Be a commanding GENERAL!
get in this fierce AIR WAR!
HERE'S HOW-

Have your own PLANE, AIRFIELD, HANGAR, GAS, TRUCKS, GUNS, SEARCHLIGHTS, PARACHUTES, ETC...

FREE-
until this amazing offer expires

ALLIED back! GUN THAT REALLY SHOOTS

Thrill to your own raids on TOKYO, BERLIN!

OTHER EXCITING KITS
PARK AIR-ARMED GUN WITH EACH

RUSH COUPON!
THE ENEMY? SABOTAGE! EVIL THEY ARE INDEED, BUT WHAT OF THE DOMESTIC LION? SADIST OF CAN THERE BE ANYONE MORE TRAITOROUS THAN THOSE WHO SEEK TO CASH IN ON THE HARDSHIPS OF WAR? THERE IS SUCH A GROUP IN THIS COUNTRY. WE CALL IT--THE BLACK MARKET! THESE ARE THE CRIMINALS WHO TAKE BATMAN AND ROBIN FROM THE EASTERN TOWN TO THE WESTERN PRAIRE TO STREAMLINED RUSTLERS!
Dawn sees the egg-shaped Batplane coming over the rolling prairie and sage brush.

Robin, cut out that howling and look down there!

Talk about luck! Robin, take the controls... and head down!

Like a snatching hawk, the Batplane dives and from a dangling rope, Batman launches his surprise attack!

Bull's eye!

Six-guns lead clips Batman's cape as he shouts instructions up to Robin at the controls.

Over to your right Robin! That's it! Now, give 'er the guns!

Right on the nose! That's what I call teamwork Robin?

Off! Ugh!
Chin Bang! Make tracks -- pronto!
They won't get far from the Batplane!

But, as the Batman bends over a fallen cowboy—a gun muzzle bore into his back?
Okay, mister masked rustler? Git yore hands up afore I blow a hole thru yore carcass!

Hold on Mr. Kraft! This fellow ain't likely to try to rustle yore cattle? Howdy Batman! I'm sheriff colt?

Batman!!

Hello, sheriff...
Mr. Kraft? Well—looks like open season for rustlers!

No Robin! We may need the plane to speed these wounded cowhands to a hospital!

Since rationing rustlers have been poppin' outa gopher holes 'round this county, black market beef fetches a fancy price these days?

Meet Mr. Cotter, Batman! He owns the "C-B" Ranch! He's one of the lucky ones—had his cattle rustled only once so far?

Who's the stranger sheriff?

You're a long way from home, Batman?

You'll always find me 'round where there's trouble, Mr. Cotter?

Mr. Brule here can tell you about trouble! His "three arrow circle" ranch and his "double bar B" ranch and his bush ranch have been rustled twice a piece?

Batman, eh? We could use you! The sheriff ain't doin' so we...

Now Brule the sheriff's doin' the best he can! These rustlers operate mighty slick—nobody saves how they manage to get away so fast!

Guess I did lose my temper? But it's easy for you to talk! Your ranch has been rustled only once!

Well, my "circle K" ranch has been rustled four times! Either it stops or we'll get a new sheriff!
Later... When the Ranchers Leave...

Yeehaw Batman, the three combined ranches comprise the whole county under my jurisdiction. The draft took most of my deputies, and with only a few men it's almost impossible to patrol this big area properly.

I can see that.

Still Later... As Batman and Robin Leave...

Robin, I'm wondering why Cotter was so lucky as to have his ranch rustled only once.

Yes, he looks too innocent for me. Very often when we find the guilty person in a mystery, he turns out to be a man like Cotter.

I hear you been complaining your cattle have been rustled too many times. Just to make sure you've really got something to complain about, I'm going to bustle your ranches again.

Batman, help me! Stay on your ranch. Disguise yourself. Do anything... but stop them rustlers!

Disguise... Hmmm... that's an idea.

Yeah, that way you could follow them to their hideout and we could close it out. But we gotta keep your disguise a secret!

How about a tune on your banjo, Boss? We want the boys to feel likeKeeycoelin tonight?

Sure?

N'entrail... and on Brule's three arrow C Circle Ranch, cowhands relax under the light of a full Western moon...

And as Brule plucks the strings of his banjo, two invited guests watch with interest—Batman and Robin in disguise.

Home... Home on the Range.

Gosh, it's so peaceful you could almost forget this rustling business.

Well, don't forget it! The chief rustler may be right here among us this very minute!

I wonder if Brule is playing to keep up his courage?

He'll need plenty of it before the night's over! Maybe he'll be playing a different tune tomorrow?
LATER—WHEN BATMAN AND ROBIN RETURN TO THEIR ROOM THEY FIND A NOTE UNDER THEIR DOOR:

WHAT'S IT SAY?

BÉllßHÈrHIEHMEF:
MEET ME AT EXACTLY ELEVEN O'LOCK AT THE FORKED STREAM ON THE RANGE. HAVE INFORMATION ABOUT RUSTLERS.

A FRIEND

SAY, HOW COULD THIS "FRIEND" KNOW WE'RE BATMAN AND ROBIN? THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SECRET!

APPEARENTLY IT ISN'T ANYMORE, SO WE MIGHT AS WELL SHUCK THIS BIGGUS AND GET STARTED!

ELEVEN O'LOCK SHARP? THE FORKED STREAM WHERE STEERS GRAZE IN QUIET COMPLACENCY...

DON'T SEE ANYBODY? DO YOU?

ONLY STEERS! I THINK WE GOT A BUM STEER, IF YOU ASK ME?

SUNNINLY! CRASHING SHOTS AND YELLS SPLIT THE NIGHT LIKE A RELEASED AVALANCHE! THE PANIC-CRAZED CATTLE THUNDER INTO A MIGHTY STAMPEDE!

STAMPEDE!

YAHOO!

OH ALONE! YAAAAAAAH!

RUN, ROBIN? RUN OR WE'RE GONERS? ROBIN!!

UH...

A QUICK FLIP AND THE BATMAN'S STEEL-HOOK ROPE WHISTLES THROUGH THE AIR TO WHIP AROUND A STOUT BRANCH!

HOLD TIGHT! HERE WE GO!

AND BEFORE THE PRONGED HORNS OF THE THUNDERING STEERS, BATMAN AND ROBIN CATAPULT FORWARD IN A RACE WITH MURDERING RUMBO?

CAN THEY MAKE IT?
ROBIN: WHEN WE HIT THE GROUND, ROLL! GET IT! ROLL!

LIKE THE CATE THEY ALIGHT ON THE HARD TURF... AND ROLL TPMO ONWARD IN THEIR MOMENTUM... TO CLEAR THE FLANK OF THE THUNDERING HERD?

