Memories of Christmas Holiday scenes like this live forever if you record them in snapshots.

Snapshots keep big moments alive. All the gang will be glad you took your camera along. You'll have fun sharing the prints with your friends. And snapshots are so easy to make. With many cameras of the famous Kodak line, you simply "load, aim and shoot." Kodak Verichrome Film eliminates the guesswork. You press the button—it does the rest. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester 4, New York.

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Kodak
Have you ever felt afraid without knowing why? Of course—and so has everyone! For deep in our minds are dimmed memories which sometimes take on nightmare shapes when tired nerves release them...and in extreme cases these dark fantasies may assume tragic power. As in this strange tale of secret fears which inspire heinous criminals, until Batman and Robin enter the war of nerves on the side of—"the frightened people!"
In the hideout of Roger Ryall, underworld chieftain, one must speak guardedly.

Do I'm runnin' like I been shot out of a catapult!

I warned you about using words like that last one—or any thing like it!

Is that clear to everyone or must I pound it into you?

Easy Boss! Charlie didn't mean nothing.

It's your nerves, Chief! You should see one of them psych—psych—brain doctors!

There's nothing wrong with me—you'll see how steady my nerves are when we go after that platinum tonight.

Henchmen and fugitive figures converse on a rear door of a jewelry manufacturer firm.

Joe, you and Charlie spread out and stand guard. Blackie and I will go in and crack the vault.

It'll be easy with the burglar alarm wires cut.

Looks like our hunch about following Roger Ryall is going to pay off, Batman!

Let's congratulate ourselves when we're through, ready?
LIKE NOCTURNAL BIRDS OF PREY THE CAPED CRIME CRUSHERS SWOOP!

GUESS WHO! WHAT? BATMAN!

BUT NEXT INSTANT...

TOUGH LUCK, RYAN—UH-HH...

TOUGH LUCK FOR YOU, CHUMP!

HUH—?

FRESH KID!

WHY NOT BUMB 'EM OFF QUICK CHIEF?

NO! WE'LL TAKE THEM WITH US TO SHOW THE BOYS HOW TOUGH I AM!

YES, ROGER RYALL IS TOUGH—EXCEPT WHERE ONE THING IS CONCERNED.

NO, NO, GO AWAY!

HELP, SAVE ME, TAKE IT AWAY!

QUICK, GET HIM IN THE CAR BEFORE THE COPS HEAR HIM! WE'LL GET BATMAN AND ROBIN ANOTHER TIME!
What strange quirk turns Roger Ryall into a craven coward in the presence of a harmless kitten? It is akin to similar fears that haunt other unfortunate people in many ways. For instance...

But suddenly... darkness! Good heavens! The lights!

And then—an amusing shadow-show fills him with unutterable dread.

Don't! I'll go mad!

Please, whoever you are, I'll do anything—pay anything—if only you'll stop!

Now you're talking!

Open your wall safe—and promise not to tell the cops—and we won't bother you again!

My bonds! My cash! Take everything! Only don't drive me insane!

John West, retired banker, finds refuge from the shadows in his mind at home, where special lights in floors, walls and ceilings cast no shadows. Some nights later...
AND HILDA GRANVILLE, WEALTHY SOCIETY MATRON, HAS NO FEAR OF SHADOWS—BUT WHEN SHE WALKS IN THE STREET, SHE’S PRECEDED BY MEN WHO WATCH FOR MIRRORS!

THERE’S ONE ED. IN THAT WINDOW!

LATER, DRESSING FOR A FASHIONABLE BALL .... WILL MADAME WEAR THE EMERALD OR THE RUBY RINGS TONIGHT?

THE EMERALDS AND HURRY WITH THOSE PICTURES! I WANT TO SEE HOW I LOOK.

A GIFT FOR YOU LADY! WE’RE SUPPOSED TO SHOW IT TO YOU ALONE!

ALONE? VERY WELL ’MY SERVANTS WILL LEAVE THE ROOM!

OH-H-H-H A MIRROR, NO! NO!

THANK GOODNESS SHE PAINTED! GRAB THE JEWELS!

HOW EMBARRASSING! BUT IT WOULD BE DREADFUL IF I SHOULD ACCIDENTALLY LOOK INTO A MIRROR—AND GO CRAZY!

OKAY WE’VE SCREENED IT FROM VIEW!

HOW ODD! BUT I’LL SEE THEM.... HMM—NOT BAD, CONSIDERING THESE PHOTOS AREN’T RETOUCHES!

TWO MEN ARE HERE WITH A PAINTING MADAME! THEY INSIST ON BRINGING IT IN AND SAY IT WILL AMAZE YOU!
Tragic figures these. Yet Grant Young, rich tinware manufacturer, is destined for grimmer tragedy! Strolling through his estate next day:

Ah-huh! Okay—put him in the car.

An abandoned lighthouse, built on the brink of a sheer cliff...

Hurry! Get him upstairs before he comes to.

Where am I?

Look around and you'll see then tell us how much it's worth to get down.

Oh-huh! I'm on a tower—high above the ground!

Yeah—and high places drive you batty! So write us some checks, and we'll take you down after we cash 'em.

It's lucky nobody knows we're here. Or we'd face murder rap!

I can't stand it! The altitude's unbearable!

Grab him!
That evening, in the home of Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson...

I can't understand it; I saw Grant Young yesterday and he looked cheerful.

Nothing surprises me any more, after seeing a cat turn Roger Ryall into a lunatic!

In police Commissioner Gordon's office, minutes later...

