SUPERMAN

LEADING OVER SKYSCRAPERS RUNNING FASTER THAN AN EXPRESS TRAIN, SPRINGING GREAT DISTANCES AND HEIGHTS, LIFTING AND SMASHING TERRIBLE WEIGHS, POSSESSING AN IMPENETRABLE SKIN--THOSE ARE THE AMAZING ATTRIBUTES WHICH SUPERMAN, SAVIOR OF THE HELPLESS AND SWEARING ENEMY OF HIMSELF AS HE BATTLES THE FORCES OF EVIL AND INJUSTICE!

OR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS HISTORY, THE CITY OF METROPOLIS IS RAVAGED BY A TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE!

EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET...
I WANT FIRST-HAND EYE-WITNESS DETAILS OF THE QUAKE! YOU'LL GET 'EM!

UNOBSERVED THE MEEK REPORTER TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO MIGHTY SUPERMAN...
AN EARTHQUAKE IN THIS LOCALITY--IT'S UNHEARD OF!

SHORTLY AFTER--THE MAN OF TOMORROW'S FIGURE STREAMS DOWN TOWARD THE SCENE OF TERROR!
WHEN THE EARTHQUAKE SUBSIDES, SUPERMAN LEAPS AWAY WITH THE GRATEFUL CHEER OF THOUSANDS RINGING IN HIS WAKE.

LATER. NICE ARTICLE YOU HANDLED IN PARTICULARLY THE SUPERMAN ANGLE! I'VE LEARNED THAT THE DISTURBANCE WAS CAUSED BY A NEW WEAPON THE ARMY IS TESTING WHICH ARTIFICIALLY CAUSES EARTHQUAKES. THE MACHINE RAN WILD DURING THE TEST. I'LL VISIT ITS INVENTOR FOR AN INTERVIEW.

PROFESSOR MARTINSON? I'M CLARK KENT OF THE DAILY PLANET. HOW ABOUT A STORY CONCERNING YOUR NEW DISCOVERY!

CLARK SEATS HIMSELF. WHILE HIS BACK IS TURNED --

MEDDLER!

NOT A TICK! HE'S DONE FOR!

OUT YOU GO -- TO A MANGLED DEATH!

WHAT CLARK'S ASSAILANT DOES NOT REALIZE IS THAT KENT POSSESSES THE ABILITY TO TEMPORARILY HALT THE BEATING OF HIS HEART. CLARK IS PLAYING POSSUM TO LEARN WHAT THE SITUATION IS!
OWN HURTS THE REPORTER'S FIGURE ---

BRUTALLY --- OUT FLASHES ONE OF HIS HANDS, CLUTCHING THE SIDE OF THE SKYSCRAPER IN A STEELY GRIP, HALTING HIS PLUNGE!  

TIME OUT!

IN THE LABORATORY ---

A SNOOPING REPORTER INTERFERED WHILE I WAS GOING THRU THE PROFESSOR'S DESK, BUT I DISPOSED OF HIM! SPLENDID! BUT IT'S UNFORTUNATE YOU COULDN'T FIND THE PLANS WE SEEK!

IT TAKES BUT A FEW SECONDS TO REMOVE HIS OUTER GARMENTS . . . THEN HE COMMENCES TO CLIMB SWIFTLY BACK TOWARD THE LABORATORY --- AS SUPERMAN!

NOW IT'S MY TURN!

UP A DISTANT SPOT...

SUPERMAN EAVESDROPPING! I'LL ATTEND TO HIM ——

HORTLY AFTER --- A WEIRD PLANE APPEARS IN THE SKY AND RELEASES A DEADLY BOMB DOWN TOWARD THE MAN OF STEEL'S FIGURE...

THIS HAS GOT TO STOP BEFORE BOMBS FALL ON INNOCENT PEOPLE IN THE STREET!

A FLIP OF SUPERMAN'S WRIST, AND THE BOMB HURTELS BACK TO ITS SOURCE, DESTROYING THE PLANE.
SWIFTLY SUPERMAN ENTERS THE LABORATORY—

NO SIGN OF THE MAN WHO PRETENDED TO BE MARTINSON!

SO! WE ENCOUNTER EACH OTHER ONCE MORE!

LUTHOR! THE MAD SCIENTIST WHO PLOTS TO DOMINATE THE EARTH!

PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE PROFESSOR MARTINSON—A RETICENT INDIVIDUAL WHO REFUSES TO REVEAL TO ME THE DETAILS OF HIS DISCOVERY!

THEN YOU ADMIT FAILURE!

I DO NOT! IF MARTINSON PROVES UNCO-OPERATIVE, I MAY BE MORE FORTUNATE WITH THE ARMY ITSELF!

I WONDER WHAT LUTHOR HAS UP HIS SLEEVE? I'M SURE HE'S ABOUT TO SPRING SOMETHING!

THAT EVENING—WITHIN THE ARMY CAMP, SUPERMAN SEES ONE OF THE INVENTION'S GUARDS ATTACK THE OTHER

THAT WAS SIMPLE!

AS THE REMAINING GUARD SIGNALS WITH A FLASHLIGHT, AN AUTOGYRO DESCENDS TO THE BUILDINGS ROOF

BUT WHILE THE CONSPIRATORS ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE INVENTION, AN UNEXPECTED INTRUDER INTERFERES

HEY! AAAAAH!

OW—WW!

MUSTN'T STEAL! IT'S NOT NICE!

GET BACK TO LUTHOR! AND WARN HIM TO ABANDON HIS ATTEMPTS TO GET THIS INVENTION!

WE'LL TELL HIM — ONLY DON'T HARM US!
SUPERMAN TRAILS THE AUTOGYRO...

THE WORLD WILL NOT BE SAFE UNTIL LUTHOR NO LONGER EXISTS!

SUPERMAN—Pursuing my fumbling hirelings!

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT THE MAN OF STEEL, BUT THAT PLANE WILL NEVER REACH HERE!

THE AUTOGYRO—DESTROYED BY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!

A CHALLENGE, SUPERMAN!

WHO SAID THAT?

ARE YOU WILLING TO DECLARE A TEMPORARY TRUCE?

THAT ALL DEPENDS!

HERE IS MY PROPOSITION—AND CHALLENGE! IF YOUR MUSCLES CAN SURPASS MY SCIENTIFIC FEATS, I WILL ADMIT DEFEAT BUT IF I CAN OUTDO YOU, THEN YOU ARE TO RETIRE AND LEAVE ME A CLEAR PATH!

DO YOU ACCEPT?

DEFINITELY!
Seconds later... Two weird vessels swoop down out of the sky. That's what I call prompt service! Once again we confront each other! Can't say that it particularly pleases me.

Quibbling aside--you agreed to match me at any feat. Well, impetuous one, are you prepared to race my sky vessels around the world? Let's go!

They're off--in the strangest race the world has ever seen--a SuperMan versus super-planes!

Defying time, the weird adversaries annihilate all speed records in a thrilling race that spans continents...

...And oceans!

Faster! Faster! A human being outdistance one of my super-stratoliners? Impossible! Sorry--I'm pressing the motors to the limit!

Later--when they return to the starting point...

It appears AM is the victor! And you don't look the least bit tired! Incredible!
AND WHAT'S THE NEXT LITTLE STUNT YOU HAVE UP YOUR SLEEVE?

WATCH AND SEE!

LOWER AWAY!

NEXT, LUTHOR TUNES UP INTRICATE ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT...

WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?

YOU SEE! MAKING USE OF THE FORCES OF ELECTRICITY I CAN NULIFY THE MASSIVE WEIGHT OF THIS HUGE OBJECT!

YOUR TURN, MY GOOD MAN!

DELIGHTED!

YOU DID IT!

WAIT! I'VE ONLY BEGUN!

HOW'S THIS?

GOOD GRIEF!!
THE NEXT TEST?
TO SEE WHO IS THE
MOST VULNERABLE.
I COMMENCE WITH A
HAND GRENADE!

UNHARMED!
DISAPPOINTED!

IF YOU CAN
WITHSTAND THIS,
YOU'RE GOOD!

SUPERMAN CATCHES THE CANNON-BALL...
YOU FLATTER ME!

WHAT THE?
UNAFFECTED BY
POISON GAS TOO?

ISN'T IT TIME
I BEGAN TO FIND OUT
WHETHER YOU
CAN TAKE IT?

LEMMEE SEE!
FIRST I'LL TOSSE YOU
AGAINST YOUR PLANE
AND SEE WHAT CRACKS-
YOUR SKULL, OR THE METAL!

