TRIMMING THE HEDGES WITH HIS HAND – THAT’S OUR BOY!

NO, MA. THAT’S OUR SUPERBOY!
WHO WERE THE GREATEST BOY HEROES OF ALL TIME? AND ARE THE STORIES OF THEIR HEROIC DEEDS REALLY TRUE OR MERELY LEGEND? THAT'S THE PROBLEM THAT TAKES SUPERBOY ON A THRILLING QUEST INTO THE PAST! A QUEST IN WHICH THE GREATEST BOY HERO OF TODAY STRUGGLES SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE YOUNG HEROES OF THE PAST WHO BELONG IN...

"SUPERBOY'S HALL OF FAME!"
ON A SATURDAY, CLARK KENT AND HIS CLASSMATES VISIT THE HALL OF FAME WITH THEIR TEACHER...

THAT'S WASHINGTON, AND THERE'S LINCOLN-- ALL THE GREAT MEN OF THE PAST!

THEN, IN ANOTHER ROOM...

NOW, SOME OF THE BOY HEROES! THIS IS WILLIAM TELL'S SON, WHO LET HIS FATHER SHOOT AN APPLE OFF HIS HEAD!

AND CASABIANCA, THE BOY WHO STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK, TO PREVENT A DISASTER! THESE BOY HEROES SHOULD BE AN INSPIRATION TO YOU!

AND THIS IS WALTER, THE DUTCH BOY, WHO SAVED THE DIKE BY STOPPING A LEAK IN IT WITH HIS FINGER!

BUT AFTERWARD, YOUTHFUL SKEPTICS VOICE DISBELIEF!

AW, THOSE ARE JUST A LOT OF OLD LEGENDS!

NO KIDS EVER REALLY DID THINGS LIKE THAT!

THEY DID, TOO--THOSE STORIES ARE TRUE!

NOBODY CAN PROVE IT!

THOSE STORIES ARE JUST SOMEBODY'S PIPEDREAMS!
**Superboy**

**Panel 1:**

Maybe as Superboy I can get proof—proof that nobody can doubt.

Photographs of the boy heroes in action will prove it! And to get them, I’ll have to go back into the past.

**Panel 2:**

But how can the boy of steel penetrate past time?

I’ll have to attain a speed great enough to break through the time-space barrier!

A whizz—a flash—and Superboy is rocketing through space!

Not fast enough yet. Can I make it? A few thousand miles an hour faster, and—

**Panel 3:**

---I’m breaking through—back—back—back into the past...

And finally...

It’s that Dutch village, all right! Now for the boy hero, Walter—but wait, what are the men in that boat doing?
TELESCOPIC VISION AND SUPER-HEARING LET SUPERBOY LISTEN IN ON A CRIMINAL PLOT!

THE SEA WILL SOON ENLARGE THE LEAK AND CRACK THE DIKE OPEN--WHEN THE TOWN'S FLOODED, WE CAN EASILY LOOT IT FROM OUR BOAT!

SO THAT'S HOW THE LEAK IN THE DIKE STARTED!

HELP! NO, THEY CAN'T HEAR ME IN THE VILLAGE! CLICK!

A GOOD PICTURE OF THIS FAMOUS FEAT!

BUT AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE----

SOMETHING PLUGGED THE LAST HOLE WE BORED! BUT THE SEA'S LEAKING THROUGH THE OTHER HOLES WE MADE!

AND THE WINDMILLS CAN'T PUMP FAST ENOUGH TO PUMP IT OUT!

WHAT'S THIS I HEAR?

IT'S TRUE----THE DIKES ARE LEAKING BADLY THERE! AND THE VILLAGERS AND WALTER WILL DROWN UNLESS I HELP THOSE WINDMILLS PUMP FASTER!

THE SIDES OF THIS OLD BARN, AND THAT BIG CANVAS COVER WILL FURNISH MATERIALS FOR WHAT I NEED! I CAN RETURN THEM LATER!
Swiftly, the Boy of Steel fashions his makeshift materials into——

A giant bellows, to make those windmills really pump!

As the windmills whirl at terrific speed——

They're pumping the water out faster than it comes in——and faster than those crooks like!

Something went wrong!

It's the windmills! Whoever saw a wind like that?

This will patch the other holes they made! And here come the villagers——I guess the "wind" roused them!

Look, Walter saved the dike!

He's a hero! We'll carve his name on the dike for all to see!

And I have my picture——now to get another hero-photograph in another time!

Look! What's young Walter doing at the dike?
AGAIN, 'WHIZZING THROUGH THE TIME-SPACE BARRIER AT TERRIFIC SPEED---

IT'S JUST A SHORT TRIP BACK TO THE YEAR 1798!

AND HERE I AM, ABOVE THE FRENCH FLEET! ACCORDING TO HISTORY, THAT SHIP ON FIRE MUST BE THE "ORIENT"!

ON THE "ORIENT," THOUGH THE CAPTAIN HAS PERISHED, HIS HEROIC SON SEEKS TO PREVENT A GREAT DISASTER!

THE "ORIENT" WILL BLOW UP AND DESTROY THE OTHER SHIPS, UNLESS WE GET IT AWAY FROM THEM!

WE'RE NOT RISKING OUR LIVES BY STAYING! YOU'D BETTER COME WITH US!

I'M NOT LEAVING! I'LL TRY TO GET THE SHIP AWAY FROM THE FLEET IN TIME!

JUST IN TIME TO SNAP YOUNG CASABIANCA IN ACTION!

THE FIRE'S SCORCHING MY HANDS! BUT IF I CAN HOLD THE WHEEL A LITTLE LONGER---

HE CAN'T HOLD THIS SHIP CLEAR OF THE FLEET IN TIME, UNLESS I SECRETLY HELP!

IT'S LUCKY I CAN HOLD MY BREATH INDEFINITELY OR I COULDN'T DO THIS TOWING JOB SECRETLY!
THE SHIP'S MOVING FASTER—OUT OF THE FLEET!

