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Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, more fun and adventure will be published in monthly. ALL FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN, MUTT & JEFF will have twice as much, more AMERICAN COMICS will be published only with a cover and picture storib from the BIBLE only every two months.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS
and STAMPS
BATMAN

ROBIN

CRIME!

DOWN THE AVENUE OF ANETH STRUGLES THAT HAS MASTERED OF BIRTH—THE JOKER'S

WE'RE ONCE STEP HOME AND ROBBER YOUR CAREER. IT'S ALWAYS FUN TO BE FOOLER.

FIND IT, ROOCHER IF THAT GUY'S STEALING MY LINE I HAY HAY LET'S SEE IF HE CAN MAKE ME LAUGH!
INTO THE GIANT HOUSE WALKS
THE FABULOUS JOKER.

HAH! HAH!

MIGHTY FUNNY!

HAH! HAH!

LOOKS LIKE THE
BARREL IS ROLLING
OUT! HAH-HAH!

DON'T!

WATCH OUT,
BELOW! I'M
GLIDING TO
HOME BASE!

HAH! HAH!

BEGINNING HIS MENTAL
BALANCE THE LAUGHING
LAWBREAKER REALIZES
THAT HE IS IN THE MOST
MEASURE OF ALL,
THE UPSIDE DOWN
ROOM!

HAH! HAH! THAT JOKER
NEARLY STOOD ME
ON MY BARK! NOT BAD
FOR AMATEURS!

WHAT'S HAPPENED?
I'M FEELING UPSIDE
DOWN!

OH, NO!
YOU THINK
ANYTHING UPSIDE
DOWN IS FUNNY?
BUT IT'S GIVEN ME
A BRILLIANT IDEA!
I'LL SOON HAVE
EVEN MORE IN
GOTHAM CITY STANDING
ON HIS HEAD!

STOP THEM!

THEY'RE THE
FIGHTERS!

THEY'RE
TURNED
UPSIDE
DOWN!

AND THE NEXT BIG, GOTHAM
CITY VIEWS THE
FIRST OF THE
UPSIDE DOWN CRIME

NOW, WHY WOULD
THE JOKER WANT
TO TURN OVER
A CAR?

DON'T ASK ME!

ASK THE
JOKER?
In another part of Gotham City... Two line-libered young men, Bruce Wayne, and his ward Dick Brannan, are in a stream of position—upper room.

This reminds me... What did you think of the Joker's new upper room tricks?

For this is part of their daily routine workout in Bruce's gym!
At that moment, alert young Dick spots another more imperative message through the opposite window...

BOY! Things are popping this morning! Look, Bruce, we're needed down at police headquarters!

RIGHT YOU ARE! Looks like a case for two fellows we know!

A quick change of garbants, and moments later the masked figures speed to an underground hangar—Batman and Robin, the boy wonder!

Robin, that sky message was a warning from the Joker—spelled backwards it said... JOKER AT WORK!

Soon, a weird black shape soared swiftly through the rush—the powerful Batplane...

Then, at Commissioner Gordon's office...

This message for you just came from the Joker, Batman! What do you make of it?

Hmmm... A challenge to Batman! Will strike this morning, in Leeba's basement, signed, the Joker?

I've got it! I never heard of Leeba, but read that word backwards and it spells JABELO!

What is that? McCNU—? Yes, those devilish lads in the penthouse tonight? For the benefit of the U.S.O.?
Clowns unfurled at rings them, the dynamic duo streams toward their plane.

And at very instant the kiss of sleeping vapors from the Joker's gas gun... I shall work!

May, may! Pleasant dream my friend while you sleep. This is fun, boss! But I still don't get it.

Hap, hap, you'll get plenty very soon!

What's this? A problem yet unexplored in the life of each mugwump? Now to replace the glasses with my glass substitute! The people will think this was just another case... Frankly, May! Was never the case, Batman... just a little too late!
HA! HA! THE TABLES ARE TURNED! BUT MY CONGRATULATIONS FOR INTERPRETING MY MESSAGE!

OOPS! HE GAVE ME THE SLIP THAT TIME! NEXT TIME I'LL KEEP MY EYE PEELD!

UNHUNTED THE DYNAMIC DUO TAKES UP THE CHASE

THE BATPLANE I HAD GONE UP THE LADDER!

...OUT TO THE DARKENED TERRACE WHERE THE BATPLANE HANGS, NOTIONLESS - SUPPORTED BY THE AULD BUT WISE PALS.

Swiftly, the Batman swings onto the ladder of the suspended plane in hot pursuit!

HA! HA! HERE'S WHERE YOU TAKE OFF?

...Look out. Robin? He's at the controls?

Missed it?

The swashbuckler Batplane soars into the night with its bumbling burden...

A 5.05 to Robin via the tiny yet powerful person-to-person radio hidden in Batman's utility belt.

An S.O.S. to Robin... via the tiny yet powerful person-to-person radio hidden in Batman's utility belt.

Robin, follow plane to east end... follow plane...

Missed it? Whew! That was close!
CAREFULLY, 
THE CLOAKED 
FIGURE NOW 
NOSE 
ALONG THE 
WING 
AND...

I THOUGHT 
YOU OFF? 
NO, I 
DROPPED 
IN?

HIGH ABOVE A SLEEPING CITY, TWO 
MEN STRUGGLE SILENTLY...

BUT THERE IS ONE IN THE CITY 
BELOW WHO DOES NOT SLEEP...

THESE IT IS! 
BATMAN MUST 
BE SAFE OR 
HE COULDN'T 
HAVE SIGNalled 
TO ME ON OUR 
SECRET RADIO 
TRANSMITTER!

SAFE? 
MY LUCK NEVER 
RUNS OUT! BATMAN 
STEPS ON THE 
SEAL 
AND 
BATTens 
HIMSELF. NOW FOR 
HOME WITH TEMPLE LEE-- 
BATMAN, BATPLANE -- 
AND THE GEMS!

UNKNOWN TO THE ACE OF 
KNIVES, THE OPEN RADIO 
TRANSMITTER ON BATMAN'S 
UTILITY BELT DIRECTS ROBIN 
TO HIS DESTINATION.

NOW FOR THE OLD BATMAN 
MANSION WHERE THERE'S A 
SURPRISE WAITING FOR 
MR. BATMAN!

OH--OH! SOMETHING'S 
WRONG! THAT WAS THE 
JOKER'S VOICE!

MINUTES LATER, BATMAN 
AWAKENS IN A PRISONER IN 
THE HANDS OF THAT ARTIST 
OF DEATH--BROPOLLY---

HA! HA! 
YOU AND I 
ARE GOING 
TO PLAY A 
NEW GAME!

