

No. 6

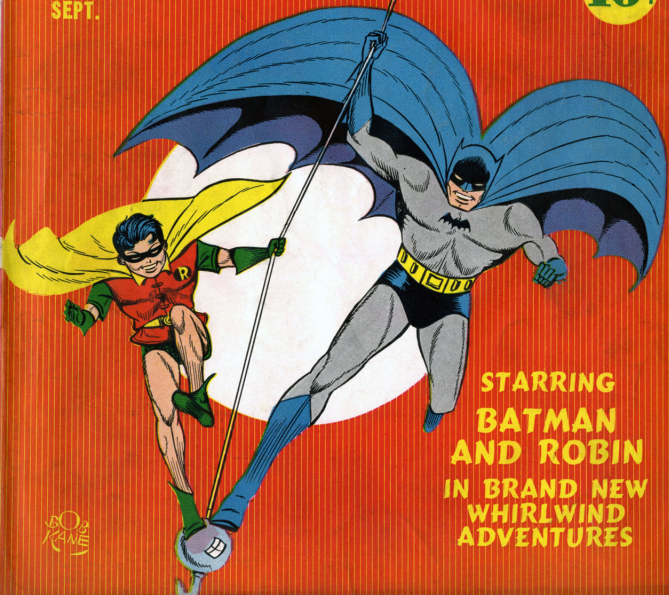


BATMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AUGUST
SEPT.

10¢



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BATMAN
AND ROBIN
IN BRAND NEW
WHIRLWIND
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BOB
KANE

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For Protection
This is a new and improved design of a blank cartridge pistol. It is a perfect replica of a real pistol and is a great novelty for parties and social occasions. It is made of high quality materials and is very durable. It is a great gift for anyone who loves novelty.

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BAT MAN

WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BOB
KANE

WHEN A MASTER OF EVIL TRIES
TO MAKE A MOCKERY OF THE LAW,
TWO RASH MORTALS DARE TO SEEK OUT ITS TWIN
INTO CRIME'S DOMAIN TO BRING HUMANS AND
HIDDEN CHIEF --- TWO BRAVE THE BATMAN AND
FIGHTERS FOR JUSTICE --- THE FOLLOW THEM
ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER, AS THEY DRAW
NOW AS A TRAIL OF VENGEANCE LEADS THEM
INTO A LAIR OF CRIME AS THEY DRAW
ASIDE THE VEIL THAT HIDES THE REAL TRUTH OF...
"MURDER ON PAROLE."

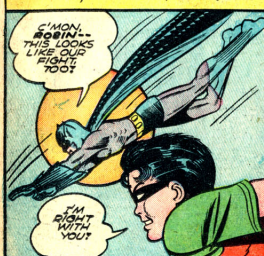
NIGHT FALLS--A BLANKET
OF DARKNESS AND MYSTERY.
HIGH OVER THE GLOOMY
WATERFRONT TWO
COSTUMED FIGURES STAND
POISED AND VIEW A GRIM
SCENE ---

OKAY,
SHOULDERS--
IF YOU'RE
GOING TO KILL
ME, YOU MIGHT
AS WELL
GET IT
OVER
WITH!

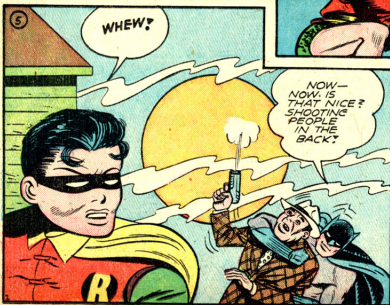
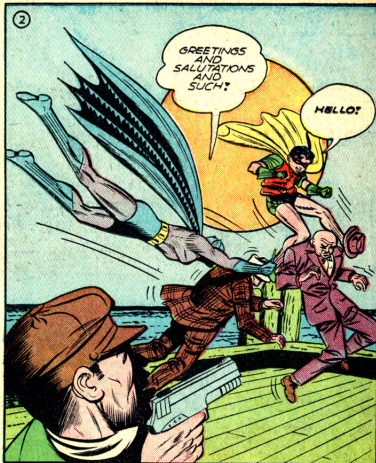
YOU MUST
BE A LITTLE
ANXIOUS TO
DIE, MILLER--
SO I WON'T
DISAPPOINT
YA--HERE
IT COMES!



① **SUDDENLY, THE TWO GRIM FIGURES, UP ON HIGH, LEAP!**



③ **THE BATMAN'S FIST SNAKES OUT---**

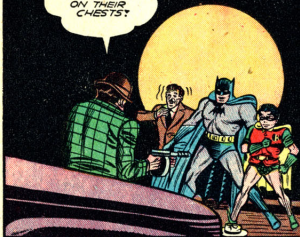


**A SUDDEN TURN OF
EVENTS!**

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.

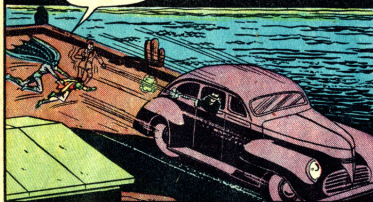
A GOAL
FOR
OUR
SIDE!

ULP!



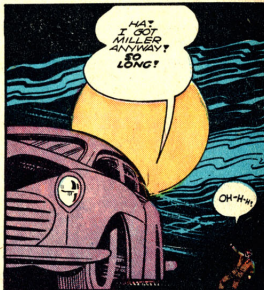
THE THUGS PULL AWAY IN THEIR CAR - LEAVING
A TRAIL OF BLAZING LEAD!

DOWN--
HUG THE
GROUND!

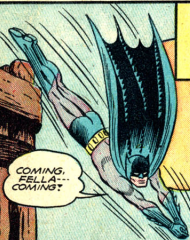


HAT
I GOT
MILLER
ANYWAY!
SO
LONG!

OH-H-H



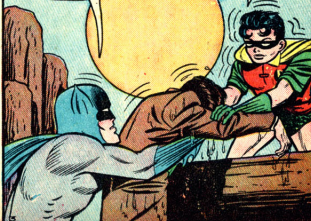
MILLER TOPPLES
OFF THE PIER
TO THE WATER
AS THE **BATMAN**
DIVES AFTER HIS
FALLING BODY.

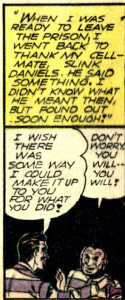


COMING,
FELLA--
COMING!

GRAB
HIM,
ROBIN.
HE'S BEEN
SHOT!

HE
ALMOST
HAD
COMPANY!





"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!"

NO MORE PRISON FOR ME? FROM NOW ON I'M GOING STRAIGHT! ANYBODY WHO THINKS A LIFE OF CRIME PAYS, IS A SUCKER!



"THEN TWO MEN APPROACHED ME--"

HELLO, MILLER?

WHO ARE YOU?

WE'RE FRIENDS OF SLINK DANIELS. HE TOLD US ABOUT YOU. WE'RE GONNA TAKE CARE O' YOU-- GET YOU A JOB!



"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--"

YOU... FROM THE PAROLE BOARD?

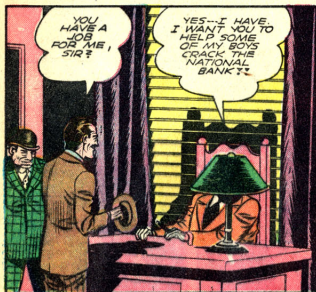
HELLO, MILLER?



"FOR A MINUTE, I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EARS, BUT THE BOSS KEPT ON TALKING AND I LEARNED THE TRUTH!"

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?



NOT ME? I'M THROUGH WITH CRIME. I'M GOING STRAIGHT. I'M NOT GOING BACK TO JAIL AGAIN!

MMM? BY THE WAY-- EVER SEE BEFORE? HERE-- LOOK AT IT!



"I HELD THE CASE AND EXAMINED IT--"

NO... I NEVER SAW THIS BEFORE!

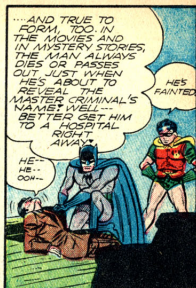
I KNOW YOU DIDN'T AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT'S PART OF A HOLDUP JOB THAT WAS JUST PULLED ABOUT A HALF HOUR AGO!



WH-AT?

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!





AND SO THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE APARTMENT OF BRUCE WAYNE'S SOCIETY FAVORITE, AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON.....



AND BRUCE WAYNE'S WORDS ARE PROPHETIC... FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT---



THAT VERY NIGHT----THE HOSPITAL WINDOW SLIDES OPEN---



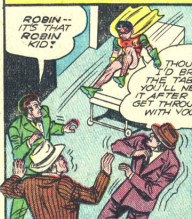
BUT AS THE DOOR PUSHES IN---SOMETHING FLIES OUT--- THE BATMAN'S FIST!



AN AVALANCHE OF FIST DESCENDS UPON THE THUGS!



AS THE THUGS SUDDENLY SURGE TOWARD THEIR DREADED NEMESIS, AN OPERATING TABLE BEARS DOWN ON THEM---AND ABOARD IT IS--



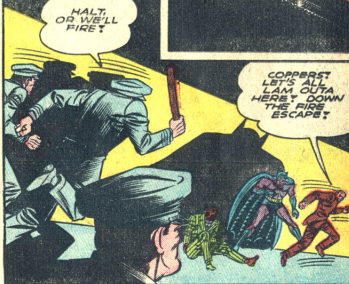
BULLS-EYE!



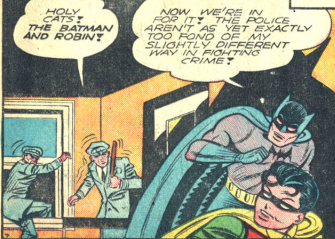
REINFORCEMENTS RUSH THE TWIN BATTLERS!



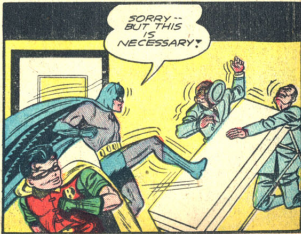
DRAWN BY SHOUTS AND SHOTS, POLICE SWARM TOWARD THE MAKESHIFT BATTLE FIELD!



AS THE POLICE GIVE FUTILE CHASE TO THE FLEEING THUGS, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN FIND THEMSELVES IN A TIGHT SPOT!



SORRY-- BUT THIS IS NECESSARY!



LIKE TWO FLEET DEER,
THEY RACE DOWN THE
LONG CORRIDOR!

LET'S
GO,
ROBIN!

LATER--

WELL--
WE GOT
AWAY FROM
THE
POLICE,
BUT SO
DID THE
GUN-
MEN!

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

THAT NIGHT....WINGING SILENTLY
OVER THE STATE PRISON IS A CRAFT
OF WEIRD DESIGN--THE BATPLANE!

WHA--?

DOWN A DANGLING
LADDER SCRAMBLES
THE BATMAN.
BEFORE THE STARTLED
GUARD CAN MAKE
AN OUTCRY, SOME-
THING PLOPS DOWN
BESIDE HIM--AND HE
FALLS ASLEEP!

ZZZs...

THROUGH THE
PRISON HE DARTS,
HURLING THE
HARMLESS SLEEP-
INDUCING CAPSULES.

BATM...
BA...
AA...
SO
SLEEPY
ZZZs...

CAPSULES PLOP INTO
SLINK'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 SLINK'S CELLMATE!

