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Look For This Superman D.C. Symbol!
If some magic were to bring back Batman and Robin back across the chasm of years to a place far greater than Gotham, what thrilling adventures would confront the streamliner crime-smashers of the 20th century? Well, here's the answer: a pulse-pounding story of ancient Rome—splendid, opening in the city where gladiators fought on crimson sands and chariots thundered at breakneck speed! Into this glimmering, historical atmosphere plunges the reader, through the eyes of the two heroes, as they face new adventures—

"It happened in Rome!"

Along a strange narrow street, Bruce Wayne and his boy sidekick stroll through the city:

"So this is ancient Rome!"

When they return, Bruce Wayne is ancient Rome! Yes—read on!
A sudden commotion nearby attracts Bruce's attention...

No—Don't hit me! I'll... things!

Oh, it looks as if I can't get away from trouble even in this century. Well, there's only one thing to do!

By Jupiter, it's some impatient forefather in strange costume!

We'll teach him to interfere!

And you act just as careless! Tsk, tsk!

See? You boys don't click if you clang!

What have they got against you?

Got against me? Out words, friend? They had their weapons against me for not paying them spites, etc. For protection?

Abruptly a band of guardsmen bear down upon the two...

Seize that masked creature! Who dares to lift a hand to one of Publius Malchio's men?

Take him away to the dungeon in my castle?

It shall be done, noble Malchio!

Trapped by a Roman racketeer, a nice pickle for me to be in?

In time, they shall welcome me into the Batman's aid, even the Batman is helpless to act.
Now back to 1402 in the home of the famed scientist professor Carter Nichols! Where a hypnotized Bruce Wayne sprawls Simply in a chair...

"I've got a funny hunch something's wrong. Bruce is in a jam!"

"Professor, how about hypnotizing me and sending me to the same place?"

"Why, certainly! I can't guarantee my experiment will work, but..."

"And you'll have Dick Grayson, that's a telepathic warning bell kreft as it will alarm across the centuries!"

Presently...

"Back... back to ancient Rome?"

"Darn it worked! Here I am."

"Look officer, a strange youth, probably from some faraway province!"

Where do you hail from, lad? Are you a slave?"

"Huh? well, it's kind of hard to explain..." and he's from America...

"Ah, there's such a place... you must be a runaway slave?"

"I was afraid you wouldn't believe me!"

"So here's a trick I learned around my block!"
Meanwhile in a gloomy dungeon...

You open your mouth once too often?

Hello, company?

What's this? The Joker, as I live!

Nay, I am called the jester. You are the prisoner. When we joust with Malcho's collection, aren't you?

Yes... I am known as the Batman! Hah! You seem a nice fellow than the chap you look like!

I am just a harlequin! Brave Batmanus! I amuse the noble Malcho! But alas, I am in disgrace!

Malcho is—adjusting the big chariot race at the circus! Tomorrow! Now, and I made an unwise jest about it?

So they were fixing races at far back as this? Eh?

Poor Olo! Olo! He's Gnome's Favorite Crackteer! And this is to be his last race! Now—

Pardon me! My wireless holy smokes? Robin!
Modern science connects the dynamic duo in an ancient setting?

Hello—Batman!

Don't look so surprised, Jester! That was just a little bird who

What? I see no need for precaution.

A short while afterward...

Great Jupiter! Jester is from heaven!

Unless I'm mistaken, he'll be seeing stars.

Right, listen, I'm a prisoner at Mal-O's castle! Help me!

A ball of light strikes from the rear.

Old crops are new around here?

Robin, meet the Jester! He looks like the Joker, but he's on our side.

I hope he has a better sense of humor than that Madman!

Alas, my M ETN is Jones! My friend Gid is in trouble. Malch-o and his men have gone to Punsh in M because he refuses to throw the race.

Now that we're free, well help you Jester! Lead us to him.

The Roman clown guides them through the winding ancient streets.

This is the place! It swells at the inn.

Sounds as if something is happenin' all right!

Oh, no! That'll teach him!
Do you want to win the race, and I here's your chance?

Faster faster, my chariot is hardly moving!

The cowardly wench?

The dynamic duo explode into action with thundering fists.

Let's see how fast you can travel?

Laugh this off, funny face?

Bravo, Batmanus!

Taste my steel, wretch!

Sorry, but I always put salt on my food!

Ow -

Come on down to my level, you big stiff!

Uh -

Thanks I now you can go back!

Look out Robin, there's a big bad Roman in back of you!
BUT THE BATMAN'S KEEN EYES SPOT THE TRAMMER, AND...

WHY THE SHAKY SNAKE? I'M PULLING HIS PANSY AWAY FROM HIM!

YOU FOOL! MUST I SUBDUE THESE CREATURES MYSELF?

HA HA! YOU'RE A BETTER JESTER THAN I AM, OH WISE SAGE.

HERE LIES THE END OF IDLE BOASTY ALAS OF TRUTH THIS BUT A GHOST!

MEANWHILE: A TASTE OF TWENTIETH CENTURY PUNISHMENT PROVES TOO MUCH FOR THE TRIBAL ANCESTORS!

THESE ARE NOT MEN BUT MONSTERS — FLEE FOR YOUR LIVES!

I'M GLAD YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE WHIPPED?

HERE YOU NEED THESE SHARPS MORE THAN WE DO!

AND DON'T FORGET YOUR NICE BOMBS!

GENTLY THEN THE POWERHOUSE PAIR 4 NOSTERS A TO THE FALLEN 8 TO

MY LAST RACE I MUST BE IN — MANY PEOPLE HAVE WAGERED THEIR MEAGER EARNINGS A TO

BUT YOU CAN'T RACE TOWARD GLORY OR BE IN NO CONDITION MALONE HAS SEEN TO THAT?

NO NOT? THE PEOPLE WILL THINK THAT IF WO, TOO, AER ME TO STAY AWAY! AND IT'S MY LAST RACE TOOS!
The next day, an excited Roman populace thronged the huge Circus Maximus.

"Step right up! FRIENDS! My master, Malchio, gives you your last chance to bet on your favorite charioteer!

Malchio will lose his today.