WHAT MEAN-- 
HIGH TRICKS, 
WAS YOU 
THOUGHT 
UP NOW?!
I'll join you in a minute, Batman! Yaaa-ha!

Has the joke really gone long? What is he up to now?

A fantastic sight! Two men hang head downwards from a magnetizer steel ceiling!

You meet me on my own terms, Batman... upside-down! Here's your chance to prove your mettle! Hat! Hat! Can't keep yourself those steel balls and magnetized?

Thus starts the oddest battle in history, justice against evil, keen with against trickery, while two men hang suspended.

Hat! Hat! Here's a hot tip for you! The electric shock will burn the clothes right off your back.

Thanks for the tip!

Hat! Hat! That's just a preview of what's coming?

Depravity, Batman swings forward

May I have this dance?

Two bodies sway madly in a dizzy dance of death

Clear the way! I'm coming through!

This was all just a ruse, pal. Turnabout is fair play?

As the daredevil boy wonder furiously fights his way through to his bleached partner.
GOOD BOY ROBIN! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY. THE JOKER'S AT THE NOTCH STREET ADDRESS. AFTER ALL, I'LL LEAVE US CLUELESS IF THE POLICE PICK THEM UP. I SAW THEM HERE! BUT HOW DID YOU FIND THEM?

BUT I REALIZED THE JOKER HAD CUT OUT THE JEWEL AND, USING PLAIN RUBBER CEMENT, REPLACED THAT WITH BAKED ARMOR. NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THAT JOKER.

WHEN I WAS AT THE JOKER'S HIDEOUT -- AND AS I RECOGNIZED CONSCIOUSNESS -- I SAW HIM SLIP THE BOMB UNDER A LOCKED FLOOR, BOMB AND WHERE THEY ARE!

AT COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE, THE CRIME-MASTER CONTINUES HIS STORY...

SIR BERNARD, I AM MOST BEAUTIFUL TO YOU! THESE STORES ARE FACING.

WE SENT YOUR MESSAGE TO THE EVERYWHERE. ARMED ROBBER AND HIS MEN RAN OUT OF THE JOKER'S HANGOUT... BUT THE JOKER AND HIS MEN WERE ALL CLEARED OUT!

THE E-MAIL FROM THE BLEEDER REPORT OF WHAT I DID, LONG AFTER WHAT I HEAR THE JOKER'S HAND! YOU MUST HAVE USED IT TO TELL THE E-CRIME AND THEY SURVED THROUGH THE LOOK ON THEIR OWN;

THE MEANIE! HE CAN'T KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT.
Days pass... then once again, a cryptic message from the Mad Riddler!

Boy! The Joker is getting poetic! Do you think he's planning to pull a job at the Beach Club?

Merry? It won't be as simple as all that.

Tonight! The Night! Folks! Dress as your favorite movie star and come to the Hour Glass Nite Club's Annual Ball!

Your glass club movie star ball... I've got it! Time for dessert! Later, Robin! We haven't a moment to lose!

Aw, gee! It's strawberry too! Wait'll I get that Joker... spoiling my dessert!

Once more like silent shadows of the night, Batman and Robin race swiftly through the darkness city streets.

Say... what's the hurry? And accidentally, where are we going?

We're going to the Hour Glass Nite Club! Bands of time run upside down! Meaning an hour glass! "Stars" are false... meant the ball tonight. Where everyone will come as a movie star.

At the hour glass where society's elite come costumed as "Stars for a Night!"

Was that so? May I have this dance?

No, play fast! Wish to be alone!

A galaxy of have believe movie folk new in dance and merchant.

Has focus dance while you may! At midnight, fate's workers will wreak havoc among you...
YOU GAZED ALIAS MRS. VANTREEK THAT HEIR.COM JEWEL THAT FLASHER AT YOUR LACK LENS...

AND YOU, LA KEFFLEN... BETTER KNOB. NAY WINSLOW... PRETTY LADY, MRS. FLANDE JUST GAVE TO YOU.

HA! HA! AND THERE'S MISS LAYTHAM LAYTHAM LAYTHAM LAYTHAM. MAKE UP AS THE FAV VENGE CORSET. YOU BLAST THAT EARRING NECKLACE WILL BE SOME WITH YOUR RED HAIR. TONIGHT WE HAVE A HA!

YIPPEE! THERE’S SH REY TEMPLE?

OR A REASONABLE PRINCIPLE THEORO?

SYMMETRY LOSES. THE FAQH ATTACH TO THAT BOWLING BOWL BELONGS TO MRS. HOLLY. ALL CAN WEAR A BEAUTY IN TUNION OF MYSELF?

NICE WORK AND MISS BERTM AND THERE, TWO OF THE RICHER HENCHMEN HUMPHREY HENRY AND GEORGE FAIRY.

S UDDENLY... WITHOUT WARN NO THE CLUB IS THROWN INTO DARKNESS.

AND AN EERE VOICE TALKS INTO THE DARK AS A SADDEN BUST. ON WHO SIBEREE THROUGH THE ROOM TURNING IT TOTALLY TIV.

HA! HA! THE HOUR HAS STRUCK! NOW RATE LEADS THE DANCE! AND THE GLASS TURNS IN DANCE TO SPILL TO PRECIOUS BEANS INTO MY HANDS?

HELP! THERE'S SOMETHING ON HE HEAD! I CAN'T TELL!

AND WHAT IN HELL'S WHEELS ABOUT THE SIEIR SITUATION...
But two cloned champions of the night... that's a good thing I thought of putting that medicated cotton in our nostrils! Yes! Lucky we spotted those thieves too!

It can hardly breathe? Help! My emerald is gone!

So that was the great knock 'em out, turn the room topsy-turvy, and escape with the jewels! So everyone would think they had just been lost in the scramble!

Hi-yay! Edward is! Robin curtsies to his size. Hey! Ugh!

Have you two bad actors met? Look! It's really Batman and Robin!

Unseen the saw-bared Joker begins to stealth away. Has this now to get away with the loot... and let those stupid thugs take the rap for me? Not so fast Joker! The run has just begun!

Have you done your pratfalls today? Wake up Miss Shirley, you're not hurt, just been knocked out a bit!

Let's even up the score, shall we?
I always wanted to be a drummer boy?

BOOM!

You! I'm flying too high now!

CRASH

I am the man horn?

But the jolly joker has one more ace up his sleeve.

My music has wings!

Ouch!

My eye!

A shock screen! Robin, hold on to his thugs! I've got the jewels!

I've got 'em all!

Here's your necklace back, Miss Garbo Sr. I mean, Mrs. Van Sn的話 said?

What? Isn't he just wonderful! Look he got my emerald sack?

