

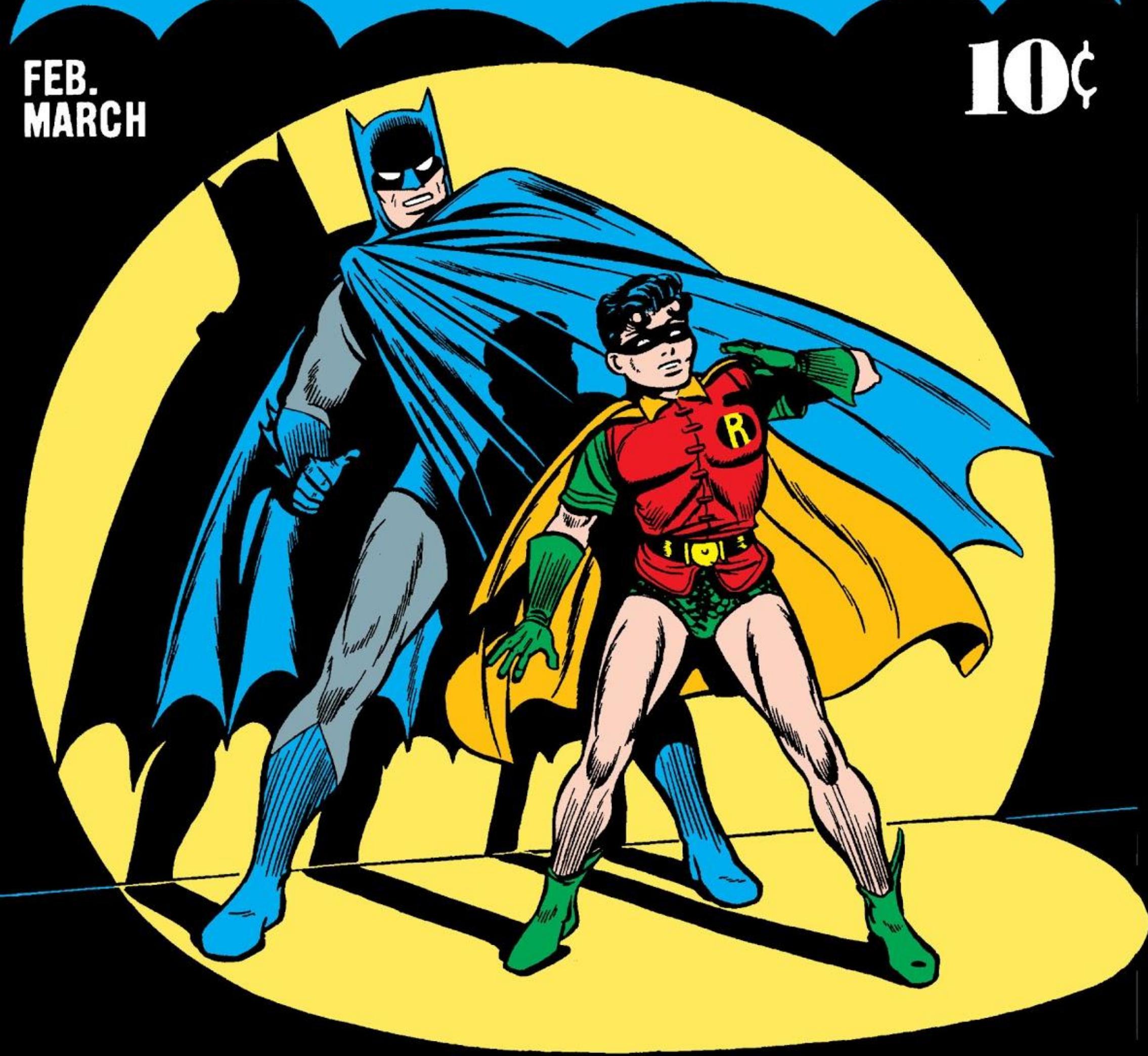
No. 9



# BATMAN

10¢

FEB.  
MARCH



# BATMAN

WITH  
ROBIN

HERE IS A TALE OF MYSTERY AS OLD AS MAN IS OLD. A TALE, ALSO, OF FOUR SKEPTICAL, BIG-TIME RACKETEERS WHO FIND BLASTING GUNS HELPLESS AGAINST THE BLACK, RELENTLESS FORCES OF THE UNKNOWN! MIGHTY BATMAN AND ROBIN - BATTLED THIS SAME VIOLENT CRIME BAND - COME UPON THINGS AND HAPPENINGS THAT EVEN THEY ARE UNABLE TO EXPLAIN. MERE COINCIDENCE? PERHAPS -- WHO CAN REALLY TELL? CAN YOU RIP AWAY THE VEIL OF MYSTERY THAT SHROUDS THESE INEXPLICABLE EVENTS--AND SOLVE THE BAFFLING RIDDLE OF --- THE FOUR FATES!



THE GAGER EARS OF MILLIONS LISTEN TO THE BROADCAST--



BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, ARE AMONG THE LISTENING AUDIENCE--

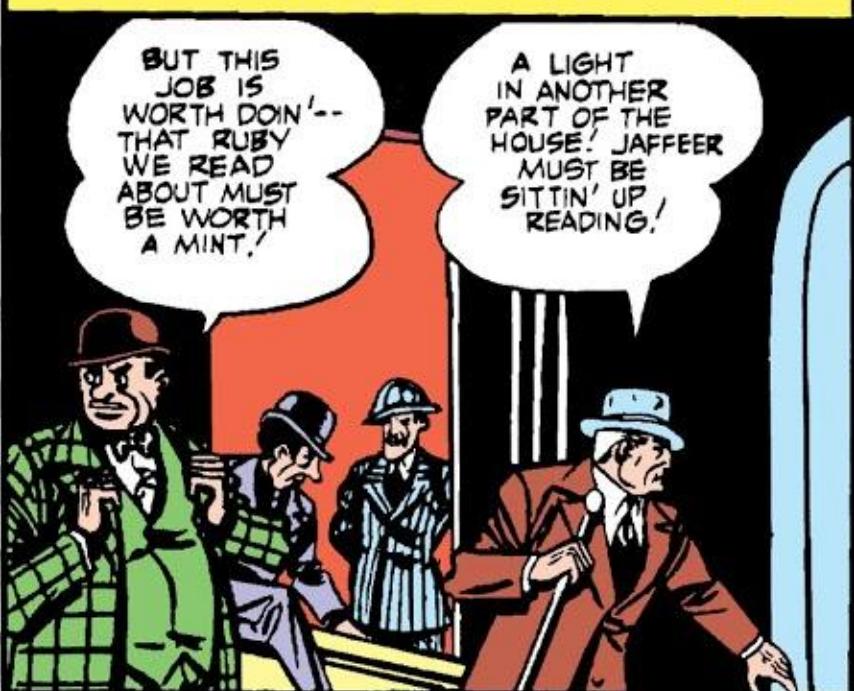
ISN'T HE THE FELLOW I READ ABOUT RECENTLY-- WEARS A GIANT RUBY IN HIS TURBAN!

THAT'S RIGHT! A RUBY WORTH A KING'S RANSOM!

A SWITCH IS THROWN--AND THE MAGIC OF RADIO TRANSMITS THE ANNOUNCER'S VOICE TO MILLIONS.

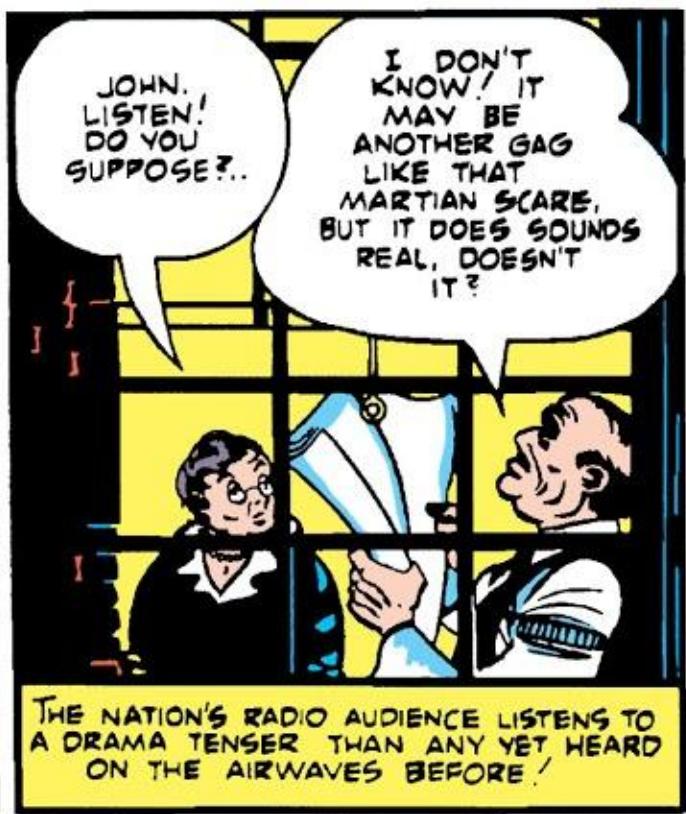
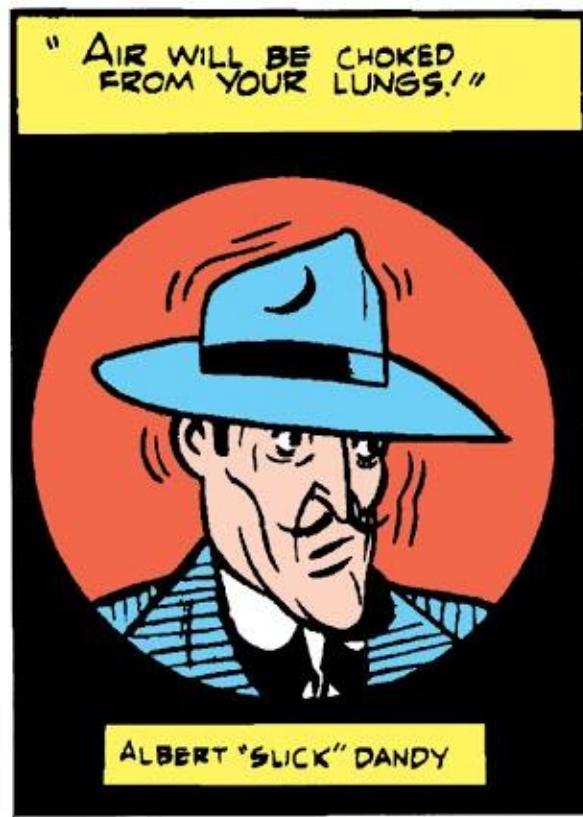


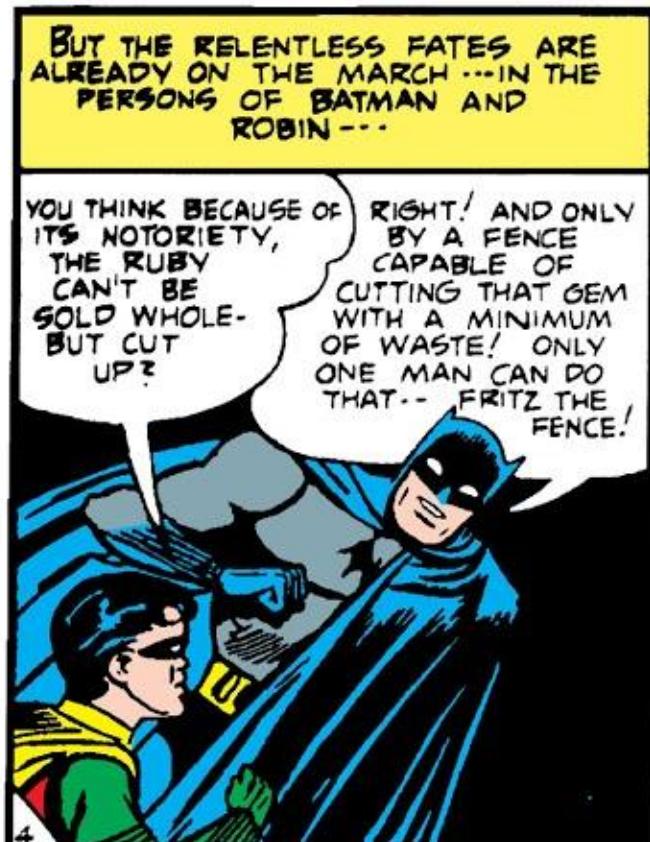
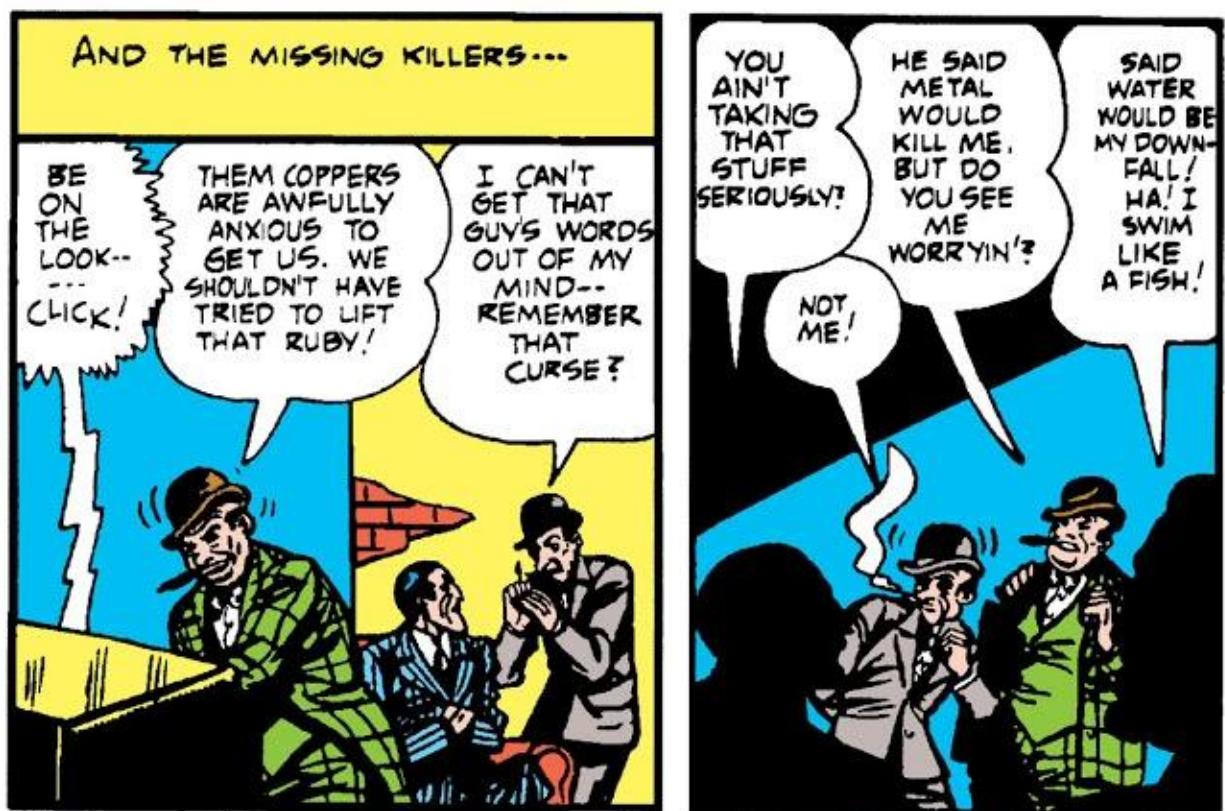
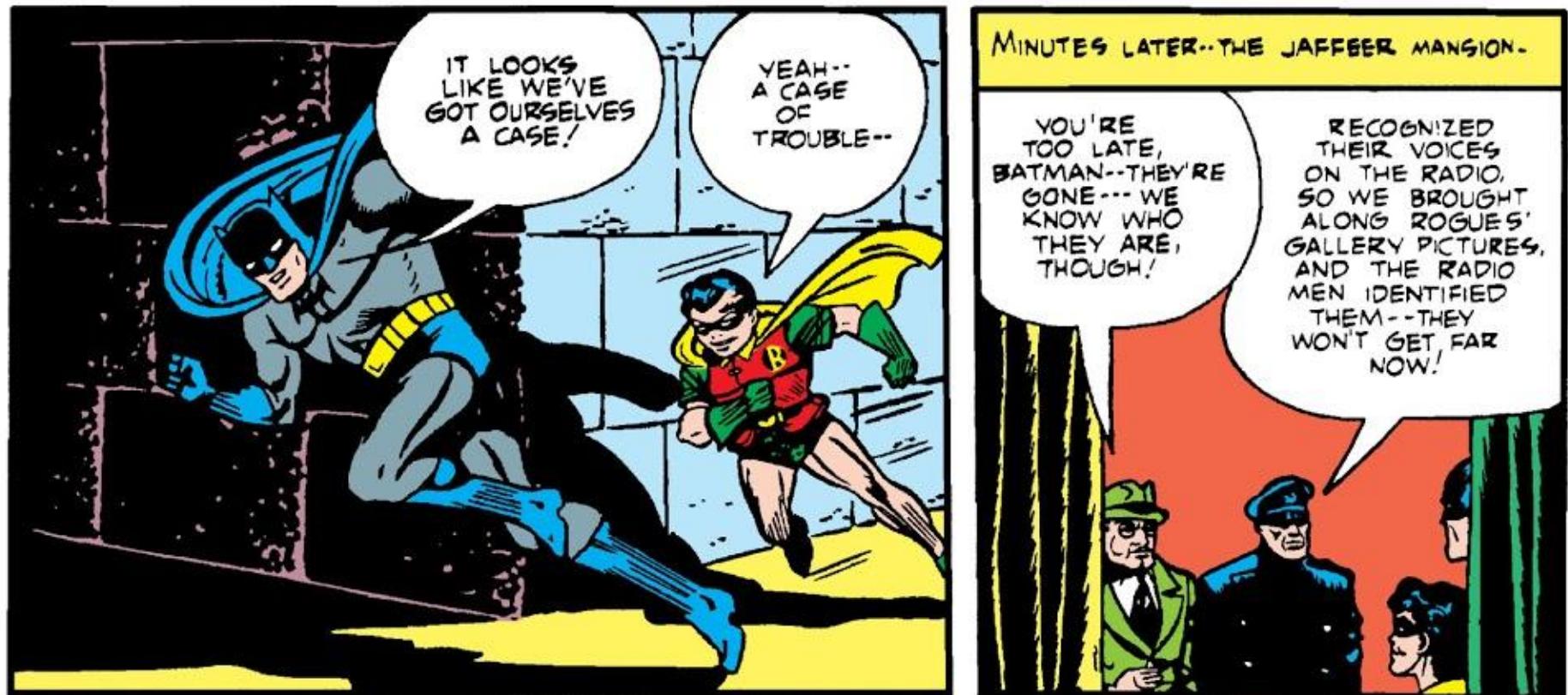
AT THAT VERY INSTANT, FOUR FUGITIVE FIGURES EASE THEMSELVES INTO THE JAFFEER MANSION--

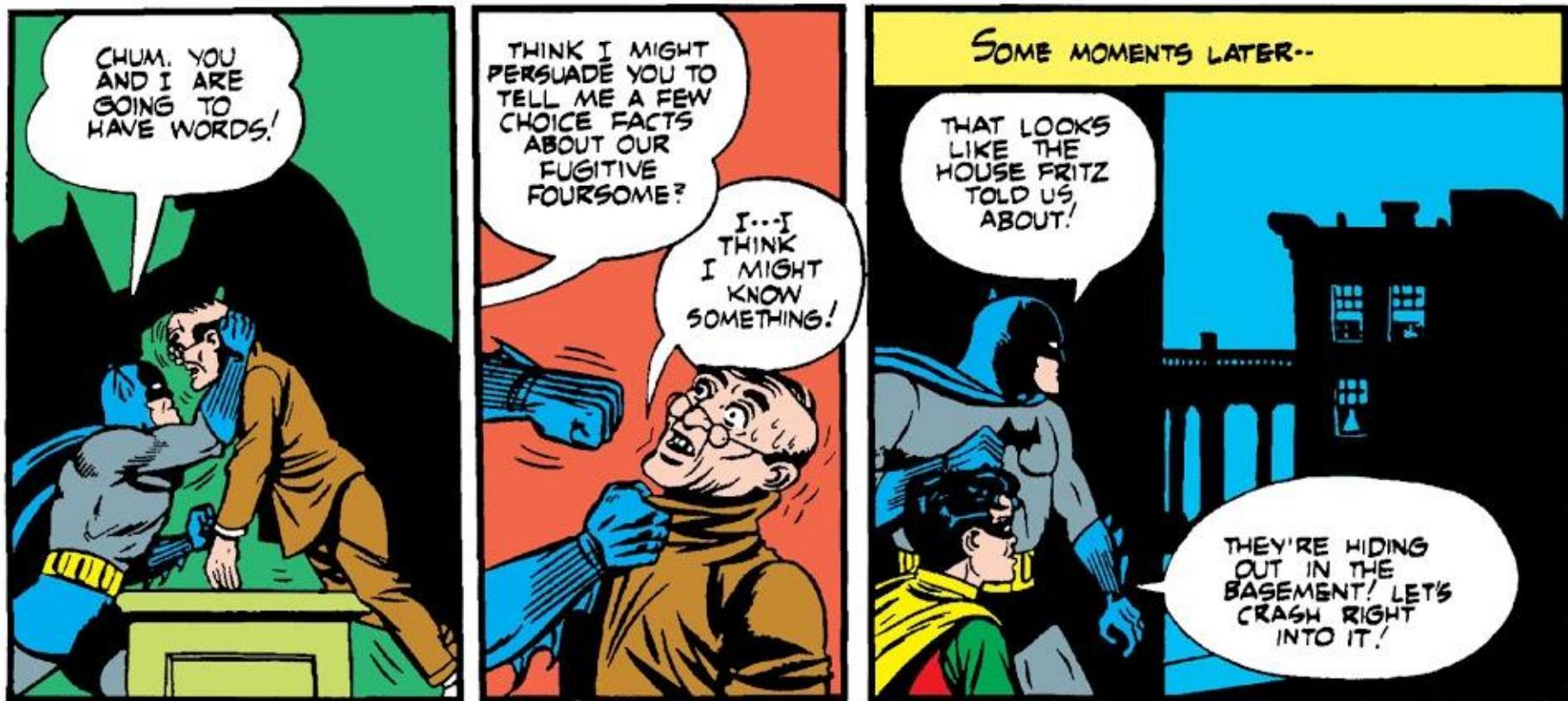


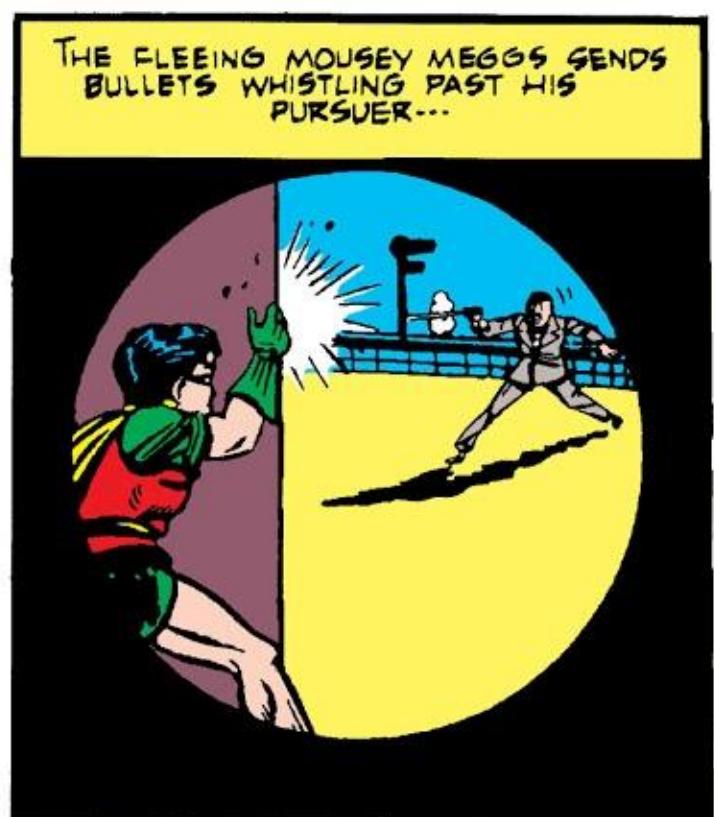
THE THUGS PUSH OPEN A DOOR AND GET THE SHOCK OF THEIR LIVES!











MEANWHILE, THE BATMAN HAS A MAN-SIZED FIGHT ON HIS HANDS, AS THE ESCAPED THUGS BATTLE DESPERATELY! SUDDENLY--A GUN CRASHES...

A SMART GUY THAT AINT SO SMART, ANYMORE!

AND NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO GET OUT BEFORE THE COPS COME IN!

THIS GUY WILL KEEP.... FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.

LIGHTS OUT FOR YOU THIS TIME, BATMAN!



THE BATMAN DEAD? NOT QUITE, FOR THAT BULLET HAS ONLY CREASED HIS SCALP--AND SO--MOMENTS LATER--

ROBIN TELLS OF MOUSEY'S UNTIMELY DEATH--

NEXT DAY.

WOW--IT FEELS LIKE A BUILDING FELL ON ME!

SO--MOUSEY DIED JUST AS JAFFER SAID HE WOULD. I WONDER IF... BUT OF COURSE THERE'S NOTHING TO IT!

