

No. 9



IND

# BATMAN



FEB.  
MARCH

10¢





# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

HERE IS A TALE OF MYSTERY AS OLD AS MAN IS OLD. A TALE, ALSO, OF FOUR SKEPTICAL, BIG-TIME RACKETEERS WHO FIND BLASTING GUNS HELPLESS AGAINST THE BLACK, RELENTLESS FORCES OF THE UNKNOWN! MIGHTY BATMAN AND ROBIN--BATTLING THIS SAME VICIOUS CRIME BAND--COME UPON THINGS AND HAPPENINGS THAT EVEN THEY ARE UNABLE TO EXPLAIN. MERE COINCIDENCES? PERHAPS--WHO CAN REALLY TELL? CAN YOU RIP AWAY THE VEIL OF MYSTERY THAT SHROUDS THESE INEXPLICABLE EVENTS--AND SOLVE THE BAFFLING RIDDLE OF --- THE FOUR FATES!



TONIGHT  
WE BRING  
YOU "PERSONALITIES"  
AT HOME!

WASH UP YOUR  
DISHES LATER,  
--NOM-- YOUR  
FAVORITE RADIO  
PROGRAM IS ON  
AGAIN TONIGHT!





THE SASSY EARS OF MILLIONS LISTEN TO THE BROADCAST--



TONIGHT WE ENTER ANOTHER HOME TO INTERVIEW ANOTHER INTERESTING PERSONALITY!

BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, ARE AMONG THE LISTENING AUDIENCE--



ISN'T HE THE FELLOW I READ ABOUT RECENTLY-- WEARS A GIANT RUBY IN HIS TURBAN!

THAT'S RIGHT, A RUBY WORTH A KING'S RANSOM!

A SWITCH IS THROWN--AND THE MAGIC OF RADIO TRANSMITS THE ANNOUNCER'S VOICE TO MILLIONS--



JAFFEER, THE RADIO AUDIENCE IS WAITING TO HEAR YOU! SPEAK!

AT THAT VERY INSTANT, FOUR FUSTIVE FIGURES EASE THEMSELVES INTO THE JAFFEER MANSION--



BUT THIS JOB IS WORTH DON'-- THAT RUBY WE READ ABOUT MUST BE WORTH A MINT!

A LIGHT IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE! JAFFEER MUST BE SITTING UP READING!

THE THUGS PUSH OPEN A DOOR AND GET THE SHOCK OF THEIR LIVES!



STICK 'EM UP, JAFFEER OR-- HOLY SMOKE! HE'S ON THE AIR!

LADIES AND-- .... I--WHO?



LIFT THAT ROCK, AND LET'S SCRAM!

THAT'S IT, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

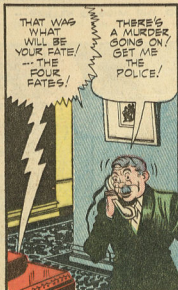


YOU--YOU FOOLS, YOU'VE STOLEN MY LIFE FROM ME! UPON YOU I CAST THE TERRIBLE CURSE OF THE FOUR FATES!

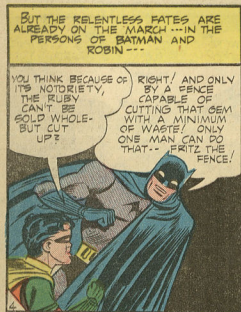
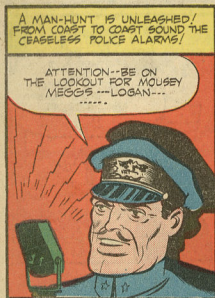
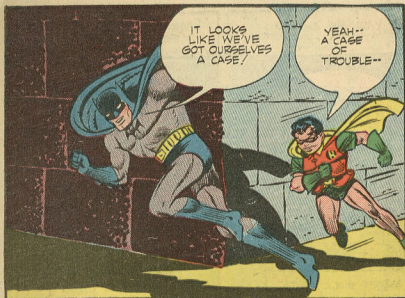
THE CURSE OF THE FOUR FATES! OUTSIDE, THE VERY SKY ITSELF SEEMS ACCURSED--SEEMS TO FROWN AND GROAN AS THE DREAD WORDS ARE SPOKEN!



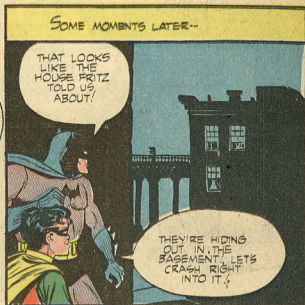








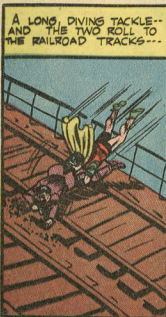
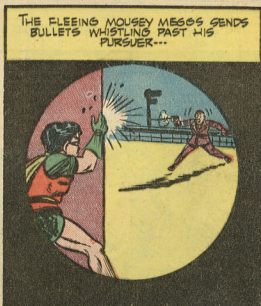
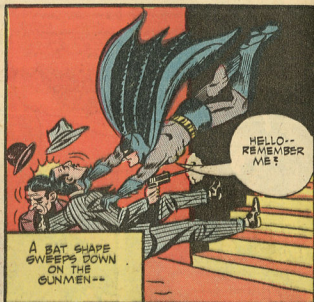
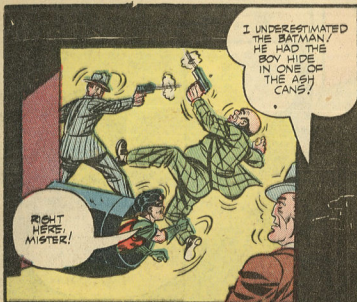




TWO SLAMMING BODIES RIP A ROTTED DOOR FROM ITS HINGES--AND ARE GREETED BY BLASTING GUNFIRE--









MEANWHILE, THE BATMAN HAS A MAN-SIZED FIGHT ON HIS HANDS, AS THE ESCAPED THUGS BATTLE DESPERATELY! SUDDENLY--A GUN CRASHES---



A SMART GUY THAT AINT SO SMART ANYMORE!

AND NOW ITS OUR TURN TO GET OUT BEFORE THE COPS COME IN!

THIS GUY WILL KEEP... FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!



THE BATMAN DEAD? NOT QUITE, FOR THAT BULLET HAS ONLY CREASED HIS SCALP--AND SO--MOMENTS LATER--



ROBIN TELLS OF MOUSEY'S UNTIMELY DEATH---

SO--MOUSEY DIED JUST AS JAFFER SAID HE WOULD. I WONDER IF... BUT OF COURSE THERE'S NOTHING TO IT!



NEW DAY.

MOUSEY DEAD! THE MYSTIC, REMEMBER?

YEAH--HOW LIGHTNING WAS GONNA GET HIM!

IT--IT'S JUST COINCIDENCE--IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ANYBODY--



YEAH! BUT IT DIDN'T HAPPEN TO ANYBODY--IT HAPPENED TO MOUSEY!

AW, WE'RE MAKING A LOT OF FUSS OVER NOTHIN'--AIN'T IT SO, BRAINS?

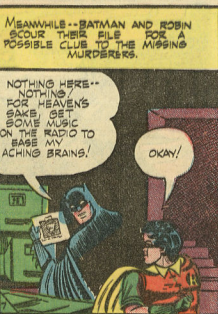
SURE--SURE WE'RE JUST LETTING THIS GO TO OUR HEADS!



MEANWHILE--BATMAN AND ROBIN SCOUR THEIR FILE FOR A POSSIBLE CLUE TO THE MISSING MURDERERS.

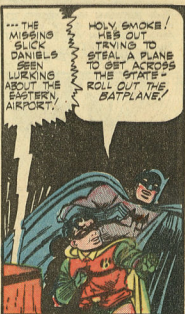
NOTHING HERE--NOTHING! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, GET SOME MUSIC ON THE RADIO TO EASE MY ACHING BRAINS!

OKAY!

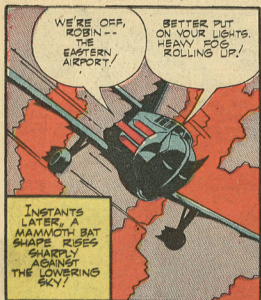


...THE MISSING SLICK DANIELS SEEN LUCKING ABOUT THE EASTERN AIRPORT!

HOLY, SMOKE! HE'S OUT TRYING TO STEAL A PLANE TO GET ACROSS THE STATE! ROLL OUT THE BATPLANE!







WE'RE OFF,  
ROBIN--  
THE  
EASTERN  
AIRPORT!

BETTER PUT  
ON YOUR LIGHTS.  
HEAVY FOG  
ROLLING UP!

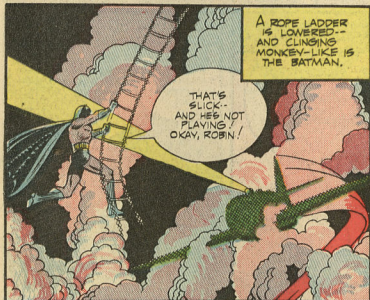
INSTANTS  
LATER, A  
MAMMOTH BAT  
SHAPE RISES  
SHARPLY  
AGAINST THE  
LOWERING  
SKY!



LOOK!  
I'LL BET  
THAT'S SLICK  
IN THAT  
PLANE!

SOME TIME  
AFTER--THE  
BATPLANE'S BEAM  
SEARCHES THE  
HEAVY BANKS OF  
BLACK FOG AND  
CATCHES A MAN-  
MADE MOTH  
FLUTTERING IN ITS  
LIGHT!

TRYING  
TO MAKE  
A GETAWAY!  
TAKE THE  
CONTROLS, ROBIN.  
YOU KNOW  
WHAT TO  
DO!



A ROPE LADDER  
IS LOWERED--  
AND CLIMBING  
MONKEY-LIKE IS  
THE BATMAN.

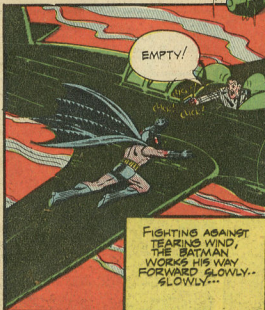
THAT'S  
SLICK--  
AND HE'S NOT  
PLAYING  
OKAY, ROBIN!



CLEVERLY, THE  
BOY MANEUVERS  
THE BATPLANE  
TILL IT HOVERS  
ABOVE THE  
FUGITIVE PLANE.  
A DARING DROP  
INTO SPACE  
BY THE  
BATMAN --



THE BATMAN IS FORCED TO  
HOLD FAST AS SLICK WHIRLS  
AND LOOPS IN AN EFFORT TO  
HURL HIM FROM HIS  
PRECARIOUS PERCH!



EMPTY!

FIGHTING AGAINST  
TEARING WIND,  
THE BATMAN  
WORKS HIS WAY  
FORWARD SLOWLY--  
SLOWLY...



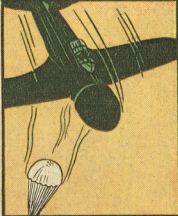
HELLO  
SLICK/  
FANCY  
MEETING  
YOU WAY  
UP HERE!



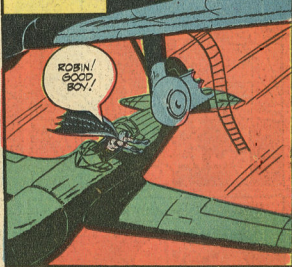
BUT SLICK LIVES UP TO HIS NAME! HIS HAND SNAKES OUT--A FIRE EXTINGUISHER EXTINGUISHES THE FIERY BATMAN--



WRECKING THE CONTROLS, AND LEAVING THE DAZED BATMAN IN THE PLUMMETING PLANE, SLICK JUMPS! FAR BELOW, HIS PARACHUTE BILLOWS OPEN---



BUT EVEN AS THE HELPLESS PLANE PLUNGES DOWNWARD, THE BATPLANE MATCHES ITS BREATHLESS DROP--AS THE BATMAN RECOVERS!

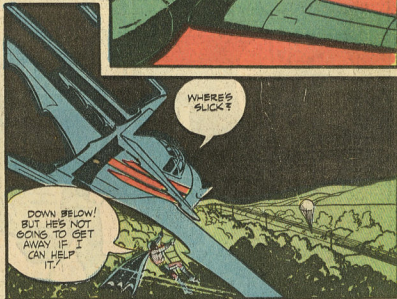


THE POPE LADDER! GRAB IT!

ROBIN! GOOD BOY!



A LEAP FOR LIFE!



WHERE'S SLICK?

DOWN BELOW! BUT HE'S NOT GOING TO GET AWAY IF I CAN HELP IT!

THE BATPLANE LANDS---BUT SLICK--

LOOK! HIS PARACHUTE LINES HAVE ROULED ON THE TELEPHONE WIRES AND ARE TANGLED 'ROUND HIS NECK!

IF WE DON'T CUT HIM DOWN IN TIME, HE'LL STRANGLE TO DEATH!

TOO LATE!

IT LOOKS AS IF FATE HAD CHEATED US OF BRINGING SLICK IN!

THE SECOND CURSE OF THE FOUR FATES HAS COME TO PASS!

"AIR WILL BE CHOKED FROM YOUR LUNGS!"



NEWS OF SLICK'S DEATH REACHES THE EARS OF A CERTAIN DUO IN A CERTAIN HOTEL ROOM---

--FOUND AS PREDICTED BY JAFFEER-- STRANDED!

SLICK TURNS YELLOW, SCREAMS AND GETS IT IN THE NECK!

I'M AFRAID TWO OF US HAVE ALREADY DIED JUST AS JAFFEER PREDICTED! WE'RE NEXT ON THE LIST!



NOT ME! I'D LIKE TO SEE ANY BULLET MADE THAT CAN GO THROUGH MY BULLET-PROOF VEST!

WATER IS TO CAUSE MY DOWNFALL. I SWIM LIKE A FISH. BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES! I'M GOING TO A PLACE WHERE THERE IS NO WATER-- THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.



IT WASN'T FATE THAT GOT MOUSEY AND SLICK. IT WAS THE BATMAN! KILL THE BATMAN AND YOU KILL THIS FATE!-- THIS HOTEL KEY-- SLICK HAD ONE IN HIS POCKET! THE BATMAN WILL TRACE IT TO SLICK'S HOTEL ROOM-- HMM---



NAILS LEAVES--AND NOT TOO SOON--FOR---

SLICK'S PALE HAVE FLOWN THE COOP! PHONE--MAY BE FOR NAILS OR BRAINS--



HYA, BATMAN! THIS IS LOGAN. YOU WANT ME-- COME AND FIND ME-- HAW! HAW!

LOGAN SAVED HIMSELF AWAY! I HEARD THE SOUND OF RIVETING WHILE HE WAS TALKING!

RIVETING? WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?



WORKMEN QUIT AFTER FIVE O'CLOCK. BUT HERE WE HAVE WORKMEN RIVETING AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT---

SURE--- HE MAY BE AT THAT EMERGENCY SUBWAY CONSTRUCTION JOB!

