Here is a tale of mystery as old as man is old... a tale, a tale of true shame... for time and time again the blades of the black relentless forces of the underworld... might... and Robin... battling this same vicious crime band. Crime, evil, things and happenings that even they are unable to explain. More experience? Perhaps... who can honestly tell? Can you hep away the veil of mystery that shrouds these nefarious, cable events and solve the riddle, Ms. Judie?
"Lightning will blast you down in your tracks!"

"The nation's radio audience listens to a drama rarer than any yet heard on the airwaves today!"

"This is what I think of your ruse."

"Come let's get going!"

"And this is where we were going! That's no radio program we heard but the real thing!"

"The star lad broadcaster once again captures the team of crime-busting boys into action — Batman and Robin, the boy winners!"
I underestimated
the Batman! He
has the
body here in one or
the Ark
caves!

A bat shape
swings down
on the
Gunmen--

He'll remember
this?

The elusive Mousey Messos
comes bullets whistling past his
pursuer

Oh, ya, take
care of
these bobbies.
I'll grab the
runners.

A huge dynamite
and the race bell to
the railroad tracks

But Mousey scrambles
to his feet first!

How you're gonna
get your.
I'm gonna step back
and I can get a
better shot at ya, and!

Without warning,
Mousey Messos has
stepped on the third
rail.

"Lightning will blast you
down in
your tracks!"
WE’RE OFF, RON, TO THE EASTERN AIRPORT.
BETTER PUT ON YOUR LIGHTS. HEAVY RAIN COMING RIGHT UP.

INSTANTS LATER A MAMMOTH BAT SHAPED ROCKET SHREDDES THE SILENT SKY!

LOOK! I’M GRABBING A GUN! THAT MEANS
SOME TIME AGO THE BATPLANE’S BEAM SEARCHED THE HEAVENLY MAZE OF BLACK RODS AND CATCHES A MAN-MADE WIND, FLUTTERING WIRE BY WIRE.

TRY NOT TO TRADE A GETAWAY.
TAKE THE CONTROLS IF YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.

A SLEEP LABOUR IN LEAVES AND CLIMBING MOUNTAIN-LIKE IS THE BATMAN.

THAT'S BLACK AND WET, NOT FLYING!
DO IT AGAIN.

COLORFULL Y, THE RAY MANEUVERS THE BATPLANE TILL IT HUMPS ALOFT THE FRIGHTFUL PLANE AND CRASHES INTO BEHIND THEM.

THIS BATMAN IS FORCIBLY TO HOLD FAST AS BLACK WHEELS AND DRUMS IN AN HORIZONTAL MIX. HIM FROM WAS PRECEDO'S PERCH.

EMPTY

HELL, ALICE! FANCY WAITING FOR ME UP HERE!

FIGHTING AGAINST TEARING WIND WHERE THE BATMAN WEAVES HIS WAY FORWARD SLOWLY, SLOWLY...
But quick, lives up to his name! His name never—

atmosphere extinguishes the fiery Batman—

Witching this instant, and leaving the injured Batman—

in the plummeting plane—

quickly! Quick! Has salon—

his parachute with him—

open.

But even as the plummeting plane plunges downward, the Batplane matches its breathless flight—

as the Batman recovers—

"Robin! Robin!"

Where's quick?

But he's not going to get away if I can help it!

The Batplane lands—

But quick—

Look! His parachute lines are frayed on the telephone wires and are tangled around his neck!

If we don’t cut him down in time he’ll be strangled to death—

Too late!

I know as if have has cheated us for bringing himself—

The crowd curse—

The crowd curse!)

The crowd curses! The crowd curses! The crowd curses!

Air will be choked from your lungs!
News of sick's death reaches the ears of a certain duo in a certain hotel room.

Sick turns yellow in the jaw. Sick's friend seems to take this news hit.

I'M AFRAID TO SEE ANY BULLET MADE THAT CAN DO THROUGH MY BULLET PROOF VEST.

What is to happen to a man with a key and a gun? I'm not taking any chances. It's gone. A split second where there's no answer to the greatest American mystery.

There's only time to track to the room of man.

I'll leave and not too soon.

Sick's pals have flown the coop. The phone may be for naps or brains.

Why, Batman, this is the time we come and find me now, now.

Yeah, sure. I'll get the sound of everything while he was talking.

Yeah! Get to do it?

The bell rings at four o'clock but here we have workmen revelling at this time or night.

The bell is rung to help you? Isn't it? Don't show you this tough.

Yeah! Since I was and I was at the place the fellow was to take your life right out of my arm.

I'm a dupe.
Okay, now about the Batman. You'd better be wise. Here's what you're going to have to do. Keep him away. He's on his way. He's never been seen. What's the idea of making me stop outside? Sure, he's smart. He'll figure it out. He'll figure it out. He'll figure it out. He'll figure it out.

Yes, sir. I am an electrician. Yes, sir. Yes, sir.

Don't be right. We're electricians. He can't let us. I plug in my plug. I plug in my plug. I plug in my plug.

At that moment the subway construction

Did a fellow looking like you? Ask to use your telephone? Phone?

The Batman! Sure, listen. His name is a man in a phone box. He has no change. He wants change. He wants change. He wants change.

Minutes later a blunder in the phone box.

A fly and a fly. Every fly flies.

What can I interview? To save the man.

Just as a normal person would the man inside the fly away.

The fly brushes against the phone. The phone breaks and the phone breaks.

Dead that spark. Why I'm training to kill a rat. And my name's Bob.
Meanwhile, a sleek but-shattered plane crashes through the sky in a race against fate.

