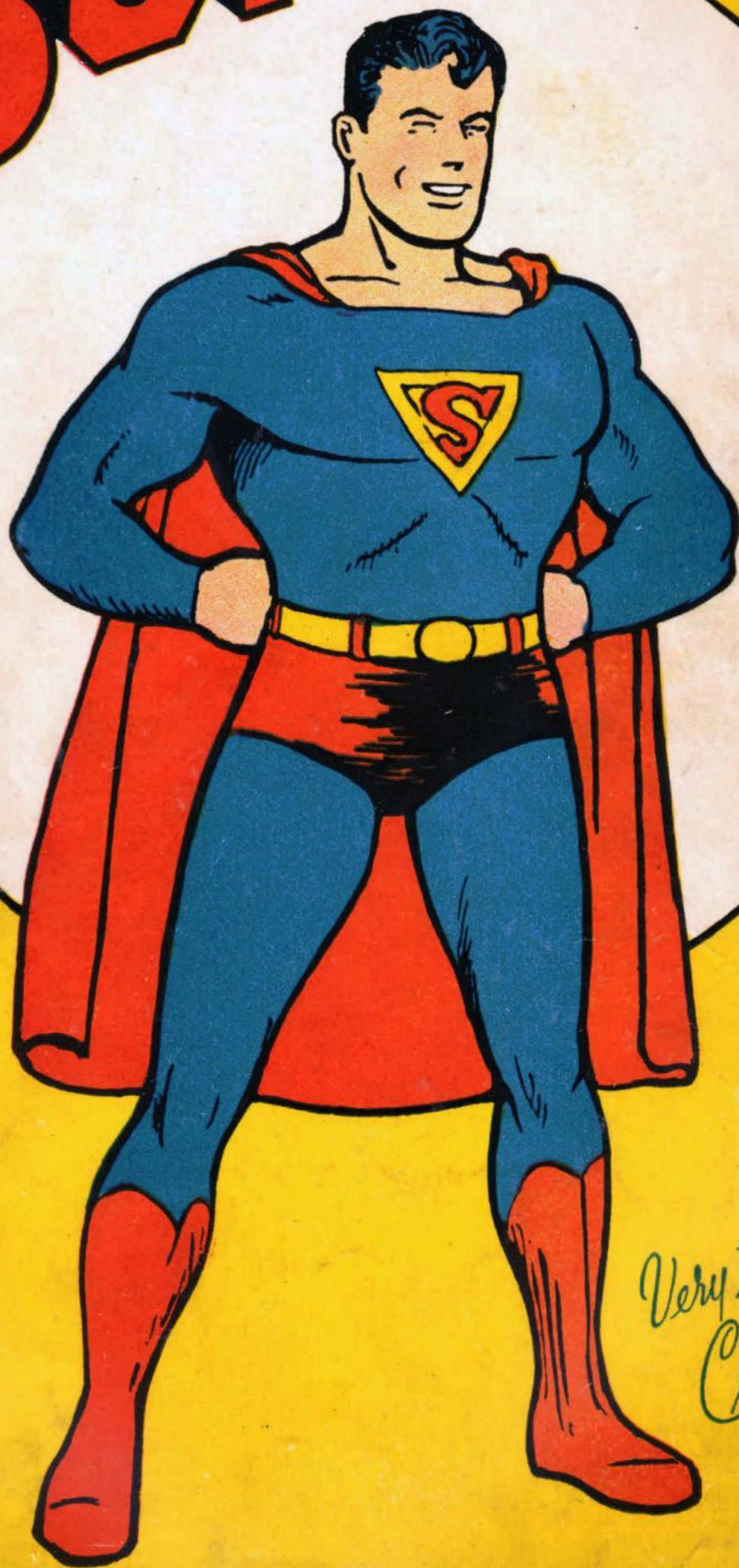


No. 6

# SUPERMAN

10¢

SEPT.  
OCT.



*Very truly yours,  
Clark Kent.  
(SUPERMAN)*



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**SUPERMAN**  
AMERICA'S GREATEST  
ADVENTURE STRIP CHARACTER

# SUPERMAN

JERRY SIEGEL  
and  
JOE SHUSTER

WHEN A CRAFTY MURDERER MERCILESSLY PINS THE GUILT FOR HIS CRIME ON LOIS LANE, THINGS LOOK MIGHTY DARK FOR THE DAILY PLANET GIRL-REPORTER. BUT THE CALCULATING KILLER HAS MADE ONE FATAL MISCALCULATION--HE HAS RECKONED WITHOUT THE INTERFERENCE OF **SUPERMAN**, MIGHTY CHAMPION OF JUSTICE AND THE OPPRESSED!



EDITORIAL ROOM OF THE DAILY PLANET, METROPOLIS' LEADING NEWSPAPER...

WHAT A DAY!  
NOT ONE BIT OF  
INTERESTING-  
NEWS STIRRING!

ARE YOU FORGETTING, MY  
ESTEEMED FELLOW JOURNALIST,  
THAT WHEN THERE'S NOTHING  
IMPORTANT TO WRITE ABOUT,  
A GOOD REPORTER SALLIES  
FORTH AND DIGS UP A STORY  
SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW?

NORVAL THE JEWEL COLLECTOR  
SHOULD MAKE GOOD COPY! HE  
KEEPS PRICELESS GEMS IN HIS  
OWN HOME... AND HAS RIGGED  
UP FANTASTIC DEVICES TO  
PROTECT THEM!



NO ONE ANSWERS...  
AND THE DOOR IS  
OPEN. I'LL WALK  
RIGHT IN!



BUT AS LOIS ENTERS  
--SHE IS SUDDENLY  
SEIZED FROM BEHIND  
-- A CHLOROFORM  
SOAKED CLOTH IS  
PRESSED AGAINST  
HER NOSTRILS, UNTIL  
HER STRUGGLES  
LESSEN AND SHE  
DROPS OFF INTO  
UNCONSCIOUSNESS!







AS THE PATROL CAR SLOWS TO TURN A CORNER, A HUGE FIGURE LEAPS TO THE RUNNING BOARD AND CLIMBS WITHIN.



WHEN THEY REACH THEIR DESTINATION...



AS CLARK STARES INTENTLY, THE DOORS SEEM TO MELT AWAY!

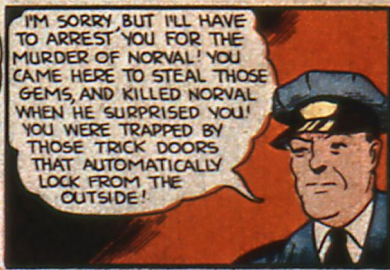


AFTER THEY PASS THROUGH THE DOOR KENT HAS INDICATED!

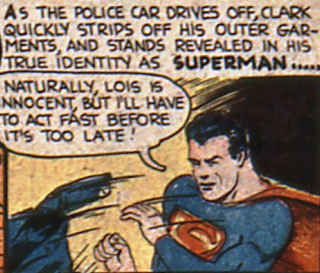




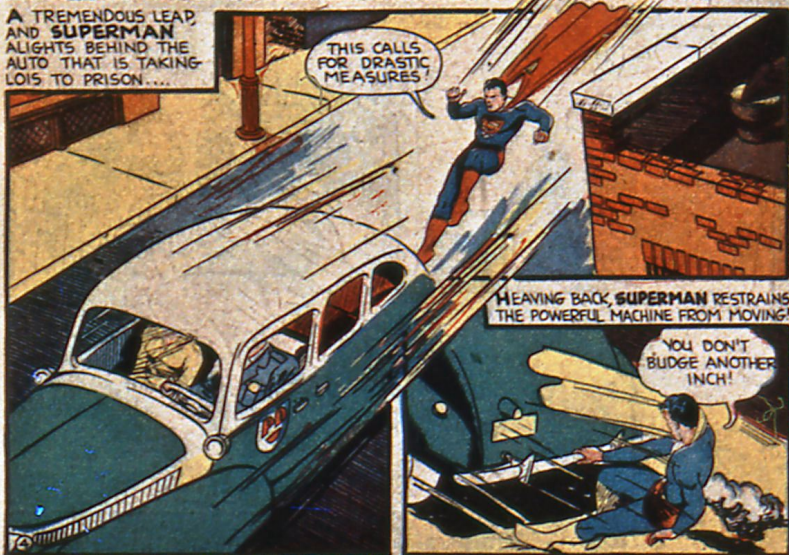
FIVE MINUTES LATER, WHEN CARTER FINISHES...







A TREMENDOUS LEAD, AND **SUPERMAN** ALIGHTS BEHIND THE AUTO THAT IS TAKING LOIS TO PRISON....







AS THE OFFICER REACHES OUT TO RESTRAIN HIM, SUPERMAN TURNS A BACKWARD FLIP OVER THE CAR...



AS SUPERMAN SPRINGS OFF WITH LOIS, HE IS FOLLOWED BY A FUSILLADE OF SHOTS...

BUT THE BULLETS BOUNCE HARMLESSLY OFF THE MAN OF STEEL'S BODY AS HE PROTECTS LOIS' FIGURE WITH HIS OWN...



SHORTLY AFTER...THEY ALIGHT ATOP NORVAL'S HOME!

YOU'RE A STRANGE FELLOW—  
OUTSIDE OF YOUR SUPER-  
STRENGTH, I MEAN. YOU  
CONTINUALLY ACT AS THO  
I DON'T MEAN A THING  
TO YOU, AND YET YOU  
ALWAYS MANAGE TO  
SHOW UP AND HELP ME  
WHEN I GET INTO  
DIFFICULTIES!

I'D DO THE  
SAME FOR  
ANYONE IN  
TROUBLE!

BUT SOMETIMES I SEEM  
TO SENSE THAT YOU CARE  
FOR ME MORE THAN YOU  
WANT ME TO  
BELIEVE!

THERE IS NO  
TIME FOR TALK  
OF THAT SORT!