THE SHIP'S SAFELY AWAY FROM THE FLEET NOW—BUT THE POWDER'S ABOUT TO EXPLODE! I'VE GOT TO ACT QUICKLY OR A BRAVE LAD WILL BE KILLED!

AS THE POWDER MAGAZINE EXPLODES—

HE'S TOO STUNNED TO KNOW I'M HERE—AND MY INVULNERABLE BODY SHIELDS HIM FROM THE BLAST!

THE "ORIENT" BLEW UP! YOUNG CASABIANCA DIED A HERO!

BUT A MOMENT LATER, DROPPING THE STUNNED BOY SAFELY NEAR ANOTHER SHIP—

NO, HE WASN'T KILLED—THERE HE IS! A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE!

AND NOW THAT I HAVE MY SECOND PICTURE-PROOF—I'LL BE ON MY WAY BACK TO THE TIME OF WILLIAM TELL!
PRESENTLY...

THIS VILLAGE IN SWITZERLAND, IN THE YEAR 1350, IS THE ONE I WANT!

DOES WILLIAM TELL REALLY LIVE HERE?

CERTAINLY! THERE HE IS WITH HIS SON! HE'S OUR FINEST ARCHER--- AND THE TYRANT GESSLER HATES HIM FOR IT!

SUDDEN DISASTER STRIKES AT THAT MOMENT!

THE RIVER DAM HAS BROKEN--- A FLOOD IS SWEETING DOWN THE VALLEY! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

CRIPPLED MARTIN CAN'T RUN --- MY SON AND I WILL CARRY HIM!

YOU'LL LOSE YOUR OWN LIVES!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

THEY SAY LOUD SOUNDS WILL START AN AVALANCHE! WELL, I ALWAYS DID WANT TO BE A YODELER!

AN AVALANCHE FROM THESE MOUNTAINS ON EITHER SIDE WOULD MAKE A NATURAL DAM AND STOP THAT FLOOD!
That's started the avalanche!

That miraculous avalanche dammed the flood! And William Tell proved himself a hero!

Let's make him our governor instead of the tyrant Gessler!

And just in time to stop the flood!

But Gessler, the tyrannical governor, is at hand!

Seize Tell and his son!

You're supposed to be the finest archer alive---let's see you shoot an apple from your son's head, or else, you die!

No, I won't endanger my son's life!
DO IT, FATHER! I KNOW THERE'S NO DANGER YOU'LL HIT ME!

WE'LL GIVE YOU ONE OF YOUR ARROWS BACK FOR THIS TEST!

BUT THE SUPER-HEARING OF THE BOY OF STEEL PICKS UP GESSLER'S WHISPERED INSTRUCTIONS!

BEND THE FEATHERS ON TELL'S ARROW SO IT'LL FLY DOWNWARD! HE'LL KILL THE BOY, AND THE PEOPLE WON'T WANT A GOVERNOR WHO KILLED HIS OWN SON!

SO GESSLER'S TEST IS NOT ON THE LEVEL!

IT'S UP TO ME TO SPOIL THAT CROOKED TRICK—WITHOUT ANYONE KNOWING!

YOU WON'T HIT ME, FATHER!

FASCINATING HIS X-RAY VISION ON THE STEEL ARROWHEAD, SUPERBOY TURNS ON THE POWERFUL RADIATIONS TO THEIR MAXIMUM STRENGTH...

GOOD! MY X-RAY VISION IS MELTING THE ARROWHEAD SO THAT THE DIFFERENCE IN WEIGHT WILL MAKE IT STRIKE THE APPLE INSTEAD OF THE BOY'S THROAT!

AS THE FATAL ARROW IS DRAWN BACK—

THERE'S ONE WAY TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T!

AND IT DID!

TELL DID IT! HIS SON IS A HERO—AND SO IS HE!
MY FINAL HERO-PHOTOGRAPH!

YOU STUPID FOOL! YOU DIDN'T BEND THE FEATHERS ENOUGH --- THE ARROW FLEW STRAIGHT!

I HEARD HIM ADMIT IT! HE TRIED BY A TRICK TO MURDER TELL'S BRAVE SON!

DOWN WITH THE MURDEROUS TYRANT! WE'LL MAKE WILLIAM TELL OUR GOVERNOR!

AND, AFTER SEEING JUSTICE DONE ---

NOW BACK TO 1949 WITH MY PICTURE-PROOFS THAT THE HERO-TALES ARE TRUE!

BUT, RETURNING TO THE PRESENT, A MODERN EMERGENCY CONFRONTS THE BOY OF STEEL!

SUPERBOY, WE'RE GETTING THE FIRE OUT, BUT THE HOSPITAL RADIUM IN THERE IS SPILLED! AND NONE OF US DARES GATHER IT UP TO SAVE IT!

I'M NOT AFRAID OF RADIUM BURNS --- I'LL GET IT!

HE GATHERED IT UP IN HIS BARE HANDS, WITHOUT HARM!

GET A LEAD BOX TO PUT IT IN! I'M IN A HURRY TO DEVELOP SOME PICTURES!

BUT, IN THE DARKROOM, A DISMAYING SURPRISE!

THEY'RE BLANK! I FORGOT THAT RADIUM RAYS CAN FOG CAMERA FILM! MY PICTURE-PROOFS ARE RUINED!
Clark Kent said
Superboy would
bring proof of the
Boy Heroes—but
I still don't
believe it!

Maybe I
could still
get proof,
even though
my pictures
are gone! But
I'll have to
move fast!

Zipping faster than light around
half the world—

---The Boy of Steel returns in
minutes!

Here are the proofs!
That section of dike with
Walter's heroic deed
carved on it!

This scorched
ship's wheel, with
young Casabianca's
handprints still
on it!

And this
ancient tree,
with William
Tell's marked
arrow still
inside it!

They were
real heroes,
those boys
of the past!

And so is
Superboy
right now!

Now read about the Man of Steel in Action Comics, Superman, and World's Finest Comics.
LOOK OUT, HUBERT!

WHY SHOULD I WORRY ABOUT MY LIFE? THAT'S SUPERBOY'S JOB!

