

SUPERMAN



64
PAGES
OF
ACTION!

**ALL
IN
FULL
COLOR**

THE COMPLETE STORY OF THE DARING
EXPLOITS OF THE ONE AND ONLY
SUPERMAN

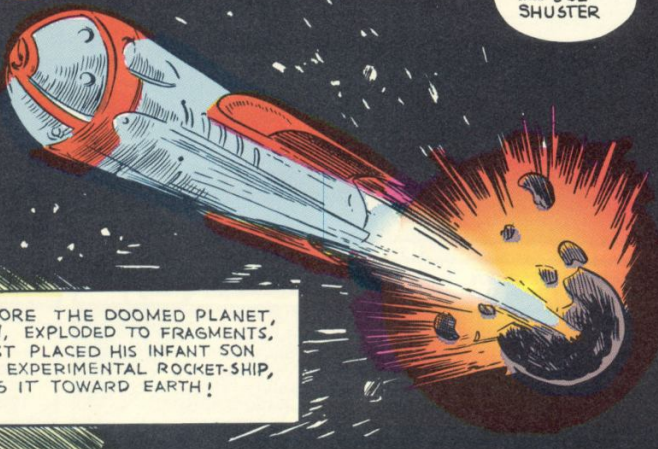
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64 SUPERMAN

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER



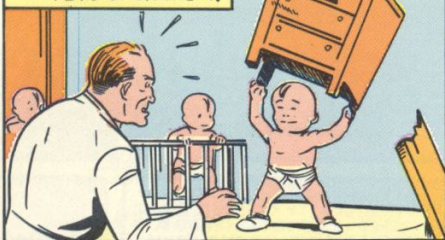
JUST BEFORE THE DOOMED PLANET, KRYPTON, EXPLODED TO FRAGMENTS, A SCIENTIST PLACED HIS INFANT SON WITHIN AN EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET-SHIP, LAUNCHING IT TOWARD EARTH!

WHEN THE VESSEL REACHED OUR PLANET, THE CHILD WAS FOUND BY AN ELDERLY COUPLE, THE KENTS.

LOOK, MARY!
—IT'S A
CHILD!

THE POOR
THING! —
IT'S BEEN
ABANDONED!

THE INFANT WAS TURNED OVER TO AN ORPHAN ASYLUM, WHERE IT ASTOUNDED THE ATTENDANTS WITH ITS FEATS OF STRENGTH.



WE -- WE COULDN'T
GET THAT SWEET
CHILD OUT OF OUR
MIND.

WE'VE COME
TO ADOPT
HIM IF YOU'LL
PERMIT US.

I BELIEVE IT CAN
BE ARRANGED.
(—WHEW!
THANK GOODNESS
THEY'RE TAKING
HIM AWAY BEFORE
HE WRECKS
THE ASYLUM!—)

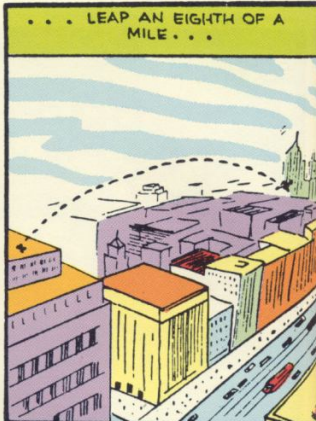
THE LOVE AND GUIDANCE OF HIS KINDLY FOSTER-PARENTS WAS TO BECOME AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE SHAPING OF THE BOY'S FUTURE.

NOW LISTEN TO ME, CLARK!
THIS GREAT STRENGTH
OF YOURS -- YOU'VE
GOT TO HIDE IT FROM
PEOPLE OR THEY'LL
BE SCARED
OF YOU!

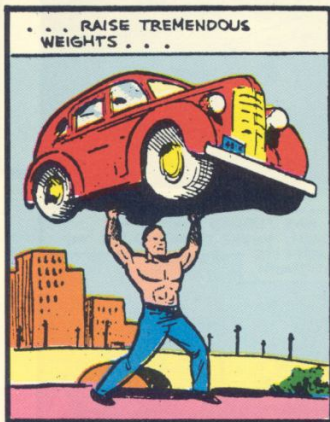
BUT WHEN THE
PROPER TIME COMES,
YOU MUST USE IT TO
ASSIST HUMANITY.



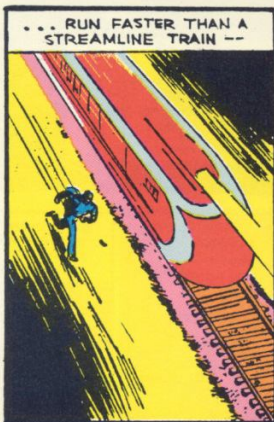
AS THE LAD GREW OLDER, HE LEARNED TO HIS DELIGHT THAT HE COULD HURDLE SKYSCRAPERS . . .



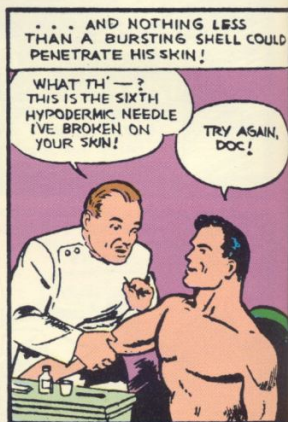
. . . LEAP AN EIGHTH OF A MILE . . .



. . . RAISE TREMENDOUS WEIGHTS . . .



. . . RUN FASTER THAN A STREAMLINE TRAIN --



. . . AND NOTHING LESS THAN A BURSTING SHELL COULD PENETRATE HIS SKIN!

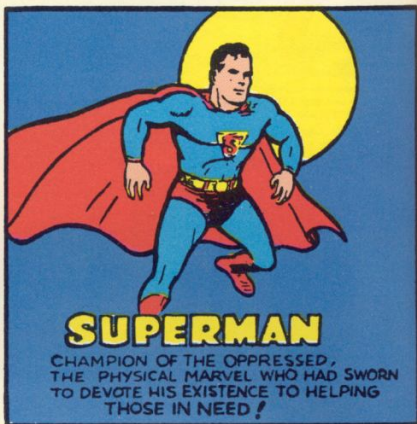
WHAT TH' -- ? THIS IS THE SIXTH HYPODERMIC NEEDLE I'VE BROKEN ON YOUR SKIN!

TRY AGAIN, DOC!



THE PASSING AWAY OF HIS FOSTER-PARENTS GREATLY GRIEVED CLARK KENT. BUT IT STRENGTHENED A DETERMINATION THAT HAD BEEN GROWING IN HIS MIND.

CLARK DECIDED HE MUST TURN HIS TITANIC STRENGTH INTO CHANNELS THAT WOULD BENEFIT MANKIND . AND SO WAS CREATED--



SUPERMAN

CHAMPION OF THE OPPRESSED, THE PHYSICAL MARVEL WHO HAD SWORN TO DEVOTE HIS EXISTENCE TO HELPING THOSE IN NEED!

OUTER WAITING-ROOM OF THE
DAILY STAR . . .

YOU MAY SEE
THE EDITOR NOW.
BUT IF YOU ASK
ME, YOU'RE WAST-
ING YOUR TIME.

THERE'S
NOTHING
LIKE TRYING!

I KNOW I HAVEN'T
HAD ANY EXPERIENCE,
SIR, BUT STILL,
I THINK I'D MAKE
A GOOD REPORTER.

SORRY,
FELLA!
CAN'T USE
YOU!

IN AN ALLEY, CLARK REMOVED
HIS STREET-CLOTHES, REVEAL-
ING HIMSELF CLAD IN THE
SUPERMAN COSTUME . . .

IF I GET NEWS DISPATCHES
PROMPTLY, I'LL BE IN A
BETTER POSITION TO
HELP PEOPLE. I'VE
GOT TO GET THAT
JOB!

SUPERMAN LAUNCHES HIMSELF UP
ALONG THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING IN
A GREAT LEAP!

WITHIN THE EDITOR'S
OFFICE . . .

WHAT'S THAT?
A MOB ATTACKING
THE COUNTY JAIL?
COVER THAT
STORY!

HM-M! SOUNDS
LIKE MY BIG CHANCE
TO IMPRESS THE
EDITOR!

HERE'S HOPING
I GET THERE
ON TIME!

THAT VERY MOMENT . . . BEFORE THE
COUNTY JAIL . . .

GET 'IM!

LYNCH TH'
DIRTY DOG!

JAIL

A FEW
MOMENTS
LATER...



JUST AS THE LYNCHING IS
ABOUT TO BEGIN . . . DOWN
HURTLES A FANTASTIC FIGURE

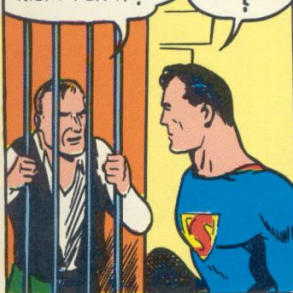


THE CROWD IS ASTONDED TO FIND
ITSELF SWEEPED BACK BY THE LONE
FIGURE . . .



I'M BEIN' HELD FOR TH' MURDER OF JACK KENNEDY. BUT I DIDN'T DO IT... AND NEITHER DID EVELYN CURRY, TH' GIRL WHO'S BEIN' ELECTROCUTED TONIGHT FOR IT!

WHO IS THE MURDERER?



BEA CARROLL... SINGER AT THE HILOW NIGHT CLUB-- SHE RUBBED HIM OUT FOR TWO-TIMING HER, THEN FRAMED EVELYN!

THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION!



THAT'S ALL I KNOW ABOUT THE ATTEMPTED LYNCHING. WELL, DO I GET THE JOB NOW?

YOU'RE O.K., KENT! REPORT TO WORK TOMORROW!

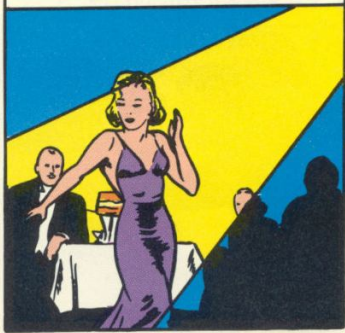


CLARK DROPS IN ON THE HILOW CLUB.

SHE'LL BE ON ANY SECOND!



AS BEA SINGS HER NUMBER, SHE DOES NOT REALIZE SHE IS BEING CLOSELY OBSERVED BY THE GREATEST EXPONENT OF JUSTICE THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN.



LATER-- WHEN SHE ENTERS HER DRESSING-ROOM...

SAY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY ROOM?

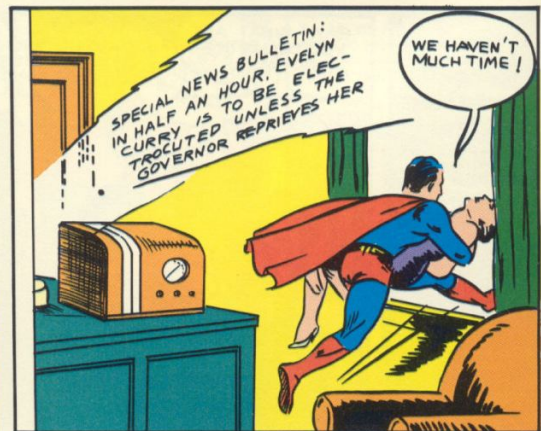
WAITING FOR YOU, NATURALLY!



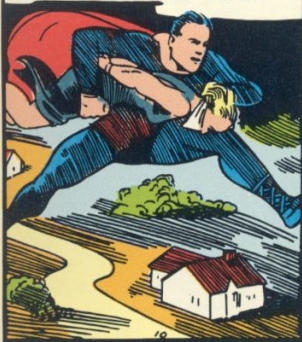
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN LEARNING I KNOW THAT YOU KILLED JACK KENNEDY!

WHAT KIND OF NUT ARE YOU, ANYWAY? -- GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I CALL THE MANAGER!





A TIRELESS FIGURE RACES THRU THE NIGHT... SECONDS COUNT... DELAY MEANS FORFEIT OF AN INNOCENT LIFE.



THE GOVERNOR'S ESTATE FINALLY IS REACHED.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY KNOCKING THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT?



I MUST SEE THE GOVERNOR IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!



SEE HIM IN THE MORNING!



I'LL SEE HIM NOW!



THIS IS ILLEGAL ENTRY! I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED!

