

No.7



# BATMAN

NOV. 11 & MAY 1977

OCT.  
NOV.

10¢



BOB  
KANE

# BATMAN

WITH  
ROBIN



WHAT WAS THE REASON FOR THE PLAGUE OF MAD PRANKS THAT INFESTED GOTHAM CITY? WAS IT REALLY JUST DISTORTED HUMOR OR WAS THERE AN EVIL, CALCULATING THREAD OF EVIL WINDING THROUGH THIS PATTERN OF MAD MIRTH?

THE AMAZING ANSWER WAS TO BE FOUND BY THAT MANTLED NEMESIS OF CRIME--THE BATMAN! IT WAS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER WHO SMASHED THEIR WAY THROUGH THIS MAZE OF MIRTH TO FIND THAT BEHIND IT ALL WAS THE LEAN MENACING FIGURE OF THE **JOKER**!

THE HOME OF SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON--

SAY, BRUCE-- DO YOU REALLY THINK THE **JOKER** DIED WHEN HE FELL FROM THAT LIGHTHOUSE INTO THE WATER?

THAT QUESTION HAS BEEN BOTHERING ME, TOO. I WISH I KNEW THE ANSWER, BUT ONE THING YOU CAN BE CERTAIN OF--IF THE **JOKER'S** ALIVE, THERE'S GOING TO BE MORE DEVILRY AFOOT!



A QUEER AD APPEARS  
IN THE MORNING  
PAPER--

WANTED  
PRACTICAL JOKERS--  
ONLY THOSE WITH  
EXPERIENCE NEED  
APPLY.  
I. REKOJ  
13 GLOOM ST.

MR REKOJ'S AD BRINGS MANY APPLICANTS ----

SO YOU ARE ALL  
PRACTICAL JOKERS,  
EH? ...WHAT  
DO YOU  
DO?

OW?

I GIVE PEOPLE  
THE HOT-FOOT-  
LIKE  
THIS!

AND I CALL UP  
PEOPLE DURING THE  
NIGHT AND TELL  
THEM THEIR HOUSE  
IS ON FIRE!

I PULL  
THE CHAIR  
OUT FROM  
UNDER PEOPLE  
WHEN THEY'RE  
ABOUT TO SIT  
DOWN? SEE?

AND I PULL  
HATS DOWN  
OVER OTHER  
PEOPLE'S EYES  
LIKE THIS?

SPLENDID-  
SPLENDID!  
HA-HA?

REKOJ PROCEEDS TO WEED  
OUT THE APPLICANTS, KEEPING  
ONLY THOSE WHOSE PRANKS  
ARE REALLY HARMFUL.

NOW THAT  
THE OTHERS  
HAVE GONE...  
LINE UP AND  
PASS BY THIS  
TABLE --PICK  
UP AN OBJECT  
THERE, THATS  
IT-- PICK  
IT UP?

BUT...  
BUT IT'S  
A GUN !!

AFTER THEY  
HAVE PICKED  
UP THE OBJECTS  
AND LAID THEM  
DOWN ON THE TABLE  
AGAIN--

EACH ONE OF  
THESE OBJECTS  
HAS BEEN PART OF  
A MAJOR CRIME!  
YOUR FINGERPRINTS  
ARE ON THEM!  
I COULD HAND YOU  
OVER TO POLICE...  
THEY COULD ACCUSE  
YOU OF BEING  
INVOLVED  
IN THESE  
CRIMES!

SUDDENLY, THE MAN CALLED REKOJ  
PAWS AT HIS FACE WITH HIS HANDS  
AND REMOVES CLEVER MAKEUP,  
IN PLACE OF REKOJ IS--

THE  
JOKER?

NOW IF YOU WORK FOR  
ME, YOU WILL MAKE MONEY--  
REFUSE AND IT MEANS  
JAIL, WHICH IS  
IT? MONEY  
OR JAIL? PERHAPS  
DEATH?

THERE'S  
NOT  
MUCH  
CHOICE?

GOOD? NOW I'M  
GOING TO LET  
YOU DO WHAT I  
KNOW YOU LIKE  
MOST TO DO--PLAY  
JOKE ON PEOPLE!  
AND WHAT JOKE THEY  
ARE GOING TO BE?  
HA-HA?

A FEW DAYS LATER,  
THERE ARE FALSE  
ALARM FIRES--

THERE'S  
NO FIRE  
HERE?

I'D LIKE  
TO GET  
MY HANDS  
ON THE  
GUY THAT  
TURNED  
THAT CALL  
IN?

A MAN TAKES A SHOWER ONLY TO FIND THE WATER TAPS ARE NOW SWITCHED! WHAT SHOULD BE COLD WATER IS REALLY SCALDING HOT!



OW-OOO!

A MAN CAUSES A MINOR RIOT IN A BANK BY THROWING AWAY WHAT IS APPARENTLY MONEY?



HA-HA MONEY! MONEY! HA HA HA!

GET OUT OF MY WAY! MONEY! MONEY!

BUT A BANK TELLER EXAMINES THE GREEN PAPER AND YELLS OUT--



STOP! THIS MONEY IS COUNTERFEIT!

PHONEY MONEY! A DIRTY TRICK!

AND, OF COURSE, ALL THIS PLEASES THE JOKER IMMENSELY!

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THEM SCRAMBLE FOR THE MONEY HA-HA!

HA-HA! I'M GLAD YOU ARE ENJOYING YOURSELVES. NOW WE WILL PLAY EVEN FINER JOSES ON THE PUBLIC!



THE SHREWD JOKER REALIZES THESE EARLY PRANKS ACT LIKE A DRUG ON THESE SO-CALLED "HUMORISTS" AND THAT THEY ARE NOW READY FOR MORE VICIOUS TRICKS!

AUTO SIGNS ARE CHANGED ON ROADS, CAUSING TERRIBLE ACCIDENTS--

JOHN? WE ARE ON A ONE-WAY STREET!

BUT THERE'S NO SIGN HERE ASH-H-H-H!



POISONS ARE PUT IN BOTTLES SUPPOSED TO CONTAIN BENEFICIAL MEDICINES!

DOCTOR-- HE'S DEAD! WHAT KILLED HIM?

I DON'T KNOW! ALL I DID WAS GIVE HIM SOME TONIC!



ONE "HUMORIST" PULLS A SWITCH THAT SHUNTS A RAILROAD TRAIN ONTO THE WRONG TRACK? RESULT ---INSANE LAUGHTER... AND A TRAIN WRECK!



HA HA-HA!

THEN, ONE DAY A PLANE SWOOPS DOWN OVER THE CITY:



LOOK!

IT'S DROPPING LEAFLETS!



# THE LEAFLET!

HA-HA! I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PRACTICAL JOKES THAT YOU HAVE BEEN THE VICTIM OF LATELY. I LAUGH AT YOU, AND I LAUGH AT THE BLUNDERING POLICE WHO WILL BE UNABLE TO STOP ME FROM STEALING A VALUABLE GEM! I LAUGH AT THE BATMAN, WHO AT THE SAME TIME WILL ALSO TRY TO STOP ME!

THE JOKER

PUBLIC FEELING NOW RUNS HIGH? NO-BODY LIKES TO BE LAUGHED AT-- ESPECIALLY BY A CRIMINAL!

TAKE IT EASY, GORDON! YOU'RE LIKELY TO BURST A BLOOD VESSEL!

HOW CAN I TAKE IT EASY WHILE THE JOKER LAUGHS AT THE WHOLE POLICE FORCE?

POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON!

MY NAME IS HENRY VERNE! READ THIS NOTE I RECEIVED THIS MORNING!

"TOMORROW NIGHT I WILL ENTER YOUR HOME AND STEAL THE GREAT DIAMOND YOU POSSESS: THE 'JOKER'!"

WHAT CAN I DO? THE JOKER WILL SURELY STEAL MY DIAMOND!

NO, HE WON'T! YOU STAY AT HOME! WHEN THE JOKER ENTERS YOUR HOUSE, HE'S GOING TO WALK INTO A TRAP!

YOU HOPE?

AND AT THAT MOMENT--

YOU HAVE DONE WELL! THE PUBLIC AND THE POLICE ARE SO AROUSED AGAINST ME THAT OUR PLANS WILL CATCH THEM OFF-GUARD--

THE NEXT NIGHT--- A STRANGE TENSION GRIPS THE POLICEMEN POSTED ABOUT THE VERNE HOME--

I CAN HEAR VERNE PACING UP AND DOWN INSIDE-- BOY, IS HE NERVOUS!

I DON'T BLAME HIM! THIS WAITING AROUND FOR THE JOKER IS GETTING ME, TOO!

AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT, TWO MANTLED FIGURES LOPE SWIFTLY THROUGH GREY CITY STREETS! THEY ARE THE BATMAN AND ROBIN--

C'MON ROBIN, WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE JOKER!

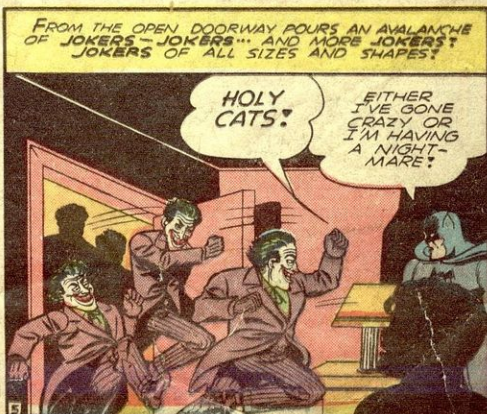
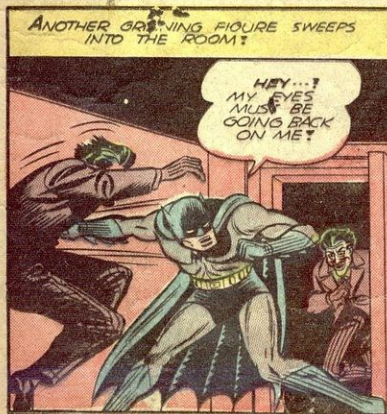
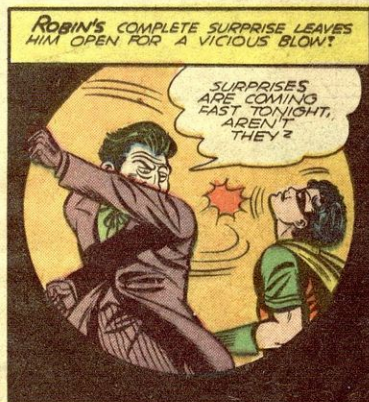
LET'S STEP IT UP!

WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT THE VERNE HOME--

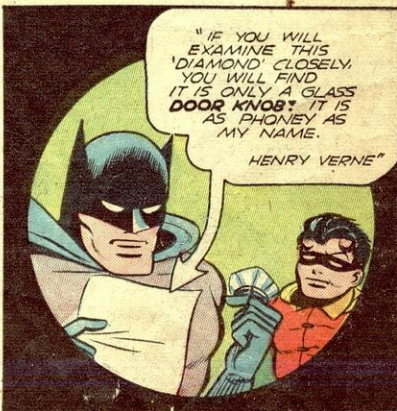
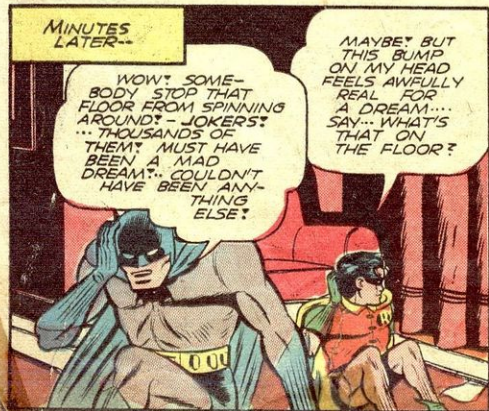
LOOK! THEY'RE UNCONSCIOUS!

AND WITH THAT GRIN ON THEIR FACES, C'MON, LET'S HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!







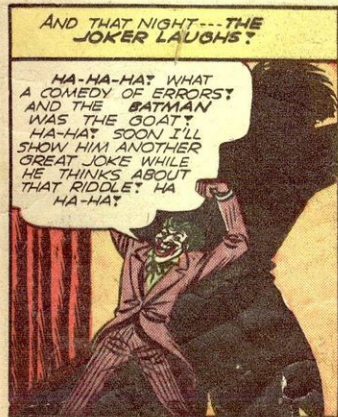
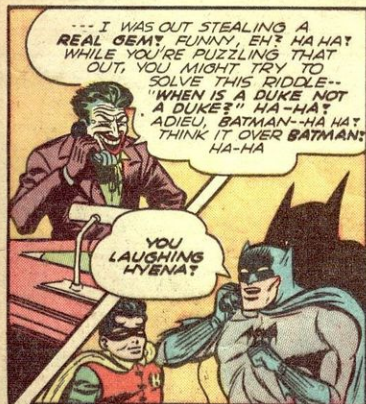
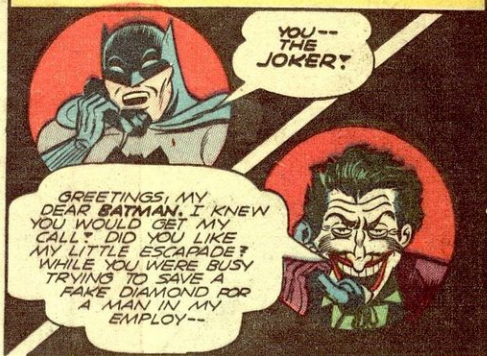




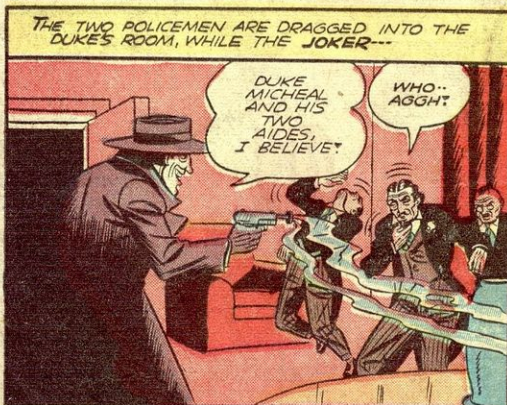
AS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN LOOK AT EACH OTHER BLANKLY, A BELL JANGLES RUDELY?