IMAGINE HAVING SUPERBOY AS YOUR PERSONAL BODYGUARD, PROTECTING YOU FROM ANY POSSIBLE DANGER! IT SOUNDS FINE, DOESN'T IT? THAT'S WHAT HUBERT HARLEY, AN EXCITEMENT-CRAVING, SPOILED YOUNG BRAT THINKS, UNTIL A CROOKED PLOTTER LURES HIM INTO A WHIRLPOOL OF PERIL WHICH THREATENS TO BE TOO MUCH FOR EVEN...

"SUPERBOY, BODYGUARD!"
IN THE TOWN OF SMALLVILLE, WALLACE HARLEY, A WEALTHY MANUFACTURER, IS EXPECTING A CALLER...

YES, HUBERT, I ASKED SUPERBOY TO COME SEE ME—ON BUSINESS. NOW PUT AWAY THAT SLINGSHOT.

GEE, DAD, I WISH I HAD HIS POWERS! I'D REALLY SHOW THE KIDS SOME FLASHY STUNTS.

SUDDENLY...

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MR. HARLEY?

YES, I HAVE A PROPOSITION WHICH SHOULD INTEREST YOU. PLEASE COME INTO MY PRIVATE OFFICE.

YOU MEAN YOU'LL DONATE THAT TRACT OF LAND FOR A YOUNGSTERS' PLAYGROUND? THAT'S GREAT!

I'LL DONATE IT—IF YOU'LL DO A FAVOR FOR ME.

SMALLVILLE, U.S.A.

ON A TRIP AND AM WORRIED ABOUT MY SON'S SAFETY WHILE I'M GONE—HUBERT IS SO RECKLESS ABOUT SHOWING OFF BEFORE OTHER BOYS!

IF YOU ACT AS HIS BODYGUARD WHILE I'M GONE, AND PROTECT HIM FROM DANGER, I'LL DONATE THAT LAND!

OUCH—BODYGUARD FOR HUBERT. HE SITS NEXT TO ME IN SCHOOL AND HE'S A BRAT! BUT THE PLAYGROUND WOULD DO A LOT OF GOOD—

ALL RIGHT, MR. HARLEY, I AGREE!

YOU MUST PROMISE NOT TO LET YOURSELF BE SEEN ACTING AS HIS BODYGUARD, SUPERBOY! THE OTHER LADS MIGHT LAUGH AT HIM.

I PROMISE!

WOW! WITH SUPERBOY MY BODYGUARD, NOTHING CAN HURT ME.
LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF VICTOR FLAINE, CROOKED PROMOTER...

BOSS, GUESS WHAT I HEARD THROUGH THE Dictaphone WE GOT PLANTED IN HARLEY'S OFFICE! HE'S GOING TO DONATE THAT LAND YOU WANT TO THE CITY IF SUPERBOY GUARDS HIS BRAT!

AND IT WOULD BE WORTH A FORTUNE TO ME WHEN THE NEW AIRPORT'S BUILT!

BUT IF THE BRAT GETS HURT A LITTLE, HARLEY'S BARGAIN WITH SUPERBOY IS OFF AND HE'LL SELL ME THE LAND!

MEANWHILE, A YOUTHFUL SHOW-OFF PREPARES TO PUT ON AN EXHIBITION!

ANYBODY DARE ME TO DIVE OFF THAT BRIDGE?

AW, HUBERT, YOU'RE BLUFFING! YOU WOULDN'T TRY A DANGEROUS HIGH DIVE LIKE THAT!

I GET IT, BOSS! WE SEE TO IT THAT HUBERT MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT!

I NEVER TAKE A DARE — AS LONG AS SUPERBOY IS AROUND TO WATCH OUT FOR ME!

SPLIT SECONDS LATER....

MAY I BORROW THIS FLOATING PIER?

SURE, SUPERBOY! ANYTHING FOR YOU!

PRESENTLY....

THIS PIER MAKES A GOOD PADDLE FOR MAKING WAVES!
As the huge wave created by the Boy of Steel sweeps down river...

It's an awful high dive! If Superboy isn't looking out for me—

He was!

Minutes later...

You were crazy to try that stunt! You were lucky that a sudden high wave came along to keep you from getting hurt.

Aw, I wasn't scared a minute!

Soon crafty Victor Flaine appears to put his scheme into operation...

Lad, you're a real daredevil! Can we photograph some of your stunts for the newsreel?

Oh, boy, me in the newsreel with the whole world seeing me? Sure!

And it's so safe with Superboy as my guardian angel.

What reckless stunt is he up to now?

The feat I have in mind will make newsreel history if you're not afraid.

A boy your age riding an aquaplane at high speed—it's sensational!

Me afraid? That's a laugh!

It's nothing! (I hope I don't fall off and spoil it!)
CUT THE LINE WHEN WE GO AROUND THE BEND AHEAD, TRIGGER, AND IT'LL THROW HUBERT AGAINST THE SHORE PLENTY HARD!

THIS SPEED IS TERRIFIC—BUT I'M SAFE WITH SUPERBOY AROUND.

THEM PURPOSELY CUT LOOSE HUBERT'S AQUAPLANE TO THROW HIM AGAINST THE LAND! I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

FLASHING AHEAD OF THE SPEEDING AQUAPLANE, SUPERBOY WHIRLS AT HIGH SPEED...

...AND CONVERTS HIS INVULNERABLE BODY INTO A TERRIFIC DREDGE!

I'M GOING TO SLAM INTO THE SHORE! WHERE'S SUPERBOY?

THIS CANAL ISN'T AS BIG AS THE ONE AT PANAMA, BUT IT'LL SERVE ITS PURPOSE!

THE BRAT CAME OUT SAFE THROUGH THAT CANAL. I DIDN'T SEE IT BEFORE!

IT WASN'T THERE BEFORE, SUPERBOY IS REALLY ON THE JOB AS BODYGUARD!

A CANAL RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME! IT'S ALL THAT SAVED ME FROM A SMASH-UP!
But if Superboy's guarding the brat, how'll we get him hurt?