Twin ticking by and to plunge us to depths from ravellas of the molten sun. Eric raises his canteen.

Empty! No water! I forgot to fill with water!

John blazing hot. Must keep going - got to beat fate. Can't stop now.

Hee-hee, I'll beat fate yet. Water won't be my downfall. Hee-hee, if I don't drown... a man can't drown.

In the desert - I'll beat fate yet. I'll beat fate and keep going. Eric, you won't beat me.

Water's cause Brown's death. After all but not the way I expected - was lack of water that did Brown in.

The tour of death. Dead just like Jappner predicted. I can't figure it out.

The suns of some fate has come to pass.

Joey, dick!
SO YOU WANT MORE?

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF LOYAL FOLLOWERS OF BATMAN and ROBIN JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF THE SMASHING EXPLOITS OF THE WINNING TEAM!

WELL, YOU'LL FIND 'EN EVERY MONTH IN DETECTIVE COMICS!
Here is a tale of the giant monsters of the deep! These are the legendary man-eating whales! In particular, the albino whale in the story!

Those of you who acquired a giant monster with this issue, take heart! The tale of the albino whale is next for you! A tale of man against the sea—man against the great albino whale! When the time comes, the tale will be told. The white whale!

Yes, it’s time now to begin the tale of the albino whale.

Riding at anchor in the port of Gotham City is a boat laden down with weather gear and all. She might be, for she is just being informed in her cabin! Her mission is to hunt the albino whale.

So, ye mighty crew, what will ye do? What will ye do? What will ye do? Not a killer whale there’s a giant sentiment that worthwhile ships down to heavy ones with ye again! You’re a crew! A mighty captain, Burly!
CEUEL AM I! I'LL SHOW YE HOW CRUEL I CAN BE, YE WRETCHED RATS!

I'M LEAVING THE SHIP!

I'VE HEARD THAT HABRONS FEMALE EYES WE DYE TO THAT TOWN. ALSO, THAT HE DON'T SWIM WID HIS SHIP. JUST LIKE OTHER WHALES!

AND HE JUST SEN'T HIS EYES AROUND LIKE AN ANGRY BEAR UNTIL THE WHALE JUST NATURALLY SMILED.

"TO SEE THAT GIANT MOUNTAIN OF FLESH DRIPPED DOWN ON ME. TO TERRORIZE THE WHITE WHALE MUST BE SOME AWESOME SEA DEVIL!"

THE OFFICE OF THE SEVEN SEAS INSURANCE

CAPTAIN TERRY: YOUR SHARE OF YOUR REWARD FOR THE WHALE AND I BID TO BE BACK. I A PLEASURE OR NO MAN OR BEAST!

YOU MUST NOT BE AFRAID. BUT OTHER MEN BE Whose WILL YOU GET A CREW?

Mr. Randall as A Secretary.

Of this insurance""Durham's Observer job and as a sailor, I KNOW I'LL GET A CREW SUBJECT, AND I'LL KILL YOUR WHITE WHALE!"
After the captain leaves—

He's determined to put on these clothes without being noticed. The captain, sirly.

Wayne speaks to his young mate, Spike.

You stay here. There's no telling what may happen now, so just follow my lead. Drive.

Warily, Bruce scots along the gloom-mantled deck. When—

Suddenly—

He's the last one. Dump him in with the others.

Yeah? I'll see. We'll come off at nine.

Moments later, a slim figure climbs gracefully to the deck of the old whaler.

After sailing with the wind, the whaler falls away from the land. Another for the high seas and incredible adventure.
LATER— IN THE HELM

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

M'M NOT

OH

WHERE

ARE WE?

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Some time later—

That Jack Burke looks a lot like a whale! We're searchin' for him now, but we've seen him again.

Now, this stunt that we're pullin' off—then we'll be all ahead.

Somebody's up there. I'll get him. He's too high up to reach me.

That's the Batman and Robin. They must have sneaked aboard. What'll I do now? I'll show 'em how I treat evildoers!

How are you feeling, Robin? I'm getting along alright.

Uh-uh! Attack from the rear. Have to get out of here!
GLU WAAAAA

Then all freeze, for now, as a loud cry is heard...

THAR SHE BLOWS! "A WHALE!"

OY! WHAT A BAD PUN... BEING, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU!

AND THE BATTLE CONTINUES

NINOTH, YOU LOOK RATHER FRAIL!

In the distance, a thin, crested spout of vapor rises into the air, indicating a bowling whale.

Into the boat with ye, if ye're goin' whale-hunting, we'll settle our differences later..."
True Whalers, the seamen present Three barrels as an exciting whale hunt against being.

A hundred! throwing hoops miss the whale's tail. Where's the pull until we break the chain. If we can't break, oh, break we catch's heavy weight!

One harpoon now movement as the harpoon's line's set, and the bow of the boat drags miles into calmer seas.

Then unexpectedly the angry whale turns on another boat! The plunging gun to west falls overboard. And the harp comes into the chain no waters.

The tremendous tail lashes the ocean intoa seam threatening no at any moment. Smash Elena and the harp comes.

And lo! a harpoon! terrifying moment, as the sloop cleans, a helpless boat to cavernous jaws were opened. Stretch all on wires left.
The lance slashes in the sun, riders an instant and then whizzes down, like a streak of wild flame!

And plunges deep into the sea beast whose stomach is still o'er on its side.

The captain's first thought is of his fall, riots.

"Golly, I thought I was a done for sure that time!"

"You gave me an awful scare, you—you little devil!"

Cut out the sentimental act, you two! You'll have me in tears in a minute, set to work in the best of the crew!

