When a master of evil tries to make a mockery of the law, two criminals don black and white capes. The criminal, masked and mysterious, have killed two brave human beings! Batman and Robin spring into action. Soon, the boys launch into a trail of vengeance. As they draw near a lair of crime, they stand side by side, ready to face the evil that lies in the shadows.

**MURDER ON PAROLE!**

Night falls—a blanket of shadows and mystery lie over the city. In the bloody wreckage, two clues lead to a grisly scene...
Suddenly, the two crime figures, up on high, leapt

**G-man, G-man.**

This looks like our right. Right?

I'm alright with you.

**Greetings and salutations and such?**

**Hello!**

The Batman's fist smashes out---

Whenever I see a man like you, my knuckles just insist on being inflicted.

I never salfointed my knuckles either.

**Humph?**

Now---now is that kind of subservience people in the back.

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

Ooh—break Batman, this baby tells you that.

Get in the car—while Iisten my name on their chests.

Again slowly move the hit into the thief's face as his machine gun fires wildly.

A real gun shot? Ugh!

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

Down—hit the ground!

Has I seen Miller anywhere? Np—gone?

Miller trailed off the rear to thePMTH in the darkness after his falling body.

Ooh—has Bob been shot?

Me almost had company!

Shovels, Bella Comics!
Miller's Story:

“My name is Chick Miller. I was a convict in the State Pen. Sentenced to five years. I was serving my third year when it got me..."

It's crazy! I was still crazy. I don't get out. I don't think I've got to get out.

If you wanna get out, Chick—I can arrange it—A parole—

May not get you out, but... who do you think you're kidding?

Sure enough, a few days later, I was called before the parole board..."

Arraymph—Miller, you haven't seen the light of a parole board in months. Parole board? You don't look like a criminal! Parole board—may be you'll go straight—

Arraymph—Miller, we have decided in your favor for parole?

Tut—Tut—I didn't. Don't think I meant them. But figured out green enough—"
The big guy finally came—the drawn suit clanged as he walked in. It was strange—no air was clean and brown and weakened. They were like me—free?

Then the man approached me—

"Hello, Nicholas. What are you doing over here?"

We were friends of the bank. Daniels was on the team, and we were gonna take care of you. Get you a job.

"You...from the garage?"

"Hello, Nicholas.

"Why have you been running away?"

Yes—I have—I wanted to help some of my boys make the big bank?

"For a minute, I didn't believe my ears, but the story began to sink in and I learned the truth."

Sure—I managed to get you parasites just like my other friends—and you could never have met me! That's how we pay our money to stay with us and make sure nothing happens again."

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

"No. I never saw this before."

I know you spent it as a matter of fact. It's part of a house job that was just pulled about a half mile away.

"What?"

"I've got responsibilities in this case. How do I know this is the right one?"

They'll have you back in jail, so fast, we'll make your head swim..."
YOU’VE TALKED QUITE ENOUGH, SHOULDER! TAKE HIM TO THE CAR AND SHOW HIM THE TRUTH—MAYBE THE WATERSHIFT!

SAY HE'S HERE, YOU KNOW? WHAT'S THE SIT?

CLICK—

THEY CORRECT ME. NOW, WHAT IS THE SIT?

AND TRY TO FORM TOO IN THE HEARTS AND IN THE HEARTS, THE MAN ALWAYS GETS HIS WAY OUT JUST WHEN HE'S ABOUT TO REVEAL THE MASTER CRIMINAL'S NAME. WHY WILL YOU TAKE HIM TO A HOSPITAL?

BOTHAN?

AND THE NEXT MORNING IN THE APARTMENT OF BRUCE WAYNE'S SORROW AND HIS VENOMOUS, SICK EYES.

NO, I THINK THE MAN WHO SHOT MILLER WILL TRY AGAIN TO GET HIM AT THE HOSPITAL BEFORE HE RECOVERS AND TALKS.

YOU KNOW BRUCE: 

WHAT I MEAN IS THEY WOULD? 

AND BRUCE WAYNE'S WHISPERS PROPHETIC AT THAT VERY MOMENT—

WHAT THERE'LL BE A MILLION HITS WATCHING THE HOSPITAL?

