What was the reason for the plague of mad pranks that infested Gotham City? Was it really just distorted humor or was there an evil, calculating thread of evil winding through this pattern of mad mirth? The amazing answer was to be found by that mantled nemesis of crime... the Batman! It was the Batman and Robin, the boy wonder who smashed their way through this maze of mirth to find that behind it all was the lean menacing figure of the Joker!

The Home of Socialite Bruce Wayne and his young ward, Dick Grayson--

Say, Bruce--do you really think the Joker died when he fell from that lighthouse into the water?

That question has been bothering me, too. I wish I knew the answer! But one thing you can be certain of--if the Joker's alive, there's going to be more devilry afoot!
A queer ad appears in the morning paper—

WANTED PRACTICAL JOKERS—ONLY THOSE WITH EXPERIENCE NEED APPLY. I. REKOJ IS GLOOMST.

Mr. Rekoj's ad brings many applicants----

So you are all practical jokers, eh?—what do you do?

I give people the hot-foot-like this?

Oh!

And I call up people during the night and tell them their house is on fire?

I pull the chair out from under people when they're about to sit down. See?

Splendid—splendid? Ha-ha?

And I pull hats down over other people's eyes like this?

Now that the others have gone line up and pass by this table...pick up an object there. That's it...pick it up.

But...but it's a gun!?

Each one of these objects has been part of a major crime. Your fingerprints are on them. I could hand you over to police...they could accuse you of being involved in those crimes.

Rekoj proceeds to weed out the applicants, keeping only those whose pranks are really harmful.

Suddenly, the man called Rekoj paws at his face with his hands and removes clever makeup in place of Rekoj is—

The Joker?

Now, if you work for me, you will make money. Refuse and it means jail, which is it? Money or jail? Perhaps death?

There's not much choice?

Good! Now I'm going to let you do what I know you like—most do—play jokes on people. And what jokes they are going to be?

Ha-ha?

A few days later, there are false alarm fires—

There's no fire here?

I'd like to get my hands on the gun that turned that call in?
A man takes a shower only to find the water taps are now switched. What should be cold water is really scalding hot?

OW-OOO!

A man causes a minor riot in a bank by throwing away what is apparently money.

HA-HA MONEY! MONEY! HA HA

But a bank teller examines the green paper and yells out—

STOP! THIS MONEY IS COUNTERFEIT?

PHONE THEM! A DIRTY TRICK?

And, of course, all this pleases the Joker immensely!

You should have seen them scramble for the money HA-HA

HA-HA I'M GLAD YOU ARE ENJOYING YOURSELVES, NOW WE WILL PLAY EVEN FINER JOKES ON THE PUBLIC?

Auto signs are changed on roads, causing terrible accidents.

John? We are on a one-way street?

But there's no sign here agh-agh-

H-H-H?

Poisons are put in bottles supposed to contain beneficial medicines?

Doctor—He's dead! What killed him?

I don't know! As I did was give him some tonic?

The shrewd Joker realizes these early pranks act like a drug on these so-called "Humorists"...and that they are now ready for more vicious tricks.

One "Humorist" pulls a switch that shunts a railroad train onto the wrong track? Result ... insane laughter ... and a train wreck?

HA-HA-HA!

Then, one day a plane swoops down over the city?

Look?

It's dropping leaflets?
The leaflet!

Public feeling now runs high? Nobody likes to be laughed at—especially by a criminal? Take it easy, Gordon! You're likely to burst a blood vessel? How can I take it easy while the Joker laughs at the whole police force? Police Commissioner Gordon? My name is Henry Verne? Read this note I received this morning? "Tomorrow night I will enter your home and steal the great diamond you possess? The Joker?"

What can I do? The Joker will surely steal my diamond? No, he won't! You stay at home? When the Joker enters your house, he is going to walk into a trap? You have done well? The public and the police are so aroused against me that our plans will catch them off-guard? And at that moment—

The next night—A strange tension grips the policemen posted about the Verne home—

I can hear Verne pacing up and down inside? Boy's he nervous? I don't blame him? This waiting around for the Joker is getting me, too? You hope?

And at that very instant, two mantled figures lope swiftly through grey city streets? They are the Batman and Robin—

C'mon Robin, we've got a date with the Joker? Let's step it up?

When they arrive at the Verne home—

Look? They're unconscious! And with that grin on their faces? C'mon, let's hope we're not too late?
Batman #7

Hey, funnyman?

Well? The Batman? I was wondering what had kept you.

Now, you don't have to wonder any more.

Hold him, Batman! I'm coming to help!

Don't you think you're going to need a little help yourself?

What's... another Joker?

Robin's complete surprise leaves him open for a vicious blow!

Surprises are coming fast tonight, aren't they?

Another growing figure sweeps into the room!

Hey...! My eyes must be going back on me!

From the open doorway pours an avalanche of Jokers--Jokers... and more Jokers--Jokers of all sizes and shapes!

Holy cats! Either I've gone crazy or I'm having a nightmare!
Hey?

It was a false face! They're all wearing false faces!

And at that very instant in another part of town—

Who—Who are you? What do you want?

I am called the Joker—and I want that precious diamond. Your wife is so fond of wearing so she can impress people! The gem is in the wall safe! I want it... now!

But they are finally overcome by the sheer weight of numbers?

How you doin', kid?

They haven't got me yet?

What now? Shall we finish them for good?

Not. He wants them alive so they may hear him laugh at them! Now let's go!

And back at the Verne apartment, the Batman and Robin try desperately to hold their own against overwhelming odds:

Minutes later—

Wow! Somebody stop that floor from spinning around—Jokers!... Thousands of them! Must have been a mad dream... couldn't have been anything else?

Maybe? But this bump on my head feels awfully real for a dream... what's that on the floor?

If you will examine this 'diamond' closely, you will find it is only a glass door knob!... It is as phoney as my name. Henry Verne.
As the Batman and Robin look at each other blankly, a bell jangles rudely.

TELEPHONE?

WHO COULD BE CALLING HERE?

R-I-N-G

A terribly familiar, mournful voice floats mockingly over the wire—

YOU--

THE JOKER?

GREETINGS, MY DEAR BATMAN. I KNEW YOU WOULD GET MY CALL. DO YOU LIKE MY LITTLE ESCAPADE? WHILE YOU WERE BUSY TRYING TO SAVE A FAKE DIAMOND FOR A MAN IN MY EMPLOY--

--- I WAS OUT STEALING A REAL GEM? FUNNY, EH? HA-HA?

WHILE YOU'RE RUDDING THAT OUT, YOU MIGHT TRY TO SOLVE THIS RIDDLE--

"WHEN IS A DUKE NOT A DUKE?" HA-HA-HA-HA-HA

ADIEU, BATMAN--HA-HA

THINK IT OVER BATMAN--HA-HA

HA-HA-HA-HA

YOU LAUGHING HYENA?

--- THAT GRINNING DEVIL! I'M GOING TO WIPE THAT SMILE OFF HIS FACE IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO! WELL SEE WHO HAS THE LAST LAUGH YET?

HE HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR--ONLY IT'S DISTORTED?

"WHEN IS A DUKE NOT A DUKE?"

I WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT?

HMM--

AND THAT NIGHT--- THE JOKER LAUGHS?

HA-HA-HA-HAT WHAT A COMEDY OF ERRORS! AND THE BATMAN WAS THE GOAT?

