SUPERMAN

64 PAGES OF ACTION!

ALL IN FULL COLOR

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

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

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 TERRIBLE WEIGHTS...

RUN FASTER THAN A STREAMLINE TRAIN --

AND NOTHING LESS THAN A BURSTING SHELL COULD PénéTRATE 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 WASTING YOUR TIME.

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

SORRY, FELLA, I CAN'T USE YOU!

IN AN ALLEY, CLARK REMOVED HIS STREET-CLOTHES, REVEALING 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...

LEMME GO! I AIN'T GUILTY, I TELL YA!

THAT'S RIGHT, SIMS! BEG FOR MERCY!

BUT IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD!

DON'T DO THIS TO ME! PLEASE—PLEASE!

HANGIN'S TOO GOOD FER YOU!

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

GO ON! SCATTER!

WHAT IN--?

THIS PRISONER'S FATE WILL BE DECIDED IN A COURT OF JUSTICE.—RETURN TO YOUR HOMES!

RUSH HIM!

YOU'RE BEGGING FOR IT!

THE CROWD IS ASTOUNDED TO FIND ITSELF SWEEP BACK BY THE LONE FIGURE...

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, BUT YOU'VE MY THANKS! WHO ARE YOU?

A REPORTER—LET'S GET THE PRISONER BACK IN HIS CELL.

YA SAVED MY LIFE... AN' I'M NOT FORGETTIN' IT. I'LL LET YA IN ON A RED-HOT STORY!

LET'S HAVE IT!
I'm being held for the murder of Jack Kennedy, but I didn't do it... and neither did Evelyn Curry, the girl who's been 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!
Sims told me everything—how you shot Jack, then framed Evelyn!

You attract me! I couldn't we talk this over?

You're wasting your time! I'm only interested in seeing that you get what's coming to you!

You'll regret butting into this!

Yes, I killed Jack Kennedy... and he deserved it! But you'll never tell anyone! You're not going to leave this room alive!

Out darts Superman's hand at terrific speed... crushes the automatic's barrel out of shape.

You little vixen!

Are you ready to sign a confession? Or shall I give you a taste of how that gun felt when I applied the pressure?

You -- you're hurting me!

I -- I'll get the chair for this.

You should have thought of that before you took a human life!

The governor will be interested in hearing what you've got to say!

Special news bulletin: In half an hour, Evelyn Curry is to be executed unless the governor reprieves her.

We haven't much time!
A tireless figure races thru the night. Seconds count. Delay means forfeit of an innocent life.

The governor's estate finally is reached.

Make yourself comfortable! I haven't time to attend to it.

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!

Help! Help!
YES, THIS IS THE GOVERNOR'S SLEEPING ROOM.—DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS OUTRAGE!

IT'S LOCKED!

YES! AND MADE OF STEEL! TRY AND KNOCK THIS DOOR DOWN!

It was your idea!

What's the meaning of this?

Evelyn Curry is to be electrocuted in 15 minutes for murder. I have proof here of her innocence—a signed confession!

Believing the governor menaced by a madman, the butler produces a concealed weapon.

Reach for the ceiling, quick!

Put that toy away!

I warn you! Take another step and I shoot!
THE BULLET RICOCHETS OFF SUPERMAN'S TOUGH SKIN!

THIS IS NO TIME FOR HORSEPLAY!

DON'T YOU REALIZE? I'VE PROOF SHE'S INNOCENT AND YOU ALONE CAN SAVE HER!

LET ME SEE THOSE PAPERS.

HURRY! CONNECT ME WITH THE PENITENTIARY.

A LIFE HANGS IN THE BALANCE

12 MINUTES TO GO

9 MINUTES TO GO

STOP!

THE GOVERNOR HAS PARDONED HER!

THANK GOD, I TOLD YOU I WAS INNOCENT!

HE'S GONE—DISAPPEARED!

YES— BUT HERE'S A NOTE HE LEFT, SIR. Y'LL FIND THE REAL MURDERESS BOUND AND DELIVERED ON THE LAWN OF YOUR ESTATE?

NEXT MORNING AS KENT LEAVES FOR THE NEWSPAPER UPON WHICH HE WORKS AS A REPORTER...

HAVE YOU HEARD, THE CURRY GIRL IS INNOCENT!

LET'S SEE THE PAPER!

