WHEN we announced the formation of our Editorial Advisory Board in all our publications last month, we really did not expect such a wonderful reaction. We are receiving letters every day from every state in the union, from people in every walk of life, complimenting us on our selection and thanking us for our efforts in providing the boys and girls of America with clean, wholesome, comic entertainment.

It makes us very happy, indeed, to see that the majority of these letters are written and sent to us by the parents of our readers and our Editorial Advisory Board joins us in expressing our appreciation.

We welcome, at all times, letters from our readers as well as their parents and we hope that many more of you will write us.

This month we take great pleasure in introducing two more members of our Editorial Advisory Board.

Dr. William Moulton Marston, the well-known consulting psychologist, received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Harvard University. He has been a lecturer in psychology at the Universities of Columbia, New York and Southern California, and director of the Psychological Clinic at Tufts College. He is a frequent contributor to such outstanding magazines as Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping, Ladies' Home Journal and Readers' Digest.

Our other new member of the Editorial Advisory Board is Dr. W. W. Sones, Professor of Education and Director of Curriculum Study at the University of Pittsburgh. Dr. Sones is also a consultant of the Pennsylvania State Department of Education and the Carnegie Foundation for Teachers.

Sincerely,
The Publishers

P.S. Miss Josette Frank, of the Child Study Association recently made a radio address over station WABC and the Columbia Network on the subject of "CHILDREN'S COMICS." A copy of this address will be sent without charge to those readers or parents requesting it.
Every so often, from the criminal spawn of the big city, there rises the figure so evil, so figure so evil, so insidious, so vicious, so vicious, so cunning that society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders to society's greatest leaders 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**STARLING NEWS HEADLINES THE MORNING PAPERS...**

**DAILY STAR**

**BATMAN NABS BIG MIKE RUSSO WITH PROOF OF CRIME CZAR'S ACTIVITIES!**

**RUSSO CONFESSIONS WITH HIS LAWYER IN A POLICE STATION CELL...**

IT LOOKS BAD, MIKE... THEY'VE GOT TOO MUCH ON YOU!

YEAH, I KNOW, BUT I BEEN THINKING AND I GOT ME A TERRIFIC IDEA. NOW YOU LISTEN.

**BIG MIKE RUSSO TRIAL IS A SWIFT ONE...**

AND IT IS THE DUTY OF THIS COURT TO SENTENCE YOU TO TWENTY YEARS OF IMPRISONMENT IN THE STATE PRISON -

THAT'S OKAY WITH ME, JUDGE! I BEEN NEEDIN' A VACATION ANYWAY!

**AND SO BIG MIKE RUSSO IS IN PRISON ON THE EAST RIVER...**

**WARDEN HIGGINS GREETS HIS NEW CHARGE...**

RUSSO, YOU WERE A BIG SHOT ONCE-BUT THAT WAS OUTSIDE THESE WALLS...NOW YOU'RE INSIDE-REMEMBER THAT, AND DON'T EXPECT ANY PRIVILEGES!

TOO BAD! I THOUGHT I MIGHT HAVE MY AFTERNOON TEA SOLVED TO ME-TEN-TCH. I MIGHT 'SPAUSED TO IT TOO!

**THE NEWS OF BIG MIKE'S CAPTURE HAS TRAVELED VIA THE PRISON...**

**IT'S BIG MIKE ALL RIGHT?**

**HYA, JOE... I AIN'T SEEN YOU SINCE CHY HYA, NUGOSY! WELL-TRIGGER BRUN-- WHEN DID THEY GRAB YOU?**

**HYA MIKE?**

**THEY WON'T HOLD YOU IN HERE LONG-EM, MIKE?**

**YOU... GET ONE? I'M TAKING THE LOWER! YOU TAKE THE UPPER?**

**SURE-SURE... ANYTHING YOU SAY, BIG MIKE! IT'S NICE TO HAVE YOU WITH ME!**

**AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT, THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR MIKE'S IMPRISONMENT SPEAKS TO HIS YOUNG AGES...**

WELL... YOU FINALLY PUT MIKE RUSSO WHERE HE BELONGS!

YES... AND I THINK THIS MEANS THE END OF HIS ACTIVITIES!

**BUT THE NEXT DAY AS WARDEN HIGGINS DRIVES BACK FROM THE CITY TOWARD THE JAIL...**

HENRY, YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY TO... WHAAA...?

I'M NOT HENRY... AND WE'RE GOING THE RIGHT WAY NOW! SIT BACK AND RELAX TILL MY PALS GET HERE!
Later That Evening--Two Boats Pull Up Before the Island Prison--

You're back late, wardent. Why all the new guards?

I got a tip that there may be an attempted prison break tonight!

Hya, Bossy. Everything worked like a charm--what's wrong with your feet?

Al--if I didn't know who you was, I'd say you was missing a hand. Oh, my feet! These prison hoober--now I can put on some soft shoes!

There's something about this place. Not me, you can't use me for your rotten work.

That's what will happen to other quitters! Now--you wanna throw in with me--I think it over.

A Shot Crashes Through the Silent Night--

The prison guards are stripped of their guns and herded forward into the prison yard--

You guards--I'm gonna make this place my headquarters now. You play ball with me and you'll be eating corned gold plates!
What are we gonna do about this guy, boys?

Say one of prisoners got a gun and in trying to escape shot this guy—now let's get over to Murderers' Row.

Murderers' Row—where condemned killers await execution.

Boys! A gotcha proposition for ya!

Sure—we'll throw in with ya, Mike.

Boof! I'm only letting you boys in on this—if the other prisoners found out—word might get outside.

Just continue to act like condemning men and everything will be okay.

And so, within a week the city is shaken by a series of bold robberies.

After each robbery, the criminals abandon their stolen cars and pile into fleet motor launches on the East River.

And soon make good their escape.

Gone again, where did they go?

It's a cinch they can't be seeking refuge on North Island that's one place they're sure to stay away from.

How did it go boys?

We made a big haul tonight and those cops are still looking for us.
The next day, a movie truck pulls up before a local bank.

We'd like to shoot a scene here—a bank holdup? Will you hold back the people?

Sure—go right ahead.

Looks like the real thing—eh?

Meanwhile, the police come to the same conclusion as the Batman?

Hey, Charlie... He's shot—this was a real holdup!

Watching the filming with great interest is Bruce Wayne...

This looks a bit too genuine. They're real bullets?

The Batman is going to do a little investigating?

Slipping into an alley, Bruce peels off his outer clothing and becomes...

Hey, Charlie... He's shot—this was a real holdup?

But even as the bogus movie truck darts away, a mantled figure catapults forward!

I must be seeing things. The Batman?

Nothin' wrong with your eyesight. It's me. All right?

How about giving me a movie test?
In the tussle, a handkerchief falls and the Batman catches a glimpse of the man's face.

The next instant, the car whips about a corner at break-neck speed, hurling the Batman from his perch.

Something's wrong! That gunman is trigger-sheriff—supposed to be on North Island Prison—waiting for execution.

The Batman visits Commissioner Gordon—

---And trigger-sheriff is in the same prison that Big Mike Russo is in? And those robberies lately all bear the stamp of Wild Mike?

Russo behind all this? Impossible! To prove you're wrong, I'll take you to the prison myself.

Boo! Batman.

And so—later that day—

The prison seems to be in order, warden?

Perhaps it's because I sent them here?

Batman—You don't seem very popular?

Batman—Booy!

Bo Mike Russo receives the visitors.

Hello, trigger! How are they treating you?

Just don't you gotta excuse me now—I gotta put on me tuxedo so's I can go to the policemen's ball.

Well—

The Batman and Commissioner Gordon, this is an honor.

Too bad I can't say the same.

Suddenly the Batman rivets his keen eyes on Russo's feet...
Later... outside the prison walls...

So Russo is wearing special shoes instead of the regulation ones—something's wrong?

Gordon, I want to arrange to have me sent to jail.

The next day a snarling,Rowling prisoner is brought before the warden... wardens?

Guess I'll have to give this mug the old spiel.

I can use tough guys? you're killer Sikes maybe I can let you in on something big.

Yeah... start talkin'?

Outside in the prison yard, a hand scrawls a message on a baseball...

