What was the reason for the plague of mad pranks that infested Gotham City? Was it really just a terrible humor or was there an evil calculating thread of evil winning through this pattern of mad mania? The amazing answer is to be found in that hateful member of crime... The Batman! It was the Batman and the Joker! The boy wonder had stashed their way through the maze of truth to find the behind it all was the an menacing figure of 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 question were there to be asked, I'd be very busy answering it!
A Quizz ad appears in the morning paper.

Mr. Rokus' ad brings many applicants.

So you are all practical jokers, huh? What do you do?

I give people the hot-foot like this.

And I call up people during the night and tell them their Fuse is on fire.

Wanted: practical jokers. Only those with experience need apply. Mr. Rokus is 1007 St. Oloom St.

I pull the hair out from under people when they're about to sit down, gee?

And I pull a hairpin out of other peoples eyes like this.

Splendid, splendid, ha-ha!

Any pranks to worry out the applicant? [doodles: only those whose pranks are really harmful]

Now that the others have some line up and pass by this table. Pick up an object. Those that pick it up.

But it's a fun!

Sunday, the man called Rokus and his bike with his name and removed clever makeup in place of Rokus is.

The joker? Now, if you work for me, you will make money, hence and that means jail. Which is to money.

Good! Now I'm going to let you do what I know you like. Most of the people on people and what I tell you, they are going to be hit.

There's no fire here. I'd like to get my hands on that turned that call in.

A few days later, there are false alarm fires.
A man takes a shower only to find the water taps are now switched. What should be cold water is really scalding hot.

Owww!

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

Ha-ha, money! Ha ha!

Get out of my way! Money!

And, of course all the people are greatly impressed.

You should have seen them scramble for the money.

Ha-ha! I'm glad you are bullying yourselves. Now we will play even finer jokes on the public.

The shrewd who realizes these early pranks act like a drug on these so-called "humorists," and that they are not after any more vicious tricks.

The shrewd who realizes these early pranks act like a drug on these so-called "humorists," and that they are not after any more vicious tricks.

One "humorist" pulls a switch that shunts a railroad train into the wrong track. Result: insane laughter and a train wreck.

Ha-ha-ha!

Then, one day a plane drops leaflets over the city.

Look! It's comic leaflets!
The Jester!

Public viewing now only might a body-like to be lowered at... - especially by a criminal?

Take it easy, Mr. Jester! 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 Genghis!

My name is Harvey Vernert. Read this note. I rejoice this morning.

Remember tonight. I will enter your home and steal the diamond you possess. The Joker.

What can I do? The Joker will surely steal my diamond.

No, Mr. Vernert! You stay at home. When the Joker enters your house, he's going to walk into a trap.

And at that moment...

You have done well. The public and the police are so aroused against me that our plans will catch them off guard.

I can hear Vernert packing up and going. What a boy! Is he nervous?

I don't blame him. This waiting around for the Joker is getting me too!

And at that very instant, two mantled figures leap swiftly through this empty street? They are the Batman and Robin!

C'mon, Robin. Let's get a date with the Joker.

What? They're inventions! And with that Jester still on their cases? C'mon, let's here we're not too late?
HOLY CATS!

EITHER I’M GOING CRAZY OR I’M HAVING A NIGHTMARE!

HEY! MY EYES MUST BE GOING BACK ON ME!

FROM THE OPEN DOORWAY ROLLS AN AVALANCHE OF JOKERS—JOKERS OF ALL SIZES AND SHAPES!

ANOTHER BUMPING CARICATURE SHOES INTO THE ROOM!

DON’T YOU THINK YOU’RE GOING TO NEED A LITTLE HELP YOURSELF?

WHAT IN HELL IS ANOTHER JOKER?

NOW YOU DON’T HAVE TO WONDER ANY MORE!

WELL, BATMAN! I’M COMING TO HELP!

DANNY’S COMPLETE SURPRISE LEAVE AND OPEN FOR A VIOLENT BLOW!
HEY?

IT WAS A FALSE FACE?

THEY'RE ALL WEARING FALSE RACES!

AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT
IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN-

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I AM CALLED THE JOKER-
AND I WANT THAT PRECIOUS DIAMOND YOUR WIFE IS SO POND OF WEARING
SO SHE CAN IMPRESS PEOPLE! THE GYM IS IN THE HALL SAFE? I WANT IT NOW!

NOW YOU DWIN, KID?

THEY HAVEN'T GOT ME YET?

