PARTNERS IN PERIL
face the steel-clawed fury of
The Catwoman
Genius or not, you can make fine snaps easily—snaps the gang will go for in a great big way.

Good snapshots have winning ways. People like to see pictures of themselves, of the games, parties, picnics they’ve enjoyed together. They like the snaps and they admire the photographer.

Know how easy snapshots are? Even first attempts come out beautifully. Part of the secret of good pictures, of course, is an eye for pictures. That’s up to you. And good film—Kodak Verichrome Film—is an other essential. It cuts out the guesswork. You press the button—it does the rest. Eastman Kodak Company Rochester 4, N.Y.

America’s favorite snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film—in the familiar yellow box.

Baby Brownie Special

World-famous little camera

In never-failing supply. This little camera priced at only 25c, plus tax, can go with you anytime, anywhere. Just the thing for "scooping." Soft focus, bright, big pictures. No adjustments on focusing. Goes speeded—it’s not for effect!
In tracking a crime to its source, Batman and Robin learn that the Catwoman's latest criminal exploits are inspired by the stories of famous felinos—puss in boots, Dick Whittington's cat... the Cheshire cat... and others. But there's a surprise in store for the Dynamic Duo when it finds the last chapter scratched in terror by... "Claws of the Catwoman!"
ATTACHES A STRING

USUALLY A CANARY IS IN A CAKE, BUT THIS TIME IT'S A CAT—THAT CRIME QUEEN—THE CATWOMAN!

MAIL FOR YOU, KITTEN! IT'S A BOOK!

THANKS!

"SPELL CAT"... THAT'S THE CODE KEY. MY GANG HAS FOLLOWED ORDERS TO THE LETTERS!

FIRST—I TEAR OUT THE THIRD PAGE, WHICH CORRESPONDS TO THE THIRD LETTER OF THE ALPHABET—C...

... THEN PAGES ONE AND TWENTY, MEANING LETTERS A AND T! THAT'S HOW I SPELL C.A.T.

THEN THE CATWOMAN ROLLS THE PAGES INTO A TIGHT BALL, ATTACHES A STRING THAT BECOMES A FUSE...

AND THIS IS HOW I SPELL ESCAPE!

BOOM!

CATWOMAN ESCAPES JAIL!
USES CHEMICALLY TREATED PAGES OF BOOK TO MAKE A BOMB WHICH SLAYS—CELL DOOR OPEN!
LATER... THE LAIR OF THE CATWOMAN!

Yes, Hecate, the "FAMOUS FELINES OF FICTION" will form my new crime pattern...

Purr-r-r... Purr-r-r...

A Policeman helping a cat—a familiar scene.

MEOW! MEOW!

MEANWHILE... another cat helps herself to gems!

The cop's still off his beat!

Thanks, slug... and thank you, sir.

Y'ou're welcome.

I stuck the poster on the window as you ordered.

Fine! It will give the police something to think about.

The next day, on a street in Gotham City...

MEOW! MEOW! MEOW!

Ten little kittens hung up to dry!

Somebody's got a mean sense of humor! Those poor little kittens.

Later... those unofficial lawmen, Bruce Wayne and his ward Dick Grayson—alias Batman and Robin—think about it also...

"Puss in Boots"?

HMM... riding boots?

That reminds me—The Rodeo opens tonight! Could it mean the Catwoman in Cowgirl Boots?
At that moment—EVENIN’ SHORE looks like a rollickin’ big crowd on hand TON’IGHT.

Yes, ma’am

I put my cowl on to show you with whom you’re dealing! Now... hand over the ticket money and hurry—

Soon.

How does it feel to be on the receiving end of a punch, cowboy?

Quick as a cat, that Catwoman!

TCH-TCH, Catwoman—Haste makes waste.

The chase leads to the rodeo arena... and one pantherish leaper carries the Catwoman astride a horse, then...

But the gate does open—and wild broncos and bulls break loose!

Don’t open that gate!

Robin: Forget the Catwoman! We must stop these animals before people get hurt.

My kingdom for a horse.

GOT TO KEEP BATMAN BUSY.
THE AUDIENCE NOW SEES A MORE EXCITING SHOW THAN WAS ADVERTISED!

IT'S ROBIN, THE BOY WANDER!

WHOA! DON'T BE BULLHEADED, LIE DOWN AND REST!

THAT IS SHORE PRETTY ROPIN' BATMAN! THAT ROUNDS UP THE LAST OF 'EM. BY THE WAY--THE CATWOMAN DROPPED THIS.

DICK WHITTINGTON?

NEXT CHAPTER

"DICK WHITTINGTON'S CAT"

OH, YES--HIS CAT KILLED THE RATS ON A FOREIGN ISLAND AND THE GRATEFUL KING BOUGHT IT FOR A SMALL FORTUNE.

A NICE STORY, BUT NOT TRUE!

YES--YOU REMEMBER THE STORY OF DICK WHITTINGTON, WHO BECAME LORD MAYOR OF LONDON BECAUSE OF HIS CAT?
IN THE 14TH CENTURY, THE TYPE OF SHIP THAT CARRIED COAL WAS CALLED A "CAT"! THE REAL DICK WHITTINGTON MADE A FORTUNE WITH HIS "CAT"—A SHIP-HAULING COAL!

WHITE CAT -- WHITTINGTON CAT! WE'VE PICKED UP THE TRAIL!

YOU MEAN, THE TAIL?