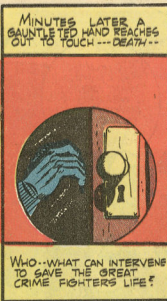
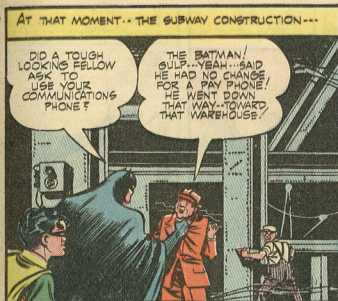
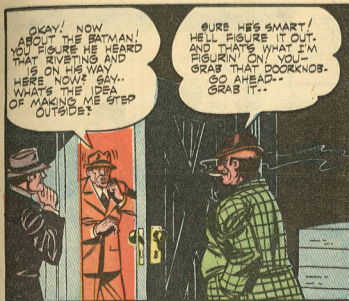
AT A DISTANT WAREHOUSE---

SO THE BULLET-PROOF VEST IS GOING TO HELP YOU! THAT DON'T SHOW YOU'RE SO TOUGH!

YEAH! ONCE I WAS IN A GANG WAR. THE PRISON DOCTOR HAD TO TAKE FOUR BULLETS OUT OF MY BODY-- THAT OUGHTA SHOW HOW TOUGH I AM!

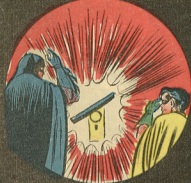




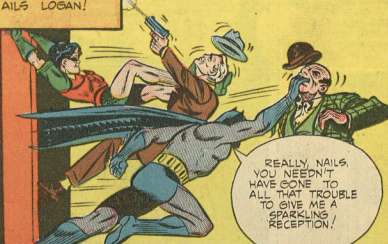




SNATCHING UP A HUGE, STEEL BAR, THE BATMAN HURLS IT AT THE CHARGED KNOB---



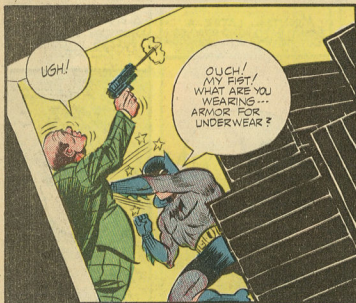
THE KNOB SHORT-CIRCUITED, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN SMASH IN ON NAILS LOGAN!



REALLY, NAILS, YOU NEEDN'T HAVE GONE TO ALL THAT TROUBLE TO GIVE ME A SPARKLING RECEPTION!

UGH!

OUCH! MY EYE! WHAT ARE YOU WEARING... ARMOR FOR UNDERWEAR?



\* NAILS DROPS LIKE A STONE!

AAAASH!



LATER -- THE PRISON HOSPITAL--

THIS MAN IS DEAD! HE'S BEEN SHOT!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I ONLY HIT HIM OVER THE HEART!



WHEN I REMOVED THE BULLETS NAILS RECEIVED IN A GANG WAR LONG AGO--IT HAD TO LEAVE ONE NEAR HIS HEART! TO REMOVE IT MEANT HIS DEATH! WHEN YOU HIT HIM OVER THE CHEST, YOU DROVE THAT BULLET INTO THE HEART!

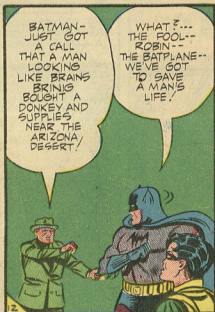


"METAL WILL STILL YOUR BEATING HEART!"

*The THIRD CURSE OF THE FOUR FATES HAS COME TO PASS!*

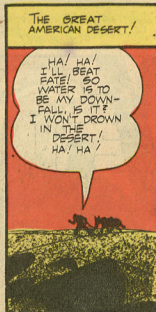
BATMAN-- JUST GOT A CALL THAT A MAN LOOKING LIKE BRAINS BRINGS BOUGHT A DONKEY AND SUPPLIES NEAR THE ARIZONA DESERT!

WHAT?... THE FOOL-- ROBIN-- THE BATPLANE-- WE'VE GOT TO SAVE A MAN'S LIFE!



THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT!

HA! HA! I'LL BEAT EAT! SO WATER IS TO BE MY DOWN-FALL, IS IT? I WON'T DROWN IN THE DESERT! HA! HA!





MEANWHILE, A SLEEK, BAT-SHAPED PLANE  
STREAKS THROUGH THE SKY IN A RACE  
AGAINST FATE!

I HOPE  
WE'RE NOT  
TOO LATE  
TO SAVE  
HIM!

TIME TICKS BY! AND TO QUENCH  
HIS THIRST FROM RAVAGES OF THE  
MOLTEN SUN-- BRAINS RAISES HIS  
CANTEEN--

EMPTY!  
NO WATER!  
I FORGOT  
TO FILL IT  
WITH WATER!

SUN--BLAZING  
HOT--MUST KEEP  
GOING--GOT TO  
BEAT FATE--  
CAN'T STOP  
NOW!

HEE--HEE--  
I'LL BEAT FATE  
YET--WATER WON'T  
BE MY DOWNFALL--  
HEE--HEE--  
I WON'T DROWN--  
A MAN CAN'T  
DROWN--

IN THE  
DESERT--  
I'LL BEAT  
FATE YET--  
AAAAHHH!

WATER CAUSED  
BRAINS' DEATH.  
AFTER ALL, BUT  
NOT THE WAY  
HE EXPECTED--  
IT WAS LACK  
OF WATER  
THAT GOT BRAINS  
BRING!

THE FOUR  
OF THEM  
DEAD--  
JUST AS  
JAEFFER  
PREDICTED!  
I CAN'T  
FIGURE  
IT OUT!

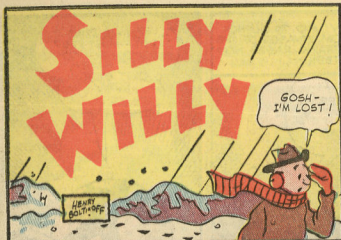
MAYBE  
IT'S JUST  
SOMETHING  
WE CAN'T  
EXPLAIN--  
A MYSTERY,  
EVEN WE  
COULDN'T  
SOLVE!

ROBIN--  
LOOK!

"WATER WILL BE YOUR  
DOWNFALL!"

THE  
FINAL  
CURSE  
OF THE  
FOUR  
FATES  
HAS  
COME  
TO  
PASS!

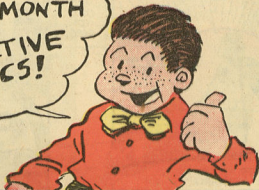




## SO YOU WANT MORE?

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF LOYAL FOLLOWERS OF **BATMAN and ROBIN** JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF THE SMASHING EXPLOITS OF **THE WINNING TEAM!**

WELL, YOU'LL FIND 'EM EVERY MONTH IN **DETECTIVE COMICS!**









# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

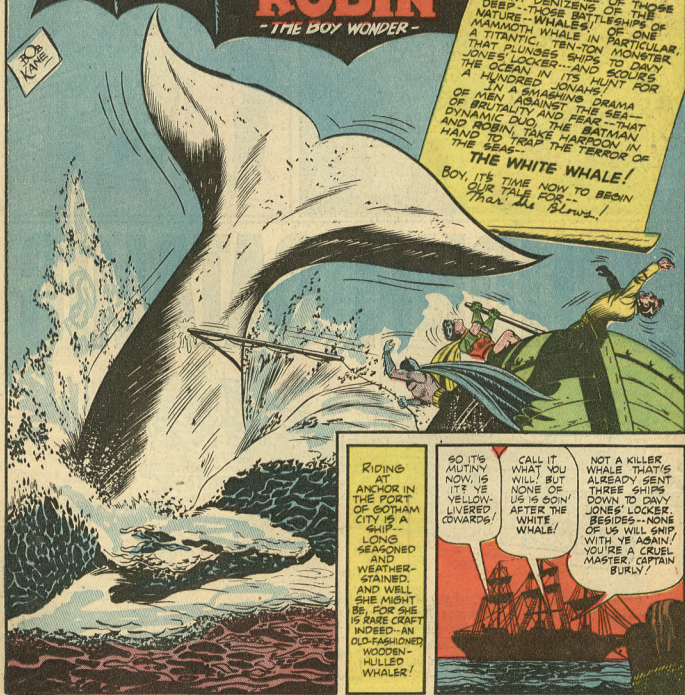
-THE BOY WONDER-

BO  
KANE

HERE IS A TALE OF THOSE  
GIANT DENIZENS OF THE  
DEEP--THOSE BATTLESHIPS OF  
NATURE--WHALES! IN PARTICULAR,  
A TITANTIC, TEN-TON MONSTER,  
THAT PLUNGES SHIPS TO DAVY  
JONES' LOCKER--AND SCOURS  
THE OCEAN IN ITS HUNT FOR  
A HUNDRED JONAHS!  
IN A SMASHING DRAMA  
OF MEN AGAINST THE SEA--  
OF BRUTALITY AND FEAR--THAT  
DYNAMIC DUO THE BATMAN  
AND ROBIN, TAKE HARPOON IN  
HAND TO TRAP THE TERROR OF  
THE SEAS--

**THE WHITE WHALE!**

BOY, IT'S TIME NOW TO BEGIN  
OUR TALE FOR--  
That's all, Blonds!



RIDING  
AT  
ANCHOR  
IN THE  
PORT OF  
GOTHAM  
CITY IS A  
SHIP--  
LONG  
SEA-  
SONED  
AND  
WEATHER-  
STAINED,  
AND WELL  
SHE MIGHT  
BE FOR SHE  
IS RARE CRAFT  
INDEED--AN  
OLD-FASHIONED,  
WOODEN-  
HULLED  
WHALE!

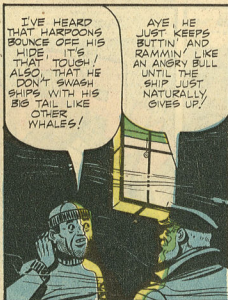
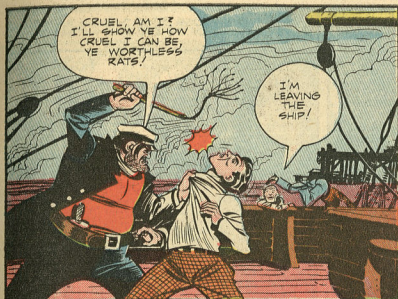
SO IT'S  
MUTINY  
NOW, IS  
IT? YE  
YELLOW-  
LIVERED  
COWARDS!

CALL IT  
WHAT YOU  
WILL, BUT  
NONE OF  
US IS GOIN'  
AFTER THE  
WHITE  
WHALE!

NOT A KILLER  
WHALE, THAT'S  
ALREADY SENT  
THREE SHIPS  
DOWN TO DAVY  
JONES' LOCKER.  
BESIDES--NONE  
OF US WILL SHIP  
WITH YE AGAIN!  
YOU'RE A CRUEL  
MASTER, CAPTAIN  
BURLY!









AFTER THE CAPTAIN  
LEAVES--

MR. WAYNE,  
YOU'RE A  
STOCKHOLDER  
IN THIS  
COMPANY--  
WHAT DO YOU  
THINK OF  
CAPTAIN BURLY?

WELL--  
HE SEEMS  
DETERMINED!



--TOO DETERMINED,  
DICK! PUT ON  
THESE CLOTHES.  
WE'RE GOING TO  
INVESTIGATE THE  
ACTIVITIES OF  
THE NOTORIOUS  
CAPTAIN BURLY!



AT HIS HOME, BRUCE  
WAYNE SPEAKS TO HIS  
YOUNG WARD DICK GRAYSON.

NIGHT! TWO SHADOWS MOVE THROUGH THE STILL,  
DEEPER SHADOWS OF THE BROODING WATERFRONT--

YOU STAY  
HERE! THERE'S  
NO TELLING WHAT  
MAY HAPPEN NOW,  
SO JUST FOLLOW  
MY LEAD!  
OKAY?

RIGHT,  
BRUCE--  
BUT BE  
CAREFUL!



WARILY, BRUCE SCOUTS AMONG THE  
GLOOM-MANTLED DOCK WHEN--

GOT  
A MATCH,  
BUD!

I GUESS  
SO--  
SURE!

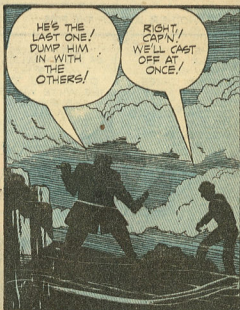


SUDDENLY--

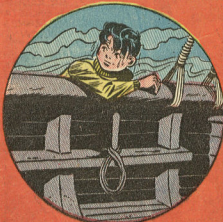


HE'S THE  
LAST ONE!  
DUMP HIM  
IN WITH  
THE  
OTHERS!

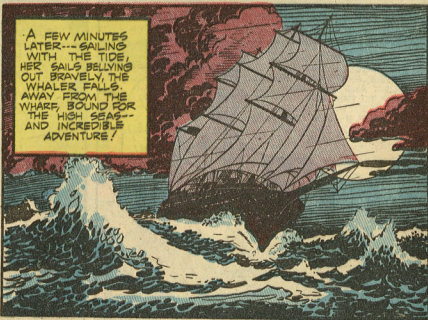
RIGHT,  
CAP'N!  
WE'LL CAST  
OFF AT  
ONCE!



MOMENTS LATER, A SLIM FIGURE  
CLIMBS SOUNDLESSLY TO THE DECK  
OF THE OLD WHALER!



A FEW MINUTES  
LATER--SAILING  
WITH THE TIDE,  
HER SAILS BELLYING  
OUT BRAVELY, THE  
WHALER FALLS  
AWAY FROM THE  
WHARF, BOUND FOR  
THE HIGH SEAS--  
AND INCREDIBLE  
ADVENTURE!





LATER-- IN THE HOLD----

SOMEBODY  
STOP THAT  
FLOOR FROM  
SPINNING,  
AROUND!  
OOHHH!  
DICK! WHERE  
ARE WE?

ON THE  
WHALE,  
BROTHER--  
YOU'VE BEEN  
SHANGHAIED!

SHANGHAIED--  
SO THIS IS HOW CAPTAIN  
BURLY COLLECTED HIS  
CREW! OH! OH!  
SOMEONE'S REGAINING  
CONSCIOUSNESS!

BETTER IF I'M  
A SORT OF SECRET  
'ROUND HERE! I'LL  
HIDE IN THAT  
EMPTY OIL  
BARREL!

MORNING-- AND THE MOTLEY  
CREW IS ASSEMBLED ON DECK--TO  
FACE CAPTAIN BURLY!

STOP YER SNIVLIN'--  
ALL OF YE, I'M THE  
MASTER HERE! LIKE  
IT OR NOT YER THE  
CREW OF MY SHIP--AN'  
WE'RE GOING AFTER  
THE WHITE WHALE!

WOTS  
TH' IDEA  
O' SHANGHAINING  
US,  
CAPN?

PLEASE  
TAKE ME BACK  
HOME. I'LL  
LOSE MY  
JOB!

I'M NOT--  
UGH!

UGH!

EASY,  
LAD!  
HE'S A  
BAD  
MAN!

BRASS  
KNUCKLES!  
THE  
ROTTEN--

I'LL SOON TEACH  
YE THAT MY WORD  
IS LAW ABOARD THIS  
CRAFT!

USING THE NAME, "JACK TAR", BRUCE  
ASSUMES THE ROLE OF A SEAMAN  
WHILE DICK STOWS AWAY IN THE  
HOLD!

THEN ---ONE NIGHT---

THAT MAN  
IS WORKING  
US TO DEATH!  
HE'S A  
TYRANT! I  
THINK IT'S  
TIME THE  
BATMAN PUT  
IN HIS  
APPEARANCE!

