Starring Batman and Robin in brand new whirlwind adventures.
When a master of evil tries to make a mockery of the law, two heroes dare to venture into crime's domain to seek out its hidden clerks. Two brave human twin fighters for justice. The Batmen and Robin, the boy wonder, follow them into a land of vengeance. They destroy... the veil that hides the real truth of "Murder on Parole."

Night falls... a blanket of darkness and mystery. High over the gloomy waterfront, two costumed figures stand poised and view a grim scene...
Suddenly, the two grim figures, up on high, leap.

C'mon, Robin--this looks like our fight too?

I'm right with you!

Greetings and salutations and such?

Hello?

The Batman's fist snakes out--

Whenever I see a face, like yours, my knuckles just itch to get to work on it.

I never disappoint my knuckles either?

Whew!

Now--now, is that nice? Shooting people in the back?

Next time I'll drive your head down so far you'll be able to chew on your shoes?
A sudden turn of events?

Okay—relax, Batman. This baby tells you to?

Get in the car, boys... while I stitch my name on their chests?

Robin suddenly kicks the hat into the thug's face as his machine gun fires wildly.

A goal for our side?

Ulp?

The thugs pull away in their car—leaving a trail of blazing lead?

Down—hug the ground?

Hah! I got Miller anyway. So long!

Oh—huh?

Miller topples off the pier to the water as the Batman dives after his falling body.

Grab him, Robin. He's been shot?

He almost had company?

Coming, fella... coming?
BATMAN--
GOT TO
TELL YOU
ABOUT
SOMETHING--
SOMETHING
BIG--

HERE--TAKE
IT EASY. YOU
CAN TELL
ME ALL--
ON, AFTER A
LITTLE
MEDICAL
TREATMENT.

NO--NO--
GOT TO
TELL YOU
NOW--
BEFORE I PASS
OUT--

MILLER'S
STORY--
"MY NAME IS CHICK
MILLER. I WAS A
CONVICT IN THE STATE PRISON.
SENTENCED TO FIVE YEARS. I WAS
SERVING MY THIRD YEAR WHEN
IT GOT ME--"

STIR CRAZY?
I'LL GO STIR
CRAPPY. I
DON'T GET OUT
OF HERE SOON;
I'VE GOT TO
GET OUT!

IF YOU
WANT
TO GET
OUT, CHICK--
I CAN
ARRANGE
IT--A
PAROLE?

PAROLE--
YOU--
HOW?

WHY DON'T
YOU GET
YOURSELVES
OUT, SLING--
WHO DO YOU
THINK
YOU'RE
KIDDIN'?

LISTEN--I GET
GOOD DOUGH FROM
THE BIG SHOT FOR
GETTING GIYS LIKE
YOU OUT--WHEN
I GET OUT, I'M
GETTING OUT, TOO;
NOW YOU LEAVE
EVERYTHING
TO ME--

SURE ENOUGH, A FEW DAYS LATER,
I WAS CALLED BEFORE THE
PAROLE BOARD--

ARRUMPH--
MR. MILLER,
YOU HAVE BEEN
THOUGHT OF
AS ELIGIBLE
FOR
PAROLE?

PAROLE
MIGHT BE
ARRANGED
IF WE FEEL
YOU'LL
GO
STRAIGHT.

MY--
YOU DON'T
LOOK
LIKE A
CRIMINAL?

"AFTER DISCUSSING MY
CASE WITH ME, THEY
MADE ME GO OUTSIDE
WHILE THEY TALKED--AND
WHEN THEY CALLED ME
BACK AGAIN--"

ARRUMPH--
MR. MILLER,
WE HAVE
DECIDED IN YOUR
FAVOR
FOR
PAROLE?

PAROLE--
DON'T KNOW
HOW TO
THANK YOU--
I--

TUT--
MY BOY,
WE FEEL
YOU DESERVE
IT!!

"WHEN I WAS
READY TO LEAVE
THE PRISON, I
WENT BACK TO
THANK MY TELL-
MATE, SINK
DANIELS. HE SAID
SOMETHING, I
DON'T KNOW WHAT
HE MEANT THEN,
 BUT FOUND OUT
SOON ENOUGH--"

I WISH
THERE
WAS
SOME WAY
I COULD
MAKE UP
TO YOU
FOR WHAT
YOU DID?

DON'T
WORRY
THERE
WILL--
YOU WILL!!
"The big day finally came -- the prison gate clanged behind me. It was spring -- the air was clean and fresh. Birds were around they were like me -- free!"

"Then two men approached me --"

"Hello, Miller? Who's this?"

"We're friends of Slink Daniels. He told us about you. We're gonna take care of you -- get you a job!"

"You ... from the parole board?"

"Hello, Miller!"

"A job sounded swell to me. They took me to a swanky hotel to see their boss. You could have knocked me over with a feather when I saw who it was --"

"No more prison for me? From now on I'm going straight. Anybody who thinks a life of crime pays, is a sucker!"

"You have a job for me, sir?"

"Yes ... I have. I want you to help some of my boys crack the National Bank?"

"Sure -- I managed to get you paroled just like my other boys -- so you could work for me? That's how you pay for your parole, stay with me and you'll make big money. How about it?"

"For a minute, I couldn't believe my ears, but the boss kept on talking and I learned the truth."

"I held the case and examined it ..."

"No ... I never saw this before? I know you didn't as a matter of fact. It's part of a holdup job that was just pulled about a half hour ago."

"What? I've got your fingerprints on this case. All I have to do is show this to the police and they'd have you back in jail so fast. It would make your head swim!"
Okay... send me back. Send me back and I'll tell them who you are—and what you really are—I'll... you've talked quite enough shoulders. Take him to the car and show him the sights—maybe the waterfront?

They brought me here. You—you know? The rest?

Quick—tell me! Who is the boss?

And true to form, too. In the movies and in mystery stories, the man always dies or passes out just when he's about to reveal the master criminal's name. Well, better get him to a hospital right away.

Gotcha, boss!

He—he-ooh...

And so the next morning, in the apartment of Bruce Wayne Society favorite, and his young ward, Dick Grayson....

You know, Dick—think those men who shot Miller will try again to get him at the hospital before he recovers and talks. Hm?

I guess they would.

And Bruce Wayne's words are prophetic... for at that very moment--

But boss—there'll be a million cops watchin' the hospital! I've a plan of the building. So don't worry. You get Miller—get Miller before he talks?

Wounded parolee criminal brought to hospital by Batman

Parolee, detained at Chick Miller's still...

That very night—the hospital window slides open—

Okay, guys—this is Miller's room!

But as the door pushes in—something flies out—the Batman's fist!
An avalanche of fists descends upon the thugs!

THE BATMAN? IN PERSON?

As the thugs suddenly surge toward their dreaded nemesis, an operating table bears down on them... and aboard it is --

ROBIN -- IT'S THAT ROBIN KID?

Thought I'd bring the table; you'll need it after I get through with you.

BULLS--EYE!

Reinforcements rush the twin battlers?

GET THEM?

SLUG 'EM?

Drawn by shouts and shots, police swarm toward the makeshift battle field?

HALT, OR WE'LL FIRE!

COPPER! LET'S ALL LAM OUTA HERE! DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE?

As the police give futile chase to the fleeing thugs, the Batman and Robin find themselves in a tight spot?

HOLY CRAP! THE BATMAN AND ROBIN?

NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT! THE POLICE AREN'T AS YET EXACTLY TOO FOND OF MY SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT WAY IN FIGHTING CRIME?

SORRY -- BUT THIS IS NECESSARY?
LIKE TWO FLEET DEER, THEY RACE DOWN THE LONG CORRIDOR.

LET'S GO, ROBIN!

WELL--WE GOT AWAY FROM THE POLICE, BUT SO DID THE GUNMEN?

THEIR MYSTERIOUS BOSS ACTED FIRST, BUT NOW IT'S MY TURN! WHERE'S THE BATMAN GOING TO TOWN?

