ELEPHANT
WHO NEVER FORGETS
THAT THIS IS THE
TRADEMARK
OF COMICS' BEST BETS!

THE FOLLOWING MAGAZINES ALL CARRY THIS
TRADEMARK AS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST
IN COMIC READING!

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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

ON THE COVER OF REAL
FACT COMICS, FOR EXAMPLE:
A NEW BEST BET IN THE
DC GROUP, IT CONTAINS A
FLOCK OF TOP TRUE FEATURES.
In Gotham City, the criminals' happy hunting grounds. It's because of the exceedingly persistent...

Batman!

Plus the usually annoying...

Robin!

The sum total adding up to arrested crime. And we do mean arrested.

They're all yours.

Which accounts for the troubled thoughts of melancholy Mike Williams and Ralph the Rook!

I ain't happy!

Ain't, Mel? It's getting so a guy can't make a dime honest livin' no more.

Look, Rock! Let's pull these three jobs and net us enough dough to retire.

Oh sure! What's Batman gone to be doin' playin' mumble pegs?

How's right? What we need is a sort of decoy. Some bird Batman will go after so's he won't go after us.

An' guess how the rat's a choosin' under your hatchets?
OH HULLO, PENGUIN! WE WERE THINKING ABOUT THE BATMAN - HOW SMART HE IS, HOW BORING BATMAN IS, FAH'N OVER. RATED ATHLETE IN NICE DRESS!

OH, YEAH? I ALWAYS NOTICE WHEN YOU START FLYING TOO HIGH AN FANCY THE BATMAN PUTS YOU IN A CAGE.

WOIDS PENGUIN! THERE WOIDS $500! BYE BYE HUNGRY THE BATMAN CAN CAGE YOU ANY TIME.

AND HERE'S MY TWO CENTS' WORTH. AN HERE'S THREE TO ME.

ONE GRAND SA... YOU CAN'T FILL TWO C'S IN A THREE JOBS AFTER BATMAN ON YER BRIGHT CLUES, BUT YOU Gotta GIVE US ALL THE DETAILS SO WE CAN CHECK.

I'LL COVER THAT BET!

SIDECAR... I HOPE IT'S WELL, TALLY HO AND YUCKS 'LL BE BACK IN A FLASH FOR THE CASH!

GENTS WE HAVE NOW GOT US OUR DECOY!

THAT WAS THE WAY IT WENT.

WE'RE PAGED AN EMERGENCY CALL FROM GORDON.

I'LL COVER THAT BET!
AND NOW THE PENGUIN'S UMBRELLA MOVES
ACCIDENTLY ON THE GLASS, BUT NOT SO
THE INGENIOUS GLASS
SLIPPER N'TS HANDLE.

SMASHED GLASS
WILL SET OFF A
BURGLAR ALARM.
 THIS METHOD'S EVER
SO MUCH BETTER.

GREETINGS
SMALL DARK
AND LOATHSOME.

VERY CLEVER
BATMAN
NOW FIGURE
THIS ONE OUT

AND A NETWORK OF SILK AND UMBRELLA
RIBS WINDS AROUND THE BATMAN AS
EFFECTIVELY AS A
SPIDER'S WEB!

I'M TELLING
ALWAY HEY
LOOK OUT!
YOU'LL Kill
YOURSELF!

DON'T BE
juvenyle.

THIS CRANE HAS NO
WINGS BUT IT HELPS
ME FLY. GET ME
DOWN GENTLY.

OKAY
MISTER
PENGUIN.
DON'T MIND ME, I'M JUST COMING ALONG FOR THE RIDE.

UlP, A STOWAWAY!

OOF!

PERFECT! A THREE-POINT LANDING!

LATER

WHOOEEY, THAT BAT

BIRD IS NO LIGHT

WEIGHT!

STILL LATER. THE PENGUIN READS THE

PAPERS...

ME BARELY MENTIONED WHILE

THE GEM THIEVES ARE HEADLINED! MAGNA

A RIVAL ROBBERY AT THE EXACT

MOMENT I PERFORMED MY

STUNT! HUHF!
Once more the bird-book grated.

After a brief respite, the boys resumed their discussion.

Dr. Dreckor Plunk and Spier believed the sound to be coming from a nearby tree.

"Let's see if we can find those hats in the paper," suggested the boys.

But just as they turned the page, a note from Batman and Robin appeared.

"All the cars are mysteriously disappearing near Acme Sluice Company Warehouse west gate..."

"I say, that's right nearby. We could beat the police to it!"

"Okay..."

As Batman and Robin headed for the Marsden mansion that night,

"I'll keep cup date with the Penguin. You take the kids to that warehouse."

"The billy goats and Jewel Robbers will be waiting."

"And now Pete Pike will do his famous solos. Drummer boy is on holiday."

"It seems to be a little lumpy, but plenty of room for Pete..."

"Batmobile!"
UPSTAIRS... IN THE MARSDEN LIBRARY

BATMAN SURELY BELIEVES I INTEND TO ROB THE GUESTS BELOW. IF IT'S THIS SAFE OF VALUABLES MA，并 AS I EXPECTED. THAT LOUD DRUM SOLO BLANKETS THE SOUND OF MY HAMMER AND CHISEL!

I DROPPED MY UMBRELLA. DON'T BATMAN. DON'T POINT IT AT ME PLEASE.

"YOU SEEM WORRIED. LET'S SEE WHY... ONLY THIS TIME YOU'LL BE ON THE RECEIVING END."

BATMAN AWAITS... Ppresses a button... and PASH! Gas (COUGH COUGH) HOH how Droll i had that prepared just in case SLEEP BATMAN.

MEANWHILE ROBIN HAS ARRIVED. JUST AS THE BANDITS ARE LEAVING WITH THEIR LOOT.

