J is for Jaguar of the family Feline. For books with this symbol he sure makes a bee-line! - On the cover of all American Comics for example! It's your guarantee of the best in any comic magazine!
A grotesque character, the Penguin, an oddity among evil-doers. A man with a penchant for fishy undertakings and his latest lure for unwary victims leads to ludicrous doings as the vainglorious vandal with the umbrella hatches a new batch of trouble for the Batman and Robin, forcing them to egger on the baleful jailbird until they finally learn the secret of—

"The Penguin's Nest!"
On one of Gotham City's richest streets, a new cafe catering to the palate of the gourmet and the pulse of the rich, opens its doors. "It's charming, Baron!"

"I trust the cuisine equals the decor."

"But wait! Those birds! That familiar visage! This must be the Penguin, that grotesque creature of ill omen whose use of feathered creatures marks pathways to crime. Are we not justified in wondering what devious intent lurks behind this glamorous cafe which caters to expensive appetites? Let us see..."

"What's this?"

"We ask our guests to write their orders, sir, and sign their names to avoid confusion in serving."

"May I suggest our chicken maison?"

"Er-ah-now does one spell "maison", my dear?"

Meanwhile, at the home of Bruce Wayne:

"Master Bruce, a cafe has been opened down the block by that frightful Penguin person!"

"You sure the Penguin owns the cafe, Alfred?"

"He says so, sir!"
SHORTLY, THE WILY PENGUIN UNWITTINGLY GREET'S HIS MOST MENACING FOES...

NICE PLACE YOU HAVE HERE,

THANK YOU, SIR, THIS WAY, PLEASE.

BRUCE!

COMMISSIONER GORDON, WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

THE PENGUIN'S RECORD—ANY DEAL HE'S IN MADE ME CURIOUS.

I NOW TROC OF THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW COMMISSIONER!

I HAVE MY DOUBTS, BUT I CAN'T STOP YOU FROM TRYING, PENGUIN!

SIGN OUR ORDERS, EH?

HE'S UP TO NEW DEVILTRY, BUT WHAT?

QUIT SO! NOW SIGN YOUR ORDERS, PLEASE...
Meanwhile, in the kitchen

Dozens of signatures of great value! And with the commissioner here, I'm ready to proceed with my plan.

Soon, at a table adjoining Gordon's...

What did I tell you? Look!

He's purse snatching!

Caught in the act, Penguin! You're under arrest!

Ooh, dear - nabbed on the wing!

That's his racket running a café for the rich so he can lift purses! Excuse me, Bruce, I must go!

Guess we'll go too, Dick!

What's the hurry?

The Penguin wouldn't snatch a purse right under Gordon's nose unless he wanted to be caught.

That's true! But why?

Hurry and change. I don't know why, but the Penguin wants to go to jail!
WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THE PENGUIN OUT OF JAIL UNTIL WE LEARN WHAT HE'S UP TO!

WAIT COMMISSIONER YOU CAN'T ARREST THE PENGUIN!

GO AWAY, BATMAN, THE COMMISSIONER IS RIGHT - I'M A THIEF!

WHY NOT? OR ISN'T PURSE-SNATCHING A CRIME?

BATMAN'S HECTIC LIFE HAS HIM SLUGGISH, COMMISSIONER!

ARREST ME! I'M CRAZY! I'M DANGEROUS! SEE?

LET'S GO ROBIN - AND WE'RE TAKING THE PENGUIN WITH US!

THEY'RE PHONES BATMAN WOULN'T - OOF!

HELP! I'M BEING KIDNAPPED!

BATMAN ARE YOU MAD? STOP -
UP YOU GO, CLUMSY! CLUMSY! IT'S THIS ROPE LADDER! GIVE ME AN UMBRELLA AND YOU'LL SEE HOW CLUMSY I AM! SAY—WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

JUST HELPING YOU ESCAPE JAIL, PENGUIN! I PREFER JAIL TO YOUR PERSECUTION!

PRISON'S A BAD INFLUENCE, PENGUIN! YOU MEET SUCH LOW COMPANY THERE!

VERY TRUE! I THINK I'LL TAKE YOUR ADVICE!

SO—FAREWELL, LOW COMPANY!

HEY! LET HIM GO!

I WANT HIM FREE UNTIL WE LEARN HIS RACKET! NOW, WE MUST EXPLAIN TO GORDON!

BUT—WHY?

SHORTLY, I OUGHT TO LOCK YOU UP, BATMAN!

LISTEN! THE PENGUIN WANTED TO GO TO JAIL? WHY?

SO I OVERHEARD BRUCE WAYNE TELLING HOW THE PENGUIN STOLE THAT PURSE... TO FOOL HIM, WE MUST KEEP HIM OUT OF JAIL TILL WE LEARN WHAT HE'S UP TO!
HMM—it makes sense.

Well, that's fixed. What next?

We watch the Penguin! My guess is he'll keep trying to get arrested.

I'm a murderer! I just killed a man! Arrest me!

The Penguin! Remember our orders!

You—a killer? Ha, ha, ha!

But I did! I stabbed him—like this!

You're crazy! Bring us the body and we'll believe you!

That's carrying corpus delicti too far!

A fine police force can't get arrested no matter what I do! Bah!

Meanwhile...

Our signal! And it's from the 6th precinct!

Let's go see the Penguin get thrown out of jail again!
Minutes later.

Went that way when we refused to arrest him!

There he is!

Ah—A policeman and a jewelry shop, now convenient!

Hey!

At last I provoke response from the law!

Vandal! Arrest him, officer!

Aw—Go get yourself insured, loudmouth!

Hold on!

You interfering with the law again? As a citizen, I demand—

We'd rather not arrest this man—this will pay for your window!

Thanks, Batman.

Tsik—Penguin! Don't strike the man that pays your damages!
OF COURSE, HE'LL TRY AGAIN! BUT WHY DOES HE WANT TO GO TO JAIL?

NO—I THINK THAT BIRD-DECORATED CAFE HOLDS THE ANSWER.

HM—BIRDS, HOMING PIGEONS, MESSAGERS FROM INSIDE JAIL.

MAYBE HE'S AFTER ONE OF THE PRISONERS.

