EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION: "THE ADVENTURES OF ALFRED"
Editorial Advisory Board
of The
SUPERMAN DC
COMIC MAGAZINES

JOSEPH FRANK
Consultant on Child Research
Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLLICAN
Dean Emeritus of English Literature,
New York University

DR. W. W. D. SONES
Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh

DR. ROBERT THORNOKE
Director of Educational Psychology,
Teachers College, Columbia University

C. GENE TUNNEY U.S.N.R.
Executive Board Boy Scout Foundation
and Member Board of Directors,
Corinne Youth Corps

The following magazines all bear this trademark on your guarantee of the best in comic reading.

9 MONTHLY MAGAZINES
ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
DETECTIVE COMICS
FLASH COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS

6 BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINES
Issued every other month!
ALL-FLASH
ALL-STAR COMICS
BATMAN
MUTT & JEFF
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN

4 QUARTERLY MAGAZINES
Issued every third month!
BOY COMMANDOS
COMIC CAVALCADE
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE

The War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the size of pages. TOORX FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly until the completion of the war. All-flash, all-star, comics, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will be published in the same manner. Picture stories from the Bible only for a year for the duration.
REALITY MAKES MEN DO STRANGE THINGS, \nFOR IT IS A HEAVY WINE THAT CONQUERS \nREASON AND OBSCURES THE SIGHT BUT \nWHEN A FAIR DAMOSEL TAKES HEARTS BY \nSTORM AND BARTERS THEM IN A CROOKED \nGAME OF GAIN THEN BEWARE THE RIGHT- \nEOUS WRATH OF THE ROMANTIC ROMEO! \nTHE BATMAN AND ROBIN FIND A CRIME \nNEST CONCEALED BEHIND A HEART- \nFEST WHEN CUPID'S DARTS HURL HAVOC \nINTO THEIR HAPPY HOUSEHOLD IN THE \nTALE OF... \n
"THE DUPED DOMESTICS!"
When Bruce Wayne's morning begins with a vain search for a missing slipper that should be next to his bed...

...and his clean shirts are not in their proper place...

-- and he eats a half-cooked breakfast which ends with the coffee being spilled on his lap!

...then even the easy-going Playboy can lose patience with his Butler, Alfred-- usually a jewel of efficiency!

What's come over you, Alfred? The whole house is upset. There isn't a thing in its proper place. You act as if you're in a trance. Maybe that strenuous reducing course you went through made you ill!

Ill? Yes, Sir... in a manner of speaking, sir...

Days pass and Alfred remains in a "state."

Alfred served dinner tonight like a man walking in his sleep.

Well, I wish he'd stick to his battling and leave the detective work to us. Which reminds me-- Batman and Robin have an appointment with Commissioner Gordon this evening.

Yes, and we'd better get going or we'll be late!

Outer garments removed, Bruce Wayne and his ward, Dick Grayson become those famed companions of mystery-- the Batman and Robin.

The police have been tearing their hair out over these robberies. The crooks seem to know exactly when the houses are empty, exactly how the burglar alarm system works, and even where the valuables are kept!
Presently

We've been doing everything possible for the past week, Commissioner, but so far there's not been a trace of a clue.

My whole department is up in the air, Batman-- you've got to succeed in this.

Commissioner Gordon is in a tough spot. The whole city is on his neck.

If only we had some kind of clue.

Well do our best.

Suddenly, as the crouching Batmobile rounds a corner...

Either you come across with dat pitcher or we're going it outa you!

No-- release me, I sough! Let go!

Robin, look! Those thugs are attacking that butler!

There's only a big toinover in Butlers' dese days.

Brutes! Scoundrels!

Aah-- here it is!

It's bottom, the Van Houten's man!

Swiftly two caped figures streak to the rescue of the embattled butler.

Never batter a butler when I'm around!

No gentleman would attack a gentleman!
This ought to make an impression on you.

Oh, yeah?

Guess they've had enough but what were they after?

Er—well, the truth is Mr. Batman they stole my photograph of the girl I—well you see she's a maid at Mr. Craven's place, and...

1-er—helped myself to her picture when I attended the servant's ball given last week at Mr. Craven's home but I haven't any idea why those blackguards should try to get it away from me.

The servant's ball? Oh... Yes—Craven bought the old puerile mansion and threw a ball for the neighborhood servants to outtax his swanky neighbors, eccentric sort of chap I hear.

Still—why should anyone want to steal a maid's photograph?

Probably her real boy friend got jealous.

Of course! I remember now, when I told Belinda about it she asked me to return it and warned me that her boy friend would be angry.

Here's hoping Alfred has snapped out of his haze long enough to do a little cooking!

Ah, if I could only be like Batman, I could sweep Belinda off her feet!
I still think it might be safer to eat in a restaurant, these burlesques are enough trouble without having Inquisition on top of it. "I'm afraid I'll have to lay down the law to Alfred. After all, there can't be any real reason for his queer behavior."

No reason? Alfred's antics during his master's absence seem to indicate otherwise.

"Hmm... a bit on the disagreeable side, but still a sight to captivate the heart of a fair maid. Now to go forth and conquer."

At last! A clue to Alfred's queer conduct. Yet who would have dreamed that a romantic heart beat beneath that starched shirt front!

...and this time, I intend to be firm. After all, am I not the sole confidante of the Batman and Robin, and therefore a person of consequence?

Alfred's destination—A secluded bench in Gotham Park.

Belinda—a familiar name. "But Alfred seems well aware that his heart's desire has captured the affection of others."

What is half an hour when love is eternal? Besides, I know you've been going out with all the other servants in the neighborhood. Really, I resent such pickiness in one so fair.

Belinda: Your fair presence adds beauty to the scene.

Why should I go out just with you?

Well, if you must know... I'm not just an ordinary butler. An how astonished you would be were I at liberty to reveal my important connections!

So, you find it hard to believe? Do you? Well, suppose I told you that I was a close friend of the Batman?

The Batman don't make me laugh. "Hmm... if the Batman is really your friend, why can't I meet him?"
Meet the Batman? Well, er, you see, it would be rather difficult... getting in touch with him, you know... sure, because you don’t know the Batman from Adam.

Is that so? Then I’ll just show you. You wait here and I’ll see that you meet the Batman. I can’t be back myself because—er—I’ve some important business to transact.

Will Alfred keep his promise? Alas who knows to what an outraged heart may stoop later...

I know I shouldn’t do this, but surely Mr. Wayne will be indulgent... Lucky I know where he keeps his spare Batman costume!

Sorry, Alfred approaches the appointed spot...

Am, you must be Belinda, my very dear friend Alfred told me I would find you here.

It’s really he lucky I wore this will but he certainly lost weight since.

Oh Batman!

Yes! Indeed a remarkable man, that Alfred he’s often saved my life when we were in tight spots. Naturally he’s too modest to take the credit.

Indeed? I can hardly believe it!
Beware, Alfred!