BUT MILLER ISN'T TALKING.

THAT VERY NIGHT—

THE HOSPITAL WINDOW SLIDES OPEN—

OKAY... THE MILLER IS ASKING?

BUT AS THE DOOR PUSHES IN—SOMETHING FLIES OUT—THE BATMAN'S ARMS.
An avalanche of dust descended upon the tellers.

Bat-tan? Oh, serious.

As the tellers suddenly surged toward the dazzling tendrils, an illuminating tale bore down upon them—and aboard it is—

Sully... even!

An embarrassment rush the twin battlers?

Get them! Slug em!

Drown by shouts and a seething swarm toward the massive battle field?

Halt, or we'll fire!

Coppers! Let's all cram this here down the mausoleum escape!

As the police got futile chase to the fleeing thugs to Batman and Robin, far then selves in a tight spot.

Holy bats! The batman and Robin.

Now, we're in for it the ad of aren't as yet exactly 100 per of my slightly different way in fighting crimes.
Let's go, Robin!

I can't

away from

the plane.

At 7

o'clock

when

the

bells

ring.

ATO

DC

Later...

That night, I'm flying secretly in the Batplane to break up the criminal's plan.

BANG!

What was that?

I didn't

forget

to

lock

the

door?

So, the

French

rue

are

bad

men.

I'm

taking

my

cellmate

to

the

Batplane.

How to

apply

the

makeup

while

he's

still

unconscious?

When

we

meet

again,

they

will

think

I'm

not

Silk.

Hey, Mark! That's it!

You

will

beg

for

mercy!
The cell is drivin' me nuts! I'm gonna make a move boys! Out to rob a warehouse and stick it tonight! You can go alone!

The next night, Batman takes his stand by the seashore...

The gangster wipes the makeup from his face and stands in front of the warehouse. Hey, Marty — watch out! It's the gangster! Marty? Nothing. The Batman? Uhm?

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

And the boys meet 'Marty Larsen' and take him to the docks. You're a sensible fellow, Marty. You can start to work. Which one of these men is the boss?
The Batman dives into the warehouse—A tremendous crash—

The scene seems perfectly set for this particular instance of action.

As the Batman creeps from the ropes, other thieves lunge at him—

A number of blackguards the thieves?

Where are these thieves coming from? Eaten on one side of a barb-wire fence?

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

Even the Batman cannot stand against those给予The Batman a sudden burst. They seem to be the Batman arming through ruse—

But what nerve—and chance?
He ain't come up yet? That guy's been gone so long the time?

Now that the Batman is finished, let's finish up some other stuff. The street away and then we'll BAM back to the post!

Yeah— the boss will be glad to see me.

It's that wise guy who wants to hang with the Batman?

Sure, the Batman must be every day good care of this, very good care!

Suddenly the door opens— slink in Style's Slinky.

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

I broke out. I was getting tired of living like these guys. You get out on parole?

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

Who you kidin' to new even you can get out on parole— no guys with Multiples and parole— an you know it?

Cops— they must've follow your here?

I'll fix that!

Agent Speakey cut— slink in the street— just all the people from the building come and then start firing!

Wow!

Realizing they must throw in with Slink, the people here think loud screams at the police. The duel between the law and the lawmen has begun!
As the battle of bullets rages, a dropping raises itself up to the waterfront area—it is the Batmang.

Now...my head...I must have been drifting on the water for quite a few minutes...better get back to the Batcave.

If any cop so much as moves into the building, the trip dirt!

“Run inside and see if there are any more of them held up!”

Hello? I’m coming for you!

Hello? I don’t want to see that boy killed! Even though he does work outside the law, still he does fight crime.

And alone and unafraid the Batman walks toward what some call certain death.

I’m coming up there to get out. I’m walking up the steps now. And there will be the Lady Steps, will every mallet na-na?

And I’m sitting back and waiting to see you die.

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

I’m here, Pella. Oh, Batman—you aimed right!
Almost—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.

By the crookman's charge carrying him too far both the villain and the parolee racketeer tumble down the shaft.