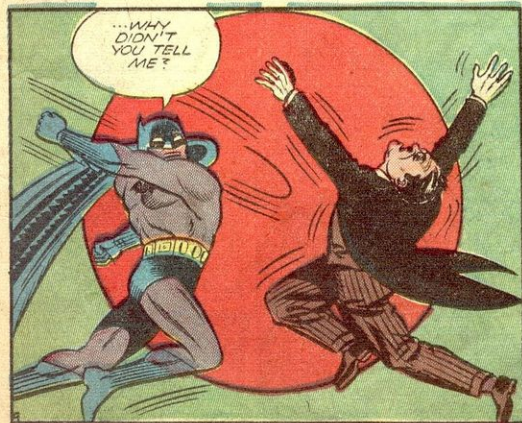
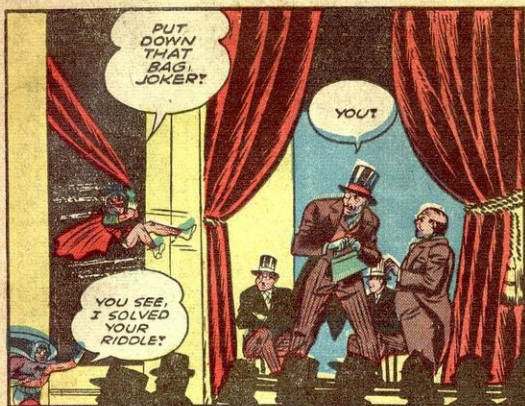
A TERRIBLY FAMILIAR, MOURNFUL VOICE FLOATS MOCKINGLY OVER THE WIRE--





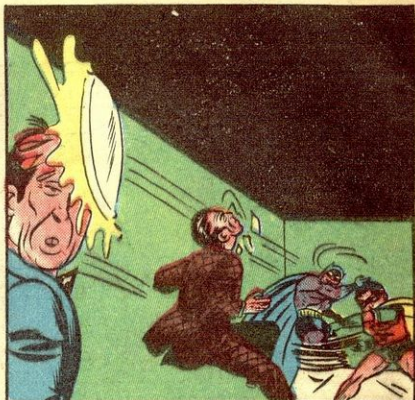
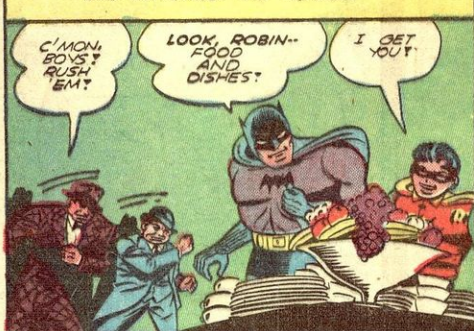








FROM THE VANTAGE POINTS WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN POSTED SWARM A HORDE OF THE JOKER'S MEN, ANXIOUS TO SAVE THE JOKER AND ESPECIALLY THE \$10,000.



AS THE MEN REACH FOR GUNS, THE BATMAN WHIPS THE TABLE-CLOTH AWAY AND -- SLAPS THEM SILLY --



A WILD CHASE TAKES THE CARS TEARING THRU THE STREETS!



THE JOKER'S CAR SCREAMS TO A HALT!





A TRAIN GATE SLAMS SHUT BEHIND THE JOKER--AND IN THE FACES OF BATMAN AND ROBIN!

WE'RE TOO LATE!

NOT YET! C'MON! I'VE GOT A TRICK UP MY SLEEVE, TOO!

HA-  
HA-HA!

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO CATCH A TRAIN? HOLD TIGHT-- I'M GOING TO GIVE THIS BABY ALL SHE'S GOT!

OUT ONTO THE ROAD THEY SPEED UNTIL THEY RACE ALONGSIDE THE RAILROAD TRACKS--

THERE SHE IS, ROBIN! GET READY TO JUMP AT THE CROSSING!

DESPERATION SEEMS TO GIVE WINGS TO THE BATMAN AND ROBIN AS THEY HURL THEIR BODIES AT THE HURTLING TRAIN!

JUMP!

WE MADE IT?

-AND WITH NOT MUCH TO SPARE! NOW LET'S GET THE JOKER!

THERE'S THE JOKER NOW! STOP HIM, SOMEBODY STOP HIM!

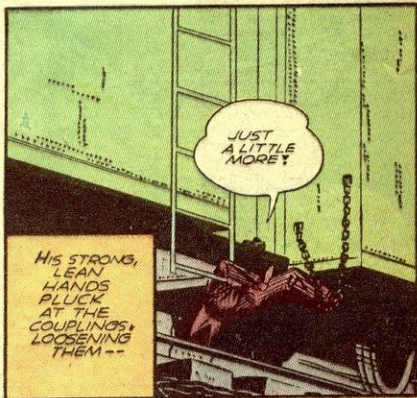
THE JOKER IS TRAPPED BETWEEN TWO CARS--

COMING FROM BOTH SIDES-- ONLY ONE THING TO DO!



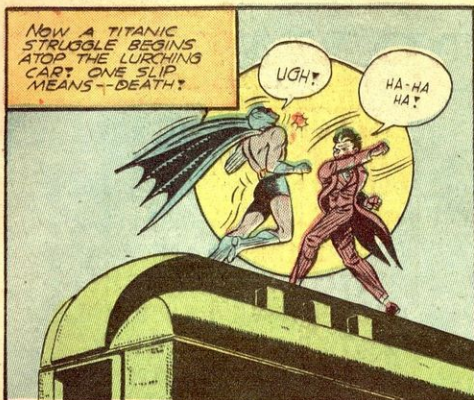


THE MAD JOKER HANGS PERILOUSLY ABOVE THE COUPLINGS BETWEEN TWO CARS...





NOW A TITANIC STRUGGLE BEGINS ATOP THE LURCHING CAR! ONE SLIP MEANS--DEATH!



UGH!

HA-HA  
HA!



A SUDDEN, SAVAGE BLOW SENDS THE BATMAN ON HIS BACK!



A GOOD ONE, EH?



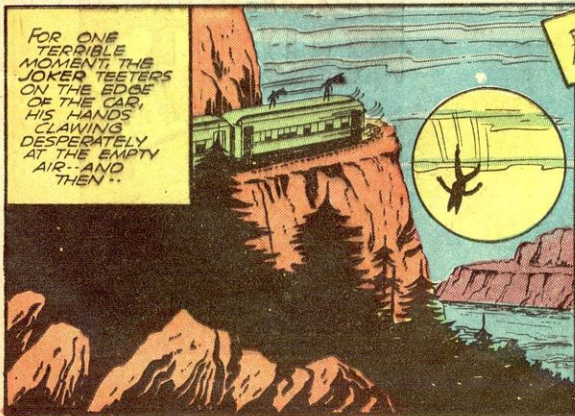
THIS  
TIME YOU'RE  
GOING OFF,  
BATMAN!

COLLECTING ALL HIS STRENGTH, THE BATMAN BOUNCES UP LIKE A RUBBER BALL. HIS FIST CRASHES ON THE JOKER'S JAW!



THIS IS  
IT  
JOKER!

FOR ONE TERRIBLE MOMENT, THE JOKER TEETERS ON THE EDGE OF THE CAR, HIS HANDS CLAWING DESPERATELY AT THE EMPTY AIR--AND THEN--



DOES  
KANE

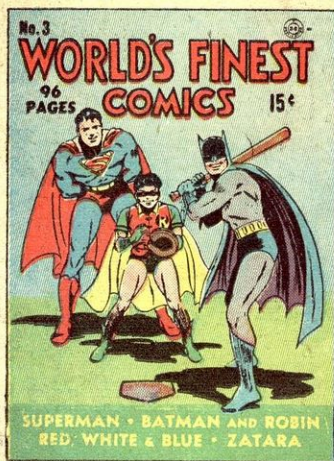
I DON'T  
THINK  
HE'LL  
CHEAT DEATH  
THIS  
TIME!  
DO YOU,  
BATMAN?

MAYBE--  
HE'S CHEATED  
DEATH SO  
OFTEN, YOU  
JUST CAN'T  
TRUST THAT  
GUY! AT LEAST,  
WE KNOW WE  
HAD THE LAST  
LAUGH ON THE  
JOKER!





# HERE'S TOP VALUE!



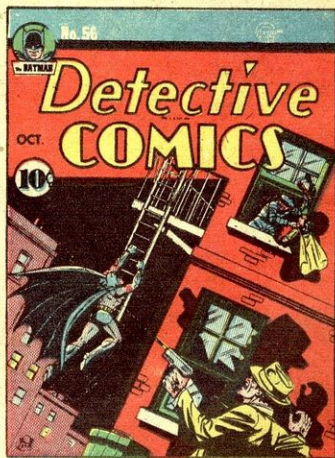
IMAGINE A SINGLE  
COMIC MAGAZINE  
CONTAINING ALL THESE  
HEADLINE FAVORITES:

**SUPERMAN**  
**BATMAN and ROBIN**  
**RED, WHITE and BLUE**  
**ZATARA • DRAFTY**  
**THE SANDMAN**  
**JOHNNY THUNDER**  
**—AND OTHERS!**

**96 PAGES OF ACTION**  
**AND EXCITEMENT!**  
**DON'T MISS IT!**

## -AND HERE'S A REMINDER:

**BATMAN**  
**AND ROBIN**  
**"THE WINNING TEAM"**  
SMASH THEIR WAY  
THROUGH WHIRLWIND  
ADVENTURES  
IN  
**EVERY ISSUE**  
OF  
**DETECTIVE**  
**COMICS**



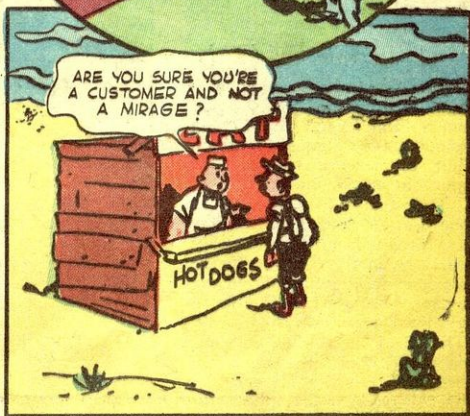
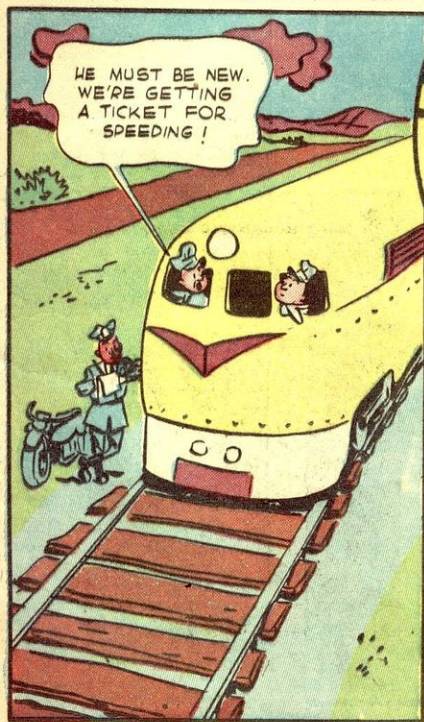
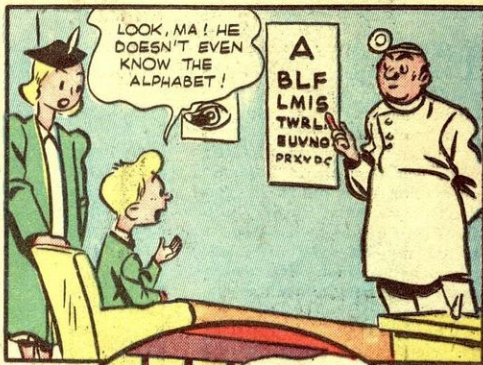
**EVERY MONTH!**



# FUNNIES

by

KERRY  
SCHWOFF





# LUCKY BUMP

by Eric Carter

I'M sorry, son," the Army doctor said kindly. "I'd like to pass you, but we're very strict about height. You're half an inch too short."

"But, Doc," Sam Ware's voice was anguished. "I passed everything else, didn't I? You don't know what getting into the Army means to me. I want to do my bit, and after all, what's half an inch! You're sure that measuring machine is right?"

The doctor smiled. "As right as science can make it," he said. His arm patted Sam's shoulder. "There are other ways in which you can help your country, son. Get into a defense industry, for example."

Bitterness crept into Sam's voice. He should have known better than to try to get in. His very nick name Pee-wee, designated his shortness of stature. "What can I do?" he said morosely, "except drive. That's why I want to get into the Army. I'm a swell driver." His voice was pleading. "Doc, you should know my record as a taxi driver. I'm good."