Batman and Robin, this is Dr. Richter; he was treating Young before his death!

As his psychoanalyst, not physician, I'm sure he didn't commit suicide voluntarily. He couldn't have climbed that lighthouse!

One of my patients, John West, feared shadows—skidophobia, it's called. Hilda Granville had catoptrophobia, a dread of mirrors. Both were robbed by men who knew their weaknesses.

Some days ago I found my office window forced open, and my case files disarranged!

And you think someone broke in and learned your patient's mental troubles—and is using the knowledge criminally?
AT DR. RICHTER'S OFFICE...

YOU REALIZE HOW TERRIBLE THIS KNOWLEDGE COULD BE IN THE HANDS OF AN UNSCRUPULOUS PERSON!

I REALIZE HOW TERRIBLE IT'S BEEN ALREADY FOR GRANT YOUNG -- IF YOU'RE RIGHT!

HERE'S SOMEONE NAMED MILTON REILLY WHO IS BOTHERED WITH GATOPHOBIA -- FEAR OF CATS THAT MUST BE ROGER REILLY'S TROUBLE!

THAT'S INTERESTING! LET ME SEE THAT CARD, ROBIN!

I REMEMBER REILLY -- A BIG HEAVYSET FELLOW! TWO CRUDE CHARACTERS BROUGHT HIM HERE, AND HE WAS INTERESTED IN WHAT I HAD TO SAY ABOUT PHOBIAS!

HMMM...

WE'LL MAKE A LIST OF SOME OF THESE PATIENTS, ROBIN -- THEN VISIT A PET SHOP!

PET SHOP? I DON'T GET IT!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS CHARLES TEMPLE, A STOCKBROKER AND A PATIENT OF DR. RICHTER, GOES TO HIS OFFICE...

HERE'S YOUR MONEY! NOW GET OUT OF SIGHT! MR. TEMPLE'S CAR IS HERE.

SO HE DOESN'T LIKE KIDS? THAT'S OKAY AS LONG AS I GET PAID FOR IT!

ANYTHING WRONG, MR. TEMPLE? YOU SEEM WORRIED?

YOU'D BE WORRIED, TOO, IF YOU HAD PEDOPHOBIA AND COULDN'T LOOK AT A CHILD OR DOLL WITHOUT LOSING YOUR HEAD!
IN HIS SUITE ON THE FIFTIETH FLOOR...

MISS PERKINS—THAT SMELL IT'S A DOLL! REMOVE IT AT ONCE.

OH! I FORGOT! I'LL LOSE MY JOB IF HE EVER SAW IT.

LOCK UP THE LATEST PRICE OF NOTCHKIS STEEL, MILLER—AND CALL SELMAR AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

NEXT MOMENT... DA-DA!

MAMA!

AND GET THE CORRESPONDENCE ON— GREAT CAESAR!

GET THOSE DOLLS OUT OF HERE!

DO SOMETHING!

SHALL I CALL DR. RICHTER, MR. TEMPLE?

THEY'RE GONE, SIR! SHALL I GET THE POLICE?

A MESSENGER JUST BROUGHT THIS, SIR—and there's a man outside who insists on seeing you.

NO! DON'T TELL A SOUL! IF THIS GETS OUT MY CLIENTS WILL THINK I BELONG IN AN ASYLUM.
HE ONLY SAID HE
KNEW WHAT WAS
GOOD FOR—ER—
WHAT AIDED YOU
SIR?

EWW! HE
SAID
THAT?!
WELL, SHOW
HIM IN.

I'LL BE
WITH YOU
IN A
MOMENT,
MR.—AH—
THE NAME DOESN'T
MATTER! ALL I'M
INTERESTED IN IS
MONEY, AND I'VE
GOT A PROPOSITION—

YOU SEE I
HAPPEN TO
KNOW YOU'RE
SCARED OF—
YEE! A CAT!

CUTE LITTLE
RASCAL... GREAT SCOTT—
WHAT'S WRONG?

LET ME
OUT! HELP!
GOOD GRIEF!
THE MAN'S
MAD!

AND SO MUCH FOR
THAT... THAT
WILD, WEALTHY
RAYMOND TROXEL
IS DICTATING THE
STORY OF HIS
ADVENTUROUS
LIFE.

AND SO I HAD TO
GIVE UP BIG GAME
HUNTING BECAUSE
I HAD DEVELOPED
A TERROR OF MONSTERS—
AN UNREASONING
FEAR OF MONSTERS!

THE MERE SIGHT OF
NATIVE WITCH DOCTORS
IN THE JUNGLES, MASKED
AND PAINTED MADE ME
FAINT! HIPPOS AND
GORILLAS TERRORIZED
ME!
...I couldn’t bear the sight of anything misshapen or grotesque. They haunted my dreams and nearly drove me insane.

Hey, where’d you come from? You didn’t start out with us.

Hey, where’d you come from? How much is it worth to you for us to disappear?

Mee-aawww! Yyyyy!

Here’s some magic for you, witch doctor!

It’s a catastrophe! Don’t say that! I can’t bear it!
RYALL FLEES—AS FAR AS TROXEL'S TROPHY ROOM! "No! I don't believe it! It couldn't happen to me!"

HE WONT TRY TO ESCAPE! THIS WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM! "AAA-AAA..."

HE'S DEAD! I WARNED HIM ABOUT HIS HEART WHEN HE CAME TO ME AS MILTON REILLY.

AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO GRANT YOUNG, IT'S JUSTICE!