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

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

HEV--
WAKE UP--
THAT'S
IT--

IT IS THE BATMAN WHO BECOMES SLINK'S CELLMATE AND BEGINS HIS GREAT IMPERSONATION--

THIS GELL IS DRIVIN' ME NUTS! I'M GONNA MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!

I GOT A BETTER WAY TO SPRING YOU, MARTY-- HOW ABOUT A PAROLE?



AND SO IT IS NOT LONG AFTER THE BATMAN IS FREED BY THE PAROLE BOARD?

ARRLUMPH-- MARTY LODEN, WE HAVE DECIDED IN YOUR FAVOR?

YOU ARE A FREE MAN?

WHICH... WHICH ONE OF THESE MEN IS THE 'BOSS'?



AND THE BOYS MEET 'MARTY LODEN' AND TAKE HIM TO THE 'BOSS'--

HIM?

SURE... SURE... YOU GOT ME OUT. SURE I'LL WORK WITH YOUR MOB!

YOU'RE A SENSIBLE FELLOW, MARTY-- YOU CAN START TO WORK?



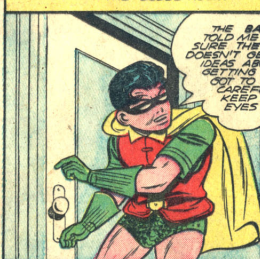
THE BOSS?

I'M SENDING THE BOYS OUT TO ROB A WAREHOUSE OF SILKS TONIGHT. YOU CAN GO ALONG?



THAT NIGHT, ROBIN TAKES HIS STAND BY 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--

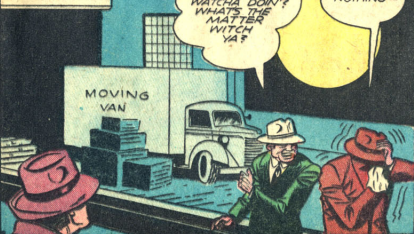


AND ON THE WATERFRONT CLOAKED IN THE INK OF MID-NIGHT, THIEVES LOOT A WAREHOUSE--

RE HOUSE

HEY, MARTY-- WATCHA DOIN'? WHATS THE MATTER WATCH YA?

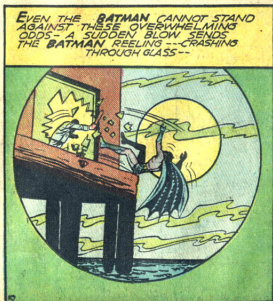
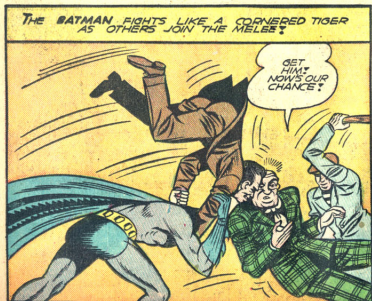
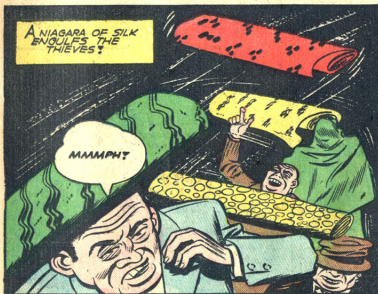
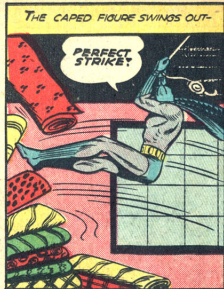
NOTHING--



MARTY, THE GANGSTER, THE MAKEUP FROM HIS FACE, RIPS OFF HIS CLOTHING AND STANDING IS HIS PLACE IS--

THE BATMAN UGH?





MINUTES PASS---

HE AIN'T
COME UP YET!
THAT GUY'S
GONE FOR
GOOD
THIS
TIME!

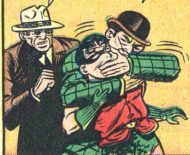
NOW THAT
THE BATMAN
IS FINISHED,
LET'S FINISH
UP HERE! GET
THE STUFF
AWAY AND
THEN WE SCRAM
BACK TO THE
BOSS!



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!



THE BOSS IS INFORMED OF
THE SWIFT-MOVING EVENTS OF
THAT NIGHT---

SURE ---
THE BATMAN
WAS
MARTY
LODEN!

SO----WELL---
MAYBE WE
OUGHT TO TAKE
GOOD CARE
OF ROBIN,
TOO---
VERY GOOD
CARE!



SUDDENLY, THE DOOR
CRASHES OPEN-- AND IN
WALKS SLINK!

SLINK?
WHAT---
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
OUT OF
JAIL?

I BROKE
OUT. I WAS
GETTIN'
STUPID 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 PAROLED--
AN' YOU
KNOW
IT!



SUDDENLY, THE BEEIE WAIL
OF A POLICE SIREN CUTS
THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR!

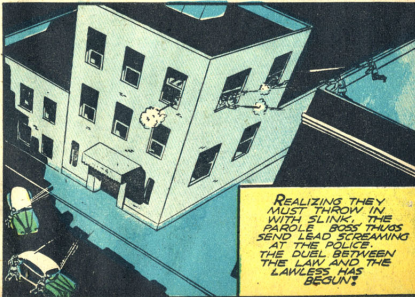
COPS---
THEY MUST'VE
FOLLOWED
YOU HERE!

I'LL
FIX
THEM!



MEN! SPREAD OUT---
SURROUND THE PLACE--
GET ALL THE PEOPLE
FROM THE BUILDING
OUT---AND THEN
START FIRING!

UGH!



REALIZING THEY
MUST THROW IN
WITH SLINK, THE
PAROLE BOSS THUS
SEND LEAD SCREAMING
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!

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!

ROBIN! I DON'T WANT TO SEE THAT BOY KILLED, EVEN THOUGH HE DOES WORK OUTSIDE THE LAW, STILL HE DOES FIGHT CRIME! IF...

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!

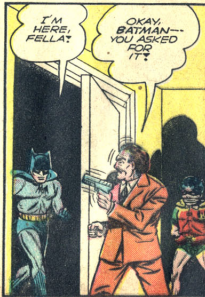
AND THOSE WILL BE THE LAST STEPS YOU'LL EVER WALK! HA-HA!

BETTER GET READY, I'M ALMOST THERE!

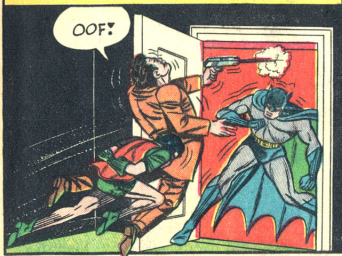
HA! I'M READY-- AND WAITING TO SEE YOU DIE!

I'M HERE, FELLA!

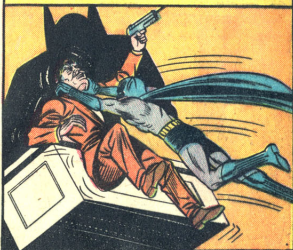
OKAY, BATMAN-- YOU ASKED FOR IT!



ABRUPTLY--ROBIN ACTS WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT...



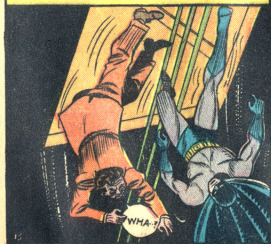
THE CRIME-FIGHTER AND CRIME-MASTER CLASH IN A BATTLE TO DEATH.



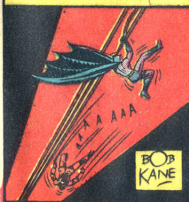
A SUDDEN BLOW SENDS THE BATMAN OFF BALANCE AND REELING TOWARD AN OPEN ELEVATOR SHAFT--



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 VISE-LIKE ABOUT THE ONLY ELEVATOR CABLE-- BUT THE PAROLE RACKETEER IS NOT SO FORTUNATE! A TRAILING SHRIEK MARKS HIS END!



BOB KANE

LATER--

WELL, I SUPPOSE ALL THOSE MEN PAROLED BY THEIR BOSS WILL GO BACK TO JAIL? ALL EXCEPT MILLER? HE EARNED HIS PAROLE. YOU KNOW, IT'S 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!



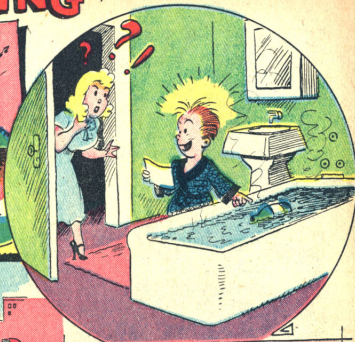
JEST KIDDING

by Ray McGinn



"IT'S MY CANARY'S BIRTHDAY - SO I SENT HIM A RINGING TELEGRAM."

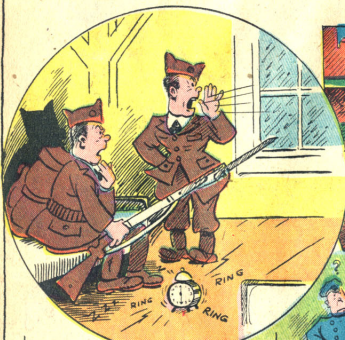
HAPPY BOLD DAY TO YOU



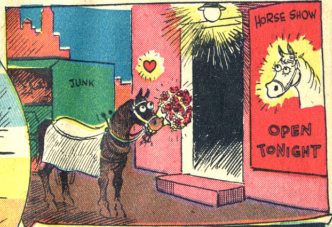
LOOK MOM - I FOUND A MESSAGE IN THIS BOTTLE - IT'S FROM TH' WATER COMPANY - SAYS NO TICKEE, NO WASHEE!"



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

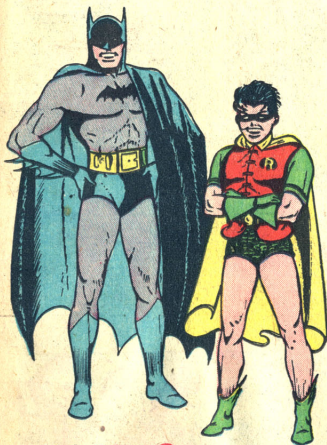


"HEY, BUGLER! WILL YA GIVE US A COUPLA BLASTS OVER HERE? BUTCH SAYS HE CAN'T GO ON TH' HIKE TODAY. HIS FOOT'S ASLEEP."



"I'M NOT A SHOPLIFTER, YOUR HONOR. HONEST - I'M A MAGICIAN!"

THE WINNING TEAM!