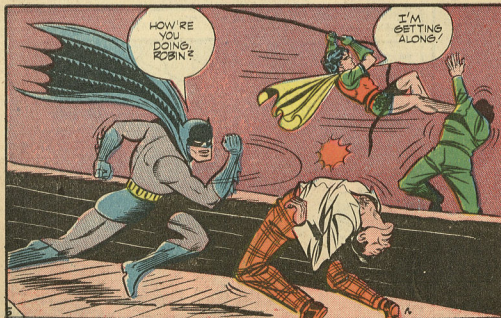
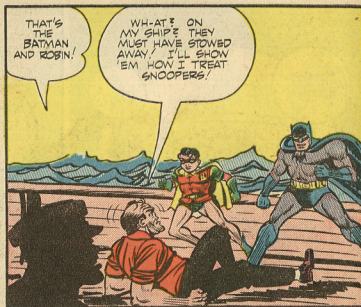
AND DON'T  
FORGET  
ROBIN! BUT  
HOW CAN YOU  
DO IT  
WITHOUT  
AROUSING  
SUSPICION  
UPON  
"JACK TAR"?

UP YE GO,  
YE LANDLUGGER--  
LIVELY NOW, OR  
I'LL TAKE A  
CLUB TO  
YE!

THE NEXT MORNING---

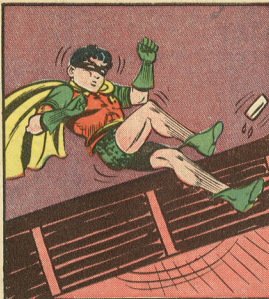
MAN  
OVERBOARD!  
IT'S JACK  
TAR! MAN  
OVER  
BOARD!



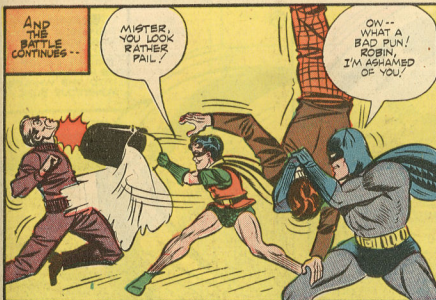




BUT EASER ROBIN HAS NO EYES FOR THE SOAP UNDERFOOT, AND---



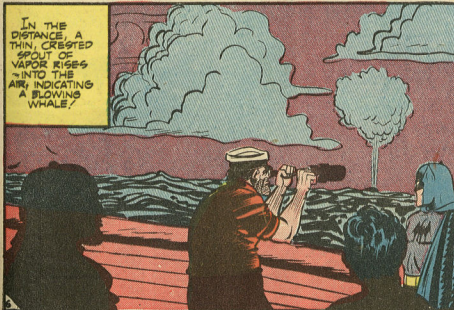
AND THE BATTLE CONTINUES--



THEN ALL FREEZE STOCK-STILL AS A LOUD CRY IS HEARD---



IN THE DISTANCE, A THIN, CRESTED SPOUT OF VAPOR RISES INTO THE AIR, INDICATING A BLOWING WHALE!





TRUE WHALERS, THE SEAMEN FORGET THEIR QUARRELS AS AN EXCITING WHALE HUNT LOOMS AHEAD!

① THE CHASE IS ON! THRASHING OARS SEND BOATS MISSING THROUGH THE WAVES.

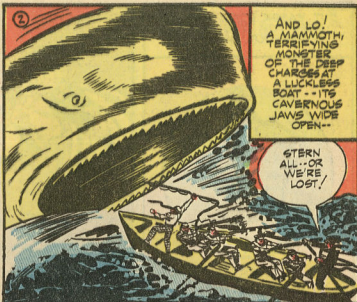
HEAVE! HEAVE! BLAST YE! PULL UNTIL YE BREAK THE OARS! IF YE CAN'T BREAK 'EM, BREAK YER BACKS! HEAVE, HEAVE!



②

AND LO! A MAMMOTH, TERRIFYING MONSTER OF THE DEEP CHARGES AT A LUCKLESS BOAT--ITS CAVERNOUS JAWS WIDE OPEN--

STERN ALL--OR WE'RE LOST!



③ ONE HORRIFYING MOMENT AS THE PONDEROUS JAWS SNAP SHUT, AND THE BOW OF THE BOAT CRUMPLES INTO SPLINTERS!



④

BRACING HIMSELF ON THE BUCKING BOAT, THE BATMAN DRIVES THE HARPOON DEEP INTO THE WHALE'S MONSTRIOUS BULK!



④ THEN UNEXPECTEDLY, THE ANGRY WHALE TURNS ON ANOTHER BOAT. THE FLUKES OF ITS VAST TAIL SWEEP ROBIN AND THE HARPOONER INTO THE CHURNING WATERS!



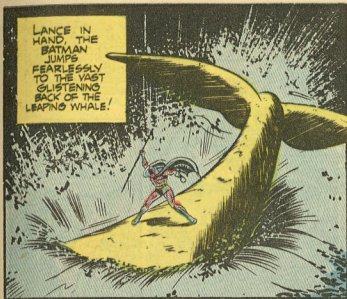
⑤ THE TREMENDOUS TAIL LASHES THE OCEAN INTO FOAM--THREATENING AT ANY MOMENT TO SMASH ROBIN AND THE HARPOONER!



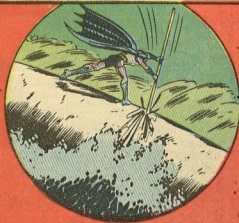
NOT A SECOND TO LOSE! THAT HARPOON!



LANCE IN HAND, THE BATMAN JUMPS FEARLESSLY TO THE VAST GLISTENING BACK OF THE LEAPING WHALE!



THE LANCE FLASHES IN THE SUN FOR AN INSTANT AND THEN HISSES DOWN LIKE A STREAK OF WHITE FLAME!



AND PLUNGES DEEP INTO THE SEA BEAST WHO STARTS TO ROLL OVER ON ITS SIDE!

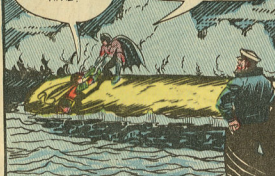


IT'S ALL OVER NOW--  
WHEW!

THE BATMAN'S FIRST THOUGHT IS OF HIS PAL, ROBIN--

GOLLY! I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER FOR SURE THAT TIME!

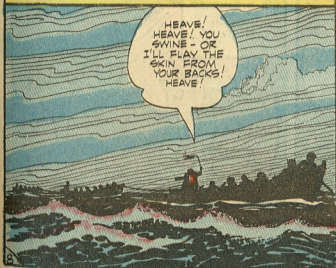
YOU GAVE ME AN AWFUL SCARE--YOU---  
YOU LITTLE DEVIL!



CUT OUT THE SENTIMENTAL ACT YOU TWO--OR YOU'LL HAVE ME IN TEARS IN A MINUTE! GET TO WORK WITH THE REST OF THE CREW!

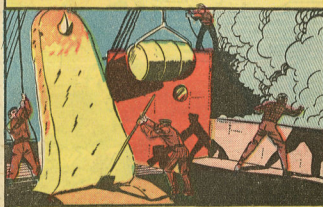


THE HUGE WHALE IS THEN TIRELESSLY TOWED BACK TO THE VESSEL---



HEAVE!  
HEAVE! YOU SWINE - OR  
I'LL FLAY THE SKIN FROM  
YOUR BACKS!  
HEAVE!

THE CUTTING-IN BEGINS! WITH LONG SPADES THE SEAMEN PEEL OFF THE THICK BLANKET OF BLUBBER AND HOIST IT TO THE DECK WHERE IT IS "MINCED" OR SLICED INTO SMALL PIECES--



--AND THEN DUMPED INTO HUGE TRYPOTS, WHERE THE OIL IS BOILED FROM THE BLUBBER!



IT IS LONG, HARD LABOR AND AT THE END OF THE TIRING DAY, THE MEN DROP TO THE DECK EXHAUSTED.

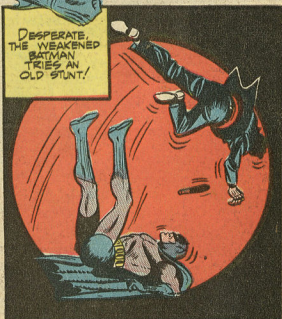
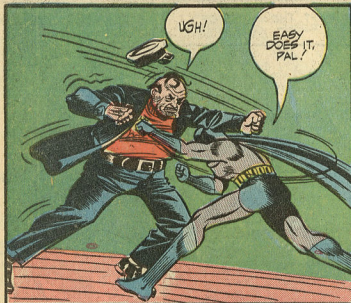


BUT BURLY IS WAITING. HIS HUGE FIST SMASHES INTO BATMAN'S FACE!



I SEE...WORKED ME 'TILL I'M TOO TIRED TO STAND--AND THEN GOADED ME INTO A FIGHT! CRAFTY SORT OF DEVIL, AREN'T YOU?

ME BRASS KNUCKLES ON--- NOW TO GIVE YE THE WORST BEATIN' YOU EVER GOT!





COMING TOGETHER AGAIN LIKE SAVAGE BEASTS, THE TWO FIGHT TOOTH AND NAIL!



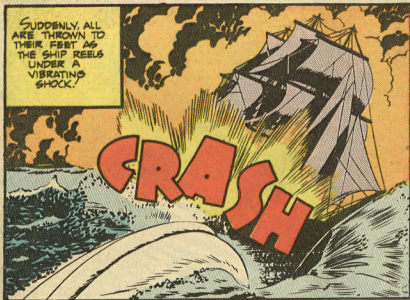
WITH A SURGE OF SUDDEN STRENGTH, THE BATMAN RIPS HIMSELF LOOSE. HE CLAMPS HIS FINGERS INTO A BALLED FIST AND--



--TEARS INTO THE BRUTAL CAPTAIN WITH WILD FURY! RIGHT AND A LEFT--ANOTHER LEFT--AND THEN A FINAL TERRIBLE RIGHT--AND IT'S ALL OVER!



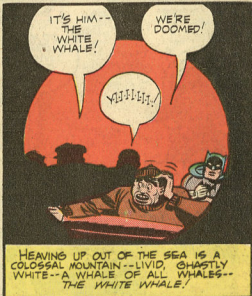
SUDDENLY, ALL ARE THROWN TO THEIR FEET AS THE SHIP REELS UNDER A VIBRATING SHOCK!



IT'S HIM-- THE WHITE WHALE!

WE'RE DOOMED!

WHIII!



W-WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO!

HE'S GOING TO CHARGE US AGAIN! WE'VE GOT TO DIVERT HIS ATTENTION, SOMEBODY!

I GOT IT--THE CAPTAIN--LET'S SHOVE HIM IN A BOAT AND WHILE THE WHALE GOES FOR HIM WE'LL STEER AWAY FROM HERE FAST!



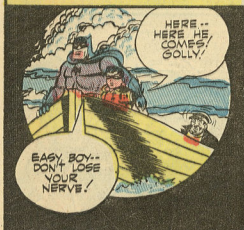
BUT ITS COLD-BLOODED MURDER!

MAYBE YOU AIN'T ANXIOUS TO GET RID O' THE CAPTAIN, BUT WE ARE!

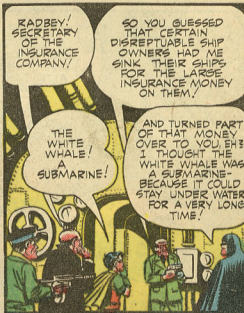
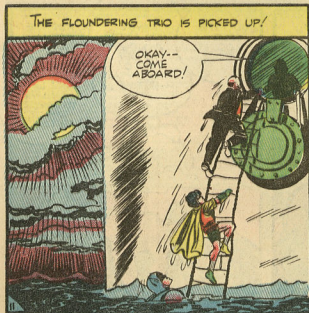
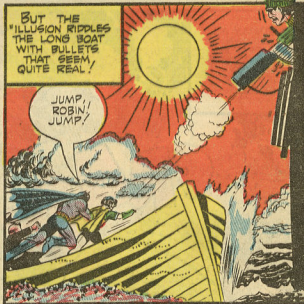
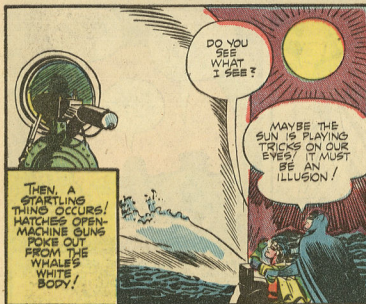
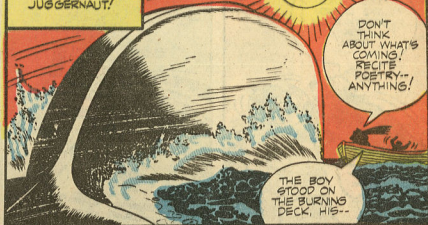
PUT THE BATMAN AND THAT KID IN THE BOAT TOO! WE CAN'T LET THEM LIVE TO REPORT THIS MUTINY!



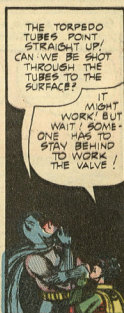
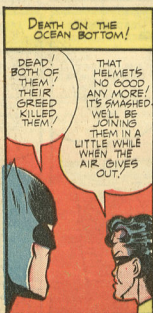
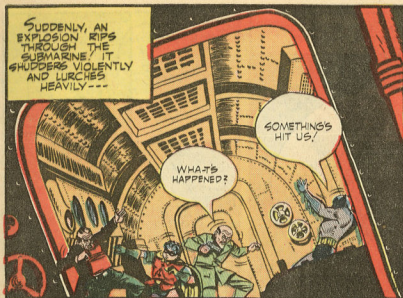
THE SUPERSTITIOUS SAILORS LEAVE THE BATMAN, ROBIN AND THE BEWILDERED CAPTAIN IN AN OPEN BOAT—TO FACE THE CHARGING WHITE WHALE!

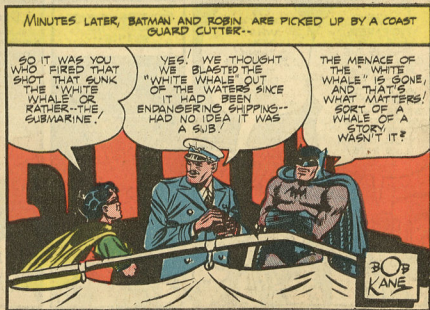
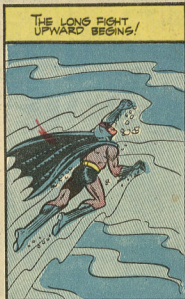
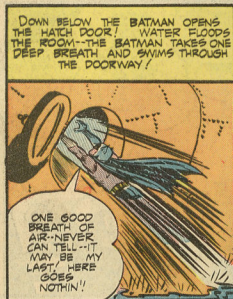
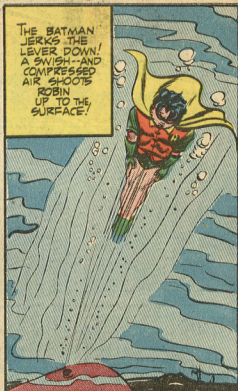
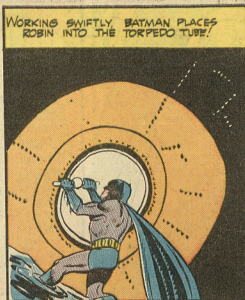


THE DREADED WHITE WHALE RUSHES THROUGH THE SHIVERING WAVES, HIS CHARGING BULK LOOMING LIKE A JUGGERNAUT!





