

No.9

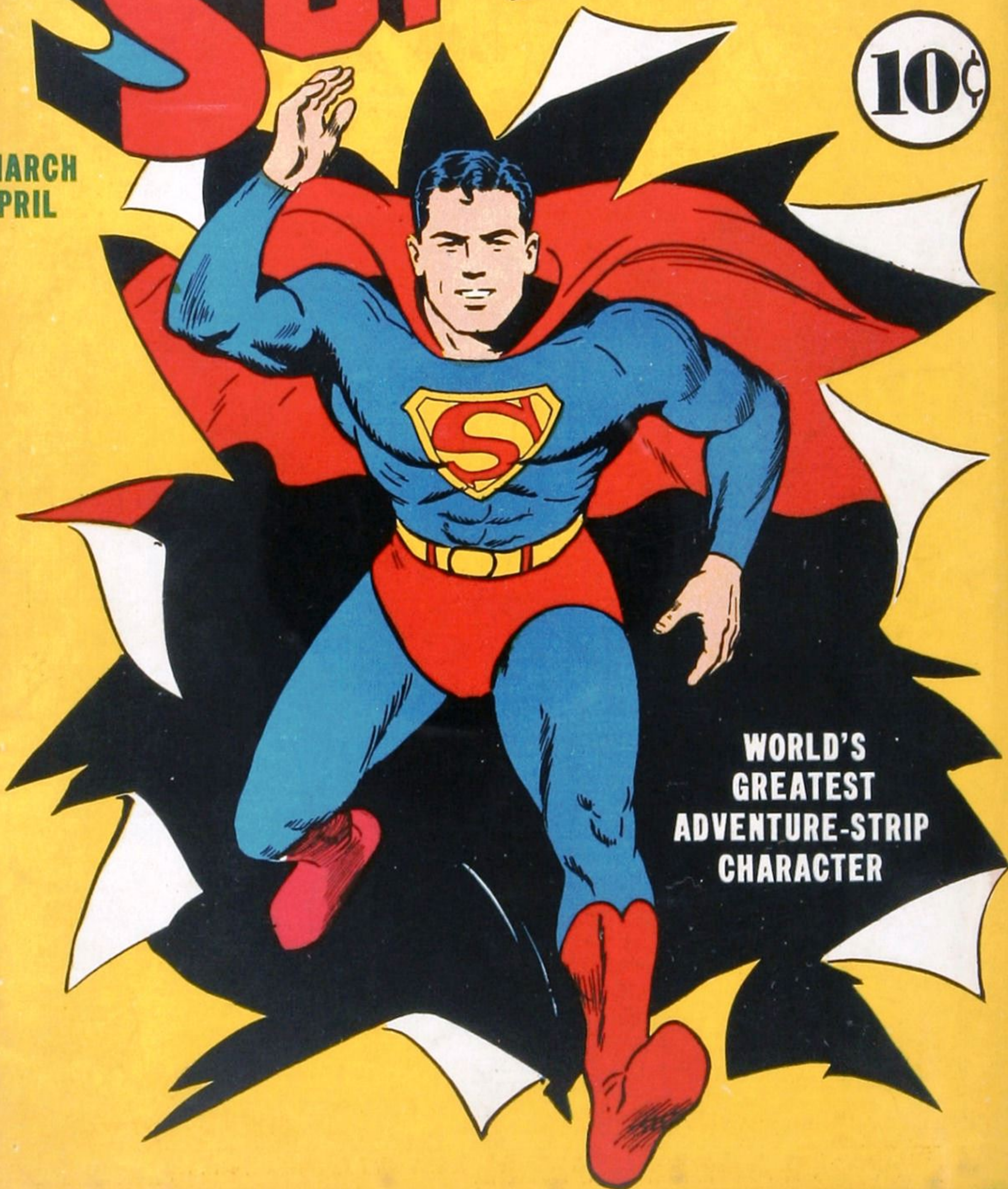
SUPERMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

10¢

MARCH
APRIL

WORLD'S
GREATEST
ADVENTURE-STRIP
CHARACTER



NOW READY! FOR EVERY SUPERMAN FAN-THIS OFFICIAL NEW

DAISY SUPERMAN KRYPTO- RAYGUN



Only

**50¢
and
\$1.00**

BE A SUPERMAN!

