January/February
TWENTY-TWO
CENTS

The
PERIL-PACKED
INSIDE STORY
OF

The Origin of

Bat-Man

A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE

Special!

JUNE...JULY
TEN CENTS

DC
UNDER NIGHT'S PROTECTING DARKNESS, A FELINE CREATURE CREEPS STEALTHILY INTO THE WOMEN'S PRISON!

WITH THAT UNERLING INSTINCT ALL ANIMALS POSSESS, IT SEEKS OUT ITS MISTRESS — THE NOTORIOUS CATWOMAN!

HECATE! I KNEW YOU WOULD FIND ME! NOW... I'LL REMOVE THE SKELETON KEY AND GAS CAPSULES. I'LL ALWAYS KEEP IN YOUR UTILITY COLLAR...

TO SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, THE NEWS IS A CALL-TO ARMS!

AND SOON AFTER... WHAT... UHHHH... HA! HA!

I REPEAT: THE CATWOMAN HAS ESCAPED JAIL!

WE'D BETTER GET OUR BATMAN AND ROBIN COSTUMES READY.

RIGHT! WE NEVER KNOW HOW SOON WE'LL BE NEEDING THEM WITH HER ON THE LOOSE.

DAYS PASS AND ONE AFTERNOON, AS THE CATWOMAN VENTURES FROM HIDING...

HIMPH! SHE'S WEARING A SHORT SKIRT! SHE DOESN'T HAVE THE NEW LOOK!

SOMEONE SHOULD TELL HER TO READ FASHION MAGAZINE!

HIM-MMM! SINCE I'VE BEEN IN PRISON, THE STYLE HAS CHANGED! FASHION MAGAZINE? THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA...
ONE MONTH LATER, A NEW WOMEN'S FASHION MAGAZINE MAKES ITS BOW...

ONE MONTH LATER, FURRIER A. J. NIXON HAS A CALLER...

MR. NIXON, I'M MADAME MODERNE, PUBLISHER OF DAMSEL. I'VE CHOSEN YOUR MINK COAT AS "THE STYLE OF THE MONTH."

WELL, I'M HIGHLY FLATTERED!

THAT NIGHT— AS BRUCE VISITS A FRIEND, A RADIO EXECUTIVE.

STICK AROUND! WE'RE GETTING THE SET READY FOR DAMSEL MAGAZINE'S TELEVISION FASHION SHOW!

OKAY. WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE NEW LOOK!

SOON AFTER, HOME TELEVISION SCREENS SHOW THE VIDEO COMMERCIAL...

ALASKA HAS ITS GOLD, BUT POSSESSES AN EVEN GREATER TREASURE IN ITS PROUDEST FUR—ALASKA MINK!
As the fashion model pivots for the television audience, suddenly...

In the studio...

EEE!

Who let that cat in here? Oww!

Oww!

Ooowrrrr!

Grrrr!

Meowrrrr!

Oww!

In the excitement, Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson shed their everyday garb to become once again—Batman and Robin the Boy Wonder!

Unnoticed...

I'm not a catfish but I can fish for mink!

Ha ha!

The catwoman! Another one of her tricks to create confusion while she pulls a job!

Batwoman and Robin! I can't let you capture the catwoman on a catwalk! So I'll shoot out the lights!

Because only a cat can see in the dark! Yow!
BATMAN

But the television audience sees the Batman recover, spin his silken lasso and...

Yahoo! Go get her, Batman!

What? A fashion dummy?

Later Madame Modern arrives.

Oh, Mr. Nixon, I just heard the terrible news. Somehow I feel responsible!

It's not your fault, the Catwoman robbed me! Batman made a good try to stop her, but she tricked him, too!

Suddenly Madame Modern throws her arms around Batman's neck and...

Dear Batman,

Is it the fashion? My dummy? I'm a dummy!

Madame Modern

Mmmm!
WHY WHAT WAS THAT FOR?

JUST MY WAY OF SAYING THANK YOU FOR TRYING TO HELP POOR MR. NIXON, AU REVOIR!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, I LOSE A $0,000 FUR COAT AND SHE KISSES HIM?

AND IN HER ROOM, MADAME MODERNE...ALIAS THE CATWOMAN...IS A HAPPY BAND TO.

NICE GOING, HONEY YOU STOLE A MINK COAT AND A KISS FROM THE BATMAN.

TWO DAYS LATER AT THE HOME OF WEALTHY MRS. VAN TYLER.

YOU MEAN DAMSEL HAS ACTUALLY CHOSEN MY DIAMOND NECKLACE TO BE FEATURED IN AN ARTICLE?