HA-HAT SOON I'LL SHOW HIM ANOTHER GREAT JOKES WHILE HE THINKS ABOUT THAT RIDDLE! HA-HA-HA-

A FEW NIGHTS LATER--

"WHEN IS A DUKE NOT A DUKE?"

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

LISTEN TO THIS, BRUCE. TONIGHT, A DINNER WILL BE GIVEN FOR THE VISITING DUKE MICHAEL, WHO IS HERE COLLECTING FUNDS FOR HIS STRIVING PEOPLE--

--- A VALISE CONTAINING $10,000 WILL BE GIVEN TO DUKE MICHAEL TO AID THE WAR-TORN NATION?"

WHAT? THAT'S IT? THAT'S IT?
That's what? Duke! Why, he's the Joker—get on your duds, Dickey, my boy—we're going to get the Joker... and this time it's no joke.

And at that very moment—in the hotel housing the Duke—jok... aghh?

The two policemen are dragged into the Duke's room, while the Joker—

Duke Micheal and his two aides, I believe?

Who—agh?

They'll sleep for a few hours now; remove their clothing, while I work with the makeup—

A few deft moments of the slim hands and—

It's incredible.

Now, put their clothing and I'll get to work on your faces.

And so—minutes later into the great banquet hall stride the 'Duke Micheal' and his 'aides.'

Here comes the Duke now?

...and so we give this our contribution, for the use of food and clothes to your people.

Thank you! Thank you! I'm sure I... ahem... my people will put it to very good uses.
PUT DOWN THAT BAG, JOKER?

YOU?

YOU SEE, I SOLVED YOUR RIDDLE!

THE JOKER THINKS FAST?

GUARDS? STOP THAT MAN AND BOY. THEY'RE TRYING TO STEAL THE MONEY!

THE TWIN TORNADOS SWEPT THROUGH THE GUESTS, HURLING THEM ASIDE?

GANGWAY?

OH... YOU WANT TO FIGHT, EH?

SORRY, FELLOWS... BUT WE'RE COMING THROUGH!

...WHY Didn'T YOU TELL ME?

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, BUD?
From the vantage points where they have been posted swarm a horde of the Joker's men, anxious to save the Joker and especially the $10,000?

C'mon, Robin—— Rush 'em?

Look, Robin—— Food and Dishes?

I get you?

As the men reach for guns, the Batman whips the tablecloth away and — slaps them silly——

I've got the money hidden—— Now to beat it——

He's going to get away in that car?

We're going to borrow this one and get that maniac——

S-W-I-S-H——

Next time don't be so impetuous!

... There goes the Joker?

C'mon?

A wild chase takes the cars tearing thru the streets?

Better step on the gas! He's drawing away from us!

This is all this car can do! Just my luck to pick a junk heap!

He's stopped?

... And running in to the railroad station?
A train gate slams shut behind the Joker—and in the faces of Batman and Robin:

"Where are we going?"

"To catch a train! Hold tight! I'm going to give this baby all she's got!"

"We're too late!"

"Not yet! C'mon! I've got a trick up my sleeve, too!"

Ha, ha-ha!

Out onto the road they speed until they race alongside the railroad tracks—

"There she is, Robin! Get ready to jump at the crossing!"

Desperation seems to give wings to the Batman and Robin as they hurl their bodies at the hurtling train?

"Jump?"

The Joker is trapped between two cars—

"We made it!"

"And with not much to spare! Now let's get the Joker!"

"There's the Joker! Now stop him, somebody stop him!"

Coming from both sides—only one thing to do.
Buffeted by the shrieking wind, the Batman and Robin pick their way across the swaying cars that tear along at a terrifying clip!

Look! The Joker’s going down again?

Wonder what he’s up to now?

Just a little more?

The mad Joker hangs perilously above the couplings between two cars...

His strong, lean hands pluck at the couplings, loosening them...

Jump, Robin... Jump!

So you made it, eh? You won’t hang there long. I’m sending you to be mangled under the wheels!

Not yet, Joker... Not yet... By a long chance?
NOW A TITANIC STRUGGLE BEGINS ATOP THE LURCHING CART. ONE SLIP MEANS—DEATH!

A Sudden, savage blow sends the Batman on his back.

A GOOD ONE, EH?

THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING OFF, BATMAN?

COLLECTING ALL HIS STRENGTH, THE BATMAN BOUNCES UP LIKE A RUBBER BALL. HIS FIRST CRASHES ON THE JOKER'S JAW?

THIS IS IT, JOKER?

FOR ONE TERRIBLE MOMENT, THE JOKER TEETERS ON THE EDGE OF THE CAR. HIS HANDS CLAWING DESPERATELY AT THE EMPTY AIR—AND THEN...

I DON'T THINK HE'LL CHEAT DEATH THIS TIME, DO YOU, BATMAN?

MAYBE—HE'S CHEATED DEATH SO OFTEN, YOU JUST CAN'T TRUST THAT GUY, AT LEAST, WE KNOW WE HAD THE LAST LAUGH ON THE JOKER!
HERE'S TOP VALUE!

IMAGINE A SINGLE COMIC MAGAZINE CONTAINING ALL THESE HEADLINE FAVORITES:

SUPERMAN
BATMAN and ROBIN
RED, WHITE and BLUE
ZATARA --- DRAFTY
THE SANDMAN
JOHNNY THUNDER
--- AND OTHERS!
96 PAGES OF ACTION AND EXCITEMENT!
DON'T MISS IT!

---AND HERE'S A REMINDER:

BATMAN
AND ROBIN
"THE WINNING TEAM"
SMASH THEIR WAY THROUGH WHIRLWIND ADVENTURES IN
EVERY ISSUE OF
DETECTIVE COMICS

EVERY MONTH!
Inspector Clancy of Headquarters, sir!

Look, ma! He doesn't even know the alphabet!

My wife is learning to knit!

He must be new. We're getting a ticket for speeding!

Are you sure you're a customer and not a mirage?
I'm sorry, son,” the Army doctor said kindly. “I'd like to pass you, but we're very strict about height. You're half an inch too short.”

“But, Doc,” Sam Ware's voice was anguished. “I passed everything else, didn't I? You don’t know what getting into the Army means to me. I want to do my bit, and after all, what's half an inch! You're sure that measuring machine is right?”

The doctor smiled. “As right as science can make it,” he said. His arm patted Sam's shoulder. “There are other ways in which you can help your country, son. Get into a defense industry, for example.”

Bitterness crept into Sam's voice. He should have known better than to try to get in. His very nickname, Pee-Wee, designated his shortness of stature. “What can I do?” he said morosely, “except drive. That's why I want to get into the Army. I'm a swell driver.” His voice was pleading, “Doc, you should know my record as a taxi driver. I'm good.”

“I don’t doubt it, son.” The doctor's tone had turned professional again. He was a busy man and there was a line of volunteers and draftees. He didn't like this business of turning down a man so anxious to fight. “I don't doubt it,” he said again. “But I can't do anything about it. It's a shame, I'll admit, but orders are orders.” He glanced at his nurse. “Next.”

Defeatedly, Sam dressed in the next room. Outside the day was bright. But there was only darkness in Sam's heart. There was no use kidding himself any longer. He hadn't been able to kid the Doc with his high heels. They had made him take his shoes off when the examination began. There was no place in the Army, he told himself, for a shrimp.