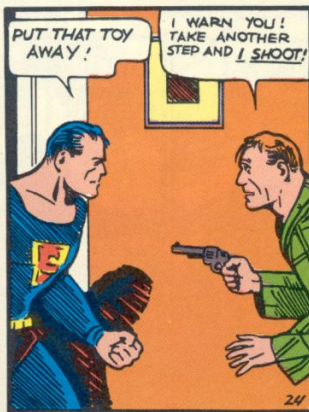
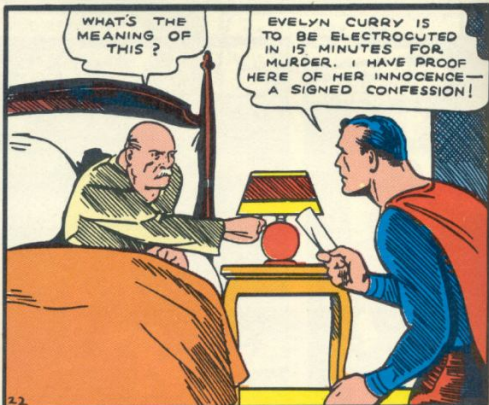


ANSWER MY QUESTION! ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE ME TO THE GOVERNOR?

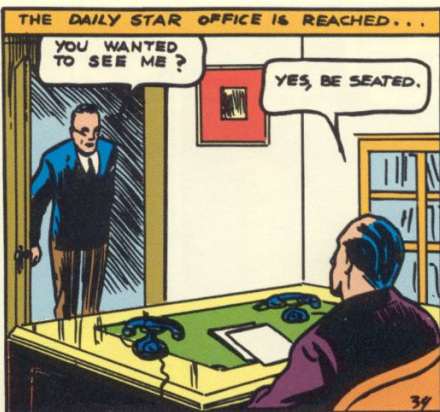
NO! I WON'T!

THEN I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!







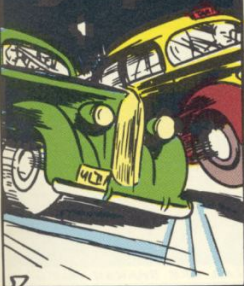






BUTCH FORCES LOIS'S TAXI
INTO A DITCH!

PULL OVER
THERE!



LET ME GO!

GET IN THAT
CAR AND
SHUT UP!



WELL MAYBE
YOU TWO MAY
MEET AGAIN.

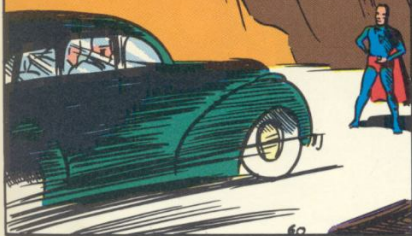
WHAT BURNS ME UP
IS THAT I LET HER
YELLOW BOY FRIEND
OFF SO EASY!

THEN I
HOPE IT'LL
BE SOON!

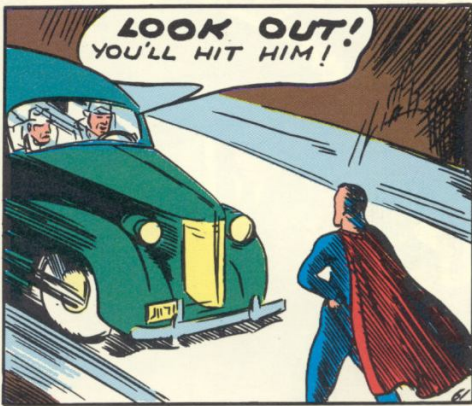


HEY—WATCH OUT!
SOME ONE'S STANDING
IN THE ROAD AHEAD
OF US!

HA! HA! WATCH
ME SCARE HIM
OUT OF HIS WITS!



LOOK OUT!
YOU'LL HIT HIM!

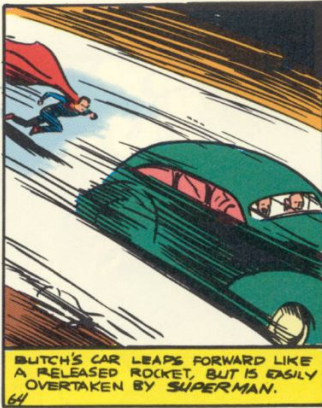
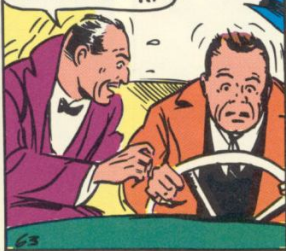


SUPERMAN HURDLES THE
ONCOMING AUTO!

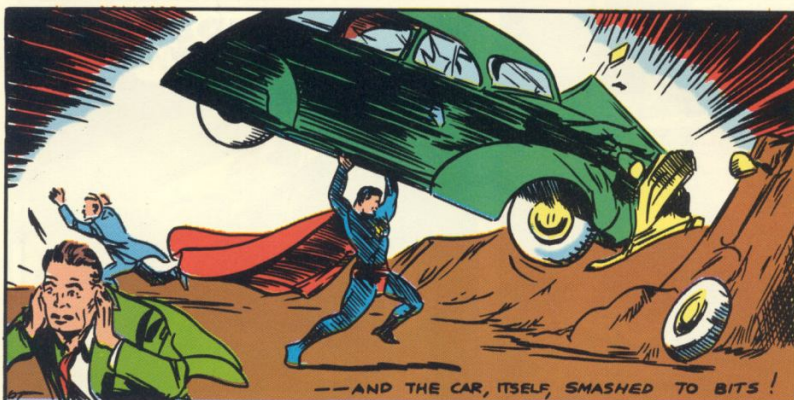
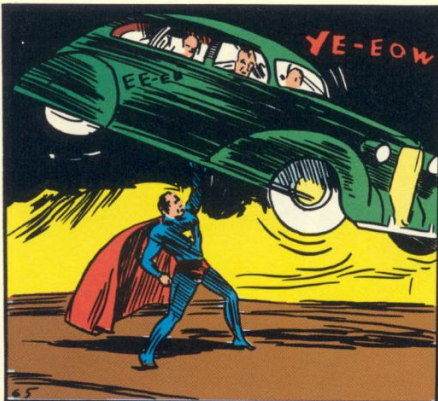


BUTCH!
STEP ON
THE GAS!
HE'S CHASING
AFTER US !!!

IT'S THE
DEVIL
HIMSELF!

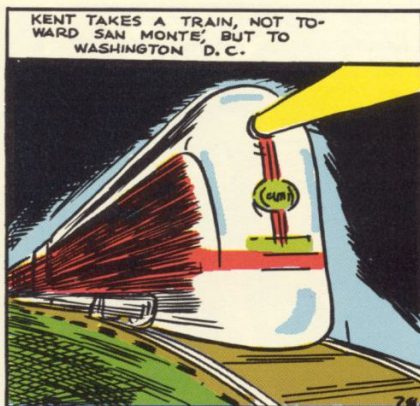
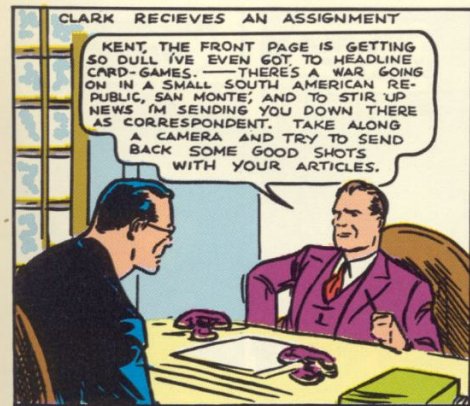


BUTCH'S CAR LEAPS FORWARD LIKE
A RELEASED ROCKET, BUT IS EASILY
OVERTAKEN BY SUPERMAN.



NEXT,
SUPERMAN
OVER-
TAKES
BUTCH
IN ONE
SPRING.





IN THE CAPITAL CITY, HE ATTENDS A SESSION OF CONGRESS, SITTING IN THE GALLERY

IS THAT SENATOR BARROWS SPEAKING?

YES.

WHEN CAN I SEE YOU?

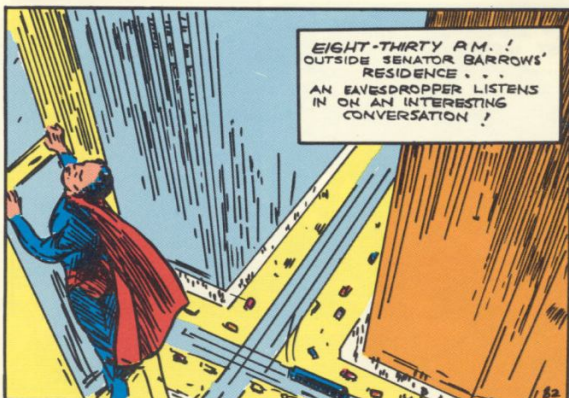
I TOLD YOU NEVER TO SPEAK TO ME IN PUBLIC!...UH... MY HOME... TONIGHT AT 8:30.

UPON LEAVING THE SENATE CHAMBERS, CLARK SNAPS A PICTURE OF A FLURTY MAN SPEAKING SWIFTLY TO SENATOR BARROWS

AT THE "MORGUE" OF A LOCAL "NEWSPAPER"...

WHO'S THE CHAP SPEAKING TO SENATOR BARROWS?

WHY, THAT'S ALEX GREER, THE SLICKEST LOBBYIST IN WASHINGTON. NO ONE KNOWS WHAT INTERESTS BACK HIM.



I'VE TOLD YOU TO AVOID ME IN PUBLIC. WHAT WOULD PEOPLE THINK IF THEY KNEW I HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU?

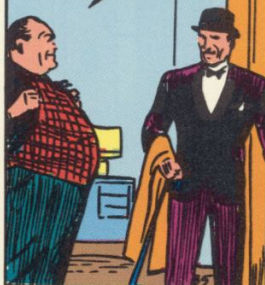
QUIT SPUTTERING! I HAD TO SEE YOU. TELL ME: DO YOU THINK YOU'LL SUCCEED IN PUSHING THE BILL THRU?

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! THE BILL WILL BE PASSED BEFORE ITS FULL IMPLICATIONS ARE REALIZED. BEFORE ANY REMEDIAL STEPS CAN BE TAKEN, OUR COUNTRY WILL BE EMBROILED WITH EUROPE.

FINE! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU FINANCIALLY FOR THIS!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF YOURSELF?

YOU BET HE WILL!



UPON
LEAVING
BARROWS,
GREER
IS
CONFRONTED
BY
SUPERMAN



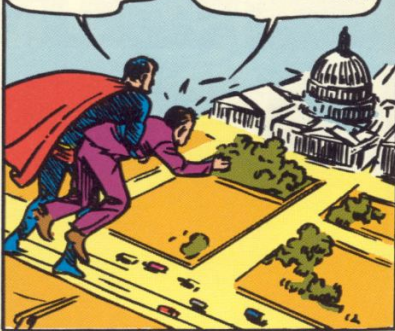
—NOT UNLESS
THEY TOUCH A
TELEPHONE-POLE
AND ARE GROUNDED!



OOPS! —
ALMOST TOUCHED
THAT POLE!



LOOK! —THE
CAPITOL! LET'S
PAY IT A VISIT!



TAKE ME DOWN!
TAKE ME DOWN!

WHAT A
MAGNIFICENT
VIEW!

HELP!
HELP!



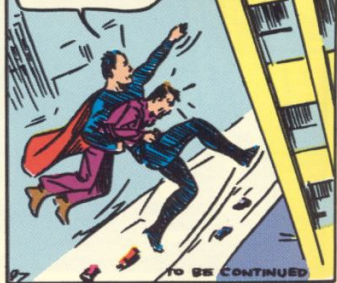
I WONDER IF WE
COULD JUMP ALL
THE WAY TO THAT
BUILDING?

NO! DON'T!



DESPITE GREER'S FRENZIED PROTESTS,
SUPERMAN LEAPS OUT INTO
THE NIGHT!

MISSED —
DOGGONE IT!



AND SO BEGINS THE STARTLING ADVENTURES
OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL STRIP CHARACTER
OF ALL TIME: **SUPERMAN!**

A PHYSICAL MARVEL,
A MENTAL WONDER,
SUPERMAN IS DESTINED
TO RESHAPE THE DESTINY
OF A WORLD!