HE DIDN'T KNOW I'D BEEN CURED AFTER I TRACED MY PHOBA TO CHILDISH IMAGINATION! IF HE HAD DONE THAT—

THE CURE FOR ANY FEAR IS DISCOVERY OF ITS UNREAL FOUNDATION! BUT PERHAPS THIS WAS THE ONLY CURE FOR RYALL'S OTHER DISORDERS?

CATCHING THEM WAS SIMPLE, ONCE WE FIGURED OUT THEIR SCHEME! I HOPE NONE OF THEM WAS CLAUSTROPHOBIA—FEAR OF BEING KEPT IN CLOSED ROOMS—OR CELLS.

WHAT WOULD YOU CALL THAT, DOCTOR—AVIOPHOBIA, FEAR OF BIRDS?

FROM NOW ON, I'LL HAVE NIGHT MAKES ABOUT BATMAN AND ROBIN!

IN BLACKIE'S CASE, I'D CALL IT PLAIN COMMON SENSE.

THE END
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"Mask—a cover, or partial cover, for the face used for disguise, that which conceals or disguises, as a pretext or subterfuge." — Webster's Dictionary

But not all masks serve the above purposes for there is that most diabolic mask of all—the mask of shame. To Iron Hat Ferris came the humiliating task of wearing this ancient helmet of disgrace... and to Batman and Robin came the dangerous task of capturing and unmasking... "The MAN in the IRON MASK!"
IN A DESERTED WAREHOUSE, A CROOK'S KANGAROO COURT IS IN SESSION.

HERE WE IS, SPECTS!

HELLO, IRON-HAT, BEEN TAKING MUSIC LESSONS? I HEAR YOU SING LIKE A BIRD-STOOL PIGEON!

THE COPPERS PICKED UP MITCH AND HEIST, SLIM, HERE SPOTTED YOU SINGING TO THE COPPERS, IRON HAT, SO WE'RE GOING TO CLIP YOUR WINGS...

SEE THIS? IT'S AN ANCIENT SCHANDERMASKE, OR MASK OF SHAME! IN THE MIDDLE AGES, SINNERS WERE MADE TO WEAR THEM AS A BADGE OF DISHONOR.

YOU'VE BEEN A TRAITOR TO THE MOB, SO YOU'LL WEAR THAT KIND OF IRON HAT NOW, AN IRON BIRD CAGE FOR A STOOL PIGEON!

NO... NO!

HORRIFIED, IRON-HAT WATCHES THE BIZARRE MASKS LOCK BANDS BEING WELDED TOGETHER, HELPLESS TO RESIST THE DIABOLIC PLAN...

DON'T DO THIS TO ME! DON'T... PLEASE...

THEN LIKE THE SHADOWY FIGURE OF HISTORY MADE FAMOUS BY ALEXANDER DUMAS, CROOKDOM'S TRAITOR HAS BECOME — THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK!

AND WE'VE SENT THE D.A. AN ANONYMOUS NOTE OUTLINING YOUR MURDER OF THAT DRUGGIST LAST YEAR!
NOW--SCRAM! AND DON'T TRY TO GET HELP FROM UNDERWORLD FRIENDS! THEY'VE BEEN WARNED. SO LONG--IRON-HAT!

AT THAT MOMENT, THE BATIGNAL FLASHES ACROSS THE SKY, CALLING THE BATMAN AND ROBIN TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

POP! IS THAT A NEW MODEL CAR? NO, SON... THAT'S THE BATMOBILE... THE BATMAN'S SPECIAL CAR...

AT THE RA'S OFFICE BATMAN IS TOLD OF AN ANONYMOUS NOTE JUST RECEIVED...

AND IT SAYS THEY WELDED AN IRON MASK OVER HIS HEAD!

WHAT A DEVILISH METHOD OF TORTURE! IRON-HAT FERRIS IS BRANDED AS A KILLER AND A BETRAYER!

HE'S HUNTED BY THE POLICE AND BY CRIMINALS! HE'S IN A KIND OF IRON!

THEY'RE ALL AFTER ME! WHERE CAN I GO? IF ONLY I COULD SHED THIS IRON MASK, I'D HAVE A CHANCE.

JOEY... MY OLD PAL... HE'LL GET A FILE... HE'LL HELP ME... SURE HE WILL... I'LL GO SEE MY OLD PAL... JOEY...
AT "PAL" JOEY'S FLAT...

G'wan, lam. Stoolie... be before the boys find out I been talkin' to ya!

Ya can't turn me down. Help me. Be a pal, Joey.

I could be a pal for a thousand smackers! Thou...? But I'm busted/specs took all my dough and the coppers are watching my flat.

A grand's my price. Get it!

May be I call pull a job and get the dough. You wait... I'll be back.

But Joey is uneasy...

Maybe the gang trailed him here to test me? I gotta cover myself. I'll call the coppers.

THE CALL...

That was an anonymous stoolie. Ironhat's going to break into the iron-tails building. We'll surround the place and-

No! If Ironhat spots police, hell go under cover.

Robin and I will wait for him there. We'll get him!

Well! All right! But remember— I'm up for re-election and if you fall down on this, I fall with you. My opponent, Kendall, will see to that.
LATER...

THE IRON-TABS BUILDING IS IN THE BRIGHT LIGHTS SECTOR—IRON TABS WOULDN'T RISK EXPOSURE, SO HE'LL PROBABLY APPROACH OVER THE ROOFTOPS.

YOU HOPE!

I GUESSED RIGHT. LET'S TAKE HIM—AND DON'T AIM FOR HIS HEAD!