On the street, luncheon throngs crowded the sidewalk as Sam emerged and started for his cab, which he had parked a few doors down from the building. There was a big, black sedan wedged close against it. A gleam came into Sam's eyes. He'd move that guy away fast. Sam pushed through the crowd, the light of battle in his eyes. These wise guys who didn't give a guy parked a break were made to order for him. His mind was busy with epithets he intended to hurl at the offending chauffeur when suddenly a scream sounded over the traffic.

Three men were emerging from the bank. They all carried guns in their hands and one of them bore a black bag. There was a rattle of gunfire as a sharp report came from the bank door. The three gunmen leaped for the sedan as a policeman, gun drawn, raced toward them. People scattered in all directions and as they did so, they made the cop a perfect target.

All this Sam saw in the twinkling of an eye. He was only a few feet from the nearest gunman. The man was leveling his revolver at the policeman. Sam leaped. The shot went wild.

Sam's teeth went into the man's wrist. He screamed with pain. The gun fell from his hand. Out of the corner of his eye, Sam saw the policeman, on one knee, shooting it out with the two gunmen. Other policemen were running up.

A thief leaped for the running board of the sedan. Sam's arms caught him around the legs. There was a blinding flash. Pain seared through Sam's head. He had been struck with a gun butt, but he didn't know it. All he knew was blackness. Miles of it and all very deep.

There was a crowd of confused, hazy people around Sam when he opened his eyes. Ammonia fumes stung his nostrils and his head ached. His eyes focusing, Sam saw that a white-coated interne was attending him. The traffic cop from the corner was looking at him anxiously. “How is he, doc? He sure got guts. I'd hate to see anything happen to him.”

“Oh, he'll be okay,” the interne pronounced. “He's got a beautiful bump there, but arnica will bring it down to normal. I'm going to bandage it up now.” He frowned at Sam. “Here, sit still.”

“Nothing doing.” Sam struggled to his feet. “I'm okay. Honest, Look out.” He shook off the ambulance doctor's restraining hand, and heedless of the shouts that followed him, raced up the street. A moment later, breathing heavily, he was saying to a startled Army doctor. “Look, doc, put me back on the measuring machine again; I know it was wrong. Come on, measure me.” He kicked off his shoes.

Startled, the doctor obeyed. Sam winced as the brass rod touched the bump. “Hmm,” the doctor said. “It looks like you were right. You've got half an inch to spare. I can't understand about that machine. But you're in the Army now. Report downstairs and be sworn in, soldier!”

Sam hurried out the door, his precious application in his hand. As the door closed behind him, the doctor turned to the nurse. “There's nothing in regulations about a bump,” he said, “After all, it's part of the boy.” A smile flitted across his face. “And he'll never know we were looking out the window and saw the whole thing!”

THE END
Once again the mighty Batman and his laughing young acolyte, Robin, set forth on a chance trail and cross the path of a master criminal. Out of a strange medley of adventures, the Batman and Robin find the proof of an ugly and vicious racket that involves innocent men and women with their usual disregard of danger to themselves. The Dynamic Duo ferrets out this evil crime-master and brings an end to the strange tale of.

"The Trouble Trap!"

Night—a man runs for his life, high above, two mantled figures watch... and act!
TOO LATE! A VICIOUS BLAST OF SUNFIRE... AND THE MAN DROPS TO THE GROUND.

OKAY— HE'S THROUGH? YEAH? WE DID A-LOOK?

YOU ROTTEN KILLERS?

LEMMIE ALONE? GIMME A CHANCE?

I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE?

WOW! HOLY CATS?

WHAT WE DO WITH THEM?

CHOKE 'EM! BREAK THEIR NECKS?
Slowly, inexorably, the giant hands close tightly about the throats of the struggling Batman and Robin.

As the desperate Batman gasps for air, his foot lashes out in one last-ditch effort.

Momentarily stunned, the brute releases his death grip. The Batman's hand reaches for one of the glass pellets in his utility belt.

A fling of the Batman's hand—and black smoke billows forth.

Okay, big boy—drop him?

Suddenly, the eerie wall of a police siren fills the night.

The truck whips away from the curb, and makes the corner on two wheels.

Coppers—c'mon!

How's your throat?

It hurts? I can hardly breathe!
Just a second, Robin—let's find out who this fellow is.

This man is Henry Abbott. Look—he's withdrawn large sums of money from his bank at various intervals. Very curious.

Better leave before the police arrive.

I've got a hunch that tonight's events are just the beginning.

Next Day—

Can I go out and play for a while?

Not until you finish your homework.

Homework? Grumble—grumble.

So long now.

Bruce visits an old friend—

What's on your mind? You look worried?

I? Not—Hah, Hah.

Never mind announcin' me! H'ya—got it for me?

You—er—no. Not now. Tonight—l'll have it tonight.

Holy Smokey! One of those killers of last night?

Okay, I'll be back at eight. Better have it or we'll play a coupla records fo' ya?

No—no. I'll have it.
Who was that fellow? He was very impatient.

Nobody important. Nobody at all. Uh, Bruce, would you mind running along, now? I'm very busy.

See you again sometime.

You said it -- I'm coming here at eight o'clock and find out your business with that killer.

Right, Carl.

That night, eight o'clock, a blotted shape moves silently over a window sill and into Carl Dwyer's home.

And at that very moment Carl Dwyer opens the front door...

Hey, got it now?

Yes, I had to borrow it from my friends here.

You promised to bring me the record, I paid you.

The record is yours after the next month's payment. See ya next month!

As the hoodlum hurries down the lonely street...

I swear. I saw somethin' followin' me.

And the hoodlum is right! Someone's following him...
Minutes later, the Batman sees the hoodlum enter a solitary house. Approaching, he reads on the house nameplate—

A swami? Now what connection can there be between a swami, a hoodlum, a murdered man, two giant Hindus and Carl Dinner?

AND THIS MONEY PAYMENT FOR RECORDS? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE? MAYBE IT WILL AFTER I HAVE A CHAT WITH DINNER?

THE OWNER HOME—

DROWNING HIS TROUBLES?

ULP—WHO?

WHY DID YOU GIVE MONEY TO THAT THUG? WHAT HAS IT TO DO WITH GRANDA THE MYSTIC?

BLACKMAIL? AT A PARTY SOMEONE SUGGESTED WE VISIT GRANDA THE MYSTIC—

"We all went there—he took us into his room only one at the time—"

NOW... LOOK INTO THE CRYSTAL—

"It seemed hours when I woke up—I thought no more about it until one day when"

"I want you to listen to this record you'll find it interesting?"

GRANDA WHAT DO YOU WANT?

IT WAS A HARMLESS PRANK THEN NEWSPAPERS WOULD PLAY IT UP IF THEY HEARD OF IT.

GRANDA WANTED MONEY FOR THE RECORD OR ELSE WHEN HE HYPNOTIZED YOU AT HIS STUDIO, HE MADE YOU TALK.
HE PROBABLY HAS A WHOLE GROUP OF FOOLS LIKE MYSELF ON HIS BLACKMAIL LIST?

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO-- CALL THE POLICE-

THE POLICE COMMISSIONER RECEIVES A PHONE CALL--

HELLO, GORDON-- THIS IS THE BATMAN!  I SUGGEST YOU RAID THE ESTABLISHMENT OF GRANDA, THE SOCIETY MYSTIC.  HE'S RUNNING A BLACKMAIL RACKET!  (CLICK?)