"...and as a detective, Alfred is simply wonder-Awk!"

As the false Batman is cunningly caught, the beautiful Belinda reveals herself as that ruthless queen of roguery -- the Catwoman!

What a prize with the Batman out of the way, we've nothing to worry about!

Hum? I thought the Batman'd weigh more than this!

But while the harried Alfred is being carried off to whatever grim fate his cunning captor has contrived...

Strange as he's been acting lately, it's not like him to go off this way. Let's have a look in his room.

Huh? What's this? Alfred's been writing poetry.

Poetry? Well, why didn't we think of that before? The big lug must be in love!

Funny Alfred doesn't seem to be around. He didn't say he was going out.

Holy smoke! Belinda again! That gal certainly gets around! First Bottom and now Alfred. I wonder how many others...

Come to think of it, some of the stuff in that poem reminds me of someone but I can't remember who...

If we're both thinking of the same person, it's fantastic... but it makes sense! Dick, I've got a funny hunch that Belinda is the Catwoman!

Fair Belinda's felline grace
That other beauty
to dispense
Her feline tread,
Her purring voice...
Makes way for the descent of my choice.

Ha-ha--Imagine Alfred writing such corny stuff!
The Catwoman!

Of course! But what makes you think it's really she?

Those robberies belied his wide acquaintances with the local butlers. The fact that no ordinary maid would be so anxious to get a photograph out of circulation... besides, a man in love notices many things about a woman, and if that poem doesn't describe the Catwoman perfectly—oh, we've got work to do over at the Craven place.

Suddenly—a grim surprise as a smiling host becomes a sinister hood. All right, boys—grab 'em, up with the Duke's Mammoth's boy.

Huh? What's the meaning of this?

I understand that you own quite a number of priceless antiques, and since this will be our last job, in this section of the country we want to do it thoroughly. Your keys naturally will be a help.

But if the Catwoman is posing as a maid there, hadn't we better go as Batman and Robin?

No, we're still not sure. This time we're going to pay a neighborly visit to Mr. Craven so we can do some quiet sniping around.

And I felt that since we're neighbors we owed you a visit. Come right in, sir! Delighted.

The Catwoman! Why, they're all in league! How clever of you, Mr. Wayne, and how nice of you to drop in. We were going to rob your place anyway, but now that you're here, we can drop over and remove your valuables at our leisure. We no longer need trouble about Alfred's unwillingness to reveal when you were out.

You can't do this to me! Don't get so excited! All you'll have plenty of chance to cool off in here, not to mention that you'll be in distinguished company!
OOF... M-H-H...

SAY--AM I SEEING THINGS?

WHAT'S THIS OR DO I SMELL A BUTLER UNDER THOSE CLOTHES?

KA CHOO

I-I M-MUST O-O-CONFESS... SIR-I'VE BEEN INDULGING IN A B-BIT OF-
ER-CAMOUFLAGE, IN THE NAME OF D-DAN CURIO, SIR.

WELL, "BATMAN" SEE IF YOU CAN GET US OUT OF THIS ONE!

I CAN'T HELP LAUGHING... HE FANCIES HIMSELF A DETECTIVE AND
ALL THE TIME HE'S BEEN COURTING THE CATWOMAN!

B-S BEGIN YOUR P-PARDON SIR, AND WITH ALL D-DUE R-RRESPECT TO
MY AFFAIR OF THE HEART, HOW ARE WE O-O-G-G-OING TO O-O-R
LOOSE? THESE KNOTS ARE TOO TIGHT!

NOT MUCH CHANCE OF THAT-- THEY'RE TOO HIGH!

HMM... THREE HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE... WHY NOT
THREE GOOSES? ALFRED ROLL OVER ON YOUR STOMACH

USH... MY P-P-POOR D-D DIGESTION WILL BE RUINED F-F-FOREVER
IF I M-N-NOT CRUSHED TO D-DEATH.

NOW DICK YOU B-BIT... IF TH-S WORKS ALFRED YOU'LL DESERVE A MEDAL!

ON MY STOMACH?

NOT QUITE, BRUCE!

I CAN'T LIFT YOU ANY HIGHER! HOW ABOUT IT, ALFRED? CAN YOU
STRAIN YOURSELF ANOTHER NCH OR SO?

T'S WORKING STEADY BELOW.

IF YOU HAD USED YOUR HEAD IN THE FIRST PLACE YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE.
HERE THEY GO -- WOOPS!

Seconds later, freed of the R Bond's three strong bodies, tied against the refrigerator door.

OOF!

OH! All together now.

Dear me, I can't keep up with them anymore. I must sit down and catch my breath.

Puff-puff... How do you like that for nerve? If anybody asks questions, they just show my keys and I look like Leg-T-Mate.

I know a place where we can get what'll swell out plenty of dough for De Hunk of Crookery.

Hey... I'm sein' times! When I get through with you, you'll be sein' bars!

This is how I like to do business -- right out in the open.
RIGHT WHERE YOU BELONG IN THE JUG!

THIS OUGHT TO GIVE YOUR FACE A NICE ANTIQUE FINISH!

HERE'S THE LATEST IN EXTERIOR DECORATIONS, VAT!

YOU MEAN THAT DON'T YOU?

OOF— I'VE BEEN RAMMED!

AND AT THAT MOMENT, WATCHFUL EYES WONDER AT AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW.

OH—OH ROBIN, MUST HAVE FRIED THE BATMAN I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE'D SHOW UP! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

THE CATWOMAN— WHERE IS SHE?

NO! THIS TIME I'VE GOT A GOOD START AND... AWK! BATMAN! HOW DID YOU GET HERE SO FAST?

HOW DID THE BATMAN MANAGE IT! OR PERHAPS—YES, IT IS—IT'S ALFRED!

WELL, WHAT AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY TO PAY OFF A LITTLE DEBT FOR MY GOOD FRIEND ALFRED. A LITTLE SPANKING WILL DO THE TRICK AND ELUDE ME. IT WILL HURT YOU MORE THAN IT WILL ME.
Let us be discreet and withdraw as Alfred pays his private debt to the Catwoman. Back at the Wayne house some minutes later...

You certainly got here fast.

Nice work, Batman! Commissioner Gordon'll be able to sleep tonight. Too bad the Catwoman got away!

Well, the gang's on their way to Jug, but what about the Catwoman?

And Alfred hasn't shown up yet. Where can he be? I hear footsteps outside.

Look! It's the Catwoman and all— I mean Batman!

It's beginning to look as if two Batmen are better than one!

If I may use your phone, Mr. Wayne. I'd like to notify the police of an important capture.

Er, by all means, Batman.

I and you can sit down while you're waiting, Catwoman.

Later...

I don't believe the Catwoman would care to sit down just yet, Mr. Wayne... Hello, Police Headquarters?

Er, yes. I'd rather stand.

And she admitted that she and Graven rented the house and held a servant's ball so she could get acquainted. Then she played fast and loose with all of us to obtain information.

