

BATMAN  
No. 26

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A SUPERMAN  
PUBLICATION  
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# BATMAN

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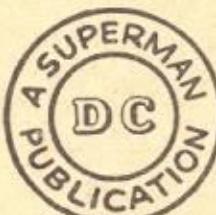
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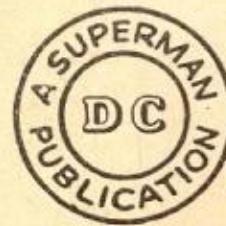
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\*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.

# Only in



are found

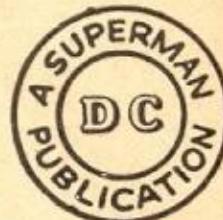
# THESE TOP-RANKING HEROES

of the

# COMICS WORLD!



- FOR A GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ANY COMIC MAGAZINE, ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE SUPERMAN-D C SYMBOL ON THE COVER!





UNMASKED BY THE BATMAN AND ROBIN AS MORTIMER DRAKE, A PLAYBOY IN BRUCE WAYNE'S OWN SOCIAL SET, THE DASHING CAVALIER LURKS IN A SHABBY SECTION OF GOTHAM CITY...

LUCIFER TAKE THAT MEDDLESOME PAIR! THEY HAVE FOUND THE CAVALIER OUT AS MORTIMER DRAKE! I CAN NO LONGER APPEAR IN MY OWN IDENTITY!



BUT THAT'S EASILY FIXED! WITH MODERN MAKEUP, I CAN CHANGE MY APPEARANCE AS OFTEN AND COMPLETELY AS I WANT! AND AS FOR A NAME—ALBERT FOSTER WILL DO AS WELL AS ANY!



HA, HA! BATMAN OR NO BATMAN, THE CAVALIER WILL CONTINUE HIS CRIMINAL CAREER... AND MORE SPECTACULARLY THAN EVER!



SOON, IN A FAVORITE UNDERWORLD AMUSEMENT CENTER...

SO YOU'RE THE CAVALIER AND YOU WANT US TO THROW IN WITH YOU, HUH? WHAT D'YOU TAKE US FOR—CHUMPS? HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE THE CAVALIER?

A SIMPLE MATTER TO PROVE...



ZUT SO!

YIPE!

DIDYA SEE THAT? ONLY THE CAVALIER COULDA USED A STICK THAT WAY!



GOLLY, NOW WE KNOW WHAT THE CAVALIER REALLY LOOKS LIKE!

WE'LL WORK WITH YOU, CAVALIER, BUT NOT FOR THEM LITTLE TRINKETS YOU USED TO GO AFTER!

TWO POINTS—FIRST, YOU STILL DO NOT KNOW WHAT I LOOK LIKE, FOR I HAVE MANY IDENTITIES! SECOND, YOU PROVIDE THE BRAVAT AND I THE WIT, AND WE SHALL HAVE MORE COIN OF THE REALM THAN YOU EVER DEEMED POSSIBLE!



# BATMAN



NEXT NIGHT, A SOCIALITE MASQUERADE BALL IS IN PROGRESS... AND AMONG THE GUESTS ARE PLAYBOY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON..

WE CAN'T SEEM TO GET AWAY FROM THE CAVALIER, BRUCE! THE PLACE IS FULL OF 'EM!

THAT'S NOT UNUSUAL AT A COSTUME PARTY, DICK!



SUDDENLY...

ATTENTION, ONE AND ALL! AS YOU CAN INSTANTLY SEE, I AM THE CAVALIER, COME TO ROB YOU! MY MEN WILL PASS AMONG YOU AND DIVEST YOU OF YOUR VALUABLES!



SAY, MAYBE THIS ISN'T A JOKE! HE DOES LOOK LIKE THE CAVALIER!

ANYBODY IN THAT OUTFIT WOULD— THOSE OTHER CAVALIERS, FOR INSTANCE?



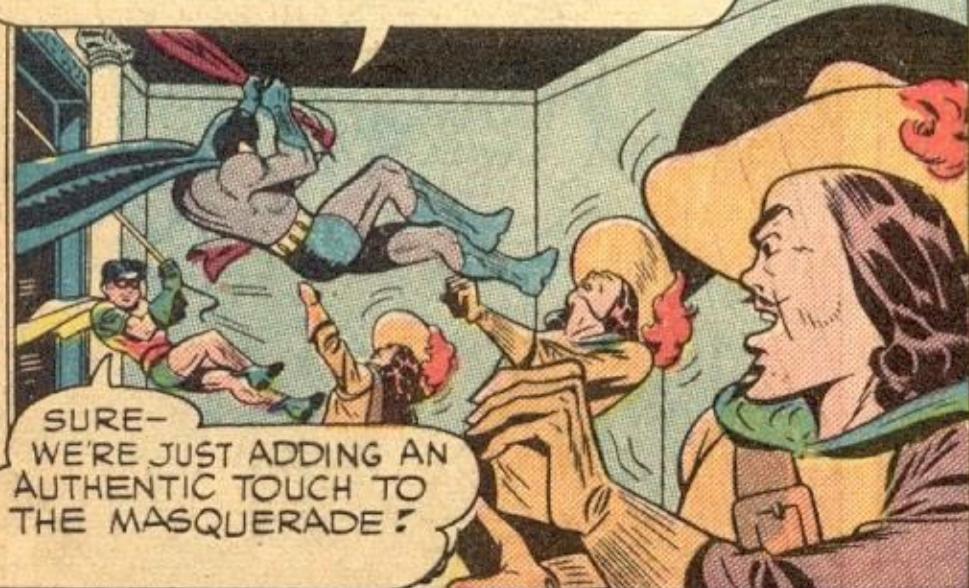
HAND OVER YOUR DOUGH AND JEWELRY, FOLKS!

AND DON'T ARGUE, OR YOU'LL GO OUT ON A STRETCHER!



UNOBTRUSIVELY, TWO FIGURES SLIP OUT OF THE PANIC-FILLED ROOM... AND RETURN AS BATMAN AND ROBIN!

DON'T LET US INTERRUPT YOUR LITTLE GAME... IF YOU CAN HELP IT!

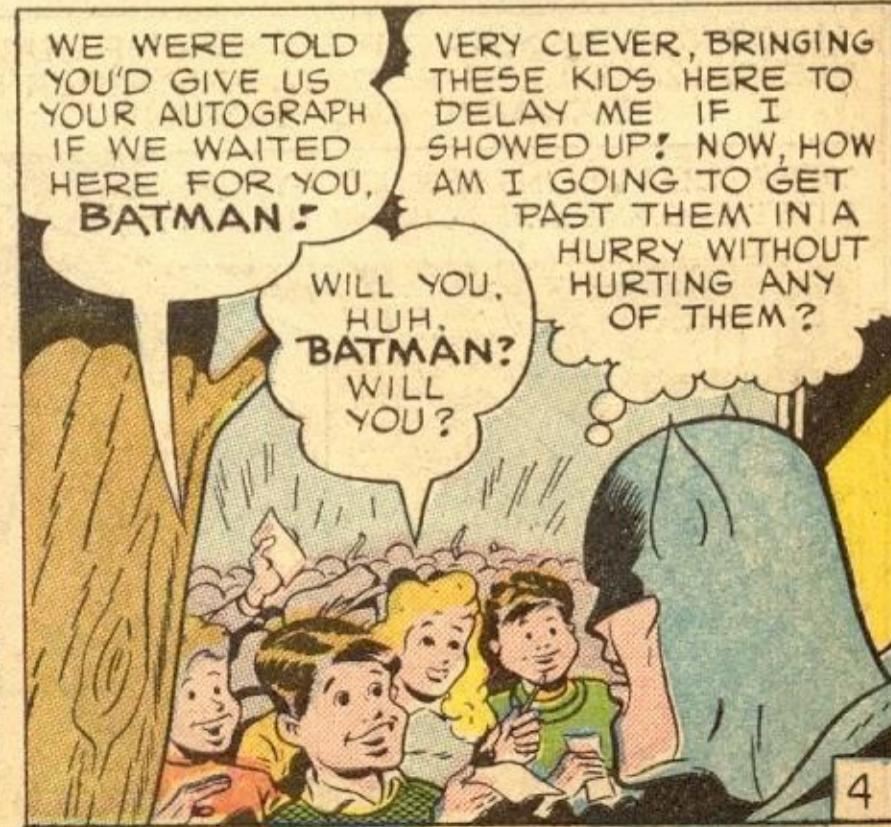
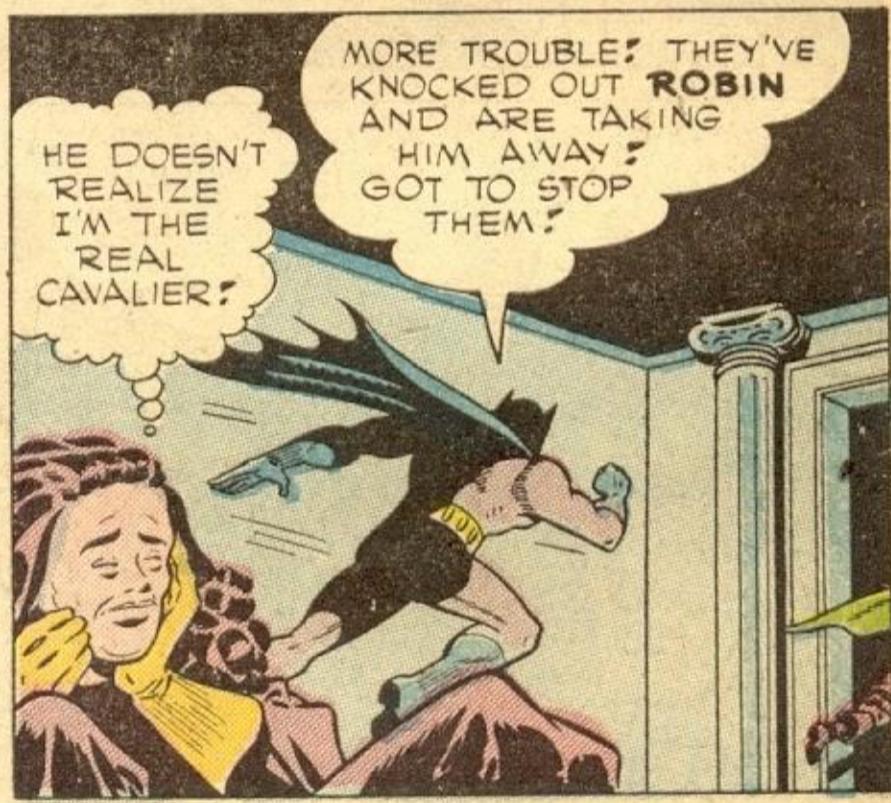
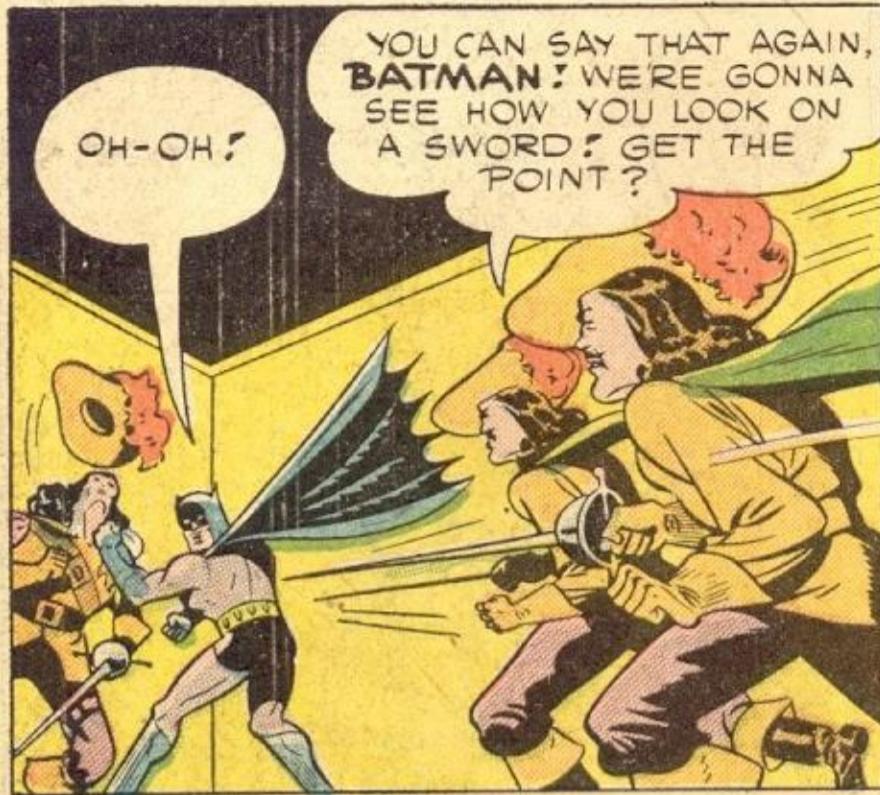


SURE— WE'RE JUST ADDING AN AUTHENTIC TOUCH TO THE MASQUERADE!

DID I SAY TOUCH? WELL, IT'S AUTHENTIC, ANYHOW!



# BATMAN



# BATMAN

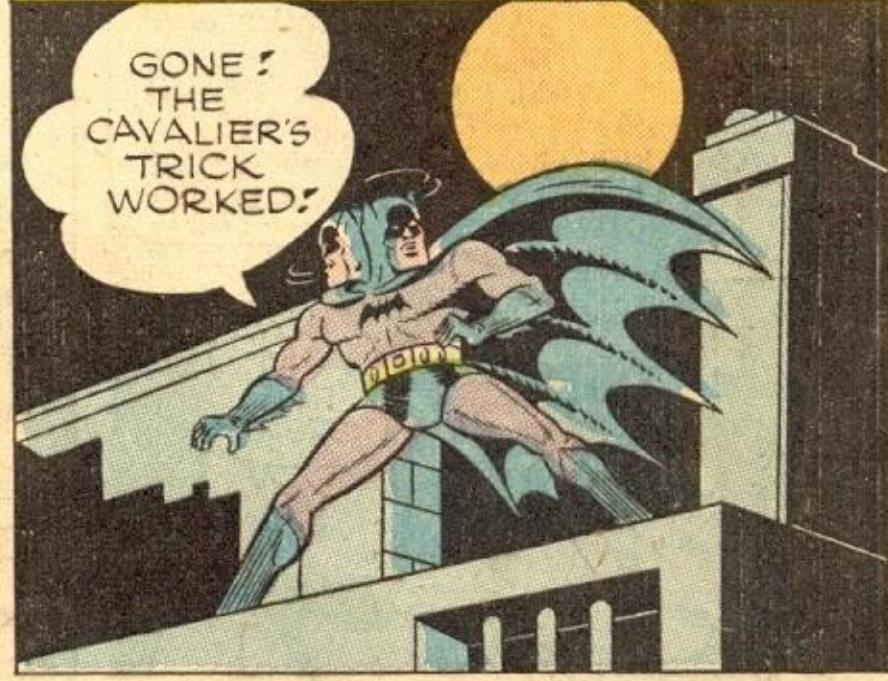
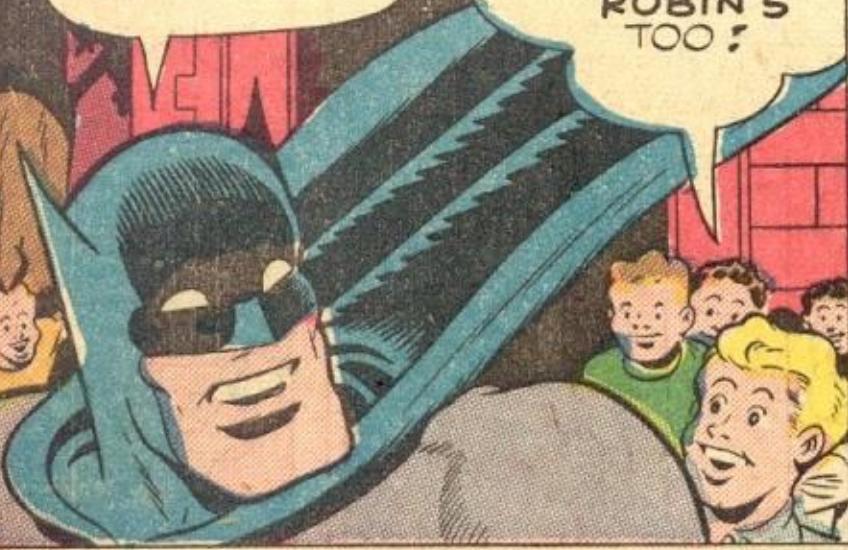


LEAVE YOUR BOOKS  
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS  
AND I'LL AUTOGRAPH  
THEM WHEN I HAVE  
MORE TIME.

OKAY,  
BUT  
DON'T  
FORGET,  
**BATMAN**—  
WE WANT  
**ROBIN'S**  
TOO!

BUT WHEN THE CAPED CRIME-CRUSHER  
GAINS THE SIDEWALK...

GONE!  
THE  
CAVALIER'S  
TRICK  
WORKED!



MEANWHILE, **ROBIN** HAS REVIVED...  
TO FIND HIMSELF PRISONER IN A  
SLEEK CAR SPEEDING THROUGH  
THE CITY'S STREETS!

YOU'RE A SMART ONE,  
ALL RIGHT, CAVALIER:  
TELLING THEM KIDS  
**BATMAN** MIGHT SHOW  
UP, SO THEY'D HOLD  
HIM BACK.

AND THE  
SATISFYING  
PART IS  
THAT IT  
COST  
NOTHING!

PRESENTLY, AT THE GANG'S  
HIDEOUT:

WHADDAYA  
SAY, BOSS,  
LET'S FEED  
HIM TO THE  
WHALE?

NO! I'VE GOT  
A MUCH BETTER  
IDEA!

... AND THEY'VE  
GOT ME IN A  
BROWNSTONE  
ON SMITH  
ROAD!



UNKNOWN TO THE BOY WONDER, HOWEVER,  
HE HAS A MIGHTY INTERESTED AUDIENCE!

LOOKIT THAT! HE'S  
CALLING THE **BATMAN**  
ON THAT WIRELESS SET  
OF HIS! AIN'T YOU  
GONNA STOP HIM,  
CAVALIER?

NOT AT ALL! HE'S  
DOING PRECISELY  
WHAT I HAD HOPED  
HE WOULD DO:  
HAVE THE MEN DO  
AS I OUTLINED  
BEFORE!



# BATMAN



MINUTES LATER, ROBIN IS HAULED FROM HIS MAKESHIFT CELL...

PARBLEU! THIS WILL BE THE END OF A PAIR OF INFERNAL NUISANCES: BEHIND THIS WALL, MY DEAR ROBIN, TWO CROSSBOWS STRAIN! IF YOU PULL AT YOUR SHACKLES, ONE STEEL ARROW WILL BE RELEASED, KILLING YOU INSTANTLY!