No. 90: Carries built-in OFFICIAL Superman Krypto-Raygun, built, battery, real lenses, and 18 - frame Super comic film adventure "Battling a Heavyweight Champ". **50¢**

No. 91: Needs no built-in battery. "Push" thru rear. SEE show inside. Pinned with ONE 35-view SUPERMAN Film, only. **25¢**

Get Daisy's safe, new OFFICIAL SUPERMAN KRYPTO-RAYGUN! Looks exactly like the KRYPTO-RAYGUN Superman uses in his fight against crime! Harlequin's first full feature, such as well as 30-scene picture story of Superman's adventures. (MET & SUNDAY). Superman's name, picture "improved" on each official Krypto-Raygun. Get yours at your dealer's. If he hasn't them or no dealer near you, order direct from Daisy enclosing coin (swapped), bills or Money Order. We'll rush your order post-paid. Be sure to order each item BY NUMBER. (Duty added in Canada).

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No. 92: Reframing The Police—Featuring Football Coach—Killing The Cob Racket. **No. 93:** The Subway Mystery—Killing The Cobra—The Man Police Force. Each 30-scene FILM tells complete Superman story. 25¢ per set of 3 films.

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No. 94 (Illustrated): 7 different picture stories packed with new Daisy PROJECTOR Pistol... wild west, science, adventure, educational! Each 30-scene film tells complete story. Pistol, bulb, battery, lenses, AND 7 films. **\$1**

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FREE CATALOG

Send Postal for FREE Catalog of locations carrying Daisy Toys with COMPLETE LIST of Assorted Films that \$1 each Raygun, Projector Pistol on this page!



The One and Only OFFICIAL SUPERMAN KRYPTO-RAYGUN is Made ONLY By
DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY 599 Union St., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

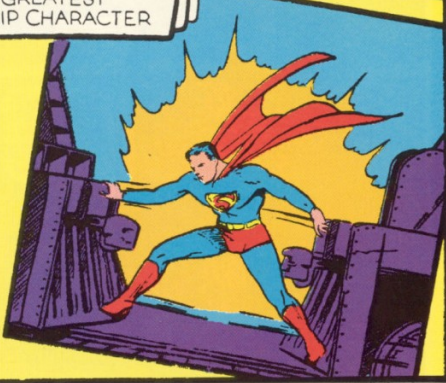


SUPERMAN

By JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER



SUPERMAN
AMERICA'S GREATEST
ADVENTURE STRIP CHARACTER



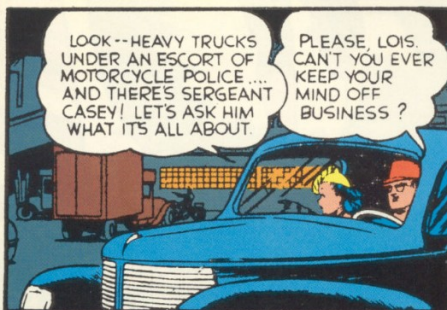
SUPERMAN

JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

WHEN LOIS CURIOSITY LEADS HER AND CLARK INTO THE MIDST OF SECRET MILITARY MOVEMENTS, **SUPERMAN** STUMBLES UPON A PLOT AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT'S RE-ARMAMENT PLANS. BEFORE LONG, THE PLOTTERS LEARN THAT THEY ARE CONFRONTED BY AN UNFORSEEN OPPONENT: A MAN OF STEEL TO WHOM GREAT OBSTACLES ARE BUT A FURTHER INCENTIVE TO BATTLE!



ONE EVENING AS LOIS LANE AND CLARK KENT DRIVE HOMEWARD FROM A MOVIE. THEY SIGHT UNUSUAL ACTIVITY ON THE WATERFRONT...



LOOK--HEAVY TRUCKS UNDER AN ESCORT OF MOTORCYCLE POLICE.... AND THERE'S SERGEANT CASEY! LET'S ASK HIM WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

PLEASE, LOIS. CAN'T YOU EVER KEEP YOUR MIND OFF BUSINESS?



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

GET GOING! NO ONE IS ALLOWED ON THIS WHARF!