"The musk whale is then tirelessly tossed back to the vessel."

"Mean's what you swine or I'll play the blow from your vault, mean?"

The cutting in begins with long scoops. The seamen fill up the three blanket of blue and toss A to the deck where A "drops" or slices into 5 and 6 parts.

And then the mess is piled in the vessels' hold.
COMING TOGETHER AGAIN LIKE OVERHANGING ROCKS, THE TWO FIGHT WITH TIGHT AND NAIL.

I'LL CHASE THE LIVING CRAB FROM YOUR BOY!

With a sudden rush, the Batman uses his own strength to overpower the whale, causing it to crash against the ship, sending debris flying everywhere. The scene is chaotic.

--TERMS INTO THE DEATH CAPTAIN WITH His FURY RIGHT AND A LEFT--ANOTHER LEFT--AND THEN A FINAL TERIBLE RIGHT--AND IT'S All OVER.

SUDDENLY ALL ARE THROWN TO THEIR FIGHT AS THE SHIP ROCKS UNDER A VISITING SHOCK.

CRASH

WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

WE'RE GONNA TRY TO CHASE US AGAIN. WE'VE GOTTEN THE ATTENTION OF A WHALE.

I SAW THE CAPTAIN, LET'S SIT HIM IN A Dock AND WE'LL WATCH THE WHALE Goes FOR HIM. WELL, STRIKE AWAY FROM HERE FAST.

BUT TO DO THAT WOULD BE MURDER.

BUT THE BATMAN AND THE MEN ON THE BEAT TOOK THE MAN WE CAN LET THEM LIVE TO REPORT THE MUTINY.

THEY'RE A WHALE--A WARRIOR OF ALL WHALES--THE WHITE WHALE!
The superstitious sailors leave the Batman region, and the denunciation Captain in an open boat—to face the charging white whale!

The dreamer white whale rushes through the slender winds his charging hulk looks like a Jumbojet!

Don't think about what's coming! It's all poetry... anytime!

T.B. Ben O'Toole on the burning deck his

They a startling thing occurs! Watch! The ship machine guns fire out from the whale's white body!

Do you see what I see?

Maybe the guns & playing tricks on our eyes? It must be an illusion!

Jump! Jump!

But this illusion rings the long boat with bullets that seem quite real!

The fluorine this is picked up

Okay, come aboard!

And inside the strange whale!

Ramsey, Secretary of the Insurance Company

So you succumb to that certain dream and ship owners were not a sinking the ships for the large insurance money on them?

And turned part of that money gave to you int. I though the whale was submerging because it could stay under water for a very long time!
A gentle bump and the sub rests on the bottom of the ocean.

Water in the emergency room! Help me!

What's happening?

Something's up.

We're sinking.

A gentle bump - and the sub rests on the bottom of the ocean.

Only a few feet down - we must be resting on the top of a submerged island!

We're the only ones alive and we won't last long when the air gives out! We'll be by suffocation!

We're only fifty feet below, but...

I've prepared for this! This is the only way I've got to do now - open this door, let this water in and swim to the surface.

That's what you think! You're wrong!

The secret tunnel. Can we bring the tubes to the surface?

The perfidious plumber! We'll have to start with them. We'll have to pack some of them in the tank when the air gives out.

Death on the ocean bottom!
No you didn't! I can see it in your eyes! You want me to go up to the surface while you stay behind down!

Sorry pal.

Down below the Batman springs the hatch from the water as he takes his deep breath and swims through the tunnel.

The long fight.

And on the surface, Batman visibly grows anxious.

Ouch! Such breadth of air are never can it may be my last one ever.

Minutes later, Batman and Robin are picked up by a coast guard cutter.

Submarine, a complete heart breaks the surface.

Are sweet breath air? Robin surrenders to see me?

Sure, Batman.

So I was you who fired that shot that sunk the White whale out of the water once, didn't you. He sunk me. Yes we thought we blasted the White whale but the White whale got away. He was the menace of a sub. The menace of the White whale is gone and that's what matters most of a sub wasn't it?
BOOKS WORTH READING
reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK staff advisor
Child Study Association of America

War Paint, An Indian Pony.
By Paul Brown

Life was wild and cruel on the great Western prairies where the young colt War Paint, named in his mother's protecting shadow. There were always fierce and hungry killers waiting to tear at young horses—wolves hunting in packs, pumas lurking in the tall grass silent, ready to pounce on their prey.

War Paint had to fight for his life in many a bloody battle with the killers. Greatest of all was his fight to the death with a rival stallion to prove himself leader of his band. But his terrible days were over for the crafty Indian brave, Grey Eagle was wasting time to capture this fine pony to be his own war horse. New War Paint must learn to strive a master. And when the fierce and war-like Comanche Indians went on the warpath, War Paint earned his master through many bloody and terrible struggles to final triumph over his enemies.

If you like pictures of horses in action you will find them on every page of this book.

Ask your local librarian for "War Paint, An Indian Pony."

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE
(Code Mark No. 3)

PIZZELI TLOH ZXX Y8 CRK FC VRV QOV
GOGH! I'VE WORN OUT MORE SHOE LEATHER LOOKIN' FOR A JOB, BUT NO LUCK

MM-M-MM - A HORSESHOE MAYBE THAT WILL BRING ME LUCK

HEE-YOUNG FELLOW, DO YOU WANT A JOB?

