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. Were coincidence? 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!" YOUR FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM IS ON AGAIN TONIGHT!

WASH UP YOUR DISHES LATER, MAMMY.
The Gaspe Ears of Millions listen to the broadcast.

Tonight we enter another home to interview another interesting personality.

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!

Jarfeer, the radio audience is waiting to hear you speak!

At that very instant, four fugitive figures ease themselves into the Jaffeir 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! Jaffeir must be sitin' up reading!

Stick 'em up! Jaffeir or--holy smoke! He's on the air!

The thugs push open a door and get the shock of their lives.

Stick 'em up! Jarfeer 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!

Crack! Bash! Boom!
YOU! "LIGHTNING WILL BLAST YOU DOWN IN YOUR TRACKS!"

"AIR WILL BE CHOKED FROM YOUR LUNGS!"

"METAL WILL STILL YOUR BEATING HEART!"

JOHN "MOUSY" MESSE

ALBERT "SLICK" DANDY

PETE "NAILS" LOGAN

"WATER WILL CAUSE YOUR DOWNFALL!"

THAT WAS WHAT WILL BE YOUR FATE! -- THE FOUR FATES!

THERE'S A MURDER GOING ON! GET ME THE POLICE!

JOHN, LISTEN! DO YOU SUPPOSE?

I DON'T KNOW! IT MAY BE ANOTHER GAG LIKE THE MARTIAN SCARE, BUT IT DOES SOUND REAL, DOESN'T IT?

MORTIMER "BRAINS" BRINIS

THE NATION'S RADIO AUDIENCE LISTENS TO A DRAMA TENSION THAN ANY YET HEARD ON THE AIRWAVES BEFORE!

I THIS ... WHAT THINK OF YOUR FOUR FATES!

C'MON, LET'S GET GOING!

AND THIS IS WHERE WE'RE GOING! THAT'S NO RADIO PROGRAM WE HEARD, BUT THE REAL THING!

THE STARTLING BROADCAST ONCE AGAIN CATAPULTS THE TEAM OF CRIME-BUSTERS INTO ACTION -- BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!
A MAN-HUNT IS UNLEASHED! FROM COAST TO COAST SOUND THE CEASELESS POLICE ALARMS!

ATTENTION—BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR MOUSEY MEGGS—LOGAN—!

AND THE MISSING KILLERS...

THEM COPPERS ARE AWFULLY ANXIOUS TO GET US. WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED TO LIFT THAT RUBY!

I CAN'T GET THAT GUYS WORDS OUT OF MY MIND—REMEMBER THAT CURSE?

YOU AIN'T TAKING THAT STUFF SERIOUSLY?

HE SAID METAL WOULD KILL ME, BUT YOU SEE ME WORRYIN'?

NOT ME!

SAD WATER WOULD BE MY DOWN-FALL! HA, I SWIM LIKE A FISH!

But the relentless fates are already on the March—In the persons of Batman and Robin—

YOU THINK BECAUSE OF ITS NOTORIETY, THE RUBY CAN'T BE SOLD WHOLE—BUT CUT UP?

RIGHT! AND ONLY BY A SCENE CAPABLE OF CUTTING THAT SEM WITH A MINIMUM OF WASTE—ONLY ONE MAN CAN DO THAT—FRITZ THE FENCE!

HELLO, FRITZ—BEEN CUTTING UP ANY RUBIES LATELY?

THE BATMAN!

TIGHT SQUEEZE—ISN'T IT?
Two slamming bodies rip a rotted door from its hinges—and are greeted by blasting gunfire.

Come right in, Batman!

Retreating down the steps into the alley, the killers throw up a whining rampart of bullets that holds the duo at bay.

Wait—those ashcans—maybe—mmm—

Batman thinks he's goin' to knock us off our feet with those ashcans!

Bounding ashcans thunder down on the murderers.

Where do you think those ashcans are gonna get you and that kid?
I underestimated the Batman! He had the boy hide in one of the ash cans!

Right here, mister!

A bat shape sweeps down on the gunmen...

Hello---remember me?

The fleeing mousey messs's sends bullets whistling past his pursuer...

Oh--oh---you take care of these boys, Ill grab the runt!

A long, diving tackle---and the two roll to the railroad tracks---

Now you're gonna get yours! I'm gonna step back so I can get a better shot at ya and---

But mousey scrambles to his feet first!

Without warning, mousey messs has stepped on the third rail!

---The first curse of the four fates has come to pass!

Lightning will blast you down in your tracks!
Meanwhile, the Batman has a man-sized fight on his hands as the escaped thugs battle desperately... suddenly—a gun crashes...

Lights out for you this time, Batman!

A smart guy that ain't so smart anymore!

And now it's 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...

NOW... it feels like a building fell on me!

The batman dead? Not quite. For that bullet has only creased his scalp—and so... moments later...