Perhaps so, sir. But think of my wounded affections and the effect of my romance on your digestion.

Er, by the way, if I may be so bold, I think I make rather a good Batman, sir.

And she said, "Too good according to the Catwoman, Alfred." I still think Alfred that you were rather drastic with her.

END
ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

The Caves Secret

Well, whatta you know! The wire goes into this cave...

Womp, womp. We're on it, Quickie!

But me, R.C., and my pal, Quickie are taking a stroll through the woods near their camp. Suddenly, quickie trips.

Hey, Quickie, what's up? It looks like there's something going on.

Heh, heh, heh. Maybe I should go inside and check it out.

Heh, heh, heh. Maybe it's something that needs investigation.

O.K. You Jap Rat! Maybe this will take that silly grin off your face.

I'm not sure, but it looks like we're going to have to investigate.

This is one lemming. I'm in high school, how do you like that?

Now I get it. The best taste cola? You can't drink a medal.

Not better. Quicker. It's the best. The best tasting cola you can get.

Western Star

Johnny Mack Brown says...

He's plenty right. It does taste best.

"Yes, this, Royal Crown Cola's the champ, it's all right!" says Johnny Mack Brown. Johnny tasted the whole thing without any hesitation and chose Royal Crown Cola as best. Taste Test. Try it today.
"Hello, Eastern Telegraph: I want to send a telegram. Ready? Here it is...

Dear Reader,
Following story of Batman and Robin is a slam-bang yarn of a clever criminal with an unusual scheme, you will be surprised by the story's twists and thrilled by its wild and exciting climax.

Yes, that's the message. Sign it, the Editor, and rush it out at once. I think you'll make better time if you send it with...

'DICK GRAYSON, TELEGRAPH BOY!"
Perhaps the concern over Robin's absence makes Batman uneasy... but at any rate... dat's da ticket. Okay, Lugs... let's lam outa here before da coppers nab us.

Later... the now conscious Batman listens to the ranting of Police Commissioner Gordon... how does this ghost gang know precisely when money or jewels are transferred? How do they locate secret wall safes and know the combinations?

Conferences concerning valuable shipments are held in rooms where even the windows are locked. No dictaphones are found... yet somehow, the ghost gang knows everything! How? How?

But the ghost gang's not the only problem of the Batman. Alias Bruce Wayne Society soon.

Alfred, where's Dick been running to these afternoons? It's the first time he's ever kept secrets from me.

I shouldn't worry, Master Wayne. Whatever his purpose, Sir, I imagine it is an honest one.

And at that very moment, Dick himself walks from a building clad in a uniform.

Eastern Telegram! Sign here, please!

Holy cow, the kid's a Telegraph Boy!
**And then, one noon...**

I never thought to have to climb a mountain to a telescopic observatory to deliver a telegram.

**An hour later as Bruce Wayne is about to enter his secret underground crime laboratory to do some experimenting...**

Company somebody has discovered the Batman's identity.

- That guy is a scientist, then, Einstein! And I'm positive I've seen that face in a rogue's gallery file.
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?

DICK!??!

HELLO...I GUESS I WAS KIND OF SILLY TO SNEAK IN LIKE THIS, BUT I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO SEE ME!

THIS, Perhaps?

DON'T WANN... THAT UNIFORM! WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS YOUNGSTER?

OH... I... I JUST GOT MYSELF A JOB AS A TELEGRAPH BOY.

A... A JOB? YOU DON'T NEED THE MONEY! I GIVE YOU AN ALLOWANCE! Besides, you've got homework to do after school... and crooks hunting to do in your spare time.

Bruce, I... I just can't explain now, besides, that isn't really important compared to what I've just learned.

Dick relates his encounter with the tough at the observatory...

... so I came back here and got his pic from our crime file. He's no optic... that's who.

They can't upset us coming up the rear of the building, by way of this old back road... say... what do you look so worried about?

Optik! That crook! I hope you don't mind my taking you away from your very important work... but now I've got some real work ahead of us!

Well... gee... in my lunch hour, I've got to get back soon or I'll lose my job!
INSIDE THE HIGH, VAULTED OBSERVATORY

YOU CAN'T KEEP ME A PRISONER FOREVER! MY ASSOCIATES ARE SURE SOMETHING'S WRONG!

SURE, IF YOU AREN'T YOU?

B.A.T.M.A.N.

NOW HE FIND US!

YEAAH, THAT'S RIGHT! I THINK THE GHOST GANG WILL PULL ONE MORE BIG JOB AND THEN RE-RE AND SO WILL YOU UNDERSTAND?

YOU HAVE SOMETHING THERE, PAL!

LOOK AT THAT GUY! HE'S GOT WINGS!

GET HIM BEFORE HE GETS US!

NOT ONLY WINGS-LEGS, TOO!

ULP!

BULLS-EYE BATMAN, THAT'S ME!

Meantime...

AND I USED TO THINK SLIDING DOWN A BANNISTER WAS FUN!
WHERE RIGHT ON THE DOME!

IN A SURPRISE MOVE, OPTIK RESORTS TO AN OLD COWARDLY BUT ALWAYS EFFECTIVE RUSE.

QUIT HOPPIN' AROUND YOU MONKEYS, OR THE PROFESSOR GETS HIS NOW!

DON'T MIND ME BATMAN JUST KEEP PUNCHING!

SOREY PROFESSOR HENDRICKS, BUT I LIKE YOU ALL THE SAME AND WHERE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE OKAY OPTIK WE'LL QUIT.

SURE WE PICK OUT SOME PLACE WHERE THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHIN' BIG AIN'T... AND THEN DEAFY HERE GETS TO WORK.

OF COURSE! AN OBSERVATORY TELESCOPE THAT SEES FOR COUNTLESS DISTANCES IN THE SKY CAN BRING ANY POINT IN THE CITY SO CLOSE YOU'D THINK YOU WERE STANDING BESIDE IT.

SURE! WE PICK OUT SOME PLACE WHERE THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHIN' BIG AIN'T... AND THEN DEAFY HERE GETS TO WORK.

HE SAYS THEY'RE GONNA TRANSFER TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS AT THREE O'CLOCK TODAY.

SEE HOW WE KNOW EVERYTHING, BATMAN! DEAFY READ THEIR LIPS!

GOT THAT BANK... THE PRESIDENT'S TALKIN' TO SOME IMPORTANT LOOKIN' GUY IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE... HE'S LOCKIN' THE POOR NOW... CLOSIN' THE WINDOWS.
IT'S NEAR THREE O'CLOCK NOW, BOSS. WHAT'LL WE DO ABOUT THEM BEFORE WE GET STARTED?

I JUST GOT A HOT IDEA! TIE 'EM AND THE PROFESSOR TO THAT STAIR RAILING.

SWEETLY, TOM ARTUDES THE TELESCOPE SO THAT IT POINTS UP AT THE SUN.