MILES AWAY, IN THE GOVERNOR'S PRIVATE CHAMBER

GOOD! I'M NOT MENTIONED!

GENTLEMEN, I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE MY SENSES! HE'S NOT HUMAN! THANK HEAVEN HE'S APPARENTLY ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER!
THE DAILY STAR OFFICE IS REACHED...

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?

YES, BE SEATED.

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF SUPERMAN?

WHAT!

REPORTS HAVE BEEN STREAMING IN THAT A FELLOW WITH GIANTIC STRENGTH NAMED SUPERMAN ACTUALLY EXISTS. I'M MAKING IT YOUR STEADY ASSIGNMENT TO COVER THESE REPORTS. THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT, KENT?

LISTEN, CHIEF, IF I CAN'T FIND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT THIS SUPERMAN, NO ONE CAN!

HURRY, KENT--A PHONED TIP... WIFE-BEATING AT 211 COURT AVE!

I'M ON MY WAY!

AT 211 COURT AVE. ---

HOLD IT! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

DON'T GET TOUGH! TOUGH IS PUTTING MILDLY THE TREATMENT YOU'RE GOING TO GET!

YOU'RE NOT FIGHTING A WOMAN, NOW!
Y'asked for it!

With a sharp snap the blade breaks upon Superman's tough skin!

And now you're going to get a lesson you'll never forget!

Fainted!

Hearing police sirens, Superman hurriedly dons street clothes over his uniform.

It would be just too bad if they searched me.

What are you doing here?

Hello Captain! I arrived to find the place like this! Looks as tho' our friend Superman had dropped in to pay a visit!

W-what do you say to a... er... date tonight, Lois?

I suppose I'll give you a break... for a change.

Later.

Why is it you always avoid me at the office?

Please Clark! I've been scribbling "sob stories" all day long. Don't ask me to dish out another.

Nice-lookin' dame there, eh? Guess I'll cut in!

Wait Butch! Suppose her escort don't like it?

So what? If he gets nasty I'll push his face in!

This is goin' to be good!

That night...
I said run along, I'm cuttin' in!

But this is not a robber's dance?

Reluctantly, Kent adheres to his role of a weakling.

Be reasonable, Lois. Dance with the fellow and then we'll leave right away.

You can stay and dance with me if you wish, but I'm leaving now!

Why, you—!

Good for you, Lois!

Lois—Don't!

Tryin' to fud? Move quick if you know what's good for ya!

Clark! Are you going to stand for this?

Yeah? You'll dance with me and like it!

Fight... you weak-livered pole-cat!

Really—I have no desire to do so!

Wait, Lois!

But Lois—!

You asked me earlier in the evening. Why I avoid you. I'll tell you why now: because you're a spineless, unbearable coward!

Let's get out of here! I'll show that skirt she can't make a fool out of Butch Matson!

A hidden figure observes Butch and his fellow hoodlums leave the road-house...

A few minutes later
Butch forces Lois's taxi into a ditch!

Pull over there!

Let me go!

Get in that car and shut up!

What burns me up is that I let her yellow boy friend off so easy!

Well maybe you two may meet again.

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!

It's the devil himself!

Butch! Step on the gas! He's chasing after us!!!

Butch's car leaps forward like a released rocket, but is easily overtaken by Superman.
The occupants of the car are shaken out.

Next, Superman overtakes Butch in one spring.

And the car, itself, smashed to bits!

Just a minute, Butch!

Do you mind?

This will take but a few seconds.
GET ME OFFA HERE!

OKAY! I'LL CUT YOU LOOSE!

YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID OF ME. I WON'T HARM YOU.

BEARING LOIS IN HIS ARMS SUPERMAN HEADS TOWARD THE CITY ——

DONT!

SUPERMAN

NEXT MORNING

NEXT MORNING

I'D ADVISE YOU NOT TO PRINT THIS LITTLE EPISODE.

BUT I TELL YOU I SAW SUPERMAN LAST NIGHT!

ARE YOU SURE IT WASN'T PINK ELEPHANTS YOU SAW?

CLARK RECEIVES AN ASSIGNMENT

KENT, THE FRONT PAGE IS GETTING SO DULL I'VE EVEN GOT TO HEADLINE CARD-GAMES. THERE'S A WAR GOING ON IN A SMALL SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLIC, SAN MONTE, AND TO STIR UP NEWS I'M SENDING YOU DOWN THERE AS CORRESPONDENT. TAKE ALONG A CAMERA AND TRY TO SEND BACK SOME GOOD SHOTS WITH YOUR ARTICLES.