IF YOU STILL LIVE WHEN BATMAN RUNS RECKLESSLY THROUGH THIS PHOTO-ELECTRIC BEAM I'VE JUST SET, THE TWO OF YOU WILL DIE TOGETHER: FOR THEN, ONE ARROW WILL WING TOWARD YOU... AND THE OTHER TOWARD YOUR DOOMED COHORT! FAREWELL FOREVER!



HOLY SMOKE! HOW AM I GOING TO GET US OUT OF THIS? I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST!



BUT IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, THE MANTLED MANHUNTER ARRIVES... AT A RECKLESS RUN, AS THE CAVALIER PREDICTED!

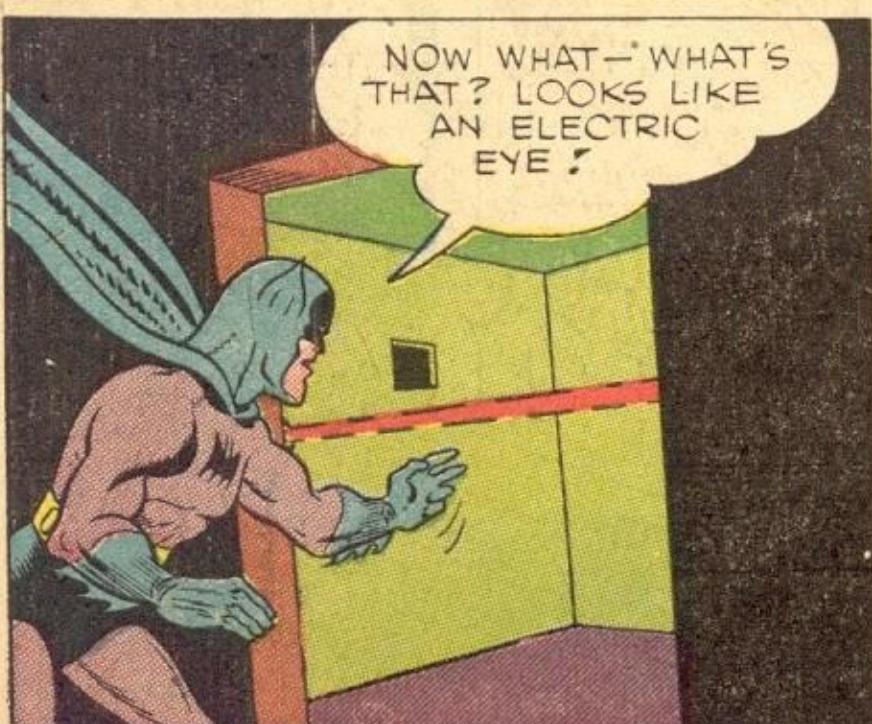
HOLD ON ROBIN! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND!

M-M-M-F-F-F!

HE CAN'T HEAR ME- AND HOW AM I GOING TO WARN HIM? WAIT: THESE SHACKLES WERE JUST DRIVEN INTO THE WALL! MAYBE THIS'LL WORK...



NOW WHAT—WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE AN ELECTRIC EYE!



ELECTRIC-SWIFT, THE BOY WONDER ACTS...

IT'S DOING THE TRICK! ALL I HAD TO DO WAS DIP MY FINGER IN THE LOOSE PLASTER DUST OF THE HOLE WHERE THE SHACKLE WAS DRIVEN... AND THEN WRITE ON THE WALL:

WHAT—? OHO, THE CAVALIER WAS UP TO HIS USUAL GAME AGAIN: GOOD OLD ROBIN, FIGURING A WAY TO WARN ME IN TIME!



A PHOTO-ELECTRIC BEAM, EH? WELL, THIS FLASHLIGHT FROM MY UTILITY BELT WILL KEEP THE CIRCUIT FROM BEING BROKEN WHILE I WALK AROUND IT AND THROUGH THE REAL BEAM: THEN WHATEVER WAS SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN—CAN'T!



# BATMAN



AS STEEL-TIPPED DEATH LURKS IN WAIT, THE **BATMAN** WORKS SWIFTLY AND SURELY...

SPRINGS ON **ROBIN'S** MANACLES... I'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL...

*Starfallin' Trap!*

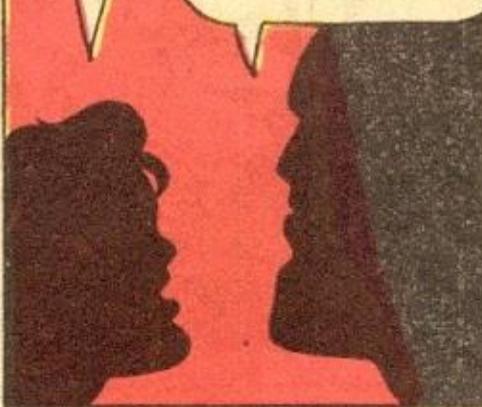


AND A MOMENT LATER...

SO INSTEAD OF FEEDING ME TO A WHALE, AS ONE OF THE GANGSTERS SUGGESTED, THE CAVALIER THOUGHT UP THIS NEAT LITTLE TRICK OF THE WEEK!

FEED YOU TO THE WHALE? I WONDER...

THEY MUST INTEND TO ROB THE CITY WHALING MUSEUM, WHERE THE FIRST WHALE EVER CAPTURED ALIVE IS BEING EXHIBITED AT FIFTY CENTS THAT A HEAD TO DOESN'T TREMENDOUS SOUND CROWDS! MUCH LIKE THE CAVALIER! HE MUST HAVE ANOTHER ANGLE!

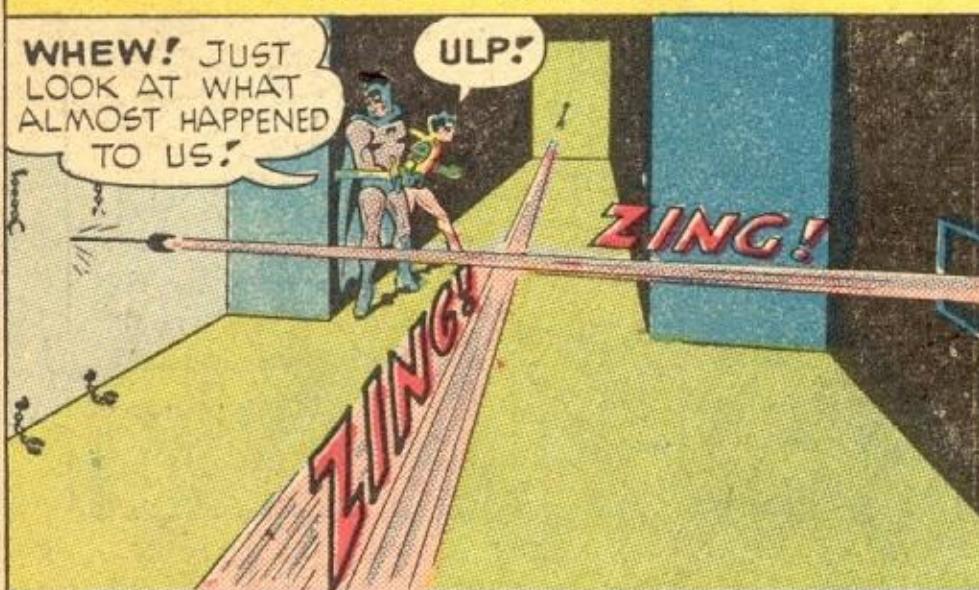


BEFORE LEAVING, **BATMAN** DELIBERATELY BREAKS THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC BEAM FOR A BRIEF INSTANT...

WHEW! JUST LOOK AT WHAT ALMOST HAPPENED TO US!

ULP!

ZING!



AT THAT MOMENT, A STRANGE SIGHT IS TO BE SEEN IN THE CITY WHALING MUSEUM...

LOOK—REAL WHALING MEN, MAMA!



IMAGINE THAT—PUTTIN' HARPOONS IN A CASE AND CHARGIN' FOLKS MONEY TO LOOK AT 'EM!

HA, HA! YOU'D THINK THEY WOULDN'T WANT

TO SEE HOW THEY MAKE A LIVING EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR! BUT I GUESS EVERYBODY LIKES TO TAKE A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY!



SUDDENLY...

AIN'T THE CAVALIER A CARD—THINKIN' UP THIS WAY OF GETTIN' CLOSE TO THE GUARDS WITHOUT THEM GETTING SUSPICIOUS?

YEAH! THIS IDEA'S A BEAUT!



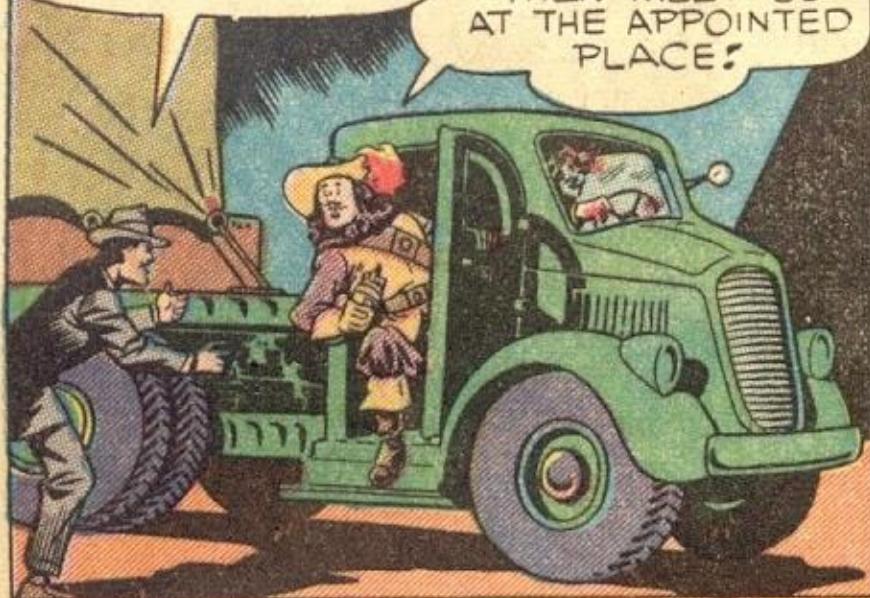


# BATMAN



THE TANK'S COVERED WITH A TARPAULIN, CAVALIER, AND YOU'RE ALL SET TO GO!

TRES BON! YOU AND THE OTHERS NOW MAY SACK THE TILL, AND THEN MEET US AT THE APPOINTED PLACE!



BUT SHORTLY AFTER THE ENORMOUS VEHICLE WITH ITS TITANIC LOOT RUMBLES OFF... TWIN METEORS EXPLODE INTO ACTION!

BATMAN AND ROBIN! I THOUGHT WE GOT RID OF YOU GUYS FOR GOOD!

WE COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF PARTING WITH YOU - YET!



THIS IS TO NOTIFY YOU THAT YOUR TICKET HAS BEEN CANCELED!



SO YOU NEED A LITTLE SPARE CASH, EH? YOU'RE GOING AFTER IT THE HARD WAY!

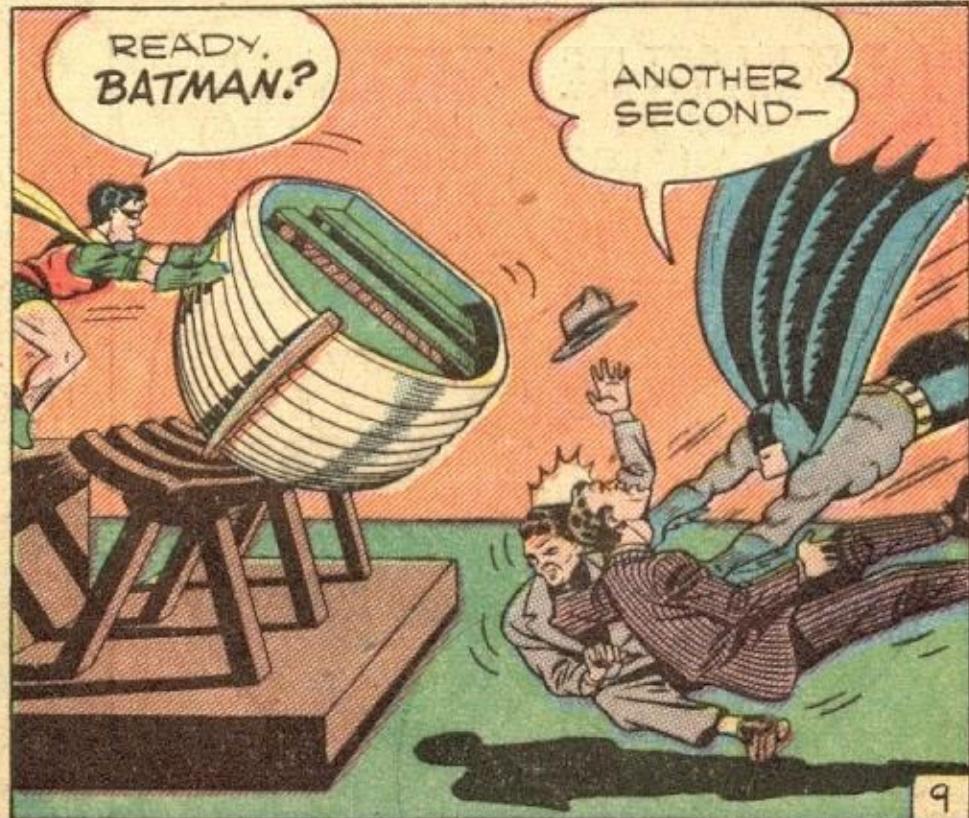


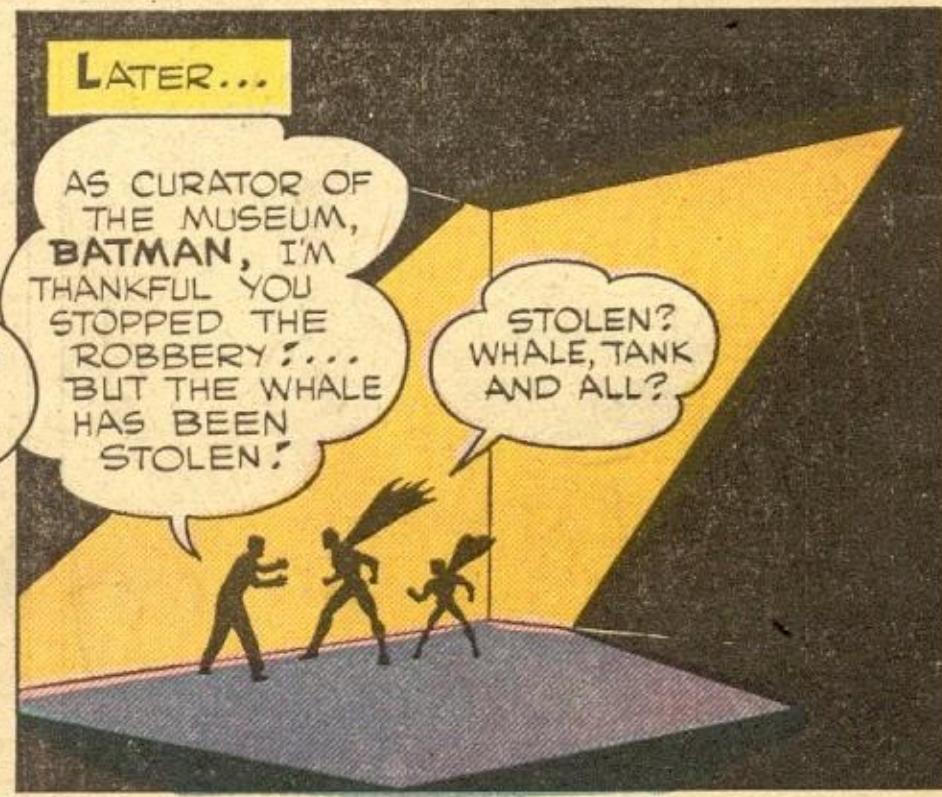
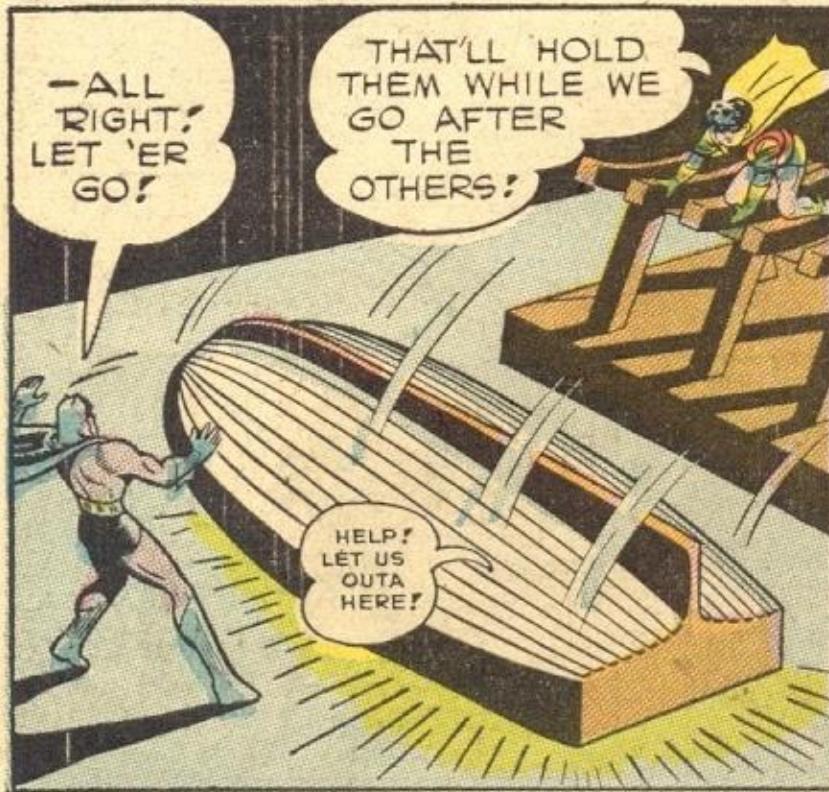
THROUGH THE MUSEUM SCURRY THE DESPERATE DESPERADOES... FRANTICALLY SEEKING TO LOSE A TORNADO TEAM THAT REFUSES TO BE SHAKEN!



READY, BATMAN?

ANOTHER SECOND-





# BATMAN



AT MIKE'S FISH STORE...