PARDON ME WHILE I PAINT QUICKLY... SOMEONE LURED US INTO AS NEAT A DEATH TRAP AS I'VE EVER SEEN!

ANKLE'S OKAY NOW! WELL AT LEAST WE'VE NARROWED OUR SEARCH DOWN! ONLY COTTER, KRATF AND BRUHE KNEW WE WERE IN DISGUISE... SO THE MAN WHO TRIED TO MURDER US MUST BE ONE OF THEM!

YOU'RE FORGETTING THE SHERIFF... WE CAN'T TRUST ANYBODY TOO MUCH WHEN IT COMES TO BLACK MARKET BACKSTABBING!

NEXT DAY... BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE INVITED TO RIDE THE RANGE WITH SHERIFF COLT!

THIS IS BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY SHERIFF!

YES I GUESS I LOVE THE WEST MORE N I DO MY OWN LIFE... AND THAT'S WHY I JUST GO... A GET THEM RUSTLERS!

OH I SAW A WEST A BAD NAME NOW YEE I SEE! WHY I GONNA GET EM?

OUR WESTERN BOYS ARE FIGHTIN ON ALL FRONTS NOW... AND US AT HOME ARE BUYIN WAR BONDS AND DOIN DEFENSE WORK... BUT THESE BLACK MARKET RUSTLERS ARE GIVIN THE WEST A BAD NAME! NOW YEE I SEE!

WON'T THAT WINDMILL MUST BE FIFTY FEET HIGH... IT SUPPLIES WATER TO THE CATTLE... COTTER, KRATF AND BRUKE USE IT TOGETHER... IT'S A SORT OF DAVID'S POST!

A FOCAL POINT FOR ALL THE RANCHES... I'LL GET A MAN WITH FIELD GLASSES COULD SCAN THE WHOLE COUNTY FROM UP THERE!

THAT NIGHT...

BUT IF YOU WANT TO CHECK UP ON THE RANCHES TONIGHT WHY NOT DO IT FROM THE BATPLANE?

IT WOULD BE SEEN... MOTOR WOULD BE HEARD... THAT WINDMILL TOWER MAKES A PERFECT LOOKOUT POSTS... YOU GET THE SHERIFF AND MEET ME THERE!
But upon nearing the windmill, Batman receives a surprise.

With the stealth of a mountain cat, Batman slips silently to the tower and starts to climb.

I heard something—oof!

But the rustler is a tough antagonist!

Ohhh!

Not something—someone?

Wuuuuh? Someone here before... and sending out light signals? I'll bet that's how the rustlers know it's all clear to go ahead!

A whirling windmill blade clamps Batman on the temple and eeks him off the scaffold into empty space!

Gasping for breath, Batman bends over in agony from the poul kick... but a fierce haymaker straights him up... sends him tottering back... back...

...back to the churning blades!
But Batman's lucky star is shining! His tumbling body drags like a plummet into the air...

HE'S GONE PLUM Loco! I TELL YAT LUCO! THAT'S IT! I SEEN HORSES AND CATTLE ACT LIKE THAT WHEN THEY EAT Loco WEEDS! YOU MEAN SOMEONE FED BATMAN SOME Locoweed?!

WE'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING FAST. I SEEN HORSES DIE AFTER EATING THAT STUFF. GO AHEAD NOW! SICK 'MA ONE? DE? SICK 'MA?

GOSH BATMAN... I JUST GOTTA DO THIS? (GULP) HERE GOES?

POOR ROBIN!

SOMETIME LATER... AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

This is the same stuff we give horses when they've eaten Loco weed? Hope it works on a man? He can't die, he can't! Golly, why couldn't it have been me, instead? Please don't let him die!

WEARY HOURS LATER AS DAWN CROWDS OUT THE NIGHT...

How is he? By all rights he should be dead, but he ain't. Strong as a hoss? Go in! He wants it!

GOLLY? I THOUGHT YOU... YOU... GOLLY? GUESS YOU THINK I'M A Sissy DANCING THIS WAY?

HACK, I'M GOING A LITTLE DANCING MYSELF!

BUT AFTER THE REUNION COMES BUSINESS?

You want to go back to the tower now?

Yes, whilst I was fighting the rustler, I tore his pocket. Something fell out? Maybe it's a clue? Anyway, it's worth while looking for it.

AND LATER... ATOP THE TOWER. BATMAN FINDS HIS CLUE...

Looks like just a hard bit of celluloid to me, nothing much to it?

Perhaps... but it tells me who is the head of the rustlers?

READERS, WHAT IS THIS CLUE? DOES IT TELL YOU WHO IS THE GUILTY MAN??
Batman explains a plan of strategy...

You want Sheriff Colt to tell everyone you're dead? I get it. The guilty hombre will think he's safe, and he'll climb that tower again to signal his men—but we'll have him first!

If no ambush! I want that signal to go through so it will bring the rustling gang out of hiding and we can trap the whole mob all at once!

Accordingly...that day...

...Shore I'm shore takin' his body home now by Batplane!

Well, I guess the rustlers will be glad of that. With Batman out of the way they'll stop at nothing now!

That night...

Stop a reading telegram tower...

He's sending signals to the north? And Kraft's 'Circle K' Ranch lies north? This is it!

...Iron after...a posse of venal lawmen ballyhoos across the prairie?

O'ween men! We've gotta take them rustlers by surprise!

And when the 'Circle K' range is reached, the streamlined method of modern rustling is revealed!

An angry blast from the sheriff's six gun is the signal for the change?

And in the midst of that gun battle, Batman and Robin flash their own brand of battle tactics!
Well, look what I found in the truck!

"Branding irons!"

I never saw those ranch brands before.

That's just it! They don't belong to any rancher. Can I'm going to take you to the head of the rustlers.

Some time later... Their galloping horses take the duo to the ranch of...

"Yes, Robin! The secret head of the black market rustlers!"

WHA?!

"What's easy! You sent it to yourselves, just a trick to lure Robin and myself to your ranch... and into a death trap!"

"I'm not going anymore! That "rustling" of your cattle was just to make you seem a victim too!"

"Oh yeah? Well how are you going to explain the threatening note I got?"

But what's even more conclusive... you dropped this bit of hard celluloid atop the towers. In the music world it is called a plectrum. It is used to pick strings on a banjos... and you're the only one of the three ranchers who plays a banjo!"
Then with a stick, Batman traces two designs in the soft turf...

And here's my final proof! I've traced the brands of Cotters Ranch, the CoK, and Kraft's Ranch, the Circle K. Now, over them I will superimpose the markings of the two branding irons found in the rustlers' truck...

You took those names and brands for your ranches so you could rustle cattle and mingle them with your own herd!

Ya snooerin' tenderfoot! I'll... Blam! Blam!

Maybe I can't get you, but I can get the brat you're so fond of... Agh! Blam!