THAT'S RIGHT! NOW WE'D LIKE TO PHOTOGRAPH IT.

AND WHILE THE CAMERAMAN KEEPS MRS. VAN TYLER BUSY...

NOW I'LL JUST WET THE BOX WITH THIS CHEMICAL AND WHEN SHE REPLACES THE BOX IN THE SAFE IT WILL START TO DRY OUT SLOWLY AND RELEASE A SLEEPING GAS.

JOE, SUPPOSE WE TAKE A SHOT OF MRS. VAN TYLER WEARING IT!

SURE SHE'S PHOTOGENIC.

YOU WANT A PICTURE OF ME, HOW CHARMING!

VERY MUCH PLEASED, THE DOWAGER REMOVES THE NECKLACE FROM HER WALL SAFE...
That night... As Mrs. Van Tyler opens her safe again to put away her rings for the night...

Ohhh... I suddenly feel faint... Uhnnn.

Soon after... A police call goes out to the famed Batmobile...

Calling Batman! Go to the home of Mrs. Van Tyler! Calling Batman!

Moments later...

And while I was in a faint, the safe was opened and the Catwoman stole my necklace! That wicked woman she left this drawing of herself.

The necklace I wish to much better on the Don't you agree?

Later... Batman reveals his first clue to Robin!

See my sketch! That's the usual way an artist draws the normal human figure—seven heads high! But it's obvious the Catwoman's sketch is nine heads high!

Only a fashion artist draws the human figure that long, to flatter the female figure in advertisements.

I get it. Mrs. Van Tyler mentioned Madame Moderne's visit. That could mean the Catwoman is Madame Moderne!
NEXT DAY SOME OF
GOTHAM CITY'S MOST
FASHIONABLE WOMEN
RECEIVE ENGRAVED
INVITATIONS

DAMEL MAGAZINE
INVITES YOU TO AN INSIDER PRIZE SHOWING OF
DAMEL'S FASHION EXPO.

AND IN HER LAIR,
The CRIME QUEEN
EXPLAINS TO HER
4 RELIGION.

SO YOU SEE, MY
MAGAZINE HAS ANOTHER
USE - TO GET THE WEALTHIEST WOMEN IN GOTHAM
ALL TOGETHER IN THE SAME PLACE AT THE SAME TIME.
AND ALL
READY FOR PICKIN' AT THE SAME TIME.

NIGHTFALL... AND
BEJEWELED SOCIETY
WOMEN FLOCK TO
THE FASHION
EXPOSITION...

GIANT
NEEDLES... WHALE'S
SCISSORS... AND A
HUGE SEWING
MACHINE.

NOW, AMID THE GIANT REPLICA
OF SEWING EQUIPMENT, A
STRANGE BATTLE IS TO TAKE
PLACE!

SUDDENLY... A PURRING
VOICE...

GOOD EVENING!
AND NOW, LINE UP PLEASE...
AND HAND OVER YOUR
VALUABLES!

IF THERE'S ANY
STICKING TO BE
DONE, I'LL
DO THE NEEDLING!

YEAH...
THIS IS A
STICK-UP!

NOW, AMID THE GIANT REPLICA
OF SEWING EQUIPMENT, A
STRANGE BATTLE IS TO TAKE
PLACE!

OKAY, JOE... LET'S GIVE
NOSEY A
HAIRCUT!
SNUFF!!

Missed!

Suddenly another figure swings into view!

I can use this thimble!

Ardon, my lisp, but this isn't as thimble as it looks!

Then the catwoman springs like a lithe jungle cat.

If I can reach the top, I can spring to the balcony and get away!

Instantly Batman spins the handwheel of the giant sewing machine, and the sudden vibrations set up cause the catwoman to lose balance...
NET RESULT: ONE CAPTURED CATWOMAN!

BUT THE CATWOMAN BARES HER GLEAMING CLAWS!
OUT OF MY WAY, BRAT BEFORE I SCRATCH YOUR EYES OUT!

YOW!

THEN BATMAN SWINGS INTO ACTION.
THE ELECTRIC SWITCH QUICK, ROBIN—THROW THAT CLOTH OVER HER!
CLICK!!

INSTANTLY THE NEEDLE IS IN MOTION... SEWING THE FLAMING CATWOMAN WITHIN A TIGHT CLOTH SACK!

ONE BUNDLE READY FOR DELIVERY—TO THE NEAREST JAIL!

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE—EH? BATMAN?

AND SOMETIME LATER...
YOU'RE SO INTERESTED IN FASHION I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE THE NEW LOOK IN PRISON STRIPES!

