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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!

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?

WH-WHERE-- W-WHO--?

FOOL! I WAS COMMITTING SUICIDE!
**In a Fury, the Man Attacks Superman...**

I'll teach you to interfere in other peoples' lives!

Say, you certainly can handle your Dukes! — Could you be...?

I've got it! — You're Larry Trent, ex-heavyweight champion of the world!

So that's who you are! Larry Trent, ex-heavyweight champ of the world! — Whatever drove you to suicide?

I've lost all faith in people and myself. There's nothing to live for!

Larry's Story of His Downfall

**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 betting. — But if he wins...

Don't worry. Th' boy refuses to take a dive but leave it to me!

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!

"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 koyed — lost my title."
IF I WERE TO RESTORE THE TITLE TO YOU, WOULD IT BRING BACK YOUR SELF-RESPECT?

WOULD IT!!

--- BUT WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY DO?

DISGUISE MYSELF AS YOU, AND BATTLE MY WAY TO THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD!

YOU CRAZY LOON! -- NO SOONER WOULD YOU ENTER THE RING THEN YOU'D BE KNOCKED COLD!

BUT IF I WERE TO EXERCISE REGULARLY, SURELY I COULD BUILD UP MY STRENGTH TO EQUAL THAT OF PROFESSIONAL FIGHTERS!

YOU POOR SAP! -- IT WOULD TAKE YOU YEARS!

IN THAT CASE I'LL BETTER BEGIN RIGHT NOW!!

NOW DO YOU BELIEVE I'VE A CHANCE FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE OF THE WORLD?

OF THE WORLD? GOOD LORD! -- OF THE UNIVERSE!

THEN YOU'RE WILLING TO CO-OPERATE WITH ME?

YOU BET! BOY! IF I STICK WITH YOU, I'M REALLY GOING PLACES!
HEY! WHAT TH—!

— DON'T BE ALARMED!

WE'RE GOING PLACES, ALL RIGHT, LARRY, BUT SHOOTING JUST A LITTLE HIGHER THAN YOU EXPECTED!

DOWN STREAKS SUPERMAN TOWARD THE WINDOW-SILL OF AN APARTMENT HE HAS RENTED FOR EMERGENCIES . . .

THIS IS WHERE YOU'LL STAY FOR THE NEXT SEVERAL MONTHS!

WHERE WERE YOU TO HAVE FOUGHT NEXT?

THE CRYSTAL CLUB -- TONIGHT!

GIVE ME SOME POINTERS ABOUT THE PEOPLE YOU KNOW!

SHORTLY AFTER

GOOD GOSH! -- YOU'RE ME!

WRONG! YOU'RE NOT LOOKING AT LARRY TRENT, EX-CHAMP . . . BUT AT LARRY TRENT, THE COMING CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!

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!

GOT ANY MORE?

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 APARTMENT — 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 YOURSELF 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...

Even funnier than you expect, "Slugger"!

(-- Wait, Jock! Stall for time while I rib th' dumb cluck! (-- Ho! Ho! I get it! Th' 'hot foot'!)

This is gonna be funny!

Superman is unaware he is getting the "hot-foot" until--

(-- "Slugger" burns his own fingers!

('What th'! Don't he even feel it?--')

Ouch! My finger!
PRACTICAL JOKER, EH? — LAUGH OFF!!

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

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

OH-HH! MY 'ead! — WHY DIDN'T YA WARN ME HE HAD A SLEDGEHAMMER!

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 FOR A COMEBACK!

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 FOR THAT LUCKY PUNCH WITH TH' WORST BEATING OF HIS LIFE!
I'VE LANDED A MATCH WITH "SLUGGER" BARNES—ARE YOU READY FOR YOUR DAILY WORK-OUT, LARRY?

ANY LUCK?

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 ENCOURAGEMENT!

WHY, YOU—! (SPLUTTER)

BLAST YA! I'LL MOW YA DOWN!

IT WORKED!

THE EVENING OF THE BARNES VS. TREN'T 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!

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

THANKS FOR DROPPIN' IN TO WISH ME LUCK, BARNES
Lucky, nottin'! I'm gonna beat you so bad, you'll wish ya never saw a pair of boxin' gloves!

Yeah?

