IN THIS ISSUE!
IT'S HIGH-SPEED ADVENTURE FOR
BATMAN AND ROBIN
in
"MARATHON OF MENACE"
is for GAZELLE.
SWIFT BUT ALSO SMART
HE KNOWS THAT THIS
SYMBOL MEANS
THE BEST IN COMIC ART!

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION

- ON THE COVER OF GREEN LANTERN,
FOR EXAMPLE?
IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC MAGAZINE!
SPEED!

It's the source of your headiest thrills, whether in swift-paced contest or sheer headlong motion that shrinks time and space!... And here is the breathless story of certain daring devotees of speed who seek dangerous laurels for secret reasons of their own — and of those meteoric marvels, Batman and Robin, setting incredible new records as they flash along a sinister steeplechase in —

The MARATHON of MENACE!
Marty Steele was born with a love of speed and no concern for its dangers. As a boy:

Look out! I can't stop!

I guess you'll be careful about going too fast after this, Marty.

I wasn't going too fast — the wagon was going too slow.

Later, he works and saves for a year to buy a broken-down steam car which he promptly rebuilds.

They say those things are apt to blow up, Marty!

Then you'd better stand clear when I try her out next week, Lem!

And his first real triumph is the achievement of the hitherto unheard-of speed of a mile a minute!

He broke the record!

I tell ya, so young folks today is stark plumb crazy!

Not only spinning wheels but speed in all its forms fascinates Marty: water and air also become his elements...
IN THE HIS DEVOTION PAYS OFF IN HONORS AND RICHES!

OIO,000 AUTO CLASSIC WON BY MARTY STEELE

But, alas!—the years are also swift—and now...

So they think I've finished? Do they? I'll show 'em I can still outface 'em all!

But, Mr. Steele, you haven't tried it in years!

So you're against me, too? A fine thing, when racing is the one thing I care about in life!

You can still do a lot! Why not hold a contest to stimulate others' interest in speed? Not a bad idea, Reaston! Only it'll have to be the biggest, toughest race in history!

So it is that some days later! In the home of Bruce Wayne and his young ward, Dick Grayson...

Ought to be quite an event, eh, Dick? I'll say! And anybody can enter, including Batman and Robin!

What a chance to test those new socket and jet-propulsive gadgets you designed?

Yes, but Batman and Robin never use their talents of equipment for winning money or personal glory!
In the Batman's secret laboratory:

With that extra power the Batplane, Batmobile, and Batboat could overtake a comet! What's the verdict Batman?

We'll be in the race fella—but unofficially. We can test our ability and have fun with the others.

Many others find the challenge to their liking—but our story deals only with three who will still be with us at the finish.

Roy Damon, a brilliant scientist who knows all things—is blind!

But even if you could drive and fly by means of radar and sound signals, Roy no one would race against a blind man!

Nobody need know I'm blind, and if I win, it will inspire sightless people everywhere.

A man of mystery, who calls himself simply "John Doe."

Register here for the big race.

But you'll have to give your real name.

No I don't according to the rules. Anyone can get in.

Glenda West Rich and spoiled niece of hardboiled George Kale, president of Lightning Motors Inc. I'll have special motors built for you Glenda! If you win, it'll be worth a fortune to me in publicity.

But when Glenda leaves the office:

She'll win all right. She's got nerve and skill and I'll have men posted all across the country to see that the other contestants have their troubles!

So it is that hours before the race skulking men tamper with the boats, planes and cars that have been entered!

This tub belongs to "John Doe". He'll be out of the race when the water gets into these spark plugs. I'm cracking!
No ordinary transcontinental jaunt this! Contestants must head first into the Black Hills of South Dakota, then fly southwest to Arizona’s Grand Canyon, and finally northwest to San Francisco! Plane, boat and auto must all be used, and where these are impractical one must go afoot or by horse!

And in the Batcave

The Gun! Hurry, Batman!

What’s the rush beginning to lose faith in our super-speed equipment?

Guided solely by radar “pictures” drawn in sound, Damon plots his fleet pathfinders through busy canals.

So far, so good! If I get through it will bring new hope to the sightless everywhere!

While, on another waterway, John Doe runs into difficulties— and an example of very poor sportsmanship!

Arrr! My spasm plugs have been tampered with! Got any extras with you?

Sure—and I'm keeping them! Why should I help you win?
Much later a tiny craft ventures into the teeth of a raging gale on Lake Michigan—With near disastrous results.

It’s no use! I can’t locate the trouble! I’m licked—And my only chance to reach shore is to radio for help!

“AND MUCH FARTHER WEST, IN THE BATPLANE”

Even with all our stunting and side-trips we must be way ahead of everybody else—Listen!

S.O.S! Speedboat Pathfinder in distress. Need help immediately.

Jet and rocket tubes are switched to full power as the powerful ship streaks back along its course!

We’ll follow the radio beam and see what we can do to help!

The Pathfinder! That’s the boat Roy Damon entered!

I can’t see who you are—but you’re certainly welcome! It’s probably motor trouble! I could fix myself if I wasn’t blind.

Huh? Blind?

Soon

Keep circling while I size things up Robin!

A choked gas line—plugged deliberately—but I can’t get over your taking this risk without being able to see.

The stakes are bigger than the risk, Batman! This is the acid test of my radar ‘eyes’ for others affected as I am.
Meanwhile...

Those are the Black Hills, Robin! You ought to get a good view of the Mt. Rushmore Memorial with those glasses!

I'll say, and that isn't Al! Batman!

Look!

You've killed Batman and Robin?

Yeah! Some shooting! Now it's your turn!

Nix, Smokey! Never shoot a female! Toss her over the cliff instead!

Suddenly...

Bat-man! Thank goodness!

Huh? We thought you was dead.

They planned to sabotage John Doe's Plane!

From now on I'll do all the sabotaging around here.

Yuh, think so?
TSK, TSK! MUSTN'T SHOOT PEOPLE!

LAY THAT PISTOL DOWN, HOMR!'

"But unnoticed by anyone, a wild shot has pierced the gasoline tank of John Doe's plane!"

LEAVING THE SUBDUED BAD MEN IN THE HANDS OF THE GUARD WHO WAS FORMERLY THEIR CAPTIVE, BATMAN AND ROBIN BORROW HORSES AND, AFTER LONG, HARD RIDING, REACH A SOUTHWEST-FLOWING RIVER—AND THE BATBOAT!

HERE SHE IS, PRETTY AS A PICTURE! SHE'S GOT A TOUGH RUN AHEAD OF HER. THIS RIVER ENTERS INTO THE COLORADO—ONE OF THE WILDEST STRETCHES OF WATER ON THE CONTINENT!