MM-M-MM - THAT HORSESHOE HAS A FAT WORMER

YES - I'VE HAD A PLenty EXPERIENCE IN THOSE BUSINESSES

WELL, THAT'S FINE - I HAVE TO HAVE SOME ONE TO HELP ME - I HAVE TO GO TO THE DOCTOR, IT'S MY BLOOD PRESSURE

OKAY - NOW DON'T WORRY, MR. HEEL-UP - TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING

ALL RIGHT, MY BOY, I'll SEE YOU LATER

SAY WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

SPEAK AT A VERY NICE RIVET, MAN, WRAP 'EM UP

O.K., NOW HOW 'BOUT SHINING UP YOUR OLD SHOES, MAKE 'EM JUST LIKE NEW

POP

ER, WHY ER IT'S JUST A LITTLE SIDE LINE ON THE HIDE INSIDE, I COULDN'T LIVE ON THIS DOLLAR A WEEK, PAY ME

WEIL, TAKE Yo'little SIDE LINE OUTSIDE!

O.K. IF THAT'S THE WAY YO FEEL ABOUT IT

UNFAIR, DO NOT PATRONIZE THIS STORE, I'LL SHINE EM UP GOOD AS NEW
The Joker, king of crooks, plays lady luck in quest of his greatest prize. But even the cunning crime clown loves the dice and stacks the cards in his favor. Justice in the form of Batman and Robin the Boy Wonder awaits the man of mayhem with the case of the lucky law-breakers.

Night - a prison sleeps but evil is awake.
A küldött mondat kiváltja a várak érzelmét.

- WHAT WAS THAT? HEARD SOMETHING BACK THERE?
- NOTHING MUST HAVE BEEN THAT DUCK WADDLING INTO THE RIVER. JUST A HARMLESS DUCK—

A képben egy völgy látható, és egy ember légi akcióval próbál megállítni a jándaki golyót.

- BUT THE HARMLESS DUCK IS A MAN—A MAN ESCAPING FROM AN ESCAPE-PROOF PRISON.
- THE ROOFS SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET ME WORK IN THE TOOL SHOP. I MADE THIS DUCK-SKIN WITH MY ESCAPE! WAH! WAH!

Az újságban több mint húszanélkülis érdekesség feltűnik.

- THE NEXT MORNING AN EXTRA HITS THE STREETS—

- EXTRA!
- A TOWN BANK ROBBER WAS A NICE HAUl
- WHAT SOMEONE SAYS WAS A CLEVER JOB

- LOOK! SAY I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT DUKE AGAIN IN SOME EXCITING ACTION!
- YES—I'D LIKE TO SEE THE BATMAN, TOO. IF I HAD ONE CAPE I'D LIKE TO...

- THE MARCH OF CRIME PRESENTS THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE BATMAN AND

A képben Batman és Joker találkozásának ábrázolása látható.

- THE MARCH OF CRIME PRESENTS THE MOST SENSATIONAL NEWSREEL AT ALL
- THE JOKER VERSUS THE BATMAN AND JOKER...
Here is a story taken from the pages of crime, a story that brings when the incredible Joker

Here we see the Joker, after an accidental stray, a story with the Batman, he lived to play more villainy.

At great risk, a newspaper man shot the scene and a gripping man.

An amateur cameraman secured this exciting picture of the Joker in action.

But the trail of crime always leads to prison as the Joker finds.

Our thanks to the Batman and Robin for the wonderful job they did.

Flanny, I never realized the incredible Robins were you are.

And you will be making Clark Sable look to his laurels.
Sudden, the house lights flash on—

TODAY, AS A SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY BONUS WE ARE GIVING AWAY $10,000 TO THE LUCKY WINNER IN WHO ALL RIGHT SPIN THE WHEEL—

$0,000! WOW!

ME TOO!

WIN-O!

Yeah, I got a lucky palm.

The men stage to the stage.

The Joker has escaped! Found a dummy in his cell this morning.

The Joker!

On boy! Action at last! Joker here we come—

No, I didn’t. I can’t call the police no more—

Sorry, but I promise her. I won’t trust you again.

Batman and Robin. I wonder how things worked out.

The joker!
A GLARING SOLAR BEAT OF THE DEEPLY BLOW SUN.

YOU OWIN' TD KNOW IF THE THAT TRY THAT STRAN GE DEATH OF YOURS OR WAS A.

YOU REMEMBER YOU'RE DRI-LU WITH THE JOKER?

ON THE CONTRARY I'M AWDY MIND AGAIN OF IT YOU OWIN' DRYLY.

A POWERFUL BLOW FLIES THE JOKER GRILL, AND THROUGH THE DOOR.

LAUGH YOURSELF O'T FOR THIS YOU NIVIA.

T'Y, SULLY'S TRYING TO BREAK THE RECORD FOR A DII NARD CRASH.

HE WANTS A TRAMP MEET WELL GIVE IT TO HIM?

SUDDENLY THE GREA JOKER HAULS HIS WIRE FLIGHT WHEELS AND

WH, WA., I HOPE THIS MAKES A IT!' M YOUR WE.

SECONDS LATER A CLEVERLY DESIGNED MESH REACHES TIGHTNESS TO THE JOKER'S ESCAPE.

WELL, HE'S ESCAPE AGAIN.

ONE THING I'M SURE OF: THE JOKER PARTIES INNERS AND THAT W'N'T MINDY MUST ADD UP TO A CROWDED BUM.
A WEEK AGO THEN ONE MORNING

WELL, SO OUR FRIENDS WENT BACK. IT IS OLD "ROCKY" HE DO N'T LIKE

BUT THE POLICE WERE IN THE SUIT. HE'D VOLUNTEERED TO HELP THE "CLEVER"

ANY WAY HE COULD. ANYTHING TO HELP. THEY WERE EXPLAINED TO BE THE "CROW"

IT WOULD, WOULD NOT, A CROW!

