When the evil fascination of gambling seizes that mad buffoon, the Joker, no ordinary stakes can satisfy him! Nothing but a bizarre game for life or death can content the clown prince of crime. With Batman and Robin as his opponents in a fantastic -

"Gamble with Doom!"
A HIDDEN ILLEGAL GAMBLING HOUSE...

LADY FORTUNE SMILES ON THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE!

THIRTEEN WINS AGAIN

HA, HA, WHO SAID THIRTEEN WAS UNLUCKY?

IT'S SURE LUCKY FOR YOU JOKER!

YOU'VE BROKEN THE BANK!
YOU'VE WON EVERY CHIP IN THE HOUSE!

TOO BAD! IT ENDS MY WINNING STREAK!

LATER, AT THE JOKER'S UNIQUE HIDEOUT...

LEWIS, I'M GOING TO PLAY A SUPER-GAME.
BATMAN WILL BE MY OPPONENT AND REAL LIVES WILL BE THE STAKES!

THAT WOULD BE SUPERT-GAMBLING BOSS!
MENINES AFTERWARD, AN BEBE, GLEN SCABS GOTHAM CITY'S NIGHT SKY.

BRUCE—THE BAT SIGNAL!

PRESENTLY, IN COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE...

TIME FOR US TO FIND OUT WHERE DICK GRAYSON AND BRUCE WAYNE AND BECOME—BATMAN AND ROBIN.

THIS MAN LEWIS CLAIMS TO HAVE VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR YOU.

I'LL TAKE YOU TO THEM—IF YOU PROMISE ME THE REWARD.

LET'S GO! THAT RADAR IS BADLY NEEDED.

LATER, A POWERFUL SPEEDBOAT HEADS OUT TOWARD A SMALL ISLAND...

BATMAN, THE RADAR THIEVES ARE HIDING IN THAT HOUSE.

BUT INSIDE THE ISLAND MANSION...

THE JOKER! THIS IS A TRAP!

HAHAHA, AND NOW I'LL SPRING IT!

A NEW TWIST—JACKPOT HITS MAN!

BONG
AFTER THE DYNAMIC DUO RECOVERS FROM THE
STUNNING TRICK...

HERE ARE THE RADIUM THIEVES—BRENN AND LANE. I CAPTURED
THEM—but they had buried
THEIR RADIUM LOOT ELSE
WHERE?

GEE, BATMAN,
IF WE'LL KNOWN
THAT WAS HOSPITAL
RADUIM WE WOULDN'T
HAVE STOLEN IT.

IT'S NO
DEAL.
JOKER,
I NEVER
GAMBLE!

BATMAN I'LL GAMBLE
WITH YOU FOR THESE
TWO AND THEIR RADIUM
SECRET!

THE FRND! I'LL
HAVE TO BET MY
SKILL AGAINST HIM!
TO SAVE THREE
LIVES AND THE
RADUM!

WIN THREE TIMES AND YOU WIN
THEIR LIVES AND THE RADIUM
SECRET! IF YOU LOSE, THEY
DIE!

BUT I TOLD YOU
I HATE
ALL GAMBLING!

REFUSE AND I'LL FINISH
THEM AND ROBIN NOW.
AND YOU loose THE
HOSPITAL'S RADUIM!

SOON—THE DIABOLICAL GAME OF DEATH BEGINS.
FIRST WE'LL HAVE A GAME OF
SUPER-PINBALL! ROBIN AND
THESE TWO THIEVES WILL
BE THE "BALLS" IN THIS GAME.

THE "PINS" ARE LIVE WIRES! AND
EACH PLASTIC BALL IS WIRED—
IF IT TOUCHES A "PIN," THE
MAN INSIDE WILL BE
ELECTROCUTED/START
PLAYING, BATMAN!
Aiming with precision, Batman releases the great plunger and the plastic sphere with its human prisoner rolls up the giant pinball board!

But the second human 'ball' lane... ha, ha! Lane will roll back into a pin. He's doomed!

You win with the first 'ball' lane, Batman! Now try the second with Drew in it.

If Robin's acrobatic skill fails him...

Batman, shoot me out on the board, quick! I can knock Lane into safety.

Using his acrobatic agility, Robin rolls inside the sphere to change its course.

Just missed that one! And if I miss Lane...
ON THE GREEN LAWN OUTSIDE THE GRIM JESTERS GAMBLING PALACE.

ROUND TWO. BATMAN: NOW WE'LL SHOOT DICE FOR THE MEN'S LIVES AND IF YOU BET WRONG THEY DIE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

FRIENDS' DICE GAME!