AND NOW—A WILD CASH THROUGH ROARING RAPIDS BETWEEN JAGGED ROCKS? YET EVEN IN THIS WILDERNESS BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE NOT ALONE...

THERE'S A PLANE! LOOKS LIKE THE ONE THOSE CROOKS TRIED TO SABOTAGE!

IF IT'S 'JOHN DOE,' HE PICKED A DANGEROUS ROUTE!

AND WITHIN THE PLANE...

"WHAT'S THIS—? OUT OF GAS! WONDER IF THAT ODD-LOOKING BOAT DOWN THERE HAS A RADIO?"

AND NOW WIRELESS SIGNALS BETWEEN BOAT AND PLANE SPEAK OF IMPENDING DISASTERS: SPEEDBOAT AHOY! I'M OUT OF GAS! WILL CRASH.

WAIT, HANG ON A MINUTE LONGER! WE'LL TRY TO GET SOME GAS UP TO YOU!

WE'LL USE THE BATARANG GUN!
A powerful spring is unleashed—and a boomerang missile carries a strong line around the fuselage of the imperiled plane—and returns. I can say youngster is—hang on tight!

Now it's my turn! With 30 gallons of gas on your back, Batman, you'd be too heavy!

I thought I was showing nerve by flying down the canyon—but you've got me beat, all hollow robin. This is fun—if I get down safely!

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado is some place—but it'll be a relief when we head out of it in the limousine.

Whew! They're dodging rocks above and below—and I'm in the middle!

Already two other contestants are heading out of Grand Canyon National Park by car...

He's ahead of me—but somehow winning doesn't seem so important, since I found out about Uncle George's crooked work!

At the edge of the park...

A shot rings out, and—
I SAW IT ALL! A MAN PUT A BULLET THROUGH YOUR TIRES DELIBERATELY!
I GUESS THIS FINISHING MEANT I HAVEN'T A SPACE!

I'M ONLY SORRY BECAUSE MY WINNING WOULD HAVE DONE SO MUCH GOOD FOR OTHERS WHO ARE BLIND, LIKE ME!
BLIND? TI-I DIDN'T KNOW ANYWAY, I HAVE A SPARE WHEEL, AND I'LL HELP YOU CHANGE IT!

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO GLENDA WEST? NOT LONG AGO SHE LAUGHED AT A FELLOW-CONTESTANT IN TROUBLE—BUT NOW
A MILLION THANKS—AND MAY HE'S THE BEST AND HE'LL WIN! WE SAW WHAT HE DIDN'T KNOW IT BUT I HAD NO SPACE WHEEL!

THE BATTLE LIES WITH US!

FAR AHEAD OF ALL OF THEM IS JOHN DOE—BUT JUST NOW OUT OF THE RUNNING BECAUSE OF THAT UNSEEN BULLET HOLE!
I'M OUT OF GAS! I GOT FOR TRAVELLING THAT OLD COVERED WAGON AN A SPAN O'osses! YOU CAN BORROW THEM IF IT'LL HELP YOU WIN!

WHAT A WAY TO END THIS RACE—BUT IT'S LUCKY IT HAPPENED ONLY A COUPLE MILES OUT OF TOWN!

SAN FRANCISCO CITY LIMITS

AT THE FINISH LINE...
THE BATMOBILE! BATMAN WINS!' WNS NOTHING! WE WEREN'T EVEN IN THE RACE!
WHERE'S THAT COVERED WAGON COME FROM?
A MOMENT LATER...

WELL, FOLKS LOOKS LIKE I BEAT EVERYBODY BUT BATMAN AND ROBIN—AND THEY DON'T COUNT THIS TIME!

YOU MEAN, MARTY STEELE—THE MAN WHO SPONSORED THIS RACE!

JOHN DOE!

I COULDN'T RESIST PROVING I WASN'T A HAS-BEEN! BUT I'VE WAIVED THE PRIZE-MONEY IN FAVOR OF THE NEXT BEST—

ROY DAMON, THE BLIND SCIENTIST! SIR, I'M PROUD TO GIVE YOU THE PRIZE MONEY!

IT'S THE BEST THING YOU'VE EVER DONE, MR. STEELE! NOW THOUSANDS LIKE ME CAN BUILD NEW AND BETTER LIVES!

MR. STEELE I'M SORRY I DIDN'T GIVE YOU THOSE SPARK PLUGS. I WAS SELFISH—BUT I'VE LEARNED A LESSON SINCE.

WHAT YOU DID FOR DAMON, MISS WEST WAS A GRAND GESTURE OF SPORTSMANSHIP.

EVERYBODY WHO FINISHED SEEMS TO HAVE WON THIS RACE! STEELE PROVED HIS POINT—GLENDA IS HAPPIER THAN SHE EVER WAS—AND DAMON'S LIFE WORK IS JUSTIFIED!

THAT'S EASY! WE HAD THE TIME OF OUR LIVES FROM FIRST TO LAST! WHAT DO YOU SAY, BATMAN?

BUT HOW ABOUT YOU AND ROBIN?

NOTHING, ROBIN! YOU'VE SAID IT ALL!
Minrzr
WM6«riES
-­fU«-
WOEATIfS
-­feu
IT
(in
SEASON).
Been
an
awful
lot
of
CHAMPION
ATHLETES
come
from
this
NEIGHBORHOOD

WHEATIES - PLAIN - 10¢
WHEATIES - FRUIT
(IN SEASON) - 15¢
WHEATIES - CREAM
WHEATIES - BANANA
SPLIT - 25
WHEATIES - NUT CRUNCH
ICE CREAM
WHEATIES + ICE
ALSO
HAM & EGGS

Be an awful lot of champion eating
in your neighborhood -- when you get
next to Wheaties
CHAMPION NOURISHMENT in those
CRISP TOASTED WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES.
CHAMPION APPETITE when you sample
WHEATIES famous "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR.
START EATING LIKE A REAL CHAMPION --
TOMORROW MORNING, see that your
BREAKFAST MENU includes lots of
MILK, FRUIT and WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS."

WHEATIES
Breakfast of
Champions
SWELL FOR
SNACKS, TOO!

Breakfast of
Champions
WITH MILK AND FRUIT
HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NO ONE KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE MARIE CELESTE, A SAILING SHIP THAT WAS FOUND ADRIFT IN PERFECT CONDITION WITH EVEN THE TABLES SET FOR DINNER... YET WITHOUT A SOUL ON BOARD!

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS ARE THE PLEASANTEST, SWEETEST-TASTING WAY TO RELIEVE COUGHS DUE TO COUSIS!

SOMETHING COULDN'T HAVE BEEN PIRATES... THERE'S NO SIGN OF A FIGHT!

THEY TASTE LIKE CANDY.