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

WHO--

SEARCHING FOR BOOKS OR ANYTHING ELSE THAT PERTAINS TO BLACKMAIL?

NOT A THING, COMMISSIONER?

I SEE? AND IF I'M WRONG, I APOLOGIZE.

YOU SEE?

LOOKS LIKE THE BATMAN IS WRONG THIS TIME?

THE NEXT DAY, GRANDA THE MYSTIC RECEIVES A CLIENT--

YES? YOU HAVE TO ASK MY ADVICE?

YEAH? CAN YOU GIVE ME THE LOWDOWN ON THE BATMAN?

THIS BATMAN GUY IS ALWAYS SHOVING MY BOYS AROUND! WANTA TO RUB HIM OUT?

GIVE ME TWO DAYS AND I PROMISE TO DELIVER THE BATMAN IN YOURS HANDS.

ONCE OUTSIDE, THE VISITOR DOES A QUEER THING. SWIFTLY HE PEELS OFF CLEVER MAKEUP, REMOVES OUTER CLOTHING, TO REVEAL THE Mantled FRAME OF THE BATMAN

SO THIS MUGG WANTS TO FIND OUT WHO THE BATMAN IS? EH?

YES? I WILL REVENGE MYSELF ON HIM FOR ATTACKING YOU AND THE GIANTS!
THIS NURSE, LINDA PAGE, HAS BEEN MIXED UP IN THE LAST FEW BATMAN CASES.

I GET IT, BOSS. BRING HER HERE AND MAYBE WE CAN MAKE HER TALK?

THAT NIGHT, A PROTESTING LINDA PAGE IS LED FROM HER HOME.

I TELL YOU, I DON'T KNOW A THING!

SHUDDUP AND GET MOVIN'!

As the car leads away from the curb, two mantled figures drop noiselessly to the top--

HELLO?

EEEEOW!

Terrified at sighting the Batman, they scramble out of the car, only--

Blindfolding Linda so as not to reveal his true identity, the Batman becomes the killer--

HERE'S YOUR MAKEUP?

LINDA IS GOING TO BE KIDNAPPED ALL OVER AGAIN! LISTEN CAREFULLY!

Here she is, Boss--al is outside with the car. What next?

Perhaps twist her arms till she decides to talk?
COMMISSIONER! BETTER GET OVER TO GRANDA'S MYSTIC'S PLACE. HE'S GOT LINDA PAGE KIDNAPPED.

KIDNAPPED? KELLY, GET THE SQUAD CAR READY! I WON'T TELL... I WON'T TELL... SURE, BOSS! ROBIN HAS PHONED THE POLICE. THEY SHOULD BE HERE IN A LITTLE WHILE.

Look out for that car! The two cars meet in a terrible, head-on crash -- CRASH!!

I'm all right! How is everyone else? Just a bit shaken up, sir -- we'll have to get another car.

What's the matter, Joe? Losing your grip? Something's wrong -- the police should have been here long ago.

A sudden click, and the lights wink out -- Who put the lights out, Joe?
The lights flash on and standing, towering in the light...

The Batman? You were Joe?

You're getting smarter by the minute!

Even as the Batman catapults forward, Grandpa's foot furtively presses a floor button, and--

--The Hindu giants lumber into the room...

Holy smoke! The big boys again!

Nimble as a cat, the Batman slips beneath the slashing blade!

The Batman cannot avoid the second giant, who towers over him!

Hi, fella?

Just in time, Robin!

Ohh-Here comes the other shrimp?

...Then... Trapezing into the room... Robin, the boy wonder...
Robin tilts the crystal so that it catches the light and flashes rays of blinding radiance at the giant's eyes.

What teamwork?

Now's your chance, Batman!

For a moment, the giant sways on his feet and then crashes to the floor—As the other giant rushes in—

The bigger they are, the harder they fall!

Stand where you are, Batman! A bullet will end your life.

Gunfire blasts through the room; a man topples—but not the Batman.

Miss Page, Robin? Batman—I figured you'd fix Oranda some way. Well, Oranda—we've got you this time!
LIKE A CORNRED RAT GRANDA MAKES A DESPERATE TRY FOR ESCAPE:

NOT YET, YOU HAVEN'T!

A CLANG OF GEAR... AND GRANDA SPEEDS AWAY AS TWO FIGURES FOLLOW HIS PATH OF FLIGHT.

HE'S GETTING AWAY! NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, C'MON!

WITH THE BATMAN AT THE WHEEL, THE POLICE CAR WHIPS AWAY AFTER GRANDA?

HOLD ON TO YOUR SEAT, BOY?

HAIRBREADTH TURNS, SCREAMING TIRES, ALL ARE PART OF THE MAD CHASE THAT FINALLY LEADS TO THE END OF TOWN.

AS THE BATMAN'S CAR APPOACHES, A DRAWBRIDGE STARTS TO OPEN TO LET THE HIGH STACKED STEAMER PASS BELOW?

THE DRAWBRIDGE IS OPENING?

BETTER HOLD TIGHT- WE'RE GOING TO TRY TO MAKE IT?

WHERE WE GO-

BUT CAN THEY MAKE IT- OR WILL THE CAR PLUNGE DEEP INTO THE SIZZLING WATERS BELOW?
As they draw alongside Grandpa's flashing automobile, the Batman leaps...

Through the open window streaks the Batman's balled fist!

Later...

Here's Grandpa! I see you found the boys where I left them?

Yes... and they've been talking! This ends Grandpa's blackmailing.

Hypnotizing people and then getting recordings of their innermost secrets. This is the room where he hid his records!

Nice work, Gordon!

Grandpa's men confessed to the murder of Henry Abbott! Abbot was going to tell the police about the blackmail.

Grandpa killed him to protect himself—Grandpa, you're getting the chair for this?

The police department, the people of the city thank you and Robin for the swell job you did.

See what I mean by doing your homework and gaining the respect of your fellow man?

Okay—okay you win!
CHIEF HOTFOOT

Have um cigar and don't forget to vote for me!

Are you going to be buffaloe by this future dictator? Don't elect Hot Foot Chief again! Ush!

Give me a cup-em of java!

Chief Hot Foot! Come quick - it's tragic - ugh!

No 3rd term Chief Party

It's Red Cloud - he's in a serious predicament.

-- He can't come out to vote, the zipper on his wigwam is stuck!

Lemme out! Ugh!
Like giants of old, the big trees of the North Woods rear up...up into the sky until their leary branches seem to touch the heavens. Here, amidst these towering colossi, are to be found the lumber camps—small colonies of men whose shiny axes and many hands bite mortally at these soaring wooden columns, toppling them to the ground. Where each of the mighty crashes heavily, shaking the earth about it—here—here to the land of wooden giants come the Batman and Robin to find adventure and the strange answer to—

The North Woods Mystery.
Bruce Wayne chats with Nora Powell, Society Favorite...

Bruce! Still say that money isn't everything? It's...

Miss Powell, look at this latest paper?

Matthew, lumber king, murdered? My uncle killed?

C'mon, let's get out of here!

Lumber magnate's adopted son, Jack, suspected of murder, but released for lack of evidence. Motive revealed in murdered magnate's will that leaves vast number holdings to both adopted son and niece Nora Powell.

Who is this adopted son?

Jack Clayton, a lumberjack? He risked his life to save uncle Mat from death in a log jam? Uncle adopted him? I've never met Jack?