YOU'RE FORGETTING THAT  
YOU ARE FACED WITH A MURDER  
CHARGE! THE FIRST THING I'M  
GOING TO DO IS DESTROY  
THESE HANDCUFFS!

THAT'S  
**MUCH**  
BETTER!

(CAN YOU ADD ANYTHING TO  
THE STORY YOU'VE  
ALREADY RELATED OF  
BEING RENDERED UNCON-  
SCIOUS WHEN YOU  
ENTERED THE HOUSE?)

NOT A THING—  
EVERYTHING  
WENT BLACK,  
AFTER THAT!

WAIT THERE ----  
I'M GOING TO SEARCH  
FOR SOME CLUES!

THIS IS TO  
DRAW THE  
GUARDS OUT  
OF THE HOUSE!

CRASH!

(—IT WORKED!—)

WHAT  
WAS THAT  
NOISE?



AS  
SUPERMAN  
ENTERS  
THE  
MURDER-  
ROOM...

ON THE REVOLVER  
AND DESK-DRAWER  
--FINGERPRINTS!



BUT THE  
MAN OF  
TOMORROW'S  
PHOTOGRAPHIC  
MEMORY  
RECALLS...

THEY'RE LOIS! --  
WHICH MAKES IT  
EVEN MORE  
INCRIMINATING  
FOR HER!



AND CLUTCHED IN  
HIS HAND--A SMALL  
FRAGMENT OF LOIS'  
DRESS!



THE  
POLICEMEN  
RETURN TO-  
WARD THE  
ROOM,  
ACCOMPANIED  
BY  
SERGEANT  
CASEY!

I TOLD YOU  
MEN NOT  
TO LEAVE  
THAT  
ROOM!



BUT WE HEARD THE  
NOISE--AND RUSHED  
OUT TO INVESTIGATE.  
THE WIND MUST HAVE  
BLOWN OVER THAT  
VASE!

THEN IT MUST  
HAVE BEEN A  
MIGHTY  
STRONG-  
WIND!



THE POLICE--  
RETURNING!



IT'S THE GUN WHO  
ESCAPED WITH THE LANE  
GIRL! DON'T LET HIM  
GET AWAY!



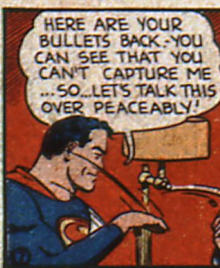
I'VE NO INTENTION  
OF LEAVING!--**YET!**



WANT TO  
PLAY CATCH,  
EH?



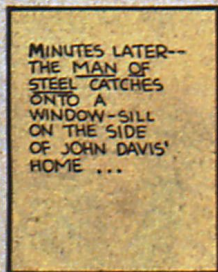
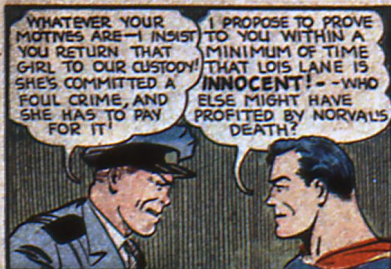
HERE ARE YOUR  
BULLETS BACK--YOU  
CAN SEE THAT YOU  
CAN'T CAPTURE ME  
...SO...LET'S TALK THIS  
OVER PEACEABLY!



I'VE HEARD UNBELIEVABLE TALES  
ABOUT YOUR SUPER-STRENGTH. I  
NEVER BELIEVED THEM. AND EVEN  
NOW--WHEN I SEE EVIDENCE OF  
IT BEFORE MY VERY EYES-- I  
STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT!







**SUPERMAN**  
SPEEDS THRU THE SKY AT SUCH A TERRIFIC SPEED, HIS FIGURE APPEARS TO BLUR



**SECONDS LATER.**  
THE MAN OF TOMORROW SECURES A GRIP ON THE AIRPLANE'S EMERGENCY-DOOR, AND FORCES IT INWARD...







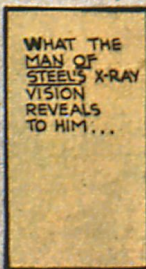
BUT BEFORE THE OTHER PASSENGERS CAN INTERFERE, **SUPERMAN** SPRINGS OUT OF THE PLANE WITH HIS SCREAMING BURDEN....



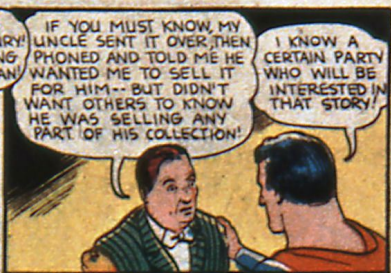
BUT THO THE PLANE HITS AS HIGH A SPEED AS 250 MILES PER HOUR, **SUPERMAN** EASILY OUTDISTANCES IT...



ALIGHTING.. **SUPERMAN** KNOCKS AT THE DOOR OF HENRY DAVIS' HOME....





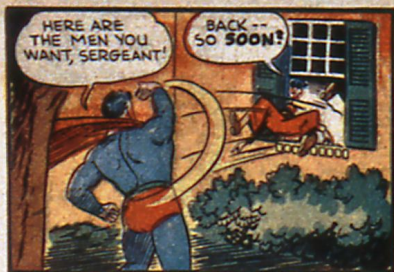


OFF STREAKS SUPERMAN...

SPRAWLED UPON A COUCH ON HIS PENTHOUSE TERRACE, THE WEARY BURKLEY SEES .....

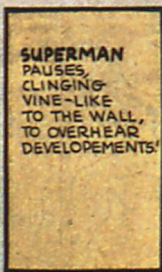






HERE ARE THE MEN YOU WANT, SERGEANT!

BACK -- SO SOON!



**SUPERMAN** PAUSES, CLINGING VINE-LIKE TO THE WALL, TO OVERHEAR DEVELOPMENTS!



I'M TAKING A DESPERATE GAMBLE THAT NORVAL'S KILLER IS ONE OF THE MEN IN THAT ROOM!



HERE'S ANOTHER SUSPECT, SERGEANT! A GUARD NORVAL FIRED A FEW WEEKS AGO!

LEMME GO! I AIN'T DONE NOthin'! JUST BECAUSE HE DECIDED HE DIDN'T NEED ME, DOESN'T MEAN I HAD IT IN FOR HIM!

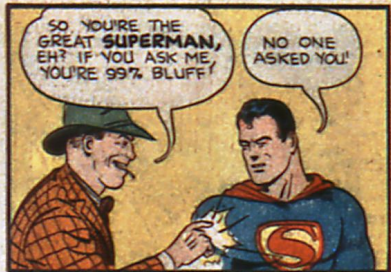
WHETHER YOU'RE INNOCENT REMAINS TO BE SEEN!



THE GIRL! SHALL I GRAB HER?

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY. LOIS HAS RETURNED OF HER OWN FREE WILL.

I'M GOING TO ASK EVERYONE HERE A FEW QUESTIONS FIRST! THEN, I'LL DECIDE WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE GIRL!



SO YOU'RE THE GREAT **SUPERMAN**, EH? IF YOU ASK ME, YOU'RE 99% BLUFF!

NO ONE ASKED YOU!



BUT SINCE YOU BROUGHT THE MATTER UP-- STILL THINK SO?

NO! NO!



YOUR TELEPHONE ALIBIS CAN'T BE PROVED!-- AND I NOTICE YOU DON'T SEEM PARTICULARLY SAD ABOUT YOUR UNCLE'S DEATH!

YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW IT! THERE WAS NOT MUCH AFFECTION BETWEEN NORVAL AND OURSELVES!

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE'D **MURDER** HIM!



WHAT PROTECTIVE MEASURES DID YOU DESIGN FOR THIS HOUSE?

FOLLOWING THE OLD MAN'S INSTRUCTIONS, I HAD ROOMS

LIKE LOIS WAS!

QUEERLY PLACED WITH DOORS SPRING-LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE SO THAT AN INTRUDER WOULD BE QUICKLY TRAPPED!

THAT'S NOT TRUE! HOW DARE YOU SAY THINGS LIKE THAT WHEN YOU CAN'T PROVE THEM!

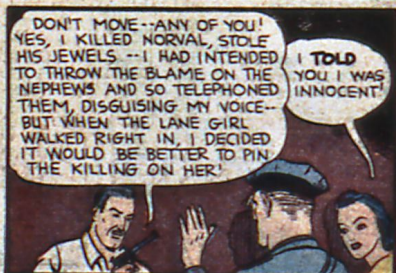




As  
**SUPERMAN**  
HIDES HIS  
DISCOVERY  
UNDER HIS  
CLOAK....



WHILE  
**SUPERMAN**  
AND THE  
SERGEANT ARE  
GONE, A TENSE  
ATMOSPHERE  
ENVELOPES THE  
ROOM THEY  
HAVE LEFT...







LATER...

I'VE GOT IT, LOIS! A BAIL BOND! NOW YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO TO JAIL!

YOU'RE TOO LATE, CLARK, AS USUAL! SUPERMAN COMPLETELY CLEARED ME!

YOU'VE ALREADY TELEPHONED IN YOUR STORY. WILL YOU PLEASE STOP DESCRIBING YOUR NEW DRESS TO THE FASHION EDITOR, AND LET ME AT THE PHONE SO I CAN TELEPHONE MY PAPER?

...AS LOIS USES THE SPARE PHONE

THE END





# SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

**W**ELL, Members, now that we're all together again this month, let's talk about something that's on everyone's lips today: building up a reserve!

Certainly your parents have been talking at home about how the United States is taking steps to build up a reserve. And perhaps in school your teachers have explained to you that in order to protect itself, a nation should always be prepared. It is just that attitude on preparedness that brings us to our subject.

One of the principal planks in the club's motto is **STRENGTH**. It forms part of the trio of **STRENGTH, COURAGE, AND JUSTICE**—the things you, as a member

of the *Superran Club*, represent.

