News headlines:

**Daily Star**

**Batman Nabs Big Mike Russo**

**With Proof of Crime Czar’s Activities!**

**Russo confesses with his lawyer in a police station cell:**

"I look bad, Mr. Russo. You’ve got too much on your conscience."

"Yeah? I know it, but I been thinking about it and I got a terrific day now you listen."

"And it is the duty of the court to sentence you to twenty years of imprisonment in the state prison."

"That’s okay with me, pal. I been needing a vacation anyway."

**Warren hedges against his new charge:**

"Russo you were a big shot once—but that was before all these laws now. You’re inside—remember that and don’t expect any privileges.""

"Yeah? I thought I might have my attorneys there to handle the trial, but I got some other ideas too."

"It’s big Mike all right."

"Hiya, Joe! I ain’t seen you since Chet made us look."

"Well, more’s the pity—when we did they grab you!"

"You want help you in here, long-time Mike?"

"Sure, sure. Anything you say. You’re nice to have with me."

"Well—f you finally put Mike Russo where he belongs."

"Yes—and I think this means the end of his activities."
You'll never see away with this.

Name—that's right, Mac—that eyebrow goes up a little there—yeah, now you've got it.

A clever makeup job, but you'll never lose anybody what about your... and gestures.

We're leaving care of that. Too, I'll show you what I mean?

The lights went out again.

I do not believe in capital punishment. I wish you an Englishman to have out man copy your system and manners, speaking cleverly.

A newsman of me.

Later that evening—two boats pull up near the island prison.

You're back late, Macdon. Why all the new guards?

I got a tip that there may be an attempted prison break tonight?

But once inside the prison walls, the new guards move fast and the scene is duplicated many times in the death house wind.

What's going on up there?

The prison guards are standing of their place and headed forward into the prison yard.

You guards, I'm gonna make this place my headquarters and you play ball with me and you'll be sitting on gold plates.

Not me? You can't make me, you'd have to do your own work.

The shot crashes through the silent night—
Murderers' row - where condemned killers await execution.

What are we gonna do about this guy boys?

Say one of the prisoners got a gun and is trying to escape shot the guy down. Let's get back to murderers' row.

Boy, just a precaution and say.

The big shot himself!

Major explains his plan to let the man out of his cell. He gives the man a gun and says he must get his job done.

Sure, well throw you in with the rest of the prisoners. Good luck. Where might I get out of here?

Just continue to act like a criminal. You know what will be okay.

And so it began - a week the city is shaken by a series of bold robberies.

After each robbery the criminals abandon their stolen cars and pile into a fleet of motor launches on the East River.

And soon make good their escape!

How did it go, boys?

We made a big haul tonight and those cops are still looking for us!
The next day a movie truck pulls up before a local bank...

We're going to shoot a scene here. A bank robbery will pull back the people...

Sure go right ahead...

The camera film a very realistic hero...

Looks like the real thing...

Meanwhile the police begin to the same conclusion as the Batman?

This looks a bit just too genuine! They're real bullets?

The Batman is going to do a little investigating?

Hey Charlie, he's shot-

this wasn't a real hero?

But even as the movie moves truck pants away, a matted police catapults forward!

I must be seeing things! The Batman?

Nothing wrong with your eyesight? It's all right?

Now about giving me a movie test?
The instant the car whizzes about a corner at breakneck speed, glimpsing the Batman from his perches.

And so later that day—

The Batman visits Commissioner Gordon—

Gus! Behind all this is impossible to prove you're wrong! I'll take you to the prison myself—

Perhaps it's because I'm THEM here—

The prison seems to be in order, harden—

Batman you don't seem very popular—

Batman—

The Batman job—

Batman's prisoner—

Hello, prisoner! How are they treating you?

Just can't you get those UIYXs off me, I gotta put them back on. Need those UIYXs to get to the police station ball—

As much Bumsie receives the winners—

Well—The Batman and Commissioner Dossesborr this is an honor—

Too bad I can't say the same—

Suddenly the Batman piano his keen cripin Roberts left—
Later - Outside the Prison Walls -

If Ra's al Ghul is wearing special shoes instead of his usual black suit, something's wrong.

Bats: I want to arrange to have him sent to jail.

He can use a **great** surprise for the **first** time.

Ra's al Ghul: planning a new way of bringing the **great** murderer to justice.

**Gates**

Ra's al Ghul: **My** henchmen, I wish to **warn** you...

**I Can Use Tougher Guy?**

You're a **killer**, aren't you? Maybe I can let you in on something else.

**Yeah?**

**I'm Ready to Talk.**

**Out of the Way, Punk!**

**I'm Up.**

**Here in China - I Like a New Ball When I Play.**

Sometimes later - in his own cell, the prisoner smiles.

**Under the clever makeup is the cunning face of Bruce Wayne, the Batman.**

I'm any way I've got to see what's going on - I'm waiting outside the prison walls.

Can't live my compact without a handle.

**An idea!**
The Batman waits till the right pitch comes along, and then——

**BOOM!**

A HOME RUN!

**A SMALL ROCKET DARTS TOWARD THE SHATTERING BALL AND CROWS—— IT! RACES AWAY!**

The Batman said his message would come over the wall some way—— THIS MUST BE IT!

