Superman
By Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster

Superman
America's Greatest Adventure Strip Character
SUPERMAN

by 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?

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!
Any news to speak of here at Police Headquarters, Sergeant Casey?
If you want excitement, come along!

What's it all about, Sergeant Casey?

We just got an anonymous telephone tip that there's trouble over at Norval's home!

As the patrol-car slows to turn a corner, a huge figure leaps to the running board and climbs within.

“Scoop” Carter of the Morning Pictorial!
Move over, Gents -- make way for a real reporter!

How did you know I was on an important case?

Lil Scoopsie manages to show up where ever there's a big story breaking. Right, Clark, Ol' Kid?

You do have a most annoying habit of turning up when you're not wanted!

When they reach their destination...

What th'--! Half a dozen doors! Now which will lead to where?--?
Peculiar buzzard, Norval! I'd say anyone who'd build a home like this was kinda lean in th' bean!

(‘My X-ray eyesight will inform me which door we should enter!’)

As Clark stares intently, the doors seem to melt away!

After they pass through the door Kent has indicated!

Norval!

Shot thru the back--murdered!

Wow! Where's a phone?!
GET THIS--AND IF YOU LEAVE OUT EVEN A WORD, I PITY YOU! 'SCOOP' CARTER, THE MORNING PICTORIAL'S ACE REPORTER WAS PRESENT THIS MORNING WHEN THE BODY OF SAMUEL NORVAL...

HURRY WITH THAT TELEPHONE! REMEMBER--I'VE GOT TO PHONE IN MY STORY, TOO!

FIVE MINUTES LATER, WHEN CARTER FINISHES...

CAN I HAVE IT NOW?

SURE. HERE--OOPS!

B--BUT YOU'VE BROKEN THE LINE! I CAN'T SEND IN MY STORY!

CARELESS OF ME, EH WOT?

IF NORVAL HAD PLACED HIS CONFIDENCE IN TRUSTWORTHY GUARDS INSTEAD OF MECHANICAL PROTECTIVE DEVICES, HE MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE!

"BEHIND ONE OF THOSE DOORS--MY SUPER-ACTUE HEARING DETECTS BREATHING!" CASEY, I HEARD A SOUND BEHIND THAT DOOR!

IT'S MISS LANE, OF THE DAILY PLANET!

MY HEAD!

HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

I REMEMBER ENTERING--THEN EVERYTHING WENT BLACK!

YOU'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING MORE CONVINCING THAN THAT!

DON'T REMEMBER A THING, EH? AND I SUPPOSE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT PLACING THESE UNCUT GEMS IN YOUR POCKETBOOK!

UNCUT WOULDN'T LIE, CASEY! SURELY YOU DON'T THINK....!

LOIS WOULD'NT TO ARREST YOU FOR THE MURDER OF NORVAL! YOU CAME HERE TO STEAL THOSE GEMS, AND KILLED NORVAL WHEN HE SURPRISED YOU!

YOU WERE TRAPPED BY THOSE TRICK DOORS THAT AUTOMATICALLY LOCK FROM THE OUTSIDE!
"Daily Planet Reporter accused of murder! - Doggonit... Why did I ruin that telephone?"

But this is monstrous! You can't believe... ...But I do!

C'mon along! You're going to headquarters.

Wait! Let me talk to Clark -- please!

Clark, you've got to help me!

Believe me, Lois! I'll do everything I can.

In that case, Lois, you're outa luck -- he can't even help himself, let alone anyone else!

As the police car drives off, Clark quickly strips off his outer garments, and stands revealed in his true identity as Superman......

Naturally, Lois is innocent, but I'll have to act fast before it's too late!

A tremendous leap, and Superman alights behind the auto that is taking Lois to prison....

This calls for drastic measures.

Heaving back, Superman restrains the powerful machine from moving!

You don't budge another inch!
Huh? That's strange!

We're not moving!

Nothing wrong here!

And no rocks holding it back! I can't figure it out!

Who--?

Don't mind me. I'm just a spectator!

As the officer reaches out to restrain him, Superman turns a backward flip over the car...

Mind if I move? It's getting kind of crowded on your side of the car!

What?

Superman!

Right, Lois! Let's go for a skyride!

Why are you doing this? For all you know, I am guilty!

I happen to know you couldn't be capable of such a crime!

As Superman springs off with Lois, he is followed by a fusillade of shots....

Get that guy!

Don't let him escape!

But the bullets bounce harmlessly off the Man of Steel's body as he protects Lois' figure with his own...
You're a strange fellow—outside of your super-strength, I mean. You continually act as though 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 unconscious 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!

(C'—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 toward 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 returning!

It's the guy 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!
WHATEVER YOUR MOTIVES ARE—I INSIST TO YOU WITHIN A MINIMUM OF TIME THAT LOIS LANE IS INNOCENT!—WHO ELSE MIGHT HAVE PROFITED BY NORVALS DEATH?

I PROPOSE TO PROVE TO YOU THAT WOULD INCLUDE NORVALS TWO NEPHEWS JOHN AND HENRY DAVIS!

LET ME SEE... THIS PLACE IS BURSTING WITH TRICK DOORS AND SECRET PANELS. I SUGGEST WE HAVE BURKLEY, THE ARCHITECT, HERE TO SHOW US AROUND!

LEAVE IT TO ME!

MINUTES LATER—THE MAN OF STEEL CATCHES ONTO A WINDOW-SILL ON THE SIDE OF JOHN DAVIS’ HOME....

CASEY WILL HAVE HIS SUSPECTS IN RECORD TIME!

NO ONE HERE—HE’S GONE!

AN AIRPLANE TIMETABLE, WITH THE PLANE FOR LAKELAND UNDERLINED!

SUPERMAN SPEEDS THRU THE SKY AT SUCH A TERRIFIC SPEED; HIS FIGURE APPEARS TO BLUR.

THERE SHE IS—ON THE HORIZON THE LAKELAND-BOUND PLANE!

SECONDS LATER THE MAN OF TOMORROW SECURES A GRIP ON THE AIRPLANE’S EMERGENCY DOOR, AND FORCES IT INWARD....
WH-WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? WHICH ONE OF YOU IS JOHN DAVIS? ME? B-But WHY--WHO?