I guess it was old Betsy who had the last word in this trigger talk!

Next morning, Batman and Robin prepare to break camp...

Batman, you and Robin did a swell service by helping to wipe out those black market rustlers! Sheriff, if people won't patronize black market traitors and drink more of their country's wine instead of giving it to their stomachs that would be the greatest service of all.

Well, Sheriff, I'm happy to go back to the Big City.

And so, it's goodbye to the land of the purple sage as the Batplane wings eastward over the rolling plains...

Yes, they did their part. Let's hope other folks do the rest.

The End
HERE'S

GET UP AND GO

Food-Power for You!

Whole wheat food power! It's a training stand-by for hundreds of great athletes. It'll help you get up and go like a champion every morning. So start your breakfast right—with milk, fruit and Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions."

You'll go for Wheaties in a BIG way! These crisp toasted flakes are tops for whole wheat food power—tops for flavor that makes breakfast fun to eat.

Get that champion start tomorrow. Put in your bid for Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions."

Hay, look! Special offer good only while our limited supplies last. Get handsome mechanical pencil shaped like big league baseball bat—streamline curved to fit your fingers. Send 10c and one Wheaties box top to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 446, Minneapolis 15, Minn.

"If you don't mind lady, skip the Wheaties—last time I had em, I worked for two whole weeks!"

"Breakfast of Champions" with milk and fruit.
CRIME COMMUNIQUE

LAST NIGHT, OUR MECHANIZED RIFLENS STORMED A STRATEGIC STRONGHOLD—JONES JEWELS INC. AND PUT OUT OF ACTION ONE NIGHT WATCHMEN AND TWO COPS. THEN RETURNED TO PREVIOUSLY PREPARER POSITION WITH MUCH BOOTY, INCLUDING A DIAMOND NECKLACE WORTH TEN GRAND EMERALD BRACELETS AMONG WATCHES, ETC.

THERE'S A SAMPLE OF WHAT HAPPENS WHEN CRIMINAL FORCES IN FULL BATTLE ARRAY TAKE THE OFFENSIVE AGAINST LAW AND ORDER IN GOTHAM CITY!

NOCTURNAL SILENCE BLANKETS GOTHAM CITY BUT NEAR THE WHARVES A GRIM BATTLE RAGES BETWEEN BATMAN AND ROBIN AND THE NOTORIOUS GANG OF CHOPPER GANT!

YOU'RE LOWER THAN A PACHYMERUS. CHOPPER. STEALING FOOD TO SELL IN TIMES LIKE THESE?

YOU SEE HOW LOW I SELL IN TIMES LIKE THIS?

BANANAS V. TREMENDOUSLY FLUMS. BENEATH THE FEET OF THE POWERHOUSE PAR. PROVIDE ESCAPE FOR THE WILDERNESS BANDITS

OOPS!

THAT TAKES CARE OF 'EM COMING!

WHERE HAVE THEY DISAPPEARED TO, SO FAST?

THAT LECTURE HALL, MAYBE...

CONCERNING STRATEGIC RETREAT, I QUOTE CLAUSEWITZ:

LISTEN TO THAT, IF CHOPPER AND HIS BUDDIES CAME IN HERE THEY COULDN'T STAND IT LONG!

LET'S GO!

BUT WHEN THE LECTURE DRAWS TO A CLOSE

WOW! WE SURE PUT ONE OVER ON 'EM, SURE! BUT LISTENING TO CAT HANNIBAL BONEYARD GUY IS ALMOST AS BAD AS SCRAFFIN' WID BATMAN!

HE HAD US PULL JOBS LIKE CRACKING THE DOORS!

ARE YA CRAZY, SCHWARTZ? NOBODY CAN GET IN DE BOOGLE JOINT ALIVE!

SURE, BUT PORTS ARE CRACKED BY OURS LIKE THIS HANNIBAL BONAPARITE BROWN? COM'ON, WE'RE GONNA SEE HIM NOW! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE REPORTING, GET ME?

SCHWARTZ...
THE JOTLY IS QUK! HOW LE'S SEAT T?

RIGHT WIT YO! SELL TOOK IT OFF DE GUYS!

NO POLICE HEADQUARTERS BUT PARACHUTE CREWS HAVE INVAINED THE DODGE HOME ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP! "HURRY!

ANY WAY SCAPE VALIZED OR BLASTED SUPER-SWIFT PROPELLER TO THE HEAT- THE BAT PLANE DEAD SCOURGE OF THE SKIES!

MEANWHILE, IN THE ANCIENT ARMS ROOM OF THE MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD...

I WAS A FOOL NOT TO TRUST MY MONEY AND JEWELS TO A BANK. THAT'S WHERE I'LL KEEP THEM, MR. GORDY!

I'M DODGES! TAKE YOUR TIME GETTING THROUGH DODGE'S MOUNTAIN TOP!

IF THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT WHEN WE GET THROUGH DODGE'S MOUNTAIN TOP!

NOBODY BUT THE TWO OF US, SHOPPER! BUT DON'T LET UP! IF YOU CAN'T BE OUTPLANKED OR WHATEVER HE CALL IT!

RUSH 'EM!

THEY CAN'T FIX ALLOF US AT ONCE!

OH OH! SHOPPER AND HIS BOYS WANT TO PLAN FOR KEEPING WELL WE'RE PRETTY GOOD AT HITTING THE JACOBSOUTURSES!
NOW MANY LUMPS PLEASE!

WOW!

CANNON BALLS IS HARD!

PLUNK

AN ANCIENT BLUNDERBUSS COMES IN HANDY

YOU SUCK BLUNDERBUSS INTO THE PLACES!

HERE'S SOMETHING THAT'LL JUST YOU RIGHT IN HALF BATMAN--A POISONOUS SNAKE!

WITH A BLADE OF STEEL THE POWERHOUSE PAIR DELIVERS A FINAL SMASHING BLOW TO THE SHATTERED ENEMY MORALE.

THAT'S USING HIS HEAD AS A BATTERING RAM!

FORGET THE LOOT I GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE'RE ALL PUT HORSE DEE COMBAT!

THE SANGIT TRIBES RIDE IN PANIC... BUT FOOTSTEPS SOUND IN SWIFT PURSUIT BEHIND THEM?

SAY CAN'T WE GET EIP OF DEM SOMEWAY CHOPPER?

SURE! THE WAY INNIO TOLD US-- WE CUT THEIR LINE OF COMMUNICATIONS?

LIKE THIS SEE!

THEN TONNY-GUNS SUTURE IN SINISTER STAGGARD AS THE HOSTILES MAKE BLOW DOUBLY CERTAIN FOR THE TONNY-GUNS TEAM!

PEEFS! OAS I PUT 'EM AWAY FOR GOOD!