AND BACK AT THE VERNE APARTMENT, THE
BATMAN AND ROBIN TRY DESPERATELY TO
HOLD THEIR OWN AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS?

WHAT NOW? SHALL WE FINISH THEM FOR GOOD?

NO! HE WANTS THEM ALIVE SO THEY MAY HEAR WHAT LAUGH AT THEM? NOW LET'S GO!

HAPPY TIMES, SAYS THE JOKER.

MINUTES LATER-

WOW SOMEONE STOP THAT FLOOR FROM SPINNING AROUND? JOKERS?
THOUSANDS OF THEM MUST HAVE BEEN A BAD DREAM? COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ANYTHING ELSE?

MAYBE BUT THIS JUMP OF MY HEAD Feels Awfully Real For A Dream, Says What's That On The Floor?

"IF YOU WILL EXAMINE THIS DIAMOND CLOSER, YOU WILL FIND IT IS ONLY A GLASS BUBBLE KNOBBED AS MINEY MINEY, MY NAME MINEY VERNE"
As the Batman and Robin look at each other blankly, a bell jangles loudly.

Telephone? Who could be calling here?

Ringing.

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

You—the Joker!

Greetings, my dear Batman. I knew you would get my call. Did you like his little escapade? While you were busy trying to save a fake diamond for a man in my employ—

—I was out searching a real bent flint! HA-HA-HA! While you're puzzling that out, you might try to solve this riddle—when is a duke not a duke? Ha-ha-ha. Adieu, Batman—ha-ha! Think it over, Batman—ha-ha.

You—laughing hyena?

That chinning 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?

That grin will only be a joke. He has a sense of humor. Only it's distorted.

When is a duke not a duke? I wonder what he meant in that! Wham—

And that night—the Joker laughs.

Ha-ha-ha! What a comedy of errors! And the Batman was the goat! Ha-ha! Soon I'll show him another great joke while he thinks about that riddle! Ha-ha-ha.

A few nights later—

When is a duke not a duke? Listen to this book! Tonight a dinner will be given for the visiting Duke Michael. Much to be collected funds for his starving people.

—A valise containing $1,000 will be given to Duke Michael to aid the war torn nation?

What's that! That's it!
The two policemen are dragged into the Duke's room while the Joker—

Duke Michael and his two aides I believe.

Who abox?

They'll sleep for a few hours now. Remove their clothing while I work with the makeup.

A few brief movements of the slim hands and

It's horrible! Now put on my best clothing and I'll get to work on your faces!

And 30 minutes later into the great banquet hall stride the "Duke Michael" 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 am— my people will put it to very good use!
PUT DOWN THAT BIG JOKES!

YOU!

THE JOKER THINKS FAST!
GUARD! STOP THAT MAN AND BOY! THEY'RE TRYING TO STEAL THE MONEY!

YOU SEE I SOLVED YOUR PUZZLE!

THE TWIN REPEASRS FLEW THROUGH THE CEILING, KILLING THEM SLOW!

GAWDAAA!

OH-- YOU WANT IN YOUR WAGE?

SORRY, BOY-- BUT WE'RE DOWN--

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?

PLEASE TO MEET YOU, BUDD!
The men reach for guns, the Batman whips the table-cloth away and slaps them silly.

Sss-sh--

Next time, don't be so impetuous!

I've got the money hidden, now to beat it.

Scoot! There goes the Joker!

Crash!

He's going to get away in that car.

We're going to stop him in this one and get that money.

A wild chase takes the cars racing through the streets.

Better step on the gas, we're drawing away from us.

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

Here! Stopped.

And running into the railroad station!
A TRAIN GATE SLAMS SHUT BEHIND THE JOKER—AND IN THE RACES OF BATMAN AND ROBIN!

WE'RE TOO LATE?

NOT YET! COME ON, I'VE GOT A TRICK UP MY SLEEVE TOO!

HAA-HAA!

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO CATCH A TRAIN! I'M GOING TO GIVE THE ENGINE ALL SHES OUT!

OUT INTO THE ROAD THEY SPEED UNTIL THEY RACE ALONGSIDE THE RAILROAD TRACKS.

There she is, Robin, get ready to jump at the crossing?

There's the Joker, now, stop him, somebody start now!

We made it!

And with not much to spare! Way to get the Joker!

The Joker is trapped between two cars!

Come on, both sides only one thing to do!
The maniac scrambles to the top of the luminous train.

Look! The gong's going down again!

Wonder what he's up to now?

Just a little memory.

