MORE WHIRLWIND ADVENTURES OF THE "WINNING TEAM"
-BATMAN AND ROBIN!
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BATMAN

Next day as bound to Broken for a new building

The first shovel full of dirt will be removed by Mr. Blank?

He's always raising in best part?

Well, we can't afford it.

Time the house of entering Negroes in the Mayor.

And while the guards stand, unsuspected.

I don't understand what have been all day and night.

Now we are going to find out what's going on.

Funny you couldn't find anybody.

Then you won't sell me your first edition of shakespears.

No, you can't threaten me, Mr. Frank.

You can't try to sell me anymore or I'll have my servant throw you out.
Suddenly

Help

Help

Help

He's been wanting to get a crack at Batman?

Come on boys?

I've been wanting to get a crack at Batman?

Why, it's the first man to switch me to a new line!

Are you new to your job? You've been one of Batman's?

Oww!

Frightened switchboard girls watch a fast and furious battle.

This will help you hear the... 

Chug!

I'm glad nobody ever hits a fellow with glasses! Think I'll play a little game.

Heck, y'wanna fight me in the streets?

Batman, come on, I'll be right with you in the ball game.

But we have to reach the scene of combat!
I'LL ALWAYS LIKE TO PLAY WITH MARBELES BUT I NEVER HAD SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SHINEY FLOOR!

WHAA...?
DON'T STEP ON THEM BOSS?
I'M WATCHING, HUH EYES?
TIME SHE SAID TO HELP US GET OUT OF HERE!

WHAT A BATMAN TRY TO FOLLOW US?
THIS LADDER HAS BEEN TREATED IN THE SPECIAL CHEMICALS IT'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

IT'S THE LAST CRIMINAL REACHES THE GROUND!
SO LONG BATMAN I DON'T GET NO LESS THAN THE COLLAPSE!

I'LL SEE YOU SOON TO SAY GOOD-BYE. OH, MY PITY! I SAW CRIME KNOW TO...

A SILENT ROPE SHOTS OUT ABRUPTLY FROM ABOVE!

SADLY ANCHORED THE ROPES ALONG A RAMPART. ARE BATMAN?

SUDDENLY ROARING FLAMES STEEPLY SHOT UP AWA...

HUH 45 LADDER CAUGHT FIRE AS IF IT WERE TONGUE IN A SPOOT!
A LITTLE SWING TO SAFETY AND!

WONDER WHY THEY WANTED TO STEAL?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. THEY TOOK NO HARM, BUT THEY DID STEAL SOME VALUE?

A LITTLE SWING TO SAFETY AND!

THEY BELONG TO PEOPLE MOSTLY HEALTHY WHO DON'T WANT TO BE BOtherED BY STRANGERS CALLING UP TO SEE A COPY OF THOSE PAGES?

Huh?

A LITTLE SWING TO SAFETY AND!

A M. EVANS IS A WELL-KNOWN COLLECTOR OF FIRST EDITIONS AND FRANK IS A DEALER IN FIRST EDITIONS.

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

MEANWHILE

TENNISON GRIFFITT?

WONDER HOW THE BATMAN GOT ON OUR TRAIL BECAUSE... MAYBE HE'S STRONGER THAN HIM?

WILL WE FIND HIM AGAIN.

YES, MR. EVANS. THIS STRANGER IS A REAL PLEASANT WHO ENJOYS A GOOD CONVERSATION WITH ME.

MOMENTS LATER

MR. ROSS ON WOULD LIKE TO SEE IF THE BOOK IS IN GOOD CONDITION.

I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU AND FOR SURE FOLLOW ME WITH MY GAMES.

HERE IT IS!

IT'S A GOOD CONDITION ALL OVER.

BUT YOU WOULDN'T BABY.

AH, AT LAST ITS MINE!
UNEXPECTEDLY, I'LL NOT BE LONG, CHAMP!

AGAIN, WELL WE'RE PRESSED FOR TIME, SIR.

PARDON, MY G.O.V.!

NEVER YOU THINK OF SUCH A THING!

I WOULDN'T WANT A GUY WITH GLASSES!

A STRANGE ARM WEARS BATMAN AT A BEAT! A SAVVY VOLTA RAYS THROUGH THE AIR.

YOU RUSHED ARE PRETTY SMART, HOW ABOUT A LITTLE BOOK BINGO!

I'M ALWAYS VERY ROYAL AND CONSIDERATE!

UH!

I SEE THE IDEA, BATMAN, WE'LL MAKE THE TOWN OVER A NEW YEAR?

NO SUD JOSI! HE'S GOT HIS NOSE BLOODY IN THOSE PAGES!

I BET IT'S THE FIRST EDIT ON HIS LIFE!
BUT AS THE CRIME-FIGHTING PAIR MAINS THE UPPER HAND

THE FIRST TIME I EVER RODIFIED A BULLET I COULDN'T ASK FOR A BETTER TARGET.

JOHN: ROBIN!

NO SCRATCHES AROUND A LITTLE AND YOU'LL FIND OUT BATMAN!

HE ISN'T FADING BULLETS WHAT?

THE CRAWLS STAGGER A PARTY WHILE

YES AND I'M PITCHING TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT ARROW.

WOW! THE JUN WAS LOADED WITH PITCHER POWDER!!

LATER: GAREED AS BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON ON HAND

SO YOU THINK I'LL ATTEMPT ANOTHER "FIRST" CRIME, BRUCE?

YES ... AND I BELIEVE I KNOW THE ONE. THE C'E SHOW IS WAITING A BALA PRE-THIRD TONIGHT. IT'S ALREADY STARTED! HE WON'T FIND THAT UP!

SO THAT EVENING

DON'T ANY ONE HERE?

JUST A MUMBLE.

COOL TO KEEP YOU WAITING AS RULED AT THE ENGS' RECEIVES!