Even as he dodges like a flash, Batman lowers his hand close to the parolee's hand, but the parolee racketeer is not so fortunate, a trailing shrike marks his end.

Later—

Well, I suppose all these parolees have earned their stripes, but easy does it, most parolees won't last long in jail. But when a criminal suddenly realizes it as Miller and Miller, there's that. One of the best moral lessons they can give.
B A T M A N

with

R o b i n

THE BOY W O N D E R

He was just a clock maker—and he called them
murders? 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
wondered, 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 Morse clock building——

Well, men, what now?

I'm some clock-hunting collector of clocks, and my hobby you know. I want to get some really old clocks!

Why not; why not, Brock. The clock master on Bell Street has an awful fine one there last night.

Inside the crowded interior, clocks stand on shelves and cluttered, clocks, hundreds of them all ticking with persistent monotonous regularity——

The clock master, young, with my glasses and gray hair, under his hat. —

Mr. Brock.

I am Brock. The clock master. You wish to buy one of my friends?

Ah, you chaps, don't mind if I take a little time looking over the figures. Do you?

Sorry, I'm just filling in. I'm not doing anything this afternoon, anyhow.

To speak, I've plenty of time.
"Killing Time--Plenty of Time--You Murderers?"

"Murderers?"

"Murderers of that you kill time. Every day you kill terrible secrets that might be used in doing something. You are a murder, and you will every one of them. Murderers!"

"All these faces--these hundreds of pairs of hands accuse you of murder. I am in any way I see to it that time would kill you. They would murder you!"

"That man's crazy. He hear him have on?" "Yes but he this clock, ain't he?"

"Bruce, I'm worried. For the last few hours I've been thinking about the house. I think they want to kill me."

"Non sense. Why should anyone want me killed?"

"Get back to beast. You've just got the jitters."

"But Bruce, face. Believe me, perhaps that all is well."

"Dick, I think we ought to feel a new thrill. The excitement that sometimes comes-I can feel it!"

"From playboy, Bruce Wayne and Superman, 10,000 years! The exciting personalities of the Batman and Robin, the Boy Wonder!"

"An instant later, there is a thunderous crash as the automobile flashes through the streets. A runaway monster of stream-lined steel!"
Later

What... who...

Take it easy! You're all right now. Just a bit bruised. That's all.

And still later in the bathroom...

I wonder why those fellows were after Keating?

I've a hunch Keating wanted to kill Keating and sent those thugs there to make it look like they were defending him. And then kill him. It would be a nice cover-up.

And that very moment...

And then the Batman and that Robin kid walked in...


The Batman, I'll have to be sure now with him around... The feeling of those clacks... The feeling of those clacks... There's a faint but consistent ticking...
Later that night, as Keating sits at his desk:

All night there is the chime—three—five.

The clock tells on.

The next day, at noon, that Keating's body is discovered. Police simulate the death from the accompanying police commissioner'sBeautiful is Bruce Wayne.

The clock tolls on.

Nine—ten.

But only Bruce has counted the clock's strokes.

And at that very moment in a dusty old store the grit little man known as Deckers, the clock maker, cackles with sardonic laughter.

And that very night in the home of Henry Deckers, a stockholder in the home's clock company.

Twelve o'clock.

The clock tolls on.

Nine—ten. Eleven.

Thirteen!

It struck thirteen times.

Aagh!
Nighttime—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 rubbler.

Crazy, am I here—This rubber blew the dart when the clock read one—Zeke had a habit of reading in this chair till late at night.

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

And in the kitchen store the clock man is laughing sleepily as hundreds of clock chimes 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! Hie—Hie—Hie—

And Bruce Wayne is the Batman?

That very night at the midnight hour draws close. The loud, Daniel of Sign, rings Dick Grimson to the doors of the Wayne home.

Thank you.

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

The clock tolls the hour—Middight.

Bong! Bong Bong

Four—five—six—seven—eight—
Suddenly a figure materializes into the room. "Pick up the clock!"

**Bong, Bong**

**BOOM!**

What did that sound mean? Whew!

Boon thing I heard that clock start to clang. I knew he had no clocks like that! Looks like someone wasn't like us, by Kid!