**SHH, YOU GUYS—— YOUR ORDER! KILLER, THIS IS YOUR FIRST JOE WITH ME. LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO?**

**DON'T FORGET WE'LL SEE PLENTY BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OVER!**

One hour later—— 3 O'CLOCK——

THE FRONT WAREHOUSE

**COME KILLED, BUT THOSE MELTED?**

**WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHAT ARE WE STARRING AT ME FOR?**

**FEET— IT'S MELTING!**

**YOU'RE MELTING — IT'S MELTING!**

**WHAT ARE YOU MELTING THE TERRIFIC HEAT OF THAT LIGHT BULB STARRING UNDER MELTED IT?**

The Batman's hand darts swiftly to the light switch, and——

**WHERE IS THAT GUY? RIGHT HERE, CHUM!**

**THE BATMAN?**

**GET THE LIGHT ON SOMEBODY?**

Then plunging into the room is Robin—— the Boy Wonder.
Later when the Batman opens
the blazing oven.

A cell pal you put plenty of my boys in
your brother. Now you're going
to pay for it.

You've got to
me. I'm dead too, and
this state has no
electric chair. But
I'll be content with
seeing you kick off in a gas chamber!

What is this?

These fools! Not a man
of water! They
crackle, split, and
let off an
electric charge!

You're dead and with
no pain. But
please what
I'm gonna be
with you?

Oh, no
only one we
need. So maybe
but a unicorn death eh?

Right hah!
And I'm leaving.
You have your
last supper?

They
me do this?

Robin?

Oh no. You
last words, I
wish I had
a club,
Seltzer tablet?
I think they
are you
Stowachs's sister
me-

It is a solely disappointed,
Robin who is allowed to
get the Seltzer tablets.

Last words: Wish we
aren't ever going to see
each other again and all he
can ask for is stomach tablets;
I can't understand it.

Good old Seltzer tablet,
Notice Robin,
Now it hits the
water and
fizzes too,
Good for the
stomach this.

What's the
matter with
him, isn't he here?

Unless he's
trying to
send me a
message.

Batman gets his tablets?

Goodbye

Robin is led away from
the unconscious Batman.

Goodbye, Robin. Thanks
not the tablets.
I feel much
better. You
doubt take them sometime

too.
A steel door, a steel door closes—Robin has been put in solitary.

"Sorry—smart kid—let's see you get out of there?"

A bare steel room, a bare steel room, no vent in the door.

"There's no key but no keyhole, nothing but steel walls, wait, what's that?""Footsteps?"

Footsteps: The Batman marching toward his room—the cat "humans?"

Below, Robin grows frantic: "How can we escape from an escape-proof cell?"

"Get over, if I could only move that bolt outside—need a magnet for that magnet I've got—my belt—surely it's dynamite?"

Note: A dynamo consists of a magnet with wire around it.

Good thing dynamo magnets are the most powerful in the world. Now I move the latch like this."

Minutes pass—carnival balloons observe as their nemesis the Batman is about to get it!

"Oh, see we make Russo to end the career of the great Batman! Ha-ha!"

The Batman is still standing in the chair—can Robin escape in time to save the Batman?

Put the cyanide ends on the belt—let's all set about!"
The "boom" hit the water with a crackle - a fizz.

Won't look at him press against those stairs.

He knows as if he's going to jump right through them.

After five minutes the Batman's live body is observed along the floor.

This is a pleasure, I have waited for a long time.

May I have my seat back, please?

Thank you.

The Batman is alive.}

But - it can't be. I mean it can't.

Then out from another corner busts another mantle figure.
The manager, I believe, or can I be wrong? And it seems I am?

I'll pull him. Officer, you should have told me you had come. You seem to be in pain.

I believe I'll put you out of your misery.

I won't blast that guy in the eye?

As inmates and Phiney always charge forward again a wod of clothes thru the air.

Drop those guns or you're all dead men!

One more and I order these cyanide pills in the water, we'll die. All of us.

We'll drop our guns, won't we, boys?

Okay kid!

One thing why didn't you tell about the gas chamber? I saw the cyanide go down the drain. Drop.

And since the gas is colorless and colorless you couldn't tell it was real or not. I could have someone who knew with some pills before you.

Now we'll make up the real, Warren and Mark fans to this case.
B A T M A N

W I T H

R O B I N

**Batman and Robin sworn enemies of crime match wits with a sinister and clever master of the weapons of science. Who is this incredible figure glowing with unholy fluorescent light? Let us call him by that dread name which is to become so terribly familiar to all: Professor Radium!**

Can the dynamic duo cope with the strange weapons of the world of science? Can they defeat a man who must kill so that he may live? Here's the answer in the most amazing of all adventures called The Strange Case of Professor Radium.

A stranger request. 5 men at the city dog pound.

**The Perm**

The police say all right, we can deliver the dogs to your laboratory tonight.

**City Dog Pound**

Excellent. I want them as they are now—**dead**.
A hand shakes him...

Hey—wake up! You must have slept in that chair all night! And say, what are you starting around here? A dog kennel? Ha, ha.

Alive? The dogs are alive! Radium serum can repair protoplasm! I must submit a report to the directors at once! Next, I must revive a dead man—then I shall be famous!

Later that day, in the institute director's office...

