Nestled amongst the rolling slopes of Gotham's suburbs lies the home of the richest woman in town, Mrs. Van Landorff.

What a serene and tranquil picture.

But wait! Dear me—tell the NK that one of my intellect should walk into such a trap! haste is my only resource now.

No—you are not deceived. It is indeed the Penguin, that grotesque bird of ill-omen!

The Batman and Robin will those two never cease to haunt my waking moments?

He can't get away from us now, Batman.

Quick as a wink, we'll have you in the clink!

A short while later at Gotham Penitentiary!

Well, Penguin, how does it feel to be home again?

Terrible but wait and see if I don't begin to roam again.

To be docked by such ill-fortune—how could I have known that they were waiting for me to steal the Van Landorff emerald that this should happen to me—'the smartest crook in town!'
HA-HA HO-HO, LUCK WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE SMARTEST CROOK IN TOWN?

HUH? WHY THIS RAZOROUS OUTBURST OF MIRTH, MY LAUGHING NYENA?

THOSE SPINE-CHILLING CHUCKLES THAT STEAMING VOICE ARE WE HAVE HEARD THEM BEFORE?

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU, TO THE SMARTEST CROOK IN TOWN--MY CARD!

POOF--THE JOKER! I READ HOW BATMAN CAUGHT YOU TRYING TO LIFT THE VAN LANDORF EMMER AT LAST WEEK! YOU OUGHT TO BE AS BRIGHT AS A PARASOL!

IS THAT SO? LISTEN, YOU PUDDER CANARY! IF YOU'RE SO GOOD, HOW IS IT YOU HAVEN'T GOTTEN THE EMMER?

ER--WE WONT GO INTO THAT! YOU GOODLINGS SNOB, WHY, YOU COULDN'T PICK A BLIND MAN'S POCKET ON A FOGGY NIGHT!

NOW LOOK HERE, YOU UMBRELLA-ROTTER UNDERWORLD UPSTART--THIS TOWN HAVEN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US TO OPERATE IN! WE'VE GOT TO SETTLE WHO GOES AND WHO STAYS!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME. HOW ABOUT A LITTLE CONTEST? WE'RE BOTH AFTER THE VAN LANDORF EMMER--SHALL WE SAY THAT WHOEVER GETS IT FIRST WINS EXCLUSIVE CONTROL OF THE GOTHAM CITY TERRITORY?

LATER THE TWO KNOCKS OF KNAVEY BEGIN A FEARFUL CLAMOR IN THE CELL BLOCK.

THE FLOOR HASN'T BEEN SWEEP IN A MONTH

IF YOU NOSEY STIR-NUTS WANT A CLEAN CELL, TRY CLEANING IT YOURSELF!

YOU CAN'T CLEAN A DB-SSTY...

WE DEMAND A CLEAN CELL--TH'S PLACE IS A PB-STY!
But as soon as the guard leaves them with the broom... taking off the wire that binds the brooms together was quite a bright idea of mine.

Not quite as bright as my idea of fashioning it into a long hook.

Guess I'll go see whether those two punks have swept the cell yet... Oooh!

Thanks for the broom on wit here's where we sweep you off your feet... HA-HA!

And be sure a note's left... friends regain their freedom as prison doors reluctantly sound the alarm.

Well here's where we separate and don't forget our agreement; when I get that emerald it's going to be good bye Gotham for you.

That evening at the home of Bruce Wayne - with those two on the loose Gotham is going to be turned upside down.

The Joker and Penguin in both, it was bad enough when we had to worry about one of them at a time. We can't afford to lose a moment.

Scant seconds elapse before the anxious pair are transformed into that double-barreled blast of evil, the Batman and Robin...

Can't seconds elapse before the anxious pair are transformed into that double-barreled blast of evil, the Batman and Robin...

What's our first move, Batman?

The Joker and the Penguin have both been after the Van Landor emerald for a long time. They're sure to strike again and when they do, we want to be there.

But they're not going to walk into a trap twice; they're too smart for that.

No... but I think we might be able to use their own swiftness against them. I'll need Mrs. Van Landor's cooperation...
SHORTLY AFTERWARD AT THE VAN LANDORF HOME --

AND SINCE YOU'RE GOING TO APPEAR AT THE RITZ FASHION SHOW TOMORROW NIGHT AS AMERICA'S BEST TAILED WOMAN, I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D GET THIS NOTICE INTO THE SOCIETY COLUMN TOMORROW...

NATURALLY, I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO HELP YOU CAPTURE THOSE TWO AMINAL MEN, BATMAN!

OH, YOU WANT ME TO SAY THAT I'LL BE WEARING THE EMERALD RUBIN TOMORROW NIGHT, BUT I COULDN'T POSSIBLY... I QUITE UNDERSTAND. I INSERTED THAT DELIBERATELY YOU WANTED TO WEAR THE EMERALD RUBIN AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!

YOU MAY BE SURE I'LL ARRANGE TO HAVE THE NOTICE INSERTED, AND I LEAVE THE EMERALD IN YOUR CARE. I DO HOPE IT WILL BE SAFE!

IT WILL BE NEVER FEAR!

I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYTHING SILLIER THAN A FASHION SHOW, BUT I'M WILLING TO DO AS LONG AS YOU EXPECT TO LURE THE PENGUIN AND THE JOKER THERE!

YOU'RE WRONG, RUBIN-- WE'RE NOT GOING TO THE FASHION SHOW.

YOU SEE, THE JOKER AND THE PENGUIN ARE MUCH TOO CLEVER TO BE FOOLLED BY THAT NOTICE. THEY'LL SMELL A TRAP IMMEDIATELY. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT THEM TO DO. MY IDEA IS TO USE THEIR OWN CLEVERNESS AGAINST THEM.

LETS PAY A VISIT TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE WILY PENGUIN AS HE SCANS THE PAPERS ON THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON --

HMM-- HERE'S AN INTERESTING LITTLE PIECE IN THE SOCIETY COLUMN JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

LET'S SEE BOSS, TEAR IT OUT!

AND MRS. VAN LEONBERG WITH APPARENTLY A BATMAN SHOW MEETING A BARTER OUT OF HER IMAGINATION. THIS SHOULD CERTAINLY FURTHER HER PLAN AS HER STRATEGY OF HAVING HERSELF AS A EUROPEAN WOMAN. SHE ALSO PLANS TO WEAR A GOWN FROM THE 18TH CENTURY FOR THE OCCASION.

OH EMMERALD! I GUESS WE GO TO THE FASHION SHOW, BOSS!
Such stupidity! Don't you know that one doesn't wear court emeralds with tailored clothes? It simply isn't done. My guess is that the Batman had this notice inserted—

But what's his angle?

He knows I after the emerald so he plans to lure me to the fashion show where he'll be waiting for me. But I'm a little too smart for him.

Since emeralds aren't worn with tailored clothes, it'll be in the safe at the Landorff home, and while Batman is expecting me at the show, we'll be taking the emerald out of the unguarded house.