Kent takes a train, not toward San Monte, but to Washington D.C.
IN THE CAPITAL CITY, HE ATTENDS A SESSION OF CONGRESS, SITTING IN THE GALLERY.

IS THAT SENATOR BARROWS SPEAKING?

WHEN CAN I SEE YOU?

I TOLD YOU NEVER TO SPEAK TO ME IN PUBLIC!... Um... My home. Tonight at 8:30.

UPON LEAVING THE SENATE CHAMBERS, CLARK SNAPS A PICTURE OF A FURTIVE 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.

EIGHT-THIRTY A.M.!

OUTSIDE SENATOR BARROWS' RESIDENCE...

AN EAVESDROPPER LISTENS IN ON AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION!

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 FINANциально 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.

Who is behind you in corrupting Senator Barrows?

I don't know what you're talking about!

So you're one of these silent men, eh? We'll see, whether you'll talk.

Let go of my hand!

Your foot will do just as well!

Stop! Stop! We'll be electrocuted!

No, we won't!

Birds sit on telephone wires and they aren't electrocuted.
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!
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 munitions magnate. You'll find him at his Lexington Park estate!

Having secured the information he desires, Superman takes abrupt leave of Greer, springs to the top of the Washington Monument, gets his bearings, 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 insur ehe doesn't remain alive long!
Superman.

Superman steps thru the window of Emil Norvell's study and calmly confronts him.

Sorry, but I have other plans!

Whether you like it or not, Norvell, you're coming with me!

As he speaks, the munitions manufacturer surreptitiously 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 deafening 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 Montez. 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'll be on it!
Next day an odd variety of passengers board the San Monte' bound 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 despatches colored with my distinctive feminine touch!

...A group of sullen-faced toughs who possibly intend to enlist with one of the armies as paid mercenaries...

...Lola Cortez, 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 faces his cabin, there comes a knock at the door...

He answers it...

You!

Yes, -- I thought I'd drop by and compliment you on having had sense enough to show up.

That's him! Remember! -- if he dies, your reward will be fabulous!

He's as good as dead right now!

A moment after Superman departs...
AS SUPERMAN STANDS SILENTLY AT THE SHIP'S RAIL ADMIRING THE MOONLIGHT, HE WHIRLS SUDDENLY AT THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS!

ALL TOGETHER, NOW—GET HIM!

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!

THE THUGS REPORT BACK TO NORVELL...

IT WAS SIMPLE! A LITTLE SHOVE AND HE TOPILED OVERBOARD!— NOW HOW ABOUT THAT DOUGH YOU PROMISED US?

YOU'LL GET NOTHING! GET OUT OF HERE, YOU TRUSTING FOOLS, AND BE GLAD I DON'T TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE!

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

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

.. BUT INSTEAD OF CLIMBING ABOARD HE CONTINUES ONWARD UNTIL THE BARONTA IS OUTDISTANCED FAR BEHIND!
NORVELL IS SAVED BY THE TIMELY APPEARANCE OF SUPERMAN

HOLY CATS -- IT'S HIM!

RIGHT! -- AND HERE'S WHERE I EVEN A LITTLE SCORE!

SUPERMAN SUBJECTS THE TROUGHS TO THE SEVEREST THRASHER 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-HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY?

NOTHING -- IF YOU JOIN THE SAINT MOTE 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!
ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS, SIR: WE'RE TO MOVE TO THE FRONT.

THE NEW DETACHMENT MOVES IN TOWARD THE BATTLE-LINE.

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? — KILL US BOTH?

YOU'LL SEE!

WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY YOU MANUFACTURE MUNITIONS WHEN IT MEANS THAT THOUSANDS WILL DIE HORRIBLY.

MEN ARE CHEAP — MUNITIONS, EXPENSIVE!

AT THAT INSTANT — A SHELL WHINES OVERHEAD... THEN BURSTS!

THE COLUMN OF SOLDIERS DROPS FLAT, TO ESCAPE FLYING FRAGMENTS.

THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A SANE MAN! I'LL DIE...!