GET **YOUR**
COPY **TODAY!**

BATMAN AND ROBIN

BATTLE THEIR
WAY THROUGH
SMASHING
CRASHING
ADVENTURES

**EVERY
MONTH**
IN



U.S. QUIZ

HENRY
BOLTHOFF

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

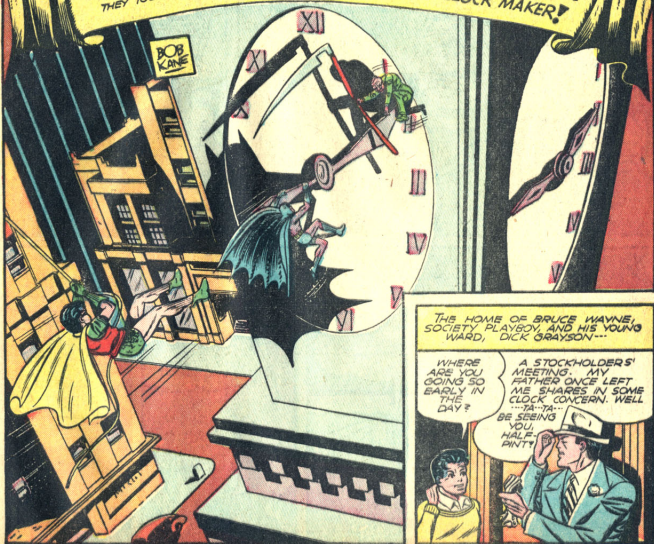
1. FRANCE, ON FEBRUARY 6, 1778.
2. DENMARK.
3. THE RIGHT TO SUB-DIVIDE INTO NOT
MORE THAN FOUR ADDITIONAL STATES.
4. THERE IS, IN A BOTTLE IN THE
MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

BAT MAN

WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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 ANSWER ALMOST TOO LATE WHEN THEY THEMSELVES DISCOVERED THAT THEY TOO WERE MARKED FOR DEATH BY--- **THE CLOCK MAKER!**



THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE;
SOCIETY PLAYBOY, AND HIS YOUNG
WARD, DICK GRAYSON---

WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING SO
EARLY IN
THE
DAY?

A STOCKHOLDERS'
MEETING. MY
FATHER ONCE LEFT
ME SHARES IN SOME
CLOCK CONCERN. WELL
---TA--TA--
BE SEEING
YOU, HALF-
PINT!

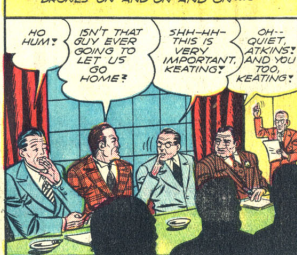


THE HOBBS CLOCK BUILDING---



SOME OLD BUILDING-WITH THAT GIANTIC CLOCK TELLING ALL THAT THE HOBBS CLOCK COMPANY IS THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD. GOOD STUNT!

BRUCE JOINS THE STOCKHOLDERS, WHO LISTEN IN BORED TONES AS THE CHAIRMAN DROWLES ON AND ON AND ON AND ON---



HO HUM?

ISN'T THAT GUY EVER GOING TO LET US GO HOME?

SHH-HH- THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT, KEATING?

OH-- QUIET, ATKINS! AND YOU TOO, KEATING?

AFTER THE MEETING---



WELL, MEN! WHAT NOW?

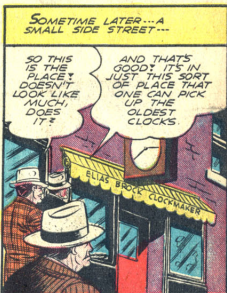
I'M GOING CLOCK-HUNTING: COLLECTING OLD CLOCKS IS MY HOBBY. YOU KNOW? WISH I KNEW WHERE TO GET SOME REALLY OLD CLOCKS!

WHY NOT TRY OLD BROCK, THE CLOCK MAKER ON BELL STREET? I BOUGHT AN UNUSUALLY FINE ONE THERE LAST WEEK!



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?

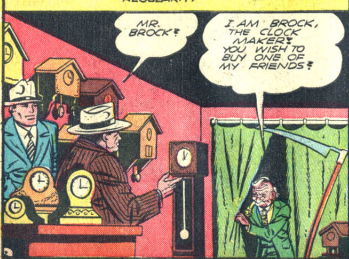


SOMETIME LATER---A SMALL SIDE STREET---

SO THIS IS THE PLACE! DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH, DOES IT?

AND THAT'S GOOD! IT'S IN JUST THIS SORT OF PLACE THAT ONE CAN PICK UP THE 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-

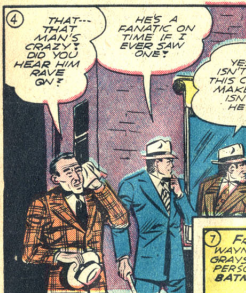
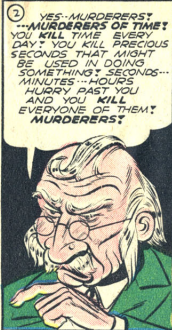
THAT ONE IS AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE. HE HAS BEEN WITH ME FOR MANY YEARS!



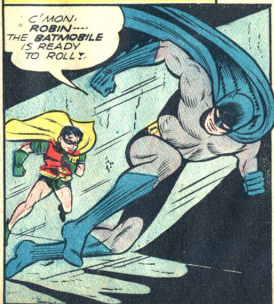
AH---YOU CHAPS DON'T MIND IF I TAKE A LITTLE TIME LOOKING OVER THESE CLOCKS, DO YOU?

DON'T BE SILLY--- I'M JUST KILLING TIME--- I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING THIS AFTERNOON, ANYWAY!

GO AHEAD--- I'VE PLENTY TIME, TOO!



7 FROM PLAYBOY, BRUCE WAYNE, AND SCHOOLBOY, DICK GRAYSON, EMERGE THE EXCITING PERSONALITIES OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!



THE BATMOBILE RACES TO THE KEATING HOME IN RECORD TIME!

HELP!

C'MON, ROBIN! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE BEING PAGED!

UP THE STEPS AND INTO THE HOUSE DART THE BATMAN AND ROBIN...TWIN AVENGERS OF EVIL!

GREETINGS...?

THE-THE BATMAN!

...AND SALUTATIONS...

...AND ALL THAT SORT OF THINGS!

HOLD HIM STILL! GIMME A CHANCE TO PLUG 'IM!

YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, MUGS...BUT YOU MUFFED IT!

DOF!

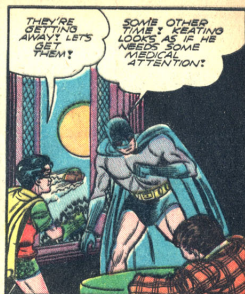
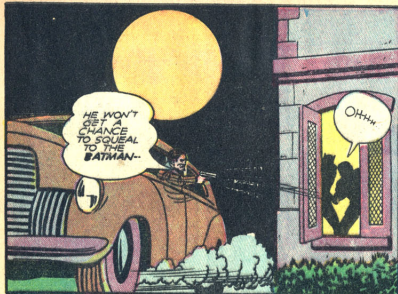
BEFORE THE HOODLUMS CAN RECOVER, THE BATMAN IS UPON THEM LIKE A POUNCING TIGER!

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

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

C'MON! LET'S GET OUTA HERE... BUT FAST!

WAIT... MITCH IS INSIDE! HE MIGHT TALK!



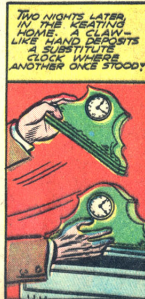
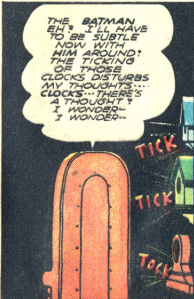
LATER...



AND STILL LATER, IN THE BATMOBILE....



AND THAT VERY MOMENT--



LATER THAT NIGHT, AS
KEATING SITS AT HIS DESK---



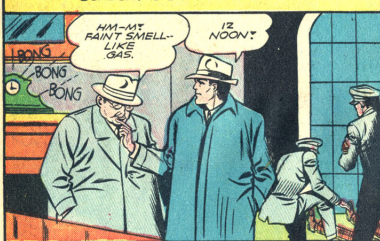
---SIX---SEVEN---EIGHT---
NINE---TEN---



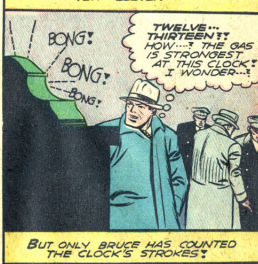
GAS RISES FROM THE
CLOCK IN A MALIGNANT
CLOUD?



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---



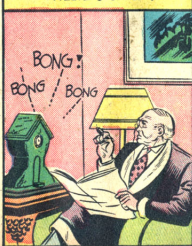
THE CLOCK TOLLS ON--- NINE---
TEN---ELEVEN---



AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT
IN A MUSTY OLD STORE, THE
BENT, LITTLE MAN KNOWN AS
BROCK, THE CLOCK MAKER,
CACKLES WITH SATISFIED
LAUGHTER---



AND THAT VERY NIGHT,
IN THE HOME OF HENRY
DECKER--A STOCK-HOLDER
IN THE HOBBS' CLOCK COMPANY
---TWELVE O'CLOCK?



THE CLOCK TOLLS ON?---
NINE---TEN---ELEVEN---
TWELVE---



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!



THE CLOCK TOLLS ON--
FOUR---FIVE---SIX---
SEVEN---EIGHT!

NINE...TEN...ELEVEN...
TWELVE---

THIRTEEN...
LIKE THE
OTHER ONE---

WHA--
YOU'RE
CRAZY!

LOOK! THERE'S
YOUR MURDERER!
THAT LITTLE
BUGLER!



CRAZY, AM I?
HERE--THIS
BUGLER 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 HUNDRED
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 LOUD DANGLE OF A DOOR-
BELL 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?



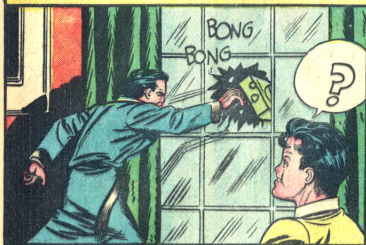
THE CLOCK TOLLS THE
HOUR---MIDNIGHT!

BONG!
BONG
BONG

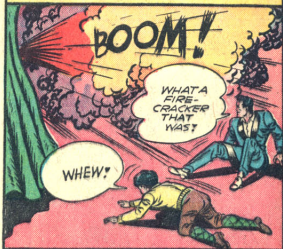


FOUR--FIVE---SIX---SEVEN---
EIGHT---

SUDDENLY, A FIGURE HURTLES INTO THE ROOM--PICKS UP THE CLOCK--AND---



NINE...TEN...ELEVEN...TWELVE...THIRTEEN... THEN--A THUNDEROUS BLAST DEAFENS THE NIGHT!

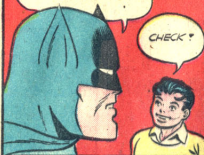


GOOD THING I HEARD THAT CLOCK START TO CHIME. I KNEW WE HAD NO CLOCKS LIKE THAT! LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY DOESN'T LIKE US, KID?

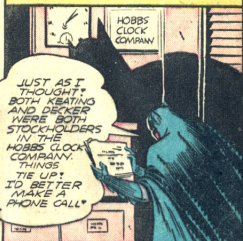


THE VERY NEXT NIGHT? ONCE AGAIN BRUCE WAYNE DONS THE INK-HUED GARB OF THE BATMAN!

NOW REMEMBER-- IF I'M NOT BACK WITHIN THE HOUR, COME AND GET ME!



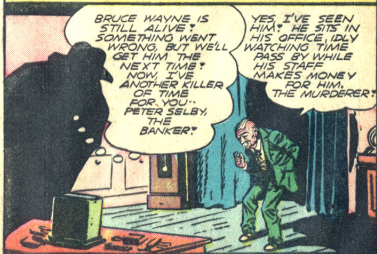
SOMETIME LATER--THE BATMAN'S CAPED FIGURE BENDS OVER A FILING CABINET!