BEST THING I CAN DO NOW IS TRAIL THEM TO THEIR HIDEOUT.

LATER.

NEVER. WELL, HERE GOES.
I can't have that brat trying to tackle us all alone! Why not the Batman busy with the Penguin now? Now who should be coming alone at that moment! What a plan! We use the Penguin as a decoy to get Batman off our backs while we pull our job. Haw-haw.

Let's study the plan. Now our job... see me? You come in here and willie. You hide here...

That was the Penguin. He's gonna pull his next stunt right away. That means we got to get gone! If we're gonna work our job at the same time!

When the room is empty, I handle the Penguin. Tum-te dum! All their plans. So... hmmm...

Since there's no intention of honoring our wager, why should I send Batman my third card club and place myself in danger? Now, I'll work to do.

Later, as Batman recovers from the effects of the sleep gas...
BUT AT HEADQUARTERS

NO! I DIDN'T SEND THE SIGNAL. IT'S NOT FROM THE SEARCH LIGHT ON OUR ROOF! IT'S FROM THAT BUILDING.

LET'S GET OVER THERE!

A CARD... FROM THE PENGUIN!

"RIDDLE: WHAT PEOPLE CALL THE BAT A LUCKY BIRD?"

BAT? DON'T TELL ME HE USED YOUR BAT-SIGNAL AS HIS NEXT JOB?

HE SURE DID! IF ROBIN CALLS, TELL HIM I'VE GONE TO CHINA TOWN!

CHINATOWN... IN THE STORE OF A FAMOUS IMPORTER.

"YES! VERY VALUABLE! INSET WITH MANY PRECIOUS JEWELS. NEWSPAPER REPORTERS MUCH IMPRESSED BY IT."

"I CHOICE MIKE AND WILLIE THE WAG. YOU TWO STILL KNOCK AROUND TOGETHER, I SEE!"

END OF ROUND ONE!
I expected to find the Penguin here, but I'll settle for you three characters.

PENGUIN: Ooh! We've been double-crossed!

Meanwhile back at the hideout...

NEVER thought we'd wriggle out of those ropes, huh? Place is empty.

A picture of a bird: an eagle. I don't know what the Penguin's really doing here, but... is it a press agent?

As for the Penguin...

NOW FIRE CHIEF Brody, hand over your collection! My umbrella just's aimed at your coat button.

Right on the button.

How I don't understand...

A LITTLE BIRD told me the newspaper mentioned a man's hobby was collecting old ten-dollar gold pieces...sometimes called golden eagles.

And when I remember the eagle was once owned, shipped as the bird of fire...and the collector was a fire chief, well...
THE OTHER TEAM ISN'T HERE YET COACH. WE THOUGHT WE'D MAKE GOOD USE OF THE TIME!

LOTS OF GOOD TIME IN A BIG BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT AND WHEATIES. "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

THOSE GOOD FOR-YOU WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES ARE CHOCKFULL OF EAT-SAVING NOURISHMENT AND PACKED WITH DELICIOUSLY GOOD EATING ONCE THAT MALT-RICH NUT SWEET FLAVOR CONNECTS WITH YOUR APPETITE YOU'RE A CINCH FOR DOUBLE-TIME WITH THE WHEATIES, AND HERE'S A TIP WHEATIES: "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" IS JUST AS SWELL TASTING FOR LUNCH OR DINNER, OR SNACKS YES, ANY TIME'S THE TIME FOR WHEATIES, SO MAKE GOOD USE OF THAT CHAMPION CEREAL DISH!

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS
WITH MILK AND FRUIT
A Product of General Mills

"Breakfast of Champions" registered trade mark of General Mills, Inc.
Daffle must be awfully strong.

--He isn't even puffing!

Just a few more yards, Daffe!

We better set it down a minute, Doodle while I catch my breath! Puff! Puff!
COLORFUL! EXCITING! METAL PIN-ON COMIC BUTTONS

ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE OF KELLOGG'S PEP

Superman, Uncle Wull, Stumpa, J. lamp, Moon Mullin, Smiley Joe, Smoky Stover, Winnie Winkle, Shadow, Dick Tracy

Each is full color on a shiny pin-on metal button!

If you like the fun that you'll get a big kick out of collecting these wonderful comic book stars, you'll want every one! It's easy to get them, too! Every package of Kellogg's PEP contains one as a prize! Open the box and there is your metal button—in full color—right in the package!

No money to send! No box tops to mail. No delay! Ask your mother to buy a package of Kellogg's PEP for your flakes, and get you a comic button as an extra prize!

Start right now—be the first to get a complete collection! They look like a million dollars when you pin them on your map, jacket or sneaker.

How will the other kids envy you when you show your small collection of comic buttons?

LISTEN TO SUPERMAN.
AND SO IT IS WE FIND BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCKING TOGETHER.

YOU'LL MANERED LANT DECAY, INDEED. IT'S LIKE I GET OUT OF THIS CAGE IL...\n\nAH, SHADDUP WHEN I GET OUTTA HERE, I'M GONNA BOP YOU ON YOUR BEAK, BLA, BLA...

OH THAT THE CHINESE CONSIDER THE BAT THEIR LUCKY BIRD! IN THE LAST IT MEANS "GOOD LUCK." I'D READ ABOUT THE LUCKY BIRD TAPESTRY SO...

IT WAS LUCKY FOR ME LEE. BUT UNLUCKY FOR THE PENGUIN, AND I DIDN'T DO ANY GOOD LISTEN LEGEND HAS IT THAT IT IS UNLUCKY TO KILL OR DETAIN A ROBIN AND THAT CALAMITY BEFALL THOSE WHO DO SO!

AND SO I HAND OVER THE STAKES THE PENGUIN AND ROBIN'S MOB GAVE YOU.

BUT I WAS SUPPOSED TO GIVE IT TO THE WINNER.