AGAIN SO MANY LOOSE PARTS LAYING AROUND. FIRST I'LL SET THE DRUM-CLOCK AND ELECTRICAL CONTROL THAT I'LL START THE TELESCOPE MOVING, THEN REMOVE THE SUN FILTERS.

AND WHEN THE WAR OF NOTIONS STARTS THE TELESCOPE MOVING ON ITS BASE SO THAT IT AUTOMATICALLY FOLLOWS THE PATH OF THE SUN.

SURE. SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT BATMAN. WE GONNA BE BUSTED, BUT NOT WITH GAS. HAW HAW.

THAT'S A DIRTY LAUGH IF I EVER...

BATMAN! LOOK!

THE TELESCOPE IS NOW A MONSTER MAGNIFYING GLASS THAT FOCUSES THE SUN RAYS INTO ONE BLAZING POINT OR CONCENTRATED HEAT LIGHT. ONCE IT REACHES US WE'LL BE BURNED TO A CRISP.

DEATH BY THE SUN! DEATH THAT MOVES SLOWLY INNOCENTLY - AND LEAVES A SMOKING AND CHARRED TRAIL.

BATMAN, YOU'VE GOTTA THINK OBJECTIVELY. I'M TRYING TO IF WE COULD MAYBE WE WAIT A LITTLE UNTIL JUST... REACH IT.

GOT IT? NOW IF ONLY I CAN HOLD IT AT THE RIGHT ANGLE.

AH YES, BATMAN. I UNDERSTAND VERY CLEVER...
HOPE I DON'T GET A HOT FOOT HERE GOES!

AND MIRACULOUSLY

THE TELESCOPE & STOPPED MOVING THAT SAME TIME HOW?!

IT WAS A TELESCOPE MIRROR ATTACHMENT USED FOR LONG STUDY OF THE SKY

MINUTES LATER-

SIR, THOSE WIRES WERE TIGHT / OLD STUFF NOW. ALL WE DO IS GET TO THAT BANK AND NAIL THOSE CIRCUITS IN THE ACT.

AREN'T YOU FOR GETTING YOU DON'T KNOW WHICH BANK?

BOYS, THE ACORN EXCHANGE BANK IS OURS FOR A SURPRISE.

THAT'S RIGHT AND THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF THEM IN GOTHAM CITY.

IT'S THE ACORN EXCHANGE BANK, WE WOULDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES - PHONE GORDON TO GET THERE AHEAD OF US.

BUT THE BEST LAG PLAN OF NICE AND MEN.

RATS, YOU MEAN BELLES? THEY SLIPPED THROUGH OUR NETS AND ONLY MANAGED TO BAG ONE.

EVEN BORDON WHERE ARE THE RATS?

PART OF OUR SPECIAL TRAINING, PROFESSOR BATMAN AND I CAN READ LIPS ALSO OPTIC'S OWN TRICK HAS BOOMERANGS!

QUIZ TIME... AND NO ANSWER TO THE $64 QUESTION.

OPTIC'S DON'T CATCH ANY LOST IN THE OBSERVATORY WHERE'S YOUR OTHER H DELOIT?

COME ON, COMMISSIONER, WE WOULDN'T TALK.
Then to his own head comes blackness, a blindfold, a buzz of secret conversation—two loud voices...

Then Commissioner Gordon, I may do as I wish with the prisoner!

Yes, Professor Hendricks. He's all yours. I just got him out of my sight!

Hey, Professor. Where ya took me? What's da idea?

You'll find out soon enough!

Suddenly the whole sky seems to drop sickeningly. The moon lurches...

Yow! What's happenin'?

Don't be alarmed. Everything will be all right in just a moment. My space ship has just left Earth.

Just left Earth! You're crazy! It ain't true!

Oh! It's true! At this rate of speed we should reach the moon within an hour. See for yourself how much larger the moon is now!

We shall be the first Earthmen to land on the moon. Separated from man, all alone on an alien, dead world!

I wanna go home, why d'ya have to take me along?

To punish you! We nothing to live for. Back on Earth your men have done me by using my observatory for criminal purposes. Perhaps if I could recover the loot... locate opp k 8 h about 33.

It's the warehouse on Perry Street. Now let's get back to Earth.
There's really no need, Egghead. You never left.

Batman: Lights 'da sky disappears! I'm goin' crazy!

Not crazy. Just confused. Now I suggest we remove my space ship.

Yes, nice of the local movie company to lend us the stuff from their prop department!

No mountain, not even any sky. Maybe I ain't even here...

Yes, at the local museum. That fantastic projection machine throws the pictures of the stars and moon against the building dome. It can illustrate any of the heavenly bodies.

Luckily, I am connected with the museum. So we decided to frighten you into talking by using science.

And we can stop you all from talk'n 'em in 'suns.' Y' see, Batman. We decided to come back to get Egghead and was just 'n time to see you run away with 'm. So we followed 'm. Nice show ya put on!

Thanks, Optik! Wait 'til you see the show we'll put on now.

Get in! He put out the lights.

I'm going to do more than just that.

And unwittingly Batman, he sets the reel he thus falls against the planetarium's control board— and jars its delicate mechanism!
AND THEN THE PROJECTION MACHINE RUNS WILD!

MISSING BLAST YA!

S'MATTER BUH, GOT STARS N YOUR EYES?

AGAINST THE WILD SET OF BACKDROPS
BATMAN AND ROBIN FIGHT THE WEIRDEST
OF BATTLES

AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN
AND YOU.

PLANETS WHEEL ACROSS THE SKY AND
WITHOUT A TELESCOPE PROFESSOR
HENDRICKS OBSERVES

NEW WORLDS ARE OPENING UP FOR ME I'VE NEVER ENGAGED IN FISTICUFFS BEFORE

WORLDS COLLIDE... AND
DIE -- AS DEATH SUDDENLY
LOOMS OVER BATMAN!

YOUR LUCKY STAR QUITE ON YA, BATMAN!
THIS TIME YA AIN'T GOT A CHANCE

LOOK OUT THAT METEOR IS GOING TO HIT US!

HUH!
Ya tricked me, that ain't no real met... ugh!

From now on, Optik, you're going to be looking up at the stars through prison bars!

Later... after the case is officially closed... another is reopened...

Honest, Bruce, I promise I'll quit my job today after I deliver one more telegram! Just one more please!

Okay just one more... and then it's back to home-work for you!

A singing telegram for Mr. Bruce Wayne! Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday, dear Bruce... happy birthday to you!

Still later... at home, Bruce's thoughts are troubled and dark. Could it be the kid is jealous of Batman and trying to work on cases alone?

RRING!

The front door buzzer! I'll answer it!

Happy birthday, Bruce. That's why I took this job. I'd spent all my money on war bonds, so I had to earn some to get you this gift.

Allow me to present my congratulations, sir... and this gift?

A telescope.

