

No. 2

# SUPERMAN

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# SUPERMAN

THE MAN OF  
TOMORROW!

THE FURTHER BREATH-TAKING  
EXPLOITS OF THAT AMAZING  
CHARACTER - **SUPERMAN!**  
AMERICA'S GREATEST  
ADVENTURE STRIP!



ONE EVENING, WHILE OUT SEARCHING FOR SOMEONE IN NEED OF ASSISTANCE, SUPERMAN SIGHTS . . .

SOMEONE'S FALLING!



DOWN STREAK THE TWO FIGURES . . . DELIBERATELY, SUPERMAN RECEIVES THE BRUNT OF THE SHOCK WHEN THEY STRIKE WATER . . . .



LATER . . . WHEN THEY REACH SHORE

HE'S REVIVING! — HIS FACE . . . IT LOOKS FAMILIAR . . . AND YET, I CAN'T RECALL WHO HE IS!



WH-WHERE -- W-WHO--?

I SAVED YOU FROM FALLING TO YOUR DEATH. -- WHAT IS YOUR NAME? I'VE SEEN YOU BEFORE, BUT YOUR EXACT IDENTITY HAS SLIPPED MY MEMORY!



WHOA! IS THAT THE WAY FOR YOU TO BEHAVE TOWARD THE MAN WHO SAVED YOUR LIFE?

FOOL! I WAS COMMITTING SUICIDE!





ON A FURY, THE MAN ATTACKS SUPERMAN....

"I'LL TEACH YOU  
TO INTERFERE IN  
OTHER PEOPLE'S  
LIVES!"

SAY, YOU CERTAINLY  
CAN HANDLE YOUR  
DUKES! — COULD,  
YOU BE...?



I'VE GOT IT! -- YOU'RE  
LARRY TRENT, EX-HEAVY-  
WEIGHT CHAMPION  
OF THE WORLD!



SO THAT'S WHO YOU ARE!  
LARRY TRENT, EX-HEAVY-  
WEIGHT CHAMP OF THE  
WORLD! — WHAT-  
EVER DROVE YOU  
TO SUICIDE?

I'VE LOST ALL  
FAITH IN PEOPLE  
AND MYSELF.  
THERE'S NOTHING  
TO LIVE FOR!



LARRY'S  
STORY  
OF  
HIS  
DOWN-  
FALL

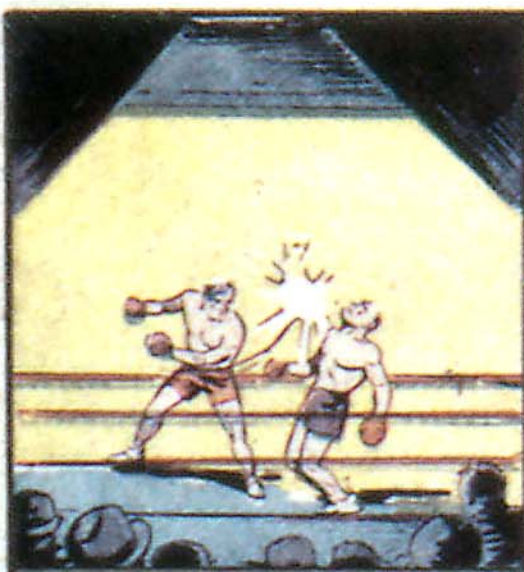
"MY CROOKED MANAGER  
WORKED HAND-IN-GLOVE  
WITH RUTHLESS GANGSTERS..."

GET IT? LARRY TRENT  
LOSES THE CHAMPIONSHIP  
AND YOU GET CUT IN ON  
TH' HEAVY BETTINGS  
— BUT IF HE  
WINS...

DON'T WORRY.  
TH' BOY REFUSES  
TO TAKE A DIVE  
BUT LEAVE IT  
TO ME!



"ON THE NIGHT OF THE  
BIG FIGHT, HE PLACED A  
DRUG IN MY DRINK."

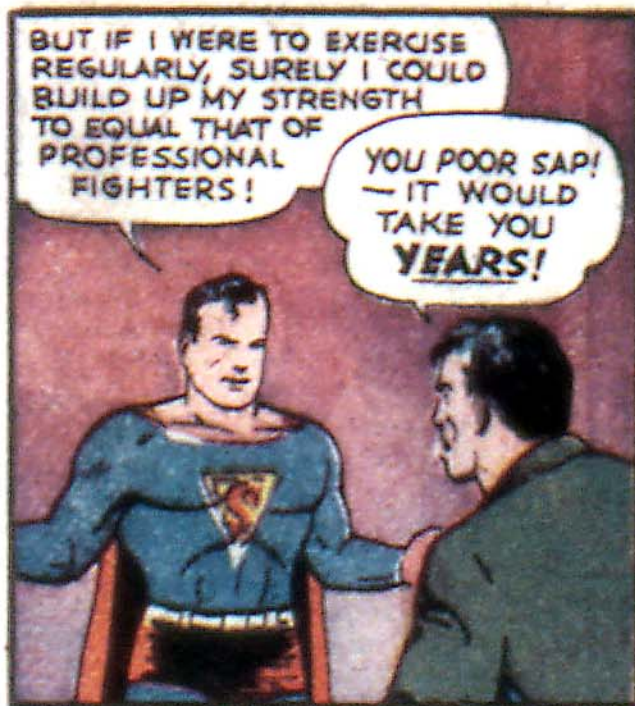
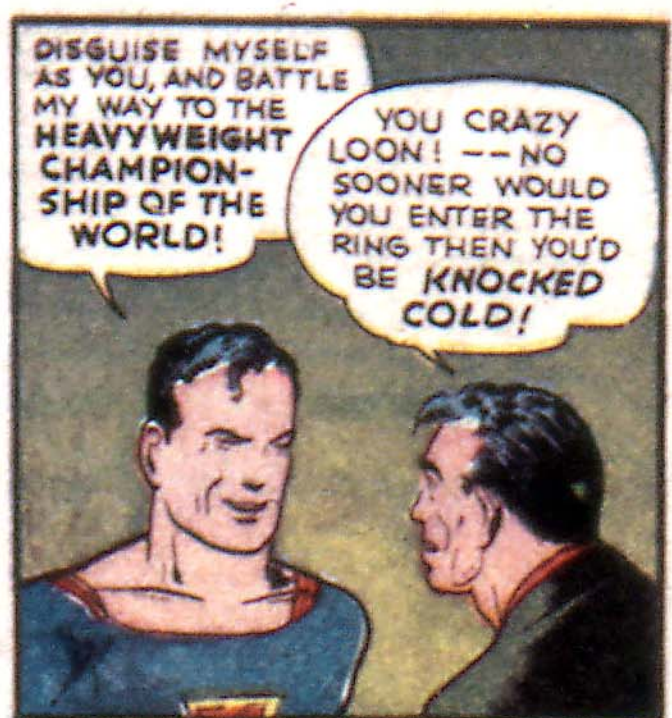
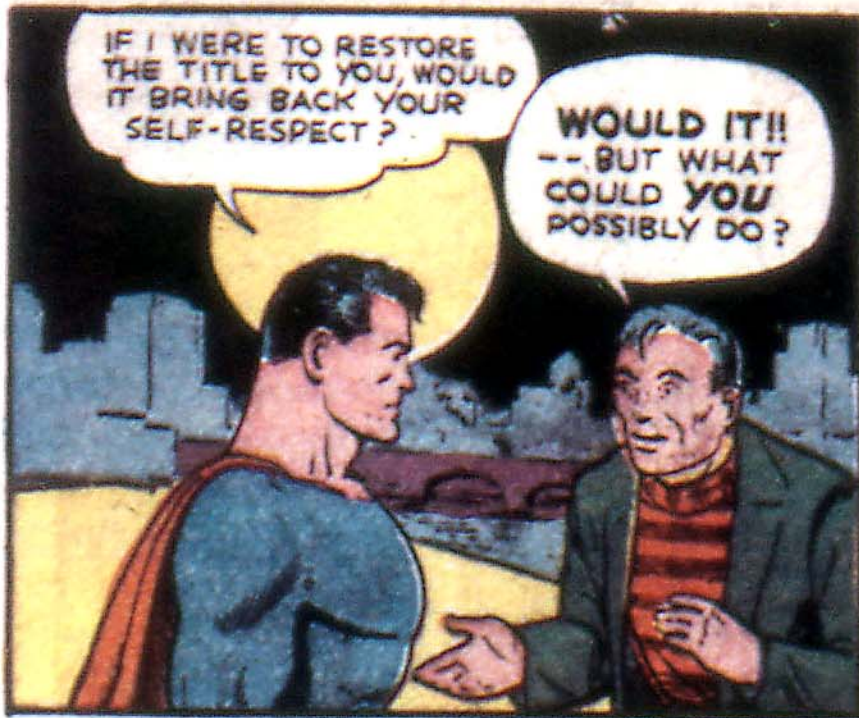


"MY SENSES REELING FROM THE  
EFFECTS OF THE DRUG, I WAS  
KAYOED -- LOST MY TITLE."

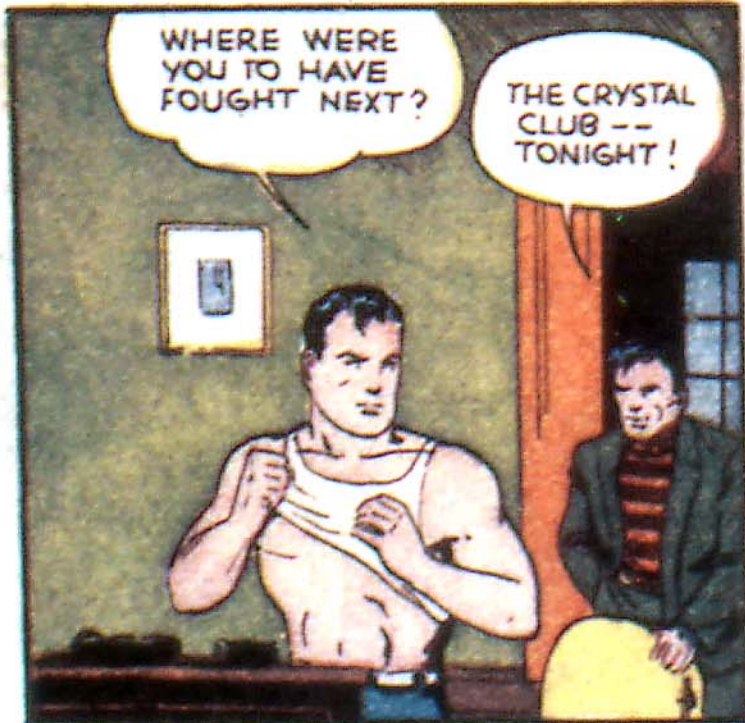
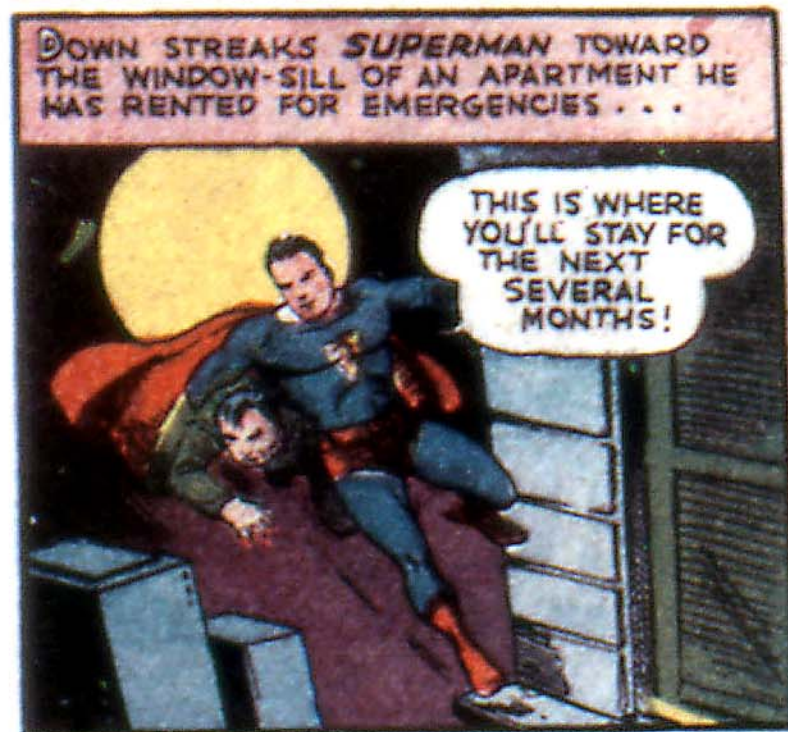
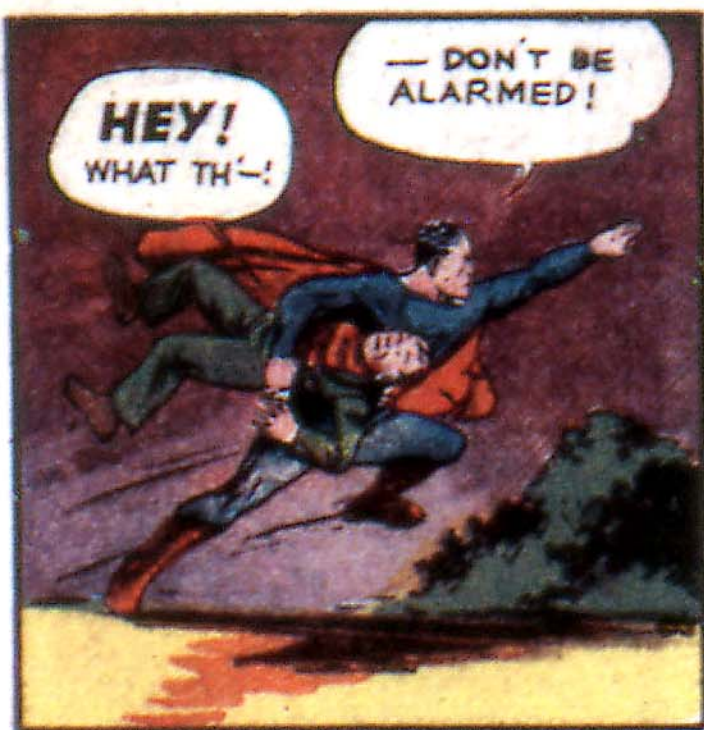
I'VE GONE STEADILY  
DOWN SINCE THEN, UNTIL  
NOW I'M A STUMBLE-BUM,  
FIGHTING FOR \$5 A NIGHT  
... WHEN I CAN GET IT..  
-- I WISH YOU HAD  
LET ME DIE!











APPLYING MAKE-UP, **SUPERMAN** EXPERTLY ALTERS THE APPEARANCE OF HIS FEATURES



DISGUISED AS LARRY TRENT, SUPERMAN ENTERS THE REAR OF THE CRYSTAL CLUB

GET OVER THERE WITH THE OTHERS, TRENT!

OKAY, BOSS.



NOW LISTEN, YOU MUGS, I WANT ACTION, SEE? AND PLENTY OF LAUGHS! — NOW GET INTO THE RING AND WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, **START SOCKIN'!**



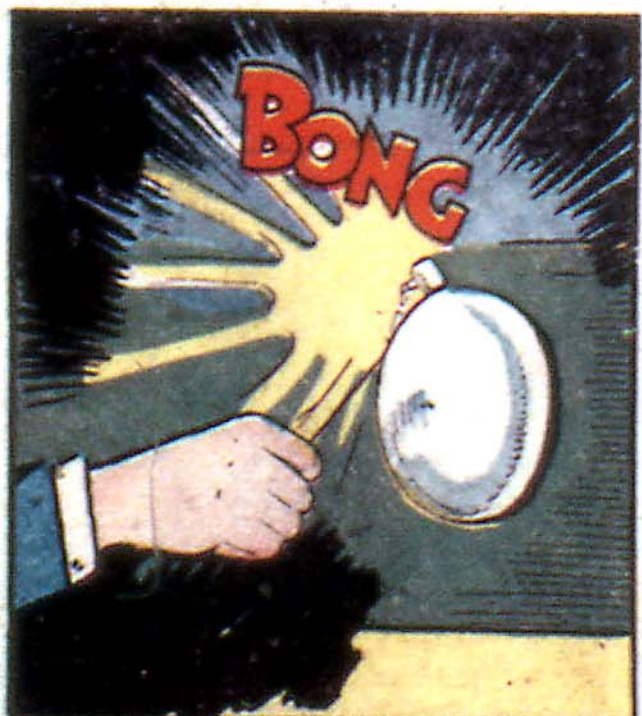
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU'RE ABOUT TO WITNESS **TWELVE MEN** BATTLING TOGETHER IN **ONE RING!** NOW I ASK YA: IS THAT GIVIN' YOU YER MONEY'S WORTH? IS IT?

LET 'EM LOOSE!

HOO-RAY!



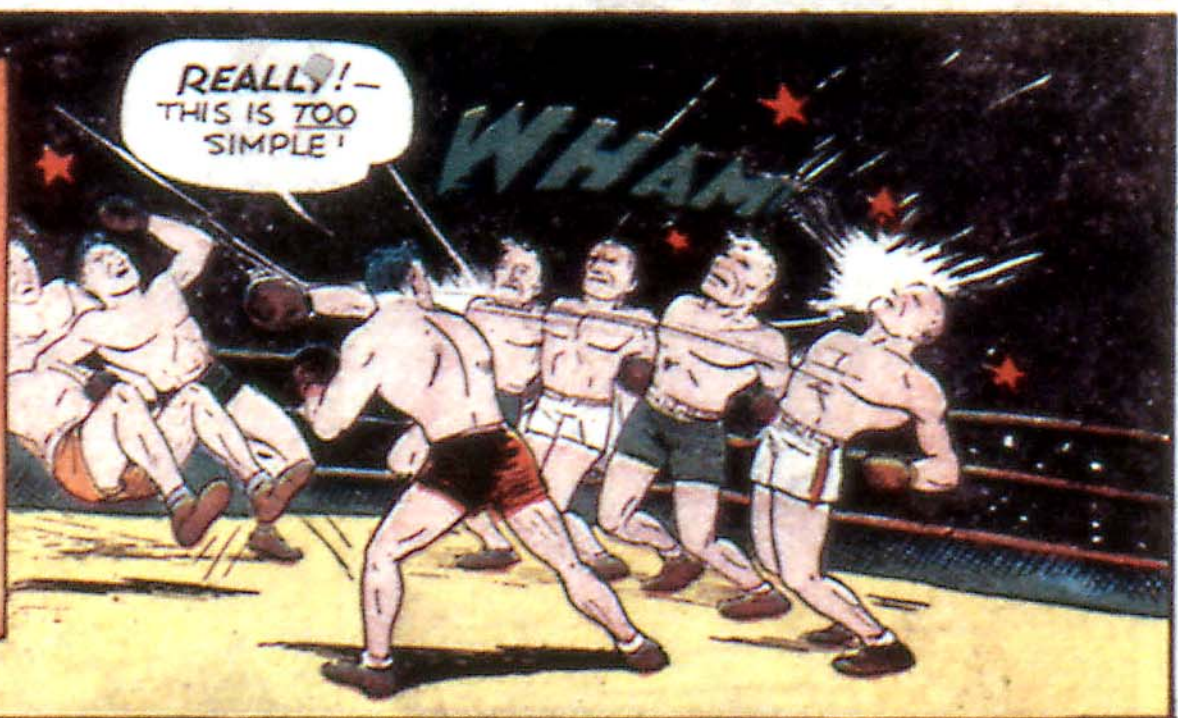
**BONG**



AT THE SOUND OF THE BELL, SUPERMAN IS OFF LIKE A STREAKING ARROW!

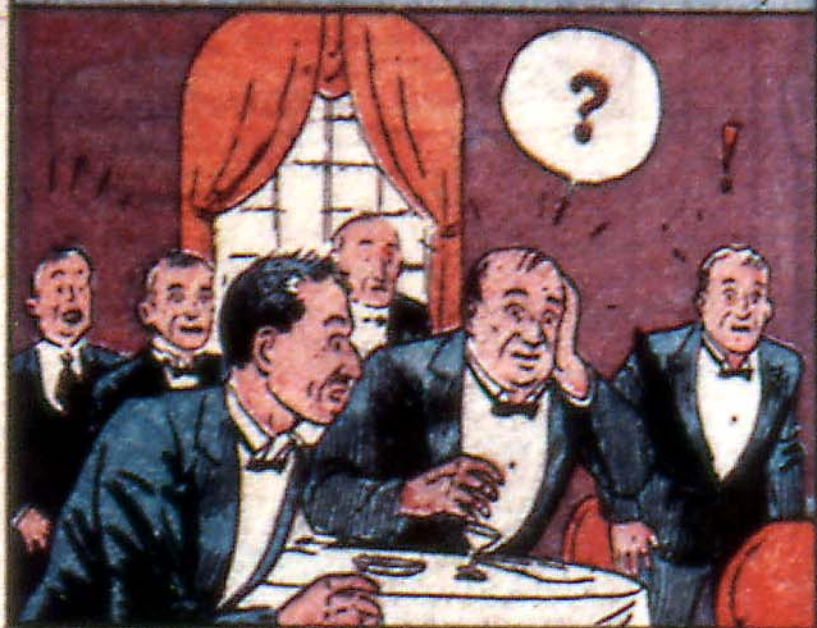
FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, HE CLIPS ELEVEN EXPOSED JAWS!

REALLY! — THIS IS TOO SIMPLE!





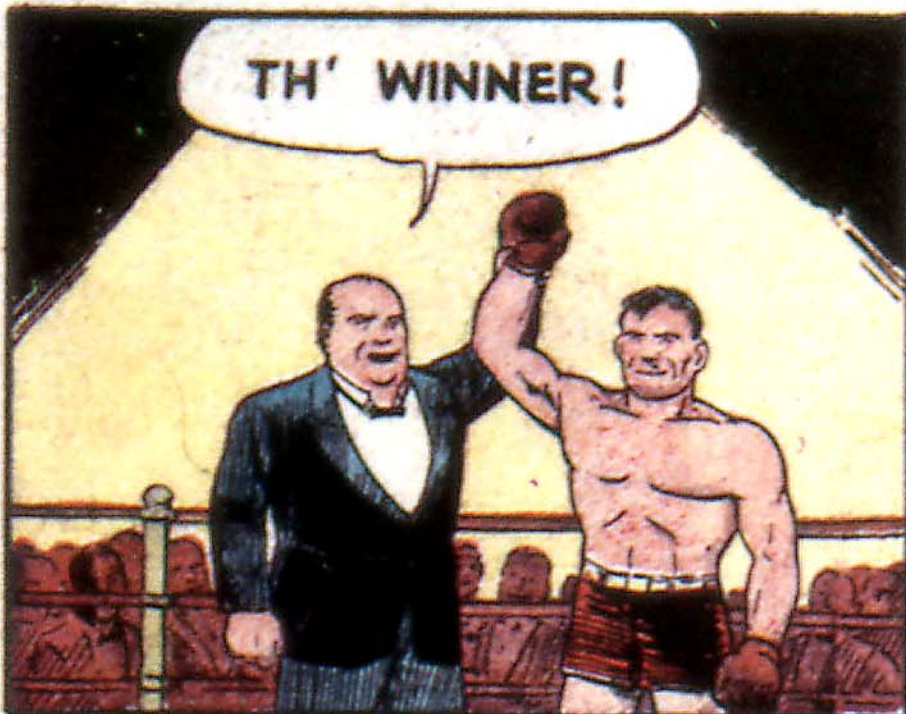
AND WITHIN THE SPACE OF  
ONE SECOND . . .



. . . IS THE ONLY CONSCIOUS BATTLER  
LEFT IN THE RING!



TH' WINNER!



JUMPIN' JITTERBUGS,  
LARRY, SEE JOCK KANE,  
TH' FAMOUS FIGHT  
PROMOTER AN' SAY  
I SENT YOU! — —  
KID, YOU'LL BE A  
**SENSATION**  
AGAIN!

THANKS.



LATER . . . THE MAN OF STEEL'S APART-  
MENT -- AS SUPERMAN SPARS WITH  
LARRY TRENT . . .

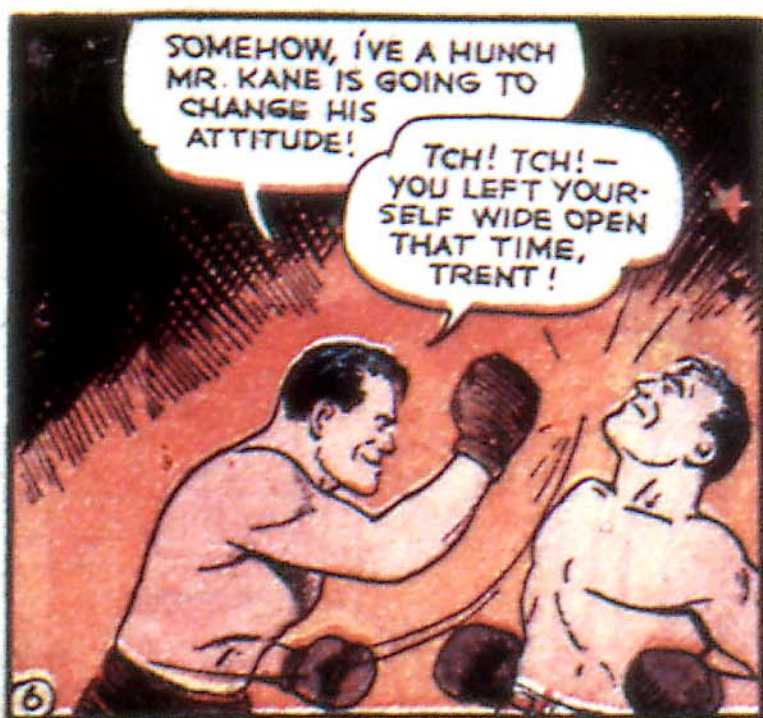
AND SO I WAS  
TOLD TO VISIT  
JOCK KANE.

KANE? — EVER  
SINCE I LOST THE  
TITLE, I'VE BEEN  
THAT GUY'S  
PET HATE!



SOMEHOW, I'VE A HUNCH  
MR. KANE IS GOING TO  
CHANGE HIS  
ATTITUDE!

TCH! TCH! —  
YOU LEFT YOUR-  
SELF WIDE OPEN  
THAT TIME,  
TRENT!



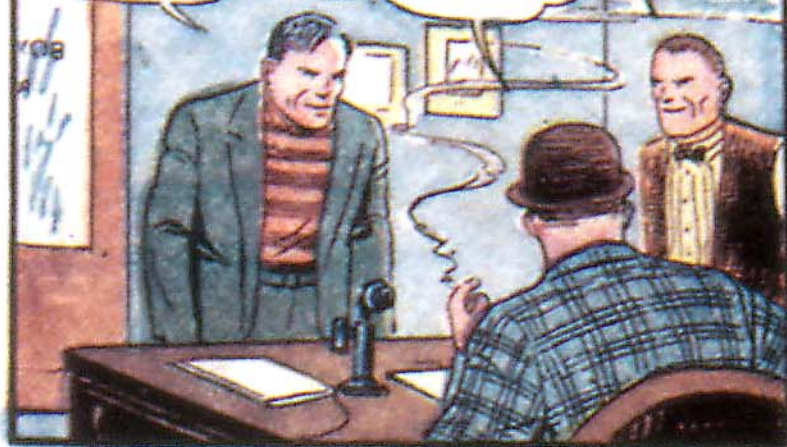


NEXT MORNING, DISGUISED AS TRENT, SUPERMAN CALLS ON KANE . . .

CHARLIE BENNETT SENT ME HE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT ARRANGE A FIGHT FOR ME, AGAIN!