There's nothing more I can do for you, Miss Temple?

The next day.

What'll you have for dessert, Dick? How about some ridiculous upside down cake?

Jeez, down cake! Ow-w-w!
ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

ESCAPE FROM WU-TAH DEATH

Men, this course is a real test under fire. You're to crawl through that area Live ammunition will be shot less than 1 feet ahead. Stay down or else!

Oh, real bullets?

C'mon, let's get it over with Quickie

OK, pal - first one through wins a royal crown cola and I'll have one, too!

Wow! A rattlesnake! I gotta do something before Quickie sees it so close to him. He'll jump up right into the line of fire.

Reaching over, he grabs the poisonous reptile behind the jaws.

Hey, Quickie, I just caught a little pet for you to tame. He can't hurt you any now.

Huh! Oh my gosh!

Quick thinking, R.C.!

Boy, oh boy! You sure saved me from being shot or bitten, da both.

Forget it pal, but don't forget I win something from you.

I really needed a "quick up". This royal crown cola sure tastes good.

Good, Why, Quickie, this is the best tasting cola you can get and no more spare back me up.

Famous for comfort most enjoyable.

That goes for me too! It sure tastes best!

Royal Crown Cola
Best by taste, taste, taste!
AVENTURE IS HIS DAILY ROUTINE. THREAT IS THE CHALLENGE THAT SPGHS
HIM TO DAZLING ACTION. PÆIR IS THE SPICE THAT GUARANTEES THE MIX.
YOU'VE SEEN THE SONLESS, BOLLOCKING ROBIN TAKE THEM ALL IN STEDE,
POKTING BEHIDE THE BATMAN, BATMAN TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE
FOR DECENT PEOPLE, BUT NOW A NEW INGREDIENT IS ADDED TO THE MIXTURE - DANGERS - AND THE RESULT IS GUARANTEED TO SURPRISE
YOU AS THE BAT WINTER PARTS ALONG DEVIOUS PATHS OF DANGER,
DARING DEATH FROM SANGSTER GUNS TO RESCUE A LITTLE PRETTY
LITTLE - "DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!"
You've seen him before and you'll see him again - the mighty Batman and his young comrade in combat, Robin.

How's I gone, Batman?

Nice timing, fellas!

A perfect fighting team, these two together?

Lucky, yes - but not for Bugs.

Lucky we happened along just as Bugs Cohen was going to rob this store in Robin.

We can't catch the Batman and Robin now! Forget the swag and let's scream!

Bugs Cohen, underworld kingpin, values his skin even above ill-gotten riches.

I didn't expect them to start running so soon - but here come the police!

Too late! The rats are leaving the loot but they're getting away.

But we haven't. Bugs is a cunning and dangerous criminal, and I have a hunch the law won't get him this time.

But we'll get him, if it takes from now till doo doo whistles and a foot long in Robin?

Here's my hand on it!
So much for the laugh-the-lad-who-thieves-on-high adventure—but we mustn’t forget that Robin is human, even as you and I.

Wake up, Dick! It’s half-past seven.

Huh?... So soon? Seems as if I just hit the hay?

Like some millions of other American younsters, he must put school ahead of all other business.

Leading a double life is tough, but you know our bargain—if you don’t get good marks in school, you don’t go crook-chasing!

And if imbalance sometimes intrudes, even in the midst of lessons—well, that’s human enough, isn’t it?

“Al with an alpha,”

Marjory, will you translate this Latin phrase?

It means, “To the stars through difficulties!”

The smartest girl in school—and the prettiest in the whole world.

When classes are dismissed...

Dick’s got a girl! Dick’s got a girl!

I’m glad you’re too much of a gentleman to get mad at those boys for teasing you.

May I carry your books again, Marjory?

What a silly question, Dick Grayson! You know it’d feel awful if you didn’t.

Oh, they’re just too young to understand what life is all about!

Ever since the world began, boys have been raising their voices to impress their best girls, and Dick is no exception.

Wonderful, but aren’t you afraid you’ll hurt yourself?

Now look who’s asking silly questions?

Dick! Now perfectly tremble?
A page from "Batman Comics." The scene shows Batman and the Joker in a car, with Batman saying, "What do I do?" The Joker responds, "Stoppin' account's dead!" Batman asks, "Is it true?" The Joker says, "Yes, I'm dead. I was a emergency!"

In another scene, Batman is in a room with a doctor, who says, "Doctor Davenport, you're not a bit!"

In a conversation, one character says, "Dr. Davenport's no sir, not a bit!"

Another character responds, "At Davenport's home..."

In a separate dialogue, a character says, "She likes me!"

A character in the background says, "Isn't it wonderful?"

Another character says, "Of course I won't forget!

At the bottom of the page, Batman says, "And if you're interested in the identity of the injured one..."

A character says, "I can't stand if loco! The right guy killin' me?"

Another character says, "Take it easy, Bushy. Jitter's gone after the first doc in town! He'll pick ya up better'n ya was before the cops shot ya!"

Another character says, "Try anything funny an' I plug ya?"

The price is written as "25¢."
DOCTOR AND PATIENT

WHY IT'S A BULLET WOUND!

WHAT DO YOU THINK IT WOULD BE - A PLEA INTO? GET OUT YOUR TOOLS, BEFORE YOU GET ONE YOURSELF!

I'LL REMOVE THE BULLET AND DO WHAT I CAN, BUT YOU SIGHTED TO GO TO A HOSPITAL - OR AT LEAST, HAVE REPORT NURSING CARES!

NATURALLY I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A REPORT TO THE AUTHORITIES; THE LAW REQUESTS IT IN THE CASE OF GUNSHOT WOUNDS!

BUT IF WE KEEP YA PRISONER HERE YOU CAN'T MAKE NO REPORT?

THAT'S NO GOOD JITTERS! HE'S A BIG SHOT AND THE COPS WILL TURN THE TOWN UPSIDE-DOWN IF HE TURNS UP MISSING?

WE KNEW HOLD HIS DAUGHTER - A LITTLE BOLT I SAW HER AROUND?

WHAT COULD BE SHOOTER?

NOW DOC -- DON'T GUN UP A TEMPERATURE!

JITTERS, GET THAT GIRL? WE WONT DARE OPEN HIS YA IF WE'RE HOLDING HER AND JUST TO MAKE SURE, WE'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM ANYWAY!

IT'S LIKE BIG-HEE YER OLD MAN IS SORTA TIED UP - AN HE SAID I SHOULD TAKE YA TO WHERE HE IS?

THAT'S STRANGE. HE NEVER SENT FOR ME ON A CASE BEFORE. BUT I'LL GET READY RIGHT AWAY!

PRESENTLY...
The following day at the Wayne home.