YOU'RE COMING WITH ME! STOP HIM! HELP ME! HE'S GOING TO KILL ME!

A MAN-LIKE CREATURE HAS KIDNAPPED ONE OF THE PASSENGERS! AFTER THEM!

QUIET! YOU WON'T BE HARMED!

JUST LOOK AT THEM SOARING THROUGH THE SKY-- IT'S INCREDIBLE!

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

YIKES!

DON'T GO SO FAST-- I-I CAN HARDLY BREATHE! YOU'LL MANAGE!

M-MY UNCLE TELEPHONED--SAID HE HAD TICKETS FOR A FLIGHT TO LAKELAND-- THAT HE HAD CHANGED HIS MIND--AND THAT I COULD GO IN HIS PLACE IF I CARED TO.

WHY WERE YOU FLYING TO LAKELAND?

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

H-HENRY, TOO? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH US?

YOU'LL LEARN--IN TIME!

WHAT THE MAN OF STEEL'S X-RAY VISION REVEALS TO HIM...

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR-- I'D BETTER HIDE THIS!
WHAT DO--?
ONE SIDE, PLEASE!

STOP! YOU CAN'T DO THAT! A VALUABLE NECKLACE--AND MAY I INQUIRE WHERE YOU GOT IT?

THAT'S NONE OF YOUR AFFAIR. GET OUT OF HERE, OR...
YOU HAVEN'T ANSWERED ME!

YOU'LL BETTER TELL HIM HENRY. YOU'RE DEALING WITH A MADMAN!

IF YOU MUST KNOW, MY UNCLE SENT IT OVER THEN PHONED AND TOLD ME HE WANTED ME TO SELL IT FOR HIM--BUT DIDN'T WANT OTHERS TO KNOW HE WAS SELLING ANY PART OF HIS COLLECTION!

I KNOW A CERTAIN PARTY WHO WILL BE INTERESTED IN THAT STORY!

OFF STREAKS SUPERMAN...

WH-WHERE ARE WE GOING NOW?
TO PAY OUR RESPECTS TO BURKLEY, THE ARCHITECT!

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

TH-THAT SHADOW--WHAT--??

YOU'RE COMING WITH US!

GO'WAY! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M EXHAUSTED! I'VE BEEN WORKING ALL NIGHT LONG ON A RUSH JOB. AND NOW I'D LIKE SOME REST!

YOU CAN REST ALL YOU WANT--WITH THE AIR AS A PILLOW!

WH-WHO IS HE?
WH-WHERE IS THIS FANTASTIC BEING TAKING US?

W-W-WE DON'T KNOW, EITHER!
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!

HERES ANOTHER SUSPECT, SERGEANT A GUARD NORVAL FIRED A WEEKS AGO!
LEMMIE GO! I AIN'T DONE NO'THIN' JUST BECAUSE HE DECIDED HE DIDN'T NEED ME, DOESN'T MEAN I HAD IT IN FOR HIM!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

WELL 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!

IM 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 MANS INSTRUCTIONS, HAD ROOMS QUIERLY PLACED WITH DOORS SPRING-LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE, SO THAT AN INTRUDER WOULD BE QUICKLY TRAPPED!

LIKE LOIS WAS!

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

As SUPERMAN hides his discovery under his cloak....

IS THERE A PHOTOGRAPHIC LABORATORY ROOM IN THIS HOUSE? YES! WHY?

While Superman and the sergeant are gone, a tense atmosphere envelopes the room they have left...

DO YOU THINK SUPERMAN could have discovered a clue to the murderer's identity?

DO YOU THINK SUPERMAN could have discovered a clue to the murderer's identity? IT LOOKS THAT WAY! PHOTOGRAPHIC LABORATORY!

RAISE YOUR HANDS BURKLEY! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF NORVAL!

ME? YOU'RE MAD....

DON'T ATTEMPT TO DENY IT! Superman located a camera hidden in the clock. It was adjusted so that the sound of gunfire would cause it to take a picture. We developed the negative... and the result was a picture of YOU SHOOTING NORVAL!

GIVE ME THAT GUN!

STOP HIM!!

DON'T MOVE... ANY OF YOU! YES, I KILLED NORVAL, STOLE HIS JEWELS... I HAD INTENDED TO THROW THE BLAME ON THE NEPHEWS AND SO TELEPHONED THEM, DISGUISSING MY VOICE... BUT WHEN THE LANE GIRL WALKED RIGHT IN, I DECIDED IT WOULD BE BETTER TO PIN THE KILLING ON HER!

I TOLD YOU I WAS INNOCENT!
AND NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE! YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME!

POSITIVE ABOUT THAT?

OUT OF MY WAY, YOU--!

DROP THAT GUN!

I MEANT EXACTLY WHAT I SAID! GIVE IT TO HIM, SUPERMAN!

THE COLD-BLOODED KILLER!

GET UP, YOU! YOU'RE GOING STRAIGHT TO JAIL!

YOU'RE NOT SO SMART -- YOU AND THAT STRONG GUY! YOU'D NEVER HAVE CAUGHT ME IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT TRICK CAMERA!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG! THERE NEVER WAS SUCH A CAMERA!

ONCE I GOT THE SERGEANT OUT IN THE HALL, I CONSIDERED MY SUSPICIONS AND PLAN TO HIM, AND HE AGREED TO PLAY BALL!

BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW BURKLEY WAS THE KILLER?

I DIDN'T... BUT I HAD TO TAKE A CHANCE ON ACCUSING HIM. I PRIDE MYSELF ON BEING A JUDGE OF CHARACTER -- AND IF BURKLEY HADN'T BEEN THE KILLER, THINGS LOOKED PRETTY BAD FOR YOU!

AGAIN I'VE REASON TO BE GRATEFUL TO YOU!

IN THE FUTURE, LOIS, PLEASE TRY TO KEEP AWAY FROM MURDER CHARGES -- THEY CAN PROVE QUITE EM-BARRASSING IF YOU CAN'T BE CLEARED!

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? I CAN TELEPHONE MY PAPER!