Out of the way, punk— I'm up?

Here, pitcher... I like a new ball when I play.

I'm in... now. I've got to get word to Robin... He's waiting outside the prison walls... can't use my compact wireless... wait... I have an idea?
The Batman waits till the right pitch comes along. And then----

---A small figure darts toward the bounding ball, and snatching it, races away!

The Batman said his message would come over the wall someday—this must be it!

One hour later—9 o'clock...the Pink Warehouse

What's the matter with you? What're ya starin' at me for?

C'mon, Killer, got those--holy smoke?

The Batman's hand darts swiftly to the light switch, and---

---Where is that guy? Right here, chum?

Then plunging into the room is Robin, the Boy Wonder---

Get the light on somebody!
The two-man regiment sweeps forward into battle.

Three cheers for me?

Try this on for size!

Batman is bowled over by a charging foe.

...but turns the charge to his own advantage.

A little Jiu Jitsu comes in handy—
at times.

But the gunmen finally converge upon the duo until only by weight of numbers do they overcome the Batman and Robin?

Let's take 'em, Robin?

Boy-Boy!

This kid is a wild cat!
Later, when the Batman opens
pained eyes--

You're going to
die--just like my
men died. Too bad
this state has no
electric chair--but
I'll be content with
seeing you kick off,
in a gas chamber?

You know what happens
there--

These "eggs" hit a pan
of water--they
Crackle--Fizz
and let off an
odorous, colorless
gas. In a few
seconds you'll be
dead and with
no pain. But--I
guess what
I'm gonna do
with you?

You intend
to drop only
one gas
pellet.
So mine'll
be lingering
death, eh?

Right--Pal
haw-haw--
and I'm letting
you have your
last supper!

They
made
me do
this?

ROBIN

They
made
me do
this?

Enjoyed it, eh?

Okay--now your
last words to
Robin and off
we go to the
gas chamber?

My last
words? I wish I
had a burro
seltzer tablet.
I think I ate
too much and
my stomach's
bothering me.

It is a sorely disappointed
Robin who is allowed to go
for the burro seltzer tablets.

"Last words"--Huh? We
aren't ever going to see
each other again, and all he
can ask for is stomach tablets.
I can't understand it.

Good old seltzer tablet!
Notice, Robin, how it hits the
water and fizzes--good
for the stomach, this?

What's the
matter with
him? He
isn't himself,
unless--maybe he's
trying to send me a
message--burro
seltzer tablets.
I wonder if he
means--?

Batman gets his tablets?

Robin is led away from
the condemned Batman

So--so long, Batman?

Goodbye, ROBIN thanks
for the tablets--I feel much
better--you ought to take
them sometime, too!
A floor below a steel door closes—Robin has been put in solitary.

Okay—smart kid—let's see you get out of there!

A bare steel room—above a tinn ventilator—no keyhole on the door.

There's no way out—no keyhole—nothing but steel walls—wait—what's that—footsteps?

Footsteps? The Batman marching toward his doom—the gas chamber.

Below—Robin grows frantic! How can he escape from an escape-proof cell?

Got to get out—if I could only move that bolt outside—need a magnet for that—magnet—I've got it—my belt—wireless dynamo?

Note... a dynamo consists of a magnet with wire around it.

Good thing dynamo magnets are the most powerful in the world—now—move the latch up like this?

Minutes pass—criminals eagerly observe, as their nemesis the Batman is about to die?

It took me, Mike Russo, to end the career of the great Batman? Ha-ha!

The Batman is being strapped in the chair—can Robin escape in time to save the Batman?
THE "EGGS" HIT THE WATER! A CRACKLE... A FIZZ...

WOW! LOOK AT HIM PRESS AGAINST THOSE STRAPS!

HE LOOKS AS IF HE'S GOING TO JUMP RIGHT THROUGH THEM!

HAT HE'S THROUGH? WAIT FIVE MINUTES TILL THE GAS DISSIPATES, AND THEN DRAG HIM OUT!

HE'S DEAD! THE BATMAN'S DEAD! IT DON'T SEEM POSSIBLE--

AFTER FIVE MINUTES... THE BATMAN'S LIMP BODY IS DRAGGED ALONG THE FLOOR--

THIS IS A PLEASURE I BEEN WAITIN' FOR A LONG TIME!

MAY I HAVE MY FEET BACK, PLEASE?

THANK YOU?

THE BATMAN? ALIVE...

BUT... IT CAN'T BE... I MEAN... HOW?

THEN OUT FROM ANOTHER CORNER DARTS ANOTHER MANTLED FIGURE?

THEN WITHOUT WARNING... THE BODY COMES TO LIFE?
Russo's rogue prisoners charge. Guards hurry up the stairs and go down again equally as fast.

---

The warden, I believe— or can I be wrong?— and if I am.

---

The Batman seeks out Russo—much to that man's dismay.

---

Tch-tch! You should have told me you were in pain.

---

I'll plug... owww!

---

I believe I'll put you out of your misery?

---

C'mon— blast that guy to bits!

---

As inmates and phony guards charge forward again, a voice cracks thru the air.

---

One move and I drop these cyanide eggs into the water. We'll die—all of us.

---

We'll drop our guns... won't we boys?

---

Okay, kid!

---

And so—later after the prisoners have been questioned and thrust into cells...

---

One thing... why don't you die in the gas chamber? I saw the cyanide eggs drop.

---

No change—burp! Belzefu I fainted this tube and after I escaped from solitary I substituted them for the boys they fizzed.

---

—and since the gas is colorless and odorless, you couldn't tell if it was real or not. I guess you know when you were in BURP tablets before. Too bad you didn't come up the real warden and make him kiss to the face.
THE WINNING TEAM!

BATMAN
AND
ROBIN
BATTLE THEIR WAY
THROUGH FAST
AND FANTASTIC
ENCOUNTERS WITH
The World's Worst
(AND THEREFORE BEST!)
VILLAGES
EVERY MONTH
IN
DETECTIVE COMICS!

"I'll be seeing you on
the screen... with more
thrills than ever before!"

Yes, the world's greatest
adventure strip character
is now the movies' greatest
action hero. Ask the
manager of your favorite
theatre when 'SUPERMAN'
is coming to your town!

SUPERMAN
IS IN THE
MOVIES!

Don't miss a single one of these Paramount Shorts in TECHNICOLOR!

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RESCUE MISSION
BY JOHN HILTON

This was the first day in three rain hadn't hampered the search. Today, there was no sun but at least a pilot could see. Anxiously, Navy pilot Bob Crane focussed his binoculars over Death Jungle, which held the secret of Doctor Scott and his two assistants, who had been reported missing from the expedition. This was the last day the navy planes could search.

The Commander, had been right when he said anyone lost in this jungle was likely to stay there. It was like being in a high-walled prison, the way cliffs and bluffs surrounded the dense foliage of the jungle. Landing would be virtually impossible.

Bob's powerful motor roared over the silence of the jungle. Studying his map, he noticed he was close to Amapranon volcano. In the time that had elapsed, the Scott party could not have gone further than that.

Yet how was a search pilot to know? The closely linked trees jealously guarded the jungle's secret. A man lost there had no more chance of being found than a needle in a haystack. Not unless... unless.

It was as though Bob's thought had been voiced! He had been thinking that if the Scott party were alive and well, they should have managed some sort of signal.

And now, right before him, a thin trail of smoke was rising! Less than a minute later, Bob saw them.

Two men, clothing in tatters, were waving their arms wildly, first pointing to the skies, then gesticulating to a figure at their feet.

It was Doctor Scott, and badly hurt Bob saw.

Bob studied the area where he had found Scott and his party. Here, the trees were not quite as dense, not so closely packed together. And there was a small clearing at their feet.

Only for an instant did Bob reckon the danger. Then, his cool, methodical mind sprang to his aid. Carefully judging the distance, he sent the plane into a side-slip, one of the most difficult maneuvers in a pilot's book.

Bob's face was grim as the plane's wings grazed the trees. Anxiously, he coaxed the plane down.

