



10¢

# BATMAN

FEB.  
NO. 113APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
  
AUTHORITY

Featuring  
**"BATMAN-SUPERMAN  
of PLANET X!"**

THEIR RAY  
GUNS CAN'T HARM  
ME--ON THIS  
PLANET I'M A  
**SUPER-BATMAN!**



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
THE BOY WONDER

HA, HA... WITH MY THOUSAND-AND-ONE DISGUISES, YOU'LL NEVER CAPTURE ME, BATMAN!

A MILLIONAIRE--AN INDIAN PRINCE--A POPULAR SINGER--THESE ARE BUT A FEW OF THE IDENTITIES A MASTER DISGUISE ARTIST ASSUMES, TO COMMIT HIS INCREDIBLE CRIMES! AND WHEN BATMAN AND ROBIN FIND HIS TRAIL, THEY, TOO, FALL VICTIMS TO...

## THE MENACE OF FALSE FACE

IN THE HEART OF GOTHAM CITY, A WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN STRIDES INTO AN EXCLUSIVE JEWELRY SHOP...

I'LL TAKE THAT... THAT... AND THAT... GIFT-WRAPPED! QUICKLY NOW!

CERTAINLY... CERTAINLY, SIR! A BRILLIANT SELECTION, SIR!

SHORTLY...

GOOD GRIEF, MR. HELPLEWHITE! THAT CUSTOMER PURCHASED THE THREE MOST VALUABLE ITEMS IN THE STORE... AND LEFT WITHOUT PAYING!

NATURALLY, PARKER! THAT'S P.S. SMITHINGTON, THE ECCENTRIC URANIUM MILLIONAIRE!

HE ALWAYS SPENDS A FORTUNE HERE AND PAYS US AT THE END OF THE MONTH!



BUT EXACTLY TWO HOURS LATER, A SHOCKING SITUATION ARISES, AS...

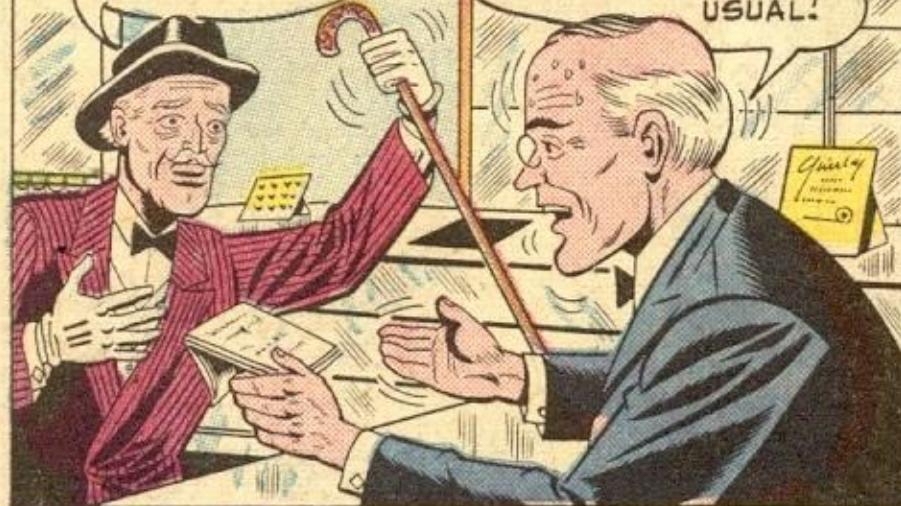
WEMBLY, WHAT ON EARTH IS ALL THIS MUMBLING ABOUT MY BEING HERE EARLIER? I JUST REACHED TOWN-- MY CAR BROKE DOWN ON THE HIGHWAY!

B-BUT, MR. SMITHINGTON, YOU **WERE** HERE BEFORE! LOOK AT MY RECEIPT BOOK... YOU PURCHASED A FORTUNE IN GEMS-- ON **CREDIT**, AS USUAL!

WITHIN MINUTES, AT THE HOME OF WEALTHY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

THE **BAT-SIGNAL**, BRUCE! THEY WANT **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** AT HEADQUARTERS!

LET'S GO, DICK!

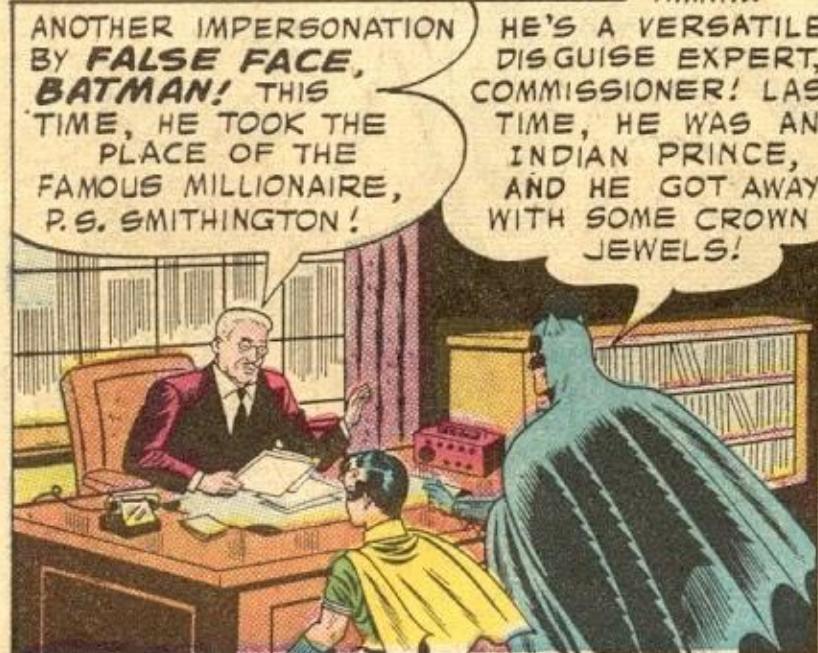


SWITCHING TO THEIR CAPED CRIME-FIGHTING GARB, THE PAIR HASTENS TO THE OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER GORDON, WHERE...

ANOTHER IMPERSONATION BY **FALSE FACE, BATMAN!** THIS TIME, HE TOOK THE PLACE OF THE FAMOUS MILLIONAIRE, P.S. SMITHINGTON!

HMM... HE'S A VERSATILE DISGUISE EXPERT, COMMISSIONER! LAST TIME, HE WAS AN INDIAN PRINCE, AND HE GOT AWAY WITH SOME CROWN JEWELS!

AND THE TIME BEFORE THAT, HE POSED AS A FAMOUS HISTORIAN, AND MANAGED TO STEAL A PRICELESS RARE BOOK ON AZTEC CULTURE! ON OTHER OCCASIONS, HE'S BEEN AN ARCHITECT, A SCULPTOR AND WHAT-NOT!



WE'VE GOT TO UNMASK HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL, BEFORE HE... WHAT'S THAT--?

EMERGENCY SQUAD,  
ATTENTION! CROONER  
WALLY WESKIT  
TRAPPED IN HOTEL  
ELEVATOR! REPORT  
TO STATIONS!

EXCUSE ME, COMMISSIONER!  
THIS MAY BE OUR CHANCE!

EH--?



OUTSIDE, MOMENTS LATER...

ROBIN, IN EACH SITUATION, FALSE FACE ALWAYS MANAGED TO DETAIN HIS VICTIM WHILE HE PLAYED HIS PART! WESKIT'S SCHEDULED TO PLAY AT THE HAMPTON CLUB TODAY... JUST ABOUT THIS TIME!

I GET IT, BATMAN... IF YOU'RE RIGHT, FALSE FACE WILL BE "PLAYING" THERE IN WESKIT'S PLACE!



SOON AFTER...

THERE HE IS, BATMAN!

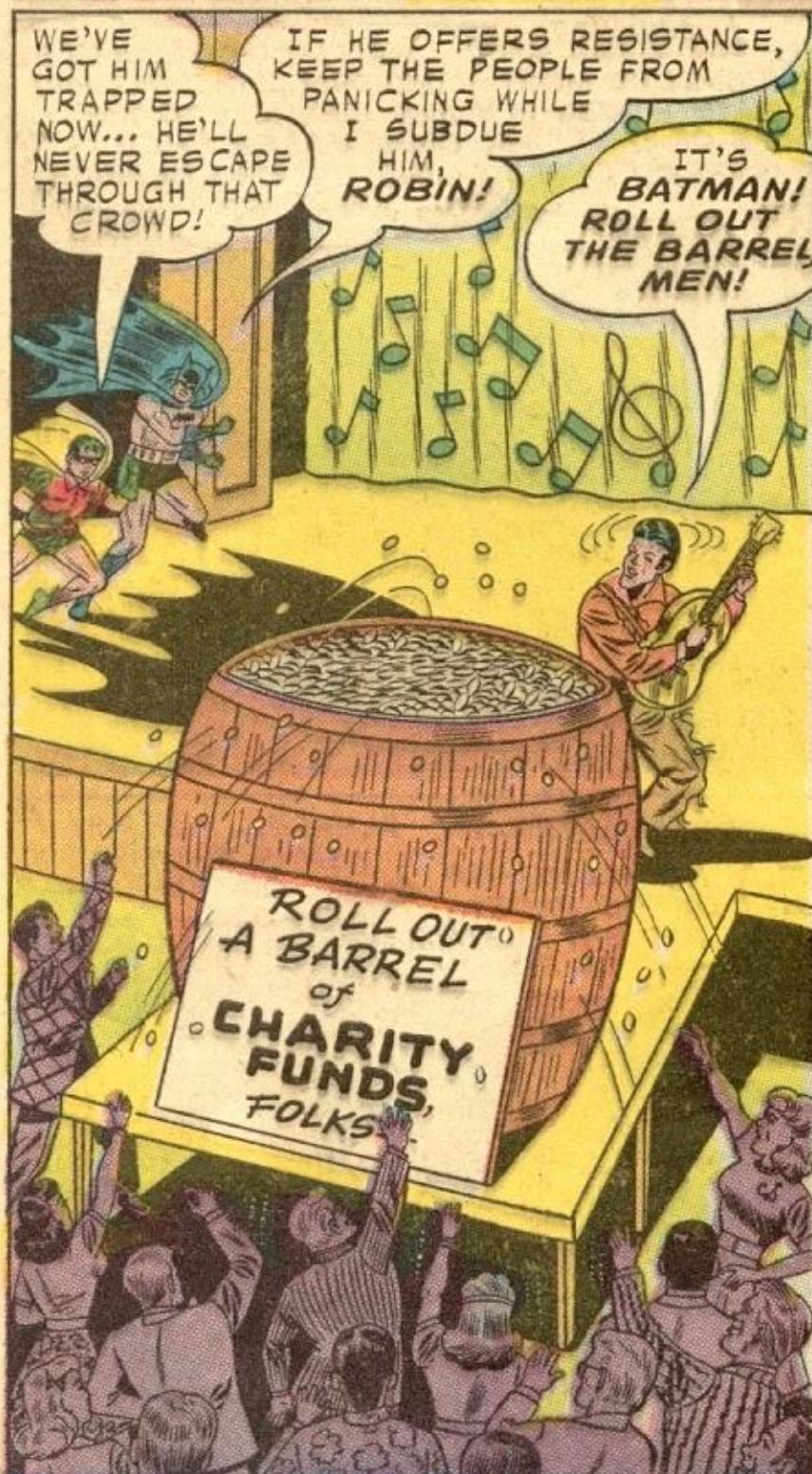
AND HE'S PLAYING HIS ROLE TO THE HILT!



WE'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED NOW... HE'LL NEVER ESCAPE THROUGH THAT CROWD!

IF HE OFFERS RESISTANCE, KEEP THE PEOPLE FROM PANICKING WHILE I SUBDUED HIM, ROBIN!

IT'S BATMAN!  
ROLL OUT THE BARREL, MEN!



ABRUPTLY, TWO HOODLUMS SPRING ONTO THE DANCE FLOOR, AND...

HIS HENCHMEN ARE ALL READIED FOR ACTION!