THEY HAD THE CONTRIBUTION FUND FOR THE LOCAL BIRD AN ARY GETS THIS.

AND THE PENGUIN GETS THE BIRD! HA, HA!
THE JACKAL LAUGHED AND A CITY WAS DOOMED. THOUSANDS WOULD PERISH UNLESS THEY COULD BE WARNED IN TIME — AND THE ONLY ONES WHO KNEW WERE BATMAN AND ROBIN — AND THEY WERE HELPLESS, SO THE JACKAL LAUGHED — UNAWARE THAT A SMALL MACHINE THAT MADE LITTLE TRACKS OF INK ON PAPER COULD MEAN A PEOPLE'S SALVATION AND THE TERRIFYING END OF HIS JACKAL PATR. THAT BAND OF SCOURGES KNOWN AS —

"The LOOTERS!"
EARTHQUAKE AND A SMALL PACIFIC ISLAND ROCKS WHILE A BOY CRIES OUT—

MOM, DAD!

LATER... AN EMERGENCY HOSPITAL TENT.

WILL HE RECOVER FROM THE SHOCK?

WILL NOT ENTIRELY BE. HE WILL ALWAYS HAVE AN ABNORMAL FEAR OF EARTHQUAKES.

AND SOON THE BOY DORRY LEAF IS SENT TO RELATIVES IN AMERICA.

DON'T WORRY DORRY. THERE ARE NO EARTHQUAKES HERE! THIS IS THE MIGHTY WEST.

THERE IS A STRANGE AFTERMATH WITH MORAL CURiosity, THE BOY READS ALL SCIENCE HAS TO SAY ABOUT EARTHQUAKES.

THE MIGHTY SMALL AREA IS WHERE THE TREMOR'S GREATEST.

YEARS PASS, LEAF BECOMES THE WORLD'S AUTHORITY ON QUAKES.

WE'RE OFFERING YOU A POST AT PACIFIC COAST UNIVERSITY AND FUNDS FOR A SEISMOGRAPH OBSERVATORY.

HOW IRONICAL! IN AN AREA WHERE QUAKES OCCUR BUT I HAVE A PUBLIC SERVICE TO PERFORM A DUTY.

LEAF AND HIS WIFE IN COAST CITY BUILD A SEISMOGRAPH OBSERVATORY IN A CERTAIN ARTIST STRATA, AND WITH HIS ENG. SKILL TO MAKE IT APPEALING TO EYES.

I'LL BE SAFE HERE.
MILITARY AMERICA SAW THE RISE OF A NEW ORGANIZER TYPE OF FAME - THE LOOTERS - A GROUP OF HUMAN SCAVENGERS WHO STRUCK WHEREVER THERE WAS CATASTROPHE. HURR CANES.

THE HURRICANE HIT THE RICH RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT. THERE'D BE PLENTY OF LOOT!

RIGHT, JACKAL.

FLOODS

T'S SEEP FLOOD LADE TO ORDER.

DR.

BUT ALWAYS DOGGING THE TWISTING TRAIL ARE TWO PATIENT MANHUNTERS - MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT THAT MAN WE SPOTTED WAS THE JACKAL. GET SET FOR A POWER DIVE, ROBIN!

ROGER!

SET EM UP IN THE NEXT ALLEY.

ROBIN - AND BATMAN!

SORRY BUT I'LL HAVE TO DUNK YOU!
Suddenly, a pair of feet drive at Batman and in that instant he notes that the tops of the shoes are soaked, but the soles are dry.

And the treacherous blow blacks out the Batman's consciousness.

"Why you... ooh!" "C'mon, let's grab the mail and run!"

That night, a newspaper article reads:

Professor able to predict earthquakes:

Professor Hornblower of Pacific Coast University tells scientists that animals may sense in advance when earthquakes will strike. It is to the Gator who is credited with first making the discovery.

"Get this! If I could learn from that Professor what city the next quake is due, I could stop him from warning the public and we could clean out the town!"
Oh, oh! The zoot-suited looter! Send me some soap, I'll give you some clairvoyant advice.

And Bruce Moderately sends a message.

And between the wallet rules, Bruce notices a letter.

A little light finger work might give me some clues. Worth trying, anyway.

Rumble feet! You dropped your wallet. Now I'll wait till the dance is over and tell my mom I shoul.

But suddenly the band attacks another melody and some jive couples invade the floor. They're leaving now! Please let me through! Stymied by my moccasins.

Woudn't it just past the looters to tell an earthquake on the first day? We're heading west to have a talk with Leaf.

Later, you really think that article on the earthquake professor connects with that zooter's envelope?

Meantime, just a few hours before, at Professor Leaf's class out west. These super sensitive instruments record every earth tremor from the clatter of pass his traffic to an earthquake across the ocean.
HERE IS A TYPICAL SEISMOGRAPH RECORD. NOTE THE JAGGED LINES INDICATING AN EARTHQUAKE!

Professor, are you sure your prediction of Tokyo's earthquake wasn't just coincidence? Could you predict another quake?

I'm afraid I can predict another may strike in this city!

Oh, this latest reading... it confirms my suspicions that quake will strike in 14 hours!

I must warn the authorities to empty the city before that!

Just don't worry about it, mate.

So, because of the Jackal's phone call, the Zooters' envelope...

Philip, now... look... coal paddy...

To protect our territory, we better tip off the Jackal.

Soket me later. There's the Se'sa Observatory, I hope it has some information for us.
Which also explains how Batman and Robin walk into an ambush?

 Slug...em!

 Dazed, cut on their feet, the duo instinctively fights back.

 Robin...you...all...right?

 I think so.

 The cliped thug careens off the world relief globe, spinning it, and the rocky mountains knock out Robin.

 Uh...