HEAR THAT, "SLUGGER"?

TH' GUY'S SLAP-HAPPY!



LISTEN, YOU BROKEN-DOWN BUM OF A HAS-BEEN, WE GOT NO USE FOR TRASH AROUND HERE! — CLEAR OUT!

BUT CHARLIE SAID . . .



(— WAIT, JOCK! STALL FOR TIME WHILE I RIB TH' DUMB CLUCK!

(— HO! HO! — I GET IT! TH' "HOT FOOT!" )



THIS IS GONNA BE FUNNY!



EVEN FUNNIER THAN YOU EXPECT, "SLUGGER"!

SUPERMAN IS UNAWARE HE IS GETTING THE "HOT-FOOT" UNTIL--

(— WHAT TH'—! DON'T HE EVEN FEEL IT? —)



-----"SLUGGER" BURNS HIS OWN FINGERS!

OUCH! — MY FINGER!







PRACTICAL JOKER, EH?  
—LAUGH **THIS**  
OFF!!



GOOD GRIEF, TRENT!  
YOU'VE KNOCKED OUT  
"SLUGGER" DOLAN,  
ONE OF TH' TOUGH-  
EST FIGHTERS  
IN TH' GAME!

FOR A TOUGH  
GUY, HE'S GOT  
A MIGHTY  
SOFT CHIN!



OH-HH! MY  
'HEAD! — WHY  
DIDN'T YA WARN  
ME HE HAD A  
SLEDGE-  
HAMMER!

SLEDGE-  
HAMMER  
NOTHIN'! THAT  
WAS HIS **FIST!**



GET OUTTA  
HERE, BEFORE  
I CALL A COP!

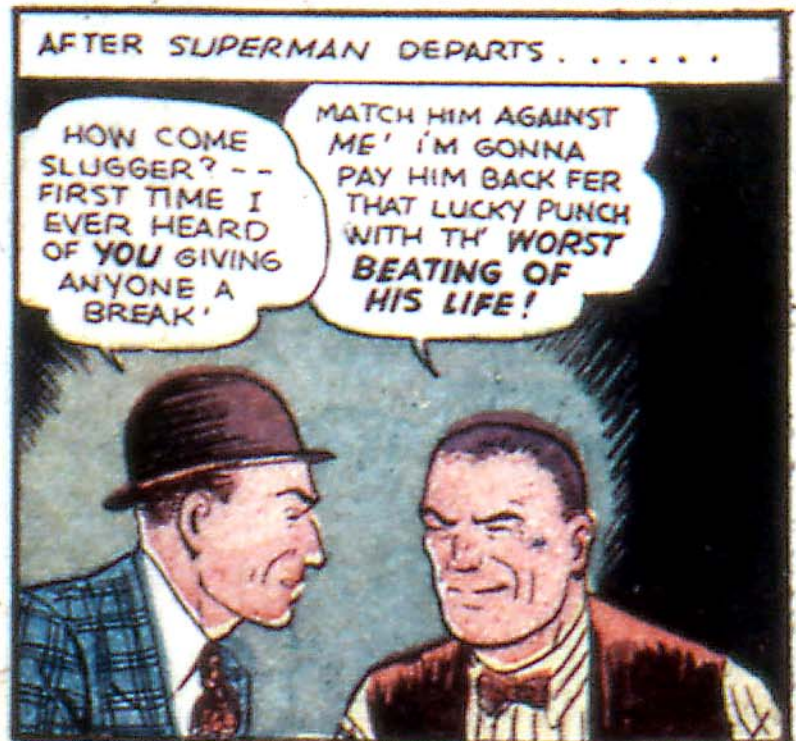
WAIT! —  
TH' KID'S GOT  
SOMETHING!  
WHY NOT GIVE  
IM A BREAK AN'  
PUT HIM IN TH'  
RING AGAIN!



OKAY!  
IF YOU SAY SO  
"SLUGGER"

HEAR THAT?  
YER GONNA  
HAVE A CHANCE  
FER A COME-  
BACK!

GEE,  
THANKS!



AFTER SUPERMAN DEPARTS . . . . .

HOW COME  
SLUGGER? —  
FIRST TIME I  
EVER HEARD  
OF YOU GIVING  
ANYONE A  
BREAK!

MATCH HIM AGAINST  
ME! I'M GONNA  
PAY HIM BACK FER  
THAT LUCKY PUNCH  
WITH TH' WORST  
**BEATING OF  
HIS LIFE!**





ANY LUCK?

I'VE LANDED A MATCH  
WITH "SLUGGER" BARNES  
—ARE YOU READY  
FOR YOUR DAILY  
WORK-OUT, LARRY?



AW, WHAT'S TH' USE? I'LL NEVER  
GET BACK INTO  
GOOD CONDITION  
ANYWAY!

SO YOU  
WON'T FIGHT  
EH?



WHAT YOU NEED  
IS A LITTLE  
ENCOURAGE-  
MENT!

WHY, YOU—!  
(SPLUTTER)



BLAST YA!—  
I'LL MOW YA  
DOWN!

IT WORKED!



THE EVENING OF THE BARNES VS.  
TRENT FIGHT— OUTSIDE THE ARENA...

I'VE GOT TO HURRY  
TO MY DRESSING-  
ROOM NOW --  
SEE YOU LATER,  
LARRY!

IT'S GONNA BE A  
FUNNY SENSATION  
-- WATCHIN' MYSELF  
BATTLIN' IN THE  
RING!

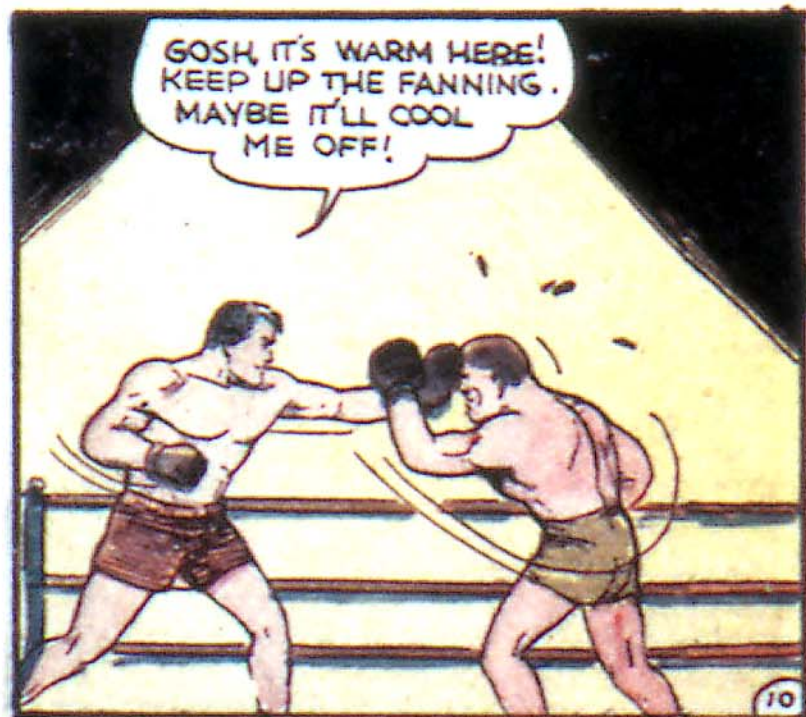
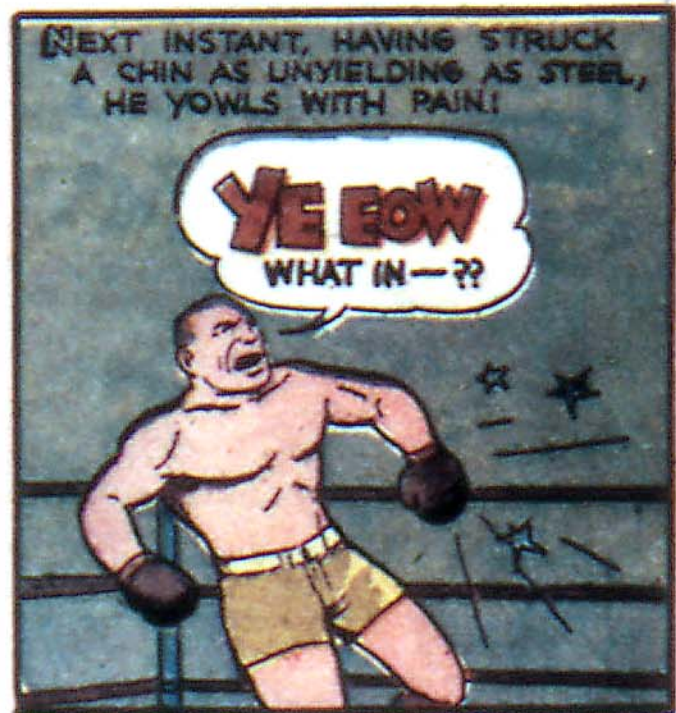
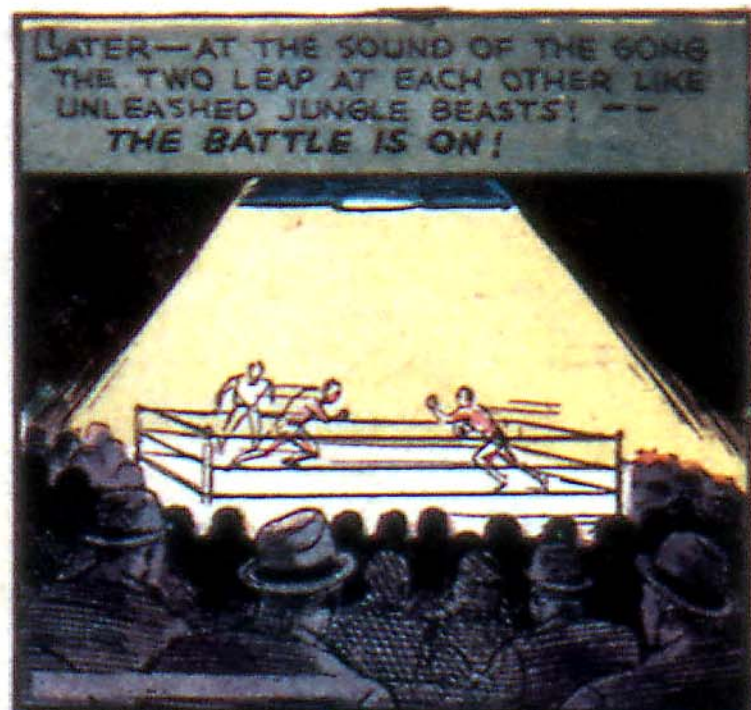
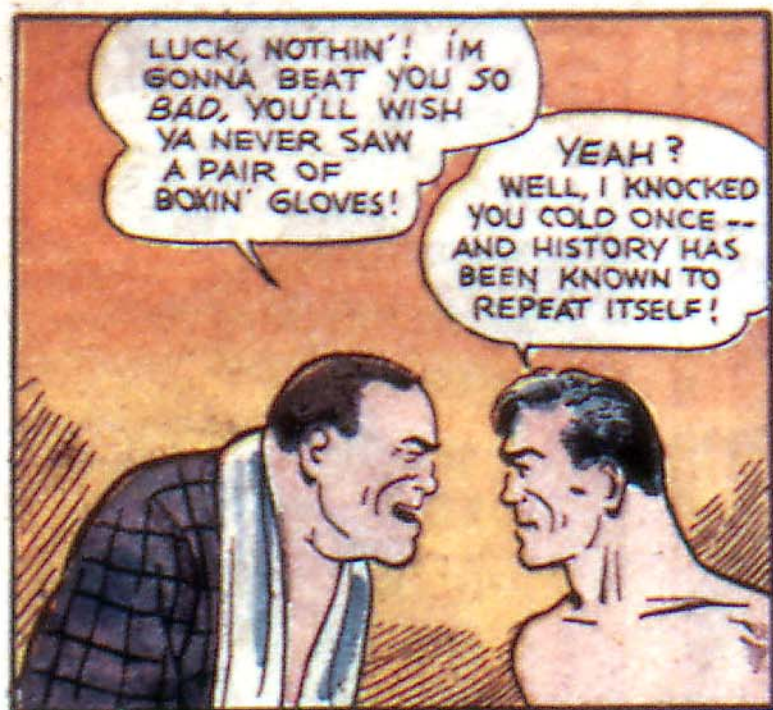
EXIT →



WELL, KID! IN A FEW  
MINUTES WE'LL  
BE SLUGGIN'  
AWAY!

THANKS FOR  
DROPPIN' IN TO  
WISH ME LUCK,  
BARNES

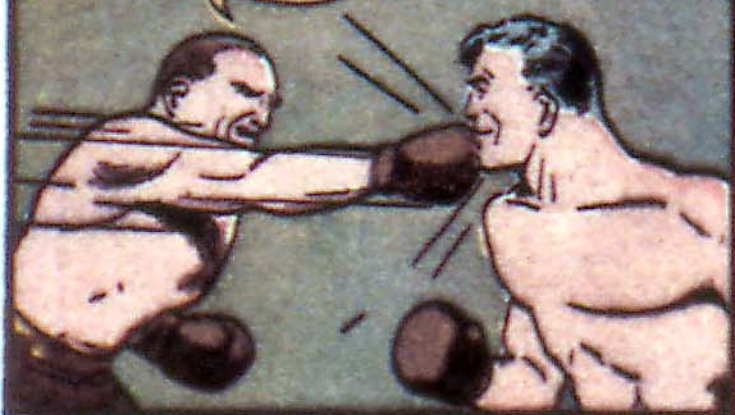






EACH TIME BARNES STRIKES SUPERMAN IT FEELS TO HIM AS THO HE WERE BATTERING A STONE WALL!

OUCH!  
WHAT TH'--?



ON THE  
AUDIENCE  
LARRY  
TRENT  
CHEERS  
FOR...  
**HIMSELF**  
!

ATTABOY, LARRY!  
KNOCK THE  
STUFFIN'S  
OUTTA HIM!



BARNES' FRANTIC BLOWS ONLY WEAR HIMSELF DOWN...

(PUFF! -  
PUFF!)

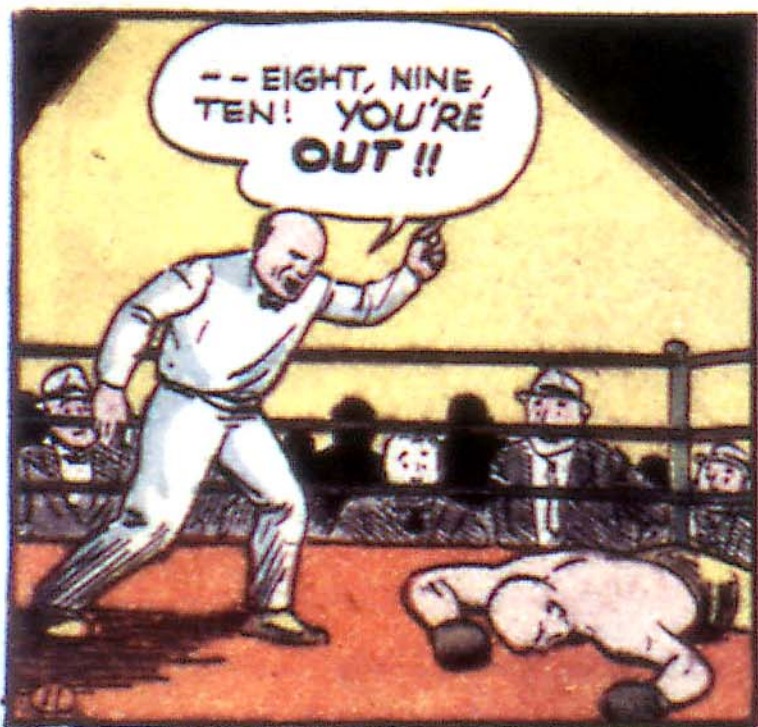
I'M STILL WAITING  
FOR THAT BAD  
BEATING YOU  
PROMISED ME!



...UNTIL ONE OF HIS FLAILING  
HAYMAKERS KNOCKS HIM OUT!



-- EIGHT, NINE,  
TEN! YOU'RE  
**OUT !!**



AND SO IT IS THAT **SUPERMAN**, IN  
THE GUISE OF LARRY TRENT, WINS  
THE MATCH TO EVERYONE'S  
ASTONISHMENT!





**YOU CHEAP BUM!**  
**YOU SAID YOU WERE**  
**GOIN' TO KNOCK**  
**HIM FOR A**  
**LOOP!**

I CAN'T UNDER-  
STAND IT! --  
I **STILL** CAN'T  
UNDERSTAND  
IT!

BOO  
BOO

BOO

ARE YOU GOING TO  
MAKE ANOTHER  
TRY FOR THE  
HEAVYWEIGHT  
TITLE, TRENT?

NOPE!  
NOT JUST A  
"TRY"... I'M  
GOING TO  
**GET IT!**

**WHEN SUPERMAN REACHES HIS**  
**DRESSING ROOM...**

WAIT, LARRY!  
I WANT TO TALK  
TO YOU!

AND WHO  
ARE YOU?

I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR  
SLIGHTING YOUR OLD MAN-  
AGER. BUT LISTEN, KID!  
I BUILT YOU UP TO TH'  
TOP OF TH' HEAD, ONCE  
-- AND I CAN DO IT  
AGAIN!

**SUPERMAN REALIZES HE IS TALKING**  
**TO TOM CROY, LARRY'S FORMER**  
**CROOKED MANAGER...**

WELL, WHAT  
DO YOU SAY?

OKAY, TOM!

SMART LAD! YOU'LL  
NEVER REGRET THIS!  
("HO! HO! DID  
I PUT THAT  
OVER!")

I'M SURE  
I WON'T!  
("BUT YOU'LL  
REGRET IT!")

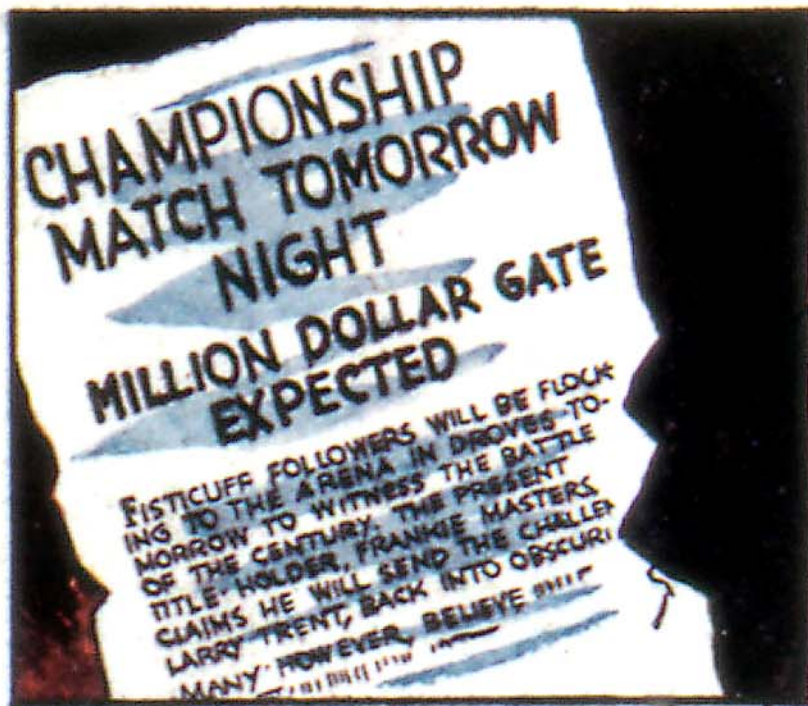
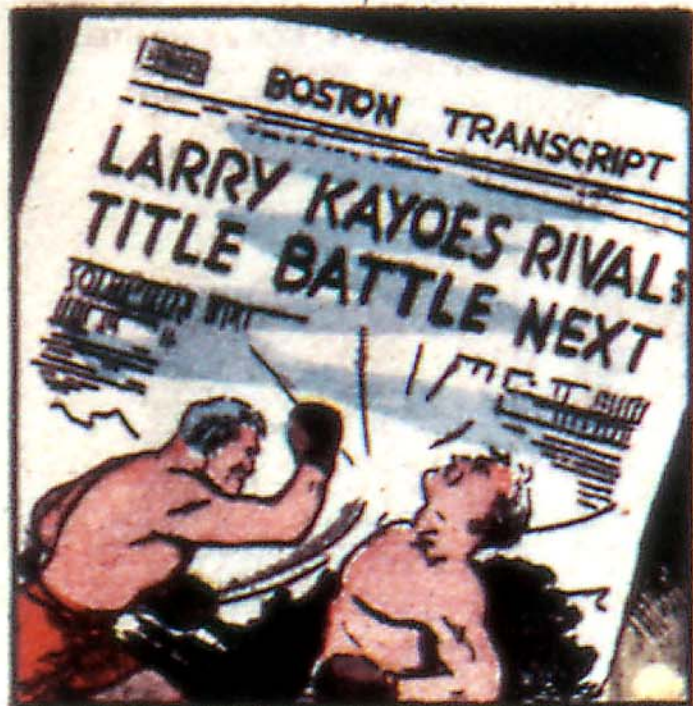




FROM  
ATOP A  
NEARBY  
BUILDING,  
SUPERMAN'S  
SUPER-  
ACUTE  
HEARING  
HAS  
ENABLED  
HIM TO  
HEAR  
EVERY  
WORD





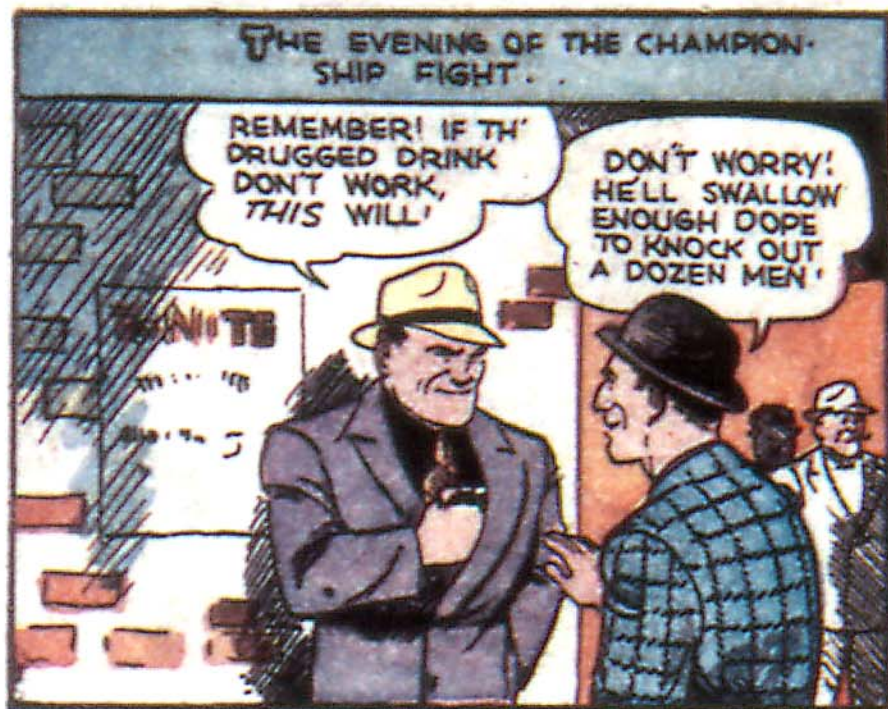




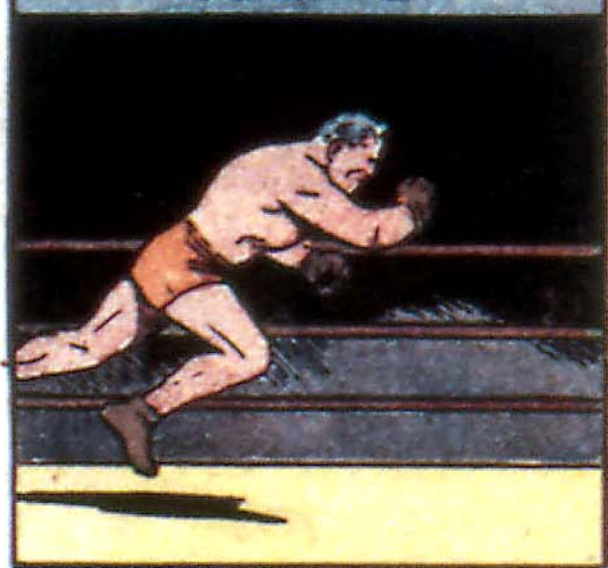
THE EVENING OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT.

REMEMBER! IF TH' DRUGGED DRINK DON'T WORK, THIS WILL!

DON'T WORRY! HE'LL SWALLOW ENOUGH DOPE TO KNOCK OUT A DOZEN MEN!



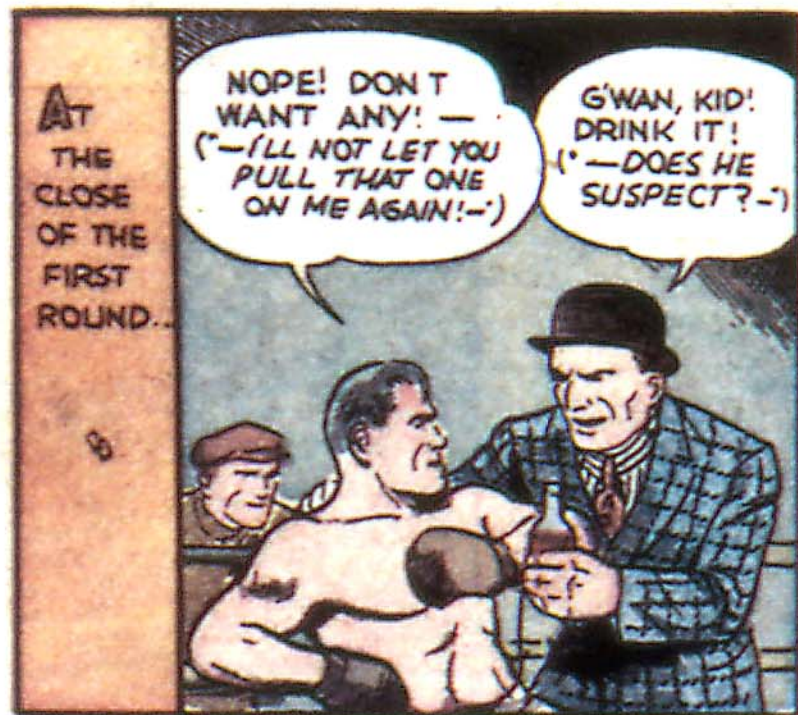
THE GONG CLANGS -- AND TRENT LEAPS FROM HIS CORNER, DETERMINED TO WIN BACK THE COVETED TITLE!



AT THE CLOSE OF THE FIRST ROUND...

NOPE! DON'T WANT ANY! -- ('-- I'LL NOT LET YOU PULL THAT ONE ON ME AGAIN! --')

G'WAN, KID! DRINK IT! ('-- DOES HE SUSPECT? --')



END OF ROUND SIX... WHEN LARRY IS TOO WEAK TO RESIST

I -- DON'T -- WANT -- ANY!

GO AHEAD! DRINK!



AS CROY IS ABOUT TO FORCE LARRY TO SWALLOW THE DRUGGED DRINK, A GRIP OF STEEL ENCIRCLES THE REAR OF HIS NECK!