DOWN A DANGLING LADDER SCRAMBLES THE BATMAN. BEFORE THE STARTLED GUARD CAN MAKE AN OUT, SOMETHING PLOPS DOWN BESIDE HIM... AND HE FALLS ASLEEP.

ZZZZ...

THROUGH THE PRISON HE DARTS, HURTLING THE INNOCENT SLEEP-INDUCING CAPSULES.

BATM... BAAAL... SLEEPY ZZZZ...

CAPSULES DROP INTO SLINKY'S CELL WHILE HE SLEEPS?

NOW TO TAKE HIS CELL-MATE TO THE BATPLANE?

IN THE BATPLANE, AN AMAZING TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE--THE BATMAN BECOMES SLINKY'S CELL-MATE!

NOW TO APPLY THE MAKEUP WHILE HE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS?

WHAT--? YOU'RE ME--ME EXACTLY--YOU EVEN TALK LIKE ME?

HEY-- WAKE UP--THAT'S IT--
It is the Batman who becomes Slink's cellmate and begins his great impersonation—

This cell is drivin' me nuts! I'm gonna make a break for it!

And so it is not long after, the Batman is freed by the parole board—

Arrumph-- Marty Loden, we have decided in your favor—

Which one of these men is the 'boss'?

You're a sensible fellow, Marty. You can start to work?

And the boys meet 'Marty Loden' and take him to the 'boss'—

The Boss:

I'm sending the boys out to rob a warehouse of silks tonight. You can go along.

That night, Robin takes his stand in 'the boss's room'—

The Batman told me to be sure the boss doesn't get any ideas about getting away... got to be careful... keep my eyes open.

And on the waterfront, cloaked in the ink of midnight, thieves loot a warehouse—

Hey, Marty-- what's the matter with ya?

Nothing--

Marty, the gangster, the makeup from his face, rips off his clothing and standing is his place is—

The Batman? Ugh?
AT YOUR SERVICE?

THE BATMAN RUSHES INTO THE WAREHOUSE -- A TREMENDOUS LEAP....

THE SCENE SEEMS PERFECTLY SET FOR THIS PARTICULAR BIT OF ACTION.

THE CAPED FIGURE SWINGS OUT...

Perfect strike!

A NIAGARA OF SILK ENCOILS THE THIEVES?

MNNMPHT?

AS THE BATMAN DROPS FROM THE ROPE, OTHER POWERFUL FIGURES LUNGE AT HIM--

WHERE DID THESE BABIES COME FROM? I'VE TAKEN ON MORE OF A JOB THAN I BARGAINED FOR?

The Batman fights like a cornered tiger as others join the melee.

Even the Batman cannot stand against these overwhelming odds. A sudden blow sends the Batman reeling -- crashing through glass...
Minutes pass...
HE AIN'T COME UP YET? THAT GUYS GONE FOR GOOD THIS TIME?

NOW THAT THE BATMAN IS FINISHED, LET'S FINISH UP HERET GET THE STUFF AWAY AND THEN WE SCREAM BACK TO THE BOSS?

Sure... the batman was marty loden?
SO... WELL... MAYBE WE OUGHT TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF ROBIN, TOO. VERY GOOD CARE?

Later... as robin paces the hallway, a hand whips about his mouth...

Yeah... the boss will be glad to see him?

It's that wise robin kid that works with the batman?

Suddenly, the door crashes open... and in walks slink?

Slink? What... what are you doing out of jail?

I broke out. I was gettin' star crazy like those guys you get out on parole?

You fool! Why didn't you wait till I got you out on parole?

Who you kiddin'... not even you can get me out... no guys with murder raps are parole... an' you know it?

Suddenly, the eerie wail of a police siren cuts through the night air?

Cops... they must've followed you here?

I'll fix them?

Men! Spread out... surround the place... get all the people from the building out... then start firing?

Ugh!

Realizing they must throw in with slink, the parolee boss thugs send lead streaming at the police. the duel between the law and the lawless has begun!
As the battle of bullets rages, a dripping figure pulls itself onto the waterfront pier... It is the Batman.

Wow—my head! I must have been drifting on the water for quite a few minutes—better get back to Robin...

Meanwhile, the boss’ thugs fall like leaves in a storm before the withering gunfire...

Get moving, kid?

They’re cuttin’ us to pieces?

Look out! They’re shooting... (cough—cough...) tear gas cartridges?

If any cop so much as moves into the building, this boy dies?

Here come the rats—running out of their holes?

Cough!

Run inside and see if there are any more of them holed up?

Hello! I’m coming for Robin!

Robin! I don’t want to see that boy killed, even though he does work outside the law. Still, he does fight crime, if...

It’s you, Batman! I’ve always wanted to get the great Batman, and now I’m going to get my wish! Come on, Batman—ha-ha!

And alone and unafraid, the Batman walks toward what seems certain death...

I’m coming up there to get you! I’m walking up the steps now!

And those will be the last steps you’ll ever walk! Ha-ha!

Better get ready, I’m almost there?

I’m here, fella?

Okay, Batman— you asked for it!
Averbhly... Robin acts with the speed of thought...

OOF!

The crime-fighter and crime-master clash in a battle to death.

A sudden blow sends the Batman off balance and reeling toward an open elevator shaft.

But the madman's charge carries him too far. Both the Batman and the parole racketeer plunge down the shaft.

Even as he drops like a leaden plummet, the Batman's hand closes viselike about the only elevator cable—but the parole racketeer is not so fortunate! A trailing shriek marks his end.

Later—

Well, I suppose all those parolees, you know, its easy for most people to understand crime doesn't pay. But when a criminal suddenly realizes it as Miller did, well, that's about the best moral lesson there can be.
JEST KIDDING by Ray McGee

“IT'S MY CANARY'S BIRTHDAY—SO I SENT HIM A SINGING TELEGRAM.”

“HEY MISTER! HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF A LITTLE BLACK SCOTTY DOG DOWN THERE?”

“LOOK MOM—I FOUND A MESSAGE IN THIS BOTTLE—IT'S FROM TH' WATER COMPANY—SAYS NO TICKEE, NO WAShee!”

“HEY, BUGLER! WILL YA GIVE US A COUPLA BLASTS OVER HERE? BUTCH SAYS HE CAN'T GO ON TH' HIKE TODAY. HIS FOOT'S ASLEEP.”

“I'M NOT A SHOPLIFTER, YOUR HONOR. HONEST—I'M A MAGICIAN!”
THE WINNING TEAM!

BATMAN AND ROBIN

BATTLE THEIR WAY THROUGH SMASHING CRASHING ADVENTURES EVERY MONTH IN

GET COPY YOUR TODAY!

No. 54

Detective COMICS AUG.
U.S. Quiz

1. WHICH COUNTRY WAS FIRST TO RECOGNIZE THE UNITED STATES?

2. FROM WHAT COUNTRY DID THE U.S. PURCHASE THE VIRGIN ISLANDS?

3. WHAT PRIVILEGE HAS THE STATE OF TEXAS THAT NO OTHER STATE HAS?

4. IS THERE ANY TEA FROM THE BOSTON TEA PARTY NOW IN BOSTON?

Answers here... Hold upside down.

1. France, on February 6, 1776
2. Denmark
3. More than four additional states
4. There is in a bottle in the Massachusetts Historical Society
He was just a clock maker—and he called them murderers! Why? And why did people die when clocks struck thirteen? Why did the tolling of thirteen mean the tolling of the Death-knell? This was the problem that faced the Batman and Robin, the Boy Wonder. But they found out... they found the boy almost too late when they themselves discovered that they too were marked for death by... THE CLOCK MAKER!
The Hobbs Clock Building

Bruce joins the stockholders, who listen in bored tones as the chairman drones on and on and on.

Ho hum?
Isn't that guy ever going to let us go home?
Shh—this is very important, Keating.
Oh—quiet, Atkins! And you, too, Keating.