Of course, not! We need another dog to live and prove my claim to truth...

A live dog could be substituted for a dead one. You found your life-renewing serum seems almost too good to be true!

For your excellent work in the past, we will not charge you with the theft of thousands of dollars of radium. But shall we instead ask for your resignation? Good day, Professor!
Bah! I'll show him what a true scientist is! A man who is willing to experiment on himself to prove to the world he's right.

Good grief!玫瑰是dead. What is this note?

I have deliberately taken my life so a copy of my serum will give it back to life again! The serum is on my laboratory table with instructions.

With feverish haste, Johnston injects the serum into the brave Professor and waits until.

He--He's moving! It's incredible but he's alive!

Amazing! The blood is completely free of radium.

I'm going home to prepare my paper explaining the experiment--I want to give it as a surprise on the director.

Later that day--

What a quick take on my brain--my spine structure in my laboratory--

A friendly sparrow lights on the Professor's hand to eat some crumbs and topples over--dead.

Ross--I examined that bird again and there are definite traces of radium.

Take your Cravats--why, he's--
Once in a dark laboratory, Jenny suddenly sees that the professor's body glows eerily with a green radiant light.

LOOK AT YOUR BODY! What has happened to me?

He's dead! I touched him—now I know what killed the rose, the sparrow, and now you! I have made myself a monster—a human radium ray.

Johnston, the police! You see? Oh!

the police? Yes—he dropped dead while working tonight.

No wounds! He's lost heart failure! Queer fellow! Leaving, I went to shake hands—he avoided it—

I might have killed the coroner. Had I touched him? I must find an antidote before I cause someone's death?

He works feverishly night and day, when—

I've got it! The antidote—my blood shows less radium activities after each injection. You tell will make me well again.
VD. 313 E1. 331 0. 3.

**It's horrible. I've changed back to radium again.**

I've no more Volutell Serum to make me normal. I must get Volutell but first I've got to make sure no one else will die.

He fashions a suit from a radium-led composition—a bar through which the deadly radium rays will not pass.

_It looks bizarre, but will protect anybody who might contact my radium-charged body. Now I can go after the Volutell._

**Volutell is an expensive drug. And he has used his funds on his experiments. That might, he fruitlessly enters a hospital's supply room.**

Only two. I'll need a much greater quantity.

**As the desperate scientist steals more and more Volutell, newspapers tell an amazing story.**

*In this city, radium thefts have skyrocketed!* 

_My name is Volutell. I have a radium business._

**Only a scientist would have any knowledge of Volutell. I have a hunch that maybe our mystery man will show up at Gotham Hospital tonight._

-Night. Two guards fail to swing through empty spaces.

_This is one way to get to the hospital unseen._

One way is as good as another.

I can slip past those guards easily enough and get into the supply room.

The Professor has remained hidden inside the hospital all day long.
But as the professor reaches for the you tell two mantled flames storm into the room.

Don't you know there's a law against stealing?

Uh?

In case you don't, we're here to impress it upon you.

Jail? I don't want to go to jail. I've got to escape.

The rear-mauldened professor hurls razor-edged surgical instruments at the charging Robin.

Why? This fellow is trying to give me a free operation.

Holy smoke! This baby is full of tricks!

Crash!
As boulders rush in the scientist climbs thru the window and descends the water pipe.

C'mon Robin - our little bird's trying to feed the crop.

Even as he drops, the spy wings clutch the Batman's ankle and hang perilously.

From the empty glowing hand emanates deadly radium rays that eat away the pipe and

I'm - I'm slipping.

Hold on, Robin!

This is the first time being a human radium ray helped me.

Meanwhile, the professor slips in through the open window on the floor below.

I don't want to do this but I have to.

And in the hospital basement - he makes his getaway.

I have the Volleyball - when I cure myself I'll tell the world of my discovery.
Meanwhile, the Batman swings Robin safely in thru an open window.

Okay Robin... let's go?

He sure disappeared... but he forgot the glove he dropped...

WHAT GOOD WILL THE GLOVE DO?

Nothing, but it may be a clue to our murderer, C'mon...

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

CRITICAL... Thnx, if the linear glove... don't leave any fingerprints... but this run on the arm of the OAuth.

The glove is turned inside out and now built powdered as he ripped over the tips!

Then a gelatin sheet such as photographic citrate paper, which has been fired and developed soaked causing the gelatin to swell... pressed over the marks, made visible by the lye oxide.

The paper is peeled and photographed quickly and behold... fingerprints of the criminal!
The Next Morning?

The injection of the serum I took has made me normal again. Now to see Mary and tell her about my great discovery.

Henry, darling! You look excited!

The most wonderful thing has happened, Mary!

But he does not notice the glow about his body growing stronger— as he leans forward.

Mary, you're going to be surprised— Mary!

The glow is back! The injection I took hasn't struck English— I killed her!

I've killed her— I killed her— help the police!

Police Commissioner Gordon's Office— where now he and Batman were hanging in hand.

These prints match those of a professor Ross— a civil service employee so the state has his fingerprints on file.

What about your mistress, Miss Lambert— killed by Professor Ross?

She can't be— why is he smiling?

You say, Miss Ebola, you had a sort of a glow about you?