DON'T KNOW HE WOULD CALL ABOUT A CROWER, SIT N.

A TYPICAL SIDEWALK PITCHMAN AMBLES INTO THE CROW --

ONLY A QUARTER POLICE TAKES ONE WOUNDED TO THE CHILDREN. A LITTLE CLOWN "D' A K" YOU LAUGH

A MECHANICAL INQUITY POLICE ONLY A CLOWN!

HOW CUTE IN THE "CROW" ARE THEY?

THE PITCHMAN WARRIES A NEW CROW --

MOVIE AGOSE POLICE LET THE LITTLE DOLL GIVE YOU A Cyan UP! 

ON AMBLES THE POLICE. LITTLE CLOWN, HIS FLOPPY FLEET CARRYING HAD STRAIGHT TOWARD THE BANK WALL

BOOM
THE NEXT NIGHT...

LISTEN TO THE HEADLINE: ROBBERY INSIDERS MILLION $70,000 AND STEALING BATMAN $70,000.

AH, WHEN WE ARE THE LUCKY TELEPHONE NUMBER! "CENTRAL 2714" HELLO MR. WALTER. "WILLY".

DEARuß, I WAS JUST RELEASED FROM JAIL TODAY, HOW CAN YOU HELP ME?

SHE'S A WANKER, BUT IT'S ALL I HAVE.

DON'T BE SCARED, BOY! WE WERE JUST PAYING THE BANK ITS DUE!

$70,000 THE SAME SUM AS OTHER THE WINNING WINNERS WIN $1,000,000.

THE FOLLOWING BANK SMERBER REPORTED TO THE JOKER, AND HIS CRIME CONSOLES.

POLICE QUESTION SUSPECTS:

WHERE DID YOU GET THE MONEY FOR THIS EXPENSIVE CAR? YOU JUST GOT OUT OF JAIL SIX MONTHS AGO!

YOU GAVE ME THAT CLOTHES! WUT YOU HEAR? NOW I WIN $1,000,000 IN A BIG RAPHA! LADY NIGHT!

YOU JUST GOT OUT OF JAIL AND ARE ABLE TO AFFECT A PLACE LIKE THIS? HOW COME?

GET THE CLOTHES. I WANT TO BE DRESSED LIKE THIS. I GO TO WIN $1,000,000, SO JUST RELAX.

ONE MAN SAYS POLICE COMMITTEE GETS A NORMAL EXPLANATION PER THE LUCKY LADY BREAKERS.

WON'T I ALWAYS GET THE MONEY? I RECOMMEND PERSON WHO SUSPECTED NO ONE WANTED 100,000 FOR A FEW YEARS AGO, THE WERE THE WINNER.
THEN IT'S A WIN! THE JOKER DOESN'T HAVE A WINNING CARD!

THE POCKET ACT BUT ONE DAY LATER —

THEN WHAT? THE JOKER KILLED THE THEATRE OWNER AND LIED HIS TALL!

IT'S NO USE!

THE JOKER ISN'T SMART ENOUGH!

THEN WE'RE GOT TO CALL THE POLICE!

THE POLICE!

THE NEXT DAY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS —

THE JOKER ONCE BROKE MY BUSINESS!

THE JOKER ONCE BROKE MY BUSINESS! I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE!

THE JOKER —

COME RIGHT IN!

ONE MAN WILL MAKE SURE HIS THERE!

A TRAP!

YES!

A TRAP!

I WANT TO SEE THE POLICE!

I WANT TO SEE THE POLICE!

I WANT TO SEE THE POLICE!

A WINDOW SHATTERED.

THE JOKER TO THE SIDESWALK A BOMB, BELOW!

A BIT NOISY,

A BIT NOISY,

A BIT NOISY,
Area 8, a wild prehistoric chase, taking the cats but into open country!

Catch us up, are they? We've got a surprise coming!

This baby can travel!

Later—Batman and Robin awake as captives of the money joker!

Of course you know that the police are on your trail.

My 커버트 has been on the police just as I will reveal them by raising an armored truck at the assembly checking.

Ha Ha Ha!

For you, dear, Batman and Robin you would have arranged a blowout for us. So I am doing the same for you, my ha ha ha bent out to this one.

Fanny isn't his.

Yeah, he likes me!

Under the joker's direction, a crane takes the batsmen into the mystery air crypt.

Don't come the strong man, Batman. Our strength is over, and the power.

Robins are still up but we're not still in a spot.

This is our only chance to capture the joker. If we lose, we do worse than fail.

Not yet. This silver pencil, I'm uaring, is the joker's utility belt.

I can't even run him. The joker is too fast to run.

What's the beat?

Will you stop talking and push all we have to do is rescue the joker, and slay a reaction of my new josh.
Robin goes to town!

Don't crow! Me! How? This is my night, Wally?

While the Batman and the Joker once again meet in a personal battle

Wally, you must have been mistaken.

Wasn't my first met you in some time before?

As the two great enemies clash, in thundering combat, there are the sudden engines rumble and thunder of an approaching express train--

Good heavens! The train!

Like a juggernaut of steel, the train roars frightfully over the broken part, where the ladder has fallen.

I don't know how to wait until the train passes!

And when the long train finally gives clatter part

There's no body here, and gone! Probably fallen under the train and while - help us, he made his escape!

The joker goes again!

Are you all right? How time!

Bye till we meet again.