Hmmm, well, Nora... what now?

I think I'll call Jack up and offer him my help.

A few minutes later...

Hello, Jack? This is Nora Powell. I just called to offer my regrets about uncle Mat. If you need my help about anything, I'll be glad to...

Thanks, but I don't need it. I'll send you a check every month for your share of the lumber profits.

So that you can buy yourself some more fur coats and fancy gowns to wear around night clubs—click?

Who does he think he is? I'm going to show him I can do things as well as he can.
As Bruce pays the boy, he surreptitiously sneaks a note into his hand—

Suddenly, a falling tree looms directly over them,

Leaping forward, Bruce slams into Nora. The falling tree misses them by inches.

Bruce: How would you like to spend a vacation in the North Woods?
Nora: Sure—why not?

Powell's murder and this Jack Clayton certainly bear investigation—

That night—

Better start packing—we're off to the North Woods.

Huh?

Ice cream, candy.

Here, boy.

The next day—

The North Woods—

Just look at the size of those trees.

I'll say there's the camp!
OH- OH THAT WAS CLOSE?

A LOGGER PROBABLY LEFT FOR A MOMENT, LEAVING THE TREE HALF-CUT NOT REALIZING IT WOULD FALL?

THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT-SOMEONE wanted TO KILL HER?

A TALL YOUNG MAN WITH BLACK HAIR FLASHING EYES, AND LOOKING LIKE A VIOLENT STORM, APPROACHES THEM-

I'M NORA POWELL AND THIS IS MY FRIEND, BRUCE WAYNE-I'M LOOKING FOR-

JACK CLAYTON-SORRY, I DIDN'T MEAN TO INTERRUPT, BUT I'M INTERESTED IN MEETING YOU- THIS MAN WILL SHOW YOU TO YOUR SHACK.

WELL-OF ALL THE NERVE?

EASY NOW... EASY.

THIS WAY, MISS POWELL?

I'M KINDA HUNGRY- COULD I SORRY DO SOME ODD JOBS AROUND HERE?

HUNGRY, EH? SURE- HEY, FRED- GET SOME GRUB FOR THIS KID?

NORA LOOKS ON LUMBER CAMP WORK WITH GREAT INTEREST, WHILE BRUCE WAYNE LOOKS ON IN TYPICAL BRUCE WAYNE FASHION-

ISN'T IT JUST THRILLING, BRUCE?

LOOKS AS IF THOSE FELLOWS ACTUALLY ENJOY THEIR WORK?

NORA DOES NOT NOTICE THE LOOK BETWEEN BRUCE AND THE YOUNG BOY-

JUST LOOK AT THE MAGNIFICENCE OF IT ALL- LITTLE MEN CUTTING DOWN THESE WOODEN GIANTS...-

NOTHING BUT TERMITES, THAT'S ALL THEY ARE...

WISH I KNEW EXACTLY WHY CLAYTON COULD ACT SO HUMAN TO THE BOY AND SO INHUMAN TO US- HE HATES THE GIRL- BUT WHY?

THAT NIGHT...
Silently and swiftly, he made softly across the camp grounds to be met by another costumed rover — Robin, the Boy Wonder...

C'mon, Robin — I want to look around?

Inside the tool shed...

Not quite, fella, not quite?

Sorry. I prefer water?

Okay, wise guy — you asked for it?

But it doesn't look like I'm going to get it, eh, pal?

I'll bathe ya in acid?

A little acid on these saws and axes, and they'll crack up when they try to use them on timber?

That'll slow up the lumber output — and that Powell game will be glad to sell her share to Clayton.
WELL-ER...AH...BEEN A LOT OF ACCIDENTS TO OUR TIMBER--VALUE GOING DOWN--NO BUSINESS FOR A GIRL ANYWAY--

THAT'S BEEN TOO MANY ACCIDENTS--IT SEEMS, NO--I LIKE THE LUMBER BUSINESS--I'M NOT SELLING?

CLAYTON SEEMS VERY ANXIOUS TO SELL WITHOUT WHAT HE'S UP TOO...

LATER THAT DAY--

I REFUSE TO SELL TO ASHER OR YOU, AND BY THE WAY, WHAT MADE YOU SUDDENLY DECIDE TO BUY MY SHARE? YOU SAID THE VALUE WAS GOING DOWN?

ER...I'VE GOT MY REASONS...EITHER TAKE MY OFFER OR LEAVE IT. IT WOULD BE BETTER TO TAKE IT!

NOT THREATENING, ARE YOU, CLAYTON?

NOT ME! HE ISN'T NOW I CAME DOWN HERE TO RIDE THE LOGGER TRAIN WANT TO COME ALONG, BRUCE?

NO-O-O...THINK I'LL TAKE A LONG NAP?

ANNAND, TAKE MR. POWELL ON THE TRAIN?
Nora rides atop the logger train—

My—this is exciting?

Wait till the real excitement begins, lady?

—And it's beginning right now?

Unshackled by the murderous logger, the log-car, Nora lying unconscious atop its freight—hurts backward down the track!

It'll look like an accident?

And swaying and rocking perilously, plunges downward.

—but flashing from a nearby thicket—

—The Batman swings aboard this avalanche on wheels—

Lifting the limp girl under one arm—He leaps desperately...

Got to work fast—The cars going to go off any moment now?
---AND GRABS AN OVERHANGING BRANCH WITH THE OTHER-----

LATER --- WHEN NORA COMES BACK TO LIFE ---

WHERE AM I ??? AN AWFUL MAN HIT ME ON THE LOG TRAIN ---

AND I SWEAR I REMEMBER A MASKED FIGURE ---

--- AND I HEARD ASHER TELL CLAYTON TO SELL ---

MMM-SO I WAS RIGHT!! AND YET ---

Wow! Now, that's what I really call a lead for life?"

SOME TIME LATER ---

YOU'RE TRYING TO KILL ME - JUST AS YOU KILLED YOUR FATHER - YOU CAN'T DENY THAT A HIRED THUG OF YOURS TRIED TO MURDER ME ???

I DID NOT KILL MY FATHER AND AS FOR THAT LOOGER IT'S PURE IMAGINATION ON YOUR PART ??

AFTER NORA LEAVES ---

I'M CREEPY ENOUGH AS IT IS ALREADY - BUT TO MURDER A GIRL ... AND MY FATHER'S DEATH ?? I WONDER NOW IF ---

THAT MORNING ---

MR. WAYNE, MISS POWELL SAYS IF YOU HAVE A MIND TO MEET HER OVER DOWN BY THE LOG CHUTE ---

AND BRUCE'S FEARS ARE NO IDLE ONES --- AT THAT VERY MOMENT ---
A MURDERER'S HANDS ARE AT THEIR TERRIBLE TASK!

But in that hideously real nightmare instant—

TIME FOR ME TO SHOW MY TRUE COLORS—

The camp boy becomes Dick Grayson, ward of Bruce Wayne

Desperately—fighting for her life—Nora rides the tide of leaping logs, which bound down the chute like ton-weight wooden kangaroos—

LIKE A COWBOY ON HORSEBACK, ROBIN RIDES HIS BUCKING WOODEN BRONCO—

Help! My arm—oh, my arm—IT'S BROKEN!

AND THEN IN ANOTHER INSTANT BECOMES ROBIN. THE BOY WONDERS. A MIGHTY SPRING SENDS THE BOY ONTO THE DANGEROUS CHUTE—

ONE SLIP AND I'M DONE FOR!

