

No. 6



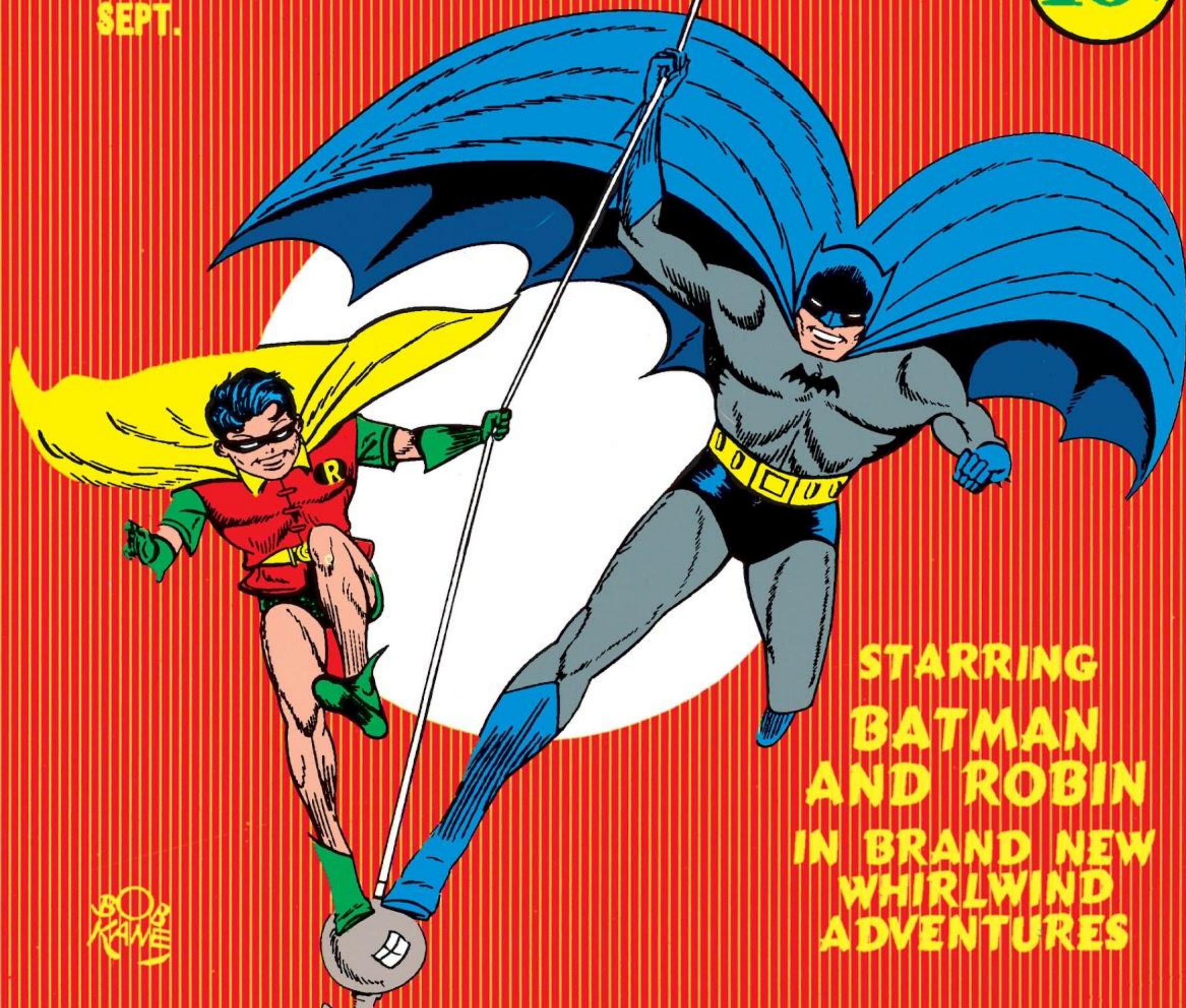
# BATMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AUGUST  
SEPT.

10¢

STARRING  
BATMAN  
AND ROBIN  
IN BRAND NEW  
WHIRLWIND  
ADVENTURES



BO  
KANE

# BATMAN

WITH  
**Robin**

-THE BOY WONDER-

WHEN A MASTER OF EVIL TRIES  
TO MAKE A MOCKERY OF THE LAW,  
TWO RASH MORTALS DARE TO VENTURE  
INTO CRIME'S DOMAIN TO SEEK OUT ITS  
HIDDEN CHIEF --- TWO BRAVE HUMANS, TWIN  
FIGHTERS FOR JUSTICE --- THE BATMAN AND  
ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER! FOLLOW THEM  
NOW AS A TRAIL OF VENGEANCE LEADS THEM  
INTO A LAIR OF CRIME AS THEY DRAW  
ASIDE THE VEIL THAT HIDES THE REAL TRUTH OF---  
"MURDER ON PAROLE."

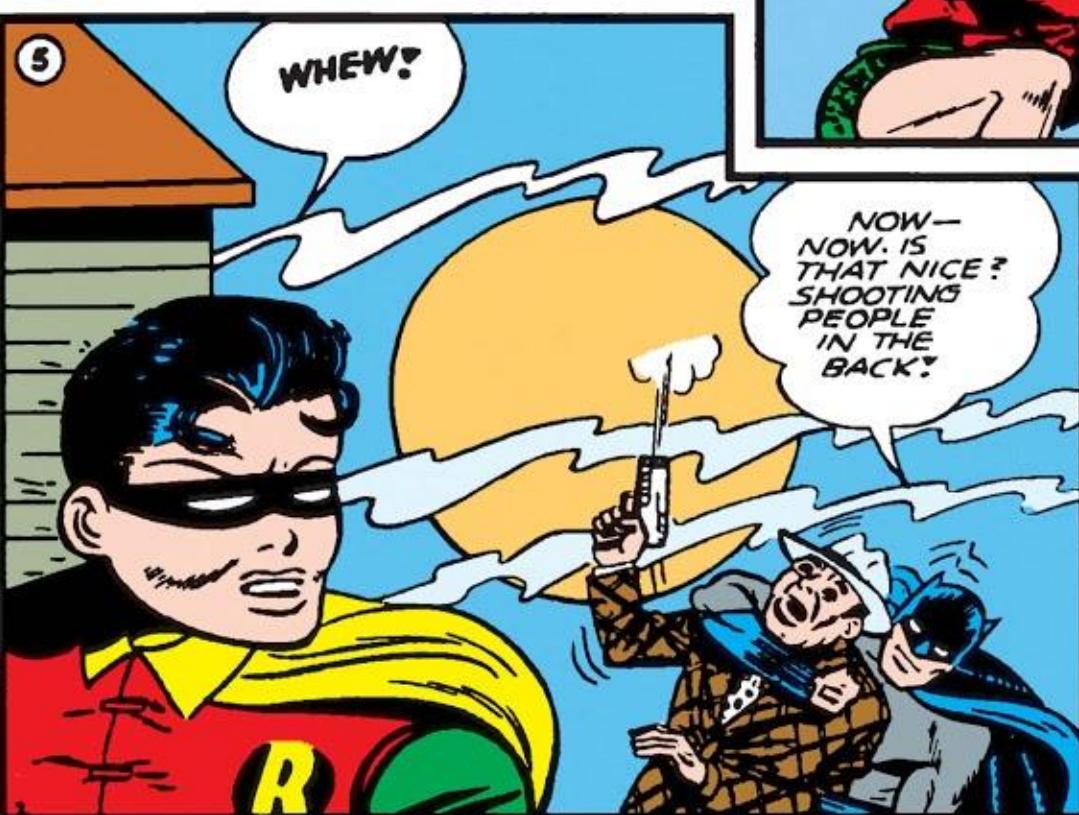
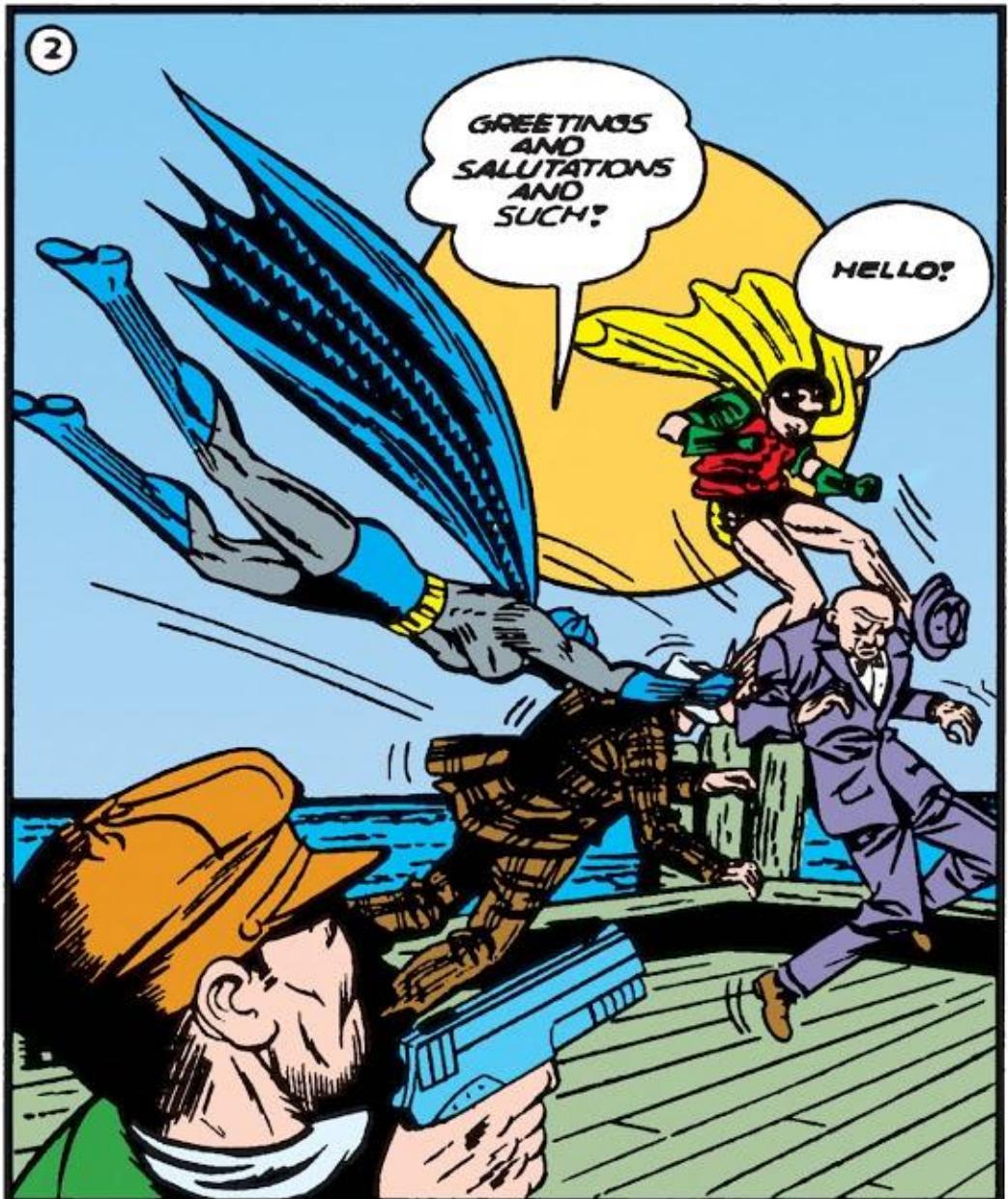
BOB  
KANE

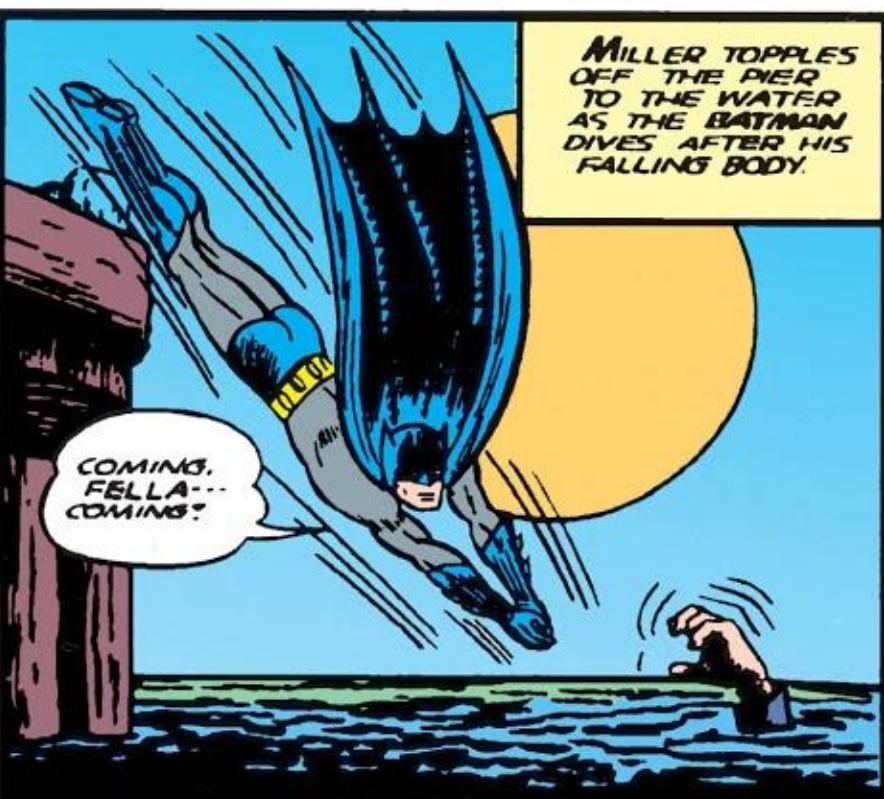
NIGHT FALLS---A BLANKET  
OF DARKNESS AND MYSTERY.  
HIGH OVER THE GLOOMY  
WATERFRONT, TWO  
COSTUMED FIGURES STAND  
POISED AND VIEW A GRIM  
SCENE---

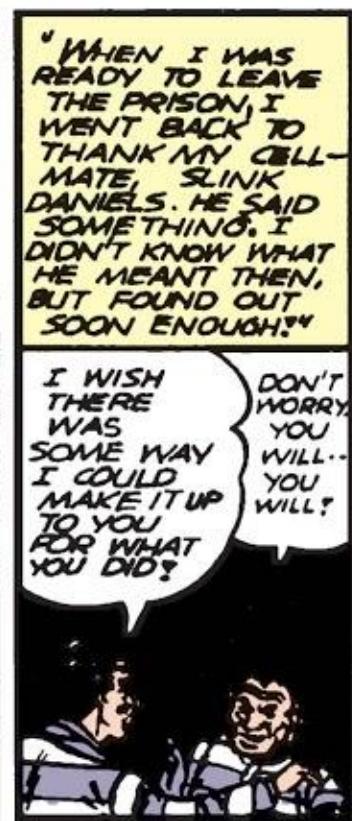
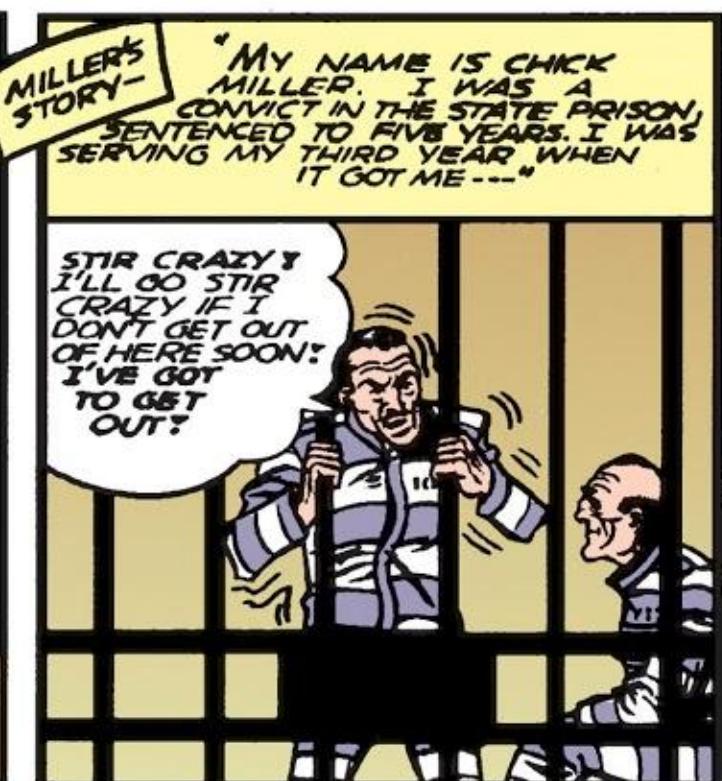
OKAY,  
SHOULDERS--  
IF YOU'RE  
GOING TO KILL  
ME, YOU MIGHT  
AS WELL  
GET IT  
OVER WITH!

YOU MUST  
BE AWFUL  
ANXIOUS TO  
DIE, MILLER--  
SO I WON'T  
DISAPPOINT  
YA--HERE  
IT COMES!





