

No.13

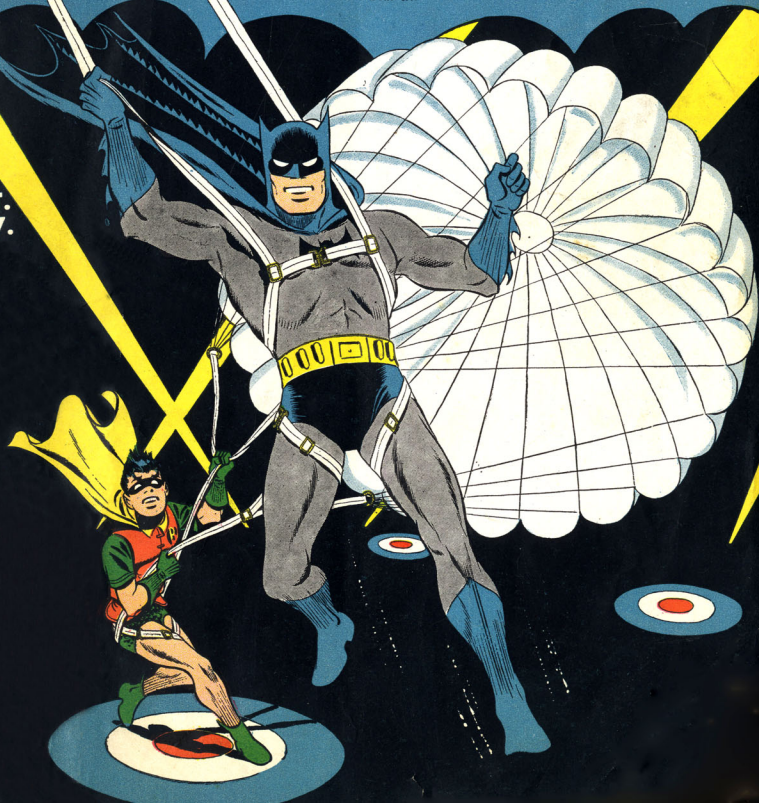


TEN
CENT

BAT MAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

OCT.
NOV.



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GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America

CASH PRIZES FOR YOUR BOOK REVIEWS!

Boys and girls! Would you like to see your own book reviews printed on this page? Would you like to win cash prizes? Here's your chance!

The list of books below has been suggested by Mrs. Grace E. Cartmell, Supt. of Work with Children, of the Queensboro Public Library. Young people in her library have read them and liked them. Get one of these books from your library, send me a review of it in less than 200 words. The winning review will appear in this magazine, and the writer will receive a \$5.00 prize. You can win!

Send your review to me in care of this magazine, 480 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C. Print your name and address plainly.

JOSETTE FRANK

Young Mac of Fort Vancouver.....	By Mary Jane Carr
Black Stallion.....	By Walter Farley
Juneau the Sleigh Dog.....	By West Lathrop
Citadel of a Hundred Stairways.....	By Alida Malkus
Black Fire.....	By Covell Newcomb
Way Down Cellar.....	By Phil Stong
Piang, the Moro Chieftain.....	By Florence Stuart
Happy Landing.....	By Leonora M. Weber
Haven for the Brave.....	By Elizabeth Yates
The Last of the Gauchos.....	By Thames Williamson

THE WONDER BOOK OF THE AIR.

By C. B. Allen and Lauren D. Lyman
with an introduction by Bernt Balchen

Why does an airplane fly? What is different about a glider? What about autogiros? What kinds of planes are there especially made for carrying mails, for crossing vast oceans, for transport and for war?

All these and hundreds of other questions that most boys ask are answered in this book. It covers everything about flying—the planes and how they operate, the air-routes and how they are mapped, the pilots and how they are chosen and trained, the air heroes of peace and of war and their daring exploits, the marvels of aircraft radio, and the most modern uses of fighters, bombers and pursuit planes in this war.

There are exciting stories, too, of man's early attempts to fly and the many experiments and disasters that led to the development from balloons to wings. Many of the famous flights of history are described in thrilling accounts.

One whole chapter tells about the instruments in the pilot's cabin; another describes the different types of motor—"the heart of the airplane."

About two hundred photographs illustrate the book and add greatly to its interest. Any boy or girl who wants to know about modern airplanes as well as the romance of man's conquest of the air, will find it all in this book.

Ask for it at your library.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Venus No. 2)

K PGGF COGTEC. COGTEC PGFFU AQW.
FQ AQWT DKV!

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

THE BOY WONDER -

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

by

BOB
KANE

WHAT IS THE
GREATEST CRIME-CRUSH-
ING COMBINATION OF ALL TIME?
THAT'S EASY... THE FIRM OF **BAT-
MAN AND ROBIN, UNLIMITED**,
EXPERTS IN MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE!
A PERFECTLY CO-ORDINATED TEAM, THEY
HAVE PUT COUNTLESS EVIL-DOERS BE-
HIND BARS AND SENT OTHERS TRUD-
ING THE LAST MILE TO THE DEATH HOUSE....
BUT NOW, INCREDIBLY, THE PARTNERSHIP
IS BROKEN! BIDDING A BEWILDERED **ROBIN**
GOODBYE, THE **BATMAN** SETS OUT
ALONE ON THE DANGER TRAIL! **HOW**
WILL THE MIGHTY CHAMPION SUCCEED
WITHOUT HIS LOYAL COMRADE?
WHY WAS THEIR FRIENDSHIP BROKEN?
YOU WILL FIND THE

ANSWER IN -
**"THE BATMAN PLAYS
A LONE HAND!"**



A SUITCASE IS PACKED IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME...

PACKING!
WHERE ARE
WE GOING
BRUCE?

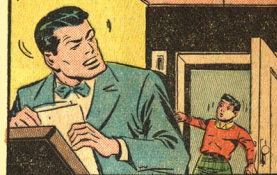
**WE'RE NOT
GOING ANYWHERE!**
DICK, YOU
AND I HAVE
GOT TO HAVE
A FINAL
UNDERSTANDING...



...AND DICK GRAYSON, BRUCE'S
HITHERTO INSEPARABLE PAL,
RECEIVES THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE!

WE'RE PARTING
COMPANY, DICK.
FROM NOW ON
THE **BATMAN**
WORKS ALONE!

I--I DON'T
GET IT...
YOU'RE
KIDDING,
AREN'T YOU?



THAT'S ONE OF
THE TROUBLES
WITH YOU...YOU
THINK LIFE IS
FULL OF KIDDING
THIS
TIME I'M
DEAD
SERIOUS!

GEE,
BRUCE...
I DON'T
KNOW
WHAT TO
SAY!



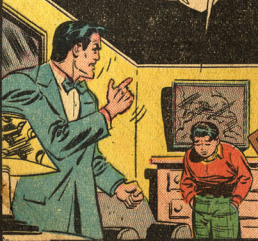
I NEVER THOUGHT
WE'D BREAK UP AFTER
ALL OUR ADVENTURES...
ALL THE TIMES
WE'VE RISKED
OUR LIVES TO-
GETHER, AND
FOUGHT SIDE
BY SIDE!

THAT'S
ANOTHER
REASON...



I'D BE FIGHTING
CROOKS, AND
HAVE TO WATCH
OUT FOR YOU
AT THE SAME
TIME!

...ULP!..IF
I'D KNOWN
YOU FELT
LIKE THAT...



HIGH TIME I WAS
GETTING RID
OF THIS
JUNK!

M-MY
P-PICTURE!



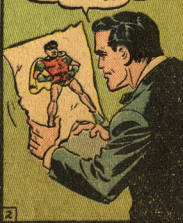
FROM NOW ON
YOU CAN GIVE MORE
TIME TO SCHOOL
WORK. IT ISN'T
RIGHT FOR A KID
LIKE YOU TO BE
CHASING AROUND
GETTING INTO
FIGHTS!

YOU DON'T
NEED TO
SAY ANY
MORE...



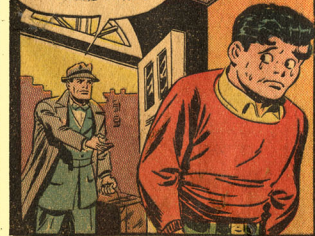
BUT WHEN DICK HAS
LEFT THE ROOM ...

I DIDN'T LIKE
TO SMASH IT
BUT I HAD TO
MAKE THE KID
UNDERSTAND...
I'LL JUST KEEP
THIS!



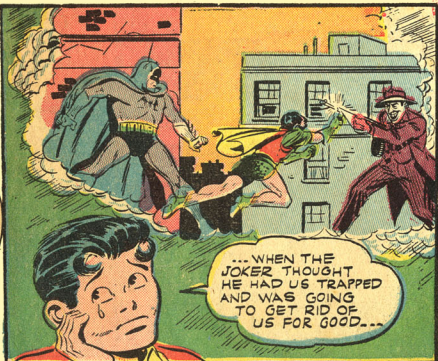
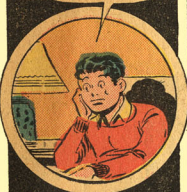
WELL, SO LONG,
YOUNGSTER! I'VE
LEFT MONEY TO
TAKE CARE OF
YOU...AND MAY-
BE WE'LL RUN
ACROSS EACH
OTHER AGAIN
SOMETIME!

GOODBYE!



HAS ROBIN
THE BOY WON-
DER FOUGHT HIS
LAST GALLANT
BATTLE AGAINST
INJUSTICE AT THE
SIDE OF THE MIGHTY
BATMAN?... THE
LOYAL HEART OF
THE LAD IS CLOSE
TO BREAKING AS
HIS BEWILDERED
MIND SEEKS TO
ESCAPE THE DRAB-
NESS OF THE PRE-
SENT BY REVIEWING
GLAMOROUS SCENES
FROM THE
PAST...

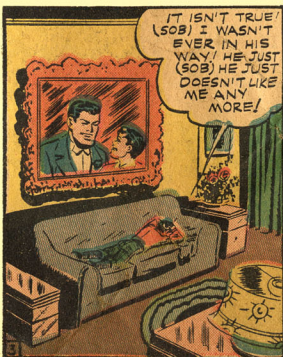
HE CALLED
ME A NUISANCE,
AFTER ALL
THE TIMES I'VE
STOOD BY HIM
WHEN THINGS
LOOKED
HOPELESS...



... WHEN THE
PENGUIN PULLED
SURPRISES OUT
OF THAT DEADLY
UMBRELLA OF
HIS...



IT ISN'T TRUE!
(SOB) I WASN'T
EVER IN HIS
WAY! HE JUST
(SOB) HE JUST
DOESN'T LIKE
ME ANY
MORE!



SUSPICION BEARS ITS
UGLY HEAD AS THE
BOY'S GRIEF WEARS
ITSELF OUT...

OR MAYBE HE
WANTS ALL THE
GLORY FOR HIM-
SELF! MAYBE
HE THOUGHT ROBIN
WAS GETTING
TOO POPULAR!



AND INEVITABLY COMES BLIND,
UNREASONING ANGER...

I DON'T WANT
HIS MONEY AND
I WON'T LIVE IN
HIS HOUSE! I'LL RUN
AWAY AND SHOW
HIM I CAN TAKE
CARE OF MY-
SELF!



NIGHT... AND A HOMELESS WAIF
TRUDGES THE POORER STREETS
OF GOTHAM CITY...

RESCUE
MISSION
LODGING
ROOMS

KID, COULD
YA SPARE
A NICKLE
FOR
CAWFFEE?

I WOULD,
GLADLY--
ONLY I
HAVEN'T
GOT A
CENT!

A SEARCHLIGHT BEAM STABS
UPWARD, PAINTING A FAMILIAR
SYMBOL AGAINST THE BLACK
SKY...

COMMISSIONER
GORDON'S SIGNAL!
HE NEEDS THE
BATMAN AND
ROB-- I
MEAN, THE
BATMAN!



JIMMINY--TH'
BATMAN'S
GOIN' OUT
AFTER SOME
CROOKS!

AIN'T
ROBIN
A LUCKY
KID TO BE
WITH HIM?

LUCKY, EH?
IF THEY
ONLY
KNEW!



LATER... A BURST OF GUNFIRE SHATTERS THE NIGHT...
AND SUDDENLY...

SHOTS-- AND
IT'S HIM! IT'S
THE BATMAN!
THEY MUSTN'T
HIT HIM!

BANG!
BANG!

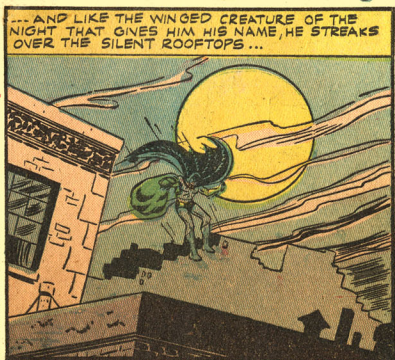
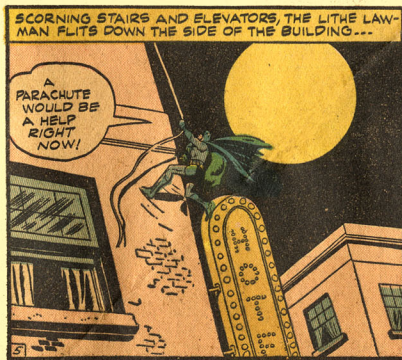
BUT THE NEXT INSTANT, THE THRILL THAT
TINGLED THROUGH DICK IS CRUSHED BENEATH
THE CRUELEST BLOW OF ALL!

WHA--?
ANOTHER
BOY IN A
UNIFORM LIKE
MINE, WORKING
WITH THE BAT-
MAN!... BUT IT
CAN'T BE!
IT CAN'T
BE!

SCALDING TEARS BLIND
THE STRICKEN YOUNGSTER!

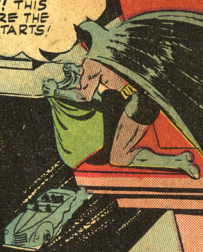
HE'S GOT
ANOTHER
ROBIN!
THAT'S WHY
HE WANTED
TO GET
RID OF
ME!

BET THAT
LITTLE
BRAT HASN'T
A BRAIN
IN HIS HEAD!
BET I COULD
LICK HIM
WITH ONE
HAND!



FROM A PRECARIOUS PERCH, HIS KEEN EYES
SIGHT A SPEEDING VEHICLE....

BUT THERE'S TRAFFIC
DOWN THERE.... A CAR
LOADED WITH MEN,
DOING FIFTY AT
LEAST! THIS
IS WHERE THE
FUN STARTS!



THE THUMB, DAPPER DESPERADO
WHO SEEKS TO SPREAD A REIGN
OF TERROR OVER GOTHAM CITY,
SCOLDS HIS HENCHMEN...

THERE WAS
THE MAYOR
NOT TWENTY
FEET AWAY,
AND YOU
MISSED
HIM!

BUT HIS
BODYGUARDS
WERE SHOOTIN'
AT US!



NO ALIBIS!
I'LL SHOW YOU
HOW YOU
SHOULD HAVE
DONE IT!

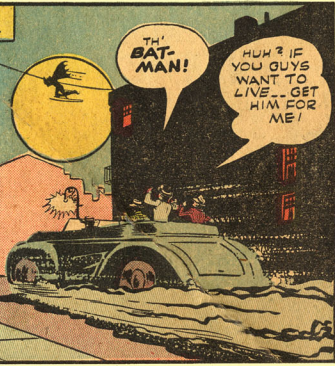
DON'T
THUMB! WE'LL
DO BETTER
NEXT
TIME!



AT THAT
INSTANT...

TH'
BAT-
MAN!

HUH? IF
YOU GUYS
WANT TO
LIVE... GET
HIM FOR
ME!

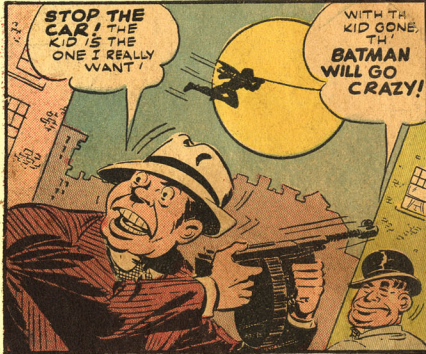


IF HE'D
ONLY STAY
STILL
FOR A
MINUTE!



STOP THE
CAR! THE
KID IS THE
ONE I REALLY
WANT!

WITH THE
KID GONE,
TH'
BATMAN
WILL GO
CRAZY!



AS THE MACHINE GUN CHATTERS THE
SMALL FIGURE SHUDDERS, THEN DROPS
SICKENINGLY!

GOT HIM!
NOW THE BATMAN
WILL KNOW I
MEAN BUSINESS!

I'D FEEL
BETTER
IF YOU'D
GOT TH'
BATMAN,
TOO!

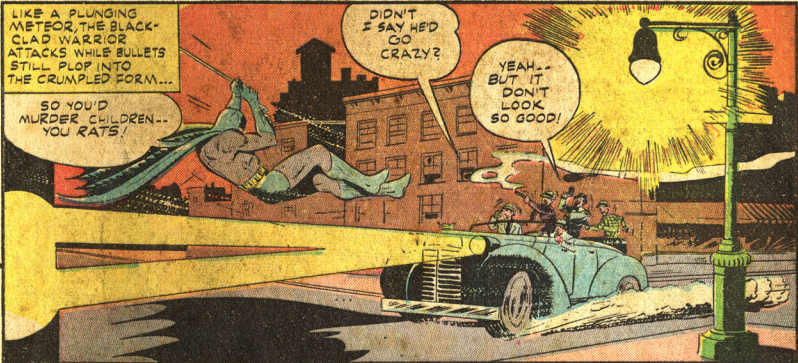


LIKE A PLUNGING METEOR, THE BLACK-CLAD WARRIOR ATTACKS WHILE BULLETS STILL PLOP INTO THE CRUMPLED FORM...

SO YOU'D MURDER CHILDREN-- YOU RATS!

DIDN'T I SAY HE'D GO CRAZY?

YEAH-- BUT IT DON'T LOOK SO GOOD!



HERE'S WHERE I THUMB A RIDE!

KILL HIM YOU FOOLS!



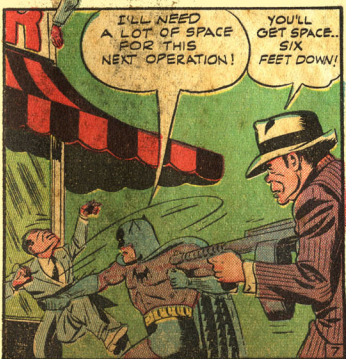
HELP!

IF I'M CROWDING YOU, THIS WILL GIVE YOU MORE ROOM!



I'LL NEED A LOT OF SPACE FOR THIS NEXT OPERATION!

YOU'LL GET SPACE... SIX FEET DOWN!



THUMB'S DOWN!

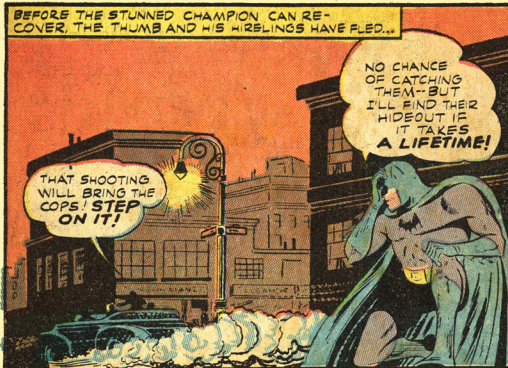


HOW D'YA LIKE THEM APPLES?