Only in
ACTION COMICS
CAN YOU THRILL
AT THE DARING
DEEDS OF THIS
SUPERB CREATION!
DON'T MISS
AN ISSUE!



SUPERMAN

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

AS THEY TOPPLE LIKE A PLUMMET
TO THE STREET BELOW, EIGHTY
STORIES DISTANT, GREER SHRIEKS
INSANELY THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF
THE BUILDING!



AS THEY STRIKE THE SIDEWALK, IT BURSTS
INTO FRAGMENTS!

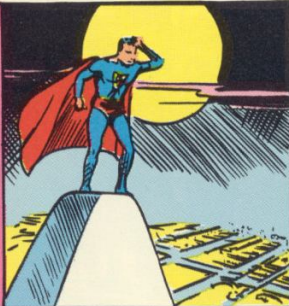


SAY! WASN'T THAT
FUN? -- LET'S DO
IT AGAIN!

NO! I'LL TALK! --
THE MAN BEHIND THE
THREATENING WAR IS
EMIL NORVELL, THE MUNI-
TIONS MAGNATE. YOU'LL
FIND HIM AT HIS LEX-
INGTON PARK ESTATE!



HAVING SECURED
THE INFORMATION
HE DESIRES,
SUPERMAN
TAKES ABRUPT
LEAVE OF GREER,
SPRINGS TO THE
TOP OF THE
WASHINGTON
MONUMENT,
GETS HIS BEAR-
INGS, THEN BEGINS
HIS DASH TOWARD
NORVELL'S
RESIDENCE.



MEANWHILE

I CAN'T EXPLAIN
OVER THE PHONE,
NORVELL, BUT YOU'RE
ABOUT TO RECEIVE A
VISIT FROM THE
MOST DANGEROUS
MAN ALIVE!

DON'T WORRY, GREER!
-- I'LL TAKE CERTAIN
PRECAUTIONS TO IN-
SURE HE DOESN'T
REMAIN ALIVE
LONG!



FIVE MINUTES ELAPSE -- THEN...
SUPERMAN STEPS THRU THE WINDOW OF EMIL NORVELL'S STUDY AND CALMLY CONFRONTS HIM...

WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, NORVELL, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!

SORRY, BUT I HAVE OTHER PLANS!

AS HE SPEAKS, THE MUNITIONS MANUFACTURER SUR-REPTITIOUSLY REACHES BEHIND HIM TO PRESS A BUTTON ON HIS DESK.

WHAT ARE YOU HOLDING BEHIND YOU? -- GIVE IT TO ME!

ALL RIGHT BOYS! -- HE ASKED FOR IT! LET HIM HAVE IT!!

INSTANTLY SEVERAL PANELS ABOUT THE ROOM SLIDE ASIDE AND OUT STEP A NUMBER OF ARMED GUARDS!

NEXT MOMENT SUPERMAN IS THE CENTER OF A DRAFFENING MACHINE-GUN BARRAGE!

UNHARMED BY THE RAIN OF MACHINE-GUN BULLETS, SUPERMAN STREAKS TOWARD HIS WOULD-BE MURDERERS!

GOOD HEAVENS! HE WON'T DIE!

GLAD I CAN'T SAY THE SAME FOR YOU!

A MOMENT LATER A DOZEN BODIES FLY HEADLONG OUT THE WINDOW INTO THE NIGHT, THE MACHINE GUNS WRAPPED FIRMLY ABOUT THEIR NECKS!

YOU SEE HOW EFFORTLESSLY I CRUSH THIS BAR OF IRON IN MY HAND? -- THAT BAR COULD JUST AS EASILY BE YOUR NECK!... NOW FOR THE LAST TIME: ARE YOU COMING WITH ME?

YES! YES! IMMEDIATELY!

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...

YOU SEE THAT STEAMER? IT'S THE BARONTA. TOMORROW, IT LEAVES FOR SAN MONTE, UNLESS I FIND YOU ABOARD IT WHEN IT SAILS, I SWEAR I'LL FOLLOW YOU TO WHATEVER HOLE YOU HIDE IN, AND TEAR OUT YOUR CRUEL HEART WITH MY BARE HANDS!

I -- I'LL BE ON IT!

NEXT DAY
AN ODD
VARIETY OF
PASSENGERS
BOARD THE
SAN MONTE'
ROUND
STEAMER
BARONTA...
CLARK KENT
AND LOIS
LANE...

LOIS! WHY
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

OUR EDITOR DECIDED
TO HAVE ME ACCOMPANY
YOU TO THE WAR-ZONE
AND SEND BACK DIS-
PATCHES COLORED WITH
MY DISTINCTIVE
FEMININE TOUCH!



15

... A GROUP OF SULLEN-FACED TOUGHS
WHO POSSIBLY INTEND TO ENLIST WITH
ONE OF THE ARMIES AS PAID
MERCENARIES...



16

... LOLA CORTAZ, WOMAN OF
MYSTERY, AN EXOTIC BEAUTY
WHO FAIRLY RADIATES DANGER
AND INTRIGUE...



... AND EMIL NORVELL, WHO
HURRIES PASTY-FACED UP THE
GANG-PLANK AND QUICKLY
CONFINES HIMSELF TO HIS
CABIN.



HALF AN HOUR LATER THE BARONTA
HOISTS ITS ANCHOR AND SLIPS OUT
TO SEA, DESTINED FOR ONE OF THE
STRANGEST VOYAGES THE WORLD
HAS EVER KNOWN.



IT IS THE FIRST
NIGHT OUT...

AS NORVELL
NERVOUSLY PACES
HIS CABIN, THERE
COMES A KNOCK
AT THE DOOR...
HE ANSWERS
IT...



20

YOU!

YES,-- I THOUGHT
ID DROP BY AND
COMPLIMENT YOU
ON HAVING HAD
SENSE ENOUGH
TO SHOW UP!



21

A MOMENT AFTER SUPERMAN
DEPARTS...

THAT'S HIM!
REMEMBER!--
IF HE DIES,
YOUR REWARD
WILL BE FABULOUS!

HE'S AS
GOOD AS
DEAD RIGHT
NOW!



22

AS SUPERMAN STANDS SILENTLY AT THE SHIP'S RAIL, ADMIRING THE MOONLIGHT, HE WHIRLS SUDDENLY AT THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS!



FOR AN INSTANT SUPERMAN BRACES HIMSELF AGAINST THE RAIL — AND IN THAT SECOND IT GIVES WAY!



HE IS FLUNG, TWISTING AND TURNING, INTO THE OCEAN!



MEANWHILE -- AT THAT VERY INSTANT SUPERMAN, SWIMMING VIGOROUSLY, HAS CAUGHT UP WITH THE STEAMER...



... BUT INSTEAD OF CLIMBING ABOARD HE CONTINUES ONWARD UNTIL THE BARONTA IS OUT-DISTANCED FAR BEHIND!



NEXT EVENING, A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE STEAMER LANDS - NORVELL IS ATTACKED BY HIS DOUBLE-CROSSED HENCHMEN.



NORVELL IS SAVED BY THE TIMELY
APPEARANCE OF SUPERMAN



SUPERMAN SUBJECTS THE TOUGHS TO THE
SEVEREST THRASHING OF THEIR LIVES!



THE THUGS FLEE BEFORE HIS
FURY!



YOU SAVED
ME! -- BUT
WHY?



BECAUSE THE FATE
YOU ESCAPED IS
PLEASANT INDEED
COMPARED TO THE
ONE I HAVE IN
STORE FOR YOU!

W-WHAT ARE
YOU GOING
TO DO TO ME?



NOTHING --
IF YOU JOIN
THE SAN MONTE
ARMY!

LATER -- IN HIS HOTEL...



IF I COULD ONLY DO
SOMETHING! --
BUT IT'S SUICIDE
TO RESIST THAT INHUMAN
CREATURE!

I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO!
I'LL ENLIST IN THE ARMY
-- THEN ESCAPE AT THE
FIRST OPPORTUNITY!

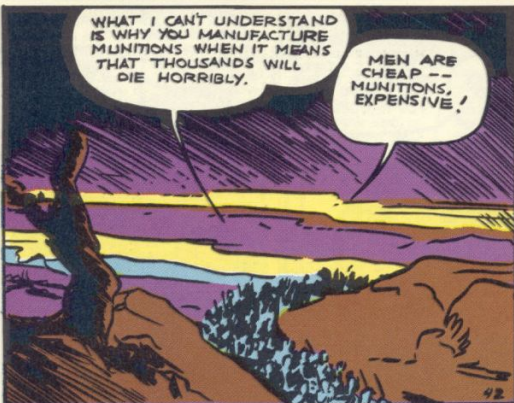


AFTER NORVELL ENLISTS --

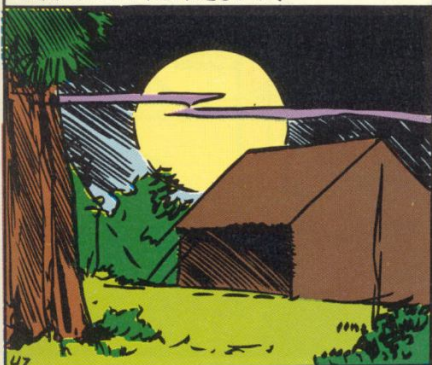


YOU!

YES, I JOINED TOO --
I COULDN'T BEAR
BEING PARTED
FROM YOU!



SHORTLY LATER, THE COMPANY PITCHES CAMP . . . RETIRES . . .



47

SENTRIES ARE PUZZLED BY A DARK SHADOW . .

WHAT WAS THAT?

PROBABLY JUST A BIRD!



48

BUT IN REALITY IT IS SUPERMAN SPEEDING TO A STRANGE RENDEZVOUS.



49

IN THE ENEMY CAMP . . .

BUT THE QUESTION, GENERAL, IS HOW STRONG ARE OUR LINES?

IMPENETRABLE!



50

AT THAT INSTANT A FIGURE BURSTS INTO THE TENT.

SMILE, PLEASE! — THANKS!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER --

GONE! — BUT HE WON'T ESCAPE!

GUARDS!



52

LATER THAT EVENING, CLARK KENT MAELS A PACKAGE . . .

WHERE TO?

THE EVENING NEWS . . . CLEVELAND, OHIO



THE EVENING-NEWS PRINTS A PICTURE-SCOOP . . .



54

MEANWHILE, LOIS LANE AND LOLA CORTEZ HAVE REGISTERED AT THE SAME HOTEL.

I'M A REPORTER DOWN HERE ON A NEWS ASSIGNMENT, AND YOU?

-- A WEALTHY TRAVELER.



AT THAT INSTANT, ARMY OFFICERS ENTERS THE HOTEL --

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

OFFICIAL BUSINESS.



SUDDENLY PANICKY, LOLA DARTS INTO AN ELEVATOR...



AND HIDES A CERTAIN DOCUMENT IN LOIS'S ROOM!



AN IMPORTANT DOCUMENT HAS BEEN STOLEN. MAY WE SEARCH THE GUESTS' ROOMS?

YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION.



SORRY, MADAM!

I TOLD YOU THAT YOU WERE WASTING TIME SEARCHING MY ROOM!



THE PLANTED DOCUMENT IS DISCOVERED IN LOIS' ROOM!

SORRY, WE MUST PLACE YOU UNDER MILITARY ARREST!

BUT I KNOW NOTHING OF THIS!



SENTENCE IS PASSED --

BUT I'M INNOCENT!

IT IS THE JUDGMENT OF THIS COURT THAT YOU SHALL BE EXECUTED AT DAWN FOR ESPIONAGE!



KENT, IN HIS DISGUISE AS A SOLDIER, OVERHEARS AN ASTOUNDING BIT OF INFORMATION

HAVE YOU HEARD?
LOIS LANE, A SPY,
IS TO BE EXECUTED
THIS MORNING.

YES! AND
EXACTLY AT DAWN!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT LOIS
IS BEING LED OUT TO HER
DEATH.

I TELL YOU! YOU'RE
GOING TO KILL AN
INNOCENT PERSON!

ALMOST FASTER THAN THE
EYE CAN FOLLOW, A FANTASTIC
FIGURE STREAKS PAST MILE
AFTER MILE!

READY! AIM!
FI—

DOWN — DOWN — INTO THE
RANGE OF FIRE PLUMMETS
SUPERMAN!

