No. 3
WINTER ISSUE

SUPERMAN
10¢

AMAZING ADVENTURES of the GREATEST MAN ON EARTH:
SUPERMAN!

READ DETAILS OF GIGANTIC CONTEST IN THIS ISSUE!
Daybreak -- a small figure stealthily slips from the State Orphanage's dormitory.

Sh-h-h! Wanta give me away?

So-long! I guess I won't be seein' ya any more!

Gosh! It's hot! ... W-wish I coulda et somethin' before I left!

Overcome by hunger, fatigue, and heat, the child collapses...
As Clark Kent, ace Daily Star reporter, walks to work, he sights...

GOOD GRIEF!

Swiftly removing his outer garments, Clark is transformed into the Dynamic Man of Tomorrow! Superman!

Not an instant to lose!

I've got to reach that boy in time!

Racing at a terrific rate of speed, Superman overtakes the train...

...races neck-and-neck!
...PASSES IT...!!

...AND LEAPS TO THE BOY'S SIDE! ON HURTS THE TRAIN-- NOW, ONLY A FEW FEET AWAY!

DOWN UPON A HELPLESS, UNCONSCIOUS CHILD AND HIS RESCUE, RACES THE PONDEROUS TRAIN...

TOO LATE FOR ME TO STOP! --THEY HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

SNATCHING UP THE BOY, SUPERMAN TAKES A GIANT LEAP THAT CARRIES THEM TO SAFETY!

AS THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A HALT, EXCITED PASSENGERS AND TRAINMEN POUR OUT!

THAT WAS THE MOST AMAZING RESCUE I EVER WITNESSED! BUT I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE MY SENSES!

WHERE ARE THEY? GONE! THEY LEAPED COMPLETELY OUT OF SIGHT!
Just as he again assumes his identity as Clark Kent, the child revives.

What happened? Never mind. But what made you pass out like you did?

Hunger. I haven't eaten in two days!

We'll soon fix that! Come with me!

Just look at you gulp down that food! You must be starving!

Mm-mm—You said it!

Lunch

Well, g'bye! An' thanks fer that swell feed, mister!

Wait! Mind answering a few questions?

I'm Clark Kent, reporter on the Daily Star. What's your name, son?

Frankie, sir. Frankie Dennis!

Where do you live, Frankie? I'll take you home!

Lemme go! I ain't gotta home, I tell ya!
YOU'RE NOT RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME, ARE YOU, FRANKIE?
HOME? YA WOULDN'T CALL A PLACE WHERE TH' SUPERINTENDENT BEATS, AN' STARVES, AN' SLAVERIVES YA "HOME," WOULDN'T YA?

I WON'T GO BACK TO THAT STATE ORPHANAGE! DO YA HEAR-- I WON'T!
("STATE ORPHANAGE, EH?--HM-MM! SOUNDS LIKE THERE MIGHT BE A STORY HERE!"

TELL ME: WHAT DO THEY DO TO YOU AT THE ORPHANAGE?
SUPERINTENDENT LYMAN GIVES US KIDS FOOD NOT FIT T'EAT, HIRE US OUT FOR HARD LABOR, BEATS US-- AN' MAKES US SCRUB FLOORS FOR HOURS AN' HOURS!

THAT'S A PRETTY NASTY STATE OF AFFAIRS!-- CERTAIN YOU'RE NOT LYING?
IT'S TRUE-- EVERY WORD OF IT! PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME GO BACK TO THAT ORPHANAGE, MISTER!

LOOK-- IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, I MAY BE ABLE TO HELP, BUT I WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING WITHOUT YOUR ASSISTANCE!
ME HELP? WHY IF I WAS TO GO BACK NOW TH' SUPERINTENDENT WOULD HAVE IT IN FOR ME TWICE AS MUCH!

BUT THINK OF ALL THE OTHER CHILDREN BACK THERE AT THE ORPHANAGE! SURELY, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET THEM DOWN JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE AFRAID?
BUT HOW WOULD MY GOIN' BACK TO TH' ORPHANAGE HELP TH' KIDS?
YOU WOULD BE MY UNDERCOVER MAN--A SORT OF DETECTIVE AND REPORT BACK TO ME ALL OF THE SUPERINTENDENT'S UNJUST ACTS.
FRANKIE'S INNER STRUGGLE IS REFLECTED UPON HIS FEATURES-- TO RETURN TO THAT LOATHSOME SLAVERY ??... OR CLING TO HIS PRECIOUS FREEDOM ??...

I'LL DO IT! I-- I'LL GO BACK!
STOUT FELLOW! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T ABANDON YOUR FRIENDS!

BUT WHEN THEY REACH THE STATE ORPHANAGE...
YOU'RE TREMBULING, FRANKIE! DON'T! THERE'S NO LONGER ANYTHING TO BE FRIGHTENED OF!
I KNOW THAT ALL RIGHT, BUT MY KNEES DON'T!

WHAT DO YOU W-- FRANKIE! FRANKIE DENNIS!
DON'T HIT ME, MISTER LYMAN! DON'T!

YOU BLASTED LITTLE RUNAWAY-- I'LL--!
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THAT BOY!!

WHO ARE YOU? HOW DARE YOU TELL ME HOW TO RUN MY AFFAIRS?

I'M REPORTER KENT, OF THE DAILY STAR... I PERSUADED THIS BOY TO RETURN HERE!

A REPORTER, EH? -- ER -- THAT'S DIFFERENT... PLEASE EXCUSE MY LITTLE BURST OF TEMPER!

BUT WHEN A BOY REPAYS MY GENTLE KINDNESS BY RUNNING AWAY, IT IRKS ME!

I LOVE MY MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE CHARGES, BUT THIS LITTLE TYKE HAS HAD ME WORRIED TO DEATH BY HIS DISAPPEARANCE! YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU?

QUITE! WELL, I MUST LEAVE YOU NOW!

DO RETURN ANY TIME YOU DESIRE! WE'RE ALWAYS PLEASED TO HAVE VISITORS, AREN'T WE, FRANKIE?

THANKS FOR THE INVITATION! I MAY TAKE YOU UP!

THE KID MIGHT HAVE BEEN LYING -- AND YET THAT SUPERINTENDENT IMPRESSES ME AS BEING A WILY RASCAL!

WHAT DID YOU SPILL TO THAT SNOOPING REPORTER? TELL ME -- OR I'LL SMASH THAT PASTY FACE OF YOURS! TELL ME! TELL ME!

NOTHIN'! HONEST! -- I DIDN'T TELL HIM NOTHIN' PLEASE! LET ME GO!
WHEN CLARK REACHES THE DAILY STAR

HOW ABOUT HAVING LUNCH WITH ME TODAY, LOIS?

SORRY — NOT INTERESTED!

AW, COME ON! — I'M NOT POISON IVY!

FOR ONCE AND ALL, WILL YOU PLEASE LET IT REGISTER IN THAT THICK DOME OF YOURS THAT I DISLIKE YOU HEARTILY! UNDERSTAND?

TAYLOR WANTS TO SEE YOU, CLARK!

YOU KNOW THAT SPECTACULAR RESCUE BY AN UNKNOWN MAN OF THE RUNAWAY FROM THE STATE ORPHANAGE — SEE WHAT YOU CAN DIG UP ON IT!

FINE, CHIEF! — I'D LIKE TO COVER IT! — I'VE GOT A HUNCH ABOUT CONDITIONS IN THAT INSTITUTION! — WHY NOT HAVE LOIS HELP ME COVER THAT ANGLE?

SOUNDS SWELL!

