



"GATEWAY TO DEATH!"

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
C.C.  
AUTHORITY

# BATMAN

JUNE  
NO. 202

12¢



HERE  
WILL  
LIE  
BATMAN  
AND  
ROBIN

COMING YOUR WAY--A NEW DC BRAND



SECRET  
SIX

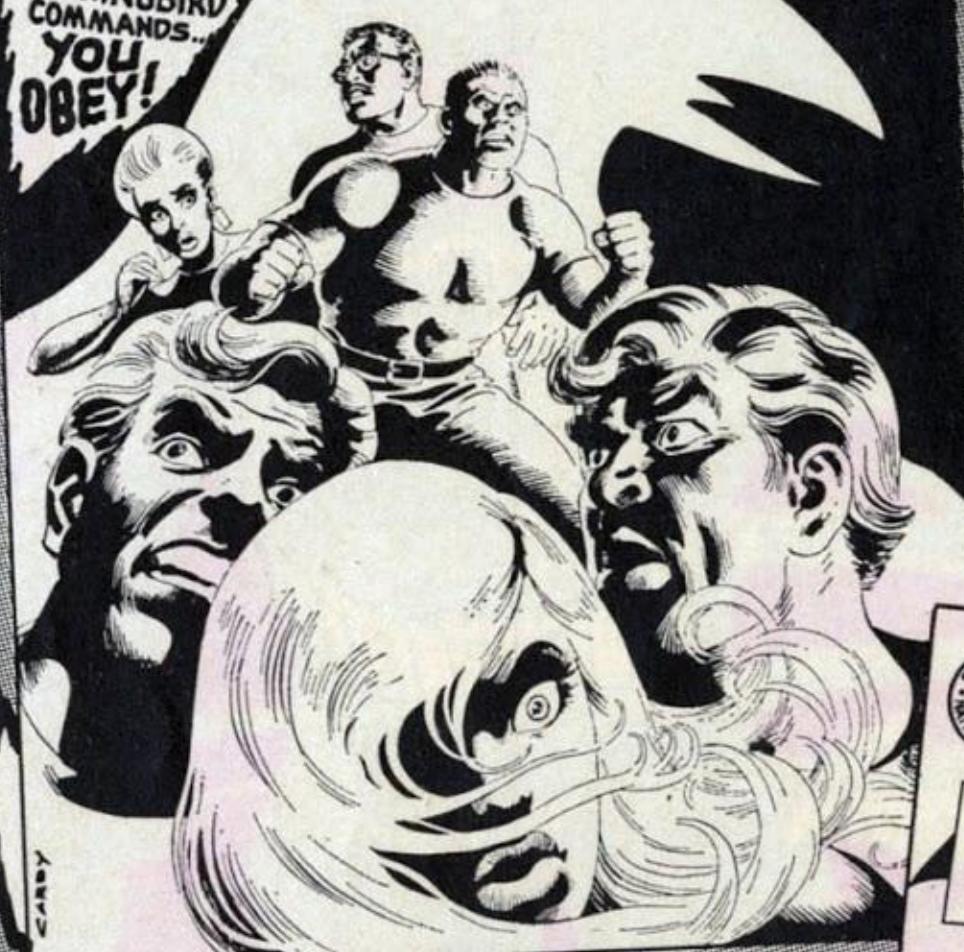
12¢

JULY  
NO. 2



"PLUNDER  
THE  
PENTAGON!"

NEVER FORGET... I CONTROL  
YOUR LIVES... YOUR VERY  
EXISTENCE!  
WHEN  
MOCKINGBIRD  
COMMANDS...  
YOU  
OBEY!



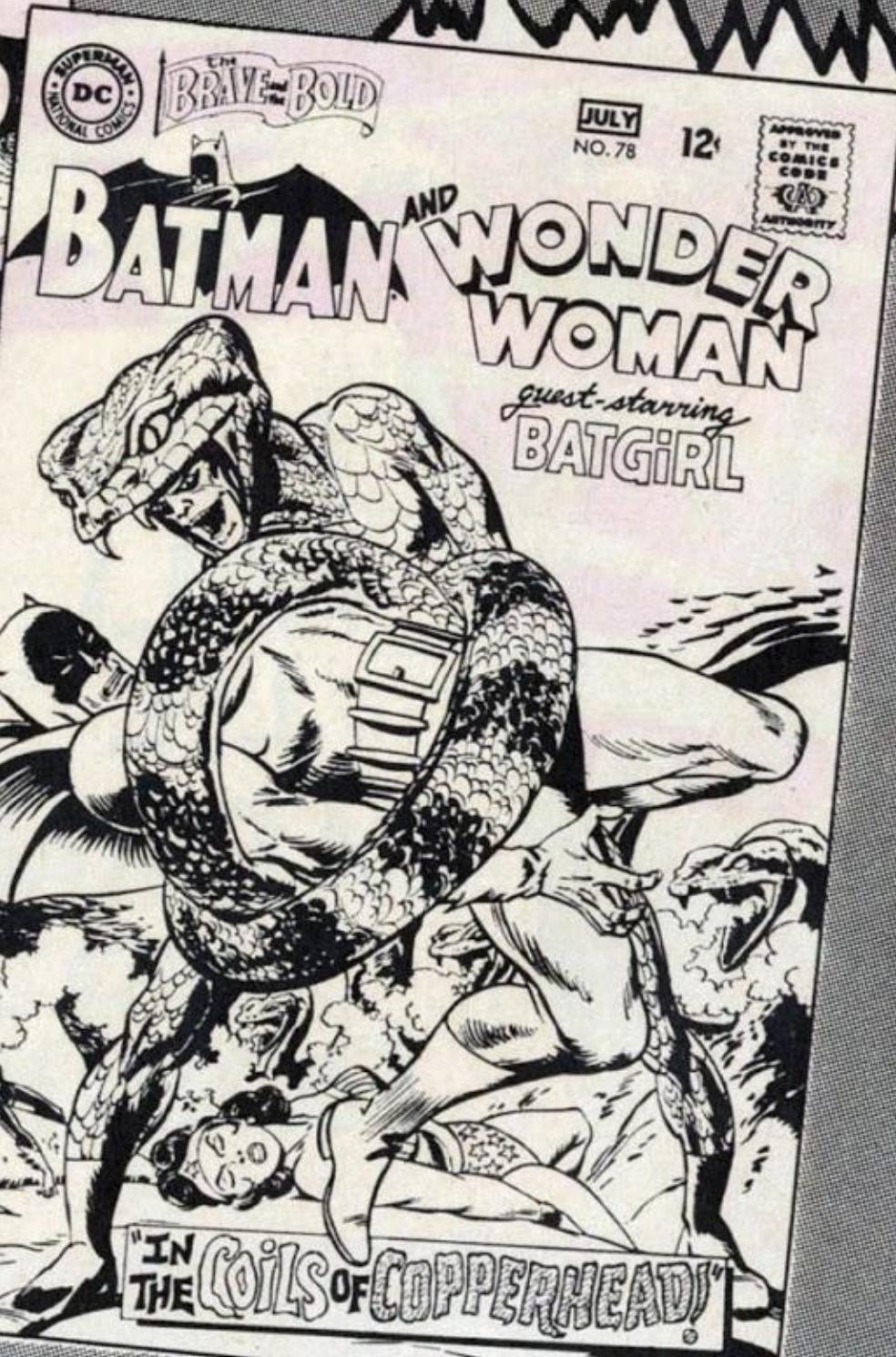
A BRAND NEW  
CHALLENGE  
FOR

The  
**BRAVE** and the **BOLD**



YOU COULDN'T  
STOP AT

WAIT  
TILL YOU SEE  
NO. 2



# BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

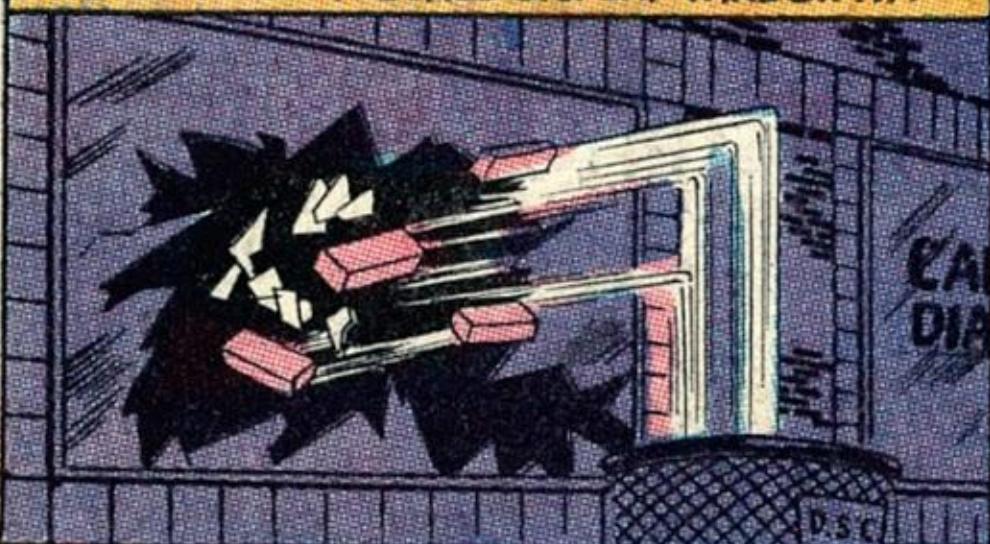
# "GATEWAY TO DEATH!"

A POLICEMAN'S POUNDING OF A BEAT ALONG GOTHAM CITY'S "DIAMOND ROW" STOPS SHORT! INCREDULOUS EYES STARE AT BRICKS THAT RISE OUT OF A TRASH-BIN!...

BOB  
KANE



AS IF BY SOME EERIE ENCHANTMENT, THE BRICKS MAKE A RIGHT-ANGLE TURN--AND SPEED STRAIGHT FOR A GLASS DISPLAY WINDOW!...



...AND THROUGH IT!...



SUDDENLY--LEGS STIFFEN! A GASP OF DESPAIR RIPS THE THROAT--AND THE POLICE OFFICER PLUNGES GROUNDWARD!...



1

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BRIEF MINUTES LATER, THE BATMOBILE PULLS UP BEFORE THE CARTER DIAMOND COMPANY...

THERE'S THE REASON FOR THE  
TRIPPED BURGLAR ALARM,  
ROBIN!

A BROKEN GLASS DISPLAY WINDOW--AND A  
POLICEMAN SPRAWLED OUT ON THE  
SIDEWALK!

YOU ALL  
RIGHT,  
OFFICER?

NOT TOO BAD  
PHYSICALLY,  
BATMAN-- BUT  
MENTALLY I'M A  
WRECK!

I TRIED TO STOP  
SOME BRICKS  
FROM CRASHING  
THROUGH THAT  
WINDOW-- WHEN  
I FELT LIKE I  
WAS HIT BY A  
TON OF  
BRICKS!

DID YOU  
SEE THE  
CROOK  
WHO HEAVED  
THOSE  
BRICKS,  
OFFICER?

NO ONE THREW  
'EM, ROBIN--

THEY J-JUST  
ROSE UP-- AND  
FLUNG  
**THEMSELVES**  
THROUGH THAT  
WINDOW!

THAT'S WHAT I  
WAS AFRAID OF!  
ANOTHER OF THOSE  
GHOSTLY CRIMES  
THAT'S HAUNTED  
GOTHAM CITY  
LATELY!

FURTHER  
INVESTIGATION REVEALS...

WHILE OFFICER  
JACKSON WAS  
OUT COLD ON THE  
SIDEWALK-- THE  
"PSYCHIC  
PLUNDERER"  
CAME IN HERE  
AND STRIPPED  
THE SAFE  
CLEAN!

THIS IS  
ALMOST AS  
INCREDIBLE  
AS HIS LAST  
ROBBERY,  
WHEN A GUN  
HUNG IN EMPTY  
AIR POINTING  
AT A BANK  
TELLER...

"AND A DISEMBODIED VOICE ORDERED HIM TO SHOVE THE MONEY OUT ON THE COUNTER...  
THEN PROMPTLY DISAPPEARED FROM SIGHT!..."



SHORTLY, IN THE BATCAVE...

I--I FEEL LIKE ROBIN IN PUZZLELAND, BATMAN! HOW ELSE CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHY THERE ARE NO FINGER-PRINTS ON THE BRICKS-- NOT EVEN THE SLIGHTEST TRACE OF BODY-HEAT?

WELL, ONE TASTY EXPLANATION -- EVEN IF IT'S HARD TO SWALLOW-- IS THAT THE THIEF HAS THE POWER OF MIND OVER MATTER!

TO ONE SIDE OF THE DYNAMIC DUO, THEIR FAITHFUL BUTLER ALFRED TURNS ASHEN...

BRICKS--HURLING THEMSELVES THROUGH THE AIR?! THIS IS TERRIBLE! IT IS A DIFFICULT CHOICE, BUT I MUST TELL... MIND--OVER MATTER!?



BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR! I--I MAY BE ABLE TO HELP YOU!

WHAT'S THAT, ALFRED? HOW CAN YOU HELP US?

I ;ER! BELIEVE ;ER! I KNOW WHO THE PSYCHIC PLUNDERER IS!

DON'T KEEP US IN SUSPENSE, ALFRED! WHO IS HE?

SUDDENLY, THE NORMALLY PLACID FEATURES OF THE ENGLISHMAN CONTORT IN A NERVOUS SPASM AS...

H-HIS NAME  
;GLUG! ;MUMBLE!  
;GLUG!