PICK THREE NUMBERS. ROBIN AND THE TWO CROOKS WILL BE CHAINED TO PEGS IN THEM, AND THE HUGE DICE WILL CRUSH ONE OR ALL IF YOU BET WRONG.

NOW THAT THE DICE ARE IN THE CUP, TOUCH THAT SWITCH AND THE MOTORS WILL SHAKE THEM OUT?

IF MY FIGURING WAS WRONG, SOMEONE WILL DIE.

HE'S GETTING MUD ON THE RIGHT HAND EDGE OF THE DICE! IT SHOULD MAKE THEM SWERVE TO THE LEFT!

I CHOOSE 4, 6, AND 11.

MADE IT!

THEY'RE SAFE.

YOU WON THIS GAMBLE, BATMAN, BUT THERE'S ANOTHER GAME TO PLAY NOW.

FINALLY—"SAFE"—AFTER MISSING THE DEADLY "PIN" BY A HAIR'S BREADTH...
The dice roll! We'll see now who loses.

They're coming right at us! We'll be killed.

No Batman wouldn't let us down.

The dice are swerving.

My calculations were right—The weight of the mud on their edges made the dice swerve.

You win again, Batman! But we gamble once more for these three lives and the radium!

Whew! That was too close. A gamble for me.
IN A FANTASTIC ROOM OF THE JOKER’S MANSION...
WHAT GAMBLER'S TRICK HAVE YOU IN MIND NOW?

ONE OF THOSE PLAYING CARD PANELS IS A REMOTE-CONTROLLED DOOR. THE THREE ARE LOCKED IN...

AND DEADLY GAS IS DUMPED INTO THE SEALED ROOM. TURN ON THE GAS, LEWIS.

AS THE FATAL FUMES HISS INTO THE CHAMBER OF DOOM...

TOUCH THE RIGHT CARD, BATMAN, AND A SECRET DOOR IN THERE WILL OPEN. IT'S THEIR ONLY CHANCE OF ESCAPE!

ONLY ONE CHANCE IN DOZENS.

ONCE AGAIN, THESE LIVES HANG ON BATMAN'S CHOICE. WHICH CARD WOULD THE JOKER USE FOR THE SECRET DOORS?

CHOOSE QUICKLY. THE GAS IS OVERPOWERING THEM.

THE JOKER CARD. HE'D FIGURE I'D AVOID THAT. BUT USING IT WOULD APPEAL TO HIS MAD HUMOR! I'VE GOT TO RISK IT!
A quivering hand touches an ominous card.

...and the hidden door of escape swings open.

Batman guessed right—quick before the gas over comes us.

**Joker,** I've won the three gambles for the thieves' lives and the radium. Are you going to stick to your bargain?

**Not yet!** You and I have only one final gamble to make.

You're going to gamble for your own life now—against mine!

I should have known you'd ring in an extra trick.

Meanwhile... not so fast! You three are going back in there! So the Joker is welshing on his gamble! I might have known it...

**Hate to slam the door in your face, but—**

**Force back through the door again!** Suddenly slams it...
—YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOCKED, LIKE THIS!

HA! I TAKE ZERO THE HOUSE NUMBER! AND NOW I'LL START THE MOTORS!

IF THAT MASSIVE METAL BALL FALLS IN YOUR SLOT, IT WILL KILL YOU! IF IN MINE, IT WILL KILL ME!

ROUND AND ROUND SPINS THE GREAT WHEEL, WITH LIFE THE PRIZE AND DEATH THE PENALTY.

THIS WIRE ALONG THE SIDE MUST "FIX" THE WHEEL! IF I COULDN'T TEAR THEM OUT.

HA HA! YOUR NUMBER NEARLY CAME UP THAT TIME.

THE FINAL GAMBLE IS ON THIS ROULETTE WHEEL—YOUR LIFE AGAINST MINE!
BUT A SWIFT SNATCH AS THE WHEEL WHIRLS... THAT DOES IT! AT LEAST THE WHEEL IS HONEST NOW.

HE'S WRECKED MY CONTROL OF THE WHEEL! THE BALL NEARLY HIT ME!

LIKE ALL GAMBLERS YOU'RE CROOKED AND YELLOW AT THE END.

I COULD BE KILLED! I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS!

HA, HA! I KNOW WHEN TO QUIT GAMBLING!

ROBIN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES, AND I GOT THE RADIKUM THIEVES OUT SAFELY.

YOU DIDN'T QUIT SOON ENOUGH!
WE'LL RESTORE THE BURIED RADUUM AND SURRENDER TO THE LAW.
THAT'S GOOD. BUT THE JOKER IS GETTING AWAY.

SWIFTLY PURSUING...
MAYBE I CAN STILL WIN.