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

His strange, lean hands fling the booby trap at the goons licking them.

Lump, Robin! Jump!

So you made it? Isn't it too bad there are no more of us to be ailing under the weather?

Not yet, Joker. Not yet, by a long chance!
Now a Titanic struggle rages atop the lurking Car. One Slip means "Death."

A sudden, sawed 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 spring ball. His fist clings on the Joker's jaw—

This is it, Joker!

For one terrible moment, the Joker teeters on the edge of the cliff. His hands clawing desperately at the empty air and then...

I don't think he'll cheat again! O'Keeffe's written us a chance to trust this time. Do you, Batman?

Maybe—He's cheating again! Often you just can't trust that man at all. We know we had the last laugh on the Joker!
Once again Batman and his loyal sidekick Robin face a new adventure. A chance trail leads the Dynamic Duo into the world of master criminals. An old enemy, out of a sense of danger, resumes his activities. Batman and Robin, in their usual style, take on the challenge.

In the meantime, a strange tale unfolds. A man rises high above the city, and two mantled figures watch and act.
The later a vicious blast of gunfire—and the man drops to the ground.

Okay, let’s go through! Yeah we do a look.

Okay, let’s do a look.

Lemme have a chance? I’ll give you a chance?

Moly? Cats?

What we do with them? Choke ‘em? Break their necks?
Suddenly the brute staggered. Momentarily stunned, he began to release his death grip on Batman's hand and reaches for one of the glass pellets in his utility belt. A plume of the Batman's hand and black smoke billows forth.

Okay, big boy—freeze him.

The truck whizzes away with the cure and makes the corner on two wheels.

C'mon, C'mon!

How's your throat? It must be I can hardly breathe.
J.A. & SON
ROBIN LETS THE OUT WHO
THIS FELLOW IS?

THIS MAN IS HEAVY
ABORT—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
MUNCH
THAT
TONIGHT'S
EVENTS
ARE
JUST THE
BEGINNING?

RIGHT!

NEXT DAY—

CAN I GQ
OUT AND
PLAY
FOR A
WHILE?

NOT UNTIL
YOU FINISH
YOUR HOMEWORK?

HOMEWORK?
GRUMBLE
GRUMBLE?

SO DONE
NOW?

WHAT'S
ON YOUR
MIND? YOU
LOOK
WORRIED?

WHAT IT?

NEVER MIND
ANNOUNCING ME?
A SNAKE—GOT
IT FOR
ME?

YOU—I
ER, I
NOT NEW
TENANT?
I'LL HAVE IT
TONIGHT?

HOLY
SHANGRI!
ONE OF
MEN WHO
KILLED
LORD
NIGHT?

ONCE I'LL BE
BACK AT EIGHT
BETTER HAVE
IT ON, WE'LL
PLAY A COUPLE
RECORDS TO
WAIT?

OH, I'LL HAVE
IT?

NO,
I'LL HAVE IT?

Who was that broken fellow? Nobody important. Nobody at all." "A man is very busy." "I'm coming here at every clock. Find out your business with that killer."

That night, a blotter shape moves silently over a window sill and into Carl Ayers' home.

And at that very moment, Carl Ayers opens the front door.

"My, got it now!" "Yes, I had to borrow it from my friend 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 moves down the lonely street—"

I swear I saw something follow him."

And the hoodlum is ratty! Someone—something is following him.
Minutes later the Batman sees the hooligan enter a solitary house approaching. He reads on the house name plate.

A hooligan? Now what connection can there be between a hooligan and a murdered man, two giant mice, and Carl Fawse?

Why did you give money to that thing, what has it to do with Grandma the Mystic?

Blackmail! At a party someone suggested we visit Grandma 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...

Grandpa, what do you want?

I want you to listen to this record. It is interesting.

Grandpa, what are you talking about?

It was a harmless prank. Then newspapers would print it up. If they heard it, they would make fun of it.

Grandpa, make me laugh.

The hooligan began to tell all about an escape of mine.
HE PROBABLY HAS A WHOLE GROUP OF ROOLS LIKE MYSELF ON HIS BLACKMAIL LIST.

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO, CALL THE POLICE.

THE POLICE COMMISSIONER RECEIVES A PHONE CALL.

HELLO, COMMISSIONER, THIS IS THE BATMAN. I SUGGEST YOU HANG UP. I THINK THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A SOCIETY MYSTERY MEANS BUSINESS IS REALLY BUSY. IT'S A BLACKMAIL RACKET. (CLIK).