INSIDE THE PAYMASTER'S OFFICE...

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

MEOW!

MEOW!

Yeah... sounds like a cat...

YES, IT'S A CAT... GIVING HER PAW THE GO-AHEAD SIGNAL

MEOW!

MEOW!

AND WE'RE THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, AIN'T WE?

YOU'RE THE CATWOMAN, AREN'T YOU?

UH HUH... AND THAT'S THE PAYROLL, ISN'T IT?
LIE DOWN RAT ... WHILE WE GO AFTER THE CAT?

OUTSIDE

WHERE SHE GOES—DOWN THE COAL CHUTE COME ON ROBIN?

NOW—A CHUTE, THE CHUTE CHASE

AS THE PLUNDER PRINCESS REACHES THE TRUCK'S CAB THE DYNAMIC DUO DROPS THROUGH MADE IT!

OP! OUCH! AND HOW!

BUT THE CATWOMAN FLIPS A HAND LEVER—AND THE BACK FLAP OF THE TRUCK DROPS AND BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE OUT-COALED.
LATER, THEY AWAKEN...

A TROWEL... BRICKS... CEMENT
SHE TOOK OUR UTILITY BELTS

YES I'M GOING TO WALL YOU IN—JUST AS THE BLACK CAT WAS IN POE'S FAMOUS STORY

TILL I FINISH MY SERIES OF CRIMES! YOU WON'T SUFFOCATE—THERE'S AN AIR VENT ABOVE YOU!

...UNTIL ONLY ITS HEAD WAS SEEN... AND SOON...

REMEMBER THE CHESHIRE CAT OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND"... AND HOW IT DISAPPEARED A LITTLE AT A TIME...

...ONLY ITS SMILE REMAINED! THEN...

...THE CAT VANISHED COMPLETELY!

WE CAN BURN THE ROPE OFF IF I CAN SLIDE THAT CANDLE NEAR AHA I'M GETTING IT.

AND SOON—FREEDOM. OR IS IT?

CAN'T BUDGE IT, SHE USED QUICK DRYING CEMENT AND SHE TOOK OUR UTILTY BELTS SO WE CAN'T BLAST THE WALL AND ONLY A CAT CAN CRAWL THROUGH THAT VENTILATOR PIPE.

MEOW!

HECATE! THE CATWOMAN FORGOT HER PET! NOW WE CAN USE THAT VENTILATOR TO SEND AN S.O.S.

BUT HOW—WITHOUT PENCIL OR PAPER?

SHORTLY.

HELLO KITTY WELL WHAT'S THAT ON YOUR COLLAR?

MEOW MEOW!

AND SO THE CATWOMAN'S OWN CAT RESCUES HER ENEMIES!

THANKS OFFICER. IT'S A GREAT PLEASURE TO HELP YOU, BATMAN.

BATMAN'S GAUNTLET I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE AND THERE'S HIS SILKEN ROPE RUNNING INTO THAT PIPE HE'S INSIDE THAT BUILDING!

BATMAN... LOOK AT THIS BOOK!
Hey! Diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon...

HER NEXT JOB!
THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE!

AND TO THIS SPOT SWARM HUMAN CATS!
MAN, LISTEN TO THAT CLARINET,
IT SENDS ME!

Contest Ball Tonight?
All Non-Cats Who Enter Must Be Dressed As Cats!

HOLY CATS!
THE CATS ARE IN FULL SWING... AND FULL CRY!

C'MON, GATEWAY, LET'S JUMP A FRAME!

SWING GATE... SWING
ROBIN! HA-ALP!

YIPE!

HA-HA!
WOW! AFTER THAT, IT WILL BE A RELIEF TO TANGLE WITH THE CATWOMAN.
AND IN THE OWNER'S OFFICE...
YOU HEP-CATS CAN'T COME IN HERE.
YOU D' BETTER GET HEP TO THE FACT THAT I'M THE CATWOMAN AND GIVE ME THE NIGHT TAKE - FAST.

BOY! DID YOU LOOK FUNNY.

I'LL SCRACH YOUR EYES OUT.

BATMAN! WATCH THOSE CLAWS.

THEN THE AGILE CATWOMAN LEAPS OUT A WINDOW AND ONTO A ROOF.

GOT TO TRICK THEM! THEY'LL CATCH ME IF I DON'T.

THERE SHE IS!

STAY HERE, ROBIN! I'M GOING TO PULL THAT CATS CLAWS!
“Batwoman and Batman fight it out.

“Give up, kitty!”

“Never.”

“Take one more step and I’ll claw you.”

“Help! I’m stuck. I can’t move!”

“Good news! You can listen to my version of a famous feline of fiction. Remember the ‘Bell the Cat’ story?”

“It’s a story of how some mice wanted to hang a bell on a cat so they’d be warned of her approach. Well, I’ve just hung a bell on you!”

“And Batman isn’t kidding. For below a police car rolls up, its bell clanging wildly.”

“Eek!”

“Na-na-naa!”

“Police.”

“Clang! Clang!”
Pete Reiser

Champion base stealer of the major leagues

I just couldn't help it, your honor.

"Pistol Pete" was charged with 84 stolen bases during 1946. He committed 6 more felonies than any other cushion catcher in big-league baseball.

Where did I pick this up?

Don't catch me missing an important meal like breakfast when a dish of milk, fruit, and Wheaties is on the menu," says Champion Pete Reiser. "Those whole wheat flakes come through in the nourishment department - and they've got a flavor that makes 'em mighty easy to take." Make it Wheaties 'Breakfast of Champions' every morning.