WHAT A BREAK!

HO, HO! SHE'S TO BEAR MY COMPANY NOW, WHETHER SHE WANTS TO OR NOT?

LOIS, CLARK HAS REASON TO BELIEVE THERE'S DIRTY WORK GOING ON AT THE STATE ORPHANAGE. THIS MAY TURN OUT TO BE A BIG STORY. GIVE HIM YOUR COMPLETE COOPERATION.

I'M SURE SHE'LL BE ONLY TOO DELIGHTED!

I'M GOING WITH YOU ONLY BECAUSE I'M FORCED TO — AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!

WHAT difference does that make as long as we're alone?

WHY...!
'WAIT UP!' HOLD IT, CLARK!
JUST A MINUTE!

REPORTERS -- FROM THE RIVAL PAPERS!
DID YOU SAY ALONE?

HELLO... IF IT ISN'T MY BELOVED CONTEMPORARIES!
NICE DAY, ISN'T IT? -- WELL, SEE YOU LATER!

NOT SO FAST! WHAT'S THE HURRY?
CAN'T CLARK AND I HAVE A LUNCHEON DATE WITHOUT YOU RIVAL NEWS-HOUND'S BUTTING IN?

LUNCHEON DATE?
EH? YOU COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE ON THE TRACK OF AN IMPORTANT NEWS STORY, COULD YOU?
WITH YOUR IMAGINATION, YOU SHOULD WRITE FICTION!
AW, COME ON CLARKSIE. DON'T BE SELFISH! WHAT'S UP?

NOTHING, I TELL YOU!
WELL... MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT!

WHEW! — I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET RID OF THEM!
I'M NOT SO POSITIVE WE HAVE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT SO POSITIVE WE DODGED THOSE REPORTERS?
TAKE A LOOK BACK...AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

CLOSELY IN PURSUIT OF THEIR CAB IS ANOTHER TAXI.....

THEY'RE TRAILING US!
WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED! SHAKE OFF THE TAXI BEHIND US AND THERE'S A FIVE SPOT IN IT FOR YOU.

LEAVE IT TO ME!

UNEXPECTEDLY, CLARK'S TAXI SWERVES SHARPLY INTO AN ALLEY.

THAT OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!

GOSH, I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER SHAKE OFF THOSE REPORTERS!

BUT WE DID!

LATER...WHEN THEY REACH THE STATE ORPHANAGE...

REMEMBER, LOIS! GIVE LYMAN NO REASON TO SUSPECT YOU BELIEVE ANYTHING AMISS!
I CAN JUST PICTURE THE FACES OF THOSE REPORTERS WHEN THEY READ OUR SCOOP IN THE DAILY STAR!
OF ALL THE DIRTY TRICKS -- YOU DELIBERATELY FOLLOWED US!

YOU KNOW THE OLD SAYING: "ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE, WAR, AND GATHERING THE NEWS!"

QUIT TRYING TO HOLD OUT ON US! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE AT THE ORPHANAGE?

NOTHING MUCH! THIS IS GOING TO BE JUST A ROUTINE FEATURE STORY!

THAT'S WHY WE DIDN'T BOTHER TO TELL YOU OF IT!

WHEN A RIVAL REPORTER GETS MAGNIFICENT, IT AROUSES THE SUSPICIOUS STREAK IN ME.

WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE ANSWER THE DOOR? YOU'VE BEEN RINGING IT LONG ENOUGH.

THE DOORBELL ISN'T OUT OF ORDER... I CAN HEAR IT RINGING.

NEWSPAPERMAN! -- I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST!
NOT A MINUTE TO Lose! I'Ll HAVE TO LET THOSE REPORTERS IN, AND IF THEY WITNESS CONDITIONS AS THEY REALLY ARE... STOP WORKING, ALL OF YOU... PUT YOUR MATERIALS AWAY AND BEGIN TO PLAY GAMES!

Y-YESSIR, MR. LYMAN!

IF THESE SNOOPING REPORTERS QUESTION YOU, REMEMBER: YOU LOVE THE HOME, YOU'RE PLEASED WITH CONDITIONS—AND ANYONE WHO SAYS DIFFERENT WILL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED. GET ME?

COME RIGHT IN AND PLEASE PARDON THE DELAY! I WAS BUSY FILLING OUT SOME REPORTS.

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN INTERESTING REPORTS—WE'VE BEEN RINGING FOR NEARLY FIVE MINUTES!

AND WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

DO YOU MIND LETTING US LOOK OVER THE ORPHANAGE—OUR EDITORS THINK READERS WOULD BE INTERESTED IN LEARNING OF YOUR WORK!

I'LL BE ONLY TOO PLEASED TO SHOW YOU THE PLACE, FOLLOW ME!

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT!

HOW CAN WE CARRY ON OUR INVESTIGATION WITH THE OTHER REPORTERS AROUND?
SEE HOW CONTENTED THEY ARE -- HOW HAPPILY THEY PLAY. THEY'VE ALL THE COMFORTS OF A REAL HOME!

IT'S A FINE JOB YOU'RE DOING, LYMAN.

JUST LOOK AT THE FUN THEY'RE HAVING!

I LOVE THEM ALL AS THOUGH THEY WERE MY OWN CHILDREN. ("HA! HA! -- HOW SIMPLE IT IS TO PULL THE WOOL OVER THEIR EYES.")

MAY I QUOTE THAT STATEMENT, SIR? ("I STILL DON'T TRUST HIM!")

HELLO, LITTLE GIRL! WHAT'S YOUR NAME? -- HOW DO YOU LIKE IT HERE?

I LIKE IT FINE. MR. LYMAN'S VERY GOOD TO US. HE NEVER HITS US, OR ANYTHING!

JUST LOOK AT THAT BRUISE ON YOUR ARM. HOW DID YOU GET IT?

I--I...

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED. TELL ME: WHERE DID YOU GET THAT MARK?

I--I FELL DOWN!

THE CHILD'S TREMBLING AS THOUGH SHE WERE IN TERRIBLE FEAR OF SOMETHING OR SOMEONE! I WONDER... DID SHE FALL OR WAS SHE STRUCK?
Looking through the orphans' quarter, Lois finds a child confined to its bed.

You look wan and weak! What's wrong with you?

I guess I'm tired out from playin' too much.

You're sure there's no other reason?

Positive, Miss! I don't dare tell her I'm laid up from workin' too hard—"

Psst! Mr. Kent!

What is it, Frankie?

There's somethin' I gotta tell ya and I haven't much time!

What do you wish to tell me, Frankie?

It's about Mr. Lyman. He warned the kids that—Omigosh!

What's wrong? Why don't you go on?

I got nothin' to tell ya... Honest, I ain't!
IF YOU WISHED TO TELL MR. KENT SOMETHING, FRANKIE—GO RIGHT AHEAD!

N-NO! THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' I GOTTA SAY!

WELL, ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR INSPECTION?

QUIT. I GUESS WE MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE NOW. (--I WONDER WHAT FRANKIE WAS GOING TO REVEAL?--)

SO THAT WAS YOUR GREAT YARN!

NOT SO HOT, IF YOU ASK ME!

YOU SEE, IT'S JUST AS I TOLD YOU. NOTHING BUT A MEDIocre FEATURE STORY!

WELL, WHATEVER BECAME OF YOUR HUNCH THAT THERE WAS SOMETHING AMISS AT THE STATE ORPHANAGE?

I STILL THINK THAT SUPERINTENDENT ISN'T ON THE LEVEL!