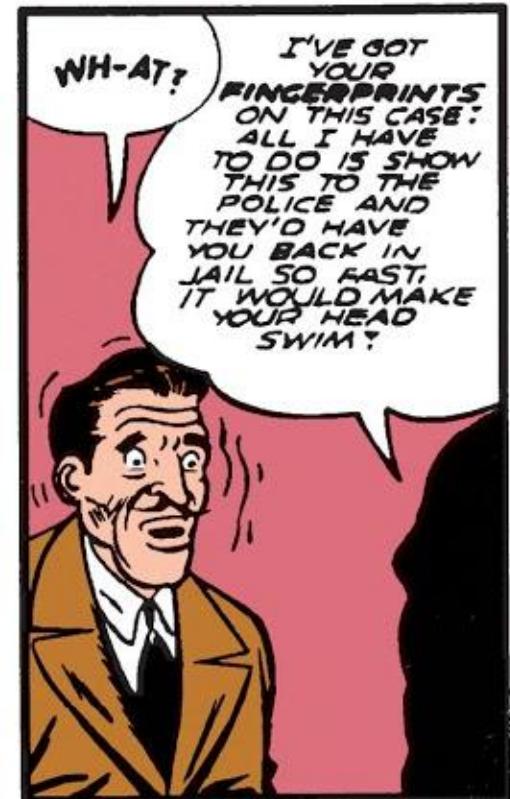
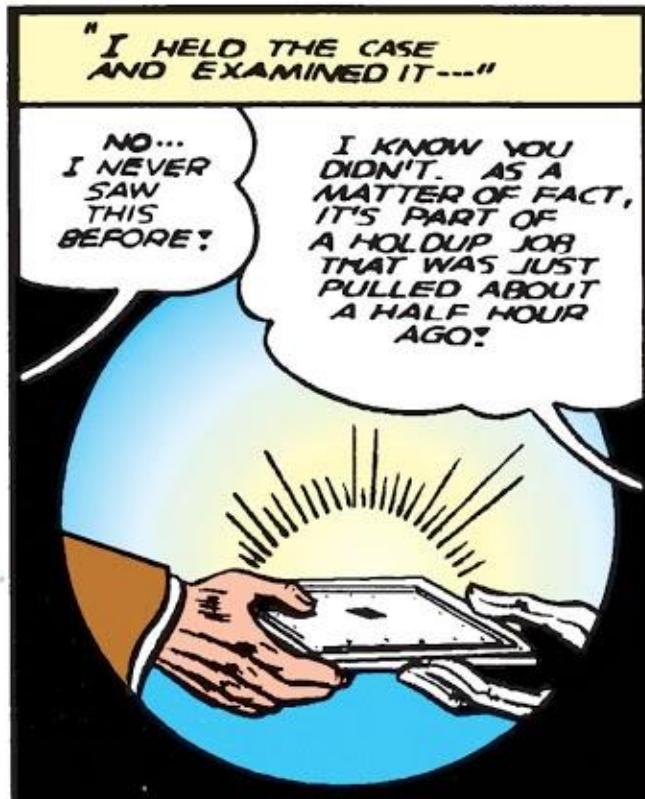
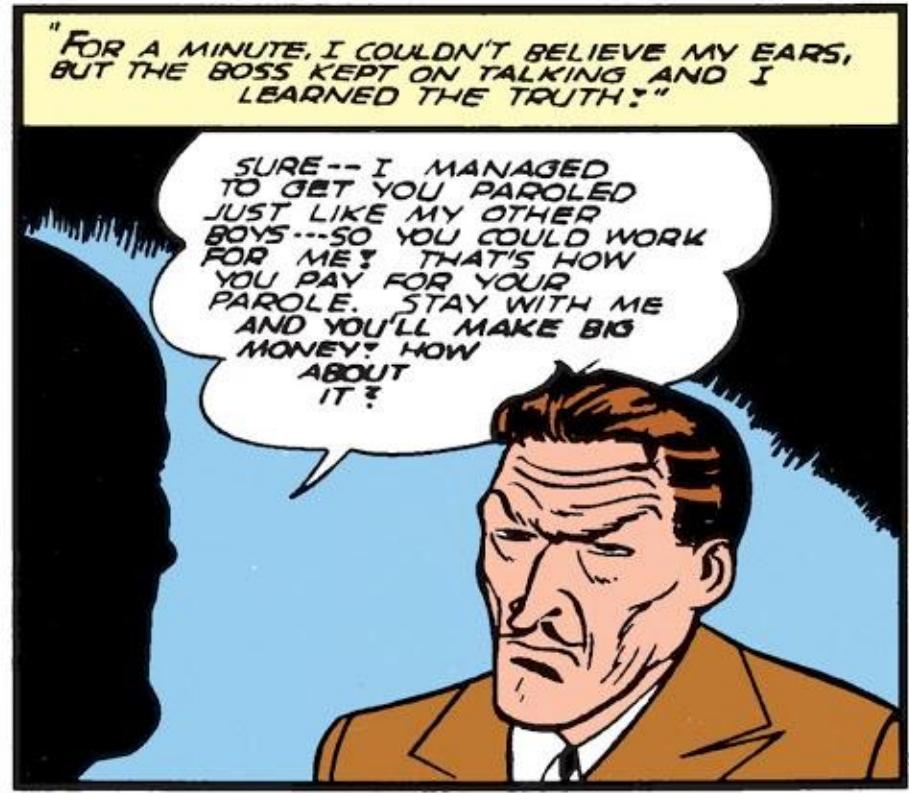


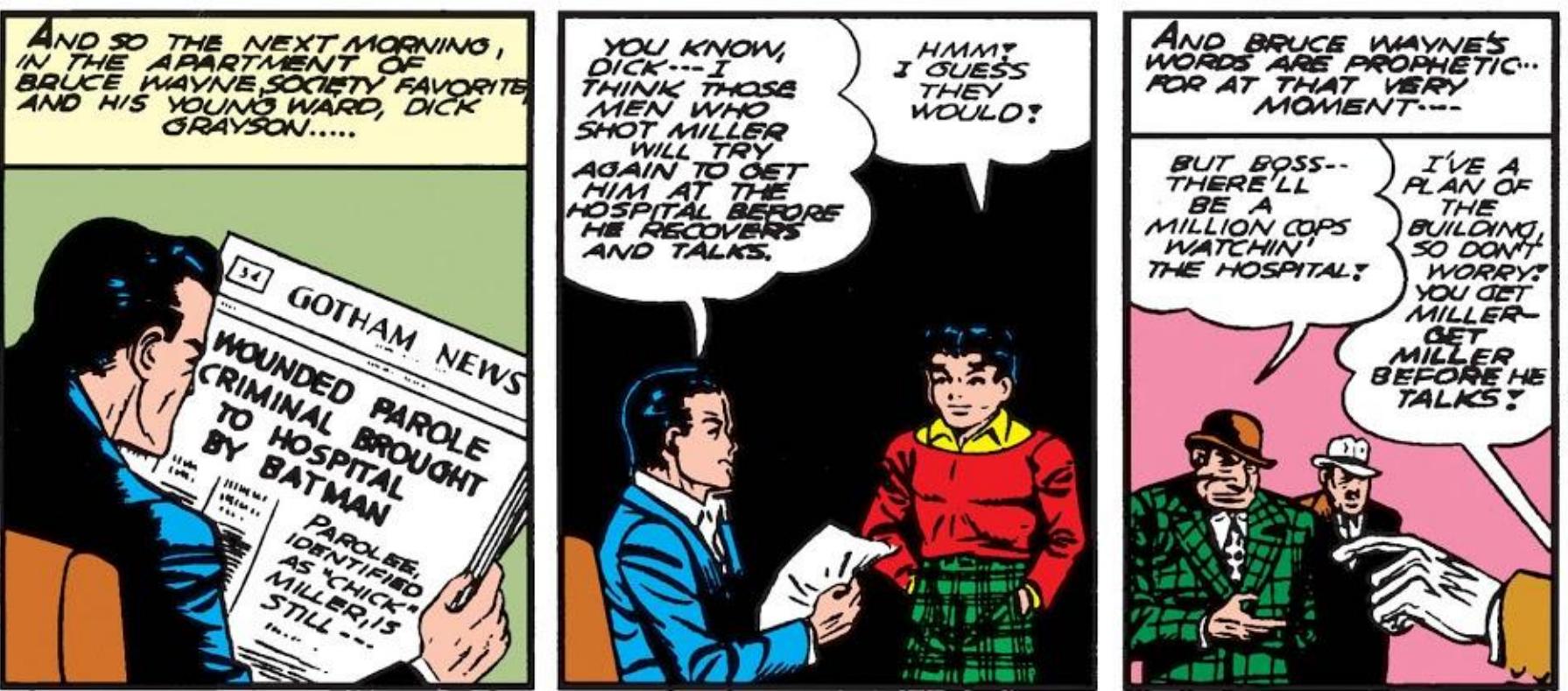
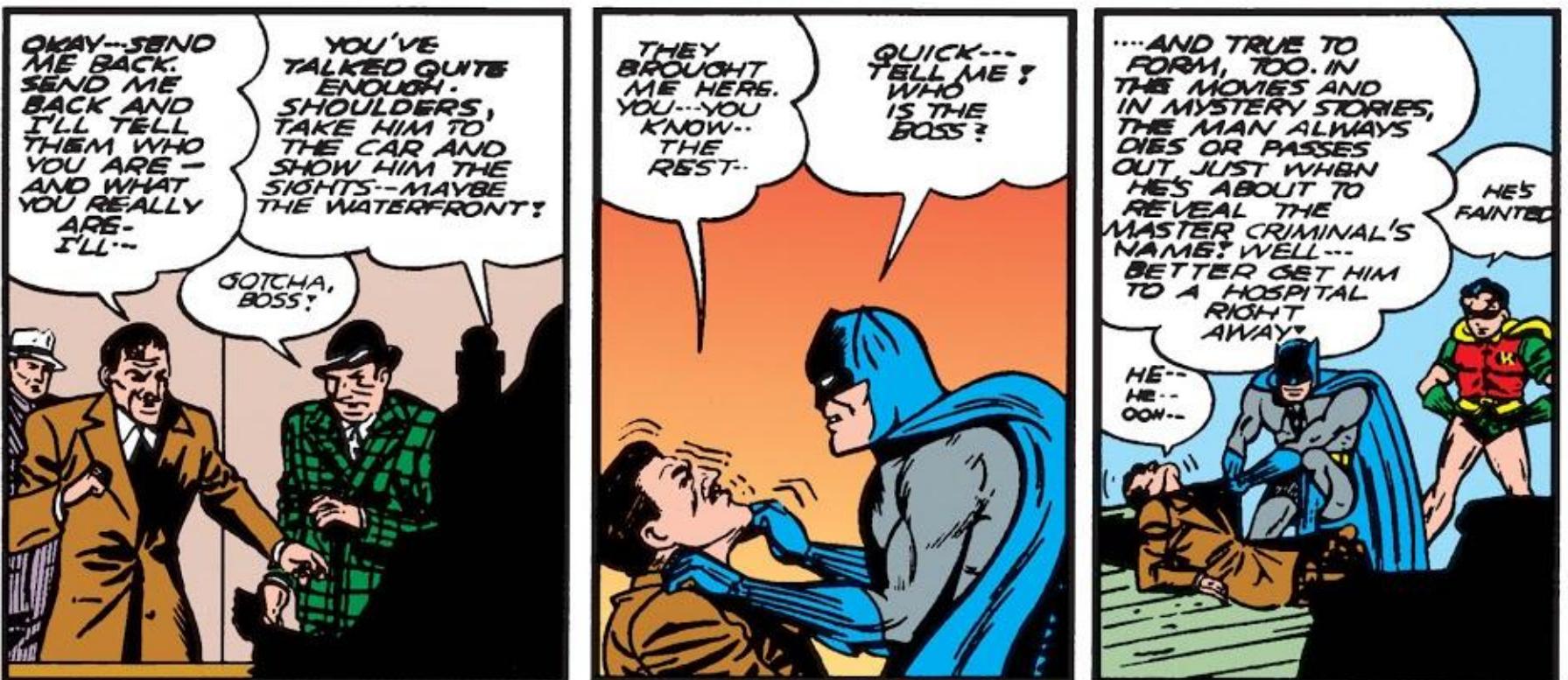


"THE BIG DAY FINALLY CAME--THE PRISON GATE CLANGED BEHIND ME. IT WAS SPRING---THE AIR WAS CLEAN AND FRESH. BIRDS WERE AROUND. THEY WERE LIKE ME -- FREE?"



"A JOB SOUNDED SWELL TO ME? THEY TOOK ME TO A SWANKY HOTEL TO SEE THEIR BOSS. YOU COULD HAVE KNOCKED ME OVER WITH A FEATHER WHEN I SAW WHO IT WAS--"





AN AVALANCHE OF FIST DESCENDS UPON THE THUGS!



AS THE THUGS SUDDENLY SURGE TOWARD THEIR DREADED NEMESIS, AN OPERATING TABLE BEARS DOWN ON THEM---AND ABOARD IT IS--



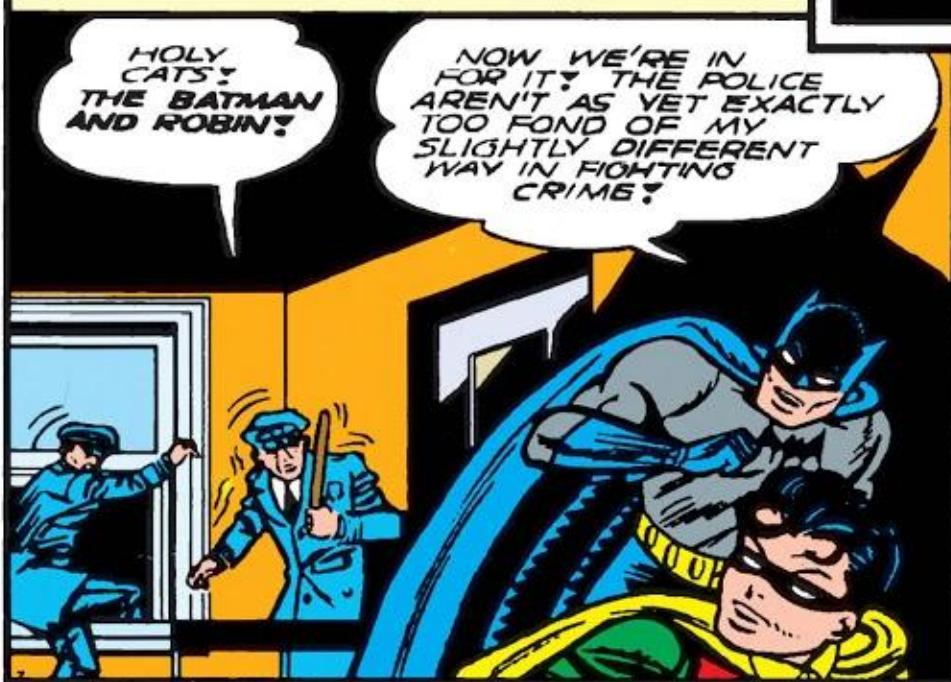
REINFORCEMENTS RUSH THE TWIN BATTLES!



DRAWN BY SHOUTS AND SHOTS, POLICE SWARM TOWARD THE MAKESHIFT BATTLE FIELD!



AS THE POLICE GIVE FUTILE CHASE TO THE FLEEING THUGS, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN FIND THEMSELVES IN A TIGHT SPOT.



LIKE TWO FLEET DEEP,  
THEY RACE DOWN THE  
LONG CORRIDOR!

LET'S  
GO,  
ROBIN?

LATER--

WELL--  
WE GOT  
AWAY FROM  
THE  
POLICE,  
BUT SO  
DID THE  
GUN-  
MEN?

THEIR  
MYSTERIOUS  
BOSS ACTED  
FIRST, BUT  
NOW IT'S  
MY TURN!  
HERE'S  
WHERE THE  
BATMAN  
GOES TO TOWN!

THAT NIGHT---WINGING SILENTLY  
OVER THE STATE PRISON IS A CRAFT  
OF WEIRD DESIGN--THE BATPLANE!

WHA--?

DOWN A DANGLING  
LADDER SCRAMBLES  
THE BATMAN.  
BEFORE THE STARTLED  
GUARD CAN MAKE  
AN OUTCRY, SOMETHING PLOPS DOWN  
BESIDE HIM...AND HE  
FALLS ASLEEP!

zzzz

CAPSULES PLOP INTO  
SLINK'S CELL WHILE  
HE SLEEPS!

NOW TO  
TAKE HIS  
CELL-MATE  
TO THE  
BATPLANE?

IN THE BATPLANE, AN  
AMAZING TRANSFORMATION  
TAKES PLACE--THE BATMAN  
BECOMES SLINK'S CELL-MATE!

NOW TO APPLY  
THE MAKEUP  
WHILE HE'S STILL  
UNCONSCIOUS?

BATM...  
BA....  
AAAHH...  
SO  
SLEEPY  
zzzz

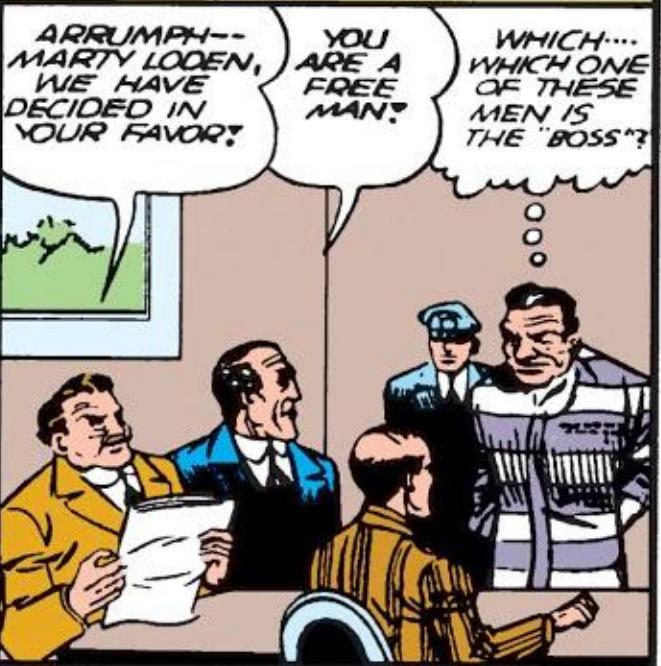
WHAT--?  
YOU'RE  
ME...ME  
EXACTLY--  
YOU EVEN  
TALK LIKE  
ME?

HEY--  
WAKE UP--  
THAT'S  
IT--

IT IS THE BATMAN WHO BECOMES SLINK'S CELLMATE AND BEGINS HIS GREAT IMPERSONATION--



AND SO IT IS NOT LONG AFTER THE BATMAN IS FREED BY THE PAROLE BOARD?



AND THE BOYS MEET "MARTY LODEN" AND TAKE HIM TO THE "BOSS"--



THE BOSS?

I'M SENDING THE BOYS OUT TO ROB A WAREHOUSE OF SILKS TONIGHT. YOU CAN GO ALONG!



THAT NIGHT, ROBIN TAKES HIS STAND BY THE BOSS'S ROOM....

THE BATMAN TOLD ME TO BE SURE THE BOSS DOESN'T GET ANY IDEAS ABOUT GETTING AWAY... GOT TO BE CAREFUL -- KEEP MY EYES OPEN-



AND ON THE WATERFRONT, CLOAKED IN THE INK OF MID-NIGHT, THIEVES LOOT A WAREHOUSE-

RE HOUSE

HEY, MARTY--  
WATCHA DOIN'?  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER  
WITCH YA?

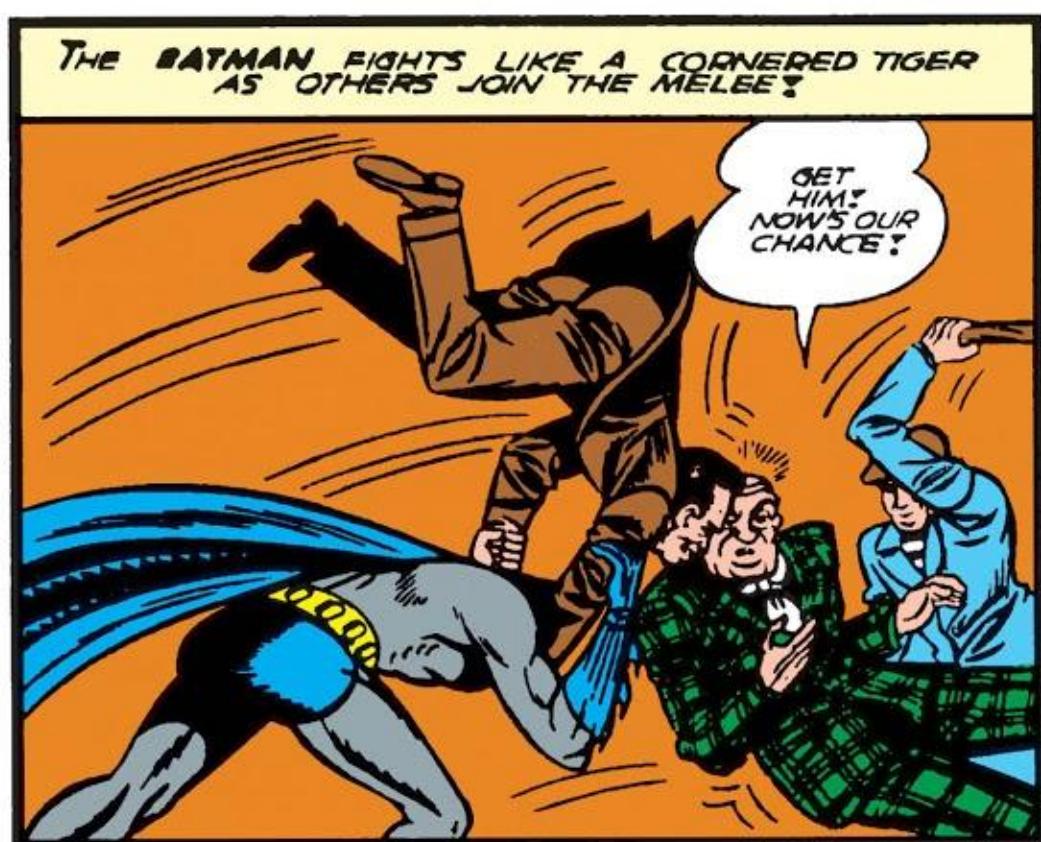
NOTHING--



MARTY, THE GANGSTER, WIPES THE MAKEUP FROM HIS FACE, RIPS OFF HIS CLOTHING AND STANDING IS HIS PLACE IS...

