

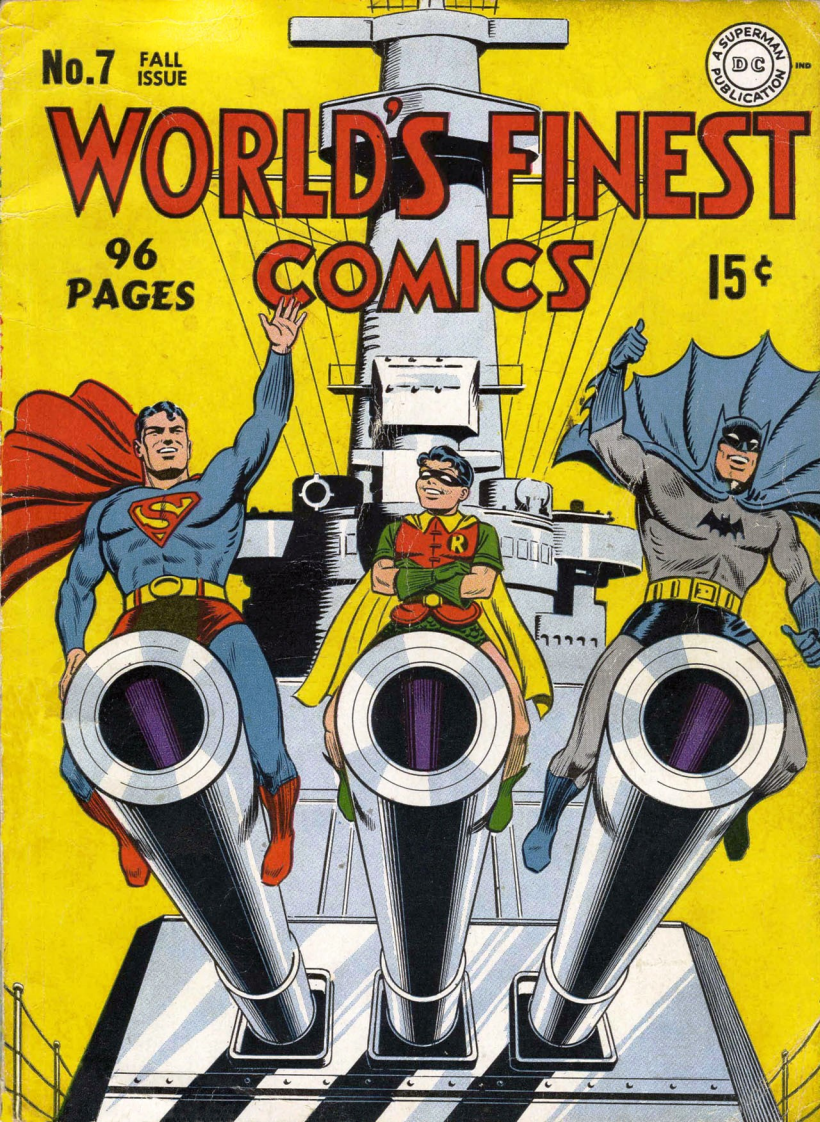
No.7 FALL
ISSUE



WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

96
PAGES

15¢





THE WORLD'S FINEST VALUE
AS THE WORLD'S FINEST FEATURES
GO TO TOWN
IN THE WORLD'S FINEST STORIES!



SUPERMAN..... THE EIGHT DOOMED MEN

Doctor . . . lawyer . . . merchant . . . chief . . . rich man . . . poor man . . . beggar man . . . thief! These are the eight mortals doomed to mysterious sky-high death in a drifting dirigible miles above the earth! But then flashes in a ninth figure to challenge the unknown foe—SUPERMAN! Invulnerable, invincible . . . he battles the invisible!

BATMAN AND ROBIN..... THE NORTH POLE CRIMES

Snow men don't talk . . . or do they? To solve this riddle, fly with the Batplane to the sub-zero Arctic regions . . . where the DYNAMIC DUO stalks a band of human wolves across the white expanse of glacial icy plains. Here's a tale of mystery you will never forget!

THE STAR-SPANGLED KID..... THE CASE OF THE JINXED SKYSCRAPER

It was the tallest building in all the world . . . yet men dared not step inside! For this man-made tower of stone and steel was haunted—haunted by the arch-criminal of the age . . . Dr. Ghoul! But the American Avengers fear no shadow or substance—so they entered!

THE GREEN ARROW..... THE MAN WHO COULDN'T BURN

Meet the Blaze . . . an outlaw who burns a new chapter in the annals of crime! Follow the flaming trail of this diabolic genius as he starts to set the world on fire—until the GREEN ARROW and SPEEDY, wonder archers, turn off the heat!

THE SANDMAN..... A MODERN ARABIAN NIGHTMARE

A rare idol from ancient Bagdad is brought to modern New York . . . and SANDMAN and SANDY, the Golden Boy, crowd more action and drama into one night's adventure than the legendary thousand-and-one nights have ever seen! For the rare idol is a sinister one—the idol of thieves!

RED, WHITE AND BLUE..... THE PHANTOM VOICE

When Nazi secret agents plot a Bund broadcast, the triple trouble team proves once again that three's a crowd—for the enemy!

DRAFTY..... BRINGING IN "BABY"

What's in a name? Drafty didn't know. And after risking his neck to rescue the General's "baby", he decided there were other things he didn't know, too—including how to handle a kitten with white stripes on its back!

ZATARA..... ADVENTURE OF THE WALKING DYNAMO

A strange freak of science transforms a harmless professor into a human magnet! Thus is born a new menace to humanity. But magnets attract—and the Human Magnet attracts his Nemesis in the form of ZATARA, master magician!

LANDO..... QUICKER THAN THE EYE


Quicker than the eye indeed are the spell-binding feats of this mystery man! And once again he uses the untold power in his grasp for helping the deserving and visiting justice upon the wicked!

PLUS MANY OTHER FAVORITE FEATURES!

SUPERMAN

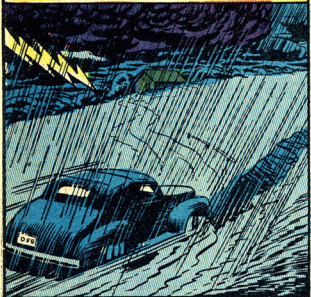
by JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

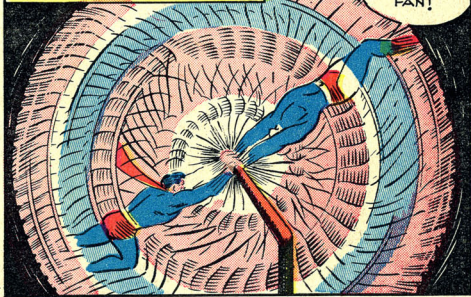


THIS IS A TALE OF EIGHT
DOOMED MEN! EIGHT MEN
SLATED FOR DEATH BY A
MYSTERIOUS FOE WHO STRIKES
SWIFTLY, MERCILESSLY FROM—
NOWHERE! WHO ARE THESE
EIGHT MEN? HOW DID THEY COME
TO BE PRISONERS OF THE DIRIGIBLE
OF DEATH? WHY DOES THEIR INVISIBLE
ENEMY HATE THEM SO? ACCOMPANY
SUPERMAN IN HIS ONE-MAN BATTLE
AGAINST THE UNKNOWN IN THE
PUZZLING CASE OF....
"THE EIGHT DOOMED MEN"!

A TERRIFIC DOWNPOUR SAVAGELY PELTS THE SPEEDING ROADSTER WHICH THREATENS TO SKID OFF THE DARK, WINDING ROAD...

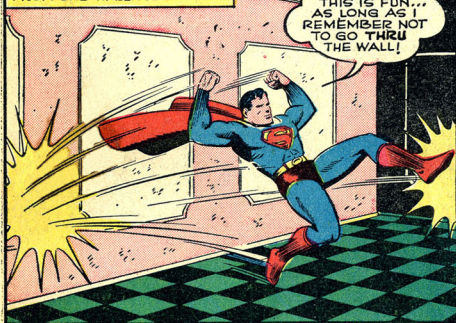


MEANWHILE--IN HIS NEARBY MOUNTAIN RETREAT, SUPERMAN INDULGES IN A SERIES OF WHIRLWIND EXERCISES...



JUST LIKE AN ELECTRIC-FAN!

BACK AND FORTH HE LEAPS FROM ONE WALL TO ANOTHER...



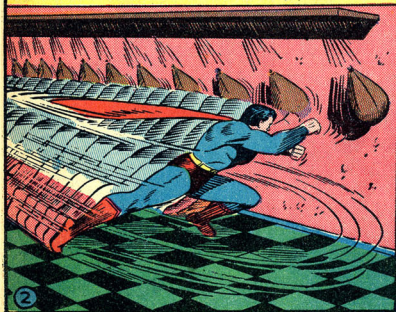
THIS IS FUN... AS LONG AS I REMEMBER NOT TO GO THRU THE WALL!



BASKETBALL IS AN INTERESTING SPORT -- BUT WHEN SUPERMAN PLAYS BOTH SIDES SIMULTANEOUSLY, IT'S ASTOUNDING!

HM-MMM! I WONDER WHICH ONE OF MYSELVES I SHOULD PERMIT TO MAKE THE BASKET?

THINK RAT-TAT-TAT-ING A PUNCHING-BAG IS SIMPLE? WELL, TRY TO KEEP A DOZEN WHIRLING IN RHYTHM AT ONE TIME!!

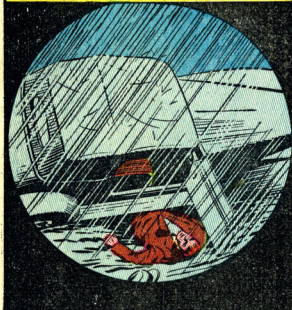


BUT AS SUPERMAN'S SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS DETECT A DISTRESS SIGNAL, HE HURTLES UP THRU A SWINGING DOOR AND OUT INTO THE NIGHT'S CHILL DARKNESS...

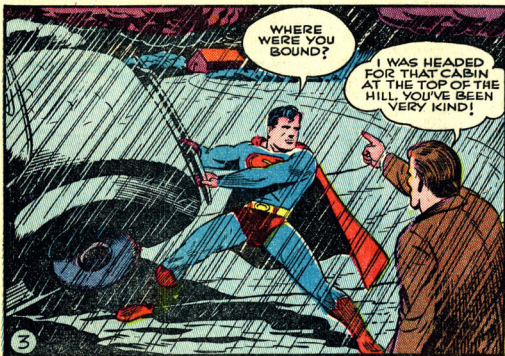
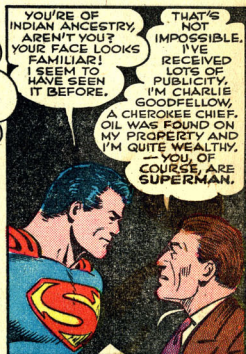
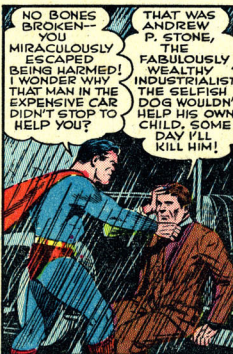


A CALL FOR HELP!

SUPERMAN'S TELESCOPIC-VISION BRINGS TO HIM A CLOSEUP OF THE DISTRESS CALL'S SOURCE.....



AT THAT MOMENT--A LUXURIOUS TOURING CAR WHIZZES PAST THE OVERTURNED CAR...



MEANWHILE--

REMAIN
WHERE
YOU ARE,
JENKINS!

BUT THE
WEATHER,
SIR...!

WHAT
ARE--?!

I'LL GET
YOU TO
YOUR
DESTINATION!

A RAGGED
FIGURE
BELOW—
OBVIOUSLY
TRUDGING
TOWARD THE
CABIN!

WANT
A LIFT?

HEY!

YOU ARE
HEADED FOR
THAT CABIN,
AREN'T
YOU?

YEAH!
BUT I NEVER
THOUGHT
"HEELS"
MORRAY
WOULD TRAVEL
LIKE THIS!

DEPOSITING HIS PASSENGERS
OUTSIDE THE CABIN, SUPERMAN
SPRINGS OFF...

BUT AS HE HURTTLES OFF,
SUPERMAN GLANCES
BACK TO NOTE...

REACHING HIS MOUNTAIN-
RETREAT, SUPERMAN
PROMPTLY FORGETS THE
MATTER...

BOY!
THAT BEATS
HOPPING A
FREIGHT,
ANY DAY!

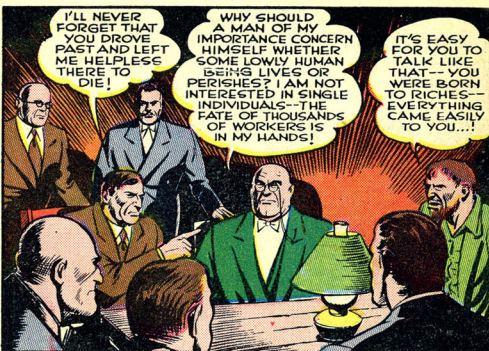
THANKS!

WHAT A
STRANGELY
ASSORTED GROUP
OF MEN THERE
ARE IN THAT
CABIN! I WONDER
WHAT BROUGHT
THEM THERE?

ALWAYS
GLAD TO
DO ANYONE
A GOOD
TURN!

NOW TO RELAX
AND CATCH UP
ON MY READING
SCHEDULE!

LIGHTNING TEARS ACROSS THE HEAVENS--THUNDER CRASHES DEAFENINGLY... AS THO IN ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE SAVAGE CLASHES OF TEMPERAMENT OCCURRING WITHIN THE DARK CABIN....



I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT YOU DROVE PAST AND LEFT ME HELPLESS THERE TO DIE!

WHY SHOULD A MAN OF MY IMPORTANCE CONCERN HIMSELF WHETHER SOME LOWLY HUMAN BEING LIVES OR PERISHES? I AM NOT INTERESTED IN SINGLE INDIVIDUALS--THE FATE OF THOUSANDS OF WORKERS IS IN MY HANDS!

IT'S EASY FOR YOU TO TALK LIKE THAT-- YOU WERE BORN TO RICHES-- EVERYTHING CAME EASILY TO YOU....!



YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO INSULT ANYONE! YOU WHO AT GRADUATION WERE LISTED AS "THE MAN MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED" AND LOOK AT YOU! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A BEGGAR!

CUT IT OUT! LEAVE HIM ALONE!

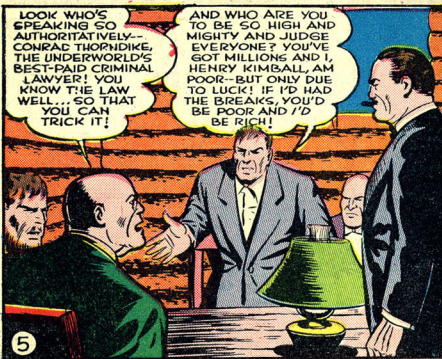
NATURALLY YOU WOULD COME TO THE DEFENSE OF "HEELS", YOU'VE SUNK PRETTY LOW YOURSELF, CHICK RYAN, YOU'RE A COMMON THIEF, YOUR SKIN IS STILL PALLID FROM RECENT IMPRISONMENT!

IF I WEREN'T A SICK MAN, I'D--!

DON'T EXCITE CHICK, IT SHOULD BE EVIDENT TO EVEN YOU THAT HE HAS A BAD HEART-- EXCITEMENT MIGHT BE FATAL!

SMALL LOSS IT WOULD BE TO THE WORLD IF HE DIED, AND THE SAME GOES FOR YOU, DOCTOR DAN MALLORY. I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU-- HOW YOU OPERATED WHILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF DRINK, THE PATIENT DIED--AND YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO PERFORM THE SIMPLEST OPERATION SINCE!

CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY, STONE, THERE ARE SLANDER LAWS YOU KNOW!



LOOK WHO'S SPEAKING SO AUTHORITATIVELY-- CONRAD THORNDIKE, THE UNDERWORLD'S BEST-PAID CRIMINAL LAWYER! YOU KNOW THE LAW WELL, SO THAT YOU CAN TRICK IT!

AND WHO ARE YOU TO BE SO HIGH AND MIGHTY AND JUDGE EVERYONE? YOU'VE GOT MILLIONS AND I, HENRY KIMBALL, AM POOR--BUT ONLY DUE TO LUCK! IF I'D HAD THE BREAKS, YOU'D BE POOR AND I'D BE RICH!



WHY ARGUE LIKE THIS? TAKE ME FOR INSTANCE. EVERYONE KNOWS WHO ALBERT DAMON, OWNER OF THE MEAT STORE CHAIN--I'M WEALTHY, AND I HAVEN'T AN ENEMY IN THE WORLD!

WHAT A STRANGE ASSOCIATION WE MAKE! "RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF, DOCTOR, LAWYER, MERCHANT, CHIEF!" JUST LIKE THE NURSERY RHYME! LET'S EXAMINE THE CIRCUMSTANCE THAT BROUGHT US TOGETHER!

"--TWENTY YEARS AGO, AS MEMBERS OF THE ELK HART UNIVERSITY PI THETA DAU FRATERNITY, WE SWORE A SOLEMN VOW..."

WE HEREBY
SWEAR TO
REASSEMBLE
TWENTY YEARS
FROM NOW!

I'LL PROBABLY
BE A CAPTAIN OF
INDUSTRY BY THEN,
ANDY. AND IF YOU
NEED A JOB, ALL
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO
IS ASK ME FOR IT!

HOW
ABOUT
MAKING
ME YOUR
TREASURER?



I COMPLETELY
FORGOT ALL
ABOUT THAT
VOW UNTIL
I RECEIVED
THIS
UNDESIGNED
NOTE A FEW
DAYS AGO.
IT ASKED ME
TO COME TO
THIS CABIN
TO MEET
THE OTHERS,

I GUESS THE
SAME THING
HAPPENED TO
THE REST OF US.
I WONDER WHO
WROTE THE NOTES?

STONE
PROBABLY
DID IT SO
HE COULD
GLOAT OVER
THE REST
OF US!



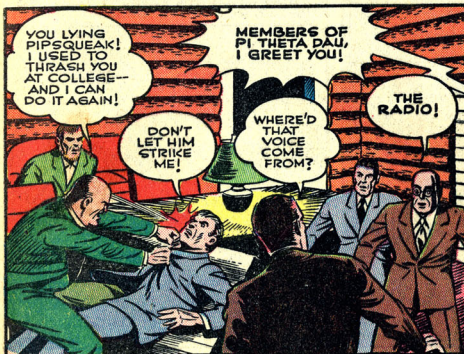
YOU LYING
PIPSQUEAK!
I USED TO
THRASH YOU
AT COLLEGE--
AND I CAN
DO IT AGAIN!

MEMBERS OF
PI THETA DAU,
I GREET YOU!

DON'T
LET HIM
STRIKE
ME!

WHERE'D
THAT
VOICE
COME
FROM?

THE
RADIO!



GENTLEMEN--YOU REASSEMBLE
HERE AFTER TWENTY YEARS...
AS MY GUESTS! YOU WILL FIND
ME A MOST ATTENTIVE HOST
BECAUSE I PROPOSE TO KILL
ALL OF YOU!! GENTLEMEN!
YOU ARE--EIGHT
DOOMED MEN!

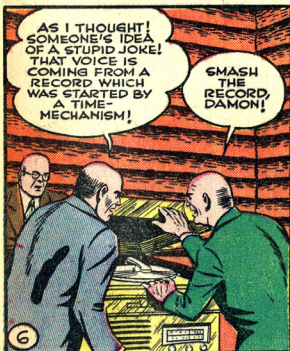
WHO
TURNED ON
THE RADIO?

NO
ONE!



AS I THOUGHT!
SOMEONE'S IDEA
OF A STUPID JOKE!
THAT VOICE IS
COMING FROM A
RECORD WHICH
WAS STARTED BY
A TIME-
MECHANISM!

SMASH
THE
RECORD,
DAMON!



BUT AS ALBERT DAMON LIFTS
THE RECORD, THERE IS A
SHARP THWANG--AND THE
MERCHANT DROPS, STRICKEN...

YAAA--AAA--AAA!

DAMON!

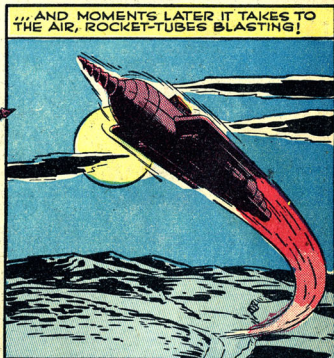
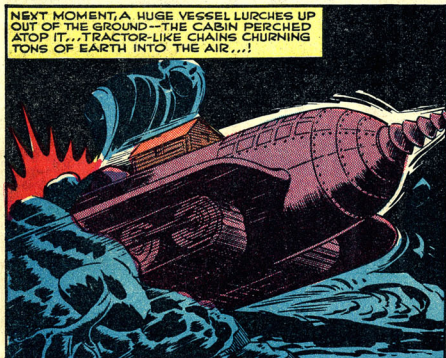
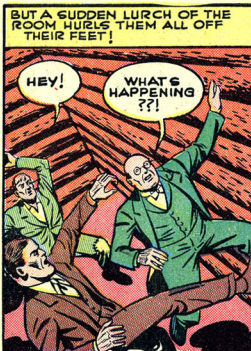
WHAT'S
WRONG
WITH
HIM?



HE'S DEAD--
A NEEDLE...
EVIDENTLY
POISONED...
PUNCTURED
HIS THROAT!

I BEGIN TO
SEE IT NOW!
ONE OF US
SECRETLY
HATES THE
OTHERS!
THAT'S WHY
HE'S SUMMONED
US HERE! HE
INTENDS TO
KILL US
ALL!!!





TRAPPED--FATED TO DIE ONE BY ONE UNLESS...

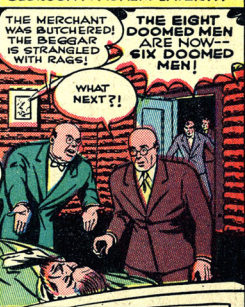
BUT WHY SHOULD ONE OF US WANT TO KILL THE OTHERS? OR FOR THAT MATTER WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL US? IS THERE NO WAY WE CAN SUMMON AID?



SWIFTLY, THE MEN SCATTER TO DIFFERENT ROOMS IN THE CABIN, SNATCHING BED SHEETS... ANY CLOTH THEY CAN LAY THEIR HANDS UPON...



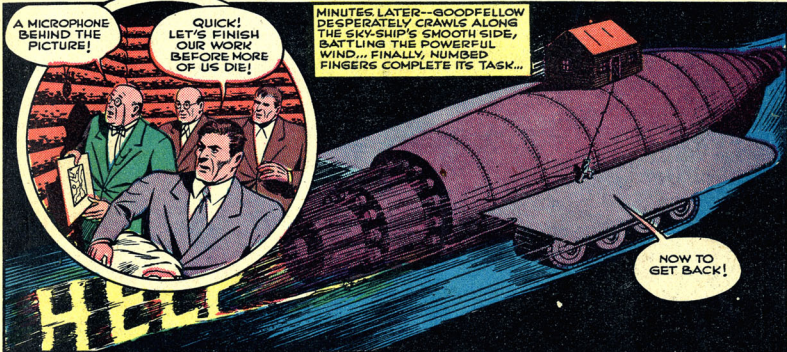
BUT STONE'S HOARSE SHOUT BRINGS THE OTHERS INTO A BEDROOM A MOMENT LATER...



A MICROPHONE BEHIND THE PICTURE!

QUICK! LET'S FINISH OUR WORK BEFORE MORE OF US DIE!

MINUTES LATER--GOODFELLOW DESPERATELY CRAWLS ALONG THE SKY-SHIP'S SMOOTH SIDE, BATTLING THE POWERFUL WIND... FINALLY, NUMBED FINGERS COMPLETE ITS TASK...



BUT AS GOODFELLOW ALMOST REACHES THE CABIN DOOR...

AN ARROW!

LOOK OUT!

I DON'T SEE STONE!