WE HOPE! NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO THE PLANE IN THE VALLEY AND SCREAM AWAY FROM HERE!
When am I going to see the articles you and your colleagues are writing about me? Ma Cant. I can hardly wait!

Later I right now we got a big problem. Let's say we gotta capture a dupla tough enemy spies and bummeruh - bring 'em to justice. How could we go about it?

Unsuspecting the military experts brilliant tactical mind conceives a plan of ambush for those champions of justice the Batman and Robin.

Mama? Not purely a problem in strategy. But one that is often important in warfare. Deceit is essential. If one of our soldiers were captured we could use information on him...

I getcha, Brownie.
So it's that next day

Hand over yer wallet?

A hold-up n' broad daylight? Come on hat.

Buy war bonds

At headquarters a smart search reveals starting information.

Yeah? Well listen to this! "The gang will meet at eight sharp tonight in the abandoned farmhouse near four corners to get instructions on pulling our next big job. Signed Chopper Gant!"

Chopper Gant? Say Batman'll be interested in that note?!

All right ya got me, coppers?

Big is he nuttiest ting I ever done! But Chopper's pinchin' me plenty an' he says he'll spring me after I get pull!

C'mon along, punky!

And at nightfall...

I don't see any of the gang around Batman?

We must be a little early, I guess?

Suddenly...

Nope! Chump, you're right on time for your funerals!

Uh-uh! Walk right into a trap that note they had on died was a phoney to lure us out here!

Later... at a secret airfield.

I don't comprehend! Why do me, Gant, and his colleagues intend to dispose of us, Mr. Batman?

He doesn't like Robin and me? And he evidently sent you to figure out enough jobs to keep his gang busy, quite a while; he doesn't need you anymore?

Then you aren't reporters? You're -- you're criminals?

Right stupid! You planned our crimes for us, even told us how to capture Batman and that beat? now maybe you can tell 'em how to get out of this pickle?
Okay Squeeziefly Bomb 6 is under nose of Glider. They won't blow it off even with stuntin'.

How's this for a military problem? Brownie's even if you haven't yourselves up there you'll be blown apart if you try to land. How will you survive your way out of that one?

Then motor-looking, the gangsters plane zooms into the sky, drawing the death glider with its helpless cargo and minutes later...

Or you hope cut clear outa here before you blow us up too easy.

But not the battling Batman? Ever moving restlessly, he searches for a way to cheat death.

We're not sick yet, that's a compass in your pocket, isn't it? Roll over here—- but immediately, my goodness, it is my compass. I must make a mental map of it in my pocket when I was taken for a drive. I hope that isn't stealing.

A Foam is picking the knots with the points of the compass, and he never have thought of it. Just a trick of the trade but we're not exactly sitting pretty yet. I've got to go over the edge and cut that bomb loose—otherwise we won't be able to land. And as Robin says, glider have to come down some time.

The three are tying their ropes together.

If I may make a suggestion Mr. Batman, I've made a quite extensive survey of aeronautics. Your jum or colleague would be better suited for the purpose. Your weight added to the bomb's would tip the ship easily.

He's right. I'd better do the job.

Himply, the boy wonders over the small glider's side, a slim rope between him and climbing down on the ground far below.

Careful Robin. Golly, I hope I don't suddenly have to sneeze.

What a mess we're in. We can't stay up here because glider have to come down some time and if we land that bomb will go off.

Dear me, this is a problem, I'm afraid I must concede defeat!
WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE! EVEN ROBIN'S WEIGHT WAS ENOUGH TO BRING THE WHEEL DOWN! GRAB THE WHEEL, I'LL TRY TO BALANCE THE SHIP AT THE OTHER END!

GOODNESS ME! I HOPE I CAN DO IT. YOU SEE I'VE NEVER EVEN GONE UP IN A GLIDER OR PLANE, LET ALONE FLY ONE!

MOMENTS LATER

THERE? THE TAIL IS GOING DOWN A LITTLE!

IT'S FORTUNATE I REMEMBER ALL I READ ON THE SUBJECT. LET ME SEE... THE FIRST PRINCIPLE IS TO EMPLOY THE THERMAL CURRENTS OR RISING COLUMNS OF AIR.

GASping PIRULOUSLY TO THE SWAYING CRAFT ROBIN FINALLY LOOSENS THE BOMBS LASHINGS AND THE BOMBS FALL TO THE DECK!

WHY'S THAT JOB DONE AND J'S still the TAD?

GET TO THE TANK FACTORY OUTSIDE GOTHAM CITY AS FAST AS WE CAN! THIS GLACERS' ONLY TRANSPORTATION HANDY? SO YOU'LL HAVE TO FLY US THERE!

MEANWHILE AT A FASHIONABLE HOTEL IN GOTHAM CITY...

THEES EES AN OUTRAGE! WE ARE VISITING DEEPCLIMATES FROM AN ALLIED COUNTRY! WE SHALL PROTEST TO THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF!

WE KNOW WE ARE... THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE! HAND OVER YOUR CREDENTIALS AND FANCY OUTFIT!

ELEGANT! THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT YOU — AS LONG AS YOU KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT! NOW HUNGRY LIP! WE DON'T GET MUCH THEE!

SONAS NOTCHES SENOR? WE ARE VISITING DEEPCLIMATES FROM AN ALLIED COUNTRY? HOW'S OUR SOUND CHOPPER?

WE HAVE BEEN COMMISSIONED BY OUR COUNTRY TO INJECT THES SO-GREAT TANK PLANTS! WHEELO BEE MAKING TANKS FOR OUR COUNTRY? GET BEE— HOW DO YOU CAN? OKAY WEETH YOU.

CERTAINLY SENOR! YOUR PREDICAMENTS ARE NO CONCERN. PLEASE FOLLOW ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND PERSONALLY!

SPEDING THROUGH CROWDED STREETS THE DISGUISED GANSTERS SOON REACH THE GIANT WAR FACTORY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...
ABRUPTLY, THE SUCCESSION BATTALIONS' PLAN IS REVEALED IN ALL ITS CRIMINAL INDIGENITY.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? GET OUT OF THOSE TANKS... AAAH!
WE'RE CLEARING YOUR PAYROLL... WHAT? AND IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET US OUT OF THESE TANKS, TRY IT!!

HEAR THE CLANK AND CLASH AS THE METAL ETHER WUS THUNDER BLOWS ON THE ARMORED CARS PUNY IN COMPARISON?

RUN 'EM DOWN! FLATTEN 'EM LIKE PANCAKES!!

WE GOT IN PAYROLL CHECKS!? EVERY CENT OF IT!

SURE! NOW SOON FOR THE EXIT GATE!! THE GET-AWAY CARS ARE PACKED OUT THERE AND THE BOYS ARE READY IN CASE OF TROUBLE?