 Look what I found in DePilo's machine shop. We'll weld em to the bases.

 Swell, we'll let the earth quake finish them off for us!

 Jackal, M. Gettin' noisy? I don't wanna be around when dat earth quake hits here!

 Relax, looting a burg this big is gonna take plenty of men. We'll leave for another city and pick up some mobbies there.
LATER... IN A NEARBY CITY

OKAY, WE WAIT HERE TILL THE QUAKE'S OVER THEN PICK THE TOWN 'CLEAN' BUT WHAT ABOUT COPPERS?

THAT QUAKE WILL INJURE A LOT OF PEOPLE THERE WILL BE TOO MANY EMERGENCY CALLS FOR US BOTH ARE A PROBLEM.

SO UNLESS WE GET WORD FROM INNOCENT THOUSANDS WILL DIE.

THOSE DIRTY RATS WILLING TO SACRIFICE ALL THOSE PEOPLE JUST SO THEY CAN FILL THEIR POCKETS.

MEANWHILE... THE NOW AWAKENED DUO LISTENS WITH GROWING HORROR.

PROFESSOR DOESN'T THIS UNIVERSITY SEISMOGRAPH ELECTRICALLY CONTROL A SIMILAR SEISMOGRAPH IN THE CITY OBSERVATORY?

YES WE CONNECTED THEM FOR EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES.

GOOD NOW I CAN JUST REACH THE GRAPH NEEDLE I CAN WRITE A FEW WORDS ON THIS CHART AND...

AND I

AM I GOING CRAZY OR IS IT THE SEISMOGRAPH.
LATER... AFTER BEING SAVED FREE

CALL THE MAYOR... THE
RADIO STATIONS... HURRY!
THE TOWN MUST BE
EVACUATED WITHIN SIX HOURS

EMERGENCY ANNOUNCEMENT
AN EARTHQUAKE'S DUE TO STRIKE
OUR CITY IN EXACTLY SIX HOURS! ALL
RESIDENTS MUST EVACUATE.

"ALL BANKS ARE URGED TO REMOVE
VALUABLES BY ARMORED TRUCKS!
MUSEUMS ARE REQUESTED TO DO
THE SAME!"

"ALL RESIDENTS ARE REQUESTED TO TAKE ONLY
SUCH PERSONAL BELONGINGS AS THEY CAN
CARRY."

AND ON A HILLTOP THE EXODUS IS
SEEN BY THE LOOTERS!

THEY BEEN WARNED
LOOK ARMORED
TRUCKS

THERE WASN'T ENOUGH TRUCKS
TO MOVE EVERYTHING... STILL
PLENTY OF STUFF LEFT THAT
QUAKE SHOT DUE FOR TWO HOURS.
SO THE LOOT NOW AND SCRAM
BEFORE THE ZERO HOUR!

BUT THE JACKAL'S STRATEGY HAS BEEN ANTICIPATED FOR THROUGH THE DEAD CITY ONE
TWO FLEETS!

THERE THEY ARE... GET SET
FOR A TussLE... ROBIN!
AND AT THAT INSTANT...

GOOD HEAVENS THE READING IS CHANGING A SUDDEN DISPLACEMENT IN EPICENTRE AREA THE QUAKE WILL STRIKE AT ANY MOMENT BATMAN AND ROBIN WILL BE KILLED

I MUST LEAVE TO WARN THEM HEAVEN HELP ME I'M AFRAID TO LEAVE I'M AFRAID

SIMULTANEOUSLY...

UP AND AT EM ROBIN WITH PLEASURE, BATMAN!

THE CHOPPERS... PLUS THEM WITH THE CHOPPERS

THEN IT HAPPENS THE GROUND SHUNDEES CONVULSIVELY!

LOOK OUT THAT SMOKE STACK!

EARTHQUAKE!

THE REALIZATION THAT MAN IS HELPLESS IN THE TERRIBLE GRIP OF NATURAL FORCES IS A HAMMER STRIKING PAIN INTO THE MINDS OF THE LOOTERS!

GOT TO GET OFF THE STREET GO UP HIGH AT APARTMENT ELEVATOR GET TO ROOF

HEY COME BACK

ROBIN HELP ME W TH THE WATER TOWER FIRE TRUCK I WANT THE JACKALAWL VE
JACKAL. I WANT YOU ALIVE! YOU'RE GOING TO STAND TRIAL FOR ALL YOUR HEINOUS CRIMES.

ABRUPTLY, THE ENTIRE BUILDING TIPS CRAZILY! BRICKS CASCADE DOWN TO THE CRACKING RAVEN'S TIP.

BATMAN... JUMP!

CRASH!

BUT AS BATMAN GINS THE STREET, THE LOOTER'S MASS IN FEAR-MAROONED PANIC!

"KILL THE BATMAN!"

"THR' JACOBAH GOT US INTO THIS, GET 'EM"

Suddently the earth creaks and splits; a yawning fissure cracks open under foot.

"YA AA!"

"HELP!"

"GRRRAAAAAK!"

"AA-AAAAASH!"
DOUBLE TROUBLE
by Blair Bolton

"This is one of the greatest ideas I ever had." Skip Morton said mackrelly to tell you, Louise, it's the one that in the arm she placed under.

Louise Potter looked at her prix agent. "There was suspicion in her eyes already. Skip was right about one thing. The Flamingo Club's needed a shot in the arm. For everybody Skip came up with a brainstorm, something happened.

"You remember when you hooked the dancing horse in here?" Louise asked warningly. "Remember what they did with the wild when some drunk threw a bagful of eggs around. In case we plan any--" She shook his head. "Besides, you know how Skip ran away. One more bit of trouble with us and we'll see the License Commissioner."

"Then flatten, O'Connor," Skip said hastily. "He hasn't got enough brains to punch him out.

"But being a detective he could pinch you."