Well, I knocked you cold once -- and history has been known to repeat itself!

Later -- at the sound of the song the two leap at each other like unleashed jungle beasts! -- the battle is on!

Barnes slams a terrific left to Superman's jaw!

Here's that punch back... with interest!

Next instant, having struck a chin as unyielding as steel, he yowls with pain!

Ye eow

What in --??

I'll--!

Tch! Tch! Mustn't lose your temper!

Gosh, it's warm here! Keep up the fanning, maybe it'll cool me off!
Each Time Barnes Strikes Superman it feels to him as tho he were battering a stone wall!

Ouch! What th'--?

In the audience Larry Trent cheers for... himself!

Attaboys, Larry! Knock the stuffin's outta him!

Barnes' frantic blows only wear himself down...

(Duff! - Puff!)

I'm still waiting for that bad beating you promised me!

...Until one of his flailing haymakers knocks him out!

And so it is that Superman, in the guise of Larry Trent, wins the match to everyone's astonishment!

-- Eight, Nine, Ten! You're Out!!
YOU CHEAP BUM! YOU SAID YOU WERE GOIN' TO KNOCK HIM FOR A LOOP!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! -- I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE ANOTHER TRY FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE, TRENT?
NOPE! NOT JUST A 'TRY'... I'M GOING TO GET IT!

BOO

BOO

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 MANAGER, BUT LISTEN, KID!
I BUILT YOU UP TO THE TOP OF THE HEAP ONCE -- AND I CAN DO IT AGAIN!

Superman realizes he is talking to Tom Roy, 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!--")
HO! HO! — DID I PUT THAT ONE OVER NEATLY!

HOW D'YA MAKE OUT?

IT WAS A CINCH! YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN HOW EASILY I ROPED HIM IN!

THE SAP'S GOT ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WE'RE GONNA PULL THE SAME STUNT AGAIN — BUILD HIM UP TO MEET 'TH CHAMP, THEN GIVE HIM A DRUGGED DRINK BEFORE TH' FIGHT AN' CLEAN UP BETTIN'!

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

JUST AS I SUSPECTED!

LATER — EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE DAILY STAR...

THIS STORY YOU'VE WRITTEN PREDICTING A COMEBACK FOR TREN'T CLARK — IT'LL MAKE US THE LAUGHING STOCK OF ALL THE OTHER PAPERS.

LET 'EM LAUGH! THE LOUDER THEY CACKLE NOW, THE MORE SHEEPISH THEY'LL FEEL LATER!

LARRY TREN'T COMES BACK!

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

TRENT WINS TENTH STRAIGHT VICTORY

SCORE TECHNICAL KNOCKOUT IN 11E

BY PAUL CASSIDY

BY CLARK KENT

IN A SURPRISING BATTLE TONIGHT, LARRY TREN'T, CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, UNSEATED THE FAVORITE SLUGGER TO SAY THAT NIGHT ENDS MORE APPROPRIATELY.
Larry Kaye's Rival's Title Battle Next

Championship Match Tomorrow Night
Million Dollar Gate Expected

The Day Before the Big Fight:

Do you mind if we don't spar today? -- I'm feeling low!

Aw, come on, Larry! Put up those dukes! That's no way for the next heavyweight champ of the world to talk!

I've been thinking! -- Suppose you do win the title under my name, then allow me to take the credit. -- What does that give me but a hollow victory?

So that's what's bothering you! Listen, our constant training has put you in excellent condition. Tomorrow, you're going to enter the ring and win that title! ME!

Yeah! I'll knock 'im silly!

Attaboy!

Later --

The other newspapers have been kidding us because of your plug. Gino Trent for the title -- are you sure he's going to win?

So positive that I've written the fight's outcome in advance! Here it is, ready for print!
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 Groy 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 SEEING HIS CROOKED SCHEME FOILED, CROY'S GAMBLER-ACCOMPlice PREPARES TO FULL FILL HIS THREAT TO KILL LARRY!

NO PUNK CAN CROSS ME -- AND LIVE!

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!

THE WINNER -- AND NEW HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!

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

THAT'S STRANGE! THE APARTMENT'S EMPTY... EXCEPT FOR THIS NOTE!

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!