Down below, Nora's log smashes into the water with terrible force, sending her flying off—

...but with her one good arm she manages to regain her single-planked raft?

Made it... got to hold on... got to...
Robin spies her and quickly sounds across the swaying, rolling logs as they ride down the swift-moving river—

But he is also spied by enemy loggers who dart after him in swift pursuit.

Oh-oh! Trouble again?

Ought to be up to her in one sec!

Get that kid?

And does "rolee riding" with another on the slippery, wax-smooth timber—

Have a bath on me?

This time you go in the drink and...

Maybe?

See what I mean?

Meanwhile, the pain of her broken arm proves too much for Nora! She faints dead away as the log is drawn up into the conveyer that leads to the sawmill!

But Robin's log is cleverly maneuvered by the third logger so that it clears the log jam—and rides on down the racing waters.

Hawt, hawt! So long, kid?
On... on... the log rides... until it teeters on the very edge of the high falls, heading for the plunge into the waters, churning and lashing so far below?

A waterfall? And I'm going over?

But in that split-second instant, a cloaked figure sweeps out over the falls, dangling by a precious strand of silken rope. One strong hand snatches Robin from the very brink of death.

But on shore lurk two sinister figures. One hacks away at the Batman's silken rope!

This is our chance to get rid of both meddlers.

But the Batman and Robin boomerang back just in time!

Drop that knife?

Meanwhile, the conveyer carries the unconscious Nora into the sawmill itself—toward a huge buzzsaw whose jagged edges hum a song of death?

Closer... Closer.
But strong hands reach out—and snatch her from danger...

...in the nick of time?

...and he's right here! You interfered once too often!

Asher!

But a strong, steady voice behind Asher causes him to swivel about...

Drop that gun, Asher—I'll shoot you down, just like you did my foster father...

He beat me till I had to tell...

You...

Relax, Asher...

And then without a word, the Batman and Robin disappear into the woods...

Next morning, Bruce Wayne learns the truth from Clayton...

...Asher murdered Miss Powell. I'm an ex-convict because he wanted the control of Powell Lumber...

Yes...you see, I'm an ex-convict...and I changed my name of Powell Lumber...

He said he'd falsely accuse me of the murder, figuring they would believe him because I was a convict and would murder my foster father for money.

Then he thought these accidents to the lumber would cause Miss Powell to sell out her interest at a low price either to you or him directly so that he would own all the Powell Lumber Company...

That's right—he knew if I, myself, would sell him or else, he even bought out some of my men and had them try to 'accidentally' kill Miss Powell when she refused to sell...YOU had so much money already, Miss Powell, that I thought it wouldn't hurt you to sacrifice a little to save me from being framed on a murder charge! Besides, I was wrong to think you were just an empty-headed girl who sat around in nightclubs...!

Miss Powell...Nora—I loved you the moment I saw you...

I'd better find Dick and head home. It looks like Nora isn't going back for a long while—Love...Ah, love?

Not very, but I'm willing to forget about your once being a convict, if you'll forget my foolish past, too.

Please kiss me and you can tell me all about it later?

Pop Line
Rollin' Stone

I was never so insulted in my life - th' guy not only said I had flat feet - but he said I was a flathead, too!

Well, baby, the army turned me down - now, me and you can get hitched!

I'm sorry, Rollin', but the man I marry must be big and strong!

Draft Board

What am I - a man or a mouse?

I'll show 'em - I'll make her proud of me yet - even if I have to rent a uniform!

What's th' matter, buddy - can't you read? Come back when you grow up!

Men Wanted

Join the Navy

See the World

Where do they get that stuff? Brains don't mean a thing to those guys!

Okay - if that's th' way they feel about it!

Idea

They can't keep a good man down!

What can I do for you, young fellow?

Gimmie some o' them vitamins! A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H-I-J-K-L-M-O-P - th' whole alphabet - and make it snappy!
SANDY: SHALL I SEND THEM OUT, SIR?

NO! I'LL JUST TAKE THEM RIGHT HERE! I WANT SOME QUICK ACTION!

OH, BOY - THESE VITAMINS ARE OKAY - GOSH! I DON'T KNOW MY OWN STRENGTH!

I'LL SHOW 'EM I CAN BE TOUGH! SO I'M TOO SMALL, EH?

NOW, WHERE IS THIS WAR I HEAR S'MUCH ABOUT?

DID YOU SAY YOU WERE LOOKING FOR GOOD FIGHTING MEN?

NOW LISTEN - I TOLD YOU TO SCRAM - YOU'RE TOO SMALL TO HANDLE A GUN!

OH, YEAH? WELL, I WANNA ENLIST IN TH' ARTILLERY IN HEAVY ARTILLERY!

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, SHORTY!

HEY! PUT DOWN THAT CANNON!

IS THIS TH' BIGGEST GUN YA GOT? I DON'T LIKE THESE LITTLE AIR-GUNS!

GOSH! THAT GUN'S GOT SOME KICK!

UGH!

BOOM!
THE ancient conveyance that had once, many years ago, been a truck but which now served Phineas Q. Throttle as his ministrer show, wheezed along the highway. In the driver's seat sat Phineas himself, proprietor of Throttle's Lotion, guaranteed to cure all ills, make curly hair straight, and bring back to bald heads the lush bloom of ripened wheat fields. Alongside of Phineas, playing with a rather large rubber ball, was his ten year old nephew Alfred, whom Phineas had adopted.

They were both very happy. The town they had just left, Olinville, had been extremely generous. It meant that when they reached Exeter, some twelve miles away, Alfred would get a new suit and Phineas would buy a new garment for Queenie; his trained seal who now was sleeping in back of the ancient vehicle, undisturbed by either the sounds of the engine or the flapping of the poorly fastened doors. Queenie was the star of the show, although Phineas would never admit it. After all, hadn't he once played the second grave digger in "Hamlet"?

It was a happy world upon which these ambulatory actors were embarking, Phineas reflected. He looked up, startled, as Alfred said excitedly: "Hey, Uncle Phineas, somebody's in trouble there!"

And indeed somebody was. Steam was issuing from the hood of the black coupe parked alongside the highway. A man was gesticulating toward the oncoming vehicle. A screeching of brakes signaled Phineas' willingness to play the Good Samaritan.

The man, short and squat, ran over to the truck. He had a black bag in one hand. The other held the flashlight with which he had signaled Phineas. The beam of light played on the truck's side. "Had an accident," he said. "Overheated engine. How about taking me into Exeter? I can get a train there."

"Why, certainly, my boy," Phineas boomed. "Just climb in. A little crowded, perhaps, but we all have to put up with inconveniences sometimes. It'll be a pleasure to have company. This is my nephew, Alfred."

The man grunted and climbed in. The ancient truck wheezed on, tolling off the miles to Exeter. The stranger was extremely taciturn and Phineas felt cheated. He loved to talk. Suddenly a siren cut through the night.

"Police!" Alfred said, excitedly, looking out the side and almost losing the rubber ball. "They must be looking for somebody."

"They are," the stranger said. "Me! Get in here!" His hand yanked Alfred's head back from the window. Phineas gasped as he felt something hard press into his side. He knew it was a gun. "All you and the kid have to do, Pop," the stranger said, "is to say I work with the show. Nobody saw me blow the safe back in Olinville but the watchman, and I got him."

