

No.5

SUMMER ISSUE

SUPERMAN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

10¢



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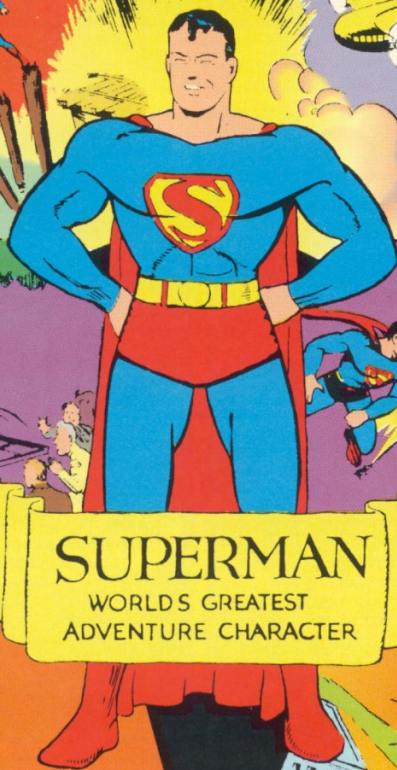
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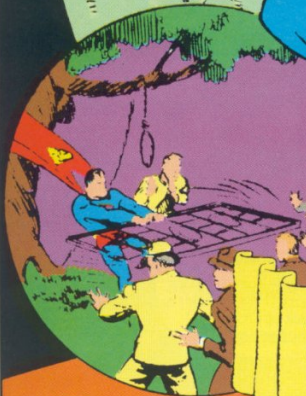
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SUPERMAN

WORLD'S GREATEST
ADVENTURE CHARACTER



SUPERMAN

by
JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

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

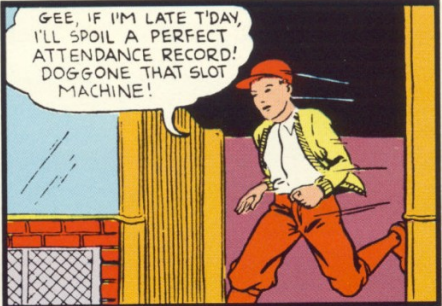
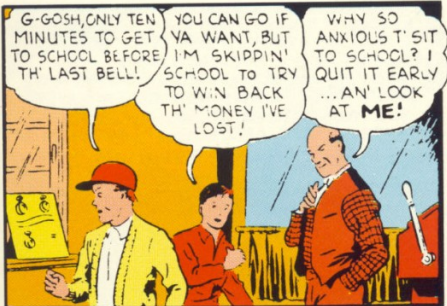


ON THEIR WAY TO THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE, LOIS LANE AND CLARK KENT PAUSE AS THEY OVERHEAR--

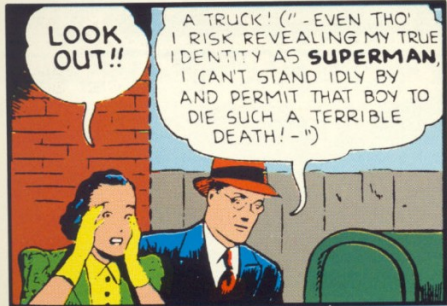
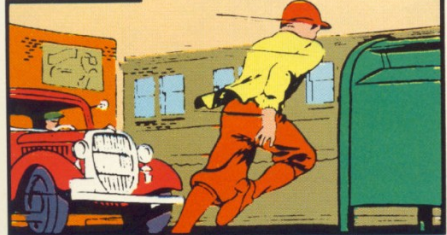


CURIOUS, THE TWO REPORTERS FOLLOW THE YOUNGSTERS INTO THE STORE... AND ARE ANGERED AT WHAT ENSUES...

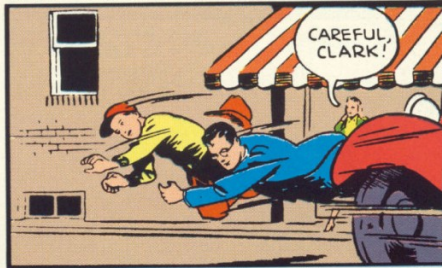




SO EAGER IS THE BOY TO REACH SCHOOL ON TIME THAT HE FAILS TO NOTE SAFETY PRECAUTIONS AND DASHES STRAIGHT INTO THE PATH OF A SPEEDING TRUCK...



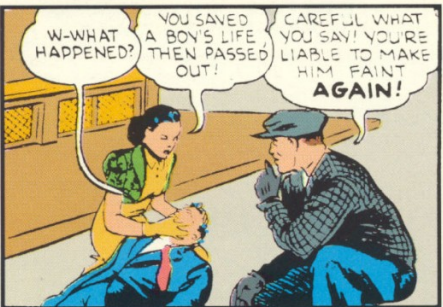
SWIFT AS LIGHT, CLARK BRINGS DOWN THE YOUTH WITH A NEAT FLYING TACKLE...

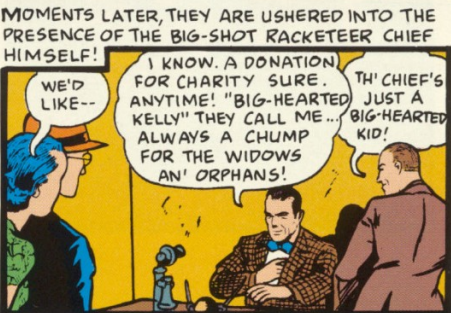
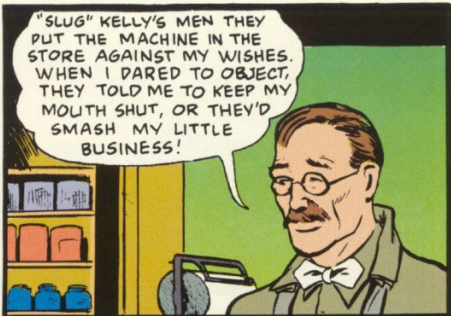


NEXT INSTANT, THE TRUCK PASSES OVER THE TWO BODIES...

BUT THEY ARE SAFELY HUDDLED BETWEEN THE TRUCK'S MASSIVE WHEELS!







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!

ZAT SO?

G-GULP! -- W-WELL -- IN A -- ER -- WAY -- I -- I GUESS IT IS --!

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 WASTIN' YOUR TIME, "SLUG"! WE CAN'T BE BRIBED! RIGHT, CLARK?

R--RIGHT?!

A-AAH! I'M SICK OF WASTIN' BREATH ON YOU! GRAB 'EM, BOYS! AN' LOCK 'EM UP SEPARATELY!

OKAY, CHIEF!

DO SOMETHING, CLARK!

W-WHAT?

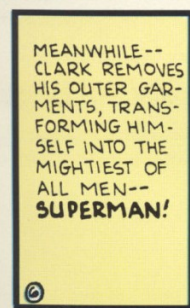
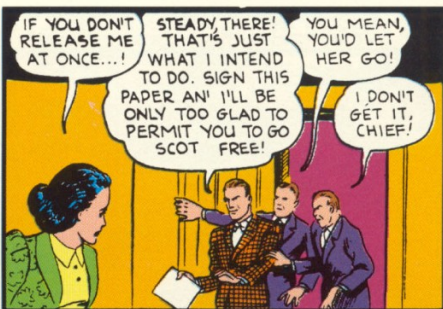
MOVE!