OUR BLES THOSE THUGS HAVE STARTED WORK ALREADY!

WE ORCHESTRA SORTS PLEASE!

A SWIFT TRANSFORMATION IN THE MANAGERS' OFFICE NEARBY AS THE DYNAMIC DUO MURPH LES WWII

NO TIME TO TROUBLE HIM NOW. WE'LL COME BACK AFTER WE CATCH THOSE CRIMES!

THAT TIME WE'VE GOT THEM COLD!

HEY BOYS! THOSE GUYS ARE HERE AGAIN.

THEN HEAR FOR THE CRIME AS WE ARRANGED!
A* THE FIRST OF THE RING

They're stuck in the crowd boss?

Sure that gives us time to put on our skates?

And as the two eagle�s plunge forward in pursuit

There they go, after them, Robin! Well, Robin skates from the performers on the side lines?

I'd like to do a figure-eight with lolly-eyes.

They're hearing for the dressing rooms but the girls are in their way! Faster, Robin?

Steel blades as sharp as razors, as Batman and Robin skillfully weave their way toward the criminals.

You're first again first to get this!

Then

It's "We we make a spectacle of your eyes!

Tell me once till the crooks come near you?

Then wise leader in a hidden threading's bottle! The hot water will melt the ice..."
Now they are inside. I hope they are happy landing!

"Oops"

The crooks are superior than the Ice!

Before the pneumonia raffe can move
The four fellows have disappeared now
The dressing room

That window leads to a deserted alley
They've got away!

They can't have gone back.
Maybe we can pick up the trail once more!

But as they leap headlong through the window

We thought you'd follow.
This time we're going to catch you off-guard!

You and that brat both!

Later, a small building deserted for the night

Chalk up another first to an credit Batman.
You and Robin are famous.
I'm the first one to think of real-preserving you for posterity.

Thanks! We can preserve ourselves!

Not the way I intend to do it. This building's used for quick-frozen poops. I'll fill it with water and let it freeze you!

The removed your hopes so you'll look more natural. When you're frozen? Good-bye Batman? I've got another first to you sit tonight?

Water rises ominously about the caped figures

Ugh! I won't give! No use buying. This is more a little too strong for us.
Batsman

here I've never seen none swim me in water as cool as this.

there's just one chance robin if these pipes do as quick a freezing as I hope.

they're quick all right! I can feel the crushed against my chest already.

that's because it forms a layer of ice thickening rapidly above them.

don't get it my way of getting out of here now I'm sure and I'm not planning.

Suddenly with a grinding noise.

there's a door but we can't get through and I can't hold in my breath any longer as he end.

when I see new water expands as a presessor and develops great force.

Right many a ship has been crushed by ice in the same way! how to see about frank he said he was gone to another "first but it's too late.

as I thought! a museum of sculpture opening tomorrow and frank intends to be there first on time?

these reports save us time it's just possible well see it second.
Mean in E:

Now that we're rid of Batman, we can do anything.

You're the first guy that ever got the better of me, Boss.

It's funny there ain't no guards.

All the better we won't have to use those tear gas bombs.

Come on, boys. Follow me!

In the Museum:

We can't get away with that stuff, it's too big.

I don't want these, you fool.

These are antiques from ancient Egypt. They're worth more than all those big statues together.

And for art's sake.

Hey, Boss. Look who they made statues outta!

Not bad, I'd like to add them to my collection.

We prefer to add you to ours.

Muh, those statues talk.

Batman and Robin are alive!
AND SQUEEZE HARDY!

HELLO ON TO YOUR SCALES, HERE WE GO AGAIN.

HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING TAKEN FOR A RIDE?

NO MORE SCALING FOR YOU!

THAT'S THE END OF YOUR FINISH, ADAM.

MOMENTS LATER

THEY DIDN'T REALIZE WHY THERE WERE NO GUARDS!

I GOT HERE FIRST.

WE WARNED THE GUARDS "TO GET OUT OF THE WAY! WE DON'T WANT THEM TO HURT ANYONE."

AS THE POLICE DEPART WITH THEIR CAPTIVES.

WELL, ROBIN, I THINK WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF THE MAN WHO WANTED TO BE FIRST.

YES BATMAN, HE PLAYED SECOND FIDDLE TO YOU.
I think you'd better wear your striped suit today sir.

Alfred Butler expected nary always alert to improve his already unique skill in the art of detection, receives unexpected instruction from his own pupil. "The Butler's Apprentice!"

In a quiet residential district, several business men discuss prospects. Slugs Disjoint we wanna crack's gonna be tough. Da place is guarded so well. Da only chance is fer an no-re job.

But how are we gonna get inside? All the servants have been there for years. They don't need any new ones.

They don't know but they'll all be out da end of da month. I hold out da Butler's quitting.

And you think that one of the boys can get the job?

Not me boss. I don't know nothin' about butlin.

Me neither.

I'm not. It was got enough tough left from that crusty more job to keep us busy for a while. In the meantime, one of us can learn to be a Butler.

And so, shortly.

My word. What an unusual office and what an opportunity to perfect my skill in an important branch of crime detection. This always opens every expert will exchange lessons in own subject were return for instruct on duties of Butler.
That man... I read your most extraordinary advertisement, gentlemen...

Yeah, I figured you'd see pal. I'm an expert on jewels but in my line you never know how business will be.

So I thought that in case things so bad, it would be nice to have another profession to fall back on. Quite natural, really. You reason that the butler's profession is a highly respected one, and you were right.

U. A well-conducted household, gentlemen. The butler is comparable to an officer in the army. He sees to it that the master's whims are aired out.

I shall go into more detail later. In addition, however, the butler has certain personal duties with regard to service at meals, and so on.

You're a good teacher, chum. I'll be a butler in no time.

And I shall be an expert.

That's right. I was forgetting to bring in with pal. Take a look at these. They're rushes some real some fake. I'm think you can tell them apart?