MOUSEY DEAD, THE MYSTIC REMEMBER?

YEAH--HOW LIGHTNING WAS GONNA GET HIM!

IT--IT'S JUST COINCIDENCE--IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ANYBODY-



YEAH! BUT IT DIDN'T HAPPEN TO ANYBODY--IT HAPPENED TO MOUSEY!

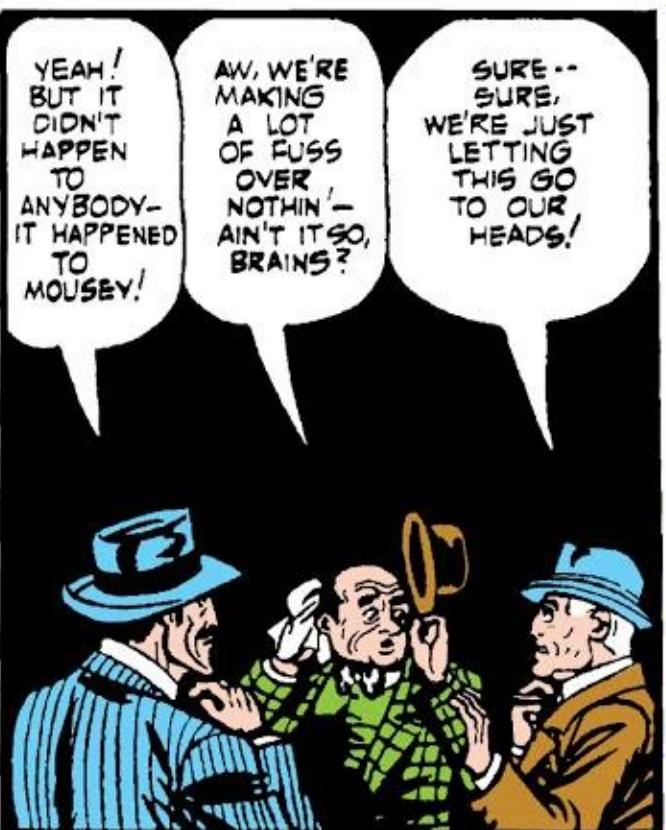
AW, WE'RE MAKING A LOT OF FUSS OVER NOTHIN'--AIN'T IT SO, BRAINS?

SURE--SURE, WE'RE JUST LETTING THIS GO TO OUR HEADS!

MEANWHILE--BATMAN AND ROBIN SCOUR THEIR FILE FOR A POSSIBLE CLUE TO THE MISSING MURDERERS.

NOTHING HERE--NOTHING! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, GET SOME MUSIC ON THE RADIO TO EASE MY ACHING BRAINS!

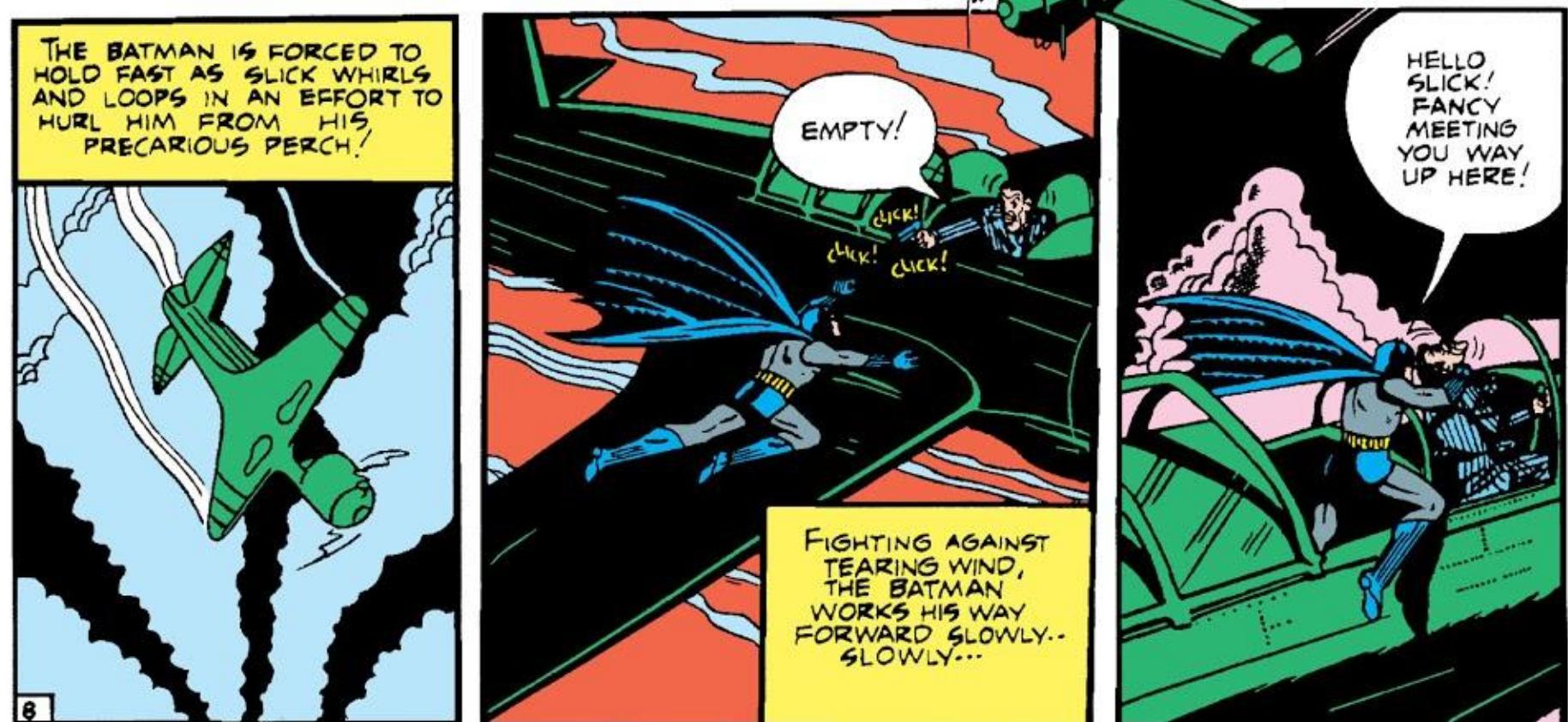
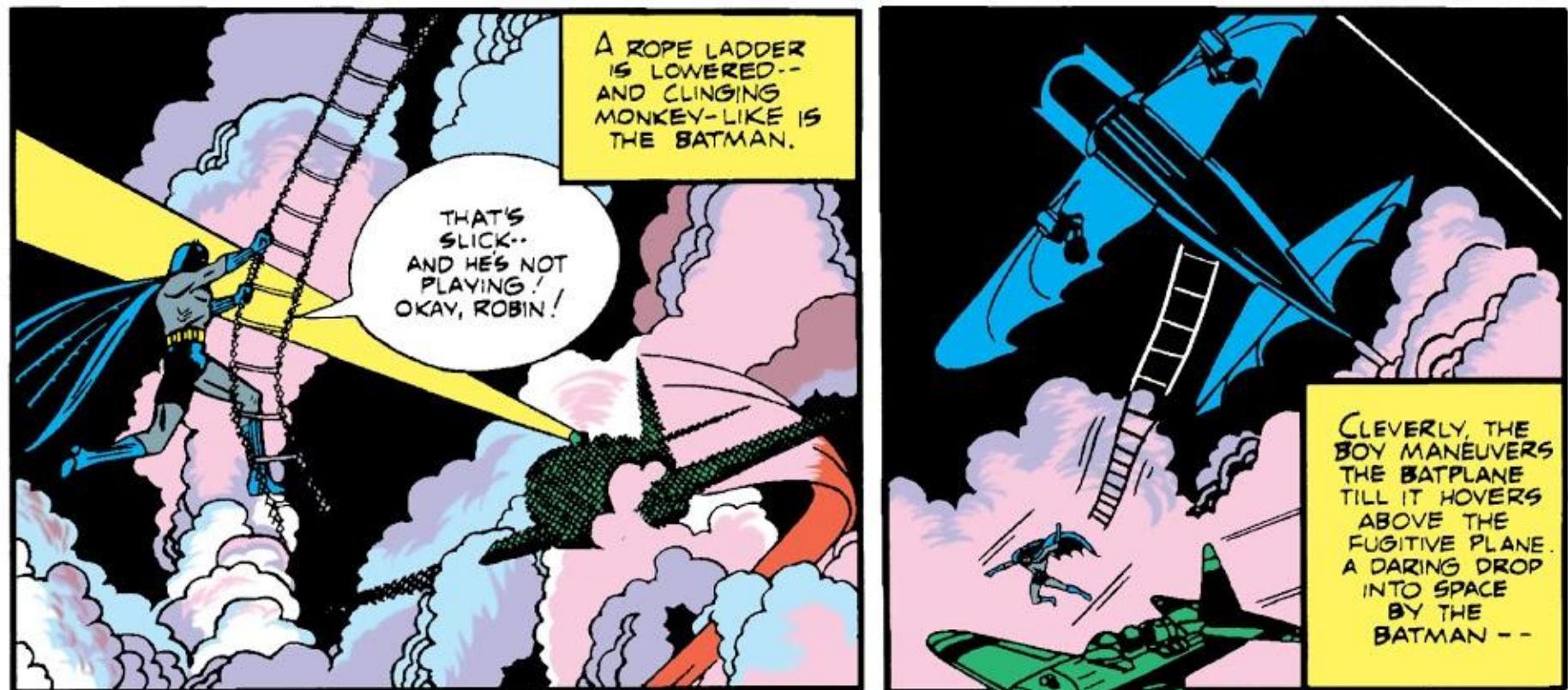
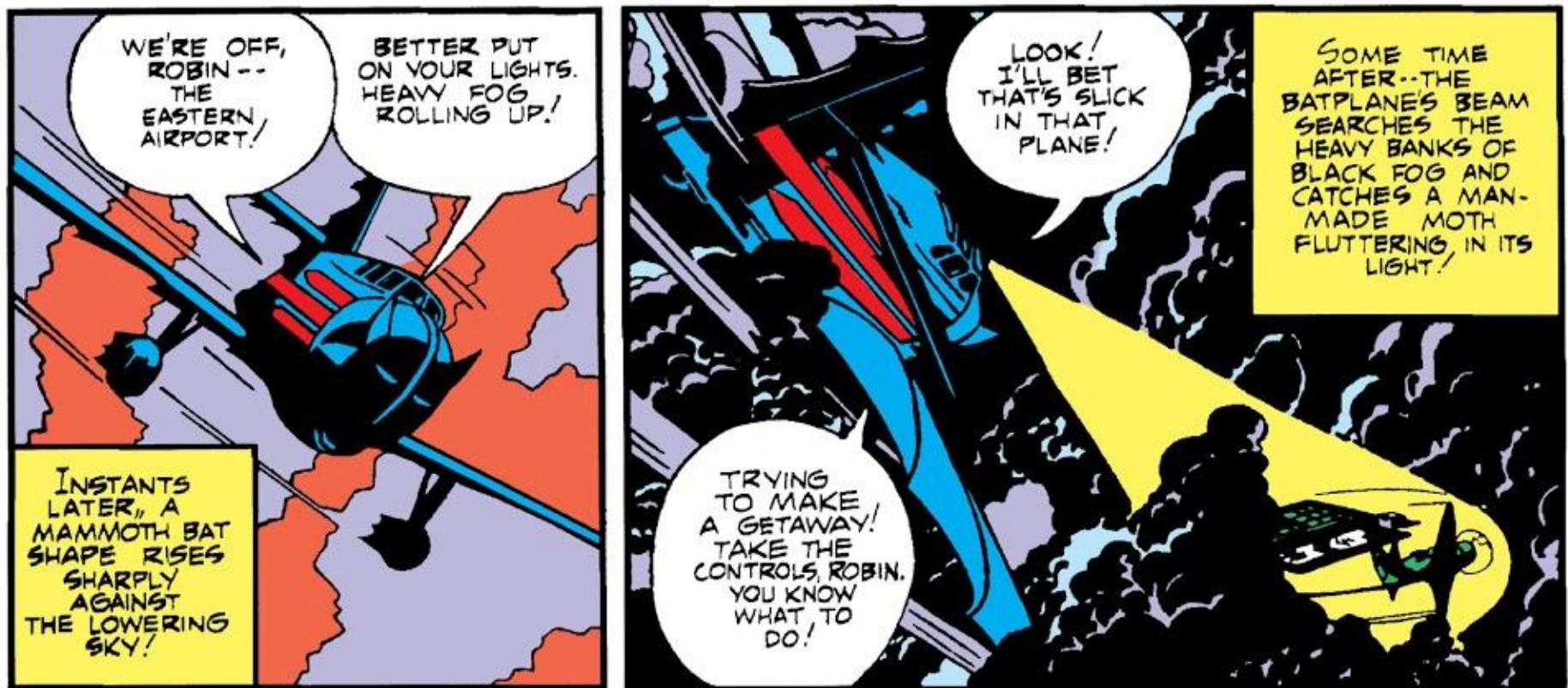
OKAY!



...THE MISSING SLICK DANIELS SEEN LURKING ABOUT THE EASTERN AIRPORT!

HOLY SMOKE! HE'S OUT TRYING TO STEAL A PLANE TO GET ACROSS THE STATE--ROLL OUT THE BATPLANE!

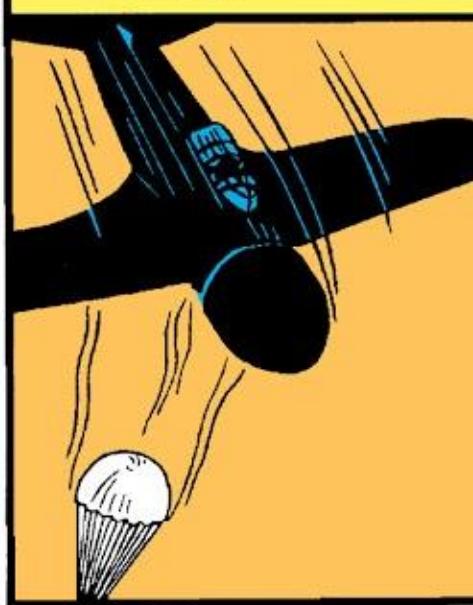




BUT SLICK LIVES UP TO HIS NAME! HIS HAND SNAKES OUT--A FIRE EXTINGUISHER EXTINGUISHES THE FIERY BATMAN--



WRECKING THE CONTROLS, AND LEAVING THE DAZED BATMAN IN THE PLUMMETING PLANE, SLICK JUMPS! FAR BELOW, HIS PARACHUTE BILLOWS OPEN---



BUT EVEN AS THE HELPLESS PLANE PLUNGES DOWNWARD, THE BATPLANE MATCHES ITS BREATHLESS DROP--AS THE BATMAN RECOVERS!



THE ROPE LADDER! GRAB IT!



WHERE'S SLICK?



NEWS OF SLICK'S DEATH REACHES THE EARS OF A CERTAIN DUO IN A CERTAIN HOTEL ROOM---

--FOUND AS PREDICTED BY JAFFEER-- STRANGLED!

SLICK TURNS YELLOW. SCRAMS, AND GETS IT IN THE NECK!

I'M AFRAID TWO OF US HAVE ALREADY DIED JUST AS JAFFEER PREDICTED! WE'RE NEXT ON THE LIST!

NOT ME! I'D LIKE TO SEE ANY BULLET MADE THAT CAN GO THROUGH MY BULLET-PROOF VEST!

WATER IS TO CAUSE MY DOWNFALL. I SWIM LIKE A FISH. BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES! I'M GOING TO A PLACE WHERE THERE IS NO WATER-- THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT!

IT WASN'T FATE THAT GOT MOUSEY AND SLICK. IT WAS THE BATMAN! KILL THE BATMAN AND YOU KILL THIS FATE--THIS HOTEL KEY... SLICK HAD ONE IN HIS POCKET. THE BATMAN WILL TRACE IT TO SLICK'S HOTEL ROOM-- HMM--

NAILS LEAVES--AND NOT TOO SOON-- FOR---

SLICK'S PALS HAVE FLOWN THE COOP! PHONE ---MAY BE FOR NAILS OR BRAINS-

HYA, BATMAN! THIS IS NAILS LOGAN. IF YOU WANT ME-- COME AND FIND ME-- HAW! HAW!

LOGAN GAVE HIMSELF AWAY! I HEARD THE SOUND OF RIVETING WHILE HE WAS TALKING!

RIVETING? WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?

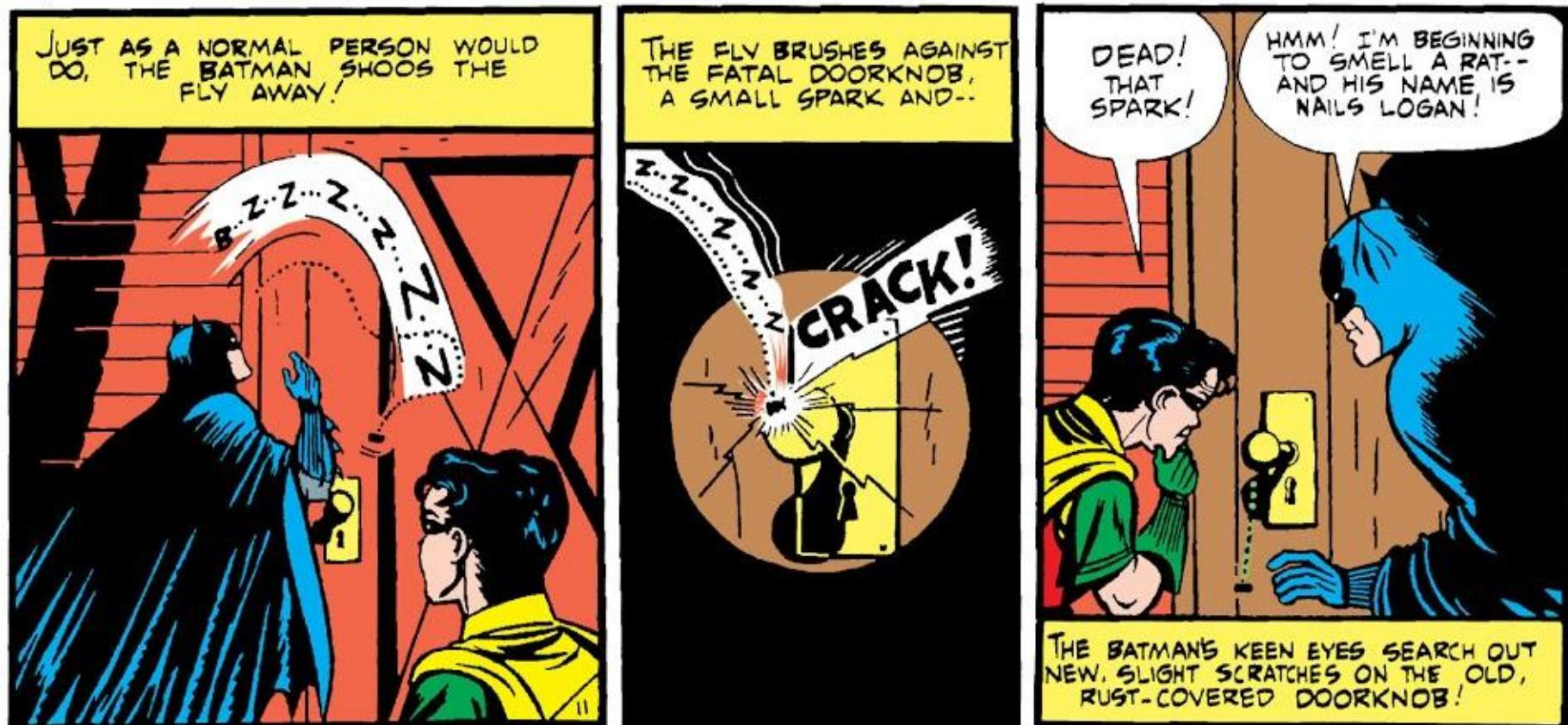
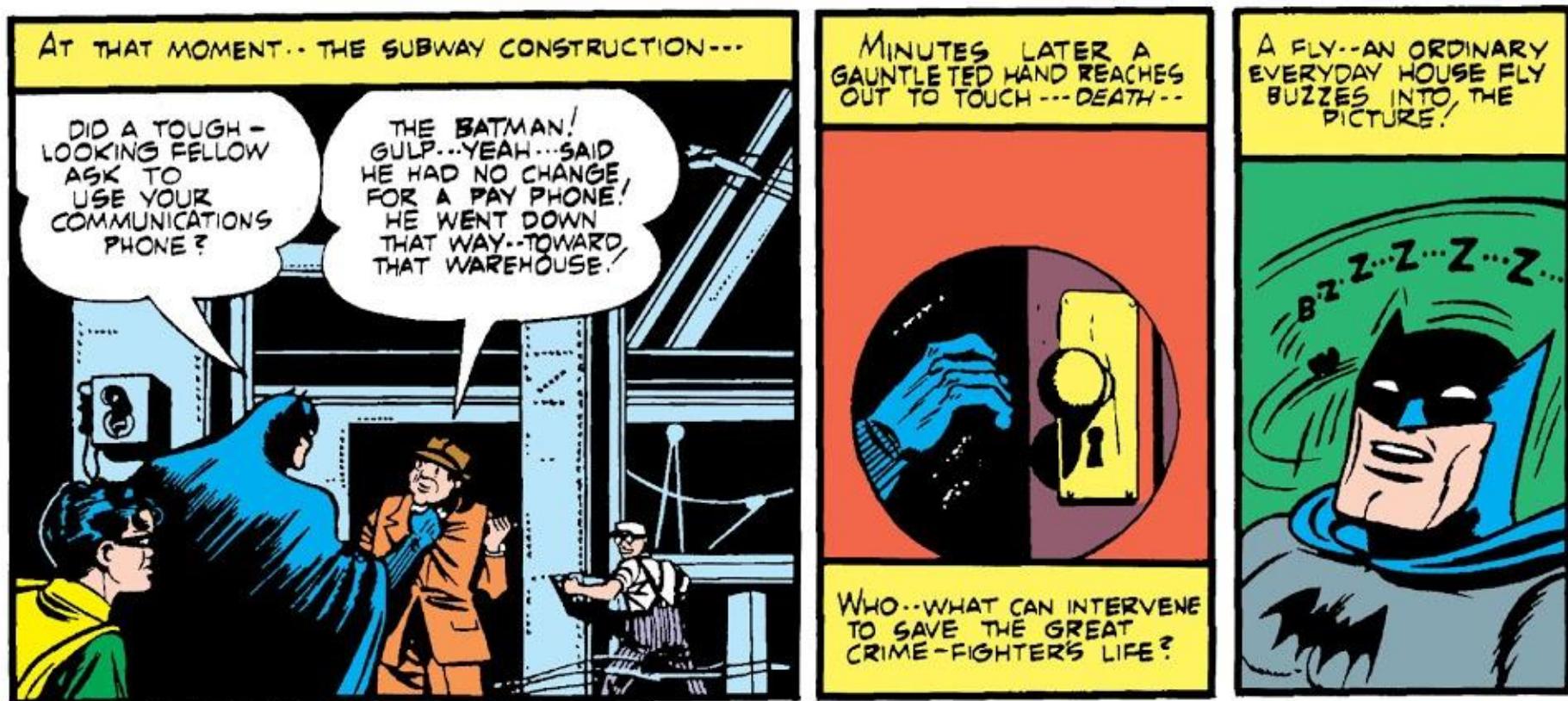
WORKMEN QUIT AFTER FIVE O'CLOCK. BUT HERE WE HAVE WORKMEN RIVETING AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT---