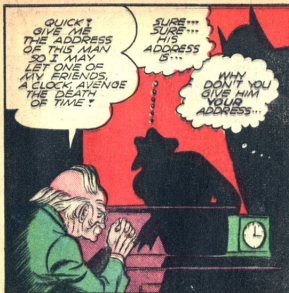


THE BATMAN PHONES THE BANKER, SELBY--



AND IN THE CRAMPED INTERIOR OF HIS LITTLE SHOP, THE CLOCK MAKER LISTENS INTENTLY TO A MAN WHO SPEAKS TO HIM--





QUICK!
GIVE ME
THE ADDRESS
OF THIS MAN
SO I MAY
LET ONE OF
MY FRIENDS,
A CLOCK, AVENGE
THE DEATH
OF TIME!

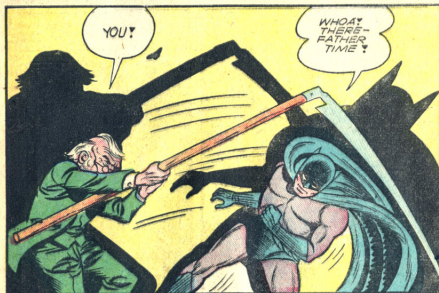
SURE...
SURE...
HIS
ADDRESS
IS...

WHY
DON'T YOU
GIVE HIM
YOUR
ADDRESS...



--ATKINS?

WHO?
--THAT
COSTUME--
YOU'RE
THE
BATMAN!



YOU!

WHOAT
THERE--
FATHER
TIME!

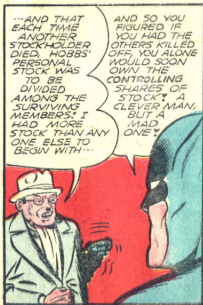


I HATE
TO HIT
AN OLDER
MAN...BUT
I'M AFRAID
THIS TIME
IT'S
NECESSARY!



THAT GUN
WON'T DO
YOU ANY
GOOD
ATKINS!
I KNOW
WHY YOU
KILLED
THOSE STOCK-
HOLDERS, KEATING,
AND DECKER! 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
STOCKS
WERE TO BE
DIVIDED
AMONG THE
OTHER
MEMBERS...



...AND THAT
EACH TIME
ANOTHER
STOCKHOLDER
DIED, HOBBS'
PERSONAL
STOCK WAS
TO BE
DIVIDED
AMONG THE
SURVIVING
MEMBERS. I
HAD MORE
STOCK THAN ANY
ONE 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!



MAD? HA...IT WAS
CLEVER! I EVEN
PLAYED ON THE
FANATICAL OLD
CLOCK MAKER'S 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 CLOCK MAKER'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
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 SNOODING POLICES!

SUDDENLY, A VOICE WHIRLS 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--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! RATHER TIME--HEE! I'VE COME TO THIS WRETCHED EARTH SWARMING WITH MY MURDERERS. MY KILLERS WHO SCORN ME SO THAT I WASTE AWAY AND DIE!

AS THE MADMAN RAVES ON - THE BATMAN REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS

YOU AND YOUR HOBBS 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 GIANT BELL STRIKES THIRTEEN THIRTEEN HEE--HEE HEE--THE LAST VIBRATING NOTE WILL SET OFF THE BOMB. HEE HEE!

NITRO-GLYCERINE

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!

AND WHEN THE BATMAN HAS JUST ABOUT GIVEN UP HOPE---

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!



A SUDDEN ROAR----AND THE BATMOBILE RACES NECK AND NECK WITH TIME!

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 CLOCK MAKER 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!

BONG



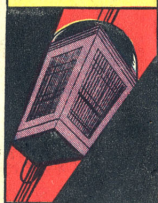
LOOK! UP THERE! THE CLOCK MAKER!

THE BELL IS STRIKING! IT'S TEN O'CLOCK!

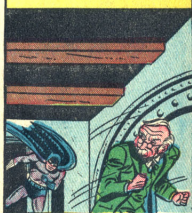


A TERRIBLE SOUND SHATTERS THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT. IT IS THE BELL TOLLING OUT THE HOUR! ONE!

A SHARP COMMAND TO ROBIN AND THE BATMAN DARTS INTO AN ELEVATOR WHOSE SWIFT ASCENT SEEMS INCREDIBLY SLOW, AS THE GIANT BELLS TOLL TWO!

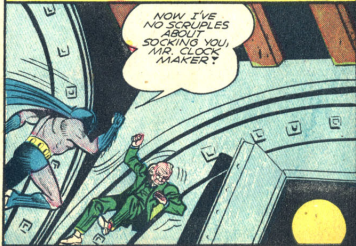


AND THE BATMAN GAINS THE SMALL ROOM SET IN THE CLOCK ITSELF!



---AS THE BELL SWINGS AND TOLLS--THREE!

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!



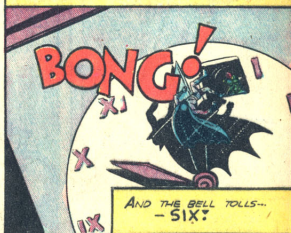
NOW I'VE NO SCRUPLES ABOUT SOCKING YOU, MR. CLOCK MAKER!

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!

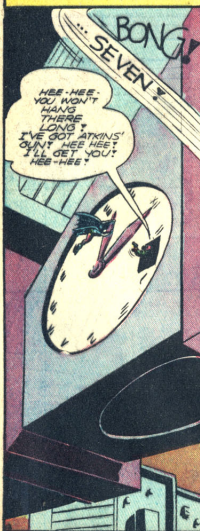


HEE-HEE!
NO ONE
CAN
CONQUER
TIME!

FOR A MOMENT, THE BATMAN TESTERS ON THE VERY EDGE CLAWING AT THE EMPTY AIR FOR BALANCE, THEN DROPS!



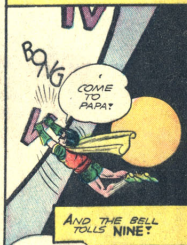
BUT EVEN AS HE DROPS, THE BATMAN MAKES A DESPERATE CLUTCH FOR LIFE-- HIS HAND CLOSES VISE-LIKE ABOUT THE HOUR HAND-- AND HOLDS!!



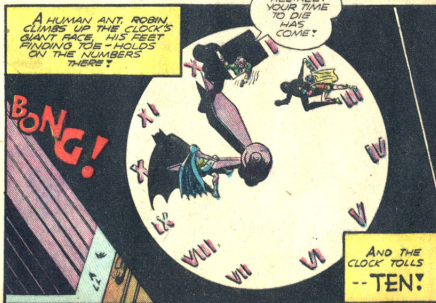
AT THAT VERY INSTANT A SMALL FIGURE IS SEEN LEAPING THROUGH THE VANISHING CHASM OF SPACE THAT SEPARATES A NEARBY BUILDING FROM THE CLOCK FACE!



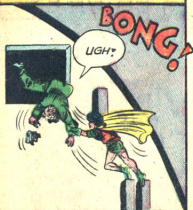
SMALL HANDS SNATCH AT A PERTURBING CLOCK NUMBER!



A HUMAN ANT, ROBIN CLIMBS UP THE CLOCK'S GAUNT FACE HIS FEET FINDING TOE--HOLDS ON THE NUMBERS THERE!



① REACHING OUT HIS HANDS CLOSE ON THE CLOCK MAKER---



AND THE CLOCK TOLLS ELEVEN!

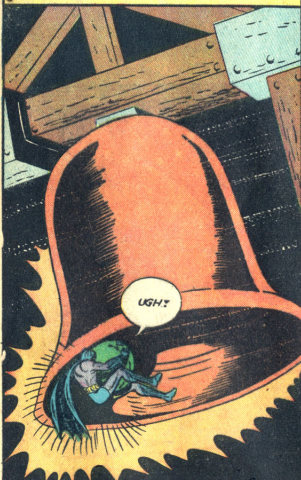
② WHO FALLS WITH A TRAILING SHRIEK AS THE BELL TOLLS-- TWELVE --



③ AND NOW THE TWIN BATTLERS OF CRIME RACE UP TO THE BELFRY ITSELF AS THE GIANT BELL SWINGS PENDEROUSLY... 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---



THE BATMAN'S BODY ACTS AS A BUFFER THE DEAFENING VIBRATION THAT IS TO SET OFF THE DEADLY T.N.T. DOES NOT COME!

⑤ BACK AND FORTH SWAYS THE GIANT CLAPPER CRASHING THE BATMAN'S BRUISED FORM AGAINST THE BELL AS IF TO DISLodge HIM-- BUT HE HOLDS FAST, LIKE GRIM DEATH!



AT LAST, THE CLAPPER SWAYS NO MORE. ROBIN HAS FOUND THE MECHANISM THAT STOPS THE BELL'S GIANT SWING!

LATER, A SLEEK, VEHICLE BEARS AWAY TWO HEROIC FIGURES-- BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!

JUST IN TIME--DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE HELD OUT MUCH MORE!

IT'S OKAY NOW-- EVERYTHING'S ALL OVER!

YOU KNOW SOMETHING-- SOMEHOW I FELT SORT OF SORRY FOR OLD BROCK, THE CLOCK MAKER. HE JUST HATED PEOPLE WHO WASTED TIME, THAT'S ALL!

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 BE FOUND IF THEY MADE USE OF THEIR PRECIOUS TIME! IT'S WORTH THINKING ABOUT--

BOB KANE

FAST AND FURIOUS!



NOW ON SALE

---AND YOU'LL BE
FURIOUS
IF YOU MISS

ALLSTAR No.6
CONTAINING

8 OF YOUR
FAVORITE
CHARACTERS!

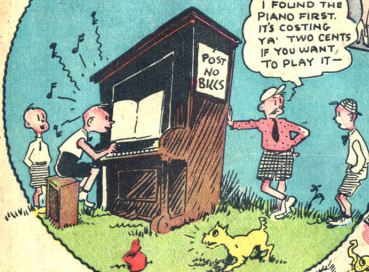
RIGHT! **FAST**
IS THE WORD FOR
The **FLASH**
— FASTEST
MAN ALIVE!



ON SALE JUNE 25TH

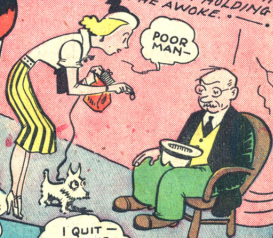
IT DEALLY HAPPENED

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 —

KANSAS CITY, KAN.—A CAR DEALER FELL ASLEEP IN THE LOBBY OF A BANK AND FOUND 29 CENTS IN THE HAT HE HAD BEEN HOLDING IN HIS LAP WHEN HE AWOKE.



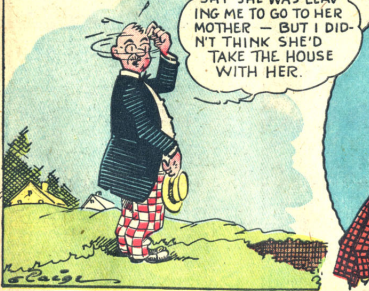
POOR MAN—

I QUIT — I'LL TAKE BACK MY SEWING MACHINE!



COLUMBUS, 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 FOUNDATIONS.



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.