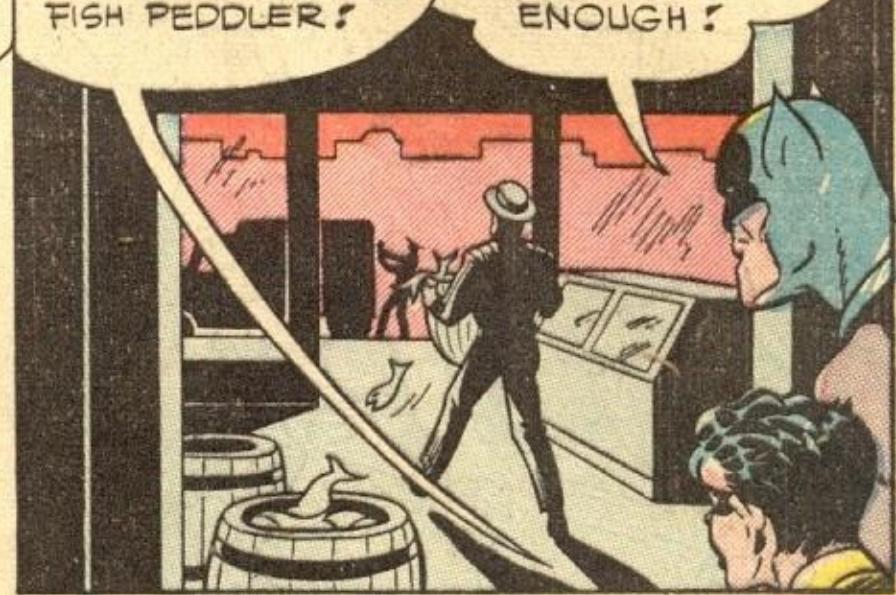
I-I DIDN'T THINK IT'D GET ME INTO TROUBLE WITH YOU, BATMAN! THIS FELLOW COMES IN A TRUCK, PICKS UP THE WHOLE LOAD, AND PAYS ME CASH! HE OUGHT TO BE HERE AGAIN ANY MINUTE!

MIND IF WE WAIT IN YOUR BACK ROOM? AND DON'T SAY ANYTHING TO HIM ABOUT US!

PRESSENTLY...

YOU SURE YOU'RE RIGHT? HE COULD BE A FREE-LANCE FISH PEDDLER!

BUYING HIS STOCK IN A RETAIL STORE? NOT MUCH CHANCE! ANYHOW, WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH!



AS THE LOADED TRUCK LUMBERS AWAY...

HE'S HEADING FOR THAT ABANDONED WAREHOUSE UP AHEAD!

SO I SEE! GET READY FOR ACTION, ROBIN! WE'RE FIGHTING A DANGEROUS, CLEVER CUSTOMER!

SECONDS LATER...

YOU CALLED THE SHOT, BATMAN! WE'VE GOT THEM TRAPPED!

S'BLOOD!



WE-TRAPPED? A DEBATABLE POINT, STRIPLING? AS WITNESS THIS ONE!

YOW! THAT ELECTRICAL SWORD AGAIN!

MAYHAP MY HENCHMAN'S SUGGESTION WAS WISEST, AFTER ALL! I SHALL MEND MY ERROR AND FEED YOU TO THE WHALE!

TROUBLE! THIS IS GOING TO TAKE SOME FAST ACTION!



# BATMAN



# ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE



# The Adventures of ALFRED

"RECIPE  
FOR  
REVENGE!"

LOOK AT YOU, MAWSTER BRUCE! AND YOU TOO, MAWSTER DICK! CHASING ABOUT DAY AND NIGHT, AND NOT A DECENT HOME-COOKED MEAL IN A WEEK! IT'S POSITIVELY UNHEALTHY!

BUT  
BATMAN  
AND ROBIN  
HAVE BEEN BUSY,  
ALFRED...

QUITE SO! BUT TONIGHT SHALL BE DEDICATED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE--AH--INGURGITATION OF VITAMINS! IN SHORT, SIRS, I PROPOSE A GALA DINNER TO COMPENSATE FOR A LEAN WEEK!

BOY! WHAT COULD BE BETTER THAN ONE OF YOUR FANCY FEADS!

GOOD! I SHALL GO AT ONCE TO A CERTAIN DOWNTOWN MARKET AND PURCHASE VARIOUS RARE INGREDIENTS UNOBTAINABLE AT THE LOCAL SHOPS!

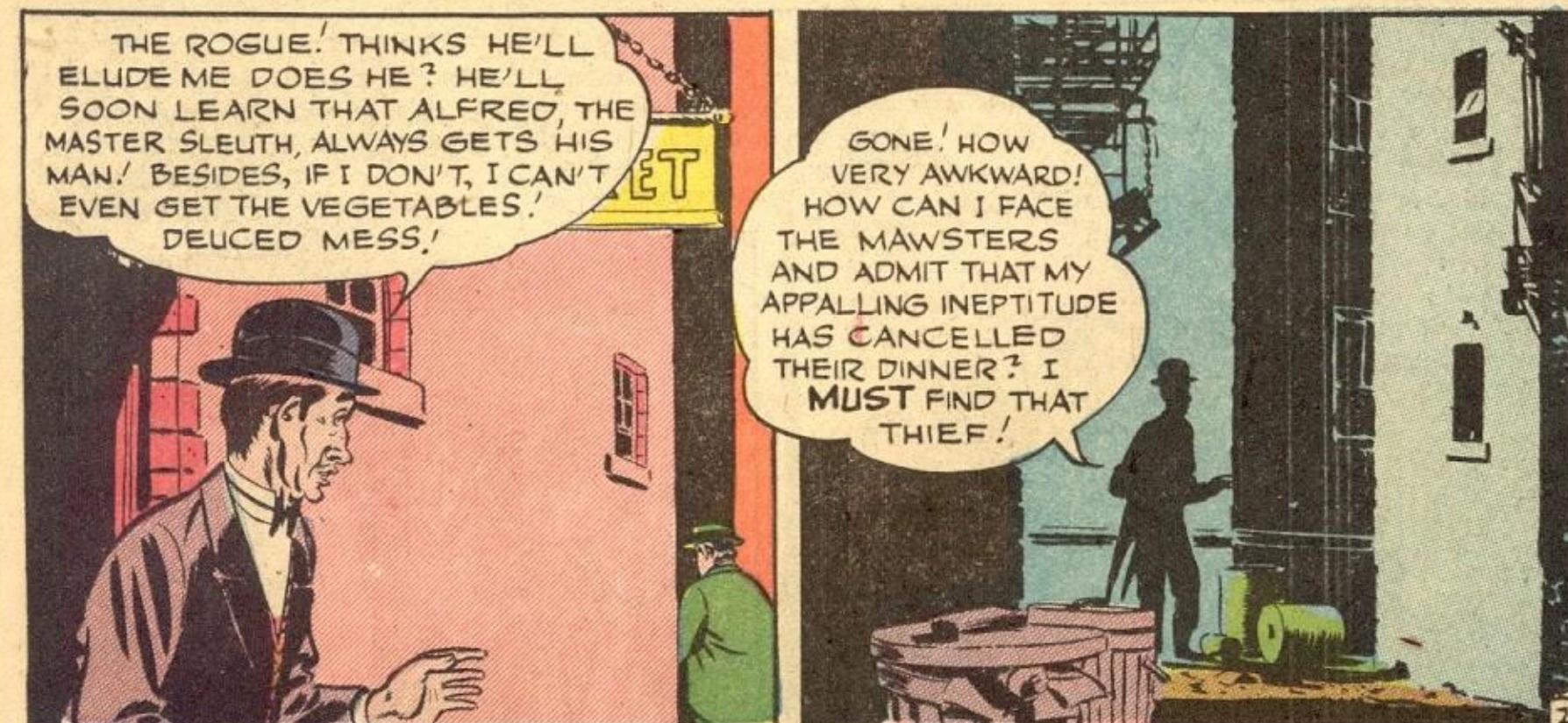
AND DON'T SPARE THE SPICES,  
ALFRED!

... AND UPON MY RETURN, YOU SHALL SAVOR MY GENIUS IN THE ART OF COOKING AS YOU HAVE NEVER SAVORED IT BEFORE!

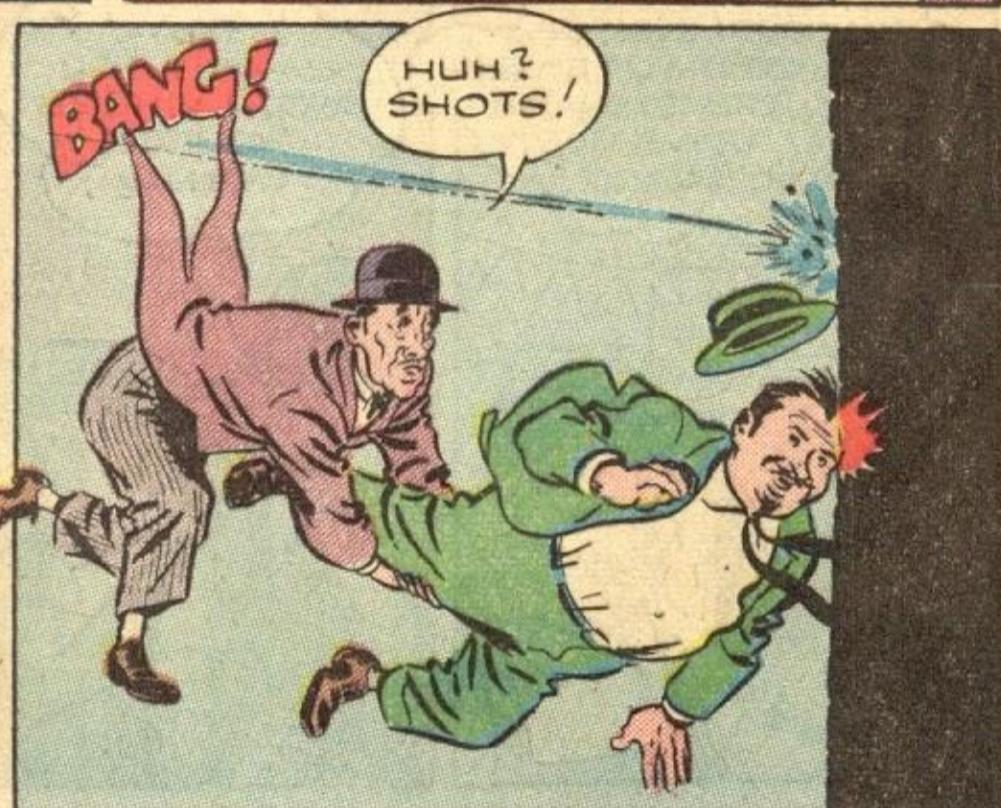
IF YOUR WORD-SLINGING CAN BE TAKEN AS A SAMPLE OF TO-NIGHT'S HASH-SLINGING IT'LL BE SOMETHING!

AFTER THE WAY WE'VE EATEN THIS WEEK, THAT DINNER REALLY SOUNDS WONDERFUL!

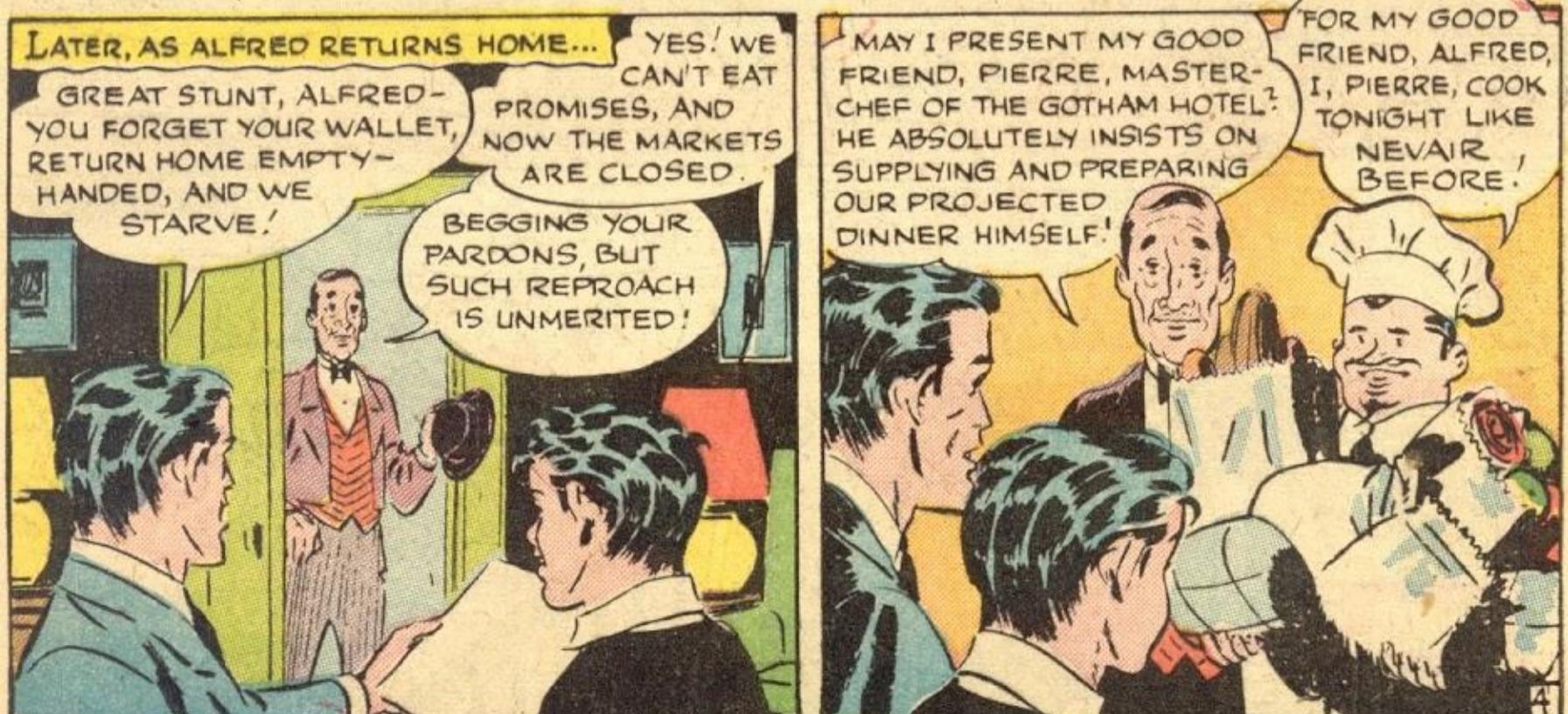
MY MOUTH'S WATERING ALREADY



# BATMAN



# BATMAN





# 'DOUBLE DECKER'

HE ALWAYS TALKS EVERYTHING OVER WITH HIMSELF -

OH, STOP YELLING AT  
ME 'CONSCIENCE.' - YOU  
GIVE ME AN EAR-ACHE!

OW-WAH! ~ THREE OCLOCK IN  
THE MORNING! ~ OH BOY WILL EMMY  
LAY THE LAW DOWN TO ME IF SHE  
HEARS ME SNEAKIN' IN AT THIS  
HOUR, ~ PHEW-EE!!

BUT WAIDAMINUTE! ~ WAIDAMINUTE! - JUST  
EXACTLY WHAT AM I ANYWAY - A MAN OR MOUSE?  
- A MAN'S HOME IS HIS CASTLE AINT IT, ~ HE'S  
MASTER OF ALL HE SURVEYS AINT HE? WHO'S  
THE BREADWINNER, ~ WHO'S THE TAX-PAYER ~  
AN' WHO'S THE MAN' OF THE HOUSE ANYHOW? ~  
ME ~ ME, ~ ME!! ~ THASS WHO! ~ JUST LET  
EMMY START SOMETHIN', ~ THASS ALL, JUST  
LET HER START!!

THE  
ONE-NO  
-TRUMP  
SOCIAL  
&  
BEEFING  
CLUB

BUT RIGHT ABOUT HERE HIS  
CONSCIENCE STEPS IN ~

OH! ~ LIKE THAT, EH? ~ SO YOU'RE  
GONNA BROWBEAT THE SWEETEST  
LITTLE WOMAN IN THE WHOLE WIDE  
WORLD, ARE YOU? ~ THE ONE PERSON  
WHO'S NEVER LET YOU DOWN, ~ WHO'S  
STUCK TO YOU THROUGH THICK AN' THIN,  
PFAUGH! ~ CRY SHAME ON YOURSELF,  
YOU BIG OVERGROWN BULLY YOU!

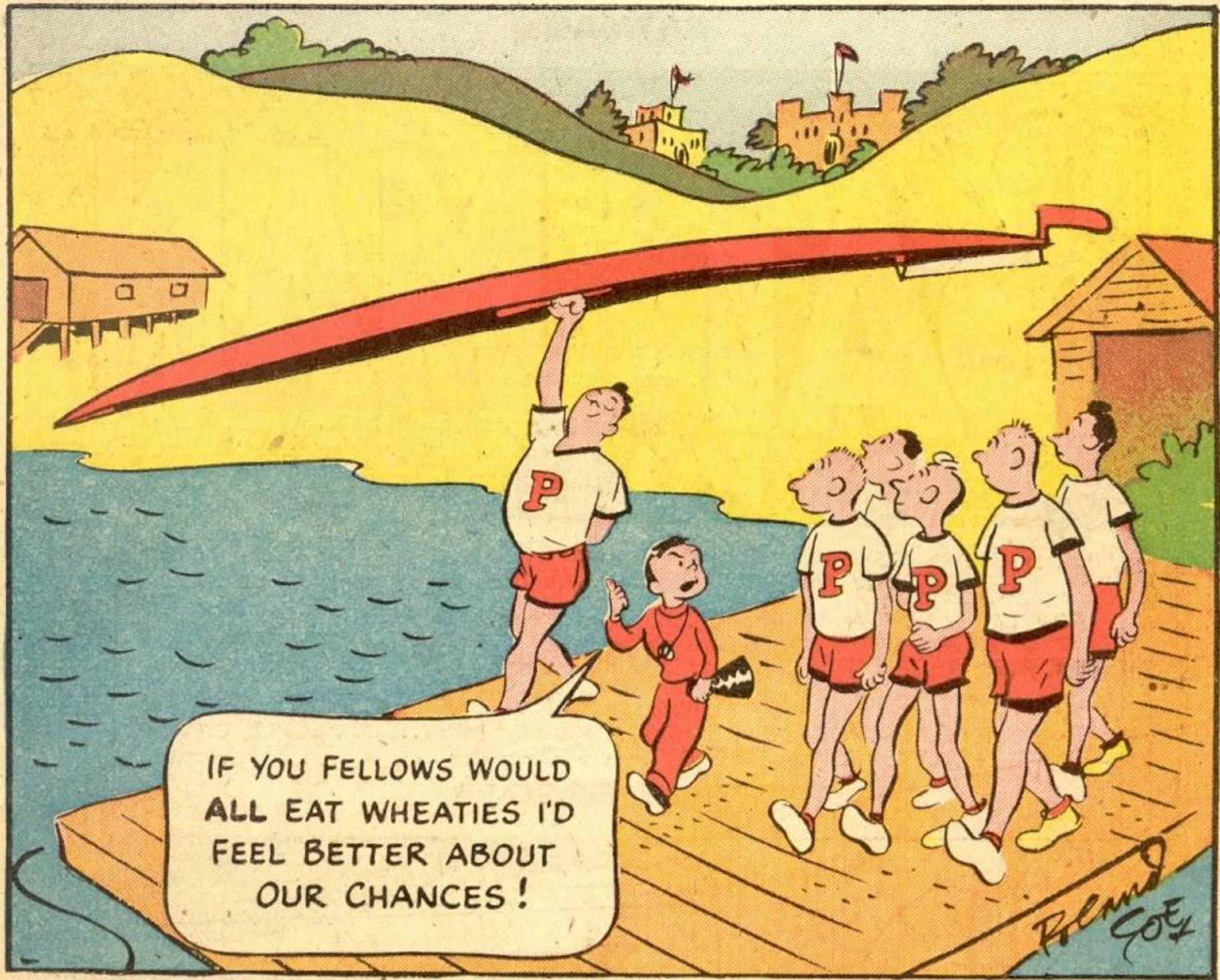
OH YEAH? ~ WELL LISTEN T'ME CONSCIENCE,  
I'VE GOTTA UPHOLD MY DIGNITY AS A MAN,  
~ WHAT ABOUT MY SELF RESPECT ~ MY  
PRIDE, ~ MY REPUTATION? ~ WHAT AM I  
ANYWAY, A MANS MAN, OR A KITTY-CAT?

