



DC
COMICS

72

LEE
ALLRED

MICHAEL
ALLRED

LAURA
ALLRED



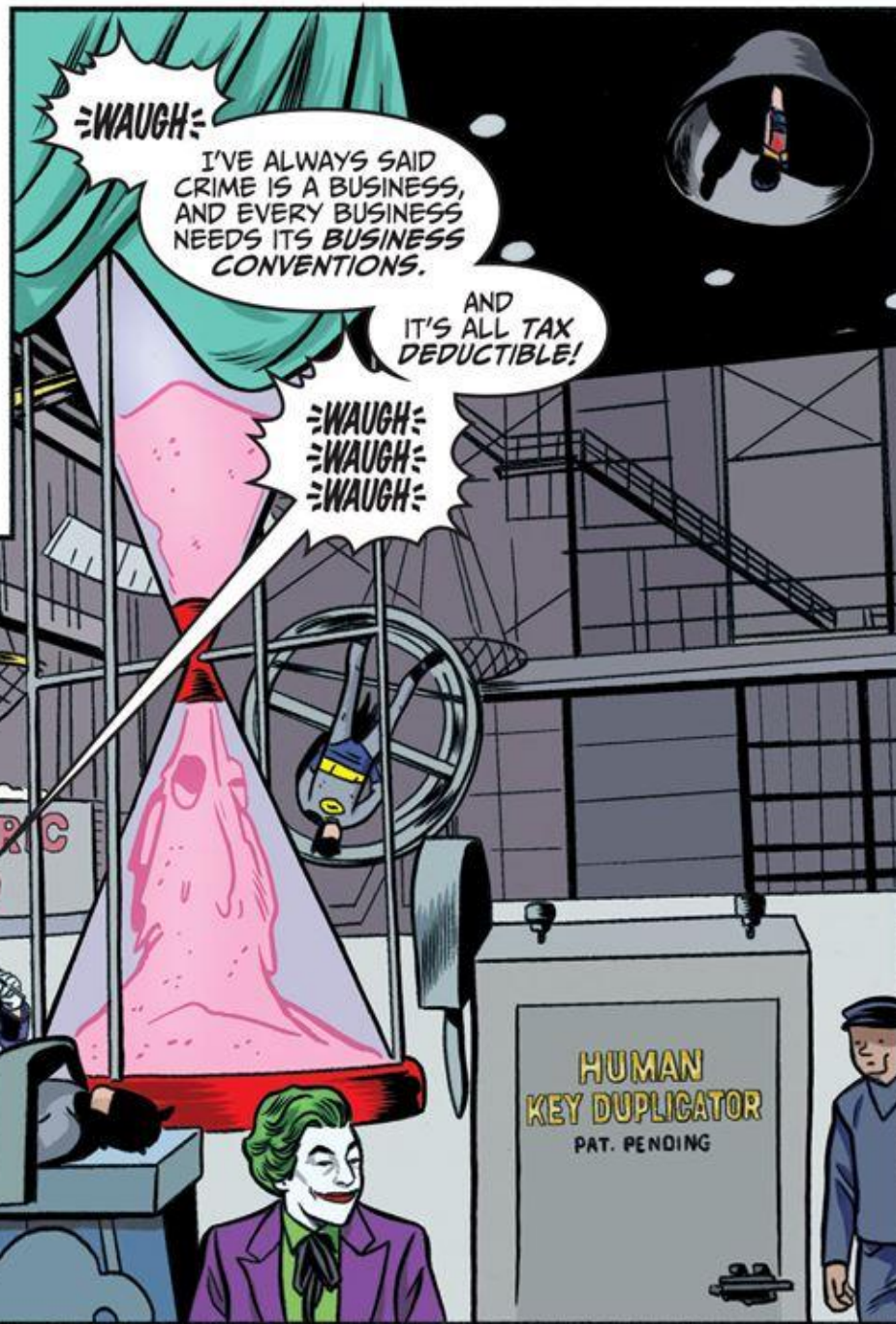
BATMAN '66







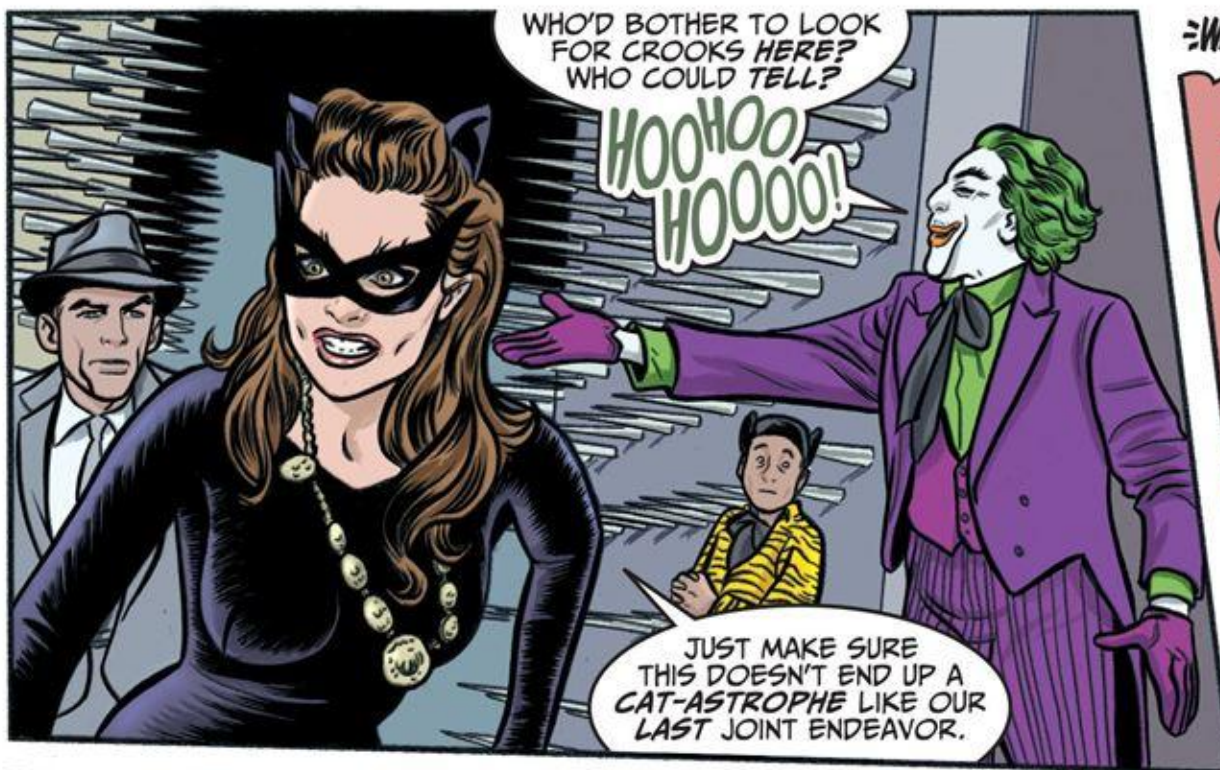
**MEANWHILE, ON A MOVIE STUDIO
BACKLOT IN THE
HEART OF GOTHAM.**



THE
PURRRFECT
VENUE.

WHAT
BETTER PLACE
TO HIDE ROBBERS,
RASCALS, REPROBATES,
AND RAPSCALLIONS
BUT A MOVIE
STUDIO?







NOT THEM,
BOSS. IT'S KING
COBRA.

HE CAME IN COSTUME LIKE
YOUSE GUYS SAID NOT TO DO
SO AS NOT TO DRAW
ATTENTION.

WE CAN'T PULL
HIS MASK OFF,
NEITHER--



--NO MATTER
HOW HARD WE
TRY!

HEEHEE! FORGOT TO
MENTION--I GAVE KING
COBRA SPECIAL MASK
PERMISSION.

LITTLE MISHAP
WITH BAT-GLUE LAST
TIME OUT.

HA HA
HA!



THAT'S ALL FELINELY DIVINE, BUT WHAT
ABOUT ATTENDANCE FIGURES? ARE WE
AT LEAST *BREAKING EVEN*?



BETTER'N
EXPECTED,
BOSS. I GOT
DA NUMBERS
RIGHT HERE...



...WE GOT
EVERY GOTHAM
SUPER-CROOK HERE,
FROM ATOMIC MANTO
ZEBRA-MAN!

WHY, ATOM
MASTER! IT'S
BEEN AGES! HOW'S
MRS. MASTER AND
ALL THE LITTLE
ATOMS?

AND
SIGNALMAN!
CUNNINGLY
DISGUISED AS AN
ACTUAL RAILROAD
SIGNALMAN,
I SEE!