HUH???



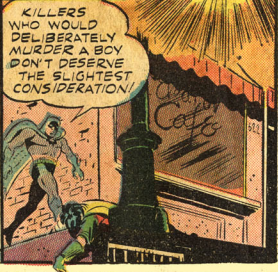
BEFORE THE STUNNED CHAMPION CAN RECOVER, THE THUMB AND HIS HIRELINGS HAVE FLED...



NO CHANCE OF CATCHING THEM-- BUT I'LL FIND THEIR HIDEOUT IF IT TAKES A LIFETIME!

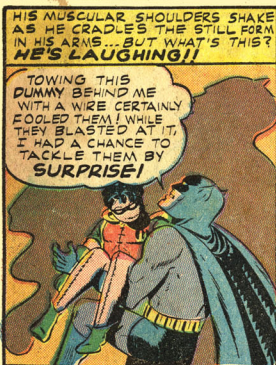
SLOWLY, THE BATMAN APPROACHES THE BULLET-RIDDLED FIGURE ON THE SIDEWALK...

KILLERS WHO WOULD DELIBERATELY MURDER A BOY DON'T DESERVE THE SLIGHTEST CONSIDERATION!



HIS MUSCULAR SHOULDERS SHAKE AS HE CRADLES THE STILL FORM IN HIS ARMS... BUT WHAT'S THIS? HE'S LAUGHING!!

TOWING THIS DUMMY BEHIND ME WITH A WIRE CERTAINLY FOOLED THEM! WHILE THEY BLASTED AT IT, I HAD A CHANCE TO TACKLE THEM BY SURPRISE!



THERE IS NO LAUGHTER IN THE SECRET STRONGHOLD OF THE THUMB, HOWEVER...

THE BATMAN WON'T GIVE US A MINUTE'S PEACE FROM NOW ON! I'LL NEVER GET THIS TOWN UNDER MY THUMB WHILE HE'S ALIVE!

YEAH-- WE GOTTA POLISH HIM OFF-- BUT HOW?



WE DON'T WANT ANOTHER FIGHT... HE CAN MOVE LIKE LIGHTNING AND HIT LIKE A THUNDERBOLT!

YA DON'T HAVE TO WISE US UP TO WHAT WE ALREADY KNOW!



I'VE GOT IT! WE'LL HAVE HIM PAY US A SOCIAL CALL!

HAVE YA GONE BATTY?

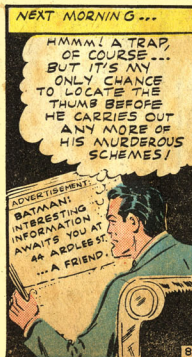
SNAP!



NEXT MORNING...

HMMM! A TRAP, OF COURSE... BUT IT'S AN ONLY CHANCE TO LOCATE THE THUMB BEFORE HE CARRIES OUT ANY MORE OF HIS MURDEROUS SCHEMES!

ADVERTISEMENT!
BATMAN! INTERESTING INFORMATION YOU AT AWAITS YOU AT 44 ARDLEST ST. ...A FRIEND.



MEANWHILE, AT THE THUMB'S HIDEOUT, PREPARATIONS ARE MADE TO RECEIVE THE DISTINGUISHED VISITOR...

TH' THUMB'S WATCHIN' THE BACK DOOR AN' MONK TH' FRONT, AN' I'M UP HERE IN CASE HE TRIES ANY AERIAL TRICKS... TH' POOR SAPIAINT GOT A CHANCE!



A PEDDLER AT THE KITCHEN DOOR FINDS AN UNPROMISING PROSPECT...



I'M THE FILLER BRUSH MAN!

NO SALE! SWEEP YOURSELF ON YOUR WAY!

YOU CAN'T BRUSH ME OFF THAT SIMPLY!



SAY--- ARE YOU TIRED OF LIVING?

I INSIST ON DEMONSTRATING THE NEWEST WRINKLES IN HOUSECLEANING!



MONK! SLASHER! HE'S HERE!

FLINGING ASIDE HIS DISGUISE, THE BATMAN GIRD FOR BATTLE...



I'LL MOP UP THE WHOLE GANG OF YOU!

MAKE IT A GOOD JOB... HERE'S SOME SOAP!

NO SOAP!



THEN PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO START WITH THE CELLAR!



HOW'D HE GET IN?

WHA...?

DOWN-STAIRS! AFTER HIM, YOU GUYS!

THE FORCE OF THE FALL STUNS THE BATMAN...



GRAB HIM BEFORE HE COMES TO!

AND WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS...



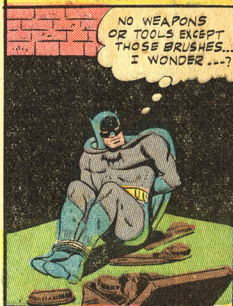
WHERE AM I?

IN OUR GUEST ROOM, NICE AND COZY WITH ALL YOUR PRETTY BRUSHES!

WHILE YOU'RE
STARVING BY
INCHES, RE-
MEMBER THIS
WOULDN'T HAVE
HAPPENED IF
YOU'D HEEDED
MY WARNING!



THE LAST BLOCK IS CEMENTED
IN PLACE, LEAVING THE PRIS-
ONER ENTOMBED IN CLAMMY
DARKNESS...



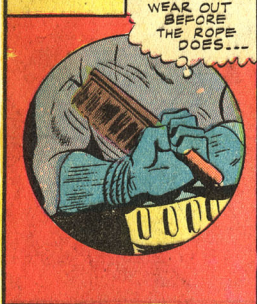
NO WEAPONS
OR TOOLS EXCEPT
THOSE BRUSHES...
I WONDER...?

THIS ONE HAS
WIRE BRISTLES...
IN TIME I
SUPPOSE
THEY'D OUT-
LAST ROPE
FIBERS...



THEN BEGINS
A SLOW,
AGONIZING
STRUGGLE...

WHEW! IF
ONLY MY WRIST
DOESN'T
WEAR OUT
BEFORE
THE ROPE
DOES...



AT LONG LAST, THE BATMAN FREES HIM-
SELF FROM HIS BONDS... ONLY TO FIND
THAT THE MASONRY WALL RESISTS HIS
UTMOST STRENGTH!.

NO USE...
I CAN'T BUDGE
IT! LOOKS
AS IF I'LL
DIE HERE...
UNLESS...

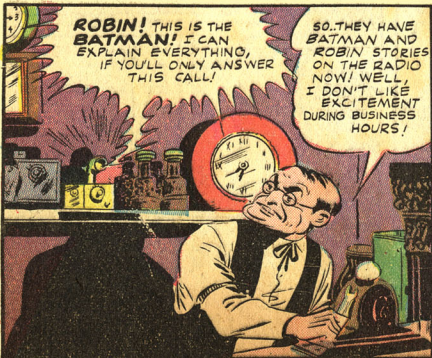


IN A DESPERATE LAST
RESORT, HE TURNS TO
HIS BELT BUCKLE RADIO.

I HATE TO
CALL ROBIN
AFTER WHAT
HAPPENED YESTER-
DAY, BUT MORE
LIVES THAN MINE
DEPEND ON IT...
**BATMAN CALLING
ROBIN!**



**ROBIN! THIS IS THE
BATMAN! I CAN
EXPLAIN EVERYTHING,
IF YOU'LL ONLY ANSWER
THIS CALL!**



SO...THEY HAVE
BATMAN AND
ROBIN STORIES
ON THE RADIO
NOW! WELL,
I DON'T LIKE
EXCITEMENT
DURING BUSINESS
HOURS!

NOW THINGS
WILL BE
MORE
PEACEFUL!



---I'M IN
TROUBLE
IN A
BASEMENT
AT...CLICK!

FAR FROM THE SOUND OF THE TANNED RADIO, THE BATMAN'S LAST HOPE TREADS A WEARY TRAIL OF DISAPPOINTMENT



DISILLUSIONED AS THE BOY IS, HIS PULSE LEAPS AS HE OVERHEARS A FAMILIAR NAME.



OKAY... START WORKIN'... THE KITCHEN'S THIS WAY!..??



GRIEF AND SEARING ANGER BOIL WITHIN DICK'S BREAST AS HE TRAILS THE THUGS, A SMALL BUT DAUNTLESS AVENGER ---



NO THOUGHT OF PERSONAL DANGER ENTERS THE LOYAL MIND OF ROBIN AS HE ENTERS UPON HIS HAZARDOUS ROLE ---



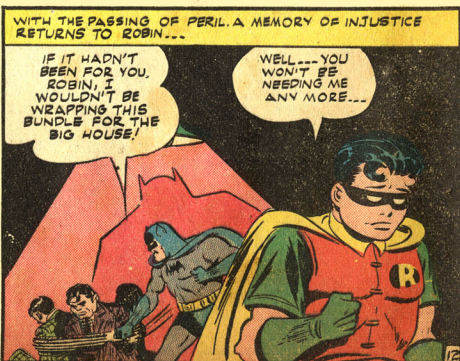
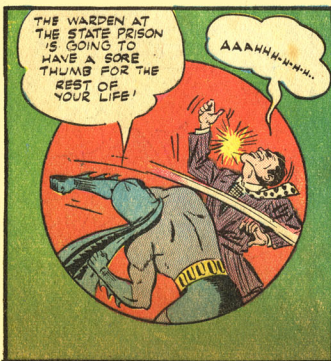
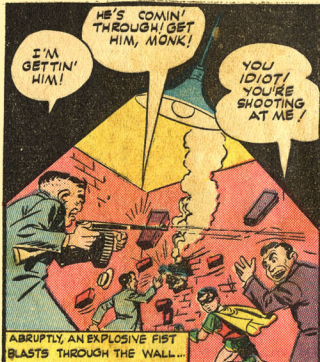
THREE "WISE GUYS" GET THE SCARE OF THEIR CROOKED LINES ---

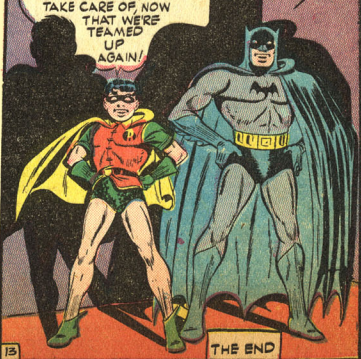
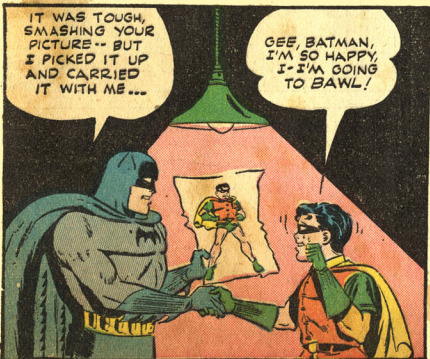
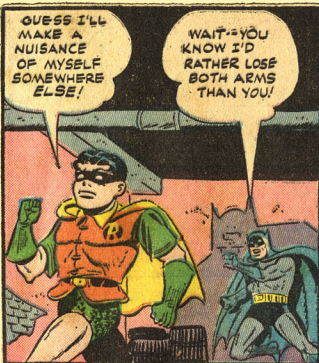


BUT BOYISH FURY IS HELPLESS AGAINST THE OVERWHELMING STRENGTH OF CROWN MEN... AND THE BATTLE LASTS ONLY SECONDS ---

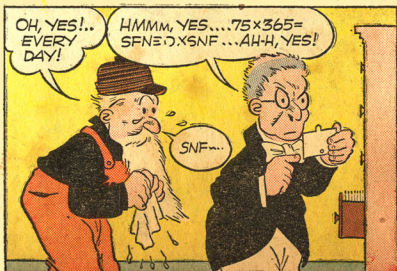
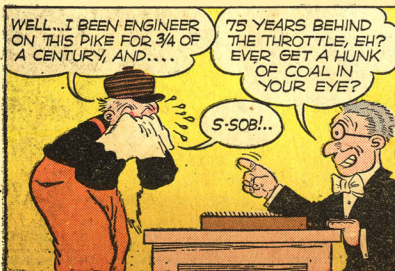
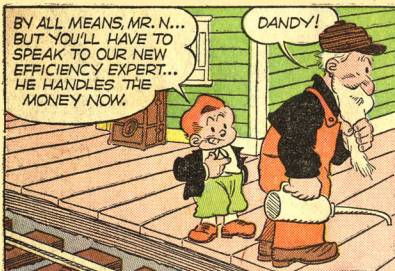
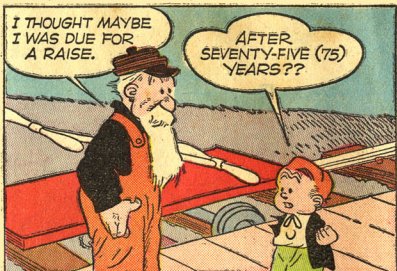
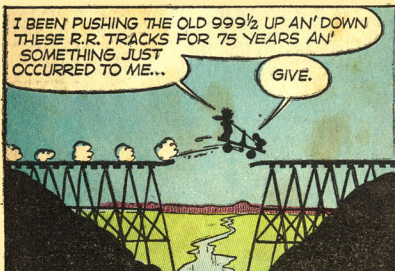
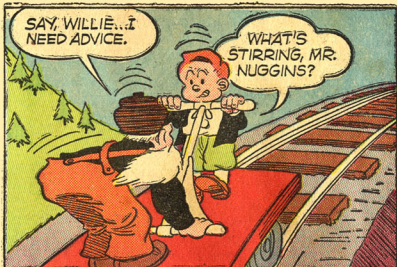


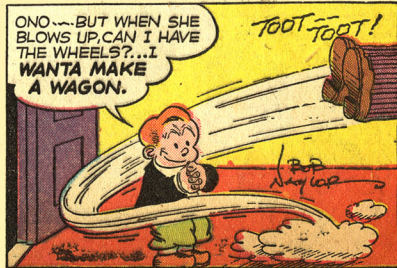
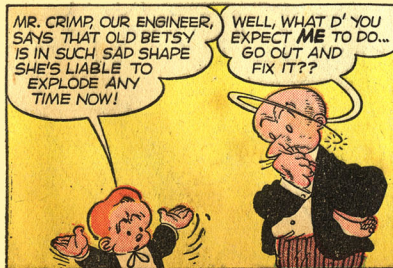
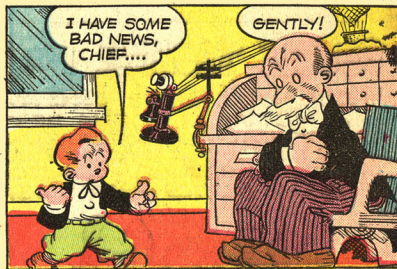
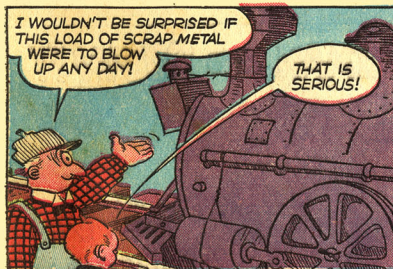
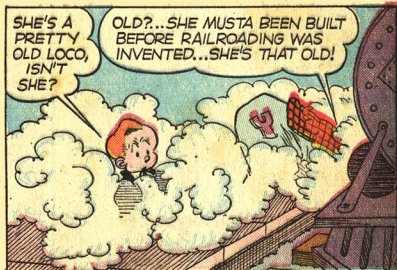
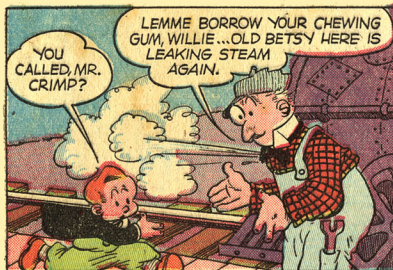
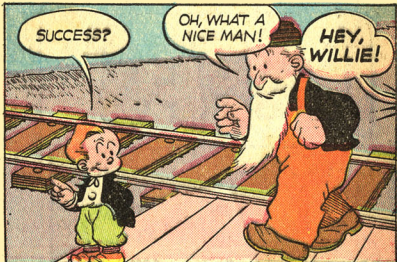
IN THE CELLAR...



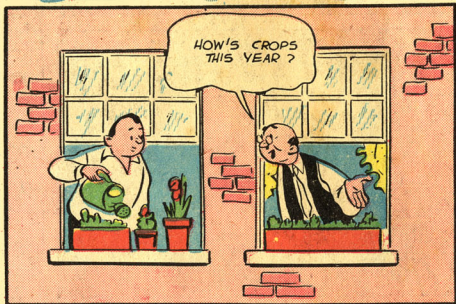
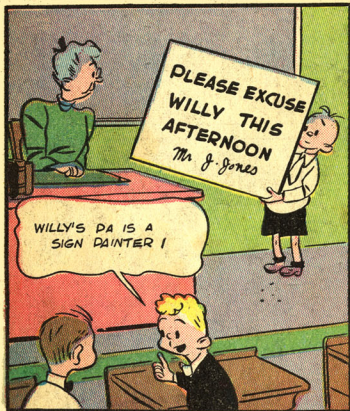


ROUND-HOUSE Willie





LAFFS



DOUBLE TROUBLE FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN!!

TWO-FACE! MODERN MAN OF MYSTERY!
IS HE ONE MAN OR TWO? IS HE GOOD OR IS HE EVIL---OR DOES THE ANSWER LIE IN **HOW** YOU LOOK AT HIM? SOLVE THE RIDDLE FOR YOURSELF IN **OCTOBER DETECTIVE COMICS** --NOW ON SALE!



BATMAN

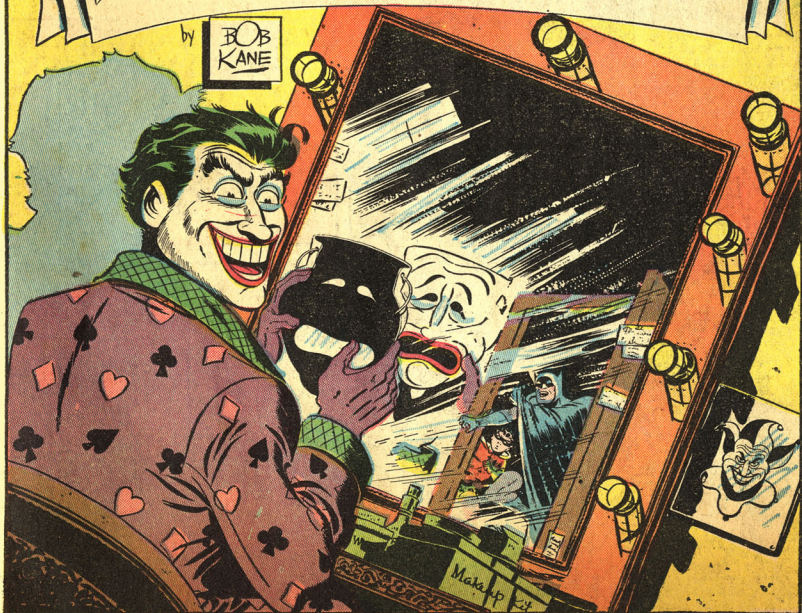
WITH
ROBIN

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TIME AND AGAIN, ONE MAN HAS PLAYED THE SAME MOCKING PART ON THIS STAGE OF LIFE... THAT ARCH-FIEND OF LAUGHTER, THAT MASTER CLOWN... THE **JOKER!** NOW, THE CRIME CLOWN STEPS OUT OF HIS ROLE, DONS THE MASK OF TRAGEDY, AND STALKS BEFORE FOOTLIGHTS TO MAKE PEOPLE CRY!... BUT THOSE TWIN SENTINELS OF THE LAW... **BATMAN** AND HIS YOUNG AIDE, **ROBIN**... EVER ALERT TO THE GRIM JESTER'S MADCAP PRANKS... TAKE THEIR CUE AND MAKE THEIR DYNAMIC ENTRANCE FROM THE WINGS IN TIME TO STEAL THE SHOW IN THIS....
"COMEDY OF TEARS!"

by

**BOB
KANE**



EARLY ONE MORNING, AT THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON,

GOSH, WHAT A NIGHTMARE! I DREAMED I WAS FIGHTING THE JOKER!