FIGHT, YOU FOOL! THEY MAY BE TAKING US TO OUR DEATHS!

DEATH? OH, MY WORD!

THERE! THAT'LL HOLD HER!

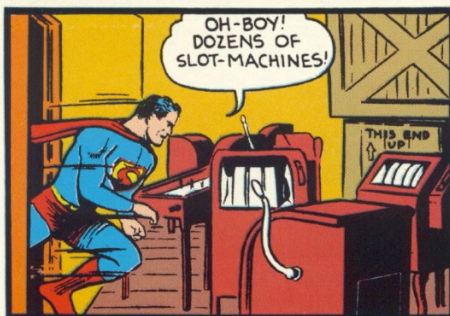
I REALLY DON'T HAVE TO LOCK THIS DOOR. THAT REPORTER IS SO SCARED, HE WOULDN'T MOVE AN INCH IF THE DOOR WAS WIDE OPEN!



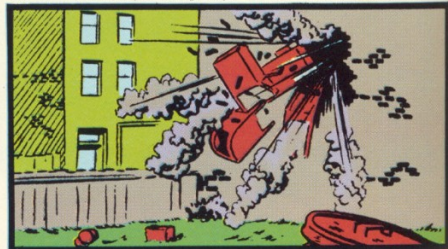
SWIFTLY, SUPERMAN CATCHES THE DOOR BEFORE IT CAN STRIKE THE FLOOR...

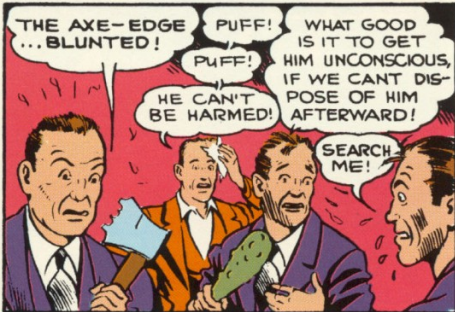
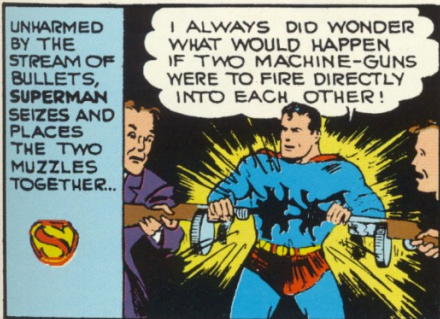


AS THE HOODLUM FIRES AT HIM, THE MAN OF STEEL SLAPS BACK THE BULLET SO THAT IT STRIKES THE GUN FROM THE GUNMAN'S HAND!



PROPELLED BY THE MAN OF TOMORROW'S INCREDIBLY POWERFUL MUSCLES, A GREAT MASS OF SMASHED SLOT-MACHINES CRASHES THRU THE WALL...





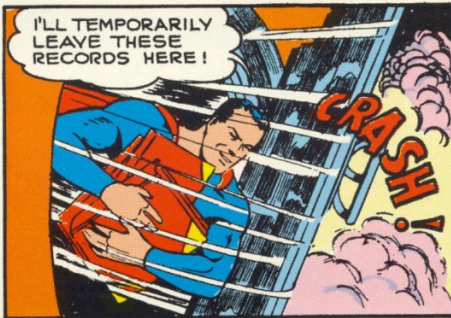


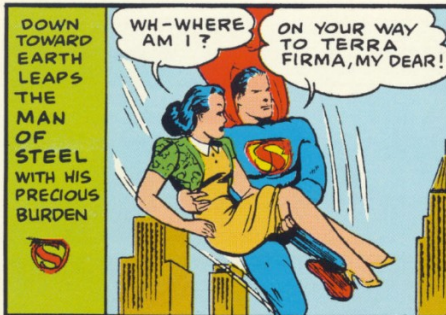


AS "SLUG" ATTEMPTS TO SLAM A VAULT DOOR SHUT, **SUPERMAN** LEAPS FORWARD AND PREVENTS IT FROM CLOSING BY PLACING HIS FINGERS IN THE OPENING....



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





THE MAN OF STEEL BEGINS HIS ONE-MAN CRUSADE TO CLEAR METROPOLIS OF SLOT-MACHINES...



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



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



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



AT THAT MOMENT...



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 SCHOOL-HOUSE, SUPERMAN ADDRESSES THE ASTONISHED SCHOOL CHILDREN AS THEY EMERGE FOR LUNCH....

TELL THEM THE TRUTH, SLUG!

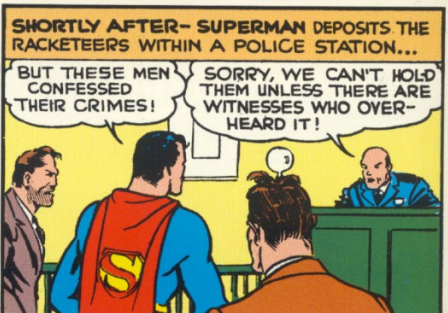
MY SLOT-MACHINES WERE FIXED! YOU KIDS COULDN'T WIN! D-DON'T DROP ME!



SHORTLY AFTER- SUPERMAN DEPOSITS THE RACKETEERS WITHIN A POLICE STATION...

BUT THESE MEN CONFESSED THEIR CRIMES!

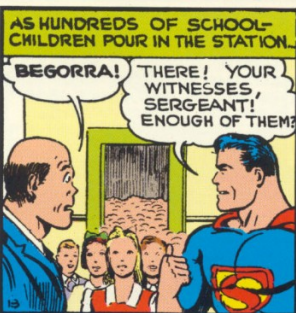
SORRY, WE CAN'T HOLD THEM UNLESS THERE ARE WITNESSES WHO OVER-HEARD IT!



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 DIS-PROVED DURING TH' TRIAL!

YES, AND METROPOLIS IS FREED FROM A VICIOUS RACKET THAT PREYED ON 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 —



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

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

AND JIMMY PUT ON "MUSCLE" WITH THOSE WONDERFUL JOWETT "STRONG-MAN" EXERCISES!

PRETTY SOON ----- THAT SAME BULLY BEGAN TO ANNOY JIMMY AGAIN AND --

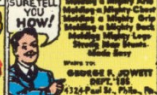
WHAT A THRASHING JIMMY GAVE HIM! WE WERE PROUD OF OUR SON!

THE JOWETT BOOKS SURE TELL YOU HOW!

Each book written by the famous Doctor F. Jowett, is a complete illustrated course in strength building. Your own doctor will tell you.

Making a Mighty Arm
Making a Mighty Chest
Making a Mighty Back
Making a Mighty Leg
Making a Mighty Body
Making a Mighty Mind

Write to:
GEORGE F. JOWETT
DEPT. 128
4124 Paul St., Tulsa, Ok.



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

SUPERMAN

by
JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

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



ZACHARY COLLUM, PUBLISHER OF THE MORNING PICTORIAL, IS VISITED BY ALEX EVELL, A PETTY, NOT-TOO-POPULAR POLITICIAN.

BRIEFLY, I WANT YOU TO SELL ME THE PICTORIAL FOR \$25,000.

YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR HEAD, MAN! YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO, THE NEWS-PAPER IS WORTH MANY TIMES THAT AMOUNT. BESIDES, I WOULDN'T CONSIDER SELLING FOR ANY PRICE!



NEVERTHELESS, YOU'RE GOING TO SELL OUT! MY POLITICAL POWER IS GROWING, AND WITH A NEWS-PAPER 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!