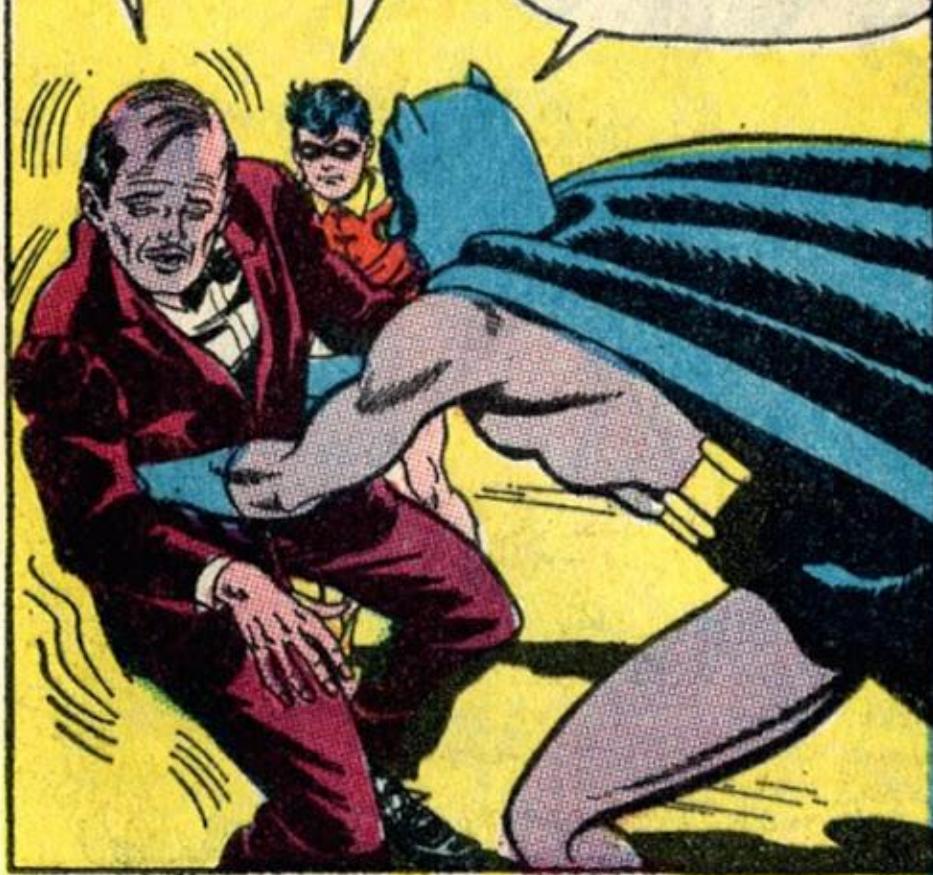
GOOD GOSH! HE'S GOING TO---COLLAPSE!



;UHN!;

HE'S KEELED OVER! BUT WHAT--?

LOOKS LIKE HE WAS BATTLING TO GET THE WORDS OUT--AND LOST!



AS IF IN A TRAUMATIC COMA, ALFRED STRUGGLES TO SPEAK--TONGUE THICK, HIS WHISPERING BARELY AUDIBLE...

;GROAN! ;BOMB--BURST! ;GASP!  
SAVED LIFE! ;PANTS!

HE'S IN BAD SHAPE! WE'D BETTER GET HIM UPSTAIRS TO HIS ROOM!



E-E-E-TERNAL G-G-GATE....  
WHAT'S HE TRYING TO TELL US NOW?

FIRST THINGS FIRST, ROBIN! LET'S GET HIM TO BED AND PHONE MY DOCTOR!

BY THE TIME THE DOCTOR HAS COME AND GONE, THE CAPE CRUSADERS HAVE CHANGED INTO THEIR CIVILIAN ROLES OF BRUCE WAYNE, MILLIONAIRE, AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

IF ALFRED'S HAD AN EMOTIONAL SHOCK, AS THE DOCTOR SAYS, WHAT CAUSED IT? SOMETHING ABOUT OUR CONVERSATION IN THE BATCAVE TRIGGERED OFF A RECOLLECTION OF A HEKTIC MOMENT OUT OF HIS PAST WHEN SOMEBODY SAVED ALFRED'S LIFE!

WHICH SOMEHOW CAUSED HIM TO SUFFER A SHATTERING, MENTAL BOMB-BURST!

SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW? ALFRED DIDN'T GIVE US ANY CLUE TO WORK ON--UNLESS YOU KNOW WHAT AN "ETERNAL GATE" IS!

WE GET BACK INTO OUR COSTUMES -- AND GO TO THE CEMETERY!

THE CEMETERY!? DON'T TELL ME ALFRED IS GOING TO--

NO, NO! NOTHING LIKE THAT! THE ONLY ETERNAL GATE I KNOW IS A CEMETERY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN!

SOON AFTERWARD, IN THE NIGHT-MISTS THAT SHROUD THE ETERNAL GATE CEMETERY...

IT'S A CREEPY FEELING--LOOKING FOR OUR QUARRY HERE--

--WHEN WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO HE IS--OR EVEN WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE!

THROUGH THE CHILL FOG THAT DRAPES TOMBSTONE AND MAUSOLEUM, THE DYNAMIC DUO PENETRATES DEEPER AMONG THE HEADSTONES -- UNTIL ...

WH-WHAT WAS THAT,  
BATMAN? IT FELT LIKE  
THE CHILL OF DEATH!

IT...WAS...ROBIN!

BATMAN!  
WHAT'S HAPPENED  
TO YOU?

THERE'S NOBODY AROUND--  
NOTHING COULD HAVE  
STRUCK YOU DOWN...

EXCEPT--THAT  
CHERUB ON TOP OF THAT  
HEADSTONE!

UNLESS--IT ISN'T A  
**STATUE**--AND BLEW A  
POISONED DART THROUGH  
THAT "PIPE" OF HIS!

HIS  
FACE CONTORTED WITH  
MINGLED GRIEF AND RAGE, HIS  
VISION BLURRED BY THE TEARS  
OF UNCONTROLLED EMOTIONS,  
THE TEEN TITAN HURLS  
HIMSELF LIKE A HUMAN  
CATAPULT...

I'LL GET YOU  
FOR THIS!

BUT--HIS FRANTIC  
FINGERS GRIP  
ONLY CLAMMY, COLD  
STONE! HIS EYES  
STARE UP AT  
CARVEN, LIFELESS  
FEATURES! AND  
HIS HEART  
HAMMERS  
FIERCELY IN  
RESPONSE TO  
GRIM REALITY...

IT--REALLY--  
IS--A--  
**STATUE**!

DAZED--SCARCELY CREDITING HIS OWN SENSES--THE BOY WONDER DROPS TO A KNEE ALONGSIDE BATMAN AND...

OKAY...OKAY...  
STOP...SHAKING  
...ME!

BATMAN!  
YOU'RE--  
ALIVE! BUT--  
WHAT HIT YOU?

PROBABLY THE SAME  
EVIL FORCE THAT  
STRUCK THE  
POLICEMAN EARLIER  
TONIGHT!

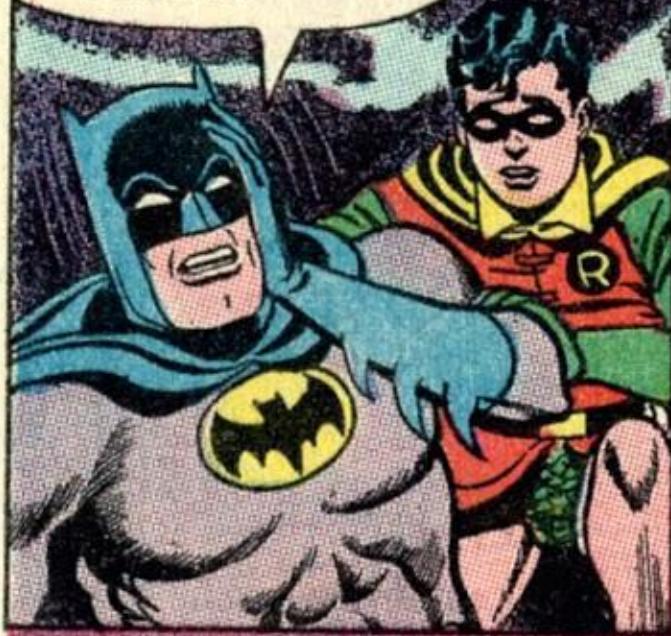
DID YOU HEAR ANYTHING--  
SEE ANYTHING?

NO--WHICH INDICATES  
THE "BLOW" CAME  
FROM BEHIND--WHERE  
THAT GRAVESTONE  
CHERUB IS!

BUT YOU NEVER THOUGHT  
TO CHECK OUT THOSE FOOT-  
PRINTS ON THE OTHER  
SIDE OF THE STATUE, EH?

THAT'S WHAT  
**I** THOUGHT--  
BUT IT'S A STONE  
STATUE! I  
CHECKED IT  
OUT!

THEY INDICATE  
A SMALL-SIZED  
FELLOW WAS  
HIDDEN BEHIND  
IT--MADE HIS  
SNEAK ATTACK  
ON YOU--AND  
THEN RACED OFF!



TRAINED IN OBSERVATION, ALERT TO SEE AND RECOGNIZE ANY TELLTALE CLUE AND SIGN, THEY  
TREAD THROUGH THE RAW FOG...

HE CAME THIS WAY, ALL RIGHT--  
THERE'S HIS DIRT-FOOTPRINT OUTLINED  
ON THE CEMETERY WALK!

HOW MUCH FURTHER  
BEFORE WE MAKE  
CONTACT?

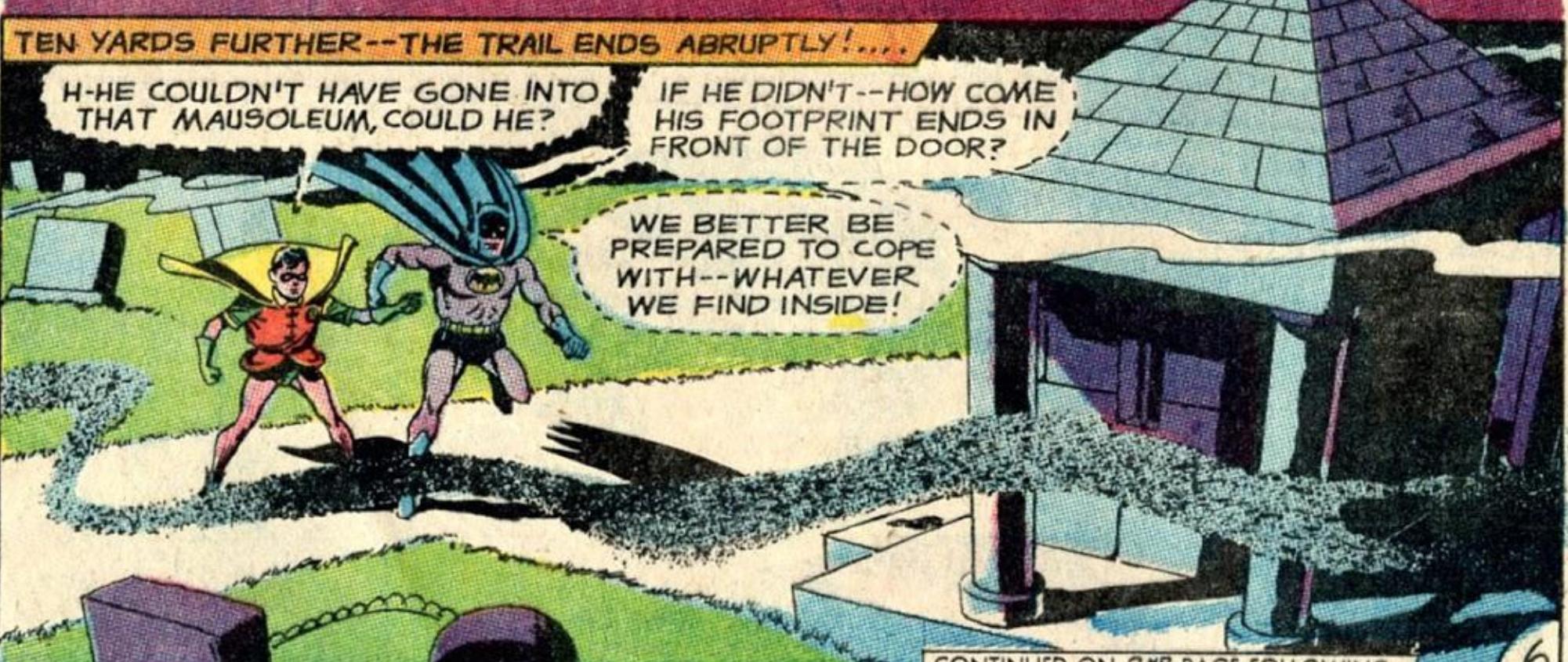


TEN YARDS FURTHER--THE TRAIL ENDS ABRUPTLY!....

H-HE COULDN'T HAVE GONE INTO  
THAT MAUSOLEUM, COULD HE?

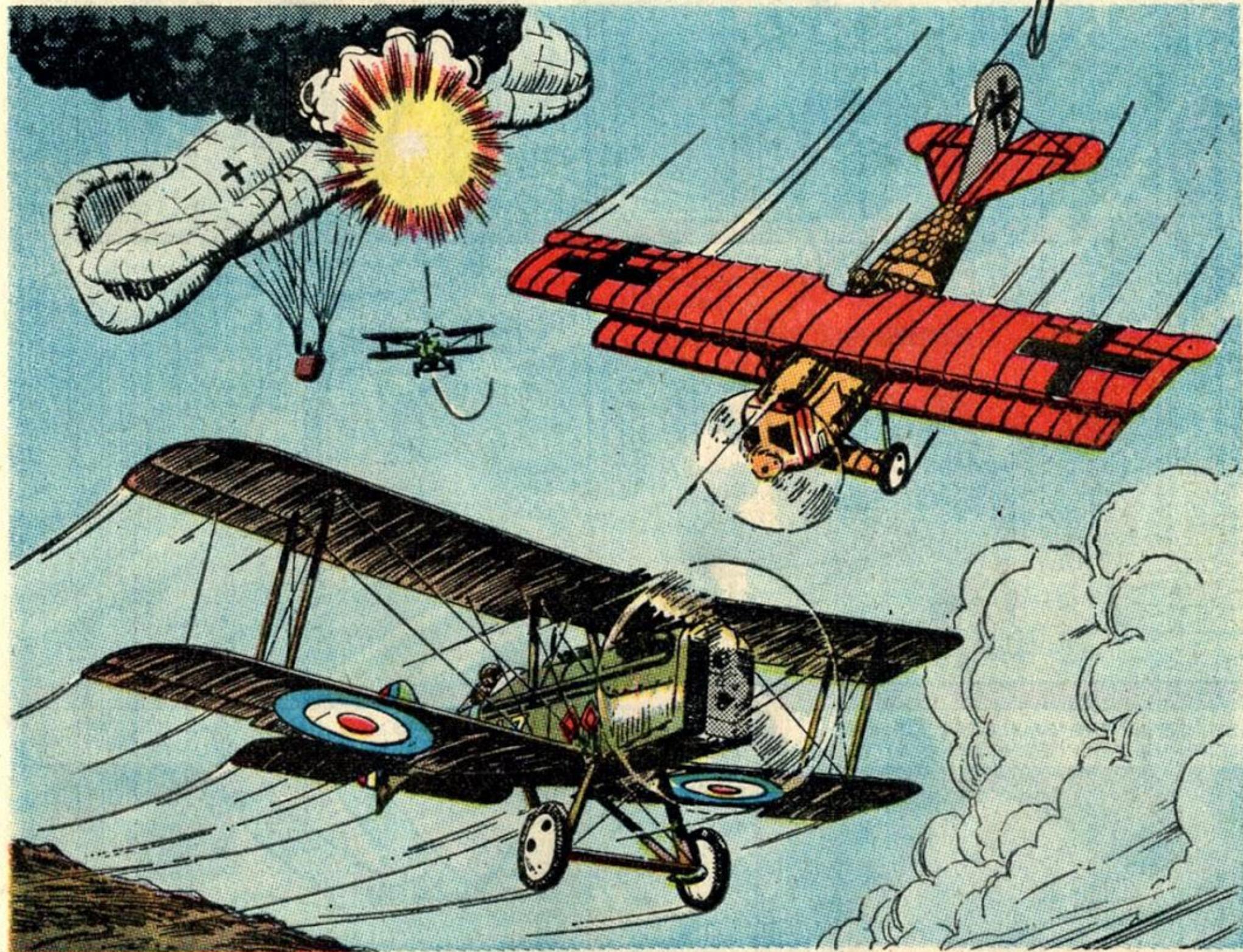
IF HE DIDN'T--HOW COME  
HIS FOOTPRINT ENDS IN  
FRONT OF THE DOOR?