Well, men, what now?
I'm going clock-hunting; collecting old clocks is my hobby. You know, wish I knew where to get some really old clocks.

Why not try old Brock? The clock maker on Bell Street. I bought an unusually fine one there last week!

Some time later... a small side street

Queer old fellow. Brock thinks he's Father Time! Even wears an hour-glass around his neck. He's a regular fanatic on time!

I'd like to see this "Father Time" fellow! I'll join you and I dare say Bruce will, too.

So this is the place? Doesn't look like much. Does it?
And that's good. I'm in just this sort of place that one can pick up oldest clocks.

Inside the cramped interior, clocks stand on shelves and counters... clocks, hundreds of them, all ticking with persistent, monotonous regularity...

Mr. Brock?
I am Brock, the clock maker. You wish to buy one of my friends?

Friends? Oh—why—yes... that clock over there?
That one is an old friend of mine. He has been with me for many years.

Ah... you chaps don't mind if I take a little time looking over these clocks, do you?
Don't be silly. I'm just killing time. I'm not doing anything this afternoon, anyway!

Go ahead. I've plenty time, too!
KILLING TIME...PLENTY OF TIME...YOU MURDERERS!

YES...MURDERERS?
MURDERERS?

YES...MURDERERS?
MURDERERS?

ALL THESE FACES...THOSE HUNDREDS
OF PAIRS OF HANDS ACCUSE YOU OF
MURDER? IF I HAD MY WAY I'D SEE TO IT
THAT TIME WOULD KILL
YOU...TIME WOULD MURDER YOU!

THAT...THAT MAKES
CRAYZEE? DO YOU
HEAR HIM SAY IT?

HE'S A
FANATIC ON
TIME IF I
EVER SAW
ONE?

YES...ISN'T HE;
THIS CLOCK
MAKER...ISN'T HE...

BRUCE, I'M WORRIED.
FOR THE LAST FEW
HOURS I'VE SEEN
PROWLERS ABOUT
MY HOUSE. I THINK
I THINK THEY WANT TO
KILL ME.

NONSENSE? WHY SHOULD
ANYONE WANT TO
KILL YOU? YOU'RE
BACK TO BED! YOU'VE JUST
GOT THE JITTERS.

FROM PLAYBOY, BRUCE
WAYNE, AND SCHOOLBOY, DICK
GRAYSON, EMERGE THE EXCITING
PERSONALITIES OF THE
BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE
BOY WORDER?

C'MON, ROBIN...
THE BATMOBILE
IS READY TO ROLL.

BUT BRUCE'S FACE
BELIES HIS ASSURANCE
THAT ALL IS WELL.

DICK, I THINK
WE OUGHT TO
TAKE A RUN OVER
TO KEATINOS
PLACE, SOMETHING'S
WRONG...I CAN
FEEL IT.

AN INSTANT LATER,
THERE IS A THUNDEROUS
ROAD AS THE BATMOBILE
FLASHES THROUGH
THE STREETS...A
RUNAWAY METEOR
OF STREAMLINED STEEL!
THE BATMOBILE RACES TO THE KEATING HOME IN RECORD TIME?

UP THE STEPS AND INTO THE HOUSE DART THE BATMAN AND ROBIN—TWIN AVENGERS OF EVIL?

GREETINGS—?

HELP?

C'HON, ROBIN—LOOKS LIKE WE'RE-being PAGED?

THE—THE BATMAN?

...AND SALUTATIONS—

...AND ALL THAT SORT OF THINGS?

BEFORE THE HOODLUMS CAN RECOVER, THE BATMAN IS UPON THEM LIKE A POUNCING TIGER?

YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, MUGS—BUT YOU MUFFED IT?

OOF!

VERY NICE. NOW I DON'T HAVE TO SOIL MY HANDS ON THE BOTH OF YOU?

WAIT—MITH IS INSIDE—HE MIGHT TALK?

OUTSIDE, THE THUGS SCRAMBLE TO THEIR FEET AND RUN TO THEIR CAR?

C'MON? LET'S GET OUTA HERE—BUT FAST?
HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO SQUEAL TO THE BATMAN...

OH...

THEM? THAT LOOKS AS IF HE NEEDS SOME MEDICAL ATTENTION.

WHAT... WHO...

TAKE IT EASY! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW, JUST A BIT BRUISED, THAT'S ALL.

I WONDER WHY THOSE KILLERS WERE AFTER KEATING?

I'VE A HUNCH SOMEONE WANTED TO KILL KEATING, AND SENT THOSE THUGS THERE TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THEY WERE TRYING TO ROB... AND THEN KILL HIM. IT WOULD BE A NICE COVER-UP!

...AND THEN THE BATMAN AND THAT ROBIN KID WALKED IN!

ALL RIGHT... LEAVE ME ALONE NOW I WANT TO THINK!

WE TOOK CARE OF MITCH BEFORE WE SCRAMMED. HE WON'T SAY ANYMORE.

THE BATMAN SAID: I'LL HAVE TO BE SUBTLE NOW WITH HIM AROUND. THE TICKING OF THOSE CLOCKS DISTURBS MY THOUGHTS... CLOCKS... THERE'S A THOUGHT... I WONDER...

TWO NIGHTS LATER IN THE KEATING HOME, A CLAW-LIKE HAND DEPOTS A SUBSTITUTE CLOCK WHERE ANOTHER ONCE STOOD.
Later that night, as Keating sits at his desk...

Midnight... There go the chimes... Three... Four... Five...

The clock tolls on...

Six... Seven... Eight... Nine... Ten...

Eleven... Twelve... Thirteen?? The clock strikes thirteen??

Aagh!

Gas rises from the clock in a malignant cloud?

Death strikes at thirteen?

The next day, at noon time... Keating's body is discovered. Police swarm into the death room. Accompanying his friend, police commissioner Gordon, is Bruce Wayne...

Hm... What faint smell... like gas.

12 Noon?

But only Bruce has counted the clock's strokes?

And at that very moment in a musty old store, the bent little man known as Brock, the clock maker, cackles with satisfied laughter...

So... Now... Keating, the killer of time... is now dead! Hee-hee! Now my little bugler will entertain another killer of time, Henry Decker... Hee-hee! Blow my little bugler... blow... Hee-hee.

And that very night, in the home of Henry Decker—a stockholder in the Hobbs Clock Company... twelve o'clock?

The clock tolls on... nine... ten... eleven... twelve...

Twelve... Thirteen?? How...? The gas is strongest at this clock? I wonder...

Thirteen! It struck thirteen times? Aagh?

Death strikes at thirteen!
Noontime—the next day... Police investigate another mysterious death?

That's what killed him?

A dart—a tiny dart—probably with deadly poison on it?

I wonder who blew that dart? Oh—twelve o'clock?

Nine... ten... eleven... Twelve...

Thirteen like the other one... What—You're crazy?

Look! There's your murderer! That little Bueller?

The clock tolls on... four—five—six—seven—eight?

Crazy, am I? Here—this Bueller blew the dart when the clock read midnight? Decker had a habit of reading in this chair till late at night.

Of course, and our murderer knew that? He knew Decker's head would be in line with the clock? Why—our murderer must be a clever devil?

And in his dingy store, the clock maker laughs gleefully as hundreds of clocks chime at once.

Hee—hee? That's right—That's right! This clock is for a man who kills time—This clock is for Bruce Wayne! Hee—hee—hee—

And Bruce Wayne is the Batman?

That very night as the midnight hour draws close, the sound dangle of a doorbell brings Dick Grayson to the door of the Wayne home.

Package for ya?

Thank you?

It's a clock? Now why should anyone send us a clock?

The clock tolls the hour... midnight?

Bong!

Bong

Bong

Four—five—six—seven—eight...
Suddenly, a figure hurtles into the room—picks up the clock—and—

BONG BONG

Nine—Ten—Eleven—Twelve—Thirteen... then—a thunderous blast deafens the night!

BOOM!

WHAT A FIRE-CRACKER THAT WAS?