"I don't doubt it, son." The doctor's tone had turned professional again. He was a busy man and there was a line of volunteers and draftees. He didn't like this business of turning down a man so anxious to fight. "I don't doubt it," he said again. "But I can't do anything about it. It's a shame, I'll admit. But orders are orders." He glanced at his nurse. "Next."

Dejectedly, Sam dressed in the next room. Outside the day was bright. But there was only darkness in Sam's heart. There was no use kidding himself any longer. He hadn't been able to kid the Doc with his high heels. They had made him take his shoes off when the examination began. There was no place in the Army, he told himself, for

a shrimp.

On the street, luncheon throngs crowded the sidewalk as Sam emerged and started for his cab, which he had parked a few doors down from the building. There was a big, black sedan wedged close against it. A gleam came into Sam's eyes. He'd move that guy away fast.

Sam pushed through the crowd, the light of battle in his eyes. These wise guys who didn't give a guy parked a break were made to order for him. His mind was busy with epithets he intended to hurl at the offending chauffeur when suddenly a scream sounded over the traffic.

Three men were emerging from the bank. They all carried guns in their hands and one of them bore a black bag. There was a rattle of gunfire as a sharp report came from the bank door. The three gunmen leaped for the sedan as a policeman, gun drawn, raced toward them. People scattered in all directions and as they did so, they made the cop a perfect target.

All this Sam saw in the twinkling of an eye. He was only a few feet from the nearest gunman. The man was leveling his revolver at the policeman. Sam leaped. The shot went wild.

Sam's teeth went into the man's wrist. He screamed with pain. The gun fell from his hand. Out of the corner of his eye, Sam saw the policeman, on one knee, shooting it out with the two gunmen. Other policemen were running up.

A thief leaped for the running board of the sedan. Sam's arms caught him around the legs. There was a blinding flash. Pain seared through Sam's head. He had been struck with a gun butt, but he didn't know it. All he knew was blackness. Miles of it and all very deep.

There was a crowd of confused, hazy people around Sam when he opened his eyes. Ammonia fumes stung his nostrils and his head ached. His eyes focusing, Sam saw that a white-coated interne was attending him. The traffic cop from the corner was looking at him anxiously. "How is he, doc? He sure got guts. I'd hate to see anything happen to him."

"Oh, he'll be okay," the interne pronounced. "He's got a beautiful bump there, but amica will bring it down to normal. I'm going to bandage it up now." He frowned at Sam. "Here, sit still."

"Nothing doing," Sam struggled to his feet. "I'm okay. Honest. Look out." He shook off the ambulance doctor's restraining hand, and heedless of the shouts that followed him, raced up the street. A moment later, breathing heavily, he was saying to a startled Army doctor. "Look, doc, put me back on the measuring machine again. I know it was wrong. Come on, measure me." He kicked off his shoes.

Startled, the doctor obeyed. Sam winced as the brass rod touched the bump. "Hm," the doctor said. "It looks like you were right. You've got half an inch to spare. I can't understand about that machine. But you're in the Army now. Report downstairs and be sworn in, soldier!"

Sam hurried out the door, his precious application in his hand. As the door closed behind him, the doctor turned to the nurse. "There's nothing in regulations about a bump," he said. "After all, it's part of the boy." A smile flitted across his face. "And he'll never know we were looking out the window and saw the whole thing!"

• THE END •



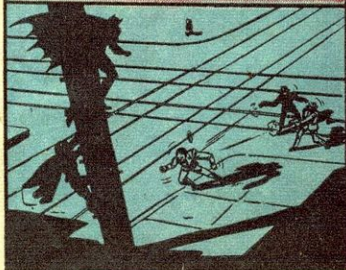
# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

ONCE AGAIN THE MIGHTY  
BATMAN AND HIS LAUGHING  
YOUNG AIDE ROBIN GO FORTH  
ON A CHANCE TRAIL AND CROSS THE  
PATH OF A MASTER CRIMINAL.  
OUT OF A STRANGE MEDLEY  
OF ADVENTURES, THE PROOF  
AND ROBIN FIND THE PROOF  
OF AN UGLY AND VICIOUS  
RACKET THAT INVOLVES INNOCENT  
MEN AND WOMEN OF DANGER  
USUAL DISREGARDS THE  
DYNAMIC DUO FERRETS OUT  
THIS EVIL CRIME-MASTER AND  
BRINGS AN END TO THE  
STRANGE TALE OF  
• **THE TROUBLE TRAP!**



**NIGHT--A MAN RUNS FOR  
HIS LIFE! HIGH ABOVE, TWO  
MANTLED FIGURES WATCH--AND  
ACT!**





TOO LATE! A VICIOUS BLAST  
OF GUNFIRE---AND THE MAN  
DROPS TO THE GROUND--



OKAY--  
HE'S  
THROUGH!

YEAH!  
WE DID  
A--LOOK!



YOU  
ROTTEN  
KILLERS!



LEMMIE  
ALONE!  
GIMME  
A CHANCE!

I'LL GIVE  
YOU A  
CHANCE!



?

?



WOW!

HOLY  
CATS!



WHAT WE  
DO WITH  
THEM?

CHOKE 'EM!  
BREAK  
THEIR  
NECKS!





SLOWLY, INEXORABLY, THE GIANT HANDS CLOSE TIGHTLY ABOUT THE THROATS OF THE STRUGGLING BATMAN AND ROBIN--



AS THE DESPERATE BATMAN GASP FOR AIR, HIS FOOT LASHES OUT IN ONE LAST-DITCH EFFORT--



MOMENTARILY STUNNED, THE BRUTE RELEASES HIS DEATH GRIP. THE BATMAN'S HAND REACHES FOR ONE OF THE GLASS PELLETS IN HIS UTILITY BELT--



A FLING OF THE BATMAN'S HAND--...AND BLACK SMOKE BILLOWS FORTH--

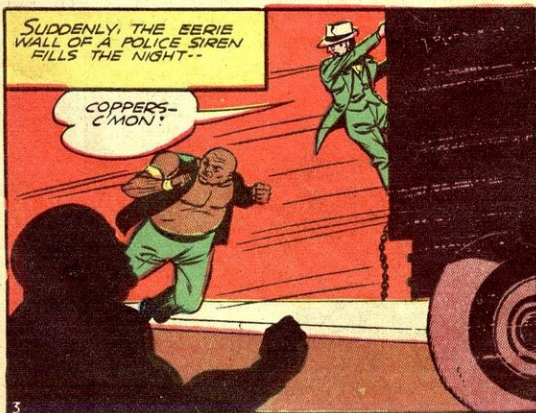


OKAY, BIG BOY-- DROD HIM?



SUDDENLY, THE EERIE WALL OF A POLICE SIREN FILLS THE NIGHT--

COPPER-- C'MON!



THE TRUCK WHIPS AWAY FROM THE CURB, AND MAKES THE CORNER ON TWO WHEELS?

HOW'S YOUR THROAT?

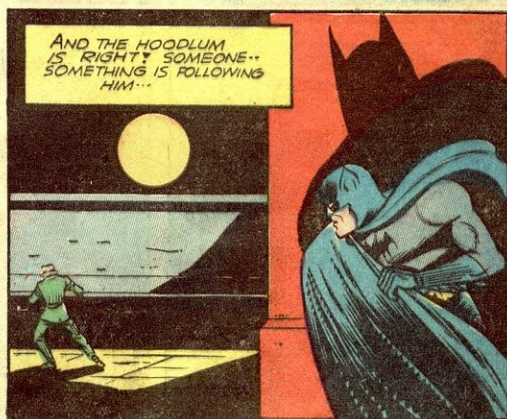
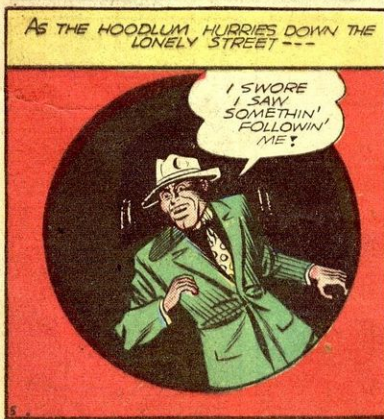
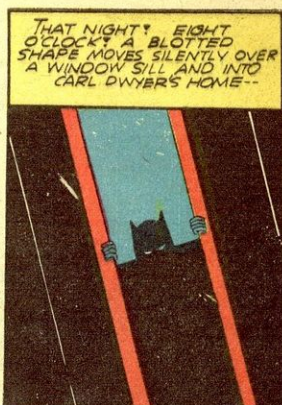
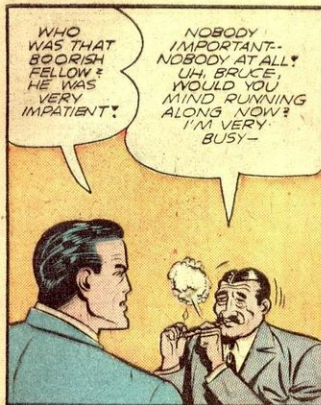
IT HURTS! I CAN HARDLY BREATHE!













MINUTES LATER, THE BATMAN SEES THE HOODLUM ENTER A SOLITARY HOUSE. APPROACHING, HE READS ON THE HOUSE NAME-PLATE--

A SWAMI? NOW WHAT CONNECTION CAN THERE BE BETWEEN A SWAMI, A HOODLUM, A MURDERED MAN, TWO GIANT HINDUS AND CARL DWYER?



AND THIS MONEY PAYMENT FOR RECORDS? -- IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! MAYBE IT WILL AFTER I HAVE A CHAT WITH DWYER?



THE DWYER HOME--

DROWNING YOUR TROUBLES?

ULP-- WHO?



WHY DID YOU GIVE MONEY TO THAT THUG? WHAT HAS IT TO DO WITH GRANDA THE MYSTIC?

BLACKMAIL! AT A PARTY SOMEONE SUGGESTED WE VISIT GRANDA THE MYSTIC--



"WE ALL WENT THERE---HE TOOK US INTO HIS ROOM, ONLY ONE AT THE TIME--"

NOW-- INTO THE CRYSTAL--



LOOK DEEP-- LOOK DEEP-- YOU ARE GROWING SLEEPY--



"IT SEEMED HOURS WHEN I WOKE UP--I THOUGHT NO MORE ABOUT IT UNTIL ONE DAY WHEN

GRANDA? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT YOU TO LISTEN TO THIS RECORD YOU'LL FIND IT INTERESTING?



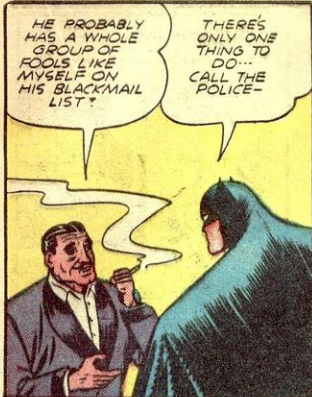
"THE RECORD BEGAN TO PLAY---IT BEGAN TO TELL ALL ABOUT AN ESCAPE OF MINE AT COLLEGE--"

IT WAS A HARMLESS PRANK THEN. NEWSPAPERS WOULD PLAY IT UP IF THEY HEARD OF IT!

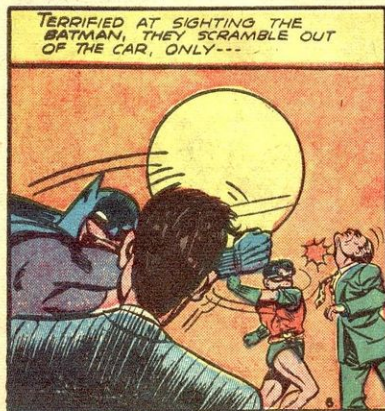
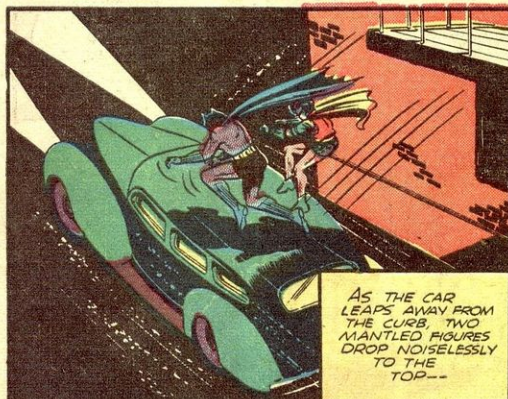
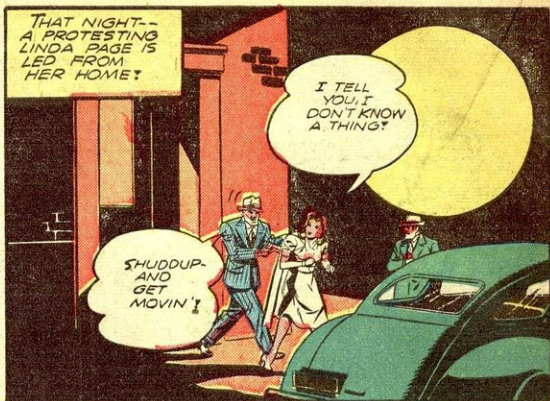
GRANDA WANTED MONEY FOR THE RECORD OR ELSE-- WHEN HE HYPNOTIZED YOU AT HIS STUDIO HE MADE YOU TALK--















COMMISSIONER,  
BETTER GET OVER  
TO GRANDA, THE  
MYSTIC'S PLACE?  
HE'S GOT LINDA  
PAGE KIDNAPPED?