Joe Kane

Joe Kane
FOOD FOR THE FISHES

By Eric Carter

THE two boys stood before their questioner, who spoke in a low voice. Some time ago they had come into this land and every body had to speak in secret and meet in secret, and even think in secret, for the law that stood there was a law reminding one of their native Norwegian ash from which is fashioned the finest war in the world. They were mere lads, yes, but they knew the meaning of war.

Norway had seemed safe to the day Quiling returned his birthright. But a country that is built on truth and light, and time is everlasting. Those are among Norway's best friends, and those are those who are not. Men and women and even children were agreed that death was preferable until the day the bonds of tyranny would be blung from their necks.

"You are not afraid, Derek? Nor you Paul?"

The eyes of the speaker looked straight into Paul's, then knitted and grunted, noting the fear on the faces of the two lads before him.

Derek, being the elder—he was twelve—answered.

"We are not afraid of the danger. We are afraid only that we shall not be able to carry out this mission. I pray God that we may be victorious.

Ivan Evasek smiled at the tired lines of his face seemed to glow with a new spirit and determination. When children such as those men stripped, warn against the enemy they would never hope to prevail? He turned around, his glance on the stern-faced men at men around him. "You are satisfied, gentlemen?"

They nodded approval.

Sitting up Ivan Evasek spoke to Derek.

The cars are loaded with the dried fish, which you and I take to the store of Alderman Hansen at Kong. Tell him the second time in the smallest one which will be on the bottom. You understand?

Derek and Paul both nodded.

Continuing Ivan Evasek said:

"If the enemy said not to you only you will get you through. They will not come to see this fish, because they hate it. Ivan Evasek looked toward the door. The mood's over. Your boys must get through. I shall tell you."

Derek and Paul shook hands gravely with the leader of the town council and went out into the illuminating light where two cars drawn by husky dogs awaited them.

There was a German corporal on the outskirts, and at the moment he was standing rigidly at attention as a small youthful but wrathful Lieutenant simplified him. The Corporal's name was Schmidt and he had served in the Imperial Army which in very only a sudden change betrayed his feelings on the Lieutenant's vitriol continued.

Dankop!" The Lieutenant's slight body quivered. "How dare you allow a man to lean on your post, even his own? What is it, sir? Are you satisfied? Fools! I am not satisfied. The soldiers of the Fuchs not satisfied. It is the change."

The Lieutenant's breath, the words emerged like smoke from a factory steam engine. "It is the bed we have to use and men such as you in the New Order. But I will take even of that now!"

Clive's head darted into his creased pocket and came out with a card which the Lieutenant handed to Schmidt. "Take this, and tonight when you are alone, you are to go to Company X. There, you will teach you something about the ways of modern military in Russia."

Schmidt's shoulders twitched. During the last war he had been given the Iron Cross. And now, after having been pressed into service and brought to a strange, frozen country, he was to suffer a military indignity. He knew that in Company X his stripes would be torn off and he would become plain Private Schmidt. He saluted meekly as the Lieutenant closed the and at the interview his blue eyes lived into the officer's back as he strutted away. In the old days, Schmidt told himself, such a pipe-squeak would be crushed.

Life had changed so much that having, running foul had come into power. This New Order what did it mean? II meant killing and bloodshed, and avarice and tyranny and persecution! Hadn't the last war taught anybody anything?

Corporal Schmidt's anger shown as he looked at the pass in his hand. Then he shrugged. Always he had been a soldier and even from those criminals who misinterpreted an officer's order was an order. He looked up to see Pietr returning.

Plata's eyes were red now instead of blue. The private was about the same as
Schmidt and his two year-old son, had taught the children how to speak English and German. He stood now before the Lieutenant with a smile on his face.

"I am very grateful to you, sir," he said. "I am grateful to our friendship."

"And I am grateful to you," the Lieutenant replied. "I am grateful to our friendship as well."

Schmidt smiled. "The children are very happy," he said. "They are learning new words every day."

The Lieutenant nodded. "I am pleased to hear that," he said. "The children are growing up quickly."
PRIVATE PETE

I am a sentry I am very important guy he protects the others from danger.

I hear someone—halt! who goes?

Who are you how do I know you're not a spy? What's the password?

Come on let's see if you know it!

How dare you! Do you really who I am young man?

PRIVATE PETE!
The General Slammers. Why are you questioning me?

Well, in all the movies I've seen of army life, there's always a password. I know like snowsheds or something!

AND SO... Golly, doing kitchen police is no picnic. It seems that all they eat here's potatoes.

Potatoes! Potatoes for days and days. All I see is potatoes!

48 hours later... Yippee! I'm all the way off no more duty just.


I'm always safe on getting up 'cause duty doesn't appeal to me!

One, two, three.
TA-RA
TA-RA
EDSH, THOSE ALARM CLOCKS MAKE SO MUCH NOISE I CAN'T HEAR THE ANGLE
RING RING RING RING BRR-RING
SAY SARGE, CAN I RUN OVER AND SEE IF ANY MAIL CAME FOR ME?

WELL, I CAN'T QUOTE BUT HURRY BACK!

THANKS!
SEE, I HOPE IT'S HERE

HOPES THE MAIL DON'T GET IN YET!

ARE WE COMING ON A VERY LONG MARCH TODAY SARGE?

VASSIE, WE'RE WALKING ALREADY ABOUT 30 MILES!
30 MILES!
Oh oh that package better come!

COME ON, MALVAN - HURRY UP!

MAIL!
Come an' get it!

STOP CHEWING, FELLEWS - YOU'LL ALL GET TO DO.