AN AMBUSH. ROBIN'S LEAP TO THE RIGHT!

MISSED THEM! THAT WAS YOUR LAST GAMBLE, JOKER!

I'LL TAKE ONE MORE CHANCE!

IF YOU JUMP YOU'LL DROWN.

THIS IS MY BIGGEST BET.
NO SIGN OF HIM. HE MUST HAVE DROWNED!

MAYBE! BUT WHEN IT COMES TO THE JOKER BEING DEAD— I'M NOT GAMBLING ON IT.

THE END.
This is the story of Bill Jordan, an ordinary boy who dreamed of living a life of thrills and danger. But a cruel fate ruled that Bill's dreams were not to come true—that he was doomed to a dull and unexciting life in a museum—until he crossed the path of Batman and Robin and learned that he, like them, was 'born for adventure.'
BILL JORDAN ALWAYS DREAMED OF BEING AN EXPLORER. AS A BOY, HE WOULD RISK HIS NECK TO CLIMB A DIZZY CLIFF.

DURING SUMMER VACATIONS, BILL HUNTED WILD GAME IN THE NORTH WOODS.

A MOOSE—AND A BEAUTY!

I HOPE OLD MAN EAGLE UNDERSTANDS THIS IS JUST A FRIENDLY VISIT.

THE YEARS ROLLED BY, AND THE OLDER BILL GREW, THE MORE HE DREAMED OF FAR-OFF PLACES.

BORNEO—TIMBUKTU—THE CONGO—SOME DAY I’LL EXPLORE THEM ALL.

ON THE DAY OF HIS GRADUATION FROM GOTHAM UNIVERSITY...

I’VE TOLD REX LAMARR ABOUT YOU, JORDAN. HE MAY TAKE YOU ON HIS NEXT AFRICAN TRIP.

I’VE READ ALL ABOUT YOUR EXPEDITIONS, DR. LAMARR. I’VE ALWAYS HOPED TO MEET YOU.

NO KIDDING, PROFESSOR. BOLLY?

YOUR CREDENTIALS ARE FINE, JORDAN. IF OUR DOCTOR PASSES YOU, YOU’RE ALL SET.
In the office of the expedition's doctor, all is well—till an electrocardiograph test is made.

"But there can't be anything wrong with my heart!"

"Hmm. Not so good!"

"I'm afraid there is, Bill. No excitement for you!"

"It's a shame, but the doctor is right!"

My career's over before it's begun. I've wasted years getting ready for—nothing!"

"Your training won't be wasted, son. I'll give you a job here in the museum!"

"It will be almost the same work you'd do in the jungle, except for the tusk!"

"Not the same, but thanks! I'll do my best!"

"Days later, as socialite Bruce Wayne and his young ward, Dick Grayson, take a stroll..."

"Some museum, Bruce! Zoo, botanical garden... what will Lamarr find in Africa that isn't right here?"

"Cataloging the African section, Jordan? It's an important job!"

"Not very thrilling, though! I wish I had been the man to discover these trophies!"
MIKE! ... HE'S ALIVE—BREATHING NORMALLY—BUT UNCONSCIOUS!

BATMAN--THE TRANSON'S SMASHED!

A LUCKY SHOT CAUSES THE CAPED CRIMEFIGHTER'S DOWNFALL!

WHAT--?

NO TIME TO FINISH WITH THE SAFE! THE COP'LL WAKE UP ANY MINUTE!

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY—TILL WE MEET AGAIN!

FANCY A CHILD OPPOSING THE GLOBETROTTER, WHO HAS ELUDED THE POLICE OF THE WORLD!

HOW DO YOU LIKE SWALLOWING YOUR WORDS ON AN UPSET STOMACH?

MIKE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

A MOMENT LATER

JIGGERS THE BATMAN!

YEAH! SORT OF DIZZY, BUT I'LL PHONE IN FOR HELP! Those GUYS BEAT IT INTO THE PARK!
IN A STRETCH OF PARK BEHIND THE MUSEUM
THINK HE LOOKS SUSPICIOUS?
ANYBODY PROWLING IN THE PARK RIGHT NOW?
SUSPICIOUS UP YOUGO.

HUH?
BATMAN.
EASY—I'M NO CROOK. MY NAME IS BILL JORDAN AND I'VE BEEN WORKING LATE AT THE MUSEUM.

SO ROBBERS ARE HEADED THIS WAY? I THOUGHT I HEARD A COMMOTION OVER NEAR THE ZOO. ANIMALS CAN SENSE TROUBLE.

OH, BROKEN TWIGS—AND FOOTPRINTS POINTING TOWARD THE MUSEUM.