Let us win!"

Amid the fanfare of trumpets, the chariot parade before the cheering spectators.

"Tense moments later, a roar from the crowd.

This is supposed to be Malchio's last chariot race, but it's the Batman's first! And I've got to win!"

Inside the vast race course.

Shades of Hercules! You look more like Grit than Malchio's chariot driver.

No, only a little trick I picked up a few thousand years from now! It's going to upset Malchio's apple cart!
AND THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR OTHER EYE?

OH-- MY BEAUTIFUL ROMAN NOSE!

YOU'VE STILL GOT A ROMAN NOSE-- BUT NOW IT'S RIGHT ALL OVER YOU?

MEANWHILE THE BATMAN RACES DOWN THE TRACK IN A SPECTACULAR FASHION.

SWALLOW SWEET CHARIOT-- ONLY ONE MORE TO PASS?

GITO TRAVO

LATER AT A SECRET MEETING PLACE BEHIND THE huge STADIUM.

WHAT A RACE!

GOOD OLD GITOS. HE DIDN'T LET US DOWN!

HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU, BATMANUS?

YOU WON MY RACE?

NO TIME FOR THAT NOW GITOS. THEY WANT YOU AT THE JUDGES BOX!

A FINAL SPURT DOWN THE STRETCH AND BATMAN SWEEPS TO VICTORY!

OLD 87 TO VIEWS THE CONQUER IN HERO'S ACCLAIM...

A NICE RACE. RITOR OF YOUR NAME WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED AS THE GREATEST OF CHARIOTEERS.

I OWE EVERYTHING TO MY GOOD FRIEND BATMANUS!

THAT BATMANUS? HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS?

HE SAYS THAT RATOR HAS A CRIMINAL-- HE ATTACKED HIM!

A CRIMINAL!?

HE'S LYING!
Crafty Malchus offers a deal in which he would prove his innocence by fighting Batman in combat. Batman accepts the challenge.

Malchus agrees, but demands a fair fight. Batman accepts.

Malchus threatens to start making trouble.

Malchus is defeated in a decisive battle.

Malchus dine on a puppet with a murderous twist, which Batman narrowly escapes.

Malchus attempts to split Batman from head to toe, but Batman avoids the attack.

Malchus is defeated, and Batman masterfully dispatches his many opponents.

Some day, my friend, a Batman of the future is going to invent this slick stroke. You just saw a preview.

And in the 20th century, this will be known as an airplane spin!
A ANGRY WHEEL,... AND CALVUS FLEES THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE...

WHERE AM I?

A ROAR ROARS THE THUNDER'S ARENA, AS THE BATMAN WHEELS TO FACE A MAN EATING LION!

ANOTHER OF PLAYMATES!

SHEEPISHLY, A COWARDSLY CLAW PULLS HIM AND...

A SMALL, LOUDER FIGURE FLIES DOWN LIKE A METER FROM THE SKY!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF MYSELF, "URGE" BATMANUS!

Feverishly Robin claws open his camouflage strikes a match from his utility belt and...

THAT MURDERING RAT CALVUS? I ONLY HOPE THESE EXPLOITS WORK! LUCKY I MADE THE LAST NIGHT!

GOOD OLD ROBIN!

NOTHING LIKE A HOT ROOF TO GET ED OF A HUNGRY LION!

A LITTLE BACON PIE, CHARCOAL AND SULPHUR AND I'VE GOT SOME HOME-MADE ROMAN-DANCERES!

THIS IS THE RIGHT CITY TODAY!
But the Roman clown missects Malchio's desperate plan

Lute always

But I never

Thought I'd have to

Save anyone

Somebody

Looks like the

Joker!

Oww

Lute up here

Look at this

Tell me

Would I like to ask you

Bruce Wayne and Robin

Here's Dick Grayson's

Vow!

Don't worry Robin's history

Shows that our identities

Were never betrayed!

There's no record of it!

This was one time where

If Truth can't

Hurt!

Well I don't know if you will tell me if you really are

Yes

Are you people secret?

The Man Who Pay The

Dynamic Duo

Comes back through the Funnel if the me to

Hello Professor

Am I about to me

You came out

If the train

I was

Yes

I guess we never failed

You couldn't have been in

Rome or Italy

So H. Mutt, no

about that

Modern team

Batman and Robin

Oh that's

Because they're

Our favorite

Characters

Robin - Bruce

The End
HOGS HUNTIN'

Despite all unclued reports to the contrary, not-withstanding the leaning tower of Pisa has never been supplanted by a group of its distant relatives.

The famous Niagara Falls is not immune to the vagaries of the wind.

Hi! Todd! How ya doin'?

If anyone ever tells you that Uncle Tom Cobbin was a chattanooga hog, don't you believe it. That's just a lot of hogwash history.

Can't prove it by me son. I'm only old Uncle Tom. His self.

Paul Revere did not ride Whipple's way to warn the American forces of the approach of the British.

The S.S. Constitution was not built with money donated by the school children of South Chicago Ill. in the spring of 1829. (Or any other spring in South Chicago for that matter.)

Make my next annuder ver-neeler.

Ares, the ancient philosopher was definitely not the original inventor of the popular present day fallen arch.

At long last! Hootoo has seen the positive proof that Dr. Issac Newton did discoverabsolute gravity. As a matter of fact.

Chum! You're practically walking in my wake, right now.

Musta been a coupla other fellers.

After all engineering experts say it wouldn't. That if the white cliffs of Dover were removed by the depth of one mile inland the English Channel would be exactly one mile wider at that point.
"Why not? They helped give me the energy to develop this cheat!"

Our sailor friend certainly appreciates that famous "Breakfast of Champions." So will you once you learn how really good Wheaties are — good for you and deliciously good too!

Big flakes of rich whole wheat roasted and toasted and flavored just right with sweet malt syrup...that's Wheaties, and Wheaties with milk and fruit make the same champion dish recommended by so many leading coaches and big-time athletes. A dish that's chuck-full of concentrated food energy and zippy "second helping" flavor.

Yes, you'll really go for Wheaties top nourishment and tip-top flavor. So get set for real fun at breakfast sail into a heapin' bowlful of milk, fruit and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions!"