STOP! I
CEDE YOU THE
VICTORY!

I ADMIT DEFEAT
AND SO I TURN MY
CAPTIVE OVER TO YOU!

I'M TO BE
FREED? OH...
THANK YOU!

PROFESSOR MARTINSON!

LUTHOR DEPARTS IN HIS PLANE...

IT'S HARD TO
UNDERSTAND WHY
LUTHOR TURNED
NOBLE AND FREED YOU!

WHATEVER THE REASON
-- I'M THANKFUL TO BE
FREE OF THE CLUTCHES
OF THAT TERRIBLE
MADMAN!
Seizing Martinson, Superman leaps back toward the city...

Must be dreaming!

With your eyes wide open?

Later—within Martinson's laboratory...

Sometimes I'm sorry I ever invented the thing!

Attention: news flash!

Quiet—listen!

-startling news has just come over the wire! The army's mysterious new weapon has been stolen! Every effort is being made to apprehend the thieves!

Luthor!

Now I begin to understand why Luthor issued his challenge! He wanted to keep me occupied elsewhere while his henchmen pulled the robbery!

If the invention could only be destroyed! It's so complex that no one but myself could build another!

Fella—you've given me an idea!

Tell me, quick! Do you have any idea where Luthor held you during your captivity?

I'm certain it was in Satan's canyon!

Another news flash! A portion of the city was just shaken by an earthquake. A mysterious character named Luthor demands the city's surrender!

Wait! Can't! Not now!

I've got to attend to Luthor—and fast!
Luthor is prepared—and waiting. I've a cheerful little surprise prepared for the man of steel! Satin's cannon! Now if only Martinson's hunch is correct!

Now!

Down toward Superman rains a mass of torn boulders! Well! Well! Thoughtful of Luthor to have prepared a warm welcome!

But as the boulders rain down, Superman smashes them aside in turn...

Nice workout, I must say!

But as the man of tomorrow continues on, he falls into a grass-covered pit.

What—? They don't seem to care for my company!
Instead of facing a shrinking violet, the wolves are flung back...

I'd like to remain and tame these wolves, but first I've got to take care of a human wolf... Luthor!

Out as Superman emerges from the pit, a powerful new gas is released in his face... rendering him unconscious...

He's out! Luthor will be pleased!

Author's hirelings carry the unconscious Superman to a spot near their master's laboratory tower!

Now to permanently remove this foe!

As the ray strikes the earth it trembles in mighty convulsions... crevices appear in the ground...

Superman falls into one of them!

Next instant, the crevice closes, burying Superman alive!
CRUSHED BENEATH TONS OF EARTH, SUPERMAN REVIVES--FLAILS ABOUT...

...AND BURROWS HIS WAY TO THE GROUND'S SURFACE!

LIGHTING THE RAY EMERGING FROM THE TOWER, SUPERMAN ATTACKS THE GREAT STONE EDIFICE...

...DESTROYING IT!

THE LIGHT OF DAY!

THE HARDER THEY FALL!

...THE BIGGER THEY ARE!

THAT FINISHES THE EARTHQUAKE-MACHINE... BUT I'D MUCH RATHER DO THIS TO LUTHOR! NO SIGHT OF HIM!

LATER--WHEN CLARK KENT GOES TO MARTINSON'S LABORATORY...

SUICIDE!

SO MARTINSON KILLED HIMSELF, EH? HE MUST HAVE REPENTED INVENTING SUCH A TERRIBLE WEAPON!

HIS SECRET DIED WITH HIM! IT WILL NEVER MENACE CIVILIZATION AGAIN!

From out of nowhere comes the grim figure of the SPECTRE.

Follow his deeds in MORE FUN COMICS every Month!

THE END
ATTAINING SUPERSTRENGTH

ONE DAY...

GEE! IF I COULD ONLY POSSESS SUPERMAN'S EXTRAORDINARY STRENGTH AND COURAGE!

LATER.

MY WORD! WHAT AN APPETITE!

SUPERMAN SAYS NOTHING CAN BEAT GIVING YOU VITALITY—PLUS LIKE GOOD OL' MILK AND CEREALS!

6-GOLLY, TOMMY! HOW'D YOU DO IT?

IT'S THE SUPERMAN IN ME!

TOMMY'S WISH CRYSTALLIZES INTO ACTION...

REGULAR EXERCISE IS WHAT I NEED—AN' PLENTY OF IT!

LEAVE THAT KID ALONE!

SAY "UNCLE"!

I'LL--!

JUST TRY IT!

GIVE ME BACK MY LUNCH! TRY AN' GET IT!
THIS DOGGONE WORLD

CARAMBA!
I HAVE NO MORE OF ZE PAINT LEFT!

BAH!
HOW CAN ZE GENIUS LIKE ME PAINT WEET NO PAINT?

AH!
WITH DEEZ NEW PAINT I CAN FINISH ZE MASTERPIECE OF MINE!
FROM THE 4 CORNERS

- Bill Dickey

The Yankee's star catcher loses about 8 pounds during a game.

Strange Will...

An usher devoted to the stage, left his skull to the management, to be used as the skull of Yorick in the play 'Hamlet.'

Academy Award winner

Paul Muni

- Was once fired by one of the largest movie studios because they said he didn't know how to act.

A Pleasure!

- A law in Nebraska says it is illegal to give away a cigar...
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 which Superman, champion of the helpless and oppressed, avails himself of as he battles the forces of evil and injustice!

In the editorial office of the Daily Planet, as a startling news flash comes over the wires...

Oil wells throughout the world have stopped flowing! Cover the story!

Just try and stop me!

I wonder if there's a hidden significance to this catastrophe?

High in the sky above, a torpedo-like projectile alters the direction of its flight as the Man of Steel comes into view.

What's this?
Superman seeks to dodge the projectile, but it follows his every movement!

It seems to have almost human intelligence.

An alert leap, and... got you!

Up rockets the projectile... executes a series of mad gyrations calculated to throw off the Man of Tomorrow, but Superman grimly hangs on...

This is better than the coaster at Coney Island!

Radio-controlled! Well, let's see what tearing a few wires will do about that!

Instantly, the sky-torpedo plummets toward Earth!

Next stop... the graveyard!

A face materializes upon the side of the falling projectile!

Luthor!

I warn you, Superman--keep clear of the oil-well mystery--or die!

Sorry... I choose to meddle in the oil well affair... and I refuse to die!

As the projectile strikes the ground...
IT TAKES MORE THAN A MERE EXPLOSION TO BOTHER ME!

SUPERMAN, FLEETLY COVERING MILES IN SECONDS, RAPIDLY NEARS THE OKLAHOMA OILFIELDS...

AS HE COMES UPON THE FIELDS, THE GROUND COMMENCES TO QUIVER AND SHAKE!

EARTHQUAKE!

LEAPING IN, SUPERMAN CATCHES A SWAYING TOWER AND HELPS KEEP IT UPRIGHT!

LOOK! YOU'D BE MORE OF A HELP IF YOU DID SOMETHING BEIDES JUST LOOK!

THE DARTS ABOUT THE OIL-FIELD WITH GREAT ABILITY, ELIMINATING DECKS FROM DESTRUCTION

WHEN THE TREMORS PASS...

SO-LONG!

MEANWHILE--LOIS LANE HAS ALIGHTED AT THE OKLAHOMA CITY AIRPORT

WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT?

A GREAT MANY DECKS WERE DESTROYED IN THE EARTHQUAKE, BUT THANKS TO SUPERMAN, SOME ARE STILL INTACT!

JUST MY LUCK! I WOULD'VE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO MISS SEEING SUPERMAN!
Later... 

Clark Kent! So the editor sent you to help me cover the story! Well, come along to the Oklahoma Bulletin, where I'm bound!

What's happened? News has just come over the telegraph that the entire Pacific Coast is inundated under two feet of water and the ocean is steadily rising!

But what about the oil-wells story? It can wait! You and I are heading for the West Coast!

But as they emerge from the newspaper office, into that car! And no sound from either of you! We'd better do as they say!

If this is a holdup, you'll be disappointed to learn--

This ain't no holdup, buddy, it's a free ride, at Luthor's invitation. He hasn't forgotten how you two interfered with his plans once before!

The roadster streaks down the side of a mountain road at breakneck speed.

Acting swiftly, Clark presses a certain nerve on Lois' neck so that she will be unconscious during the ensuing events.

("Sorry I have to do this Lois, but it's to save you from a certain death!")
Hey! What in--?