NO JUNGLE ROVER COULD TRAIL MORE EXERTLY THAN THIS.

AS A STUDENT OF NATURAL HISTORY YOU SHOULD KNOW.

IT'S THE ZOO WATCHMAN—UNCONSCIOUS AND BOUND.

HE'LL REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS SOON, BUT WE CAN'T WAIT. WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK, ANYWAY.

AND AT THE MUSEUM—TIE THE GUARD AND TAKE HIS KEYS! THEY'LL SEARCH THE PARK—BUT WHO'LL THINK OF LOOKING FOR US INSIDE HERE?

WHAT'S MORE, WE CAN LOOT THE PLACE.
IN THE MUSEUM'S VAST "HALL OF PREHISTORIC LIFE..."

THESE STUFFED DUMMIES ARE ALL GLARING AT ME... IT GIVES ME THE WILLIES...

LET'S NOT GET JITTERY. WE'RE AS SAFE AS IF WE WERE ON A DESERT ISLAND...

OHHH-I CAN'T SHAKE OFF THE FEELING THAT IT'S JUST ABOUT TO GRAB ME!

YOU!! IT'S GOT ME!!

HUUH? WHERE'D ME COME FROM?

CAVEMEN NEVER USED GUNS—AND NEITHER SHOULD YOU!

I'LL FIX THIS ONE—UHNN!

JOEY, I TOLD HIM TO KEEP OUT OF THIS! HIS HEART WON'T STAND IT.
NEXT MOMENT...

LOOK OUT—ROBIN' THAT JAS—UH—HH...

YOU SHOULD HAVE LOOKED OUT FOR YOURSELF!

HA-HA! JUST LIKE THE OTHER CUMMIES, NOW WHAT?

SHOOTING IS THE OBVIOUS THING—BUT I'M TEMPTED TO LET BATMAN SURVIVE TO REMEMBER HOW THE GLOBETROTTER DEFEATED HIM.

HMM...

BATMAN WOULD NEVER FORGET BEING TIED TO THAT THORN BUSH—AND ROBIN'S NOT MUCH BIGGER THAN THOSE PYGMIES...

I'VE GOT AN IDEA...

LATER WHEN THE SINISTER EFFECTS OF THE PARALYSIS GAS WEAR OFF...

WHAT? I'M HOLDING BACK A BOWSTRING—WITH A POISONED ARROW AIMED STRAIGHT AT BATMAN!

JUST SO YOU WON'T TRY TO ESCAPE—WHICH WOULD MEAN LETTING GO OF THE BOW STRING!

DON'T STRUGGLE BATMAN—IT WOULD BRING DOWN THE PTERODACTYL, TIGHTEN THE NOOSE AND KILL YOUR FRIEND!

OF ALL THE DIABOLIC TRICKS—
IF YOU ALL KEEP VERY STILL, SOME ONE WILL RELEASE YOU IN THE MORNING!

AND BY THEN YOU'LL HAVE LOST ALL AND BE PARTED.

WHEN THE VILLAGERS HAVE GONE IN SEARCH OF BOOTY...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, BATMAN! ESCAPE AND TRAP THOSE RATS IF YOU CAN! I'M LIVING ON BORROWED TIME ANY WAY.

NONSENSE, WE CAN THINK OUR WAY FREE.

I'LL MOVE AS MUCH AS I CAN WITHOUT RIPPING MYSELF TO BITS ON THESE THORNS, ROBIN AND YOU AIM FOR MY NOSES WITH THAT ARROW.

BUT IT'S POISONED! ONE SCRATCH WOULD KILL YOU.

QUICK! IT'S LIKE BEING IN A HAYSTACK FULL OF NEEDLES.

I CAN'T MISS... MUSTN'T MISS!

UNCERTAIN LIGHT, A SHIFTING TARGET... EVERYTHING SEEMS TO CONSPIRE AGAINST SUCCESS AND YET.

IT—IT WORKED! YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW SCARED I WAS BATMAN.

NOT HALF AS SCARED AS I WAS.

FREEDOM FOR BATMAN—BUT MUST IT BE AT THE COST OF BILL JORDAN'S LIFE?

BE RIGHT WITH YOU, JORDAN.

KEEP BACK. NO SENSE IN RISING YOUR EYE AGAIN.
THE DEADLY SPEARS STRIKE—AND ARE FOILED!

THAT DOES IT!

WHEN NO ONE EVER HAD A CLOSER CALL EVEN IN THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE.

A NASTY COUNCIL OF WAR FOLLOWS...

MY HEART'S HOLDING OUT FINE SO FAR. DON'T KEEP ME OUT OF THE REST OF THE PARTY.

I WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT! KNOWING THIS PLACE YOU SHOULD HAVE SOME IDEAS ON HOW TO TRAP THE GLOBETROTTER.

PROBABLY WE'LL GO AFTER THE FAMOUS JEWELLED IDOL KWADIAN.

I'VE SEEN IT ALL RUBIES, EMERALDS AND JEWELLERS.

SAVAGES BELIEVED IT HAD THE POWER TO CHANGE MEN INTO ANIMALS! THAT'S SILLY OF COURSE.

IS IT? I'VE READ OF STRANGE THINGS HAPPENING IN THE JUNGLES AND I HAVE IDEAS OF MY OWN ABOUT SOME OF THEM! HMM.

JORDAN LEADS THE WAY TO THE MUSEUM'S BOTANICAL SECTION, WHERE EXOTIC BLOOMS EXHIBIT A HEAVY FRAGRANCE.

LIKE A BOUQUET IN A NIGHTMARE.

THIS SHRUB IS CALLED SATURA FASTUOSA AND BELONGS TO THE AFRICAN BRANCH OF THE SOLANACRAE, OR NIGHT SHADE FAMILY.
In another part of the vast building, the villains have already found the grotesque jeweled idol.

These rubies shine like there was a fire inside...

Anybody could make a monkey out of me, with gems like this. And speaking of fire, look—smoke. It smells funny. Makes me feel funny, too...

Monkey did I say?... Monkey? Chrrrr! Chrrrr!

Now you're acting like a donkey.... Huh? I'm getting dizzy...

It says here that the idol changes people who don't respect it into animals of all kinds.

Cut it out, you gorillas!

Cheep cheep!

Gorilla... Arrrghhh....

Hee-haw!
WITHIN THE REBEL'S HOLLOW SHELL, WHERE ONCE SAVAGE WITCH-DOCTORS CROUCHED

MY TRICKS GOT ALL OF THEM! YOU'LL FIND THE MONKEY AND THE DONKEY FAIRLY REASONABLE— BUT NOT THE GORILLA!

I STILL SAY IT'S BLACK MAGIC JORDAN!

CREEP! CREEP!

FIRST TIME I EVER HAD A CROOK EATING OUT OF MY HAND!

THE BIG FELLOW LOOKS AS IF HE'D LIKE TO EAT ME!

ARHHHHH!

HE THINKS HE'S A GORILLA AND WANTS TO WRESTLE!

BUT THE MANLY ART OF BOXING IS MORE MY STYLE?

UH HHHH...

IT'S ONE OF NATURE'S MOST AMAZING TRICKS! WHEN YOU BURN THE NATURA FASUOSA DRUG, ITS SMOKE DRUGS MEN SO THEY THINK THEY'RE ANIMALS! WITCH DOCTORS USE THIS TRICK OFTEN!

FROM NOW ON, I GUESS, THIS EX-GORILLA WON'T DO ANY MORE GLOBE TROTTING THAN I WILL.

NOT AS MUCH! SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'RE GOING TO DO PLENTY, JORDAN.
IN THE MORNING...

YOUR EXPERIENCE BEATS ANY I'VE HAD IN THE JUNGLES, BUT HOW DID YOUR HEART STAND IT, JORDAN?

I'VE A THEORY ABOUT THAT LAMARR.

IT'S BATMAN'S THEORY TOO! HE THINKS THE DOCTOR'S EQUIPMENT WASN'T WORKING RIGHT.

INCREDIBLE! BUT I'LL CALL HIM.

MINUTES LATER...

I CHECKED THE MACHINE! IT WAS OUT OF ORDER. I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, JORDAN.

NEVER MIND THAT DOC. I JUST GAVE IT ANOTHER CHANCE AT ME - IF YOU'RE SURE IT'S OKAY NOW.

YOUR HEART IS PERFECT.

YOU'RE IN, LET ME BE THE FIRST TO CONGRATULATE YOU - THEN YOU CONGRATULATE ME.

A FEW DAYS LATER...

GEE, MR. WAYNE. I'M LUCKY AND I OWE IT TO YOU - AND TO BATMAN AND ROBIN.

BUT MOSTLY TO YOURSELF, JORDAN. YOU WERE BORN FOR ADVENTURE, YOU COULDN'T DODGE IT IF YOU TRIED.

I CERTAINLY ENVY HIM.

TOUGH ISN'T IT HAVING TO GO BACK TO OUR HUM DRUM LIFE AS BATMAN AND ROBIN, HERE IN GOTHAM CITY WHERE NOTHING EVER HAPPENS.