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

WHAT'S THIS, POPE? SEARCHING FOR BOMBS IS A THING ELSE THAT MIGHT BE BLACKMAIL.

NOT A THING, COMMISSIONER. I SEE.* AND IF I MIGHT BE WRONG, I APOLOGISE.

YOU SEE? LOOKS LIKE THE BATMAN IS RIGHT THIS TIME.

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

YES? YOU HAVE TO ASK ME FOR ADVICE?

YOU CAN GIVE ME THE LOWDOWN ON THE BATMAN?

THE BATMAN OUT IS ALWAYS SHOWING MY BOYS AROUND? WANT TO RUB HIM BUTT?

GIVE ME TWO DAYS AND I PROMISE TO DELIVER THE BATMAN TO YOUR HANDBAS.

SOMETHING STRANGE HAPPENS, THE VICTOR DOES A QUEER THING, SWIFTLY HE PEEPS OFF CLEVER MAKEUP, REMOVES HIS VISOR TO REVEAL THE MANTLED FRAME OF THE BATMAN.

ARE THIS MAN WANTS TO FIND OUT WHO THE BATMAN IS?

YES, I WILL REVIVE MYSEF ON HIM FOR ATTACKING YOU AND THE GIANTS.

YES? I WILL REVIVE MYSELF ON HIM FOR ATTACKING YOU AND THE GIANTS.
This nurse, Linda Page, has been moved up in the last few Batman cases.

I get it. Does her here and maybe we can make her talk?

That night—

A protesting Linda Page is led from her house.

I tell you, I don't know a thing!

Shushup and get mevin!

As the car leaves every other man, two mantled figures drop noiselessly to the top.

Eeeww!

Hello!

Terror! At sighting the Batman, they scramble out on the car only—

Eerhallo, 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.

All right with the car, what next?

Perhaps twist her arms, till she begins to talk!
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 clutches Thor's hammer foot, furiously presses a rider button and... holy shizit, the big guy again.

Nimble as a cat, the Batman slips beneath the slaming blast.

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

Hi, fellas!

Just in time, Robin.

Oh! here comes the other shiznit.

"Then—trapezing into the room—again, the boy wonder—"
Again, it 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.

Grenades blast through the room. A man topples—but not the Batman.

Miss Page, Robin? Batman—I figured you'd fix Branka some way. Well, Branka—we've got you this time.
A CLASH OF GEARS--AND GRANDA SPEEDS AWAY AS THE FIGURES FOLLOW THE ROAD UP A HILL!

HE'S GETTING AWAY--NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, GRANDA!

WITH THE BATMAN AT THE WHEEL, THE POLICE CAR W Harry after GRANDA?

HELD ON TO YOUR SWEET BOY!

HAIRBREADTH TURNS, SCREAMING TIMES--ALL ARE WAYS OF THE MAD CHASE THAT FINALLY LEADS TO THE END OF TOWN!

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

THE DRAWBRIDGE IS OPENING!

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

BUT CAN THEY MAKE IT? OR WILL THE CAR PLUNGE DEEP INTO THE SHIMMERING WATERS BELOW?

HERE WE GO--
As they drew alongside it, Mixmore leaped to the Batman's car.

Through the open window, streaked the Batman's calls for help.

Later

Kneeling in the room, Mixmore confessed to the murder of Henry Abbott, explaining that he was just trying to protect himself. Mixmore was confronted by the Batman and told him to confess.

The police department, the people of the city, thank you for your service.

Mixmore was taken away in handcuffs. The Batman emerged from the shadows, looking into the camera. The end.
Like giants of old, the big trees of the North Woods grew up up into the sky until their leery branches nearly touched the heavens. Here amongst these towering columns are to be found the lumber jacks—small cords of wood hanging like teeth and many wise bears mortally at these towering wooden columns toppling them to the ground where each of the mighty giants, heavily shaking the earth about, here to the land of未曾 Gians, come the Batman and Robin to find adventure and the strange answer to "The North Woods Mystery."
BRUCE WAYNE CHAT WITH NORA POWELL: "SOCIETY FAVORITE"

BRUCE: "I still say that nobody can be this rich!"

MISS POWELL: "Look at the current paper?"

MATTHEW: "Lumberjack's adopted son, Jack, suspected of murder, but released for lack of evidence. motive revealed in murdered lumberjack's will that leaves vast lumber holdings to both adopted son and Nora Powell!"

WHO IS THIS ADOPTED SON?