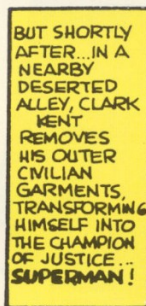
YOU HEARD HIM, LOIS. LET'S GO!



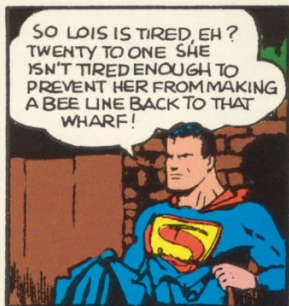
LATER.....

GOSH, I'M SLEEPY! GOOD NIGHT, CLARK. ("FIRST I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF CLARK! THEN")

SORT OF SLEEPY MYSELF. SO LONG, LOIS!



BUT SHORTLY AFTER...IN A NEARBY DESERTED ALLEY, CLARK KENT REMOVES HIS OUTER CIVILIAN GARMENTS, TRANSFORMING HIMSELF INTO THE CHAMPION OF JUSTICE... **SUPERMAN!**



SO LOIS IS TIRED, EH? TWENTY TO ONE SHE ISN'T TIRED ENOUGH TO PREVENT HER FROM MAKING A BEE LINE BACK TO THAT WHARF!

(--SURE ENOUGH!
THERE SHE GOES
....JUST LIKE
CLOCK-WORK!--)

AS LOIS DRIVES OFF SUPERMAN
HURLS HIMSELF DOWN TO
THE ROAD....

GUESS
I'LL TAG
ALONG!

-- LEAPING ATOP THE AUTO!
THE MAN OF TOMORROW'S
SUPERB MUSCLES ENABLE
HIM TO PERFORM THIS
AMAZING FEAT WITHOUT ONE
BETRAYING SOUND!

WHY NOT RELAX AND
BE COMFORTABLE,
WHILE I'M AT IT?

DOGGONE CLARK!
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR
HIM, I COULD HAVE
BEEN INVESTIGATING
THAT WHARF LONG
AGO!

HOW THAT
GIRL HAS IT IN
FOR POOR
ME!

NEARING HER DESTINATION,
LOIS HALTS THE CAR THEN
SCALES A HIGH FENCE
WITH DIFFICULTY....

(PUFF!) AFTER
ALL THIS EFFORT,
I'D BETTER GET
A GOOD STORY,
OR....

--PERHAPS
IT WOULD
BE THE
GENTLEMANLY
THING TO HELP
HER SCALE THAT
FENCE.... BUT I'M NOT
READY YET TO MAKE
MY PRESENCE
KNOWN!--

AS
LOIS
DISAPPEARS
OVER
THE
FENCE'S
TOP
SUPERMAN
EASILY
VAULTS
IT....

A GREAT
TIME-SAVER,
THIS!

CAUTIOUSLY,
LOIS
STEALS
FORWARD,
UNAWARE
THAT
SUPERMAN
IS
BEHIND
HER....

BUT A SUDDEN INSTINCT
WARNS LOIS.....

("-SOMEONE
BEHIND
ME!-")

SWIFTLY, LOIS WHIRLS, BUT AS
SHE DOES, SUPERMAN JUST
AS SWIFTLY SPRINGS LITHELY
BEHIND HER BACK AGAIN!

NO ONE
THERE!

MUST
HAVE
BEEN
MY
NERVES!
("THERE MUST BE
SOMETHING TO
THIS THING CALLED
WOMANLY
INTUITION!-")

A LIGHT
FLASHING ON
THAT FREIGHTER--
SOMEONE'S
SIGNALLING!

HALT!
WHO
GOES
THERE?

J-JUST ME! WHEW!
YOU SHOULDN'T
POP OUT AT PEOPLE
LIKE THAT! YOU
ALMOST FRIGHTENED
ME SILLY!

SUMMONED BY THE SENTRY,
MAJOR LESTER AND SER-
GEANT CASEY COME ON
THE RUN.....

IT'S
THAT
GIRL
REPORTER!

LOIS--I WARNED
YOU THAT IF YOU
INTERFERED, YOU'D
GO TO JAIL--AND
THAT'S JUST WHAT
YOU'RE GOING TO DO!

J-JAIL? I'M SURE YOU
WON'T DO THAT WHEN I
TELL YOU OF SOMETHING
IMPORTANT!