THE  
BATMAN?  
UGH?





MINUTES PASS...

HE AIN'T COME UP YET! THAT GUY'S GONE FOR GOOD THIS TIME?

NOW THAT THE BATMAN IS FINISHED, LET'S FINISH UP HERE! GET THE STUFF AWAY AND THEN WE SCRAM BACK TO THE BOSS!



LATER... AS ROBIN PACES THE HALLWAY, A HAND WHIPS ABOUT HIS MOUTH...

YEAH-- THE BOSS WILL BE GLAD TO SEE HIM!

IT'S THAT WISE ROBIN KID THAT WORKS WITH THE BATMAN!



THE BOSS IS INFORMED OF THE SWIFT-MOVING EVENTS OF THAT NIGHT...

SURE... THE BATMAN WAS MARTY LODEN?

SO-- WELL-- MAYBE WE OUGHT TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF ROBIN, TOO-- VERY GOOD CARE!



SUDDENLY, THE DOOR CRASHES OPEN-- AND IN WALKS SLINK!

SLINK? WHAT--- WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF JAIL?

I BROKE OUT. I WAS GETTIN' STIR CRAZY LIKE THOSE GUYS YOU GET OUT ON PAROLE!



YOU FOOL! WHY DIDN'T YOU WAIT TILL I GOT YOU OUT ON PAROLE?

WHO YOU KIDDIN'? NOT EVEN YOU CAN GET ME OUT-- NO GUYS WITH MURDER RAPS ARE PAROLED-- AN' YOU KNOW IT!



SUDDENLY, THE EERIE WAIL OF A POLICE SIREN CUTS THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR!

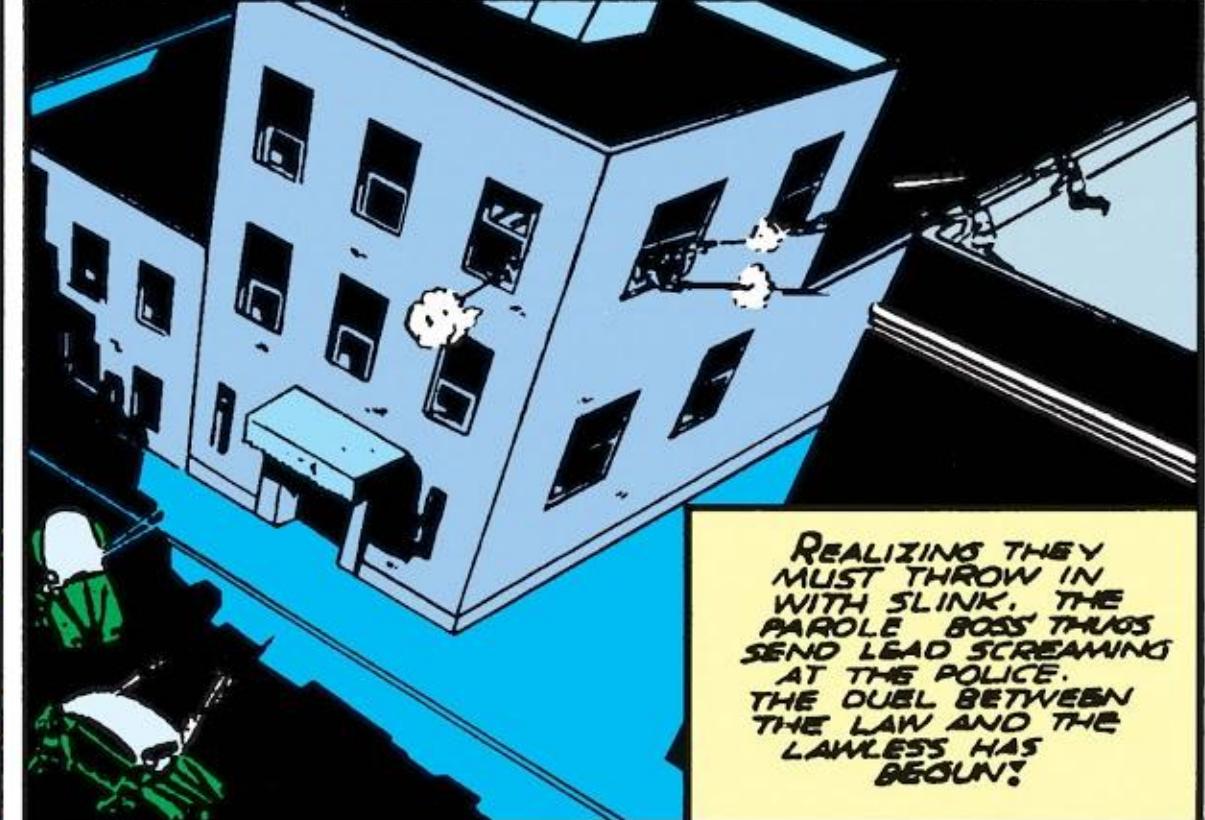
COPS-- THEY MUST'VE FOLLOWED YOU HERE?

I'LL FIX THEM!



MEN! SPREAD OUT-- SURROUND THE PLACE-- GET ALL THE PEOPLE FROM THE BUILDING OUT-- AND THEN START FIRING!

UGH!



REALIZING THEY MUST THROW IN WITH SLINK, THE PAROLE BOSS THROWS SEND LEAD SCREAMING AT THE POLICE. THE DUEL BETWEEN THE LAW AND THE LAWLESS HAS BEGUN!

AS THE BATTLE OF BULLETS RAGES, A DRIPPING FIGURE PULLS ITSELF ONTO THE WATERFRONT PIER---IT IS THE BATMAN!

WOW--MY HEAD! I MUST HAVE BEEN DRIFTING ON THE WATER FOR QUITE A FEW MINUTES. BETTER GET BACK TO ROBIN--



MEANWHILE, THE BOSS' THUGS FALL LIKE LEAVES IN A STORM BEFORE THE WITHERING GUNFIRE---

GET MOVIN', KID!

THEY'RE CUTTIN' US TO PIECES!

LOOK OUT? THEY'RE SHOOTING... (COUGH-COUGH?) TEAR GAS CARTRIDGES?



IF ANY COP SO MUCH AS MOVES INTO THE BUILDING, THIS BOY DIES!

RUN INSIDE AND SEE IF THERE ARE ANY MORE OF THEM HOLED UP!

HERE COME THE RATS-- RUNNING OUT OF THEIR HOLES!

ROBIN? I DON'T WANT TO SEE THAT BOY KILLED! EVEN THOUGH HE DOES WORK OUTSIDE THE LAW, STILL HE DOES FIGHT CRIME! IF...

IT'S YOU, BATMAN! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GET THE GREAT BATMAN--AND NOW I'M GOING TO GET MY WISH! COME ON BATMAN-- HA-HA!

HELLO? I'M COMING FOR ROBIN!

AND ALONE AND UNAFRAID, THE BATMAN WALKS TOWARD WHAT SEEMS CERTAIN DEATH...

I'M COMING UP THERE TO GET YOU! I'M WALKING UP THE STEPS NOW!

AND THOSE WILL BE THE LAST STEPS YOU'LL EVER WALK! HA-HA!

BETTER GET READY, I'M ALMOST THERE!

HAT? I'M READY-- AND WAITING TO SEE YOU DIE?

I'M HERE, FELLA!

OKAY, BATMAN-- YOU ASKED FOR IT!



ABRUPTLY--ROBIN ACTS WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT...

OOF!



THE CRIME-FIGHTER AND CRIME-MASTER CLASH IN A BATTLE TO DEATH.



A SUDDEN BLOW SENDS THE BATMAN OFF BALANCE AND REELING TOWARD AN OPEN ELEVATOR SHAFT--



BUT THE MADMAN'S CHARGE CARRIES HIM TOO FAR. BOTH THE BATMAN AND THE PAROLE RACKETEER PLUNGE DOWN THE SHAFT?



EVEN AS HE DROPS, LIKE A LEADEN PLUMMET, THE BATMAN'S HAND CLOSES VISELIKE ABOUT THE OILY ELEVATOR CABLE--BUT THE PAROLE RACKETEER IS NOT SO FORTUNATE: A TRAILING SHRIEK MARKS HIS END?



LATER-

WELL, I SUPPOSE ALL THOSE MEN PAROLED BY THEIR BOSS WILL GO BACK TO JAIL? } ALL EXCEPT MILLER. HE EARNED HIS PAROLE. YOU KNOW, IT'S EASY FOR MOST PEOPLE TO UNDERSTAND CRIME DOESN'T PAY, BUT WHEN A CRIMINAL SUDDENLY REALIZES IT, AS MILLER DID, WELL, THAT'S ABOUT THE BEST MORAL LESSON THERE CAN BE?

BOB KANE



# BATMAN

WITH  
**Robin**

- THE BOY WONDER -

HE WAS JUST A CLOCK MAKER --- AND HE CALLED THEM MURDERERS? WHY?... AND WHY DID PEOPLE DIE WHEN CLOCKS STRUCK THIRTEEN? WHY DID THE TOLLING OF THIRTEEN MEAN THE TOLLING OF THE DEATH-KNELL? THIS WAS THE PROBLEM THAT FACED THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER. BUT THEY FOUND OUT... THEY FOUND THE ANSWER ALMOST TOO LATE WHEN THEY THEMSELVES DISCOVERED THAT THEY TOO WERE MARKED FOR DEATH BY ---

the CLOCK MAKER!

BOB  
KANE

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

WHERE  
ARE YOU  
GOING SO  
EARLY IN  
THE  
DAY?

A STOCKHOLDERS'  
MEETING. MY  
FATHER ONCE LEFT  
ME SHARES IN SOME  
CLOCK CONCERN. WELL  
--- TA-TA ---  
BE SEEING  
YOU,  
HALF-PINT!



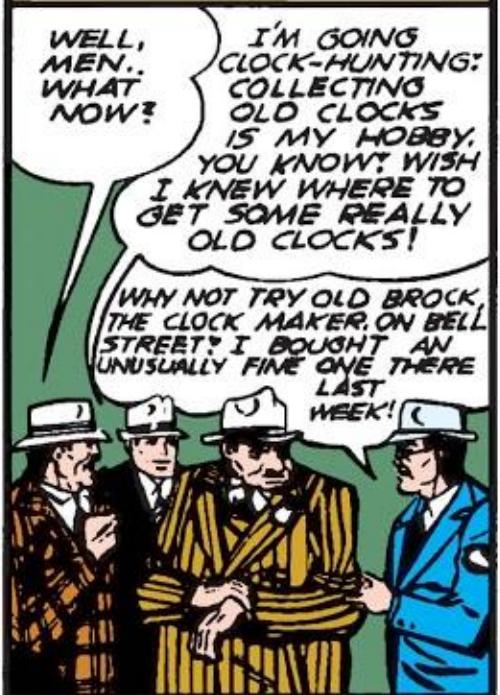
THE HOBBS CLOCK  
BUILDING---



BRUCE JOINS THE STOCKHOLDERS, WHO LISTEN IN BORED TONES AS THE CHAIRMAN DRONES ON AND ON AND ON....



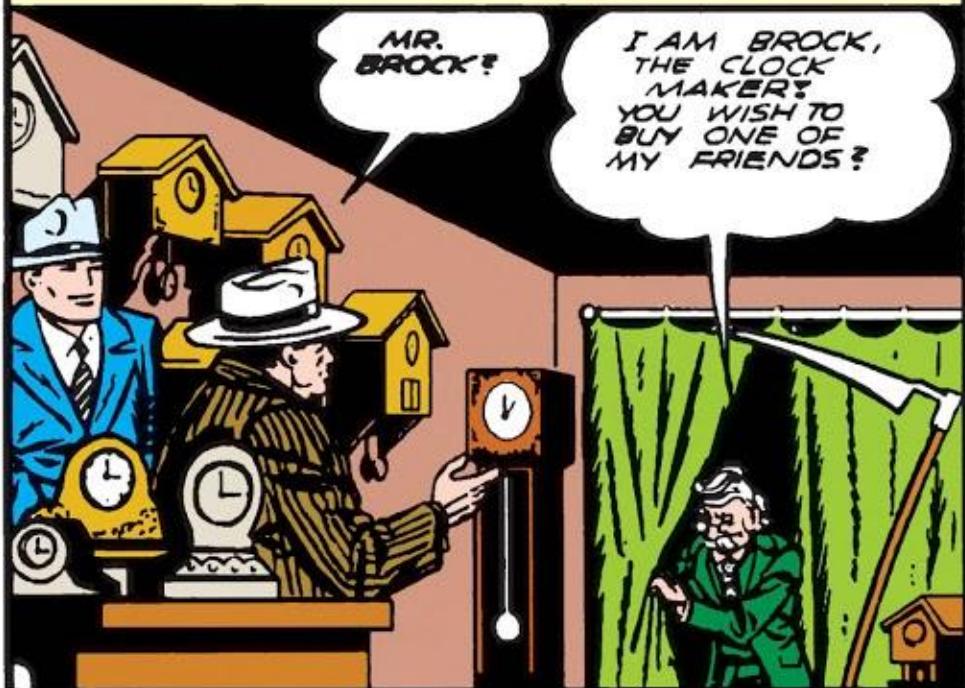
AFTER THE  
MEETING...

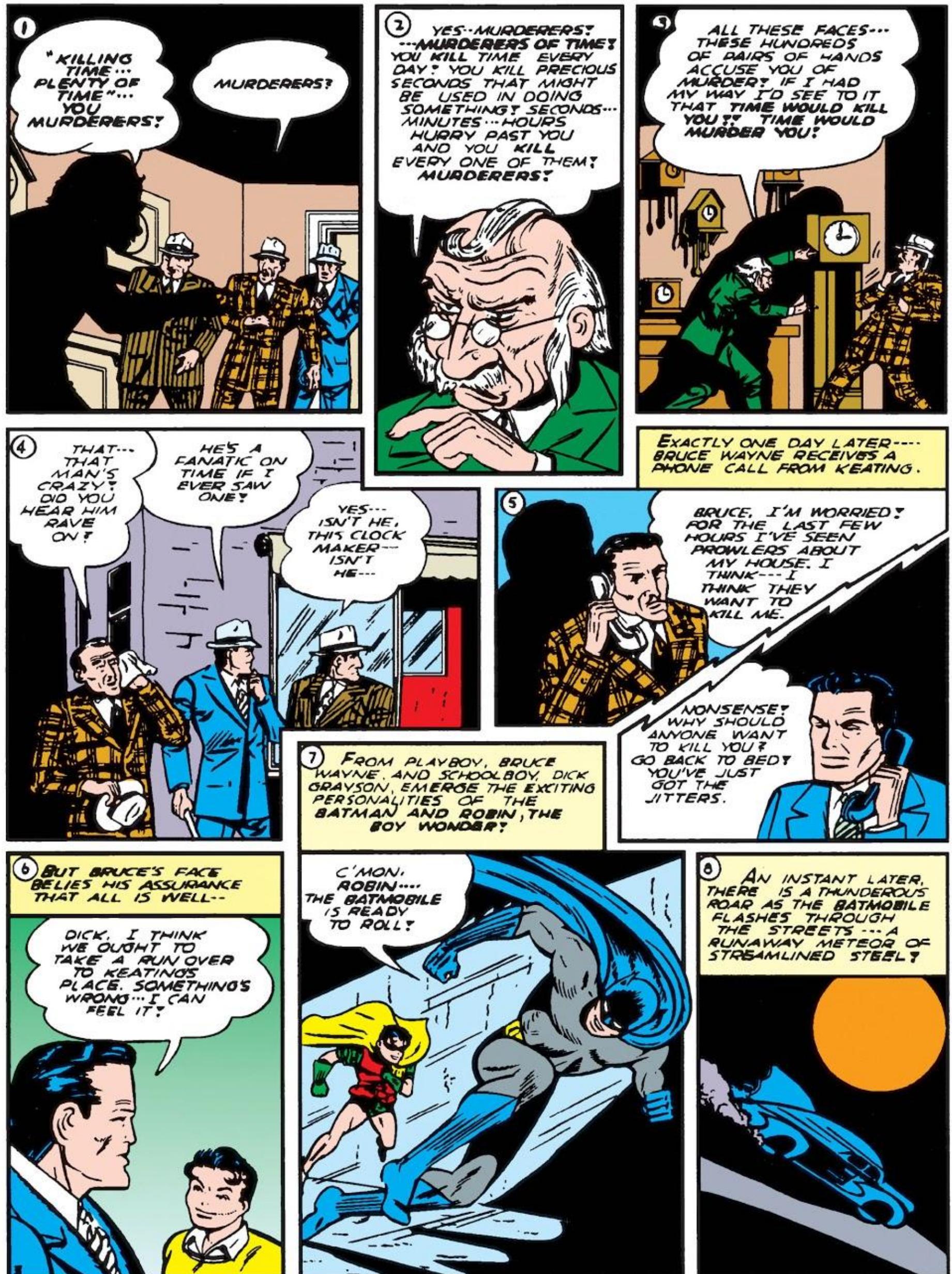


SOMETIME LATER...A  
SMALL SIDE STREET...



INSIDE THE CRAMPED INTERIOR. CLOCKS STAND ON SHELVES AND COUNTERS... CLOCKS, HUNDREDS OF THEM, ALL TICKING WITH PERSISTENT, MONOTONOUS REGULARITY...





THE BATMOBILE RACES TO THE KEATING HOME IN RECORD TIME!

UP THE STEPS AND INTO THE HOUSE DART THE BATMAN AND ROBIN...TWIN AVENGERS OF EVIL!

GREETINGS--?

HELP!

C'MON, ROBIN? LOOKS LIKE WE'RE BEING PAGED?

THE--THE BATMAN?

...AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING?

--AND SALUTATIONS--

HOLD HIM STILL! GIMME A CHANCE TO PLUG 'IM!

YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, MUGG...BUT YOU MUFFED IT!

OOF!