OOGHHH!
Batman on the Chain Gang: That's the terrible ordeal he voluntarily faces -- for only by making himself a shackled prisoner could the lawman learn the secret behind a series of daring robberies! How does Batman survive the brutal terrors of a cruel, outmoded penal system ... from which death is the only escape?

For the startling expose, read "The Chain Gang Crimes!"
Far from Gotham City, Batman and Robin are busy on a new case, along a local sheriff in another state...

Robin: If the "Whiskers Mob" strikes again tonight, they won't expect us around.

I hope we can stop them. Sheriff Tobey says those bandits disappear like ghosts after each job.

Suddenly...

Heelp... the Whiskers Mob... slugged me... my head... whew!

The ship company's Night Watchman? Maybe the gang's still there. Come on!

Inside the huge propeller manufacturing wing of the ship company...

This leads to the safe where they keep the dough.

That leads to jail.

Batman and Robin!

A hanging prop becomes a shield as Batman acts boldly.

Very clever! Instead of masks, you thugs wear phoney whiskers!

And as for Robin, the boy wonder...

This propeller touches the one they're standing behind, so if I can hit it...

Ow! Oof!

It will spin the other prop around... like this!
ABRUPTLY A CAR SHOOTS UP THROUGH THE WIDE DOORS...

HERE'S OUR BUS LET'S LAM!

PILE IN GUYS!

EVEN AS THE BANDIT CAR SPEEDS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT ANOTHER VEHICLE DRAWS UP...

I HEARD SHOTS WAS IT THE WHISKERS MOB?

RIGHT SHERIFF START AFTER THEM BEFORE THEY DISAPPEAR WE'LL FOLLOW IN THE BATMOBILE!

BUT THE CHASE IS SHORT LIVED...

THE THUGS HAVE DYNAMITED THE BRIDGE WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE BACK ROAD TO CATCH THEM!

LATER... SOMEWHERE ON THE HIGHWAY NO SIGN OF THEM!

I WONDER IF THEY TURNED DOWN THAT SIDE ROAD?

NOPE IT LEADS DIRECTLY TO THE COUNTY PRISON CAMP THAT'S ONE PLACE CROOKS AVOID ESPECIALLY SINCE WARDEN BELTT TOOK OVER!

THE NEW WARDEN IS HARD AND SO ARE THE MEN HE'S DETURIZED AS PRISON GUARDS NO CROOK WOULD GO NEAR HIS CAMP WELL I'LL SEE YOU LATER ON.

WHEN THE SHERIFF HAS GONE BATMAN'S KEEN EYES NOTE METALLIC GLINTS REFLECTED BY ROBIN'S FLASH

SLIVERS OF MANGANESE BRONZE THE SAME METAL USED BY THE SHIP COMPANY N MAKING PROPELLERS!

THE SHAVINGS MUST'VE STUCK IN THE GANG'S CAR TIRES AT THE PLANT AND DROPPED OFF WHEN THE BANDIT CAR TURNED HERE.
BUT THE TRAIL LEADS DOWN THE PRISON ROAD. I CAN'T TELL ME THE CROOKS ARE HIDING OUT INSIDE THE PRISON.

NOT UNLESS THE WARREN AND THE GUARDS ARE IN LEAGUE WITH THEM. HUM. THAT MIGHT EXPLAIN HOW THE MOB ALWAYS DISAPPEARS. BUT HOW COULD I GET PROOF?

BATMAN PRESS A SECRET BUTTON AND A FLAP SWINGS DOWN INSIDE THE BATMOBILE, REVEALING AN INGENIOUS MAKEUP KIT. IF BATMAN ENTERED THE PRISON, THE WARDEN WOULD BE SUSPICIOUS... BUT HE WOULDN'T SUSPECT A PRISONER!

LATER...

THE SHERIFF IS BUSY CHASING THE WHISKERS MOB. SO HE ASKED ME TO DO HIM A FAVOR AND DELIVER THIS PRISONER TO YOU.

Huh? Okay, Robin... thanks!

A NEW ONE, WARDEN. LOOKS SOFT. WE'LL HAFTA TOUGHEN HIM UP.

THAT'S SO, YOU'LL REMEMBER. I'M WARDEN HERE. GUARD, GET 'IM MEASURED FOR A ZEBRA SUIT.

STRIPED SUIT AND LEG IRONS--THE COSTUME OF PRISONER 45B ON THE CHAIN GANG!

LIKE YER NEW ANKLETS? MAYBE YOU'D LIKE YER INITIALS ENGRAVED ON 'EM. HAW!
INSIDE THE PRISON BARRACKS. EMACIATED MEN STARE WITH DEAD EYES AT THE NEW CONVICT.