AS SOON AS THE REPORTERS LEAVE--

STOP THAT LOAFING, ALL OF YOU--BACK TO WORK!—AND AS FOR YOU--

DON'T! YOU'RE HURTING ME!

I'LL JUST LOCK YOU HERE IN THE ATTIC UNTIL YOU LEARN TO KEEP THAT TRAP OF YOURS SHUT!
Sorry, Taylor... but we didn't succeed in digging up any news at the orphanage.

You didn't, eh? Then from now on keep your hunches to yourself!

While back at the orphanage...

A little more enthusiasm, there! Scrub, blast you... -- scrub!

You little brats -- I'll teach you who's the master around here!

Ho! Ho! Did I fool those stupid reporters!

That evening... Clark removes his outer garments revealing his true identity as Superman, champion of the oppressed...

There's more to that orphanage than meets the eye...

And I intend to get down to the bottom of it!
High over the city streaks a fantastic phantom of the night - Superman!

Down he hurtles to the side of the state orphanage.

It's Lyman... checking over his books!

What those reporters wouldn't give to see this secret account book!

Lyman gloats over the figures of his grafting, unaware he is being observed by Superman...

Not bad! Not bad at all! Soon I'll have enough to clear out of here!

At home, Lois tosses... turns...

It's no use trying... I can't sleep! - is that orphanage run on the level?
AND LOCKED IN THE ORPHANAGE ATTIC...
W-WHERE AM I?

OPEN THIS DOOR! LEMME OUT! — I WON'T STOP YELLIN' TILL YA LET ME OUT!

WHAT'S — THAT NOISE?

I'LL SHOW 'IM! — LET ME OUT OR I'LL WRECK TH' PLACE!

IT'S THAT BRAT UP IN THE ATTIC! I'LL FIX HIM!

HE'S GONE! — NOW'S MY CHANCE TO LOOK OVER THOSE ACCOUNT BOOKS!
These entries indicate the prices Lyman paid for food purchased from the Star Groceries Company. They look unusually high to me!

I'll just check up!

I'm probably being an utter fool, but I'm going back to the state orphanage to look it over while the superintendent is off-guard!

You little troublemaker! I'll lash the hide off you!

No! -- Don't!

On the roof of the Star Groceries Company, Superman pries open the skylight, enters...

Then forces the company's steel files!

I dislike wrecking their equipment but it's necessary!
THE FIGURES IN THESE TWO BOOKS DIFFER! LYMAN IS GRAFTING OUTRAGEOUSLY 'ON THE FOOD BILL!
I'VE ALL THE PROOF I NEED! NOW TO GIVE LYMAN WHAT HE DESERVES!

STEALTHILY, LOIS BREAKS INTO THE STATE ORPHANAGE
I'LL LOOK LIKE A PERFECT FOOL IF NOTHING IS AMISS!

TAKE THAT, YOU SNIVELLING BRAT! I'LL TEACH YOU DISCIPLINE!
OH-H-H-H STOP IT PLEASE!

THE INMATES OF THE ORPHANAGE COWER IN THEIR BEDS AT THE SOUND OF FRANKIE'S PAINFUL SHRIEKS
IT'S THE SUPERINTENDENT... BEATIN' FRANKIE!

AN UNEXPECTED INTERLOPER HEARS THE CRIES
WHAT ARE THOSE CRIES?
STOP IT!

YOU! YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE SNOOPING REPORTERS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I SUSPECTED YOU OF JUST THIS SORT OF THING! I'M GOING TO PRINT WHAT I'VE SEEN...

OUT OF MY WAY!

YOU'LL NEVER PRINT THAT STORY! I'LL KILL YOU FIRST!

YOU'RE INSANE! OPEN THE DOOR!

THAT GIRL'S STORY WILL START AN INVESTIGATION AND RUIN EVERYTHING!

LUCKILY, THERE'S ENOUGH CASH FOR A QUICK GET-AWAY! THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!
But first I've got to make certain that girl will never talk!

Laughing with mad glee, the crazed superintendent sets fire to the orphanage.

Ho! Ho!—I'll burn it down to the ground! They'll never catch me! I'll skip the country!

Crazed with fear, the terrified occupants of the blazing orphanage rush out into the cold night...

We can't—the door won't budge! I can hardly breathe!

The place is on fire! We gotta get out!

No one noticed me! The moment I reach that car I'll be on my way to South America and a life of luxury!

The superintendent... rushing from the burning orphanage! The coward's gone insane!
DOWN TO THE GROUND CRUSHES THE MAN OF STEEL. AS THE SUPERINTENDENT MAKES HIS GET-AWAY...

SEIZING THE CAR IN A VISELIKE GRIP, SUPERMAN LIFTS IT UPWARD, THEN TEARS OFF ITS DANGLING REAR WHEELS...

NO YOU DON'T!

STICK AROUND! WHAT IN--?

A LIGHT PRESSURE UPON THE REAR OF LYMAN'S NECK BY SUPERMAN AND THE SUPERINTENDENT PASSES OUT!

I'LL ATTEND TO YOU LATER! RIGHT NOW SOMEONE MAY NEED HELP IN THAT BURNING BUILDING!

SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE SMOKE! HELP! HELP!

FRANKIE -- TRAPPED IN THE ATTIC!

GRAB HOLD. WE'VE GOT TO JUMP BEFORE THE BUILDING COLLAPSES!

WAIT! THERE'S A GIRL IN THE ROOM!
Down from the crashing building leaps Superman. Lois and Frankie safely in his arms.

What happened? How did I get here?

That guy we've read so much about Superman... he brought us down safely -- then beat it!

You say that Superman saved us from death in the burning building!

Lois! Thank goodness you're safe!

Yes! Gosh! Is he strong! Wotta man!

Arrest that man -- he set fire to the orphanage!

Let me go! I didn't know what I was doing!

Clark visits the rebuilt state orphanage.

The Daily Star Wire Photo Service Vol. XVI. No. 37

Graft, cruelty reign in state orphanage

Clark Kent, superintendent, boy-hero

Well, Frankie how do you and the other kids like your new superintendent?

He's swell! And so are you, Mr. Kent!
THE GREATEST CONTEST IN COMIC MAGAZINE HISTORY!

THOUSANDS OF FREE PRIZES!

REMEMBER!

TO ENTER THIS CONTEST, YOU MUST BE A MEMBER OF THE SUPERMEN OF AMERICA!

JOIN NOW!

Just think of it, Boys and Girls! Over 2,000 FREE Prizes will be given away in this immense contest! On the opposite page are pictured just a few of these beautiful prizes: Radios, flashlights, typewriters, Superman rings, roller skates, bicycles, footballs, hunting knives, boxing gloves . . . and numerous others that are not seen here!

However, you must meet one important requirement to take part in this contest . . . only those who are Members of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA are eligible to enter! SO JOIN NOW!

Be sure to read the January issue of ACTION COMICS for complete details for this GIGANTIC SUPERMAN CONTEST!

It will be on sale everywhere about December 1st!
HERE ARE SOME OF THE MANY HANDSOME PRIZES OFFERED IN THIS GIGANTIC SUPERMAN CONTEST!
SUPERMAN

ANOTHER ASTOUNDING ADVENTURE OF THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH!!

JEROME SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

TELEGRAPH LINES BROADCAST TO THE WORLD NEWS OF A TERRIBLE DISASTER!

THE VALLEY DAM IS CRACKING UNDER THE STRAIN OF A HUGE DOWNPOUR!

SHOULD IT GIVE WAY, A MOUNTAIN OF WATER WILL SWEEP DOWN THE VALLEY, KILLING THOUSANDS AND DESTROYING THE PERTILE LAND!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY STAR...