A NAME? THAT'S IT. THOSE SIGNATURES ON THE MENUS, ALL WEALTHY PEOPLE.

THE PENGUIN'S GOT A NAME FOR ODD STUNTS, BUT—

YOU'VE HIT IT YOUNGSTER! COME ON, WE'VE GOT TO CHECK THROUGH THE FILES AT HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE!

—WITH THOSE SIGNATURES—GOHAMI'LL BE SWEPT BY A FLOOD OF PHONEY CHECKS!

WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE SIGNATURES FROM THE PENGUIN!

THE PENGUIN'S TOO CLEVER TO CARRY THE SIGNATURES ON HIS PERSON—I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA—LISTEN!

WE DID BEST FORGER IN THE COUNTRY IS DOING A LIFE STRETCH IN GOTHAM PEN! IF HE AND THE PENGUIN GET TOGETHER—
LATER, AT THE NEST CAFE...

HERE'S MY ORDER, WAITER...

WITHERS THE BILLIONAIRE WHO SIGNS FABULOUSLY LARGE CHECKS. I STILL PAINT. I MEAN, I'M RICH—Almost...

STICKNEY WITHERS, THE BILLIONAIRE WHO SIGNS FABULOUSLY LARGE CHECKS. I STILL PAINT. I MEAN, I'M RICH—Almost!

WHAT'S WRONG BOSS? YOU GOT FLEAS?

I'VE GOT STICKNEY WITHERS'S SIGNATURE! I'M RICH! Hooray!

I WON'T NEED THESE OTHER SIGNATURES NOW! WITHER'S ALONE WILL MAKE ME RICH!

Yeah—If you can get arrested....

Later, at Bruce Wayne Home...

So it worked!

It did. The Penguin will now get arrested—but the thirty day rap he wants will lead to a good long stretch!

Meanwhile, at a busy intersection...

Passin' a red light and reckless driving. You'll get 30 days for this!

Oh! Thank you officer!

What are thirty days in the Penguin's jailbird life? A mere trifle! So one month later...

Free at last! And secreted on my person a masterfully forged check that will net me a fortune.

At the bank...

$100,000? Oh yes. A stickney withers check—not unusual for him! One moment sir! I'll check the signature!
A PERFECT SPECIMEN OF THE FORGER'S ART - BUT, ALAS, A FORGERY OF THE WRONG SIGNATURE!

A FORGERY! I MUST CALL THE POLICE!

WHAT'S TAKING THAT TELLER SO LONG?

YOU'RE CAUGHT WITH THE LOOT, PENGUIN!

WE'VE GOT A COOP WAITING FOR YOU, PENGUIN!

LET ME WAIT AND HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS GADGET?

MISSING HIM! OOPS!

HE'S HOPPING OVER OUR HEADS! WHAT'LL WE DO?

USE AN UMBRELLA TO CATCH AN UMBRELLA, WATCH?

FAREWELL, CLUMSY YOKEL'S!
BATMAN

SORRY Admiral, I'll have to borrow this!

Huh? An ordinary umbrella!

OOF! What crushing irony! Ouch!

Now to clip the Penguin's wings!

See--I, too do tricks with an umbrella, Penguin!

Copy-cat! Imitator. Let me go!

Shortly after...

Thanks, Batman!

Next day--a heated argument takes place inside Gotham Prison...

Don't call me a crummy forger. You bungling crook!

Bah! You can't forge your own name, let alone anyone else's!

The End
Heavy-hitting, fancy-fielding third baseman of the champion Chicago Cubs.

Hack is a three-way champion: hitter, champion田野手, and champion base runner. He led the league in stolen bases one season tied for the championship another season.

"The best way I know to lead off the day is with a big breakfast," says famous lead-off man Hack. "Starting with lots of milk, fruit, and wheat. Breakfast of champions. Wheaties are nourishing and swell eating. I like flavor in my breakfast. That's why I have Wheaties at home and on the road."

Hack plays his best when it counts the most. His batting average in 4 World Series: .350. His slugging average in 4 All-Star Games: .400.

Look for me on page 19!

Stan Hack is another of 24 80 League Stars featured in Wheaties new baseball book. Watch your Wheaties package for announcement of "Want to be a baseball champion?" (The Offensive Game) by Ethan Allen. Be sure to get your copy!
Stunt Man! When a thriller is being filmed, he's the one who crashes the planes, dives off the cliffs and otherwise plays tag with death to save the star's profile; if not his neck! ...and when audacious robberies are committed by one using the tactics of such an artist at death's cheating, Batman and Robin find their own spectacular crime-smashing technique challenged as never before as they pursue a daredevil—"stand-in for danger!"
Outlaws blast the gangster cam... and Royal Stanhope, two-fisted lawman of the silver screen, can save himself by forsaking the fainting heroine! Will he?

No! A stalwart figure braces himself against the tidal wave, prepared to sacrifice his own life, if need be.

And at a safe distance where cameras pick up the thrilling scene, producer John Kendall exults:

That scene will make the whole picture. That's what we need—realism!

Even if some body gets hurt by J.K.

But this scene, moments later, will never be screened for Royal Stanhope's fans...

Nice work, Jerry. Now you and the dummy step out, and let Stanhope and Ira take over again.

Why not? That's what I get paid for!

Another day, another picture... and this time Detective Walter Brian must brave roaring flames to get the evidence he wants.

Wait! Nobody could board that yacht and live!

This will go over big with your fans, Brian.

Sure—if Jerry can really do the stunt!

Want to bet Clancy? Watch me!
And this is the man who makes the screen's most spine-tingling moments... who takes the risks and lives by cheating death and likes it now stand-in for a hero, now for a villain - but always a daredevil in his own right. That's Jerry McGlone!

This time he's about to take some jolts for the master crook featured in "The Phantom Bandit." The next curve is where I go over the cliff. If I don't get clear and land in the river, I'll be my last stunt.

The cops are gaining on the fugitive, who - it says in the script - has a fortune in swag with him.

Suddenly.

Got to wait for him to turn over again. Before I can jump toward the river.

So far... so good... if I can clear those trees.
AND NOW, HOLLYWOOD HAS A REAL-LIFE MYSTERY. SHE WAS FALLING TOWARD THE RIVER, SHE MUST HAVE BEEN SWEEPT DOWNSTREAM AND DROWNED!