Your favorite crime busting team - BATMAN AND ROBIN also appear in DETECTIVE COMICS and WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
Suppose one of your ancestors was thought to be a thief... but you didn't believe it? Suppose you wanted to prove your ancestor's innocence—even if it meant playing detective a hundred years back in time? Impossible, you say? Then brace yourself... for one man did just that; that man was Bruce Wayne—alias the Batman! Yes, crime marches backward as Batman plunges across the chasm of time into a world of yesterday to become... "The first American detective!"
IN THE PALATIAL HOME OF SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE ... (IN REALITY, THE BATMAN!)
GUESTS VIEW THE PORTRAITS OF BRUCE'S ANCESTORS...

QUITE A FAMILY BRUCE WHO'S THE ROUGH RIDER?
WINSTON WAYNE HE FOUGHT BESIDE TEDDY ROOSEVELT NEXT TO HIM IS GENERAL HERIOMER WAYNE - WAR OF 1812!

AND WHO'S THIS? SILAS WAYNE! HE WAS A PHILADELPHIA SILVER-SMITH AND ... UH ... A HIGHWAYMAN!
SO, THE FAMILY BLACK SHEEP? T'1ST T'ST SCANDALOUS, OLD BOY, HA! HA.

LATER BRUCE STANDS ALONE WITH HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON...
ODD HOW HE RESembles YOU BRUCE ...
YES, SOMEHOW I'VE ALWAYS FELT A BOND BETWEEN US AS IF WE'D MET ... IN THE PAST

HIGHWAYMEN WERE HANGED IN THOSE DAYS, BUT SILAS WASN'T! THAT'S ALWAYS PUZZLED ME!
MAYBE HE WASN'T GUILTY...

BUT I GUESS THAT'S SOMETHING THAT NOT EVEN BATMAN CAN PROVE

WAIT A MINUTE WHY NOT? PROFESSOR NICHOLS CAN SEND ME BACK INTO THE PAST AS HE'S DONE BEFORE! DO YOU WANT TO COME ALONG, DICK?

SO THERE YOU HAVE IT, THE MOST AMAZING DETECTIVE CASE OF ALL TIME AS BATMAN OF THE YEAR, 1947 ATTEMPTS TO SOLVE A MYSTERY OF THE YEAR 177X!
LATER...
WAIT, SUPPOSE... YOU PROVE SILAS WAS A HIGHWAYMAN?

WELL... THEN AT LEAST I'LL KNOW THE TRUTH.

SOON... IN A DARKENED ROOM...
THE PRESENT IS FADEING... YOU ARE GOING BACK... BACK TO ANOTHER CENTURY...

THEN... THE SENSATION OF RUSHING THROUGH DARK SPACE... AND ABRUPTLY... THE DAYLIGHT OF PHILADELPHIA IN THE YEAR 1789?

THIS IS IT!

SUDDENLY... THE CLATTER OF HOOFES... A HORSE CRY...

STAND AND DELIVER!

HIGHWAYMEN!
DO YOU THINK IT'S SILAS?

IF IT IS—WELL, FIND OL' AS BATMAN AND ROBIN!

GOLLY!

OUTER GARMENTS DISCARDED, THE DYNAMIC DUO TACKLES THEIR NEWEST CASE—DECADENCES BEFORE THEY WERE BORN!

UM... I AM UNMOUNTED AND UNSTABLE.

AND YOU'RE UNWARY.
SUDDENLY IRAZE CITIZENS POUR FROM HOUSES...

HIGHWAYMEN AGAIN! THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK

BUT WE STILL HOLD THEIR MASKED COMRADES. TO THE PILLORY WITH THEM

THE OTHERS GALLOP OFF

NO... YOU'RE WRONG...

CERTAINLY IN THEIR WILDEST DREAMS THE CRIMEBUSTERS NEVER EXPECTED THIS

RELEASE THEM. THEY ARE NOT BANDITS. THEY FOUGHT AGAINST THE HIGHWAYMEN

IT'S DOCTOR BEN FRANKLIN!

BEN FRANKLIN—SCIENTIST, WRITER, STATESMAN... ONE OF THE MOST RESPECTED MEN OF HIS DAY!

COMING GALLOPER... I WILL BE RESPONSIBLE! RELEASE THEM!

GOLLY, IT'S NOT EVERY DAY WE GET BEN FRANKLIN FOR OUR LAWYER!

BUT DOCTOR, EXACTLY! FROM THEIR COSTUMES, IT IS OBVIOUS THEY ARE MERELY STROLLING ACTORS
LATER... FREE AGAIN!

DOCTOR FRANKLIN, WE'RE NOT REALLY ACTORS.

I KNEW THAT, BUT YOUR EYES SHOW HONESTY! IF YOU WEAR MASKS YOU MUST HAVE A GOOD REASON.