ONE POKER AND... OWOOO!

WE double-crossed me! He ducked—oh, my hand!

YOU sit tight while I go after him!

AND IN A ROOM BEFORE BANKED LIGHTS...

WHAT'S your HURRY?

UH! LEMME GO!

AND OUTSIDE...

LOOK! THE ANIMATED SIGN'S ON AGAIN? HEY—THAT'S BATMAN UP THERE!
YES, UNWITTINGLY BATMAN AND IRON-MASK ARE BATTLING BEFORE THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELLS THAT TRANSFER THEIR SILHOUETTED ACTION TO THE INCANDESCENT SIGN!

IT'S BATMAN! HE'S FIGHTING THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK!

TENSELY, THE EXCITED CROWD WATCHES—AND WONDERS...

IS IT A GAG OR THE REAL THING?

THAT SOCK ON BATMAN'S CHIN LOOKS REAL ENOUGH FOR ME.

BATMAN'S DOWN!

THERE GOES THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK—RIGHT OUT OF THE PICTURE.

MY HEAD FEELS AS IF IT'S FILLED WITH FEATHERS. ROBIN... DID YOU SEE WHERE HE WENT?

UP THE GIRDERS!

THERE HE IS!

HE'S LOOSENED PART OF THE NEON SIGN. IT'S FALLING—STRAIGHT AT US!
LATER... AT THE D.A.'S OFFICE...

OH, I KNOW IT COULDN'T BE HELPED! I'M NOT BLAMING YOU, BUT MY OPPONENT WILL USE IRON-HAT AS A POLITICAL CLUB!

THE OPPONENT—HENRY KENDALL—THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS RESPONSIBLE. BECAUSE OF HIS INCOMPETENCE, A DANGEROUS KILLER IS LOOSE ON OUR STREETS!

I DEMAND THAT THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY EXPLAIN HIS FAILURE TO CATCH IRON-HAT FEHRIS. THE VOTERS OF OUR CITY DESERVE AN ANSWER.

THE D.A. DEPENDED ON US AND WE LET HIM DOWN. WE'VE GOT TO FIND IRON-HAT!
MEANWHILE, IN THE SHADOWS, A HARRIED,furtive figure moves aimlessly...

I AIN'T GONNA HAVE A CHANCE WITH BATMAN AFTER ME, AN' I'M TIRED OF HIDIN' IN BACK ALLEYS! I'M GONNA GIVE MYSELF UP.

SUDDENLY A CAR DRAWS UP...

IRON-HAT FERRIS, WITH EVERYONE LOOKING FOR HIM, 2 OF ALL PEOPLE, FIND HIM! WHAT LUCK.

HELP ME?

POST... GET IN... I'LL HELP YOU.

WHY SHOULD YOU HELP ME?

IT'S ONLY FAIR... AFTER ALL, YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME—TO GET ELECTED AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

SOON, A REIGN OF TERROR HOVERS OVER THE CITY—AN IRON REIGN—BY THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

A GOLD CARGO OF AN "IRON HORSE" THE PAYROLL OF AN "IRON WORKS" A FLAT-IRON COMPANY SAFE.

I DON'T GET IT! WHY ALL THESE "IRON" JOBS!

PERHAPS HE'S BECOME MENTALLY DERANGED AND BLAMING IRON FOR HIS TROUBLE, THIS IS HIS METHOD OF REVENGE.

LOOK AT THIS!

RARE EXHIBIT OF IRON OBJECTS Nobbyist allows public to view his collection of unique iron objects, including "iron" coat "shooting" used by oldtime western badmen.
Hi! How's the scrap iron business?

Batman and Robin!

He's closing the spiked doors of the Iron Maiden! Robin will be killed unless...

That night, into the fantastic exhibit room steals a fantastic intruder...

Ha! Ha! Into the open arms of the Iron Maiden!

Then Batman hurles an iron spear to jam the door of the Iron Maiden, ancient torture device...
But, in that moment, Batman is off-guard...

OHHH!

Though dazed, Batman grapples with the iron-clad thief — and presses a small suction cup against the unfeeling shell of the iron mask.

Moments later...

Not exactly! He doesn't know it, but he's carrying a tiny transmitter of sonic signals in a suction cup on his mask! I was prepared for this emergency.

Our receiver is tuned to the same wavelength as his transmitter! The sonic signals will lead us to the man in the iron mask!

It's starting to rain — will that stop the sonic signal?

No! Besides, we're at the end of the trail! The blips are very strong now.

Blip blip blip blip.
IN THE CELLAR OF AN OLD MANSION...

I'M BACK! THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK HAS DONE HIS LAST ROBBERY! THE GAME'S OVER...

NO...NO... YOU CAN'T!

THAT'S RIGHT... YOU CAN'T... AND WON'T.

BATMAN! HOW...??

WE CAN DO WITHOUT THE GUN. UH... YES... I DON'T NEED THE GUN. I'LL SMASH YOU WITH MY IRON SKULL—AS I'VE DONE BEFORE! HA-HA!

BUT BATMAN IS AGAIN PREPARED—THIS TIME WITH IRON GLOVES!

NOT QUITE! THIS TIME I'VE GOT IRON FISTS—TWO OLD ROMAN BOXING GLOVES! I BORROWED THEM FROM THAT HOBBYIST'S COLLECTION!

THE ROMANS CALLED THIS MAMED PEST A GESTE. THE PUNCH SHOULD RATTLE YOUR HEAD AND—you'll knock yourself out!

CLANG!