POOR JERRY! BEIDES BEING THE BEST STUNT MAN I EVER KNEW, HE WAS ONE SWELL GUY!

JERRY McGLONE BELIEVED SWEEP TO DEATH IN RIVER.

NEXT DAY WE FIND THE ROCKET POWERED BATPLANE STREAMING WESTWARD FROM GOTHAM CITY BOUND FROM COAST TO COAST!

ANY IDEA WHY EXTRA COLOSSAL FILMS SENT OUT THAT SPECIAL BROADCAST FOR US BATMAN?

MAYBE ROBIN REMEMBER THE STUNT MAN WHO DISAPPEARED SO MYSTERIOUSLY YESTERDAY?

PRESENTLY.

BARRY, THIS MORNING A MAN DROVE A MOTORCYCLE THROUGH A JEWELER'S WINDOW GRABBED A FORTUNE IN GEMS, AND GOT AWAY BY DIVING INTO A MANHOLE.

INTERESTING, BUT I STILL DON'T SEE.

LET ME FINISH EVERYTHING THAT MAN DID WAS WRITTEN INTO THE SCRIPT OF 'THE PHANTOM RANDIT' THE ONE JERRY McGLONE WAS WORKING ON.

I GET IT. YOU THINK HE'S ALIVE AND TRYING TO ACT OUT THE SCRIPT IN REAL LIFE.

NO, I DON'T! THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING CROOKED ABOUT JERRY, AND YET... I'LL BE HANDED IF I CAN THINK WHO ELSE COULD HAVE DONE IT.

HMM... SUPPOSE YOU LET ROBIN AND ME LOOK AT THAT SCRIPT?
TWO HOURS LATER, IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT
OF LOS ANGELES...
A COP ESCORTING A BANK MESSNER...
JUST WHAT I’VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

SEEMINGLY OUT OF A CLEAR SKY,
A FLYING FIGURE POUNCES--
I’LL TAKE IT
FROM HERE IF
YOU DON’T MIND!
WHAT--!
HEY!

AND ESCAPES!
STOP HIM! HE’S GETTING AWAY WITH 
$40 000!

OR DOES HE?
HO HO HO!
PHANTOM PHUELAN FOOLS
EM EVERY TIME!

BATMAN!
ROBIN!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE?
WAITING FOR YOU!
WE HAD AN IDEA
WHERE TO LOOK, AND
SAW YOU IN THAT
OTHER WINDOW, AND
GUessed THE LENGTH
OF YOUR WIRE, AND
WHERE IT WOULD
SWING YOU!

LUCKY FOR ME
THIS IS A PHOTO
STUDIO! THIS
FLOOD LAMP IS
JUST WHAT I
NEED!
I CAN’T SEE!
HAVE SOME MONEY! I CAN GET MORE ANY TIME!

YOUR TURN TO TAKE A FALL, CHUM!

SO I SEE! IT'S A GOOD THING I KNOW HOW!

AND HOW TO COME UP ON TOP, TOO!

HOW ABOUT COMING UP AFTER ME?

AND THIS, GENTLE READER, IS NOTHING MORE OR LESS THAN IGIINOUS DEFEAT FOR THE DYNAMIC DUO!

THANKS FOR THE EXERCISE, BATMAN AND ROBIN!

GONE! AND HE'S LOCKED US IN! AND—BELIEVE IT OR NOT—he didn't even REMEMBER TO TAKE THE MONEY!
WE WERE TWO-TO-ONE—AND HE MADE US LOOK SILLY! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT, LITTLE MAN?

IT WASN'T FAIR! HE AD LIBBED INSTEAD OF FOLLOWING THE SCRIPT.

REMEMBER, JERRY MCGLONE WORKED ON DOZENS OF SCRIPTS AND PROBABLY KNOWS HUNDREDS OF STUNTS BY HEART.

BESIDES WHICH—HE'S GOOD! WHAT WAS THE NEXT STUNT HE WAS TO DO IN THIS PICTURE?

THAT NIGHT A LONG FREIGHT TRAIN RUMBLED TOWARD A STREET CROSSING AT THE EDGE OF HOLLYWOOD.

IT'S GLARING HEADLIGHT DOES NOT TOUCH THE TWO CAPED FIGHTERS WHO LURK WATCHFULY IN SHADOWS NEAR AN EXCLUSIVE GAMBLING CLUB...

DO YOU THINK WE'VE PICKED THE RIGHT PLACE, BATMAN?

IT'S THE ONLY ONE I COULD FIND WHERE ROBBERY COULD BE COMBINED WITH THAT TRAIN CRASHING STUNT.

BUT ITS NOISE DROWNS THE ROAR OF A SMALL BUT POWERFUL CAR APPROACHING AT BREAKNECK SPEED!

SUDDENLY...

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT AD LIB AGAIN?

I DON'T LIKE IT—BUT WE COULDN'T HAVE FORESEEN THAT HE'D PULL A STUNT AS CRAZY AS THIS!
In the glittering game room of the Jack of Diamonds Club...

Make your choices, ladies and gentlemen! Here we go again!

Next instant...

Look out?

Catch me, somebody!

First time I've ever won in this place!

Call the police!

What? And have them punch us all for gambling?

Back in the highway, the robber car streaks straight for the moving freight train at the crossing!

Still hanging around, Batman and Robin? Maybe you'll learn some new stunts!

Talk about nerve!

He's got it, all right!

Or maybe we can teach you a couple—who knows?
AND WHAT OF THE DRIVER? A Split second before the crash, he leaped headlong, with perfect timing between the wheel trucks of one of the present cars—and now...

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WATCH MY CHANCE TO ROLL OUT AGAIN AT THE OTHER SIDE—and by the time they discover I'm not dead, I'll be miles away...

NO TIME TO LOSE!

AND AS THE DAREDEVIL STEPS INTO THE GETAWAY CAR WE HAVE HAD WAITING...

WAIT AWHILE, PAL, AND WE CAN TALK THINGS OVER RIGHT HERE.

HUH? YOU AGAIN?

YOU CAN HAVE IT!

WHAT...

I'VE GOT THE WHEEL!