Mind if I borrow this?

The driver reaches for the emergency brake. But Superman beats him to it, and crushes it to a pulp!

The bullets--bouncing off!

My teacher always did tell me that I was thickskulled!

Let's see how thick your skulls are!

Out of control, the roadster races for the edge of the road...

With but seconds to act, Clark seizes Lois...

...and leaps away, as the car plunges off the road to destruction!
AND NOW FOR THE FLYING-FIELD!

WH-WHAT HAPPENED?

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

PAY NO ATTENTION TO THEM, OF COURSE!

IT'S A DANGEROUS FLIGHT-- BUT I'LL FLY YOU THERE FOR $1,000!

IT'S A DEAL! LET'S GET STARTED!

LATER-- AS THEIR PLANE FLYES OVER THE PACIFIC COAST THEY NOTE THE FLOODED CONDITION OF THE AREA BELOW.

CLARK'S SUPERVISION ENABLES HIM TO SEE...

( "A DISTURBANCE, FAR OUT ON THE WATER!" ) PILOT, FLY OUT TO SEA!

LOOK-- SOMETHING BULKY COMING UP THRU THE WATER!

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER-- OUT OF THE WATER RISES A GLASS-ENCLOSED CITY OF ANCIENT WEIRD DESIGN!
Look! The glass cover is folding back! What can this possibly mean?

Suddenly--up from the prehistoric city flies a Pterodactyl!

And attacks the dodging plane!

The plane is crumpled by the claws of the giant prehistoric monster!

The pilot killed--Lois unconscious! I've got to get her out of here!

Clark leaps from the wrecked plane, carrying Lois, in a desperate effort to escape.

But they are seized by the Pterodactyl!
A WEIRD BATTLE IN THE SKY BETWEEN THE MAN OF TOMORROW AND A MONSTER OF YESTERDAY...

TELL HANDS AGAINST FIERCE TALONS. AS CLARK TRIUMPHS THE THREE FIGURES HURLE DOWN TO THE JUNGLE BELOW...

LIGHTING UNHURT, CLARK CHANGES INTO HIS SUPERMAN COSTUME...

THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT I MAY ENCOUNTER NOW!

THAT'S ODD! SHE'S CONSCIOUS, BUT APPEARS TO BE UNAWARE OF WHAT'S OCCURRING. THE SHOCK MUST HAVE PUT HER IN Acoma!

PERHAPS A DRINK OF WATER WILL HELP RESTORE HER TO NORMALTY!

EMERGING FROM THE NEARBY UNDERBRUSH, A GIANT RAT COMMENCES TO CREEP TOWARD THE DAZED LOIS...

SUPERMAN, TURNING TO CARRY WATER TO LOIS, IS STUNNED TO SEE THE GIANT RODENT ABOUT TO SPRING UPON ITS UNSUSPECTING PREY!
SUPERMAN SPRINGS BEFORE THE RODENT'S PATH!
LOOKING FOR TROUBLE?

Grasping one leg firmly, SUPERMAN whirls the squealing beast round and round overhead.

Well, you'll get it!

And as SUPERMAN loses his hold...

The creature sails out over the ocean, then plummets to its death!

Out as the man of steel flies...

Lois—she's gone!

Fighting a weird flying vessel headed toward the nearby city, SUPERMAN gives chase.

She must be a prisoner aboard!
As Superman nears the city...

Superman offers no resistance—or Miss Lane will be destroyed!

Luthor's voice!

So, it's you again, Luthor! And as evil as usual.

I don't care what happens to me—but if you harm that girl, on the contrary, I will have her treated so that her senses return, take her to the green laboratory, men!

Superman accompanies Luthor in a tour of the city...

How did you create this weird city? It was created years ago—I merely salvaged it. What you are walking upon, is a remnant of the sunken continent, pagod!

You'll admit it was a miraculous achievement! Working underwater, I raised a glassolite-dome over the city, drained out the water, then raised the city to the surface of the ocean.

Then it was this titanic underwater upheaval that caused the ocean to overflow!... and it was you who tapped the oil-wells and stole the oil for your evil purposes!

But surely you wouldn't really perpetrate such an inhuman crime...!

If you give me your assistance, I will be inclined to be more merciful with the world. Otherwise... well, what is your decision?

Give me a few moments! I must think...

...
WHILE SUPERMAN Ponders--On the other side of the Wall.

Quick into the chemical vat with her!

As soon as the Master Mentioned the Green Laboratory, I knew he wanted this girl's death!

SUPERMAN'S super-acute hearing enables him to hear the guards' conversation.

"I might have suspected Luthor of treachery!"

STOP! What are you doing?

MERELY PUTTING A KINK IN YOUR PLANS!

SUPERMAN! STOP HIM! JUST TRY IT!

SO---YOU CHOOSE TO ALIGN YOURSELF AGAINST ME!

YOU CATCH ON QUICKLY!

MEANWHILE--Men, aboard a trawler, sight the weird city.

Look--a city floating on the sea!

Quick! Wire the news to shore!

American flyers receive their orders.

AFTER SUPERMAN AND LOIS ARE LED INTO an open arena.

My innate generosity prompts me to give you a fighting chance for your life. Best the opponent I shall loose upon you, and you can go free with the girl!

WHAT'S the CATCH?

So all I've got to do is lick this baby, eh? Luthor, Your generosity overwhelms me!
SUPERMAN AND DINOSAUR LOCK IN A DEATH STRUGGLE...

SEIZING THE BEAST BY THE TAIL, SUPERMAN WHIRLS IT UP, THEN SMASHES IT TO THE GROUND AND OUT OF THE BATTLE!

WELL SATISFIED NOW?

SHOOT THEM DOWN!

BUT BEFORE THE GUARDS CAN USE THEIR GREEN RAYS...

AMERICAN PLANES DROPPING LETHAL GAS!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

AS LUTHOR LEAPS INTO A LABORATORY BUILDING, SUPERMAN Swoops up LOIS, AND CHARGES AFTER HIM.

WAIT UP!

NOW TO ATTEND TO YOU!

GET HIM!

UNDER LUTHOR'S MANIPULATIONS, THE GLASS COVER CLOSES OVER HEAD, AND THE WEIRD CITY SUBMERGES BENEATH THE OCEAN...

AS SUPERMAN LEAPS AWAY WITH LOIS, THE MONSTERS CLOSE IN ON THE SHRIEKING LUTHOR...!
TREKKING UPWARD, SUPERMAN SMASHES THRU THE CITY'S GLASS COVER.

INSTANTLY, TONS OF WATER SMASH DOWN ON THE CITY, DEMOLISHING IT.

REACHING THE SURFACE SAFELY, SUPERMAN SWIMS TOWARD SHORE AT AN INCREDIBLE RATE OF SPEED.

REACHING SHORE AND SECURING GARMENTS, SUPERMAN RESUMES HIS IDENTITY OF CLARK KENT AND TAKES LOSS TO A DOCTOR.

WH-WHERE AM I? WILL SHE BE ALL RIGHT? SHE IS COMPLETELY RECOVERED!

HOW DID I GET HERE? THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS SEEING A PREHISTORIC BIRD ATTACKING OUR PLANE!

THE PLANE ESCAPED BUT CRASHED NEAR SHORE, I MANAGED TO REACH THE BEACH WITH YOU.

SUNKEN ISLAND MENACE ENDED

OCEAN RECEDES: SCIENTISTS ABBEY FUNCTION

YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN, CLARK-SOURED A SENSATIONAL SCOOP! I'LL BET EVEN SUPERMAN COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER!

THE SANDMAN

Read the thrilling, action-packed story of the SANDMAN battling crime and injustice in every issue of ADVENTURE COMICS!
WELL, Members, the Big Prize Contest that ran in the January and February issues of ACTION COMICS has finally closed. And to say that I am happy about the number of entries would be sheer understatement; letters by the thousands poured into the office every hour from every State in the United States, from Canada and Alaska and even far-away Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. Right at this present time all these letters are being sorted and filed by a large staff of workers. When this task has been accomplished, the judges will then step in and start reading each letter to ascertain which entry is deserving of the highest credit. Of course, this will take a good deal of time when you consider the vast number of letters that have to be read and set aside into various groups according to their degrees of excellence. However, each and every member is assured that his or her letter will receive the most careful consideration. Naturally some will be more outstanding than others and because of such they are entitled to the prizes that are to be awarded. Nevertheless, the names of the winners will be published soon in an early issue of ACTION COMICS so be sure to buy your copy each and every month. You may be one of the lucky prize winners!