KIDNAPPED?  
KELLY,  
GET THE  
SQUAD CAR  
READY--?



AND BACK AT GRANDA'S SANCTUM--

SURE,  
BOSS?

ROBIN HAS PHONED  
THE POLICE.  
THEY SHOULD  
BE HERE IN  
A LITTLE WHILE.

I WON'T  
TELL--  
I WON'T  
TELL...

TWIST  
HER  
ARM,  
JOE!



LOOK OUT  
FOR THAT  
CAR?



THE TWO CARS MEET IN A  
TERRIBLE, HEAD-ON CRASH--



I'M ALL  
RIGHT?  
HOW IS  
EVERYONE  
ELSE?

JUST A BIT  
SHAKEN UP,  
SIR--WE'LL  
HAVE TO GET  
ANOTHER  
CAR?



WHAT'S THE  
MATTER, JOE?  
LOOSING  
YOUR GRIP?

SOMETHING'S  
WRONG--  
THE POLICE  
SHOULD  
HAVE BEEN  
HERE  
LONG AGO.

A SUDDEN  
CLICK, AND  
THE LIGHTS  
WINK OUT--

WHO  
PUT  
THE LIGHTS  
OUT,  
JOE?



THE LIGHTS FLASH ON AND  
STANDING, TOWERING IN THE LIGHT...

THE  
BATMAN!  
YOU WERE  
JOE?

YOU'RE  
GETTING  
SMARTER  
BY THE  
MINUTE!

EVEN AS THE  
BATMAN CATAPULTS  
FORWARD, GRANDPA'S  
FOOT FURTIVELY  
PRESSES A FLOOR  
BUTTON, AND--

--THE HINDU GIANTS LUMBER  
INTO THE ROOM...

HOLY SMOKE!  
THE BIG  
BOYS AGAIN--

NIMBLE AS A  
CAT, THE  
BATMAN SLIPS  
BENEATH THE  
SLASHING  
GLADE!

THE BATMAN CANNOT  
AVOID THE SECOND  
GIANT, WHO TOWERS  
OVER HIM!

HI,  
FELLA!

JUST  
IN TIME,  
ROBIN!

OHH--  
HERE  
COMES  
THE OTHER  
SHRIMP!

-- THEN -- TRAPEZING  
INTO THE ROOM --  
ROBIN THE BOY  
WONDER --

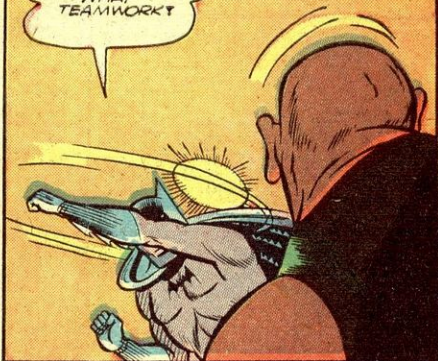


ROBIN TILTS THE CRYSTAL SO THAT IT CATCHES THE LIGHT, AND FLASHES RAYS OF BLINDING RADIANCE AT THE GIANT'S EYES!



NOW'S YOUR CHANCE, BATMAN!

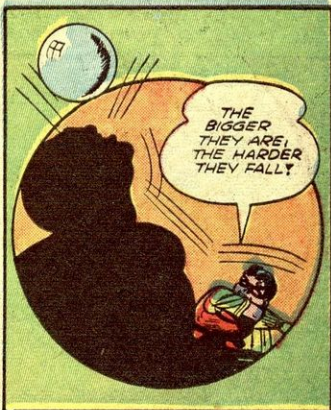
WHAT TEAMWORK!



FOR A MOMENT, THE GIANT SWAYS ON HIS FEET, AND THEN CRASHES TO THE FLOOR--AS THE OTHER GIANT RUSHES IN--



THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL!



STAND WHERE YOU ARE, BATMAN! A BULLET WILL END YOUR LIFE!



GUNFIRE BLASTS THROUGH THE ROOM! A MAN TOPPLES-- BUT NOT THE BATMAN--



MISS PAGE, ROBIN! BATMAN-- I FIGURED YOU'D FIX GRANDPA SOME WAY. WELL, GRANDPA-- WE'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME!





LIKE A CORNERED RAT GRANDA MAKES A DESPERATE TRY FOR ESCAPE...



NOT YET, YOU HAVEN'T!



A CLASH OF BEARS... AND GRANDA SPEEDS AWAY AS TWO FIGURES FOLLOW HIS PATH OF FLIGHT.



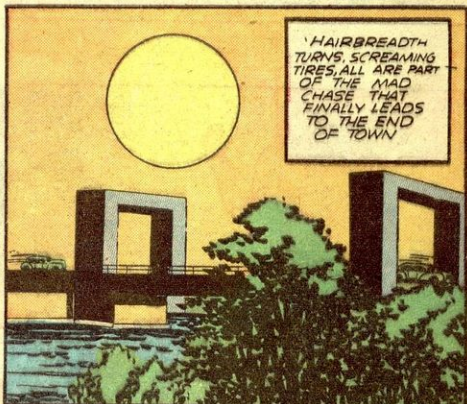
HE'S GETTING AWAY!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT! C'MON!

WITH THE BATMAN AT THE WHEEL, THE POLICE CAR WHIPS AWAY AFTER GRANDA!



HOLD ON TO YOUR SEAT, BOY!



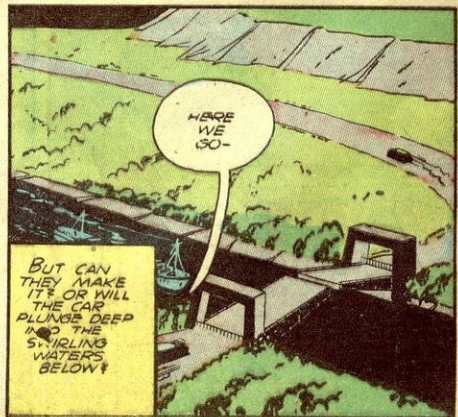
HAIRBREADTH TURNS, SCREAMING TIRES, ALL ARE PART OF THE MAD CHASE THAT FINALLY LEADS TO THE END OF TOWN.

AS THE BATMAN'S CAR APPROACHES, A DRAWBRIDGE STARTS TO OPEN TO LET A HIGH-STACKED STEAMER PASS BELOW!



THE DRAWBRIDGE IS OPENING!

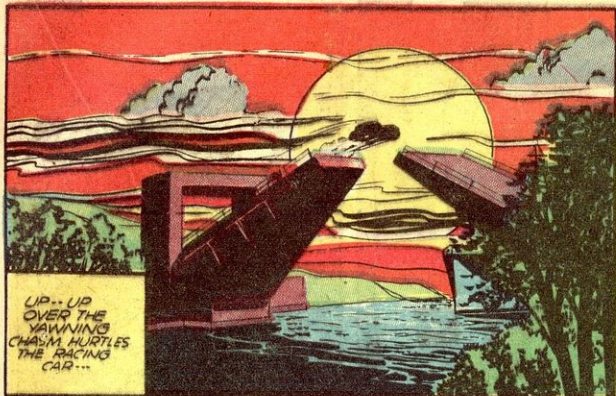
BETTER HOLD TIGHT-WE'RE GOING TO TRY TO MAKE IT!



HERE WE GO-

BUT CAN THEY MAKE IT? OR WILL THE CAR PLUNGE DEEP INTO THE SWIRLING WATERS BELOW?





UP-- UP  
OVER THE  
YAWNING  
CHASM HURTLIES  
THE RACING  
CAR...



MADE  
IT?

AS THEY DRAW ALONGSIDE GRANDA'S  
FLASHING AUTOMOBILE, THE BATMAN  
LEAPS--



THROUGH THE OPEN  
WINDOW STREAKS THE  
BATMAN'S BALLED FIST!



LATER....

HERE'S  
GRANDA!  
I SEE YOU  
FOUND  
THE BOYS  
WHERE I  
LEFT THEM!

YES--  
AND  
THEY'VE  
BEEN  
TALKING!  
THIS  
ENDS  
GRANDA'S  
BLACKMAILING.



HYPNOTIZING  
PEOPLE AND THEN  
GETTING RECORDINGS  
OF THEIR INNERMOST  
SECRETS. THIS IS  
THE ROOM  
WHERE HE  
HID HIS RECORDS!

NICE  
WORK,  
GORDON!



GRANDA'S MEN  
CONFERRED TO  
THE MURDER  
OF HENRY ABBOT.  
ABBOT WAS  
GOING TO  
TELL THE  
POLICE  
ABOUT  
THE BLACKMAIL!

GRANDA  
KILLED HIM  
TO PROTECT  
HIMSELF--  
GRANDA,  
YOU'RE GET-  
TING THE  
CHAIR  
FOR THIS!



THE  
POLICE  
DEPARTMENT.  
THE PEOPLE  
OF THE  
CITY  
THANK YOU  
AND ROBIN  
FOR THE  
SWEET JOB  
YOU DID!

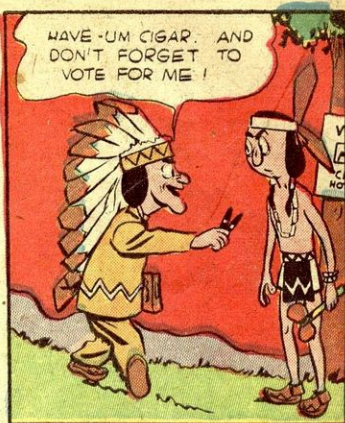
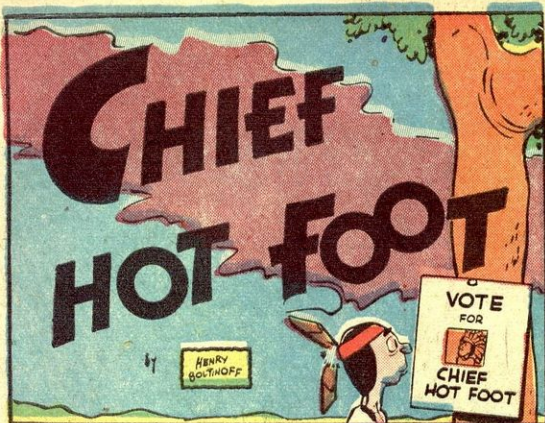
SEE  
WHAT I  
MEAN BY  
DOING YOUR  
HOMEWORK  
AND GAINING  
THE RESPECT  
OF YOUR  
FELLOW-MAN?

OKAY--  
OKAY  
YOU  
WIN!



THE  
END







# BAT MAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

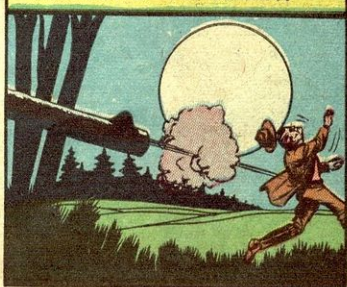
BOB  
KANE



LIKE GIANTS OF OLD, THE BIG TREES OF THE NORTH WOODS REAR UP...UP INTO THE SKY UNTIL THEIR LEAFY BRANCHES SEEM TO TOUCH THE HEAVENS. HERE, AMIDST THESE TOWERING COLOSSI, ARE TO BE FOUND THE LUMBER CAMPS--SMALL COLONIES OF MEN WHOSE SHINY AXES AND MANY SAWS BITE MORTALLY AT THESE SOARING WOODEN COLUMNS, TOPPLING THEM TO THE GROUND, WHERE EACH OF THE MIGHTY CRASHES HEAVILY, SHAKING THE EARTH ABOUT IT. HERE-- HERE TO THE LAND OF WOODEN GIANTS COME THE BATMAN AND ROBIN TO FIND ADVENTURE AND THE STRANGE ANSWER TO--

*"The NORTH WOODS MYSTERY."*

THE MOON -- A GIANT WHITE EYE--LOOKS DOWN ON THE NORTHWOODS--AND MURDER!





BRUCE WAYNE CHATS WITH NORA POWELL, SOCIETY FAVORITE...

BRUCE, I SAY THAT MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING... IT'S...

MISS POWELL... LOOK AT THIS LATEST PAPER!

"MATTHEW, LUMBER KING, MURDERED! MY UNCLE... KILLED!"

C'MON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

LUMBER MAGNATES ADOPTED SON, JACK, SUSPECTED OF MURDER, BUT RELEASED FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE. MOTIVE REVEALED IN MURDERED MAGNATE'S WILL THAT LEAVES VAST NUMBER HOLDINGS TO BOTH ADOPTED SON AND NIECE, NORA POWELL!

WHO IS THIS ADOPTED SON?

JACK CLAYTON, A LUMBER JACK! HE RISKED HIS LIFE TO SAVE UNCLE MAT FROM DEATH IN A LOG JAM!... UNCLE ADOPTED HIM!... I'VE NEVER MET JACK!

HMM? WELL, NORA... WHAT NOW?