AND I'LL GET JERRY!

BUT ALREADY—HAVING READ OF THIS NEAR-SUICIDAL STUNT IN THE SCRIPT—BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE ON JERRY McGLONE'S TRAIL.
Better not try to follow me, Robin. It's a long way down.

I've never yet been stumped at a game of follow-the-leader, and I'm too young to start now.

Look out!

Hang on! We'll get you out of this somehow.

Anyway, the cops never did get Phantom Phelan—nor did Batman and Robin while he was alive.

Having brought the runaway car under control, Batman swarms up the skeletal steel of the tower.

Stop bragging! We aren't through with you yet!

Thank you for the encouragement—but did you ever try to hang onto a thin strand of wire for more than a minute?

I'll swing head-down from the spreader, and hold your ankles, and you grab our frisky friend's wrists.

These wires won't support the weight of all three of us. I'm letting go, right now.

You do, and I'll never forgive you.

Right!
But Jerry McGloon does loosen his grip on the wire—and for one dreadful instant it appears that he will plunge deliberately to his death. Oh, well, it was fun while it lasted!

But not soon enough!

You did it!

You little idiot! Now we’ll all be killed!

Not if the wire holds till I can swing you against the tower, and you can hook your knees around one of the girders.

Back and forth swing the two men and the boy—a human pendulum—while the trolley wires stretch and strain with their weight.

Missed—but you’ll make it the next time.

And I thought I had nerve.

If there is a next time.

Until finally...

Let go of me quick, Batman! The wires will hold you all right.

Made it!

Not a bit I happen to know you aren’t that kind of a person, even if you don’t.

Aren’t you afraid I’ll drop your playmate, Batman, just for spite?
MOMENTS LATER...

I HOPE SO WITH YOUR ABILITY, YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE GONE IN FOR ROBBERY!

YOU COULD BE A GREAT STUNT MAN IN THE MOVIES, IF YOU WANTED--LIKE JERRY MCGLONE...

STUNT MAN? MOVIES? JERRY MCGLONE?... I SEEM TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT ALL OF THEM--BUT I CAN'T QUITE REMEMBER.

TAKE A LITTLE RIDE WITH US! NOT TO JAIL! WE'RE GOING TO SEE A DOCTOR!

DOCTOR? IS SOMEBODY SICK?

JERRY REMEMBERS EVERYTHING NOW! INSTEAD OF HITTING THE RIVER, HE FELL INTO A TREE AND HURT HIS HEAD--AND WHEN HE CAME TO, ALL HE COULD THINK OF WAS THE CREW PART HE HAD BEEN PLAYING.

NEXT MORNING...

I SUSPECTED AS MUCH.

HE'LL BE FIT AS A FIDDLE IN A FEW DAYS AND I'VE PAID FOR THE DAMAGE HE CAUSED! BUT HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU?

SKIP IT, ROBIN AND I ENJOYED THE WORK-OUT.

WEEKS LATER, IN GOTHAM CITY, BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON GO TO A MOVIE...

IT'S A SHAME THAT A MOVIE STAR GETS THE CREDIT FOR A STUNT LIKE THAT, INSTEAD OF JERRY MCGLONE!

BUT THINK OF THE FUN JERRY'S HAVING!
DEPUTY "U.S." ROYAL, SPONSOR OF THE BLUE CITY BIKE CLUB, GETS AN EMERGENCY CALL.

FELLOWS! WE'RE OFF TO TRAP SOME HIJACKERS!

HERE'S A CHANCE TO USE YOUR JET-PROPELLED BIKE!

THAT NIGHT NEAR THE HIGHWAY.

THERE ARE THE HIJACKERS WAITING IN AMBUSH!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! YOU BELIEVE GET SOME ROPE WHILE I TRY A SAMPLING!

CRASH!

FELLOWS: HERE'S A TIP!
U.S. BIKE TIRES WITH THE BUILT IN SKID CHAIN WON'T FAIL YOU IN THE TIGHT SPOT!! THEY'RE FAVORITES IN OUR BIKE CLUB!

LATER
YOU BOYS HAVE DONE A GREAT JOB! WE'VE BEEN AFTER THESE CROOKS FOR MONTHS!

THERE'S NO WAY THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH IT!

SAYS "U.S." ROYAL!

That built-in chain design is a real "on-the-spot" step, and both show that your more incline in U.S. style.
DAFFY DOODLE

WHAT'S THE IDEA, DAFFY?

TICK-TOCK, TICK-TOCK, TICK-TOCK!

I'VE GOT A CLOCK IN MY HEAD!

LET'S GO TO DOCTOR BROWN! HE'LL TAKE IT OUT!

DOCTOR DAFFY'S REALLY GONE DAFFY! HE THINKS HE'S GOT A CLOCK IN HIS HEAD!

TICK-TOCK! TICK-TOCK!

I'LL FIX THAT! GO OUT AND GET A CHEAP CLOCK, BREAK IT UP AND BRING IT BACK TO ME!

LAY ALL THE PARTS NEXT TO HIM! WHEN HE COMES OUT OF THE ETHER I'LL TELL HIM I TOOK THEM OUT OF HIS HEAD!

THERE YOU ARE, DOODLE! I WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL!

IT CERTAINLY FEELS GOOD NOW THAT THE DOCTOR TOOK THAT CLOCK OUT OF MY HEAD!

DON'T BE SILLY! HE DIDN'T TAKE THOSE PARTS OUT OF YOUR HEAD! I BROKE UP A CLOCK AND LAYED IT ON THE TABLE!

--IS THAT SO?!

TICK-TOCK! TICK-TOCK! TICK-TOCK!
Wow! See the keen comic buttons on that kid’s hat!

Boy funny paper people! Superman and Andy Gump, ‘n. Wonder where he gets ‘em?

Let’s trail him and find out! Look, he’s going into a grocery store!

A package of Kellogg’s Pep, please. One package of Pep, the sunshine cereal— with another comic button for your collection—comin’ up!

Imagine getting comic buttons just for eating a cereal you like!

Get your prize buttons with Kellogg’s Pep! One in every package.