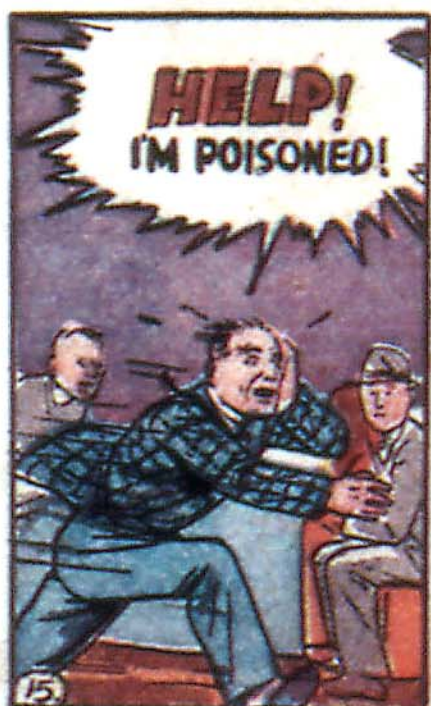


GO ON! DRINK IT YOURSELF!

GLUG!-GLUB!



**HELP!**  
I'M POISONED!





WRATHFUL  
AT SEE-  
ING HIS  
CROOKED  
SCHEME  
FOILED,  
CROY'S  
GAMBLER-  
ACCOMPLICE  
PREPARES  
TO FUL-  
FILL HIS  
THREAT  
TO KILL  
LARRY!



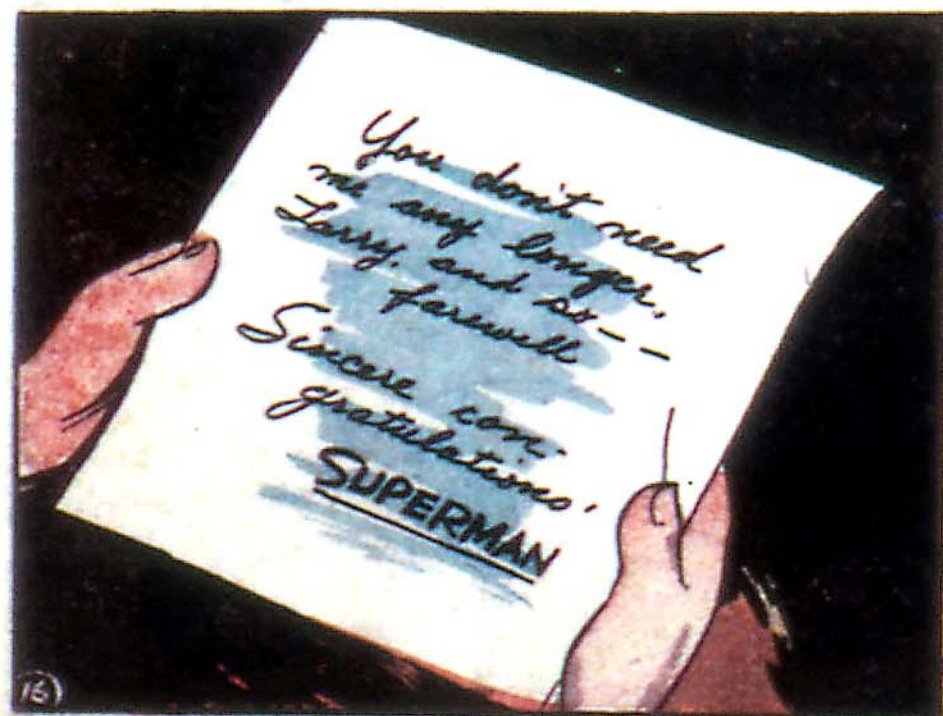
LEAPING IN, **SUPERMAN** JAMS HIS  
HAND OVER THE GUN'S MUZZLE...  
THE WEAPON EXPLODES IN THE  
KILLER'S FACE!



UNAWARE  
OF THE  
DRAMA  
ENACTED  
OUTSIDE  
THE  
RING, LARRY  
KNOCKS  
DOWN  
HIS  
OPPONENT  
FOR THE  
COUNT!



LATER -- AS LARRY GOES TO  
THANK THE MAN REALLY RE-  
SPONSIBLE FOR HIS COMEBACK



WHAT BEATS ME, CLARK,  
IS HOW THIS STORY YOU  
WROTE IN ADVANCE OF THE  
FIGHT, SCOOPING THE  
OTHER PAPERS, COULD  
HAVE PREDICTED  
THE OUTCOME IN  
SUCH DETAIL!

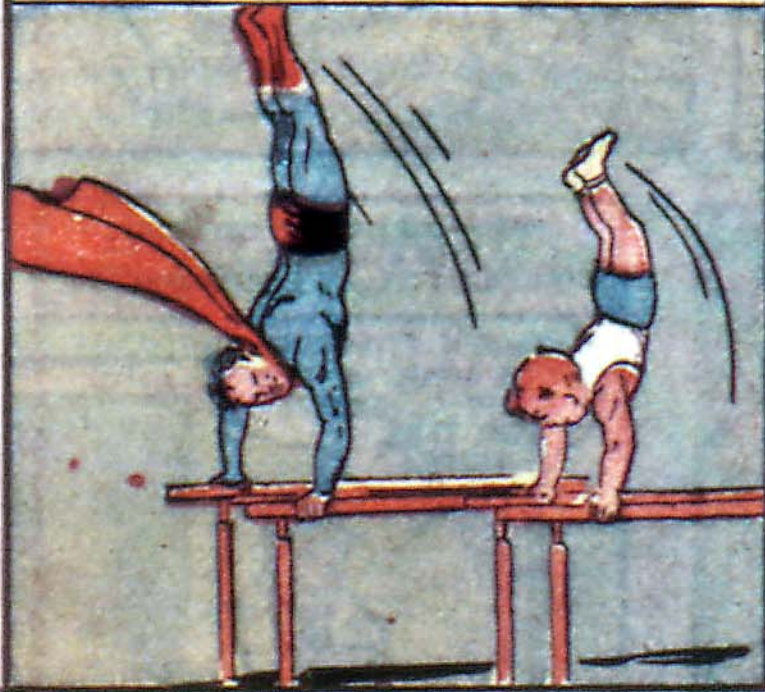
JUST FORE-  
SIGHT, CHIEF!  
-- MERELY  
FORESIGHT!



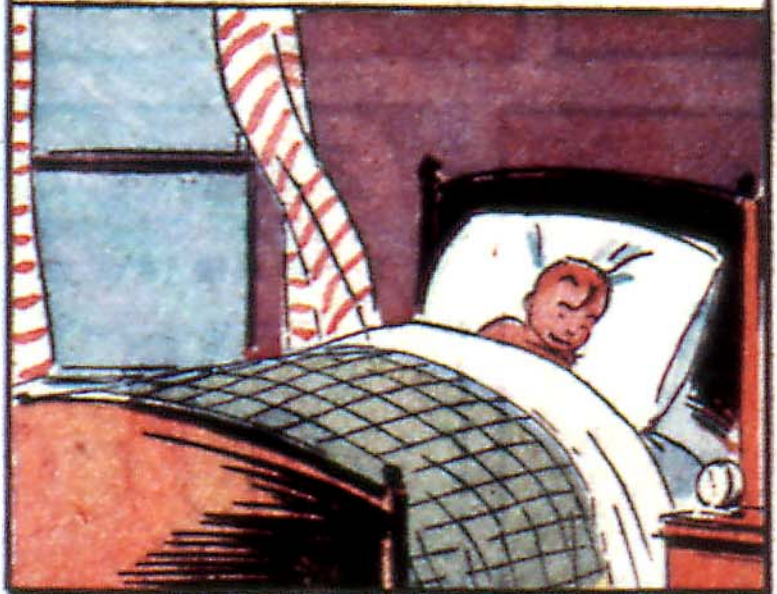


# SUPERMAN'S TIPS FOR SUPER-HEALTH:

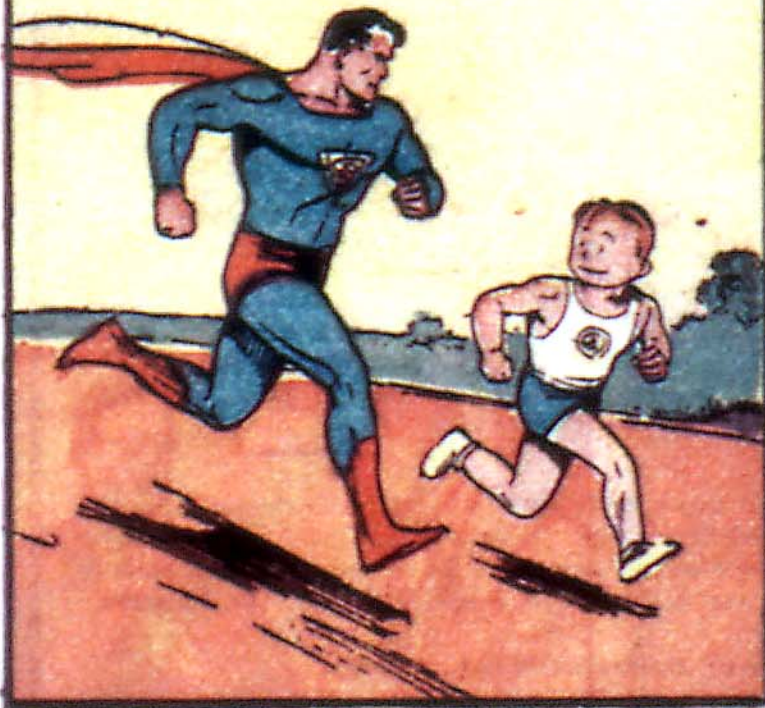
## ① EXERCISE REGULARLY



## ② GET SUFFICIENT REST AND PLENTY OF FRESH AIR



## ③ STAY OUTDOORS AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE



## ④ BUT ABOVE ALL, CONSUME VITAMIN-RICH FOOD!

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE CEREALS, MILK, AND FRUIT TO GIVE YOU THAT **SUPERMAN ENERGY!**







# SUPERMAN

## AT THE WORLD'S FAIR!

READ THIS THRILLING  
EPISODE IN



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the  
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Buy a copy of the **N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR COMICS** at all newsstands for..... **15c!**



# SUPERMAN

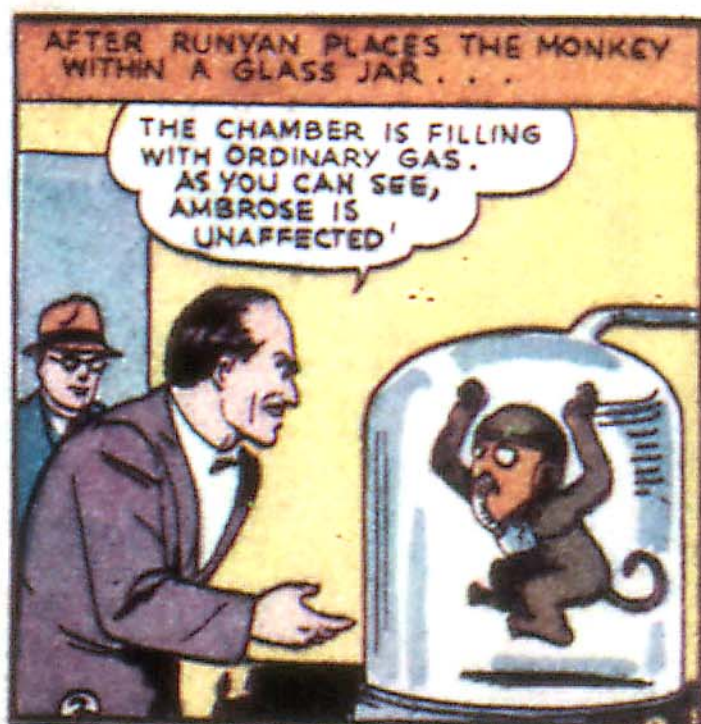
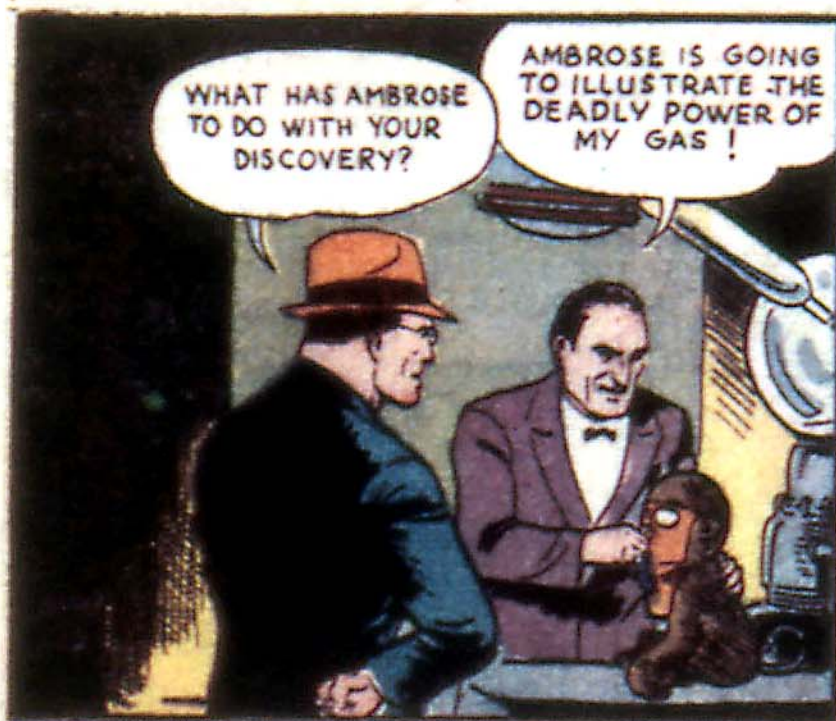
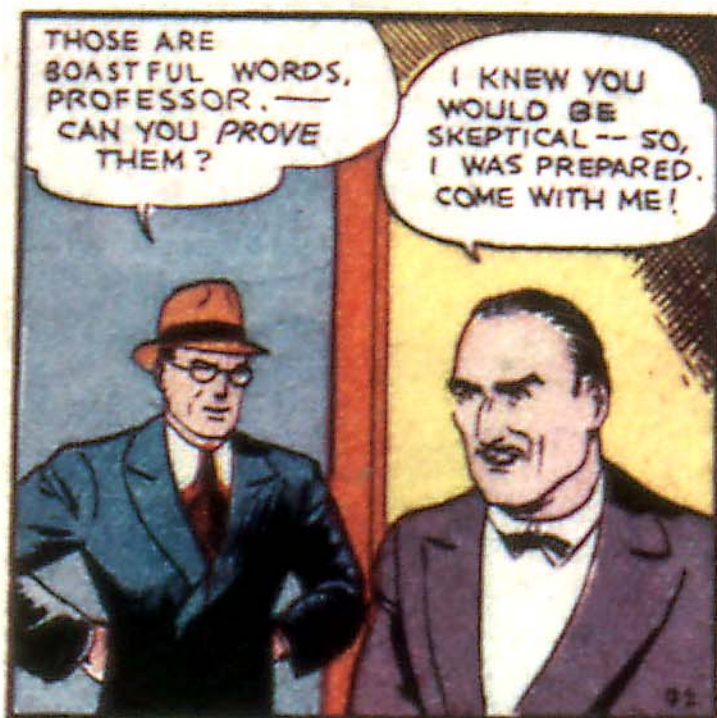
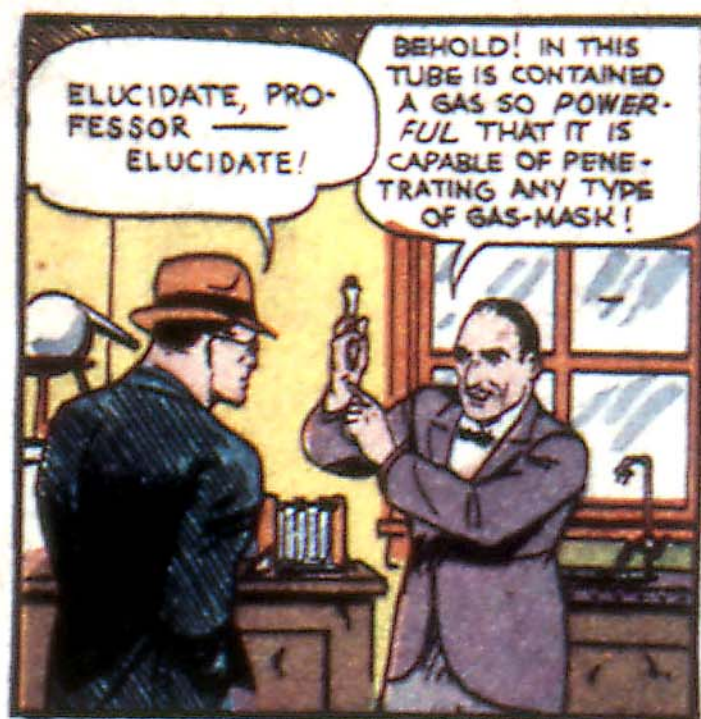
## CHAMPIONS

### UNIVERSAL PEACE!

By Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster

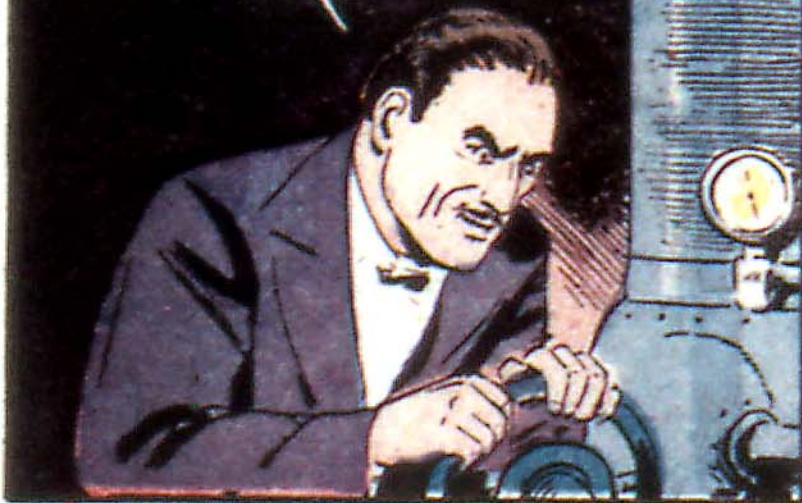








BUT NOW I RELEASE MY  
NEW TYPE OF GAS INTO  
THE JAR! -- WATCH  
WHAT HAPPENS...



HE'S  
DEAD!

RIGHT! MY GAS PENE-  
TRATED HIS GAS-MASK! --  
NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME  
WHEN I SAY THAT THE  
WORLD HAS NEVER SEEN  
A DISCOVERY OF SUCH  
VAST MILITARY IMPORT?



YOU'VE CERTAINLY  
GOT SOMETHING  
THERE, PROFESSOR  
WHAT DO YOU  
INTEND DOING  
WITH IT?

I'LL TURN IT  
OVER TO OUR  
WAR DEPART-  
MENT -- BUT  
ONLY IN THE  
CASE OF A  
DEFENSIVE  
WAR!

THINK  
SO?



BARTOW!

WE WANT TO SEE  
THE PROFESSOR --  
ALONE..

BEAT IT,  
YOU!

BUT --  
I HAVEN'T  
FINISHED  
MY INTERVIEW!



ARE YOU GOING  
TO SCRAM, OR  
DO I HAVE TO  
GET TOUGH?

I -- I'LL  
GO!

THAT'S  
BETTER!

HE AIN'T  
SO DUMB  
AT THAT!



BUT AS HE LEAVES, CLARK PAUSES  
OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO EAVESDROP  
WITH HIS SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS...

A PROFESSOR WHO HAS  
INVENTED A TERRIBLY DE-  
STRUCTIVE GAS -- THREE  
EVIL-LOOKING GENTS --  
THE COMBINATION SPELLS  
TROUBLE!





WHAT CLARK OVERHEARS . . .

WELL -- ARE YOU GOING TO HAND OVER THE FORMULA FOR THE GAS?

SO THAT YOU CAN SELL IT TO ARMAMENT PROFITEERS? NOTHING DOING! **GET OUT!**



YOU'VE TWENTY FOUR HOURS TO TURN THE SECRET FORMULA OVER TO US -- OR **ELSE! GET THAT?**



CLARK TRAILS THE INTERNATIONAL RACKETEERS' TAXI . . .



. . . TO A BUNGALOW BESIDE A PRIVATE FLYING FIELD.

SO THERE'S WHERE THEY HANG OUT! HM-M! I'LL JUST KEEP THAT IN MIND!



AFTER CLARK RETURNS TO THE NEWS-PAPER OFFICE . . .

I'LL DASH OFF THIS WRITE-UP OF RUNYAN, THEN RETURN TO BARTOW AND HIS FRIENDS FOR A LITTLE "TALK"!



HERE IT IS, CHIEF. . . THE INTERVIEW WITH PROFESSOR RUNYAN. — SOME STORY.

JUST A MOMENT WHILE I ANSWER THIS CALL!







WHAT'S THAT?  
SAY IT AGAIN! —  
WELL, I'LL BE  
BLOWED!



WHAT IS  
IT, CHIEF?

RUNYAN'S JUST  
BEEN FOUND  
-- **MURDERED!**



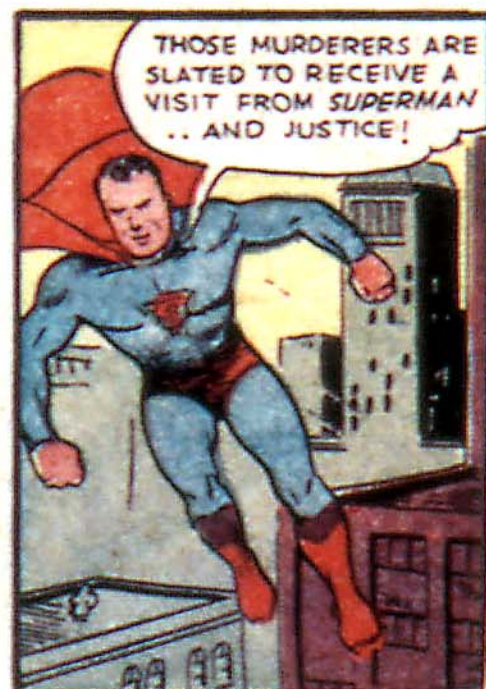
- RUNYAN -- MURDERED!  
...THOSE THREE MEN  
WHO THREATENED HIM  
ARE HIS SLAYERS --  
NO DOUBT OF IT!

LATER... WITHIN THE PRIVACY OF  
HIS APARTMENT, CLARK KENT  
REMOVES CIVILIAN CLOTHES...



... REVEALING  
HIS **SUPERMAN**  
COSTUME BENEATH

NOW FOR THEIR  
HIDEOUT!



THOSE MURDERERS ARE  
SLATED TO RECEIVE A  
VISIT FROM **SUPERMAN**  
... AND JUSTICE!

DOWN TOWARDS BARTOW'S BUNGALOW  
HURTLES A FANTASTIC FIGURE...



WITHIN THE BUNGALOW...

WHY'D YOU HAVE  
TO KILL RUNYAN  
AFTER WE GAVE  
HIM 24 HOURS?

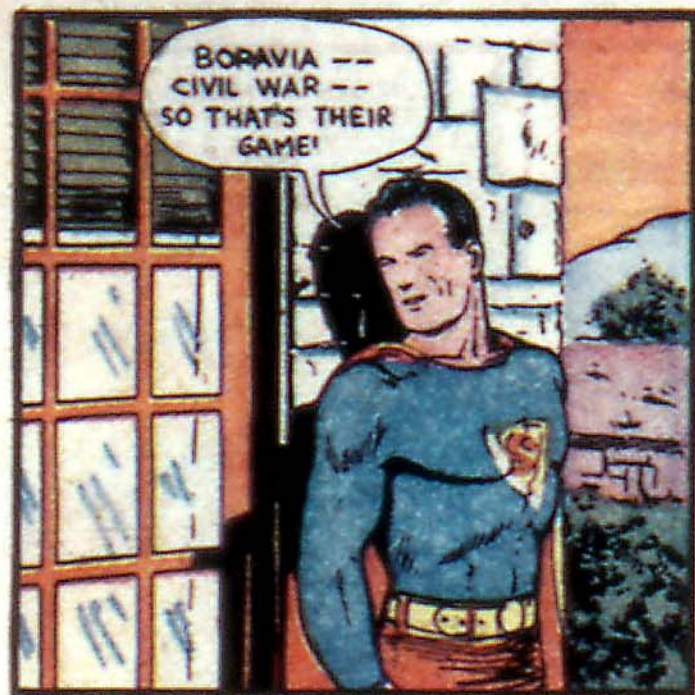
AW, I GOT THERE  
JUST AS HE WAS  
ABOUT TO  
BEAT IT!

C'MON!  
THE CIVIL  
WAR IN  
BORAVIA  
WON'T  
WAIT!

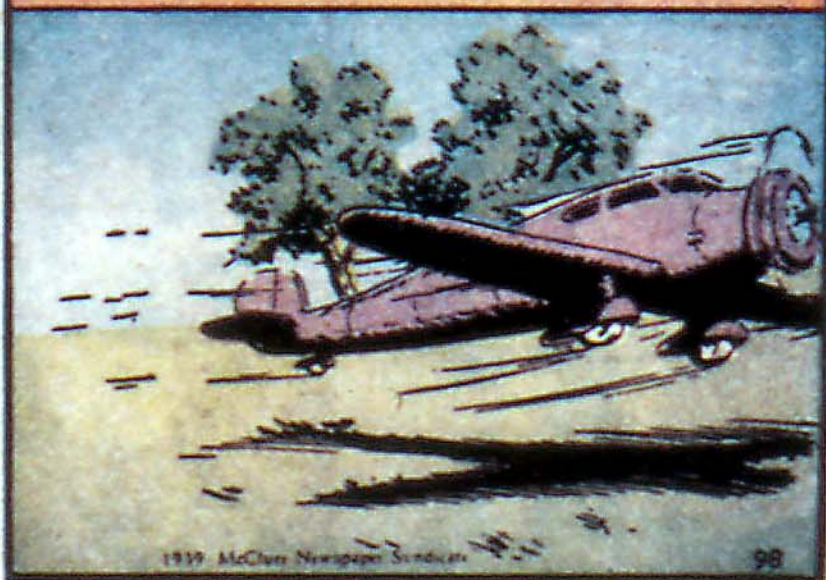




BORAVIA --  
CIVIL WAR --  
SO THAT'S THEIR  
GAME!