YOU DON'T NEED ME ANY LONGER, LARRY... AND BE SINCERE... CONGRATULATIONS!

SUPERMAN
SUPERMAN'S TIPS FOR SUPER-HEALTH:

1. Exercise regularly
   - Superman doing a handstand.
   - A child doing a handstand on a bar.

2. Get sufficient rest and plenty of fresh air
   - A man sleeping in bed.

3. Stay outdoors as much as possible
   - Superman running in the park.
   - A child running in the park.

4. But above all, consume vitamin-rich food!
   - Superman saying, "There's nothing like cereals, milk, and fruit to give you that Superman energy!"
SUPERMAN
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR!

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EPISODE IN

96 Pages in FULL COLOR!

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COMICS

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This is the ONE and ONLY officially licensed comic book of the New York World's Fair!

Due to the unprecedented demand for this souvenir book and to our desire to show our appreciation to our readers for their loyalty, the price of this book on the newsstands will be 15c instead of 25c as formerly advertised in all our magazines. Those who have paid 25c will have, by this time, received their complimentary copy of the SUPERMAN book selling at 10c to make up the difference in price.

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

15c!
I've a great assignment for you, Clark. -- Big story -- probably make history!

Let me at it!

Professor Runyon -- a scientific genius. Dash over to his home and see what's up!

I got you, Chief! But what has Runyon done to merit an interview?

Nothing much. He's just set the scientific world on its ears with his amazing inventions. That's all! -- Now get going!

And I suppose he's got some new discovery to announce. -- O.K. I'm on my way!

You're Professor Runyon, aren't you?

Yes! And you must be the reporter from the Daily Star! -- Step in, young man! I've a story to tell that should make your front page!
AND WHAT IS THIS IMPORTANT NEWS YOU WANT TO TELL OUR READERS?

I, PROFESSOR ADOLPHUS RUNYAN, HAVE DISCOVERED THE MOST DEADLY WEAPON MODERN WARFARE HAS EVER SEEN!

ELUCIDATE, PROFESSOR — ELUCIDATE!

BEHOLD! IN THIS TUBE IS CONTAINED A GAS SO POWERFUL THAT IT IS CAPABLE OF PENETRATING ANY TYPE OF GAS-MASK!

THOSE ARE BOASTFUL WORDS, PROFESSOR. CAN YOU PROVE THEM?

I KNEW YOU WOULD BE SKEPTICAL — SO, I WAS PREPARED. COME WITH ME!

PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE AMBROSE!

SAY! — WHAT IS THIS! A GAG?

WHAT HAS AMBROSE TO DO WITH YOUR DISCOVERY?

AMBROSE IS GOING TO ILLUSTRATE THE DEADLY POWER OF MY GAS!

AFTER RUNYAN PLACES THE MONKEY WITHIN A GLASS JAR...

THE CHAMBER IS FILLING WITH ORDINARY GAS. AS YOU CAN SEE, AMBROSE IS UNAFFECTED!
BUT NOW I RELEASE MY NEW TYPE OF GAS INTO THE JAR! -- WATCH WHAT HAPPENS...

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

HE'S DEAD!

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

I'LL TURN IT OVER TO OUR WAR DEPARTMENT -- 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?

THAT'S BETTER! HE AIN'T SO DUMB AT THAT!

I -- I'LL GO!

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

A PROFESSOR WHO HAS INVENTED A TERRIBLY DESTRUCTIVE GAS -- THREE EVIL-LOOKING GENTS -- THE COMBINATION SPELS 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-FIVE 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! HMM-M! I'LL JUST KEEP THAT IN MIND!

AFTER CLARK RETURNS TO THE NEWSPAPER 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!

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

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

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.

With one lead, Superman springs atop the departing airplane.

For a moment he sways, almost loses his footing.

But regains his balance!

I'll just make myself comfortable, and bide my time!
Several minutes later the airplane wings swiftly over Boravia, a small country exhausting its life blood in senseless civil war.

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!

Superman acts!—tearing at the plane's metal sides, he rips it open!

It's time I had a little talk with Bartow!
W-what do you want of me?

First... the formula!

What formula? I don't know what you're talking about!

Don't quibble! Cracking your head like an eggshell will be a messy job, but if you insist on being stubborn... .

