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 FORCES OF EVIL AND INJUSTICE!

ON THEIR WAY TO THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE, LOIS LANE AND CLARK KENT PAUSE AS THEY OVERHEAR:

STEP IN, BOYS! HOW ABOUT PLAYING THE MACHINE!

I DUNNO. WE'RE LIABLE TO BE LATE FOR SCHOOL IF WE DON'T HURRY!

SO WHAT! WE CAN ONLY HAVE A FEW NICKELS FOR LUI CH!

BUT I CAN PLAY HOCKEY!

YOU'LL DOUBLE OR TRIPLE IT!

CURIOUS, THE TWO REPORTERS FOLLOW THE YOUNGSTERS INTO THE STORE... AND ARE ANGERED AT WHAT ENSUES:

LOST AGAIN, DOGGONIT!

KEEP PLAYIN', KID! YOU MAY HIT THE JACKPOT YET!

AND I'D LIKE TO HIT HIM!

HE'S DELIBERATELY ENCOURAGING THOSE BOYS TO THROW THEIR LUNCH MONEY AWAY!

STOP PLAYING!

YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE OF BEATING THE MACHINE!

Coward! Why didn't you thrash that thieving scoundrel?

BUT HE HAD A PERFECT RIGHT TO ORDER US OFF HIS OWN PROPERTY!
G-Gosh, only ten minutes to get to school before th' last bell! You can go if ya want, but I'm skippin' school to try to w'n back th' money I've lost! Why so anxious t' sit to school? I quit it early an' look at me!

Gee, if I'm late today, I'll spoil a perfect attendance record! Doggone that slot machine!

So eager is the boy to reach school on time that he fails to note safety precautions and dashes straight into the path of a speeding truck....!

TH' fool kid! I'll never stop in time!

Look out!! A truck! ("- even tho' I risk revealing my true identity as Superman, I can't stand idly by and permit that boy to die such a terrible death! --")

Swift as light, Clark brings down the youth with a neat flying tackle...

Careful, Clark!!

Next instant, the truck passes over the two bodies....!

Clark and the boy--beneath that truck!

But they are safely huddled between the truck's massive wheels!

Keep your head down! -- scared? Y-you bet!
CLARK--ARE EITHER OF YOU HURT?
I GUESS NOT!
I LOVE MY LIFE TO YOU!

WELL, IT'S VERY POSSIBLE I'LL NOT BE AROUND NEXT TIME YOU GET INTO A SIMILAR SCRAPE! PROMISE ME SOMETHING--THAT YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CAREFUL WHEN CROSSING THE STREET... AND ABOVE ALL--NEVER PLAY THE SLOT-MACHINES!

YOU HAVE MY WORD, SIR! I'D BETTER HURRY OR I'LL BE LATE!

I'VE ALWAYS HOPED YOU'D BE LIKE THIS--BRAVE, DARING--NOT FRIGHTENED OF YOUR OWN SHADOW!

I GOTA HAND IT TO YA, BUDDY! YOU'VE GOT NERVES OF STEEL!

NEVER OF STEEL? ME? (THEY'RE NO INCLINATION OF MY REAL IDENTITY, YET AND I'D BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT BEFORE THEY DO!)

YESSIR! COOL-HEADED, THAT'S YOU! HEY! LOOK!

THIS OUGHT TO DO IT! HE'S FAINTING!

W-WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU SAVED A BOY'S LIFE THEN PASSED OUT!

CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY! YOU'RE LIABLE TO MAKE HIM FAINT AGAIN!

YOU MEAN, I--ACTUALLY RISKED MY LIFE? I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND!

CORRECTION! I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND TO BELIEVE YOU HAD ANY SPUNK IN YOU!

STEP IN HERE! THEY MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING THAT WILL QUIET YOUR NERVES!

TH-THANKS! I'M A NERVOUS WRECK!

FEEL BETTER?

YES, THANK YOU! ("I-A SLOT-MACHINE IN THIS STORE, TOO!"")
PARDON MY BUTTING INTO YOUR AFFAIRS—but you don’t look like the kind of man who would permit an influence destructive to children in your store! Why do you keep a slot machine?

SH-HH! “They” might hear you!

“THEY”?

“Slug” Kelly’s men they put the machine in the store against my wishes. When I dared to object, they told me to keep my mouth shut, or they’d smash my little business!

THAT’S RIGHT! And if you’re too yellow to tag along, you can say goodbye right now!... I won’t miss you!

EVERYTIME I SEE A YOUNGSTER FOOLISHLY THROWING MONEY INTO THE EVIL CONTRAPTION I CAN HARDLY KEEP FROM TAKING HIM ACROSS MY KNEE AND GIVING HIM A GOOD SPANKING.

THEN, ACTUALLY, YOU WERE FORCED BY “Slug” Kelly to keep this gambling device in your store against your will!

THANK YOU FOR THE INFORMATION, MR. JENSEN! WE’RE DAILY PLANET REPORTERS WHEN WE FINISH WITH MR. KELLY. HE WON’T ANNOY YOU OR ANYONE ELSE.

YOU MEAN—you propose to call upon this ruthless racketeer personally... now?

A LOCKED STEEL DOOR! W-we might as well turn around and go back!

WAIT ‘TIL I RAP ON IT!

LATER... you’re sure this is Kelly’s hideout? How do you know?

YOU’D BE SURPRISED ALL THE THINGS I KNOW CLARK KENT!

CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE OF THE DAILY PLANET. WE WANT TO SEE “Slug”!

THAT IS--IF--ER--you D-don’t m-m-mind!

 moments later, they are ushered into the presence of the big-shot racketeer Chief himself!

WOTTA WANT?

CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE OF THE DAILY PLANET. WE WANT TO SEE “Slug”!

THAT IS--IF--ER--you D-don’t m-m-mind!

WE’D LIKE--

I KNOW, A DONATION FOR CHARITY... SURE! ANYTIME! “BIG-HEARTED KELLY” THEY CALL ME... "BIG-HEARTED" KID!

TH’ CHIEF’S ALWAYS A CHUMP FOR THE WIDOWS AN’ ORPHANS!
I'll be brief! We've come here to ask you to please lay-off the small change of children. They can find better use for it than dropping it into your machines!

After all, they do spend but a few pennies that shouldn't interest you!

Small change, eh? Those nickels and pennies count up to quite a pile! For yer information, an' I'm not tossin' over big easy dough just t' please a couple of half-baked reformers!

I see I'll have to be more explicit! This is to warn you that if you don't pull up stakes and leave town, the Daily Planet will blast you so sky-high you'll think you're in a stratosphere balloon!

Now let's be reasonable! Suppose I slip both of you a coupla grand an' we forget all about this little disagreement, huh?

You're wasting your time, "slug"! We can't be bribed! Right, Clark?

R--right!

A-ah! I'm sick of wastin' breath on you! Grab 'em, boys! An' lock 'em up separately!

Okay, Chief!

Do something, Clark!

W-what?

Move! Fool! They may be taking us to our deaths!

Death? Oh, my word!

There! That'll hold her!

I really don't have to lock this door. That reporter is so scared, he wouldn't move an inch if the door was wide open!
WOTCHA, DOIN', CHIEF?

FIXIN' SOMETHING THAT'LL SPIKE TH' REFORMERS' GUNS!

IF YOU DON'T RELEASE ME AT ONCE....

STEADY, THERE! THAT'S JUST WHAT I INTEND TO DO. SIGN THIS PAPER AN' I'LL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO PERMIT YOU TO GO SCOT FREE!

YOU MEAN, YOU'D LET HER GO!

I DON'T GET IT, CHIEF!

BUT--IF I SIGN THIS PAPER IT WILL BE A FALSE ADMISSION THAT MY EDITOR, GEORGE TAYLOR, IS YOUR PARTNER IN THE SLOT-MACHINE RACKET, AND THAT I ACT AS HIS GO-BETWEEN!

THAT'S THE IDEA! IF WORD GOT AROUND HE WAS MY PARTNER, ANYTHING HE PRINTED AGAINST ME WOULDN'T BE BELIEVED!

NOW! GET IT!

BOSS, YER A GENIUS!

AND IF I REFUSE TO SIGN....

THAT'S YOUR CHOICE. BUT IT'LL BE TOUGH ON YOUR PAL. BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T PUT YOUR MONIKER ON THAT PAPER, CLARK KENT DIES!

YOU WOULDN'T COMMIT COLD-BLOODED MURDER!

WOULDN'T I? JUST TRY ME!

I-I WON'T PERMIT CLARK TO SUFFER BECAUSE OF ME. AFTER ALL, I INVOLVED HIM AGAINST HIS WILL. I'LL SIGN!

ATTAGIRL! NICK! TAKE IT TO THE MORNING PICTORIAL!

MEANWHILE--CLARK REMOVES HIS OUTER GARMENTS, TRANSFORMING HIMSELF INTO THE MIGHTIEST OF ALL MEN--SUPERMAN!

NOW TO ATTEND TO A LUG NAMED "SLUG!"

A SLIGHT PRESSURE AGAINST THE DOOR TO HIS ROOM, AND IT PLUNGES OUTWARD, SCREWS AND BOLTS FLYING....