COVERING LOIS'S BODY WITH HIS OWN,
HE RECEIVES THE SHOTS MEANT FOR HER

SHOOT AND
BE HANGED!

STOP!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS!
— IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

THANKS FOR
LETTING ME
KNOW!

SUPERMAN!

RIGHT! AND
STILL PLAYING
THE ROLE OF
GALLANT
RESCUER! —

WHAT MANNER
OF BEING ARE
YOU?

SAVE THE
QUESTIONS!



FINALLY SUPERMAN DROPS
TOWARD THE GROUND INTO THE
MIDST OF A TORTURER'S INQUISITION.

YOU'LL TELL ME
HOW MANY MEN
THERE ARE IN
YOUR DETACH-
MENT OR --!



LET ME GO!
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO!

GIVE YOU
THE FATE
YOU DESERVE,
YOU TORTURING
DEVIL!



FOR AN INSTANT, SUPERMAN
POISES THE TORTURER OVER-
HEAD . . .



... THEN TOSSES HIM AWAY
AS THO HE WERE HURLING
A JAVELIN!



THE TORTURER VANISHES
FROM VIEW BEHIND A GROVE OF
DISTANT TREES WITH A PITIFUL
WAIL --



SUPERMAN
UNTIES
THE
TORTURER'S
CAPTIVES'
BONDS . . .

YOU'RE FREE
TO FLEE! —
GOOD LUCK!

WE OWE OUR
LIVES TO YOU!



LATER, AFTER DEPOSITING LOIS NEAR THE
BARONIA, SUPERMAN ADVISES HER TO
RETURN TO AMERICA.

BUT WHEN
WILL I SEE
YOU AGAIN!

WHO KNOWS?
PERHAPS TOMORROW--
PERHAPS NEVER!



AND NOW TO ATTEND TO NORVELL!



BUT WHEN SUPERMAN RETURNS TO HIS DETACHMENT, HE FINDS ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS BOOMING.

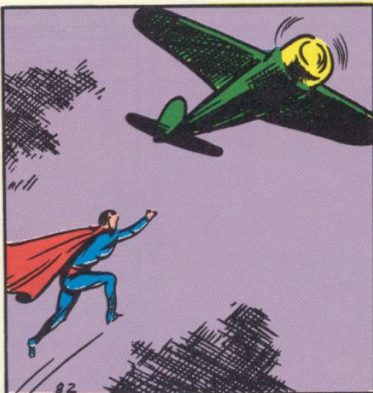


THE CAMP IS BEING MERCI-
LESSLY RIDDLED BY A
BLOOD-THIRSTY AVIATOR!

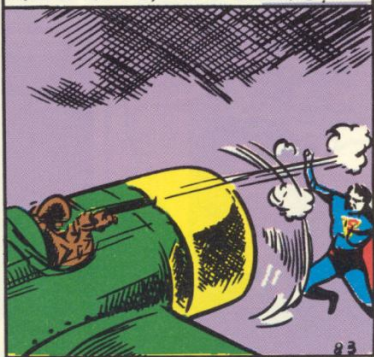


DIE! -- LIKE
CRAWLING
ANTS!

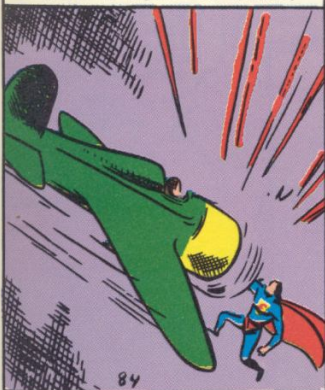
SUPERMAN
LEAPS
TO THE
ATTACK!
FOR THE
FIRST TIME
IN ALL
HISTORY,
A MAN
BATTLES
AN
AIRPLANE
SINGLE-
HANDED!



THE PLANE ZOOMS TOWARD SUPER-
MAN'S FIGURE, GUNS BLAZING!



-- INTO A HEAD-ON CRASH!



ITS PROPELLER SHATTERED
UPON SUPERMAN'S SKIN,
THE AIRPLANE FALLS TO
ITS DOOM!



NORVELL HAD WITNESSED
THE CRASH.

GOOD! -- THAT
FINISHES MY
NEMESIS!



BUT NEXT INSTANT --

HELLO!--
SURPRISED?

SUPERMAN!
-- STILL
ALIVE !!



LET ME RETURN
TO THE U.S. --
I'VE GROWN TO
HATE WAR --!

O.K. -- BUT YOU'VE
GOT TO QUIT
MANUFACTURING
MUNITIONS!



KORVELL HURRIES ABOARD THE
BARONITA FOR THE RETURN
TRIP . . .

FROM NOW ON, THE
MOST DANGEROUS
THING I'LL MANU-
FACTURE WILL BE
A FIRECRACKER!



THAT ABOUT CLEARS UP
THINGS! NOW JUST ONE
MORE MANUEVER AND
MY MISSION HERE WILL
BE FINISHED!



SHORTLY LATER, SUPERMAN
EMERGES FROM A TENT WITH
THE ARMY'S COMMANDER UNDER
HIS ARM.



LATER, HE ALSO KIDNAPS THE
HEAD OF THE OPPOSING ARMY.



WHAT DO
YOU WANT
WITH US!

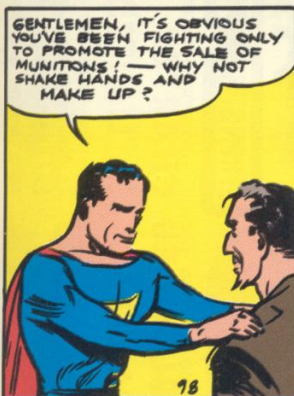
WE DECIDED TO END
THIS WAR BY HAVING
YOU TWO FIGHT IT
OUT BETWEEN
YOURSELVES.



BUT WE--!

GO AHEAD! --
FIGHT! OR I'LL
CLEAN UP ON
BOTH OF YOU
MYSELF!





ATTENTION ALL AMERICAN YOUTH!



SUPERMAN now appears on the comic page of many newspapers!

If you would like to see him in your local newspaper, fill in this coupon and mail it immediately to: **SUPERMAN**, c/o Action Comics, 480 Lexington Ave., New York City, and we will try to get your paper to run it as a daily strip.

Your Name

Street Address

City & State

Name of Your Local Daily Newspaper

THE OPPORTUNITY OF
A LIFE TIME!

SUPERMAN & ACTION COMICS INVITE YOU TO BECOME A CHARTER MEMBER OF THE



**CALLING ALL RED-BLOODED CHARTER MEMBERSHIP IS
LIMITED! DON'T WAIT!**

How would you like to become a Charter Member of the only club devoted to strength, courage and justice — SUPERMEN of AMERICA?

You must hurry if you want to become a Charter Member of SUPERMEN of AMERICA and get your membership card, badge and secret code! All you have to do is sign your name, address and age on the application blank below and mail it to SUPERMEN, c/o Action Comics, 480 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

How would you like to have a personal membership certificate, a SUPERMAN Button and Superman's Secret Code that you must know in order to read the hidden message from SUPERMAN that will appear in every issue of Action Comics from now on! Remember, you won't be able to read SUPERMAN'S message unless you know the code and you can't get the code unless you're a member of SUPERMEN of AMERICA.

Wait until you see the beautiful SUPERMAN Button! You'll be proud to wear it and every one in your neighborhood will envy you and ask you where you got it. That's why you should be the first to get your button and know the absolutely secret SUPERMAN code!

The best part about becoming a Charter Member is that it costs nothing! No dues and no initiation fee! Just 10c to cover the cost of mailing your membership Certificate, Button and Secret Code.

You must promise not to tell anyone the code and you must promise to strive for strength, courage and justice — just like SUPERMAN does.

And that's not the half of it! All members will receive special instructions from SUPERMAN on how to develop strength, courage, and agility, and how to protect yourself in times of danger. Later on we will tell club members how they can earn many valuable prizes!

Now, do you think you'd like to be a Charter Member? You do? That's great! Fill out the application blank and mail it immediately, before you forget. This is the chance of a lifetime to become a charter member of this newest and finest organization of its kind — SUPERMEN of AMERICA!

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU BECOME A MEMBER OF THIS GREAT NEW ORGANIZATION

1. A beautifully colored Certificate of Membership, suitable for framing!
2. A large Membership Button in full color, with a patented clasp!
3. Superman's Secret Code which you must have to read Superman's Secret Message in every issue of ACTION COMICS!

**BE SURE TO FILL IN AND MAIL
THIS APPLICATION BLANK AT ONCE!**

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVE., N. Y. C.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Charter Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME.....AGE.....
STREET ADDRESS.....
CITY AND STATE.....

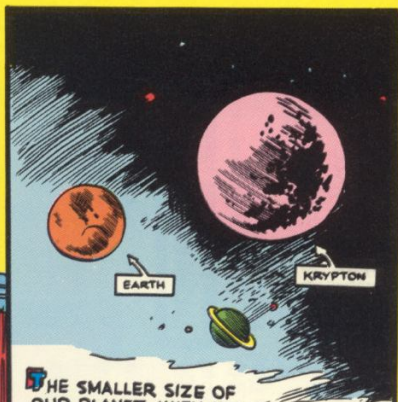
DON'T FORGET TO ENCLOSE TEN CENTS (10c)

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF THE ONE AND ONLY SUPERMAN IN EVERY ISSUE OF ACTION COMICS!

SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION OF **SUPERMAN'S** AMAZING STRENGTH --!

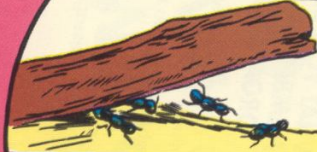


SUPERMAN CAME TO EARTH FROM THE PLANET **KRYPTON**, WHOSE INHABITANTS HAD EVOLVED, AFTER MILLIONS OF YEARS, TO PHYSICAL PERFECTION!



THE SMALLER SIZE OF OUR PLANET, WITH ITS SLIGHTER GRAVITY PULL, ASSISTS **SUPERMAN'S** TREMENDOUS MUSCLES IN THE PERFORMANCE OF MIRACULOUS FEATS OF STRENGTH!

EVEN UPON OUR WORLD TODAY EXIST CREATURES POSSESSING SUPER-STRENGTH!



THE LOWLY ANT CAN SUPPORT WEIGHTS HUNDREDS OF TIMES ITS OWN.



THE GRASSHOPPER LEAPS WHAT TO MAN WOULD BE THE SPACE OF SEVERAL CITY BLOCKS!

IT IS NOT TOO FAR-FETCHED TO PREDICT THAT SOME DAY OUR VERY OWN PLANET MAY BE PEOPLED ENTIRELY BY **SUPERMEN**



SUPERMAN

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

A CREAKING OF TIMBER — AN OMINOUS RUMBLE — AND THEN, WITH A TERRIFIC CRASH, THE BLAKELY COAL MINE CAVES IN, ENTRAPPING A LONE MINER WITHIN ITS TERRIBLE CONFINES!

TELEGRAPH LINES CARRY THE SHOCKING NEWS TO A STUNNED WORLD

STANISLAW KOBER,
MINER —
TRAPPED IN
CAVE-IN!

PLEASE, CHIEF!
LET ME HANDLE
THIS ASSIGN-
MENT!

GO TO IT,
KENT!

SHORTLY LATER A STREAKING FIGURE SPEEDS TOWARD BLAKELYTOWN AT A TERRIFIC PACE THAT NOT EVEN THE FASTEST AUTO OR AIRPLANE COULD DUPLICATE!

UPON REACHING THE BLAKELY MINE, KENT, DISGUISED AS A MINER, APPROACHES THE PIT

THERE'S BEEN NO
SIGNAL FROM THE
RESCUE-CREW IN
THE LAST TEN
MINUTES.

BACK, YOU!
KEEP AWAY
FROM THAT
EDGE!!

PRETENDING TO SLIP, CLARK FUMBLES INTO THE LIFT-SHAFT!

HELP! —
I'M FALLING!

YOU FOOL!
I TOLD YOU TO
KEEP BACK!

DOWN PLUNGES SUPERMAN
IN A FALL WHICH WOULD
HAVE MEANT DEATH FOR
AN ORDINARY MAN!



AS SUPERMAN STRIKES
THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT,
HE DETECTS --



HIS PHYSICAL STRUCTURE
UNAFFECTED BY THE GAS,
SUPERMAN CONTINUES
ALONG THE MINE'S BOTTOM --



--UNTIL
HE STUMBLES
UPON A
DOZEN
UNCONSCIOUS
FIGURES.