I THINK I'LL CALL JACK UP AND OFFER HIM MY HELP!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

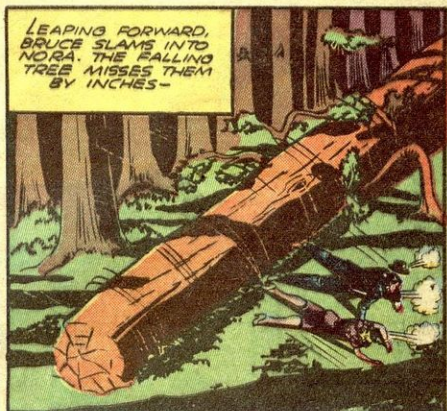
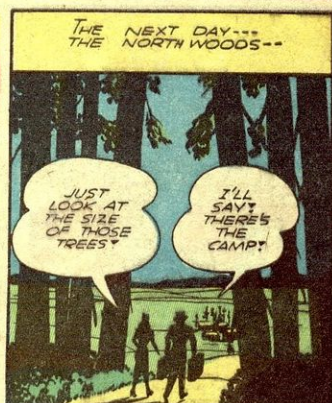
HELLO, JACK? THIS IS NORA POWELL. I JUST CALLED TO OFFER MY REGRETS ABOUT UNCLE MAT. IF YOU NEED MY HELP ABOUT ANYTHING, I'LL BE GLAD TO...

THANKS— BUT I DON'T NEED IT! I'LL SEND YOU A CHECK EVERY MONTH FOR YOUR SHARE OF THE LUMBER PROFITS—

--SO THAT YOU CAN BUY YOURSELF SOME MORE FUR COATS AND FANCY GOWNS TO WEAR AROUND NIGHT CLUBS— CLICK!

WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS?? I'M GOING TO SHOW HIM I CAN DO THINGS AS WELL AS HE CAN!







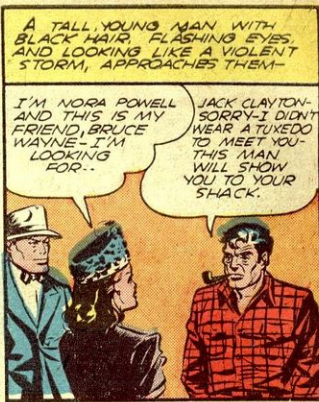


OH-OH  
THAT  
WAS  
CLOSE!

A LOGGER  
PROBABLY  
LEFT FOR A  
MOMENT  
LEAVING THE  
TREE HALF  
CUT, NOT REALIZING  
IT WOULD FALL!



THAT  
WAS NO  
ACCIDENT--  
SOMEONE  
WANTED  
TO KILL  
HER!



A TALL, YOUNG MAN WITH  
BLACK HAIR, FLASHING EYES,  
AND LOOKING LIKE A VIOLENT  
STORM, APPROACHES THEM--

I'M NORA POWELL  
AND THIS IS MY  
FRIEND, BRUCE  
WAYNE-- I'M  
LOOKING  
FOR--

JACK CLAYTON--  
SORRY-- I DIDN'T  
WEAR A TUXEDO  
TO MEET YOU--  
THIS MAN  
WILL SHOW  
YOU TO YOUR  
SHACK.



WELL--  
OF ALL  
THE NERVE!

EASY  
NOW...  
EASY...

THIS  
WAY, MISS  
POWELL!



ABOUT FIVE MINUTES  
LATER, A YOUNG BOY  
ENTERS THE CAMP--

I'M  
KINDA  
HUNGRY!  
COULD I  
GET SOME  
GRUB FOR  
THIS KID?

HUNGRY,  
EH? SURE!  
HEY, FRED!  
GET SOME  
GRUB FOR  
THIS KID!



NORA LOOKS ON LUMBER  
CAMP WORK WITH GREAT INTEREST  
WHILE BRUCE WAYNE LOOKS  
ON IN TYPICAL BRUCE WAYNE  
FASHION--

ISN'T  
IT JUST  
THRILLING,  
BRUCE?

LOOKS  
AS IF THOSE  
FELLOWS  
ACTUALLY  
ENJOY  
THEIR  
WORK!



NORA DOES NOT NOTICE  
THE LOOK BETWEEN  
BRUCE AND THE  
YOUNG BOY--

JUST  
LOOK AT  
THE MAGNIFICENCE  
OF IT ALL! LITTLE  
MEN CUTTING DOWN  
THESE WOODEN  
GIANTS!...

NOTHING BUT  
TERMITES, THAT'S  
ALL THEY ARE...



THAT NIGHT---

WISH I KNEW  
EXACTLY WHY  
CLAYTON COULD  
ACT SO HUMAN  
TO THE BOY  
AND SO INHUMAN  
TO US! HE  
HATES THE  
GIRL---BUT  
WHY?



SILENTLY AND SWIFTLY, HE  
PADS SOFTLY ACROSS THE  
CAMP GROUNDS TO BE MET  
BY ANOTHER COSTUMED  
ROVER--ROBIN, THE  
BOY WONDER--

C'MON,  
ROBIN--  
I WANT TO  
LOOK  
AROUND!

NO--WAIT!  
I SAW TWO  
FIGURES  
MOVE INTO  
THE TOOL  
SHED--



### INSIDE THE TOOL SHED--

A LITTLE  
ACID ON  
THESE SAWS  
AND AXES,  
AND THEY'LL  
CRACK UP  
WHEN THEY  
TRY TO  
USE THEM  
ON TIMBER!

THAT'LL  
SLOW UP  
THE  
LUMBER  
OUTLET--  
AND THAT  
POWELL  
DAME  
WILL BE  
GLAD TO  
SELL HER  
SHARE TO  
CLAYTON--

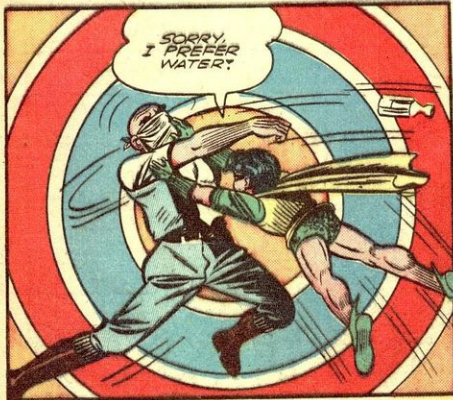


NOT  
QUITE,  
FELLA,  
NOT  
QUITE!

I'LL BATHE  
YA IN  
ACID!



SORRY,  
I PREFER  
WATER?



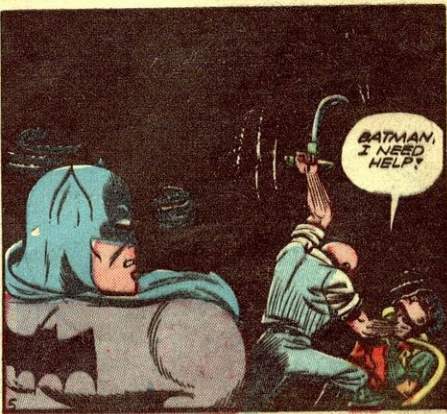
OKAY,  
WISE GUY--  
YOU  
ASKED  
FOR IT!



BUT IT DOESN'T  
LOOK LIKE  
I'M GOING  
TO GET  
IT, EH,  
PAL?



BATMAN,  
I NEED  
HELP!







TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE MELEE, THE OTHER MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE!

HE'S GETTING AWAY!

NEVER MIND! WE'VE STILL GOT HIS PAL TO ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS!



EAGER TO DODGE FURTHER PUNISHMENT, THE REMAINING WRECKER CRINGES BACK BEFORE THE BATMAN, AND IN HIS PANIC, STUMBLES AGAINST A BEAM! A HEAVY HOOK IS LOOSED FROM ITS RACK AND...

FEEL LIKE TALKING, OR...

NO... NO... I'LL TALK..



---AND PLUNGING DOWNWARD, SILENCES HIM FOREVER---

GNNSH!

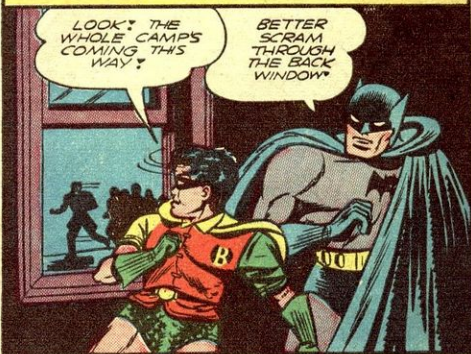
LOOK OUT!



DRAWN TO THE SCENE BY THE DIN OF BATTLE---

LOOK! THE WHOLE CAMP'S COMING THIS WAY!

BETTER SCRAM THROUGH THE BACK WINDOW!



THE TWO-MAN REGIMENT BEAT HASTY RETREAT---



WHY, IT'S WOODY JOE?

THAT HOOK-- MUST HAVE KILLED HIM INSTANTLY!

HOW TERRIBLE-- WHAT WAS HE DOING HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NIGHT?







HMM? WHAT IS A BOTTLE OF ACID DOING HERE? AS A FRIEND OF POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON, I'VE LEARNED DETECTIVE PROCEDURE, AND--

YOU--I DETECTIVE WORK? BAH! THIS MAN'S DEATH WAS ACCIDENTAL... AND DON'T TRY TO MAKE A POLICE CASE OUT OF IT!



I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT IT BEING A MATTER FOR THE POLICE. ALL THESE "ACCIDENTS"... BRUCE... I'M WORRIED--

NOW... DON'T START GETTING JITTERY! I'LL BE AROUND TO SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO YOU!



THE NEXT MORNING...

MISS POWELL-- I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MR. ASHER-- HE OWNS THE ASHER LUMBER COMPANY NEAR BY...

MISS POWELL, I'D LIKE TO BUY YOUR SHARE... IS CLAYTON WILLING TO SELL HIS-- ISN'T THAT SO, CLAYTON?



WELL-- AH-- BEEN A LOT OF ACCIDENTS TO OUR TIMBER-- VALUE GOING DOWN-- NO BUSINESS FOR A GIRL ANYWAY--

THERE'S BEEN TOO MANY ACCIDENTS-- IT SEEMS. NO-- I LIKE THE LUMBER BUSINESS! I'M NOT SELLING!

CLAYTON SEEMS VERY ANXIOUS TO SELL. WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TOO--



IN CLAYTON'S CABIN--

YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE HER SELL OUT TO YOU! AND THEN I'LL BUY YOUR COMPLETE HOLDINGS-- OR ELSE!

YOU DON'T LEAVE ME MUCH CHOICE! I'LL HAVE TO DO IT!



BUT AS THEY TALK-- A SMALL FIGURE LISTENS BY THE WINDOW--



I REFUSE TO SELL TO ASHER OR YOU! AND BY THE WAY, WHAT MADE YOU SUDDENLY DECIDE TO BUY MY SHARE? YOU SAID THE VALUE WAS GOING DOWN!

ER--I--I'VE GOT MY REASONS... EITHER TAKE MY OFFER OR LEAVE IT-- BUT YOU'D BETTER TAKE IT!

NOT THREATENING, ARE YOU, CLAYTON?



NOT ME, HE ISN'T! NOW I CAME DOWN HERE TO RIDE ON THE LOGGER TRAIN! WANT TO COME ALONG, BRUCE?

NO-O-O-- THINK I'LL TAKE A LONG NAP!

ANNAND, TAKE MISS POWELL ON THE TRAIN!



NORA RIDES ATOP THE LOGGER TRAIN--

MY--  
THIS IS  
EXCITING!

WAIT  
TILL THE  
REAL  
EXCITEMENT  
BEGINS,  
LADY!



--AND IT'S  
BEGINNIN'  
RIGHT  
NOW!



UNSHACKLED BY THE  
MURDEROUS LOGGER THE  
LOG-CAR, NORA LYING  
UNCONSCIOUS ATOP ITS  
FREIGHT--HURTTLES  
BACKWARD DOWN THE TRACK!

IT'LL  
LOOK LIKE  
AN  
ACCIDENT!



AND  
SWAYING  
AND  
ROCKING  
PERILOUSLY,  
PLUNGES  
DOOM-  
WARD!



-- BUT  
FLASHING  
FROM A  
NEARBY  
THICKET--



--THE BATMAN SWINGS ABOARD THIS  
"AVALANCHE ON WHEELS"--



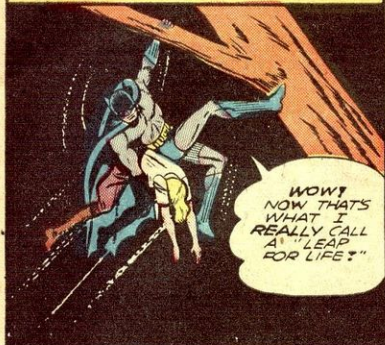
GOT TO  
WORK  
FAST--  
THE CARS  
GOING TO GO  
OFF ANY  
MOMENT NOW!

LIFTING THE LIMP GIRL UNDER  
ONE ARM--HE LEAPS DESPERATELY--





--AND GRAB AN OVERHANGING  
BRANCH WITH THE OTHER---



WOW!  
NOW THAT'S  
WHAT I  
REALLY CALL  
A "LEAP  
FOR LIFE!"

LATER...WHEN NORA  
COMES BACK TO LIFE--



WHERE AM I--?  
--AN ANGUISH MAN  
HIT ME ON THE  
LOG TRAIN--  
AND I SWEAR I  
REMEMBER A  
MASKED FIGURE--

AT THAT MOMENT---



--AND  
I HEARD  
ASHER  
TELL  
CLAYTON  
TO SELL--

MMM--SO  
I WAS RIGHT!  
AND  
YET--

SOME TIME LATER--



YOU'RE TRYING TO  
KILL ME--JUST AS YOU  
KILLED YOUR FATHER--  
YOU CAN'T DENY THAT A  
HIRED THUG OF  
YOURS TRIED TO  
MURDER ME!?

I DID NOT  
KILL MY FATHER!  
AND AS FOR THAT  
LOGGER--IT'S  
PURE IMAGINATION  
ON YOUR  
PART!