YOUR DREAMS MAY SOON COME TRUE, DICK! THE JOKER'S LOOSE AGAIN!



PROPHETIC WORDS! FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT THE GRIM JESTER IS GLOATING OVER THE NEWEST PRANK BORN OF HIS TWISTED BRAIN!

FOOLS! THEY CALL ME THE JOKER! BUT SOON THEY SHALL SEE ANOTHER SIDE OF ME!



THE NEXT DAY, GOTHAM CITY IS STARTLED BY A SENSATIONAL BARRAGE OF BRAZEN MESSAGES! DOWNTOWN...

WHAT DOES HE MEAN?

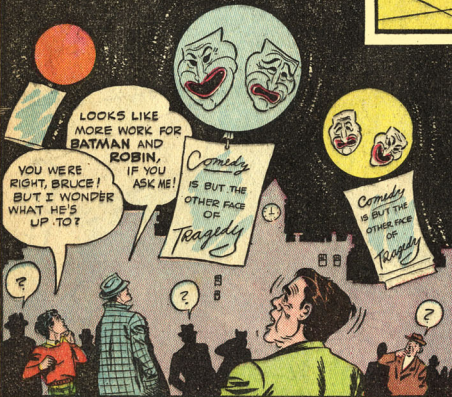
MAYBE HE'S REFORMING!



AND IN STILL ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...

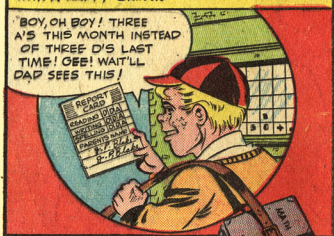
LOOKS LIKE MORE WORK FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN, IF YOU ASK ME!

YOU WERE RIGHT, BRUCE! BUT I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?



NEXT DAY, LITTLE JOHNNY BLAKE LEAVES SCHOOL WITH A HAPPY GRIN...

'BOY, OH BOY! THREE A'S THIS MONTH INSTEAD OF THREE D'S LAST TIME! OEE! WAIT'LL DAD SEE THIS!



MY FIRST SUCCESS IN MAKING PEOPLE CRY! HA! HA!

BOO-HOO! MY DAD'LL GIVE ME A SPANKING! HE'LL THINK I'M AFRAID TO SHOW MY REPORT CARD TO HIM!



THAT SAME DAY, OLD JOE BRADY IS ABOUT TO CASH IN ON HIS FIRST DAY'S WORK IN A YEAR...

I GOT 100 PEOPLE IN THE SWANKY UP-TOWN DISTRICT TO SIGN THIS PETITION TO HAVE THE PARK COMMISSIONER REMOVED! AND HIS RIVAL PROMISED ME FIVE CENTS A NAME!



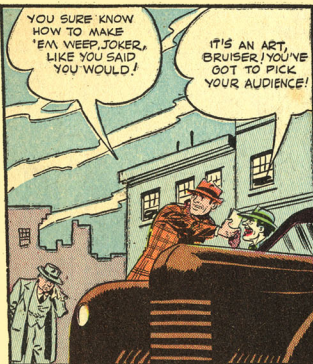
HE WON'T SEE IT--BECAUSE I'M TAKING IT!





THAT MEANS
I'VE EARNED
FIVE DOLLARS--
HEY, WHAT--

YOU LOOK
TOO HAPPY! THE
JOKER DON'T
LIKE THAT! I'LL
TAKE THAT
PETITION!



YOU SURE KNOW
HOW TO MAKE
'EM WEEP, JOKER,
LIKE YOU SAID
YOU WOULD!

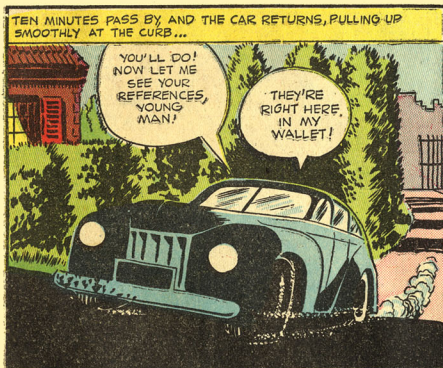
IT'S AN ART,
BRUISER! YOU'VE
GOT TO PICK
YOUR AUDIENCE!



A LITTLE LATER...
ELSEWHERE...

I HAVE THE
BEST OF
REFERENCES,
MR. VAN GILD!
I CAN SHOW
YOU...

TUT, TUT!
IF YOU
WANT THIS
JOB, LET
ME SEE
HOW WELL
YOU CAN
DRIVE!



TEN MINUTES PASS BY, AND THE CAR RETURNS, PULLING UP
SMOOTHLY AT THE CURB...

YOU'LL DO!
NOW LET ME
SEE YOUR
REFERENCES,
YOUNG
MAN!

THEY'RE
RIGHT HERE,
IN MY
WALLET!



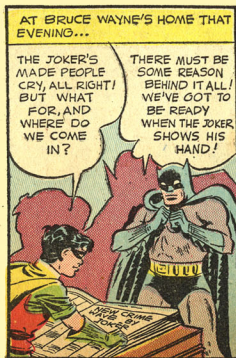
YOU MEAN
THEY WERE?
TOODLE-OO!

HEY...



BUT I CAN'T
LOCATE MY
FORMER
EMPLOYERS
RIGHT AWAY!
THEY'RE NOT
IN TOWN!

SORRY, BUT I
MUST HAVE
REFERENCES!
HOW DO I
KNOW YOU
WEREN'T IN
CAHOOTS WITH
THAT THIEF!



AT BRUCE WAYNE'S HOME THAT
EVENING...

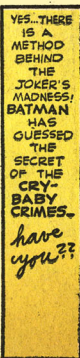
THE JOKER'S
MADE PEOPLE
CRY, ALL RIGHT!
BUT WHAT
FOR, AND
WHERE DO
WE COME
IN?

THERE MUST BE
SOME REASON
BEHIND IT ALL!
WE'VE GOT TO
BE READY
WHEN THE JOKER
SHOWS HIS
HAND!



LET'S SEE...
A KID'S REPORT,
CARD, A PETITION
LIST, A CHAUF-
FEUR'S REFERENCE
PAPERS...

ROBIN...
I'VE GOT
IT! I SEE
WHAT
HE'S
AFTER!
COME ON!
WE'RE GOING
TO SEE
COMMISSIONER
GORDON!



YES...THERE
IS A
METHOD
BEHIND
THE
JOKER'S
MADNESS!
BATMAN
HAS
GUESSED
THE
SECRET
OF THE
CRY-
BABY
CRIMES.

have
you??

AND SO ANOTHER VICTIM
SUCCEUMS TO THE JOKER'S
WANTON WHIM!

AT THE CRIME CLOWN'S HIDEOUT, BRAVNY HENCHMEN ARE PUZZLED, TOO...

JOKER, THAT WAS SOME RISK, JUST TO MAKE GUYS CRY!

FOOL! THAT'S WHAT I WANT PEOPLE TO THINK... TO COVER UP MY REAL AIM! I REALLY WANTED THAT REPORT CARD! IT HAS J.P. BLAKE'S SIGNATURE ON IT!



THIS PETITION HAS THE SIGNATURES OF WEALTHY, IMPORTANT MEN!... AND THE CHAUFFEUR'S REFERENCES ARE SIGNED BY OUR BEST CITIZENS! NOW DO YOU SEE?



I GET IT! WE'RE GOING TO FORGE CHECKS AND CASH IN, EH?

NO, NOTHING AS RISKY AS THAT! I HAVE OTHER PLANS! LISTEN...



LATER, AT COLOSSAL STUDIOS, WHERE A SELECTED GALA CROWD IS CELEBRATING THE FILMING OF THE FINAL SCENES OF A GREAT EPIC...

OKAY! J.P. BLAKE'S PASS IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!



IT WORKED, JOKER! THAT FORGED PASS GOT US IN! GOOD THING THEY DIDN'T NOTICE THE TOMMY GUNS UNDER OUR COATS!

LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS FIRST, RAID THE DRESSING ROOMS OF THE STARS! THEN MEET ME ON THE LOT!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS....

THE JOKER PULLED THOSE JOBS TO OBTAIN SIGNATURES, I TELL YOU!

WHAT CAN WE DO...



A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION...

CHIEF, THE JOKER'S HOLDING UP THE COLOSSAL STUDIO'S CROWD! A GUARD MANAGED TO PHONE US!

SEE HOW IT FITS IN? LITTLE JOHNNY BLAKE'S FATHER IS VICE-PRESIDENT OF COLOSSAL! THEY FORGED HIS SIGNATURE!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

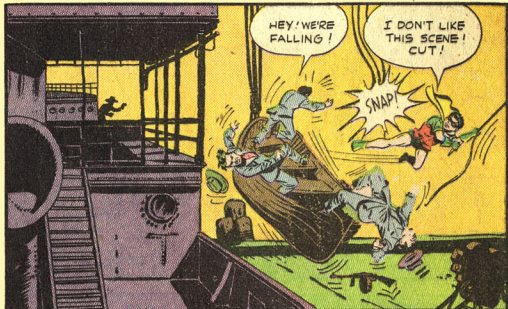


ON A LAVISH MOVIE SET, THE KING OF KNAVES IS DIRECTING HIS OWN CUNNING SCENE!



ABRUPTLY, LIKE A HUMAN PENDULUM, A SMALL CLOAKED FIGURE FLASHES DOWN FROM ABOVE!

TSK, TSK!
WHAT BAD ACTING!



YOU MEDDLESOME BRAT! I'LL SHOOT YOU, AND I DON'T MEAN WITH A CAMERA!



BUT THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE RECKONS WITHOUT HIS ARCH-NEMESIS!



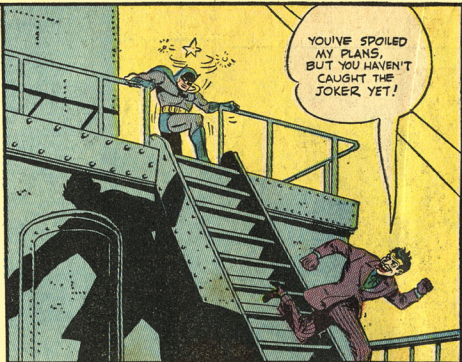
YOU COULD STAND MORE PUNCH IN YOUR SCENES, TOO!



BUT THE CRAFTY
JOKER STILL HAS
A TRICK LEFT!

NOTHING
WRONG WITH
MY FOOTWORK
THOUGH,
BATMAN!

UH!



YOU'VE SPOILED
MY PLANS,
BUT YOU HAVEN'T
CAUGHT THE
JOKER YET!

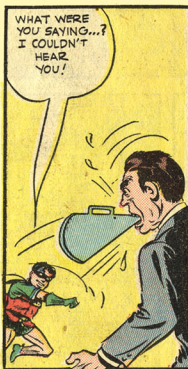
AND ROBIN? HE'S BUSY "STEALING" A SCENE IN
AN EXPLOSIVE DRAMA AS REAL AS LIFE!

WHAT A
LOVELY SET
OF TEETH—
YOU HAD...

YOU BRAT...
I'LL FEED
YOU
LEAD...

WHAT WERE
YOU SAYING...?
I COULDN'T
HEAR
YOU!

WOW! WAIT'LL
MY KID SEES THESE
SHOTS OF THE
BOY WONDER IN
ACTION AGAINST
THE JOKER'S
MEN!



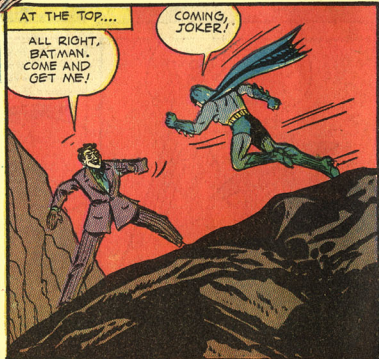
UP THE WINDING STEPS OF A MAN-MADE
CLIFF USED FOR MOVIE ACTION SCENES
RACE CRIME FIGHTER AND CRIMINAL!

HA! HERE'S
WHERE I PUT
ONE OVER ON THE
BATMAN!

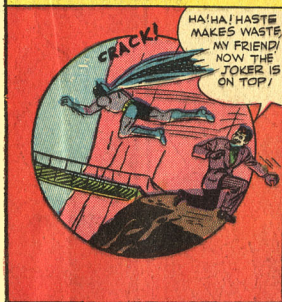
AT THE TOP...

ALL RIGHT,
BATMAN.
COME AND
GET ME!

COMING,
JOKER!



PLUNGING FORWARD TOO SWIFTLY TO STOP HIMSELF, THE BATMAN TRIPS OVER THE SUDDENLY-CROUCHED FORM OF HIS ADVERSARY!



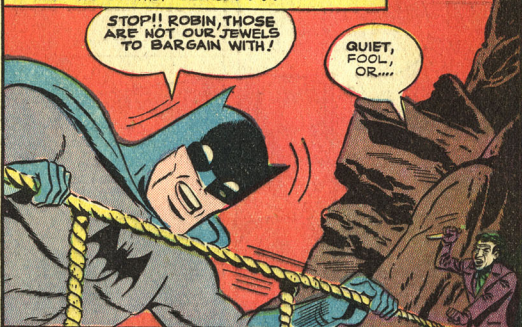
ACTING WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE CRIME CLOWN DELIVERS AN ULTIMATUM!



GOSH, I'M IN A SPOT! IF HE CUTS THAT ROPE, THE BATMAN WILL BE KILLED! WHAT'LL I DO??

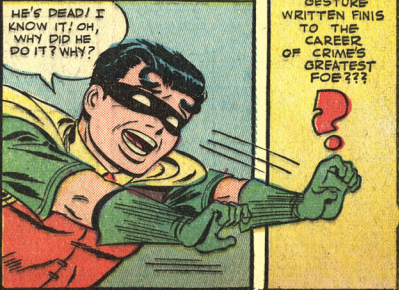


ABRUPTLY, THE BATMAN'S STRONG VOICE REECHES THRU THE DEATHLY SILENCE...



WITHOUT A WORD, THE BAT-CAPED FIGURE LUNGES FORWARD... NOT AT THE JOKER... BUT INTO THE EMPTY SPACE OF THE YAWNING CHASM!

AND AS THE JOKER LEAPS AWAY... AN ANXIOUS BOY RACES TO THE RAVINE WITH A FEAR-STRAGGLED HEART...



IS THIS THE END OF THE BATMAN? HAS A FOOLHARDY GESTURE WRITTEN FINIS TO THE CAREER OF CRIME'S GREATEST FOE???



A STRANGE SIGHT GREET'S ROBIN'S EYES!

I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THIS SAFETY NET THEY OFTEN USE ON SETS IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS! GUESS I FOOLED THE JOKER, EH?

WHEN! YOU HAD ME FOOLED, TOO!

BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET AFTER HIM!

HE'S GONE BY NOW, AND SO ARE HIS MEN! BUT LOOK AT WHAT ONE OF THOSE MUGGS DROPPED!

PRETTY BOY DUGAN WHO WILL BE ELECTROCUTED AT 11:15 TONIGHT UNLESS THE GOVERNOR ONES HIM A LAST-MINUTE REPRIEVE!



HMM! THE JOKER MUST BE PLANNING SOME DIRTY WORK AT THE PRISON! ROBIN, THIS LOOKS LIKE OUR BUSY NIGHT!

LATER... A POWERFUL OFFICIAL SEDAN, FILLED WITH STATE TROOPERS, SCREECHES TO A HALT BEFORE THE GRIM WALLS OF STATE PRISON!

I MUST SPEAK TO THE WARDEN... IMMEDIATELY! I'M FROM THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE!

I'LL GET HIM RIGHT AWAY, CAPTAIN!

MOMENTS LATER...

THE GOVERNOR HAS REPRIEVED DUGAN AND WANTS US TO BRING HIM TO HIS OFFICE AT ONCE FOR AN INTERVIEW! HERE ARE HIS ORDERS!

VERY WELL, I'LL PLACE HIM IN YOUR CUSTODY, CAPTAIN!

THE CONDEMNED KILLER SNATCHED FROM THE JAWS OF LEGAL DEATH, THE SEDAN ROARS AWAY!

WAIT! THEY LEARN WE FAKED THE GOVERNOR'S SIGNATURE! HA! HA!

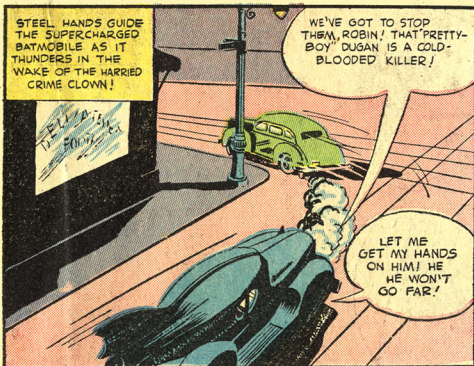
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO PAY YOU THE \$100,000 MY LAWYER PROMISED, JOKER! I'D HAVE BEEN A GONER!

THE GRIM JESTER AND HIS MEN CHANGE BACK TO THEIR CIVILIAN CLOTHES!

HEY, JOKER, LOOK-- THE BATMOBILE!

WHAT! THE BATMAN ALIVE! STEP ON IT, BRUISER!

STEEL HANDS GUIDE THE SUPERCHARGED BATMOBILE AS IT THUNDERS IN THE WAKE OF THE HARRIED CRIME CLOWN!



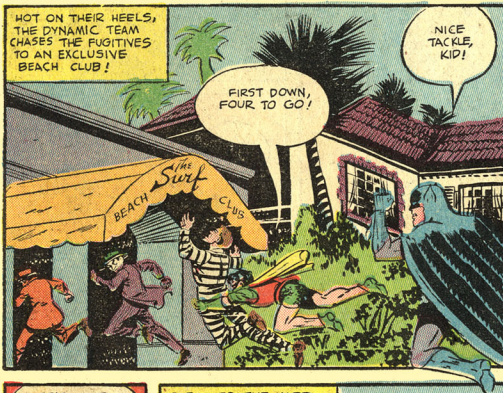
MILES ARE SWALLOWED UP AS, AT BREAKNECK SPEED, THE MADCAP CROSS-COUNTRY CHASE CONTINUES... UNTIL SUDDENLY...

A DEAD-END STREET!

FOOL! NOW THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US! WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE CAR!



HOT ON THEIR HEELS, THE DYNAMIC TEAM CHASES THE FUGITIVES TO AN EXCLUSIVE BEACH CLUB!



HURRICANE FURY PACKED IN FOUR FISTS SCATTERS THE JOKER'S MINIONS LIKE LEAVES BEFORE THE STORM!

OW-OW-OW!