Those readers of this magazine who are not Members of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA can join by filling in the coupon on the bottom of the page. The list of Members has been increasing by leaps and bounds, so join now and send in your application immediately; march side by side with the thousands of other boys and girls, carrying aloft the inspirational banners of STRENGTH, COURAGE and JUSTICE!

The Names of the Winners of the Gigantic Superman Contest Will Be Announced in an Early Issue of Action Comics!

Every month in ACTION COMICS there appears a secret message from SUPERMAN, written in one of the nine codes which only the Members of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA know. Those who are not Members may join by sending in the coupon on the right.

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

Mar.

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: ____________________
CHANGER OF DESTINY
By Hugh Langley

GEORGE RANKIN could have doffed his laboratory-robe and walked out into the world, a billionaire. Things other than money, though, interested Rankin. A frown was upon the savant’s features. Seated at a desk in his laboratory, he read:

“GANGLERS SHOOT DOWN TWO-YEAR-OLD CHILD!”

His eyes shifted to another headline:

“WAR THREATENING!”

Tossing the newspaper aside, his hands reached out and caressed the objects which lay upon the bench: a hypodermic-syringe, and a bottle of yellow liquid. George Rankin filled the syringe then bared his arm. As he drove the plunger home, he permitted his eyes to rest upon the discarded newspaper. The glaring headlines caught his eyes, and again he frowned. His vision shifted to the open window. A lone sparrow was winging its way leisurely by, things began to happen to Rankin. His sight was growing misty. For an instant objects wavered, yawned grotesquely, as the seen through an imperfect lens. A thunderous roaring was in his ears. He was attacked by vertigo. “Then the reaction set in. His vision cleared. Objects stood out sharply, more clearly cut than they had ever been before. He seemed gifted with the ability to peer into every remote corner of the room. A penetrating intensity that was almost painful in its thoroughness. Each detail stood out like a colossal landmark. The roaring in his ears subsided.

Rankin looked toward his window. He could not control the start or stop of the rhythm that sprang to his lips. For there, suspended motionless in the empty air, silent, unmoving as a gravestone, was the sparrow. It hung in space as though mounted in a solid object, yet there was no physical support.

Rankin’s sensational discovery was a success! This was the discovery which could have netted him billions. But George Rankin had something other than money in mind: a mission. He had no intention of revealing what he had discovered. It would not do to let the world know that George Rankin had succeeded in speeding up his time-rate! Rankin was living 31,536,000 times faster than the rest of the planet. What to everyone else was a second to Rankin was a complete year. The solution should be effective for one second of normal time. In other words, George had hundreds and sixty-five years to complete a task to which he had dedicated himself.

Still incredulous, though thunderstruck at the vision of the suspended bird, Rankin found himself moving toward his window. He stared out and gasped.

It was noon. The sun shone high in the sky. The sidewalks were packed with pedestrians. The streets thronged with autos. But, within the range of his vision, there was not one single movement! George had expected to see the weirdness of the sight was unnerving.

Walking swiftly, he descended to the street below. Directly before his laboratory two men stood in the street. They appeared to be the creations of a master sculptor. Objects of thought were not gas, not air, not water; they were things that could change the change of a cigarette by the touch of his fingers. The first man, a master sculptor himself, had changed the cigarette for the cigarette, then chuckled as he considered the possibilities. What would be the result if the two men one year later—or rather, one second later—when they would become aware of the substitution. The man smoking the cigarette was not aware of the substitution. The other held a cigarette in an extended hand. The man smoking the cigarette was not aware of the substitution. The other held a cigarette in an extended hand. The man smoking the cigarette was not aware of the substitution. The other held a cigarette in an extended hand.

But precious time was being wasted. George left the figures and entered his automobile. Selecting a key, he slipped it into the proper slot, turned it. Then he stepped on the "starter."

Nothing happened!

Puzzled, Rankin again pressed the "starter." And once again he caught his breath as he guessed the answer. One year from now the motor would start!—it would take a full year for the electrical energy to travel the length of the car’s mechanism. George pondered. A new problem had presented itself. What could he use for transportation? Certainly not the cars of earth which could move at a speed which would even appear to his eyes. He shook his head slowly as he realized what he would have to depend upon his legs. That might prove a serious setback to his plans, but there was nothing he could do about it.

Rankin was tired. It had taken the three steady hours of walking to reach the other side of the city. He had passed through multitudes of motionless figures. A strange sensation, it had been: as though he alone were alive, while the rest of the world had been victimized by some fearful, ossifying malady. And at times it had appeared to Rankin that he were dead, and that the others lived an existence which his distorted, dead vision interpreted as not normal.

Rankin was not only tired. He was also hungry and thirsty. Pauing beside a fruit stand, he helped himself to a banana and a pear. From his pocket he extracted a dime, placed it into the stiff, outstretched hand of the bronzed Italian merchant, saying, “Keep the change, Tony!”

A glance at a street sign informed him that he was nearing his destination. Refreshed, he was familiar with the buildings of the city. But suddenly he stopped short in his tracks, before a bank.

Within, armed men were holding the patrons and cashiers covered. They were being held by the bank president. Rankin’s attention swerved to another corner of the lobby. A man was withdrawing a pistol from a shoulder holstered beneath his jacket. George caught a glimpse of a badge. Again Rankin’s eyes swerved. He sighted a bandit, machine-gun-raised, drawing aim upon the detective, his fingers already compressing the trigger.

George strode toward the detective, pausing at his side. He drew in his breath with an audible hiss at what he saw. Suspended in the air, separated from the breast of the detective by only an inch, was a bullet—the first to be launched by the bandit! Rankin reached forward, plucked the bullet out of the air, and tossed it into a nearby waste-paper container. The next few minutes George was busy relieving the gangsters of their weapons. Then he looked about until he located a cord, after which he went from one bandit to another. When he was finished with his task, each was fastened to the other by a length of rope. George Rankin strode out of the

JUNIOR GUITAR
FOR YOU!
MONTHS of continuous walking had reduced George Rankin to a weary figure. But now, as he entered the country's capital, Washington, D.C., his tired body straightened above the ornate door of his destination was a huge sign. It proclaimed that this was the official office of a European ambassador to America. George entered and made his way to the office where he knew the ambassador would be found.

Opening an office door, George entered the holy of holies. Seated at a large sumptuous desk was the ambassador himself, a paunchy, swinish individual. Before him were seated several of his countrymen, their swarthy faces lighted with fervor. All had their eyes turned upon several documents spread before them on the desk. One of the ambassador's thick fingers was pressing against the sheets, indicating a diagram.

Standing behind the ambassador, Rankin peered over his shoulder. A rapid intake of his breath indicated that what he saw startled him. Grimly, he gathered up all the papers, arranged them in a neat stack, and placed them in his pocket.

Twenty minutes later, George was mounting the steps of the White House. The President of the United States was sitting at his desk, frowning over matters of great importance as Rankin made his way forward and placed a number of sheets on the desk before him. "Now it's up to you," said George Rankin.

As he departed from the White House, a tremendous weight eased off his mind. He had been walking for days. In the act of crossing a thickly congested street, he paused and leaned against an immobile automobile for support. But instead of finding relief, his weariness seemed to increase. His entire body was aching and throbbing. Abruptly, a thousand jagged fragments of light burst and tore at his brain. A hoarse demand of sound numbed his ears. With a shock, George realized what was happening. The year was up. The drug was losing its effect! He was returning to his normal time-rate! No time to lose. He must hurry! Get out of the path of this moving object! But his feet seemed bound by remorseless lead. He could not move them. Valiantly, he fought, but despite himself, began to sway. He tottered back, his knees buckling—suddenly crashed to the pavement. Slowly, it seemed to him, his fingers convulsively tore and scratched at the bricks. With all his energy, he strove to battle his way forward even an inch.

The thunderous roaring in his ears sounded like the laughter of a thousand demons. Distorted visions swam about his consciousness like blurred reflections on a troubled pond's surface. He raised his eyes to see the wheels of the car towering over him. Slowly. Ponderously, they turned at an infinitely slow speed—yet with each fleeting second the velocity increased.

One superhuman effort Rankin mustered, turned the wheel of the thing that threatened, then all his strength oozed away, and he tumbled into pitch darkness. The last thing he heard was his own frantic scream.

The President of the United States stared open-mouthed at the documents spread on the desk before him. "What in —?" he exploded. "Documents proving that private money interests are behind the threatening war! Good heavens! With these scraps of paper I can outlaw the coming conflict!"