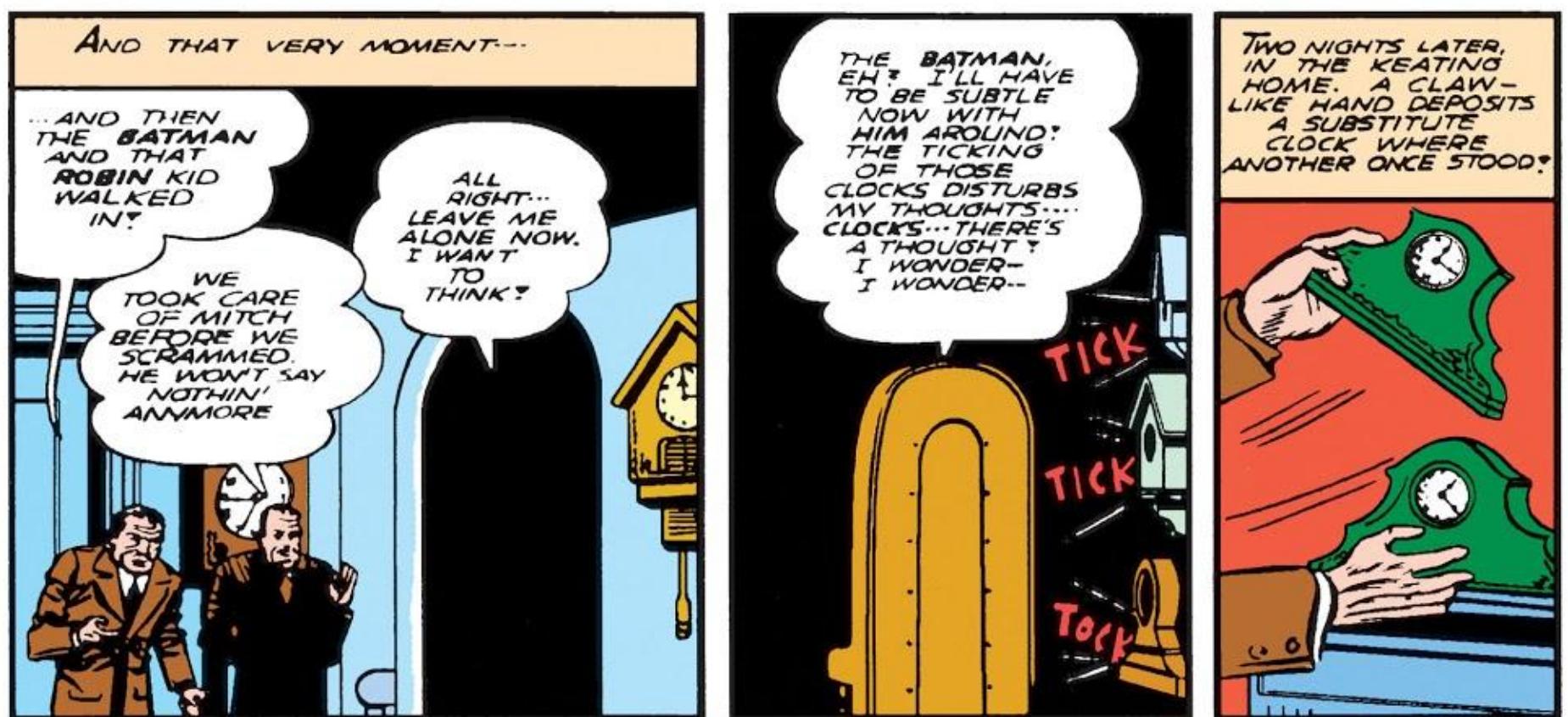
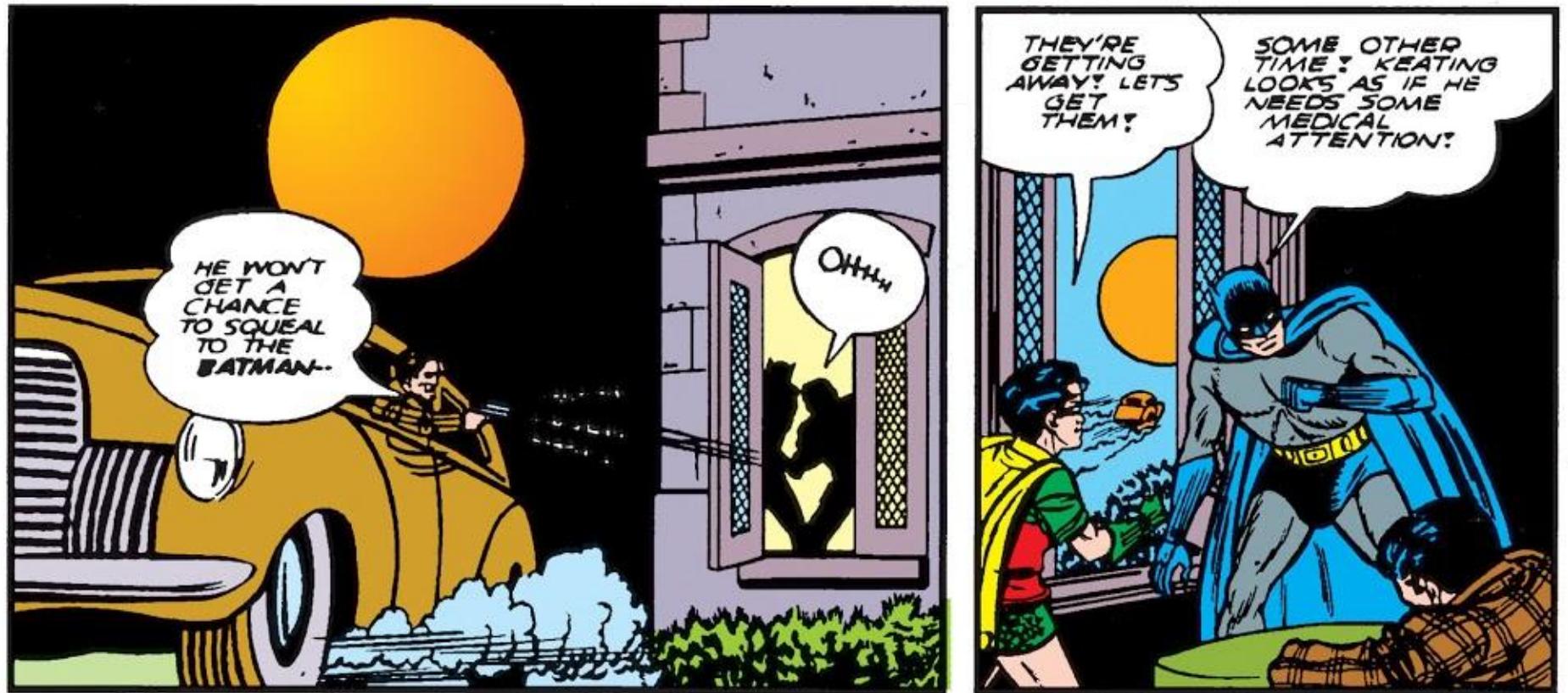
BEFORE THE HOODLUMS CAN RECOVER, THE BATMAN IS UPON THEM LIKE A POUNDING TIGER!

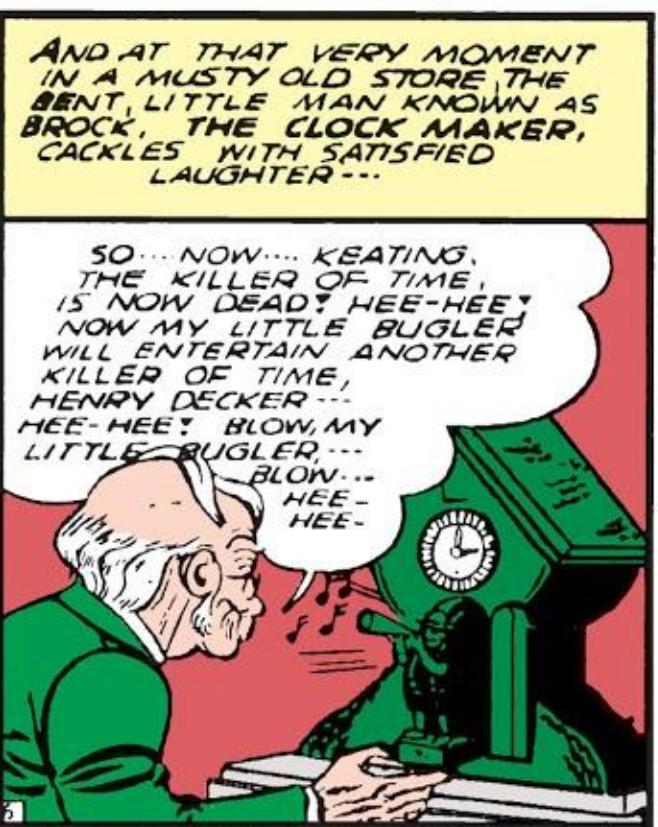
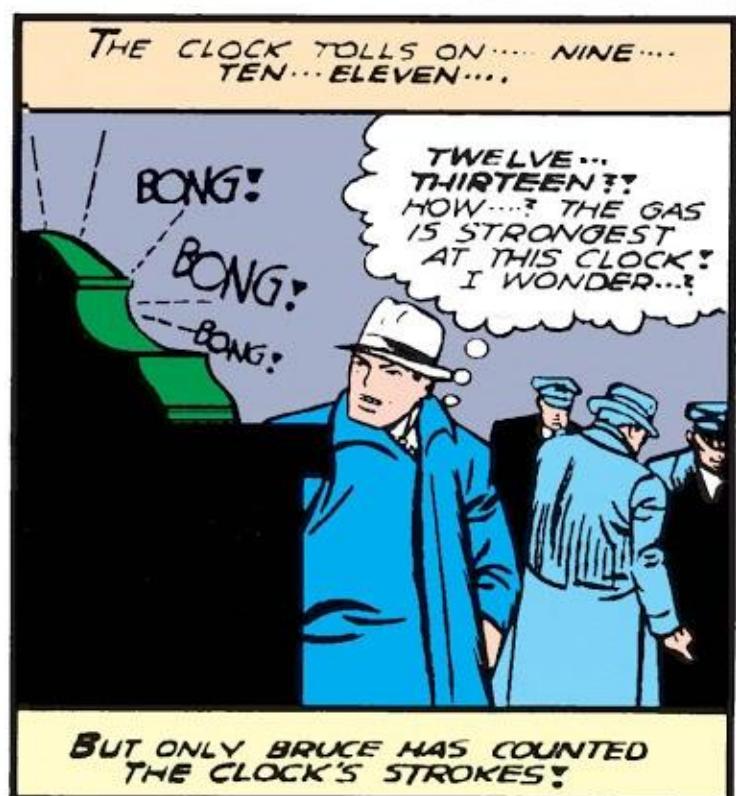
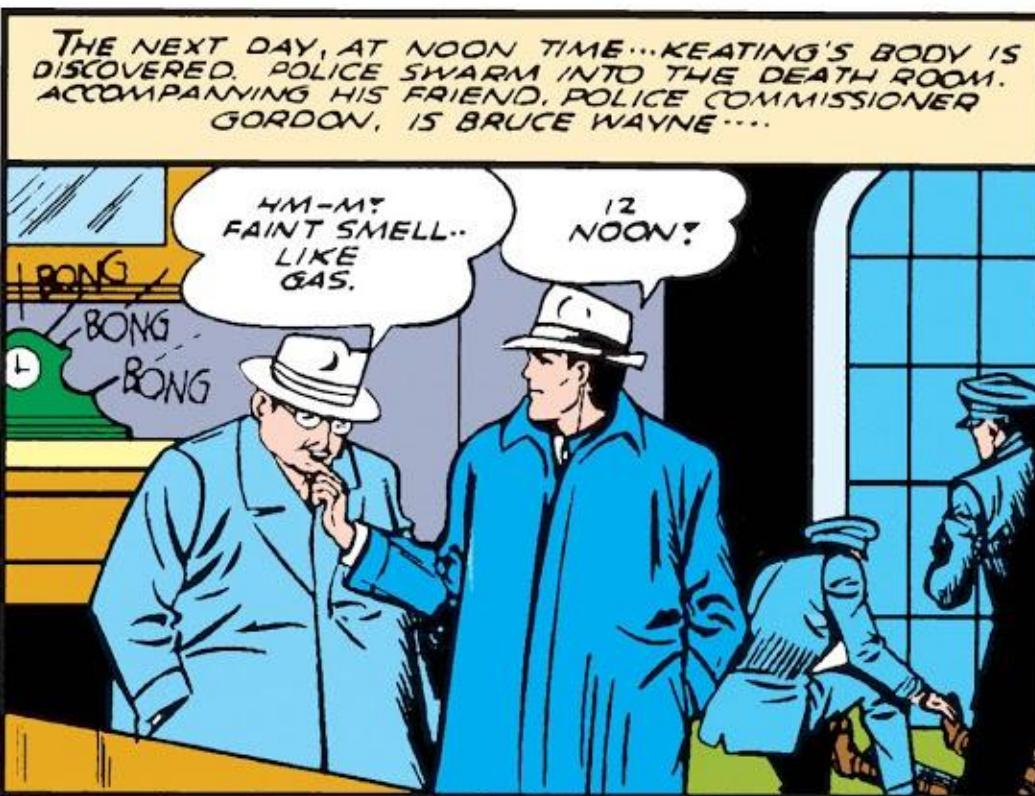
VERY NICE! NOW I DON'T HAVE TO SOIL MY HANDS ON THE BOTH OF YOU!

OUTSIDE, THE THUGS SCRAMBLE TO THEIR FEET AND RUN TO THEIR CAR?

C'MON! LET'S GET OUTA HERE... BUT FAST!

WAIT--MITCH IS INSIDE. HE MIGHT TALK!





NOONTIME--THE NEXT DAY...  
POLICE INVESTIGATE ANOTHER  
MYSTERIOUS DEATH!

THAT'S  
WHAT KILLED  
HIM!

A DART--A TINY  
DART--PROBABLY  
WITH DEADLY  
POISON ON IT!

I WONDER  
WHO BLEW  
THAT DART?  
OH--TWELVE  
O'CLOCK!

NINE ...TEN ...ELEVEN...  
TWELVE ...

THIRTEEN...  
LIKE THE  
OTHER ONE...

WHY  
YOU'RE  
CRAZY.

LOOK! THERE'S  
YOUR MURDERER!  
THAT LITTLE  
BUGLER!

THE CLOCK TOLLS ON--  
FOUR ...FIVE ...SIX...  
SEVEN ...EIGHT!

CRAZY, AM I?  
HERE--THIS  
BUGLER BLEW  
THE DART WHEN  
THE CLOCK READ  
MIDNIGHT? DECKER  
HAD A HABIT OF  
READING IN THIS  
CHAIR TILL LATE  
AT NIGHT!

OF COURSE, AND  
OUR MURDERER  
KNEW THAT? HE  
KNEW DECKER'S  
HEAD WOULD BE IN  
LINE WITH THE CLOCK!  
WHY--OUR MURDERER  
MUST BE A  
CLEVER DEVIL!

AND IN HIS DINGY STORE, THE CLOCK  
MAKER LAUGHS GLEEFULLY AS HUNDRED  
OF CLOCKS CHIME AT ONCE.

HEE--HEE! THAT'S  
RIGHT--THAT'S  
RIGHT! THIS CLOCK  
IS FOR A MAN  
WHO KILLS TIME--  
THIS CLOCK IS  
FOR BRUCE WAYNE!  
HEE--HEE--  
HEE--

AND  
BRUCE WAYNE  
IS THE  
BATMAN?

THAT VERY NIGHT AS THE  
MIDNIGHT HOUR DRAWS CLOSE,  
THE LOUD DANGLE OF A DOOR-  
BELL BRINGS DICK GRAYSON  
TO THE DOOR OF THE WAYNE  
HOME.

PACKAGE  
FOR YA?

THANK  
YOU!

IT'S A  
CLOCK?  
NOW WHY  
SHOULD  
ANYONE SEND  
US A  
CLOCK?

THE CLOCK TOLLS THE  
HOUR ...MIDNIGHT?

BONG!  
BONG  
BONG

FOUR--FIVE ...SIX ...SEVEN...  
EIGHT--

SUDDENLY, A FIGURE HURLETS INTO THE ROOM--PICKS UP THE CLOCK--AND---



NINE---TEN---ELEVEN---TWELVE---THIRTEEN---THEN--A THUNDEROUS BLAST DEAFENS THE NIGHT!



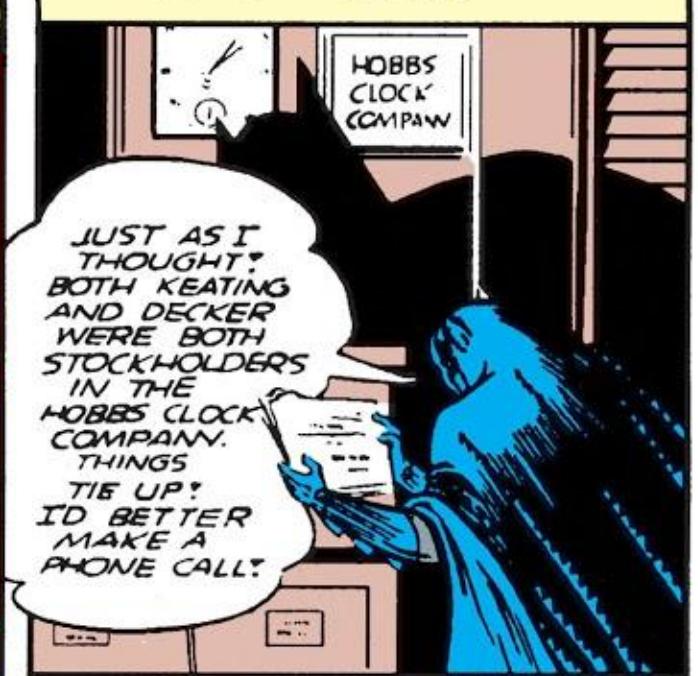
GOOD THING I HEARD THAT CLOCK START TO CHIME. I KNEW WE HAD NO CLOCKS LIKE THAT! LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY DOESN'T LIKE US, EH, KID?



THE VERY NEXT NIGHT? ONCE AGAIN BRUCE WAYNE DONS THE INK-HUED GARB OF THE BATMAN?



SOME TIME LATER--THE BATMAN'S CAPE FIGURE BENDS OVER A FILING CABINET!