SURE WON'T BE NONE! NOT WITH DEER TANKS!

BUT AT THAT INSTANT...

THEM THEY ARE CARRYING OUT THE STRATEGY I OUTLINED TO THINE ON.
SURE I COULD SUMMON MYSELF IN GEAR AT BEING VICTIMIZED SO HANDILY?

NOT YOUR Fault, BROWN? AND WE'LL STOP THEM! GET READY TO JUMP?

Then, three figures plummet to the suspinning band on the proving grounds, where tanks are tested for desert combat.

DOE I AM I BLAME THIS SHIT CONCRETE! NOW HOW DO WE BATTLE THOSE BIG TANKS?

You'll be in a second!

While the glider sails on, crash into high-tension cables, toppling them onto the stumbling metal monsters!

Splendid strategy! Those knaves can't stay in their tanks while electricity is shooting through them!
YOU TWO GENTLEMEN ATTEND TO THOSE DESPERADOS! I BELIEVE A PLAN OF TACTICS I'VE WORKED OUT WILL ENABLE ME TO TAKE CARE OF THEM & ASSOCIATES OUTSIDE MYSELF.

HEAVENS I'M SO NERVOUS! I'VE NEVER BEEN THIS CLOSE TO A TANK BEFORE. HOPE MY EXCITEMENT DOESN'T MAKE ME FORGET ALL I READ ABOUT OPERATING ONE.

GET A LOAD OF THAT ROTTEN DRUNK! HE MUST HAVE BEEN WOUNDED, OR MAYBE HE'S DRUNK!

HEYL! HERE COME SOME OF THE FELLERS!

BUT, SUDDENLY THE LURCHING JUGGernaU'T HADES AND...

AS YOU TREACHEROUS THIEVES! THIS IS HANNIBAL BONAPARTE BROWN! GET OUT OF THOSE CARS OR I'LL DRIVE RIGHT OVER THEM!

YEAH! SURE BROWNIES! WE'RE GETTIN' RIGHT OUT!

MARCH RIGHT INTO THE FACTORY AND DON'T ATTEMPT ANYTHING RASHY. THIS GUN IS LOADED! GOODNESS ME! I HOPE I DON'T HAVE TO USE IT! I COULDN'T SHOOT ANYTHING, NOT EVEN THESE CALLOUS CRIMINALS?

MEANWHILE, THE REST OF THE ZASCAl REGIMENT IS FIGHTING A DOWNHILL BATTLE...

YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD YOUR MILITARY EXPERT CHOPPER? HE HADN'T FIGURED A WAY OUT OF THIS LITTLE DIFFICULTY YOU'RE IN!

KEEP RUNNING YOU FOOLS! DON'T LET THEM CAPTURE US!

THIS IS WHAT I CALL FIGHTING IN SOLID COMFORT!

THROUGH THE HUGge FACTORY RACE THE SQUADRON OF SCOUNDRELS... A TWO-MAN OFFENSIVE AT THEIR HEELS! IN THE ENGINE ASSEMBLY DEPARTMENT...

FOR YOU! I SHOULDA STAYED IN BED!
WHERE TURRETS ARE MOUNTED BATMAN SURMOUNTS A SUDDEN DANGER!

HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS BATMAN.

UGH!

A REVOLVING TURRET'S ONE WAY TO PUT A REVOLVER OUT OF ACTION!

HE'S THIS FOR A SECRET WEAPON."

IT'S CERTAINLY GIVING THEM A SHELLACQUING?

LATER, WHEN THE MARTIAL MARAUDERS HAVE BEEN MARCHED OFF TO PRISON.

MY WORD! I'VE BEEN A MILITARY EXPERT FOR YEARS! AND I'VE FINALLY ENGAGED IN ACTUAL COMBAT! I CAN SCARICELY BELIEVE IT!

AND A JOB YOU MADE OF IT, TOO? EH, ROBIN?

THE BES-

AND BEHIND GREY STONE RAMPS--

HERE YOU ARE, GENERAL. WE GOT ORDERS FOR YOU TO MOP UP THE PRISON MESS ALL?

NO STRATEGY CAN GET YOU OUT OF THAT CHOPPERS OR THE HOT BED YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOURSELF.
BROTHER

C’MON, BROTHER!!

READY?

LET’S GO!

WHEW!

THAT WAS CLOSE!

OWA-AAAAHHHHH!!

LET’S GO FOR A RIDE DOWN DEAD-MAN’S HILL!
LOW BRIDGE!

HOLD EVERYTHING!!

ONE INCH MORE AND WE'VE BEEN WET PIGEONS!

WHAT A RIDE! WHAT A RIDE!

PUT IT THERE BROTHER! I NEVER THOUGHT YOU COULD STEER SO WELL!!

SAY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE STEERING!!
UNLESS, LIKE THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, TROUBLE IS YOUR BUSINESS,
NEVER HIRE A BUTLER WITH A HANKERING FOR LAUGHTER FOR
WHEN ALFRED PULLS A DAB ON HIGH SOCIETY, TROUBLE SHINES
A PEER OF THE REALM AND HIS STAND-IN UNTIL THAT PEERLESS
PUNCH NO P.A.R. THE BATMAN AND ROBIN PENETRATE THE MYSTERY OF

"HIS LORDSHIP'S DOUBLE!"
I suppose I should go since it's a USO benefit affair but who and what is Lord David Hurley Burleigh?

Oh, sir, I may be permitted to intrude a word.

Mr. and Mrs. C.L.J. Carruthers request the pleasure of your company at a charity bazaar for the U.S.O. at which its lordship, David Hurley Burleigh, recently arrived from the United States will be guest of honor.

With the lady of my acquaintance, Lord Shy, myself, my secretary, Mr. Theo B. Burleigh, and my much employed gardener at our home near London, often spoke of him as a man of science.

I believe botany was his chief passion and he might even be called a bit of a recluse. I wonder if I will be meeting him at the bazaar tonight and I was wondering you'd like to have the evening off by all means, Alfred.

It's getting rather late, Dick. If you're coming to the bazaar with me tomorrow evening, you'll need lots of rest tonight.

So—The next 6-8 our friends present they see us at the palatial home of the C.L.J. Carruthers.

Mr. Bruce Wayne and Mr. C.H. Burleigh are nice to see you again.

Mr. Wayne and Mrs. Carruthers, it's nice to see you again.

Oh, sir, I'm so glad you came. But come—you must meet our guest of honor, Lord Burleigh.

Are you and I nervous at the new Alfred? Read January Detective Comics to learn about his amazing transformation!
Mighty muscles soon subdue the misguided thugs.

And now that we've taken care of them, how about doing a little explaining, Alfred? Or should I address you as 'Your Lordship'?