AFTER NORA  
LEAVES--



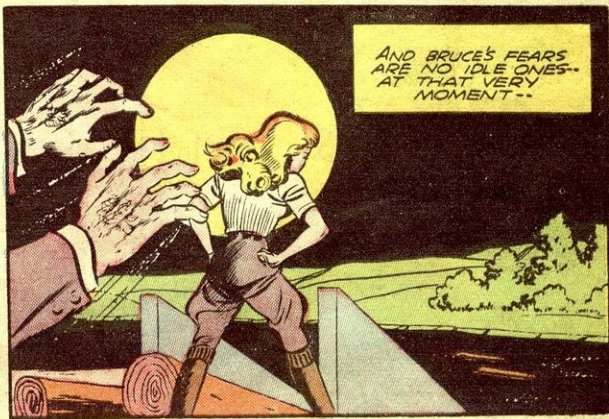
I'M DEEP ENOUGH  
AS IT IS ALREADY--  
BUT TO MURDER  
A GIRL... AND  
MY FATHER'S  
DEATH--  
I WONDER  
NOW IF--

THAT MORNING--



MR.  
WAYNE,  
MISS POWELL  
SAYS IF  
YOU'VE A MIND  
TO MEET  
HER OVER  
DOWN BY THE  
LOG CHUTE--

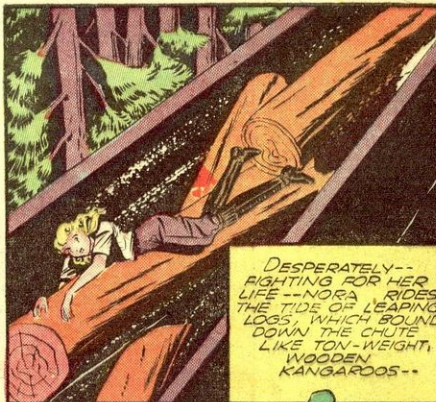
THE  
LOG  
CHUTE?  
ALONE?  
SHE MAY  
BE IN  
DANGER



AND BRUCE'S FEARS  
ARE NO IDLE ONES--  
AT THAT VERY  
MOMENT--



A MURDERER'S  
HANDS ARE AT  
THEIR TERRIBLE  
TASK!



DESPERATELY--  
RIGHTING FOR HER  
LIFE--NORA  
RIDES THE TIDE OF LEAPING  
LOGS WHICH SOUND  
DOWN THE CHUTE  
LIKE TON-WEIGHT,  
WOODEN  
KANGAROOS--

BUT IN THAT  
HIDEOUSLY  
REAL, NIGHTMARE  
INSTANT--

TIME FOR  
ME TO SHOW  
MY TRUE  
COLORS--



THE CAMP  
BOY BECOMES  
DICK GRAYSON, WARD  
OF BRUCE WAYNE--

AND THEN IN  
ANOTHER INSTANT  
BECOMES ROBIN.  
THE BOY WONDER-  
A MIGHTY SPRING  
SENDS THE BOY  
ONTO THE  
DANGEROUS CHUTE--

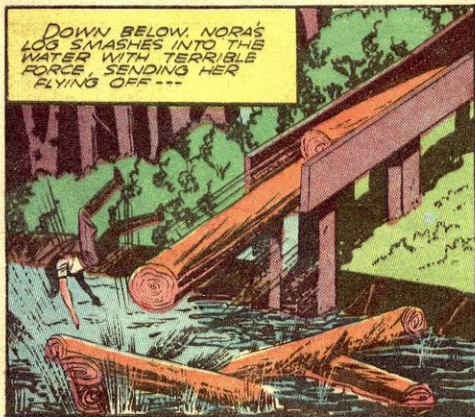


LIKE A COWBOY ON  
HORSEBACK, ROBIN  
RIDES HIS BUCKING,  
WOODEN BRONCO--



ONE  
SLIP AND  
I'M DONE  
FOR!

DOWN BELOW, NORA'S  
LOG SMASHES INTO THE  
WATER WITH TERRIBLE  
FORCE, SENDING HER  
FLYING OFF---



-- BUT  
WITH HER  
ONE GOOD  
ARM SHE  
MANAGES  
TO REGAIN  
HER SINGLE-  
PLANKED  
RAFT!



MADE IT---  
GOT TO  
HOLD ON--  
GOT TO--



ROBIN SPIES HER AND QUICKLY  
BOUNDS ACROSS THE SWAYING,  
ROLLING LOGS AS THEY RIDE  
DOWN THE SWIFT-MOVING  
RIVER---

ought  
to be up  
to her  
in one  
sec!



BUT HE IS ALSO SPIED BY  
ENEMY LOGGERS, WHO DART  
AFTER HIM IN SWIFT  
PURSUIT.

GET THAT  
KID?

OH-OH!  
TROUBLE  
AGAIN!



AND DOES "POLEE RIDING"  
WITH ANOTHER ON THE  
SLIPPERY, WAX-SMOOTH TIMBER--

THIS TIME  
YOU GO IN  
THE DRINK  
AND--

MAYBE?

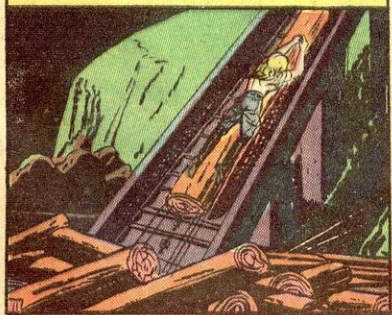


A CLEVER BIT OF FOOT WORK  
DISPOSES OF HIS SECOND  
OPPONENT!

SEE WHAT  
I MEAN?



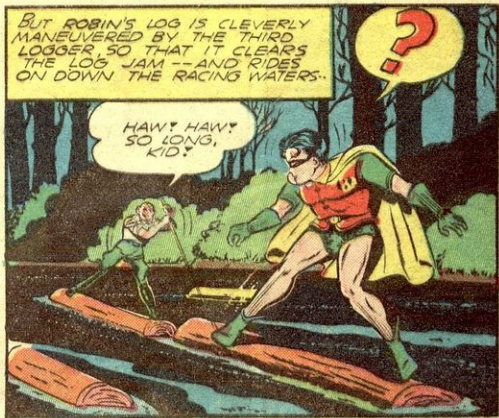
MEANWHILE, THE PAIN OF HER  
BROKEN ARM PROVES TOO MUCH  
FOR NORA! SHE FAINTS DEAD AWAY  
AS THE LOG IS DRAWN UP INTO THE  
CONVEYER THAT LEADS TO THE  
SAWMILL!



BUT ROBIN'S LOG IS CLEVERLY  
MANEUVERED BY THE THIRD  
LOGGER SO THAT IT CLEARS  
THE LOG JAM-- AND RIDES  
ON DOWN THE RACING WATERS--

HAW! HAW!  
SO LONG,  
KID!

?





...ON---ON---THE LOG RIDES---UNTIL IT TEEETERS ON THE VERY EDGE OF THE HIGH FALLS, HEADING FOR THE PLUNGE INTO THE WATERS, CHURNING AND LASHING SO FAR BELOW!

A WATERFALL!  
-AND I'M GOING OVER!

BUT IN THAT SPLIT-SECOND INSTANT, A CLOAKED FIGURE SWEEPS OUT OVER THE FALLS, DANGLING BY A PRECIOUS STRAND OF SILKEN ROPE, ONE STRONG HAND SNATCHES ROBIN FROM THE VERY BRINK OF DEATH!

2

4 BUT ON SHORE LURK TWO SINISTER FIGURES. ONE HACKS AWAY AT THE BATMAN'S SILKEN ROPE!

THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO GET RID OF BOTH MEDDLERS--

5 BUT THE BATMAN AND ROBIN BOOMERANG BACK JUST IN TIME!

DROP THAT KNIFE!

6 MEANWHILE, THE CONVEYER CARRIES THE UNCONSCIOUS NORA INTO THE SAWMILL ITSELF -- TOWARD A HUGE BUZZSAW, WHOSE JAGGED EDGES HUM A SONG OF DEATH!!

7 CLOSER... CLOSER...



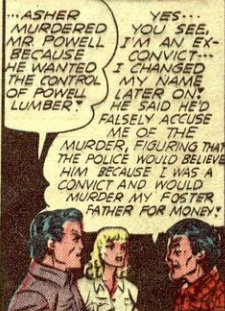
BUT STRONG HANDS REACH OUT---AND  
SNATCH HER FROM DANGER---



BUT A STRONG, STEADY VOICE  
BEHIND ASHER CAUSES HIM TO  
SWIVEL ABOUT---



NEXT MORNING  
BRUCE WAYNE LEARNS  
THE TRUTH FROM  
CLAYTON---





# ROLLIN' STONE

DRAFT BOARD

I WAS NEVER SO INSULTED IN MY LIFE - TH' GUY NOT ONLY SAID I HAD FLAT FEET - BUT HE SAID I WAS A FLATHEAD, TOO!

WELL, BABY - THE ARMY TURNED ME DOWN - NOW, ME AND YOU CAN GET HITCHED!

I'M SORRY, ROLLIN', BUT THE MAN I MARRY MUST BE BIG AND STRONG!

WHAT AM I - A MAN OR A MOUSE? I'LL SHOW 'EM - I'LL MAKE HER PROUD OF ME YET - EVEN IF I HAVE TO RENT A UNIFORM!

WHAT'S TH' MATTER, BUDDY - CAN'T YOU READ? COME BACK WHEN YOU GROW UP!

MEN - WANTED

JOIN THE NAVY  
SEE THE WORLD

WHERE DO THEY GET THAT STUFF? BRAINS DON'T MEAN A THING TO THOSE GUYS!

IDEA

OKAY - IF THAT'S TH' WAY THEY FEEL ABOUT IT!

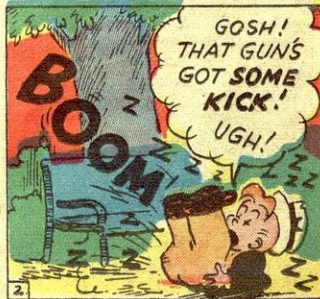
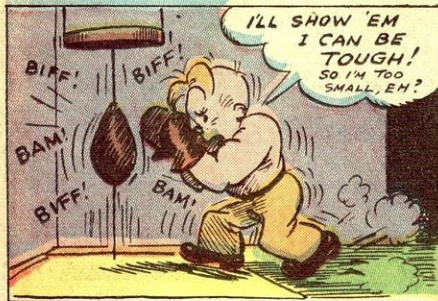
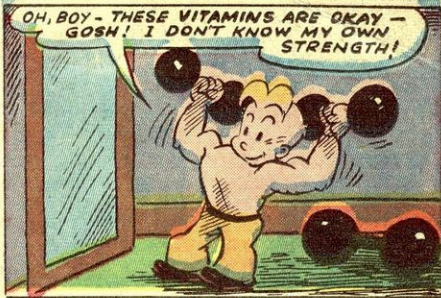
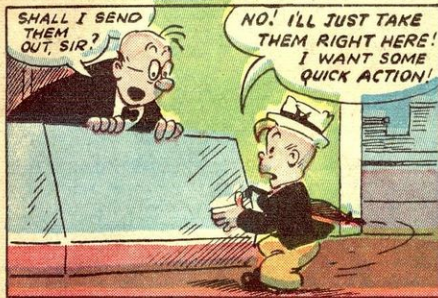
THEY CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN!

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, YOUNG FELLOW?

DRUGS

GIMMIE SOME O' THEM VITAMINS!  
A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H-I-J-K-L-  
M-O-P - TH' WHOLE  
ALPHABET - AND MAKE  
IT SNAPPY!







# STAR ACT

by Wilton Weston

**T**HE ancient conveyance that had once, many years ago, been a truck but which now served Phineas Q. Threttle as his minstrel show, wheezed along the highway. In the driver's seat sat Phineas himself, proprietor of Throttles Lotion, guaranteed to cure all ills, make curly hair straight, and bring back to bald heads the lush bloom of ripened wheat fields. Alongside of Phineas, playing with a rather large rubber ball, was his ten year old nephew Alfred, whom Phineas had adopted.

They were both very happy. The town they had just left, Olinville, had been extremely generous. It meant that when they reached Exeter, some twelve miles away, Alfred would get a new suit and Phineas would buy a new garland for Queenie, his trained seal who now was sleeping in back of the ancient vehicle, undisturbed by either the sounds of the engine or the flapping of the poorly fastened doors. Queenie was the star of the show, although Phineas would never admit it. After all, hadn't he once played the second grave digger in "Hamlet"?

It was a happy world upon which these ambulatory actors were embarking. Phineas reflected. He looked up, startled, as Alfred said excitedly: "Hey, Uncle Phineas, somebody's in trouble there!"

And indeed somebody was. Steam was issuing from the hood of the black coupe parked alongside the highway. A man was gesticulating toward the oncoming vehicle. A screeching of brakes signalized Phineas' willingness to play the Good Samaritan.

The man, short and squat, ran over to the truck. He had a black bag in one hand. The other held the flashlight with

which he had signaled Phineas. The beam of light played on the truck's side. "Had an accident," he said. "Overheated engine. How about taking me into Exeter? I can get a train there."

"Why, certainly, my boy," Phineas boomed. "Just climb in. A little crowded, perhaps, but we all have to put up with inconveniences sometimes. It'll be a pleasure to have company. This is my nephew, Alfred."

The man grunted and climbed in. The ancient truck wheezed on, tolling off the miles to Exeter. The stranger was extremely taciturn and Phineas felt cheated. He loved to talk. Suddenly a siren cut through the night.