MAKE WAY!!
Swiftly, Superman catches the door before it can strike the floor...

Mustn't make any more noise than I can help—yet!

Off along the hallway he hurries...

Suddenly...

Oops!

What...

As the hoodlum fires at him, the Man of Steel slaps back the bullet so that it strikes the gun from the gunman's hand!

Hey...!

Just like handball!

Oh-Boy! Dozens of slot-machines!

Propelled by the Man of Tomorrow's incredibly powerful muscles, a great mass of smashed slot-machines crashes thru the wall...!
WHAT WAS THAT NOISE? SOUNDED LIKE THE PLACE WAS FALLING APART!

LOCK THE GIRL IN AGAIN!

GET HIM! MOW HIM DOWN!

RIGHT, BOSS!

UNHARMED BY THE STREAM OF BULLETS, SUPERMAN SEIZES AND PLACES THE TWO Muzzles TOGETHER...

I ALWAYS DID WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF TWO MACHINE-GUNS WERE TO FIRE DIRECTLY INTO EACH OTHER!

NOTHING CAN HARM HIM!

PERHAPS THIS NARCOTIC-GAS WILL!

("I'LL PLAY UNCONSCIOUS JUST FOR THE LAUGHS--")

HE'S OUT! DIDN'T I TELL YOU HE WASN'T INVULNERABLE! FINISH HIM OFF!

THE AXE-EDGE... BLUNTED!

PUFF! PUFF!

WHAT GOOD IS IT TO GET HIM UNCONSCIOUS, IF WE CAN'T DISPOSE OF HIM AFTERWARD?

HE CAN'T BE HARMED!

SEARCH ME!

CHARGING AT SUPERMAN, THE HOODLUMS POUND AWAY WITH THE VARIOUS WEAPONS THEY HAVE SEIZED...
The chemical fluid from this fire-extinguisher will blind him!

Hurry! He’s reviving!

Keep away! I’ll blind you! I’ll—

Give me that!

Thanks for the missile!

Lighting fire-brands, the thugs brandish them at Superman....

That’s right! Fire will get him!

You hope!

As the fire brands are tossed at him, Superman extinguishes them with his bare hands....

Want to juggle, eh?

Let’s run for it!

The guy ain’t human!

Whew! Slammed the steel door shut in his face just in time!

Safe at last!

The steel door-shaking!

He’s attacking on the other side—back!
HI'YA, BOYS! YOU FORGOT ME!

AS "SLUG" ATTEMPTS TO SLAM A VAULT DOOR SHUT, SUPERMAN LEAPS FORWARD AND PREVENTS IT FROM CLOSING BY PLACING HIS FINGERS IN THE OPENING...

NO, YOU DON'T! LEAVE THAT VAULT ALONE!

AND AS SUPERMAN ENTERS THE VAULT...!

TRAPPED HIM!

WHAM!

MEANWHILE... IN THE ADJOINING ROOM, ONE OF THE FIREBRANDS SETS THE BUILDING AFIRED...

THE PLACE IS ON FIRE! WE GOTTA GET OUT!

WHAT ABOUT THE TWO REPORTERS AN'TH STRONG GUY?

LET 'EM BURN! WE'LL BE BETTER OFF!

I'LL TEMPORARILY LEAVE THESE RECORDS HERE!

CRASH!

LOIS! OVERCOME BY THE SMOKE!

A SHARP THRUST FROM SUPERMAN'S FOOT AND THE BARS ARE KICKED

FROM THE WINDOW...

I'VE GOT TO GET HER OUT OF HERE, QUICK!
DOWN TOWARD EARTH LEAPS THE MAN OF STEEL WITH HIS PRECIOUS BURDEN

WH-WHERE AM I?

ON YOUR WAY TO TERRA FIRMA, MY DEAR!

BUT WHAT OF CLARK?

I'M ON MY WAY BACK TO RESCUE HIM!

SUPERMAN GUIDED ME OUT—BUT WHAT ARE THESE LEDGER BOOKS HE GAVE ME?

"SLUG'S" SECRET RECORDS!

MEANWHILE—-- IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET...

HAVE YOU SEEN THE MORNING PICTORIAL'S EXTRA?

WHAT IN BLAZES--?

SHORTLY AFTER.

NO DOUBT OF THE SIGNATURE ON THAT STATEMENT! IT'S LOIS! BUT WHY SHOULD SHE--?

I CAN EXPLAIN, CHIEF!

"SLUG" FORCED ME TO SIGN THAT PAPER AGAINST MY WILL! HE THINKS THAT YOU'LL NOW BE HANDICAPPED IN A FIGHT AGAINST HIM!

HE THINKS SO, EH? WELL, WITH THE AID OF HIS SECRET RECORDS, WE'LL SETTLE MR. KELLY'S HASH!

"ONE QUICK GLANCE AND MY PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY WILL ENABLE ME TO REMEMBER ALL THESE NAMES AND ADDRESSES!"

SLIPPING AWAY INTO A STOREROOM, CLARK ONCE AGAIN CHANGES INTO HIS SUPERMAN COSTUME...

NOW TO VISIT THE VARIOUS STORES WHERE "SLUG" PLACED HIS SLOT MACHINES!
THE MAN OF STEEL BEGINS HIS ONE-MAN CRUSADE TO CLEAR METROPOLIS OF SLOT-MACHINES...

I'M GOING TO DUMP THIS IN THE RIVER! NOT AT ALL! IN FACT I'M DELIGHTED!

HE VISITS STORE AFTER STORE, UNTIL HE FINALLY REACHES HARDE'S...

PUT THAT DOWN, OR...

OR WHAT?

STILL WANT TO USE THAT KNIFE?

AW-K-KK!

AS LOIS DEPARTS FROM THE DAILY PLANET BUILDING, "SLUG" AND HIS MEN SEE HER...

INTO THAT CAR! "SLUG!"

HOW DID YOU ESCAPE FROM THAT BURNING BUILDING?

SPEAKING OF HEAT, MY EDITOR'S TURNING IT ON YOU IN A FORTHCOMING EXTRA! YOUR SECRET RECORDS WILL MAKE INTERESTING READING!

WE GOTTA GET OUTA TOWN, BOSS!

KELLY STEPS OUT OF THE CAR LONG ENOUGH TO CALL TAYLOR....

GET THIS, MR. EDITOR! UNLESS YOU WITHHOLD THAT STORY FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS WE WON'T RELEASE MISS LANE ALIVE!

AT THAT MOMENT...

I WON'T LET THIS STAY IN MY STORE ANOTHER MINUTE! IT'S BROUGHT ME ENOUGH GRIEF!

LOOK! OLD JENSEN IS SHAVING OUR SLOT MACHINE OUT OF HIS STORE!

HE IS, IS HE? STOP TH' CAR!

DON'T STOP, CHIEF! WE GOTTA LAM OUTA TOWN!
But "Slug" leaps out to have his revenge....

Gonna get rid of my machine, eh? I'm gonna give ya the beatin' of your life!

No! Don't strike me, please!

Abruptly down streaks Superman, placing his hand between the two, as Kelly strikes out with his fist....

Ouch! Surprised?

Back into that car!

After Superman removes Lois from the car....

Wait - Superman!

Not now! I've got to attend to these rascals!

Springing atop the nearby schoolhouse, Superman addresses the astonished school children as they emerge for lunch....

Tell them the truth, Slug!

My slot-machines were fixed! You kids couldn't win! D-don't drop me!

Shortly after - Superman deposits the racketeers within a police station....

But these men confessed their crimes!

Sorry, we can't hold them unless there are witnesses who over-heard it!

As hundreds of school-children pour in the station...

Begorra! There! Your witnesses, Sergeant! Enough of them!

Weeks later -

It was fortunate for us that all connection between us and Kelly was disproved during the trial on minors!

Yes, and Metropolis is freed from a vicious racket that preyed upon minors!

I'm going to sit down right now and write an editorial giving Superman full credit for the reform!

I urge all my readers not to throw their money away wastefully into slot-machines!
SUPER STRENGTH
RULES FOR SUMMER LIVING

BOY OH BOY! NOTHING LIKE A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!

GET PLENTY OF REST!

EAT PLENTY OF GOOD, WHOLESOME FOOD!

HEY, MOM! HOW ABOUT ANOTHER HELPING OF THAT SWELL CEREAL?

WE NEED A HOMER TO WIN THIS GAME —— AND WATCH ME GET IT!

LOTS OF HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR EXERCISE BUILDS STRONG BODIES!

I WANT YOU TO MEET ONE OF MY BEST PALS!

DRINK PLENTY OF MILK!

SHE'S MY PAL, TOO!

THAT BULLY NEXT DOOR KNOCKED OUR JIMMY DOWN AND PUNCHED HIM.

SO DADDY SENT FOR THE JOWETT BOOKS THAT TELL YOU HOW TO BE STRONG.

AND JIMMY PUT ON 'MUSCLE WITH THESE WONDERFUL JOWETT 'STRONG-MAN' EXERCISES!

PRETTY SOON —— THAT SAME BULLY BEGAN TO ANGRY JIMMY AGAIN AND ——

WHAT A THRASHING JIMMY GAVE HIM! WE WERE PROUD OF OUR SON!

