



NO. 301 JULY
30430

35¢

BATMAN

YOU
MURDERED
MY HUSBAND,
BATMAN!

WHY?

WHY?

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
C.C.
AUTHORITY

THE
EXPLOSIVE
STORY
OF
"THE ONLY
MAN
BATMAN
EVER
KILLED!"

S-2891

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ORPHANED AS A CHILD
WHEN A GUNMAN
MURDERED HIS PARENTS...

...BRUCE WAYNE TRAINED
HIMSELF TO WAGE RELENTLESS
WAR AGAINST CRIME.

MASQUERADE BY DAY
AS A MILLIONAIRE ABOUT
TOWN...

...HE PROWL THE NIGHT
TO PREY ON THE VERMIN
OF THE UNDERWORLD AS
THE DREAD BATMAN!



THE HORROR OF THAT NIGHT
HAUNTS HIM STILL... AND THE
SMOKING GUN REMAINS ITS
DREAD SYMBOL! OF ALL THE
INSTRUMENTS OF DEATH
RAISED AGAINST HIM,
THE GUN--

--THE ONE WEAPON HE
HAS VOWED NEVER TO
USE -- TRIGGERS HIS
COLDEST HATRED AND
FURY!

S-2825

AND YET--IN A SERIES
OF BAFFLING AND BIZARRE
EVENTS--A GUN IS THE MURDER
WEAPON RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF...

"**THE ONLY MAN
BATMAN EVER KILLED!**"

FIRST--THE DIABOLICALLY CUNNING CAPER STARTS WITH A --

BAROOOOM



THE NEXT INSTANT--THREE MEN SUDDENLY MATERIALIZE ON THE DESERTED STREET! ONE COMES SPECIAL DELIVERY FROM THE STORAGE MAILBOX--PITCHING TEAR GAS...



SIMULTANEOUSLY, A RED ROD TEAM RISES FROM THE DEPTHS TO JOIN HIM! ...