A glow— ah— I suppose you mean a sort of aura?

Yes— sure— it was as if the whole band had lit up inside!
SOMETIME LATER—

You were right, Batman! That girl did go on internal radium burns.

Later that day Mr. Professor Ross returns to his home.

Police! I should have returned home sooner.

Good thing the radium is hidden.

Meanwhile, strange things have been happening. He is now known as Professor Radium.

I'm mad! Ha-ha-ha! I'm crazy! The cursed radium!

I need more youth!

My hair is falling out! The radium is beginning to break up inside my body!

I want to murder. Wait—what's the matter with me?

Not a sign of radium. And that blasted youth! Where did he hide it?

You tell him! That's what he needs. It's your brain! Your very brain. I've been waiting for his house. I think I'll go back there. That will tell the brain, and I will be waiting for him.

Police withdrawn from Ross home!

Police give up search for Professor radium.

And that very night—the sounds wait in the shadows.

Do you think he'll call for this stunt?

Well, see! Didn't I hear something?
So strong is the radium-charged body of the Professor that he literally tears his way through the door.

He races swiftly to his laboratory and dons his protective suit.

If I don't put on this suit, I almost have bit the dust. Luckily I've an extra glove to replace the one lost. Now the Volatile

The police never thought of looking in a book for it.

That's all I wanted to know. Let's take him Robin?

Check.

You fools! Die now!

Death-dealing radium rays rendered the Batman and Robin

But the bug remains unsheathed.

Yes, we're still alive! I made a transparent rubber composition that I sprayed over our bodies. Immune to the radium.

You haven't beaten me yet! hasn't

The madman readies and throws a dazzling beam at the ceiling chandelier.
The chandelier plummets down, slamming the Batman to the floor!

So startled is Robin by the sudden turn of events that he is caught napping.

And this should take care of you!

They recover quickly and chase after the escaping Magnan!

Professor Magnus scrambles up a side ladder.

Minutes later, the Batman and Robin leap aboard the ship.

I don't see him—do you?

No. Wonder where that bird has hidden himself.

Look out!

He's headed for the shipyard!

I don't see him—do you?

His there! Missed you but I won't again!

What what?
TAKING THE LIFT UP TO THE TOP OF A NEARBY CRANE, THE BATMAN CAREFULLY PICKS HIS WAY OVER THE FRAMEWORK OF A JUTTING ARM FROM WHICH A GIANT HOOK HANGS.

PROFESSOR TALU'S DOCTOR IS READY AND WAITING. EXPOSING HIS HAND, HE SENDS OUT SEARCHING BAYS THAT PULL THE CABLE?

--AND THEN PLUNGE BACKWARD INTO SPACE?

HE MUST HAVE SLUNG HIMSELF LIKE A LOPI, I MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO THE FIGHTING Physics AND RETURN IT TO THE HOSPITAL.

SOMETIME LATER --

WHEN THE PROFESSOR BUCHI?

I WAS THINKING -- HERE HAS A MAN WHO WANTS TO DISCOVER SOMETHING THAT WOULD GIVE LIFE TO PEOPLE IN PAIN. IN DOING SO DOD, HE CREATED FRANKENSTIEF, MONSTER THAT DESTROYED HIS OWN LIFE.

END.
Ever walk under a ladder and wonder what would happen? Even if it means a black cat crosses your path every seven years? Well, you are about to be introduced to a group of people who deny these superstitious and strange events. The Suicide Murders!

A sinister needle enters the body of a tiny doll—a hint to the identity and a lifeless body falls—gasp!
The villain exits laughing—and the curtain falls on the last night of a summer theatre tour.

Ha! Ha! Ha!

That was the best rehearsal I ever saw. We've got a good show!

I'm glad! This is the first play I've ever written and I want it to be a good one!

Yes...we're having a superstition-busting party tonight—won't get anything interesting pictures.

That night at the party Bruce Wayne is one of the invited guests.

Hello, Batman. Looks like you have another hit?

Not a hit, Bruce. But a publicity grab. It'll get by.

Say, how I come in for my share of introductions!

Bruce, this is...two years ago, the author of this masterpiece. Ha, ha!

Well, Bruce, how's the author of every hit in the theatre? Everyone's here including the photographer. Let's bust the superstitions.

As the leading actor...ahem...I will begin the proceedings.

Walking under a ladder is the first superstition that is violated?

Bad business going on, under ladders. Na' ha' ha' you have unsuspected talent, Andy!
Another superstition is broken! An umbrella is open indoors:

Frankly—no, I don't like it!!

Can't this run?

That's that.

That scream—it came from outside!

Outside? It was its own testimony?

The ladie... killed him... and he was the one who laughed as he walked under one a little while ago?

So ye thought ye knew everything? Let me tell ye that there are things which can't be rapped with an superstition in mind.
A few minutes later —

ACCIDENT — no, sir, I don't think so. It was murder.

He may have been in on it himself.

Well — that old codger isn't lying! That was no accident! It was murder!

In the laboratory, the photographer develops the party's pictures —

Later —

I GOT YOUR PHONE CALL — WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'M HERE TO SEE THAT GLASS NEAR THE BODY?

I'M HERE TO SEE THAT GLASS NEAR THE BODY?

ACCIDENT — no, sir, I don't think so. It was murder.