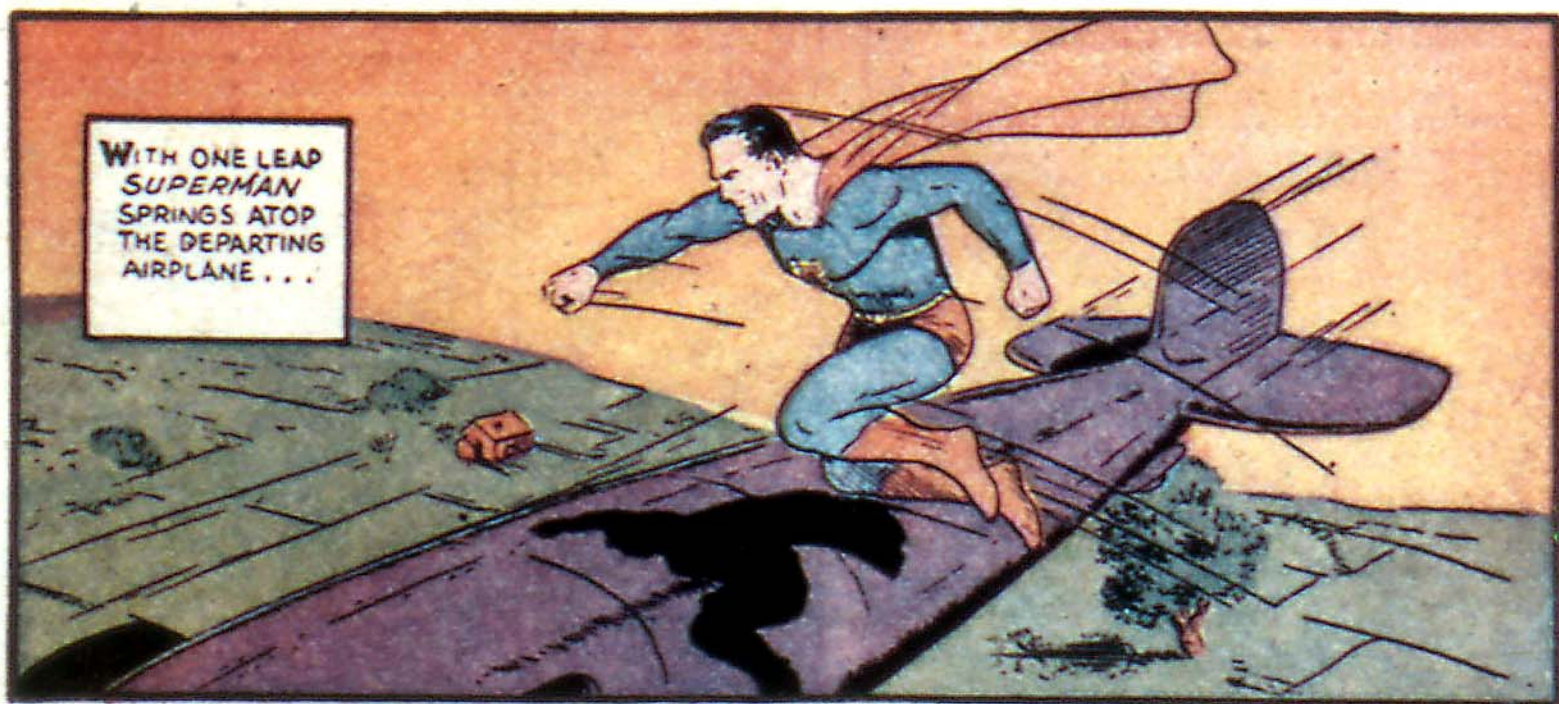
SHORTLY AFTER, THE ARMAMENT RACKETEERS  
TAKE OFF IN THEIR PRIVATE  
PLANE . . .



1939 McClure Newspaper Syndicate

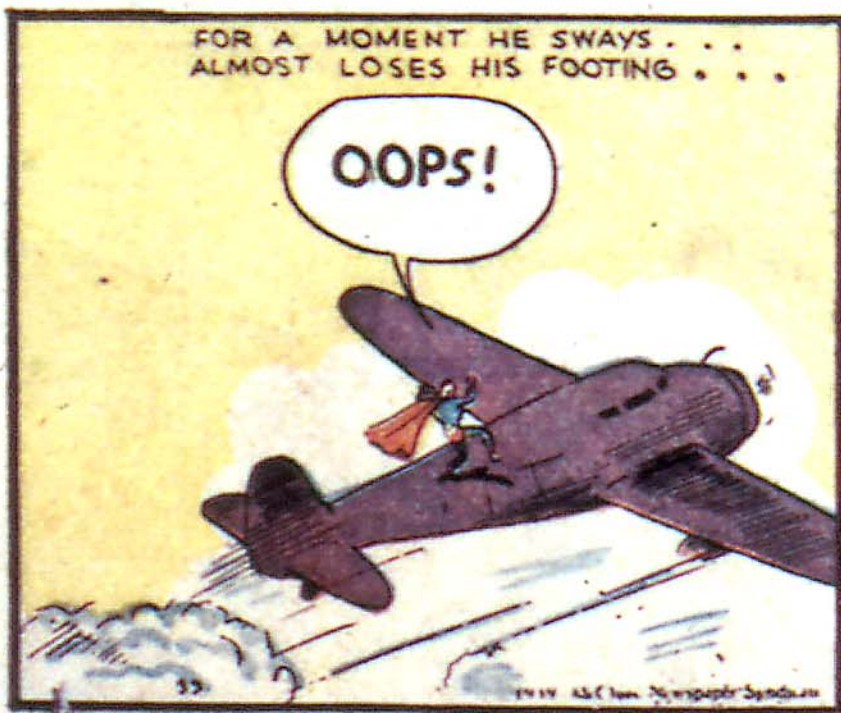
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WITH ONE LEAP  
SUPERMAN  
SPRINGS ATOP  
THE DEPARTING  
AIRPLANE . . .



FOR A MOMENT HE SWAYS . . .  
ALMOST LOSES HIS FOOTING . . .

OOPS!

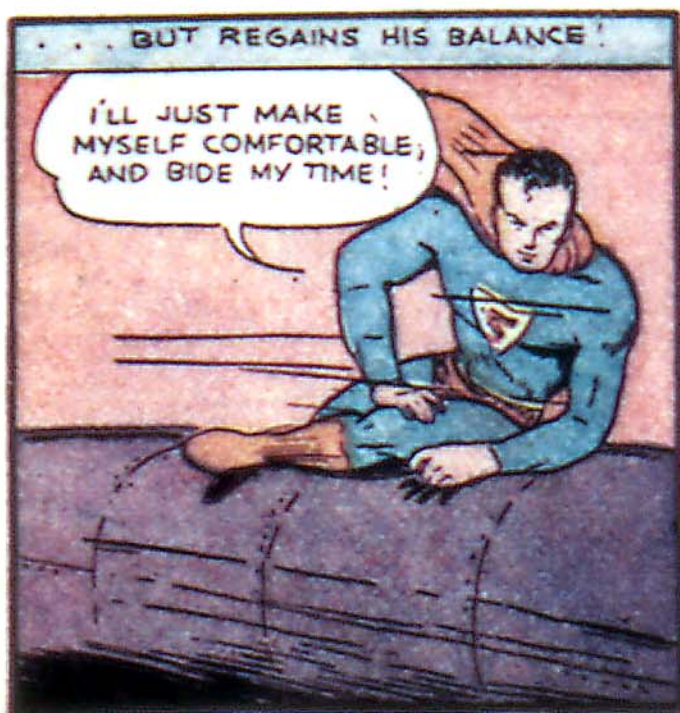


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1939 ABC News Newspaper Syndicate

. . . BUT REGAINS HIS BALANCE!

I'LL JUST MAKE  
MYSELF COMFORTABLE,  
AND BIDE MY TIME!





FOR HOURS THE INTERNATIONAL ARMAMENT CROOKS' PLANE CONTINUES ITS FLIGHT, WITH THE MAN OF STEEL CLINGING TIRELESSLY ATOP IT.



ARE WE NEAR BORAVIA?

WE'LL REACH IT IN A FEW MOMENTS!

AND THEN, TO CASH IN ON THAT FORMULA!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER THE AIR-PLANE WINGS SWIFTLY OVER BORAVIA, A SMALL COUNTRY EXHAUSTING ITS LIFE BLOOD IN SENSELESS CIVIL WAR . . .



SUPERMAN ACTS! — TEARING AT THE PLANE'S METAL SIDES, HE RIPS IT OPEN!

IT'S TIME I HAD A LITTLE TALK WITH BARTOW!

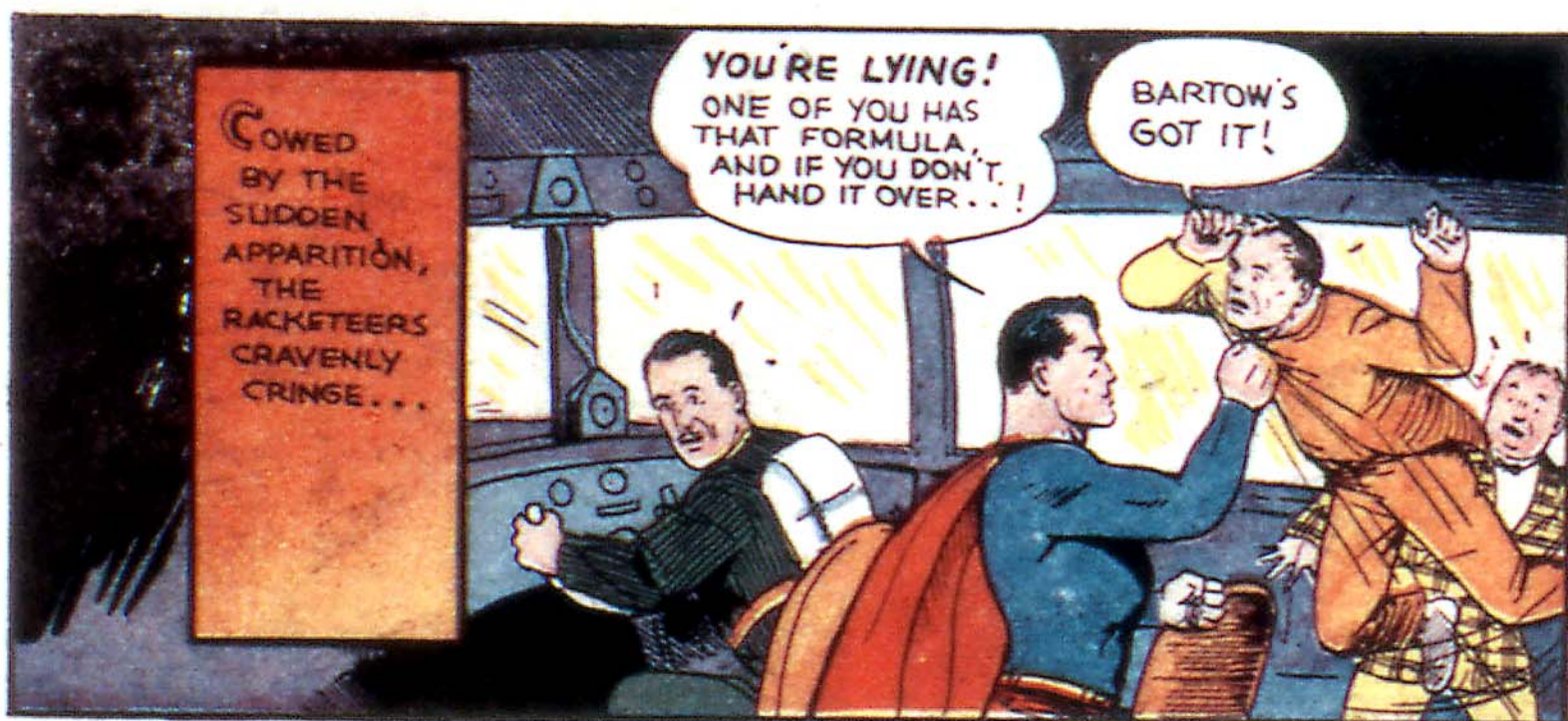


WHAT IN--? HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

NEVER MIND! WHAT YOU SHOULD BE CONCERNED WITH IS -- WHAT I'LL DO NOW THAT I'M HERE!









SUDDENLY BARTOW WHIRLS, BLAZING AWAY WITH HIS AUTOMATIC, WRECKING THE PLANE'S CONTROLS.

SUCKER!



..... THEN LAUNCHES HIMSELF OUT INTO SPACE.

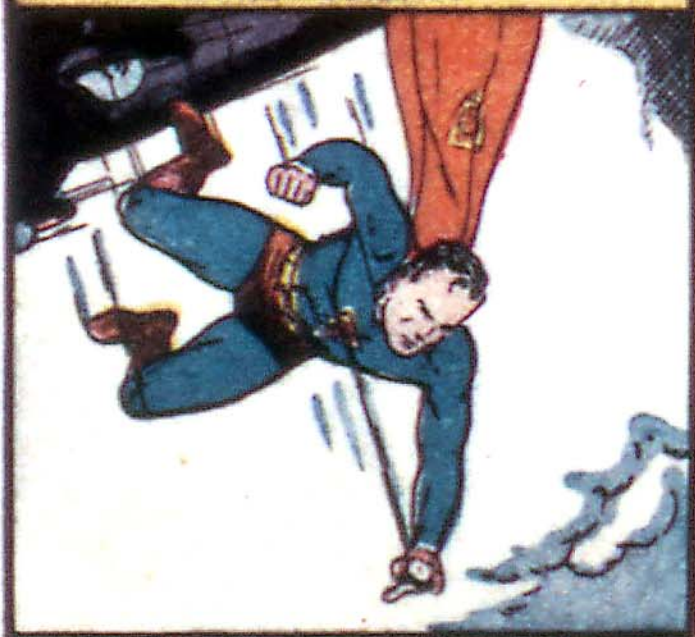


HO! HO!  
TRICKING HIM  
WAS A CINCH!



SO HE THINKS I'M DONE  
FOR, EH? WHAT A SUR-  
PRISE HE'S DUE FOR!

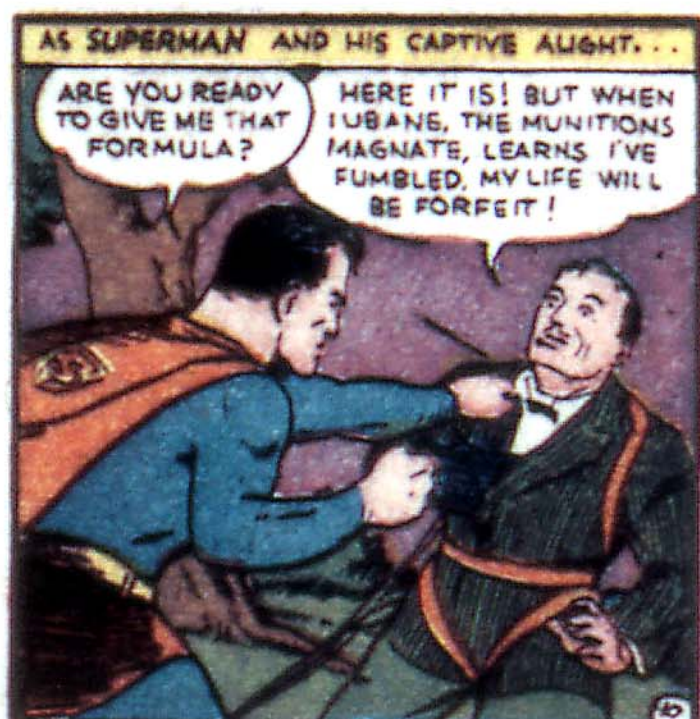
A CLOAKED FIGURE HURLS ITSELF OUT FROM  
THE WRECKED PLANE...



... DOWN IT SPEEDS IN A BREATHTAKING PLUNGE.....









WHEN THE SEARCHING PARTY COMES  
WITHIN VIEW...

I WARN  
YOU, IF...!

GIVE IT BACK!  
I'VE CHANGED  
MY MIND!



STRANGE!  
I COULD HAVE  
SWORN I HIT  
THE GUY WITH  
THE CAPE!

CAREFUL  
YOU DON'T  
HIT BARTOW!



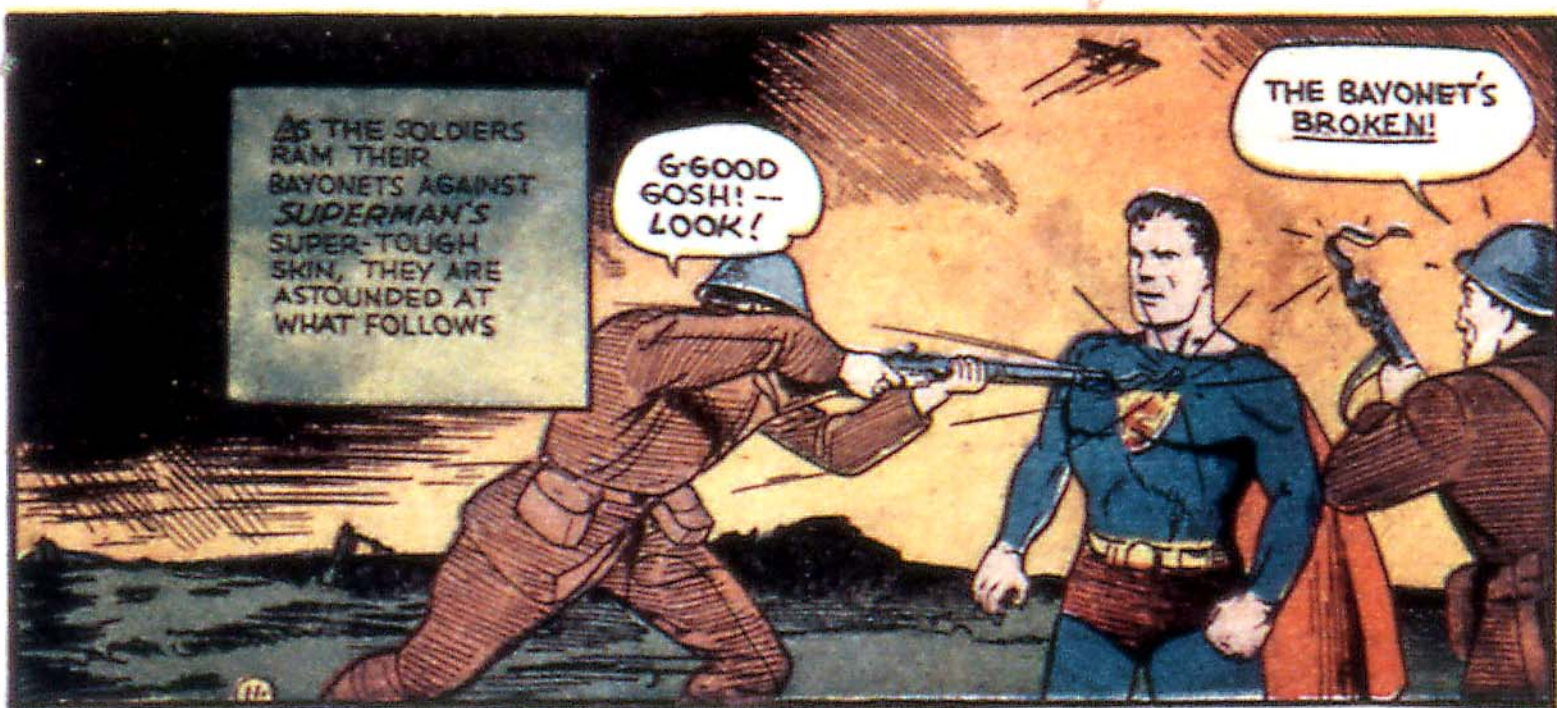
WANTA PLAY,  
EH? - COME  
ON!



AS THE SOLDIERS  
RAM THEIR  
BAYONETS AGAINST  
SUPERMAN'S  
SUPER-TOUGH  
SKIN, THEY ARE  
ASTOUNDED AT  
WHAT FOLLOWS

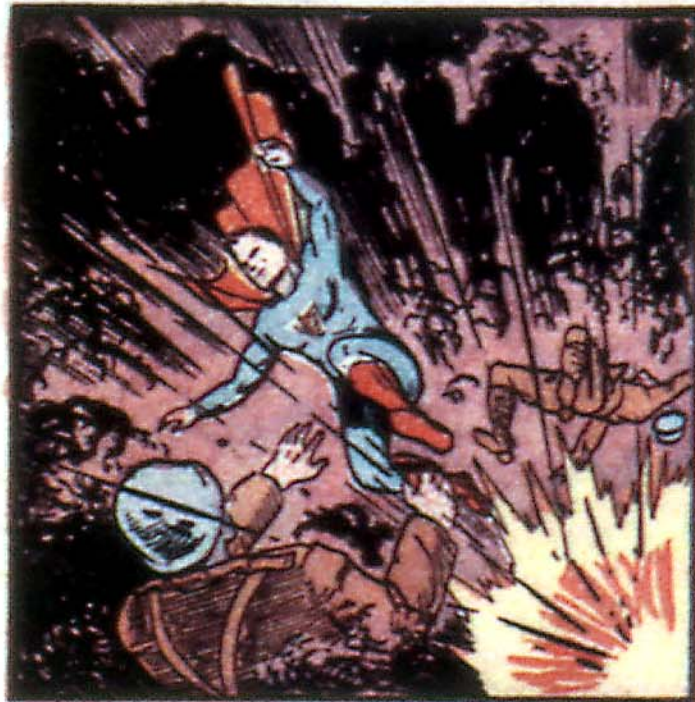
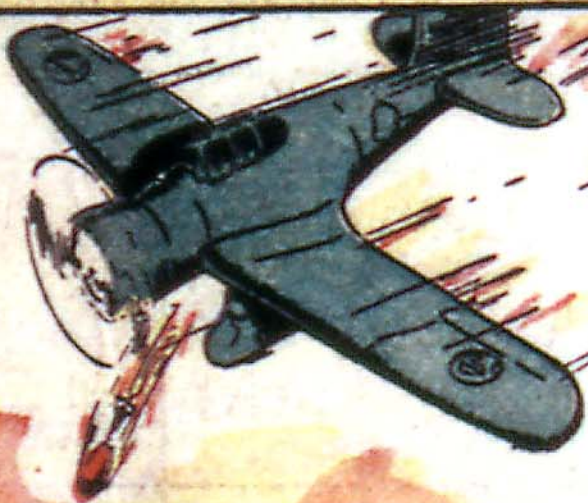
G-GOOD  
GOSH! -  
LOOK!

THE BAYONET'S  
BROKEN!



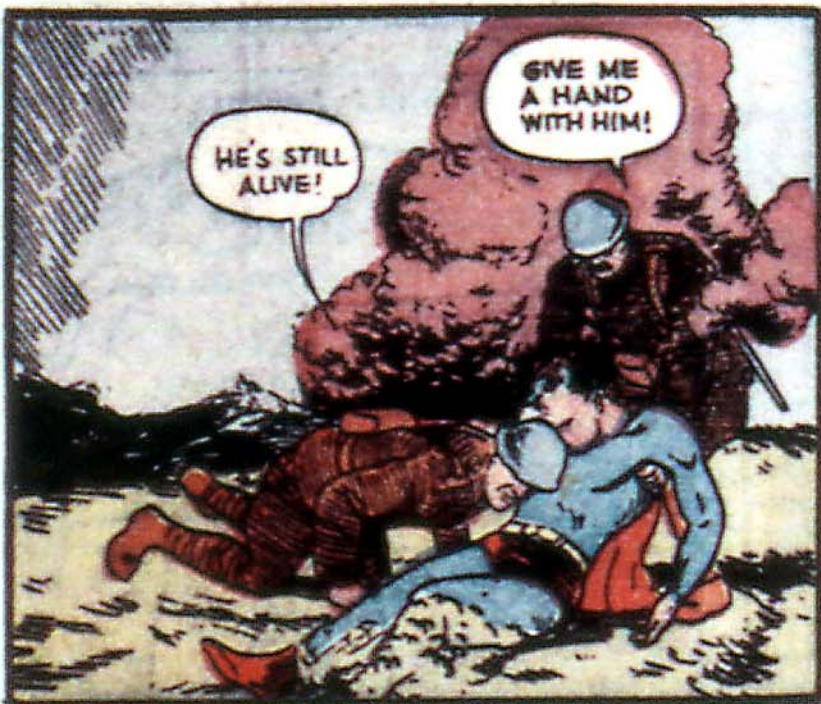


AT THAT MOMENT--A REBEL PLANE STREAKS  
DOWNWARD AND RELEASES A DEADLY  
BOMB TOWARD THE STRUGGLING MEN!



HE'S STILL  
ALIVE!

GIVE ME  
A HAND  
WITH HIM!



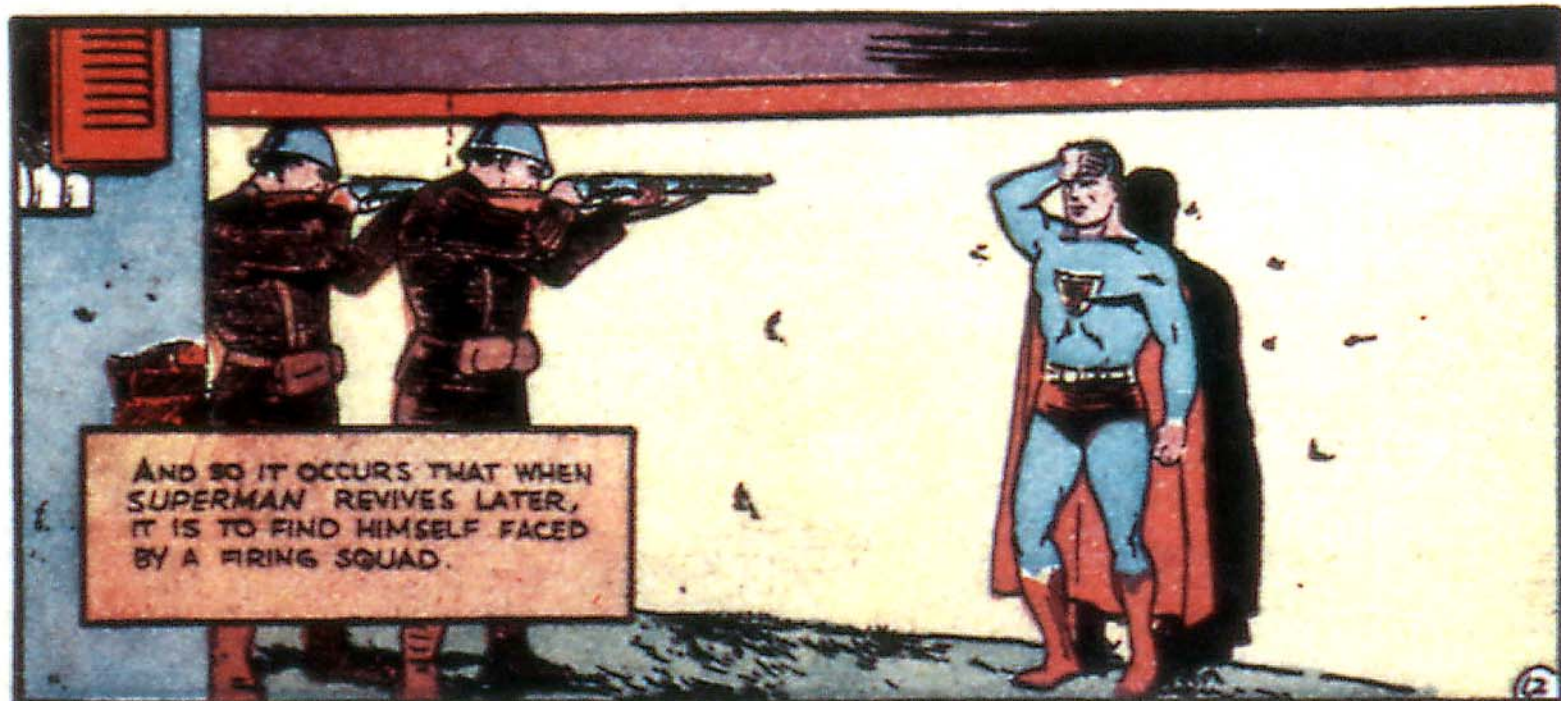
WHEN THE MAN OF STEEL'S BEARERS  
REACH THEIR CAMP...

WE'VE CAPTURED A  
REBEL, SIR. WHAT  
ARE YOUR ORDERS?