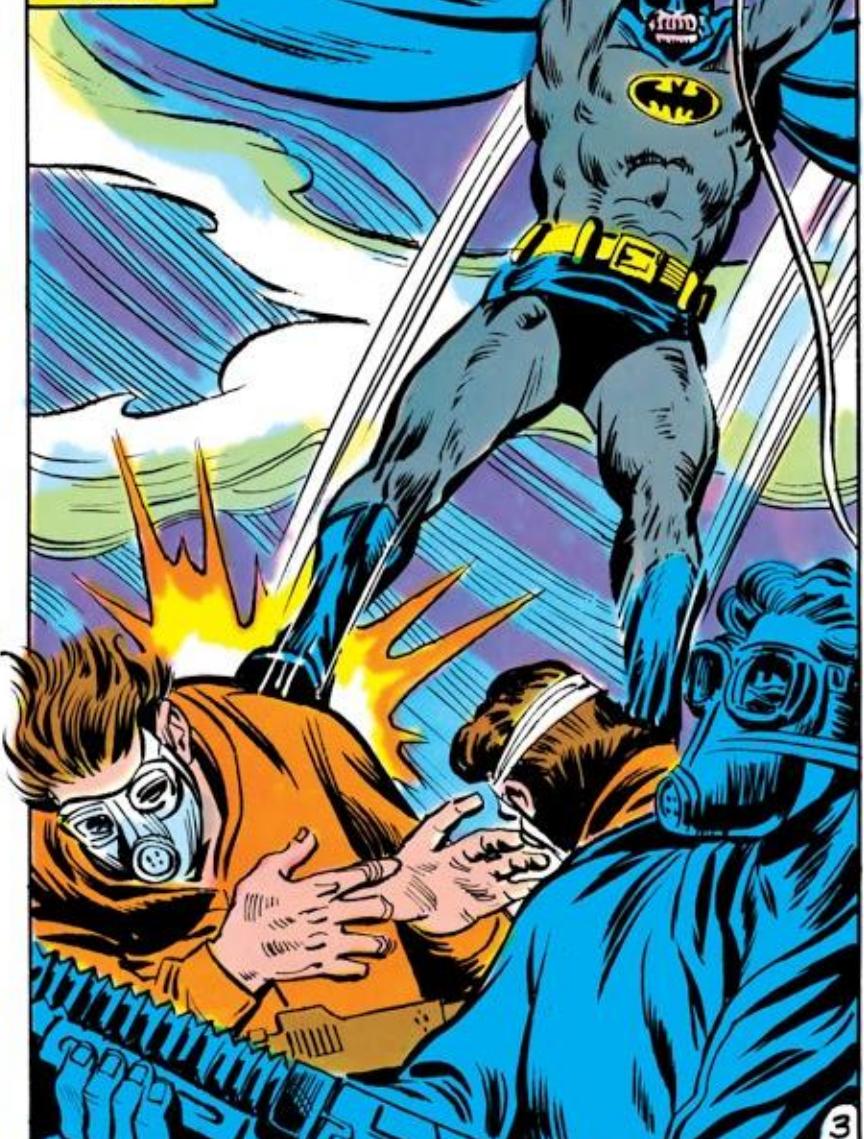


NO WASTE MOTION!--EVERY MOVE CHOREOGRAPHED!--THE ARRIVAL OF THE GETAWAY CAR IS PRECISION ITSELF!



EVEN THE WIND WORKS WITH THEM--BLOWING THE NOXIOUS FUMES TOWARDS THE PLAZA! THE BIGGEST UNAUTHORIZED BANK WITHDRAWAL IN RECENT HISTORY IS PROCEEDING MARVELOUSLY--

--UNTIL--



THE SCENE: A GALA NIGHT AT THE SUNKEN PLAZA IN TVCITY CENTER... THE ANNUAL GOTHAM CHARITIES CASH-ON-THE-BARRELHEAD ANTIQUES AUCTION... WITH ALL THE BEAUTIFUL--AND WELL-HEELED--PEOPLE PRESENT...

THE LAST ITEM, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! I HAVE SIX THOUSAND BID FOR THIS INDIA COTTON CHESSBOARD DURIE, DATING FROM 1894!

SIX ONCE!--SIX TWICE!-- SOLD TO MR. PERRY TRAVERS!

COME AND GET IT, PERRY! BRING US THE CASH--AND ON WITH THE PARTY!

DIAGONALLY ACROSS THE STREET-- TWO HUNDRED FEET AWAY...

THAT BRINGS THE TAKE TO OVER \$400,000-- ...A NICE BUNDLE!

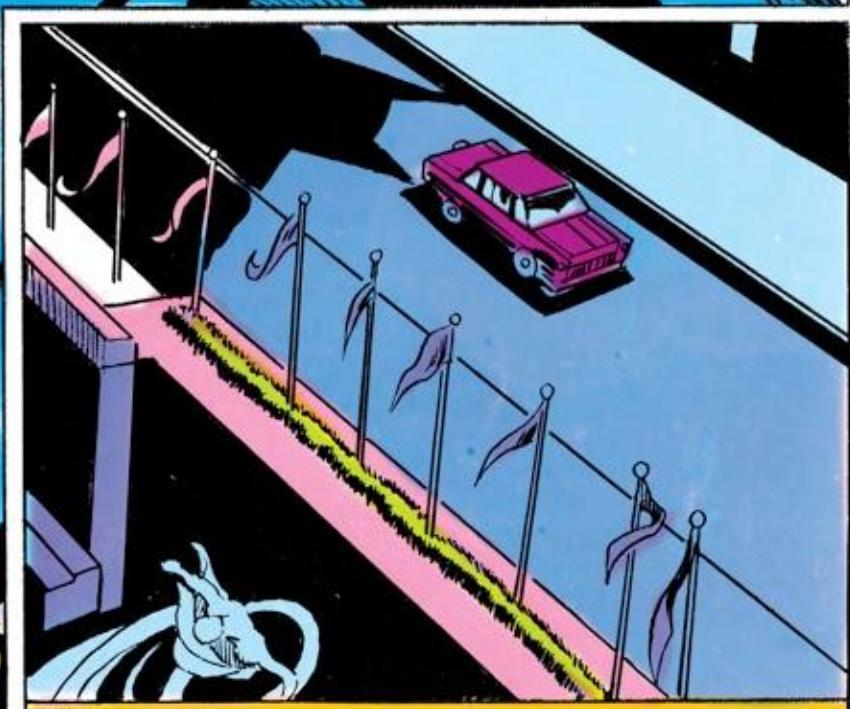
IF ANYTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN, IT WON'T BE DOWN IN THE PLAZA... NOT WITH THAT REGIMENT OF COPS AND DETECTIVES AROUND!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD--ESCORTED UNDER HEAVY GUARD--THE CASH IS PLACED IN THE NIGHT DEPOSITORY OF THE CENTER BANK...