THE JOWETT BOOKS MIGHT TELL YOU HOW!
SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

Well, Members, here we are again with another issue of SUPERMAN, chock-full of the exploits and adventures of THE MAN OF TOMORROW. That SUPERMAN'S popularity is still growing by leaps and bounds is attested to by the fact that ACTION COMICS and the SUPERMAN issues find thousands of new readers every time they are published.

And the Membership list of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA continues to grow accordingly. Never a morning passes but that the postman brings huge bundles of new Membership applications from people all over the United States and Canada who wish to claim the Membership Certificates, Buttons, and Codes, and who wish to embrace the Club’s motto of STRENGTH, COURAGE and JUSTICE. If you are not already a Member of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA, make use of that coupon at the lower right corner of this page TODAY. You’ll get a kick out of wearing the SUPERMAN Button, you’ll get a kick out of having the SUPERMAN Certificate on your wall, and you’ll get a kick out of using the SUPERMAN Code Book to decipher the messages which SUPERMAN sends to Members in each issue of ACTION COMICS.

Recently a group of midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis joined the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA in a body. A similar group joined from the United States Military Academy at West Point. And as if that wasn’t enough, a group also joined from the United States Coast Guard Academy. It’s plain to see that the armed forces of the nation see eye-to-eye with the principles of STRENGTH, COURAGE and JUSTICE. And to top that, the SUPERMAN Emblem will be used as the official insignia on all planes of the 33rd Bombardment Squadron of the United States Army, stationed at Patterson Field, Ohio.

Send in your application TODAY! Get into the excellent company already on the rolls of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA! Do your bit for a world which sadly needs a practical application of the motto: STRENGTH, COURAGE and JUSTICE!

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,  
% ACTION COMICS  
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N.Y.C.

JUNE

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Charter Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10¢ 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 STREET .....................................
LEAPING OVER SKYSCRAPERS, RUNNING FASTER THAN AN EXPRESS TRAIN, SPRINGING GREAT DISTANCES AND HEIGHTS, LIFTING AND SMASHING TERRORS OF 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 INJUSICE!

NEVERTHELESS, YOU'RE GOING TO SELL OUT! MY POLITICAL POWER IS GROWING, AND WITH A NEWSPAPER TO BACK ME, NOTHING CAN STOP ME! I'LL HAVE THE CITY IN MY PALM IN NO TIME AT ALL!

I'LL BE NO PARTY TO YOUR FOUL AMBITIONS! LEAVE!

NOT SO FAST, MR. HIGH AND MIGHTY. EITHER YOU SELL, OR... WELL, IT WOULD BE A PITY IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOUR WIFE AND KIDS!

HAVE YOU HEARD? EVELL HAS JUST PURCHASED THE MORNING PICTORIAL!

LATER -- EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET.

EVELL! -- IT'S INCREDIBLE!
AT A CITY COUNCIL MEETING, REPRESENTATIVE BARNES DELIVERS A SEVERE CASTIGATION OF ALEX EVELL!

EVELL IS AN OPPORTUNIST OF THE LOWEST RANK! HIS SOLE INTEREST IN POLITICS IS TO THE EXTENT OF STUFFING HIS BANK ACCOUNT WITH ILLICIT GRAFT! HE'S DANGEROUS, I TELL YOU, AND I DEMAND A PROBE OF HIS ACTIVITIES!

AND AS A RESULT, HONEST UPRIGHT BARNES IS DENOUNCED IN THE MORNING PICTORIAL AS A RAPSCALLION...

BARNES ACCUSATIONS TOP BARON MUNCHAUSEN
by PETER FIB

THE NEW PUBLISHER OF THE PICTORIAL RECEIVES VISITORS...

THE COPS HAVE ARRESTED MIKE-AN! ALL THE POOR GUY DONE WAS ROB A BANK!

--AN' THEY SMASHED MY ROULETTE WHEELS!

IT'S AN OUTRAGE! THEY CONSPIRED ALL OUR FAKE LOTTERY TICKETS!

DON'T WORRY, BOYS, LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME! AND BE SURE TO READ THE NEXT EDITION OF MY PAPER!

Morning Pictorial
POLICE GUILTY OF THIRD DEGREE METHODS
Morning Pictorial
Advocates Job Shake-up
by J. M. LYON

CLARK KENT, OF THE PLANET, REQUESTS A STATEMENT FROM POLICE OFFICIALS.

WHAT IS YOUR REPLY TO THE MORNING PICTORIAL'S ACCUSATIONS, POLICE CHIEF MORGAN?

LIES, DELIBERATE LIES!

THERE'S NO DOUBT THE POLICE ARE IN THE CLEAR! THIS ARTICLE OUGHT TO BURN EVELL'S EARS OFF!

GO TO IT, CLARK!

DAILY PLANET PUBLISHER BURT MASON IS FACED BY AN ENRAGED EVELL...

I WARN YOU ANY MORE ARTICLES LIKE THIS ONE BY CLARK KENT, AND YOU'LL REGRET IT!

IT'S ALWAYS BEEN THE PLANET'S POLICY TO PRINT THE TRUTH-- AND WE'LL CONTINUE DOING SO!

THERE'S NO REASON WHY WE SHOULD ARGUE. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'VE COME TO MAKE YOU A FRIENDLY OFFER. I'LL CONSENT TO BUYING YOUR NEWSPAPER!

YOU WILL, EH? WELL, WOULD YOU CONSENT, TOO, TO GETTING OUT OF HERE BEFORE I loose MY TEMPER AND THROW YOU OUT?

YOU'LL BE SORRY, YOU BULL-HEADED FOOL! I TRIED TO BE FRIENDLY, BUT IF IT'S WAR THAT YOU WANT-- THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU'LL GET!
YOU'VE DONE SO WELL LATELY THAT I BELIEVE YOU DESERVE A VACATION, TOO?

THANKS, TAYLOR!

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID? REPEAT IT AGAIN--SLOWER!

A DAILY PLANET TRUCK HAS BEEN ATTACKED BY THUGS AND SET ON FIRE ON DELANY STREET. NEWSPAPERS WERE THROWN DOWN THE SEWER!

FORGET ABOUT THAT VACATION! GO DOWN TO DELANY STREET AND GET THE Dope ON WHAT'S HAPPENED TO OUR TRUCK!

BYE-BYE, VACATION. WAIT FOR ME, CLARK!

LATER...

WHY SHOULD ONE OF OUR TRUCKS BE ATTACKED?

THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO ANSWER!

DAILY PLANET REPORTERS EH?

THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING, SEE? IF YER BOSS DON'T SELL OUT, IT'LL GET WORSE!

MASON'S NOT THE TYPE TO BE INTIMIDATED BY CHEAP THUGS!

CAREFUL, LOIS! YOU'LL MAKE HIM LOSE HIS TEMPER! HE'S LIKELY TO GET VIOLENT!

ULP! DON'T!

--AND YOU JUST STAND THERE AND LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT!

BUT, LOIS--HE WAS TWICE MY SIZE! SURELY YOU DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO...

..BEHAVE LIKE A NORMAL RED-BLOODED HE-MAN? YOU? NO!!

JUST TO PROVE WE MEAN BUSINESS!

WHEN THEY REACH THE DAILY PLANET...

SO IT'S TO BE WAR BETWEEN THE PICTORIAL AND THE PLANET, EH? --LOIS, DON'T LEAVE THIS OFFICE...IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! CLARK! GET OUT ON THE STREET AND GET ME SOME RED HOT NEWS

ME, GO OUT ON THE STREETS, NOW? --(GULP!)--OKAY!

IN A DESERTED SPOT NEAR THE PLANET BUILDING, THE MECK REPORTER DOFFS HIS OUTER GARMENTS, TRANSFORMING HIMSELF INTO DARING SUPERMAN!

THE PLANET'S TOO CONSERVATIVE A NEWSPAPER TO HIRE THUGS TO FIGHT BACK, -- SO THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT FOR ME TO APPOINT MYSELF ITS DEFENDER!
A great leap carries the Man of Steel atop a telephone pole, where he observes...

Planet trucks starting out to distribute the latest editions.

But at that moment a great row of morning pictorial trucks, driving side by side, arrive and block the avenue. Armed thugs leap out...

Get the drivers! Smash their skulls!

Fearlessly, the man of tomorrow launches himself down toward the distant street!

Here I come!

Wham!—As the pavement crunches, Superman alights before the astonished hoodlums...

May I butt in? Huh? Who's this guy?

Keep back! Nothing doing! Get him!

Leaping at the opposing trucks, the man of steel rams them together like sardines, then turns the entire stack on its side!

JUST LIKE A DECK OF CARDS!

Seizing a truck, Superman whirls it 'round and 'round—and the terrified thugs scramble for safety!

Changed your minds?
As the Daily Planet trucks proceed, a great tank-like truck streaks toward them...

But leaping in with super-speed, Superman seizes the truck's bumper...

Up...

...and over!

Whirling, Superman sights a mob of hoodlums attempting to overturn a Daily Planet truck...

There she goes!

Springing forward, the Man of Tomorrow catches the toppling truck...

Gotcha!

...and heaves it upright!