Cee Penguin. What a brain.

And that night at the van Landorff home. They aren't even taking the trouble to sneak in quietly. They're so sure we're expecting them at the fashion show!

See, not a soul about and they didn't even bother to lock the door. But the funniest part of all this is that the Joker's probably walking right into the Batman's trap.

A child could open this safe, huh—do I hear footsteps?

Yeah—we better duck!

A child could open this safe, huh—do I hear footsteps?

Could it be the Batman? I'm getting nervous!

Yeah—we better duck!

As the Penguin and his men crouch in the dark shadows of the room.

Ha ha ho-ho. What a set-up! And when I think that at this very moment the Penguin must be walking right into the Batman's arms. Well, I pity the little half-wit.

The Joker's here!
The Joker's sardonic references are too much for The Penguin.

Who's a little half-wit?

What the Penguin, but I thought?

Hot insults ignite glowing tempers and in a mere matter of seconds--

I'll teach you manners, you bumbling buffoon.

Why you waddling wind-bag, take this!

But when thieves fall out, two caped figures suddenly enter the fray--

Keep up the good work, boys -- I'll help you in a second!

Wha -- the Batman!

This time the joke's on you, Joker!

My umbrella's always ready to make Batman unsteady!

This smoke bomb should cloud the issue!

Oh, no you don't, Penguin!

Where are you, Batman? I can't see a thing.

Right over here. I've got one of 'em, but I can't see who it is!
And when the smoke lifts
The Joker and the Penguin they’re gone!

We caught the small fry while the big fish got away.

What needle's it? You!

You're right from now on let meones be buddies we're partners!

Together we can pick Gotham City clean here's to crime - May it provide us with gold and the Batman with gloom.

So is born a ferocious partnership uniting the joclastic genius of the Joker with the predatory profanity of the Penguin and not many hours pass before this unholy union of masterminds strikes with Swift Evil Efficiency.

The home of Bruce Wayne on the evening of the following day
To begin with, we have an appointment with commissioner Gordon this afternoon. He needs moral support - although I don’t know what to tell him.

Those two are running wild, Bruce, what are we going to do about it?

And my men are absolutely stymied in spite of police networks everywhere.

They're too wise to fall for another trap we'll have to go out and hunt for them.

Meanwhile, just across the street, a vaguely familiar figure hawks balloons. Why - it's the Penguin himself!

A sudden snatch and before the startled guards can turn the whip penguin unhooks his balloons.

You know how it is... a $10,000 payroll.

Thank you, sir - and farewell. The Joker has this all figured out to a - I must admit - but it took me to carry it through.

What?
As the balloons streak skyward,
the wind carries the Penguin past
Commissioner Gordon's window.

What? 'Batman—
look!' the Penguin
I'd recognize him anywhere!

Two caped figures make a desperate
plunge—
Maybe our combined efforts
will bring him down.

Either that—or we go along for the ride.

Ulp! Stowaways!

On a highway several miles away—the Penguin's jovial
partner—
Here he comes now! What—
he has Batman and Robin
with him. Get the net ready,
boys, and prepare for action.

We're all set.

The bank of a shot gun from
below, and—
Ah—my partners
on the job!

Whoompf—
here I come—
with the doode
and the
Batman.

We're falling!

The Penguin lands safely—
so will we.

Haa-ha! So they tried to
nab you and we nabbed
them. Quick—let's get
them to the hideout.

They really did me a favor! There
was too much gas in
the balloons and
without their holding on, I'd have
been out of shot gun range.
Now that we've caught them, the thing to do is finish them off in a fitting manner. How about the water treatment - a drop at a time on the forehead until they go mad?

Later at Rogues' Roost, the Palatial Sanctuary of the Sinister Pair!

Here we go again! And I want laughing gas, since I'm so much more skilled than you in our profession, you ought to defer to my wishes.

Huh? Where am I?

No - Let's use an overdose of laughing gas.

You a better crook than me? Why you chortling chump, if it weren't for me, you'd be in the clink now.

And if we weren't your partner, you foul-feathered fowl, you'd probably be snatching purses from old ladies.

All right, let's ask the Batman which of us he thinks is the smartest crook in Gotham. He should know.

How about the Batman?

Well, the truth is I don't think either of you merit that little.

There was once a crook named Stuttering Sam who could shoot an object twice the size of one of these vases off my head at fifty yards. You're just a couple of muggs compared to him.

What?

Is that all he could do? Watch me!

I'll knock this off your head at fifty paces right from the hip.

You mean you'll probably knock my head off?

This umbrella gun ought to make Stuttering Sam look like a sap.

This isn't what I made you eat your words, Batman!

I hope they're as good as I think they are.

Ah.
NOW—WHAT ABOUT YOUR STUTTERING SAM? AM I OR AM I NOT THE MOST DANGEROUS CROOK IN GOTHAM?

I'LL HAVE TO ADMIT THE JOKER'S SHOT WAS TRUE, BUT REMEMBER, I SHOT FROM THE HIP!

I NEVER THOUGHT YOU TWO HAD IT IN YOU!

As the roasting bandsウェスター forward the Batman furiously saga his bonds with a jagged splash of the shattered vase!

And Robin's not far behind!

Well, in my opinion, the Penguin has it all over the Joker!

Wrong Robin—To say the Joker was far superior.

Of course, I know you'll say Robin's only a kid, but...

—He's no ordinary kid, remember? He's as good as Batman anytime!

Listen—we'll be arguing all day. I'm in favor of a compromise. No laughing gas... no water, treatment. Let's finish them off right away.

Well, if you put it that way—all right!

Anyway, I think Batman got important things to steal. I tried to prolong the argument to gain time, but now his time's up.

A split second remains as Hammers click back for the shots that will send Batman and Robin crashing into oblivion—And then—

I'm free! But you won't be. My bonds are loose. Here's where I cook your goose!
CAREFUL, ROBIN! THE PENGUIN IS A DANGEROUS FOE WITH AN UMBRELLA IN HIS HAND --

SO YOU STILL WANT TO... OOMP!

AN UMBRELLA IN THE WAY KEEPS ROBIN AT BAY!

I'LL SEE YOU SOON. I HOPE NOT!

I'M STARTING A VICTORY GARDEN... DO YOU MIND IF I PLANT MY FIST?

OOF... MY UMBRELLAS

OOPS -- I CAN'T JUMP NOW!

WE'VE GOT HIM NOW. HE CAN'T JUMP DOWN TEN STORIES WITHOUT HIS UMBRELLA!

And so a unique partnership is officially dissolved while all await the arrival of the police --

A FINE PARTNER YOU TURNED OUT TO BE IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO VAIN WE'D NEVER HAVE BEEN CAUGHT AND I SUPPOSE YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT WELL, FROM NOW ON I'M OPERATING ALONE!

AND FROM THE LIST FOUND IN THE HIDEOUT, THE POLICE MADE SHORT WORK OF ROUNG UP THE REST OF THE GANG WHICH MEANS THAT GOTHAM OUGHT TO BE QUIET FOR A WHILE!