**STRENGTH!** Have you ever realized what lies behind the meaning of the word? It is not just sheer *physical* power. It means more than that. It means having something *behind* the **STRENGTH**, something you can call on when it is needed. That something is **RESERVE ENERGY**, the thing that makes great men and champions!

And the only way it can be obtained, is by starting today, as a boy or girl, to keep yourself physically fit. You do this by getting plenty of fresh air and exercise, and by playing the game of life like a true sportsman.

Because Abraham Lincoln

played hard and lived cleanly, he was able to call upon **RESERVE ENERGY** during the dark days of the Civil War, and go on to immortality.

Others, too, have become famous because of their clean code of living: Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey and others too numerous to mention.

I, myself, feel more confident in knowing I can call upon **RESERVE ENERGY** in my fight against oppression and crime.

Yes, fellow Members, **RESERVE ENERGY** is a wonderful thing. And I am sure that if the **SUPERMEN OF AMERICA** abide by their motto of **STRENGTH, COURAGE, AND JUSTICE**, we will be called true Americans always!

## SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE!

(Code Saturn No. 5)

QBFDX WJRGRJW  
YT UQFD KFNWFSI  
QNAJ MTSJXYQD YM-  
JS YMJ WJBFWIX TK  
QNKJ BNQQ GJ DTZW

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

No. 6

Dear Superman:

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

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

STREET ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY AND STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# TOO BIG FOR MARBLES

By George Shute



**W**ALLY Brennan, delivering papers on his morning route, was studying his friend Bill Trent's story exposing racketeers who were preying on cleaners and dyers, when the sound reached his ears.

Thinking it was backfire, Wally looked around. The only car in sight was a blue sedan parked in front of the building housing Parke, Prentiss and Company, Medical Supplies. Puzzled, Wally approached the building, intending to deliver, as usual, the morning paper to Mr. Meade, the night watchman.

He reached the door just as two men, their arms burdened with packages, ran out and almost collided with him.

They were both short and powerful looking. Almost at once, Wally felt frightened. One of the men said: "Get that kid, Bruno. Bring him along."

Bruno dropped his packages, grabbed Wally. Just then a bell started ringing loudly. The other man snarled: "I told you we didn't finish that watchman off! He's managed to reach the alarm. Quick, push this kid into the car!"

Wally started struggling and tried to cry for help. Bruno's fist flashed, and darkness swept over the boy.

When he opened his eyes, he was in a poorly furnished room. The two men were sitting, coats

off, with their backs toward him. He could hear one of them saying: "I skinned my knuckles socking that kid."

His friend said: "His bleeding nose sure made a mess of that gray coat of yours."

Wally's eyes sought the coat, saw that it was covered with blood. His nose felt blown up like a balloon, and very painful, but he forgot it instantly as Bruno said:

"I think maybe you'd better take that coat out and have it cleaned, in a hurry. Then, after dark, we can duck out of town with the stuff."

The man nodded. Wally's brain spun as a daring plan presented itself. It was only a bare chance, but he knew he had to take it. The men's backs to him, he hurriedly fished out a stub of pencil and a note book from his pocket. He scrawled a message and inched toward the man's coat, stuck the note inside it. "If only the cleaner goes through the pockets," he breathed, "At least I'll have a chance."

Yes, he was scared, all right. He didn't know what they'd do with him. After all, he could identify them.

His heart pounded madly as Bruno suddenly said: "Hey, Luigi, the brat's come to."

Luigi got up. "I'll take your coat. You stick here. And keep your gat ready."

Luigi went out with the soiled coat. Wally stared truculently at Bruno, who grinned evilly and said: "You got nothing to worry about, kid. When we leave tonight, we tie you up and scream." He laughed. "Of course, maybe they won't find you for a few days. So much the better. Next time don't be around when something happens."

Wally remained silent, and Bruno turned around and started playing solitaire. The packages they had taken from the medical supply house were piled neatly on the table.

There was knock on the door. Bruno hauled out his gun, but put it away at Luigi's signal knock. Luigi asked: "How's the kid?" Bruno nodded. Luigi said: "Here, sonny, amuse yourself."

Wally stared at the bag of marbles the gangster threw over to him. Didn't he know that he was too old for marbles? Nevertheless, he said thanks and proceeded to run his fingers through the bag.

It was perhaps an hour later when the knock was heard again. Both men reached for their guns. Bruno cautiously opened the door. It was the cleaner's boy. Wally's heart was in his mouth, but sank to his shoetops at the boy said: "The boss found this note in your pocket. He says maybe you want it?"

The words echoed hollowly in



Wally's ear. He saw Bruno glance at the note, hand the boy a dollar and say: "It was just a gag." Then, as the boy recoiled for the money, Bruno collared him, hurled him across the room.

"What's the matter?" Luigi asked, excitedly.

Face red with rage, Bruno roared: "This newsie tipped off the cops. Or tried to. He put a note in my coat pocket and you took it out to the cleaners. The cleaner, though, was a dope and sent it back. Now we got two kids on our hands!"

He walked over to Wally. "And now, wise guy!" He reached down, grabbed Wally's wrist, taking the marble bag in his hand. His other hand yanked Wally to his feet. "You would call cops, would you?"

He swung at Wally with the marbles. Wally ducked. The bag, opened, sent a shower of the pellets through the room. A number of them went out the window. Wally ducked again, when suddenly the scream of a police siren was heard.

Luigi grabbed Bruno's arm. "We've gotta scam! The cops must have been tipped off!"

The cleaner's boy, snivelling, cried: "You bet they were!"

With guns drawn, the men picked up the packages on the table, and rushed out, locking the door behind them.

Wally ran to the window. Police

sirens were sounding from all directions. "Hurry!" he cried. "Hurry!"

But already the men were leaping down the front stoop, running toward their car. A few minutes would give them enough time for a getaway.

Suddenly, something strange happened. Before Wally's astonished eyes, the feet of both men seemed to be propelled from under them. They slipped and skid on the sidewalk, packages flying like snow. The next instant, squad cars screamed to a stop and officers descended on the gangsters like hungry locusts.

Two minutes later, Reporter Bill Trent, followed by police, burst into the room. "Are you all right, Wally?"

Wally assured him he was. The cleaner's boy said: "I did like you told me, mister. But they grabbed me."

Bill turned to one of the police officers. "You see, I was interviewing a cleaner when the coat came in. He showed me the message. I told his assistant to go up, and, if anything looked suspicious, to come, back right away. I wanted a scoop for the paper. When he didn't return, I called you men immediately."

The Police Officer laughed. "You almost waited too long. If it hadn't been for those marbles..."

Wally gasped "You mean they

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tripped over the marbles that fell out the window?"

The Police Officer grinned "I'll say they did, son. And if they were your marbles, you've got a big reward coming to you, because you really captured two tough guys who had nerve enough to steal \$50,000 worth of dope from the medical supply house after shooting up the watchman."

Wally just stared. And he had thought he was too big for marbles!

## THE END





# THE 'BIG SIX' COMIC MAGAZINES STILL LEAD THE FIELD!



ON SALE ABOUT THE 23RD  
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 7TH  
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT THE 5TH  
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT THE 20TH  
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 1ST  
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT THE 15TH  
OF EVERY MONTH

# Baby <sup>CURTISS</sup> 5¢ Ruth

WHEN WERE  
BUTTONS  
FIRST USED?



IS RICH  
IN PURE  
DEXTROSE  
THE SUGAR  
YOUR BODY USES  
DIRECTLY



13TH CENTURY  
IN EUROPE

CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD ... ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY



# DRIFTIN' DAVE

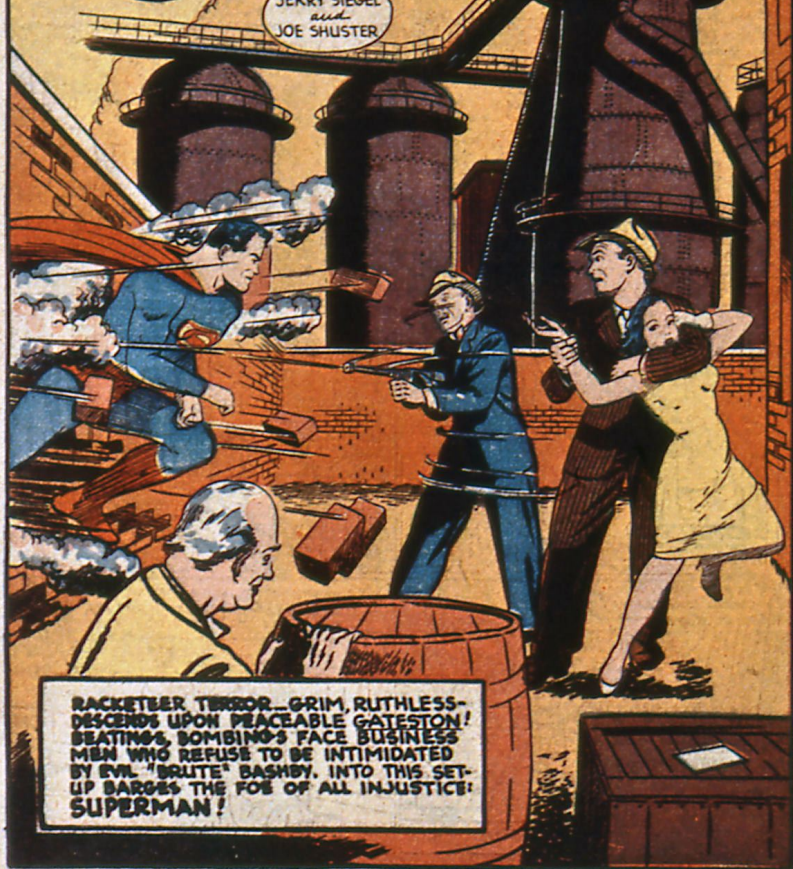
BY ALGER





# SUPERMAN

by  
JERRY SIEGEL  
and  
JOE SHUSTER



RACKETEER TERROR...GRIM, RUTHLESS-DESCENDS UPON PEACEABLE GATESTON! BEATING, BOMBING'S FACE BUSINESS MEN WHO REFUSE TO BE INTIMIDATED BY EVIL "BRUTE" BASHBY. INTO THIS SET-UP BARGES THE Foe OF ALL INJUSTICE: SUPERMAN!



