

NO. 304 OCT.

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APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
C.C.
AUTHORITY

BATMAN

THE UNDERWORLD
FINALLY
KILLED ME!

HOW CAN I
AVENGE MYSELF
WHEN I CAN'T
EVEN TOUCH
THEM?

BEGINNING IN THIS
ISSUE!



THE PUBLIC LIFE OF
BRUCE WAYNE!





AN ANONYMOUS TIP ON A HIJACKING --
A STAKE-OUT-- THEN THIS...

THOMP

I'M NOT GIVING YOU ANY
CHANCE TO DO BETTER!

TRUCKERS--
TAKE COVER!

WHAM

I TOOK
DEAD AIM
AT BATS--
AND
MISSED?!

WAK

IF THERE'S
ANYTHING
I HATE...

...WORSE
THAN GUNS...

...IT'S GUNMEN!



AN INDETERMINATE PERIOD PASSES...
A TIME OF DARKNESS AND SILENCE.
THEN FROM AN INCALCULABLE
DISTANCE, A NEBULOUS GLOW OF
LIGHT...THE SHRIEK OF A COLD,
COLD WIND--

--AND SLOWLY A VAGUE SENSE
OF AWARENESS FORMS...



I... I'M
FLOATING!--
WEIGHTLESS!

MY ARMS... CAN
HARDLY MOVE THEM!
THEY SEEM TO HAVE
BEEN FROZEN IN
THIS POSITION A
LONG TIME!

LAST THING I
REMEMBER... COLD
STEEL AGAINST MY
FINGERTIPS...

WHAT
HAPPENED?
WHERE AM
I?

EVERYTHING IS A
BLANK... EVEN WHAT
I SEE OF MYSELF IS
BLURRED AND MISTED...

IF
ONLY
THIS
HELLISH
WIND
WOULD
STOP!

AT THAT MOMENT-- AS
THOUGH HIS THOUGHT
HAD WILLED IT...

THE WIND STOPPED!
AND I'M NO LONGER
FLOATING! IT'S AS
IF I HAD LANDED
ON SOMETHING I
BARELY FEEL!
MY LIMBS ARE
AS NUMB AS
MY BRAIN!

THE NEXT INSTANT--
CONSTERNATION...

GREAT GOD! I'M NOT CASTING
ANY SHADOW! AS THOUGH I WERE--

--A SIGHT NO MORTAL
MAN EVER EXPECTS TO SEE!

AND THEN,
WITH SUDDEN,
HORRIFYING CLARITY--



I'M DEAD!
I'M A
GHOST!



AND ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE GREAT GATEWAY...

WH-WHAT
IS THIS?!?

AT ONCE EVERYTHING COALESSES--
TO BECOME --

FRANCHON PLACE...
IN GOTHAM CITY!

THIS MAN--COMING
DIRECTLY AT ME!

-GASP!-

HE WALKED
RIGHT THROUGH
ME!
OF COURSE,
WHAT ELSE DID
I EXPECT?

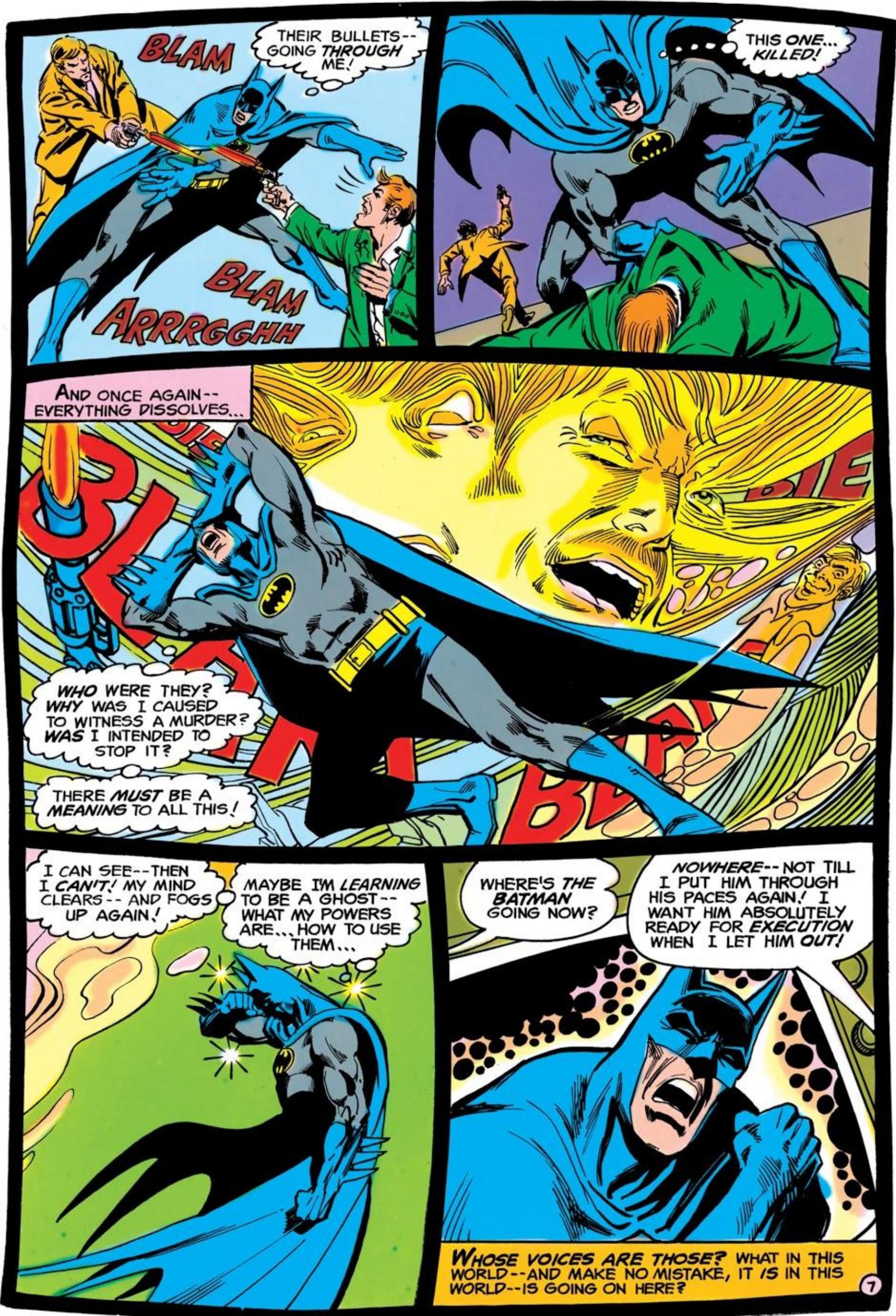
THE NEXT INCREDIBLE MOMENT...