Superboy promised not to appear publicly as his bodyguard—remember? That gives me an idea!

Presently, on shore...

Next, we'd like to film you doing a stunt at the roller rink.

(Where Superboy can't act without the other boys seeing him!)

Swell! All my pals will see me doing skating stunts for the newsreel. Let's go!

SOON...

Roller Skating Rink

You can jump through a burning hoop, like the big-time skating stars! A great picture!

I'm game! Superboy will look after me as usual!

I'd better follow him in there, as Clark Kent!

Now string fine wires across the hoop—he'll run into them and get banged up!

My super-hearing caught that; I've got to stop it—yet I can't rescue Hubert publicly—

Minutes later, the unsuspecting Hubert streaks into his show-off act.

This is the only way to save him.

He's going to jump through the hoop for the newsreels.
AS CLARK KENT "ACCIDENTALLY"
BLUNDEE INTO THE FLYING
SKATER’S PATH—
AN ACCIDENT.

CLARK KENT MUST
BE NEAR-SIGHTED—
HE BLUNDEE
INTO HUBERT’S
WAY!

I CAN BURST THROUGH
THOSE WIRES WITH-
OUT HARM.

TWANG!

LATER... CLARK,
I DIDN’T
KNOW YOU’D GET
IN THE WAY! ARE
YOU HURT?

I’M A LITTLE
GROGGY, BUT
THAT’S ALL!

HMM... I WAS SAFE,
WITH SUPERBOY
FOR MY BODYGUARD, BUT
I MIGHT HAVE HURT
CLARK OR SOMEBODY
ELSE BADLY WITH
THAT STUNT.

SUPERBOY
MUST HAVE SLIPPED
IN SOMEHOW, AND
SHOVED THE KENT
KID IN FRONT OF
HUBERT.

IT SPOILED OUR
PLAN, BUT I’VE
SOMETHING IN
MIND THAT WILL
KEEP SUPERBOY
TOO BUSY TO
SAVE THE BRAT
NEXT TIME!

TOO BAD IT WENT
WRONG! BUT I’VE
ONE MORE NEWS-
REEL STUNT FOR YOU—
IT’LL MAKE YOU
THE BOY HERO
OF THE YEAR!!

WAIT A MINUTE. I
LIKE PUBLICITY—BUT I
DON’T WANT TO RISK
HURTING ANYBODY,
THE WAY I ALMOST
HURT CLARK KENT.

SUCCESS. HUBERT
IS SURE TO BE
ARRESTED FOR
THAT STUNT.
THEY SAY YOU'RE A CRACK HORSEMAN, HOW ABOUT TAKING THE SPOTLIGHT IN TRICK RIDING FOR THE CHARITY BAZAAR TONIGHT?

NOBODY COULD GET HURT THAT WAY—SURE I WILL!

 THAT NIGHT, AT THE CHARITY BAZAAR, CLARK KENT ONCE AGAIN RESUMES VIGILANCE OVER HUBERT AS SUPERBOY...

NOW THAT I'VE FOUND FLAINE'S NEWSREEL IS A FAKE, I KNOW THERE'S SOME TRICK TO THIS STUNT!

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SOME FINE TRICK RIDING BY HUBERT HARLEY!

MEANWHILE...

SETTING OFF THE BAZAAR FIREWORKS NOW WILL SCARE HUBERT'S HORSE INTO THROWING THE BRAT!

I GET IT, SUPERBOY WILL BE TOO BUSY WITH THE PANIC TO SAVE HIM!

SUDDENLY, EXPLOSIONS STARTLE THE CROWD, AND A FRIGHTENED HORSE REARS WILDLY!

WHAT'S HAPPENED?

EXPLOSIONS! SOMETHING'S WRONG—

AS THE WATCHFUL BOY OF STEEL FLASHES DOWN...

MAYBE I CAN DO THAT AND QUIET HUBERT'S HORSE TOO! THIS UNOCCUPIED FERRIS WHEEL—

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME—STOP THOSE FIREWORKS BEFORE THEY START A PANIC AND HURT SOMEONE!
- Makes a good wind-machines! And the wind not only extinguishes the fireworks but blows the noise away, to stop the panic.

- But the escaping plotters themselves fall victims to the panic they tried to create.

- Superboy's blowing all those fireworks after us!

- Stop it, Superboy! We'll confess everything!

Later, with the confessed crooks in custody...

You proved a real hero instead of a phoney one, Hubert, when you thought of others first!

I guess I was a big show-off, Superboy, but nearly hurting Clark Kent opened my eyes.

I'm just sorry my foolishness ruined the bazaar fireworks display!

With a couple of these torches, I may be able to make up for that.

Later...

Thanks for your donations, folks!

That's my bodyguard—but he won't have to look out for me any longer!

Enjoy more Superboy stories in Superboy Comics!
Superboy

The Adventures of Superman

When He Was a Boy

Let's Fly Away Together

Do you have talent? Can you sing... dance... imitate famous people? Then you're eligible to join Superboy in a parade of talent! What happens when the boy of steel puts on a show against all the odds that crime and greed can muster? You'll see when you sign up for...

"Superboy's Great Amateur Hour!"

Isn't Superboy simply swoony?

He sends me!
ONE QUIET DAY IN THE KENT HOUSEHOLD...

GOLLY, I'VE OUTGROWN THIS UNIFORM, MOM! YOU'LL HAVE TO LET IT OUT!

MMFF... I'M GLAD YOU ARE, THE BIGGER YOU CAN FIGHT EVIL! AND OF COURSE THE PROUDER I AM OF YOU!

IF YOU WANT A HOT BATH, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE COAL, CLARK. IT WASN'T DELIVERED.

NO COAL? I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO MAKE SOME.

MAKING SURE HE IS UNOBSERVED, CLARK SUBJECTS FIREWOOD TO ENORMOUS PRESSURE IN HIS SUPER-POWERFUL GRIP...

