

# Batman, Robin Make Another Heroic Move

The time is 3:00 p. m. at Woodrow Roosevelt High School, and the rush is on, as the students, who have worked so diligently all week, eagerly anticipate a restful and fun-filled weekend.

"Hey, Vanderburg! What're 'ya doin' tomorrow? Bruce and I are going hunting. Do you want to go with us?"

"Gosh, yeah, Dick! I've been wanting to go hunting as soon as a pretty Saturday came along!"

"Good, well we'll pick you up in the Batmo—ah, the car at 10:00 then. See ya!"

But the next morning, a familiar matronly voice is heard from downstairs — "Hurry and get up, Dick, or you'll be late for school!"

"Aw, Aunt Harriet. You've got your days mixed up."

"No, Dick, I believe you have. This isn't Saturday, it's Monday. And your breakfast is getting cold. Hurry now!"

"Leaping lost Saturday! Monday already! What happened to the weekend and our hunting trip?"

And suddenly unexplained laughter fills the room (YA HA HA!) and as Dick rushes to the open window he catches a glimpse of that familiar, hated figure of the Sneaky Saturday Snatcher!

"Bruce! Bruce! BUMP! Oh, excuse me Aunt Harriet, I have to see Bruce about some last minute algebra."

"But, Dick, you've got to get a move on. The chauffeur will be around for you any second."

"Gee, Aunt Harriet, I've got an awful headache. Do I have to go to school today?"

"Well, if you don't feel well, Dick, I guess not. Go take an aspirin."

Out walks a sleepy Bruce, rubbing his eyes as he asks—"YAWN — What's everybody doing up so early? I didn't think we were going hunting until 10:00."

"The hunting trip is off Bruce. Let's go in your room and I'll explain."

### 33 Minutes Later

"Hello, commissioner. I see you're not playing golf as you usually do on weekends."

"Batman, I'm so glad it's you! What happened to our Saturday?"

"Robin and I believe it to be the work of the Sneaky Saturday Snatcher, Commissioner."

"Right! I saw him running down the road with a suspicious-looking package under his arm early this morning. Holy holiday! Do you suppose that could have been our weekend?"

"I believe you're right, Robin. Now all we have to do is figure out why."

"Well, he could have stolen Saturday to wear down the citizens of Gotham City. You know, with everybody working, not even resting on weekends — it could get pretty tiring."

"How true. How true. I know what we'll do."

Meanwhile, in another part of town, held up in the abandoned Gotham City Calendar Company, the Sneaky Saturday Snatcher boasts of his evil plot.

"Just think, dear friends, how continuous work-days will slowly kill the people of Gotham City. Imagine! Penny and Bull won't get to date! and Taylor can't work

at Hardee's. Yes, Tommy Mann won't be able to go to the lake and do whatever it is he does out there every Saturday! YA HA HA!!! And, if the hard-working citizens of Gotham City get lazy and tired as I predict, then I can bring in my gang of hardened criminals, that is after I dispose, YA HA HA, of all these poor, worn-out law-abiding people—and Batman! After I have finished my work in Gotham City, I will expand my scheme and turn the entire country into a, shall I say, 'Crimetopia' of my sole creation. YA HA HA . . ."

Meanwhile back at the Batcave, Batman and Robin go over the last-minute details of their fool-proof anti-crime idea.

"Now remember, Robin, when I make our resignation in front of City Hall, be sure to look very tired. If we can make the Sneaky Saturday Snatcher believe we're too beat to beat him, we can catch him off guard."

"Wow, Batman! you come up with such good ideas! I wish I were as smart as you!"

"Someday, old chum, you can be. But first you'll have to study. Remember education is the answer to all the problems in the world, but you can't achieve wisdom without studying."

"Gosh, Batman, you're right. Why didn't I think of that?—Shouldn't we be on our way to Gotham City?"