WHREW!

Good thing I heard that clock start to chime. I knew we had no clocks like that. Looks like somebody doesn't like us, eh, kid?

The very next night? Once again Bruce Wayne dons the ink-hued garb of the Batman?

Now remember—If I'm not back within the hour, come and get me?

Check?

Sometime later—the Batman's caped figure bends over a filling cabinet?

Hobbs Clock Company

Just as I thought. Both Batwing and Decker were both stockholders in the Hobbs Clock Company. Things tie up? I'd better make a phone call?

The Batman phones the banker, Selby—

Hello, Selby—Are you all right?

Of course I'm all right! Who is this speaking—what's the man hanging up?

Bruce Wayne is still alive! Something went wrong, but we'll get him the next time. Now, I've another killer of time for you... Peter Selby, the banker?

Yes, I've seen him. He sits in his office, idly watching time pass by while he plans to make money for him, the murderer!
Quick! Give me the address of this man so I may let one of my friends a clock avenge the death of time!

Sure... sure... his address is...

Why don't you give him your address... --Atkins?

Who? That costume— you're the Batman?

You?

Whoa! There— Father Time?

I hate to hit an older man—but I'm afraid this time it's necessary?

That gun won't do you any good, Atkins! I know why you killed those stockholders, Keating, and why you wanted to control Hobbs Clock Company by yourself!

That's right! When old Hobbs, the founder of the company died, he left a will stating his personal stock was to be divided among the surviving members. I had more stock than any one else to begin with...

...and that each time another stockholder died, Hobbs personal stock was to be divided among the surviving members. I had more stock than anyone else to begin with...

And so you figured if you had the others killed off, you alone would soon own the controlling shares of stock? A clever man, but a mad one!

Madda ha...it was clever. I even played on the fanatic old clock makers warped senses—made him think the others were "murderers of time" and should be killed—just as I'm going to kill you right now!
With one cat-like bound, the Batman is upon Atkins?

Drop that gun, you murderer!

The gun goes off... and the bullet finds its mark?

The clockmaker's been hit!

As the Batman, horrified, watches old brock drop to the floor, he leaves himself off-guard for the moment and...

HA... HA-HA-HA!

Atkins binds the Batman with rope?

Now let's see you get out of this, ha-ha! Now I'll drop you in the river, both you and old Brock, so there'll be no snooping police.

Suddenly, a voice whirs Atkins about?

Your hour has come, deceiver of time!

You: But you're dead! I saw you die! No... don't kill me... no-no!

A shriek is suddenly cut off: death has come to Atkins.

Hee-hee? You see how time protects its own? Look - this watch saved me! Your bullet struck the watch, not me for I am time! Father time... heh! I've come to this wasteland earth, swarming with my murderers, my killers who scorned me... so that I waste away and die?

A madman raves on - the Batman regains consciousness.

You and your Mobbs Clock Company - with the greatest clock in the city! I'll show you I'll blow it and myself up away from this earth and its wasters of time when the cant bell strikes thirteen. Thirteen hee-hee-hee - the last vibrating note will set off the bomb, hee-hee!
Desperately, the Batman tries to free himself from his bonds... That madman will not only blow up the Hobbs building with all that TNT, but also half the town! I've got to get free... I've got to!

But time passes quickly and the ticking clocks seem to mock his very efforts!

Robin? Hurry! Get these ropes off me! Right? When you didn't show up I raced over here with the Batmobile just as you told me to.

What's your hurry? It's only ten o'clock and the bell won't strike thirteen till twelve, according to the other murders. Not this time, our clockmaker friend intends to set the clock so that it will strike thirteen at exactly ten o'clock, and we've got exactly two minutes till ten?

One minute... two minutes... time moves agonizingly slow... then—The Hobbs building?

Hee-hee! You're too late—too late?

Look up there! The clock maker?

The bell is striking? It's ten o'clock?

A terrible sound shatters the silence of the night. It is the bell tolling out the hour—One?

A sharp command to Robin and the Batman darts into an elevator whose swift ascent seems incredibly slow as the giant bells toll two?

And the Batman gains the small room set in the clock itself?

And now it is a fight against the inexorable advance of time itself, as below two men battle, and above, the ponderous bell clangs... Four?

Now I've no scruples about socking you, Mr. Clockmaker?

A sudden roar... and the Batmobile races neck and neck with time!
But the clock maker has gone utterly mad, and fights with a madman's fury and strength! A wicked blow sends the surprised Batman reeling... to the open doors' edge!

Hee-hee! No one can conquer time?

For a moment, the Batman teeters on the very edge, clawing at the empty air for balance, then drops?

Bong!

And the bell tolls...

-Five!

But even as he drops, the Batman makes a desperate clench for life... his hand closes vise-like about the hour hand... and holds!!

Bong!

Seven!

Hee-hee: you won't hang there long! I've got Atkins' best! HEE HEE! I'll get you! Hee-hee!

At that very instant a small figure is seen leaping through the yawning chasm of space that separates a nearby building from the clock face?

Bong!

Come to papa?

Eight!

Small hands snatch at a protruding clock number?

And the bell tolls nine?

A human ant, Robin climbs up the clock's giant face, his feet finding the holds on the numbers there?

Bong!

Hee-hee! Your time to die has come?

And the clock tolls...

-Ten!
1. Reaching out, his hands close on the clock maker...

   BONG!

   UGH!

   And the clock tolls eleven?

2. Who falls with a trailing shriek as the bell tolls twelve...

   BONG!

   AAAAA

   The bell is about to strike thirteen! We'll be blown to bits?

   Not if I can help it!

3. And now the twin battlers of crime race up to the belfry itself as the giant bell swings ponderously... its huge clapper ready to crash for a final clang and shattering death?

4. And the Batman's body winds about the giant clapper as it crashes with sickening force against the great bell...

   UGH!

   At last, the clapper sways no more.

   Robin has found the mechanism that stops the bell's giant swing!

   Just in time—don't think I could have held out much longer?

   It's okay now. Everything's all over?

   You know something—somehow felt sort of sorry for old Brock, the clock maker? He just wanted people to waste time, that's all?

5. Back and forth sways the giant clapper crashing the Batman's bruised form against the bell as if to dislodge him—but his head's fast, like grim death?

   UGH! Got to hold on. Got to, or his whole town will be blown up...

   Of course, he was too fanatical about it. But he was right about one thing. People who waste valuable time are really enemies of mankind. Think of all the fine cures for disease and inventions that might have been found if they made use of their precious time! It's worth thinking about.

   The Batman's body acts as a buffer, the deafening vibration that is to set off the deadly T.N.T. does not come.

   ROB KANE
FAST AND FURIOUS!

Right! FAST is the word for The Flash — FASTEST MAN ALIVE!

NOW ON SALE

—AND YOU’LL BE FURIOUS IF YOU MISS ALLSTAR No.6 CONTAINING 8 OF YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTERS!

ON SALE JUNE 25TH
Baltimore - A moving householder left his piano in the middle of a lot.

Look, I found the piano first. It's costing ya' two cents if you want to play it.

I quit - I'll take back my sewing machine!

Rushville, Ind. - A hamburger stand owner bought a sewing machine but couldn't pay cash. The salesman agreed to take out $33 in trade.

Edisto, S.C. - Without disturbing any of the furnishings, a hurricane moved a house one mile from its foundation.

The wife did say she was leaving me to go to her mother - but I didn't think she'd take the house with her.

Angelica, N.Y. - In a baking competition held here, a man won first prize over the women.

Yeah, the wife found out that I won the prize and that I am quite handy around the kitchen.
The Batman and his right-hand lieutenant—Robin!—on a campaign against crime in the Iron Jungle—a strange land where strange things this way and that way. The stories of the Batman and Robin—a whirlwind regiment of two to foil the battle with the great and double-dealing and unraveled the tangled web of terror which hides—

The Secret of the Iron Jungle,

As midnight strikes and the Batman skims over the city's roofs... he sees...