DOCTOR, WE FOUND SILAS IN HIS SHOP WEARING THE MASK AND CLOAK OF THE BANDIT LEADER.

SOMEONE DRESSED ME THIS WAY. I WAS CLUBBED.

Perhaps you were dazed from the blow this stranger batman struck.

DO YOU DENY STOLEN SILVERWARE BEARING MY FAMILY CREST IS IN YOUR SHOP?

NO, BUT SOMEONE PUT THE SILVER THERE TO INJURE ME.

IF SILAS IS RIGHT SOMEONE CAME THROUGH THE BACK ENTRANCE TO PLANT THE SILVER. LET'S LOOK.

A FOOTPRINT... IN THE MUDDY SPOT NEAR THE WELL. GET SOME CASTING PLASTER FROM THE SHOP ROBIN - OUR WORK HAS BEGUN.
As they return, a lovely girl darts forward...

Silas, beloved... do not address this treacherous dog.

You call me that, you who were once a tory?

Silas, I must go now. My mother's heart is broken.

Ohh... this excitement, I feel faint.

Moments later... in a house opposite Silas' shop...

He dares call me a tory... that commoner! It was the so-called commoners who fought for freedom. You forgot the Revolution is won!

I cannot forget they burned our lands because I was a Loyalist but now I have money again soon we sail for England.

I do not know how you got this money Henry... but I remain here... as an American citizen.

Suddenly—The Liberty Bell rings again—warning of a new danger!

Fire! Fire! No more time for eavesdropping! From the looks of that fire equipment they'll need manpower.
ABRUPTLY, A COACH DRAWS UP AND...

QUICK! WE SET THE FIRE TO DRAW THE CROWD FROM HERE!

INSIDE LEADER, WE COME TO RESCUE YOU!

THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT AND THE COACH RATTLE AWAY.

SO SILAS REALLY IS A HIGHWAY MAN!

I'VE DEDICATED MY LIFE TO CATCHING CRIMINALS—AND I'LL CATCH HIM—EVEN IF HE IS MY ANCESTOR!

LOOK! APPARENTLY SOMEONE'S EXPERIMENTING WITH BALLOON FLIGHT. HISTORY RECORDS THE FIRST FLIGHT IN 1793.

SO OURS WILL BE OFF THE RECORD. THERE GO THE WEIGHTS. WE'RE RISING.

NOW WE'LL SEE WHERE THE COACH GOES—FROM THE AIR!

HERE IT GOES—HEADING FOR THAT OLD WINDMILL.

A TOUCH OF THE AIR-VALVE—GAS Hisses OUT—AND THE GIANT BAG LOWERS QUIETLY AND UNSEEN.

CAUGHT YOU OFF-GUARD, EH, GUARD?
INSIDE THE MILL, VOICES COME FROM BELOW

WHY DID YOU BRING ME HERE? I'M NOT YOUR LEADER!

NATURALLY, IT WAS OUR LEADER'S PLAN TO "RESCUE YOU SO PEOPLE WOULD BELIEVE YOU WERE!"

ROBIN, THOSE LAST WORDS WERE LIKE A BUGLE CALL!

SOUNDING OUT YOUR ANCESTOR'S INNOCENCE!

AND HOW!

NICE STUNT! I'LL REMEMBER TO USE IT AGAIN SOME TIME.
GOING SOME PLACE?

WH-WH! I GAVE UP! I GIVE UP!

TALK! WHO IS YOUR LEADER?

NONE OF US KNOWS. HE IS ALWAYS MAIGRED AND MUFFLED IN A GREAT CLOAK!

THAT IS HIS ACCOUNT BOOK. HE LISTS OUR LOOT IN IT.

HMMM-MM. THE MYSTERY MAN GOT INK ON HIS THUMB AND LEFT A PERFECT FINGERPRINT.

ABRUPTLY, BATMAN CONCEIVES HIS PLAN...

ROBIN, WE'LL PUT THESE BANDITS IN THE WILLOREY—AND THEN I'M GOING TO PLAY A HUNCH!

LATER

I'M TRULY SORRY, MY BROTHER IS OUT! HE HAS GONE TO THE WHARF TO BOOK SHIP'S PASSAGE.

PUTTING OUT IN A SMALL BOAT THE DUO ROWS TOWARD AN AMERICAN MAN OF WAR.

QUITE A SHIP!

AND QUITE A FLAG!
HELLO, HENRY! WE'VE JUST COME FROM THE WINDMILL!
OH, M... SO YOU GUSSSED!

YOU'LL FIND I'M NOT THE SOFFISH FOOL YOU THINK I AM... NOW... ONE QUICK TUG OF THE TRIGGER....