SPURNELLI SLAIN
IN OWEN'S HINGED
Amalgamated Press Release, March 8. Spurnelli, the nation's No. 1 Racketeer and Gangster, was mysteriously shot down early this afternoon by an unknown murderer. Spurnelli, it is known, was the head of organized crime in the city. It is hinted that with Spurnelli out of the way, police will have a clear hand in cleaning up on the country's crime situation...

TRAFFIC TOLL—147!!!
The body of an unidentified man was found lying on the street today where he had been left by a hit-and-run driver. This raises the traffic toll to 147. A Washington Ledger offers a reward of fifty dollars for anyone who can furnish a clue to the driver's identity. The victim will be buried in an unmarked grave in Potter's Field. The End.

REAL CANARY FOR YOU

What a Fun, You'll Love It. A variety of Garden, Flower, Lawn, and FREE GARDEN GUIDES. Address the Window and White Canary Seed Company, Station 118, PARADISE, PENNSYLVANIA.
LEAPING OVER SKYSCRAPERS, RUNNING FASTER THAN AN EXPRESS TRAIN, SPRINGING GREAT DISTANCES AND HEIGHTS LIFTING AND SMASHING TREMENDOUS WEIGHTS, POSSESSED OF AN IMPENETRABLE SKIN—THOSE ARE THE amazing attributes which SUPERMAN, SAVIOUR OF THE Helpless and Oppressed, AVAILS HIMSELF AS HE BATTLES THE FORCES OF EVIL AND INJUSTICE!

EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET—

PAUL DORGAN, EMINENT SOCIOLOGIST IS COMPLETING A BOOK MANUSCRIPT ENTITLED "PROSPERITY'S Foe." AN INTERVIEW WITH HIM MIGHT PROVE INTERESTING.

I'VE HEARD OF DORGAN—THEY CLAIM THAT SOME OF HIS THEORIES ARE HIGHLY FANTASTIC!

AS CLARK DEPARTS—

THAT Sounded LIKE A PISTOL SHOT!

LATER—

NO, FOR I CAN'T TRUST ANYONE. SIMPLY WRITE THAT I AM ABOUT TO PRINT DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE THAT WILL PROVE SINISTER PERSONS OR FORCES PLAN TO DELIBERATELY STAY OFF THE RETURN OF NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

MAY I SEE YOUR MANUSCRIPT?

DORGAN—A SUICIDE! AND IN ONE HAND—A TINY SCRAP OF PAPER!
Removing the bit of paper from Dorgan's clenched hand Clark reads—

"One power mad individual is behind this threat to the nation and his name is___

Odd that this is all that remains of the manuscript? Perhaps Dorgan was murdered so that it could be stolen!

What's all the excitement? Haven't you heard? The nation is being paralyzed by a wave of strikes in all major industries! There's disorder everywhere.

Ships are sinking at sea—airplanes are mysteriously cracking up! The business world is panic-stricken!

What? You're not angry? And I had no inkling?

I wonder if after all there isn't perhaps some basis of truth in Dorgan's contention that sinister forces seek to retard the nation's return to prosperity?

Retiring to a storeroom Clark changes into his Superman costume.

I think I'll give Dorgan's home a thorough going over. He may have left some notes that will help me!

Minute's later—The Man of Steel's incredibly powerful figure streaks downward and catches hold of a window...
SUPERMAN searches Dorga's room to no avail. But a few minutes later he is galvanized into action as he hears —

 SOMEONE ENTERING!

A tough-looking stranger searches the room, unaware of Superman's presence —

UNTIL THE MAN OF TOMORROW CALMLY steps into view!

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?

WHO IN —?

A SNOOPING DICK? EH? I'LL — SHOOT NOW — IF YOU CAN!

WHAT WERE YOU LOOKING FOR, AND WHO SENT YOU HERE?

NOBODY I'M JUST AN ORDINARY BURGLAR LOOKING FOR A FEW BUCKS?

MEANWHILE — NEARBY — SOMEONE'S CAUGHT LOUIE!

WHAT DO YOU SEE?

YOU'RE LYING!

SOMEONE GRABBED LOUIE! WHAT ARE YER ORDERS? YES! I UNDERSTAND!

FEW SECONDS LATER THE THUG MAKES A SECOND CALL —

POLICE HEADQUARTERS? HERE'S A HOT TIP! YOU'LL FIND BURGLARS IN THE PAUL DORGAN HOME!

THE BOSS CERTAINLY IS SLICK!
I've deliberately missed you-but if you don't talk, the next toss will be a bullseye! Careful!

Are you ready to talk? Yes, yes! I work for-

HOLD IT, you two!

Stop him! It's Superman! Sorry, but I value my freedom!

When the police emerge with their captive-

He'll never squawk! Quick! We've got to get away!

Off speed the assassins-they succeed in eluding the police, but not Superman who grimly follows, overhead-

Look-a man in the sky! He's after us! Step on the gas!

But sprinting ahead, Superman tears out a section of the mountain road so that the auto skids to a halt-

Continue-at your own risk!

When the car attempts to back up, he repeats the procedure behind it, neatly marooning them upon a small stretch of road!
YOU'VE BEEN BAD - AND SO I'M DEPRIVING YOU OF YOUR CAR!

GET HIM!

NO USE SHOOTING! THE BULLETS BOUNCE RIGHT OFF HIS SKIN!

READY TO ANSWER MY QUESTIONS. - OR DO YOU WANT TO FOLLOW THE CAR?

DONT DO IT!

WE'LL TALK!

WE'RE MEMBERS OF THE BARNEY CALHOUN GANG!

WE WERE ONLY FOLLOWING ORDERS!

BARNEY CALHOUN, EH? - HERE'S WHERE THE RACKETEER CHIEF HAS AN UNEXPECTED GUEST!

C'MON WE'VE GOT TO WARN BARNEY!

IT'S DANGEROUS!

I'M SLIPPING - YAA-AA!

THE SURVIVING THUG SWIFTLY HURRIES TO A NEARBY TELEPHONE...

ARE YOU LISTENING, BARNEY? YOU'VE GOT TO BEAT IT! HE'S COMING AFTER YOU - A GUY WITH SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH!

THANKS FOR THE WARNING!
When Superman reaches Calhoun's hangout—

Empty—he's gone!

A dictaphone—The Cargill Auto Plant—destroy it tonight!

The telephone rings—Superman answers it—

I warn you! Drop your investigation! Not till you've received the punishment you deserve!

In response to Superman's defiance—

BANG!

But due to his impervious skin, Superman remains unharmed—

I guess someone doesn't like me at all!

More determined than ever to squash the fiends who stoop to murder Superman races to the Cargill Auto Plant—

I've got to prevent the plans destruction!

Meanwhile—within the plant—

Who in—?

So you were going to blow up this place, eh?

Meanwhile—within the plant—

Who in—?

So you were going to blow up this place, eh?

Well, you can remain here and be destroyed with it—unless you tell me all you know!
DON'T LEAVE ME HERE! IN TEN MINUTES EVERY AUTO PLANT IN THIS TOWN WILL BLOW UP!

WHERE IS THE EXPLOSION TO BE SET OFF?

UNDERNEATH THE WESTERN BOULEVARD BRIDGE! - FOR COSH-Sakes - FREE ME!

WAIT! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE!

I'M OFF TO PREVENT THE EXPLOSIONS!

BENEATH THE WESTERN BOULEVARD BRIDGE - A TIME TO ACT!

THE VANDAL - ABOUT TO DESTROY THE FACTORIES!

ALIGHTING, SUPERMAN SEIZES ALOFT A HUGE BOULDER.

AND HURLS IT WITH A SILENT PRAYER!

HERE'S HOPING!
WHAM! THE DETONATION BOX IS DESTROYED BY THE BOULDER....

ULP!

SURPRISED?

SHALL I STRIKE YOU AGAIN?

NO - DON'T! I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING IMPORTANT! IN A FEW MINUTES THE STREAMLINE LIMITED IS TO BE DERAILED!

YOU'RE COMING WITH ME UNTIL I CHECK YOUR STORY!

DOWN THERE! THAT'S THE PLACE! HOLD YOUR BREATH! HERE WE GO!

C-CAREFUL!

A SECTION OF THE RAILS - REMOVED!

LISTEN! THE WHISTLE OF THE APPROACHING TRAIN!

ON TOWARDS A CRUSHING DOOM SPEEDS THE STREAMLINE LIMITED...
Forward rushes Superman on his errand of mercy.