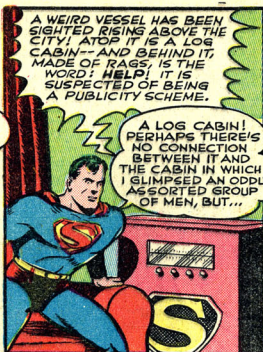
EARTHWARD CRASHES THE FIGURE--THE INDIAN CHIEF'S LIFE SNUFFED OUT BY A CRUEL ARROW!--"RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF, DOCTOR, LAWYER, MERCHANT, CHIEF!"





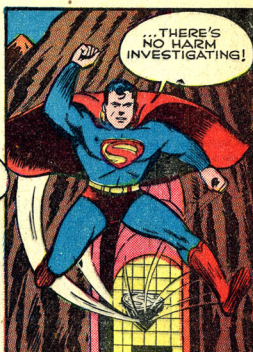
THAT STRANGE SKY-SHIP... IT'S GOT THE WORD "HELP" FLUTTERING BEHIND IT! DO YOU THINK SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE?

NAW! IT'S PROBABLY JUST SOME HAIR-BRAINED PUBLICITY STUNT!

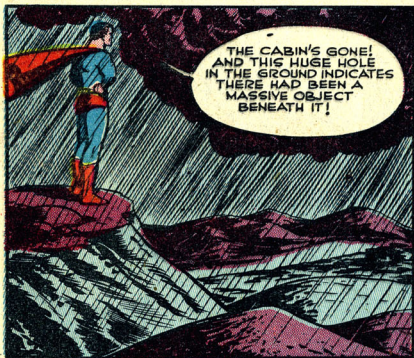


A WEIRD VESSEL HAS BEEN SIGHTED RISING ABOVE THE CITY! ATOP IT IS A LOG CABIN--AND BEHIND IT, MADE OF RAGS, IS THE WORD: HELP! IT IS SUSPECTED OF BEING A PUBLICITY SCHEME.

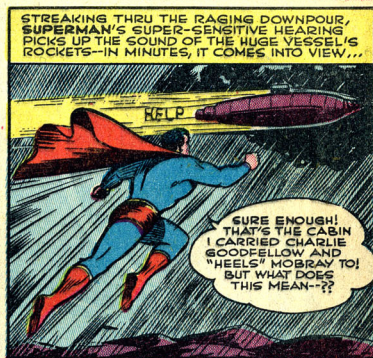
A LOG CABIN! PERHAPS THERE'S NO CONNECTION BETWEEN IT AND THE CABIN IN WHICH I GLIMPSED AN ODDLY ASSORTED GROUP OF MEN, BUT...



...THERE'S NO HARM INVESTIGATING!



THE CABIN'S GONE! AND THIS HUGE HOLE IN THE GROUND INDICATES THERE HAD BEEN A MASSIVE OBJECT BENEATH IT!



STREAKING THRU THE RAGING DOWNPOUR, SUPERMAN'S SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING PICKS UP THE SOUND OF THE HUGE VESSEL'S ROCKETS--IN MINUTES, IT COMES INTO VIEW...

SURE ENOUGH! THAT'S THE CABIN I CARRIED CHARLIE GOODFELLOW AND "HEELS" MOBRAY TO! BUT WHAT DOES THIS MEAN--??



UNEXPECTEDLY, POWERFUL SHELLS BURST ABOUT THE MAN OF TOMORROW....

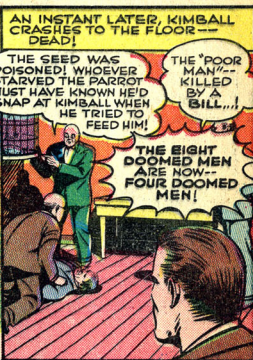
EVIDENTLY MY PRESENCE ISN'T VERY WELCOME!



MEANWHILE--

ONLY FIVE OF US LEFT! WHO--WILL BE NEXT?

THE WAY THIS PARROT HAS BEEN WATCHING ME YOU'D THINK HE KNOWS I RUN A PET SHOP. HE LOOKS HUNGRY. I'LL FEED HIM SOME OF THIS SEED.-- OUCH!

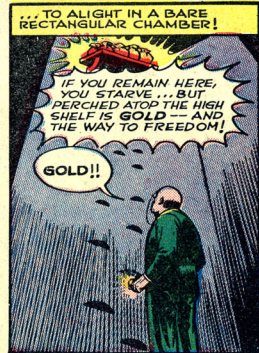
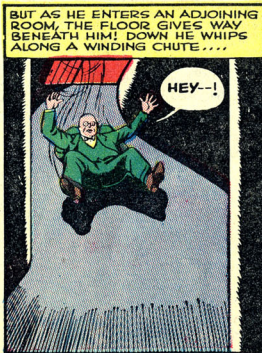
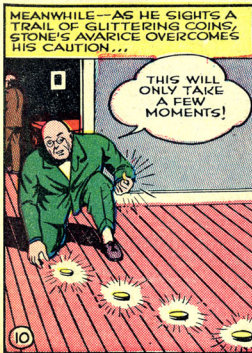
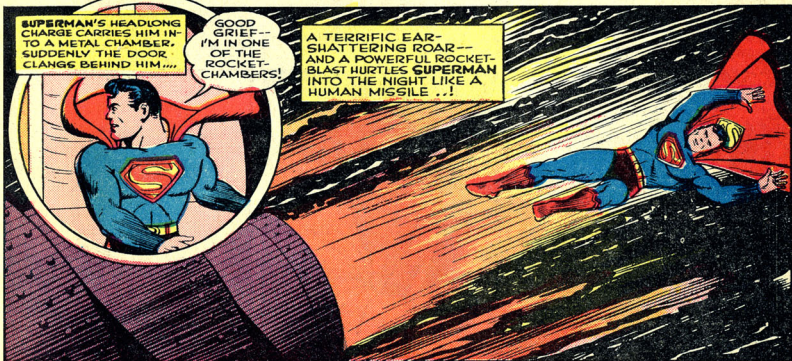
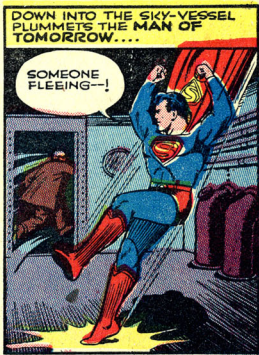
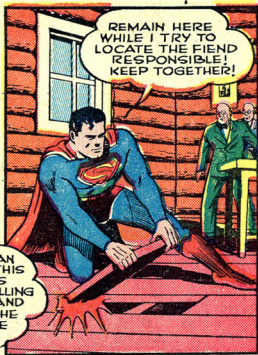


AN INSTANT LATER, KIMBALL CRASHES TO THE FLOOR-- DEAD!

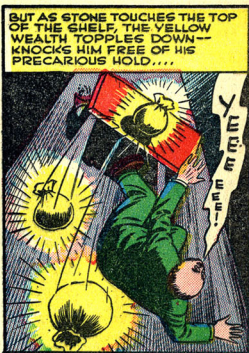
THE SEED WAS POISONED! WHOEVER STARVED THE PARROT MUST HAVE KNOWN HE'D SNAP AT KIMBALL WHEN HE TRIED TO FEED HIM!

THE "POOR MAN"-- KILLED BY A BILL!!!

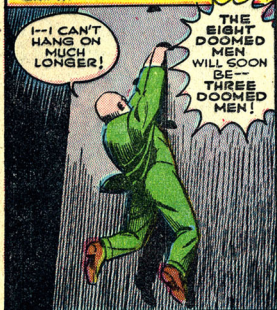
THE EIGHT DOOMED MEN ARE NOW-- FOUR DOOMED MEN!



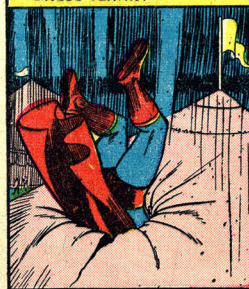
A TERRIBLE, INTENT DESIRE TRANSFORMS THE MILLIONAIRE'S FACE AS HE PAINFULLY CLAMBERS UP TOWARD THE GLITTERING PRIZE...



AS HE TOPPLES DOWNWARD, STONE MANAGES TO SECURE A FRANTIC GRIP...



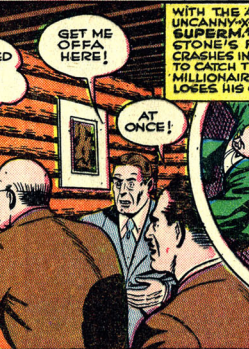
MEANWHILE-- RENDERED UNCONSCIOUS BY THE ROCKET BLAST AND FUMES, SUPERMAN CRASHES THRU THE TOP OF A 'CIRCUS TENT'...



AN INSTANT BEFORE HE CAN STRIKE GROUND, HE REVIVES AND, WITH THE AID OF HIS CLOAK, REVERSES THE DIRECTION OF HIS FLIGHT...



SOON AFTER-- AS HE RETURNS TO THE SKY-VESEL...



WITH THE AID OF HIS UNCANNY X-RAY VISION, SUPERMAN LOCATES STONE'S PRISON. HE CRASHES IN JUST IN TIME TO CATCH THE FALLING MILLIONAIRE AS STONE LOSES HIS GRIP AGAIN...

THE KILLER TRIED TO KILL YOU WITH MONEY BAGS! LET'S GET TO THIS VESSEL'S CONTROL ROOM BEFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO STRIKE AGAIN!

AS SUPERMAN LEADS THE WAY...



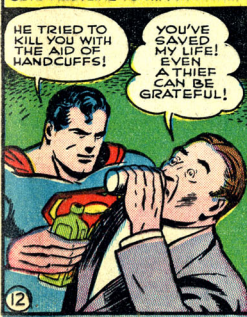
FIGHTING A HUGE GAVEL PLUMMETING DOWN TOWARD THE LAWYER, SUPERMAN LEAPS IN AND SMASHES IT INTO DOZENS OF FRAGMENTS JUST IN TIME...



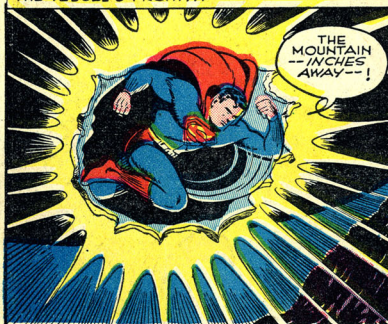
A MOMENT LATER, THE MAN OF TOMORROW WHIPS TOWARD MALLORY AS A SCALPEL HURTLIES TOWARD THE DOCTOR OUT OF A SMALL PANEL...



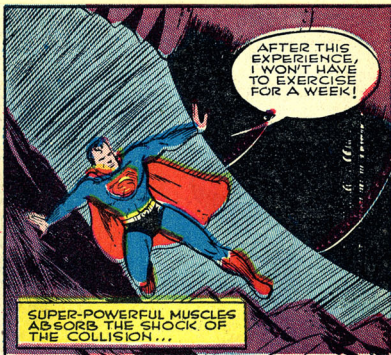
SMASHING IN THRU THE WALL, SUPERMAN FREES RYAN AND GETS MEDICINE TO HIM IN TIME...



SUPERMAN'S LEAP CRASHES HIM OUT THRU THE VESSEL'S FRONT...



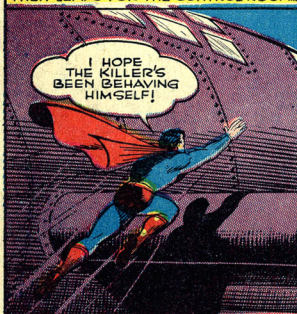
THE MOUNTAIN
--INCHES
AWAY--!



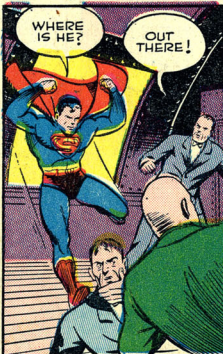
AFTER THIS
EXPERIENCE,
I WON'T HAVE
TO EXERCISE
FOR A WEEK!

**SUPER-POWERFUL MUSCLES
ABSORB THE SHOCK OF
THE COLLISION...**

PLUMMETING EARTHWARD, HE LOWERS THE PONDEROUS SHIP TO SAFETY, THEN LEAPS FOR THE CONTROL ROOM...



I HOPE
THE KILLER'S
BEEN BEHAVING
HIMSELF!



WHERE
IS HE?

OUT
THERE!

**SIGHTING HIS OPPONENT
TAKING A SUICIDE LEAP OFF
THE CATWALK, SUPERMAN
ACTS...**



YOU'LL NOT
ESCAPE
PAYING THE
PENALTY FOR
YOUR CRIMES
SO EASILY!



JENKINS!

MY
CHAUFFEUR!

BUT WHY
SHOULD HE
WANT TO
KILL US?

AN
EXPLANATION
IS IN
ORDER!



YEARS AGO, MY BROTHER
DIED WHILE BEING HAZED
DURING A PI THETA DAW
FRATERNITY INITIATION.
I VOWED VENGEANCE
AGAINST THE EIGHT WHO
HAD BEEN RESPONSIBLE.
I HAD READ SOMEWHERE
THAT THEY PLANNED TO
REUNITE TWENTY YEARS
LATER AND LAID MY
PLANS ACCORDINGLY.

ALL YOU'VE
SUCCEEDED IN
DOING, JENKINS,
IS CINCHING YOUR
OWN DOOM!



THO I GAINED VAST WEALTH
AS AN INVENTOR, I SECURED
EMPLOYMENT AS STONE'S
CHAUFFEUR SO THAT I WOULD
BE IN A BETTER POSITION TO
EXECUTE MY PLAN. BY A
STRANGE COINCIDENCE, THE
PROFESSIONS OF EACH OF THE
EIGHT MATCHED THE POPULAR
NURSERY RHYME, AND SO I
ARRANGED FOR THEIR DEATHS
IN MY SKY-VESSEL IN
ACCORDANCE WITH IT.
AND I'D HAVE SUCCEEDED,
TOO, SUPERMAN, IF IT
HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR
INTERFERENCE!

THE END

ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

BY JOSEPH SULMAN.

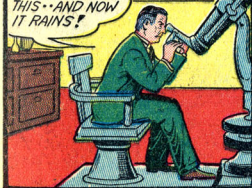
IN THE CRASHING THUNDER OF STORM-RIDDEN SKIES IS BORN A NEW MENACE TO HUMANITY! FROM THE BLINDING BRILLIANCE OF THE LIGHTNING'S FLARE COMES THE IDEA THAT IS DESTINED TO PLAGUE THE WORLD WITH... THE MAGNET! AND YET... A RAINBOW FORMS AFTER EVERY STORM, AND IN THAT RAINBOW CAN BE SEEN THE HAND AND GUIDING GENIUS OF THE MASTER MAGICIAN IN-

"THE CASE OF THE WALKING DYNAMO!"

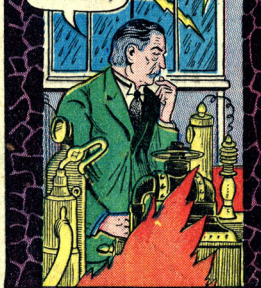


THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY AT HARTNELL COLLEGE SHELTERS OLD PROFESSOR BLY FROM A RAGING STORM.

BAH! HOW CAN I OBSERVE THE CONFIGURATIONS OF MARS' ORBIT WITH ALL THAT RAIN! I'LL DO SOME PHYSICS WHILE I WAIT FOR IT TO CLEAR! I DIDN'T LEAVE ON MY VACATION—JUST TO OBSERVE THIS!—AND NOW IT RAINS!

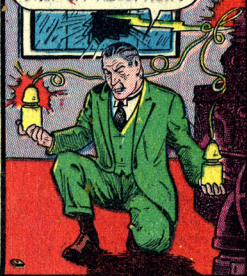


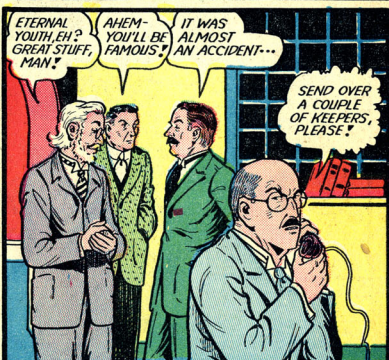
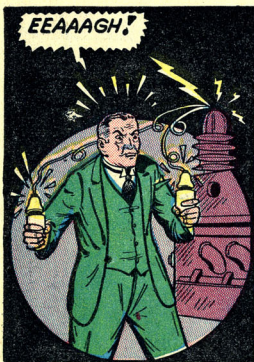
I'LL STUDY THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING. THERE'S PLENTY OF IT TONIGHT, ALL RIGHT!



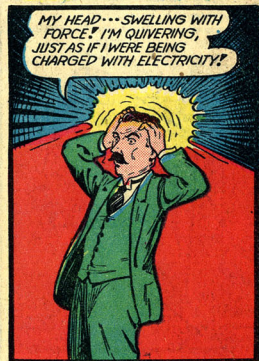
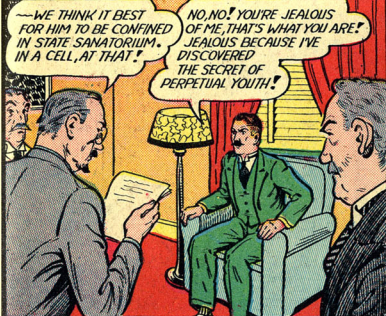
THE PROFESSOR BENDS TO MAKE AN ADJUSTMENT. A BOLT OF FORKED DEATH CRASHES THROUGH A WINDOW--

BAH! THAT NUT WOULD DROP OFF ABOUT NOW!

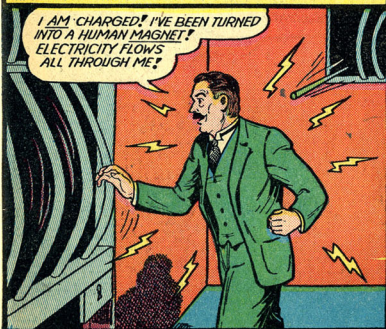




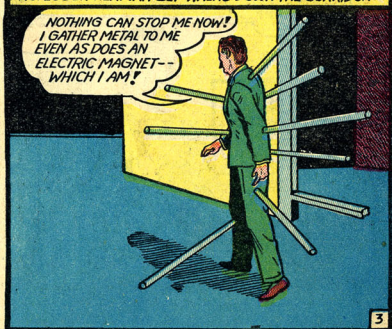
A GROUP OF NOTED ALIENISTS LISTEN TO PROFESSOR BLY'S CLAIMS, THEN READ THEIR DECISION....



CURRENTS SHAKE BLY AS PURE ELECTRICITY TURNS HIM INTO A HUMAN DYNAMO.



IT'S EERIE AS A MAN FROM ANOTHER WORLD, PROFESSOR HERMAN BLY WALKS DOWN THE CORRIDOR..

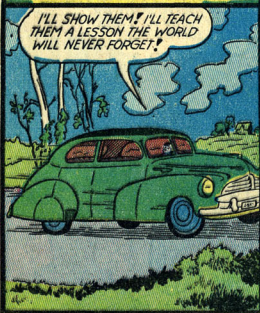




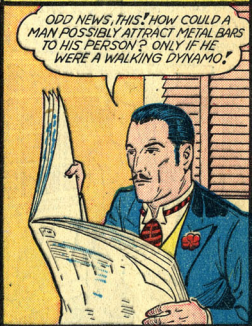
BLY HOLDS OUT HIS HAND AND THE DOOR OF THE OFFICE SAFE LEAPS FROM ITS HINGES.

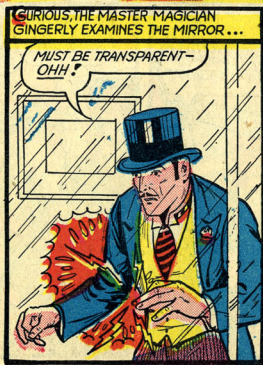
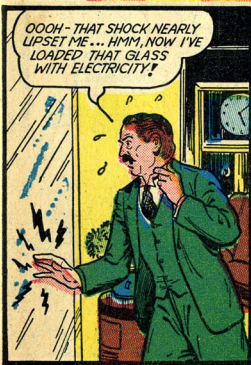
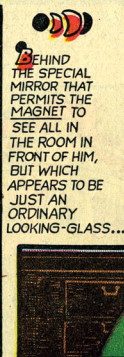
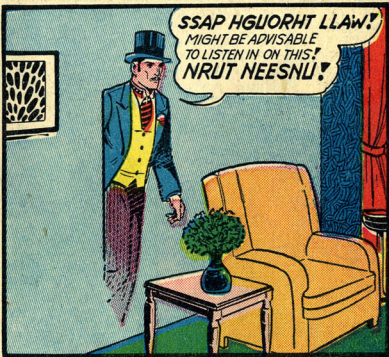
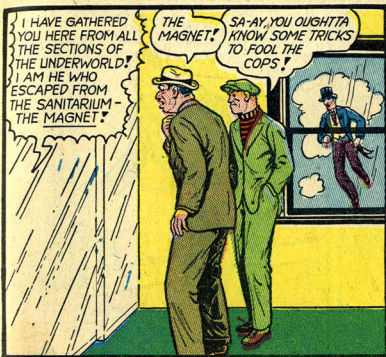


AS THE STORM DIES, HERMAN BLY RACES AWAY FROM THE SANITARIUM-TOWARD FREEDOM!



NEXT MORNING, ZATARA CASUALLY PERUSES THE PAPER---





AS THE MAGICIAN FALLS UNCONSCIOUS, THE MAGICAL SPELL THAT RENDERED HIM INVISIBLE VANISHES!



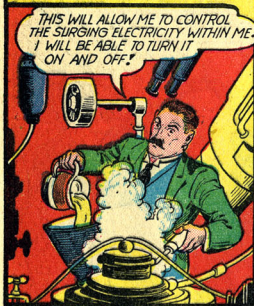
HE TOUCHED THE GLASS--WAS SHOCKED! I MUST BE MORE CAREFUL OF THIS POWER OF MINE! I CAN'T-OR SHOULDN'T-GO AROUND KILLING ANYBODY! ONLY THOSE WHO DESERVE MY HATE!



I'LL GO TO MY OWN PRIVATE LABORATORY! THERE I CAN MAKE SOMETHING TO CONTROL THE CURRENTS THAT FLOW THROUGH MY BODY!



EARTHEN MOULDS POUR MOLTEN LIQUIDS INTO A CIRCULAR FORM... WIRES AND METAL KNOBS ARE RIVETED HOME ...



THIS WILL ALLOW ME TO CONTROL THE SURGING ELECTRICITY WITHIN ME. I WILL BE ABLE TO TURN IT ON AND OFF!

I'M READY, READY TO MAKE MYSELF THE GREATEST CRIMINAL OF THE AGE, AND THE GREATEST SCIENTIST! I'LL PROVE MY THEORIES--TO THE WORLD'S LOSS!

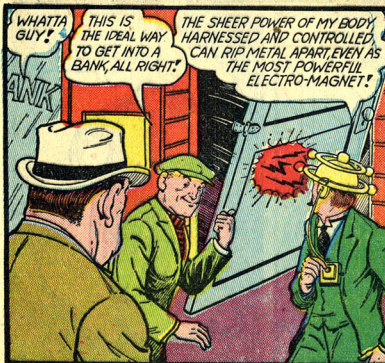


AS THE DARK SHADES OF EVENING BLACKEN THE CITY STREETS AND SIDEWALKS...



GOOD BOYS! FROM HERE ON, I'LL TAKE OVER!

IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! LOOK AT THAT FUNNY HEADPIECE HE'S WEARIN'!



WHATA GUY!

THIS IS THE IDEAL WAY TO GET INTO A BANK, ALL RIGHT!