WHAT'S THAT? ARE YOU AFTER THE TITLE OF FIRST DRESSED YOUNG MAN OR HAVE YOU FALLEN IN LOVE?

LOVE? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

FOOLISH OR NOT, I'D BET ON IT!

ALL DRESSED UP -- AND IT LOOKS AS IF DICK ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE?

WHY NO, MISTER BUCK -- I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT PERSON MARJORY MIGHT BELIEVE BUT THE DOCTOR MUST KNOW...

MAYBE I'D BETTER SEE HIM... WE HAVE AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT...

OH, HELLO, DICK! MUST BE JITTERS, MY NEW ASSISTANT!

HII, KENT ME AN' A DOC IS GETTING READY TO LEAVE SO DON'T HANG AROUND!

DIDN'T MARJORY TELL YOU SHE WAS GOING TO VISIT HER AUNT NOVA FOR A FEW DAYS?

WHY NOT? SHE NEVER MENTIONED ANY AUNT NOVA?

IT JUST SHOWS YA CAN'T DEPEND ON BULGE

WHAT NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE YOU THAT PRESCRIPTION FOR YOUR COLD!

COLD? WHY -- UH -- ON YES!

WHEN (COUGH) (COUGH)

IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE MUCH!

I'LL JUST MAKE SURE YA DON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKES THAT MIGHT BE A FATAL DOG?

YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF IT'S A SIMPLE PREPARATION FOR CLEANING UP TROUBLE OF THIS SORT?

TROUBLE IS RIGHT -- AND SOMEHOW MARJORY IS MIXED UP IN IT!...
outside again...

that thus is standing guard over the district, he knows I have no cold, so this prescription must be a message...

periculum
precaution
- 1 oz
law, o.s.

what he means is, "danger!" use an ounce of caution, call the cops — and make sure there are enough! it's a prescription for trouble, all right — and coming to all of us.

but I'm not going to call the police till I know more about it. in mare joyce is in the hands of dud moclins, a police raid might endanger her life.

if they've hurt her, I'll make them wish they'd never been born.

A swift drive across the city — and as the car finally comes to a halt, the courageous boy peeks from his hiding place.

don't forget, don't try to pull a fast one on both you and your daughter! just take it in its neck.

she's in that house. I'll need the Batman's help, but I've got to make sure she's safe before he comes barging in. that means I'll have to get in ahead of him.
Dick's keen brain foibles a daring plan...

This will do. Now, how much is it?

That's the very best we can make it stick... it will be a dollar and a quarter.

A minute later...

got that address, bruce? well that's where billy is. i'm going to let him capture me and ill use the batman to come through in one piece?

you're going to what? are you out of your mind? next hell, he's hung up!

But Bruce Wayne— and enter the Batman?

If only he weren't so careless of his own safety... well, it won't take me long to reach him.

In a deserted building entrance another lightning change of costume takes place...

I've got to do it! I can't afford to fail! I've got to be near her when things start popping!

I just saw a shadow pass the window-- somebody in that room...

Within the room...

My poor little girl! you-- you're all right? don't worry about me. don't tell them what they tell you and maybe they'll let us go.

Cut out the BS stuff! i'm the parent! the kid ain't got no bullets in her-- yet.

If ya don't pull BS through ya know what's gonna happen to ya and the kid?
Suddenly, Hey—look?

Why—It's Robin, the Batman's partner! We're saved!

Daddy, I presume?

I'll get him!

Isn't he wonderfulful?

Anybody home?

A fine thing! I'm half dead—but I still gotta take care of things?

Robin!

Look out!

A pistol, roads, and that'll hold you?

Gear that brat. The man up. The Batman must be close by—but he won't dare touch us if we've got the kid.

I've heard so much about you, Robin! I'm terribly sorry they captured you! So am I? I promised a friend of yours—Dick Grayson—that I'd bring you back to keep your diet with him.

Go through the joint and set the traps I rigged up. The Batman man show up any minute. I'll keep Doc and the kids quiet!
CLUTCHING AND TREACHEROUS DEVICES ARE SET

At that moment, an old ranch car she-
changes a little wild figure at the
corner - the Batman!

THE BATMAN
will be sorry
he ever tangled
with Us before
he's through.

WHAT A SMART,
CRUSHER, HUH?
LOGOTYP
BUGS IS A
GENIUS?

There's not an instant to lose.
BUGS IS MERCILESS! MY BEST
CHANCE IS TO ATTACK So PAST
HE WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!

Seconds later

In about a
second, We'll
be out
cold?

LIKE OPPORTUNITY
I KNOW
JUST RISE -
but HARRY?

YIIIIIIII
HE'S IN?

YOU'RE ALL
WASHED
UP -
OOGGGHH

WAS I
RIGHT OR
WAS I
RIGHT?

And as the Batman's foot touches a
hidden button...

Take a
RANGER -
WE GOT A
PRESENT FOR YA?

What a break! When
the Batman comes to
I'm gonna put him out
again - for keeps!

THE BATMAN?
OUR WORRIES
ARE OVER?

OH ROBIN -
IT'S WORSE
THAN THE
WORST
NIGHTMARE
I EVER HAD!
CAN'T
YOU DO
SOMETHING?

I didn't
COUNT on
this. NOW IT'S
UP TO ME
AND I
DARE NOT
THINK WHAT
WILL HAPPEN
IF I FAIL?
**Batman Comics**

**Panel 1:**

How is Robin boasting as his finger curls the object he bought in the hardware store slices through the heavy leather of the genie?

**Panel 2:**

A tiny section of hacksaw blade cuts through the ropes that hold him powerless.

**Panel 3:**

As the weight of inescapability lifts from his brain, the Batman looks death in the face—not for the first time.

**Panel 4:**

I'm wounded and I'm sick—but I'm a better man than you are, Batman! You're drawing your last breath right now.

**Panel 5:**

By killing me, Bruce, you're dooming yourself! One day these boys the electric chair will catch up with you.

**Panel 6:**

Even as the killer's trigger finger hunches, a small but white body moves with panic speed—and

**Panel 7:**

While they're dusting off the electric chair this one will have to do.

**Panel 8:**

Yea, ain't getting away with it?

**Panel 9:**

Then your aim had better improve in a hurry?

**Panel 10:**

This won't kill you—but you'll be as good as dead for quite a while.

**Panel 11:**

Yea—but he had you picked out for his bullets?

**Panel 12:**

No way! I had loco picked out for myself!
Well, Robin, we kept our promise to each other. Babs and his pals will spend a long time in prison.

Not such, Batman. That would attract the attention of some syndicate. It has set in, and he can't live more than a day or two at the most.