Frantically, he waves a warning signal to the engineer. But the engineer waves back, believing it to be a friendly gesture.

He disregarded my signal! I've got to act—must do something drastic or the passengers are doomed.

As the final car races past, Superman leaps for, and catches it.

Back heaves Superman, putting all his tremendous muscles into play.

The train creaks, screeches in protest.

I'm—winning—out!

Just a few more seconds to go!

The train comes to a dead-stop... a scant few feet from the spot where the rails are missing.

What th'—we're slowing!
GOOD CRIEF! ANOTHER FEW INCHES AND IT WOULD HAVE MEANT OUR DESTRUCTION! IT'S A MIRACLE!
WHO ARE YOU? YOU'VE SAVED OUR LIVES! MY IDENTITY IS UNIMPORTANT - WHAT MATTERS IS THAT THE TRAGEDY IS AVERTED!

THE INFORMANT ESCAPED - NO! THERE HE IS BELOW - ENTERING A DRUGSTORE!
AN' HE PREVENTED BOTH THE EXPLOSIONS AN' TH' DERRAILING OF TH' TRAIN! BARNEY! ANY ORDERS?
NO! THERE WILL BE NO FIASCO OF THE LANGLEY MILL JOB.

CROUCHED IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUGSTORE, SUPERMAN'S SUPER-HEARING BRINGS THE VOICES TO HIM.....
QUIT INTERESTING!

AS THE HIRELING EMERGES FROM THE DRUGSTORE, A POWERFUL ARM JERKS HIM INTO THE SHADOWS....
TELL ME QUICK! WHERE IS BARNEY CALHOUN HIDDING OUT?

AS SUPERMAN Presses a certain nerve on the hireling's neck, the man is rendered unconscious....
YOU'LL BE OUT FOR SEVERAL HOURS!

SO THERE'S TROUBLE AFOOT AT THE LANGLEY STEEL MILL, EH? THIS IS TURNING OUT TO BE A BUSY NIGHT!
WITHIN THE LANGLY STEEL MILLS, THE THUG WHO HAD Escaped FROM THE MOUNTAIN ROAD GLOVES, FOR HE HAS TAMPERED WITH THE MILLS MECHANISMS...

A COUPLE “ACCIDENTS”, AND TH’ MEN WILL REFUSE TO WORK HERE!

LOOK OUT!

IT’S FALLING!

RACING AT AN INCREDIBLE SPEED, A CLOAKED FIGURE DARTS FORWARD, TOSSES THE TERRIFIED MEN TO SAFETY....

ONE SIDE, PLEASE!

AND CATCHES THE GREAT, FALLING DIPPER!

BUT — IT’S IMPOSSIBLE! COME TO THINK OF IT, IT IS!

AS THE EYES OF SUPERMAN AND THE THUG MEET, THERE IS MUTUAL RECOGNITION....

YOU!

YOU WON’T GET ME!

THE THUG UNEXPECTEDLY TRIPS AND —

— HE TUMBLIES INTO A HUGE BOWL OF MOLTEN ORE!

YI-II-II!

WITHIN HIS HIDEAWAY, CALHOUN CURSES AS BAD NEWS COMES OVER HIS PHONE...

THAT BLASTED SUPERMAN!

IF I HAD HIM HERE, I'D... YOU'D WHAT?
*Superman!* — Why was I only foolin' you?

Just as I thought — yellow!

What was your object in sabotaging industry?

May I tell you anything you want to know?

Well, go ahead.

You'll be interested to know that you have just swallowed enough poison to kill a hundred men! You'll die swiftly — painfully!

Two minutes have passed. Why don't you die?

Simply because the poison has no effect on my physical structure!

However, I can't say the same for you! Drink this — or tell me what I want to know!

Don't force that drink on me — the man responsible is J. F. Curtis — a foreign nation has promised him important concessions if hell wreck America's economic structure. I just work for him!

W-where you taking me?

To Mr. Curtis and a showdown!

Within Curtis' residence...

A few more minutes and I'll telephone the order to my brokers that will plunge the country into economic chaos.
WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? IT MEANS THAT YOUR SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES HAVE COME TO AN END!

RECONSIDER — YOU WOULD BE AN INVALUABLE AID TO ME, JOIN FORCES — AND YOU'LL BE INCREDIBLY WEALTHY.

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR TAINTED MONEY.

YOU SEE — I AM NOT UNARMED AND HELPLESS, AS YOU IMAGINE!

YIELD TO ME — OR YOU, TOO. SHALL BE STRUCK DOWN!

TRY IT!

SUPERMAN IS THE TARGET OF A TERRIFIC BARRAGE OF ELECTRICITY BOLTS!

REACHING OUT, SUPERMAN TOUCHES THE PLOTTERS' FIGURE — THE ELECTRICITY PASSES FROM HIM TO THE OTHER MAN'S BODY, INSTANTLY ELECTROCUTING CURTIS!

A WEEK LATER

THAT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS THAT THE NATION IS ONCE AGAIN RETURNING TO ITS MARCH TOWARD PROSPERITY!

The mysterious figure of the BATMAN appears in a complete episode every month in DETECTIVE COMICS!

THE END.
SUPERMAN SAYS:

In the many thousands of letters received in the big SUPERMAN CONTEST, it is evident that our readers, in telling us what they would do if they had the powers of SUPERMAN, realize the importance of an agile quick thinking mind as well as physical perfection.

It is only through this combination that the boys and girls of America can grow up into sturdy upstanding American citizens.

One of the important means of cultivating your mind so that you will have the keen mental powers so necessary, is to read good books. It is for that reason that the publishers of SUPERMAN, as well as ACTION, DETECTIVE, ADVENTURE, MORE FUN, FLASH and ALL-AMERICAN COMICS, have decided, beginning with the April issue, to review in each issue one good book—with a suggestion that if you like the review you go to your school library or the public library—get the book and thus get into the habit of reading at least one good book a month.

I am listing on this page a number of good standard accepted books for boys and girls. They are packed full of adventure, thrills, excitement and fun, and I know you will enjoy reading every one of them.

Lord Jim, Joseph Conrad
Swiss Family Robinson
Alice in Wonderland
Don Quixote
Captain Blood
Robin Hood
Anne of Green Gables
Moby Dick
The American Claimant, Mark Twain
A Connecticut Yankee, Mark Twain
A Tramp Abroad, Mark Twain
Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates, Dodge
Katrinka, Haskell
The Mysterious Island, Verne
War of the Worlds, Wells
Mutiny on the Bounty
Drums, James Boyd
Abraham Lincoln, Carl Sandburg
Everybody's Washington
Count of Monte Cristo
The Scarlet Pimpernel
The Black Tulip
The Prisoner of Zenda
The Man in the Iron Mask
Ivanhoe
Biography of Benjamin Franklin
Silver Chiel, Jack O'Brien
Peter-Pan
O'Henry's "Four Hundred"
The Alhambra, Washington Irving
The War in the Air, H. G. Wells
Tom Brown's Schooldays
20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, Jules Verne
Three Musketeers
Prince and the Pauper, Mark Twain
Two Little Confederates, Page
Huckleberry Finn
Tale of Two Cities, Dickens
Around the World in 80 Days, Verne
Little Men, Alcott
Black Beauty
The Spy, Cooper
Rip Van Winkle, Irving
The Headless Horseman, Hawthorne
The Lighthouse at the End of the World, Verne
House of the 7 Gables, Hawthorne
Bambi, Felix Salten
North Wind, George McDonald
Gulliver's Travels
Pinocchio
Pollyanna
Tom Sawyer
Seventeen, Tarkington
Penrod
Penrod and Sam
Oliver Twist, Dickens
The Old Curiosity Shop, Dickens
David Copperfield, Dickens
Great Expectations, Dickens
Tale of Two Cities, Dickens

The following six books will be reviewed in our April issues as follows:

In APRIL ACTION COMICS—TREASURE ISLAND—by Robert Louis Stevenson
In APRIL DETECTIVE COMICS—KIDNAPPED—by Robert Louis Stevenson
In APRIL FLASH COMICS—ROBINSON CRUSOE—by Daniel Defoe
In APRIL MORE FUN—PENROD—by Booth Tarkington
In APRIL ADVENTURE COMICS—CALL OF THE WILD—by Jack London
In APRIL ALL-AMERICAN COMICS—LAST OF THE MOHICANS—by James Fenimore Cooper

Be sure to get all these six leading monthly comic books for these book reviews, as well as for good, clean, exciting comic features!
THE ORIGINAL "POPEYE"

The Popeyed Chameleon has independent eyes. In other words, he is capable of looking in different directions at the same time!

