

The Adventures of Superman

Batman's Great Mystery

Chapter 11 of 11 - February 17, 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.

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Narrator Motivated by selfishness and greed, a rabble rouser named Mort Veeler who masqueraded as a Mr. Jones, captured the famous Batman, and arranged for a man who had been trained to impersonate Batman to make un-American speeches. Then, Robin, Batman's young companion, was led into an ambush and captured. While Superman tried to trace his friends by the means of a recording of Jones's voice, Jones and the impersonator appeared at Batman's bank, and took possession of his large fortune. Then they returned to an old revolutionary barracks far upstate to do away with Batman and Robin. There the dynamic duo staved off disaster temporarily by overpowering a guard, and pretending to have a gun. But Jones countered by setting fire to the ancient barracks in which Batman and his young companion were chained to heavy beams. By a grim stroke of fate, Jones and the impersonator were struck down in the burning wreckage when part of the roof collapsed. Now as Superman zooms down into the flaming building the rest of the roof is buckling, about to collapse upon the unconscious forms of Batman and Robin!

SUPERMAN
LANDS

SUPERMAN Batman! Robin! Uh, oh! They're unconscious.! That chain! Hey, that roof's gonna fall in a second. I've got to rip these chains out of the wall, like this! RIP OF CHAINS There! Now I'll just wrap my cape around these two like this...

UH OH, HERE COMES THAT ROOF!

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Narrator Swiftly covering his unconscious friends with his brilliant red cape, Superman stands above them, shielding them as the blazing roof plunges down with a roar upon his head and shoulders.

ROOF CRASHES

SUPERMAN NOW. UP, UP, AND AWAY!

MUSIC

Narrator Unharmred, the man of steel shrugs the burning timbers from his shoulders, and protecting the two limp figures in his arms, leaps from the inferno high into the clear cool sky, looking like a gigantic phoenix, the fabulous firebird. Then surveying the awesome scene below for an instant, Superman veers and streaks away to the south, bound for Metropolis.

SUPERMAN AWAY!!!!

MUSIC

Narrator A short time later, in the house they occupy as Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson, Batman and Robin have been seen and pronounced fit by their doctor. Now, after showers and a change into fresh clothes, they're in their kitchen, with Superman, who has resumed his guise of Clark Kent. Bruce is making a third round of sandwiches, and Dick is pouring a second bottle of milk.

Clark Kent (Mouth full) Say, this is good eating. I must have been hungry.

Bruce Good, I'll fix some more sandwiches.

Clark (Swallowing) Don't make any more for me, Bruce, I'm full.

Dick (Mouth full) Keep working, Bruce. I'll eat Mr. Kent's share.

Bruce Okay, Dick. If you can take it I can dish it up.

Dick You keep dishing, chum, and I'll keep taking.

Clark Where do you put it all, Dick?

Dick I'm a growing boy, didn't you know? Or maybe the fire gave me an appetite.

Bruce Don't remind me of that. For once I really thought we were done for.

Dick Yeah, me too. And we would have been if not for Superman.

Bruce Hey, that reminds me, I didn't thank you, Clark.

Clark Forget it, Bruce.

Dick Huh, what are you thanking him for?

Bruce Why, because I...Why, that's a fine question to ask, Dick. Didn't Clark find and identify that recording of Jones's voice I left behind?

Dick Well, that's right, and then he turned over the info to Superman, huh?

Bruce That's about right. Eh, Clark?

Clark Yeah, something like that. Laughter.

Bruce (Chuckling) Something...something like that's good.

Dick What are you two laughing about?

Bruce Who, me?

Dick Yes, you. There's something going on that I don't know about it. Now what gives?

Bruce Well...

Clark Maybe we'll tell you some time.

Bruce Yes, maybe.

Dick Come on, tell me now.

Bruce No can do, sonny boy. So forget it. Now...

Dick Maybe I can guess.

Clark Don't bother, Dick.

Bruce Forget it, I said. Now, look Clark. Jones, Mort Veeler I mean, and my impersonator are really done for, aren't they?

Clark Yep, they'll never pull another rascally trick in this world, Bruce.

Bruce Well, I hate to say it, but they had it coming to them.

Robin They sure did. They were not only thieves and murderers, but rabble rousers who tried to turn people against each other, which is worse.

Bruce Yes, they were the worst kind of rabble rousers, Dick. You know, Jones had a printing press in that old prison barracks, in which he used to print anti-racial pamphlets to mail out all over the country.

Dick No kidding.

Bruce Sure.

Clark Yeah, he was a nice guy, alright.

Dick Say, that reminds me. Anybody got a newspaper?

Clark Why?