JACK CLAYTON: "A lumberjack. He risked his life to save Uncle Matt from death in a logging camp. Uncle adopted him. I've never met Jack!"

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Hello Jacky, this is Nora Powell. I just called to offer my regrets about Uncle Matt. If you need any help about anything, I'll be glad to help."

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 DOWNS TO WEEP AROUND NIGHT CLUBS - CLICK"

WHO CARES? I THINK HE'S A LUMBERJACK. I'M SURE TO SHOW HIM I CAN DO THINGS AS WELL AS HE CAN!"
As Bruce pays the boy, he suspiciously sneaks a note into his hand.

**The note**

*Just look at the size of those trees!*  
*I'll say there's the camp!*  

Suddenly a falling tree looms directly over them.

**Leaping forward, Bruce slams into the falling tree inches below them!**
A lager probably left for a moment, leaving the tree now cut, and realizing it would fall.

That was no accident! Someone wanted to kill me.

A tall young man with black hair, flashing eyes, and looking like a violent storm, approaches them.

I'm Norm Powell, and this is my friend Bruce Wayne. I'm looking for Jack Clayton. Sorry, I didn't notice you. This man will show you to your shack.

About five minutes later, a young boy enters the camp.

Well, of all the神经。

This way, Mrs. Powell.

I'm kinda hungry. Could I sorta do odd jobs around here?

Hungry, are you? Hey, Fred! Get some gruel for this kid!

Nora looks on, unsure of what to do.

Isn't it just thrilling, Bruce?

Later that night.

Norm does not notice the look between Bruce and the young boy.

Just look at the man! He's all little men cutting down these enormous giants.

Nothing but giants! That's all they are.

When I knew exactly why Clayton could act so human to the boy and so inhuman to me? He hates the girl—but why?
Silently and swiftly, he pads softly across the camp grounds to be met by another costumed hero—Robin, the Boy Wonder!—

C'mon Robin—I want to look around!

No—wait! I saw two figures move into the tool shed.

A little acid on these signs and axes and they'll crack up when they try to use them on timber!

That'll blow up the lumber output and that Penwell Gang will be glad to send her share to Clayton.

Not quite, Bella. Not quite.

I'll tone ya in acid.

Sorry I missed water.

Okay, wise guy—you asked for it.

But it doesn't look like I'm gonna get it, eh, Pal?

Batman, I need help!
Eager to escape further punishment, the remaining wreckers climbed back up to the rooftop. The Batman, and in his panic, stumbled against a beam. A heavy object crashed down from the back wall.

"Feel like talking, or no—No—I'll talk!"

"And all this downward silence has forever!"

"Crisis? Look out!"

"Locked the whole camp's coming this way!"

"Better scream through the back window!"

"The two-man虽right back into retreat."

"Why it's NUMBER JOE!"

"That hook must have killed him instantly!"

"How terrible—what was he doing here in the middle of night?"
NOON RACES ATER THE LUGGAGE TRAIN

—Ma—

—This is exciting!

Wait till the real excitement begins, lady!

—And it's genuine, right now?

Unhurried by the murderous looting, the last car, Nora swine unconscious, and its freight—shuttles backward down the track.

—It'll look like an accident?

And swaying and rocking perilously flounders, doom!

But flashing from a nearby thicket—

—See Batman swims aboard this avalanche on wheels—

Got to move fast—The car's going to go off any moment now?

Lifting the limp girl under one arm—He leaps desperately—
—And goes an astonishing branch with the other! —

—Later — when Nora comes back to life —

—WHERE AM I? — I can feel me on the log train — and I swear I remember a masked figure! —

—Hey! Now that’s what I really call a leap for life! —

—At that moment —

—And I heard never tell Claytow to sell

—Now as I was sayin’ and yet —

—Some time later —

—You’re trying to kill me — just as you killed your father — you can’t deny that — a hired thug of your hired thug to murder me —

—I did not kill my father — and as for the logged — it’s pure imagination — on your part —

—After Nora leaves —

—I’m deep enough as it is — already — but to murder a girl — and my father’s death — I wonder now —

—That morning —

—Mrs. Wayne, Mrs. Powell, says if you have a mind to meet her — over down in the log chute —

—The log chute — alone — she may be in danger —

—And Bruce’s pears are no tells — at that very moment —
A murderous task?

The camp boy is riding a wooden kangaroo.

And then in another instant, the boy wonders if his arm is broken.

One slip and I'm done.