And I thought you'd, Dick, in speechless... you crazy, lovable kid?
OKAY, MACARTHUR, YOU CAN GET UP NOW AND EXPLAIN THIS!

IT'S SIMPLE BRIG NO ONE WOULD DARE WALK ACROSS THESE GROUNDS WITH ALL THE SIGNS AROUND!
We've gonna play Neal torture-chamber—we save this box of Wheaties in front of Johnny but won't let him have any.

Yes sir! Depriving a good Wheaties-eater of his favorite cereal ranks as cruel and inhuman punishment. But there's no reason why you have to miss out on your "Breakfast of Champions". There's plenty of Wheaties to go around... plenty of this good nourishing whole wheat product to help you make every morning's breakfast a real humdinger. Get next to Wheaties and start getting more fun out of life.

Hey look! Special offer good only while our limited supplies last. Get handsome mechanical pencil shaped like big league baseball bat, streamline curved to fit your fingers. Send 10¢ and one Wheaties box top to General Mills, Inc. Dept 559 Minneapolis 15, Minn. and send today!

"Breakfast of Champions" with milk and fruit
Here comes Alfred, the slim thing Butler, in a strictly solo detective role, away from his post in the Bruce Wayne home. He writes a minor epic in the annals of criminology as he follows by the trial and error method (mostly error!), a remarkable--CONVERSATIONAL CLUE!

A scholarly man is Alfred here seen making copious notes in the criminological section of the public library.

Suddenly Alfred's alert ears catch a tiny scrap of even more fascinating conversation from across the table.

Here's what we want--a method of murder that was so nearly perfect, it took the police years to get woefully.

My word.

That's how we'll kill off Reginald Raffles!

I must follow them.

Oops, sir.

And a friendly man is Alfred always ready to converse with a respectable-looking stranger.

Fascinating subject, criminology, don't you think, sir?

Indeed I do! I have studied it for years! In fact, I am a practicing professor of criminology.
HARDEE.C CRIMINALS, BEYOND A DOUBT A MAN OF MY TRAINED PERCEPTIONS CAN TELL THAT MERELY BY LOOKIN AT THEM

MUSTN'T RELAX MY VIGILANCE FOR A MOMENT! THIS MAY BE THE PLACE THE BOUNDERS HAVE SELECTED FOR THEIR MURDERIN.

THERE IS NO MISTAKING THE OMINOUS MEANING OF THE WORDS THAT COME THROUGH THE CLOSED DOOR OF THE APARTMENT... AT LAST, RESINARDO RAFFLES, I'VE GOT YOU, PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

IN NOT A SECOND TOO SOON NO TIME TO CALL THE POLICE!

YOUR TIME'S UP, RAFFLES, BETTER TAKE IT LIKE A MAN! NO KILLER NOT THAT...

THIS WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS ONE OF MY GREATEST CASES

WITH RECKLESS COURAGE ALFRED HURLS HIMSELF AGAINST THE DOOR... AND KINDS... HERE IT COMES, RAFFLES, WHAT'S THIS...

I SAY YOU'RE COLLABORATIN ON A RADIO SCRIPT AND THERE'S NO REAL MURDER GOIN TO HAPPEN! THERE'll BE ONE IF YOU DON'T SET OUT IN A HURRY!

MY WORD HOW EMBARRASSIN' I MUST MAKE A NOTE TO THE EFFECT THAT A DETECTIVE SHOULD ALWAYS LOOK BEFORE LEAPIN.
I say, this isn't my notebook! It's filled with code writing! Must have taken the professor's book by mistake--and this address must be where he lives.

A rather impressive place! I do hope the professor won't be annoyed with me. I could tell at the first glance that he was a very distinguished gentleman.

I am seeking the professor, being a detective, of sorts--

A detective? Well, well, come right in!

A pistol! Surely my good man, there's no need for that.

Shut up! Hey, professor I just caught a detective!

Bring him in, butch, and we'll give him tea.

The professor of criminology turns out to be rather a practitioner in criminal arts and sciences. If it isn't my funny friend of the library; I suppose you traced me here by means of the notebook in which I make notes about the places I plan to rob.

A squelcher! It's my duty, sir, to turn you over to the authorities without delay.

I think not, friend! The tea I mentioned a moment ago is TNT--and when I use it to blow off the roof of this safe I shall tie you against it to deaden the sound.

Y-you wouldn't really do a thing like that?

An oat ain't all it'll deaden.

Only for a split second does Alfred falter, then his courage returns and his whole brain snaps into action.

Wouldn't I come down here and let me show you! You hold him get 'em, movin'.

What would Batman do in a case like this? He takes them by surprise, no doubt... that curtain.
Many a time the mighty Batman has turned the tables on his foes by a swift offensive, such as this!

You leave me no choice but to resort to violence.

I'll get 'im, Prof.

A slight jar will explode it! I'll rip the house apart!

And Alfred's table-turning is highly effective.

Cheese! Dat goes da TNT?

Oh dear.

We'll all be blown up...

A breathless instant of unbearable suspense, and then...

Gracious.

What a pity if a career as from sin as mine should be nipped in the bud.

So help me, I'm afraid to look, for fear I'll see myself blown to bits!

The Capture!

And now, will you accompany me to the nearest police station quietly, or shall I...?

Strange as it seems, you've got us!

Later, a rather chesty butler returns to the home of Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson.

Good evening, sir. May I offer the observation that sometimes an overheard snatch of conversation will put one onto the track of criminals—and sometimes not?

You may, Alfred—but I can't quite get it.

Merely a rule of criminology, sir, which I proves today by capturin' Professor Dyno the notorious safe-blower, red-handed in the commission of a crime!

He needing help, Bruce?

Some how Dick it don't believe he is!

Don't throw it!
GOOD OL' JUDGE JOLLY

HAVEN'T YOU A LIFE PROBLEM? WHO HASN'T HUH? -- WELL, WHETHER IT IS, BE IT A FINANCIAL TWITCH, FAMILY ARGUEYS, A LOST RELATIVE, A SUE'S COMING, OR JUST ANY OLD SOCIAL PAIN IN THE NECK AT ALL -- BRING IT STRAIGHT TO GOOD OL' JUDGE JOLLY -- HE WILL SURE 'FIX YOU UP PRETTY!'

HOWDY, HOWDY, FOLKS!

THE NEXT CASE IS THAT OF ONE ASPRAG MOONEY, SEEKING TO HAVE HIS NAME CHANGED, MADAM!

I'M HERE ALREADY, JUDGE!

H'M, STAY PUT DOWN THERE, SAYS I, WHILE I PASS THIS UP AT FIRST HEARING IT SOUNDS LIKE A MIGHTY PITY NAME TO ME, WHAT'S YOUR MAIN OBJECTION?

WELL, TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE AND HERES MY TWIN BROTHER HE WANTS HIS CHANGED TOO!

SURE ITS BETTER WHEN I THROW MY HEAD IN TOO, AIN'T IT JUDGE?