He found himself wet with perspiration when the ship came to the ground safely. One of the men rushed over: "I'm Ransom," he said. "That was one of the finest pieces of flying I've ever seen." His voice was excited. "We've been running from natives," he said. "That's why we couldn't signal. It was agonizing, hearing your plane the last two days and being afraid to do anything about it. Today, we decided to take a chance when the Doctor's wound got worse."

Doctor Scott smiled weakly at Bob. He tried to speak when suddenly a low, ominous rumble spread through the jungle. The earth seemed to shake. The Doctor turned frightened eyes in the direction of the sound. "Amapranon," he whispered. "It's erupting!"

The rumbling grew louder and a bright flash spread over the jungle. Ransom spoke first. "It looks like we're trapped, Lieutenant," he said. "But there is a chance that you and the Doctor might get out. We want you to take it."

Bob knew what was in the man's mind. The same thing was in his own. If, by some miracle, he could get out, the Doctor was the only person he could carry. The plane might lift over the trees, but never over the cliffs behind the erupting volcano.

The rumbling was like thunderclaps now and the flashes came regularly. Wild animals crashed through the foliage, frightened and seeking safety. Doctor Scott said weakly: "I would rather stay here, Lieutenant, with my men."

It was a heroic gesture and in that instant Bob knew the reasons for the tales of courage that had grown around Doctor Scott. He looked at the pain-wracked face of the scientist and said: "Sorry, sir. I think we'll risk it." Brusquely, he said to the two men, "Carry him into the plane. And get in yourselves."

Ransom stared at him. "But you won't be able to get elevation with such a load. You'll never clear those cliffs!"

Bob's lips were grim. "I've got an idea," he said. "Get in!"

Yes, it was an idea, dangerous and one chance in a million. But he decided to take it. The plane, he was sure, would clear the tree tops if he side-slipped carefully.

It did! He heard Ransom's sigh of relief as the over-loaded ship zoomed levelly ahead toward the volcano. Smoke and fire and gasses rolled from it as the fast driving plane nosed forward.

Heat blasted the sides of the ship. Bob revved up the motor.

"Now!" The word snapped from Bob's lips as he pulled back on the stick. For an instant, the ship seemed suspended in mid-air, over the yawning jaws of death.

Then, suddenly, it rose high as the gasses of the volcano caught it, tossed it in the air like a plaything. Back went the stick in Bob's whitened hands. Her nose went up as he pushed the motor to its utmost. The fuselage just grazed the dangerous, jagged cliffs as the ship cleared them! Bob had won his battle with nature, turned an enemy into an ally. He was grinning as Ransom's head poked toward him. "You did it," Ransom whispered. "You did it."

Bob smiled. "Had to," he said. "The Navy wanted me back on time."
Batman and Robin, sworn enemies of crime, match wits with a sinister and clever master of the weapons of science. Who is the incredible, eerie figure glowing with unusual fluorescent light? Let us call him by that dread name which is to become so terribly familiar to all — Professor Radium?

Can the dynamic duo cope with the strange weapons of the world of science? Can they defeat a man who must kill so that he may live? Here is the answer in the most amazing of all adventures called — "The Strange Case of Professor Radium."

A strange request is made at the city dog pound —

The permit seems all right; we can deliver the dogs to your laboratory tonight?

Gas chamber, city dog pound?

Excellent! I want them as they are now-dead.
That night—in a hospital laboratory, the scientist, Professor Ross, labors to solve man's greatest riddle—

Will my radium serum repair dead tissue and make man live forever? I shall either find the greatest scientific discovery since time began—-or failure?

But the serum-injected dogs show no sign of movement—

I've failed! All these months of work—but wait—perhaps it's too soon. Perhaps it needs more time!

Minutes drag into hours, and as the bleary-eyed scientist waits and watches, sleep finally conquers his exhausted body.

A hand shakes him—

Hey—wake up! You must have slept in that chair all night and said what are you starting around here—-a dog kennel? Ha-ha!

Alive! The dogs are alive! Radium serum can repair protoplasm! I must submit a report to the directors at once! Next I must revive a dead man—than I shall be famous.

Later that day, in the institute director's office—

They look like the dogs we delivered to the professor, but I can't be sure?

These x-rays show no trace of radium in the dogs. Are you trying to pull a hoax on me, Professor?

Of course not. I'll bring another dog to life and prove my claim is true.

A live dog could be substituted for a dead one. You know, your life-renewing claim seems absurd. Perhaps you have appropriated the radium for your own private use.

For your excellent work in the past, we will not charge you with the theft of thousands of dollars of radium, but shall instead ask for your resignation? Good day, Professor Ross!
With reverent haste, Johnston injects the serum into the brave professor—and waits until...

He...he's moving! It's incredible—but he's alive!

Later, Johnston examines a drop of the professor's blood under a microscope...

Amazing! The blood is completely free of radium!

I'm going home to prepare my paper explaining the experiment. I want to spring it as a surprise on the director.

After working many tedious hours, the professor relaxes a few moments in his garden...

MMH!

Surprisingly, the flower withers in his hand...

A friendly sparrow lights on the professor's hand to eat some crumbs...and topples over—dead.

Later that day...

Ross: I examined that slide again—and there are definite traces of radium!

What? I quickly take an X-ray of my bone structure in my laboratory!

Take your crumbs...why, he's...he's...
Once in a dark laboratory Johnson suddenly gasps—The Professor's body glows eerily with a green radiant light.

Look at your body! Aggh!

When the light is finally switched on—

You saw it—what has happened to me?

Johnston, do you suppose—why...

Oh!

He's dead— I touched him—now I know what killed the rose, the sparrow, and now you! I have made myself a monster; a human radium ray.

Red calls the police; the coroner examines the body—

No wounds. Looks like heart failure.

Yes—he dropped dead while we were talking?

Queer fellow. Leaving me—wenty to shake hands. He avoided it—

I might have killed that coroner had I touched him! I must find an antidote before I cause someone's death.

He works feverishly night and day. When—

I've got it! The antidote—my blood shows less radium activity after each injection! Volitell will make me well again—
But all doesn’t go well... he finds that Volitell wears off after twenty-four hours.

It’s horrible... I’ve changed back to radium again... I’ve no more Volitell serum to make me normal -- I must get Volitell.

But first, I’ve got to make sure no one else will die...

He fashions a suit woven from a radium-lead composition... a cape through which the deadly radium rays will not pass.

It looks bizarre, but will protect anybody who might contact my radium-radiated body... now I can go after the Volitell!

Volitell is an expensive drug, and he has used his funds on his experiments... that night, he rustically enters a hospital’s supply room.

As the desperate scientist steals more and more Volitell, newspapers tell an amazing story...

Only two ounces! I’ll need a much greater quantity.

And in his home, Bruce Wayne speaks to his young ward, Dick Grayson.

Daring hospital robberies--Volitell drug stole.

Wonder who is behind this Volitell business?

I must have more Volitell.

Night -- Two masked figures swing through empty space.

This is one way to get to the hospital unseen.

One way is as good as another?

The professor has remained hidden inside the hospital all day long.

I can slip past those guards easily enough and get into the supply room.

I have a hunch that may be our mystery man will show up at Gotham Hospital tonight.
But as the professor reaches for the vial... two mantled figures storm into the room.

Don't you know there's a law against stealing?

Uh...

In case you don't, we're here to impress it upon you.

Sorry, mister... but you're going to jail!

Jail? I don't want to go to jail. I've got to escape!

Ugh!

The fear-maddened professor hurls razor-edged surgical instruments at the charging Robin...

They're not going to take me to jail!

Wont this fella is trying to give me a free operation...

Holy smoke! This baby is full of tricks!

As the Batman and Robin charge anew, the professor pushes an instrument closet over them. CRASH!
AS GUARDS RUSH IN, THE SCIENTIST CLIMBS THRU THE WINDOW AND DESCENDS THE WATER PIPE...

C'MONI, ROBIN... OUR LITTLE BIRD IS TRYING TO FLEE THE COOP!

EVEN AS HE DROPS, THE BOY WONDER CLUTCHES THE BATMAN'S ANKLE AND HANGS PERILOUSLY...

FROM THE EXPOSED GLOWING HAND EMANATES DEADLY RADIUM RAYS THAT EAT AWAY THE PIPE... AND...

IM... I'M SLIPPING?

HOLD ON, ROBIN!