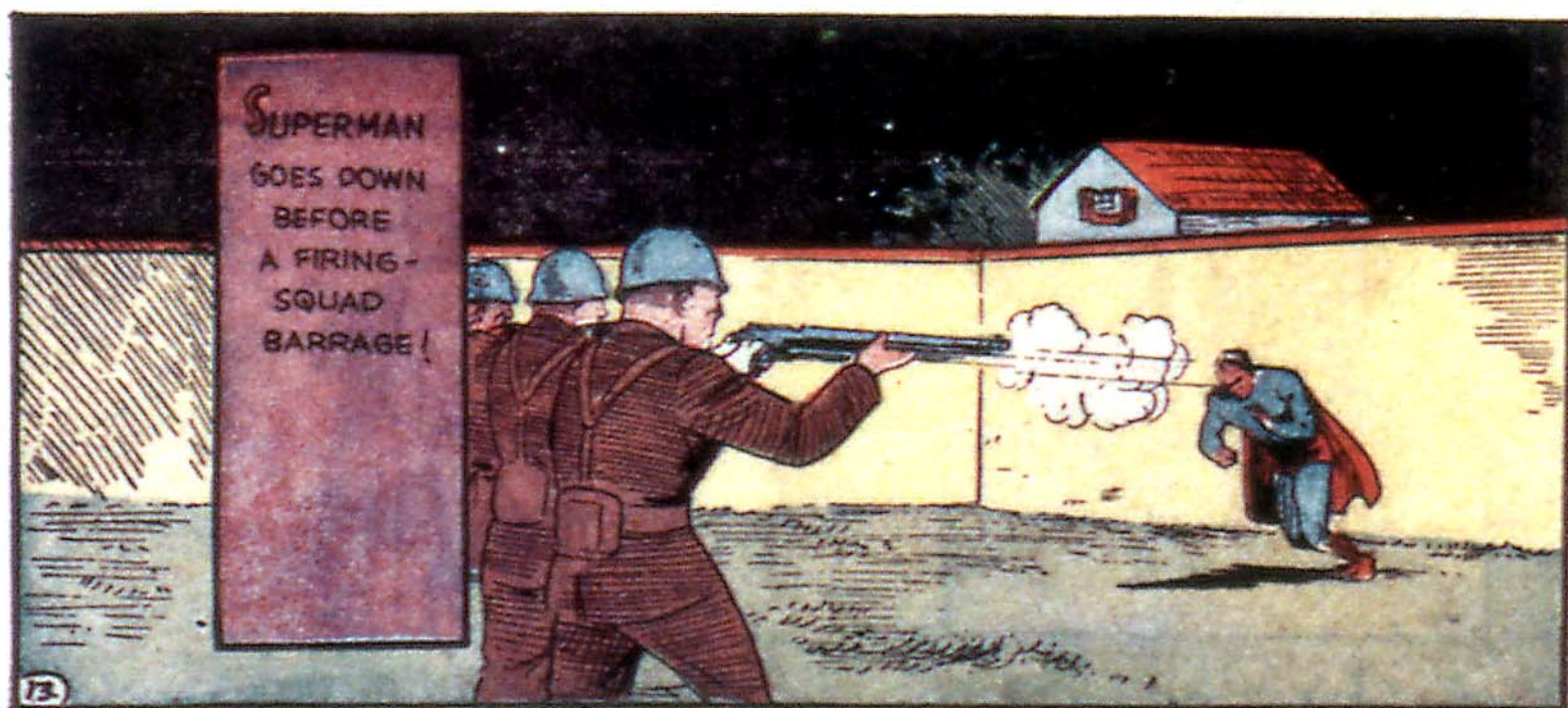
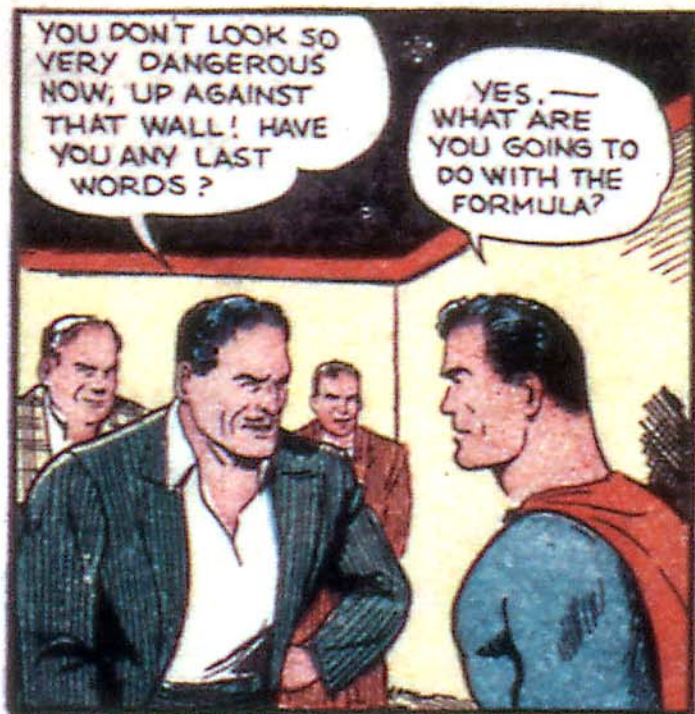
HEADQUARTERS  
DEMANDS WE  
PROMPTLY EXECUTE  
ALL PRISONERS!



AND SO IT OCCURS THAT WHEN  
SUPERMAN REVIVES LATER,  
IT IS TO FIND HIMSELF FACED  
BY A FIRING SQUAD.







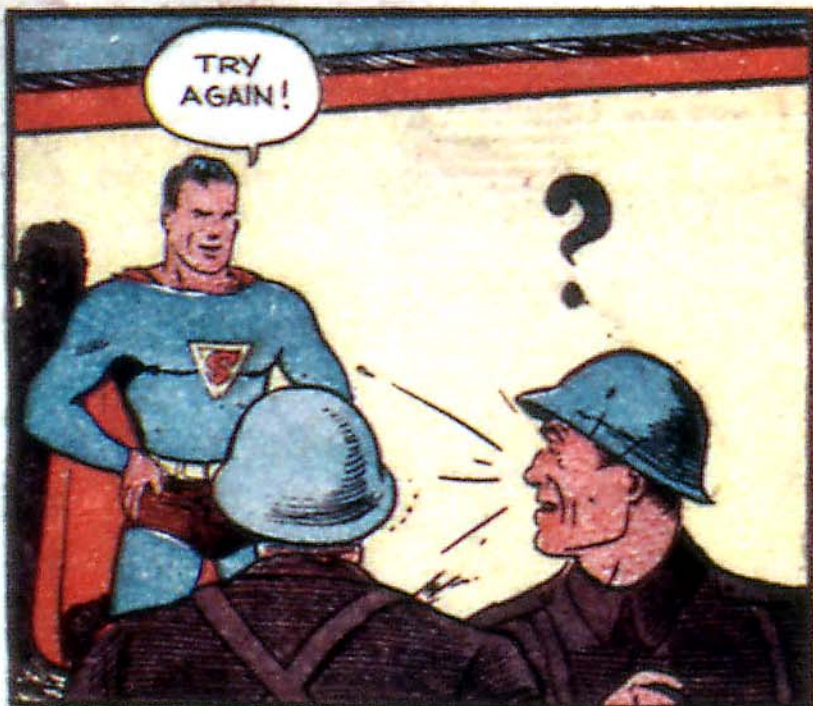


AS THE SQUAD COMMENCES TO MARCH AWAY...

JUST A MINUTE, BOYS!



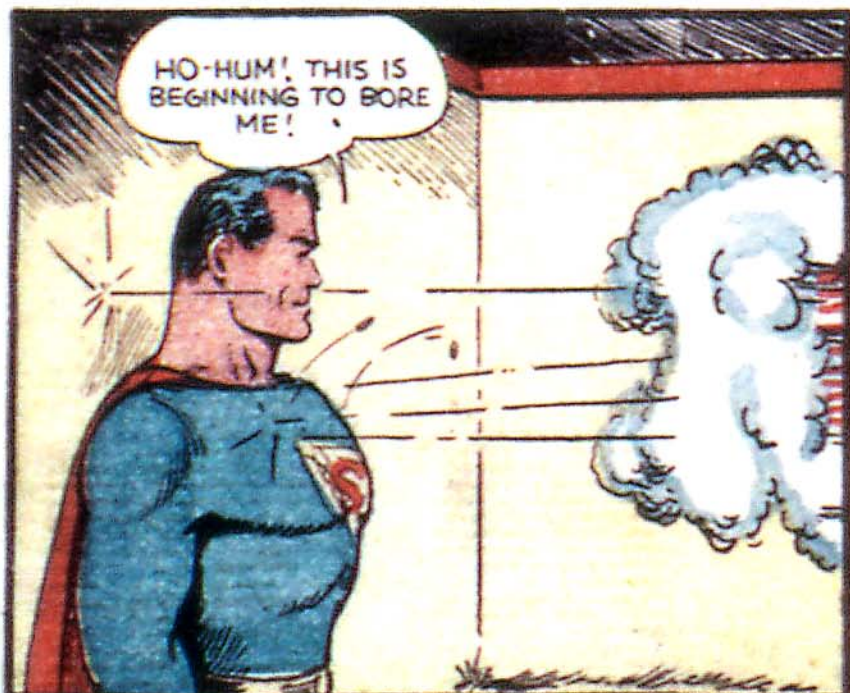
TRY AGAIN!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW ALL OF YOU MISSED HIM -- BUT ONE THING I'M SURE OF: IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!



HO-HUM! THIS IS BEGINNING TO BORE ME!



OUR GUNS MUST BE FILLED WITH BLANKS! -- OUCH! MY FOOT!



SORRY, I HAVEN'T TIME TO STAND AROUND WHILE YOU WASTE AMMUNITION ON ME!





ALONG THE ROAD RACES SUPERMAN AT A TERRIFIC RATE, SHELLS EXPLODING ABOUT HIM ON ALL SIDES!



SOON AFTER...

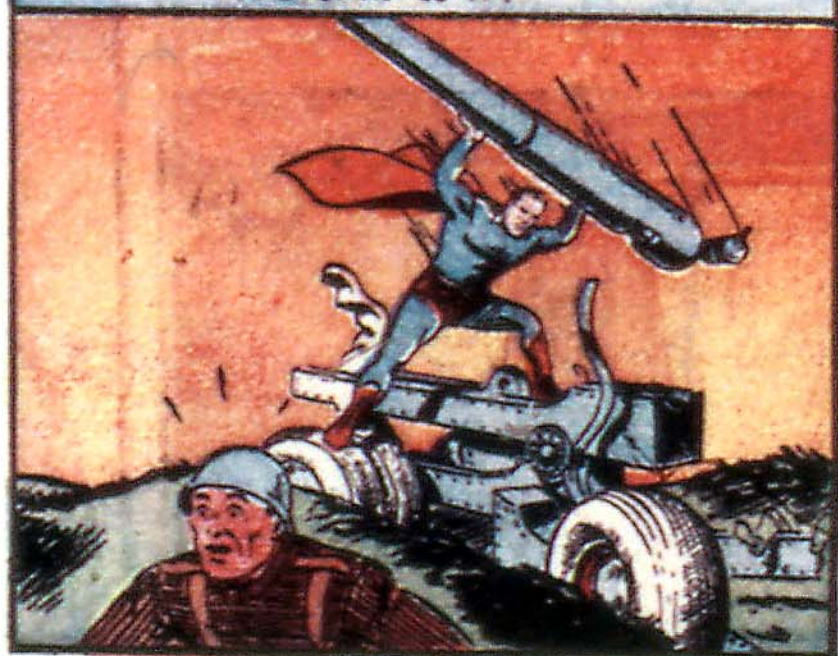
A TOWN—UNDER BOMBARDMENT-- HELPLESS WOMEN AND CHILDREN BEING KILLED! I'VE GOT TO HELP THEM!



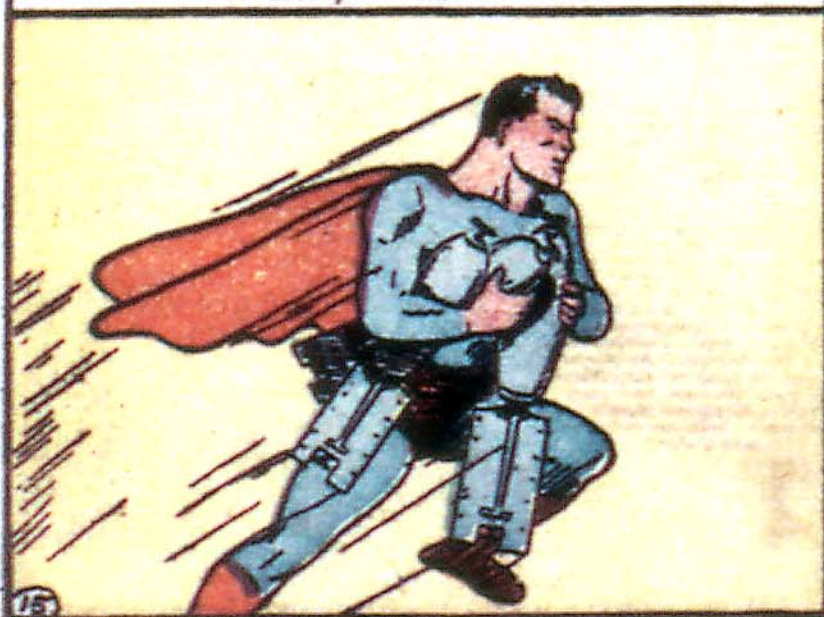
SUPERMAN DASHES TOWARD THE LONG-RANGE CANNON RESPONSIBLE FOR THE HAVOC--



-- AND SMASHES IT!



SEIZING AN ARMFUL OF AIRCRAFT BOMBS, SUPERMAN LEAPS OFF...!

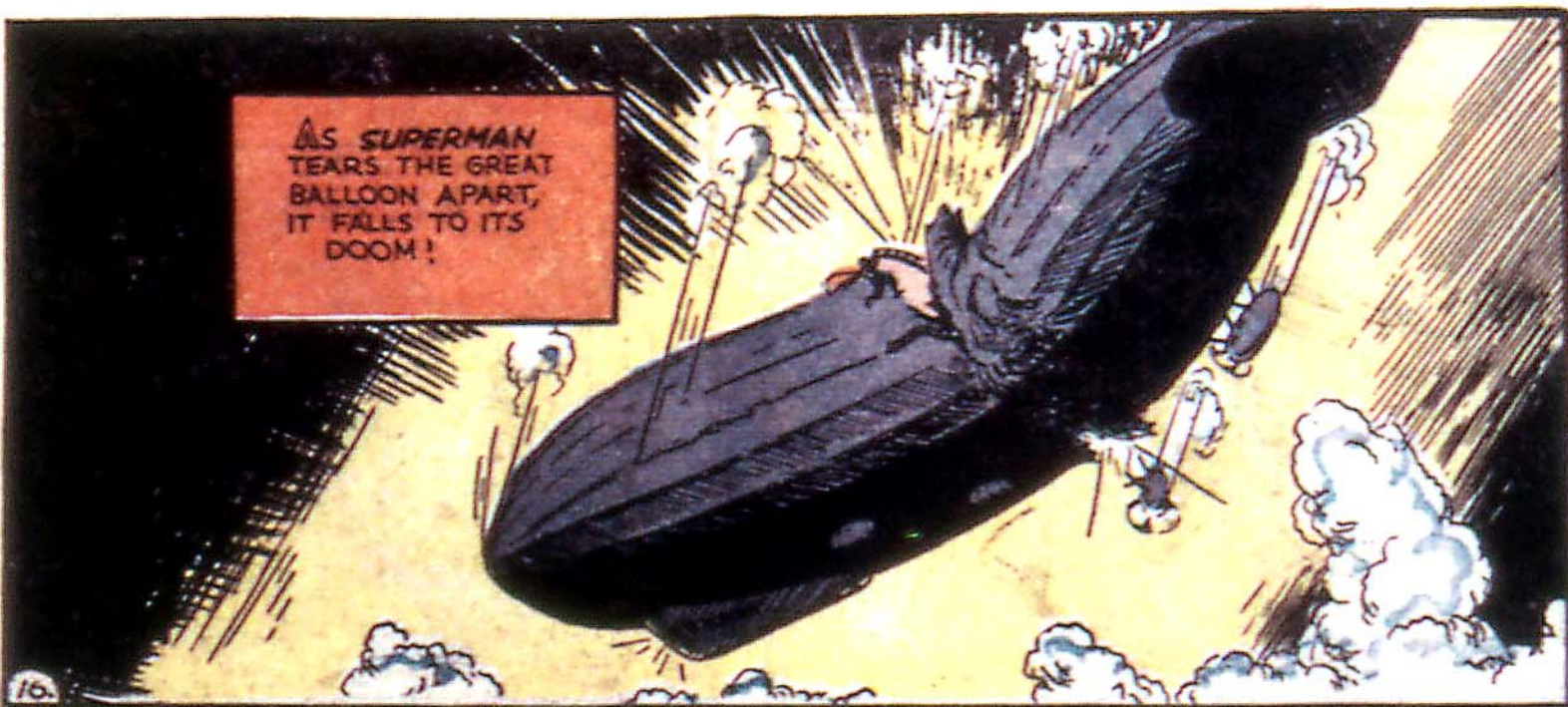
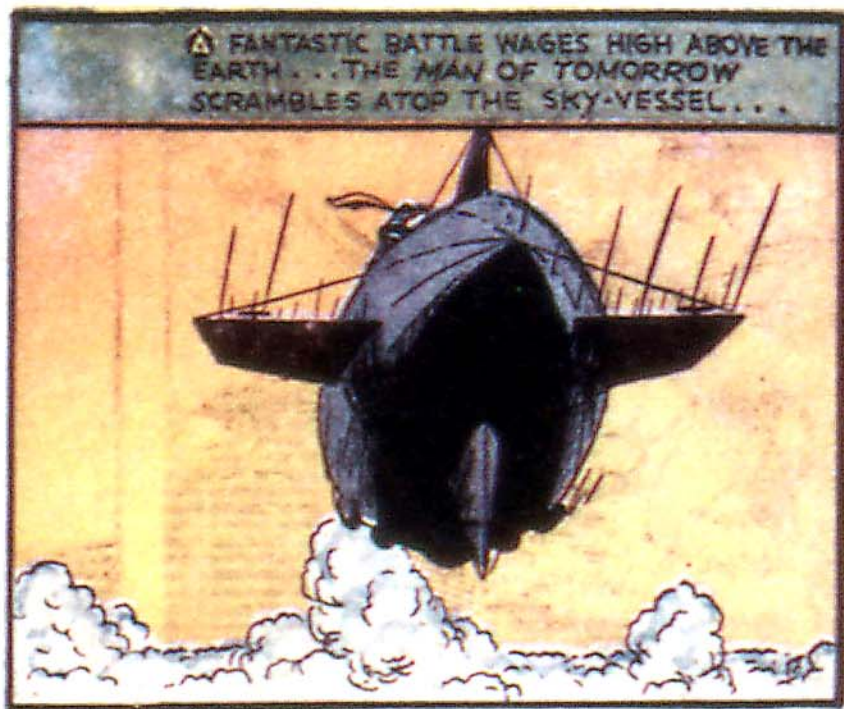
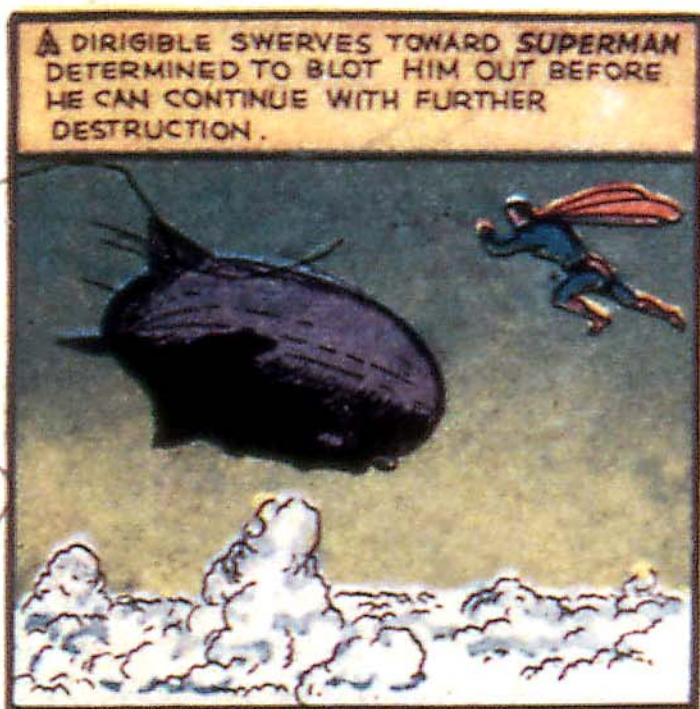
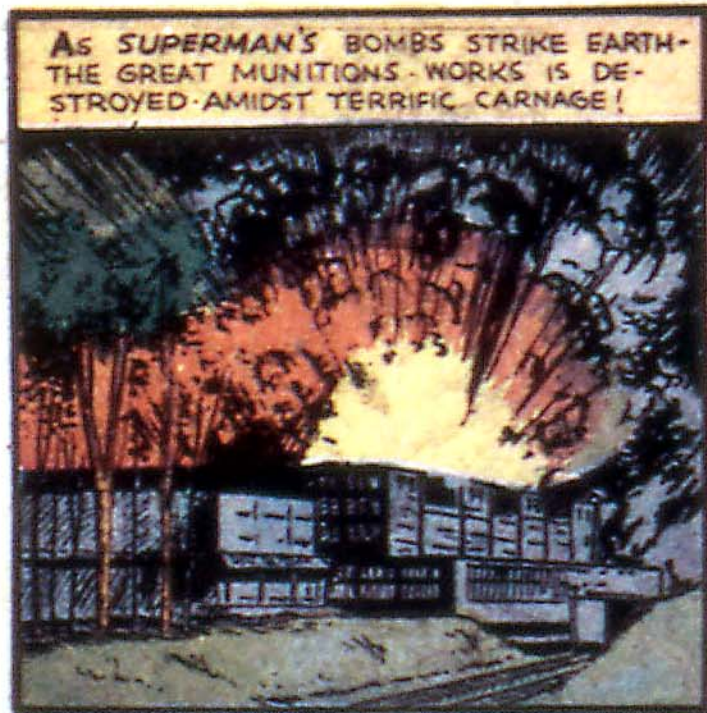
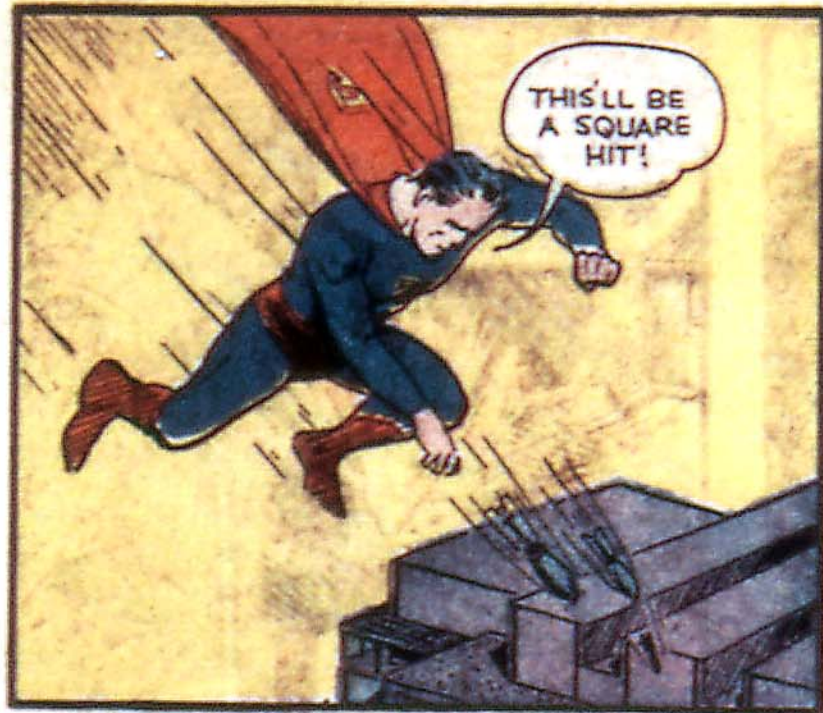


ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS ATTEMPT DESPERATELY TO BLAST THE FANTASTIC FIGURE OUT OF THE SKY!

GET HIM! -- HE'S HEADED TOWARD THE MUNITIONS WORKS!









MEANWHILE -- A FEW MINUTES  
PREVIOUS TO **SUPERMAN'S**  
AIR-RAID . . .

**BARTOW!** --  
YOU'RE SOONER  
THAN I EXPECTED!

YES, LUBANE!  
AND WE'VE HAD  
SEVERAL  
HAIR-RAISING  
EXPERIENCES!



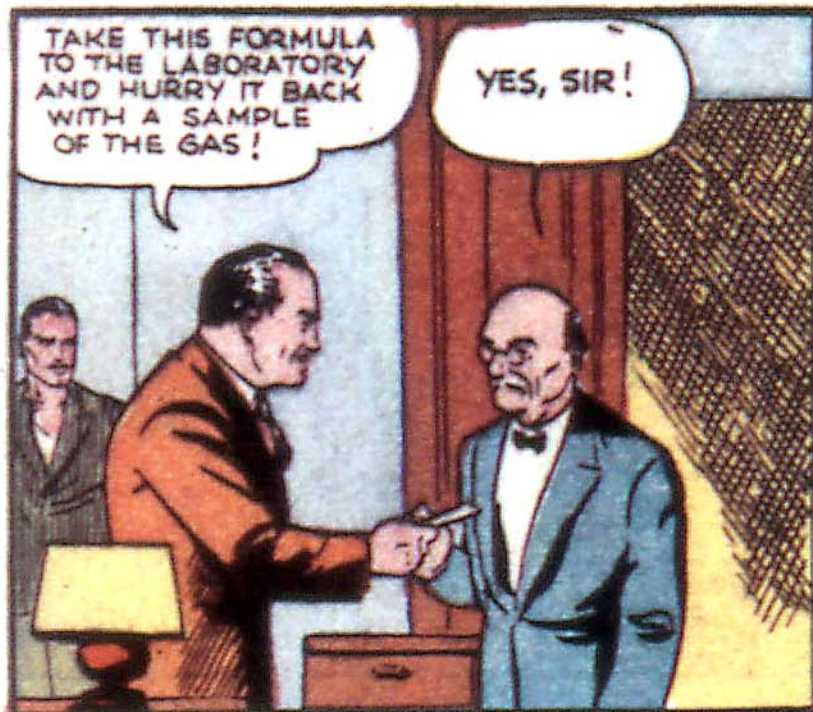
NEVER MIND ABOUT  
THAT! IF YOU'VE GOT  
THE FORMULA,  
GIVE IT TO ME!

HERE IT IS! --  
WE WERE FORCED  
TO USE -- ER --  
DRASTIC METHODS  
TO SECURE IT!



TAKE THIS FORMULA  
TO THE LABORATORY  
AND HURRY IT BACK  
WITH A SAMPLE  
OF THE GAS!

YES, SIR!



AFTER THE ASSISTANT DEPARTS --  
ABRUPTLY -- THE ROOM IS ROCKED  
BY A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS!