TSK, TSK, TSK! IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR, EH? AND WHAT MAY YOUR NAME BE, SONNY BOY?

IT'S GUS, SIR!

AND WHAT TRADE IS YOUR FAMILY ENGAGED IN?

JUDGE THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN --

ASPARA-GUS GROWERS!!

CASE DISMISSED!!
WASTEPAPER HAS BECOME A WEAPON OF WAR!

Because of a paper shortage, waste paper is badly needed for shell containers, supply packages, parachute flares, bomb bands and many other military essentials. Do your bit by collecting waste paper of all kinds!

Fight paper waste—and hang one on the paper-hanger of Berlin!

Make extra money for war bonds by selling your paper salvage collection to a dealer! Or turn it over to your local Red Cross or to your school!
**WHY ARE SARDINES SUCH SILLY FISH?**

"Today I've got no fresh from Sardina... sardines!"

**FRESH FISH DAILY**

"Because they crawl into an opening in a can, lock themselves up, and then leave the key outside."

**WHAT WORD OF ONLY THREE SYLLABLES COMBINED IN IT TWENTY SIX LETTERS?**

"Alphabet."

**WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A NEW DIME AND AN OLD PENNY?**

"Guess which hand and it's yours!"

**HOW CAN IT BE PROVED THAT A HORSE HAS SIX LEGS?**

"Snap into it whirly!

**WHEN DOES A MAN SNEEZE THREE TIMES?**

"Achoo! Achoo! At-choo!"

"At me?"

**WHAT TIME IS IT WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES 12?**

"Time to have the clock repaired..."

"When he can't help it..."
DEDUCT A MURDER

by Walt Cochrane

The Chief was pretty sarcastic about it. “I don’t know why it is, Mc
Gurn, but every time you touch a case the trail, which was hot,
quickly blew cold.” McGurn hastily went on. “The only thing
that keeps you from being back pouting a limit in your
slow but sure job. You can wind up behind an eight-ball more
than anybody I’ve ever known, and still manage to come through.”

Detective Dan McGurn winced, and moved his ponder-
ous bulk around in the chair. “Eight-ball McGurn, the boys
called him, and not behind his back either. He managed now
to carry a slight smile, but it was a very leathery one.

“Speaking of Chief,” he agreed, “but you
gotta remember I work on the process of deduction.” McGurn’s
voice rose a trifle proudly. “And I always get results, Chief.”

Chief Walters started. His beery face become even redder.
“It’s just a dumb luck, McGurn, and you know it. Why if I didn’t
know.”

“Yeah, I know,” McGurn thought to himself, “You and I
started on the force together. Now you’re the Chief and I’m
only a first class detective.” Long ago Eight-ball had remind-
ed himself in this relationship. He really liked the Chief and
he knew Walters was fond of him. He didn’t even resent the
last that they called his elimination ideas pure luck. Now he
said.

“Chief! I got this Wabb Mason murder narrowed down
practically. I eliminated a lot of suspects already and sooner
or later I’m going to strike the trail. It may be a little while.”

Chief Walters cut him short. “Do it in three weeks now,”
he pointed out curtly. “And the newspapers are whittling us
down. The Mayor’s getting sore.

But if he hadn’t done it, who had? The trail was getting cold,
or there was a dead man. McGurn had interviewed everyone around the theatre, including the old vaudeville actor, Tim
Gor, who was Mason’s valet. Mason’s will had provided 200
dollars for Tim and his letter had been heartbroken over his old
friend’s death.

McGurn shrugged. There was nothing to do but ask some
more questions. Everyone had seen Mason go home into his
dressing room that painful opening night. Tim had stayed outside,
getting clothes ready in the wings for a quick change in the
next scene. No one had seen any stranger around.

Hulita Street have into McGurn’s views and he suddenly
realized that Tim Gor had lived a few doors down the street.

“Gone away?”

The little man shook his
head. “No. I’ve just seen someone of Webb’s stuff together for
Mrs. Mason.”

He indicated a pile of
cheeply-covered books. “They are his old press clippings, stuf
had saved since his boodle days. And I’ve got his golf clubs
here and things like them. Mind if I keep packing?”

“Go ahead,” said McGurn.

“We can talk.” He leafed idly
through the books. Mason actually had played plenty of
hanky-panky in his time. He looked at one of the pictures.
“Hey—when was he arrested?”

“Arrested?” Gor looked up.

“Webb was never pinch that
I knew! What do you mean?”

He walked over blindly at the
frayed yellow clipping—showing a policeman holding onto Ma
and another man. “Part of the gum that led that guy—
he indicated the other man in the
picture—was Lou Vignone, a strictly on the up guy. He was
Webb’s partner. And then when Webb hit the big money he sup-

-2-
ported Lou for a couple of years until he found out Villers was stealing his eye teeth. That's how I happened to get my job.”

“Villers, eh?” McGurn looked at the picture with new respect. Villers had been quite a comedian, before hitting the skids. “Where is he now?” He looked again at the picture seeing something familiar yet unfamiliar.

Gerz shrugged. “Who knows. He was plenty mad at Webb and threatened to make trouble. But you know that kind. He never showed back.”

“Oh?” McGurn sat back, his eyes thoughtfully. “Had me help you with these. Gerz was struggling with a big box and at the same time trying to pick up a bag of golf clubs. Some of the clubs slipped out of his hand and onto the floor. McGurn bent his knees and stretched up, the clubs in his hand. He looked at himself and now almost absent-mindedly he tested the hilt of a razor. Then he started. “Well, what do you think of that.”

Gerz was watching him with a strange look. “Something up?”

“Tis nothing.” said McGurn. “I was just thinking. These are Webb Mason’s clubs?”

“Sure. He always played golf. It kept him fit.”

“I’m going to borrow them. I’ll see that Mrs. Mason gets them back.”

“Okay. Incidentally I’ll be at her house if you want me.”

McGurn went out, carrying the clubs. His pulse raced as he got into a cab. “The Public Library,” he said.

He knocked on the doors, went into the newspaper room. When he emerged, his eyes were red and inflamed from the five hours of laborious reading. But there was a smile on his lips. Only Lou Villers alone knew as much about himself as Detective Dan McGurn.

The stately bands union was still open and luckily McGurn found the chairman who had been handling the crew for Mason’s last show. The guy a comic was Andy Palermo. He was mystified by McGurn’s visit and still more surprised when McGurn told him what he wanted. “Sure,” he said. “I can get that whole crew together every one of them. Most of them are working, but they’ll be through at eleven a clock tonight.”

“Fine,” McGurn said. “Have ’em on the stage at the Globe then, I’ll be waiting.”

Palermo was as good as his word. By eleven thirty eight mystified stage hands, augmented by electricians, chorus girls, and spot men, were standing on the stage, facing McGurn, Tim Gerz and Mrs. Mason. The babel of voices stopped as McGurn, still pulling from the Herculean task he had performed started to speak.