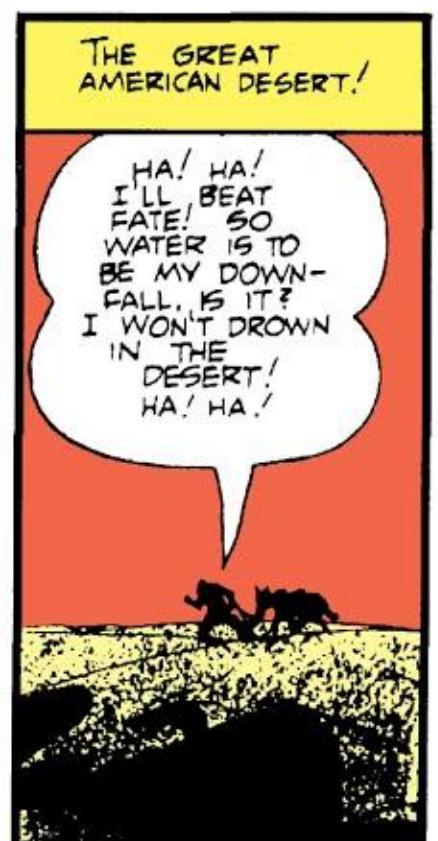
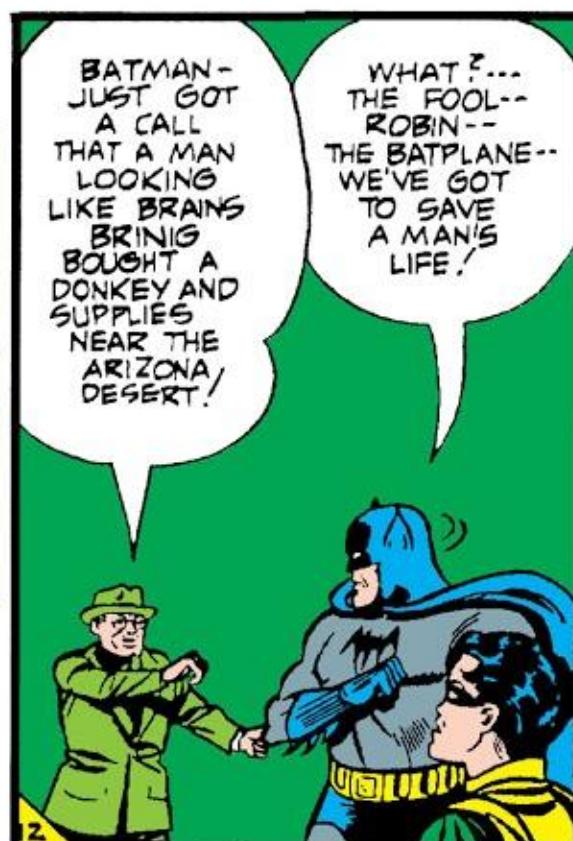
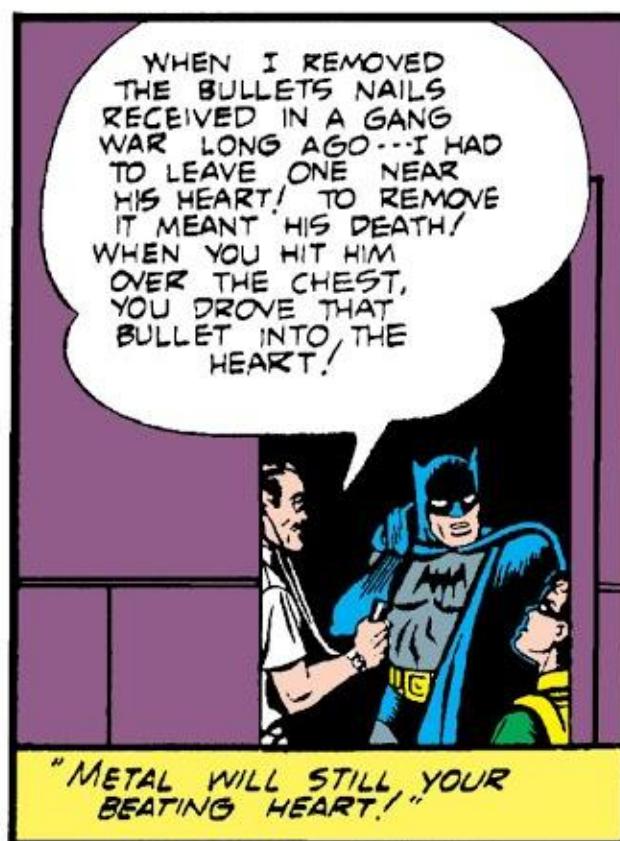
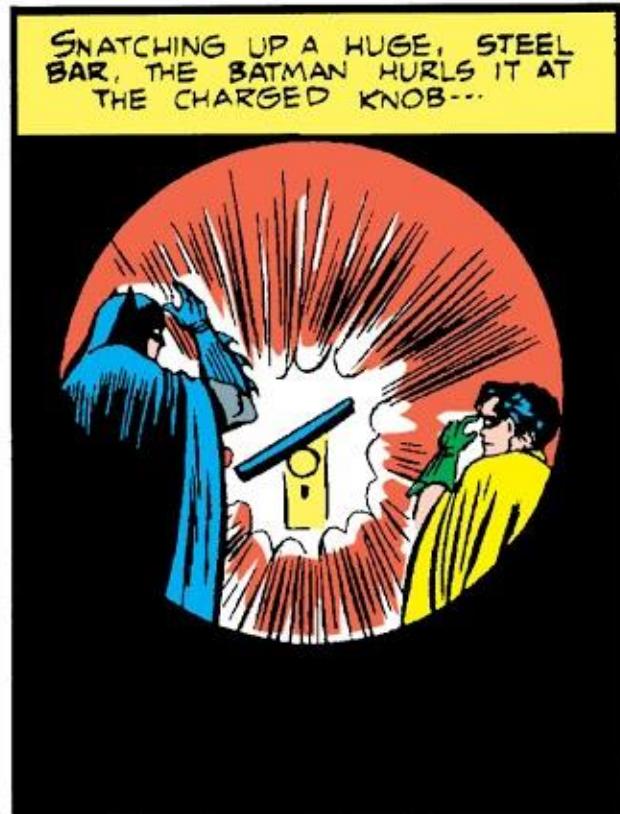
SURE-- HE MAY BE AT THAT EMERGENCY SUBWAY CONSTRUCTION JOB!

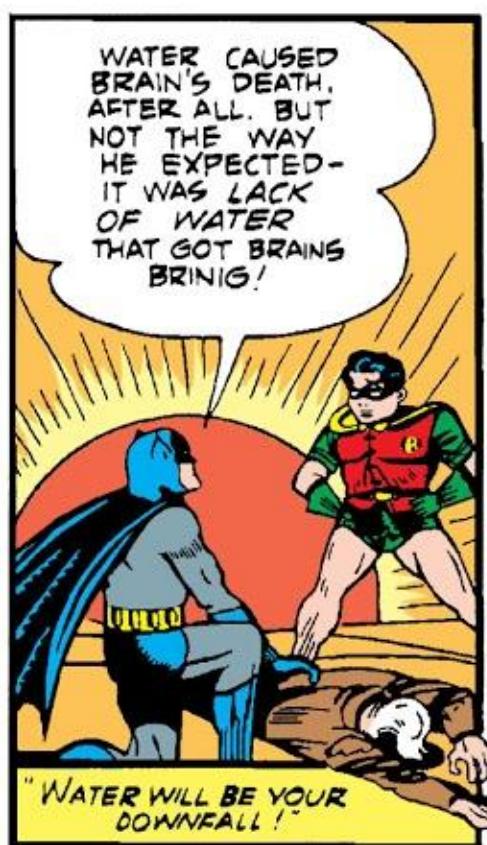
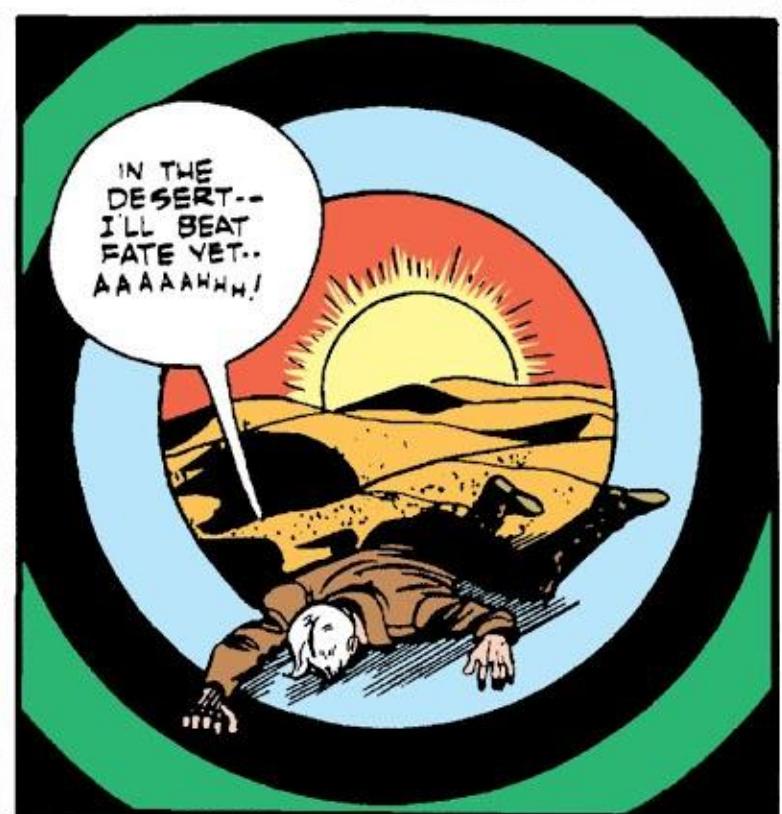
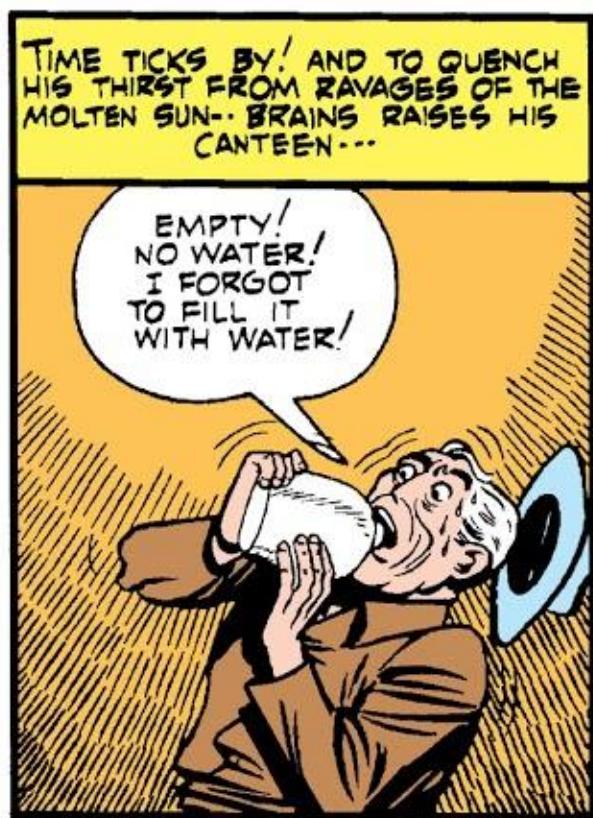
At a distant warehouse---

SO THE BULLET-PROOF VEST IS GOING TO HELP YOU! THAT DON'T SHOW YOU'RE SO TOUGH!

YEAH? ONCE I WAS IN A GANG WAR. THE PRISON DOCTOR HAD TO TAKE FOUR BULLETS OUT OF MY BODY--THAT OUGHTA SHOW HOW TOUGH I AM!







# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

- THE BOY WONDER -

BOB KANE

HERE IS A TALE OF THOSE GIANT DENIZENS OF THOSE DEEP--THOSE BATTLESHIPS OF NATURE--WHALES! OF ONE MAMMOTH WHALE IN PARTICULAR, A TITANIC, TEN-TON MONSTER THAT PLUNGES SHIPS TO DAVY JONES' LOCKER--AND SCOURS THE OCEAN IN ITS HUNT FOR A HUNDRED JONAHS!

IN A SMASHING DRAMA OF MEN AGAINST THE SEA--OF BRUTALITY AND FEAR--THAT DYNAMIC DUO, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, TAKE HARPOON IN HAND TO TRAP THE TERROR OF THE SEAS--

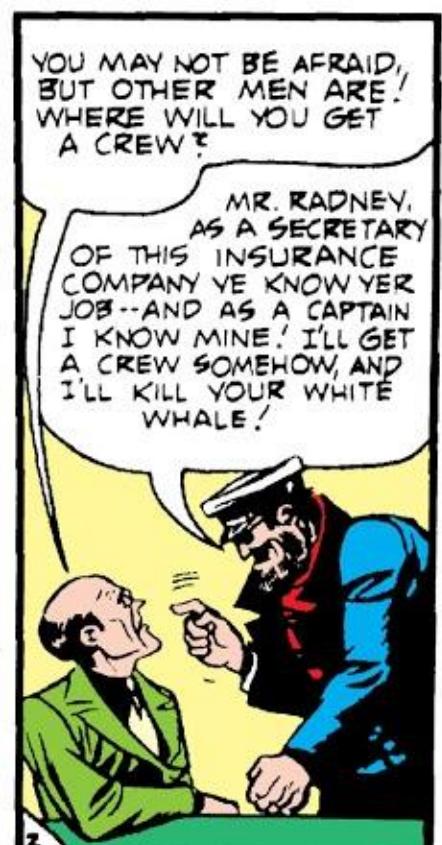
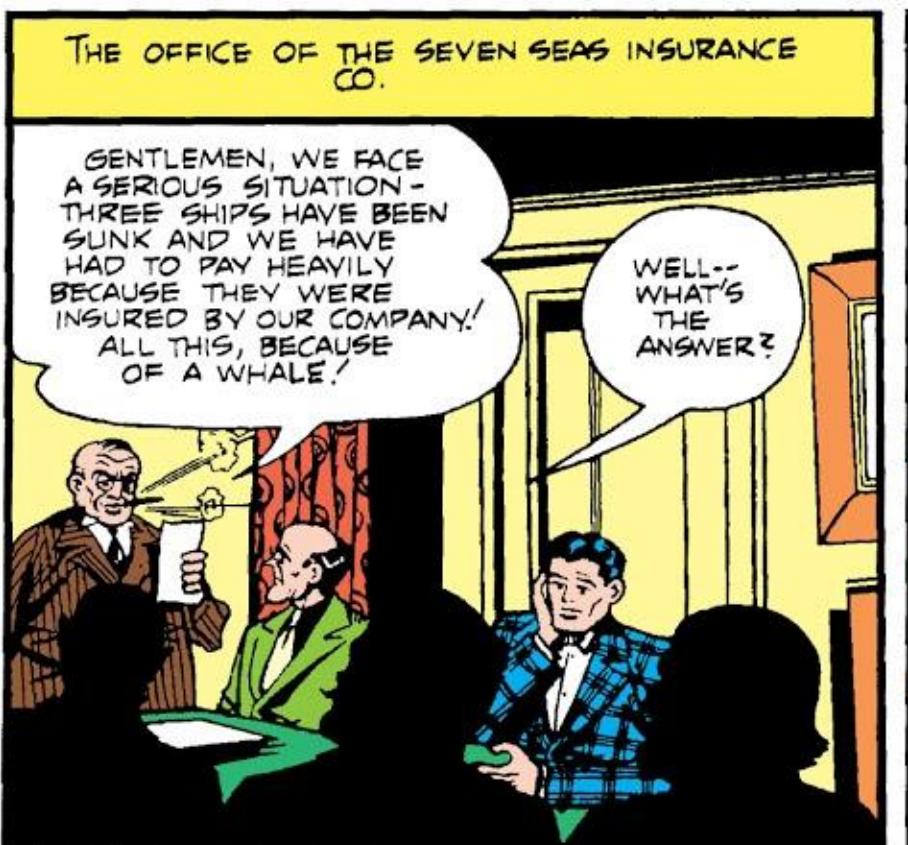
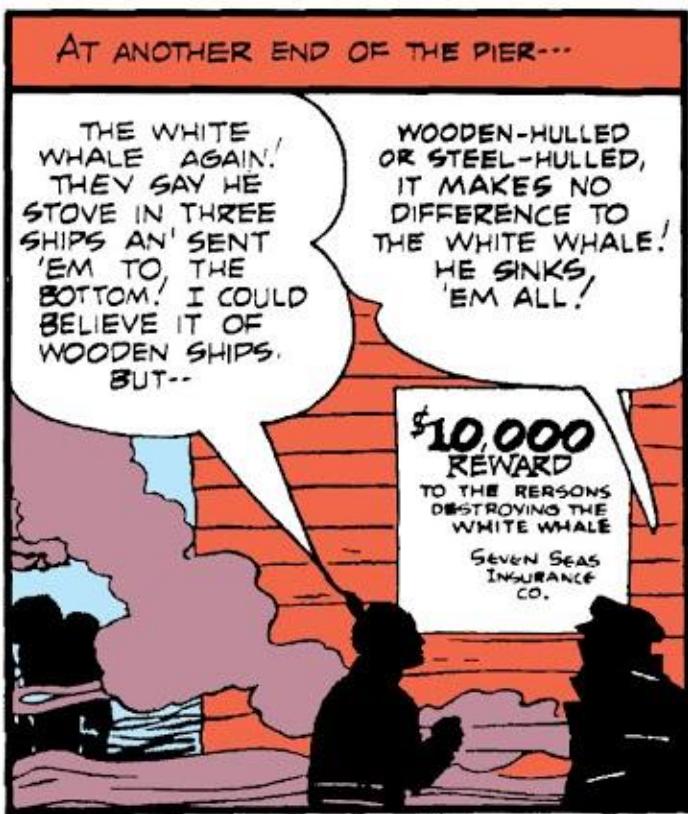
**THE WHITE WHALE!**  
BOY, IT'S TIME NOW TO BEGIN  
OUR TALE FOR--  
Mar' she blows!

RIDING AT ANCHOR IN THE PORT OF GOTHAM CITY IS A SHIP--LONG SEASONED AND WEATHER-STAINED. AND WELL SHE MIGHT BE, FOR SHE IS RARE CRAFT INDEED--AN OLD-FASHIONED, WOODEN-HULLED WHALER!

SO IT'S MUTINY NOW, IS IT? YE YELLOW-LIVERED COWARDS!

CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL, BUT NONE OF US IS GOIN' AFTER THE WHITE WHALE!

NOT A KILLER WHALE THAT'S ALREADY SENT THREE SHIPS DOWN TO DAVY JONES' LOCKER. BESIDES--NONE OF US WILL SHIP WITH YE AGAIN! YOU'RE A CRUEL MASTER, CAPTAIN BURLY!





LATER-- IN THE HOLD ----

SOMEBODY  
STOP THAT  
FLOOR FROM  
SPINNING/  
AROUND!  
OOOHHH!  
DICK! WHERE  
ARE WE?

ON THE  
WHALER,  
BROTHER--  
YOU'VE BEEN  
SHANGHAIED!

SHANGHAIED--  
SO THIS IS HOW CAPTAIN  
BURLY COLLECTED HIS  
CREW! OH! OH!  
SOMEONE'S REGAINING  
CONSCIOUSNESS!

BETTER IF I'M  
A SORT OF SECRET  
ROUND HERE! I'LL  
HIDE IN THAT  
EMPTY OIL  
BARREL!

MORNING-- AND THE MOTLEY  
CREW IS ASSEMBLED ON DECK--TO  
FACE CAPTAIN BURLY!

STOP YER SNIVELIN'--  
ALL OF YE! I'M THE  
MASTER HERE, LIKE  
IT OR NOT, YER THE  
CREW OF MY SHIP--AN'  
WE'RE GOING AFTER  
THE WHITE WHALE!

I'M NOT--  
UGH!

UGH!

EASY,  
LAD!  
HE'S A  
BAD  
MAN!

BRASS  
KNUCKLES!  
THE ROTTEN--

I'LL SOON TEACH  
YE THAT MY WORD  
IS LAW ABOARD THIS  
CRAFT!

USING THE NAME "JACK TAR", BRUCE  
ASSUMES THE ROLE OF A SEAMAN  
WHILE DICK STOWS AWAY IN THE  
HOLD!

THEN ---ONE NIGHT--

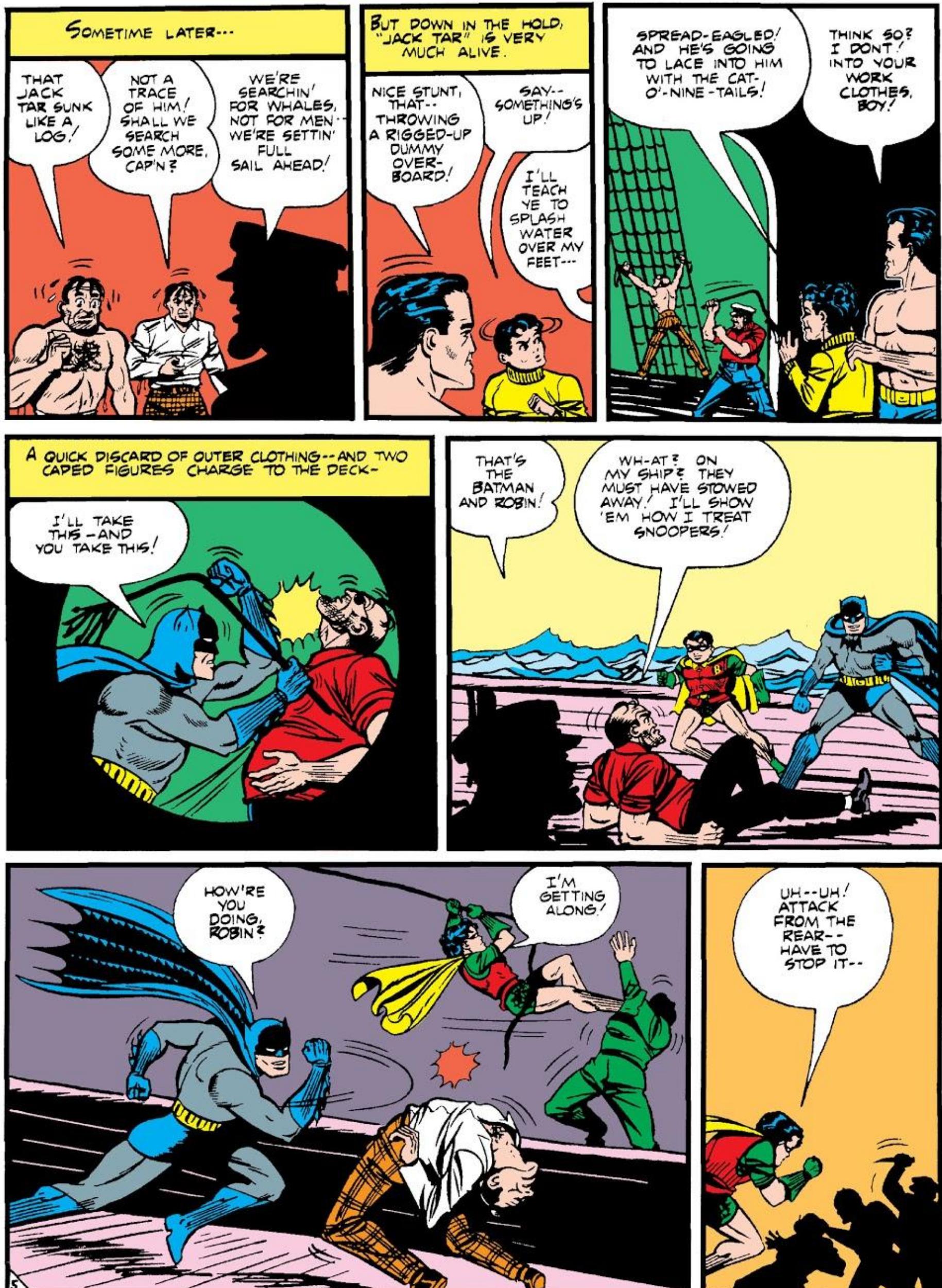
THAT MAN  
IS WORKING  
US TO DEATH!  
HE'S A  
TYRANT! I  
THINK IT'S  
TIME THE  
BATMAN PUT  
IN HIS  
APPEARANCE!

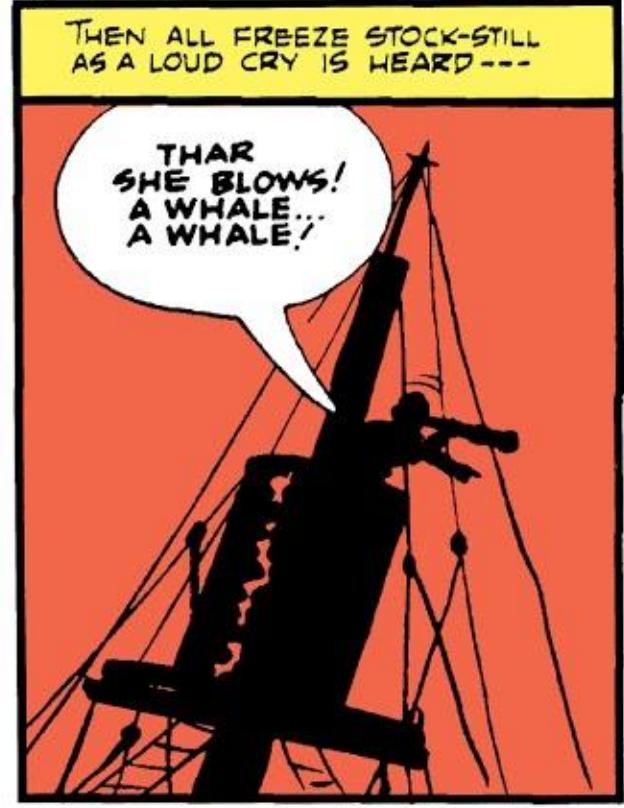
AND DON'T  
FORGET  
ROBIN! BUT  
HOW CAN YOU  
DO IT  
WITHOUT  
AROUSING  
SUSPICION  
UPON  
"JACK TAR"?