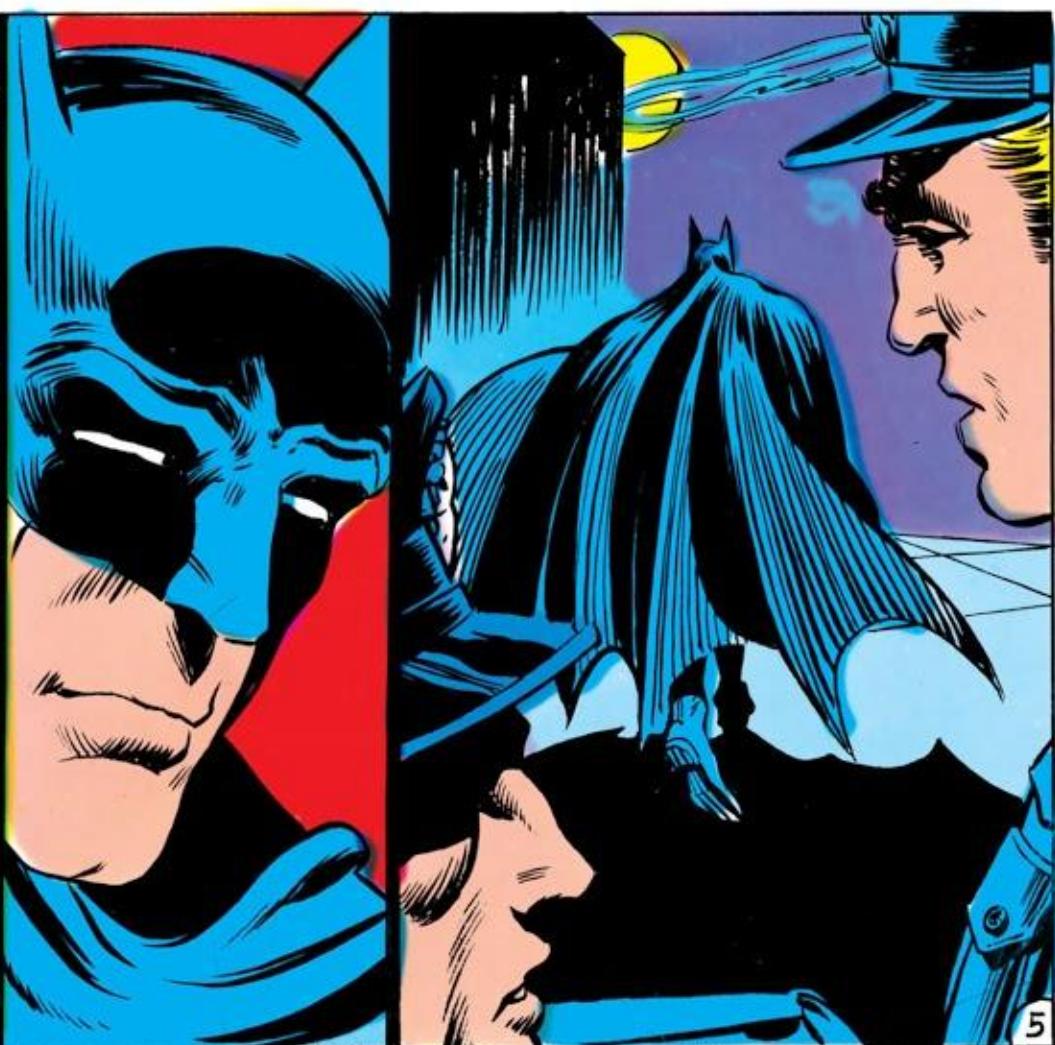
AND THEN... NOTHING... OR ALMOST NOTHING...