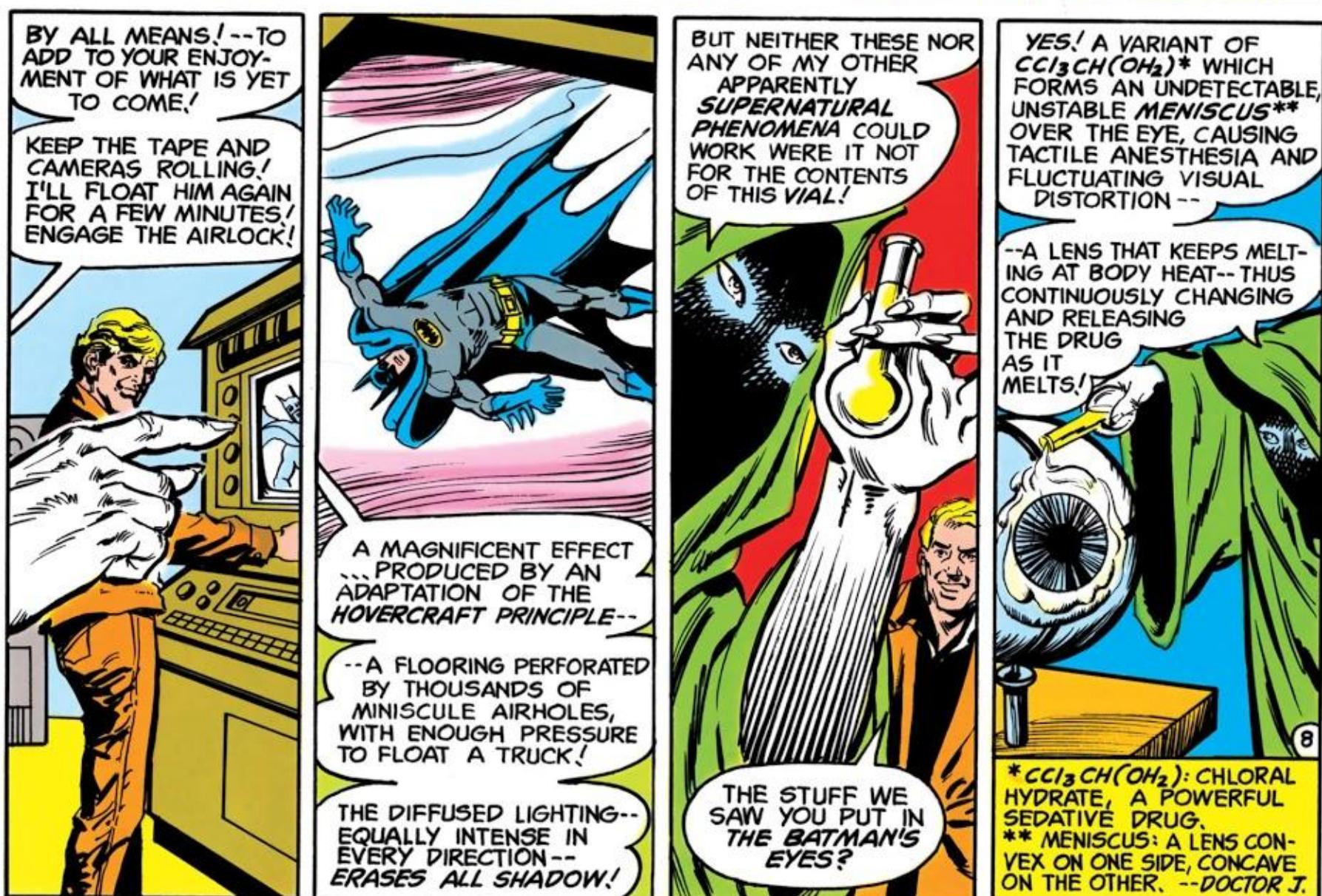
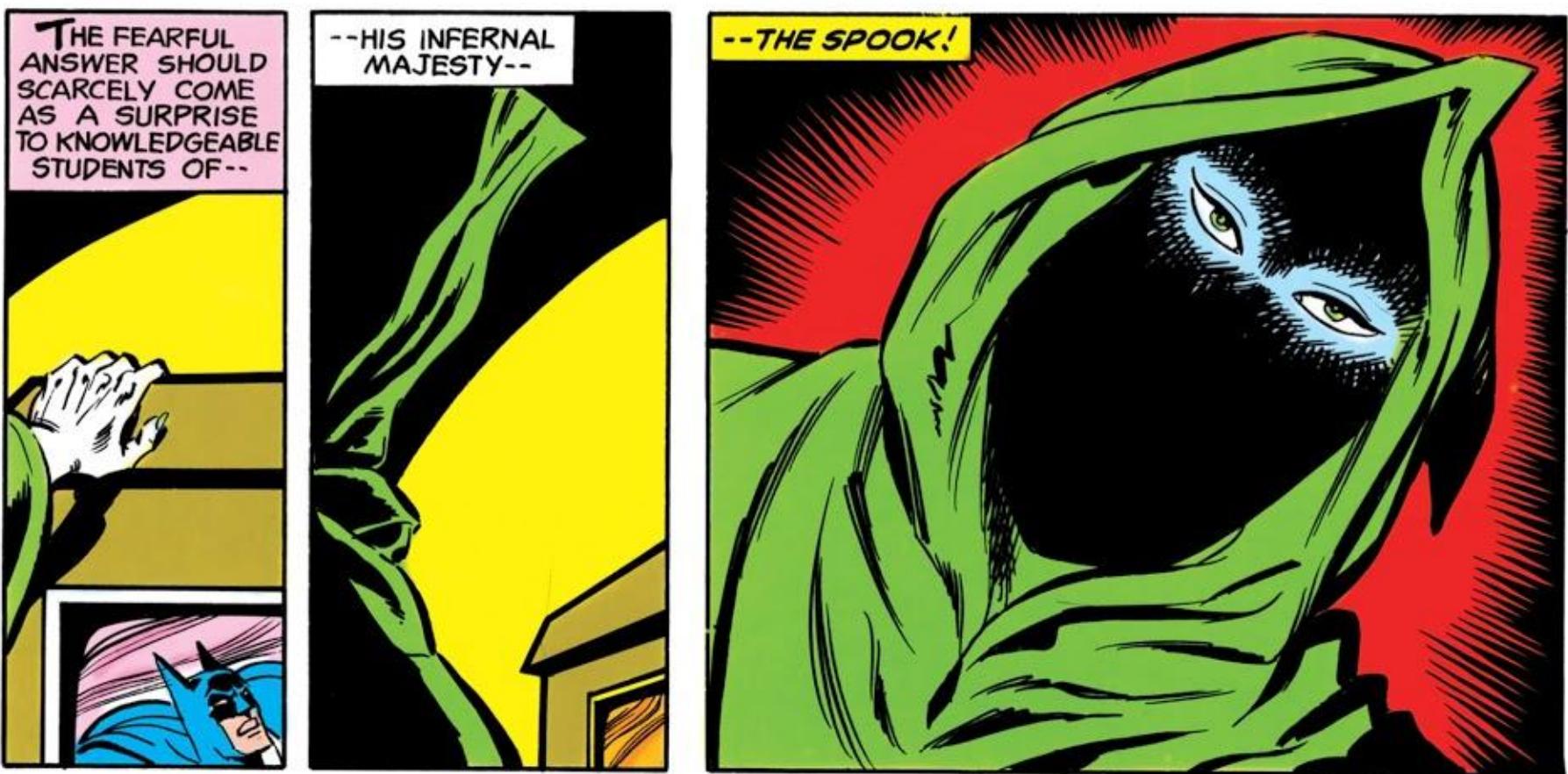
FIRST AVENUE!
HOW--WHY AM I
HERE?

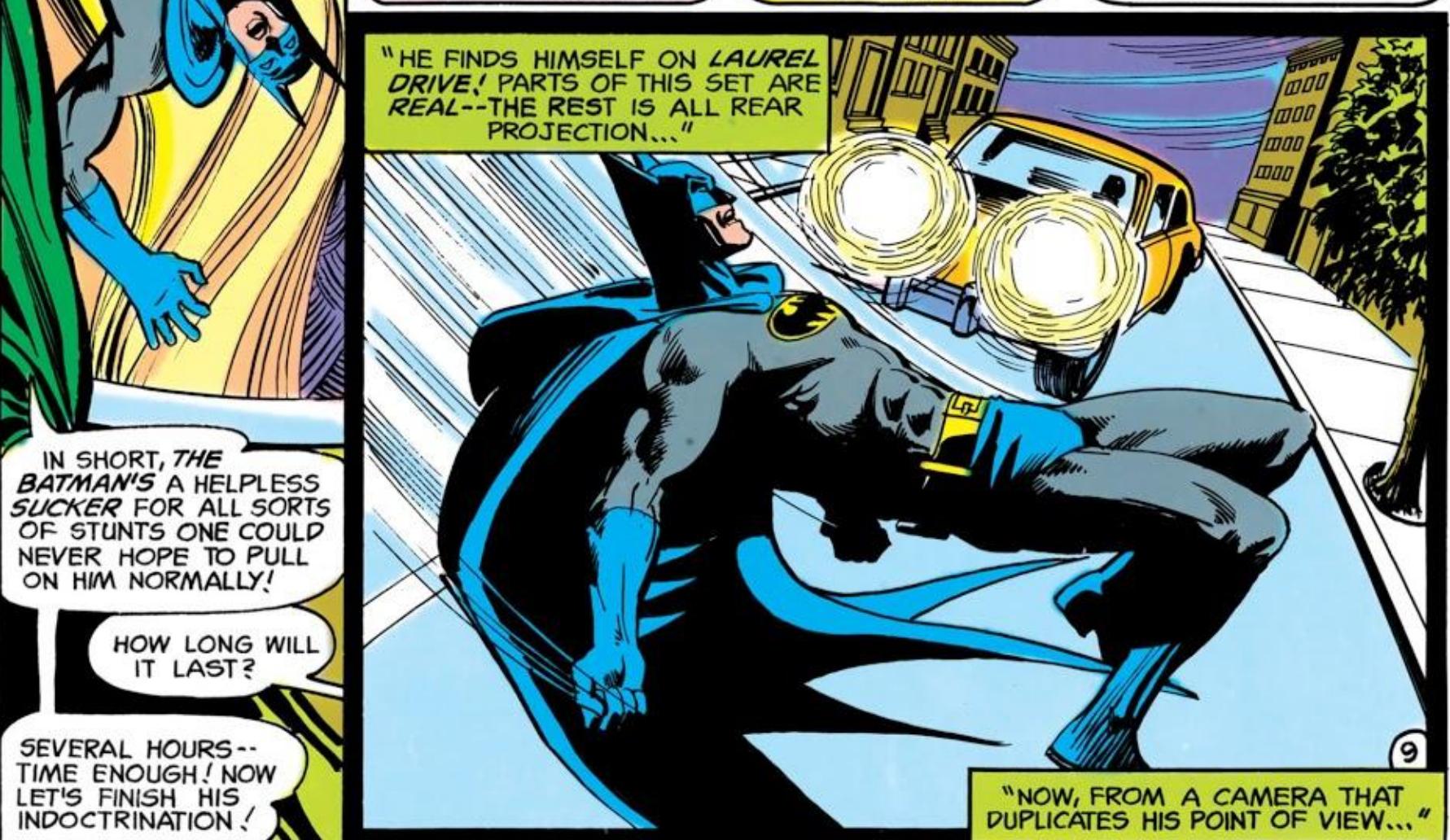
A MAN RUNNING TOWARDS
ME--WITH A PISTOL IN HIS
HAND!