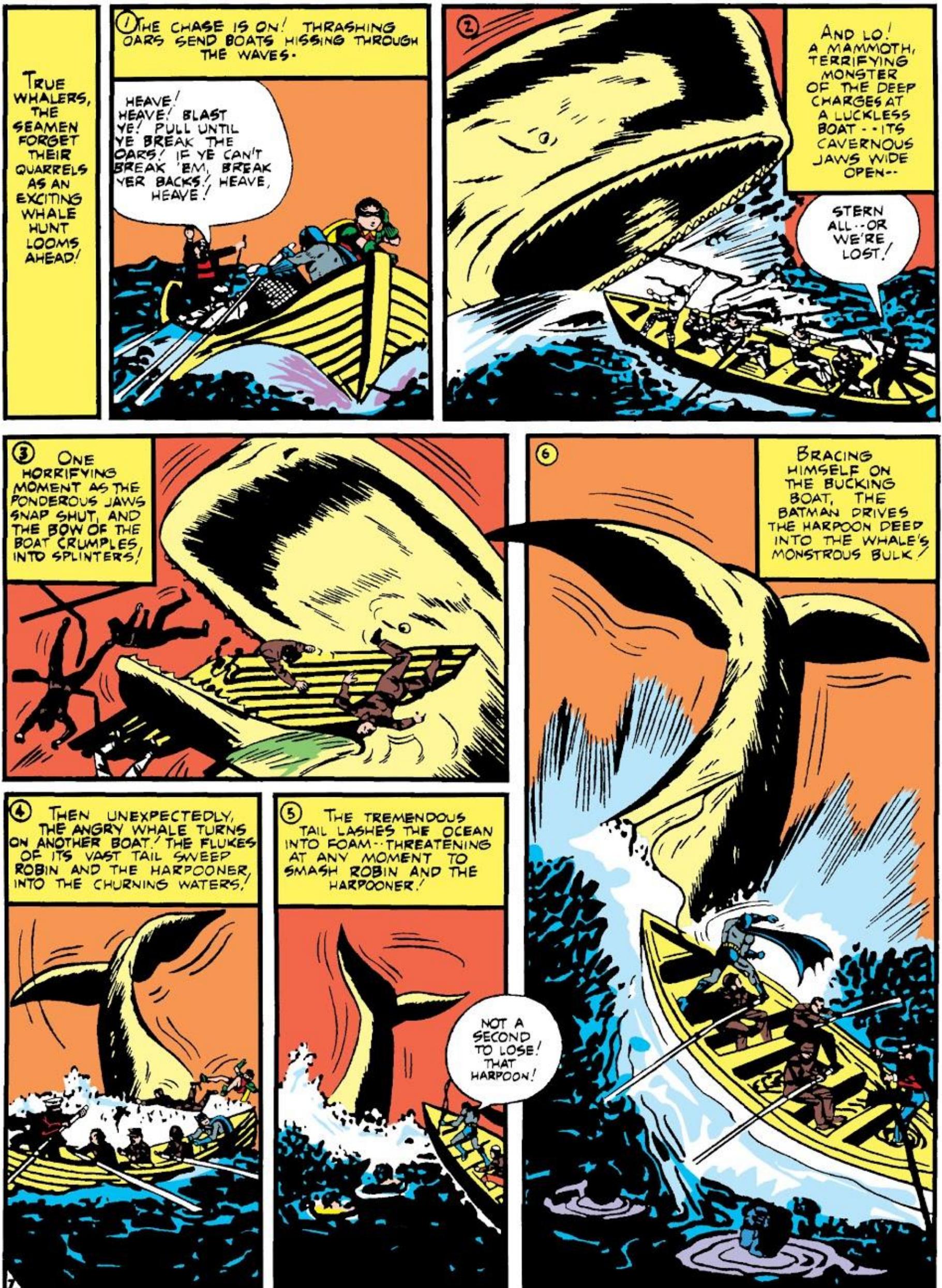
THE NEXT MORNING---

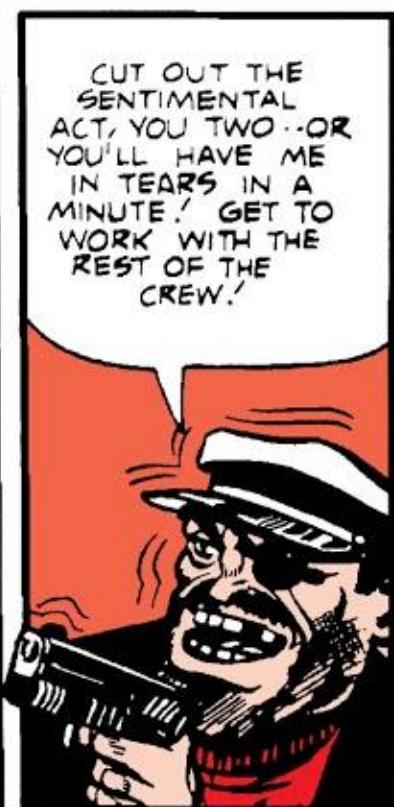
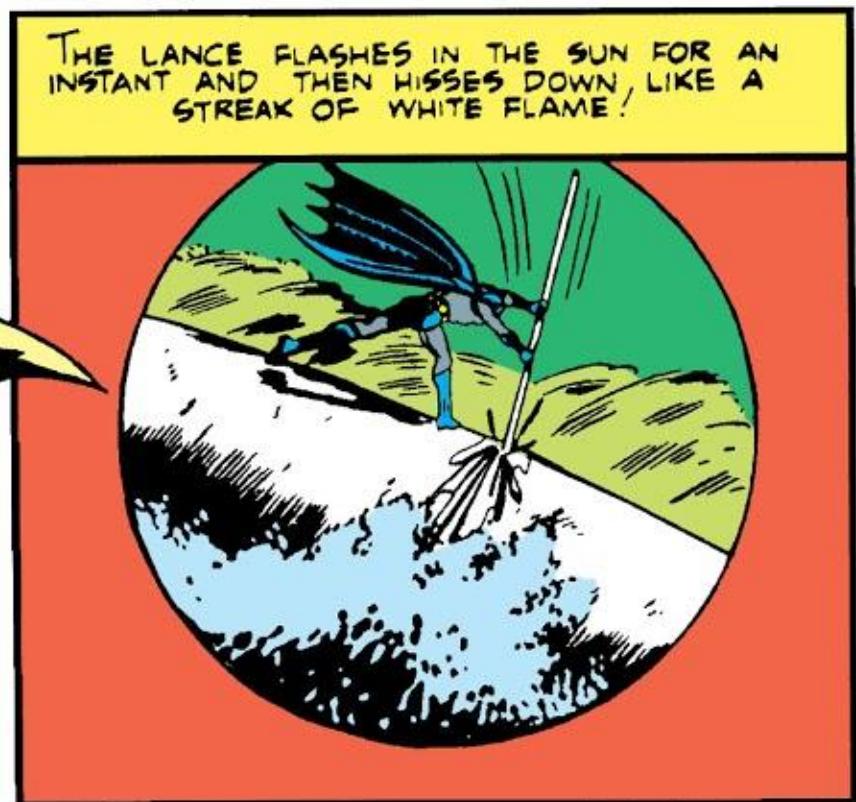
MAN  
OVERBOARD!  
IT'S JACK  
TAR! MAN  
OVER-  
BOARD!

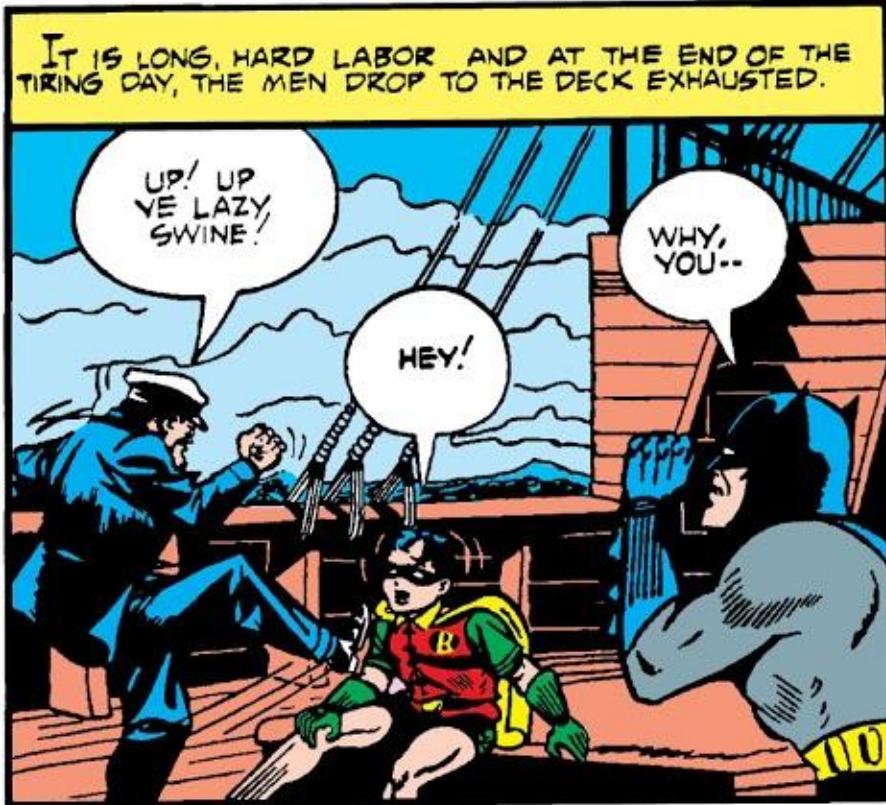
UP YE GO,  
YE LANDLUBBER--  
LIVELY NOW, OR  
I'LL TAKE A  
CLUB TO  
YE!

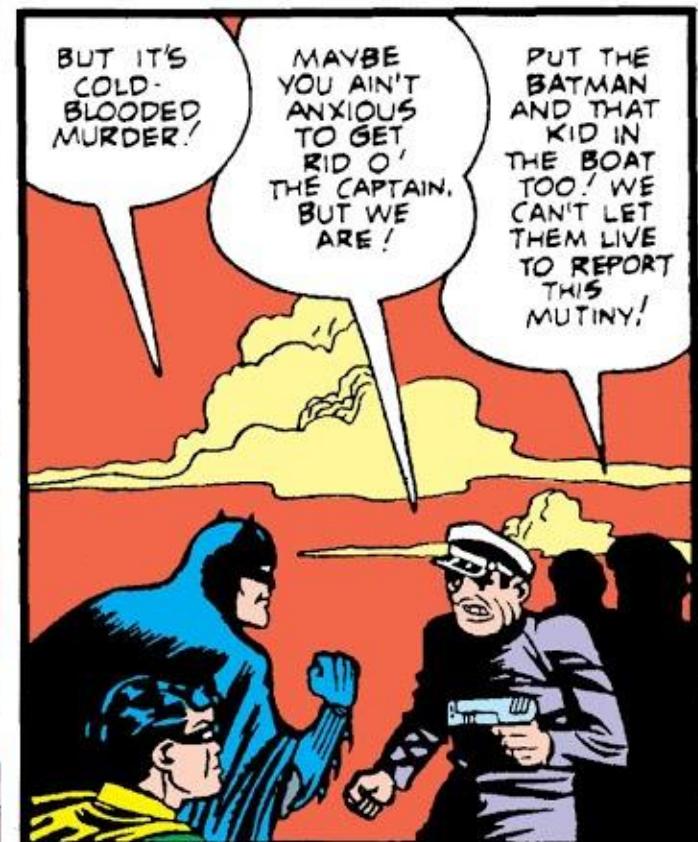
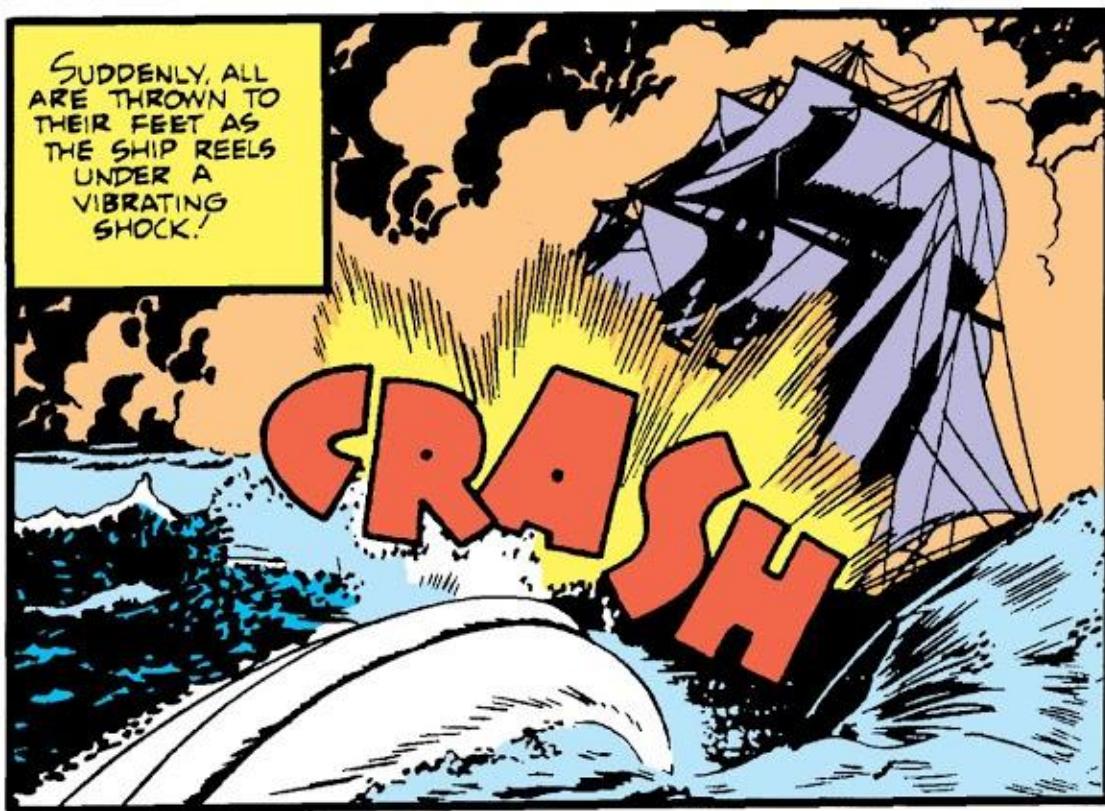
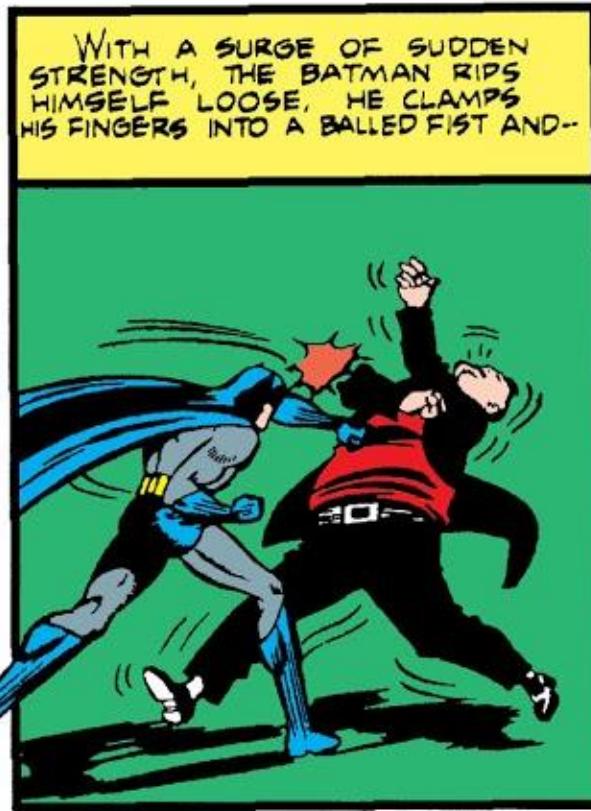
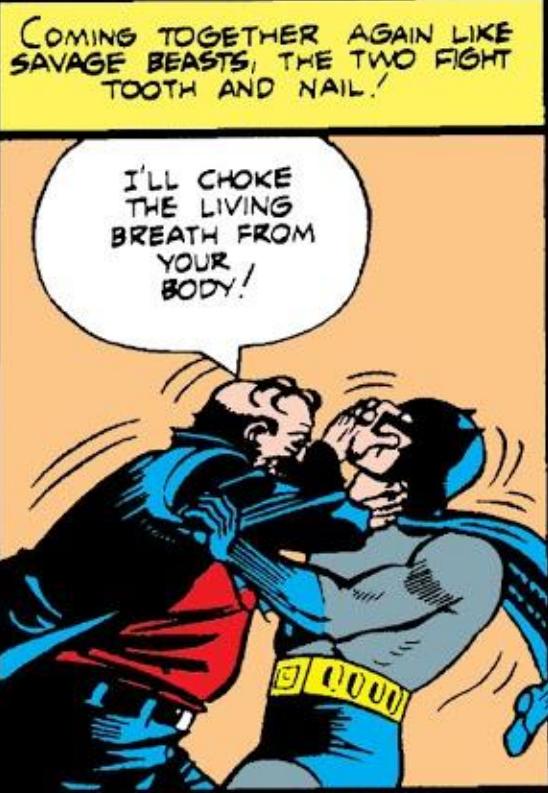


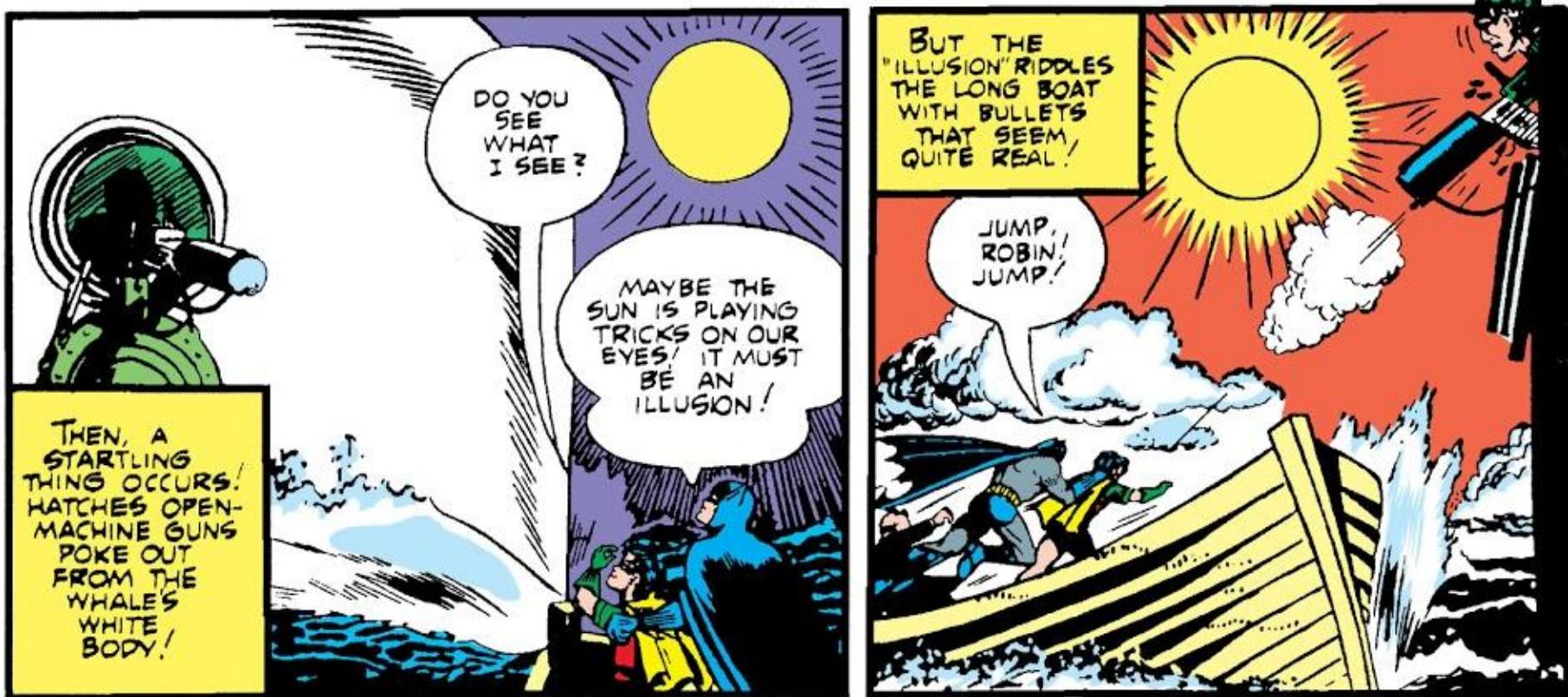
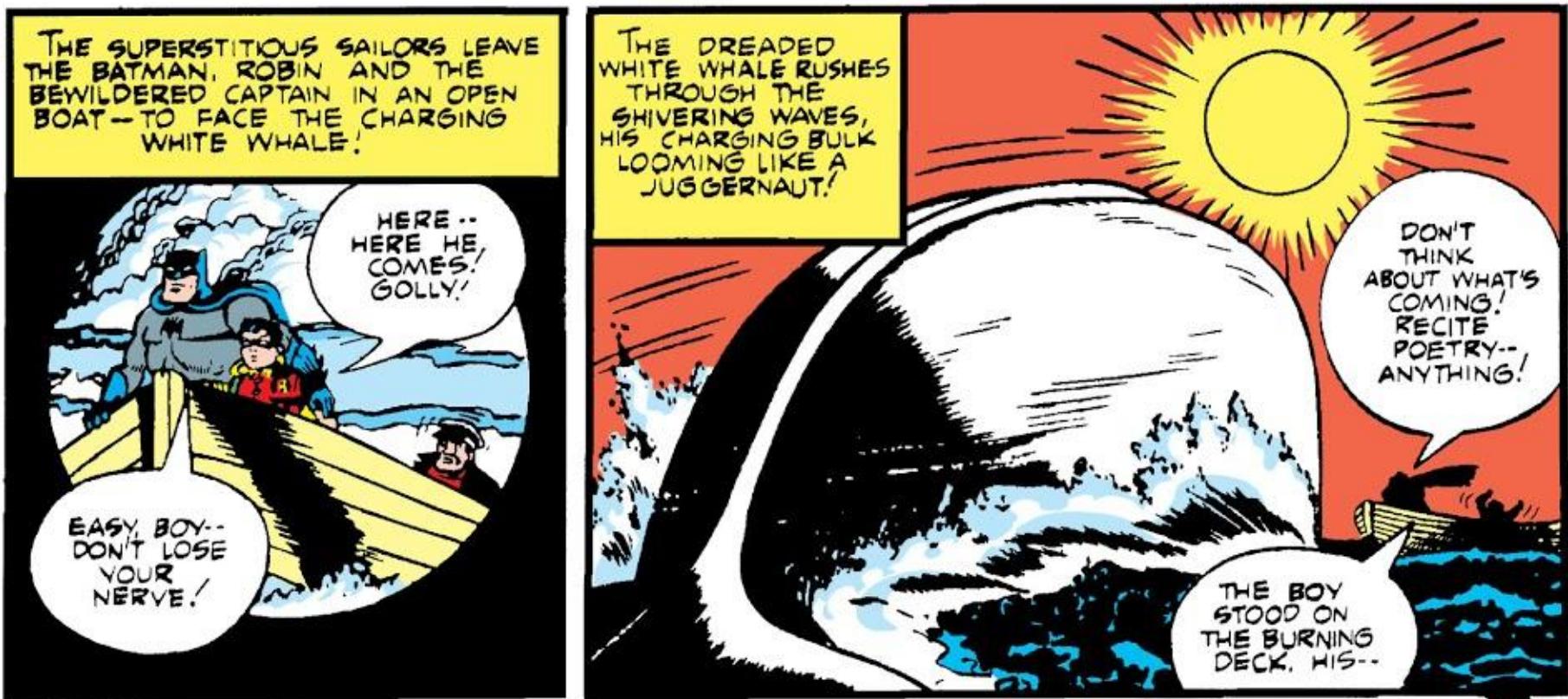