"Not with my lawyer," Skip's eye gleamed with menace. "Louise, we don't even have an advocate. Word of mouth will do. Just let it be known that some time soon Skip was seen at the Flamingo often and you'll have every cent in town here. After all, that's a cabaret."

"He's a gangster!" Louise said doggedly. "And he might not like your impersonating him."

Skip groaned. "I took care of that, too. It happens to be in Florida, and he'll stay there too a couple more months."

"Lend signed, resigned to Skip's tricks. "Okay, have to be your funeral."

Skip shuddered. "Don't you do the way Louise. Then he grinned. "Want you in the same business we do."

For once he was right. A week after he had been impersonating Scarface Terrani refused an invitation to pour into the club. Louise was himself admiringly every minute of Skip's ways into his act. Yet despite the tremendous business being done, he couldn't help feeling that somehow there was going to be trouble.

"He didn't remember it to Skip anymore. That young man was way up on the clouds. He was coming in the club now flanked by two semi-wax screeners who posed as bodyguards.

A multitude of men and women went through the crowd as they saw the entrance Skip made. He had slowly picked up a scan in his face and padded out his clothes. In an almost impossible to tell Terrani and Skip apart as well done was the disguise.

Louise shook his hand. "He pulled a good one this time, but I'm not worried."

Then he jumped on a familiar voice and:

"What's the matter?"

"Since when has Terrani started coming in here. I thought he named right clubs."

It was Detective Sergeant Dan O'Connor. He stood behind Louise leaning against the wall compact and calm in a neat blue suit. His blue eyes regarded Louise magically.

Louise meekly but the one time before O'Connor asked if he could come over there.

"Come on in the night with me, Dan," he said. "I'd like to talk to you."

O'Connor nodded him out. There was a trace of a smile on his face as he left the club's area. Then his eyes became serious. "Louise, she's best thing that ever happened. Skip can do it this time reporting. He was a good reporter! I never figured why he took up press-reporting."

He had a fight with Mel James, the managing editor:

"I know I also know James will be willing to forgive and forget" O'Connor said. "He broke Skip into the business. I think old man misses the kid."

Louise shrugged. "You know how stubborn Skip is, Dan. I'll talk to him."

O'Connor got up. "You'd
better." He listened to the door. Skip was still standing at the table, enjoying himself to the utmost. I guess if Terrans knew a subject, it's easy Louis. But I've got to tell you this. You know the Terrans were in Florida. He never was there. But I have."

Softly he asked, "As a matter of fact, we think he's afraid to come out of hiding right here in the city for fear of being bumped off.

Louis snorted into the air. "You don't think there will be any trouble, do?" He pressed his paraffin forehead with an "I don't want anything to happen to this kid. I'd better see him now."

It didn't help. Louis noted however, that Skip crowded when told about Janus. "So he wants me back there, huh?" he said. "Can I get out and good a paper?"

He climbed Louis on theshoulder. Well, it's tough an' Janus, but I'm staying with you. Louis old pal." He smiled. "What a business we're doing, huh Louis?" Then, truthfully. "Jame probably thought I'd never be able to do anything other than newspaper work. Then we'll show him."

Two more weeks passed and Louis was returning in boxes at the Flamingo. Louis said to me, "You get to hand it to Skip. He sure put the Flamingo adams." He looked at his watch. It was almost nine. I'm Skip's night out. He walked out on the ninth.

Skip was just coming in. Again, the crowd murmured approval. Thexenian nudged each other pointed him out. "That's the famous gangster, Louis. You know the one who caused the trouble."

Just before Spence Louis was just putting up the plain rope magnesium there would be a name for him. Louis, glancing over saw Skip O'Connor skipping past.

The detection caught Louis's eye. He shouted to the office. Spence Louis made haste to obey.

"What's the matter Dan?" Skip O'Connor's eyes were hard.

"Punty Louis," he said, "Terrans won't be bumped off two hours ago.

Louis left his whole body going limp. "Who did it Dan?"

The Don didn't know. We suspect they brought in a couple of hired killers. O'Connor shrugged. "But there they are now at what they look like."

He moved his hands expressively, "Well, that's all. Louis. You'll have to go to Skip and ask that question."

Louis left the Flamingo. He walked out on the ninth.

Skip O'Connor said, "Tell the band to keep playing." O'Connor yelled to the protected Louis.

Louis managed to quiet the crowd. O'Connor had hands to get his pants. Skip came out from the table, rushed over "What happened, Skip?" he gasped. "Those guys were going in all."

"They would have," O'Connor said. "They killed the real Terrans a couple of hours ago."

He yanked the man on the last, "Get moving," he said. "The Doc at headquarters will fine you in here on." He turned on Skip. "I'll want you, look a witness. Hey, where you going."

"I'm just to phone Janus," Skip yelled over his shoulder. "I'm going back to the newspaper business."
Chiefs Hot Foot

Chief Hot Foot: "Well, how about it?"

Salesman: "F Eh, no, that's a little overpriced."

Chief Hot Foot: "Well, I can understand that."

Salesman: "But I can tell you that it will sell."

Chief Hot Foot: "Well, I'll take it."

Salesman: "Great! Here it is."

Chief Hot Foot: "Thank you."

Salesman: "You're welcome."

Chief Hot Foot: "I'll be sure to bring you some business."

Salesman: "Thank you, Chief."

Chief Hot Foot: "You're welcome."

Salesman: "Goodbye."

Chief Hot Foot: "Goodbye."

Pop chews... Bud chews... they all choose Fleers!

Fleers has that extra peppermint flavor!

That reminds me... must buy a victory bond by gum!

Mighty chewy bunch I say!

Two pieces for a nickel. Whoopee!
They're fakes! Take 'em away!

They couldn't stand odd! But at the zoo's wacky rating on the because meter read a thousand plus!