'Yes, going right down to the first floor, buddy, and you're not taking no elevator! Haw-haw!'
SAFELY INSIDE THE OFFICE THE AVENGER LISTENS TO A TALE OF CRIME AND TERROR.

THEY'RE OUT TO GET ME. YOU SEE, THEY'RE TRYING TO WRECK PAGE OIL COMPANY -- I'M THE NEW YORK REPRESENTATIVE.

NEXT MORNING, BRUCE WAYNE -- SOCIETY PLAYBOY TO THE WORLD, BUT THE BATMAN ONLY TO DICK GRAYSON, ALIAS ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER SITS IN HIS STUDY WHEN LINDA PAGE ENTERS.

THE TRIM FIGURE OF LINDA PAGE ENTERS.

BRUCE, PLEASE BE SERIOUS, I HEARD DAD'S HAVING TROUBLE DOWN AT HIS TEXAS OIL FIELDS.

WELL, HE'S A GONER, LET'S SCREAM.

EASY, MISTER, WE'RE OKAY NOW.

NO, HIS LIFE IS IN DANGER! EVER SINCE THAT GUSHER WAS EXPECTED.

A GUSHER IS A MONSTER SPOUT OF OIL THAT OFTEN BRINGS UNTOLD WEALTH -- SHOOTING THOUSANDS OF FEET FROM BELOW THE EARTH, HUNDREDS OF FEET INTO THE AIR. GUSHERS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO POUR OUT OIL AT THE RATE OF TWO MILLION GALLONS A DAY.

...IF HE NEEDS MONEY...

MEANWHILE, AT TOM PAGE'S HEADQUARTERS AT THE PAGE OIL COMPANY.

Graham Masters, Dad's partner, threatens to push my father out before the gusher sends stocks soaring.

You're old -- it's my turn now. I tell you to get out while the going is still good.

I've got big plans for myself -- and this old oil isn't going to stand in my way.
A dramatic scene awaits Bruce as his swift automobile slides by the entrance of the Page Oil Company.

Dick--keep yourself out of sight until the time comes for you to change parts... anything can happen around here--

It's your last chance. --And others too?
WHO INVITED YOU IN HERE, PRETTY BOY?

I MIGHT ASK THE SAME OF YOU?

WISE GUY, EH?

YOU...

SHOULDN'T STRAIN YOURSELF, YOU KNOW--

PARDON ME, SIR, I DIDN'T MEAN TO KICK YOU!

OUCH?

OH, I'M SO SORRY--BUT ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN--

AFTER MASTERS LEAVES--

THAT WAS MY PARTNER, BRUCE? HE JUST WARNED ME THAT IF I DIDN'T SELL OUT BY MIDNIGHT, MY LIFE'S IN DANGER?

DON'T WORRY, MR. PAGE--THAT KIND OF THING ONLY HAPPENS IN STORY BOOKS?

AS THEY TALK, TOM'S TRAITOROUS PARTNER HOLDS A WHISPERED CONFERENCE WITH CHUCK, HIS CHIEF STRONG ARM MAN--

WHEN THAT WISE GUY COMES OUT--START A FIGHT WITH HIM AND MAKE IT GOOD!

I GETCHA, BOSS: YOU AND THE BOYS'LL SNATCH OLD GRANDPOP WHILE IT'S GOING ON. SMART STUFF, CHIEF--
A few minutes later, Bruce, dressed in a spotless white suit, goes outside to look things over.

Well--so the reception committee is waiting.

Looks like Chuck and his gang are getting ready for some dirty work.

If he starts anything, we'll clean them all up--those trouble-makers deserve a good beating?

As Bruce walks forward--a no-man's land is formed between the two sides.

Well--here's a chance to mix with real society--you are--but not in the way you think.

I've got some brass knuckles that need breaking in?

When Chuck gives us the eye, start swinging?

Gee--ain't that a sweet, little, white suit he's wearing?--haw?--haw?

I don't like your face much, rather you kept it covered?

Oof?

Please, keep your distance?
Chuck is made to look ridiculous before his own men.

Don't take it lying down, Chuck! Haw Haw!

Bruce's strategem works—Chuck, infuriated, wades into his own men.

Laugh at me, Will! Ya—!

Well, they're doing our job for us very nicely.

Certainly saved us a lot of trouble. Let's get back to work.

But as Bruce teaches Chuck some manners, Graham Masters sneaks into Tom Page's office—this time he brings a bodyguard of four, armed henchmen.

You won't get me—even with your gorillas, mas—

Maybe this'll convince you things happen my own way now. Don't take him away, boys—tie him up on top of Old Number 8 Derrick in the Iron Jungle and keep him there till he sells—and if he doesn't—

The iron jungle is the local name given to a forest of long-abandoned oil derricks.

But outside, night is falling, and Bruce slips away to the old bunkhouse where he had agreed to meet Dick.

Come on, Robin—into your work clothes?

---I've a hunch there are going to be big doings tonight?

Meanwhile, a yellow roadster pulls up—at the very moment Masters sneaks out of the office. Linda Page has arrived earlier than she planned.

Chuck—C'mere—Quick—look who's here? Page's daughter—

Get off my car at once!
Gee, Boss? She's worse than a bucking bronco?

We've got to get her out of here before they see us!

But as they make good their escape—two masked figures shoot from the door of the old bunkhouse!

I've never driven one of these before!

There's no time like now to begin, Linda's in that car and we've got to get her out!

She's out—what we gonna do wit' de dame?

That depends on what her old man does. We'll turn around at the cross road and make for the iron jungle by the old road.

In hot pursuit the heavy oil truck thunders down the road.

The Batman! But where—how? Ughh!
LIKE A BAT ON A SURF BOARD--THE BATMAN RIDES THE SPEEDING CAR'S MOMENTUM--

Using his springboard take-off--he leaps with Linda's limp body under one arm--

Now if only I can catch hold--

WHEN I MADE IT--DUCK LOW, AND STEP ON IT, ROBIN!

Chuck makes a sharp turn as Masters loses a hail of bullets--and as each one rips into the oil tank--flames stab out of the bullet holes into the darkness!

This'll finish you! Burn! Ha! you'll burn to death! Haha

Looks like they're done for. Boss, they'll blow to pieces?

Well, let to the fire jungle through the jam--and that old fire going to stop over them oil wells--mighty pronto!

As Masters and Chuck speed back to the base oil company, Robin swings his blazing truck around--and gives chase like a fiery comet on the trail of vengeance! Any moment they hear the terrible explosion, which is bound to come.

We've been in tight spots before, but we've never faced against fire and death both at the same moment?

Into the last lap speeds the truck--a monster bon fire lashing out with scarlet oil for whipsy, as it screams to a halt. Robin and the Batman, Linda under the latter's arm. Lead--and none too soon!

We haven't a second to lose--take care of Linda--and run after Chuck and Masters!
With panther-like movement, the Batman trails his quarry into the dense semi-tropical undergrowth that swarms all over the iron jungle.

This time you’re not getting away!

Instantly, the Batman scales the very next derrick—lightning flares weirdly on the uncanny scene—

Reaching the tower’s top, the Batman grasps a giant creeper—making ready for a death-defying glide?

The gunmen’s weapons mark sudden death?

What? The Batman—alive?

The stream of bullets sever the creeper—the Batman’s sole link with the world?

Lightning rends the sky, illuminating the Batman as he leaps…

I hope this creeper holds?

Get that gun—and make sure the time?
BUT THE MOMENTUM OF HIS LEAP CARRIES HIM TO THE OTHER DERRICK DEEPLY, HE CLINGS—

YOU'RE IN FOR A DROP, BUDDY?

THE THING'S FALLING APART!

DON'T BE TOO SURE—

YOU NEED A LESSON, TOO—

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

MEANWHILE, ROBIN SIGHTS THE BATMAN'S LONE STRUGGLE AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS—

LOOKS AS THOUGH BATMAN NEEDS ME—

WHAA... IT'S ONLY A KID?