Among Reiser's loot were 11 thefts of home plate with these master burglaries. Pete carried off a modern major league record.

Wheaties

"Breakfast of Champions"

With milk and fruit.
What would happen if Batman were suddenly to go blind? And suppose gangland were to suspect that he was blind? Batman—blind as a bat!—just imagine it—batman in a dark world where knives glitter and guns gleam—and he cannot see them! And somewhere in that darkness lurks an enemy whose hand reaches out to unmask him, and expose his secret identity to the world. What can a blind man do in such a situation? How Batman meets this challenge is the story of the most perilous game ever played—a deadly game of wits known as... "Blind Man's Bluff!!"
FOR ON THE HIGH SEAS A LINER CRACKS UP ON A MONSTER ICE BORG. AND FATE THROWS TOGETHER TWO ODD SURVIVORS—A LAWMAN AND A ROGUE.

HELP ME! I CAN'T MAKE IT ALONE. IT'S DAN GRADY, THE COPPER.

DUDS NEERY, THE MOBSTER!

ADrift on the raft, the two castaways wait for inevitable death. We're going to die Duds and I thought I was taking a trip for my health, but they won't know. I've told you only because we can't last much longer. We'll never be picked up in time.

Two men with nothing to do but talk. The words flow easily. I've studied police records of all Batman's cases, and I'm convinced Batman is the millionaire playboy Bruce Wayne!

If I had my choice of revenge, I wouldn't kill Batman—do stop him by exposing him so he couldn't be Batman any more. Trying to discover Batman's secret identity has been my hobby for years.

Boy, what the underworld would give to know that! But shortly...

And I know the greatest secret in the world—Batman's true identity.
A MONTH LATER— IN GOTHAM CITY, BRUCE WAYNE WITNESSES A FIRE.

BRUCE, LOOK! WHAT A FIRE!

THERE’S A CHILD UP THERE! GOT TO RESCUE HER.

HELP! HELP!

HE’S SAVED THE CHILD!

WOW! BRUCE WAYNE THE MILLIONAIRE.

BRUCE!

BRUCE, WHAT’S WRONG?

I... I DON’T KNOW! IT’S MY EYES! I CAN’T SEE, DICK... I CAN’T SEE!

LATER... AT AN EYE SPECIALIST’S OFFICE.

CAN YOU SEE THIS LIGHT?

HMM... NO.

NO! I CAN’T SEE ANYTHING!

MR. WAYNE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW THE TRUTH—YOU’RE BLIND!

GULP! EASY, BRUCE!

BLIND!
BUT DON'T WORRY—IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY. THE FIRE SEARED THE OPTIC NERVE. IT'S LIKE SNOW BLINDNESS. YOU'LL BE BLIND FOR 72 HOURS!

ON!

AND IN THE HOSPITAL WHERE KEN GRADY AND DUDS NEERY ARE RESTING UP FROM THEIR SEA ORDEAL...

MR. NEERY: WHY HE CHECKED OUT WHILE YOU WERE ASLEEP?

HE SAW THAT STORY! I'VE GOT TO WARN WAYNE. DUDS WILL USE THIS TO DESTROY BATMAN—SOMEHOW.

LATER...

MR. WAYNE, YOU'RE BATMAN, BUT DUDS IS... SO IF YOU ARE THE BATMAN, BE CAREFUL.

ME BATMAN?

HA HA! I NEEDED A GOOD LAUGH AND YOU SAVED IT TO ME.

HA HA!

HOWEVER, THANKS FOR YOUR CONCERN, GRADY!

BUT DUDS IS OUT TO GET YOU. WATCH YOURSELF.

THE BAT SIGNAL! THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! WHAT WILL WE DO NOW?

YOU GO ALONE. TELL COMMISSIONER GORDON I'M BUSY IN THE LAB.
Later... Robin returns...

WE'RE LUCKY, NO HURRY CALL. JUST THIS LETTER MARKED URGENT ADDRESSED TO BATMAN.

You're my eyes, now Robin read it to me.

"Dear Batman or should I say—Bruce Wayne? Yes. I know your secret, and I'll prove it. I dare you to try and stop me from robbing the Polar Pure Storage Loft at 9 o'clock tonight. If you don't accept this dare the underworld will know you're Wayne, and blind for 72 hours.

SIGNED, BUD'S NEREE."
But wait—these are not the halting steps of a blind man!

If he's blind, how'd he know just how far to jump?

How? I don't know... but I must be a trick. I still think Batman is Bruce Wayne!

The answer: like an airborne radioing to a pilot flying blind in a fog. Robin broadcast to blind Batman!

Careful now... there's a riveting drill two steps in front of you. Now step over it.

Now, a long leap to the left... and you'll power dive into duds and his mob. Good luck.

You! This guy ain't blind. Here he comes!

Greetings, dude. No glad to meet you again.

You'll never know how glad.

His back's turned. Ill... oof!

Would you repeat that? Please.

Would you repeat that? Please.
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BE BLIND... UGH!

THANKS FOR TALKING AND GIVING YOUR POSITION AWAY!

THAT'S MY BREAK!

THEN - THE UNEXPECTED! THE HOIST CHAIN STILL SWINGING, AFTER ROBIN'S TRAPEZING, RETURNS?