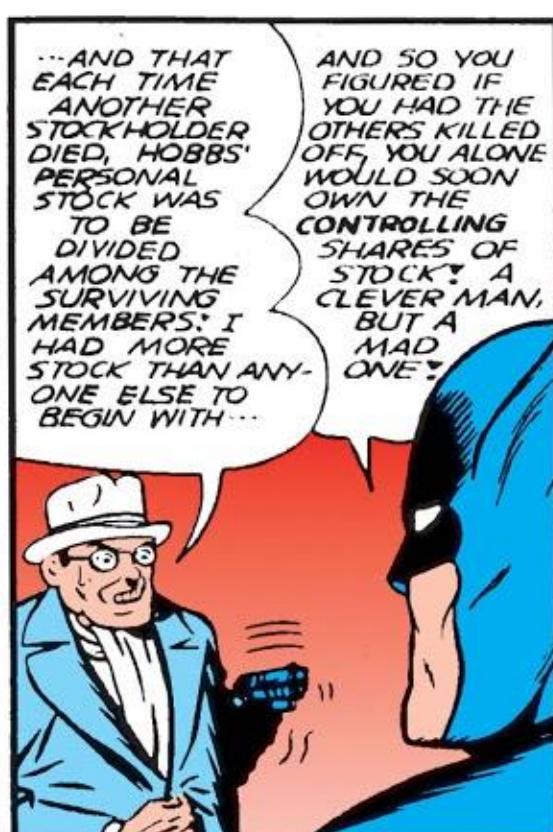
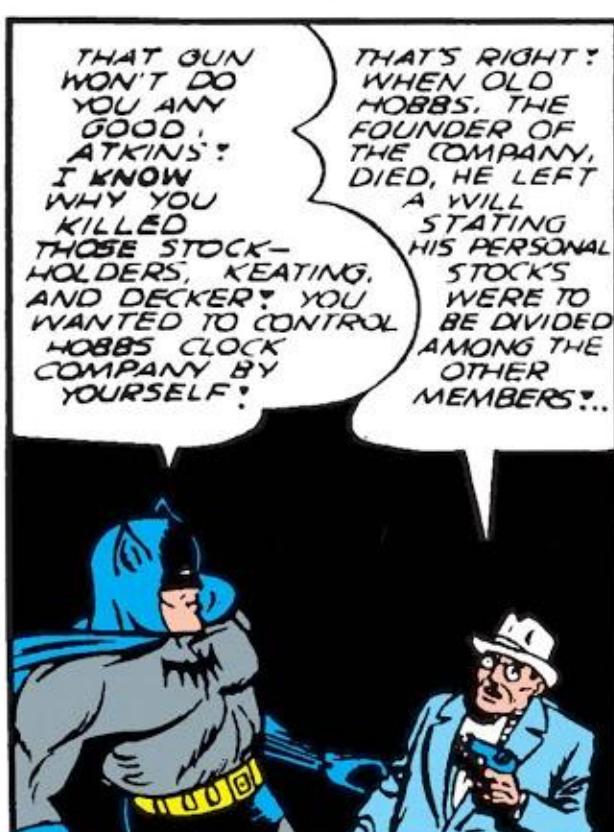
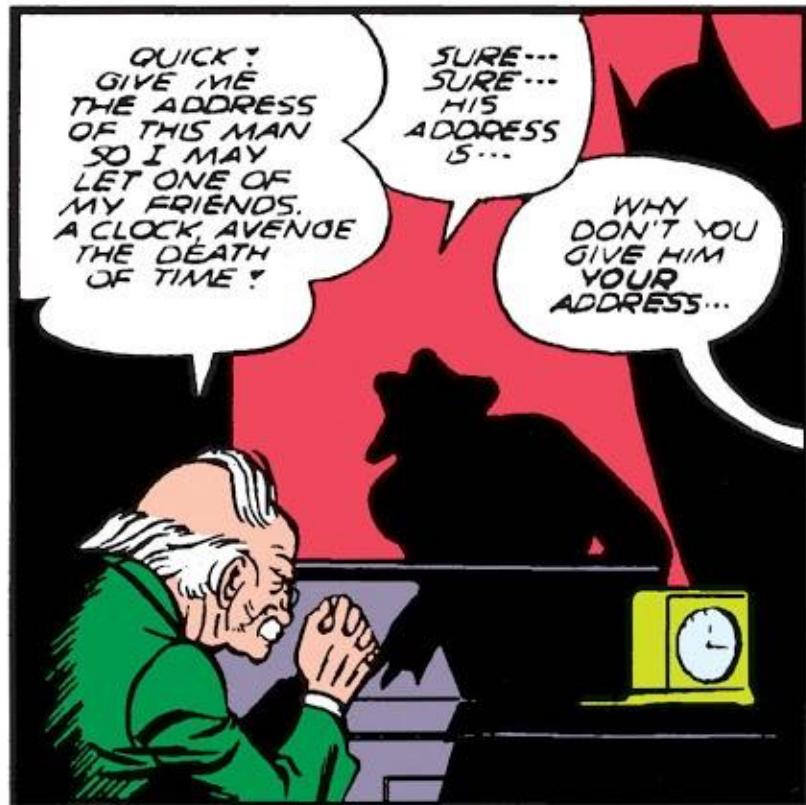


THE BATMAN PHONES THE BANKER, SELBY--



AND IN THE CRAMPED INTERIOR OF HIS LITTLE SHOP, THE CLOCK MAKER LISTENS INTENTLY TO A MAN WHO SPEAKS TO HIM--





WITH ONE CAT-LIKE BOUND, THE BATMAN IS UPON ATKINS!



THE GUN GOES OFF... AND THE BULLET FINDS ITS MARK!



AS THE BATMAN, HORRIFIED, WATCHES OLD BROCK DROP TO THE FLOOR, HE LEAVES HIMSELF OFF-GUARD FOR THE MOMENT AND --



ATKINS BINDS THE BATMAN WITH ROPE:



SUDDENLY, A VOICE WHIRLS ATKINS ABOUT!



A SHRIEK IS SUDDENLY CUT OFF: DEATH HAS COME TO ATKINS!



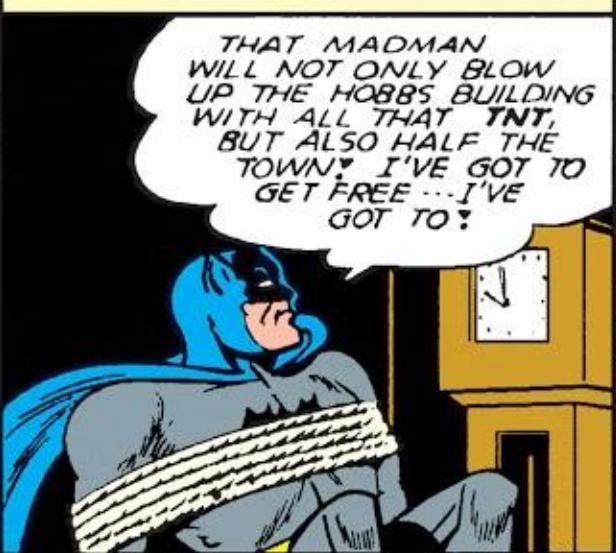
AS THE MADMAN RAVES ON - THE BATMAN REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS

HEE-HEE! YOU SEE HOW TIME PROTECTS ITS OWN? LOOK! THIS WATCH SAVED ME! YOUR BULLET STRUCK THE WATCH, NOT ME, FOR I AM TIME, FATHER TIME-HEE! I'VE COME TO THIS WRETCHED EARTH SWARMING WITH MY MURDERERS, MY KILLERS WHO SCORN ME, SO THAT I WASTE AWAY AND DIE!

YOU AND YOUR HOBBS CLOCK COMPANY -- WITH THE GREATEST CLOCK IN THE CITY-- I'LL SHOW YOU, I'LL BLOW IT AND MYSELF UP AWAY FROM THIS EARTH AND ITS MASTERS OF TIME. WHEN THE GIANT BELL STRIKES THIRTEEN... THIRTEEN... HEE-HEE HEE - THE LAST VIBRATING NOTE WILL SET OFF THE BOMB-HEE HEE?



DESPERATELY, THE BATMAN TRIES TO FREE HIMSELF FROM HIS BONDS....



BUT TIME PASSES QUICKLY AND THE TICKING CLOCKS SEEM TO MOCK HIS VERY EFFORTS!

AND WHEN THE BATMAN HAS JUST ABOUT GIVEN UP HOPE...



A SUDDEN ROAR... AND THE BATMOBILE RACES NECK AND NECK WITH TIME!

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? IT'S ONLY TEN O'CLOCK AND THE BELL WON'T STRIKE THIRTEEN TILL TWELVE, ACCORDING TO THE OTHER MURDERS.

NOT THIS TIME! OUR CLOCK MAKER FRIEND INTENDS TO SET THE CLOCK SO THAT IT WILL STRIKE THIRTEEN AT EXACTLY TEN O'CLOCK! AND WE'VE GOT EXACTLY TWO MINUTES TILL TEN!

ONE MINUTE.... TWO MINUTES.... TIME MOVES AGONIZINGLY SLOW... THEN - THE HOBBS BUILDING?

HEE! HEE! YOU'RE TOO LATE... TOO LATE!

BONG

A SHARP COMMAND TO ROBIN AND THE BATMAN DARTS INTO AN ELEVATOR WHOSE SWIFT ASCENT SEEKS INCREDIBLY SLOW, AS THE GIANT BELLS TOLL TWO!



AND THE BATMAN GAINS THE SMALL ROOM SET IN THE CLOCK ITSELF!



...AS THE BELL SWINGS AND TOLLS--THREE!

LOOK! UP THERE! THE CLOCK MAKER!

THE BELL IS STRIKING! IT'S TEN O'CLOCK!

AND NOW IT IS A FIGHT AGAINST THE INEXORABLE ADVANCE OF TIME ITSELF, AS BELOW, TWO MEN BATTLE, AND ABOVE, THE PONDEROUS BELL CLANGS .... FOUR!

NOW I'VE NO SCRUPLES ABOUT SOCKING YOU, MR. CLOCK MAKER!



A TERRIBLE SOUND SHATTERS THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT. IT IS THE BELL TOLLING OUT THE HOUR? ONE?

BUT THE CLOCK MAKER HAS GONE UTTERLY MAD, AND FIGHTS WITH A MADMAN'S FURY AND STRENGTH! A WICKED BLOW SENDS THE SURPRISED BATMAN REELING ---TO THE OPEN DOOR'S EDGE:



FOR A MOMENT, THE BATMAN TEETERS ON THE VERY EDGE, CLAWING AT THE EMPTY AIR FOR BALANCE, THEN DROPS!



BUT EVEN AS HE DROPS, THE BATMAN MAKES A DESPERATE CLUTCH FOR LIFE-- HIS HAND CLOSES VISE-LIKE ABOUT THE HOUR HAND-- AND HOLDS--



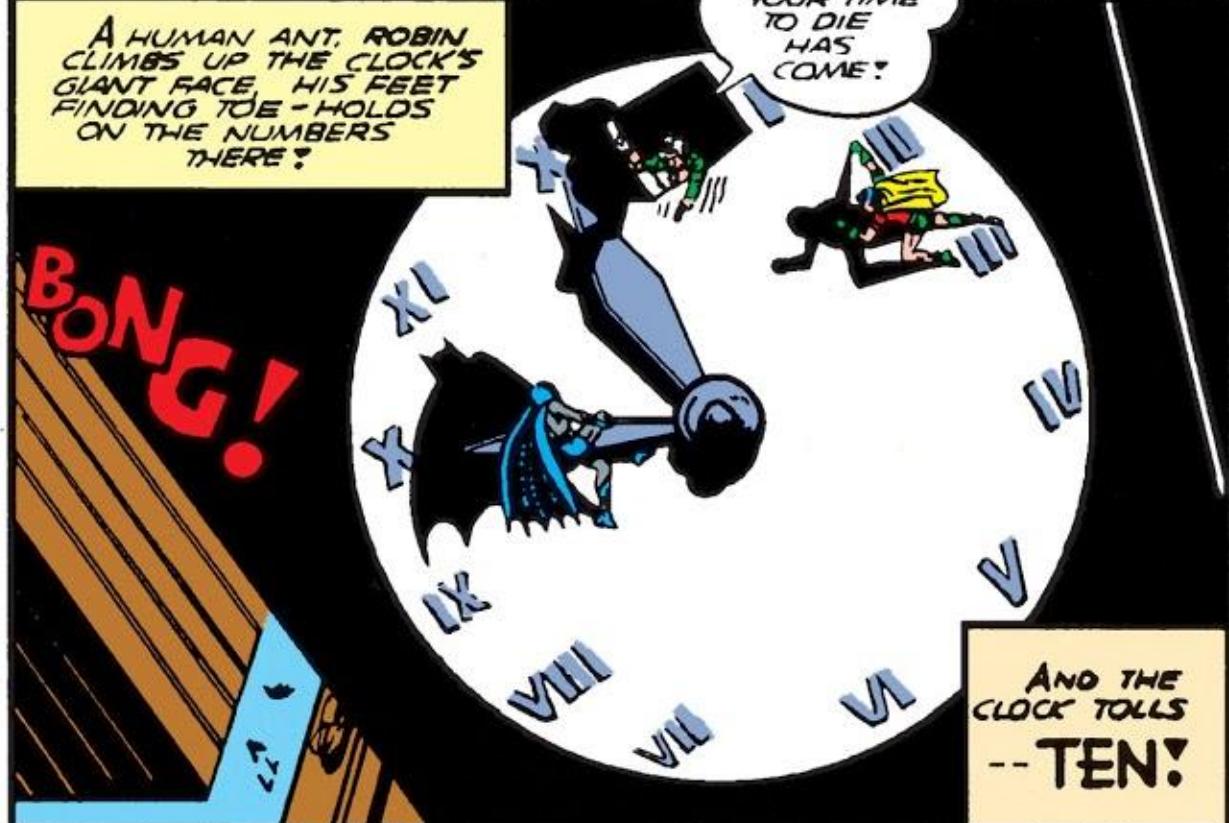
AT THAT VERY INSTANT, A SMALL FIGURE IS SEEN LEAPING THROUGH THE YAWNING CHASM OF SPACE THAT SEPARATES A NEARBY BUILDING FROM THE CLOCK FACE!

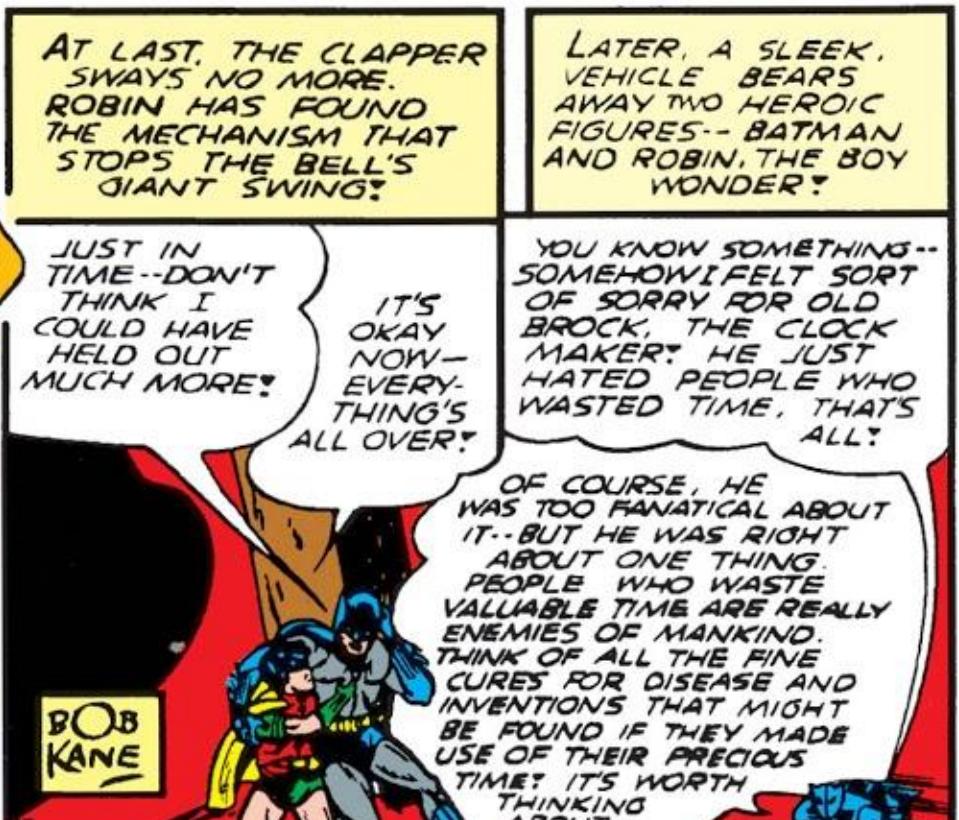
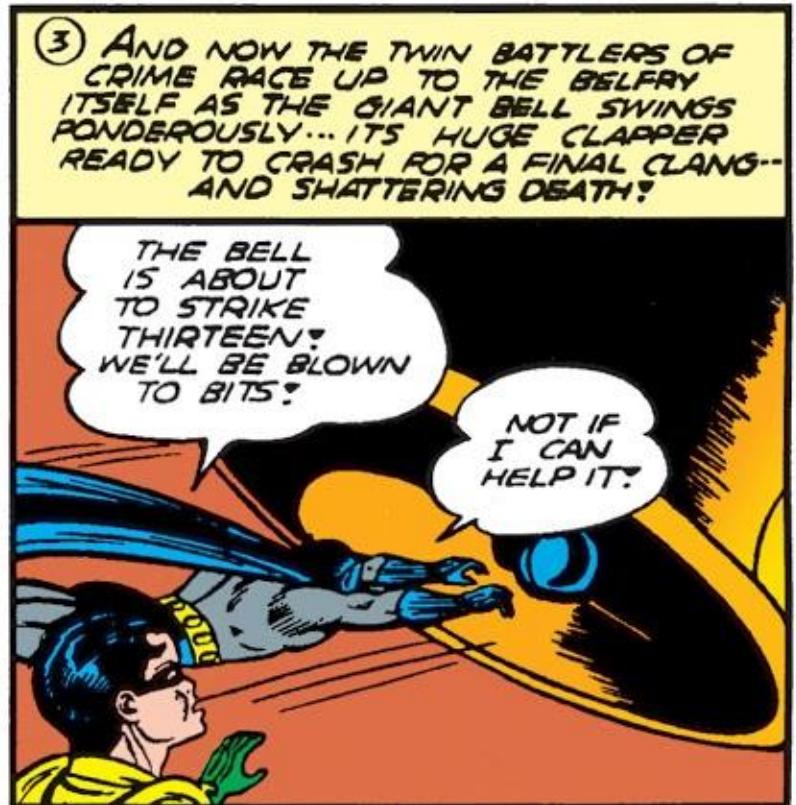


SMALL HANDS SNATCH AT A PROTRUDING CLOCK NUMBER?



A HUMAN ANT, ROBIN, CLIMBS UP THE CLOCK'S GIANT FACE, HIS FEET FINDING TOE-HOLDS ON THE NUMBERS THERE!





# BATMAN

WITH  
**Robin**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

BY -

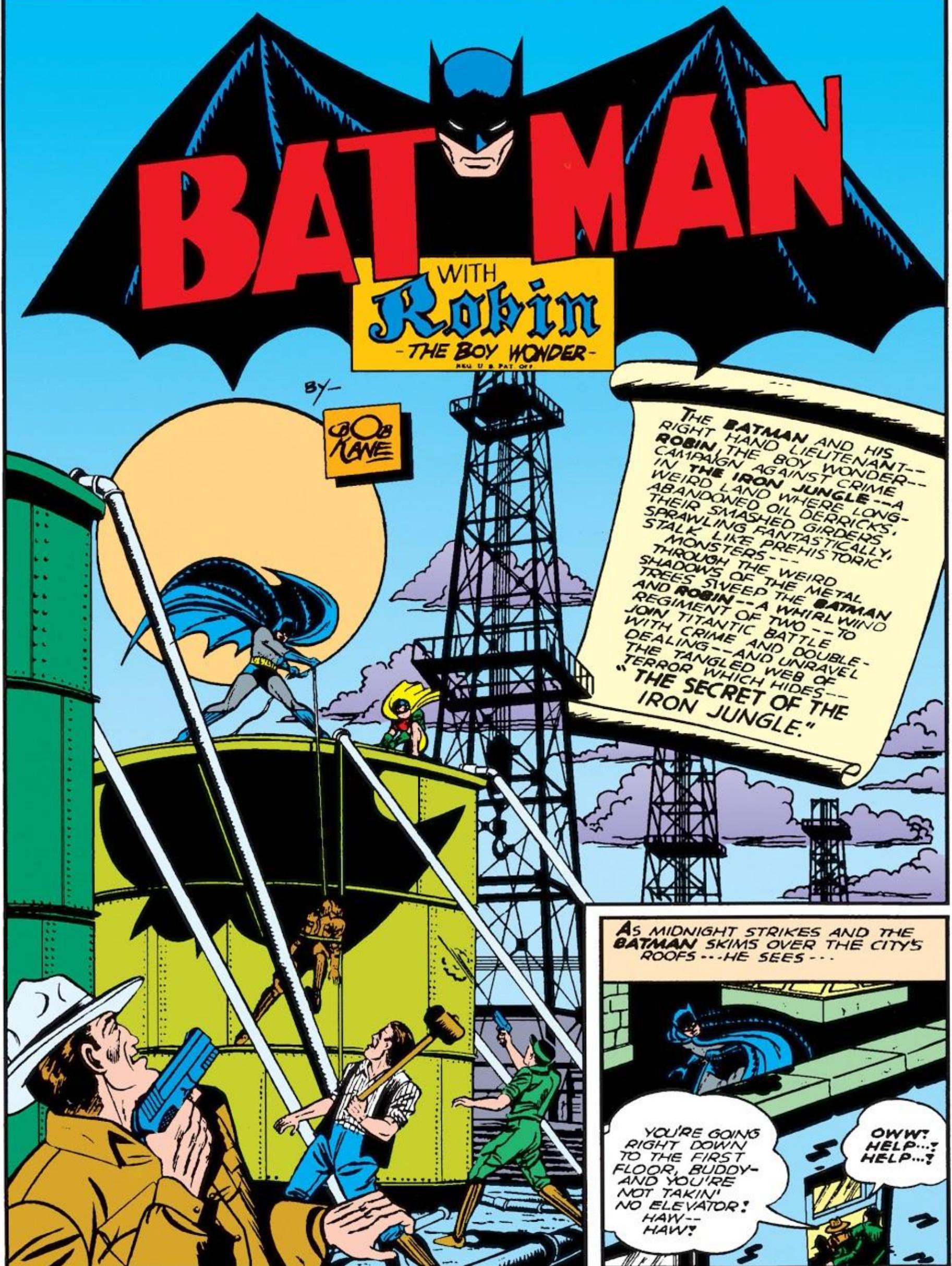
BOB KANE

THE BATMAN AND HIS  
RIGHT HAND LIEUTENANT--  
ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER--  
CAMPAIGN AGAINST CRIME  
IN THE IRON JUNGLE--A  
WEIRD LAND WHERE LONG-  
ABANDONED OIL DERRICKS,  
THEIR SMASHED GIRDERS,  
SPRAWLING FANTASTICALLY,  
STALK LIKE PREHISTORIC  
MONSTERS--  
THROUGH THE WEIRD  
SHADOWS OF THE METAL  
TREES SWEEP THE BATMAN  
AND ROBIN--A WHIRLWIND  
REGIMENT OF TWO --TO  
JOIN TITANIC BATTLE  
WITH CRIME AND DOUBLE-  
DEALING--AND UNRAVEL  
THE TANGLED WEB OF  
TERROR WHICH HIDES--  
"THE SECRET OF THE  
IRON JUNGLE."