Why they're all the same shade of real. They look exactly alike.

You said it pal— even an expert can't tell them apart by look'n at them. He has to use a high-powered magnifying glass.
THE REAL ONES HAVE LITTLE BUBBLES IN THEM; LONG BUBBLES, ALL KINDS. BUT IN THE FAKE, THE BUBBLES ARE ALL ROUND.

MY WORD! NOW UNEXPECTED!

AT THE MOMENT LOOK APE.

JOHNNY GRIMES DA PLAN. CLOTHES COPPER. WHAT'S HE DOIN' AROUND HERE?

SOMEONE MUSTA TIPPED HIM OFF ABOUT US. WE BETTER TELL SLUGS QUICK!

SLUGS? GRIMES FINDS US WID DAT CRUSTMORE STUFF. WE'RE SUNK.

YEAH, WE GOTTA GET IT OUTTA HERE! AND I KNOW HOW TO DO IT TOO.

WELL, PAL, I GUESS THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ONE LESSON. SEE YOU AGAIN TOMORROW.

GRIMES WONT FIND A THING WHEN HE SEARCHES US. THEN TOMORROW THIS SAF WILL BRING THE STUFF BACK.

GOODNESS GRACIOUS! I MUST HAVE ABSENT MINDLY PUT THESE IN MY POCKET.

I SHOULD HATE TO HAVE WALKED OUT OF HERE WITH THESE. WHAT WOULD I SAY? A DETECTIVE? HE FINDS THEM ON ME.

A DETECTIVE? HEAR THAT SLUGS? HE MUST BE WISE!
Boys and Girls! Get these keen PRIZES!

MILITARY INSIGNIA AND WARPLANE BUTTONS!

Authentic Army Navy Marine insignia—in Actual Colors—Shiny, Durable Metal Buttons! Pin 'em on Sweaters, Caps, Jackets.

Are those military insignia buttons real? Reproductions, in full color, of actual Army Navy and Marine squadron and division insignia—shiny metal buttons. Wide variety just the thing to pin on your sweaters caps and jackets and be the envy of every other kid in the neighborhood. And you get one as a PRIZE in every package of Kellogg's "Pep"—the wheat flake cereal packed with important wheat "bulider uppers" with natrin, vitamins B1 and D. Get pep today at your grocery store, and look for the prize insignia button in the package.

Special offer! BEANIE!

Be the kid with the swiftest eyes on Okie—a Fanilly cakes package felt sent to you for only 13c each Kellogg's pep box covers. Address Kellogg Company Dept 551, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Listen to SUPERMAN

for more exciting details about "Pep" and the great prizes. Get pep peas for smooth and satiny.
PUT DEM JEWELS BACK IN YER POCKET SAPI AN GET OUTTA HERE FAST WHAT YOU CAN’T FORCE ME TO ROB THS MAN

I SAID TA PUT DEM JEWELS DON’T DO THAT IT MAKES ME NERVOUS

OHHH I SLIPPED ON THOSE JEWELS YEOW

Oww Ya SHOT ME MEN DA LEG MY WORD I’D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE

THE NEXT MORNING AT THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME

I WAS MAWSTER DICK BUT IT WAS NO TROUBLE AT ALL TO CATCH A FEW CRIMINALS WHEN I INFORMED THE POLICE I THOUGHT HE WAS BUSY LAST NIGHT IN HIS LESSONS IN HOW TO BE A BUTLER

THEY MUST HAVE ESCAPED FROM A LUNATIC ASYLUM BETTER NOTIFY THE POLICE

THEN I EVEN KNOW THEY WERE CRIMINALS WHEN I INFORMED THE POLICE BUT NO USE MENTIONING THAT IT MIGHT CONFUSE THE MAWSTERS ALMOST AS MUCH AS IT DID ME

The End
What's this? So we see, those boldest of all brutes, the mighty Batman and the swashbuckling Robin! How did they get to such a place? And how? For if you look again, you'll see two teams of caped villains, one suspicious and one genuine— and thereby begins a tale worth remembering. No, it's no ordinary villain. He can make a scarecrow— but it takes steel nerve, supple strength, and unflagging courage to send the dynamic duo charging to the rescue of a wronged partner. Heroes by proxy!
Hawke & Wrenn
Detective Agency
Investigations

It's no use Hawke, he's
more a figure than an
obvious. It becomes
that we're flat
broke?

Ah we,
and we built
such
lofty
plans.

How could we
Paul Wrenn?
We have brains,
courage, a
thorough
knowledge of
criminal
ways.

But we lack
a reputation
for business
success.

As Hawke &
Wrenn
were merely
two birds
of ill omen, but
we were say
Batman and
Robin richer
would
rain down upon us.

Burekma-
i have
it?

Tear up your
silly
figures! Clear
the
safe for
cash! From
now on, we're
going to fly
high?

My poor
friend
upsetment
had
unbalanced
you.

Sad snit -
and badder still.
This shameful
spectacle of
stealthy
get me?

E- da
joke
busted?

In *a
so, per
courty?

A clumsy
boof-it's a
good thing
nobody's
here.

I see
a break
me
neck an
dat's all da
sympathy I
get! 
BUT WAIT! WE KNOW THIS HOUSE--THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE, SR., THE PLAYBOY AND--OH! THE DUO!

ROBBE'S CASH--BRACE JEWELS--A NICE HAUL!

Glad to be home again, Dick? Well yes and no!

CATCHING FISH IS FUN--BUT SO IS CATCHING CRACKERS!

MY WORD! BEGIN YOUR ARSON SIRS.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, ALFRED?

YOU'VE BEEN MADE A VICTIM OF PLUNDER--NOT EYES DUNK YOUR HOLIDAY--THAT THE MATTER.

WHY DO WE HAVE THE NEWS OF THE WEEK?