Olive Oyl, Dagwood, Superman, Bluto, Pep, Lighting. You get one of these brightly colored, all-metal buttons ready to pin on, to every package of sweet-tasting Kellogg’s Pep. Collect ‘em—swap ‘em— trade ‘em, name them. Fill your pack to get you Kellogg’s a Pep today!

Listen to Superman! Tune in daily Monday through Friday for the thrilling adventures of Superman. Your local paper tells time and station.
The best way to a crook's capture through Alfred is through his stomach. Which leads him into more trouble than he can ingest on the trail of Elusive London Eddie!

My word! An English thief! Don't know his Majesty enjoyed them. Thought the States had enough of their own!

I wager the police are baffled, and it's up to me to help them! It takes an English detective to know the psychology of an English criminal!

Now! This Eddie undoubtedly prefers real English pride, and there's no place like the criminal hen for grilled kidneys! I shall inspect it carefully!

Moments later. No sign of Eddie but the kidneys were excellent as I thought! Next for the Trafalgar Inn.

But once more the butting detective is doomed to disappointment!

The Yorkshire pudding was superb but a bit heavy on the stomach! My word, I had better find some soup, or else...

Trafalgar Inn
OR ELSE THIS!
I MUST FORCE MYSELF TO EAT THIS MUTTON BROTH!

WHAT BLIGHTER CALLED THESE SLICITORS DELICIOUS?

UGH!
THEY MUST HAVE MADE THIS APPLE DUMPLING WITH LEAD. I CAN'T TOUCH ANOTHER MOUTHFUL!

I'VE EATEN SO MUCH, I CAN HARDLY WALK! AND MY EYES ARE BECOMING GLAZED. HOPE I RECOGNIZE EDDIE WHEN I FINALLY SEE HIM!

BY Jove there he is! But with so much food inside me, I'm in no condition to tackle him! I must use the old saw!

I'll make use of a dash of pepper... but I think I'll need some assistance as well.

TH'S CHAP LOOKS LIKE A LIKELY OLD MAN... LONDON EDDIE!

PSSST. GREAT SCOTT... AND YOU SAY WATCH ME... L fearful old fool! I'd better get out of this!

EXACTLY. I NEED YOUR AID... COME WITH ME!

COME WITH THE BALLY OLD FOOL? I'D BETTER GET OUT OF THIS!
BUT THERE IS NO TIME TO GET OUT OF ANYTHING AS THE ARMOURED ALFRED SWINGS INTO ACTION!

BETTER GIVE UP OLD BOY... YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST US YOU KNOW!

HARRumph! COMPLAINING YOU!

AHHACHOO!

AS I EXPECTED. HE'S HELPLESS IN MY CLEVER HANDS!

OH OH... THIS IS GETTING OUT OF MY HANDS!

DISGRACEFUL! INFLUENCE OF THE LOWER CLASSES, YOU KNOW!

CALL THE POLICE!

AND AS THE POLICE ARRIVE...

LET US GRAB OLD CHAP LONDON EDDIE... SAY LOOK WHERE HERE!

IMAGINE THIS FELLOW RECOGNIZING EDDIE AFTER THE COLLEGE! THAT SHAVE THE FACT THAT HIS MUSTACHE I CAME HERE LOOKING FOR HIM!

LONDON EDDIE? OF COURSE! IT'S THE FACT THAT HIS MUSTACHE I CAME HERE LOOKING FOR HIM!

LATER AT THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME...

MUST HAVE BEEN QUITE A STRAIN ON YOUR MIND, ALFRED. TRACKING EDDIE DOWN!

HORRIBLE!
A MATTER OF HONESTY
by Stan Carter

WITH the war over the past few months
had seen the market place filled with tour-
ists again. Of course, it was not as jammed as
it had been, but there was every indica-
tion that even business would be as good as usual.

This Gigas, who acted as spokesman for the
dealers, explained it to them. "We are honest
merchants," he said "and because of this our
business will be good. Our city received the
ame of an honest place in which tourists may
safely trade." The old merchant looked over
his glasses at Damus, who stared back.

Damus dealt in jewelry antique and mod-
ern. His was a shop in a most advantageous
part of the market place, and attracted a lot of
tourist trade Gigas, thinking of that now, said:
"However, there is one of us about whom a
number of complaints about unfair practices
have been received. I shall mention no names.
But it must stop."

Now ordinarily that would have been warn-
ing enough for a member of the Merchant's
Guild But not for old Damus. The latter rose
in his seat, addressed Gigas and the assemblage
"You are speaking of me," he said "but I
will allow no one to tell me how to run my busi-
ness." His voice took on a whining tone. "I am
an old man, merely trying to get enough money
to retire."

Gigas looked at him. "You have plenty of
money," he said angrily "and there is no need
for cheating." He levelled a finger at the mer-
chant. "You must take only a fair profit, as
the rest of us do. It is written."

"I do not care what is written!" Damus
stormed. He faced the assemblage and accu-
sarily "You are all jealous that you have not
my powers of selling." He wrapped his cloak
around him, and, looking straight ahead walked
out.

When he was gone a hum of excitement
sounded throughout Gigas' shop. "What are
we to do?" was the general tenor of the con-
versation. Gigas sat back in his chair "I do
not know" he said, "but we must do some-
thing."

"There is nothing anyone can do with Da-
mus," Ah Mar said. "And he will bring ruin to
our market place." He put a hand suggestively
to his throat. "Unless ..."

Gigas waved him down. "No violence! It has
been written that the wise man lives by his
work." He smiled faintly "And that seems to
be what Damus is living by."

Meanwhiile the object of their conversation
had wandered his way grumingly back to his
shop. "Fools!" he muttered to himself. "To
think they can outwit Damus!"

He had a right in the statement for hadn't
he shown, by his enormous profits how win-
ner he was? In every transaction he made money
on objects not at all proportionate to their worth.
Damus brought out his hookah, water pipe,
lit it and puffed meditatively. He smiled as a
customer appeared. Then rubbing his hands
he went forward.

As usual, Damus came out ahead in the
bargaining. He had fixed up the tourist well,
learned that the customer's ship would leave
in an hour. There was little chance of the
tourist returning when he learned that the "an-
tique jewelry" for which he paid a big price
was fake, worthless.