The very next night, Bruce Wayne set the clock house bare of the Batman?

Now remember, if I'm not back by the time the clock rings, get one?

**Quiet**

Just as I thought. Both Batman and editions were both stockholders in the clock company! Superman - tie up, I'd better make a phone call!

The Batman phones the banker, Selye:

Hello, Selye, are you all right?

Of course I am all right! No this speaking - what the man might say.

And in the cramped interior of his little store, the clockmaker listens intently to a man who speaks to him:

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

Yes, I've seen him! He sits in his office, only watching time pass while his staff makes money for him, the murderer.
Quick, give me the address of the man so I may get one of my piles, a clock, and a death or time.

Sure, here's the address.

Why don't you give him your address?

Ah! That's why I'm not a lawyer.

That's why I'm not a lawyer.

Whoa! There's neither time nor place.

I hate to kill an old man, but I'm afraid this time it's necessary.

That gun wasn't for you, any more than... I think you killed the stockholders. Keating and Jackson, they wanted to control the company by themselves.

That's right. When old Moses, the founder of the company, died, he left a will stating that his personal stock was to be sold among the stockholders. The others, except for one clever man, had more stock than anyone else to begin with.

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

Mack! Ha! It was clever! I even played on the fanaticism of the clock makers. Perhaps what we're thinking the others were might be useful. One or two of them should be killed just as I'm going to kill you right now.
As the Batman maneuvers, matches old block drops to the floor. He leaves himself off guard for the moment and

A shiver is suddenly cut off! death has come to atiny!

The gun goes off—and the bullet since its mark

The clock maker's been hit?

Suddenly, a voice whooshes about?

Now let's see you get out of this. ha ha ha. now i'll drop you in the river. both you and the block so there'll be no more block puzzles?

HA HA HA

HA HA HA

you. But you're safe, aren't you? i don't know. me neither.

You and your hoist clock company. with the greatest clock in the city. I'll show you what a giant bell strikes. thirteen thousand. hie hie hie. see the last vibrating note. well set off the same round here.
Desperately, the Batman tries to free himself from his bonds.

That madman will not only blow up the mob's 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 efforts.

One minute. Two minutes. Time moves agonizingly slow. Then: the mob's building?

Heather: You're too late—too late.

Logan: Up there? The clock maker?

The bell is still ringing? It's ten o'clock.

A terrible sound shatters the silence of the night. It is the bell telling out the hourly one?

And when the Batman has just about given up hope... what? Where? Did these ropes mean me?

Heather: 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 police numbers.

Not this time? Our clock makes use of the exact numbers to set the clock 20 that it will strike thirteen at exactly ten by clock and have got exactly two minutes till ten?

A sharp command to Robin and the Batman carts into an elevator where swiftly, ascent seems incredibly slow, as the giant bells toll two!

And the Batman rains the bell and roars in the clock tower.

As the bell swings and tells—three?

And now it is a fight against the insurmountable machine. Above itself as below, two men battle and above the dangerous bell change—four?

Now I've no checkmate you, Mr. Clock Maker?
But the clock maker has gone utterly mad and fights with a madman’s fury and strength! A piche blow sends the surprise Batman reeling to the open skylights.

**BONG!**

Hee-hee! No one can catch me, that’s why!

**FIVE**

And the bell falls—

**SIX**

But even as he drops the Batman makes a desperate clutch for life—his hand closes wise like newt and holds him up against the dial as it spins.

**BONG!**

Hee-hee! You won’t have me now. You think I’m a weakling? I’ll get you, Hee-hee!

**SEVEN**

At that very instant a small human is seen leaping through the swinging chain of the space that separates a nearby building from the clock face.

**BONG!**

Who’s that? Come to play?

**EIGHT**

Small hands snatch at a protruding clock number!

**BONG!**

Hee-hee! Now time to see if she has come.

**NINE**

A human ant scurries up the clock face. His tiny pincers hang on the numbers there.

**BONG!**

And the clock tells—

**TEN!**
And the clock tolls eleven...

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

And now the twin battles of clock face up to the bell itself as the giant bell swings forebodingly. Its huge clapper ready to crash for a final clang and shattering death?