WOW... it feels like a building fell on me!

The batman dead? Not quite. For that bullet has only creased his scalp—and so... moments later...

So... Moosy died just as Jasper said he would. I wonder if... but of course there's nothing to it.

Moosy died... the mystic, remember?

Yeah... how Lightning was gonna get him?

It—it's just coincident—it could have happened to anybody.

Yeah! But it didn't happen to anybody—it happened to Moosy!

AW, we're making a lot of fuss over nothing, ain't it so, brains?

Sure—but we're just letting the go to our heads!

Meanwhile—batman and robin scour their files 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!

Meanwhile—batman and robin scour their files 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!
WE'RE OFF, ROBIN--THE EASTERN AIRPORT!

BETTER PUT ON YOUR LIGHTS. HEAVY FOUL ROLLING UP!

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

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

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!

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

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 plunders downward, the Batplane matches its breathless drop—as the Batman recovers!

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 fouled 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!

"Air will be choked from your lungs!"

The second curse of the Rote Fates has come to pass!
News of Slick's death reaches the ears of a certain duo in a certain hotel room.

---

Slick turns yellow, screaming and gets it in the neck.

---

I'm afraid two of us have already died just as Jarpee 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 and you kill the Batman and you kill the last of Slick's hotel key. Slick had one in his pocket. The Batman will trace it to Slick's hotel room. Hmmm...

---

Nails leaves... and not too soon...

---

Slick's pals have flown the coop. Phone... may be for nails or brains.

---

Hwa Batman! This is Nails Logan. If you want me... come and find me... haw! haw!

---

Logan gave himself away. I heard the sound of riveting while he was talking.

---

Sure... he may be at that emergency subway construction job.

---

At a distant warehouse...

---

Workmen quit after five o'clock, but here we have workmen riveting at this time of night.

---

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!
Okay! Now about the Batman! You figure he heard that riveting and is on his way here now? Say, what's the idea of making me step outside?

Sure, he's smart! He'll figure it out. And that's what I'm figuring on, you grab that doorknob--go ahead--grab it.

Yes, eeeow! I'm been electrocuted! Eeeew--bow!

Eeeew! The Batman grabs the doorknob--zowie! Electricity--he can't let go--I plug him fulla holes while you take care of that kid, Robin. Cute, eh?

At that moment--the subway construction--

Do a tough looking fellow ask to use your communications phone?

The Batman! Gulp...yeah...said he had no change for a pay phone. He went down that way--toward that warehouse.

Minutes later, a gaunted hand reaches out to touch death--

Who--what can intervene to save the great crime fighter's life?

Just as a normal person would do, the Batman shoos the fly away!

The fly brushes against the fatal doorknob, a small spark and--

Dead! That spark!

Hmm! I'm beginning to smell a rat--and his name is nails Logan!

The Batman's keen eyes search out new, slight scratches on the old, rust-covered doorknob!
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!

Nails drops like a stone!

Ugh!

Ouch! My fist! What are you wearing... armor for underwear?

Aaagh!

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 -- I 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 his heart!

Batman just got a call that a man looking like brains bought a donkey and supplies near the Arizona desert.

The third curse of the four fates has come to pass!

Metal will still, your beating heart.

What?... the fool -- the Batplane -- we've got to save a man's life?

The great American desert!

Ha! Ha! I'll beat fate! So water is to be my downfall, 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!

Whee... whee... I'll beat fate yet... water won't be my downfall! Whee... whee... I won't drown... a man can't drown!

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!

In the desert... I'll beat fate yet... aaaaaaaah!

Water caused Brains' death... after all, but not the way he expected... It was lack of water that got Brains to drown!

The four of them dead... just as Jaffee predicted! I can't figure it out.

The final curse of the four fates has come to pass!

Maybe it's just something we can't explain... a mystery, even we couldn't solve!

'Water will be your downfall,'

Robin: Look!
SILLY WILLY

Brr, it's cold. I seem to be walking around in circles!

Gosh! I'm lost!

What - no sugar and cream?

Ah, saved at last! Here comes a St. Bernard dog with some hot tea!

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-

Here is a tale of those giant denizens of the deep—those battleships of nature—whales—of one, a titanic ten-ton monster, that plunges ships to Davy Jones' locker...and stirs the ocean in its hunt for a hundred Jonahs!

In a thrilling drama of brutality and fear—that dynamic duo, the Batman and Robin, take harpoon in hand to trap the terror of the sea—

THE WHITE WHALE!

Boy, it's time now to begin your tale for these sharks!

Riding at anchor in the port of Gotham City is a ship long seasoned and weather-stained. And well she might be, for she is rare craft indeed—

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 snip with ye again! You're a cruel master, captain Bully!
Cruel, am I? I'll show ye how cruel I can be, ye worthless rats!

I'm leaving the ship!