ANOTHER ONE, POOR SOUL!

WELCOME TO OUR OWN LITTLE DEVIL'S ISLAND, BROTHER.

UGH! I CAN'T EAT THIS MESS! WHAT IS IT?

MUSH AND PORK PATE? YOU EAT IT THREE TIMES A DAY, OR YOU STARVE. TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

LATER... PRISONERS ARE HERDED INTO TRUCKS... CHAINED IN LIKE ANIMALS!

WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

ROAD GANG WORK I HOPE YOU'VE GOT A STRONG BACK - YOU'LL NEED IT.

PRESENTLY, HEAVY ROAD CONSTRUCTION LABOR BEGINS UNDER THE FIERY SUN WHILE BRUTAL GUARD'S SHOUT WHIP-LASH COMMANDS...

YOU! LIFT THAT HAMMER! POUND THOSE ROCKS!

I... I CAN'T... I'M SICK... MY STOMACH...

HERE'S A SURE CURE FOR YOUR STOMACH - A GUN BUTT!

WHY, I'LL... HOLD IT, HUH... YOU'LL GET USED TO SEEING THINGS LIKE THAT AROUND HERE.

LATER... HOW COME THAT BUNCH WEARS BALL AND CHAIN?

WARDEN'S ORDERS! THEY'RE KILLERS! THEY EVEN HAVE TO SLEEP IN A SPECIAL SHACK NEAR THE GUARD HOUSE!
BATMAN

That's one of the Whiskers Mob whose false beard dropped when I socked him. H'mm... I wonder how heavy that ball really is?

With a precision aimed swing of his hammer, Batman sends a loose rock hurtling at the metal ball...

Ooops! Sorry pal... I slipped! Hey!

Dented! If it were really a heavy iron ball, that rock couldn't have budged it! It's hollow aluminum painted black.

Meanwhile, the sheriff unexpectedly phones the warden...

... so have your guards keep their eyes peeled in case the Whiskers Mob passes your camp.

Right by the way... I got that prisoner you sent over yesterday!

Stop ribbing me, helt! You know I never sent over any prisoner! (Click)

Later... when the truck returns to prison camp...

That's the guy. Bring 'em to the guardhouse.

Continued on third page following...
ATMAN

When consciousness returns...

Talk you ain’t no convict. You came here to snoop. Who are you, mister?

They don’t know I’m Batman! That’s a break, maybe I can bluff my way out of this jam.

The disguised Batman rips at a wide strip of flesh colored skin tight tape covering his chest...

I’ve got my credentials under this little hiding place I’ve been carrying around with me.

The sheriff sent me here. If I’m missing he’ll know you’re responsible.

Are you kiddin’? I happen to know the sheriff doesn’t know you’re here. This is something you’re doing on your own hook...

HAW! HAW!

Then he unfolds the latest scientific miracle—a costume made of new plastic material so fine it can be folded into a thin packet.

Suddenly, one of the convicts interrupts...

Boss, it’s getting late! We gotta get started on that oil field payroll job.

Okay, get going! When you guys return, we’ll decide what to do with Batman. Meantime, he can’t go far with them leg irons on.

And now the real purpose of the ball and chain is revealed:

Yeah—too bad Batman’s leg irons don’t slip off as easy.

Course ours are made a little big for our feet...

HAW! HAW!
THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT... AND BATMAN IS ALONE WITH THOUGHTS OF ESCAPE.

I REMEMBER READING ABOUT A CONVICT WHO ESCAPED BY SAWING THROUGH IRON BARS WITH HIS WOOLEN SOCKS. MINE ARE WOOL. IT'S WORTH A TRY.

NOW... WITH THESE STRANDS I'VE UNRAVELED FROM MY SOCK, I RAKE THE HARSH WOOL OVER THIS LEG IRON....

AS THE FIRST IRON PARTICLES WEAR AWAY FROM THE LEG RING, THEY ADHERE TO THE STRANDS, PROVIDING AN ABRASIVE FOR CUTTING.

IT'S WORKING, NO WONDER INMATES IN MOST PRISONS ARE REQUIRED TO WEAR COTTON STOCKINGS THESE DAYS.

HOURS LATER, BATMAN STANDS ERECT, UNSHACKLED.

DOOR BARRED, NO UTILITY BELT ON THESE TIGHTS! HOW DO I GET OUT OF HERE?

TWO LIVE BATS UP IN THE RAFTERS! IF I COULD TRAP ONE AND LET IT OUT THROUGH THE IRON BARS ON A STRING.