UGHHH!
HE—HE WAS GONNA KILL ME!

IRON-HAT FERRIS. BUT I THOUGHT... THEN WHO'S THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK?

HUM. THE IRON BANDS WERE SAWED APART, THEN CEMENTED TOGETHER TO SIMULATE WELDING.

IRON-HAT EXPLAINED HIS MEETING WITH KENDALL...

THEN AFTER HE SAWED THE MASK OFF HE TIED ME UP. HE SAID HE WAS GONNA IMPERSONATE ME AND MAKE THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE!

OBVIOUSLY, KENDALL'S PLAN WAS TO MAKE THE D.A. LOOK INCOMPETENT SO KENDALL COULD WIN THE COMING ELECTION.

All his "IRON" ROBBERIES WERE A CLEVER SCHEME TO MAKE THE PUBLIC "IRON MASK" CONSCIOUS.

Yeah, after the build-up he was gonna warp the mask back on me and tell the cops he shot me as I was tryin' to rob his place.
SHREWDS
PSYCHOLOGY
EVERYONE WOULD
BELIEVE THAT WHILE
THE ENTIRE POLICE
FORCE FAILED,
KENDALL GOT THE
MAN IN THE IRON
MASK! HIS ELECTION
AS D.A. WOULD
FOLLOW.

SUDDENLY, THE
HELMETED
CRIMINAL
CANDIDATE
COMES TO
MY WAY!

OUT OF

A ROLL OF THUNDER FROM THE
DROWNING SKY AND A JAGGED BOLT OF LIGHTNING
LEAPS AT THAT LONE FIGURE IN THE OPEN FIELD!

YAA-AAA!

IS HE...

YES...HE'S DEAD! HE
WAS EXECUTED AS
SURELY AS IF WE HAD
BEEN SITTING IN THE
ELECTRIC CHAIRS!

THE IRON
ATTRACTED
THE LIGHTNING!

AND THAT'S
THE IRON
END OF THE
MAN IN THE
IRON MASK!
BATMAN

CHIEF
Hot F—

CARS

NICE CAR!
NICE? WHY, IT'S THE
FINEST CAR YOU CAN
BUY TODAY!

NOW IF YOU HAVE AN OLD CAR
TO TRADE IN I'M SURE WE
COULD DO BUSINESS!

ME WANT UM TRADE IN
WHITE PONY - UM TOO OLD!

BRAND NEW ANIMAL PALS!

ROLY

POLY

CRAY

LIKE A

FOX

AN OLD FAVORITE

MAGAZINE WITH A
FLOCK OF NEW
FEATURES ADDED!

PETER
PORKCHOPS

DOODLES
DUCK

PUSS
N POGH

AT YOUR FAVORITE STAND - DON'T MISS IT!
SHORTY

Dubs Evries!

Knuckles down tight!

Click click

Wanna shoot another pot Shorty?

Nah— I'm all outta immies.
GAMEJIN' DON'T PAY— OH 1 DUNNO— 26-27-28—
YOU'LL ONLY LOSE ALL THOSE TO SOME OTHER GUY—

ANY THEN HE'LL LOSE 'EM TO SOMEONE ELSE, AN SO ON— IT DON'T PAY
NOW Y'ALL GOT TH' WRONG SLANT—
TAKE MY UNCLE GEORGE— HE'S BEEN PLAYIN' PINOCHE AS A INVESTMENT—

WHEN HE WINS, TH MONEY GOES INTA TH' BANK PER ME
HOW MUCH Y'ALL GOT IN THERE NOW?
NOTHIN'— WE ONLY STARTED SIX YEARS AGO!
Here we are at the glider show, fellows stick close to me and don't get into any trouble!

Okay Captain Tootsie!

Oh boy! Captain Tootsie isn't watching me! I'll just sit in this glider for a minute and see how it works!

But Rollo's little brother Bumpy does not know the plane is ready for launching and accidentally kicks the brake lever.

Heya, there's a kid in that sailplane!

Yeehaw!

It's a good thing we eat Tootsie Rolls, kids! We'll need lots of energy for this job!

Good job Captain Tootsie!

Hooray for Captain Tootsie!

He's a real hero!

Craw out of there buddy! You're lucky you weren't hurt.

Here we are! Down she comes light as a feather!

Captain Tootsie, you saved me!

Congratulations Captain Tootsie!

Here you are folks! Have a Tootsie Roll!

Thanks, Captain Tootsie. We eat them all the time!

Tootsie Rolls not only gave you energy, but they're delicious and long lasting, too! Keep them in your pockets and be set for action!

Follow Tootsie Rolls on your next outing! Tootsie Rolls are a sure-fire hit on your next outing—packed with lots of nutrition in each little roll. And that's always a good thing amongst hungry boys and girls. So grab a bunch of Tootsie Rolls and enjoy the fun. They'll keep you going the distance!
The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

ON THE COVER OF MORE FUN COMICS FOR EXAMPLE! IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ANY COMIC MAGAZINE!
DEATH SERENADE

by Desmond Walters

OLD Ben Ali, the Hindu fakir, spent the
hot afternoons in his accustomed place
don the dock, among the tourists.
There were some who said Ben Ali wasn’t a
real fakir, that he could do only a few simple
tricks.

But Ben Ali’s detractors could be dis-
counted. After all, they were for the most part fakirs themselves, or magicians or
numericians. And they weren’t quite so
successful with the tourists as old Ben Ali;
for they hadn’t mastered his rope trick.
The tourists’ favorite was the rope trick. It
was, of course, an optical illusion—any fakir
knows that. Some of the tourists knew it,
too, but they enjoyed the show just the same.