Phineas nodded. What was happening in the world today when a killer could accept an honest man's generosity? But he had better do as he was told. He didn't want anything to happen to Alfred. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the boy cowering in the seat, one hand dangling behind him.

The next instant the police car rolled up. The two State Troopers listened as Phineas indentified himself, said Alfred and the stranger were working for him. The gun was hurting his side. One of the troopers was looking at Alfred's ball. "Never saw one of those, kid. Not that color," he said.

Alfred forced a smile, tossed the ball into the van of the truck. There was a thud behind him. "I like to play with it," Alfred said.

The police walked towards their car. The stranger said hoarsely, "Get a move on, Pop!" His gun lent impetus to Phineas' movement. Protesting to himself, Phineas put the car into gear.

"You're a smart guy, Pop," the stranger said, as the truck moved along. "If you cracked to those coppers, you'd have been plugged."

The screech of the siren again cut him off. The stranger's hand went out, grabbed the brake. The car groaned to a stop. "I'm getting out," he said.

He brushed past Alfred as the police car came up. Alfred's upraised foot came in contact with the man's wrist as he leveled the gun. Off balance, the stranger fell out of the suddenly opened door. The next moment, he was the prisoner of the State Troopers.

"Queenie!" Phineas gasped. For, Queenie, the trained seal, who had been sleeping in back of the truck was following the troopers. And on her nose, balanced proudly, was the ball Alfred had been playing with.

Phineas eyes darted to Alfred. The boy was smiling. "I knew Queenie would slip out after her ball, Uncle Phineas," he explained, "So I dropped it to make the troopers follow us again!"

Both troopers laughed; the prisoners glowered. One of the troopers said: "Wait'll the boys hear how Nitro Ned, the safecracker, was captured. He was crazy over seal skins!"
Countless times in the past had the BATMAN rescued innocent humans from death or imprisonment by unearthing true evidence that trapped the real criminal. But who is there to save the BATMAN himself from such a predicament? For now, the BATMAN faces the supreme test of his career. Helpless, bound in a chain of evidence, he must somehow entangle the real criminal in links of his own making. How he does so with the timely aid of ROBIN, the boy wonder, makes an absorbing story. When we read of "THE PEOPLE VS. THE BATMAN,"

A cloaked figure pads silently thru a dark corridor. Ahead, a patch of light draws the mysterious figure like a flame draws a moth...
LISTEN, HARRIDO. ABOUT THAT POULTRY RACKET JOB --

YOU Gotta GET -- HOLD IT, SOMEONE'S OUTSIDE!

OH, HELLO! I WAS JUST WAITING FOR A STREET CAR!

AWK? IT'S THE BATMAN?

WITH STARTLING SUDDENESS, THE MANTLED INTRUDER SWEEPS FORWARD!

I ALWAYS BELIEVE IN THE ELEMENT OF SUprise TO STEAL A MARCH ON YOUR OPPONENT!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

NOW... I THINK We OUGHT TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK?
But as the Batman talks, a thug’s furtive hand reaches for the light switch... And the lights wink out.

Okay, now’s our chance! Slug him!

Bang! Bang!

The acrobatic Batman drops to safety?

There he goes?

I wish I knew what he was doing here?

Because of this visit, the entire phase of the Batman’s life is to be affected.

Police are drawn by the gunfire... but find only the dazed Batman making a bid for freedom...

The Batman?

Stop! Stop! Sorry, I’ve got other plans?

And from a nearby hallway--

They’re gone now?

Yeah... but it looks like the Batman is wise to you!

Later... the home of Freddie Hill...

I tell ya, the Batman’s wise to the fact that Delmar is really head of the rackets in this ward. Suppose he makes Delmar talk—then what?

We gotta get rid of Delmar before that happens. I think it’s time I ran this mob myself—weasel here, is gonna bump off Delmar.

But the cops will pick me up sure?

Not the way I figure it cause here’s gonna get someone to take the rap for ya! Now listen—you go to Delmar’s office and wait—wait for a client—any client to show up—and then you...

At that instant...

What’s up?

I really discovered something big—think I’ll investigate tomorrow as Bruce Wayne—he wouldn’t arouse any suspicion!
The next morning—

What are you so nervous about, Weasel? It's yes, Miss O'Donald, what is it?

I better get out by the back door—won't look so good for someone to see me—

Mr. Delmar, I want some help on my stock's that—

oooh!

With a cry, Weasel holds the gun up and fires a shot through his own hat?

Drop that gun, Mr. Wayne?

What?

Here, catch!

Then the murderer tosses the smoking gun to Bruce—

Instinctively, Bruce catches the weapon, as all persons will do when objects are tossed at them?

You murderer?

EEK? HELP! POLICE! MURDER!

And when the police arrive on the run—

Mr. Wayne... you killed him?

What's happened? That man murdered Mr. Delmar?

He killed him!
Police Commissioner Gordon, a close friend of Bruce Wayne's, arrives.

This murder is bad business! Why did you do it?

But I didn't! This rat, where did it and threw the gun at me? He framed me?

He's lying! Look--he even took a shot at me! Look at this hole the bullet made in my hat?

It's true! I heard Mr. Venner shout, "Drop that gun, Mr. Wayne!" and when I opened the door, Mr. Venner was hitting Bruce Wayne, who held the smoking gun in his hand--he murdered Mr. Delmar!

Socialite Bruce Wayne charged with murder!

Daily Press

Funny, isn't it... the man who is really the Batman... framed for a murder rap?

It's this little guy! I'm going to make him tell the truth! Some way... somehow... don't worry, I'm going to get you out of here!

However, you're not licked yet. Keep your courage. Here's Dick to see you.

But what reason have to kill him? You even admit yourself, this Venner's an alias and a prison record?

I don't believe you did kill Delmar--but what can I do? Look at the evidence I had to arrest you!

Weasel Vennert, he's going to visit Robin, the boy wonder!

Robin, the boy wonder, takes on a man-sized job to free his pal and crime's mightiest foe, from a murder charge!
THE NEWSPAPERS SAID THIS WAS VENNER’S ADDRESS.

INSIDE VENNER’S APARTMENT--

WELL, HILL, EVERYTHING WORKED OKAY? HEY—WAY THE ARTILLERY?

WE WANTA MAKE SURE, IN CASE YOUR CONSCIENCE STARTS TO BOTHER YOU—SO WE’RE GONNA FIX IT SO YOU DON’T WORRY ANY MORE?

C’MON, WEASEL, WE’RE TAKIN’ YOU FOR A RIDE? THE AIR WILL DO YOU GOOD?

THINKING ONLY OF BRUCE’S PERIL, ROBIN DISREGARDS PERSONAL DANGER AND DIVES HEADLONG—

IF THEY KILL HIM, HOW AM I EVER GOING TO GET THE TESTIMONY TO FREE BRUCE?

WEASEL LEAPS DOWN THE STEPS AS HILL AND HIS MOBSTERS RECOVER.

IT’S ROBIN—UGH?

HOW D’YA GUESS IT?

WAIT TILL I TALK TO—OHH...

OUTA MY WAY? THIS MOB IS AFTER ME—THIS IS MY CHANCE TO BEAT IT—

I’M GONNA PLUG THIS BRAT?

FORGET HIM—IT’S WEASEL WE’RE GONNA GET C’MON!
As the terrified weasel Venner races across the gutter, she turns a tear-striken face upon a heavy car that bears down on him.