BAT MAN

WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BY

BOB
LANE

THE BATMAN AND HIS
RIGHT HAND LIEUTENANT--
ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER--
CAMPAIGN AGAINST CRIME
IN THE **IRON JUNGLE**--A
WEIRD LAND WHERE LONG-
ABANDONED WHERE LONG-
THEIR SMASHED OIL DERRICKS,
SPRAWLING FANTASTICALLY,
STALK LIKE PREHISTORIC
MONSTERS--
THROUGH THE WEIRD
SHADOWS OF THE METAL
TREES SWEEP THE BATMAN
AND ROBIN--A WHIRLWIND
REGIMENT OF TWO--TO
JOIN TITANTIC BATTLE
WITH CRIME AND DOUBLE-
DEALING--AND UNRAVEL
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--

YE--'DE GOING
RIGHT--DOWN TO
THE FIRST
FLOOR, BUDDY--
AND YOU'RE
NOT TAKIN'
NO ELEVATOR?
HAW!
HAW!

OW!?!
HELP...?
HELP...?



YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

--- AND THEY'RE NOT GOING TO!

WELL, HE'S A GOWER. LET'S SCRAM!

EASY, MISTER-- YOU'RE OKAY NOW.

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

THE TRIM FIGURE OF LINDA PAGE ENTERS.

SAFELY INSIDE THE OFFICE, THE BATMAN 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.

WELL, YOU'D BETTER KEEP OUT OF SIGHT NOW-- THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT MAY HAPPEN.

WHY, LINDA, QUITTING WORK?

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

---IF HE NEEDS MONEY--

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

NOTE:
A GUSHER IS A MONSTER SPROUT 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.

---GRAHAM MASTERS, DAD'S PARTNER, THREATENS TO PUSH MY FATHER OUT BEFORE THE GUSHER SENDS STOCKS SOARING?

MEANWHILE, AT TOM PAGE'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT THE PAGE OIL COMPANY--

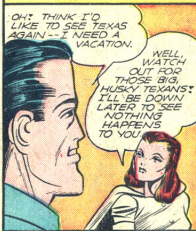
YOU'RE OLD--IT'S MY TURN NOW, I TELL YOU! SO GET OUT WHILE THE GOING IS STILL GOOD!

I'VE GOT BIG PLANS FOR MYSELF-- AND THIS OLD GUY'S NOT GOING TO STAND IN MY WAY!

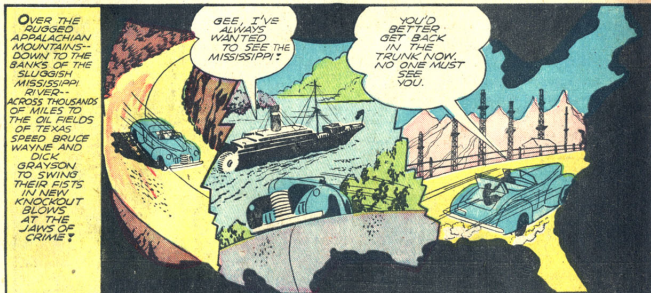
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, LINDA IS TELLING BRUCE WHAT HAS BEEN GOING ON--



CHATTING CASUALLY THROUGH THE LIPS OF BRUCE WAYNE--OUR PLAYBOY PLANS RAPIDLY WITH THE SUREFIRE BRAIN OF THE BATMAN:



NO SOONER HAS LINDA LEFT THAN DICK GRAYSON, ALIAS ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, DARTS INTO THE ROOM---

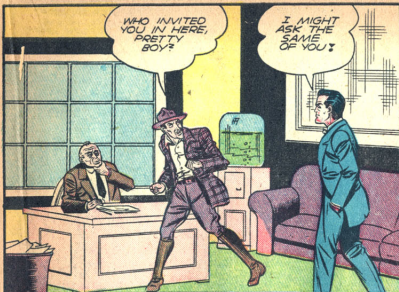


A DRAMATIC SCENE AWAITS BRUCE AS HIS SWIFT AUTOMOBILE SLIDES BY THE ENTRANCE OF THE PAGE OIL COMPANY.



....AND ANYTHING DOES!





WHO INVITED YOU IN HERE, PRETTY BOY?

I MIGHT ASK THE SAME OF YOU!



WISE GUY, EH--?



YOU---

SHOULDN'T STRAIN YOURSELF, YOU KNOW--

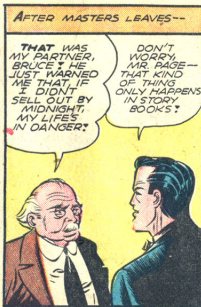


PARDON ME, SIR. I DIDN'T MEAN TO KICK YOU!

OUCH!



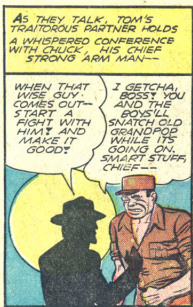
OH! I'M SO SORRY-- BUT ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN--



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, MAJ. PACE-- 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 I'S GOING ON. SMART STUFF, CHIEF--

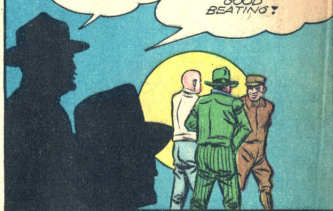
A FEW MINUTES LATER, BRUCE, DRESSED IN A SPOTLESS, WHITE SUIT, GOES OUTSIDE TO LOOK THINGS OVER.

WELL--
SO THE
RECEPTION
COMMITTEE
IS WAITING



LOOKS
LIKE CHUCK
AND HIS GANG
ARE GETTING
READY FOR
SOME DIRTY
WORK.

IF HE
STARTS ANY-
THING, 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 MY
CHANCE TO
MIX WITH
REAL
SOCIETY--

YOU ARE--
BUT NOT
IN THE WAY
YOU
THINK--



WHEN
CHUCK GIVES
US THE
EYE
START
SWINGING?

I
GOT
SOME
BRASS
KNUCKLES
THAT
NEED
BREAKING
IN!



GEE--
AIN'T THAT
A SWEET,
LITTLE, WHITE
SUIT HE
WEARING--!!
HAW?
HAW?

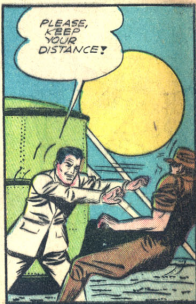


I DON'T
LIKE
YOUR FACE--
MUCH
RATHER
YOU KEEP
IT COVERED!

COF?



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!

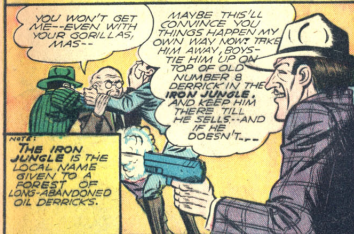


LAUGH AT ME, WILL YA--!

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! 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...

NOTE: THE IRON JUNGLE IS THE LOCAL NAME GIVEN TO A FOREST OF LONG-ABANDONED OIL DERRICKS.



HE'S SHOT--BOSS!

THE IRON JUNGLE? HE'S NOT HURT BAD. GET HIM OUT OF THE BACK DOOR AND HURRY IT UP.

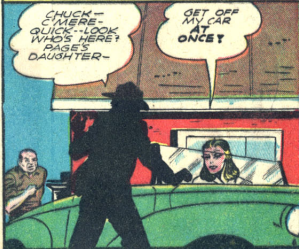
BUT OUTSIDE, NIGHT IS FALLING, AND BRUCE SLIPS AWAY TO THE OLD BUNK-HOUSE WHERE HE HAD AGREED TO MEET DICK--



COME ON, ROBIN-- INTO YOUR WORK CLOTHES!

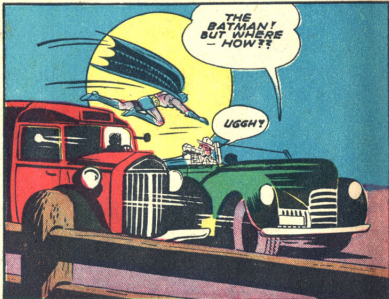
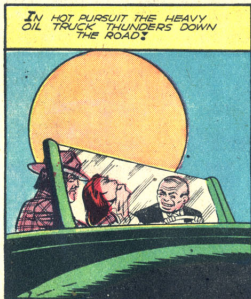
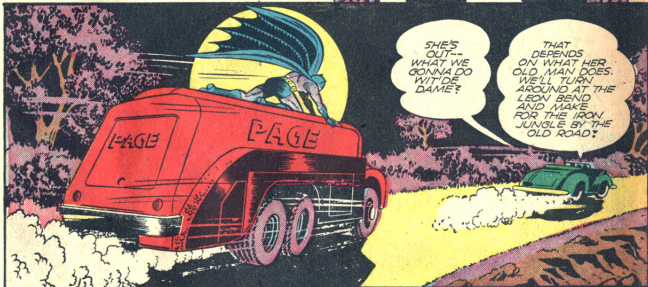
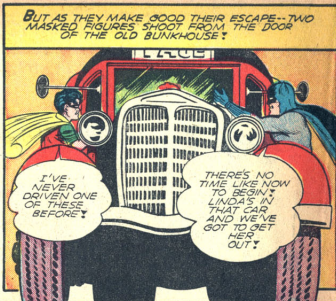
---I'VE A HUNCH THERE ARE GOING TO BE BIG DOINGS TONIGHT!

MEANWHILE, A YELLOW ROADSTER PULLS UP-- AT THE VERY MOMENT MASTERS SNEAKS OUT OF THE OFFICE, LINDA PAGE HAS ARRIVED EARLIER THAN SHE PLANNED.

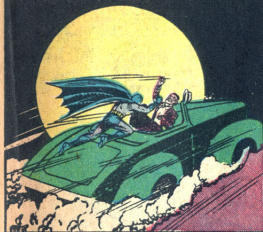


CHUCK-- C'MERE-- QUICK--LOOK WHO'S HERE? PAGE'S DAUGHTER--

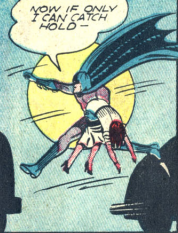
GET OFF MY CAR AT ONCE!



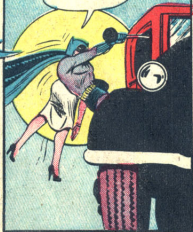
LIKE A BAT ON A SURF BOARD--
THE BATMAN RIDES THE SPEEDING
CAR'S MOMENTUM--



USING HIS SPRINGBOARD
TAKE-OFF--HE LEAPS
WITH LINDA'S LIMP BODY
UNDER ONE ARM--



WHEW! MADE IT--
STAY LOW AND
STEP ON IT,
ROBIN!



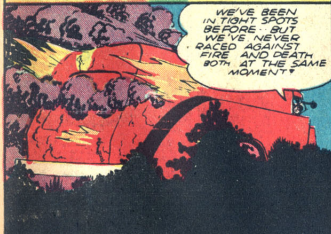
CHUCK MAKES A SHARP TURN AS MASTERS LOOSES
A HAIL OF BULLETS -- AND AS EACH ONE RIPS INTO
THE OIL TANK-- FLAMES STAB OUT OF THE BULLET
HOLES INTO THE DARKNESS!



LOOKS LIKE
THEY'RE DONE
FOR, BOSS!
THEY'LL BLOW
TO
PIECES!



AS MASTERS AND CHUCK SPEED BACK TO THE
PAGE OIL COMPANY, **ROBIN** SWINGS HIS
BLAZING TRUCK AROUND--AND OVES CHASE
LIKE A FIERY COMET ON THE TRAIL OF
VENGEANCE! ANY MOMENT THEY FEAR THE
TERRIBLE EXPLOSION, WHICH IS BOUND TO COME.