SOON AFTER... FROM HIS VIGIL IN THE HILLS, ROBIN'S FIELD GLASSES BRING HIM A STARTLING CLOSEUP.

A BAT-SIGNAL FROM BATMAN! HE NEEDS ME!
Later... a long branch is brought into play.

Mind if I visit awhile?

Before the astounded guard can act Robin completes his mission!

Come on, Batman... let's see how good you are at running!

If we're going to win this race we've got to slow up the opposition! Now... let's go!

As the Dynamic Duo is swallowed up by the surrounding brush, Beltt makes quick plans for pursuit!

Get those bloodhounds after 'em! If they escape, our setup here is finished. Shoot to kill!

We've got the scent now! They won't get far!

As the deep, spine-chilling baying of the hounds sounds closer, the fighters decide on a desperate move!

Quickly! These hollow reeds are our only hope!
LIFE GIVING AIR-SUCKED THROUGH REEDS THAT POKE ABOVE THE WATER'S SURFACE?

THE TRAIL ENDS HERE.

THEN THEY MUST'VE CROSSED THE SWAMP! WE'LL TAKE THE SHORT-CUT AND CUT 'EM OFF, I COME ON!

SOMETIME LATER, THE WEARY FUGITIVES REACH THE HIDDEN BATMOBILE!

LATER, ROBIN! FIRST, WE'VE GOT TO STOP A ROBBERY AT THE OIL FIELD!

WHEW! JUST LET ME LIE DOWN AND SLEEP!

WHY? IT'S THEM!

LIKE TWO LITHE JUNGLE CATS, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN RACE UP THE OUTSIDE STAIRCASE!

AT THE OIL FIELD...

ALL SET? NOW, I'LL PLANT THE TIME-BOMB!

WHEN THE TANK EXPLODES INTO FIRE, EVERYONE WILL COME A-RUNNIN'.

WHILE WE SNEAK INSIDE THE PAY-MASTER'S SHACK AND MAKE OUR HAUL! NEAT!
YA LITTLE BRAT! I'LL ... YI!

I THINK YOU'RE UNBALANCED, CHUM!

MEANWHILE, BATMAN FINDS HIMSELF IN A PRECARIOUS POSITION.

SO LONG, BATMAN... THIS IS YOUR FINISH!

LET'S TANGLE, MISTER.

CORRECTION! PLEASE-IT'S YOUR FINISH!

OKAY... NOW LET'S GET SHERIFF TOBBY AND SOME MEN AND ROUND UP WARDEN BELTT AND HIS CROOKED GUARDS!

ALL SET HERE!!
SOON AFTER GRIM ARMED LAWMEN CHARGE INTO THE PRISON CAMP!

IF ANY OF YOU SKUNKS WANTS A GUNFIGHT WE'RE READY TO OBLIGE! LIFT YOUR PAWS—HIGH!

DON'T WASTE A BULLET SHERIFF... I'VE GOT JUST THE THING FOR HIM!

WIELDED BY BATMAN, IT IS IRONICAL THAT LEE'S CHAIN TRAP THE BRUTAL CHIEF OF THE CHAIN GANG!

THAT'S YOUR CONSCIENCE YOU'RE TRIPPING OVER!

HONEST LAWMEN ALL OVER OUR COUNTRY AN' YOU HAD TO COME ALONG! IT'S A GOOD THING MOST OF OUR WARDENS ARE HONEST!

LATER. BATMAN MAKES A SPEECH

...AND IN CONCLUSION, MAY I SAY THAT FROM NOW ON YOU'LL EAT DECENT FOOD, GET A FAIR BREAK AND A CHANCE TO LEARN AN HONEST TRADE! THERE'LL BE NO MORE CHAIN GANG HERE!

THREE CHEERS FOR BATMAN!

ROBIN, BELIEVE IT OR NOT... THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN CHEERED BY MEN IN PRISON!

RAY FOR BATMAN!
Have you ever wondered why Bruce Wayne, a society blueblood, chose the dangerous career of Batman? What made him become a relentless hard-hitting crime fighter? How did he train himself in athletic and scientific skill until he became the nemesis of the Joker, the Penguin, Catwoman and other nefarious criminals of our time? What inspired the Batmobile and the Batplane? Here is the answer... the inside story of a boy who made a grim vow... the inside story of...

"The Origin of The Batman!"
MIDNIGHT OUTSIDE GOTHAM CITY, AND AS A TRANSPORT TRUCK ROARS OVER THE HIGHWAY, A SUDDEN BLOWOUT SPELLS DOOM!

CRASH!