THIS IS THE WAY WOOD IS TURNED INTO COAL UNDERGROUND--ONLY MY PROCESS IS A LOT FASTER!

AND WHILE THE BOILER IS HEATING... CLARK HELPS HIS FATHER WITH HIS TAXES.

...INTEREST ON MORTGAGE $1263.92... NEW EQUIPMENT $641.23... SEED $969.13.

WITH ALL DEDUCTIONS AND ALLOWANCES, DAD--YOUR INCOME TAX IS $1785.07.

WELL, I'M GLAD THAT TAX PROBLEM IS OUT OF THE WAY. NOW I CAN RELAX WITH THIS NEW HOME RECORDING MACHINE I BOUGHT.

YOU CERTAINLY HAVE A LOT OF FUN WITH IT... I THINK THE WATER'S HOT ENOUGH FOR A BATH NOW.

AND SO AN UNUSUALLY UNEVENTFUL DAY IN THE LIFE OF CLARK (SUPERBOY) KENT DRAWS TO A PLEASANT CLOSE.

I'M RIDING THE RANGE ON MY OLD BRONC.
Clark really does have a lovely voice, doesn't he, Dad? Good enough for me to record... and send to that Kiddy Hour amateur radio program. Maybe he'll win a prize!

Far from this cozy scene... ex-vaudeville villains turned villains reach their hideout after eluding the police.

Gosh! I never thought we'd lose those cops! Duh--lucky it wasn't Superboy! He'd 'a' caught us sure! Poor little beastie! Did the police scare you?

Later, in the hideout...

Boys, we need a safe, lucrative racket! One that would not attract the attention of the police... I like what, maestro? Like and especially Superboy!

You, Taps, were a professional dancer before you turned criminal! Canary, you had quite a reputation as a tenor...

I don't get it, maestro. What's your angle?

Biceps, you were a sensational acrobat--a talent we have used in robbery!... Mahout, one of the best animal trainers in the business! And I, known in Rogues' gallery as the Maestro, have been a great impresario in my day!

We use our talents to open a kid's talent school! Charge big fees, sell crummy instruments and equipment, promise a professional engagement after graduation--only it'll be in a barn, not a theater...

And then we skip with the dough!

TERRIFIC!
DAYS LATER, A NEW ENTERPRISE OPENS MAJESTICALLY IN SMALLVILLE...

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF PICKING THIS HICK TOWN, MAESTRO?

USE YOUR HEAD, CANARY. THE COPS DON'T KNOW US HERE—WE CAN GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING. NOW LET'S START SOLICITING CUSTOMERS!

MY, WHAT A SPLENDID CHILD! SIMPLY CRAMMED WITH TALENT, I'LL WAGER! BUT THAT, OF COURSE, IS TO BE EXPECTED... WITH SO LOVELY A MOTHER!

WHY, THANK YOU, I WAS THINKING OF LETTING JUNIOR GO TO YOUR SCHOOL... DON'T WANNA!

PRESENTLY, THE TOWN IS PLASTERED WITH BILLBOARDS...

DON'T LET YOUR CHILD BE A WALLFLOWER! We will find talent in him or her... and DEVELOP it no matter what the COST! FAMOUS TALENT SCHOOL

MY FAMILY IS MAKING ME GO.

ME, TOO.

AT A SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERT IN THE PARK, ARRANGED BY THE MAESTRO...

... WHEN WE GET THROUGH TEACHING YOUR CHILDREN, THEY WILL BE AS GOOD AS THESE INSTRUCTORS! AND WE WILL THEN PUT ON A PROFESSIONAL SHOW WITH OUR STUDENTS AT THE BIJOU THEATER!

GO LLY! THE BIJOU IN METROPOLIS!

AND NOW, A VISIT TO MRS. MONTGOMERY MINT, RICHEST WOMAN IN SMALLVILLE...

I'LL LET MY SON WORDSWORTH JOIN YOUR SCHOOL, MAESTRO, REGARDLESS OF PRICE... IF YOU GUARANTEE HE'LL WIN ALL PRIZES!

MRS. MINT, CONSIDER THE PRIZES WON!

THEN... A NEWSPAPER INTERVIEW.

I'LL MINE EVERY CENT OUT OF THIS HAYSEED BURG!

MAESTRO OFFERS SCHOLARSHIP TO PUT ON CONTEST TOMORROW NIGHT!

IN AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW, SMALLVILLE'S NEWEST REPUTATION, THE MAESTRO OF THE FAMOUS TALENT SCHOOL SAYS THAT HE HAS DISCOVERED A RICH VENUE OF TALENT HE HOPES THAT HE INTENDS TO TAP.
Meanwhile, at the Kent Home...

It's from the Kiddy Hour Amateur Radio Program. They say that record I made of Clark's voice shows promise... but he needs coaching.

I just knew he had a lovely voice! Let's send him to that new Talent School!

Gosh, I didn’t know I was good enough to impress the Kiddy Hour.

Certainly you are, my boy. Get into that contest. The Famous Talent School is running... maybe you'll win a scholarship!

Even if you don't win, you should take lessons there.

Will Clark win? See for yourself... as the maestro arranges part of his audience for the night of the big contest!

Here's your dough, boys. Now don't forget— you must applaud the rich Wordsworth Mint!

We'll make sure the rich kid wins!

So when Clark's rich but untrained voice rings out...

I'm riding the range on my old Bronc...

Throw him out!

...and the other contestants...

But not Wordsworth Mint!

The winner of the talent contest!

Clunk! Clunk!

Wonderful!

Terrific!
NOT A BIT SURPRISING, WORDSWORTH, I KNEW ALL ALONG YOU’D WIN!

THIS CONTEST COULDN’T BE HONEST—WORDSWORTH MINT PLAYS THE PIANO AS IF HE HAD HOOFs INSTEAD OF HANDS! MAYBE THE SCHOLARSHIP ISN’T THE ONLY CROOKED THING ABOUT THE FAMOUS TALENT SCHOOL!

AT CLARK’S FIRST LESSON, HIS SUPER-ACUTE EYES MISS NOTHING! AND SOON...