INTO THE LAST LAP SPEEDS THE TRUCK--
A MONSTER BON FIRE LASHING OUT WITH
SCARLET OIL FOR WHIPS! AS IT SCREECHES
TO A HALT **ROBIN** AND THE **BATMAN**,
LINDA UNDER THE LATTER'S ARM, LEAP--AND
NONE TOO SOON--

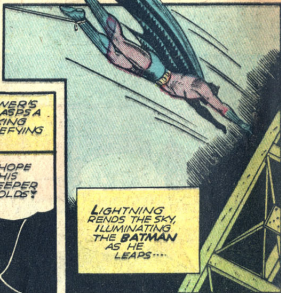
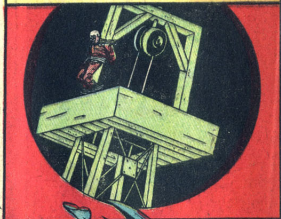


WITH PANTHER-LIKE MOVEMENT, THE BATMAN TRAILS HIS QUARRY INTO THE DENSE SEMI-TROPICAL UNDERGROWTH THAT SWARMS ALL OVER THE IRON JUNGLE!

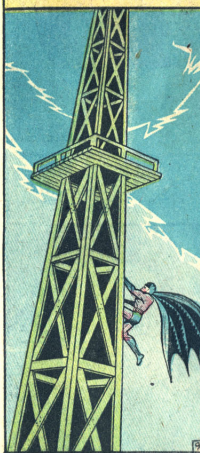


THIS TIME YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY!

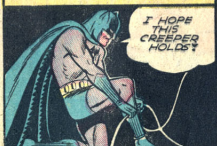
THE BATMAN SCOUTS THRU THE THICKETS. IN THE GLARE OF THE COMING STORM'S FIRST FLASH OF LIGHTNING, HE SEES TOM PAGE LASHED TO THE TOPMOST GIRDER OF A DESERTED DERRICK!



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!



I HOPE THIS CREEPER HOLDS!

LIGHTNING RENDS THE SKY, ILLUMINATING THE BATMAN AS HE LEAPS---

THE GUNMEN'S WEAPONS HURL SUDDEN DEATH!



WHA...? THE BATMAN--ALIVE?

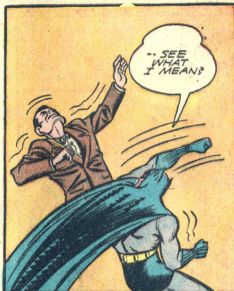
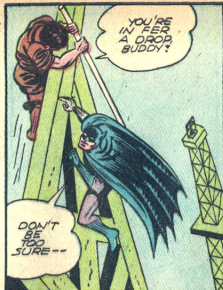
GET THAT GUN-- AND MAKE SURE THIS TIME!

THE STREAM OF BULLETS SEVER THE CREEPER-- THE BATMAN'S SOLE LINK WITH THE WORLD!





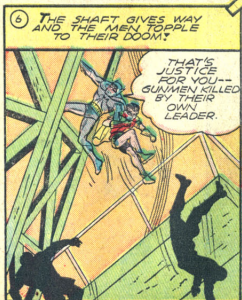
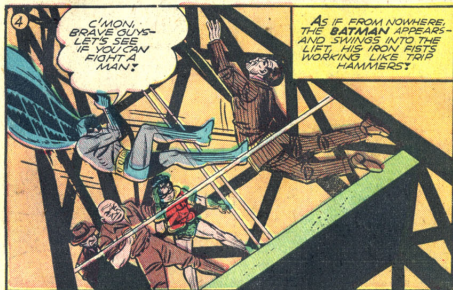
"...BUT THE MOMENTUM OF HIS LEAP CARRIES HIM TO THE OTHER DERRICK! DESPERATELY, HE CLINGS--"

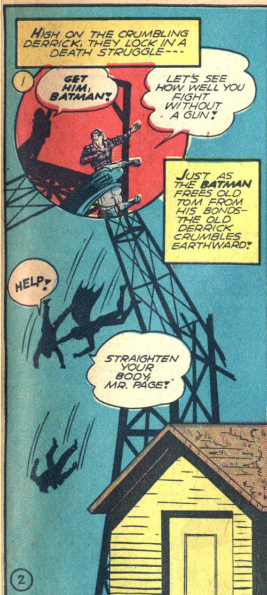


MEANWHILE, ROBIN SIGHTS THE BATMAN'S LONE STRUGGLE AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS--

LOOKS AS THOUGH BATMAN NEEDS ME--







HIGH ON THE CRUMBLING DERRICK, THEY LOCK IN A DEATH STRUGGLE---

1
GET HIM, BATMAN!

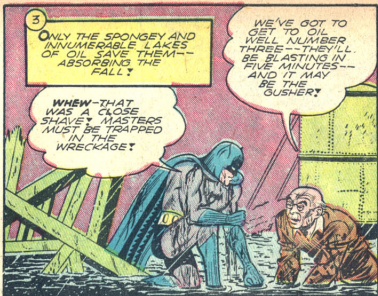
LET'S SEE HOW WELL YOU FIGHT WITHOUT A GUN!

JUST AS THE BATMAN FREES OLD TOM FROM HIS BONDS--THE OLD DERRICK CRUMBLES EARTHWARD!

HELP!

STRAIGHTEN YOUR BODY, MR. PAGE!

2



3
ONLY THE SPONGEY AND INNUMERABLE LAKES OF OIL SAVE THEM--ABSORBING THE FALL!

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

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



4
THEY'VE KILLED JOE! ANOTHER TWO MINUTES AND THE RAIN WILL RUIN THE NITRO CHARGE! THE MEN ARE AFRAID!

I'LL DO THE JOB!



5
I'LL GET THAT BATMAN AND OLD PAGE IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



6
NOW...?



SUDDENLY--

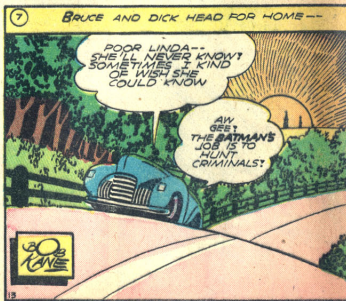
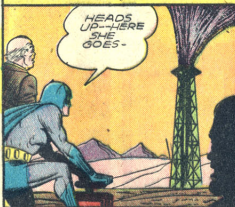
NOT SO FAST, RAT--

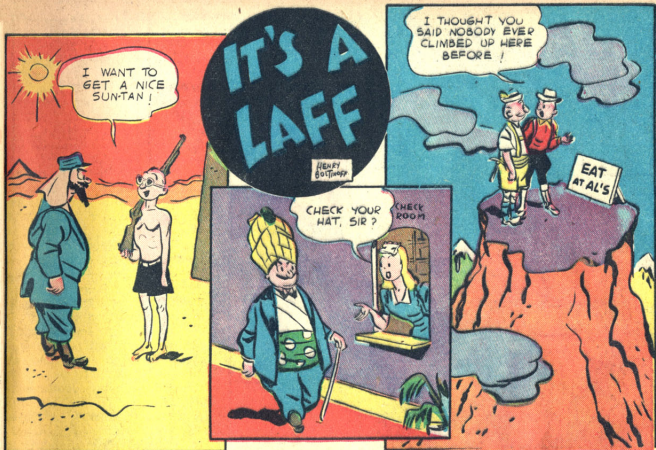


MASTERS FREES HIS GUN-ARM TO TAKE A SHOT AT ROBIN, BUT IN THE ENSUING STRUGGLE, HIS ARM IS FORCED BACK--



2 MEANWHILE, THE BATMAN PUSHES THE, PLUNGED-- THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW THE EARTH THERE IS A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION--AS THE OIL IS UNLEASHED BY THE NITROS POWERFUL KICK--





BOYS AND GIRLS! IF YOU LIKE

MUTT & JEFF
by BUD FISHER

*HERE'S A WHOLE
BOOK FULL OF IT!!*

ALSO CONTAINS MANY PAGES
OF CICERO'S CAT!

64 PAGES

ALL IN
COLOR

Only

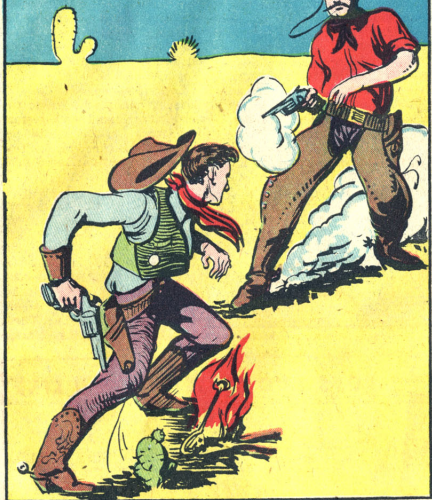
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NOTE! FOUR
TO SIX
PAGES OF
MUTT & JEFF
AND CICERO'S CAT
IN EVERY ISSUE OF
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS!

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

THE RUSTLER

BY
GARDNER FOX



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 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 unfipped 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 initialed 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 practicing 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-butts.

"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'runt 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 some things 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 gunbutts.

"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.!

DIFFERENT? SURE!



THAT'S WHY
STARMAN
IS GOING OVER
WITH SUCH A **BANG**
IN EVERY ISSUE OF

**Adventure
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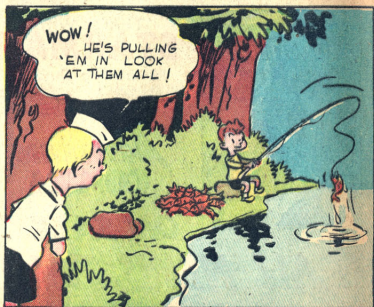
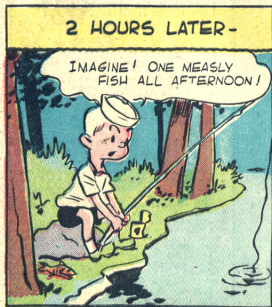
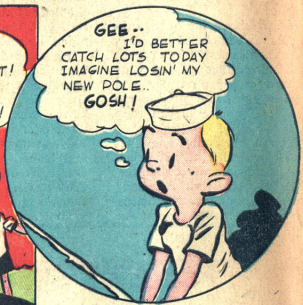
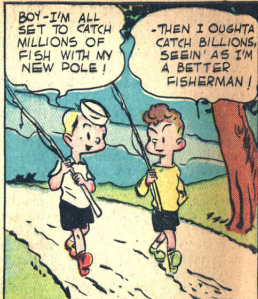
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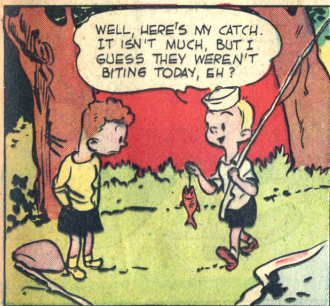
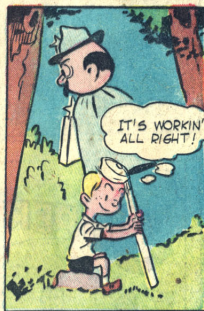
ADDRESS

Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief, even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

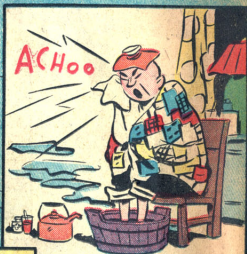
Frontier Asthma Co., 136-H Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.