That's more like it!

Let's beat it!

As the thugs leap into the truck and speed away, Superman races after them...

Hey! Wait for me!

Overtaking it, he lifts it overhead, then springs upward...

Hold tight, boys; we're going for a ride!
M-MY G-GOSH!
HELP! HE'S CARRYING US UP INTO THE SKY!
NOT FRIGHTENED, ARE YOU?
SUPERMAN'S Leap CARRIES HIM ATO A NEARBY FACTORY!
L-LET US OUT!
NO, I'M NOT FINISHED WITH YOU YET!

BUT CONTINUING UP, HE CATCHES THE EDGE OF A TALL SMOKE STACK...
END OF THE LINE!

HEY!
YOU-YOU'RE NOT GONNA LEAVE US HERE LIKE THIS -- ARE YA?
YOU FIGURE IT OUT! - DON'T ROCK THE BOAT, BOYS!

MEANWHILE...
GIMME BACK THOSE PAPERS!
SHUT YER LIP!

THERE YOU ARE!
RUN FER YER LIVES!

AS THE HOODLUMS DRIVE OFF WITH THE STOLEN NEWSPAPERS, SUPERMAN RAPIDLY OVERTAKES THEM...
The... THE CROOKS!
DON'T WORRY... I'LL GET YOUR PAPERS BACK FOR YOU!
NOTING A MORNING PICTORIAL DRIVER DE-
LIBERATELY SMASHING A NEWSBOY'S WAGON.

SUPERMAN STREAKS INTO ACTION!

GET OUT OF THERE!

LOOKOUT!

HOT-HEADED, EH? PERHAPS THIS'LL COOL YOU OFF!

UP--UP FLIES THE HUMAN MISSILE, THEN PLUMMETS DOWNWARD!

H-H-H-HELP!

CAUGHT YOU! BUT JUST WHY I SHOULD HAVE BOTHERED TO, I CAN'T SAY!

WILL YOU STOP PERSECUTING YOUNGSTERS?

I- I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY! BUT DON'T DO THAT TO ME AGAIN!

THAT SHOULD KEEP YOU OUT OF MISCHIEF!
A MILE AWAY, A MORNING PICTORIAL TRUCK FORCES A DAILY PLANET CAR OVER THE SIDE OF A CLIFF...

THAT'LL FINISH YOU!

HIS TELESCOPIC VISION APPRISING HIM OF THE SITUATION, SUPERMAN RACES FORWARD AT AN INCREDIBLE RATE OF SPEED...

SECONDS TO ACT!

IT'S ABOUT TO HIT THE ROCKS!

BUT JUST BEFORE THE TRUCK CAN STRIKE EARTH, THE MAN OF STEEL GRASPS IT AND FLINGS IT UPWARD...

DOWN CRASHES SUPERMAN!

BUT INSTEAD OF HOLDING HIS GROUND, THE MAN OF TOMORROW SOMERSAULTS BACK UP...

GOT NO TIME TO RELAX!

...AND ALIGHTING ATOP THE CLIFF FIRST, CATCHES THE DESCENDING TRUCK!

THAT DOES IT!

AT A NEARBY STORE...

I WARNED YA NOT T' SELL ANY COPIES OF TH' DAILY PLANET!

CRASH!!
AN INSTANT LATER
COME ALONG!

HEY! WHAT--!
IS DEAD!

AS THEY SOAR THRU THE SKY, SUPERMAN
TOSSES THE CRAVEN THUG FROM HAND TO
HAND . . .

NEITHER ONE
WANTS THE
DISHONOR OF
HOLDING
YOU!

C-CAREFUL!

OOPS! --
MISSED!

-- BUT
CAUGHT
YOUR FOOT
... DOGGONIT!

PUT ME
DOWN! PUT
ME DOWN!
PLEASE!

OUTSIDE THE MORNING PICTORIAL WINDOW . . .

TELL YOUR BOSS TO STOP
HIS DIRTY TACTICS, OR
SUPERMAN WILL SHOW
HIM SOME REAL ROUGH
STUFF!

EE--
EE-- EE!!

HEY! WHAT'S
THIS?!

OUCH!

A GUY WITH
SUPER-STRENGTH!
HE'S WARNED YA
TO QUIT, OR . . .

('FINGERTIPS
HANGING OUTSIDE
THE WINDOW!
SOMEONE'S
EAVESDROPPING!')

('IF I'M LUCKY
I MAY OVERHEAR
SOMETHING
VALUABLE! . . .')
SEIZING AN AXE FROM A FIRE BOX, EVELL PREPARES TO DESTROY THE EAVESDROPPER...

("-THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF THE GREAT SUPERMAN!")

DOWN SMASHES THE AXE ONTO SUPERMAN'S FINGERS!

WH-WHAT--?! NOTCHES--WHERE IT STRUCK HIS FINGERS!

I CERTAINLY PUT MY FOOT-- OR SHOULD I SAY MY HAND -- INTO IT THAT TIME!

A MAN INVULNERABLE TO PHYSICAL ATTACK --- AMAZING!

AN INSTANT LATER, SUPERMAN DESCENDS DOWN THE BUILDING'S SIDE TO THE SAME POSITION...

("-EVELL WOULD NEVER EXPECT ME TO RETURN SO QUICKLY! --")

I TELL YA, YA HAVEN'T A CHANCE AGAINST THAT GUY! HE AIN'T HUMAN!

NO ONE CAN OUTWIT EVELL! -- I'VE HEARD THAT SUPERMAN IS FOND OF LOIS LANE OF THE DAILY PLANET! THRU HER, I SHALL ELIMINATE HIM!

THIS CALL IS COMING FROM THE BENTLEY HOSPITAL, MISS LANE. A BADLY INJURED REPORTER NAMED CLARK KENT IS CALLING FOR YOU!

I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!
But the chief left orders for you not to leave the building!
Poor Clark's injured, and I'm going to him!

But when Lois reaches the hospital...
Not a word outa you--into that car!
But--!

As the gangsters' car drives off, a lithe figure leaps forward and swings beneath it--Superman!

Not a comfortable position, but one which will enable me to be near Lois!

As the auto climbs a curb at the end of its journey, Superman's head bumps against the curb, smashing it...

Just a good scalp massage!

Shortly after...within the building...

Keep the door covered! Superman is certain to come to Miss Lane's rescue, and when he does...blast away!

Got ya, boss!

Without warning, Superman bursts thru the door...

May I intrude?
Keep firing. Let go!

Within the next room...

But--you'll burn your own men alive, as well as Superman!

What does it matter how many die, so long as Superman is destroyed?
AS THE MACHINE-GUN FIRE HAS NO EFFECT UPON THE MAN OF STEEL, ONE OF THE THUGS FIRES AN ELEPHANT-GUN...

THIS'LL FINISH YOU!

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU AGAIN!

SUPERMAN SNATCHES THE GUN AWAY, THEN...

THIS LOOKS MUCH BETTER AROUND YOUR NECKS!

AWK!

STOP!!

AS SUPERMAN RACES AFTER LOIS AND HER CAPTOR...

WHAT'S THIS—ABLAZE!

THERE THEY GO! BUT I CAN'T ABANDON THOSE GANGSTERS TO THEIR FATE!

BACK INTO THE FLAMING BUILDING DASHES SUPERMAN...

YOU'RE REALLY NOT WORTH SAVING... BUT YOU ARE HUMAN BEINGS!

STILL CLUTCHING HIS CAPTIVES, SUPERMAN TAKES A GREAT LEAP THAT BRINGS HIM DOWN BEFORE THE FLEEING CAR...

WELL! WELL! IF IT ISN'T OUR OLD FRIEND, EVELL!

AS EVELL ATTEMPTS TO RUN SUPERMAN DOWN, THE MAN OF TOMORROW CLUTCHES THE AUTO'S FRONT AND HALTS IT!

WHOA!
SWIFTLY, SUPERMAN KICKS OFF THE MACHINE'S FRONT WHEELS...

YOU WON'T NEED THEM!

AND NOW TO SQUARE MATTERS WITH YOU!

DON'T HARM ME!

ARE YOU GOING TO CONFESS TO YOUR CRIMES, OR....!

I WON'T TALK! YOU CAN'T INTIMIDATE ME!

BUT WE'LL TALK! TRY TO BURN US WILL YOU?

WE'LL GET EVEN! YOU TRAITORS!

YOU SEE, EV'LL YOUR OWN EVIL DEEDS HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU!

ACROSS THE SKY LEADS SUPERMAN WITH HIS CAPTIVES...

IF YOU DON'T TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOURSELF, I'LL SCREAM!

SCREAM, IF YOU WANT! BUT I'M NOT AN INFORMATION BUREAU!

WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM? WHAT?

...DEPOSITING THEM INSIDE A POLICE STATION, THEN HE SPRINGS OFF!

HERE ARE SOME CUSTOMERS FOR YOU, SERGEANT!

SUPERMAN!

NOW THAT COLLUM HAS HIS PAPER BACK, AND EV'LL SAFELY IN PRISON, HOW ABOUT GETTING THAT VACATION YOU PROMISED ME, TAYLOR?