That's why I decided to send a message if Babs died. Then, the others were going to kill my daughter and me.

We wouldn't have had a chance if you hadn't come along.

It was Babs who came along first—and I think I know why he wanted to be on the inside when the fighting started.

You're wonderful, marvelous—simply grand if another boy in the world liked you like you. I won't ever see you again.

Oh, Doctor! After seeing what Robin can do, that seems so juvenile.

Of course I got you confused. That Alphabet Dad wrote in Latin and isn't Robin to rescue me? And I like you because you're going to do me a very important favor.

You're going to arrange for me to meet Robin again—or else I'll really stop liking you?

But Robin is—Well, in my estimation he's pretty busy, you know.

Will you tell the natural history class which is the best-lover of our American birds?

A fine thing! In my own subterfuge and I can't do a thing about it.
"Stick around fellas—this ought to be good—Spike doesn’t know that Poe Wee has been eating Wheaties!"

Smart boy, Poe Wee! He knows that a favorite training dish of many star performers is milk, fruit, and Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions." You get mighty important nourishment in a man-sized bowl of Wheaties. Essential nourishment packed in big, golden flakes that are roasted and toasted and deliciously flavored with rich malt syrup. Smart eating and swell tasting... that’s milk, fruit, and Wheaties! "Breakfast of Champions!"

Hey, 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 10¢ and one Wheaties box top to General Mills Inc., Dept 544, Minneapolis 15, Minn. and send today.

"Breakfast of Champions"

With milk and fruit

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.
ANDY REALLY GOES TO TOWN! (OR SOMEWHERE ON THIS NUMBER) AND DRAWS MEDIEVAL LETTERING TO THE LETTER YOUR FANCY WELL AND WIDE OPEN WITH THE PHRASES!'S DELIGHTED ARE PRESERVED — FOLLOW DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY — WE BE...

FIRST — AND THIS IS OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE. COMPLETELY DETACH DOWN, IN OTHER WORDS, INSIDE OUT — AS WE SAY AT AGRONOMIC COLLEGE. BOTTOMS...!

THEN (WHILE THE SOIL IS STILL STEEP), PREPARE TEN DITCHES, EACH ABOUT (CIRCULAR) 5 X 8 X 9 —

NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE — NEXT PLANT SEEDS (ASSORTED ONions, TURNIPS, TULIPS, KALE, &c.) Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc. — EIGHT SIX INCHES DEEP PARsnip DISLOTS —

NOW WHAT EXACTLY SHOULD WE DO FOR THE REST OF THE SEASON AND JUST LET NATURE TAKE IT'S COURSE —

TEK-TEK! I SHOULDNA THINK OF ASPARAGUS!

Adventures of Alfred

When crime becomes a course on a week-end menu, Alfred serves up a couple of super-sleuthing as he abandons his reluctant role of...

"Borrowed Butler!"

A Friday afternoon in the Wayne household...

GRACE, sir -- is this true? Am I to be borrowed out?

WELL, sir -- you don't have to put it like that, you see, sir. She has week-end guests coming, and her butler is ill... and...

WELL, sir -- since we can't get out of it, I presume I must do.

Now, Alfred - you don't have to put it like that! I suppose I knew you'd do it!
SO LATER. WE FIND AN UNHAPPY AND REFLICTING ALFRED RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS IN THE NEARBY HOME OF MR. OWALD

ALFRED, THE DINING FOR YOUR VISITING NEPHEW OWALD MUST BE SMOOTHLY. THERE ARE ONLY TWELVE GUESTS YOU WANT BE OVERWORKED AND NOW I MUST RETURN TO THE DINING ROOM.

WHAT? DULL? NOT WITH THE CELEBRATED BATMAN AROUND!

OH, YES, SIR! THE BATMAN IS...

ALFRED, YOU WILL SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE SPOKEN TO.

MR. OWALD, SIR!

SIR! PARDON ME!

SEXY THAT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

BATMAN, MR. OWALD, WHY, I'M SURE HE'S JUST IRRITATED. NO MAN CAN BE THAT.

THAT YOUNG BOY, HE CAN'T SAY THAT ABOUT BATMAN IN MY PRESENCE. I HOPE MR. OWALD PUTS HIM IN HIS PLACE!

YOU NEED TOO MANY NEWSPAPERS!

WELL, I'D STILL HATE TO HAVE HIM AROUND IF I WERE A CROOK!

NONSENSE! BATMAN IS ONLY AN ORDINARY...

THIS IS THE LAST STRAW...

OPPS, SIR! PARDON, SIR!

ALFRED YOU CLUMSY FOOL!

MY FINGERS... THAT MATCH BURNED THEM!

OWOWOW!

HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING, ALFRED OWALD? THERE'S SOME TANIC ACID OINTMENT IN THE MEDICINE CHEST THAT I LIL SOOTHE YOUR HANDS...
Dr. I suppose you don't want to insult me any more, Madame?

I wouldn't want to insult Mr. Wayne by sending you home so soon on with the dinner.

I'll get that ointment!

Poor Alfred! It really looks as if his exile is going to last a full week and 'but that night after retiring . . .

Gracious goodness! What is that? It sounded like Mrs. Van Uspirt and it came from the living room.

Donning a robe, Alfred hastens downstairs to find . . .

What happened? Someone cut the burglar alarm and robbed her safe! I've got to get her upstairs before she gets hysterical!

And that cut burglar alarm indicates an outside job. I'll phone the police!

Sometime later, as Alfred talks things over with the cooks . . .

Well, the police are finally leaving. The mistress is overcome and Oswald won't let them search the guests. He insists it's an outside job.

Oswald! Some detective! Huh? A pair of wire cutters . . .

Dear me! These must be the way the burglar used to cut the burglar alarm. But wait, what's this grease on them? Why, why it smells like tannic acid ointment—gracious!

So it was Oswald! I must warn him. But no, Madame is in no condition, ah, I'll tell Mr. Wayne—he seems like a man of sound judgement. Ah, there he is. Just leaving . . .

What is it, Alfred? I was just leaving to engage a private detective to look into this theft. The police don't seem to . . .

Er . . . I'm something of a sleuth myself, sir. I know built when I see it and I want to warn you . . .
WHAT YOU KNOW? WELL... SKIP YOUR WARNING, YOU DON'T SCARE ME AND YOU WON'T STOP ME!

OOUCH... WHAT'S UP TO YOU!!

I JOLLY WELL WILL STOP YOU, YOU THIEF? OOUCH!

YOU MEAN YOU'LL STOP MY RIT?

A BIT OF STRATEGY EARNED FROM THE MILITARY... A PINCERS ATTACK...