A LAZY SUMMER AFTERNOON IS DISRUPTED WHEN A CARAVAN OF SEDANS CAREEN INTO THE SMALL CITY OF GATESTON AT BREAKNECK SPEED...

SKIDDING TO AN ABRUPT STOP BEFORE THE BORIDDY HOTEL, THE CARS EMPTY A CARGO OF HARD, TOUGH-LOOKING CHARACTERS...



NEXT DAY - CITIZENS LEARN THE MEANING OF THE VISIT...



DURING THE ENSUING DAYS, GATESTON IS TREATED TO A SERIES OF OUTRAGES... WAREHOUSES FLAME IN THE NIGHT'S DARKNESS... BUSES THEIR MECHANISM TAMPERED WITH, CRASH... WORKERS ARE BEATEN...

AND WITHIN RECORD TIME...





JIM TIRRELL,  
EDITOR OF THE  
GATESTON  
GAZETTE,  
DECLARES WAR  
ON THE BIG-  
CITY RACKETEERS!

CAREFUL, JIM!  
REMEMBER YOU'RE  
DEALING WITH  
THIEVES AND  
GANGSTERS!

THEY'VE BEEN  
HAVING THINGS  
THEIR WAY TOO  
LONG. THAT TRASH  
MUST GO!

GATESTON GAZETTE  
GAZETTE LAUNCH  
CAMPAIGN TO FREE  
CITY OF RACKETEERS

I DON'T LIKE THIS  
AT ALL. THAT TIR-  
RELL GUY MIGHT  
MAKE THINGS  
PLENTY HOT FOR  
US!

WHY DON'T  
YOU THROW  
A SCARE  
INTO THAT  
HICK EDITOR?

HE AIN'T TH'  
KIND TO SCARE  
EASILY! NAW!  
WE'LL HAVE TO  
GET RID OF HIM  
TH' PERMANENT  
WAY!

EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE METROPOLIS DAILY  
PLANET...

BEEN READING THIS  
BATTLE BETWEEN THE  
GATESTON GAZETTE  
AND THE RACKETEERS  
OF THAT CITY?

HAVEN'T  
MISSED AN  
ISSUE!

TIRRELL  
HAS MY  
ADMIRATION!

WELL, I THINK THE  
SITUATION IN GATESTON  
WOULD MAKE GOOD  
COPY FOR OUR PAPER.  
NOW, I WANT YOU TWO  
TO HOP DOWN THERE  
AND WORK RIGHT WITH  
TIRRELL IN HIS  
OFFICE!

JUST LEAVE IT  
TO US, TAYLOR!

RIGHT!

WHEN THE GATESTON-BOUND TRAIN DROPS THE  
TWO REPORTERS OFF AT THEIR DESTINATION...

I'M DICK  
DANIELS OF  
THE GAZETTE.  
I PRESUME  
YOU'RE...

LANE AND  
KENT OF THE  
PLANET! IT'S  
NICE OF YOU  
TO MEET US

LET'S STROLL  
OVER TO  
THE OFFICE!

ANYTHING YOU  
CAN TELL US  
'OFF THE RECORD'?

NOT MUCH JUST  
THAT TIRRELL  
AND I BOTH ARE  
FIRMLY CONVINCED  
THAT BASHBY IS  
FRONTING FOR SOME  
OTHER INDIVIDUAL!

A SECRET  
MASTERMIND,  
EH? SOUNDS  
NICE AND  
MELO-  
DRAMATIC!

SO THAT'S THE GAZETTE!  
QUITE A PUNY OUTFIT  
TO BE BUCKING A GENT  
LIKE BASHBY!

SEE THAT CAR  
TURNING INTO THE  
BUILDING? TIRRELL  
IS DRIVING!



SUDDENLY-A TERRIFIC BLAST, AND THE NEWS-PAPER BUILDING WAVERS AS THOUGH STRUCK BY A FIT...



THE REPORTERS DASH IN TO DISCOVER...



JIM MUST HAVE DISCOVERED SOME IMPORTANT IN-CRIMINATING EVIDENCE, TO MERIT THIS!

AND THEY KILLED HIM FOR IT, THE -- THE MURDERERS.

I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT WE PLEDGE OUR ASSISTANCE UNTIL TIRRELL'S SLAYERS ARE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE!



SPECTATORS DASH INTO THE BUILDING, DRAWN BY THE DISTURBANCE...



AT THAT MOMENT-- ANOTHER EXPLOSION...



THE PRINTING ROOM --- WRECKED!

MIGHTY THOROUGH, THOSE GANG-STERS!



I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS - THE NEWSPAPER WILL HAVE TO CEASE PUBLICATION!

NO, IT WON'T! I'LL SEE TO IT THAT IT IS BACK IN OPERATION WITHIN A FEW HOURS!

YOU! WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT IT?





CLARK PUTS THROUGH A LONG-DISTANCE CALL TO THE PUBLISHER OF THE PLANET

IT'S LIKE THIS, MR. MASON. -RACKETEERS HAVE DESTROYED THE GATESTON GAZETTE PRINTING EQUIPMENT. IF YOU WOULD EXTEND CREDIT, SO THAT NEW EQUIPMENT COULD BE ...



CREDIT NOTHING! I'LL SEND PRINTING EQUIPMENT TO GATESTON VIA FREIGHT-TRUCK AT ONCE... AND AT NO CHARGE! YOU HAVE MY BEST WISHES IN YOUR ANTI-RACKETEER CAMPAIGN!

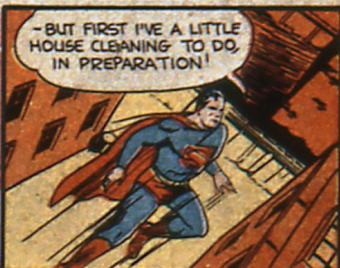


AFTER INFORMING THE OTHERS OF THE GOOD NEWS, CLARK RETIRES TO A SECLUDED SPOT AND CHANGES INTO HIS **SUPERMAN** GARMENTS...

EQUIPMENT ON ITS WAY! THAT'S GRAND!



-BUT FIRST I'VE A LITTLE HOUSE CLEANING TO DO, IN PREPARATION!



SPRINGING TO THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION, **SUPERMAN** FLINGS SMASHED EQUIPMENT INTO AN ADJOINING EMPTY LOT...

THE ANSWER TO A HOUSEWIFE'S PRAYER!



HIS TASK COMPLETED WITHIN MOMENTS, **SUPERMAN** SPRINGS AWAY, LEAVING THE PRESS-ROOM SPIC AND SPAN.

AND NOW FOR AN EVEN MORE IMPORTANT JOB!



Zooming thru the sky like a rocket, **SUPERMAN** SOON SIGHTS THE OBJECT OF HIS SEARCH...

THE FREIGHT TRUCK LOADED WITH PRINTING EQUIPMENT FOR THE GAZETTE - IT'S ABOUT TO BE FORCED OFF THE ROAD!





AS A GANGSTER-FILLED CAR RAMS THE TRUCK, BOTH FALL OFF THE CLIFF...

ONLY TIME TO SAVE ONE OF THEM!

CATCHING THE TRUCK, SUPERMAN'S MIGHTY MUSCLES CUSHION THE SHOCK OF ITS FALL... BUT THE OTHER CAR SMASHES, THEN IS ENGULFED IN FLAMES...

A WELL-DESERVED FATE!

HOLDING THE HUGE TRUCK OVERHEAD, SUPERMAN RACES TOWARD GATESTON AT BREATHTAKING SPEED...

IF JD ARRIVED A MOMENT LATER, THE GAZETTE WOULD STILL BE WITHOUT EQUIPMENT!

UPON REACHING THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE, SUPERMAN SINGLEHANDEDLY SETS THE MASSIVE PRESSES INTO PLACE!

WOW! IS HE STRONG!

"STRONG"? THERE AIN'T NO WORD TO DESCRIBE IT!

START THOSE PRESSES! THEY'RE ALL SET TO RUN!

LATER, AS CLARK BUSILY BANGS OUT A STORY...

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID?

I SAID CLEAR OUT OF HERE!

WELL...!





GET OUT?  
WHAT AUTHORITY  
HAVE...?

AND  
WHO ARE  
YOU?

I'M GEORGE TURRELL,  
JAMES' BROTHER. I'VE  
JUST ARRIVED IN TOWN,  
AND WHAT DO I FIND?  
TWO COMPLETE STRANGERS  
RUNNING THIS OUTFIT  
LIKE THEY OWN IT!  
GET OUT!



WELL, I GUESS  
THAT'S OUR CUE  
TO EXIT. IT'S BEEN  
EXCITING WHILE  
IT LASTED!

IF JAMES' BROTHER ORDERS  
US OUT OF THE NEWSPAPER  
OFFICE, I GUESS THERE'S  
NOTHING WE CAN DO BUT  
OBEY! ("BUT IS HE JAMES'  
BROTHER? MY PHOTOGRAPHIC  
MEMORY RECALLS A NEWS-  
PAPER PHOTO THAT APPEARED  
LONG AGO. GEORGE WAS  
NAMED GALLEN, AND BEING  
SENT TO PRISON!")

WHEN THEY REACH THE HOTEL,  
CLARK IS INFORMED A TELEPHONE  
CALL AWAITS HIM. HE ANSWERS IT.

BUT AS CLARK AND LOIS DRIVE  
TOWARD THE FACTORY, KENT  
GLIMPSES...

DEFTLY, CLARK TOUCHES A  
CERTAIN NERVE AT THE REAR  
OF LOIS' NECK. SHE LAPSES  
INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS...



