throw the keys just out of your reach.

Don't joke! I'll never use your name again!

I'll take the other lion's boon for you. Ha ha!

He's fainted. I'll try to attact the lion's attention on Eden — you slip to one side!
He's plunging straight for Lyon! Hell, kill him?

We've got a little to say about that Robin.

Let's hold you for a while, Leo?

But we may forget about Lyon and so after you. I'd better use my slide rope too, Batman?

A guv'n'r got this Robin and the entire Lord of the Rings' most secret edge?

He can't bite through this rope easily, Batman—it's so thin it'll slip between his teeth?

But well take no chances, Robin.

Lucky, the Joker tried to tantalize us by leaving the keys so close! We'll be out of here in a jiffy.

Seconds later?

Here you are, keeper. Another Lyon turn him over to the police. They have the right cage for him. Mean while, I'll borrow your keys...

Where to, how, Batman? The Joker didn't give any hint as to where he was going?

One of the animals will help us find him well make him sorry he ever brought us here?

This is a cheetah, or hunting leopards? When it comes to following a track, he's better than a bloodhound?

Wow, he looks vicious! Is that to have him after me?
Presently

Too bad we had to muscle him and wrap his paws Batman! He'd throw a real scare into the Joker.

We can't take any chances of his turning on us, and the Joker will get a big enough surprise when he sees this.

Sniff

Hey Boss, look! What's that devil again?

I thought you'd be out of the park by now Joker! You know you can't afford to take it easy when I'm around.

But as the wretched animal made a final attempt to spur their frightened steeds

Hey, you killed that beast.

Too bad you didn't realize Joker that a horse becomes fanicky with fear when a leopard gets close! I counted on that.

Better surrender quick, chum. Before I take the muzzle off him.

He doesn't know it's just as scared of him as he:

Keep him away from me I gave up.

From now on, Joker don't tease the animals - and that includes Batman.

And so later

Well well... as a result of Mr. Lyceon's little idea, even the Joker ends up in a cage.

With one of his own kind too, time for us to hotfoot it out of here, don't you think?
Jerry the Jitterbug

It sure was swell of Homer to lend me his Boss's dress suit for tonight - was some sort of actor, I guess!

Those stage people certainly know how to dress - what a suit!

This is a real classy affair I'm going to - I've got to look just right!

I'll just act very reserved and let the people not see me.

Ha ha! What's this - a magician?

Say Homer, why didn't you tell me this suit belonged to a magician?
THE BIG EIGHT!
Tops in monthly comic magazines!

Follow the Further Adventures of
BATMAN and ROBIN

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!
IN THE office which he shared with his new partner, the young lawyer listened to the tale of the thespian which the actor was relating.

"Tall and gaunt, the young lawyer lounged uncomfortably in his chair. He liked the theater and now that he actually had come to Springfield, well—it was a big event for the town. The town just didn't seem to want to appreciate it.

He frowned, remembering the fuss that had been stirred up shortly after the new theater opened. His error was his own and it threatened to take from the people of the town an entertainment they sorely needed. The creature in his high lonesome became more apparent on anger took control of his mind. But only momentarily.

"Shuck," he reasoned, aware of the eyes of his visitor upon him. "There I always be performers," just the same, he was good and mad.

He spoke to the visitor, one of the members of the company "You had planned to be here an entire season?"

"Yes, sir. Since the legislature was in session, we thought a lot of people who had never seen flesh and blood shows would enjoy 'em. His eyes lighten. Don't forget, sir," he pressed eagerly, "we have Joseph Jefferson and his father in our company." The visitor's voice rose, "You just watch young Joe. He's going to be one of the greatest actors in the world afore long."

"I don't doubt it." A smile creased the long, homely face. "With the privileges you actors undergo, some reward is certainly necessary!"

The visitor laughed. "Oh, we don't mind, sir. We're used to hard knocks." He grinned. "Why, when we were traveling from Galena to Dubuque, a horse that was so fat you should have seen us. We finally made it, but then discovered we had lost a trunk containing all our properties and baggage. Yet, the old Mississippi was willing to swallow it up."

He looked at the lawyer, and his eyes twinkled. This young fellow was certainly interested in the theatre. "But, sir, you know what happened? We were about all ready to give up, when Mr. Jefferson, senior that is, and we shouldn't. After all, says he, every cloud has a silver lining. Let's see if we can't find that sleigh."

"Find it sir? There wasn't man of us would believe the Mississippi would give up anything he got hold of. But he did! Gosh! if the sleigh hadn't lit on a sand bar when a broken through the ice. And there was our stuff, water-damaged but still intact. We managed to give a show."

As the visitor finished his tale, the young lawyer looked at him. The visitor's humble men impressed him. He liked people who spoke simply of things they had done. Now he said kindly.

"I think that in your world the show always will go on."

He got up from his chair, held out his hand. "I would deem it an honor sir," he said, "to represent your company." His head nodded up and down. "Without iota I feel that you are being imposed upon and you deserve better treatment."