I THREATENED
JAIL, AND I'M A
MAN OF MY
WORD!

STOP
BANDYING
WORDS WITH
HER, SERGEANT!
TAKE HER
AWAY!

WILL YOU
LISTEN TO
ME! I SAID I
KNEW
SOMETHING
IMPORTANT!

SOMEONE
FLASHED A
SIGNAL
FROM THE
FREIGHTER!

A SIGNAL?!
ESPIONAGE!

WE'LL SOON
SEE IF LOIS IS
TELLING THE
TRUTH, AND IF
SHE ISN'T.....!

AT THAT MOMENT--! SUPERMAN'S TELESCOPIC VISION ENABLES HIM TO SIGHT A DECKHAND DROP OFF THE SIDE OF THE FREIGHTER WITH A FLASHLIGHT.....



WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?



WE'VE MADE A COMPLETE SEARCH OF THIS BOAT. NONE OF TH' DECKHANDS QUESTIONED COULD HAVE SIGNALLED.

BUT I TELL YOU! WITH MY OWN EYES, I SAW....

YOU'VE LIED ENOUGH, YOUNG LADY! GET INTO THAT CABIN!



THERE--THAT WILL HOLD HER UNTIL A PATROL WAGON COMES!

SHE'S VIOLATED A MILITARY LAW AND MAY BE CHARGED WITH ESPIONAGE!

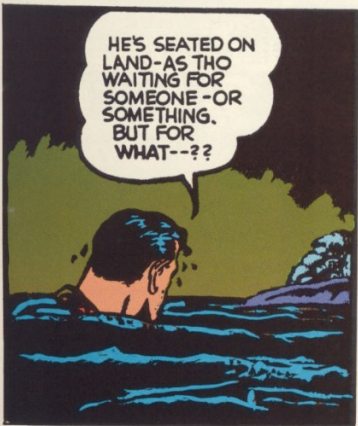


MEANWHILE -- SUPERMAN, UNDERWATER, CLOSELY PURSUES THE DECKHAND....

("I'M SURE HE'S UP TO NO GOOD!--")

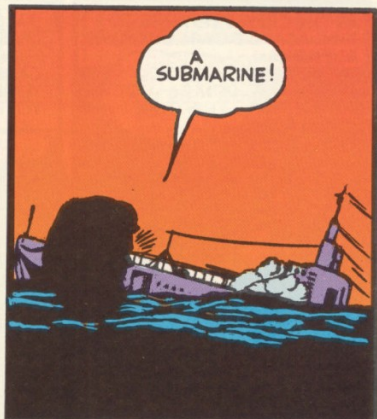


HE'S SEATED ON LAND--AS THO WAITING FOR SOMEONE--OR SOMETHING. BUT FOR WHAT--??

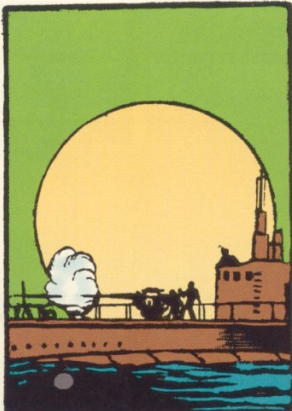


NEXT INSTANT, THE MAN OF STEEL LEARNS THE ANSWER AS A DARK LOW SHAPE RAISES ABOVE THE WAVES...!

A SUBMARINE!



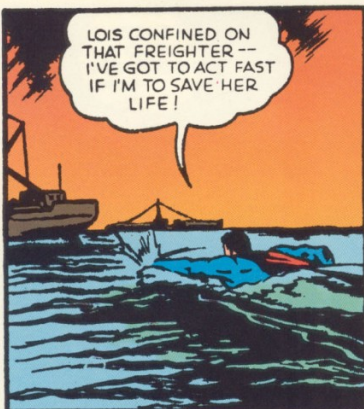
EMERGING
QUICKLY
ON DECK,
A GUN CREW
FIRES
TOWARD
THE
FREIGHTER...



...DESTROYING
ONE OF THE
FUNNELS,
BUT
CAUSING
LITTLE
DAMAGE



LOIS CONFINED ON
THAT FREIGHTER --
I'VE GOT TO ACT FAST
IF I'M TO SAVE HER
LIFE!