Dick I want to look at the want ads. With all our money burnt up in the fire we'll have to get jobs.

Clark You and Bruce have jobs, Dick. Your job is to bat against crooks and rabble rousers.

Dick Oh, we do that for free. And for fun. And I'm spoiled. I like to eat three square meals a day.

Clark Oh, ho. From what I've seen this evening you like to eat four or five.

Bruce Don't worry, Dick. You'll keep on eating. Clark tells me that Veeler and my impersonator needn't have gone back into the fire for the securities they stole from me because one of their men had brought the suitcases out.

Dick Well, I'll be darned.

Bruce Pretty ironic, eh?

Dick Yes, but good!

Bruce And when Superman went back there after bringing us here this evening, he picked up our little nest egg *and* the followers of the late Mr. Jones Veeler, who were starting for places unknown.

Dick Well, isn't that nice. Ah, that Superman. You know, he's a lad after my own heart.

Bruce And mine!

Clark Holy Smokes!

Bruce What's the matter, Clark?

Clark Fine newspaper reporter I am! Here I've got a big scoop but instead of rushing in to the Daily Planet I sit here idly playing tiddly winks with you guys!

Bruce Hey, waitaminute..

Clark Out of my way. I've got to fly. And I do mean, fly. So long, chums.

Robin So long, Mr. Kent, and thanks.

Bruce Yeah, thanks, and happy landings, Clark.

Clark Call me anytime. So long.

Narrator MUSIC

Hurrying from Batman and Robin's house, Clark Kent pauses in the shadows to resume his true identity of Superman. Then....

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SUPERMAN UP, UP AND AWAY!

Narrator The man of steel takes again to the airways and streaks across the tall skyscrapers and broad avenues of the city to the Daily Planet. Back at the Metropolis Daily Planet in his disguise as Clark Kent, mild mannered and bespectacled reporter, Superman typed the amazing story of Mort Veeler and Batman and Robin. Then, ripping the last page of the story from his typewriter, he strode to his office door and threw it open on the bustling city room.

Clark Copy! Copyboy!

Beany Footsteps.
Coming up, Mr. Kent.

Clark Come on, Beany, come on, step on it!

Beany Yes, sir! Got something hot, Mr. Kent?

Clark I got a scoop for page one, that's all.

Beany A scoop, huh!

Clark Yeah, but at the rate you're traveling it'll be ancient history by the time you get it to the city editor's desk.

Beany Well, gosh...

Clark Alright, never mind the conversation. Now here, Beany, take this to Mr. Burroughs, and shift into high gear, will you please?

Beany Yes, sir. I'm on my way.
Footsteps

Clark Huh, huh, what a kid. I wonder if he still plays euchre. Oh! (Stretches)
What a day. Even I can stand a bit of relaxation right now.

TELEPHONE

Oh, and there's my phone. Now what.

DOOR, FOOTSTEPS

Hello?

Candy Hello, Kent?

Clark Yes. Who is this?

Candy This is Candy Myers.

Clark Well, hello, Candy, how's the private detective business?

Candy It's running me into the ground, chum.

Clark Oh ho.

Candy I need your help, but bad.

Clark Oh, now look, what would a super sleuth need me for?

Candy Please, Kent, don't make with the quiz games.

Clark Why, what's the matter?

Candy I wouldn't be calling you all the way from England just for a gag.

Clark England?

Candy Yeah, London, England. And if you don't get here to give me a hand soon, I'll be pushing up English daisies in a British potter's field.

Clark Hey, sounds serious, Candy.

Candy It is serious. What's more it's a terrific story for you.

Clark Just tell me where I can find you, and I'll see you before you can say tea and crumpets.

Candy I'm staying at the Three Georges hotel in London.

Clark That's all I need to know, Candy. So long, I'll see you soon.

REPLACES PHONE

MUSIC

Narrator Replacing the phone, Clark Kent leaps across his office and turns the lock on his door. Then strips off his business suit and spectacles is revealed once more in the skin tight blue costume and crimson cape of Superman.

SUPERMAN UP, UP AND AWAY!

MUSIC

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Narrator

Leaping high through his office window Superman veers to the east and straightening out like a great red and blue arrow hurtles across the city and out over the broad Atlantic ocean, bound for London, England and Candy Myers.

MUSIC

What is the terrific story in which Superman's private detective friend is involved, and in which he requires Superman's help? It is a terrific story, fellows and girls, just as Candy promised. And we can promise you that you'll be sitting on the edges of your chairs from beginning to end! So be sure to tune in tomorrow, same time same station, to listen to **Chapter One of The Kingdom Under the Sea**, on The Adventures of Superman.