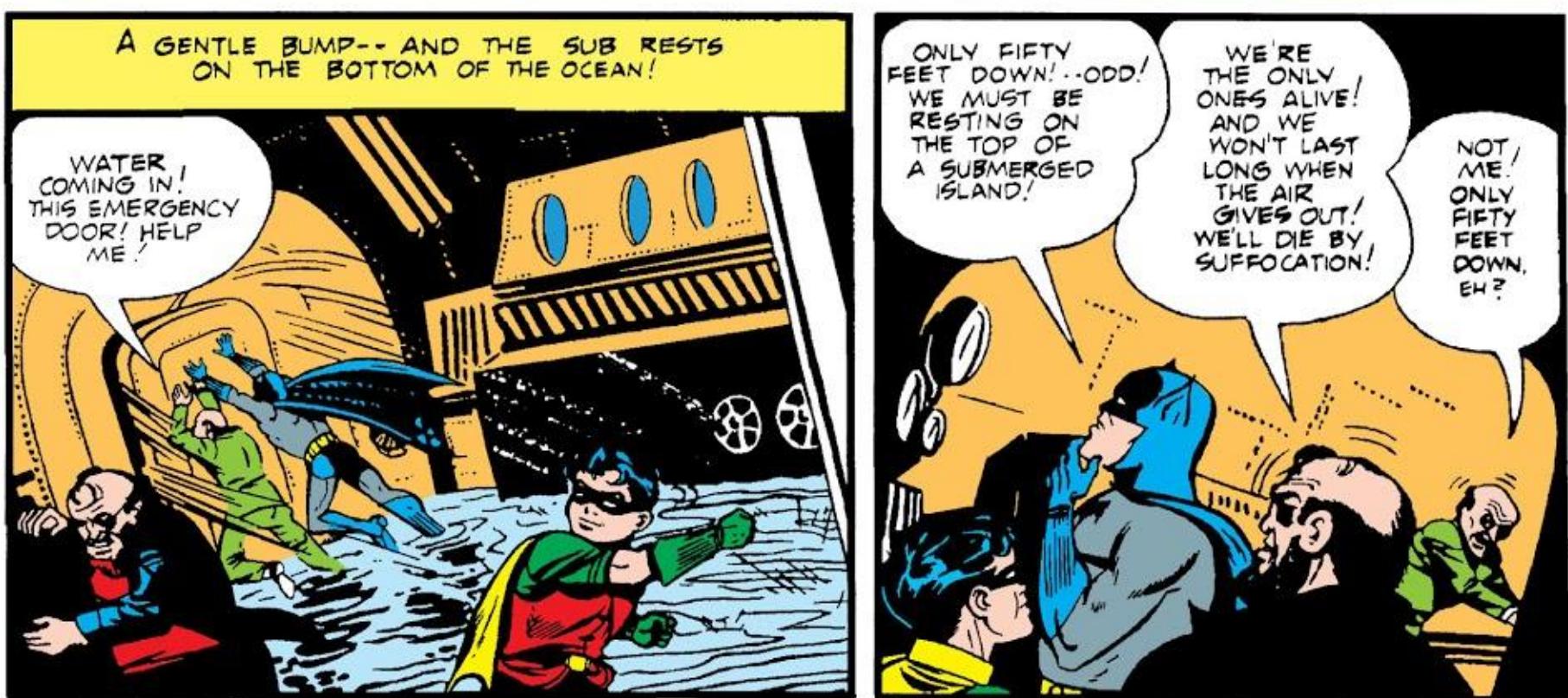


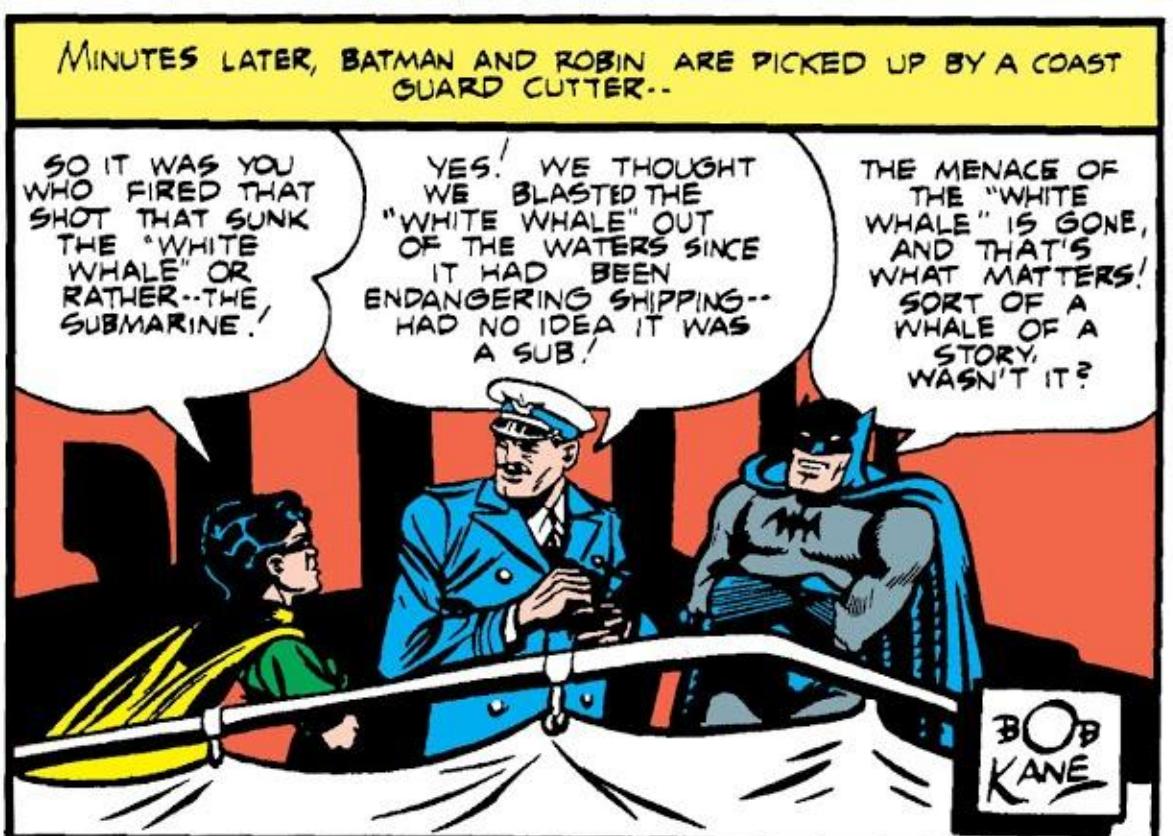
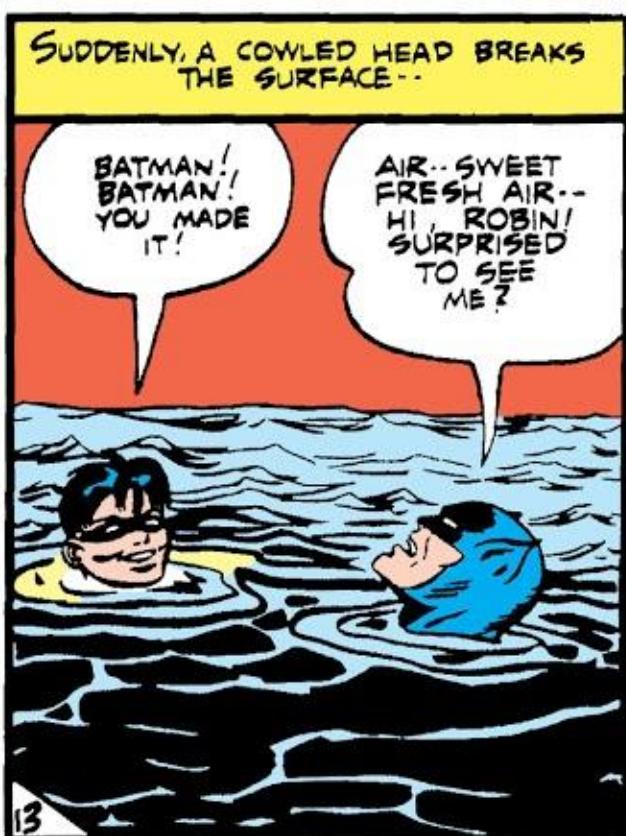
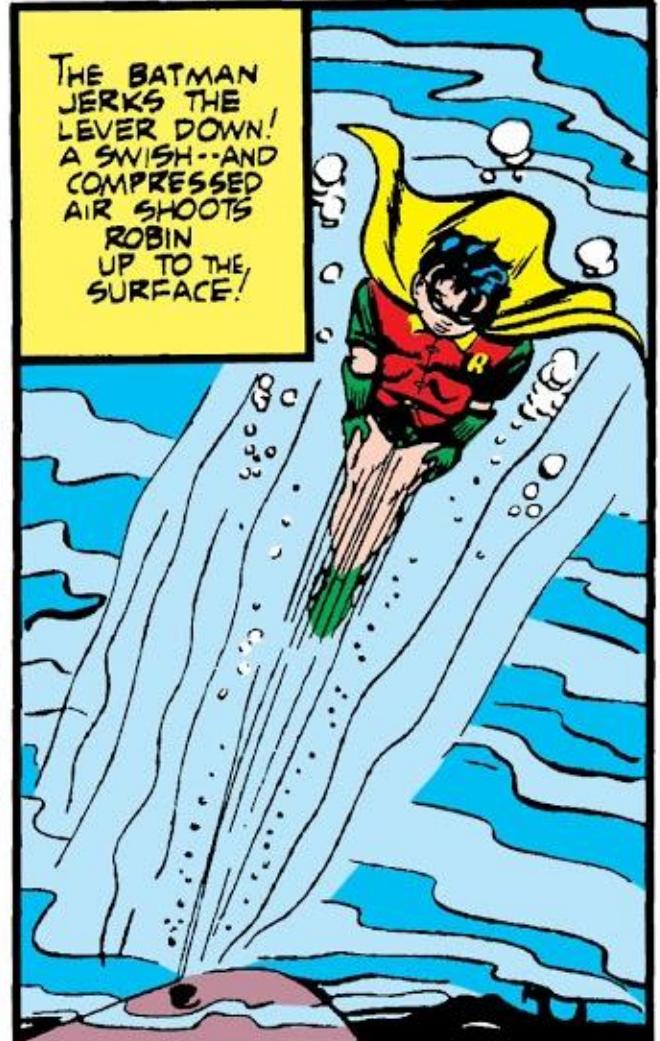
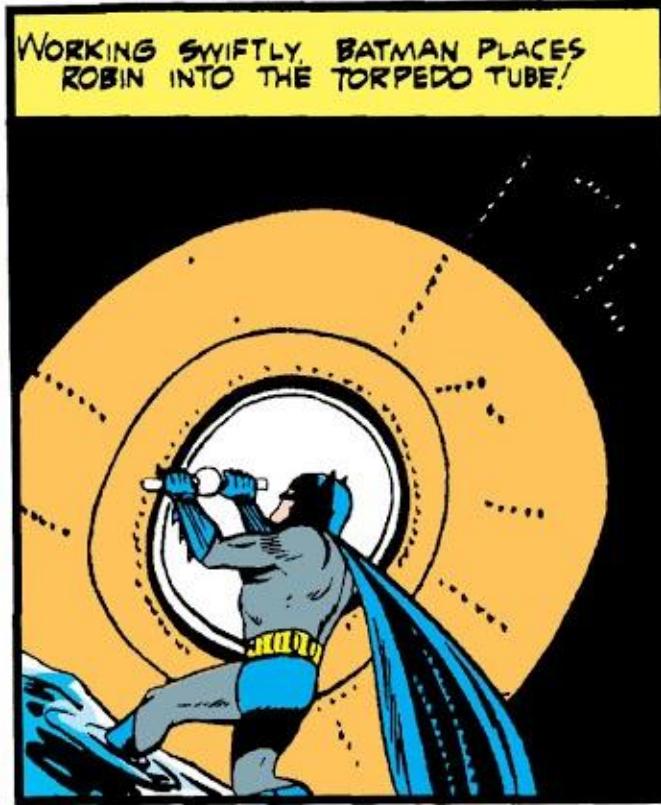










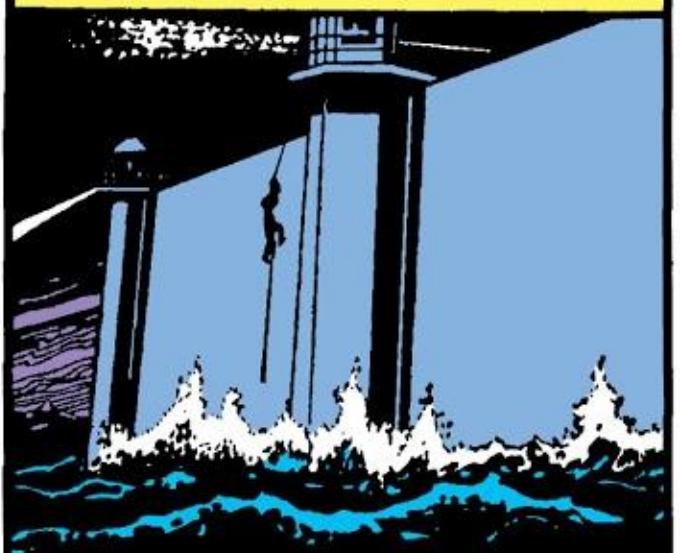


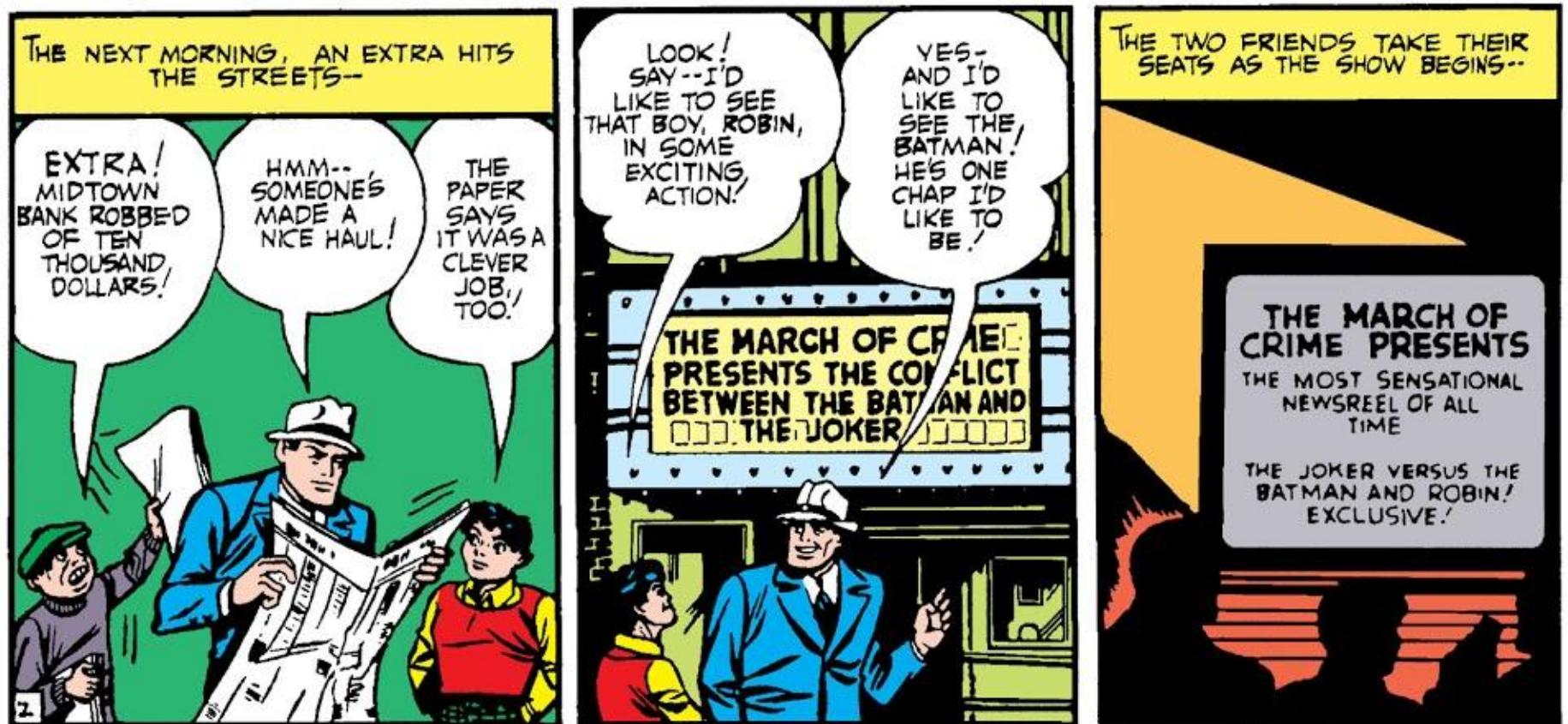
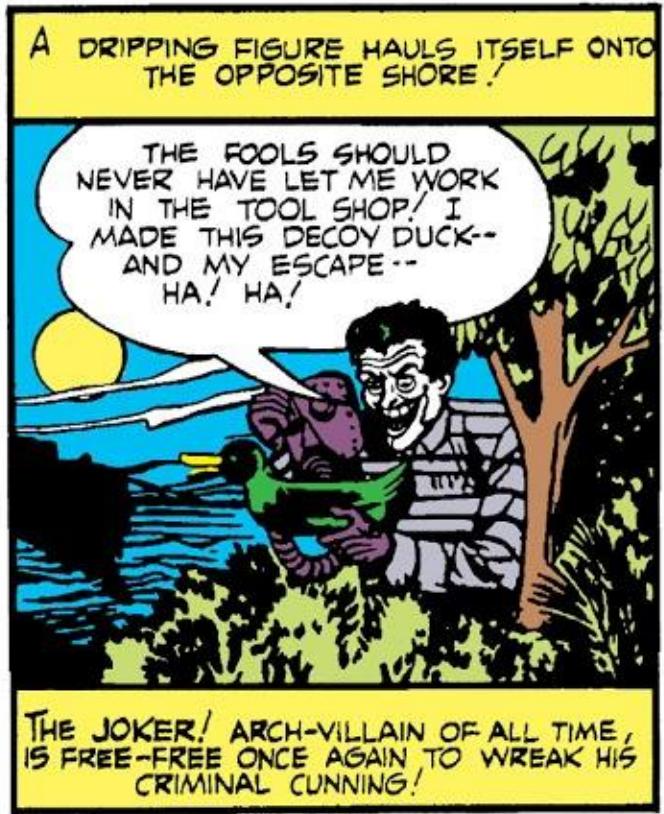
# BATMAN

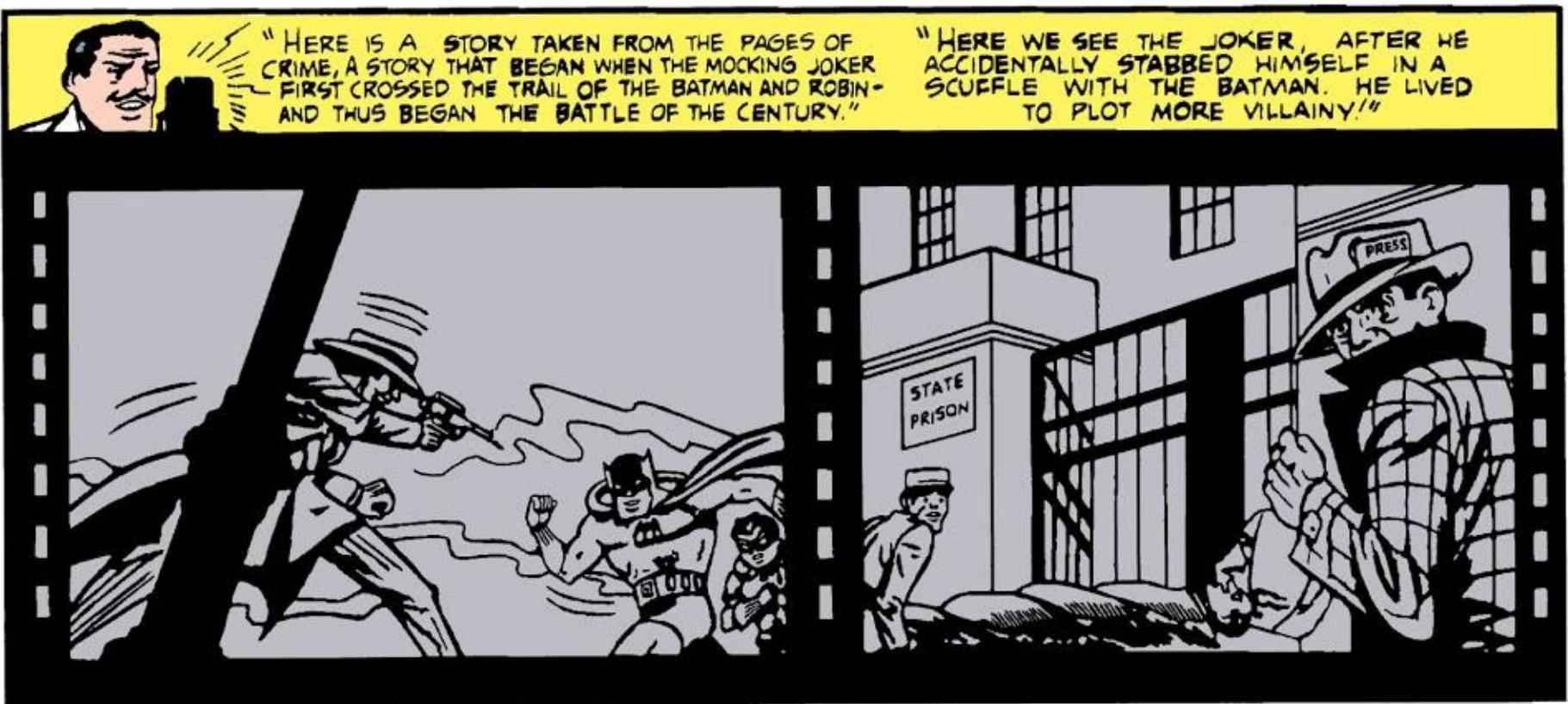
WITH  
**ROBIN**

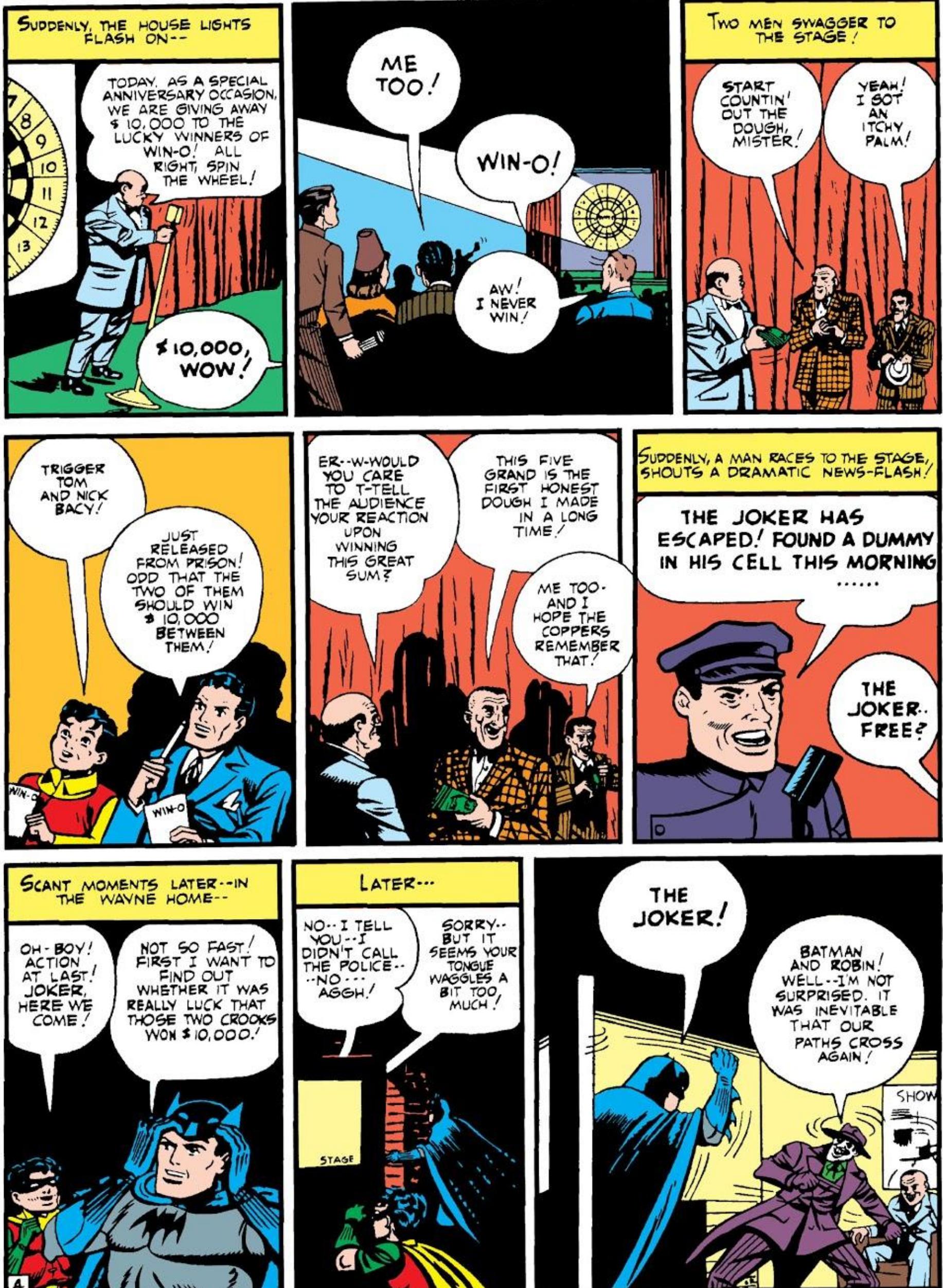
THE JOKER, KING OF KNAVES, WOOS LADY LUCK, QUEEN OF CHANCE, IN QUEST OF HIS GREATEST PRIZE! BUT EVEN THOUGH THE CUNNING CRIME CLOWN LOADS THE DICE AND STACKS THE CARDS IN HIS FAVOR, JUSTICE, IN THE FORM OF THAT DYNAMITE TEAM, BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, HOPS THE RIM OF THE WHIRLING WHEEL OF FORTUNE AND REAPS A LAST LAUGH ON THE JOKER.. IN "THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LAW-BREAKERS!"