OW! YOW' EL! 'ESSO BY DOSE'

AND NO WONDER YOU HAD SUCH A HEALTHY RESPECT FOR THE BATMAN! UNDOUBTEDLY YOU'VE HAD PROFESSIONAL ENCOUNTERS WITH HIM...

STOP SQUEEZING BY DOSE... OW!

MAY I PRESENT THE PIFFER GUILTY PARTY AND THE JEWELS... GENTLEMEN WITH MY COMPLIMENTS!

I ONLY CULTIVATED MY AUNT'S ACQUAINTANCE TO ROB HER!

A GUES YOU CAN TAKE CHARGE NOW, GIRL... AND BY THE WAY, I FOUND THESE PLIERS...

YAH, THE PLIERS! I LEFT IN THE LIVING ROOM WHEN I FIXED THE LAMP. AFTER DINNER HE MUST HAVE CUT THE ALARM WITH THEM TO MAKE IT APPEAR AN OUTSIDE-JOB!

LATER... BACK AT THE WAYNE HOME...

AND THANKS TO MY STELLING DETECTIVE WORK, MADAME GAVE ME THE BALANCE OF THE WEEK-END OFF...

BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU SUSPECTED PIFFER AS THE THIEF? I'M NOT LIKE ALFRED DOES EITHER!
ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN
by Tod Lowry

THY had been here a whole week now, the two of them. It was a beautiful time of the year to visit this part of the country, and the mountain climbing season was in full swing. Behind the Van Dyks and the other two, Hardy plotted the murder of Canby Ort, you might say, it wasn't really being plotted. That had been done months ago. All that remained now was the execution.

Sitting in his usual table in the bar, Hardy looked out at the high peak of Mt. Colony. To look at Hardy, it would be difficult to imagine him a murderer. He looked more like a professor, or a lecturer—perhaps there may be something different—than a man who had seen blood of many victims on his hands. But Hardy was a diabolical man. He was a spy and he told us knowledge to the highest bidder. Why, would, odd enough, did not interest Hardy personally. They were only business in him.

But he personally was interested in Canby. Why? Because Canby was a high-ranking diplomat who was found locked in a showered, empty brain, secret of a king's secret, or a country's freedom? No, not that. Canby was a spy, too, a prince among espionage agents. And it was because of Canby that Hardy had been the only man he had ever loved. Michele. She had been his trusted agent, and his most trusted source of revenue.

Michele! As Hardy thought of her, his fingers tightened around the whisky glass tightly gripped until the knuckles went white.

The glass snapped Hardy recovered himself, quickly dabbed on the small wet spot with his napkin. Fortunately, his hand had not been cut. A whisky hurled over, spilled in the spot, then hustled away and back again with a fresh drink "Henry," Hardy said. "It was very clumsy, if you ask me.

The waiter smiled. "Accidents will happen, Mr. White," he said. His eyes locked at the old-fashioned, smoke-stained shawl. "I guess Mr. Canby will be down any minute. Incidentally, the check has pushed your limits. It's quite a chunk of old Colony, you know." Hardy said he knew it was.

The waiter walked away. Michele! Hardy thought of Michele. He wasn't thinking this time, he had done so often in the past, to keep from his memory the scenes that had been related to him. The bare white wall, the rising hall of aged men, its music in glancing on men bars trampled as a frail figure.

Michele! Dead? No, we've been caught! But not Canby tipped off the military. It had been these months, years, to find out who had been responsible. He had known all along Michele couldn't possibly have slipped up. She had been too experienced, too wise in the way of secrets.

And then, slowly, very slowly, the information had begun to trick in. A little gossip in Vienna, noon talk in London, an idle thought in Moscow... Canby... Canby... he had done it. And now, today, Canby would pay.

Hardy smiled, said, "Good morning, Professor Canby. I was afraid you were going to stuff all our data."

"Nonsense." Canby was small, with a high forehead, intelligent eyes. He really liked mountain climbing. For a week he had been trying to get a party together to scale Mt. Colony. He had done it three times before. But this present group of vacationers were amateurs; they had climbed away from the lake out below the majestic mountain.

Then he had seen this man called White, who had been a bit trampy at first. Together they had done some climbing, enough for him, Canby, the explorer, to set that this man could climb Colony. It wouldn't be a real vacation without going up again.

They had sneaked it last night in the bar. And White had agreed to make the trip. Of course, Canby thought now, the man was a little afraid. He had sneaked it in the way he had tried to make a joke. "Don't forget, Professor, I've got a lot of employees depending on me. It's all right getting up, but I want to make sure I come down. The right way," Canby had laughed and said.

"Don't worry, Mr. White. I'll take care of you." He meant it, too. This White would be worth studying. He was an oil man who had an interest in shipyards. Already, through the strange mechanism through which spy news travels, news of England's entry into the war was circulating. It was only a matter of weeks now, instead of months. And men who built ships might prove very useful.

Canby wrinkled amusingly as White romped from his seat. Why, the man's hands were actually shrinking.

"You're sure you want to go up?" Canby asked, half-hoping for a refusal. A scared man never got fit for a mountain climb. It was foolish to go out with one, all the prop-
erations would have been for
ought.

"Sir, there is... anything in the
world," Hardy said.

"Let's go then," Canby said.
They said goodbyes to the
waiter and the bartendin in
the early morning stillness of
the room; then climbing beaks
as they walked across the rough
shaded area like marching

Kasparoff were pushed and
wriggling for them. The pick and
the rope were alongside them.
Canby immediately gave
command.

The sun was only a thin sliver
of red, white and glowing
skyline in the East as
they reached the foot of the
mountain. The air was sharp
and bracing.

"We picked a wonderful day
for the trip," Canby said
happily. "We couldn't have picked
a better." He smiled. "By lunch
time, we'll be on top looking
down on those mortals below."

Hardy told nothing. He felt
that he couldn't trust himself
to speak. His single glance at
the sun had rushed itself
into his mind thoughts of
Michelet. His hair had been red as
that sun once—and to his kind.

He blinked his eyes in trying
to see the mortals in the sun.
He had waited a long time for this,
nothing nothing nothing seemed
prevent the murder
that was to be.

Everything had been set in
place like the parts in a perfect
Swiss watch. Everything would
go off as smoothly, Hardy knew. It
would go off the way he had planned it. There would be an hitch. Two men would
be on top this mountain side. Only
one man would return.

And that man would be Hardy.

In his mind's eye, Hardy pictured
himself hunkering down. His
face would be white, he would
be breathless, his hands would
be cut and bleeding and his
clothing would be torn. People
would say he was so fright-

ned to be, coming down alive
after such a tawdry, yet
must have been touched with the
devil's own hell.

And he would say, "I slipped,
and poor Canby tried to grab
me. He managed to get my
I pulled man to safety. And then,
he slipped and went tomar.