AS LOIS USES THE SPARE PHONE

THE END
WELL, 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 Superman 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)

FQBFDX WJRIROJW YT UQFD KPNWFSI QNAM TMSJXYOQ YMJS YMJ WJFRX TW QNKL BNQG JGTZWX

SUPERMAN
C/O ACTION COMICS
460 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N.Y.C.

Dear Superman:

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

NAME __________________________ AGE ______

STREET ADDRESS ____________________________________________

CITY AND STATE __________________________
WALLY Brennan, delivering papers on his morning route, was studying his friend Bill Trent's story exposing racketeers, when he saw a car 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. He 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 men 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 brats' come to." Luigi got up. "I'll take your coat. You stick here. And keep your gun 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 scram." 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 he sank to his shoetops at the boy's reply:

"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 reached for the money, Bruno collored him, hurled him across the room.

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

Face red with rage, Bruno roared: "This newie 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 swung again, when suddenly the scream of a police siren was heard.

Luigi grabbed Bruno's arm. "We've gotta scram! 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 decended 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. I showed him 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 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 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!

SUPERMAN
ON SALE ABOUT THE 23RD
OF EVERY MONTH

THE SANDMAN
ON SALE ABOUT THE 7TH
OF EVERY MONTH

THE BATMAN
ON SALE ABOUT THE 5TH
OF EVERY MONTH

THE GREEN LANTERN
ON SALE ABOUT THE 20TH
OF EVERY MONTH

THE SPECTRE
ON SALE ABOUT THE 1ST
OF EVERY MONTH

THE FLASH
ON SALE ABOUT THE 15TH
OF EVERY MONTH

Baby Ruth
CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD
ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY
I'm hungry! Gotta eat a bull dog stuffed with bumble bees!

Kind lady, could ye spare a meal? NO!

I'll feed you if you'll spare my flower bed for me! Not a bad proposition at all! This is food for the gods, lady!

I bid you a very good day, lady! But the flower bed!

Flower bed? You know what th' doctors say—a joke with our meal aids digestion!!
RACKETEER TERROR... GRIM, RUTHLESS... DESCENDS UPON PEACEABLE GATSSTON! BEATINGS, BOMBINGS FACE BUSINESS MEN WHO REFUSE TO BE INTIMIDATED BY EVIL "BRUTUS" 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 Boridy Hotel, the cars empty a cargo of hard, tough-looking characters...

A cheap lookin' joint—but it will do fer th' time being...

(Gulp!) N—not 'Brute' Bashby. The racke...

One an' th' same! Me an' th' boys have decided t' pay yer squirt of a town a friendly visit any objections?

Now that's more like it! 'Brute' sure knows how to break the ice!

Wonder what them hoodlums is doin' here?

Don't like th' looks of it, nohow!

Sheriff oughta run 'em out!

Next day—citizens learn the meaning of the visit...

Me an' th' boys aim to start a lil association to protect ya from trouble. All ya gotta do is hand over 10% o' yer profits! Wottaya say?

I will not! I have no trouble to fear. Been in business for twenty-two years... and not a speck of it.

Then here's where yer troubles begin!

Alderman, you're wrecking my store!

During the ensuing days, Gateston is treated to a series of outrages... warehouses flame in the night's darkness... busses, their mechanism tempered with crash... workers are beaten...

And within record time...

Well, boys—we practically got th' whole town under our thumb. How's 'at fer organization?

It's th' old 'bashby' touch!
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 LAUNCHES CAMPAIGN TO CLEAN CITY OF RACKETEERS!

I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL. THAT TIRELL GUY MIGHT MAKE THINGS PRETTY HOT FOR US!

WHY DON'T YOU THROW A SCARE INTO THAT HICK EDITOR? HE AIN'T KIND TO SCARE EASILY! NOW! WE'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF HIM THE PERMANENT WAY!

EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE METROPOLIS DAILY PLANET...

WELL, I THINK THE SITUATION IN GATESTON WOULD MAKE A GOOD COPY FOR OUR PAPER! NOW, I WANT YOU TWO TO HOP DOWN THERE AND WORK RIGHT WITH TIRELL 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 LANCE AND KENT OF THE GAZETTE. I PRESUME YOU'RE DICK DANIELS 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 TIRELL AND I BOTH ARE FIRMLY CONVINCED THAT BASHBY IS FRONTING FOR SOME OTHER INDIVIDUAL!

SO THAT'S THE GAZETTE! QUITE A PUNK OUTFIT TO BE BUCKING A GENTLEMAN LIKE BASHBY!

SEE THAT CAR TURNING INTO THE BUILDING? TIRELL IS DRIVING!
Suddenly—a terrific blast, and the newspaper building wavers as though struck by a fit...

The reporters dash in to discover...

Tirrell—Dead!

How terrible! Gangsters did this—and I'll bet I could name the gent directly responsible!

Jim must have discovered some important incriminating 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....

This is tragic—tragic! Meet Morton Twist, a local lawyer who heads the citizen's committee which is cooperating with the paper to rid the city of racketeering.

We must see to it that there's no recurrence of such a ghastly crime!

At that moment—another explosion...

The printing room—wrecked!

Mighty thorough, those gangsters!

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 printed, I'll send it over 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!

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!

His task completed within moments, Superman springs away, leaving the pressroom spic and span...

And now for an even more important job!
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 I'd arrived a moment later, the Gazette would still be without equipment!

Upon reaching the newspaper office, Superman single-handedly 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 is that you said? I said clear out of here! Well...
GET OUT! WHAT AUTHORITY HAVE YOU?

I'M GEORGE TIRRELL. 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 NEWSPAPER PHOTO THAT APPEARED LONG AGO. GEORGE WAS NAMED GALLOW, AND BEING SENT TO PRISON!"

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

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

THANKS FOR THE TIP-OFF!

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

(THAT CAR...TRAILING US! WE HAVE A HUNCH THEY INTEND FORCING US OFF THE BRIDGE!"

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

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

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 THE BRIDGE...

QUE-WHAT HAPPENED?

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

SHORTLY AFTER.. LOIS REVIVES..
THE TWO REPORTERS BURST IN ON A TENSE SCENE...

ER - THIS IS CALVIN CHALMERS, OWNER OF THIS COMPANY. I REPRESENT HIM AS THE FIRM'S LAWYER. -- CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE!