Down below, the 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 HERE AND QUICKLY_—

BUT HE IS ALSO SPYED BY_

"D'OH! TROUBLE AHEAD!"

ENEMY LOKERS WHO DART_

"HADN'T BEEN UP TO HER IN ONE sec.*"

AFTER HIM IN SWIFT_

"GET THAT KID."

Pursuit.

"D'OH! TROUBLE AHEAD!"

AND THE OF THE _

"HAVE A BATH ON ME."

SLIPpery WAY SuMMIT."

"WHY NOT?"

THIS TIME YOU Go THE DEP. AND ...

AL'MORE."

"SEE WHAT I MEAN?"

A WHERE BIT OF FOOTWORK_

"AND WHERE BIT OF FOOTWORK_

DISPOSES OF HIS SECOND OPONENT."

OPPONENT.

Meanwhile, the pain of her_

"NABB TO THE DEP."

BROKEN ARM PROVES TOO MUCH_

"MAYBE."

FOR ROBIN: SHE FAINTS DEAD AWAY. AS THE LOG IS DRAWN UP INTO THE_

"WHAT I MEAN?"

CONVEYER THAT LEADS TO THE_

"RIDE ON DOWN THE RACING WATERS.

Sawmill."

"ROBIN'S LOG IS ELEERLY MANEUVERED BY THE THIRD LOG. SO THAT IT CLEARs_

"HAW'? HAW'

THE OLD JAM. AND RIDES _

"SO LONG."

ON DOWN THE RACING WATERS."

"D'OH! TROUBLE AHEAD!"
On the ledge, I teetered on the very edge of the high falls, heading for the plunge into the water's churning and lashing, so far below.

But in that split second I stung a cloaked blue swells clung to the falls dangling by a precarious strand of silken rope. One strong hand snatched me, Robin from the very brink of death.

A waterfall? And I'm going over!

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, boating and back just in time.

Drop that knife!

Meanwhile the conveyer carries the unconscious Nora into the sawmill itself toward a huge sawmill wherein jumbled logs from a kind of death.

Closer.

Closer.

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

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."

"I beat me til I had to tell."

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

Next morning Nolan decides to learn the truth from Claymore—

"As her robed father Powell did, I use my name for future use."

"Yes, you see, I am an illegal convict. I changed my name of Asher."

"He said with false-ly act. He made the murderer."

Roses fought over the body of the murderer.

Then he thought these accidents to the lumber would cause Mrs. 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, you see, Asher. I would sell him and his wife. He even brought out some of my men and had them try to accidentally kill more people when the people were sold—"

"You had no money already, Mrs. Powell, that I thought I wouldn't hurt you to sacrifice a little to save me from being hanged on a murder charge?"

"Yes. It was wrong to think you were just an empty-headed girl who sat around in nightclubs—"

"My very but I'm willing to promise you back. If you'll forget my past, too—"

"Please kiss me and you can tell me all about it later—"

"I'll be your—"

And near love flower like him. I came home and a long time. Love him, love him.
COURTLESS TIMES IN THE PAST HAD THE BATMAN RESCUED INNOCENT HUMANS FROM DEATH OR MARATHONMENT BY UNEARTHED TRUE EVIDENCE THAT TRAPPPED THE REAL CRIMINAL, BUT WHO IS THERE TO SAVE THE BATMAN HIMSELF FROM SUCH A PREOCAMENTS? 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 MAISNET. NOW HE DOES SO WITH THE HELP OF ROBIN. THE BOY WANDER MAKES AN ABSORBING STORY.
LISTEN, HORATIO, ABOUT THAT ROOFTOP BACKUP JOB?
YOU Gotta hold it. Someone's outside?

Oh, hello. I was just waiting for a street case.

Awk, it's the Batman?

With startling speed, the masked intruder sweeps forward!

I always believe in the element of surprise to steal a march on your opponent.

See what I mean?

Never think we ought to have a little talk.
But as the Batman talks, a thug's fingers reach for the light switch.

And the only thing pink is...

Okay, now our chance? Slue him?

BANG BANG!

Be the acrobatic Batman drops to safety?

There is one?

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?

And from a nearby hallways--

They be gone now?

Yeah. But looks like the Batman is wise to you?

Later, the home of Fred and Nellie Hill

I tell ya the Batman's wise to the fact that Delmar is really head of the racket in this ward? Suppose he makes Delmar tell? Then we gotta get rid of Delmar before that happens? I think it. That I plan this now myself. Weasel here, is going back off Delmar--

But the cops will pick me up sure.

