

**WHO HAS THE AUDACITY TO ROB...
POLICE HEADQUARTERS?!?**

HE TOOK
TH' CONFISCATED
BANK BAGS, NOTHIN'
WE CAN DO!

IT'S THE
END TIMES,
CHIEF!

WE GOT
YOUR CALL,
COMMISSIONER!
WHO'S THE
THIEF?

OVER THERE--GOSH!
RIGHT IN FRONT OF
THE WHOLE POLICE
DEPARTMENT!

YOU
THERE--STOP AND
SURRENDER!

HEH,
HEH.

I INVITED
THE OFFICERS
TO STOP ME, BUT
THEY WERE ALL
TOO AFRAID,
BATMAN.

GOOD TO
FINALLY MEET YOU. I AM
THE SCARECROW.

"SCARECROW COMES TO TOWN"

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HOW... HE WAS RIGHT HERE, I HAD HIM...

YOU FAILED! YOU FAILED ME AND ALL OF GOTHAM CITY!

OUR VILLAINS ARE RIGHT--YOU ARE THE BOY BLUNDER.

THAT'S IT, NO MORE SIDEKICK WASTING MY TIME! YOU'RE OFF THE TEAM!

NO MORE ROBIN!!!

ROBIN
ROBIN
ROBIN

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

THAT WAS A GOOD SHOW, WASN'T IT?

OUR BOY SURE LIKED IT.

YES, BUT-- NO! MOM, DAD! DON'T GO THIS WAY!

PLEASE, PLEASE, TURN BACK!

BUT, SON, THE CAR IS THIS WAY...

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!



--SO... REAL! BUT-- IT WAS THE GAS.

ROBIN, HEAR MY VOICE, SHAKE IT OFF!

BATMAN AN' ROBIN HAVE LEFT GOTHAM!

THE CITY IS DOOMED, WILL NO ONE PROTECT US?!



THE FIEND! HE MEANS TO EXPOSE ALL OF GOTHAM TO HIS FEAR GAS.

IN 3 DAYS THE WHOLE CITY WILL FEAR THE SCARECROW!

COME, ROBIN, I'LL EXAMINE THE TRACE CHEMICALS OUR CLOTHES NO DOUBT ABSORBED.

TO THE BATMOBILE!



SOON, AT THE SECRET CRIME LAB OF THE BATCAVE...

SUCH... A STRANGE... COMPOUND.

WEARING FILTERS WOULD BE USELESS, THE TOXIN CAN AFFECT ONE EASILY THROUGH THE SKIN.