Witnesses to the disaster are Batman and Robin, the Boy Wonder, homeward bound in their streamlined Batmobile, after an evening of crime-smashing...

**IT LOOKS BAD!**

**ROBIN,** THAT TRUCK FOLDING UP LIKE A CHUNK OF TIN FOIL.

**THE DRIVER'S DEAD. HE WAS KILLED INSTANTLY!**

**BATMAN... LOOK! A SECRET DOOR IN THE TRUCK'S SIDE... THERE'S A MAN COMING OUT!**

**OHHH MY HEAD**

**AS ROBIN ADVANCES TOWARD THE STUMBLING MAN TO HELP HIM...**

**ROBIN, YOU AIN'T TAKIN' ME IN!**

**YOU OKAY, MISTER...?**

**UHHH!**

**YOU MUST HAVE A GOOD REASON FOR FLASHING THAT GUN, BETTER TELL IT—FAST!**
But, Robin, dazed, unwittingly tips Batman, and Death hovers ominously over the Caped Manhunter...

I'm measuring you for a coffin, Batman—right now!

Abruptly, a bullet from nowhere clips the murderous thug...

Blam!

Uh...

We heard the crash. I didn't want to kill that triggerman. But it was him or you.

The Radio Patrol!

Say, this is "Peets." Borgam he's wanted for a murder in the next state. All state troopers were to watch for him in cars crossing the state line.

Hmm... container of milk... sandwiches... cigarettes... all the comforts of home in that secret compartment.

A new racket, eh? Smuggling hot crooks across the line into other states.

That proves the driver knew he was carrying "Peets."

It's obvious the driver wasn't alone in this setup. I wonder if the owner of the land-sea-air transport co. is top man?"
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, COMMISSIONER GORDON SECURES QUICK INFORMATION.

THE REPORT SAYS THE NEW ISA. OWNER BOUGHT OUT THE OLD OWNER, FIRED THE OLD TRUCKERS AND HIRED A NEW STAFF. THE OWNER'S NAME IS JOE CHILL! HERE'S A RADIO-PHOTO OF HIM...

AND BATMAN'S THOUGHTS WHIRL HIM BACK TO A VIVID NIGHT MANY YEARS BEFORE, TO A NIGHT WHEN HE WAS WALKING WITH HIS PARENTS, THOMAS AND MARTHA WAYNE...

YOU HOODLUM! DON'T YOU DARE PUT A HAND ON MY WIFE! UHHH...

THAT SINGLE BULLET REALLY KILLED TWO PEOPLE, FOR MARTHA WAYNE'S WEAK HEART STOPPED FROM THE SUDDEN SHOCK!

MAYBE YOU'LL KEEP QUIET... NOW!

SOMETHING ABOUT YOUNG BRUCE'S EYES MADE THE KILLER RETREAT... THEY WERE ACCUSING EYES THAT MEMORIZED HIS EVERY FEATURE... EYES THAT WOULD NEVER FORGET!

THEY'RE DEAD. YOU KILLED THEM. YOU KILLED MY MOTHER AND FATHER...

STOP LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE THAT!
THE KILLER WAS NEVER FOUND, AND SOON AFTER, A YOUNG LAD MADE A GRIM PROMISE...

I SWEAR I'LL DEDICATE MY LIFE AND INHERITANCE TO BRINGING YOUR KILLER TO JUSTICE... AND TO FIGHTING ALL CRIMINALS! I SWEAR IT!

The years passed as Bruce Wayne prepared for his chosen career.

He mastered scientific criminal investigation.

He trained his body to such physical and athletic perfection that he could perform any daredevil feat.

Then one day he was ready for his new role. Criminals are a superstitious, cowardly lot, so I must wear a disguise that will strike terror into their hearts. I must be a creature of the night, like a... A BAB! THAT'S IT! IT'S LIKE AN OMEN! I SHALL BECOME A BAT!

And, as if in answer, a winged creature flew in through the open window.

Thus was born this weird figure of the shadows... this avenger of evil - THE BATMAN!

Some day I'll find the killer of my parents... some day.
As Batman, Bruce Wayne had searched all criminal haunts, but there'd been no sign of the killer—till now.

With your permission, I'd like to take over this case.

Odd. Batman looked so strange when he said that. I wonder why?

At home, after Batman explains to his young partner...

The killer of your parents eh? Well... let's go get him.

Sorry, Robin. This is one job I'm doing alone. I don't have to explain— you can understand why.

The next day, a disguised Batman calls at the L.S.A. terminal...

You want a job as a trucker? That's up to the boss, bud.