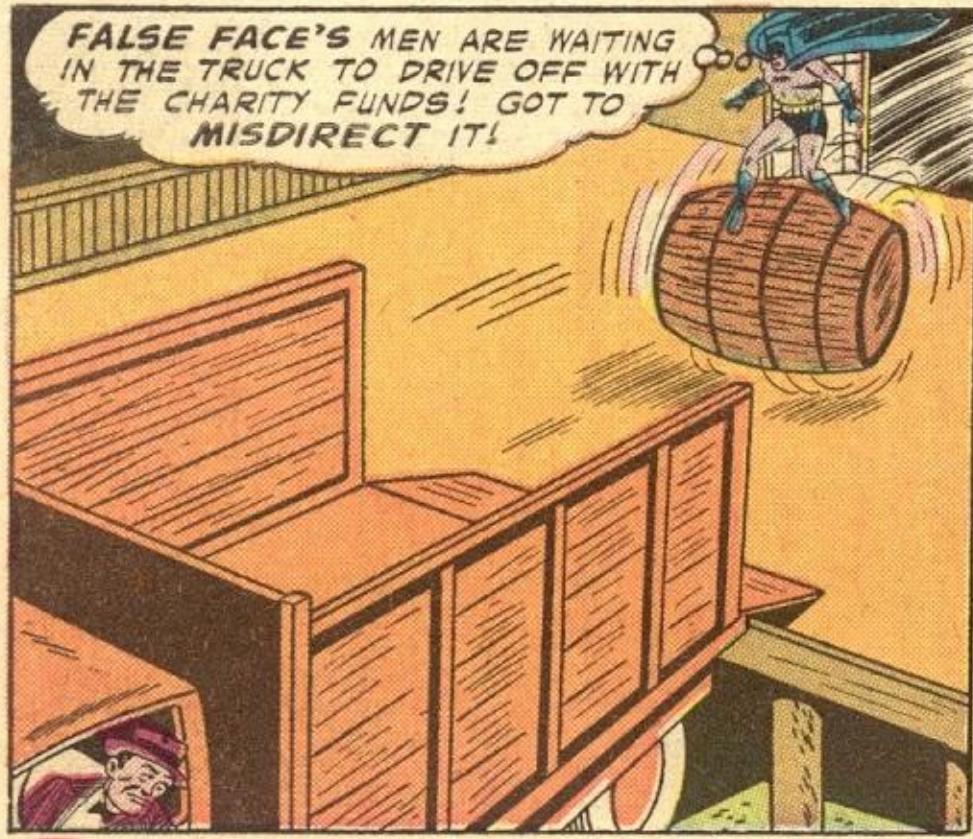
BATMAN! THE DONATIONS BARREL-- THEY'RE PLANNING TO STEAL IT!

SO I SEE... BUT I'M RIGHT WITH THEM!

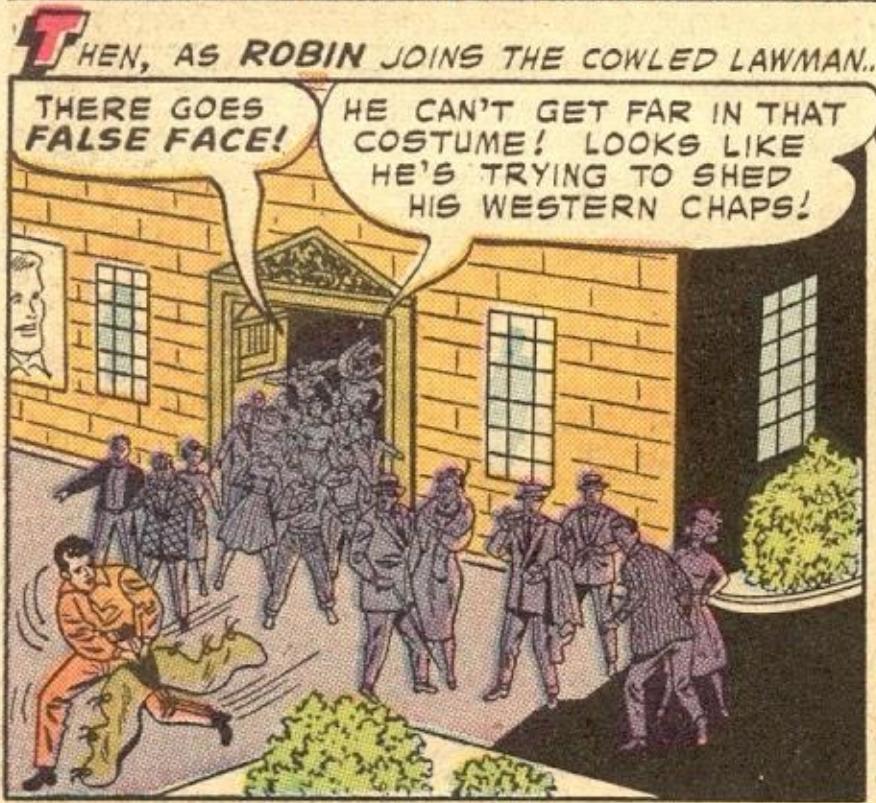
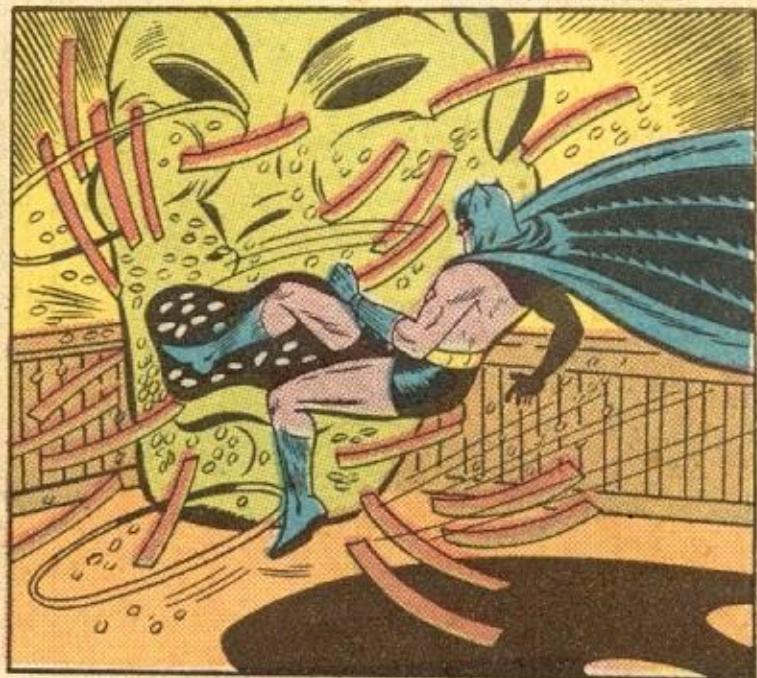




# BATMAN



DEFTLY, BATMAN "WALKS" THE BARREL TO ONE SIDE IN THE NICK OF TIME...



## BATMAN





# BATMAN



SUDDENLY, THE "EXPLORER" DARTS FROM THE STAGE, AND...  
GOOD GRIEF! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO CRANDALL?

HE'S AWARE THAT I'M ON TO HIS GAME!

YOU'VE UNCOVERED ONE OF MY DISGUISES, BATMAN, BUT YOU'VE STILL GOT TO DOWN ME... HA, HA!

HE'S CUNNING AND CONFIDENT-- HAVE TO BE CAREFUL!

HIGHER AND HIGHER, FALSE FACE LEADS BATMAN TO THE UPPER FLOORS OF THE MUSEUM...

YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME... NEVER! HA, HA, HA!



FINALLY, ON THE TOP LANDING...

HE'S REACHING FOR A WEAPON! MUST STOP HIM BEFORE HE CAN WIELD IT...



AND AS BATMAN PLUMMETS INTO A CIRCULAR ROOM...

A DEPTH TANK FOR SPECIMENS-- LIKE THE NAVY USES TO TRAIN SEA DIVERS! I'VE BEEN TRICKED TO FALL THROUGH ITS PROTECTIVE COVERING!



BUT, IN THAT SAME INSTANT, A MECHANICAL SPRING SNAPS THE SWORD-ARM UPWARD...

HA, HA... PERFECT! THE SPRING I RIGGED IN THIS SUIT OF ARMOR WORKED WITH PERFECT PRECISION WHEN MY WEIGHT TRIGGERED IT!





HA, HA... THE **END OF BATMAN!**  
THE TANK'S EMPTY... NOBODY COULD  
SURVIVE THAT FALL! MY MEN ARE  
WAITING BELOW--THEY SHALL  
WITNESS MY VICTORY OVER  
CRIME'S ARCH ENEMY...  
HA, HA, HA!

THUS, AWHILE LATER, AT AN EXIT IN THE BOTTOM  
OF THE TANK...

GEE, **FALSE FACE**--  
YOU REALLY DID IT...  
YOU **DEFEATED**  
**BATMAN!** LET'S  
GET RID OF HIM  
FAST!

NO! WE'LL UNMASK HIM  
AT THE HIDEOUT AND  
KEEP HIM AS A HOSTAGE!  
LEAD THE WAY, MEN!



SOON...



AND, DOWN BELOW THE GROUND...

QUICKLY-- AROUND THAT SECOND  
TURN... WE MUSTN'T WASTE TIME!



FINALLY... GOOD... NOW  
WE'LL GET **BATMAN**  
INTO OUR ABANDONED  
QUARRY AND TAKE  
CARE OF HIM FOR  
GOOD!



MINUTES LATER, INSIDE  
**FALSE FACE'S LAIR...**

NOW... NOW, AT LAST, WE  
WILL KNOW THE SECRET  
IDENTITY OF **BATMAN!**



BUT, AS THE COWL IS LIFTED...

ULP! THEIR FACES-- THEY'RE  
THE SAME! TH-THEY'RE  
**BOTH THE BOSS!**



# BATMAN



ABRUPTLY, AS THE HOODLUMS TURN ON THEIR SUPPOSED LEADER...

HE TRICKED US! BATMAN'S TAKEN THE BOSS' DISGUISE!

WHEW! JUST IN TIME!

GOOD WORK, ROBIN! MY UTILITY BELT-RADIO MESSAGE GOT THROUGH TO YOU FINE!

RIGHT, BATMAN... I HEARD EVERY ONE OF YOUR "DIRECTIONS," AS YOU TRAVELED HERE CARRYING THE REAL FALSE FACE!



AND SO, WHEN THE SUBDUED GANG HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

BUT, BATMAN, WHEN YOU WERE LURED INTO THAT GIANT TANK, HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO OUTWIT FALSE FACE?

A COMBINATION OF THE STRONG PLASTIC PROTECTIVE COVERING AND SOME QUICK REFLEX ACTION DID IT FOR ME, COMMISSIONER GORDON!

"AS THE PLASTIC RIPPED UNDER MY WEIGHT, I CLUTCHED THE EDGE OF THE FABRIC TIGHTLY..."



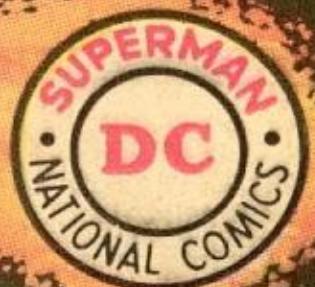
"THAT WAY, I WAS ABLE TO BRAKE MY FALL, AND SWING DOWN TO THE EMERGENCY TANK LADDER..."

NOW, IF I CAN REACH THE BOTTOM BEFORE FALSE FACE APPEARS, I'LL ROUND UP THE WHOLE GANG AND THEIR LOOT!