"Breakfast of Champions"
With milk and fruit.
Frustrated ambition burns in the soul of Alfred the Wayne Butler for he dreams of being a great detective. Follow him in the footsteps of his famed master, Batman, and Robin...

On his day off Alfred & fond of strolling along the broad thoroughfares of Gotham's shopping district...

That woman—she do?—knov she dropped one of her parcels to the rescue! Alfred and Batman spare the horses.

Well—that man beat me to it! 'Alas how can my ingrained chivalry keep pace with the speed of this modern age!'

Why—he isn't returning that parcel at all? And he saw her drop it plain as day—He's a thief! That's what I say there—

You'll come back with that parcel? I declare—I declare! He's making a bolt for it?

Aha! I have you now. You scoundrel!

Or all da tough luck!

There he goes, the blackguard! But at least I've retrieved the parcel! Now, to find that lady... Ah! here she comes now...
ALLOW ME MADAM I RETURN THIS PACKAGE WHICH YOU JUST DROPPED! I'M SOMETHING OF A DETECTIVE Y SUCCEED IN RETRIEVING IT FROM A THIEF WHO WOULD OTHERWISE HAVE MADE OFF WITH IT.

BUT MADAM, I SAW YOU DROP IT. LISTEN, MISTER—

WERE YOU NOT MINING HERE? NOW LEAVE ME ALONE AND GO PEDESTRIAN.

REPRESENTS LATEST PROGRESS I'M WORKING ON. intense not the type.

ANOTHER LATER A REASSED ALFRED RETURNS TO THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE

PARDON ME MR. WAYNE BUT I'D LIKE TO ASK A QUESTION. DO I BY SOME ODD CHANCE SEEM LIKE THE TYPE OF PERSON WHO COULD FRIGHTEN A WOMAN BY MERE APPEARANCE?

WHO TRICKED YOU MR. WAYNE? THIS PACKAGE IS'T IT REPRESENTS MY LATEST ADVENTURE INTO THE PROFESSION OF BEING A DETECTIVE? I'M CLEARLY NOT THE TYPE!

WASN'T I CLEARLY NOT THE TYPE?

BRIEF ALFRED EXPLAINS

IT CERTAINLY SOUNDS QUEER IN YOUR ROLE OF DETECTIVE DID IT COE PER TO YOU TO OPEN "ALICE?"

I DON'T THINK OF TUR?

HIS MORALITY OF THE UNITED STATES

YOUR UNCLE SAM HAS OFTEN CALLED ON YOU TO WIN THE WAR. THE ONLY WAY TO SUPPORT Victory BANNER IN PHYSICAL BANNER FOR PATRIOTS IS WAR BONDS. SCHEDULED BOND DRIVES FOR FINANCING PRODUCTION ARE DESTROYING ALL ROSES

WHY IT'S JUST A WAR BONDS MESSAGE ATTACHED TO AN AMERICAN HISTORY BOOK, NO DOUBT ENOUGH BUT—
FURTHER INVESTIGATION BLUNDS INTO THE HOME OF A RACING MOTOR AS FLEET SECONDS LATER HE BATMOBILE SPEEDS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN TOWARD THE BANKER CALDWELL'S HOME.

WE'LL LOCK UP THE MESSAGE TURNS OUT TO BE USE A RGB OR ON INFRA-STRUCTURE.

AND YOU WILL BE TOLD DOW WE DON'T CHECK UP.

BATMAN AND ROBIN? TO WHAT DO I OWE THE HONOR OF THIS VISIT?

IT MAY BE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT, MR. CALDWELL... WE'RE NOT SURE... BUT WE'D LIKE TO ASK A FEW QUESTIONS.
FIRST OF ALL I PRESUME THE POSITION OF YOUR BANK WOULD BE PERFECTLY SOUND IF THERE WERE ANY SUSPICION THAT THERE'S BEEN A HOSTAGE TAKEN.

NO WAY. BATMAN, SURELY YOU AGREE TO DISBELIEVE THOSE RUMORS THAT THERE'S BEEN A HOSTAGE TAKEN?

UH-UH. IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE STUCK.

DUH! DO YOU SAY HAMM! DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANY POSSIBILITY OF YOUR BEING ARRESTED MR. CALDWYN?

LOOK HERE GIRL, I'M NOT CIVILIZED TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS. I WASN'T A COMMON CRIMINAL, WERE YOU ABOUT TO GIVE AWAY MY IDENTITY TO SOME STRANGER?

SUSPICIOUS BEHAVIOR, CRISTALLIZED INTO CONCRETE ACTION!

AND NOW I'M NOT STAYING IN THIS COUNTRY. THERE'S NO PLACE GET 'EM BOYS!

BATMAN, AUGH OUT! IT'S A TRAP!

I SEE YOU FOR ASSAULT!

DA BRA'S A SOUL LIKE A SONGS BOUND SEES HIM AT THE RATTLES!

A REAL LEADER? A REAL CAVALRY SONG. GONNA HAVE TO LAST WILD.

TWO AGAINST ONE. MON, YOU EATS!

I GO BY THE TIME THEY COME TO, WE'LL BE IN OUR WAY OUT TO SEE!
WELL, ROBIN. SOME GIRL IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE MUST HAVE SEEN A GUY BUST OUT OF THE JAIL. IMPENDING ARREST FOR JUGGLING FINGERS. THE GUY TOLD CALDON AND EXACTED A PRICE FOR GETTING HIM OUT OF THE COUNTRY.

AND I LOOKED SO DUMB JUST IN CASE IT CAME INTO THE WRONG HANDS, A CLEVER WAY TO GET ME RUNNING THE RISK OF BEING SEEN ASSOCIATING WITH MUGGS.

IT MUST HAVE WORKED THAT WAY. OTHERWISE THE GUY WHO TOLD CALDON AND OTHERS BEFORE HIM THE DA WAS PLANNING TO CRACK DOWN.

IF ALFRED HADN'T MENTIONED BEING A DETECTIVE, THAT D.A. WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SCARED SHE'D HAVE ACCEPTED THE PACKAGE BACK. THE QUESTION IS, HOW CAN WE GET A LEAD TO THE GANG? THERE ARE FIFTY GIRLS IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE!