—WITH A BIG PUNCH?
1. Gotcha!

2. That'll teach you, fresh kid?

3. Led by Chuck, the thugs bundle into the hand lift they plan to leave their victims at the top to burn.

4. C'mon brave guys—let's see if you can fight a man?

5. I'll finish them all—now?

6. The shaft gives way and the men topple to their doom.

7. Depositing Robin on the ground: the Batman takes after Masters.

Oh, yeah?

I'm coming for you, Masters, please don't be impatient.

That's justice for you—gunmen killed by their own leader.
HIGH ON THE CRUMBLING DERRICK, THEY LOCK IN A DEATH STRUGGLE.

GET HIM BATMAN!

LET'S SEE HOW WELL YOU FIGHT WITHOUT A GUN?

JUST AS THE BATMAN FREES OLD TOM FROM HIS BONDS, THE OLD DERRICK CRUMBLES EARTHWARD.

HELP!

STRAIGHTEN YOUR BODY, MR. PAGE?

WE'VE GOT TO GET TO OIL WELL NUMBER THREE--THEY'LL BE BLASTING IN FIVE MINUTES--AND IT MAY BE THE GUSHER!

WHHEW--THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE! MASTERS MUST BE TRAPPED IN THE WRECKAGE!

THEY'VE KILLED JOE! ANOTHER TWO MINUTES AND THE RAIN WILL RUIN THE NITRO CHARGE. THE MEN ARE AFRAID!

I'LL DO THE JOB!

I'LL GET THAT BATMAN AND OLD PAGE IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

NOW--?

S U D D E N L Y--

NOT SO FAST, RAT--

MASTERS FREES HIS GUN-ARM TO TAKE A SHOT AT ROBIN, BUT IN THE ENSUING STRUGGLE, HIS ARM IS FORCED BACK--
The Gun Flames:

1. The Batman is certainly right—crime does not pay.

Meanwhile, the Batman pushes the plunger—thousands of feet below the earth there is a tremendous explosion—as the oil is unleashed by the nitros powerful kick.

2. Heads up—here she goes.

Wait a moment; you saved my life and I want to thank you.

My work's done—you finish the rest, goodbye!

3. Why, hello, Linda. What brings you here? I heard a lot of noise and wondered what was happening.

I'm sorry spoiling your beauty sleep.

5. Can I give you a ride back?

Thanks a lot—there couldn't be any excitement driving with you. Weren't you man enough to help Dad? I'd like you to take a leaf out of Batman's book!

6. Bruce and Dick head for home—

Poor Linda—she'll never know. I kind of wish she could know.

Aw, gee! The Batman's job is to hunt criminals!

7. Look at that darn gusher—going to bring millions of gallons of oil—whee... harrumph.

The oil company's safe at last.
Cork Allen eased his big roan stallion along the twisting trail at a steady gallop. He had seen the yearling longhorn break from the clump of sage up ahead and take to its heels, but he would catch it shortly. Cork Allen smiled thinly when he thought how he was fooling the ranchers all around him.

All his neighbors thought Cork Allen was a fine, upstanding citizen of the state of Arizona. It was Cork’s famous branding iron with the circle about his initials CA that was known as the mark of a big rancher. And to think he—Cork Allen—was a cattle rustler!

Cork’s lips twisted in a slight grin. He was a smart man. Nobody ever caught him running cattle. They could never quite catch up to him. And he was smart, spending money to fight rustlers. He was more than made that up by rustling cattle all over this southern range!

No, they would never catch Cork Allen! He had taken elaborate precautions against that! Hadn’t he hired “Draw” O’Dea to be sheriff of the little town of Big Horn, around which all the big ranches were clustered like spokes about the hub of a wheel? “Draw” was a smart sheriff. Folks were grateful to Cork Allen for bringing him up from the Panhandle. But he, Cork Allen, was even smarter than “Draw”. He had nothing to fear!

His stallion ate up the dusty ground with long strides. Cork unflipped his lariat from the pommel of his big Cheyenne saddle and snaked out its long coil. A quick flash of his wrist and the forty-foot rope slid out over the head of the running yearling. The lariat tightened, and the yearling went down.

Quickly, with years of long practice, Cork hobbled the young longhorn and started a fire. He unstrapped his branding-iron from its saddle-rest and thrust the initial end into the flames. While it heated, Cork rolled a cigarette from the makings in his shirt pocket.

He had to give himself credit. He only went after the young steers, that weren’t branded yet. In this great unfenced range there were many young ones wandering. And in the fall roundup, they found a lot of yearlings with the circled CA on their flanks. He was smart, all right. Nobody would ever think Cork Allen was a rustler!

Cork bent over the fire and lifted the branding-iron. He studied the glowing edge, heated red-hot. There would be an acrid smell as it bit into the yearlings satiny flank, but that smell was sweet to Allen: it meant more money!

A shadow fell across the fire. Cork stiffened, and glanced up. “Draw” O’Dea was sitting his pinto right in front of him!

Cork forced his thin lips to smile. He waved a hand.

“’Lo, Draw. Come down and set a while. I was—just practicin’ a little—roping.”

“Draw” swung from his saddle. His thin face was grim. His cold blue eyes gleamed dangerously.

“With a brandin’ iron all ready to plunk in its side?”

Cork attempted a laugh. His spine tingled. He knew now that “Draw” was wise to him. He dropped the iron to the ground, where its red initials looked up like hot eyes.

“Meanin’?” asked Cork slow-
ly, his arms dangling loosely at his sides, his fingertips just brushing the gun-butt.

"Draw" studied the fire, the bound yearling and the branding iron. His eyes stared straight into Cork's.

"I was lookin' over the books of the diff'nt ranchers 'round these parts, Allen. They show a steady decrease of yearlings. The big steers were let alone. Only the yearlings were missin'. That meant somethin' to me. Meant that somebody was rustlin' yearlin's! Reckon I know who it was—now!"

Cork grinned, but did not relax his vigilance.

"So you got a posse on my trail, eh? Smart guy, knowing it was me!"

"Draw" shook his head, saying, "I didn't know 'til just now. I wanted to speak to you 'bout somethings that needed your tention. I saw you out here and followed you. I saw you rope the yearlin'. I watched, then rode up."

"You're the only one that knows 'bout this, then?" asked Cork, leaning forward slightly.

"Draw" whitened. His body slouched warningly. His hands, like Cork's brushed against his worn gun-butt.

"I'm the only one," he agreed quietly.

"If an accident was to happen to you, Draw, nobody'd be the wiser!" chuckled Cork. Then grimly, "Flash 'em!"

Two guns leaped from their holsters, glimmering in the sun. Two thundering reports roared across the range.

Cork Allen staggered slightly. His left shoulder went suddenly numb. Through the blue smoke he peered forward at "Draw" O'Dea who was sliding to his knees in the dust, one hand outstretched.

Cork blew the smoke from his gun-barrel. His nose suddenly wrinkled. What was that he smelled? He looked around, and shrugged. Couldn't be anything much, he reckoned.

He stooped and picked up his branding iron. He freed the yearling without branding it. Cork was vaguely worried. There was something wrong. That odor—

He swung up into the saddle and looked down at the inert O'Dea. No one would ever know Cork Allen had killed him. Leave him here. Somebody would find him. The citizens would come to Cork and ask for another sheriff.

Cork grinned. Maybe he'd try his hand at being sheriff himself. It would give him more time for branding yearlings. . . .

Cork stiffened in his saddle and cursed swiftly. That smell. Now he had it! It was strangely similar to the acrid smell of a yearling's branded flank. But—but what could have been branded around that little campfire? Not the yearling.

Cork remembered, "Draw"s outflung hand as he fell to the earth. That hand and gesture had struck Cork as a little peculiar at the time. He whirled his roan around and raced back toward the fire.