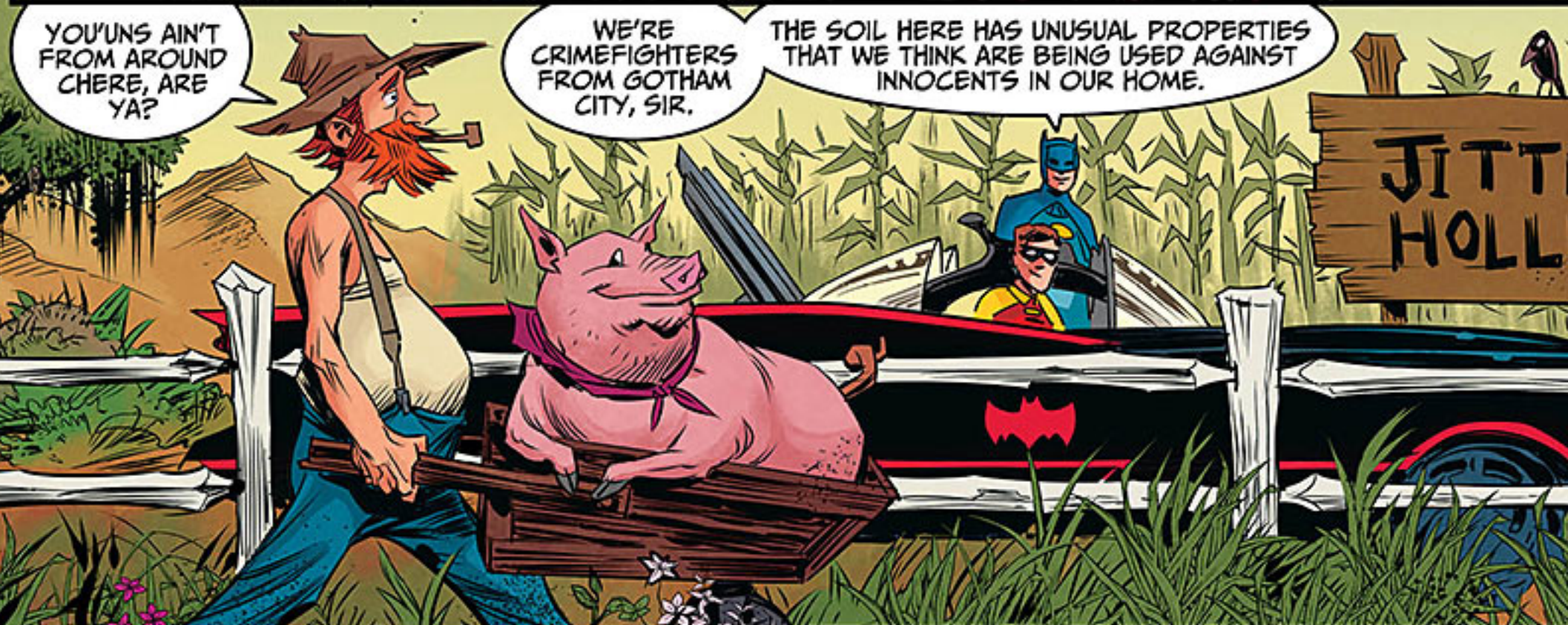
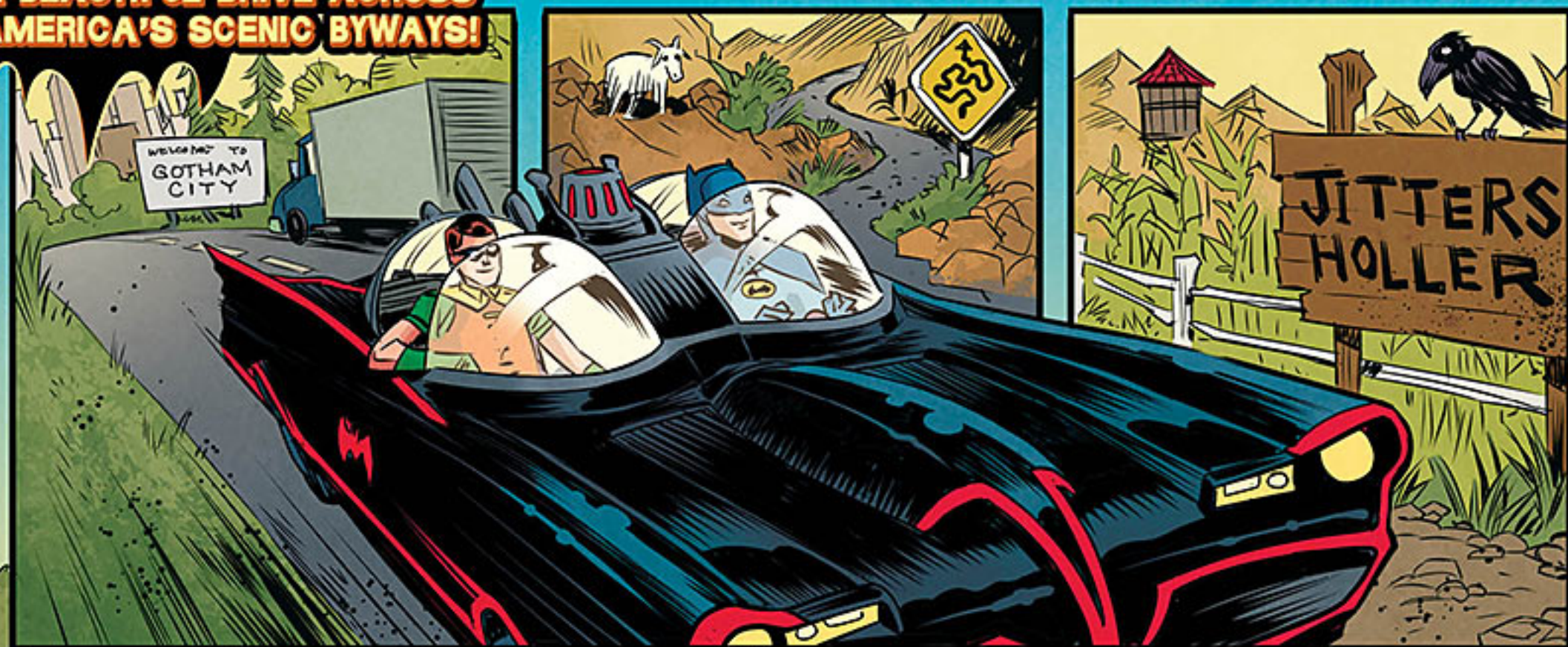
THE BAT-COMPUTER HAS FOUND THE MOST LIKELY SOURCE OF THE RAW MATERIALS YOU ENTERED.