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

Not if I can help it...

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

Back and forth swings the giant clapper crashing the Batman's body form against the bell as if to dislodge him—but he holds fast, like grim death.

Light, get it held down. This whole town will be blown up...

At last the clapper stays no more. Robin has found the mechanism that stops the bell's giant swing.

Later a sleek vehicle bears away two并非 figures. Batman and Robin. The sky shimmers.

Just in time. Don't think I could have held out much more.

It's okay now. Everyone's all over.

You know something. Someone felt sort of sorry for old Brock. The clock's the one thing the people who waste valuable time are really enemies of mankind. Think of all the fine cures for disease and inventions that might be coming if they were to use these precious days.

Of course, he had been nervous 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 coming if they were to use these precious days.
The Batman in a giant stand-off with Robin the boy wonder in the Iron Jungle. "We do not waste our time on the suns of Old or the travels of the ancient phantoms. We live our lives as the man of destiny."

"The Secret of the Iron Jungle."

As midnight strikes and the Batman sworn over the City's roofs, he sees...
"You can do this to me?"

"And they're not going to sit there and let the Batman only do the job."

"Now he's a clever fellow - his

"Easy, Mister. You're in a jam."

"Next morning, Bruce Wayne, Society Playboy to the world, but the Batman only to Dick Grayson all his time."

"Whoever holds the key to the study when it is entered..."

"He tiny figure of Linda enters..."

"Why Linda? Quitting work?"

"Bruce, please be serious."

"I heard from having trouble down at his Texas oil fields..."

"Gus is a monster spirit of oil, that often brings untold wealth."

"Texas is a land of oil - that can bring:

"A gusher is a monster spirit of oil, that often brings untold wealth - hundreds of feet into the air, blowing to four feet oil at the rate of two million gallons a day..."

"Gus is a monster spirit of oil, that often brings untold wealth - hundreds of feet into the air, blowing to four feet oil at the rate of two million gallons a day..."

"Gus is a monster spirit of oil, that often brings untold wealth - hundreds of feet into the air, blowing to four feet oil at the rate of two million gallons a day..."
At that very moment, Linda is telling Bruce what has been going on—

"And all kinds of strange incidents have been happening."

"I think I'd like to see Texas and need a vacation."

"Well, watch out for those highwaymen! I'll be down later to see what happens to you."

"I've always wanted to see the Mississippi."

"You'd better get back in the trunk now. No one must see you."

A dramatic scene awaits Bruce as his ship pulls out of the entrance of the Page Oil Company. The story continues with more adventures and twists.

"Dick—keep your eyes out. Until the time comes for you to change plans, anything can happen around here."

"It's your last chance."

"And anything can happen!"
A few minutes later, Bruce, dressed in a shabby white suit, was outside to look things over. Well—so the reception committee is waiting. Let's see, Chuck and his gang are sitting ready for some dirty work. If they start any trouble, we'll clean them up—those trouble-makers deserve a good beating?

Bruce walks forward—a no-man's land trembles between the two sides. Well—here's my chance to mix with real society... You are—but not in the way you think. Got some brass knuckles that need breaking in?

Gees! Ain't that a sweet little outfit still on the hearing? Hank, Hank? I don't like your face—much better you keep it covered. Please, keep your distance!
Chuck is made to look ridiculous before his own men—

Chuck, haw, haw—!

Chuck's strategy works—Chuck, the smirking, sneers into his own men!

Laugh at me! Will ya—?

Well, that's some work we've done, very nicely—

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

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

You won't get away with this, Chuck. I'll convince you things happen my own way. I've got the men. I'll have him here by morning. I'll tie him up... on the top of Old Number 8. I'll rip him open 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 the forest of thick, gnarled oil boughs.

But outside night is falling, and Bruce slips away to the old bunk house where he had agreed to meet Dick—

Come on, now—into your work clothes!

Ev'ry man there is going to work some tonight.

Chuck—smirks Chuck, looks to the page's daughter—

Meanwhile, a yellow gangster calls in—At the very moment Masters sneaks out of the office, Linda Page has arrived earlier than she planned.