REPORTERS? EH? YOU DON'T NEED ANY INTRODUCTION. THAT PAN OF YOURS IS A DEAD GIVEAWAY. YOU'RE "BRUTE" BASHBY!

THAT'S ME!

GET 'EM OUT! I DON'T WANT NO SNOOPING REPORTERS AROUND!

THIS IS MY FACTORY AND I INSIST THEY STAY HERE. IF ANYONE'S NOT WANTED HERE, IT'S YOU!

CAREFUL, DON'T PROVOKE HIM!

ARE YA, OR AIN'T YA GONNA JOIN MY PROTECTIVE ORGANIZATION?

I --- I HAVEN'T DECIDED YET...

BETTER JOIN -- OR HE AND HIS HOODLUMS MIGHT RUIN YOUR BUSINESS!

THanks fer th' help, Pal!

HELP NOTHING! SOME DAY I'M GOING TO GET THE GOODS ON YOU, "BRUTE" BASHBY, AND WHEN I DO -- BY HEAVENS I'LL PLACE YOU BEHIND THE BARS WHERE YOU BELONG!

ARE YOU GOING TO LET THIS CHEAP CROOK'S THREATS INTIMIDATE YOU? REFUSE HIM, FLAT!

BY GEORGE! I WILL!! CHEAP CROOK, AM I?

THERE'S NO WAY TO RESIST THE FACTORY YARD IS CROWDED WITH MY WORKMEN, WHO HAVE ORDEARS TO RESIST THE RACKETEERING!

AFTER BASHBY AND TWIST DEPART, CLARK LEAVES ALSO...
When he is a distance from the hardware factory, Clark changes to his Superman costume...

I'd better keep my eyes on 'Brute'! He's up to no good!

Minutes later...Trucks driven by Bashby's henchmen smash the factory gates...

Leaping down, Superman catches the massive gates before they strike Earth...

I've a use for these!

...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...

Back—you're not wanted here!

That ought to hold you!
As a mob of hoodlums belabor a fallen worker...

SUPERMAN streaks into their midst, sending the racketeers flying in all directions...

If you must gang-up on one man, why not try it on me?

Get that guy! Haven't had enough, eh?

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

I'd like to do this to every weapon in the world!

Bullseye!

Dipping a section of the wire fence free, SUPERMAN SWIFTLY ENCIRCLES the racketeers within it so that they are helplessly imprisoned.

Amidst the excitement, two hoodlums who have managed to elude the man of tomorrow, sneak into the factory...

How's that? Wow! Just look at that!

Let us out!

Quick! Now's our chance! First we finish off Chalmers! Then--the girl...
NEATLY TRAPPED? BETTER SAY YER PRAYERS. YOU WOULDN'T SHOOT! NO! DON'T DO IT!

PLAYING TRUANT, EH? AWK! WE'RE SAVED! IT'S SUPERMAN!

OUCH! LEGGO!

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE! YEE-E-E-E!

As the police arrive and take charge of the racketeers, Lois departs!

You'd better remain here. It might be dangerous for you to leave! I'm used to danger.

Lois—entering the bordello hotel. What an amazing faculty that girl has for getting into mischief!

Come now! Can't you think of anything suspicious in Bashby's actions on the day Tirrell was slain?

Well—l—I do remember that on that day James Tirrell emerged from a conference in Bashby's room with "brute" and another man whose face I didn't see!

Excited by this news, Lois breaks into 'brute's' room and is going thru his belongings when...

Someone's coming!
THAT'S FUNNY--UNLOCKED!

I SAW A CAR OUTSIDE WITH A NEWSPAPER STICKER ON THE WINDSHIELD! DO YOU THINK?

GET OUTA THERE! MISS LANE. IT'S AS I SUSPECTED! YOU, TWIST, ARE THE MASTERMIND BEHIND "BRUTE!"

YOU TOOK YOUR POSITION AS HEAD OF THE CITIZEN'S COMMITTEE ONLY AS A BLIND TO COVER UP YOUR NEFARIOUS DEEDS!

YOU'RE RAVING, WOMAN! AND YOU'D BETTER BE CAREFUL ABOUT MAKING ACCUSATIONS YOU CAN'T PROVE!

HE DOESN'T FOOL ME A BIT. I TELL YOU! BOTH OF YOU WILL GET WHAT...

G'WAN--CLEAR OUTA HERE BEFORE I CALL TH' HOUSE DICK!

LAUGH AT ME, WILL THEY? I'LL SHOW 'EM! WHEN I FINISH WITH THEM, THEY'LL FIND THEMSELVES SEATED IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

SUDDENLY--DOWN PLUMMETS SUPERMAN...

WH-HHAT--?

DON'T START THAT CAR!

B-BUT WHY?

NEVER MIND. WALK TO THE GAZETTE, HAVE THE POLICE CHIEF ON HAND--AND HOLD THE PRESSES!

AND SHORTLY AFTER...

WH-WHHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

WHAT YOU'D BETTER WORRY ABOUT, "BRUTE," IS WHERE WE'RE GOING!
I'M NOT LEAVING HERE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

Moments later, Superman swoops down to scoop up another passenger...

HEY!...

ROOM FOR ONE MORE...

Landing near the newspaper car, the Man of Steel forces the two into it.

START THE CAR!

NO!

NO??

(G-gulp) yes!

Minutes later, the car drives up the ramp which leads into the newspaper building...

NOW... PULL THE EMERGENCY BRAKE!

FERGOSHAKES TWIST--DON'T DO IT!

NO! I CAN'T, I--!

There's the solution to James Tirrell's death, Chief. They fixed his car in the same manner!

You're both under arrest for murder!

You killed my brother, you--!

Later—when Clark enters the building...

I've already wired the story to the planet you, Clark! And to think you resembled a criminal named Gallen! I took the name Gallen when I entered prison, framed by Bashby. When I came to run my murdered brothers' gang, now I've only thanks to offer you!
SUPER STRENGTH

Regular exercise can do wonders for you boys!

Practice chinning for a few minutes daily. Keep account of your chinning ability and try to gradually improve!

Develop powerful biceps by doing regular exercise—rowing, chinning and dumb-bell calisthenics are good for building up arm muscles!