HMM, NOT TOO QUIET I HOPE!

RIGHT PENGUIN -- YOU'LL BOTH GET SEPARATE CELLS THIS TIME.
LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries

“I’m sorry, Sis!”

“Keep your eye on the Infantry—the doughboy does it!” Does the slugging job of turning the war man to man against the enemy.

We know it’s mighty disappointing to hear your desire keep saving—'No Eveready' flashlight batteries yet. But our Armed Forces and vital war industries are using these dependable batteries—and they're taking nearly all we can make.

The word Eveready is a registered trademark of National Carbon Company Inc.

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER. Look for the date line.

EVEREADY
Tis the hour of noon, O wise man—and you promised to tell us a story. My word shall be even as the word of the prophet be seated and attend me well.

This is not as has been my custom, a tale of long ago, but one of only yesterday. It concerns itself with Sadi Ben Hassan, the sheik of our tribe, and how he came unto his rightful place.

Oftentimes did I hear my father speak of such a tale but never did I learn it.

T'was the days when the eyes of the night keeps constant vigil against the repugnance of evil.

Not many moons ago a tribesman returning from the distant sea-coast spurred his camel across the burning desert toward our oasis and burst into the tent of the former sheik Omar el Kobra, he of the evil name.

By the beard of the prophet what means this unholy haste?

I bring news, terrible news:

While purchasing supplies I came upon this American newspaper in the town. I obtained it from a foreign soldier. 'twas fortunate that I know English. Read well the item I have marked in pencil.
TEN YEARS PAST WE LEFT THE CHILD SIDI IN THE DESERT TO DIE SO THAT I MIGHT ASSUM
E THE SHEIKDOM TO WHICH HE WAS HEIR--

A CHANCE TRAV
LER UNJUSTI
FLY RELEASED
HIM AND TOOK
HIM TO AMER
ICA.

WHERE HE MUST NOW BE. BEFORE HIS RETURN TO THE VILLAGE
TO ASSUME HIS ESSENTIAL FUNCTION. SO LONG AS HE LIVES, I AM
NOT SLEEPING. WE MUST BE RID OF HIM EVEN IF IT MEANS A VOYAGE
TO AMERICA.

AND SO WITH
THE NEW MOON,
THERE TALE LEADS
TO INTR
GAN WHOM THE
UPHILERS WHO
REMEMBER EVEN AS
THE DESERT SANDS HERE
IN EXILE LIVED THE TRUE
SHEIK SIDI BEN HASSAN.

ONE DAY AS SIDI BEN HASSAN WAS
DRIVING HIS CAB IN SEARCH OF A
PARENT.

TEN YEARS AN EXILE
BUT NEXT MONTH, MY
COURSES IN GOVERN
MENT WILL BE COMPLE
TED AND MY PEOPLE CAN
BENEFIT BY MY KNOWLEDGE
WHEN I RETURN TO OUST
THE USURPER.

BY ALLAH--
THAT WAS CLOSE.
WHY THERE'S THE
BATMOBILE? BAT
MAN AND ROBIN
FLEETING A BANG
OF CROOKS. THIS
IS SOMETHING
TO SEE!

HEY CABBIE, QUICK FOLLOW
THAT CAR. THE
BATMAN MAY NEED HELP!
AND THE BATMAN IT WAS THAT CAPED FIGURE OF SINISTER MENACE FOR ALL THOSE WHO DARED DEFY THE LAW!

WE'VE GOT THEM NOW, ROBIN!

KEEP LOW, ROBIN! THOSE GORILAS KNOW HOW TO SHOOT! WE'LL OVERTAKE THEM IN A BLOCK OR SO.

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT ALLIES THERE'S A CAR PULLING AWAY FROM THE CURVE WITH A COP ON THE RUNNING BOARD!

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS—THROW OUT YOUR BATS!

GUESS THEY DON'T KNOW WHEN THEY'RE LICKED!

NEVER LET 'T BE SAID THAT SID BEN HASSAN SIT IDLY BY IN THE PRESENCE OF LAW-BREAKERS—HAY!

OKAY, CRIPPER—SLOW BEFORE I MAKES YA BAT YER BADGE!

YOU ROTTEN KILLER!

I GUESS I'M SLIPPING BUT DON'T LET IT UPSET YOU.
EIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF THE LAW

SIGHT YOU ARE... BATMAN! AN IT'LL BE A FAIR LONG TIME BEFORE HE GETS OUT AGAIN.

THEY SEEM TO BE NICE AND MEAN NOW LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE LADY.

HE'S OPENING HIS EYES, HE'S ALIVE!

NOTHIN' SERIOUS AT ALL SEE THE BULLET JUST CRISES His SCALP BUT HE'S Had A NASTY SHOCK BETTER GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL.

DO YOU GET THEM, BATMAN?

DON'T WORRY— WE'LL ALL BE FINE.

SOMEBODY'S GONNA GET THE CAB BACK TO THE COMPANY GARAGE AND SEND IN A REPORT.

I'LL SEE TO THAT FELLOW. ROBIN— YOU TAKE THE BATMOBILE AND GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL FOR EXAMINATATION.

But it was not the... of ALLAH THAT BATMAN RETURN THE CAB OF S. D. BEN MASON THAT AFTERNOON ON THE WAY TO THE GARAGE. THE HEAVENS RELEASED A DOWNPOUR AND...

PRETTY BRAVE FELLOW— WELL, I GUESS YOU HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND, OFFICER. I'LL GET THIS CAB BACK WHERE IT BELONGS.

A NEAT HAUL,... BATMAN— WE'VE BEEN AFTER THIS GANG FOR WEEKS.

WOW! A CLOUD BURST AND SOMEONE WANTS THE CAB, I'M NOT IN THE BUSINESS BUT IT WOULD BE MURDER TO LET HIM STAND OUT IN THE RAIN. NOT MANY CABS CRUISING AROUND HERE.

THE KEEN-EYED BATMAN THEN NOTICED A PECULIAR ACTION ON THE PART OF THE STRANGER...


MUN2 AM I SEEING THINGS?

AND NOSED THE MAN'S BEHAVIOR AND DELIBERATELY LEAVING HIS WALLET ON THE SEAT WAS CAUSE FOR WINDER.

HERE YOU ARE, SIR.

HE'S GONE BUT OBVIOUSLY HE WANTED ME TO FIND THIS... WHY? I'LL HAVE A LOOK, ANYWAY.

JUST HIS NAME: HIS HOTEL, SOME SMALL PLUS
HMN—THE NAME OF THE CABBY—SIDI BEN HASSEN
IT'S TACKED RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME. WHY—HE MUST BE AN ARAB.

NICKMATES A PLOT INVOLVING ARABS. BUT IT DOESN'T ADD UP DOES HE WANT THE CABBY TO FIND THE WALLET AND RETURN IT? HE MUST KNOW HASSSEN TO COUNT ON HIS HONESTY WELL PICK UP A PAIR OF THUGS—AND BE SIDI BEN HASSEN A WHILE LONGER?