Cowed by the sudden apparition, the racketeers cravenly cringe...

You're lying! One of you has that formula, and if you don't hand it over...!

Bartow's got it!

Don't touch me! I'll-I'll get it for you! Take over the controls!

That's better!

But as Bartow advances toward a cabinet, a crafty gleam lights his eyes. What does his evil brain plot?
Suddenly Barton whirls, blazing away with his automatic, wrecking the plane’s controls.

Sucker!

... then launches himself out into space.

... A cloaked figure hurls itself out from the wrecked plane...

Ho! Ho! Tricking him was a cinch!

... down it speeds in a breathtaking plunge.

So he thinks I’m done for, eh? What a surprise he’s due for!
REMEMBER ME?

HUUH!

NOW BEHAVE -- OR I'LL TEAR THE PARACHUTE TO SHREDS, AND WOULDN'T THAT BE TOO BAD... FOR YOU!

WITHIN THE ARMAMENT RACKETEERS' CRIPPLED PLANE...

WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

QUICK! -- THE PASSENGERS MAY STILL BE ALIVE!

IT'S BARTOW'S PLANE!

LUCKY FOR YOU WE CAME ALONG WHEN WE DID! WHERE'S BARTOW?

HE BAILED OUT -- MAY BE IN DANGER -- WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!

I SAW A PARACHUTE DESCENDING NEAR THAT HILL!

AS SUPERMAN AND HIS CAPTIVE ALIGHT...

ARE YOU READY TO GIVE ME THAT FORMULA?

HERE IT IS! BUT WHEN IUBANE, THE MUNITIONS MAGNATE, LEARNS I'VE FUMBLED, MY LIFE WILL BE FORFEIT!
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 BARTON!

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!

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!

HE'S STILL ALIVE!

GIVE ME A HAND WITH HIM!

AND SO IT OCCURS THAT WHEN SUPERMAN REVIVES LATER, IT IS TO FIND HIMSELF FACED BY A FIRING SQUAD.
YOU DON'T LOOK SO VERY DANGEROUS NOW, UP AGAINST THAT WALL! HAVE YOU ANY LAST WORDS?

YES—WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE FORMULA?

TURN IT OVER TO LUBANE, THE MUNITIONS MANUFACTURER!—FAREWELL! I LEAVE YOU NOW TO THE CAPTAIN, AND YOUR FATE!

AFTER BARTON AND HIS TWO HENCHMEN DEPART

READY—AIM—!

FIRE!

SUPERMAN GOES DOWN BEFORE A FIRING SQUAD BARRAGE!
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!
As Superman's bombs strike Earth--the great munitions works is destroyed--amidst terrific carnage!

A dirigible swerves toward Superman determined to blot him out before he can continue with further destruction.

As Superman tears the great balloon apart, it falls to its doom!
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 -- OR 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!
SUPERMAN? WHO'S THAT?
OUR NEMESIS -- A MAN POSSESSING TERRIFIC STRENGTH. HE'S AFTER THE FORMULA!
HERE'S THE GAS AND FORMULA AS YOU REQUESTED.

SUPERMAN, EH? WELL, WHOEVER HE IS, HE CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME! AS LONG AS I HAVE THIS GAS, I NEED FEAR NO ONE!

LATER -- AS HE DROPS DOWN ALONG THE SIDE OF THE MUNITIONS ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, SUPERMAN CATCHES HOLD OF A WINDOW...

WITHIN LUBANE'S OFFICE...

YOU'VE GOT THE FORMULA -- NOW GIVE US OUR DOUGH! WE'RE CLEARING OUT!
TAKE IT -- AND GO!

WE'RE GRABBING THE FIRST PLANE OUT OF HERE THAT WE CAN GET! AND IF YOU'RE WISE, YOU'LL DO THE SAME.

STILL REFERRING TO A MYTHICAL SUPERMAN, EH? SUPERSTITIOUS FOOLS!

I THINK I'LL GIVE LUBANE A LITTLE TASTE OF SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR!
I'VE GOT IT AT LAST--WHAT I'VE ALWAYS SOUGHT--THE MOST HORRIBLY DESTRUCTIVE 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 RATE YOU DESERVE, LUBANE, FOR 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 ADVANCE -- IN HIS EXCITEMENT, 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 CHOKING... 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!
ONE LESS VULTURE! HE WON'T NEED THIS FORMULA ANY LONGER!