PRIVATE DUN - THERE'S A CRATE FOR YOU AT THE OFFICE!

PRIVATE DUN - HE WANTS ME TO SOUND THOSE TREES W'TH THE PACKAGE 'E DON'T WANT ANYONE TO SEE IT!

BOY O' BOY - SH'T TA BEAUTY!

O MY GOSH I'M READY FOR THE MARCH!
NOW ON SALE
Christmas -
SEASON OF TURKEY AND
PLUM PUDDING - OF GIFTS AND
GOOD WIll - FUN AND GAMES AND
LAUGHTER! HERE ALL SEES A
REAL ROLLING CLAY
EACH ONE CHRISTMAS OF SING
AND HOLL AND SANTA CLAUS
- ALL THE TRAVELING AND
YOU'RE ALL INVITED TO A
MERRY YULETIDE PARTY WITH
THE BATMAN AND THE ROBIN THE
BOY WONDER WHERE WE'LL
TEAM UP WITH THAT JOLLY
RED-HEADED WHITE-HAIRED OLD
HOBBIT TO GIVE A LONELY
DEMON BOY, THE MOST WISE
FUL CHRISTMASTIME IN THE WORLD HE'S EVER
SEEN.
Happy Christmas shopping! These very busy department store clerks are very nice and very kind.

Merry Christmas to you, brother!

Yes, everyone seems to be out in a hurry to bring joy to others.

Where do we go next?

To the orphanage, where to see if those toys I ordered are there in time.

Thank you sir.

At the orphanage:

Dear Santa Claus,

I hope you are not too busy. I'd like to make the holidays happy for children who are not so lucky.

You know what I mean?

Santa Claus:

But there's something I want to write him a letter and he doesn't know I'm here. Are you sure you can do this for me?

You haven't got any family? You're just like the poor children here.

But I have a family. I've never been away from them. I know when my father comes back.

Sure, many, but your daddy isn't never coming back cause there ain't no Santa Claus.

That's only kids stuff!

That's how I know.

He's not even here anymore. He worked in the store, though.

All right, I'll tell him to bring your daddy to the orphanage.

SANTA CLAUS:

Sure, many, but your daddy isn't never coming back cause there ain't no Santa Claus.

That's only kids stuff!

That's how I know.

He's not coming back. He worked in the store, though.
Deer Santa Claus,

I don't want any toys this year.

I don't want to be a kid

Mom, she told me the best thing

is being a cop.

I want to be a cop, too.

Please write back.

Love,
Jim Detective

Later-

Where do we go from here?

Our first stop is the state prison.

In a few moments, the Batman finds himself standing in a cell.

What's this?

T'ranks! I'm the Batman!

What are you in for?

I don't know.

It looks like a crime.

Perhaps you can help me.

Tell me your story.

I'm the Batman.

Tell me your story, son.

It starts a year ago.

The day before Christmas.

I was on my way to break a case.

But now I'm here.

I'm the Batman.

I'm the Batman.

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I'm the Batman.
The Kid had his heart set on that gun—But I was flat.

What a rotten Charleston for Tommy.

And what a big but of a brother I am, maybe.

What was the use of telling the others?

Sure—I knew it was wrong, but all I knew was that Timmy's face was right at my head, and I wanted to save him.

I knew what he'd do. I'll steal one but I'll pay for it when I get a job. What's acting and what's stealing?

Poor Timmy! What's that a shot?

Without a word the killer sprang forward and fired the gun down on my head.

THE WARRAH, BAW! YOU WERE ON THE SAME JACK KILLER, HAD I KILLED HIM, BUT HE CANADA.

I TOLD THEM MY STORY AND THEY TRACED THE GUN TO A PETTY THIEF NAMED HAL PANK.

I told them my story and they traced the gun to a petty thief named Hal Pink.

At first I was shocked. He was dead. I felt sorry for him, but what does the matter. I steal my gun and murder a man that's not for you.

You were right, I was wrong. I don't mean it. I swear it.

I believe you, Hal. Pink. Certainly thought about that point when I changed my plans.
CRATCH, I THINK I MAY BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING! WHO KNOWS, PERHAPS YOU MAY DISCOVER THERE IS A SANTA CLAUSE!

MINUTES LATER:

SAY, WAS THERE A SORT OF A SHOT NOW?

YES, MAL HAD GONE FAR FROM THAT LITTLE "HUNGRY BAT" OF A YEAR AGO NOW HE IS A BIG BAT.

BACK AT THE PRESENCE A SANTA CLAUSE MAKES A PHONE CALL:

YEAH, MAL THE BATMAN WAS PUMPING FOR CATCH ABOUT THAT WHATCHA MURPHY...

WE'RE GOING TO GET A NEW HND BE READY FOR A NEARBY WH.

AT A DINNER TABLE IS A SANTA CLAUSE ASKING, "DO YOU LIVE IN A BETTER CLUE?"

MAL THINKS HIS PLACE BUT THE NEIGHBORS LIKE A PALACE-CLUE AS LIVES THE ATMOSPHERE HERE!

AS THE TWO ENTER, THE RETURNING SANTA CLAUSE PLAYS HIS BELL LOUDLY PEALING A STRONG WARRIOR

SHE WILL TALK TO HIM BY SPEAKING!

HELLO MAL, IF YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SANTA CLAUSE

MAL SAID, "OH, YES."
Why he socialize?

Murder, a winner a year old today.

That's very interesting, but why come to me?

Because you murdered the Watchman not Bob

And I'm going to prove it.

No, you're not.

Cause this says so.

Ah, but there's this too.

Yawn!

Relax, little man.