NEVER MIND WHO THIS IS!--AN  
IMPORTANT CONFERENCE BE-  
TWEEN BASHBY AND AN INTENDED  
VICTIM IS BEING HELD AT  
THE GATESTON HARDWARE  
COMPANY!

THANKS FOR  
THE TIP-OFF!



("--THAT CAR...TRAILING  
US! I'VE A HUNCH THEY  
INTEND FORCING US  
OFF THE BRIDGE!--")



THAT'S SO YOU  
WON'T WITNESS  
WHAT FOLLOWS!

AS THE SEDAN SWERVES OVER TO FORCE KENT'S CAR OFF,  
CLARK KICKS OUT WITH SUCH FORCE THAT THE OTHER CAR  
IS FLUNG CLEAR OFF OF THE BRIDGE...

SHORTLY AFTER...LOIS REVIVES...

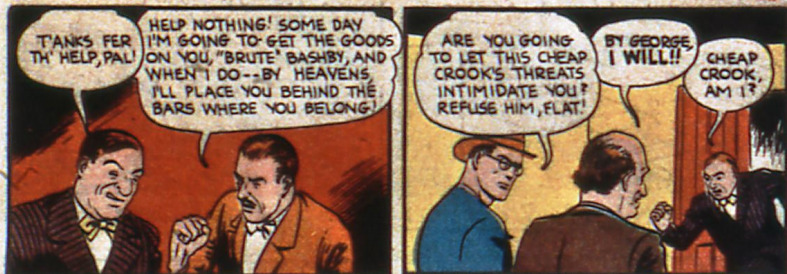


WH-WHAT  
HAPPENED?

YOU PASSED  
OUT--FROM  
THE HEAT,  
NO DOUBT!



THE TWO REPORTERS BURST IN ON A TENSE SCENE...

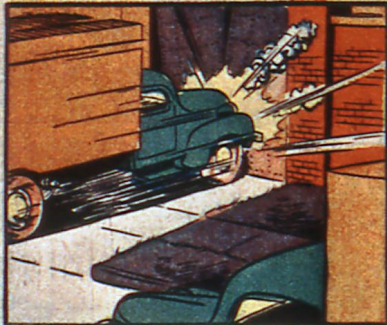




WHEN HE IS A DISTANCE FROM  
THE HARDWARE FACTORY,  
CLARK CHANGES TO HIS  
SUPERMAN COSTUME...



MINUTES LATER...TRUCKS DRIVEN BY BASHBOYS  
HENCHMEN SMASH THE FACTORY'S GATES...  
LEADING DOWN, SUPERMAN CATCHES THE  
MASSIVE GATES BEFORE THEY STRIKE EARTH...



...THEN FORCES THE TRUCKS BACK WITH THEM!



RAISING ONE HUGE TRUCK, SUPERMAN WHIRLS  
IT ACROSS THE HOOD OF ANOTHER TRUCK  
SO THAT THE ENTRANCE IS BLOCKED...





AS A MOB OF HOODLUMS BELABOR A FALLEN WORKER...



... **SUPERMAN** STREAKS INTO THEIR MIDST, SENDING THE RACKETEERS FLYING IN ALL DIRECTIONS...



SNATCHING ALL THE MACHINE-GUNS WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED, **SUPERMAN** CRUSHES THEM INTO A METAL MASS...



... AND FLINGS IT AT A TRUCK WHICH IS ATTEMPTING TO RUN DOWN ONE OF THE BATTLING WORKERS!



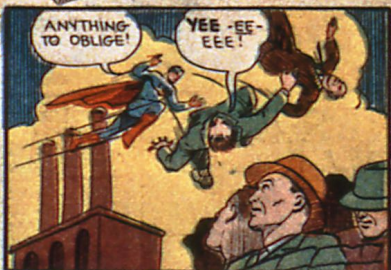
RIPPING A SECTION OF THE WIRE FENCE FREE, **SUPERMAN** SWIFTLY ENCIRCLES THE RACKETEERS WITHIN IT SO THAT THEY ARE HELPESSLY IMPRISONED...



AMIDST THE EXCITEMENT, TWO HOODLUMS WHO HAVE MANAGED TO ELUDE THE **MAN OF TOMORROW**, SNEAK INTO THE FACTORY...















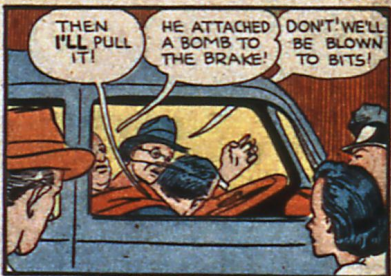
MOMENTS LATER, **SUPERMAN** SWOOPS DOWN TO SCOOP UP ANOTHER PASSENGER...



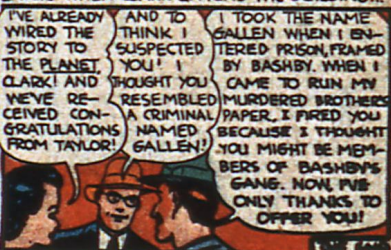
LANDING NEAR THE NEWSPAPER CAR, THE MAN OF STEEL FORCES THE TWO INTO IT.



MINUTES LATER, THE CAR DRIVES UP THE RAMP WHICH LEADS INTO THE NEWSPAPER BUILDING...



LATER--WHEN CLARK ENTERS THE BUILDING...

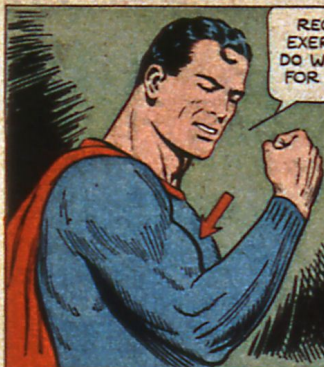




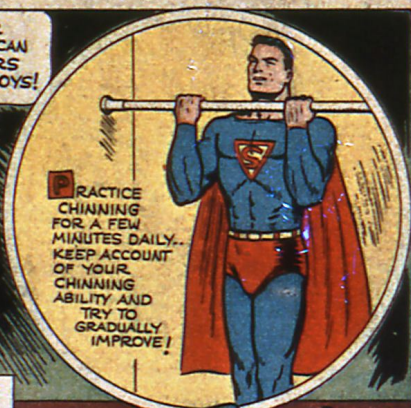


# SUPER STRENGTH

REGULAR  
EXERCISE CAN  
DO WONDERS  
FOR YOU BOYS!



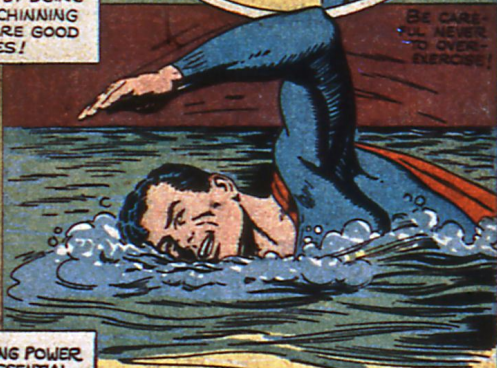
**P**Ractice  
CHINNING  
FOR A FEW  
MINUTES DAILY...  
KEEP ACCOUNT  
OF YOUR  
CHINNING  
ABILITY AND  
TRY TO  
GRADUALLY  
IMPROVE!



**D**EVELOP POWERFUL BICEPS BY DOING  
REGULAR EXERCISE-- ROWING, CHINNING  
AND DUMB-BELL CALISTHENICS ARE GOOD  
FOR BUILDING UP ARM MUSCLES!



**L**UNG POWER  
IS ESSENTIAL  
FOR STAMINA--  
DEEP BREATH-  
ING DEVELOPS  
YOUR CHEST  
EXPANSION!



BE CARE-  
FUL NEVER  
TO OVER-  
EXERCISE!

**S**WIMMING IS ONE OF THE BEST  
ALL-AROUND EXERCISES--IT BRINGS  
EVERY MUSCLE OF THE BODY INTO PLAY---  
AQUATIC CHAMPS SUCH AS JACK MEDICA  
AND JOHNNY WEISMULLER WERE FRAIL KIDS  
WHO BECAME HUSKY THRU LOTS OF SWIMMING!



FOR SWELL VACATION READING,

DON'T  
MISS  
THESE  
TWO



NOW ON  
SALE  
EVERYWHERE!

16 PAGES  
ALL IN  
COLOR

UP!

Goes The Popularity of This Sensational Adventure Strip!

So Here's The **SECOND ISSUE** of

*Brand New* exploits of

THE **BATMAN**

AND **ROBIN**

The Boy Wonder!



64  
PAGES  
IN  
COLOR

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

ON SALE **JULY 20th**



# SUPERMAN

by  
JERRY SIEGEL  
and  
JOE SHUSTER

TERROR STALKS SAN CALUMA, A SMALL SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRY, AS IT IS RAVAGED BY EARTHQUAKE AND TORNADO...



WHEN NATURE'S FURY EBB, THE POPULACE IS LEFT IN MISERABLE CIRCUMSTANCES--DEATH, DISEASE, AND **HUNGER** STALK THE LAND...



IN THE UNITED STATES, SYMPATHY IS DEMONSTRATED IN A PRACTICAL MANNER...

DONATIONS FOR THE SUFFERING CITIZENS OF SAN CALUMA HAVE BEEN GRATIFYING! IMMEDIATE AID AND SUPPLIES WILL BE RUSHED!



OFFICE OF GEORGE TAYLOR, EDITOR OF METROPOLIS' CRUSADING NEWSPAPER, THE DAILY PLANET.

MEANWHILE--IN THE PLANE CARRYING THE OFFICIALS TO THE FLYING FIELD...

CLARK, I WANT YOU TO COVER THE DEPARTURE OF THE RELIEF SHIP FOR SAN CALUMA!

OKAY CHIEF. BUT FIRST, I'LL STOP OFF AT THE AIRPORT AND GET A STATEMENT FROM THE ARRIVING RELIEF COMMISSION OFFICIALS!