AND ALFRED DON'T EVEN GET A GOOD LOOK AT HR GIRLS FACE!

WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO—TAKE A TRAP AND THE D.A.'S GONNA TO BE BRUCE WAYNE, WHO FOR SOME REASON HAS A LUNCH APPOINTMENT WITH GORDON.

LATER...

NO... IN A DOZEN DAYS... ONCE I COULD GET A LITTLE EXCITEMENT.

MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU, BRUCE. YOU'D BE BETTER OFF IF THAT MAN NEEDS. PROVIDO YOU'RE NOT ABOUT TO BE TEMPEST" LITERO ON THE D.A.'S BOOKS AS AN EMBELLISHER?
UNAWARE THAT BRUCE WAYNE AND BATMAN ARE THE SAME PERSON, GORDON EXPLAINS ABOUT THE GOTHAM GANG...

BATMAN THINKS THAT IF I CAN GET SOMEONE WEALTHY LIKE BUSY, BUT YOURSELF TO BE UNDER THE I GUESS I CAN TAKE A CHANCE & IT'S CHANCE FOR INVESTIGATION ON THE GANG WILL LEARN ABOUT IT THROUGH THEIR AGENT AND CONTACT YOU.

A MOST UNSAVORY CHARACTER AT THE DOOR TO SEE YOU OR MEANS? REFUSES TO LEAVE OR NAME, SEND HIM MAY I ASK WHETHER YOU ARE AT HOME IF NOT WE'RE NOT DISTURBED.

AWH, IT'S A JUGGLED CANNON BOOKS, SO WHAT? IN OUR ORGANIZATION WE GOT A SAYING "WHY WORRY ABOUT A DAIRY WHEN TEN GRAND PAYS FOR A CLEAN VOYAGE?" DAD, I DON'T KNOW I'LL HAVE TO THINK IT OVER.

IN OUR ORGANIZATION WE GOT ANOTHER SAYING, "WHAT THINKS TOO MUCH OF A SAP." SO, ELSE WAYNE... WHERE YA KEA DA GUN IN DA COOLER?

LATER...

AS THE GREAT CLOCK ON GOTHAM'S DARKENED WATERFRONT TOLLS THE HOUR OF MORN, A SMALL COASTAL STEAMER SLIPS SILENTLY OUT OF GOTHAM HARBOR TO THE WESTERN NATION SOUTH OF A MIGHTY GURR.

WHILE BELOW THE SILENT DECKS OF THE VANISHING VESSEL...
WE SAW WE WAS GONNA TAKE YA TO A PLACE WHERE OKE WUZ NO CORPS. DIDN'T WE? WELL, WE KEPT OUR WORD. DERES NO CORPS ON DA BOTTOM OF DA SEA.

BUT YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME?

LIKE A BOD, HE SAYS TRU DA ARE?

WELL, YEAH, BUT I CAN'T HELP IT. I'M IN A BIND.

WE GOT THE TEN GRAND. DO WE LOOK LIKE SABS ENOUGH TO RISK SMUGGLING YA THROUGH CUSTOMS WHEN WE HIT PORT?

ONLY ONE TROUBLE WILD DIS RACKET. WE NEVER GET NO REPEAT BUSINESS. WULL- YA CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING.

GOOD THING I'M FAMILIAR WITH HONOR AMONG THIEVES. OTHER WISE I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO WELL PREPARED NOW TO INFLATE THESE WATER WINGS AND LOCATE MY POSITION.

HA-HA-- THIRTY-EIGHT DEGREES, TWENTY MINUTES NORTH LATITUDE BY SEVENTY-FIVE DEGREES, NINE MINUTES WEST LONGITUDE. I'LL RADIO ROBIN AND THE BATPLANE WILL PICK ME UP IN A HALF-HOUR....

A MESSAGE CRACKLING THROUGH THE SPEAKER... THE ROAR OF A MIGHTY MOTOR... WE HO WINGS OUTLINED AGAINST THE SKY AND THE BATPLANE SWOOPS SEAWARD LIKE SOME GIANTIC BIRD

PRESENTLY...

HOW'S THAT FOR SPEED, BATMAN? I NOTIFIED THE COAST GUARD BUT COULDN'T GIVE THEM THE SHIP'S EXACT POSITION.

THE THING TO DO IS TO CONTINUE CIRCLING THE SHIP AND KEEP THE COAST GUARD INFORMED OF ITS POSITION.

AW-- YOU MEAN NO EXCITEMENT? AND HERE I WAS ITCHING FOR ACTION.
But Robin is not going to be disappointed long for on the vessels deck...

That sure is a queer-looking plane, like a bat! Say — 'ts the Batplane! But what's it doing way out here?

Captain, our radio just picked up a message from the Batplane. They're sending our position to the coast guard.

So it's us they're after or is it? There must be a leak somewhere! Man the guns! We'll blast them snobby black rats out of the sky!

The captain's order is obeyed.

While in the Batplane...

They're firing at us, Robin! They must have picked up our message! Have to go in a hurry.

The radio? It's gone dead! It's been hit!

Skilled hands and cool nerves miraculously maneuver the Batplane through a hail of death until it hovers directly over the enemy's ship.

I never see anything like this! They're landing! Cease firing! They're "so low!"

Look at Thamiton to one and aboard to the teeth.

What's worse, the tie between us and the rest of our squadron and a chance making a rush for the deck that pipe. How we go where we want em!
BATMAN

Hey, periscope a-steer! The guns! Quick before we get a torpedo rammed through our boilers.

Hurry, Robin—they're laugh out—well we'll have to hold them off from in here.

I'm sending as fast as I can.

A phony periscope! Batman—that was a stroke of genius.

Thinking the ship doomed the guys prepared to desert, while—

Save the flattery for later! We've got to get to the radio room before they get wise.

The first thing I say to vectors is have a char.
"Don't worry, darling! There's nobody around!"

The dependable power of Eveready Dry Cells being put to excellent use right now in the round of our fighting units. This means that the vital supplies of electricity will be stretched as far as possible—use yours carefully.