HERE'S THE HOTEL ROOM.

SWANKY—THE PENTHOUSE
APARTMENT. HE COULDN'T HAVE GOT A GOOD LOOK AT ME IN THE DARK CAR, BUT IF HE KNOWS HASSSEN, I WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT ANYWAY. I'M SET FOR A POSSIBLE TRAP.
"With the greatest caution, the Batman felt his way along the rug until he seated himself on the couch. Then, suddenly..."

"Yes, I did..."

"Ben Hassan... your hours are numbered..."

"I've got to pretend unconsciousness as long as I do that! I'm safe, they're too anxious to find out something I'm supposed to know before they kill me..."

"And all the while his mind sought for a way of escape from his plight..."

"So, these people are surprised and Ben Hassan's the real sheik..."

"And so by feigning unconsciousness the Batman managed to learn in what mission his captors had come to Gotham, and even how they had patiently waited near the garage to hail Ben Hassan's cab after learning his license number..."

"Hey, it's alive!"

"We can learn whether he has told others who he really is..."

"I would be well to learn of possible exposure from others..."

"Ten years is a long span, too long for the evil sheik and his henchmen to recognize that their victim was not Ben Hassan. So when the Batman's senses revived..."

"They're speaking Arabic. Fortunately I know enough of the tongue to follow them..."
BATMAN

He moves his hands and still does not awaken. It's some form of delirium we must have patience.

I can manipulate the belt through the jacket, but if they ever catch on...

Listen—he moans.

And in the meanwhile Robin has delivered his charge to the hospital impatiently awaits the Batman at home somewhere in Gotham City.

But Batman should have been here long ago. I tell you, Alfred. There's something wrong. Wait—my radio belt...

Indeed, Master Robin. It must be so. Anxiously song has changed. I know this one. "There's a small hotel..."

A hotel. Has a hotel. Now listen. It's changed again. The song is the song of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

No, what in the world can that mean? Can we have been on the wrong track?

Stymied is the word we seem to have struck. A blind alley we've lost the code.

Yippee! That's it! The code. The beginning of the Symphony is DIT DIT DIT DIT Morse code for V. V for Victory. The hotel victory. That's where he is.
While back at the Motel—

“Patience cannot wait longer we must take drastic measures to restore consciousness. He must speak before we seal his eyes forever.”

“Mmmmm.”

This strange delirium cannot be upon him so long, it may be that he has overheard us and is shaming to delay the moment of reckoning. Come, remove the gag from his mouth but should he shout, silence him.

Realizing that his delirium was at last suspected the Batman dropped his pretense opened his eyes and spoke in Arabic—“Yes, I have heard all. But know that I shall never reveal what you wish to know and never shall there be a moment’s peace for the usurper.”

So unfortunate as that may be. Sir Ben Hassin we must silence you for good.

“But as the great scimitar was about to descend—”

“Not so fast. Ouch, you’re liable to cut somebody with that thing—”

By Allah, what means this? Good old Robin!”
AND SINCE YOU'RE SO FOND OF CUTTING, MAYBE YOU'LL LIKE THE UPPERCUT THAT SWORD NEEDS ONE HAND! IF ROBIN CAN ONLY HOLD THEM OFF LONG ENOUGH...

WHERE I CAN'T HOLD THESE CUT-THROATS OFF MUCH LONGER. THEY'VE GOT ME DOING A COSSACK DANCE TO KEEP MY HEAD WHERE IT BELONGS.

CLOSE IN, YOU FOOLS! BEN'S HASSAN IS GETTING FREE! WHY, WHY—HE'S NOT...

NO... I'M NOT SOLENN HASSAN AND SINCE I DON'T NEED THESE CLOTHES ANYMORE...

SO—MISERABLE SON OF A PIG, YOU Sought TO DECEIVE US!

GUESS I MISSED MY PROFESSION. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN AN OUTFIELDER!

THIS FAR RIGHTS LIKE SEVEN FRIENDS!

A WISE RETREAT WOULD BE SOUND STRATEGY!

NOT LEAVING US—I HOPE!
JUICED! MORE SECOND AND YOU"LL BE SEEING STARS.

WANG! I CANNOT SEE.

"AND WITH THE CRUSHING OF THE EVIL USURPER, THE CRUSADING CHAMPIONS MADE HASTE TO CONVEY THE NEWS TO SIDI BEN HASSEN AS HE LAY IN HIS HOSPITAL BED..."

ALAS HOW CAN MERE WORDS OFFER THANKS FOR THE GREAT SERVICE YOU HAVE RENDERED MY NAME AND MY PEOPLE!

NEVER MIND THAT HURRY AND GET WELL YOUR PEOPLE WILL BE NEEDING YOU.

AND SO THE SIDI BEN HASSEN WAS RESTORED TO HIS PLACE AMONGST US!

FIRER, OUR ENTERTAINMENT TRULY BE SUCH PLEASURES AS BATMAN AND ROBIN!

SIDI BEN HASSEN, COME, MY CHILDREN WALK WITH ME OUT INTO THE DESERT... WHO CAN BE AID THEリスト OF THE COUNTLESS SANDS OF THE DESERT? YET ARE THEY NOT PRESENT? YES, EVEN SO WITH THESE NOBLE CHAMPIONS SO LONG AS THERE IS EVIL IN THE WORLD THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A BATMAN AND ROBIN TO CHALLENGE EVIL... THIS ALONG..."
"MIND IF I JOIN YOU? EVERY TIME I SEE ANYBODY EATING WHEATIES I JUST GOTTA HAVE SOME TOO!"

YOU'RE JOINING UP WITH MILLIONS OF HUNGRY CUSTOMERS, INCLUDING SOME OF THE GREATEST ATHLETES IN THE WORLD ... WHEN YOU BUILD YOUR IMPORTANT MORNING MEAL AROUND A MAN SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT AND WHEATIES. FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." YOU'RE JOINING IN SOME MIGHTY SWELL EATING TOO. WHEATIES ARE BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT ROASTED AND TOASTED TO NUT-SWEET GOODNESS AND FLAVORED WITH TANGY MALT SYRUP. WHEN THIS BLEND OF DELICIOUS TASTES SETS TO WORK ON YOUR APPETITE YOU JUST GOTTA HAVE MORE AND MORE WHEATIES YOU'LL WANT WHEATIES OFTEN EVERY MORNING FOR BREAKFAST, SOMETIMES FOR LUNCH OR SUPPER, OFTEN... FOR SNACKS, SO PUT IN YOUR BID FOR LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT AND WHEATIES "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."
Private Pete

Well just take one of these pills before going to bed and you'll sleep like a log.

Night passed and came the dawn.

You were sleeping so soundly, we didn't wake you — we moved on ahead.

You can save a life!