WH-WHAT'S  
**THAT?**

WE'RE BEING  
**BOMBED!**



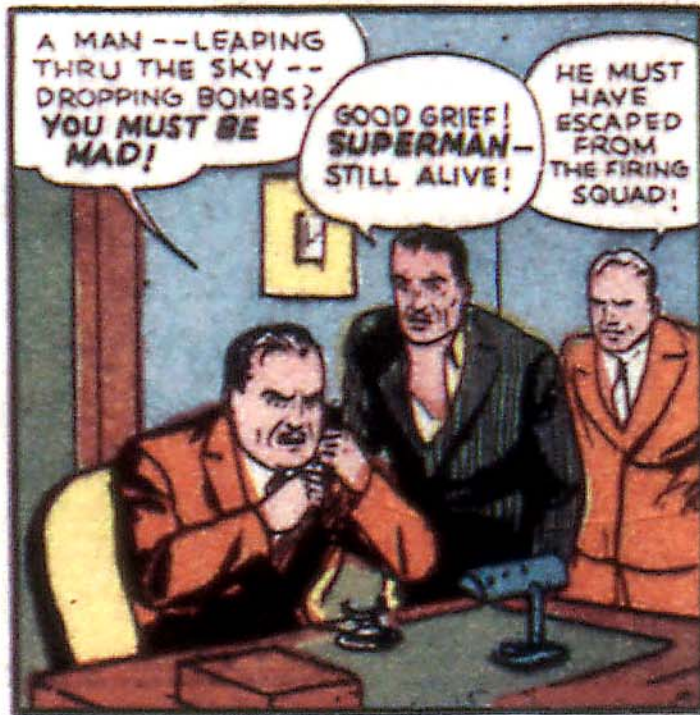
THOSE EXPLOSIONS!  
WHAT'S HAPPENING --  
**WHAT DO THEY**  
**MEAN?**



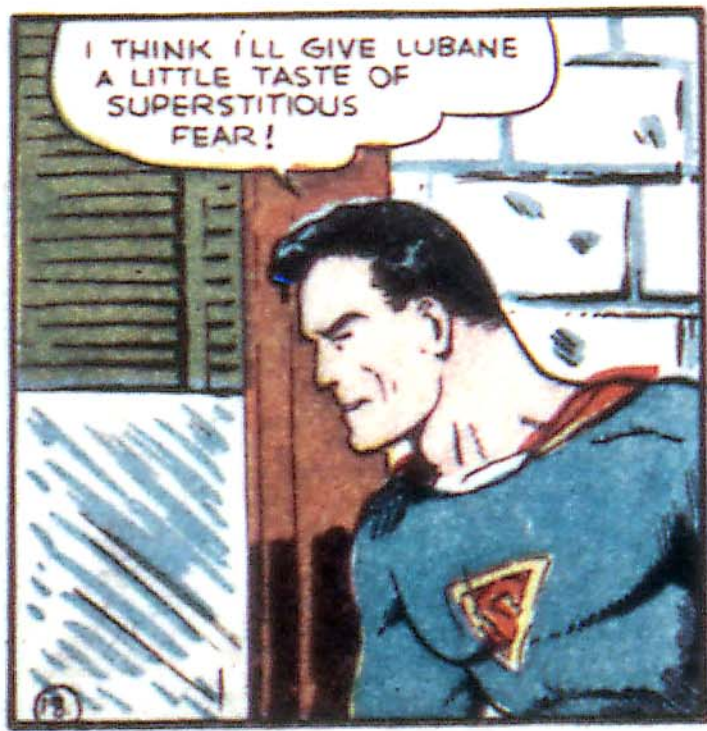
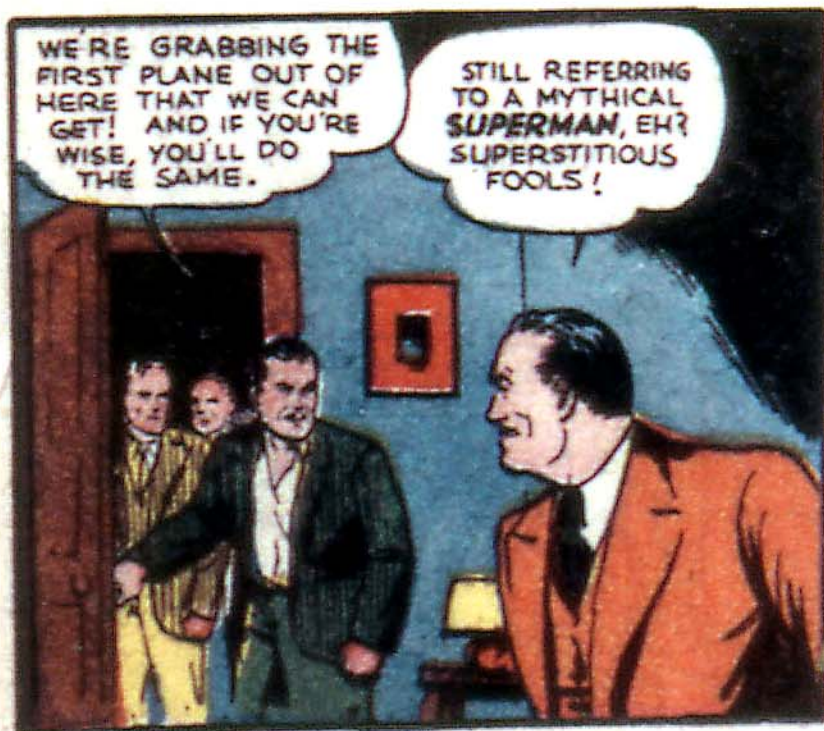
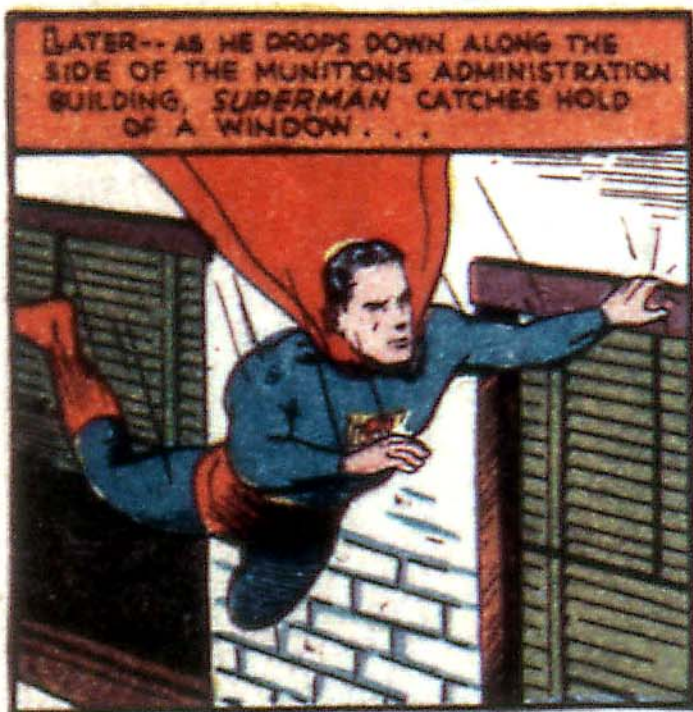
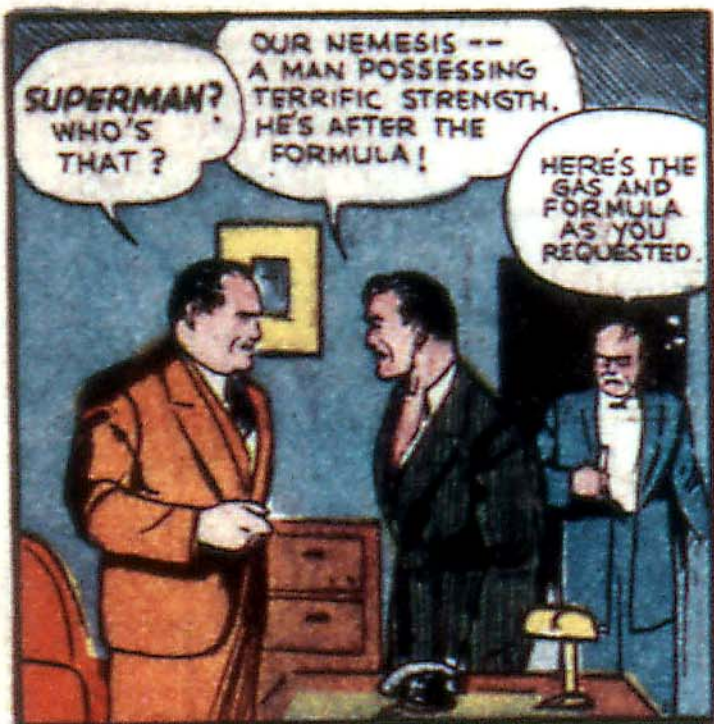
A MAN -- LEAPING  
THRU THE SKY --  
DROPPING BOMBS?  
YOU MUST BE  
**MAD!**

GOOD GRIEF!  
**SUPERMAN--**  
STILL ALIVE!

HE MUST  
HAVE  
ESCAPED  
FROM  
THE FIRING  
SQUAD!









I'VE GOT IT AT LAST --  
WHAT I'VE ALWAYS SOUGHT --  
THE MOST HORRIBLY DES-  
TRUCTIVE GAS ON EARTH!  
NOTHING CAN STOP ME  
NOW -- NOTHING!



WHO ARE YOU?  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT OF ME?



I'M GOING  
TO GIVE YOU THE  
FATE YOU DESERVE,  
LUBANE, FOR PRO-  
MOTING THIS WAR  
AND PROFITEERING  
UPON THE DEATH  
AND MISERY OF  
OTHERS!

BACK! THIS GLASS VIAL  
CONTAINS A PORTION  
OF RUNYAN'S TERRIBLE  
GAS! ANOTHER STEP  
FORWARD, AND I'LL  
SMASH IT!

YOU'RE  
BLUFFING!  
-- GIVE IT  
TO ME!



**SUPERMAN ADVANCES -- IN HIS EXCITE-  
MENT, LUBANE DROPS THE TUBE . . .  
IT SMASHES . . . DEADLY FUMES ARISE!**

YOU FOOL! SEE  
WHAT YOU'VE DONE?  
WE'LL BOTH DIE  
-- HORRIBLY!



HELP ME! . . . THE  
PAIN . . . I'M CHOK-  
ING . . . I CAN'T  
BREATHE!

YOU'RE ONLY  
GETTING A TASTE  
OF THE FATE YOU  
PLANNED TO DOOM  
OTHERS TO!

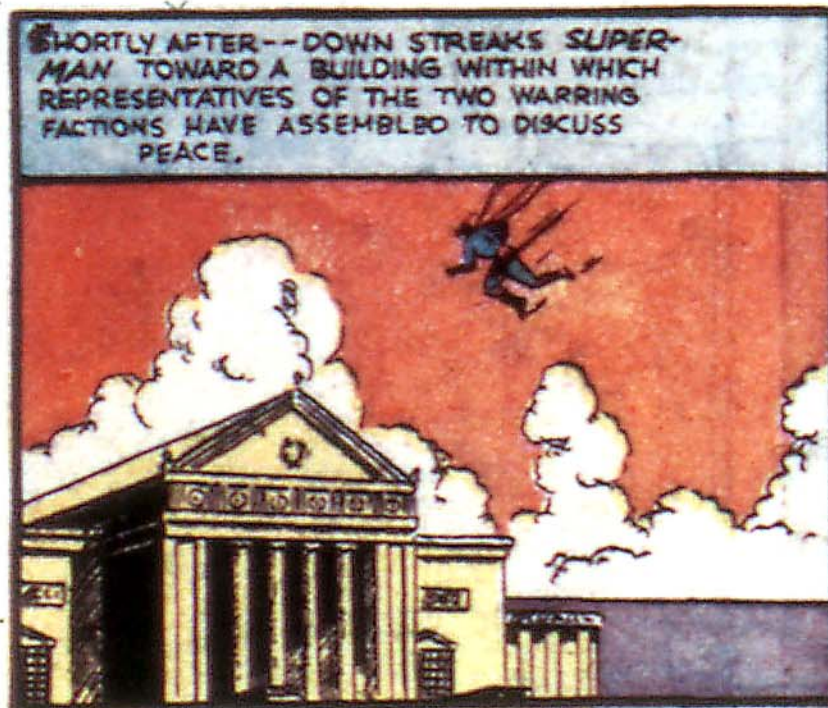
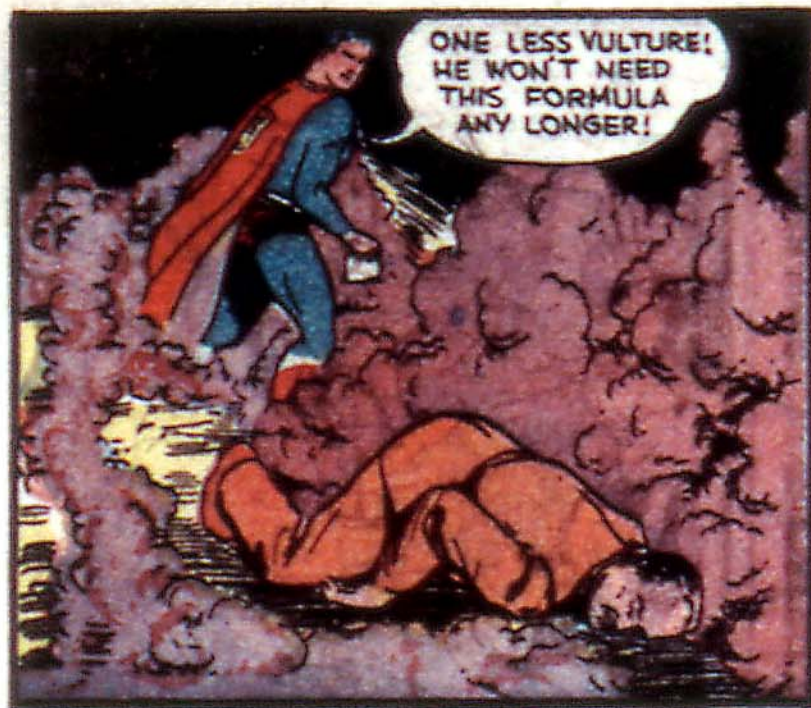


DON'T JUST STAND  
THERE! BLAST YOU!  
-- WHY DON'T  
YOU DIE?

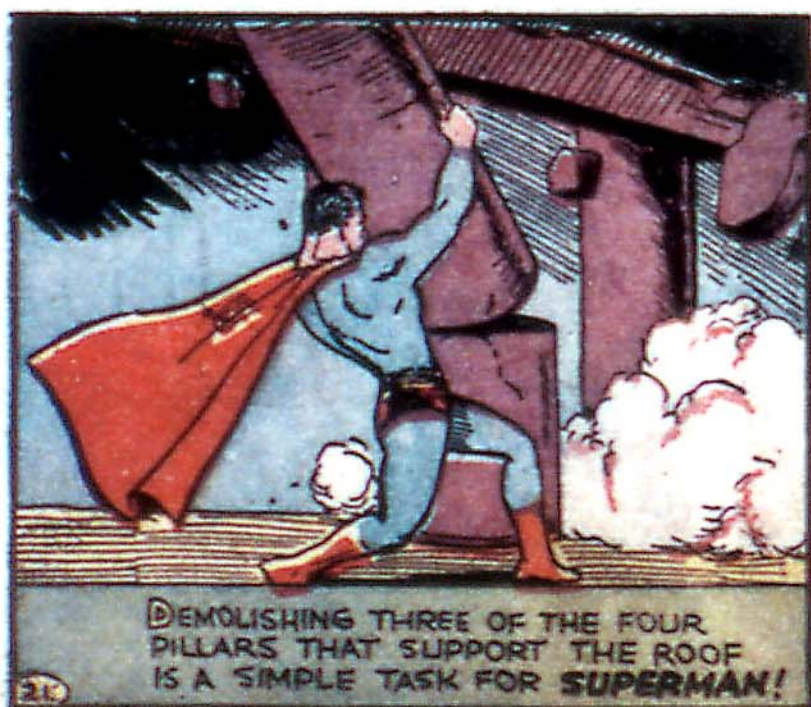
THE GAS  
DOESN'T AFFECT  
MY PHYSICAL  
STRUCTURE!













AND SO THE DISCUSSION IS FORCIBLY CONTINUED UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYES OF SUPERMAN!

GO ON! SAY THAT YOUR DEMANDS ARE SELFISH AND ABSURD!

AND I FIND THE REMAINDER OF YOUR TERMS ACCEPTABLE!

I--ER WITHDRAW MY ABSURD DEMANDS

GENTLEMEN, SINCE YOU'VE REACHED AN AMICABLE AGREEMENT, WE CAN ALL SIGN THE PEACE TREATY!

SHORTLY AFTER, THE NEGOTIATIONS COMMITTEE MAKES AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO CHEERING THROGS...

THE WAR IS OVER! THE COMMITTEE HAS AGREED ON PEACE!

DISAPPEARING DURING THE EXCITEMENT SUPERMAN DONS CIVILIAN GARMENTS AND WALKS THRU THE REJOICING CITY TO THE AIRPORT

AND TO THINK THAT JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO THESE HAPPY PEOPLE WERE UNDER THE DREAD SHADOW OF WAR!

BARTOW AND HIS FRIENDS -- ABOUT TO RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES! HOW FORTUNATE... FOR ME!

# AMERICAN TELEGRAPH

GEORGE TAYLOR, EDITOR,  
DAILY STAR,  
METROPOLIS, N.Y.  
BORAVIAN CIVIL WAR ENDS IN TRUCE  
RETURNING ON AIRLINER 7-X WITH  
MURDERERS OF RUKYAN. MEET US  
AT AIRPORT WITH POLICE  
CLARK KENT

WITH THE PLANE ABOUT TO LEAVE IN A FEW MOMENTS, CLARK HURRIEDLY DISPATCHES A TELEGRAM...

MY EDITOR OUGHT TO BE TICKLED TO GET THAT!



TOWARD THE U.S. WINGS THE GREAT  
BORAVIAN AIRLINER



WITHIN IT, THRU THE LONG HOURS  
OF THE VOYAGE, CLARK KEEPS  
BARTOW'S MEN UNDER SURVEILLANCE

WHAT'S THE MATTER  
WITH YOU? WE'VE  
A FORTUNE IN CASH  
ON US AND YOU  
PERSIST IN ACTING  
JITTERY!

I CAN'T HELP  
IT-- WHEN  
I THINK OF  
SUPERMAN  
STILL BEING  
ALIVE.

OH, SNAP  
OUT OF  
IT!



AS METROPOLIS IS REACHED . . .

YOU'RE UNDER  
ARREST FOR THE  
MURDER OF  
ADULPHUS  
RUNYAN!

BUT-- BUT  
THERE MUST BE  
SOME MISTAKE!  
WHO MAKES THIS  
RIDICULOUS  
CHARGE?



I DO! -- AND YOU WON'T  
THINK IT SO RIDICULOUS  
WHEN A COURT OF LAW  
MAKES YOU PAY FOR  
YOUR CRIME!



NICE GOING, CLARK! NOW  
GET DOWN TO THE OFFICE  
AND TURN OUT THE  
STORY BEFORE ANOTHER  
PAPER SCOOPS US!

RIGHTO!

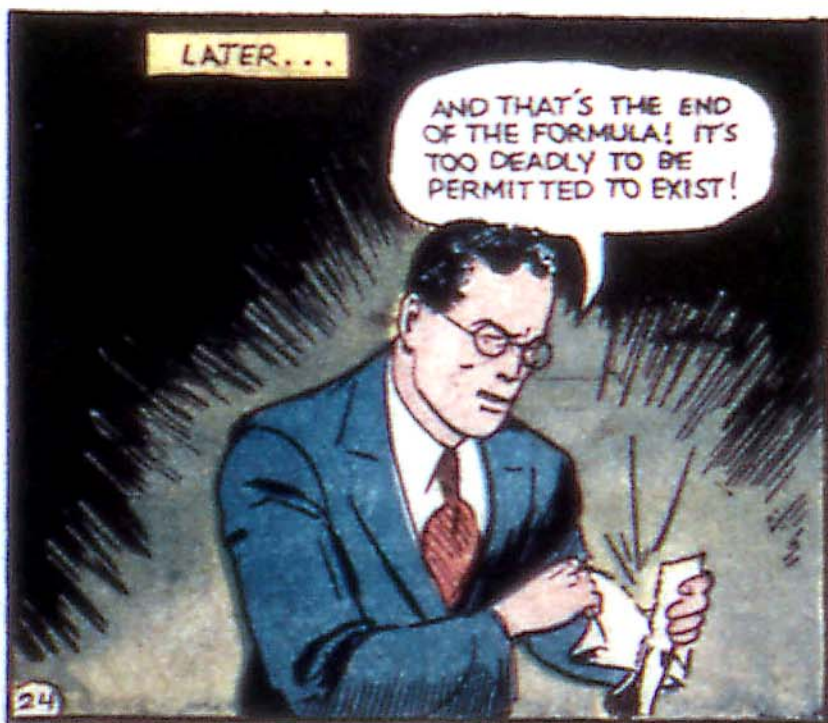
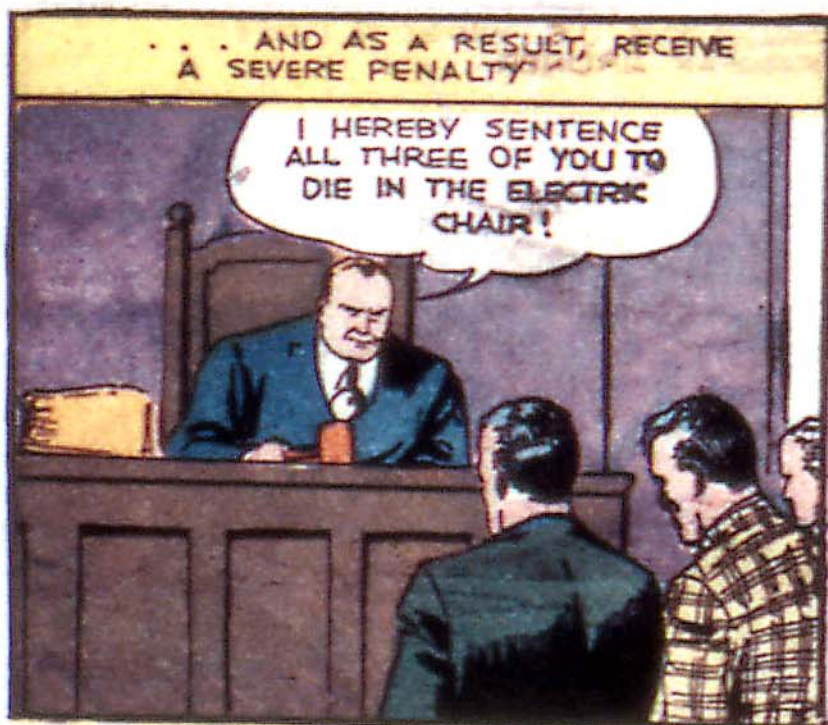


DAYS LATER -- KENT TAKES THE  
WITNESS STAND . . .

AND I DISTINCTLY  
OVERHEARD BARTOW  
THREATENING RUNYAN'S  
LIFE!





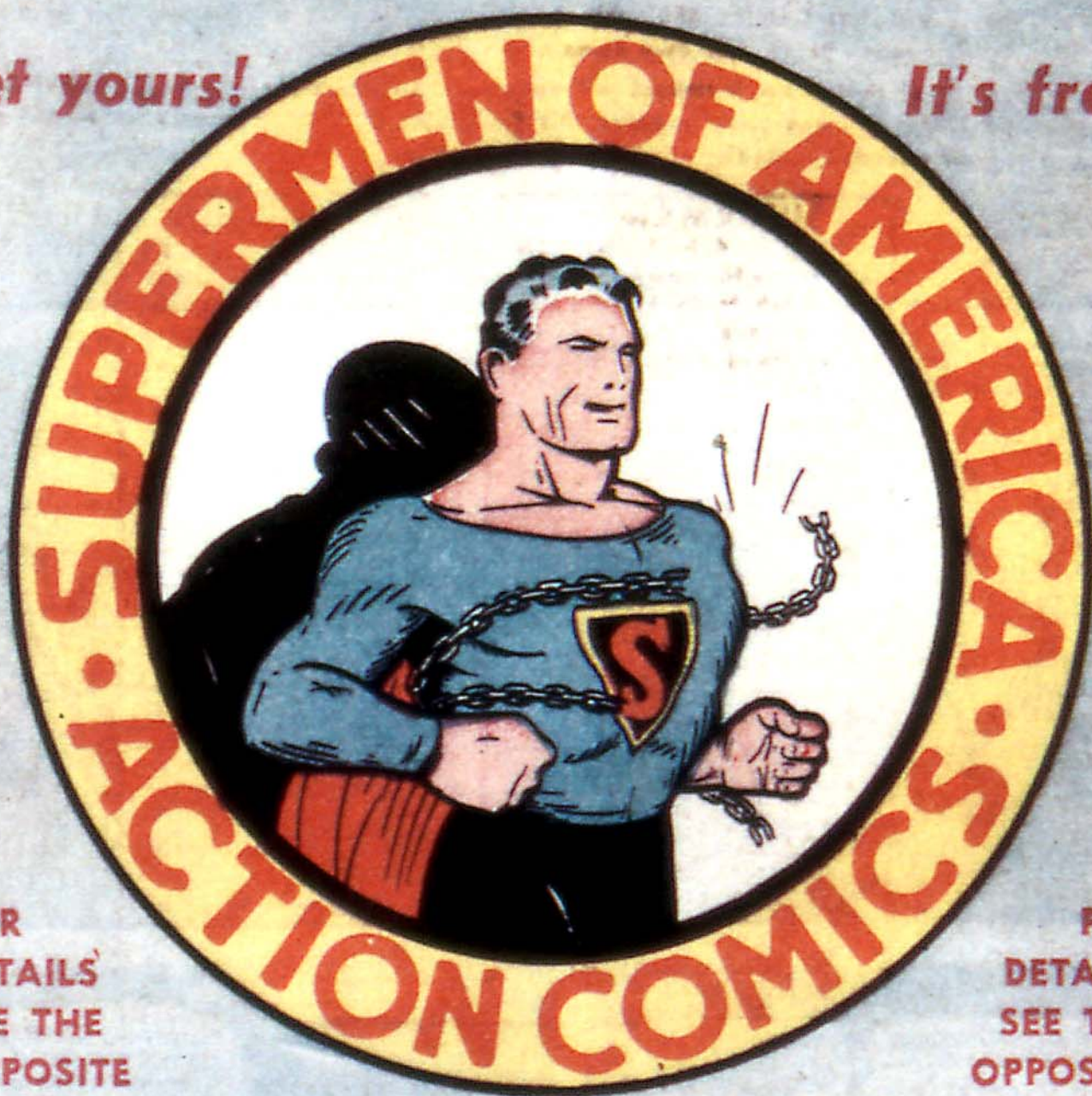




**Thousands of *Supermen of America* members are already wearing this beautifully colored SUPERMAN EMBLEM!**

**Get yours!**

**It's free!**



**FOR  
DETAILS  
SEE THE  
OPPOSITE  
PAGE!**

**FOR  
DETAILS  
SEE THE  
OPPOSITE  
PAGE!**

**THIS IS THE ACTUAL SIZE OF THE EMBLEM!**

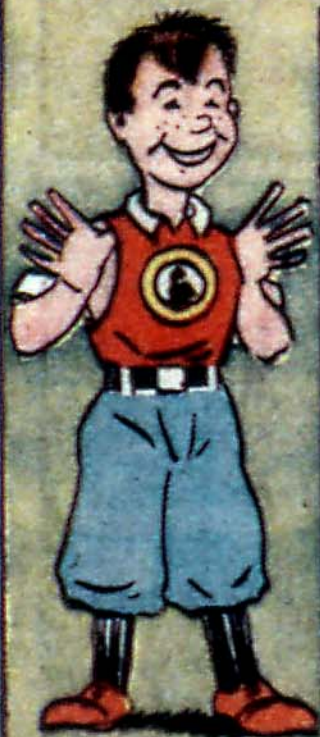
This dandy felt **SUPERMAN EMBLEM** is made in four brilliant colors and can be sewed on your sweater, bathing suit, polo shirt or sweat-shirt.