WE BETTER BE  
PREPARED TO COPE  
WITH--WHATEVER  
WE FIND INSIDE!



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WHOEVER OR  
WHATEVER KNOCKED  
ME OUT--MAY HAVE  
USED A HIGH-PITCHED  
SOUND INAUDIBLE  
TO HUMAN EARS!

THERE'S ALSO A  
CHANCE IT WAS A  
KNOCK-OUT GAS!

TO GUARD  
AGAINST THAT  
HAPPENING  
AGAIN--WE'LL  
INSERT  
EAR-PLUGS!

TO MAKE DOUBLY  
SURE, WE'LL  
INSERT NOSE-  
FILTERS TOO!

THEN--RUSTED IRON HINGES CREAK IN THE STILLNESS  
OF THE NIGHT AS...

THIS MAUSOLEUM WAS BUILT  
BY WEALTHY TYRONE BENNETT  
FOR HIMSELF AND HIS WIFE--  
BUT SO FAR IT HASN'T HAD  
TO BE USED...

LOOK,  
ROBIN!

:WHEW!:



SUDDENLY THE SMALLEST OF THE  
TERRIBLE TRIO OPENS HIS MOUTH...



AND A SCREECH UNDETECTABLE BY  
HUMAN EARS ECHOES THROUGHOUT  
THE CHAMBER...

THEIR EAR-PLUGS SAFEGUARDING THEM AGAINST THE  
SUPER-SONIC SCREAM, THE MASKED MANHUNTERS  
HURLE FORWARD...



EXHAUSTED BY HIS EFFORT, THE LITTLE MAN SAGS WEAKLY AGAINST A WALL AS...

?PANT: NORMAN--TWO YELLS  
LIKE THAT WITHIN AN HOUR  
?PANT: AND I'M --BEAT!

FROM WALL NICHE AND FLOOR, STONE URNS AND  
BRONZE JARS LEAP THROUGH THE AIR AT THE  
ONCOMING DYNAMIC DUO...

I'LL TAKE OVER!

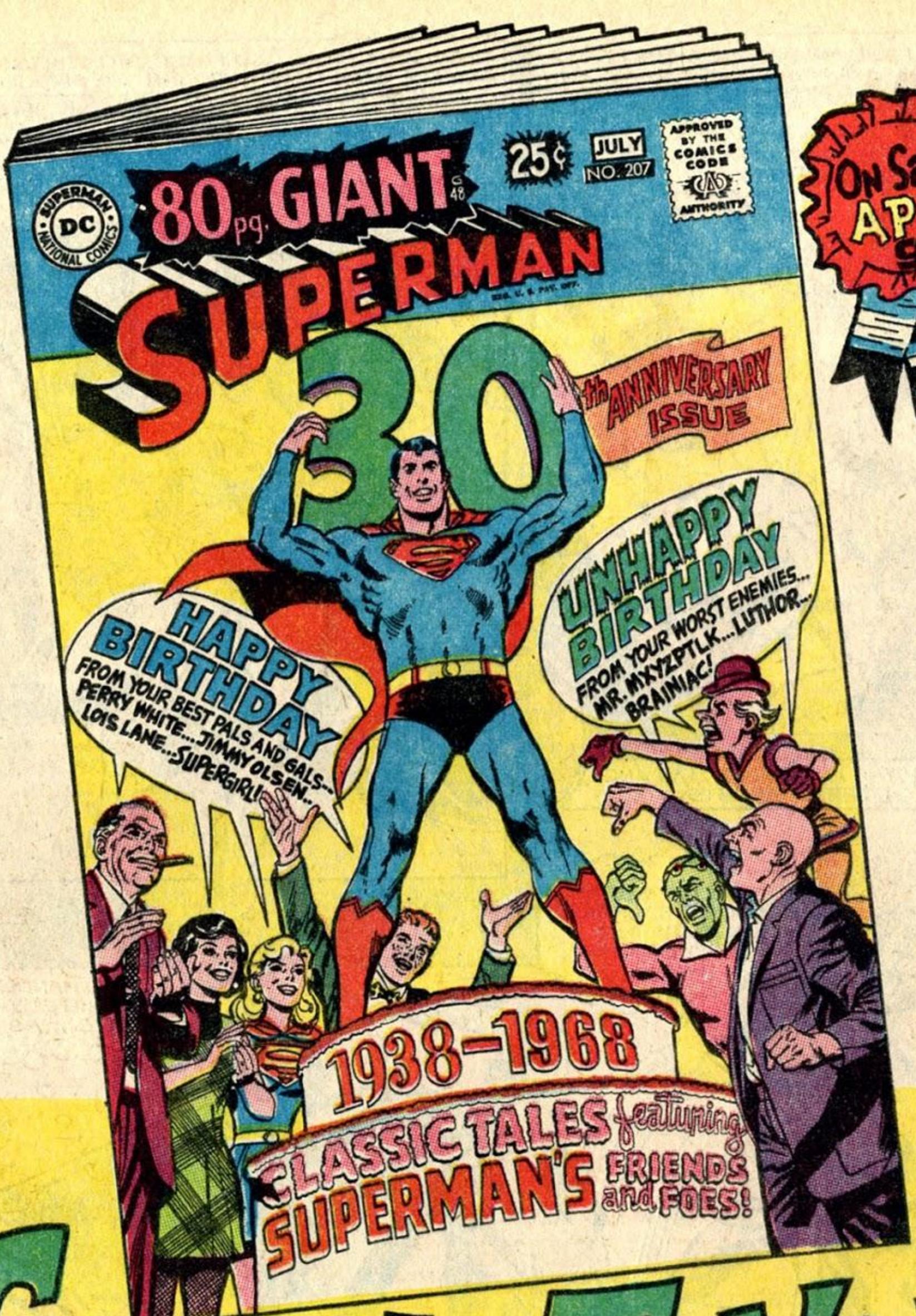
JUST LIKE THOSE  
FLYING BRICKS!

DOES THAT MAN  
REALLY POSSESS  
MIND-OVER-MATTER  
POWER?

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET, MAN AND  
BOY REACH THEIR TARGETS...

THAT UPPERCUT  
OUGHT TO MAKE  
HIM TAKE HIS  
MIND OFF HIS  
WORK!

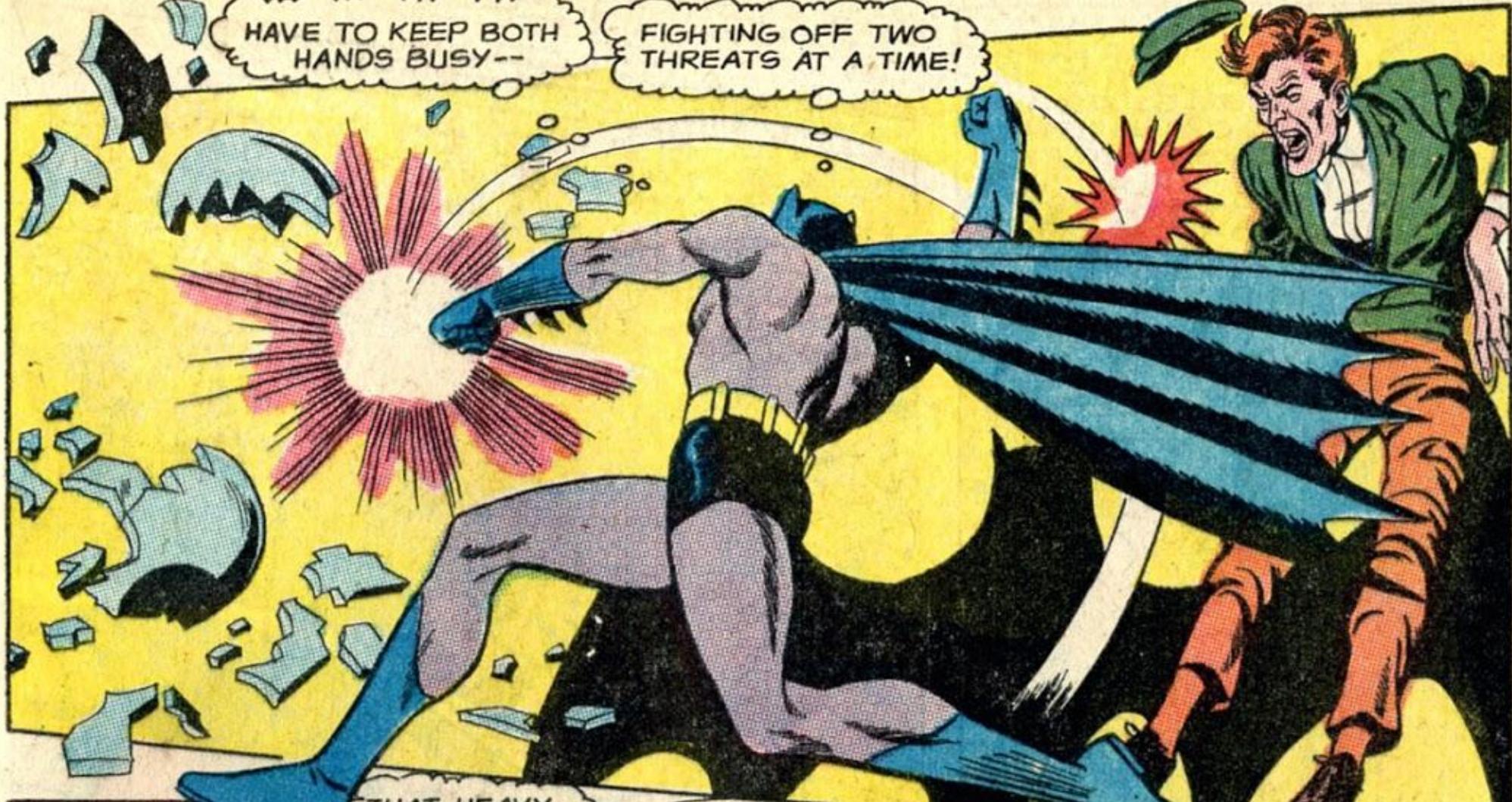
I'LL HANDLE THE  
LITTLE GUY--HE'S  
MORE MY SIZE!



FROM US--TO YOU,  
ONLY THE BEST!

HAVE TO KEEP BOTH  
HANDS BUSY--

FIGHTING OFF TWO  
THREATS AT A TIME!



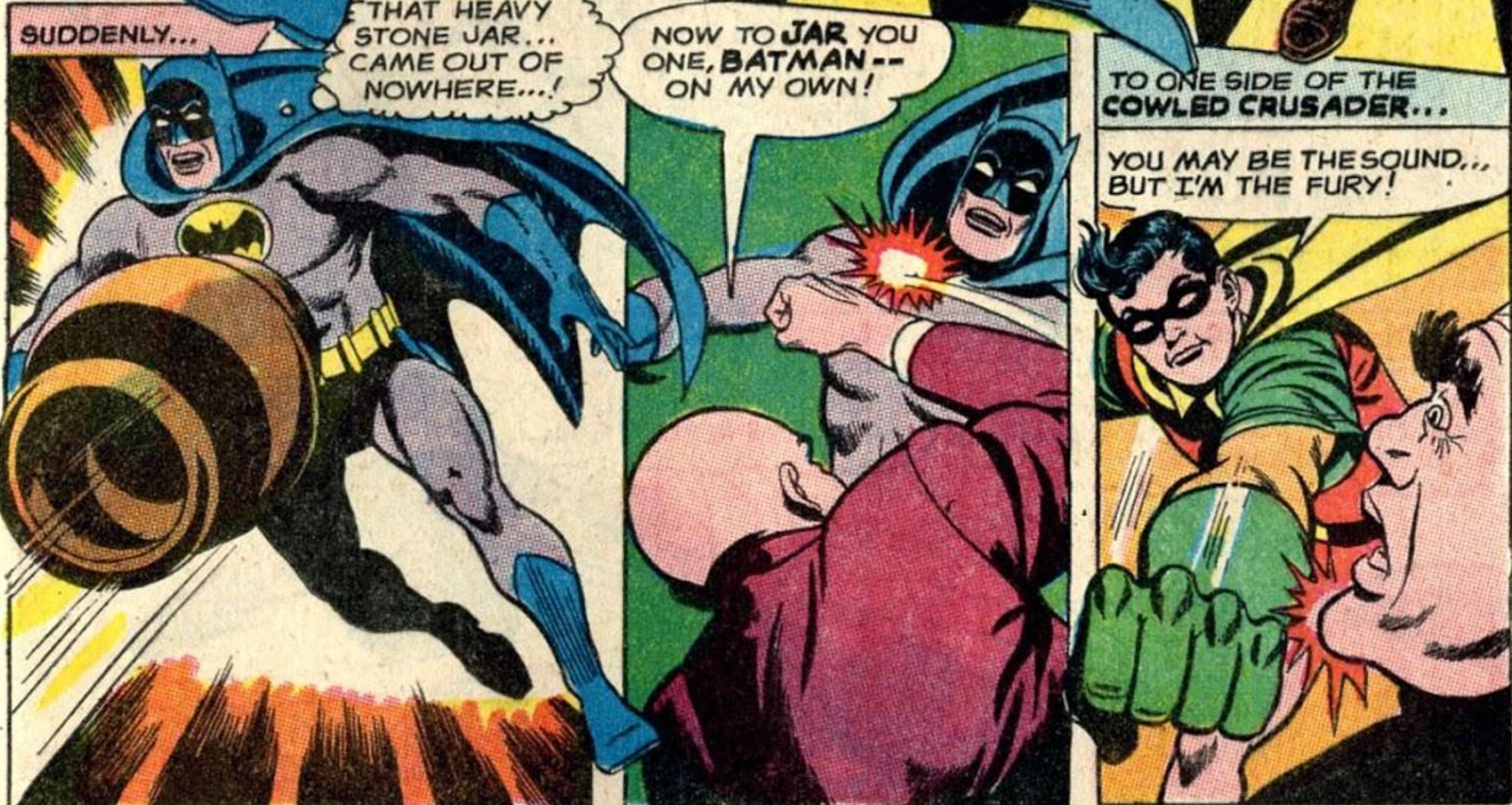
SUDDENLY...