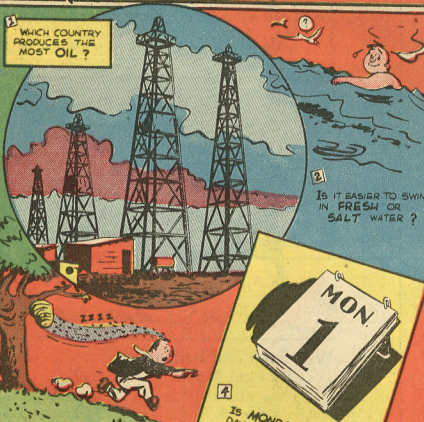






# Q.U.I.Z...

**1 WHICH COUNTRY PRODUCES THE MOST OIL ?**



**2 IS IT EASIER TO SWIM IN FRESH OR SALT WATER ?**

**3 HOW MANY KINDS OF BEES ARE THERE IN EVERY HIVE ?**

**4 MON 1**

**4 IS MONDAY THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK ?**

**ANSWERS WERE...HOLD UPSIDE DOWN.**

**3 THREE QUEEN WORKER DRONE**

**4 NO...IT IS SUNDAY**

**1 UNITED STATES**

**2 SALT WATER**

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**STATEMENT of the OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., Required by the ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 AND MARCH 3, 1933 of Batman Magazine, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October, 1941**  
State of New York County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law depose and says that he is the Business Manager of the Batman Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933 embodied in section 337 Postal Laws and Regulations to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York City; Editor, W. P. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Ave., New York City; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member must be given.)

Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City; Harry Denenfeld, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City; P. H. Sampliner, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

3. That the title known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which any stockholder or security holder who does not appear upon the books of the company as a trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) J. S. Liebowitz, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1941 (Signed) Alfred B. Yaffe. (My commission expires March 30, 1942.)

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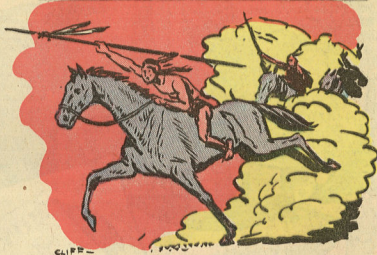
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reviewed by **JOSETTE FRANK**, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America



**War Paint, An Indian Pony.**  
By **Paul Brown**

Life was wild and cruel on the great Western prairies where the young colt, War Paint, grazed in his mother's protecting shadow. There were always fierce and hungry killers waiting to feast on young horses—wolves hunting in packs, pumas lurking in the tall grass, silent, ready to pounce on their prey.

War Paint had to fight for his life in many a bloody battle with the killers. Greatest of all was his fight to the death with a rival stallion, to prove himself leader of his band. But his roaming days were soon over, for the crafty Indian brave, Grey Eagle, was waiting to capture this fine pony to be his own war horse. Now War Paint must learn to serve a master. And when the fierce and war-like Comanche Indians went on the warpath, War Paint carried his master through many bloody and terrible struggles to final triumph over his enemies.

If you like pictures of horses in action you will find them on every page of this book.

Ask your local librarian for "War Paint, An Indian Pony."

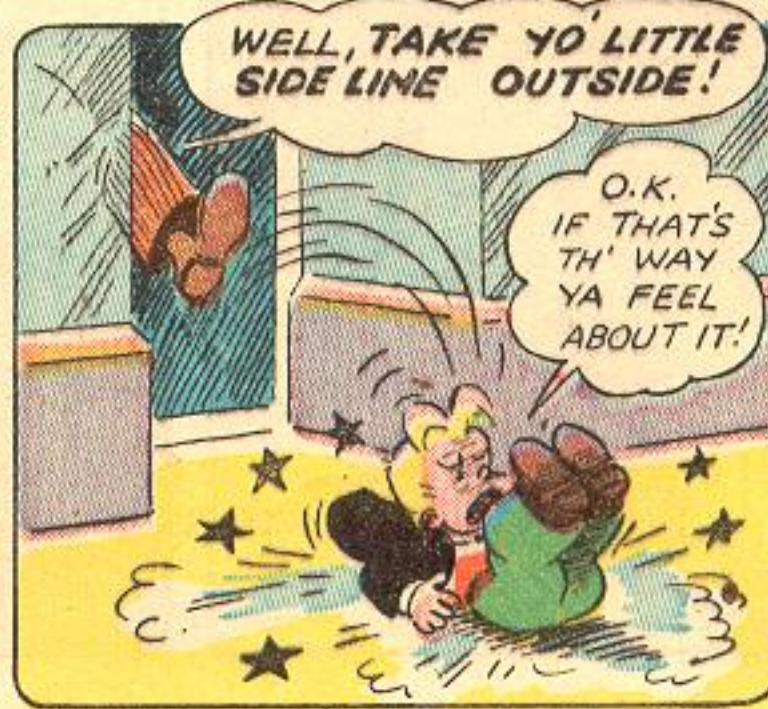
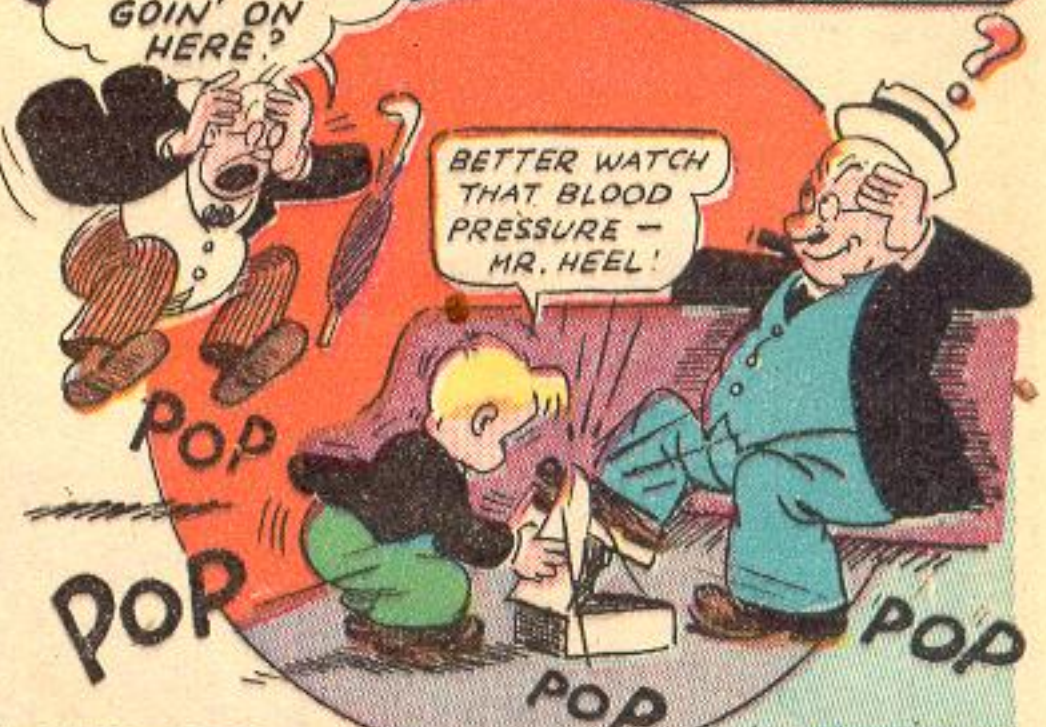
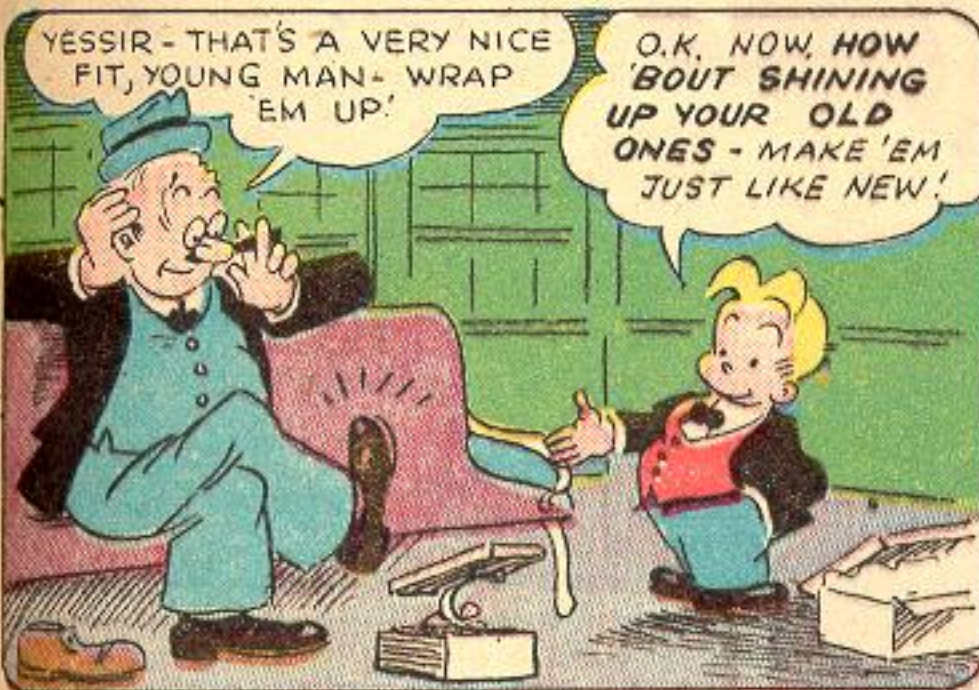
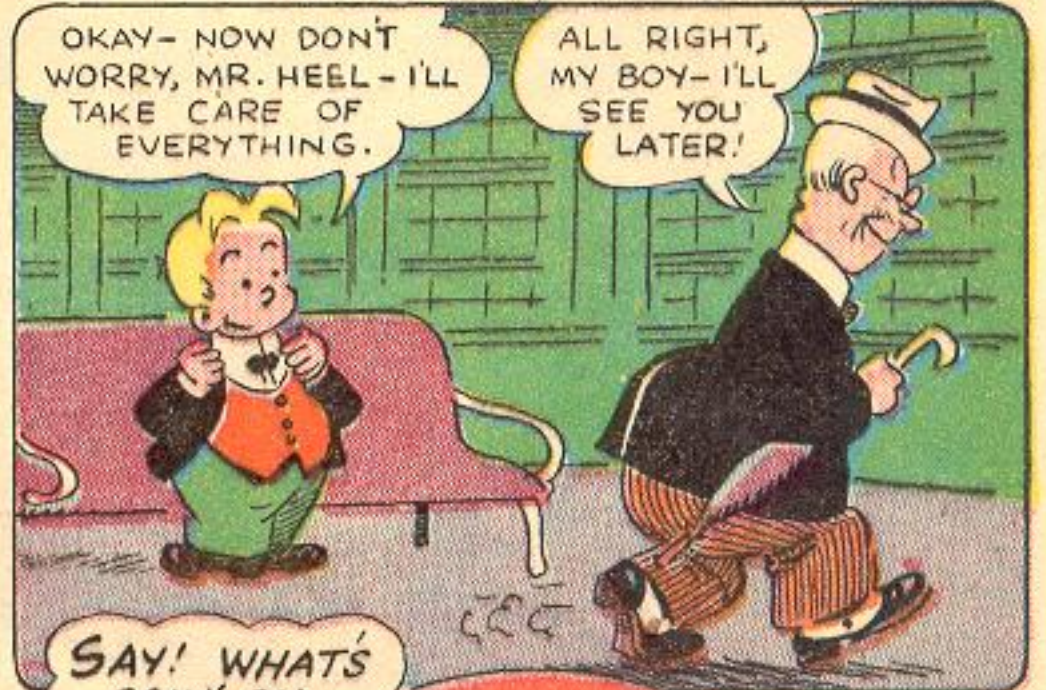
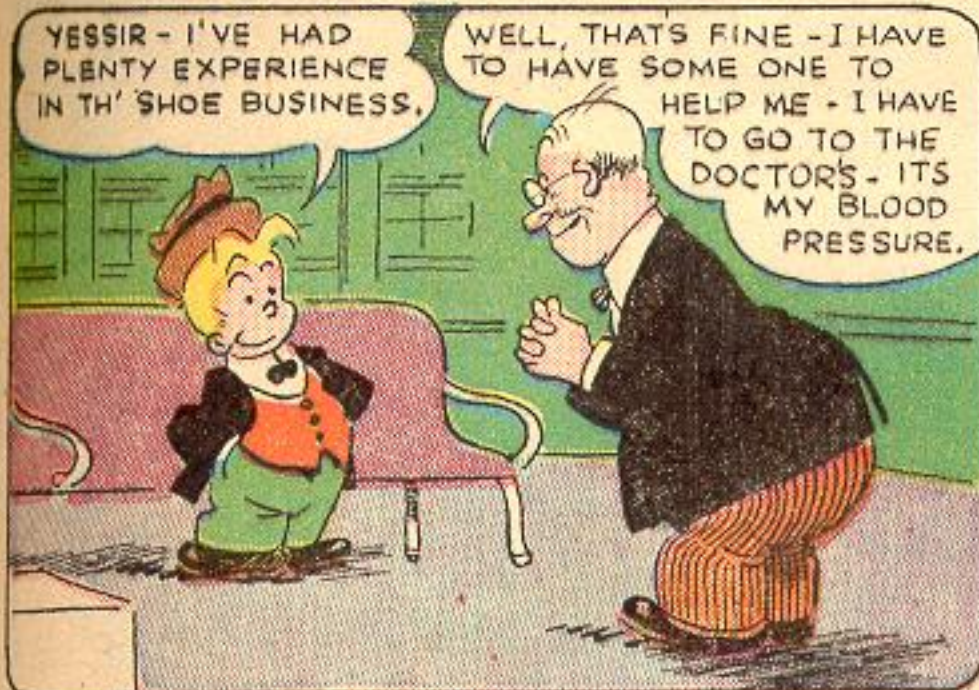
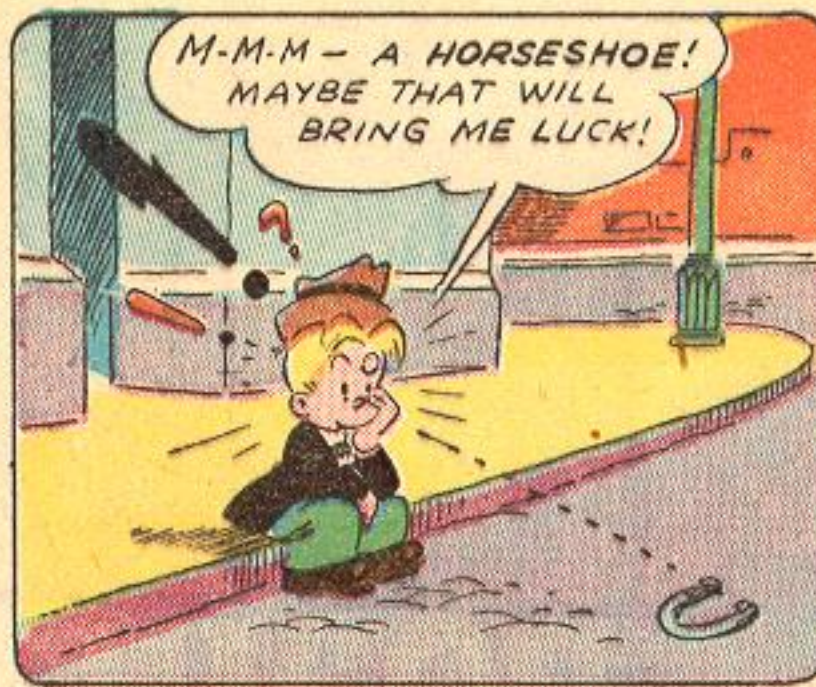
**SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE**

(Code Mars No. 3)

PZELLI TLOH ZZX YB CRK FC VLR QOV.