THAT'S NOT AS BAD AS THE HOT SEAT YOU'RE GOING TO GET!

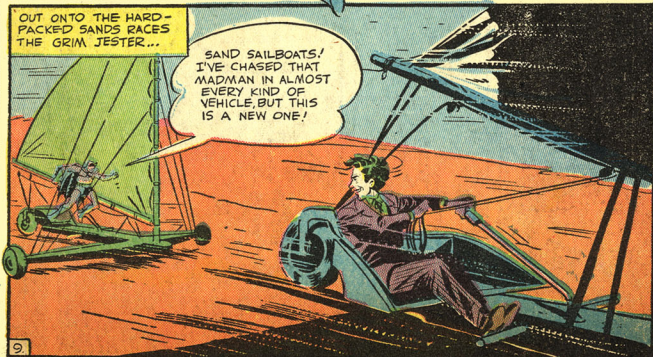


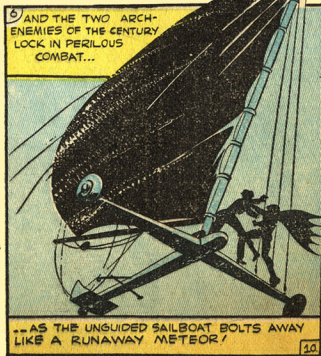
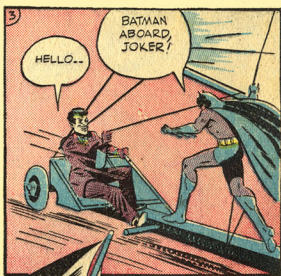
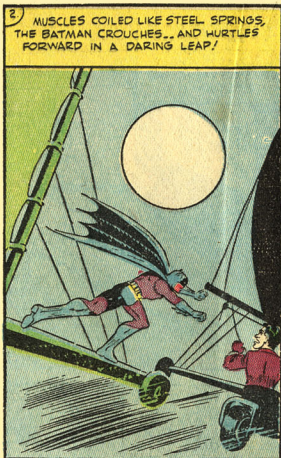
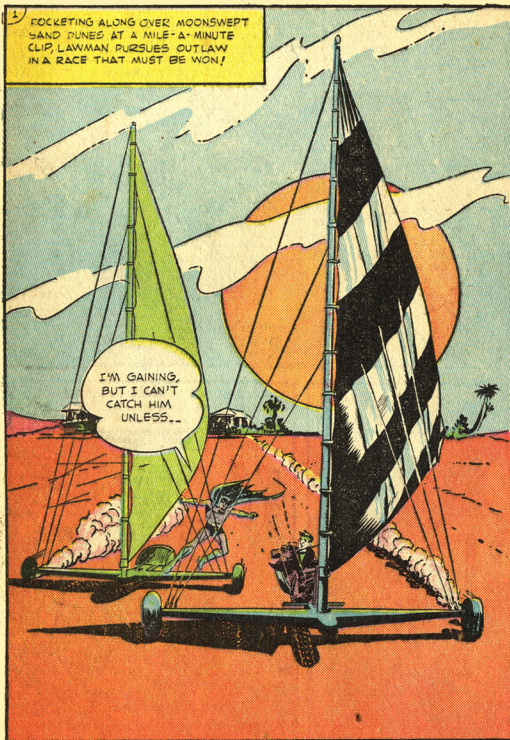
LET'S MAKE SHORT WORK OF THESE LUGS, ROBIN!



OUT ONTO THE HARD-PACKED SANDS RACES THE GRIM JESTER...

SAND SAILBOATS! I'VE CHASED THAT MADMAN IN ALMOST EVERY KIND OF VEHICLE BUT THIS IS A NEW ONE!





SECONDS TICK BY, AND THEN A HEAD EMERGES FROM THE CHOPPY, WHITE-CAPPED WATERS... THE BATMANS!



HAS THE MASTER OF MOCKERY FINALLY PLUNGED TO HIS DOOM ON THE JAGGED ROCKS BENEATH THE WAVES? ONLY TIME CAN TELL!



THE NEXT WEEK, THOUGH, THE FATE OF THE JOKER IS EXPLOSIVELY REVEALED!



HOW ARE WE GOING TO GO AFTER HIM NOW? WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S GOING TO DO NEXT IN THIS COMEDY OF TEARS!

THEN WE'LL HAVE TO OFFER HIM SOME BAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA!



THAT EVENING, THE NEWS-PAPERS...



AND THE FOLLOWING DAY, A DISGUISED ROBIN ROVES TOWN PURSUING HIS NEW HOBBY, AUTOGRAPH-HUNTING...



AT THE DOOR OF A FAMOUS RESTAURANT...



AND AT A DEPARTMENT STORE BOOK COUNTER...



OUTSIDE, AMID THE JOSTLING CROWDS, A HAND SNAKES OUT AND...



IT WORKED! THE FISH BIT, ALL RIGHT! THERE'S ONLY ONE SIGNATURE IN THAT BOOK THE JOKER CAN REALLY USE -- THE OWNERS OF THE OTHERS ARE ALL GOING OUT OF TOWN!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE HOTEL
CLAIR...

MR. BIGBY ASKED
ME TO GET THE
KEY TO HIS PRIVATE
SAFE THAT HE
LEFT WITH YOU!
HERE'S HIS
NOTE!

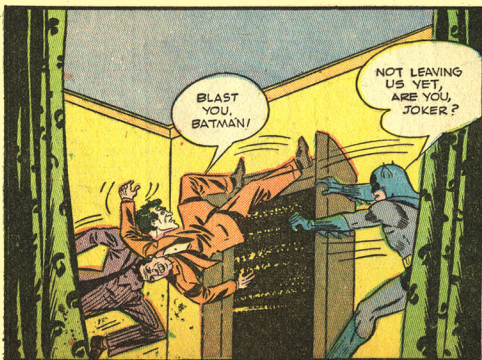
HMM...
OKAY! IT'S
IN OUR
VAULT!
I'LL GET
IT IN A
MINUTE!

UPSTAIRS, AT ARTEMUS BIGBY'S SUITE...

DON'T BE
ALARMED, MR. BIGBY.
I JUST WANT TO-
ER- COLLECT YOUR
RARE BUTTERFLY
COLLECTION! I'M SURE
I CAN SELL IT FOR
\$100,000, DON'T YOU?

WHAT'S THE
MEANING
OF THIS?
ROBBERS!

HA! THE
KEY FITS
AND--



HIS CRONIES SNARED AND CHLOROFORMED BY THE MEERK, BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR, THE CORNERED CLOWN FIGHTS ON ALONE!

TOO LATE!

STOP, OR I'LL PLUNGE THESE SCISSORS INTO ROBIN'S HEAD!

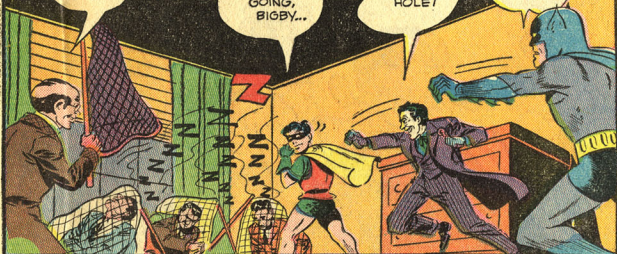


HEE, HEE...

HA! HA! NICE GOING, BIGBY...

HA! HA! THE JOKER STILL WAS AN ACE IN THE HOLE!

LOOK OUT, ROBIN!

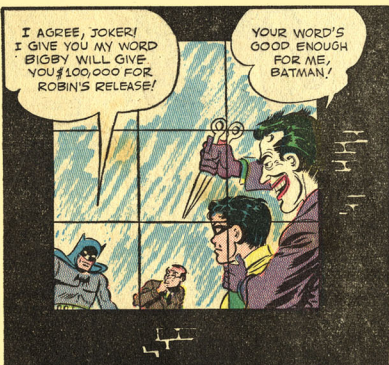


ONCE AGAIN THE JOKER BARGAINS... THIS TIME, ROBIN'S FATE IN THE BALANCE!

MY MEN ARE CAPTURED, MY PLANS BROKEN UP, BUT I'M GOING TO GET SOMETHING OUT OF THIS: I WANT MY FREEDOM AND \$100,000 FROM BIGBY, OR ELSE...

I AGREE, JOKER! I GIVE YOU MY WORD: BIGBY WILL GIVE YOU \$100,000 FOR ROBIN'S RELEASE!

YOUR WORD'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, BATMAN!



WHY SHOULD I GIVE HIM \$100,000, EVEN IF YOU PROMISED IT?

I CAN'T BREAK MY WORD! PAY HIM! LISTEN...



SOON THE BARGAIN IS SEALED...

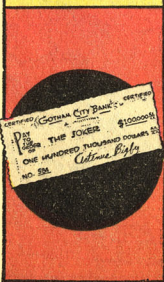
HERE'S YOUR MONEY, JOKER... INSIDE THIS ENVELOPE!

THANKS, I KNEW YOU'D KEEP YOUR WORD!



LATER, IN A NEW HIDE-OUT, THE BRAZEN BUFFOON OF CRIME OPENS THE ENVELOPE AND SEES....

CERTIFIED (GOTHAM CITY BANK) CASHIER'S CHECK
PAID TO THE ORDER OF THE JOKER \$100,000.00
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS \$100,000.00
NO. 554
Arthur B. Bigby



OH, OH! IDIOT THAT I AM! THE BATMAN KEPT HIS WORD-- BUT HE HAD BIGBY! PAY ME BY CERTIFIED CHECK! BUT I CAN'T CASH IT! IT'S MADE OUT TO THE JOKER-- AND IF I WALKED INTO A BANK, I'D BE NABBED!



THE BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE THE LAST LAUGH!

I'D LIKE TO SEE THE JOKER'S FACE WHEN HE REALIZES THE TRUTH!

POETIC JUSTICE, ROBIN! HE WANTED TO MAKE OTHERS CRY-- IT'S HIS TURN NOW!



THE END - 13

WE'VE PEPPED 'EM UP.....



EDITORS -- WRITERS -- ARTISTS.... WE ALL GOT TOGETHER AND TRADED IDEAS... WE STUDIED HUNDREDS OF LETTERS FROM YOU READERS --AND WE LOADED THESE TWO MAGAZINES WITH **DYNAMITE!** --JUST THE SORT OF SUPER FEATURES **YOU** GO FOR IN A BIG WAY!

IN **MORE FUN:**

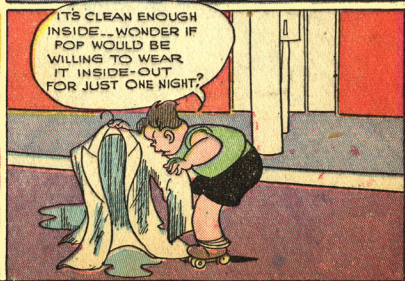
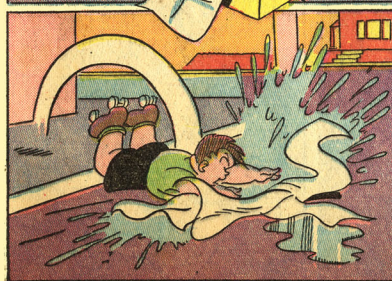
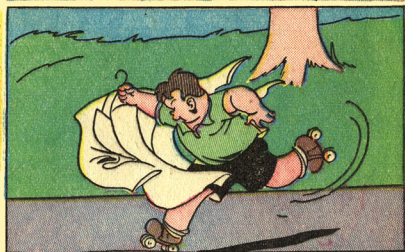
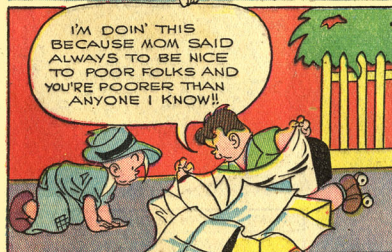
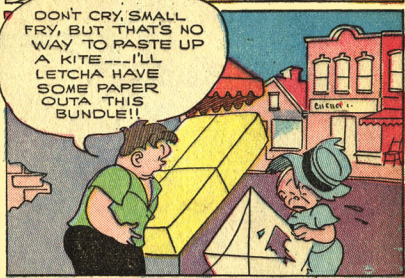
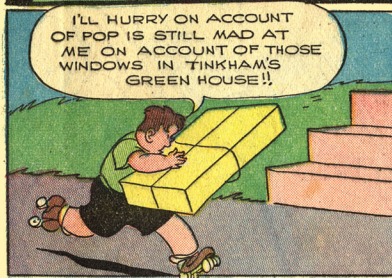
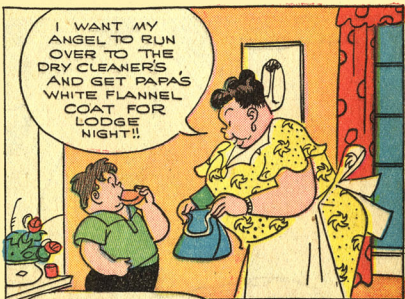
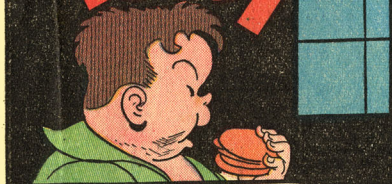
GREEN ARROW
JOHNNY QUICK
AQUAMAN
DR. FATE
SPECTRE
RADIO SQUAD

IN **ADVENTURE:**

SANDMAN
GENIUS JONES
STARMAN
MANHUNTER
SHINING KNIGHT
HOURMAN



TUBBY



BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

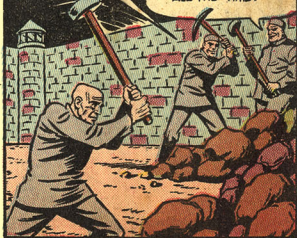


WHAT'S A STONE?
JUST A BIT OF COLD ROCK,
EMOTIONLESS? DEAD, UNEXCITING?
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
WE'LL TELL YOU OF A STONE...
MANY STORIES... OF STONES THAT
EXPRESSED HATE, REVENGE, EVIL, DO
THEY SOUND EMOTIONLESS?
AND HERE ALSO ARE STONES THAT
MEANT NEW LIFE, NARROW ESCAPES
FROM IMPENDING DOOM! CERTAINLY
THESE ARE NOT DEAD STONES,
AND AGAIN IN THIS TALE ARE
PERILOUS STONES THAT BROUGHT ON DANGER,
STONES THAT SEEM UNEXCITING TO YOU?
THEN READ ON, LEARN HOW FATE
CAST THE FIRST STONE
AND BROUGHT A MAN'S LIFE
"THE STORY OF THE
SEVENTEEN
STONES!"

THE GOTHAM CITY PRISON YARD....

ROCKY GRIMES'S
TWENTY YEAR
STRETCH IS UP
TOMORROW!

YEAH... THE GUY IS AS
CRACKED AS THEM
STONES HE HAMMERS!
IMAGINE HIM PUTTIN'
ON AN INNOCENCE ACT
ALL THE TIME!



BOB
KANE

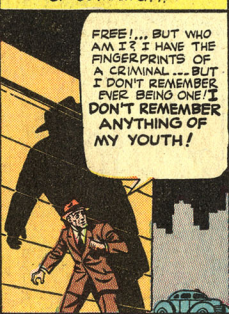
THE NEXT DAY ROCKY GETS HIS RELEASE!



WARDEN, YOU STILL DON'T BELIEVE MY STORY THAT I'M NOT ROCKY GRIMES, THE GANGSTER!

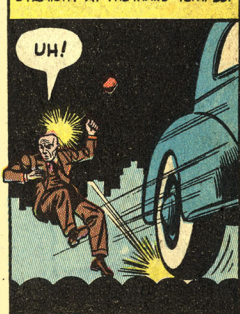
I'VE HEARD YOU SAY THAT FOR TWENTY YEARS NOW! I KNOW YOU'RE ROCKY/ FINGERPRINTS DON'T LIE! YOU'VE SERVED YOUR TIME! FORGET THE YARN!

SO A BEWILDERED MAN WALKS FROM BEHIND STONE PRISON WALLS TO THE STONE PAVEMENTS OF GOTHAM CITY!



FREE!... BUT WHO AM I? I HAVE THE FINGERPRINTS OF A CRIMINAL... BUT I DON'T REMEMBER EVER BEING ONE! I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING OF MY YOUTH!

ABRUPTLY, A CAR TIRE PASSES OVER THE END OF A LOOSE COBBLESTONE... AND FLIPS IT! STRAIGHT AT THE MAN'S TEMPLE!



UH!

LATER... WHEN THE BLACK CURTAIN OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS LIFTS....

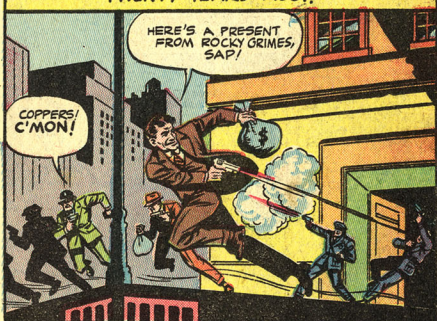


OH... MY HEAD!... LEFTY SLADE... HE SLUGGED ME... I... WHAT HAPPENED TO MY HAIR?... AN' MY FACE WRINKLED ---OLD!

MY HEAD...SO DIZZY...BUT I REMEMBER NOW... REMEMBER! ME AND MY MOB... WE WERE HOLDING UP A BANK... I SHOT A GUARD....



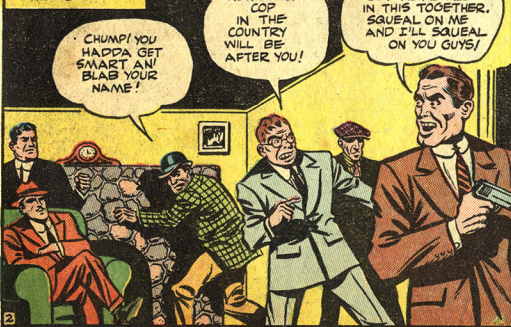
IN HIS MIND'S EYE, THE MAN GOES BACK... BACK TO A HOLDUP OF TWENTY YEARS AGO!!



COPPERS! C'MON!

HERE'S A PRESENT FROM ROCKY GRIMES, SAP!

LATER...IN THE HIDEOUT---



CHUMP! YOU HADDA GET SMART AN' BLAB YOUR NAME!

NOW EVERY COP IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE AFTER YOU!

YOU MEAN AFTER US! WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER. SQUEAL ON ME AND I'LL SQUEAL ON YOU GUYS!

TOO LATE, ROCKY TRIES TO DUCK... AS A HURLED STONE HITS HIS TEMPLE!



YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT!



ROCKY'S RIGHT!
WE'RE ACCESSORIES
BEFORE THE FACT
IN THAT GUARD
KILLIN'! THAT
MEANS WE'RE
ALL LIABLE
TO GO TO THE
CHAIR!

WHY
SHOULD
WE BURN
FOR
SOMETHING
ROCKY
DID?

OH...H..



MY HEAD!... UH!
--- WHERE AM I?
WHO ARE YOU?

WE'RE THE GUYS
WHO AIN'T GONNA
TAKE THE RAP FOR
YOU! YOU WALK
THAT LAST
MILE BY YOUR-
SELF!



RAP? LAST MILE?
DON'T UNDERSTAND!
MIND'S A BLANK!
DON'T EVEN KNOW
MY NAME!...
CAN'T REMEMBER
ANYTHING!

STALLIN',
EH?...