THAT'S WHY I TAKE 'EM EVEN WHEN I HAVEN'T GOT A COUGH!

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL - 5¢
BATAAN

MAYBE IT NEVER WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF IT HADN'T BEEN A WINDY DAY— OR IF ALLY'S BABBLE HADN'T BEEN SUCH A WINDY DAZZARD...

AND THEN MIKE TOLD WHAT JOE TOLD HIM WHEN I— OH MY ACHING EARS! DON'T HE EVER STOP BLABBING?

AND FREE AT LAST! WHY DO PEOPLE AVOID ME?

MAYBE MADAME PATIO WILL GIVE ME THE ANSWER! A CUP OF TEA— AND MY FORTUNE TOLD FREE?

MADAME PATIO'S GYPSY TEA ROOM
Tea $1.00— Biscuits $1.50
YOUR FORTUNE READ FROM THE TEA LEAF FREE!

AND AFTER, DRINKING HIS TEA...

AH? FOUR TEA LEAVES? THEY ARE LIKE THE FOUR FATES?

WELL WELL WELL! I ALWAYS SAY—


YOU MEAN THOSE ITTY-BITTY TEA LEAVES ARE GONNA DO ALL THAT?

YES— FOUR LEETLE TEA LEAVES... FOUR LEAVES LIKE FOUR FATES, BORNE ON THE WIND OF LIFE, LEADING YOU TO YOUR DESTINIES?
ALLY CAREFULLY Puts EACH TEA LEAF IN A SEPARATE Envelope. NUMBER 1. FORTUNE 2. LOVE 3. SHIP 4. HAPPINESS - THE WIND OF LIFE. EH? It's A WINDY DAY TODAY ... RIGHT? WHY SHOULD I WAIT WHEN I CAN DO IT TODAY RIGHT?

ALL I GOT TO DO IS LET THE WIND CARRY EACH TEA LEAF AND I TRAIL EM AND GET MY DESTINIES ALL IN ONE DAY ... RIGHT?

THAT GUY'S NOT RIGHT IN THE HEAD, TODAY OR ANY OTHER DAY!

SURE ENOUGH, A PLAYFUL ZEPHYR SEIZES THE LITTLE Envelope AND AWAY IT GOES.

I'M OFF.

HE'S NOT KIDDIN'.

LET US SHIFT THE SCENE MOMENTARILY TO WHERE A CERTAIN NEWSSTAND S TO PLAY A SHORT PART IN THIS STORY?

NOTICE THE MAGAZINES IN THE TOP RACK THEY'RE ALL RED COVERED.

NOW WATCH CAREFULLY! AS A MAN WALKS FROM THE BUILDING, THE NEWSIE SWIFTLY SWITCHES GREEN MAGAZINES FOR THE RED ONES.

DOWN THE STREET TIGHT LIPPED MEN DESERVE THE NEWSIE'S MANEUVER.

GREEN MAGAZINE GO AHEAD! NEWSIE NEWTS PUT THE FINGER ON THE GUY, WE GOTTA GET WITHOUT RISKIN' DIRECT CONTACT WITH US.
TROLLEY.

HELP

STEAL

INSYMY

STRANGE

THERE'S THE TROLLEY! JUST LIKE NEWSIE NEWT SAID: THIS IS THE END O' THE TROLLEY LINE AN' THE GUY ALWAYS TAKES IT! C'MON!

THE CONDUCTOR MOMENTARILY LEAVES HIS CAR TO THROW THE TRACK SWITCH. THE MAN WITH THE BRIEF CASE AND THE THREE THUGS ENTER THE CAR. THEN IT HAPPENS!

HEY! MY TROLLEY! HELP! THEY'RE STEALING MY TROLLEY CAR!

SIT STILL MISTER! THIS AIN'T NO WATER PISTOL!

I FIGURED WE'D BE NEEDIN' THESE NIPPERS. THE BAG'S CHAINED TO HIS WRIST?

NOW, BY A STRANGE COINCIDENCE, WHO COMES SCOOTING AROUND THE CORNER? RIGHT!!

OH! THERE GOES THE LEAF INTO THAT TROLLEY! MY FORTUNE!

STOP! I WANT TO GET ON! CONDUCTOR I'VE GOT A NICKEL! I CAN PAY MY FARE CONDUCTOR!

AND SPEAKING OF COINCIDENCES, LOOK; RIGHT!!

CONDUCTOR! MY FORTUNE! IT'S IN THE TROLLEY LET ME ON! STOP! THIEF! YOU'RE STEALING MY MONEY!

OKAY DICK LET'S DO OUR PRESTO-CHANGE IN THE ALLEY HERE!

BRUCE IT'S ALY BABBIE IN TROUBLE AGAIN!
AND SO BEFORE YOU CAN SAY RUM-PEL-STILT-SKIN...

BATMAN and ROBIN! THAT TROLLEY... MY FORTUNE'S IN IT AND THE CONDUCTOR ETC ETC

I KNOW! WE'LL COMMANDER THIS SPEED-WAGON! YOU GO TO SIDE ROBIN!

CHECK!

GET SET...

GO!

NO JUICE, NO CHASE!

THAT ROBIN KID!

THEN BATMAN MUST BE AROUND!

RIGHT YOU ARE!

UP TOWN
NO GUNS ALLOWED!

THE LITTLE TARGET THAT WASN'T THERE!

SHOOT UP! SHOOT!

LAST STOP: TRANSFER TO STATE PEN!

AHH MY TEA LEAF! MY FORTUNE!

A TEA LEAF! BETTER BABBLE OUT A FAST EXPLANATION. BABBLE!

AND SO THEN I TOOK THE FOUR TEA LEAVES ETC ETC AND THEN THE TROLLEY ETC ETC!

ALL RIGHT! DIAL OFF! I'M SORRY I ASKED!

AND WHERE DO YOU FIT IN SIR?

I'M CHISUM, PRESIDENT OF A BOND COMPANY! THOSE THUGS KIDNAPPED THIS TROLLEY SO THEY'D HAVE TIME TO CUT MY BRIEF CASE OF BONDS LOOSE... I'M VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU! I KNOW YOU WON'T ACCEPT MONEY!

BUT YOU SIR, FOR YOUR TROUBLE A DOLLAR BILL! INVEST IT WISELY AND IT WILL GROW INTO A FORTUNE!

SOME FORTUNE! I FOLLOW A SINGLE BROWN LEAF AND I WIND UP WITH A SINGLE GREEN ONE!
LATER

Now comes tea leaf number two. Love, Batman. How do you know when you're ga-ga over a gal?

It's when you kiss her! If you suddenly feel as if you were hit on the head, if you're weak in the knees, and you can't see straight... brother, that's love!