...THAT HEAVY  
STONE JAR...  
CAME OUT OF  
NOWHERE...!

NOW TO JAR YOU  
ONE, BATMAN--  
ON MY OWN!

TO ONE SIDE OF THE  
COWLED CRUSADER...

YOU MAY BE THE SOUND...  
BUT I'M THE FURY!



AMID THE SOUNDS OF SOCK-STRUGGLE AND FISTIC FRAY-- THE THIRD MEMBER OF THE TRIO  
LIFTS A GLASS VIAL...

I'LL SLOW THEM DOWN...  
IN A HURRY!

WOP!



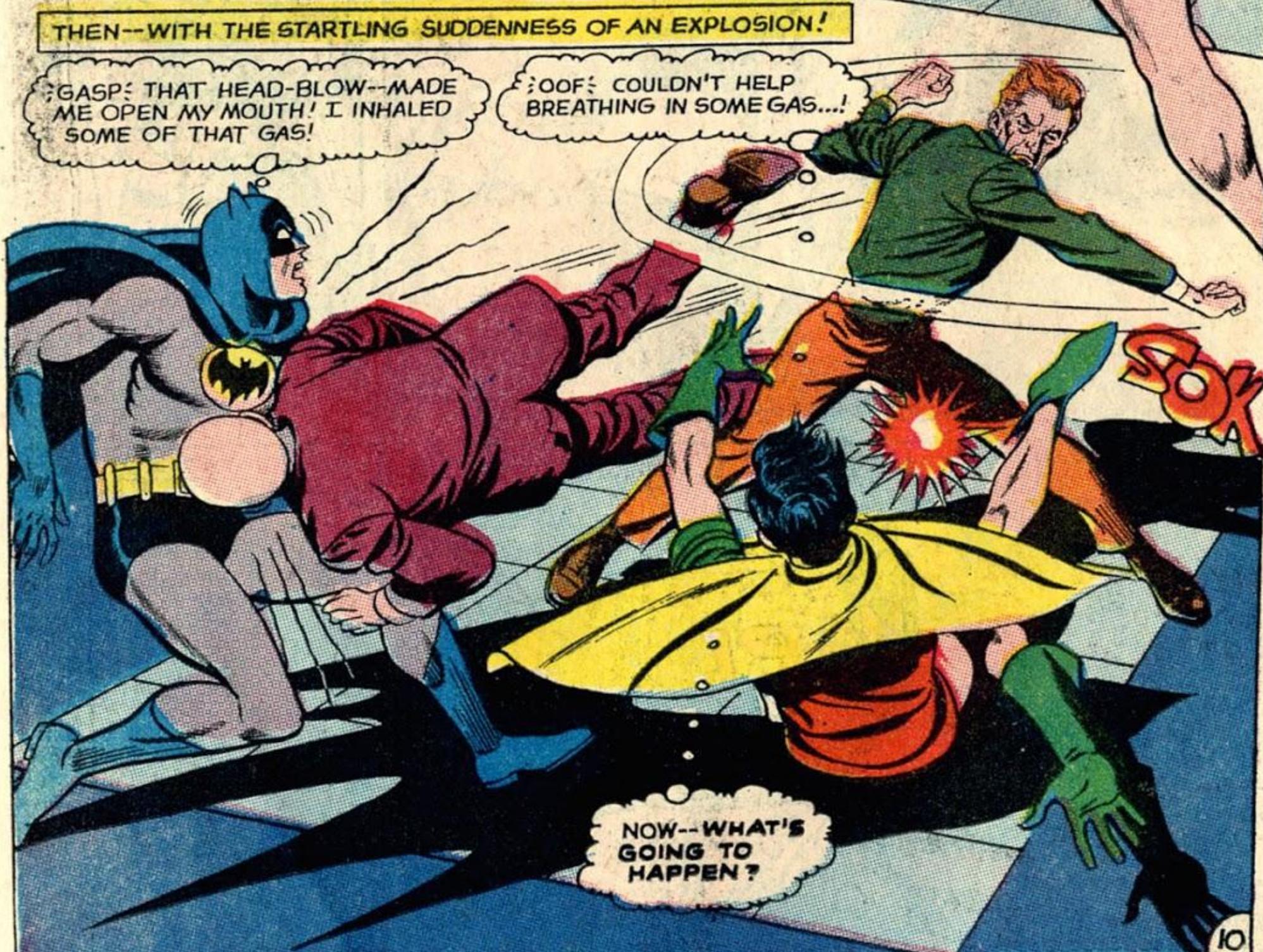
GAS! I WAS RIGHT ABOUT OUR NEED FOR EAR-PLUGS -- BUT ROBIN GETS A GOLD STAR FOR COMING UP WITH THE NOSE-FILTERS!



THEN--WITH THE STARTLING SUDDENNESS OF AN EXPLOSION!

GASP: THAT HEAD-BLOW--MADE ME OPEN MY MOUTH! I INHALED SOME OF THAT GAS!

OOF: COULDN'T HELP BREATHING IN SOME GAS...!



NOW--WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN?

THE AMAZING ANSWER COMES LIKE A THUNDERCLAP OF DOOM!...

MY REFLEXES HAVE SLOWED DOWN -- E  
MAKING HIM LOOK LIKE A SPEED  
DEMON!

NOW--WHILE OUR NOSE-  
FILTERS PROTECT US FROM  
THE GAS --

IT'S LIKE I  
WERE FIGHTING  
UNDERWATER!

I'M SLOW AS  
MOLASSES!

HITTING ME LIKE { GOT TO FIGURE  
A PUNCHING BAG...! } OUT A WAY TO  
TURN MY  
HELPLESSNESS  
TO MY ADVANTAGE...  
OR AT LEAST TO  
ROBIN'S!

A FIST THAT SEEMS TO BLUR  
WITH SUPER-SPEED SENDS  
THE CAPE CRIME-  
FIGHTER REELING BACKWARDS..

HE LANDED A { NOW IF I  
BLOCKBUSTER CAN ANGLE  
THAT TIME! } MY FALL  
JUST RIGHT!

IT WORKED!) I KNOCKED  
{ THE THIN MAN  
INTO ROBIN'S FIST!



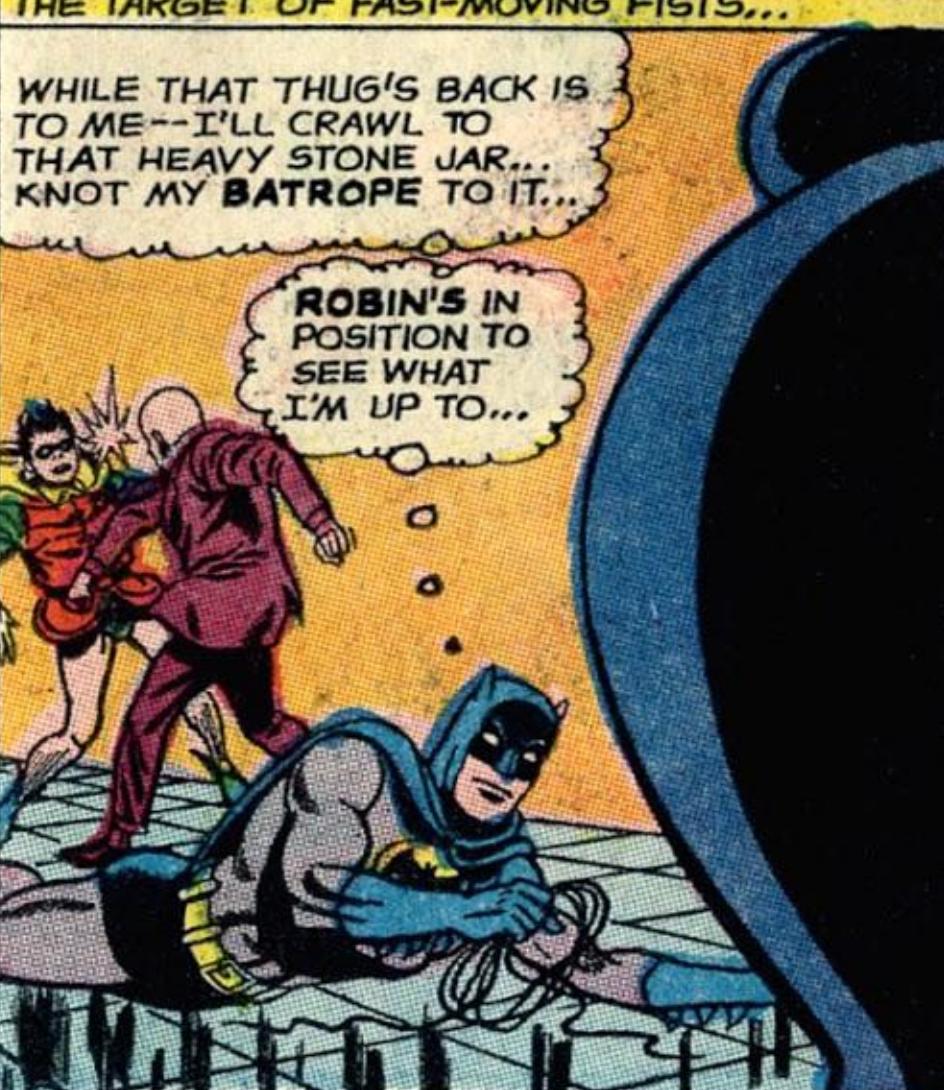
EVEN AS BATMAN DROPS TO THE FLOOR, IT IS  
THE TURN OF THE SLOW-MOVING ROBIN TO BECOME  
THE TARGET OF FAST-MOVING FISTS...

WHILE THAT THUG'S BACK IS  
TO ME--I'LL CRAWL TO  
THAT HEAVY STONE JAR...  
KNOT MY BATROPE TO IT...

WHAT? BATMAN  
STILL ON HIS FEET?

GOOD! WHEN HE COMES  
AFTER ME --

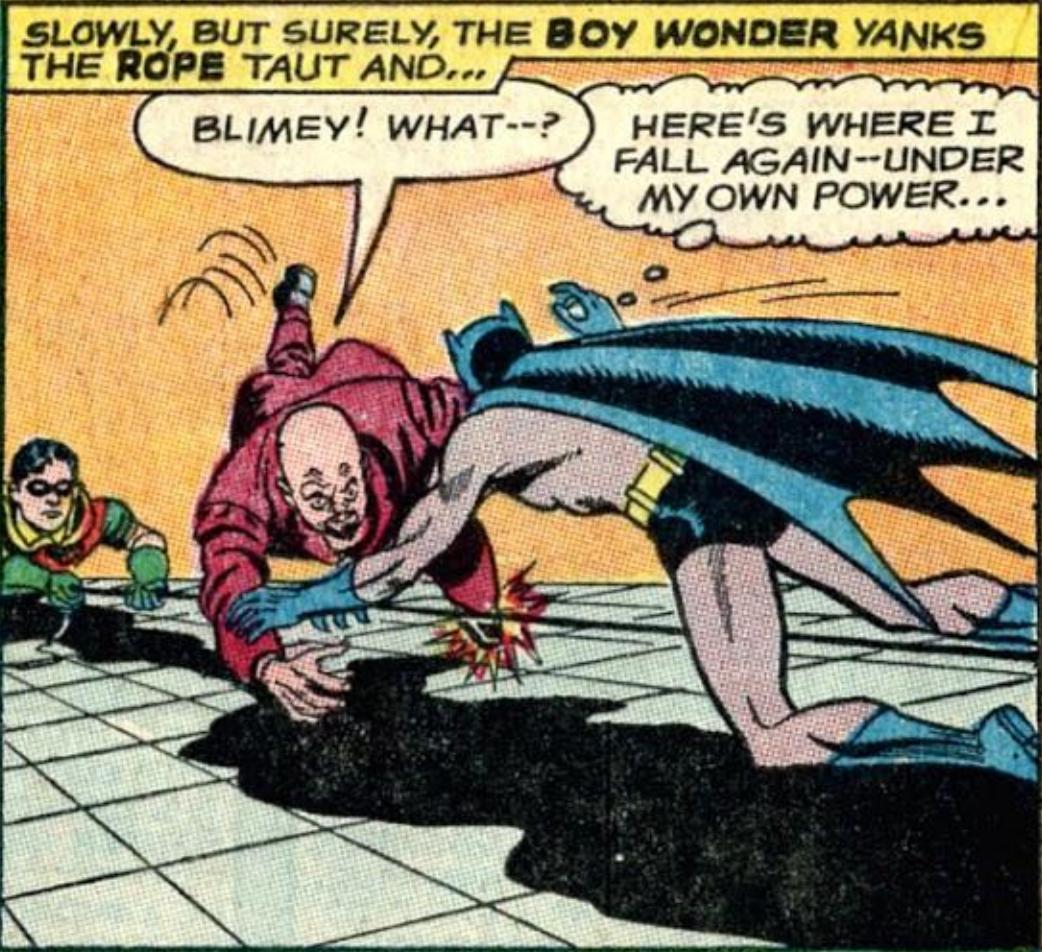
ROBIN WILL DO  
HIS BIT--I HOPE!



AS HE RUNS  
FOR BATMAN--  
I'LL PULL  
THE BATROPE-  
TRICK...!



SLOWLY, BUT SURELY, THE BOY WONDER YANKS  
THE ROPE TAUT AND...