Lung power is essential for stamina. Deep breathing develops your chest expansion!

Swimming 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!

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

WHEN NATURE'S FURY EBBS, 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...

Stop it! Have you gone crazy?

We'll all die! Hear me: all of us!

Crazy as a loon!

Uh-uh!

The controls --- out of order!

Out of control, the great plane swoops down toward the flying field, and an inevitable crash...

Among the horrified spectators on the field is Kent...

Good heavens! It's going to crash!

(Oh! Not if I can help it!)

Clark's telescopic vision reveals the pilot madly battling to regain control of the plane...

...and next moment stands revealed in his Superman costume, ready for action!

Leaping within the shadows of a hangar, Clark hurriedly slips off his outer garments...

Not a moment to lose!

Now to do something about it!
DESTRUCTION APPEARS CERTAIN... ABDUPTLY, A HIGH STEEPLE LOOMS DIRECTLY IN THE AIRPLANE'S PATH...

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

IS THAT... A MAN? IT APPEARS MORE LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHT!

A TREMENDOUS UPWARD LEAP...

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

HERE GOES!

SPLIT-SECONDS BEFORE THE EXPECTED CRASH, THE MAN OF TOMORROW LEAPS BENEATH THE HURTLING 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!

THAT DID IT!
SUPERMAN STRIKES EARTH! NOT PAUSING, HE SOMERSaults BACK up INTO THE SKY...

IT SEEMS MY TASK ISN'T DONE...

UPWARD HE STREKS, EVERY MUSCLE STRAINING!

BY A LONG-SHOT!

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

HOLD IT!

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

WHew! CLOSE??

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

AND THAT'S THAT! GUESS I CAN TAKE MY LEAVE NOW!

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...

THE FOOLS! I'M LIKELY TO FALL UPON THEM AND CRUSH THEM!

LOOK AT HIM GO!

JUST LIKE A ROCKET!
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 responsible! 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, haven't 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 encouraging, these days, to find that mankind still has sympathy for its unfortunate fellow men!

After the speeches...

That's funny! Fifteen minutes and the boat hasn't pulled out yet!

Clark avails himself of his x-ray vision and makes a startling discovery...

What's this?
WITHIN THE VESSEL'S ENGINE-ROOM...
SOMEONE'S TAMPERED WITH THE ENGINES!
WE WON'T BE ABLE TO PULL OUT FOR A WEEK!
A WEEK! THIS IS DISASTROUS!

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...

ATTEMPTED DESTRUCTION OF THE OFFICIALS! CRIPPLING OF THE RELIEF SHIP! ONE MAN CAN TELL ME WHO IS RESPONSIBLE--THE MECHANIC WHO SMASHED THE AIRPLANE'S CONTROLS!

--AND I'LL GET THE INFORMATION OUT OF HIM!

TURN AROUND... AND KEEP YOUR HANDS UP!

A SNEAK THIEF!
YA BUTTED IN WHILE I WAS IN TH' MIDDLE O' MY WORK. BUT MAYBE THIS'LL MAKE IT EVEN MORE PROFITABLE FOR ME!

"GOOD GRIEF! HE'S SEEN THE TRANSITION FROM CLARK KENT, MECK REPORTER, TO SUPERMAN! IF HE SUSPECTS... !"

WHERE'S YOUR DOUGH?
THAT'S NONE OF YOUR AFFAIR!

SMART PUNK EH? OR I MAY SHOOT!
BUT YOUR PISTOL SHOT WOULD DRAW THE ATTENTION OF THE NEIGHBORS!

WOTTAYA THINK I GOT A SILENCER FER?
By th' way, wots th' idea of th' dopey costume? goin' to a masquerade?

Guess again!

No more o' that! Don't move or I'll blow yer brains out!

At least you're explicit!

Funny! That costume looks familiar. I could swear I seen or heard o' ya before but where--where?--that's what I don't know!

You're in the wrong profession, my good man! You ought to conduct a quiz radio program!

I warned ya!

Fall, go ahead--why don't you fall dead?

Perhaps that first bullet didn't take effect try again!

The thief fires again--again--again--again!!

I will blast ya!

And you see, I'm still unharmed! Have you any idea who I am, now?

Who are you? Wait--let me think--I--I--

G-G-Gulp!--Superman!

Right that time!
IT CUNNING SWIFTLY REPLACES FEAR.

SO YOU'RE SUPERMAN AND I'M THE ONLY ONE WHAT KNOWS IT! YER GONNA HAFTA PAY PLENTY... AN' OFTEN... IF YA WANT IT KEPT A SECRET!

BLACKMAIL EH?

HASN'T IT OCCURRED TO YOU THAT I COULD EASILY SNAP YOUR NECK WITH THESE FINGERS, AND I'D NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BEING EXPOSED!

YOU WOULDN'T -- NO, NO! KEEP AWAY!

HELP! HELP ME! SUPERMAN'S AFTER ME... AN' I KNOW WHO HE IS!

WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE?

STOP THAT SHOUTING!

SWIFTLY, SUPERMAN WHIPS ON HIS CIVILIAN GARMENTS.

IF I DON'T REACH THAT SNEAK THIEF IN TIME, HE'S LIKELY TO BABBLE ALL HE KNOWS.

THE BURGLAR STUMBLES AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, AND.

YOU SAY -- YOU KNOW WHO SUPERMAN IS? QUICK! WHAT'S HIS REAL NAME?

HIS NAME IS -- OH-HH!

MAY I GET IN ON THIS?

WHEN THE OTHERS REACH HIS SIDE...

TELL US WHO IS HE --

SUPERMAN IS -- IS... UH-HH!

HE'S DEAD! (AND SO PASSES THE ONE MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE REVEALED MY TRUE IDENTITY TO THE WORLD!)
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...

Sorry to do this but it's absolutely necessary!

Now to go on from where I was interrupted!

Who hired you? You'd better tell me, or...

Y-you're the fantastic guy who saved the plane! I'll talk! Only don't harm me!

Voices... From his cell! I'd better investigate!

Toward the mechanic's cell steals a guard who is in the pay of the 'enemy'.

As Superman charges into a hail of bullets, one of them ricochets back off the stone wall, killing the assassin...

A murderer's fate!