A SMALL TOWN IN THE APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS.

CHARGE THE ATOMIC BATTERIES, ROBIN... WE'RE TAKING A ROAD TRIP.

DING!

**A BEAUTIFUL DRIVE ACROSS
AMERICA'S SCENIC BYWAYS!**



YOU'UNS AIN'T FROM AROUND HERE, ARE YA?

WE'RE CRIMEFIGHTERS FROM GOTHAM CITY, SIR.

THE SOIL HERE HAS UNUSUAL PROPERTIES THAT WE THINK ARE BEING USED AGAINST INNOCENTS IN OUR HOME.



EUSTACE, THAT'S THE BAT-MAN! YOU INVITE HIM IN FOR SOME SUPPER.

I WAS A GONNA, MAW!

WE WOULD BE OBLIGED.



THIS IS DELICIOUS... BUT WHAT ARE GRITS?

HOMINY, SON!

GROUND CORNMEAL, ROBIN. A FINE COUNTERPART TO THIS SWEET ICED TEA.

NOW, YOU SAY YOU'VE HAD PROBLEMS WITH CROPS GROWN HERE AFFECTING OUTSIDERS BEFORE, MR. COBBLETOE?

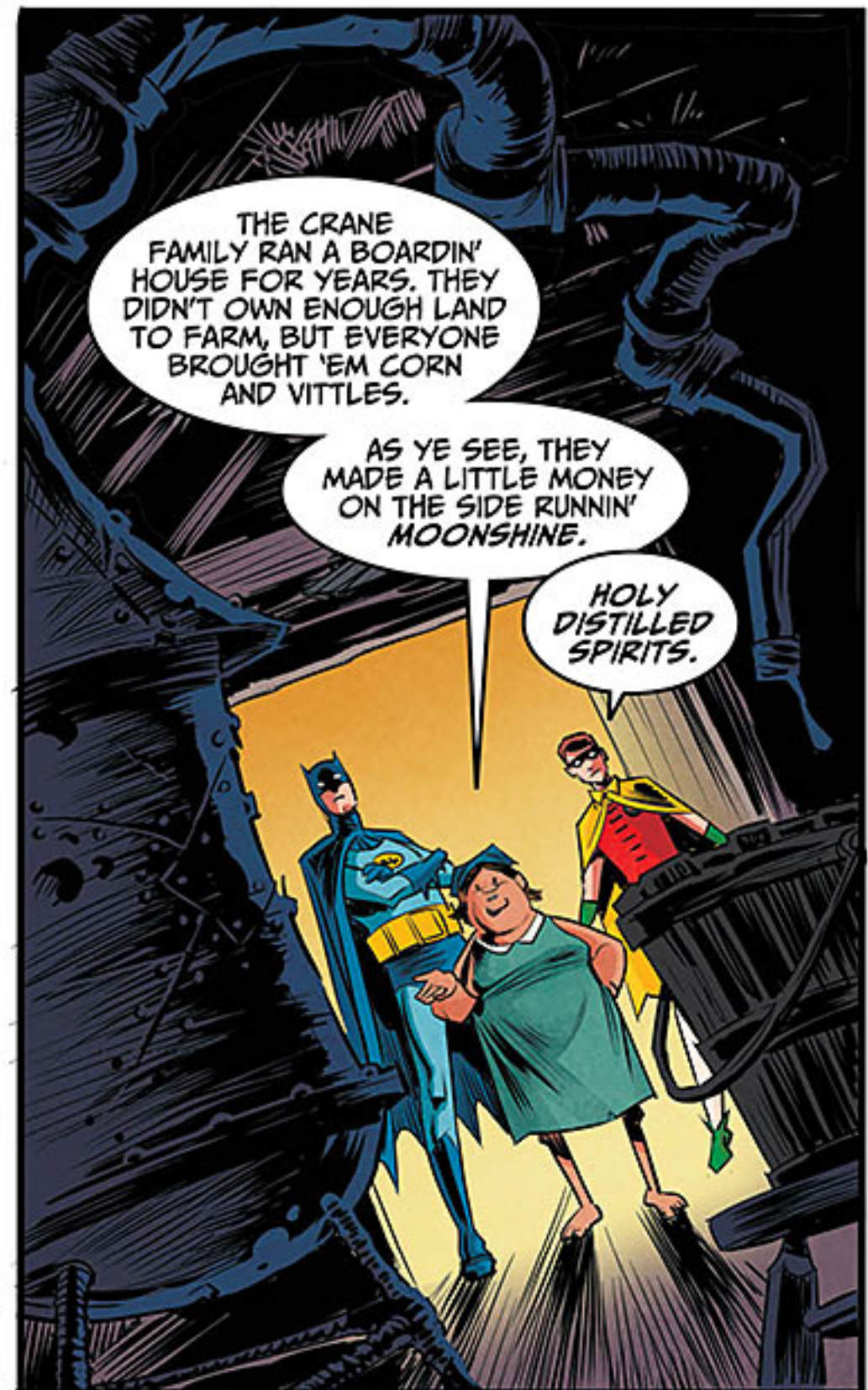
OH, THEY ALWAYS FUSS, SAYIN' OUR PRODUCE GIVES 'EM THE JITTERS.