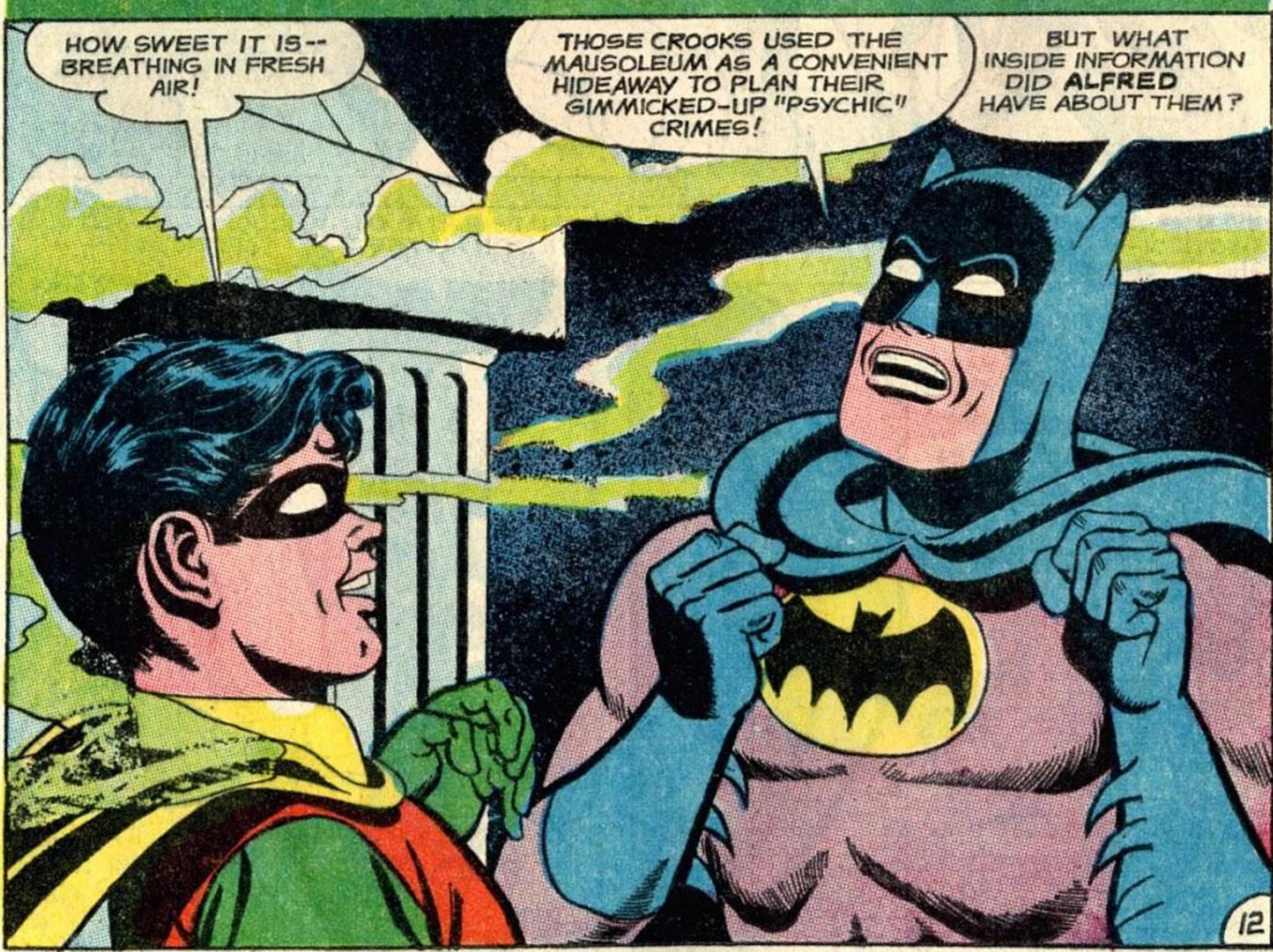
THIS'LL KEEP HIM  
OUT LONG ENOUGH  
FOR ROBIN AND ME  
TO MAKE OUR WAY  
OUTSIDE--GET RID  
OF THE EFFECTS  
OF THAT SLOW-  
MOTION GAS!



HOW SWEET IT IS--  
BREATHING IN FRESH  
AIR!

THOSE CROOKS USED THE  
MAUSOLEUM AS A CONVENIENT  
HIDEAWAY TO PLAN THEIR  
GIMMICKED-UP "PSYCHIC"  
CRIMES!

BUT WHAT  
INSIDE INFORMATION  
DID ALFRED  
HAVE ABOUT THEM?



LATER, AT A RECOVERING  
ALFRED'S BEDSIDE...

AS YOU KNOW, BEFORE I  
CAME TO THE STATES, I  
WAS AN ENTERTAINER  
IN THE ENGLISH MUSIC  
HALLS. THERE I MET A  
"MIND-OVER-MATTER"  
MAGICIAN NAMED THE  
**GREAT NORMAN**, WHO  
MADE OBJECTS -- LIKE  
BRICKS -- FLY ACROSS  
THE STAGE!

DURING A NAZI AIR-  
RAID IN WORLD WAR II,  
NORMAN SAVED  
MY LIFE FROM A  
BOMB-EXPLOSION...

AFTER THE WAR, I LOST TRACK OF  
**NORMAN**--TILL A FEW DAYS AGO WHEN I  
SAW HIM IN THE **ETERNAL GATE CEMETERY**,  
WHILE VISITING MY FATHER'S\* GRAVE. I  
ATTEMPTED TO FOLLOW HIM, BUT LOST  
HIM IN THE MISTS...

\*ALFRED'S FATHER--JARVIS--  
SERVED AS BUTLER TO  
BRUCE WAYNE'S FATHER!

ALTHOUGH, I'M  
SURE IT WAS  
WORKED WITH  
PROPS, I  
NEVER DID  
LEARN JUST  
HOW HE DID  
IT...

OVERHEARING YOUR TALK ABOUT  
FLYING BRICKS AND MIND OVER  
MATTER, I SUDDENLY REALIZED  
NORMAN WAS THE SO-CALLED  
**PSYCHIC PLUNDERER**!

IT WAS A  
TOUGH  
DECISION  
TO MAKE,  
**ALFRED**!  
WHAT  
PROMPTED  
YOU TO  
BETRAY  
NORMAN?

I OWED HIM MY LIFE--  
BUT I ALSO OWED IT  
TO **NORMAN** TO MAKE  
HIM SEE THE FOLLY  
OF HIS CRIMINAL  
WAYS! I EXPECT A  
TERM IN PRISON WILL  
DO JUST THAT--AND  
HE'LL BE REHABILITATED!

LET'S HOPE  
SO, **ALFRED**--  
FOR HIS  
SAKE AND  
YOURS!

I WAS IN MENTAL  
TORMENT! NORMAN  
SAVED MY LIFE --  
AND YET HE WAS  
A LAW-BREAKER!  
I DECIDED TO  
TELL YOU...  
ONLY TO BE  
UNABLE TO  
STAND THE  
EMOTIONAL  
STRAIN...

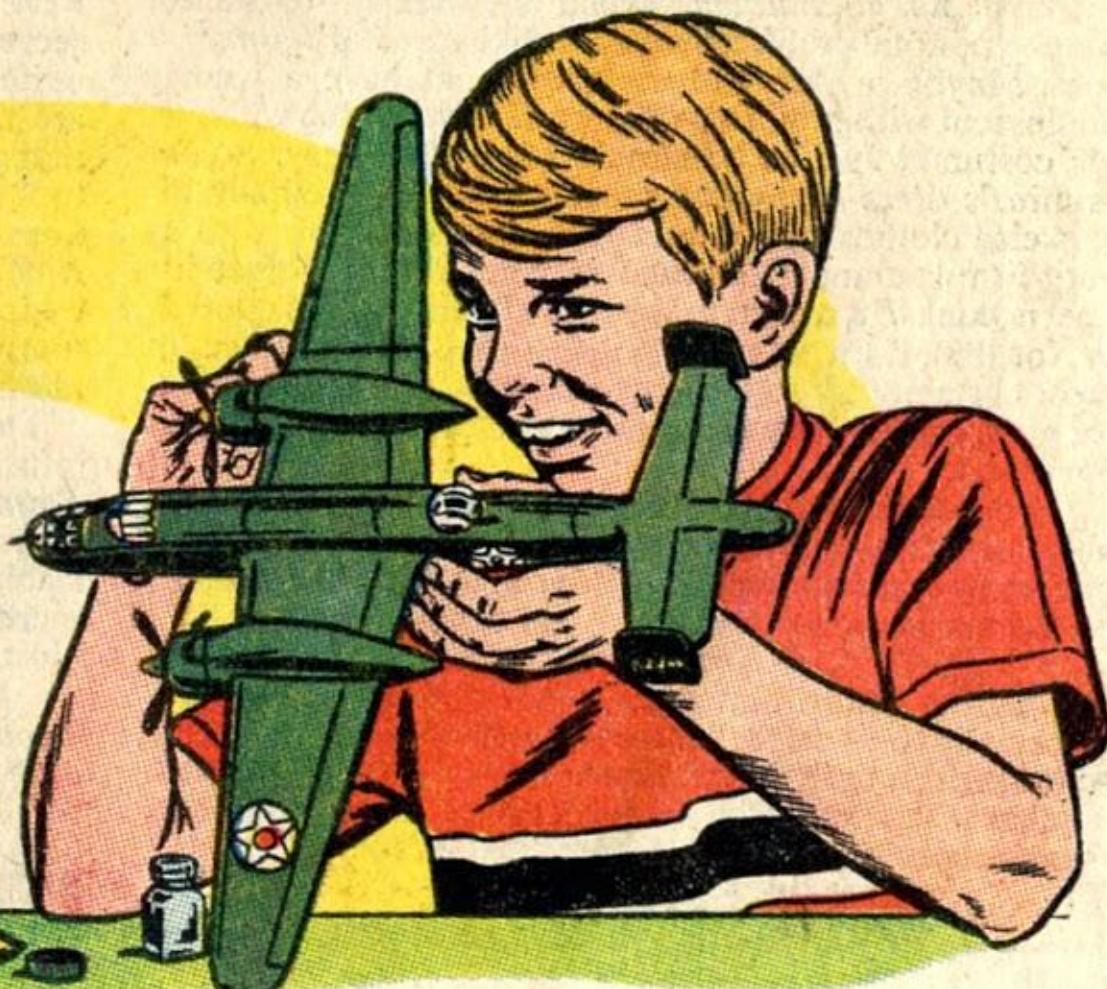
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THE END

APRIL, 1968

# DOOLITTLE RAIDER

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Model of the Month

**Revell**



Dear Editor:

I have been reading (and purchasing, of course) your magazines for some time and now I feel it is time to confess something that may be on many readers' minds. I do not know one human being that confesses to reading comics. I may not know the right people but when I mentioned enjoying *Batman* comics to my fellow students at college they either laughed or gave me a weird look. I am writing this letter to defend myself and others who are "ashamed" about reading *Batman*.

After thoroughly enjoying the February, number 199, issue of *Batman*, I felt a certain sensation which I must attribute to your publication. First I must say I was thrilled at having a three-story issue; and each story was very enjoyable. I do want to get away from my main point which is that we live in a very horrid world. This is not a new statement but I feel that many people wish that they could "do something about it". What can we do? Join groups. Okay. Contribute money to charity. Right. But can we all run to *Vietnam*? If so, what would we do? Kill more people, right? Sure, kill people to make it a better world.

*Batman* and *Robin* do what we want to do. The two fighters fight without killing. The law breakers are more often than not punished. Will this save the world? Of course not. My point is that we get a small satisfaction by living in *Batman's* world each month. For a little while the readers that desire it can feel the evil being crushed. It is not all fantasy; that is the beauty of it. There really are crooks, spies, and cruel-warped people. *Batman's* plots are quite possible. Why not? What if all the "brains" I knew from school had also been the "brawn"? I also knew? What if they had built a custom-made car? What if this brilliant person had devoted all his talents to one subject: Criminology? Now find a very high-crime area—will *New York* do? Okay, now let the police appreciate his aid and we have the makings of a *real Batman*. I am just backing up the probability of this concept which everyone scorns.

Maybe a *real "Batman"* would not wear his costume. Maybe not one crook would dress like some of *Batman's* foes. Maybe a *real "Batman"* would not have a young adolescent with him. But what would *Batman* be without his costume? Just as admirable but not as sexy. Some criminals dress flashy and most crooks are mentally ill so weird clothes can be accepted. And I say this with a very firm statement: *Batman* without *Robin*? Forget it! I get no kicks. In regard to the *Duo's* "uniform" (as quoted in No. 199), if I were to fight crime (Ah, dream) I would most certainly try to look my snazziest, and black tights (or grey, or flesh) are much more comfortable than slacks anyway.

I suppose this letter is too long to be printed and probably not worth your time either, but I wanted to let someone know that *Batman* and *Robin* are the best "escapism" on the market today and that I will always be a fan.

—Alice Herman, Richmond Hill, N.Y.

(A lengthy letter that affords such sheer enjoyment (especially to ye editor) definitely demands the time and space for this fan's entire message. Incidentally, we must confess it was with quite a jolt that we came upon the female signature at the letter's end! —Editor)

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Editor:

It has seemed to me through years past that you always strive to start each new year off on the right foot and with the February *Batman* you have succeeded easily.

I think Carmine Infantino-Murphy Anderson did an okay job on the cover, even though some may think the theme a trifle ludicrous. I liked the way *Batman Comics* was explained in the story as it made the cover scene more plausible. Both of the new stories this issue were really great *Batman-Robin* tales in the style that all true *Batman* fans would like to see more of. I've a feeling that we are in store for a lot more stories of this calibre.

Bob Kane's art was also up to par, and on a few instances *superior* to his recent work. If only you would let Sid Greene ink Bob's pencils, I'm sure you would be pleased with the results (as I'm sure many readers would).

"Operation Escape" was a great story for "escape" fans. I didn't figure out how to escape from the dungeon the same way *Robin* did, but at least I found out a way that would have worked which was similar to his.

—Dave Truesdale, St. Paul, Minn.

(You got 50% of your wish with this issue's "Gateway to Death"—Sid Greene flavored Bob Kane's pencils in his highly appetizing style.—Editor)

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Editor:

The latest *Batman* cover, depicting *Batman* desperately seeking a copy of the latest *Batman Comics*, poses some very interesting questions.

Was the issue he was looking for the same as that in which he looked for it? If not, what was it? The other DC comics shown on the cover are current issues. Or is there a special *Gotham City* edition of *Batman Comics*? If so, are there special *Central City* editions of *Flash Comics* and *Ivy Town* editions of *The Atom*? Something like that could drive completists out of their minds! And if it is the same edition, what would stop a villain from finding out all his secrets by reading it? Or are they just plain dull-witted? This does not make *Batman* look too great outwitting them! Even so, how could *Rembrandt Dickens* write and draw the various titles without knowing these secrets? And what about *Gardner Fox* (no one else could write a story like that) and *Bob Kane*? Do they exist, or are they merely minor characters, created by *Dickens*, that appear in the *Gotham City* edition? Are they villains too? Indeed, dear editor—do you yourself exist? You must; I've seen you! But how do I know you aren't really *Rembrandt Dickens*? Does his arrest mean the end of the entire line of DC comics? If so, what happens to *Batman* himself? Does he cease to "exist" with the discontinuation of his magazine?