With a simple cord or rope, and the aid of
his nephew, Young Ali, the old man did
his wonderful trick. The tourists would mar-
vell at us, untouching by human hands, the rope
climbed high into the air, young Ali stop it
Then, lightly and airily, young Ali would slide down the suspended stand.

The tourists would applaud wildly. And
their donations, which they dropped into
the basket replacing in front of old Ali’s crossed
legs, were always generous.

It is safe to say that old Ben Ali was the
most popular fakir in the country. Even his
music charmed the tourists, many of whom
used to linger and listen to the weird sounds
emanating from the antique instrument.
Sometimes, young Ali would sing to the
simple music, but usually the boy preferred to
listen.

In the hot, unshaded area, the boy sat
talking to old Ben Ali. We have made much
money these past months, oh, uncle,” he
said, “Allah has been good to us.”

“Allah be praised!” the old man said
“But, remember—for hostile ears no menti-
on of money must be made.” He smiled
indulgently at his nephew “When you go
to Bombay or Madras for your education,
you must be the finest dressed student in all
India.”

For years now, it had been old Ben Ali’s
dream to send his nephew to a fine school,
that he might grow up to be a pandit and
bring glory to the name of Ali. For that, he
had saved his money.

But there were others who had plans quite
different from Ben Ali’s—plans that concerned Ben Ali’s money.

The Thursday of the market place often discussed old Ben Ali and his reputed wealth.
Banas, the beggar, said: “But it is true,
Farkas, I saw him with my own eyes buying an enormous ruby, just yesterday.”

Farkas, the leader of the thieves, closed
his eyes. He appeared lost in thought. “Yes,
I, too, have been thinking of Old Ben Ali’s
fortune,” he said “and I am convinced that he hides it in his shack, where he lives alone.”

Shallah, a pickpocket spoke. “But do you
not fear his music?” he ventured cautiously,
for all knew the rages into which Farkas could fly when anyone opposed him “Try
my hut serenade can charm even the evil
spirits and make them do his bidding”

Farka’s eyes glinted evilly. “Faugh!” he
said “That is how old wives talk! What harm
can possibly be done by one old man? He
learned to do the full extent of what he
had to say from us. “Can you not see that
Ben Ali is full of fear? I have learned that
ten years ago he was a fakir in Bombay. At
that time, he used to charm a cobalt. But he
said that he grew to fear the reptile so much
then one day he got rid of it. It was then
that he learned the secret of the rope and
the music”

Farka’s hands opened and closed slowly,
though they were about a foot. “Tonight,” he
said “I will have the old man’s fortune Or his life.”

Meanwhile, as the momentous meeting
was taking place, old Ben Ali was bidding his nephew good-night. It was time to go
home and prepare the evening meal. "After eating, one should sleep, oh nephew," he
said, "for when one is old, much rest is needed."
Young Ali smiled. "Tonight we do not practice the music and the new trick?" He
was glad, for his friends were having a party.
Old Ben Ali shook his head. "You have learned the new trick well, my son," he
said fondly. "And soon you will take my place in the market square, until you are of
age to go to school." The old man smiled as he thought of the new tricks, and how amused
the tourists and the other fakirs would be. Yet, soon now he would show the other
fakirs how great a magician he was.
Slowly, he wound his way home, pausing now and then to exchange greetings with
merchants along the way that he knew well.
In his hut at last, he placed his beloved born on the crude pallet he called a bed.
Then, after a light repast, for old Ali was one who believed dates and a little rice
enough food for an old man at night, he dug into the floor. From its confines he
brought out two small baskets, both of which were fastened with straps. He softened
the straps on one of the baskets, unaware that game was through the chunks in the curtain
was Farkas, king of the thieves.
Farkas' eye popped as he saw the wealth of gold and rubies in the one basket. It was
all he could do to contain himself an old Ali added the day's spoils to the pile. Only
two baskets did Ali open, but a great one was Farkas' anxiety to get into the hut, that he
did not notice that. The door being locked, it was necessary to knock and enter under the
cloth of friendship.
This Farkas did and, after a suitable wait during which time Farkas knew old Ali was
finding the baskets beneath earth again, he was admitted.
"And to what do I owe this honor?" asked Ben Ali. "A visit from the king of thieves."
Farkas smiled. "I have heard of a remarkable musical instrument," he said,
"which might be obtained if you would care to buy." He moved closer to Ali, who had seated
himself on the pallet. Then, suddenly, he leaped. His fingers closed around the old
man's throat. In an instant, the aged body was still.
Quickly, Farkas set to work digging up the basket. His eyes glittered as he tore
off the straps. "A fortune!" he breathed, looking at the basket of rubies and money.
"A double fortune, for the other basket must be filled if he put the daily returns into
this one. He ran his hands greedily through the pile of wealth.
Then he paused, suddenly alert. Strange, weird music was filling the room. Farkas
whirled. The old man hadn't died. He had recovered and was now sitting in the center of
him pallet, blowing on a musical pipe. He looked calm and unconcerned about Farkas' presence.
Rage filled Farkas as he advanced slowly toward the old man. Behind him, the cover
on the second basket was lifting slowly, but Farkas didn't see it. He was saying, "This
time I will break your bones, old fool!"
But as he advanced toward old Ali, he stopped, frozen as his tracks. For the old
man's eyes were not on him! And they were not tear-filled! They were staring beyond
Farkas, at something behind his back.
Farkas whirled. Then he screamed.
It was too late. The cobra, which had slithered from the second basket, under the
spell of old Ali's serenade, struck. Seconds later, Farkas was dead.
"He tried to steal my money," old Ben Ali explained to the English commissioner,
an hour later. "He did not know that in the other basket was my own cobra, who will
dance to the music of my favorite nephew, young Ali."
The commissioner looked at the old fakir. For fifteen years he had tried to cope with
the sounds of these Hindus. And Farkas had long tried his patience. He was well rid of
the third.
"Case dismissed," he said. "You followed the path of justice, Ben Ali." Nevertheless,
he, too, wondered about the secret of Ali's serenade. But just try to get these
fakirs to reveal their secrets!
Here’s a Christmas story you won’t soon forget—a merry yuletide yarn about creatures with and without tails! In it, Batman and Robin play Santa Claus to some sad and lonely folk—and keep their hand in the fight against crime by trapping the Catwoman, but read on and enjoy the hectic ups and downs the dynamic duo encounters in... "A Christmas Tale."
Yes, Christmas is a time for giving...