The proper handling of America's food supply can help it last by:

The marks "Eveready" and "Panther" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.
GEE MAN

NOW ROVER IVE BEEN TEACHING YOU TO BE A G MAN. NOW IM PUTTIN YOU ON YA OWN.

I WANT YOU TO LOOK AROUND AND IF YA SEE ANYBODY BREAKING ANY LAWS YOU REPORT BACK TO ME.

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT MUTT? IM APPARILLL NEVER MAKE A G MAN OUT OF HIM.

MR. POOL HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF MY DOG ROVER IVE LOST HIM!

I DONT KNOW BILLY BUT A G MAN OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO FIND HIS DOG.

SAY BILLY YOU BETTER HURRY YOUR DOG ROVER IS IN TROUBLE!

WHATTA YA MEAN IN TROUBLE?

THERE HE GOES BILLY!

HEY - YOU CANT ARREST MY DOG YOU DONT REALIZE WHO HE IS!

I DONT CARE WHO HE IS - HE'S GOT NO LICENSE!

WOOP  
CITY  
POUND
WESTERN INCIDENT
by Tex Palmer

This was the first Western trip for Jenkins. He was a novelty salesman, only in those days calvesmen were called drummers. If there had been anyone else in the company to send Jenkins would not have gotten this assignment. He was a very nervous man and knew that he still couldn't believe that the Indians were not presented a threat in the new America the West.

Jenkins hated this weather. It was hot and humid and in his hotel room, he felt as though he would never rid himself of the clothes or the heat of the alkali which baked all three. And the last thing he ever wanted to see again was flat plains. And cactus.

Sighing, Jenkins packed up his demonstration bag. His years of selling had made him resigned to his fate but he had never figured anything like this would happen to him. He locked the door carefully behind him, after averting his eyes quickly so that the memory of the old face, he had seen, would not linger. The cracked pitcher and the sweat stain on the ancient hotel room wouldn't bother him, and went downstairs.

In the hot dusty street, the sun was dancing a rigadoon. Jenkins blinked to keep the burning chills out of his eyes. His bag in a cooler climate ordinarily light now felt like a couple of anvils. Perpetuation began pouring down his face because he had gone twenty feet. The stuff rotten wilted beneath his thin neck like some slowly dying thing, and Jenkins flinching eyes won with twin lights set in a sea of gelatinous flesh.

Unusually Jenkins was the typical drummer. Today he was anything but. He ground his heel against the rest of the town he'd have to make in this town.

The boy his face slyly 殆 him. The lad he was dressed. "Why don't you look where you're going? You're about to fall flat.

You doped to imply, Jenkins remained silent for a moment. People began gathering around him, laughing and cartwheeling.

Jenkins got pointedly to his feet, his blood boiling. His eyes went to the lad, his face, then chilled. There was something in the boy's face that stopped Jenkins from saying what he wanted. He had wanted to say "Why you dirty little gutter snipe, and then he saw the kid's ear.

He didn't. Instead he said: "I'm sorry son, I hope I didn't hurt you."

The boy looked him over easily. It was an impudent stare almost mocking. "You didn't," he said. "Okay, we're even.

Without another word, he resumed his whistling and Jenkins, the length of the crowd still ringing in his ears, sort of slunk into the corner at the General Store.

Larkin was busy with the Saturday afternoon rush. Jenkins sat himself down on an unopened crate of oranges and leaned himself vigorously with his hat. The smell of the store brought back his good nature somewhat and he began to feel pleased with himself. He was glad he hadn't gotten into an argument with that frisky kid.

There was no telling what those rowdy cowboys might have done. All of this was the wild and wooly West.

But Jenkins had to admit to himself it didn't look so wild here in this General Store. And this way the ranchers' wives were baying. It didn't seem they were rowdy and healthy like.
A clerk came over. "The Boss is going to be busy another hour or so. Most of these customers are his personal friends, and he likes to tend to them himself. Now maybe you'd like me to look over your stuff. Big Ed says it's okay. I do a lot of the buying for him. Name's Brown."

"Sure," Jenkins smiled, opened his sample case. It was filled with novelties, such as miniatures, French powderpuffs, some of the new tangled hairnets, silk dresses, lace and ribbons, a popular painted line of razors. "There they are," he said. "Everything for young and old, something for every one from Grandpappy to the kids."

The sales talk burbled on as the delighted clerk studied each new item.

The clerk looked up, puzzled. "I don't see anythign for the kiddies," he said. "What do you want?"

"Oh, excuse me," Jenkins lifted the lower layer of his sample case. "Here."

The clerk gasped. "Guys?"

His bright blue eyes stared in wonderment at the stock lying array of revolvers.

Jenkins lightly beamed with delight. "Wait, there was something these cowboys didn't know! There was a water bucket standing beside me, while the amazement clerk watched Jenkins, reveiling in this moment, unassimilated one of the guns into the hull."

Then he whistled. The clerk covered the gun muzzle, swung toward him. "Hey, be careful with that thing," he gasped. "Want to blow any heads off?"

Jenkins face was suffused with laughter. The clerk turned and commanded the attention of everyone in the store, and that Jenkins decided, called for super-salesmanship.

A stream of water issued forth as Jenkins pulled the trigger.

The clerk leaped back weakly against some bolts of calico. "What the hell?" he asked.

Jenkins looked around the store. The busy Ed Larkin, tall and grave-faced, had stopped his measuring of sugar and now, holding the basket in hand, he came over.

"It's the newest toy in the East," Jenkins said. "A water pistol. The kids love em."

He was the professional salesman and demonstrator now, holding his audience in the palm of his hand. "And for the protection of women against scratches, perhaps wild dogs, he lectured, "this handy little weapon can be fitted with a streamer. It's also a protection against tramps. With it, a woman can walk unafraid through the streets."

He stopped, dismayed. Now that the first novelty of the gun had worn off, the customers were deliberately turning their backs on Jenkins blanked. He couldn't understand this. What was the matter with these people, didn't they have children? Were the women afraid to walk the streets unaccompanied?