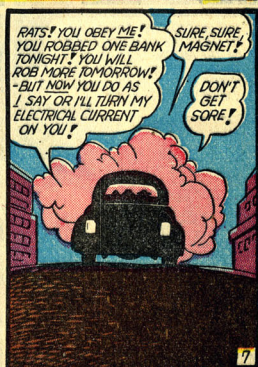
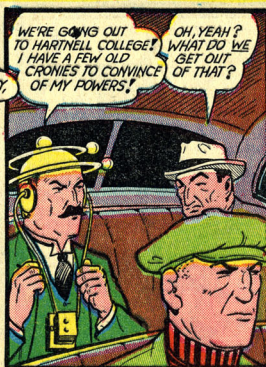
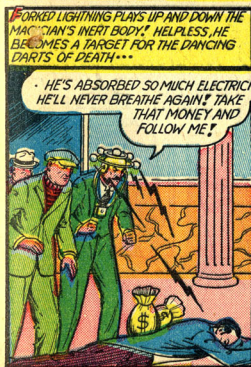
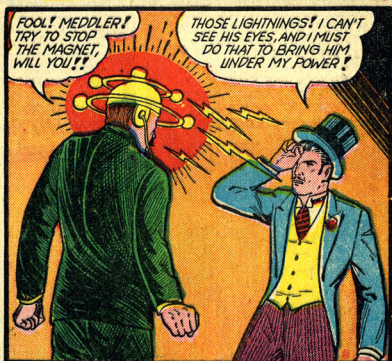
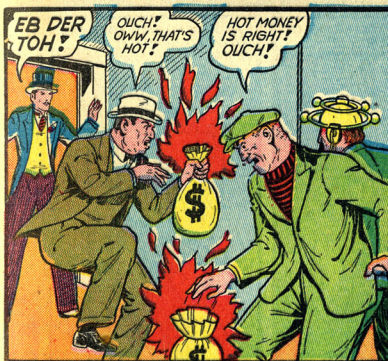
THE SHEER POWER OF MY BODY, HARNESSSED AND CONTROLLED, CAN RIP METAL APART, EVEN AS THE MOST POWERFUL ELECTRO-MAGNET!



METAL GUNS REACT THE SAME WAY!

IS THIS PERFECT, OR IS IT PERFECT?

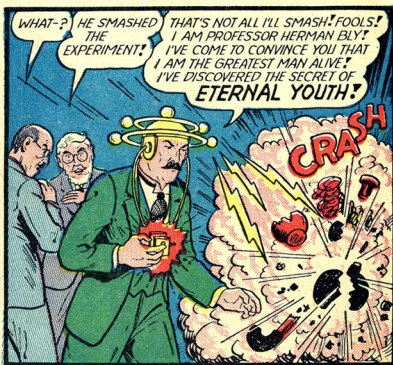
WE'VE BEEN DISARMED!





I'M LUCKY TO FIND THEM GATHERED FOR AN EXPERIMENT! HUH, I'LL SHOW THEM ONE THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!

SURE YOU WILL, BOSS!



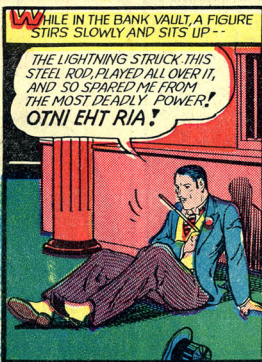
WHAT? HE SMASHED THE EXPERIMENT!

THAT'S NOT ALL I'LL SMASH! FOOLS! I AM PROFESSOR HERMAN BLY! I'VE COME TO CONVINCE YOU THAT I AM THE GREATEST MAN ALIVE! I'VE DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF ETERNAL YOUTH!

CRASH



ELECTRICITY CONTAINS THE SECRET OF LIFE AND REJUVENATION! WHILE IN FRONT OF A SPECIAL MACHINE DESIGNED TO HARNESS ELECTRICITY, I WAS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING! THE POWER INHERENT IN IT RESTORED MY YOUTHFUL STRENGTH!

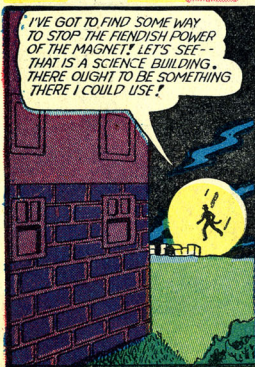


WHILE IN THE BANK VAULT, A FIGURE STIRS SLOWLY AND SITS UP --

THE LIGHTNING STRUCK THIS STEEL ROD, PLAYED ALL OVER IT, AND SO SPARED ME FROM THE MOST DEADLY POWER! OTNI EHT RIA!



FIND THE MAGNET ONCE MORE, LITTLE ROD, AND I'LL RETIRE YOU FOR LIFE! OD RUOY WORK!



I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO STOP THE FIENDISH POWER OF THE MAGNET! LET'S SEE-- THAT IS A SCIENCE BUILDING. THERE OUGHT TO BE SOMETHING THERE I COULD USE!



I WILL BESTOW A GIFT ON YOU! I SHALL MAKE YOU ALL YOUNG! I SHALL TURN YOU ALL INTO NEWBORN BABES! AH-HA-HA!

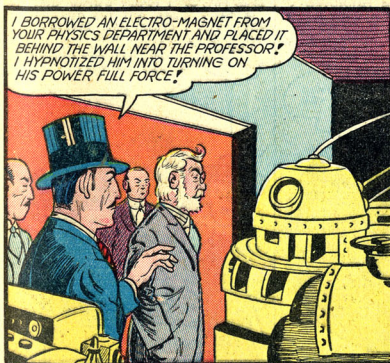
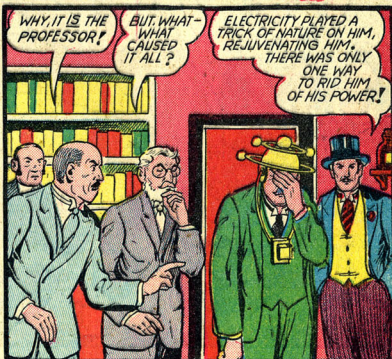
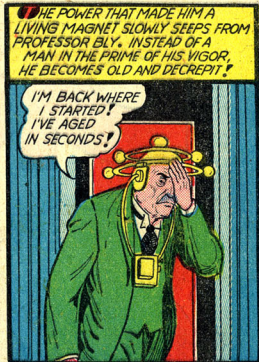
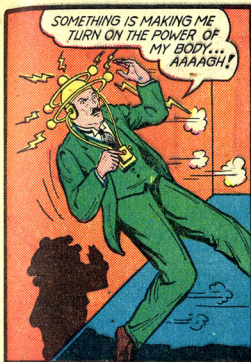
AND LINDO OUR LIFE'S WORK?

NO, NO!



NO FEAR OF THAT, GENTLEMEN! THE MAGNET'S POWER HAS ENDED FOREVER! NRUT NO REWOP!

DON'T BELIEVE HIM! SHOOT HIM DOWN, MEN!



DRAFTY

By STANLEY KAYE



THIS CALLS FOR A QUICK RETREAT!

A MISSION OF TRUST AND DANGER FOR THOSE TWO DAUNTLESS DRAFTEES—DRAFTY AND TIM!

YOU SENT FOR US, SIR?

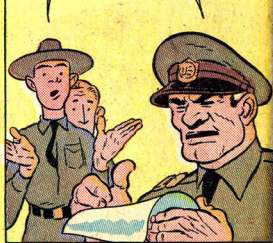
YES! THERE'S AN IMPORTANT MISSION AND NOBODY ELSE AVAILABLE! I'LL HAVE TO SEND YOU TWO AND KEEP MY FINGERS CROSSED!

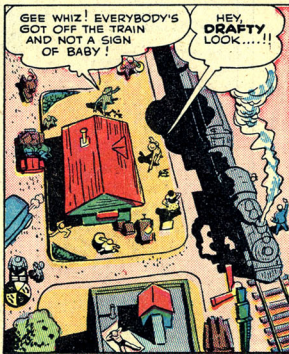
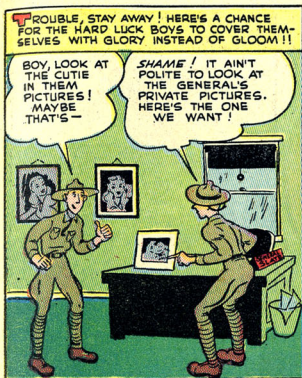
GENERAL SLATE'S DAUGHTER IS ARRIVING FOR A VISIT! THE GENERAL IS BUSY SO YOU'LL HAVE TO MEET THE TRAIN AND SEE THAT SHE ISN'T KIDNAPPED BY FIFTH COLUMNISTS!

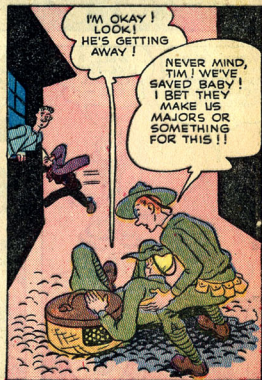
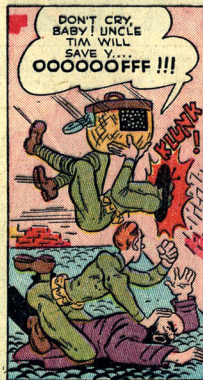
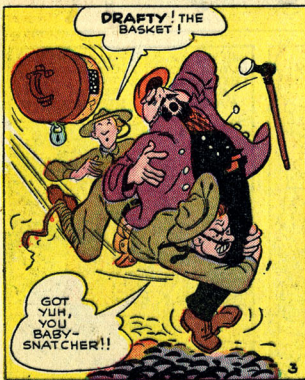
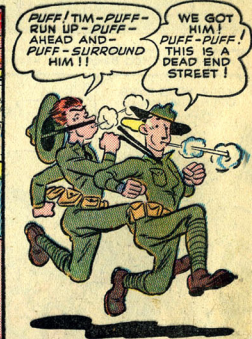
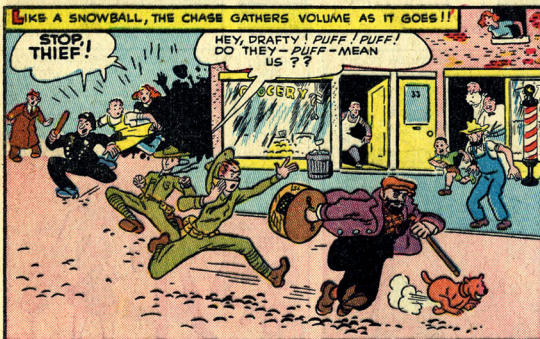
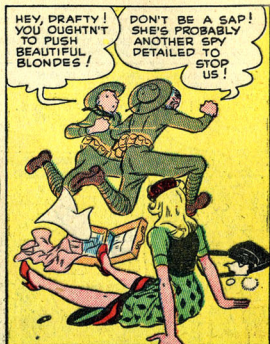
OH, BOY... I MEAN, YES, SIR!

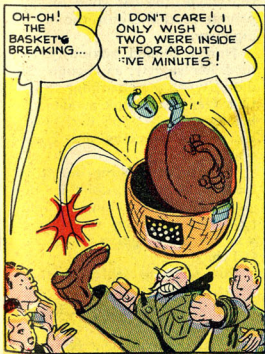
HOW OLD IS SHE? HOW WILL WE KNOW HER?

I DON'T KNOW HER AGE, BUT THE GENERAL CALLS HER **BABY**! YOU'LL FIND HER PICTURE IN HIS QUARTERS! YOU CAN RECOGNIZE HER BY THAT!









WISE LADY

by Edgar Weston

THE station wagon was at the door and nobody noticed anything unusual, least of all young Richard. He climbed happily into the seat alongside the chauffeur, whose face was turned away for the moment. This was Saturday afternoon and it meant that a new Gene Autry would be playing at the local theatre, as well as a Superman film.

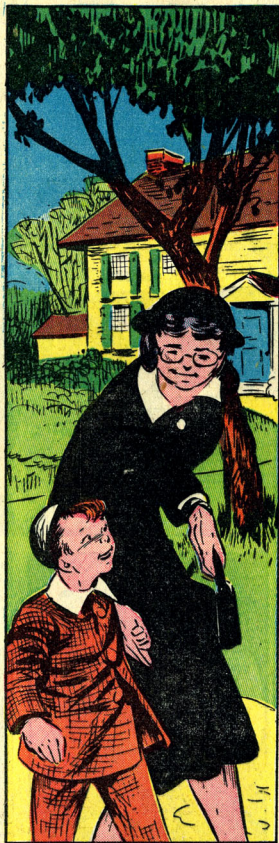
So Richard was righteously impatient when he turned to call to the old lady, primly dressed in black and white, who was approaching the car. She was his nurse, just as she had been for Richard's father. And both of them called her Nanny, and loved her almost like a mother.

Fastidiously, and looking just like a China doll, she stepped into the car, smiles wrinkling her face. "Now . . . now," she chided the impatient boy. "You youngsters are all alike, afraid that the world is going to pass you by. Just like your father you are, Richard. Why, I——"

She stopped, her aged but still bright eyes glued on the automatic in the hand of the chauffeur, but hidden from the boy's sight. This wasn't Parker. This was a stranger. Nanny's eyes watched the man's lips and he said: "Get in, Grandma, and don't make a sound."

There was nothing she could do but obey. He had let out the clutch and the car was moving. For a moment, she couldn't think. What had happened to Parker? And what was this man trying to do? She saw his eyes through the rear view mirror, cold and merciless and the thought entered her head, "we're being kidnaped!"

And it was true. The man driving the car was Mike De-



rani, and he was dangerous as he was clever. The car was

picking up speed now, the man watching behind him as though afraid of being pursued. After a moment he spoke. He said:

"Nobody's going to get hurt, Grandma, if they're smart. This is a snatch. You saw what I had in my hand, and I'll use it if I have to. This kid's father will pay plenty to get him back."

Young Richard, whose interest had been aroused now, said: "You're not Parker. And you talk awfully funny for a chauffeur." His childish voice chided: "Besides, don't you know Nanny can't . . ."

"Richard!" The old lady drew the boy to her. "You mustn't interrupt the new chauffeur while he's driving this car for the first time." She smiled sweetly at Derani. "Isn't that right?"

"That's right, Grandma." The abductor allowed a thin smile to creep from compressed lips. "I can see we're going to get along fine. You're a smart old lady. Stay that way." He swung the wheel, the car spun off the private road and onto the broad highway.

Nanny looked anxiously behind her swiftly, as though she didn't want the chauffeur to notice. Her heart sank as she saw his eyes fixed upon her, heard his words, mocking and confident.

"If you're looking for that trooper, Grandma, don't let me stop you. I'm watching for him, too. And when he stops us, if you crack I'm going to let the kid have it."

She tried to still the trembling of her heart as she took her eyes from his face. So he knew about Trooper Trent!

Almost as though he were

reading her thoughts, Derani's lips moved now and the old lady watched them carefully.

"Sure, I know he usually looks for the kid on Saturdays, Grandma. I've been watching your house and your movements for a month now. How'd you figure I got this car? I knew the chauffeur takes you both to the movies every week." He laughed harshly. "Only this week," he grated, "Parker won't."

Derani's eyes narrowed and he added:

"Remember, when that cop comes, I'm taking Parker's place for a couple of days. And by the time that dumb cop gets wise, I'll have moved you and the kid into a big sedan I got parked on the other side of town."

It was one of the strangest experiences of her life. For a moment, again, her mind refused to function. All she could think of was that this gangster had laid his plans well. And within an hour she and Richard would be hidden someplace. She tried to keep her mind from thinking of the anguish Richard's father and mother would feel. If only she could do something. . . . Her eyes strayed to the suspicious bulge in the man's pocket, went to the dashboard of the car.

"I wonder," she said, almost timidly, "if you'd mind putting on the radio? I do so love music, and it will help to quiet my nerves."

She held her breath as his eyes, cold and cruel, studied her. Then he said: "Why not? I'll turn it on. Make it look

like a nice little party for that trooper." He nodded. "Smart girl, old girl."

Nanny sat back as the radio light came on. She watched him adjust the knob, then, suddenly his body stiffened, and his eyes were watching through the mirror. Nanny turned.

It was Trooper Trent on patrol and looking out for Richard. The station wagon slowed down as the car drew abreast. Nanny saw the chauffeur's hand steal to the gun and she knew it was trained on Richard.

Trent dismounted, came over to the station wagon. His homely face was lighted with a grin, and he leaned his big frame against the car. "Hello, Richard," he said to the boy who clambered over. "All set for Superman?" He nodded to Nanny, then, for the first time noticed the chauffeur.

"Hello," he said. "Where's Parker?"

"Sick. I'm subbing for him. Taking the old lady and the boy to the movies."

Trooper Trent bent over. "Sick huh?" His eyes indicated the radio. "I can't hear with that thing so loud."

Derani turned the knob. Nanny sat white-faced as he said: "The kid's nurse asked me to put it on. Said she always has music going into town." There was an apologetic grin on Derani's face. "It's okay with me, but personally I don't care for music."

"You don't huh?" Trooper Trent's voice had changed. "So she asked you to put it on?"

"Sure." A sudden feeling of apprehension swept over De-

rani, a feeling of impending doom. His eyes darted to Nanny, who was sitting impassive, watching the trooper's face. Reassured, Derani turned.

And then his jaw dropped. He was staring into the barrel of a service revolver, held in a steady hand. Steely eyes belonging to Trooper Trent were looking into his and a cold, authoritative voice was saying:

"Come out of there! And come out with your hands up!"

Derani went out. He didn't move as the old lady reached into his pocket and took out the gun, saying, "He tried to kidnap us, Mr. Trent. He's a wicked man."

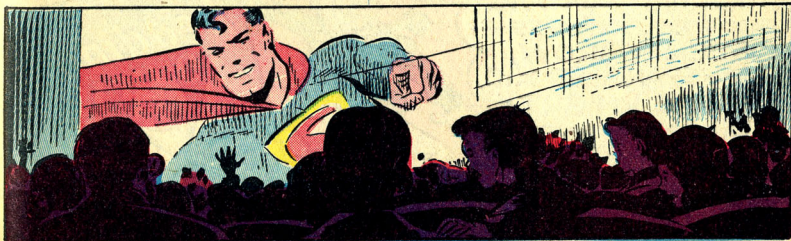
Trent's voice was ominous. "Where he's going, Nanny, he won't be wicked for a long time." He looked at Derani's eyes, which were wild with anger, and he said:

"It's going to bring a lot of laughs in prison, buddy, when they find out how an old lady tricked you. And you call yourself a tough guy."

"Tricked?" Derani panted. "She tricked me?"

Trooper Trent grinned. "She sure did, Mister. When you said she asked you to put that radio on for her, I knew something was wrong. Nanny's been stone deaf for twelve years and the only way she can understand people is to read their lips." He chuckled. "Music! She hasn't heard a note for years!"

The old lady smiled happily as she read the trooper's lips. But she wished he'd hurry and drive them into town. Richard would be perfectly furious if he missed Superman!





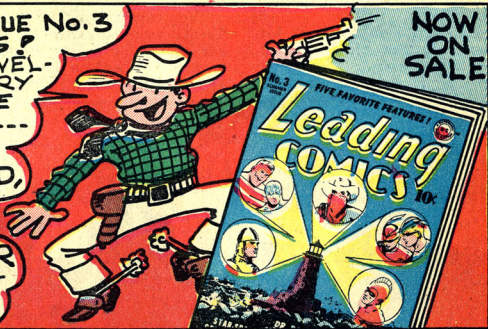
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IN COMIC
MAGAZINES



ON SALE
NOW AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS



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SHINING KNIGHT,
VIGILANTE AND
CRIMSON AVENGER
VERSUS THAT SUPER-
VILLAIN, DR. DOOME!



The SANDMAN

and SANDY the GOLDEN BOY in



BY
JOE SIMON
AND
JACK KIRBY

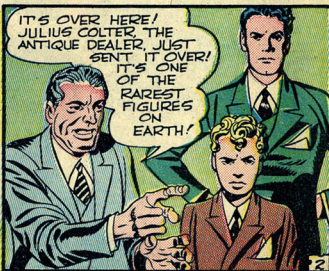
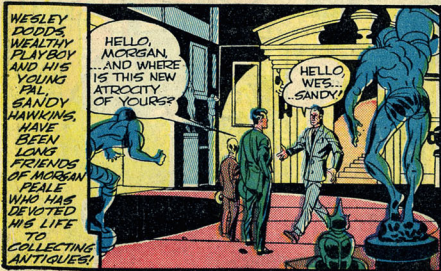
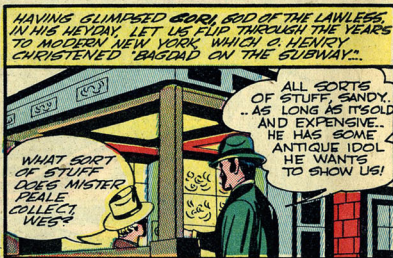
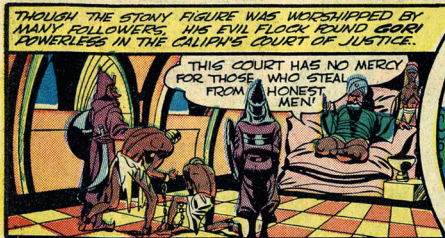
**A MODERN
ARABIAN
NIGHT-
MARE**

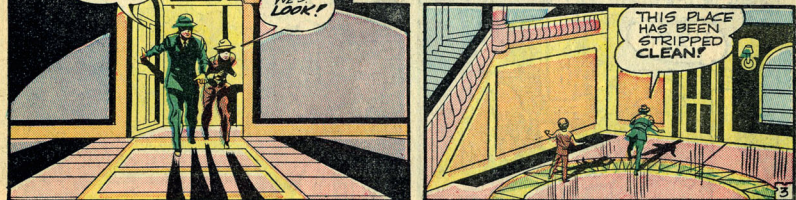
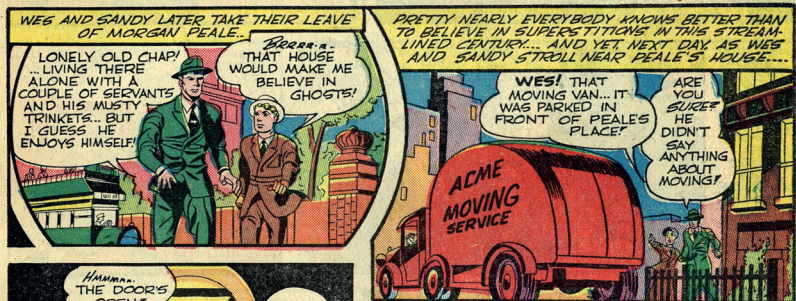
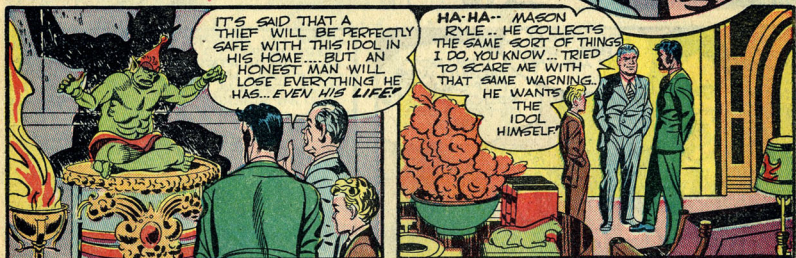
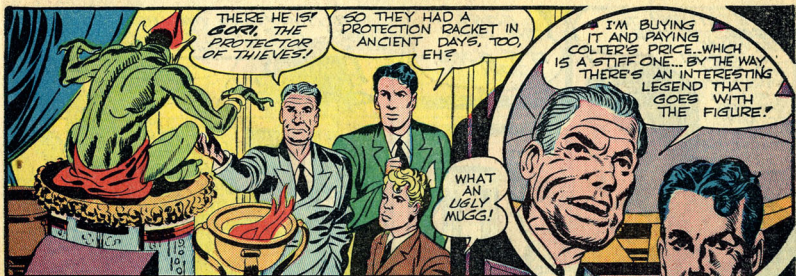
THERE WAS A TIME,
NOW LONG LOST WITH
THE WONDERS OF AN-
CIENT BAGDAD, WHEN
THIEVES FORMED THEIR
OWN CULTS OF SUPER
STITION AND SET UP
IDOLS AGAINST THE
WRATH OF THE CALIPH...
THIS IS THE TALE OF
SUCH AN IDOL, NOW A
RARE ITEM OF CUNNING,
ORS... AND OF CRIMINALS,
MODERN-DAY THIEVES
WHO SOUGHT TO USE
IT FOR THEIR OWN
GREEDY PURPOSES...
ONLY TO LEARN... AT
THE CAPABLE HANDS
OF THE CRIME SMASH-
ING SANDMAN AND
HIS BATTLING BOY PAL,
SANDY, THAT THERE
IS NO PLACE FOR EVIL
DOERS AND NO POWER
IN SUCH FALSE DIETIES
AS IN THE ADVENTURE
OF
**'A MODERN
ARABIAN
NIGHTMARE'**

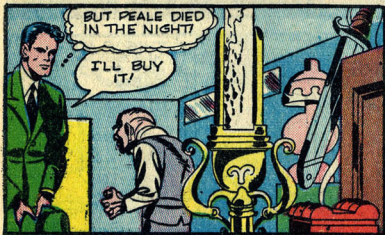
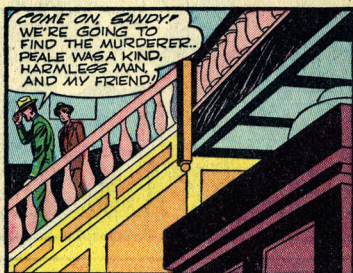
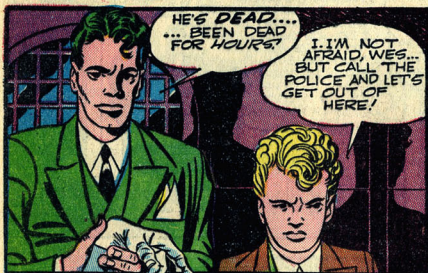
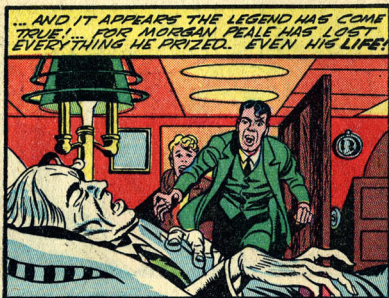
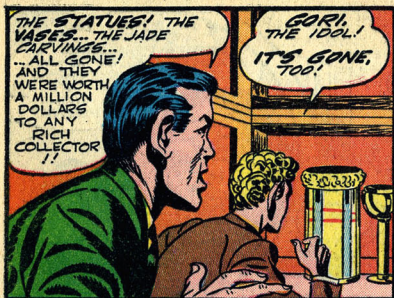
GORI -
PROTECTOR
OF
THIEVES

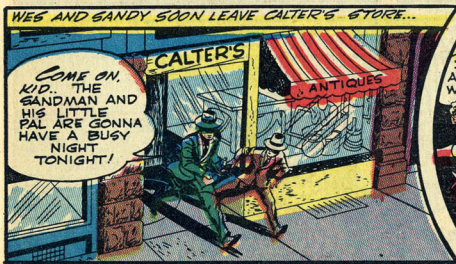
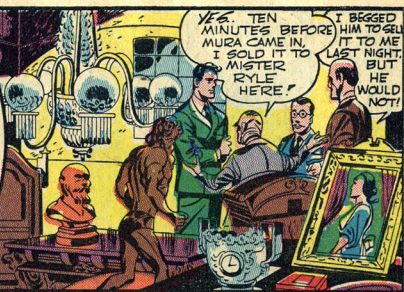


PERHAPS THE
REAL BE-
GINNING OF
OUR STORY
LIES TWENTY-
FIVE CENTURIES
IN THE PAST
WHEN A
SECRET
UNDERGROUND
TEMPLE
FLOURISHED
IN
THE
ARABIAN
CITY OF
BAGDAD.