WE ONLY
GOTS ONE MAJOR
NO-SHOW--THE
RIDDLER.

BAH!
WE DIDN'T
INVITE HIM! NOT
AFTER LAST
TIME!

HISSESSSSS!

≡WAUGH≡

HIM AND HIS
COCKAMAMIE
RIDDLES!

≡WAUGH≡

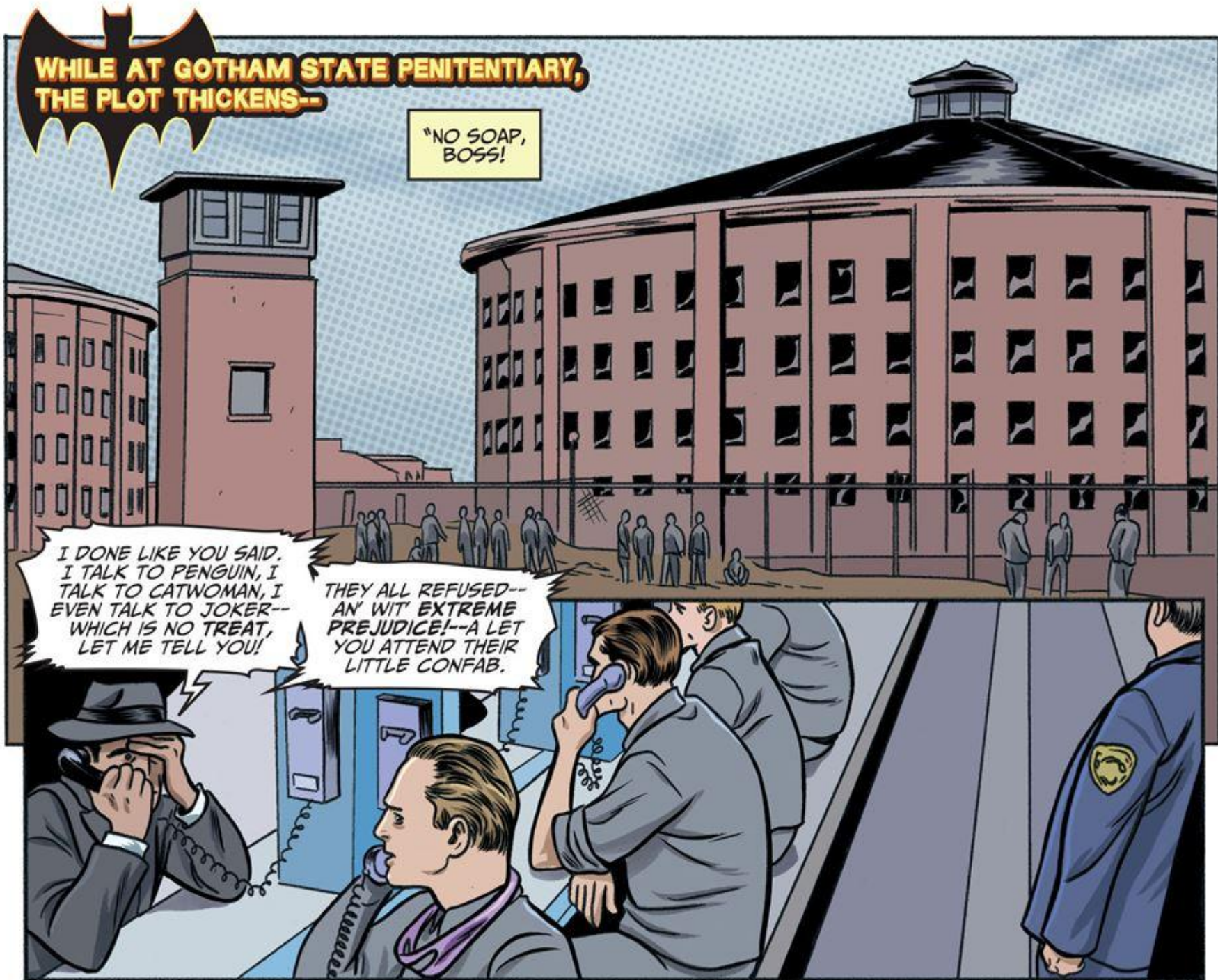
OUGHTA BE
A LAW...