AS A
SECOND
SHELL IS
FIRED,
SUPERMAN
STREAKS UP
TOWARD IT,
RECEIVING
IT FULL
UPON HIS
CHEST...



AS THE CREW PREPARES TO
FIRE AGAIN, **DOWN SWOOPS**
SUPERMAN...!

NO YOU
DON'T -- NOT
THIS TIME!



I'M GOING TO
TWIST THIS
SHINY NEW
CANNON OF
YOURS... JUST
TO TEACH YOU
A LESSON!

FIRE!



AS THE SHELL IS FIRED, **SUPERMAN** BLOCKS THE CANNON WITH HIS BODY SO THAT IT EXPLODES!



SUPERMAN LEADS FOR THE TURRET COVER, BUT BEFORE HE CAN REACH IT, IT SLAMS SHUT...

BASHFUL.
EH?



NEXT INSTANT, THE SUB BEGINS TO SUBMERGE...

NOT THINKING OF RUNNING OUT ON A FIGHT, ARE YOU?



NEXT INSTANT, A TORPEDO IS LAUNCHED -- NOT TOWARD THE FREIGHTER, BUT TOWARD THE SHORE...

WAIT FOR ME!



BEFORE THE MAN OF TOMORROW CAN REACH SHORE, THE TORPEDO STRIKES ITS DESTINATION....

THE END OF THE TRAITOROUS DECKHAND!



WHIRLING, SUPERMAN SWIMS AT TERRIFIC SPEED AFTER THE FLEEING SUB, RAPIDLY OVERTAKING IT...

THEY WERE AFRAID THE DECKHAND MIGHT TALK! WELL, LET'S SEE IF I CAN LOOSEN THEIR TONGUES!



SEIZING THE PROPELLER, SUPERMAN RIPS IT CLEAR OFF!

OFF YOU GO!



HE POUNDS A MORSE CODE MESSAGE ON THE VESSEL'S SIDE...

THIS IS TO WARN THEM TO OFFER NO OPPOSITION OR- I'M CRASHING IN!



THE SUB RISES TO THE SURFACE. BUT AS SUPERMAN GRASPS THE TURRET WITH THE INTENTION OF RIPPING IT OPEN-- THE GREAT SUBMARINE EXPLODES!



SHORTLY AFTER...

THEY CHOSE TO PERISH-- ALONG WITH THEIR SECRET! NOW TO HURRY BACK TO THE WHARF, AS CLARK KENT, AND SECURE LOIS' RELEASE!



LATER-- AT THE WHARF...

I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU, CASEY. I CAN'T FIND LOIS, PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP ME.

SHE'S ABOARD THAT FREIGHTER -- A MILITARY PRISONER!

THERE HAVE BEEN MANY UNUSUAL OCCURRENCES TONIGHT, AND SHE MAY KNOW SOME OF THE ANSWERS.

LOIS UNDER ARREST? NOW, CASEY, YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO SUSPECT LOIS OF ESPIONAGE. RELEASE HER OR THE DAILY PLANET WILL PUBLISH AN EXTRA THAT WILL...

ER-MAYBE WE'D BETTER LET HER GO AFTER ALL.

VERY WELL, BUT ON CONDITION THAT SHE OFFER ALL CO-OPERATION!

CLARK'S X-RAY VISION ACQUAINTS HIM WITH AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY...

("MERCURY!- THE U.S. MUST BE IMPORTING TREMENDOUS QUANTITIES TO BUILD UP A SUFFICIENT RESERVE SUPPLY FOR DEFENSE PURPOSES SHOULD THE SOURCE OF SUPPLY SUDDENLY BE CUT OFF!")



YOU'RE FREE TO GO, NOW.

I KNEW YOU COULDN'T HOLD ME, AND IT'S A GOOD THING FOR YOU THAT YOU RELEASED ME BEFORE I... BEFORE I LOST MY TEMPER!

YOU CAN THANK THIS YOUNG MAN FOR YOUR RELEASE. IT WAS DUE ENTIRELY TO HIS EFFORTS!



YOU--AWAKE! I THOUGHT BY THIS TIME YOU'D BE FAST ASLEEP!