AND NOW FOR THE TOUGHEST TASK OF ALL!

Shortly after -- down streaks Superman toward a building within which representatives of the two warring factions have assembled to discuss peace.

Within a great hall of the building

Gentlemen! We've got to come to terms! We mustn't permit this bloodshed to continue!

We'll fight until we get our terms!

But they're preposterous!

I refuse to negotiate any further! We might as well break up the meeting. It's evident we can't settle our differences.

And so do I!

I beg to differ! None of you will leave this hall until you come to terms!
HOW DARE YOU BREAK IN HERE? GET OUT!

SO YOU NEED A LITTLE PERSUASION, EH?

GEZING ONE OF THE FOUR PILLARS WHICH SUPPORT THE WALLS, SUPERMAN TEARS AT IT...

A GUY NAMED SAMSON ONCE HAD THE SAME IDEA!

STOP IT!

YOU—YOU'LL KILL US ALL!

I THOUGHT YOU'D UNDERSTAND THIS BETTER THAN MERE WORDS!

As Superman tears at the pillar, fragments of the ceiling rain down about the aghast men!

Continue with your peace negotiations or I'll smash the remaining pillar—bringing the entire roof down on you!

If we value our lives, we've got to do as he says!

No, don't!

Demolishing three of the four pillars that support the roof is a simple task for Superman!
AND SO THE DISCUSSION IS FORCIBLY CONTINUED UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYES OF SUPERMAN!

GO ON! SAY THAT YOUR DEMANDS ARE SELSH 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 THROUGHS...

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

DISSAPPEARING 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!

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

AMERICAN

TELEGRAPH

GEORGE TAYLOR, EDITOR,
DAILY STAR,
METROPOLIS, N.Y.

BULGARIVAN CIVIL WAR ENDS IN TRUCE RETURNING ON AIRLINER 7-X WITH MURDERERS OF RUNYAN. MEET US AT AIRPORT WITH POLICE CLARK KENT

MY EDITOR OUGHT TO BE TICKLED TO GET THAT!
TOWARD THE U.S. WINGS THE GREAT SCARVIAN 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 SCOPS US!

RIGHTO!

DAYS LATER -- KENT TAKES THE WITNESS STAND.

AND I DISTINCTLY OVERHEARD BARTOW THREATENING RUNYAN'S LIFE!
THE RACKETEERS FRENZIELY SEEK TO PIN THE RAP ON EACH OTHER...

HE DID IT! -- I SAW HIM SHOOT RUNYAN!

THAT'S A LIE! YOU DID IT YOURSELF!

AND AS A RESULT, RECEIVE A SEvere PENALTY

I HEREBY SENTENCE ALL THREE OF YOU TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

CONGRATULATIONS, CLARK! YOU WERE THE SENSATION OF THE TRIAL!

AND DID YOU SCORE AN EXCLUSIVE ON THAT WAR STORY?

WELL, LOIS? HAS YOUR OPINION OF ME IMPROVED ANY?

IN MY OPINION YOUR SCOOP WAS LUCK--JUST PURE ACCIDENTAL LUCK!

YOUR ADMIRATION OVERWHELMS ME!

CHIEF WANTS TO SEE YOU, CLARK!

WHEN CLARK ENTERS TAYLOR'S OFFICE...

YOU COVERED THE WAR WELL--BUT WHAT ABOUT THE RUNYAN FORMULA?

YOU'VE GOT ME THERE! I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT IT!

LATER...

AND THAT'S THE END OF THE FORMULA! IT'S TOO DEADLY TO BE PERMITTED TO EXIST!
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!

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.  
5/2

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
ADDRESS.
CITY & STATE

2. 
NAME
ADDRESS.
CITY & STATE

3. 
NAME
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,  
c/o ACTION COMICS,  
480 LEXINGTON AVE., N. Y. C.  
5/2

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
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 Ascanio, 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!

FIVE DEATHS IN AS MANY DAYS!—HM-MM! THIS FAIRLY SHRIEKS FOR INVESTIGATION!