Not the way I figure it cause here someone get to take the rap for what's now listen--you go to Delmar's office and wait--wait for a client and client to show up--and say--

At that instant--

What's up? I really discovered something. I think I'll investigate tomorrow. As things standing he wouldn't argue an item in--
The Next Morning...

What are you so nervous about, Weasel? It's just a little test. Go out by the back door, and don't look so scared for your stock's sake.

Mr. O'Hara, I want some help on my stocks that's all.

With a cry, Weasel holds the gun up and says, "Let's shot through his own hat.

Drop that gun, Mr. Wayne?

What?

Then the murderer tosses the shotgun's gun to Bruce..."
Alice Commissioner Gordon, a close friend of Bruce Wayne's, arrives—

"But I don't! That man 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 and Wayne." And when I opened the door, Mr. Venner was hitting Bruce Wayne, who held the smoking gun in his hand. Murder to Mr. Delmar.

But what reason have I to kill him? You even admit yourself, this Venner has 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. However, you're not dead yet and your columns here to see you—Bruce, Bruce!" Solly.

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

It's this little guy? I can't make him yet. He tells the truth. Some way, somehow. Don't worry, I'm going to get you out of here.

That night!

Weasel, Venner! Hands full to get a visit from Robin, the boy wonder?

Robin, the boy wonder: Daryl on a man-sized job to free his pal and crime's mightiest foe from a murder's guarant.
THE NEWSPAPERS SAID THIS WAS WENNER'S ADDRESS—

INSIDE WENNER'S APARTMENT—

WELL, HILL EVERYTHING WORKED OUT NICE? WHICH WAY THE AMMUNITION—

WE WANT MAKE SURE IN CASE YOUR CONFIDENCE STARTS TO BETTER YOU—SO WE'RE GONNA FIX IT SO YOU DON'T WORRY ANY MORE.

COME, WE'RE TAKIN' YOU FOR A RIDE THE AIR WILL DO YOU GOOD.

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

THANKING ONLY OF BRUCE'S FATE, WE'RE AIRDANCE AND GIVE HEADLONG.

IT'S AIN'T LUCKY. HOW'D YOU ZASE IT?

WAIT I'LL TALK TO CHIN. OUTA MY WAY, THE MOB IS AFTER ME—THIS IS MY CHANCE TO BEAT IT—

WEENSEL LEAPS DOWN THE STEPS AS HILL AND HIS MOBSTERS RECORDER—

I'M GONNA RUSH THIS. BRATT. FORGET MINA—IT'S WEENSEL, HERE COMES MY MAN.
The accident makes interesting headlines especially for Gotham Hill.

Victim still alive in a "hit and run" case. Give him a fifty-fifty chance to live if weasel should come in and start to talk.

We'll all be in the soup, we gotta bump that gun off.

The car leaps away in the night, leaving behind a sprawled twisted figure.

It was a hit-and-run driver I saw it.

EEE! That man's been killed!

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.

That night.

It was a crunch. Trying to get this outfit in. The Batman in Delmar's office. I think I got an idea how to use that?

But weasel is not dead—at least, not quite.

Maybe this Robin kid will go to the cops. I tell how we were trying to take weasel. For a ride.

Not yet. Remember that night the cops saw the Batman in Delmar's office? I think I got an idea how to use that.

Would they be surprised if they knew what we know—"that Bruce Wayne and the Batman are one and the same?"
A barred figure moves up the side of a hospital...

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

Bee, help, police!

There he goes! It's the Batman!

He tries to kill someone?

Something later--

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

Take it easy! Just got a word over the radio that weasel isn't gonna live anyway. One thing though: we fixed it so the Batman looks guilty of trying to kill a witness...

Dick sprawls the remainder of the day in the library looking over old city maps of the city...

That should do it very nicely--

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?

SHALL I BRING A DUMMY TO TAKE YOUR PLACE?

THE DUMMY IS PLACED ON THE BUNK.

WILL YOU FIND OUT ABOUT IT?

I READ YOU WERE PLACED IN THE OLD CELL BLOCK HOUSE BECAUSE THE SEWER BLOCKS WERE REMOVED.

I WENT TO THE LIBRARY AND LOOKED UP SOME OLD MAPS AND FOUND THAT THIS OLD ABANDONED SEWER RUN 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 القوم TO FIND THE PROOF THAT WILL FREE BRUCE WAYNE.

YOU CAN'T FIND IT?