LATER-- EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET.

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

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 UP-
RIGHT BARNES IS DENOUNCED IN
THE MORNING PICTORIAL AS A
RAPSCALLION...

BARNES ACCUSATIONS TOP BARON MUNCHAUSEN

by
PETER FIB

The blast levelled
against Alex Evell is
published in the
Morning Pictorial

BLAZE DESTROYS
FOUR DWELLINGS

CON-
NEW

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 CON-
FISCATED ALL
OUR FAKE
LOTTERY
TICKETS!

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

orning Pictorial

POLICE GUILTY OF THIRD DEGREE METHODS

*Morning Pictorial
Advocates Job
Shakeup*

by
I. M. LYON

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

WHAT IS YOUR
REPLY TO THE
MORNING PIC-
TORIAL'S AC-
CUSATIONS,
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 WELL CON-
TINUE 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
LOSE 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!

SAY--DON'T I RATE 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 DE-LANY 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!

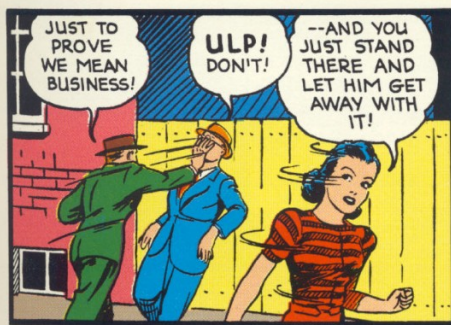
DAILY PLANET REPORTERS, EH?



THIS IS JUST TH' BEGINNING, SEE? IF YER BOSS DON'T SELL OUT, IT'LL GIT 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!



JUST TO PROVE WE MEAN BUSINESS!

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!!**



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 -- THE STREETS, **NOW?** --- (GULP!)-- OKAY!



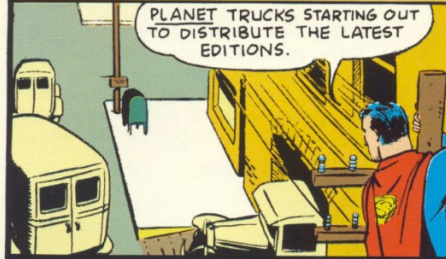
IN A DESERTED SPOT NEAR THE PLANET BUILDING, THE MEEK REPORTER DOFFS HIS OUTER GARMENTS, TRANSFORMING HIMSELF INTO DARING- **SUPERMAN!**



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!



SEIZING A TRUCK, **SUPERMAN** WHIRLS IT 'ROUND AND 'ROUND--AND THE TERRIFIED THUGS SCRAMBLE FOR SAFETY!

CHANGED YOUR MINDS?



LEAPING AT THE OPPOSING TRUCKS, THE MAN OF STEEL RAMS THEM TOGETHER LIKE SARDINES, THEN TURNS THE ENTIRE STACK ON ITS SIDE!

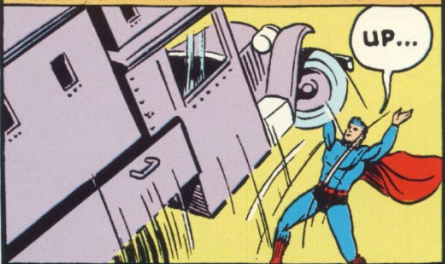
JUST LIKE A DECK OF CARDS!



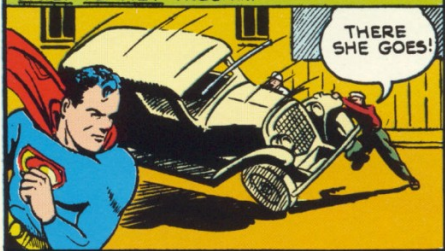
AS THE **DAILY PLANET** TRUCKS PROCEED, A GREAT TANK-LIKE TRUCK STREAKS TOWARD THEM...



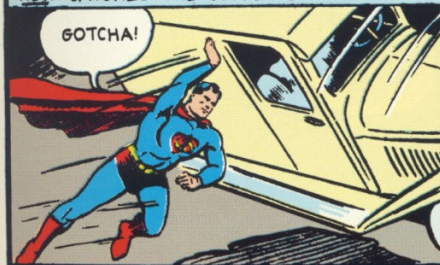
BUT LEAPING IN WITH SUPER-SPEED, **SUPERMAN** SEIZES THE TRUCK'S BUMPER...



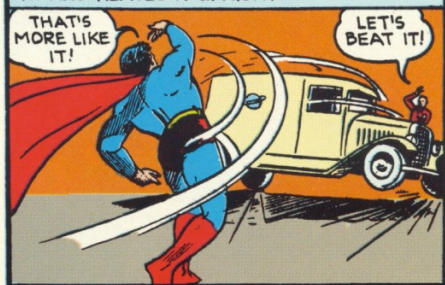
WHIRLING, **SUPERMAN** SIGHTS A MOB OF HOODLUMS ATTEMPTING TO OVERTURN A **DAILY PLANET** TRUCK...



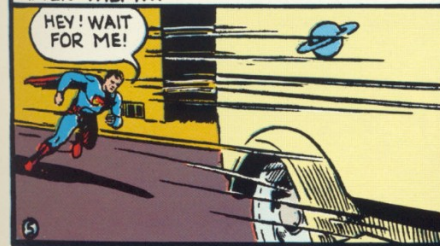
SPRINGING FORWARD, THE MAN OF TOMORROW CATCHES THE TOPPLING TRUCK



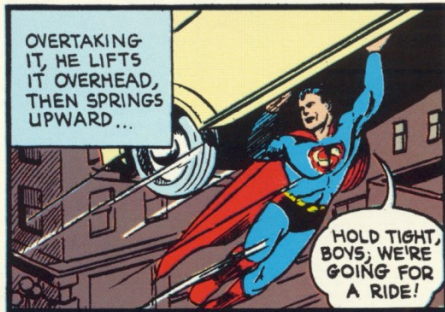
... AND HEAVES IT UPRIGHT!

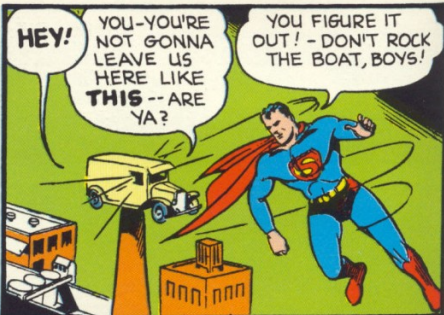
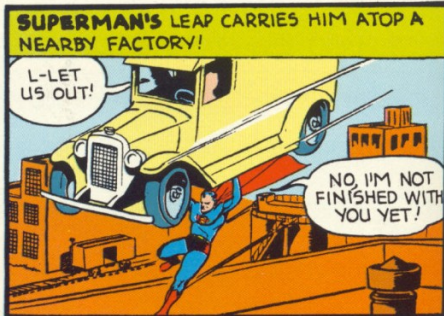


AS THE THUGS LEAP INTO THE TRUCK AND SPEED AWAY, **SUPERMAN** RACES AFTER THEM...