Go ahead! Out with it!

But first you must promise not to... Aah-hh!

Traitor!

Yaa-aa-aa!

Die, traitor!

As Superman charges into a hail of bullets, one of them ricochets back off the stone wall, killing the assassin...

A murderer's fate!

And shoves the massive bulk of the great vessel seaward...

Balked, Superman attempts another move. Racing to the dock where the crippled relief ship is moored, he dives into the ocean...

Get along! This is better than a toy boat!
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!

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

SUPERMAN SIGHTS BOMB RACKS!

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

BUT BENEATH THE WAVES...

A PLANE--NOW
FOR A CLOSEUP WITH MY
TELESCOPIC
VISION!
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 SHOVELS THE RELIEF SHIP. WHEN IT REACHES SAN CALLUMA, 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...

WHERE'S LOIS?

YOU COULDN'T BE LOCATED SO I SENT HER TO COVER THE LOADING OF THE SECOND RELIEF SHIP!

Meanwhile, Lois wanders into the supply warehouse to discover...

ARSONISTS BURNING THE RELIEF SUPPLIES!

GET THAT GIRL!

But if we leave her here, she'll burn to death!

DEAD PEOPLE CAN'T TESTIFY!

As Superman arrives on the scene, he halts the fleeing thugs.

AS SUPERMAN ARRIVES ON THE SCENE, HE HALTS THE FLEEING THUGS.

LOIS REVIVES...

HELP! HELP ME!

Just in the nick of time!

As the thugs prepare to flee, a dark car speeds by, riddling them with bullets...

WE WERE FORCED TO -- YAA-AAA!

DIE, TRAITORS!

Who did it?

Our boss, MUMSEN -- in that car! He thought we double-crossed him!
Leaping High in the Sky, Superman trails the auto and watches its occupant enter an isolated building...

"Now to steal closer and get an earful!"

You hear? None of that food which reached San Calluma must be distributed! When the country is groveling at my feet, I shall distribute food, but only if the citizens permit me to take over the government!

What-??

I'm going to take you over, Mumsen!

But first, I'll attend to this radio apparatus!

You'll never get this evidence!

Leaping forward, Superman thrusts his hand into the blazing furnace and removes the incriminating papers before they can be completely destroyed....

Think again!

This evidence will expose your fiendish plot!

You'll reveal nothing, because we're both going to die!

A terrific explosion!

Unharmend— but I can't say the same for Mumsen!

Later—at the Daily Planet.

Congratulations, Clark, on a magnificent scoop!— thanks to Superman!— thanks to Superman without interference!

The End
THE STRANGEST CASE

By Gardner F. Fox

IT 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 greying 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—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 Slam, 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 closed 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 IS ON THE RADIO!

SPONSORED BY THE MAKERS OF FORCE

OVER THE FOLLOWING STATIONS:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Monday, Wednesday, and Friday</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WOR: New York 6:45-7:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHAM: Rochester 5:15-5:30</td>
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<tr>
<td>WGR: Buffalo 6:00-6:15</td>
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<td>WGBI: Scranton 5:00-5:15</td>
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<tr>
<td>WJAR: Providence 6:15-6:30</td>
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<td>WGY: Schenectady 6:15-6:30</td>
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<td>WBZ: Boston 5:00-5:15</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday</th>
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<tr>
<td>WBZA: Springfield 5:00-5:15</td>
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<tr>
<td>KJH: Los Angeles 6:00-6:15</td>
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<td>WOL: Washington 5:30-5:45</td>
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<td>WFBR: Baltimore 5:30-5:45</td>
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<td>WFBL: Syracuse 6:15-6:30</td>
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<td>WTIC: Hartford 6:30-6:45</td>
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<td>WCAU: Philadelphia 6:15-6:30</td>
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IF THE SUPERMAN PROGRAM IS NOT BROADCAST IN YOUR LOCALITY, WRITE YOUR LOCAL STATION AND ASK FOR IT!
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.

Arm trouble is a very mysterious ailment -- such moundsmen as Grove, Hubbell, Gomez, Feller and Warneke have suffered from it!
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...

LOOK! THE WALLS!

THEY'RE COLLAPSING!

HELP! LET ME OUT!

EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET...

A CATASTROPHE DOWN AT GRIMES BROTHERS! GET DOWN THERE, CLARK, AND COVER IT!

I'M PRACTICALLY THERE!

LATER...

GOOD GRIEF! A SHAMBLES! I WONDER HOW THE HEAD OF THE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY WHO BUILT THIS BUILDING WILL TALK HIS WAY OUT OF THIS!
When Clark reaches the office building in which is located the Globe Construction Company's offices...

 Oops! Beg your pardon!

 The office door's ajar! Might just as well walk right in and make myself at home!

 Globe Construction Co.

 Sergeant Clancy! Whew! For a minute I thought the murderer might have returned!

 Murderer? Odd, Kent. How you manage to show up at the scene of crimes before we do... almost as tho' you were involved!

 And for your further information, my dear amateur snooper, this bird wasn't murdered. It's plain to see he committed suicide!

 But Clark knows better, for his microscopic vision notes...

 (Finger marks on the corpse's throat! He was choked before he was shot! And there's one fingerprint missing on the right hand, indicating that the killer has only four fingers on his right hand.)
A department store collapses—The head of the construction company responsible for it's erection slain—by whom? This is worth looking into!

Clark visits the bereaved wife of the slain official...

Is there anything you can tell me which might give me a clue as to the identity of your husband's slayer? Very little, except I know John was fronting for some greater concern... and he had some friction with his employer.

This other concern—what is its name?

I don't know. John never revealed it to me!

When we learn what company your husband fronted for, we'll know who his murderer is!

Later—at the Daily Planet...

No use wasting any more of your time on the department store story, Clark. Get me some material on the costly new municipal stadium nearing completion.

Okay, Taylor. Wait, Clark. I'll go with you!

Get away from here! No visitors allowed!

Well, I like that! I guess you don't know who we are!

We're reporters from the Daily Planet!

Reporters, eh? I don't care if you're th' king of Siam! Git goin' or I'll lambast ya as sure as my name is Sam Goetz!

Look out, Clark!