Such was Damus' business method. And al-
ways it seemed to pay off. His reflected, sitting
in front of his shop a few days later. His eyes
were half-closed, but watchfully looking at a
tall stranger, obviously an American. The
man was accompanied by a beautiful
woman, who was followed by a native girl. The
girl was carrying a baby wrapped in an expen-
sive blanket. Damus eyes glittered. Here was
wealthy prey!

He listened with irritation as the woman,
who seemed anxious to go someplace, said
"Nik, I must stop at that other shop down the
street before the ship leaves, and it will pull out in less than an hour! You'll never find an emerald necklace in this place, so why waste time?"

The man glowered at her "I can try to find one, can't I?" He, too, was irritated. "Look, you go to the shop, I'll mind the baby and you can meet me on the shop."

An emerald necklace! Damon's heart beat faster. This was like a gift from the gods, he in his shop, securely locked up was a valuable emerald necklace. This foolish tourist, wanting if badly would undoubtedly pay greatly for it. He got to his feet, addressed the man, and apologized for overhearing the conversation. "I have an emerald necklace," he said ulily "you would Five to come in?"

The man looked after his retreating wife, started to call her, but she was that instant swallowed up in the crowd. "Let me see it," he said to Damon.

Lovely! Damon brought it out. Cupidity seared in his eyes as he watched the man's obvious enjoyment. "How much?"

Damon told him. And when the man did not beg off over the price, Damon heart leaped. This would be the biggest profit he had ever made! Now let Guga and the rest say anything they pleased! He scooped up the baby in the native girl's arms and suddenly started to cry. The man bent over it, forgetting for a moment about the necklace. Then he turned to Damon.

"I am satisfied with the price," he said, "but I must show it to my wife. She is in the shop. Let us go inside and have a chat."

Damon eyes narrowed. He did not want to let that precious necklace out of his sight. But, if he didn't he might lose a sale. If only "Ah! I have it," he told himself! He smiled, and unhesitatingly "Oh course! Your baby and the native girl can remain with me until you return." He was well pleased with himself. That crying baby was perfect security!

Damon handed over the necklace. The man pointed to a corner of the shop where Damon had some expensive rugs, indicated to the girl she should wait there. It was cool in the shadowy corner of the shop. Obediently the girl went over and sat down. The baby stopped crying.

Damon went outside with the stranger. He rubbed his hands gleefully as he watched the man go up the street. Contentedly, he picked up his hookah, puffed on it. He had been smoking for about fifteen minutes when he heard the girl's voice. She wanted to buy some dates, and would Damon watch the baby, while she was gone?

He looked in the shop, saw the slumbering bundle lying on the rugs. He nodded. The girl left the shop, disappeared on the crowd.

Intrigued by visions of the profit he would make, Damon failed, at first, to notice the passing time. Then, when he looked at the sun, he realized over an hour had passed and neither the man nor the native girl had returned.

"An hour?" He got hurriedly to his feet. The American woman had said something about the boat leaving in an hour. Anxiously, he glanced into the shop. The sleeping baby was still on the rug. He left resound.

Then his heart jumped, as, from the pier, came the deep-throated whistle of a boat lifting anchor. It was leaving! They were leaving, and without the baby! He ran over, opened the blanket.

His blood froze. "The baby!" he cried wildly, "is a doll!" For a long moment he stood there, staring at the doll the native girl had left.

"But it cried!" he screamed incoherently. "It cried! I heard it!" Then he thought of his emeralds. Angrily he picked up the doll, smashed it on the floor. "Cry away!" he screamed, "Cry!" But the doll was mute.

And in his shop, Guga spoke to the merchants he had encountered. He held in his hand the emerald necklace. "It was most fortunate that we encountered that quaint tourist shop that came in yesterday was my friend, Great Nick, the ventriloquist." He smiled. "It was he and his lovely wife who helped see which out this plan to teach Damon that thievish does not pay. I think tomorrow, when he discovers how we tricked him, he will change his ways!"

And Damon did just that. He changed his sign, too. You can see it in the market place at any time, bright gold and red: "Honest Damon — Antique Jewelry!"
THE KNIGHTS OF KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE ACQUIRE A NEW AND DASHING MEMBER WHEN BATMAN AND ROBIN FLASH BACK THROUGH TIME ACROSS THIRTEEN CENTURIES, TO SOLVE ONE OF THE GREAT RIDDLES OF HISTORY AND NO ONE IS MORE SURPRISED THAN THE POWERHOUSE PAIR WHEN THE ASTOUNDING ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY OF SIR HARDI DE NOIR IS FOUND BY "SIR BATMAN AT KING ARTHUR'S COURT!"

Sir Batman at
King Arthur's Court!
Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson find their old friend Professor Nichols, ago over an historical mystery. Look! This newly discovered record of King Arthur's Court lists a knight no other chronicle has mentioned—A Sir Hardile Noir!

"Is that startling news, Professor?"

"Yes—if it's true! For this mystery knight did magic feats that smack of modern science! Say am I glad you two dropped in! Oh, oh! The professor is going to ask us to take another trip into the past, Dick!"

So, minutes later in the professor's laboratory. Bruce and Dick sit side by side. A bright light beats down upon them... and special hypnosis is used by the world's foremost authority on time travel to send them into the past...

"Go back to King Arthur's Court! Back through the ages..."

"Back thirteen centuries to the City of Camelot!"

"Let's not forget what we came for... Good Sirs, where can we find Sir Hardile Noir?"

"We know no knight of that name Sir..."

"Throughout Camelot the answer is the same—Sir Hardile Noir is unknown!"

"Bruce, look! Those bullies are after that girl."

"Into that doorway, this looks like a job for Batman and Robin!"

"A quick shift of costume! Then out of our way, insolent churls! Who dares stop Sir Mordred's men?"

"Sir Mordred, the evil knight of the Round Table!"
Here's the half-nelson—a hold that will be popular thirteen centuries from now!

Football hasn't been invented yet—but here's a sample!

For shame! Sir Mordred—You'd strike a varlet's blow at one whose back is turned?

Ouch!

Robin! Behind you!

These strangers sought to obstruct the King's justice. Sir Lancelot

Silence, stripling—and Peace, Sir Mordred! You shall all go to King Arthur for judgment, come!

Justice? A dozen men against one girl?