---

The car leads away in the night, leaving behind a sprawled, twisted figure!

---

But weasel is not dead—at least not quite?

---

There's no telling how many days he'll be like this! He's in a coma!

---

I'll have to put a police guard about the room! This man is an important witness in a murder trial!

---

The accident makes interesting headlines... especially for Freddie Hill!

---

Victim still alive in a coma! Doctors give him a fifty-fifty chance to live if weasel should come to and start to talk... Would they be surprised if they knew what we know—that Bruce Wayne and the Batman are one and the same.
A bat-shaped figure moves up the fire escape outside a hospital.

He swings into a lighted room, a hand clutching a revolver. When a nurse accidentally enters:

Ee.. help! Police!

Police stationed outside pour into the room-

There he goes? It's the Batman?

He tried to kill Venner?

Sometime later-

Not me-- I'm not going back. The place is alive with coppers.

Take it easy? Just got a word over the radio. That weasel ain't gonna live anyway. One thing though. We wired it so the Batman looks guilty or trying to kill a witness--

Here y're read all about it.

The Batman tried to kill the Wayne murder witness? I can't believe it?

That can't be the real Batman-- he's in jail. I've got something to do-- and do it tonight?

And hill is right--

Dick spends the remainder of the day in the library, looking over old city maps of the city-

Bruce Wayne paces his cell with the restlessness of a caged animal. When--

I've got to prove I'm innocent--

What's that noise there?

Suddenly a stone in the floor begins to move--

The stone sliding out--
ROBIN? HOW?
SHHH? I'VE BROUGHT A DUMMY TO TAKE YOUR PLACE...

THE DUMMY IS PLACED ON THE BUNK...

THAT SHOULD KEEP THE GUARDS FOOLLED FOR A WHILE. THEY'LL THINK I'M SLEEPING.

WHY, IT'S A SEWER--HOW DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT IT?

I READ YOU WERE PLACED IN THE OLD CELL BLOCK HOUSE, BECAUSE THE SEWER BLOCKS WERE BEING REMODELED. I WENT TO THE LIBRARY AND LOOKED UP SOME OLD MAPS AND FOUND THAT THIS OLD ABANDONED SEWER RAN PARALLEL WITH YOUR CELL. I HAVE YOUR COSTUME WITH ME?

INSTANTS LATER--BRUCE WAYNE BECOMES HIS OTHER DYNAMIC SELF--THE BATMAN?

WHERE TO NOW?

TO DELMAR'S APARTMENT TO LOOK FOR EVIDENCE--THE BATMAN IS GOING TO FIND THE PROOF THAT WILL FREE BRUCE WAYNE?

THIS IS IT. AND FROM THAT CAR OVER THERE, I'D SAY SOMEONE ELSE WAS HERE BEFORE US?

WE CAN'T FIND IT?

THEN KEEP LOOKING DELMAR HID THOSE RECORDS SOME PLACE. THOSE RECORDS WOULD BLAST ME RIGHT INTO A PRISON CELL, IF THE COPPERS SHOULD FIND THEM!

HILL--YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE RECORDS, TOO? COINCIDENCE, ISN'T IT?

THE BATMAN?
The winning team sweeps into action?

Let's see how you can fight.

Here's a little treatment for a headache?

Right on the old button.

The missing records?

He had it hidden in the table leg. Looks like your number's up, hill.

Not yet. It isn't. One more and I'll blow this brat's head off.

Don't worry about me, Batman.

Acting smart, eh, Batman? Joe: 'Al, get up.'

Sorry, Robin. You're worth much more to me than those records—okay, Hill? You win?
Later--on a deserted pier--with iron tied to their feet, the Batman and Robin are thrown toward swirling waters.

So long, Batman?

Down--down--sink the weighted bodies, down to the river bed--

...where death waits to drive the breath from their bursting lungs?

Weasel has just come out of the coma, as his nurse races to call the doctor.

Now--now I remember--

Hill--Hill double-crossed me--

I remember--

What's this?

And when the nurse returns she finds Weasel is--

Gone? He's gone--through that open window?

And two police guards, who have been sent to fetch Bruce Wayne to trial, race back to inform the astounded court that he, too, is--

Gone? Bruce Wayne gone? Broke out?

We've got to find him--find him before it's too late!

Find him before it's too late--true word's pop at this very moment. Bruce Wayne, the Batman, fights for his life on the bottom of the river.

What's this--?

Desperately, the Batman rakes his bonds, back and forth, on the rough edge--will he free himself in time?
But he makes it. And now his busy fingers claw reverentially at Robin's gong:

Hold it just a moment, more.

That's that? No records. No Batman, no Robin, to put the finger on me?

Not a finger— but the whole fist?

The Batman!

Now let's finish them, Robin?

It's a pleasure?

I say that Bruce Wayne proved his guilt by breaking jail and—

Bruce Wayne is not guilty! Here's the man who can tell you who killed Horatio Delmar—his gang chief!

But the wily hill knows the records are burned and—

He's living? He beat me up to take the rap for Bruce Wayne? Ask him why he tried to kill Venner in the hospital?

Yes, the police saw you here with a gun in your hand?

It's easy for anybody to put on a Batman costume and throw suspicion on me?

Yes— and just as easy for you to slander a dead man's name because he cannot defend himself. Batman, I accuse you of aiding and abetting Bruce Wayne to escape jail—and attempting to murder a court witness—and obstructing justice with your infernal meddling and your absurd crime theories? Police, arrest this man?

Wait!

Commissioner Gordon appeals to the jury.

I speak for the Batman— the friend of the people! Yes— he works outside the law as you call it, but the legal devices that hamper us are hurled by this crime-fighter so he may bring these men of evil to justice. The eminent district attorney calls him a meddler with a theory—
WASHINGTON, THE WRIGHT BROTHERS, LINCOLN, EDISON AND OTHERS, THEY WERE "MEDDLERS" TOO -- WHO PROVED THEIR THEORIES. THEY MADE SACRIFICES SO THAT WE MIGHT ENJOY THE SECURITY AND COMFORT WE DO. THE BATMAN HAS DONE THAT, TOO!

THIS MAN WHO HAS SAVED A NATION'S GOLD RESERVE, FOUGHT FIFTH COLUMNISTS AND SABOTEURS, BEATEN THE JOKER, THE PUPPET MASTER, AND OTHER CRIME GENIUSES.

THIS MAN WHO DAILY RISKS HIS LIFE TO SAVE OTHERS WHO NEVER CARRIES A GUN WHOFOID BY HIS YOUNG FRIEND, ROBIN, FIGHTS CRIME WITH THE COURAGE AND ZEAL BORN OF LOVE FOR HIS Fellow MAN. THIS IS THE BATMAN!

Perhaps this comes a little late, but J. the police commissioner of Gotham City, appoint you an honorary member of the police department? from now on you work hand in hand with the police?

Thank you sir? I wish now that I could find the proof that will prove Bruce Wayne's innocence?

Then a voice cuts in--

Sure he's innocent? I killed Delmar under orders from Hill?

Why, you squealing rat I'll kill ya?

You're too late Hill---- I'm dying now, but at least I'm even---- You----

Later--

Yes, I know. He told me about just before he and Robin left?

You're right? I guess the life of Bruce Wayne does depend quite a bit on the existence of the Batman?