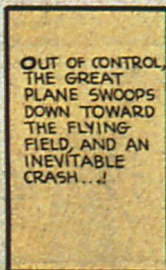
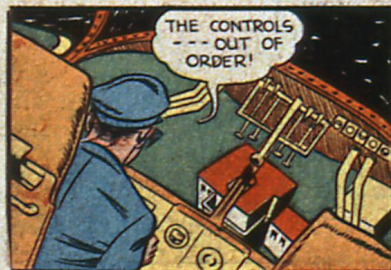


("--ANOTHER MOMENT, AND THE TIME TO STRIKE WILL HAVE ARRIVED!--")

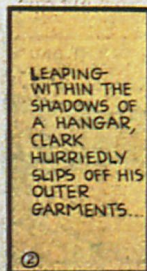




SUDDENLY...



AMONG THE HORRIFIED SPECTATORS ON THE FIELD IS KENT...



AND NEXT MOMENT STANDS REVEALED IN HIS SUPERMAN COSTUME, READY FOR ACTION!





DESTRUCTION APPEARS CERTAIN...



ABRUPTLY, A HIGH STEEPLE LOOMS DIRECTLY IN THE AIRPLANE'S PATH...



OUT ONTO THE FIELD RACES SUPERMAN AT TERRIFIC SPEED...



... CARRIES SUPERMAN DIRECTLY INTO THE PLANE'S PATH.



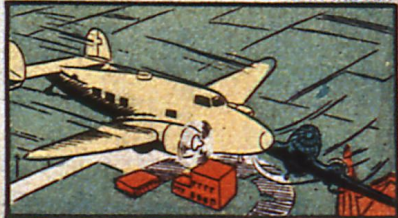
SPLIT-SECONDS BEFORE THE EXPECTED CRASH, THE MAN OF TOMORROW LEAPS BENEATH THE HURLING PLANE...



AND GIVES IT A GREAT UPWARD SHOVE THAT SENDS IT ABOVE THE STEEPLE...



A NEW MENACE! AS A TRANSPORT PLANE DESCENDS TOWARD THE FIELD, IT CAN BE SEEN THAT THE TWO PLANES WILL COLLIDE IN MID-AIR!





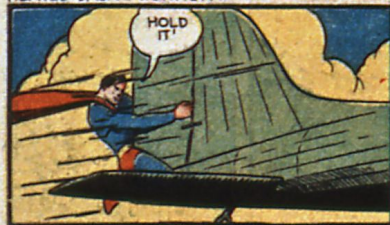
**SUPERMAN STRIKES EARTH! NOT PAUSING, HE SOMERSAULTS BACK UP INTO THE SKY...!**



UPWARD HE STREAKS, EVERY MUSCLE STRAINING!



**AS THE TWO PLANES NEAR, THE MAN OF STEEL SEIZES THE NEAREST PLANE'S TAIL END AND HEAVES BACK MIGHTILY.**



**HE SUCCEEDS IN SLOWING IT SUFFICIENTLY SO THAT THE CRASH IS AVERTED!**



**AS THE PILOT REGAINS CONTROL OF HIS SHIP SUPERMAN LOOSENS HIS GRIP ON THE PLANE AND PLUMMETS EARTHWARD LIKE A LEADEN WEIGHT.**



**SEIZING THE SIDES OF HIS CAPE, SUPERMAN NAVIGATES IT LIKE A SAIL SO THAT HE SWOOPS OUT OF SIGHT IN A GIANT CURVE BEFORE ONLOOKERS CAN QUITE UNDERSTAND WHAT IS HAPPENING!**



**BUT AS SPECTATORS RUSH TOWARD THE SPOT WHERE HE WILL LAND...**





DOWN BEHIND  
SCREENING  
FOLIAGE DROPS  
THE MAN OF  
TOMORROW!

A JOB WELL DONE!  
BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO  
ATTEND TO MY DUTIES  
AS A REPORTER!



BACK HE RACES,  
UNOBSERVED, TO  
THE SPOT WHERE  
HE HAD SECRETED  
HIS CLOTHES,  
AND DONS THEM..

EXIT  
**SUPERMAN,**  
--- ENTER  
**CLARK KENT!**



AS CLARK JOINS THE SPECTATORS BESIDE THE  
SAFELY LANDED PLANE...

THERE'S  
THE MAN  
RESPON-  
SIBLE!

HE WRECKED  
THE PLANE'S  
MECHANISM!

GET A  
POLICEMAN!

WHAT'S  
GOING ON  
HERE?



WHY DID  
YOU DO IT?  
**WHY?**

I WON'T TELL  
YOU! YOU'LL  
NEVER KNOW!

LET ME TAKE  
CARE OF HIM!



AS THE MECHANIC IS LED OFF TO PRISON...

JUST A  
FEW QUESTIONS,  
GENTLEMEN-FOR  
THE PRESS!

SORRY..HAVENT TIME!  
WE'RE ALREADY LATE  
FOR THE OPENING  
CEREMONIES!



CLARK TRAILS  
THE OFFICIALS  
TO THE DOCK  
AND LISTENS TO  
THE SAILING  
ADDRESSES..

I WANT TO TAKE THIS  
OPPORTUNITY TO THANK ALL  
OF YOU FOR HAVING GIVEN  
GENEROUSLY! IT'S ENCOURAG-  
ING, THESE DAYS, TO FIND THAT  
MANKIND STILL HAS SYMP-  
ATHY FOR ITS UNFORTUN-  
ATE FELLOW MEN!



AFTER THE SPEECHES

THAT'S FUNNY!  
FIFTEEN MINUTES..  
AND THE BOAT  
HASN'T PULLED  
OUT YET!

IT DOES LOOK  
AS THO THERE'S  
SOME EXCITEMENT  
ABOARD, DELAYING  
IT!



CLARK AVAILS HIMSELF OF HIS X-RAY VISION...  
AND MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY...

WHAT'S  
THIS?





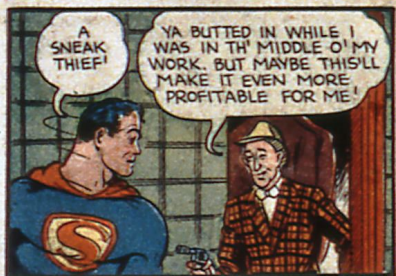
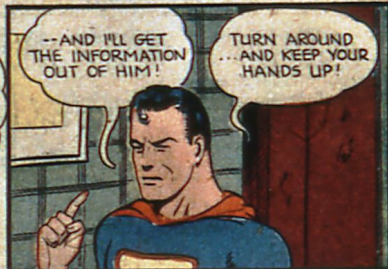
WITHIN THE VESSEL'S ENGINE-ROOM...



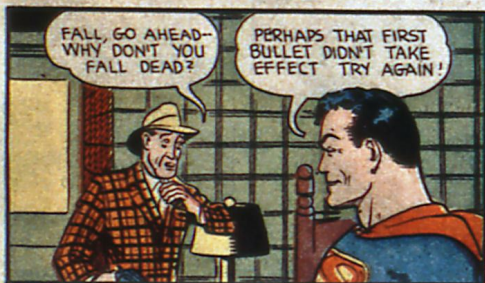
FIRST TELEPHONING IN HIS STORY, CLARK RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT...

THAT'S ODD! I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER CLOSING THAT DRAWER! AND YET IT'S OPEN! OH WELL, PROBABLY IT'S NOTHING OF IMPORTANCE!

CLARK STARTS TO CHANGE INTO HIS SUPERMAN COSTUME...









BUT CUNNING SWIFTLY REPLACES FEAR.



WHEN THE OTHERS REACH HIS SIDE.

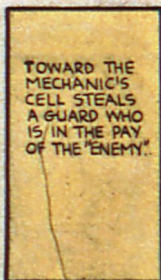




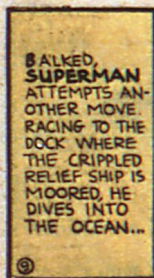
**SHORTLY AFTER... A CLOAKED FIGURE LEAPS UP INTO THE SKY OUT OF CLARK'S APARTMENT WINDOW...**



**AND MINUTES LATER A HUMAN BATTERING-RAM BREAKS INTO THE CITY JAIL!...**



**AS SUPERMAN CHARGES INTO A HAIL OF BULLETS, ONE OF THEM RICOCHETS BACK OFF THE STONE-WALL, KILLING THE ASSASSIN...**



**AND SHOVS THE MASSIVE BULK OF THE GREAT VESSEL SEAWARD...**





ONE OF THE  
ASTONISHED  
ONLOOKERS ON  
SHORE WHO HAD  
OBSERVED THE  
AMAZING  
PHENOMENON,  
DASHES FOR A  
TELEPHONE...

A LONE MAN SHOVING  
THE RELIEF BOAT OUT  
OF DOCK! -- I TELL YOU  
I SAW IT WITH  
MY OWN EYES!

C-CAPTAIN,  
--LOOK!

B'GOSH!  
IT'S A  
DEMON!

AS THE TERRIFIED SEAMEN FIRE AT THE  
MONSTER...

DON'T WANT  
TO BE FRIENDLY,  
EH?

SUPERMAN CONTINUES HIS TASK UNDERWATER!

AN HOUR LATER...

NO SIGN OF HIM!  
HE COULDN'T STAY  
UNDER WATER THAT  
LONG--AND LIVE!

BUT THE CRAFT'S  
STILL MOVIN'-YOU  
CAN'T DENY THAT,  
CAPTAIN! HE  
**MUST BE ALIVE!**

A PLANE!  
**HELP!  
HELP!**

THAT'S RIGHT!  
EVERYBODY YELL!  
TRY TO ATTRACT  
ITS ATTENTION!

BUT BENEATH THE WAVES...

A PLANE --NOW  
FOR A CLOSEUP WITH  
MY TELESCOPIC  
VISION!