A CAR SLOWLY CRUISING DOWN THE STREET--TOO SLOWLY...



AFTER WHICH EVERYTHING HAPPENS FAST--





SOON AFTER... AT THE PENTHOUSE WHERE THE BRILLIANT CRIME-FIGHTER LIVES HIS LUXURIOUS AND FLAMBOYANT PUBLIC LIFE AS **Bruce Wayne**, MILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST AND MAN-ABOUT-TOWN...

YOU'RE HOME VERY EARLY, MASTER BRUCE... AND YOU LOOK EXTREMELY LOW, IF I MAY SAY SO.

I'VE HAD IT FOR TONIGHT, ALFRED! YOU'D THINK BY NOW I'D HAVE LEARNED NOT TO BE OVERLY AFFECTIONATE BY SOME OF THE SENSELESS TRAGEDIES I SEE...

...BUT I STILL FEEL THEM... RIGHT IN THE GUT!

AND SO THE REST OF THE EVENING PASSES QUIETLY...



BUT JUST PAST MIDNIGHT, THINGS SUDDENLY START JUMPING! AN URGENT SUMMONS FROM COMMISSIONER GORDON BRINGS THE BATMAN HURRIEDLY TO THE METRO HOSPITAL MORGUE!

THERE'S BEEN AN INCREDIBLE DEVELOPMENT IN THAT JUDSON PRICE KILLING EARLIER TONIGHT!

THEY AUTOPSIED THE VICTIM-- A TOP SHIPPING EXECUTIVE AND A MAN OF IMPECCABLE REPUTATION IN HIS COMMUNITY--

-- AND IMBEDDED IN THE BASE OF HIS SKULL, THEY FOUND THIS PLATINUM IMPLANT!

AN ANKH, THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SYMBOL OF LIFE!

SILENT SECONDS TICK AWAY AS THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER...

THE MESSAGE IMPLICIT IN THIS MINUTE BIT OF METAL IS CATASTROPHIC... AND BOTH MEN FULLY COMPREHEND IT!



FOR YEARS, THERE HAVE BEEN VAGUE, FANCIFUL STORIES ABOUT A SUPREMELY SECRET OVERLORD OF CRIME... WHOSE AUTHORITY TRANSCENDS ALL OTHER MOB BOSSSES IN GOTHAM CITY...



EXACTLY FOURTEEN HOURS LATER--3:15 THE NEXT AFTERNOON--COMMISSIONER GORDON GETS A WHOLE NEW MESS OF TROUBLE... BIG TROUBLE...WEIRD AND TERRIFYING--

AN ODDLY GARBED STRANGER, OF POWERFUL, MAGNETIC PRESENCE, APPEARS AT POLICE H.Q.--

I HAVE VERY LITTLE TIME, SERGEANT! MEETING OR NO MEETING -- YOU MUST GIVE THIS MESSAGE TO COMMISSIONER GORDON AT ONCE!

THE RESULT: THE SERGEANT INTERRUPTS A TOP ECHELON STAFF MEETING--

HE'S A CHARACTER, SIR... MAYBE A KOOK...BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HIM...

A BLANK SHEET? HMMMM.. SHOW HIM IN, SERGEANT!





THREE DAYS OF INTENSE, FRUITLESS INQUIRY GO BY... AND BY NOW, EVEN WHEN THE BEDEVILED COMMISSIONER FORCES HIMSELF TO SEEK RELAXATION, HE KEEPS HIS IMMEDIATE RANKING STAFF AROUND HIM...





MINUTES LATER... THE APPALLING SCENE COMES TO ITS DISMAL END--

IT'S A D.O.A., COMMISSIONER... APPARENTLY A MASSIVE HEART ATTACK... NATURAL CAUSES.

WE'LL LET THAT REPORT STAND, AT LEAST TEMPORARILY... WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO SAW WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED, SO THE REAL STORY IS STILL SAFE WITH US!