Got spare my car at Eureka?
WE'VE GOT TO GET HER OUT OF HERE WHERE THEY SEE US!

WE'VE NEVER DRIVEN ONE OF THESE BEFORE!

SHE'S OUT...WHAT WE GONNA DO NEXT?

THAT OLD MAN DOES WE'LL TURN AROUND AT THE NEXT BEND AND MAKE FOR THE IRON JUMBLE BY THE OLD ROAD!

IN THE PURSUIT THE HEAVY TRUCK TUMBLERS DOWN THE HOIST

OHN??
Let's get on a surfboard—
the Batman rides the speeding car's momentum.

Using his spring-loaded shield, he leaps
with Linda's help up near one arm.

Aren't those men
who wear a black
suit, Robin?

Chuck makes a sharp turn as Masters loads
a hail of bullets and as each one spurs into
the oil tank, flames start out of the bullet
holes into the darkness.

This finish will
be sharp, ma,
you'll burn to
death.

We'll get to
the Newman jungle
through the dam
and that oil runs
going to shoot over
them oil wells
mighty pronto.

As Masters and Chuck speed back to the
Newman Oil Company, Robin drops his
blasting trick around and even crime
like a firey comet in the trail of vengeance.
Any moment they fear the
Treasure Ship, which is bearing down

We've been
in front seats
before but
we've never
been inside
and death
both at the same
moment.

Doom...
With panther-like movement, the Bat-Sword trails his quarry into the dense semi-tropical undergrowth that swarms all over the Iron Jungle.

"The time you're not getting away!

Instantly, the Batman scales the ever-green mocking-bird. Lightning blazes menacingly from the nearby tree trunk.

Reaching the tower's top, the Bat-Man grapples a giant creeper, making it ready for a death-defying leap.

The lumber's weapons could suddenly shatter.

What's going to happen to the Batman?

Get that gun and make sure this time?

In the blaze of the coming storm's first flash of lightning, he sees the iron ladder to the highest vantage of a deserted lighthouse.
YOU'RE IN FOR A CRASH, BOY!

THE THINGS FALLING APART!

DON'T DO SOMETHING DUMB.

YOU NEED A LESSON TODAY.

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

Meanwhile, Robin sights the Batman line struggling against quivering wire... Does he see through Batman?

He's only a kid.

With a big punch!
Gotcha!

2. That'll show you, fresh kid?

3. Yes, by Chuck! The THUGS COULD USE THE HAND LIFT. THEY PLAN TO LEAVE THEIR VICTIMS AT THE TOP TO BURN!

5. CMON, brave guy! Can you fight a man?

6. As if from nowhere, the Batman breaks and swings into the lift, his iron fists working like trip hammers!

7. Good timing, Robin on the ground. The Batman fakes after masters.

6. I'll finish them all.

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

8. That's justice, you暑期 killing by their own leader.

9. I'm coming for you, masters. Please don't be so patient!
Man on the crumbling Derrick - they look in a death struggle.

1. Get him, Batman?
2. Let's see how well you fight without a gun.

Just as the Batman was doing, Balaam knew his bonds. The old Derrick - crumbling, barreling down.

Humph!

Straighten your back, Mr. Fox.

2. The very least he'd do another two minutes, and the man will ruin the nitro charges. The men are afraid.
3. I'll do the job!

1. He saw the sky - another two minutes, and the man will ruin the nitro charges. The men are afraid.

Suddently --

4. Whew! What a close shave! Masters must be trapped in the wreckage!
5. We've got to get to the oil well number three. They'll be blasting in five minutes, and it may be too late.

Masters frees his quai-ahat to take a shot at Balaam, but in the ensuing struggle his arm is jerked back.
Meanwhile the Batman heads the plumes -- thousands of feet above the earth there's a tremendous explosion as the oil is unleashed by the nitroglycerin kick -- Heads up here she goes.

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

I'm sorry, Miss Bruce. What upset you?

Can I give you a ride back?

Thank you a lot. But there couldn't be any excitement driving with you weren't you man enough to help Dad? I'd like you a little better if you took a leaf out of Batman's book.