BROTHER IF THAT MEEK DEFENSELESS LITTLE  
PRIDE 'N' JOY OF YOURS EVER RISES IN HER  
RIGHTFUL WRATH AND BOUNCES SOMETHING  
WITH AUTHORITY OFF OF THAT ACCORDION-PLEATED  
NOGGIN OF YOURS, I'LL CLASSIFY YOU FOREVER  
AFTER AS A I.A. KITTY-CAT. ~ HERE'S HOME  
NOW, ~ GO AHEAD ~ STORM IN!!

~ IS THAT, BY ANY CHANCE  
YOU, ~ DECKER?

M-MER-OW-OW!!





**"Breakfast of Champions"**  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

**WHEATIES**  
*Breakfast of Champions*

**HEFTY  
WHOLE GRAIN  
NOURISHMENT  
IN WHEATIES!**

YOU'RE BETTERING YOUR CHANCES WHEN YOU SHOVE OFF WITH A GOOD NOURISHING BREAKFAST. AND IF YOU TAKE A TIP FROM MANY LEADING COACHES AND STAR ATHLETES, YOU'LL INCLUDE LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

WHEATIES ARE BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. CRISP TOASTED AND FLAVORED JUST RIGHT WITH SWEET MALT SYRUP. CHUCK-FULL OF CONCENTRATED WHOLE GRAIN FOOD ENERGY AND SWELL "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR.

GIVE YOUR IMPORTANT MORNING MEAL A CHAMPION START...STARTING TOMORROW MORNING. GET GOING WITH ALL THE ZESTY NOURISHMENT AND ZIPPY FLAVOR IN A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

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# BATMAN

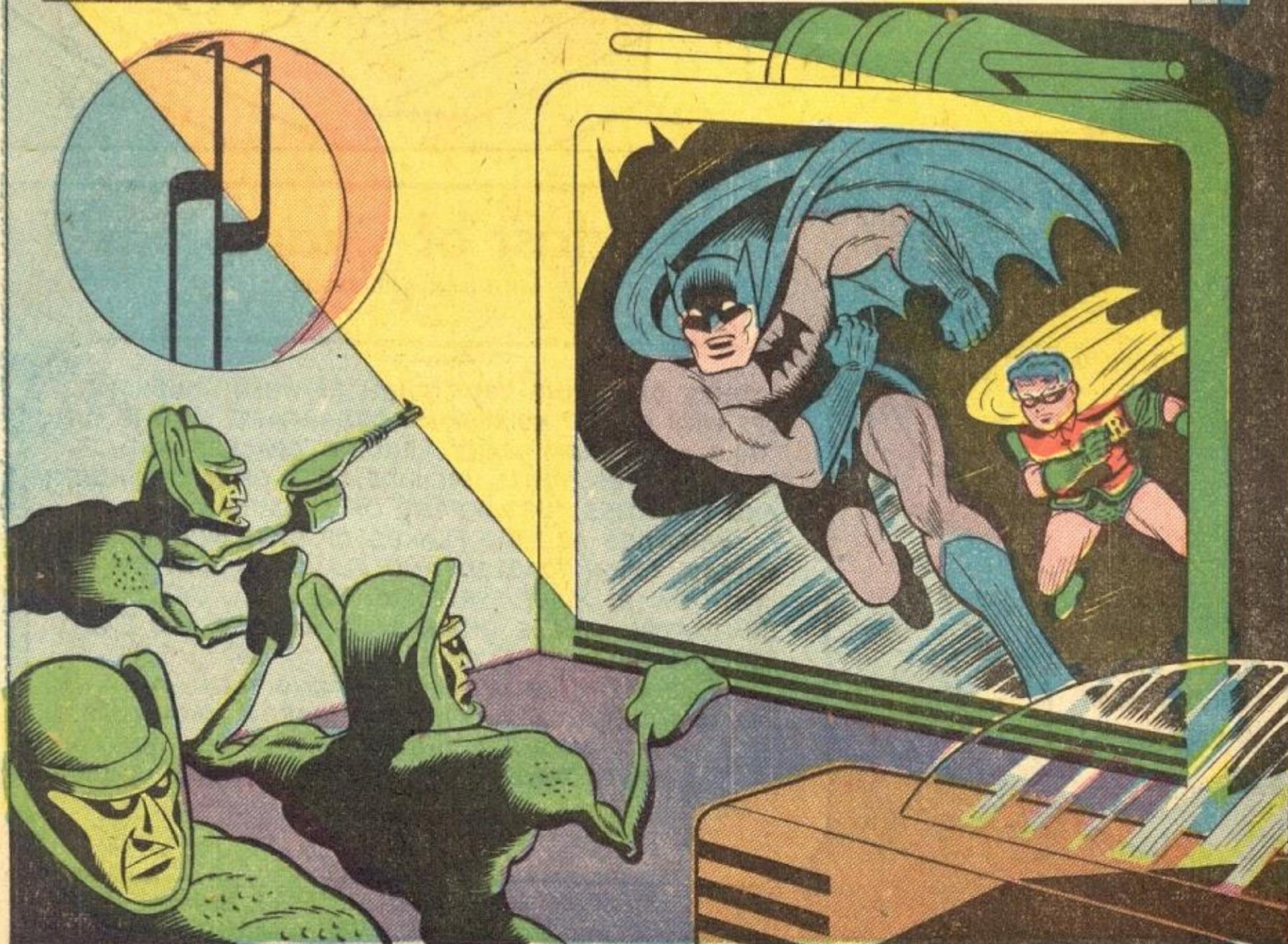
WITH  
**ROBIN**

THIS STORY CONCERN'S BATMAN AND ROBIN... YET BATMAN AND ROBIN DO NOT APPEAR IN IT!

FOR IT IS NOT A STORY ABOUT BATMAN AND ROBIN. RATHER IS IT A STORY OF PEOPLE... ORDINARY PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND ME... PEOPLE WHO LIKE OUR GOVERNMENT THAT GIVES US LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS — AND ARE WILLING TO FIGHT FOR IT?

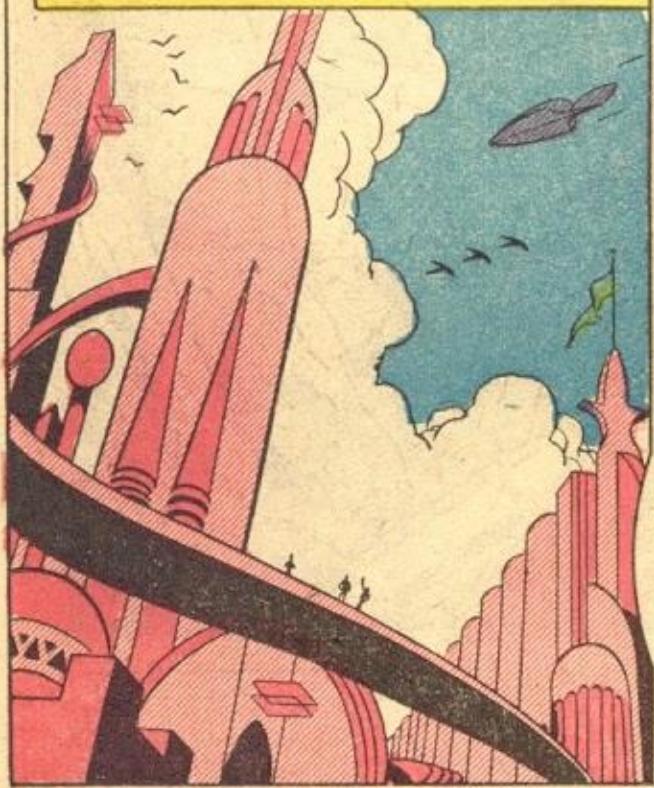
THESE ARE THE PEOPLE YOU SHALL READ ABOUT... A PEOPLE OF TOMORROW... FOR, IT IS A STORY OF...

"THE YEAR 3000!"



## BATMAN

**A**T THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, THE YEAR 3000 SAW THE EARTH REACH THE PEAK OF ITS DEVELOPMENT! SWIFTLY, GLORIOUSLY IT ROSE TOWARD THE CLOUDS!



INTERPLANETARY TRADE AND TRAVEL, AS FORESEEN BY H.G. WELLS AND JULES VERNE, HAD BECOME A REALITY.



...FOR IT WAS A WORLD AT PEACE, WHERE ONLY SCIENTISTS AND TEACHERS MADE WAR - ON DISEASE AND IGNORANCE!

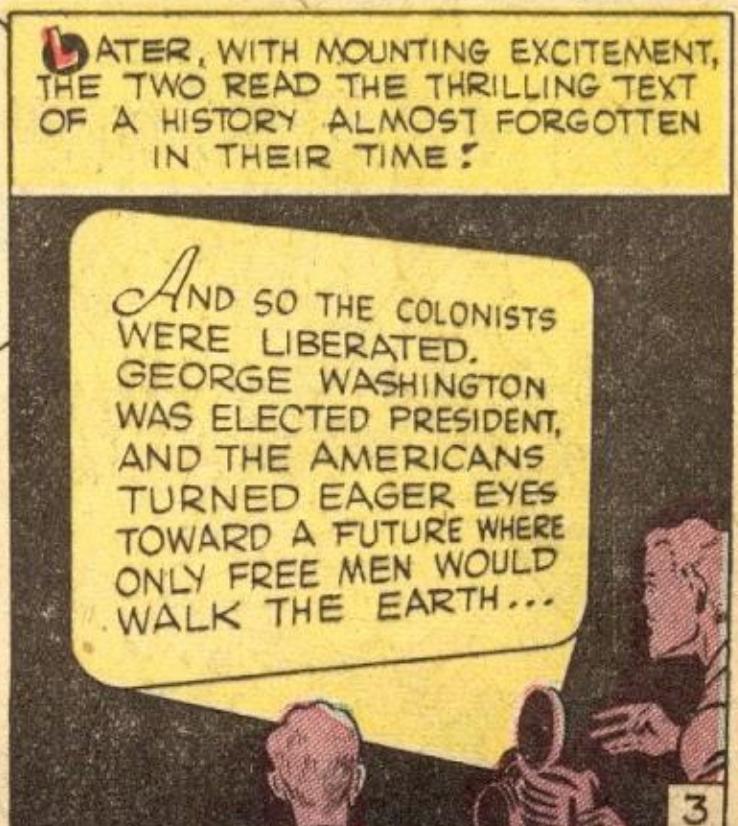
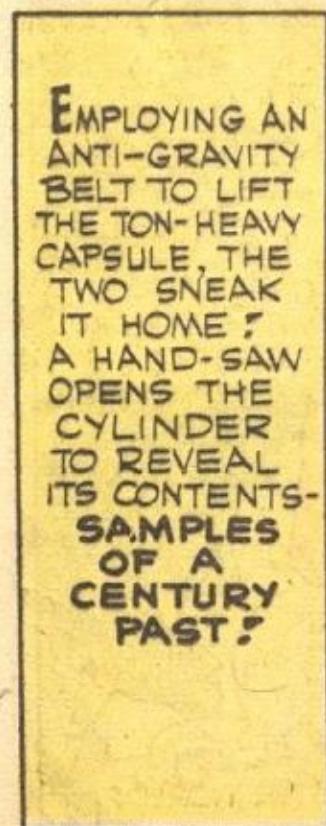
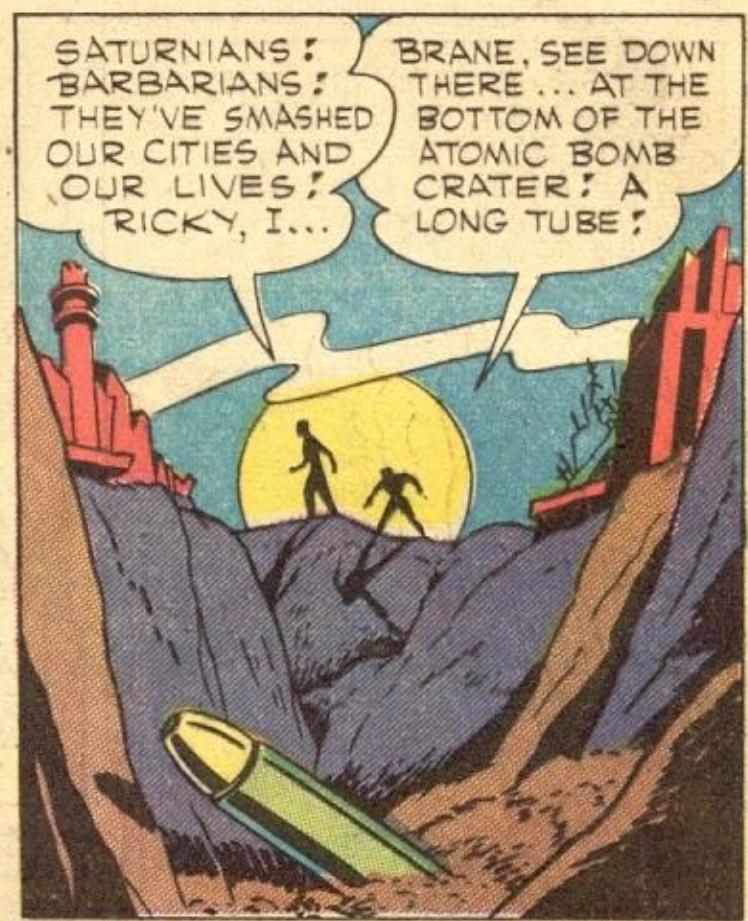
**A**ND CHILDREN PLAYED UNDER THE WARM SUN, INSTEAD OF COWERING IN UNDER GROUND AIR-RAID SHELTERS...



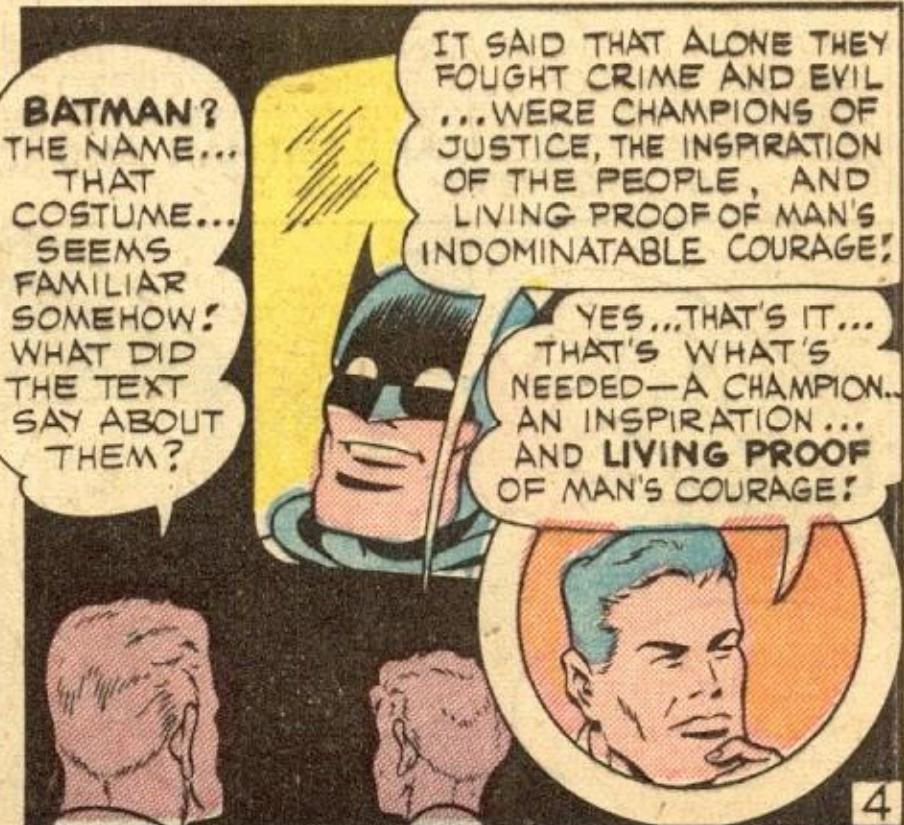
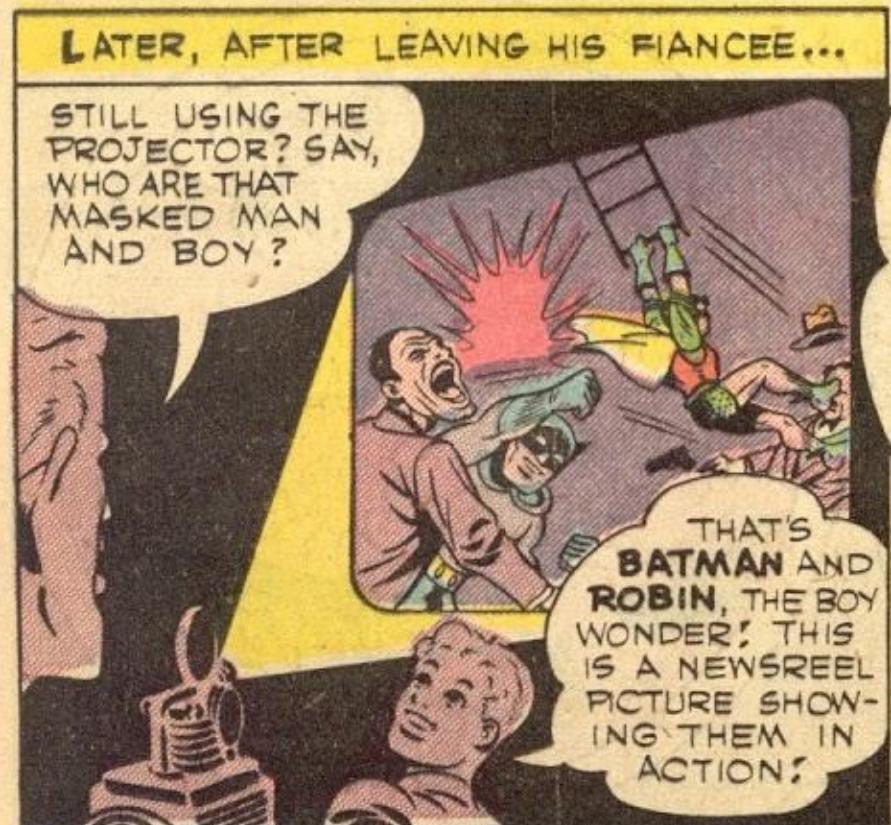
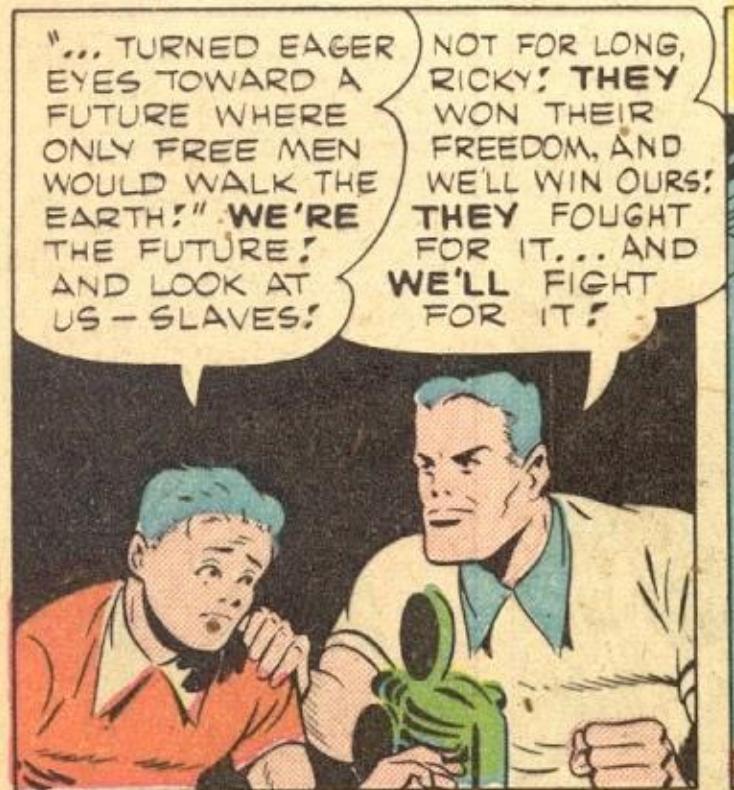
**C**AUGHT UNPREPARED AFTER MORE THAN A CENTURY OF PEACE, EARTH'S PROUD CITIES CRUMPLED BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE GROTESQUE SPACE INVADERS!