SORRY, CLARK! YOU'LL HAVE TO POSTPONE IT! COLLUM IS GIVING US SOME PRETTY STIFF COMPETITION NOW THAT HE'S BACK AS PUBLISHER, AND I'LL NEED YOU AROUND!

ONE THING YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT, CHIEF—TWO NEWSPAPERS ARE BETTER THAN ONE!

AN' I'M ONE BUSY REPORTER IS BETTER THAN ONE WHO WASTES TIME GABBIN'. GET GOIN', CLARK! I WANT NEWS!

THE END
BILL HARKNESS swelled with pride as he folded the notes he had just taken at the dedication ceremonies of the new State Hospital. He watched idly while the Governor and other political big shots got into their cars. Yep, it was a whiz of a story, a swell assignment for the Blade's newest reporter.

Of course, Bill had been on the Blade only two days now. But already he felt like a veteran reporter even though his job here had been only to note the local dignitaries present, while Scoop Roberts, star political reporter, handled the speeches. He grinned a farewell as Scoop ran toward the Governor's car and called over his shoulder: "Don't forget you've got a deadline to meet, Billy! Clean up the rest of this yarn and go in with the stuff."

Bill smiled indulgently upon Mrs. Perkins, who lived next door to him, as he heard Jimmy Perkins chirp: "Gee, Mom, there's Bill Harkness. He's a real reporter now. Look at that press card in his hat!"

A real reporter! Yep, that's what he was, all right!

Bill was still smiling as he went into the building. He was a bit uncertain about what else he had to do. The story, he knew, was finished with Scoop's departure. But it wouldn't hurt to look around. He walked along the whitewashed halls, with their cool, clean smell refreshing his nostrils.

"Ha! A reporter, eh, my boy?" Bill turned as he heard the words boom out. The man was tall and thin, with grayed hair. His blue eyes shone brightly as they turned on Bill's press card. Then he said: "I used to know a lot of reporters in my day, lad." His eyes became grave. "But I forget," he smiled. "You wouldn't remember the Great Gordon."

"The Great Gordon!" Bill gasped. Of course he remembered him! Why, hadn't his father taken him to see the Great Gordon when he was the world's fin-
est ventriloquist? Excitedly, he told the man about it, bringing a smile to the latter's face.

"It is good," the man murmured, "to find someone who remembers. Someone who doesn't mind seeing me." His face clouded. "You know," he said, his eyes wide and his voice a whisper, "they won't even let me see my son any more.

Bill stared at him. "You've got a son? In here?" His voice shook with suppressed excitement. He had read, in high school days, of the Great Gordon's breakdown and how he had been forced to go to a sanitarium and give up the stage.

But a son! This was news! "Tell me about him—your son." "Johnny?" the Great Gordon's voice boomed through the corridor, echoing and re-echoing. Instantly, as though from nowhere, a white coated attendant appeared. Quickly, he drew the protesting man away. Bill tried to stop him. "He wants to tell me about his son."

Curtly, the attendant said: "The Superintendent gives information here. No one else." Flushing, Bill turned and sped toward the Super's office.

Mr. Trent, the Super, listened gravely. "I'd rather you forgot you talked to Gordon, Bill," he said. "As a favor to me. Yes, forget about him and his son."

Bill stared at him. "Forget? I can't do that." His voice faltered as he gulped. "After all, Mr. Trent," he said. "I'm a newspaperman, and the Blade wants that story." He felt the color rise to his cheeks as the Super grinned and said: "You're young, Bill. But I suppose you might as well learn."

He turned, opened a closet behind his desk. Bill was saying: "You know news shouldn't be suppressed, Mr. Trent." He felt new courage seeping through him. The power of the press couldn't be denied!

The Super smiled sadly as he fumbled in the closet. "Okay, Bill. Meet the Great Gordon's son, Johnny, and you'll learn why he mustn't see him too often." Quickly, he straightened up, threw an object on the desk.

Bill stared in confusion. It was a ventriloquist's dummy!

And, dazedly, he heard the Super say kindly: 'Seeing this brings back too many memories to him, Bill. Now you know all about the Great Gordon's son, Johnny!"

THE END
An unexpected wave of unemployment hits the country as millions suffer from hunger, business staggering, and the United States is faced with the worst depression in its history!

...and so Clark goes the rounds...

And in your opinion? "A sickeningly-sweetish odor of incense in the air... and I detected it in three other offices, too!"

Just a temporary panic things will return to normal in a few days!

After noting the odor in many offices, Clark comes right out and inquires about it...

Tell me, Mr. Gregory, just what is that odd odor of incense? Nothing—er—nothing at all... just a peculiarity of mine—nothing important!

But as Clark departs, something his super-acute hearing picks up, causes him to pause—and listen...

Now why—?

What Clark overheard--!

Just had a call from a snooping daily Planet reporter! He's suspicious --- might stir up some mischief! Yes, -- I understand!
LATER--AS CLARK NEARS THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE, HIS TELESCOPIC VISION NOTES, HIGH IN THE SKY!

A BOMBER--READY TO DISCHARGE ITS CARGO!

NOT AN INSTANT TO LOSE!

LEADING WITHIN AN ALLEY, CLARK SWIFTLY STRIPS OFF OUTER GARMENTS AND STANDS REVEALED AS SUPERMAN, MIGHTY FOE OF EVILDOERS . . .

STUNTING ACROBATICALLY WITH AMAZING AGILITY, SUPERMAN SUCCEEDS IN SNARING ALL OF THE DEADLY MISSILES!

UP INTO THE SKY STREKS THE MAN OF TOMORROW AS THE PLANE RELEASES ITS BOMBS

GOING TO BLOW UP THE DAILY PLANET, EH? NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

THAT MAKES THE LAST ONE--PERFECT SCORE!

LATER--AFTER DUMPING THE BOMBS INTO THE RIVER . . .

GREGORY MIGHT HAVE ORDERED THE PLANET BOMBED TO SILENCE ME. I BELIEVE I'LL PAY THAT GENT A RETURN CALL!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU'RE TREMBLING?

I'VE JUST PHONED THE POLICE--WARNED THEM THAT SOMEONE IS COMING TO KILL ME! HEAR IT? THEIR SIREN!

BUT AS HE RETURNS . . .

YOU'RE RIGHT! POLICE CARS HAVE STOPPED BELOW, AND OFFICERS ARE BASHING INTO THE BUILDING!--WHAT--??

YOU'VE SHOT YOURSELF!--WHY?

I MERELY FOLLOWED ORDERS FROM HIGHER-UP, WHEN THE POLICE ENTER THE ROOM AND FIND YOU HERE, YOU'LL BE BRANDED THE MURDERER! --UH--HH--H!

AND WITH A FINAL GASP, GREGORY DIES!!
Swiftly Clark takes a leap that carries him thru the window—just as the police burst thru the door!

Tough on the plotters' plans, but I refuse to remain here and be the fall-guy!

Walking down thru the building Clark shortly after emerges on the street.

Smatter, Pat?

Just another murder, Kent! I guess it's okay for you to enter!

It certainly doesn't take you reporters long to scent a story!

Just the bloodhound in me! And who knows I may even solve the crime for you!

Small chance o' that! This is a murder without a clue—an' if you can find the killer, you'd have to be a Superman!

You'll never find the murderer, Sergeant—because this man killed himself! Note the angle at which the bullet entered his skull!

By George! He's right—it's suicide!

Clark telephones his story to a re-write man at the office...

Ready? All right!—Here's the dope!

Determining to revisit another office within which he had detected the incense, Clark returns to the office of Borden Mosely, ruthless financial giant.

An' where do ya think yer goin'?

In, my good man, to see Mr. Mosely—In.

Out! Mosely ain't in to no reporters, see?

I--see--!!
But Clark is not discouraged so easily. He enters an adjoining insurance office.

I've a premonition I may pass away any moment! I'd like some Metzel is ready to see you!

Have a seat! I'll see if Mr. Metzel is ready to see you!

Unnoticed by the girl, Clark noiselessly slips thru the window!

A customer. Shall I send him in?

You may go in--n--ee--ee--ee! Gone!

B-but he was sitting right there one moment! Then--he was gone--vanished into thin air!

Er--hadn't you better take the rest of the day off? Go home--and--er--forget the hallucination!

Meanwhile... Clark is making his way along the bare side of the building by digging his bare fingers into the brick for finger-holds!

Entering Mosely's private office, he is about to investigate the source of the incense when...

Someone coming!

As Mosely enters with two henchmen, Clark hastily closes the cabinet door...

"Time to get out of sight!"

We can talk here without danger of being overheard! Considerin' what we've got to discuss, that's important!
PRETTY SICK THE WAY WE CONTINUE TO PILE UP PROFITS WHILE THE REST OF THE COUNTRY GOES BUSTRUPT. EH?

YEAH, AN' WE OWE IT ALL TO...

WAIT TILL I GET RID OF MY HAT AND COAT!

("-DIDN'T SEE ME! WHHEW!-")

LOOK! FEET!

COME OUT OF THERE!

SOMEONE HIDING-- IN THE CABINET!

IT'S THAT NOSEY REPORTER!

SPEAK UP! WHAT WERE YOU HIDING IN THERE FOR?

WHAT DID YOU OVERHEAR?