So long, toodle-oo and good-bye! I'm off to meet Kid Cupid!

Let us know how you make out! We'll be at headquarters, testifying against those trolley-terrors!

Two minutes later... Ally is chasing after tea leaf number two.

Quite a wind!

Oooh!

Oof!

Oh! You saved my life! That car would have struck me, but you risked your life to save mine.

I did...

My hero!

Oh! Oh look just above them! That bricklayer is being careless.
BATMAN

WOO-WOO! I FEEL AS IF I WERE CONKED ON THE DOME MY KNEES ARE KNOCKING! OMIGAWSH! IT MUST BE LOVE!!!

OH MY DARLING!

OH MY GOODNESS!

LATER...

HI, ALLY? HOW'D YOU MAKE OUT WITH CUPID?

I LOST THE TEA LEAF TOOK ME TO A GIRL SHE KISSED ME AND I GOT ALL THE SYMPTOMS LIKE YOU SAID I'M IN LOVE?

WELL WHY SO SAD THEN?

I DON'T LIKE THE GIRL I LOVE!

HUh?!

LITTLE TEA LEAF NUMBER THREE, LEAD ME TO THAT SHIP TRIP! LOVE! PHONEY!

NOW, LET'S LOOK IN ON THIS SAME HOSPITAL JUST FIVE MINUTES EARLIER!

THEE GOES AFTER IT INTO THE HOSPITAL!

WELL KEEP CLOSE AND SEE THAT HE KEEPS OUT OF TROUBLE! IMAGINE! TEA LEAVES?

SO VIEWS THE PICTURE MAGAZINE WANTS TO PHOTOGRAPH ME HANDLING THE HOSPITALS RADIUM TUBE!

VIEWS KNOWS YOUR REPUTATION, DOCTOR PETERS AND $60,000 WORTH OF RADIUM CERTAINLY IS NEWS!
YOU'LL HAVE TO WEAR THIS LEAD ARMOR TO PROTECT YOU FROM THE RADIATION WHEN THE RADIUM IS REMOVED FROM THIS CONTAINER.

SO FAR, SO GOOD! I'LL IMITATE THE DOCTOR'S VOICE AND NOBODY WILL BE THE WISER BECAUSE OUR FACES WILL BE COVERED. LET'S GO!

AND SO DEARLY, THE THIEVES WALK TOWARD THE HOSPITAL EXIT.

IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU PHOTOGRAPHED OUR BUILDING FIRST TO GIVE THE ATMOSPHERE GENTLEMEN.

YOU've AN OPERATION AT FIVE O'CLOCK, DOCTOR PETERS! YOU TOLD ME TO REMIND YOU.

AND JUST AS THE RADIUM ROBBERS REACH THE EXIT...

THERE IT IS, OOF!

OH! WHY, YOU'RE NOT DOCTOR PETERS.

WHAT? AGAIN? ALLY HOW DO YOU ALWAYS MANAGE TO BUMP INTO TROUBLE?

WE CAN'T GET PAST THEM! GRAB THAT ELEVATOR THIS TANK II STOP 'EM FOR A MINUTE!

LOOK A GUN!
They broke the nozzle! All the gas is leaking out!

Don't don't sniff that ally! Hic!

Just what I was afraid of! That pure oxygen had intoxicated him?

We're in luck! They grabbed the slower elevator! This is the Express.

I'm unhappy! Hic! I'm in love! Don't wanna be in love! I hate love! Hic?

The elevator reaches the top floor

They're heading for the roof!

Wait for ally. Hic! Good old Ally! I like you, ally. You're my pal. Hic!

They're cut off up here.

Help me, a ship's deck! I'm on a ship takin a trip. Just like the tea leaf said!

Explanations it just so happens that this hospital believes a ship's deck atmosphere is good for its patients

Gott one!

My th' sea is rough! I'll take th' wheel. Hic! Sabelle th' bluejacket, this me: Sabelle, the sounding bilge! Hic!

First mate. Batten down th' starboard. Jettison the gunwales! It's a Nor'wester. Hic!
I'll plug the Batman from 'Ooh!'

Din'cha hear me, mate? Any eight bells; change th' watch!

Get ready to hit the deck, buzz boy!

Cannon-fire! Don't we're se'n fired on!

Pirates off Stars' ro tops li 'Hic!'

Stan by to repel boarders! 'Hic!'

Hic! My trusty sword sensitive aren't you?

Yi!

Look!
Missed him! Man overboard! Hic!

Sailing over the bounding main...

Abandon ship! Abandon ship! Hic! Blow the man down... then we'll blow the man down... Hic!

Later, after the crooks are cooled off in the cooler and Ally in a cold shower.

So now I've got one leaf left; I've got to do something that will make my friends happy!

Go ahead! Take your tea leaf and blow... but leave us out of your troubles!

Maybe I'll make a fortune and give money to my friends—maybe I'll... etc. I etc.

Cackle on! My throat the wind did it! I've got a hoarse throat.

Ally babble, old boy your fourth tea leaf has done it! You've made your friends happy! You've stopped talking!
ON A CAMPING TRIP IN THE NORTHWEST

LOOK! BEAR TRACKS AND A MAN'S FOOTPRINTS, TOO!

WOW! IT'S VOLTO! BUT HE CAN'T GET FREE TO USE HIS POWERS. I'LL FIX THAT BEAR!

SWELL SHOT ... YOU'VE HIT THE BEAR!

ON THE WAY BACK TO CAMP ANOTHER FEROCIOUS GRIZZLY SEES REVENGE FOR HIS MATE, HELP!

THANKS FOR HELPING ME, JOE!

NOW I'LL FINISH THIS! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" MY LEFT HAND REPELS!

Q.K. JIMMY! STILL HAVE MY GOOD RIGHT ARM! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" IT ATTRACTS!

ME TOO! I SURE NEED SOME WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL TO RECHARGE MY MAGNETISM WHERE'S THE GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES?

BOY THESE GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES ARE GOOD! AND WE NEED THEIR WHOLE-GRAIN ENERGY!

BOB HADINGAN  ABC NETWORK 4:45 MON-THRU Fri.
Daffy & Doodle

What's the matter with you, Daffy?

What's the idea of shouting "Furs" when you're selling "Ties"?

Who would come out on a cold day like this if I yell "Ties"?

All in flavor...say Fleer's

Give me gum by the gum
And be sure to make it
Fleer's

Some gum in the nicest form
And you get 2
Snowy-white pieces for a nickel

It's really peppermint candy isn't it?

Fleer's
Gum

Some gum

Hey, why don't you cheer yourself up some Fleer's Gum?

Do you know what the laundry man said when I gave him Fleers?

What?