KENT! — GET ME CLARK KENT!
HE ISN'T IN THE OFFICE!

WELL, LOOK FOR HIM, LOIS! -- AND HAVE HIM REPORT TO ME BEFORE I LOSE MY MIND!

BUT WHY NOT HAVE ME HANDLE THE ASSIGNMENT?

CAN'T! IT'S TOO IMPORTANT! THIS IS NO JOB FOR A GIRL!

NO JOB FOR A WOMAN, EH? -- I'VE HALF A MIND TO...

LOIS ENCOUNTERS CLARK OUTSIDE THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE...

CLARK KENT! -- JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR!

YOU MEAN... YOU'RE ACTUALLY GLAD TO SEE ME?

I SHOULD SAY I AM! -- WOULD YOU DO ME A FAVOR AND COVER AN ASSIGNMENT FOR ME?

WOULD I! -- YOU KNOW I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU!

GOOD! -- GO TO THE CITY HOSPITAL'S MATERNITY WARD. A MRS. MAHONEY IS EXPECTING SEPTUAGENIALS!

WHAT A STORY! -- THANKS LOIS! YOU'RE A PEACH TO LET ME HANDLE THIS!
LATER

ONE ROUND-TRIP TICKET TO VALHOLHO, PLEASE!

AT THE CITY HOSPITAL...

SOMEONE'S BEEN SPOOFING YOU, PAL! THERE'S NO MRS. MAHONEY REGISTERED HERE.

THAT'S STRANGE!

SAY! I WONDER IF LOIS IS BY ANY CHANCE PULLING A DOUBLE-CROSS? I'D BETTER GET RIGHT BACK TO THE OFFICE!

YOU BRAINLESS IDIOT! THE GREATEST NEWS STORY IN MONTHS ON THE FIRE, AND YOU WASTE YOUR TIME AT A HOSPITAL!

BUT, CHIEF! I DIDN'T KNOW...

AND THE WORST PART OF IT IS THAT THE LAST TRAIN FOR VAL-HOLHO HAS ALREADY LEFT! -- KENT! REPORT TO THE CASHIER. YOU'RE FIRED!

BUT KENT HAS OTHER PLANS! WHEN ALONE, HE STRIPS OFF HIS OUTER GARMENTS AND STANDS REVEALED IN THE SUPERMAN COSTUME.

NOW TO GET THAT STORY!
From atop the great daily star building, a weird figure leaps out into the night!

Huge distances are swiftly covered by it with giant leaps...

Looks like the train headed for Valley Ho! Well...

Hello... and--goodbye!

It's far outdistanced! -- if Lois thinks she's going to scoop me, she's badly mistaken!

With the speed of light, he reaches the railroad trestle...

What th'!

A torrent has loosened the bridge's supports, causing the tracks to tilt--making a wreck inevitable.

The warning whistle of the approaching train is heard!

Without a moment's hesitation the cloaked figure mounts a peak of the rocks and dives forward...
SUPERMAN HOLDS THE BRIDGE RIGID UNTIL THE TRAIN PASSES OVER....

NO TIME TO LOSE!

SEIZING THE BRIDGE'S SUPPORTS, SUPERMAN PRESSES UP -- UP -- UNTIL THE TRACKS LEVEL....

AFTER WHICH HE PERMITS IT TO CRASH.

LOIS, AMONG OTHER PASSENGERS, RUSHES TO THE WINDOWS.

WHAT WAS THAT?

THE BRIDGE COLLAPSED!

AN INSTANT EARLIER AND WE'D HAVE BEEN KILLED.

AT THE NEXT JUNCTION SEND A WARNING THAT THE BRIDGE IS OUT.

YES -- WE MUST WARN THE OTHER TRAINS.
When Valleyho is reached, Lois fights her way thru the mob at the station...

It looks like everyone except me is trying to get away!

Will you give me a lift to the dam?

You can have th' car, lady! I'm takin' a train outa here!

Lois drives the taxi at top speed! The dam is not far distant.

Top the dam -- Superman has been battling like mad to keep it from breaking.

If I can only hold out a little longer, most of the people hereabouts will have cleared out!
It's beginning to give!

Suddenly, with a great roar the huge dam collapses...

Superman leaps above the water's turbulent fury...

But Lois finds herself directly in the path of the great, irresistible flood of rushing water...

The dam's gone! I haven't a chance!

A car in the flood's path. A girl inside. I've got to save her!

But before Superman can reach the auto, it is caught up and swept along by the flood!

Trapped within the car, Lois appears doomed to a watery death...
... Until Superman, upon reaching it, tears the auto apart and rushes with Lois in his arms toward the water's surface!

Instantly, Superman is off like a shot, racing the flood!

He catches up with its beginning... .

...And passes it! It is a fantastic race with the lives of thousands at stake... with Superman in the lead!

Ahead of the raging, rushing torrent, he springs to a high pinnacle.

...Then with his tremendous strength against a great projection of rock!

Before Superman's might, the huge mountain peak cracks... and cascades downward in the face of the flood. The avalanche of rock crams shut the mountain-gap below... cutting off, diverting the flood to another direction, away from Valleyho Town!
WHREW! BARELY IN TIME!
YOU DID IT! YOU SAVED ALL THOSE PEOPLE! OH, I COULD KISS YOU.

LADY! PLEASE!

WHAT A KISS!
A SUPER-KISS FOR A SUPER-MAN.

SUDDENLY SWEEPING LOIS OFF HER FEET, SUPERMAN LEAPS OUTWARD...

ENOUGH OF THAT! I'VE GOT TO BRING YOU BACK TO SAFETY WHERE I'LL BE SAFE FROM YOU.

THE FIRST TIME YOU CARRIED ME LIKE THIS I WAS FRIGHTENED... JUST AS I WAS FRIGHTENED OF YOU. BUT NOW I LOVE IT -- JUST AS I LOVE YOU.

WHEN VALLEYSO TOWN IS REACHED...
DON'T GO! STAY WITH ME... ALWAYS

Perhaps we'll meet again!

HELLO, CHIEF! -- THIS IS CLARK KENT CALLING FROM VALLEYSO -- GOT HERE BY AIRPLANE AND HAVE SOME SENSATIONAL NEWS! -- AM I REHired? O.K. CONNECT ME WITH A REWRITE MAN...

AS CLARK LEAVES THE PHONE BOOTH, HE ENCOUNTERS...

LOIS!

WHO CARES? -- THE SPINELESS WORM -- I CAN HARDLY BEAR LOOKING AT HIM, AFTER HAVING BEEN IN THE ARMS OF A REAL HE-MAN!

EXTRA

REMEMBER, TO WIN ONE OF THE BIG PRIZES IN THE SUPERMAN CONTEST YOU'VE GOT TO BE A MEMBER OF THE SUPERMEN OF AMERICA! BE SURE TO JOIN NOW!

THE END
HUMUHUMUNUKUNUKUAPAAU
is the name given by natives to Hawaii's smallest fish.

Water around an iceberg is warm. Icebergs are attracted by belts of warm water and so the constantly shifting masses are found only in more tepid regions.

**FANTASTIC FACTS**

Men once paid taxes on their beards!

In order to westernize Russia, Peter the Great placed a tax on beards—he hoped that such a levy would discourage the growth of the facial adornments to make it more effective the taxpayer was forced to wear a metal tax receipt on his beard on which the words "tax paid" were inscribed.

There is enough phosphorus in three old-style matches to kill a person.

The Chinese primrose is white at a temperature of 80 degrees F, and red at 60 degrees F.