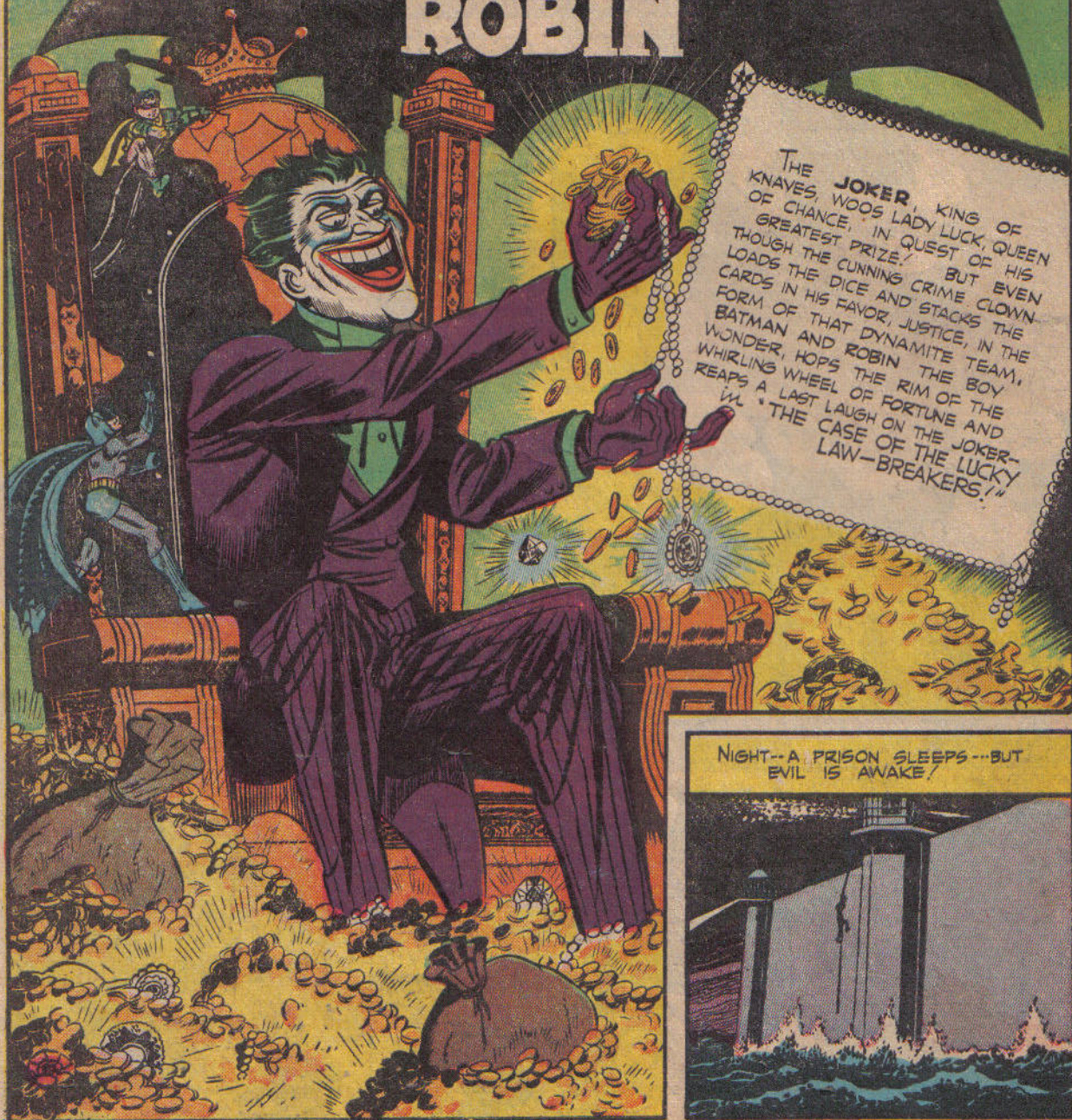
# ROLLIN STONE





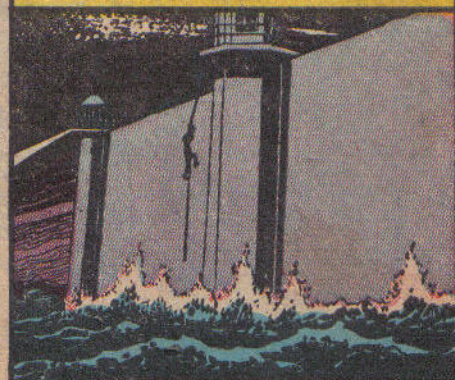
# BATMAN

WITH  
ROBIN

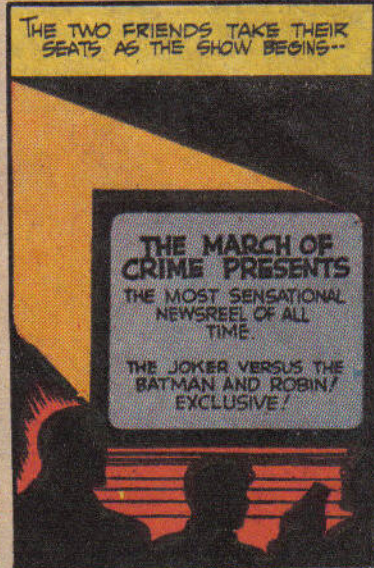
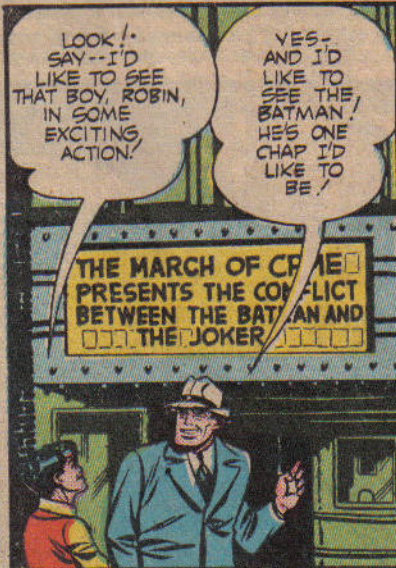
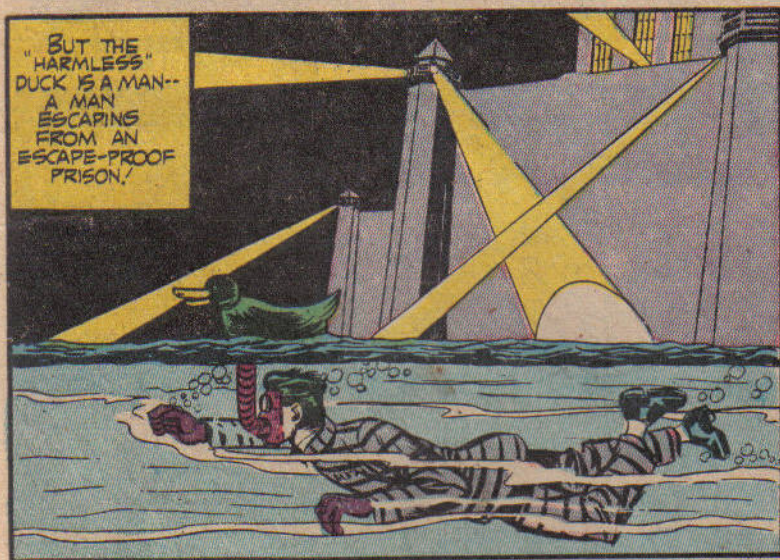
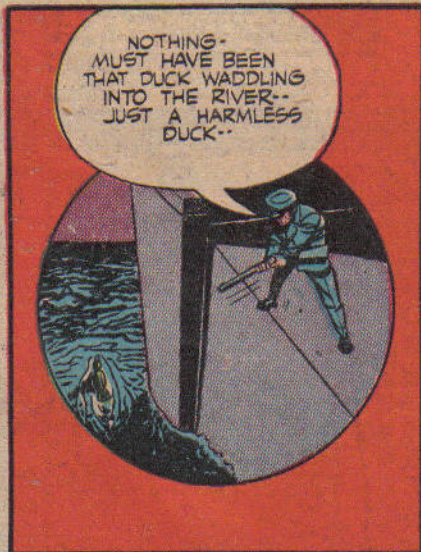
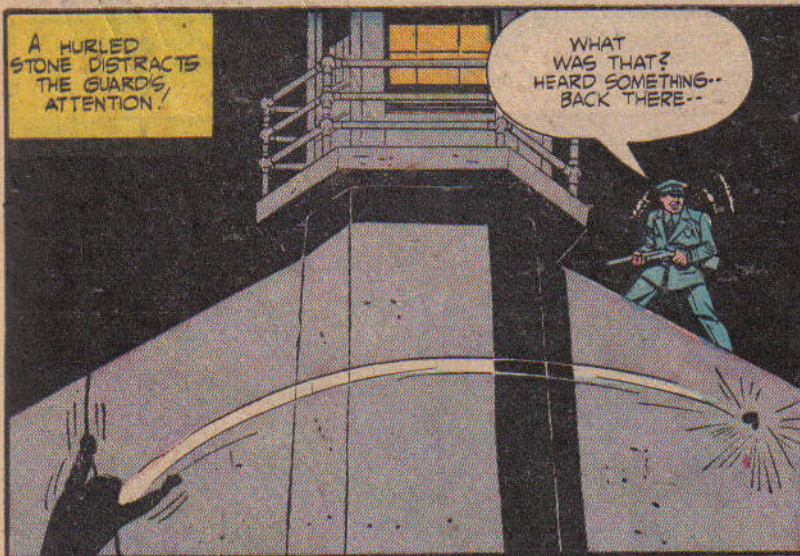


THE **JOKER**, KING OF KNAVES, WOOS LADY LUCK, QUEEN OF CHANCE, "IN QUEST OF HIS GREATEST PRIZE." BUT EVEN THOUGH THE CUNNING CRIME CLOWN LOADS THE DICE AND STACKS THE CARDS IN HIS FAVOR, JUSTICE, IN THE FORM OF THAT DYNAMITE TEAM, BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, HOPS THE RIM OF THE WHIRLING WHEEL OF FORTUNE AND REAPS A LAST LAUGH ON THE JOKER—  
"THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LAW-BREAKERS!"

NIGHT--A PRISON SLEEPS--BUT  
EVIL IS AWAKE!











"HERE IS A STORY TAKEN FROM THE PAGES OF CRIME, A STORY THAT BEGAN WHEN THE MOCKING JOKER FIRST CROSSED THE TRAIL OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN—AND THUS BEGAN THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY."

"HERE WE SEE THE JOKER, AFTER HE ACCIDENTALLY STABBED HIMSELF IN A SCUFFLE WITH THE BATMAN. HE LIVED TO PLOT MORE VILLAINY!"



"AT GREAT RISK OF LIFE, A NEWSREEL MAN SHOT THIS SCENE ATOP A SPEEDING TRAIN!!"

"AN AMATEUR CAMERAMAN SECURED THIS EXCITING PICTURE OF THE JOKER IN ACTION."



"BUT THE TRAIL OF CRIME ALWAYS LEADS TO PRISON, AS THE JOKER WAS TO FIND OUT!!"

"OUR THANKS GO TO THE BATMAN AND ROBIN FOR THE FINAL CAPTURE OF A MASTER CRIMINAL."

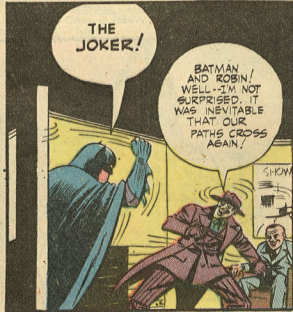
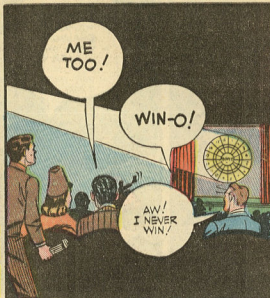


FUNNY, I NEVER REALIZED BEFORE, HOW PHOTOGENIC YOU ARE!

AND YOU—YOU'LL BE MAKING CLARK GABLE LOOK TO HIS LAURELS!







A SLASHING KICK DISPOSES OF THE DEADLY BLOW GUN!



YOU FORGET YOU'RE DEALING WITH THE JOKER!



ON THE COUSIN, I'M VERY MUCH AWARE OF IT, YOU GRINNING DEVIL!



A POWERFUL BLOW SENDS THE JOKER SPINNING THROUGH THE DOOR---



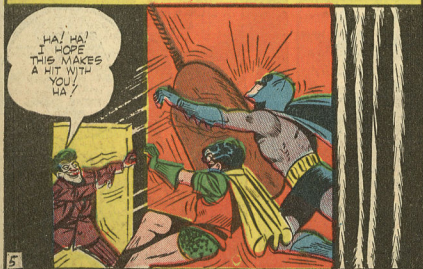
ONCE OUTSIDE, THE CUNNING CLOWN SEIZES HIS ADVANTAGE AND RACES AWAY WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN IN FULL PURSUIT.

THAT FELLOW'S TRYING TO BREAK THE RECORD FOR A 100 YARD DASH!

IF HE WANTS A TRACK MEET, WE'LL GIVE IT TO HIM!



SUDDENLY THE GRIM JESTER HALTS HIS MAD FLIGHT WHEELS AND---



SECONDS LATER, A SUPERCHARGED ENGINE ROARS TESTIMONY TO THE JOKER'S ESCAPE!

WELL--HE'S ESCAPED AGAIN!

...ONE THING I'M SURE OF-- THE JOKER PAROLED PRISONERS AND THAT WIN-O MONEY MUST ADD UP TO A CROOKED SUM!





A WEEK GOES BY--THEN, ONE MORNING---



WELL, SO OUR PRANKISH PUNSTER IS BACK TO HIS OLD TRICKS; HERE WE GO AGAIN!

AND IN A CERTAIN ROOM---



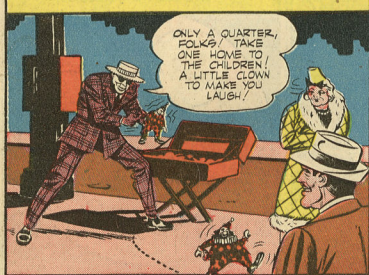
ANY FOOL CAN PULL A SURPRISE JOB, BUT IT TAKES THE JOKER TO DO THE EXPECTED IN SPITE OF ODDS!

THAT AFTERNOON, A CORDON OF APPREHENSIVE POLICE SURROUND THE MIDTOWN BANK---

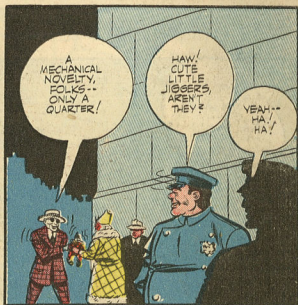


I DON'T KNOW--THE JOKER HAS PULLED MANY A CLEVER STUNT!

A TYPICAL SIDEWALK PITCHMAN AMBLES ONTO THE SCENE---



ONLY A QUARTER, FOLKS! TAKE ONE HOME TO THE CHILDREN, A LITTLE CLOWN TO MAKE YOU LAUGH!