For a moment he looked plumb and Larkin being a Kansas man stopped his work long enough to explain. "You are Mister," he said. "That's a toy. And folks around here just don't think of guns as toys. They are necessary to life—and there's no looking around about a gun."

The corners of his lips turned up in a laconic grin. "And you'll probably have our women run more than take care of themselves."

But by now Jenkins had recovered his composure. He remembered that the General Manager had been especially emphatic about this novelty. Probably because he had even bought himself for the East "I expect you to get rid of a lot of them in the West," Jenkins had been told. "And I know you won't fail me."

Perhaps that's why Jenkins, at this moment smothered disaster. He turned, seeing for the first time, the young lad who had been whistling outside the store. The boy had come in for a drink of water as Jenkins had begun the demonstration. He had watched it gravely.

"Now, Jenkins turned to him. Why there wasn't a kid in the East didn't want a water pistol. He beamed at the boy."

"Son," he said, "what would you say if I gave you this handy little water pistol?"

His eyes searched the boy's face, waiting for a joyous sight to appear. He was disappointed. And stunned.

"Mister," the boy said. "When I get me a gun I don't aim for it to be a toy. Besides, his upper lip curled you can keep it."

The clerk standing beside Jenkins and Larkin laughed. "A quick, bright flash of anger struck at Jenkins. "Why you impudent little gutturarope" he said. "If I were your father and you shoved manners like this I'd."

"You'd what Mister?" The boy stood fast, and his eyes, now twin slits, bored into Jenkins face.

Jenkins left a sudden chill go through him. He had never seen eyes like those. They look almost like that of a killer's eyes were supposed to look. The way they were written about in Western stories.

Larkin broke the spell. His long arm reached out, grasped the boy at the scrub of the neck and yanked the thin body reeling out the door. It landed in a cloud of dust.

The storekeeper's voice was apologetic. He liked this town and its people, and wanted it, and they to make a good impression on strangers, even druggists. "You mustn't think all our boys are like him Mr. Jenkins," he said. "We've got some mighty fine boys in this town."

He turned to the clerk. "Remind me, Brown," he said, "to talk to Sheriff Garrett about that young Brannen kid. He's gamin' too big for his britches!" He smiled. "Billy the Kid he calls himself now." Righteously he added. "Somebody ought to give him a talking.
The underworld trembles... crooks scurry for cover... for here comes Alfred again — your favorite Butler-detective on his own in...

"Police Line-up!"

At Police headquarters a fitless voice spotlights picks out the sinister features of the criminal. A lithe figure in cloak and top hat steps forward:

TOOTS ROLLSTON ACCUSED OF LARCENY... TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT HIM, BOYS!

He should be easy to remember; he's the very image of the horse that won the Derby Four Years Ago.

WHAT'S ALFRED DONE ELSE? Watch no the police line-up! He's perfecting himself, dear reader, in the art of detection. Good detectives must be able to recognize enemies of the underworld... and through Bruce Wayne's influence with Commissioner Gordon, Alfred has been given this opportunity to observe them.

"MY WORD, I NEVER suspected so many criminals are picked up each day and I must remember ALL their faces, or I'll never rival Batman as a detective!"
EXPECTLY...

MY WORD... THERE'S ONE OF THEM NOW... HE MUST HAVE BEEN RELEASED BY THE POLICE FOR LACK OF PROOF OR ANY CRIME!

BUT PERHAPS I MAY BE ABLE TO PICK UP SOME INCORRIMATING EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM... I'LL SHADOW HIM.

AND ALFRED CLINGS TO THE TRAIL LIKE A LEECH... HE MAY BE STEPPING IN FOR A MERE MATTER OF MOMENTS... I'LL WAIT OUTSIDE.

BUT AS TIME PASSES...

ON SECOND THOUGHT, THIS MAY BE A VIGILANTE... I'LL SEE WHAT INSIDE CAN THROW A BIT OF LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

I DIDN'T EXPECT YA HERE CHUM... BUT I'M SURE GLAD YA SHOWED UP... I GOT SOME LEAD SLUGS WAITIN' FOR YA.

BY LOVE... HE'S GOING TO SHOOT HIM!
I can't permit that, even if he is a criminal. But what shall I do?

The answer to that question is out of Alfred's hands. And in charge of his feet as he takes an ung Larry stem.

Hey what's this?
Whatever it is I'll take care of it!

Relax chump. Den ya won't mind when ya hit da floor wid a bump!
I must act rapidly!
One might say this is using one's head!

But the Butler's butt has one unforeseen consequence... the flying revolver puts his lone possible ally temporarily out of the fight.

And now the odds are four to one... with Alfred in the short end!
Okay chump; dis is da payoff. Surround him, boys. Dere's an orderly way to handle him, but dis is simpler!

I must think more rapidly than ever. I haven't been in as tight a squeeze since I bought my last pair of shoes a size too small.
Speaking of shoes, perhaps they can help me out of a squeeze, as well as into one.

Unexpectedly, Alfred's arm strikes a switch.

He opened the trap door, we were keeping ready for the cops.

Hey, what happened?

My word - this must be how they handle me. They spoke of me being lucky for them to trust in their superior numbers.

Nice work, pal! I don't know where I'd have been without you!

It's most fortunate I remembered you from the police line-up.

Let us out!

Dore's water down here.

Yes, I noticed you there while I introduced the crooks. Little did I realize you'd help me land Cincinnati Reds for being a fence.

What? He's the detective who read off the crooks' names! No wonder I remembered his face. But I mustn't let him know that I mistook him for one of them.

Later, at Bruce Wayne home....

So you see, I not only recalled the faces of the crooks in the line-up, but the detectives, too.

Hmm. Your memory was never so remarkable before Alfred are you sure we heard everything just as it happened?

Everything that my modesty permits me to tell you! As for my memory... naturally, it would improve, sir, through associating with you and master dick!
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Look, Boys and Girls! SWELL FREE GIFTS FOR YOU!