Timber-rr! I mean bricks! Everybody run! It's gonna ca rash!

When he saw the leaning tower it threw him for a row of jittery reflexes too numerous to untangle.

Ee was unhappy unless everything matched even Steven.

I'm worth my weight in red perints.

This is too much!

The freak show helped to break his wagon down and it took him months to recover.

But gosh!

That was before he met "Hyacinth" now he's a real Kaflopros!
Volto: From Mars

Jolly Jim, what's this? Our experimental rocket plane wants to see it close up.

Slowly, the playing rocket ship roars toward them. Look out here it comes! If only Volto were here!

Volto!

Look! Lily's painted! She'll fall in the fire! Take care of her—my right hand attracts!

How can we ever say thanks?

Volto!

Forget it. Just give me some Whole-Grain Vitamin Cereal so I can recharge my magnetism.

Coming up Volto! We got Grape-Nuts Flakes right here in our lab kitchen. They pack a lot of energy.

They sure did! Wish I could get these really good-tasting cereal up in Mars.

Tune in Hop Harrigan ABC Network Mon., Thur. Fri.
**SCUFFY TRAMP**

The clothes of mine are falling off my back -- I've got to get a new suit!

**HMM, THAT SCARECROW IS BETTER DRESSED THAN I AM!**

$SHOO! CROWS! SCAT! I'LL JUST EXCHANGE CLOTHES WITH IT!

$SHOO! SCAT! BEAT IT, YOU BLACK BUZZARDS!

**LATER.**

Oh well, I guess a man can get used to anything in time!

---

**HISTORY'S MYSTERIES**

**NO ONE KNOWS** the identity of the man in the iron mask! He was a prisoner in France for 22 years, treated like royalty by his jailers, but no one ever saw his face!

**EVERYONE KNOWS** that for relieving coughs due to colds there's nothing like soothing, delicious Smith Brothers cough drops, they taste just like candy!

And mother says to be sure and ask for Smith Brothers, not just cough drops.

**SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS**

BLACK OK MENTHOL - 5¢
OH! I twisted my ankle... can't move... can't help Batman... Batman!

Then seemingly from nowhere a rock hurtles at the Jackal, and...

A helping hand yanks Batman up as with a shudder, the pressure suddenly grinds shut.

Professor Leaf! No time for talking! Hurry! We've got to make the observatory hurry!

Run! Run!

And at last—sanctuary!

You're a brave man, Professor! It took courage to go out and find us.

No... I took courage to find myself!

The city runs!

Later...

Look! The people are coming back!

Yes! Coming back to rebuild! The earthquake is over.
WHO SAID THERE ISN'T A SANTA CLAUS? WELL, THREE BITTER OLD MEN SAY 'T IN THE BEGINNING OF THIS AMAZING STORY, AND THREE GREEDY YOUNGER MEN ECHO 'T EVEN AS THEY SALLY FOROHN WITH MURDER IN THEIR HEARTS. BUT BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE THE REAL SAY ON THIS IMPORTANT SUBJECT WITH THUNDERING FISTS AND LIGHTNING ACTION WHEN CUNNING CONSPIRATORIES CALLOUSLY INTERFEEE N.

"The Search for Santa Claus!"
IT IS CHRISTMAS EVE—AND BATMAN AND ROBIN EMBARK ON A MANHUNT—WITH A DIFFERENCE!

YOU'RE SURE GOING TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO MAKE THOSE THREE CHRISTMAS PARTIES A SUCCESS, BATMAN.

TROUBLE! WHY ROBIN, I'LL HAVE MORE FUN THAN THE KIDS THEMSELVES.

SURE AND IT'S SORRY FOR THE POOR OLD SOULS I AM. BUT WHO KNOWS—MAYBE A MIRACLE WILL CHANGE THINGS.

IT'S MY FIRST CHRISTMAS OUT OF PRISON IN 25 YEARS AND MY WIFE DIED BEFORE THEY LEARNED I WAS INNOCENT OF MURDER. I WISH I DIED TOO.

ALL THE USUAL CHRISTMAS DISPLAYS—but they CAN'T MAKE ME FEEL MERRY.

I TOOK LOCKED UP AN INSANE ASYLUM! MY GODFREY NIEPHEWS HAD ME PUT AWAY TO GET MY FORTUNE! I ESCAPED ONLY RECENTLY!

BUT YOU'RE NO CRAZY. I'M YOU CAN PROVE IT.

I INTEND TO PROVE IT BUT UNTIL MY PLANS ARE MADE I'LL STAY IN HIDING FOR FEAR THEY'LL CATCH ME AND SEND ME BACK MERRY CHRISTMAS—MAN!
As for me, I was an actor—a matinee idol—till the years took my glamour. Now no producer believes I can still act.

I guess none of us believe in Santa Claus.

But at this point Pat's arranged a chance meeting. What?—Batman don't tell me you're just the men I'm looking for.

Merely our smas, friends. I'll bet you're just the men I'm looking for.

No, but I'm looking for three men to play in—three parties! How about it?

That's one role I can't put my heart in.

I'll say, yes, Batman! I'll play Santa for the youngsters.

I guess there's another party planned at the county orphanage.

I'm gonna go. I'm not going to let sentiment get the best of me.

I'd bad be a waste to find a Santa Claus to take part in a Christmas play at Sam Arden's theater.

Worst, did you say? I'll do it.
AFTER ALL, IT WILL BE KIND OF LIKE ACTING AGAIN.

THAT'S THE STUFF! THE SLEIGH IS FOR THE ORPHANAGE. YOUR COSTUMES AND PACKS ARE STORED IN IT. NOW HERE'S WHAT YOU DO...

MEANWHILE, IN A LUXURIOUS PALACE HOUSE ANTHONY JOCelyn WILD YOUNG SPENDTHRIFT WELCOMES HIS TWO COUSINS.