AS MIDNIGHT STRIKES AND THE  
BATMAN SKIMS OVER THE CITY'S  
ROOFS --HE SEES --

"YOU'RE GOING  
RIGHT DOWN  
TO THE FIRST  
FLOOR, BUDDY--  
AND YOU'RE  
NOT TAKIN'  
NO ELEVATOR!  
HAW--  
HAW!"

"OWW:  
HELP...?  
HELP...?"

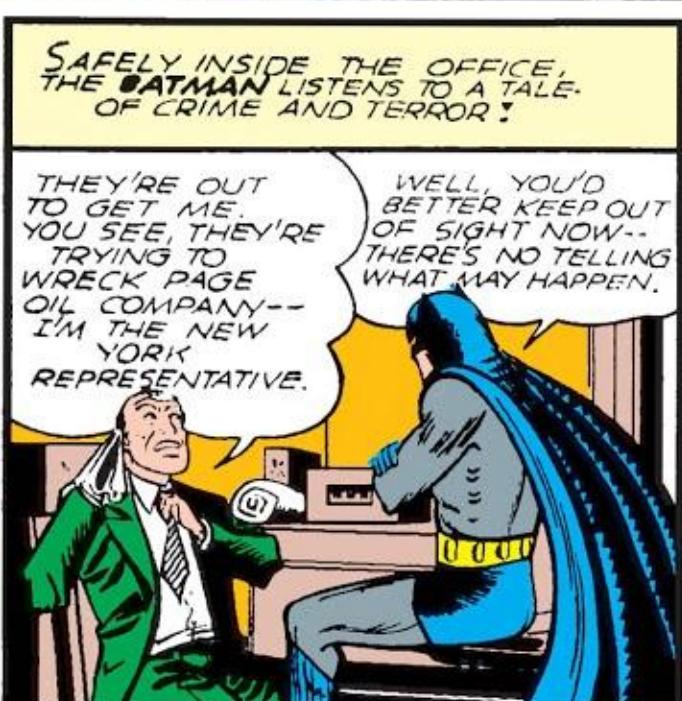




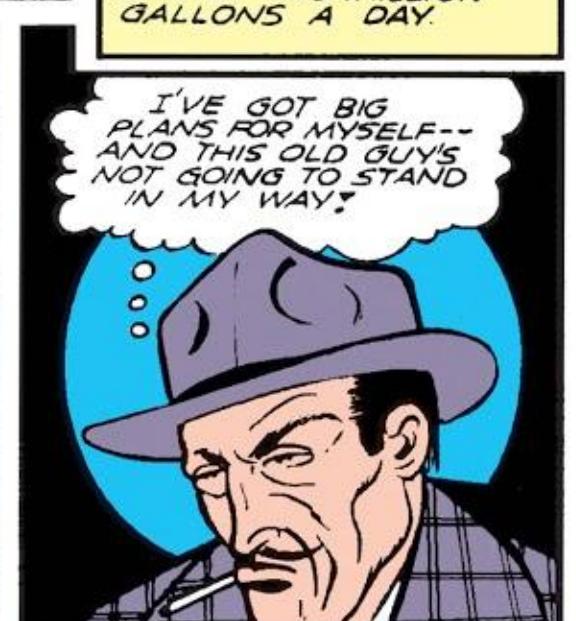
NEXT MORNING, BRUCE WAYNE-- SOCIETY PLAYBOY TO THE WORLD, BUT THE BATMAN ONLY TO DICK GRAYSON, ALIAS ROBIN THE BOY WONDER-- SITS IN HIS STUDY WHEN

--IF HE NEEDS MONEY--

NO, HIS LIFE IS IN DANGER! EVER SINCE THAT GUSHER WAS EXPECTED--



NOTE  
A GUSHER IS A MONSTER SPOUT OF OIL THAT OFTEN BRINGS UNTOLD WEALTH-- SHOOTING THOUSANDS OF FEET FROM BELOW THE EARTH, HUNDREDS OF FEET INTO THE AIR. GUSHERS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO POUR OUT OIL AT THE RATE OF TWO MILLION GALLONS A DAY.



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, LINDA IS TELLING BRUCE WHAT HAS BEEN GOING ON--

---AND ALL KINDS OF STRANGE ACCIDENTS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING---



CHATTING CASUALLY THROUGH THE LIPS OF BRUCE WAYNE-- OUR PLAYBOY PLANS RAPIDLY WITH THE SUREFIRE BRAIN OF THE BATMAN!

OH! THINK I'D LIKE TO SEE TEXAS AGAIN -- I NEED A VACATION.



NO SOONER HAS LINDA LEFT THAN DICK GRAYSON, ALIAS ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, DARTS INTO THE ROOM---

I OVER-HEARD EVERYTHING.  
LISTEN TO ME, THEN--WE'VE GOT TO GET TO TEXAS BEFORE SOMETHING HAPPENS TO LINDA'S FATHER.



OVER THE RUGGED APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS-- DOWN TO THE BANKS OF THE SLUGGISH MISSISSIPPI RIVER-- ACROSS THOUSANDS OF MILES TO THE OIL FIELDS OF TEXAS SPEED BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON TO SWING THEIR FISTS IN NEW KNOCKOUT BLOWS AT THE JAWS OF CRIME?

GEE, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THE MISSISSIPPI!

YOU'D BETTER GET BACK IN THE TRUNK NOW. NO ONE MUST SEE YOU.



A DRAMATIC SCENE AWAITED BRUCE AS HIS SWIFT AUTOMOBILE SLIDES BY THE ENTRANCE OF THE PAGE OIL COMPANY.

DICK--KEEP YOURSELF OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL THE TIME COMES FOR YOU TO CHANGE PARTS --- ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN AROUND HERE --

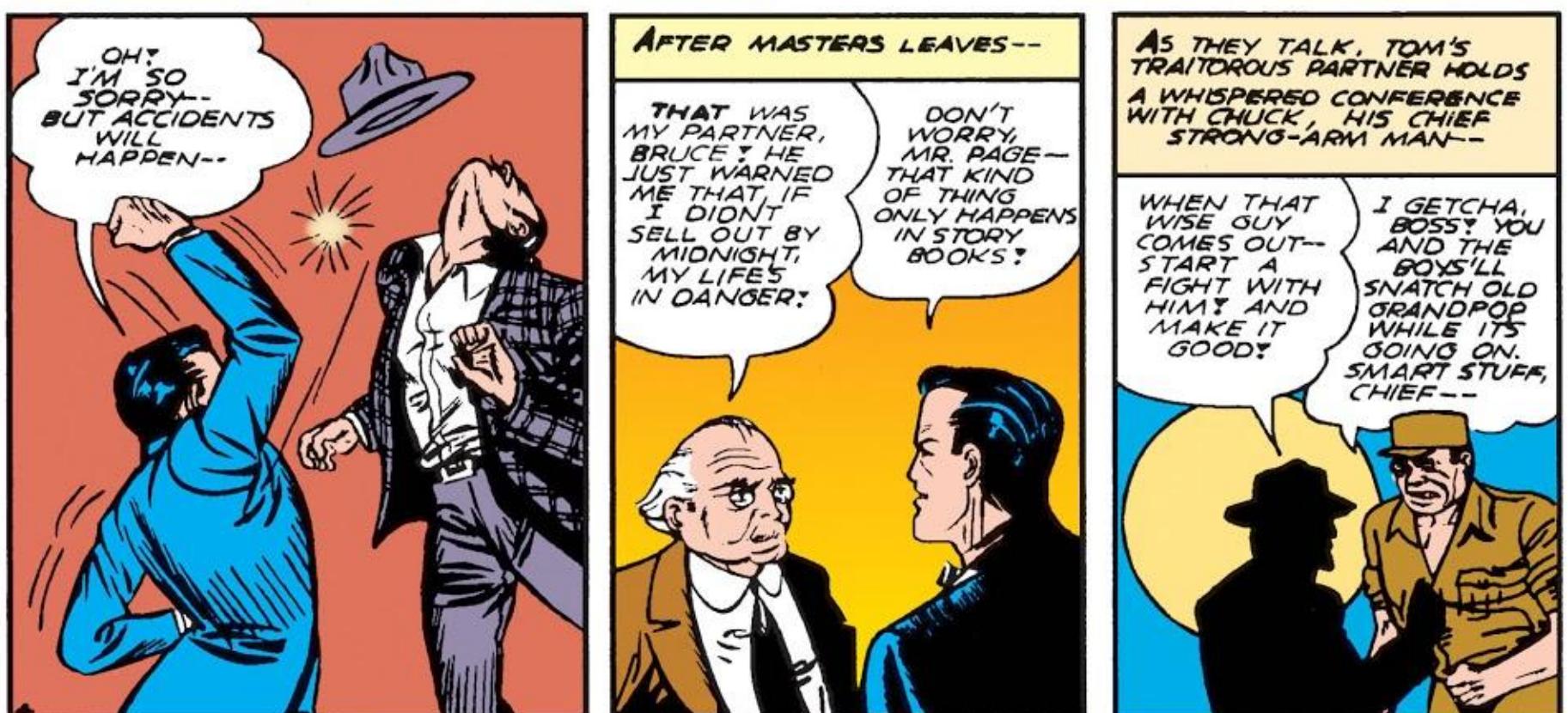


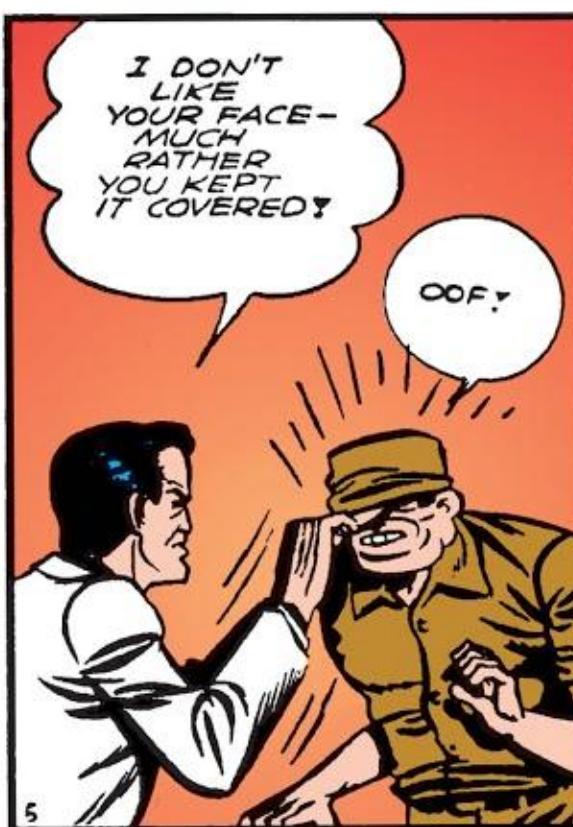
....AND ANYTHING DOES!

IT'S YOUR LAST CHANCE.

--AND YOURS, TOO?

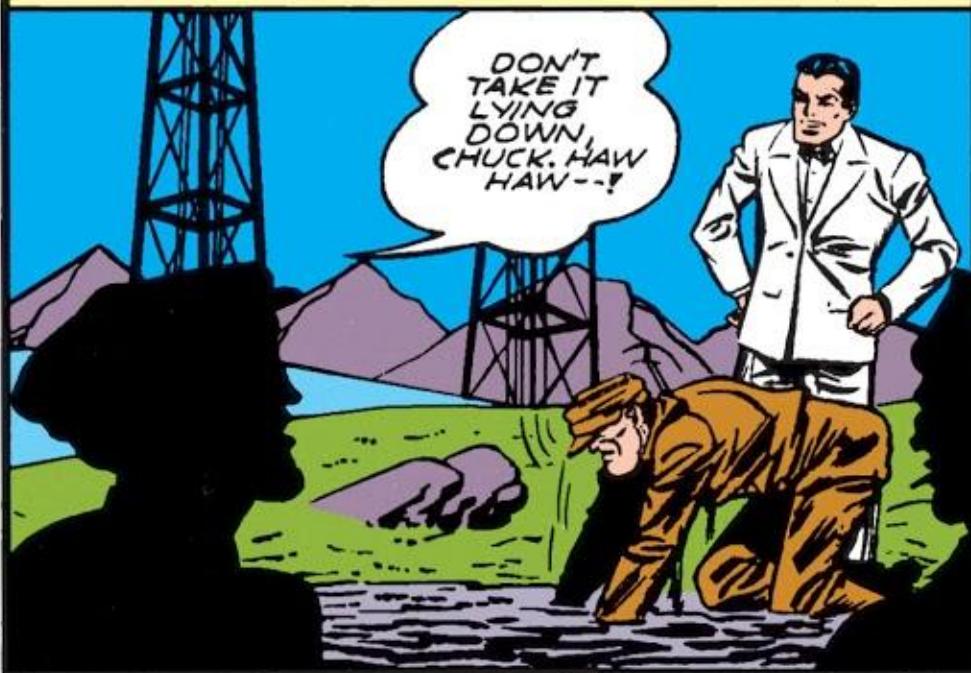




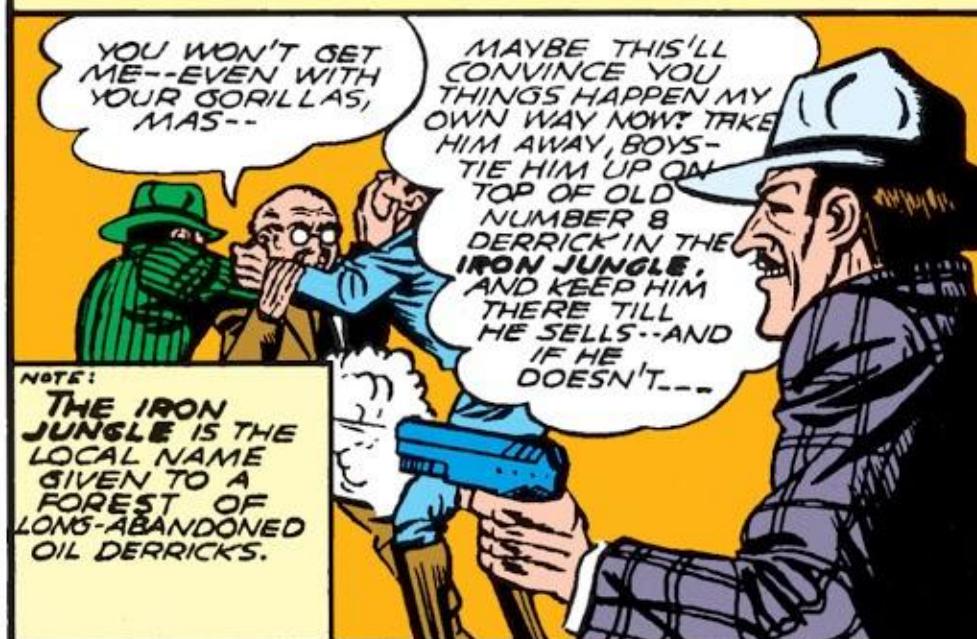


CHUCK IS MADE TO LOOK RIDICULOUS BEFORE HIS OWN MEN--

BRUCE'S STRATAGEM WORKS--CHUCK INFURIATED, WADES INTO HIS OWN MENT



BUT AS BRUCE TEACHES CHUCK SOME MANNERS, GRAHAM MASTERS SNEAKS INTO TOM PAGE'S OFFICE -- THIS TIME HE BRINGS A BODYGUARD OF FOUR, ARMED HENCHMEN--