**WHILE AT GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY,
THE PLOT THICKENS--**

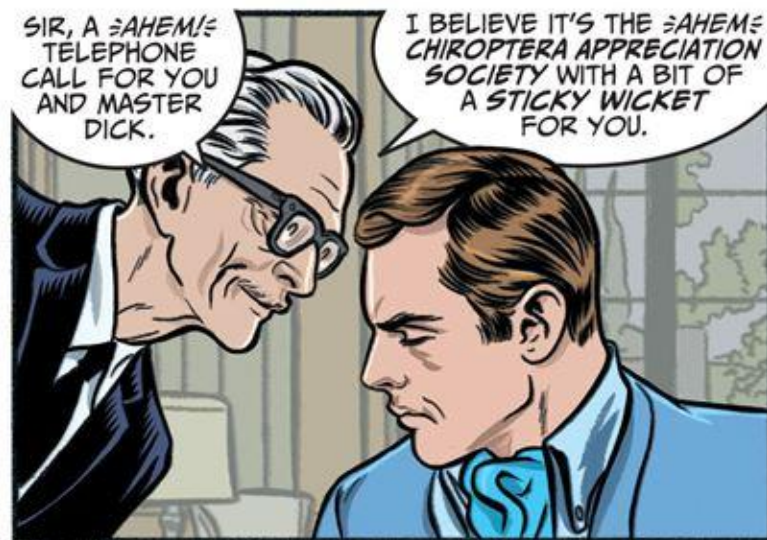
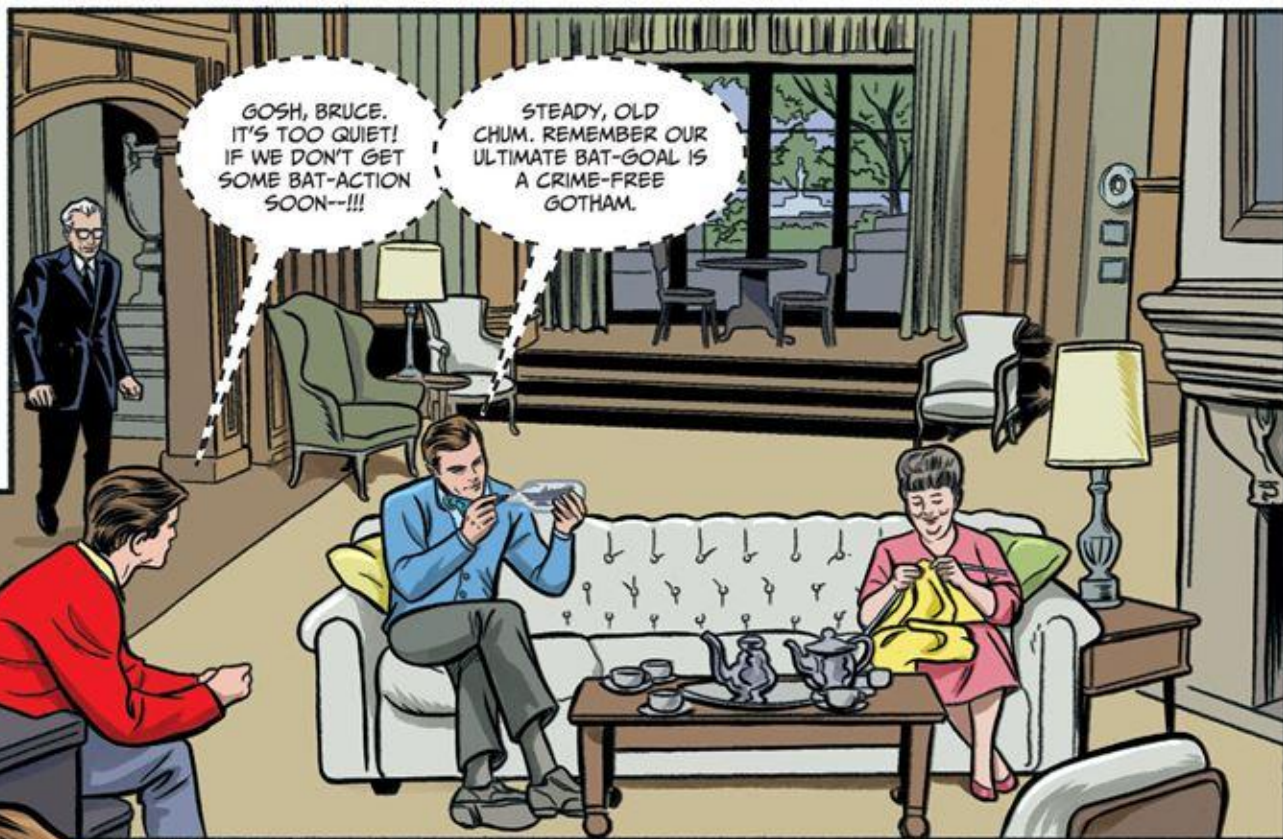
"NO SOAP,
BOSS!"