H’M! MY TELESCOPIC VISION SHOWS TAPS SPLITTING A WOODEN MATCH LENGTHWISE, MAKING ONE MATCH INTO SEVERAL! THAT’S A NERVOUS HABIT CONVICTS OR EX-CONVICTS ACQUIRE... BECAUSE MATCHES ARE SO SCARCE IN PRISON!

AND WITH HIS X-RAY VISION...

THUGS—EVEN ONE OF THEM! CANARY HAS AN ARM PIT HOLSTER... TAPS IS WEARING A CONCEALED KNIFE... BICEPS IS WEARING A WIG TO HIDE HIS PRISON HAIRCUT! THIS CALLS FOR SUPERBOY!

A SWIFT SWITCH IN A DARK CORNER... AND A MIGHTY BLUE-CLAD FIGURE BURSTS INTO ACTION!

HEY! LEGGO!

YOU CROOKS NEED A LESSON YOURSELVES...

WHAT’S THE IDEA?

WHO CALLED IN SUPERBOY?

THEN TO THE EDGE OF A SHEER CLIFF NEAR SMALLVILLE...

TELL ME THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TALENT SCHOOL—OR I MAY DECIDE I DON’T KNOW HOW TO JUGGLE ANYMORE!

TH—THIS CLIFF’S A-A M-MILLION MILES HIGH! WE’LL TALK!

...WE WERE GOING TO SKIP WITH THE MONEY... AND LET THE KIDS PUT ON THEIR OWN SHOW... IN A BARN WITH A “BIJOU THEATER” SIGN!

A VERY SMART RACKET, MAESTRO. IT’S GOING TO WIN YOU CROOKS FREE BOARD AND LODGING— IN PRISON!

CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE FOLLOWING
Dashiel Hammett's Adventures of Sam Spade

Listen to: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

WHERE DO WE SIT WITH ALL THIS WILDROOT CREAM-OIL... HEY, LISTEN!

THE BANDITS ARE REPORTED RACING TOWARD THE BORDER POLICE WARN MOTORISTS TO CLEAR HIGHWAY #1 FOR MOTORCYCLES PURSUING THE BANDIT CAR.

THERE'S HIGHWAY #1 AND THERE'S A CAR WITH MOTORCYCLES ABOUT A MILE BEHIND...

NOW IF THEY JUST HAD A BLOWOUT! THAT WOULD STOP 'EM!

WELL, LET'S GIVE EM A BLOWOUT! FLY OVER THE ROAD AHEAD OF 'EM, WITCH... LET'S OPEN THESE CASES OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL.

POOR SAM...

CREAM-OIL AWAY!

WYH SO GLUM, SAM? THOSE GLASS BOTTLES STOPPED 'EM.

YEAH! BUT THEY WERE FULL OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL. THINK OF ALL THE GUYS WHO WON'T HAVE HANDSOME, WELL-GROOMED HAIR JUST BECAUSE OF ME!

SAM SPADE ASKS:

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERNAIL TEST?

TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD. IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS AND LOOSE, UGLY DANDRUFF, YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC. NON-ALCOHOLIC—CONTAINS SOOTHING LANOLIN.

EFFIE SAYS:

SMART GIRLS USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK GROOMING AND FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS BETWEEN PERMANENTS. MOTHERS FIND IT WONDERFUL FOR TRAINING CHILDREN'S HAIR.
BUT AFTER THE **BOY OF STEEL** DELIVERS THE SWINDLERS TO THE LAW...

...AND NOW I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PUT ON MY DANCING ACT!

YEAH! WE WERE SUPPOSED TO GIVE A SHOW AT THE BIJOU THEATER!

THE CROOKS DIDN'T HIRE THE BIJOU IN METROPOLIS... BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

I'M REAL SORRY, **SUPERBOY**-- THE BIJOU IS BOOKED FOR TWO MONTHS! ARRANGEMENTS HAVE TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE, YOU KNOW.

GOLLY, I CAN'T DISAPPOINT THESE KIDS! WE'LL HAVE TO PUT ON A SHOW IN THE BARN, AFTER ALL!

EVEN AS A BARN, THE MAESTRO'S "THEATER" IS NOTHING MUCH TO LOOK AT! SO **SUPERBOY** DOES A SUPER-SWIFT DECORATING JOB!

THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!

ON OPENING NIGHT, THE HOUSE IS SOLD OUT!

AS MAYOR OF SMALLVILLE, I WANT TO THANK **SUPERBOY** FOR MAKING THIS SHOW POSSIBLE! TO THE MOST TALENTED CHILD, I WILL AWARD A SEASON PASS TO ALL BALL GAMES AND SWIMMING POOLS!

GEE!

WOW!

I HOPE I WIN!

SPOILED KIDS, LIKE RICH WORDSWORTH MINT, ARE NEVER SATISFIED WITH THE FUN OF COMPETITION-- THEY ALWAYS HAVE TO WIN!

I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE SEASON PASS-- I'M RICH ENOUGH TO BUY TICKETS TO ANY GAMES! IT'S JUST THAT I HATE TO LOSE! MY ACT IS BETTER THAN ANY OF THE OTHERS...

...BUT I'LL MAKE SURE I WIN! ARTIE BARNES IS FIRST WITH HIS VENTRILOQUISM ACT... AND THIS GOLDENRÖD I'LL HIDE IN HIS DRESSING ROOM WILL BRING ON HIS HAY FEVER! THEN THAT **SUPERBOY** DUMMY OF HIS WON'T BE THE BIG HIT HE FIGURES IT WILL BE!
AND SO, PRESENTLY...

NNGG . . .
AAHH . . .
KERCHOO!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, ARTIE? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME?

UNABLE TO EXPLAIN ORALLY, ARTIE BARNES HASTILY SCRIBS A MESSAGE ON A PAD.

I can't talk, Superboy. Lobody put a golden rod in my dressing room and it gave me a hay fever attack! How am I going to make my Superboy dummy talk if I keep sneezing?