Ganster films are the chief reason the sale of cars declined so much in the last ten years.

Up wid 'em, pal.
NE minute to live!

The voice was Emil Brandwan's—the tone, sardonic. A wry smile crossed the famous astrologist's features as he spoke. For a man pronouncing his own death sentence, Brandwan seemed to be enjoying himself immensely. It had all begun with a little row in Marty's, a well-known Broadway eating-place. Brandwan had been extolling the virtues of Astrology when a caustic voice behind had stated simply: "Bunk!"

Whirling, Brandwan's angry expression changed to a mocking smile as he saw that the person who had so rudely interrupted was none other than an amusing acquaintance, Detective Sergeant Steve Hanley. "Are you really dead-set against Astrology?" he had asked.

"Dead-set is putting it mildly," the Detective Sergeant had returned. "I'm convinced your favorite pseudo-science is an out-and-out fake!"

"Astrology is one of the most ancient of the sciences," dryly reminded Brandwan. "If it were only, as you say, just a delusion, then how has it managed to survive down through the centuries?"

"Don't forget that a lot of other silly superstitions are also still going the rounds. You can put Astrology's continued success down to the amazing credulity and ignorance of an over-dumb public."

That had really nettled Emil.

"Sure of yourself, aren't you? But suppose I were to give a practical demonstration of Astrology's authenticity. Would that satisfy a hardened skeptic like you?"

"Possibly," admitted Hanley. "But it would have to be mighty convincing hocus-pokus to make me fall for it. But I'll warn you right now. I'm no sucker for mere coincidences."

That had been exactly a week ago. Tonight six men were gathered within the astrologer's exotic studio: Emil Brandwan himself, now clad in a star-studded robe; Detective Sergeant Hanley, a grim of disbelief upon his features; Professor Louis Morton, another eminent astrologer; Stephen Gregory, prominent scientist; and consistent opponent of Astrology Jack Lowell, a personal friend of Hanley's; and Robert Shelton, Brandwan's close-mouthed assistant.

As Shelton inconspicuously closed the studio's doors, the seated men, grouped about a large table, had sufficient time to glance inquisitively about the room and note its queer decorations. Maps of the heavens... yellowed tomes on the sciences of Astrology... incense were everywhere, and everything about the room gave an uncanny suggestion of the mystery of time and space.

While Brandwan, studying the faces of guests with unconcealed amusement, began with: "Astrology, as you doubtless know, is the science of foretelling the future by interpreting the positions of the stars in relation to the date of your birth. Many, many thousands implicitly believe that their future existence can be forecast and guided by the heavenly bodies. But there are, unfortunately, unbelievers, among which you, my friends, number.

Professor Morton hastily interrupted. "With the exception of Shelton and myself."

"With the exception of Shelton and yourself," agreed Brandwan, nodding his head slightly. "I've gathered all of you here to give you proof of your colossal ignorance, a demonstration supreme of astrology's absolute integrity."

"Can the fine talk and let's have proof," interrupted Hanley.

"Very well. I'm investigating my own future in the stars. I made a disconcerting discovery. Gentlemen, I've learned that I'm doomed to die this very night!"

A chorus of startled exclamations went up at that. Emil Brandwan relaxed in his chair and smiled as he observed the sensation his words had provoked.

"But, Mr. Brandwan, surely... "

"Are you joking?"

"Do you really?

The Detective Sergeant's commanding voice drowned out the others. "Come now," he laughed, "you don't expect us to swallow that?"

"No," replied Brandwan. "I don't expect you to. But I base my reputation as an astrologer upon the statement that tonight, at exactly seven o'clock, I shall die! And that, gentlemen, I see by yonder clock, leaves me just... one minute to live!"

"If this is a jest," said Jack Lowell in the stunned pause that followed, "It certainly is in bad taste!"

Brandwan smiled broadly. "Is that the way to talk to a man who has merely forty-five more seconds to live?"

Detective Sergeant Hanley arose from his chair, withdrew a revolver from his shoulder-holster. "If you're to die in half a minute that means there's going to be an attempt on your life. Have you received any threatening notes?"

"My dear Sergeant," said Brandwan, "you pain me. I am holding nothing back from you. No one told me I was going to die—no one but the stars!"
Swiftly standing erect, he said to Shelton, "Quick. Hand me your handkerchief. I think I've discovered something."

Shelton looked frantically through his pockets. "I—seem to have misplaced it."

"Oh, here it is," said Shelton as he brought it to light. Hanley appropriated it, then stepped toward Shelton. "You're sweating," he said. "Mind if I wipe your brow?"

Shelton shrank back. "No! No!" he cried. "Don't touch me!"

Puzzled, Jack Lowell asked, "What does this mean, Steve?"

In answer, Hanley unfolded the handkerchief he held in front of him. "Look!" he said, simply.

The others swiftly crowded around, and exclamations of excitement arose as they noted, concealed within the handkerchief, a small needle.

"No wonder you don't want me to brush this against you," the Detective Sergeant said sternly to Shelton. "Robert Shelton! I arrest you for the murder of your employer, Emil Brandwan!"

"But, Steve!" Lowell cried. "How could he have killed Brandwan? We saw the astrologer toppled dead before our very eyes, when no one was within reach of him!"

"A few moments ago, Robert Shelton, under the pretense of brushing Brandwan's hair back in place with a handkerchief, pricked him with this poisoned needle, and killed him!"

"But," reminded Gregory, "that was after the medical examiner had officially pronounced Brandwan dead. How could Shelton have murdered a man who was no longer living?"

"That was the incredibly clever part about this crime. To murder a man after the law had declared him dead from heart attack would remove any possibility of anyone suspecting murder had been done."

"How was it possible to murder a man already dead? My belief is that Brandwan was really alive all the time. He had put himself into a state of suspended animation. Tho in reality alive, he did not breathe, nor did his pulse or heart beat. When fish are packed in ice, to all appearances they are dead, but at times, when they are freed from the ice, they resume the characteristics of the living. So it was with Brandwan—he was only 'temporarily dead,' and fully intended to return to life later, and have the laugh on us. But his practical joke turned into grim tragedy when Shelton, who was in on the affair, double-crossed him!"

Shelton's complexion was turning paler with each second.

"But WHY," demanded Lowell, "should Shelton have killed his employer?"

"Because no doubt he's mentioned favorably in Brandwan's will. He must have needed money badly, and couldn't resist this opportunity to perform what he believed to be a 'perfect crime'!"

Abruptly, Shelton made a frantic dash for the room's door. But with one swift leap, Hanley was upon him. A powerful right to Shelton's jaw eclipsed the escape attempt.

As he handed the murderer's limp figure over to Lowell, the Detective Sergeant said, "I guess he's seeing enough stars right now to make a dozen horoscopes. But I don't have to be an astrologer to know that his future lies in the electric-chair!"

Without further ado, Hanley telephoned for the wagon.

THE END
SUPERMAN
THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH!

DEDICATED TO ASSISTING THE HELPLESS AND OPPRESSED, IS A MYSTERY-MAN NAMED SUPERMAN, POSSESSING SUPER-STRENGTH. HE CAN JUMP OVER A TEN-STORY BUILDING, LEAP AN EIGHTH OF A MILE, RUN FASTER THAN AN EXPRESS TRAIN, LIFT TREMENDOUS WEIGHTS, AND CRUSH STEEL IN HIS BARE HANDS! -- HIS AMAZING FEATS OF STRENGTH BECOME MORE APPARENT DAY AFTER DAY!