Ye swine! Come back! I've heard me if I could but lay me hands on ye, I'd play the skin from your backs!

At another end of the pier...

The white whale again! They say he stove in three ships an sent 'em to the bottom. I could believe it of wooden ships, but...

Wooden-hulled or steel-hulled, it makes no difference to the white whale! He sinks 'em all?

I've heard that harpoons bounce on his hide. It's tough! Also, that he don't swash ships with his big tail like other whales!

Aye, he just keeps buttin' and rammin' like an angry bull until the ship just naturally gives up.

To see that giant mountain of flesh, bearing down on ye—it's terrible. The white whale must be some accursed, sea devil!

The office of the Seven Seas Insurance Co.

Gentlemen, we face a serious situation—three ships have been sunk and we have had to pay heavily because they were insured by our company. All this, because of a whale?

Well—what's the answer?

Captain, bury's your answer! Double your reward for that whale and I'll bring him back! I'm afraid of no man or beast!

You may not be afraid, but other men are! Where will you get a crew?

Mr. Radney, as a secretary of this insurance company I know yer job—and as a captain I know mine! I'll get the somahoon and I'll kill your white whale!
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!

Night! Two shadows move through the still, deeper shadows of the brooding waterfront.

At his home, Bruce Wayne speaks to his young ward, Dick Grayson.

You stay here! There's no telling what may happen now, so just follow my lead. Okay?

Right, Bruce—but be careful!

Suddenly---

Warily, Bruce scouts among the gloom-mantled dock when—

Got a match, Bud? I guess so, sure!

WAC!

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, ooh, Dick! Where are we?

On the whaler, brother -- you've been shanghaied!

Shanghaied -- so this is how Captain Burly collected his crew! Oh, on 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!

Wote th' idea o' shanghaing us, cap'n?

Please take me back home, I'll always do my job.

I'm not.

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 the appearance of 'Jack Tar'?

The next morning --

Man overboard! It's Jack Tar! Man overboard!

Up ye go, ye landlubber -- lively now, or I'll take a club to ye!
Sometimes later...

That Jack Tar sunk like a log. Not a trace of him. We search some more, Cap'n?

We're searchin' for whales. Not for men. We're gettin' full sail ahead!

Nice stunt, that. Throwing a rigged-up dummy overboard!

Say—something's up!

I'll teach ye to splash water over my feet—

A quick discard of outer clothing—and two caped figures charge to the deck—

I'll take this—and you take this!

That's the Batman and Robin!

What're on my ship? They must have stowed away. I'll show 'em how I treat snoopers!

How're you doing, Robin?

I'm getting along!

Ugh—uh! Attack from the rear—have to stop it—
But easier, Robin has no eyes for the soap underfoot, and...

And the battle continues...

Mister, you look rather pale?

Ow—what a bad pun! Robin, I'm ashamed of you!

Then all freeze stock-still as a loud cry is heard—

Thar she blows! A whale, a whale?

In the distance, a thin, crested spout of vapor rises into the air, indicating a blowing whale!

Into the boat with ye! You're going ashore this day. We'll settle our differences later!
The chase is on! Thrashing cars send boats rushing through the waves.

True whalers, the seamen forget their quarrels as an exciting whale hunt looms ahead.

**HEAVE! HEAVE! BLAST YE! PULL UNTIL YE BREAK THE CAR! IS YE CAN'T BREAK EM, BREAK YER BACKS, HEAVE, HEAVE!**

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!**

One horrifying moment as the ponderous jaws snap shut and the bow of the boat crumples into splinters.

Bracing himself on the bucking boat, the batman drives the harpoon deep into the whale's monstrous bulk.

Then unexpectedly, the angry whale turns on another boat, the flukes of its vast tail sweep from and the harpooner, into the churning waters.

**NOT A SECOND TO LOSE! THAT HARPOON!**

The tremendous tail lashes the ocean into foam--threatening at any moment to smash Robin and the harpooner!
Lance in hand, the Batman jumps fearlessly to the vast glistening back of the leaping whale!

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 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 play 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.

UP/UP YE Lazy SWINE!

HEY!

WHY, YOU...

But Burly Is WAITING. HIS huge fist smashes INTO Batman's face!

I Bin WAITIN' fer this!

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 Brads Knockless on... Now to give ye THE worst beatin' you ever got!

UGH!

Easy does it, Pal!

I KILLED A MAN feeeellin' less than that to me, YOU--

I'll bash your head in FOR you!

C'mon, Batman-- let him have it!

Desperate, the weakened Batman tries an OLD stunt!
COMING TOGETHER AGAIN LIKE SAVAGE BEASTS, THE TWO FIGHT TOOTH AND NAIL.

I'LL CHOKE THE LIVING BREATH FROM YOUR BODY!

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 SEEMS UNDER A VIBRATING SHOCK!

CRASH

IT'S HIM--THE WHITE WHALE!