H'M! MY TELESCOPIC VISION SHOWS GOLDEN-ROD POLLEN ON WORDSWORTH'S HANDS! HE PLAYED THIS DIRTY TRICK ON ARTIE . . . SO I'LL MAKE ARTIE'S ACT A SUCCESS!

WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP...

ALL RIGHT, SUPER-BOY--WHY DOES A STORK SLEEP STANDING ON ONE LEG?

BECAUSE HE'D FALL DOWN IF HE PULLED THEM BOTH UP!

WHAA--?

ARTIE IS TALKING AFTER ALL!

IMPOSSIBLE! HOW COULD ARTIE BARNES TALK WITH HAYFEVER ATTACK? LET US LOOK MORE CLOSELY AT HIS ACT...

THE LAUGH IS ON WORDSWORTH NOW! HE DOESN'T KNOW I'M ACTING AS YOUR SUPERBOY DUMMY! AND THAT I--THE "DUMMY"--AM THE VENTRILOQUIST BECAUSE YOU CAN'T TALK!

FRUSTRATED, THE SORE LOSER CRAFTILY MAKES THE NEXT PERFORMER NERVOUS!

EVERYBODY GETS STAGE-FRIGHT, JOE! YOU'RE NO EXCEPTION! SO WHAT IF YOU DO DROP THOSE LIGHT BULBS YOU'RE GOING TO JUGGLE? IS THAT A CALAMITY?

GEE, I--I WASN'T NERVOUS TILL RIGHT NOW! M--MAYBE I W--WILL DROP TH--THEM!
MORE OF WORDSWORTH MINT'S NASTY WORK—WITH MY SUPERSENSITIVE HEARING, I OVERHEARD HIM TELL JOE NOT TO BE NERVOUS! SO, OF COURSE, THAT MADE JOE NERVOUS!

SUPER-SWIFTLY, THE BOY OF STEEL FLASHES ACROSS THE STAGE VIBRATING SO RAPIDLY THAT HE IS INVISIBLE! THEN...

I'LL RUB THE LIGHT BULBS BETWEEN MY HANDS UNTIL THEY GET HOT! THAT WILL TAKE JOE'S MIND OFF DROPPING THEM!

OH, GOLLY! IF I COULD ONLY STOP SHAKING!

SUDDENLY...

MIGOSH! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?... I'M JUGGLING SO FAST THAT THE LIGHT BULBS ARE HOT ENOUGH TO LIGHT UP!

YAY! LOOK AT HIM JUGGLE! WONDERFUL!

NOW WORDSWORTH MINT IS REALLY MAD...

I DIDN'T RUIN ARTIE'S VENTRILQUISTIC ACT BUT I'LL FIX SALLY WEBSTER'S ANIMAL TRAINING ACT WITH THESE SEALS. MY ACT IS BETTER THAN ANY OTHER ON THE BILL... BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES!

MINUTES LATER...

WHAT'S WRONG? MY SEALS WON'T BALANCE THE BALL ON THEIR NOSES!

ARK! ARK! ARK!

NO WONDER SALLY'S SEALS WON'T PLAY WITH THAT BIG RUBBER BALL! SOMEONE PUT LIVE COALS IN THEIR PAIL OF FISH... AND THEY BURNED THEIR NOSES!

FZZZTT! SPPPFZZZ!
IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, SALLY WEBSTER'S SENSITIVE SEALS BECOME ADEPT ENTERTAINERS!

THAT'S BETTER!

GREAT!

CLAP! CLAP!

IT CAN'T BE! THOSE SEALS HAVE Blisters ON THEIR NOSES--FROM THE HOT COALS I PUT IN THEIR DINNER PAIL! THEY CAN'T BOUNCE THAT BALL ON THEIR NOSES!

BUT THEY APPARENTLY ARE DOING JUST THAT... AND A CROSS-SECTION OF THE BALL THEY ARE BOUNCING SHOWS HOW...

AND NOW, FINALLY... WORDSWORTH MINT'S ACT! LET'S SEE WHY HE IS SO SURE HE WILL WIN THE BIG PRIZE!

I USED SUPERSPEED TO GO RIGHT THROUGH THE MOLECULES OF THE BALL... X-RAY VISION TO SEE WHAT I'M DOING... AND I KEEP THE BALL BOUNCING BACK AND FORTH WITHOUT TOUCHING THE SEALS' BLISTRED NOSES!

... THE MOST SENSATIONAL MIND READER IN THE WORLD! I CAN READ ANYONE'S THOUGHTS BY MENTAL WAVES! ASK ME ANYTHING!

INTERESTING... IF HE REALLY DOES IT!

WHAT DO I INTEND TO BUY TOMORROW?

THE MENTAL WAVES ARE FORMING... I SEE BOOK-ENDS SHAPED LIKE ELEPHANTS' HEADS! AM I RIGHT?

GOSH, YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! HOW DID YOU READ MY MIND?

AMAZING!

NOTHING TO IT. JUST A SMALL SAMPLE OF MY MIND-READING ABILITY!

INCREDIBLE!
...YOU HAVE EXACTLY $11.47 IN YOUR HAND! CORRECT?

I SAID, WHAT KIND OF A LETTER DID I GET THIS MORNING?

FOR THE LAST TIME—WILL YOU OR WILL YOU NOT ANSWER MY QUESTION?

PLEASE! YOU ARE DISTURBING THE MENTAL WAVES! YOU ON THE RIGHT...

I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

NATURALLY, WORDSWORTH MINT WON'T ANSWER THAT MAN'S QUESTION! HE HAS HIS PAID STOOGES SCATTERED THROUGH THE AUDIENCE... SO HE KNEW THE ANSWERS IN ADVANCE! IT'S ABOUT TIME WORDSWORTH WAS TAUGHT HOW TO PLAY FAIR!

APRently...

IF YOU'RE A GENUINE MIND-READER, YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO READ MY MIND— AND TELL THE AUDIENCE MY REAL NAME!

ULP! HOW AM I GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS?