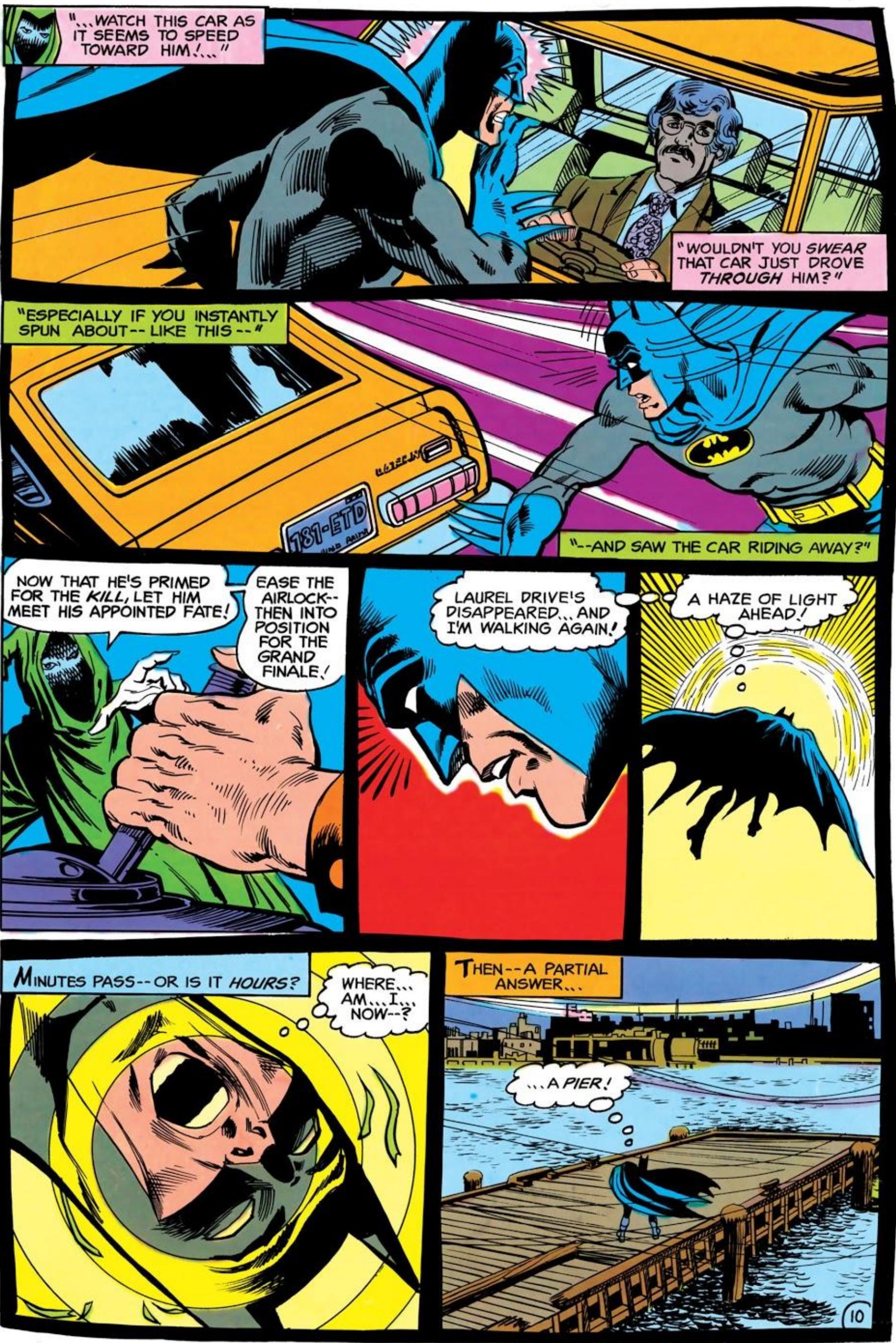
ANOTHER ONE! THEY'RE
GUNNING FOR EACH OTHER!

IT'S A
SHOOTOUT!









UTTERLY BEWILDERED, THE MASKED MANHUNTER WANDERS DOWN THE PIER-- OVERWHELMED BY RANDOM, DISCONNECTED THOUGHTS...

WONDER IF THEY'VE FOUND MY BODY YET? HOW WILL ROBIN TAKE THE NEWS... AND ALFRED... AND GORDON--?

FOOTSTEPS BEHIND ME--!

DIAMOND JOCK CAFFERTY-- THE SYNDICATE ENFORCER!

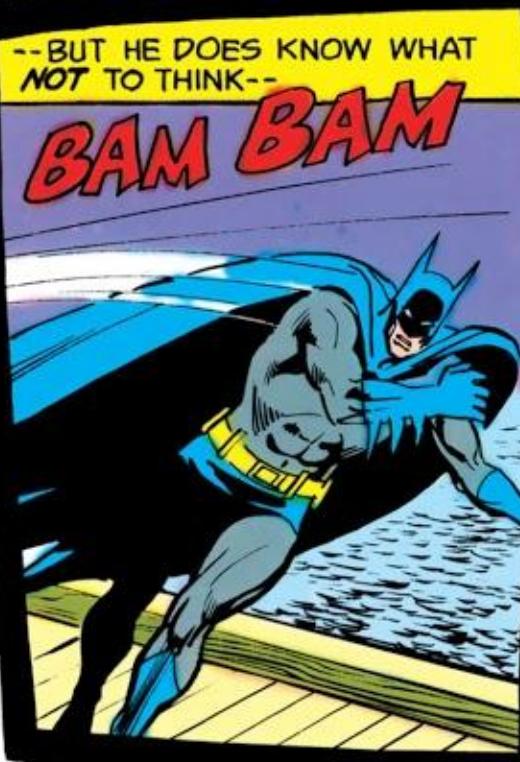
HE SEEMS TO BE LOOKING DIRECTLY AT ME! CAN HE SEE ME? HAVE I BECOME VISIBLE?