A CHECKUP OF THE SHIP'S PERSONNEL HAS SHOWN A DECKHAND TO BE MISSING. A CHECK BY TELEPHOTO WITH WASHINGTON OF HIS FINGERPRINTS SHOWS THAT HE FORMERLY WORKED AT THE METROPOLIS RESERVE DEPOT WHERE WAR SUPPLIES ARE STORED. WOULD YOU CARE TO LOOK THE DEPOT OVER TOMORROW?

DELIGHTED!

NEXT MORNING -- LOIS AND CLARK ARE GREETED AT THE RESERVE DEPOT BY MAJOR LESTER....

STORED HERE ARE TIN, MERCURY, RUBBER, AND SILK-- ESSENTIAL WAR-TIME MATERIALS!

("- I DETECT THE SOUND OF TICKING... FROM BELOW!-) MY FEET PAIN ME, MIND IF I REST HERE UNTIL YOU RETURN?

HOW INTERESTING!



THE MOMENT THE OTHER TWO WALK OFF, CLARK MAKES USE OF HIS X-RAY VISION TO DISCOVER, IN A TUNNEL BELOW...



THERE! IT'S SET!

IT WILL GO OFF IN A FEW MINUTES -- DETONATING THE VAST STORE OF MUNITIONS ABOVE!

THEN, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

SWIFTLY, CLARK KENT STRIPS OFF HIS OUTER GARMENTS.....

TIME FOR SUPERMAN TO MAKE HIS ENTRY!

DOWN AT THE GROUND DIVES SUPERMAN, BURROWING OUT OF VIEW....!

A MOMENT LATER, HE DROPS DOWN TOWARDS THE CONSPIRATORS AMIDST A SHOWER OF EARTH ..

LOOK!
A MAN!

SHOOT HIM!

BEFORE THE SPIES HAVE TIME TO REALIZE WHAT IS HAPPENING SUPERMAN SNATCHES THEIR WEAPONS AWAY

I'LL TAKE THOSE!

THE KNIFE! USE THE KNIFE!

AS THE MEN ATTACK SUPERMAN WITH SHARP BLADES, THEIR LEADER DASHES AWAY ALONG THE TUNNEL....

DON'T!

GOT HIM!

BUT SECONDS LATER-TO THEIR ASTONISHMENT....

THE BLADE--
BROKEN!

SAME
HERE!

YOU--
YOU'RE
NOT
INJURED!
WHY DID YOU
PRETEND TO
BE?

I WANTED
YOUR
LEADER TO
THINK HE
WAS
GETTING
AWAY!

SNATCHING UP HIS FOUR OPPONENTS, SUPERMAN RACES ALONG THE TUNNEL....

HEY--!

LET
GO OF
US!

YOU'RE
COMING
WITH
ME!

AS SUPERMAN EMERGES AT THE TUNNEL'S ENTRANCE, HE SIGHTS....

THAT PLANE!
I WONDER
IF....



AGAIN AVAILING HIMSELF OF HIS TELESCOPIC VISION, SUPERMAN SIGHTS THE ESCAPING SPY LEADER AT THE CONTROLS.....

GOT AWAY IN TIME! NOW
TO ATTEND THAT MEETING,
AS PRE-ARRANGED!



WH-WHERE
YOU TAKIN'
US?
UP INTO
THE AIR,
OBVIOUSLY.
WHY? DON'T
YOU WANT TO
ACCOMPANY
ME?

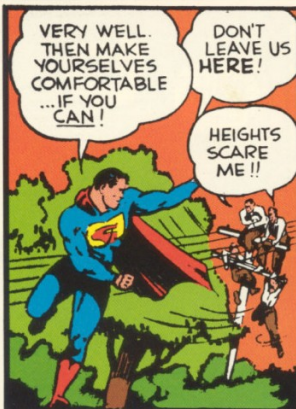
NO!
NO!!



VERY WELL.
THEN MAKE
YOURSELVES
COMFORTABLE
...IF YOU
CAN!

DON'T
LEAVE US
HERE!

HEIGHTS
SCARE
ME!!