“A lot of you, I guess all of you, are wondering why I asked you here,” he said. “I want you to know that I appreciate everyone coming. Why in less than a week half of you could have been out of the army. I guess it must seem I don’t feel I’m a dumb Irish Irish you aren’t already.”

He spoke slowly laboriously. “Everybody believes that Webb Mason killed himself. That is, everybody but Mrs. Mason, and Mason’s valet Tim Gerz.” He looked down at the bag of golf clubs on the floor.

“They are the only two who are right Webb Mason was deliberately murdered!”

Excited hushed voices filled the stage. Mrs. Mason managed to silence her scream. McGurn held up his hand, “But what makes this a funny case,” he said, “is that the murderer is still right here. He didn’t get scared after he killed Mason, nor did he figure on running away. As far as he was concerned, he had planned the perfect crime. You see, Mason must have recognized him to let him get alone enough to talk, especially during an opening night.”

A tense silence followed the words. Incredibly McGurn continued, conscious that everyone of his audience was shifting on uncomfortably. The man who killed Mason—and it was a man, folks—knew everything about this show. He knew when the music cue outside, and the hammering backstage would be loud enough to drown out a gunshot. He knew the theater, too, and with that knowledge he knew he could get away with Mason's murder.

McGurn cleared his throat. His eyes focused on everyone. “So the killer slipped into the dressing room, and made his presence known to Mason. Surprised Mason held his hand out, and as he did so, the killer shot him, then arranged the suicide.”

McGurn's face turned casually to his pocket. “But who is the killer?” He smiled. “I would never have guessed at until I went to the Public Library today and checked the past of a man a former actor I learned he had gotten his start as a stage hand, before becoming a comedian. This man had sworn to kill Mason and he never retracted that oath. The man’s name was Lou Villers, but now he is a known man.”

A shrill girl screamed. “Look out, he got a gun!”

The heavy swarthy man everybody knew as Tom Blake smiled at McGurn. The next comment McGurn had blasted the gun from the man’s hand. McGurn walked over quickly and beamed a shining cuff onto the unsheathed wrist. “It all over. Villers. Sturdily he announced like a parent in an unruly child. What good would shooting me have done, you feel?”

The D.A. had the line convinced within an hour signed. The Chel leaped at McGurn, who appeared half asleep in the easy chair. “Well, you did it again, Dan, but I still don’t ace how.”

McGurn smiled sheepishly. “Elimination Chieft” he said. He pointed to the golf clubs for the first time. “These are left handed clubs. They belonged to Mason. And Villers just didn’t stop to think the left handed guy doesn’t shoot himself in the right temple—it wouldn’t have been suicide. It had to be murder!”
“You can’t do monkey business with Batman!”—is the first rule of the underworld! But that rule—like others in the code book of crime—does not apply to that dashing knave errant... the Cavalier! Handsome, swashbuckling—and dangerous foe—he deliberately undertakes to outwit the battling Batman and Robin... and the dynamic duo faces one of its most perilous tests when...

“The Cavalier Rides Again!”
In a gloom-shrouded house, a shadowy figure enters a darkened room...

The Click of a Switch, and Lights Blaze Up to Reveal... the Cavalier, Flamboyant Showman or Crime Zounds! It pains me to view this sorry sight. Here was to be my chance of fame... The choice beauty of human culture!

The empty display. By way of illustration, it was to have contained invaluable curios of the history of sports.

Batman foiled me on this coup. But I shall even the score! I shall have my triumph!

And so, several days later...

Wha—? The Cavalier... out on the street in broad daylight? Hey!

Good my presence in this neighborhood will soon be reported.

Nearby with a bellowed or the frantic whistle and in sight of the startling scene are Society Playboy, Bruce Wayne and his young ward, Dick Grayson.

Golly, Bruce! Look—the Cavalier!

I don't know what he has on his mind, but he's going to have Batman and Robin on his hands. C'mon, Dick!
There he is, Batman! But if he wants to rob that antique shop... what does he have to be a publicity hound about it?

Welcome to the amusing little trap I have set for you, Batman! It was neatly baited, was it not?

The next instant, twin teen does burst recklessly into the shop but...

Oh-oh! A trip-wire!

Let's ask him that question.

Trained powerful muscles bunch for a mighty leap...

Sorry, my sandy friend, you'll have to do better than that.

We snared one of you anyhow.

Oops.

And the next instant...

Just in time, the wire set off strong springs attached along both edges of the carpet. Another second, and you'd have been rolled up like yards of cloth.

Gosh!

Clever of you to elude my trap but your luck has run its course.

No, you don't! You're going to get a taste of that electrical sword of yours for a change.

Antiques
Behold the Great Batman is shocked to helplessness foreseeing your move, I electrocuted the Milt.

A split second later...

One down —

Parbleu! Even with every detail of my plan arranged in advance, by renting this place yesterday from the unsuspecting prospector... subduing this feller took every whitt of my skill.

And here's the other!

A very satisfactory day — as what day is not when one can befuddle Batman and Robin?

An elaborate jest but worth it to prove to you that the cavalier too, can triumph and now a little note — in the event you ever get free!
Meanwhile, a flashlight from Batman's utility belt reveals a grim situation...

This is a good place to suffocate... and it won't be long if I don't get out of here! But now?

No use! It's locked tighter than a case--hold on, Houdini! This chest must have belonged to the famous 19th century French magician that Houdini took his name from. Which means--

---I can get out of here... unless old Houdini used this chest just for storing clothes, instead of escapes... He didn't! It works!

THANK HEAVEN for magicians! Now to release the other half of the team--Robin, where are you?

Mmm-mff-f!

Are you all right?

A moment later...

From Holland he comes with chest and wallet. Only the best he chooses. Suite the Camelian Palace?

Hmmm... he left a note for us--the esomaniac! But what does it mean?
Home again, they puzzle over the cryptic note.

What do you figure the cavalier meant—"A Dutch sculptor"?

That's one possibility, but I can't think of any great one who's in this country.

Bed again? I just got out of one.

And later by a quirk of fate, two bitter foes chat pleasantly unaware of each other's true identity.

Much too dull, Wayne. Oh well, I'm used to being bored.

Words—mere words. Shrewd words to hide the exact truth for the following night.

Here's Hopn the most other things to do, Boss.

What are you doing here?

Ugh.

I come to assist myself to various assorted valuables and the leaden pellet at the end of this kerchief will let you slumber while I do.

Sblood. What wondrous beauty.

Soon at Bruce's exclusive society club...

There's that Bruce Wayne coming in over there. Fine chap if he'd ever do a stitch of work.

Yes, a shame, isn't it?

By my faith, my hands itch with greed! If Batman and Robin seek to balk me, they will rue the day!

Soon... we gotta work fast, cavalier. Let's hurry up!
Hurry! One must select with great care to acquire the finest specimens.

Ah Van Hooghen and Ameruck... Splendid examples of their art. But this Meerbrandt is the masterpiece of his life. And now it is mine...