He may have been in on it himself.

Well — that old codger isn't lying! That was no accident! It was murder!

Meanwhile —

THEY THINK I HAVE TO BE CLEANED UP. ONE IS PICKED UP DEAD, THE OTHER IS POISONED.

YOU OUTLINED YOUR USEFULNESS —

HERE'S MEETING NO ONE'S MOVED ANYTHING?

THE BATMAN Survey, SQuently, over the hard-packed ground —

OUTSIDE THE THEATRE CAH, HE FINDS —

ANY HERE IT IS! LET ME SEE — IF THEY'VE KILLED HIM, THE MAN HAS BEEN MURDERED — POISONED BY PHOSPHORIC ACID!
A gloved hand snatches up the all-important glass—and then the unknown figure in blue disappears into the darkness.

He took the glass and went to catch him.

The changing Batman sees another moving figure.

There he goes and here comes another company.

A tremendous leap and the Batman's steel-like hands reach for his new quarry.

Batman whips off his hose hat and under the moon's light he reveals:

Now, Mr. Murderer. Let's see who you are.

How dare you? You cloaked bandit?

The noise of the scuffle approaches the members of the stock company.

The answer is definitely. Can anybody identify the man?

Of course! He was Matt, who was supposed to have played the lead in my play. But frankly he drank himself out of work. Well, we had to let him be!
In other years, however, had the glass...

That's right and I'm starting.

Sure, pick on me because I lost the party.

I've warned you.

Hmph!

While Batman searches Metz, one of the troupe phones the police.

Thanks, you saved my life. I want to see what this chap is concealing. What's this dramatic write-up of Paul Metz and no glass?

Dramatic cliff-hanger.

More pressure to an actor than his role. But the path to oblivion is breached.

Upon arriving, the police greet Batman.

By ginger, it's the Batman.

Fred Brooks was murdered, and I'm checking on the man for a clue.

Sorry, Mister Batman. But only ten minutes and we let him out of the house. Where is he confined to drinkin'?

The others are searched, but no glass.

Banks and Groves were in partnership in your studio. Seems to me that you are the one to profit most by his death. If I had any intentions of committing murder, I would have been more cleverly.

A cracking voice rips through the night air.

Mark my words, there'll be more murders. Only ignorant people abuse superstitions.

He means us?

You'll have to work fast to prevent. I wonder if the photographer's would say I've got it? Tomorrow night, I want you to see the photographer at the pictures. He snapped one of them may contain a clue.

Where's that? I'd like the picture, but you kept the negative.
A heavy crash followed by the rush of a falling body. Since Robin fairly flew towards the cabin?

Well, I'm not paying any more blackmail.

He looks like a idiot.

Milles by a microscope and the Batman says that this fellow was the one who blinded the mirror at the party.

As Robin flies over the leafless photographer, a fragment of glass tells a terrifying story.

Wonder if what?

So strong would kill a little boy? Or would he?

Hey, you--

Suddenly a pitch fork whistles past Robin's ear and saws its steel prongs deep into the barn beam.

Gearing an oath, the masked man just eases Robin to the door.

Dropped my knife. Got to get away.

Wait for baby "un?"
The masked man lets fly with another of the deadly steel-promised pitchforks!

This'll put so many holes in you, you'll be air-detonated!

A swinging bullet carries a package of human dynamite which explodes!

Ugh!

But Robin's adversary soon gets the upper hand!

I'll tear you apart!

Now to you?

Harsh my feet!!

The masked man suddenly moves back and aims a vicious kick but Robin is quicker!

losing his balance the masked man falls into the corn cleft from fleeing after in pursuit!

The masked man hits bottom, but Robin's speed carries him forward and onward.

Ollly, I could use some backup?

This is my chance to get away!
IT MIGHT BE THAT STAGE-HAND—ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT THE SUPERSTITION MURDERS—BUT MY ONE REAL SUSPECT IS BANKS. THE MAN IN THAT HE SEEMED TO PAY A FORTUNE FROM BROOKS' DEATH—YES, I THINK BANKS IS MY MAN!

NEXT DAY, REPORTER'S SWARM ABOUT THE THEATRE—BAM—

NEW, HELPER—THOUGHT YE W'LL BE A SON TO INTERVIEW US?

SURE, HELPER—SO THEY SAY I WAS SAVIN' PEOPLE FROM BEING SUPERSTITION MURDERS.

POLICE BAFFLED BY SUPERSTITION MURDERS!

DAILY—RAY

OLD STAGE-HAND PREDICTS MORE DEATHS WILL!

MEANWHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS—SOMEBODY SCREWS HAMMERS AWAY AT THE PRODUCER'S ALibi?

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT YOU AND BROOKS WERE PARTNERS, AND THAT UNDER YOUR CONTRACT, WHOEVER LEFT HIS SHARE TO THE SURVIVOR—WHO'S THIS WHAT WAS TO PREVENT YOU FROM KILLING THE PHOTOGRAPHER IF HE HAD A PICTURE SHOWING YOU AS THE ACT OF MURDER?

I KNOW THINGS LOOK BLACK FOR ME, BUT IF I WAS COMING TO COMMIT A MURDER, I WOULDN'T BE SO ENGLISH AND LET ALL THE EVIDENCE POINT AT ME?