YOU'RE TELLING ME?

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME BEING A HUMAN RADIUM RAY HELPED ME?

MEANWHILE, THE PROFESSOR SLIPS IN THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW ON THE FLOOR BELOW.

I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS... BUT I HAVE TO...

AND IN THE HOSPITAL BASEMENT... HE MAKES HIS GET-A-WAY...

I HAVE THE VOLTELL... WHEN I CURE MYSELF, I'LL TELL THE WORLD OF MY DISCOVERY!
Meanwhile, the Batman swings Robin safely in thru an open window.

Okay, Robin, let's go.

Swiftly they race thru the hospital.

He sure disappeared.

But he forgot the glove he dropped.

What good will the glove do?

Nothing, but it may be a clue to our murderer, CMON--

What's the idea?

Criminals think if they wear a glove, they don't leave fingerprints, but they do--on the inside of the glove.

The glove is turned inside out and--

Now--dust powdered oxide of lead over the tips--

Then a gelatin sheet such as photographic citrate paper, which has been exposed and developed--soaked, causing the gelatin to swell--pressed over the marks made visible by the lead oxide.

The paper is peeled off--photographed quickly and behold--fingerprints of the criminal!
The Next Morning

The injection of Volatile Serum I took has made me normal again? Now to see Mary and tell her about my great discovery.

Henry darling...you look excited? The most wonderful thing has happened, Mary?

Mary, you're going to be surprised, Mary?

OHHH?

The Glow is back! The injection I took wasn't strong enough...I killed her?

I've killed her...I...

Killed her...Help! Police!

Police Commissioner Gordon office—where both the police and Batman work hand in hand...

These prints match those of a professor Ross—was a civil service employee so the state has his fingerprints on file?

Ross, eh? He was involved in the death of his associate professor?

What? Your mistress, Miss Lamont, killed? Who—Professor Ross?

Oh—Oh—Get ready, Robin?

You say, old boy. Had a sort of a glow about it?

A Glow, eh? I suggest you make a fast autopsy, coroner...

Yes sir—it was as if he was all lit up inside!
Sometime later—

You were right, Batman! That girl died of internal radium burns?

Yes... and I suspect Professor Johnston died the same way. This all ties up with Professor Ross's radium experiments! Something went wrong—he needs Voltell for an antidote.

Radium, Burns?

Meanwhile, a dreadful change comes over Professor Ross—he is now known as Professor Radium.

I'm mad? Ha-ha! I'm crazy! The cursed radium!

I need more Voltell!

I want to murder... what's the matter with me?

Not a sign of Professor Radium and that blasted Voltell—where did he go?—

You tell him that's what he needs. If you draw your men away from his house, he'll come back for that Voltell. Robin and I will be waiting for him.

Police withdrawn from Ross home!

Police give up search for Prof. Radium

The days that follow see the greatest manhunt in the history of crime.
So strong is the radium-charged body of the Professor that he literally sears his way through the door...

Good? It's empty?

He races swiftly to his laboratory and dons his protective suit.

If I didn't put on this suit, I might have set the house on fire! Luckily I've an extra glove to replace the one lost! Now... the Voltell?

He withdraws a large book, and...

The Voltell! The police never thought of looking in a book for it?

That's all I wanted to know... let's take him, Robin!

Check?

Swiftly peeling off a glove, the Professor exposes a glowing hand?

You fools? Die... die... now!

Death-dealing radium rays bombard the Batman and Robin.

But the duo remains unscathed...

Yes... we're still alive! I made a transparent rubberoid composition that I sprayed over our bodies, immunizing us from the radium.

The madman recovers and throws a dazzling beam at the ceiling chandelier!

You haven't beaten me yet! Ha, ha!
THE CHANDELIER PLUNGES DOWN PINNING THE BATMAN TO THE FLOOR!

So startled is Robin by the sudden turn of events that he is caught napping?

And this should take care of you?

AFTER HIM, ROBIN?

HE'S HEADED FOR THE SHIPYARD?

Minutes later, the Batman and Robin leap aboard the ship...

I DON'T SEE HIM--DO YOU?

No? Wonder where that bird has hold himself?

Profesor Radium scrambles up a side ladder...

Look out!

C'MON, ROBIN--before that maniac kills us--I've got an idea!

Hat hat missed you, but I won't again?

What... who?
Taking the lift up to the top of a nearby crane, the Batman carefully picks his way over the framework of a jutting arm from which a giant hook dangles.

Professor Radium is ready and waiting. Exposing his hand, he sends out searing rays that part the cable.

But the terrific momentum of the swinging hook is enough to send the Batman shooting forward as the cable parts.

Professor Radium's arms flail wildly as he tries to keep his balance.

And then plunges backward into space!

--He must have sunk like a log; I might as well go back to recover the volitell and return it to the hospital.

Sometime later...

I was thinking... here was a man, who tried to discover something that would give life to people... but in so doing he created Frankenstien's monster that destroyed his own life!

But has the river sealed the tomb of the unusual man? Or does he still live on as the now mad Professor?
OUT IN FRONT!

The STAR-SPANGLED KID
And STRIPESY ARE MAKING
COMIC MAGAZINE HISTORY!

WRITTEN BY JERRY SIEGEL
—CREATOR OF SUPERMAN!
DRAWN By HAL SHERMAN
—FAMOUS ACTION-ARTIST!

A TOP COMBINATION
ON A TOP FEATURE!

64 BREATHTAKING, ACTION-PACKED PAGES

NOW ON SALE!

WOW!! YOUGHTA SEE THE WAY
THAT SHINING KNIGHT GOES
TO WORK ON MODERN CROOKS!
--HE'S GOT BULLET-PROOF ARMOR,
A WINGED HORSE, AN' A SWORD
THAT CUTS THROUGH
SOLID STEEL!

HE SURE IS
TERRIFIC--AN' SO IS STARMAN!
--AN' YOU GET BOTH
OF 'EM EVERY
MONTH IN
ADVENTURE
COMICS!!

P.S. BRAND-NEW SIZZLERS IN MORE FUN COMICS, TOO!
Here's the final number for big prize—number eight!

Yow! I got it!

Oh boy! Look at all this money!

Now me find head smart way to spend this wampum!

Hot foot won at Bingo!

Chief Hot Foot won!

Look, ma—since Chief Hot Foot won some money, everybody is trying to sell him something!

Next day
GO AWAY - ALL OF YOU!

IDEA

TAKE - UM. LETTER, FAST!

PUBLIC STENO
BEAT IT OUT RAP!

ACME BUILDING COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY.
DEAR SIRS....

---- AND SIGN
IT, SINCERELY,
ETC....

NOW, WE WAIT FOR
TOMORROW WHEN
EVERYTHING COMES!

LOOK, RED WING --
WHAT DO YOU THINK
CHIEF HOTFOOT IS
DOING?

UGH!

SEE - ME NOW HAVE
FOUR ROOM HOUSE!
Ever walk under a ladder and wonder what would happen? Ever hear a jump in fright as a black cat crossed your path? Ever break a mirror and fear seven years of bad luck would follow? You are going to be introduced to a group of people who defied these age-old superstitions and the strange events that befell them.

Read how a fear of superstition transformed a company of actors into terror-ridden wretches who grinded at their own shadows... and how the Batman and Robin were forced to call upon their last ounce of their strength and reasoning powers to unravel the mystery of The Superstition Murders!

A glistening needle enters the body of a tiny doll... a hand clutching at a faltering heart... and a lifeless body falls forward!

Ha-ha—As this needle enters the heart of the doll, which represents you... you die.
THE VILLAIN EXITS LAUGHING—AND THE CURTAIN FALLS ON THE LAST ACT OF A SUMMER THEATRE TRYOUT?

HA! HA! HA...

THE REHEARSAL OVER—THE ACTORS COME FROM THE WINGS—

I’VE GOT AN IDEA SINCE THIS IS A PLAY DEALING WITH SUPERSTITION—LET’S HAVE A “SUPERSTITION PARTY” TONIGHT—WE’LL BREAK MIRRORS, WALK UNDER LADDERS AND SO ON...