HOT DOGS AN' NO MUSTARD

MRS. D. BEACH WALKED FROM NEW YORK TO CHICAGO (1004 MILES) IN 42½ DAYS (1912)

THE COMMON SLUG HAS 50,000 TEETH — MORE THAN ANY OTHER CREATURE!

YIELDS TEN TONS OF GRAPES EACH YEAR!

In Santa Barbara County, California is located the largest grape-vine in the world. Its trunk has a circumference of eight feet and its twisting branches cover half an acre!

ED BARRETT — ONE-ARMED FOOTBALL PLAYER CAUGHT FOUR FORWARD PASSES AND INTERCEPTED THREE OTHERS WHILE PLAYING FOR CEDERTOWN AGAINST ROME!

(Georgia Oct. 31, 1930)
SIX BIG HEADLINE FEATURES FOR THE 'BIG SIX' COMIC MAGAZINES!

Read them every month for the best in Comic Magazines.

Superman

Adventure Comics

The Batman

The Sandman

All-American Comics

The Spectre

More Fun Comics

The Flash

Detective Comics
PIONEER INTO THE UNKNOWN

By Bert Lexington

A great cheer arose from the assembled throngs as the sleek streamlined auto swept along the jammed streets to the foot of the great platform which rose a full hundred feet into the air. Atop the platform huddled a group of excited orators, each of whom grasped up in awe at the huge crystaline globe above them. Out of the Mammoth Films Studio-Car jauntily stepped James Rolland. Swiftly, he raced up the winding runway in his customary virile style. As he reached the top of the platform, he laughed and waved to the shrieking, applauding multitudes.

Professor Grayskoke, popeyed and breathless, dashed forward and enthusiastically wrung James Rolland’s hand. “My boy, my boy,” he fervently exclaimed. “This is the greatest day of my life! And this triumph—this brilliant culmination of all my experiments—I owe it to you!”

It’s quite all right, replied Rolland. “I’m only the sweating little crackpot who let go of his hand and go away, or something.”

Bixby came to the rescue with, “The audience is getting bored, Professor. How about slipping ‘em a few words, so they’ll listen to their protest tests and take a walk?”

“Of course, of course,” exclaimed the eccentric scientist, and stepping across the platform, stood on tiptoe and spoke into the microphone. “Long will we remember this day, he began. “It is the beginning of a new era. Without undue modesty, I admit that my space-folder is a scientific triumph of the greatest magnitude, but—” He gasped for breath, then continued. “Engineers and idealists may plan and plot stirring things on paper, he remains for pioneers of really practical ventures to undertake. But for these same plans to act...”

Suddenly, a brilliant light appeared ahead of him and swiftly waxed brighter. All else was forgotten in a sudden burst of panic. Bixby, his face aglow, exclaimed, “What’s going on?”

Bixby went to the trap-door, it did not work. It’s stuck!”

“Then make it snappy! What is it?”

The trap-door continued, the laborer, “that you had me rig up. It was supposed to drop Rolland beneath the globe to safety. Later, you were to smuggle him away. Well, the trap doesn’t work!”

Bixby, “I’ve got to do something!” He dashed toward Grayskoke. “Hey! Stop!”

But he was too late! Down flashed the switch! Instantly, a terrific barrage of electricity engulfed the great crystalline globe—a thrilling sight, but one which sent many chills up Bixby’s spine. “Oh-hh,” he moaned.

The laborer pressed the agent’s arm. “It’s murder!” he cried. “MURDER!”

Bixby wiped his sweating brow. “It’s a nightmare, that’s what it is,” or some hokum cooked up by the script department!—or the invention’s got to be a flop! It’s got to—or I’ll have to find me a new boss, and that’s tough these days!”

The performance halted. As the Professor manipulated the lever, the entrance to the globe swung open revealing an empty interior. Grayskoke turned to the microphone and hysterically screamed. “It’s a success! A success! A success!”

As Rolland stepped within the globe, he could scarcely restrain the laughter which welled up within him. What a capital joke was this! All those yokels were cheering madly out there when this was just a colossal hoax!

The fools... to think that he would risk his neck, ten thousand dollars a week, and a home on Malibu Beach just to satisfy their morbid curiosity. No siree! James Rolland wasn’t that big a simpleton.

He advanced to the spot where he’d been instructed to stand, if there were to go as he had planned. He walked into a concealed nook below. A week later he was coming out of hiding, “magically reappearing from a trip to some distant spot in the universe!” As they stated it in Hollywood, the publicity would be terrific, stupendous, and clever old “J. P.” who had been hesitant about renewing his contract would sign on the dotted line, and at a substantial increase in salary. Uncle Sam would collect the increase in taxes, of course, but just think of the increased prestige.

James Rolland waited... and grew impatient. But before he could vent his rage, there came a gigantic explosion, and the world seemed to fly apart. It appeared to him that he was speeding through dark, engulfing space. “What is this,” he wondered. Then—“my gosh! the invention! It’s working on ME!”

The great movie star’s next comments are unprintable, but they referred to the so-called capabilities of certain “press-agents” named Bixby.

Suddenly, a brilliant light appeared ahead of him and swiftly waxed brighter. All else was forgotten in a sudden burst of panic. Bixby, his face aglow, exclaimed, “What’s going on?”

Time: 1982, A.D.

Scene: The Museum of Interstellar History

A young child and his mother stand before a heroic bust. MOTHER: Is that man, mother? CHILD: He is, mother. MOTHER (reverently): That’s my son, James Rolland, the courageous pioneer who gave his life willingly so that interstellar travel might be advanced.

The End.
Dedicated to assisting the helpless and oppressed, is a mystery-man named Superman. Possessing super-strength, he can jump over skyscrapers, leap an eighth of a mile, run faster than an express train, lift tremendous weights, and crush steel in his bare hands!

Editorial office of the Daily Planet...

Okay, Chief—l'll be there—pad, pencil an' all ready for anything!

Shut up an' get off that platform, Carlson—we don't like th' way you run things!

Oh—oh! Here comes that excitement the Chief promised!

At the close of the meeting...

Am I to understand that the notorious racketeer, Snide, is trying to force his way into your union?

That's right! Drop around to my home tonight, and I'll give you further details for your newspaper!
WHY EVENING

OH.... IT'S YOU!

YES-- YOU INVITED ME TO DROP IN FOR AN INTERVIEW WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK DISTURBED!

IT'S OUR LITTLE GIRL, AMY-- SHE LEFT SCHOOL HOURS AGO BUT HASN'T COME HOME... I'M SO WORRIED.

YOUR TELEPHONE RINGING-- PERHAPS IT'S NEWS ABOUT GUS SNIDE.

WE'VE GOT YOUR CHILD-- WHETHER SHE GETS HURT DEPENDS ON YOU FIRST, GET RID OF THAT REPORTER!

I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T GIVE YOU AN INTERVIEW NOW WILL YOU PLEASE LEAVE?

I UNDERSTAND ("EVEN MORE THAN YOU SUSPECT! FOR MY SUPER-ACUTE EARS OVERHEARD THAT VOICE ON THE TELEPHONE--")

WHOEVER SPOKE ON THE PHONE COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN I WAS IN CARLSON'S HOME UNLESS THEY WERE NEARBY! PERHAPS THAT DARK CAR AHEAD...

WITHIN THE AUTO...

WELL WHAT DID CARLSON HAVE TO SAY?

HE'S SCARED STIFF! AND WHEN WE GET THRU WITH THIS KID HE'LL NEVER DARE BUCK SNIDE AGAIN!

DON'T GET SCARED KID-- I'M JUST GONNA MARK YER FACE A LITTLE!

NO, DON'T!

IS EYES BLAZING WITH WRATH, THE FIGURE OF SUPERMAN STREAKS TOWARD THE PARKED AUTO.

I'LL TEACH THEM A LESSON THEY WON'T SOON FORGET!
Before the blade can reach the child's face, a hand streaks thru the window -- and receives the knife's point -- with no apparent effect!

WHAT -- ?

You --!

Still insist on making trouble, eh?

Light shove of Superman's foot, and the parked auto streaks forward and --

IT'S OUT OF CONTROL!

Hey!

Into a telephone pole!

But what about the child? We have orders to -- to heck with orders, I'm clearing out while I can! The guy's superhuman!