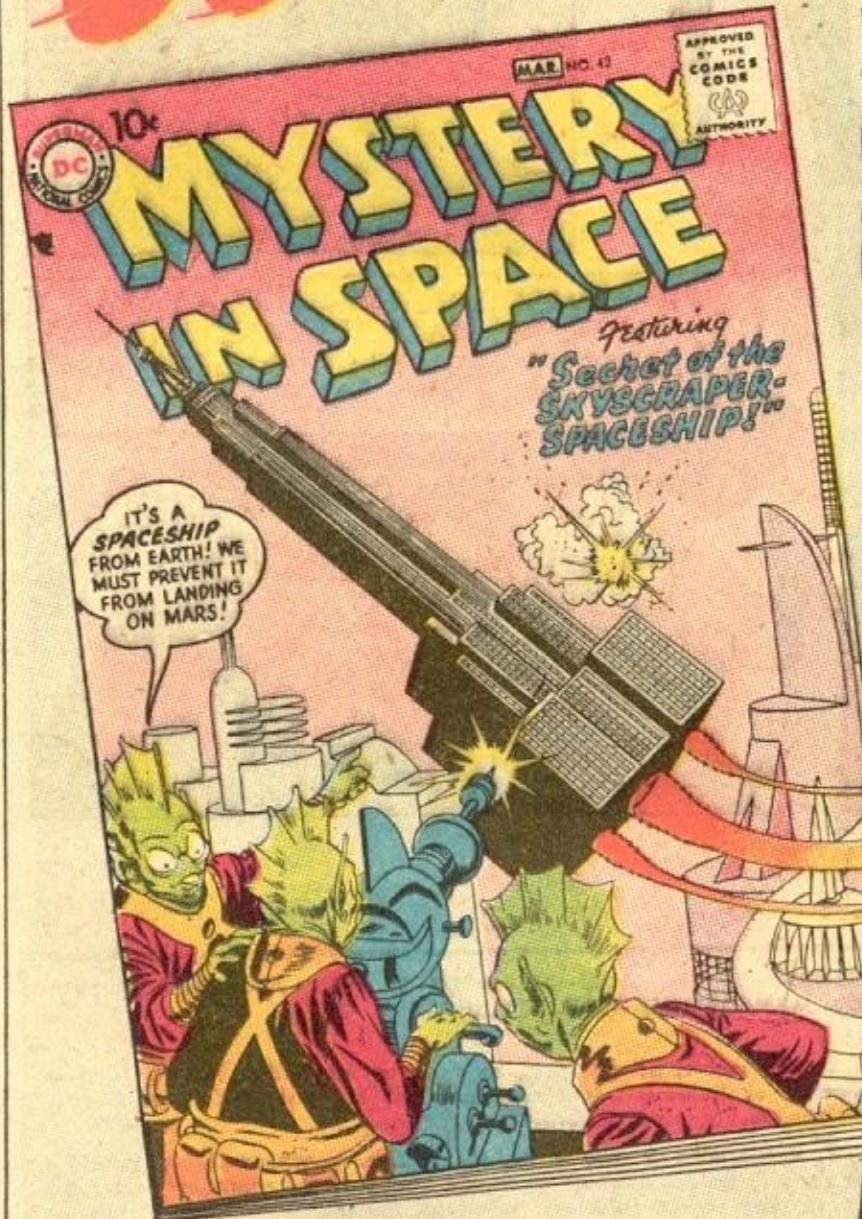
THE REST WAS EASY... I KNOCKED OUT FALSE FACE AND WITH MY UTILITY MAKE-UP KIT, I DISGUISED MYSELF AS CRANDALL, THE MAN FALSE FACE WAS IMPERSONATING!

HERE'S THE REAL FALSE FACE, COMMISSIONER... A NERVOUS, FRIGHTENED CRIMINAL!





# YOU'VE GOT A COMET BY THE TAIL



WHEN YOU ROCKET INTO THE UNKNOWN WITH EVERY ISSUE OF THE TWO MOST EXCITING SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES ON EARTH!



AMAZING TRIPS INTO THE UNKNOWN!  
ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES ON OTHER WORLDS!  
ASTONISHING EXPERIMENTS OF SUPER-SCIENCE!



# BATMAN



## STRANGE LAWS!

AN OLD FEDERAL STATUTE MAKES IT A CRIMINAL OFFENSE TO WRITE A CHECK FOR LESS THAN ONE DOLLAR!



THE TOWN OF OAK PARK, ILLINOIS, HAS A CITY LAW FORBIDDING ANY RESIDENT FROM FRYING MORE THAN 100 DOUGHNUTS



DOGS OVER TEN INCHES TALL ARE UNLAWFUL, AS STATED IN AN OLD ORDINANCE OF BOSTON, MASS. CATS CAN BE AS HIGH AS 48 INCHES!



IT'S A MISDEMEANOR FOR A WOMAN TO WEAR AN ANKLE WATCH IN ELIZABETHTON, TENN! THIS GOES FOR BRIGHT COLORED HOSE, TOO!



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF BATMAN, published 8 times yearly at Sparta, Illinois for October 1, 1957.

1. The names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc., H. Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, P. H. Sampliner, G. Donenfeld, S. U. Sampliner, F. Iger, I. Donenfeld, S. Iger, A. Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz and A. S. Herzog as Trustees for I. Donenfeld and S. Donenfeld, A. S. Herzog & J. I. Golinko as Trustees for L. Liebowitz and J. Liebowitz, H. Donenfeld Foundation, Inc. (a non-stock corp., H. Donenfeld, Pres., A. S. Herzog, Sec'y.), Estate of R. Liebowitz, all at 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

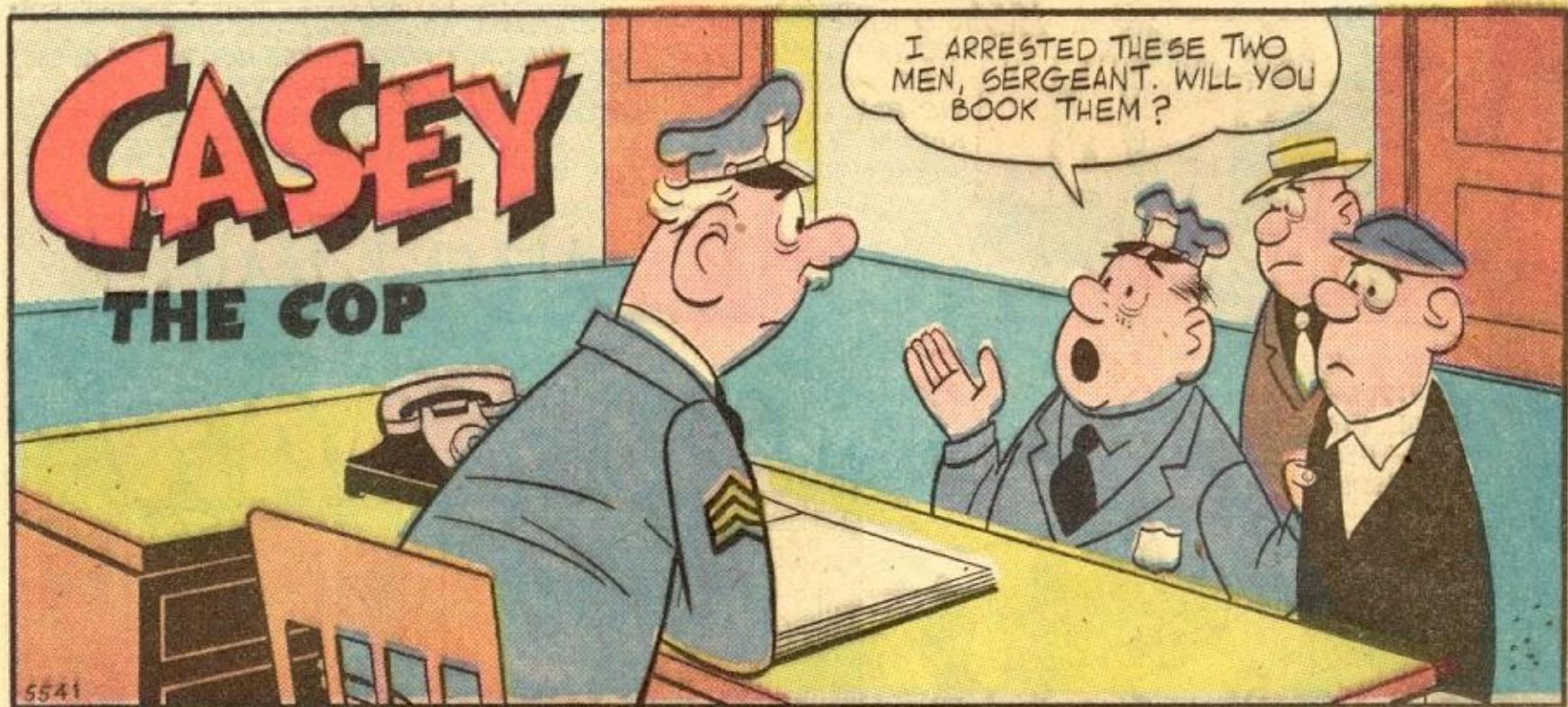
4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs shows the offiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this  
16th day of September, 1957.

ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public  
(Commission expires March 30, 1958.)

# BATMAN





# BATMAN



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

WHO IS THE CAPE CRIME-FIGHTER WHO MAKES FELONS SHAKE?  
WHO IS THE MANTLED MAN-HUNTER WHO MAKES HOODLUMS QUAKE?  
WHO? NOBODY BUT **FATMAN**, THAT'S WHO!  
WE-ELL, OF COURSE, **BATMAN'S** PRETTY GOOD, TOO--WE  
KNOW THAT! AND WE ALSO KNOW YOU'LL ENJOY THE HAPPY  
HAPPENINGS THAT OCCUR WHEN...

# BATMAN

—MEETS—  
**FATMAN**

FEAR NOT,  
**BATMAN**--  
I WILL FREE YOU  
FROM THESE FOUL  
PERSONS!

IT--IT'S  
**FATMAN!**

BOB  
KANE

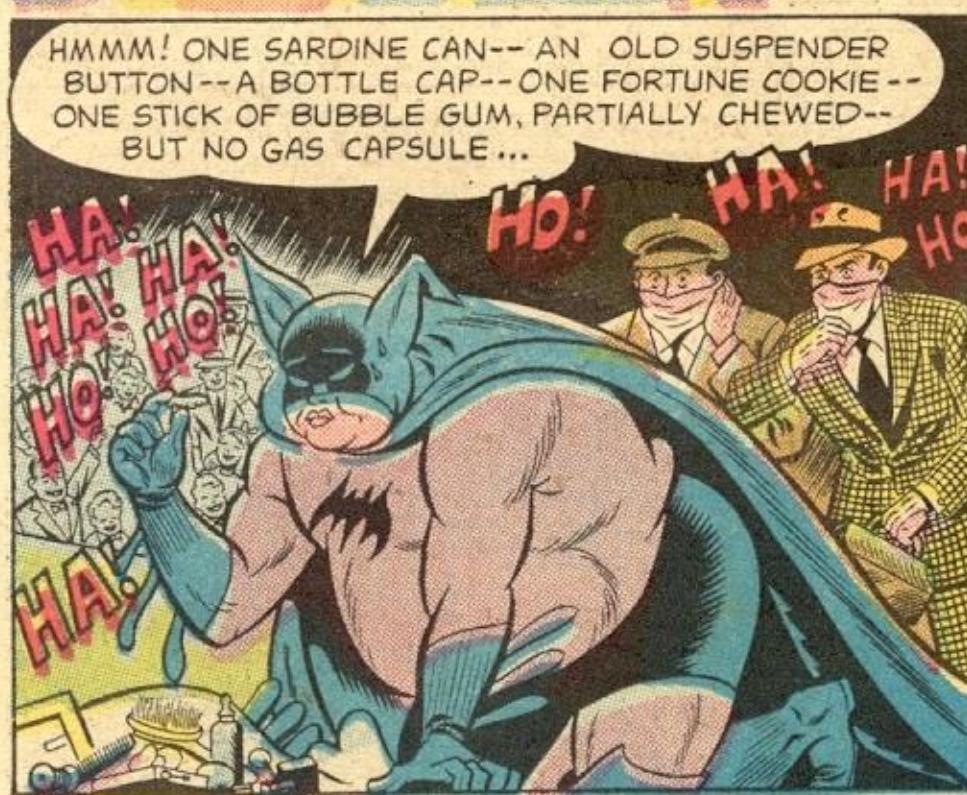
**M**ASKED MEN ARE AT WORK, WHEN SUDDENLY A  
CAPED FIGURE SWINGS DOWN--AND FALLS FLAT  
ON HIS FACE...

OOPS! I  
TRIPPED!