LATER

YOU'RE SMART BATMAN - SOME HOW YOU TRICKED ME - BUT I STILL THINK YOU'RE BLIND BRUCE WAYNE.

CHEE BUD, ALL YA GOTTA DO IS LIFT HE'S MASK AND YOU'LL KNOW FOR SURE!

NO, THAT WOULDN'T BE SPORT NO - BATMAN UNDERSTANDS ME. IT'S LIKE A GAME OF CHESS - A GAME OF WITS. I MUST PROVE HE'S WAYNE-CLEVERLY!

AND I KNOW HOW IT CAN BE DONE, BATMAN! I'LL WRITE A NOTE GIVING THE ADDRESS OF MY NEXT JOB - I'LL HOLD THAT NOTE BEFORE YOUR EYES - THEN I'LLDESTROY THE NOTE!

BAH! NO INK IN MY PEN AND NOINK IN MY OFFICE!

I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE... I KNOW THE LAYOUT... YES... THE DICTAPHONE MACHINE IS STILL HERE.

Huh, Buds. Why Not Type The Note?

BATMAN HAS A PLAN IN MIND! BUT What?
AND DUQO DOES TYPE THE NOTE.

THEN DUQO HOLDS THE TYPED NOTE BEFORE BATMAN'S SIGHTLESS EYES...

TAKE A GOOD LOOK. READ IT—IF YOU CAN SEE.

NOW I'M SETTING THE PAPER A-FIRE.

YOU SCIENTIFIC DETECTIVES HAVE A METHOD OF RESTORING PRINT ON BURNT PAPER, SO I'LL SCATTER THE ASHES.

F YOU AREN'T BLIND, BATMAN, YOU READ THAT NOTE—BUT IF YOU ARE BLIND, YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY KNOW WHERE I'M GOING NOW! SO I'LL KNOW YOU'RE BRUCE WAYNE! HA! HA!

ALONE, BATMAN S HANDS FREE HIMSELF AND ROBIN...

BUT I DOES NOBODY NOTICED, BUT I SWITCHED ON THE DICTAPHONE!

WE'RE BEATEN. HOW CAN WE READ A MESSAGE THAT DOESN'T EXIST?

THE DICTAPHONE RECORD—AND BUQO'S TYPEWRITER ARE ALL I NEED!

HOW CAN A RECORDING OF CLATTERING KEYS GIVE BATMAN THE VITAL MESSAGE?
LATER... IN
BATMAN'S
SECRET
LABORATORY...

THIS AUDIOMETER
IS LIKE A SEISMOGRAPH—
IT RECORDS VIBRATIONS
OF SOUND. EACH TYPE
WRITER KEY, DUE TO
ITS WEIGHT, ITS KEY-
BOARD POSITION,
REGISTERS A
DIFFERENT
VIBRATION...

BATMAN MAKES A TEST
TYING OF EVERY KEY
ON DUO'S TYPEWRITER.
THE SENSITIVE AUDIO-
METER, REGISTERING
EACH "SOUND PRINT:"

NOW ROBIN, IF YOU COM-
PARE THE SHEETS OF "SOUND
PRINTS" YOU'LL FIND THE
MESSAGE DUO'S TYPED.

WOW!
THIS IS SOME
STUNT!

AND SHORTLY, THE
DYNAMIC DUO MAKES A
DYNAMIC ENTRANCE:

WHY BE SURPRISED?
ISN'T THIS THE ADDRESS
YOU TYPED ON THAT
PAPER?

BATMAN, MAYBE DUO'S
THOUGHT YOU NEVER LEARNED
TO READ?

SOUNDS
GOOD.
WISH I
COULD
SEE THIS!
Suddenly the terrified thugs make a dash for safety!

Batman: You stay here, I'll go after them.

Why did Robin leave you behind, Batman? Is it because you are blind?

As Robin leaves, a figure moves out of the shadows...

Robin's concern is odd! Did you trick me again? Well, this time there won't be any tricks!

There's my gun... it has one bullet in it! I dare you to pick it up, aim it at my heart—and shoot!

I never kill... I never use a gun—not even on a hoodlum like you! But I can shoot one.

I was counting on that! But you can prove you're not Wayne... by shooting a cigarette from my hand.

Shoot! But remember—if you're bluffing—if you're blind—you'll miss and might kill me! Then you'll have killed a man! Will your moral code permit that risk?

Shrewd, duds! He knows Batman would not risk killing anyone. But Batman does not shoot, duds will have proved he is the blind Bruce Wayne! Never, has Batman's carefully guarded identity been closer to unmasking!
Duds takes his eyes from Batman... Looks down at his cigarette—and as he does, a shot rings out.

Blam!

Huh?

But as Duds leaves hurriedly...

It's me... Grady! I heard a noise up here and was in time to hear Duds... so I shot the cigarette in half!

Grady! I've got to pretend I don't know him because I met him as Bruce Wayne.

Grady! I don't know you. Do it... why did you shoot?

Thanks, but you're as bad as Duds! If you hadn't been so fast on the trigger, I'd have proved I'm not blind by shooting that cigarette myself!

But you're a policeman—you should be chasing Duds!

Huh? Yeah... you're right... maybe I can still catch him so long.

Got to get rid of him before he gets suspicious.

Alone now, Batman uses his two-way radio to contact Robin...

I trailed them! Oh-oh... here comes Duds... on the run!

Okay! Stay hidden—give me the hideout's address.
At a busy corner nearby, Batman hails a taxi...