WAIT! ROCKY
MUST HAVE
AMNESIA...
BROUGHT
ON BY THAT
STONE THAT
HIT HIS
HEAD!



AMNESIA?
I HEARD OF
THAT! MAKES
A GUY
FORGET
EVERYTHING
ABOUT
THE PAST!

HEY! IF ROCKY CAN'T REMEMBER US,
WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY
ABOUT! ALL WE DO IS DUMP
HIM AT A POLICE STATION AND
LET HIM TAKE THE RAP!



YOU SAY I'M ROCKY
GRIMES... A GUNSTER!
BUT IT CAN'T BE!... I
WOULD REMEMBER
BEING ONE!... BUT
I CAN'T/I CAN'T!

THAT'S
THE MAN
WHO
SHOT
MY
FRIEND!

AND THESE
FINGERPRINTS
CLINCH IT!
YOU'RE
ROCKY
GRIMES!



AND HERE... HERE IS ROCKY
GRIMES TODAY... THE MAN
WHO REMEMBERED TWENTY
YEARS LATER!

YEAH... INSTEAD OF THE
CHAIR, I GOT TWENTY YEARS...
TWENTY YEARS OF LIFE
GONE WHILE MY "PALS"
WE'RE SITTING
PRETTY!



IT TOOK A STONE TO TAKE
MY MEMORY AWAY FROM ME
--- AND ANOTHER STONE
TO BRING IT BACK!
STONES...
TWENTY YEARS POUNDING
STONES!



STONES... ALWAYS
A STONE! IT'S LIKE
A SYMBOL! THAT'S
WHAT IT IS!
THAT'S HOW
I'LL GET BACK
AT MY "PALS"
WITH STONES...
STONES!

ROCKY BEGINS A CAMPAIGN
OF VENGEANCE BY TRACKING
DOWN HIS ONE-TIME
MOB... AND
A WEEK
LATER....

FIRST ON THE LIST IS
LEFTY SLADE! HE'S A
BIG-TIME CROOK NOW! A
CROOK WOULD
LIKE A KEY INTO
PLACES... SO HE GETS
A KEYSTONE! HA/HA!
THAT'S GOOD! A
KEYSTONE!



NEXT DAY,
AN OLDER,
MORE EVIL
LEFTY SLADE
WAITS UNDER
AN OLD-
FASHIONED
TENEMENT
ARCHWAY!



WONDER WHO
CALLED ME
AND TOLD ME
TO WAIT HERE
FOR A TIP ABOUT
AN EASY JOB?

HIGH ABOVE, A WIRE JERKS
HARD AT THE READY
WEAKENED KEYSTONE AND...
CRUSHING DOOM!



YA-A-A-A-A!



THAT NIGHT...AN EVIL
LAUGH TWISTS
ROCKY'S LIPS!

NEXT IS "FIN" GONZY!
HE'S A LOAN SHARK
NOW! PEOPLE ARE
ALWAYS ON
HIS HEAD FOR A
TOUCH! I'LL
GIVE HIM A
TOUCH, TOO A
TOUCHSTONE!



THE FOLLOWING DAY... A DISGUISED
ROCKY VISITS "FIN" GONZY, THE
LOAN SHARK!

I'D LIKE
TO HAVE
A FEW
BUCKS ON
THAT GOLD
WATCH!

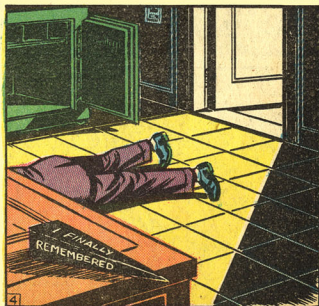
I'LL HAVE TO TEST
IT! THIS IS BASANTE
...WHAT WE CALL A
TOUCHSTONE! THE
MARK IT LEAVES
ON YOUR WATCH
WILL TELL
ME WHETHER
IT'S PURE
GOLD
OR NOT!



SUDDENLY ROCKY
SHUCKS HIS DISGUISE,
SEIZES THE
TOUCHSTONE...



KNOW WHO I AM?
ROCKY...YOUR OLD
PAL, ROCKY!...
AND, BROTHER,
WHEN I GET
THROUGH TOUCHING
YOU, YOU'LL HAVE
TO PAY...
WITH YOUR LIFE!



BRUCE, WHAT'S YOUR
OPINION ON THESE
"I FINALLY REMEMBERED"
MURDERS? REVENGE
MOTIVE?

THE NEXT
DAY... THE
HOME OF
BRUCE
WAYNE
AND DICK
GRAYSON...
IN REALITY
THAT CRIME-
BUSTING
TEAM OF
WORLD
FAME...
**BATMAN
AND
ROBIN!!**

CAN'T WORK ON
IT NOW! WE HAVE
A DATE WITH
THE MAYOR
TO LAY THE
CORNERSTONE OF
THAT NEW ORPHANAGE
MASON IS TO
BUILD!

LATER... AT THE BUILDING SITE...

YOU KNOW
MASON, THE
ARCHITECT?

HELLO,
MASON!

HELLO, BATMAN!
(WHAT A STRONG
FACE HE HAS!
I'M GLAD I
WENT STRAIGHT!
I WOULDN'T
WANT HIM
AFTER ME!)

THERE'S
THE
CORNERSTONE
THAT IS TO
SERVE AS
THE FIRST
STEP IN
BUILDING THE
NEW
ORPHANAGE!

WITHOUT WARNING, THE CABLE HOLDING
THE HUGE CORNERSTONE GOES SLACK!

MASON!
LOOK
OUT!

CRASH!

OH, MAN!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

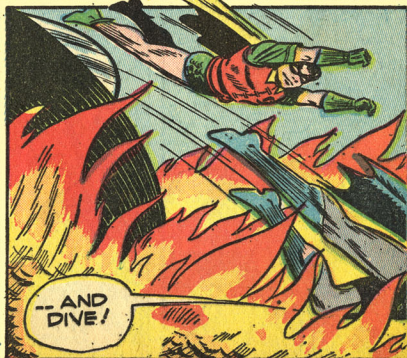
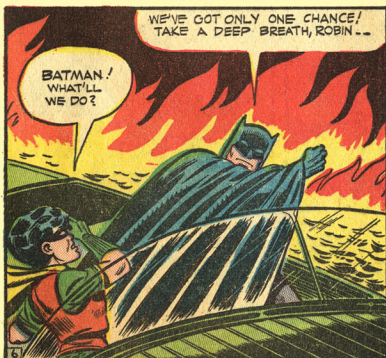
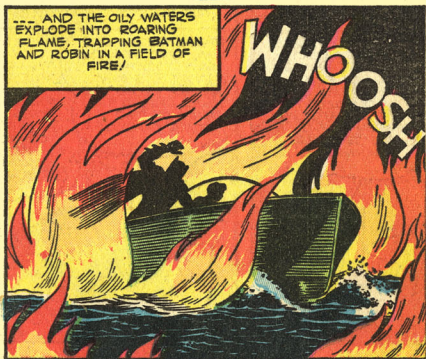
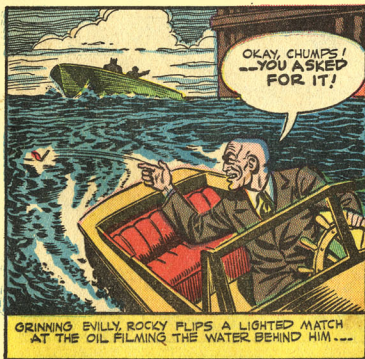
WRITING ON THE CORNERSTONE'S SURFACE CATCHES
THE BATMAN'S EYE!

"I FINALLY REMEM--" THE
STONE MURDERS!
THAT MAN WORKING THE
CRANE TRIED TO
KILL MASON!!

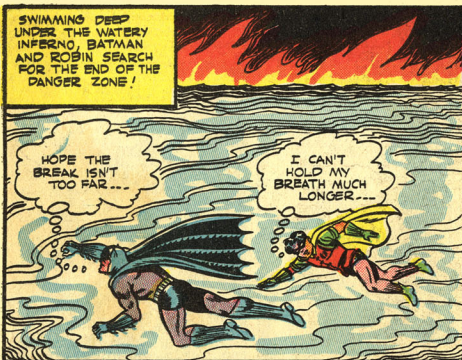
I FINALLY
REMEMBERED

HE'S TRYING TO
ESCAPE! C'MON,
ROBIN... WE'RE
WORKING ON
THAT CASE
NOW!

HOT
DOG!



SWIMMING DEEP
UNDER THE WATERY
INFERNO, BATMAN
AND ROBIN SEARCH
FOR THE END OF THE
DANGER ZONE!



HOPE THE
BREAK ISN'T
TOO FAR...

I CAN'T
HOLD MY
BREATH MUCH
LONGER...

PRESENTLY TWO HEADS POKE UP INTO FRESH
AIR...BEYOND THE BLAZING OIL!



AH!... FRESH
AIR!... UH...UH...
SEE ANYTHING
OF THE BABY
WE WERE
CHASING?

NOT A SIGN!
HE SURE PULLED
A FAST
ONE ON
US!

THAT NIGHT... IN HIS
ROOM, ROCKY PONDER'S...



A CORNERSTONE
FOR AN ARCHITECT!
WOUL'D'VE WORKED,
TOO, IF NOT FOR
THE BATMAN!
HE'S ONE SMART
GUY... SMART
ENOUGH TO PUT
THINGS TOGETHER!
HMMMM!

AND AT THAT MOMENT, BATMAN BEARS
OUT ROCKY'S THOUGHTS!



ROBIN, THERE'S ONE
LINK THAT TIES THIS
CASE TOGETHER!
STONES! STONES!
NEARLY KILLED ONE
MAN... CAUSED THE
DEATH OF TWO
OTHER CRIMINALS!

THEN LET'S
LOOK UP
THE RECORDS
OF THOSE
CRIMINALS,
FIND OUT WHAT
THESE MEN
HAD IN
COMMON...
AND PRESTO!
WE'LL HAVE
OUR MURDERER!

LATER... POLICE HEADQUARTERS ---



HELLO,
GORDON!
SAY, IS
SOMETHING
WRONG?

PLENTY! SOME MASKED
MAN WALKED IN HERE,
THREATENED US WITH A
TOMMY GUN, TOOK SOME
CARDS FROM THE
CRIMINAL FILE AND
BURNED THEM!

THERE'S
THE
REMAINS
OF THE
CARDS!

GODON, I'VE A
HUNCH ABOUT
THAT MASKED
MAN! I'M GOING
TO USE YOUR
LABORATORY
AND FIND OUT
WHAT WAS
ON THOSE
CARDS!



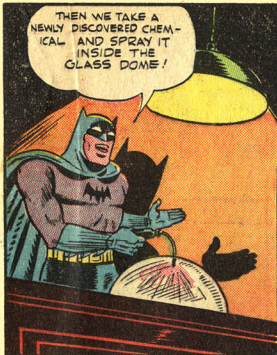
BUT...BUT THOSE
CARDS ARE
BURNED...CHARRED!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE
TO READ
WHAT WAS
ON THEM!

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!
STICK AROUND
AND KEEP
YOUR EYES
OPEN! YOU'RE
GOING TO
LEARN
SOMETHING!

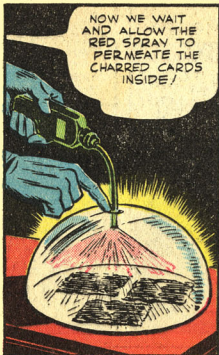


FIRST WE PLACE
THE CHARRED
CARDS ON A FLAT
PLATE OF GLASS...
AND OVER THIS
WE PLACE
A GLASS
DOME WITH A
SMALL OPENING
AT THE TOP...

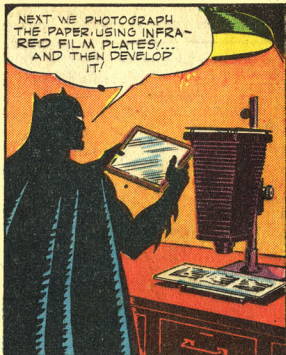




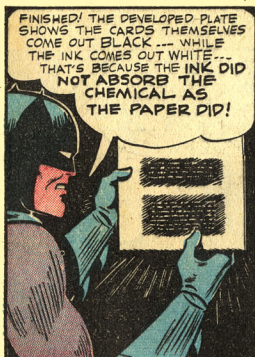
THEN WE TAKE A NEWLY DISCOVERED CHEMICAL AND SPRAY IT INSIDE THE GLASS DOME!



NOW WE WAIT AND ALLOW THE RED SPRAY TO PERMEATE THE CHARRED CARDS INSIDE!



NEXT WE PHOTOGRAPH THE PAPER, USING INFRARED FILM PLATES... AND THEN DEVELOP IT!

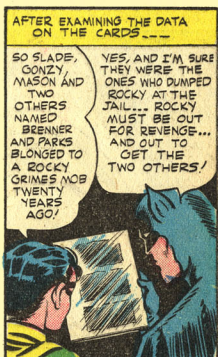


FINISHED! THE DEVELOPED PLATE SHOWS THE CARDS THEMSELVES COME OUT BLACK... WHILE THE INK COMES OUT WHITE... THAT'S BECAUSE THE INK DID NOT ABSORB THE CHEMICAL AS THE PAPER DID!



I'M GLAD I SAW THIS WITH MY OWN EYES! I NEVER REALIZED IT WAS POSSIBLE TO DO WHAT YOU DID!

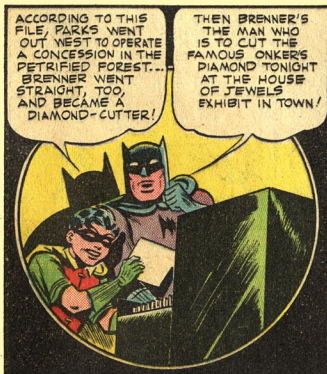
YES, ROBIN, AND IT'S TIME CRIMINALS REALIZED THAT CRIME WILL OUT WHEN THEY START BUCKING THE SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS PITTED AGAINST THEM!



AFTER EXAMINING THE DATA ON THE CARDS...

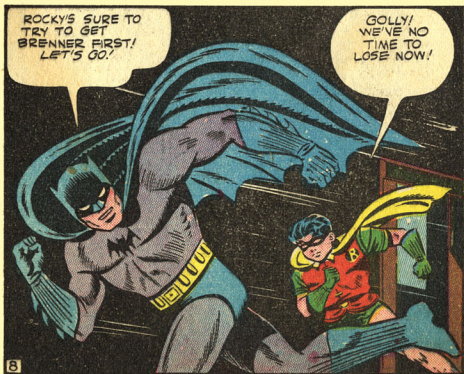
SO SLADE, GONZY, MASON AND TWO OTHERS NAMED BRENNER AND PARKS BELONGED TO A ROCKY GRIMES NOB TWENTY YEARS AGO!

YES, AND I'M SURE THEY WERE THE ONES WHO DUMPED ROCKY AT THE JAIL... ROCKY MUST BE OUT FOR REVENGE... AND OUT TO GET THE TWO OTHERS!



ACCORDING TO THIS FILE, PARKS WENT OUT WEST TO OPERATE A CONCESSION IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST... BRENNER WENT STRAIGHT, TOO, AND BECAME A DIAMOND-CUTTER!

THEN BRENNER'S THE MAN WHO IS TO CUT THE FAMOUS ONKER'S DIAMOND TONIGHT AT THE HOUSE OF JEWELS EXHIBIT IN TOWN!



ROCKY'S SURE TO TRY TO GET BRENNER FIRST! LET'S GO!

GOLLY! WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE NOW!

"NO TIME TO LOSE" IS CORRECT...FOR ONLY AN HOUR BEFORE.

HERE'S YOUR HELIOTROPE GEM, SIR... JUST AS YOU ORDERED IT YESTERDAY! BUT I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW WHY YOU HAD ME CUT THE JEWEL INTO THE SHAPE OF A BULLET!

OH, IT'S JUST A GAG I'M PLAYING ON A FRIEND!

LATER, AT HIS HOME, ROCKY SCRATCHES THE SEMI-PRECIOUS DIAMOND WITH AN ENGRAVER'S TOOL---

HA! HA! MUSTN'T FORGET TO WRITE "I FINALLY REMEMBERED ON IT!"

SO BRENNER'S A DIAMOND-CUTTER, EH... A DIAMOND IS A STONE... I'LL GET HIM WITH A STONE THAT WILL SPILL HIS BLOOD... THIS HELIOTROPE... OR, AS IT IS COMMONLY CALLED... THE BLOODSTONE!

THE HOUSE OF JEWELS EXHIBIT... LYNX-EYED GUARDS WATCH THE AWE-STROCK SPECTATORS VIEWING THE GREATEST COLLECTION OF GEMS TO BE GATHERED UNDER ONE ROOF!

BUT THE GREAT EVENT COMES WHEN THE FABULOUS ONKERS DIAMOND, WEIGHING 700 CARATS, IS ABOUT TO BE CLEAVED! A HUSH BLANKETS THE AUDIENCE!

...AND IF THE DIAMOND IS NOT CLEANLY SPLIT, IT MAY LOSE MOST OF ITS ORIGINAL VALUE... SO LET'S HAVE ABSOLUTE SILENCE, PLEASE! THIS IS A TICKLISH JOB!

OOOOH! HOW LOVELY! A RAINBOW OF JEWELS!

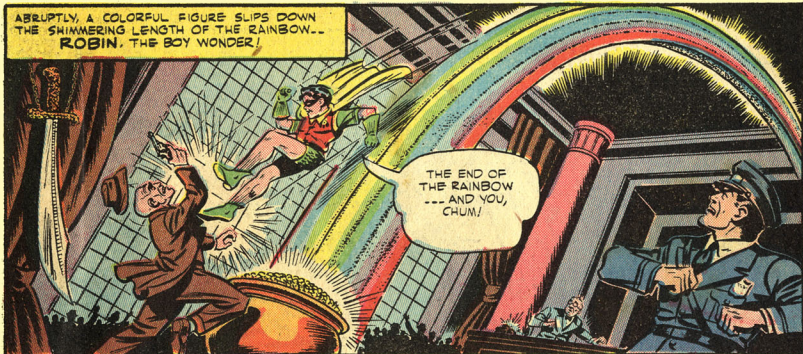
AND AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW IS A POT OF GOLD... GOLDEN TOPAZES!

LOOK! A MINIATURE TAT MAHAL! AND THE WALLS INSIDE ARE INLAID WITH PRECIOUS GEMS!

AS BRENNER'S HAND RAISES, POISED FOR THE STROKE THAT MEANS THE LIFE OR DEATH OF A DIAMOND, ANOTHER HAND IS RAISED, POISED FOR THE STROKE THAT MEANS LIFE OR DEATH... FOR BRENNER!

OKAY, PAL... IT'S THE BLOODSTONE FOR YOU!

ABRUPTLY, A COLORFUL FIGURE SLIPS DOWN
THE SHIMMERING LENGTH OF THE RAINBOW...
ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!



THE END OF
THE RAINBOW
--- AND YOU,
CHUM!

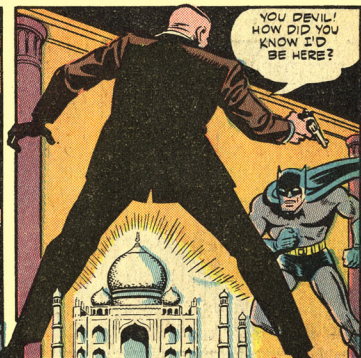
ALL RIGHT, MEN! SHOOT
HIM DOWN!