Every sailor, every soldier aboard a transport or landing on an enemy beach, every airman flying over water, may need these pills — desperately. This belt must be stuffed with a light, watertight bag containing a soft, silken, jet black floss. Each bag will save a life if used properly. Every floss belt weighs less than a pound. It can be stowed out of the way. It will save the life of any soldier who chances to be caught in the rain without a coat and is forced to wait out the storm.

If you are a sailor, you can stuff your belt with this floss. If you are an airman flying in a plane, you can stow your belt in the case of the plane. If you are a soldier, you can stow your belt in your pack. You can save a life by doing your bit and you can save some extra money to buy war stamps.

For information on how to pick and handle milkweed, contact your county agricultural agent or send a card to War Hemp Industries, Inc., Milkweed Floss Division, P.O. Box 497, Orange, Calif.
A BLOW FOR FREEDOM

by Stan Carter

Mynheer Van Der Camps wiped his perspiring face and stood before the Japanese Colonel. Outside Van Der Camps was conscious of the hostile eyes of his own Dutch countrymen as they watched on the new aerial landing fields the Japs had ordered built. He could almost hear them saying:

"The traitor! The traitor! We know he would work with them."

Oh yes it was an secret as Van Der Camps what they were saying about him. "Well, let them say it, he muttered. "They'll find out."

Colonel Jastre bought up the thick-lensed glasses at the perspiring face before him. The narrowed eye took in every detail of the fat man's body and clothing. What clothing it was, too—hungling limply from the ponderous bulk of the Mayor. Jastre thought no fat man should be permitted to live in a country as hot as the Dutch East Indies. Jastre himself was stocky and small—yes, but muscular and strong as a bull.

Jastre stifled the expression of disgust that came across his face. This man had to be protected, at least for a while. Tokki had said so. But if he, Jastre had his way, this fat Van Der Camps would join a work party or be killed.

Jastre said: "Mayor we are pleased with the work you have done. You have made it possible for us to take this town and its oil wells without loss of our lives. Or destruction of what is rightfully our property."

Van Der Camps wiped his face again. "I am pleased, Honorable Colonel. To hear such words from so great a conqueror is in my humble way I have only tried to be helpful." He watched Jastre's face narrowly and was rewarded with a fluster of pleasure.

"Colonel Jastre toyed with the revolver on his desk.

"I understand," he said, without raising his head. "That your people consider you a traitor."

Van Der Camps nodded. "It is only that they..." he explained lamely.

"I do not understand," Jastre added. "But we do. It is not often we run across a white man wise enough to know our great strength. You were wise in ordering your police to quell the rebellion that must nearly have started."

A smile creased the folds in Van Der Camps's face. "What could they do, Honorable Colonel?" he said, "being that my police rounded up every privately owned weapon in town."

Jastre smiled again. "And they knew better than to argue with my machine guns."

He indicated the window. "At least they are alive. And working for greater glory."

"Good," Jastre's face expressed his satisfaction. "I am sure I need not remind you that the switched earth policy been applied by your people, and our valuable oil wells destroyed, we would have killed everyone in town."

"No, Honorable Colonel," Van Der Camps said, shuddering perceptibly. "You need not remind me. His face betrayed his eagerness. "If there is anything I can do further..."

"There is nothing, you may go."

The huge man shuffled across the floor and pushed him self out of the room. Colonel Jastre watched his slow progress, then returned to his reflections. This bulk of a beard would be useful. Very useful. Then when the airport was completed and the promised fighter planes and bombers arrived—there could be no accidental death in fact."

"Colonel Jastre raided. "There might be a lot of them."

He was thinking of Van Der Camps's police who alone remained loyal to the Mayor. There were twelve of them. And in Jastre's desk were their names. They were:

"Well, what's the matter?" White faced and trembling, Van Der Camps slunk to the door way. His huge body shook, as though he had been taken down with the auge. In his hand was a knife. And his hat. There was a huge slit in the hat, where the knife had entered. "Someone threw it," he gasped. "One of my own countrymen tried to kill me."

Rage clouded Jastre's face. "Who was it?" he roared.

"I—I don't know. There are so many of them out there. I was walking by when this man whistled through the air. I stepped away just in time. Van Der Camps's eyes rolled in terror. "I must keep watch."

"Your agents promised me protection, I would help me. I would have done my part."

"Silence!" Jastre leaned his hat on the desk. If only this whole thing weren't so important. Not a man, woman, or child could be spared from their tasks. It would serve these bastards right to be lined up before a firing squad. But that airport must be completed by the civilians. Thus was still much fighting to be done and his men needed rest and relaxation."

"If I could only sleep here," Van Der Camps pleaded. "Other wise they'll kill me in my sleep."

"You fool," Jastre turned. "Shut up. He stopped. Perhaps that was not a bad idea. Let the lot have the room in the kitchen at night. There he would be safe. And until..."
the orders came through to h
quadrate him—or that accident
happened—what harm could
come of it? After all the pag
did know the strange ways of
these Dutch. And he was the
law

"Very well, he said, "Van
sleep here at night. But
stay out of my way. In the day-
time one of my own police shall
guard you. And I'll issue an
order saying that one more at
such on your person will result
in the death of many that will
stop them." He pushed his re-
severer toward Van Der camp.

"Here take this,

Van Der camp held back "I
—I beg your pardon, Honor-
able Colonel. But I am afraid of
firearms.

Isato grinned. So the
fact was a bigger coward
than he had at first thought. "Take
it," he said, "I order it"

Graciously Van Der camp
pick
up the weapon and put it in
his pocket. The next moment,
a Japanese secret policeman en-
tered

"Hand will watch you," Isato
said, "And not let you out of
his sight during daylight.
Now get about your business.

Outside Van Dammsham
shied along the street. Behind
hurt the little man trotted. Host-
tile eyes looked upon both of
them as they went toward the
Town Hall where in ten years
Van Der camp had administered
the affairs of the town. Not
a single person spoke to him
and if he caught the eye of
one of the citizens, those eyes
were instantly lowered. Con-
tempt was in all of them

Sole in his office Van Der-
camp pushed his gendarme
frame into a chair. His Chief
of Police, Rumann, was at the
other desk. Rumann's eyes
noted the consternation in Van
Der camp's face, then glanced
to the bodyguard

"They tried to kill
me. Rumann," Van Der camp
whined "My own people

"What? Why the ungrate-
ful," Rumann cried. "They
don't know what you have done
for them. Why don't you let
me tell them." His eyes sat
"We are able to handle any
situation," he said. "The Mayor
is quite safe. He dropped into
a chair and lit a cigarette. To
nurture the Marijuana will
be hushed. And when the next
planes arrive in the morning, we
will take appropriate action." A
smile crept over his lips. "Very
appropriate.

Van Der camp's eyes met
Isato's, then dropped "You
haven't let him tell me?" he
pleaded "Promise

The bodyguard looked at Van
Der camp doubtfully and tur-
ned his head. He wouldn't even
bother explaining to a coward.