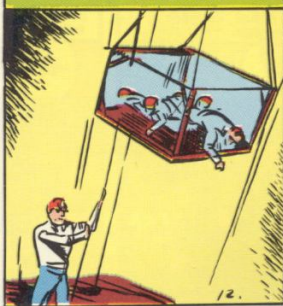
THE RESCUE-PARTY!
I'D BETTER GET THEM
OUT OF HERE BEFORE
THE GAS FINISHES ITS
DEADLY WORK!



A TRIFLE UN CEREMONIOUS
-- BUT THE OCCASION
DEMANDS IT!



PLACING THE MEN ON THE
LIFT, SUPERMAN JERKS
THE SIGNAL CORD, AND
THE ELEVATOR BEGINS ITS
UPWARD JOURNEY.



THAT'S THAT! --
AND NOW TO REALLY
GET TO WORK!



UPON
ROUNDING
A CURVE
IN THE
TUNNEL,
SUPERMAN
COMES UPON
THE GREAT
WALL OF COAL
WHICH
SEPARATES HIM
FROM THE
ENTRAPPED
MINER.



ATTACKING THE STURDY BARRIER
WITH HIS BARE HANDS, SUPERMAN
PROCEEDS TO DEMOLISH IT AS THO' IT
WERE BUT CONSTRUCTED OF PUTTY!

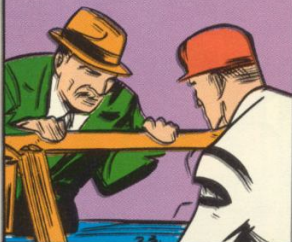


SUPERMAN COMMENCES TO CLIMB THE ELEVATOR CABLE HAND-OVER-HAND!



LOOK! — DOWN THERE! — SOMEONE'S CLIMBING THE CABLE!

HOLY MACKEREL! HE'S RISING LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING!



WHEN SUPERMAN REACHES THE PIT'S EDGE...

GOSH ALMIGHTY! IT'S KOBER!

GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL, QUICK!



LATER --

HERE'S THE DOPE CHIEF! — KOBER WAS RESCUED BY AN UNIDENTIFIED MINER... BUT THE DOCTORS SAY HE WILL BE CRIPPLED FOR LIFE!



NEXT DAY... STANISLAW KOBER, MAIMED MINER, RECEIVES A VISITOR...

MY NAME IS KENT, I REPRESENT A POWERFUL NEWSPAPER. TELL ME: IN YOUR OPINION, COULD THE MINE TRAGEDY HAVE BEEN PREVENTED?

SURE!



MONTHS AGO WE KNOW MINE IS UNSAFE — BUT WHEN WE TELL BOSS'S FOREMEN THEY SAY: *NO- LIKE JOB, STANISLAW? QUIT!*



YOU MEAN TO SAY THE OWNER DISREGARDED THE MINE'S DANGEROUS CONDITION?

YAH, BUT WE NO-QUIT-- GOT WIFE, KIDS, BILLS; SO BACK WE GO TO MINE AN' LONG HOURS AN' LITTLE PAY. AN MAYBE TO DIE!



AN HOUR LATER KENT IS ADMITTED INTO THE PRESENCE OF THORNTON BLAKELY, MINE-OWNER...

HAVE YOU ARRANGED A PENSION FOR THE UNFORTUNATE MINER WHO WAS CRIPPLED BY THE CAVE-IN?

CERTAINLY NOT! KOBER CAN THANK HIS OWN CARELESSNESS FOR HIS PLIGHT!



HOWEVER, THE COMPANY WILL BE GENEROUS ENOUGH TO PAY A REASONABLE PORTION OF HIS HOSPITAL BILLS AND MAY EVEN CONSIDER OFFERING HIM A \$50 RETIREMENT BONUS.



BUT SURELY YOU'RE GOING TO REPAIR THE BAD SAFETY-CONDITIONS IN YOUR MINE!



THERE ARE NO SAFETY-HAZARDS IN MY MINE. BUT IF THERE WERE, - WHAT OF IT? - I'M A BUSINESS MAN, NOT A HUMANITARIAN!

AND NOW, SINCE THIS IS ALL NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, LET'S CONSIDER THE INTERVIEW CLOSED!



THAT NIGHT... SUPERMAN, CLAD IN MINER'S GARB, DROPS OUT OF THE SKIES LIKE SOME OCCULT, AVENGING DEMON...

INTO THE BARRED AND CLOSELY GUARDED CONFINES OF THE BLAKELY ESTATE.



DRAWN BY THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER, MUSIC AND REVELRY...



... HE PEERS THRU A WINDOW AND DISCOVERS A GAY PARTY IN PROGRESS.

(I'VE HALF A NOTION TO "CRASH" THIS PARTY ... TO BITS!)



A PROWLER!

LOOK!



DON'T MOVE!

GOT 'IM!



SUPERMAN DELIBERATELY PERMITS HIMSELF TO BE CAPTURED . . .

WHAT WERE YOU DOIN' HERE?

HE WON'T ANSWER! LET'S TAKE HIM IN TO TH' BOSS!



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS INTERRUPTION?

WE CAUGHT THIS BOHUNK-- PROBABLY A SNEAK-THIEF, WINDOW PEEPING! SHALL WE TAKE 'IM TO TH' STATION AND ROUGH- 'IM-UP?



ALL I ASK IS A FEW MINUTES ALONE WITH THIS WINDOW-PEEPER IN THE BACK-ROOM AT HEADQUARTERS--AND YOU'LL HAVE A FULL CONFESSION, MR. BLAKELY!



WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

BEAUTIFUL LADIES-- MUCH MUSIC-- RICH PARTY-- I READ OF THESE THINGS-- TONIGHT I WANT SEE THEM WITH OWN EYES--



I SEE! JUST A SAP! -- GIVE HIM A BEATING HE'LL NEVER FORGET, GUARDS, THEN TURN HIM LOOSE!



C'MON, YOU! OUTSIDE!

WAIT! I'VE CHANGED MY MIND! LET HIM STAY!



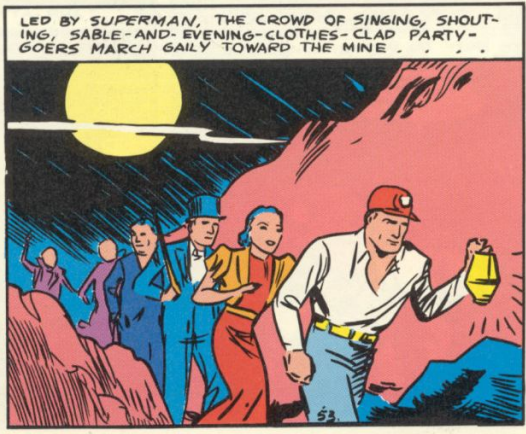
GATHER 'ROUND FOLKS! HERE'S WHERE THIS PARTY STARTS TO LIVEN UP!



NOW FOR SOME FUN! BLAKELY'S GOT ONE OF HIS COMICAL INSPIRATIONS!

ELSA MAXWELL HAS NOTHING ON BLAKELY WHEN IT COMES TO THROWING A NOVEL PARTY!

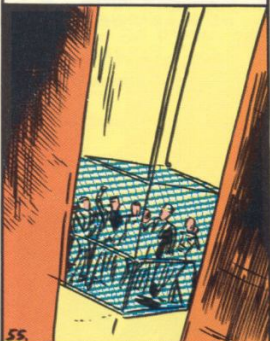




THE MERRYMAKERS CROWD
ONTO THE SHAFT PLATFORM
AMID SHRILL LAUGHTER.



A MOMENT LATER THEY ARE
ON THEIR WAY TO THE PIT'S
BOTTOM!



TO HECK WITH
TH' SANDWICHES!
WHO BROUGHT
A FLASK?

LOOK!
I BROUGHT
SOME
SANDWICHES!

ISN'T THIS
THRILLING?



BETTER HOLD TIGHT
TO THAT RAIL! ON SECOND
THOUGHT, WHY NOT
ON TO ME? WHAT
HAS THE RAIL GOT,
I HAVEN'T GOT?

FRESH!



ALL OUT! END OF
THE LINE!— WELL,
FOLKS, I PROMISED
YOU A NEW THRILL!
WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF IT?

UGH!
WHAT A
HORRID-
LOOKING
PLACE!



WHILE THE OTHERS WALK
FURTHER INTO THE MINE...

DON'T TELL
ME PEOPLE
ACTUALLY
WORK DOWN
HERE!

GEORGE!
I—I DON'T
LIKE THIS—
THIS FILTHY
MINE! WE
SHOULDN'T
HAVE COME!

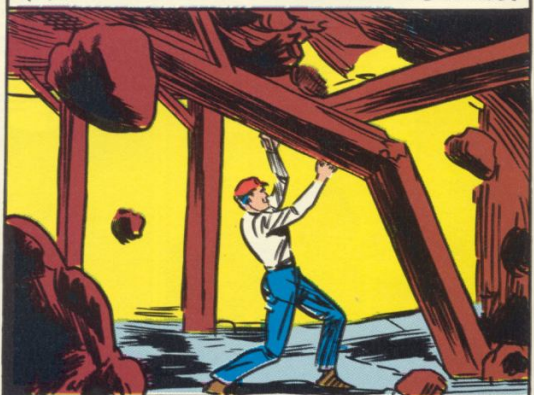


... SUPERMAN DROPS BACK ...

NOW TO PUT A
HASTILY CONCEIVED
PLAN INTO ACTION!



... AND ATTACKS THE WOODEN TUNNEL-SUPPORTS!









KNEE-DEEP IN STAGNANT WATER, STRUGGLING WITH UNWIELDY TOOLS, SLIPPING, FREQUENTLY FALLING, THE ENTRAPPED PLEASURE-SEEKERS SEEK DESPERATELY, BUT VAINLY, TO BATTER DOWN THE HUGE BARRIER OF COAL!

HURRY!
WHILE THE AIR
SUPPLY LASTS!

WE'VE GOT TO
GET OUT--
WE'VE GOT TO!



I'M WINDED!
I-- I CAN'T KEEP
THIS UP!

THINK OF THE
MINERS! THEY
HAVE TO DO
THIS 14 LONG
HOURS EACH
DAY!



MEANWHILE -- A RESCUE
PARTY WORKS FRANTICALLY
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF
THE BARRIER!



IT'S NO USE! WE'LL
NEVER GET OUT OF HERE!
WE'LL ALL DIE!



OH, IF I ONLY HAD THIS
ALL TO DO OVER AGAIN!
-- I NEVER KNEW --
REALLY KNEW -- WHAT
THE MEN DOWN HERE
HAVE TO FACE!



THAT'S ALL I'VE
BEEN WAITING TO
HEAR!



EVENTUALLY
TIRED
BEYOND
ENDURANCE,
THE MINE'S
PRISONERS
COLLAPSE
LIMPLY!



WHILE THE
OTHERS SLEEP,
SUPERMAN
TEARS
DOWN THE
BARRIER --



-- PERMIT-
TING
MINERS
TO ENTER
AND
RESCUE
THE
GROUP!



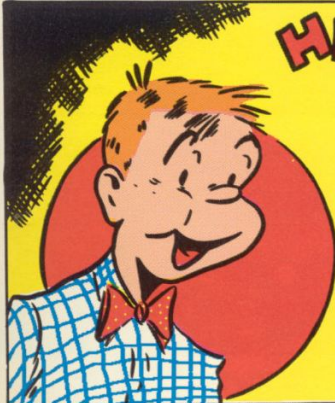
SEVERAL DAYS LATER, KENT AGAIN
VISITS BLAKELY . . .



HEY FELLERS!

Have you sent in your application blank for Membership in The SUPERMEN OF AMERICA?

If not, turn back to the center spread of this book, fill it in and mail immediately so that you can become one of the Charter Members!



SUPERMAN

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

EXHILARATED BY THE DEMON SPEED, A DRUNKEN, IRRESPONSIBLE DRIVER RACES FASTER-- FASTER STILL! ABRUPTLY... A SHRILL SHRIEK... A SHARP IMPACT-- HE HAS STRUCK A PEDESTRIAN! FRIGHTENED BEYOND REASONING, THE MOTORIST PASSES HIS CAR TO GREATER SPEED, AND FLEES IN TERROR FROM THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME!