Wow, wait'll I tell the missus Batman rode in my cab! Where to, Batman?

Taxi!

Seconds later...

Look who's here—duds and company!

So I see.

Later...

They're inside this building on the first floor...

Oculist out.

Come on—let's get em!

Batman, you take the lug on your left, and I'll take the one on my right.

No sooner said than done!

NICE GOING, BING! TELLING ME WHERE TO HIT SO I WOULDN'T BE PUNCHING BLIND!

But as duds leaps, a clock strikes midnight...

And the oculist's display sign automatically switches off its light for the night!

Time to leave. I'll jump from this sign to the fire escape...

What...?? Light gone! I can't see! I missed the fire escape! I'm falling!
Monic Fad—Duds, who tried to trap Batman by his blind eyes, is himself trapped by ‘eyes’ that suddenly go ‘blind’!

Next day, the duo kept a previous date at a toy store to tell youngsters about the evils of crime.

We understand duo’s men thought you were Bruce Wayne—any statement, Batman?

Gee, I’d like to get Robin’s autograph!

Suppose I let my actions answer that—watch that target?

Wow! Bull’s-eye! All of ’em! That’s proof enough for me that Batman is not Bruce Wayne!

Me, too!

And Batman and Robin grin at each other... For, anticipating this situation, they had put a powerful magnet inside the dart target.

No use saying the notes that I thought would prove Batman is Bruce Wayne, just shows you how wrong a guy can be.

Batman’s secret’s safe. All are convinced—even these two skeptics!
Look at Bill's Shirts! Gee Whiz—Animal Pictures!

Hey Bill—Wait up! Where'd you get those neat pictures?

They're called "hot iron transfers"—Mom just presses them on with a hot iron. You get one as a prize in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat!

That's for us!

Here's the latest—a seal!

Gosh! Slick pictures and Kellogg's Shredded Wheat, too! M-M-M-M—

We can swap extras and get a whole set!

Genuine Hot Iron Transfers—
a picture prize in every package!

Easy—Mom just irons them on! Come out sharp and clear—stand many washings. There's one as a prize in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat!

Big! Up to 4 1/2" long

Hey kids! Get your pictures to wear on shirts and bandannas—in Kellogg's Shredded Wheat!

Kids love it, Mom!
Chief Hot Foot

Eagle Beak tell me of head good fishing stream near here.

Hey! What's the matter with you? Didn't you read the sign about the bull?

Me didn't read sign. I thought it said keep off the grass!

TRAPPING THE BANK ROBBER

See—look at that man climbing in that window. That's the bank! He must be a crook. Let's try to catch him!

Everybody back outta sight! Listen fellas—set your flashlights ready then at my signal.

Thugs!

Oh! These bright lights! I can't see!

Caught! And by kids with Bright Star flashlights and batteries!

Ouch!

Everybody rush him!

Gives more bright light longer!
DEATH STALK
by Bob Baker

MARC BANE moved silently through the woods every sense alert. The six-guns he had strapped on only a few minutes ago lay snug on his little hips. A leather thong held the holsters firm against his thighs.

Woodcraft was a science with Marc Bane and he now brought into play all he knew about it. With Indian Charlie on the loose—a man had to keep his senses about him. This was a death stalk and Marc Bane knew it.

His nervous, questioning eyes scanned the ground carefully. Marc Bane knew it would not be easy to pick up Charlie's trail. Even now the Indian might be watching him, ready to send an arrow of death his way.

From somewhere on his left came the shrill cry of a bird. Marc Bane paused, tense. Was that a signal? He wondered. Does Charlie see me?

For a long moment he stood tense and silent. Then, gradually, he relaxed. He moved forward; eyes on the ground. Suddenly, he stopped and a smile broke the tension in his face. It was only a tiny piece of paper, and it might have gone unnoticed by a stalk-er less skilled than Marc Bane.

He picked it up, put it in his pocket. "I'm on his trail now!" he told himself exultantly. "And he'll never get away from me!"

Marc Bane's hands stole to his guns, stayed there as he moved forward. To his right a creek burbled softly over the rocks. It was cool in the woods, despite the heat of the noonday sun.

As he thought of noon, Marc Bane's forehead furrowed. He had just remembered something else, something mighty important. For a moment, he considered turning back, then he shook his head. "Just a little more time," he murmured, "that's all I need—a little more time."

There was a sudden noon in the foliage ahead. Quickly Marc Bane slipped behind a tree. It was quite possible that Indian Charlie, thinking to shake off his pursuer, might double back on his tracks.

Hidden behind the tree, he waited. The guns were out of their holsters now. Hammers cocked.

He breathed a sigh of relief as three people emerged from a dense part of the woods. They carried picnic baskets with them. They were girls, about fourteen years of age.

Marc Bane watched them with cool eyes as they passed on without seeing him. "Pinecones!" He shook his head. "Mighty dangerous for them to be in the woods right now."

Then he stiffened as the words of one of the girls reached him. She was saying, "I was scared half to death! Imagine—an Indian!"

One of the other girls laughed. "It was all right, Mildred. You could see he had something on his mind. He wasn't interested in us."

Indian! Marc Bane's pulse jumped. Indian Charlie wasn't far away, and apparently he was moving north for the pinecones had come from that direction.

"He knows he's being followed now,"
Marc Bane breathed. "And he'll know it's me that's on his trail. Hot on it."

He stepped from behind the tree. The girls had come from approximately northeast. That could mean that Indian Charlie was working his way along the creek.