And such a coward! Isato
decided, as the day finally
ended, and with nightfall his
temper tantrums he hung around
until Van Der camp was safely
away from the small town
behind the kitchen. He was
still shaking when he left. He
reported to Colonel Isato "Fear
will drive him."

Isato laughed. "Perhaps we
will help things along to-
more."

"Here is the order to exccute.
me all males in town. Let not
planes arrive," he

shouted. "It will be a good
post on the Trail S at the
Mayor to be killed in the
lowest room of his

house."

He laughed again. "He is
probably sleeping—now, the
"avant"

In that Colonel Isato was
writing Van Der camp was not
sleeping. Nor was his trembling
now as, in the small room
he replaced the earphones
he had hidden in the wall a
month earlier. All through
the house were gunshots that he
used to mask his

"So they are going to
kill me tomorrow he mused

A contained smile played
over his face. Well at last
his judgment hadn't been wrong.
Everything had played into his
hands. He had foreseen that
the invaders would use his house
as headquarters, it was a big,
long house and well stocked
with food and drink. It had remained
only to convince Isato of his
cowardliness. For an instant, a
shadow clouded Van Der camp's

Isato. His people who had loved
and believed in him these many
years thought him a traitor.
But Rumann would fix all that;
he'd kill them. Sighing, Van Der
camp settled himself in his
chair to await the dawn
and the planes. He dozed off

The drone of the planes
rumbled awakened him. He went
in the window, watched as the
armada swooped to its new
territory. Then he leaned hearing
least steps coming down the passage
way. His lips moved as if in
prayer. A moment later Colonel
Isato entered the room. Van
Der camp's eyes did not lift to
note that the Colonel's holster
was unslapped, and that no
other revolver was in it. "In this
is it," he murmured to himself.

"Thank Heaven. Isato
decided to do the job himself. His
voice quavered as he spoke aloud.
No, it was something
wrong, Colonel.

"Nothing. I am surprised to
see you up so soon," Isato
socked. "Why Van Der camp
planes arrive," he

triumphantly asked. "With all,
i shall soon conquer many cities.

"I err," Van Der camp said.
His voice was high, quavered.

Isato's eyes clouded with
suit to the

Van Der camp's gun spoke
and Isato toppled to the
floor. Outside, running lances
sounded along the passageway.
Van Der camp moved swiftly to
the wall panel, pressed a button.

For freedom," he whispered.

For lovers."

A terrific explosion shook the
air as house and airship shat-
tered. Van Der camp did not
hear it, for he was dead. But
he knew just before he died
that Rumann too was carrying
out his end of the secret plan
they had made months ago when
they mutated the walls and
the house. All the walls were
destroyed, according to plan

"He died," Rumann explained
later to the anxious
Dutch, "that freedom might
live."
The Adventures of ALFRED

Hal Butler, half bloodhound—that's ALFRED, majordomo to Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson! And just to prove how deeply his instincts are rooted in his subconscious mind, we give you this thrilling story of...

THE MESMERIZED MANHUNTER!

Having sought vainly for a cr me to solve, ALFRED decides to end his day off at a theater...

Any well-might as well practice detecting the tricks of the charlatan mazoo! I'll exercise my brain and rest my feet!

One out of—oh, I forgot! Can't change this ten, mister!

Empty, eh? Well, I think I have the correct change...

So the performance has already begun

Beaardon Madame!

Ouch! My corn!

Never one to shirk responsibility, our hero responds to an urgent appeal

Will some intelligent wide-awake gentleman kindly step to the stage to assist me?

I'm your man, sir!

What again?
IN SEATED OR RELAX--AND
LOOK ME IN THE
EYE!

WAIT! IF YOU'RE THINKING
OF HYNOTIZING
ME, YOU CAN'T!
I WON'T HAVE IT

YOU ARE SORRY--SLEEPY--SO SORRY!
RELAX--I'LL HOPE--YOU ARE
COMPLETELY IN MY POWER...

BUT IF YOU WANT TO
FREED IT!

I'M WATCHING
222 22 22 22

SO--YOU ARE STUDYING TO BE
A DETECTIVE?.. UNDER MY
INFLUENCE, YOU ARE ALREADY
A GREAT DETECTIVE, CAPABLE
OF SOLVING DIFFICULT CRIMES
FROM THE SLIGHTEST CLUE!

222 22 22 22
YES, SIR!

SUPPOSING YOU
SEARCH THE STAGE
FOR CLUES WHILE I
PROCEED WITH MY ACT?

HA HA!

VERY GOOD, SIR!

THERE!

WATCH CAREFULLY,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
AS THE YOUNG LADY
STEPS INTO THE
CABINET

AHA--A FOOTPRINT

STRANGELY ENOUGH, THE CABINET IS--

EMPTY

EMPTY!

MY WORD!
THE KEY WORD BIDS A RECENT MEMORY: ALFRED'S SUSPICIOUS MIND WHERE THE BLOW HAS ALREADY AWAKENED SLEEPING SLEPT.

HEMPT! BUT WHY? THE SHOW HAS BARELY STARTED.

AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THINK WE OUGHTA STOP HIM, JOE?

WHAT FOR? I'AIN'T NONE OF OUR BUSINESS, MAZZO, THE HIDIN'I MARSH.

NO DOUBT THE MONEY WAS STOLEN A GOOD THING ALFRED NEVINS'S CRIMINALS ARE PRESENT.

A MOMENT LATER, TIME TO GET CHASING THE MAN WHO ROB THE CASH DRAWER.

YOU, YOU'RE CRAZY, LEAVE OUTTA HERE?

NO USE REPEATING, MY GOOD DOG!!!

THE COMMOTION BEGINS A POLICEMAN RUSHING TO THE SCENE!

A COP HELP OFFICER HE'S TRYIN' TO ROB ME.

HE LOOKS LIKE SLEEPY EIM, THE HIT-AN'-RUN PURSE-SNATCHER.

HE'S GOT ME. AND I'VE GOT HIM! ALFRED ALWAYS SETS HIS MAN.

THE AMAZING MAZZO, MAGIC AND MESMERISM.
All in all, it's probably a good thing for Alfred that the manager of the theatre appears at this point.

"Money, my money! This is how you repay me Larson, fire giving you a job when you were paroled from prison?"

"I couldn't resist the temptation. Please don't send me back!"

"Well, lock me up and throw the key away!"

"Believe it or not, ladies and gentlemen, under hypnotic influence thinking himself a detective, this man has actually caught a thief!"

"Where?"

"How humiliating! I must have made a badly fool o' myself."

"He doesn't remember a thing."

"So that's how it was. No wonder the audience was cheerin' when I awoke!"

"Can you beat that! Catching a crook without even realizing it!"

"Begging your pardon, Master Dick, that merely indicates that what ever my mental state, I'm a sleuth at heart and I get results."

"He's got you there, Dick."

"If ye say hypnotized?"

"At home, Alfred maintains a discreet silence--until next morning."

"The hero was a tall, thin, middle-aged man who spoke with an English accent, wore a--hmm--sounds like you, Alfred?"