I DONE LIKE YOU SAID.
I TALK TO PENGUIN, I
TALK TO CATWOMAN, I
EVEN TALK TO JOKER--
WHICH IS NO TREAT,
LET ME TELL YOU!

THEY ALL REFUSED--
AN' WIT' EXTREME
PREJUDICE!--A LET
YOU ATTEND THEIR
LITTLE CONFAB.

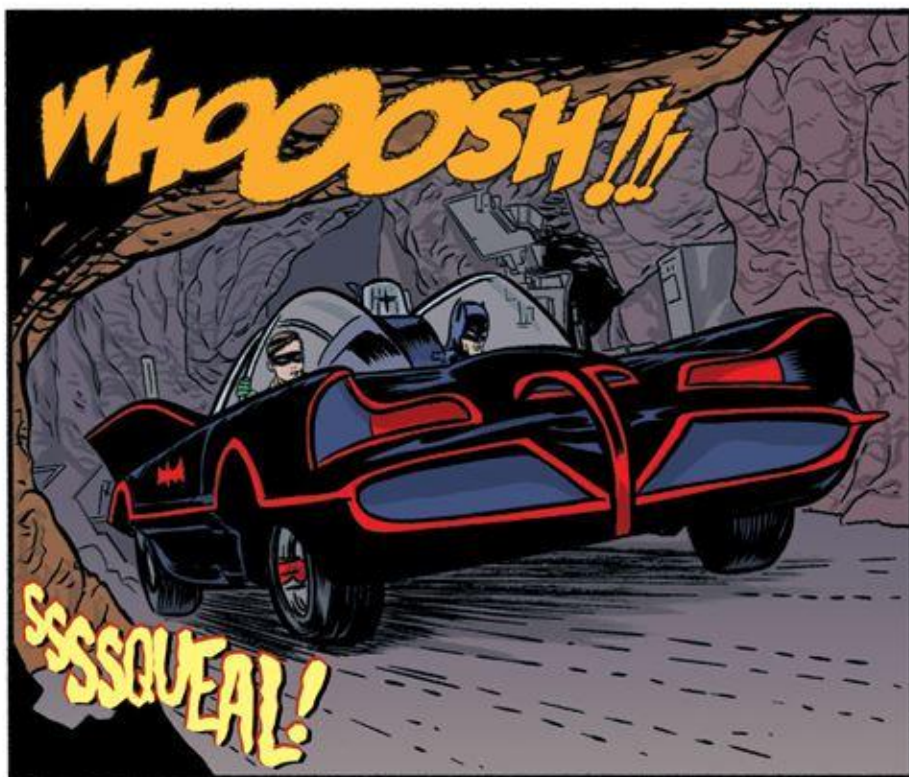















A comic book panel showing Batman in his suit and mask. He is in a room with a police officer in uniform, a man in a suit, and another police officer. Batman is gesturing with his hand. In the background, a man in a yellow cape and green boots is walking away. A large window with a diamond pattern is visible. A lamp and a box are on a table to the left.

AYE, AND
MAYBE SO, BOY
WONDER, BUT FER
THE LIFE O' ME, I
CAN'T PIECE IT
TOGETHER.

ALL TOO
OBVIOUS, CHIEF
O'HARA. A SOLUTION
THAT PRESAGES
SUCH A DIRE AND
INSIDIOUS CALAMITY, I
SCARCE IMAGINE
IT POSSIBLE.

THE REASON FOR GOTHAM'S CURRENT
PRETERNATURAL CALM IS THAT GOTHAM'S
VILLAINRY IS ALL GATHERED FOR A
CROOK CONVENTION HELD AT
THE OLD **GREENE-WAY**
FILM STUDIOS!

