

# The Adventures of Superman

## Batman's Great Mystery

Chapter 9 of 11 - February 12, 1948

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### Narrator

Faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, able to leap tall buildings in a single bound.

Look! up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane, it's Superman!

Yes, it's Superman, strange visitor from the planet Krypton who came to Earth with amazing physical powers far beyond those of mortal men. And who, disguised as Clark Kent, mild mannered reporter for a great metropolitan newspaper, wages a never ending battle for truth and justice.

And now, The Adventures of Superman.

### Narrator

Today, with Superman unaware of their predicament, Mr. Jones points a gun at Batman and Robin who are chained to the wall in an ancient prison barracks.

### Jones

Any last requests, gentlemen?

### Robin

Yes, Mr. Jones. (Casually) I'd like to see you drop dead.

### Batman

Amen to that.

### Jones

That is just what I'm about to arrange for you to do. Right now!

### Announcer

Commercial. And now, the adventures of Superman

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CD: Superman, with a  
LITTLE BIT of Batman and  
Robin on Radio

**Narrator** While a man who called himself Mr. Jones held the famous Batman prisoner, another man impersonated Superman's friend, and after making a series of un-American public speeches, led Robin, Batman's young companion into an ambush. Meanwhile, Superman had discovered a recording of the mysterious Mr. Jones's voice, which Batman had left behind him, and certain that Jones was an alias for some professional rabble rouser, he had duplicates of the recording made, and arranged them to be broadcast over radio stations throughout the country, offering ten thousand dollars to whoever could identify the man who called himself Jones. As we continue now, Superman in his guise of reporter Clark Kent, has been notified that a man who claimed he could identify Jones's voice had arrived at the Daily Planet Radio station. At the station Kent is directed to the managers office where a middle aged weather beaten man with shrewd, faded blue eyes sits on the edge of a chair, a battered old hat on his knees.

**Kent** Hello, my name is Kent. Clark Kent.

**Hemple** How do you do. Mine's Hemple. William Hemple.

**Kent** Mr. Hemple, I understand you can identify the man whose voice we've been broadcasting.

**Hemple** Yep.

**Kent** Fine! Who is he?

**Hemple** Not so fast, young man. Fellow said on the radio I get ten thousand dollars if I tell you who belongs to that voice.

**Kent** That's right.

**Hemple** So, I ain't sayin' nuthin til I see the money.

**Kent** But you'll get the money, Mr. Hemple. After all the offer is made by the Daily Planet, the largest newspaper in Metropolis, and we'll pay off. Just tell me who owns that voice so I can go after him! There are two lives at stake..

**Hemple** Well, maybe so, but I want to see that money.

**Kent** No maybes about it, believe me! Now if you really know who's voice that is on the recording, in the name of heaven tell me!

**Hemple** Like I said before, young fella, I'll tell ya when I see the ten thousand dollars.

**Kent** But great Scott! I...

**Hemple** Won't do you no good to get hot under the collar, neither. I know my rights.

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Movie soundtrack

**Kent** All right, all right. You stay right here. I'll go down to the cashier and have a check drawn.

ORGAN MUSIC

CLOSE OF DOOR

Okay, Mr. Hemple, here's the check, drawn to your order.

**Hemple** Fine, let's have it.

**Kent** No. No. No. I'll hold it, if you don't mind, until you've identified the voice. If you can.

**MUSIC** I can. Fellow owns that voice is Mort Veeler. Now give me the check.

**Kent** Just a minute. Who's Mort Veeler?

**Hemple** Fellow rides around out in the country, making speeches agin' what he calls foreigners and sayin' for us not to send no help to the starvin' folks in Europe.

**Kent** Great Scott. I think you've hit it. That's the man I heard once way up in Maine. Yes, now I recall, it is his voice on the recording!

**Hemple** Sure it is. Give me my check.

**Kent** Here you are, Mr. Hemple.

**Hemple** Much obliged. Heh, heh, heh. Easiest money I ever made in my life.

**Kent** Wait a minute! Tell me, do you know where this Mort Veeler is now?

**Hemple** Didn't say on the radio I had to say that.

**Kent** You don't, but I've got to find this man quickly, because he's holding a man and a boy prisoners. As a matter of fact, it may already be too late to save their lives.

**Hemple** Is that a fact?

**Kent** Yes. If you could help me find this Veeler quickly...

**Hemple** Say, maybe I can at that.

**Kent** You do know where he is?

**Hemple** Don't know for sure. But this Veeler, he's got some kind of society. C it the...No help for Europe..or .Nuthin for Foreigners. I don't recollect just exactly what.

**Kent** It's important. Try to remember, please!

**Hemple** Can't seem to...never paid no 'tention comin' I don't hold with fellows like him, always trying to stir up bad feelin's. No good.