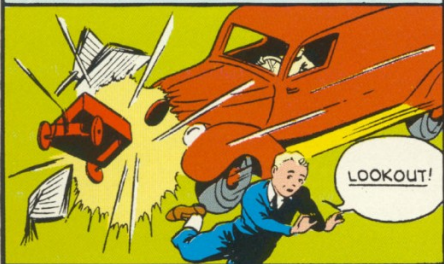


OVERTAKING IT, HE LIFTS IT OVERHEAD, THEN SPRINGS UPWARD...

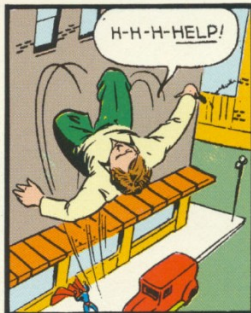
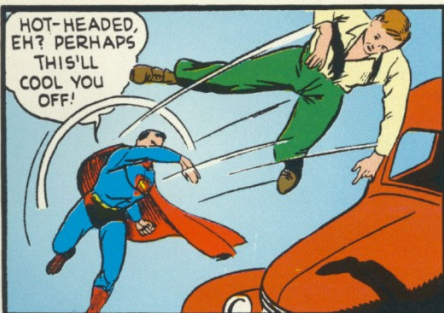




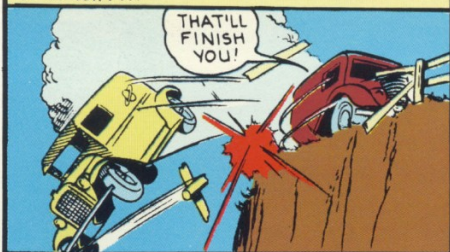
NOTING A MORNING PICTORIAL DRIVER DELIBERATELY SMASHING A NEWSBOY'S WAGON.



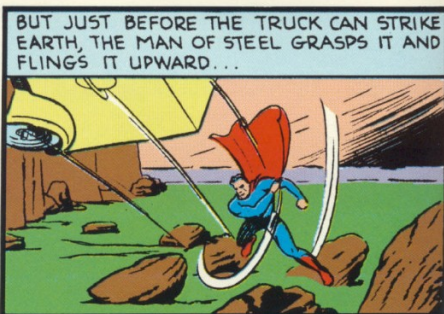
... **SUPERMAN** STREAKS INTO ACTION!



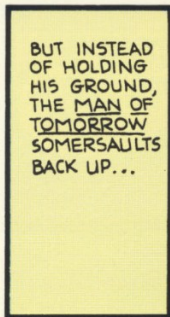
A MILE AWAY, A MORNING PICTORIAL TRUCK FORCES A DAILY PLANET CAR OVER THE SIDE OF A CLIFF...



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



DOWN
CRASHES
SUPERMAN!



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



AT A NEARBY STORE...



AN INSTANT LATER.



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



OUTSIDE THE MORNING PICTORIAL WINDOW...



SEIZING AN AXE FROM A FIRE BOX, EVELL PREPARES TO DESTROY THE EAVESDROPPER..



DOWN SMASHES THE AXE ONTO **SUPERMAN'S** FINGERS!



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



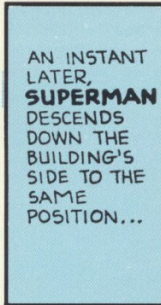
I CERTAINLY
PUT MY FOOT--
OR SHOULD I
SAY MY HAND
-- INTO IT
THAT TIME!



A MAN
INVULNERABLE
TO PHYSICAL
ATTACK ---
AMAZING!

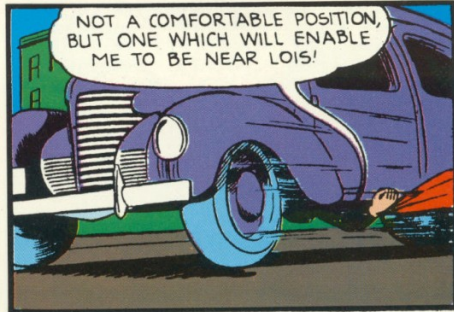
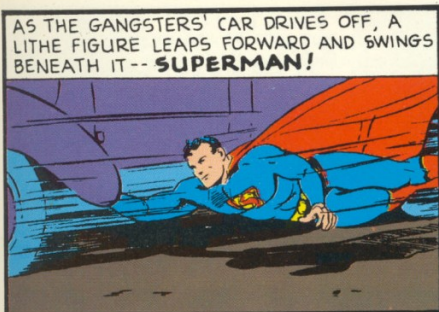


AN INSTANT
LATER,
SUPERMAN
DESCENDS
DOWN THE
BUILDING'S
SIDE TO THE
SAME
POSITION...



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





AS THE MACHINE-GUN FIRE HAS NO EFFECT UPON THE MAN OF STEEL, ONE OF THE THUGS FIRES AN ELEPHANT-GUN...



AS SUPERMAN RACES AFTER LOIS AND HER CAPTOR...



BACK INTO THE FLAMING BUILDING DASHES SUPERMAN...



SUPERMAN SNATCHES THE GUN AWAY, THEN...



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



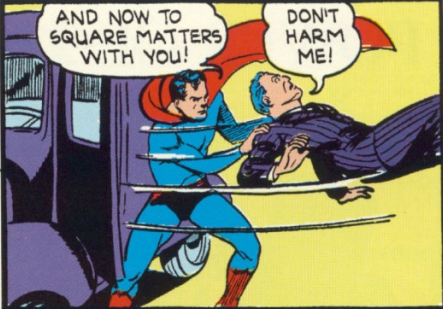
SWIFTLY, **SUPERMAN** KICKS OFF THE MACHINE'S FRONT WHEELS...

YOU WON'T NEED THEM!



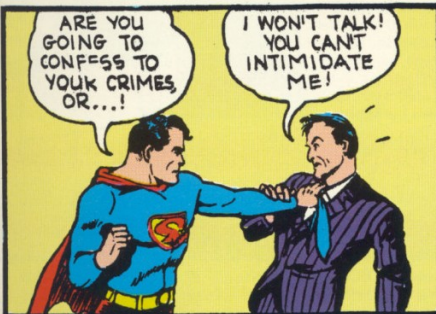
AND NOW TO SQUARE MATTERS WITH YOU!

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, EVELL YOUR OWN EVIL DEEDS HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU!



ACROSS THE SKY LEAPS **SUPERMAN** WITH HIS CAPTIVES...

IF YOU DON'T TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOURSELF, I'LL SCREAM! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM? WHAT-?

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



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

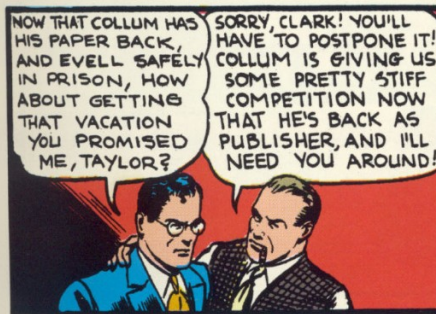
HERE ARE SOME CUSTOMERS FOR YOU, SERGEANT!

SUPERMAN!



NOW THAT COLLUM HAS HIS PAPER BACK, AND EVELL 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' ONE BUSY REPORTER IS BETTER THAN ONE WHO WASTES TIME GABBIN'! GET GOIN', CLARK! I WANT NEWS!



THE END

POWER OF THE PRESS

By
George Shute



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-

Baby ^{CURTISS} 5[¢] Ruth



WHAT
IS THE
BRIGHTEST
STAR
?