I SEE! WHEN IT'S YOUR OWN LIFE THAT'S AT STAKE, YOUR VIEWPOINT CHANGES!
Shortly later, the company pitches camp... retires...

Sentries are puzzled by a dark shadow...

What was that? Probably just a bird!

But in reality it is Superman speeding to a strange rendezvous.

In the enemy camp...

But the question, general, is how strong are our lines?

Impenetrable!

Smile, please! —Thanks!

At that instant a figure bursts into the tent.

A few moments later...

Gone! —But he won’t escape!

Guards!

Later that evening, Clark Kent mails a package...

Where to?

The Evening News... Cleveland, Ohio

The Evening News prints a picture-scoop...
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.

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!

SORRY, WE MUST PLACE YOU UNDER MILITARY ARREST!

BUT I KNOW NOTHING OF THIS!

SENTENCE IS PASSED --

BUT I'M INNOCENT!

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

THE PLANTED DOCUMENT IS DISCOVERED IN LOIS' ROOM!
KENT, IN HIS DISGUISE AS A SOLDIER, OVERHEARS AN ASTONISHING BIT OF INFORMATION.

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

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 STREAMS 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!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

STOP!

THANKS FOR LETTING ME KNOW!

SUPERMAN!

RIGHT! AND STILL PLAYING THE ROLE OF GALLANT RESCUE——
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 DETACHMENT 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 OVERHEAD...

THEN TOSSES HIM AWAY AS THO HE WERE HURLING A JAVELIN:

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

YOU'RE FREE TO FLEE! GOOD LUCK!
WE OWE OUR LIVES TO YOU!

LATER, AFTER DEPOSITING LOIS NEAR THE BARONTA, SUPERMAN ADVISES HER TO RETURN TO AMERICA
WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS TOMORROW -- PERHAPS NEVER!

SUPERMAN UNTIES THE TORTURER'S CAPTIVES' BONDS...
AND NOW TO ATTEND TO NORVELL!

BUT WHEN SUPERMAN
Returns to his detachment, he finds anti-aircraft
guns booming.

THE CAMP IS BEING MERCILESSLY 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!

-- INTO A HEAD-ON CRASH!

IT'S 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!!

O.K. -- But you've got to quit manufacturing munitions!

Let me return to the U.S. -- I've grown to hate war --!

Norvell hurries aboard the Baronta Trip ...

From now on, the most dangerous thing I'll manufacture will be a firecracker!

That about clears up things! Now just one more maneuver, 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.

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!

What do you want with us!
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.

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Strength - Courage - Justice

Calling all Red-Blooded Young Americans!

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

You must hurry if you want to become a Charter Member of Superman 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 in the list of stamps of order.

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!

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

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 — Superman of America!

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

Street Address

City and State

Don't forget to enclose ten cents (10c)

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!
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!

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!

The smaller size of our planet, with its slighter gravity pull, assists Superman's tremendous muscles in the performance of miraculous feats of strength!

It is not too far-fetched to predict that some day our very own planet may be peopled entirely by Supermen!
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 KOBIE, MINER TRAPPED IN CAVE-IN!

PLEASE CHIEF! LET ME HANDLE THIS ASSIGNMENT!

GO TO IT, KENT!

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!

Shortly later, a streaking figure speeds toward Blakelytown at a terrific pace that not even the fastest auto or airplane could duplicate!

PRETENDING TO SLIP, CLARK TUMBLES 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 — GAS! — POISON GAS!

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 UNCEREMONIOUS — 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.

I'll have you free in a few moments!

Got him!

Golly!—his condition is pretty serious!

I've got to get him to a hospital at once!

But when Superman reaches the elevator lift, the signal cord!—it doesn't work!
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 KOPER!

GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL QUICK!

LATER——

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

NEXT DAY... STANISLAW KOPER, 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-SUIT... GOT WIFE, KIDS, BILLS! SO BACK WE GO TO MINE AN' LONG HOURS AN' LITTLE PAY... AN' MAYBE TO DIE!

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

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

AN HOUR LATER KENT IS ADMITTED INTO THE PRESENCE OF THORNTON BLAKELY, MINE OWNER...
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 businessman, 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-THEIF, 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 SAD! -- 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!
To the right, folks, you see a social-climbing miner who narrowly missed having his block knocked off because he attempted to see how the other half lives!