"Police!" Alfred said, excitedly, looking out the side and almost losing the rubber ball. "They must be looking for somebody."

"They are," the stranger said. "Me! Get in here!" His hand yanked Alfred's head back from the window. Phineas gasped as he felt something hard press into his side. He knew it was a gun. "All you and the kid have to do, Pop," the stranger said, "is to say I work with the show. Nobody saw me blow the safe back in Olinville but the watchman, and I got him."

Phineas nodded. What was happening in the world today when a killer could accept an honest man's generosity? But he had better do as he was told. He didn't want anything to happen to Alfred. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the boy cowering in the seat, one hand dangling behind him.

The next instant the police car rolled up. The two State Troopers listened as Phineas identified himself, said Alfred and the stranger were working for him. The gun was hurting his side. One of the troopers

was looking at Alfred's ball. "Never saw one of those, kid. Not that color," he said.

Alfred forced a smile, tossed the ball into the van of the truck. There was a thud behind him. "I like to play with it," Alfred said.

The police walked towards their car. The stranger said hoarsely, "Get a move on, Pop!" His gun lent impetus to Phineas' movement. Protesting to himself, Phineas put the car into gear.

"You're a smart guy, Pop," the stranger said, as the truck moved along. "If you cracked to those coppers, you'd have been plugged."

The screech of the siren again cut him off. The stranger's hand went out, grabbed the brake. The car groaned to a stop. "I'm getting out!" he said.

He brushed past Alfred as the police car came up. Alfred's upraised foot came in contact with the man's wrist as he leveled the gun. Off balance, the stranger fell out of the suddenly opened door. The next moment, he was the prisoner of the State Troopers.

"Queenie!" Phineas gasped. For, Queenie, the trained seal, who had been sleeping in back of the truck was following the troopers. And on her nose, balanced proudly, was the ball Alfred had been playing with!

Phineas eyes darted to Alfred. The boy was smiling. "I knew Queenie would slip out after her ball, Uncle Phineas," he explained, "So I dropped it to make the troopers follow us again!"

Both troopers laughed; the prisoners glowered. One of the troopers said: "Wait'll the boys hear how Nitro Ned, the safe-cracker, was captured. He was crazy over sealskins!"



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

COUNTLESS TIMES IN THE PAST HAD THE BATMAN RESCUED INNOCENT HUMANS FROM DEATH OR IMPRISONMENT BY UNEARTHING TRUE EVIDENCE THAT TRAPPED THE REAL CRIMINAL. BUT WHO IS THERE TO SAVE THE BATMAN HIMSELF FROM SUCH A PREDICAMENT? FOR NOW THE BATMAN FACES THE SUPREME TEST OF HIS CAREER! HELPLESS, BOUND IN A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE, HE MUST SOMEHOW ENTANGLE THE REAL CRIMINAL IN LINKS OF HIS OWN MAKING! HOW HE DOES SO WITH THE TIMELY AID OF ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER, MAKES AN ABSORBING STORY! WHEN WE READ OF "THE PEOPLE VS. THE BATMAN."

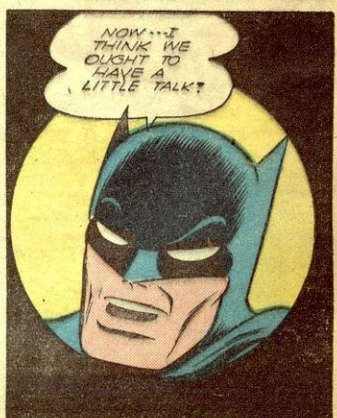
BOB KANE



A CLOAKED FIGURE PADS SILENTLY THRU A DARK CORRIDOR. AHEAD, A PATCH OF LIGHT DRAWS THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE LIKE A FLAME DRAWS A MOTH--









BUT AS THE BATMAN TALKS, A THUG'S FURTIVE HAND REACHES FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH---



AND THE LIGHTS WINK OUT!

OKAY, NOW'S OUR CHANCE! SLUG HIM!

BANG BANG!

LET'S SCRAM!

POLICE ARE DRAWN BY THE GUNFIRE... BUT FIND ONLY THE DAZED BATMAN MAKING A BID FOR FREEDOM---

THE BATMAN!

STOP! STOP!

SORRY, I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS!

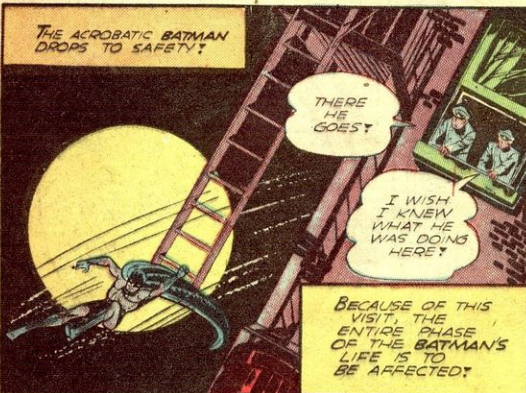


THE ACROBATIC BATMAN DROPS TO SAFETY!

THERE HE GOES!

I WISH I KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING HERE!

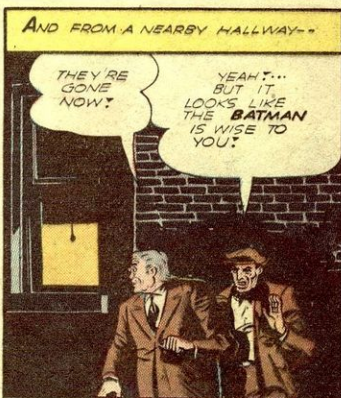
BECAUSE OF THIS VISIT, THE ENTIRE PHASE OF THE BATMAN'S LIFE IS TO BE AFFECTED!



AND FROM A NEARBY HALLWAY--

THEY'RE GONE NOW!

YEAH!... BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE BATMAN IS WISE TO YOU!



LATER... THE HOME OF FREDDE HILL...

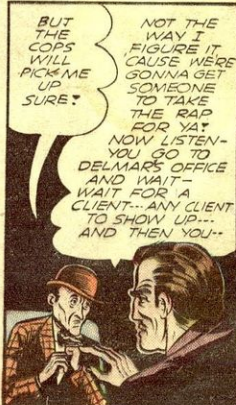
I TELL YA, THE BATMAN'S WISE TO THE FACT THAT DELMAR IS REALLY HEAD OF THE RACKETEERS IN THIS WARD! SUPPOSE HE MAKES DELMAR TALK-- THEN WHAT?

WE GOTTA GET RID OF DELMAR BEFORE THAT HAPPENS! I THINK IT'S TIME I RAN THIS MOS MYSELF-- WEASEL HERE, IS GONNA BUMP OFF DELMAR--



BUT THE COPS WILL PICK ME UP SURE!

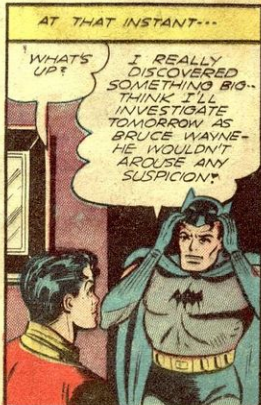
NOT THE WAY I FIGURE IT, CAUSE WERE GONNA GET SOMEONE TO TAKE THE RAP FOR YA! NOW LISTEN-- YOU GO TO DELMAR'S OFFICE AND WAIT FOR A CLIENT... ANY CLIENT TO SHOW UP... AND THEN YOU--



AT THAT INSTANT...

WHAT'S UP?

I REALLY DISCOVERED SOMETHING BIG-- THINK I'LL INVESTIGATE TOMORROW AS BRUCE WAYNE-- HE WOULDN'T AROUSE ANY SUSPICION!





THE NEXT MORNING---

WHAT ARE YOU SO NERVOUS ABOUT, WEASEL? IT--YES, MISS O'DONALD, WHAT IS IT?...

I BETTER GET OUT BY THE BACK DOOR-- I WON'T LOOK SO GOOD FOR SOMEBODY TO SEE ME--



MR. DELMAR, I WANT SOME HELP ON MY STOCKS THAT--



OOOH!



WITH A CRY, WEASEL HOLDS THE GUN UP AND FIRES A SHOT THROUGH HIS OWN HAT.

DROP THAT GUN, MR. WAYNE!

WHAT?



THEN THE MURDERER TOSSES THE SMOKING GUN TO BRUCE--

HERE, CATCH!



INSTINCTIVELY, BRUCE CATCHES THE WEAPON, AS ALL PERSONS WILL DO WHEN OBJECTS ARE TOSSED AT THEM?

MR. WAYNE... YOU KILLED HIM??



YOU MURDERER?

EKK! HELP! POLICE! MURDER!



AND WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE ON THE RUN---

WHAT'S HAPPENED?

THAT MAN MURDERED MR DELMAR!

HE KILLED HIM!





POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON,  
A CLOSE FRIEND OF BRUCE  
WAYNE'S ... ARRIVES .....

THIS  
MURDER IS  
BAD  
BUSINESS!  
WHY DID  
YOU DO  
IT?

BUT I DIDN'T!  
THIS RAT  
HERE, DID IT,  
AND THREW  
THE GUN AT  
ME! HE  
FRAMED  
ME!



HE'S LYING!  
LOOK--HE EVEN  
TOOK A SHOT AT  
ME! LOOK AT  
THIS HOLE THE  
BULLET MADE  
IN MY HAT!



IT'S TRUE!  
I HEARD MR.  
VENNER SHOUT,  
"DROD THAT  
GUN, MR. WAYNE!"  
AND WHEN I OPENED  
THE DOOR, MR.  
VENNER WAS HITTING  
BRUCE WAYNE, WHO  
HELD THE SMOKING  
GUN IN HIS HAND--  
HE MURDERED MR. DELMAR!



DAILY PRESS

2¢

SOCIALITE  
BRUCE WAYNE  
CHARGED WITH  
MURDER!



BUT WHAT  
REASON  
HAVE I TO KILL  
HIM? YOU  
EVEN ADMIT  
YOURSELF  
THIS VENNER  
HAS AN ALIAS  
AND A PRISON  
RECORD!

I DON'T  
BELIEVE YOU  
DID KILL  
DELMAR--  
BUT WHAT  
CAN I DO?  
LOOK AT  
THE EVIDENCE.  
I HAD TO  
ARREST YOU!



HOWEVER, YOU'RE  
NOT LICKED  
YET. KEEP  
YOUR COURAGE.  
HERE'S DICK  
TO SEE  
YOU.

BRUCE!  
BRUCE!  
GOLLY!



FUNNY, ISN'T  
IT--THE MAN  
WHO IS REALLY  
THE BATMAN...  
FRAMED FOR  
A MURDER  
RAP!

IT'S THIS LITTLE  
GUY! I'M GOING  
TO MAKE HIM  
TELL THE TRUTH!  
SOME WAY--SOMEHOW!  
DON'T WORRY, I'M  
GOING TO GET YOU  
OUT OF HERE!



THAT  
NIGHT!

WEASEL  
VENNER!  
HE'S GOING  
TO GET A  
VISIT FROM  
ROBIN, THE  
BOY WONDER!



ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER, TAKES ON  
A MAN-SIZED JOB TO FREE HIS PAL  
AND CRIMES MIGHTIEST Foe FROM A  
MURDER CHARGE!





THE NEWSPAPERS  
SAID THIS WAS  
VENNER'S  
ADDRESS--



INSIDE VENNER'S APARTMENT--

WELL, HILL,  
EVERYTHING  
WORKED OKAY?  
HEY--WHY THE  
ARTILLERY?

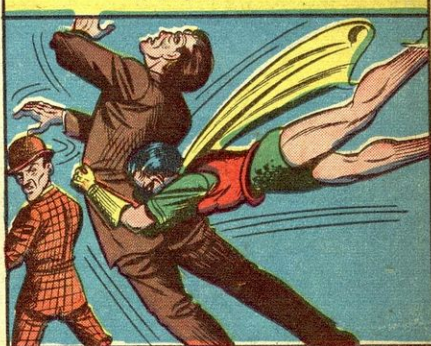
WE WANTA MAKE SURE,  
IN CASE YOUR CONSCIENCE  
STARTS TO BOTHER YOU--  
SO--WE'RE GONNA FIX  
IT SO YOU DON'T WORRY  
ANY MORE?



C'MON, WEASEL,  
WE'RE TAKIN'  
YOU FOR A  
RIDE--THE  
AIR WILL DO  
YOU GOOD?

IF THEY  
KILL HIM,  
HOW AM I  
EVER GOING  
TO GET THE  
TESTIMONY  
TO FREE  
BRUCE?

THINKING ONLY OF BRUCE'S PERIL, ROBIN  
DISREGARDS PERSONAL DANGER AND DIVES  
HEADLONG---



IT'S  
ROBIN--  
UGH?

HOW D'YA  
GUESS  
IT?



WAIT  
TILL I  
TALK  
TO--  
OH--

OUTA MY  
TILL WAY?  
THIS MOB  
IS AFTER  
ME--THIS  
IS MY  
CHANCE TO  
BEAT IT--

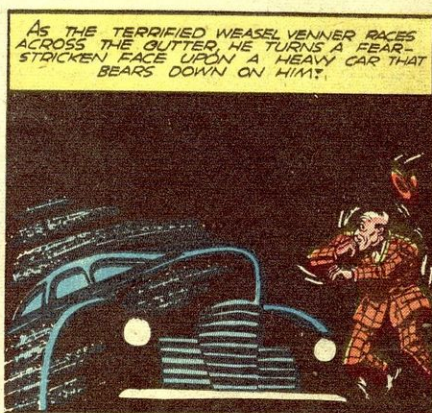


WEASEL LEAPS DOWN THE  
STEPS AS HILL AND HIS  
MOBSTERS RECOVER--

I'M GONNA  
PLUG  
THIS  
BRAT?