"Oh dear! I was afraid of something like this!"

"May I see it, Master Bruce?"

"The newspaper headline reads: "Batmann Takes Third Thieves!""

"And I'm a sleuth at heart!"

"I'm a sleuth at heart!"
Outsmarting A Saboteur!

Hold it, boys, this is serious. We're planting the bomb right here, in just 10 minutes, this train will be blown to bits and you're going with it.

Don't worry, B.C., I've got a gun.

In that washroom and roll up! I'm going to jump the rattler at the next slow curve.

I'll be mad if I don't cool off with a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola!

Right on the button, you grab the bag, Quinque, and toss it out the window. I'll take care of this rat.

Whew! That was close! I'm shaking like a leaf.

Take it easy, Quinque, I know what we need.

M-m-m! I don't know where to start!

You boys deserve the best.

We've got it—Royal Crown Cola—the best tasting cola of all.

Bonita Granville says:

Check! It sure tastes best! Royal Crown Cola, Beat by Tooth-Test! A.
How would you like to ride herd on trouble as 2,000,000 horses galloped at you? There are men who do just that every day, every week. The horses—2,000,000 horsepower! Electric current. The men—the maintenance experts who repair the power lines that supply electricity to the big cities. Men who laugh at danger, and death—these are the men Batman and Robin meet...

"The Kilowatt Cowboys!"
WHERE HAVE WE SEEN THIS SCENE BEFORE?

WE'RE BEING RAIDED, ROBIN!

GOLLY, BATMAN! THAT MEANS A CASE!

Presently... At police headquarters...

What's up, Commissioner? Mr. Crane will explain!

Batman, I represent the Rocky Dam Light and Power Company. At present our crew is erecting a new power line into new territory.

Next day... The streamlined Batmobile approaches man's latest step forward toward harnessing nature for mankind.

As you know, copper is used in cables... yet a scarcity in wartime makes it very valuable! Batman, someone is stealing our copper wire.

And you want us to invest gate when do we start?

There she is, Rocky Dam... so andy isn't that something?

Batman and Robin are taken on a tour of inspection... The Batmobile speeds across desert wastes where giant electric-conducting towers rear high into the blazing sky.

This is an impulse & circuit-breaker when in operation it can halt 2,000,000 electric horse-power in a split second.

They're as high as fifteen-story buildings.

There's the new construction point... but the men seem to be having some trouble.

Wow! What a Bronco-Buster!
ON OH! IT'S JACK AND ALEX AT IT AGAIN THIS IS THEIR THIRD SCRAP THIS WEEK. YOU TRIED TO BRAIN ME WITH THAT WRENCH! I TOLD YOU I DROPPED IT BY ACCIDENT!

WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE STOP THEM? BECAUSE THEY'RE BOTH TURNING ON THAT SOMEONE! THEY'VE BEEN FIGHTING EACH OTHER SO LONG... THEY CONSIDER IT A PRIVATE WAR!

I SEE! WELL... WISH ME LUCK! NO COME BACK! THEY'LL...

BREAK IT UP, FELLAS! YOU'RE BOTH ACTING LIKE A COUPLE OF SPOILED BRATS WHO NEED SPANKING!

NOW-NOW, DON'T BE HASTY! CAN'T MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, EH?

I SAID... DON'T BE HASTY!

I REMEMBER THAT OLD ANOM ABOUT HAST MAKING WASTE! WHO IS THAT GUY? SAD CAN'T YA SEE? THAT'S THE BATMAN!

WOW!
BATMAN

Bane explains to Batman that Jack and Alec are the best team in the outfit... those two... enemies... work together... as a team.

"It goes back to when Alec was a poor slum kid and Jack was a rich kid living in the river front mansion..."

"But we're one!"

"Smack Em!"

"C'mon ya ass!"

"Fight!"

And so it went on... year after year... these two kids hating each other... fighting each other... just 'cause you've got money or not... I can still throw you any day of the week!"

The years passed... Alec won a scholarship to a big college... the same college where Jack was enrolled...

"Thanks for nothing!"

But as fate would have it, both made the football team. Jack became quarterback, Alec a tackle..."
"Jack carried the ball. Alec cleared the trees for him. But Jack, the star quarterback became the celebrated hero, and Alec an unsung one. So they fought over that!"

"All-American quarterback! Where would you be without me? Ooh!"

"Carrying the ball, straight over the goal line... uh-huh!"

"Then one day it happened! Alec fell off a tower, broke some ribs, couldn't climb a ladder after that. Lost his nerve on heights!

"Help! Help me. I'm going to fall!"

"Hold on, Alec. I'm coming!"

"So they're back together, just like in football."

"Yes, it's me. My folks lost all their money, so now I'm working for a living. Do you mind?"

"I don't mind. So long as you keep out of my way in that shot!"

"The years passed. Alec became a lineman, and then one day, Jack became part of the crew!"

"Go, Alec! Become a ground grunt (that's slang for lineman's assistant) like Bessie, who was the lineman!"

"From now on, you're Jack's grunt man!"

"And do a good job! Never mind me. Just watch out. You don't take a tumble!"

"Here, butter fingers!"

"Thanks, knuckle heads!"

"Say you two are always ready to try anything... how would you like to work on one of those towers?"

"Boy, I sure would! Trouble-shooting while we investigate trouble!"

"And still missing!"
CAIMAN

BATMAN AND ROBIN - LNMN

TIGHTEN THAT BOTTLE TO THE SPAGHETTI!

BOTTLE? SPAGHETTI Z

THEIR ALSO BECOME GROUNDERS

OKAY SQUEAK HAND ME THAT TOOTHPICK!

SQUEAK TOOTHPICK ??

SQUEAK TOOTHPICK ??

SQUEAK IS ANOTHER SLANG TERM FOR A GROUNDER... TOOTHPICK IS WHAT THEY CALL THAT LONG POLE-PLIERS GET HELP ROBIN GET HELP

AND AS THE DAY WAXES...

HEY GREENHORN RUN OVER TO THE SUPPLY TRUCK AND GET ME A CAN OF ELECTRIC-LIGHT OIL AND A BRASS MAGNET

YES SIR!

BUT AT THE SUPPLY TRUCK A SUDDEN SHREDS ROBIN'S DEMANDS

HA HA HA ROBIN THE BOY WONDERS FALLING FOR THAT OLD TRICK HAW HAW

???

THESE AIN'T NO SUCH THING AS ELECTRIC-LIGHT OIL OR A BRASS MAGNET THEY WERE JUST ROBBING YOU THEY TOOK THAT TO ANY GREEN HAND IN THE POWER GAME

OH SOoly I BETTER NOT TELL BATMAN ABOUT THIS I'D NEVER LIVE IT DOWN BRASS MAGNET AHHH

FORGET THE BATMAN I GOT THE BOYS ALL SET WELL HUJACK THAT COPPER TONIGHT OAY ALEC?