I wonder what he's leading up to?

On the left, my dull-witted friend, you see a mob of pampered nincompoops whose sole activity in life is searching for new ways to escape boredom!

He was referring to us!

Blakely's going too far!

What say, folks: let's compromise!

We'll finish the party in the mine! Our miner-pal, here, will guide and feast his eyes on us — and as for us, we'll make merry in the bowels of the earth!

Hooray! The man's a genius!

On to the mine!

Led by Superman, the crowd of singing, shouting, sable- and evening-clothes-clad party-goers march gaily toward the mine...
THE MERRYMAKERS CROWD ONTO THE SHAFT PLATFORM AMID SHRILL LAUGHTER.

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

LOOK! I BROUGHT SOME SANDWICHES! WHO BROUGHT A FLASK?

TO HECK WITH TH' 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 HORRIBLE 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!
There, that ought to do the trick!

Superman rejoins the slumming party.

Where in blazes did you disappear?

I've been here all the time!

A moment later -- the tunnel is shaken by a rumbling roar!

Good Lord! What - was that?

Panic stricken, the entire group races back along the tunnel...

--- Until it is forced to come to a sudden stop.

-- A cave-in!

Great Scott -- we're buried alive!

Buried alive? -- oh-h-h.

Help! Help me -- I'm suffocating!!

No -- you can't be -- air'll last another twenty-four hours...
ANOTHER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS?

YES!

THEN WE'VE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!
WE'LL BE FREED BY A RESCUE-SQUAD IN NO TIME!

MAYBE RESCUED IN FIVE MINUTES--MAYBE NEVER!

YOU!—THIS WAS YOUR CLEVER IDEA!

DON'T HIT ME!

STeady!

I'VE HALF A MIND TO LET HIM LOOSE!

DON'T!

WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THEM SOONER?
... WE'RE AS GOOD AS SAVED RIGHT NOW!

THANK GOODNESS FOR THE SAFETY DEVICES!

WHew! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT WE WERE DOOMED!
See? I smash the glass cover then jerk down the electric signal lever!

Forgive me old man, I'm sorry I flew off the handle!

That's all right!

What th'—! It—doesn't—work!

Like other safety devices in the mine... Rusty, no good!

You blasted skin-flint! If you'd have had the mine equipped with proper safety precautions, we might have gotten out alive!

Stop him!

This is no time to quarrel among ourselves!

Our lives are at stake!

Correct! Here are some picks and shovels abandoned by workers you! Take this pick and get busy.

I'm content to die— if you want to live, you dig!

If we ever get out of here, my first act will be to fire you!

If we get out!
Knee-deep in stagnant water, struggling with unwieldy tools, slipping, frequently falling, the trapped 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!
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!
EXHILARATED BY THE DEMON SPEED, A DRUNKEN, IRRESPONSIBLE DRIVER RACES FASTER—FASTER STILL! ABRUPTLY... A SHRIEK... A SHARP IMPACT—HE HAS STRUCK A PEDESTRIAN! FRIGHTENED BEYOND REASONING, THE MOTORIST PRESSES 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 HURTLING 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!

WHHEW! -- 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 Pullman car.

Oh oh, someone's entering.

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 depart.

Hm-m! A crooked coach hiring professional thugs to play football! Sounds like just the sort of set-up I like to tear down!

Next day — Clark Kent, newspaper reporter, examines photo-clippings of Cordell's football material.

Here's a youth named Tommy Burke, whose general build 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 DONT WANT TO GO TO TH' 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'DOYE 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 TOTALy 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.

BUT WHAT'S THIS BIG IDEA? MERELY THIS: I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR PLACE IN LIFE FOR A FEW DAYS - SO LONG, FOR NOW!

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?

HELLO, BOYS!

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

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

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

SAY! - WHAT TH' BLAZES YOU Doin' IN MY LOCKER?

SORRY -- MY MISTAKE.

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

DONT STAND THERE GRINNING! PUT UP YOUR HANDS AND FIGHT!

BUT IT'S MORE FUN TO SIMPLY WATCH!
Golly! Can Burke “take it”!

Martin is giving him every-things he has!

But it doesn’t seem to bother Burke much!

though Superman is unaffected by Ray Martin’s frenzied blows, he decides to end the one-sided battle. He taps Martin lightly —

Go away! — you bother me!