SEE, ALL THE CROPS AROUND HERE--
CORN, MOSTLY--IS IRRIGATED BY A MINERAL
SPRING THAT WE ALL USE.

IT STARTS
OVER YONDER, BY
THE OLD CRANE
LAND.

IS ANYONE
LIVING THERE
NOW?



THE CRANE
FAMILY RAN A BOARDIN'
HOUSE FOR YEARS. THEY
DIDN'T OWN ENOUGH LAND
TO FARM, BUT EVERYONE
BROUGHT 'EM CORN
AND VITTLES.

AS YE SEE, THEY
MADE A LITTLE MONEY
ON THE SIDE RUNNIN'
MOONSHINE.

HOLY
DISTILLED
SPIRITS.



"ONE A' THEIR BOARDERS RAN
OUT IN THE MIDDLE O' THE
NIGHT--AND LEFT THEIR
BABYCHILD IN A TATER SACK!

"MISS CRANE TOOK CARE OF IT
BEST SHE COULD, BUT SHE HAD SO
MUCH WORK TO DO, LITTLE JONNY
WAS ON HIS OWN MOST THE TIME.



"HER ROTTEN BOY
PICKED ON HIM, KEPT
THE POOR YOUNG'UN
AFEARED, DAY AND
NIGHT."

WHY
YA RUNNIN',
LI'L JON?
WHAT'S YER
HURRY?

HAW
HAW!



"BUT HE WAS A
BRIGHT 'UN. LATER,
HE GOT HIMSELF A
SCHOLARSHIP AND
WENT OFF YOUR
WAY TO SCHOOL."