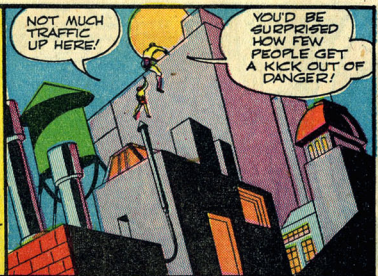






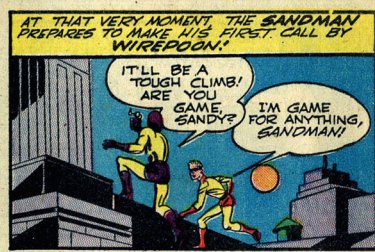
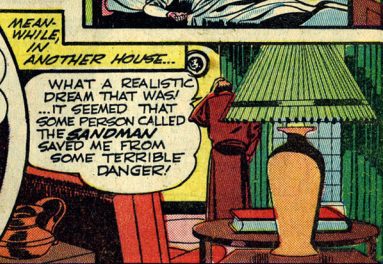
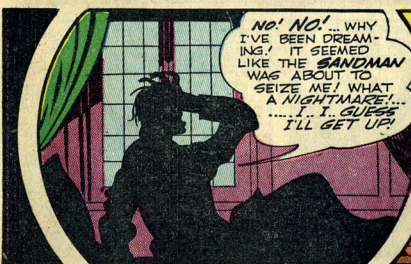


THE SANDMAN
GOWS
STRANGE
DREAMS
WHEN
HE
MOVES
ABROAD.
DREAMS
OF
HOPE
FOR
THOSE
IN
PERIL...
...AND
NIGHTMARES
FOR THE
EVIL!

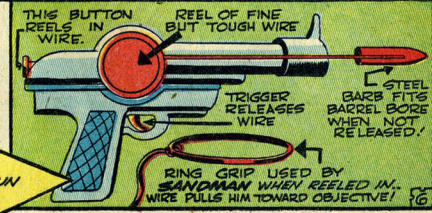
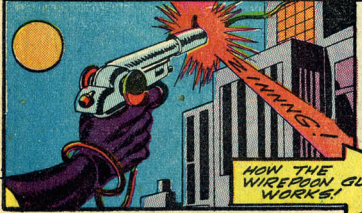


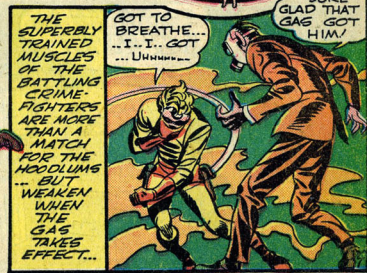
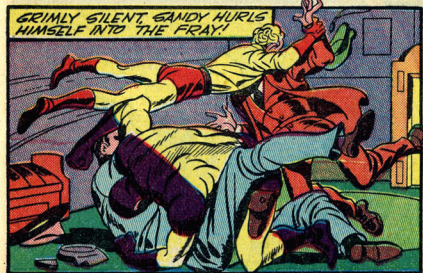
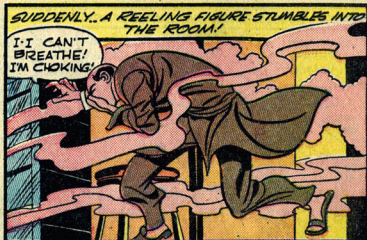
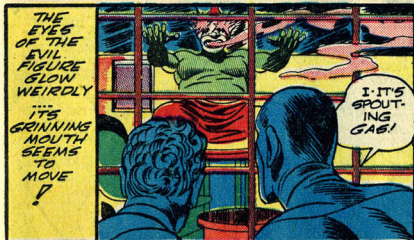
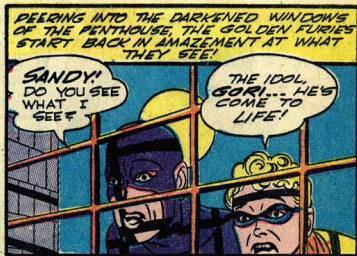
YOU'D BE
SURPRISED
HOW FEW
PEOPLE GET
A KICK OUT OF
DANGER!

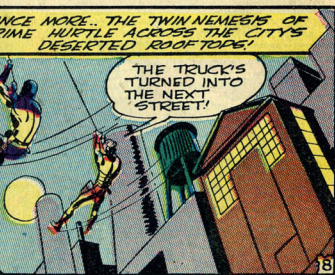
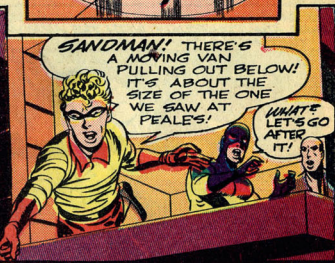
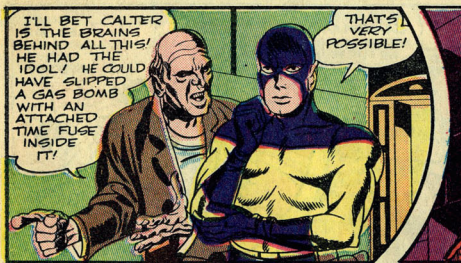
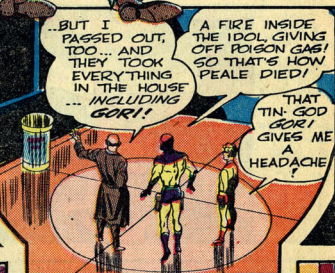
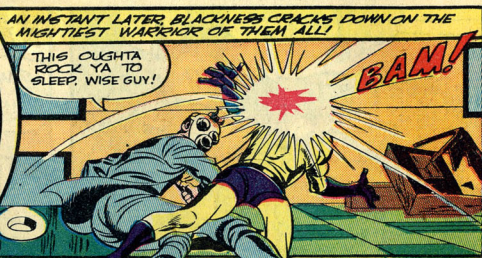
...AND AS THE WITCHING HOUR OF
MIDNIGHT STRIKES, VISIONS
TROUBLE TWO RESTLESS SLEEPERS.

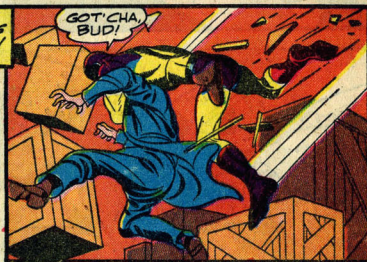
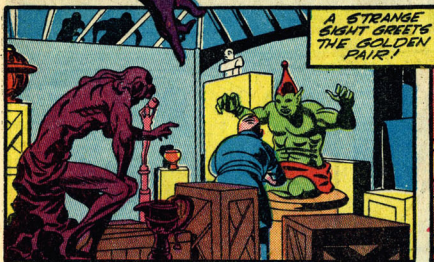
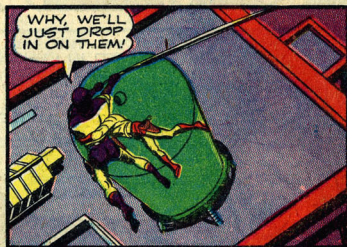
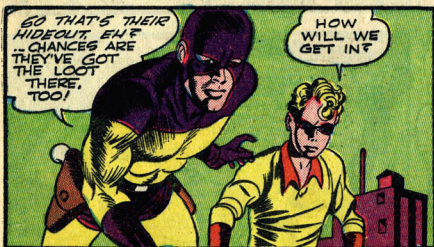
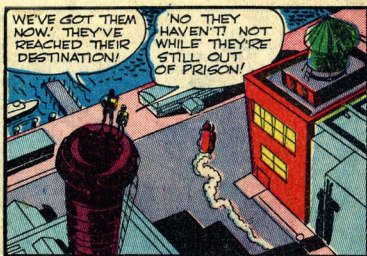
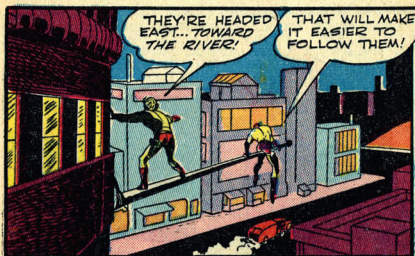


HURLED BY A POWERFUL SPRING IN THE BARREL OF THE PISTOL...THE WIREPOON IMBEDS ITSELF DEEP IN THE CONCRETE OF THE OPPOSITE BUILDING...AS THE WIRE CABLE SNAPS TAUT!









THERE IS THE CREAKING SOUND OF AN OPENING DOOR...AND...

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN!

HELLO, RYLE... I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

RYLE?

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M RYLE?

ELEMENTARY...MY DEAR RYLE! ONLY YOU KNEW I WAS FOLLOWING THE MOVING VAN! THAT'S WHY YOU BEAT ME HERE... TO SET THIS LITTLE TRAP!

BESIDES... THE GAS RELEASED IN PEALE'S HOUSE WAS FATAL... THE GAS IN YOUR ROOM WAS JUST DRUGGING! YOU STAGED THAT LITTLE SHOW TO THROW SUSPICION OFF YOURSELF... SINCE YOU WANTED GORI AND PEALE'S OTHER TREASURES!

YOU LURED MURA HERE TO MAKE HIM SIGN A FALSE CONFESSION TO PEALE'S MURDER... THEN KILL HIM, AND CALL IT SUICIDE!

BUT YOU WON'T LIVE TO REVEAL IT!

GO GET 'EM SANDY!!!

THIS'LL END YOUR MURDEROUS LITTLE SCHEME... RYLE!

NOW GET GOING! YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE LAW!

MISTER RYLE... IF YOU'RE SENT TO PRISON OR TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR WILL YOU SELL GORI TO ME FIRST? THE COSMOPOLITAN MUSEUM WANTS HIM!

SOME DAYS LATER AT THE COSMOPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART...

GORI DIDN'T DO SO WELL AT PROTECTING RYLE, DID HE?

PROTECTION FOR CRIMINALS IS A DREAM THAT NEVER COMES TRUE IN ANCIENT BAGDAD OR MODERN YORK!

BUT... THE SANDMAN CONTINUES TO MAKE YOUR DREAMS OF THE PERFECT ACTION STRIP COME TRUE IN EVERY ISSUE OF ADVENTURE COMICS!

Don't miss it!

the STAR-SPANGLED KID

by
JEDDY SIEGEL
HAL GHERMAN

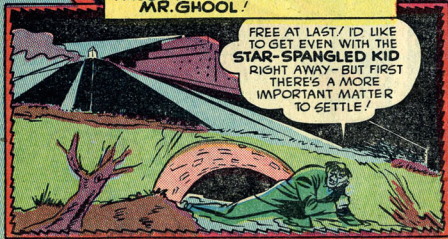
GRIM DOOM STALKS A MAN-MADE TOWER
OF STEEL AND STONE... AND MURDER
RUNS RAMPANT SKY-HIGH ABOVE THE CITY'S
STREET WHEN THE INSIDIOUS **MR. GHOO!**
ARCH-CRIMINAL OF THE WORLD'S THE
TALLEST BUILDING IN THE AGE HAUNTS THE
FLASHES ACROSS THE SKYLINE THE BUT THEN
ROCKET RACER... WHOSE FAMED **STAR-**
ENGERS FOLLOW... "THE CASE OF THE JINAI
IN---" **SKYSCRAPER!**

SIRENS WAIL... SEARCHLIGHTS STAB THE
NIGHT---FOR ESCAPING FROM BEHIND
THE THICK STONE WALLS OF THE **KINSTEAD**
PRISON IS THE MENACING FIGURE OF
MR. GHOO!

FREE AT LAST! I'D LIKE
TO GET EVEN WITH THE
STAR-SPANGLED KID
RIGHT AWAY--BUT FIRST
THERE'S A MORE
IMPORTANT MATTER
TO SETTLE!

HAVE YOU SEEN
THE PAPERS YET?
THEY'RE ALL FILLED
WITH NEWS
OF **MR. GHOO!**'S
PRISON
BREAK!

YES...I'VE SEEN
THEM. WHAT SAY
WE GET TOGETHER
TONIGHT AND
DISCUSS THIS
INTERESTING MATTER
FURTHER?



THAT EVENING--IN THE PEMBERTON GARAGE, MASTER AND SERVANT DOFF THEIR CIVILIAN RAIMENT TO STAND REVEALED IN THE COSTUMES OF THE **STAR-SPANGLED KID** AND **STRIPESEY**!

WOTTA THRILL!

THE LIMOUSINE, **STRIPESEY**! HOW'S ABOUT GIVING HER THE OL' **SWITCHEROO**?

AS **STRIPESEY** TOUCHES A BUTTON ON THE DASHBOARD, VARIOUS SECTIONS OF CAR WHIRL AND TURN UNTIL A MOMENT LATER THE STAID LIMOUSINE IS REPLACED BY THE ULTRA-MODERN **STAR-ROCKET RACER**!

THE **SWITCHEROO**. IT IS!

AND SECONDS LATER THE TWO COMRADES IN COMBAT STREAK OFF INTO THE NIGHT IN THEIR STREAMLINED CHARIOT...

SLIPPERY GUY THAT **MR. GHOO!**

STOP THE **RACER, STRIPESEY**! I SEE SOMETHING ODD IN THE SHADOW OF THAT SKYSCRAPER UNDER CONSTRUCTION!

YOU WAS RIGHT, **KID**! WHAT DO YOU THINK'S HAPPENED?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT--THIS IS THE NIGHT WATCHMAN AND HE'S EVIDENTLY BEEN **GLUGGED**!

HIS FACE-- HIS FACE... IT WAS **AWFUL**... LIKE SOMETHIN' OUT OF A NIGHTMARE!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A DESCRIPTION OF **MR. GHOO**'S MELANCHOLY PAN!

LET'S STEP INSIDE AND LOOK AROUND!

BUT AS THE PARTNERS IN PERIL ENTER THE BUILDING, A CHARGING FIGURE CATCHES THEM OFF GUARD AND KNOCKS THEM FLYING...

IT'S **MR. GHOO!**

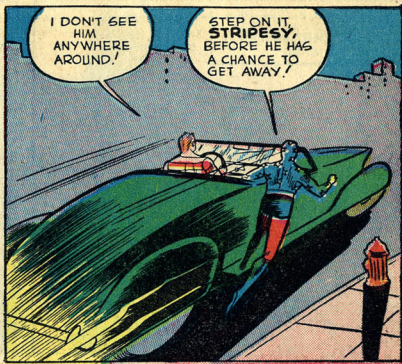
LET ME **THRU**!

IT IS HIM!



ANYONE WHO KNOCKS
ME OFF MY FEET IS
BEGGIN' TO HAVE HIS
BLOCK
KNOCKED
OFF!!

AFTER
HIM!



I DON'T SEE
HIM
ANYWHERE
AROUND!

STEP ON IT,
STRIPESY,
BEFORE HE HAS
A CHANCE TO
GET AWAY!

BUT THO THE RACER HURTTLES
ALONG AT AN INCREDIBLE PACE,
THE OBJECT OF THEIR SEARCH
IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN..



A
COMPLETE
FADE-OUT!

HOW HE COULD
HAVE DISAPPEARED
SO SOON IS A
COMPLETE
MYSTERY
TO ME!

BUT AS THE VEHICLE SLOWS TO ROUND A
CURVE, A SINISTER FIGURE DROPS FROM
BENEATH THE CAR...



"...HO!HO!...WOULD THEY BE STARTLED TO
KNOW THAT WHILE THEY WERE LOOKING
HIGH AND LOW FOR ME, I WAS WITH THEM
ALL THE TIME!.."

AS SYLVESTER READS
THE MORNING PAPER...

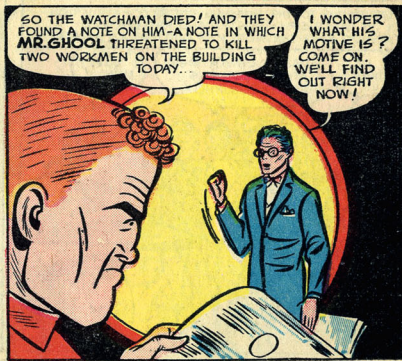


HOLY COW! I'VE GOT TO
SHOW THIS TO PAT!



OOPS! I WANTED TO
SHOW YOU
THE NEWSPAPER!

DITTO WITH ME!
THEN YOU'VE
ALREADY
READ IT!



SO THE WATCHMAN DIED! AND THEY
FOUND A NOTE ON HIM-A NOTE IN WHICH
MR. GHOOOL THREATENED TO KILL
TWO WORKMEN ON THE BUILDING
TODAY...

I WONDER
WHAT HIS
MOTIVE IS?
COME ON,
WE'LL FIND
OUT RIGHT
NOW!

AS AUTOGIRO BLADES RISE FROM THE REAR-DECK, THE STAR-ROCKET RACER ZOOMS SKYWARD

WHERE TO?

TO A POSITION HIGH ABOVE THAT SKYSCRAPER, JUST IN CASE MR. GHOOOL TRIES TO MAKE GOOD HIS THREAT!

LATER--AS THEY HANG SUSPENDED ABOVE THEIR OBJECTIVE...

SEE ANYTHING?

JUST THE WORKMEN EATING THEIR LUNCH!

SUDDENLY TWO OF THE LABORERS KEEL OVER...

THE AMERICAN AVENGERS GROUND THE RACER, THEN DASH TO THE SIDE OF THE STRICKEN MEN...

LOOKS LIKE THEIR FOOD HAS BEEN POISONED!

WE'D BETTER RUSH THEM TO A HOSPITAL!

WHO ARE THOSE TWO GUYS IN HALLOWEEN COSTUME?

THEY'RE THE STAR-SPANGLED KID AND STRIPES!

SPEEDING TO A HOSPITAL, THE PARTNERS IN PERIL DEPOSIT THE WORKMEN THERE, THEN SPEED OFF...

WAIT...!

THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'VE NO TIME TO DO!

RETURNING TO THE BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN THE GUISE OF SYLVESTER AND PAT, OUR TWO FRIENDS FIND THE WORKMEN QUITTING EN MASSE...

I'M THRU!

I'M NOT GONNA RISK MY NECK ON THIS JINXED BUILDING!

BUT, MEN...!

SOMEHOW, I'VE GOT TO GET MORE MEN ON THE JOB, OR THE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY'S REPUTATION WILL BE RUINED!

COME ON, PAT.

COMING!

NEXT MORNING...

HAVE YOU SEEN THE AD IN THIS MORNING'S PAPER? THEY'RE ADVERTISING FOR WORKMEN TO HELP COMPLETE BUILDING THAT SKYSCRAPER!

AND WHO COULD BE BETTER SUITED FOR THE JOB THAN US?



LATER--DISGUISED AS LABORERS, PAT AND SYLVESTER APPLY FOR THE VACANCIES...

IT'S ONLY FAIR TO WARN YOU MEN THAT **MR.GHOOL** HAS THREATENED TO KILL THREE MEN ON THE JOB TODAY!

WE CAN TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES!

WE NEED THE DOUGH FROM THIS JOB BAD!



STILL LATER--AS SYLVESTER AND PAT WORK ON A GIRDER WITH TWO OTHER MEN...

LOOK! THAT MAN IS TRYING TO CUT THRU THE GIRDER SO THAT WE'LL FALL!

STOP HIM!

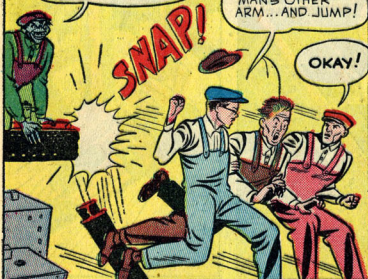


HAHAHA--HAAA! A FREE TRIP TO THE GROUND--COMPLIMENTS OF MR.GHOOL!

SNAP!

PAT--GRAB THIS MAN'S OTHER ARM...AND JUMP!

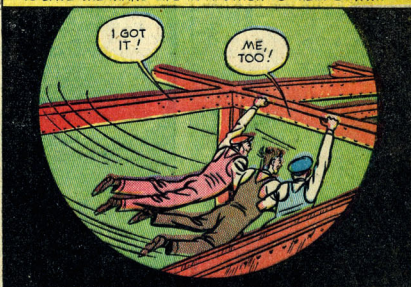
OKAY!



AS MR.GHOOL FLEES, PAT AND SYLVESTER, EACH SEIZING AN ARM OF THE WORKER BESIDE THEM, LEAP FROM THE FALLING GIRDER IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO SAVE THE MAN'S LIFE IN ADDITION TO THEIR OWN...

I GOT IT!

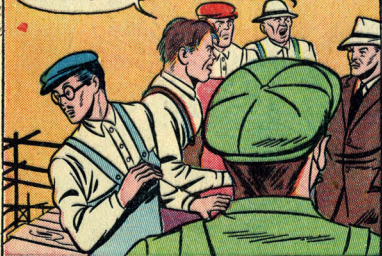
ME, TOO!



HELPFUL HANDS HOIST THE THREE TO SAFETY! BUT THEN...

I QUIT! I THOUGHT THIS TALK ABOUT MR.GHOOL WAS JUST A JOKE!

I'M QUITTING, TOO! MY LIFE IS WORTH MORE TO ME THAN ALL THE DOUGH IN THE WORLD!