BUT BATMAN TUGS FIRST—AT THE PENNANT LINE!
WHAT...??

THE OLD FLAG WAS ONLY THIRTEEN STARS IN IT—BUT YOU'LL SEE MANY MORE.

THAT'S JUSTICE—A TRAITOROUS TORY CAUGHT IN THE FOLDS OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

LATER... A SECRET MEETING AT THE HOME OF BEN FRANKLIN.
NOW DOCTOR FRANKLIN... I'LL PROVE THAT MAN IS THE LEADER OF THE HIGHWAYMEN! FIRST, THIS CAST I MADE OF THE FOOTPRINT BEHIND SILAS' SHOP.
Removing the Tory’s boot, Batman indicates the obvious similarities. Every marking matches! This proves Henry Gant put his own silver in Silas’ shop!

That is no proof that I am the highwayman! No, but your fingerprints will prove that.

What are fingerprints?

Remember, this is the year 1787. And fingerprints were not officially used in criminal identification until 1903.

On our fingers are millions of tiny pores that form a pattern in a specific ridge and furrow design?

Hmm-mm, but is it not possible for two people to have similar fingerprints?

According to a mathematical check, it’s been shown that there is only one chance in sixty-four million.

Doctor Franklin, this is witchcraft!

I learned long since that people cry “witchcraft” when they are ignorant and afraid of knowledge.

Presently, the newly-inked print and the highwayman’s print on the account book are viewed.

The prints are identical.
THE REAL VILLAIN MAKES A BREAK FOR IT.

A NICE TACKLE, SILAS!

A NICE PUNCH, BATMAN!

SILAS, I'VE A FEELING YOU SUSPECTED HENRY WAS THE HIGHWAYMAN!

YES, BUT I KEPT SILENT FOR MARTHA'S SAKE. THE DISGRACE WOULD HAVE KILLED HER MOTHER. NOW, WHAT SHALL I DO?

YOU MUST MARRY MARTHA TONIGHT AND GO TO NEW YORK. I WILL SAY YOU WERE PARDONED. HENRY WILL RETURN HOME, A FREE MAN—ON THE PROMISE THAT HE SAYS NOTHING OF THIS TO HIS AILING MOTHER.

YOU WILL SHOW MY LETTER EXPLAINING YOUR INNOCENCE TO MARTHA WHEN HER MOTHER DIES—BUT ONLY THEN.

I WILL HIDE IT—AND SOME DAY—TRUTH WILL SEEK THE LIGHT!

AS SILAS LEAVES, SUDDENLY BATMAN REMEMBERS... WE ALMOST FORGOT TO FIND WHAT WE CAME FOR! THE PROOF! SILAS! WHERE WILL YOU HIDE THE PROOF?

AND THEN—EVERYTHING'S GETTING DIM—SLIPPING AWAY.

LISTEN—I CAN HEAR THE LIBERTY BELL AGAIN... FROM A LONG DISTANCE...

DONG! DONG DONG.
ATMAN

STAR-SPANGLED

COMICS

THEN — THE SLEEPING AWAKENED — IN 1947!

THE LIBERTY BELL AND THAT CLOCK RINGING ACROSS THE YEARS!

LATER — HOME AGAIN!

WE SOLVED THE MYSTERY BUT WE DON'T HAVE THE PROOF OF SILAS INNOCENCE.

OUR CLUE IT'S BEEN UNDER OUR NOSES ALL THE TIME! THE LATIN MOTO ON THIS ORIGINAL FRAME — THE TRANSLATION, TRUTH WILL SEEK THE LIGHT!

CAREFULLY BRUCE REMOVES THE RIBBON OF WOOD, REVEALING A HOLLOW IN THE FRAME AND INSIDE —

SILAS WHO DIED SUDDENLY OF PNEUMONIA AT THE AGE OF 30 — HE DIED BEFORE MARtha'S MOTHER... AND HIS SECRET DIED WITH HIM!

SOMETHING THAT LETTER! BUT WHY DIDN'T MARTHA GET TO KNOW ABOUT IT?

NO, THIS LETTER IS A HISTORIC DOCUMENT — NO DICK — NOT OUR TROPHY ROOM!

SO PROOF OF SILAS WYNNE'S INNOCENCE GOES WHERE ALL MAY READ IT! THE FRANKLIN LETTER COMES TO REST IN A GREAT MUSEUM!

KNOW YE ALL MEN, THIS IS TO VOUCH FOR THE HONESTY AND INTEGRITY OF SILAS WAYNE SILVERSMITH...

THE END

See Robin the Boy Wonder Smash Crime Singlehanded

Each Month in STAR-SPANGLED COMICS