Poor Linda -- she doesn't know sometimes, I kind of wish she could know.

Ah, yes! The Batman's job is hunt criminals.
When killers mock the law and taunt the blue-coated protectors of society, then is the time for the Batman to make his timely appearance, with his laughing young sidekicking the Boy Wonder, this master crime-smasher who penetrates the hidden lair of the criminals of the underworld and meets their misadventures with swift actions of his own. Follow the Batman now as he faces forth on another mission, ferreting out and crushing the evil on "Suicide Beat!"

Next sounds—A shot—a groan—and a laugh! Oh, my!
Later--

NO WONDER THEY CALL THIS "GLACIER BEAT" CAP. THAT GETS THIS COP PRACTICALLY COMMITTED SURELY? FANCY CAN SELL TO THAT?

BROGAN IS THE THIRD COP TO BE FOUND DEAD HERE? I ATE THE PROOF GUY THAT GETS THIS BEAT NEXT?

SO DO I?

WELL, I HOPE HE'S A BETTER COP THAN HIS OLD MAN.

HA-HA?

KELLY, YOU HEARD ABOUT BROWN 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? DON'T YOU HEAR THAT HIS SON, JIMMY, GETS HIS BADGE TODAY?

SURE, AND WHAT MAN WOULDN'T BE PROUD OF A SON LIKE ME, JIMMY? 'TIS THE GLORIOUS DAY THAT HE BECAME A TRUE POLICEMAN, TWO GENERATIONS OF KELLY POLICEMEN.

WELL, OR I'LL HAVE ME JIMMY LOCK THE BOTH OF US UP IN A CELL.

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

DID HER 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 DO ARREST FANCY DAN OR HIS MOLLERS WE COULDN'T PROVE ANYTHING! YOU SEE, SON ...

FANCY DAN RUNS THIS NEIGHBORHOOD. HAS FOR A LONG TIME. WHENEVER A COP MAKES A LITTLE SOMETHING ON HIM HE MANAGES TO WRECK IT. HE'S GOT PROTECTION. THE ROTTEN POLITICAL BED OF THIS WARD IS HIS TELT PARTNER.

AS SOON AS A COP MAKES A LITTLE SOMETHING ON HIM HE MANAGES TO WRECK IT. HE'S GOT PROTECTION. THE ROTTEN POLITICAL BED OF THIS WARD IS HIS TELL PARTNER.

INSPECTOR I WANT TO TAKE OVER SUICIDE BEAT.

WHAT'S THAT? SUICIDE BEAT? WHY I'M 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 knew I gave
the rookie a
tough beat. But
I've got a hunch
he'll pin something
on Fancy Dan?

At least the boy
will get
the
benefit
of the
departure
of a
poor
person
on
these
streets
won't
he?

A crooked politician
ruins that street
and he's a smart
politician, he lends
the poor people
money, buys them
food on Christmas

Firemen, 3:00 a.m. etc.
and he's in return that
they vote for him and
protect his jackasses.

Naturally the people
do just as he says, and
hate cops, and they
get any help from
them.

Very interesting? Was
I'll be
sitting 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
Gat
... out to watch rookie
Jimmy Kelly, though, very
and silent. Their hatred
of him is like loud thunder.

Then without warning—

Why, you
Little
Pete's
JAR

A little kid ran
in here
where did he
go?

I didn't
see a
kid?

I didn't
see no
kid, I

But you must
have seen
him, you
must
right
in here?

If he don't
see no
kid, he

I didn't
see no
kid...
As if shot from a cannon, Jimmy's body hurtles directly across the path of the oncoming car—

"And miss by grazing death by just an inch!"

Suddenly, as if from nowhere, two mantled figures race forward—the Batman and Robin—

"After him, Robin! Let's grab this car!"

A thundering roar of power and the car leaps away in pursuit.
On screaming tires they draw abreast of the Drunken Driver's racing car—

A BUN, too! That completes the picture!

I'LL PUT YA FULLA HOLES!

What you need is something to put you asleep... and this is it?

Minutes later—

Here take care of this rat annoyed.

THE BATMAN NOW?