Suddenly... There's going to be a little difference of opinion about that, cavalier! Corbeau! You depreciated my silly boast! Some day I shall learn to control my vain tongue!

Holland, diamond center of the world. Cheek and Mallet, stone cutters.且 up to Jan Meerbrandt, who's cutting the main diamond right here in Gotham so I looked here... and here you are.

Parbleu; you will not be here for long!

Long enough to heave you into a jail cell.

Meantime, on the other side of the room.

Cats to spar, one round with me, Rat? - oops!
Swiftly the thug seizes a nearby jeweller's drill—

I got more ways n' one to skin a robin.

Bong!

Gulp! That was close.

Ever try chiseling the hide o' a coyote?

Your pardon, mes amis—

One needs stimulation to combat poes o' your mettle.

...Now we'll put you to sleep and the job is over.

Ah-hah—mmhhff!

Ah-hah—mmhhff—Get away this time!

Ah-hah—mmhhff!

After him! He went into that room.

Until we meet again, remember the cavalier!
But again the romantic rogue has apparently made good his escape:

Gone.

Right out the window.

Like twin flies, the acrobats, Batman and his young aide swarm over the windowsill, then up the precarious wall.

And brief seconds later...

Got you!...

But where to?...No—that's what the cavalier wants us to believe—which means he probably went up instead of down. So let's go, Robin!

Two figures rush in. One man hollers:

'IT DOES LOOK THAT WAY DOES IT NOT, MESSIERE?

But I was prepared for this contingency, and placed reinforcements here upon the roof... have at them, varlets! Bring me their ears!

Abruptly...

But before they do we'll put you on yours.

Say, here's his loot!
AND BATTLE SCARRED MINUTES LATER, WHEREAS — THE CAVALIER RECOVERED AND SIGNED OUT ON US.

SO I SEE, MAYBE HE'S DOWNSTAIRS TRYING TO MAKE UP FOR THE LOOT YOU RECOVERED.

BUT A SWIFT SEARCH OF THE DIAMOND WORKSHOP REVEALS... NOT A SON OF HIM?

WELL AT LEAST WE HAVE THE — WELL. I'LL BE A CHIMPANZEE'S RELATIVE!

THIS ISN'T A DIAMOND! ROBIN, IT'S A MODEL OF ONE!

HUM? I DON'T GET IT.

MASTER STONE-CUTTERS MAKE MODELS OF IMPORTANT STONES THEY'RE GOING TO CUT. MEIERBRANDT IS ONE OF THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD — AND THE CAVALIER'S IDEA OF LOOT WAS THE MODEL MEIERBRANDT MADE OF THE MAEL STONE?

CAN YOU BEAT THAT?
Presently after the law has taken over...

The police needn't have bothered calling you, Mr. Kegelbrandt! The only thing that was taken was the model of the Mac Diamond—and we got that back!

Booth why should anyvun want it? It's worthless toivery body boddy me!

Meanwhile at the Drake residence in an exclusive suburb of Gotham City...

Once more I return with empty hands 'cause enough to break the spirit of a strong man.

You don't know the cavalier.

This was to be the prize of my chamber of prizes—but again Batman and Robin have foiled me.

Sounds! They are most formidable opponents! What skill in deduction, what coordination in combat, what savoir faire in all that they do! By my faith, they are indeed worthy foes of the cavalier!

I would give my entire fortune—and it is no small sum— if I could but know who they are.

Yes, the cavalier is one of the cleverest—and strangest—criminals we've ever encountered! I wonder who he really is.

And at that same moment in the Wayne residence... also in an exclusive suburb of Gotham City...

Well, the cavalier got away again! But we ruined his queer robbery for him and captured his gang.

It certainly was a struggle though—'s a shrewd customer... and he's no easy mark to tangle with in a fight.

You'll have plenty of chance to end out! Batman for the Grandee of Gangsterdom returns with another sly and sinister plunder plot in a future Batman magazine!

Famous Transit

Famous Transit

Famous Transit

Famous Transit
Now! You Can Tell The Weather 24 Hours in Advance

With the
Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster

At Last! Everyone Can Own This
Beautiful Hand-Painted Barometer
Accurate Swiss WINDMILL
WEATHER FORECASTER!

Probabilities are, you have felt that you would have to pay a lot of money for a truly beautiful and dependable forecaster. It's so, your worries are now over. Here, without doubt, in plain view, the real "WINDMILL"—the most original—the most accurate forecaster now has ever been offered at any price near this low price. Hang it on your wall, or on your back; keep it, if it's yours. The Windmill Weather Forecaster is here. The manufacturer tells you: you've got it wrong—instead of weather change, you've seen the way—it's 24 hours in advance! It makes all the difference in your plans when you know what the weather will be. Plan your work or play according to the weather—know how to dress for it—what to do to prevent winds or rain or sickness in your family. PREPARE FOR WEATHER CHANGES WITH YOUR "Swiss Weather Forecaster." BE YOUR OWN WEATHER MAN!

The Windmill Forecaster Has Features
Found in Forecasters Costing Up To $3.00

The thermometer is guaranteed to be extremely accurate
from 12° to 20° below zero! The brilliant colors shown
are the same principles found in our expensive barometers. When the windmill is going to be fair, no currents exist in the
bottom of the windmill—when only one or two is predicted the windmill rises in the top of the tube. In a simple, yet
vividly interesting work, the lovely "Swiss Windmill" Weather Forecaster is included. A work of art in itself—
a masterpiece of craftsmanship—representing the
natural, realistic characteristics of the Swiss landscape, with
their windmill-and-high-alpine scenery, brightening the
world with sunshine and hunting on. The Swiss Windmill
will give you a glowing, colorful, decorative note in your
home. It's hand-painted in three colors. As a weather
predictor, you'll use it continuously.

Use It—Try It on Us! Guarantee of Satisfaction! No Risk to You!

Each and every Swiss Weather Forecast is guaranteed to
please you and give years of satisfaction, and a year's
subscription is worth double your money. It is quite
simple to use, as to fully appreciated. We want just one more—just
one more to make this a successful result. We
are sure that you will be satisfied. Please try our barometer and
send for your guarantee. It is the only one in the line, and
you will be satisfied. We are confident that you will be
satisfied with this guarantee.
I Can Make YOU A New Man, Tao, in Only 15 Minutes A Day!

If you think you have a body that is not what you would like it to be, then this book is for you. I'll prove you can have a body you'll be proud of packed with rich muscles and vitality. Dynamic Tension is the secret. This book will show you how to achieve muscular perfection.

FREE BOOK

Thousands have used Dynamic Tension and improved their muscles and vitality. Now you can too. Dynamic Tension will show you how to build muscles and vitality in only 15 minutes a day. Order your copy now and see the results for yourself. Send your order card to Charles Atlas, Dept. 3286, 11th Street, 33rd St., New York 10, N.Y.
candy makes delicious cookies...