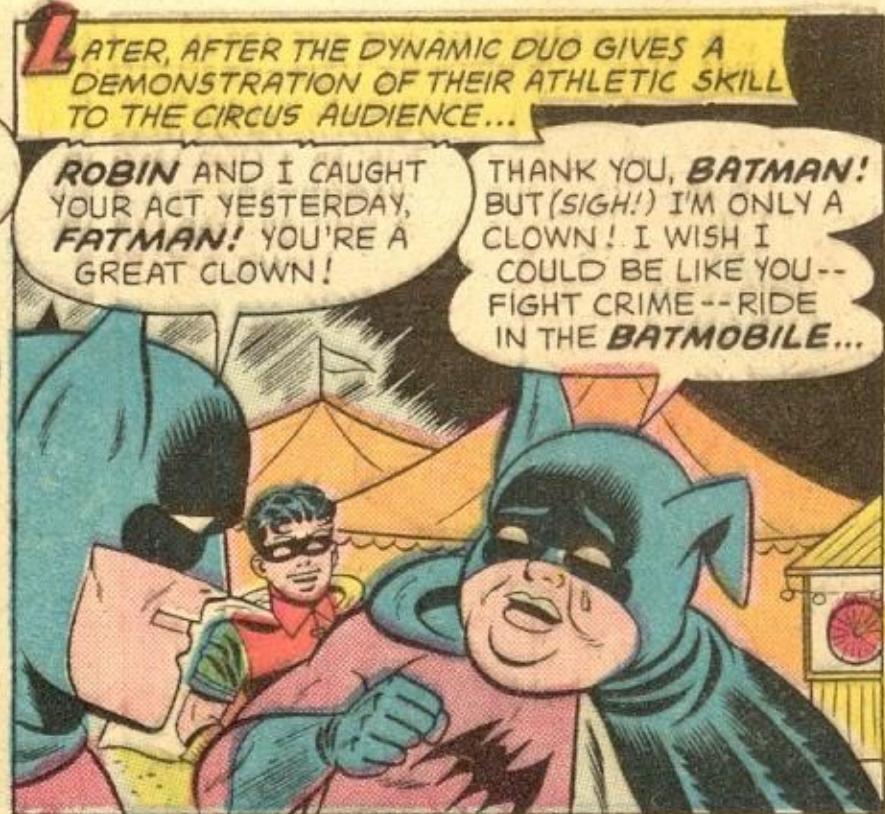
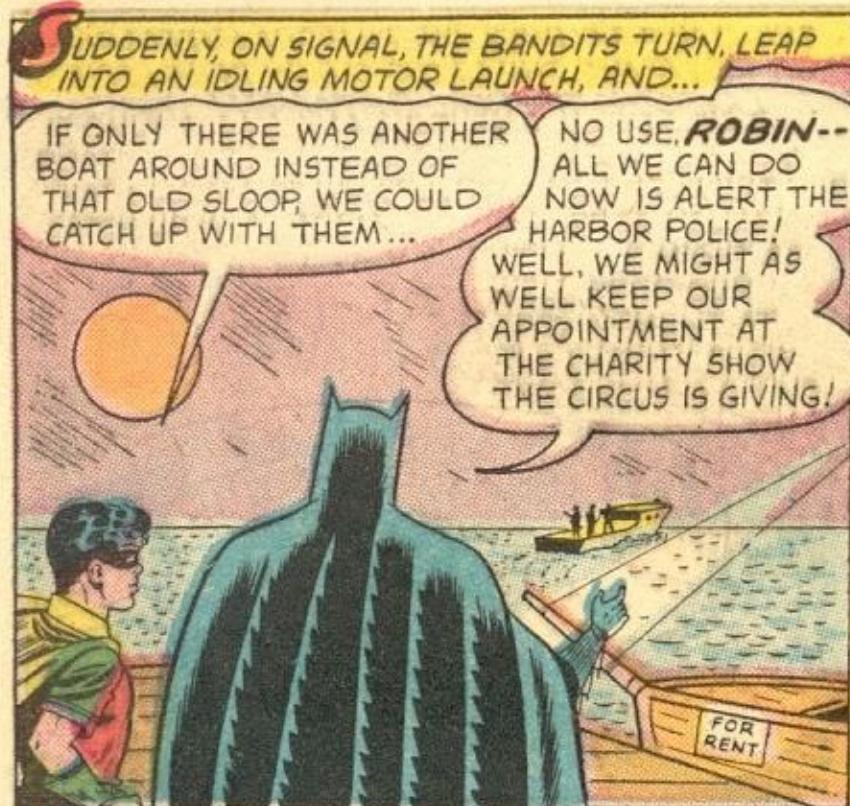
RUN! RUN! IT'S THE  
GREATEST CRIME-  
FIGHTER OF THEM  
ALL!

YOU CANNOT ESCAPE!  
I SHALL STOP YOU WITH  
MY **BATARANG**!





## BATMAN



LATER, AS THE BATMOBILE SPEEDS ALONG, ITS WHEELS RACE NO FASTER THAN THE EXCITED HEART OF THE CIRCUS CLOWN...

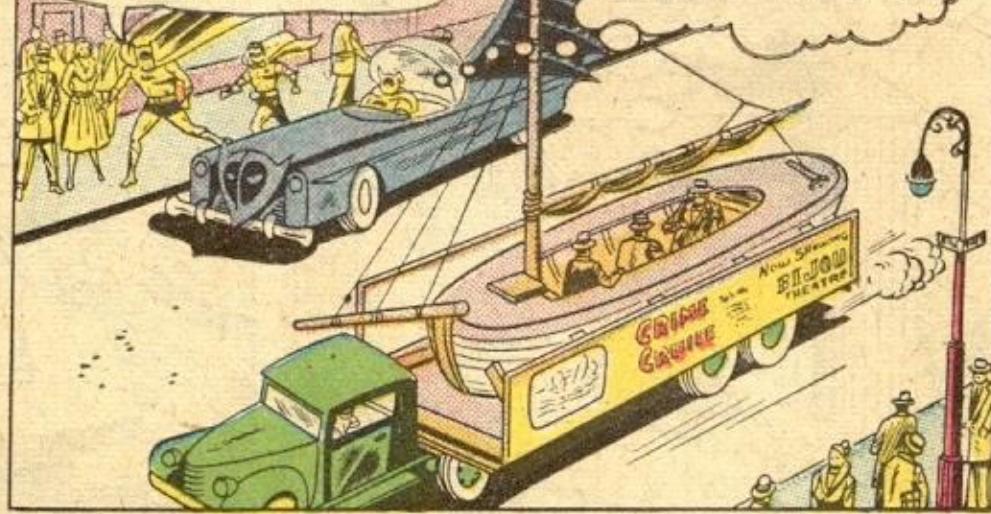
AT LAST-- A REAL CRIME CASE-- AND I'M IN IT! AT LAST I'M GOING TO FIGHT REAL CRIMINALS!



BUT THE CLOWN IS DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT AS...

THERE IT IS-- AND THERE'S THE RED MASK GANG! THEY'VE TAKEN OVER THE SLOOP TO GET THE SATCHEL! FATMAN, YOU STAY HERE-- YOU MAY GET HURT!

BATMAN THINKS I'M TOO CLUMSY TO HELP! (SIGH!) HE'S RIGHT! AFTER ALL, I AM ONLY A LAUGHABLE FIGURE-- A CLOWN!



THEN, ON THE CITY STREET, A BIZARRE BATTLE BEGINS!

LOOK! BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE IN ON THIS PUBLICITY STUNT!

WOW! THAT FAKE FIGHT ALMOST LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING!

BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE TOO BUSY TO NOTICE ME! NOW'S MY CHANCE...



AS THE ROPE IS CUT, THE WIND WHIPS THE FREED JIB SAIL BOOM ABOUT-- RIGHT INTO THE CAPED CRIME-FIGHTERS!

QUICK! GET 'EM INTO OUR CAR! WE'LL TAKE THEM TO OUR HIDEOUT! THE CROWD WON'T STOP US-- THEY'LL THINK IT'S STILL PART OF OUR ACT!



LATER, THE CRIME-FIGHTERS REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS IN AN ABANDONED STABLE...

THAT STALL FOR WILD HORSES COMES IN HANDY, BOSS!

YEAH! NOW WE CAN HOLD BATMAN AN' ROBIN AS SECURITY-- IN CASE THE COPS TRY TO INTERFERE WITH OUR JOBS!



BUT, THE BANDITS ARE UNAWARE THEY HAVE BEEN SECRETLY TRAILED--BY FATMAN IN THE BATMOBILE...



THERE'S NO USE KIDDING MYSELF--I'M ONLY A CLOWN! I'VE GOT TO HELP BATMAN AND ROBIN! SO HERE GOES--!

FEAR NOT, BATMAN AND ROBIN--I WILL FREE YOU FROM THESE FOUL PERSONS!

HUH?



KNAVES,  
I WILL--  
OOF!

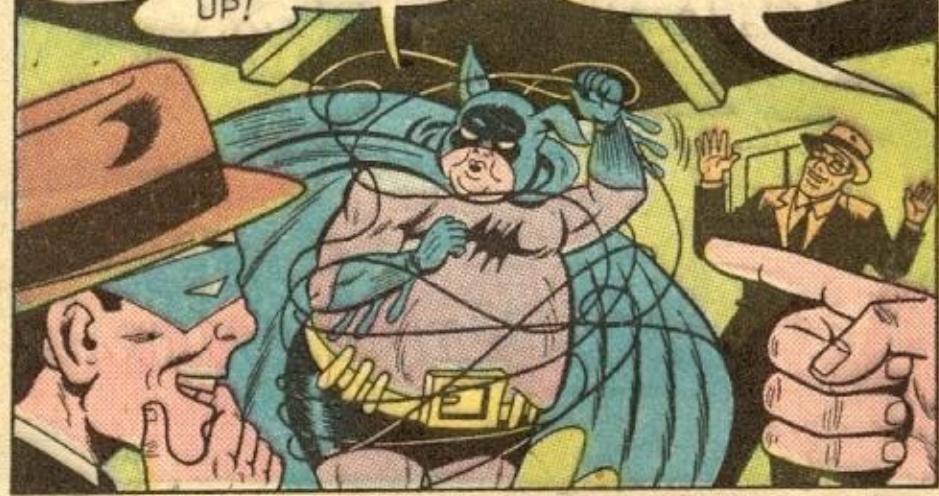
HAW! HAW! I KNOW HIM--  
HE'S FATMAN, THE CIRCUS  
CLOWN! IMAGINE HIM THINKING  
HE COULD RESCUE BATMAN  
AND ROBIN! HAW!



PUFFING HEAVILY, THE CLOWN HEAVES LABORIOUSLY  
TO HIS FEET AND--ONLY EVOKES MORE MOCKING  
LAUGHTER!

I'LL LASSO YOU WITH MY  
SILKEN ROPE...OH--IT  
SEEMS TO BE ALL TANGLED  
UP!

HAW! HAW! WHAT A  
CHARACTER! HE'S EVEN  
STUPID WHEN HE ISN'T  
DOING HIS ACT!



THEN, GRABBING A BLACKSMITH'S HAMMER, THE  
CLOWN STRAINS TO SWING IT, BUT...

DROP YOUR GUNS OR  
I'LL--OOF! MY, THIS  
IS HEAVY!

HAH! HAH! THAT  
GUY'S A RIOT! HAW!  
HAW! HAW!  
HAW!



AGAIN HE SWINGS, BUT THIS TIME HE RELEASES  
THE HAMMER, AND...

OOF!

HEY! HE ACCIDENTALLY  
SMASHED THE LOCK!



**T**HEN, LIKE TWIN THUNDERBOLTS, BATMAN AND ROBIN STRIKE!

I THINK THIS **HEEL** OUGHT TO BE SHOD, DON'T YOU, **BATMAN**?

CUT IT OUT, **ROBIN**-- LET **FATMAN** MAKE WITH THE JOKES!

I'M GETTIN' OUT O' HERE!



**B**UT THE CORPULENT CLOWN HAS HIS OWN WAY OF STOPPING A CRIMINAL...

**OOF!**

ONLY A DUMMY WOULD RUN INTO MY TUMMY!



**L**ATER, WHEN THE HOODLUMS ARE HANDED OVER TO THE POLICE...

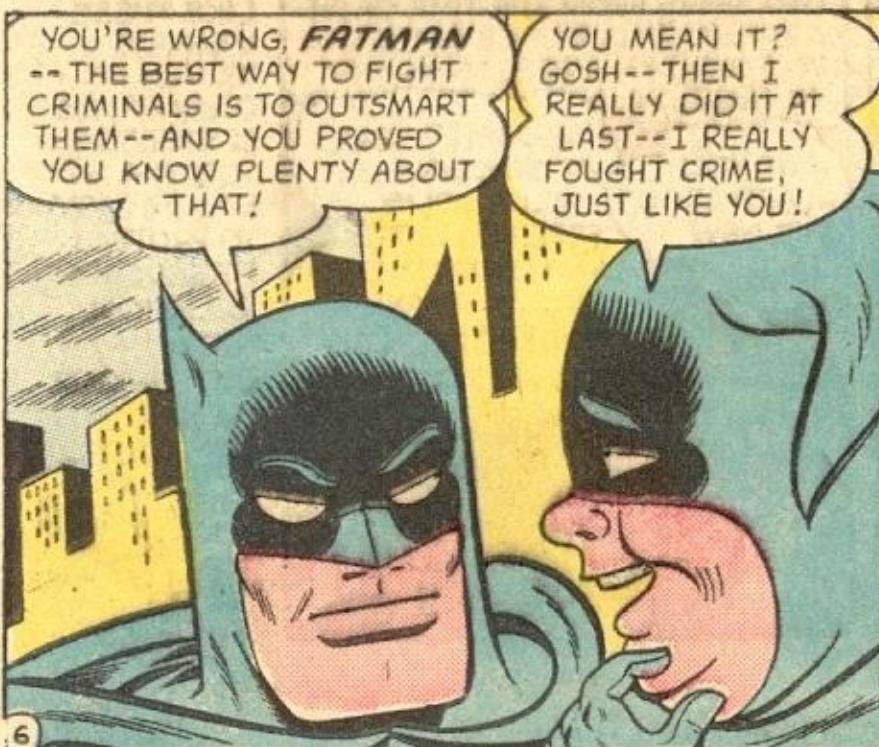
THAT WAS SMART THINKING, **FATMAN**! **ROBIN** AND I GUessed THAT YOU WERE ONLY **PRENTENDING** TO BE CLUMSY SO YOU COULD GET THE GANG OFF-GUARD!