WHY—THAT’S WONDERFUL? I’LL CALL UP SCOOPE MAGAZINE TO SEND A PHOTOGRAPHER DOWN—

I’M GLAD! THIS IS THE FIRST PLAY I’VE EVER WRITTEN AND I WANT IT TO BE A GOOD ONE!

YES...WE’RE HAVING A SUPERSTITION-BREAKING PARTY TONIGHT—YOU MIGHT GET SOME INTERESTING PICTURES.

THAT NIGHT, AT THE PARTY, BRUCE WAYNE IS ONE OF THE INVITED GUESTS...

HELLO, BANKS... LOOKS LIKE YOU HAVE ANOTHER HIT?

NOT A BRUCE-BUT A FAIR PLAY IT GETS BY.

ER—BRUCE—MEET FRED BROOKS, HE’S FINANCING THIS SHOW AND ALSO, THE MURDERER IN THE LEADING ROLE?

HOW DO YOU DO? THIS IS MY LADY, MISS FRANCINE—

I’M OVERWHELMED BY A COMBINATION OF BEAUTY AND TALENT!

SAY, DON’T I COME IN FOR MY SHARE OF INTRODUCTIONS?

BRUCE, THIS IS JOHNNY BILM, THE AUTHOR OF THIS MASTERPIECE—HA, HA!

WELL, FOLKS, NOW EVERYONE'S HERE INCLUDING THE PHOTOGRAPHER—LET'S SHOOT SMASHING SUPERSTITIONS?

AS THE LEADING ACTOR—AH—AHM—I WILL BEGIN THE PROCEEDINGS?

BAD BUSINESS GOING UNDER LADDERS—HA, HA! YOU HAVE UNSUSPECTED TALENT, FRED?

A GLEAM OF HATRED FLASHES IN THE PRODUCER'S EYES AS THE INGENUE CLUTCHES HER ESCORT'S ARM TIGHTLY—

WALKING UNDER A LADDER IS THE FIRST SUPERSTITION THAT IS VIOLATED!
THEM CIGARETTES ARE LIT ON ONE MATCH!

Hold it, folks! Got it?

This is fun! Three on a match!

Mark my words, this won't be the end. When folks start breaking superstitions, things are bound to happen, wait and see!!

THE PHOTOGRAPHER JoINS THE PARTY--

Excuse it... but I'm getting into the spirit of things?

Sure-- that makes you one of us?

YELLOW EYES SHINING... AND PUR BREAT OR... A BLACK CAT STALKS IN...

Look! We have company! Come, Kitty... Kitty... Cross my path!

Some-- how I don't like this-- I'm as if they were inviting trouble

ANOTHER SUPERSTITION IS BROKEN-- AN UMBRELLA IS OPENED INDOORS!

This is one on me! Maybe it's gonna rain-- h-hat, hat?

Frankly... no, I don't like it?

Isn't this fun?

LATER-- AS THE PARTY GROWS WILDER... A TERRIFIED SHRIEK... FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF A FALLING BODY... ONE OF THE MERRY-MAKERS' DIN?

What was that?

WHAT SCREAM... IT CAME FROM OUTSIDE?

OUTSIDE-- MORE BODIES BEARS ITS OWN TESTIMONY?

The ladder killed him-- and he was the one who laughed as he walked under one... a little while ago?

The ladder killed him-- and he was the one who laughed as he walked under one... a little while ago?

So ye thought ye knew everything? Let me tell ye that there are things which can't be tampered with-- an' superstition is one of 'em.

It's... it's Fred! Ohhhh!
Someone calls the local folks...

I'd say the ladder fell on him? It was an accident!

I'd like to examine that glass near the body?

A few minutes later...

Accident? I'll examine them. People didn't have brains? It's murder!

He may be right. I'll find out. After I examine that glass. I'll kick it to the side as if it were an accident.

Well... that old coot was right? There was no accident—it was murder!

In his laboratory, the photographer develops the party's pictures when...

Later...

I got your phone call. What do you want?

I'm nothing except examine this picture?

It shows you putting poison in the trick ring on your hand, into Brooks glass. Eh—would you like to buy the picture for a price?

Meanwhile...

Two things have to be cleared up. One is Fred's drinking glasses. And the other is that ladder?

Blackmail?

Later—after returning from the photographer...

You outlived your usefulness?

The Batman glides silently over the hard-packed ground?

Here's hoping nobody moved anything?

Outside the theatre-barn, he hints...

Ah! Here it is! Just as I suspected. An odor like that of burnt almonds! This man was murdered—poisoned by prussic acid!
A gloved hand snatches up the all-important glass—and then the unknown assailant sprints into the darkness.

He took the glass! Got to catch him!

There, he goes! And here comes more company.

A tremendous leap, and the Batman's steel-like hands reach for his new quarry.

The noise of the scuffle awakens the members of the stock company—

Now, Mr. Murderer, let's see who... say—who are you?

Now, dare you? You cloaked bandit?

The answer is obvious. Can anybody identify this man?

Of course! He's Paul Meier, who was supposed to have played the lead in my play, but—frankly, he drank himself out of the part. We had to let him go!
Batman explains about the prussic acid...

In other words, whoever has the glass on him is the murderer?

That's right... and I'm starting my search with Mett, here?

Sure-pick on me! Because lost the glass, you think I killed Brooks?

I've warned you-- now--

Whew!

While Batman searches Mett, one of the troupe phones the police...

Thank-- you saved my life! I want to see what this chap is concealing-- what's this dramatic writeups of Paul Redmony but no glass?

Dramatic clippings. More precious to an actor than his food-- too bad, but the path to oblivion is greased!

Upon arriving, the police greet Batman--

By ginger, it's the Batman?

Fred Brooks was murdered, and I'm checking on this man for a clue?

Sorry, waiter. Batman, but only ten minutes ago we let him out of the hoosegow where he was confined for drunkeness?

The others are searched-- but no glass?

Jinks, you and Brooks were in partnership on all your shows. It seems to me that you are the one to profit most by his death--

If I had any intentions of committing murder, I would do it more cleverly?

A cracking voice bips through the night--bir--

Mark my words-- there'll be more murders! Only ignorant people abuse superstition!

You'll have to work fast to prevent more murders?

That glass was my only clue and it's gone-- I wonder if the photographer would-- say-- we've got it! Tomorrow night, I want you to see the photographer look at the pictures he snapped-- one of them may contain a clue?

He means ust?

Later--

Next night-- the photographer's cabin?

What's that?

I paid for the picture, so it you kept the negative?
A heavy crash... followed by the thud of a falling body... sends Robin far out flying towards the cabin.

Well... I'm not paying any more blackmail?

Sounds like a riot?

Killed by a mirror, and The Batman said that this fellow was the one who broke the mirror at the party.

As Robin bends over the lifeless photographer, a fragment of glass tells a terrifying story...

Wonder if... what?

Robin whips about...

Big strong man wouldn't kill little boy... or would he?

Why, you...

Gaspings on oath... the masked man just beats Robin to the door...

Dropped my knife... got to get away?

Wait for baby... light?

Suddenly, a pitchfork whizzes past Robin's ear and sinks its steel prongs deep into the barn door.

Wow!
The masked man lets fly with another of the deadly steel-pronged pitchforks!

This'll but so many holes in you, you'll be air-conditioned.

A swinging pulley carries a package of human dynamite, which explodes!

But Robin's adversary soon gets the upper hand.

I'll tear you apart.

Now to... ugh?

The masked man suddenly moves back and aims a vicious kick. But Robin is quicker?

Pardon my feet?

Losing his balance -- the masked man topples into the corn chute. Robin, giving chase...

...right into a pile of corn cobs?

The masked man hits bottom, but Robin's speed carries him forward and onward...—

Golly -- I could use some brakes?

This is my chance to get away!
Looks like my masked pal got away and so help me, if anybody ever mentions corn to me--I'll--I'll--

Later, when Robin reports back to the Batman...

...and after he got away, I searched the grounds for a clue and found this?

"Larry Raines--Argus Pictures Hollywood. Well, it looks as if I have to make a long distance call to Hollywood and learn a few things?"

I wish I knew who our murderer was?

So do I? It certainly isn't Johnny Olm, the author. He saved my life when all he tried to kill me. He certainly wouldn't save the life of the detective if he were guilty?