Martin flies headlong across the locker room.

He’s out!

Cold!

Why all the noise? What’s going on here?

Cordell’s coach, Oliver Stanley, rushes into the locker room...

Martin — unconscious! — who did this?

I’m afraid I did, sir!

So you’ve turned trouble-maker, eh Burke?

Well, take off that uniform and clear out 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!

I don’t know what got into him, he always was meek as a lamb, but today...
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!

— OH-Oh! — WAIT'LL COACH SEES HIM!

DOWNWARD SOARS A FOOTBALL TOWARD AN OPEN SPACE IN THE FIELD . . .

ABRUPTLY A FIGURE DASHES OUT AND SNAPS IT!

BURKE! — I THOUGHT I'D TOLD THAT — !

GRAB THAT MAN! GIVE HIM TH' "BUM'S 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!

Just an accident—he'll have to be an acrobat to get past them!

He got by Martin!

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 going to make it!

Just fool's luck, so far! Wait'll he meets our 'unbeatables' Stevens, Burns and Lewiston!

Allez-oop!

The entire remaining team piles onto Superman!

They've got him!

But the coach is fooled—for Superman continues 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.

AND THAT -- IS THAT!

TOUCHDOWN!

BURKE, HAVE YOU BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME?

WHAT'S COME OVER BURKE?

BOY! WHATTA RUN!

AND TO THINK I LET THIS GUY SIT ON THE BENCH FOR SIX ENTIRE SEASONS!

BUT HE CAN BE IN OUR LAST GAME -- THE ONE AGAINST DALE, WHICH WILL DECIDE THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

THIS THE SPORTS EDITOR OF THE 'NEWS'?

LISTEN! I'VE A PLAYER NAMED TOMMY BURKE WHO'S A MARVEL, A SENSATION! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

BURKE? -- DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! IT'S NO SECRET HE'S THE JOKE OF THE CORDELL TEAM -- WHAT IS THIS? A GAG?

IN BURKE'S APARTMENT --

WHAT'S SO FUNNY? THIS ARTICLE ABOUT YOU -- SATIRICAL BUT STILL, GOOD PUBLICITY!

AT DALE UNIVERSITY --

THIS ARTICLE PLAYS UP BURKE AS A CLOWN. BUT JUST THE SAME, I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF CORDELL'S STAR PLAYER DISAPPEARED.

UNTIL THE GAME WAS OVER EH, BOSS?

WE GET YOU!
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 knew, 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 apartment, -- 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 observing them from the molding overhead!

When the kidnappers drive off, Superman races in pursuit, easily keeping their auto in sight!

Burke is brought into a deserted house!

Where you won't be able to get into tomorrow's game.

But you don't want me -- I'm just a substitute 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!

Next morning, huge throngs 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 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!

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!
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?

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-girlfriend'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.

Here - take this note - my resignation to Dale University's president.

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!

As the second half commences, the ball bounces near Burke - he chases it about awkwardly - desperately -

When he finally snags it, every player on the field piles onto him.

Later - when he regains consciousness...

Tommy, you were wonderful - splendid! but you must promise you'll give up football! it's too brutal!

Give up football? You don't know what you ask! But, for you, I'll do it!

And how!

The end

“ACQUIRING SUPER-STRENGTH”

Warning: When exercising it is always well to remember that overstrain is dangerous. Be moderate in your exertions!

You may find lifting a heavy armchair a difficult task.

However, if you lift smaller weights regularly...

... and gradually increase the weight of those objects...

You'll soon find lifting a mere armchair, a cinch!
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.
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,-striently 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 client's 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 out 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 muffle 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 hesitating, 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 overactive 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. We 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!”

Blake 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’s the reason? I’m going, 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 man stranded on an elevator.”

“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 grim 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 yourselves... Abruptly Kent’s words were checked off in a burst 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 chokeder, “Your fault! This makes you an accessory to the fact!”

The Detective Sergeant will never completely re-member 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, muttering, “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 final physique of breathtaking beauty.

One little leap brought him to the window-sill. There he posed 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 veered in full three hundred yards away, but Superman smashed down into the gravel before it, just as the car’s gears crashed 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 smothering 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 exhilarating display 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, but the Man of Steel was upon him in an instant, arms of steel encircled him from behind. There was a pressure at the back of his neck. Then ... unconsciousness ...
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