Hey—! I told ya—clear outa here!
SURELY YOU'RE NOT GOING TO STAND FOR THAT, CLARK? GO ON-SOCK THAT BULLY!

ME? ATTACK HIM?-ER--ONLY MORONS RESORT TO PHYSICAL VIOLENCE!

ONLY MORONS-AND--COWARDS! WAIT! LET ME EXPLAIN!

See what you've done! I'm going to report you to your employer!

You'll have to go to the Jackson Construction Company. But it won't do you a lick o' good!

Later--when Kent reaches the Jackson Construction Company's ornate office.

B-but Mr. Jackson! I thought... I was pleased to see you! Always glad to adjust these matters! Now what's the trouble?

One of your employees, a Bruiser named Sam Goetz, threw me off the property when I attempted to catch a glimpse of that new stadium that--"Good grief!"

Clark notes to his amazement that Jackson's right hand possesses only four fingers!

I'm sorry if one of my guards mishandled you with mistaken zeal. You see, our insurance company does not permit us to have visitors upon the grounds.

I see. "There may be no connection between the murdered man and Jackson, but--they're both in the same line, and... four fingers!"

Later--in a nearby alley...

Jackson may have a reason, that's not apparent, for keeping visitors away from the stadium grounds. I'll investigate!
A great leap carries the reporter, now transformed into Superman, high into the sky...

I'm on my way!

Shortly after the Man of Steel streaks down atop the stadium...

Here's where I butt in!

As Superman experimentally grasps a portion of the stadium's cement...

It crumbles like sand! Inferior material!

Suddenly...

A snooper!

So—closed in on both sides! Get him!

Unable to stop their rush, the two forces collide!

Ouch!

He'll be crushed by the fall!

But there's plenty of empty space in this direction!

But Superman alights unharmed!

Cheap, splintered wood!

You again!

Don't let him get away!
AN EASY SPRING CARRIES SUPERMAN TO THE HIGH FLAGPOLE...

NOT THAT I DON'T ENJOY YOUR COMPANY!!!

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

...BUT I LIKE TO...

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

GET THAT GUY!

AS SUPERMAN STRIKES EARTH!

JUST LEAVE HIM TO ME!

GET AROUND!

THE MAN OF STEEL RETALIANES...

DON'T DO THAT! PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE!

OOPS!

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...

THIS IS WHERE I EXIT!

EE-EE!

HELP!

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

FALLING INTO A MASS OF HARDENING CEMENT!

THEM DORMED, UNLESS.

----- I DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

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

SECONDS LATER... MADE IT! BUT UNLESS THESE MEN RECEIVE IMMEDIATE MEDICAL TREATMENT, MY RESCUE WILL HAVE BEEN IN VAIN!

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

AS DAYS ELAPSE...

THE DAY IS NEARING WHEN THE NEW STADIUM OPENS! AND WHEN IT DOES......

BUT HOW??

NEVER MIND. JUST SEE TO IT THAT THOSE MEN GET TREATMENT!
DEDICATION DAY!—MOBS THRONG INTO THE BRAND NEW STADIUM...

BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT?

AN ARCHITECTURAL TRIUMPH!

WOULD YOU CARE TO TAKE ME TO THE STADIUM'S OPENING-CEREMONIES, CLARK?

SORRY, LOIS, BUT I'LL HAVE TO PASS UP THAT INVITATION, TOO MUCH WORK!

YOUR HARD LUCK!

("I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO ACCOMPANY LOIS, BUT I'VE AN IMPORTANT TASK TO ATTEND TO AS SUPERMAN!

Shortly After...
The Man of Steel Streaks Down to a Ledge Outside the Window of Jackson's Office!

NOW FOR A RECKONING!

WITHIN THE OFFICE...

I INSIST THAT YOU IMMEDIATELY SIGN THE RELEASE WHICH WILL ALLOW ME TO RECEIVE PAYMENT FOR MY COMPANY'S WORK ON THE STADIUM, MR. MAYOR!

BUT JACKSON, I DON'T THINK IT'S WISE TO...

NEVER MIND WHAT YOU THINK. ALL I NEED DO IS LET IT BE KNOWN THAT YOU RECEIVED A CUT ON THE GLOBE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY'S SHADY DEPARTMENT STORE DEAL. NEAT JOB, MY OPERATING THRU A SUBSIDIARY, EH?

I'LL--SIGN!

LATER AS SUPERMAN SLIDES DOWN THE CITY HALL'S GREAT, CURVED DOME...

I'VE GOT TO PREVENT THE MAYOR FROM SIGNING THAT RELEASE!

ONE GREAT LEAP CARRIES THE MAN OF TOMORROW FROM A PILLAR TO THE MAYOR'S WINDOW...
MAYOR HANSEN... I STRONGLY URGE YOU NOT TO SIGN THAT RELEASE!
I'LL MAKE UP MY OWN MIND ABOUT THAT, IF YOU PLEASE. NOW IF YOU'LL LEAVE ME ALONE....

AS THE MAYOR IS ABOUT TO SIGN...
DON'T SIGN THAT PAPER!
WHAT--??

WHOEVER YOU ARE, YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS INTRUSION! I'M SUMMONING THE GUARDS!
RING AWAY--FOR ALL THE GOOD IT WILL DO YOU!

WHAT'S THIS!? IT WON'T BUDGE!
AS THO' THERE WAS AN ARMY ON THE OTHER SIDE!

GOOD HEAVENS--YOU'RE HOLDING OFF ALL THOSE MEN... WITH YOUR LITTLE FINGER.
NOT BAD, EH?

LET GO!
AND LET YOU FALL TO YOUR DEATH? NO, MY DEAR MAYOR, I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT!

SHORTLY AFTER--JACKSON HAS UNEXPECTED VISITORS!
WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

IT MEANS THAT YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!

A TRAIN--COMING STRAIGHT AT US!
SO, IT IS!
A mighty leap carries Superman and his captives over the oncoming train...

What manner of creature is he?... See nothing to worry about!... Search me!

Another tremendous sky-vault, and the figures streak down towards the magnificent new stadium...

Behold, gentlemen! Your handiwork! Unsafe—a vertible death trap! You ought to be very proud!

I don't know what you're talking about!... He's mad!