WHY CALL THE POLICE. BRUCE? CAN'T WE?

EVERY VIOLATION MUST BE REPORTED--THAT'S THE LAW.

NOT A SINGLE CLUE--I'VE DOOKED HIM AND LOW!

THAT EVENING

HAVE YOU SEEN THE HEADLINES? I CAN'T HELP SMILING--WHAT'S THE HUMORUS?

I WAS WONDERING HOW THE NEWSMEN WOULD FEEL IF THEY KNEW THIS WAS ALSO THE RESIDENCE OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

THE FUNNY AT THAT?
Well, gentle reader—what do you make of this?

"Robin, whatever are you doing?" "I'm keeping "Batman" from saying what I'm thinking." "Wha-?"

"Might I ask the means of the intrusion?"

"My good man, everyone knows the Batman and Robin move about in unusual ways. Here's one!"

"What's this?"

"The master's priceless Damoklos drapes?"

"Should I get mad, or laugh like I want to?"

"Leave them to me!"

"We're honored to have such esteemed callers, but what's this?"

"Shall I tell them?"

"Mr. Wayne has been robbed! We're going to catch the thief and restore your valuable possessions."

"Generous of you. I'm sure they will accept our endeavors."

"But the Batman and Robin never accept rewards."

"Are you free to tell us?"
When the remarkable pair has departed... "You've had your reputation. For all we know, they may have done the burglary themselves."

But last night a raving gangster in moc-cops raced across rooftop.

Moments later a famous crime-slugger team races across moc-cops.

...are displayed his dastardly sanity.

...were most unfortunate! "Batsman" menace that chair impressed in the carpet. I saw a clear footprint disguised by rubber pads!

"Keller!"

"Batsman!"

But now, alas, times are hard.
AND HERE ARE TWO WHO WANT PROSPERITY, JUST AROUND
THE CORNER.

WEASEL'S A CROOK—OH WELL—
ONLY A WIN IN FIVE GRAND FOR
DA WAYNE SWAG? CAN'T

BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT
LOSIN' DAT CORRUGATED CAVEMAN?
EVERYBODY KNOWS I ALWAYS WEAR
T FOR LUCK!

MAYBE YA LOST IT SOME PLACE ELSE WHERE IT
WON'T MATTER!

DA BATMAN AN
ROBIN? DEY'RE AFTER US BUT
DEY LL NEVER
TAKE ME BACK TA DA B'G
HOUSE.

ORRYou
SEE WHAT
I SEE?

YEE ROBIN! COMY
HUG US AND
CARPEN CARLIN
ARE THE MEN
WE WANT?

AND WE
GET THEM
BATMAN
PIT TAKES
A LIFE ME.

PEN? OUR
PET TEE LABLE
A BE AWFUL
SHIP?

OH MY
GOODNESS!

YA MAFF YAFF
OLG—
BUT I GO
RUILTS
DAT'S
QUARREL?

HERE WE GO
ROBIN!

COME
ROBIN—
LET US
WITHDRAW
TO CONSIDER
THE SITUATION!

A SPLENDID
SUGGESTION
BATMAN!!

TAKE DAT
AN DAT?

AND
HAY
DO YA
SEE EM
ERIN?

WON'T
DA BOYS
L. PETE'S
POOLROOM
HOW WHEN WE
TELL NOW YELL DA
BATMAN AN ROBIN
US?
**The Next Instant**

Something no tells me you Coyotes will howl first!

**YIIEEE!**

**Eve's Back!!**

**UHH-HH**

**Hits' Time!!**

**BATMAN!**

**Dat'll Do It Y'all!**

**Batman — He Got You?**

**Just's Inner — No, But the Crows are Goin' Away — And We've Lost Our Mysterious Enemy?**

**As Long as You're All Right — A Second —**

**Come On Cap'n — Let's Go!**
Mean while two blocks away

While the others are safe from those bullets any way Batman... but we can't escape the stain of conscience and don't call me Batman anymore.

We're regraded the real Batman and robbity tomorrow the underworld willuzzi with the story of how they plan for the first time in their lives.

I know.

We meant well but we should have known we couldn't duplicate their method.

But that's exactly what we must do now.

The only way we can redeem ourselves and their reputation is to capture those crooks no matter what the risk.

You're absolutely right but where will we find them?

Here they go.

And here we go as fast as we can mountain of steel will travel.

They fled danger once but no one can call Hawke and Wrenn cowardly as they pursue the crooks.

Masters were losing them.

The issue top speed.

And finally, they swung into the city and that's the car.

Little man, we're free we do or die.
The Batman and Robin have been traveling too—by way of overhead shortcuts.

Do you think we'll find them here, Batman?

Cat-Spaw mentioned a place with the same name—and that's a notorious hangout for crooks.

We want Corey Huggins and Cat-Spaw alive. You ain't here, Batman—ain't you a welder?

No, I'm clean or else.

If there were any of you, I'd saw you some of the fighting.

No, I'm through.

He ain't human! Leave me outa here.

But Corey and Cat-Spaw have already prepared for battle.

Douse that cat. Can't an' be ready to smash 'em when my shift is over.

Ready.
Under the impact of hurtling shoulders, a clock bursts in yard.

"We for you crooks to let me?"

"My eyes! I can't see."

"Haw, haw! The Monty Batman, lured by Rue Million's jewels is kooky!"

"Neither can I."

"No, yet Catpaw! Nobody yet ever seen da Batman without his mask! Let's be da post ones to know who he really is before we bump him off?"

"I ain't a bad deal."

"Or a like guys'n da world, who?"

"I'd never believed."

"But suddenly!"

"Yillet! I'm been double-dyed. Say I ain't go-please!"