It might be that stage-hand...he's always talking about the Savoyon murders--but my one real suspect is Banks. The keeper, he stands to profit a fortune from Brooks' death--yes...I think Banks is my man?

Next day, reporters swarm about the theatre--aren't they?

Hey, fellers, you bother me? Carry on, Shakespeare!

Well, as I wuz sayin', people can't go aroun' breakin' superstitions and then expect to keep livin' there's going to be more o' them gettin' kilt--yesiree!

Meanwhile--at police headquarters--Commissioner Gordon hammer away at the producer's alibi?

Everyone knows that you and Brooks were partners and that under your contract, whoever died first left his share to the survivor--which is you. And what was to prevent you from killing the photographer if he had a picture showing you in the act of murder?

I know things look black for me, but if I was going to commit a murder, I wouldn't be so foolish and let all the evidence point at me?

How do we know you're not pulling a double bluff--that you are pointing suspicion at yourself just so that you could yell about your innocence?

The newspapers play up the scorrid angles of the theatre murders--Police baffled by superstition murders.

Daily Ray

Old stagehand predicts more deaths will

Irene Adler
At the barn-theatre, scenery is being taken to waiting trucks—for tonight—the play opens in the city.

Well, chillun, tonight's the night—I'll be in the front row, cheering?

Do you think the er...unfortunate publicity will affect the sale of tickets?

This play should never open—it's cursed.

There's your answer, my friend. The public always will be attracted to something with morbid overtones. They're probably hoping for another murder.

Hello, Banks—thought the police were holding you?

They couldn't hold me—I got out on a writ of habeas corpus—holy smoke! Look at that crowd?

Meowrrr—

Quiet—soon you will be playing a starring role?

In the wings—as the ingénue awaits her cue—

I wouldn't want to be in your shoes—having to carry a black cat on the stage?

Don't be silly! They are my favorites.

At that moment, a dart streaks from a blow-tube—

—and imbeds its needle-point into the black cats hide—

I love cats—aaaaa!!!

Good heavens!

The body topples to the stage in full view of the audience—

She's...she's dead.

Once again, a violated superstition wreaks vengeance upon the person who dared to break it.
A frenzied phone call brings the police and coroner bustling to the scene.

This girl was poisoned? Yeah! There's enough poison to kill a regiment on this cat's claws!

What are you doing here? I thought you got the gate for hitting the bottle? They needed someone for the part—and I was given another chance?

That's it! You killed the first guy to get his part in the play! Very clever! And tell me—did I kill the ingenu to get her part?

His face confused—the commissioner turns on the producer—

And you, Banks? I've been told you hated Brooks because he took your girl away from you? You've got nothing on me?

I'd like to talk to you— in private?

I found a clue backstage, and I'm coming back later, after everyone's gone—and I know I'll find enough evidence to convict the murderer?

Later that night, Bruce finds his way backstage of the deserted theater?

I hope my plans work—12 I'm to catch the guilty fiend?

But high above Bruce's figure—a knife suits the rope attached to a metal weight?

As the weight hurtles toward Bruce Wayne—Robin flashes forward!

Look out!
Robin snatches Bruce Wayne from the jaws of death?

Sorry to be so rough, but...

But you saved my life? Where are you going?

Sorry, but I have some unfinished business.

Unfinished, eh? You're the one who's going to be finished.

At the top of the ladder, Robin ducks a murderous blow.

And here are some knuckles I don't need at the moment!

Suppose you take this?

As Robin charges again, the masked man runs himself at a dangling rope.

Almost before the masked man's feet touch the floor—drumming feet announce the arrival of the Batman?

This is the end of the trail?

No, not yet!

--The chase ends in the cellar--

Now you're cornered like a cat?
HA! NOW FOR THE FINAL TOUCH...  

SEIZING A RED-HOT POKE...  
HE LUNGE AT THIS SWASHBUCKLING BATMAN!  

THIS POKER WILL GO THROUGH YOU LIKE IT WOULD BUTTER!

But the fleeing band suddenly whirls about and meets the onrushing Batman!

The Batman's foot sends a shovel handle against the masked man's shin!

This should keep me in here a little longer!

NOW... TO UNMASK YOU!

You—the author? I thought so! I told Bruce Wayne how to track you... you may as well admit your motive— that you were after the movie rights to your play?

Yes— I was depending on the clause in my contract which rules if the play didn't last two weeks, all rights reverted to me, the author.

I spotted you when I learned that Hollywood offered you an enormous sum for your play.

BLAST YOU! I almost won, but for you! I sold Banks my play for a song... later a producer offered me a fortune for the movie rights. I had to get those rights back and I thought I would, by making it seem as if fate were executing all those who had broken superstitions. I had to make the play close to get back my rights!

That explains why you killed the others, with the play's principals out of the way... the show would have closed. Clever, but why did you save me from that drunk who pulled a gun on me?

I did it to put myself in a good light— I knew that I still had to gain the photographer because he had damaging evidence and I knew no one would suspect me if I had just saved the life of the nation's leading crime fighter.

Police, summoned by Robin, come in as the author ends his confession!

... and I knew that all suspicion would fall upon the producer, because he stood to gain the most from the death of his partner.

Commissioner, the curtain is falling on the last act of the superstition murders!
The 'BIG SIX' now becomes the 'BIG SEVEN'
again calling your attention to:

WITH THE ADDITION OF
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
TO THE DC COMIC GROUP, THERE ARE NOW
SEVEN
MONTHLY
MAGAZINES
BEARING THIS TRADE-
MARK WHICH MEANS
"Topes"
IN COMIC READING!
POKEY BEEZER

HELLO, CHIEF! WHAT'S COOKING?

YOU IN HERE AGAIN? LISTEN, BEEZER, THERE ISN'T A PLACE ON THIS FORCE FOR YOU!

THE PHONE! I'LL GET IT. CHIEF, MAYBE SOMETHING HAPPENED!

GET OUTA HERE, OR SOMETHING WILL!

HELLO! YES, THIS IS THE CHIEF OF POLICE! WHAT? A MURDER?

A MURDER? WHERE?

WHERE WAS IT?

OUT AT 'MADD TAVERN'!

THANKS CHIEF!

BEEZER! COME BACK HERE! DON'T YOU GO INTERFERING WITH THE LAW!

OH, BOY! HERE'S WHERE I SEE ACTION!

I'LL BEAT THE CHIEF OUT THERE AND HAVE IT SOLVED BEFORE HE GETS THERE!
Hold on there! Where do you think you're going?

In here, Sarge!

Nobody's allowed in or out of here except the law!

Okay, then!

Well, I'm a detective! The chief told me about this set-up!

I'll do some routine investigating first!

Meanwhile, in the basement:

What are we going to do, Boss? The police have this joint surrounded!

We're going to shoot are way out!

Look! A secret panel!

Hey, Sarge! I've found a secret tunnel!

Secret tunnel. Nothing! That's the laundry chute! Have a good look!

Well, if it isn't company!

Stick 'em up, Bud!

Take it easy, boys! I'm not a criminal! I'm a detective, too!

Hey, what is this?
Detective, too? Yeh, we thought you were the murderer!

Well, I'm not! The murderer is in this tavern. We have to find him!

Sure! Just look around in this crock for him!

Nice going, Spike!

Help!

Let's hide in another room!

Come back here and take this thing off my head—ow!

Crash!

Ow! I got it off! Now all I have to do is catch those guys!!

They can't do this to me. I'll get them!

There's somebody coming! It's probably them coming back!!

Take that, tough guy! Wham!
OW! IT'S THE CHIEF THAT I SOCKED!

THE MURDERS ARE HIDING BEHIND THAT PARTITION!
LET'S RUSH THEM!
NOW'S THE TIME, COME ON!

THEY'RE COMING AFTER ME!

I'LL JUST SWING OVER THAT PARTITION ON THIS PIECE OF OLD CLOTHES LINE!

HEY! THE ROPE BROKE!

WOW! SOMETHING BROKE MY FALL!

IT'S ALL OVER, MEN! BEEZER CAUGHT THEM, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW!