FORGET  
HIM-- IT'S  
WEASEL  
WE'RE GONNA  
GET?  
C'MON!

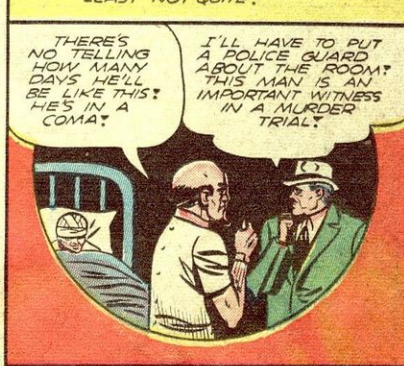




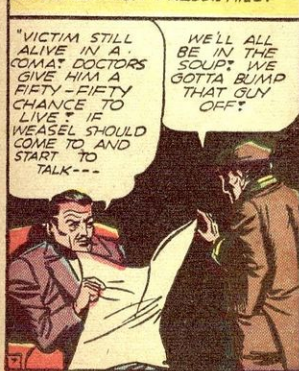
.... THE CAR LEADS AWAY IN THE NIGHT, LEAVING BEHIND A SPRAWLED, TWISTED FIGURE!



BUT WEASEL IS NOT DEAD---AT LEAST NOT QUITE!



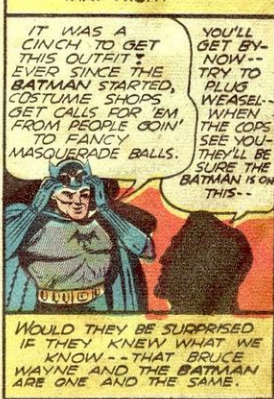
THE ACCIDENT MAKES INTERESTING HEADLINES... ESPECIALLY FOR FREDDIE HILL!



MAYBE THIS ROBIN KID WILL GO TO THE COPPER AND TELL HOW WE WERE TRYING TO TAKE WEASEL FOR A RIDE!



THAT NIGHT--





A BATSHAPED FIGURE MOVES UP THE FIRE ESCAPE OUTSIDE A HOSPITAL--



HE SWINGS INTO A LIGHTED ROOM, A HAND CLUTCHING A REVOLVER-- WHEN A NURSE ACCIDENTALLY ENTERS--



POLICE STATIONED OUTSIDE POUR INTO THE ROOM--



SOMETIME LATER--

NOT ME-- I'M NOT GOING BACK-- THE PLACE IS ALIVE WITH COPPERS--

TAKE IT EASY! JUST GOT A WORD OVER THE RADIO THAT WEASEL AIN'T GONNA LIVE ANYWAY-- ONE THING THOUGH, WE FIXED IT SO THE BATMAN LOOKS GUILTY OF TRYING TO KILL A WITNESS---



AND HILL IS RIGHT--

HERE Y'ARE READ ALL ABOUT IT!

THE BATMAN TRIED TO KILL THE WAYNE MURDER WITNESS? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

THAT CAN'T BE-- THE REAL BATMAN-- HE'S IN JAIL-- I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO DO-- AND DO IT TONIGHT!



DICK SPENDS THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY IN THE LIBRARY LOOKING OVER OLD CITY MAPS OF THE CITY--

THAT SHOULD DO IT VERY NICELY---



BRUCE WAYNE PACES HIS CELL WITH THE RESTLESSNESS OF A CAGED ANIMAL, WHEN--

I'VE GOT TO PROVE I'M INNOCENT-- WHAT'S THAT NOISE THERE?

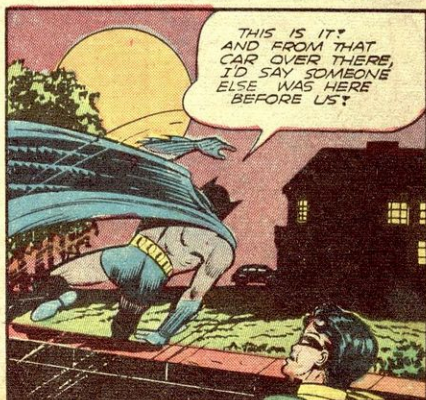


SUDDENLY A STONE IN THE FLOOR BEGINS TO MOVE--

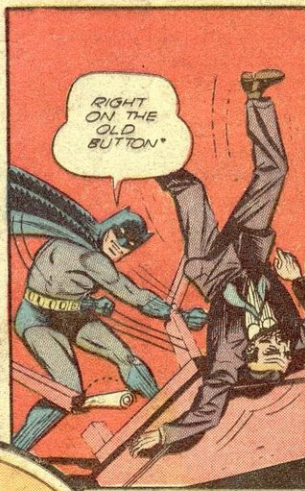
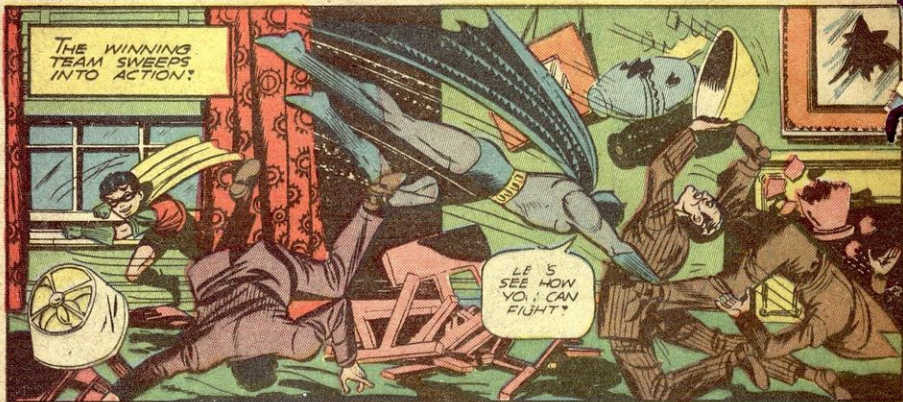
THE STONE ... SLIDING OUT....











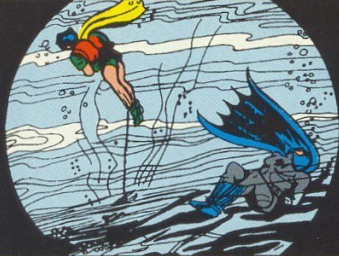


LATER--ON A DESERTED PIER--WITH IRON  
TIED TO THEIR FEET, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN  
ARE THROWN TOWARD SWIRLING WATERS?



SO  
LONG,  
BATMAN!

DOWN--DOWN--SINK THE WEIGHTED  
BODIES, DOWN TO THE RIVER BED--



-- WHERE DEATH WAITS TO DRIVE THE  
BREATH FROM THEIR BURSTING LUNGS?

WEASEL HAS JUST COME OUT  
OF THE COMA, AS HIS NURSE  
RACES TO CALL THE DOCTOR?



NOW--NOW  
I REMEMBER--  
HILL--HILL  
DOUBLE-CROSSED  
ME--I  
REMEMBER--  
WHAT'S  
THIS?

AND TWO POLICE GUARDS, WHO  
HAVE BEEN SENT TO FETCH BRUCE  
WAYNE TO TRIAL, RACE BACK TO  
INFORM THE ASTOUNDED COURT  
THAT HE, TOO, IS--

GONE?  
BRUCE WAYNE  
GONE?  
BROKE OUT?

WE'VE GOT  
TO FIND HIM--  
FIND HIM BEFORE  
IT'S TOO LATE?



BRUCE  
WAYNE  
GOES ON  
TRIAL  
FOR THE  
MURDER  
OF MORRIS  
DELMAR?

OH, YEAH--?  
WE'LL SEE  
ABOUT THAT--  
I'M GONNA DIE  
ANYWAY--BUT  
I'LL SHOW HILL  
WHAT IT MEANS  
TO DOUBLE-  
CROSS ME--  
I GOTTA GET  
AWAY?

AND WHEN THE NURSE  
RETURNS SHE FINDS  
WEASEL IS--



GONE?  
HE'S GONE--  
THROUGH  
THAT OPEN  
WINDOW?

"FIND HIM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE"--  
TRUE WORDS? FOR AT THIS VERY  
MOMENT, BRUCE WAYNE, THE  
BATMAN, FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE  
ON THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER?



WHAT'S  
THIS....?  
A TIN  
CAN....?

DESPERATELY,  
THE BATMAN  
RAVES HIS BONDS  
BACK AND FORTH,  
ON THE ROUGH  
EDGE-----  
WILL HE FREE  
HIMSELF IN TIME?





--BUT HE MAKES IT! AND NOW HIS BUSY FINGERS CLAW FEVERISHLY AT ROBIN'S BONDS--

HOLD IT JUST A MOMENT MORE



THAT'S THAT! NO RECORDS-- NO BATMAN, NO ROBIN, TO PUT THE FINGER ON ME!



NOT A FINGER-- BUT THE WHOLE FIST!

THE BATMAN!



NOW LET'S FINISH THEM, ROBIN!

IT'S A PLEASURE!



I SAY THAT BRUCE WAYNE PROVED HIS GUILT BY BREAKING JAIL AND--

BRUCE WAYNE IS NOT GUILTY! HERE'S THE MAN WHO CAN TELL YOU WHO KILLED HORATIO DELMAR--HIS GANG CHIEF!

BUT THE WILY HILL KNOWS THE RECORDS ARE BURNED AND--

HE'S LYING! HE BEAT ME UP TO TAKE THE RAP FOR BRUCE WAYNE! ASK HIM WHY HE TRIED TO KILL VENNEN IN THE HOSPITAL!

YES! THE POLICE SAW YOU THERE WITH A GUN IN YOUR HAND!

IT'S EASY FOR ANYBODY TO PUT ON A BATMAN COSTUME AND THROW SUSPICION ON ME!

YES-- AND JUST AS EASY FOR YOU TO SLANDER A DEAD MAN'S NAME, BECAUSE HE CANNOT DEFEND HIMSELF! BATMAN, I ACCUSE YOU OF AIDING AND ABETTING BRUCE WAYNE TO ESCAPE JAIL--AND ATTEMPTING TO MURDER A COURT WITNESS--AND OBSTRUCTING JUSTICE WITH YOUR INFERNAL MEDDLING AND YOUR ABSURD CRIME THEORIES! POLICE, ARREST THIS MAN!

WAIT!

COMMISSIONER GORDON APPEALS TO THE JURY.

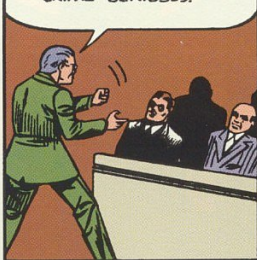
I SPEAK FOR THE BATMAN--THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE! YES--- HE WORKS "OUTSIDE THE LAW" AS YOU CALL IT, BUT THE LEGAL DEVICES THAT HARNESSED US ARE HURDLED BY THIS CRIME-FIGHTER SO HE MAY BRING THESE MEN OF EVIL TO JUSTICE. THE EMINENT DISTRICT ATTORNEY CALLS HIM A MEDDLER WITH A THEORY--



WASHINGTON, THE WRIGHT BROTHERS LINCOLN, EDISON AND OTHERS. THEY WERE "MEDDLERS." TOO--WHO PROVED THEIR THEORIES. THEY MADE SACRIFICES SO THAT WE MIGHT ENJOY THE SECURITY AND COMFORT WE DO. THE BATMAN HAS DONE THAT, TOO.



THIS MAN WHO HAS SAVED A NATION'S GOLD RESERVE, FOUGHT FIFTH COLUMNISTS AND SABOTEURS, BEATEN THE JOKER, THE PUPPET MASTER, AND OTHER CRIME GENIUSES.



THIS MAN WHO DAILY RISKS HIS LIFE TO SAVE OTHERS-- WHO NEVER CARRIES A GUN-- WHO IS AIDED BY HIS YOUNG FRIEND, ROBIN, FIGHTS CRIME WITH THE COURAGE AND ZEAL BORN OF LOVE FOR HIS FELLOW MAN. THIS IS ---- THE BATMAN!



PERHAPS THIS COMES A LITTLE LATE, BUT I, THE POLICE COMMISSIONER OF GOTHAM CITY, APPOINT YOU AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT. FROM NOW ON, YOU WORK HAND IN HAND WITH THE POLICE.

THANK YOU, SIR? I WISH NOW THAT I COULD FIND THE PROOF THAT WILL PROVE BRUCE WAYNE'S INNOCENCE!



THEN A VOICE CUTS IN--

SURE HE'S INNOCENT? I KILLED DELMAR! UNDER ORDERS FROM HILL!



WHY, YOU SQUEALING RAT---I'LL KILL YA?

YOU'RE TOO LATE--HILL--- I'M DYING NOW, BUT AT LEAST I'M EVEN--- YOU----



LATER---

THE BATMAN HELPED ME ESCAPE-- HE KEPT ME IN A HIDEOUT UNTIL I WAS CLEARED.

YES, I KNOW. HE TOLD ME ABOUT IT JUST BEFORE HE AND ROBIN LEFT.



YOU'RE RIGHT? I GUESS THE LIFE OF BRUCE WAYNE DOES DEPEND QUITE A BIT ON THE EXISTENCE OF THE BATMAN?