"Why, I believe you're right Robin. Good thinking! I had lost all track of time. To the Batmobile!"

### And A Little Later

"Fellow citizens, we feel great regret with this announcement. As some of you may have noticed, we had no Saturday this week. Robin, wake up Robin. Robin and I spent all week sending that fiendish Catwoman to jail and we're just too tired to continue fighting crime. Perhaps if our Saturdays return someday, we can again resume our famous life of bringing evil in the world to its place and replacing it with truth and justice. Right now, I must get Robin home to bed. The poor fellow is close to total exhaustion."

"YA HA HA Batman!!! This happened sooner than I had expected. Meet the first band of crooks to arrive at my crimetopia. The Anaheimzusa and Cukamonga Sewing Circle Book Review and Timing Association."

"Wrong again, Saturday Snatcher. Robin and I were only fooling you with a clever counterplan carefully devised just to foil you!"

"Batman's right, Sneaky Saturday Snatcher! April Fool!"

"Curses! But you haven't foiled me yet, Caped Crusader. Sic'em boys!"

"But gee, they're two of them and only five of us."

"Don't be afraid, Bad Guy Friday, go ahead!" CRA-ASH BOFF! WHAMM!!

"Good work, Dynamic Duo. It's good to see that bunch behind bars again."

"It's really nothing, Commissioner Gordon. All in the line of honest duty."

Long Live Batman And Robin!!

## Beware All Villains! Batman Is Here!

# Batman, Robin Make Heroic Move

Throughout Gotham City manhole covers are mysteriously disappearing. After the commissioner falls down an open manhole, Batman is summoned to investigate. And at stately Wayne Manor, home of millionaire Bruce Wayne and his youthful ward Dick Grayson—

"To the Batpoles, Dick!"  
"KRUNCH!!— 'Holy hole in the ground, Batman, where's the Batcave?"

Some dastardly fiend must have made off with it! Well, Robin, it seems that we'll just have to rely on our —ah— feet!"

### —3 HOURS LATER—

Suddenly into the commissioner's office bursts a cloud of dust. "Well, Commissioner Gordon, what seems to be the trouble? PUFF PUFF"

"Batman, what has detained you?"

"Never mind, Commissioner, it's only a minor personal problem. Right now, we must concern ourselves with the well-being of our fair city."

"Well, the only lead we have is this sample of oil taken from the scene of one of the thefts. There seem to be puddles of this oil everywhere a manhole is missing."

"Holy gas tank!! Then it can only be..."

"Right, Robin! The Racer! That evil criminal who is obsessed with driving the fastest vehicle on earth and using it for fiendish purposes. Thank you, Commissioner. Robin and I will rush this right back to the—Oh dear!"

A moment of silence while the Dynamic Duo tries desperately to come up with a solution.

"I've got it! That is, providing Woodrow Roosevelt High School is willing to cooperate. Commissioner, do you think they would allow us to use their chemistry lab to analyze this sample? If they knew it was for a good cause..."

"Certainly, Boy Wonder. Why I'll even drive you over there myself."

"Gee, thanks, sir."  
"Yes, that's very sporting of you. Quick, Robin, to the sidewalk!"

Meanwhile, at the Batcave...  
"Ah, look! That beautiful car is finally mine, all mine. Now I can do any devilish thing I want. Batman can't possibly catch up with me-hee-hee. And now with that Caped Crusader out of my way, I can accomplish my lifelong dream!"

"Duh, what's dat Raca?"

"Why, to own Gotham City, of course. Imagine me, your distinguished mayor, cruising past City Hall in my Batmobile with Batman and his young companion dragging along behind me-hee-hee! And then, for all the world to see, I will slowly crush them with their very own car-har-har!"

\* Plot with the aid of Tom Terific, Manfred the Wonder Dog, and Crabby Appleton.



Batman Barbee beams at praises directed from Beautiful Barbara —Robin manhandles the scheming Racer.