TEARING HIMSELF FREE, CLARK DASHES TOWARD THE DRAPE FROM BEHIND WHICH THE ODOR OF INCENSE EMERGES...

HE MUSTN'T TOUCH THAT DRAPE!

STOP HIM!

A REPLICA OF... LUTHOR!!

SNOOPING FOOL! YOU'VE SEEN TOO MUCH!

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT--AN' IT'S GOING TO DO THE SAME FOR YOU! YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO ME! I'M A REPORTER!

ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL PULL THE TRIGGER!

CAREFUL WITH THAT GUN! PLEASE!
You're forcing open the elevator doors! But why?

You'll learn soon enough!

Now see what good your prying does you!

No! Don't!

Hurry down to the cellar and dispose of his body while I attend to another pressing matter!

Okay!

Th'o' Clark had fallen a distance of fifteen floors, still he alights unhurt at the bottom of the elevator shaft!

Nice fellas!

Unless I miss my guess, those hoodlums will rush down here to get rid of my corpse! -- I'll give them an unexpected reception!

Hello, boys!

What--?

Who--?

H--he won't die!

The bullets--they bounce right off him!

Observant, aren't you?

Perhaps this will knock a little sense into your thick skulls!
LEAVING THE UNCONSCIOUS FIGURES BEHIND HIM, SUPERMAN RACES UP THE SIDE OF A NEARBY SKYSCRAPER!

NOW TO TUNE IN ON MOSELY WITH MY TELESCOPIC X-RAY VISION, AND SEE IF HE'S BEHAVING HIMSELF!

YOU WISH ME TO COME AND MAKE A FULL REPORT? I OBEY!

SHORTLY AFTER--AS AN AUTOGYRO DESCENDS TO THE BUILDING'S ROOF, MOSELY ENTERS IT.

SO--LUTHOR IS STILL ALIVE AND PLOTTING THE DOWNFALL AND SUBJUGATION OF PRESENT DAY CIVILIZATION! THE WORLD WILL NEVER BE SAFE UNTIL THAT FIEND IS DESTROYED--AND SOMEHOW, I'VE GOT TO ACCOMPLISH IT!

SIGHTED ME, EH? AND ITCHING FOR A FIGHT!

STREAKING DOWN UPON THE SKY-VESSLE, SUPERMAN RIPS OFF THE WHIRLING BLADES WHICH KEEP IT ALOFT...

YOU ASKED FOR IT!

AS PLANE AND SUPERMAN PLUMMET DOWNWARD...

MOSELY!
After the auto-gyro crashes, Superman trails Mosely.

He thinks that drop finished me off! But he's got another guess coming!

Borden Mosely disappears through a secret entrance into the mountain...

Superman enters in pursuit... But shortly after, encounters an obstacle!

A steel door—barring the passageway. There seems to be a recording apparatus attached to it!

I get it! The door's motivated by a mechanism which will automatically open it if I give the correct password—which, of course, I do not know!

Present the password!

But before Superman can act...!

Sharp spikes smash before the weight of the Man of Tomorrow...

Odd—but I'm actually comfortable!

But this is no time to relax!

At that instant a vat above the door turns and a flood of powerful acid drops upon his figure!

What...?
The acid succeeds only in giving Superman a bath...!

Good thing for my uniform that it's constructed of a cloth I invented myself which is immune to the most powerful forces!

Peeved, Superman wrests the great vat from its resting-place....

Then flings it against the steel door--demolishing them both!

Take that!

Continuing along the tunnel, Superman turns into a great chamber, where he sights...

Mosely, before a television screen!

Can you give me further advice on the stock-market?

Non-associated steel is going up---but remember, I expect 75% of your profits for that tip!

And here's a tip to you---your evil career is ending now!

Superman!

Superman had committed the error of standing between two antennas! Now huge bolts of electricity roar toward his figure!
UNHARMED BY THE TERRIFIC BARRAGE OF ELECTRICITY, BUT CHARGED BY THE BOLTS, SUPERMAN TOUCHES THE TELEVISION MACHINE -- INSTANTLY THERE IS A DEAFENING EXPLOSION...

SUPERMAN PROTECTS MOSELY FROM THE MACHINE'S FLYING FRAGMENTS...

DON'T MOVE... IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!

PROTECT ME!

AN INSTANT LATER SUPERMAN SNATCHES UP THE FINANCIER'S BODY AND DASHES ALONG THE CAVERN...

WHAT'S THAT RUMBLING?

THE CAVERN -- ABOUT TO COLLAPSE!

AS THEY ARE A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE ENTRANCE, THE HUGE MOUNTAIN COMMENCES TO COLLAPSE -- BACK, BACK SUPERMAN STRIKES THE DESCENDING MASS....

JUST MADE IT!

FLIPPING HIS HAND WITH TERRIFIC SPEED, SUPERMAN FANS MOSELY BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS...

TELL ME--WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE INCENSE?

IT'S A NARCOTIC INCENSE LUTHOR PLACED IN THE OFFICES OF PROMINENT MEN THROUGHOUT THE NATION, THUS ENSLAVING THEM.

WHERE CAN I LEARN THE NAMES OF LUTHOR'S VICTIMS?

I HAVE A COMPLETE LIST OF THEM--WITHIN MY OFFICE SAFE!

SHORTLY AFTER--SUPERMAN STREAKS DOWN TO THE WINDOW SILL OF THE FINANCIER'S OFFICE, CLUTCHING MOSELY UNDER HIS ARM...

YOU'D BETTER BE TELLING THE TRUTH!

I AM! I AM!

THERE! IT'S OPEN! I'LL KNOW IN A FEW MINUTES WHETHER YOU'RE LYING!

SUFFOCATE, BLAST YOU!
GLANCING OVER THE LIST OF NAMES, SUPERMAN INSTANTLY MEMORIZED THEM WITH HIS PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY!

HMM-M! SOME VERY IMPORTANT LEADERS!

TELL ME! WHERE DOES LUTHOR HIDE OUT?

I-I DON'T KNOW! BUT HE'S TO MEET HIS VICTIMS SHORTLY AT THE GARRISON TOWER FOR A CONFERENCE!

UNDER SUPERMAN'S COMPULSION, MOSLEY TELEPHONES ONE OF LUTHOR'S UNDERLINGS!

THIS IS MOSLEY SPEAKING. THIS IS TO INFORM YOU THAT I ESCAPED FROM THE CAVERN CAVE-IN, AND I WILL BE PRESENT AT THE MEETING!

I'M BETRAYED LUTHOR! IT'S BETTER THAT I DIE THIS WAY THAN FALL INTO HIS HANDS!

STOP! YOU FOOL!

LEAPING DOWNWARD, SUPERMAN CATCHES THE FINANCIER'S FIGURE IN MID-AIR...

YOU'LL NOT COMMIT SUICIDE IF I CAN HELP IT!

EXPERTLY, SUPERMAN TOSSES MOSLEY BACK UP WITHIN HIS OFFICE!
CATCHING A LEDGE, SUPERMAN flexes his wrist, sending himself catapulting up in Mosely's wake...

SEIZING THE COWERING FINANCIER, SUPERMAN renders him unconscious by pressing a certain nerve at the rear of his neck.

THAT DOES IT!

STUDYING MOSELY'S FIGURE CLOSER, SUPERMAN contorts his features so that they are identical to those of the leader of industry...

FINE! NOW TO DON YOUR CLOTHES!

FINE! NOW TO DON YOUR CLOTHES!

SOON--MY OLD ENEMY AND MYSELF--FACE-TO-FACE!

SOMEWHAT LATER--SUPERMAN, disguised as Mosely, rises toward the top of Garriston Tower...

ENTERING THE ROOM IN WHICH THE MEETING is to be held, SUPERMAN seats himself at the table with the others...

(ALL OF THEM, PROMINENT MEN, ENSLAVED BY LUTHOR! I'VE GOT TO RELEASE THEM FROM THAT MONSTER'S CLUTCHES!)

REPORT! YOU WILL BE PLEASED TO LEARN THAT I HAVE CLOSED EIGHT OF MY FACTORIES, THROWING THOUSANDS OF MEN OUT OF WORK!

MAN AFTER MAN SPEAKS...THEN...

BORDEN MOSELY... IT IS YOUR TURN TO REPORT!

BORDEN MOSELY... IT IS YOUR TURN TO REPORT!

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BORDEN MOSELY... IT IS YOUR TURN TO REPORT!

BORDEN MOSELY... IT IS YOUR TURN TO REPORT!
IN THAT CASE, THERE'S NO NEED FOR THIS DISGUISE!
SUPERMAN PERMITS HIS FEATURES TO RETURN TO THEIR NORMAL PROPORTIONS.
YOUR WEAPONS? YES, BUT IF YOU DO NOT FRIGHTEN ME, AS YOU KNOW, I AM IMMUNE!
AND JOIN FORCES WITH ME, I'LL GIVE THE ORDER TO SLOTT DOWN THE OTHERS! THEIR DEATHS WILL BE ON YOUR HANDS!

IN RESPONSE, SUPERMAN HURLS THE TABLE AT ONE LINE OF GUARDS -- AND SPRINGS AT THE OTHER LINE -- UPSETTING THEM BOTH!
BUT YOU DIDN'T COUNT ON SUPER-SPEED!