A MECHANICAL NOVELTY, FOLKS-- ONLY A QUARTER!

HAW! CUTE LITTLE JIGGERS, AREN'T THEY?

YEAH-- HA! HA!

THE PITCHMAN WINDS A NEW DOLL---



MOVE, ASIDE, FOLKS. LET THE LITTLE DOLL GIVE YOU A BANG-UP DEMONSTRATION!

ON WADDLES THE DROLL, LITTLE CLOWN, HIS FLOPPY FEET CARRYING HIM STRAIGHT TOWARD THE BANK WALL---



--ON WADDLES, THE BULBOUS NOSE FINALLY BUMPS AGAINST THE BANK WALL ---AND THEN---

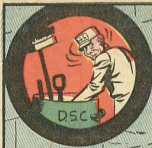




IN THE MIDST OF FRENZIED EXCITEMENT, THE PITCHMAN REMOVES HIS MAKEUP, AND REVEALS THE LERING FACE OF THE JOKER---



HA! HA!  
JUST A LITTLE  
DOLL-FILLED  
WITH T.N.T.  
EXPLODING THE  
WALL SO THAT  
THE TELLERS'  
CASES ARE  
EXPOSED! WHAT  
A JOKE!



A FEW POLICEMEN  
COLLECT THEMSELVES  
AND CHARGE--  
BUT--



DUCK!

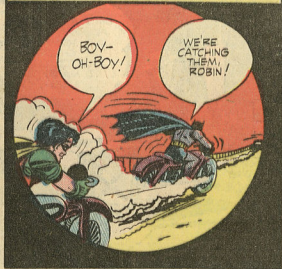
RAT-TAT-TAT  
RAT-  
TAT

AN INSTANT LATER, THE KILLER-CAR ROARS AWAY---FOLLOWED BY TWO MANTLED FIGURES, ATOP BUCKING MOTORCYCLES!



HA!  
GOT HIM  
IN THE HAND!  
SAY--  
THE BATMAN  
AND ROBIN!

A DANGEROUS CHASE BEGINS--



BOY-  
OH-BOY!

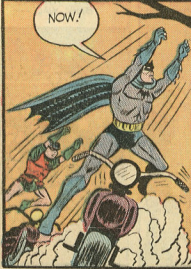
WE'RE  
CATCHING  
THEM,  
ROBIN!

SUDDENLY, THE JOKER WHIPS HIS CAR ABOUT, AND VAULTS FOR SAFETY!



THAT DEVIL  
HAS BLOCKED  
THE ROAD!  
CAN'T TURN!  
ROBIN--  
ALLEY-OOP!

THE ACROBATMAN MAKES  
A DARING LEAP--



NOW!

A RENDING CRASH! LIKE TWO  
CANNON BALLS, THE MOTORCYCLES  
GRIND INTO THE AUTOMOBILE, BUT  
BATMAN AND ROBIN--



SAFE!  
WHEN--  
THAT WAS  
CLOSE!

JUST THINK--  
THAT MIGHT  
HAVE BEEN  
US! OUR JOKER  
FRIEND HAS  
PULLED ANOTHER  
ACE FROM HIS  
CROOKED  
DECK.

CRASH



# THE NEXT NIGHT...

LISTEN TO THE HEADLINE, ROBIN! JOKER NABS \$20,000 AND ELUDES BATMAN! \$20,000...

--AND TONIGHT, THE BOWL O' BILLS PROGRAM GIVES AWAY \$20,000 TO THE LUCKY PERSON WHO RECEIVES OUR TELEPHONE CALL!

AH, HERE WE ARE! THE LUCKY TELEPHONE NUMBER... CENTRAL 0540... HELLO, MR. MONT WILY?

MONT WILY? HE WAS JUST RELEASED FROM JAIL TWO DAYS AGO!

BOWL O' BILLS

MR. WILY--YOU ARE THE WINNER OF THE BOWL O' BILLS PROGRAM!

SWELL! I JUST GOT OUTTA STR--SO THE DOUGH WILL COME IN MIGHTY HANDY TO MAKE PAYMENTS ON A NEW CAR I JUST BOUGHT!

COME TO THINK OF IT, WILY LOOKS LIKE THE MAN WHO HELPED THE JOKER ON HIS LAST JOB!

\$20,000--THE SAME SUM! AND THOSE TWO WIN-O WINNERS WON \$10,000--THE SAME AMOUNT STOLEN FROM THAT OTHER BANK! HMM!

THE FOLLOWING DAYS SEE MORE ROBBERIES BY THE JOKER, AND HIS CRIME COHORTS!

DAILY FLASH  
BANK MESSENGER HELD UP BY JOKER \$30,000 TAKEN!

DAILY FLASH  
\$5000 PAYROLL ROBBERY BY JOKER

# POLICE QUESTION SUSPECTS--

WHERE DID YOU GET THE MONEY FOR THIS EXPENSIVE CAR? YOU JUST GOT OUT OF JAIL YESTERDAY!

YOU GOT NOTHIN' ON ME, COPPER! DIDN'T YOU HEAR HOW I WON \$30,000 IN A BIG RAFFLE LAST NIGHT?

YOU JUST GET OUT OF JAIL AND ARE ABLE TO AFFORD A PLACE LIKE THIS? HOW COME?

ROB A BANK, JOE?

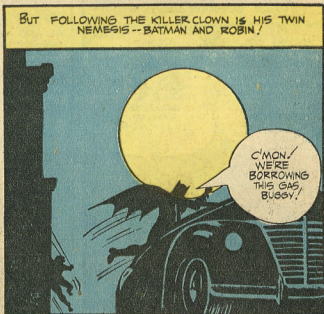
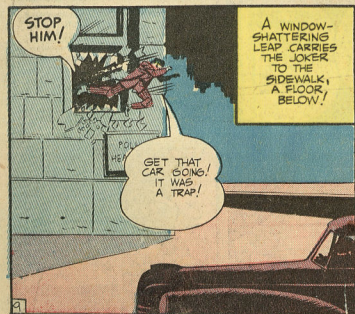
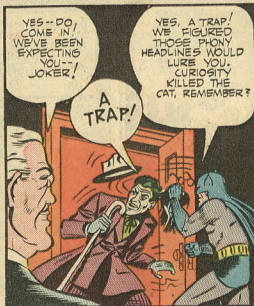
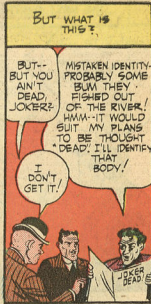
GET THIS, COPPERS-- I WON \$5,000 PLAYING WIN-O, SO JUST RELAX!

ONE MAN OFFERS POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON A LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR THE LUCKY LAW-BREAKERS--

YES--POLICE ALWAYS CHECK UP ON NEWLY RELEASED PRISONERS WHO SUSPICIOUSLY ACQUIRE SUDDEN WEALTH. WHAT'S THAT TO DO WITH THE JOKER?

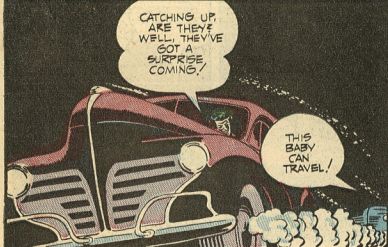
LISTEN--THE JOKER HAS A NEW RACKET. HE MAKES AN ACCOMPLICE OF A RECENTLY RELEASED CRIMINAL--THEY PULL A ROBBERY--







AGAIN, A WILD, FRENZIED CHASE, TAKING THE CARS  
OUT INTO OPEN COUNTRY!



CATCHING UP,  
ARE THEY?  
WELL, THEY'VE  
GOT A  
SURPRISE  
COMING!

THIS  
BABY  
CAN  
TRAVEL!

WITHOUT A WARNING--FROM THE  
EXHAUST PIPE--

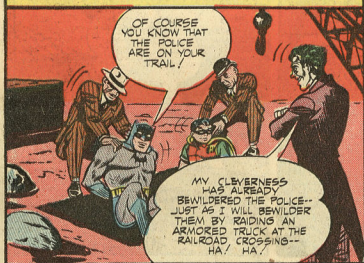


**GAS!**  
CAN'T SEE--  
EVERYTHING'S  
GOING  
BLACK!

THAT  
CUNNING  
MURDERER--  
I'M GOING  
UNDER!

A SLEEPING GAS OVERCOMES THE CRIME-BUSTERS!

LATER--BATMAN AND ROBIN AWAKE AS CAPTIVES OF  
THE MOCKING JOKER!



OF COURSE  
YOU KNOW THAT  
THE POLICE  
ARE ON YOUR  
TRAIL!

MY CLEVERNESS  
HAS ALREADY  
BEWILDERED THE POLICE--  
JUST AS I WILL BEWILDER  
THEM BY RAIDING AN  
ARMORED TRUCK AT THE  
RAILROAD CROSSING--  
HA! HA!



AS FOR YOU, DEAR  
BATMAN AND ROBIN, YOU  
WOULD HAVE ARRANGED A  
BURIAL FOR ME--SO I AM  
DOING THE SAME FOR  
YOU! HA! HA! GET  
OUT OF THIS ONE  
IF YOU CAN---

FUNNY,  
ISN'T  
HE?

YEAH--  
HE KILLS  
ME!

UNDER THE JOKER'S DIRECTIONS, A CRANE  
LOWERS A TON-HEAVY SLAB OF ROCK OVER  
THE MAKE SHIFT CRYPT!



EVEN YOUR SUPERIOR STRENGTH  
WON'T HELP AGAINST THIS  
MINIATURE MOUNTAIN, BATMAN!  
HA! HA! YOU'RE GOING TO  
BE BURIED ALIVE! OUR  
BATTLE OF WITS  
IS OVER--AND  
I'VE WON!

DOWN COMES THE STONE,  
AND THE BATMAN AND  
ROBIN ARE SEALED FAST--  
ENTOMBED!

ROPES ARE  
COMING  
OFF, BUT  
WE'RE  
STILL  
IN A  
SPOT!

THIS AIR  
WON'T LAST  
LONG--AND  
NEITHER WILL  
WE, UNLESS  
WE DO SOME  
THING FAST!



CAN'T EVEN BUDGE  
IT. IT LOOKS  
LIKE THE END  
FOR US!

NOT YET!  
THIS SILVER  
PENCIL FROM MY  
UTILITY BELT--  
IT MAY SAVE OUR  
LIVES--DO AS  
I SAY--



WHAT'S  
THE  
IDEA?

YOU'LL  
SEE--STOP  
TALKING AND  
PUSH--ALL  
WE HAVE TO  
DO IS RAISE  
THIS SLAB  
A FRACTION  
OF AN INCH--  
UGH--





MIGHTY MUSCLES PUSH AGAINST THE TERRIBLE WEIGHT--UP--UP--A SIXTEENTH OF AN INCH--AN EIGHTH--A QUARTER--

UGH!

UGH--THAT'S IT--  
NOW I'LL SLIDE  
THIS PENCIL IN--  
ON THIS  
SIDE--

HOLD JUST  
A SECOND  
MORE--  
WHILE I SLIDE  
YOUR SILVER-  
PENCIL UNDER  
THE  
OTHER  
SIDE!

--I'M  
ALL IN--  
AND I DON'T  
GET THIS  
ANYHOW--

YOU WILL--  
NOW PRESS  
AGAINST THE  
ROCK--TRY  
TO MAKE IT  
SLIDE FORWARD  
--NOW--  
UGH!

MIRACULOUSLY,  
THE STONE EASES  
FORWARD, INCH  
BY INCH, GROANING,  
SQUEAKING, PROTESTING  
BUT, NEVERTHELESS,  
MOVING--

A SIMPLE  
ENGINEERING TRICK!  
WE COULDN'T SLIDE  
THE HEAVY ROCK  
ITSELF--BUT WITH  
THE SILVER PENCILS  
UNDER EITHER SIDE  
TO ACT AS ROLLERS  
--WELL, THERE'S  
YOUR ANSWER!

MEANWHILE, A SHORT  
DISTANCE AWAY A  
VILLAINOUS JOKER  
AND HIS CRONES  
BEGIN THEIR LATEST  
COUP!

AN ANNOYING  
OBSTACLE  
REMOVED IN  
SIMPLE FASHION!  
NOW TO LOWER  
THE GATES AND  
STOP THE ARMORED  
TRUCK!

SOME MOMENTS LATER--AN ARMORED  
BANK TRUCK HALTS BEFORE THE RAILROAD  
CROSSING--

GATE  
GOING  
DOWN!

YEAH--TRAIN  
MUST BE  
COMING--  
WE'LL HAVE  
TO WAIT!

THEN WITHOUT WARNING--

ALL RIGHT,  
MEN! FIX  
THE HAND  
GRENADES AND  
BLAST THAT  
TRUCK  
OPEN!

SUDDENLY, THE NIGHT AIR IS SPLIT BY TWO FIGURES PLUNGING  
FORWARD IN A FURIOUS HEAD-ON CHARGE--

I'LL GIVE  
YOU A  
DETAILED  
EXPLANATION  
LATER!

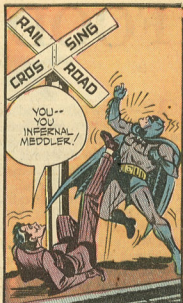
BATMAN  
AND ROBIN--  
FREE!  
BUT  
HOW?



ROBIN GOES TO TOWN!



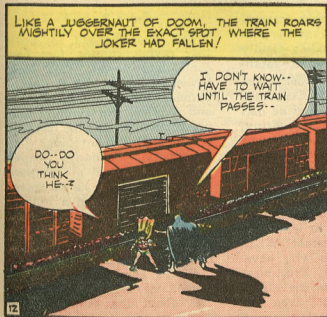
WHILE THE BATMAN AND THE JOKER ONCE AGAIN MEET IN A PERSONAL BATTLE!



AS THE TWO GREAT ENEMIES CLASH IN TERRIFIC COMBAT--THERE IS THE SUDDEN NEARBY RUMBLE AND THUNDER OF AN APPROACHING EXPRESS TRAIN--



LIKE A JUGGERNAUT OF DOOM, THE TRAIN ROARS MIGHTILY OVER THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THE JOKER HAD FALLEN!



AND WHEN THE LONG TRAIN FINALLY DOES CLATTER PAST--



THE JOKER-- GONE AGAIN!

YES--BUT HE'LL BE BACK--HE ALWAYS COMES BACK-- AND WHEN HE DOES, HE'LL FIND US READY AND WAITING!





# FOOD FOR THE FISHES



THE two boys stood before questioner, who spoke in a low voice. Since the enemy had come into this land, everybody had to speak in secret and meet in secret, and even think in secret. Straight and tall they stood, these two lads, reminding one of their native Norwegian ash from which is fashioned the finest skis in the world. They were mere lads, yes, but they knew the meaning of war.

\* \* \*

Norway had seemed about to die the day Quisling renounced his birthright. But a country that is built on truth, and light, and love is everlasting. Those to whom Norway had given birth swore, with their lives as pledges, that she should not die. Men and women, and even children were agreed that death was preferable until the day the yoke of tyranny would be flung from their necks.

\* \* \*

"You are not afraid, Derek? Nor you, Paul?"

The eyes of the speaker, Inton Evasek, were kindly and grave, resting on the faces of the two lads before him.

Derek, being the eldest—he was twelve—answered.

"We are not afraid of the danger. We are afraid only that we shall not be able to carry out this mission. I pray God that we may be victorious."