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 HURLETS DOWN UPON THE GIRDER ATOP THE SKYSCRAPER OF MYSTERY!

Silhouetted by the silvery moonlight 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
Stand back! Another step forward, and I shoot!

Desperately, the terrified watchman empties his revolver at the fantastic figure...

I warned ya!

In the face of a hail of bullets, Superman continues on... on...

Die! Die!—I've shot you! Why don't you fall dead?

Hysterically, the night watchman retreats... then

Down toward the distant street, hurries the watchman, a victim of his own fiendish device...!
DOWN AFTER THE WATCHMAN'S FIGURE GIVES SUPERMAN!  
I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!

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

HE'S HAD A HEAD-START!—CAN I REACH HIM?

GOT HIS HEEL!

WITH THE GROUND BUT INCHES AWAY  
HOW CAN SUPERMAN SAVE THE WATCHMAN FROM A MANGLED DOOM?

WITH ONLY INSTANTS TO ACT, SUPERMAN WHIRLS THE WATCHMAN UP INTO THE AIR ABOVE HIM...

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

UPS-Y-DAISY!
... WITH INCREDIBLE AGILITY, THE MAN OF STEEL WHIRLS...

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

MADE IT!

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 OBEDIENT TO MY SUPERIORS. I BELONG TO THE GANG OF...

BRUCE, CONST. INC.

Of WHO?

BUTCH GROGAN!

DEAD... HEART-FAILURE! THE EXCITEMENT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM!
SO BUTCH GROGAN IS THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS! — BUT WHAT CAN HIS MOTIVE BE?

WHEN GROGAN'S RESIDENCE IS REACHED.

WOTTAYA WANT?

I'VE COME TO SEE BUTCH!

HE AIN'T IN!

DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S IMPOLITE TO SLAM A DOOR IN SOMEONE'S FACE?

WOTSA IDEA?

I SAID I WANT TO SEE BUTCH! WILL YOU LEAD ME TO HIM OR...!

I TELL YA! HE AIN'T HERE!

I'LL FIND THAT OUT FOR MYSELF!
SUPERMAN SEARCHES THE PLACE...

LEMMIE GO!

PIPE DOWN!

HONEST! I DON'T KNOW WHERE BUTCH WENT!

BETTER TALK! I HAVE WAYS OF LOOSING PEOPLE THEIR TONGUE!

I TOLD YA HE AIN'T IN! YA SATISFIED NOW?

NORE! TELL ME WHERE HE'S GONE!

LEGGO! WHERE YA TAKIN' ME?

OUTSIDE!

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! GOING TO TELL ME WHERE BUTCH IS?

I—DON'T—KNOW!

YOU'VE HEARD OF THE THIRD-DEGREE.
NOW WATCH — THE SUPER-DEGREE!
SEIZING THE QUAVERING HENCHMAN,
SUPERMAN HURLS HIM UPWARD...

LET'S PLAY "CATCH"! — YOU
BE THE BALL!

UP-UP-SPEEDS THE SHRINKING
HUMAN MISSILE...

YE-EE!

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

H-H-HELP!

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....

BON VOYAGE!

READY TO TALK?

YES, YES! — IF YOU'LL LEAVE
ME ALONE!
TELL ME! WHERE IS HE?

BLUTCH WENT TO—

LOOKIN' FOR ME?

WHY'D YA WANT T' SEE ME? SPILL IT!

WILL YOU PLEASE PUT THAT GUN AWAY! — IT ANNOYS ME!

WHY YOU MEASLY PUNK, I'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!

BUT BEFORE THE GANGSTER CAN PULL THE TRIGGER... OUT DARTS SUPERMAN'S HAND

GIVE ME THAT!

--- AND CRUSHES BUTCH'S PISTOL INTO A SHAPELESS PULP!
TH' Gat! Ya crushed it like it was made outta putty!

Right! And if you don't tell me what I want to know, I'll get to work on you!

Seizing a heavy club, Butch's henchman steals up on tip-toe toward the Man of Tomorrow's back...

Take that!

Superman scarcely feels the blow... but the club bounces back and knocks out its wielder!

Cr-rack!

Let's you an' I go for a ride, eh, Butch?

What in--??

When the Atlas building is reached...

Before he died the Watchman named you as the man who hired him to kill the men working on this building.