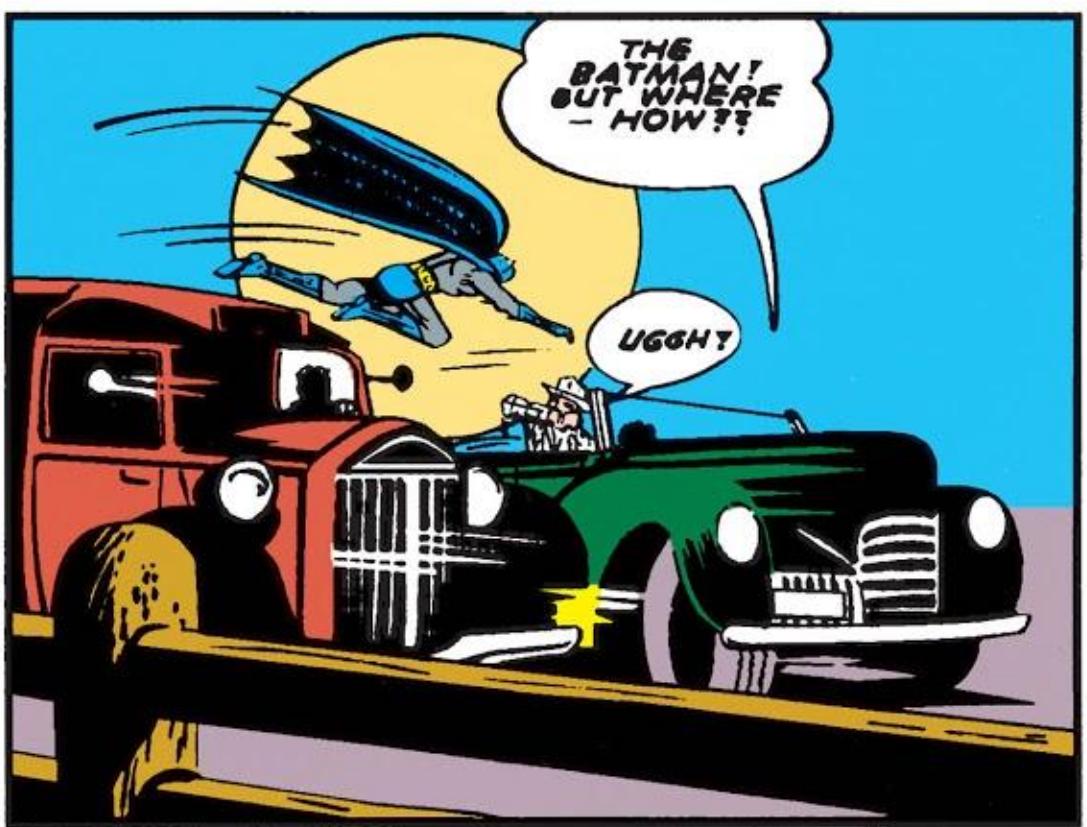
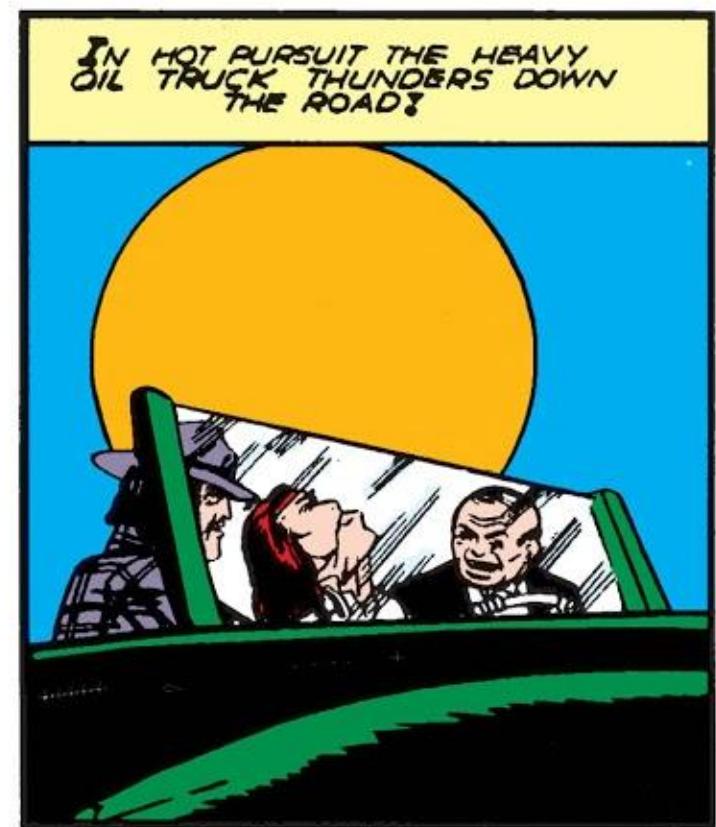
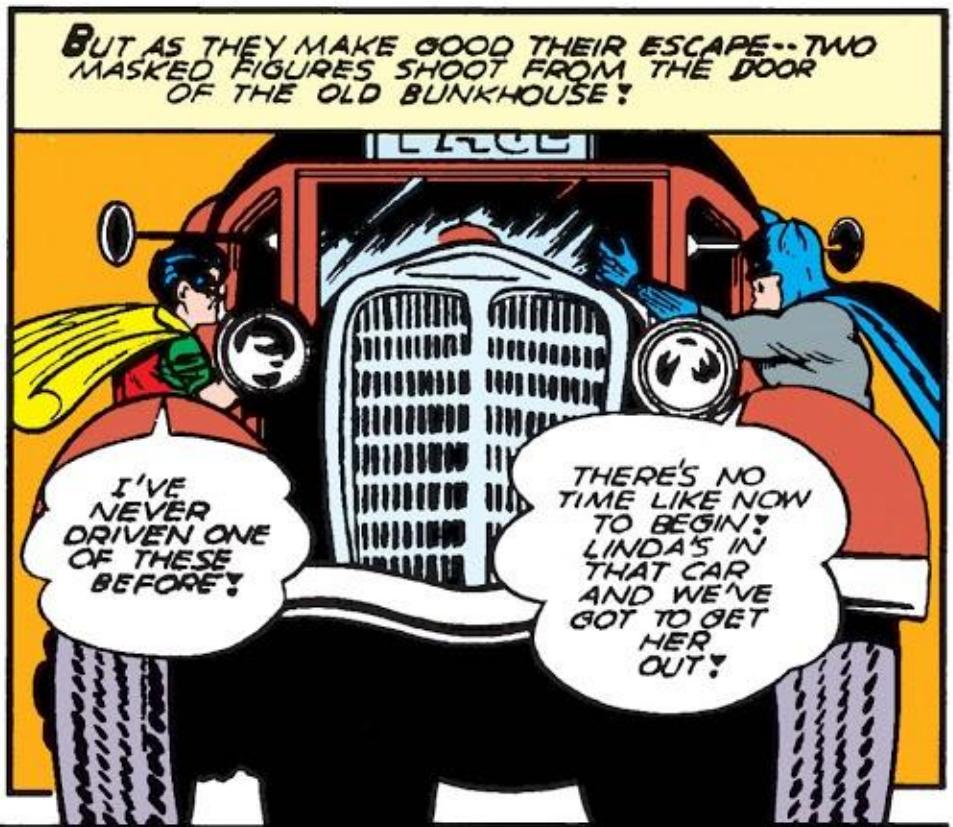


BUT OUTSIDE, NIGHT IS FALLING, AND BRUCE SLIPS AWAY TO THE OLD BUNK-HOUSE WHERE HE HAD AGREED TO MEET DICK--



MEANWHILE, A YELLOW ROADSTER PULLS UP-- AT THE VERY MOMENT MASTERS SNEAKS OUT OF THE OFFICE. LINDA PAGE HAS ARRIVED EARLIER THAN SHE PLANNED.





LIKE A BAT ON A SURF BOARD--  
THE BATMAN RIDES THE SPEEDING  
CAR'S MOMENTUM--

USING HIS SPRINGBOARD  
TAKE-OFF--HE LEAPS  
WITH LINDA'S LIMP BODY  
UNDER ONE ARM...

WHEW! MADE IT--  
DUCK LOW AND  
STEP ON IT,  
ROBIN!



CHUCK MAKES A SHARP TURN AS MASTERS LOSES  
A HAIL OF BULLETS--AND AS EACH ONE RIPS INTO  
THE OIL TANK--FLAMES STAB OUT OF THE BULLET  
HOLES INTO THE DARKNESS!



AS MASTERS AND CHUCK SPEED BACK TO THE  
PAGE OIL COMPANY, ROBIN SWINGS HIS  
BLAZING TRUCK AROUND--AND GIVES CHASE  
LIKE A FIERY COMET ON THE TRAIL OF  
VENGEANCE! ANY MOMENT THEY FEAR THE  
THE TERRIBLE EXPLOSION, WHICH IS BOUND TO COME



INTO THE LAST LAP SPEEDS THE TRUCK--  
A MONSTER BON FIRE LASHING OUT WITH  
SCARLET OIL FOR WHIPS! AS IT SCREECHES  
TO A HALT ROBIN AND THE BATMAN,  
LINDA UNDER THE LATTER'S ARM. LEAP--AND  
NONE TOO SOON--



WITH PANTHER-LIKE MOVEMENT, THE BATMAN TRAILS HIS QUARRY INTO THE DENSE SEMI-TROPICAL UNDERGROWTH THAT SWARMS ALL OVER THE IRON JUNGLE!



THE BATMAN SCOUTS THRU THE THICKETS. IN THE GLARE OF THE COMING STORM'S FIRST FLASH OF LIGHTNING, HE SEES TOM PAGE LASHED TO THE TOPMOST GIRDER OF A DESERTED DERRICK!



INSTANTLY, THE BATMAN SCALES THE VERY NEXT DERRICK. LIGHTNING FLARES WEIRDLY ON THE UNCANNY SCENE---

REACHING THE TOWER'S TOP, THE BATMAN GRASPS A GIANT CREEPER--MAKING READY FOR A DEATH-DEFYING GLIDE!



LIGHTNING RENDS THE SKY, ILLUMINATING THE BATMAN AS HE LEAPS....

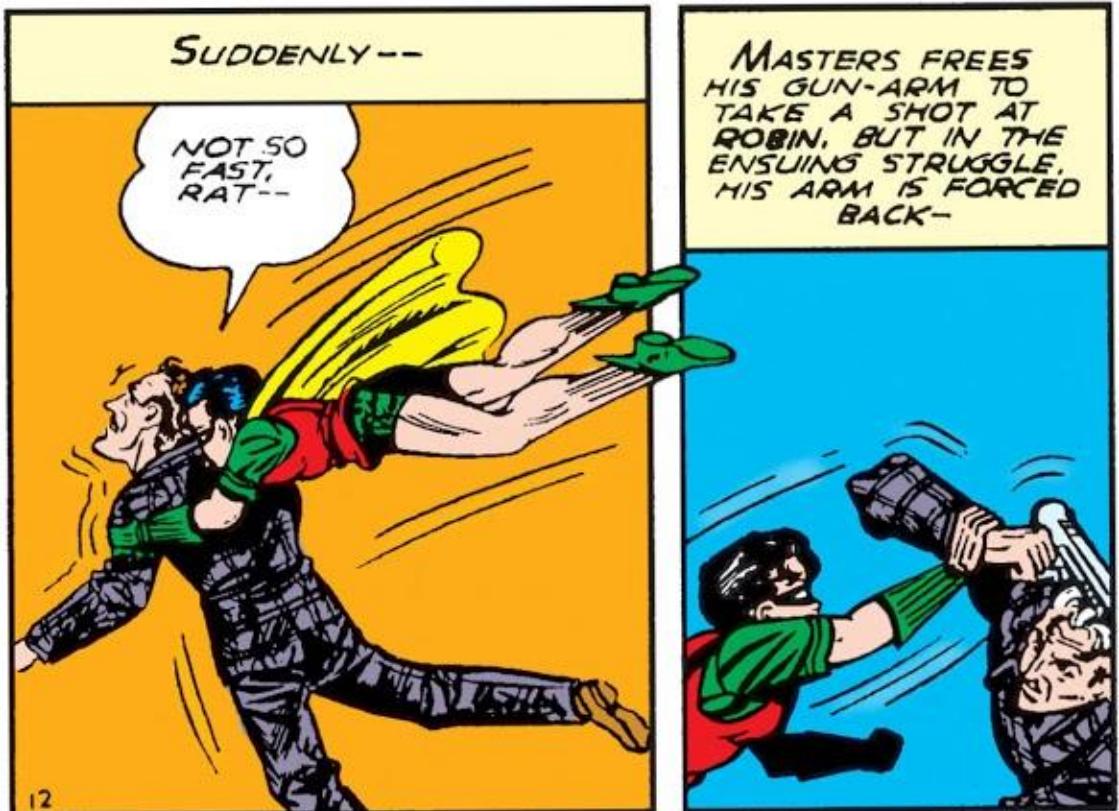


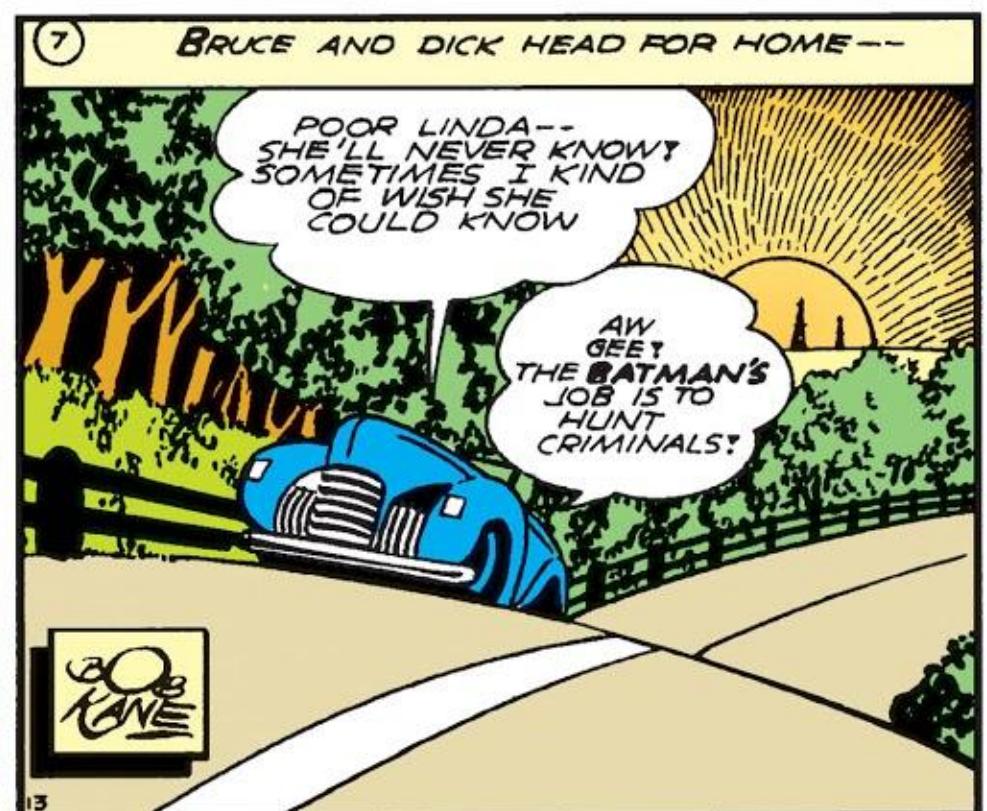
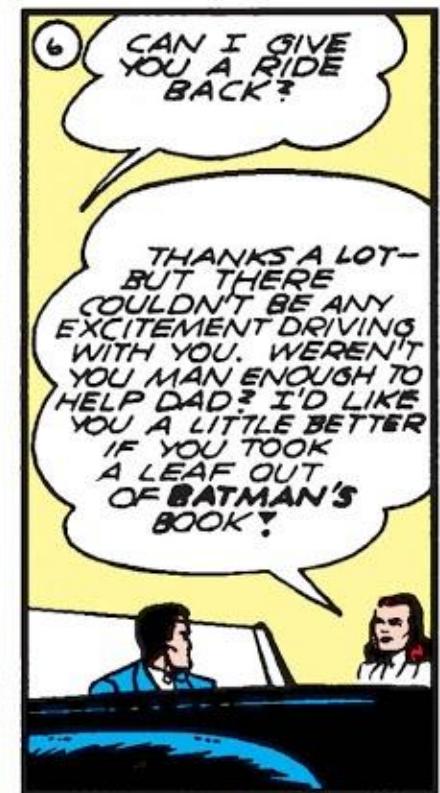
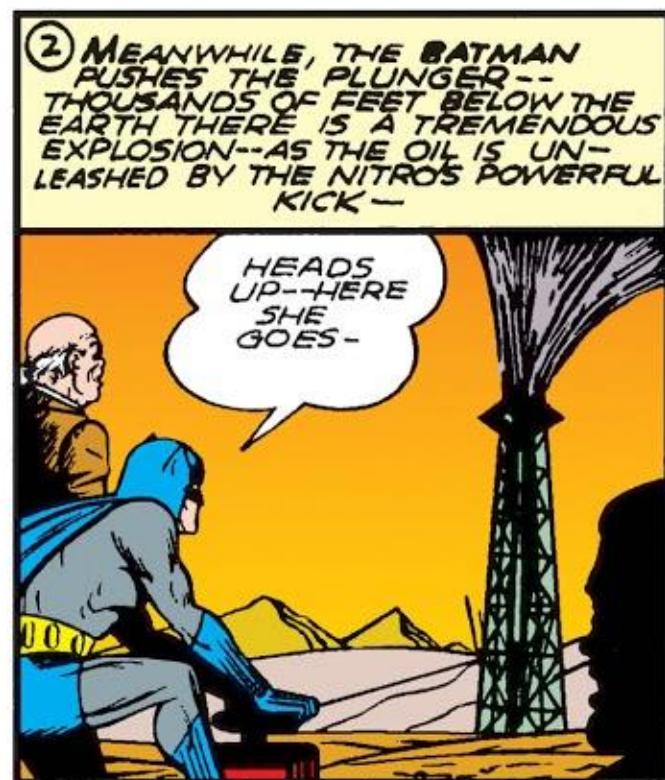
THE STREAM OF BULLETS SEVER THE CREEPER--THE BATMAN'S SOLE LINK WITH THE WORLD!











# BATMAN

WITH  
**Robin**

-THE BOY WONDER-

BY  
BOB  
KANE

WHEN KILLERS MOCK THE LAW  
AND TAUNT THE BLUE-COATED PRO-  
TECTORS OF SOCIETY, THEN IT IS  
TIME FOR THE BATMAN TO MAKE HIS  
TIMELY ENTRANCE! WITH HIS LAUGHING  
YOUNG AIDE, ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER,  
THIS MASTER CRIME-SMASHER PEN-  
ETRATES THE HIDDEN LAIR OF THE  
DENIZENS OF THE UNDERWORLD  
AND MEETS THEIR MEASURES WITH  
SWIFT ACTIONS OF HIS OWN!  
FOLLOW THE BATMAN NOW AS  
HE FARES FORTH ON ANOTHER  
MISSION---FERRETING OUT AND  
CRUSHING THE EVIL ON---

"SUICIDE BEAT!"