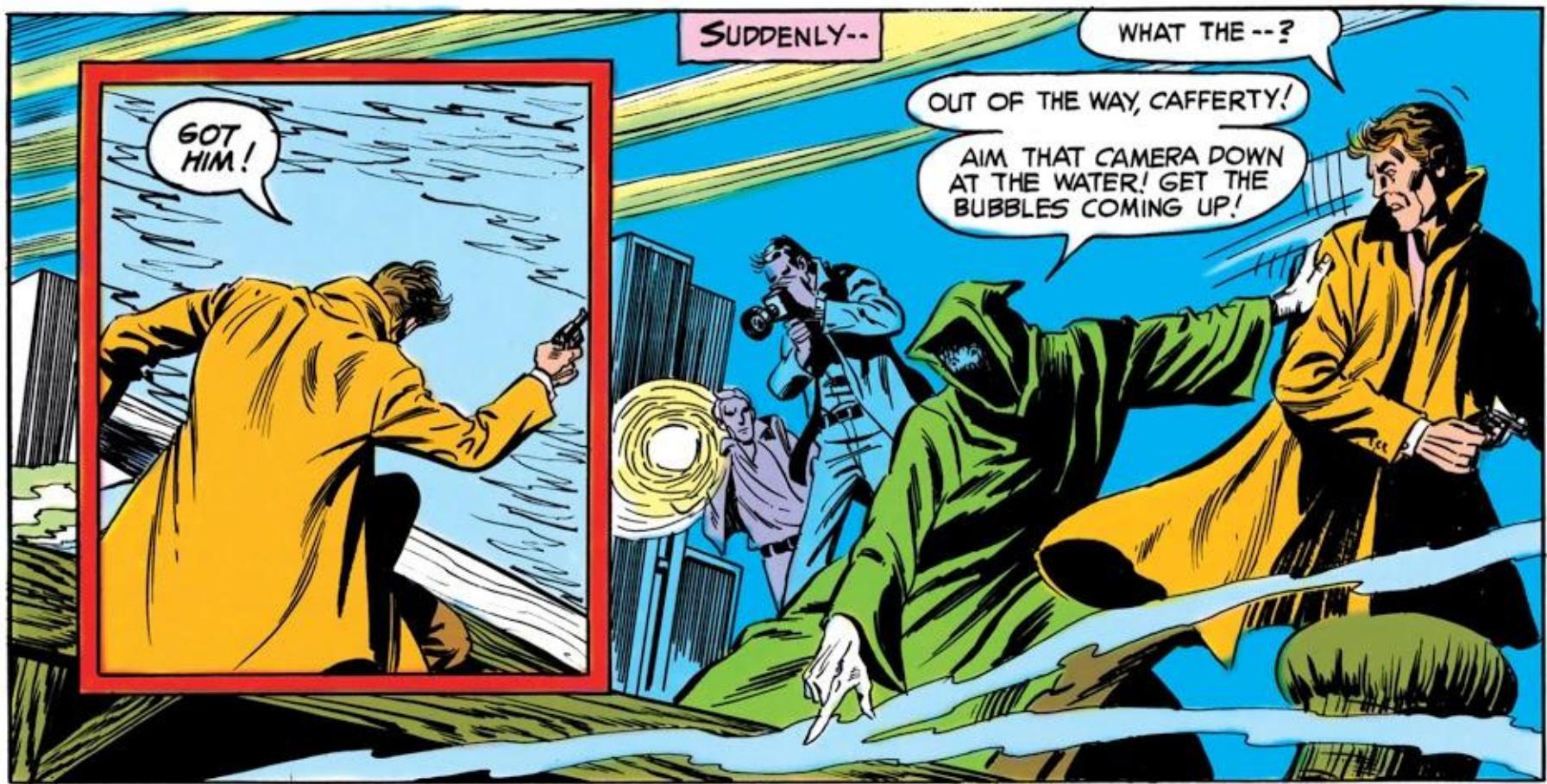
I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS, BATMAN!

HISTORIC WORDS, THOSE! EVIDENTLY I APPEAR REAL ENOUGH TO HIM--BUT WAIT TILL HE TRIES THAT POPGUN ON ME!



FOR A SPLIT SECOND, THE BATMAN DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK--







HESITANTLY AT FIRST, BUT WITH STEADILY MOUNTING VIGOR AND CLARITY, THE BATMAN LEAVES THE PIER... CROSSES THE LONG-UNUSED ADJACENT RAILROAD YARDS--



--AND COMES TO AN ABRUPT HALT!

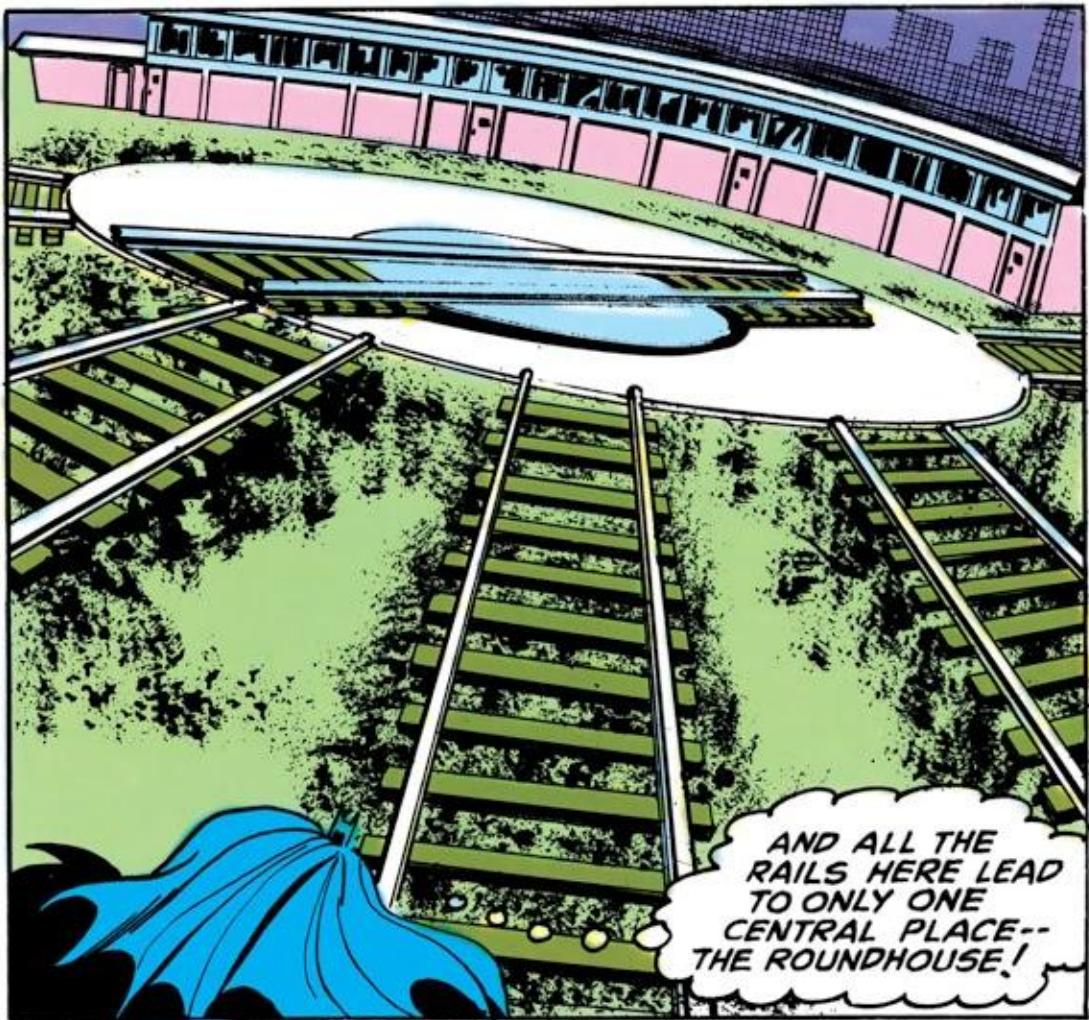
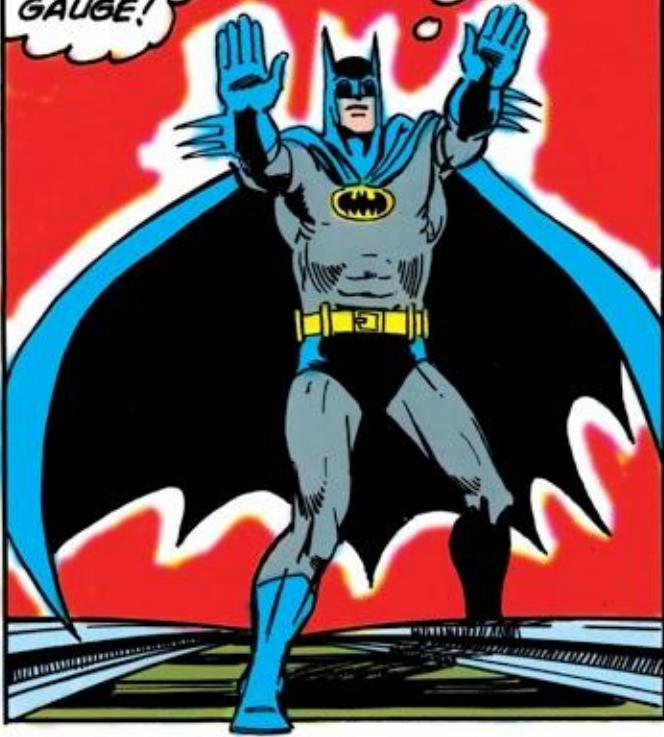
IT'S COMING BACK! THE PHONY HIJACKING--THE AMBUSH--I GOT ZONKED OUT!