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BATMAN

WITH ROBIN

THE DARING DETECTIVE

Those stanch defenders of the law, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, apprehend Batman and Robin n flagrant misdeeds—and clap them into jail forthwith. “...no we’re not all mixed up. Or in this scrambled tale tworotund rogues once versatile in villany reproduce the evil ways?” But America’s ace crime-smashers know full well that all is not gold that glitters—and steel bars cannot keep the blasting fists from ushering in the fateful day of reckoning for the men of Yonville!”
Election Day in the remote village of Sonde.

Vote yet, Sam?

Meecham: Nope, been too busy listening to the speech by Mr.

Fellow citizens, you know I'm twice as efficient as anybody else in town. Vote once for me and get twice the value.

I ain't modest—But he's right.

Incredible as it seems at this very moment, two blocks away...

Why even now I am performing the amazing feat of conduct no two elections meet alike at once.

It's true! I jest come from another one.

Elect me, and make every other town in America jealous.

Don't double-cross yourself! Put an X on your ballot for me.

Some claims he does it with mirrors.

The face of the no-nonsense candidate has spread grim news. Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson to the scene.

If our suspect one are right, Bruce—what then?

It all depends.

Presently...

Hooray! The other candidates got a vote apiece for their own.

Now let's see what we came to see Dick.
THE CONQUERED HERO?

THREE CHEERS FOR HONOR AND THE MAYOR!

THANK YOU, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS!

IT'S HEY!

IT'S THEY!

NOR ARE BRUCE AND DICK THE ONLY STRANGERS IN TOWN.

LE'S WONE LOUIE! LET'S CELEBRATE!

OKAY, SPARKS. LET'S GO TO THE BANK.

A SHOT FROM THE BANK!

AND A WORLD FAMOUS FIGHTING TEAM FLASHES INTO ACTION!

BATMAN AND ROBIN!

NOT HERE! IT CAN'T POSSIBLY BE!

IT'S A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL!

A LIGHTNING CHANGE OF COSTUME

BUT WHERE IS THE BIG PROFIT FROM CRIME? A ONE-STREET TOWN LIKE THIS?

SAVE YOUR BULLET LOUIE!

OUCH!

I'M GETTING IN!

I'M GETTING OUT?
THE CHIEF OF POLICE V.S. 5 PRISONERS

WE BEEN EXPECTIN' YA TWEEDS, WE'LL BE LEAVIN' YOU OFF AS YA TAKE YOUR SHARE O' DA SWAG?

LEAVIN'? I FEAR NOT?

YOU CROOKS HAVE BROKEN THE LAW — AND YOU'RE GOING TO PRISON!

BUT TWEEDLEDEE WAS OUR FRIEND IN GOTHAM CITY — DA'S WHY WE FOLLOWED YA HERE!

FELLS OINKS PERHAPS BUT NO MORE?

SO HELP ME HE'S DA JUDGE, TOO?

ORDER IN THE COURT?

WHAT THE TEST WONY S IR?

IF THERE WAS A JURY I'LL BET THE TWEEDS WOULD BE ALL TWELVE OF IT?

WONDER IF HE'LL DARE TO LET THEM OFF?

THE COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY! THE SENTENCE IS FIVE YEARS AT HARD LABOR!

WHAT? HE DID IT?

AND ONCE THE SENTENCE IS RECORDED HE CAN'T CHANGE IT!

BUT THERE IS MORE TO COME...

NEXT CASE! THE PEOPLE V.S. BATMAN AND ROBIN.

OH OH! THIS SOUNDS BAD!

HUH?

IT'S CHANGED YOU RIPPED UP A 5 DEWALK PLANK VIOLATING OUR NEWEST CITY ORD NANCE.

SIDEWALK PLANK? OH - THAT?

WE KNOWN NOTH NG OF THE ORD NANCE!
IGNORANCE OF THE LAW IS NO EXCUSE. IT PAINS ME. I MUST SENTENCE YOU TO THIRTY DAYS!

BUT I DID IT TO SAVE BATMAN'S LIFE!

EASY, ROBIN!

SO FATE PLAYS A SARKONIC PRANK UPON THE DYNAMIC DUO?

WE SHOULD HAVE RESISTED?

WHATEVER THEIR GAME ROBIN, THEY'VE GOT THE LAW ON THEIR AND WE NEVER FIGHT THE LAW!

MEAN Y & THE MURC'S WINSSELVES MAY BE SEEN TOGETHER ONLY AT THEIR HOME...

COUS N DREEVER MY CUP OF HAPPINESS IS FULL.

A RARE JEST DUMBREEE JES JA LING BATMAN AND ROBIN!

AND EVEN THERE ONLY BY THEMSELVES?

A KNOCK! THAT WILL BE ANDERS WHO ONCE OWNED OUR REJUVENATED GOLD! HE MUST NOT FIND US TOGETHER!

I SHALL A THREAT DEEVER!

KNOCK KNOCK

HOW THOUGHTFUL OF YOU TO CALL NEIGHBOR ANDERS!

YES ASKED ME TO SHOW YE THAT OLD WORKED OUT GOLD MINI. YE BOUGHT WITH THIS HOUSE AN HERE I AM!

IN THE CELLAR

I BRING A FORTUNE THROUGH THIS DOOR IN MY TIME! HAMAM-PARTO THE WALL CAVED IN AN WHAT'S THIS?

I'LL SAY SOMETHIN'S WRONG! I QUIT TOO SOON! LOOK GOLD!! YOU'RE RIGHT!

BUT I'VE CARED NOTHING FOR WEALTHY. I HAVE IT! I SHALL GIVE THE MINE TO THE PEOPLE.
The next day, huge posters proclaim amazing tidings...

Notice!!

Having discovered a rich vein of gold in the old mine under my house, I hereby make a free gift of all the profits to be divided among those of my fellowtownsmen who provide money for its development. For myself, I want nothing.

Mayor Tweed.

Two days later the mine pays a dividend...

You can collect your money now or reinvest it and make more!

Wow! A dividend already! Keep my share!

Keep mine, too—on! Take this thousand I borrowed!

I'm selling my farm! I'll be a millionaire by spring!

That night at the jail...

Here, Batman—readin' th' news'll help pass th' time!

Great Scott! What's th' 33? (33) (33)

Tweed's working a gold mine swindle on the whole town! Folks are selling all they own to give him money.