SUPERMAN SIGHTS BOMB RACKS!



THE MAN  
OF STEEL  
LEAPS TO  
THE  
ATTACK...

IT'S AN  
ENEMY!

SEIZING HOLD OF THE AIRPLANE'S BOTTOM,  
**SUPERMAN** TEARS AT THE RACKS SO THAT  
THE BOMBS FALL....

DOWN ---  
YOU DEVILS OF  
DESTRUCTION!

HARMLESSLY INTO THE OCEAN!

BUT ONE  
BOMB HEADS  
TOWARD A  
DIRECT HIT...!

SWOOPING DOWN ALONGSIDE THE FALLING BOMB,  
**SUPERMAN** STRIKES IT SO THAT IT EXPLODES  
HARMLESSLY IN THE AIR!

JUST LIKE  
THE FOURTH  
OF JULY!

ALIGHTING  
ON THE SHIP,  
**SUPERMAN**  
LEAPS BACK UP  
IN PURSUIT  
OF THE PLANE..

NOW TO GIVE  
**HIM** A TASTE OF  
DESTRUCTION!

AS HE OVERTAKES  
IT, THE PILOT,  
NOTING CAPTURE  
IS INEVITABLE,  
DIVES TO THE SEA,  
DESTROYING BOTH  
THE PLANE AND  
HIMSELF!

ONCE AGAIN **SUPERMAN** SHOVES THE  
RELIEF SHIP. WHEN IT REACHES SAN CALUMA,  
HE SPRINGS AWAY...

HE WAS TRYING  
TO HELP US ALL  
THE TIME--AND  
TO THINK WE  
SHOT AT HIM!

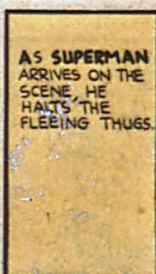
HE GOT THE  
RELIEF SUPPLIES HERE  
IN RECORD TIME!  
THREE CHEERS  
FOR HIM, MEN!



LATER WHEN CLARK RETURNS TO THE PLANET...



MEANWHILE, LOIS WANDERS INTO THE SUPPLY WAREHOUSE TO DISCOVER...



LOIS REVIVES...



AS THE THUGS PREPARE TO FLEE, A DARK CAR SPEEDS BY, RIDDLING THEM WITH BULLETS...

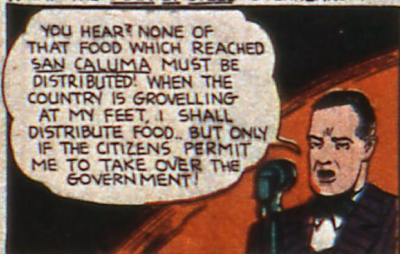




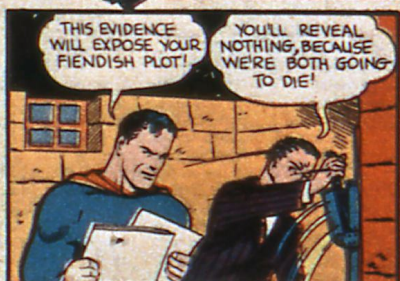
LEAPING HIGH IN THE SKY SUPERMAN TRAILS THE AUTO AND WATCHES ITS OCCUPANT ENTER AN ISOLATED BUILDING...



WHAT THE MAN OF STEEL OVERHEARS...



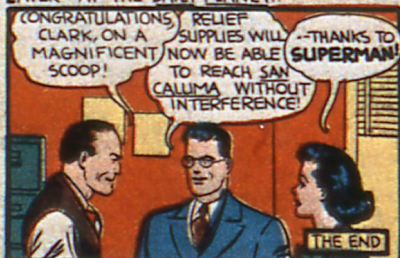
LEAPING FORWARD, SUPERMAN THRUSTS HIS HAND INTO THE BLAZING FURNACE AND REMOVES THE INCRIMINATING PAPERS BEFORE THEY CAN BE COMPLETELY DESTROYED....



A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!



LATER--AT THE DAILY PLANET.





# The Strangest Case

By  
Gardner F. Fox



**I**T WAS the strangest case that Java Colt had ever handled. If it had happened in New York or London, he wouldn't have been surprised. But here, in the damp jungles of Borneo! Men didn't take that much trouble to kill anybody out here.

Java pushed his pith sun-helmet back on his black-thatched head and looked around the room. The man's body lay on the floor, a lady's stickpin thrust into the base of his skull. The doors of the tiny hotel room had been locked, the windows closed and bolted. All the windows, that is, except the tiny, rattan-barred window in the bathroom. And no man could have gotten in there!

Java examined the pin. It was an ordinary one, with an imitation pearl handle on it. It had been driven with reasonable force into old Jason Dent's neck, killing him instantly. At first Java thought a man might have hurled it, but the thin, needle-like pin was no casting weapon.

He placed the weapon on the table and turned to Ross, who was examining the body.

"Going out for a while," he said. "Need air to think!"

Ross nodded. Java closed the

door behind him and went down the hallway and into the street.

A man was standing in the cobblestoned alley, playing a hand organ, a greybearded monkey perched on his shoulder, blinking wisely at the half-naked youngsters who pranced around him, laughing and joking.

Java tossed the monkey a penny and started down the street. Funny, he couldn't get the thought of Old Jason Dent and those locked doors out of his mind! Why should Jason lock the doors—unless he had something valuable that he was afraid of losing? But what? The police had scoured the place and found nothing, nothing of any value, anyhow.

And that window! Why, the only thing that could get through that window was—was a monkey!

Java Colt stiffened. He swung on his heel and started back the way he had come. Yes, the man with the organ and the monkey were still playing old-fashioned jazz. Java crossed the street and looked down at the monkey.

"Cute little tyke," he said to the man playing the organ. The man's red-rimmed eyes looked

warily up at him.

"Yeah, he is, sorta!"

Java put his hands on his hips. His lips tightened.

"Seems I've seen your face before! Can't place it, though!"

The man smiled and shook his head. He said, "Maybe I been around the islands quite a while. Maybe you ran into me somewhere 'round the islands."

The man kept playing his hand-organ, and gradually moved on. Java watched him go, then decided to follow. The years he had spent tracking black panthers in Siam, and striped tigers in the Mekong Basin in Cambodia, were not wasted. Java shadowed the man to his home without being suspected once.

He crept to the rear of the house, studied the wall, and found a perch in the branches of a convenient tree. Through the slatted window he could see the man, sitting at a table, and the monkey on the floor.

He watched for a long time, until it was almost dark. Then he saw the man get up and open a closet door, taking from it the dummy of a man, covered with a coat. Into the coat the man



slipped a coin. He turned to the monkey.

"Fetch!" he snapped.

The monkey was on the dummy in an instant, stabbing with a long hatpin at the base of its skull. Then it dropped to the pocket, searched it with probing fingers, and was away with the coin in its hands, gripped tightly!

Java almost fell from the tree in his surprise. No wonder there was something queer about the case! Now he understood why the doors and windows could be locked—all except the tiny one!—and the murder be committed! It all added up: the man trained the animal to kill and rob for him, and reaped profits and was away before a baffled police force suspected him! Java Colt dropped from the tree, loosened his gun in its holster, and started for the house.

The man was incredulous when Colt arrested him. He demanded, "But for—murder? I have done no murder!"

"It was the monkey! I saw you training him to kill someone! A neat trick—but I happened to



follow you and see!"

The man laughed. "That trick? He used to be in the circus! It is an old one! Fakir—come here!"

The man bent and fumbled in the pockets of the coat the little animal wore. He drew forth a necklace of living rubies, worth a fortune. But it was his face that stopped Java. The man was completely and honestly surprised!

"There is a mistake—he did not know!"

Java scowled. He believed the man, and felt he was not a party to the crime. The monkey had done it, unthinking, out of long practice! He snapped, "All right—but the monkey will have to go to jail!"

That is why you will see Java Colt today in his house look up at a little cage wherein squats a tiny, bearded monkey. Java keeps his prisoner in jail himself—as a souvenir of his "strangest case!"

# SUPERMAN

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THE RADIO!



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# SPORTS CLOSE-UPS!

SORE  
ARM  
PUZZLE!

-Monte-  
PEARSON

--MONTE WAS BOTHERED BY ARM TROUBLE THROUGHOUT THE 1939 SEASON--THEN HE AMAZED EVERYBODY BY HURLING A NEAR NO-HIT WORLD SERIES GAME.

DIZ  
DEAN.

--WHEN DIZZY'S ARM WENT BAD A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, HE WENT TO THE BEST DOCTORS AND SPECIALISTS--THEY COULDN'T HELP HIM!

--SOME DOC SHOULD DISCOVER A REAL CURE FOR LAME WINGS--

A  
ARM

TRouble  
IS A VERY  
MYSTERIOUS AILMENT --

SUCH MOUNDMEN AS GROVE, HUBBELL, GOMEZ, FELLER AND WARNEKE HAVE SUFFERED FROM IT!





# SUPERMAN

by  
JERRY SIEGEL  
and  
JOE SHUSTER

LEAPING OVER SKYSCRAPERS, RUNNING FASTER THAN AN EXPRESS TRAIN, SPRINGING GREAT DISTANCES AND HEIGHTS, LIFTING AND SMASHING TREMENDOUS WEIGHTS, POSSESSING AN IMPENETRABLE SKIN--- THESE ARE THE AMAZING ATTRIBUTES OF WHICH SUPERMAN, CHAMPION OF THE HELPLESS AND OPPRESSED, AVAILS HIMSELF AS HE BATTLES THE FORCES OF EVIL AND INJUSTICE!



GRIMES BROTHERS, A BRAND NEW DEPARTMENT STORE IN METROPOLIS, IS CRAMMED WITH CUSTOMERS UPON ITS OPENING DAY...



SUDDENLY, CRIES OF HORROR STRIKE THE AIR AS...



EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET...