"Feeling dirty Catpaw!"
FREEDOM'S STAMP

by Eddie Bell

It was funny meeting Monsieur Polkaz in New York. He was surprised, too, but not about us signing him. He was surprised to find the stamp boy more far attache than he was expected. "This is a wonderful country, my friends," he exclaimed, "a wonderful country for people who sell souvenirs with hats. Even she cannot stop me here." We didn't know about that. "We weren't interested. There was too much to worry about the smugly Monsieur Polkaz. His clothes were in dapper as his manners, and there was about him an air of self-admiration he hadn't had back in those days as Hong Kong before things became mundane blacks. He was a changed man.

Eddie Mayo, who had just come back from his correspondent's shore in Pearl Harbor commended on this. Polkaz smiled, showing his white, even teeth. "I am very happy here in America," he explained. "I am trying to do my bit to help push the Japanese into their own land. I have my own business, I bought it when I escaped from Hong Kong." He sighed. "But my precious stamp collection. And here I have him try to sell them. "It is gun," he said. "This time, they did not understand me."

Eddie Mayo shook his head. "That still doesn't explain, Polkaz, how you could start a business there. That takes money, more do you earn?"

Horrified, Monsieur Polkaz drew himself up in his last few feet. He was a musical Donald Duck in that moment. "A Polkaz name makes money," he threatened. "I am an honest man."

Monsieur Polkaz was lucky for us that our friend, Monsieur Polkaz, was also honest enough to let us buy him a soda. Otherwise, Eddie May would have heard about him and the Japanese. It later became my story by the way I won the war.

The Jap harders were pouring into Hong Kong and the British were pouring out. But Monsieur Polkaz tries to save his precious stock of stamps, held in desperate. He had not a single stamp and was taken prisoner.

"Oh, they didn't put him on jail right away. He looked French and they were too much interested in searching for Americans and English to bother him."

He always was lucky this little stamp collector. And, no luck would have it. Captain Taki, who had taken over Polkaz' and of Hong Kong was a stamp collector. It was his big mission to confiscate the stock of black Polkaz and when they had been taken to Taki's headquarters, the Japs tore for Polkaz.

Qualing war from the Latin Franklin appeared before Captain Taki. Now he thought, he would have his life. You see he didn't know Taki had taken his stock nor that Taki was interested in him, too.

His relief knew no bounds when Taki informed him that he, Polkaz, was going to be put on a new job—building up Captain Taki's stamp collection.

In what as easy as that. Just a conversation and Polkaz had a new job. No they beat him and they kicked him trying to make him confess that he hadn't hidden a stock of precious stamps.

It was a week before they began to understand that Polkaz was telling the truth. He spent another week under medical care, before they allowed him to go, the Japs of the moment he appeared again before Captain Taki.

"The little Jap harders owed me money. "Do you still claim that you have hidden no packets of precious stamps?"

Polkaz was happy on the news. A fix of trembling seized him as he remembered the beating he had had. "Oh, no. Monsieur Captain" he quavering, "I have hidden no packets of stamps." His shoulders shook. "Where can I hide them, Monsieur Captain? Your escape plans are as clever as they would easily find them."

Captain Taki smiled. He slapped his hands and two soldiers appeared. "Take him to my private room."

One soldier led the way. The other peeped Polkaz namby pamby with his rifle and laughed. A man who Polkaz jumped it seemed very funny. To the soldier.

But Polkaz's discomfort was more than managed when he saw the room and its contents. It contained his entire stock! And a soldier there was his desk, his own desk.

"You will want the Honorable Captain here," one of the bluejackets said. He pushed Polkaz into a chair. "And not when he wants."

Polkaz sat down hard. But the door slammed behind him and the lock clicked, he couldn't restrain himself longer. He ran his hands lovingly over the pages of his beloved stamps, and ran ran down his face. Tears was completely hot in him and a loud was passed by only the warning of the door being opened returned him to reality.

He hurried into his show,
then rose as Captain Taki, fol-
lowed by the two soldiers, their
arms filled with books, entered.
Taki's narrowed eyes glared at
Polkas.
"You have reconquered this
collection."
"Yes, Honorable Captain," Polkas said humbly
"It is unfortunate," Taki
said coldly "that such novices as you are permitted to
enjoy beauty. He spoke to the sold-
iers who placed the books
they had been carrying on the
table. "Look at them."

Polkas eyes widened in sur-
pise. On beautiful, hand-printed
Japanese paper was an
enormous collection of stamps. He
looked at these hungrily. Then
felt Taki's fingers around his
wrist. A stabbing pain that through his arm, he
screamed. At last Taki released him from
the judo hold
"If you wish to shed tears of
harm none is my collection," Taki
said, "you shall die." He
glared at the quivering Polkas.
"You will add your for-
mower collection to it. I shall ex-
pert a daily report on your
progress. You may continue
care your mind on the soldier
who will be an enemy daily." He
turned stiffly and went out.

As Polkas began to work, he
had an idea. You see Polkas
was a very clever man. He
would think. He was always
thinking.

That's how he happened to
be upon the idea of having
Captain Taki sign every page as
it was completed. "It will
be something for people to mar-
vel about, Honorable Cap-
tain," he had said. "They will
remember your name in
your magnificent country if
ever you put this exquisite
collection of stamps on view."

Just as Polkas had figured.
Taki commenced readily. Each
night, as Polkas waited he
would sign the day's page and
in the morning of Captain Taki,
as the job neared completion,
was the death of the little man.
But Polkas, being so shrewd,
would think. He knew, as he
put his hand beneath Captain
Taki's desk, the snow desk
where a month before he had
hit his head when a Japanese
soldier beat him, that now the
time was ripe.

Earlier today he had taken
a packet of the paper from Taki's
desk and made an elaborate
plan on it. He had a skilled
artist, this Polkas, and the plan
would duly all questions. It
would not need two other
things. And Polkas, his
heart pounding until he was
sure Taki could not see it, had
these things done.