WELL... IF **MR.GHOOL'S** OBJECT IS TO SABOTAGE WORK ON THAT BUILDING, HE'S CERTAINLY SUCCEEDING! **ALL THE WORKERS QUIT IN A BODY!**

AND THOSE MEN REALLY NEEDED THE WORK! OH, WHAT I WOULDN'T DO TO THAT NIGHTMARE-PAN IF I COULD JUST GET MY MITTS ON HIM!



THAT EVENING--ONCE AGAIN IN THEIR COSTUMES AS THE **STAR-SPANGLED KID** AND **STRIPEY**, THE TWO ADVENTUROUS AMERICAN COMRADES CONCEAL THEMSELVES WITHIN THE STRUCTURE AND WAIT IMPATIENTLY...

WHAT MAKES YOU SURE **MR.GHOOL** WILL SHOW UP HERE TONIGHT?

HE HAS A VERY EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY. THE FOREMAN WASN'T EVEN ABLE TO HIRE A WATCHMAN FOR TONIGHT. SH-HH! SOMEONE'S COMING!

AS THE HIDDEN PARTNERS IN PERIL LOOK ON BREATHLESSLY, **MR.GHOOL** ENTERS STEALTHILY, LIGHTS THE FUSE OF A BOMB...

HE! HE! THIS SHOULD BLOW THE WHOLE STRUCTURE TO BITS-- AND DO A THOROUGH JOB OF IT!

"-PS-ST! NOW, STRIPEY!.."

"NOW!!"

BUT AS **STRIPEY'S** FOOT STRIKES A CAN IN THE DARKNESS, **MR.GHOOL** WHIRLS AND DISCHARGES A STRANGE WEAPON AT THEM!

THE **STAR-SPANGLED KID**--AND **STRIPEY**!

I-I CAN'T MOVE!

CHUCKLING DIABOLICALLY, **MR. GHOOOL** BINDS THEM SECURELY...

PUZZLED AT YOUR LACK OF RESISTANCE? IT'S DUE TO A GAS I DEVELOPED MYSELF--A GAS WHICH PARALYZES THE NERVES... ITS EFFECTS LAST ONLY A FEW MOMENTS... BUT THAT WILL BE LONG ENOUGH FOR MY PURPOSE!

PLACING THE AMERICAN AVENGERS WITHIN AN ELEVATOR CAR, **MR.GHOOL** SENDS IT ALOFT...

TA-TA! WHEN YOU REACH THE STRUCTURE'S TOP, I'LL CUT THE CABLE AND DOWN YOU'LL COME LIKE JACK AND JILL! AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER THIS BOMB WILL GO OFF AND BLOW THIS BUILDING TO BLAZES!

TWO LIMP FIGURES LIE HELPLESS WITHIN THE RISING ELEVATOR CAR...SPLIT SECONDS AWAY FROM INEVITABLE DOOM!

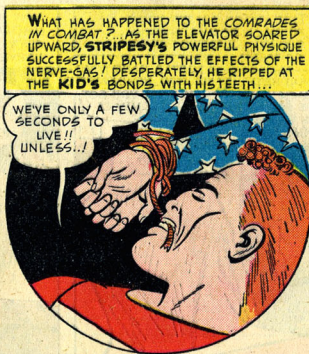
HURTLING DOWNWARD, THE ELEVATOR CAR SMASHES TO SMITHEREENS...

IT'S REACHED THE TOP--!

CRASH!

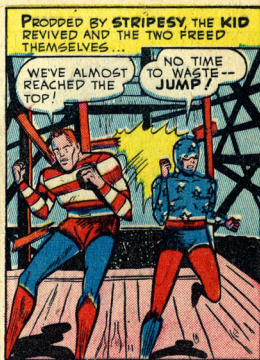


THAT'S THE END OF THEM! NOW TO PUT AS MUCH DISTANCE BETWEEN THE BUILDING AND MYSELF AS I CAN BEFORE IT BLOWS TO BITS!



WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE COMRADES IN COMBAT?... AS THE ELEVATOR SOARED UPWARD, **STRIPESEY'S** POWERFUL PHYSIQUE SUCCESSFULLY BATTLED THE EFFECTS OF THE NERVE-GAS! DESPERATELY HE RIPPED AT THE KID'S BONDS WITH HIS TEETH...

WE'VE ONLY A FEW SECONDS TO LIVE!! UNLESS...



PRODDED BY STRIPESY, THE KID REVIVED AND THE TWO FREED THEMSELVES...

WE'VE ALMOST REACHED THE TOP!

NO TIME TO WASTE-- JUMP!



A MOMENT LATER, THE ELEVATOR CAR STREAKED PAST THE TWO ON ITS TRIP TO DESTRUCTION!

WHEW! AN'TO THINK WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN ON IT! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!

ARE YOU FORGETTING THAT BOMB **STRIPESEY**? WE STILL AREN'T OUT OF THE WOODS!



RACING TO ANOTHER ELEVATOR OPENING, THE COMRADES IN COMBAT DIVE FOR THE CABLE...

DON'T SLIP, PAL!

SLIP? ME? TO HEAR YOU TALK, SOMEONE WOULD THINK I'M CLUMSY!



DOWN THE GREASE-PACKED CABLE HURTLE THE TWO, BREAKING THE SPEED OF THEIR DESCENT WITH THEIR FEET...

NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT! I'M ENJOYING THIS!

CAREFUL STRIPESY?



WE'RE HERE! BUT WHERE'S THE BOMB?

OVER THERE! AND IT'S ABOUT TO GO OFF!!!



LEAPING IN, THE KID SNATCHES OUT THE SPUTTERING FUSE JUST IN TIME...

YOU MEAN, IT WAS GOING TO!

DON'T EVEN REMIND ME OF IT!

THE COMRADES IN COMBAT DEPART...



BUT SHORTLY AFTER, FROM HIDING, THEY OBSERVE MR. GHOOOL RE-ENTER THE SKY-SCRAPER...



I TOLD YOU HE'D COME BACK WHEN HE SAW NOTHING HAPPEN TO THE BUILDING!

I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, KID. BRAIN MATTER IS WHAT YOU GOT PLENTY OF!

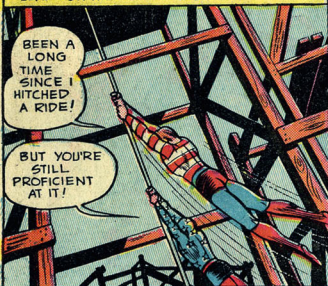
INTO THE BUILDING AFTER MR. GHOOOL RACE THE PARTNERS IN PERIL. BUT AS HE RAISES HIS NERVE-GAS GUN...



NO, YOU DON'T! THIS TIME WE'RE PREPARED!

ALIVE! YOUR STILL ALIVE!!

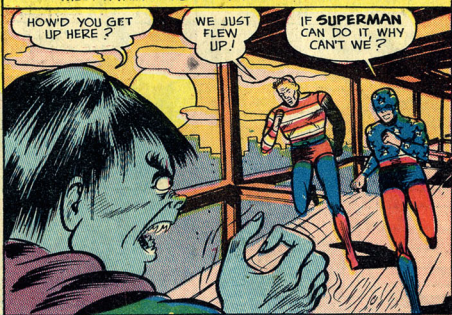
INTO THE REMAINING ELEVATOR CAR LEAPS MR. GHOOOL... AND SENDS THE CAR ALOFT... SIMULTANEOUSLY, STRIPESY AND THE KID LEAP FOR THE RISING CABLE...



BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I HITCHED A RIDE!

BUT YOU'RE STILL PROFICIENT AT IT!

MR. GHOOOL ALIGHTS FROM THE ELEVATOR CAR ... TO MEET A PAIR OF HUMAN DYNAMITE STICKS!



HOW'D YOU GET UP HERE?

WE JUST FLEW UP!

IF SUPERMAN CAN DO IT, WHY CAN'T WE?

WHY NOT SURRENDER AND SAVE YOURSELF A LOT OF TROUBLE?

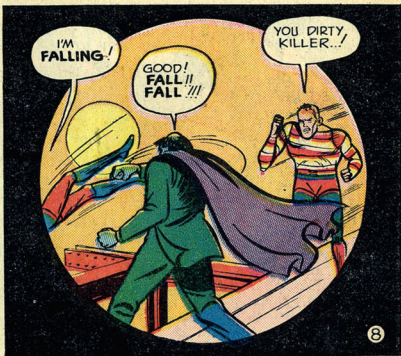
I'M DETERMINED TO DESTROY YOU!



I'M FALLING!

GOOD! FALL!! FALL!!!

YOU DIRTY KILLER...



BUT THE FALLING STAR-SPANGLED KID MANAGES TO GRASP A GIRDER WITH ONE HAND...

LUCKY BREAK!

I'LL DESTROY YOU JUST AS I DID YOUR PARTNER!

IF I HADN'T SLIPPED...

BUT WHIRLING HIMSELF BACK ONTO THE GIRDER, THE KID ACTS...

A FACEFUL O' FEET COMIN' UP!



I HAD BURIED ALL OF MY LOOT ON AN EMPTY LOT. WHEN I ESCAPED FROM JAIL, I FOUND THEY HAD STARTED BUILDING THIS SKYSCRAPER ON THE LOT. MY ONLY HOPE OF GETTING THE MONEY BACK WAS TO HALT CONSTRUCTION OF THE SKYSCRAPER AND DESTROY IT!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD, THE AMERICAN AVENGERS DROP MR. GHOOOL OFF INSIDE KINSTEAD PRISON...

IT'S MR. GHOOOL!

HERE'S SOMEONE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR!

AND DELIVERED TO US BY THE STAR-SPANGLED KID!

THANKS!

OFF INTO THE NIGHT STREAKS THE STAR-ROCKET RACER BEARING ITS CREW TOWARD EVEN MORE STIRRING ADVENTURES.

THINK WE'LL EVER BUMP INTO MR. GHOOOL AGAIN?

A LIKELY POSSIBILITY! HE'S TOO SLIPPERY A SNAKE TO STAY BEHIND THE BARS FOR LONG!

The End

★ RED ★ WHITE and BLUE.

AT AN ARMY ENCAMPMENT NEAR THE NATION'S CAPITAL, WHITEY SMITH, STRONG-ARMED MEMBER OF THE TEAM OF RED WHITE AND BLUE, RECEIVES ORDERS FROM A SUPERIOR OFFICER

KEEP AN EYE OPEN FOR ENEMY PLANES, SMITH
HA! HA!

HUH..PLANES HERE?
HAW--YOU'RE ALWAYS KIDDIN', SIR! BUT DON'T WORRY, I'LL KEEP AN EYE OUT--
HAW, HAW!

BUT SUDDENLY A FOREIGN PLANE APPEARS IN THE CLOUD-FILLED SKY ABOVE THE CAMP!

AM I SEEN' THINGS? MAYBE THE CAPTAIN WASN'T KIDDIN' AFTER ALL!

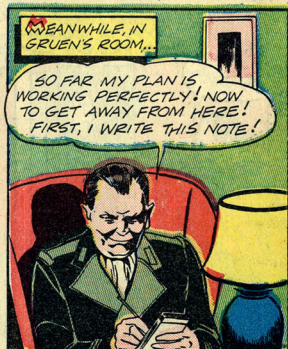
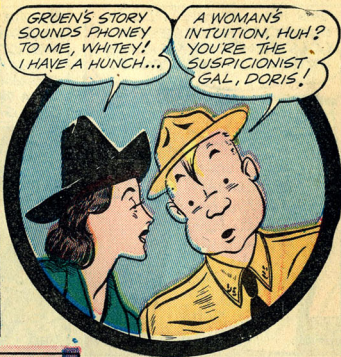
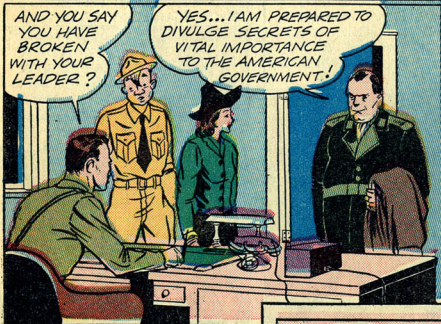
THE PILOT BALES OUT, LEAVING HIS PLANE TO PLUMMET WILDLY TO EARTH!

I AM MARSHAL GRUEN! I HAVE FLED FROM A PURGE IN MY COUNTRY! I HAD COME TO SAVE CIVILIZATION!

WELL, SLAP ME BOW-LEGGED IF IT AIN'T THE OLD DICTATORS STOOGE, RIGHT ENOUGH!



LATER AT G-2 HEADQUARTERS-----



THIS WILL REMOVE ALL SUSPICION FROM ME AND I CAN COMPLETE MY PLANS WITHOUT INTERFERENCE!

and so we have seized Herr Gruen to kill him for betraying the Fatherland!
Signed
The Fifth Column!

AS THE SHADOWS OF EVENING LENGTHEN OVER THE CITY, THE CORPULENT FIGURE OF MARSHAL GRUEN MAKES ITS WAY FROM THE ROOM TO A TREE AND THENCE TO THE GROUND BELOW!



BUT THE FLEEING PRISONER IS SPOTTED BY DORIS WEST, G-2 STAR OPERATIVE!



SO I WAS RIGHT! GRUEN IS UP TO SOME DIRTY WORK, AS USUAL! WELL, I WON'T BE VERY FAR BEHIND HIM!

FRITZY IS GOING INTO THAT OLD HOUSE - PROBABLY TO MEET SOME PALS! THIS MAY BE A BIG HAUL!



THAT GIRL IS FOLLOWING ME! - SOMETHING WILL HAVE TO BE DONE ABOUT THAT!



HEIL, GRUEN! WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!



HEIL - I GREET MY FIFTH COLUMN FRIENDS!

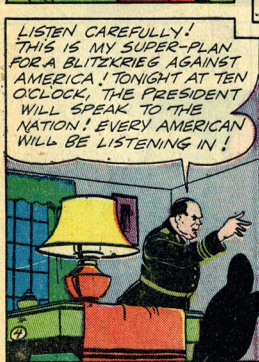
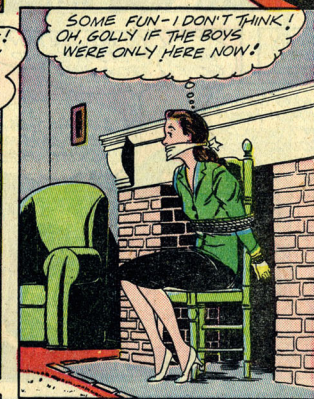
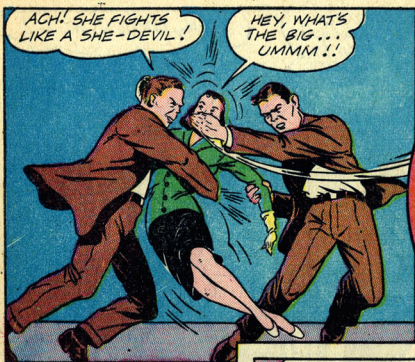
BEFORE YE GET DOWN TO BUSINESS - THERE'S A SNOOPER OUTSIDE - A GIRL - YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

JAWOHL!

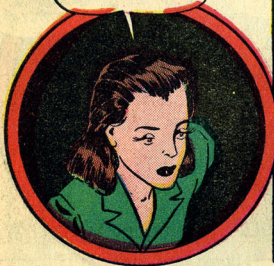


HERE'S WHERE I GET AN EYEFUL!



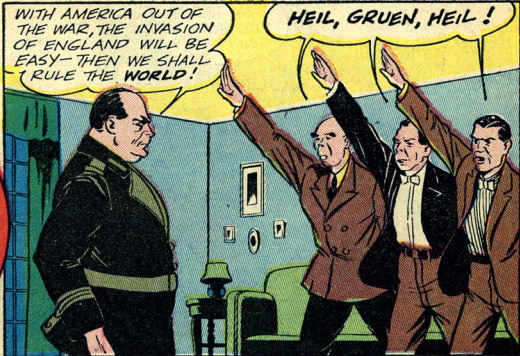


WOW! THE PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECT OF GRUEN'S WORDS MIGHT REALLY PRODUCE THE RESULTS HE WANTS, THE MADMAN!



WITH AMERICA OUT OF THE WAR, THE INVASION OF ENGLAND WILL BE EASY—THEN WE SHALL RULE THE WORLD!

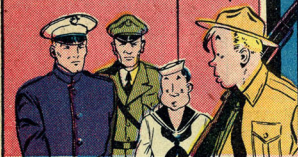
HEIL, GRUEN, HEIL!



MEANWHILE, THE THREE MODERN MUSKETEERS GET TOGETHER...

HI, WHITEY! THE CHIEF AND I ARE GOING TO ASK GRUEN A FEW QUESTIONS BEFORE HE HITS THE HAY FOR THE NIGHT!

HE MUS'BE SLEEPIN' NOW! I AIN'T HEARD A SOUND FROM HIM FER A LONG TIME!



HE'S GONE!

NO WONDER I AIN'T HEERD A SOUND FROM HIM!

LOOK... THIS NOTE SAYS HE WAS KIDNAPPED!



THE ALARM IS GIVEN...

CALLING ALL CARS! BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR MARSHAL GRUEN WHO HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED FROM GOVERNMENT QUARTERS! HIS DESCRIPTION FOLLOWS...

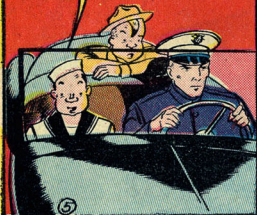


THE CHIEF SURE BAWLED YOU OUT FOR LETTING GRUEN GET KIDNAPPED!

SHUX! IT MUST HAVE HAPPENED WHILE DORIS WAS DISTRACTIN' MY ATTENTION!

WHAT? SAY, I'LL BET SHE'S MIXED UP WITH GRUEN'S DISAPPEARANCE IN SOME WAY! LEAVE IT TO HER TO GET MIXED UP IN AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT!

THAT MEANS WHERE WE FIND DORIS, WE FIND GRUEN!



AS USUAL THE BOYS' DEDUCTIONS ARE CORRECT! BUT DORIS IS WORKING FAST!

ALMOST TEN O'CLOCK! THESE ROPES HAD BETTER BREAK!

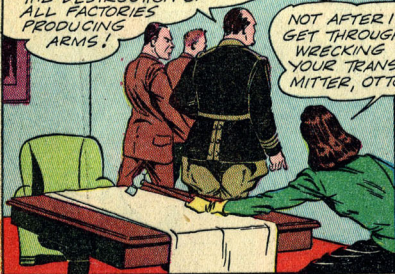


DORIS SUCCEEDS IN FREEING HERSELF!

AT TEN O'CLOCK, WE CROWD OUT THE PRESIDENTS VOICE! THEN I TALK AND ORDER THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL FACTORIES PRODUCING ARMS!

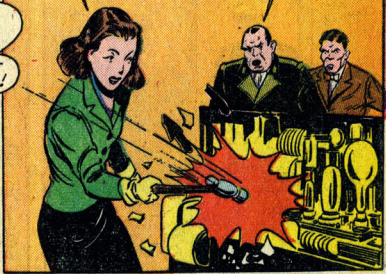


NOT AFTER I GET THROUGH WRECKING YOUR TRANS-MITTER, OTTO!



MIND IF I SMASH THINGS UP A BIT, FRITZ?

ACH! STOP HER BEFORE SHE RUINS EVERYTHING!



WHY DID YOU STOP ME? I WAS HAVING SO MUCH FUN!

NOW IT IS MY TURN TO HAVE SOME FUN! I WAS MERCIFUL BEFORE, AND I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER! - BUT NOW--



A TIMELY INTRUDER KNOCKS ON THE DOOR!

MORE INTERRUPTIONS!

THE JIG'S UP, BOYS. THAT'S FOR ME!



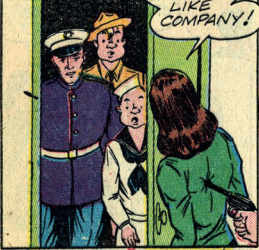
OH! YOUR FRIENDS, EH? GOOD! TELL THEM EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT AND TO GO AWAY! ANY TRICKS, AND I SHOOT!

DON'T GET NERVOUS IN THE TRIGGER-FINGER, FRITZ!



DORIS ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WE THOUGHT...

SCRAM, BOYS! I'M VISITING A SICK AUNT AND SHE DOESN'T LIKE COMPANY!



DORIS SUDDENLY DOES STRANGE THINGS WITH HER EYES!

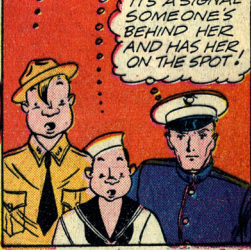
OOOOH, IF YOU GUYS DON'T GET MY SIGNAL...!!

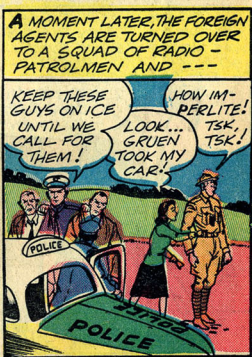
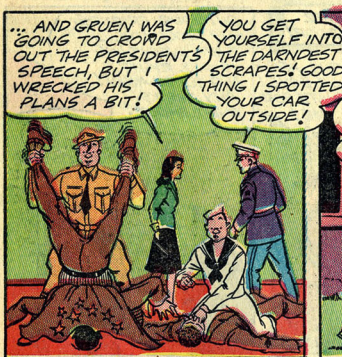
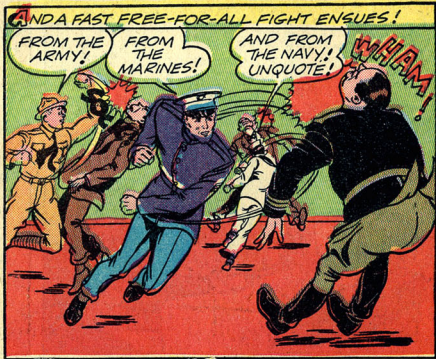


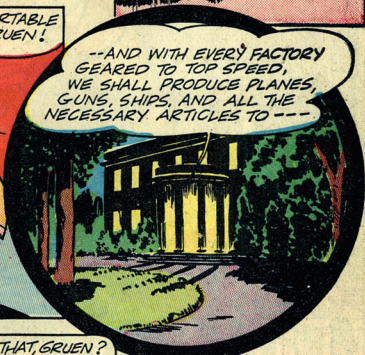
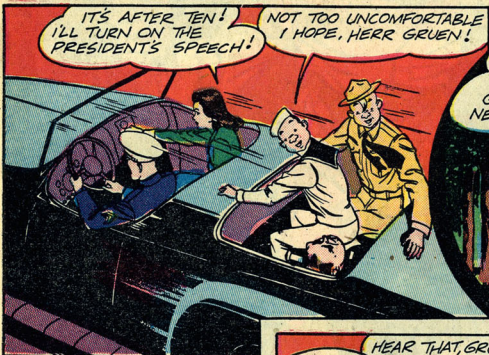
DORIS SURE IS ACTIN' STRANGE-LIKE

WONDER IF SHE GOT SOMETHIN' IN HER EYE?

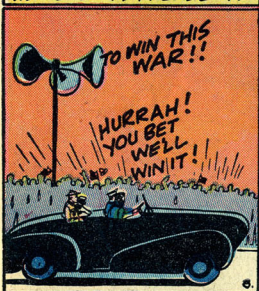
IT'S A SIGNAL! SOMEONE'S BEHIND HER AND HAS HER ON THE SPOT!







IN EVERY CORNER OF THE NATION, AMERICANS LISTEN TO THE WORDS OF THE PRESIDENT.



THE GREEN ARROW

OUT OF THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE UNDERWORLD THERE RISES OCCASIONALLY A FIGURE OF SUCH DIABOLIC GENIUS THAT NOT EVEN THE MOST INNOCENT ARE SAFE FROM HIS FIENDISH DESIGNS... MAN WHO WAS "THE BLAZE" A SHOCKING CRIMES OF CRIMSONED BY THE GLARE OF BURNING BUILDINGS... UNTIL WORLD, THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY MATCH MODERN SCIENCES' DEADLIEST WEAPONS WITH ANCIENT BOW AND ARROW

IN... "WINGS
OF FLAME."



NIGHT... AND A WEIRDLY MASKED GIANT GLOATS OVER THE THROGGED THEATER DISTRICT OF A GREAT CITY...