IS RICH
IN PURE
DEXTROSE
THE SUGAR
YOUR BODY USES
DIRECTLY
FOR ENERGY



SIRIUS
THE
DOG STAR

CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD

...ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY



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

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

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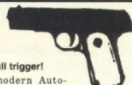
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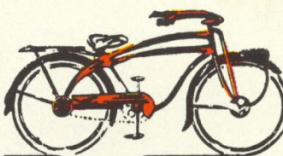


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3500 shots

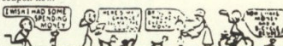
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SUPERMAN

JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

AN UNEXPECTED WAVE OF UNEMPLOYMENT HITS THE COUNTRY AS MILLIONS SUFFER FROM HUNGER, BUSINESS STAGGERS, AND THE UNITED STATES IS FACED WITH THE WORST DEPRESSION IN ITS HISTORY!

THERE MUST BE A REASON FOR THIS CRISIS! INTERVIEW SOME OF OUR CITY'S LEADING MEN OF FINANCE FOR THEIR OPINIONS!

RESERVE A PROMINENT SPOT ON THE FRONT PAGE FOR ME!



...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!



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



LATER--AFTER DUMPING THE BOMBS INTO THE RIVER



LEAPING 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 !



BUT AS HE RETURNS...



SWIFTLY CLARK TAKES A LEAP THAT CARRIES HIM THRU THE WINDOW--JUST AS THE POLICE BURST THRU THE DOOR!



CLARK ALIGHTS ATOP A NEARBY BUILDING!



WALKING DOWN THRU THE BUILDING, CLARK SHORTLY AFTER EMERGES ON THE STREET.



IT CERTAINLY DOESN'T TAKE YOU REPORTERS LONG TO SCENT A STORY!



CLARK TELEPHONES HIS STORY TO A RE-WRITE MAN AT THE OFFICE...



DETERMINING TO REVISIT ANOTHER OFFICE WITHIN WHICH HE HAD DETECTED THE INCENSE, CLARK RETURNS TO THE OFFICE OF BORDEN MOSELY, RUTHLESS FINANCIAL GIANT.



BUT, CLARK IS NOT DISCOURAGED SO EASILY. HE ENTERS AN ADJOINING INSURANCE OFFICE

I-I'VE A PREMONITION I MAY **PASS AWAY** ANY MOMENT! I'D LIKE SOME INSURANCE, THEREFORE, AT ONCE!

HAVE A SEAT! I'LL SEE IF MR. METZEL IS READY TO SEE YOU!



YOU MAY GO IN-N--EE-EE-EE! **GONE!**



MEANWHILE.... CLARK IS MAKING HIS WAY ALONG THE BARE SIDE OF THE BUILDING BY DIGGING HIS BARE FINGERS INTO THE BRICK FOR FINGER-HOLDS!



A SWIFT LEAP CARRIES HIM TO A LARGE CABINET...

("TIME TO GET OUT OF SIGHT!")



UNNOTICED BY THE GIRL, CLARK NOISELESSLY SLIPS THRU THE WINDOW!



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!



ENTERING MOSELY'S PRIVATE OFFICE, HE IS ABOUT TO INVESTIGATE THE SOURCE OF THE INCENSE WHEN...

SOMEONE COMING!

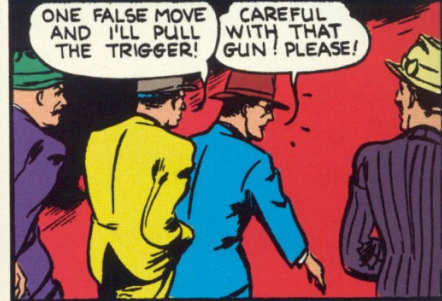


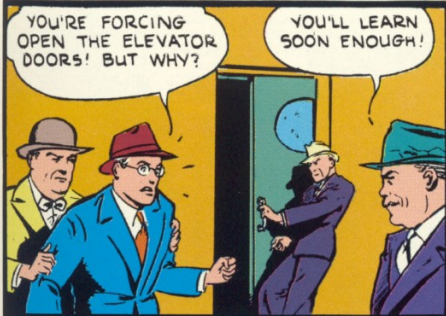
AS MOSELY ENTERS WITH TWO HENCHMEN, CLARK HASTILY CLOSES THE CABINET DOOR...

WE CAN TALK HERE WITHOUT DANGER OF BEING OVERHEARD!

CONSIDERIN' WHAT WE'VE GOT TO DISCUSS, THAT'S IMPORTANT!







LEAVING THE UNCONSCIOUS FIGURES BEHIND HIM, SUPERMAN RACES UP THE SIDE OF A NEARBY SKY-SCRAPER!



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



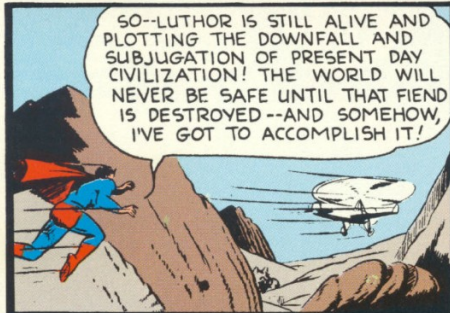
YOU WISH ME TO COME AND MAKE A FULL REPORT? I OBEY!



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



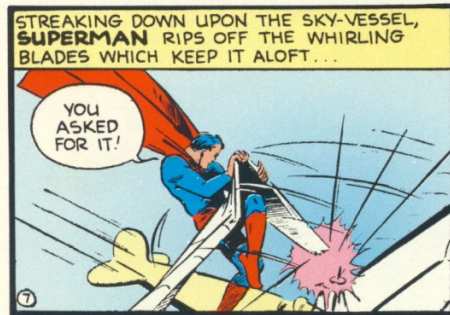
SO--LUTHOR IS STILL ALIVE AND PLOTTING THE DOWNFALL AND SUBJUGATION OF PRESENT DAY CIVILIZATION! THE WORLD WILL NEVER BE SAFE UNTIL THAT FIEND IS DESTROYED--AND SOMEHOW, I'VE GOT TO ACCOMPLISH IT!



SIGHTED ME, EH? AND ITCHING FOR A FIGHT!



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



AS PLANE AND **SUPERMAN** PLUMMET DOWNWARD...



AFTER THE AUTO-GYRO CRASHES, **SUPERMAN** TRAILS MOSELY

HE THINKS THAT DROP FINISHED ME OFF! BUT HE'S GOT ANOTHER GUESS COMING!

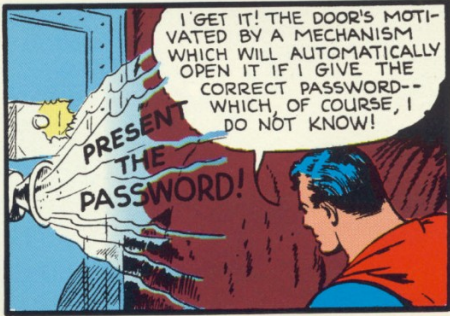
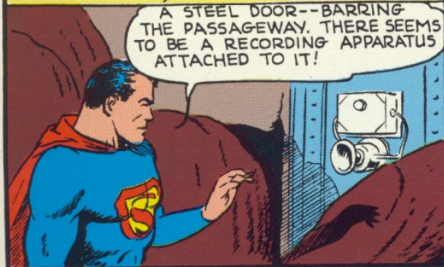


BORDEN MOSELY DISAPPEARS THRU A SECRET ENTRANCE INTO THE MOUNTAIN...