SONS! YON'T GET HIM!

Well, it's hardly likely we've got a real fight in our hands.

And how?

As the times turn, the Watchman, the Watcher, coming to

And why?

Will I remain, know one on your chance?
But danger shadows down on the valiant battle!

Sigh, kid here's where the light's let out of you.

The sun sends warmthly into a soft pillow.

Kid: What's wrong with you?

And a moment later, Plucky Robin bows down.

Hal enters the studio.

And I got these birds just for show, won't they?

Hal: Mr. Cooper, know these birds came here?

Hal: Yeah, an' that means I gotta take 'em out, the law says while I gotta put these guys outta circulation.

Donna shows them the water tricks.

A steel door is opened.

Icy water shocks Batman and Robin into a struggle.
The steel is coming out! and how tough all is over--as usual as a cowboy.

Keep treating water, Robin keep the mix no.

Now let's hope somebody takes a bath or uses enough water to lower the level in here so we can stand on the bottom.

Meanwhile...

B-golly my arms and legs feel like U-Boats and strength.

Come on, Robin I'll keep you up.

B-bright now unless...
Unwittingly, in his haste, Roll Howk had left the water running, preventing an escape to the bank and prison.

And so, not long after—

A roll that light looks good to me.

As soon as we get up here, we'll race home and change to our costumes.

Look at him—how jingling that bell like a man at.

Now I got it! That's a signal! Here a look-out, come on!

Now it's the time, won't it?

Nothing like a good snowball fight, oh?

And now! We're not just another pair of eyes, you know!
The bricks is even n' shining.

Headquarters—after one week.

I don't know what you're all talking about you can't pin anything on me.

Don't know who done it.

We know all about it that watchman s-h-u.

Say what the idea is bring me here.

I'm going to re-enact the murder and you're going to cooperate with us every step of the way.

Superman heard the clock's hollow notes in the house twelve o'clock, and then in marched a spectral figure with white face and death-cold eyes.

I am the ghost of the man you murdered Christmas past.

Wrong.

A sorta stunt are you guys trying to pull that gun over there.

Who are you talking about there? No one over there. What's the matter? You look as if you've seen a ghost.

They cannot see or hear me. For their consciences are clear but not yours a fink. I don't hear anyone turning nobody here but us.

I'm trying to trick me. There wasn't such.

Once more the hollow notes resound till his ways bind

T'ime Hal! Pink owns the hoar snows. Short and we have a long away to be.

No no son. You'll stay a ways now me.
Mr. C. Clamps UV Fingers on the Criminal's Heart and Then Something Snaps in His Brain:

Stay Away from Me! You're a Dirty, You're a Scoundrel!

Okay, Hal. That's all we wanted to know.

Supposed to be just blanks and makeup. As simple as that. Why conscience no the rest?

Oh,环球ism that?

Don't nobody mind if I go out of here and nobody's gonna stop me. Ya hear me?

Unnoticed, the Batman hastily slips his hand towards a fallen coal shovel.

My Christmas I'll See You Next Christmas.

Later--Santa Takes a Ride in the Patrol Car.

What's the deal, Dragon? Al King, this fellow Santa from Hal's gang?

Search me. It's complicated. Bronson's order to take him to the orphanage.
**AND AT THE ORPHANAGE**

Now listen, you're going home and play Santa Claus for those poor kids. I want you to have a happy, joyous spirit. Get me?

Sure, I'll be a very fine Santa Claus, Nibby.

SANTA CLAUS!

Well, if Santa Claus wants you back your belly there in any way, Santa Claus.

Santa Claus has HA HA his stuff!

SANTA CLAUS!

But there's too much stuff to do.

Ma, Pa, everybody!

AND ONE BLESS US EVERY ONE!

**LATER**

It is a different Santa Claus who leaves the party.

CHEER! They have not right into my heart. All of them look right up at me and think I'm a swell guy. CHEER! They want to do some more fun.

CHEER! I'm ENORMOUS to think there's only one Santa Claus...

I hope you mean...

You look down. The dumps! What's wrong?

Hey, I guess that's what I meant.

Perhaps, except that I wish I was like those other kids and had a real Christmas party. And you know what I mean.
Sorry, boys, but we even fighters don't have time for that sort of thing in the penalty I guess!

Yea, suppose not... but still, you've been Santa for the last half century, why aren't you more... you know, like Santa?

You'll find out soon enough. Go ahead. Open it.

Merry Christmas, Robin!

I'm sorry to hear you say that Santa isn't real, so real a fellow. But he's been Santa for some time. The very name of Old Santa Claus. Santa is real, and always will be. We believe in the spirit he stands for—good cheer, happy holidays, and love of fellow man. That's the real Santa Claus.

Bobby, this almost makes me believe in Santa Claus, even if I'm not sure of it.

And now, I think it's time to thank the JLA readers who follow our adventures.

And so as Tim observed: God bless us every one! And——

Merry Christmas, everyone!
WOW AND DOUBLE WOW!

YESSIR, A BRAND-NEW MAGAZINE JOINS THE SUPERMAN D.C. COMIC GROUP!

LOOK AT THIS LINE-UP!

- THE VIGILANTE
- GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY
- THE CRIMSON AVENGER
- THE STAR SPANGLED KID
- AND STRIPESY
- THE SHINING KNIGHT
- A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH ADVENTURE STORY
- PACKED WITH ACTION AND SUSPENSE!

ON SALE DEC. 17
Your Christmas Daisy READY
LOOK EM OVER NOW!

Red Ryder Saddle CARBINE

Daisy Air Rifles

FREE CATALOG