WE'RE DOOMED!

HEAVING UP OUT OF THE SEA IS A COLOSSAL MOUNTAIN--LIVID, GHOSTLY WHITE--A WHALE OF ALL WHALES--THE WHITE WHALE!

WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

HE'S GOING TO CHARGE US AGAIN! WE'VE GOT TO DIVERT HIS ATTENTION SOMEHOW.

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 IT'S 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!

"Here—here he comes, golly!"

The dreaded white whale rushes through the shivering waves, his charging bulk looking like a Juggernaut.

"Don't think about what's coming! Hectic poetry—anything!"

EASY BOY—DON'T lose YOUR NERVE!

The boy stood on the burning deck, his...

DO YOU SEE WHAT I see?

But the "illusion riddles the long boat with bullets that seem quite real!"

JUMP, ROBIN! JUMP!

Then, a startling thing occurs! Hatches open—machine guns poke out from the whale's white body!

MAYBE THE SUN IS playing tricks on our eyes? It must be an illusion!

"And inside the "strange whale!"

Okay—come aboard!

Okay... come aboard!

Radney, secretary of the insurance company!

So you guessed that certain disreputable ship owners had me sink their ships for the large insurance money on them!

The White Whale! A submarine!

And turned part of that money over to you? Eh! I thought the white whale was a submarine because it could stay underwater for a very long time!

The floundering trio is picked up!

Okay—come aboard!

Okay... come aboard!

"And inside the "strange whale!"

Okay—come aboard!

Okay... come aboard!

"And inside the "strange whale!"

Okay—come aboard!

Okay... come aboard!

"And inside the "strange whale!"

Okay—come aboard!

Okay... come aboard!

"And inside the "strange whale!"

Okay—come aboard!

Okay... come aboard!

"And inside the "strange whale!"

Okay—come aboard!

Okay... come aboard!

"And inside the "strange whale!"

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Okay... come aboard!

"And inside the "strange whale!"

Okay—come aboard!

Okay... come aboard!

"And inside the "strange whale!"

Okay—come aboard!

Okay... come aboard!

"And inside the "strange whale!"

Okay—come aboard!

Okay... come aboard!

"And inside the "strange whale!"

Okay—come aboard!

Okay... come aboard!
Suddenly, an explosion rips through the submarine. It shudders violently and lurches heavily.

A gentle bump— and the sub rests on the bottom of the ocean!

Water coming in the emergency door! Help me!

A gentle bump—and the sub rests on the bottom of the ocean.

Water coming in the emergency door! Help me!

I've prepared for this. This is the only helmet I have! All I've got to do now is open this door—let the water in—and swim to the surface. You'll drown like rats!

That's what you think! I'm taking that diving helmet!

Gunfire crashes through the silence...

Death on the ocean bottom!

Dead. Both of them. Their greed killed them.

Death on the ocean bottom!

That helmet's no good any more! It's smashed. We'll be joining them in a little while when the air gives out.

The torpedo tubes point straight up. Can we be shot through the tubes to the surface?

It might work. But wait! Someone has to stay behind to work the valve!
NO YOU DON'T! I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES! YOU WANT TO SHOOT ME TO THE SURFACE WHILE YOU STAY BEHIND-UH!

SORRY, PAL!

WORKING SWIFTLY, BATMAN PLACES ROBIN INTO THE TORPEDO TUBE!

The Batman jerks the lever down! A swish--and compressed air shoots Robin up to the surface!

Down below the Batman opens the hatch door! Water floods the room--the Batman takes one deep breath and swims through the doorway!

The long fight upward begins!

And on the surface Robin waits anxiously!

He should have been up long ago--he's got to make it!

Suddenly, a cowled head breaks the surface--

Batman! Batman! You made it!

Air--sweet fresh air--hi, Robin! I'm surprised to see me!

Minutes later, Batman and Robin are picked up by a coast guard cutter--

So it was you who fired that shot that sunk the 'White Whale' or rather--the submarine!

Yes! We thought we blasted the 'White Whale' out of the waters since it had been endangering shipping--had no idea it was a sub!

The menace of the 'White Whale' is gone, and that's what matters! Sort of a whale of a story, wasn't it?

Bob Kane
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 ZKK YB CRK FC VLR QOV.
ROLLIN
STONE

GOSH! I'VE WORN OUT MORE SHOE LEATHER LOOKIN' FOR A JOB - BUT NO LUCK!

M-M-M - A HORSESHOE! MAYBE THAT WILL BRING ME LUCK!

HEY YOUNG FELLOW - DO YOU WANT A JOB?

H-M-M-M - THAT HORSESHOE WAS A FAST WORKER!

YESSIR - I'VE HAD PLENTY EXPERIENCE IN TH' SHOE BUSINESS.