A CROWD SWIFTLY GATHERS ABOUT THE HIT-SKIP VICTIM...

HE'S IN AGONY.

GET AN AMBULANCE!

HIGH OVERHEAD, A FIGURE WHICH HAD WITNESSED THE TRAGEDY, SPRINGS INTO ACTION. -- IT IS SUPERMAN, CHAMPION OF THE WEAK AND HELPLESS.

HIS GREAT LEAP BRINGS HIM DOWN BESIDE A RAILROAD TRACK-- ALMOST PLUNGING HIM INTO THE SIDE OF A HURLING TRAIN!

FAR AHEAD ON THE TRACK, IN THE TRAIN'S PATH, THE HIT-SKIP CAR HAS STALLED.

WITHIN THE ENGINE-CAR . . .

NOW'S ME CHANCE
TO SNEAK A LI'L
NIP WHILE HIS BACK
IS TURNED.

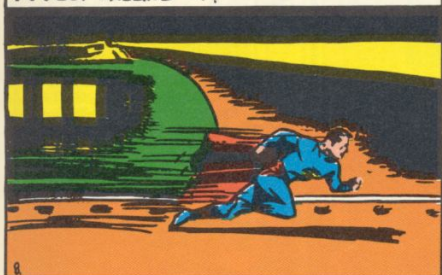


GLANCING OUTWARD, THE ENGINEER DOUBTS HIS
SENSES, AS HE SEES A FIGURE NOT ONLY
RACING THE TRAIN . . .

W-WHAT--?



. . . BUT PASSING IT!



MIKE! — A MAN
RACING US — RUNNING
FASTER THAN TH'
TRAIN — I SAW IT
WITH MY OWN EYES!

DRINKIN'
AGAIN, EH?



SUPERMAN BEATS THE TRAIN TO THE STALLED
AUTO . . .

WE'VE GOT
TO JUMP!

LET GO!



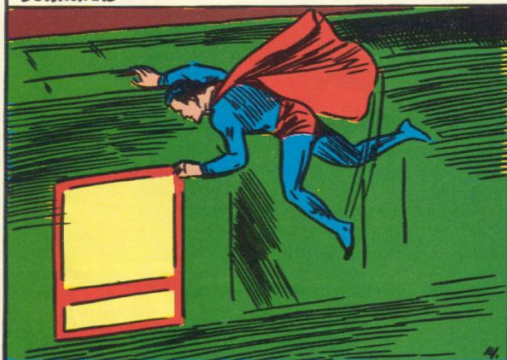
YOU FOOL!
YOU'LL KILL
US BOTH!



WHEW! —
JUST MADE IT!
BUT THIS FELLOW
HAS DIED OF A
HEART ATTACK!



SEIZING THE EDGE OF A WINDOW, SUPERMAN SWINGS
DOWNWARD . . .



...INTO A PRIVATE ROOM IN THE PULL-
MAN CAR.



WE CAN TALK HERE
WITHOUT BEING
OVERHEARD.

WHY HAS THE
TRAIN BEEN
STOPPED ?

IT HIT
AN
AUTO.

IF I DON'T WIN THIS GAME AGAINST
CORDELL UNIVERSITY, IT MEANS I
LOSE MY POSITION AS COACH AT
DALE - I'M DETERMINED TO WIN
AT ANY COST !

IN THAT CASE, WE'RE THE MEN
FOR YOU, COACH RANDALL !

YOU'LL FIND OUR SERVICES
EXPENSIVE, BUT EFFECTIVE !
ARE WE HIRED TO PLAY ON THE
DALE FOOTBALL TEAM ?

YOU'RE IN ! - BUT REMEMBER I
WANT YOU TO *GET* STEVENS,
BURNS AND LEWISTON, OUR FOE'S
BEST PLAYERS, RIGHT AT THE
GAME'S BEGINNING !

LEAVE
IT TO
US !

ROUGH STUFF IS OUR
SPECIALTY, COACH !

AFTER THE THREE DE-
PART.

HM-M ! A CROOKED
COACH HIRING PROFESSION-
IONAL THUGS TO PLAY
FOOTBALL ! - SOUNDS
LIKE JUST THE SORT OF
SET-UP I LIKE TO TEAR
DOWN !



NEXT DAY - CLARK KENT, NEWSPAPER REPORT-
ER, EXAMINES PHOTO-CLIPPINGS OF CORDELL'S
FOOTBALL MATERIAL .

HERE'S A YOUTH NAMED TOMMY BURKE,
WHOSE GENERAL BUILD I RESEMBLE .
TOMMY IT'LL BE !



WITHIN THE PRIVACY OF HIS
APARTMENT, CLARK DONS
SOME MAKE-UP GREASE-PAINT..

SPLENDID ! NOW HIS OWN MOTHER
WOULDN'T KNOW US
APART !



THAT EVENING, TOMMY BURKE RECEIVES AN ULTIMATUM FROM HIS GIRL FRIEND, MARY.

YOU MEAN - YOU DON'T WANT TO GO TO THE MOVIES WITH ME ?

NOW, OR EVER !

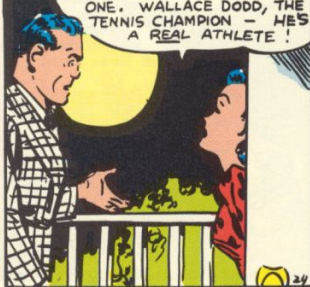


I'M ASHAMED OF YOU, TOMMY BURKE ! YOU TOLD ME YOU'D BE A FOOTBALL HERO, BUT IN THE SIX OR SEVEN YEARS YOU'VE BEEN A SUBSTITUTE, YOU'VE NEVER GOTTEN INTO EVEN ONE GAME !



I S'POSE YOU'LL BE LOOKIN' FOR A NEW BOY-FRIEND NOW.

WRONG ! - I'VE ALREADY GOT ONE. WALLACE DODD, THE TENNIS CHAMPION - HE'S A REAL ATHLETE !



LATER - AS BURKE DESPONDENTLY WALKS HOMEWARD, HE IS TOTALLY UNAWARE THAT HE'S BEING TRAILED !

I'LL SHOW HER ! - I'LL MAKE THE TEAM ! I'LL BE FAMOUS ! AN' THEN, I WON'T EVEN LOOK AT HER !



DON'T MOVE !

WHAT IS THIS ? A HOLD-UP ?



G-GOOD LORD ! - YOU'RE ME !



YOU'RE MISTAKEN - YOU'RE NOT LOOKING AT TOMMY BURKE, SUBSTITUTE, BUT AT TOMMY BURKE, THE GREATEST FOOTBALL PLAYER OF ALL TIME !



BURKE LURCHES FORWARD TO ATTACK - INSTANTLY HE FEELS THE STING OF A HYPODERMIC-NEEDLE - HE LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS !



BURKE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS TO DISCOVER HIMSELF A PRISONER IN HIS OWN APARTMENT.

W-WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME ? I CAN'T MOVE !

YOU NEEDN'T WORRY YOU'RE JUST RENDERED PASSIVE BY A DRUG.



30

BUT WHAT'S TH' BIG IDEA ?

MERELY THIS: I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR PLACE IN LIFE FOR A FEW DAYS — SO LONG, FOR NOW !



31

DISGUISED AS BURKE, SUPERMAN REPORTS TO THE LOCKER-ROOM OF CORDELL UNIVERSITY, PREPARATORY TO FOOTBALL PRACTICE.

WELL, HERE GOES ! — WONDER IF I'LL GET AWAY WITH IT ?

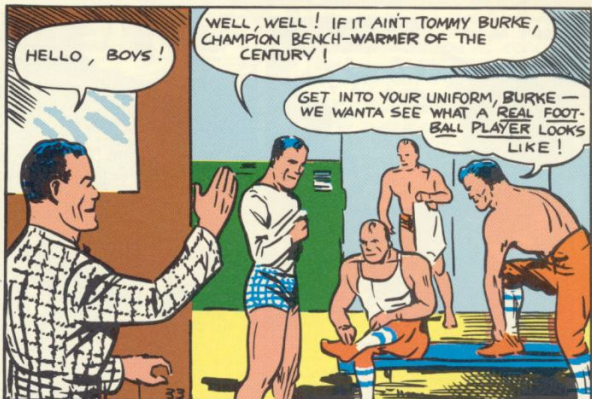


32

HELLO, BOYS !

WELL, WELL ! IF IT AIN'T TOMMY BURKE, CHAMPION BENCH-WARMER OF THE CENTURY !

GET INTO YOUR UNIFORM, BURKE — WE WANTA SEE WHAT A REAL FOOTBALL PLAYER LOOKS LIKE !



33

I DON'T KNOW IN WHICH LOCKER BURKE KEEPS HIS STUFF — I'LL JUST CHOOSE ONE AT RANDOM ... THIS ONE WILL DO.



34

SAY ! — WHAT TH' BLAZES YOU DOIN' IN MY LOCKER ?

SORRY -- MY MISTAKE.



35

I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO BE REALLY SORRY ABOUT !



36

DON'T STAND THERE GRINNING ! PUT UP YOUR HANDS AND FIGHT !

BUT IT'S MORE FUN TO SIMPLY WATCH !



37

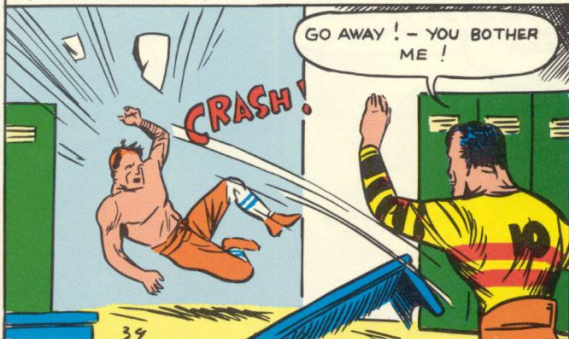
GOLLY! CAN BURKE
"TAKE IT"!

MARTIN IS GIV-
ING HIM EVERY-
THING HE HAS!

BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM TO
BOTHER BURKE MUCH!



THO' SUPERMAN IS UNAFFECTED BY RAY MARTIN'S FRENZIED
BLOWS, HE DECIDES TO END THE ONE-SIDED BATTLE. HE
TAPS MARTIN LIGHTLY --



MARTIN FLIES HEADLONG ACROSS
THE LOCKER ROOM



CORDELL'S COACH, OLIVER STAN-
LEY, RUSHES INTO THE LOCKER-
ROOM ...



MARTIN -- UNCONSCIOUS! -- WHO
DID THIS?



I-I'M AFRAID I DID, SIR!



WELL, TAKE OFF THAT UNI-
FORM AND CLEAR OUTA
HERE! -- YOU'RE THROUGH
HERE! -- BEAT IT!



THE FOOTBALL PLAYERS CHARGE ONTO
THE FIELD AND COMMENCE A PRACTICE
GAME.

GOSH, COACH! THINGS
DON'T SEEM THE SAME
WITHOUT BURKE ON THE
BENCH!



WITHIN THE LOCKER-ROOM.

FINE PROGRESS, I MUST SAY!
FIRST I GET IN A FIGHT, THEN
GET KICKED OFF THE BENCH! —
WHAT A DIRTY TRICK TO PULL ON
BURKE!



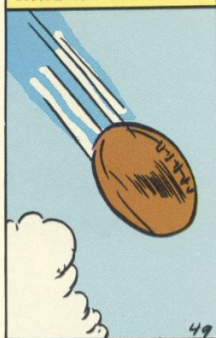
ORDERS OR NO ORDERS, I'M GOING
OUT ON THAT FIELD AND SHOW
COACH STANLEY A THING OR TWO!



LOOK! THERE'S BURKE!
— HE'S COME OUT ON
THE FIELD!



DOWNWARD SOARS A FOOT-
BALL TOWARD AN OPEN
SPACE IN THE FIELD...



ABRUPTLY A FIGURE DASHES OUT
AND SNAGS IT!



BURKE!

I THOUGHT I'D TOLD
THAT — — !



GRAB THAT MAN! GIVE HIM TH' "BUMS
RUSH"! — THROW HIM OUT TH' FIELD
ON HIS EAR!



STARTING FROM A GOAL POST, SUPERMAN LEISURELY TROTS
FORWARD, AS EVERY PLAYER ON THE FIELD CONVERGES
UPON HIM!