When the visitor had left, the lawyer sat down again. He stretched his long legs onto the still top desk and looked out the window. Springfield was sure an up-and-coming town. A real theatre!

True, the building of the theater did not represent an enormous investment. Folding opera chairs were then unknown. Gun was a mystery and yet acknowledged as a fact out in those parts, a second class quality of oil was enough to delight the hearts of any manager. Out here the last lights of the best theatre were composed of lamps set in a float with counterweights. When a dark stage was required of the lamps needed trimming or refilling, this latter occurrence was made to look under the stage.

The lawyer smiled. Being an opera was not just job. Neither was being a lawyer he decided. That had its privations and struggles, too.

But his wasn't thinking of himself now. He was thinking of the hope and the promises that had gone into this new theatre which Mr. Jefferson, senior and his partner McKean had constructed.

These actors mustn't be let down.

With a sigh the young lawyer got to his feet. He decided that a walk to the site might start his mind functioning.

Everybody in town knew him and his cheery smile. A lot of them owed him money too, but he didn't think of that. He had always been interested in seeing Justice done.

It was out being done thus
time he thought, to he reached the new thrown and looked at it. It was not exactly a thing of beauty. It was about ninety feet deep and forty feet wide. No attempt had been made at ornamentation and as it was unpeeled, the simple lines of architecture upon which it was constructed, gave it the appearance of a large dry goods box with a roof.

But the owners, it was beautiful. You had to know the theatre of the 1800's to realize how proud a man could be of a showplace which actually and a roof!

The young lawyer knew it. He knew too, that a new lease on life and been given the company. And when the Plug fell, it and hurt. Hurribly.

They had been doing so well, those actors from the East. The shows were simple and honest and had given entertainment to many. It had looked as though the company could stay in Springfield for a long time.

But then, in the midst of rising fortune, disaster had struck.

A religious revival gained momentum. The participants launched forth in their sermons against the actors, who were pointed out as children of evil. Not only that, but a political maneuver they and gotten the city to pass a new law demanding a license for the "unholy calling." The amount for the license was virtually prohibitory.

It was a terrible shock all the company's funds had been invested in the new theatre, the Legislature was in session and the town was filled with people, and, because of a heavy license fee, the new theatre couldn't be opened.

Unfair? Tyrannical? It went certainly was. And when the young lawyer heard of this, he had offered his services to the company manager. The visit of one of them today had for thered his determination to fight this injustice.

"The people need this entertainment," he told himself, "he walked away from the theatre, "and they are going to get it."

It was dusk when he reached his office and lighted the lamp. He perched over his law books, waiting an ordinance that might counteract the un

just one which a group of vocal-minded politicians had caused to be passed. Dawn found him still seated at his desk, which was now littered with weighty volumes. His young face looked strangely old and drawn as he gazed with distance at the low books. Then he smiled. What that "dance must, he discovered, in a moment of inspiration, was not much law, but living words.

And that is what he had when he faced the city council.

The entire company was there to watch him, and, as they sat, he confidently stopped the council, the mark of worry each and best weariness vanished. There was something in the stranger's face—this friend's face—that gave them confidence. If anything could be done, he would do it. Of that, they were sure.

They sat back in their chairs. Young Joe Jefferson, his eyes shining, hung onto every word uttered by his champion. "What an actor he would make," he murmured to a companion. "Look at the simplicity."

But it was more than that. There was great dignity too, in the way the lawyer was delivering his oration. He handled the subject with tact, skill and humor. When he was done, he was at the point of a joke on anecdotes that made the complainers look hulking.

The company marvelled as he went on. He was so and suspected that their counselor had much knowledge of theatre. He traced, with comprehensive skill, the rise of acting from the time

Theopilus performed in a cart to the stage of today.

Then he went on to tell the new good-humored council of the theatre of tomorrow. How there were wonders as yet un dreamed of which were to come. How thousands, even millions of people would be entertained. "This is a form of art which we never did," he said. "With age will come even greater skill."

Each cat in the room hung on attentively now. It was as though every person were hypnotized. And to bring them out of such hypnosis, from time to time, the young lawyer would introduce a jest.

Round of laughter followed, one upon the other as the audience was the author of the scene was brought out. And finally the speech was finished.

Mackenzie and Jefferson, the theatre owners, relaxed in their chairs. They knew that every- thing would be all right, even though the council had not yet voted.

It was. The unwanted tax was lifted. The theatre was to be permitted to function.

Excited and happy the company crowded around the young lawyer, showering him with congratulations. He laughed, hopefully and shyly. They were making too much fuss about him. Shucks, he had only done what was right. He liked the theatre, and if it didn't matter to the thousands of others like him. The theatre was a right cause, and worth fighting for.

He shook hands and left the council room.

Young Joe Jefferson, watching the tall figure as it bent to pass beneath the low archway, gave voice to his earlier thought again. "What an actor that gentlesome would make," he said. "A fine actor!"

A sculptor, passing, over heard him. He laughed. "An ac- tor!" he said. "I should say not. He's too fine for a sculptor. Abe Lincoln is. We will need him around here."
I'll give you a banana split!