WELL THAT'S FINE - I HAVE TO HAVE SOME ONE TO HELP ME - I HAVE TO GO TO THE DOCTORS - IT'S MY BLOOD PRESSURE.

OKAY - NOW DON'T WORRY, MR. HEEL - I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING.

ALL RIGHT, MY BOY - I'LL SEE YOU LATER!

YESSIR - THAT'S A VERY NICE FIT, YOUNG MAN - WRAP 'EM UP!

O.K. NOW, HOW 'BOUT SHINING UP YOUR OLD ONES - MAKE 'EM JUST LIKE NEW!

SAY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

BETTER WATCH THAT BLOOD PRESSURE - MR. HEEL!

O.K., IF THAT'S THE WAY YA FEEL ABOUT IT!

HELLO GIVE ME THE POLICE!

UNFAIR! DO NOT PATRONIZE THIS STORE I'LL SHINE 'EM UP GOOD AS NEW!

ER - WHY - ER - IT'S JUST A LITTLE SIDE LINE O'MINE - I COULDN'T LIVE ON TH' DOUGH YOU PAY ME!

WELL, TAKE YO' LITTLE SIDE LINE OUTSIDE!

POP! POP! POP!
The Joker, king of knaves, woods 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, hopes the ruin of the whirling wheel of fortune and reaps a last laugh on the Joker. W. the case of the lucky law-breakers.
A hurled stone distracts the guards, attention.

What was that? Heard something back there.

Nothing—must have been that duck waddling into the river—just a harmless duck.

But the "harmless" duck is a man, a man escaping from an escape-proof prison.

A dripping figure hauls itself onto the opposite shore.

The fools should have never have let me work in the tool shop! I made this decoy duck and my escape—ha, ha.

The Joker, arch-villain of all time, is free! Free once again to wreak his criminal cunning.

The next morning, an extra hits the streets.

Extra! Midtown bank robbed of ten thousand dollars.

Hmmm—someone's made a nice haul.

The paper says it was a clever job, too.

Look—say—I'd like to see that son, Robin, in some exciting action.

Yes—and I'd like to see the Batman. He's one chap I'd like to be.

The March of Crime presents the conflict between the Batman and... the Joker.

The two friends take their seats as the show begins.

The Joker versus the Batman and Robin exclusive!
Here is a story taken from the pages of crime, a story that began when the hoisting 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 the 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.

State Prison

Funny, I never realized before how photogenic you are!

And you-you'll be making Clark cable look to his laurels!
Suddenly, the house lights flash on--

Today, as a special anniversary occasion we are giving away $10,000 to the lucky winners of Win-O! All right, spin the wheel!

$10,000! Wow!

Me too!

Win-O!

Aw! I never win!

Two men swagger to the stage.

Start countin' out the dough, mister!

Yeah! I got an itchy palm!

Trigger Tom and Nick Baci!

Just released from prison! Odd that the two of them should win $10,000 between them!

Eh, would you care to tell the audience your reaction upon winning this great sum?

This five grand is the first honest dough I made in a long time.

Eh?

This five grand is the first honest dough I made in a long time.

Me too--and I hope the cops remember that.

Suddenly, a man races to the stage, shouts a dramatic news-flash!

The Joker has escaped! Found a dummy in his cell this morning

The Joker!

The Joker!

The Joker!

The Joker!

Batman and Robin! Well--I'm not surprised. It was inevitable that our paths cross again!

Scant moments later--in the Wayne home--

Oh boy! Action at last! Joker, here we come!

Not so fast, first I want to find out whether it was really luck that those two crooks won $10,000!

No...I tell you...I didn't call the police--no--again.

Sorry...but it seems your tongue waggles a bit too much.

Later---

The Joker!
A SLASHING KICK DISPOSES OF THE DEADLY BLOW GUN!

OW!

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER THAN TO TRY THAT GRINNING DEATH OF YOURS, GET HIM, ROBIN!

YOU FORGET YOU'RE DEALING WITH THE JOKER!

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

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

LAUGH YOURSELF OUT OF THIS, YOU HYENA!

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---

HA! HA! I HOPE THIS MAKES A HIT WITH YOU, WA!

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 BUM!
A WEEK GOES BY—THEN, ONE MORNING—
LOOK—THE PAPERS ARE FULL OF IT!
WELL, SO OUR FRIENDLY PUNKER IS BACK TO HIS OLD TRICKS HERE WE GO AGAIN.

AND IN A CERTAIN ROOM—
BUT THE POLICE WILL BE WATCHING THE BANK. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WOKE THEM.
ANY FOOL CAN PULL A SURPRISE JOB BUT IT TAKES THE JOKE TO DO IT, EXPECTED IN SPITE OF ODDS!

THAT AFTERNOON, A CORRIGAN OF APPREHENSIVE POLICE SURROUND THE MIDTOWN BANK—
HE WOULDN'T DARE SHOW UP!
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 JESTERS, AREN'T THEY?