Be sure to get yours *right away!* You'll be proud to wear it and everyone in your neighborhood will envy you.



# HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO GET THIS BEAUTIFUL FREE SUPERMAN EMBLEM!

1. If you are already a member, get three (3) of your friends to join the **SUPERMEN OF AMERICA**. Get 10c from each of them to cover the cost of mailing.
2. Print the 3 names, addresses and ages on the large coupon below and send it in to Superman, c/o Action Comics, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City, together with the 30c. Also, on this coupon print your own name and your Membership number. *This is important!*
3. Each of these new Members will receive a Membership Certificate, a Button and a Superman Code . . . and you'll receive this fine emblem **FREE!!** So be sure to get at least three of your friends to join the **SUPERMEN OF AMERICA**.



## SUPERMAN, c/o ACTION COMICS

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

S/2

Below are the names and addresses of three of my friends who wish to join **SUPERMEN OF AMERICA**. I enclose 30c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive the Superman Emblem **FREE** of charge.

1. NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY & STATE \_\_\_\_\_

2. NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY & STATE \_\_\_\_\_

3. NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY & STATE \_\_\_\_\_

MY NAME IS \_\_\_\_\_ No. \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY & STATE \_\_\_\_\_



If you are not yet a Member of the **SUPERMEN OF AMERICA**, you can join by filling in the coupon on right and take advantage of this **FREE** emblem offer by getting three others to join with you! **SEND** in the coupon on the right and the coupon above properly filled in, together with 40c, and you'll receive a **FREE** emblem, too!

## SUPERMAN,

S/2

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 \_\_\_\_\_



# SUPERMAN

## AND THE SKYSCRAPERS

By Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster



### WORKER DIES IN DEATH DROP

By CLARK KENT

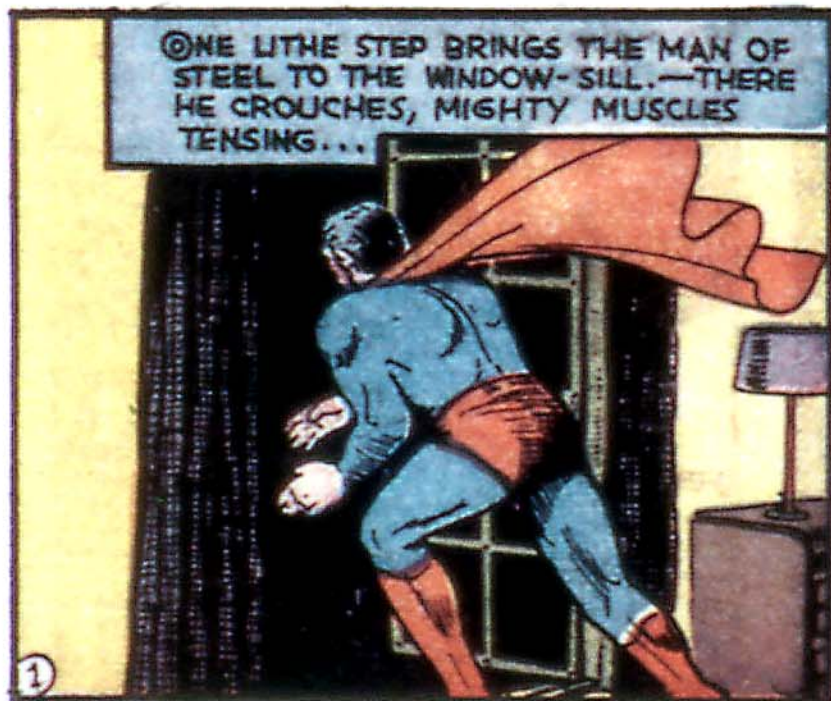
For the fifth day in succession, tragedy has stalled the erection of the ATLAS BUILDING. Early this morning, Pete Asconio, an employee of Bruce Constructions, Inc., fell to a mangled death.

The contractors are having extreme difficulty keeping their workers on the job. The building has acquired a reputation of being jinxed...and apparently the steel workers all wish to avoid the distinction of becoming Victim Number Six.

WITHIN THE PRIVACY OF HIS APARTMENT, CLARK KENT DONS THE STRANGE UNIFORM WHICH TRANSFORMS HIM INTO THE DYNAMIC SUPERMAN!



ONE LITTLE STEP BRINGS THE MAN OF STEEL TO THE WINDOW-SILL.—THERE HE CROUCHES, MIGHTY MUSCLES TENSING...

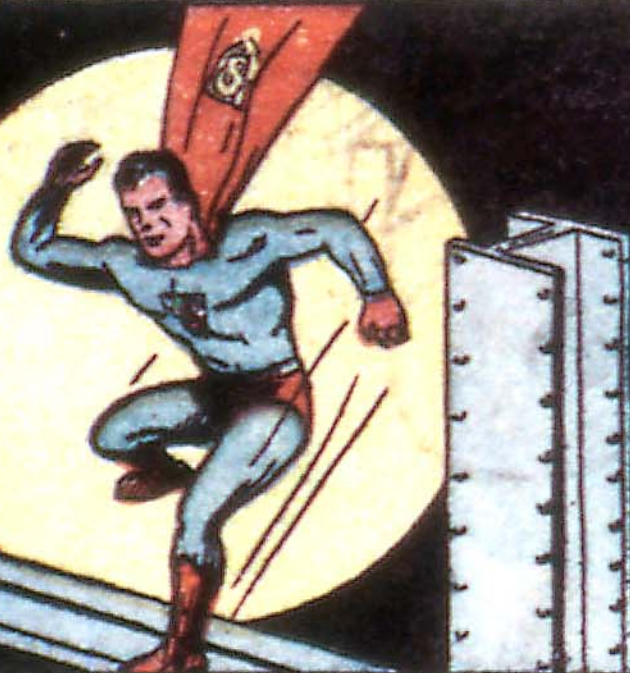


SUPERMAN'S STEELY MUSCLES LAUNCH HIM OUT INTO THE NIGHT!





..... A FEW  
MOMENTS LATER THE  
FANTASTIC, CLOAKED  
FIGURE HURTTLES  
DOWN UPON THE  
GIRDERS ATOP THE  
SKYSCRAPER OF  
MYSTERY!

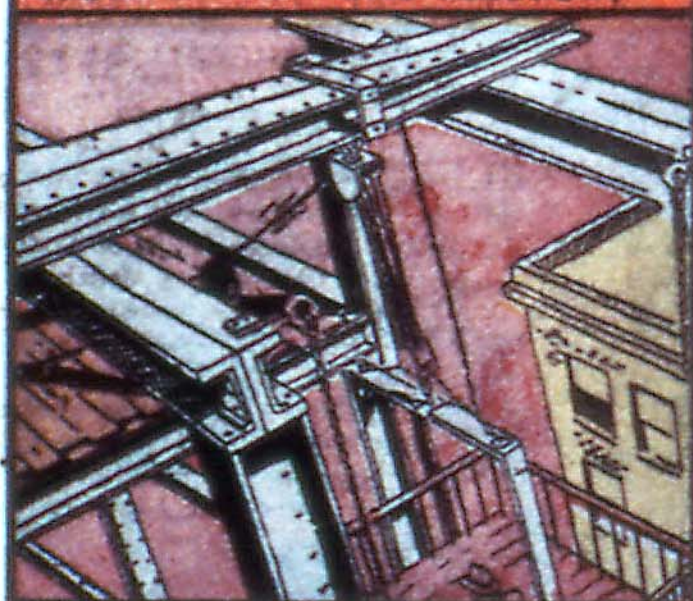


SILHOUETTED BY THE SILVERY MOON-  
LIGHT AGAINST THE SKYSCRAPER'S  
MASSIVE BLACK SHADOWS, SUPERMAN  
COMMENCES TO EXAMINE THE  
STRUCTURE, WHEN...

WHAT'S  
THAT?



... HIS SUPER-HEARING DETECTS THE  
SOUND OF THE RISING ELEVATOR!



SOMEONE'S  
COMING!



THE ELEVATOR CLANKS TO A STOP. OUT  
SHUFFLES... THE NIGHT WATCHMAN!

THE COAST  
IS CLEAR!





OUT ONTO A GIRDER EDGES THE  
NIGHT WATCHMAN



NOW TO  
GET TO  
WORK!



STEADILY HE SAWS UNTIL THE GIRDER  
IS CUT ALMOST COMPLETELY THRU...

TOMORROW THERE'LL BE  
ANOTHER FATAL ACCIDENT.  
—HOW UNFORTUNATE!



BUT AS HE COMMENCES TO RETURN  
ALONG THE STEEL GIRDER...

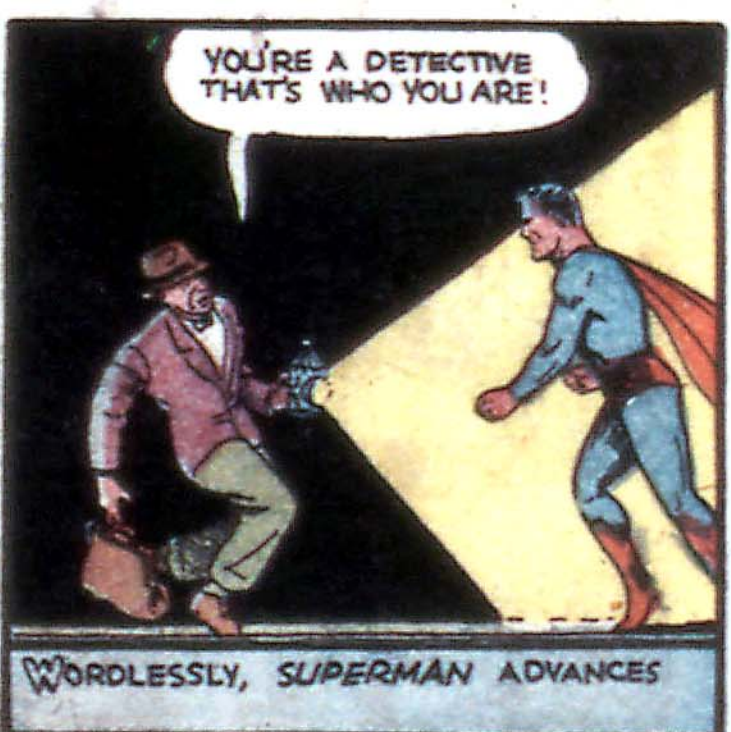
WHAT IN—?  
HOW DID YOU  
GET HERE!



WHO ARE YOU?  
—WHY DON'T YOU  
ANSWER ME?



YOU'RE A DETECTIVE  
THAT'S WHO YOU ARE!



WORDLESSLY, SUPERMAN ADVANCES







DOWN AFTER THE WATCHMAN'S FIGURE  
DIVES SUPERMAN!



CLOSER TOWARD THE EARTH HURTLE  
THE TWO BODIES, THE SPACE BETWEEN  
THEM GRADUALLY NARROWING...



WITH ONLY INSTANTS TO ACT, SUPER-  
MAN WHIRLS THE WATCHMAN UP  
INTO THE AIR ABOVE HIM...



WHAM! - SUPERMAN STRIKES THE  
GROUND AMIDST FLYING EARTH...  
TREMENDOUS MUSCLES CUSHION THE  
SHOCK...





... WITH INCREDIBLE AGILITY, THE MAN OF STEEL WHIRLS...



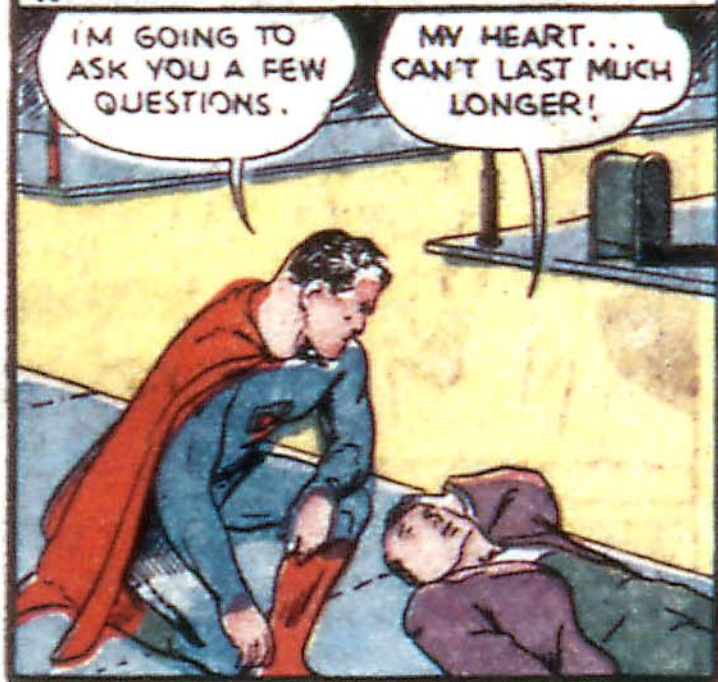
... AND CATCHES THE DESCENDING MAN IN HIS ARMS!



WHEN THE WATCHMAN REVIVES...

I'M GOING TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS.

MY HEART... CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER!



QUICK! TELL ME WHY YOU KILLED THE STEEL WORKERS!

I WAS ONLY OBEYING ORDERS. I BELONG TO THE GANG OF-- OF--

BRUCE  
CONST  
-INC-



OF WHO?

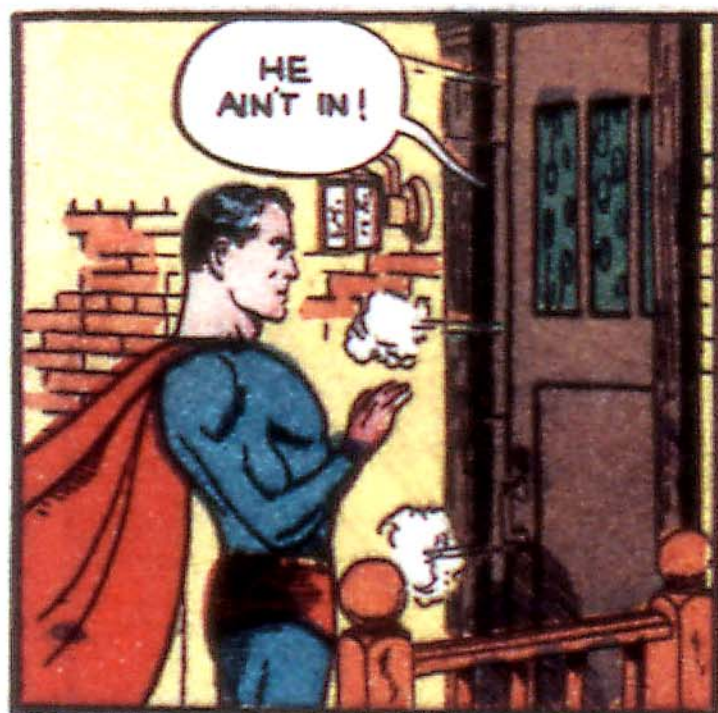
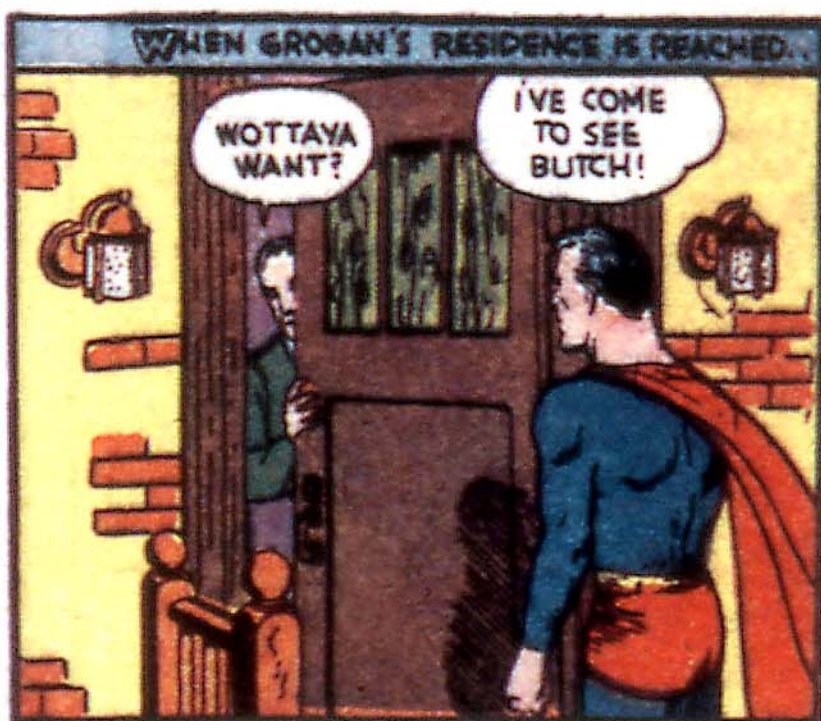
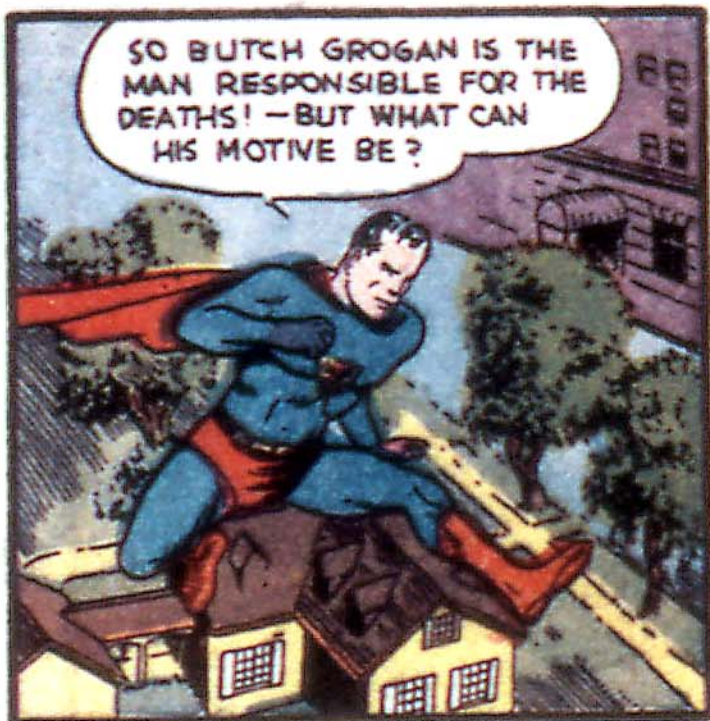
BUTCH GROGAN!



DEAD... HEART FAILURE! THE EXCITEMENT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM!

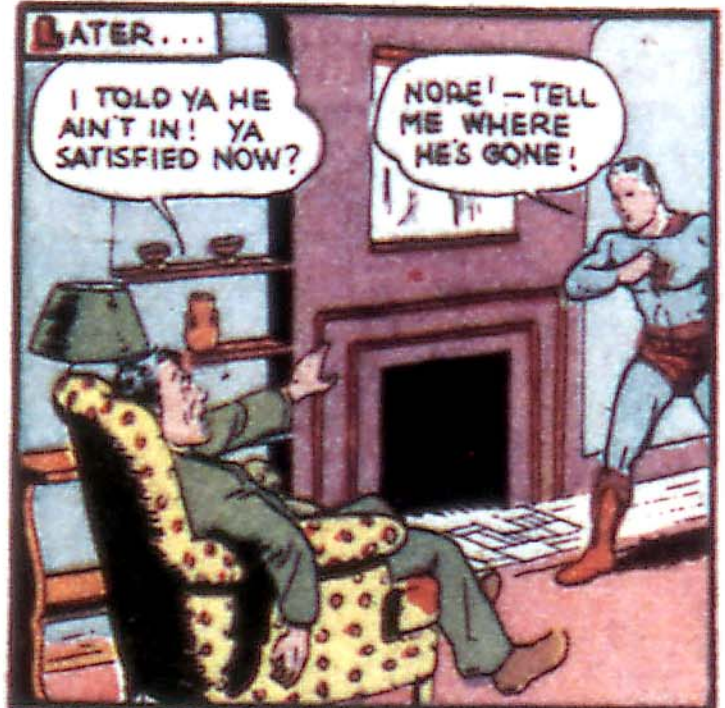








**SUPERMAN SEARCHES THE PLACE . . .**





SEIZING THE QUAVERING HENCHMAN,  
SUPERMAN HURLS HIM UPWARD...



UP-UP-SPEEDS THE SHRIEKING  
HUMAN MISSILE...



... THEN COMMENCES TO PLUMMET  
DOWNWARD IN AN AWFUL DROP.



GOING TO TALK OR  
SHALL I KEEP ON  
AMUSING  
MYSELF?

FOR PETE'S  
SAKE, LEMME  
ALONE! --  
I DON'T KNOW  
NOTHIN'!



SUPERMAN CONTINUES HIS EFFORTS  
TO MAKE THE STUBBORN HENCHMAN  
TALK...

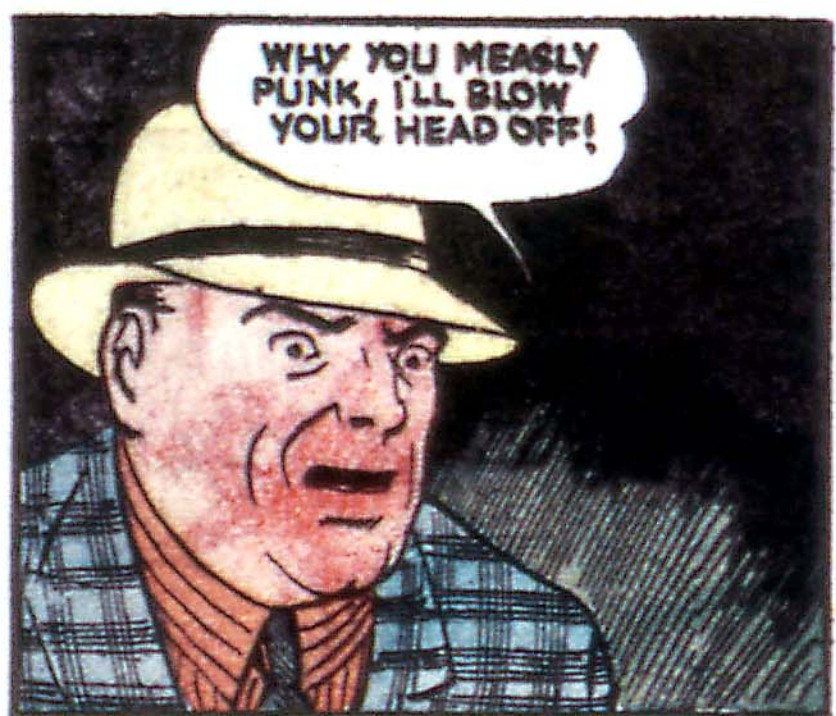


READY  
TO TALK?

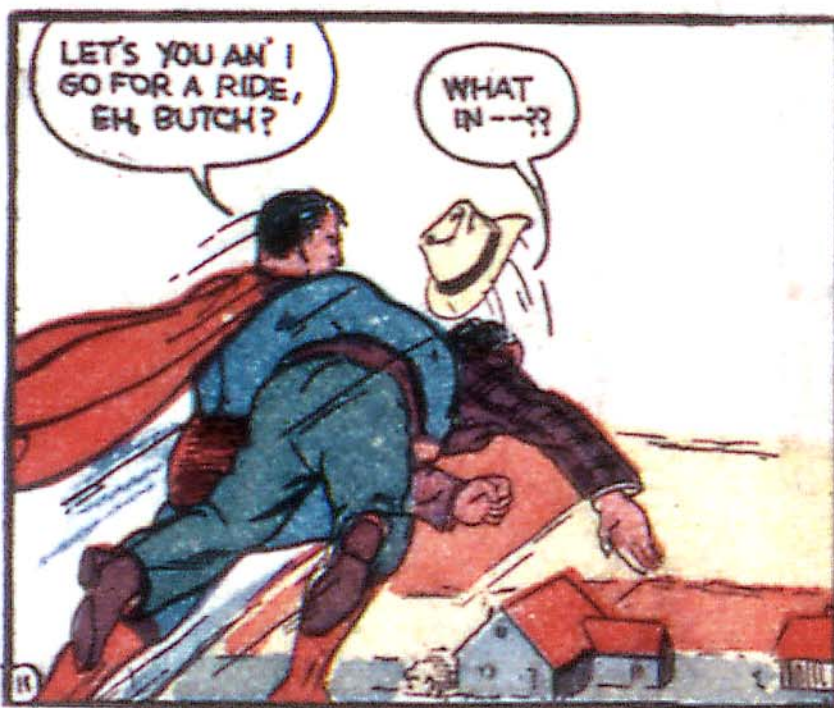
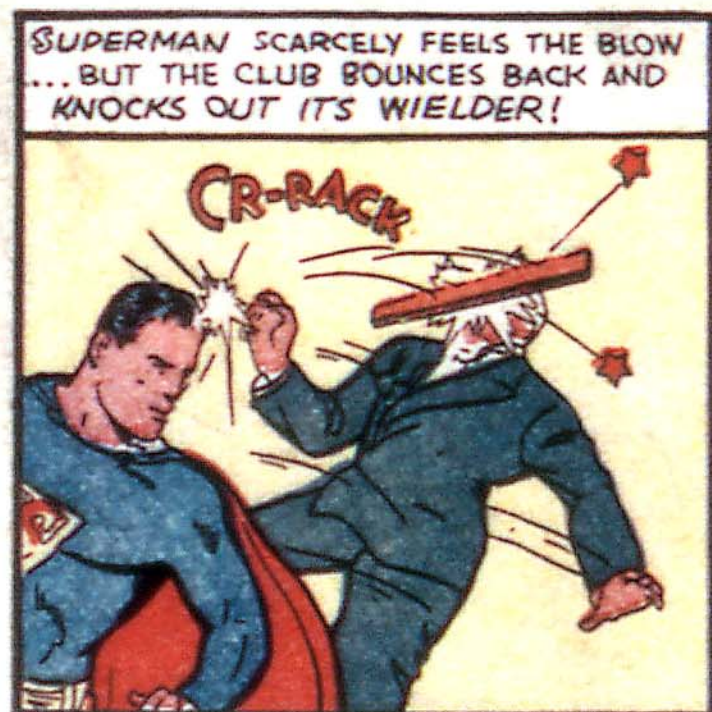
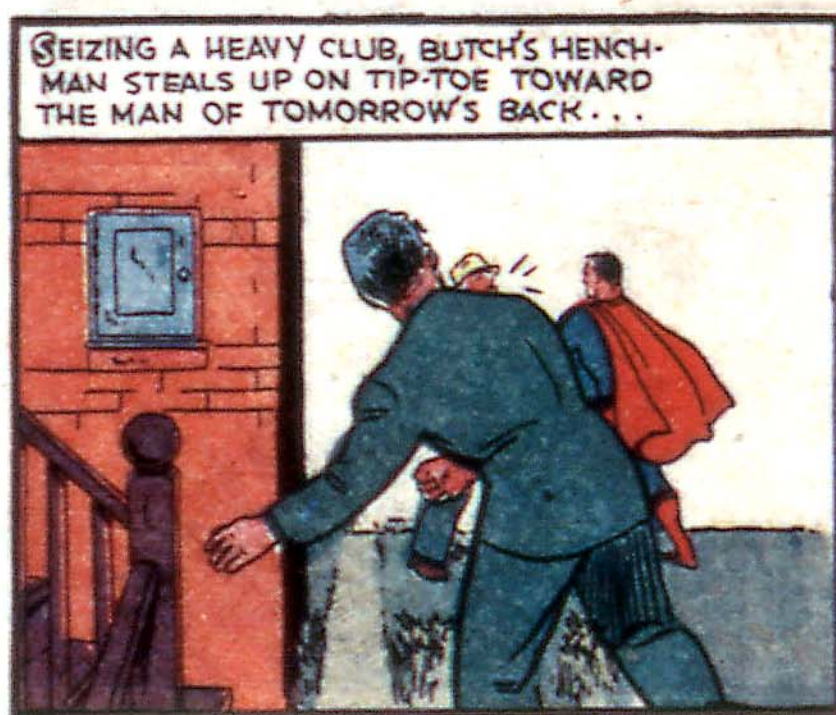
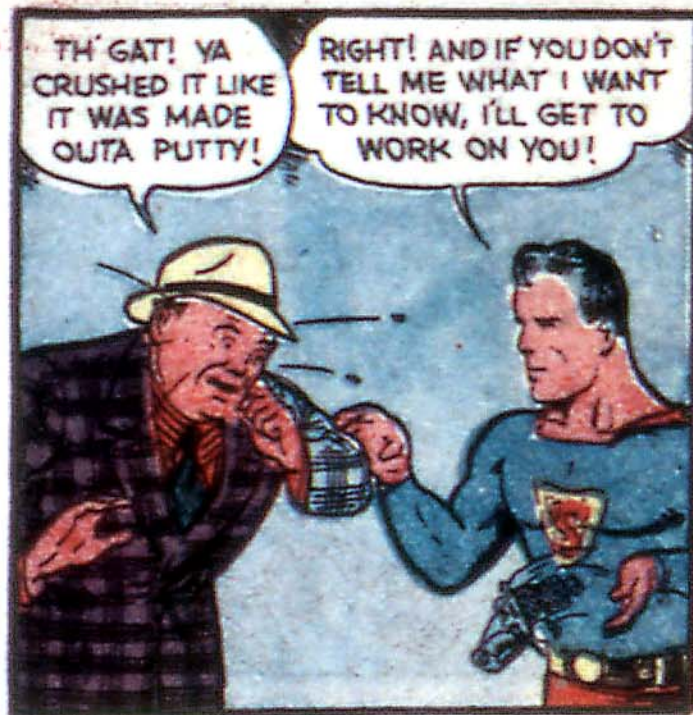
YES, YES! --  
IF YOU'LL LEAVE  
ME ALONE!