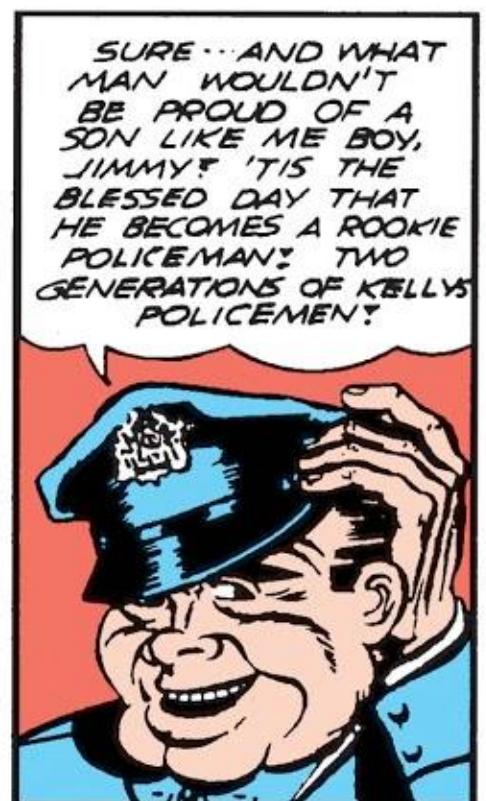
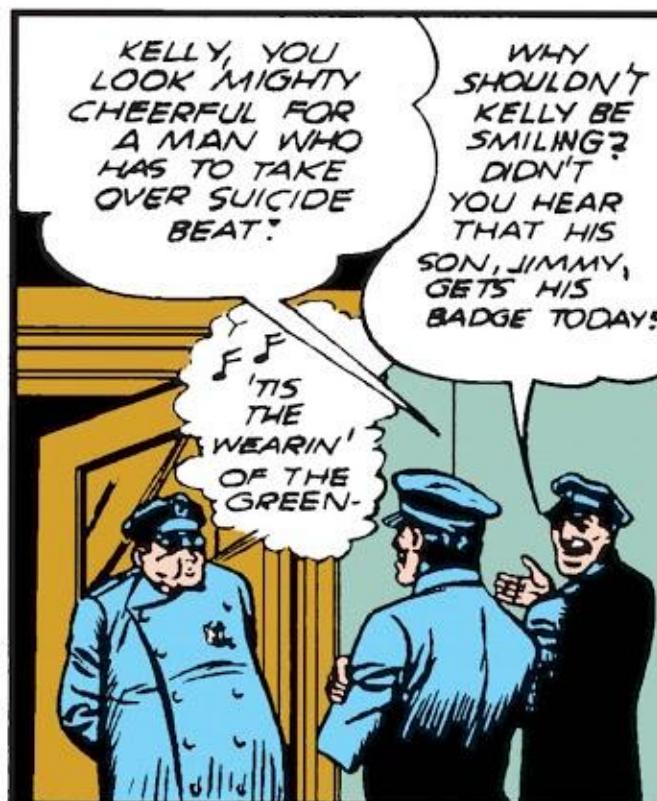
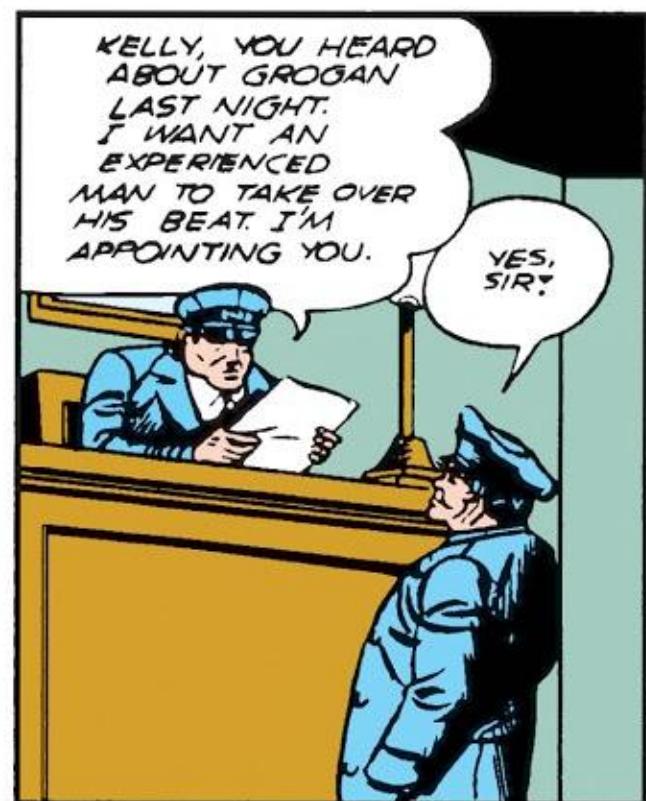


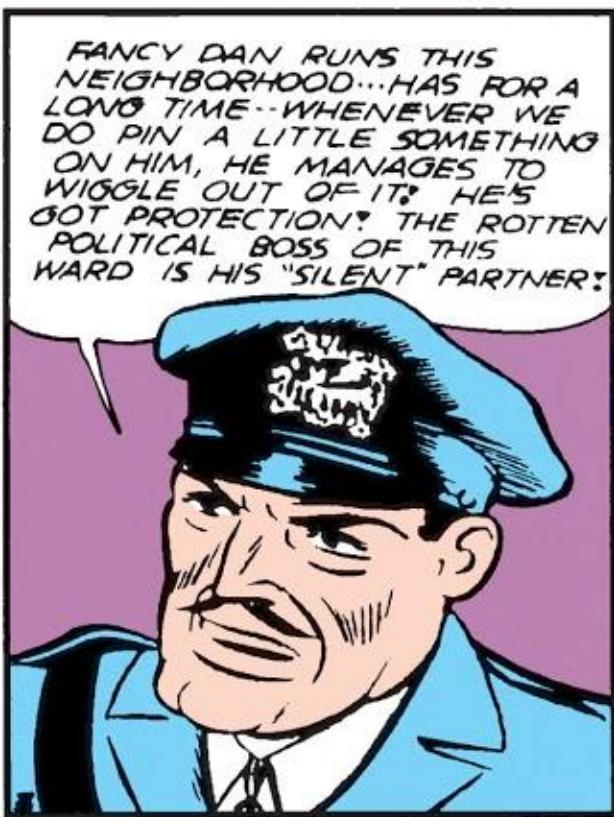
NIGHT SOUNDS?....A SHOT---A  
GROAN...AND A LAUGH?

FANCY  
DAN  
SENDS HIS  
REGARDS,  
COPPER?  
HA-HA?

OH-H-H-

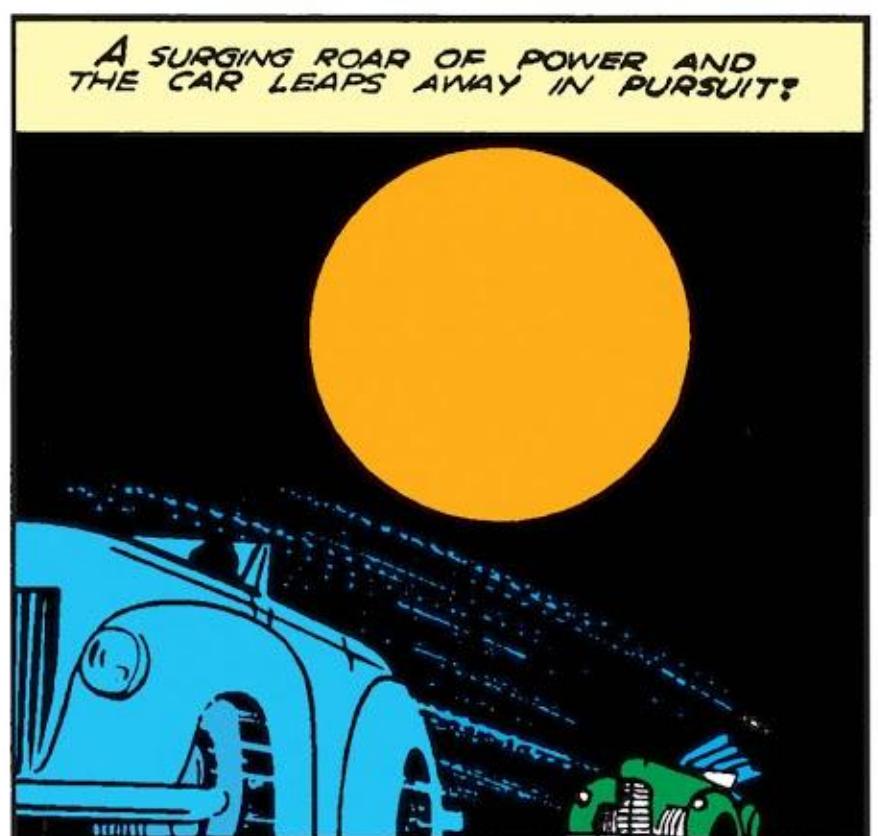
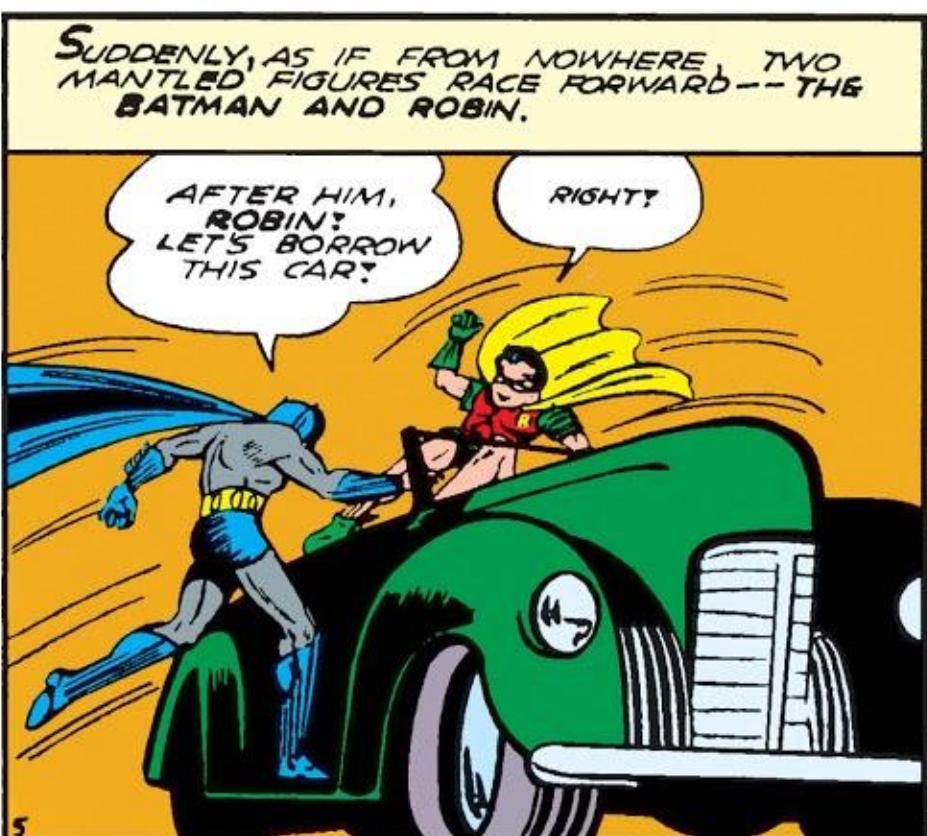
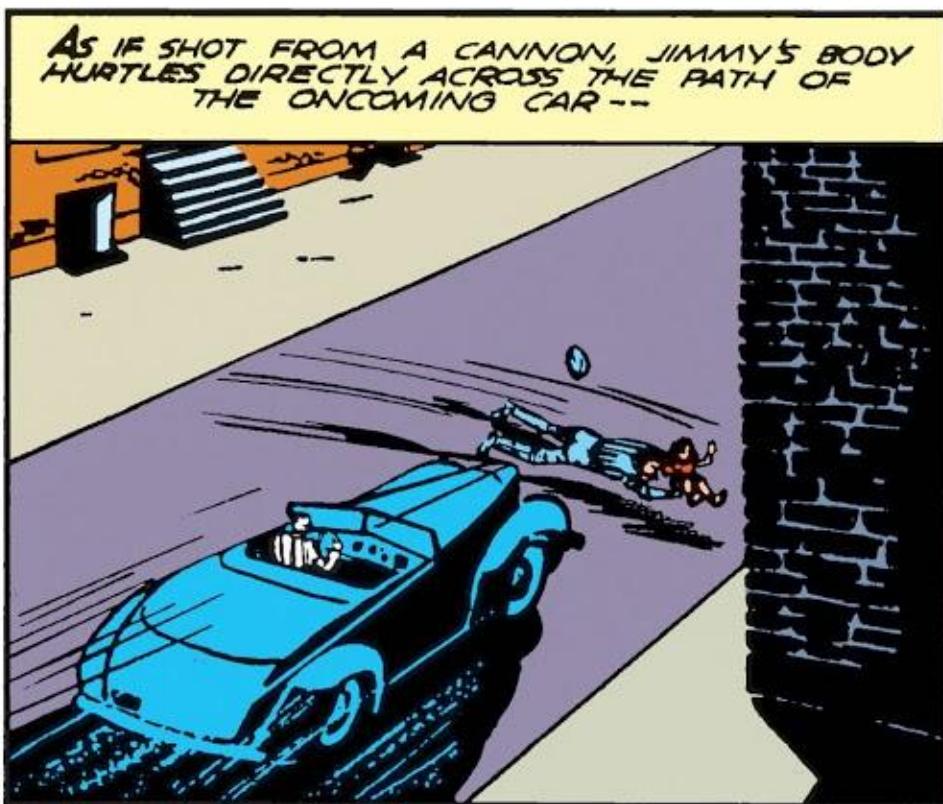
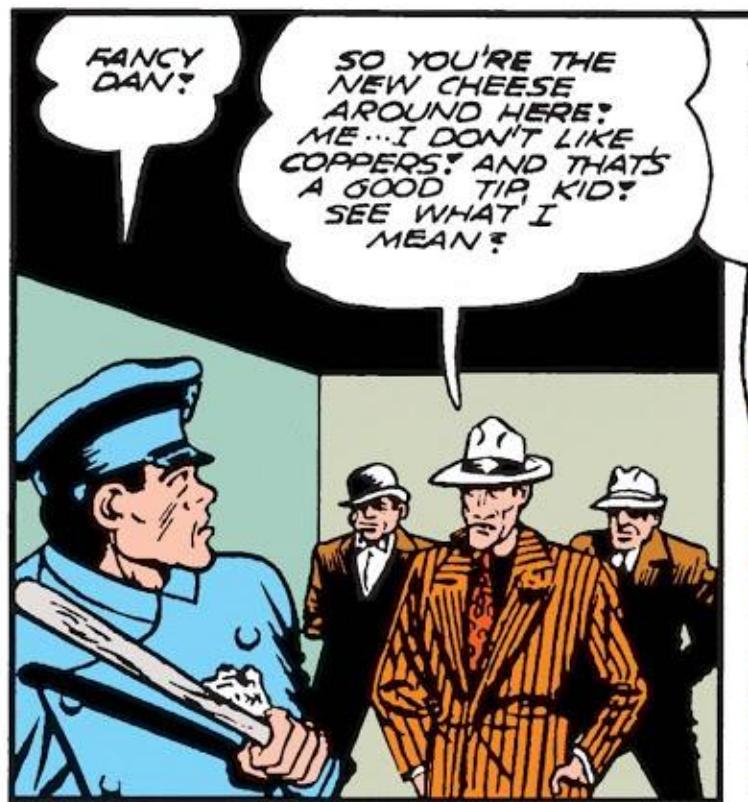






THE NEXT MORNING... BRUCE WAYNE, SOCIETY PLAYBOY, SITS IN THE OFFICES OF HIS FRIEND, POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON---





ON SCREAMING TIRES, THEY DRAW ABREAST  
OF THE DRUNKEN DRIVER'S RACING CAR---



A DARING LEAP--



WHAT YOU  
NEED IS  
SOMETHING  
TO PUT YOU  
ASLEEP...AND  
THIS IS IT!

MINUTES LATER...

HERE, TAKE  
CARE OF  
THIS RAT?  
ADIOS!

THE  
BATMAN?  
HOW?...

JIMMY DRAGS THE DRUNK  
TO JAIL...BUT THE NEXT  
DAY, ALDERMAN  
SKIGG APPEARS...

AND, HENRY...I  
MEAN, JUDGE, YOU  
UNDERSTAND HOW  
THIS POOR, HAPPY  
MAN DECIDED TO  
CELEBRATE HIS FINDING  
A JOB AND  
IF HE  
TOOK...

HUH?

AND A LITTLE  
LATER...

SO YA GOT  
HIM OUT,  
EH,  
SKIGG?

DON'T I  
ALWAYS  
GET YOUR  
BOYS  
OUT?

NOW  
WHAT DO WE  
DO--PLUG  
THE  
COPPER?

NO! GET  
RID OF HIM,  
BUT NO  
SHOOTING--  
THREE DEAD  
COPS IN A ROW  
MIGHT BRING  
DOWN THE  
GOVERNOR!

SKIGG IS RIGHT!  
WE'LL JUST MUSS HIM  
UP ENOUGH SO THAT  
HE GOES TO THE  
HOSPITAL.  
ME---I GOT  
AN  
IDEA!



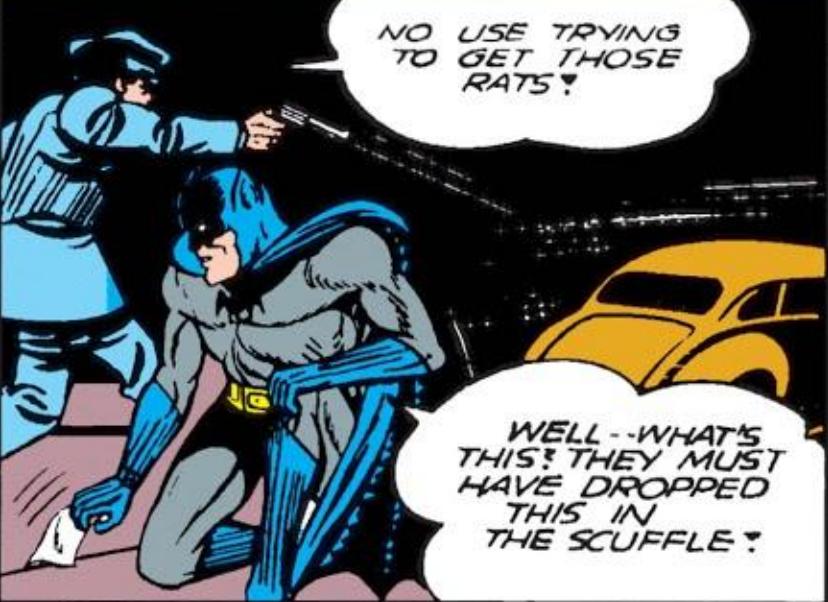
THAT VERY NIGHT...SUICIDE BEAT LIES CLOAKED IN SILENCE AND DARKNESS. SUDDENLY---THE SOUND OF A SCUFFLE---



BUT AS JIMMY TRIES TO SEPARATE THE TWO, THEY SUDDENLY TURN ON HIM....AND OUT OF THE SHADOWS LEAP MORE THUGS!



SUDDENLY, A CAR SHOOTS FROM BEHIND A CORNER---STOPS LONG ENOUGH TO PICK UP THE HOODLUMS, AND THEN SPEEDS AWAY.....



"PUT 5 GRAND ON MAFEY." (SIGNED) SKIGG! SAY, ISN'T MAFEY THE FIGHTER WHO BATTLES JORGAN, THE CHAMP, TOMORROW NIGHT AT THE MILK FUND FIGHT?

SURE---THAT'S THE FIGHT ALDERMAN SKIGG GOT UP TO GET MILK FOR THE KIDS IN HIS WARD. SO SKIGG IS BETTING ON MAFEY, THE CHALLENGER--

AND JORGAN IS THE CHAMP: IF I KNOW SKIGG THAT CHEAP MISER WOULDN'T BET ON SOMETHING UNLESS HE WAS SURE OF IT?

I'VE GOT A HUNCH THIS FIGHT HAS BEEN FRAMED--IN FACT, I'M ALMOST SURE! I THINK I'M GOING TO PUT THE SKIDS UNDER ALDERMAN SKIGG?

THE NEXT NIGHT---ALDERMAN SKIGG ADDRESSES THE HUGE CROWD IN THE STADIUM....

AND SO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ARUMPH-- I'VE ARRANGED SO THAT THE PROCEEDS WILL BUY GOOD MILK FOR STARVING BABIES ---BLAH--- BLAH---



AND IN THE CHAMP'S DRESSING ROOM, A SHADOW MOVES ACROSS THE WALL...



IN THE RING --- THE CHALLENGER, BIFF MAFEY, ACKNOWLEDGES THE PLAUDITS OF THE CROWD.



SUDDENLY---WALKING DOWN THE AISLE ---THE CHAMP'S TRAINER AND MANAGER WITH THE BATMAN....



BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE HIS PLACE. IT ISN'T...I MEAN--THE CROWD DON'T WANT A SUBSTITUTE!



THE CROWD COMES TO A UNANIMOUS DECISION...

YES! WE WANT THE BATMAN!

WE WANT THE BATMAN!

THE BELL CLANGS FOR THE FIRST ROUND... THE FIGHT IS ON-

THE BATMAN, EH? WELL, HERE'S WHERE I MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE A PUNK!

STOP TALKING AND FIGHT--

THE BATMAN EASILY SLIPS UNDER A ROUND-HOUSE KICK...

JUST A BIG BAG OF WIND?

I'LL... WHOOSH!!

AND FOLLOWS UP WITH A TERRIFIC UPPERCUT!

ONE-- TWO-- TH--

I'LL FIX DAT GUY--

THE CHALLENGER RUBS HIS GLOVE INTO THE CANVAS THAT BEARS THE RESIN FROM THEIR SHOE SOLES....

AS HE RISES, HE SPEARS THE BATMAN IN THE FACE, RUBBING THE RESIN-DABBED GLOVE INTO THE BATMAN'S EYES...

FOR THE MOMENT, THE BATMAN'S EYES ARE BLINDED... HE FACES EASY PREY TO FISTS THAT SNEAK PAST HIS GUARD

HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM ONIONS, BATMAN?