BUT AT THE MOMENT, THE PROSPECT OF LAYING A HAND ON THE SELF-STYLED ANNIHILATOR SEEMS REMOTE INDEED--



AND THEN A FUNNY THING HAPPENS TO AKELDAMA ON HIS WAY TO WHEREVER--

REACH!

OR YOU'LL PUT ON TEN POUNDS ALL OF A SUDDEN--IN LEAD!



AFTER WHICH--

WE'LL LAY DOGGO AWHILE-- TILL THE ROADBLOCKS AROUND HERE GO DOWN--THEN WE'LL BRING HIM IN!



ALMOST THREE HOURS HAVE PASSED BEFORE AKELDAMA'S BONDS ARE FINALLY REMOVED...

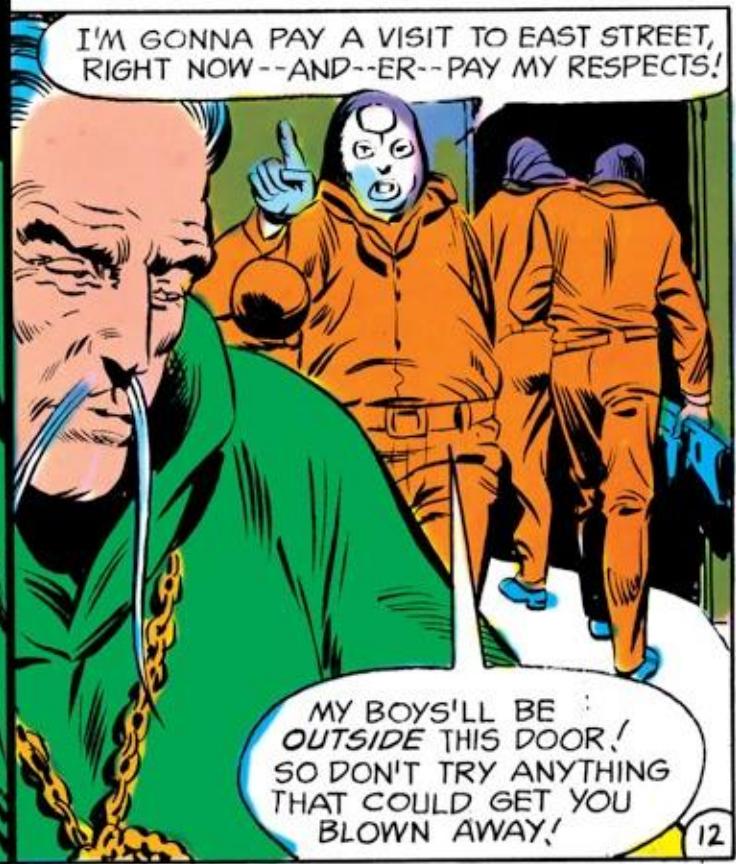
WHO ARE YOU?
WHY HAVE YOU
BROUGHT ME
HERE? WHAT
DO YOU WANT?

A SMALL FAVOR! YOU'RE
GONNA KILL SOMEBODY
FOR US--IN YOUR
SPECIAL WAY!