Inton Evasek smiled and the tired lines of his face seemed to glow with new promise and determination. When children such as these, mere striplings, were against the enemy how could terror hope to prevail? He turned around, his glance on the solemn-faced ring of men around him. "You are satisfied, gentlemen?"

They nodded approval.

Smiling still, Inton Evasek spoke to Derek.

"The carts are loaded with dried fish, which you are to take to the store of Alderman Hansen at Karmo. Tell him the choice fish is the smallest one, which will be on the bottom. You understand?"

Derek and Paul both nodded. Continuing, Inton Evasek said:

"If the enemy sentries stop you, only your wit can get you through. They will not confiscate the fish, because they abhor it." Inton Evasek looked toward the door. "The sleds are ready. You boys must get through, that is all I can tell you."

Derek and Paul shook hands gravely with the leader of the town council and went out into the invigorating night where two carts, drawn by husky dogs, awaited them.

\* \* \*

There was a German corporal at the outpost and, at the moment, he was standing rigidly at attention as a small, youthful and wrathful Lieutenant upbraided him. The Corporal's name was Schmidt and he had served in the Imperial Army, which is why only a reddened countenance betrayed his feelings as the Lieutenant's vitriol continued.

"Dumkopf!" The Lieutenant's slight body quivered. "How dare you allow a man to leave his post, even for an instant? What do I care whether you have taken his place? Frost-bite, bah! The soldiers of the Fuehrer fear nothing, not even the

elements." The Lieutenant's breath, in the crisp air, emerged like smoke from an angry steam engine. "It is too bad we have to use old men such as you in the New Order. But I will take care of that now!"

Gloved hands darted into his overcoat pocket and came out with a card, which the Lieutenant handed to Schmidt. "Take this pass, and tonight when you are relieved, you are to go to Company X. There, they will teach you something about the way a modern garrison is run."

\* \* \*

Schmidt's shoulders twitched. During the last war he had been given the Iron Cross. And now, after having been pressed into service, and brought to a strange, freezing country, he was to suffer a military indignity. He knew that in Company X, his stripe would be torn off and he would become plain Private Schmidt. He saluted stiffly as the Lieutenant signalled the end of the interview. His blue eyes bored into the officer's back as he strutted away. In the old days, Schmidt told himself, such a pip-squeak would be crushed.

\* \* \*

Life had changed so, since that raving, ranting fool had come into power. This New Order . . . what did it mean? It meant killing, and bloodshed, and avarice, and tyranny and prosecution! Hadn't the last war taught anybody anything?

Corporal Schmidt's anger rose as he looked at the pass in his hand. Then he shrugged. Always he had been a soldier, and even from these criminals who masqueraded as officers, an order was an order. He looked up to see Platz returning.

Platz's ears were red now, instead of blue. The private was about the same age as



Schmidt and he, too, had fought in the old war. He stood now before Schmidt, gratitude in his eyes.

"I cannot thank you enough, old kamerad," he said, "for permitting me to have my ears attended. In this accursed country, I might have left them. It is so bitter cold."

Schmidt smiled and said wryly: "The Lieutenant thinks not. He believes a soldier of the Fuehrer is immune to anything."

Platz's eyes darted around. "Sssh, Corporal," he said. "I think I hear something." His eyes strained into the night. "Yes. Halt!"

\* \* \*

Corporal Schmidt watched the faces of the two Norwegian boys as the sentry questioned them. They were very young, and taciturn and proud, like all these Norwegians. The questions were answered stiffly. They were taking dried fish in their carts to a shop in Karmo. The younger of the two boys reminded Schmidt of one of his own children back home.

The lad stiffened as Schmidt, approaching him, said: "Fish? Haven't they enough in that seaport town?" Schmidt's eyes saw the older boy's warning glance.

For just a fraction of a second, emotion showed on the boy's face; then it resumed its stolidness. Schmidt threw back the covers on the carts and the odor of dried, salted fish assailed his nostrils.

Platz, standing behind him, said: "How can anyone eat such stuff?" Then, suspiciously, he said to the younger boy: "Perhaps you and your brother had better accompany me to the Lieutenant."

The boy started, his ears hearing Platz, but his eyes were on Schmidt, who was rummaging through the fish. Through the corner of his eye, the Corporal saw the movement. So, he told himself, this is not as innocent as it looks! He continued probing through the pile of fish, then, straightening, he

said to Platz: "I can find nothing."

He turned to the older boy. "I should take you to the Lieutenant," he said angrily, "but instead, I will take some of your fish." His eyes watched the boy's.

"Certainly, Herr Corporal," Derek said. "Here." He grasped some large fish. "These are delicious."

Schmidt smiled to himself. Outwardly, he was raging. Platz watched, bewildered. Schmidt was usually calm and placid. "Very well," Schmidt bellowed. "Get these carts out of here." He drew a card from his pocket. "This pass will take you through," he said. "Now leave."

\* \* \*

Thanking Schmidt profusely, the older boy returned the covers on the cargo and hastily drew away. The smaller and younger lad followed him. Out of earshot, the smaller boy said: "Derek, it is fortunate that you handed him the big fish." He shivered, not from the cold, and said:

"The enemy can be very cruel. If they ever found out what our secret is. . ."

Derek patted his brother's arm. "We'll get through," he said, "With this pass no one will hold us."

He felt strangely happy and light-hearted, and, looking back, saw the Corporal and the other soldier still watching him. Derek quickened the pace of the dogs, afraid perhaps they would be called back.

But Schmidt had no such intention. He was explaining to Private Platz that the enemy wouldn't be stupid enough to try to smuggle things through with children. "Besides," he said mockingly, "hasn't the New Order the finest spies in the world? They see and know everything."

"But they are still Norwegians," Platz protested. "And this is their country, which we are occupying." He shook his head sadly. "No one can be trusted these days."

Schmidt smiled. He felt the same way about it. That the

boys were concealing something had been known to him. He had no idea what it was, nor did he care. People, he felt, had a right to keep what belonged to them, to fight for it. This country was determined to regain its freedom.

Patting Platz's shoulder, Schmidt said softly:

"You are right, Platz. No one can be trusted. And we Germans know that because our country was stolen from us by the Nazis."

\* \* \*

He was smiling to himself as Platz's gasp came to his ears, but he continued toward the barracks to pack up for his trip to Company X. He wouldn't need his pass, old soldier that he was. His ready tongue would get him through to Company X, stationed by the sea. He recalled now that it was near Karmo, where those lads had said they were going.

Schmidt threw the fish he had been carrying into the darkness. It smelled awful.

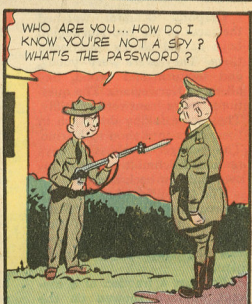
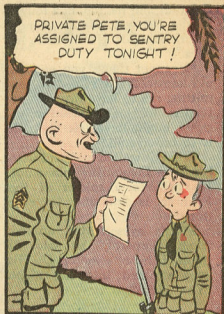
Grinning, he told himself those boys would have to wash their clothing well to eradicate the odor. Sending something in fish! Schmidt shrugged. Well —let the poor devils strike back best as they could. "Puny efforts," Schmidt muttered, "against these madmen of the New Order."

He was wrong. He didn't know that concealed inside the fish was the message which would go to Britain and warn that within a matter of hours, embarkation boats—huge belled and filled with soldiers—would attempt to invade the English coast under cover of night.

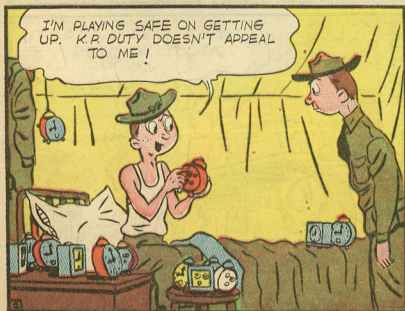
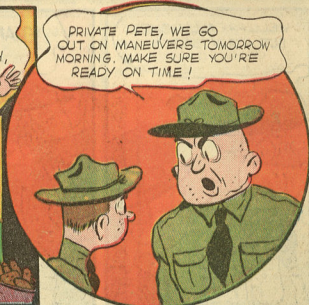
All Schmidt knew, when he finally reached Company X, was that it had been completely wiped out by the Royal Air Force, which, somehow, had learned of the High Command's prideful and closely-guarded invasion plans! Not an embarkation boat nor a soldier was left; all had become food for the fishes!

THE END

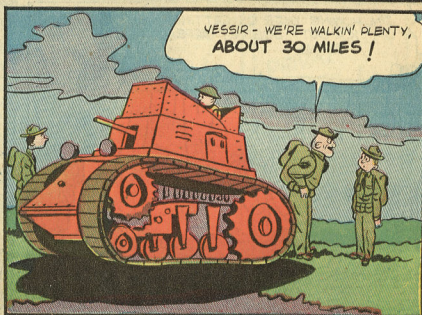
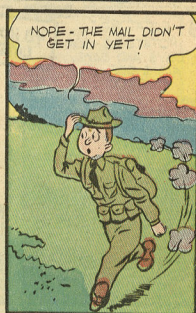
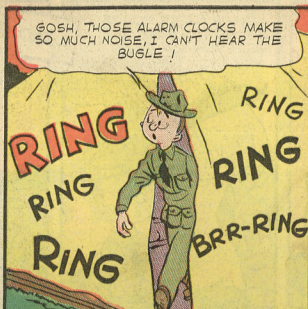




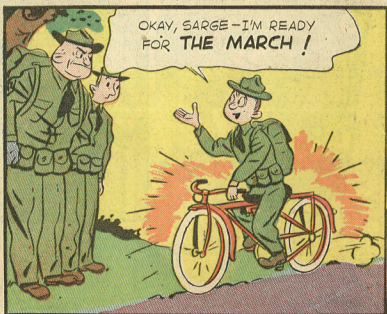
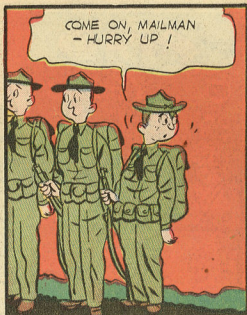
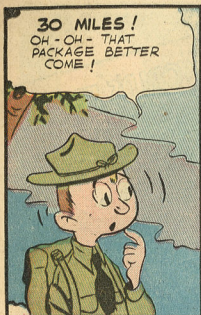




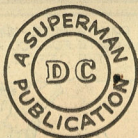
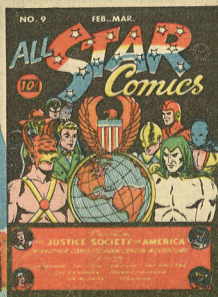
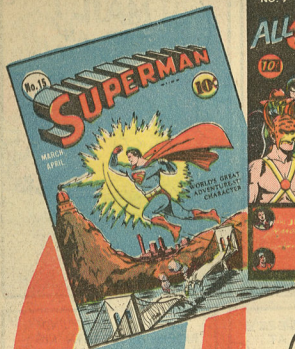












LOOK FOR THIS  
TRADEMARK  
FOR  
THE BEST IN  
COMIC MAGAZINES!



NOW ON SALE



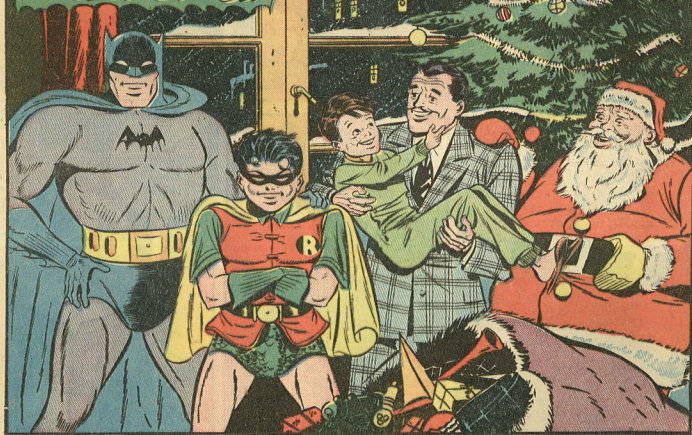
# BAT MAN

WITH

## ROBIN

### Christmas-

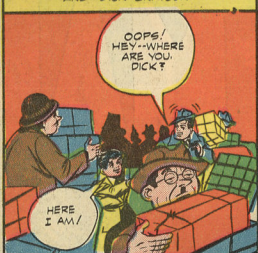
SEASON OF TURKEY AND PLUM PUDDING--OF GIFTS AND GOOD WILL--FUN AND GAMES AND LAUGHTER! WE'RE ALL SET FOR A REAL, ROLICKING OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS OF SNOW AND HOLLY AND SANTA CLAUS--ALL THE TRIMMINGS! AND YOU'RE ALL INVITED TO A MERRY YULETIDE PARTY WITH THE BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER--WHERE WE'LL TEAM UP WITH THAT JOLLY, RED-FACED, WHITE-HAIRED OLD GENT--TO GIVE A LONELY ORPHAN BOY THE MOST WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT IN THE WORLD--HIS DAD!





THIS DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AND A SMOOTH, WHITE SHEET OF SNOW BLANKETS THE ROOFTOPS AND STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS PUSH THEIR WAY INTO CROWDED DEPARTMENT STORES. AMONG THEM ARE BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON-



OOPS! HEY--WHERE ARE YOU, DICK?

HERE I AM!



MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU, BROTHER!

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

YES--EVERYONE SEEMS TO GO OUT OF HIS WAY TO BRING JOY TO OTHERS!



WHERE DO WE GO NOW?

TO THE ORPHANAGE. I WANT TO SEE IF THOSE TOYS I ORDERED GET THERE IN TIME.

THANK YOU, SIR!



AT THE ORPHANAGE---

THANK YOU AGAIN FOR THOSE GIFTS!

IT'S LITTLE ENOUGH I CAN DO TO MAKE THIS A HAPPY CHRISTMAS FOR THE POOR, PARENTLESS TOTS! I--EH--WHAT'S THIS?

THERE AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS!



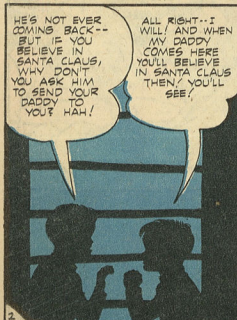
YOU HEARD ME--THERE AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS!

BUT THERE IS, TOO! YOU WRITE HIM A LETTER AND HE BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU ASK FOR! MY DADDY TOLD ME SO!



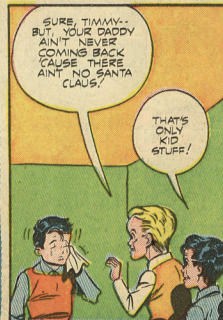
YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY DADDY, YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE REST OF US HERE!

BUT I HAVE GOT A DADDY--ONLY HE'S AWAY ON SOME LONG TRIP--SEE--I WISH I KNEW WHEN HE WAS COMING BACK!



HE'S NOT EVER COMING BACK--BUT IF YOU BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS, WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM TO SEND YOUR DADDY TO YOU? HAH!

ALL RIGHT--I WILL! AND WHEN MY DADDY COMES HERE YOU'LL BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS THEN! YOU'LL SEE!



SURE, TIMMY--BUT, YOUR DADDY AIN'T NEVER COMING BACK 'CAUSE THERE AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS.

THAT'S ONLY KID STUFF!



THAT BOY TIMMY--IS HIS FATHER DEAD?