HOW DO WE KNOW WE'RE NOT PULLING A DOUBLE BLUFF—that you are POINTING SUSPICION AT JOHNNY BLUM AND THAT YOU COULD WELL ABOUT YOUR INNOCENCE?
At the barn-theatre, scenery is going to the waiting truck—for tonight—the play opens in the city.

Well, chillum! What's the night to do in the front room, cheering? Do you think the new-undertaking will affect the sale of tickets? This play should never open—it's cursered.

There's your answer. My friend, the public always will be attracted to something with money over-town they probably hoping for another murder.

Hello, banks. Thought the police were holding you. They couldn't hold me. I got out on a writ of habeas corpus—holy smoke! Look at that crowd!

As the curtain rises, an odd scene takes place in one of the dressing rooms. Hurrah! Quiet, boy. You will be playing a starring role.

In the wings—as the invisible turns her cut...

I wouldn't want to be in your shoes—having to carry a black cat on the stage. Don't be dull; they are my favorites.

At that moment, a dart streaks from a box-tube...and impales it. Mob-rule into the black cats here.

I love cats—aaaah!—Good heavens!
A frenzied phone call brings the police and commissioner into the case.

This girl was poisoned!

Yeah, there's enough poison to kill a regiment on this cat's claws!

What are you doing here? I thought you got the gate for hitting the bottle!

They need more people for the part and I was given another chance.

That's it? You killed the first guy to get his part in the play.

Very clever, and tell me did you kill the piano to get her part?

His face confused - the commissioner turns on the producer -

AND YOU, BARKS? I'VE BEEN TOLD Mr. MADO'S BROTHER BECAUSE HE TOOK YOUR GIRL AWAY FROM YOU!

YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME!

I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU IN PRIVATE.

I FOUND A CLUE! BACKSTAGE AND I'M COMING BACK LATER, AFTER EVERYONE'S GONE, AND I KNOW I'LL FIND ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO CONVICT THE MURDERER.

LATER THAT NIGHT, BRUCE FINDS HIS WAY BACKSTAGE OF THE DESERTED THEATRE.

I HOPE MY PLANS WORK - IF I'M TO CATCH THE GUILTY FRIEND.

BUT HIGH ABOVE BRUCE'S HEAD, A KNIFE SUITS THE ROPE ATTACHED TO A METAL WEIGHT.

As the weight nautilis toward, Bruce Wayne-Robin flings forward!

Look out!
Robin punches Bruce Wayne from the edge of death.

Sorry to be so rough, but...

But you saved my life! Where are you going?

Sorry, but I have some unfinished business.

Unfinished? Eh! You're the one who's going to be finished.

At the top of the ladder, Robin takes a numerical blow!

Take this—wham!

Surprise you take this!

And here are some knuckles I don't need at the moment?

As Robin charges again, the masked man runs himself at a dangling rope.

Almost before the masked man's feet touch the floor, Brichmore hits announce the arrival of the Batman?

This is the end of the trail?

No, not yet!

The chase ends in the cellar.

Now you're cornered like a rat?
HA! Now for the final touch—

Seizing a red-hot poker, he lowers it to the swaying Batman!

This poker will go through you like it would butter!

NOT THE RAINING HANDS SUBMERGED WHILE ABOUT AND MEETS THE SMIRKING BATMAN!

But the JOKER with his small hands and more, as ever, is still at the swaying Batman!

THE BATMAN'S ROOT BENDS A SHOVEL HANDED AGAINST THE MARVELOUS MAN'S SHIN!

This should keep me intact a little longer!

OW!

HOW TO UNMASK YOU?

You—the author—I thought so. I told Bruce Wayne how to trap him, and you may as well admit your identity that you were after the movie rights to your play?

Yes. I was bargaining on the clause in my contract which rules if the play didn't last two weeks, all rights revert to me. The author

I spotted you when I learned that Hollywood offered you an enormous sum for your play.

Blast you! I almost won, but for you? I sold banks my play for a song—later, a producer offered me a fortune for the movie rights. I had to get those rights back—and I thought—would by making it seem as if fate were standardizing all those who had broken super-stations and to make the play close to get back my rights.

That explains why you killed the others. But then, with the play's principals out of the way, the show would have closed, clever and why not—

But why do you save me from myself in that drink? I knew this, I knew that I would have to kill the plasticman, because he had smashing evidence and I knew no one would suspect me if I had just saved the life of the nation's leading plastic fighter!

I did it to put myself in a good light. I knew that I still had to kill the plasticman. He stood to gain the most from the death of his partner.

And I knew that all suspicion would fall upon the producer, because he stood to gain the most from the death of his partner.

Police, summoning by robin, come in as the author ends his confession.

Commissioner, the curtain is falling on the last act of the sensational murder!
One night, as Bruce Wayne and his young ward Dick Grayson listen to the radio, they are startled to hear...

Dick: Listen...

Batman and Robin were once...
Let's see those orders from Washington.

The Batmobile rockets to Washington.

The President leads a great triumphal procession into the city as the people cheer wildly.

I want to see Batman and Robin.

Let me up! Now, Batman.

Rah rah! Rah rah! Rah rah!

Hurray!

I missed you, Batman. But I'll get you again some other time.