NEXT THING--I WAS FLOATING IN MIDAIR... REMEMBERING COLD STEEL AGAINST MY FINGERTIPS--



--MY ARMS OUTSTRETCHED LIKE THIS... ABOUT 4 3/4 FEET APART--ALMOST EXACTLY THE STANDARD RAILROAD TRACK GAUGE!

THERE MUST BE A CONNECTION! AT SOME POINT EARLIER TONIGHT--I WAS IN THESE YARDS!



AND ALL THE RAILS HERE LEAD TO ONLY ONE CENTRAL PLACE-- THE ROUNDHOUSE!

AND INSIDE THAT ROUNDHOUSE, A SCENE OF FEVERISH, JUBILANT ACTIVITY IS SWIFTLY DRAWING TO A CLOSE!...

THE TRUCKS JUST LEFT, SPOOK-- FLOORINGS, AIR-COMPRESSORS, SCREENS, PROJECTORS, LIGHTS--ALL GONE!

ACTORS AND CREW LIKEWISE... WE'RE THE LAST ONES HERE!



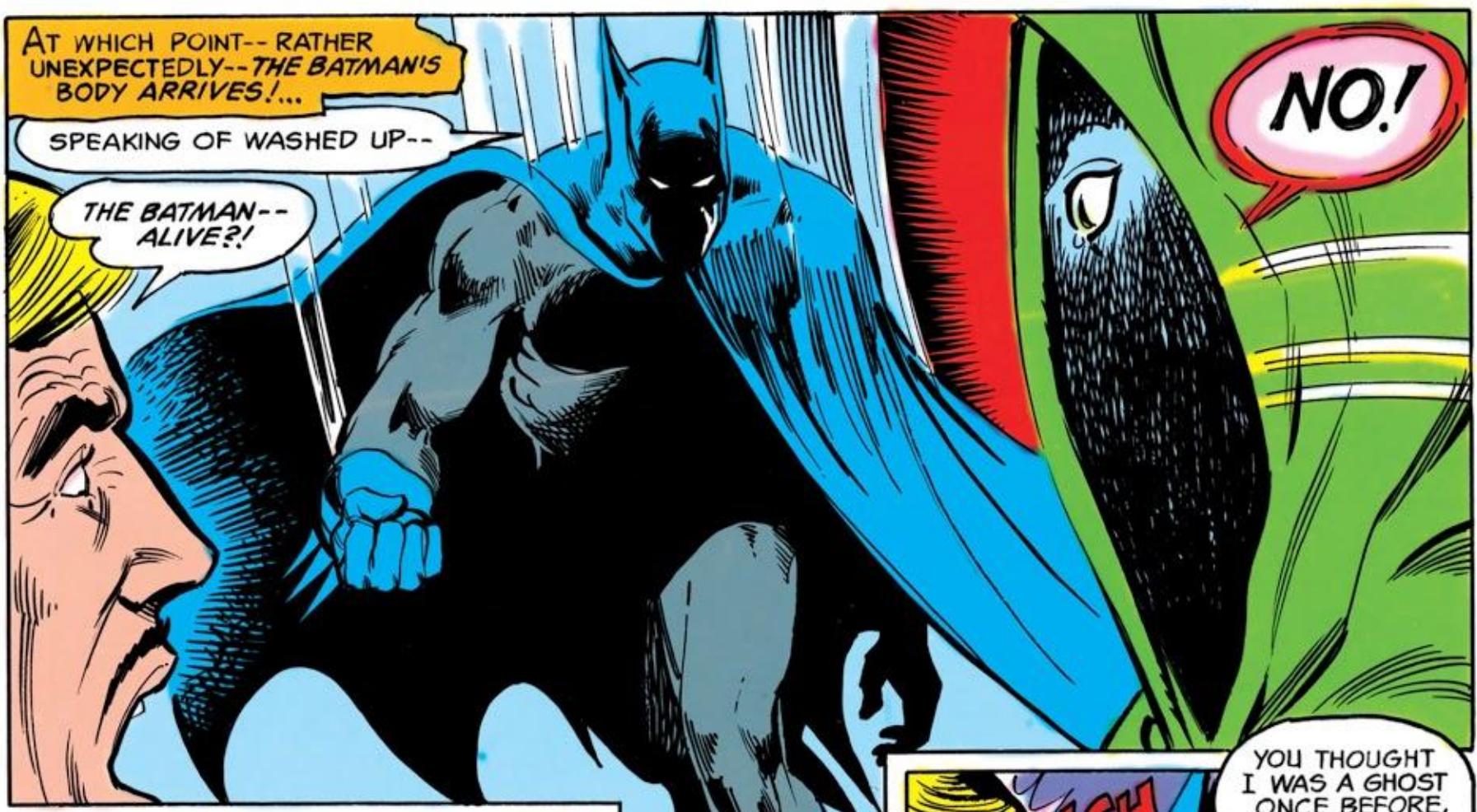
SPLENDID! LET'S GET THIS CONTROL EQUIPMENT AND SPLIT!

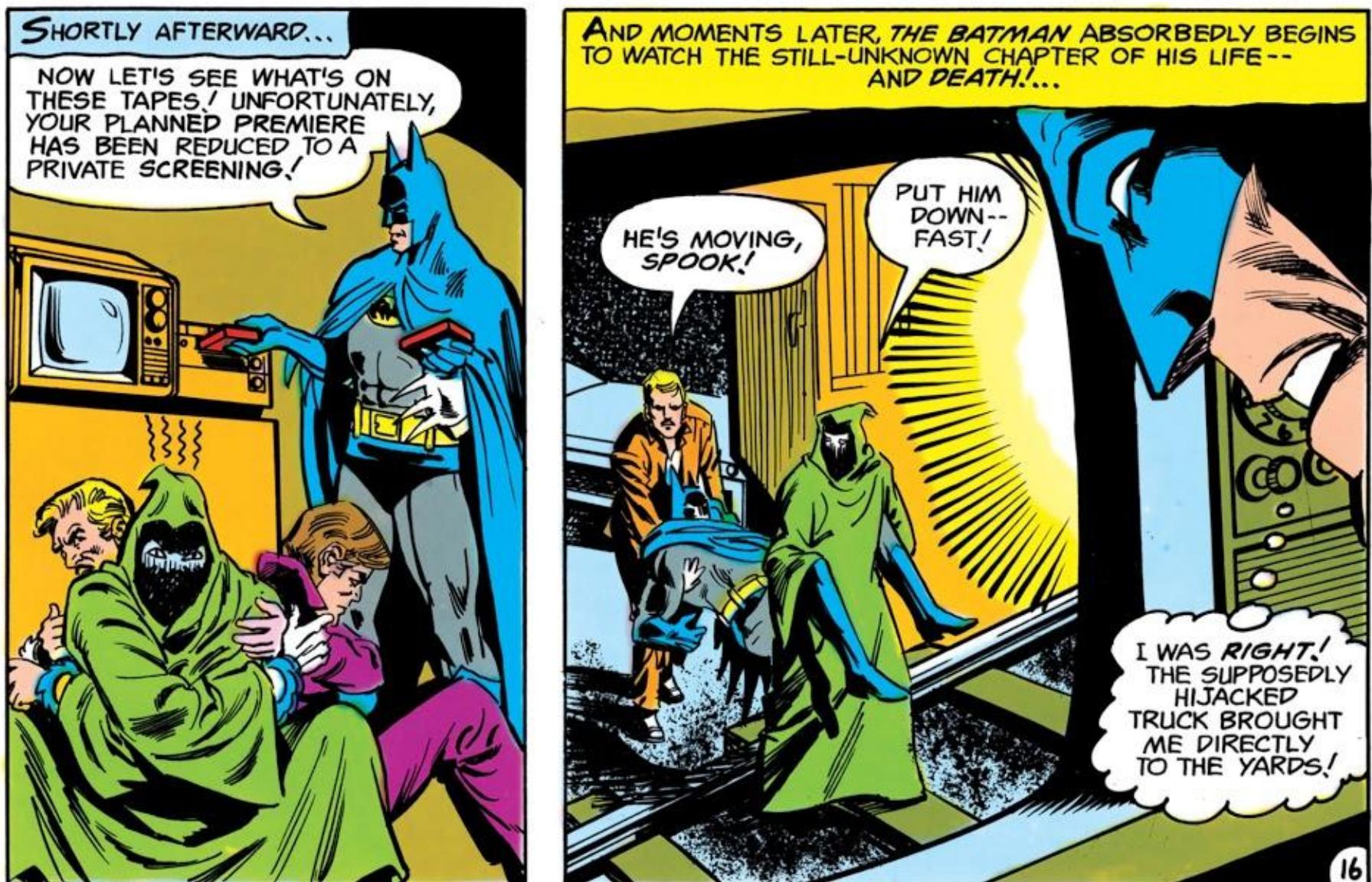
CAREFUL WITH THESE TAPES! OUR DOCUMENTARY WILL PREMIERE FOR THE CREAM OF CRIMINAL SOCIETY AT 25 BIG ONES A SEAT!