A hero? It would leave Canby
a hero? After all heroes were
tanie
don. And when a man performs
a hero act in town the life of
his friend, the authorities are
not surprised, they do not ques-
tion. Too closely. Hardy smiled
ghildly. The gentlemen would
shrug and say: "Mountain
sombre: Accidents will happen
in these. They cannot be helped.
It is Fate."

Well, be, Hardy, was going
to help Fate along this time.
Each was the thoughts that
brushed him up all during the
long, tawdry, a slum in which he
in which he studied Canby's
hand, a slum on which he
reflected the latter's murder. He
grunted when, tearing the top
Canby thrust over the wind:
"You're doing fine, Whit. I'll
make a real climber out of you
yet." He was feeling exhilarated
in the fine, sharp air.

And then at last they were
there. They stumbled out fast
a moment because they were
spent and tired. Hardy was the
last to get up out. because he
was the last of the two (if
only Canby knew how many
nights until he Hardy had
climbed them fast seven years in
preparation for this moment!), but
because he wanted to think.
This he last part to be
put into motion, the last

New, stiff, seized, they stood
beside each other. Two murder-
ers who preened to be known
as business men dealers in
secrets, and looked at the magni-
nificent view below these
shells like tiny doll houses dotted
the green landscape.

Canby dawdled in deep
drugs of the heat, shamp air.
The sun was high and bright.
"It's beautiful, isn't it, Whit."

beautiful. It makes you happy
to be alive."

He did not notice that Hardy
had stepped behind him and
tipped from the safety rope.
Hardy wanted no mistake on
his part. The balance of murder
and to be in the power.

Hardy was surprised to find
his body trembling. He said:
"Shut would have loved it. She
loved life too."

Canby turned, his eyes
puzzled. "She, White?"

"Michelot" Hardy snapped
and snarled looked from his
eyes.

Canby's arms thrust out de-
defensively. Hardy had not con-
tacted on Canby's over-normal
intelligence.

"You're Hardy," Canby gasped
as the former's strong hands
clutched his throat. He
struggled in demonic wild fury to
fist a mammal. Hardy took
another step back.

But this was his moment of
fury, his moment of power, his
triumph of revenge. This was his
murderer and he would not let
him escape his fate! A roar came
from his throat and all the pent up
vapors of a man to slip through his
body, turned it into a projec-
tile of iron, a juggernaut of
strength on which an earth
would be at this moment
withered.

A scream burst from Can-
by's throat as his body battered
through spott, stove it ward
a painful valley 15,000 feet
below, a valley that all too soon
would be two and bleeding and
mangled to the rumble of gun
and the shunting of men. The
scream echoed through the high
tops of the valley, howling up,
shrieking in the wind.

Accidents will happen, the
gentlemen, viewing the chet-
tured bodies, said later. "It is
Fate."
If it's trouble you're looking for, join the Royal Canadian Mounted Police! Courageous and resourceful, these colorful, red-coated lawmen patrol a beat larger than any other in the world... from the blue Pacific to the stormy Atlantic, from the Great Lakes to the far frozen Arctic! And their motto—the Mounties always get their man!—is no idle slogan, as Batman and Robin swiftly learn when they team up with the police forces of the northern wilderness to trap a plundering and remorseless band of... "Felt Plunderers!"
On vacation in Canada's remote Northwest Territories, near Hudson Bay, the familiar figures track the feisty Caribou-Society playboy Bruce Wayne and his young ward, Dick Grayson...

Suddenly... ARE YOU, DON'T YOU GET HIM, YOU MUGGSY?

IT CERTAINLY IS A RELIEF TO GET AWAY FROM THE CITY AND CROWD-Changing?

YOU SAID IT, BRUCE! NOW IF WE CAN ONLY FIND SOMETHING TO HUNT... WHAT?

SOMETHING'S GOING ON! WE'LL BETTER INVESTIGATE!

Split seconds later, double disaster strikes the gang as Batman and Robin spring into action!

YOU? LOOK WHO'S HERE OUTA MY WAY!

DON'T BREAK IT UP, BAT! I'LL LEAVE THAT TO UP!

There Gotta Be A Law Makin' You Boys Stay In The City, Where You Belong?? - OOP!

Looks Like We're Needed Everywhere!

WE'VE OUT HIM OUTNUMBERED BOYS! LET'S FINISH HIM!

You Mean Like This?
GET BACK! I LIKE LOTS OF AIR.
WAIT A MINUTE AND I'LL LET PLENTY OF IT INTO YOU!

NEARBY ROBIN IS BUSY—BUT NOT TOO BUSY TO NOTICE BATMAN'S SUDDEN PEEL?
LUCKY DOWN. YOU LOOK TREED... OH-ONE BATMAN'S ON THE SPOT AND DOESN'T KNOW IT?

HIT'S SNOW IN YOUR EYE, BUSHWHACHER!

TRY TO SHOOT ME IN THE BACK WILL YOU? THAT ALWAYS MAKES ME ANGRY!

WOP!

IN A MATTER OF MINUTES...

I'M ONE GRATEFUL MAN? YOU SAVE MY FUR—I WON'T BE VERMIN TO THE POLICE?

I'M GLAD! NOW LET'S GET THESE MEN Arrested? THEY'RE UP AGAINST ORGANIZED CRIME, AND THAT THERE ARE MORE WHERE THESE CAME FROM?

THESE MEN ARE CITY CROOKS, NOT LOCAL POACHERS!
Moments later

I GET IT—THE MOUNTIES AREN'T ALWAYS MOUNTED.

RIGHT, ROBIN? THEY STILL USE HORSES—BUT THEY ALSO USE EVERY DEVICE KNOWN TO SCIENCE TO COMBAT CRIME!
BATMAN COMICS

At three miles a minute, the proton arctic wasteland swiftlyeks demise them... and in ten minutes...

Look at that, Batman! They're using aerocars! Here's one way to stop an Aerocar! Healthy...

I'll stop their propellers!

That rub it?

Shouldn't play with nasty rifles? Hand it over?

I'll hand it over, Batman... Right over your head!

I said hang it over!

Well, take it!

Uhh...!

This is what happens to bad little boys who grow up to be bad crooks—they find themselves up to their ears in trouble!

Glub!
BRING YOUR FRIENDS! THE MORE THE MERIER!

MEANWHILE, THE MOUNTIES ARE NOT EXACTLY SITTING AROUND WATCHING THE DYNAMIC DUO IN ACTION!

THAT'LL SMOKE OUT THOSE AMBUSHERS!

WE GIVE UP (SORRY)!

SUDDENLY...