**A**ND THEN ON APRIL 19, 3000 A.D. AT EXACTLY 9:12 A.M. CAME THE BLITZKRIEG STAB-IN-THE-BACK: SATURN ATTACKED EARTH!





## BATMAN



# BATMAN



MEANWHILE, FROM SATURN, **FURA** SPEAKS TO HIS SUBORDINATES BY SPACE TELEVISOR...

FROM THIS DAY ON,  
ALL EARTHLINGS FOUND  
ON THE STREETS AFTER  
NINE O'CLOCK WILL BE  
DISINTEGRATED!

YES, MY  
LEADER!  
**FEALTY TO**  
**FURA!**

HUMANS! BAH! YOU DEPRIVE THEM OF FOOD AND LIBERTY, THEN GIVE THEM JUST A LITTLE OF BOTH... LIKE THROWING SCRAPS OF FOOD TO A DOG...

...AND THEY FAWN ON YOU AND ARE YOUR SLAVES! CONTROLLING THEM IS A SCIENCE! THEY ALL REACT THE SAME! THEY ARE LIKE ROBOTS! ROBOTS! HA! HA! A GOOD JOKE! ROBOTS! HA! HA!



NINE O'CLOCK! DEATH'S CURFEW! WITH ALMOST MECHANICAL DELIBERATION, THE EMOTIONLESS SATURNIANS OBEY THEIR LEADER'S ORDER!

PLEASE! WE ONLY LIVE DOWN THE STREET!

IT'S AFTER CURFEW:  
DISINTEGRATE THEM!



SUDDENLY, TWO GRIM FIGURES LEAP FROM THE SHADOWS!!

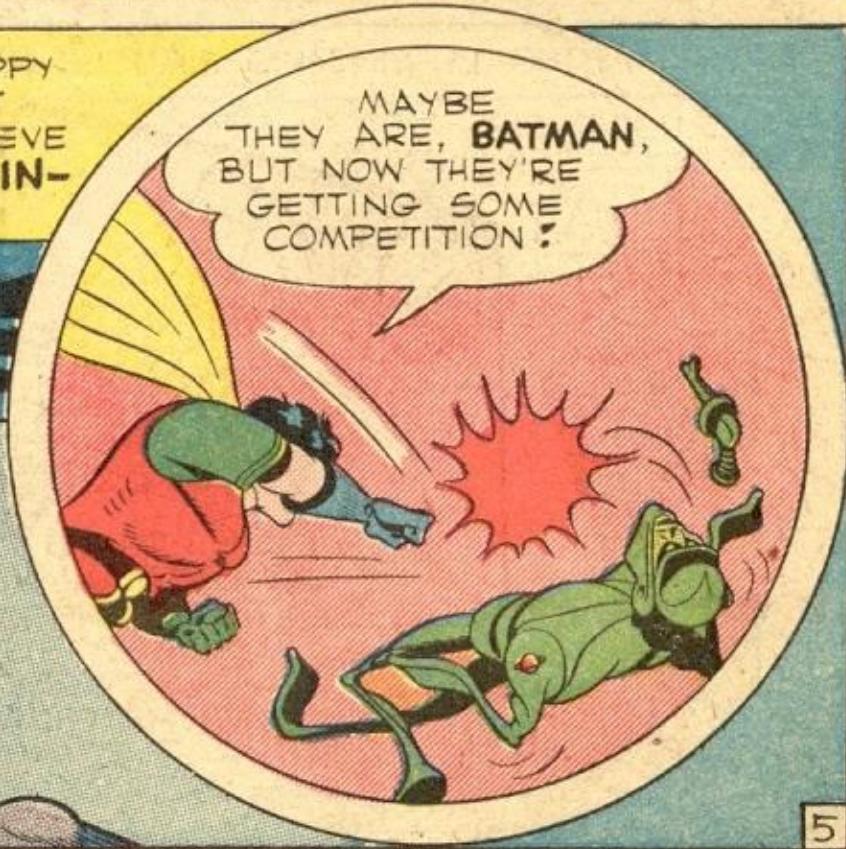
LET 'EM HAVE IT!

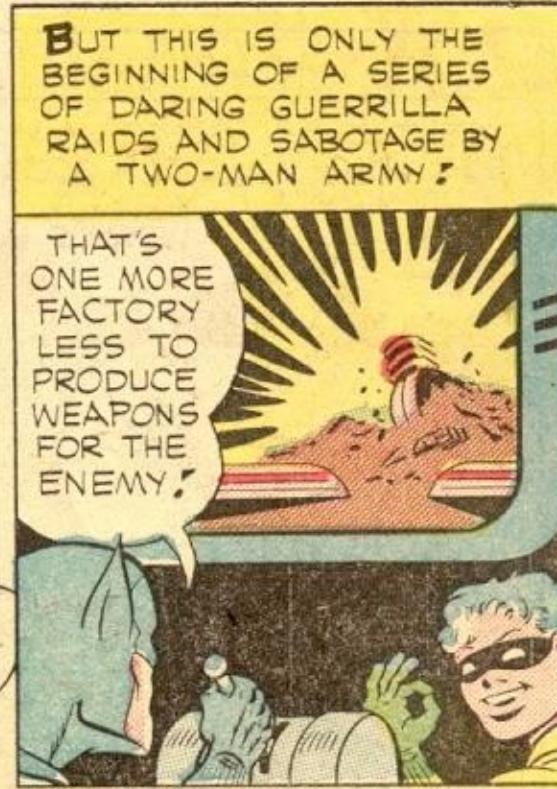
CHECK!



BUT WAIT! THOSE MANTLED TWO... THAT PEPPY BATTLE JARGON... IT STRIKES A CHORD! IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE, BUT WE MUST BELIEVE OUR EYES... THESE ARE BATMAN AND ROBIN- IN THE YEAR 3000!!

MAYBE THEY ARE, **BATMAN**, BUT NOW THEY'RE GETTING SOME COMPETITION!





BATMAN! THE WORD SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE, AND THERE IS MANY A THOUGHT ABOUT HIM...

THE RECORDS SHOW HE LIVED IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!

BUT THAT WOULD MAKE HIM OVER A THOUSAND YEARS OLD!

PERHAPS HE USED A TIME-MACHINE TO TRAVEL TO OUR TIME!

AT THAT MOMENT...

IT'S THE BED FOR ME TONIGHT! I'M TIRED!

ME TOO! WE DID A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK!

BRANE, I THINK YOUR "BATMAN" PLAN IS WORKING! YOU'VE GOT THE PEOPLE ALL EXCITED!

... AND INSPIRED, I HOPE? THEY'VE ALL THOUGHT NO MEN COULD BEAT THE SATURNIANS... BUT NOW I THINK THEY'RE CHANGING THEIR MINDS!

AND SO THEY ARE! FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE INVASION, EARTH PEOPLE STARE AT THE SATURNIANS WITH BOLD AND SCORNFUL EYES!

INVINCIBLE, EH? THE BATMAN CERTAINLY SCOTCHED THAT RUMOR!

MAYBE SOON WE'LL DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT, TOO!

AND FURA SUDDENLY REALIZES THAT ALL MEN ARE NOT ROBOTS, AND THAT THEY CAN BE EXPECTED TO DO THE UNEXPECTED!

YOU MUST FIND AND DISINTEGRATE THIS BATMAN AND ROBIN!

YES, MY LEADER! FEALTY TO FURA!

EVEN AS HE SPEAKS... IN THE WAR WING OF THE MUSEUM OF ANCIENT HISTORY...

THE PEOPLE CAN USE ANY WEAPONS, EVEN IF THEY ARE ARCHAIC TWENTIETH CENTURY MACHINE GUNS AND GRENADES!

THIS BOOK, HERE... I THINK IT'S GOING TO HELP US!

WHEN MORNING COMES...

HIS SAY... DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE BEEN UP ALL NIGHT READING THAT BOOK!

I HAVE... AND THIS BOOK HAS GIVEN ME THE BEST IDEA I'VE HAD YET! I'VE GOT TO SPEAK TO THE PEOPLE!

COMMANDO  
*Battle Tactics*

# BATMAN



ONCE AGAIN, BRANE SPEAKS TO THE PEOPLE... AND THIS TIME THEY LISTEN... FOR HE SPEAKS IN THE GARB OF **BATMAN**!

WELL... ARE WE GOING TO CRAWL—  
**OR FIGHT LIKE MEN!!**

FIGHT!

FIGHT!

SO IT BEGINS!  
THE TOUGHENING-UP  
PROCESS! JUDO...  
OBSTACLE CHARGES..



BUT BRANE FINDS BEING **BATMAN** HAS ITS DRAWBACKS...

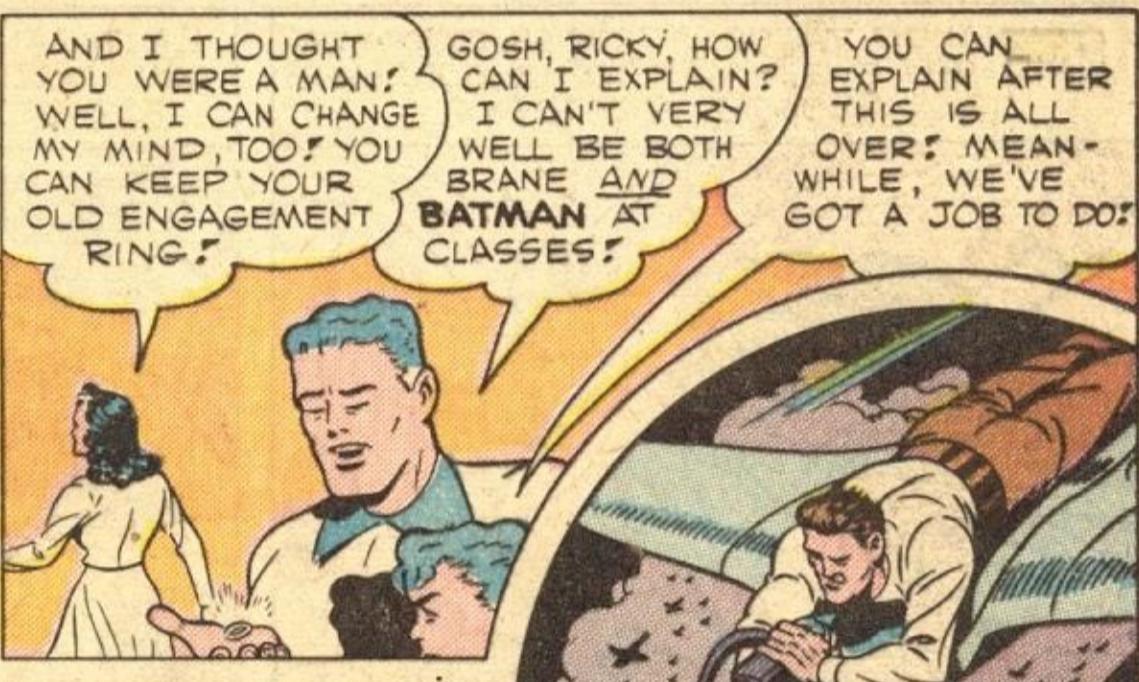
WHY IS IT YOU HAVEN'T JOINED THE **BATMAN'S** COMMANDO CLASSES?

I...I...ER... I'VE CHANGED MY MIND! I THINK WE'D BE FOOLS TO FIGHT THE SATURNIANS!

AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE A MAN! WELL, I CAN CHANGE MY MIND, TOO! YOU CAN KEEP YOUR OLD ENGAGEMENT RING!

GOSH, RICKY, HOW CAN I EXPLAIN? I CAN'T VERY WELL BE BOTH **BRANE** AND **BATMAN** AT CLASSES!

YOU CAN EXPLAIN AFTER THIS IS ALL OVER! MEANWHILE, WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!



"**A JOB TO DO!**" AND ON THE NIGHT THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER IN THE ANNALS OF HISTORY, THE COMMANDOS OF 3000 ATTACKED THE INVADER!

LET 'EM HAVE IT!

YAHOO!

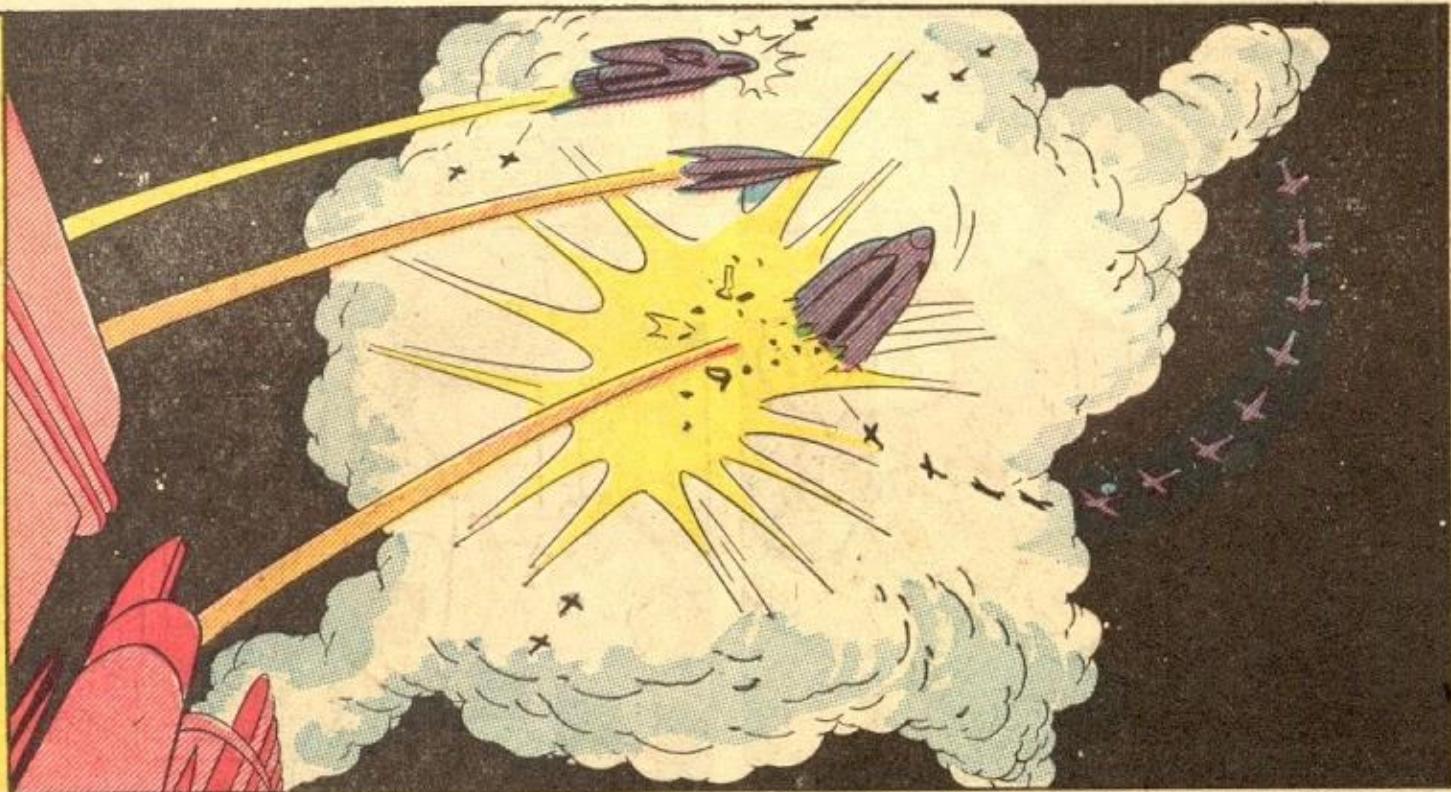
THEN FROM OUT OF THE SKY POURS THE NEW SECRET WEAPON CONSTRUCTED BY THE EARTH PEOPLE IN PRIVATE — THE SKY-SLED!



# BATMAN



SATURNIAN FIGHTER-SHIPS ATTEMPT A COUNTER-ATTACK, BUT THE TINY, SPEEDY, EASILY MANEUVERABLE SKY-SLEDS PROVE TOO MUCH FOR THE CLUMSIER, HEAVIER SHIPS!



COMMANDO TACTICS! PRECISE, CLOCK-WORK WARFARE! EVERY MAN TO HIS JOB; EVERY TRICK BROUGHT INTO PLAY!



EARTHTMAN COURAGE, COUPLED WITH COMMANDO TACTICS, PROVE TOO MUCH FOR STOLID SATURNIAN STRATEGY!



WAIT! WE'RE NOT FINISHED YET! WE'VE GOT TO ATTACK SATURN... NOW... BEFORE FURA CAN ATTACK EARTH AGAIN!