I'll enjoy giving Joyce this lovely doll!

But to some it is a time for taking!

Thieves! Stop! Help! Police!

Later... an S.O.S. in the sky!

Guess we'll have to trim the tree after we trim some crooks.

And soon...

The Batmobile

Poor Batman and Robin never get a holiday. Crooks don't even respect Christmas!

Presently—the Office of Police Commissioner Gordon...

Something wrong?

Wrong is right! I've solved kidnappings and dognamings, but this is the first time I've had a catnamping case.

Catnapping?!

Yes, your old playmate, the Catwoman is stealing cats around town—and I'll be hanged if I know why!
One owner of a stolen cat is Miss Merritt... I'm alone in the world... an old woman... and my little red Persian cat was all I had...

Scarlet O'Hair, I called her... and now she's gone... stolen... why? I've no idea!

Next, Ned Gorman, night watchman at a cold storage plant...

Yer Whitey was a fine mouser... just an alley cat, but all white, like clean snow. No 1 dunno why anybody'd steal him.

I'll sure miss him! Some folks have to work on Christmas Eve - I'm one of 'em. Whitey would have kept me company.

Golly, why'd that Catwoman steal him? He's just an alley cat - he doesn't even have a tail.

And there's little Timmy...
I found him in a garbage can. Somebody didn't want a cat without a tail, I guess. But I didn't care. Tag was a swell cat!

Golly, I'd rather have tag back than any ol' present for Christmas! Gee... Gee whiz.

Robin! We're--

Wait, don't tell me. Let me guess--we're going to find those cats!

Now, why would the Catwoman steal a red Persian cat, a mouser from a cold storage plant, and an alley cat without a tail? Why?

Cat... a club is found in the newspapers.

That's it! Just the sort of loot that fits the Catwoman's pattern of "cat" jobs.

Museum gets mummy of cat pet of ancient Pharaoh.

X-ray of cat mummy reveals precious jewels.

Yes, the ancient Egyptians worshiped cats as gods. Rich families put gems in their cats' ears, and when they died the animals were mummmified and buried in special cemeteries.
That night... at the Gotham Museum...

Yes, thieves have tried many ruses to get away, but once they loaded a bag with this...

...not this time! Nothing tied to this cat... not even a collar! Here, Kitty...

Sure, Kitty's just cold.

Say, why's his tail so stiff?

 товаров...

Then, outside, a sleek figure appears—

The Catwoman!

Fry open that door! The gas will keep those guards awake until we're through!

Moments later... through that same door come Batman and Robin!

The cat's tail... split open! And, it reeks of gas!
IT'S A PHONY TAIL!
NOW WE KNOW WHY THE CATWOMAN WANTED A CAT WITHOUT A TAIL—SO SHE COULD ATTACH A FALSE TAIL THAT'S REALLY A GAS CYLINDER!

IN THE MUSEUM'S EGYPTIAN ROOM...

THE MUMMY CASE IS ALMOST OPEN!

YOU'RE WRONG—THIS CASE IS ALMOST CLOSED!

BATMAN!

IN CASE YOU'RE INTERESTED, THE LADY BEHIND YOU IS THE EGYPTIAN CAT GODDESS, PASHT!

I AIN'T INTERESTED—OW!

AS THE FIGHT MOVES INTO THE HALL OF DINOSAURS, AN ANCIENT MUMMY PROVES ROBIN'S ALLY:

THANKS FOR THE LIFT, PAL!

WHOA, KITTEN!

BUT—A QUICK TIE—AND THE CATWOMAN'S BELT BECOMES A CAT-O-NINE-TAILS!

HOW DO YOU LIKE MY UTILITY BELT, BATMAN?
CUT HER OFF, ROBIN!

SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER

BUT A WELL-AIMED KICK—AND A GIANT CAT OF THE PAST HELPS THE CATWOMAN OF TODAY!

LOOK OUT! ULP!

NOW... ONE SHOT AND DA GREAT BATMAN IS JUST A MEMORY!

AGHHH

NO... DON'T!

WHAT'S THE IDEA? YOU SOFT FOR DIS GUY?

N-NO... BUT WHY HAVE A MURDER RAP HANGING OVER US?

WHY DID I SAVE HIM? MAYBE I AM SOFT... OH... I'M ALL CONFUSED.

LATER... BATMAN WAKES...

WOW! THAT SKELETON PACKED A PUNCH!

THAT CAT-WITCH I OWE HER SOMETHING FOR THIS CRACK ON THE HEAD...