The Man of Steel enters an observation tower...

Lois is among the many to sight the amazing scene...

Superman...

W—what do you want of us?

You'll learn—soon enough!... But first!!

The stadium about to collapse—just as I had feared! This will make you stay put while I temporarily take my leave!

A great section of the structure starts to topple....

Forward streaks Superman....!

I've got to make it!
SUPERMAN SUPPORTS THE HUGE SECTION WHILE ITS TERRIFIED OCCUPANTS SCAMPER TO SAFETY...

HURRY--IT WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER!

SUPERMAN--HELP!

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!

CHILDREN'S SECTION

CRACK!

NEVER MIND ME! SAVE THOSE CHILDREN!

CHILDREN'S SECTION

LOIS--FACING DEATH! AND I'M HELPLESS TO ASSIST HER!

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.
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
TO A HOSPITAL, YOU DON'T FOOLED ME, YOUNG LADY! YOU'RE BADLY INJURED!

SUPERMAN RACES BACK TOWARD THE STADIUM...
I MUSTN'T KEEP JACKSON AND THE MAYOR WAITING!

IN THE OBSERVATION TOWER...
THANK HEAVENS, YOU RETURNED!
EVERYONE ESCAPED BUT US! AND THE TOWER'S BEGINNING TO CRUMBLE!

I'M NOT DOING THIS BECAUSE I PARTICULARLY LIKE YOU!

ANOTHER MINUTE, AND WE'D HAVE BEEN DESTROYED! WHAT A NARROW ESCAPE!
ESCAPE? YOU FORGET WE'RE STILL IN THIS MADMAN'S POWER!

SUPERMAN'S OUTFLUNG ARM CATCHES THE REAR OF A PLANE....
MY, BUT IT'S GETTING CROWDED UP HERE!

BE PATIENT! YOU'LL FIND OUT!

RELEASE US! PLEASE!
HAVE YOU NO HEART?
HITCH-HIKING, EH? SHAME ON YOU!

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
When the plane lands, you won't make a pretty sight! Confess to your crimes, Jackson, or I won't release you!

I killed the head of my subsidiary company! And I used inferior materials in my construction jobs!

And I grafted!

Superman deposits the two at a police station...

These two men have a story to tell that will interest you, Sergeant!

Don't let him get us! Lock us up... and I'll see to it that you're promoted!

Changing back to his identity of Clark Kent, the reporter hurries to the hospital within which Lois is confined...

I'm afraid Miss Lane won't live without a blood transfusion!

Please test my blood and see if it's the proper type!

Unnoticed, Clark tears open his own skin...

This is necessary—none of our instruments could hope to pass thru my impenetrable skin!

Clark's blood turns out to be the proper type. There immediately follows a transfusion...

It's amazing... incredible! Your blood conforms to all four types!

Shortly after...

That's odd! A few moments ago she was very ill... and now look at her!

Recovered! And within the space of a few seconds! Most amazing!

As they depart from the hospital...

How do you feel, Lois?

Fine! In fact, I feel stronger than I've ever felt!

Later... in the Daily Planet editorial office...

Thanks to Superman, Jackson and Hansen are getting the jail terms they deserve!

You have my eternal gratitude, Lois! I love you! Clark! With Lois more friendly, I'm tempted to forget my identity as Superman — but of course I must go on as I have!

The End
SUPERMAN
AND A RAFT OF OTHER
HEADLINE ADVENTURE
FEATURES
APPEAR EVERY
MONTH IN
ACTION COMICS
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING
COMIC MAGAZINE!
ON SALE THE 21ST OF EVERY MONTH
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS
THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY $1.00

WITH ANY REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and only—made of sturdy fiber board—now available for only one dollar ($1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Du Pont Fabric.

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Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Booklet, for as little as 10c a day. Send Catalogue.

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The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.
READY
THE SENSATIONAL NEW DAISY
1000-SHOT
RED RYDER
COWBOY
CARBINE

16 INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG!
"You can hang my carbine on your wall like this... or lock it to your bike. There comes attached to Carbine Ring at no extra cost, Pedal!

WESTERN CARBINE RING!
"Te" real article, boy. For ridin' the range, I slip a stout 3 foot cord thru th' Ring and tie the other end to my saddlehorn, so she can't fall clear to th' ground if she slides outo my saddle holster or gets knocked from my hands by a bo'ar!

SOME SIGHTS!
"It's a Humdinger, Patrol. Raise th' Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Aim thru small notch for target work... large notch for snap-shotting. And say! Daisy Front Sight GOLDEN-COLORED to remind us of th' Golden West!"

CARBINE STYLE FORE-PIECE!
"Grab this husky, semi-curved, full length hand-held th' wood just 'snugs' into your hand and holds the Carbine steady as a rock."

GOLDEN-BANDED BARREL!
These glittery golden colored bands 'round th' muzzle add to fires-piece look mighty purty... kinds like th' real gold I used to prospect for out West. You'll be proud of 'em!"

LIGHTNING-LOADER INVENTION!
"Twist th' magazine—poor in 1000 shot in 20 seconds—then shoot 1000 times without reloading once!"

MY BRAND ON STOCK!
"Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. That's why I'm proud to have my name on face branded on th' stock."—RED RYDER

Look—buy—and shoot this beautiful new Golden-Banded COP BOY Carbine... first 1000-Shot repeater, Lightning-Loader air rifle in Daisy history! Same style of carbine cowboys carry on their saddle out West and in the Western Movies. Authentic Carbine Ring with 16" Leather Saddle Thong attached! Carbine named after RED RYDER... America's favorite comic strip cowboy... that red-bearded "Robin Hood of the Golden West." Read NOW each marvelous new RED RYDER CARBINE feature, then get yours at your Dealer. Only $2.95! If he is sold out (or no Daisy Dealer near you) send us $2.95—we'll rush your 1000-Shot RED RYDER CARBINE postpaid! Hurry!

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THE POPULAR 500 SHOT LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE
Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine, including Lightning-Loader Invention and Adjustable DOUBLE-NOTCH REAR SIGHT. Rugged, Reliable, HARDY, BEAUTIFUL beauty for $2.95 at Dealers or direct... (Duty added in Canada.)

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