NEWSPAPERS HEADLINE HIS ACTIVITIES WITH EVER-INCREASING REGULARITY!

SPECIALY ASSIGNED TO TRACK DOWN ALL SUPERMAN NEWS, IS CLARK KENT, MECK ACE-REPORTER OF THE DAILY STAR.

ONE DAY, CLARK RECEIVES ASTONISHING NEWS WHEN SUMMONED BEFORE HIS EDITOR...

KENT'S HAND HAD BEEN TOYING WITH AN ASH-TRAY. UNDER HIS STARTLED, INCREASED GRASP, IT TWISTS INTO A SHAPELESS PULP. -- AMAZING? NOT AT ALL! -- FOR IN REALITY, CLARK KENT IS SUPERMAN!
You! You're Superman's manager? That's absurd!

Not at all! I have a contract from him giving me sole commercial rights to his name!

You mean, he's consented to have his name used to acquire commercial royalties?

Exactly! And believe me, the cash is pouring in!

I've come here to make a deal. The more Superman news you print, the better it is for both of us. Well, I'll guarantee to give you news of his exploits before he pulls them, if you'll print it!

What do you think of the proposition, Kent?

How do we know Williams can do what he claims?

You doubt me, eh? Well, I'll show you!

Five o'clock! Just in time!

What's he up to?

Search me!

Good afternoon, kids. Everywhere! Today, Crackles, your favorite energy-building breakfast food, takes pleasure in presenting the first of a new, astounding radio adventure program series entitled Superman, which will come to you every day at this time...

Great Scott! What an idea!

You think that's something? Look out of the window!
Good Lord! What next?

Take a gander at that billboard over yonder!

The Superman Streamline Special

America's Favorite Automobile

I've also licensed Superman bathing suits, costumes, physical development exercisers, and movie rights, to name a few. -- Why, I've even made provisions for him to appear in the comics!

All very interesting! But how did Superman contact you?

He dropped in on me and sprang the proposition. I liked the idea, and we evolved a partnership.

Very interesting! If true!

You doubt me? Very well then! Would a personal interview with Superman interest you?

I should say it would! -- In fact, I'd like to meet him very much.

Fine! Come to my office tonight, and I'll arrange your first interview with the strongest man on earth!

Can you imagine that, Lois? Clark Kent is going to see Superman tonight, in person!

Gosh!

Outside the editor's door, an inquisitive office-boy has been getting an earful!
Hello, Clark!
W-Wh-What?

Did I hear correctly?
Did you speak to me?

Yes. How are you, Clark?

But--but I don't understand!
I've been trying to date you for months, and you wouldn't even speak to me! And now, out of the clear blue, you flash me the most breathtaking smile I've ever seen!

It's really quite simple! I've come to my senses and appreciate you at last, that's all! --Will you take me out tonight, Clark, to celebrate it?

Gladly! But wait! I just remembered! I've an important assignment for tonight.

Do you mean you'd prefer your assignment to me?

No, not that. I mean --

I see. You're just as weak and unromantic as ever! Well, in that case I'll withdraw my offer to--

Wait! Don't be hasty! I'll take you out! But first you'll accompany me on my assignment, if you don't mind. It won't take long.

That'll be splendid.

I'll be waiting for you tonight! ("How easy it is! I can twist you around my finger!"

I'll be there! ("How easy you are to convince that I'm putty in your hands!")
That evening --

I'm so excited! In a little while I'll be seeing Superman! -- if only Clark would hurry!

You're on time to the second! It's rather early -- let's drop into a night club before keeping the appointment.

Later -- Clark escorts Lois into a famous night spot, unaware of the surprise that is in store for them...

Lois! I care for you so much! If you'd only -- but the song has ended.

Thanks, everyone! -- tonight I'm going to introduce a song that is sure to be a great hit. Its title:

"You're a Superman!" -- swing it, boys!
GOOD HEAVENS! NOW THEY'VE COMPOSED A SONG ABOUT HIM!

YOU'RE A SUPERMAN!

YOU CAN MAKE MY HEART LEAP, TEN THOUSAND FEET!

THIS PROMISES TO BE INTERESTING!

GOOD HEAVENS! NOW THEY'VE COMPOSED A SONG ABOUT HIM!

YOU'RE A SUPERMAN!

BUT I'M THE ONE GAL WHO KIN GET UNDER YOUR SKIN!

WHEN YOU CRUSH ME IN YOUR ARMS, I MUST REVEAL, I'M ONLY FLESH AND BLOOD AND NOT RESISTLESS STEEL!

YOU'RE A SUPERMAN!

YOUR ARDOR'S STRONGER THAN A HUMAN MAN'S!

YOU'RE A SUPERMAN!

AND WHEN YOU SPRING TO ME, I AM IN ECSTASY!

SOME DAY YOU'RE GONNA LEAP, TO THE ALTAR AT MY FEET ...!

THEN THE WHOLE WORLD WILL KNOW, 'CAUSE I'LL TELL 'EM ALL I KNOW, THAT YOU'RE MY SUPERMAN!
CLARK GLANCES SIDEWAYS AT LOIS. ENRaptured BY THE MAGIC OF THE SONG, HER EYES HAVE A DISTANT, CHARMED LOOK...

AT THAT MOMENT--WILLIAMS' PRIVATE OFFICE...

ARE YOU CERTAIN ASKING THAT REPORTER TO COME HERE WAS A WISE THING TO DO?

CERTAIN--I'M POSITIVE!

WITH THE NEWSPAPERS BEHIND US, NOTHING WILL BE ABLE TO PREVENT OUR CLEANING UP!

SUPPOSE HE SUSPECTS I'M JUST AN ACTOR YOU HIRED TO PLAY THE ROLE OF SUPERMAN?

HE WON'T--ESPECIALLY AFTER HE WITNESSES YOUR FEATS OF 'SUPER-STRENGTH'--WHICH, UNKNOWN TO HIM, WILL BE STAGED TRICKS!

IT SURE WAS CLEVER OF YOU TO THINK OF THIS SUPERMAN SCHEME, NICK!

I FIGURED THAT Seeing AS SUPERMAN IS PROBABLY JUST A MYTH, SOMEONE MIGHT JUST AS WELL CASH IN ON THE PUBLICITY!

AT THE NIGHT CLUB...

SHALL WE LEAVE NOW? LET'S HAVE ONE LAST DRINK.

WHEN CLARK GLANCES AWAY, LOIS SURREPTITIOUSLY DROPS A DRUG INTO HIS DRINK...

GOSH--I'M--SLEEPY! IT IS WARM IN HERE!
FAST ASLEEP! -- MY PLAN WORKED!

SHORTLY LATER, SHE LEAVES THE NIGHT CLUB, ALONE...

NOW TO GET AN EXCLUSIVE STORY!

WITHIN THE CLUB, THE SUPPOSEDLY UNCONSCIOUS KENT MOVES INTO ACTION... THE DRUG HAD NOT AFFECTED HIS NERVOUS SYSTEM!

DOUBLE-CROSSING A PAL, EH? JUST LIKE A NEWSPAPERWOMAN!

OUTSIDE THE NIGHT CLUB, HE SHEDS HIS GARMENTS AND GLASSES AND STANDS REVEALED IN THE SUPERMAN UNIFORM!

AN INSTANT LATER, HE IS SPEEDING OFF INTO THE NIGHT LIKE A LIVING PROJECTILE!

THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR... PROBABLY THE REPORTER! OUT OF THE WINDOW, QUICK! AND WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, ENTER!

A GIRL! -- BUT I EXPECTED --

CLARK WAS CALLED OFF THE ASSIGNMENT. I'M HERE IN HIS STEAD.