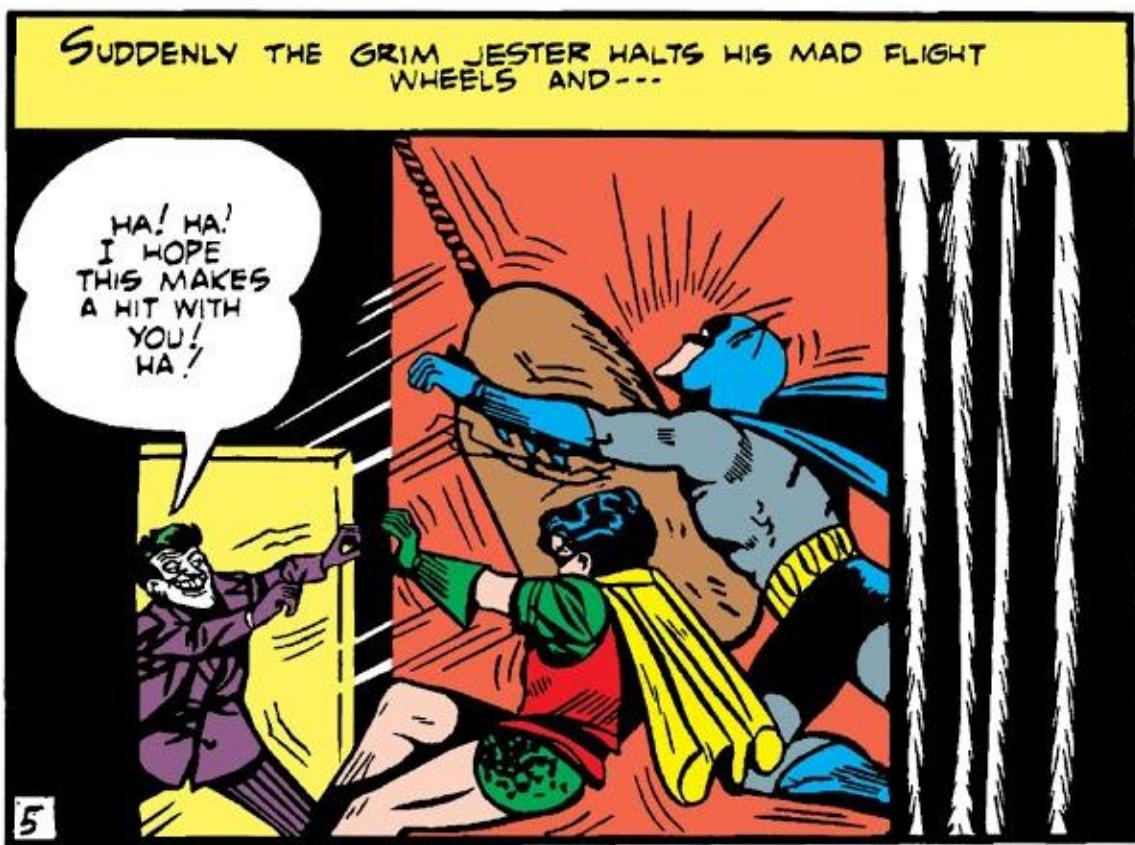
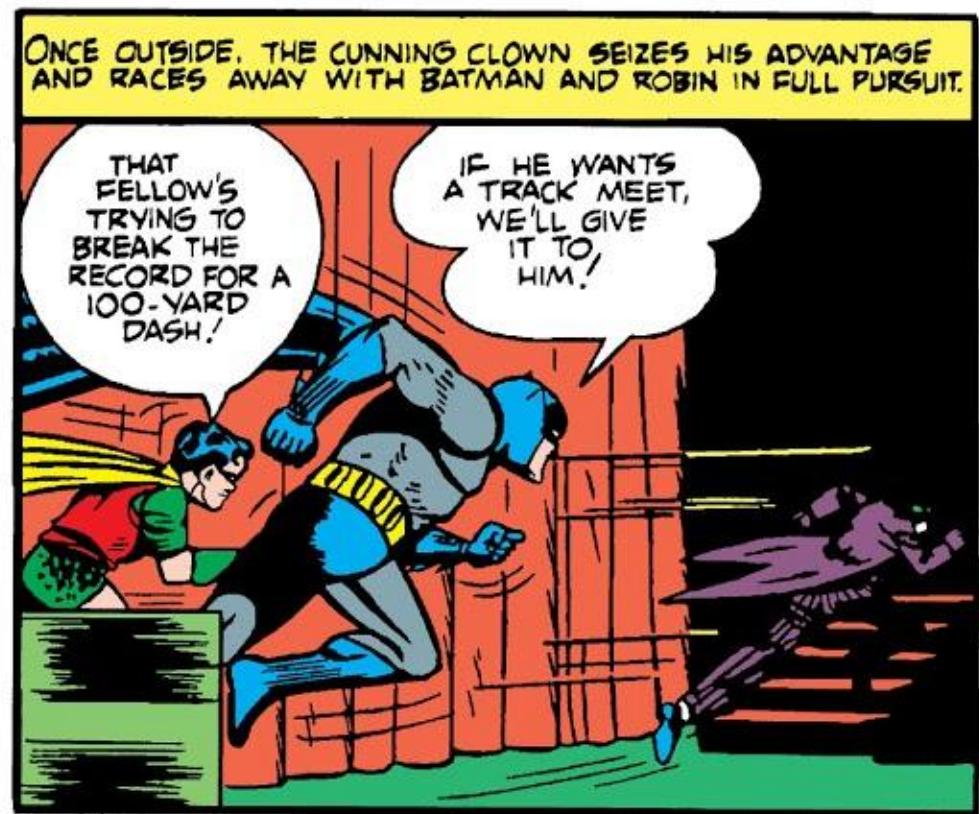
NIGHT--A PRISON SLEEPS...BUT EVIL IS AWAKE!

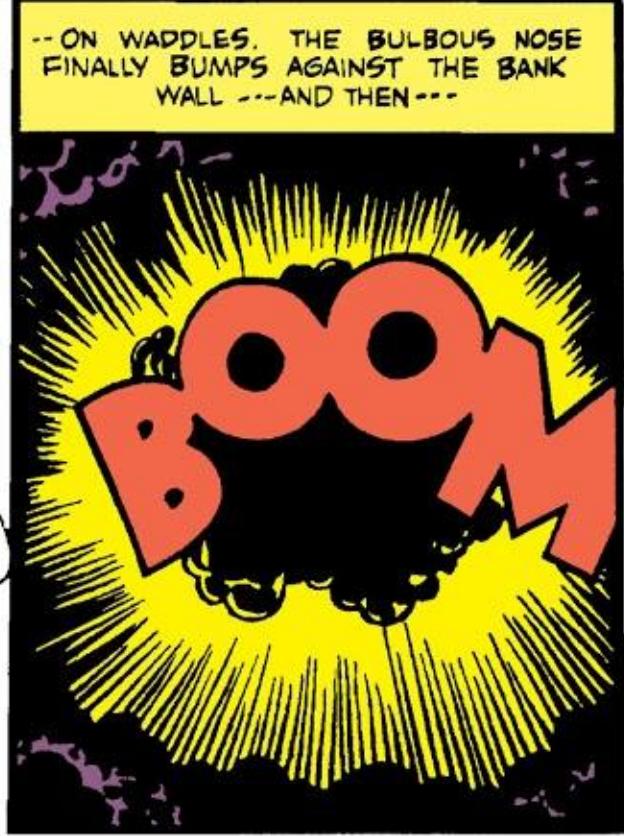
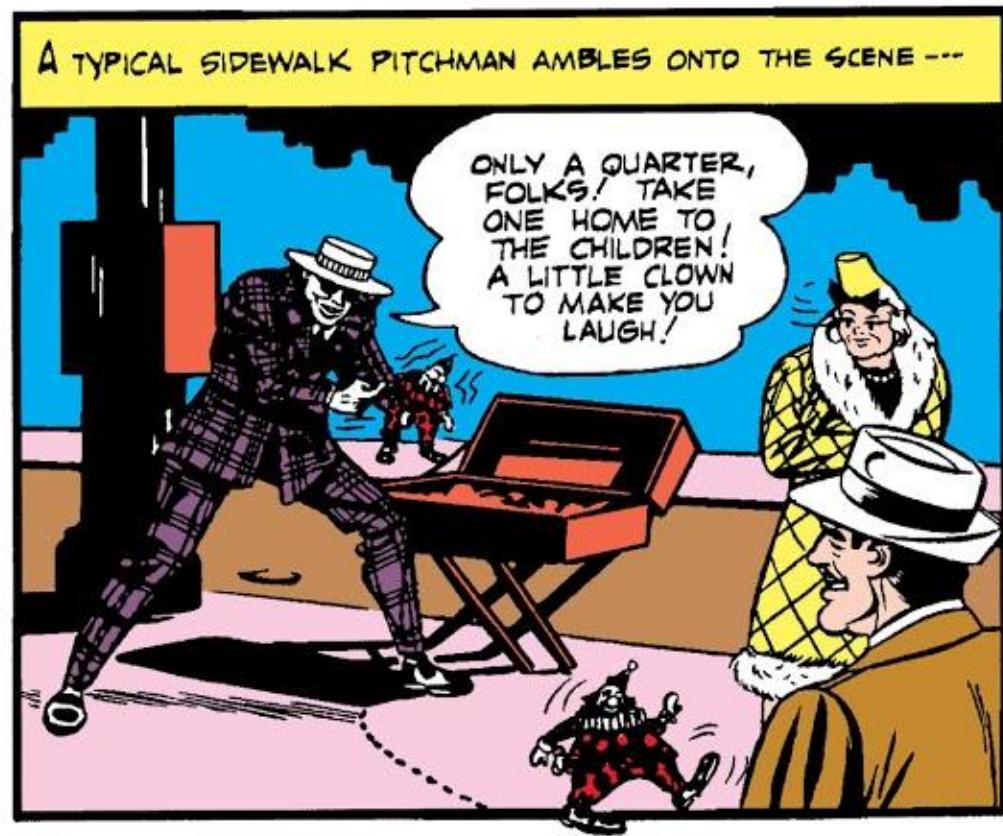








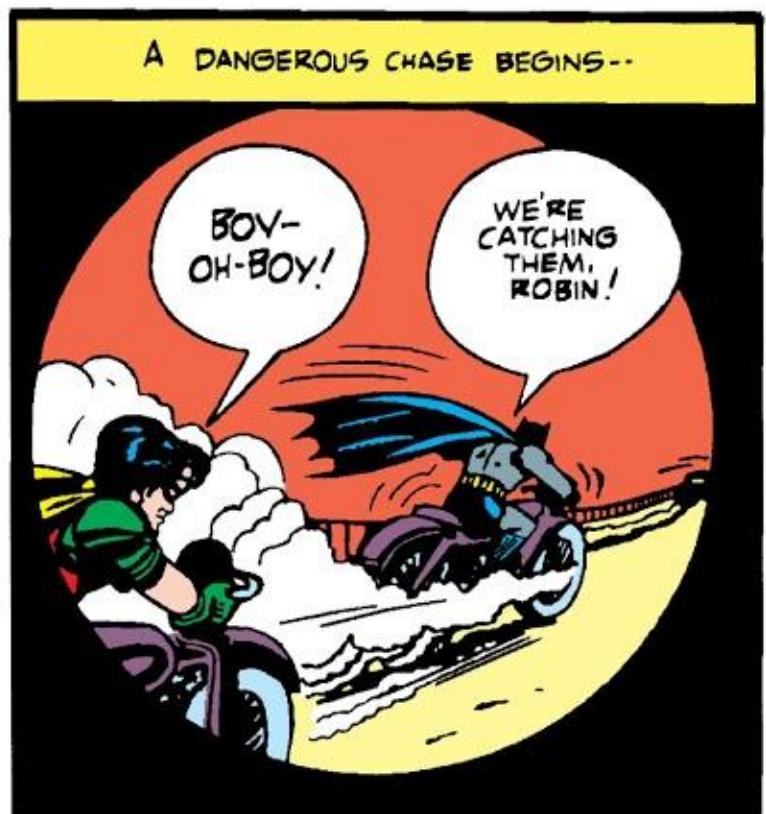




IN THE MIDST OF FRENZIED EXCITEMENT, THE PITCHMAN REMOVES HIS MAKEUP AND REVEALS THE LEERING FACE OF THE JOKER...



AN INSTANT LATER, THE KILLER-CAR ROARS AWAY---FOLLOWED BY TWO MANTLED FIGURES ATOP BUCKING MOTORCYCLES!



SUDDENLY, THE JOKER WHIPS HIS CAR ABOUT AND VAULTS FOR SAFETY!

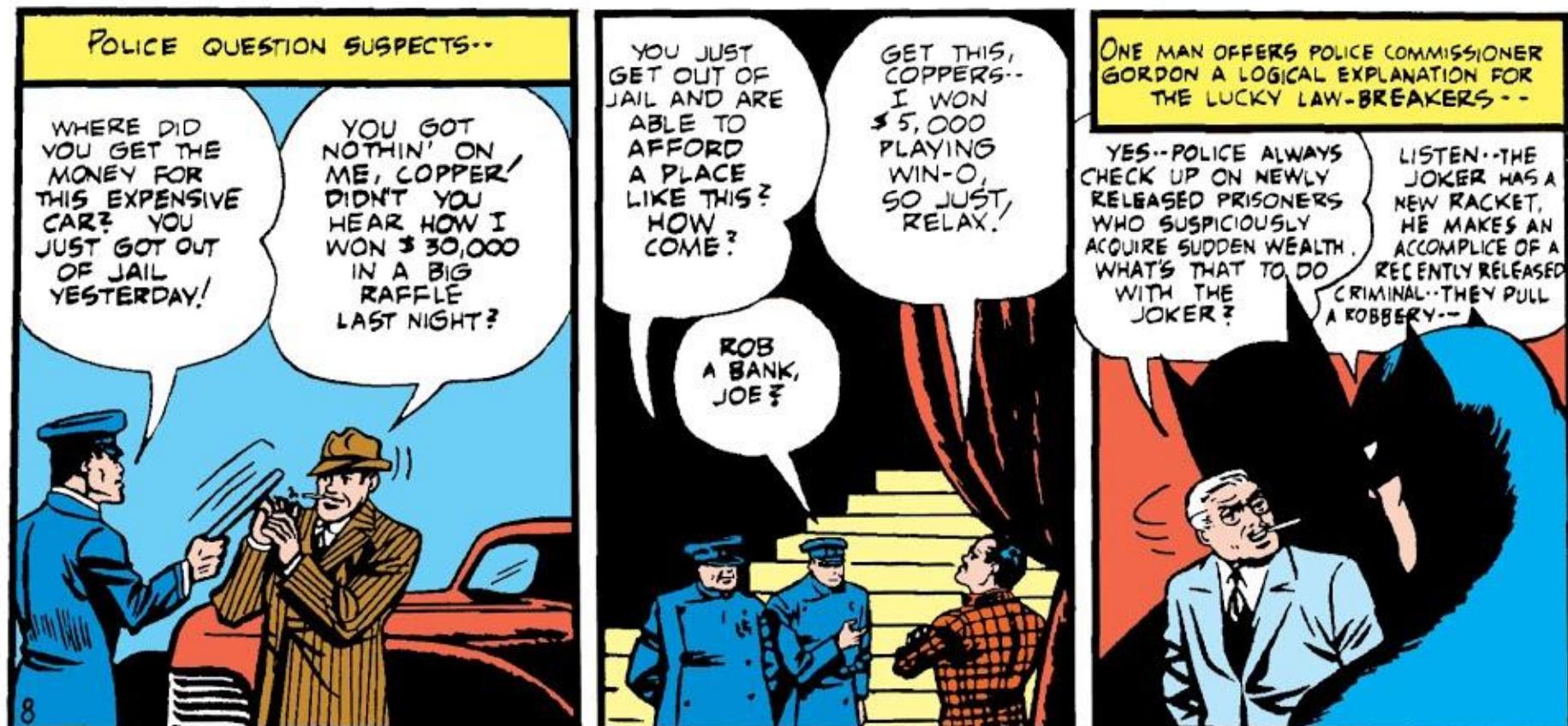
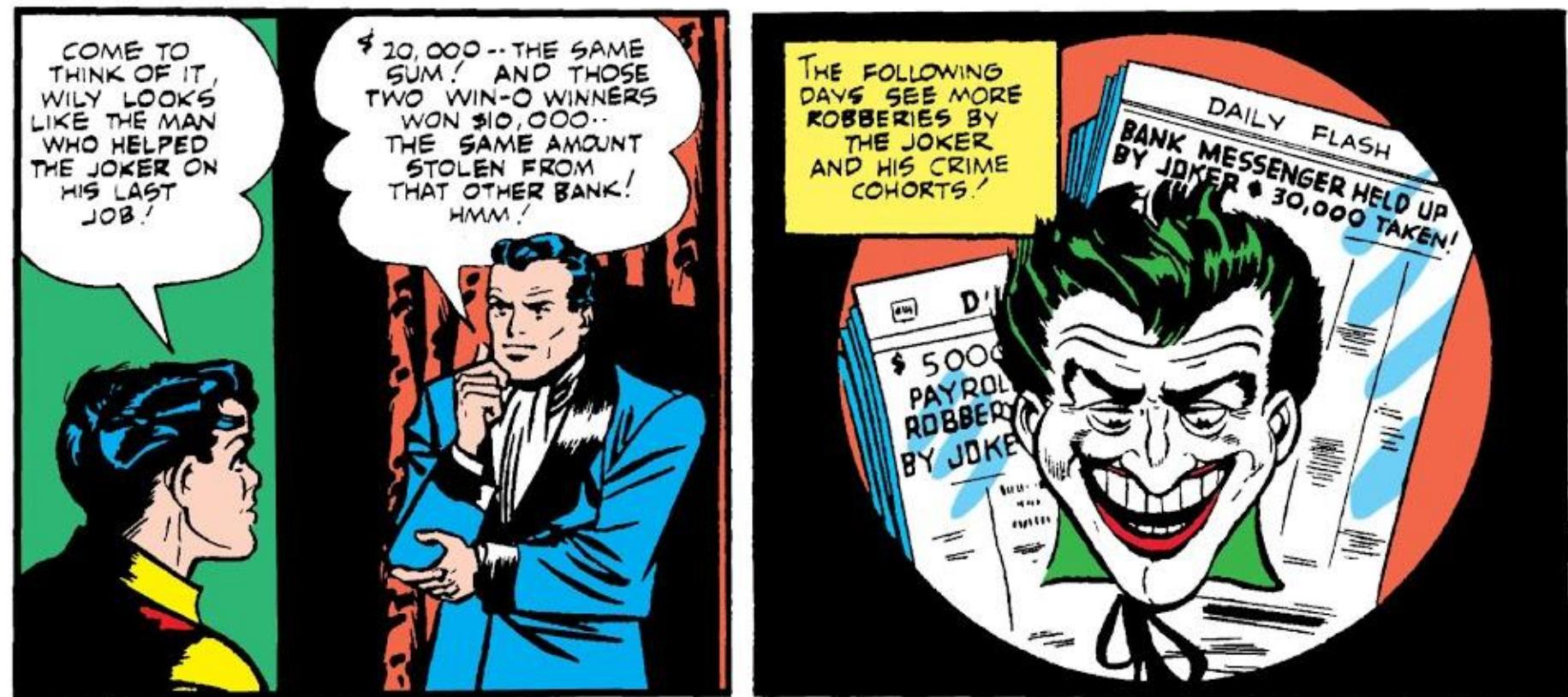
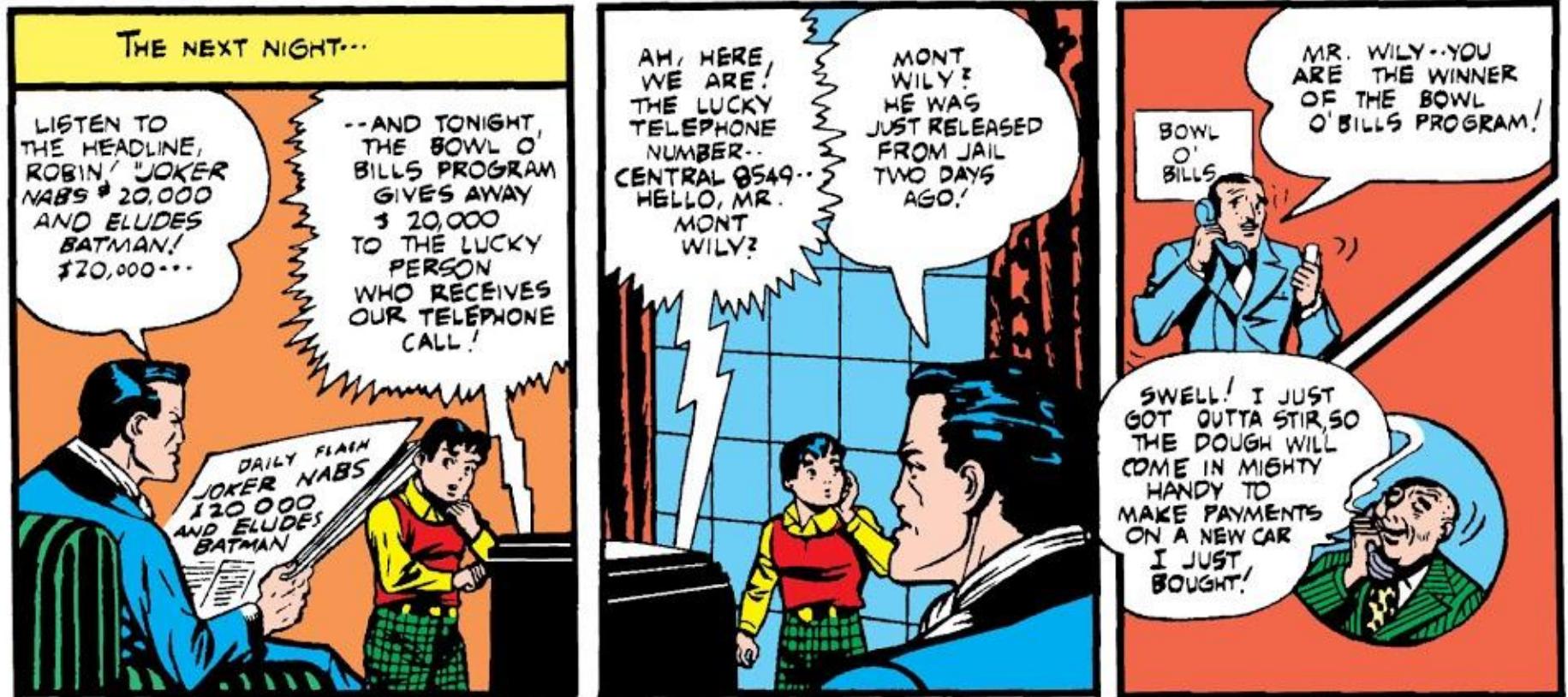