These and other questions can be resolved only by refusing to acknowledge the existence of this issue of *Batman*. This leads to serious gaps in one's collection; very serious gaps. Years later, when looking back over stacks of old *Batman* comics, and running across this incredibly blatant anomaly, the collector is likely to ask "Just what was *Batman* #199 anyway?"

—Donald D. Markstein, New Orleans, La.  
(From the way you asked, it was obviously a questionable issue! —Editor)

\*\*\*\*\*

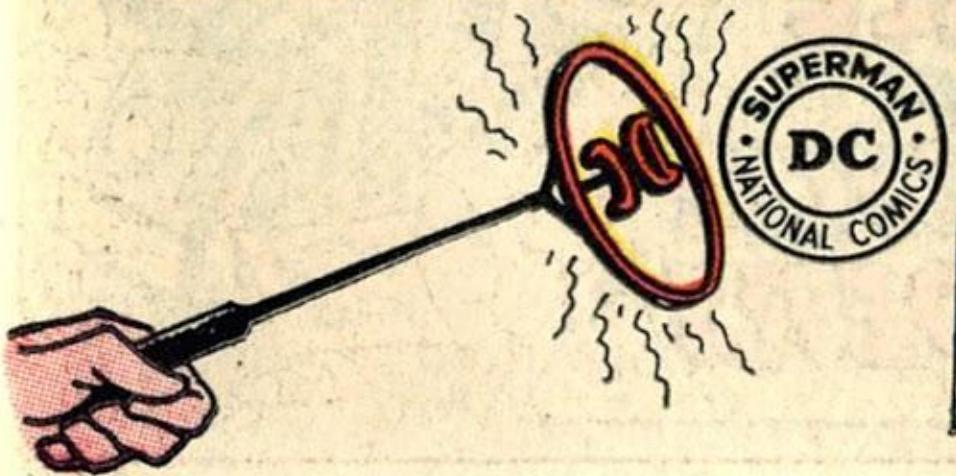
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COMING YOUR WAY--A NEW DC BRAND



A BRAND  
NEW  
**FLASH!**  
YOU'VE NEVER  
KNOWN BEFORE!

BRAND  
NEW  
AS  
TOMORROW'S  
HEADLINES!



# ROBIN

- THE BOY WONDER -

YOU HAVE READ ABOUT THEIR  
ANTICS IN THE NEWSPAPERS!  
YOU HAVE SEEN THEM RUN  
RIOT ON TV NEWSCASTS! YOU  
HAVE WATCHED THEM IN MOVIES!

THEY HAVE BECOME A NOTORIOUS  
LEGEND IN THEIR OWN TIME!  
WHEN THESE HOG-WILD ANGELS OF  
ANARCHY INVADED GOTHAM CITY  
THEY WERE BOUND TO CROSS THE  
PATH OF ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!



AN EARLY FALL EVENING IN WAYNE MANOR FINDS A SURPRISED BRUCE (BATMAN) WAYNE...

DICK GRAYSON... WHAT'S THIS?!

WELL, LOOK AT YOU! DON'T SEE YOU DRESSED UP IN A SUIT VERY OFTEN!

WHAT'S THE OCCASION? A BIG DATE TONIGHT?

'FRAID NOT! I'M ONE OF THE NOMINEES FOR THE JUNIOR CLASS PRESIDENCY AND WE'RE HOLDING A SPECIAL ASSEMBLY FOR THE CANDIDATES' PEP SPEECHES-- TO BE FOLLOWED BY THE ELECTION!

I SURE WANT TO WIN THAT ELECTION! BECAUSE OF MY ROBIN DUTIES, I HAVEN'T BEEN AS ACTIVE AS I'D LIKE TO BE IN SCHOOL-- AND THIS'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO PARTICIPATE MORE...

I WISH YOU LUCK! I'LL GO ON PATROL ALONE, THEN!

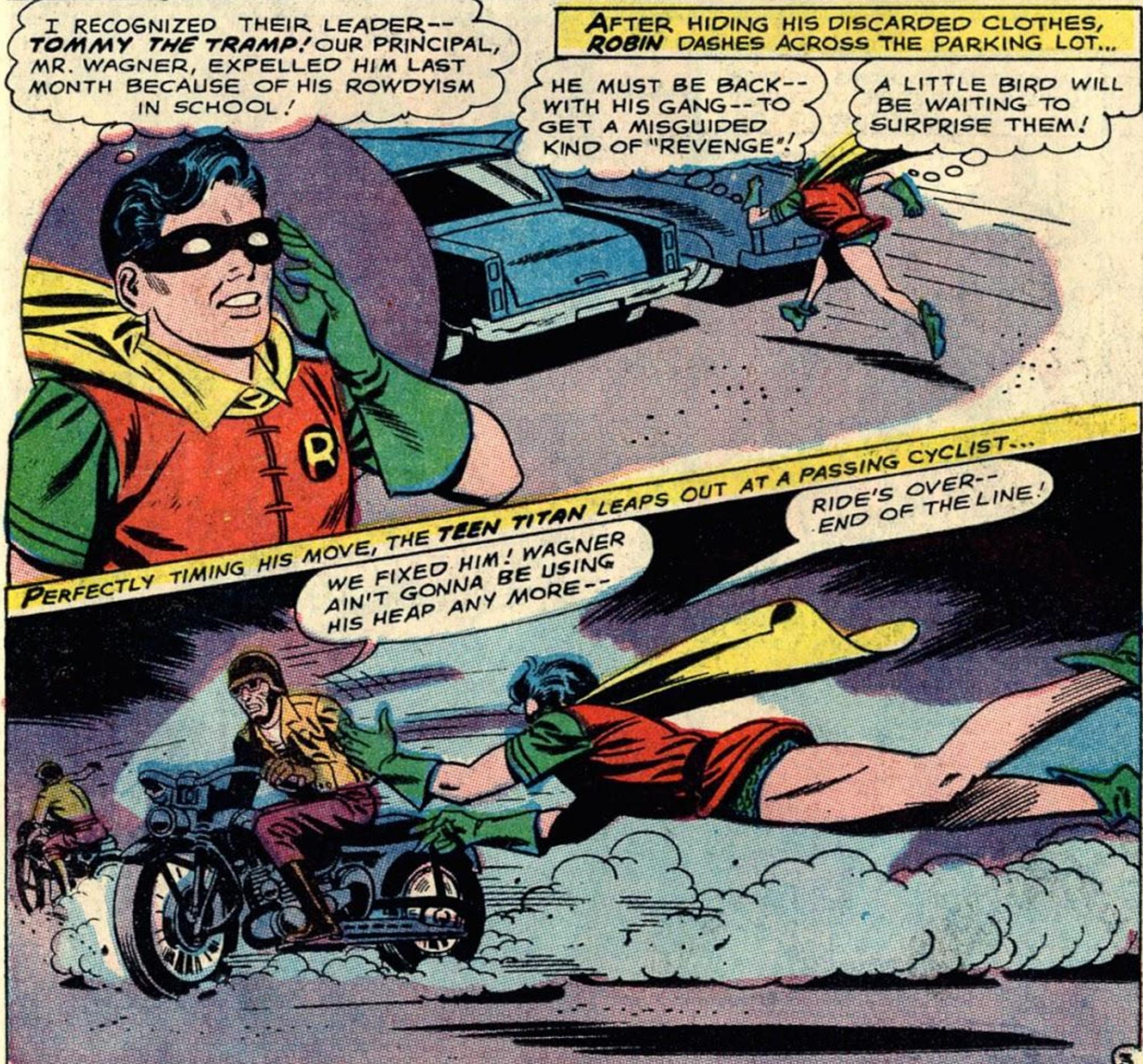


LATER THAT EVENING, AS DICK IS SHORT-CUTTING THROUGH THE SCHOOL'S PARKING LOT...

THAT RACKET! SOUNDS LIKE--

THE HORNETS--A WILD MOTORCYCLE GANG OF LOCAL HOODLUMS--MODELED AFTER THE WEST COAST'S HELL'S ANGELS!





As the cyclist spills out, ROBIN BOUNCES UP FROM THE COLLISION TO FIND...

WELL, WELL--THE GOTHAM GOODY-GOODY GUMDROP! DON'T KNOW HOW YUH GOT HERE, BUT YUH'RE SURE NOT GONNA STAY!

HE'S RUNNING RIGHT AT ME! HAVE TO MOVE FAST!



QUICKLY FLIPPING INTO THE AIR...

DON'T BE A PIG,  
TOMMY THE TRAMP--  
LET ME HAVE THAT  
HOG!



ANOTHER RIDING ROUGHNECK CIRCLES BACK AND...

CAN'T LETCHA GET AWAY WITH BREAKIN' OUR RUN! THIS'LL DUMP YA!

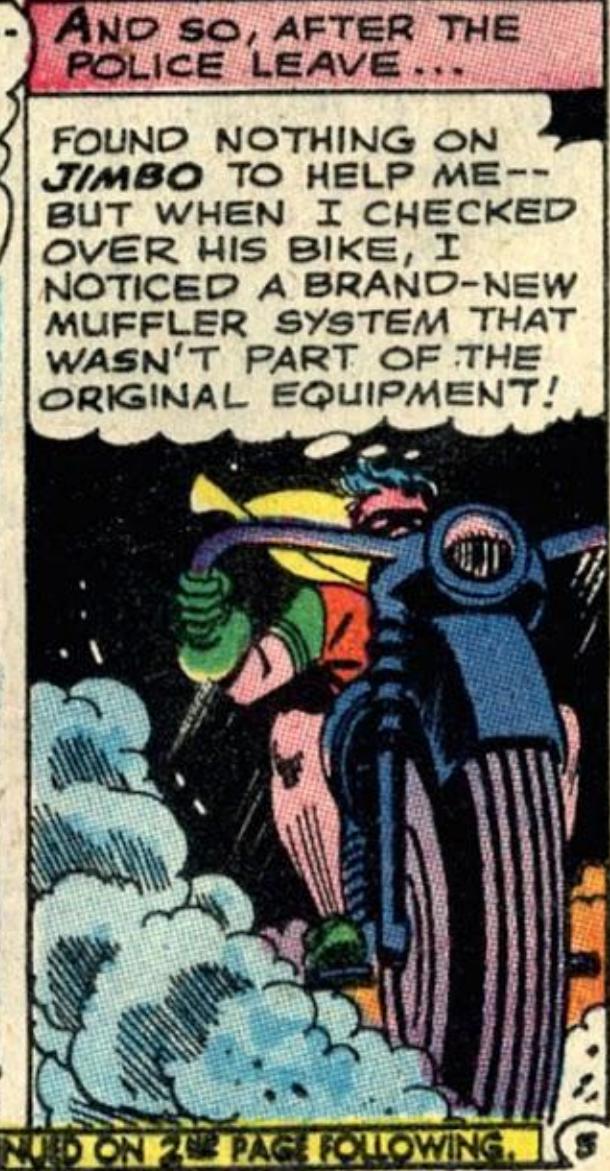


JIMBO'S TURN NOW! I GOT SUMPIN' PERSONAL AGAINST ROBIN!

THAT GUY'S FOOT ALMOST PUT ME OUT FOR THE COUNT!

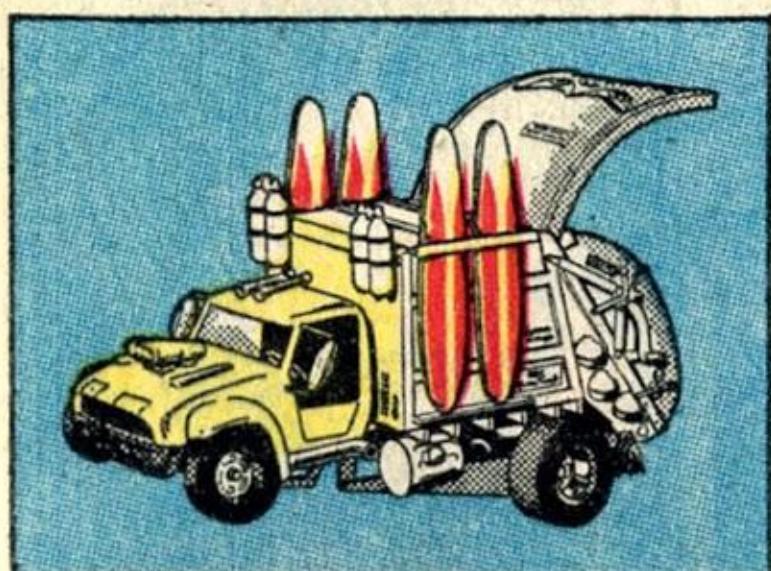
THIS ONE'S CLENCHED FIST LOOKS LIKE THE CLINCHER!



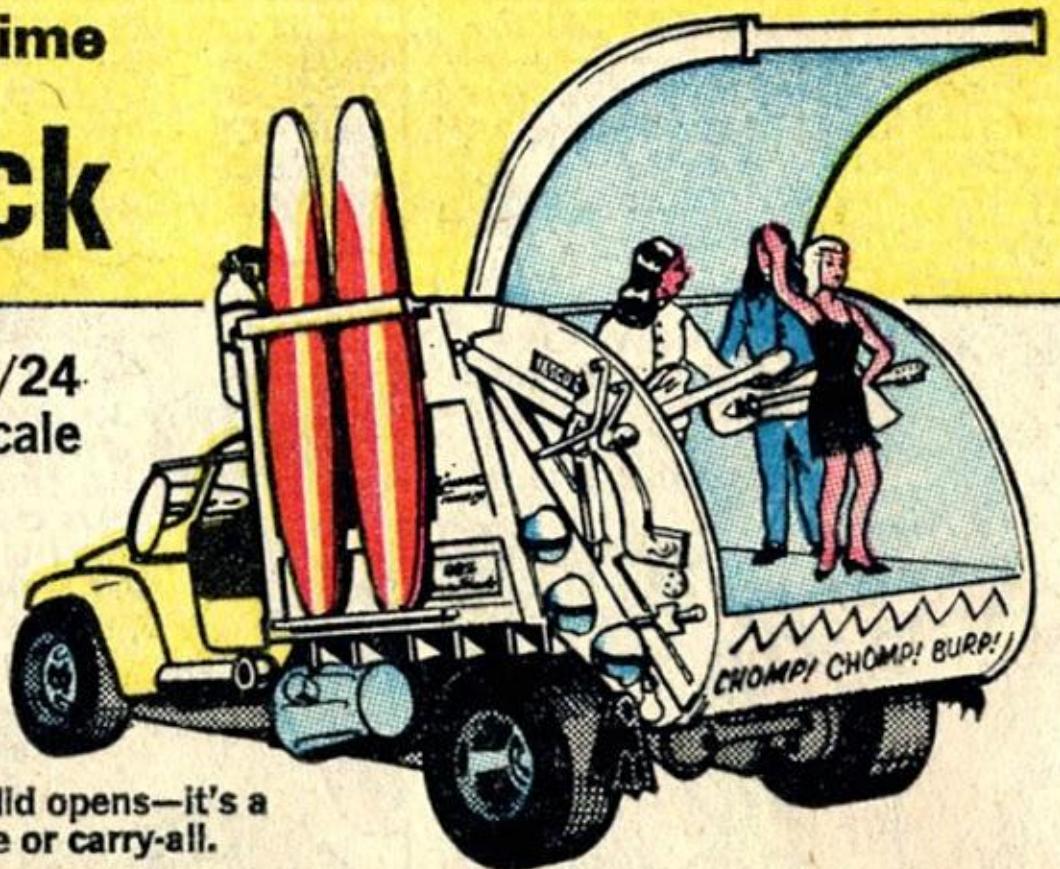


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and FRIDAYS  
(EXCEPT HOLIDAYS)  
Until 7 P.M.