ATTACK... SATURN! THAT'S SUICIDE!

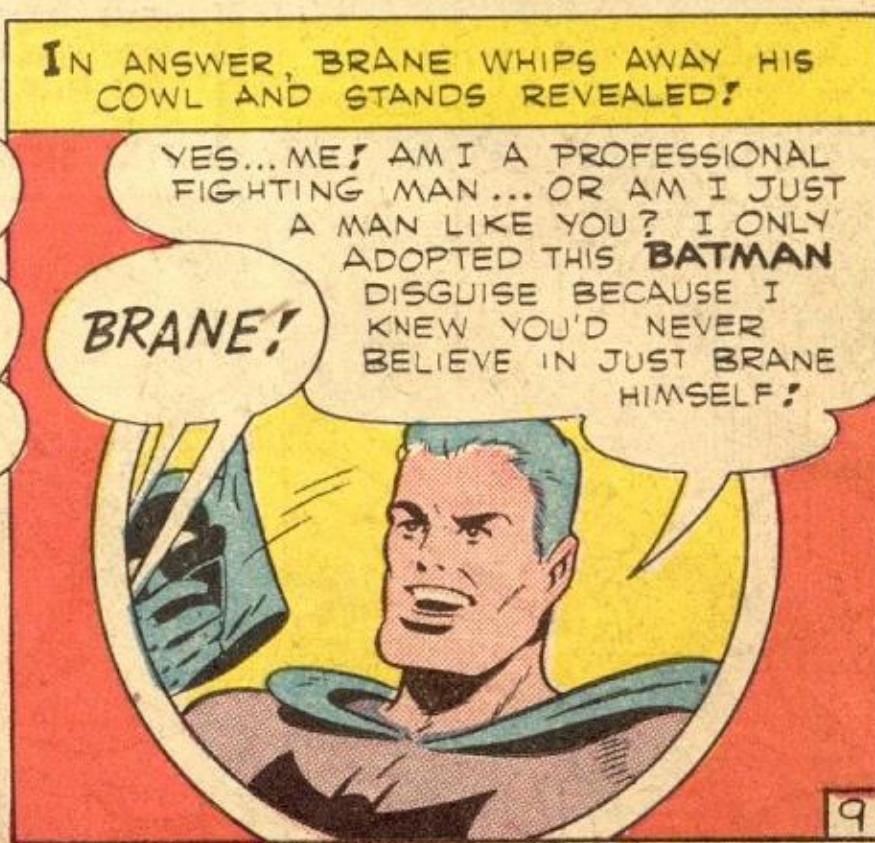
I SAY WE STAY HERE AND MAKE A STAND!

WE WERE JUST LUCKY BEFORE, BATMAN! WE'RE NOT PROFESSIONAL FIGHTING MEN!

IN ANSWER, BRANE WHIPS AWAY HIS COWL AND STANDS REVEALED!

YES... ME! AM I A PROFESSIONAL FIGHTING MAN... OR AM I JUST A MAN LIKE YOU? I ONLY ADOPTED THIS BATMAN DISGUISE BECAUSE I KNEW YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE IN JUST BRANE HIMSELF!

BRANE!





# BATMAN



BUT NOW THAT I'VE PROVED THAT ALL OF US COMMON PEOPLE, TOGETHER, CAN LICK THE ENEMY, ARE YOU GOING TO BACK DOWN?

NO! NO!

WE'RE WITH YOU!

ON TO SATURN!

BRANE, I'M SO ASHAMED - PLEASE FORGIVE ME... AND COME BACK FROM SATURN... COME BACK TO ME!

I MUST COME BACK... NOW!

THAT VERY NIGHT, A VAST FLEET OF SPACE-FIGHTERS ROCKETS FROM EARTH, AND HEADS TOWARD THE RINGED PLANET-SATURN!

AS MORNING COMES—  
**SATURN!** THERE, SEEING TO FILL THE SKY, IS THIS UNUSUAL, INCREDIBLE PLANET WITH ITS RAINBOW RING OF DUST?

LOOK! FIGHTER-SHIPS COMING TO MEET US!

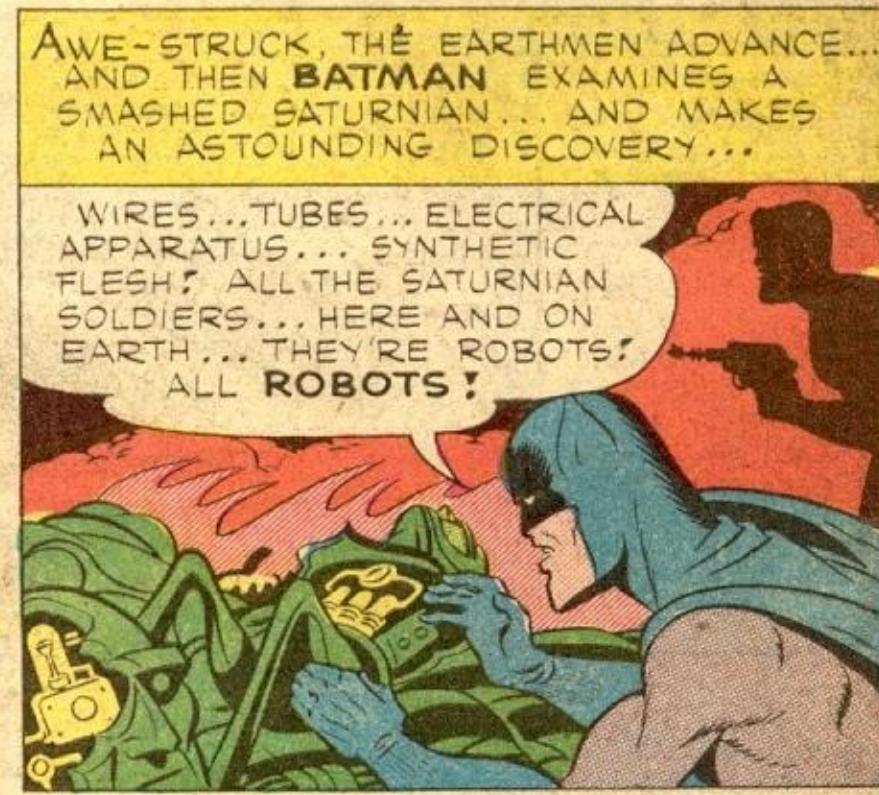
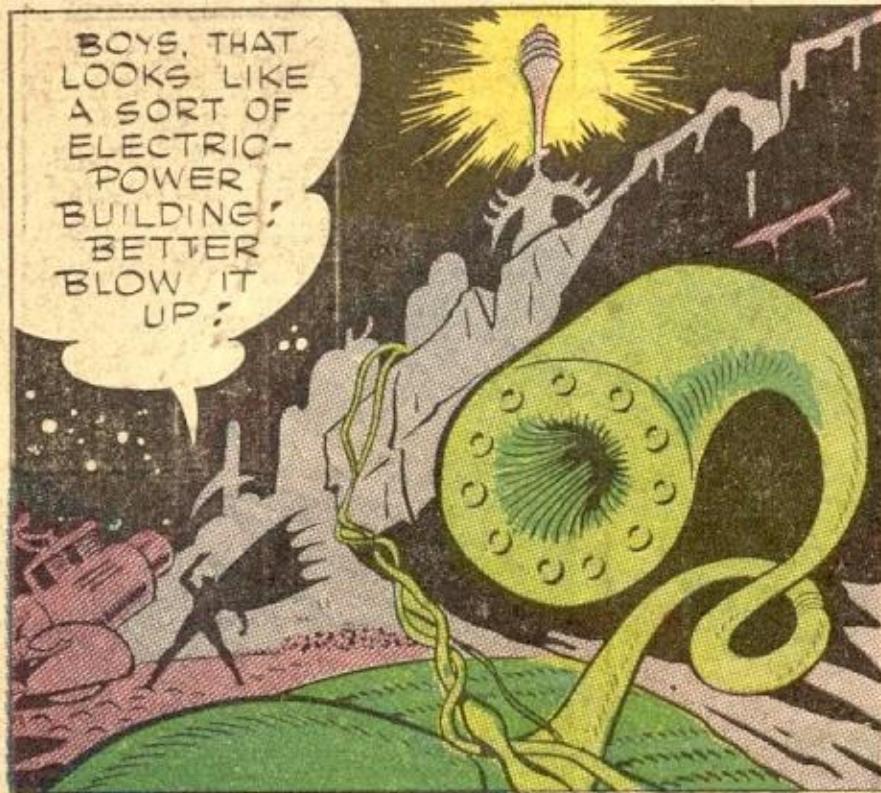
ORDER THE MEN TO BATTLE STATIONS! AND RELEASE THE SKY-SLEDS! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

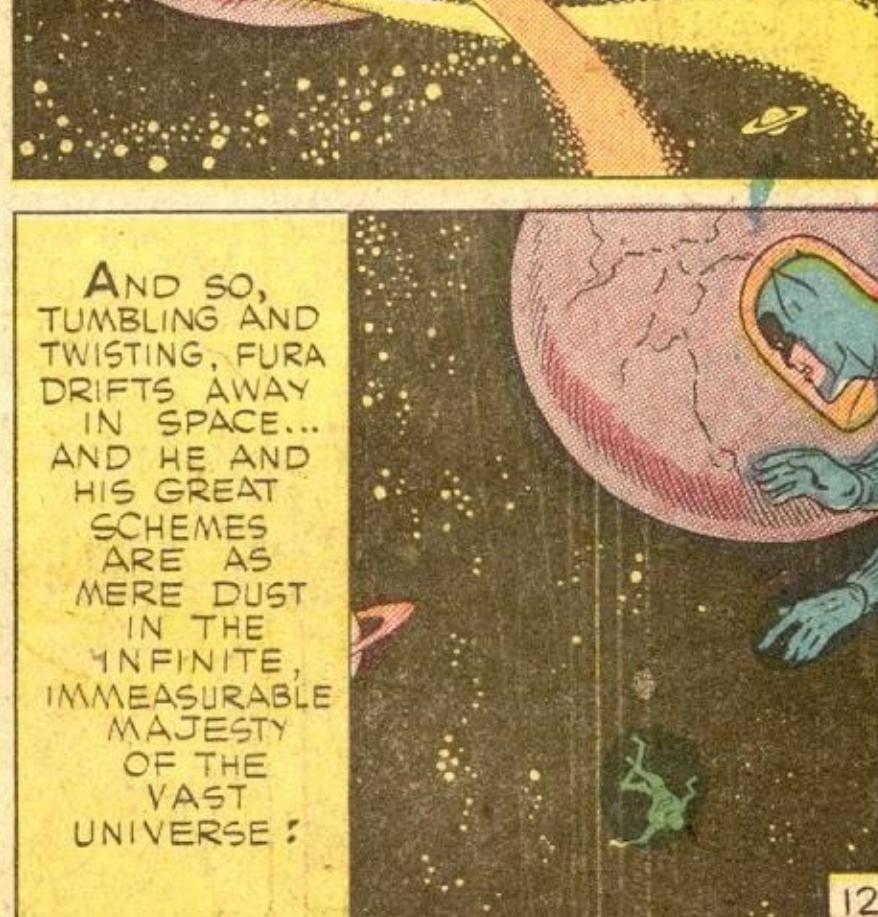
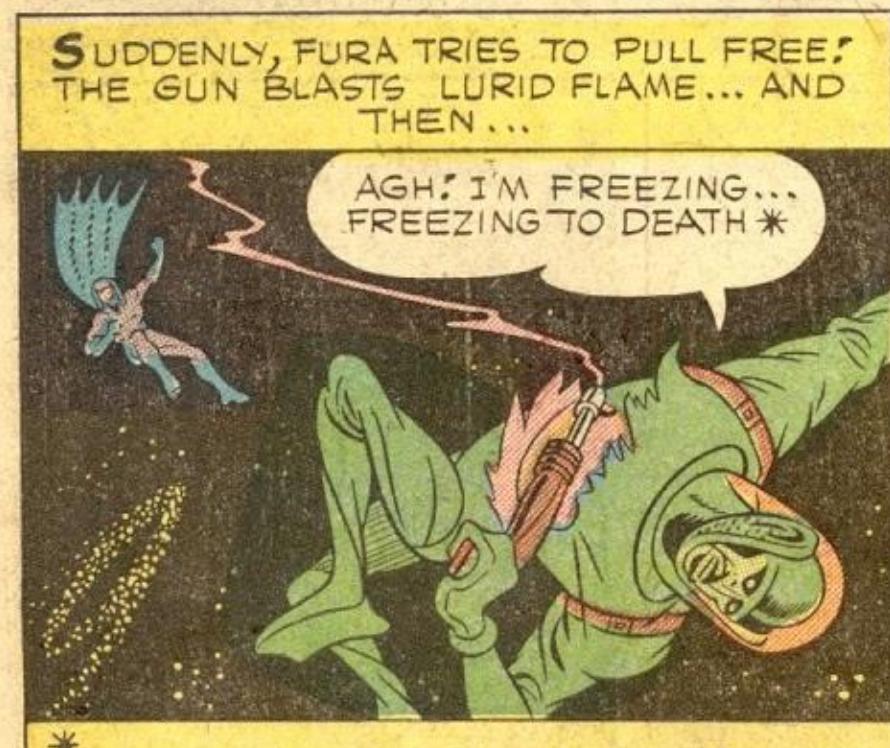
**EARTH VS. SATURN! THE WAR OF THE WORLDS!**

BUT THE EARTH FORCE IS TOO POWERFUL, FOR IT CONSISTS OF RECOVERED EARTH SHIPS, THE COMMANDERED SATURNIAN SHIPS... AND THE SKY SLEDS! AND SO... THE EARTH FORCE LANDS ON SATURN...

HERE THEY COME! POUR IT INTO THEM!

## BATMAN





\* EDITOR'S NOTE: FURA WAS FREEZING TO DEATH BECAUSE THE AIR WAS RUSHING INTO THE HOLE IN HIS SUIT! AND IN THE STRATOSPHERE, SPACE NIGHT IS TWO HUNDRED DEGREES BELOW ZERO!

# BATMAN

A BUDWEISER PUBLICATION  
DC

A BUDWEISER PUBLICATION  
DC

NEXT DAY,  
GRATEFUL  
SATURNIANS  
WATCH  
THE  
EARTHAMEN  
HEAD FOR  
HOME...

ON EARTH, A TREMENDOUS OVATION AWAITS  
THE RETURNING HEROES, AND IN A  
TELEVISOR CONTROL BOOTH...

BATMAN... I MEAN, BRANE...  
THE PEOPLE ARE ASKING FOR  
YOU; WILL YOU SPEAK INTO  
THIS TELEVISOR HERE?

YES... I'LL  
SPEAK TO  
THEM!

WE HAVE WON OUR  
PEACE AND FREEDOM, BUT  
WE MUST NEVER AGAIN RELAX  
OUR VIGILANCE... FOR PEACE  
AND FREEDOM ARE FAR TOO  
PRECIOUS EVER TO BE LEFT  
UNGUARDED AGAIN!

NOW WE  
CAN LOOK  
FORWARD  
TO THE  
FUTURE  
AND  
FORGET  
THE  
PAST!

NO, LORAL! WE  
MUST NEVER FOR-  
GET THAT THE PAST  
REVEALS OUR PAST  
MISTAKES AND  
GLORIES, BOTH.  
REMEMBER, WE WON  
NOW BECAUSE OF  
A TEXT ON AMERICAN  
HISTORY... AND A  
BOOK ON COMMANDO  
WARFARE...

BRANE, I'M CURIOUS  
ABOUT YOUR REAL  
NAME! WE STREAM-  
LINE EVERYTHING  
IN THIS MODERN  
AGE SO THAT  
WE EVEN RUN  
OUR FIRST AND  
LAST NAME  
TOGETHER:  
MINE, YOU  
KNOW, IS  
LORA HALL,  
BUT YOU  
NEVER TOLD  
ME YOURS!

I'M  
THE  
TWENTIETH  
DIRECT  
DESCENDANT  
OF MY  
FAMILY TO  
BEAR MY  
FIRST NAME  
AND LAST  
NAME!

BUT, I THOUGHT YOU  
KNEW IT WAS WAYNE...  
**BRUCE WAYNE!**



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- **HOLLOW FUSELAGE.** Shaped to give recognition silhouettes of real Yak I-26 and Republic Thunderbolt P-47.
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Box 8310, Chicago, Ill.

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# NIGHT RIDER

by Tod Lowry

I REMEMBERED how Miss Abercrombie had looked during the afternoon when the message had come. Her face had gone white and she had whispered something to the farmer who had brought the note. Then, without so much as a warning for us to continue studying until school ended for the day, she had left.

I guess all we children knew something important was up. For months now our elders had been going around with stern faces. They had been meeting mysteriously and talking in whispers about things that had happened through the Colonies. In the Virginia colony people had been as much aroused as were we of Boston.

War was close. That much we knew, although I am sure that if I had spoken so to my father I would be chastised. We children had been warned to say nothing about a rebellion, to discuss nothing.

I remember what my father said:

"This is a grave step to take, Jamie. We cannot continue to live under unbearable taxes and the yoke of a tyrant. Frankly, my son, we do not know what course to pursue. We are like a Captain standing his bridge, but without his charts. And we, like him, do not know where we are going."

He went on then to say that under no circumstance must we children discuss the conduct of our elders, allow no suspicion to be attached to their goings and comings.

Naturally, I was thrilled to be taken so into my father's confidence and my spirits were high. To my brother Davie, in

bed that night, I said: "No demon nor redcoat could drag a secret from me, Davie. Just think, if we of Boston break with the king, Paw will be a soldier—a hero."

Davie always was a little more practical than I, although a year younger. He pooh-poohed my enthusiasm.

"Paw will still be only a blacksmith," he said. "The soldiers are the heroes. The army will need Paw to shoe the horses if they have any."

My anger rose, then quickly subsided as I saw the logic of his words. "Nevertheless," I cried, "he is the best blacksmith in all Boston. And if our Army horses are to be well shod, there is no man better fitted than Paw to do it."

Davie laughed. "Then let him do it," he said. "I am tired and wish to sleep."

I did not sleep much that night. Instead I lay looking out at the blanket of stars that covered our sleeping city. It all seemed so peaceful, so quiet. In the waters of the harbor, the frigates lay in black silhouette, surrounded by smaller craft. For once, there wasn't a British warship poised with guns ready to strike.

For we of Boston had been careful, I realized. After the tea party, the fighting had subsided as if by prearranged plan. The days that succeeded made the tense tranquillity seem almost oppressive. We attended school daily, played after school as was our custom, and did our chores. Yet the atmosphere seemed charged with violence to come.

I do not know what caused

this. Even today I cannot tell. As I write this, I am with General Washington, at a place called Valley Forge. It is bitterly cold here, so cold that it is almost impossible for me to hold drumsticks in hand.

But I am telling another story. The story I wish to tell is of a hero, my father. Yes, he was a hero, although I did not know it then.