AS SUPERMAN WHIRLS TO ATTEND TO LUTHOR AN AMAZING THING OCCURS -- THE ENTIRE SIDE OF THE BUILDING ON WHICH LUTHOR IS SEATED HURTES AWAY INTO SPACE!
A PLANE CUNNINGLY CONCEALED IN THE BUILDING'S FRAMEWORK!

THE MAN OF STEEL GIVES CHASE . . .
HE WON'T ESCAPE ME THIS TIME!

CRASH! THE PLANE IS DESTROYED IN A HEAD-ON COLLISION WITH SUPERMAN!

LATER . . .
CONGRATULATIONS, CLARK! BECAUSE OF THE LIST OF LUTHOR'S VICTIMS THAT YOU PUBLISHED, THE MEN WERE SUCCESSFULLY CURED!
MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL IS THAT THE MENACE IS REMOVED -- AND THAT THE NATION IS RETURNING TO ITS FORMER PROSPERITY!

THE END OF LUTHOR!

THE END
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ON SALE ABOUT
THE 1st
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MURDER IN THE WIND

By Jack Wallis

O SWATTO COUNTY, nestled in the Berkshires, isn't a big place. But to the natives, it's pretty important. That's why, when young Pert Blair was nominated for Sheriff, there was a pretty to-do about it. Jared Greene, the banker, though, helped swing the election for Pert. True, the Blues had held the peace patrol office ever since the first Blair had settled in the valley way back when there was nothing but Indians. Maybe that helped get Pert elected, too. Still, in Ransome's hotel and Cow-
dey's drugstore, at nights, the old die-hards used to say he was too young to hold so important an office. For instance, Blane Bailey, whose farm adjoined the Blair house, used to say: "Here he comes back from that Chicago college with all that new-fangled nonsense about crime detection. Why, everybody knows you can tell a criminal by his face. 'Tain't necessary to get schoolin' for that!"

But anyway, the Blair tradition wasn't upset. And when the town learned Jared Greene was supporting young Pert, why the rest of the sheep up and voted for him, much to some people's surprise.

And the most surprised man was Pert Blair. He didn't have much use for Jared Greene. He knew something of the man's business dealings and how he drove a hard bargain. But Pert went and thanked him just the same. "It's all right, Pert," Jared Greene said. "You just go ahead and do your job. After all, youth must be served." Then he winked. "Never been much crime in this county anyway."

And there hadn't been. Not until the morning Pert was sitting at his desk in the County Seat and his friend, Clare Sanders, a Scout patrol leader, came in and said, excitedly: "They just fished a body out of the river. It's Tom Larkin!"

Pert drove over. There was quite a crowd there. Nearly ev-
eryone knew Tom Larkin. He was a widower farmer and pret-
ty popular. The coroner, who was Doc Chalmers, was looking Larkin's body over. He nodded to Pert. "Seems to have drowned, Pert," he said. "Too bad. Nice fellow." He shook his head, indicated Larkin's outstretched hand. "Musta tried to save him-
Pert looked at him. "Mortgage?" His mind was beginning to buzz. "I think maybe I'll talk to Jared about this. Want to come along?"

Clare shrugged. "Might as well. I was going sailing up to White's Landing but my boat wouldn't go upstream today. There isn't enough wind to blow a feather."

Pert started. Not enough wind? Clare looked at his excited face. "What's the matter, Pert? Think of something?"

"I'll say I did! Come on!" They raced out to Pert's car, and all the way into town the Sheriff's foot was on the accelerator, way down. Clare, watching Pert's set face, didn't dare ask questions. He was too busy holding onto the side of the car.

As Pert had figured, Jared Greene had gone home to change his clothes. Surprise was on his face as he came to the door and saw Pert. But he managed to smile. "What's the matter, Sheriff? Forget something?"

His face whitened and there was fear in his eyes as he saw the handcuffs in Pert's hands, heard him say: "No. But you did! Jared Greene, I arrest you for the murder of Tom Larkin!"

"You're... you're... crazy!" the banker stammered.

Pert grinned, held out the letter. "You knew Larkin was going to make a big profit on this deal. He came to you for money to pay off the mortgage. Instead, you figured on taking over the farm yourself. So today you went to his farm, killed him after a struggle in which you used some sharp instrument. Then you carried his body to his catboat and prepared your alibi. Shall I go on?"

Greene's knees buckled under him. "No... no... I did it," he whimpered. "I did it." His voice was a mere whisper. "I was foolish enough to underestimate your intelligence, boy."

Pert grinned. "Maybe you weren't," he said slowly. "But a boat lover like yourself should know that a sailboat can't go upstream, as you said Tom Larkin's boat was doing, when there is no wind! Nope, not even enough to blow a feather!"

THE END

self," he said, pointing to a tear in the man's blue work shirt, "and got tangled up in his fish hook."

Pert bent down, looked at the tear. "Who found him?"

"I did," a familiar voice said. Tom looked at Jared Greene, who explained: "I was coming downstream in my power boat. Jared was going upstream in his catboat and yelled he was going fishing. I went along and heard a yell. His boat had capsized and Tom was drowned before I could get to him."

"That's right," a farmer cut in. "I saw Mr. Greene looking around the water."

Pert thanked him, gave the coroner an order for removal of the body. Then, with Clare Sanders beside him, he drove to Tom Larkin's house, in his mind an idea of getting the farmer's Sunday suit for burial.

He found the suit and was just going out when he saw a crumpled piece of paper on the floor. It was a letter. Pert whistled as he read it. "Listen to this for tough luck, Clare," he said. "This here's from a power company offering to buy Tom's property. They want to build a power station on it."

Clare shook his head. "Sure is tough. But say, Tom told me the other day this deal was in the wind. He was going to try to get some money to pay off the mortgage Jared Greene has on the place."
JEST JOKES

THERE!
LET THAT BE
A LESSON TO YOU!

COME, BILLY!
GRANDPA'S GONNA
LET US PLAY HIDE
AN' SEEK IN HIS
BEARD!

WHERE? WHO?
WHAT? WHEN?
ETC.
ETC.

IT Wuz THIS WAY,
CHIEF— I SNAPPED
TH' BRACELETS ON TH'
GUILLIEST-LOOKIN' GUY
IN THE PLACE — AN'
IT TURNED OUT T'BE
ME!

(smaller, upper right)

AN' ME THE BEST
THIRD-DEGREE EXPERT
AT HEADQUARTERS!!

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IS ON
THE RADIO!

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EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET...

MORTON CRAIG HAS BEEN ARRESTED FOR GRAND LARCENY! GET A STATEMENT FROM HIM!

I COULD HAVE SWORN YOU COULDN'T FIND A MORE HONEST MAN THAN CRAIG! WONDER WHAT CAME OVER HIM?

THAT, CLARK, IS WHAT TAYLOR WANTS YOU TO FIND OUT!

BUT WHEN CLARK REACHES THE CITY JAIL...

BUT SURELY YOU MUST HAVE SOME JUSTIFICATION FOR YOUR ACT! WHAT DROVE YOU TO IT?

I'M NOT SAYING ANYTHING! I TELL YOU!

IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO...

YOU CAN! GET ME DR. BREN! I FEEL TERRIBLY RUN DOWN! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!

LATER...

I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO DO TO THE PRISONER, DR. BREN!

CRAIG SUFFERS FROM ANEMIA. AN INJECTION WILL HELP—NOW, IF YOU'LL LEAVE US ALONE...

I'LL GO! IT'S PLAIN I WON'T GET ANY INFORMATION FROM CRAIG!
Shortly after the hypodermic injection, Craig's eyes lose their dull appearance, and take on a new sparkle.

Clark has stood in the adjoining room, his super-hearing has enabled him to overhear the peculiar conversation.

Within a deserted alley, Clark removes his outer garments, and a moment later stands revealed as the Dynamic Superman.

From atop an adjoining building, the Man of Steel observes Dr. Bren enter a drab edifice.

What Superman's highly advanced senses reveal to him...
(And just leave them to me! --)

As the gangsters drive away from the curb, down streaks Superman!

Now to throw a hitch into their smug plans!

Alighting behind the auto, the man of tomorrow gives it a terrific shove...

Mind changing your course?

...so that it hurtles into a traffic light stand!

Hey! Who you tryin' to kill?

But--!

None of your lip! Drive to the station! You're under arrest-- all of you!

Carlin, going out! Wonder what he's up to?

Trailing the notorious gangster, Superman is astonished to learn his destination...

--the laboratory of Professor Carl Grinstead, one of the world's most accomplished chemists!

I'll have to wait for the guard to look the other way. Perhaps this will help!
AS SUPERMAN HAD CALCULATED, THE SENTRY TURNS AS HE HEARS THE BRANCH FALL...

WHAT WAS THAT?

THAT SHADOW--LIKE A HUGE BIRD'S!

BUT WHEN THE GUARD LOOKS UP...

THAT'S ODD! NOTHING IN SIGHT! COULD I HAVE IMAGINED IT?