DO YOU EXPECT SUPERMAN TO ARRIVE SOON? HE SHOULD BE HERE AT ANY MOMENT!
Placing his hand behind him, Williams snaps his fingers...

The signal!—Now to go into my act!

Superman: I've come as you requested. Is this the reporter who doubts I've authorized you to be my manager?

Yes, but demonstrate some super-strength! That should banish any doubts that are in her mind.

Glady!

Behold! Lifting a heavy desk is to me mere child's play!

And bending a steel bar—well, I think nothing of it!

Are you convinced?

No!

And I'm going to prove that you're nothing but a pair of fakers!
In the first place, this so-called "heavy" desk is constructed of light cardboard.

In the second place, this bar is of aluminum, not steel.

And finally, I've already met Superman personally, and so I know definitely that this man is an out-and-out phoney.

And now I'll be leaving your unsavory company! Oh, no you don't! You know too much.

Let go! What do you want of me? You're smart -- too smart for your own good! And so we can't afford to let you leave here alive!

Help me get her to the window! We've got to throw her to her death! But -- but that would be murder!

It's either her life or our chance of making a fortune! We'll call it accidental or a suicide, eh?

Moment later -- Lois! Kicking and screaming figure falls from the window downward toward a horrible, crushing death!
Superman had arrived in time to see Lois tossed from the window! Good Lord!—They're going to kill her!

Upward he springs in a great, desperate leap...

Got her?

An instant later, cradled in Superman's protective arms, Lois drops safely to earth!

Remain here!—There's something I've got to attend to!

Did you see that?—I thought you said there really wasn't a Superman! I was mistaken. Let's get outa here while we can!

In Superman springs thru the window...

They're no longer here!

Quick! Into the elevator!—It's our only chance!

Superman reaches the elevator just as the metal door clicks. I'll soon fix that!
Almost effortlessly, he rips the door from its fastenings!

What's wrong? I can't understand it! The elevator is rising!

On reality, the explanation is simple. Superman has seized the cable and is pulling up the massive elevator, hand-over-hand!

Good gosh! It's him! Get out! Before I let the car drop!

As they clamber out, the pseudo-Superman makes a feeble attempt at resistance. He uppercuts Superman...

...and succeeds only in breaking his fist!

Ow! My hand!

Enough of this! You two are coming with me to get what you deserve!

Let me down! You're crushing me!

Later—a strange quartet speeds thru the air high above the earth...!
SUPERMAN deposits his burden outside a police station...

But when will I see you again? I must see you!

That is entirely in the hands of fate!

Later—within the station...

Do you admit this charge of attempted murder?

No, we—

At that moment, the pseudo—Superman sights Superman thru a window.

"It's true!—but it's his fault! He hired me! You dirty double-crosser! Throw these two vermin into the can!"

More adventures of Superman will appear in forthcoming issues of Action Comics—Don't miss them!

"Acquiring super-strength"

"Muscle-training"

Lrench your fists as tightly as possible, exerting every ounce of energy!

While in this tense state, sharply jerk them in various directions!

His will eventually impart to you a crushing hand-grip!
Attaining **Super-Health**
A Few Hints from **Superman**!

The secret of building powerful muscular control is regular, daily exercise! However, avoid overstrain!

Don't weaken in your determination to exercise daily. It's hard work to stiffen soft muscles into sinews of steel—but boy, it's worth it!

I gave up exercising after a few days.

I didn't!

In unity there is strength! Form exercise clubs with your close pals so that you'll all benefit. All together, fellas!

Don't slouch! Keep your head high, shoulders back, chin in and chest out. You'll be surprised at the confidence you gain in yourself. I don't like Johnny! Look how terrible he slouches when he walks. Larry strides so straight and manly. I think he's wonderful!

A well-rounded diet is, of course, essential. Fruits, vegetables, and plenty of milk are advisable.

I can't understand it! And I used to have so much trouble getting you to eat. Superman says we should eat what our parents tell us because they know best!

Mental health is inextricably linked with physical health. Always do the right and just thing—help others, keep your conscience clear. That's super-living!
Good Luck Charm
By Hugh Langley

“Hey!” His words were cut short by a series of gasps as the truck went over a bump in the road and he lost his grip.

Horried at seeing “Lucky” dragging on the pavement, Tony shrieked: “Stop the car! Stop the car!”

The car swiftly slid to a halt. A terrible sight met the driver’s eyes, as he glanced under the truck. When “Lucky” lost his grip, the locket had caught in the auto’s mechanism, and he had been strangled by his good luck charm!

Shortly after, when “Lucky’s” body had been freed, Tony questioned his dark-skinned captor, as the driver gravely read the inscription upon the locket. “Can you read that? What does it say?”

“It is written in Arabic,” said the driver, a Hindu. “Translated, it reads: ‘Wear me in honor—or Perish!’”

THE END

Tony Carrenzo’s slitted eyes darted furtively across the prison yard’s barren expanse, gleefully noted the turned backs of unsuspecting guards. From the corner of his scarred mouth, he spat: “All set?”

“Lucky” Malone promptly replied: “Set!”

Two pairs of feverishly gleaming eyes simultaneously swung to the truck parked nearby. “ACME REPAIRS” was the legend that truck bore, but to these two hardened lifers, the words appeared to spell: escape!

Automatically, “Lucky’s” hand strayed beneath his shirt and stroked a small metallic object; then: “Now!”

Swiftly the two stepped to the truck’s side, threw themselves down flat, and crawled beneath it. Reaching up, they seized the lower parts of the auto, and drew themselves up out of view.

“Lucky” slipped a small locket from under his shirt with one free hand and chuckled softly to himself.
Shorty -

There goes some mutt with my bone!

Doggone it! That's what I get for not burying it!

He's hiding somewhere among those oil cans. It'll be easy to find him!!

Ah! There he is!

I wonder who he is?

Ouch!! It's me!
THE EDITOR'S WAITING TO SEE YOU IN HIS OFFICE, KENT. BETTER HURRY! BE RIGHT WITH HIM!

I WON'T STAND FOR IT! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

I'M SORRY, LOIS, BUT IT'S BACK TO THE LOVELORN COLUMN FOR YOU. IT'S SAFER, ANYWAY, WANT ME, CHIEF?

CLARK, YOU COVERED TRENT'S COMEBACK SO WELL, I'M PROMOTING YOU!

OH, HOW I HATE CLARK KENT! — I TELL YOU, HE DELIBERATELY SET OUT TO TAKE MY JOB FROM ME!

SH-H-H-H! — HERE HE COMES NOW!
ABOUT YOUR BEING
DEMOTed, LOis —
PLEASE BELIEVE ME
WHEN I SAY I'M
SOrRY!

I'M FAR FROM
BEING HAPPY
ABOUT IT
MYSELF!

LET ME TAKE
YOU TO SOME
GAY PLACE
TONIGHT... I'M
VERY
EXPERT AT
CONSOLING
PEOPLE

SORRY... --
NOT
INTERESTED

YOU DIDN'T
HAVE TO TURN
HIM DOWN
THAT COLDly!

THE LESS I SEE
OF THAT WORM
THE BETTER!

MAY I SEE
THE LOVELORN
EDITOR!

I'LL TELL
HER YOU'RE
HERE!

TELL ME YOUR
TROUBLES —
IF I CAN
OFFER
HELPFUL ADVICE, I'LL
BE GLAD TO DO SO!

I — I'M
DESPERATE!
I'VE COME TO
YOU AS A LAST
RESORT!