NO--HE'S IN JAIL SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE FOR MURDER! SAD CASE, TOO! THE MAN INSISTS HE WAS FRAMED!



LATER-- JUST AS BRUCE AND DICK ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE---



THE LETTER---

Dear Santa Claus,  
I don't want any toys, all I want is for you to bring my daddy back to me. The other kids say you are not real, but I believe in you, and they will too when they see me with my daddy again--  
Yours truly,  
Jim Cratchit

POOR KID! HE'LL BE PRETTY SAD TO FIND THAT SANTA ISN'T BRINGING BACK HIS FATHER!

WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO LET THAT HAPPEN. C'MON, DICK, THE BATMAN IS GOING TO PLAY SANTA CLAUS!



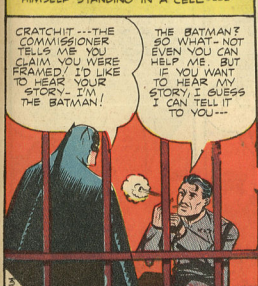
LATER--



STILL LATER-- THE OFFICE OF POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON--



IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE BATMAN FINDS HIMSELF STANDING IN A CELL----



IT STARTS A YEAR AGO-- THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS. FUNNY THING--THAT'S TODAY! TIMMY-- I WONDER HOW HE IS?--BUT MY STORY-- WELL--



"LIKE I SAID--IT WAS CHRISTMAS-- AND MY LITTLE BOY TIMMY--"





"THE KID HAD HIS HEART SET ON THAT SCOOTER--BUT I WAS FLAT BROKE!"



"THERE IT WAS--THAT SCOOTER-- ALL SHINY AND NEW! I GUESS I LOST MY HEAD FOR A MINUTE I HAD TO HAVE IT FOR TIMMY!"



"SURE-- I KNEW IT WAS WRONG--BUT ALL I COULD SEE WAS TIMMY'S FACE TRUSTING IN ME--HIS DAD! SO--I SNEAKED TO THE BACK--"



"I RAN INSIDE!"



"WITHOUT A WORD, THE KILLER SPRANG FORWARD, AND BROUGHT THE GUN DOWN ON MY HEAD."



"WHEN I AWOKE, IT WAS LIKE A NIGHTMARE!"



"I TOLD THEM MY STORY AND THEY TRACED THE GUN TO A PETTY THIEF NAMED HAL FINK!"

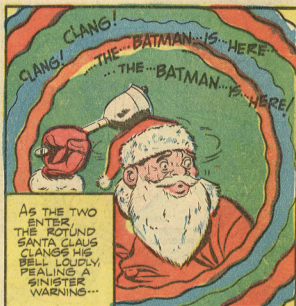


YOU CAN GUESS THE REST. THE JURY GAVE ME A LIFE SENTENCE! BUT I DIDN'T DO IT, I SWEAR IT!

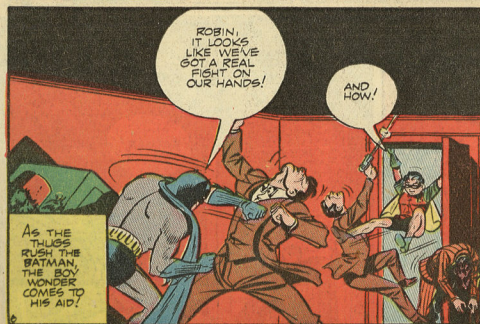
I BELIEVE YOU! HAL FINK CERTAINLY THOUGHT FAST, DIDN'T HE? COVERED HIMSELF UP VERY NEATLY!





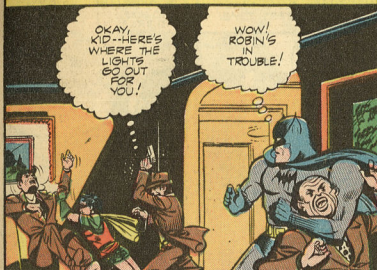




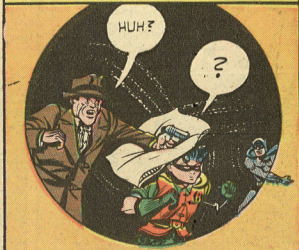




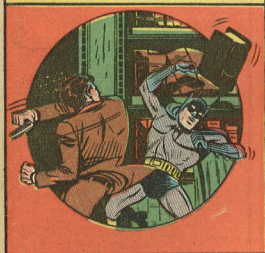
BUT DANGER SWOOPS DOWN ON THE VALIANT BATTLER!



A SWIFT, ACCURATE THROW, AND THE GUN SINKS HARMLESSLY INTO A SOFT PILLOW!



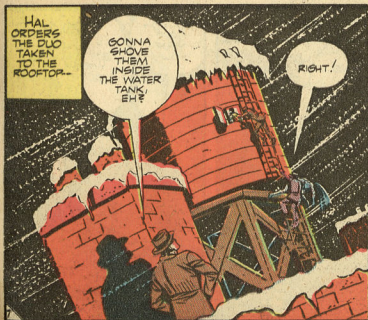
BUT HIS TIMELY INTERVENTION ON ROBIN'S BEHALF LEAVES THE BATMAN OFF GUARD---



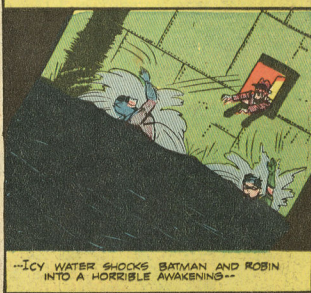
AND A MOMENT LATER PLUCKY ROBIN GOES DOWN!



HAL ORDERS THE DUO TAKEN TO THE ROOFTOP--



A STEEL DOOR IS OPENED AND---







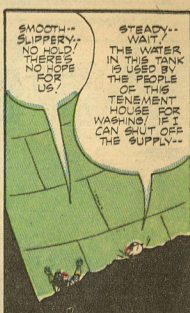
TRY TO GET OUT OF THIS, BATMAN! THERE'S NO PLACE FOR YOU TO GET A GRIP, AND PRETTY SOON YOU'RE GONNA GET TIRED OF SWIMMING. HA, HA!



THE STEEL DOOR CLANGS SHUT! AND NOW INSIDE ALL IS DARK-- AS DARK AS A WATERY TOMB!

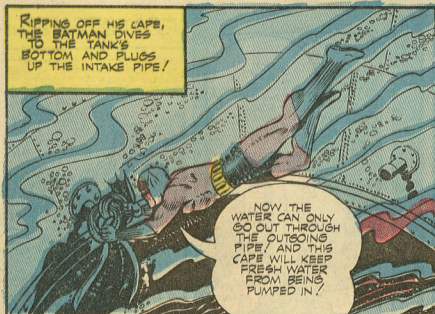
KEEP TREADING, WATER, ROBIN! KEEP SWIMMING!

WE CAN'T KEEP THIS UP FOREVER! WE'LL DROWN LIKE RATS!



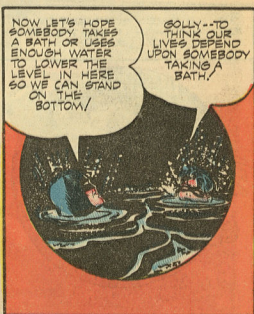
SMOOTH-- SLIPPERY-- NO HOLD-- THERE'S NO HOPE FOR US!

STEADY-- WAIT! THE WATER IN THIS TANK IS USED BY THE PEOPLE OF THIS TENEMENT HOUSE FOR WASHING! IF IT CAN SHUT OFF THE SUPPLY--



RIPPING OFF HIS CAPE, THE BATMAN DIVES TO THE TANK'S BOTTOM AND PLUGS UP THE INTAKE PIPE!

NOW THE WATER CAN ONLY GO OUT THROUGH THE OUTGOING PIPE! AND THIS CAPE WILL KEEP FRESH WATER FROM BEING PUMPED IN!



NOW LET'S HOPE SOMEBODY TAKES A BATH OR USES ENOUGH WATER TO LOWER THE LEVEL IN HERE SO WE CAN STAND ON THE BOTTOM!

SOLLY--TO THINK OUR LIVES DEPEND UPON SOMEBODY TAKING A BATH!



AND WHILE THE BATMAN AND ROBIN TRY TO KEEP ABOVE WATER--DOWN BELOW--

WHAT NOW, HAL?

AS SOON AS I GET THIS BLASTED INK OFF ME, WE'LL PULL ONE LAST JOB IN THIS BURG AND SCRAM TILL THE HEAT'S OFF!



MEANWHILE---

G-SOLLY! M-MY ARMS AND LEGS FEEL LIKE L-LEAD, N-NO STRENGTH LEFT!

COURAGE, ROBIN-- I'LL KEEP YOU UP!



NO--NO-- SAVE YOURSELF!

ROBIN! MY FEET ARE TOUCHING THE BOTTOM--THE WATER IS GOING DOWN-- WE'RE SAFE!



UNWITTINGLY, IN HIS HASTE HAL FINK HAS LEFT THE WATER RUNNING, PROVIDING AN ESCAPE FOR THE BATMAN AND ROBIN--



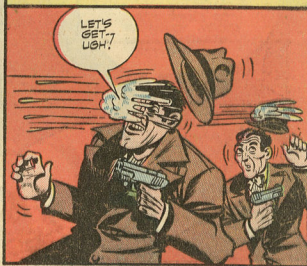
AND SO, NOT LONG AFTER--



SOMETIME LATER---AS BATMAN AND ROBIN DART PAST A WHARF ON THEIR WAY TO COMMISSIONER GORDON--



AT THE SIGNAL, HAL AND HIS BANDITS PILE OUT OF THE WAREHOUSE---TO BE MET BY--





THE FRACAS IS OVER IN SECONDS---



OKAY, PAL-- AND NOW YOU'RE IN FOR SOME QUESTIONING DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS!

HEADQUARTERS--AFTER ONE HOUR--



WE KNOW YOU MURDERED THAT WATCHMAN-- EH?--

LISTEN-- BZZ-- BZZ--

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT. YOU CAN'T PIN ANYTHING ON ME!

LATER--HAL FINDS HIMSELF IN THE MURDER ROOM IN THE DEPARTMENT STORE ABOUT TO RE-ENACT HIS CRIME OF ONE YEAR AGO---

SAY-- WHAT'S THE IDEA O' BRINGIN' ME HERE?

WE'RE GOING TO RECONSTRUCT THE MURDER-- AND YOU'RE GOING TO COOPERATE WITH US! EVERYTHING THE WAY IT WAS--



GOSSILES--ACETYLENE TORCH--AND THE MURDER GUN EVEN HAS BULLETS IN IT-- NOW, ACCORDING TO CRATCHIT'S STORY, YOU WERE STANDING HERE WHEN--



SUDDENLY, THE CLOCK'S HOLLOW NOTES INTONE THE HOUR-- TWELVE O'CLOCK, MIDNIGHT! AND THEN-- IN MARCHES A SPECTRAL FIGURE WITH WHITE FACE AND DEATH-COLD EYES!

I AM THE GHOST OF THE MAN YOU MURDERED, CHRISTMAS PAST!

UGH!



WHAT SORTA STUNT ARE YOU GUYS TRYIN' TO PULL? THAT GUN OVER THERE--

WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? THERE'S NO ONE OVER THERE! WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST!



THEY CANNOT SEE OR HEAR ME, FOR THEIR CONSCIENCES ARE CLEAR. BUT NOT YOURS, HAL FINK!

I DON'T HEAR ANYONE! THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT US!

YOU'RE TRYING TO TRICK ME-- THERE --HEAR HIM TALKIN'?



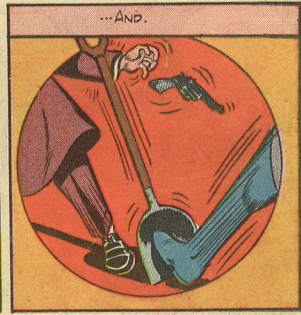
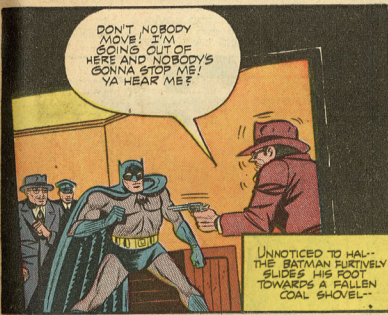
ONCE MORE THE HOLLOW VOICE MOANS, CHILLING HAL'S BLOOD--

IT IS TIME! HAL FINK. COME. THE HOUR GROWS SHORT AND WE HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO!

NO--NO-- DON'T TOUCH ME, STAY AWAY-- FROM ME--



PANIC CLAMPS ICY FINGERS ABOUT THE CRIMINAL'S HEART-- AND THEN SOMETHING SNAPS IN HIS BRAIN!





---AND AT THE ORPHANAGE---

NOW, LISTEN--YOU'RE GOING INSIDE AND PLAY SANTA CLAUS FOR THOSE POOR KIDS. I WANT YOU TO LAUGH, BE HAPPY, JOVIAL, EXUDE THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT--OR ELSE! GET ME?

S-SURE-- I WILL BE A VERY FINE SANTA CLAUS INDEED!



INSIDE, TIM'S SHINING EYES HOPE FOR THE MIRACLE---

WELL--DID SANTA CLAUS BRING YOU BACK YOUR POY? THERE AINT NO SANTA CLAUS!

B-BUT THERE IS, TOO! THERES GOTTA BE A SANTA CLAUS.

SANTA CLAUS! HA! HA! KID STUFF!



SUDDENLY--

TIMMY! MY BOY!

DADDY! GOLLY--YOU'VE COME BACK--



HO! HO! MERRY CHRISTMAS! HO, HO!

ER-- I-- I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!

SANTA CLAUS!



LEST WE BECOME TOO ENVIOUS, LET US DRAW A CURTAIN OVER THE GAY PARTY, BUT OPEN IT LATER FOR ONE LAST PEEK--

A MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!

AND GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE!



LATER--IT IS A DIFFERENT SANTA CLAUS WHO LEAVES THE PARTY--

CHEE--THEM KIDS HAS GOT RIGHT INTO MY HEART! ALL OF THEM LOOKING RIGHT UP AT ME AND THINKING I'M A SWEET GUY! CHEE! WHEN I GET OUT, I'M GONNA GO STRAIGHT!

I HOPE YOU MEAN IT. I SPOKE TO COMMISSIONER GORDON, AND PERSUADED HIM TO LET YOU GO FREE, ON PAROLE!

CHEE-- IM BEGINNING TO THINK THERE MAYBE IS A SANTA CLAUS AFTER ALL!



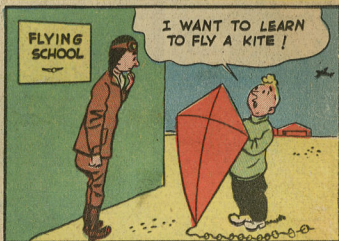
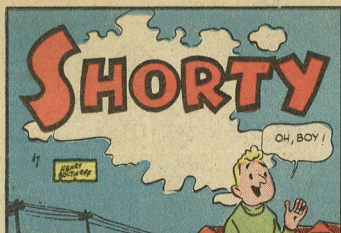
YOU LOOK DOWN IN THE DUMPS! WHAT'S WRONG?

NOTHING. I GUESS--EXCEPT THAT I WISH I WAS LIKE THOSE OTHER KIDS--AND HAD A REAL CHRISTMAS PARTY. AW--- YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN--









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