I CAN'T ACTUALLY READ MINDS, SO HOW COULD I— WHAT'S THIS? GOSH, I'M REALLY READING SUPERBOY'S THOUGHTS!

WORDSWORTH MINT WILL NEVER GUESS THAT MY REAL NAME IS CLARK KENT!

YOU ARE CLARK KENT!

WHAT'S THIS? WORDSWORTH HAS READ SUPERBOY'S MIND! THE BOY OF STEEL'S SECRET IDENTITY IS REVEALED! OR... IS IT?

CAN SUPERBOY GET OUT OF THIS PREDICAMENT?

WHAT?

DID YOU HEAR THAT?
SUDDENLY...

IF SUPERBOY IS CLARK KENT--WHO AM I?

HUH? HOW--? I DON'T-- HOW DID I GET THAT MENTAL WAVE FROM SUPERBOY?

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE? LET US GO BACK A FEW MINUTES, TO THE MOMENT WHEN SUPERBOY CHALLENGED WORDSWORTH...

...TELL THE AUDIENCE MY REAL NAME!

HE THINKS THAT'S SUPERBOY... BUT IT'S THE DUMMY ARTIE BARNES USES IN HIS VENTRiloQUIST ACT! I CONTROL IT BY BLOWING AT THE ARMS AND LEGS...

WORdSWORTH MINT WILL NEVER GUESS THAT MY REAL NAME IS CLARK KENT?

WITH WORDSWORTH BOOED OFF THE STAGE... CLARK CLOSES THE SHOW.

...YOU'LL GO A-WALTZING, MATHILDA, WITH ME

ISN'T HE DIVINE?

AND NOW I USE VOICE DIRECTION TO MAKE WORDSWORTH BELIEVE HE'S TUNING IN ON SUPERBOY'S MENTAL WAVES... AND WHEN CLARK KENT WALKS OUT ON THE STAGE, WORDSWORTH WILL BE PAID BACK FOR HIS MEAN TRICKS!

GEE-GOLLY!

AND AT LAST, THE MAYOR ANNOUNCES THE DECISION OF THE JUDGES...

...WE HAVE DECIDED THAT EVERY ACT DESERVES THE PRIZE-- EXCEPT WORDSWORTH MINT, WHO USED UNFAIR TACTICS!

KIDS, I WAS A BAD SPORT! I'LL NEVER PULL ANOTHER DIRTY TRICK AGAIN!

I'LL TAKE THEM TO COURT!

NO, MATER. I WAS WRONG TO CHEAT AND SABOTAGE. THAT'S NO WAY TO WIN!

THEN YOU DID WIN, IN A WAY-- YOU LEARNED A VALUABLE LESSON! AND YOU CAN BORROW MY SEASON PASS ANY TIME YOU WANT IT!

SEE SUPERBOY IN WORLD'S GREATEST ADVENTURES IN ADVENTURE COMICS!
ESCAPED BEAR... AND A BARE ESCAPE!

THE GANG WAS OUT ON A HIKE THE DAY BIG BRUNO ESCAPED FROM THE CIRCUS.

HE'S HEADING FOR THE WOODS... AFTER HIM, MEN!

IN THE WOODS, JIM AND THE BOYS ARE TRAIL-BLAZING, WHEN SUDDENLY...

HOLY SMOKE! WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

THIS IS NO TIME TO FIND OUT! LET'S GO, BOYS--ON THE DOUBLE!

HEAD FOR THAT DEEP OPEN PIT WE PASSED BEFORE... FASTER, FELLAS!

I'M SURE GLAD JIM TOLD US ABOUT "P-F"'S!

WHAT JIM TOLD THE BOYS ABOUT "P-F:"
HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER, SPEEDS UP YOUR GAME, MAKES YOU A BETTER ATHLETE:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

THE BOYS END THEIR LIFE-AND-DEATH SPRINT WITH A RECORD-BUSTIN' BROADJUMP...

...AND BIG BRUNO MAKES A HOLE IN ONE!

HERE, BOYS--HAVE SOME FREE PASSES TO THE BIG SHOW. THAT WAS ONE TRICK WE CIRCUS FOLKS NEVER SAW BEFORE...

NO TRICK TO IT, SIR--WHEN YOU'RE WEARING "P-F"'S.

GIVE YOUR FEET A TREAT. GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY.

"P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY B.F. Goodrich AND Hood Rubber Co.
ADVENTURES OF "POPSICLE PETE"
"LOST IN THE WOODS"

NOT YET! AS LONG AS WE BEAR SOUTH!

WE MADE IT! HERE'S THE ROAD.

GOSH! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT SWELL COMPASS?

I GOT IT WITH 'POPSICLE' BAGS. YOU CAN GET LOTS OF SWELL GIFTS BY SAVING THE BAGS WITH RED DOTS!

Twin Popsicle
Fudgsicle
Creamsicle
Ice Cream
ON A STICK

SAVE BAGS WITH THE RED DOTS
and all bags which say "Save these bags for Gifts" and also "Licensed By JOE LOWE CORP."

WATER PISTOL
Repeat. Shoots over 100 feet with one refill. Looks like U.S. Army .45. 200 BAGS or 40¢ & 25 BAGS

EXPLORER'S WRIST COMPASS
Magnetic-mouted on Plastic Band. Wear like wrist watch. 75 BAGS or 15¢ & 10 BAGS

BOB FELLER BAT PENCIL
Accurate model of big league bat. Autographed by Ace Pitcher of Cleveland Indians. 50 BAGS or 10¢ & 5 BAGS

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Good luck ring. Glowing, jeweled eyes. Adjustable to any size. 50 BAGS or 10¢ & 5 BAGS

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Genuine Western Steerhide Belt. Engraved Buckle. State waist measure. 250 BAGS or 50¢ & 25 BAGS

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Sturdy horsehide cover. Autographed by Famous Fireball Pitcher. 300 BAGS or 60¢ & 25 BAGS

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Printed with your own name in gold letters. Print your name clearly on order. 3 PENCILS for 75 BAGS or 15¢ & 10 BAGS