Another moment and he was
on his way back to his room
to resume work. In this month
that had gone by, the guard
had become careless. He, like Taki,
had acquired the princi-
ple of harmlessness, too timid
to try any escape. Consequently
the guard often went down to
the kitchen once in a while with
his fellows in drinking and.
And always, when he returned, Pol-
kas had been fast asleep.

So tonight he went down to
see this evening Polkas
had not slept. From his hiding
place he took out the impres-
sive document he had made
up carefully. He pulled Capi-
tain Taki's signature from
with a smile on his face, he
took from his pocket the two
stamps he had retrieved from
their hiding place beneath Cap-
tain Taki's desk. They had
been there all the month. A
month now. With every promis-
ence of mind, that night they
did not betray him, he had placed them
there. They had been beneath
him since the last before that.

With a smile he flashed them
to the paper it made it look
more important than ever Tan
probably read about these two
more stamps from Dutch Guinea.
There are only four out in the entire world. And the
two I am talking about sold in
80,000 each.

They belonged to little Pol-
kas, who had escaped from
Hong Kong and made his way
to freedom because every Jap-
ese who loved the doc-
ument, noticed the message too.
And because they were not
readers, they just couldn't
realize their value. All they
knew was that some high Jap-
ese official were there with them.

And Taki? Maybe he's alive,
maybe not. The American Air
Force is putting jays every-
where nowadays. Polkas didn't
expect to see his collection
again, though.

"Tat," he was not unhappy.
"I felt," he explained to
Eddie Mayo than afternoon.
"They'd be better off
burnt. Then why I left that
chemical bomb behind me." He
sighed. "They were a very
mean for people without much to
enjoy."
PRIVATE PETE

SEE I'M GLAD THE M.P. ON OUR POST S AWAY TODAY, IT'S SMELL TAKING HIS PLACE AND HAVING AUTHORITY!

GET MOVING CAPTAIN! DON'T YOU KNOW THIS IS A RESTRICTED AREA?

HEY YOU! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? LET ME SEE YOUR PASS!

CAME THE MORNING

TODAY I JUST SAW PETE AGAIN, IT WAS SMELL BLEW IN M.P. YESTERDAY!

PRIVATE PATE YOUR RIFLE HAS BEEN CHECKED!

GOOD MORNING, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SCRUB SOME POTS IN THE KITCHEN?

GET GOIN'!
TRAINING KIT..  
FLYING LESSONS!

PLANET

Ever Made America's Future Pilots

"11,760.00 IN FLYING SCHOLARSHIPS!  A REAL PIPER CUB!"

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"Breakfast of Champions"  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Breakfast of Champions" - every morning.

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Weathies Club Box 700 New York, N.Y.  
PRINT PLAINLY! DO NOT WRITE!

Our Free Flight Training Course was real fun,  
and now I think we're set for real flying instruction. Hope we win a 
Wheaties scholarship.

You, and 836 CPC members like you, who won free flying lessons in Wheaties 
aviary contest.

To the young aviator, Wheaties says...

I can hardly believe I really won this small Cub plane, Dad. And my 
winning entry took me less than two minutes.

Wheaties Club Box 700, New York, N.Y.

Please enter my name on your Free Flight Training Kit - you have already decided at what 
cost to which I am to win a Free Flight Scholarship - and for Free Piper Cub 
Gift (this is not a contest entry blank.)  
I submit your Wheaties free equipment and gift.

My Name: ____________________________
My Address: ____________________________
My Age: ___________  State: ____________
YOU'LL BETTER HAVE A CHAIR!

JUST HANG AROUND COCKY AND YOU'LL UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING TRUE.

WE'RE ALL RIGHT

SO THIS IS THE MAN WHO WOULD BE BATMAN—WANTS THE PRIVE DETECTIVE.

AND UNDER HEATH'S RIGH FEATURES THE BOLD HEADED ROBIN IS A WRE Nhân.

WHY WHERE AM I...

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN?

I SEE WE ALL KNOW EACH OTHER.

BY IMPERSONYING US WE HOPE TO LET POLICE KNOW THAT THEY NO SEE OUR AGENCY.

I HOPE YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON.

IF YOUD HAVE SABOTAGED OUR CAMPAIGN AGAINST CRIME... AND BY SUCCESSING YOU'D HAVE GAINED NO CREDIT 

WE THOUGHT OF THAT TOO LATE.

ENOUGH GOOD JOB. WE'LL TRACKED DOWN YOUR MISTAKES AND YOU'LL CHANCE OUR CLOTHES BEFORE THE POLICE COME—THEY'RE YOUR PRISONERS.

BATMAN YOU'RE AN ANGEL IN BONSWEAR. OUR REPUTATIONS WILL BE SAVED.

JUST AS LONG AS YOU DON'T TRY TO BURN OURS ANY MORE!
NEITHER RAIN NOR SNOW NOR HEAT NOR CLOTH OF NIGHT STAYS THESE LOURERS FROM THE SWIFT COMPLETION OF THEIR APPOINTED ROUNDS.

SUCH IS THE PROUD SLOGAN OF THE FEDERAL POSTAL SERVICE. BUT HOW MANY ARE ACQUAINTED WITH THE TRULY VAST WORKINGS OF THE SYSTEM THAT BANDS TOGETHER THE FAIREST FLUNG OUTPOSTS OF A GREAT NATION?

WHEN CRIMINAL INSECURITY DEVICES A CLEVER SCHEME FOR MUTILATING THE UNITED STATES MAIL, EVEN THE BATMAN AND ROBIN LEARN SOMETHING THEY DIDN'T KNOW BEFORE AS WITH WILLY WITS AND FLASHEG PISTIS THEY MAKE SURE THAT "THE MAILS GO THROUGH!"
In bleating heat n bitter cold through slushy storm these aching feet have sounded their constant tattoo on Gotham's pavements to fulfill that honored dictum of the Postal Service: "The mail must be delivered.""And the weather-beaten face of old John Weaver is known to every man, woman, and child along the route he has covered for twenty years.