JIMMY DRIVES THE DRUNK TO JAIL! BUY THE NEXT DAY A DRUNK MAN APPEARS—

And Henry, I mean Justice. You understand now this poor drunk man decided to celebrate his finding a job and if he took him... hum...

And a little later—

So ya got him out, eh, Skirr?

Dun't I always get your boys out?

Now what do we do 'plu' the copper?

No* get rid of him, but no shooting—three dress cops in a row might bring down the governor!

SHOES IS RIGHT? We'll just make 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...

"Why I'll pulverize ya!"

"Don't meel!"

"A fight!"

But as Jimmy tries to separate the two, they suddenly turn on him and out of the shadows leap angry thieves?

"A trap!"

"Sock that cop!"

"Let's get him!"

The Batman's fist flails out with the head-liness of a striking snake?

"My, you must see your dentist more often!"

Then, seething down from fire escapes come two fiend figures...!

"And now?"

"No Parking!"

And now, Jimmy has recovered...

"I'll whop ya!"

"The perp!"

"As he to ashes..."

"Now this is more like it!"
Suddenly a car shoots from behind a corner—stops long enough to pick up the nogginums and then speeds away.

No use trying to get those rats?

Well, what's this? They must have dropped this in the sculpet?

The next night: Alderman Skinner addresses the huge crowd in the stadium.

And so, ladies and gentlemen, sir—

I've arranged so that the proceeds will buy good milk for starving babies—Blah, blah, blah.

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

Sure, that's the point Al—

man just got up to get milk for the kids in his ward so it is getting on Marley the challenger.

I've got a hunch this fight has been framed.

What? So I almost sure. I think I'm going to put the skids under Alderman Skinner.

In the ring, the challenger, Marley, acknowledges the players of the crowd.

And what's the champ? He should be here.

Suddenly: Walking down the aisle, the champ's trainer and manager with the Batman.

Champ had an accident—so I'm taking his place isn't that right, boys?

Yeah—yeah, that's right.

What's your that come? You're the Batman?

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

Yeah—yeah, that's right.

What's your that come? You're the Batman?

But you can't take his place, it mean talks. The crowd don't want a substitute.

How about it, do I want me to fight in the champ's place?

How about it, do I 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, oh! 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 whiff!

And follows up with a terrific uppercut!

One-two-thump!

I'll fix that guy!

The challenger rubs his glove into the canvas that bears the resin from their shoe soles—

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

For the moment, the Batman was blinded. He faces easy prey to fists that sneak past his guard.

How do you like them onions, Batman?
Through blurred vision, he sees heavy punch at him and the kill.

Get ready to kiss that canvas, champ!

There is no need for a count.

The German is out...but definitely.

Suddenly, lights wink out over the stadium.

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

Who turned out the lights?

What's happened?

Abruptly, there is the blast of gunfire. A voice raising in a shout—"Fancy Dan and his henchmen get away with the gate receipts!"

Nice work, Bat.

Not 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 on the light switch.
At the sound of the shot, a crowd gathers around the group.

Look! The buildings on fire?

Look! The Batman!

The Batman, he must be inside. I'm going in after him!

My baby! She's in there, too!

And he's got my baby!

He's trapped! I've got to help him. Somebody hold this Robin kid back. This is my job!

Even as Jimmy parts forward into the house next door, the Ancient chapel dwelling was up in flames.

Fighting his way through yellow leaping torches, he came to the roof, which has not yet caught fire.

Can you jump it?

No, I can't take a chance with the kid in my arms. This roof will cave in any moment. Only one thing to do: Get ready!
At that instant firemen arrive and a wise net—and Jimmy leaps to safety with his precious burden.

And just as the building crumbles inwards, the Batman makes his leap through space to that net that seems so small below.

It's you, sir, well—just in time for me to take you in.

What's that? My baby.

Just in time.

It's just that you not only raised up a Princeton charity float, 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 wish you wouldn't have any more trouble on suicide beat.

Yes, and if I knew how close Fancy Dan and his men fell talk plenty down at headquarters thanks to you.

Later.

But how did you get there?

I managed to reach a steel ledge. 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 questions:

Hello, Jimmy. It certainly is a fine day.

Fine day!