MERRY CHRISTMAS COUSIN RAYMOND AND COUSIN FRANK!

WHAT'S MERRY ABOUT IT TONY? DON'T YOU KNOW UNCLE JIM HAS ESCAPED FROM THE ASYLUM AND MAY HURT THE FAMILY OF US?

STOP FRETTING, MY DEAR COUSINS. MY DETECTIVES HAVE LOCATED A MAN RESEMBLING JIM JOCelyn IN A CERTAIN SHADY ROOMING HOUSE.

GOOD NEWS, DON'T WE WANT TO GIVE UP THE BUSINESS WE'VE BUILT UP WITH UNCLE JIM'S MONEY?

WE ARE MELANCHOLY AT THE IDEA. LUCKILY JIM WOULD HAVE ON FOUL PLAY. I SEE JIM'S FATE TO SAVE ALL.

SHH DON'T USE THAT WORD. WE CAN MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT.

WHAT'S RIGHT-IM IN FAVOR AS LONG AS WE'RE CAREFUL.

LET'S GET STARTED!
AN HOUR LATER

AN OLD GENTLEMAN - I'VE THREE OF FAMOUS
HOUSE, BUT THEY'RE ALL
PLAY IN SANTA
CLAUS FOR
THE KIDS. WE'VE YEAR LADY
PERHAPS
YOU COULD
TELL US WHERE
THE ONE CALLED
M. S. DOING HIS
PLAY G

THEY WERE GOING TO
CHILDRANS HOSPITAL
THE ORPHANAGE AND
MR. ARDEN'S THEATER;
BUT BLESS ME! I
DON'T KNOW
WHERE!

LET'S
NOT WASTE
ANY TIME
THAT MEANS
WE GO TO ALL
THREE PLACES!
WE MUST BE
THOROUGH
AND RUTHLESS!

W.W. M.
THANK YOU
SANTA A.
CAN AN?

KNOWING NOTHING OF THE EVENTS TO COME
BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE ALREADY
ARRIVED AT THE ORPHANAGE

IF YOU'LL PLEASE
STEP THIS WAY I'LL
SHOW YOU THE
PROGRAM WE
HAS ARRAYED

REMEMBER ROBIN AND
AND I, ARE ONLY INCIDENTAL
VISITORS. IT'S SANTA WHO
MUST BE THE LIFE OF THE
PARTY

FUNNY HOW I SEEM TO ENJOY
DOING THIS - TILL I REMEMBER
HOW MY LIFE WAS
WASTED THROUGH
NO FAULT OF
MY OWN

THEY DON'T SEE THE
FIGURES CROUCHED IN THE SHADOW OF THE PORCH

I'LL BE NICE, SEEING THE
CHILDREN'S EYES GLOW
WHEN I PASS OUT
THE PRESENTS!

BATMAN DOUBT!
SUNRISE.

I'LL PUT ON THE FUR COAT AND SANTA MASK, AND DRIVE THE SLEIGH. YOU TWO FOLLOW IN THE CAR. AND THE GETAWAY IS PERFECT.

GO RIGHT ON THROUGH. I WOULDN'T THINK OF HOLDING UP SANTA CLAUS ON HIS BUSIEST NIGHT. THANKS, OFFICER. DON'T FORGET TO HANG UP YOUR SOCK.

PRESENTLY

GEE, IT'S SWELL TO SEE YOU, BUT WHY DID SANTA DRIVE UP AND THEN DRIVE RIGHT AWAY AGAIN?

WHAT?

WE'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS. THE ROBS DUMPED FROM THE BACK AND THERE ARE FOOTPRINTS OF THREE MEN BESIDE SANTA. NOT ONE MINUTE TOO SOON.

AT THIS MOMENT IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL. A DOLLY FOR ME? OOOOHMM..I'M NOT SANTA. THANK YOU STAFF.

BATMAN AND ROBIN ASKED ME, ESPECIALLY TO GIVE IT TO YOU, ALICE.
OUTSIDE AT THE GATES; POLICE WATCH FOR SUSPICIOUS LOOKING VISITORS BUT DO NOT SUSPECT THIS ONE

MERRY CHRISTMAS, SANTA. YOU'RE THE ONE PERSON WE WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT TONIGHT.

NEXT MOMENT IN THE DESERTED CORRIDOR

ONE MORE STEP AND YOU DIE, NOT TO MENTION MY FELLOW SANTA CLAUS AND MAYBE SOME OF THE YOUNGSTERS IN THERE!

EASY ROBIN! I'M AFRAID THE CHILDREN AND THE OLD MAN THINK THEY'RE IN A SACRILEGE.

DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE BUT IF I DON'T TAKE THESE HANDGUNS FROM YOU I'LL LOSE MY LIFE.

I'LL KEEP YOU BOTH OUT OF ACTION TILL WE'RE THROUGH.
At this time, the curtain closes on the first act of a play, "The Saga of Santa Claus," in the private theater of producer Sam Arden.

Is it true, Santa, that some children in the world don't believe in you?

Some of them pretend not to, Mary—but deep in their hearts nearly all of them believe. If they didn't, I'd simply vanish from the earth.

And an audience of school children approve heartily.

Where's 'Hooray for Santa!'?

I wish my little helper was here. He says boys aren't no Santa Claus.

And now, an unscheduled bit of drama:

We'll run this show for the next few minutes.

Producer Arden congratulates his unknown star.

You're doing a nice job, Santa. One would almost think you'd had experience on the stage!

No, don't say that. I'm sure you'll cooperate—rather than have us fire through the curtain into your audience and—

Not today. He can save the other Santa clauses trouble—and perhaps the rest of his lives—by coming forward!