Some gum

It's a dog's life when you can't chew Fleers!
NOBODY KNOWS

By

TOM PATRICK

JUDGE CRAIN was dead. Detective Hickey stood over the body. It was still where the maid had found it this morning. The old Judge, who had retired five years ago, was slumped over the bridge table. The cards with which he had been playing solitaire were scattered about the floor and the table top. The two cards in the Judge's right hand were crushed and crumpled as though in the last moments of his life he had tried to hold onto life by grasping at the fragile pastebords.

The maid's body shook with convulsive sobs. Hickey realized it was going to be difficult to get coherent answers from her. But it had to be done.

"It's awful having this thing happen to the Judge," the maid wept. "He was always so kind to people." She raised a wet-stained face from her handkerchief. "And why would someone want to shoot a blind man?"

Hickey blinked. "The Judge was blind?"

"Yes sir. His sight left him five years ago right after he retired." She nodded at the cards. "Those are like that. What do you call it?"

"Braille." Hickey picked up the cards, felt them with his fingertips. The letters were raised all dotted, similar to Braille. "Hmhm." Hickey shook his head. He wondered if the killer had known the Judge was blind. The shot had been fired from directly in front of the retired jurist.

"Did the Judge have any enemies you know of?"

"No sir. Not a one."

Naturally, Hickey thought, she wouldn't think of people the Judge had sentenced. He, Hickey, had seen many of them threaten judges as though those instruments of the law were personally responsible. But still. "Okay, you can go now," Hickey said to the maid.

After she had left, he turned his attention to the body. Death had occurred shortly after 12 o'clock, the coroner had said. Hickey walked over, opened the frozen fingers which still clutched the cards. He looked at them, then back at the solitaire set-up. "Good playing," he murmured. "He would have won."

At the same time Hickey was looking at the cards, Eddie King, who had been known as the Ace during his days as a racket boss, was setting in his hotel room. King was feeling quite smug with himself. He had settled not too long ago an old score. It was a score that had taken twelve years to wipe out. But at last, from King would see again as though it hadn't been just last night, shortly after ten o'clock, the Judge's face.

"He was scared," King thought. "He sure was mighty scared."

"It's your last game of cards," he had whispered, after identifying himself. "You thought I wouldn't make good my threat to kill you, eh Cram? Well, it's me, Aoe King. Take a good look."

"No," the Judge had said slowly. "I didn't think you'd come back Cram. I figured you were yellow like the rest of your breed. But I promised you, if I recall correctly, that you wouldn't get away with my murder. You won't."

The gun barked.

It was two days before Detective Hickey called on King. The latter was in his hotel room. King showed no concern over his caller. "Why should I?" he thought. "Nobody knows."

Nobody had seen him. He had a perfect alibi, the best in the world. He said to Hickey.

"Yes, I did it. But I'm going straight. It really sounded good. I added. "You say
had better not try to pin anything on me. What are you supposed to have done?"

"Every hour of Judge Crane?"

"There was a District Attorney named Crane sent me up twelve years ago. Some man."

"Yes. Remember you said you'd get him."

King shrugged. "I forgot about that. Twelve years is a long time. I'm going straight."

Hickey asked about his temperament. King told him, "I didn't leave the place."

"So your fellow workers said." Hickey nodded. "It's a beautiful night. A perfect one. I'd say, if there were such a thing."

Hickey in a cigarette. He seemed to want to be conversational. "Let him," King thought. "They've got nothing on me."

"Funny thing how I came to think of you," Hickey said. "I was running down people the Judge sent to prison, figuring there might be a motive."

"I come across your name." He puffed on the cigarette. "Of course, I know you're in the clear with that alibi, King, but as I say, no alibi's perfect. You wouldn't know the Judge was playing solitaire at the time he was murdered."

"No, I wouldn't," King said. "I sure wouldn't."

"I guess you wouldn't," Hickey said. "Not unless you were there. I think you were, King."

King stiffened. "What do you mean? You've got no right to say that."

"Sit down," Hickey said. He went on: "That old Judge was a smart old boy. As I said, he was playing cards. He was also playing with Fate. And Fate was on his side, because she sent him the one man those cards could put the finger out."

Hickey reached into his pocket. He brought out a pair of crumpled cards. "I took those from the dead man's hands," he said. "Look at the suit. Then try to adlib your way out." Hickey's eyes shone as he drew his gun. "I dare you."

King paid as he saw the two cards. An ace. And a king!

"Ace King!" Hickey said softly. "The old man left a message behind him."

It was a foolish thing for King to do, try to grab Hickey's gun. It sent him a shattered shoulder before they carted him off, babbling incoherently to jail.

Later, Hickey said to his captain. "It was only a hunch, Captain, but I had to try it."

The captain said: "The Judge was too smart, holding onto these two cards."

"He didn't," Hickey said softly. "He had a tray and a score of hearts in his hand when he died. But those two cards gave me an idea, especially when I read in the old newspaper files about Ace King's threat." He winked at his superior "King's confessed, Captain, and about those two cards, well, nobody knows but you and me."


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**STATEMENT OF THE UNDERWRITING CIRCULATION, INC. REGISTERED BY THE STATE OF NEW YORK ON AUGUST 14, 1913, AND ON MARCH 2, 1914 AT BATH, N.Y., ON MARCH 2, 1914.**

**STATE OF NEW YORK.**

**COUNTY OF NEW YORK.**

**New York, N.Y.**

**Tues. 17th, M. I. & 9 Columbus Ave., New York, N.Y.**

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The Adventures of Alfred

A SLEUTH'S FIRST JOB IS TO TRAIL HIS MAN AND ALFRED THE BUTTLING DETECTIVE FOLLOWS HIS SUSPICIOUS TRACK TO THE END. AN UNEXPECTED END AS HE CLIMBS TENACIOUSLY TO THE CLUE OF THE...

"TIRED TRACKS"

PERFECTING HIMSELF IN THE SPARE-TIME PROFESSION OF DETECTIVE ALFRED MAKES A STUDY OF THE TRACKS:

"THIS KIND'S UNUSUAL. IF THE CAR BELONGS TO A THIEF, THAT BLOW LOOKS EXTREMELY SUSPICIOUS"

"NO, YOUR HON. GENTLEMEN I AM NOT SUSPICIOUS. I AM SIMPLY INSPECTING THESE TIRES."

"YEAH? WELL, WHATSOEVER YOU'RE DOIN', YOU'RE IN DA WAY, SIR?"

"WHOA!"

"OH NO!"

"I'LL FIX HIS LEGS! WE AIN'T GOT TIME TO FOOL AROUND!"
IT'S IN ASH CAN—CAN YOU SEE IT?

TIGERS, PONY WENT OUT ON THE STORE!

O.K.—but I'll keep an eye on it.