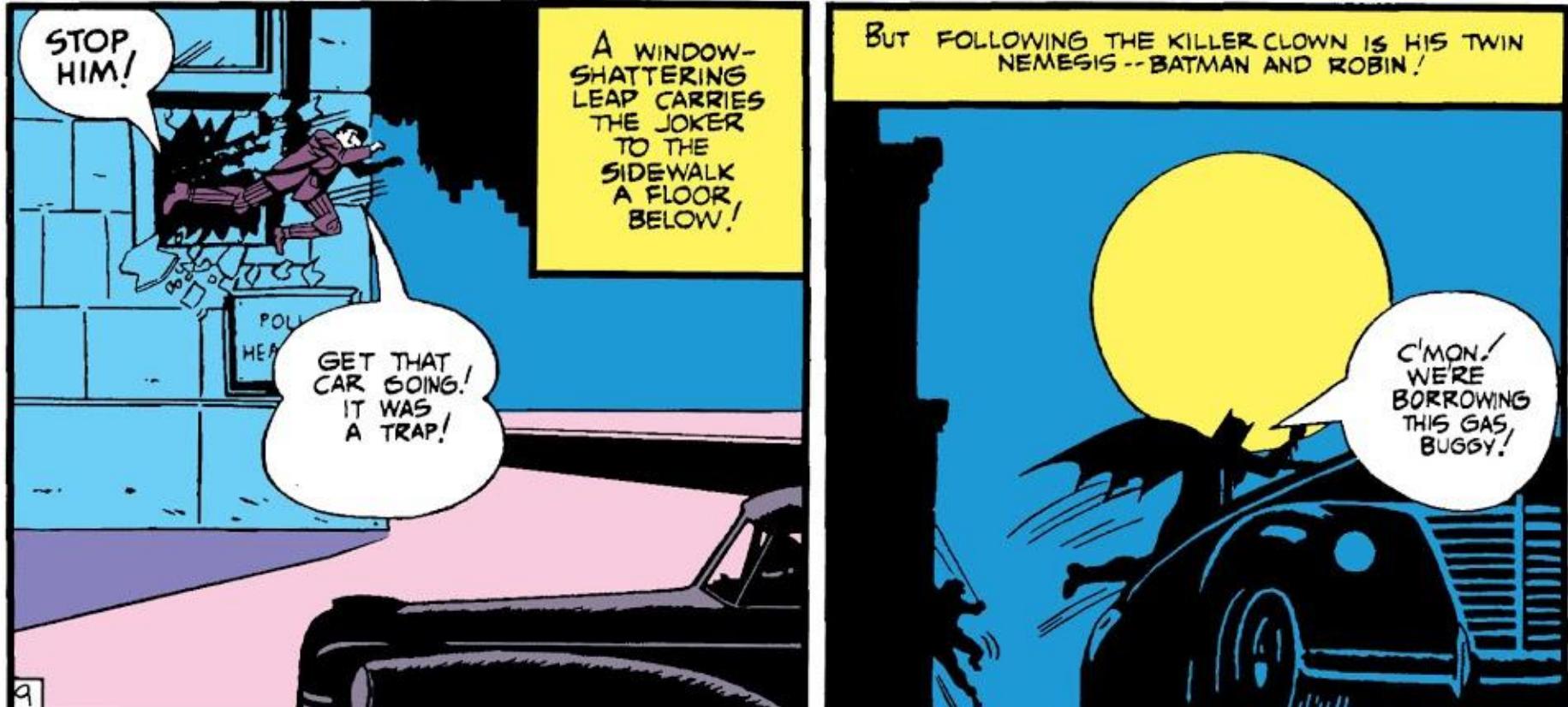
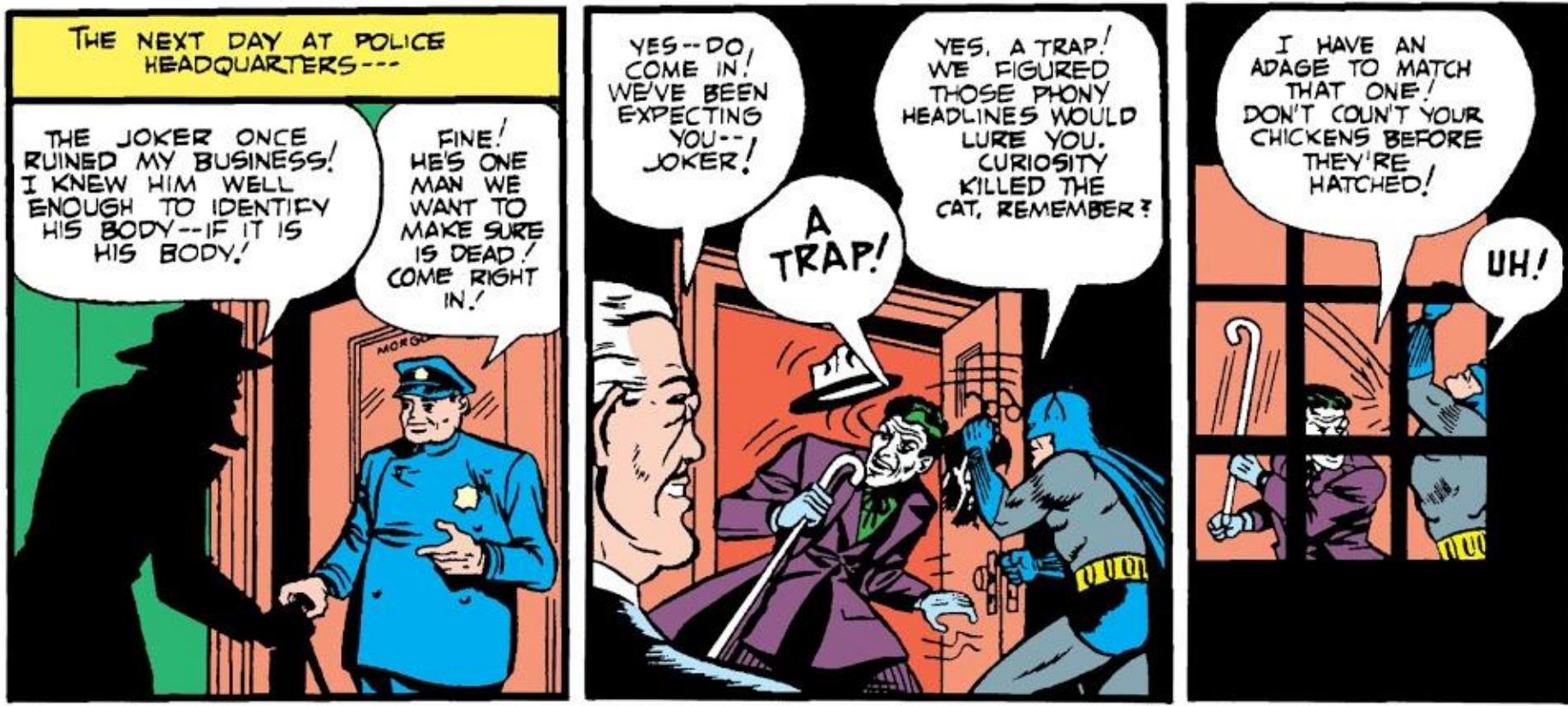
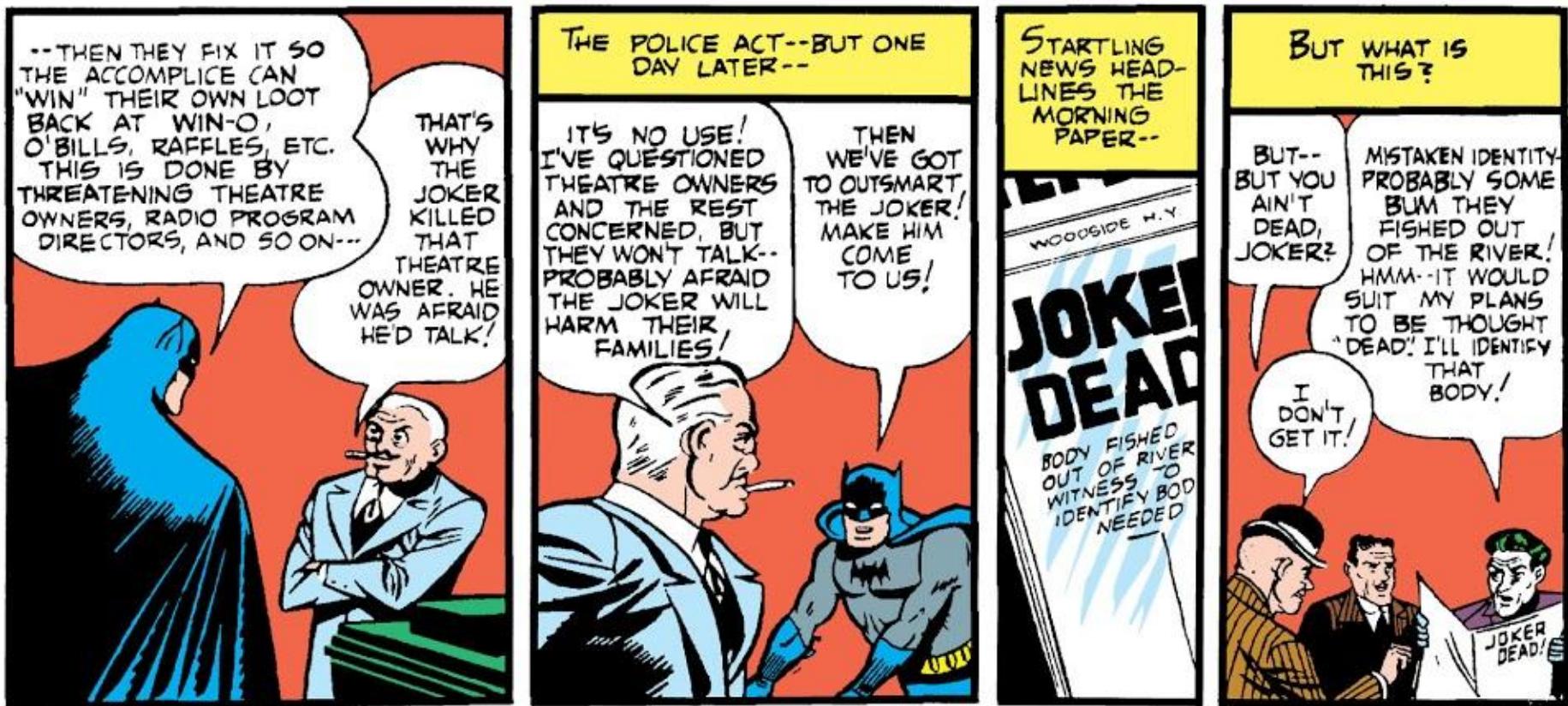
THE ACROBATMAN MAKES  
A DARING LEAP--



A RENDING CRASH! LIKE TWIN  
CANNON BALLS, THE MOTORCYCLES  
GRIND INTO THE AUTOMOBILE. BUT  
BATMAN AND ROBIN--







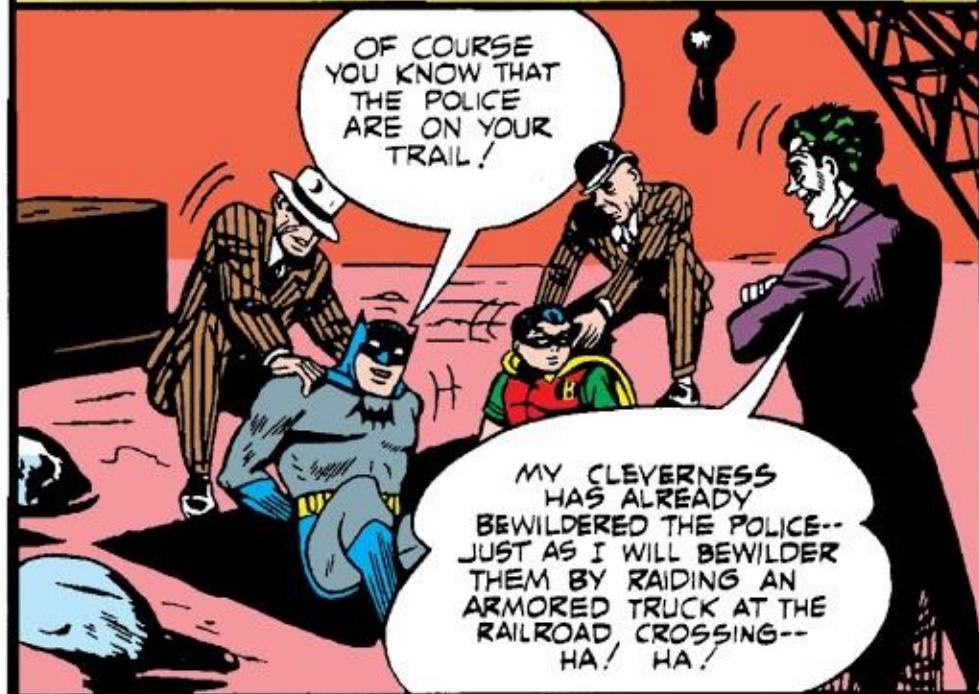
AGAIN, A WILD, FRENZIED CHASE, TAKING THE CARS OUT INTO OPEN COUNTRY!



WITHOUT A WARNING--FROM THE EXHAUST PIPE--



LATER-- BATMAN AND ROBIN AWAKE AS CAPTIVES OF THE MOCKING JOKER!



UNDER THE JOKER'S DIRECTIONS, A CRANE LOWERS A TON-HEAVY SLAB OF ROCK OVER THE MAKESHIFT CRYPT!



DOWN COMES THE STONE, AND THE BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE SEALED FAST-- ENTOMBED!



CAN'T EVEN BUDGE IT! IT LOOKS LIKE THE END FOR US!



WHAT'S THE IDEA?



MIGHTY MUSCLES PUSH AGAINST THE TERRIBLE WEIGHT--UP--UP--A SIXTEENTH OF AN INCH ---AN EIGHTH--A QUARTER--

UGH!

UGH -- THAT'S IT-- NOW I'LL SLIDE THIS PENCIL IN-- ON THIS SIDE---

HOLD JUST A SECOND MORE-- WHILE I SLIDE YOUR SILVER PENCIL UNDER THE OTHER SIDE!

--I'M ALL IN-- AND I DON'T GET THIS ANYHOW--

YOU WILL-- NOW PRESS AGAINST THE ROCK --TRY TO MAKE IT SLIDE FORWARD --NOW-- UGH!

MIRACULOUSLY, THE STONE EASES FORWARD, INCH BY INCH, GROANING, SQUEAKING, PROTESTING BUT, NEVERTHELESS, MOVING--

A SIMPLE ENGINEERING TRICK! WE COULDNT SLIDE THE HEAVY ROCK ITSELF--BUT WITH THE SILVER PENCILS UNDER EITHER SIDE TO ACT AS ROLLERS --WELL, THERE'S YOUR ANSWER!

MEANWHILE, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY A VILLAINOUS JOKER AND HIS CRONIES BEGIN THEIR LATEST COUP!

AN ANNOYING OBSTACLE REMOVED IN SIMPLE FASHION! NOW TO LOWER THE GATES AND STOP THE ARMORED TRUCK!

SOME MOMENTS LATER--AN ARMORED BANK TRUCK HALTS BEFORE THE RAILROAD CROSSING--

GATE GOING DOWN!

YEAH-- TRAIN MUST BE COMING-- WELL HAVE TO WAIT!

ION

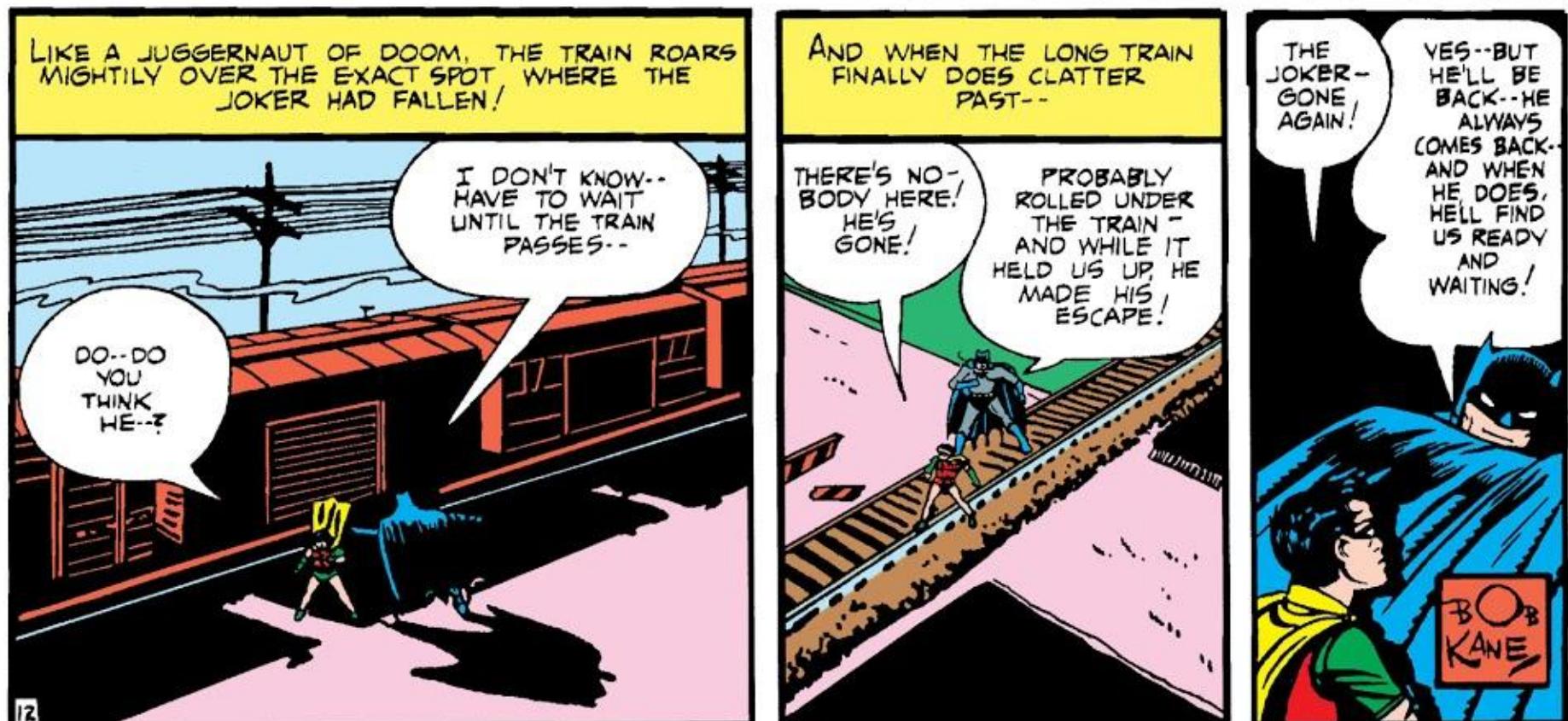
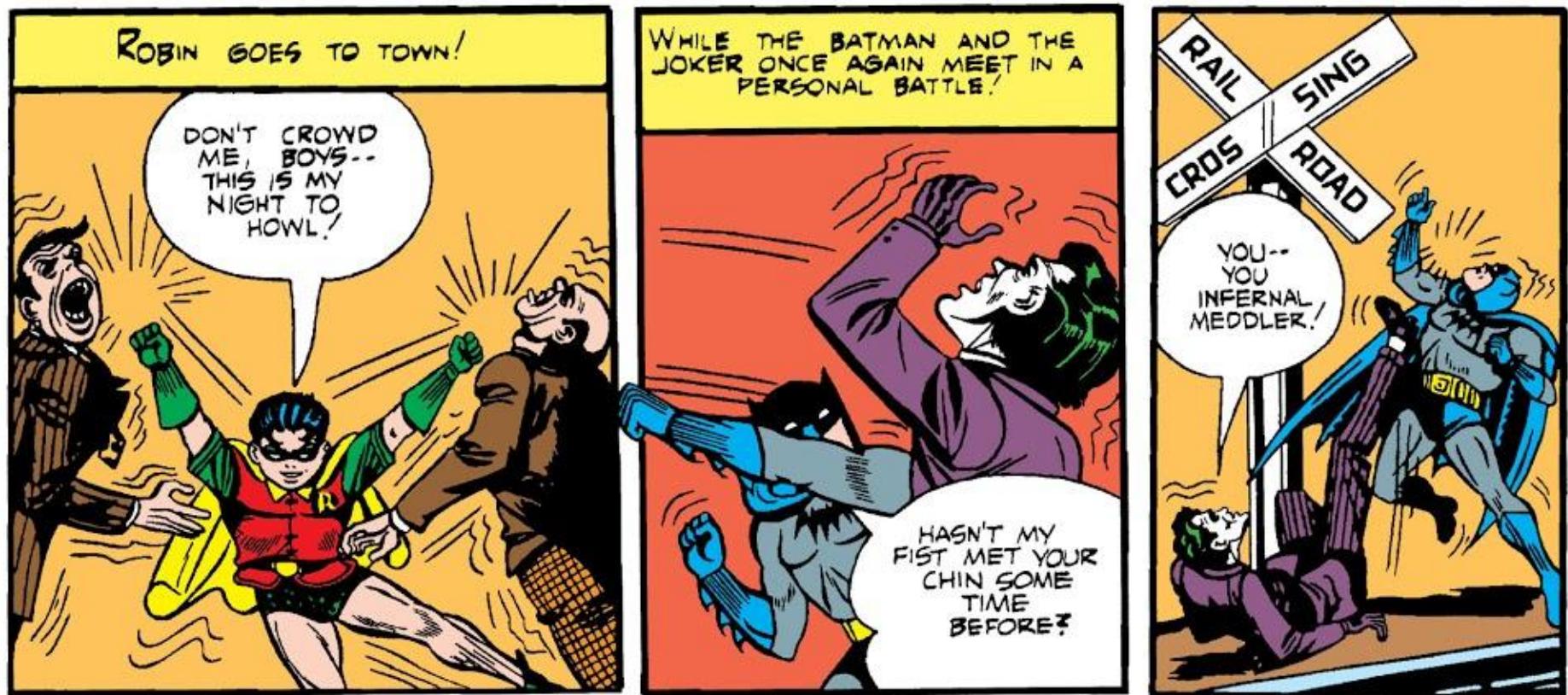
THEN WITHOUT WARNING--

ALL RIGHT, MEN! FIX THE HAND GRENADES AND BLAST THAT TRUCK, OPEN!

SUDDENLY, THE NIGHT AIR IS SPLIT BY TWO FIGURES PLUNGING FORWARD IN A FURIOUS HEAD-ON CHARGE--

I'LL GIVE YOU A DETAILED EXPLANATION LATER!

BATMAN AND ROBIN - FREE! BUT HOW?



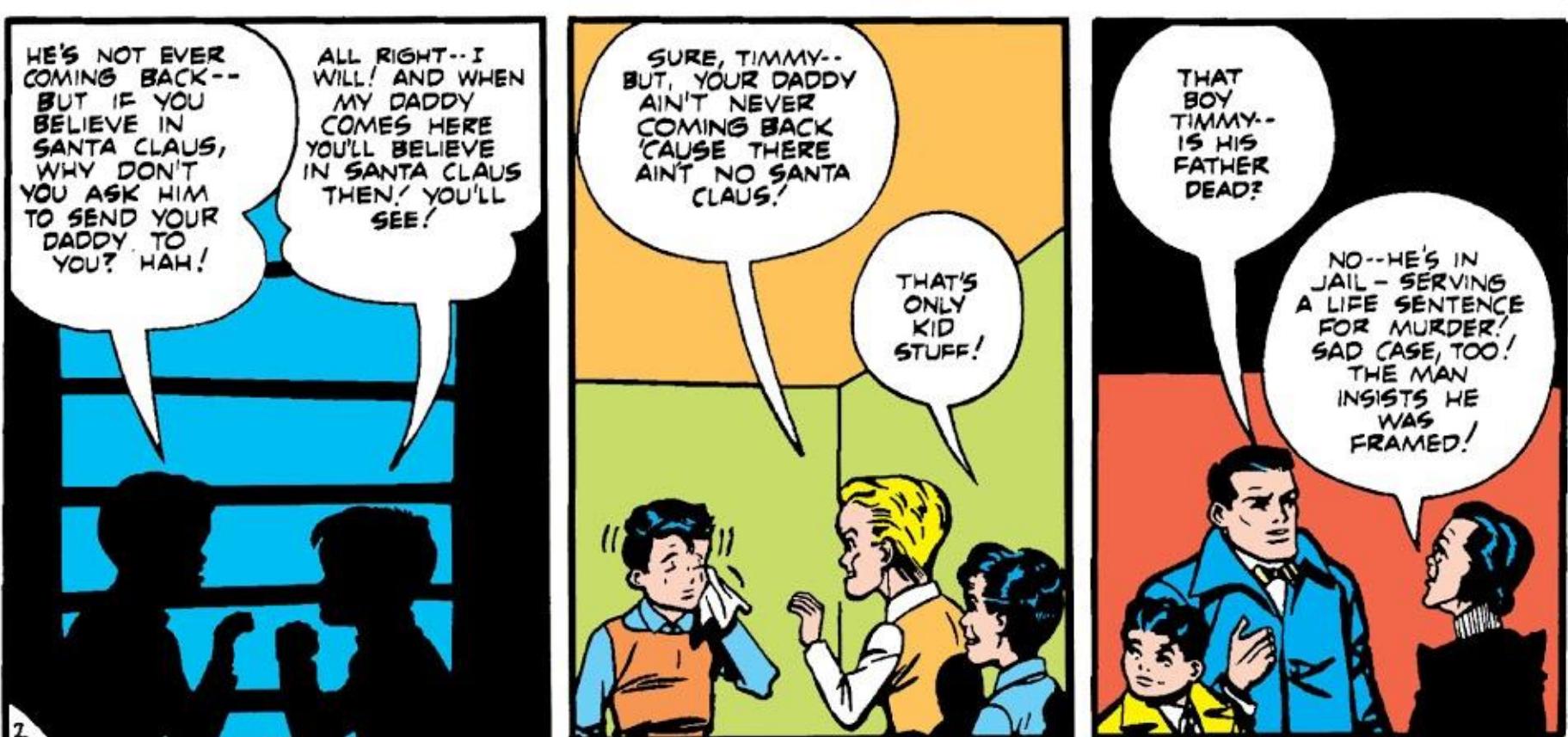
# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

*Christmas~*

SEASON OF TURKEY AND PLUM PUDDING--OF GIFTS AND GOOD WILL--FUN AND GAMES AND LAUGHTER! WE'RE ALL SET FOR A REAL, ROLICKING OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS OF SNOW AND HOLLY AND SANTA CLAUS--ALL THE TRIMMINGS! AND YOU'RE ALL INVITED TO A MERRY YULETIDE PARTY WITH THE BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER--WHERE WE'LL TEAM UP WITH THAT JOLLY, RED-FACED, WHITE-HAIRED OLD GENT--TO GIVE A LONELY ORPHAN BOY THE MOST WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT IN THE WORLD--HIS DAD!





LATER.. JUST AS BRUCE AND DICK ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE....

MISTER, WILL YOU PLEASE MAIL THIS LETTER FOR ME? PLEASE... IT'S TO SANTA CLAUS!

WHY, OF COURSE... AND I'LL SEE THAT HE GETS IT--

THE LETTER...

Dear Santa Claus,  
I don't want any toys, all I want is for you to bring my daddy back to me. The other kids say you are not real, but I believe in you, and they will too when they see me with my daddy again-

Yours truly,  
Tim Cratchit

POOR KID! HE'LL BE PRETTY SAD TO FIND THAT SANTA ISN'T BRINGING BACK HIS FATHER!

WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO LET THAT HAPPEN! C'MON, DICK. THE BATMAN IS GOING TO PLAY SANTA CLAUS!

LATER--

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

OUR FIRST STOP IS THE STATE PRISON!

STILL LATER - THE OFFICE OF POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON---

BATMAN AND ROBIN! WELL-- THIS IS AN HONOR! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO A PRISONER-- BOB CRATCHIT!

IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE BATMAN FINDS HIMSELF STANDING IN A CELL----

CRATCHIT ---THE COMMISSIONER TELLS ME YOU CLAIM YOU WERE FRAMED! I'D LIKE TO HEAR YOUR STORY- I'M THE BATMAN!