So at long last, Bruce Wayne comes face to face with the man he had vowed to track down. He hadn't changed! He's still cruel and still a killer!

On your way, Punchy! I only hire guys I know.

Later... He's cagey. I only want drivers he's sure he can trust. That kills my chances of getting inside his gang. What now?

I've got it! I'm going to bring business to Joe Chill.
THAT NIGHT, BATMAN RIDES WITH THE POLICE HARBOR PATROL.

YES, RUN BY MONTY JULEP. HE HAS ALL HIS CREW COSTUMED LIKE OLD-TIME MISSISSIPPI GAMBLERS. HIS SHOWBOAT PADDLES AROUND OUTSIDE THE LEGAL LIMIT SO WE CAN'T ARREST HIM.

SO THAT SHOWBOAT IS REALLY A GAMBLING SHIP, EH?

ONE HOUR LATER, ON THE GAMBLING SHIP, TWO SENTRIES IDLE AWAY THE TIME. PETS, I THINK I'LL TRY SOME TARGET PRACTICE ON THAT "SEA GULL" YAH SAYS, THE SHOTS WOULD PANIC THE CHUMPS AT JULEP'S TABLES. PUT YOUR GUN AWAY.

A GOOD THING, TOO... FOR THE "SEA GULL" IS IN REALITY A UNIQUE CAMOUFLAGE UNDERWATER HELMET WORN BY BATMAN.

THEN, THE CHURNING STERNWHEEL CARRIES THE ACROBAT MAN UNSEEN TO A TOP DECK.

TRICKY, BUT IT'S A SHORT-CUT TO THE WHEEL ROOM.

JUST A LITTLE MUTINY, CAPTAIN!

SOON AFTER... A CYCLONIC FIGURE CHARGES INTO THE GAMBLING ROOM.

THROW IN YOUR CARDS, FOLKS. MONTY JULEP'S NOT DEALING ANOTHER HAND TONIGHT.

DON'T BE TOO SHORE BATMAN BOYS, COME A-RUNNING!
WHERE ARE YOUR EYES? HIT HIM!

TELL HIM TO STAND STILL AND WE'LL DO IT.

CASHING IN YOUR CHIPS, JULIE?

THEN I'LL GET HIM MYSELF.

WITH ONE MIGHTY HEAVE, BATMAN WRENCHES UP THE ROULETTE WHEEL AND IT BECOMES A DISCUS!

WATCH THE SPINNING WHEEL, FOLKS.

SUDDENLY, THE GLOW OF A SEARCHLIGHT BRINGS EVERYONE TO THE DECK.

YOU CAN'T ARREST ME! MY SHIPS OUT SIDE THE LEGAL LIMITS!

SURRENDER IN THE NAME OF THE LAW.

NOT ANYMORE! I LASHED YOUR WHEEL AND STAGED THIS FIGHT SO YOU'D BE TOO BUSY TO NOTICE YOUR BOAT WAS TURNING INSIDE THE LIMIT.

POLICE FURY ON DECK AND IN THE CONFUSION, MONTY JULIE P RACES TO A SMALL MOTOR-BOAT HIDDEN FOR EMERGENCIES.

THEY AIN'T GOIN' TO ARREST ME! I'LL GET OUT OF THIS STATE MIGHTY FAST!
BATMAN

THERE GOES JULEP.

REMEMBER, BATMAN WANTS HIM TO ESCAPE. THOSE ARE ORDERS.

SOON AFTER...

WE'LL HAVE GOT A TRUCK TAKEN A LOAD OF WOOLENS TO NEVADA.' THE ONE-WAY TRIP WILL COST YOU $5,000.

CHILL, THE COPPERS ARE AFTER ME. BATMAN'S AFTER ME. YOU'VE GOT TO SMUGGLE ME OUT OF THE STATE!

ABRUPTLY, CHILL GETS UP AND SNAPS A SWITCH ON AN INSTRUMENT PANEL...

SUDDENLY, THE TELLTALE SCREEN REVEALS -

YOU'RE A-GONNA LOOK AT TELEVISION NOW?

NO! I'M JUST MANIN' SURE YOU WEREN'T FOLLOWED. THIS IS REALLY A PERISCOPE THAT LOOKS OVER THE BACKYARD.

BATMAN!

HE MUST'VE BEEN HIDDEN IN THE CABIN OF MY BOAT.

THIS IS A TRAP!

JULEP, YOU DIRTY DOBECROSSER. I'M SENDING YOU ON A ONE-WAY TRIP, AND I AIN'T CHARGIN' YOU A CENT.

HEARING THE SHOT, BATMAN BURSTS IN!