Now, I see the twin terror of all criminals—Batman and Robin.

It's indeed a pleasure to meet you two.

Robin, and I can never hope to be as thorough as you are.

Why, sir! I am not going to be idle.

The President himself tonight orders the nation's police force to bring in the Joker.

As the crowds nation listens—

Tonight the capital is still talking about the brazen attack of the Joker.

The menace of the Joker must be stopped with.

Who is this terrible menacing figure? Can it be—yes, it is—The Joker.

The Joker disappears from view moments later. However, police appear.

Not a trace of him?

We'll find him, I'm sure. If we have to turn this country upside down?

No, we're not going to be idle either.
AND SO BEGINS THE GREATEST MANHUNT OF ALL TIME AS ONE GREAT RISING CITY SWEEPS ACROSS THE COUNTRY LIKE A PHENOMENAL FIRE. "THE JOKER?"

WE'RE GOING AFTER THE JOKER? NOT JUST GOING AFTER HIM WE'RE JOINED TO GET THE JOKER THIS TIME.
A SMALL TOWN SOMEWHERE IN NEW JERSEY:

GOOD PUBLICITY STUNT! HALF A MILLION DOLLARS IN MAIL FOR THE ACTORS AND STAGE HANDS!

GOOD PLAY IN NEW JERSEY. THE JOKER APPEARS AS THE LEAD CHARACTER. CONCERNS DURING OPENING NIGHTS.

STRAIGHT FROM THE LENDERS: A PLAY AND FIRST NIGHT OF OUR LIFE!

THE JOKER JUST TOLD US HE'S GONE TO NEW JERSEY AND TAKES WHEREVER WELL PICK UP HIS MAIL "MON"!

WHAT'S IT MEAN?

THE JOKER'S LAUGH AT YOUR EFFORTS YOU HEAR ME "LAUGHY" HAH HAH!

IT WAS STATION BIZ IN A SHORT DISTANCE FROM HERE? I'LL HEARD RIGHT FOR IT!

GONE! THE JOKER'S GONE!

BUT WHEN THEY ARRIVE THEY FIND THE JOKER IS NOT THERE.

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!

THE JOKER'S NOT HERE!
That night the strangers walk the streets of the city—Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson.

The Joker has certainly given us the slip, hasn’t he?

Sort of. We'll take the chase up again in the morning. Meanwhile, we can relax by seeing that play.

Hm? Those aren’t your lines, Doc.

Shut up! I’m auditioning! I’m acting out this play in my own way—never the same. Please?

Suddenly the gangster pays at his face under clever makeup is the taunting, grinning face of the Joker.

One false move and I’ll show you this is no fake machine gun—but a real one that shoots real bullets!

Look! The Joker—here C’mon, has got a fortune in gems!

A split second later, the outer clothing is discarded and they are revealed as Batman and Robin!

Here we go again, Robin?

On the silken rope the Batman and Robin swing over the audience.
AHH! BATMAN AND ROBIN? I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

AND NOW I THINK IT ONLY FITTING I GREET YOU WITH A BANG-UP WELCOME. NOT ME!

THEIR TRAINED BODIES CLIMB THE PLUNGE WITH THE OLD AEROBAT CRAFT STUNT OF ROLLING OVER AND OVER AS THEY HIT THE FLOOR!

EVEN AS ROBIN STARTS TO RISE, THE JOKER LEAPS FORWARD AND MAKES THE BOY'S HEAD WITH A SAVAGE BLOW!

AH---AHH! STAY BACK, BATMAN! ONE FALSE MOVE FROM YOU OR ANYBODY HERE AND THE BOY DIES!

YOU!

THE AUDIENCE VIEWS A DRAMA MORE TENSE THAN ANY SET PLAY ON THAT STAGE!

KEEP BACK...I WARN YOU!

THEN AS THE JOKER REACHES THE DOORWAY HE ACTS SWIFTLY---HE HURSES ROBIN FORWARD.

AND NOW---YOU MAY HAVE YOUR PRECIOUS ROBIN!
A HAIL OF LEAD WHISTLES OVER THE BATMAN'S HEAD AS HE OPENS IN PURSUIT OF THE JOKER?

AND ONE OF THEM HAD I SPOKE TO MAKE YOU A FREE-JOINT MASSAGE?

NOT TOO CLOSER.
BATMAN MAY GIVE YOU A HUGE HAIR CUT YEAH?

WITH A SNAP, THE CAR LEAPS AWAY --

AND A SHRIEK, BATMAN MAY MAY?

LAUGHING HYENA! WHERE ARE YOU MRS. DIGNON? I WONDER?

THE SECOND CLUE!

WOA-WOA -- SAY WHERE'S THE JOKER?

SOMEONE TOOK IT. IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA HAVE A ROUNDABOUT FESTIVAL LET'S GET STARTED!

TWO DAYS LATER, IN 1790, THE JOKER SLEEPS OUT THE OLD CRIMES --

I HOPE YOU GENTLEMEN ARE NOT INTENDED TO TURN ME IN FOR THAT REWARD.
WE'RE OUT FOR BIGGER STAKES.
JOKER -- YOU'RE WORTH MILLIONS TO US!!!