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 BULBOSUS NOSE FINALLY BUMPS AGAINST THE BANK WALL—AND THEN——

BOOM
In the midst of frenzied excitement, the pitchman removes his makeup and reveals the leering 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 charges...

But...

Duck!

Rat tat 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.

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 twin cannonballs, the motorcycles grind into the automobile. But Batman and Robin--

Safe! Whew! That was close!

Just think! That might have been us! Our Joker friend has pulled another ace from his crooked deck!
The Next Night...

Listen to the headline. Robin's 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 9999. Hello, Mr. Mont Willy?

Mont Willy: He was just released from jail two days ago.

Mr. Willy—you are the winner of the Bowl O' Bills Program!

Bowl O' Bills

C'Mon! I just got out of jail. The dough will come in mighty handy to make payments on a new car I just bought.

Come to think of it, Willy 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! Hmmm!

The following days see more robberies by the Joker and his crime cohorts.

Daily Flash

Bank Messenger Held up by Joker $5,000 Taken!

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 $20,000 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—then pull a robbery—...
The next day at police headquarters—

The Joker once ruined my business! I know him well enough to identify his body—If it is his body.

Yes—do come in! We've been expecting you—Joker! A trap!

Yes, a trap! We figured those fake Joke headlines would lure you. Curiosity killed the cat, remember?

Uh!

Stop him!

A window-shattering leap carries the Joker to the sidewalk, a floor below!

But following the killer clown is his twin nemesis—Batman and Robin.

C'mon! We're borrowing this gas, buddy!
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 bewitched 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— 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 back over the makeshift 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!

Ropes are coming off, but we're still in a spot!

This air won't last long— and neither will we, unless we do something fast!

Can't even judge 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 crooks begin their latest coup!

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...

Suddenly, the night air is split by two figures plunging forward in a furious head-on charge--

All right, men! Fix the hand grenades and blast that truck, open.

Batman and Robin--free but how?
Robin goes to town!

Don't crowd me, boys--this is my night to howl.

While the Batman and the Joker once again meet in a personal battle!

You--you infernal meddler!

Hasn't my fist met your chin some time before?

As the two great enemies clash in terrific combat--there is the sudden nearby rumble and thunder of an approaching express train--

Good heavens! The train!

Like a juggernaut of doom, the train roars mightily over the exact spot, where the Joker had fallen.

I don't know--have to wait until the train passes--

Do--do you think he is gone?

And when the long train finally does clatter past--

There's nobody here! He's gone!

Probably rolled under the train--and while it held us up, he made his escape!

The Joker gone again!

The last thing he'll be always comes back--and when he does, hell find us ready and waiting!
FOOD FOR THE FISHES

by Eric Carter

The two boys stood before the 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 Evasék, 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 Evasék 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 Evasék 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 Evasék 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 Evasék 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 signaled 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, grattitude 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 warmly: "The Lieutenant thinks not. He believes a soldier of the Fuehrer is immune to anything."

Platz's eyes darted around. "Sshh, 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
PRIVATE PETE

PRIVATE PETE, YOU'RE ASSIGNED TO SENTRY DUTY TONIGHT!

HMM - A SENTRY IS A VERY IMPORTANT GUY. HE PROTECTS THE OTHERS FROM DANGER!

I HEAR SOMEONE... HALT! WHO GOES?

WHO ARE YOU... HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A SPY? WHAT'S THE PASSWORD?

COME ON, LET'S SEE IF YOU KNOW IT!

HOW DARE YOU! DO YOU REALIZE WHO I AM, YOUNG MAN?

PRIVATE PETE!
This is General Summers! Why are you questioning him?

Well, in all the movies I've seen of army life, there's always a password. You know, like swordfish, or somethin'!

..AND SO.. Golly, doing kitchen police is no picnic -- it seems that all they eat here is potatoes.

Potatoes - potatoes - for days and days, all I see is potatoes!

48 hours later.

Yippee!

I'm all through, no more spuds!

Private Pete, we go out on maneuvers tomorrow morning. Make sure you're ready on time!

I'm playing safe on getting up. K.R. duty doesn't appeal to me!

One two three
TA-RA 
TA-RA

RING
RING
RING
RING

GOSH, THOSE ALARM CLOCKS MAKE 
SO MUCH NOISE, I CAN'T HEAR THE 
BUGLE!

SAY, SARGE, CAN I RUN 
OVER AND SEE IF ANY 
MAIL CAME FOR ME?

WELL --- ALL RIGHT, 
BUT HURRY BACK!

THANKS!
GEE - I HOPE IT'S 
HERE!

NOPE - THE MAIL DIDN'T 
GET IN YET!

ARE WE GOING ON A 
VERY LONG MARCH TODAY, 
SARGE?