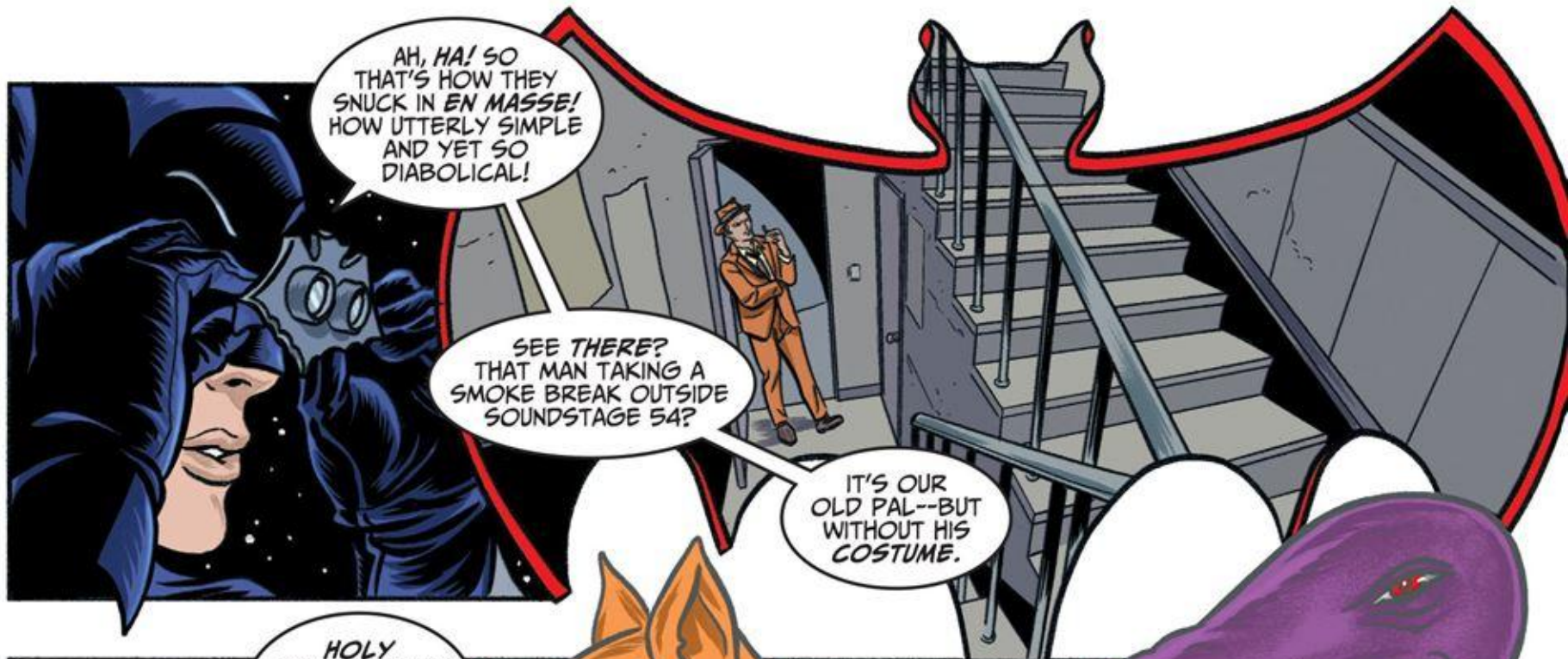
TO THE
BATMOBILE,
ROBIN!

**SURE AND
BEGORRA!** HERE
WE PUZZLE OVER
THEM TRICKY RIDDLES
FER HOURS, AND THEM
BE SOLVING IT IN
**FIFTEEN SECONDS
FLAT.**

WHAT WOULD
WE EVER DO WITHOUT
THEM, CHIEF? WHAT,
INDEED.







AH, HA! SO
THAT'S HOW THEY
SNUCK IN *EN MASSE*!
HOW UTTERLY SIMPLE
AND YET SO
DIABOLICAL!

SEE *THERE*?
THAT MAN TAKING A
SMOKE BREAK OUTSIDE
SOUNDSTAGE 54?

IT'S OUR
OLD PAL--BUT
WITHOUT HIS
COSTUME.