IT'S ABOUT MY
HUSBAND:
LEW FRAWLEY. WE GOT ALONG
FINE TILL HE TOOK TO
HANGING OUT WITH A
TOUGH BUNCH AT JOE'S
JOINT!
IT WAS STUBBORN AND DANGEROUS FOR YOU TO INSIST WE COME HERE!
NOT SCARED, ARE YOU? A LITTLE SLUMMING WILL DO YOU GOOD!

("THE MAN AT THAT TABLE... HE'S LEW FRAWLEY! I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIS ATTENTION!")

DELIBERATELY, LOIS WINKS...

UM-MM! — THAT GOOD-LookER GIVIN' YOU TH' EYE!

WATCH ME GIVE 'ER A BREAK AN' CUT IN!

GO TO IT, LEW!

HI-YA, BABE! HOW'S ABOUT YOU AN' ME DANCIN'? HOLD ON! THIS ISN'T A "CUT-IN" DANCE!

DON'T GET FLIP WID ME! BEAT IT, PUNK!

ULP-!
As Lew dances off with Lois, Clark turns pale and trembles with helpless rage... in keeping with his assumed attitude of cowardliness.

Wanta feel my muscle? You're so manly... and strong!

While Lois - cleverly inflates Frawley's ego, she slips a folded paper from his pocket.

Later... within the privacy of the ladies' room, Lois scans the paper she had taken from Frawley.

WHAT A BREAK!

Say! Is that dame wild about me?

Ya dumb sap! We saw her swipe a note right outa yer pocket. Ya've been played for a sucker! Gonna let her get away with it?

I'm leaving! I won't stay here another second with a cowardly weakling who allows a girl to be insulted!

But Lois -!

Keep walkin'. An' not a peep outa either of ya!
GO ON! GET IN!
C'MON! SPILL IT! — YER A DETECTIVE AIN'T YA?
YOU'RE HURTING ME!
L-LET HER ALONE!
I WARNED YA T'KEEP THAT MOUTH SHUT!

HELL DROWN! HE CAN'T SWIM!
WHO CARES!
LEAVE ME TO DROWN, WILL THEY? — WELL, THEY'VE GOT ANOTHER GUESS COMING!

KENT SWIMS UNDERWATER AT TERRIFIC SPEED...

I BEAT THE BOAT TO THE WHARF. — HERE IT COMES. NOW!

THE THUGS DRAG LOIS INTO A SHACK ON THE WHARF, COMPLETELY UNAWARE THEY ARE BEING OBSERVED BY A FANTASTIC, CLOAKED FIGURE...
TALK!

PLEASE BELIEVE ME! I'M NOT A DETECTIVE. -- JUST A REPORTER IN SEARCH OF A STORY!

THEN HERE'S YER STORY! SEE THESE JEWELS? WE SMUGGLED 'EM IN FROM EUROPE FOR PEOPLE WHO WANT TO ESCAPE PAYIN' CUSTOM DUTIES!

BUT WHY TELL ME THIS?

BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO PRINT IT!

DON'T SHOOT-- IF YOU VALUE YOUR OWN SKIN!

WHAT--?

WHO IN--?

TOO LATE! -- LEW'S FINGER CONTRACTS A DEAFENING EXPLOSION... AND A DEADLY LEADEN MISSILE IS LAUNCHED AT THE HELPLESS GIRL REPORTER!

CROSS YOUR FINGERS, FOLKS!

SIMULTANEOUS WITH THE EXPLOSION, SUPERMAN SPRINTS PARALLEL WITH THE BULLET IN THE STRANGEST RACE THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN!

BULL'S EYE!

A FRACTION OF A SECOND BEFORE IT CAN STRIKE LOIS, SUPERMAN SPRINGS BEFORE HER AND PERMITS THE BULLET TO BOUNCE OFF HIS SUPER-TOUGH SKIN!
AND NOW FOR YOU GENTS...

SHORTLY AFTER, HIGH ABOVE THE CITY...

YES, I'LL PREFER CHARGES AGAINST THESE MEN, OFFERING THE JEWELS AS EVIDENCE, BUT PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME, UNTIL...

SORRY -- I CAN'T REMAIN!

LATER

LISTEN TO ME, CHIEF -- A GREAT STORY -- JEWEL SMUGGLERS -- AN EXCLUSIVE SCOOP!

BEFORE YOU BLOW OFF ANY MORE STEAM -- READ THIS!

SUPERMAN DEPLOYS HIS BURDEN BEFORE A POLICE STATION

YOU -- ALIVE!

THO I'D NEVER SWIM BEFORE IN MY LIFE I MANAGED TO REACH SHORE ALIVE AND PHONE IN THE STORY! -- SURPRISED?

DAILY STAR

SMUGGLERS APPREHENDED

GIFT OF RING UNCOVERED BY CLARK KENT

FOLLOW THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN EACH AND EVERY MONTH IN ACTION COMICS!
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

... BUY A COPY NOW!

10c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!
3 WAYS TO GIT A CARBINE FOR CHRISTMAS...th'kind I used out West"

1 AT YOUR DEALERS
Tell Dad you want a new Daisy Carbine for Christmas. Tell him the number of this Carbine is "108." Then locate the nearest hardware, sporting goods or department store that has it—and tell Dad the name of that store. (If you can't wait 'til Christmas, go down and buy your Carbines now—at thousands are doing.)

2 IF NO DEALER NEAR YOU
If you live on a farm or in a town where there is no Daisy Dealer, do this: Tell Dad he can get you a Carbine for Christmas (or right away) by simply writing a $5.00 Money Order direct to Daisy—and Daisy will send you the Carbines at once, postpaid!

3 SECRET PLAN To Help You Get Any Daisy!
Fill in and mail the SECRET PLAN COUPON, enclosing a $5.00 Money Order, and we'll start the mysterious wheels turning in our SECRET PLAN! That's all you do. We won't write you—but—we'll start the mysterious wheels turning in our SECRET PLAN! We don't guarantee this "secret something" will get you a Carbine, but we hope it will help you get a Carbine! (That $5.00 Money Order will be returned to you if we fail to get you a Carbine.)

IN THIS BEAUTIFUL CARTON!
There's a gleaming new Daisy Lightning-Loader Carbine waiting for you inside the beautiful yellow and black box shown above—but will you find it beneath your Christmas Tree on Christmas Day? Read the instructions and suggestions listed under numbers 1, 2 and 3—then ACT! This husky new Lightning-Loader Carbine is the world's fastest-and-easiest loading Airifle...it takes only 5 seconds to pull a full tube of shots. Another exclusive feature is the adjustable DOUBLE-LEVER Rear Sight for long or short range, target or snap-shooting. Rich walnut finish Pistol Grip Stock. Genuine CARBINE Hand-Forged. Metal "Carbine" Sights are made of accurate Browning tube mounted on metal base. It's a sturdy, quality Daisy from muzzle to butt, shoots and feels like the Carbines used by Buffalo Bill, Kit Carson, and other famous frontier scouts. Make sure you get a 50-shot repeating Daisy Carbine for Christmas—the most fun for the money—the most fun all year round. Remember, our SECRET PLAN will help you get a Carbine—and we'll get busy!

How to Use Coupon Below:
After writing "Dear" in coupon, insert coupon in envelope, address to Daisy Air Rifles, Dept. "D," 4112 Union St., Plymouth, Mich. And mail...and we'll get busy!

Mail Now!

SECRET PLAN "CARBINE FOR CHRISTMAS" COUPON

DAISY AIR RIFLES
DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4112 Union St., Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.