"Wow, Raca', you really have it all figa'd out."

"Yes, my pretty, and you shall be my mayoress and you, my wild mustang, you shall be the one to remove those dread masks from the dead bodies of Batman and Robin-huh-huh!"

What's this? Our Dynamic Duo to be run over by the Batmobile? Impossible! Let's see what defense our heroes are planning.

"Gosh, Batman, I can't tell very much about this oil with this simple equipment. But, one thing is definite. This obviously came from a leaky car!"

"Right, chum! But it is rather difficult to discover much with these crude implements."

"Holy standstill, Batman! We've just got to get the Batcave back!"

"Calm down, old friend. Right now, we have to catch up with the Racer. Ten more manhole covers have disappeared and we still haven't figured out his evil scheme."

"Yeah, that's one thing I don't understand. Stealing the Batcave is disaster enough, but why does he continue to steal the manhole covers?"

"I don't know Robin, unless... of course!"

"What, Batman?"

"Our witty opponent is not so witty after all. It's quite simple really. The Racer is using the manhole covers to hide the Batcave. Now all we have to do is think of a likely place that..."

"The junkyard!"

"Good work, old chum!"

"Oh, it was nothing!"

"To the junkyard!"

As the commissioner's car, with the Dynamic Duo speeds through town, a more familiar auto races forward from the opposite direction! Out pop the Batchutes, and the Batmobile turns sideways in the middle of the street!

"Holy traffic jam! Isn't that the Batmobile up ahead?"

"Why, I believe you're correct, Boy Wonder!"

"Absolutely. And that's the Racer standing up on the seat cover!"

"Drat him!"

"Quiet, old chum. The Racer is about to speak."

"Well, Commissioner, Batman, Robin, meet your new mayoress — princess of Gotham City-hee-hee!"

"Hi Fatman! Hi Bobin! Hi

Neighba's!"

"It's Robin, you crook!"

"Now, old friend, we shouldn't be rude to Gotham City's new executive board."

"What!?!"

"I'm glad you understand, Batman. And since you're so willing to cooperate, why don't you and your little assistant march right over behind this gorgeous vehicle, and let your new City Council tie you up-huh-huh! And then we'll go for a little ride-ha-ha!"

Batman and Robin to be dragged in the dirt? We'll soon see!

"What are we going to do Batman?"

"Stay cool, Robin. I have a little trick up my sleeve for 'Mayor Racer.'"

"Hang on tight Caped Crusader! You too, Boy Wonder! We're going bye-bye -ha-ha!"

"I'm afraid it's you that's going bye-bye Racer!"

"Uh, what?"

"Robin's right. Within my hand, I have a tiny pellet which when thrown against the super-strength metal of the Batmobile will instantly disintegrate the entire car AND the passengers within it. Now untie Robin and me and go stand by City Hall — or do I have to toss this pill?"

"All right, Batman you win."

But the Racer doesn't give up so easily. As the Hot-Rodders pounce on the freed Caped Crusaders, the Racer tries to escape down an open manhole.

POW!! BAM!! ZLOPP!! OUCH!!

Look out Batman, the Racer is getting away!

"Stop you fiend! Stop or I'll throw the Batarang!"

W-S-SPSH!!! CR— RACK!

"Tsk, tsk. He would have made an excellent stock car driver; Well, that's the way the tire rolls!"

"What about me Batman, Hmmm?"

"The Batcuffs for you (CLICK), poor deluded girl!"

—The Next Day—

"Well, I still don't understand why that awful Racer was so mean to Batman and Robin. Why, I think it's just terrible to let criminals like that run around loose."

"So do we Aunt Harriet. That's why we..."

"That's why we're going to go study history so we can learn how to teach the world to fight crime in the future. Right, Dick?"

"Right Bruce!"



Pow-Zok-Bang-Boom-Zap!!

## THE GREEN FLY

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To Have  
One!



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to Godliness!"

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