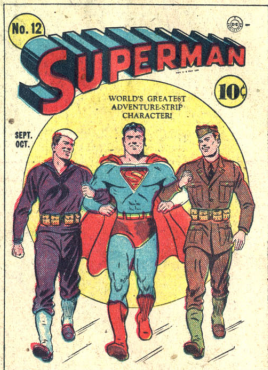
IT'S SO!

HENRY
BOLTHOFF



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

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



**ON SALE JULY 2ND
DON'T MISS IT!**



BATMAN

WITH
Robin
-THE BOY WONDER-

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BY
BOB KANE

WHEN KILLERS MOCK THE LAW
AND TAUNT THE BLUE-COATED PRO-
TECTORS 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-SMASHER PEN-
ETRATES THE HIDDEN LAIR OF THE
EVILS OF THE UNDERWORLD
AND MEETS THEM ON THEIR OWN!
FOLLOW THE BATMAN NOW AS
HE FARES FORTH ON ANOTHER
MISSION---FERRETING OUT AND
CRUSHING THE EVIL ON---
"SUICIDE BEAT!"

NIGHT SOUNDS!...A SHOT...A
GROAN...AND A LAUGH!

FANCY
DAN
SENDS HIS
REGARDS,
CORPUS!
HA-HA!

OH-H-H-

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 COMMITTS SUICIDE! FANCY DAN SEES TO THAT!

GROGAN IS THE THIRD COP TO BE FOUND DEAD HERE! I RTY THE POOR GUY THAT GETS THIS BEAT NEXT!

SO DO I?

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!

♪ TIS THE WEARIN' OF THE GREEN. ♪

SURE... AND WHAT MAN WOULDN'T BE PROUD OF A SON LIKE ME BOY, JIMMY! T'IS 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?

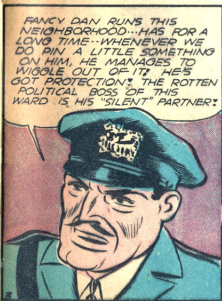
QUIET-OR I'LL HAVE ME JIMMY LOCK THE BOTH OF YE UP IN A CELL!

MIDNIGHT... KELLY'S CHEERFUL WHISTLE IS HEARD ON GRIM SUICIDE BEAT!

♪ DID YER MOTHER COME FROM IRELAND SURE THERE'S... ♪



MINUTES LATER...



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 DAN!

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?

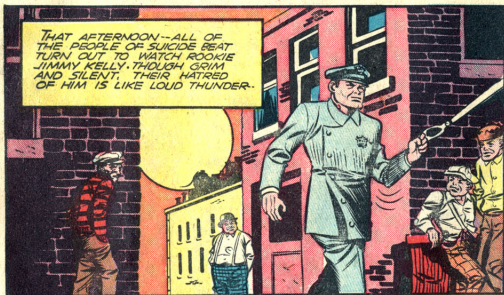
A CROOKED POLITICIAN RUNS THAT STREET-- AND HE'S A SMART POLITICIAN. HE LENDS THE POOR PEOPLE MONEY, BUYS THEM FOOD ON CHRISTMAS--

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 WON'T GET ANY HELP FROM THEM!

VERY INTERESTING! WELL--I--I'LL BE TODDLING 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--



THEN, WITHOUT WARNING--



WHY, YOU LITTLE--

PETE'S BAR

HAW-HAW!



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

I DIDN'T SEE NO KID!



I DIDN'T SEE NO KID!

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 KID? SEE WHAT I MEAN?

C'MON, BOYS! ME ---- I DON'T LIKE THE ATMO- SPHERE O' THE PLACE NOW?

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!

YEAH... I GUESS BLUE UNIFORMS DON'T AGREE WIT' YA?

LATER, AS TWILIGHT FALLS, A CAR WHIPS ABOUT A CORNER AT INSANE SPEED?

WHEE-- MORE SPEED-- I'LL OPEN THIS BUGGY UP TO THE LIMIT!

THAT LITTLE GIRL ---- IN FRONT OF THAT CAR! SHE'LL BE KILLED!

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?

MY LITTLE GIRL! MY LITTLE ANNA! THANK HEAVENS SHE'S ALL RIGHT!

THE DIRTY RAT IS GETTING AWAY!

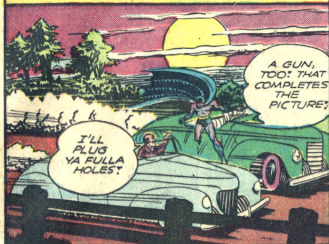
SUDDENLY, AS IF FROM NOWHERE, TWO MANTLED FIGURES RACE FORWARD -- THE BATMAN AND ROBIN.

AFTER HIM, ROBIN: LET'S BORROW THIS CAR!

RIGHT!

A SURGING ROAR OF POWER AND THE CAR LEAPS AWAY IN PURSUIT!

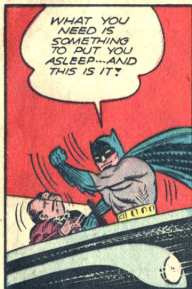
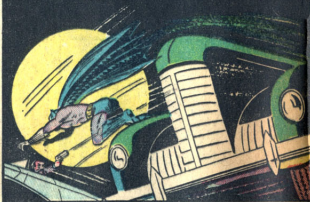
ON SCREAMING TIRES, THEY DRAW ABREAST OF THE DRUNKEN DRIVER'S RACING CAR---



A GUN, TOO! THAT COMPLETES THE PICTURE!

I'LL PLUG YA FULLA HOLES!

A DARING LEAP---



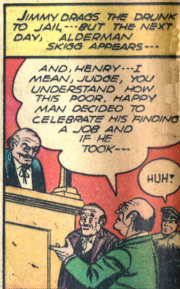
WHAT YOU NEED IS SOMETHING TO PUT YOU ASLEEP---AND THIS IS IT!



MINUTES LATER---

HERE, TAKE CARE OF THIS RAT! ADIOS!

THE BATMAN! HOW?...!



JIMMY DRAGS THE DRUNK TO JAIL---BUT THE NEXT DAY, ALDERMAN SKIGG APPEARS---

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

HUH?!



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?



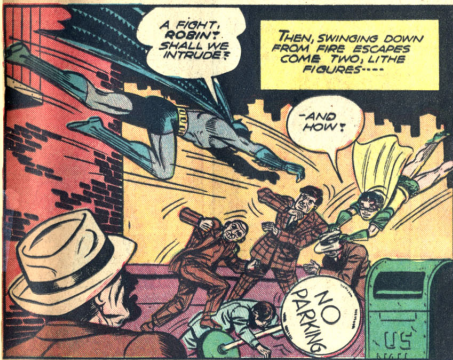
NO! GET RID OF HIM, BUT NO SHOOTING--THREE DEAD COPS IN A ROW MIGHT BRING DOWN THE GOVERNOR!

SKIGG IS RIGHT! WE'LL JUST MUSS HIM UP ENOUGH SO THAT HE GOES TO THE HOSPITAL! ME---I GOT AN IDEA!

THAT VERY NIGHT---SUICIDE BEAT LIES CLOAKED IN SILENCE AND DARKNESS. SUDDENLY---THE SOUND OF A SCUFFLE---



BUT AS JIMMY TRIES TO SEPARATE THE TWO, THEY SUDDENLY TURN ON HIM....AND OUT OF THE SHADOWS LEAP MORE THUGS!



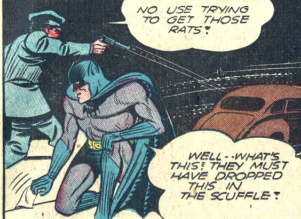
THE BATMAN'S FIST FLASHES OUT WITH THE DEADLINESS OF A STRIKING SNAKE!



AND NOW, JIMMY HAS RECOVERED....



SUDDENLY, 1 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?

"PUT 5 GRAND ON MAFEY, (SIGNED) SKIGG" SAY, ISN'T MAFEY THE FIGHTER WHO BATTLES JORGAN, THE CHAMP, TOMORROW NIGHT AT THE MILK FUND FIGHT?

SURE...THAT'S THE FIGHT ALDERMAN SKIGG GOT UP TO GET MILK FOR THE KIDS IN HIS WARD. SO SKIGG IS BETTING ON MAFEY, THE CHALLENGER--

AND JORGAN IS THE CHAMP. IF I KNOW SKIGG, THAT CHEAP MISER WOULDN'T BET ON SOME THING UNLESS HE WAS SURE OF IT?

I'VE GOT A HUNCH THIS FIGHT HAS BEEN FRAMED IN FACT, I'M ALMOST SURE. I THINK I'M GOING TO PUT THE SKIDS UNDER ALDERMAN SKIGG?



THE NEXT NIGHT-- ALDERMAN SKIGG ADDRESSES THE HUGE CROWD IN THE STADIUM....

AND SO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ARUMPH... I'VE ARRANGED SO THAT THE PROCEEDS WILL BUY GOOD MILK FOR STARVING BABIES ---BLAH ---BLAH---

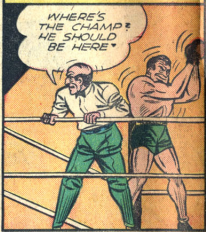


AND IN THE CHAMP'S DRESSING ROOM, A SHADOW MOVES ACROSS THE WALL...



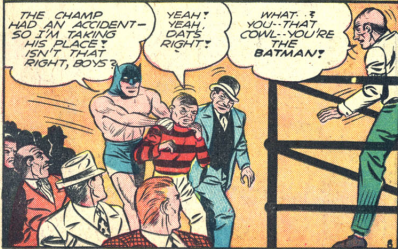
WHA...? OH--H--H--H?

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, DATS RIGHT?

WHAT? YOU--THAT CONVL--YOU'RE THE BATMAN?

BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE HIS PLACE IT ISN'T--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!

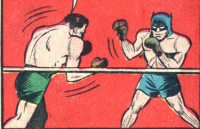
WE
WANT THE
BATMAN!



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--



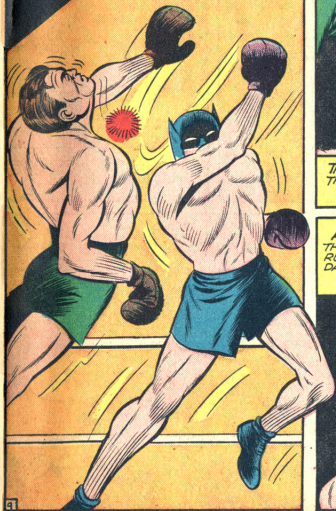
THE BATMAN EASILY
SLIPS UNDER A ROUND-
HOUSE RIGHT---

JUST
A BIG
BAG OF
WIND!

I'LL...
WHOOOSH!!

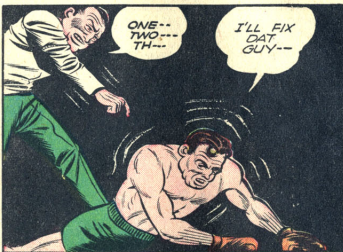


AND FOLLOWS UP WITH
A TERRIFIC UPPERCUT!