HOPES YOU GOT YOUR WILL MADE OUT, BAY-BECAUSE THIS IS GONNA BE THE END OF YOU!

OH-Oh! I SEE WHERE I'M NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS!

HE'S BEING DRAGGED INTO A LINE OF BEAVER TRAPS? HE'LL BE KILLED!

LEOPARD-THING, Batman's trained muscles respond with instant swiftness to his young aide's peril.

COME ON, BATPOOF! YOU'VE WORKED BEFORE—DON'T FAIL ME NOW!
Out of my way, Ratso! If I'm not in time to save Robin, I'll—

Then ... a long, daredevil leap through space...

A powerful, frantic twist of the steering wheel and...

Whew! I could feel those steel teeth whispering through the air &

Snap!

And the trappers contribute the expert marksmanship of men born to hunting?

I got them, my colleagues!

And soon the gang is rounded up in utter defeat.

Good work! Not one got away ... Hey! Stop that crook! He's sucking a piece of paper!
Huh, huh! You're too late! That's one chump's opinion! Just watch us!

Pick up the fragments carefully! We can bring out the message in a lab.

Right? Just what I was going to do! I've put them between these two pieces of glass! It will keep them all together!

Later, at the criminological laboratory in G.C.M.R. Headquarters, ultra-violet rays are used to bring out the ink on the burned paper.

Both you fellows have everything!

We have to know every modern method! But there aren't many of us, and we patrol our three and a half million square miles!

Big job tomorrow! Hudson's Bay company...!

All I can do is guess! But I'd advise you to have your men on the lookout for smudge!

Remember, it's the direct spoilage of the company!

Next night, at one of the export posts of the Hudson's Bay Company...

Get the smudge at the warehouse! Slip these dumbbushes into the warehouse and get out of sight past!
MOOMENTS LATER, SILHOUETING CLOUDS OF SMOKE BEING EMERGENTS OF THE COMPANY WISHING TO INVESTIGATE?

SAY, THEN? DO THEY HAVEN'T TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT—A MAN WITH A SCARLET TUXEDO IN A LOOKOUT TOWER ON A HILLTOP, SOME MILES AWAY?

VHEE—AT THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY FUR WAREHOUSES! THIS MUST BE WHAT THE SERGEANT TOLD US TO BE ON GUARD FOR!

ÀND ON LAND, HALF-TRACK FIE TRUCKS BUMBLE UP SWIFT AND POWERFUL VEHICLES THAT CAN CRASH THROUGH THE THICKET FORESTS AND DEEPEST SNOW DRIFTS!

MEANTIME...

DON'T LET EM SEE US AND EVERYTH NG W'LL BE OKAY! WHEN THEY'RE FINISHED LOADING IT, THEY'LL GET OUT OF HERE SO FAST THEY WON'T EVEN KNOW WE'RE GONE!
But the sharp eyes of the mounted police have always caused trouble for criminals.

You're right! Everyone on the alert! Close in on it!

We missed them last time! They're coming right at us!

Let em'! I'll fill 'em full of lead and sink 'em.

Look at that boat there, Sergeant! Isn't one of the company's boats?

They think bullets will stop us? Get the one-rounders ready!

Let me try something first! Sergeant! You keep us covered with a low barrage so they won't dare to lift their heads.

A powerful small gun roars with deadly aim.

And breeches-boys slide through the air with the dynamic duo!

Kuh? I'll cut em' down before they get here!

Get down, Skinner! You'll get plugged!

Not till I plug 'em first!
As the boy wonder hits the water, the splash attracts a ravenous whale, circling the bay for food...

"Don't I've got to work fast--"

Oh boy, am I in a spot! I can't swim faster than the whale... and Batman is too busy to help me!

Instants later, the fleet speedboat bears down on the imperiled Robin... and...

Gulp! A little more of this and my hair will turn gray---and at my age...

"Solly! I was afraid I wouldn't make it in time!"

Meanwhile, the resourceful mounties---though handicapped by their lumbering craft---have found out a way to thoroughlyucci the breed's peaches!

"Slurrp! Help! We surrender!"

And so, later, after the criminals have been landed and jailed...

"Sorry, you can't stay! We sure could use you two on the force!"

"Coming from a mountie, that's a real compliment!"

"Maybe it's just as well we can't imagine Batman and Robin in those red coats and soldier hats!"

And presently, back in Gotham City...

"This is some place to wind up a vacation, after hunting camels in Canada?"

"At least we know we can fire a few shots without any interruptions!"
Hi Fellers

Here's your chance to earn money and prizes!

For Victory

Uncle Sam needs your help in winning this war. You can do your share by buying War Stamps. Send me the coupon on the bottom of this page and when you have your War Stamps and prizes you win then write me and tell me of people who you obtain in your neighborhood.

You Can Win These Prizes Without Cost!

It's easy! Just filling in the form below and mailing it. Don't forget to use the envelope provided. It's free! Don't forget to mail your coupon today.

TO START - MAIL YOUR ORDER OR COUPON TODAY

Fill Out - Mail This Coupon Today

Mr. Joe Thomas
Springfield, Ohio

[Address and Details]

Date

Mail this coupon today to:

[Company Address]

[City, State]
The 97 Pound Weakling

— Who became “The World’s Most Perfectly Developed Man”

“I’ll Prove that YOU too can be a NEW MAN!”

Charles Atlas

I know myself what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn’t know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lb. I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only half alive.

Then I discovered “Dynamic Tension.” It gave me a body that won for me the title “World’s Most Perfectly Developed Man.”

When I say I can make you into a man of giant power and energy, I mean what I’m talking about. I’ve won my own system, “Dynamic Tension,” transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a big, powerful chest—huge thick arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of staring muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that “Dynamic Tension” is what you need.

No “ifs,” “ands” or “maybes.” Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gaunt? Are you short-winded, puny? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, beat jobs, etc.? Then write for details about “Dynamic Tension,” and learn how I can make you a healthy, well-built, powerful H.E.R.-MAN.

“Dynamic Tension” is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it’s actually fun! “Dynamic Tension” does the work.

Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I’ll send you my illustrated book “Everlasting Health and Strength,” told all about my “Dynamic Tension” method. Shown actual photos of men I’ve made into Atlas Champions. It’s a valuable book. And it’s FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon in the mail—CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 394P, 145 East 56th St., New York 2, N. Y.
LICHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries

"You're violating the blackout, Sergeant."

A thought to keep in mind next time your dealer is out of "Eveready" flashlight batteries. Nearly all we can make right now are being put to good use by either the armed forces or essential war industries.

For instance, you can save a soldier's life by giving a pint of blood to the Red Cross. They maintain Blood Donor Centres in 33 cities. Call for an appointment now!

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