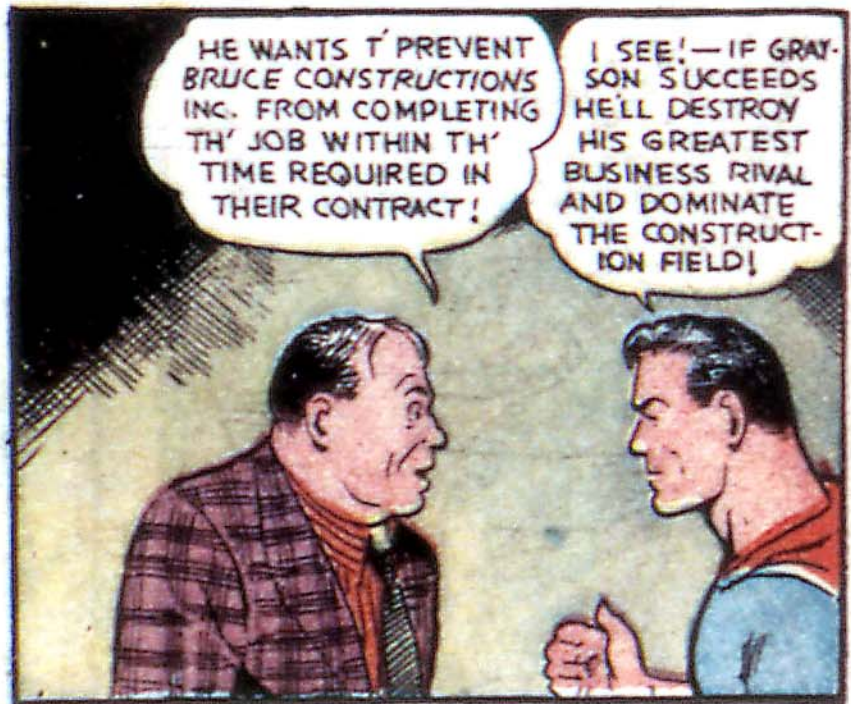
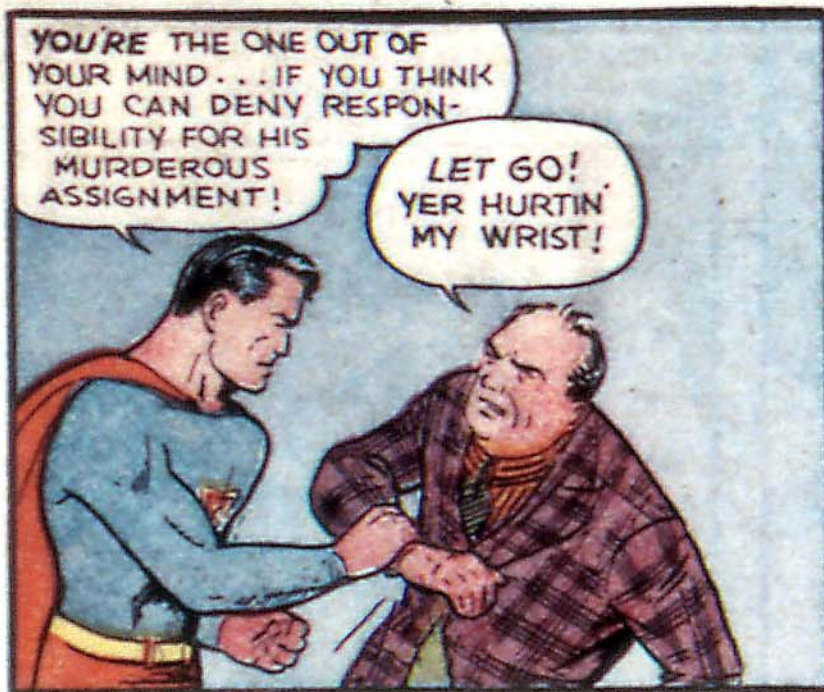




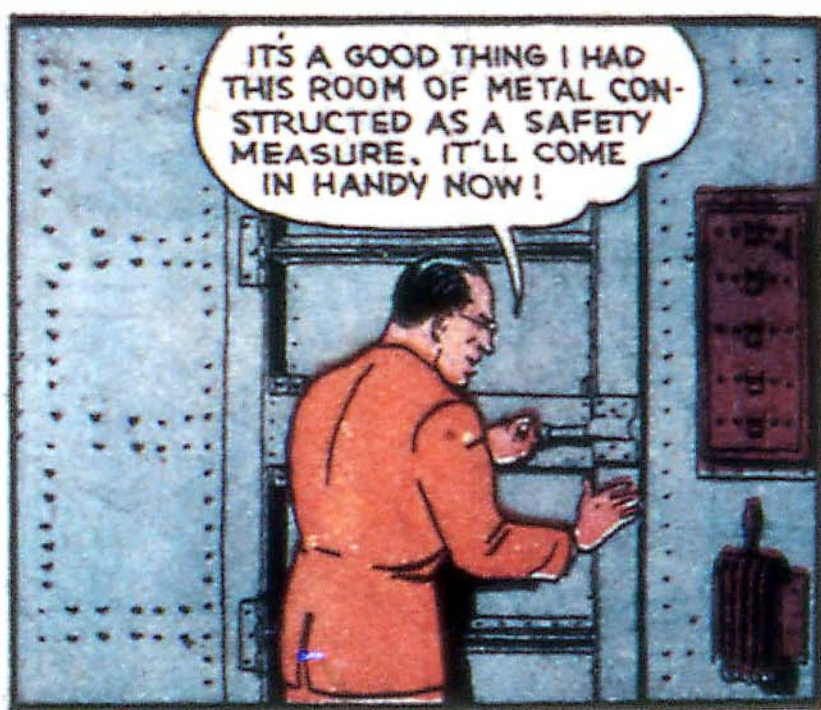
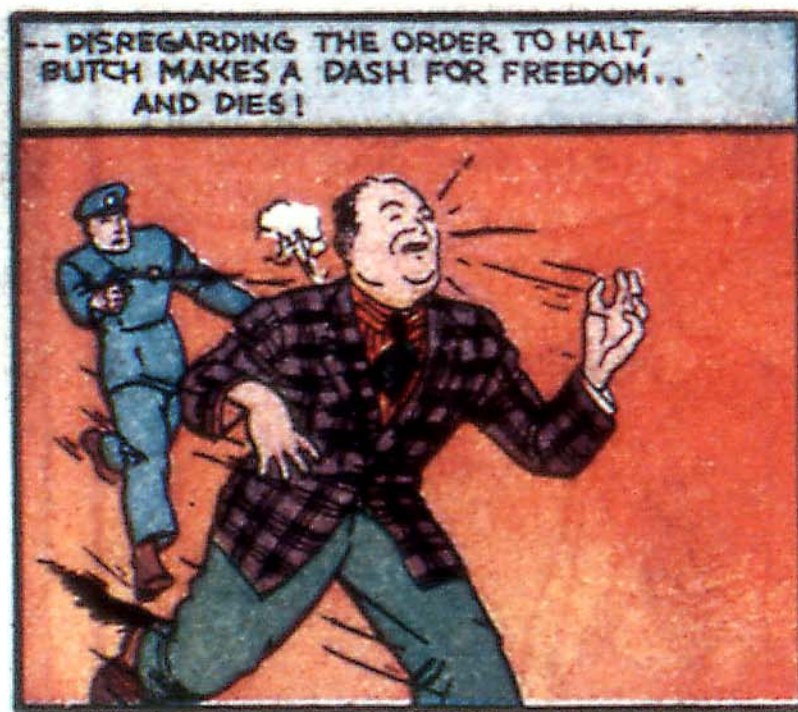




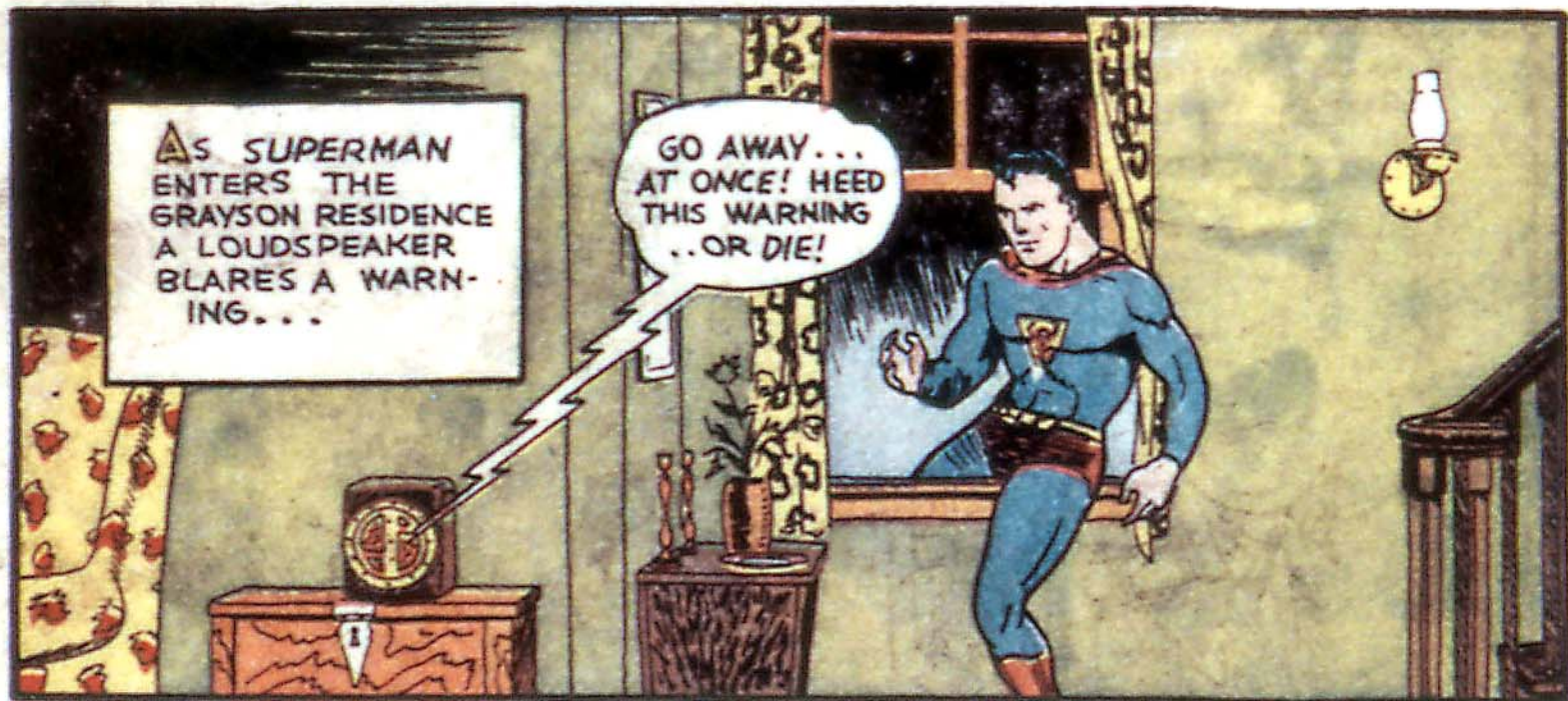






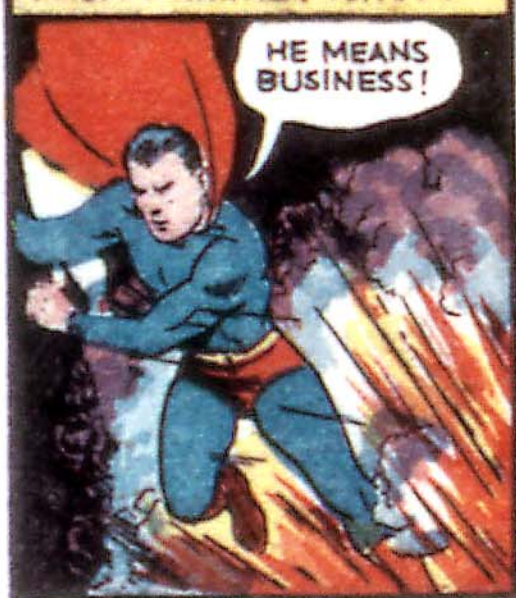








ONLY A SWIFT SIDEWARD LEAP SAVES SUPERMAN FROM ANNIHILATION...



SUPERMAN IS ROCKED BY ANOTHER EXPLOSION....



... BUT SUCCEEDS IN BREAKING THRU!



PHONE A FULL CONFESSION OF YOUR MURDEROUS ATLAS BUILDING OUTRAGES TO THE POLICE, AND I'LL RESIST THE URGE TO WRING YOUR NECK!

DON'T HURT ME!

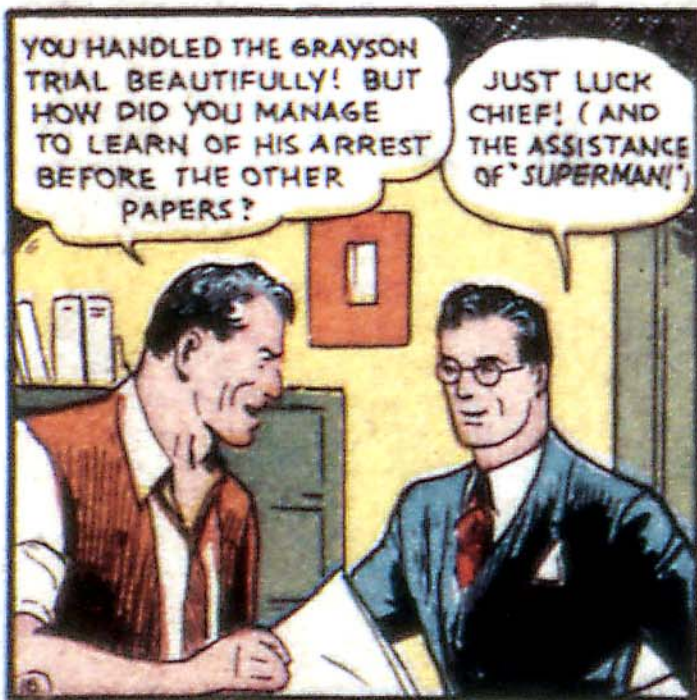
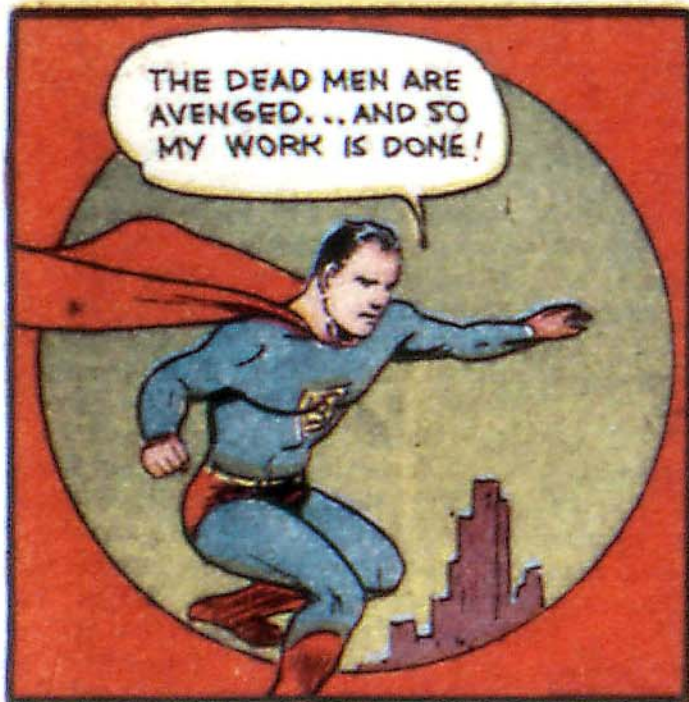


I'M NAT GRAYSON - I'VE A CRIME TO CONFESS -- SEND SOME POLICE OVER AT ONCE!

I'D HOPED I'D HAVE TO USE A LITTLE "PERSUASION" ON YOU!











# SUPERMAN

By Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster

**D**OWN the steps of Police Headquarters hurried "Big Mike" Caputo, roughly shouldering aside any unfortunate figure that happened to bar his path. Huge, hulking in size, was the ruthless racketeer, and in his rough-shod lumbering gait was revealed something of the brutality of the man.

A small mob of reporters hurried toward "Big Mike" as he hove into sight. "Hold it, Mike," one of them called. And then another piped up, "Let's have it. Just what went on in there between the Chief of Police and yourself?"

"Big Mike" paused in his stride, scowled, then assuming a false face of geniality, said, "Just a little friendly talk, that's all!"

Clark Kent, ace scribe on the *Daily Star*, commented: "Friendly, eh? Since when does the Police Chief of *Metropolis* get pally with a murderous hoodlum who has been kicked out of a dozen states?"

Mike's huge paw of a fist darted out, seized the luckless reporter by the shirt front. He cried: "Why, you little squirt, I'll—!"

His face ashen, the *Daily Star* reporter attempted to stutter an apology, but before he could get more than a few words out, Mike's fist smashed directly into his face. Kent went down like a sack. Caputo turned grimly toward the other waiting reporters. "Any more cracks?"

As no reply came, Mike continued on his way to the steps' bottom, crammed his great bulk into a taxi, and disappeared from view as it was driven off.

Eager hands assisted Clark Kent erect. "What hit me?" groaned Clark. "A sledge hammer?"

"No," replied one of the other reporters. "Caputo's fist! That was a pretty foolhardy thing to do: insult him to his face!"

Clark tenderly felt his jaw.

"Why do they allow a rat like that to roam the streets?"

"I can answer that," came a near-by voice.

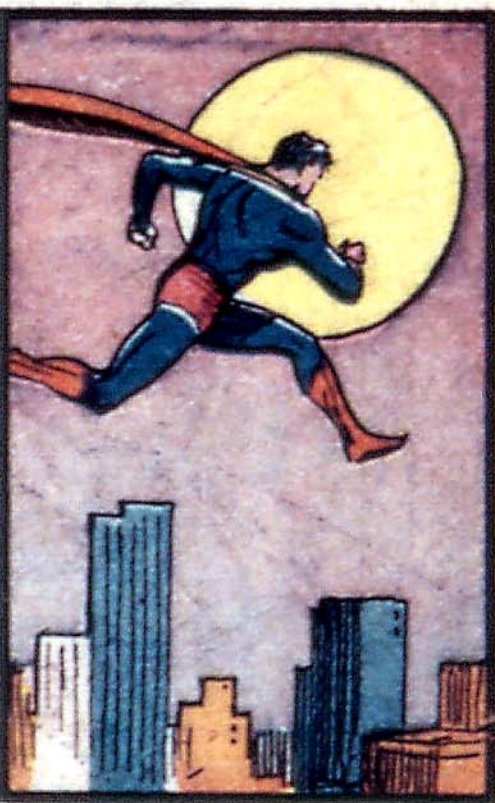
The reporters' eyes swung to the doorway, and there stood the Chief of Police himself! "Caputo, since he was forced to leave several other cities, has been looking *Metropolis* over, and apparently thinks it's ripe for the plucking."

"And you're going to stand by and let him commit a crime," cried Clark.

"I warned him," said the Chief sternly. "I called him into my office and told him straight to his face . . . one false move, and it's into a cell he goes!"

"Nice goin', Chief!" applauded one of the reporters.

"Think so?" asked the Chief, smiling. "Then how about writing it up in your papers. And if you'd like some pictures of me to appear with the articles, well, far be it that I should argue with the Gentlemen of the Press."



As flash-bombs exploded about the Chief of Police, Clark Kent unobtrusively slipped away from the others. Amazingly enough, once he had succeeded in eluding the others, he no longer appeared like a man who had been on the receiving end of a terrific hay-maker. No patting of a tender, aching jaw, now . . . instead, that jaw was set firmly in an attitude of grim determination.

Shortly after, within a dark alley, Clark Kent glanced swiftly about, made certain he was unobserved, then swiftly stripped off his outer garments, revealing himself clad in the fantastic costume that was talked about from one end of the nation to the other: the uniform of **SUPERMAN**, Savior of the Helpless and Oppressed!

A huge leap carried the Man of Steel high into the air. One of his outflung arms seized the roof of a building and drew him safely up atop the edifice. There he poised, his great scarlet cloak whipping out behind him, glancing swiftly about in various directions. His eyes blazed with a fierce penetrating flame, as well they might, for he was surveying the surrounding vicinity with his amazing telescopic, X-ray eyesight. And in a few moments he had located the object of his search: Caputo leaving his taxi, and entering a dejected looking boarding house.

**A** GREAT spring carried the Man of Tomorrow out over the city, soaring high above the traffic below, and landed him near the boarding house. Several more cautious springs from building to building, and **SUPERMAN** found himself on a ledge outside the boarding house, staring into a window . . . and seeing within, Caputo seated at a table in conference with two hirelings.

Within the room, Caputo spoke



harshly, confidently. "It's a cinch. This town is just rolling in gravy, waiting to be plucked . . . and we're the men to do it! Listen, Sneer, and you too, Fink! Give me a month, and I'll have every business man paying tribute to me, 'Big Mike' Caputo—or else!"

The two remaining men in the room glanced hastily at each other, muttered under their breath, then dropped their eyes. Caputo instantly glared. "What's the matter with you guys?" he bellowed. "It's a great plan, isn't it? Then why the glum looks?"

One of the men spoke hesitantly. "It's not that we haven't got confidence in you, 'Big Mike'. It's that we happen to have been in this town longer than you, and we know . . ."

"The blazes with what you know . . ." rasped Caputo. "I say I can take over this town, and if you two weasels are getting chicken-livered . . .!"

"But—" interposed the other hireling, "—you're not counting on . . . **SUPERMAN!**"

"**SUPERMAN?**" questioned Caputo. "And who in blazes is *he*?"

"That's just it!" whispered Sneer. "Nobody knows. He's a will-of-the-wisp . . . a phantom of the night. He preys on evil-doers who operate in *Metropolis* . . . and once that bozo's on your trail, brother, you're sunk!"

Caputo smashed his fist against the table, arose. "Yeah? Well, just let him watch out if he tackles me. I'm pretty tough myself!"

"You don't get it," interposed Fink. "The guy ain't human. He's got super-strength. He could take you, Caputo, and twist you into a pretzel, honest he could!"

Caputo roared, reached across the table, clutched at the helpless Fink. "He could *what* . . .?" he bellowed.

Fink tried to reply but no words would come. Caputo smirked with satisfaction. They were afraid of him, these riff-raff were. Why with one smash of his fist he could . . .

Suddenly he paused, noting that though Fink was trembling, his eyes were fastened upon something behind Caputo's back. Abruptly dropping Fink, "Big Mike" whirled . . . then gasped.

For stepping thru the window, and regarding him coolly, was the strangest-attired man Caputo had ever seen. A man clad entirely in a skin-tight costume with the letter

"S" emblazoned strikingly upon his chest—and upon his back, a flaring cloak.

"What th'—?" exploded Caputo. "What is this? Wh- who are you?"

"It's *him*!" cried Sneer hoarsely. "It's—it's—**SUPERMAN!**"

For a moment, Caputo stood stunned, then he cried, "You fools! He's no more supernatural than you or me! Come on, let's rush him!"

Sneer and Fink rushed, all right—but directly from the room.

**SUPERMAN** smiled amusedly, then spoke, "It looks like your 'friends' have run out on you. It's between you and me, now—'Big Mike' . . . are you ready to make a bargain with me?"

"A bargain . . . ?" asked Mike, suspicious.

"Yes," said **SUPERMAN**. "You seem to believe that you are physically my master. Well, what say, we find out? We'll fight it out, you and I. And the winner, it's pledged, leaves town in a jiffy! A battle between us, 'Big Mike', to decide whether good or evil rules this city!—Agreed?"

"Agreed!" shouted "Big Mike", and leapt directly at the costumed figure.

With a crash the two struck! Mike swung at his adversary, groaned with pain as his fist collided with granite-like skin. "Hey!" he cried.

Next instant, Mike was whirling up thru the air! Up he flew, then with a **WHAM!** crashed against the ceiling amidst a deluge of raining plaster. Down he hurtled, and into a relentless, steel grip. Around

and around, he circled about **SUPERMAN'S** head.

"Just like on the Merry-Go-Round," grinned **SUPERMAN**. "Want a repeat-ride?"

"Big Mike" bellowed his protest. But in the middle of his cry, **SUPERMAN** loosened his grip, and Caputo went flying across the room . . . on . . . on thru the air . . . and **OUT THE WINDOW!**

Down thru space dropped Caputo, amidst a soul-tearing shriek. Down he hurtled . . . but a few moments later, steely arms encircled him from behind, as **SUPERMAN**, flashing down after him, gripped his figure. Down—smashing into earth, with **SUPERMAN** absorbing the fall! Then, he was dangling in the air, his collar gripped firmly in **SUPERMAN'S** hand.

"Fergoshsakes!" wept Caputo. "Have a heart! Lemme go!"

"Done!" said **SUPERMAN**. "But I've your solemn word that you'll clear out of *Metropolis* pronto. We want none of your kind, here!"

"I'll do it!" cried "Big Mike". "I'll beat it outa here—*gladly!*"

"And just remember," **SUPERMAN** called after the fleeing racketeer. "If you decide to come back, I'll give you an encore of this that'll make our first match appear mild!"

That evening, the *Daily Star* carried the following headline on an inner page:

**POLICE CHIEF MAKES  
RACKETEER LEAVE TOWN**

By Clark Kent

The End.







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