ONE--
TWO---
TH---

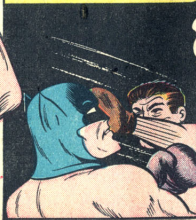
I'LL FIX
DAT
GUY--



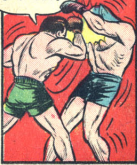
THE CHALLENGER RUBS HIS GLOVE INTO
THE CANVAS THAT BEARS THE RESIN
FROM THEIR SHOE SOLES---

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

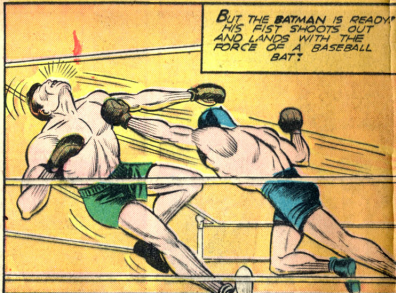


HOW DO YOU
LIKE THEM
ONIONS,
BATMAN?



THROUGH BLURRED VISION, HE SEES MAFEY RUSH AT HIM FOR THE KILL....

GET READY TO KISS THAT CANNAS, 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. MAFEY IS OUT---BUT DEFINITELY!

THE WINNAH... THE BATMAN?

BATMAN?

BATMAN?

SUDDENLY, LIGHTS WINK OUT OVER THE STADIUM...

WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?

WHAT'S HAPPENED?

AND WHEN THEY FLASH ON AGAIN AFTER A FEW MOMENTS...

HUH? HE'S GONE? THE BATMAN'S GONE?

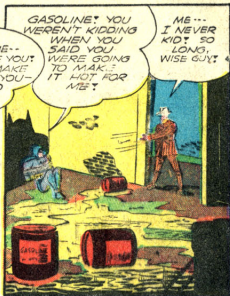
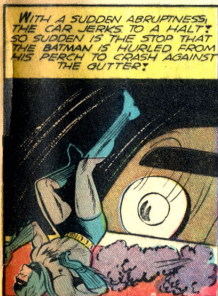
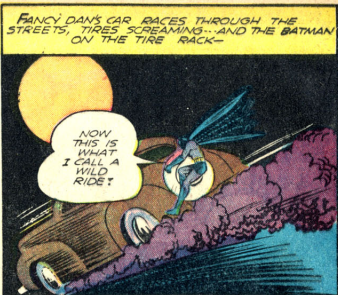
NICE WORK, KID! YOU TURNED OUT THOSE LIGHTS JUST IN TIME. I DON'T SEE HOW I COULD HAVE GOTTEN THROUGH THE CROWD ANY OTHER WAY!

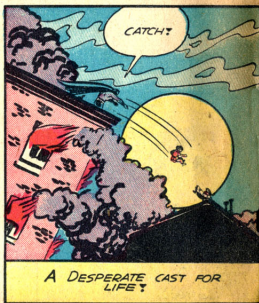
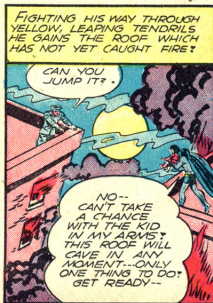
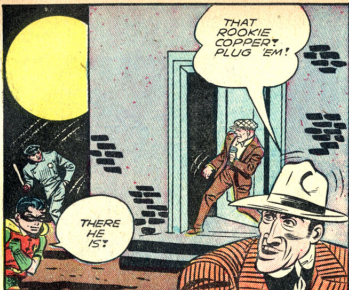
OUTSIDE THE STADIUM--

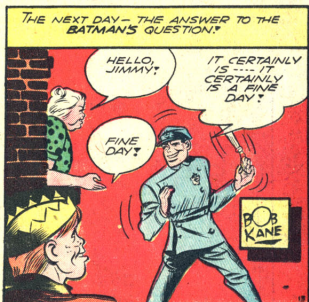
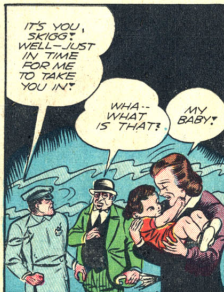
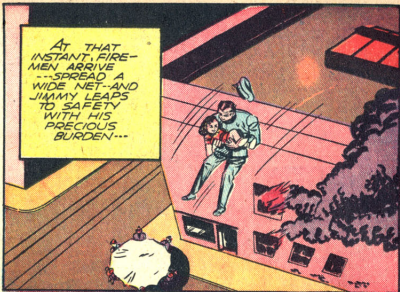
IT WAS EASY. THERE WAS NO ONE BY THE LIGHT SWITCH!

ABRUPTLY, THERE IS THE BLAST OF GUN-FIRE---A VOICE RAISES IN A SHOUT---AS FANCY DAN AND HIS MOBSTERS GET AWAY WITH THE GATE RECEIPTS!



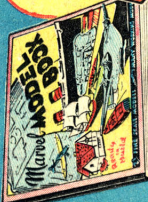






**LOOK KIDS! See How
Easy to Get These
FREE GIFTS!**

**SPECIAL —
BRAND NEW!**



#130 Marvel Assembly Box. 26 pieces of heavy cardboard — includes color, free style working models of the plane, ship, train, car, boat, house, furniture, etc. Easy to assemble. No tools required. 300 Bags.



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#133 Baseball High School League. — Includes a baseball, a bat, a glove, and a set of rules. 150 Bags.



#134 Baseball High School League. — Includes a baseball, a bat, a glove, and a set of rules. 150 Bags.



#146 Flashlight. — Streamlined flashlight. — Includes a flashlight, a battery, and a switch. 150 Bags.



#147 Flashlight. — Streamlined flashlight. — Includes a flashlight, a battery, and a switch. 150 Bags.



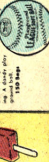
#148 Flashlight. — Streamlined flashlight. — Includes a flashlight, a battery, and a switch. 150 Bags.



#149 Flashlight. — Streamlined flashlight. — Includes a flashlight, a battery, and a switch. 150 Bags.



#150 Flashlight. — Streamlined flashlight. — Includes a flashlight, a battery, and a switch. 150 Bags.



#151 Flashlight. — Streamlined flashlight. — Includes a flashlight, a battery, and a switch. 150 Bags.



#152 Target. — Includes a target, a bow, and an arrow. 100 Bags.



#153 Target. — Includes a target, a bow, and an arrow. 100 Bags.



#154 Target. — Includes a target, a bow, and an arrow. 100 Bags.



#155 Target. — Includes a target, a bow, and an arrow. 100 Bags.



#156 Target. — Includes a target, a bow, and an arrow. 100 Bags.



#157 Target. — Includes a target, a bow, and an arrow. 100 Bags.



#158 Clock. — Includes a clock, a battery, and a switch. 100 Bags.



#159 Clock. — Includes a clock, a battery, and a switch. 100 Bags.



#160 Clock. — Includes a clock, a battery, and a switch. 100 Bags.



#161 Clock. — Includes a clock, a battery, and a switch. 100 Bags.



#162 Clock. — Includes a clock, a battery, and a switch. 100 Bags.



#163 Clock. — Includes a clock, a battery, and a switch. 100 Bags.



#164 Key. — Includes a key, a battery, and a switch. 100 Bags.



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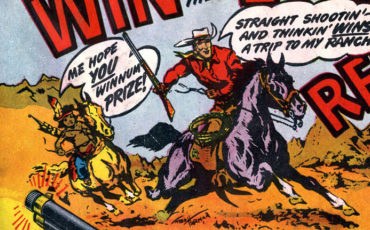
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BOYS! CONTEST ENDS JULY 25th! ENTER NOW—START SHOOTIN' TO

WIN ONE OF THESE 2 FREE TRIPS TO RED RYDER'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO



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1st and 2nd PRIZE A Thrilling 2 Weeks' EXPENSE-PAID Trip to Red Ryder Rancho!

These 2 happy Trip Winners will meet at Denver, Colorado, Aug. 16, and under responsible adult supervision, visit Estes National Park, Grand Lake, Pikes 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 actually *DRAW* his famous Cartoon Strip "RED RYDER" in his mountain studio! What a trip!!—What a contest!! Enter!

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5 THIRD PRIZES

Win one of these 5 beautiful, amazing new RECORDIOS—the WONDER MACHINE of the 20th Century! Carry anywhere. Make home records of your voice, instrument, play back instantly. Use also as radio or phonograph! Makes records of your favorite radio programs! Complete with "mike" & blank recording discs. VALUE each — \$39.95



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Win one of these 100 DAISY Targeteer Air Pistol Outfits with 500 Targeteers, 25 Target Cards, \$200 Book-clip, V.A.L.U.E. each!



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GUN BRACKETS

Win a pair of air rifle wall brackets, wooden cut-outs of Red Ryder's famous horse "THUNDER". VALUE each \$1.00

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FLASH! 1st and 2nd Prize Winners get a PAIR of HANDMADE COWBOY CHAPS from Fred Harman, Cartoonist, as his PERSONAL GIFT!



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USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT—BEST FOR TARGET SHOOTING IN DAISYS, KINGS

BIG JUMBO TUBE \$5

CONTEST RULES

- (1) Each contestant must shoot an Official Target and complete... in 30 words or less. Sentence must be written in space provided on Official Target.
- (2) Contest starts May 1, ends July 25. ALL Targets and completed SENTENCES must be received at Daisy Manufacturing Company, Plymouth, Michigan by midnight, July 25, 1941.
- (3) Any air rifle using BB type shot may be used.
- (4) Contestants may be of any age up to and including 16 years, at start of Contest, May 1, 1941, 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 before being mailed to Daisy. Target will be furnished you free at your Daisy Dealer. If you write in direct for Free Official Target, enclose 10c stamp to cover one mailing-handling cost of sending Official Target to you.
- (6) Contestants must submit only one Official Bull Target. They must shoot at each bull's-eye 4 times. Each Target must record a total of 25 shots. If more than 25 shots appear on any one target, the 25 best count for score. These 25 shots must be shot

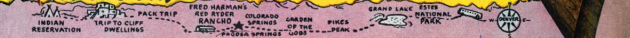
- consecutively, one after the other, in 30 minutes.
- (7) Standing position without artificial support must be used.
- (8) Target must be 20 feet away from air rifle muzzle when shooting your Official Score.
- (9) PRIZES will be awarded on the combined basis of Target score, this sentence of thought in finishing the SENTENCE. If you shoot a Daisy because... in 30 words or less.
- (10) Decision of the Judges will be final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contests and ideas therein become the property of Daisy Manufacturing Company. Get Official Target for complete rules.
- (11) ENTER DAISY'S Rootin' Tootin' SHOOTIN' CONTEST now and shoot to win! Every boy in the U.S.A. has the opportunity to WIN one of these **FREE RYDER TRIP PRIZES**—plus Fred Harman's own PERSONAL GIFT of Handmade Chaps—or one of 5 new portable **RECORDIO JR. Home Recorder Radio** Phonograph Wonder Machines with \$39.95 or one of 50 Genuine Daisy Targeteer Target Pistols—or one of 100 pairs of Horse Head Gun Bracket! Think of the FUN you'll have shooting your Official Target! Tell your friends about this great DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST! If you haven't any air rifle

GET FREE CONTEST TARGET—ENTRY BLANK at DEALERS

or Write Us!

Do this today—now! Official Contest Target contains all Rules, Instructions, and

is also your Entry Blank. Go after one of those 210 BIG PRIZES! Hurry! Hurry!



DAISY AIR RIFLES

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