Really, this attack puzzles me. As for the title, I came about this way.

--- Upon hearing my distinctly British accent, I was admitted by Lord Burleigh himself.

But reporters prying about, you know? But your accent made me realize you're from the agency.

You see, Sir—Lord Burleigh always was known as eccentric: never even allowed himself to be photographed.

But this attack! It must have been meant for Lord Burleigh. Suppose we find out from—

I realized, of course, that His Lordship had mistaken me for an English actor sent by an agency. But a spirit of prankishness impelled me to go through with it. Sir—A jolly idea. My being a peer for a night, don't you think?

Can't gracefully beg out, but since they won't know the difference and I'm staying in the States only a few days, I've decided to send a substitute for tonight. You'll play Lord Burleigh. Return here at midnight for your pay.
MINUTES LATER—
NO USE—THEY WON'T TALK!
BUT IF LORD BURLEIGH'S IN
DANGER WE'D BETTER
WARN HIM! YOU
STAY HERE ALFRED
AND KEEP AN EYE
ON THESE FELLOWS
TILL THE POLICE
ARRIVE!
RIGHT!

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS—
HERE'S LORD BURLEIGH'S
PLACE! I HOPE HE CAN
TELL US WHO THOSE
MEN WERE AND
WHAT'S BEHIND
THAT ATTACK!
IF HE'S
AS ECCENTRIC
AS THEY SAY
HE'S LIKELY TO
REFUSE TO
SEE US?

GO AWAY, I SAW!
I DON'T WISH
TO SEE ANYONE!

BUT LORD
BURLEIGH—
YOU'RE IN GREAT
DANGER! I THIS
MAN YOU Hired
AS YOUR STAND-IN
HAS JUST BEEN
ATTACKED!
YOU'VE GOT
TO OPEN UP!

EH? ATTACKED? MY
STAND-IN? SO—YOU
KNOW ABOUT THAT,
BANAN— I MUST
BEG OF YOU NOT A
SOUL MUST HEAR
MY SOCIAL PRESTIGE
WILL BE RUINED
AND NOW—WHAT'S
THIS ABOUT DANGER?

THAT'S WHAT
I'D LIKE TO ASK
YOU: KNOW
ANYONE WHO O
BE OUT TO GET
YOU?

OUT TO GET ME? NONSENSE—
NONSENSE? I'M SURE IT
WAS ALL A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!
NO NEED TO CONCERN YOUR-
SELF ABOUT ME, BATMAN!
BUT BEFORE YOU LEAVE
LET ME GUESS OF YOU
AGAIN—NOT A WORD
OF MY STAND-IN
PLEASE!

BY THE WAY—I
NOTICE YOU'RE
HAVING TROUBLE
WITH YOUR PLANTS...
TROUBLE WITH
WHAT? MY
PLANTS? OH—ER—
YES... NOW
WHAT'S
HE GETTING
AT?

RATHER STRANGE, ISN'T IT
THAT ALL YOUR PLANTS
SHOULD BE WILTED, YOUR
LORDSHIP, CONSIDERING
THAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO
BE A BOTANIST? UNLESS—
UNLESS—YOU'RE NOT
LORD BURLEIGH AT ALL!

WELL!
BATMAN—YOUR HEEN DEDUCTION HAS HIT THE TRUTH. I'M NOT LORD BURLEY. UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU.

"THOSE PLANTS OF COURSE NO BOTANIST WOULD EVER ALLOW HIS RARE PLANTS TO WITHER LIKE THAT!"

"WHATEVER ROBIN—QUICK BEHIND YOU!"

"SUCH A NICE, COZY HEAD O' HAIR! MIND IF I PAT IT?"

"SINCE YOU'RE SO FOND OF CURLS, HERE'S SOMETHING THAT I'LL MAKE YOU CURL UP!"

"QUICK—GET HIM!"

"CAUGHT OFF GUARD BY THE SURPRISE ONSLAUGHT BATMAN REELS BLINDLY AS THE BRUTAL BLOW DESCENDS!"

"DON'T LET 'EM GETCHA DOWN—BATMAN!"

"THAT CAME Rather Close TO CRIMPING OUR PLANS. SHREWDED DEDUCTION ABOUT THE PLANTS! TAKE THEM DOWN TO THE CELLAR—LORD BURLEY! WULL ENJOY THE COMPANY!"

"LIKE A DOLL HE'S SLEEPIN' DAT WIZ SOME RAP ON DA CONK!"

"LIKE THE DAMPNESS SEEPING THROUGH THE GREY WALLS OF THE PRISON, CONSCIOUSNESS COMES SLOWLY TO THE CAPOD CRIME-FIGHTERS—"

"IS THAT YOU, BATMAN? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?"

"AH—SO YOU'RE COMING OUT OF IT YOU TWO? ALLOW ME—I'M DAVID HURLEY—LORD BURLEY!"

"MY HEAD—MY EYES—IT'S SO DARK HERE?"
IT'S ABOUT MY INVENTING A CHEAPER PROCESS FOR OBTAINING RUBBER FROM PETROLEUM. BATMAN! I CAME HERE HOPING TO MAKE A DEAL WITH AN AMERICAN OIL COMPANY— IN RETURN FOR MY PROCESS THE COMPANY MUST CONTRACT TO DELIVER PART OF ITS RUBBER TO BRITAIN. ONLY MY MAN STEVENS KNEW MY MISSION HERE AND ONLY HE KNEW MY PROCESS WAS WORTH MILLIONS— AND HE'S A SCOUNDREL.

YOU MEAN HE MURDERED THOUGHTS AND IMPERSONATED ME WITH EASE? I'M VIRTUALLY UNKNOWN BY RIGHT. HE'S BEEN ABLE TO IMPERSONATE ME WITH EASE SO I'M NOT EVEN SUSPECTED? BUT I WON'T GIVE UP THE PROCESS WHICH IS SAFELY HIDDEN HERE IN THE HOUSE!

AND HE'S TRYING TO SWEAT THE PLANS OUT OF YOU SO HE CAN PATENT THEM HIMSELF, EH? RIGHT? BUT HE CAN'T KILL ME BEFORE I TALK!

WHICH MEANS THAT WE'LL PROBABLY ALL BE DOWN HERE!

OH, THAT! I BELIEVE HE'S KNOWN TO MR. CARRUTHERS' ENGLISH BUTLER! HE COULDN'T DISCOVER HIMSELF, BECAUSE I ALREADY ACCEPTED THE INVITATION!

AND YOU HAD TO APPEAR, EH? BUT WHY THE ATTACK ON ALFRED?

OBVIOUSLY THE REAL ACTOR SHOWED UP FROM THE AGENCY, AND STEVENS GOT SCARED SO HE GOT HIS MUGGS TO TRY TO FIND what ALFRED'S GAME WAS BUT WAIT— I HEAR FOOTSTEPS, AND I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA.