WELL, THERE ARE A LOT OF UPS AND DOWNS ABOUT THIS BUSINESS YOU FELLOWS WILL NEVER KNOW!
JOHNNY SHEAN put down his megaphone and signaled the cameraman to stop grinding. Grimacing, the cameraman, Ben Boyd, slung the light tripod and camera over his shoulder and walked over to where Johnny was bawling out his youthful cast in this amateur movie the gang was making.

"You fellows are supposed to be gangsters, fleeing from the police," he raged. "So when you come around that bend in the road come around fast!"

"But, Johnny," protested Willie Evans. "We came as fast as that old jalopy of mine would go. And Tim's car isn't any faster." He ventured a suggestion. "Why don't we make this picture another "Grapes of Wrath"? The car would fit in nice then."

Johnny's voice was exasperated. By now the boys who were playing the FBI had come up. They listened as Johnny again explained. "First, the gangsters firing blanks, come around the bend. A bank has just been robbed and the FBI is after the mobsters. Here, wait a minute—"

Johnny ran down the road, stopped and waved his hands. Then he rushed back. "Right where I was," he said, "is where the gangster car should pass the camera going at least fifty. I'll mark it somehow. Nobody uses this old road anymore so it's safe to speed. And I know Willie can handle his car. If nobody else can. Now are you with me or against me?"

"Gosh, Johnny," they chorused. "We're with you. After all, we want the Winawasha Moviemakers Club to win the amateur movie production tourney."

"Okay." Johnny said professionally. "On your way then. And come out shooting," he added as an afterthought.

Johnny and Ben, his cameraman, watched as the car turned around and headed for the bend. "It'll take five minutes for them to get started," Johnny said. "So we'll have to hurry and mark the spot where the cars will flash by the camera. Here, we'll use your car, Ben. It's small and won't appear in the picture."

Ben's protests fell upon deaf ears. The car, a bantam model, was his pride and joy. But when Johnny explained nothing could happen to it, he agreed to use it as a marker on the side of the site Johnny had selected. "Willie will set it there," Johnny said, "and race his car. That way we'll get a good action shot."

Johnny climbed into the small car and drove it where it would serve as a marker. It sat upon a slight incline, but Johnny figured, that wouldn't show in the picture.

Ben had his camera set up. Seeing Johnny leave the car, he cried plaintively: "Listen, Johnny, I want—"


Directorial eye alert, Johnny watched the progress of the dilapidated car as it rounded the bend and raced ahead. "Good work, Willie," he murmured. "You're sure getting plenty of speed out of it."

Appreciatively, he watched as the FBI car came around the bend. Then he goggled. What had happened? These weren't FBI men—they were uniformed officers! How had the boys gotten those suits? Johnny's heart leaped as he suddenly realized he wasn't looking at his actors. Those were real cops!

And the others? He couldn't be sure as the car zoomed past him. What had happened? What was Willie trying to do?

"Johnny, my car. Look!"

There was anguish in Ben's voice, but his eye was still glued to the camera as he cranked.

His car was sliding down the incline, straight into the path of Willie's ancient vehicle. Too late, the driver of the latter swerved. There was a loud explosion as tires blew out. The car crashed into the cliffs lining the mountain road.

Ben's eyes were wet as he shouldered his camera and ran with Johnny to the collision. Police were pulling strange men from the wreckage of Willie's car.

Dazed, Johnny heard Ben say: "They didn't hurt my car. But no thanks to you, Johnny. I tried to tell you not to park it on an incline. The brakes wouldn't hold."

Johnny heard these words in a daze. Police Chief Weber was talking to him and saying: "You saved the day, Johnny. These muggs held up a bank in town, and figured on getting out over this old highway. When their car broke down, they seized one you boys were using. We saw them from the other hill." His eyes strayed to Willie's wrecked car. "We could have caught that on a bicycle," he added. "But you can be sure the bank will replace it." His men hustled the thieves into the police car.

Weber's eyes fell on the camera. "So you lads are making another movie, Johnny," he said. "That's fine. Keeps you out of mischief."

Weber hustled his burly figure into the car as an excited Willie and his "thugs" came up. "By the way, Johnny," Weber said kindly. "I don't want to spoil your fun, but be careful out here. Anything can happen. This isn't the movies, you know."

Johnny smiled as the police car rolled away. "No," he said softly. "It isn't the movies. Just wait until you see this picture!"

THE END
One night, as Bruce Wayne and his young ward, Dick Grayson, listen to the radio, they are startled to hear...

DICK... LISTEN...

Calling the Batman and Robin wherever they may be... You are requested to come to Washington, D.C... to Henry Haver, the head of the F.B.I., will meet...
AND WILL PERSONALLY DELIVER THE GOOD WISHES OF THE PEOPLE AND THE PRESIDENT FOR YOUR EFFORTS IN RIDING THIS COUNTRY OF CRIME. THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF REQUESTS YOUR APPEARANCE. SO DO NOT...

LET'S ORDER THOSE ARCS FROM WASHINGTON!

THE BATMOBILE ROCKETS THE DYNAMIC DUO TO WASHINGTON WHERE THEY LEAD A GREAT TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION INTO THE CITY AS THE PEOPLE CHEER WILDLY.

NOW THESE TWO BECOME THE TWIN TERRORS OF ALL CRIMINALS—THE BATMAN AND ROBIN...

I WANT TO SEE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

LET ME UP HIGH, MOMMY!

THREE CHEERS FOR THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

HURRAY!

G. HENRY MOVER HIMSELF GREET THE HEROES—

IT'S INDEED A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU TWO...

ROBIN AND I CAN NEVER HOPE TO BE AS THOROUGH AS YOUR G. MEN, MR. MOVER!

CRACK!

SUDDENLY A SINGLE STATCATO ROCKET RIPS THROUGH THE AIR!

I MISSED YOU, BATMAN! BUT I'LL GET YOU AGAIN SOME OTHER TIME! HAY, HAY!

Who is the terrible menacing figure? Can it be... yes, it is the JOKER?

The JOKER disappears from view moments later, pursuing police reappear.

NOT A TRACE OF HIM?

WE'LL FIND HIM IF WE HAVE TO TURN THIS COUNTRY UPSIDE DOWN!

WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE IDLE EITHER!

As the shocked nation listens...

Tonight the capital is still talking about the brazen attack of the JOKER...

The menace of the JOKER must be coped with.

The President himself tonight orders the Nation's police force to bring in the JOKER.
And so begins the greatest manhunt of all time as one great, rising cry sweeps across the country like a prairie fire... "GET THE JOKER!"

WE'RE GOING AFTER THE JOKER?

NOT JUST GOING AFTER HIM... WE'RE GOING TO GET THE JOKER THIS TIME!

...HEIGHT: SIX FEET TWO INCHES... COLOR OF SKIN IS BLANK WHITE EXCEPT FOR RED LIPS... HAIR: GREEN... THE JOKER IS...

WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE THE JOKER! $10,000 REWARD FOR HIS CAPTURE.
A small radio station nearby...

--- As yet, the Joker has not appeared in this territory and...

You speak too soon?

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is a special program coming to you from the Joker! Ha, ha! The police and especially the Batman. I have this to say... you may look for me, but you won't find me...

And on a lonely road somewhere...

--- The Joker... laugh at your efforts...you hear me...laugh! Ha ha! It's him! Everybody looking for him...and he makes a speech? Wow!

But when they arrive, they find the Joker is...

Gone! The Joker's gone!

Yes... but he's left something for us?

A small town somewhere in New Jersey...

What's it mean?

The Joker's just told us he's gone to New Jersey...and that's where we'll pick up his trail. "Mon!"

Good play, eh, John! I hear the Vandtiglts are letting the actors use the real Vandtiglt diamonds for tonight's opening performance.

Guess where I am going now, Batman... Ha! Ha! Ha!

Good publicity stunt! Half a million dollars worth of gems lent by the people. Concerned in the play?

Very interesting...

Straight from the VANDTIGLTS, A play about first family of our family.

The First Club?

Straight from the Broadway VANDTIGLTS, A play about first family of our family.
That night... two strangers walk the streets of the town—Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson!

Bruce and Dick are given seats in the deserted balcony as the play begins.

The Joker was certainly given us the slip, hasn't he?

Sort of... we'll take the chase up again in the morning. Meanwhile, we can relax by seeing that play.