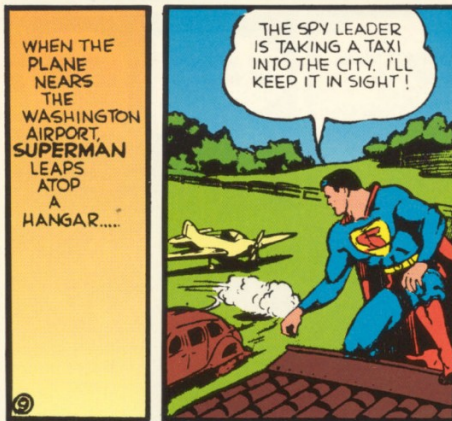
NOW TO PUT
ON A LITTLE
STEAM AND
OVERTAKE
THAT PLANE!



GOT IT!
I'LL JUST DRIFT
ALONG UNTIL IT
REACHES ITS
DESTINATION!



WHEN THE
PLANE
NEARS
THE
WASHINGTON
AIRPORT,
SUPERMAN
LEAPS
ATOP
A
HANGAR.....



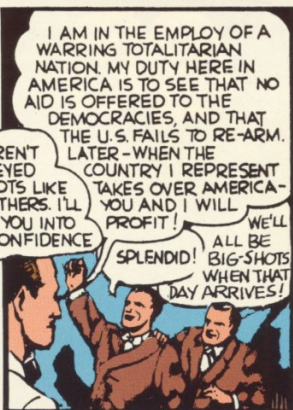
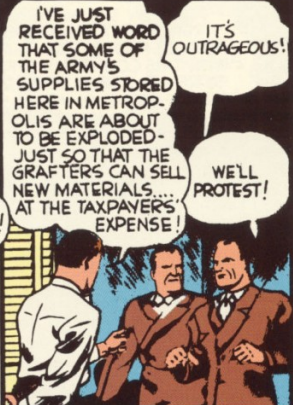
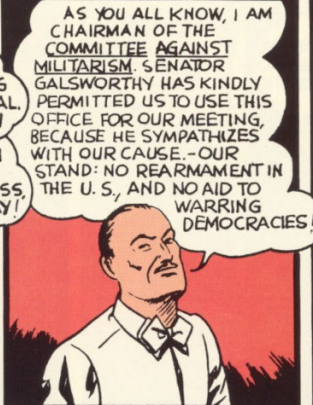
THE SPY LEADER
IS TAKING A TAXI
INTO THE CITY. I'LL
KEEP IT IN SIGHT!

LATER --
OUTSIDE
THE
SENATE
OFFICE
BUILDING....

HE'S ENTERING
SENATOR GALS-
WORTHY'S OFFICE!
-THIS OUGHT TO
PROVE
INTERESTING!



THE SPY LEADER ENTERS A CROWDED OFFICE.....



ALREADY THE NATION
I REPRESENT IS MAKING
ACTIVE EFFORTS TO INTERFERE
WITH THIS COUNTRY'S EFFORTS
TO RE-ARM. ONLY YESTERDAY
ONE OF OUR SUBMARINE'S
ATTACKED A SUPPLY SHIP.
UNFORTUNATELY, IT WAS
DESTROYED.

THE
DICTAPHONE
RECORD
WHIRLS
RAPIDLY,
TAKING
DOWN
EVERY
INCRIMINATING
WORD.....



("LET THEM
PLOT! EVERY
WORD THEY
SPEAK
SEALS
THEIR
DOOM!-")

("-SOMEONE
EAVESDROPPING
OUTSIDE MY
OFFICE!-")

WHAT
ARE YOU
UP TO ?

SENATOR
GALSWORTHY!

UH-HH!
WHA--!

SH-HH!
LISTEN!

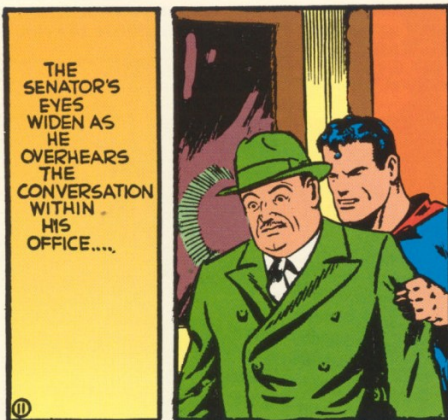


THE
SENATOR'S
EYES
WIDEN AS
HE
OVERHEARS
THE
CONVERSATION
WITHIN
HIS
OFFICE....