"And he's probably heading for the cave," Marc Bane exulted, "to wait for me to show up." He could picture it in his mind—Indian Charlie, beady eyes cold, waiting to send an arrow into Marc Bane.

Confident now that he was on the right trail, Marc Bane cut away from the creek. His circuitous course took him over rocks which played hob with his clothing.

He was breathing heavily as he neared his goal. He had come up behind the cave. Now, moving in a half-crouch, carefully, cautiously he inched toward the cave, sure that Indian Charlie was already there.

Marc Bane dropped to his hands and knees as he reached the top of the cave. Below the brook rushed past and over the stone of the water. Marc Bane heared a sound—a human, familiar sound.

A sneeze! There was someone in the cave! Indian Charlie?

Marc Bane looked around. Suddenly something brushed past his legs. He jumped back as a yellow form streaked past him. A wildcat. He called it a name, under his breath, for startling him.

Then he stiffened, his breath silent in his throat at the more compelling danger that was before him. The feathers on Indian Charlie's headdress were rising up out of the cave. Now Marc Bane knew how fast Indian Charlie could move.

He leaped.

His arms locked around the lithe form of Indian Charlie and the two, the pursuer and the pursued, rolled on the ground. There was a slight slope to the ground and this Marc Bane had not reckoned with as he tried vainly to get his gun.

"Look out," Indian Charlie grunted. "we're going in."

The warning came too late. Arms still locked around each other, they fell into the brook. The cold water knifed through to their skins. They stopped fighting briefly as they struggled to regain their feet, to get up out of the icy water.

Indian Charlie pushed Marc Bane away. He looked at his wet clothes, his bedraggled headdress. Fear was in his eyes, but it was not fear of Marc Bane's guns.

"Golly, Marc," he said, "you shouldn't have been more careful jumping on me like that. Now look at us. Boy, will we get it when Mom sees us!" He bent to slpit water from his pants. "What time is it?"

Marc Bane brushed water from his eyes. "I think it's way past dinner time," he said. "And you know Pop. He, too, looked worried. "I—1 forgot to get the meat for his lunch!"

Suddenly, his face brightened. "Hey, I saw Mrs. Pearce's cat a couple of minutes ago. He must have run away from home. If we can catch him and bring him back, somebody'll say anything. Come on."

Anxiously the two foes, allied now, turned in search of the runaway cat.

And at home, Mrs. Bane was saying to her husband, "Bill, I just don't know what to do with those two bays since you gave them those cowboy and Indian suits. They spend all their time in the park!!"
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The following may mean all about the
trademark as your guarantee of the best
in comic reading

**ACTION COMICS**
**ADVENTURE COMICS**
**ALL AMERICAN COMICS**
**ALL-FLASH**
**ALL FUNNY COMICS**
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**WONDER WOMAN**
**WORLD'S FINEST COMICS**

**is for VICUÑA**

Down South America way
he ruminates on grasses
and he says
"Now that ain't hay."
"And as for comic books,
my friends,
I'll tell you folks no lie—
the ones that bear
this good old sign
are the only ones to buy!"

On the cover of 'Buzzy'
for example:
it's your
guarantee of the best
in any comic magazine!
Strange and fearful armored monsters stalk the streets of Gotham City. Metal proxies who clank through the night obeying invisible masters who move them like monster marionettes!

But a man and a boy challenge these giant pawns of Peril. Batman and Robin the Boy Wonder...who battle all criminals, even if the bandits are inhuman like...

"The Robot Robbers!"
This is "Lifer's Row" in State Prison where hardened criminals serve a sentence some consider worse than death—life imprisonment. Meet Jawbone Bannon.

The Judge gimme 99 years! I only got 90 years to go ain't that a laugh?

Whitey Druks, who has served 26 years...

I wonder what it's like outside? I'll bet even the racket has changed!

And Four Eyes Foley?

It's been 36 years since I pulled my last job, but I ain't rusty! If I ever get out...

Then one day comes a ray of hope—a smuggled note.

Say, this note says a plane's gonna spring us tomorrow. And why is he pickin' three old timers like us?

But who's behind it?

Next day a radio-controlled helicopter drops smoke bombs—and a ladder over the prison yard and...

At last we're gettin' out.

Cough! Cough! Sound the alarm! Cough!

The mystery plane transports the trio to a huge estate...

I am Doctor Hercules—your liberator. Come in and I'll explain why I freed you lifers.
Many years ago, you three were talented criminals but today you're all too old for crime!

Yeah, we got some swell ideas but we're rusty.

But you can be young again! Your plans imprisoned in your aged bodies can be carried out by my robots!

Think of it - these robots will obey your crime commands while you three operate their controls here in safety and view their actions on the television screen!

If those robots are so tricky, why do ya need us?

I am only a scientist. I can't plot crimes but you men are specialists! As a combination we're unbeatable.

Why do I believe your specialty is stealing precious metals from odd places?

Yeah, this news item I seen says will give ya an idea where we can get a fortune in silver every six months.
SOME TIME LATER. WHITEY THIS WILL BE YOUR ROBOT! SEE HOW THE ACETYLENE TORCH "HAND WORKS--HANDY FOR SAFES."

SWELL ILL PAINT MY PRISON NUMBER ON FER. LUCKY HAW.

NIGHTFALL AND THE FIRST OF THE ROBOT ROBBERIES BEGINS AS A HELICOPTER POWERS G DEM ON A MOVIE LOT.