("- NOW!-")

(CARLIN AND PROFESSOR GRINSTEAD TOGETHER! BUT WHAT IS THE EMINENT PROFESSOR DOING IN A COMMON RACKETEER'S COMPANY?--")

CONGRATULATIONS, PROFESSOR, ON THE GREAT GOOD YOUR REMARKABLE DISCOVERY, PARABIOLINE, IS DOING MANKIND!

A GREAT DEAL OF CREDIT BELONGS TO YOU! I AM BUT A MAN OF SCIENCE! WITHOUT YOUR FINANCIAL BACKING AND BUSINESS ACUMEN, I'D HAVE BEEN HELPLESS!

("- SOMEONE APPROACHING!-")

I'LL HIDE BEHIND THAT CHIMNEY--AND AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS!
"Nick Blake—Carlin's bitterest underworld foe!"

Smiling malevolently, Blake takes careful aim...! With Carlin out a th'way, I should have no trouble takin' over his racket!

"I can't stand by and let someone be killed, no matter how much he deserves it, and so...!"

As Blake fires, the bullet strikes Superman's outthrust hand! The bullet ricochets upward!

May I take a hand in this?

"Ill...! Careful! You're headed for a fall!!"

CRASH!! Upset, the two figures fall thru the skylight...!

Landing at Carlin's feet!

What...? Butch! Jimmy! Come a'runnin'!!"
WHO ARE YOU? AND HOW DID...?  YOU CAN SAVE YOUR BREATH. I'VE NOTHING TO SAY!
WHAT IS IT, BOSS?
BLAKE'S KNOCKED COLD!  WHO IS THIS GUY?
I DON'T KNOW. BUT THERE'S A CHANCE HE KNOWS TOO MUCH. TAKE A COUPLE OF THE BOYS, JIMMY, AND FINISH HIM OFF!

FINISH HIM OFF? YOU DON'T MEAN...?  MURDER? SURE... WHY NOT?
BUT YOU CAN'T, YOU MUSTN'T! I WON'T ALLOW IT?
C'MON, GRANDPA! YOU WON'T, EH? BUTCH! THROW THIS DODDERING FOOL INTO THE CELLAR TO COOL OFF! AND BE SURE TO LOCK HIM IN!

INTO THE CAR, BUD... HE'S A COOL ONE! DOESN'T SAY A WORD!
KEEPIN' YER TRAP SHUT, EH? WELL, YOU WON'T WHEN WE'RE READY TO LET YOU HAVE IT!
THEY ALL BEG FOR MERCY--AN' HE WON'T BE ANY EXCEPTION!

SHORTLY AFTER... ON A DESERTED BRIDGE... YOU CAN START PLEADIN' NOW!
COOL AS A CUCUMBER! BLAST HIM! I'LL WIPE THAT UNCONCERNED LOOK OFF HIS MAP!
("- MUSTN'T DISAPPOINT THE BOYS! I'LL PLAY DEAD! --")
Lifting the **Man of Tomorrow**'s body, the hoodlums toss it over the bridge's side so that it topples down into the river...

But the muscle men would have been surprised if they could have witnessed a strange scene at the bottom of the river...

("They're turning—leaving! I guess it'll be okay to emerge now! --")

As the gangsters' car drives off, a dripping figure emerges from the river!

Catching the auto's rear bumper in a neat flying tackle....

---

...the man of steel swings beneath the car's body!

Can't let them do that!

Gosh, this road is bumpy!

Quit complainin'!

Not comfortable...but it'll do!

As Superman strikes the road's bumps, he flattens them!

Took that one with me!
When the car enters a factory building, Superman darts from under it for cover...

Wonder what sort of a place this is?

Entering a small office, the henchmen report to Carlin via telephone...

You needn't worry about that guy with the costume, Chief! We fixed his hash for good!

Nice work, Jimmy!

Step up the parabiolene production! Dr. Bren has located more patients who might prove useful to us!

Company!

An eavesdropper! Get him!

You're headed the wrong way!

An! We thought we'd killed him!

What--?

Get that guy! Stop him!

The guy can fly!

If this boiling fluid don't get him, nothing can!

But continuing on despite the deluge, Superman smashes the kettle to fragments!

Let that be a lesson to you!

Good grief!
DOWN THE CONVEYOR-BELT DIVES SUPERMAN

THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT CARLIN USES THIS FACTORY FOR AN EVIL PURPOSE—SO HERE'S PUTTING A STOP TO PRODUCTION!

THRU THE COMPLICATED MACHINERY PASSES SUPERMAN BATTLING HIS WAY THRU BOLTS, KNIVES, DRILLS...

THIS IS GETTING COMPLICATED!

AS SUPERMAN' PASSES THRU TWO GREAT METAL ROLLERS, THEY FLY INTO FRAGMENTS...

IT'S ABOUT TIME I HAD MY COSTUME PRESSED!

WHEN HE FINALLY EMERGES, HE LEAVES A TUNNEL OF DESTRUCTION IN HIS WAKE!!

YOU MIGHT GET A FEW CENTS FOR THAT JUNK!

AS MACHINE-GUNS BLAST AT HIM, SUPERMAN TURNS UPON HIS ANNOYERS...

STILL DETERMINED TO FINISH ME OFF!

SHOOT HIM DOWN!

CAN WE HELP IT IF HE WON'T DROP DEAD?

NEATLY, SUPERMAN TIES THE TWO MACHINE-GUN BARRELS TOGETHER...

THERE! JUST LIKE A PRETZEL!

LOOK AT HIM GO!

WOW! RIGHT THRU TH' WALL -- AS THO' IT WAS PAPER!

LATER... SUPERMAN PLUMMETS DOWN TO THE ROOF OF PROFESSOR GRINSTED'S LABORATORY!

NOW TO RELEASE GRINSTED!
But hearing Grinstead and Carlin below him, Superman pauses... and listens... 'You've changed! Why, you don't seem the same person! You imprison me... calmly discuss murder... why?... Listen, chump--and find out!' "You'll be surprised to learn that I haven't been using your drug to help people... instead I find people who need it... like Dr. Bren and Morton Craig... and make them do my bidding. They either steal--or die!"

"You--you fiend! I'll not produce another ounce of parabioline for you! You needn't bother! I'm already producing it in a factory of my own. You see, I don't need you any more!"

"And so I'll... what's that? Gunfire!"

Locking the professor in, Carlin dashes to a nearby room...

"Raise 'em! What does this mean? Just that my men have come to free me! You'd better let me cut in on your racket, Carlin--or else!"

Next instant, the room is the scene of a battle royal as the rival gangs clash...

"Let me in on this! Huh? It's that cloaked guy!"

The two gangs concentrate on their common enemy!

"All against one, eh? Well--come on! I like competition!"
SUPERMAN EASILY HURLS HIS OPPONENTS BACK DESPITE THEIR GREAT NUMBERS...

PLEASE!... THIS IS TOO SIMPLE!

UPSYDAISY!

WITHIN MOMENTS THE GANGSTERS ARE ALL DANGLING FROM TROPHIES...

WHAT AN INSPIRING PICTURE THIS WOULD MAKE! IF I ONLY HAD MY CANDID CAMERA HERE!

WITHIN GRINSTEAD'S LABORATORY...

I TRIED TO CREATE A BLESSING FOR MANKIND... BUT SUCCEEDED ONLY IN CREATING A CURSE!

THERE IS ONLY ONE HONORABLE WAY TO PAY FOR MY CRIME!

GRINSTEAD -- DYING!

I'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL IN A HURRY!
WHEN SUPERMAN REACHES THE WAYSIDE HOSPITAL...

But we can't do anything for Grinstead! He's already dead!

Please do as I say! Put him in an artificial fever machine and keep the temperature high until I return!

MINUTES LATER, SUPERMAN SPRINGS INTO DR. BREN'S OFFICE

Who...?

Never mind the formalities! Professor Grinstead is dying! I need some parabioline!

Grinstead dying? Wait! Take me with you!

Swell!

This--This is fantastic!

You've got to save his life, Dr. Bren! The world needs him!

LATER--AT THE HOSPITAL, DR. BREN ADMINISTERS THE DRUG TO GRINSTED...

Shortly after the professor's eyes flutter...

One last task! I still have to make Carlin release his victims!

WITHIN THE LABORATORY, CARLIN SUCCEEDS IN FREEDING HIMSELF

Help us down!

That's your headache! I'm clearin' outta here while th' gettin's good!
THE STATE PAROLE BOARD IS INTERRUPTED IN ITS DELIBERATIONS

PARDON, GENTLEMEN, BUT THIS NOTORIOUS RACKETEER, CARLIN, HAS SOMETHING TO SAY WHICH MIGHT INTEREST YOU!

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? HOW DARE YOU BARGE IN?

OFFICER, ARREST THAT MAN! AND THIS BOARD WILL RECOMMEND THAT CRAIG BE PAROLED!

COME ON, YOU! I'M NOT NEEDED ANY LONGER!

DAYS LATER... CLARK AND LOIS VISIT PROFESSOR GRINSTEAD IN THE HOSPITAL

PARABIOLENE! I'M SORRY I EVER DISCOVERED THE VICIOUS DRUG!

Vicious? Only in evil hands! Parabiolene is a godsend to the suffering professor and thousands already bless your name!

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