I HAD TO DO SOMETHING TO FREE YOU--SO I DID THE ONE THING I KNOW BEST--MAKE THEM LAUGH. AFTER ALL, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT CRIME-FIGHTING!



YOU'RE WRONG, **FATMAN**--THE BEST WAY TO FIGHT CRIMINALS IS TO OUTSMART THEM--AND YOU PROVED YOU KNOW PLENTY ABOUT THAT!

YOU MEAN IT? GOSH--THEN I REALLY DID IT AT LAST--I REALLY FOUGHT CRIME, JUST LIKE YOU!



**A**ND SO, IT IS A HAPPIER CLOWN WHO RETURNS TO THE CIRCUS--A CLOWN KNOWING HE CAN MAKE PEOPLE SHAKE WITH LAUGHTER--AND CRIMINALS SHAKE WITH FEAR!

HURRAH FOR **FATMAN**!

ATTABOY, **FATMAN**!



The END

# THE ELUSIVE CLUE

THE cream-colored Ford convertible with the sky-blue top was reported missing at 9:02 P.M. Detective Patrick Flavin and Sgt. Charles Bevan were preparing to leave the precinct to question the owner when urgent word arrived that a restaurant had been robbed of its nightly receipts. Detective Flavin detailed Sgt. Bevan to investigate the missing automobile, while he delegated himself to look into the theft.

The restaurant owner and two of his waiters agreed that the handkerchief-masked robber had slipped noiselessly up behind them while the money was being counted, and while he held a menacing gun in one hand, he swept the cash into an open bag with his other. Then, he bolted for the door and sped off in a light-colored Ford.

Having relayed this information to the radio sergeant, Detective Flavin waited patiently as he warned all patrolling squad cars to be on the watch for the suspected vehicle. Sgt. Bevan joined him with the story that the car was in the owner's driveway while the family was watching television. Its absence wasn't noted until the owner, Mark Bartlett, had gone out to park it in the garage for the night. "Obviously," said Detective Flavin, "the thief borrowed it to pull the restaurant job, then disposed of it. We can't do a thing until it's recovered."

They hadn't long to wait. At 10:17 P.M., a prowler radioed in that it had been located. The two officers and a handful of men from the lab sped out to an inlet on the bay where the car had been abandoned. "Get the fingerprints," said Detective Flavin, after making a cursory examination of the vehicle. "I'll meet you back at my office to check them out."

At 6:12 A.M., Detective Flavin admitted defeat. An intensive search of the car hadn't disclosed the slightest clue, not the faintest fingerprint. And then, sparked by an idea, he exploded into action. "Let's have another

look at that car!" he said, and half-ran through the door.

Steady pressure on the doorbell awoke Mr. Bartlett, who led them to his car. "I'd say you're 5 feet, 4 inches tall," said Detective Flavin. "Now, let me see." He slid behind the steering wheel. "You drove it back here, Charlie. You're a little more than 6 feet, like me. And speaking of feet, I think our elusive crook has put his foot in it."

At that moment, in a seedy hotel, Ace Harkins stretched his long body, as he lay in bed. He had slept well, confident with the knowledge that his job pulled off the night before had been achieved with cunning success. A rap on the door propelled him to his feet. "Who's there?" he asked, removing a gun from the shoulder holster dangling over a chair.

In reply, the door crashed open under the impact of Detective Flavin's foot. "Drop it!" rasped Sgt. Bevan, and retrieved the pistol.

"Get your coat," said Detective Flavin. "You're coming downtown with us."

"What's this all about? I just got into town yesterday."

"You're going to be in this town for a long time, in jail," said Detective Flavin. "You stole that car last night and held up that restaurant. Don't deny it. We've got you red-handed. And speaking of hands, yours gave you away. You took the precaution of wiping your fingerprints off everything on that car, but you forgot one place."

"Fortunately for us, the car was owned by a short man. Unfortunately for you, you had to move back the seat. You pressed the seat-adjustment lever, and that's where you left your print—and we found it. A comparison with the prints in our files proved it was you. The cabbie who drove you here from the railroad station was easy to locate. You pulled a smart job, Harkins, but I think we police pulled a smarter one. Got your coat?"



BATMAN



# BATMAN

With  
**ROBIN**  
THE BOY WONDER

BOB  
KANE

**H**E'S FAR FASTER THAN A SPEEDING ATOMIC-JET! WITH EASE, HE LEAPS OVER TOWERING BUILDINGS! RAY-BULLETS BOUNCE HARMLESSLY OFF HIS CHEST! IS IT A BIRD? A PLANE? NO--IT'S **BATMAN**! AND THIS TIME, THERE'S A HOST OF SURPRISES FOR THE CAPED CRIME-BUSTER OF GOTHAM CITY, AS HE EMBARKS UPON AN AMAZING OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD ADVENTURE TO BECOME...

**BATMAN--**  
THE  
**SUPERMAN**  
OF  
**PLANET X!**



## BATMAN

AT HIS MANSION, WEALTHY BRUCE WAYNE ARISES IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT--AND, WHILE DONNING A FAMILIAR COSTUME, STARES ODDLY AT HIS SLEEPING WARD, DICK GRAYSON...



SOON, IN THE SLEEK BAT-PLANE...



S-SOMETHING'S WRONG! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? MY HEAD'S SPINNING...



AND, JUST AS SUDDENLY AS IT CAME, THE SPINNING SENSATION DEPARTS...

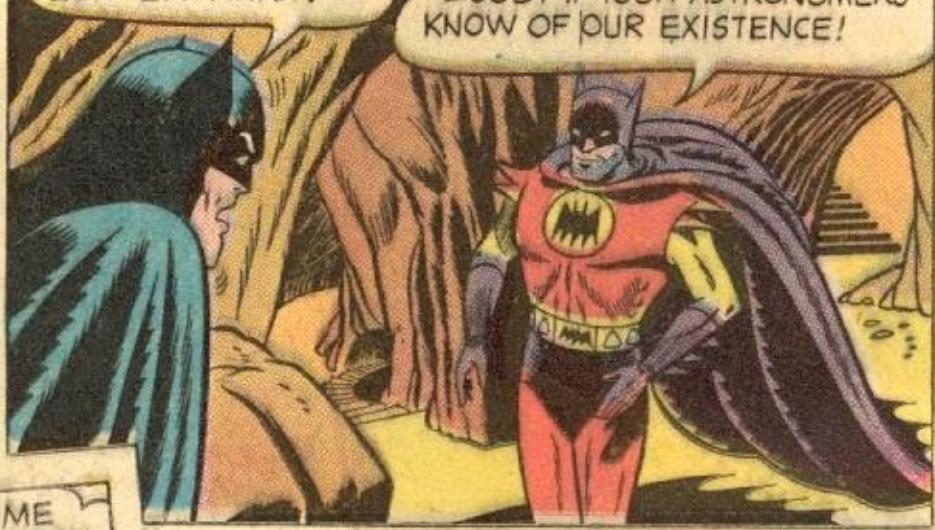


WELCOME, BATMAN, TO THE PLANET ZUR-EN-ARRH! I HAVE MASTERED YOUR LANGUAGE -- SO WE MAY TALK!

STUNNED, THE GREAT CRIME-FIGHTER STARES AT A STRANGE FIGURE--AN UNEARTHLY LIKENESS OF HIMSELF!

THE PLANET ZUR-EN-ARRH?

YES--LOCATED IN A STAR SYSTEM FAR FROM YOURS! I DOUBT IF YOUR ASTRONOMERS KNOW OF OUR EXISTENCE!

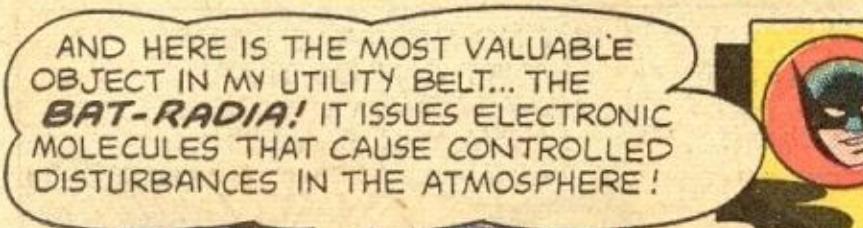


I BROUGHT YOU HERE BY TELEPORTATION-- BODILY TRANSMISSION THROUGH SPACE! MY WORLD NEEDS YOU!

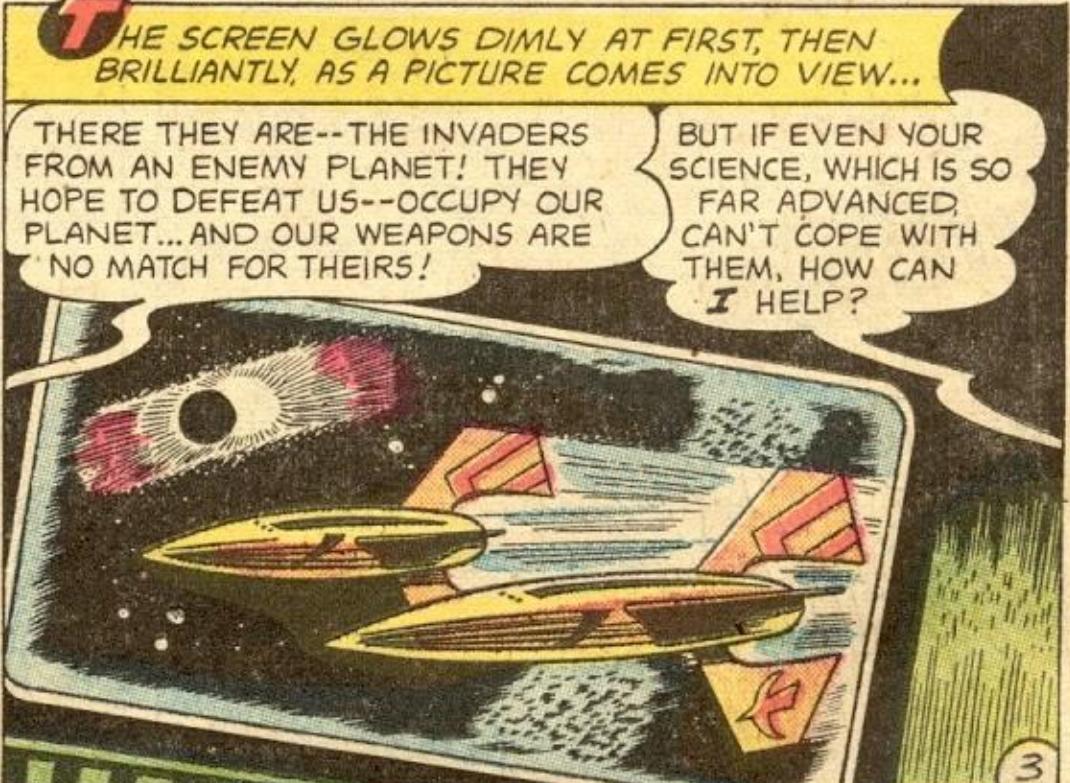
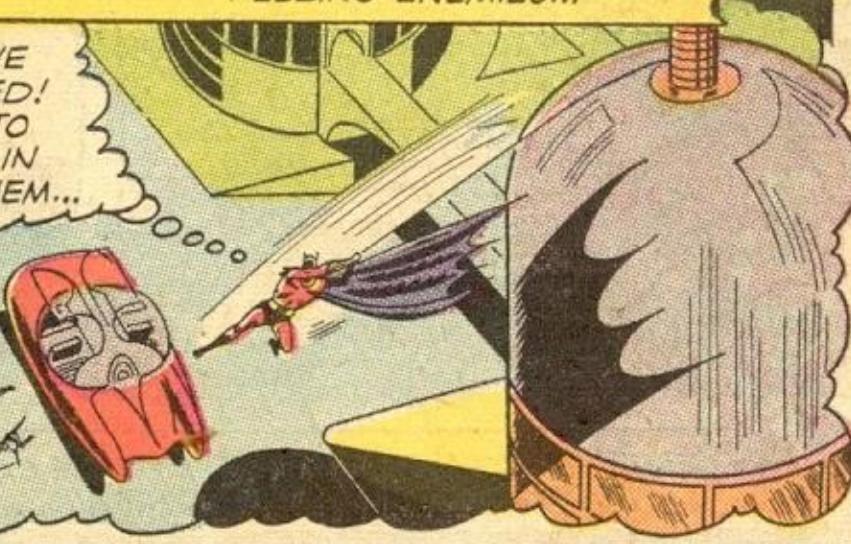
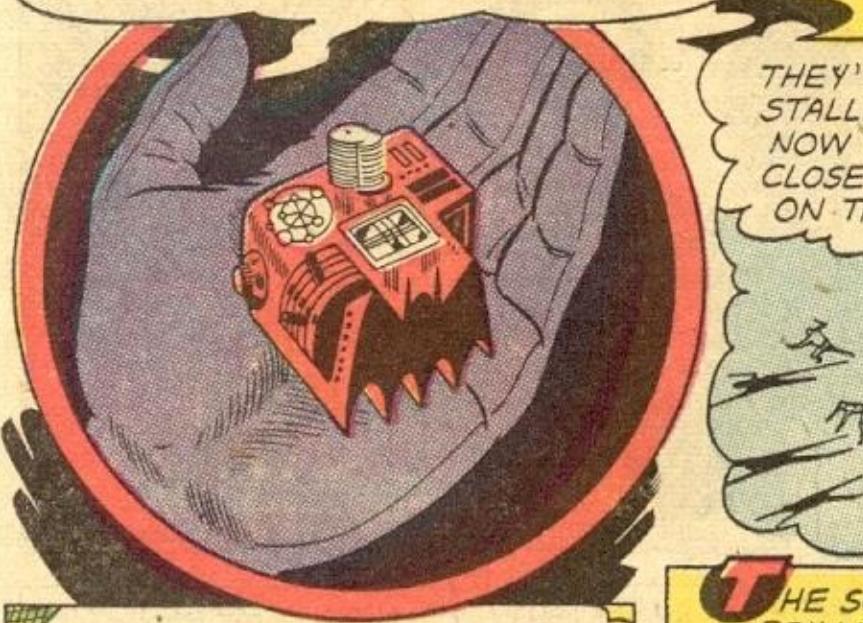
BUT THAT COSTUME YOU WEAR... YOU LOOK LIKE A FUTURISTIC VERSION OF ME!