I'm beginning to understand...
AND HERE, GENTLE READER, WE ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS AN AMAZING EXHIBITION OF HUMAN NATURE AT ITS BEST!

JIM'S CRIMINAL RELATIVES, WHO ARE THE EVIDENCE OF FRAMES OF JUNGLE VULTURES, LEARNED THE WAY OUT THE TRUTH.

YOU'VE GOT ME! I'M JAMES JOCHELYN. HERE I AM, YOU VULTURES! WELL OF ALL THINGS!

HO-HO-HO-HO! YOU'D THINK THEY WERE CRAZY INSTEAD OF ME THINKING THEY'RE JIM JOCHELYN!

SOUNDS LIKE...

BUT...

INVALID CHILDREN ARE TREATED TO A REAL THRILL.

GEE-IT'S BATMAN! OH BOY-THIS IS EXCITING!

MERRY CHRISTMAS BOYS AND GIRLS! JUST A LITTLE ESCAPE TRICK I ARRANGED WITH SANTA!

THIS IS HARD WORK AND SLOW BUT I DON'T KNOW ANY QUICKER WAY TO GET BACK AT IT.
BATMAN

Robin is freed from his bonds... and bidding a
hasty farewell to the hospital inmates, the
dynamos streak for the private theater.

"The crooks got here first! They
must still be inside!"

Right, and to keep
them from pulling
the same stunt again.
They did last time.
We'll make a sub
prise entrance.

Abruptly

"How's this for a
Mattie and the
"Huh?"

Batman!

For a minute,
I was afraid I
was going to
miss my cue.

"Thanks
fella. I'll do
the same for
you sometime."

What's the
idea running
offstage before
the act's over?

Sometimes
it's like that:
acting to be
one second
faster for me.
THE CHIMNEY FOR YOU.

THE FINAL CURTAIN.

YOU SEE, THERE ARE FALSE BAIL A CLAUSERS AS WELL AS A REAL ONE.

FRANK AND RAVNAC, I BELIEVE - THE BIG BUSINESSMAN AND YOUR COUSIN TONY'S UP THERE!

ALL RICH ON THE MONEY OF THEIR UNCLE WHOM THEY PUT IN AN ASYLUM.

HMM, AND THE UNCLE ESCAPED RECENTLY ACCORDING TO THE PAPERS WOULD IT BE WRONG IN SUGGESTING THAT PERHAPS YOU FRAME HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE?

Ravna was just here. He was insane, all we were going to do was turn him to forge as a... as a... as a... as a... as a character actor in America.

GREAT CAESAR, DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU WERE JUST PRETENDING? WHY YOUR ACTING WAS AGT.

WHY SHOULDN'T I BE MARRIED? I SPENT MOST OF MY LIFE ON THE STAGE - TILL THE PRODUCERS THOUGHT I WAS GETTING TOO OLD.

TOO OLD? TALENT WILL YOURS - IT WILL MAKE YOU THE GREATEST CHARACTER ACTOR IN AMERICA.
IBA's 1944-45 "Cowboy Five" won the National Collegiate Athletic Association Championship. Then defeated the National Invitation Basketball Tournament winner, De Paul, for OVER-ALL CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE NATION.

Although they're INTER-SECTIONAL, the Aggies like home best. Says IBA a HOME GAME WINNING STREAK OF 47 GAMES.

'Won't go away, Mae!'

In 18 years, Kansas City's team have won 50 games. Lost only 90. His 106 average stands as one of the finest coaching records in the game.

Next Year ill build a TEAM OF 40 BOYS.

IT'S WHEATIES KEEN FLAVOR THAT HAVE THE LEAGUE FOR THESE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES PLENTY OFTEN SAYS CHAMPION COACH IBA. GOOD NUTRITION MEAT AND WINNING FLAVOR MAKES A COMBINATION THAT'S HARD TO BEAT! I THINK YOU'LL FIND THAT'S TRUE WHEN YOU TRY WHEATIES!

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TELEVISION - ELECTRONICS
FREQUENCY MODULATION
I'M AN INCEVITA RNOY  AND I TRYING TO USE MY FORTUNE TO HELP OTHERS. IS A SIGN OF SANITY. THEN INSANE, I GUESS I'M INSANE.

SO IT'S A MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR TWO OF YOU OLD TANGLES AFTER ALL!

MAYBE I'M NOT A BAILOR SOMEDAY TOO!

PETE, WHY DON'T YOU GIVE ME A HAND BY BEING MY SECRETARY AND HELPING ME HANDLE MY FORTUNE?

BOSH, MY BREAD CAME EARLIER THAN I EXPECTED HANKS.

NOW WE CAN ALL SAY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND MEAN IT... AND ONLY A FEW HOURS AGO, WE'D HAVE CHOSEN ON THE WORDS.

WINTER NOT TELL IT TO THE KIDS OUT FRONT?

AND SO OF COURSE, YOU YOUNGSTERS KNOW WE'RE ONLY MAKE SANTA CLAUS.

BUT THERE'S A REAL ONE - A LIVING SPIRIT THAT BRIGHTENS THE LIVES OF MILLIONS.

AND YOU CAN'T ACCEPT STRAIGHT FROM US - BECAUSE WE'RE JUST HAD THE FINAL PROOF!

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT KIDS?

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYBODY!
"Vest Pocket Power"

Wartime battery research packs giant power into midget space

Electronic experts have lately outdone themselves in giving us "vest pocket" reception. They have made possible hearing hiss-fully concealed in the palm of the hand. They have designed radio the size of a cigarette case. And now they give us a postwar edition of the amazing Handie-Talkie—famed GI studding and receiving set.

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Five pounds of concentrated two-way radio. Powered with Mini-Max batteries it will be made, when available, for first-line landing zone jobs, exploring into racing.

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The Eveready Battery

TRADE-MARK