SO— YOU HID THE PLANS DOWN HERE BEHIND THIS VERY STONE OVER MY HEAD, BUT A MIGHTY CLEVER HIDING PLACE, TOO?

WHAT?? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
A sudden beam of light lances through the gloom as approaching footsteps become more audible...

"So the plans are hidden behind that stone, eh? Well, Batman, you did me quite a service; quite a service, indeed?"

"You... you overheard me?"

As Steven's departing footsteps echo hollowly down the corridor...

"Batman—what's up? What's this about the stone?"

"Why did you tell him that? When he finds you led, he'll be so furious he'll kill you!"

"It's my own gamble—a desperate chance, but maybe it'll work!"

"But there is no time for explanations as the heavy tread of hurrying feet marks the hasty return of Stevens and his henchmen..."

"There's the stone! Start hacking away boys! What a place to hide da plans?"

Sharp slivers of stone fall like hail about the three prisoners as the thugs work with chisel and pick-axe on the sumy walls...

"Boy—dis job? Dis don't seem like no fresh job!"

"Hey! The stone chips are flying all over us! Batman—are you all right?"

"Never mind the game, just keep chopping!"

"I had an idea there'd be enough of these stone slivers around to cut my bonds with! Good thing it's dark!"

"All right? I—I think so Robin?"
Out like a light, my felonious friend!
Don't let him get away! Jump him! Kill him?

But it hasn't taken long for keen witted Robin to cut his own bonds with the sharp stones...
Here's an end to your chiseling?
Okay—on the noggin?
That gives me an idea!

Did you say on the noggin?

Make it plural!
BAIF&ACS

APPEAR EVERY MONTH IN
DETECTIVE COMICS

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE
HERO'S MISSION
by George Brandon

IT IS NOT so much the dead as public bills in the door that makes the hero. No, to the Nazi, Major Shuls of the Luftwaffe was a hero. Shuls had a number of ruined schools to his credit and the way he bombed innocent women and children and smashed hospitals and burned houses, the Nazi had a high opinion of him. Yes, Major Shuls was a hero.

At least he thought so new in the dimly lit room which was headquarters hidden in a base harbor on the coast of Norway. Shuls studied his plans. Ten men would take to their new bomber and attack any ships that were on the Führer.

"Only ten men," Shuls said. "But it's always a matter of life and death. I'm going to have to use my philosophy.\" He rose and shook his hand at the table. "Shak's out the answer below. That plant wasn't piloted until. Hadn't his own brother-in-law in the Gestapo.\"

And now Major Shuls, him self had been directed as planned to the objective and blast it to bits. Impatiently Shuls drummed his fingers on the table, and muttered. "It is the work of Colonel Lauffer.\" He wanted to get rid of him for certain of it. Anger crowded into his eyes. Lauffer? They had been political enemies of long standing. But Lauffer was now in intelligence and he Shuls, a light

“What goes on there?" Shuls cried out his voice sternly. "I am sorry Herr Major," another voice answered. "This Dutch pig placed the wheel block too tightly. But I have it out now.\" The glow of a flash light came on for a moment and Shuls, getting into the plane grunted approval as the man who held the light flicked one of the Dutch labor conscripts. Shuls needed no pain contorted the man's face. Then he paused, momentarily interested by the man. It was young but also it was old, as though the torture of the damned were stand in it.

His heard Kabel's voice. "The Major as ready?\"

"Yes, Major.\" Shuls climbed into the cockpit and sat in the plane. He could feel the adding of the fuel. He put on the now had he guided him to safely across the channel and five times had he and his crew had gotten back. Tonight however only he returned. His smiled reflected back on the stack.\"

"What?\" Shuls asked, annoyed at the captain. "Down below, Herr Major. Are they not yet sailing up?\"

Shuls looked down. "They did not know better than to use the blinker like that?\" He was clear of the field. For a moment he was tempted to use his radio.\" Then, natural habit of picking up wireless messages.\"

"It is nothing," Shuls said. "Get back to your place.\" He wanted to think most again as he had done so many times this..."
The man with a gun was headed for the car. He aimed his weapon at the passenger side, where Paul Lambshead was sitting. Lambshead raised his hands in surrender. The man shouted, "Get down!"

Paul was terrified. He didn't know what to do. He didn't want to be shot. He didn't want to die. He just wanted to live.

"I'm just trying to help," Lambshead said. "I'm a doctor."

The man laughed. "Doctor? You look more like aariate."

"I'm a doctor," Lambshead repeated. "I have a medical degree."

The man laughed again. "A medical degree? You look more like a party animal."

Paul was confused. He didn't understand what was happening. He didn't know what to do. He just wanted to be safe.

"I'm just trying to help," Lambshead said again. "I have a medical degree."

The man laughed. "A medical degree? You look more like a party animal."

Paul was terrified. He didn't know what to do. He just wanted to be safe.
I wish Homer would hurry—Brrr, it's freezing!

That lame brain is a half hour late already. Wait'll I see him!

Well, I finally toned myself away from that jam session!

Two hours and $200,000 snow flings later

Now where's Jerry? He could have waited a few minutes for me!

I waited for you, chum. Now you wait for the street cleaning department to come and pick you up.

Jerry!
Gotham City Star

Tax returns show three eccentrics to be richest people in nation!!

In a Hunters Gotham City Pub, the gang plans to burgle a bank.

And that's what I mean! Pick a paper with the butter any what if I read a wall paper? Fudges Charity! I am a guy like us in crime!


ROBA D'AM - SAM CAJELL,
EXPERT ON BROKEN THINGS
SAYS HE CAN'T JIMMIE
A CAR OPEN N WEEKS
BECAUSE RICH ELVES LIKE
SABERS PLANT IS US N A
SALTY SWEET YA GETTA
BLAST - ORAN?

REMBR ABOUT
SHARPE' CAUSIN I'M
THE BEST SABER
SAY MAN IS THE
PROFESSION SI? 
BUT I AINT BEEN
ABLE TO PULL A
SABER N
MONTHS!

WHO SAYS
WE DON'T
SHARRR?
MUST BE BAR
AND HE'S GIVIN
LOVE 'STUJ
TO OUR
CONVERSATION?

Putting -
SHARRR
BORTING?

"WAAAlict, I'll
ZACH YOULS}
GOOJ
SHARRS RROUND
HE FALL?

But the
MAN
TAKES
ATTEMPT
TO MAKE
CHARMING HUGS
CALMLY SMILINGLY
HE PLEADS UMBRELLA...

OH DEBBY!
HE USED AN
UMBRELLA
ON YOU!? HE
REALIZE WHAT
IT MEANS?!
HE MUST
BE THE
PENGUIN!