COME ON! THE MORE
THE MERRIER!



THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOD
THE SAP IS RUNNING FOR A
GOAL, WITH EVERYONE ON THE
FIELD TRYING TO STOP HIM
THERE GOES MARTIN!



THIS IS FOR POKING
INTO MY LOCKER!

AND THIS IS
FOR BUSTING
ME ON THE
JAW!



HE GOT BY
MARTIN!

JUST AN ACCIDENT—
HE'LL HAVE TO BE
AN ACROBAT TO
GET PAST THEM!



SUPERMAN LEAPS TO THE SHOULDER
OF ONE OF THE THREE ONCOMING
PLAYERS, AND SPRINGS OVER THE
OTHER TWO.



THERE'S YOUR ACROBAT!
HE'S HALF WAY
DOWN THE FIELD!
I BELIEVE HE'S GO-
ING TO MAKE IT!

JUST FOOL'S
LUCK, SO FAR!
WHIT'LL HE
MEETS OUR 'UNBEATABLES'!

MEETS OUR
STEVENS,
BURNS AND
LEWISTON!



THE ENTIRE REMAINING TEAM
PILES ONTO SUPERMAN!



THEY'VE GOT HIM!



BUT THE COACH IS FOOLED—
FOR SUPERMAN CONTIN-
UES TO DASH DOWN THE
FIELD, WITH THE ENTIRE
TEAM HANGING ON TO
HIM!

JUST BEFORE SUPERMAN REACHES THE GOAL-POST, HE SHAKES OFF THE PLAYERS --- THEN CROSSES THE LINE .



DURING THE FOLLOWING DAYS, THE CORDELL TEAM PRACTICES STEADILY FOR THE BIG GAME.

I STILL DON'T GET IT!
—HOW IN THE WORLD CAN
A PLAYER BECOME SO
GOOD OVERNIGHT?

IF YOU KNOW, YOU'D
BE THE GREATEST
COACH IN THE WORLD!



TOMORROW'S THE GAME WITH DALE! NOW REMEMBER --
EARLY TO BED, NO SMOKING, NO DRINKING! — PLEASANT
DREAMS!



THAT EVENING --

BURKE IS ASLEEP IN THAT A-
PARTMENT, — YOU KNOW WHAT
TO DO.



LATER —

HE'S COMPLETELY
TIED!

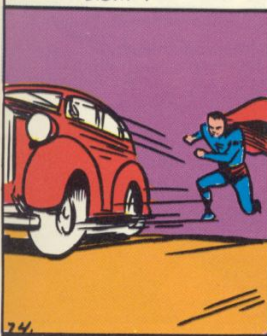
STRANGE HE DIDN'T
STRUGGLE AT ALL!



THE TWO THUGS ARE UNAWARE
BURKE IS UNDER THE INFLUENCE
OF A SLEEP-INDUCING DRUG
OR THAT SUPERMAN IS OB-
SERVING THEM FROM THE MOLD-
ING OVERHEAD!



WHEN THE KIDNAPPERS DRIVE OFF,
SUPERMAN RACES IN PURSUIT,
EASILY KEEPING THEIR AUTO IN
SIGHT!



BURKE IS BROUGHT INTO A DESERTED
HOUSE!

W-WHERE AM I?

WHERE YOU WON'T BE
ABLE TO GET INTO
TOMORROW'S GAME.

BUT YOU DON'T WANT
ME — I'M JUST A SUB-
STITUTE AND BESIDES —



ARE YOU
TOMMY BURKE?

YES, BUT IT ISN'T ME
WHO --

THAT'S ALL WE
WANTA KNOW —
THIS GAG'LL
QUIET YOU
DOWN.



SUPERMAN, WHO HAS BEEN OBSERVING THE SCENE THRU A WINDOW, GRINS.

FINE! THEY'VE TAKEN HIM OFF MY HANDS - AND THEY MEAN HIM NO PHYSICAL HARM!



77

NEXT MORNING, HUGE THROGS CROWD INTO THE STADIUM, LITTLE REALIZING THEY ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE MOST AMAZING FOOTBALL GAME OF ALL TIME.



COACH RANDALL DROPPING IN ON COACH STANLEY TO GLOAT OVER BURKE'S DISAPPEARANCE, RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE!

RANDALL, MEET THE BOY WHO'S GOING TO TAKE THE GAME AWAY FROM YOU -- TOMMY BURKE.

BURKE! - BUT I THOUGHT - I -



WHEN SUPERMAN AND RANDALL ARE ALONE.

I KNOW ALL THE DIRTY WORK YOU'VE BEEN PULLING! IF YOU DON'T KICK THOSE THUGS OFF THE DALE TEAM, AND RESIGN YOUR POSITION AS COACH, I'LL EXPOSE YOU AFTER THE GAME!

I - I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.



LATER - IN THE DALE LOCKER-ROOM.

YOU FUMBLING IDIOTS! - BURKE ESCAPED! NOW HE'S GOING TO EXPOSE US ALL AT THE GAME'S CONCLUSION!

OH NO HE WON'T!

THE KNIFE, EH?



SPECTATORS CHEER AS OPPOSING TEAMS DASH ONTO THE FIELD.

THERE HE IS!

WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL -- THE KNIFE!



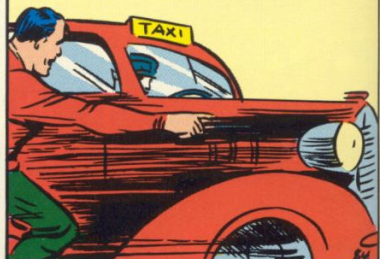
THE STARTING GUN BARKS, - DALE KICKS OFF - SUPERMAN RECEIVES AND IS OFF LIKE A SHOT!



87

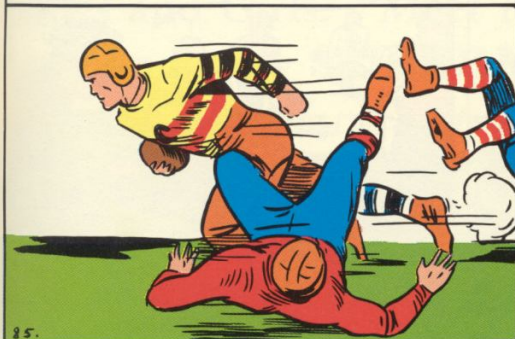
BACK IN THE DESERTED HOUSE, BURKE HAS STRUGGLED FREE OF HIS BONDS. HE DARTS INTO THE STREET!

TAXI! TO THE FOOTBALL FIELD! AND STEP ON IT!



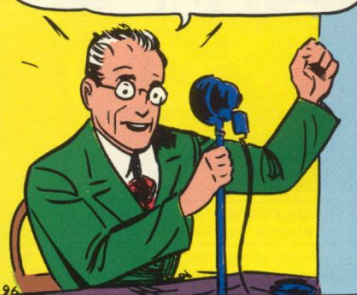
88

DOWN THE FIELD STREAKS SUPERMAN -- BOWLING OPPOSITION ASIDE LIKE NINE-PINS -- AND SCORES A TOUCHDOWN! THE CROWD GOES WILD!



SUPERMAN ACCEPTS THE NEXT KICK-OFF AND RACES FOR ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN!

IT'S INCREDIBLE! - I'VE ACTUALLY SEEN THE SAME MAN SCORE TWO TOUCHDOWNS IN THE SPACE OF A FEW SECONDS!



BUT SUPERMAN'S TEAM-MATES ARE FAR FROM DELIGHTED.

WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS, THE WHOLE TEAM?

WHEN DO WE DO SOMETHING?



WHEN RAY MARTIN SECURES THE NEXT KICK-OFF SUPERMAN CLEARS THE WAY FOR HIM.



ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN!

BAH! WITH HIS RUNNING INTERFERENCE, A TWO YEAR OLD CHILD COULD HAVE CARRIED THE BALL OVER THE GOAL!



DENIED ADMITTANCE AT THE PLAYER'S GATE, THE REAL BURKE ENTERS THE BLEACHERS, AND WITH ASTONISHMENT VIEWS A COUNTERPART OF HIMSELF ON THE FIELD SCORING GOAL AFTER GOAL!

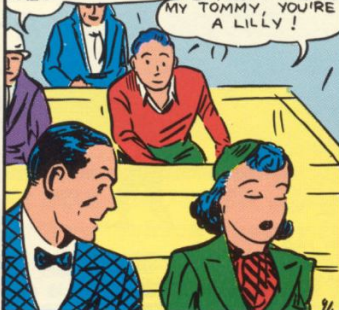
HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL CALL A COP!



BUT AT THAT INSTANT HE HEARS HIS EX-GIRL FRIEND'S VOICE.

I WISH YOU'D PAY MORE ATTENTION TO ME.

YOU MAY BE A TENNIS CHAMP, BUT COMPARED TO MY TOMMY, YOU'RE A LILLY!



REALIZING THAT HE IS NOW IDOLIZED BY THE CROWD, TOMMY CATCHES THEIR ENTHUSIASM.

COME ON, BURKE! - HIT THAT LINE! - TEAR 'EM TO PIECES!



ON THE FIELD - AS A POCKET-KNIFE SNAPS UPON SUPERMAN'S TOUGH SKIN, HE ATTENDS TO HIS TWO ATTACKERS.



AT THE END OF THE HALF, SUPERMAN MEETS BURKE OUTSIDE THE LOCKER-ROOM.

QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO EXCHANGE CLOTHES!

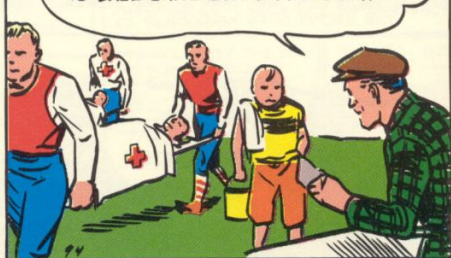
I GET IT! I'M TO CARRY ON, NOW!



WHEN HE FINALLY SNAGS IT, EVERY PLAYER ON THE FIELD PILES ON HIM.



HERE - TAKE THIS NOTE - MY RESIGNATION - TO DALE UNIVERSITY'S PRESIDENT.



AS THE SECOND HALF COMMENCES, THE BALL BOUNCES NEAR BURKE - HE CHASES IT ABOUT - AWKWARDLY - DESPERATELY -



LATER - WHEN HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

TOMMY, YOU WERE WONDERFUL - SPLENDID! BUT YOU MUST PROMISE YOU'LL GIVE UP FOOT-BALL! IT'S TOO BRUTAL!

GIVE UP FOOT-BALL? YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ASK! BUT, FOR YOU, I'LL DO IT!

AND HOW!!



THE END

WARNING:

WHEN EXERCISING IT IS ALWAYS WELL TO REMEMBER THAT OVERSTRAIN IS DANGEROUS.

BE MODERATE IN YOUR EXERTIONS!



YOU MAY FIND LIFTING A HEAVY ARM-CHAIR A DIFFICULT TASK.



HOWEVER, IF YOU LIFT SMALLER WEIGHTS REGULARLY...



... AND GRADUALLY INCREASE THE WEIGHT OF THESE OBJECTS...



YOU'LL SOON FIND LIFTING A MERE ARMCHAIR A CINCH!

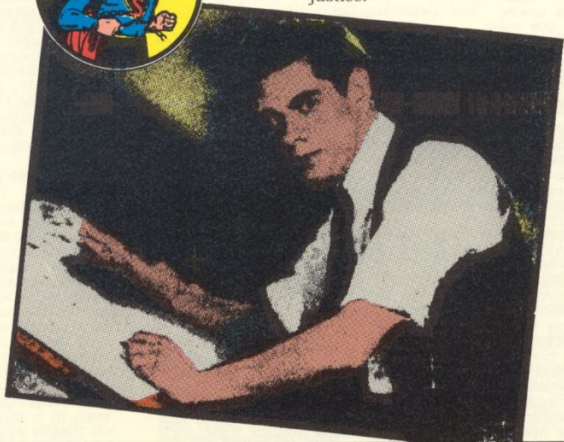
"ACQUIRING SUPER-STRENGTH"

Boys and Girls: Meet the creators of the one and only **SUPERMAN**—America's Greatest Adventure Strip!