AN IDEA WORTH A MILLION MILLIONS?
SPEAK ON GENTLEMEN, YOU INTERPRET ME.

THERE'S A JEWELERS CONVENTION TO BE HELD ABOUT 200 MILES FARTHER IN A BIG CITY --

SOMETHING LATER --

THAT'S SOME PLAN YOU FIGURED OUT HAH! HAH!

TAKING THESE ITEMS WILL BE A BREEZE NEW --

A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF ITEMS -- HAH --
ENJOYING MYSELVES AMONG YOU! HAH HAH!

YESMATTER IF IT A MERE HOHO! HEE

A SPECIAL BUS IS TAKEN TO ALL THE REPRESENTIVES OF THE JEWELRY SHOPS THERE. THERE'LL BE EYES ON IT. HE MUST FIND A WAY TO GET THOSE JEWELS THESE MEN WILL BE ARRESTED!
And that night a man toils tirelessly on the main highway.

And how did the stripe still here? Ha, ha, ha!

What was that? Sounds like a smash-up ahead. Who's better to investigate?

Two mantled shapes draw near to a man who bends over the twisted wreckage?

First I'll black out part of the highway strip.

The night drivers focus their headlights on the white stripes in the middle of the highway and just follow it.

And now I'd continue the stripe till where? Ha, ha, ha!

Some distance back, a specially chartered jeweler's convention bus hurtles through the black night.

Look how dark it is! How do you bus drivers manage to drive on the highway on this sort of night?

The reverberating crash reaches the ears of the two occupants of another car on the same highway.

That's interesting. Look out--!

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
WHAT? THE CAR'S MOVING THE OTHER WAY BACK WHERE IT STARTED!

YOU'LL DROP RIGHT INTO MY HANDS ON JOKER'S

THE ANSWER, GENE, HAS DISCOVERED FROM THEひ and pulled the switch that will send the car back with the Jokers in it.

LATER - THEY FIND THE THIRD CLUE

KANSAS CITY! IF IT WERE THE JOKE'S NEXT MOVE IT WOULD COMMUNE WITH THEM...

THE BATMOBILE HITCHETS THEIR STEADY STATE AFTER STATE ON THE TRAIL OF THE ELUSIVE JOKER?

BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED BATMAN AND ROBIN CAN RECOVER FROM THIS UNEXPECTED MOVE THE JOKER MAKES HIS DEPARTURE.

The Batmen and Robin cling to the panel when starting whooshed them upward.

CALLING ALL CARS? THE JOKER HAS BEEN ENTERING A HOUSE ON THE 72 CONCOURSE AVE.
The Batman heard a noise and the suspicious dwelling surrounded by police.

"So the Joker's in there?"

"Yes, and this time we're going to get him!"

With the police chief and an assistant, the Batman and Robin were safely up the Chicago stairs.

But as the men sprung on the 30th floor—a sudden blinding flash—and an invisible hand moves them back to shockproof unconsciousness on the floor.

Minutes later, a large group rises to its unsteady feet.

"What happened?"

"Don't touch that! You'll get another electric shock. The Joker woke up an electrically charged dummy to fool us the first time!"

Later...

"That's been puzzling me for a long time. At the first clue he left here, the "new" has been carried out of New Jersey! Only one explanation..."

New Jersey End Kansas Holy Swamp! What a mess! I've been busy; I've not had the answer now!"
The Joker writes a list of the Clues:

Look what the letters of each state spell out after we cross it — "New York" and "Delaware"!

And add the "Island" of Rhode Island. The statistical maniac has spelled out his name across the country instead of going to Delaware as he expects us to.

I know. We're going to Rhode Island, and he'll be one jump ahead of him.

Two days later...

Hat, hat! I'm timing will stop at the Fray Hotel. At Providence, Rhode Island. It is rumored that with him the Joker named one of the largest in the world.

Providence, eh? I'll be there and away before the Batman. The diamond is mine!

Fray Hotel! The Joker’s knuckles rap sharply on the door.

Come in?

You, the Batman? Also, I want the Batman reversed. I know if I used a diamond as bait in the newspaper, your bite — and you died.

I'm not caught yet, Batman. Not yet.

But you soon will be, brother. You soon will be!
WITH THE BATMAN IN PURSUIT, THE JOKE RACES TOWARDS THE HOTEL—UNTIL HE FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED ON THE MARQUEE—

THE JOKER WALKS TO THE MARQUEE AND DROPS IN THE TOP OF A CAR THAT MOVES FROM THE HOTEL—

HA-HA—STILL LAUGHING BATMAN—BUT...HU-HU-HU—

As the cars move through the heavy traffic a mad chase begins and the speeding vehicles...

YOU CALLIN' JUST A LITTLE SOON, MY FRIEND. YOU MADE A NICE MOVE—BUT I THINK I CAN MATCH IT."

JA-HA! GOODBYE, BATMAN!

JOEY— IN CASE YOU'VE FORGotten THERE'S ANOTHER BIT OF TERRITORY THAT I'LL BE IN. IT'S ALCatRAz—YOU'RE THROUGH!

AND IN ALCatRAz HELL...

I G0 OUT OF JAIL ONCE BEFORE AND I'LL DO IT AGAIN— THERE'S NO JAIL THAT CAN HOLD THE JOKER!