SORRY WE CAN'T HAVE ANY SMOKES, BUSTER...BUT I THINK YOU CAN GET 'EM AT MAC'S.

OKAY, I'LL TRY HIM.

'RON MY WORD! THOSE OTHER TOW PEOPLE MUST HAVE BEEN LOOKOUTS FOR THE BOUNCER. THERE THEY ALL GO NOW. HAVE I'VE GOT TO CLOSING MY EYES!

AHHH! IT ISN'T MINE BUT AFTER ALL I'M ACTING IN THE INTERESTS OF LAW AND ORDER.

HEY... BRING BACK THAT BICHT! HELP POLICE!

I CAN EXPLAIN TO THE OWNER LATER.

A POLICE RON WANTED WHAT THEY'RE PURSUING.
AM! I MUST SAY, IM QUITE A BLOOD-HOUND WHEN IT COMES TO FOLLOWING THESE TRACKS!

OKAY, SUNK! HE'S GONE INTO THE STORE. LET'S GET TO WORK!

HEY! THERE'S THAT SHOOTER AGAIN! I'LL 0K HIM!

GRACIOUS!

SAY THAT!

NEW WE CAN GET SOME TIME IN PEACE!

WE HOPE!

MY WORD! WHAT AN INVISIBLE POSITION FOR APPREHENDING CRIMINALS!
All, here comes the boss again.

Well, you buttin' a war? Well you asked for it.

Then what chap isn't the leader after all? They're holding him.

Oh oh... my trousers are going way under the strain!

Nice work old fellow.

There's the guy officer... he's the one who stole my bike.

But look! He's caught Billy and Slinky.

Of course! It was simple for an expert in this track identification.

You certainly do the chief a big favor saving his tree from those crooks.

No, the chief? (mmm, I'm rather cloudy about the criminal set-up, but I seem to have done the right thing till now.)

And later... you're getting to be quite an expert at spotting crooks, Alfred.

Later, you're practice master, Dick. Practice (expert at spotting crooks? I wonder what they'd say if they knew I must do a District attorney for one!)

Butler foils tire robbery.
Byron Nelson

Champion Athlete of 1945

Far for Wheaties is two bowls

Records shattered as Nelson blasted thru the 1945 sport season in October. He set a new world's mark for 72 holes of tournament golf. His amazing 299 was 21 strokes under par.

Practically invincible during 1945, Nelson won 16 major tournament championships more than anyone else in golf history.

The big pocket is for Wheaties.

"WANT TO BE A GOLF CHAMPION?"
That's the title of two books in Wheaties new library of sports written by champion Gene Sarazen (for boys) and champion Patty Berg (for girls). These books show you the eight things toward being a real champion. Wheaties package gives complete information on how to get 14 all-star sports manuals.

Wheaties sure knock the spots off anything you ever tasted in the line of breakfast foods. Says champion Ben Nelson.

A big bowl of Wheaties with lots of milk and fruit is a great breakfast dish one you won't want to miss.

Wheaties of Champions

A book for guys!

A book for gals!

See Wheaties package!
NO THRILL IN LIFE SURPASSES THAT OF THE MANHUNT—YET FEW PEOPLE REALIZE THAT IT IS A TWO-WAY THRILL, WITH THE PUGILIST KEYED TO TERRIFIC EXCITEMENT AS HE USES EVERY TRICK AND WILE TO OUTWIT HIS PURSUER. BUT THOSE MIGHTIEST OF ALL MANHUNTERS, BATMAN AND SOSIN, HAVE NEVER KNOWN THE QUARRY'S SIDE OF THE PERILOUS GAME—TILL NOW WHEN ONE IS Pitted AGAINST THE OTHER FOR THE FIRST TIME, GIVING US A BREATHLESS DISPLAY OF SKILL AND WITS AND SPINE-TINGLING ACTION IN THE AMAZING BATTLE OF—

"THE MASTER VS. THE PUPIL!"
IN THE SECRET TROPHY HALL OF THOSE TWO FAMOUS CRIME-SMACKERS, BATMAN AND ROBIN...

THE PENGUIN MADE THINGS PRETTY HOT FOR US WITH THIS UMBRELLA THAT SQUIRTS LIQUID FIRE! BUT WE FOOLED HIM WITH THOSE ASBESTOS SHIELDS THAT WAS MY IDEA, REMEMBER?

HERE'S THE MASK THE JOKER TRIED TO DISGUISE HIMSELF WITH? I SAW THROUGH THAT DISGUISE IN A HURRY! YOU WOULDN'T BE DRAGGING, WOULD YOU?

WHEN YOU WRITE MY BIOGRAPHY BATMAN, JUST POINT OUT THAT ROBIN ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN!

DON'T LOOK NOW ROBIN BUT I THINK MAYBE SOMEONE'S HEAD IS SWELLING...

BIGGEST THRILL IN HIS LIFE WAS BEING HUNTED BY BATMAN AND ROBIN SAYS GANG BOSS!

DO YOU KNOW, ROBIN, WE'RE FAMILIAR WITH ALL THE THRILLS OF THE CHASE FROM THE HUNTER'S SIDE, BUT HOW ABOUT THE SENSATIONS OF THE MEN WE HUNT?

I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT OF THAT? BUT AFTER ALL, WE CAN'T GO MANHUNTING FOR OURSELVES, CAN WE?

SINCE YOU'RE SO SURE OF YOURSELF—HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO AFTER A REALLY TOUGH CUSTOMER?

HMM

SWELL! WHEN DO WE START?

E2
This fellow is smart—if I do say it myself—and you'll have to do your hunting alone.

Alone? I can do it. But who is this hard-to-get desperado?

The Batman! You're doing it.

Listen! I'll go to Spiffy's in disguise and quy a diamond—and we'll pretend I'm a big-time jewel thief who has stolen it! I get it! A game! And I'll try to catch you! Right!

Right! I promise to leave clues when I go out of Spiffy's. Of course, I can't guarantee that you'll spot them. Leave that to me!

I'll use every trick a real crook would! I'll carry a gun like this—loaded with harmless bullets! But we'll pretend they're real! Bang!

So long, copper! Give me an hour's start—and for the next 24 hours we'll be deadly enemies!

What makes you think it will take me that long to run you down?

So begins one of the strangest adventures in the colorful career of the Dynamic Duo! It's a game. Yes—but one that has its perilous moments, and more surprises than you could possibly guess!
The Batman Recipe—Again
Wayne—and in a hotel room
With the aid of his special
Makeup Kit

I trained Robin! I
Know he's mind works. He'll think a
go-time jewel thief
Should look like a
Society dude—and
That's just the part I'll play
—For a little while!