TRUE... AND THAT'S BECAUSE I'M THE BATMAN OF ZUR-EN-ARRH! THROUGH A POWERFUL TELESCOPE, I'VE OBSERVED YOUR EVERY ACTION! IT INSPIRED ME TO PLAY THE SAME ROLE HERE!



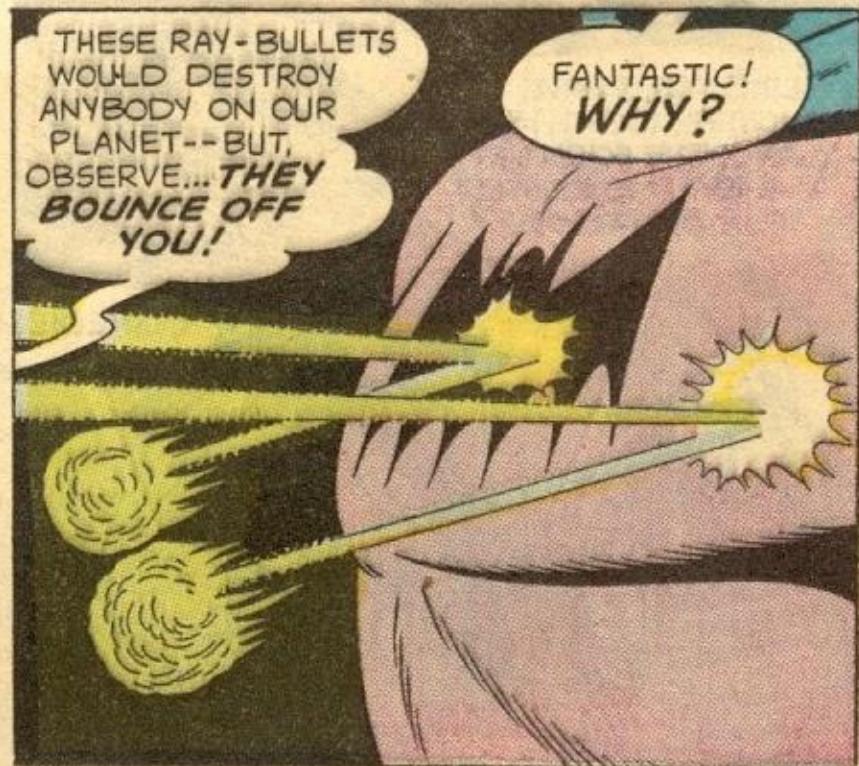
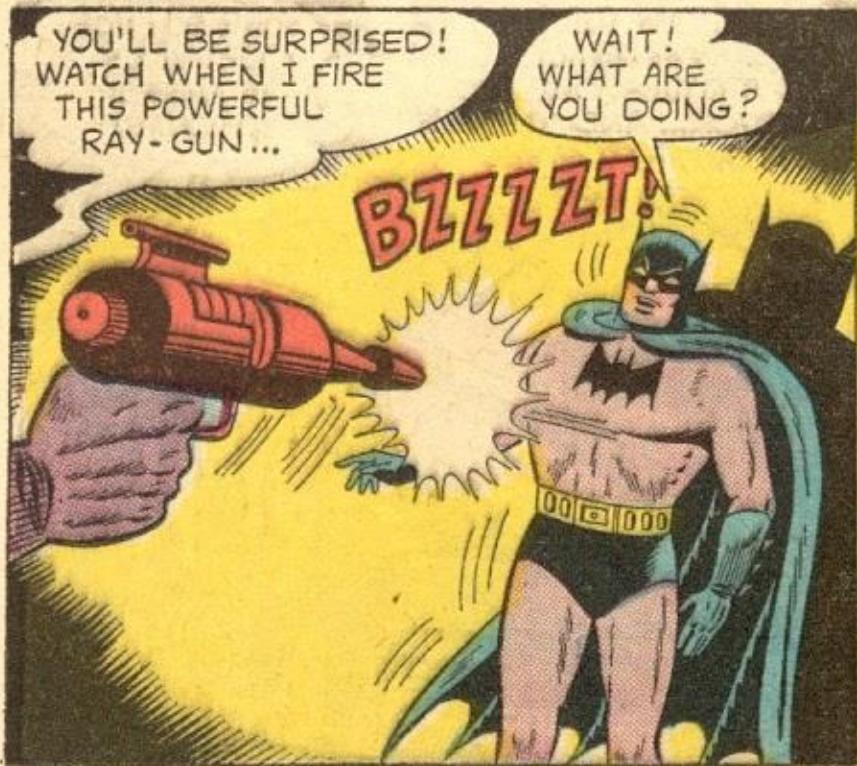


"WITH IT, I AM ABLE TO 'JAM' ATMOSPHERIC MOLECULES -- EVEN RENDER USELESS THE MOTORS OF JET-CARS USED BY FLEEING ENEMIES..."

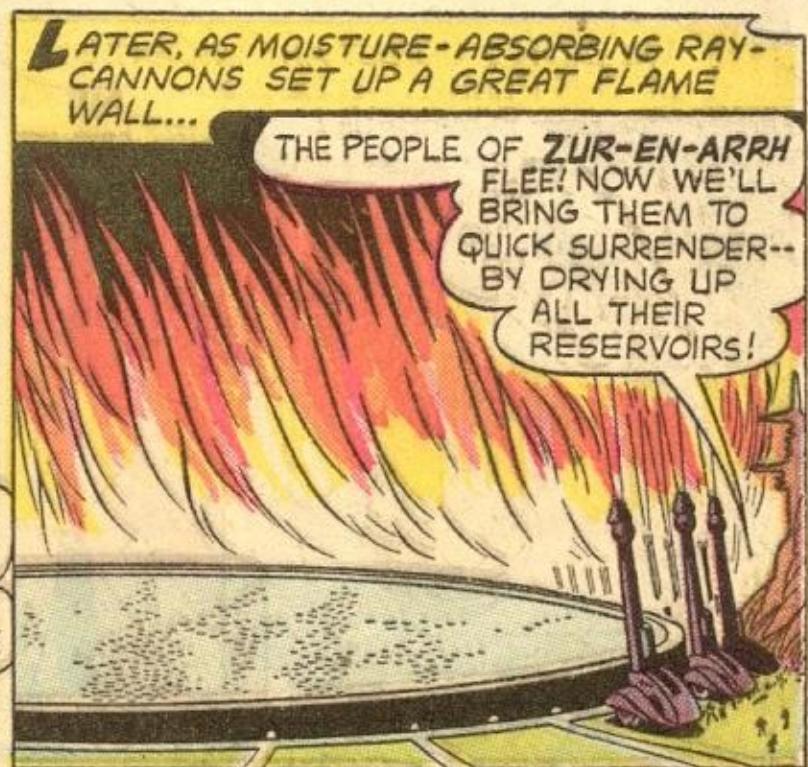
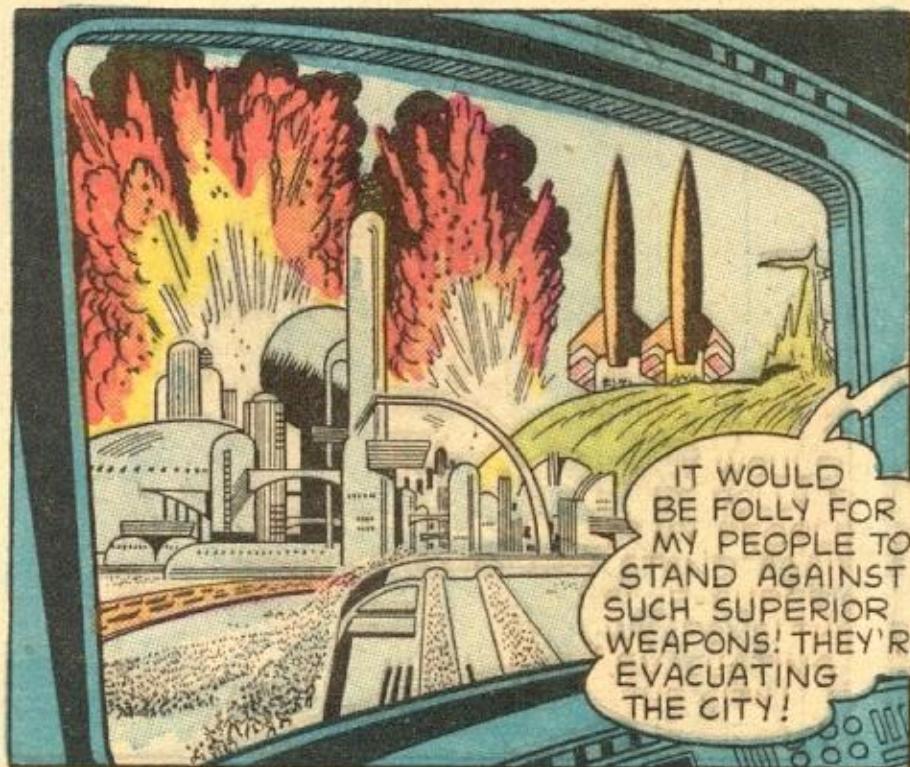
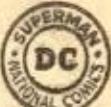