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**BATMAN** SLIDE

~ FREE RIDE ~  
**CAROUSEL**

**SHORTLY, IN THE BATCAVE...**

ACCORDING TO THE **YELLOW PAGES** OF THE **GOTHAM PHONEBOOK**, A HALF-DOZEN SHOPS SELL THOSE MUFFLERS!

I'LL PHONE THEM ONE BY ONE UNTIL I MAKE THE RIGHT CONNECTION...

HIT IT ON MY THIRD CALL! ONE OF THE OWNERS RECENTLY SOLD THAT MUFFLER-TYPE TO **JIMBO**--AND KNOWS WHERE HE HANGS OUT!

FIRST A BEARD--THEN MESS UP MY HAIR TO GIVE ME **JIMBO'S** STRAGGLY APPEARANCE! AFTER THAT, SHOE-LIFTS TO GIVE ME ADDED HEIGHT...

**SHORTLY...**

THAT OUGHT TO FOOL HIS GANG! TOO BAD BRUCE IS STILL OUT ON PATROL AND CAN'T ADMIRE THIS DISGUISE!

A CONCEALED HILLSIDE ENTRANCE OPENS UP AND OUT INTO THE BRISK NIGHT AIR COMES THE STRANGEST SIGHT EVER TO EXIT FROM THE **BATCAVE**...

HERE I GO INTO THE **HORNETS'** NEST--AND CATCH THEM UNAWARES!

**IN A RUNDOWN PART OF TOWN...**

THIS IS IT! I RECOGNIZE THOSE BIKES! ONLY THREE OF THEM--THE WHOLE GANG ISN'T HERE! I'LL HAVE TO KEEP MY DISGUISE ON UNTIL THEY SHOW UP!

**INSIDE...**

HEY, WHAT'S THIS?  
HOW'D YOU GET  
AWAY, MAN? YOU  
WERE OUT OF  
IT WHEN WE  
LEFT!

ROBIN  
TURNED  
HIS BACK  
ON ME  
AFTER I  
CAME TO  
AND I  
BELTED  
HIM! I GOT  
AWAY JUST  
BEFORE THE  
FUZZ SHOWED!

TAKE THOSE  
SHADES OFF,  
**JIMBO**-- AND  
TAKE A HAND  
WHILE WE WAIT  
FOR **TOMMY**  
AND **MAGO**  
TO MAKE THE  
SCENE!

I CAN'T  
TAKE  
OFF MY  
GLASSES--  
I'VE GOT  
MY  
MASK  
ON  
UNDER-  
NEATH!

I'M KEEPIN'  
THEM ON!  
THESE SPECIAL  
GLASSES ENABLE  
ME TO SEE THE  
**MARKED**  
BACKS OF  
THOSE CARDS!

FUNN-EE!



**SOON AFTER...**

HEY, THERE,  
GANG! SAY,  
OUR MAN'S  
BACK!

THEY'RE HERE!  
IT'S TIME FOR A  
"HORNET" TO  
CHANGE INTO A  
"ROBIN"!

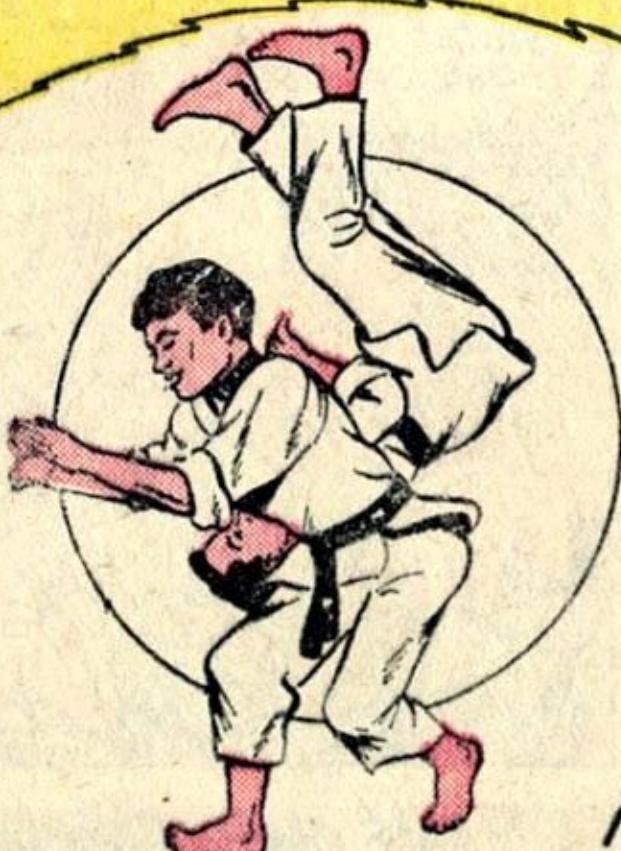


BEHIND THE UP-ENDED TABLE-- A  
RAPID RIPPING OFF OF A DISGUISE AND...

HE'S A FAKE!  
HOW'D HE  
GET IN?

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PERFORM THESE FEATS OF MAGIC...  
ONCE YOU KNOW THEIR SECRETS!**

**COMPLETE SECRETS REVEALED!**

EVERY SINGLE TRICK FULLY EXPLAINED! YOU SAW SOME OF THEM ON T.V. MANY WERE PERFORMED BY SUCH MASTER MAGICIANS AS HOUDINI, THURSTON, etc. AND NOW... YOU CAN DO ALL OF THESE FAMOUS MAGIC TRICKS. THEY'RE FUN!

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**ONLY 50¢  
POSTPAID**

I MOVE  
WE TABLE  
THE QUESTION!

HAPPY DAZE!

YOU OBVIOUSLY HAVE PERSONAL  
PROBLEMS, TOMMY THE TRAMP--  
HERE'S A CURE!

AND YOU MAGOO--  
YOU DEFINITELY  
NEED A LITTLE  
PUNCH IN YOUR  
LIFE!

WAK!

GROGGILY, TOMMY THE TRAMP AND MAGOO HEAD FOR THE DOORWAY...

THIS AIN'T GOIN' SO WELL! LET'S GET OUTA HERE!



FOLLOWING THE FLEEING HORNETS OUTSIDE...

I'LL CUT ACROSS THE YARD AND CUT THOSE TWO OFF!



...I'LL GET THE DROP ON THEM!



I GET "A-ROUND", DON'T I?



I'LL BAT-CUFF THEM AND CALL THE POLICE!

LATER THAT NIGHT, BACK IN WAYNE MANOR...

YES, DICK, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I GOT INVOLVED WITH A GANG OF MOTORCYCLE MARAUDERS-- AND BEFORE I COULD GET BACK TO SCHOOL, THE SPEECHES WERE OVER! I LOST THE ELECTION...

I WONDER IF THERE'S STILL TIME TO GET BACK IN TIME FOR MY SPEECH?

DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, MASTER DICK! AFTER ALL, YOU HAVE JUST COMPLETED A HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL CASE! YOU SHOULD BE IN CHEERFUL SPIRITS!

SURE, BRUCE!  
I'LL BE OKAY...

COME ON, IT ISN'T ALL THAT BAD!  
AFTER ALL, OUR WORK DEMANDS SACRIFICES!

GET SOME SLEEP-- IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN THE MORNING!

THE END.

# LETTERS TO THE BATCAVE--EXTRA

Dear Editor:

In regard to one of your recent lettercols, it was stated by a fan that he was in deep mystery and wonderment (or words to that effect) as to why *Batman's* and *Robin's* eyepieces were white-colored. Fear not, Mr. Editor, for I have taken it upon myself to enlighten any and all who wish the answer and seek the truth. And so my story commences (for want of a better title, I shall call it: "The Great Eyepiece Mystery") . . .

It came to pass that a young lad, Bruce Wayne, was destined to become one of America's best-known and best-loved (also best-read?) crime-fighters—via the actions of a man known as *Joe Chill*. Now *Batman*, having one of the quicker minds, foresaw that many people would try and discover his secret identity (many of them being nefarious and unscrupulous persons who would gladly divulge this secret to the underworld or to the world at large for that matter, and think nothing of it).

So the *Gotham Guardian* decided that those people would take advantage of any slip-up he might possibly make in order to obtain his precious secret. After some thought, *Batman* concluded that one of the more noticeable clues to his identity would be the color of his eyes, for if Bruce Wayne ever got included in anyone's line-up of possible *Batmen*, then this might very well be the straw that broke the camel's back. To remedy this, he took immediate action. Now the gist of the story is this: *Batman* decided to fill in his eyelids (also *Robin's*, when he came along) with a two-way mirror type substance; in effect, he could easily see out—but from the outside, people would only see a blank, white surface—thus eliminating this particular hazard to his secret identity.

So this is my answer to "The Great Eyepiece Mystery." You may take it or leave it with a grain of salt, if you wish. In case anyone wonders whereof I got this information, it was so explained by ye editor a few years ago. I thank you—and good night.

—*Chip Langlais, Cocoa Beach, Fla.*

(So now when crooks want to gun down *Batman*, they don't shoot till they see the white of his eyes!—Editor)

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Editor:

This is a letter of thought, and no—I'm not pointing out some minor oversight, or praising or downgrading a story. I just want to tell you why I enjoy yours and many other DC comics. One reason is because I love the cleverness, and the adventurous originality behind the plots. In your mags, I can envision a world where right always triumphs. Regretfully, I must succumb to the fact that in this world it isn't always so. I can also see a world where, although it still has men full of hate, distrust, deviated minds and murderous malignance, for every

one there's a man of insight, men of virtue and ethics who would face any danger for the things they believe in.

I never buy other brands of comics on the stands because I'm so let down reading them—they seem as just a blot in the bright light of your fame. If it weren't for *Batman*, *Detective Comics*, and so many of your other mags, I think I'd got *Batty!* (No pun intended.) Your mags help a teenager forget his or her problems. I can't tell you exactly why I wrote you this letter, but I guess it's because I thought for once you'd like to know exactly why we fans love and adore you and the comics you print.

—*Sheila Horne, Baltimore, Md.*

(The "Whys" you listed for reading DC comics, Sheila, are all wise ones!—Editor)

Dear Editor:

\*\*\*\*\*

One of the many qualities in a *Batman* story is its realism. But, for many years the plausibility of *Batman* has been put, time and time again, to a test—which unfortunately the *Caped Crusader* has yet to pass. The situation is a familiar one: *Batman* is knocked senseless by his foe, tied up, and awakens to a torrent of abuse, ridicule, and outright bragging, as the villain taunts our hero before he commits him to death.

Going back a bit, we find that in *Batman* #192, the captive *Batman* had make-up on, disguised as one of Johnny Witts' henchmen. In other issues, his face was masked by his cowl. This, however, is beside the point, because in neither case did the villain make any attempt to unmask him, or discover his true identity. It amazes me why any criminal would not instinctively rip away *Batman's* mask, even before he tied him up. It would normally be the very first thing to do.

Secondly, like all his colleagues in crime, Johnny Witts put *Batman* in some crazy contraption, which is supposed to kill him. Why, why, why . . . would a smart crook like Witts (or any other smart crook) prefer this method of elimination instead of a simple bullet through the heart or head? Sure, it wouldn't be as dramatic, or as thrilling as some tricky trap, but if you want to be realistic, it would be a lot more dependable. After all, how many bullets through the heart has *Batman* survived in comparison with his record of "death-trap" escapes?

If *Gotham City's* local evil-doers are that clumsy, I can't see how *Batman* can ever lose.

—*James D. Faix, Bayonne, N.J.*

(Carry reality to extremes and poor *Batman* wouldn't have a place to hang his cape. To familiar quote from Bartlett: "Human kind cannot bear very much reality." —Editor)

\*\*\*\*\*

Address communications to LETTERS TO THE BATCAVE—EXTRA, National Periodical Publications, 575 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

# DIRECT CURRENTS

When STANLEY takes his favorite MONSTER to camp, you can look for disaster—and what happens to "SPOT" shouldn't happen to a DOG! As if that weren't enough, STANLEY'S sitter invites a rock group over to rehearse. . . and dear ol' MONSTER helps 'em out in a contest! Then, to top off the ish, comes a carnival caper—with "SPOT" billed as a "hairy fat lady" and immigration agents after SCHNITZEL and SHAUNESSY! **July STANLEY AND HIS MONSTER, No. 110**, on sale April 23.

Holy team-ups! Look who's grabbed **THE BRAVE AND THE BOLD** now! It's BATMAN and WONDER WOMAN—with none other than that DOMINOED DAREDOLL, BATGIRL, guest-starred! Was there ever such a triumphant triumvirate on the super-hero scene? But there's more here than meets the eye, because the CAPED CRUSADER is caught in a tug-of-war between the AMAZING AMAZON and the MASKED MAID, while pursuing a snake-in-the-grass called COPPERHEAD! **July issue, No. 78**, on the stands April 23.

One man was clever enough to learn SUPERMAN'S secret identity! The other had the genius to penetrate the BATCAVE itself! But the two were deadly enemies. . . and while one was protected by SUPERMAN and BATGIRL, the other was aided by BATMAN and SUPERGIRL! Why were these new teams formed. . . and which one was helping the right man? The JIMMY OLSEN-ROBIN team found out. . . but someone made sure they'd NEVER TALK! **June WORLD'S FINEST, No. 176**, on sale April 25.