Minutes later in Beethoven's
Exclusive Jewelry Shop

I'll take this one? Yes, sir. Mr. Er-Dubo's do you say? And your address is the
Ritz-Plaza?

As 'Mr. Dubois' leaves the
store, he pauses at a sidewalk photographer's stand

Give me the largest size photograph—and I'll pay you $10 to display it with your other samples
in a prominent place! (So Robin won't miss 't)

Thanks, Mister... Oops—Ger I'm sorry! That developing fluid will stain your pants and
spoil your shoes?

Mister, for $10 I'd put it in the Cosmopolitan Museum?

Don't worry. About it. Just see that my picture gets a good display. (Robin will think he knows exactly what I look like)

Next

Take me downtown to the street
They call the port of missing men?

Humph? A swell
Like you gonna to a place like that, you must
Be a one-man slummin' party!

As the taxi rolls
Toward the haven of Gotham City's
Never-do-wells, Batman disguises
Himself

Hey! You ain't the same guy I started out with?

Presently

What do you care? Here's your fare!
AN HOUR LATER

HMM, TALL YOU SAY... WELL BUILT, CARAMEL CANE WEARS MONOCLE NAME DU BOIS. BUT WHY ARE YOU AFTER HIM, ROBIN? HE PAID FOR THE DIAMOND?

HMM. A PRETTY GOOD DESCRIPTION BUT IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, BATMAN WOULD WANT ME TO BE EVEN MORE CERTAIN OF WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE!

AH—THAT PHOTOGRAPH!

PAID ME $10 TO PUT HIS PICTURE WHERE FOLKS COULD SEE IT. ROBIN? REAL NICE FELLA, THOUGH.

HMM. I KNOW EXACTLY HOW BATMAN'S MIND WORKS! HE WANTS HIS PURBURIER TO THINK HE LOOKED LIKE A DUDE, BECAUSE HE INTENDED SOON TO LOOK LIKE THE VERY OPPOSITE!

BUT FINDING OUR RUM AMONG ALL THE RUMS OF GOTHAM CITY IS JUST ABOUT IMPOSSIBLE—

HUH? WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID?

NICE FELLA. ALL RIGHT I FINISHED DEVELOPING FLUID OVER HIS PANTS BUT HE JUST LAUGHED IT OFF!

THE INFORMATION ABOUT THE DEVELOPING FLUID SENDS ROBIN NOT FOOTING TO—AN ELECTRICAL SHOP?

HERE IT IS—BUT YOU CAN'T SEE MUCH WITH THAT KNOB OF BULB!

THANKS! I HOPE TO SEE A LOT!

AND AS DUSK FALLS, ROBIN HASTENS DOWNTOWN, INTO THE GRIMY STREETS OF THE HALF- WORLD!

ROBIN! IF THAT BIG PAL O' MINE, DA BATMAN IS AROUND, IT MEANS DANGEROUS TIMES, WE BETTER LAM!
I TELL YA HE'S CLEAN OUTA HIS HEAD. LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHIN' WITH A LIGHT THAT DON'T SHOW NUTHIN'!

FROM HERE ON IT'S GUESSTWORK—but I've got a hunch I'm guessing right!

GOT IT? I KNEW THE CHEMICALS IN DEVELOPING FLUID WOULD FLUORESCCE UNDER ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT!

THE LUMINOUS POINTS LEAD ROBIN TO A SHABBY ROOMING HOUSE...

SEEMS SHE'S JUST RENTED THE THIRD FLOOR BACK AND I DON'T HAVE TO GUESS ANY MORE TIMES TO MAKE UP MY MIND WHO'S THE TENANT!

WON'T BATMAN BE SURPRISED!

WHILE INSIDE THE ROOM ROBIN'S PROBABLY HAUNTING THE RITZ-PLAZA RIGHT NOW WATCHING OUT FOR MR. DUBOIS AND HIS MONOCLE.

FORGIVE THE INTRUSION—BUT I'M INTERESTED IN THAT CANE AND THE CHEMICAL STAINS ON YOUR RIGHT SHOE!

ROBIN OF ALL PEOPLE!
MIND IF I WRAP YOU UP BEFORE YOU CAN USE A GUN ON ME, MR. DUBOIS?

GO AHEAD—IF YOU'RE ABLE?

YOU FOUND ME, ALL RIGHT? BUT CAN YOU CATCH ME?

OOPS! LET ME THINK FOR A SECOND!

ALL RIGHT—FOR ABOUT 10 SECONDS! THEN—LOOK OUT!

BUT SUDDENLY THE EXCITING GAME IS INTERRUPTED BY GRIMMER REALITY!

SHOTS!

RIGHT! WE'D BETTER DECLARE A TRUCE BETWEEN US!

BANG! BANG!

LOOKS LIKE A VAN IS BEING HELD UP!

THEN LET'S YOU AND I HOLD UP OUR END OF THE FIGHT AGAINST CRIME!

DOWN IN THE STREET—

GIVE US DEM GOLD VASES, AN WE'LL LET YA GO!

YOU RATS WON'T GET NOTHING FROM ME!

HEY, YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!
HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY AND YOU DON'T LOOK HONEST TO ME?

IT'S ROBIN BATMAN'S PAL!

HELP!

LIKE OLD TIMES EH ROBIN?

AND A SPIT SECOND BEHIND HIM AN DEY TOLD ME DIS WAS A SAFE JOB.

AH-NN

I WAS GONNA CASH IN ON THESE GOLD VASES--BUT IF OBY CRASH IN YA SKULLS, IT'S OKAY WIT ME?

IF IS A MIGHTY E O WORD?

NO GOLD HERE--BUT IF YOU LOOK HARD, YOU'LL SEE DIAMONDS IN THE SKY--STARS TO YOU!

THE CROOKS DEPART UNDER POLICE AUSPICES AND WHEN THEY HAVE GONE

AND THEY'D HAVE GOT IT EXCEPT FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN!

WHEN THIS THING STARTED, I'D JUST ONLY FOUND ME--CATCHING ME IS A DIFFERENT MATTER! WE'LL GET BACK INTO CHARACTER AND START WHERE WE CALLED THE TRUCE!

THEY WANTED THE MILLION DOLLAR SHIPMENT WE'RE TAKING TO THE WAREHOUSE!

OH NO! YOU'D CAUGHT YOU--REMEMBER?
SO YOU LEARNED ABOUT THAT DEVELOPING FLUID I COLLECTED, AND TRAILED ME WITH "BLACK LIGHT" EH? THAT WAS CLEVER!

NATURALLY! AND SO WAS MY FIGURING OUT THAT YOU'D SWITCH YOUR DISGUISE AND COME DOWN HERE!

As the electric bulb flashes on, a halo vapor is released by the heat.