**Kent** That's right. Now if you can remember the name of his outfit I can tra him and...

**Hemple** Well, I can't. Come to think of it, though, the name and the address to are on his envelopes.

**Kent** Oh?

**Hemple** The ones he sends out asking for contributions.

**Kent** Wonderful, do you have one of them?

**Hemple** Ayuh. Seems to me I should have. Always keep envelopes to figure m taxes on. Saves buying paper.

**Kent** Good, can you let me have one of them right away?

**Hemple** Well, they're at home. Up on the farm. It's just below Mayfield about miles up state.

**Kent** Only 90 miles? We can be there in a minute or two. Come on, Mr. Hemple!

**Hemple** Be there in a minute or two! Do you know what you're sayin', young fella?

**Kent** Huh? Oh, well I...I... that is, look, Mr. Hemple, you...you've heard of Superman, haven't you?

**Hemple** Yep. Shore have.

**Kent** Well, he's a friend of the people whom Mort Veeler abducted. And he here in this building right now.

**Hemple** Eh? Where? You're joking.

**Kent** No I'm not! You wait right here. I'll see that Superman joins you in a second.

MUSIC

DOOR OPENS

**SUPERMAN** HELLO, MR. HEMPLE.

**Hemple** Heavens! Who be you?

**SUPERMAN** CLOSES DOOR  
I'M SUPERMAN. ARE YOU READY FOR A QUICK TRIP UP TO YOUR FARM?

**Hemple** My farm...you really Superman.

**SUPERMAN** I CERTAINLY AM. JUST OPEN THIS WINDOW.  
WINDOW SLIDES UP.

**Hemple** Well, I'll be.

**SUPERMAN** THERE WE ARE, NOW, UP WITH YOU, MR. HEMPLE

**Hemple** Hey, hey! Put me down! What'chyou aimin to do?

**SUPERMAN** GIVE YOU THE RIDE OF YOUR LIFE, OLD TIMER. NOW DON'T BE FRIGHTENED. UP, UP, AND AWAY.

FLYING

MUSIC

Rustling through drawers and papers.

**SUPERMAN** Have you found that envelope yet, Mr. Hemple?

**Hemple** Nope, can't seem to lay my hands on them Mort Veeler things, Superman. Must have thrown them away.

**SUPERMAN** BUT YOU SAID THEY WERE HERE IN YOUR HOUSE!

**Hemple** They was, I know, cuz I've been scribblin' on 'em.

**SUPERMAN** I'LL HELP YOU LOOK. WE MUST FIND THEM, MR. HEMPLE, MUST!

MUSIC

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**NARRATOR** As Superman and farmer Hemple search for the envelopes bearing Mort Veeler's address, Veeler himself in his alias of Mr. Jones, stands in the ancient prison block where Batman and Robin are chained by leg shackles to the wall. Pointing a revolver at them, he smiles, sardonically.

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**Jones** Once again, gentlemen, I'll ask you, any last requests.

## Statuette, Best Buy

**Batman** Yes, Jones, I have.

**Jones** Really? What is it, Batman?

**Batman** I'd, I'd like a last cigarette.

**Robin** Cigarette?

**Jones** Since when do you smoke, Batman?

**Batman** Well I don't, much, but when a tight spot I sort of like a cigarette.

**Jones** You do, eh? Well, I don't know.

**Batman** Now, look, Jones, you took my name, my fortune, and now you're going to take my life. A last cigarette isn't too much to ask in return, is it?

**Jones** Chuckles. Under the circumstances I think that yes you are entitled to a last cigarette.

**Batman** Thanks. Would you give me one, please?

**Jones** I have none, because I only smoke cigars, but I know some of the boys have cigarettes. I'll send one in and I'll give you ten minutes to enjoy it. Then...well, you know what happens then.