Sire! I captured Aline, niece of the traitor Merlin. And these strangers tried to rescue her. Methinks they be spies of Your enemy Queen Morgan le Fay.

Merlin a traitor?

If they be spies, they must die.

Sire! I demand trial by combat! It's your only chance!

Sire! I demand trial by combat! It is your right. You shall meet Mordred in the lists tomorrow.

Trial by combat! A duel between accuser and accused to decide guilt or innocence!
LATER—ALINE.

DO YOU KNOW OF A SIR HARDI LE NOIR?

NO, I HAVE NOT HEARD THAT NAME BEFORE.

UNCLE MERLIN MIGHT KNOW HIM—BUT UNCLE'S A PRISONER...

WE WILL RESCUE HIM—AFTER THE DUEL. WHERE IS HE HELD?

IN THE CASTLE OF QUEEN MORGAN LE FAY OF LIONESSE. MORDRED TELLS KING ARTHUR MY UNCLE IS A TRAITOR. WHO OF HIS OWN WILL JOINED THE QUEEN. BUT HE WAS TAKEN THERE BY FORCE.

But will Batman survive the combat?

Next day.

So the stranger wishes to fight without weapons? All the easier to kill him, then!

Even with weapons, sir knight, I made sure he could not win.

Batman swerves, evades the lance...

Then—

Sounds! I never saw the like! 'Tis a magic rope!

Perhaps 'tis the magic of innocence, sir...

As the angry fallen knight regains his feet...

Let it be sword against sword! That will be a truer test.

Anything to oblige, kind sir?
I learned this parry in ancient Rome -

...and d'Artagnan showed me this stroke.

But abruptly -

Treachery, that blade was filed.

Aye, stranger, by my squire - but you'll not live to tell it.

Whew! This is like lifting a five-ton truck!

Do you yield? - I hope not. For I wouldn't kill him.

I concede you victory, but I'll have vengeance later.
YOU HAVE PROVED YOUR INNOCENCE, STRANGER!

SIRE, I'M SURE MERLIN TOO, IS INNOCENT, AND I SHALL RESCUE HIM FROM QUEEN MORGAN LE FAY!

SIRE, GRANT ME PERMISSION TO JOIN THIS QUEST!

GRANTED, AND MY GALLEY AT TINTAGEL WILL SAIL YOU TO EVIL MORGAN'S REALM!

HIST SPEED YOU AHEAD WITH GOLD TO BRIBE THE GALLEY'S CAPTAIN!

HOURS LATER, ABOARD THE KING'S GALLEY...

CAPTAIN, YOU'LL SAIL SOUTH AND LAND US SECRETLY IN LYONESSE.

I MISLIKE PUTTING TO SEA WITH A STORM BREWING, BUT THE KING'S ORDER WILL BE OBEYED!

BUT... DID MORPRED'S RASCALLY SQUIRE REACH TINTAGEL FIRST AND BRIBE THE CAPTAIN? THERE WILL TELL.

THE GATHERING STORM HURLS THE GALLEY SOUTH UNTIL...

THERE ARE THE CLIFFS WHERE MORGAN'S DARK CASTLE STANDS!

SUDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING...

LANCELOT'S ARMOR WILL SINK HIM/SEIZE THESE OTHERS!

MORPRED'S BEHIND THIS TREACHERY, ILL BET!
The time-travelers leap into action and again Batman's rope saves a life!

Aye, aye sir!

Hold them off till I pull Lancelot out Robin.

Better get that armor off fast, Lancelot! We might have to swim.

Andy, rat all hands to the fray oof!

The helmsman leaves his post to join the fight and the ship is out of control.

Batman, we're going to ram those cliffs.

She's sinking, all is lost.

Farewell sir Batman, I cannot swim.

I can't hang on, sir Robin, you help Aline!

Get Aline on deck quickly!

Crash!

Keep on Robin, we're nearly there!

All of the crew drowned!

Hold invaders! Surrender or die!

Let me go, before you too perish!
YOU DARED TO LAND IN LYONESSE WITHOUT PERMISSION! QUEEN MORGAN LE FAY WILL JUDGE YOUR OFFENSE!

LET'S GO QUIETLY. WE MUST GET INSIDE THE CASTLE ANYWAY TO RESCUE MERLIN!

INSIDE QUEEN MORGAN LE FAY'S CASTLE...

WOW! THE QUEEN COULD DOUBLE FOR THE CAT-WOMAN.

YOUR HIGHNESS, I AM BATMAN, KING OF MAGICIANS, AND THESE ARE MY AIDE-

KING OF MAGICIANS? DO YOU USURP THE TITLE OF MY "GUEST"? MERLIN MASTER OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING?

I DO! MERLIN WISHES LET HIM MATCH HIS MAGIC WITH MINE.

WELL SAID! TOMORROW YOU SHALL CONTEST WITH MERLIN, THE WINNER TO BE MY GREATEST NOBLE!

I'LL BE READY, YOUR HIGHNESS.

THAT NIGHT...

THIS SILK GLOBE WILL DO THE TRICK.

IF ONLY WE HAD SOME BROMINE SALTS, I COULD MAKE SUPER MAGIC.
As Merlin conjures up your thunder and lightning,
As your prisoner, I must obey. Watch A sorcerer of Cathay taught me to make this potent magic.

-is your magic greater, stranger?- Yes! I can make a man fly like a bird.

A man fly— in the air? Impossible

Robin, when we've filled the balloon with hot air, you go up with it... you're lightest.

Batman, Sir Mordred is here! Those men are spies of King Arthur. One of them is Lancelet, himself.

Get away, Robin. Tell King Arthur that Mordred is the traitor, not Merlin.

Seize them!
If I had a sword, I'd hew these knaves apart. Magic won't get us out of this.

They came to rescue Merlin! Kill them!

No! This magician is clever—I can use him! Lock them in Merlin's tower.

In Merlin's tower room...

Sir Hardi Le Noir? I never heard the name!

I pray your brave young squire got safe away.

What brings ye to King Arthur's court, stranger and whence come ye?

From a far place, Merlin we come to find a Sir Hardi Le Noir, do you know him?

Suddenly

Kill the castiffs before Morgan can stop us!

Mordred, I might have known.