# BATMAN



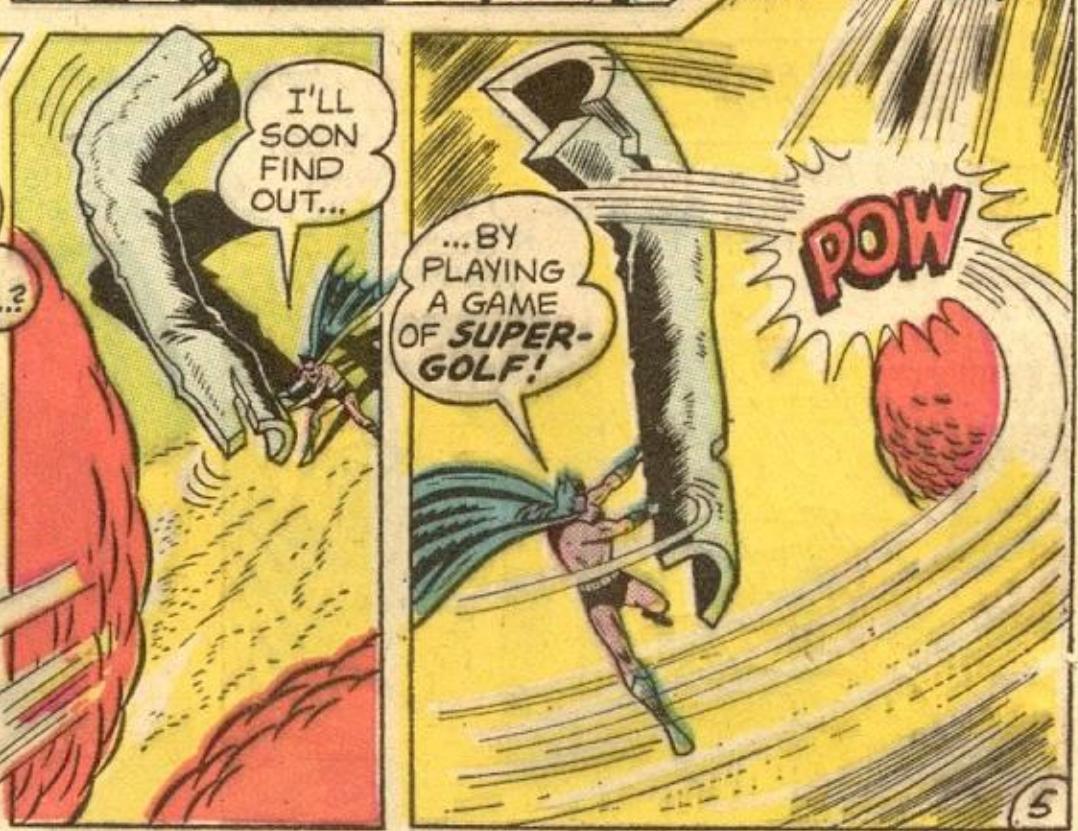
# BATMAN

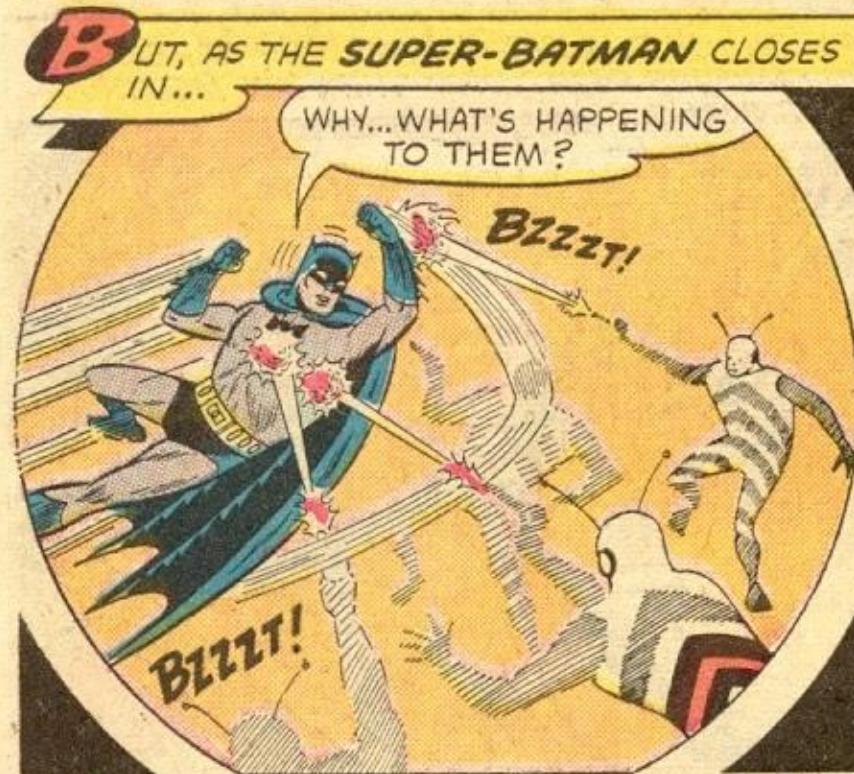
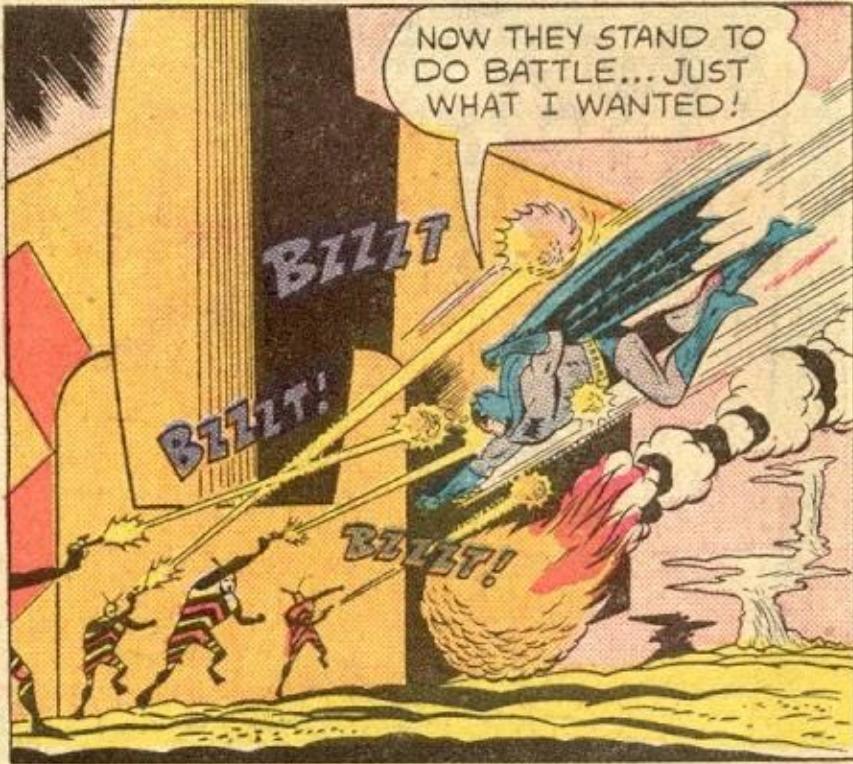


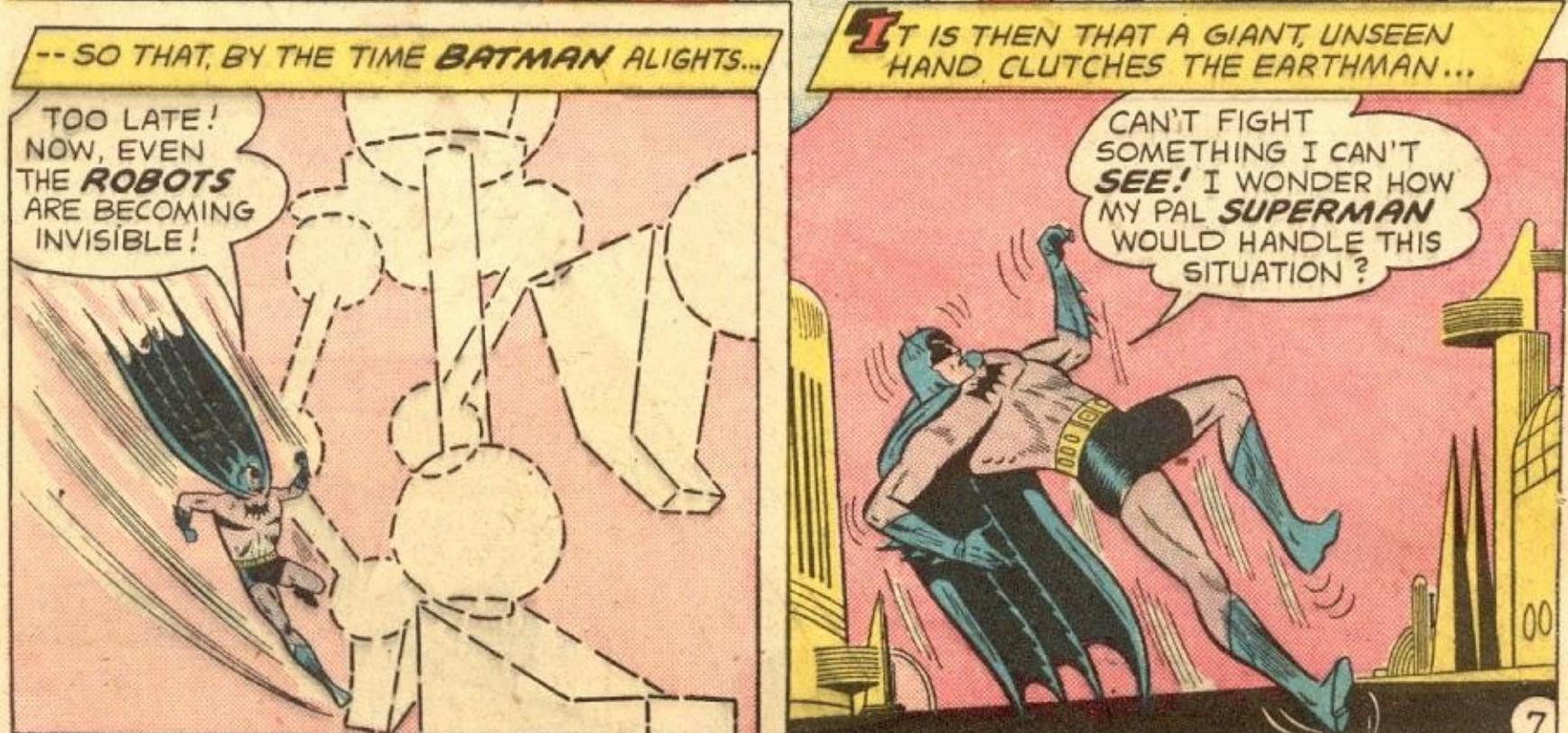
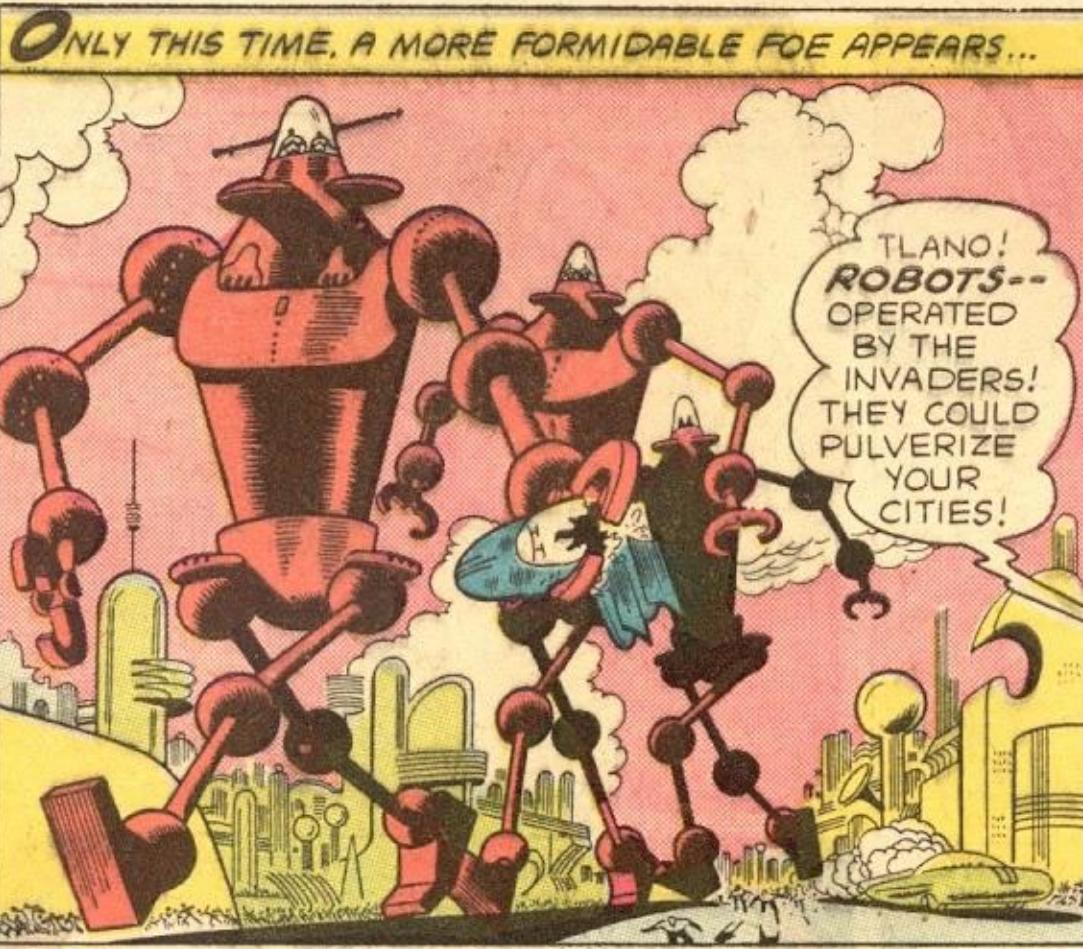
**B**UT, AT THAT MOMENT, AN INCREDIBLE FIGURE SOARS HIGH IN THE AIR, ABOVE THE RAY-BLASTS...