Helpless? No, Robin! We aren't going to let those fat leeches leave hundreds of people penniless! We're going to escape!

I'm for it, but how?
I'm surprised you haven't already noticed that road wepaq tractor parked out's de our window.

I saw it but I never thought about... till now.

*The Batman's* silk woven as steel, nosed the tractor's seat frame.

Now to tie the other end to the bars.

What do we do now? Wait for someone to drive the tractor away?

No, we'll rip his son and loose the enemy.

I push the lever. 

And then you push the starter button?

Batman, the engine's hot.

I had a hat I'd take it off to you.

Hurry, Robin! We've got to get aboard the tractor before it runs wild and does some damage.

There's the Tweed's house and they're burning the moonshin plant.

Especially get ready to burn some sort. Gasoline is now worth its weight in gold.

And that's precisely the villain's plan.

A nice haul of money.

And brilliantly acquired! Letting Anderson and theolen gold we payed off and offering a dividend we weren't as strokes.
Suddenly...

And as for those dolt's: the Bat-man and Rob-Hunr...

Did you say dolts?

Ready to abscind with the loot eh?

The gentry faar pleads luriously...

Abscind? Loot?

Bat-man, you wrong

Let's think how sherry's been a

Even with our

Gold?

Perhaps Dumeer he doubts that

There's really

Gold in the

Mines?

Co. I see for yourselfs that

We have sacrificed millions to gain

The rears of our neighbors?

It's hard to believe that

Everyone is entitled to

A hearing?

Careful Bat-man?

In the good of the world, the

Heroes do not see a treacherous

Hand reach for a lever

Look nudge's.

I don't see anything?

At 15 ar later

They tricked us?

Now you can see stars?

A little device we arranged in

Case anyone called our bluff?

A little device we arranged in

Case anyone called our bluff?

My bat-er thirty days

In jail, you'll spend

Stern ty here.

You'll pay for this!
SHS'S *

Alone in the tunnel, the trapped comrades sweat and strain to no avail.

CAN'T BUDGE IT. WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

But brand new where drawn's useless?

THAT PLANK -- IF I COULD REACH IT...

Perhaps my gauntlet will catch on that nail and get it?

What will we do with it?

If we can force the point and under the timber that's fanning us down, we'll have a lever to work with.

No, (puff) but it won't be easy.

Now Robin -- put all your strength into it!

If only we hadn't lost too much time -- and if only the board didn't break.

A farewell salute to Batman and Robin!

And to a village of 9,000! La-3-

...but not fast!

The road's blowing up, we must have dynamited one of the wine tunnels directly under it.

And we're going too fast to stop!

What we need is a wrecking truck!

Deever tips them! We must be dead too.

If no, where you wouldn't be this near to us?
Equipment & borrowed red & blue ROBIN descends to rescue the renegades & notices.

Some excavation & that jagged vein through the rock — it looks like...

"Robin?"

Gold? Avenue an inch thick & no man knows no where & how.

Goldreal gold in the mine we gave away.
A HERO IS HONORED.

RECKON WE OWE ALL WE GOT TO BATMAN. AN' WE'RE SHY A MAYOR? LET'S ELECT HIM HERE AN' NOW? ALL IN FAVOR SAY--

AYE!

I'M THE MAYOR BY ACCLAMATION--UNANIMOUS? I ACCEPT WITH THANKS--TEMPORARILY? MY FIRST OFFICIAL ACT IS TO APPOINT ROBIN ACTING CHIEF OF POLICE AND--

OH, BOY!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING--

YOU ARE CHARGED WITH FRAUD, GRAND LARCENY AND ATTEMPTED MURDER! HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY?

COUSN DEEVER, I FEAR IT WOULD BE USELESS!

HAVE WE, COUSN SUNFREE?

THEN YOU WILL REMAIN IN CUSTODY WITHOUT BAIL TO AVOID TRIAL BY THE STATE COURT?

STEP LIVELY, BOYS; THE PLEASURE OF LOCKING YOU UP IS ALL MINE!

AND NOW--

FOR THEY'RE TWO JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS--

ONLY WE'LL WANT A TWO WAY KEY TO THE JAIL.

LENN GOTHAM CITY--

THE TOWN CERTAINLY GOT THE BEST OF THAT DEAL!

WHAT ARE YOU INSANE? I'M NOT SO SURE--

BRUCE--WE HAD A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF FUN AT LEAST.

TWEEDS ENTER PRISON AS YONIVILLE DIVIDES $1,000,000 IN BONUS!

THE END.
LIMITED OFFER
SEND NO MONEY

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WITH 2 WHEATIES BOX TOPS

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Two amazing new planes in the official Jack Armstrong series of rival fighters. The carrier-based Fancy Fulmar speed king of the British Navy. And the Messerschmitt 113 deadly home-defended fighter of the Nazi Luftwaffe.

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BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

Start a collection of flying fighters. These two planes are numbers 7 and 8 in a series of aircraft which are partly externally designed for rating Wheaties. Learn how you can get all the flying models. And learn how good breakfast can be when you start with a hearty bowlful of milk fruit and Wheaties "Breakfast of Champions." Whole wheat flakes with a special helping's flavor! That's Wheaties—and that's for you.
What? How dare you tell me what to do!! I'll... I'll...

I'm glad that job is through painting. It's not my line of work.

I'll walk back in a circle to see if I missed up anything.

Eh! Ulp! The Colonel!!

Hey, er, sir, don't mess with me--but I would not go down there!!

All right? I just thought I'd tell you so the bench is freshly painted.
Sure is a big polk. How many soldiers don't like having their work done for them? I wonder.

How about a nice, frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola? Do we have some more about your training at camp? Yes, sir. (Ulp) I mean yes, ma'am.

Well, I better get out of here. A lot of trouble with some trooper's girl. She wants a Taylor.

Nice work boys. We've been looking for a suspicious dame with a forged USO pass for a long time.

Schnauzalnd take it easy. Sister, I don't want to sock ladies, but I might sock you.

Donald O'Connor says:

My taste test favorite!

Royal Crown Cola.