Here's a sword, Lancelet!

A good blade; you are indeed a magician.
Too bad Robin isn't here. He'd love this.

What means this attack, Mordred? I ordered these men spared!

You love this stranger, but I say he dies.

Your Majesty—King Arthur's knights approach.

Outside the castle.

They're raising the drawbridge!

Our catapults and battering rams will get us in!

King Arthur's men begin a siege of the castle.

Batman, use your radio-belt! I found bromine salts for your 'magic.' They use it here for dye.

Good! If you can get the salts to me, I'll end this fracas quickly.

Here I come—by catapult express! Be at the tower window to catch me, Batman.

The boy wonder becomes a human projectile.

Now I know how a cannonball feels!

Got you!
BACK IN THE TOWER ROOM...

BY MIXING BROMINE
SALTS WITH SULFURIC ACID
OR OIL OF VITRIOL, AS
MERLIN CALLS IT—WE
MAKE—

- LIQUID TEAR GAS!

IT IS TRULY GREAT
MAGIC THAT MAKES
MORGAN'S MEN STOP
PRINTING AND WEEP
IN REPENTANCE.

THE QUEEN'S MEN SURRENDER, AND THE DRAWBRIDGE IS
LOWERED FOR ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS

MORDERED—ESCAPING
BY A SECRET PASSAGE
—NO YOU DON'T!

SECOND LATER...
HERE'S MORDERED,
THE REAL TRAITOR! QUEEN
MORIAG LE FAY-ER-GOT
AWAY...

YOU WEREN'T
BY CHANCE LOOKING
THE OTHER WAY WHEN
SHE 'ESCAPED'?

THEN... YOU HAVE CLEARED
MY GREAT FRIEND,
MERLIN, AND EXPOSED A
TRAITOR! AS REWARD, KNIGHT
HOOD IS YOURS! I DUB YOU
SIR, HARDI LE NOIR—
The Bold Black
Knight!

LATER, AWAKENED FROM THEIR HYPNOTIC
TRANCE—

SO THE
SIR, HARDI LE NOIR NAMED
IN PROFESSOR
NICHOLS
HISTORY BOOK
IS BATMAN
HIMSELF!

DID
YOU FIND
SIR HARDI
LE NOIR?

I CAN'T TELL THE TRUTH
WITHOUT REVEALING THAT
I'M BATMAN!

NO PROFESSOR, NO ONE AT
KING ARTHUR'S COURT EVER
HEARD OF HIM. I FEAR THE
BOLD BLACK KNIGHT WILL RE-
MAIN AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY
OF HISTORY!
ANNOUNCING!
The NEW
Bendix
COASTER BRAKE

Look for the Name Bendix

Made by the foremost Builder of
Automotive and Aviation Brakes

Here is the coaster brake you have always wanted. It is made by the famous Bendix Aviation Corporation, builders of aviation, radar, marine, radio and electronic products as well as brakes for automobiles, buses, trucks and airplanes. The new Bendix® Coaster Brake is entirely new in design. It stops quicker and with less pedal pressure. It costs less—You are away out in front with a Bendix Coaster Brake And it is easy to take apart and put together again for there are fewer parts.

Be sure to tell your bicycle dealer that you want your new bike equipped with the most modern of all coaster brakes— the new Bendix Coaster Brake.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION
LAKE, NEW YORK
IF YOU CAN CARRY A TUNE
You can PLAY THE GAHOON!

PICK IT UP AND PLAY IT!
No study—no lessons—no musical education—
just turning of dials on—on practice Simply
hand the mysterious stent and PLAY IT!

THE AMAZING GAHOON — the
unquestionable new musical invention that
10 of 10 people can play in 10 minutes. Shows
two full octaves of music, plus tone like a
SAXOPHONE. Genuine Sax reed. Built on the same
principle as a Saxophone. BEAUTIFUL with the
interchangeable seven musical tones. Instead
of sputtering or backfiring, you've only loved the
called-spring tones. This straightening of
enlarging of the air column determines the tone,
half-tone or quarter-tone. What a hit or parade,
in actual bands, army camps, amateur
or professional hill-billy and jug bands, rhythm
bands, or as an accompaniment for singing. Plays
any type of music from Fats to
Gershwin. The more you play the better you become. Play "hot,
sweet," loud, soft, dimmel, boogie-woogie or classical.

MONEY BACK IF YOU DON'T PLAY IT
in 30 MINUTES

The GAHOON is yours for $1.00—a hundred dollars
worth of fun and melody. 40c—$1.00 in 30 days
the DOWN PAYMENT. It is the complete and only set.
No payment for 30 days. Simple and small instructions furnished
with each GAHOON. Read them over THEN
if you are not playing rambunctiously in 10 minutes, return the
GAHOON and your $1.00 will be refunded at once, with
no question or notice. Send for yours now. Be the first
in your group to introduce this amazing new musical
invention. Surprise and delight your friends with your musical
skill. Send the coupon with a $1.00 bill or P. O. Money Order.

International Whos Corp. 20 N. Wells, Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL Whos Corp. Dept. 14, N. Wells, Chicago, Ill.
ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE

FOUR AGAINST THE SEA

ARTY: LOOK OUT! WE'RE GOING OVER!
RICK: SURE—IT'S WAVY!
HANNAH: HARD ALEE, KID—I'M SENDING IT INTO THE WIND!

ARTY: OH, OH! THERE GO THE SAILS!
RICK: I'M SCARED!
HANNAH: KEEP YOUR HEAD COME ON!

ARTY: SHE'S GONE.
HANNAH: A HURRICANE WASHES OVER THE BOAT CHARRYING ONE OF THE GIRLS WITH IT!

RICK: WE DRAG.
HANNAH: US DRAG.

ARTY: AH-HY!
RICK: THANK HEAVENS—THE COAST GUARD.
HANNAH: HOLD UP A ROPES CUE HEE.

WILLIAM "BILL" ELLIOTT SAYS,

SHAKE AMIGO! IT SURE TASTES BEST!

William Elliott is quick-on-the-trig—so he had no time to pick a winner. He tried the leading sodas in paper cups picked up a Royal Crown Cola. "Best tasting," said Bill. Why not try it? A full glass in each of the two places!