WHO--AGHH.

AND MILES AWAY, BEFORE THE TELEVISION SCREEN, WHITEY OPERATES THE CONTROLS THAT MAKE THE METAL PROXY.

OUTSIDE THE STUDIO WALLS, THE CIRCUITING BATMOBILE!

BOY THIS IS JUST LIKE DIRECTIN A MOV N PITCH.

BATMAN, THE STUDIO ISN'T USED AT THIS HOUR, YET SOMEBODY SCREAMED.

LET'S FIND OUT ROBIN.

KNOCK EM OFF WITH MY ROBOT.

LOOK OUT ROBIN!

BATMAN AND ROBIN WE MUST ELIMINATE THEM.

KNOCK EM OFF WITH MY ROBOT.
Wow! We can’t trade punches with that metal monster.

Our best offense is defense! It can’t shinny up a rope but we can head for that siege of Troy set.

We made it.

Not quite. Here comes the iron man riding that camera boom.

In a world of yesterday a man of today battles a machine-man of tomorrow! UHHHH!

Meanwhile, a best throw from Robin and the Boy Wonder’s silken rope finds its mark.

First time I ever corralled a horse as big as this.

The bigger they are—the harder they flop.
Meanwhile, back at Dr. Hercules’ Crime Citadel:

The whole set is burning. You must save your robot quickly. You fool—send the helicopter to him!

Robin:

Jump—the horse is falling!

After:

My poor robot—he almost got killed!

If he had the results would have been fatal for him—and you!

Meanwhile... Two crime busters are hot here:

Dr. Hercules: I’ve taken more outa museums than they put in em.

This newspaper story—83295. The number on that robot is the same as on one of those caped lifers. Coincidence?

Wonder? Let’s check with our files!
From the Batman's ingenious files that contain thousands of crime stories on microfilm...

Suddenly, police alarms!

Calling car & robot in Gotham Museum guards stopped by crowds fighting for spilled glasses.

Four Eyes?

The meteoric speed of the Batmobile beats the police car to the scene where...

We couldn't get through that mob so he'll head for the rear. Come on!

A surprise that's going to knock that robot right off his feet.

What's in that package?

Wow! Free jewels!

Diamonds finders keepers?

This little tank buster is just the thing for that metal marionette.

A Bazooka!

Here he comes! Get set.

Wait! I can't shoot while he's holding those priceless museum paintings.
BATMAN CAN'T FLY, SO I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!

HEY! YOU BIG STIFF!

WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES PLACING THE GUNS DOWN WHERE THEY'LL BE OUT OF DANGER -- AND KILL ROBIN!

ROBIN! BUT I DON'T SEE BATMAN!

DAVE VS. GOLIATH

ROBIN VS. ROBOT

MISS ME!

GULP. I'M NOT SCARED OF YOU ... MUCH! COME AND GET ME!

OKAY, BATMAN -- NOW!

BOOM!
ONE LESS ROBOT TO WORRY ABOUT.

THAT BAZOOKA'S QUITE A WEAPON. LET'S GET THESE PAINTINGS BACK TO THE MUSEUM BatMan.

QUITE A WEAPON INDEED—FOR ITS DEADLINE ECHOES IN ANOTHER ROOM.

IT WOULD TAKE YEARS TO BUILD ANOTHER ROBOT—SO YOU'RE OF NO USE TO ME ANY LONGER.

UGHHH.

FOUR- EYES OUTLIVED HIS USEFULNESS. HE WOULD ONLY BE IN THE WAY.

YEAH—AN WE GOT JOBS TO DO.

LATER, A TWO-MAN ARMY PLANS A NEW STRATEGY.

YES, AND IT'S OBVIOUS THE ROBOTS ARE RADIO-CONTROLLED AND MOST LIKELY ARE UNDER OBSERVATION VIA TELEVISION.

THEN WE AGREE SOME CROOKED SCIENTIST MUST BE BEHIND THESE ROBOT ROBBERIES?

WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA—HOW WE CAN TRAP THE NEXT ROBOT IMMEDIATELY IF THE WEATHER IS RIGHT...

WEATHER? WHAT KIND OF DOUBLE TALK IS THAT?

OUR INSTRUMENTS INDICATE THUNDERSTORMS AND LIGHTNING FOR TOMORROW.

THANKS FOR WHAT IT HOPED.
Now Robin, since Jawbone likes jewelry jobs, we'll throw him some bait!

Next day...

Listen to this. Doc Duchess of Wondervale leaves priceless gems to be polished at Morton Jewelers. Dates for me.

Have you a plan in mind?

Morton Jewelers are in the Gotham State building. 30 years ago I robbed that place and I'll do it again. The same way.

Stop the Gotham State building. A new antenna for a television station is being erected.

That night the crashing of a thunderstorm in the sky drown out the shattering of a plate glass window below.

Hmm—looks like quite a storm blowing up.

Five o'clock boys. Quitting time.

More windows are smashed setting off clanging clarions that divert attention from the alarm of the Morton Jewelers.

Ow, my ears!
Presently, in the express elevator rocketing up to the Gotham State Building's observation tower...

30 years ago, after I got the swag, there was a small blimp waitin' for me to get away. Now there'll be a helicopter, but the techniques the same! Ha ha.

But also waiting are Batman and Robin!

Greetings

What'll I do? Those two meddlers are here again!

As the robot daper reaches for Robin...

Now if I can hook my legs around this hoist rope...