I'LL
BUST YOUR
HEAD FOR
YOU, BRAT!

HOLD YOUR
FIRE! YOU
MIGHT HIT
SOMEONE
IN THE CROWD!
I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
THAT
KILLER!



YOU DEVIL!
HOW DID YOU
KNOW I'D
BE HERE?



LIKE COLOSSAL TITANS, THE TWO
BATTLE HIGH OVER THE MINIATURE
TAJ MAHAL!

I LOOKED INTO MY MAGIC
CRYSTAL BALL!



SUDDENLY, ROCKY SNATCHES UP A
SCIMITAR AND FLINGS IT LIKE A
DEATH'S SCYTHE!

MAYBE
THIS'LL
STOP
YOUR
SNOOPING!



BUT BATMAN DROPS...AND
THE BLADE BITES DEEP
INTO WIRES SUPPORTING
A "FRUIT" BOWL
OF GEMS!



A WATERFALL OF PRECIOUS STONES CASCADES DOWN ON THE STAMPEDING AUDIENCE!

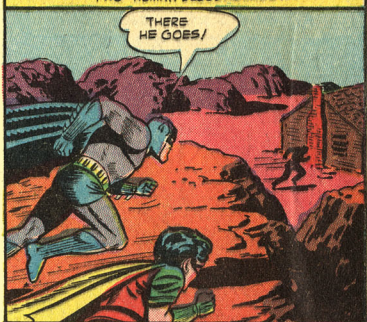


NEVER MIND GRIMES! STOP THOSE PEOPLE! THERE'S A FORTUNE IN GEMS ON THE FLOOR!

HAI HAI! PRECIOUS STONES... THEY'RE HELPING ME MAKE A GETAWAY!

WHEE!

BUT... HOT ON ROCKY'S TWISTING TRAIL ARE TWO HUMAN BLOODHOUNDS...



THERE HE GOES!

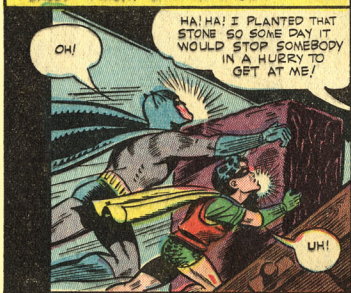
AND SOON THE CHASE ENDS... AT AN ABANDONED OLD STONE QUARRY!



HE RAN INSIDE THAT SHACK! HE'S LOCKING THE DOOR!

THEN WE'LL SMASH THE DOOR IN! C'MON!

TWO SLAMMING BODIES TEAR THROUGH THE DOOR... TO CRASH HEAVILY AGAINST A CLEVERLY PLACED UPRIGHT SLAB OF STONE!



OH!

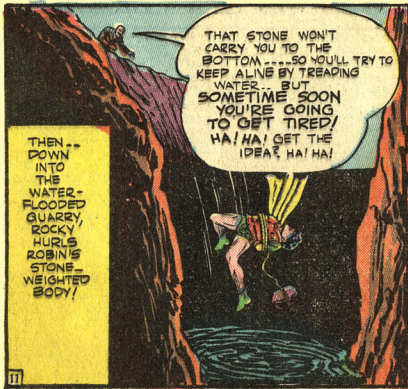
HA! HA! I PLANTED THAT STONE SO SOME DAY IT WOULD STOP SOMEBODY IN A HURRY TO GET AT ME!

UH!

WORKING SWIFTLY, ROCKY BINDS ROBIN, LEAVING HIS FEET FREE!



NOW THAT I'VE LASHED THIS STONE TO YOUR WAIST, YOU'RE ALL SET! HA!



THAT STONE WON'T CARRY YOU TO THE BOTTOM... SO YOU'LL TRY TO KEEP ALIVE BY TREADING WATER... BUT SOMETIME SOON YOU'RE GOING TO GET TIRED! HA! HA! GET THE IDEA? HA! HA!

THEN... DOWN INTO THE WATER-FLOODED QUARRY, ROCKY HURLS ROBIN'S STONE-WEIGHTED BODY!

INSIDE THE SHACK, BATMAN AWAKENS TO FIND ROCKY SETTING FIRE TO MOUNDS OF SULPHUR!



I GET IT! I'M TO DIE BY BREATHING THE SULPHUR FUMES!

YEAH, PAL! AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CALL BURNING SULPHUR? BRIMSTONE! I'M TAKING CARE OF YOU AND THE KID BOTH WITH STONES! HA! HA! SO LONG, CHUMP!

(COUGH-COUGH) STUFF'S GETTING THICK! (COUGH-COUGH) GOT TO THINK! (COUGH) THAT OLD GRINDSTONE ONCE USED TO SHARPEN TOOLS... MAYBE...

STRAINING HIS LEGS, BATMAN HOOKS A FOOT ON THE GRINDSTONE'S BASE AND DRAGS IT NEAR... INCH BY INCH... UNTIL...

THAT'S IT! (COUGH-COUGH) EVERYTHING LOOKS BLURRED... GETTING WEAK. (COUGH-COUGH) GOT TO WORK FAST TO SAVE MYSELF AND ROBIN...

A WHIR... A HARSH BUZZ... AND THE GRINDSTONE'S ROUGH EDGE SAWS AGAINST THE TAUT ROPES!

AND SO BATMAN CHEATS BRIMSTONE DOOM WITH ANOTHER STONE... A GRINDSTONE!

CAN'T KEEP THIS UP MUCH LONGER (PANT-PANT) WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO BATMAN? (PANT-PANT)

MEANWHILE... ROBIN'S CHURNING LEGS KEEP HIM FROM DROWNING DEATH... BUT THE PLUCKY LAD IS GROWING WEAK!

SUDDENLY A HISSING ROPE COILS ABOUT THE LAD'S MIDDLE!

BATMAN!

ROBIN, MY ARMS ARE TOO NUMB FROM BEING BOUND TO LIFT YOU ALL THE WAY... I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING...

LASHING THE FREE END OF THE ROPE ABOUT A HEAVY BOULDER, BATMAN PUSHES IT OVER THE EDGE!

THE HEAVY STONE DROPS AND ROBIN'S LIGHTER BODY IS JERKED OUT OF THE WATER TO ASCEND TO SAFETY!

A MOMENT LATER...

THAT WAS FAST THINKING! IT TOOK A STONE TO SAVE ME FROM DROWNING BY ANOTHER STONE! WHAT NEXT?

WOW! ELEVATOR... GOING UP!

NEXT WE GO TO THE PETRIFIED FOREST! NO DOUBT ROCKY'S GONE THERE TO GET PARKS, THE LAST OF HIS OLD MOB! C'MON, ROBIN... WE'RE TRAVELING!

THE
PETRIFIED
FOREST...
WHERE
FALLEN TREES
HAVE BEEN
PETRIFIED--
BY NATURE--
TURNED TO
STONE!

IN HIS
CONCESSION,
PARKS HAS
A SNARLING
VISITOR...



YEAH... I
SPENT TWENTY
YEARS WORKIN'
OVER STONES...
AN' NOW I'M
GOING TO WORK
OVER YOU WITH
ONE... A STONE
FROM PETRIFIED
WOOD! NOW, AIN'T
YOU PETRIFIED
WITH FEAR?
HA! HA!

DON'T
WORRY,
PARKS...
HE WON'T!

BATMAN AND ROBIN!
I THOUGHT I HAD TAKEN
CARE OF YOU TWO
FOR GOOD!

NO!... NO! I'VE
GONE STRAIGHT,
ROCKY... I'VE
GOT A WIFE
AND KIDS...
DON'T KILL
ME!



A SUDDEN, SURPRISING LEAP CARRIES ROCKY
THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW AND INTO THE
FOREST ITSELF!

C'MON, ROBIN!
I WANT TO
WIND UP
THIS CASE!

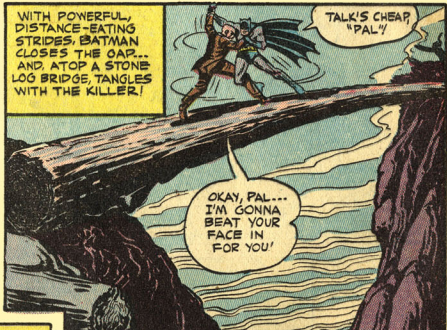
IT'S
ABOUT
TIME



WITH POWERFUL,
DISTANCE-EATING
STRIDES, BATMAN
CLOSES THE GAP...
AND, ATOP A STONE
LOG BRIDGE, TANGLES
WITH THE KILLER!

TALK'S CHEAP
"PAL!"

OKAY, PAL...
I'M GONNA
BEAT YOUR
FACE IN
FOR YOU!



SUDDENLY
THE SKIES
DARKEN
-- AND
DOWN POURS
THAT
PHENOMENON
OF
NATURE...
HAILSTONES!

AND SO, IN THIS WEIRD FOREST OF
STONE AS HAILSTONES PELT DOWN,
BATMAN LOCKS, IN A LIFE AND DEATH
STRUGGLE WITH ROCKY! GRIMES

HA! THAT
ONE HURT
NOW... THIS
IS WHERE
YOU GET
YOURS



BUT AS EAGER ROCKY
CHARGES, HE SLIDES
AND SLIPS ON THE
HAILSTONES UNDER-
FOOT... AND...

YAAAA-AA!

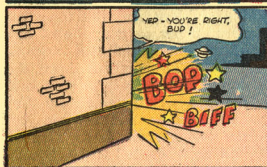
ONCE AGAIN,
STONES...
HAILSTONES...
HAVE DECIDED
ROCKY'S
FATE!



AND SO, AS IT
MUST TO ALL MEN,
DEATH COMES TO
ROCKY GRIMES...
HE LIVED BY
STONES... AND
DIED BY STONES...

--- AND
FINALLY
ENDED UP
BENEATH ONE...
A
TOMBSTONE!





WHAT CAUSES EPILEPSY?

A booklet containing the opinions of famous doctors on this interesting subject will be sent FREE, while they last, to any reader writing to the Educational Division, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., Dept. BQ-13.

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ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE!

SACRIFICE

by Eric Carter

IN THE tiny apartment, the short, thin man puffed nervously on his cigar. Before him on the table was a pot of black coffee and a portable typewriter. A sheaf of white paper was placed neatly alongside the typewriter. Deep in thought, the man studied a clean sheet of paper protruding from the machine. He was thinking about Little Aussie and how he was going to get it.

* * *

The man was a reporter, a star reporter, and he had made quite a name for himself covering crime news. There wasn't much that went on over the other side of the law that he didn't know about. He would have made a wonderful detective.

But detectives could never have had his contacts. Criminals, as a rule, fight shy of the law. The third degree was made for them, and they knew it.

Yellow, a hardened criminal frequently has to have the truth beaten out of him before he'll talk. But, paradoxically, the underworld has formed an attachment for the gentlemen of the press. That's why information that sometimes the police can't get turns up in the newspapers. A gangster liked a reporter and gave him a tip.

* * *

Such a tip had come Lane Thomas' way. A minor underworld character had brought it in only a few hours ago. A newspaperman, he knew, would be glad to get and even pay

for, anything on Little Aussie.

Oh, you remember Little Aussie now? He was the mobster who waxed rich during Prohibition and then suddenly faded from sight. Even his mob didn't know what had happened to him, although they knew he was alive. Their share of the proceeds had been sent to them. In cold cash.

But that hadn't pleased Marco Evans, Little Aussie's former lieutenant. He had sworn that somehow, someday, he'd get Little Aussie. And he was the kind of mobster who'd keep his promise when the time arrived.

* * *

Which it had. Now. The stool pigeon had brought the news to Lane Thomas, who had just authorized a big bonus for it. Little Aussie had been found—he was in town attending a Merchants' Convention!

"No wonder the mob could never find him," the stoolie had marveled. "He's gone and went respectable some place in the wheat section. Think of it!"

* * *

Lane Thomas was thinking of it now. He had always been of the opinion that when a man wanted to go straight, he should be given a chance. He had known all along the whereabouts of Little Aussie, watched anxiously as the man rehabilitated himself, first buying a small store and then branching out. He had even seen Little Aussie send in back income taxes. As a matter of fact, when

you got down to it, Little Aussie was trying pretty hard to pay his debt to society.

* * *

Yes, Little Aussie had put new wine into a new bottle. Maybe Mary had something to do with it, too. She had been teaching school when Little Aussie met her. And now she was the mother of two charming children and the town respected her as the wife of one of its most prominent citizens.

Lane Thomas put down the coffee he had been sipping, and made a wry face. Funny, but Little Aussie had become just the sort of man Lane Thomas had once wanted to be. Small-town, with everything honorable that connotes. It couldn't be now, though. Not with what the Doc had told him last week.

* * *

Lane Thomas shook his head, as though to drive out a thought. Arizona wouldn't help; his lungs were far too gone for that. A man doesn't spend years in smoke-infested dives, out in all kinds of weather, neglect to take care of himself, and hope to be healthy. They just don't come that way.

Lately, he had been feeling even more tired.

* * *

And now this had had to happen, one of the biggest stories of his career. He had the inside track on a murder about to happen, and, for the first time he was going to let his paper down.

Lane Thomas smiled grimly. What a howl the managing editor would put up if he knew that his star crime reporter was sitting on the yarn of the year! And what the police wouldn't give to know that in exactly one hour, guns would blaze on Fourth and Main and a man would slump dead to the sidewalk.

The mobsters had the set-up

timed perfectly. They had been trailing Little Aussie for two days and learned his every movement. They knew that every night, after the meeting, he'd walk by Fourth and Main. Tonight he'd get it—even if he didn't walk by there—because he'd be tailed.

But he'd follow the same route, Lane Thomas knew. Little Aussie was a man of habit. And he'd never suspect that Marco Evans, alone, would be sitting at the wheel of a parked car, engine running, and a pistol waiting for his quarry. Evans had to do the job alone to show his mob what a brave man he was.

* * *

Lane Thomas' lip curled scornfully. He knew, as did Marco Evans, that Little Aussie never carried a gun. He hadn't in gang days, and he surely wouldn't now. Unprotected, he'd meet his death. A death that he didn't deserve.

* * *

Lane Thomas looked at his watch. A half hour more. Not much time. He got up and walked to the closet. A blue serge suit was hanging there. He put it on and slipped a revolver into his back pocket. That done, he returned to his typewriter. His eyes were shining now and his fingers caressed the keyboard with an almost loving touch.

* * *

Staccato sounds echoed in the room as he wrote to the Managing editor:

"Dear Hatchet-Face:

"This is my resignation. The Doc has ordered me to give up the active life if I want to live another few months. I've wasted a lot of years on your sheet, so I'm giving myself a break,

"Don't try to locate me, because I'm going to change my name if I have to."

Lane Thomas signed and stamped it. The letter he placed in front of his typewriter where Mrs. Murphy would find and post it, thinking he had forgotten to mail it.

* * *

There were tired lines on his face as he examined the mechanism of the gun. Satisfied, he thrust it back into his pocket, then looked at his watch. Not much time to lose.

He went over to the phone and dialed a number. His message, he was promised, would be relayed immediately. Smiling grimly, Lane Thomas went out. The long distance call to his home town would keep Little Aussie's busy enough. And safe inside the convention. Lane Thomas smiled again, imagining Little Aussie's mystification.

* * *

But by the time Little Aussie pieced together what had happened it would be all over.

* * *

The night was warm, but there was a fresh breeze blowing from the river as Lane Thomas moved over onto Fourth and Main. There weren't many lights there, and little traffic. A black coupe was parked idly on one side of the street.

Lane Thomas shot a quick glance at his watch. It was time now. He paused a moment as he drew abreast of the coupe and imagined he could see a shadowy figure peering out.

* * *

That would be Marco Evans, Lane Thomas thought, waiting with a gun. He would want to be sure, and so he would be very careful.

Deliberately, Lane Thomas lit a match, illuminating his face, as it touched the cigarette dangling from his lips.

"This is it," he said in one hurried breath. "This is it!"

Marco Evans wouldn't expect his gunplay to be returned. And that was a break.

* * *

Lane Thomas saw the white of a hand in the darkened interior of the coupe and a sad smile came over his face as he reached for his gun and walked over. Stabs of flame struck the night, resounded through the quiet streets as two guns blazed. There was a convulsive movement inside the coupe.

* * *

Lane Thomas saw it as he went down from the three bullets imbedded in his body. But there was a smile on his face as he went to his death. Little Aussie would understand, he wouldn't talk, because years ago, when Little Aussie got on the wrong side of the fence, Lane Thomas had made him promise never to use his right name. Little Aussie's mother had been alive then, and it would have broken her heart to know that one of her boys was Little Aussie, the gangster, and not Austin Thomas, a salesman.

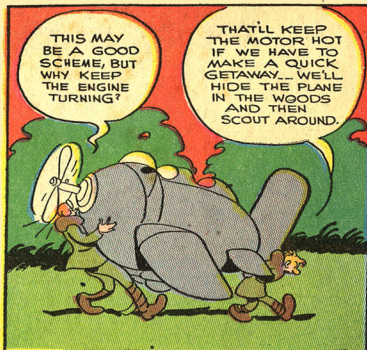
* * *

But you can't help feeling that she would have been awfully proud of her other son, Lane, who had just given the life, which soon would have drawn to a close, to his twin brother, Little Aussie.

**THE
END**

THE FLYING JEEPS

AFTER A FORCED LANDING
BEHIND ENEMY LINES,
THE JEEPS ESCAPED!
DISGUISED AS A HORSE.
...THEY'RE GOING TO
TRY IT AGAIN...



THIS MAY
BE A GOOD
SCHEME, BUT
WHY KEEP
THE ENGINE
TURNING?

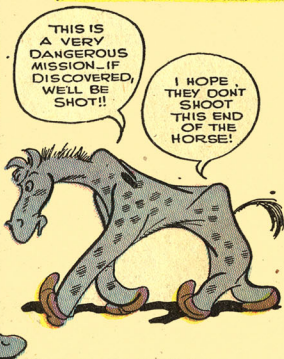
THAT'LL KEEP
THE MOTOR HOT
IF WE HAVE TO
MAKE A QUICK
GETAWAY... WE'LL
HIDE THE PLANE
IN THE WOODS
AND THEN
SCOUT AROUND.



IT'S LIKELY
THEY'RE
USING THAT
BIG CHATEAU
AS GENERAL
HEADQUARTERS.



AN OFFICIAL
CAR JUST
ROLLED IN...MAYBE
A BIG CONFERENCE
IS ON...LET'S
GET INTO THAT
MAKE-UP!



THIS IS
A VERY
DANGEROUS
MISSION...IF
DISCOVERED,
WE'LL BE
SHOT!!

I HOPE
THEY DON'T
SHOOT
THIS END
OF THE HORSE!



COME IN CHENERALS,
AND TAKE A LOAD
OFF DER FEET...WE
HAF NEW PLANS
SENT BY DER
CHENERAL STAFF
TO WIN DER
WAR!