YES, BATMAN, YOU OWE HER SOMETHING—YOUR LIFE!
Later...

Well, now we can return tag to Timmy!

Not yet, Robin! I've got a job for Tag to do first!

Look—this dropped from one of those Thug's pockets. What is it?

It's a special wax—used for waxing skis. Hmmmm... I think this explains that cat, Whitey!

...Cats in cold storage plants grow heavy coats of fur! I'll bet the cat woman stole Whitey because he can stand extra cold climate, and he's white.

Moon Valley is a rich society resort. Maybe she plans to use Whitey to do a job there! The ski wax suggests skis... she'd probably go disguised...

Later... the Batplane heads north

G'mon, Spill it—what's the mystery about the cat without a tail?

Figure it out, Robin! I'll keep your brain active—and you'll need an alert mind where we're going.

Next day... at swank Moon Valley, winter resort, the Christmas spirit is high...

Ho! Ho! Ho!

How clever! A Santa on skis!

Look at Santa's assistant! Hahaha!
CATER... A NOVELTY DOG SLED RACE...

AND THE WINNER GETS THIS $10,000. NOW—GET SET—

"GO!" THEY'RE OFF—BUT AS THEY ROUND A TURN—OUT JUMPS DOGS' ANCIENT ENEMY—A CAT!

OKAY, KITTY GIVE EM A RUN FOR THEIR MONEY!

THEN THE DOGS ARE REALLY OFF—AND SO ARE THEIR RIDERS!

STOP! HALO!

ARF! ARF!

As the crowd rushes to aid the fallen racers, the judge is left alone—but not for long!

We got da prize dough! It's up to da Catwoman to clean out da hotel vault.

But Santa and his assistant see the robbery... This is it! Strip for action, Robin!

And for the second time in their careers, the duo wears white camouflage!

The last time we wore these suits was in "The Case of the North Pole Crimes." Remember?

Yes... The white blends with the snow and we caught the crooks by surprise—as we will now—I hope!
THEN, FROM HIDING THEY TAKE UNIQUE EQUIPMENT!

THOSE THUGS HAVE A HEADSTART BUT THESE SKI SAILS WILL MAKE UP FOR IT.

I STILL WISH I KNEW WHAT YOU WANT WITH THAT CAT TAG.

WHAT A TIME TO THINK OF THAT!

X MARKS THE SPOT!

THIS PUTS YOU ON ICE.

MEANWHILE, UNAWARE OF HER MOB'S DEFEAT, THE CATWOMAN WORKS INSIDE THE RESORT HOTEL...

I'D LIKE TO PUT MY JEWEL BOX IN THE HOTEL VAULT. YES, MA'AM! I'LL HAVE O'HARA, THE HOTEL DETECTIVE TAKE CARE OF IT.

AS O'HARA ENTERS THE VAULT—A CLAWING RED FURY ERUPTS FROM THE 'JEWEL' BOX!

AAGHH!
Moments later—

O'hara—out cold!

Those scratches on his face! Robin, watch that cat! She's got a knockout poison on her claws!

So, that's why the Catwoman used a Red Persian, a breed noted for its temper. When irritated, it will claw anything within reach!

And cooping it up in that box no doubt irritated it plenty!

Yipe! The Catwoman! She was hiding behind the vault door.

We walked in before she could get away!

Pursued, the Catwoman unwittingly enters a windowless room used to rest the eyes of spectators suffering from snow glare.

Batman and Robin! How nice! I can see them, but they can't see me!

It's a nap! The motel cat awakens as the Catwoman stops beside it...

C'mere kitty...I can use you. I'll toss you to the other side of the room and Batman will hear you land and think it's me!

To calm the cat, the Catwoman rubs the animal's fur and...

Grab her!
Later...

How did you see me in the dark?

Tech-tech! The Cat-Woman should know that when you stroke a cat, static electric sparks jump from its fur!

Let's go visit Commissioner Gordon.

Hmmm, just a moment... you're ignoring an old Christmas custom.

That's mistletoe above us, well, don't stand there—KISS ME!

Don't turn me in, Batman! JOIN UP with me instead! Together, we can rule the underworld.

We can be a king and queen of crime! You and I—TOGETHER!

Together? How could we—outside and you inside a jail cell?

You... I hate you! I'll scratch your eyes out!

What long claws you have! But the prison manikin will clip them for you!
AND SO, ON CHRISTMAS EVE, BATMAN AND ROBIN PLAY SANTA CLAUS TO SEVERAL LONELY HEARTS!

BLESS BATMAN AND ROBIN THIS NIGHT... AND EVERY NIGHT!

THAT’S MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO YOU, WHITEY—the best ice cream in the plant!

AND ON CHRISTMAS DAY...

GOLLY, ISN’T TAG A SWELL CAT?

THE JUDGES AT THE CAT SHOW YESTERDAY THOUGHT SO, TOO! THEY AWARDED HIM FIRST PRIZE—$5,000!

BUT TAG DOESN’T EVEN HAVE A TAIL! A CAT’S GOT TO BE A PERFECT SPECIMEN TO WIN AT A CAT SHOW!

AND THAT’S WHAT TAG IS—A PERFECT SPECIMEN!


GOLLY, TAG... WHAT A SWELL SURPRISE!

YES, AND IT’S THE SWELL SURPRISE ON CHRISTMAS THAT MAKE IT SO MERRY! WHICH REMINDS ME—

MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!
I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

I Send You 6 Big Kits of Radio Parts

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