I remember the night it happened. Davie and I were in bed, having been sent there earlier than usual. Both my brother and I were wondering about this strange conduct on the part of our elders. All day, they had seemed preoccupied. So, too, had the people of Boston. Their faces had been set, grim. And I, seeing them, had the feeling that something at last was going to happen.

But what? Talking it over with a half-sleepy Davie was no solution. Downstairs, the Rev. Fawkes, Peters the bookbinder, and my father, were talking in whispers. Outwardly, the gathering was only for the purpose of a friendly talk, but I knew this to be false. Every now and then, Mr. Peters would forget to whisper and his voice would waft upstairs to us. Twice I caught the words, 'warning' and 'ride'.

What did they mean? I could make no sense of them. I began to feel drowsy, I nodded, and then, suddenly, I was fast asleep.

It was the loud knocking on our door downstairs which disturbed my slumbers. In the room next to ours I heard my father stir, then go downstairs.

A buzz of excited conversation set my senses to raising. I

shook Davie. "We've got an important visitor downstairs," I said excitedly. "I'm sure of it."

Davie looked at me in the moonlight with eyes heavy-lidded with sleep. "You're dreaming," he said drowsily. "Now please let me sleep." Without further ado, he rolled over into heavy slumber again. Sleep for me was out of the question. My mind raced, seeking an answer to the question of the identity of our nocturnal visitor.

And it was just as well I could not sleep. The door to our room opened, and my father's form filled the doorway. He came to the bed, stood over us.

"Asleep, Jamie boy?" he whispered.

"No sir," I said. "I was awakened by the knocking. Has something happened?"

For a moment, I thought my father was going to say something important. His chin was set and his eyes were hard. Instead, he said: "I need your help with the bellows at the forge. I must shoe a man's horse."

Disappointment welled up within me. I called myself a fool and a dreamer. I had been conjuring up visions of a secret rendezvous. Perhaps this stranger was a courier from the Virginia colony, to tell us that down South a blow had been struck. And all the while he was only an itinerant horseman. Rather disgustedly, I got out of bed and dressed hastily.

The man was waiting downstairs, impatiently pacing the floor. I looked at his stocky frame and thought, "It is well for you, stranger, that my father has so great a love for horses. No other blacksmith in all Boston would allow himself to be aroused from his sleep to shoe a horse."

My anger knew no bounds when the stranger said, rather testily: "We'll have to hurry,

Mr. Finch. There is no time to spare." I expected my father to make an angry retort, and was quite surprised when he said, meekly: "I will make all possible haste."

I walked with my father to our shop, and the stranger, who had lapsed into silence, led his horse beside us. In a few moments, I was busy at the bellows, and I must confess that never had I worked so hard. Not a moment's peace would this impatient stranger give us, and I hoped inwardly that my father would charge him a large sum for services rendered. After all, my father was the best blacksmith in the Massachusetts colony.

He proved this, too, beyond all shadow of doubt. His finest shoes went onto the legs of the animal who seemed as impatient as his master. I smiled to myself. "Now, Mister Impatience," I mused. "You will really pay for this."

I was wrong. Wrong and dumbfounded. When the stranger took out his wallet, my father hastily thrust it toward him.

"I want no money," he said. "It is little enough service to render."

The stranger looked at him. "Bless you, James Finch," he said. "You are really one of us."

You tell it to  
SOMEONE  
who repeats it to  
SOMEONE  
who's overheard by  
SOMEONE  
in Axis pay, so  
SOMEONE  
you know . . . may die!

Office of  
War Information  
Washington, D. C.

One of us? I stared blankly at my father as the man hastily rode away from us. The horse's new shoes rang loudly on the cobblestones.

"What's the matter, Jamie-boy," my father inquired, noting the look on my face. "You seem quite surly."

"I am sorry, sir," I said. "But it does not seem quite fair that you should be roused from bed, put your best set of shoes on a stranger's horse, and then not be paid. Should you have refused payment for being up until dawn? See, the sky is already beginning to lighten."

My father's voice was low. "Take money on this day?" he said softly. "Nay." He shook his head. "I believe that neither I, nor you, nor they who will come after you, will ever forget this eighteenth day of April, 1775. Nor that rider."

"Rider?" I cried, unable to conceal my surprise. "You did not even know his name, Sir."

My father smiled. "I did, Jamie-boy," he said. "I should have introduced you to Mr. Paul Revere, the metalsmith." He put his arm around my shoulders. "Come now, Jamie-boy," he said softly. "Back to your sleep. Only the Lord knows how much more sleep we will get in the days to come."

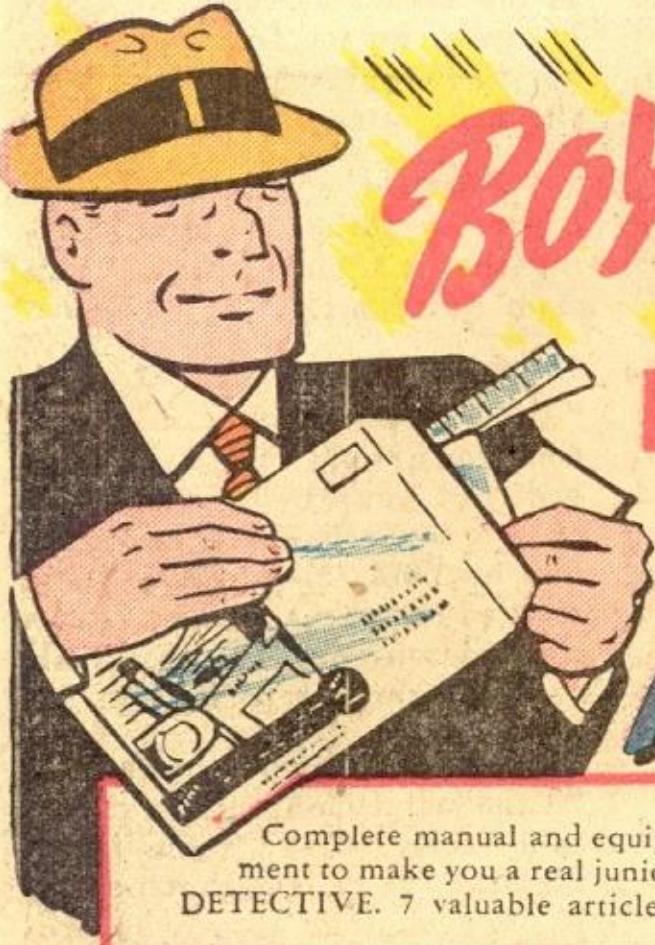


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If your grocer cannot supply Tootsie V-M, send 70¢. We'll mail you Dick Tracy's De-

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P. O. Box 16, New York 11, New York

Rush me Dick Tracy's Detective Kit. I enclose 15¢ in coin and the big name TOOTSIE from jar of Tootsie V-M.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY—OFFER EXPIRES SEPTEMBER, 1945.

Capt.

# Tootsie

and the

## TOY CANNON

THE WICKED DR. NARSTY WHO LOVES TO MAKE SMALL CHILDREN UNHAPPY IS ENJOYING HIMSELF!

I'LL TAKE THAT HOOTIN' ZOOTS! STEALING A TOY FROM A BABY! I'LL TOOT FOR TOOTSIE!

WHEN ROLLO TOOTS FOR TOOTSIE, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE COMES A-RUNNING!

HA, HA, HO, HO, HO! TRYING TO HURT ME WITH A CORK BULLET! HA, HO!

HEH HEH, YOU'LL GET WEAKER AND WEAKER, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! BECAUSE WITH THAT CORK IN YOUR MOUTH, YOU CAN'T EAT TOOTSIE ROLLS FOR ENERGY!

BUT ROLLO AND THE SECRET LEGION COME TO THE RESCUE!

THANKS "PALS!" POP!

CURSES! I MUST FLEE! NOT SO FAST, DR. NARSTY! I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO PRISON AGAIN.

BOY, I'M GLAD WE'VE BEEN EATING TOOTSIE ROLLS REGULARLY! THEY GAVE US THE EXTRA ENERGY TO HELP OUR CAPTAIN!

# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

-THE BOY WONDER-

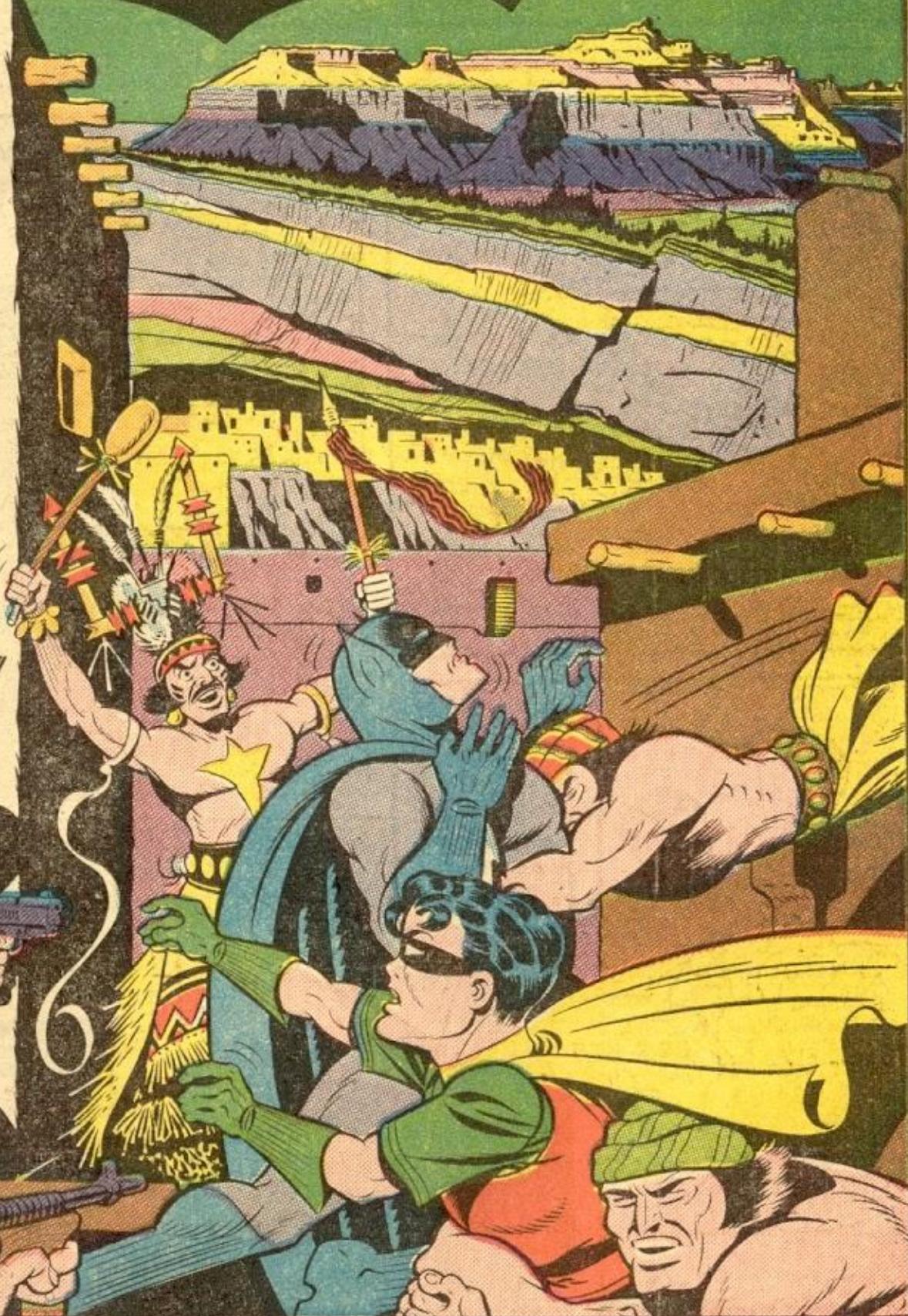
GUARDED BY IMPASSABLE CLIFFS, ROOFED WITH SHELVING ROCK, AN ANCIENT CITY OF RED MEN FLOURISHES IN THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST, HIDDEN SINCE

THE TIMES OF THE CRUEL SPANISH CONQUISTADORES.

PEACE AND CONTENTMENT DWELL THERE — 'TIL FUGITIVE MURDERERS DROP FROM THE CLOUDS TO KILL AND LOOT!

BUT THERE IS NO SAFE HIDING-PLACE FOR FUGITIVES WHEN THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** PURSUE—AND DESPITE TREACHERY AND DEADLY PERILS, THEIR LIGHTNING WITS AND THUNDERING FISTS CLAIM AN AMAZING VICTORY FOR JUSTICE WHEN—

**"CRIME COMES  
to LOST MESA!"**



# BATMAN



SMUGGLED TOMMY GUNS  
LOOSE SHATTERING DEATH  
IN A SOUTHWESTERN  
PRISON YARD....



AND DYNAMITE BLASTS A WAY TO FREEDOM  
FOR TWO DESPERATE LIFERS.....



AT A NEARBY AIRPORT...



AT DAWN OVER DESOLATE MESA COUNTRY...



MANY MILES  
AWAY A  
FUELLESS  
PLANE WITH  
A LIFELESS  
PILOT  
SHATTERS  
AGAINST  
A CLIFF!



THAT SAME MORNING, IN BRUCE WAYNE'S  
HOME IN DISTANT GOTHAM CITY...

MONK BARDO AND  
RANDY ROOSE - THE  
RATS BATMAN AND  
ROBIN SENT UP FOR  
MURDER?

AND THE  
BATMAN AND  
ROBIN ARE  
GOING AFTER  
THEM AGAIN?





# BATMAN

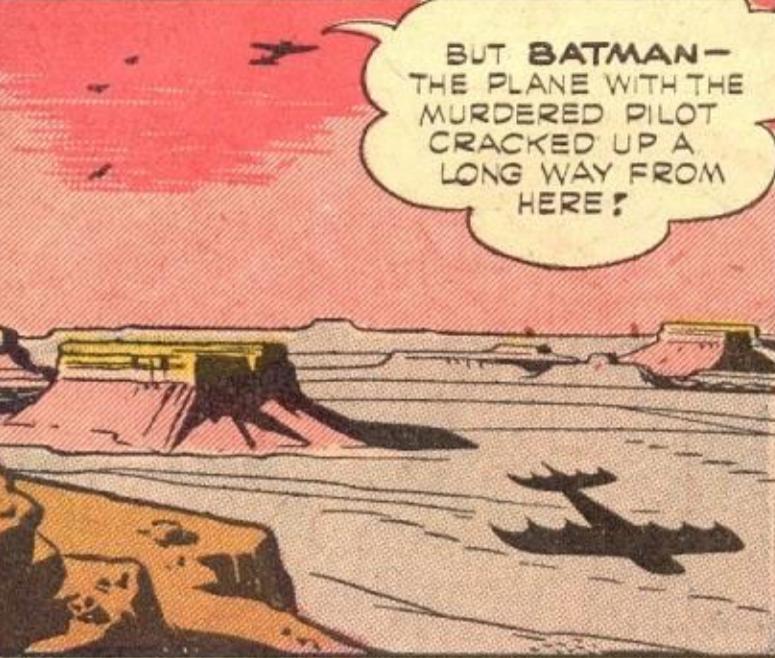


SO IT IS THAT SOON THE DESERT KNOWS  
THE FLITTING SHADOW OF A WEIRD CRAFT—  
THE BATPLANE!

BUT BATMAN—  
THE PLANE WITH THE  
MURDERED PILOT  
CRACKED UP A  
LONG WAY FROM  
HERE?

YOU FORGET, ROBIN—  
RANDY AND MONK MUST  
HAVE GOT OUT FIRST!  
AND I'VE LEARNED THAT  
RANDY ONCE HUNTED GOLD  
AMONG THESE VERY MESAS!

AND YOU THINK  
HE MAY HAVE  
SPOTTED A GOOD  
HIDEOUT,  
EH?



LOOK — SMOKE—  
COMING FROM THE  
VALLEY INSIDE THAT  
MESA!

RIGHT! AND WHERE  
THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'LL  
BE FIREWORKS—  
ONCE WE GET  
THERE!



CLIMBING  
THOSE CLIFFS  
WOULD BE A  
TOUGH  
JOB!

AND  
REMEMBER—  
IF RANDY  
AND  
MONK ARE  
INSIDE,  
THEY'VE  
GOT  
MACHINE  
GUNS!

SHARP EYES WATCH EVERY MOVE  
OF THE NEWCOMERS WITH  
INTENSE INTEREST...

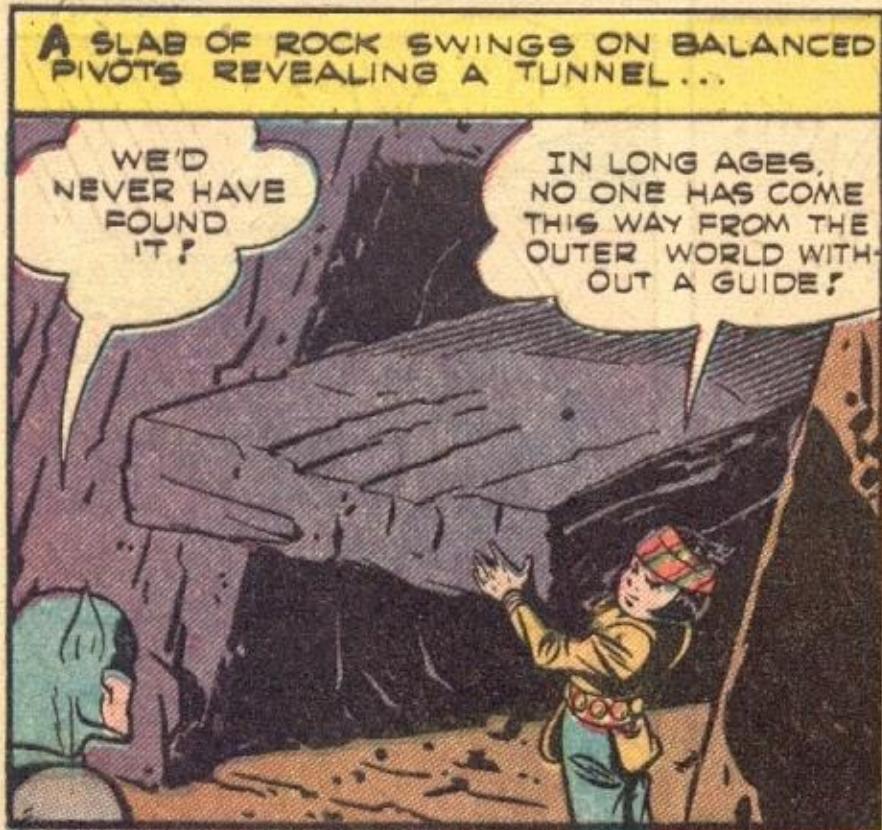
GREAT BIRD—THAT—  
FLIES—with-BATWINGS  
BRINGS MIGHTY  
WARRIORS!