GREAT, SPOOK! WHEN?

THAT DEPENDS ON WHEN THE BATMAN'S BODY FINALLY GETS WASHED UP FROM THE BAY!









PRESENTING THE FIRST OF A DYNAMITE
NEW SERIES OF STORIES BASED ON...

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF
BRUCE WAYNE

The AMAZING SECRET of DR. DUNDEE

ALMOST EVERY DAY, DEPENDING
ON THE PRESS OF BUSINESS, BRUCE
WAYNE GETS IN AN HOUR OR TWO OF
TENNIS--A PASSION WITH HIM, AND THIS
JULY AFTERNOON IS NO EXCEPTION--
UNTIL SUDDENLY, INEXPICABLY...

BRUCE--
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

TO KEEP AN
URGENT
APPOINTMENT!

YOU CAN'T
RUN OUT ON US!
WE'RE AT GAME-
SET-MATCH-
POINT!

5-29/2

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WITHIN MOMENTS, BRUCE
WAYNE IS IN HIS CAR,
SPEEDING CROSSTOWN--



THE ONE
PERSON
I'D NEVER
KEEP
WAITING!--
AND I
ALMOST
FORGOT!

SHORTLY...

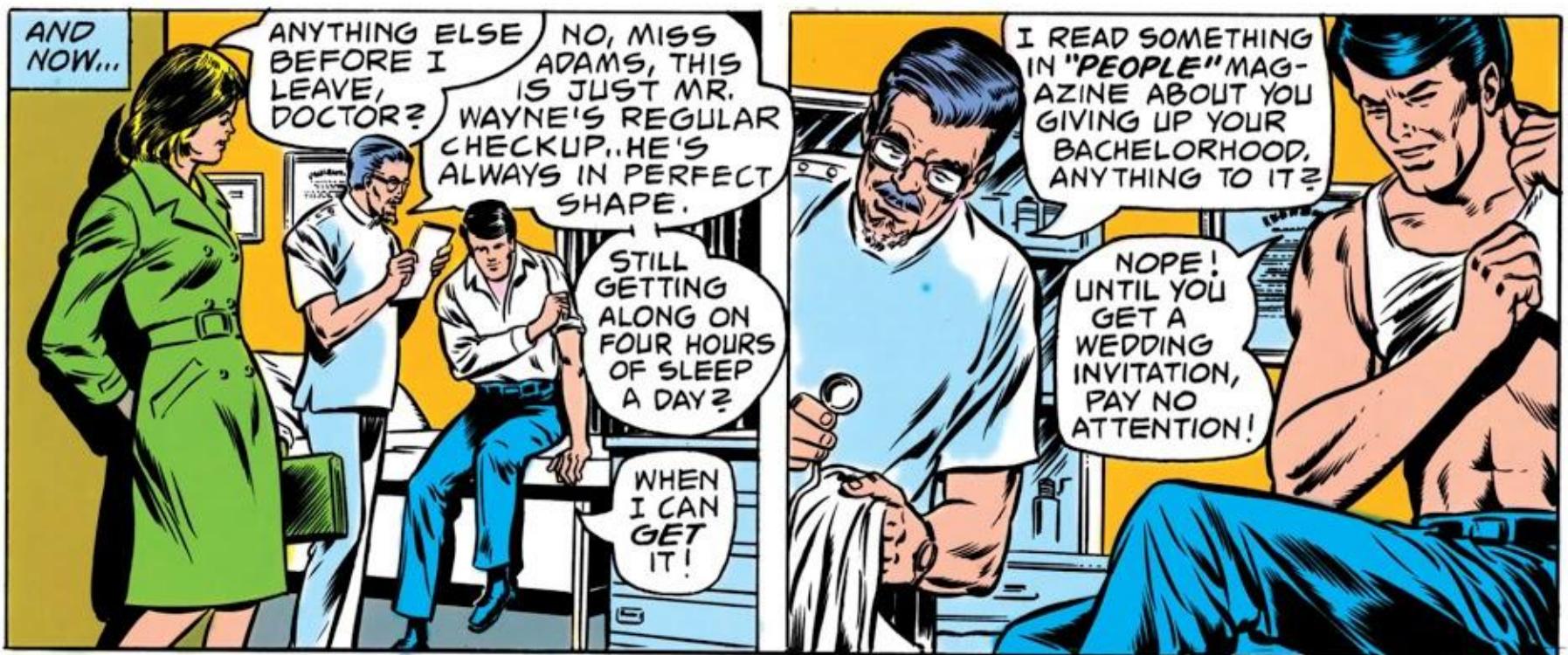
RIGHT ON
TIME FOR
YOUR 2:30
APPOINTMENT,
MR. WAYNE!
YOU'RE THE
DOCTOR'S
LAST
PATIENT
FOR THE
DAY!