THEATRE GOERS... THOUSANDS OF THEM... TONIGHT **THE BLAZE** WILL GIVE THEM A THRILL TO REMEMBER! EH, TRIGGER?

YOU'RE A GENIUS!



FLY AWAY HOME, LITTLE MESSENGERS OF DESTRUCTION! NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT EITHER YOU OR ME OF BEING THE CAUSE OF WHAT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN!

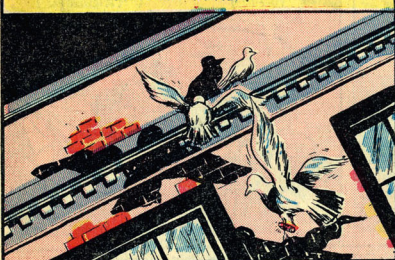


NOW FOR THE JEWELS! AS SOON AS THE COPS ARE BUSY ACROSS THE STREET, HEMMED IN BY CROWDS, I WILL STRIKE! ARE THE MOTORCYCLES READY, EEL?

READY AND WAITIN', CHIEF!



THE "HOME" OF THE FATEFUL PIGEONS IS A SKYLINE PERCH!



AND FLAMING HAVOC IS THEIR BURDEN!



SIRENS SCREAMING, FIRE TRUCKS DASH TO THE NOW BLAZING BUILDING!

HEY! QUIT SHOVIN'!

EVERYBODY BACK!



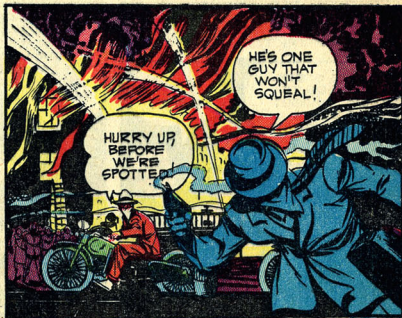
AT THE FRINGE OF THE CROWD ARE OLIVER QUEEN AND YOUNG ROY HARPER.

SOME BLAZE!
WONDER WHAT
STARTED
IT?

WE'LL
PROBABLY
READ ABOUT
IT IN THE
MORNING
PAPERS!



SUDDENLY, THE
CHATTER OF GUNS
JOLTS PANIC
THROUGH MASSED
SPECTATORS!



HE'S ONE
GUY THAT
WON'T
SQUEAL!

HURRY UP,
BEFORE
WE'RE
SPOTTED!

**HELP!
ROBBERS!**



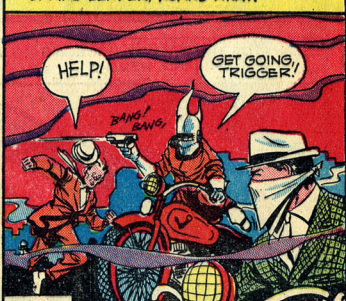
SWIFTLY SHEDDING THEIR OUTER
GARMENTS, THE PAIR BECOMES
THE **GREEN ARROW** AND
SPEEDY, WONDER-ARCHERS OF
THE WORLD!

THEY'RE USING
MOTORCYCLES
FOR A GETAWAY!

AND THE POLICE
CAN'T SHOOT AT
THEM FOR FEAR
OF HITTING
INNOCENT
BYSTANDERS!



THE CRIME CAVALCADE, LED BY THEIR
DARING LEADER, ROARS AWAY!



HELP!

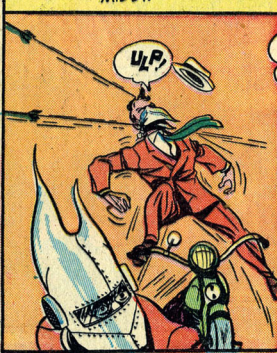
GET GOING,
TRIGGER!

THAT BIRD IN
THE FUNNY
HELMET MUST
BE THE
BOSS BANDIT!

MAYBE
WE CAN
STOP
HIM!



THE SUPER-SHAFTSMEN FIRE
TWO ARROW-LINES KNOTTED
TOGETHER INTO THE CRIMINALS'
MIDST.

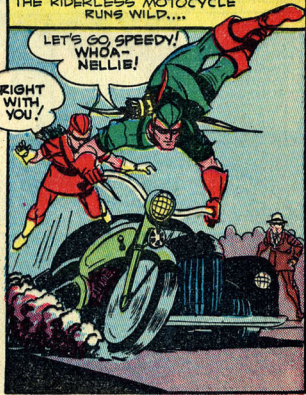


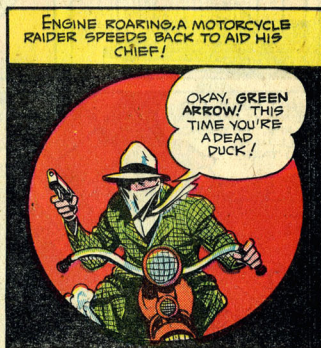
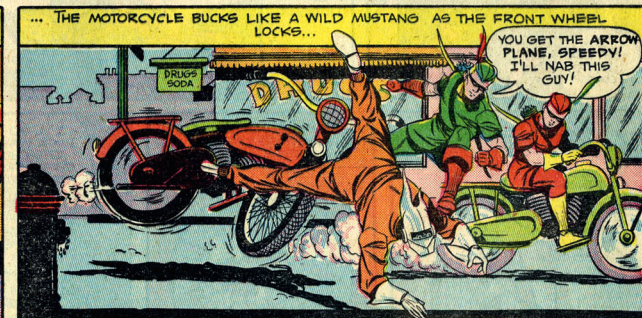
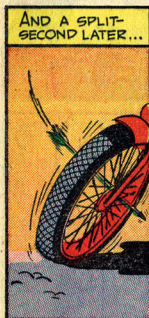
U.P.

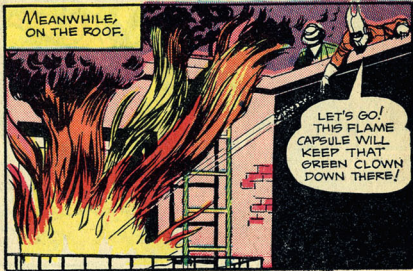
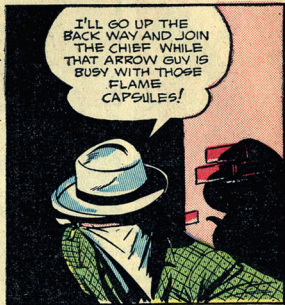
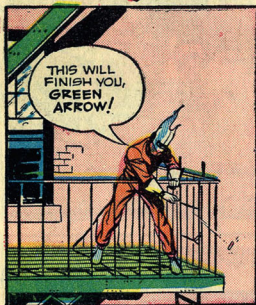
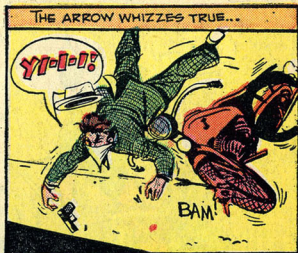
THE RIDERLESS MOTORCYCLE
RUNS WILD....

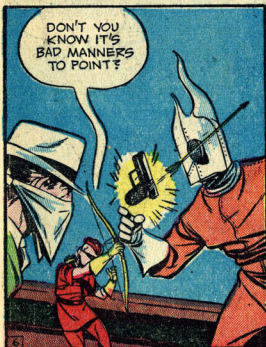
LET'S GO, SPEEDY!
WHOA-
NELLIE!

RIGHT
WITH
YOU!









AN ARROW-LINE STREAKS
THROUGH THE INFERNO...

THEY AIN'T
THROUGH WITH
US, YET!

THIS IS A
HOT ONE

YOU'RE
TELLING
ME!

BUT THE BLAZE HAS
COVERED HIS ESCAPE
WELL WITH INCENDIARY
BOMBS...

YOU'LL NEVER
GET THE BLAZE,
GREEN ARROW...
BUT I'LL GET
YOU THE NEXT
TIME WE MEET!

THERE THEY GO!
BUT WE'LL MAKE
IT OUR BUSINESS TO
SEE THAT THE NEXT
MEETING IS SOON, EH,
FELLOWS

YOU
BET!

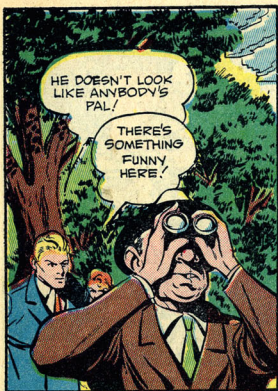
NEXT
AFTERNOON...
QUEEN AND
ROY STROLL
THROUGH
A
PARK
IN THE
HEART OF
THE CITY...

THAT BANDIT SAID THE POLICE
CAPTURED SAID **THE BLAZE**
WOULD PULL HIS NEXT
JOB IN THIS VICINITY...
THIS TIME WE'RE
READY FOR HIM.

LOOK...
THE PIGEON'S
PAL!

AH, MY PRETTY!
YOU ARE ONE I
HAVE WATCHED FOR
A LONG TIME! YOU
ALWAYS FLY TO
THE SAME
WINDOWSILL!

FLY BACK
THERE, LITTLE
ONE, AND GIVE
THEM A
SURPRISE!

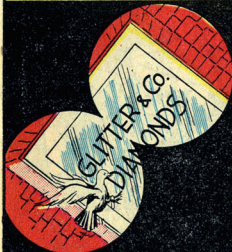


THE MAN OVERHEARS THEM...

HUH! WHO ARE THEY? I'D BETTER MOVE!



POWERFUL LENSES CONFIRM QUEEN'S SUSPICIONS...

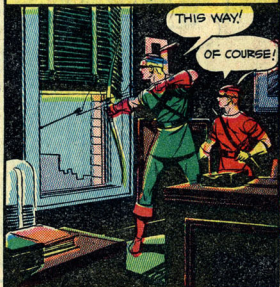


LET'S GO! THAT BIRD'S CARRYING INCENDIARY BOMBS LIKE THE BLAZE THREW AT US. HE MUST BE THE BLAZE!



USING PIGEONS TO START FIRES TO COVER UP HIS CRIMES? THAT'S A NEW ONE!

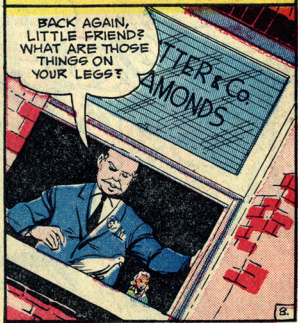
IN A PRIVATE OFFICE BESIDE THE PARK...



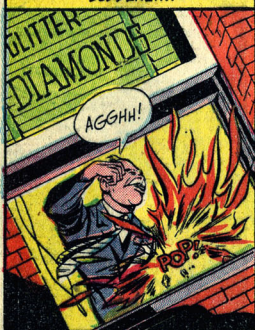
A SILKEN ARROW-LINE SPEEDS THE SUPER-SHAFTSMEN ON THEIR WAY...



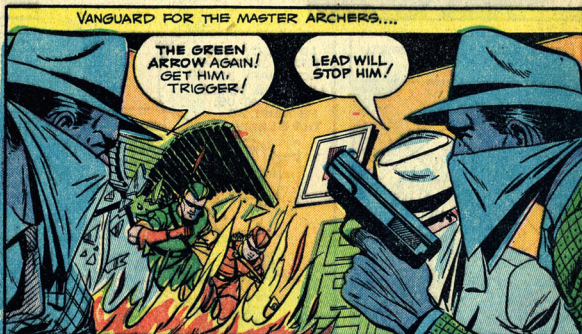
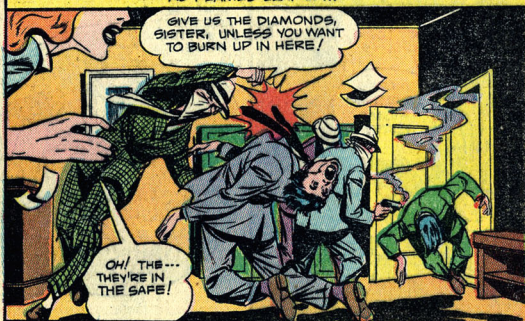
WHILE BELOW THEM...



SUDDENLY...



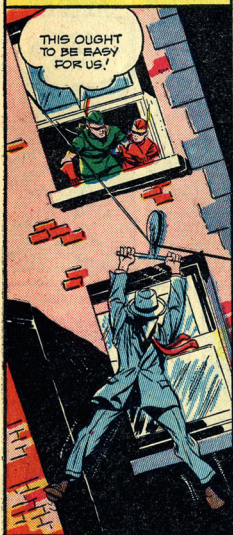
SINISTER FIGURES BURST INTO THE DIAMOND MERCHANTS OFFICE AS FLAMES LEAP UP...



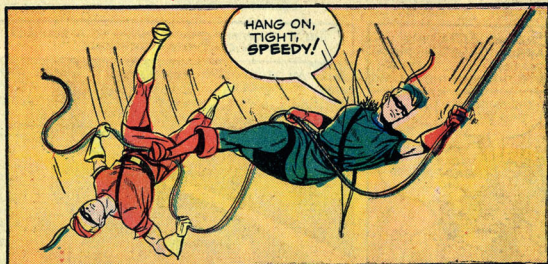
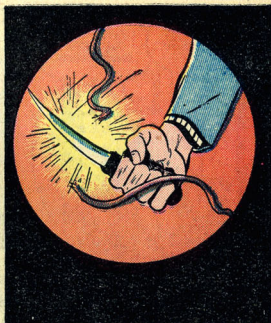
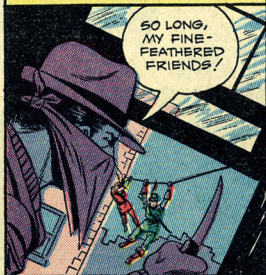
BOWSTRINGS TWANG AND ARROWS HISS, AS ANCIENT WEAPONS ARE MATCHED WITH MODERN ONES.



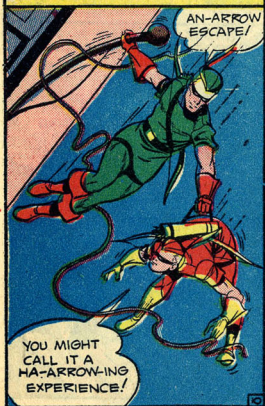
A CLEVER AERIAL ROUTE
AIDS THE THIEVES IN THEIR
FLIGHT!



BUT AS THE BOLD BOWMEN
HANG OVER DIZZY SPACE ...



SWINGING PAST A FLAGPOLE,
THE GREEN ARROW MAKES
A CATCH THAT WOULD DO CREDIT
TO A TRAPEZE ARTIST...



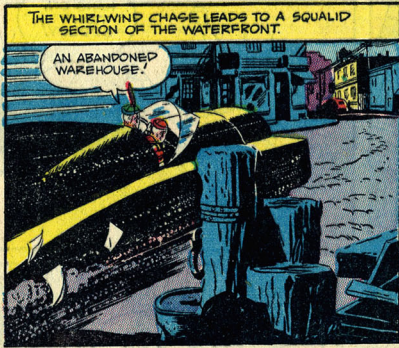
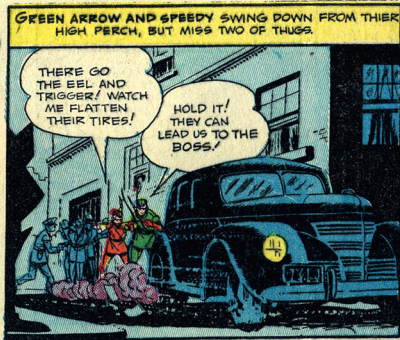
THERE
THEY
ARE!

LET'S SEE
IF WE CAN
KEEP THEM
THERE!



A NOOSED ARROW-LINE OPENS
OVER THE FLEEING THUGS.







SOME FLYING!

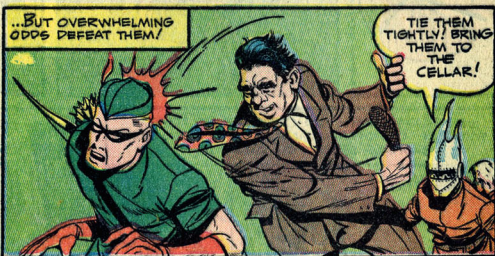
JUST LIKE PIGEONS...
DEAD PIGEONS!
HAW, HAW!



THE
BATTLING
BOWMEN
FIGHT
FEROCELY

TOO CLOSE FOR
ARCHERY...WE'LL
CHIN AWHILE!

PARDON
MY GLOVE!



...BUT OVERWHELMING
ODDS DEFEAT THEM!

TIE THEM
TIGHTLY! BRING
THEM TO
THE
CELLAR!



THESE
THERMITE BOMBS
WILL FILL THE
ROOM WITH FIRE
IN FIVE MINUTES!
THE ROOM IS
FIREPROOF...
BUT YOU
AREN'T!

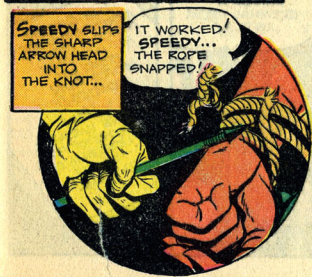


I'LL HANG THE KEY ON THE WALL...
OPPOSITE... ALL YOU HAVE TO
DO IS WALK OUT AND GET IT...
*UNLOCK THE DOOR, AND BE
FREE! OR DON'T YOU
THINK I'M FUNNY?



LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES
TO LIVE... WHAT A
WAY TO GO
OUT... IN AN
EXPLODING
FURNACE!

BUCK UP!
HAVEN'T OUR
ARROWS ALWAYS
BEEN OUR FRIENDS?
SEE IF YOU CAN
SLIP AN ARROW
OUT OF MY
QUIVER!



SPEEDY SLIPS
THE SHARP
ARROW HEAD
INTO THE KNOT...

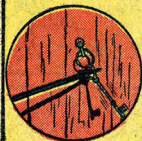
IT WORKED!
SPEEDY...
THE ROPE
SNAPPED!



AND
MOMENTS
LATER,
THE
ARROW-
LINE
SOLVES
ANOTHER
PROBLEM.

THIS WILL BE
GOOD...IF
IT WORKS!

WHIZZING*
WITH
UNCANNY
ACCURACY,
THE ARROW
LANDS
TRUE...



SPEEDY-
GET THOSE
THERMITE
CAPSULES!

RIGHT!

CRUDE HUMOR OCCUPIES THE CRIMINALS
IN A NEARBY ROOM...

OUR GUESTS
WILL DEPART
IN A MATTER
OF SECONDS!

SERVES 'EM
RIGHT FOR
RUINING
THAT DAMNED
JOB-

IN A BLAZE
OF GLORY!
HAW-HAW!

TWIN SHAFTS, WITH THE CAPSULES ATTACHED,
WHISTLE OVERHEAD...AND A SHATTERING BLAST
SIGNALS THE END OF VILLAINY...

WHAT?

ARROWS DART WITH MACHINE-GUN SWIFTNESS AND...

BETTER
THAN
HANDCUFFS!

I SHOULD
STOOD IN
BED
TODAY!

OFF WITH
HIS HEAD!

THAT'S GET-
TING AT THE
SEAT OF THE
TROUBLE!

Y-I-I-I
SURRENDER!

AFTER THE BLAZE AND HIS
MURDEROUS HENCHMEN HAVE
BEEN DELIVERED TO THE POLICE...

ONE MORE
TROPHY FOR
OUR
COLLECTION!

THE BLAZE'S
HELMET... BUT
NO HELMET EVER
MADE CAN
SHIELD A
CRIMINAL FROM
JUSTICE!



THE GREEN
ARROW AND SPEEDY
SCORE A DIRECT
HIT IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
MORE FUN
COMICS!

JOIN
THE WIZARD
ARCHERS FOR
STEAMLINED
TARGET
THRILLS!

"WHERE THERE'S SMOKE—" by Cleve Barton



SURROUNDED by darkness, except for the spot of light provided by the gooseneck lamp on his desk, the old man studied the recommendations of the War Department. Today, the War Department had tested the new and powerful explosive and the old man knew that this, the latest contribution to his Government, was going to help win the war.

He chuckled as his eyes fell on the first page of the letter addressed to him. "Dr. Dearing." He smiled happily. "Tom Dearing, a doctor," he murmured.

* * *

He smiled ruefully as he turned to the second page of the letter. It hadn't been easy to persuade the Board of Directors that he liked to work alone, and preferably at night. That talk of enemy agents now—gosh, didn't the Board of Directors know he could take care of himself? Besides, who could get past the guards that surrounded the place, except workmen with proper credentials?

Doc Dearing shook his head. Well, it didn't hurt to keep

the Board of Directors happy. Ramsey, one of the night guards, looked in the tiny office every hour. And he was long enough on the job now to know he shouldn't disturb him. Yes, Ramsey was a smart Irishman, Doc Dearing reflected. There were many nights Ramsey made his hourly appearance and still couldn't be noticed.

Dearing sighed. Well, one job would be out of the way tomorrow. The War Department had indicated the plans for the new explosive would no longer be his responsibility. In a way he was glad. Lately, he had been getting tired more easily. He took off his glasses.

"You will please not make any noise. And do not move!"

The voice was low and menacing. Dearing did not see the owner of it until the man and his companion stepped close to the circle of light on the desk. The light glinted on the blue metal of the silenced pistol. As Dearing saw the man's white, well-groomed fingers on the gun he realized instantly that the intruder, despite the workmen's clothes and badge he wore, did not belong in the Dearing plant. A munition worker's hands are

not soft.

Both men wore workmen's badges, Dearing saw an instant later. The second man said: "We had better not waste time, Max."

"We won't!" The voice was guttural. "Today, Doctor," it addressed itself to Dearing, "you had some plans approved, with recommendations. We want those plans."

Dearing marveled. The Board of Directors, for once, had been right. Danger *did* threaten him. He winced with pain as strong fingers grasped his arm, twisted it up almost to his neck. "You heard. Where are they?"

"In the safe," Dearing gasped. "The key is in the strongbox in my desk. I—I'll get them." He opened his drawer. A foot shut it.

"Just a minute, my friend," the man called Max said ominously. "Do you take us for fools?" The face of his watch gleamed in the light as he looked at it, then sat in the chair alongside Dearing's desk. "We are perfectly aware that on the hour the watchman looks in here." His hand grasped the multipaged communication on

the desk. Its long sheets covered the gun pointed directly at Dearing's heart. "We will wait a few moments. If the guard should ask, you sent for us to discuss something. You understand?"

"Yes. Yes," said Dearing, hastily. "I do." His tired eyes studied the cold features of Max. The other man was bending over the desk, back to the door.

His face, beneath the light's reflection, had the same hardness and cruelty apparent in his companion's. It wasn't difficult now to realize in what country's service they carried on their secret work. With such faces, no mercy could be expected. Even if a man wanted it. And Tom Dearing didn't.

"You're right," he said. "Ramsey will be here any minute. He always looks in. You fellows sure think of everything. I don't know how you ever got in here."

"It is unfortunate," Max said, "that the workmen from whom we borrowed these clothes will be unable to tell you." His slitted eyes lighted fanatically. "Perhaps soon, with the help of your new explosive, we may be able to make your nation understand that we are the superior race."

"Max!" It was a whispered warning.

The door opened a crack. Ramsey stood there. No surprise was on his face. Doc Dearing frequently talked to workmen. Every man in the plant liked him. There was nothing high-hat about a genius like old Doc.

"Oh, Ramsey," Dearing's tone was conversational, but his heart beat rapidly as he saw the almost imperceptible movement of Max's gun. It stopped as he added: "I've got some important business with these two men. See that we're not disturbed."

"Sure, Doc," Ramsey grinned. "You know me. Huh?"

He paused on his way out. His face was puzzled.

"I'm fresh out of cigarettes," Dearing said. "You got a pack?"

"Yeah, sure" Ramsey fished in his pockets, brought out a packet of cigarettes and deposited them on the table. "But I didn't—"

"That's all, Ramsey. Get going!" Dearing proffered cigarettes to his visitors, put one to his own lips. "I've got work to do."

The door closed behind Ramsey. Max said:

"You showed excellent judgment, Doctor. I must commend you. And now, the plans."

"Oh yes, yes," Dearing removed the unlighted cigarette from his lips. As he did so, his glasses fell to the floor. "Now I've done it," he said, "look at this." One of the lenses was broken. "I'm blind as a bat without them."