YES, SIR - WE'RE WALKIN' PLENTY, 
ABOUT 30 MILES!
30 MILES!
OH-OH-THAT PACKAGE BETTER COME!

COME ON, MAILMAN - HURRY UP!

MAIL!
COME AN' GET IT!

STOP CROWDING, FELLERS - YOU'LL ALL GET YOURS!

PRIVATE PETE - THERE'S A CRATE FOR YOU AT THE OFFICE!

PETE WENT BEHIND ROSE TREES WITH HIS PACKAGE. HE DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO SEE IT!

BOY-OH BOY - ISN'T IT A BEAUTY!

OKAY, SARGE - I'M READY FOR THE MARCH!
Christmas--

Season of turkey and plum pudding--of gifts and good will--fun and games and laughter--were all set for a real rollicking 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!
Later... just as Bruce and Dick are about to leave...

Mister, will you please mail this letter for me? Please... fix it to Santa Claus!

Why, of course... and I'll see that he gets it.

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 would say he isn't real, but I believe in you. Santa will give me 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, wimpy Dick. The Batman is going to play Santa Claus!

Later--

Where do we go from here?

Our first stop is the State Prison!

Still later-- the office of Police Commissioner Gordon...

Batman and Robin! Well-- this is an honor! What can I do for you?

I'd like to speak to a prisoner-- Bob Cratchit!

In a few moments, the Batman finds himself standing in a cell....

Cratchit-- the commissioner tells me you claim you were framed. I'd like to hear your story. I'm the Batman!

The Batman? So what-- not even you can help me. But if you want to hear my story, I guess I can tell it to you...

It starts a year ago-- the day before Christmas. Funny things-- that's today! Timmy-- I wonder how he is... but my story-- well...

Like I said-- it was Christmas and my little boy, Timmy....

Gee, Dad-- Jimmy's Mom is getting him a keen scooter in a department store! I wish I got that for Christmas.

Do you, Tim? Well-- maybe you will...
"The kid had his heart set on that scooter—but I was flat broke!"

"What a rotten Christmas for Timmy—and what a washout of a Father I am. Maybe if Mary were alive—"

"I knew what I'd do. I'll steal one—but I'll pay for it when I get a job—sure—it isn't really stealing!"

"Door's open—funny! What's that? A shot!"

"I ran inside!"

"Without a word, the killer sprung forward and brought the gun down on my head?"

"When I awoke, it was like a nightmare."

"The watchman saw you working on the safe—you killed him—but he managed to plug you before he died. Isn't that it?"

"No—I didn't do it!"

"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? He covered himself up very neatly!"

"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..."
CRATCHIT, I
THINK I MAY BE
ABLE TO DO
SOMETHING.
WHO KNOWS,
PERHAPS YOU MAY
DISCOVER THERE
IS A SANTA
CLAUSS!

BATMAN,
IF YOU
GET ME
OUT OF HERE,
I'LL BE
INDEBTED
TO YOU
ALL MY
LIFE!

MINUTES LATER...

SAY... ISN'T
HAL FINK A
SORT OF A
BIG SHOT
NOW?

YES, HAL HAS
GONE FAR FROM
THAT LITTLE
THIEVING RAT
OF A YEAR AGO.
NOW HE'S A BIG
RAT!

BACK AT THE PRISON A
GUARD IN THE PAY OF
CROOKDOM MAKES A
PHONE CALL-

YEAH, HAL--
THE BATMAN
WAS PUMPING
BOB CRATCHIT
ABOUT THAT
WATCHMAN
MURDER--

WELL--
THAT MEANS
HE'LL BE OVER
TO SEE ME
NEXT; I'LL
BE READY
FOR HIM.

WHAT A
DUMP! IF FINK
IS SUCH A BIG
SHOT WHY
DOESN'T HE
LIVE IN A
BETTER
HOUSE?

FINK OWNS THIS
PLACE BUT HE HAS THE
INSIDE FIXED
UP LIKE A
PALACE-- GUESS
HE LIKES THE
ATMOSPHERE
HERE!

As the two
enter, the
rotund
santa claus
clings his
bell loudly,
pealing a
sinister
warning...

SHE! WELL
TAKE HIM
BY
SURPRISE!

HELLO, HAL;
YOU THOUGHT
IT WAS
SANTA
CLAUS?

Hello,

Batman!
WHY THE SOCIAL CALL?
MURDER! A MURDER A YEAR OLD TODAY! THE MURDER OF A NIGHT WATCHMAN IN ARENA'S DEPARTMENT STORE!

THAT'S VERY INTERESTING, BUT WHY COME TO ME?

BECAUSE YOU MURDERED THE WATCHMAN, NOT BOB CRATCHIT--AND I'M GOING TO PROVE IT!

NO YOU'RE NOT... CAUSE THIS SAYS SO!

AH... BUT THERE'S THIS TO CONSIDER, TOO!