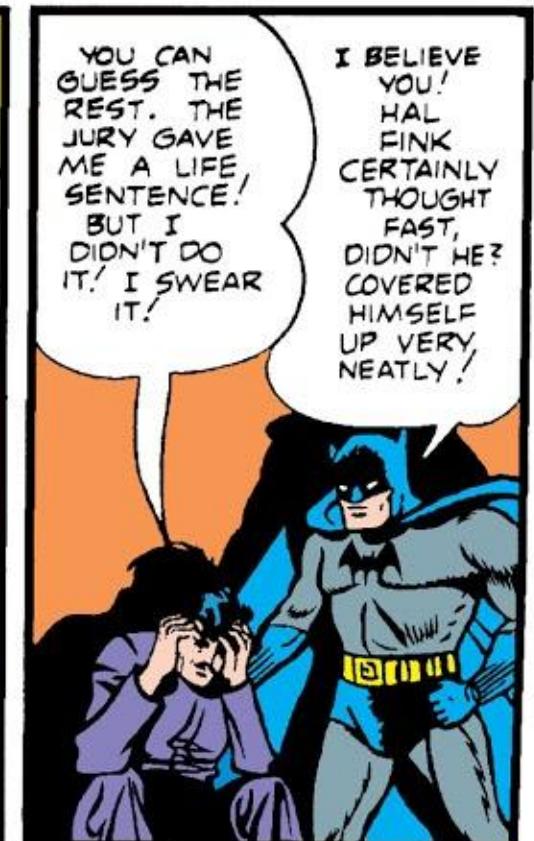
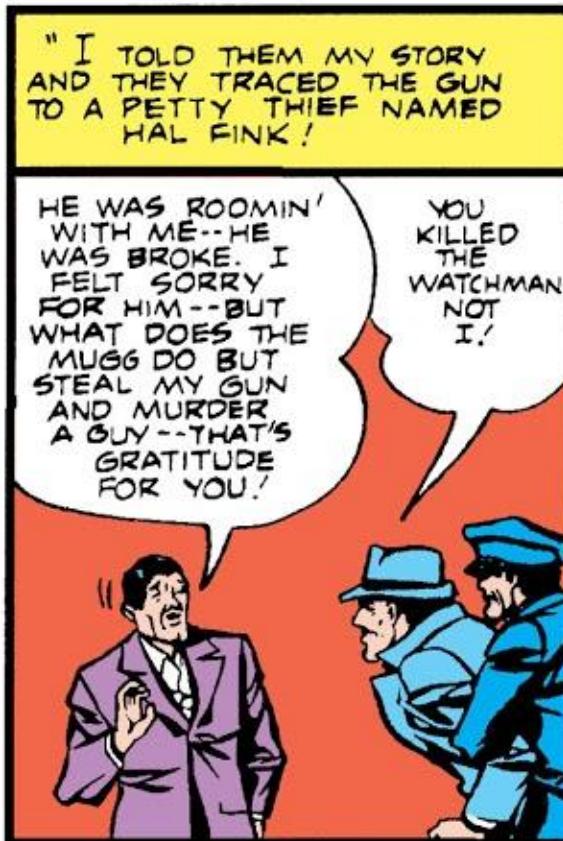
THE BATMAN? SO WHAT- NOT EVEN YOU CAN HELP ME. BUT IF YOU WANT TO HEAR MY STORY, I GUESS I CAN TELL IT TO YOU--

IT STARTS A YEAR AGO- THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS. FUNNY THING--THAT'S TODAY! TIMMY - I WONDER HOW HE IS?---BUT MY STORY-- WELL--

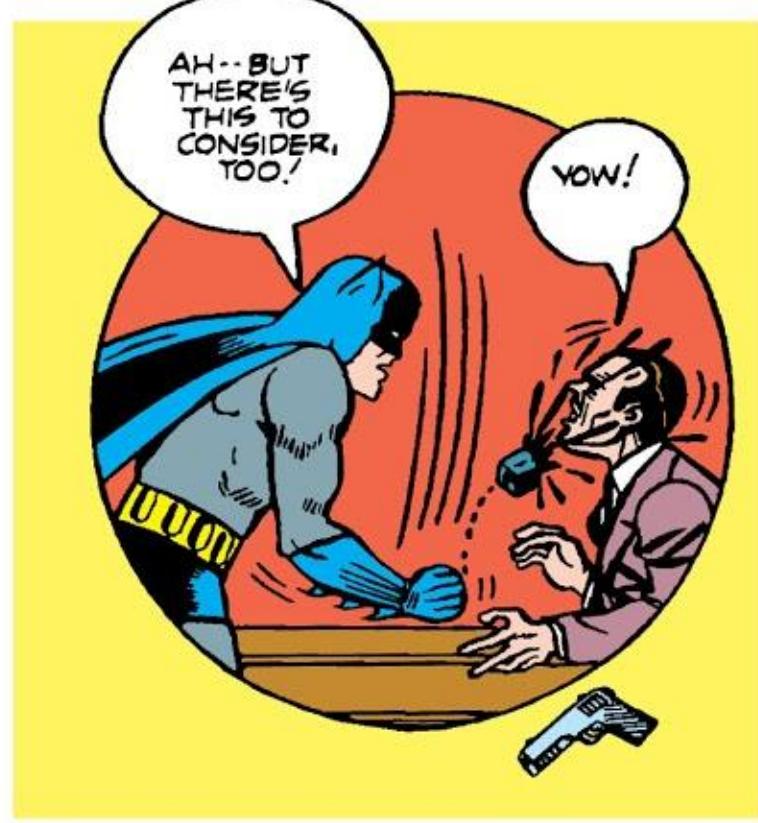
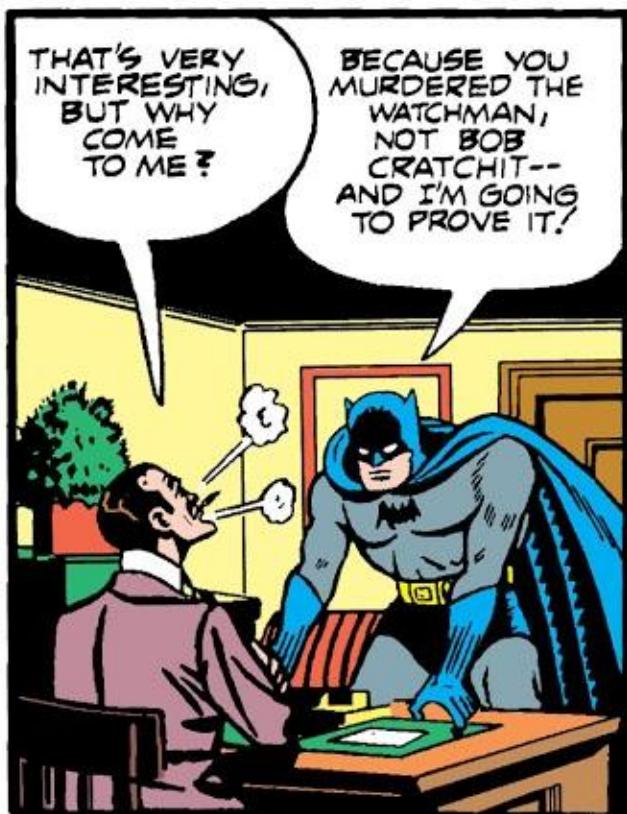
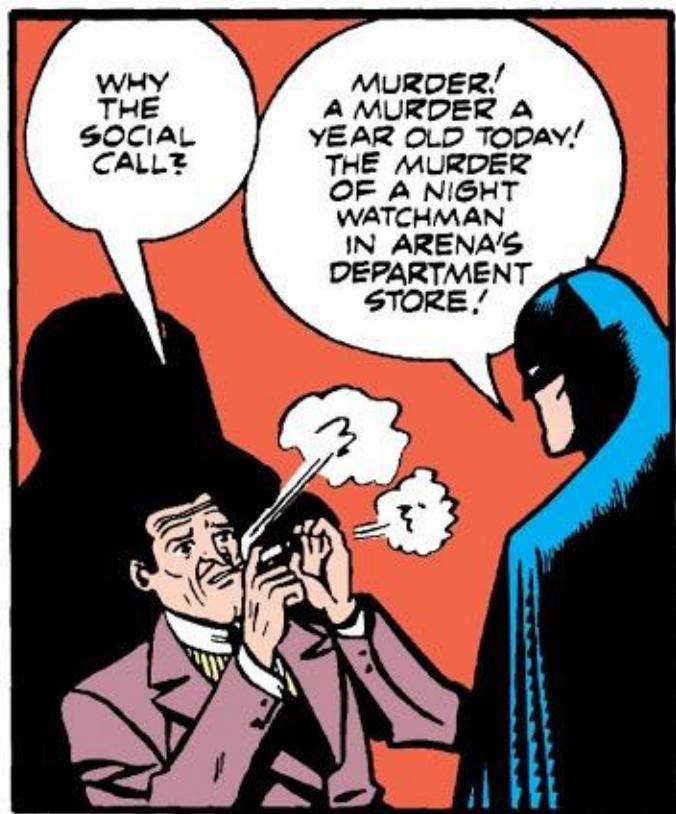
"LIKE I SAID-IT WAS CHRISTMAS.. AND MY LITTLE BOY TIMMY..."

GEE, DAD- JIMMY'S MOM IS GETTING HIM A KEEN SCOOTER IN ARENAS DEPARTMENT STORE! I WISH I GOT THAT FOR CHRISTMAS!

DO YOU, TIME? WELL-- MAYBE YOU WILL--







BUT DANGER SWOOPS DOWN ON THE VALIANT BATTLER!

OKAY,  
KID--HERE'S  
WHERE THE  
LIGHTS  
GO OUT  
FOR  
YOU!

WOW!  
ROBIN'S  
IN  
TROUBLE!

A SWIFT, ACCURATE THROW, AND THE  
GUN SINKS HARMLESSLY INTO A SOFT  
PILLOW!

HUH?

?

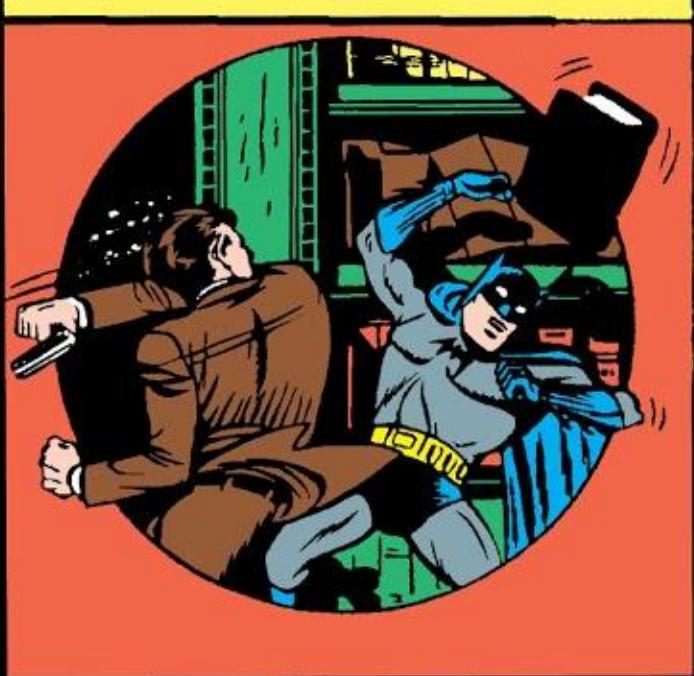


BUT HIS TIMELY INTERVENTION ON  
ROBIN'S BEHALF LEAVES THE BATMAN  
OFF GUARD ---

AND  
I GOT  
THOSE  
BOOKS JUST  
FOR  
SHOW/  
HAW/  
HAW!

AND A MOMENT LATER  
PLUCKY ROBIN GOES DOWN!

HAL--DO  
THE COPERS  
KNOW THESE  
BIRDS CAME  
HERE?  
YEAH--AN'  
THAT MEANS  
I GOTTA  
TAKE IT ON,  
THE LAM!  
MEANWHILE  
I GOTTA PUT  
THESE GUYS  
OUTTA  
CIRCULATION!



HAL  
ORDERS  
THE DUO  
TAKEN  
TO THE  
ROOFTOP--

GONNA  
SHOVE  
THEM  
INSIDE  
THE WATER  
TANK,  
EH?

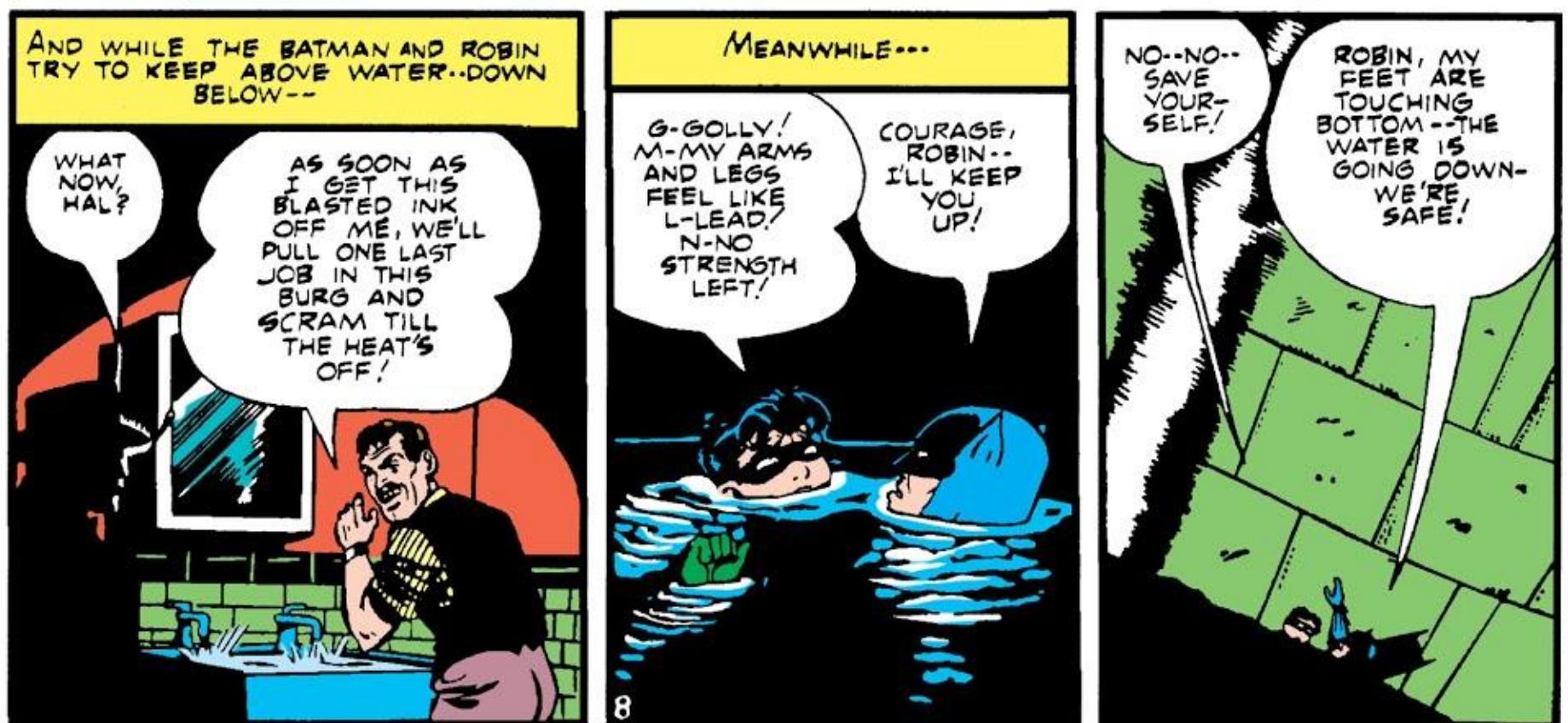
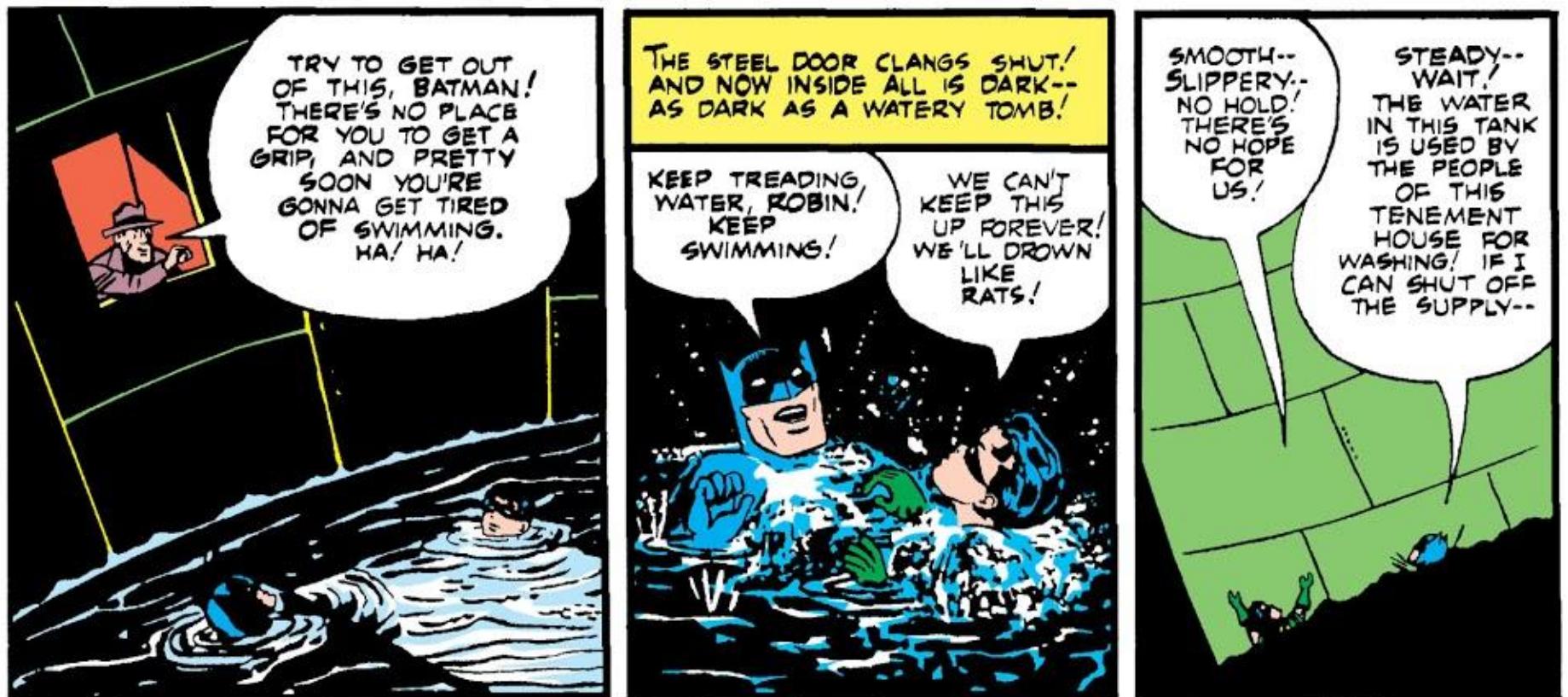
RIGHT!

A STEEL DOOR IS OPENED AND---



--ICY WATER SHOCKS BATMAN AND ROBIN  
INTO A HORRIBLE AWAKENING--





UNWITTINGLY, IN HIS HASTE  
HAL FINK HAS LEFT THE WATER  
RUNNING, PROVIDING AN ESCAPE  
FOR THE BATMAN AND ROBIN--



AND SO, NOT LONG AFTER--



SOME TIME LATER...AS BATMAN  
AND ROBIN DART PAST A WHARF  
ON THEIR WAY TO COMMISSIONER  
GORDON--

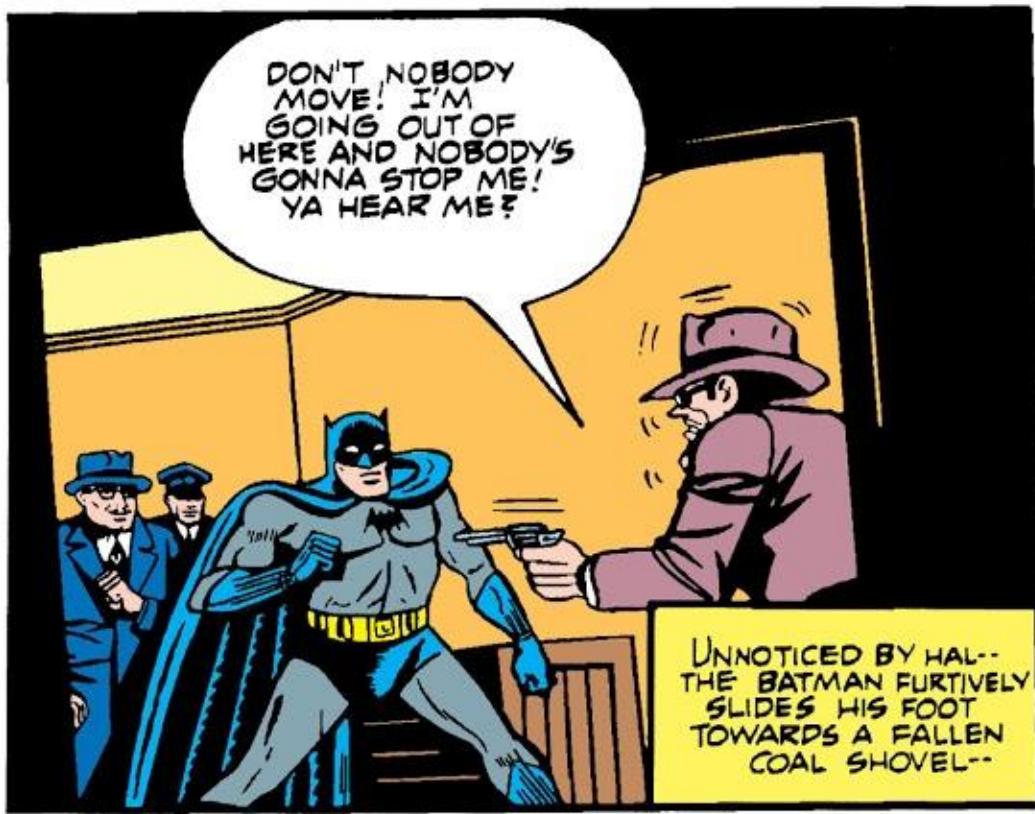
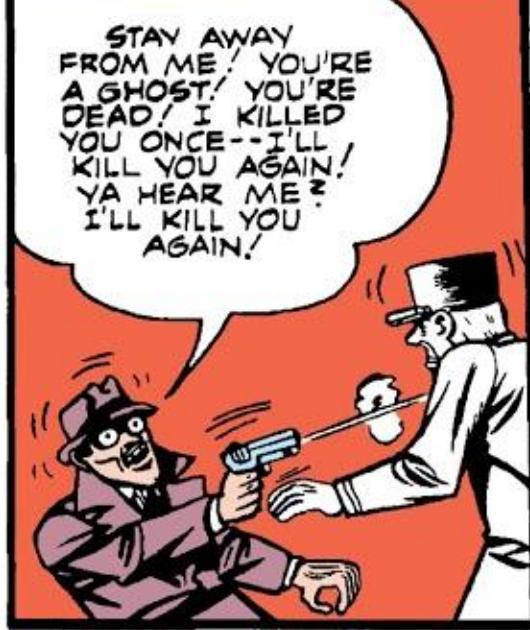


AT THE SIGNAL, HAL AND HIS  
BANDITS PILE OUT OF THE WARE-  
HOUSE...TO BE MET BY--





PANIC CLAMPS ICY FINGERS ABOUT THE CRIMINAL'S HEART-- AND THEN SOMETHING SNAPS IN HIS BRAIN!



---AND AT THE ORPHANAGE---

NOW, LISTEN--YOU'RE GOING INSIDE AND PLAY SANTA CLAUS FOR THOSE POOR KIDS. I WANT YOU TO LAUGH, BE HAPPY, JOVIAL, EXUDE THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT--OR ELSE! GET ME?

S-SURE--  
I WILL BE.  
A VERY  
FINE  
SANTA  
CLAUS  
INDEED!

INSIDE, TIM'S SHINING EYES HOPE FOR THE MIRACLE--

WELL--DID SANTA CLAUS  
BRING YOU BACK YOUR  
POP? THERE  
AIN'T NO  
SANTA  
CLAUS!

S-BUT  
THERE  
IS, TOO!  
THERE'S  
GOTTA  
BE A  
SANTA,  
CLAUS!

SANTA  
CLAUS!  
HA! HA!  
KID  
STUFF!

SUDDENLY--

TIMMY!  
MY  
BOY!

DADDY!  
GOLLY--  
YOU'VE COME  
BACK--

HO! HO!  
MERRY  
CHRISTMAS!  
HO! HO!

ER--  
I--I  
GUESS  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT!

SANTA,  
CLAUS!

LEST WE BECOME TOO ENVIOUS, LET US DRAW A CURTAIN OVER THE GAY PARTY, BUT OPEN IT LATER FOR ONE LAST PEEK--

A  
MERRY  
CHRISTMAS,  
EVERYBODY!

AND  
GOD BLESS  
US, EVERY  
ONE!

LATER--IT IS A DIFFERENT SANTA CLAUS WHO LEAVES THE PARTY--

CHEE--THEM  
KIDS HAS GOT RIGHT  
INTO MY HEART!  
ALL OF THEM LOOKING  
RIGHT UP AT ME AND  
THINKING I'M A  
SWELL GUY! CHEE!  
WHEN I GET OUT,  
I'M GONNA GO  
STRAIGHT!

I HOPE  
YOU MEAN  
IT. I  
SPOKE TO  
COMMISSIONER  
GORDON, AND  
PERSUADED  
HIM TO LET  
YOU GO FREE  
ON PAROLE!

CHEE--  
IM  
BEGINNING  
TO THINK  
THERE  
MAYBE IS  
A SANTA  
CLAUS  
AFTER ALL!

YOU LOOK  
DOWN IN  
THE DUMPS!  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?

NOTHING, I  
GUESS--EXCEPT  
THAT I WISH  
I WAS LIKE  
THOSE OTHER  
KIDS--AND HAD  
A REAL CHRISTMAS  
PARTY. AW--  
YOU KNOW WHAT  
I MEAN--