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!



BUT BEFORE **SUPERMAN** CAN ACT....!



SHARP SPIKES SMASH BEFORE THE WEIGHT OF THE MAN OF TOMORROW...

ODD--BUT I'M ACTUALLY COMFORTABLE!

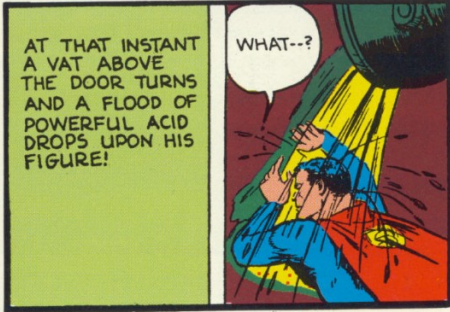


BUT THIS IS NO TIME TO RELAX!



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!

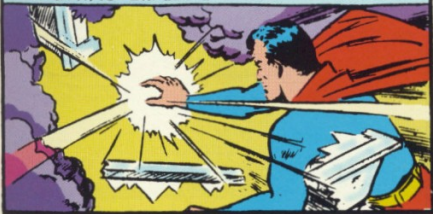
SUPERMAN!



SUPERMAN HAD
COMMITTED THE
ERROR OF STANDING
BETWEEN TWO
ANTENNA! 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...



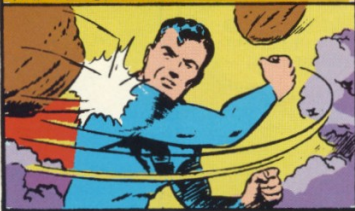
SUPERMAN PROTECTS MOSELY FROM THE MACHINE'S FLYING FRAGMENTS...



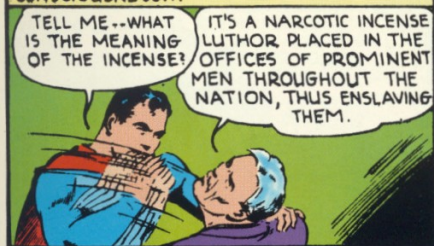
AN INSTANT LATER **SUPERMAN** SNATCHES UP THE FINANCIER'S BODY AND DASHES ALONG THE CAVERN...



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



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



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...



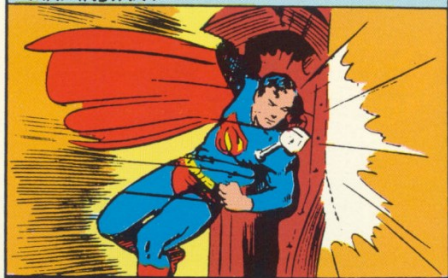
THERE! IT'S OPEN! I'LL KNOW IN A FEW MINUTES WHETHER YOU'RE LYING!



SUFFOCATE, BLAST YOU!



THAT INSTANT---



YOU TREACHEROUS DOG! I'D PULVERIZE YOU, BUT YOU'RE NOT WORTH THE EFFORT!

DON'T HIT ME! I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT!



GLANCING OVER THE LIST OF NAMES, **SUPERMAN** INSTANTLY MEMORIZES THEM WITH HIS PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY!



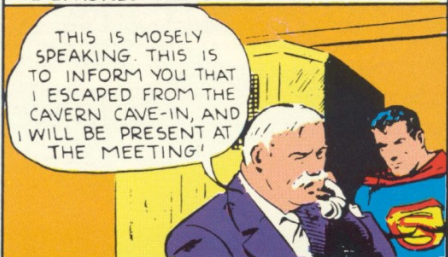
HM-M! SOME VERY IMPORTANT LEADERS!

TELL ME! WHERE DOES LUTHOR HIDE OUT?

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



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



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

I'VE 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 MOSELY BACK UP WITHIN HIS OFFICE!



CATCHING
A LEDGE
SUPERMAN
FLEXES HIS
WRIST, SEND-
ING 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



STUDYING MOSELY'S FIGURE CLOSELY, **SUPERMAN** CONTOURTS HIS FEATURES SO THAT THEY ARE IDENTICAL TO THOSE OF THE LEADER OF INDUSTRY...



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...



FINALLY, LUTHOR HIMSELF ENTERS...

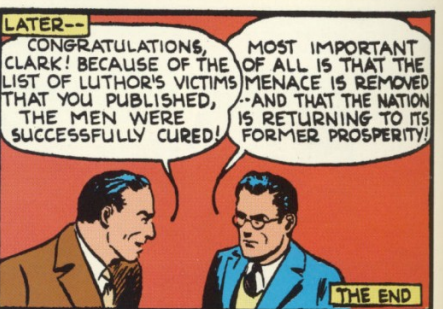
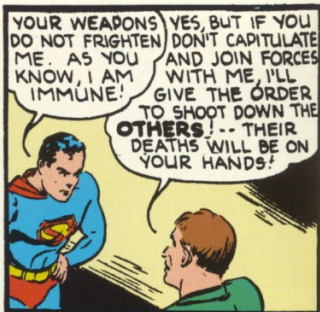


MAN AFTER MAN SPEAKS..THEN...



BUT AS SUPERMAN STANDS..LUTHOR SIGNALS AND GUARDS ARMED WITH RAY-GUNS STEP INTO THE ROOM FROM BOTH SIDES...!





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

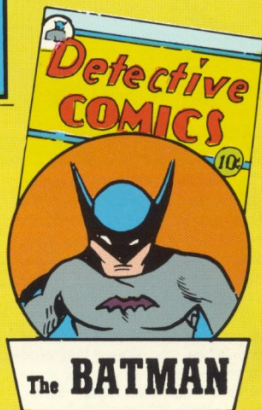
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Features Every Month!



ON SALE ABOUT
THE 23RD
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT
THE 7TH
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT
THE 5TH
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT
THE 20TH
OF EVERY MONTH



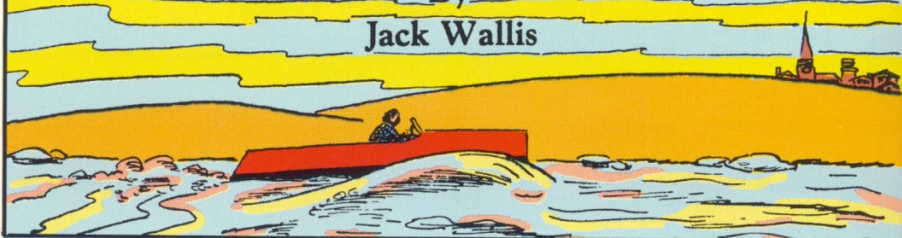
ON SALE ABOUT
THE 1ST
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT
THE 15TH
OF EVERY MONTH

MURDER IN THE WIND

By
Jack Wallis



OSWATO 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 Blairs 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 Cowdley'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 everyone knew Tom Larkin. He was a widower farmer and pretty 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-



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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."