As the boys screamed:

What's happened here, Bruce Wayne? What do you want?

Bruce, is there anything wrong?

I don't understand what you want from me.

Yes, you're a pain in the neck.

How are you, Bruce Wayne? Why are you here?

How can I help you, Bruce Wayne? Why are you here?

At that very moment, Bruce Wayne is in the library.
The Swenson Security Playboys gave a visit to Mr. Swenson's Club.

Tillie: Good evening. You didn't take the time to show me the new guest. How are things going? How's business been? Any trouble with the new system? You look a bit down in the dumps.

Mr. Swenson: Well, what can I say? I'm not sure what happened.

Tillie: Your father said that? That's strange.

Mr. Swenson: I don't know. I have to get out of here. I need some fresh air.

Tillie: You're sure you don't need a drink? I'll be glad to get you something.

Mr. Swenson: No, no, thank you. I'll go home and get some rest.

Tillie: I hope you feel better soon. Goodnight.

---

Later, Bruce and Tillie are sitting in his office.

Bruce: Tillie, I need your help.

Tillie: What's going on, Bruce? What happened?

Bruce: I don't know. I just got a call from an old acquaintance. He said something about a job. He said I should call him tomorrow morning.

Tillie: That sounds interesting. Do you know who this person is?

Bruce: No, I don't. But I have to call him. Maybe he can help me.

Tillie: Bruce, are you sure you're not overworked?

Bruce: No, I'm fine. I just need to figure out what's going on.

---

Unknown to them, a streamlined car streaks in on a road. A mystery man dots the police at the scene.

He's holding the gun above his head. He has a determined look in his eyes. He's about to stop them.

Bruce Wayne, a wealthy man about town, has driven the eerie scene on the waterfront.
A super-charged engine belts a curve of speed as the Batman miles across here!

Okay, sir, here we got a twist on the inside, and you just back off now!

I like it here!

Steel versus and all you grab keep the Batmobile right hard on the suicidal youngsters!

Man up your songbird ahead or sit behind eyes front!

The breakneck chase ends at the bitter in the tortuous bend!

What's the idea—!

I'll tell you in a moment. You can't keep me! Stop the car!

Say that again! Aren't you the Batman?

Joe and now do you mind telling me why you were trying to kill yourselves?

Under the spell of the Batman, Jim, Dick and two other people in disguise under the Church tells me about a story we already know.

Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Believe in two healthy young people cutting the file without a fight? Why don't you try to earn your own living?

Easier said than done!

But what can I do? Can you play golf, tennis, and the saxophone?

Saxophone! There it is! You can get a job in a band, listen to the Kinky Club. The owner owes me some money! Tell the Batman set this.

And you, huh! Terms: Why, you can get a job in a band, listen to the Kinky Club. I know just the place—Madame Sonia's.

Why BATMAN! You saved our lives!

Oh, we were silly cowards.
The Ballant Dark Knight Speaks: In the Haunting of the Mind...

Suddenly, the lights in the cells come on...

He's not like John Tenner to throw his son and daughter out of his home! Something has happened! And it's happened to... what else! What else? What if they're normal?

And now let us hear from Bruce in his cell...

The lights in the cells come on...
AQUA!

AQUA!

AQUA!

AQUA!

AQUA!

AQUA!

AQUA!

AQUA!

AQUA!

AQUA!
GONE!

BATMAN!

YES!

YAY! THE ADULTS ARE IN THE NEXT ROOM!

THE ONLY CLUE...
And it was no secret—Still another of Alfred's cars is in danger.

And now the exhibition of the Harvey family jewels is over, sir. Wayne, as a member of our committee, will you place it in safe deposit?

Black glasses!

Wait until you see a look at this!

Wait! The man in the masked Wayne!

Batman!

What do you think? Of course I'm Bruce Wayne! Because this ruby is trying to steal the rest. Who do you now? What's the idea of assigning me Wayne? What's the idea of postponing the Wayne by being a phony?

A flash! Movement! And a dark-suited, gloved hand! Suddenly, Bally! A bounder in the bowler's crushed palm...

I'll get you yet, Mr. Nobody!

Don't think I'm getting away! And this will prevent you! Where's Alfred? Where's Alfred with him?

Don't try! I've got a gun! I'll take all! I won't back down! I'll resist! I'll resist! I'll resist! I'll resist! I'll resist! I'll resist! I'll resist! I'll resist!
Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

Let Me Start Showing Results For You

5 inches of new Muscle

Here's what ATLAS did for me!

For quick results, I recommend CHARLES ATLAS

Gained 29 pounds

Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Be For You

I am now taller and have added muscle and strength. My body is more proportioned and looks better. I feel stronger and have more energy. I can lift more weight and my posture has improved.

What's My Secret?

Eternal Power! That's the secret! I developed this system to improve my body from the inside out. It works! I now have more energy and feel stronger.

FREE BOOK

"Everlasting Health and Strength"

With your purchase, you'll receive a free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."