Good morning, Mrs. Mulcahey. Might I come up for a minute? It's most important.

Mornin', Mrs. Jones.

Ah, me five flights.

Now, Mr. Weaver. Isn't it true that you'll take Sidney away in your big bag if he doesn't eat his oatmeal?

Wah!
CAN Y' IMAGINE? FIVE FLIGHTS OF STAIRS FOR THAT — OH WELL ‘TIS ALL IN A LETTER-CARRIER'S LIFE.

AROUND THE CORNER SUDDENLY

AS I LIVE AN' BREATHE — THE BATMAN AND ROBIN FIGHTIN' A GANG OF CROOKS!

ONE STEP CLOSER, BATMAN, AN' I SHOOT*

I WARNED YA—

THAT MAILMAN’$ HE GOT THE BULLETS

MY ARM, I'VE BEEN HIT?

EASY OLD FELLOW— DOES IT HURT MUCH?

YES—BUT THE MAIL? WHAT ABOUT THE MAIL? MUST GET IT DELIVERED!

GUESS THOSE CROOKS WILL KEEP TILL THE POLICE ARRIVE, GOT TO GET THIS POSTMAN TO A HOSPITAL!

WHEN YOU RECOVER CONSCIOUSNESS, YOU'LL BE SEEING EARS*

THE MAIL IT MUST GO THROUGH!

HE'S RIGHT BATMAN— WHAT'LL WE DO?
I'll deliver the mail for him? You call an ambulance!

Thanks Batman... how I can be easier in my mind.

Don't forget to have those thugs booked for robbery, Robin!

Don't worry, I will.

In a registered letter, sham have to sign for this one.

Who's there?

Mailman, registered letter for J Gorham.

Okay, I'll sign for it.

Hmmm, seems pretty shy about showing his face.

Say, this pencil is all wet from his hand!
BLOOD! AND HE DIDN'T WANT TO SHOW HIS FACE. I THINK THIS REQUIRE INVESTIGATION.

THIS TIME THEY DON'T ANSWER. I'M THINKING OF THAT ALLEY OVER THERE THAT MIGHT LEAD TO A REAL WING.

WITH N THE APARTMENT

HA HA! THE JOKES ON YOU! THAT LETTER WON'T BE HERE TILL TOMORROW. I KNOW, BECAUSE I CALLED THE POST OFFICE AND LEARNED THAT THE MAIL PLANE WAS DELAYED BY A STORM.

WILL WE DO IT? TAKE HIM ALONG WITH US, AND GET THAT LETTER HERE TODAY? OR, STAY HERE, AND WE'LL TELL TOMORROW COMES?

OUTSIDE A REAR WINDOW, KEEN EARS ARE ATTUNED TO THE TALK WITHIN.

WE DON'T HAVE TO DO IT YET. I'LL JUST LEAVE HIM HERE. EVEN IF HE GOES TO THE POLICE, WE CAN STILL USE THE UNDERGROUND SYSTEM AS OUR LAST RESORT.

OF COURSE, BOSS?

OH, YOU MEAN THE "B" PLAN. HUH? BOSS?

THAT FACE! THE CLOAK! THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY ACQUAINTED ABOUT THAT BIRD. IT SEEMS TO ME I SAW A PICTURE OF HIM IN THE ROOES'S GALLERY ONCE.
THE POSTMAN'S GONE BOSS! I GOTTA GET OUTA HERE AN GET THIS ARM FIXED A FINE THING WE BEING DUMB ENOUGH TO GET TULLED WHEN WE BUSTED N HERE.

TOO SAD I WASN'T FAST ENOUGH TO GET ALL OF YOU! HUH? WHO'S THAT? PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU GET ALL OF THEM... MR. GORNAM.

IT'S THE D-BATMAN!

THIS IS AN OLD DOOGE, BATMAN— BUT IT WORKS.

NOW I REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE: THE SCUTTLER, THE SCOURGE OF THE WEST COAST! I'VE HEARD YOU'RE CLEVER IN A LOW SORT OF WAY.

BUT THIS SHOULD GIVE YOU A NEW OUTLOOK ON THINGS.

BUT SCUTTLING THE SCUTTLER IS NO EASY MATTER AS WE SEE...

I'VE BEEN WANTING TO MEET YOU SO LONG, BATMAN, I'M TURNING HANDSPRINGS FOR JOY.

PERHAPS WE'LL MEET AGAIN—SOMETIMES WHEN I'M NOT SO BUSY.

STOP H-AM!
I'M LATE FOR THE TIME BEING, HE HAD TOO TO START.
SO LONG, BATMAN. YOU CAN FOLLOW MY CAREER IN THE HEAD NEWS.
I WON'T REST UNTIL I GET HIM, BUT I'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.

IN CALIFORNIA THE SCUTTER GOT WIND OF AN INVENTION WORTH MILLIONS. HE TRIED STEALING THE PLANS, BUT THE INVENTOR ALREADY SENT THEM ON TO ME BY REGISTERED MAIL TO BE PATENTED.

APPEARENTLY THE SCUTTER MADE THE INVENTOR REVEAL WHEN THE LETTER WAS MAILED, BECAUSE HE FLEW HERE TO INTERCEPT IT THINKING IT WOULD BE DELIVERED TODAY.

HMM... THE SCUTTER SEEMED SO CONFIDENT ABOUT GETTING THAT LETTER TOMORROW, HE DIDN'T EVEN INTEND TO HOLD YOU. I'M AFRAID THE SCUTTER HAS SOME NECESSARY SCHEME UP HIS SLEEVE.

IT WON'T WORK. IF I GIVE ORDERS TO HOLD THAT LETTER AT MY LOCAL POST OFFICE UNTIL I CALL FOR IT TOMORROW, THE POLICE.