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 whispered. "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

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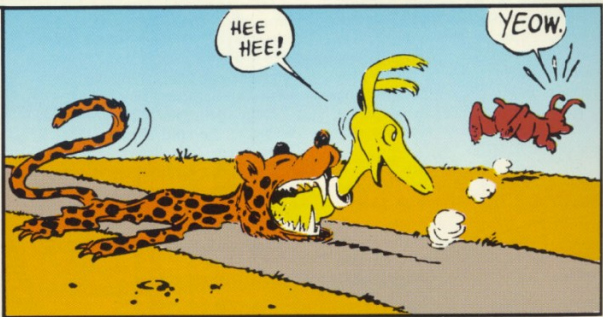
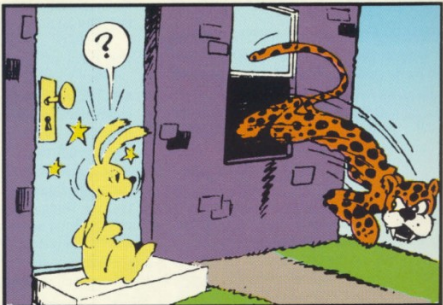
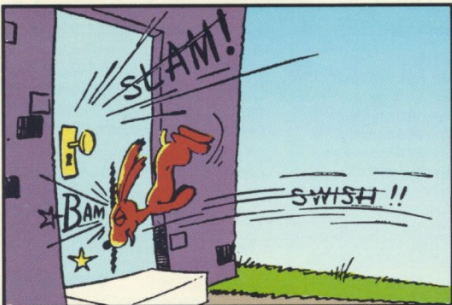
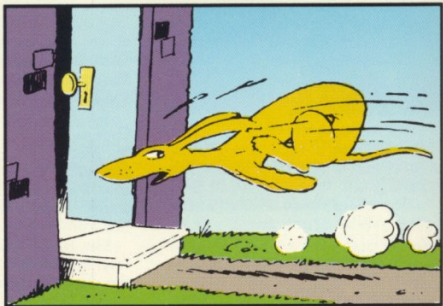
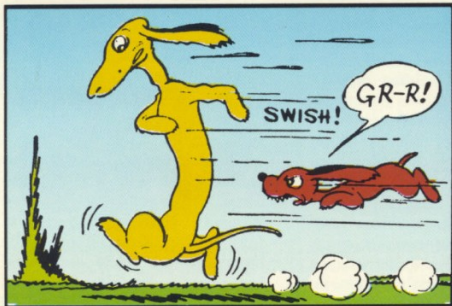
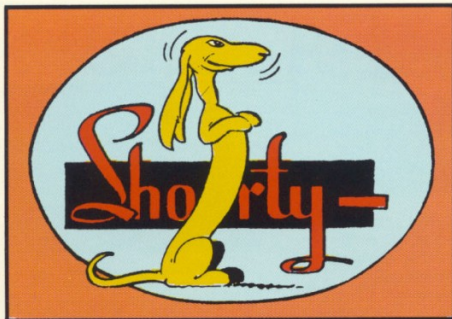
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JEST JOKES



C'MON, BILLY!
GRANPA'S GONNA
LET US PLAY HIDE
AN' SEEK IN HIS
BEARD!



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



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

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WFBL	Syracuse	6:15-6:30
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CONTAINS ALL BRAND-
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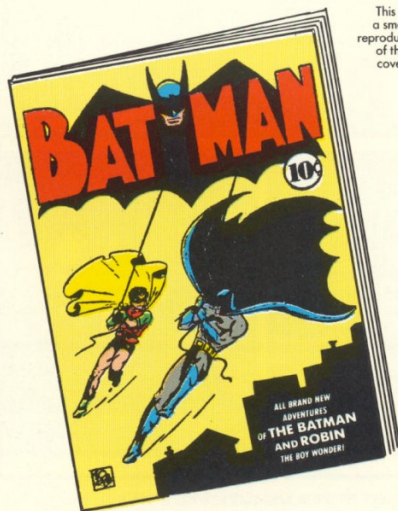
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SUPERMAN

by
JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

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



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...!



GET THIS, DR. BREN! EITHER I GET RELEASED FROM THIS JAIL --- SOMEHOW, ANY WAY-- OR I TALK! UNDERSTAND --TALK!

HOLD YOUR TONGUE, YOU FOOL! --I'LL SEE IF ANYTHING CAN BE DONE!



THO CLARK HAS STOOD IN THE ADJOINING ROOM, HIS SUPER-HEARING HAS ENABLED HIM TO OVERHEAR THE PECULIAR CONVERSATION..

("NOW THAT'S ODD! WHAT CONNECTION CAN BREN HAVE WITH CRAIG'S IMPRISONMENT?--")



("DR. BREN LOOKS QUITE WORRIED, HIMSELF! THIS LOOKS WORTHY OF ATTENTION!--")



WITHIN A DESERTED ALLEY, CLARK REMOVES HIS OUTER GARMENTS, AND A MOMENT LATER STANDS REVEALED AS THE DYNAMIC SUPERMAN...!

IF THERE'S SOME JUSTIFICATION FOR CRAIG'S CRIME, I WANT TO KNOW IT!



A FANTASTICALLY GARBED FIGURE TRAILS THE DOCTOR'S AUTO...



FROM ATOP AN ADJOINING BUILDING, THE MAN OF STEEL OBSERVES DR. BREN ENTER A DRAB EDIFICE...

NOW IT'S GOING TO BE UP TO MY X-RAY EYESIGHT AND SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING!



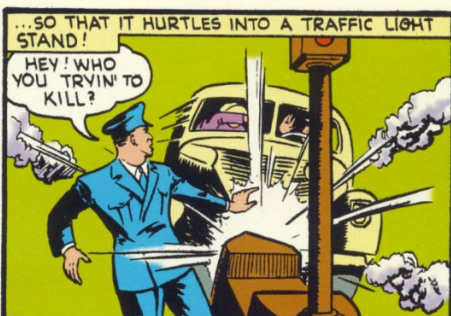
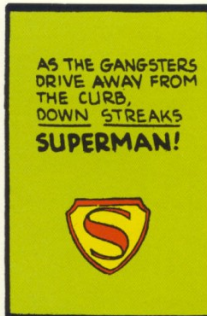
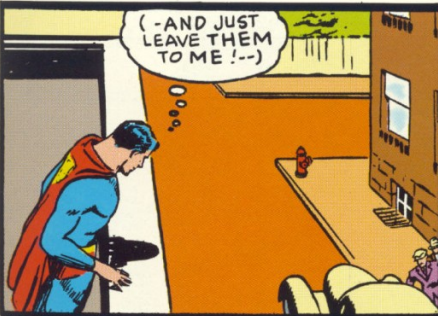
WHAT SUPERMAN'S HIGHLY ADVANCED SENSES REVEAL TO HIM...

AND RIGHT AFTER I GAVE HIM THE SHOT, HE GAVE ME A MESSAGE FOR YOU. EITHER YOU SPRING HIM, CARLIN, OR HE TELLS THE POLICE ALL ABOUT YOUR NEAT RACKET!

SEE THAT HE DOESN'T LIVE TO SQUEAL, MEN!

JUST LEAVE THAT GUY TO US, BOSS!





TRAILING THE NOTORIOUS GANGSTER, SUPERMAN IS ASTONISHED TO LEARN HIS DESTINATION...



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?



("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 DIS-
COVERY, PARABIOLENE
IS DOING MANKIND!

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



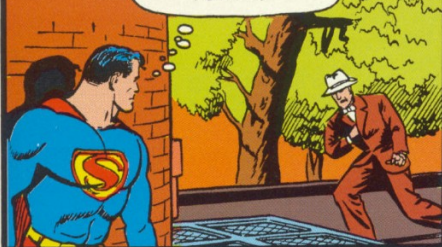
("SOMEONE
APPROACHING!")