Mummy! Daddy! It's Amy! Thank God! Now that this is attended to--

Superman overhead --

I'll see what these two rascals are up to!
Later, they've slunk back to report to their chief. I believe I'll get a close up of that!

Up the side of the building clammers Superman.

22

Until he remains suspended outside a window!

23

Just in time!

24

Well--is Carlson ready to come to terms? ER--everything was goin' fine until--we practically had it in th' bag, but then--

25

Speak up, you blundering fools--what happened!

26

Just when he was gonna mark th' kid--like you told us to--a strong guy burst in and took th' girl away!

27

Strong? He tosses our auto around like it was a toy!

28

You say an incredibly strong man intervened--there's only one answer to that--Superman has buttled in!

29

Gosh--I thought he was a myth--didn't really exist!

30

Well it appears he does! Which means, we've got to act fast! Nick--Pete--get Carlson!

31

Time for me to go into action!
Superman taps at the window...

What's that? Sounded like something at the window!

Might have been my imagination -- but I'll look, anyway!

W-who...? Superman -- pleased to meet you!

Hey! Mind coming out and keeping me company -- it's lonesome out here!

Careful! You'll drop me! And wouldn't that be a pity?

It's him! Superman!

If I were you, I'd tell the boys to control their trigger fingers or I'm liable to resent it, and let you grope!

I'll tell them!

Get away from that window, men -- I'm helpless in his hands!
That's better! Now if I were to sort of relent and put you back in the room, would you quietly listen to what I have to say?

Yes -- yes!

You can drop those guns, boys -- or I'll show you how to crack an egg-shell... using Snide's head to demonstrate with!

Do as he says!

Fine -- now make yourself comfortable, everyone, 'cause we're going to have an interesting little talk!

What do you want of us?

This new racket of yours -- cutting into the truck drivers' union... it interests me... so much, in fact, that I'd like to join company with you!

You become associated with us? But what about all this fine talk you've been spouting off about helping the righteous and oppressed?

It was nothing but 'talk'! I've been looking around for a good proposition to profit on, and this looks like it!

Well... will you have me?

Nothing could stop us if you were on our side but I dunno... how do we know we can trust you?

That's something for you to figure out!

I've got it -- a test! You kill Carlson, and we'll be glad to make you one of us!

("A fine spot I'm in now! I intend to join up with these racketeers to get sufficient evidence to convict them, but this unexpected turn of events takes my breath away!")
WELL, WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?
I'LL DO IT!

LOOK AT HIM GO! WOTTA MAN TO HAVE ON OUR SIDE!

THIS IS RESOLVING INTO A TICKLISH SITUATION! IN ORDER TO STAMP OUT THIS GANG, I'VE GOT TO APPEAR TO BE WORKING WITH THEM!

TREKKING DOWN TO THE SIDE OF CARLSON'S HOME, SUPERMAN ENTERS THRU A WINDOW...

A PROWLER—IN THE NEXT ROOM! PERHAPS THOSE RACKETEERS ARE AGAIN ATTEMPTING TO HARM MY CHILD!

DON'T MOVE, AND I WON'T SHOOT! OTHERWISE—

JUST TRY AND PULL THAT TRIGGER!
I WILL!

BUT SO INCREDIBLY SWIFT IS SUPERMAN'S PACE, THAT BEFORE CARLSON CAN PULL THE TRIGGER, HIS GUN IS JERKED FROM HIS HAND!

GIVE ME THAT!
WHAT—?
YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!
IT'S--IT'S FANTASTIC!

HERE HE IS!
GUS SNIDE!
WELL, WELL! THIS IS SERVICE!

SATISFIED, NOW, THAT I'M ON THE LEVEL? I'LL BE SATISFIED WHEN YOU SHOOT CARLSON DEAD BEFORE MY EYES!

REVOLVERS! THEY'RE TOO PUNY FOR ME! I'LL FINISH OFF CARLSON IN MY OWN WAY!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH HIM?
YOU'LL SEE!

TERRIFIC TOS...AND CARLSON SAILS OUT THRU THE WINDOW...
HELL FALL TO A MANGLEDEATH, A MILE AWAY!
SUCK! THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT MURDER!

YOU'VE HAD SUFFICIENT PROOF! FAREWELL!

THINK WE CAN TRUST HIM, CHIEF?
I DON'T KNOW. AT ANY RATE, WELL PERMIT HIM TO HELP US ALONG AS LONG AS WE NEED HIM. WHEN HIS USEFULNESS IS OVER, WE CAN DISPOSE OF HIM!
At that very instant, *Superman* is racing forward in desperate haste.

For Carlson is commencing to drop down toward earth, and a crushing death!

Whew!—almost missed you!

Let me go, you fiend! Haven't you caused me misery enough?

Don't get me wrong. My intentions are completely friendly!

Can't you see? I could have easily destroyed you long ago, if I'd desired to. What I want you to do is hide out, until I am ready to expose these criminals!

If that's the case, then I'll cooperate completely!

Now that Carlson's out of the way, I can easily assume control of the truck drivers' union. My plan is to make all truck drivers' strike!

Can't you see? The city's food distribution will be paralyzed! People have got to eat, and the employers will be forced to pay any blackmail we demand!

Gee! What a swell idea!

We'll clean up!

But later—

I've got to do something to upset Snide's plans—and I believe I know just the thing!
THE POLICE COMMISSIONER HAS AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR...

NEVER MIND THAT! I'VE AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FOR YOU, COMMISSIONER!

WH-WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

THUG'S PLAN TO HALT THE CITY'S FOOD DISTRIBUTION TOMORROW! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!

BUT WHAT--?

I CERTAINLY HOPE THAT WILL DO THE TRICK!

NEXT DAY--

SAY! SINCE WHEN HAS THE UNION HIRED TOUGHS?

YOU HEARD ME! UNION ORDERS ARE THAT NO FOOD IS TO BE MOVED!

DAIRY

OUT WARNED IN ADVANCE, THE POLICE SWOOP DOWN AND ARREST THE TROUBLE-MAKERS...

NOTHING GOES OUT OF YOUR WAREHOUSE, UNDERSTAND? YOU'LL LEARN HOW MUCH TO PAY UP LATER!

I'LL BE RUINED!

OUT OF THE WAGON WITH YOU!

INTO THE WAGON WITH YOU!

WAIT'LL OUR MOUTHPIECE HEARS O' THIS!

AS THE POLICE PATROL-WAGON DRIVES TOWARD THE JAIL, A FANTASTIC FIGURE STREKS INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT.

PATROL NO. 8--

IT'S SUPERMAN! HE'S SAVED US!

OUT YOU GO!

THEN RACES OFF WITH THE AUTO HELD OVERHEAD!
He took us right away from th' Coppers! You're proving quite valuable!

And that's just why I've decided to take over the leadership of this gang!

Why you...?

Any objections? "Don't think you'll get away with this!"

Within the next few days, the racketeers squeeze a huge illicit fortune from helpless food distributors...

City starving strike must end!

But that milk was intended for hungry babies! Sorry--that strike order goes!

I can hardly bare to stand by and permit these outrages, but this'll soon come to an end.

Nide executes a double-cross...

Police headquarters? Never mind who this is! If you'll go to Nide's hangout and look in his desk, you'll find sufficient racketeering evidence to send up his whole mob!

So Superman and the others will take the rap while I skip with the dough! Too bad -- for them!
Superman: After the confessions are recorded, Superman abruptly leaps away...

Superman: Stop, or...!

Superman: Sorry, but I've an appointment with a rat.

Superman: When I think of how I turned the tables on Superman I can't help laughing!

Superman: Superman!

Superman: Desperately, Snide presses the car to its limit, but it's evident that the man of steel will soon overtake him.

Superman: He'll never get that money! It goes to the bottom of the ocean...with me!
SUPERMAN CUTS THE WATER IN THE WAKE OF THE FALLING CAR.

OUT OF THE WATER AND INTO THE AIR, IT SOARS WITH SUPERMAN IN PURSUIT.

SUPERMAN SPRINGS OFF -- HAVING PERFORMED ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING FEATS OF STRENGTH AND ABILITY THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN!

HERE'S SNIDE AND THE BLACKMAIL MONEY. SEE TO IT THAT IT'S RETURNED TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS.

I WISH I COULD PERSONALLY THANK SUPERMAN FOR BREAKING THE GRIP OF THOSE RACKETEERS ON THE UNION!

AND I'D LIKE TO THANK HIM FOR A FIRST-RATE SCOOP!

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