THEN KEEP LOOKING DELMAR. THE RECORDS SOME PLACE. THOSE RECORDS WOULD CHALLENGE ME RIGHT INTO A PERSON'S CELL. IF THE DUMMY SHOULD FIND THEM.

MILL-- YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE RECORDS, TOO?

THE BATMAN?
THE WINNING TEAM SWEEPS INTO ACTION!

LETS SEE HOW YOU CAN FIGHT!

HERE'S A LITTLE TREATMENT FOR A HEADACHE.

RIGHT ON THE OLD BUTTON!

THE MISSING RECORDS?

WE HAD IT HIDDEN IN THE TAPE CASE. IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR NUMBERS WERE HILL.

NOT YET. I'M NOT ONE TO DOW THE SHIELD'S HEAD OFF.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, BATMAN.

SORRY, ROBIN. YOU'RE WORTH MUCH MORE TO THEM THAN THOSE RECORDS. DON'T WORRY, HILL. YOU CAN'T GET US.

ACTION SMART ENOUGH, BATMAN? JOB.  ALL RIGHT!
On a moonlit night—With many miles to their credit, the Batman and Robin are thrown into perilous waters!

So long, Batman!

Ding-dong-sink the weightless bodies down to the river bed—Where death waits to deprive the breath from their bursting lungs!

Oh yeah—I'll tell you about that. I'm gonna do anyway—but I'll warn you what it means to double cross me—I gotta get away.

And when the nurse returns she finds Weaver is—

Gone? He's gone through that open window?

Weaver has just come out of the coma, as his nurse races to call the doctor. Now here I remember—will all double-cross me? I remember—what's this?

And two color guards who have been sent to fetch Bruce Wayne to trial race back to affer the astonishing news that he is too late. Gone! Bruce Wayne gone? Before us! We've got to find him before it's too late.

And desperately the Batman races his London back and forth, on the rough streets—will he free himself in time?
But he makes it! And
now he slaysFezzer
foreverly at 4:00.

Hold it just a
moment more!

THAT's THAT no
recordings.
No Batman,
No Robin
To put the
villains
on me?

Not a
hummer.
But the
whole fifty.

Now let's
finish them, Robin?

It's a
pleasure.

I say that
Bruce Wayne
proved his
bility by
breaking jail.

Bruce Wayne
is not guilty!
Here's the man
who can tell you!
Who killed Horatio
Delmar—his gan
Chief?

But the only
hill where the
heroes are buried.

He's
stupid.
Me beat
Up to
take the
bad.

But, the
FACE
Bruce Wayne?

He
Why he
tried to
kill
Vernor
in the hospital?

yes and just as
easy for you to slander
a real man's name because
he cannot defend himself.

Batman, I accuse you
of killing and abetting
Bruce Wayne to escape
jail and attempting
to murder a court
witness and
obstructing justice
with your infernal
machines and your
secret crime
organization. Arrest
this man.

I speak for the
Batman—
the friends of the noble
man who has
the law.

But the legal
devices
that
manipulate us are
humbled by this crime;
because to him bring
these men of evil to
justice the eminent
district attorney calls
him a menace with a
thorn.
WILLIAMSON, THE WHEN? BRENNER, LINCOLN, EDMON AND OTHERS THEY WERE "NEBULOS" WHO BURNED THEIR THROTTLES THEY MADE SACRIFICES SO THAT WE MIGHT ENJOY THE KERBLAY AND SAMELET WE DO. THE BATMAN HAS DONE THAT, THAT

THIS MAN WHO HAS SAVED A NATION'S GOLD RESERVE Fought WITH
COLUMNISTS AND SNOOPERS, BEATEN THE 
WEREN, THE PUPPET MASTER AND OTHER CRIME GENIUSES.

THIS MAN WHO EARLY GREW HIS LIFE TO SAVE OTHERS WHO NEVER CURSES A GUN--
WHO AIDED BY HIS YOUNG FRIEND, ROBIN, FIGHTS THE CRIME WITH THE COURAGE AND THE
BORN OF LOVE FOR HIS FELLOW MAN THIS IS THE KENNEDY

Perhaps this game a little late, but I am the police commissioner of Gotham City. Arrest 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 your innocence.

Then a voice cuts in--

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

Why, you scumbag-- I'll kill you! You're too late-- Hill-- I'm done now but at least I'm even-- You...

Later--

The Batman helped. He kept me in a hideout until I was cleared.

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

You're right! I guess the last of Bruce Wayne does manage quite a bit on the existence of the Batman!