Leaning from the saddle, Cork stared at the sheriff's exposed right hand. His thin lips smiled sardonically. He had thought himself smart, but O'Dea had tricked him, even as he was dying! O'Dea had flung himself out, and reached out his hand and touched Cork Allen's red-hot branding iron. There was no mistaking that famous brand!

On the back of "Draw" O'Dea's outstretched hand was the imprint of a circled C.A.!
Dinky

Boy - WHAT A DAY!

Boy - I'm all set to catch millions of fish with my new pole!

Then I oughta catch billions, seein' as I'm a better fisherman!

Better fisherman, my eye... last time we went who caught more? Who?

Yeah? Well, I'll bet you my new knife against your pole, I catch more today!

Okay! It's a bet! I'm goin' around the bend!

Gee... I'd better catch lots today. Imagine losin' my new pole. Gosh!

2 hours later -

Imagine! One measly fish all afternoon!

Wow! He's pulling 'em in look at them all!
Looks like I'm gonna lose my new pole! - C'mon, fish, start biting.

Idea

Hey, you - toss those fish back!

No fishing

Y-y-yes, sir!

Well, here's my catch. It isn't much, but I guess they weren't biting today, eh?

Thanks a lot for the knife!
IT'S SO!

$10 AN OUNCE
WAS THE RATE FOR MAIL SENT BY PONY EXPRESS!

ACHOO

THE COLD IS THE MOST COMMON OF ALL SICKNESS... YET, THE EXACT CAUSE IS UNKNOWN!

HEY! HERE'S ANOTHER BRAND NEW ISSUE CRAMMED WITH ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN!

ON SALE JULY 2ND
DON'T MISS IT!
When killers mock the law and tarnish the blue-coated protectors of society, then it is time for the Batman to make his timely entrance! With his laughing young aide, Robin, the Boy Wonder, this master crime-slayer penetrates the hidden lair of the denizens of the underworld and meets their measures with swift actions of his own! Follow the Batman now as he fares forth on another mission... ferreting out and crushing the evil one -- "Suicide Beat!"
Later...

It's Grogan, he didn't have a chance!

He must have been crowding Fancy Dan! They don't live long when they do that!

No wonder they call this 'Suicide Beat'! Any cop that gets this beat practically commits suicide? Fancy Dan sees to that?

Grogan is the third cop to be found dead here! I pity the poor guy that gets this beat next!

Kelly, you heard about Grogan last night. I want an experienced man to take over his beat. I'm appointing you.

Yes, sir?

Kelly, you look mighty cheerful for a man who has to take over suicide beat!

Why shouldn't Kelly be smiling? Didn't you hear that his son, Jimmy, gets his badge today?

Sure... and what man wouldn't be proud of a son like me boy? Jimmy? 'Tis the blessed day that he becomes a rookie policeman! Two generations of Kelly's policemen.

Well, I hope he's a better cop than his old man!

Ha-ha?

Quiet or I'll have me Jimmy lock the both of ye up in a cell!

Midnight... Kelly's cheerful whistle is heard on grim suicide beat!

Dio yer mother come from 'Ireland sure there's...
Minutes later...

Easy son--easy!

Dad--dad...

Who shot him? Who killed my father?

Probably one of Fancy Dan's boys?

Well--what are you waiting for? Why don't we arrest him?

Take it easy, Jimmy! Even if we did arrest Fancy Dan or his mobsters we couldn't prove anything. You see, son--

Fancy Dan runs this neighborhood...has for a long time...whenever we do pin a little something on him, he manages to wiggle out of it? He's got protection? The rotten political boss of this ward is his 'silent' partner.

As soon as a policeman starts to get anything on him, he gets shot? That's why your father was killed--he had a reputation as a good cop. Fancy Dan was afraid of him.

What's that? Suicide beat--why I'd be sending you to your death!

I want suicide beat--Fancy Dan killed my father. I'm going to get Fancy Dan--I'm going to get him if it's the last thing I do.
THE NEXT MORNING... BRUCE WAYNE, SOCIETY PLAYBOY, SITS IN THE OFFICES OF HIS FRIEND, POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON---

I KNOW I GAVE THE ROOKIE A TOUGH BEAT, BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE'LL PIN SOMETHING ON FANCY OAN?

IF HE DOESN'T, WE'LL BE PINNING SOMETHING ON HIM--A WREATH?

AT LEAST, THE BOY WILL GET THE COOPERATION OF THE PEOPLE ON THOSE STREETS, WON'T HE?

A CROOKED POLITICIAN RUNS THAT STREET--AND HE'S A SMART POLITICIAN. HE SENDS THE POOR PEOPLE MONEY, BUYS THEM FOOD ON CHRISTMAS--FINDS MEN JOBS, ETC., AND ASKS IN RETURN THAT THEY VOTE FOR HIM AND PROTECT HIS JACKALS--NATURALLY, THE PEOPLE DO JUST AS HE SAYS--AND HATE COPS. JIMMY DON'T GET ANY HELP FROM THEM?

VERY INTERESTING! WELL--I'LL BE TODDING ALONG NOW! SEE YOU IN JAIL, GORDON?

SEE YOU IN A NIGHT CLUB IS MORE LIKE IT--I THINK YOU SPEND YOUR LIFE THERE?

THAT AFTERNOON--ALL OF THE PEOPLE OF SUICIDE BEAT TURN OUT TO WATCH ROOKIE JIMMY KELLY, THOUGH GRIM AND SILENT. THEIR HATRED OF HIM IS LIKE LOUD THUNDER.

WHY, YOU LITTLE---

PETE'S BAR

I DIDN'T SEE NO KID?

I DIDN'T SEE NO KID?

A LITTLE KID RAN IN HERE, WHERE DID HE GO?

BUT YOU MUST HAVE SEEN HIM. HE RAN RIGHT IN HERE?

IF HE DIDN'T SEE NO KID, HE DIDN'T SEE NO KID... COPPER?
Fancy Dan?

So you're the new cheese around here, me... I don't like Copperst and that's a good tip, kidy. See what I mean?

C'mon, boys. Me... I don't like the atmosphere o' the place now.

Yeah... I guess blue uniforms don't agree with ya?

My father's murderer! I could kill him now... so easy, but that's not a cop's way. I'll get him the way Pop would have... and I'll get him.

My little girl? My little Anna? Thank heavens she's all right!

The dirty rat is getting away?

As if shot from a cannon, Jimmy's body hurtles directly across the path of the oncoming car... and misses crushing death by scant inches.

Suddenly, as if from nowhere, two mantled figures race forward -- The Batman and Robin.

A surging roar of power and the car leaps away in pursuit.

Right?

After him, Robin! Let's borrow this car?
ON SCREAMING TIRES, THEY DRAW ABERAST
OF THE DRUNKEN DRIVER'S RACING CAR....

I'LL PLUG YA FULLA HOLES?

A GUN, TOOT THAT COMPLETES
THE PICTURE?

WHAT YOU NEED IS
SOMETHING TO PUT YOU
ASLEEP...AND THIS IS IT?

MINUTES LATER...

HERE, TAKE CARE OF
THIS RAT? ADIOS?

THE BATMAN! HOW?...

AND, HENRY... I
MEAN, JUDGE, YOU
UNDERSTAND, HOW
THIS POOR, HAPPY
MAN DECIDED TO
CELEBRATE HIS FINDING
A JOB AND IF HE TOOK—

AND A LITTLE LATER....

SO YA GOT HIM OUT,
EH SKIGG?

DON'T I ALWAYS GET YOUR
BOYS OUT?

NOW WHAT DO WE DO--PLUG
THE COPPER?

NO-- GET RID OF HIM,
BUT NO SHOOTING--
THREE DEAD COPS IN A ROW
MIGHT BRING DOWN THE
GOVERNOR?

SKIGS IS RIGHT? WE'LL JUST MUST HIM
UP ENOUGH SO THAT HE GOES TO THE
HOSPITAL? ME--I GOT
IDEA?
Suddenly, a car shoots from behind a corner... stops long enough to pick up the hoodlums, and then speeds away... 