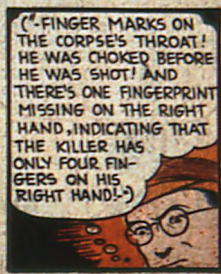
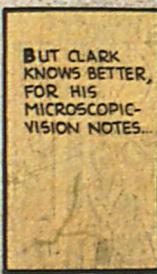


LATER...





WHEN CLARK REACHES THE OFFICE BUILDING IN WHICH IS LOCATED THE GLOBE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY'S OFFICES...







CLARK VISITS THE BEREAVED WIFE OF THE SLAIN OFFICIAL...



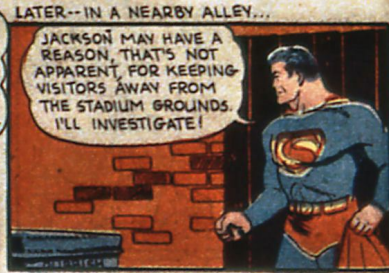
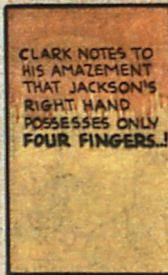
LATER--AT THE DAILY PLANET...



AS LOIS AND CLARK NEAR THE GROUNDS WHERE THE STADIUM IS BEING ERECTED...









A GREAT LEAP  
CARRIES THE  
REPORTER, NOW  
TRANSFORMED  
INTO  
SUPERMAN,  
HIGH INTO THE  
SKY...



SHORTLY AFTER THE MAN OF STEEL STREAKS  
DOWN ATOP THE STADIUM...



AS SUPERMAN  
EXPERIMENTALLY  
GRASPS A  
PORTION OF THE  
STADIUM'S  
CEMENT...



UNABLE TO STOP THEIR RUSH, THE TWO FORCES  
COLLIDE!



BUT SUPERMAN ALIGHTS UNHARMED!





AN EASY  
SPRING CARRIES  
SUPERMAN  
TO THE HIGH  
FLAGPOLE...



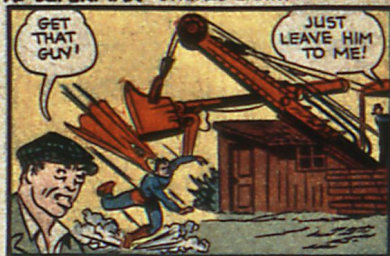
IT STRAINS AND BENDS BENEATH HIS WEIGHT  
AND THE FORCE OF HIS FLIGHT....



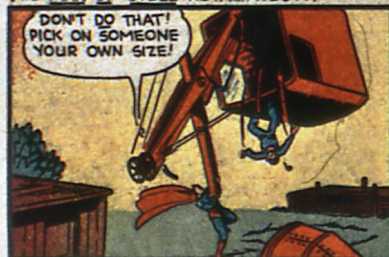
... THEN, FLYING BACK, SENDS THE MAN OF TOMORROW'S  
FIGURE STREAKING THRU THE AIR LIKE  
A RELEASED ARROW!



AS SUPERMAN STRIKES EARTH!



THE MAN OF STEEL RETALIATES...



OFF-BALANCE,  
SUPERMAN  
FALLS INTO  
A GREAT  
CONCRETE  
MIXER...



FOR AN UNEXPECTED RIDE!





FLAILING WITH HIS MIGHTY FISTS, **SUPERMAN** SMASHES HIS WAY FREE OF HIS AMAZING PRISON...



OVERHEAD, TWO WORKERS SLIP FROM THEIR POORLY CONSTRUCTED SCAFFOLD...



FALLING INTO A MASS OF HARDENING CEMENT!



DOWN THRU THE RAPIDLY HARDENING CEMENT **SUPERMAN** BATTLES HIS WAY...REACHING OUT, HE SEIZES TWO HELPLESS FIGURES...

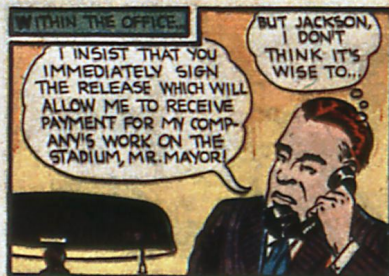


THE MAN OF TOMORROW, COVERING MILES IN MOMENTS, STREAKS TO A NEARBY HOSPITAL AND TURNS THE INJURED MEN OVER TO ATTENDANTS...





DEDICATION DAY! --MOBS THROG INTO THE BRAND NEW STADIUM...



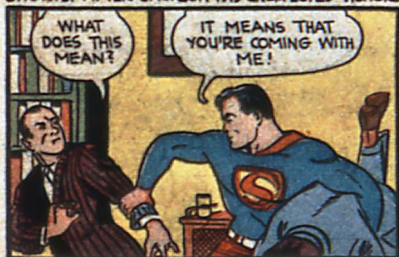
ONE GREAT LEAP CARRIES THE MAN OF TOMORROW FROM A PILLAR TO THE MAYOR'S WINDOW...







SHORTLY AFTER--JACKSON HAS UNEXPECTED VISITORS!





A MIGHTY LEAP CARRIES **SUPERMAN** AND HIS CAPTIVES OVER THE ONCOMING TRAIN...



ANOTHER TREMENDOUS SKY-VAULT, AND THE FIGURES STREAK DOWN TOWARDS THE MAGNIFICENT NEW STADIUM...



LOIS IS AMONG THE MANY TO SIGHT THE AMAZING SCENE...



THE MAN OF **STEEL** ENTERS AN OBSERVATION TOWER...



AN, UNEXPECTED, INTERRUPTION! THE HUGE STADIUM BEGINS TO TREMBLE CONVULSIVELY AS THO' CAUGHT IN AN EARTHQUAKE!



A GREAT SECTION OF THE STRUCTURE STARTS TO TOPPLE....!



FORWARD STREAKS **SUPERMAN...!**





**SUPERMAN** SUPPORTS THE HUGE SECTION WHILE ITS TERRIFIED OCCUPANTS SCAMPER TO SAFETY...

HURRY--IT  
WON'T LAST MUCH  
LONGER!



**SUPERMAN** HEARS LOIS' CRY FOR ASSISTANCE, BUT SIMULTANEOUSLY HE SIGHTS...



LOIS MENACED--  
AND SO ARE THOSE  
CHILDREN! WHO SHALL  
I SAVE?--AND I'VE  
BUT INSTANTS TO  
MAKE UP MY MIND!



NEVER MIND ME!  
--SAVE THOSE  
CHILDREN!



THE MOMENT  
THE CHILDREN  
ARE SAFE  
**SUPERMAN**  
RACES TO A  
PILE OF  
WRECKAGE...



SHE'S BENEATH  
HERE! IF ONLY I'M  
NOT TOO LATE!



LOIS--ARE  
YOU UNHURT?

A BIT  
SHAKEN, I  
GUESS--  
THAT'S ALL







AFTER DEPOSITING LOIS AT THE HOSPITAL, SUPERMAN RACES BACK TOWARD THE STADIUM.



IN THE OBSERVATION TOWER...



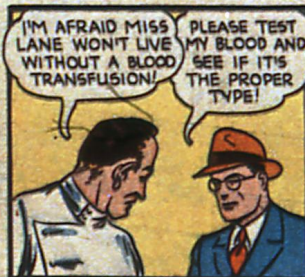
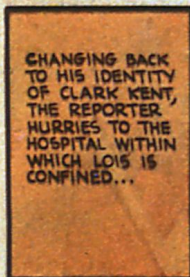
SUPERMAN'S OUTFLUNG ARM CATCHES THE REAR OF A PLANE...







**SUPERMAN DEPOSITS THE TWO AT A POLICE STATION...**



**CLARK'S BLOOD TURNS OUT TO BE THE PROPER TYPE. THERE IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWS A TRANSFUSION...**



**AS THEY DEPART FROM THE HOSPITAL...**



**LATER...IN THE DAILY PLANET EDITORIAL OFFICE...**

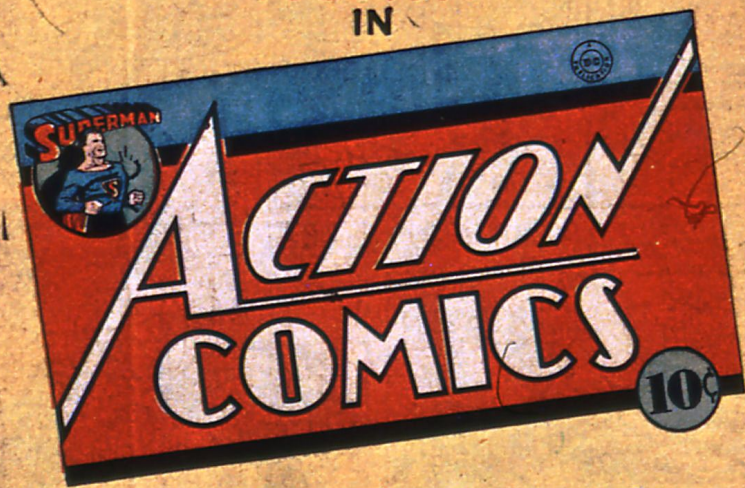




# SUPERMAN

AND A RAFT OF OTHER  
HEADLINE ADVENTURE  
FEATURES

APPEAR **EVERY**  
**MONTH**  
IN

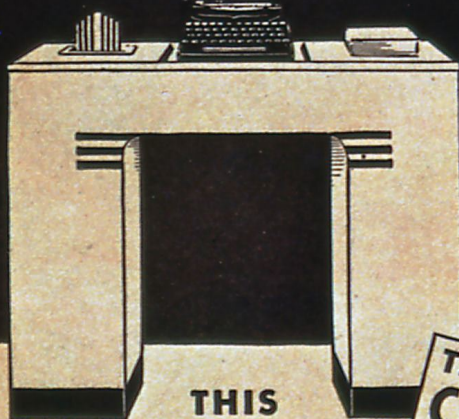


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