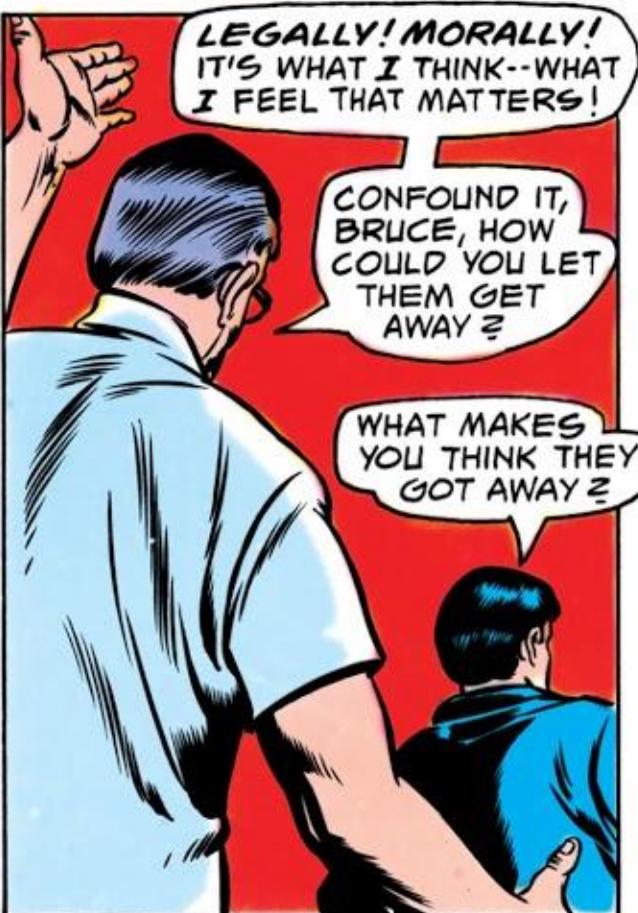
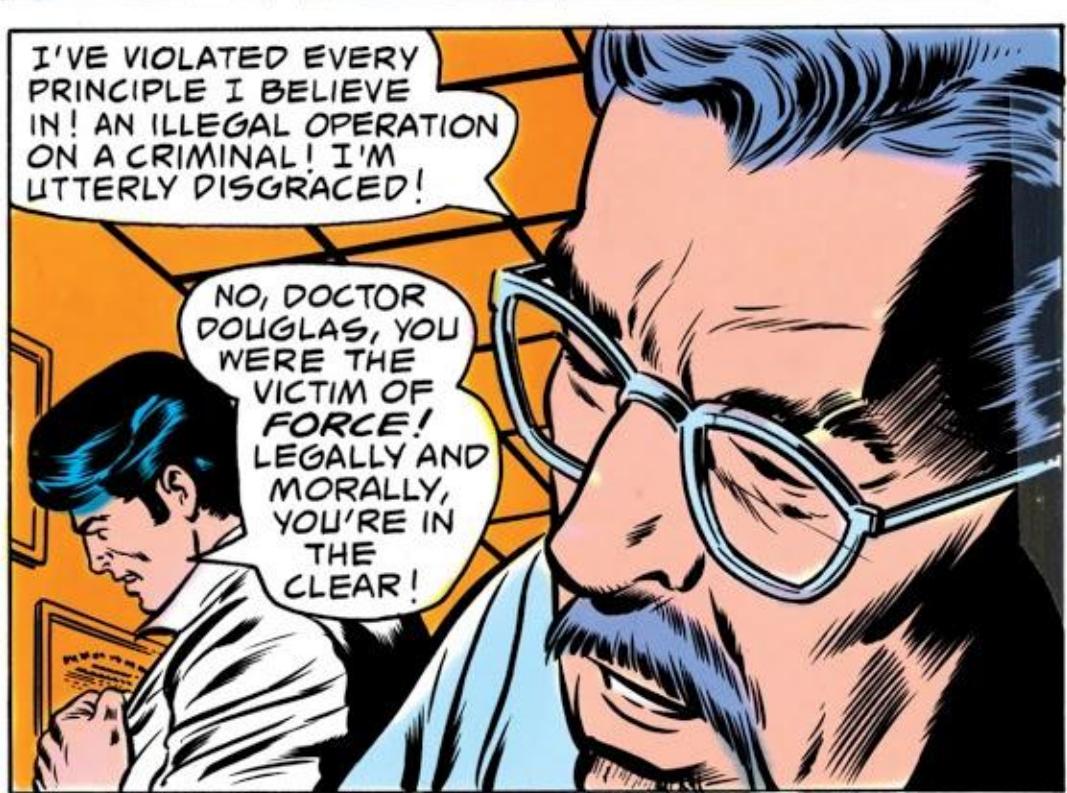
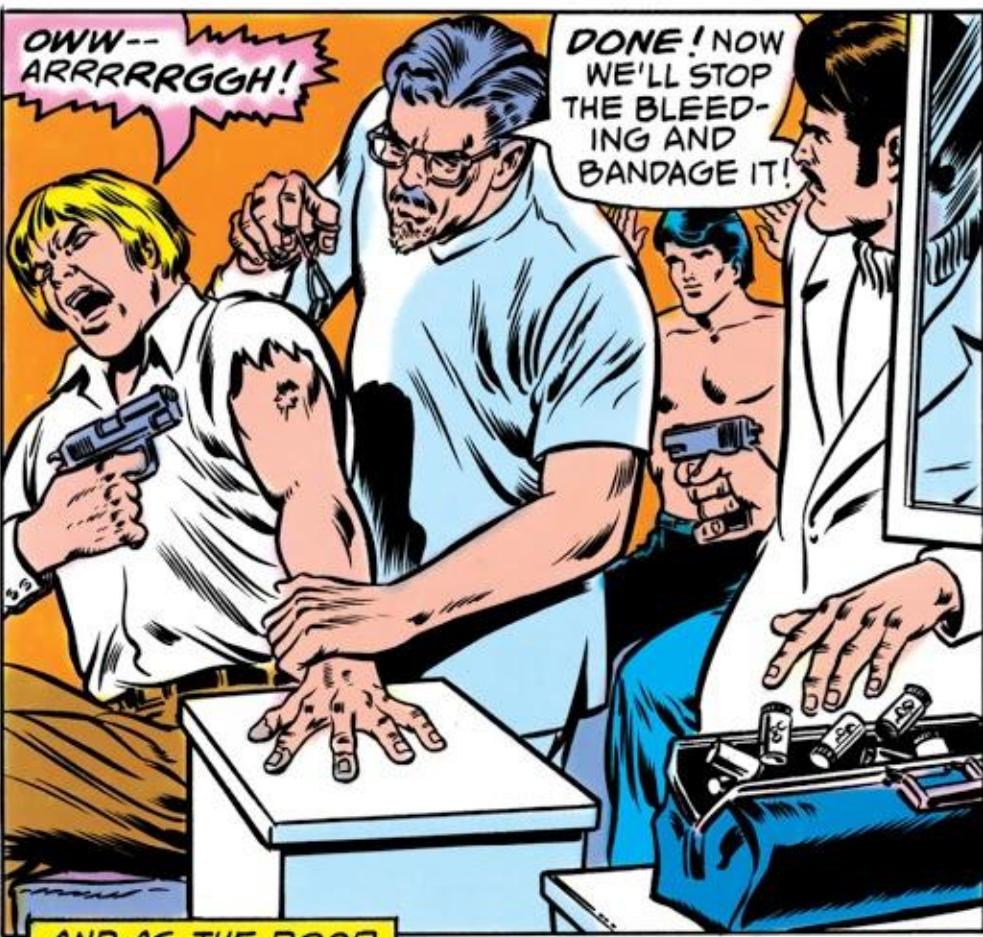
DR. D.W.
DUNDEE
MD. P.C.
BY APPOINTMENT
ONLY

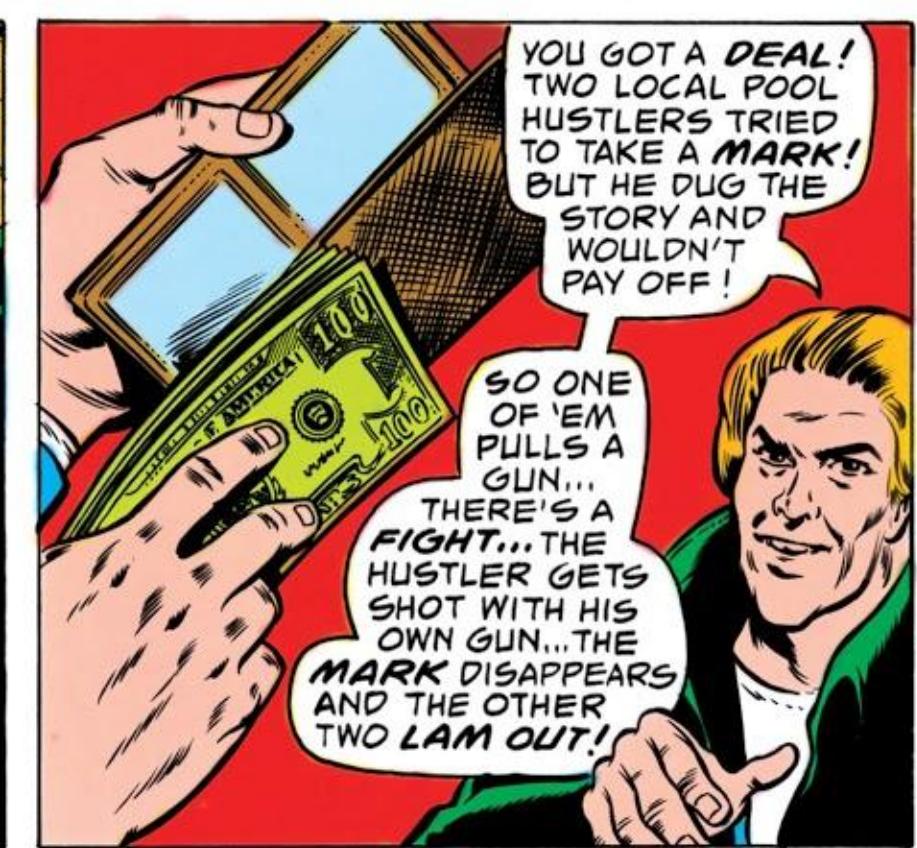
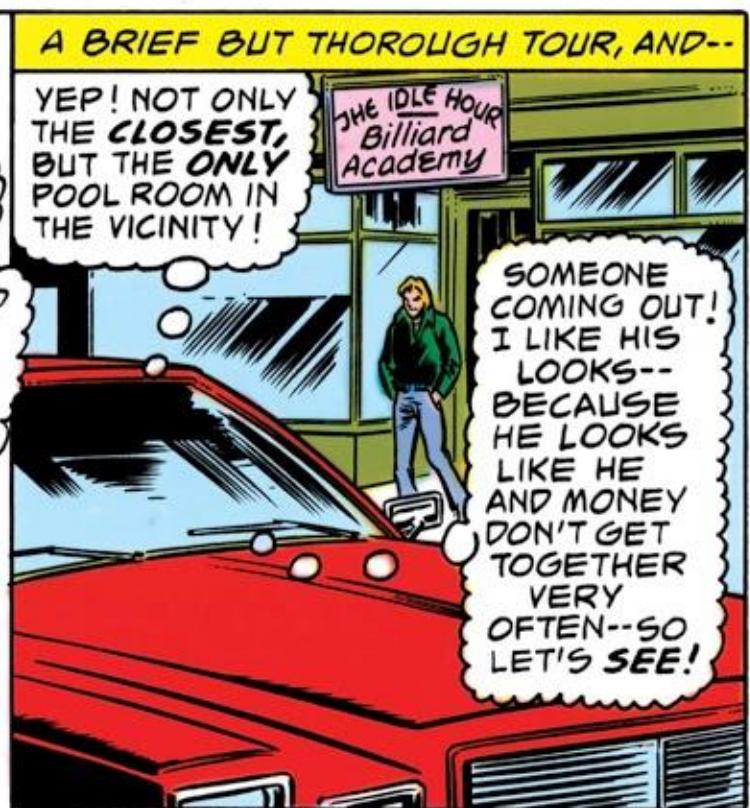
GOOD!