THE SCUTTER WASTED REALIZE THAT MORRISON WILL TAKE PRECAUTIONS. MY HUNCH IS THAT HE'S FIGURED OUT SOME WEAK LINK IN THE REGISTERED LETTER SYSTEM.

LATER THAT DAY IN THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE

WELL, BRUCE—YOU CERTAINLY HAD AN EXCITING TIME BEING A POSTMAN FOR A DAY—BUT WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT THE SCUTTER?

FIRST OF ALL, I'M GOING TO STUDY JUST EXACTLY WHAT THE POST OFFICE DOES WITH A REGISTERED LETTER.
This book explains the whole post office system, and if the scuttle bird was clever enough to figure out how to get a registered letter out of the post office, I should be able to figure it out too!

"When a letter is brought to a post office to be registered, a clerk stamps the envelope with an identifying number and marks that number in a book—"

"Let's check the registered letter. Is then placed in a cylindrical jacket, which is placed in a canvas cover bearing a numbered lock. The issuing post office, its destination, the time sent, name of sender—"

"Okay— you can bring this to the tube man—"

"A registered letter goes to its destination where in the main post office, the tube man slides the jacket into a larger cylinder which is to be sent through the underground pneumatic system to the post office nearest the addressee."

"You see, Jack— this map shows how the pneumatic tubes run underground from the main post office to the various substations throughout the city in just a few seconds!"
I'll bet half the people in Gotham don't even know such an underground system exists. Why—there's even a line going under the river to Station E—is that the only way the scutler meant by the "E" plan?

I see it now—it's the only thing that makes sense. The tube man is the only one in charge of the "underground". Gotham's letter should be sent to Station C, which is in his neighborhood. But suppose the tube man deliberately misdirects the cylinder.

He could send the cylinder to Station E, which is a very small station and could easily be held up by a few clever and determined men. How do we get them to speak to the tube man at the main post office?

I checked the regular airmail schedule this afternoon. That letter should be reaching the main post office now. Which means we'll just about arrive at the same time the letter gets to the tube man. We'll be sent out.

I can hardly believe it, Batman—but come on. We'll speak to the tube man. That letter should be going through now. If it came on the seven o'clock plane.

Minutes later, at the Gotham General Post Office...

Here we are. I guess we see the chief superviser first. Just in case we're too late. Now for the superviser's office. This is just in case we're too late, but what's that you're carrying?
BELL—IT'S GONE! I ATTEMPTED TO DO IT BUT IF I HADN'T I'D HAVE BEEN EVEN WORSE OFF! HOW THE BATMAN MAN WAS COMING THIS WAY HE MUST HAVE FOUND OUT BUT HOW, AND WHAT WILL I DO?

YES, READER—IT'S A WELL KNOWN PSYCHOLOGICAL FACT THAT THE MORE FEAR OF DISCOVERY CAN SOMETIMES STARTLE A GUILTY CONSCIENCE INTO A CONFESSION.

ALL RIGHT BATMAN I'LL CONFESSION! I'LL CONFESSION EVERYTHING—IF YOU'LL ONLY GIVE ME A BREAK! THE SCUTTLER MADE ME DO IT ON THE THREAT OF EXPLODING ME! I KNEW HIM YEARS AGO IN THE WEST WHERE I WAS FOOLING INTO DRIVING A GETAWAY CAR FOR HIM.

WHAT? IS IT TOO LATE?

YES, I USED THE REGISTERED CONTAINER FOR STATION C TO STATION E WHERE THE SCUTTLER AND HIS BOYS ARE WAITING?

QUICK—HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE FOR THAT TUBE TO GET TO STATION ON E?

ABOUT SEVENTY SECONDS YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET THERE IN TIME TO STOP THE HOLD-UP. THEY'VE GOT IT TIMED PERFECTLY.

IF THEY CAN USE THE TUBES MAYBE WE CAN TOO! SEVENTY SECONDS—ER? THEN THIS LITTLE PRESENT SHOULD GET US ON E BEFORE WE HAVE TIME TO LEAVE SLEEPING GAS AND IT'S SET TO GO OFF IN SEVENTY SECONDS JUST AS THE CYLINDER REACHES THE STATION! THERE'S ENOUGH STUFF IN IT TO PUT EVERYONE THERE TO SLEEP LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO GET THERE—IF WE CAN TRAVEL FAST ENOUGH.
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FREE BOOK shows you IN PICTURES how great stars play their positions—how YOU can become a "Big Leaguer" here on your farm! GET YOURS NOW!

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HOW "SLATS" MARION BUNTS

CARL HUBBELL’S SCREWBALL

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Bonnie Gaye
NO, SCUTTLE! I HAVE AN IDEA YOU'RE GOING TO STAY IN GOTHAM FOR QUITE A LONG TIME!

THE BATMAN! MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE STAYED OUT WEST!

THAT ONE DIDN'T REGISTER FOR THE NEXT ONE. YOUR DELIVERY IS POOR, SCUTTLE.

A MAN LIKE YOU SHOULD BE ADDRESSED PROPERLY - TO THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY.

AND SO, THE MAILED FISTS OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN MAKE BRIEF WORK OF BAGGING THE CRIMINALS.

I GUESS YOU CAN TAKE OVER NOW. HERE'S THE DELIVERED LETTER TO THE FEDERAL AUTHORITIES, SUPPOSED TO BE SENT TO STATION C.

AND A WEEK LATER POSTMAN WEAVE IS BACK ON THE JOB.

BY GOLLY, THE REST DO ME GOOD. RECKON I'LL BE CARRYING THE MAIL FOR ANOTHER TWENTY YEARS YET.

THANKS TO YOU, BATMAN, THE MAIL WILL GET THROUGH.
...How do yuh say Cookies made with Baby Ruth Candy

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