SO INTENSE, IN FACT,  
THAT THE SMALL  
WATCHER FORGETS  
THAT HIS PERCH IS  
PRECARIOUS!



# BATMAN

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION  
DC



# BATMAN



A MOMENT LATER, THE ADVENTURERS STAND IN STUNNED AMAZE- MENT BEFORE SUCH A SIGHT AS FEW WHITE MEN HAVE EVER GAZED UPON!

EXACTLY AS IT MUST HAVE BEEN THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO! I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT IF SOME ONE HAD TOLD ME!

THIS IS THE PUEBLO OF LOST MESA- THE HOME OF MY PEOPLE!

NO WONDER IT HAS REMAINED UNDISCOVERED! THOSE OVERHANGING CLIFFS HIDE IT FROM THE AIR!



LITTLE NACHEE IS GIVEN NO CHANCE TO INTRODUCE HIS NEW FRIENDS...



VALIANTLY THE DYNAMIC DUO GIVES BATTLE...

WE DIDN'T WANT TO FIGHT, BUT WE CAN OBLIGE!

WHY PICK ON US FOR WHAT THE SPANIARDS DID TO YOUR ANCESTORS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY?



BUT OVERWHELMING ODDS WIN IN THE END!



# BATMAN



AS SPEARS POISE FOR DEATH-THRUSTS, A WHITE-HAIRED, COMMANDING FIGURE ARRIVES UPON THE SCENE?

CEASE! TOLTO, YOUR CHIEF, COMMANDS IT! SINCE WHEN HAVE WE SLAIN PRISONERS WITHOUT TAKING COUNSEL?

BUT THESE ARE PALE-FACES WHO HAVE COME TO HARM US!

THESE ARE THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, GREAT WARRIOR AMONG THEIR OWN PEOPLE!

SILENCE, BOY!... VERY WELL, TOLTO— HAVE THE PRISONERS THROWN INTO THE PIT! I SHALL SEEK THE ADVICE OF THE SPIRITS!

**T**HE OUTLOOK IS DARK INDEED FOR THE FAMOUS CRIME-CRUSHERS --- AND TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IS BEHIND THEIR VIOLENT RECEPTION, WE MUST RETURN TO THE DAWN OF THE PRECEDING DAY, WHEN THE ESCAPED PRISONERS APPEARED DRAMATICALLY TO THE SIMPLE PEOPLE OF LOST MESA!



WE COME TA WARN YA DAT CROOKED WHITE MEN HAVE GOT WISE TO LOST MESA, AN' MIGHT COME HERE TA ROB YA!

AI-EEEE!  
WE MUST FLEE!

NO!  
WE MUST FIGHT!

PALEFACE IS LYING! TOLTO REMEMBER HOW HE CAME HERE SEVEN SUMMERS AGO AND STOLE MUCH TREASURE!

ME? WHY,  
CHIEF, I  
WOULDN'T  
DO NUTTIN'  
LIKE DAT!

TOLTO FOUND THIS PALEFACE DYING OF THIRST IN THE DESERT, AND CARRIED HIM HERE TO GET WELL! HE LEFT BY NIGHT WITH ALL HE COULD STEAL!

TOLTO IS WRONG?  
I, MORDU,  
REMEMBER PALEFACE THIEF— BUT HE IS NOT THIS MAN!



# BATMAN

MORDU APPEALS TO TRIBAL SUPERSTITIONS...



LATER, IN THE HOUSE ASSIGNED TO THEM...



BUT MORDU, IT SEEMS, IS SOMETHING WORSE THAN A CHUMP!

DO NOT LAUGH TOO SOON! I REMEMBER YOU, THIEF! THE PEOPLE WOULD BEAT YOU TO DEATH IF I TOLD THEM!



BUT I HAVE TWENTY BRAVES PREPARED TO REVOLT AGAINST TOLTO! THEY ARE ENOUGH - IF YOU AID THEM WITH YOUR GUNS!

SO YA WANNA BE CHIEF, HUH?

ROBIN JOINS HIS MIGHTY PARTNER IN THE BLACK REGIONS OF INSENSIBILITY AS THEIR BRUISED BODIES SPRAWL SIDE BY SIDE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT!

OKAY, WE'LL HELP - PROVIDIN' YA SPLIT DA BOODLE WIT' US, AN' KILL ANYBODY DAT MIGHT COME HUNTN' US!

MORDU GIVES HIS WORD!

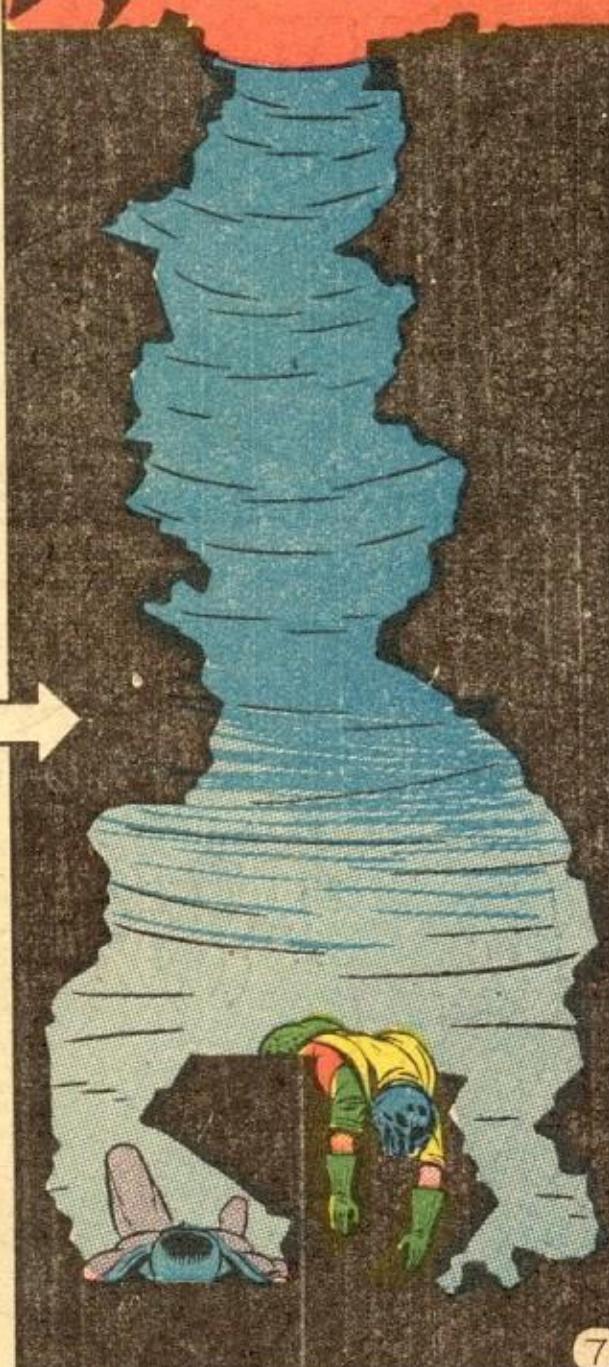
DAT FIXES EVERY-TING!

AND NOW, A DAY LATER, MORDU INTENDS TO FULFILL THE SECOND HALF OF HIS BARGAIN!

HAW, HAW! NOW WE'RE EVEN WIT' DA BATMAN AN' ROBIN!

YOU RATS! - WAIT TILL WE GET EVEN WITH YOU!

BUILD A FIRE TO CALL THE DEATH SPIRITS!



A STRICKEN BOY FIGHTS MANFULLY AGAINST SMARTING TEARS...

BATMAN AND ROBIN DIE — UNLESS NACHEE MAKE BIG MAGIC HEAP QUICK?

WHITE RANDY AND MONK CHUCKLE AT THE AWESOME SPECTACLE OF THE FIRE DANCE OF DEATH!

LOOKA DA CRAZY REDSKINS?

CRAZY OR NOT, DEY'RE SURE DOIN' US A FAVOR?

HOW CAN I MAKE MY PEOPLE SEE HOW EVIL THESE PALEFACES ARE?...

SUDDENLY, THE DANCERS LIFT THE GREAT FIRE ON A LITTER OF LONG POLES...

THE FIRE SPIRITS HAVE SPOKEN! CARRY THE FLAMES TO THE PIT!

... AND PLACE IT OVER THE PRISON WHERE AMERICA'S GREATEST CRIME-FIGHTERS LIE?

IF THE SPIRITS DO NOT WISH THE PRISONERS TO DIE, THEY WILL PUT OUT THE FLAMES!

THEY ARE DOOMED BY A WHIM OF MORDU — BUT WHAT CAN I DO WHEN ALL MY WARRIORS BELIEVE THE SPIRITS HAVE ORDERED IT?

NACHEE RISKS ALL ON A SUBTLE PLAN...

NACHEE HEAP MUCH TIRED FROM POLISHING GOLD IMAGES HIDDEN UNDER FLOOR OF TEMPLE!

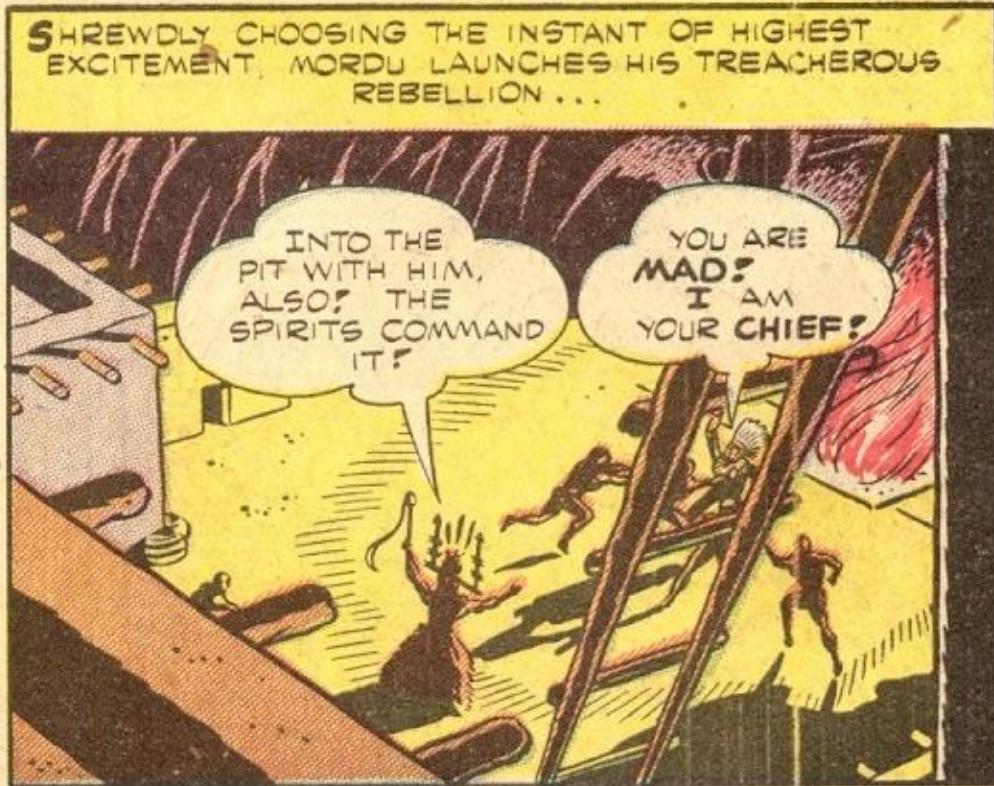
YA WHAT!

IT'S DA BREAK WE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR!

THE NEXT MOMENT...

OH NOBLE GRANDFATHER! EVIL STRANGERS GO TO ROB TEMPLE! THEY THINK GOLD IS HIDDEN THERE!

HO! NOW MY PEOPLE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH!



SECONDS LATER, AS MORDU'S MEN HESITATE...

BATMAN!  
SAVE MY  
GRANDFATHER  
THE CHIEF!

RIGHT, NACHEE? I'LL  
TURN ON THE HEAT  
WHERE IT BELONGS!



WARRIOR'S GIVE GROUND BEFORE THE FURIOUS  
CHARGE OF THE CHAMPIONS...

BAD MEN ARE  
IN THE TEMPLE,  
SEEKING GOLD  
THAT IS NOT  
THERE!

AFTER  
THEM! THEY  
ARE ONLY  
TWO MEN  
AND TWO  
BOYS,  
UNARMED!



IN THE TEMPLE...

NUTTIN' YET?  
WE SHOULD'A MADE  
DA BRAT SHOW  
US WHERE IT'S  
HID!

AW, WE GOT  
LOTSA TIME! DA  
REDSKINS IS TOO  
BUSY ROASTIN' DA  
BATMAN AN'  
ROBIN TA TINK  
ABOUT US!



ABRUPTLY...

DON'T  
STAND DERE  
SHAKIN', YA  
LUG! START  
SHOOTIN'!

YIII-IIII!  
IT'S  
DEM!



DIDN'T YOU HEAR  
YOUR PALL TELL  
YOU TO STOP  
SHAKIN'?

YOUR  
GUNNING  
DAYS ARE OVER,  
RANDY!



WHEN  
YOU  
WAKE UP,  
YOU'LL BE  
BACK  
IN A  
CELL!

WE'VE  
STILL GOT  
TO FIGHT  
MORDU AND  
HIS GANG.  
BUT—  
BUT—  
WHAT'S  
THIS?



# BATMAN



MORDU, THE UNSCRUPULOUS MEDICINE MAN, IS BEYOND THE AID OF MEDICINE!

ONE OF RANDY'S BULLETS MUST HAVE HIT HIM!

AYE - BUT FATE GUIDED THE BULLET!

I LIED - CHEATED - HOPING TO MAKE MYSELF CHIEF... NOW THE SPIRITS I DISHONORED - ARE PUNISHING ME! ... AAA-A-A...

YOU SPOKE TRULY WHEN YOU CALLED US MAD, O GREAT CHIEF! WE ARE SORRY!

HE'S GONE!

EVENING...

PEOPLE OF LOST MESA - WE CANNOT HIDE OURSELVES FOREVER! BUT WE CAN MEET OUR WHITE BROTHERS WITHOUT FEAR, KNOWING THAT AMONG THEM ARE WARRIOR'S LIKE THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

DO NOT FORGET - YOU PROMISE NACHEE TO COME BACK?

WE WON'T FORGET, NACHEE!

MIDNIGHT - AND TWO PARACHUTES FLOAT DOWNWARD FROM A LOFTY PLANE...

WELL, BATMAN, WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF RANDY AND MONK!

I HOPE!

IN THE YARD OF A SOUTHWESTERN PRISON...

SLAP ME IN SOLITARY IF RANDY AND MONK HAVEN'T COME HOME!

A SOLITARY CELL WILL LOOK GOOD AFTER WHAT DA BATMAN PUT US T'ROUGH!

AND NEXT DAY, IN GOTHAM CITY...

THEY LEFT ROBIN OUT OF THE HEADLINES!

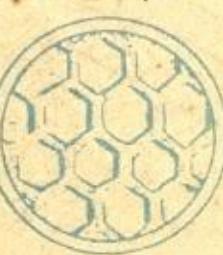
AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T GET LEFT OUT OF THE FUN, HE WON'T KICK!

GOTHAM NEWS  
FUGITIVE FELONS 'CHUTE FROM CLOUDS TO PRISON COMPLIMENTS OF BATMA

THE END.



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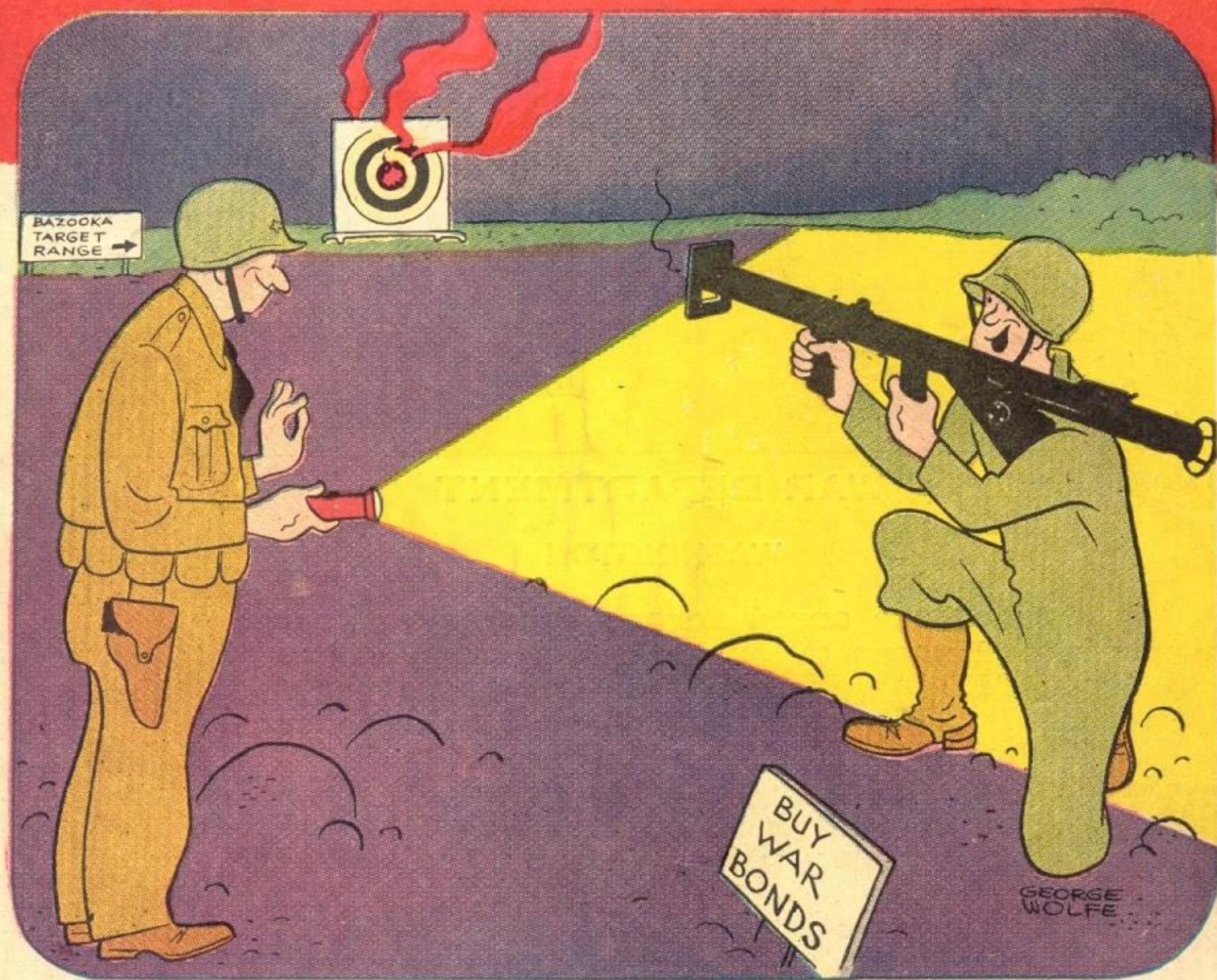
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