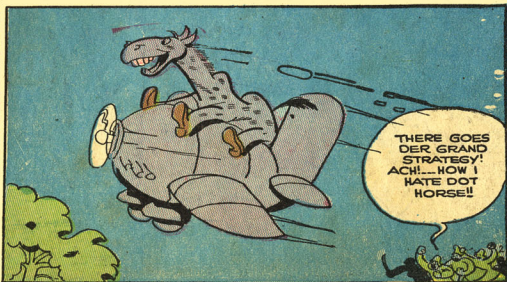
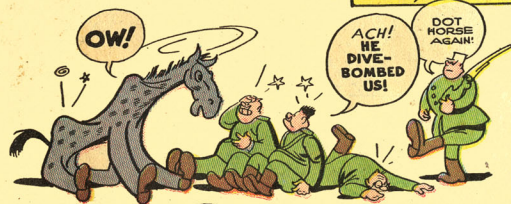
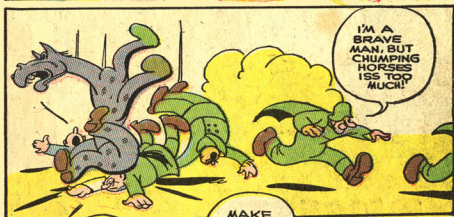
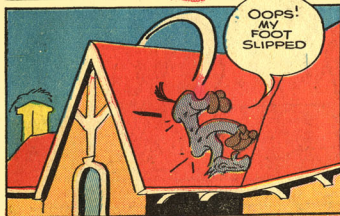
SO HERE IS DER PLAN FOR
DER GRAND STRATEGY!! SHOWS
HOW WE CONQUER DER
WORLD FOR DER MASTER
RACE... AND RESERVE
DER SOUTH POLE, MAYBE
FOR ANYBODY ELSE!!

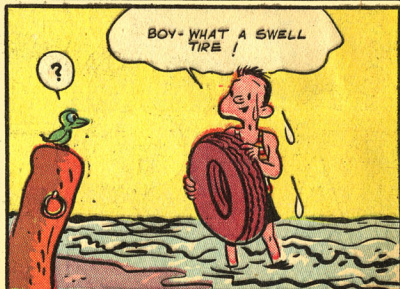
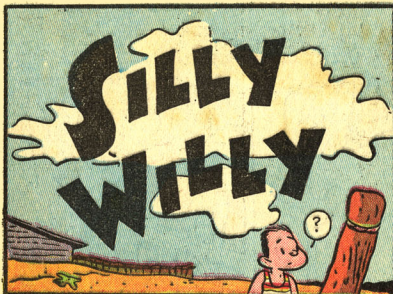
HA!
BUT
WHO
ISS
DOT
HORSE?



VOSS ISS?..
DOT HORSE
ISS STEALING
DER GRAND
STRATEGY!!

SOME-
BODY
DO
SOME-
TINGS!





BIGGEST AND BEST!

THIS IS IT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN --- **96 PAGES** OF HIGH-POWERED SUPER-ACTION FEATURES! ALL BRAND-NEW, NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED ---AND THE **ONLY** MAGAZINE CONTAINING **BOTH SUPERMAN AND BATMAN!**

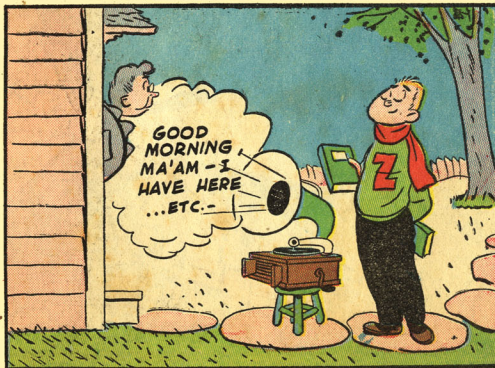
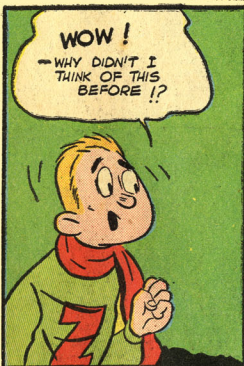
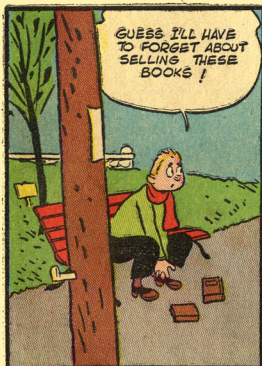
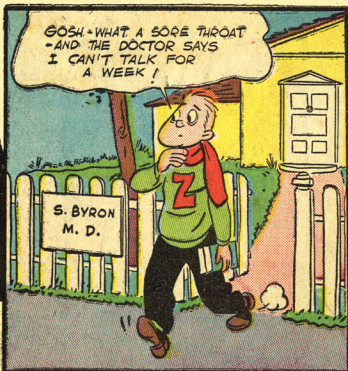
NOW ON SALE

A man in a green uniform is pointing towards a large stack of **World's Finest Comics** magazines. The cover of the magazine shows Superman, Batman, and Robin riding on a mechanical device. The cover text includes "No. 7", "96 PAGES", "WORLD'S FINEST COMICS", and "15¢".

JERRY

THE JITTERBUG

ALVIN GARFIELD



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

ALL-L-L ABO-O-O-OARD FOR THE SURPRISE TRIP OF YOUR LIFE...
WITH AS WEIRD AN ASSORTMENT OF FELLOW-PASSENGERS AS EVER RODE A CRACK
TRANSCONTINENTAL FLYER! MEET THE TRAGIC YOUNG PRISONER BOUND FOR THE LETHAL GAS
CHAMBER... THE RICH AND RENOWNED "TRICKY-BUT-TRUE" MAN... THE STRANGELY SILENT FIGURE IN
THE IRON LUNG... THE OVER-AMBITIOUS DETECTIVE... AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THE MYSTERIOUS HOBO
RIDING THE RODS!... THE BELL CLINGS, THE WHISTLE SHRILLS, THE HAND OF FATE YANKS THE
THROTTLE WIDE... AND IT TAKES ALL THE STEELY NERVE AND SMASHING STRENGTH
OF THE BATTLING BATMAN AND THE DAREDEVIL ROBIN TO CHECK A ROARING
DASH TO DISASTER IN THIS SUPER-SPEED STORY...
"DESTINATION UNKNOWN!"



THE GATEWAY TO ADVENTURE, IN
GOTHAM CITY'S GRAND CENTRAL
STATION---

I'M MR.
CLAYBORN'S
SECRETARY...
HE'LL BE
FURIOUS IF
I MISS THE
TRAIN!

NON-STOP TO
CALIFORNIA ---
LET ME SEE
YOUR TICKET!

BEYOND, LIKE AN IMPATIENT DRAGON, THE WORLD'S MOST LUXURIOUS TRAIN
JOLTS FORWARD AT THE CONDUCTOR'S SIGNAL---

--BO-O-O-OARD!

AN IMPORTANT TRAIN CARRYING IMPORTANT
PEOPLE... SUCH AS CLYDE CLAYBORN,
COLLECTOR OF ODDITIES, FAMED AS THE
"TRICKY-BUT-TRUE" MAN---

NICE HAVING YOU WITH
US, MR. CLAYBORN... IF I
CAN DO ANYTHING TO MAKE
YOUR TRIP
ENJOYABLE...

IF YOU CAN FIND
ME A STARTLING
ODDITY BEFORE
WE GET TO
CALIFORNIA, I'LL
GIVE YOU A \$1,000!

I'LL TRY... BUT
NOTHING EVER
HAPPENS ON
THESE TRAINS!

MISS HIBBS,
MAKE A NOTE...
IT'S TRICKY, BUT
TRUE, THAT
OF 2,117
CONDUCTORS
I'VE MET, NOT
ONE HAS ADDED
A NEW ODDITY
TO MY
COLLECTION!

YES, MR.
CLAYBORN!

LATER...

CLYDE CLAYBORN
IS LOOKING FOR
A NEW ODDITY...
PERHAPS YOUR
PATIENT IN
THE IRON
LUNG...

SORRY, MR.
FORTESQUE
CAN'T BE
DISTURBED.

HE'S IN A COMA--
AND IF WE DON'T
GET HIM TO THAT
CALIFORNIA SPECIALIST
IN A HURRY, HE
MAY NEVER
WAKE UP!

THE LEAST
DISTURBANCE
MIGHT KILL
HIM!

NOR IS MR. FORTESQUE THE ONLY
PASSENGER OVER WHOM THE SHADOW
OF DEATH LIES DARKLY---

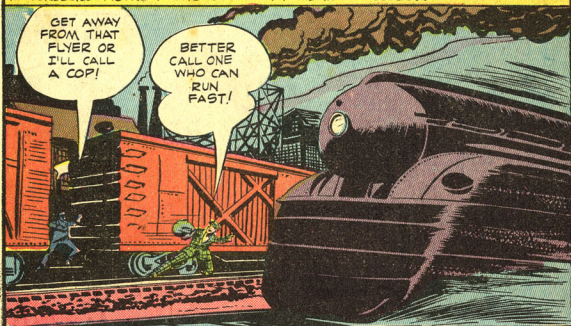
AN ODDITY I'M
ONE... A MAN
ABOUT TO BE
SENT TO THE
LETHAL GAS
CHAMBER IN
CALIFORNIA FOR
A MURDER I DIDN'T
COMMIT!

THEN YOU'RE
JOHN KEYES,
WHO ESCAPED
FROM THAT
CALIFORNIA PRISON! AND
THIS IS--

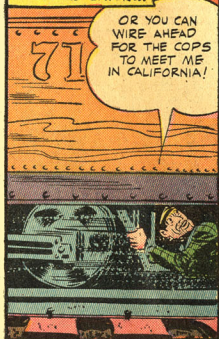
DETECTIVE
GUFFEY--AN
LIEUTENANT.
GUFFEY WHEN
I GET BACK,
FOR CATCHING
THIS BIRD!

THANKS...
BUT I
STILL
WANT AN
ODDITY!

AT THE CITY LIMITS, AS THE TRAIN CRAWLS THROUGH A FREIGHT YARD, A PICTURESQUE FIGURE DARTS BETWEEN RUMBLING WHEELS...



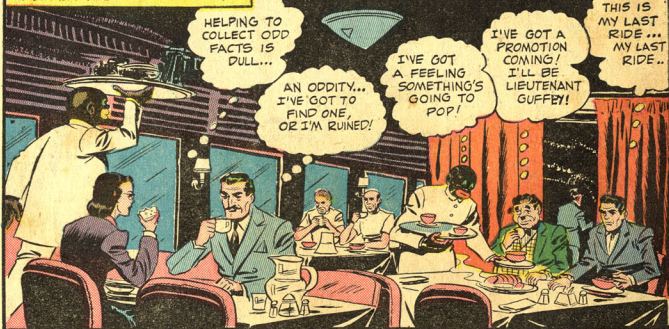
A SECOND LATER...



HOW CAN I GET AN ODDITY FOR CLAYBORN WHEN THIS TRIP IS EXACTLY LIKE ALL THE OTHERS? LIFE IS PRETTY DULL FOR US RAILROAD MEN!



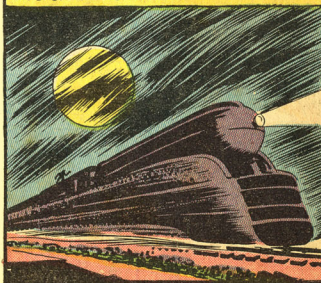
BUT LIFE IS NEVER DULL WHEN ONE LOOKS BENEATH THE SURFACE.. AS A BIT OF MIND-READING AT DINNER-TIME WILL PROVE...



AND THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE BELOW....



ON INTO GATHERING DARKNESS RUSHES THE TRAIN WITH ITS CARGO OF HUMAN FEARS AND WORRIES...AND STEALTHILY A SHADOW CREEPS OVER THE SWAYING TOPS OF THE COACHES...

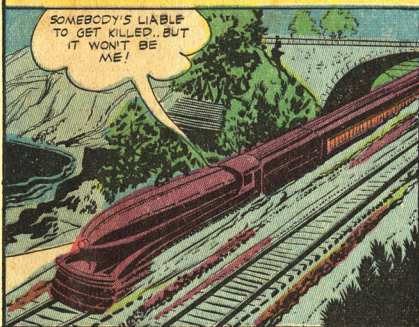


THE NEXT INSTANT, AS THE ENGINEER TURNS...



A PURPOSEFUL HAND PULLS AT THE THROTTLE, AND THE HUGE ENGINE CANNONBALLS AHEAD IN A SURGE OF POWER...

SOMEBODY'S LIABLE TO GET KILLED... BUT IT WON'T BE ME!



HEY! SHE'S SUPPOSED TO SLOW DOWN TO FORTY PAST HERE. BUT SHE'S DOIN' MORE LIKE EIGHTY!



HAS THE ENGINE GONE CRAZY? SHE'LL LEAVE THE TRACKS AT THIS SPEED!



LURCHING AND SWAYING, THE RUNAWAY TRAIN STREAKS LIKE THE COMET FOR WHICH IT IS NAMED THROUGH VILLAGE AND COUNTRYSIDE...

SHE PASSED THROUGH JAMESTOWN DOING NINETY, AND THERE WASN'T ANYBODY IN SIGHT IN THE ENGINE!

SHE'LL NEVER MAKE THAT CURVE ON TRAVERS TREESTLE!



IN GOTHAM CITY, THE TELETYPE BRINGS STARTLING NEWS TO GORDON...

THE COMET RUNNING WILD? HOW COULD ANYONE STOP IT, UNLESS... THE BATMAN!



STABBING UPWARD THROUGH THE NIGHT, A DAZZLING FINGER OF LIGHT OUTLINES A WEIRD BLACK SHAPE AGAINST THE CLOUDS...

IT LOOKS LIKE A BAT!

OF COURSE! THAT'S THE SIGNAL FOR THE BATMAN!



THE SYMBOL IS SIGHTED BY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, AS THEY ROW LEISURELY IN A PARK LAKE...

THIS IS THE LIFE! SOFT BREEZES, MOONLIGHT... AND YOU TO DO ALL THE WORK!

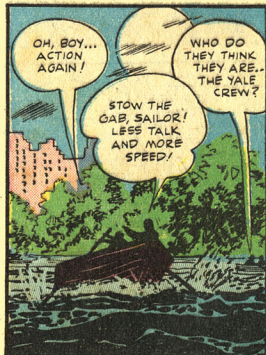
TAKE A LOOK OVER YOUR SHOULDER, DICK... THEN GRAB ONE OF THESE CARS!



OH, BOY... ACTION AGAIN!

WHO DO THEY THINK THEY ARE... THE YALE CREW?

STOW THE GAB, SAILOR! LESS TALK AND MORE SPEED!



HOPE WE
AREN'T LATE,
COMMISSIONER!

BATMAN
AND ROBIN!
THANK GOODNESS
YOU'RE HERE!
THE COMET
IS RUNNING
WILD AND--

WESTWARD ACROSS STATE LINES WINGS THE BATWINGED CRAFT, FLEETER
THAN ANYTHING ELSE ON EARTH OR ABOVE IT--UNTIL AT LAST---

THERE SHE
IS--AND
LOOK AT
HER GO!

DOWN WE GO!
IF SHE HITS TRAVERS
TRESTLE AT THAT
SPEED, THERE WON'T
BE A SINGLE
PASSENGER
LEFT ALIVE!

A SWIFT CHANGE OF GARMENTS---
A MAD DASH OVER ROOFTOPS---AND
MOMENTS LATER THE DYNAMIC DUO
SWOOPS INTO GORDON'S OFFICE---

OUT UPON TRAVERS TRESTLE--WHERE THE TRACK CURVES SHARPLY OVER
A DIZZY CHASM TO PLUNGE INTO A TUNNEL BEYOND--CHARGES THE THUNDER-
ING STEEL MONSTER---

BUT AT LEAST ONE OF ITS PASS-
ENGERS DOES NOT INTEND TO DIE---

THE WHOLE TRAIN
WILL LEAVE THE RAILS
AT THE CURVE, BUT
I'LL LEAVE BEFORE THAT--
WITH MY LITTLE
PARACHUTE! HA, HA!

WHINING BULLETS
SPRAY ABOUT
THE BATMAN
AS THE ENGINE
HURTLES
FORWARD---

OUT OF THE
LINE OF FIRE AT
LAST! NOW FOR
THE BRAKES---

SUDDENLY---

WHAT'S THIS!
A PLANE,
AND-- THE
BATMAN!

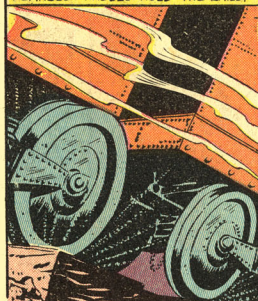
NOT EVEN HE
CAN SPOIL MY
GAME! I'LL
GET HIM!

Z-I-N-G-
Z-I-N-G-
Z-I-N-G-
Z-I-N-G-

FIRST TO SHUT THE ELECTRIC CURRENT... NOW TO PUT ON THE AIR BRAKES... GRADUALLY, SO THE WHEELS WON'T RIP UP THE TRACK!



METAL SHRIEKS DEAFENINGLY AS BRAKE SHOES GRIP... THE LONG TRAIN DANCES CRAZILY... BUT THE FLANGED WHEELS HOLD THE RAILS!



THE DANGER AVERTED, BATMAN TURNS AND FINDS...



THE MOTORMAN SLOGGED! THAT MEANS SOMEONE DELIBERATELY TRIED TO WRECK THE TRAIN!... THAT MAN WITH THE GUN, WEARING A PARACHUTE PACK...

HIS BELT RADIO SPEEDS A MESSAGE TO THE SOARING ROBIN...



CALLING ROBIN! WE'VE GOT A HUNT FOR WRECKERS ON OUR HANDS! MEET ME AT GOPHER JUNCTION! LISTEN... HERE'S WHAT YOU DO...

CALLING BATMAN! MESSAGE RECEIVED! SAVE ME SOME EXCITEMENT... OR ELSE!

GOPHER JUNCTION, ORDINARILY A WHISTLE STOP, TONIGHT IS THE SCENE OF TENSE EXCITEMENT...



IT'S THE COMET! NEVER THOUGHT SHE'D MAKE IT AT THE RATE SHE WAS TRAVELING!

SHE'S STOPPING! NOW WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT WENT WRONG!

BUT THE MYSTERY REMAINS AS DEEP AS EVER!



THE ENGINEER'S OUT COLD!... NO, HE'S REVIVING...

WH-WHERE AM I?... SOMEONE HIT ME!...

HERE COMES THE CONDUCTOR... HE MAY KNOW SOMETHING!

ALL I KNOW IS, I THOUGHT WE WERE GONERS! WE STARTED RUNNING WIDE OPEN, AND EVERYBODY WAS SHAKEN UP, AND...

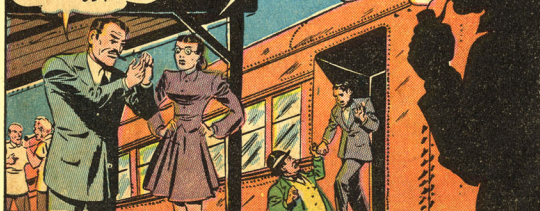
BUT IF THE ENGINEER WAS UNCONSCIOUS, WHO BROUGHT THE TRAIN IN SAFELY?



STILL FRIGHTENED BY THE RUNAWAY, THE PASSENGERS FORM A TALKATIVE GROUP ON THE STATION PLATFORM...

I'LL BET I MISSED A GOOD "TRICKY-BUT-TRUE" ITEM! WHO TRIED TO WRECK THE TRAIN? WHO SAVED US?

DON'T ASK ME... I'M TRYING TO FORGET THAT EXPERIENCE!



BUT ONE PASSENGER FLITS LIKE A FUGITIVE THROUGH SHADOWS AT THE FARTHER SIDE OF THE TRAIN...

CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON BEING SEEN... THINK I'LL HIDE BEHIND THESE OLD FREIGHTS...



...ONLY TO ENCOUNTER ANOTHER FLITTING SHADOW, THE BATMAN, WHO SWUNG FROM THE ENGINE A SECOND BEFORE IT GROUND TO A STOP!

HAVE YOU GOT A TICKET? OR SHOULD I PUNCH..?

BATMAN!..... SO IT WAS YOU WHO BROUGHT THE TRAIN IN! YOU OUGHT TO GET A REWARD!



I DON'T TAKE REWARDS... BUT IF I DID, I MIGHT COLLECT ONE FOR TURNING YOU OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES!

NOT GUILTY, BATMAN! I WAS HANGING ONTO THE RODS, SCARED TO DEATH, WHEN WE HIT THE TRESTLE!

I HOPE HE BELIEVES ME!



WHEN A FELLOW'S DOWN AND OUT, I NEVER KICK HIM! I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD... TILL I DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!

THEN WHY ARE YOU TYING ME UP?



SO I'LL KNOW WHERE TO FIND YOU IF I CHANGE MY MIND! YOU LOOK HONEST... BUT TRAIN-WRECKING IS SOMETHING I CAN'T TAKE CHANCES WITH... AH! THE BAGGAGEMAN'S OUT!



SHUCKING HIS FIGHTING GEAR, THE BATMAN DISAPPEARS... AND A MOMENT LATER, BRUCE WAYNE STANDS AT THE TICKET WINDOW AT THE STATION...

LUCKY FOR ME! THIS TRAIN STOPPED HERE... I'LL TAKE A TICKET THROUGH TO THE END OF THE RUN!

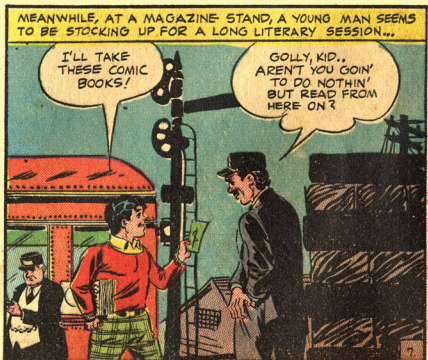
HERE Y'ARE!



MEANWHILE, AT A MAGAZINE STAND, A YOUNG MAN SEEMS TO BE STOCKING UP FOR A LONG LITERARY SESSION...

I'LL TAKE THESE COMIC BOOKS!

GOLLY, KID, AREN'T YOU GOIN' TO DO NOTHIN' BUT READ FROM HERE ON?



AND IN THE BAGGAGE CAR...



WHERE'S THE BAGGAGEMAN? MR. CLAYBORN WANTS A BOOK FROM HIS TRUNK AND.. OH!... A MAN... BOUND AND GAGGED!

MMFFFF! URGLE...

OH, YOU POOR FELLOW! WHO DID IT? THE MAN WHO TRIED TO WRECK THE TRAIN?

YOU'RE A LIFE-SAVER, MISS! HE DIDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE! IF YOU'LL UNTIE ME...



A MOMENT LATER...

A MILLION THANKS! NEXT TIME WE MEET, I'LL TELL YOU HOW PRETTY YOU ARE... BUT RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF SIGHT!

WAIT! WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO I KNOW?



WHAT IF I DID WRONG? WHAT IF HE WAS THE TRAIN-WRECKER HIMSELF? AFTER ALL, HE'S RAGGED.. JUST A HOBO... BUT HE HAD THE NICEST EYES...



NICE EYES, PERHAPS.... BUT A PURPOSEFUL GLINT SHINES IN THEM AS THE TRAIN RESUMES ITS FATEFUL JOURNEY...



HERE WE GO AGAIN... FROM NOW ON, I'LL HAVE TO KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR THE BATMAN!

IN THE OBSERVATION COACH...



MR. WAYNE, I'VE HEARD OF YOU... YOU DON'T KNOW OF AN ODDITY I COULD PASS ON TO THE "TRICKY-BUT-TRUE" MAN, DO YOU?

THERE ISN'T MUCH EXCITEMENT IN MY LIFE, BUT I'LL TRY TO THINK OF SOMETHING!

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WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, BOY? I'LL HAVE TO PUT YOU OFF!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, CONDUCTOR... THE KID MAY NOT BE BRIGHT, BUT HE LOOKS HONEST... I'LL PAY HIS FARE!



WELL... ALL RIGHT, THEN!

THAT'S MY FAVORITE MAGAZINE!

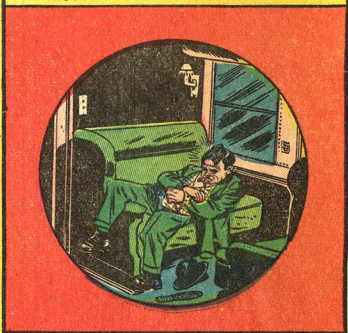
GEE, THANKS, MISTER... JUST FOR THAT, HERE'S A FREE COPY!



ONCE MORE THE BLACKNESS OF THE OPEN COUNTRY SWALLOWS THE SPEEDING TRAIN... AND MENACE GATHERS LIKE A STORM CLOUD...



THE BOASTFUL DETECTIVE GUFFEY IS "BLACKED OUT" ALSO...



SCOUTING THROUGH THE TRAIN IN HIS ROLE AS A SALESMAN OF EXCITING STORIES, ROBIN LOOKS AND LISTENS FOR INFORMATION...

HE WAS TIED, AND I'M NOT SURE I SHOULD HAVE SET HIM FREE... HE LOOKED SO NICE, EVEN WITHOUT A SHAVE!

BUYA MAGAZINE, SIR?

WHAT'S THIS? SOMEONE TIED UP?

YES, BOY! IT MAY GIVE ME AN ODDITY!



BUYA... HEY, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SAY, NO!

BEAT IT, BRAT! HERE WE'RE TRYING TO TAKE CARE OF A DYING MAN, AND EVERYBODY BARGES IN ON US!



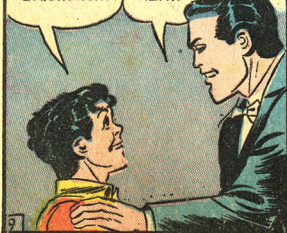
READ ABOUT THE... OH, OH! THE DETECTIVE'S KNOCKED OUT, AND HIS PRISONER'S GONE! THIS IS BAD!



LATER... DICK FINDS BRUCE ALONE... AND...

... AND THAT'S ALL I COULD FIND OUT! OF COURSE, IF I'D BEEN BRIGHTER...

YOU'LL DO, FELLA... PROVIDING YOU TURN INTO ROBIN IN A HURRY AND FOLLOW ME TO MY COMPARTMENT!



AND ONCE MORE, GARBED IN THEIR MANTLED COSTUMES, THE BATMAN AND HIS BATTLING PAL RACE INTO ACTION...

BUT THAT'S WHERE THE MAN IN THE IRON LUNG IS... POSSIBLY DYING!

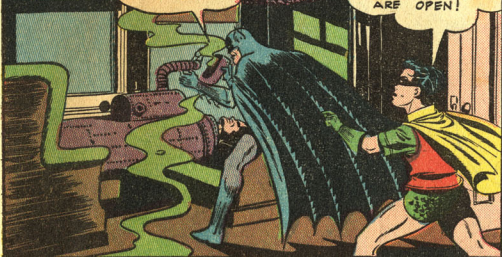
SURE... AND HIS NURSES WERE THE ONES WHO OBJECTED MOST STRENUOUSLY TO YOUR BOTHERING THEM, WEREN'T THEY?



DEATH HAS INDEED COME CLOSE TO THE MAN IN THE IRON LUNG...FOR THE NEXT INSTANT...

NOT OXYGEN.. POISON GAS! IN ANOTHER MINUTE, HE'D HAVE BEEN DEAD!

THE NURSES.. THEY'VE GONE! AND THE WINDOWS ARE OPEN!



THAT FELLOW WILL LIVE, AND THE NURSES COULDN'T HAVE JUMPED OFF AT THIS SPEED! I'M GOING UP ON TOP! YOU GO FORWARD AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!

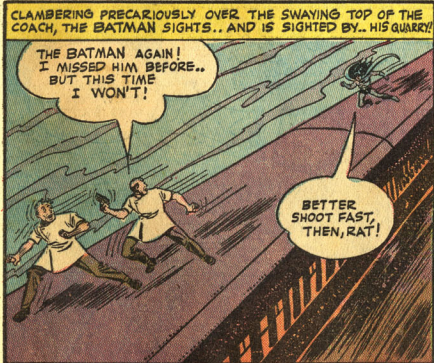
RIGHT!



CLAMBERING PRECARIOUSLY OVER THE SWAYING TOP OF THE COACH, THE BATMAN SIGHTS.. AND IS SIGHTED BY.. HIS QUARRY!

THE BATMAN AGAIN! I MISSED HIM BEFORE.. BUT THIS TIME I WON'T!

BETTER SHOOT FAST, THEN, RAT!



A PANTHER-SWIFT LUNGE OF A TRAINED, POWERFUL FRAME, AND...

HANG ON WHEN YOU'RE HIT, OR THE JAIL AT THE END OF THE LINE WILL BE OUT A CUSTOMER!

SHUT YOUR EYES, BATMAN...

I'D RATHER FALL OFF THAN GET HIT AGAIN!



BUT NOT EVEN THE BATMAN'S LIGHTNING SPEED CAN OUTMATCH BLASTING LEAD.. AND THE CRIMINAL'S BULLET STRIKES WITH PILE-DRIVER FORCE!

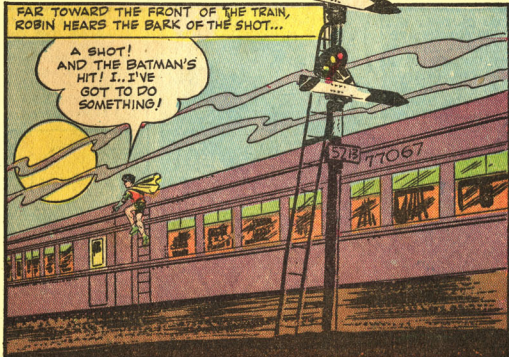
...I GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

OOHHH-H-H.. HE'S GOT ME...



FAR TOWARD THE FRONT OF THE TRAIN, ROBIN HEARS THE BARK OF THE SHOT...

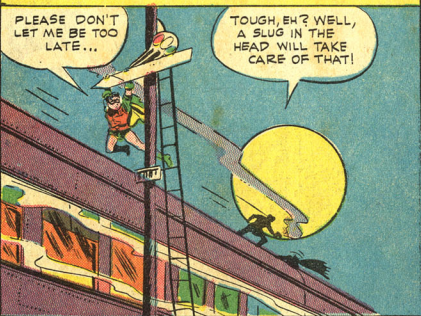
A SHOT! AND THE BATMAN'S HIT! I..I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!



TURNING SHARPLY AND SNATCHING THE EXTENDED ARM OF A SEMAPHORE SIGNAL, THE BOY LETS THE TRAIN THUNDER BENEATH HIM...

PLEASE DON'T LET ME BE TOO LATE...

TOUGH, EH? WELL, A SLUG IN THE HEAD WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!



LOW BRIDGE.. BUT NOT LOWER THAN YOU!

Y-III!

ROBIN! SAVED... MY... LIFE...



SUDDENLY, A SICKENING LURCH OF THE TRAIN WARNS OF FRESH DANGER...

WHA..? THE TRAIN'S SWINGING TO THE EAST-BOUND TRACK!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE TRAIN... WATCH YOURSELF! YOU'RE WOUNDED!



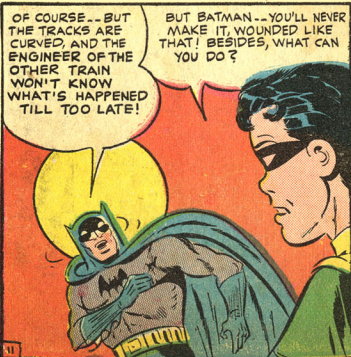
THAT SEMAPHORE MUST HAVE OPERATED A SWITCH AHEAD OF THE ENGINE... AND AN EASTBOUND TRAIN IS COMING TOWARD US!

WON'T THE ENGINEER KNOW ENOUGH TO STOP?



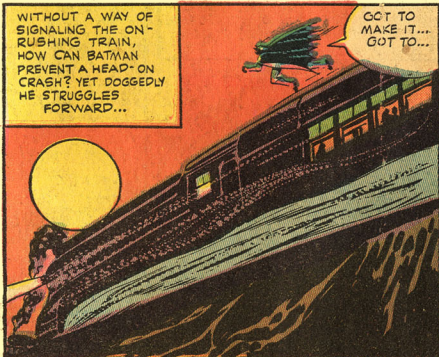
OF COURSE-- BUT THE TRACKS ARE CURVED, AND THE ENGINEER OF THE OTHER TRAIN WON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TILL TOO LATE!

BUT BATMAN--YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT, WOUNDED LIKE THAT! BESIDES, WHAT CAN YOU DO?



WITHOUT A WAY OF SIGNALING THE ON-RUSHING TRAIN, HOW CAN BATMAN PREVENT A HEAD-ON CRASH? YET DOGGEDLY HE STRUGGLES FORWARD...

GOT TO MAKE IT... GOT TO...



THE ENGINEER, HELPLESSLY AWARE OF THE PERIL, KNOWS NOTHING OF THE WOUNDED MAN FIGHTING A VALIANT BATTLE OVERHEAD...

GOT TO...
KEEP
GOING...

I'VE CUT THE
ELECTRIC AND
SET THE BRAKES...
WHAT ELSE CAN
I DO?

NOW HE LOWERS HIMSELF TO THE COWCATCHER!... BUT WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, EXCEPT THAT BATMAN WILL BE THE FIRST TO DIE WHEN STEEL MEETS STEEL IN THUNDER CHAOS?...

AT LAST...
IF ONLY
I'M IN
TIME...

ABOARD THE EASTBOUND EXPRESS, THE ENGINEER BLINKS AT A STRANGE SIGHT...

WHAT'S
UP?

SOMETHING FUNNY...
COME HERE, JOE,
AND TELL ME
WHAT YOU SEE
AHEAD OF THAT
WESTBOUND
ENGINE!

WHY, IT'S A
BAT! WHAT'S
A BAT DOING
OUT HERE
ON THE
PRAIRIE?

MAKES ME THINK
OF... LET'S SEE...
THE BATMAN,
WHO SHOWS UP WHEN
THERE'S TROUBLE...
TROUBLE??? QUICK,
JOE-- THE BRAKES!!

A BAT!... BUT BENEATH THE WEIRD SYMBOL, A MAN'S GRIM DETERMINATION KEEPS IT FLYING!

THE BAT EMBLEM...
RIPPED FROM THE FRONT
OF MY UNIFORM
... MAYBE IT WILL
WARN THEM!

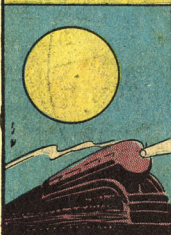
TWO THUNDERING DRAGONS SHUDDER AND SCREECH UNDER THE SQUEEZE OF AIR BRAKES... SHUDDER AND SLACKEN THEIR TERRIFIC SPEED...

BATMAN!
YOU-- YOU
SAVED US!

EXCUSE ME--
TIRED-- GOT TO
SIT DOWN
SOMEWHERE--

ANOTHER SECOND
WOULD HAVE SEEN
THE WORST WRECK
IN TEN YEARS!

DESTINATION UNKNOWN!!
WE HAVE CALLED THIS
STORY OF A GROUP OF
VERY HUMAN BEINGS, ALL
IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING...
...AND NOW, AS REPORTERS
FLOCK AROUND, LET US
SEE WHETHER THEIR
QUESTS WERE SUCCESSFUL.



JOHN KEYES, NO LONGER A MURDER SUSPECT, IS
INTERVIEWED...

I TOLD THEM
I WAS INNOCENT!
I ESCAPED, WENT
EAST--AND
FOUND CERTAIN
EVIDENCE WHICH
I HOPED WOULD
WIN ME A
NEW TRIAL...

TODAY THE
WHOLE WORLD
WILL KNOW
YOU WERE
INNOCENT!



DETECTIVE GUFFY, THE AMBITIOUS
SLEUTH...

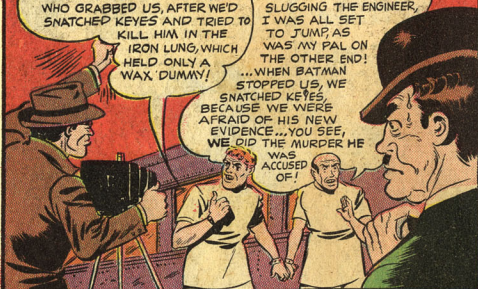
I CAUGHT KEYES, AND THOUGHT
I'D GET PROMOTED FOR THAT...
BUT IT LOOKED BAD WHEN THOSE
CROOKS SLUGGED ME, TOOK MY
PRISONER! BUT ALL'S WELL
NOW, SINCE
I NABBED
THEM!



TRIGGER YURK AND BIFF BOLTON DIDN'T GET WHAT THEY WERE
AFTER, BUT THEY'LL GET WHAT THEY DESERVE...

LISTEN TO THAT COPPER
BRAG! IT WAS THE BATMAN
WHO GRABBED US, AFTER WE'D
SNATCHED KEYES AND TRIED TO
KILL HIM IN THE
IRON LUNG, WHICH
HELD ONLY A
WAX DUMMY!

WE TRIED TO WRECK
THE TRAIN! AFTER
SLUGGING THE ENGINEER,
I WAS ALL SET
TO JUMP, AS
WAS MY PAL ON
THE OTHER END!
...WHEN BATMAN
STOPPED US, WE
SNATCHED KEYES
BECAUSE WE WERE
AFRAID OF HIS NEW
EVIDENCE... YOU SEE,
WE DID THE MURDER HE
WAS ACCUSED
OF!



AND LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE!

MISS HIBBS, IS IT
TRUE THAT YOU'RE
GOING TO
MARRY THIS
--ER-- HOBO?

HOBO? HE'S KEN
THORNE, PRESIDENT
OF THIS RAILROAD!
HE GOT SICK OF HIS
JOB AND DECIDED
TO LOOK FOR
ADVENTURE-- JUST
AS I DID... AND WE
MET IN THE BAGGAGE
COACH!



THE "TRICKY-BUT-TRUE" MAN'S WORRIES ARE OVER...

I'VE LOST A
SECRETARY-- BUT
LOOK AT THE
ODDITIES I'VE
GOT! MILLIONAIRE
TURNS HOBO, WINS WORKING
GIRL! BATMAN SAVES TRAIN
SINGLE-HANDED! CROOKS PLAN
TO USE LIFE-SAVING IRON LUNG AS
INSTRUMENT
OF MURDER!

YOUR NEW RADIO
PROGRAM SHOULD
BE A WOW!

CLICK!



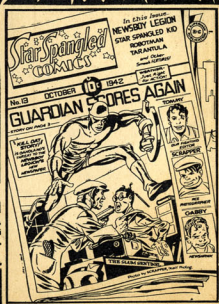
AS FOR THE
BORED
CONDUCTOR...

HO-HUM! WHAT A
LIFE! FORTY YEARS OF
CARTING FOLKS BACK
AND FORTH... AND
NOTHING EVER
HAPPENS!





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EIGHT!**
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