WHAT—? (COUGH) IT'S GAS!

A HARMLESS GAS—BUT ONE THAT'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO TRUST A DESPERATE CHARACTER LIKE ME, YOUNG FELLA!

SOMEBE LATER...

THEORETICALLY, YOU'RE A PRISONER IN DUBIOUS SECRET HIDEOUT! ACTUALLY, YOU'RE IN THE BAT CAVE IN THE CELL WE USE FOR PRACTISING ESCAPES!

WHERE AM I?

NO POINT IN GETTING BACK INTO THE SAME DISGUISE NOW THAT YOU'VE PENETRATED IT? BUT IF YOU'LL SWITCH ON THAT WALL LIGHT...

OKAY—BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT I OUTSMARTED YOU!

SOUND ASLEEP? HE WON'T FEEL HAPPY ABOUT THIS—BUT IT'LL REDUCE HIS OVERCONFIDENCE, WHICH IS BAD FOR ANYBODY IN OUR BUSINESS!

THERE'S A WAY OUT—IF YOU CAN FIND IT! I'LL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR OWN DEVICES?

I WON'T BE HERE LONG.

HMM—A FILE AND A HACKSAW! BUT THAT'S TOO OBVIOUS A WAY OUT! PROBABLY ANOTHER TRICK?
There's the key on the wall—but how can I reach it from here? I've got it!

The boy wonder, he nos together the file and hacksaw with a strip torn from the lining of his cape!

Easier than I expected.

In fact it's almost too easy.

Maybe I'm headed for another trap! Those planks for instance—they weren't in front of the door last time I was here!

Oh, oh—an imitation bomb filled with flour! Lucky I didn't walk straight out!

Boom!
AT THE SAME MOMENT...

LITTLE MAN... WHAT NOW?

HUM--? WHERE IS HE?

HERE I AM. D U B O I S-- O N MY TOES AS USUAL.

HEY!

YOUR MAKE-BELIEVE BOMB DIDN'T FOOL ME--BUT IT LOOKS AS IF I FOOL ED YOU!

NO QUESTION ABOUT THAT! LET ME GO, AND I'LL ADMIT YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO BE PROUD OF YOURSELF.

BUT JUST ONE THING MORE: YOU FOUND ONE WAY OUT OF THAT CELL, BUT THERE'S ANOTHER! SO BACK IN AND FIND IT--AND I'LL AGREE THAT YOU'RE REALLY TOPS!

WHY NOT?

I'LL TAKE THE KEY, THE SAW AND THE FILE, AND SEE YOU LATER ON--MAYBE?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MAYBE? IF THERE'S A WAY OUT, I'LL FIND IT FAST.

BUT, AS ROBIN SURVEYS HIS PRISON...

HMM-- BARE SOLID-- NO TOOLS AT ALL TO WORK WITH-- THIS IS GOING TO BE A TOUGH PROBLEM.
AN HOUR PASSES.

HE SAID THERE WAS A WAY OUT—but I'm beginning to think he was bluffing!

AND ANOTHER—AND THIS TIME THINGS ARE VERY DIFFERENT!

BATMAN! BATMAN! LET ME OUT!

CALLING ME—YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE MAKING MUCH PROGRESS!

I'LL ADMIT I'M LICKED THIS TIME. I CAN'T MAKE IT—AND I'M GETTING HUNGRY, TIRED AND THIRSTY!

WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE DOOR? IT ISN'T LOCKED?

THE DOOR: NOT LOCKED! WHY I—I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT?

THAT SHOWS YOU SHOULD NEVER OVERLOOK THE OBVIOUS. NO MATTER HOW SMART YOU THINK YOU ARE!

DON'T RUB IT IN, BATMAN! YOU'VE TAUGHT ME A LESSON. I GUESS I HAVE A FEW THINGS TO LEARN AFTER ALL!

DON'T TAKE IT TOO HARD! YOU'RE STILL THE BEST FIGHTING PARTNER ANY CRIME-RUSTER COULD WANT!

IF I AM, IT'S YOUR TRAINING THAT MADE ME!

AND EVEN IF WE CAN OUTGUESS EACH OTHER ONCE IN A WHILE—THERE ISN'T A CROOK IN THE WORLD WHO HAS EVER OUTGUESSED EITHER OF US!

RIGHT! AND TOGETHER WE'RE BETTER STILL!

THE END
AMAZING FORECASTER PREDICTS THE WEATHER 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

YOURS TO TEST ON OUR MONEY BACK OFFER

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN... KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

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New UNBREAKABLE Watch Type Liquid Compass With Luminous Dial

SEND NO MONEY — RUSH THIS COUPON
ADVENTURES OF "B.C." AND QUICKIE

HOW D'YOU LIKE TO MAKE SPEECHES LIKE THAT QUICKIE? I'D RATHER HAVE A BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA!

EVENING EAGLE GIRLS FROM THE PLATFORM A TERROR OF PLANES! THE AUDITORIUM IS ON FIRE! A HUMAN TORCH—QUICKLY PANIC SPREADS!

FRIGHT! FIRE! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

SOMEBODY MUST CALL POLICE FROM THE PLATFORM—A TERROR OF PLANES! THE AUDITORIUM IS ON FIRE! A HUMAN TORCH—QUICKLY PANIC SPREADS!

HEY YOU'RE RUNNING THE WORKS AWAY 'B.C.' WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS PANIC C'NOW QUICKIE!

WALK! DON'T RUN! THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME!

SURE IS VAPOR UP HERE! I WISH I HAD SOME FROSTY ROYAL CROWN COLA!

LOOK AT THOSE BOYS—BOYS UP THERE! I GUESS THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME!

DARK! PLEASE WALK!

THAT WAS BRAVE WORK LADS... YOUR COOLNESS PREVENTING IS ALL DONE A DISASTER NOW. I NEED SOME OF THAT ROYAL CROWN COLA TO QUICK ME UP!

STEP ON IT QUICKIE—EVERYBODY'S OUT NOW!

CRASH!

I'LL BUY YOU BOYS EVERY BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA IN THE PLACE YOU DESERVE IT!

I COULD DRINK EVERY BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA IN THE WORLD!

RIGHT, QUICKIE—THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S THE BEST-TASTING COLA IN THE WORLD!

I'M GETTING YOUR DINNER, QUICKIE.

THANKS SIR BUT MY COOLNESS PREVENTING IS ALL DONE A DISASTER NOW. I NEED SOME OF THAT ROYAL CROWN COLA TO QUICK ME UP!

WESTERN STAR

JOHNNY MACK BROWN SAYS:

HE'S PLENTY RIGHT! IT TASTES BEST!

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Little Johnny Mack Brown

ROYAL CROWN COLA

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