Max's hand struck his face. "You fool—do you think we have all night? Give us that key. Here's the box."

He removed the strongbox from the bottom drawer, opened the lid and dumped out the contents. A number of keys clattered on the desk. Max said impatiently, "Which key fits?"

The palm of the other man's hand snapped Dearing's head back. "Try to see out of this good lens, you blundering fool!" the man grated. He forced the glasses on Dearing's nose.

Dearing blinked, fumbled with the keys. "I—I—think this

is the one," he said hesitantly. "The safe is on the left wall."

Max snatched at the key. "Here," he said to his friend. "Cover this fool! If he moves, shoot him! We've wasted enough time. I—"

He stopped, his eyes wide with fright as light suddenly flooded the room. The comforting bulk of Ramsey, behind a gun, loomed large in the doorway. Behind Ramsey was a short, bald-headed man, who also carried a gun.

"You sure have wasted enough time," Ramsey said evenly. "And that gun drops to the floor right now! You okay, Doc?"

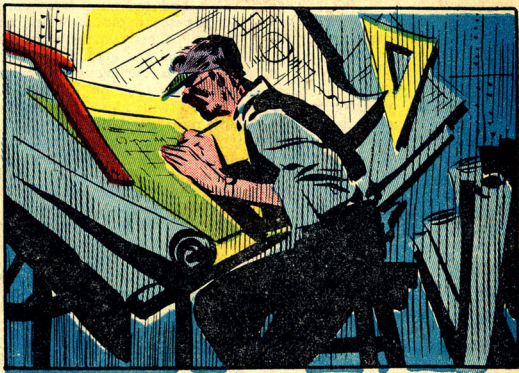
Dearing wiped his perspiring forehead. "Yes," he said, breathing heavily. "I'm sure glad you understood, Ramsey."

The two spies were staring. Dearing pointed to an enormous sign behind him, which had been hidden until the light went on. It read:

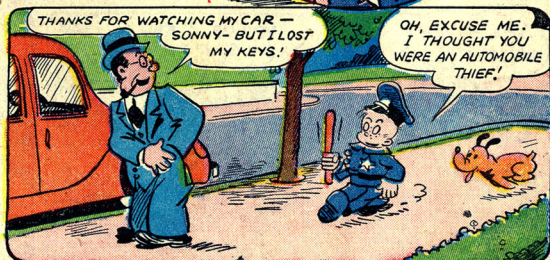
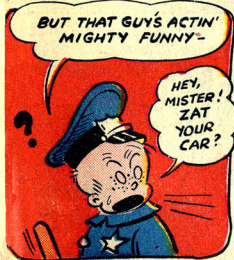
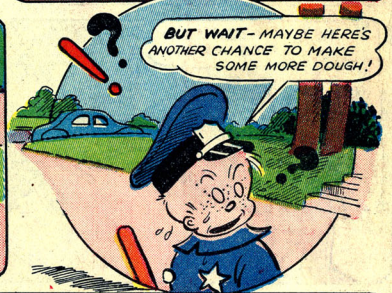
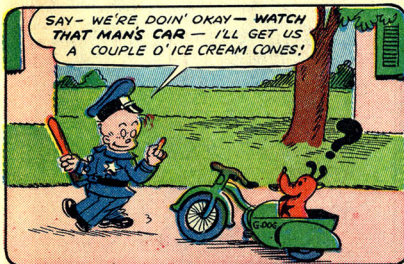
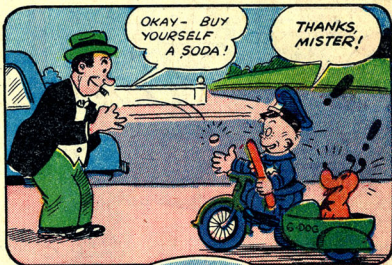
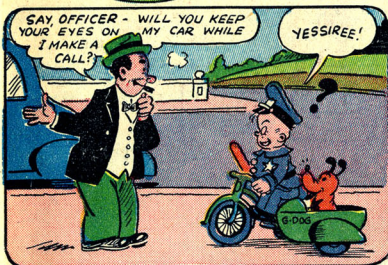
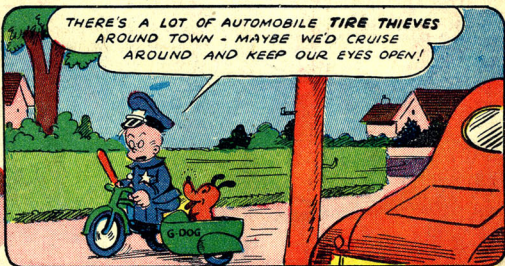
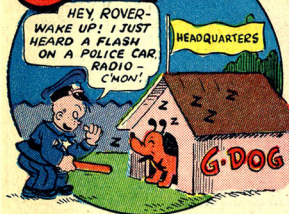
"Absolutely No Smoking!"

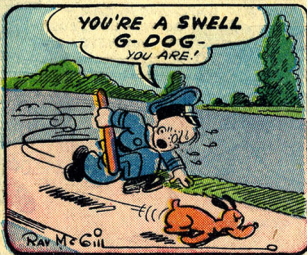
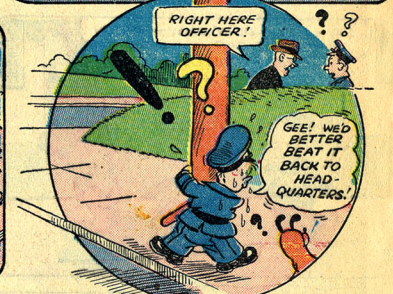
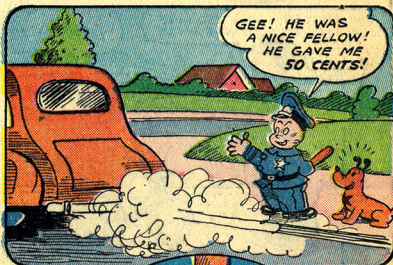
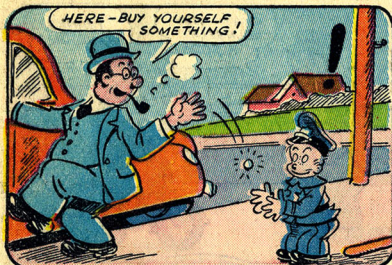
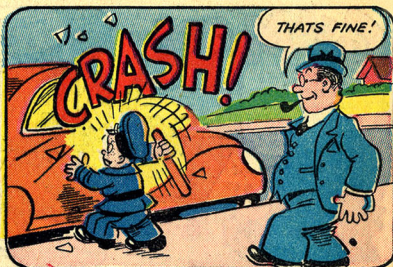
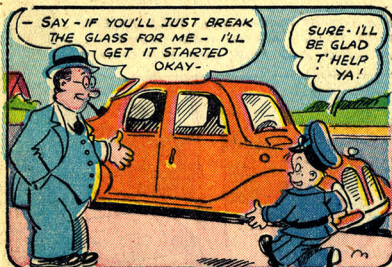
And Ramsey was saying: "And so I said to Superintendent Harris, here, Doc, 'How come the Doc asks for my cigarettes when he's the one who made the no smoking rule, and besides, he never smoked in his life?'"

"And so, Ramsey," Doc added happily, "you rightly concluded that where there's smoke there must be fire!"

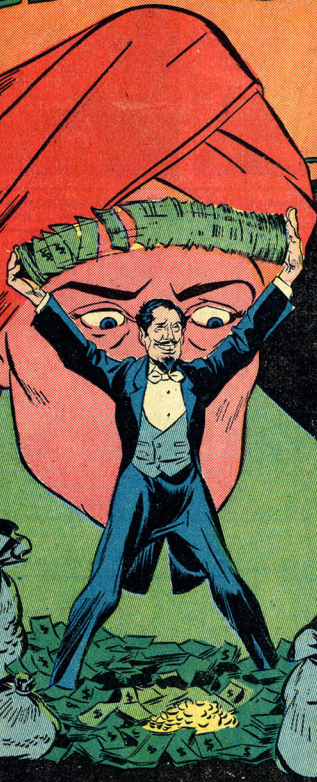


GEE MAN





LANDO



NEVER BEFORE IN HISTORY HAS MORTAL MAN BEEN GIVEN SUCH MAGIC POWER AS **LANDO'S** WITH WHICH TO DO GOOD AND FIGHT EVIL! USE OF THAT POWER HAS CARRIED **LANDO** INTO SOME WEIRD AND FANTASTIC CASES ... BUT NOT TO EQUAL THE NEW ADVENTURE! IT IS WHITE MAGIC AGAINST BLACK EVIL...TRUE MAGIC AGAINST STAGE TRICKERY... AS **LANDO** FACES **MASTRO** THE GREAT IN THE AMAZING MYSTERY OF **"THE VANISHING V-MEN!"**

BACKSTAGE OF A SECOND-RATE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, **MASTRO** THE GREAT FACES **CARA**, HIS BEAUTIFUL ASSISTANT!

ANOTHER PERFORMANCE FINISHED, **MASTRO**! A FAIR CROWD!

"FAIR CROWD - BAH! JUST A HANDFUL OF FOOLS TO WATCH **MASTRO** THE GREAT! I'M FED UP..."



LOOK AT ME! I CAN PULL MONEY OUT OF THE THIN AIR... **PHONEY MONEY!**

IT'S ONE OF YOUR BEST TRICKS!



IN WILD RAGE, **MASTRO** POURS OUT HIS BAG OF TRICKS!

PIGEONS...DUCKS...PHONEY MONEY, BUT FROM TODAY ON THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT!

PLEASE STOP, **MASTRO**.





BILLS! NOTHING BUT BILLS! I- THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAGICIAN... HOUNDED BY BILL COLLECTORS, PLAYING CHEAP THEATRES... I'M FED UP!



MASTRO! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? REMEMBER, YOU'RE ON THE BIG V-VICTORY CHARITY SHOW TOMORROW NIGHT!

CHARITY... PFAH! I'LL BE THERE- BUT I'LL GET THE CHARITY! I'LL USE MY TRICKS TO MAKE MYSELF RICH!



OKAY, PAL! WHERE D'VUH T'INK YOU'RE GOIN'?

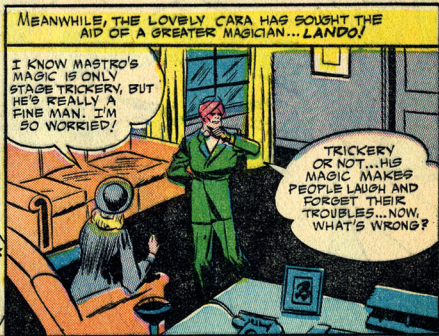
TO SEE THE BIG SHOT, MONETTI! TELL HIM MASTRO HAS DECIDED TO ACCEPT HIS PROPOSITION!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

HAH! SO YOU DECIDED TO PLAY ALONG WITH ME, EH? HOW COME?

I'M TIRED OF WORKING FOR PENNIES! YOU PROMISED ME BIG MONEY IF I'D TURN MY MAGIC TRICKS TO CRIME, I'M READY!



MEANWHILE, THE LOVELY CARA HAS SOUGHT THE AID OF A GREATER MAGICIAN... LANDO!

I KNOW MASTRO'S MAGIC IS ONLY STAGE TRICKERY, BUT HE'S REALLY A FINE MAN. I'M SO WORRIED!

TRICKERY OR NOT... HIS MAGIC MAKES PEOPLE LAUGH AND FORGET THEIR TROUBLES... NOW, WHAT'S WRONG?



HE'S BEEN WORRIED ABOUT MONEY! TONIGHT HE BLEW UP! I'M SO AFRAID HE'LL GET INTO TROUBLE!

DON'T FRET! I'LL SEE HIS ACT AT THE VICTORY SHOW TOMORROW NIGHT AND THEN HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!



THANK YOU! WE WERE GOING TO BE MARRIED WHEN SHOW BUSINESS GOT BETTER! DON'T LET HIM SPOIL IT, JUST WHEN HE HAS A CHANCE!

LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!



BUT AFTER CARA LEAVES, LANDO'S AIR OF CONFIDENCE VANISHES!

POOR KID! I'LL DO ALL I CAN... BUT A MAGICIAN TURNED CRIMINAL COULD TAX EVEN MY POWERS TO PREVENT THE WORST!

THE NEXT NIGHT, AT THE HUGE V-FOR VICTORY CHARITY SHOW.

HIS MAGIC IS CERTAINLY TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT.



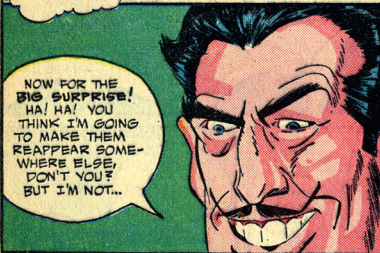
THE AUDIENCE WAITS EXPECTANTLY AS MASTRO CALLS FOR VOLUNTEERS...

WATCH CAREFULLY AS I ENCLOSE THESE FIVE VOLUNTEERS INSIDE THE MAGIC CABINET!

I DON'T LIKE IT! THOSE FIVE MEMBERS OF THE VICTORY COMMITTEE WHO VOLUNTEERED ARE ALL MILLIONAIRES!



NOW FOR THE BIG SURPRISE! HA! HA! YOU THINK I'M GOING TO MAKE THEM REAPPEAR SOMEWHERE ELSE, DON'T YOU? BUT I'M NOT...



MASTRO CLOSES THE CABINET, GESTURES WITH HIS MAGIC WAND, AND...

ABRACODABRA! SEE... THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!



ANOTHER GESTURE, A PUFF OF SMOKE... AND MASTRO HIMSELF VANISHES FROM SIGHT!

WAIT! SOMETHING'S WRONG!

YOU FOOLS! I'M GOING TO DISAPPEAR, TOO...



AS THE CROWD WAITS IN DAZED BEWILDERMENT, LANDO LEAPS TO THE STAGE...

LANDO! WHAT HAPPENED? HE NEVER DID THAT TRICK BEFORE! WHEN IS HE GOING TO REAPPEAR?

THIS WASN'T PART OF THE SHOW! MASTRO'S KIDNAPPED FIVE MILLIONAIRES... AND HE ISN'T PLANNING TO REAPPEAR!



WAIT! HE'S SET THE STAGE ON FIRE TO HALT PURSUIT!

COME ON! THERE'S A SECRET TRAPDOOR HE USES FOR VANISHING PEOPLE! WE CAN FOLLOW...



SIGHT OF THE FIRE SENDS THE VAST AUDIENCE INTO PANIC!

HELP

FIRE! THE THEATRE'S ON FIRE!

LET ME OUT!

IF THEY LEARN THE TRUTH, MASTRO WILL BE SENT TO PRISON. CAN'T YOU SAVE HIM?

OH-OH-HERE COME THE POLICE TO SEE ABOUT THE FIRE AND THE MISSING V-MEN!

A MAGIC GESTURE ...

...AND THE MENACING FLAMES TURN TO FOUNTAINS OF LOVELY ROSES, HALTING THE DEADLY PANIC BEFORE ANYONE IS HURT.

THIS IS KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!

HOW WONDERFUL! YOU'VE SAVED ALL THESE PEOPLE!

DETERMINED TO HELP CARA, LANDO MAKES A QUICK DECISION.

WHERE'S THAT MASTRO AND THEM MILLIONAIRES?

WAIT, EVERYBODY! THIS WAS MASTRO'S BIG SURPRISE TRICK! TOMORROW MORNING HE'LL REAPPEAR WITH THE COMMITTEE AT THE CITY HALL...WITH A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTION TO THE VICTORY FUND!

OH, THANK YOU, LANDO! YOU WERE WONDERFUL...

I WILL BE WHEN I WIGGLE OUT OF THIS JAM! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FIND MASTRO AND THOSE MEN, GET THEM BACK ON TIME...

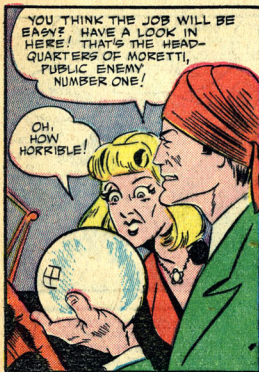
...AND CHANGE MASTRO'S HEART SO HE'LL MARRY YOU, AND STAY AWAY FROM CRIME!

YOU CAN DO IT, LANDO! I KNOW YOU CAN!

WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE! I'LL FIND THEIR WHEREABOUTS THROUGH MY SPECIAL CRYSTAL!

THE REST WILL BE EASY, I KNOW!

SHU NOW FOR VICTORY CHARITY
MASTRO THE MAGICIAN



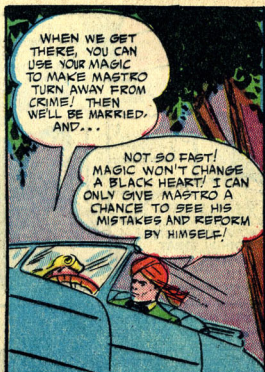
YOU THINK THE JOB WILL BE EASY? HAVE A LOOK IN HERE! THAT'S THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF MORETTI, PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE!

OH, HOW HORRIBLE!



NICE GOIN', MASTRO! THE COPS'LL BE RUNNIN' IN CIRCLES WHILE WE COLLECT A MILLION BUCKS RANSOM FOR THEM SAPS!

YOU WERE RIGHT, MORETTI! CRIME IS EASY AND PROFITABLE - FOR A SMART PAIR LIKE US!



WHEN WE GET THERE, YOU CAN USE YOUR MAGIC TO MAKE MASTRO TURN AWAY FROM CRIME! THEN WE'LL BE MARRIED, AND...

NOT SO FAST! MAGIC WON'T CHANGE A BLACK HEART! I CAN ONLY GIVE MASTRO A CHANCE TO SEE HIS MISTAKES AND REFORM BY HIMSELF!



YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO HOPELESS!

NOT AT ALL - AND THAT ORPHANAGE GIVES ME AN IDEA. WAIT HERE WHILE I VISIT OUR "PATIENT", OR BETTER YET.



DO THIS... BZ-Z-Z... BZ-Z-Z... BZ-Z-Z...

A MARVELOUS IDEA, LANDO! I KNOW IT WILL WORK AND I'LL GO RIGHT AWAY! PLEASE BE CAREFUL!



MEANWHILE, A NEW CRIME IS BEING PLOTTED INSIDE!

WHILE WE'RE WAITIN' FOR RANSOM ON THOSE OLD GEEZERS, WE'LL PULL A BANK JOB! GOT YOUR STUNT WORKED OUT, MASTRO?

YES! I GO IN FIRST AND ASK TO SEE THE BANK PRESIDENT! I'LL DO SOME TRICKS TO GET HIS ATTENTION!



THEN I'LL POINT MY WAND AT THE WALL LIKE THIS AND SAY... APPEAR!

GOSH! AND WHAT'LL COME OUT, HAH?

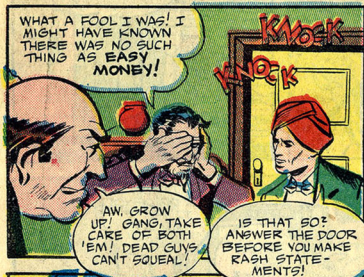
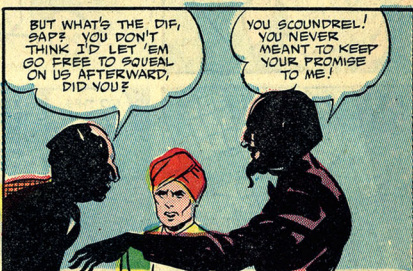
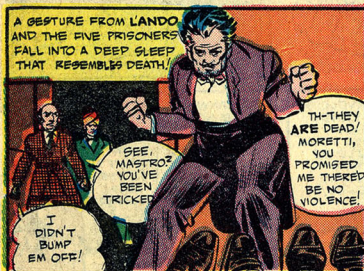
I WILL!

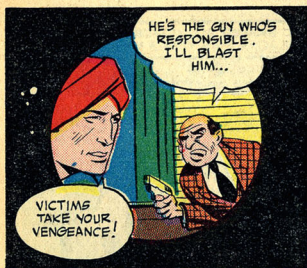


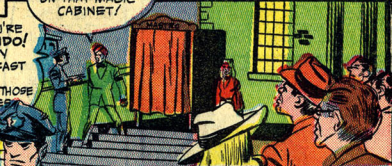
WHAT IS THIS?

IT WAS GOOD OF YOU TO INVITE ME IN!

IT'S A TRICK! I NEVER SENT FOR HIM!







DON'T MISS LANDO'S ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



**THE
BIG
EIGHT!**
"TOPS"
IN
MONTHLY COMIC
MAGAZINES



**NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!**



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

**SNOW MEN DON'T TALK...
OR DO THEY?**

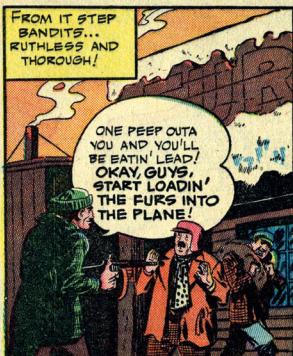
THIS IS A RIDDLE THAT CON-
FRONTS THE DYNAMIC DUO AS
THEY STALK A BAND OF HUMAN
WOLVES ACROSS THE GLACIAL,
ICY PLAINS OF THE SUB-ZERO
ARCTIC REGIONS!

FOR CRIME FREEZES OVER AT
THE "TOP OF THE WORLD" WHEN
BATMAN AND ROBIN BATTLE
FREEZING TEMPERATURE AND POLAR
PIRATES TO SOLVE THE SPINE-
CHILLING MYSTERY OF...
"THE NORTH POLE CRIMES!"

LET'S TAKE A LOOK IN AT A
CERTAIN GANGLAND HEADQUARTERS...

BOYS, THIS TOWN ISN'T HEALTHY
FOR US ANY MORE! EVERY COP KNOWS
EVERY HIDEOUT AND EVERY
RACKET!

YEAH...AND
DON'T FORGET HOW THE
BATMAN HAS BEEN
MAKIN' IT TOUGH
FER US!

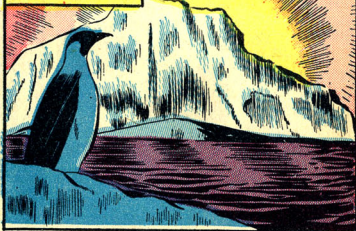


FARTHER TO THE NORTH, A MAN SITS IN A ROOM
AND LAUGHS!

A NICE HAUL, BOYS!
YESSIR, WE'RE
DOING ALL RIGHT
FOR OURSELVES
UP HERE!
HA! HA!

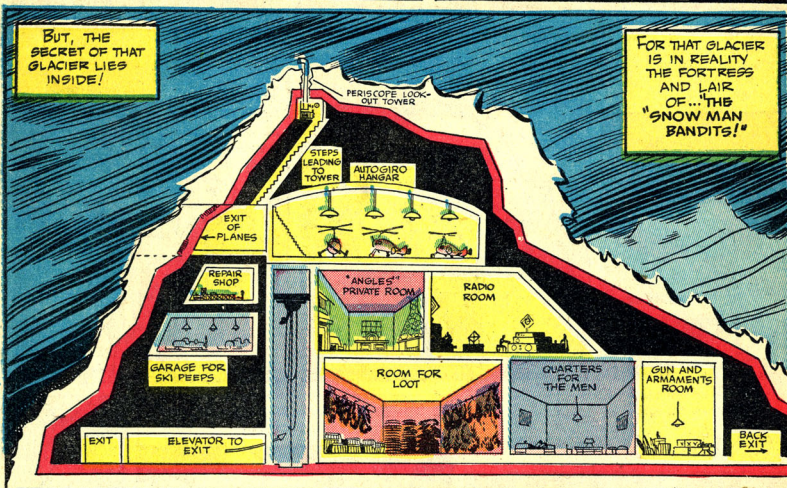
YEAH ...AN' WHAT
A HIDEOUT! I
NEVER SEEN NOTHIN'
LIKE IT BEFORE!

THE HIDEOUT?
LOOK AT THIS
GLACIER THAT
SEEMS SO MUCH
A PART OF THE
LANDSCAPE
ABOUT IT...



BUT, THE
SECRET OF THAT
GLACIER LIES
INSIDE!