Here is Jerry Siegel at his typewriter, thinking up his next thrilling adventure of SUPERMAN, which will be shown in the July issue of ACTION COMICS. Jerry is 24 years of age, a native of Cleveland, Ohio. Jerry has written many books and stories which have appeared in a great many magazines, but he likes SUPERMAN best of all, because he really believes in the principles which prompt SUPERMAN'S startling accomplishments in behalf of law and justice!

This is Joe Shuster, Jerry's life-long friend and associate, from whose versatile pen and brush are depicted SUPERMAN'S amazing feats. Here he is at his drawing board, about to start the new SUPERMAN episode which will be seen in July ACTION COMICS! Joe, too, is a native and resident of Cleveland and has contributed to many publications. Joe says, "I hope the boys and girls of America enjoy reading SUPERMAN, as much as Jerry and I enjoy writing and drawing it."



JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER are also the creators of "Slam Bradley" and "Spy" which appear in DETECTIVE COMICS; "Radio Squad" which appears in MORE FUN COMICS; and "Federal Men" which appears monthly in ADVENTURE COMICS.

SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL
AND JOE SHUSTER



SMASHED desks, overturned filing cabinets, strewn plaster, gaping holes in the walls, shining steel fixtures drooping in sad caricature of their former modernistic splendor, greeted the startled Detective Sergeant's eyes, as he swung open the office door to the firm *Harvey Brown, Patent Attorney*.

A quivering wreck of a man arose from the floor, stridently shrieked, "He can't do this to me! Get him! Arrest him!"

Sergeant Blake surveyed the fellow's torn clothing, mussed hair, and blackened eyes, then once again speechlessly regarded the carnage in the room. "What in blazes has happened here?" he roared, finding his voice at last, "A cyclone?"

"Cyclone, nothing!" exclaimed the trembling man. "Worse! I've just had a visit from SUPERMAN!"

"SUPERMAN!" The word burst from Blake's lips with the force of an explosion. "Yes! He claimed I've stolen my clients' inventions. After he wrecked the place, he warned me that if I didn't go out of business, he'd come back and finish the job! I demand . . ." Brown halted his tirade. The Detective Sergeant was no longer in the room.

The remaining members of the riot squad were taken aback to see their superior officer come hurtling into the hall at full tilt.

"Quick!" shouted Blake. "Seen anyone since I charged into the room?"

"No one," volunteered a puzzled officer. "That is, no one except a guy wearing a strange costume who asked what the trouble was, then stepped into the elevator."

A howl of baffled rage left the Sergeant as he sprang to the wall and desperately jabbed the elevator button. "Fools!" he roared. "That was SUPERMAN!"

Concerted cries left the policemen. "SUPERMAN! . . . and he's in that elevator! . . . What'll we do?"

Blake seized the hand of one of his men, and shoved it against the button. "Keep that pressed down for a full three minutes, Mooney—or I'll have your badge.—You others, come with me!"

Toward the nearby stairway dashed Blake, followed by his men. As they clattered down at top speed, he explained, "Fortunately, the elevator is automatically operated by the push-buttons on the various floors. As long as Mooney presses the button, SUPERMAN is trapped. And when the three minutes are up, and the Man of Steel gets off at the bottom floor, we'll be ready for him!"

Two minutes later found the policemen ranged before the first floor entrance to the elevator, guns out, all eyes strained on the indicator which showed that the car was stalled somewhere between the second and the first floor. Triumph blazed in Sergeant Blake's eyes. Visions of a pat on the back from the Commissioner, a promotion in rank, and a boost in salary, dangled tantalizingly in his mind.

"Careful, men!" he warned the officers grouped about him. "We've prayed for this break for months, and now that it's come, we don't want to miff it. He was seen going into that elevator . . . and he's bound to come out of that door any moment!"

"And that's what bothers me," muttered someone. "What'll we do when he does emerge?"

Said another "Our guns are useless against him!" "Nonsense!" retorted Sergeant Blake. "All we've got to do is keep cool, and we've got him!"

But his glib comeback didn't satisfy even the Detective Sergeant himself. There were some very wild tales being circulated about this fellow who called himself SUPERMAN. He was said to be a modern Robin Hood . . . a person who had dedicated his existence to assisting the weak and oppressed. It was whispered that he possessed super-strength, could lift tremendous weights, smash steel with his bare hands, jump over buildings, and that nothing could penetrate his amazingly super-tough skin. But, of course, pondered the Sergeant, these were mere rumors, fantastic fairy tales. Probably SUPERMAN was just an ordinary person whose better than average strength had been immensely exaggerated. Without a doubt!

Nevertheless, the hardboiled cop couldn't prevent an apprehensive shiver from creeping up his spine!

Suddenly, the arrow on the indicator began to move. The three minutes were up! Mooney had released the button, and the elevator was descending!

With a clash of metal the door to the elevator swung open. Fingers tensed on gun-triggers . . . Then . . .

A hesitant, alarmed voice broke the electric silence: "My word! Put down those guns!"

Out of the elevator stepped a slim, nervous figure, Meek eyes blinked fearfully behind thick-rimmed glasses. No SUPERMAN, this! Rather, a very much frightened young man.

From somewhere behind him, the dumbfounded Detective Sergeant heard a smothered titter. His face reddened. "Where's SUPERMAN?" he shouted at the mouse-like young man who stood before him. "What in all that's holy are you doing in that elevator?"

"I was just—er—descending to the lobby, when something apparently went wrong with the mechanism. 'I'll admit I was terrified for a few moments, but . . ."

"Answer me!" thundered Blake. "Did you see a man in a strange uniform in that elevator?"

"No one at all . . . that is, except myself. I'm afraid there must be some mistake, Sergeant. I'm Clark Kent, reporter on the *Daily Star*."

"But SUPERMAN was seen to enter the elevator by one of my men. How do you explain that?"

Clark shrugged. "It's beyond me," he said. "Possibly your man was high-strung, or had an over-active imagination."

A loud laugh went up at this. The Detective Sergeant whirled to face his men, his features register-

ing keen disappointment. "I guess it was just a false alarm, at that! Let's head back for headquarters, to turn in a report."

"I say, that's odd!" interrupted Kent. "I was just about to go to Police Headquarters myself, in search of a story. Do you mind if I accompany you?"

Later, as they sped through the streets with the squad car, Clark learned that people adjoining Brown's office had telephoned for a police car, complaining of a terrific rumpus going on in the Patent Attorney's office . . . and how Blake had expected SUPERMAN to emerge from the elevator.

"Very amusing," chuckled Clark. "It'll make a good feature article for the *Daily Star*."

"Hold on!" bellowed Blake in protest. "You can't print that! It would make me look like a sap!—Don't print it! And maybe some day I'll return the favor!" The reporter shrugged. "Well, if you feel that strongly about it, I'll forget the yarn . . . temporarily."

The conversation was cut short as they parked before the police station. As they emerged from the car, an officer rushed up and exclaimed to Blake. "Have you heard? 'Biff' Dugan has just been captured!"

A happy grin quickly chased the glum expression from the Detective Sergeant's face. "Biff" was a long-sought murderer who had been eluding the law for months. "I knew we'd catch up with that rat," Blake chuckled.

Swift strides hurried Blake and Kent into the station. A few moments later the prisoner, an ugly hulking brute who sullenly refused to talk, stood before them.

"Thought you could evade the law, did you?" demanded the Sergeant. "Well, maybe you know better now!"

Clark tugged at Blake's sleeve. "Remember, Sergeant? You offered to do me a favor. I'd like to take you up, now!"

Suspiciously, Blake inquired: "What?"

"Allow me to interview the prisoner in private."

"And what," asked Blake, "is wrong with interviewing him right here in front of me?"

"You can see he's in no mood to talk. Perhaps if I could speak to him alone . . ."

"Are you looney? It's against regulations. It's . . ."

Clark smiled tauntingly. "If I can't have this interview, I'll have to write up a certain other story. One about a dumb Detective Sergeant who had his men surround an elevator in the hope . . ."

"Wait!" cried Blake. "You can have that interview!" He added ominously. "But if anything happens to the prisoner, you'll be held personally responsible."

Shortly later, within an adjoining room, Clark was occupied with the task of prying replies from a glum prisoner when there came a knocking at the room's door.

Bart turned from the prisoner. Opened the door slightly.

It was Blake. He demanded: "Is the prisoner still there?"

"Naturally," replied Clark, exasperated. "See for yourself . . ." Abruptly Kent's words were choked off in a gasp of astonishment. Alarmed, the Sergeant burst into the room. In one glance he saw the reporter's hand pointing toward an open window . . . and no sight of Dugan anywhere.

"He's escaped!" exclaimed Clark.

Sergeant Blake roared with rage, seized the frail reporter, and shook him angrily. "You—!" he choked. "It's *your* fault! This makes you an accessory to the fact!"

The Detective Sergeant will never completely remember what happened just then. One moment he was shaking a fear-struck reporter, and the next instant he was whirling up into the air, as though caught in the grip of a hurricane. Next instant, he struck the wall, uttered a groan, and lapsed into unconsciousness.

Clark Kent looked at the Sergeant's recumbent figure, muttered, "Sorry, but I haven't time to use

kid gloves," then, with amazing rapidity he stripped off his glasses and outer garments, revealing himself clad in a weird close-fitting costume, and flaring cape. In this apparel, it was apparent that he really possessed a fine physique of breathtaking symmetry. One lithe leap brought him to the window-sill. There he poised momentarily, while his keen telescopic vision surveyed the vicinity. And then, as he sighted the figure of "Biff" scrambling into a parked auto, he dived out into space.

Out—out—sped the fantastic figure . . . its mighty muscles launching it across an incredible distance. The auto was a full three hundred yards away, but SUPERMAN smashed down into the gravel before it, just as the car's gears clashed and it leapt ahead.

Within the car, Dugan snarled. This solitary figure which had hurtled down from nowhere . . . it alone stood between him and escape. He pressed the accelerator down to the limit, with the intention of smashing into the body, crushing it beneath his auto's wheels.

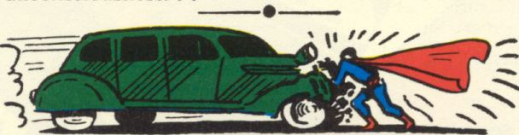
He struck the figure with a *crash!* But then, the impossible happened! Instead of being flung beneath the wheels, SUPERMAN held his ground . . . actually kept the roaring machine from moving!

Astounded by this miracle, "Biff" threw the clutch into reverse, but again he was treated to an exhibition of super-strength! Having seized the front bumper, the Man of Steel prevented the automobile from backing up!

A shriek of sheer horror tore from Dugan's throat. Frenziedly, he flung open the door of the automobile, sprang out . . . and looked up to find himself faced by SUPERMAN'S grim figure!

Half mad with fright he leapt at the Man of Tomorrow, seeking to fight his way past. But it was like bucking against a stone wall. His fists encountered flesh as hard as metal, fracturing his knuckles!

Suddenly "Biff" was possessed with but one desire. To flee . . . to get away from this indestructible demon of wrath! He whirled, raced off with all his might, screeching at the top of his lungs. Next instant, arms of steel encircled him from behind. There was a pressure at the back of his neck. Then . . . unconsciousness. . .



SERGEANT Blake revived to find Clark Kent kneeling beside him. He felt his forehead groggily, then suddenly remembering what had occurred, seized the reporter. "You're under arrest!" he shouted.

"What for?" inquired Kent.

"For aiding 'Biff' Dugan to escape, that's why! And . . ."

Clark pointed to a figure huddled on the floor nearby. "Before you say any more, look over there!"

Blake looked, blinked uncomprehendingly, then exclaimed: "Dugan!—But how . . . ?"

"All I know," replied Clark, "is that a man wearing a strange costume jumped to the window-sill, tossed 'Biff' in, then leapt away."

The Detective Sergeant sprang erect. "Do you realize who that must have been! SUPERMAN!"

Clark's eyes widened. "Gosh! I guess you're right!" "You know," grudgingly admitted Sergeant Blake, "sometimes I think SUPERMAN isn't such a bad guy, at that. But," he hastily amended, "don't think that doesn't mean I won't arrest him the minute I get my hands on him!"

"Let's hope you get within reaching distance," said Clark Kent.

Detective Sergeant Blake cast a quick suspicious glance at the reporter. For a moment he'd fancied he had detected a trace of mockery in Kent's voice. But Clark's visage was completely solemn.

THE END

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