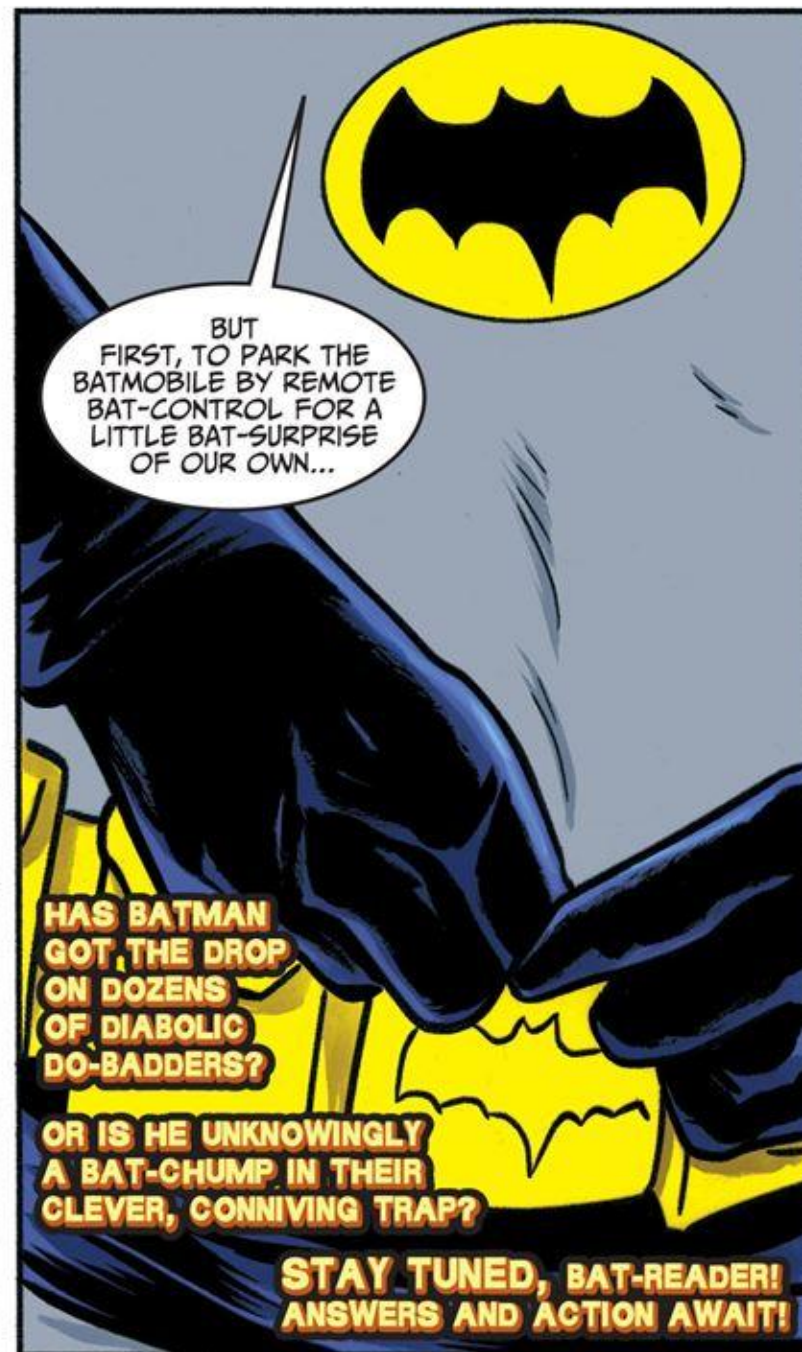
HOLY
20TH CENTURY!
FOX OF THE
TERRIBLE
TRIO!

I'M
TERRIBLE
AT FACES,
BUT I NEVER
FORGET A
MASK!

HE'S DISCONNECTED
THE EMERGENCY FIRE
DOOR ALARM IN ORDER
TO SNEAK OUT FOR
A SMOKE.

IRONIC
THAT A "COFFIN
NAIL" SHOULD PUT
THE NAIL IN HIS
COFFIN.

WE'LL ENTER
THROUGH
THAT SAME
ALARM-LESS
DOOR.



BUT
FIRST, TO PARK THE
BATMOBILE BY REMOTE
BAT-CONTROL FOR A
LITTLE BAT-SURPRISE
OF OUR OWN...

**HAS BATMAN
GOT THE DROP
ON DOZENS
OF DIABOLIC
DO-BADDERS?**

**OR IS HE UNKNOWNLY
A BAT-CHUMP IN THEIR
CLEVER, CONNING TRAP?**

**STAY TUNED, BAT-READER!
ANSWERS AND ACTION AWAIT!**