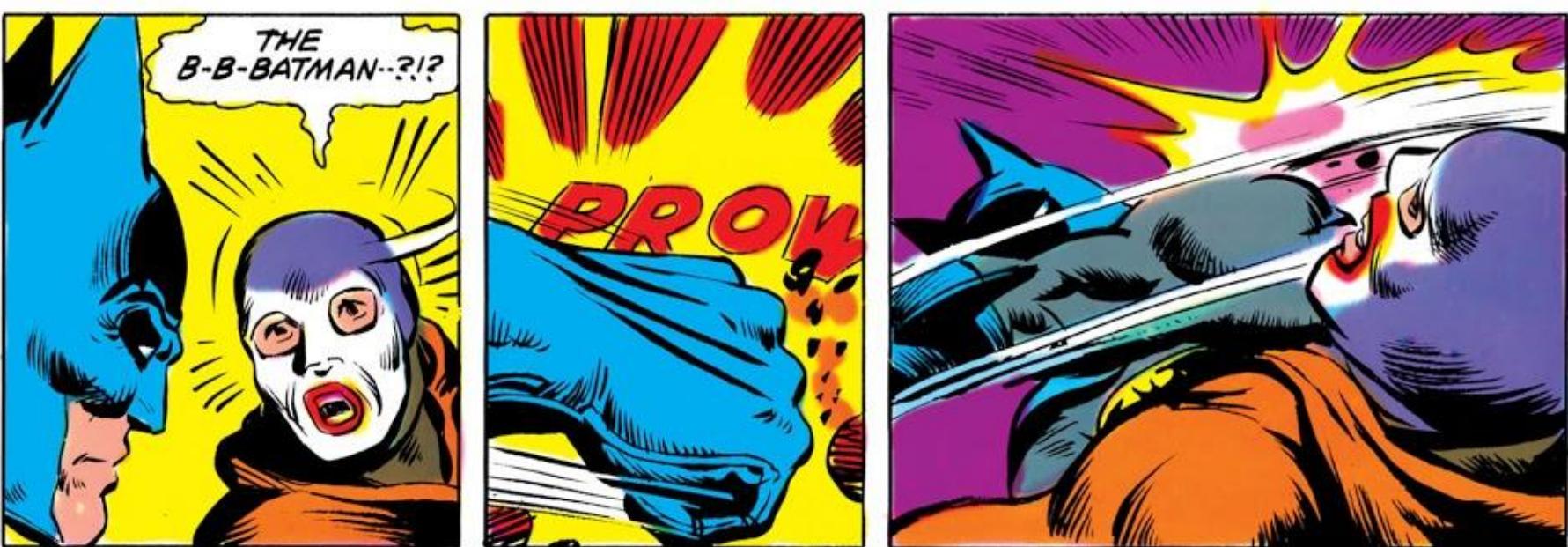


HE'S IN A THREE-STORY
BROWNSTONE TOWN HOUSE
AT SIX EAST STREET, FACING
THE RIVER. RIGHT NOW
HE'S ALONE IN A ROOM
ON THE TOP FLOOR...

OKAY, GO TO
WORK!







EAST STREET... KNOWN AS MILLIONAIRE'S ROW... A SCENIC, SECLUDED ENCLAVE IN THE HEART OF THE CITY... WHOSE RESIDENTS READ LIKE A PAGE FROM WHO'S WHO...

NUMBER SIX--THE ELEGANT TOWNHOUSE OF MALCOLM MILLBROOK, RETIRED REAL ESTATE MAGNATE...

HERE ALL IS SERENE, SECURE... UNOBTRUSIVELY BUT THOROUGHLY PATROLLED... A COMMUNITY WITHOUT FEAR.

INSIDE--

MERELY A SOCIAL CALL, PAISLEY.

GOOD EVENING, MR. BRANT. MR. MILLBROOK IS IN HIS STUDY, WATCHING THE KNICKS GAME ON TV.

AS ALWAYS, EH, PAISLEY? JUST PHONE UPSTAIRS AND SAY I'M ON MY WAY UP!

SLOWLY, THE ELEVATOR RISES... AND WITH IT, THE VISITOR'S ALMOST UNCONTROLLABLE EXCITEMENT!

THIS IS LUKE BRANT, THE RUTHLESS AND AMBITIOUS CHIEFTAIN OF GOTHAM'S MOST ELITE, HIGH-RIDING MOB... IN A MOMENT OF FEVERISH EXPECTANCY...

THE ELEVATOR STOPS. INSIDE THE CAB, THE VISITOR HESITATES--TAKES A DEEP BREATH--AND FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR!...

Y-YOU'RE ALIVE?!?

YOU SEEM SURPRISED, BRANT! -- SHOCKED, IN FACT! WHY?... DID YOU PERHAPS THINK I WAS DEAD--FOR SOME REASON KNOWN ONLY TO YOU?

A FIRE-BOMB PLANTED SOMEWHERE THAT DIDN'T GO OFF? -- BUT YOU WOULDN'T TRY THAT, WOULD YOU, BRANT?