**F**IERY NUCLEAR ORBS, CAPABLE OF DISINTEGRATING ANYTHING IN THEIR PATH, ARE UNLEASHED BY THE INVADERS...

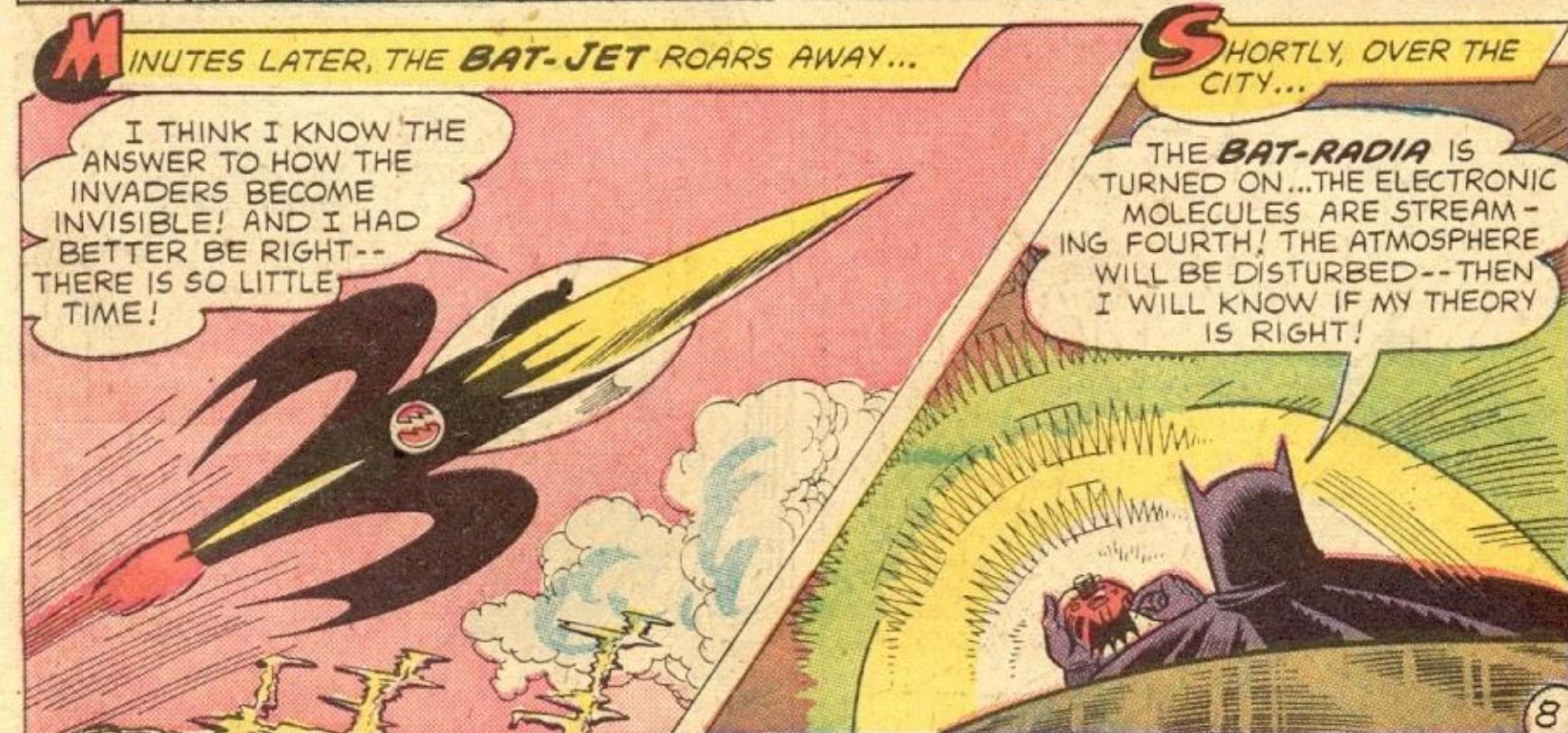
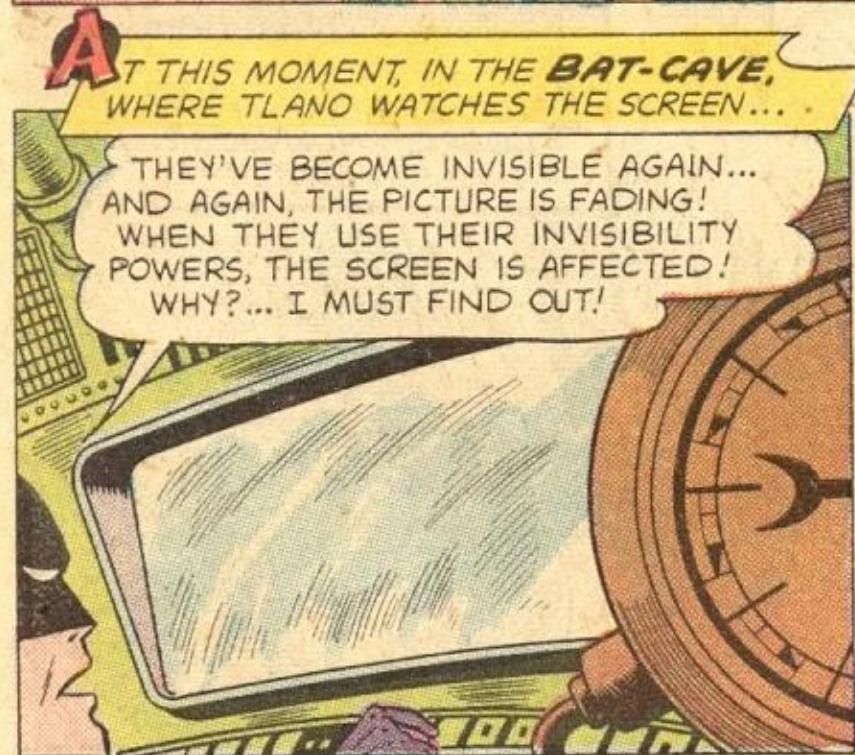








# BATMAN



WHILE DOWN BELOW...

SOMETHING IS WRONG!  
WE ARE BECOMING  
VISIBLE AGAIN--AGAINST  
OUR WILL! SIGNAL  
A RETREAT!

AS THE ROBOTS SCATTER AND FLEE IN  
ALL DIRECTIONS...

THIS  
WRECKED  
RAY-BEAM  
TOWER GIVES  
ME AN IDEA...  
I THINK I CAN  
CORRAL THEM  
ALL AT  
ONCE!

SUPER-STRONG FINGERS  
EASILY CRUSH THE TOWER--  
AND, BY STRAINING THE METAL  
THROUGH HIS HANDS, BAT-  
MAN FASHIONS A LENGTH  
OF STRONG WIRE...

THIS STUNT OFTEN WORKS  
FOR SUPERMAN ON EARTH...  
NO REASON WHY IT CAN'T  
WORK FOR ME ON THIS  
PLANET!

SOON, WITH A MILE-LONG  
"LARIAT" THE SUPER-BATMAN  
AGAIN TAKES TO THE AIR...

THIS SHOULD BE  
ONE OF THE BIGGEST  
ROUND-UPS ON  
RECORD!

LASSOED AROUND THE ANKLES,  
THE ROBOTS CRASH TO THE  
GROUND...

FLEE! FLEE!  
TO THE  
ROCKET  
SHIPS!

THEN, AS A DIMINUTIVE BUT SUPER-POWERFUL  
FIGURE HOISTS THE METAL MONSTERS  
SKYWARD...

FOR THE COMPLETION  
OF THIS STUNT, WE'LL  
HAVE A...

...JUNK  
PILE!

CRASH!



# BATMAN



**T**HUS, WITH THE ROBOT FORCE DESTROYED...

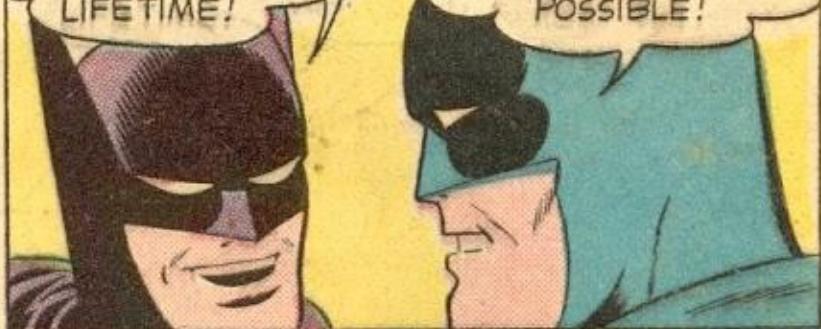
THERE GO THE INVADERS, BATMAN-- AND HAPPY TO BE ON THEIR WAY!



WHAT'S MORE, I'M SURE WE NEED NEVER FEAR THEIR RETURN!

THEY'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF YOU TO LAST THEM A LIFETIME!

I'M ANXIOUS TO KNOW HOW YOU SOLVED THE INVISIBILITY PROBLEM! THAT'S WHAT MADE VICTORY POSSIBLE!



SINCE THE **TELE-VIEW SCREEN** AND THE **BAT-RADIA** WERE AFFECTED WHENEVER THEY TURNED ON THE POWER, IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT THEY WERE USING AN ELECTRICAL FORCE TO BEND LIGHT RAYS AROUND THEM-- CAUSING INVISIBILITY!



THE ELECTRONIC-MOLECULAR SHOWER FROM THE **BAT-RADIA** OFFSET THEIR ELECTRIC FORCE, MAKING THEM VISIBLE AGAIN! BUT COME-- YOU MUST BE READY TO RETURN TO YOUR WORLD!

YES-- EVEN THOUGH IT HAS BEEN FUN PLAYING **SUPERMAN** ON YOUR PLANET!



**L**ATER, AT THE **BAT-CAVE**...

I REALIZE YOU'D ACCEPT NO MORE THAN MY PLANET'S THANKS FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE! BUT AT LEAST TAKE THE **BAT-RADIA** WITH YOU! IT WON'T WORK IN YOUR ATMOSPHERE-- BUT I'D LIKE IT TO BE IN YOUR TROPHY ROOM!

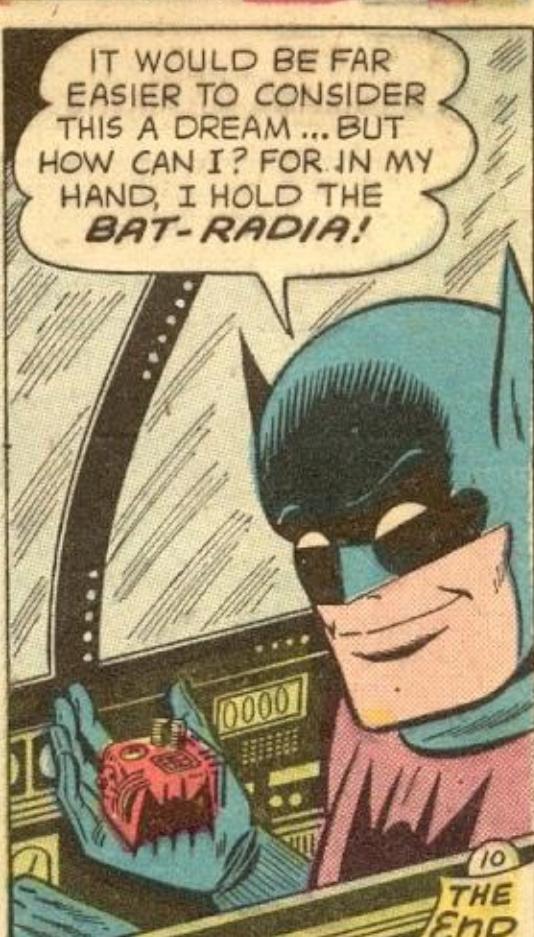
IT'LL BE A CONSTANT REMINDER OF ONE OF MY STRANGEST ADVENTURES!

**T**LANO THROWS A SWITCH-- AND, INSTANTLY, **BATMAN** IS BACK OVER GOTHAM CITY...

IN THE **BAT-PLANE** AGAIN! WHY, I'VE ONLY BEEN GONE FOR A FEW SECONDS-- WHICH WERE HOURS ON PLANET X!



IT WOULD BE FAR EASIER TO CONSIDER THIS A DREAM ... BUT HOW CAN I? FOR IN MY HAND, I HOLD THE **BAT-RADIA**!



10  
THE END

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