He musta been crazy!
YOU'RE THE ONE OUT OF YOUR MIND... IF YOU THINK YOU CAN DENY RESPONSIBILITY FOR HIS MURDEROUS ASSIGNMENT!

LET GO! YER HURTIN' MY WRIST!

YOU SAW ME CRUSH STEEL. SHALL I NOW GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION OF WHAT I CAN DO TO YOUR ARM?

DON'T-- I'LL TALK!

I WAS HIRED BY NAT GRAYSON, PRESIDENT OF THE AKME CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, TO SLOW UP TH' ERECTION OF THIS BUILDING THRU' ANY MEANS!

LET'S HAVE IT!

HE WANTS T' PREVENT BRUCE CONSTRUCTIONS INC. FROM COMPLETING TH' JOB WITHIN TH' TIME REQUIRED IN THEIR CONTRACT!

I SEE! -- IF GRAYSON SUCCEEDS HE'LL DESTROY HIS GREATEST BUSINESS RIVAL AND DOMINATE THE CONSTRUCTION FIELD!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? DON'T EITHER OF YOU MOVE!

A COP!

SORRY... GOTTA GO!

STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
YA GOTTA LEAVE TOWN, GRAYSON! A GUY WITH TH' STRENGTH OF FIFTY ELEPHANTS IS COMIN' T'GET YA!

THANKS FOR THE TIP, BUTCH! I'LL BE PREPARED!

THOUGHT YOU'D GET AWAY, EH? STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!

--DISREGARDING THE ORDER TO HALT, BUTCH MAKES A DASH FOR FREEDOM... AND DIES!

BLAST TH' LUCK!

SO NAT GRAYSON IS THE SCOUNDREL REALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS! WELL, HE'LL PAY FOR IT!

IT'S A GOOD THING I HAD THIS ROOM OF METAL CONSTRUCTED AS A SAFETY MEASURE. IT'LL COME IN HANDY NOW!
As Superman enters the Grayson residence a loudspeaker blares a warning...

Go away... at once! Heed this warning... or die!

You can't possibly get at me in this metal room, and unless you leave at once, I'll blast you out of existence!

I've planted bombs at various spots. Photoelectric cells keep me informed as to your exact position! For the last time—keep back!

As the Man of Steel continues to advance along the hall...
Only a swift sideward leap saves Superman from annihilation...

He means business!

Well, so do I!

He's battering at the door! I've got to stop him!

Superman is rocked by another explosion...

...but succeeds in breaking thru!

Now it's my turn to get tough!

Phone a full confession of your murderous Atlas Building outrages to the police, and I'll resist the urge to wring your neck!

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!

Don't hurt me!
LISTEN... POLICE SIRENS! THEY'VE COME!

REMEMBER! IF YOU DON'T CONFESSION, I'LL COME BACK AND DISH OUT THE JUSTICE YOU DESERVE WITH MY BARE HANDS!

I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF THE STEEL WORKERS WHO DIED ON THE ATLAS BUILDING. ARREST ME!

FIRST TIME I EVER SAW A GUY SO ANXIOUS TO GET ARRESTED!

THE DEAD MEN ARE AVENGED... AND SO MY WORK IS DONE!

GRAYSON CONVICTED
SENTENCED TO ELECTRIC-CHAIR

CLARK KENT

YOU HANDLED THE GRAYSON TRIAL BEAUTIFULLY! BUT HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO LEARN OF HIS ARREST BEFORE THE OTHER PAPERS?

JUST LUCK CHIEF! (AND THE ASSISTANCE OF 'SUPERMAN')

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN
IN EVERY ISSUE OF ACTION COMICS
DOWN the steps of Police Headquarters hurried "Big Mike" Caputo, roughlyshouldering aside any unfortunate figure that happened to bar his path. Huge, hulking in size, was the ruthless racketeer, and in his roughshod 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 nearby 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 haymaker. 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 deserted 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 amusingly, 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.

"Fergoshakes!" 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.
SUPERMAN!

Here is the sensational comic strip character of the century! A powerful and thrilling figure, he will sweep you off your feet with his amazing and stupendous deeds of valor, strength and adventure!

SUPERMAN appears only in ACTION COMICS

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