FOR THAT GLACIER
IS IN REALITY
THE FORTRESS
AND LAIR
OF...THE
"SNOW MAN
BANDITS!"



AT THAT MOMENT...OVER
ANOTHER MOUNTAIN OF ICE!

BUT THIS IS A MOUNTAIN OF ICE
CREAM, SET BEFORE DICK GRAYSON
IN SUMMERY GOTHAM CITY!

BOY,
AM I
GOING TO
ENJOY THIS!
MMM!

BETTER ENJOY IT FAST, DICK...
WE'VE GOT TO GO
A-CALLING!

SOME TIME LATER,
TWO COSTUMED
ROVERS RACE OVER
ROOFTOPS IN
ANSWER TO A
SUMMONS FROM
THE SKY...THE
SYMBOL OF A
GIANT BAT!

POLICE
WANT US,
ROBIN!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

...THERE IT IS, BATMAN, THE WHOLE STORY! IT'S A BIZARRE CASE, BUT WE FEEL YOU CAN SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE SNOW MEN!

AND SINCE THE F.B.I. IS BUSY THESE DAYS RUNNING DOWN SPIES AND SABOTEURS...

I UNDERSTAND...THEY CAN'T BE INTERRUPTED IN THEIR FINE WORK! WELL... IT'S OFF TO THE NORTH FOR BATMAN AND COMPANY!



LATER AT HOME...

WHEW! HOW CAN WE MOVE IN THESE HEAVY FURS IN CASE WE RUN INTO SOME ACTION?

WE'LL WEAR OUR COSTUMES INTERWOVEN WITH FINE WIRES! ALL WE DO IS CONNECT THEM TO THE SMALL DYNAMOS IN OUR BELTS...AND THE RADIATING HEAT WILL PROTECT US FROM THE COLD!



STILL LATER... A WEIRD CRAFT RISES IN THE NIGHT-SKY!

WELL, ROBIN, HERE WE GO AGAIN...INTO FRESH FIELDS OF CRIME!



THE FIRST LAP... REFUELING AT A SMALL SETTLEMENT IN ALASKA'S KLONDIKE!

IT'S BATMAN AND ROBIN!

HI, MEN... MY GAS TANKS JUST ABOUT EMPTY! I'D LIKE TO FILL IT UP AND GET GOING AGAIN!



AS BATMAN AND ROBIN STEP INTO THE TRADING STORE FOR GAS... SUDDENLY!

AS SOON AS WE... HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

GUNFIRE! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING!



IT'S THEM "SNOW MAN" BANDITS!

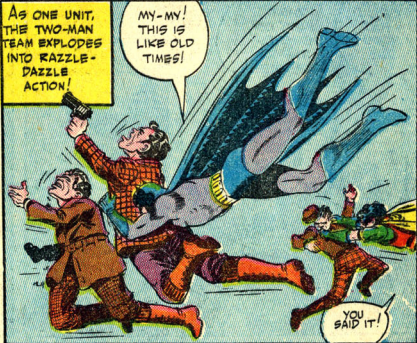
WHAT A BREAK... RIGHT INTO OUR LAPS! C'MON, ROBIN!

YIPPEE! LET'S TAKE 'EM!

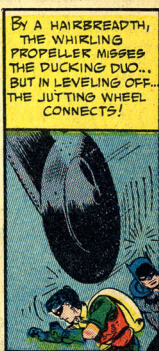
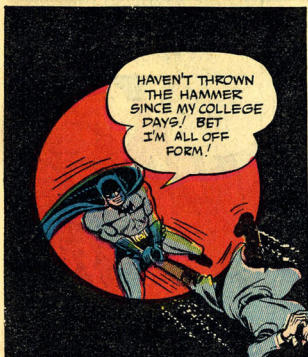
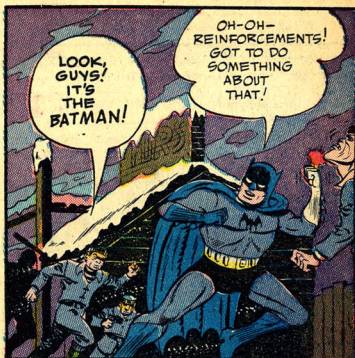


AS ONE UNIT, THE TWO-MAN TEAM EXPLODES INTO RAZZLE-PAZZLE ACTION!

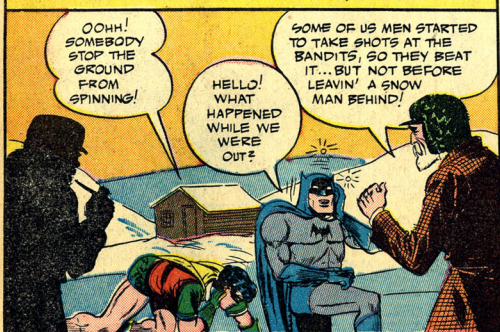
MY-MY! THIS IS LIKE OLD TIMES!



YOU SAID IT!



SOME TIME LATER...THE BATMAN AND ROBIN WAKE, HEADS THROBBING...



OOHH!
SOMEBODY
STOP THE
GROUND
FROM
SPINNING!

HELLO!
WHAT
HAPPENED
WHILE WE
WERE
OUT?

SOME OF US MEN STARTED
TO TAKE SHOTS AT THE
BANDITS, SO THEY BEAT
IT...BUT NOT BEFORE
LEAVIN' A SNOW
MAN BEHIND!

STILL LATER...THE BATMAN INSPECTS
THE SNOW MAN...

GOT
ANY
IDEAS,
BATMAN?

NOT ABOUT THIS! EITHER
IT'S THEIR SYMBOL AFTER
PULLING A JOB...OR ELSE
SOMETHING WE DON'T
SUSPECT JUST
YET! HMM!



HOLD
IT,
BATMAN!
I WANT
TO ADD
YOU TO
MY
COLLECTION!

WHAT'S
THIS?

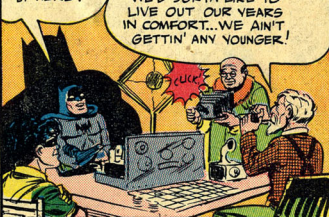
THAT'S RAY!
HE'S BEEN
TRAVELIN' IN
THESE PARTS
TAKIN' PITCHERS
FER A BOOK.
HE'S WRITIN'!



THAT NIGHT, BATMAN AND ROBIN ROOM
AT THE SHACK OF THE OLD-TIMER, CAL DALY!

SO YOU'RE
A GOLD
PROSPECTOR,
CAL? WHAT
BROUGHT YOU
UP HERE?

ME AN' MY PARDNER,
CURLY, FIGGERED
MAYBE WE COULD
STRIKE IT RICH BY
HUNTIN' SEAL SKINS.
WE'D SORTA LIKE TO
LIVE OUT OUR YEARS
IN COMFORT...WE AIN'T
GETTIN' ANY YOUNGER!



SAY, YOUR
SHORT-WAVE
SET'S STARTING
TO HUM!

THAT'S
CURLY!
HE'S UP IN
REAL ICY
COUNTRY!
WE PLAY
CHECKERS
TOGETHER
EVERY
NIGHT TO
PASS THE
TIME!



ACROSS THE DESOLATE ARCTIC WASTES FLOAT THE GLAD VOICES OF TWO OLD-TIMERS WHOSE LONELY LIVES ARE SOMEHOW MADE FULL AGAIN BY THE NIGHTLY GAME.

HELLO, YOU
OLD SOUR DOUGH!
ARE YOU READY TO
FINISH LAST NIGHT'S
GAME AND BE TAKEN
OVER?



HAH! STOP CHIRPIN'
AN' PLAY! I'M
JUMPIN' YOUR RED KING
ON SQUARE 23 WITH
MY BLACK ON
SQUARE 24!



CURLY...CURLY!
WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

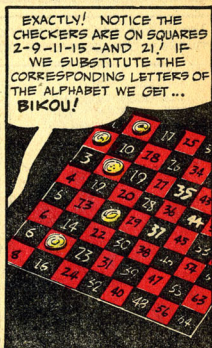
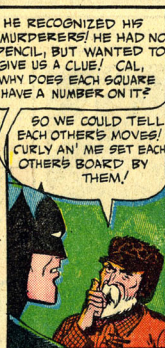
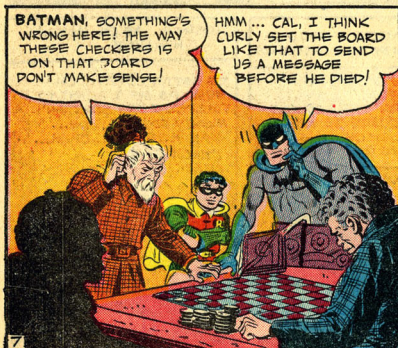
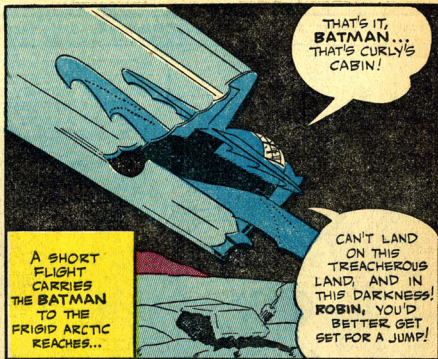
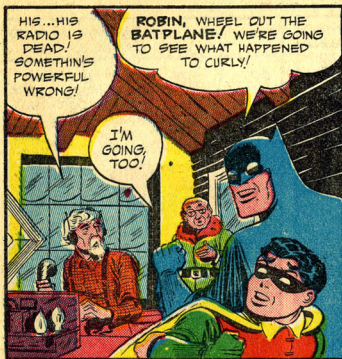
Suddenly, AS CAL MAKES
HIS MOVE...

I'M GETTIN' COMPANY, CAL!
REMINDS ME I MEANT TO
TELL YOU I SAW SOMETHIN'
MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS ON...

BANG...BANG!...OHHH...

CRACKLE!
CRACKLE!





BIKOU IS A LARGE GLACIER TWENTY MILES FROM HERE! RAY WILL TAKE YOU!

CURLY SAW SOMETHING THERE WHILE HUNTING, AND WAS KILLED TO BE KEPT FROM TALKING! CAL, I'M GOING TO BIKOU! YOU STAY HERE AND BURY CURLY!

SURE... I'LL GUIDE YOU, BATMAN... I KNOW THIS SECTOR WELL!

NEXT MORNING, AS A CHILL WIND HOWLS AND WHINES OVER THE FROZEN EXPANSE!

WHY DON'T WE TAKE THE **BATPLANE** INSTEAD OF THIS DOG SLED, BATMAN?

THE ROAR OF OUR MOTOR MIGHT WARN THE CRIMINALS WE'RE AFTER. WE WANT A SILENT APPROACH!

ALL RIGHT, YOU HUSKIES... MUSH!

WEARY MILES LATER, AS BATMAN AND ROBIN SLEEP UNDER THE STARS... A FURTIVE FIGURE CREEPS FORWARD... AND...

HA! HA! SLEEP TIGHT, BATMAN!

DISTURBED BY THE NOISE... ROBIN AWAKENS...

THE GAME GOES FOR YOU, BRAT! HA! HA!

WHAT...? RAY... YOU ONE OF THOSE CROOKS? UGH!

FROM HIS OVER-SIZED CAMERA CASE, THE TREACHEROUS PHOTOGRAPHER UNCOVERS A WIRELESS SET! A MOMENT LATER...

HELLO, ANGLES! I TOOK CARE OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN! WHAT DO I DO NOW... PLUG 'EM?

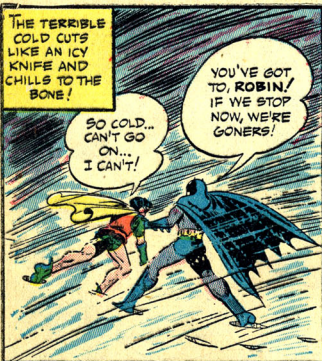
NO! LET 'EM DIE OF STARVATION AND COLD! NOBODY WILL EVER FIND THEM! THEY'LL BE BURIED UNDER SNOWDRIFTS! HOP TO IT!

Later... AS BATMAN AND ROBIN STRUGGLE TO THEIR FEET...

HE'S GONE! THAT RAT RAY HAS LEFT US STRANDED!

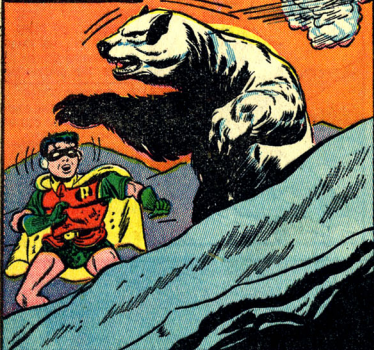
NO FOOD, TOO! ROBIN, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO... AND THAT'S HIKE!

HOURS LATER FIND TWO CHILLED FIGURES STUBBORNLY PUSHING FORWARD ON LEADEN FEET... FORWARD THROUGH A LASHING, HOWLING BLIZZARD... EVER FORWARD...



EVEN AS THE TERRIBLE SHAGGY SHAPE LIMBERS FORWARD... A RIFLE SHOT SHATTERS THE SILENCE...

CRACK!



TWO DAYS PASS, AND THE BATMAN AND ROBIN RECOVER FROM THEIR TEMPORARY ATTACK OF SNOW BLINDNESS!

BOY, IT'S GOOD TO BE ABLE TO SEE AGAIN!

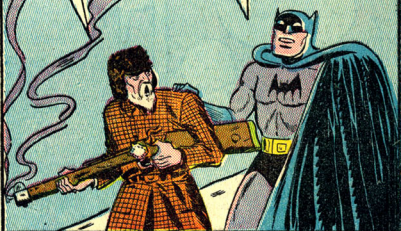
BATMAN, I WISH I KNEW WHY THAT SKUNK RAY DIDN'T COME BACK TO KILL ME, TOO!

PROBABLY FIGURED IT WASN'T NECESSARY. IT WAS ME HE WANTED OUT OF THE WAY!



IT'S OKAY, BATMAN... I GOT 'IM!

CAL!... ROBIN... IT'S CAL... WE MUST HAVE WALKED IN A CIRCLE! IT'S CAL... WE'RE OKAY NOW... IT'S CAL!

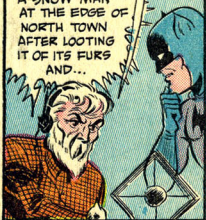


I'M GETTIN' SOMETHIN' ON THIS SET I FINALLY FIXED AGAIN!

... AND THE BANDITS LEFT A SNOW MAN AT THE EDGE OF NORTH TOWN AFTER LOOTING IT OF ITS FURS AND...

NORTH TOWN... THAT'S NEAR HERE!

THOSE BANDITS MUST HAVE A HIDEOUT NEAR BIKOU GLACIER! THAT'S WHY THEY TRIED TO KEEP US AWAY FROM THERE... BUT NOT ANY MORE! C'MON!



HOURS LATER... AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF NORTH TOWN... THE BATMAN ADDRESSES THE SCANT COLONY AT THE TRADING POST...

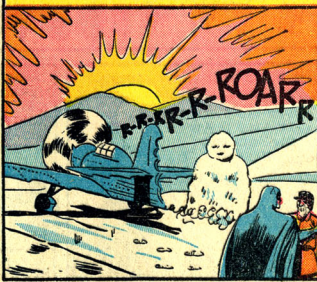
...WELL, MEN... THERE'S THE STORY! ARE YOU GOING TO LET THOSE BANDITS CONTINUE TO ROB AND KILL... OR ARE YOU GOING TO RUN THEM OUT OF THE NORTH?



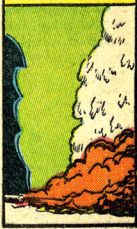
RUN 'EM OUT.

LET'S GO GET 'EM!

PREPARATIONS FOR BATTLE! ROBIN TUNES UP THE BATPLANE PARKED NEAR THE SNOW MAN LEFT BY THE BANDITS AFTER THEIR LATEST COUP...



HOT GAS FUMES HISS OUT FROM THE EXHAUST PIPE BESIDE THE SNOW MAN... AND THE SNOW MAN BEGINS TO MELT!



SUDDENLY, THE BATMAN'S KEEN EYES DETECT A SHINY OBJECT IMBEDDED IN THE MELTING SNOW MAN...

SAY...WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE A METAL BOX!



THE COVER IS PRIED OPEN...AND INSIDE...

MONEY!

WELL, I'LL BE HOG-TIED! LOOK AT THAT ROLL! PHEW!



AGAIN BATMAN'S ROVING EYES SPOT SOMETHING BEHIND A SNOW BANK!

WELL, WELL... IF IT ISN'T OUR OLD PHOTOGRAPHER FRIEND RAY!

NO, BATMAN! I DIDN'T MEAN TO LEAVE YOU STRANDED! NO! LET ME GO!



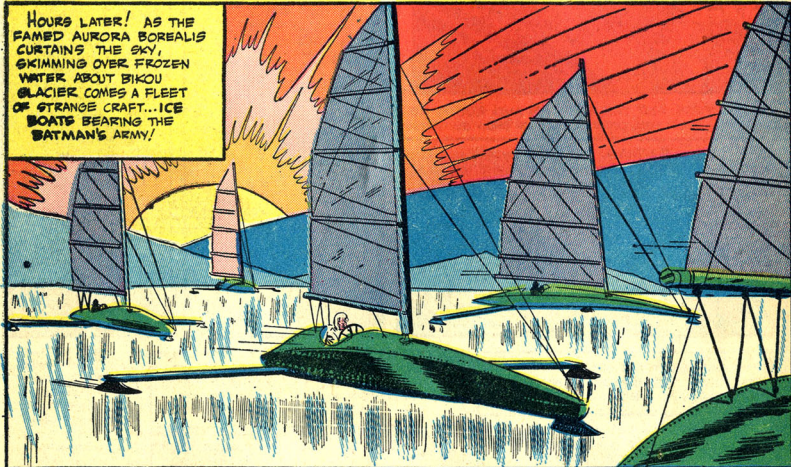
A THREATENING FIRST INDUCES RAY TO TALK!

MY BOSS IS "ANGLES" BIGBOE...HIS HIDEOUT IS INSIDE BIKOU GLACIER! I GO TO VARIOUS TOWNS... TIP HIM OFF WHEN A SUPPLY OF FURS COMES IN... HE PAYS BY LEAVING MONEY INSIDE THE SNOW MEN!

SO THAT'S THE SECRET OF THE SNOW MEN...REALLY A CLEVER PAY-OFF METHOD! THIS CALLS FOR A PLAN OF ACTION.



HOURS LATER! AS THE FAMED AURORA BOREALIS CURTAINS THE SKY, SKIMMING OVER FROZEN WATER ABOUT BIKOU GLACIER COMES A FLEET OF STRANGE CRAFT...ICE BOATS BEARING THE BATMAN'S ARMY!



INSIDE BIKOU GLACIER A LOOK-OUT SHOUTS LOUDLY...

"ANGLES!" LOOK! A REGULAR ARMY'S COMIN'!

SOMETHING'S SLIPPED UP... GET THE BOYS OUT ON THE SKI PEEPS!



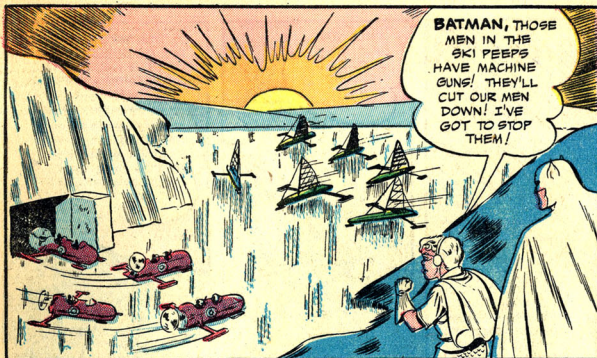
ATOP THE HILL OVERLOOKING THE ICE, TWO GHOST-WHITE FIGURES MOVE UNSEEN ACROSS THE SNOW!

C'MON, ROBIN, WHILE THE MEN KEEP "ANGLES" MEN BUSY, WE'LL SNEAK UP ON THE GLACIER!

GOOD STUNT, THIS! WITH OUR SPARE SUITS DYED WHITE NOBODY CAN SPOT US!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR CAREERS, BATMAN AND ROBIN ABANDON BLACK COSTUMES FOR WHITE CAMOUFLAGE!



BATMAN, THOSE MEN IN THE SKI PEEPS HAVE MACHINE GUNS! THEY'LL CUT OUR MEN DOWN! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!

DOWN THE GREAT HILL ROLLS ROBIN'S LOOPED FIGURE...



...DOWN, PICKING UP SNOW IN ITS DESCENT...

...DOWN...DOWN...GATHERING MOMENTUM AND PICKING UP SNOW UNTIL IT BECOMES A HUGE, TON-HEAVY JUG-BERNAUT...



WITH EXPRESS TRAIN SPEED, IT RUSHES DOWN AND SLAMS HEAD-ON INTO THE SKI PEEPS!



SPLAT!

HELP!

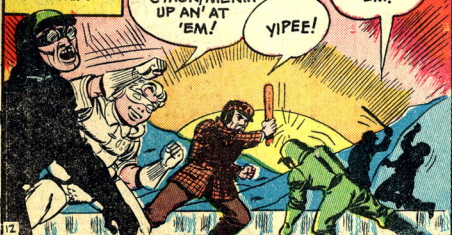
WHA...?

OUT OF THAT MINUTARE AVALANCHE RISES ROBIN TO LEAD THE ICE-BOATERS TO BATTLE!

ROBIN, THE HUMAN BOWLING BALL...A LITTLE DAMP...A LITTLE DIZZY...BUT NO BONES BROKEN... C'MON, MEN... UP AN' AT 'EM!

LET'S MOP UP THE ICE WITH 'EM!

YIPEE!



IN HIS FORTRESS, "ANGLES" SENSES IMMINENT DEFEAT... HIS BLAZING EYES PICK OUT A HATEFUL FIGURE ON THE SNOWS...

WHAT A BREAK! THAT'S THE BATMAN! WELL... HERE'S WHERE I SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH HIM!



THE TRIGGER FINGER TIGHTENS... AND WHINING SLUGS TEAR THROUGH THE BAT CAPE, INTO THE FIGURES BACK!



DOES DEATH AT LAST CLAIM THE BATMAN HERE ON THE FROZEN WASTES?

BUT AT THAT INSTANT...

BATMAN!
YOU!

YES...I JUST ADOPTED YOUR OWN SNOW MAN STUNT... THAT WAS A SNOW MAN YOU FIRED AT... DRESSED IN THE BATMAN COSTUME!

WHILE YOU SHOT AT IT, I CIRCLED AROUND YOU!

AS THE TWO CRASH ONTO THE ICE FIELD, THE BATMAN IS UNDERNEATH AND RECEIVES A STUNNING BLOW...

I WATCH EVERY ANGLE, BATMAN! I ALWAYS CARRY A SPARE ROD JUST IN CASE...SAY YOUR PRAYERS, PAL!

VA-A-A-A!

Suddenly, the ice cracks open under the gangster's very feet!

JUST AS SUDDENLY, THE CRACK CLOSES AGAIN...AND GRINDING DEATH DOOMS THE BANDIT CHIEF!

THAT WAS ONE ANGLE "ANGLES" DIDN'T FIGURE ON!

AND SO ENDS THE MYSTERY OF THE "SNOW MAN" BANDITS! AND NEXT DAY...AS A BAT-WINGED CRAFT HEADS FOR HOME...

WELL, CAL...I IMAGINE YOU'LL BE GLAD TO SEE CIVILIZATION AGAIN, EH?

SHORE WILL... AND IT SURE IS NICE O' YOU TO TAKE ME ALONG WITH YOU! SAY, HOW ABOUT YOU AND ROBIN POSIN' FOR A PICTURE!

I TOOK THAT THAT RAY FELLER'S CAMERA ALONG AS A SOUVENIR! YOU JUST GOTTA LET ME TAKE A CERTAIN KIND O' PICTURE!

A CERTAIN KIND? OKAY... BUT IT SOUNDS MYSTERIOUS!

THAT "CERTAIN KIND O' PICTURE"... LATER APPEARS IN EVERY PAPER OF THE COUNTRY!

BATMAN AND ROBIN
HEROES RETURN HOME

...FOR IT IS A PICTURE OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN PLANTING THE STARS AND STRIPES AT THE NORTH POLE!

The End



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