YOW!

RELAX, LITTLE MAN!

BOYS! BOYS! GO GET HIM!

ROBIN, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A REAL FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

AND HOW!

NIMBLE-BRAINED ROBIN MAKES GOOD USE OF A COAT-HANGER!

MIND IF I HANG ONE ON YOUR CHIN?

As the thugs rush the Batman, the Boy Wonder comes to his aid!
But danger swoops down on the valiant battler!

Okay, kid—here's where the lights go out for you!

WOW! Robin's in trouble!

A swift accurate throw, and the gun sinks harmlessly into a soft pillow!

Huh?

But his timely intervention on Robin's behalf leaves the Batman off guard—

And a moment later plucky Robin goes down!

And I got those books just for show, haw, haw!

Hal... do the cops know these birds came here?

Yeah... an' that means I gotta take it on the lam! Meanwhile I gotta put these guys outta circulation!

Hal orders the duo taken to the rooftop.

Gonna show them inside the water tank, eh?

Right!

A steel door is opened and—

Icy water shocks Batman and Robin into a horrible awakening—
TRY TO GET OUT OF THIS, BATMAN! THERE'S NO PLACE FOR YOU TO GET A GRIP AND PRETEND 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!

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 I can shut off the supply--

Ripping off his cape, the Batman dives to the tank's bottom and plugs up the intake pipe!

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!

Golly--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--

Courage, Robin--I'll keep you up!

No--no--save yourself!

Robin, my feet are touching 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—

Golly! That light looks good to me!

As soon as we're out of here, we'll race home and change to dry costumes!

Look at him—that bell looks like a maniac!

Now, get it! That's a signal. He's a lookout. C'mon!

The Batman--the Batman is here

Say, isn't that the same Santa we saw in front of Hal's place?

Hm--that's odd. Look! He gets us!

At the signal, Hal and his bandits pile out of the warehouse—-to be met by--

Let's get 'em! Ugh!

Nothing like a good snowball fight, eh?

And how! I got another one! Bull's-eye!

Now's the time, Robin.

Vippee, lemme at 'em!
Panic clamps icy fingers about the criminal's heart, and then something snaps in his brain.

Okay, Hal--that's all we wanted to know!

Stay away from me! You're a shorty! You're dead--I killed you once--I'll kill you again! Ya hear me? I'll kill you again.

Huh? What?

Surprised, eh? Don't be--just blanks and makeup--as simple as all that. Your conscience did the rest!

Oh, yeah? Gimme that!

Don't nobody move! I'm going out of here and nobody's gonna stop me! Ya hear me?

Unnoticed to Hal--the Batman punitively, slides his foot towards a fallen coal shovel--

My Christmas gift to you, Hal.

The next morning--Christmas day!

Big day, today, eh?

You said it!

Oh, hello--is that you, Commissioner Gordon? Well, listen--biz-bizz-bizz--

Later--Santa takes a ride in the patrol car!

What's the idea of dragging along this phoney Santa from Hall's Gang?

Search me--it's Commissioner Gordon's order to take him to the orphanage.
--- 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, relieve 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—DO SANTA CLAUS BRING YOU BACK YOUR POP? THERE AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS!

BUT THERE IS, TOO! THERE'S GONNA BE A SANTA CLAUS!

SANTA CLAUS! HA! HA! KID STUFF!

SUDDENLY--

TIMMY! MY BOY!

DADDY! YOU'VE COME BACK--

HOLY HO! MERRY CHRISTMAS! HO! HO!

ER--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 PEAK--

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 GOTT RIGHT INTO MY HEART. ALL OF 'EM LOOKING RIGHT UP AT ME AND THINKING I'M A SWELL GUY. CHEE! WHEN I GET OUT, I'M GONNA DO STRAIGHT!

I HOPE YOU MEAN IT. I SPOKE TO COMMISSIONER GORDON, AND PERHAPS HE WILL LET YOU GO FREE ON PAROLE!

CHEE--I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THERE MAYBE IS A SANTA CLAUS AFTER ALL!

CHEE--YOU LOOK DOWN 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--
I'm sorry to hear you say that, Robin. For Santa is real! So real, a little bit of his spirit creeps into a father's heart so that on Christmas Eve he becomes the very image of old Santa himself. Santa is real and always will be if we believe in the spirit he stands for—good cheer, unselfishness, and love of fellow man! That's the real Santa Claus!

Bolly! This almost makes me believe in Santa Claus, even if I do know he isn't real.

And now, I think it's time for us to thank the loyal readers who follow our adventures!

And so, as Tim observed, God bless us every one! And—

Merry Christmas Everybody!
SHORTY

OH, BOY!

YESSIR—I'M GOING TO FLY—

HEY—MISTER!

FLYING SCHOOL

I WANT TO LEARN TO FLY A KITE!

WOW AND DOUBLE WOW!

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