Nisst... those aren't your lines... oof...

Shut up! I'm ad libbing... I'm acting out the play in my way now... the gems, please?

Suddenly, the 'gangster paws at his face, under clever makeup is the taunting, grinning face of... the Joker!

One false move and I'll show you this is no prop machine gun... but a real one that shoots real bullets!

A split instant later, their outer clothing is discarded, and they are revealed as Batman and Robin...!

On the silken rope, the Batman and Robin swing over the audience!

Here we go again, Robin?
AH... BATMAN AND ROBIN! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

AND NOW I THINK IT ONLY FITTING I GREET YOU WITH A "BANG-UP" WELCOME? HAY-HA!

Their trained bodies cushion the plunge with the old acrobatic stunt of rolling over and over as they hit the floor.

Even as Robin starts to rise, the Joker leaps forward and rakes the boy's head with a savage blow.

AH--AH? STAY BACK, BATMAN! ONE FALSE MOVE FROM YOU OR ANYBODY HERE, AND THIS BOY DIES?

The audience views a drama more tense than any yet played on that stage.

Keep back... I warn you!

Then as the Joker reaches the doorway, he acts swiftly--he hauls Robin forward.

And now--you may have your precious Robin.

Stay back, Batman! Hell, kill that boy!
A HAIL OF LEAD WHINES OVER THE BATMAN'S HEAD AS HE DASHES IN PURSUIT OF THE JOKER!

AND ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A REAL JAW MASSAGE!

NOT TOO CLOSE, BATMAN -- I MAY GIVE YOU A FREE HAIR CUT! HA... HA!

WITH A ROAR, THE CAR LEAPS AWAY--!

AHEU, BATMAN! HA! HA!

LAUGHING HYENA! WHAT'S THAT HE'S DROPPING, I WONDER?

The Second Clue?

WOW! MY HEAD... SAY... WHERE'S THE JOKER?

GONE-- TO OHIO? IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A RENDEZVOUS THERE LET'S GET STARTED!

Two Days Later, In Ohio, The Joker Seeks Out Two Old Crones--

I HOPE YOU GENTLEMEN ARE NOT TEMPTED TO TURN ME IN FOR THAT REWARD. WE'RE OUT FOR BIGGER STAKES, JOKER... YOU'RE WORTH MILLIONS TO US...

... IF THAT BRAIN OF YOURS CAN WORK UP A GOOD IDEA?

An Idea-- Worth A Million Dollars? Speak On, Gentlemen. You Interest Me....

There's A Jewelers' Convention To Be Held About 100 Miles From Here In A Big City--

Sometimes Later--

That's Some Plan You Figured Out-- Haw! Haw!

Taking Those Gems Will Be A Cinch Now--

A Million Dollars Worth Of Gems-- HA! HA!

Enjoying Yourself-- Aren't You? Ha Ha!

A special bus is taking all the representatives of the jewelry shops there. There'll be cops on it. We must find a way to get those jewels those men will be carrying.

Too true? Have a cigar! A good cigar makes a man feel right with the world!

Yeah! Ain't it a riot? Hohoho! Ho?
Wilder and still wilder grows the laughter. Suddenly, one man gasps convulsively and clutches at his throat.

His body sinks to the floor. Lips freezing into a terrible jokers grin?

You... you poisoning devil... you... you poisoned those cigars?... yes, they contained amylnitrate. Healed, it forms laughing gas. To it, I added my special joker serum. Did you really think I'd let you share those jewels with me... ha... ha?

Some distance back, a specially chartered jeweler's convention bus hurtles through the black night.

First I'll black out part of the highway stripe...

And now... look now dark it is... how do you bus drivers manage to drive on the highway on this sort of night?

We night drivers focus our headlights on the white striping in the middle of the highway and just follow it!

A reverberating crash reaches the ears of the two occupants of another car on the same highway.

What was that? sounds like a smash-up ahead, we'd better stop and investigate.

That's interesting... look out... huh? Wha...? Two mantled shapes drop down toward a man who bends over the twisted wreckage.

This highway proved a path of destruction for them... ha... ha...? you murderer!
A swiftly-drawn gun sprays Joker gas at the charging Robin!

You are much too impetuous!

Now—it's your turn—ugh!

Note quite Joker?

This gas is diluted and only renders the victim unconscious for a few moments?

The Joker wheels and flees, the Batman in full pursuit! The chase takes them up a mountain side—

A monorail cart, a perfect escape?

I'll see you again sometime, Batman?

Laff! Laff!

You'll see me sooner than you think... in fact...

...even sooner!

A unexpected vicious kick almost sends the Batman plunging into yawning space?

Oh yeah? Ha! Ha!

Ah! That one must have hurt 'em, Batman?
THEN--

WHAT...? THE CAR'S MOVING THE OTHER WAY... BACK WHERE IT STARTED!

YOU'LL DROP RIGHT INTO MY HANDS NOW, JOKER!

THE ANSWER: ROBIN HAS RECOVERED FROM THE GAS AND PULLED THE SWITCH THAT WILL SEND THE CAR BACK... WITH THE JOKER IN IT!

BUT YOU FORGET I KNOW A TRICK OR TWO MYSELF.

SEE YOU AGAIN? HA HA?

BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED BATMAN AND ROBIN CAN RECOVER FROM THIS UNEXPECTED MOVE, THE JOKER MAKES HIS ESCAPE!

LATER -- THEY FIND THE THIRD CLUE?

KANSAS, EH? IF THAT'S THE JOKER'S NEXT MOVE, IT'S OURS, TOO?

THE BATMOBILE ROCKETS THRU STATE AFTER STATE ON THE TRAIL OF THE ELLUSIVE JOKER!

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN CLING TO THE TRAIL ONCE STARTLING WORDS SNAP THEM UPRIGHT--

CALLING ALL CARS! THE JOKER HAS BEEN SEEN ENTERING A HOUSE ON 2255 CON COURSE AVE. .......

....
The Batman and Robin find the suspicious dwelling surrounded by police...

Yes... and this time we're going to get him?

So the Jocker's in there, eh?

That's him! That's the Jocker!

Let's get him!

Minutes later... a dazed group rises to its unsteady feet...

Don't touch that! You'll get another electric shock! The Jocker ripped up an electrically charged dummy to pool up the bend!

Later...

That's been puzzling me, too! And look at the first clue he left us! The 'NBA' has been crossed out of New Jersey! What must be a reason?

New Jersey... Ohio... Kansas... Holy Smoke! What a fool I've been... I've got the answer now!
The Batman writes a list of the clues...

Look what the letters of each state spell out after we cross out 'New' and the 'D' of Delaware?

New Jersey Ohio Kansas Delaware

Jersey is "J"... then "O"... "K"... "D"... when they start to spell out the Joker's name...

New Jersey Ohio Kansas Delaware Rhode Island

And add the 'I' of Rhode Island... "D-Joker!" That spectral maniac has spelled his name across the country. Instead of going to Delaware as he expects us to...

I know we're going to Rhode Island. We'll be one jump ahead of him...

Two days later...

Yay, yay! I, Namtab will stop at the Fray Hotel at Providence, Rhode Island. Namtab it is rumored has with him the Jokers Diamond, one of the largest in the world...

Providence, oh--- I'll be there and away before the Batman. The Diamond is mine!

Fray Hotel... The Joker's knuckles rap sharply on Namtab's door...

Come in?

You? The Batman?

You? The Batman?

You little brat-- get out of my way!

I'm not caught yet! Batman, not yet?

But you soon will be, Brother. You soon will be?
With the Batman in pursuit, the Joker races to the hotel until he finds himself trapped on the marquee...

Maybe I will yet...

Ha-ha! Still laughing, Batman! But loud-ha-ha?

As the cars move through the heavy traffic, a mad chase begins amid the speeding vehicles...

You laugh just a bit too soon, Joker! You made a nice move... but I can match it?

In the midst of the honking cars, the Batman makes plans for a long, grueling hunt.

Joker --- in case you've forgotten, there's another bit of territory that has an 'o' in it--- Alcatraz! --- you're through?

And in Alcatraz prison?

I got out of jail once before and I'll do it again! There's no jail made that can hold the Joker!

The End.
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