THE
CHARMED?

DON'T YA
PLEASE CONTINUE
WITH WHAT YA
WAS SAYIN.
SAY, MISTER
PENGUIN?

BRAGGADY,
YOU REVERT
Areib AND
A CARSTELLING
OF ME.
YOU AIN'T
A CAREER TO
THE PROFESSION?

HOWEVER, I WAS ALWAYS
KNOWN FOR SORC. HEARTBREAKERS.
HERE ARE THAT NEWSPAPER YOU
MADE AND I'LL RECOVER ... AND
ALL OF THIS - UNFOLD WEALTH FROM
THE VERY YEE YOU MELT OVER
EBENEZER FLINT OR ELARING UP.
WHAH WHITE IT?
Meanwhile... Below:

You won't get away
with that,
won't you?

Very
interesting...
but I won't
believe
you.

Look, Mister
Penguin?
thanks for
the
welcome.

But just then... a howling
mode breaks through
the
daylight!

Pardon me for
running in
shallawares!

Landing lightly
the batman
explores
into
blasting action!

Because
I have
faith!

The
batman?
The Batman Whirls As Five Things Near Him Go Down!

Gentlemen, the criminal season is in full swing!

And Now a Donation of a New Adopted Knuckle?

Suddenly! Without Warning, a Small Nightingale Through the Air

Eh! Oh! Hello, fellow, we lad? Thought to pitch in before you think of everybody?

What sand?? Only Leeds. Why, I meant to hit you! Have gentlest time, next time?

Batman—there will be no next time!


Uhh... choose.

One of my calling dumped water out again. And, any hint, spin the truth! I hear a police queen!
At this moment in Belleville ten miles away, another horror is being enacted...

Go ahead and make the cream I saved you!

And one of the Penguin's thousand umbrellas becomes a snarling victim...

Oh! Here's the Penguin!
Later, in an alley, the Penguin stirs and工程 ends a common.

Sure, he's cute! What's going on? He's gonna do it.

Yeah! Sure, that's right! I suppose that's why I set a little boy like me around you are braining... an umbrella?

And at that very moment...

You two should stay a while longer! You hire the best!

Thank you! Everything's going to plan. We'll take our next after we land the Penguin!

Churning grey speed to the Batmobile's hidden garage?

Where are we going, Batman?

If Belleville, we'll save time by taking the shortcut that plum past the quicksand area?

I got a glimpse of the newspaper: the Penguin posing in plants, but it was the stunt! Alas, poor John White. The Penguin has already attacked him. It's logical to think he's going after the others.

Belleville's only ten miles from Gotham City... so we'll do three more if the Penguin isn't in Belleville. We'll keep going to John White's cottage, even though John White won't be there?

What do you mean?

But Robin's injury is a precautionary measure!
But the instant, another of the Penguin's versatile umbrella's reveal:

"How to collect... well, hello? The boy athletes are back again!"

The Penguin and Robin, the boy wonder, thunder toward their prey. The Penguin's chubby hand grasps a squealing ball of fire...

"Eye's flashing fire, the envious Batman starts a devastating thunderbolt at his quarry. I'm sorry!

"C-can't stop me!"

"Wack!"

"Here you are, purry. This is for Robin!"

"Ugh!"

"C-cans! What a sock! Am I know cause I sampled it?"

The Penguin's paw plunges in a spring... and the umbrella's hand forward with mirth and agility...

"Meet my newest umbrella, Batman, and the other two. Now, climb into the car! The punch is away, but Batman wants..."

"Yessir!"
FIGHTING DEFEATLESSLY AGAINST TIME... AND THE SLOWING SAPPHIRE BATMAN LOOPS HIS ROPE AROUND HIS NECK... AND THEN RIP'S AT THE PENGUIN'S WEB-CLUTCH!

JUST HURRY... LITTLE TIME LEFT...

FINGERS PART RACING, THE BATMAN CYLINDERS HIS SILENCE CELT UNDER HIS ARM PIT IT TIES AN END OF THE TENSELY STRONG MATERIAL TO A SLIM UMBRELLA RIB... AND...

BATMAN! P-PLEASE HURRY...

WHY MUST I CARRY THE WASTE OF A DAY'S WORK, LITTLE MAN? IT WAS THE END OF THE SICK HOP TO THE DODGE AND KNOCK YOU OUT IN MY TURF!

NO... NEVER BATMAN! I'LL TRY THE END OF THE SICK HOP TO THE DODGE AND KNOCK YOU OUT IN MY TURF!

But... even as Robin wavers fearfully...

-HE'S SAVED UNDER IT! THAT ROPE NEVER FAILED BEFORE... AND HERE... IT'S JUST Gotta HOLD TOGETHER NOW!

NEWLY... TO PREVENT A-FALL, THE BATMAN HONES FORWARD... THE ROPE KNIPT TIGHTER... TIE - TE - AND THEN...

THE BATMAN'S MISSION IS FULFILLED! HE HAS BEEN SAVED BY THE PENGUIN'S UMBRELLA...
The Page Later... a car toiled up a steep incline to the castle home.

Oh, Master Penny! The door is open without me! Going inside, I'll be through with the experiments.

Off! No one shall enter my laboratory without my permission.

What a creepy-looking fellow! I'll say a prayer before entering.

Your cowardly chills will vanish before the warmth of these beds of money.

What—oh my! It's the ghost of the Batman!

That's not funny!

In fact, it's so funny that you're chills up with laughter.

Begone, vile varlets!
WINTER PLAYING WITH ENRAGED, THE PENGUIN SCAMPS FOR SAFETY!

SILENTLY, SECRETLY, A THICK MUSCLE FORM ROLLS THROUGH THE AIR OVERHEAD! THE BATMAN?

STOP! STOP! ME LITTLE MAN! IF YOU DARELLA CONTAINED ANOTHER PLANE-CHASER YOU MIGHTN'T HAVE RUN AWAY!

OHHHHH

That night... the mantles figures slip their costumes revealing themselves to be Flaming Arrows, waving and flung back bravely!

Well, being sparce, Cheshire! The Penguin are my fault! But one thing you rascalls not how do I know--before we arrived--that John White wouldn't be at his castle?

Look, Dick! When we surprised The Penguin in Ebenzer, Flints' hike I sent over to see the expert he dropped. This is a copy--and shows the date-line is 1441! And...

---JOHN WHITE RIPS HANDKERCHIEF IN TWO!

BRAVO! The Penguin's money from the airship puma! But fail to barely when he tries to rob a head man! A dead man whose life has been devoted to charity! Ha-ha! But he must be a moral seaman!

WHAT! A PENGUIN! No, I. It's not the penguin. It's the happy person that can clump the wings of the PENGUIN? I'm getting out!!!
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