I can give Iron Man a bellyache!

Get the robot to the plane, if Batman and Robin interfere—destroy them!
BACK AT THE CONTROL ROOM...

ANOTHER BLOW LIKE THAT COULD INJURE THE ROBOT'S DELICATE MECHANISM! FORGET ROBIN... GET YOUR ROBOT CLIMBING!

AND AS THE ROBOT climbs, OMINOUS CLOUDS GATHER IN THE FROWNING SKY AND THUNDER BOOMS NEARER...

BOOM!!

NOW THE ACROBATMAN SPINS ON THE SLIM, SKY-HIGH, CROSS BAR...

MAYBE THIS WILL SLOW YOU UP A LITTLE, METAL MAN.

HERE COMES THE HELICOPTER. HE MADE IT!

NO—I THINK WE DELAYED HIM LONG ENOUGH. HERE COMES THE STORM!

BUT THE ROBOT BRUSHES BATMAN ASIDE LIKE AN ANNOYING INSECT! UP HE CLIMBS—UP—UNTIL HE IS THE HIGHEST POINT IN GOTHAM'S SKYLINE.
ABRUPTLY, LIKE A CROOKED FINGER OF DOOM, A JAGGED LIGHTNING BOLT STRIKES THE ROBOT!

AND AT THAT INSTANT— IN THE CONTROL ROOM—

CRASH!

YAAAAA!

THEN, THEIR INVISIBLE FEET SNAPPED THE HELICOPTER AND THE MONSTER ROBOT PLUNGE TO A SHATTERING DOOM.

BOOM!

LATER, BATMAN EXPLAINS...

I KNEW JAWBONE'S METHOD OF CRIME SO I HAD TO LURE HIS ROBOT HERE DURING A LIGHTNING STORM!

LATER, BY CHECKING SERIAL NUMBERS ON THE HELICOPTER PARTS, THE PURCHASERS ARE TRACED TO THE HOME OF DOCTOR HERCULES.

LIGHTNING IN VARIA NTLY SEES THE TALLEST POINT IN THE CITY— AND GOTHAM'S HIGHEST POINT IS THE GOTHAM STATE PRISON— Especially when THERE'S A STEEL ROBOT ON ITS ANTENNA.

THEY'RE STUNNED— SHOCKED. THE BOLT OF LIGHTNING WAS CONDUCTED THROUGH THE EARPHONES!

TOO BAD THEY W ERN'T ELECTROCUTED. WELL, THE STATE WILL HAVE TO DO THAT.
COMPLETE YOUR HOME CIRCUS!

RING NO. 3 of Post’s Cereal Circus now ready! Shoot the Bute men from the cannon! Make the Rocky block leopard do real somersaults!

JUST TEN CENTS and a GRAPE: NUTS BOX TOP!

If you thought Ring No. 3 was fun—well wait, wait till you get your hands on Ring No. 3!
You can actually shoot the little men from a cannon! The lively block leopard does real somersaults. There are cowboys, and broncos that sure-enough buck! And that’s not all!
You also get a fat lady, an Indian rubber man, a bouncing lady, a wrong man, a thin man, a clown, animal trainers, tigers, lions, a giraffe, a tower, a performance platform, and a racing runway.

All animals and performers are made of heavy, durable cardboard. They come in bright circus colors. Nothing to cut or paste. Just press and put ‘em together.
The whole circus is yours for one dime and the top of a package of Grape-Nuts. Get Grape-Nuts, the nutty-sweet, sugar-coated cereal that tastes the more fluff your box top and dime with coupons for POST’S CEREALS CIRCUS Ring No. 3.

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Here’s my box top. Here’s my dime. Send me the BIG CIRCUS RING NO. 3

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ADDRESS: ______________________
CITY______ STATE ______
PLAYFUL

POP

LISTEN, POP THIS IS AN IMITATION OF A TRAIN

AND THIS IS WHAT THE BIG BANGS ON A BATTLESHIP SOUND LIKE.

NOT BAD. LET ME SHOW YOU MY IMITATION OF A VIOLENT TORNADO.

I'LL BACK UP A LITTLE. IT SOUNDS BETTER AT A DISTANCE.

SEE, POP, THAT SOUNDED LIKE AN IMITATION OF A MAN FALLING DOWN STAIRS!

I JUST DID!
LEARN INSIDE BASEBALL FROM BIG LEAGUE STARS!

LOOK! JUST LIKE THE BIG LEAGUERS DO IT!

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Address:
The Adventures of
Sam Spade
( THE CASE OF THE TELL-TALE COMB )

NINA SPOONBILL FINALLY SUFFRED A BLOW TO FURRY MIKE'S CHERRY POP SMELLS LIKE STRYCHNINE!

SAM, LOOK AT THE RAIN COME THE BLOOD-DRUNK!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! LAST TIME MIKE NEEDED A COMB WAS 30 YEARS AGO AND LOOK AT THAT MESS OF RED HAIR! GIVE ME A LITTLE CALL ON SOME BRAZIGHTS!

YOU MEAN RED HAIR AND STRYCHNINE? AND UP TO SOMETHING!

SAM SPADE SAYS WE'VE GOTTEN MINE ORDERED. MINE HAIR HELPS YOU MAKE THE SAME. AND IF IT TELLS ME, I'LL TELL YOU TO WIN YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

HERE'S THE PLACE NOW! OUY BOYS GET YOUR BUNS OUT!
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Everything you want

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