OH - BATMAN! THIS CRIMINAL WANTED ME TO SMUGGLE HIM OUT OF THE STATE IN ONE OF MY TRUCKS. I REFUSED. HE TRIED TO SHOOT ME. IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE.
That night a brood
No Batman weighs
His case against
His enemy...

Hm-mm! I'm closing
On Joe Chill—but
How can I make him
Confess that he
Killed my father?

There's only one way...
It's a desperate move...
But I must take it...
Even if it means
The end of Batman's
Career!

Presently
Batman calls on
Joe Chill.

Chill, I want to
tell you a story.
Without an ending!
Maybe you can supply
It. It began some
years ago in Gotham
City, when Thomas
Wayne, his wife, and
Young son, Bruce,
were stopped by
a bandit...

You said...

Y-Wayne!

Yes, Bruce Wayne can still
Identify you. You
Were that killer...
Admit it!

Ha! No
Jury would
Believe Wayne's
Identification accurate
After all these years!
You're bluffing!
Besides... How do
You know what
Really happened?

I know
Because I am
The son of
The man you
Murdered!
I am Bruce
Wayne!!
I BECAME BATMAN
BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU
DO AND I SWARE I’D ARREST
YOU FOR IT SOME DAY! I
CAN’T PROVE YOUR GUILT,
BUT I’LL NEVER STOP
HOUNGING YOU UNTIL
I DO...

“WHEREVER YOU
GO, I’LL BE
WATCHING...”

I’LL ALWAYS BE WATCHING...
AND SOMEDAY YOU’LL MAKE A
MISTAKE... AND I’LL BE THERE...
WAITING REMEMBER THAT—AND THIS?

AND WHEN BATMAN LEAVES...
WHAT’LL I DO? BATMAN
MEANS EVERYTHING HE SAID.
HE PROVED IT BY REVEALING
HIS IDENTITY. HE’LL GET
ME... UNLESS I KILL HIM
FIRST.

DESPERATE, CHILL RUNS TO THE REPAIR GARAGE
OF HIS TERMINAL...

LISTEN, BOYS... I NEED HELP BAD!
YEARS AGO I KNOCKED OFF A GUY...
AN’ NOW HIS SON IS AFTER ME.
THAT GUY’S SON IS THE BATMAN!
HE JUST TOLD ME...

YOU KNOCKED OFF
BATMAN’S
PARENTS! YOU’RE
KIDDING!
IT'S TRUE! BATMAN JUST TOLD ME WHO HE IS. HE BECAME BATMAN BECAUSE I KILLED HIS FATHER!

YOU MEAN... YOU'RE THE REASON FOR BATMAN, THE GUY WHO SENT ME UP FOR TEN YEARS.

SO YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GUY WHO BROKE UP MY NUMBERS RACKET.

YOU MADE BATMAN... YOU MADE THE GUY WHO ONCE PUT ME IN THE PEN.

ALMOST AS ONE MAN, THE HATE CRAZED THUGS METER VENGEANCE TO THE CRIMINAL RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR DREADED NEMESIS.

YOU'RE THE GUY.

YOU!

ONLY AFTERWARDS DOES COLD SANITY RETURN!

WE MUST'VE GONE TRIGGER-HAPPY. YOU GUYS REALIZE WHAT WE DID?

YEAH WE PLUGGED CHILL BEFORE HE TOLD US BATMAN'S REAL NAME.

I HEARD THOSE SHOTS NOW I'LL MAKE SURE YOU NEVER HEAR WHAT CHILL MIGHT SAY.

LOOK! HE'S STILL ALIVE, MAYBE HE'LL TALK.

CHILL! QUICK, WHO IS BATMAN?

His NAME IS...
WE GOTA GET HIM BEFORE HE GETS US FOR THIS KILLING.

THIS IS WHAT I WANT THE LEVER THAT SENDS THE CAR HOIST TURNING.

THE HOIST SPINS... AND AT THAT INSTANT BATMAN SNATCHES UP A GREASE GUN.

A GREASE SHAMPOO—NO EXTRA CHARGE.

THE ONLY WAY I CAN KEEP YOU AWAY FROM CHILL... IS TO KNOCK YOU OUT.

STILL WITH US CHILL? NOT... FOR LONG! FUNNY... BECAUSE I STARTED YOU OFF AS BATMAN, THE BOYS... PLUGGED ME.

YEAH... I GUESS YOU GOT ME... AFTER ALL! AHHHH...

AND SO AT LAST, THE CASE IS CLOSED—THE CASE WITHOUT WHICH THERE WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN A BATMAN!

Murder of Thomas Wayne

Closed