No use trying to get those rats?

Well... what's this? They must have dropped this in the scuffle?

The next night... alderman skigg addresses the huge crowd in the stadium...

And so, ladies and gentlemen, arnumph... I've arranged so that the proceeds will buy good milk for starving babies... blah... blah...

And in the champ's dressing room, a shadow moves across the wall...

What... oh... h-h?

In the ring... the challenger, biff mafey, acknowledges the plaudits of the crowd...

Where's the champ? He should be here...

Suddenly... walking down the aisle... the champ's trainer and manager with the batman...

The champ had an accident... so I'm taking his place... isn't that right, boys?

Yeah... yeah; that right, cowl... you're the batman!

But you can't take his place... I mean... the crowd don't want a substitute!

How about it, folks? Want me to fight in the champ's place?
The crowd comes to a unanimous decision...

Yes! We want the Batman!

We want the Batman!

The Bell clangs for the first round... the fight is on-

The Batman, eh? Well, here's where I make you look like a punk?

Stop talking, and fight...

Just a big bag of wind?

I'll... whoosh!!

The Batman easily slips under a round-house right...

And follows up with a terrific uppercut!

One two th--

I'll fix dat guy!!

The Challenger rubs his glove into the canvas that bears the resin from their shoe soles...

As he rises, he spears the Batman in the face, rubbing the resin-dabbed glove into the Batman's eyes...

For the moment, the Batman's eyes are blinded... he faces easy prey to fists that sneak past his guard...

How do you like them onions, Batman?
Through blurred vision, he sees Mafev rush at him for the kill...

Get ready to kiss that canvas, chum?

But the Batman is ready! His fist shoots out and lands with the force of a baseball bat!

There is no need for a count. Mafev is out... but definitely!

The winner... the Batman?

Suddenly, lights wink out over the stadium...

Who turned out the lights?

And when they flash on again after a few moments...

Huh? He's gone? The Batman's gone?

What's happened?

Nice work, kid! You turned out those lights just in time. I don't see how I could have gotten through the crowd any other way!

Outside the stadium...

Abruptly, there is the blast of gunfire... a voice raises in a shout... as Fancy Dan and his henchmen get away with the gate receipts?
Fancy Dan's car races through the streets, tires screaming—and the Batman on the tire rack—

Round up Jimmy Kelly, Robin! I'm going to tag along.

Now this is what I call a wild ride!

With a sudden abruptness, the car jerks to a halt. So sudden is the stop that the Batman is hurled from his perch to crash against the gutter.

When he comes to—

Hello, Fancy Dan! So—Not only do you and Skipo rig up a phony fight, but you also steal the proceeds?

Shadowny me—I don't like you. I'm gonna make it hot for you—good and hot!

Gasoline? You weren't kidding when you said you were going to make it hot for me?

Me... I never kid. So long, wise guy.

The lighted match hits the gasoline-impregnated floor. There is a sudden whoosh—and the room is transformed into a roaring inferno.

I'm in a spot?

At that very moment...

He must have followed Fancy Dan to his hideout?

I--I can tell you where it is?

But where?

You saved my little girl, Anna's life. The least I can do is repay you this way. I saw Fancy Dan and his mob take the Batman into No. 14 on the next street.

Someone on suicide beat help no cop. Can't believe it?
At the sound of the shots, a crowd gathers around the group...

Look? The batman is on fire?

The batman—He must be inside. I'm going in after him?

My baby?? She's in there, too?

Look? The batman?

And he's got my baby!

Even as jimmy darts forward into the house next door, the ancient, flimsy dwelling goes up in flames...

Fighting his way through yellow, leaping tendrils, he gains the roof which has not yet caught fire?

Can you jump it?

No... can't take a chance with the kid in my arms. This roof will cave in at any moment—only one thing to do. Get ready...

A desperate cast for life?
WHew? Got her?

At that instant, firemen arrive—spread wide net and Jimmy leaps to safety with his precious burden...

And just as the building crashes inward, the Batman makes his leap through space to that net that seems so small below?

It's you, skigg? Well—just in time for me to take you in?

Wha—what is that? My baby?

It's just that you not only rigged up a phoney charity fight, but you also fixed it so Fancy Dan would steal the gate receipts?

—and those gate receipts would have bought milk for the kids of this neighborhood?

Well, Jimmy, I guess you won't have any more trouble on suicide beat?

Yes, and if I know my crooks, Fancy Dan and his men will talk plenty down at head quarters—thanks to you?

Later—

But how did you get free?

I managed to reach a steel blade I had hidden in the heel of my boot. Close call, though! Say, wonder what the people think of Jimmy now?

The next day— the answer to the Batman's question?

Hello, Jimmy? It certainly is—certainly a fine day?

Fine day?
AT THE TOP OF THE FIELD!

SIX TERRIFIC WORLD-BEATERS ON SALE EVERY MONTH

BE SURE TO GET THIS ONE TOO!

containing

- Superman • Batman and Robin
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DON'T MISS IT!
Boys! Contest Ends July 25th! Enter Now—Start Shootin' To Win One Of These 2 Free Trips to Red Ryder's Rocky Mountain Rancho.

Winners will be chosen from all entries received. Straight shootin' and thinkin' wins a trip to my rancho.

Me hope you win this prize!

Enter Daisy's Big Rootin' Tootin' Shootin' Contest Now!

Red Ryder's Rifle

210 Prizes Given!

1st and 2nd Prize: A Thrilling 2 Weeks! Expenses paid trip to Red Ryder Ranch!

These happy Trip Winners will meet at Denver, Colorado, Aug. 18, and under responsible adult supervision, visit Estes National Park, Grand Lake, Pike's Peak, Garden of The Gods, Then cowboy life on the Rancho—a mountain pack-trip—visit to Cliff Dwellings, Indian Reservation, etc. See Fred Harman's amazing Cartoon Strip "RED RYDER" in his mountain studio! What a trip!!—What a contest!! Enter!

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Win one of those beautiful, amazing new RECORDIERS — the WONDER MACHINE of the 20th Century! Carry anywhere. Make home records of your voice, instrument, play, etc. Instantly. Use also as radio or phonograph! Makes records of your favorite radio programs. Complete with "mike", 6 blank recording discs. VALUE each...$39.95

101 Targetee Pistol

Daisy Targetee Pistol

Contest Rules:
(1) Each contestant must shoot using Official 25-30 Caliber Target and completely, the sentence: "I like to shoot a Daisy because..." in 25 words or less. Sentence must be written in space provided on Official Target.
(2) Contest starts May 1, ends July 25. All targets and equipment required, must be purchased at authorized dealers, at retail. plymouth, Michigan by midnight, July 28, 1941.
(3) Any air rifle using BB type shot may be used.
(4) Contests may be of any age group and must include the 18 years, at start of contest, May 1, and must be residents of the Continental United States.
(5) Official Targets only may be used and must be properly filled in and signed, by an adult witness being mailed to Daisy. Targets will be furnished any official Dealer free of charge. Official Target is necessary for Free Official Target, mailed to any contestant in the United States or Canada.
(6) Entry Deadline: July 28, 1941.
(7) Entries must be sent by July 28, 1941. One Official Target per entry. Each contestant must submit one Official Target. Entry must be mailed to contest headquarters.

30-31

Win a pair of air rifle wall brackets, wood cut-out Theme of Red Ryder's Flying Horse. VALUE each...$10.00

Gun Brackets

Flash! 1st and 2nd Prize winners get a PAIR OF FREE RANCH RANGER COVERED CANS from Fred Harman, Cartoonist, as his personal gift.

Winners will be selected from all entries received. No entries returned. Entries must be complete. Contest open to all and is open to residents of the United States and Canada. Daisy Harman, Publishing Company, 540 10th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. Official Targets must be used in order to win a pair of these FREE RANCH RANGER COVERED CANS. - If your Entry is not Received by July 28, 1941, it will be void.

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