Can you picture SUPERBOY and MON-EL, mightiest members of the LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES, running like scared rabbits? Well, they have something to run from! His name's MORDRU. . . and his magical powers can make whole worlds shudder! So back the BOY BLOCKBUSTERS go. . . along with DUO DAMSEL and SHADOW LASS. . . to lose themselves in 20th-century SMALLVILLE! What happens to the **ADVENTURE ACES** then? Why not get the **June issue, No. 369** when it goes on sale, April 30, and see?

Who was the BATMAN-like figure that trailed the CAPED CRIME-FIGHTER as he made his nightly, criminal-hunting patrol of GOTHAM CITY? Why was it that BATMAN could see his look-alike. . . when no one else could? Was the MASKED MANHUNTER being "HUNTED—OR HAUNTED?" The exciting, eerie answer is revealed in the **June issue of DETECTIVE COMICS, No. 376**, which goes on sale April 30! Of course, the ELONGATED MAN'll be ALONG, too!

Back to the twentieth century journeyed the time-travelers from the far future, to witness D DAY (DOOM DAY) for the JUSTICE LEAGUERS—an event that their history books had ALREADY recorded! "TIME SIGNS A DEATH-WARRANT FOR THE JUSTICE LEAGUE" is the story. . . and it comes to newsstands everywhere on April 25, in the **June issue of JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA, No. 63**! If you miss this JLA adventure, you MAY forgive yourself. . . but it won't be easy!

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I SEE YOU'RE GOING TO PAINT A MODEL CAR. WHAT'S THE TALCUM POWDER FOR?

THANKS TO -  
ALAN HILTON  
CHARLOTTE, N.CAROLINA

I DO THIS WHEN I PAINT THE INTERIOR OF MY CARS.

SAY -- IT'S SURE DIFFERENT LOOKING. REAL COOL!

I MIX SOME OF THE TALCUM POWDER INTO MY PAINT.

HENRY BOLTINOFF

IT'S ALSO GREAT WHEN YOU PAINT MODEL MEN -- IT MAKES THEIR CLOTHES LOOK REAL.

6607 ----- CUT OUT FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK -----

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HERE'S THE **LATEST!**

**28**

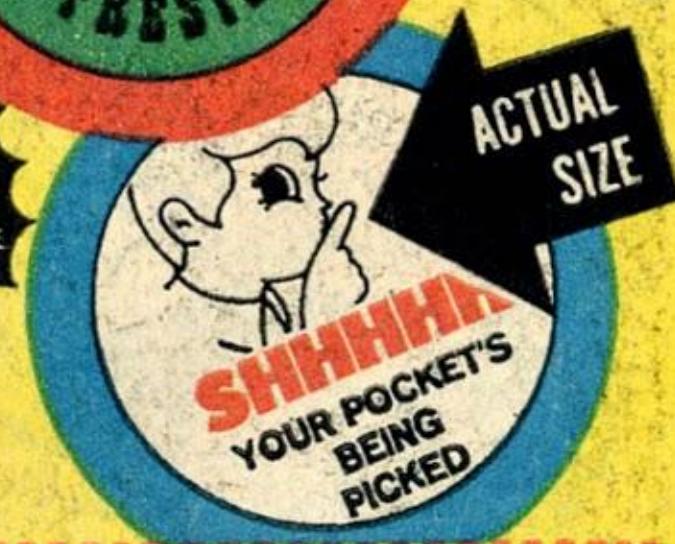
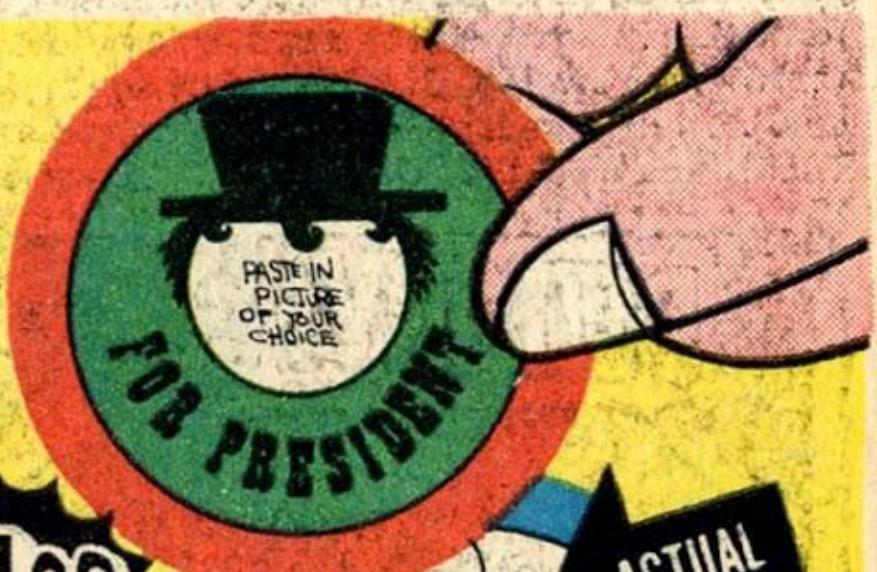
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A list that tells you where to send for free samples. Books, foreign stamps, coins, maps, showtix, toys, films, posters, etc. They are yours for the asking. Hundreds of \$\$\$ worth of free offers.

No. F-12 only 50c  
3 lists . . . . for only \$1.00

## FLY IN ICE

Scare your friends! Just drop this life-like ice cube with a fly inside it into someone's drink and watch his eyes pop-ugh.

No. F-16 . . . . only 50c



## PRANKSTER WHISTLE

Greatest gag in years. Just place inside any tail-pipe and watch the fun. As soon as he starts the car it will sound as if the whole motor fell out. It's a panic, but completely harmless.

No. F-22 . . . . . only 75c

## PEPPER GUM

Hi, buddy, want a piece of gum? Hot-pepper gum makes mouth burn but is completely harmless -- a million laughs for parties, etc.

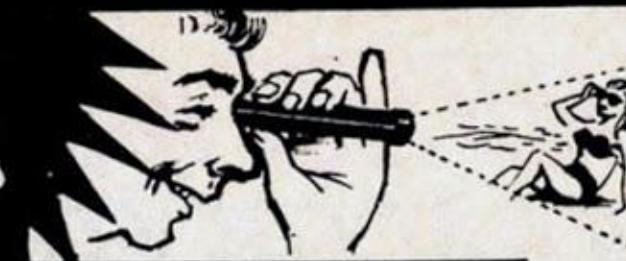
No. F-17 . . . . only 20c



## SECRET BOOK SAFE

The Secret Book Safe hides itself on your bookshelf -- looks like a real book. Even if found, people can't open it because of secret combination -- only YOU can. Store your valuables, treasures, etc. Tough understructure is covered in simulated leather binding.  
No. F-28

only \$1.00



## LOUD NOSE BLOWER

Get roars of laughter -- insert this 'nose blower' in your handkerchief and blow. It sounds like the roof caved in! Really a riot!

No. F-23 . . . . only 25c



## TRICK BLACK SOAP

Looks like regular bar of soap. Watch your friends wash their faces -- in horror as faces get blacker and blacker. Completely harmless -- washes off with regular soap. Real fun!

No. F-26 . . . . . only 25c



## SUPER POWER-VISION



## POWERFUL BINOCULAR EYEGLASSES

The binoculars you wear like eyeglasses! Rugged, strong, yet so light. Provide new fun for baseball, football, hunting, movies and T.V. Comparable to models selling at \$3.95 Now yours for only \$1.00 or 2 for \$1.75.



## FANTASTIC TINY RADIO

This tiny, feather-weight radio operates without batteries, without tubes, but brings you years of listening pleasure. There's nothing to wear out, so there's nothing to replace.

No. F-13 . . . . only \$1.98



## JOY BUZZER

Shake hands and watch your friends jump 6 feet high. Completely harmless

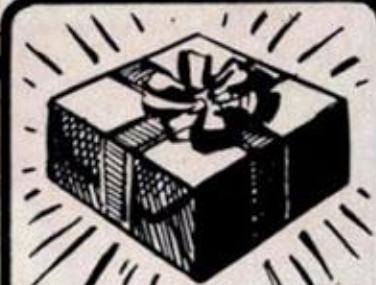
No. F-21 only 65c



## SPY 'SPECS'

A wonderful illusion to fool your buddies. Put them on, now is that really his skull you see inside his head? Prove to him you can see through anything.

No. F-19 . . . . only \$1.00



## SURPRISE PACKAGE

Surprise packages that will give you a thrill. We guarantee you more than your money's worth.

No. F-18 . . . . only 50c

## REGENCY MAIL-ORDER Dept. ORC-6 BOX 826, NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y. 14302

RUSH ME THE ITEMS LISTED BELOW. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return any part of my purchase after the ten day free trial for full refund.

ITEM NO.	NAME OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

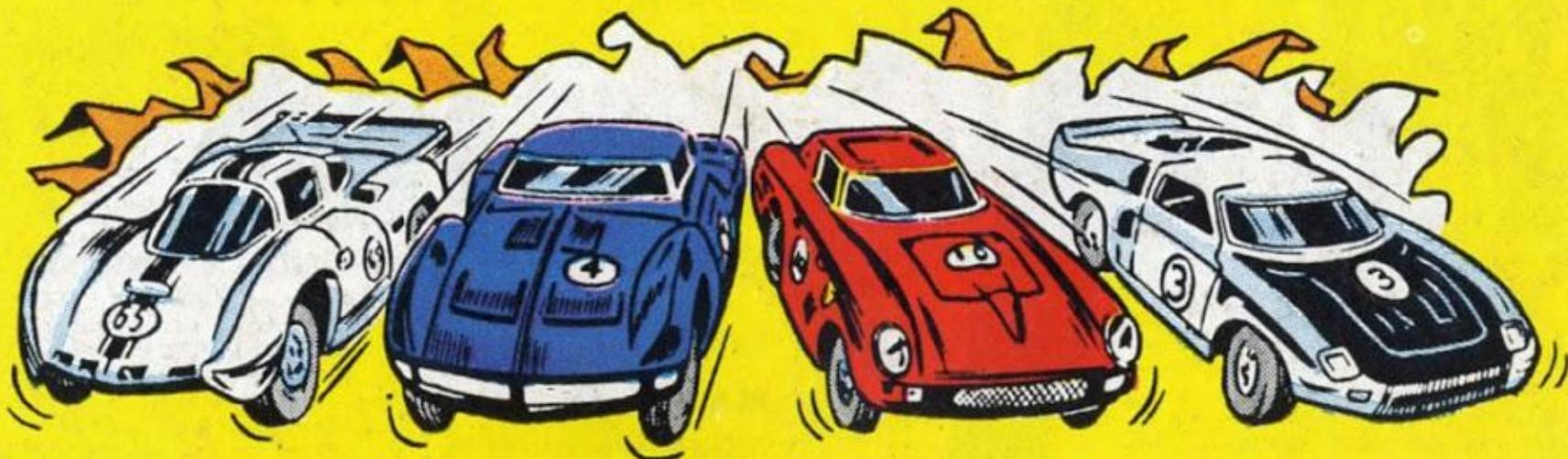
I enclose ..... plus 15c postage and shipping in cash, cheque or money-order.

Enclose 10c for Catalogue.

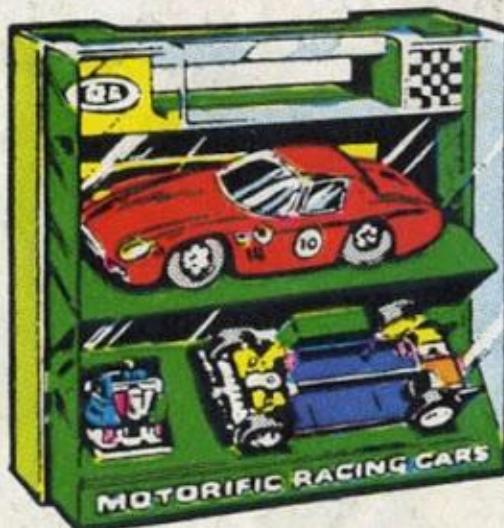
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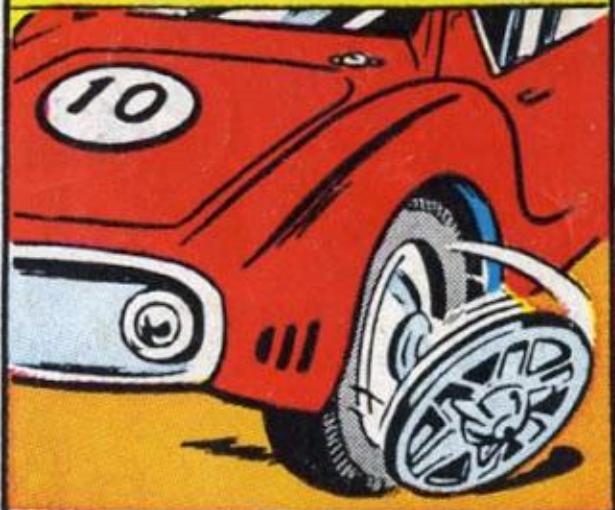


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MAKO SHARK  
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GET ONE, GET A PAIR, GET EM ALL! THE HOT, NEW MOTORIFIC RACING CARS, WITH PRECISION PARTS DOWN TO THE SMALLEST DETAIL. EACH COMES IN A SLEEK CARRYING CASE. EACH COMES WITH INTER-CHANGEABLE MOTOR AND CHASSIS. EACH COMES READY TO ROLL!

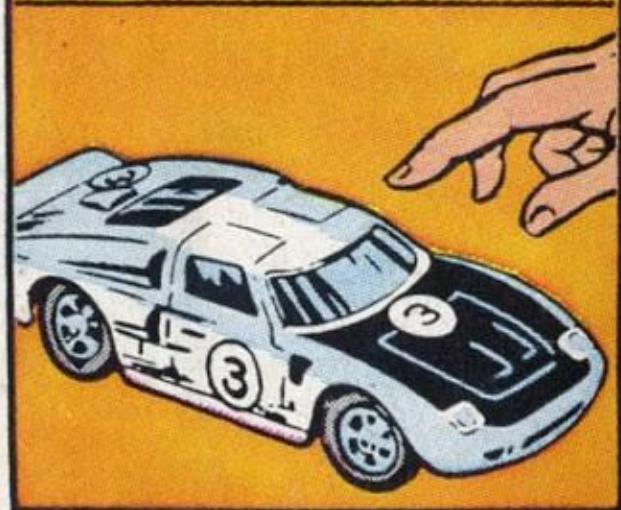
EACH COMES WITH KNOCK-OFF HUB CAPS.



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