**Batman** Yes. Yes, I know.

**Jones** I'll see you both again in exactly ten minutes.

DOOR CLOSES

**Robin** Look Batman, what's the idea of asking for a cigarette? You never smoke.

**Batman** Wake up, Robin. Jones said he's going to send someone in here, didn't he?

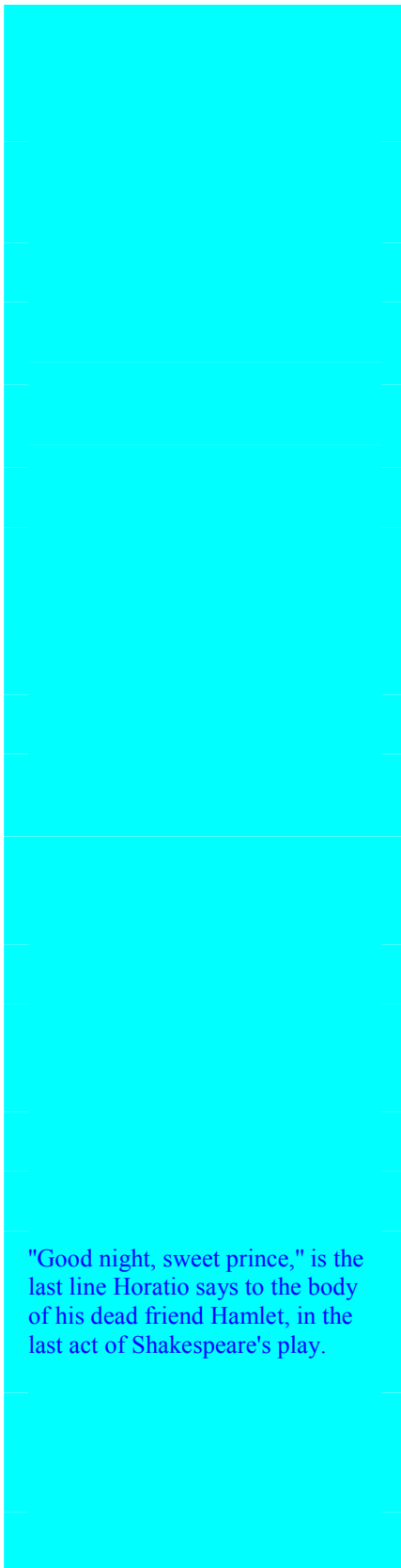
**Robin** Yeah. So what?

**Batman** So we're going to make a last stab for our lives, that's what.

**Robin** How? What good is..?

**Batman** I'm going to try to coax Jones' playmate close enough for us to grab her. Then I'll take his gun and shoot our chains off and then..

**Robin** And then we go to town! Oh, boy, Batman!



**Batman** Quiet! Quiet! Don't let him hear you. This is a long chance and...sh, g ready, .here comes somebody.

DOOR OPENS

**Narrator** Batman and Robin tense their muscles as a burly unshaven giant of a man approaches, a package of cigarettes in a huge, hamlike hand.

**Robin** Hey, he's pretty big, Batman.

**Batman** The bigger they are, Robin, the harder they fall. Now get set. You got cigarette for my, buddy?

**Cigarette Man** Yeah. Here's one. Catch.

**Batman** Thanks. Match?

**Cigarette Man** I'll throw you a pack. Here.

SOUND OF PACKET HITTING FLOOR

**Batman** Shucks. I missed it.

**Robin** Butterfingers.

**Batman** Uh..look, I can't quite reach the matches. Would you mind picking the up for me, please.

**Cigarette man** Okay.

FOOTSTEPS.

**Batman** Now, Robin!

**Robin** Come to poppa!

SOUNDS OF CHAINS CLINKING AND STRUGGLE

**Batman** I've got my hand over his mouth.

**Robin** I've got his feet. Put him to sleep, Batman!

**Batman** Excellent idea.

STRUGGLE

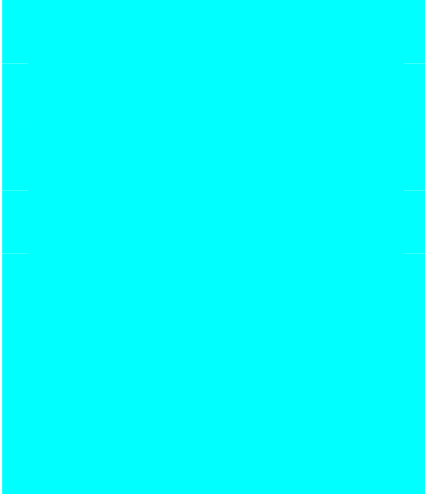
Good night, sweet heart. There, that does it.

**Robin** But good, pappy.

**Batman** Quick, now help me go through his pockets for his gun.

**Robin** Check. Hey, I can't find a gun.

"Good night, sweet prince," is the last line Horatio says to the body of his dead friend Hamlet, in the last act of Shakespeare's play.



**Batman**

Neither can I.

**Jones**

What's going on in here?

**Robin**

It's Jonesy. What do we do?

**Batman**

Well..there's nothing we can do now, Robin, this is it.

**NARRATOR  
, over organ  
music**

Their last chance gone, Batman and Robin see Mr. Jones draw his revolver and level it at them. Is this the end for Superman's great friend Batman and Robin? Serious as it seems, there is still a chance for the dynamic duo. So don't fail to be with us on Monday, when further surprising and thrilling things occur! Yes, be sure to tune in again on Monday, same time, same station, for [Chapter 10](#) on The Adventures of Superman!