I'LL HIDE BEHIND
THAT CHIMNEY--
AND AWAIT
DEVELOPMENTS!



("NICK BLAKE--CARLIN'S
BITTEREST UNDERWORLD
FOE!-")

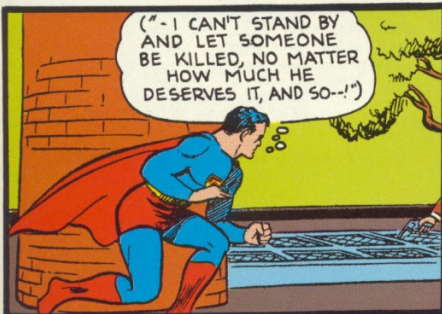


SMILING MALEVOLENTLY, BLAKE TAKES CAREFUL
AIM...

WITH CARLIN OUTA
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 **SUPER-
MAN'S** OUTTHRUST HAND! THE BULLET
RICOCHETS UPWARD!



I'LL--!

CAREFUL!
YOU'RE HEADED
FOR A FALL!



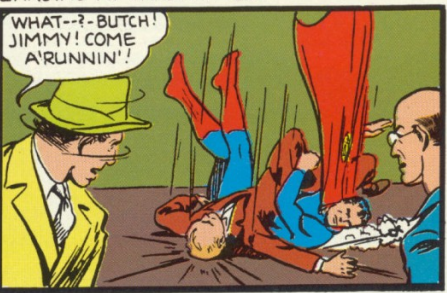
CRASH!!

UPSET, THE
TWO FIGURES
FALL THRU
THE
SKYLIGHT...!



LANDING AT CARLIN'S FEET!

WHAT--?- BUTCH!
JIMMY! COME
A'RUNNIN'!

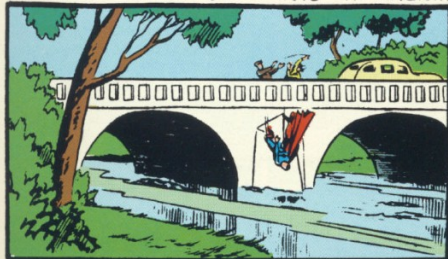




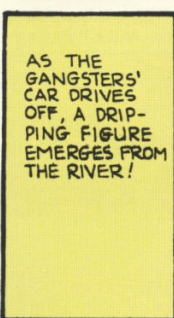
SHORTLY AFTER... ON A DESERTED BRIDGE....



LIFTING THE **MAN OF STEEL**'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...



CATCHING THE AUTO'S REAR BUMPER IN A NEAT FLYING TACKLE....



...THE **MAN OF STEEL** SWINGS BENEATH THE CAR'S BODY!



AS **SUPERMAN** STRIKES THE ROAD'S BUMPS, HE FLATTENS THEM!



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 ...

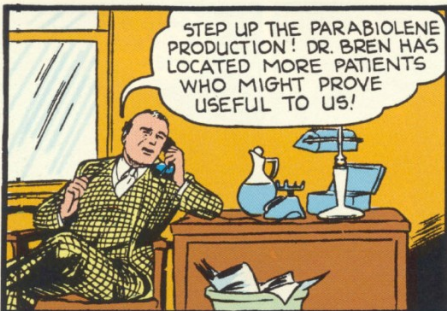


YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT GUY WITH THE COSTUME, CHIEF! WE FIXED HIS HASH FER GOOD!



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!

THE GUY CAN FLY!

WHAT--?

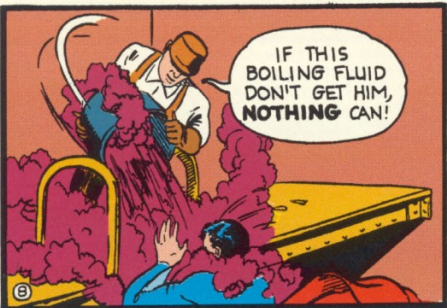


GET THAT GUY!

STOP HIM!



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**



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



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



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



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



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



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 PARABIOLENE 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...

NEXT INSTANT, THE ROOM IS THE SCENE OF A BATTLE ROYAL AS THE RIVAL GANGS CLASH...

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!

LET ME IN ON THIS!

HUH?

IT'S TH' CLOAKED GUY!

THE TWO GANGS CONCENTRATE ON THEIR COMMON ENEMY!

ALL AGAINST ONE, EH? WELL-- COME ON! I LIKE COMPETITION!

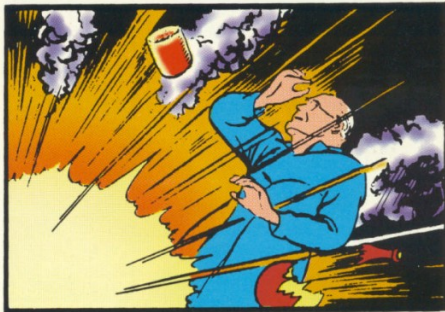
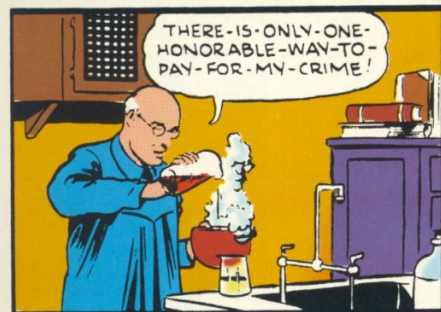
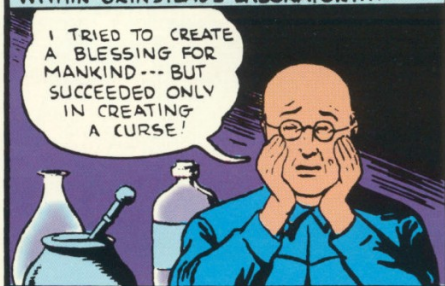
**SUPERMAN EASILY HURLS HIS OPPONENTS
BACK DESPITE THEIR GREAT NUMBERS ...**



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



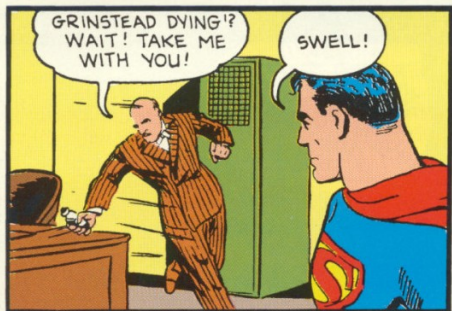
WITHIN GRINSTEAD'S LABORATORY...



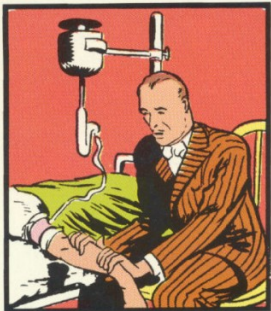
WHEN SUPERMAN REACHES THE WAYSIDE HOSPITAL...



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



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



SHORTLY AFTER THE PROFESSOR'S EYES FLUTTER ..



WITHIN THE LABORATORY, CARLIN SUCCEEDS IN FREING HIMSELF



BUT AS CARLIN REACHES THE DOORWAY,
SUPERMAN STEPS INTO VIEW ...



SNATCHING UP CARLIN, SUPERMAN LEAPS UP
INTO THE AIR AND STUNTS MADLY!



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ITS DELIBERATIONS



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



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