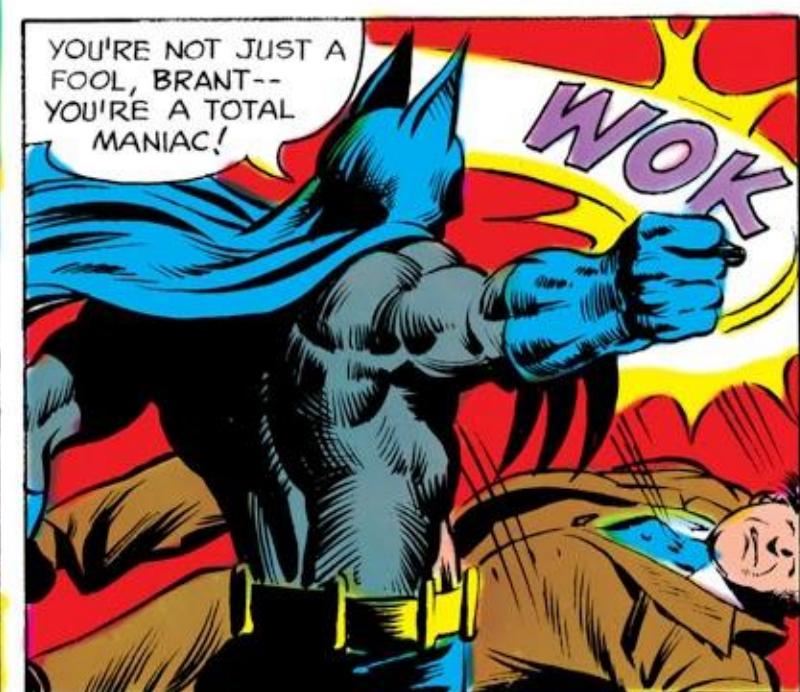
A BRIBE TO MY CHEF... POISON IN MY FOOD?... NO, NOT THAT EITHER!... A SNIPER FROM THE GARDEN?... HARDLY!

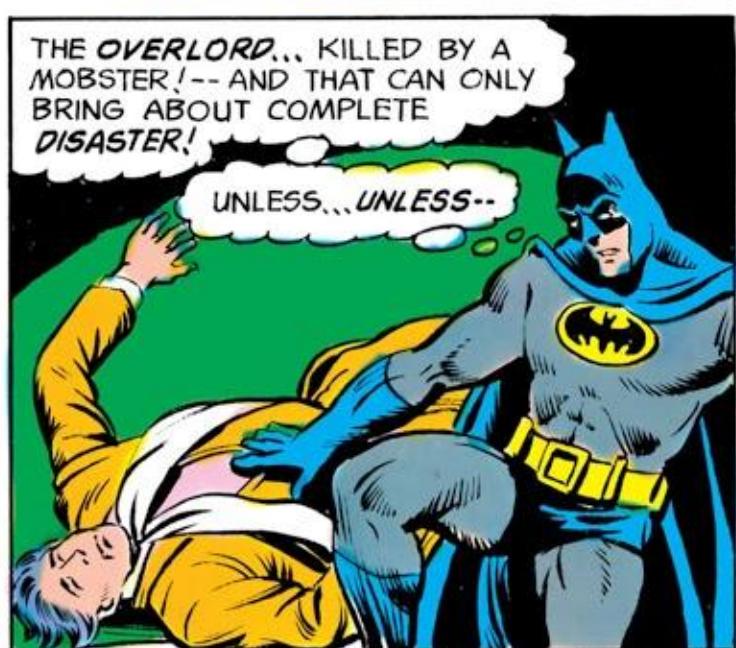
NO, BRANT, YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO MAKE AN ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE-- BECAUSE YOU AND I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU SUCCEEDED -- THE WIRE-HEADS!

I'M BEYOND THE REACH OF SCUM LIKE YOU! YOU TAKE YOUR ORDERS FROM ME-- AND YOU'LL GO ON TAKING THEM, YOU MISERABLE, PUFFED-UP TWO-BIT HOODLUM!

YOU'LL NEVER DO THAT AGAIN-- TO ME OR ANYONE ELSE!

AND AT THAT PERILOUS
INSTANT--LITERALLY FROM
OUT OF THE BLUE...







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