AS ROBIN RUEFULLY MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO THE CONSTRUCTION JOB, HE PASSES THE SCRAP TRUCK

ALEC A CROOK AND I THOUGHT HE WAS A NICE LAD TONIGHT SH T KEEP MUM ABOUT THIS ROBIN WE'RE GOING TO SURPRISE ALEC AND HIS HUJACKING PALS!

ALEC COPPER H JACK ?? WOW I BETTER TELL BATMAN PRONTO
EYES ON THE NIGHT WATCH ALEC...

AND WITH ROBIN KEEPING TABS ON THE COPPER WATCHMAN, THOSE H. JACKERS WILL BE STOPPED COLD!

SUDDENLY A TREMENDOUS CRASH!

THE NEW TOWER JUST FELL!

CRASH!

THAT THING STOOD SOLID BEFORE!

AND WHILE THE WHOLE CAMP RUSHES TO INVESTIGATE, -- AT THE COPPER STACK...

THE ACID THAT ALEC SLAPPED ON THE TOWER SIDERS SURE SENT IT TUMBLIN'/ NOW WE GOT A CLEAR FIELD!

Ugh!

LUCKY ROBIN LEAPS FORWARD, BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO MUCH!

TAKE THIS SQUEEZE ALONG IN CASE THE BATMAN SHOWS HIS FACE; WE'LL HAVE A HOSTAGE!

LATER, TOO LATE, BATMAN REALIZES THE CLEVER RUSE AND POUNCES ON ALEC...

COME ON, TALK! WHERE DID YOUR HUACKING PALS GO? IF THEY'VE HURT ROBIN...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

BUT I'M NO HUACKER!

HUACKER!

HUACKER!

HUACKER!

BATMAN: I DON'T LIKE ALEC BUT I KNOW HE'S NO CROOK -- THE SUNK' BAY...

BATMAN, DID ROBIN HEAR ALEC ANSWERING THE H. JACKER?

NO, D-D-D--HE JUST HEARS THE H. JACKER CALL HIS COMPANION ALEC!

HEY WHAT GOES ON?

BATMAN, DO YOU KNOW THE SLENDER NAME OF POWER M-CALL LI-MEN? IT'S ALEC! ALL LI-MEN ARE CALLED ALEC! IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE THAT ALEC'S FIRST NAME SHOULD BE SIMILAR!

THEN...THAT H. JACKER COULD HAVE BEEN TALKING TO ANY LI-MEN IN THE CAMP...
Well, you two scrapers, get your own personal war for a while and help me make war on those hijackers?

Okay, Mr. Lin... thanks for the help

Jack... also, see anything yet?

Nope! And I can't make out how a big truck can disappear in this desert!

Yeah... we could spot any moving object on this flatland for miles around.

Yes, it's puzzling. But not too puzzling. I know the answer. For one hour before

Dawn coming up, get those mirrors out and be sure you cover every side but the front.

Sometime later, the car reaches the looming mountain. Rolls up its face, then halts.

Move brat!

Tricky Gadget

Put the truck away, Slugger!

But maybe I can put a cramp in your disappearing act!
THE LITTLE MISPER I SHOW HIM INSIDE THE SMALL CAVE BEFORE HE MAKES MORE TROUBLE.

I HEARD ABOUT THAT TINY RADIO IN YOUR BELT. I'LL JUST TAKE IT IN CASE YOU WERE OUTA THEM ROPES.

But Robin has been one jump ahead of the thugs all the time.

The Batmobile! But how can I call Batman without my radio? I say, this piece of mirror might help me again.

Batman over there! Flashes of light.

Cave... Mountain... Hideout Copper Cache.

Semaphore signals. It's Robin!

Later... When the Batmobile halts at the foot of the mountain.

Now we'll short-circuit those hot shots.

Not 'we'... Me! Three of us would be spotted before we reached the hideout. My dark costume will give me a chance. I've got to do this alone!
JOE! COME QUICK! IT'S BATMAN!

SO MUCH NO SE

HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS, WISE GUY!

OH OH YOU KNOW HOW TO USE THAT POP GUN!

NOTHING LIKE A BIT OF STRATEGY AT THE RIGHT TIME

UGH!

AFTER RELEASEN ROBIN, BATMAN QUESTIONS THE QUALING THUGS...

WHILE THE ALEC WHO SUPPLIES YOU WITH INFORMATION BACK AT THE POWER CAMP I TALK FAST OR...

COYLE I NEVER DID LIKE THAT GUY...

MATTY COYLE HE'S THE GUY

LATER... HOMeward BOUND... SUDDENLY... THE WIND HOWLS... SAND BATTERS AGAINST THE WINDOWS...

SAY ALEC... JACK... WHAT'S HAPPENING?

TROUBLE... WE'RE IN FOR A SAND STORM!
The camp at last, and the sand storm increasing in ferocity every second.

Look! There's Coyle!

Loudmouth: He heard you now! Now he's shooting off!

Let's head him off!

Gently, the group closes in on the copper bandit.

Where ya go'n, rat?

Stick around, pal!

Now, boys... don't scare him away!

Panic-stricken, the craven-hearted criminal flees to a power tower... and climbs it in his mad flight.

Stay away from me! You hear? Stay away!

Wind and sand lash at the two men... the hunter and the hunted.

Don't go way! We've got things to talk about!

I warned you!
At that moment the fierce wind tears at an electric wire, and gips it loose. 'A wire carrying 290,000 volts.' The live wire whips about madly in the wind, and lashes at Coyle. A sickening crackle... The smell of ozone... and Coyle is electrocuted.

Ugh! What a way to die!

Look the wind's blowing that wire near Jack. It'll get him, too.

Somebody's got to go up and bring Jack down!

Yeah—but that wire's liable to land on the guy doing the rescuing.

Let me through, boys!

But someone is ahead of Batman?

Alec the Man Afraid of Heights.

Jack helped me out of a tight spot. Now I've got to pay him back.

Alec! Come back! Come back!

Up... up clawing his way against howling wind and blinding sand. But his greatest fight is against fear... and horrible remembrance of a day not so long ago.

I'll fall again. I'll go up, m'vent... look down... got to go where Jack is!
At last also reaches Jack, then falters. Russ his eyes.

What's the matter with him?

Sand! It's blinding him! He can't get Jack down by himself! I've got to get up to him some way...

Rescue among the elements... and none too soon! As they quit the tower, the live wire strikes!

Later... when the storm subsides and Jack recovers.

Batman, I heard how you saved Alec and me! Thanks.

Alec, they tell me what you did! That took nerve plenty of it! I'd be proud to be your friend.

Sure. I was getting tired of shaking my fist at you! I'd rather shake your hand for a change.

And so, the next day, the Batmobile speeds over the sands—hurried bound!

By the way, Robin did you ever get that electric light oil and that brass magnet? Ha! Ha!

Ah, someone tells you how I'll never hear the end of it!
YOURS
FOR ONLY 2 WHEATIES
BOX TOPS AND 5c

GET BOTH
P-40 FLYING
TIGER AND JAP ZERO

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FLY!

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and

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