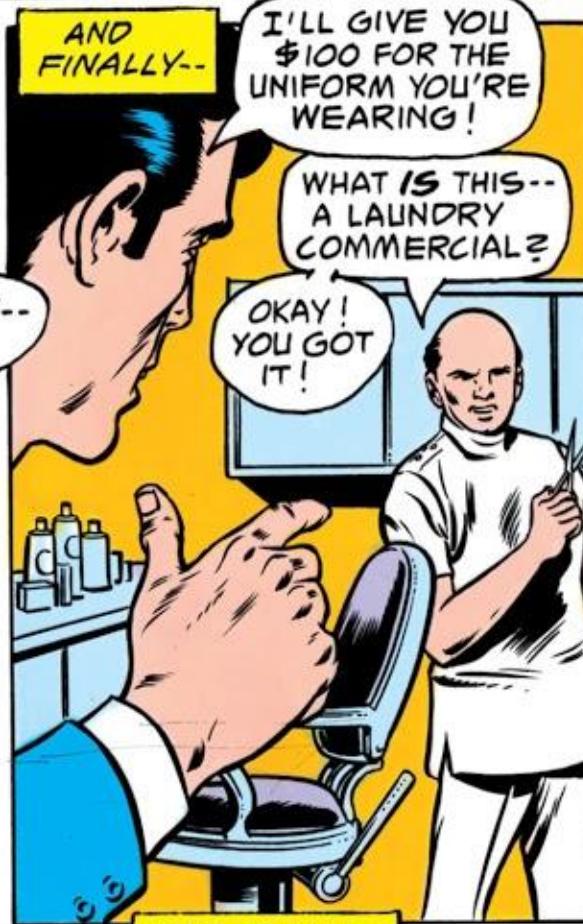








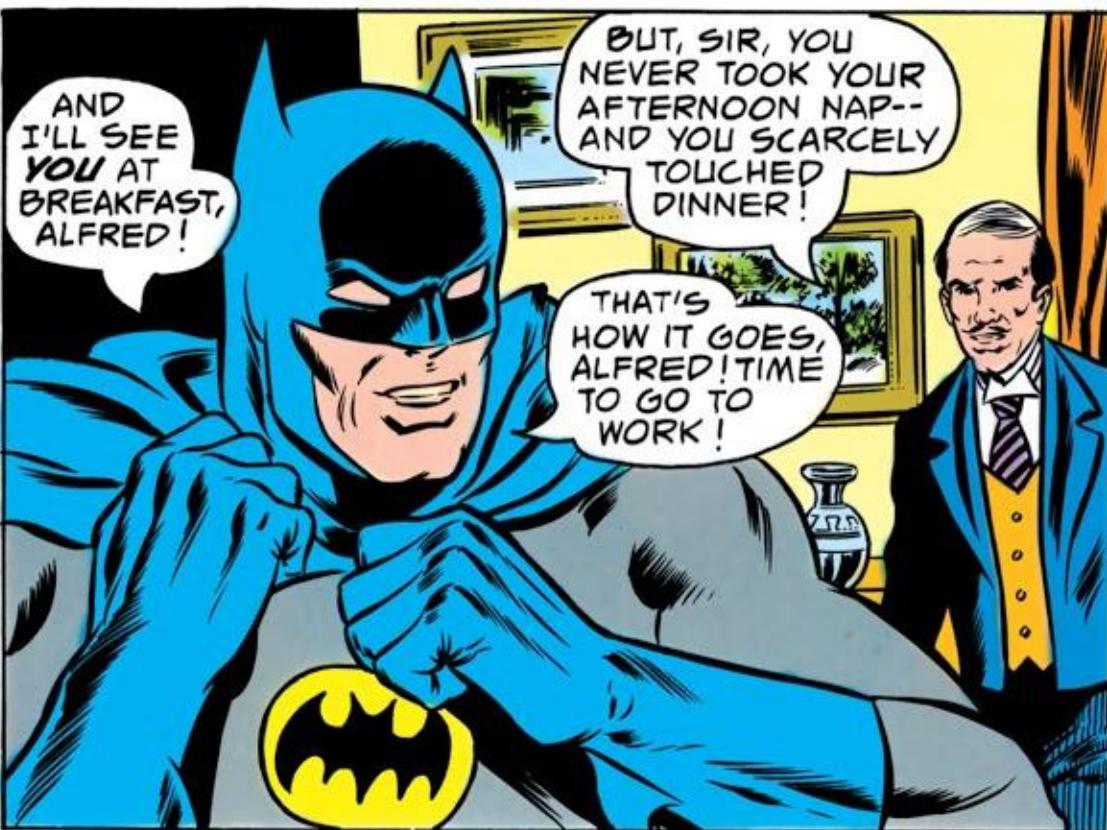
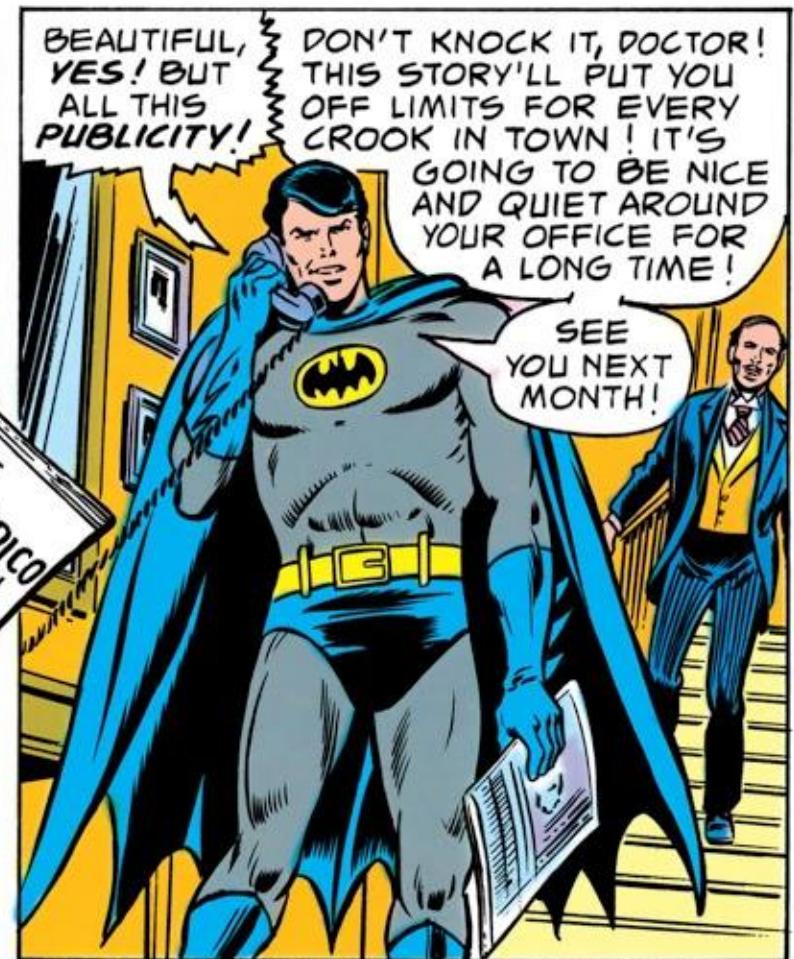
AFTER WHICH BRUCE IMMEDIATELY GOES OFF ON A WHIRLWIND SHOPPING SPREE: FIRST--



AND SHORTLY AFTERWARD, WHEN BRUCE WAYNE'S CONVERTIBLE STOPS AT 71 CANTON STREET, OUT COMES...









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