AS
SUPERMAN
RELEASES
HIS
CAPTIVE....

DERWING HAS
BEEN IMPOSING
UPON YOUR GOOD
FAITH TO SABOTAGE
THIS COUNTRY'S
BEST INTERESTS.
ARE YOU GOING TO
LET HIM GET AWAY
WITH IT ?

JUST
WATCH
ME!





GALSWORTHY GOES DOWN UNDER THE WEIGHT OF HIS MANY ATTACKERS...



WADING INTO THE TRAITORS, **SUPERMAN** SENDS THEM HURLING IN ALL DIRECTIONS...







SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

GREETINGS again, Members! Here we are again with another complete issue of SUPERMAN. It's very gratifying to have so many hundreds of thousands of readers interested in the exploits of SUPERMAN, and I want you to know that SUPERMAN has as great an interest in all his friends as they have in him.

Sometimes, just sitting down and relaxing for a change, I try to picture what all you readers may be doing in your own particular sections of this great and varied country of ours. Right now all the northern states—and Canada, too, of course—are in the grip of winter. There is snow on the ground in most places, and many of you are enjoying healthful outdoor sport on sleds and skis, whizzing downgrade with the cold wind and tiny particles of snow stinging your faces with that pleasurable pain which is part of the fun.

Others of you in the northlands will be skating, on ice, skimming swiftly along on silver blades; your noses, toes and fingers burning with cold—and yet you'll hate to stop skating long enough to go indoors to thaw out. But boyoboy,

doesn't a steaming cup of hot chocolate seem like heaven when you *do* go in!

And when the weather outdoors is too bad for sports, there's basketball to be played in gyms, as well as indoor track events and general gymnastic exercises and competitions. On top of all that, don't you think there's something pretty cozy about a warm living-room in the evening, with perhaps a log fire blazing away on the hearth, and a good book or a bit of schoolwork to occupy the old brain?

Those of you who live in the South will find life somewhat different than it is in the snow-bound North. In fact, maybe you feel pretty badly about never having any snow. Still, you have compensations, you know. There are more months per year for baseball and football than your more arctic friends can enjoy (and fewer ashes to be shoveled out of furnace pits, too!)

My imagination carries me now to the really *deep* South where all my friends are enjoying comparatively summery weather. Many of you, no doubt, have never *seen* snow, never packed a snowball, never skated on runners

instead of on wheels. Still, you have something that those up North don't have—and that's year-round swimming, whether in ocean or lake or pond. And that's pretty nice isn't it? To my mind it's worth giving up pretty nearly all the other things. And of course there isn't much curtailment of any of your regular outdoor activities on account of Old Man Winter.

The point of all this is that wherever you may live, there are many good things to be said for your section of the country. And the best thing that can be said for *all* sections is that it's wonderful to live in a country where we *can* enjoy ourselves—and where the country is as much for us as we are for the country!

Under the circumstances, I think the least any of us can do is to try his best to be a good citizen—and that means at work and at play and at home and in the community at large. And in my mind's eye I can see each and everyone of you—Members and friends of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA—doing just that!

Sincerely,

CLARK KENT

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE!

(Code Neptune No. 7)

P DHUA FVB HSS AV ML
LS AOHA ZBWLYTHU PZ
FVBY WLYZVUHS MYP-
LUK.

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

No. 12

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a 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 STATE.....

HOW BILL MADE BIG MONEY Re-Stringing TENNIS and BADMINTON RACKETS

DAD, IT WILL COST \$4 TO GET THIS RE-STRUNG!

BILL, LET'S GET A "WILLS RE-STRINGING VISE" AND RE-STRING YOUR OWN RACKET! HERE'S THE MONEY-- PAY ME BACK OUT OF WHAT YOU EARN RE-STRINGING RACKETS FOR FRIENDS

LATER

I'LL HAVE TO PROFIT WHEN I FINISH STRINGING THESE RACKETS-- BESIDE PAYING BACK YOUR LOAN!

YOU'VE ALSO SAVED CASH USING WILLS' STRINGS IN YOUR OWN RACKET. THEY COST LESS, LAST LONGER.

RE-STRINGING TENNIS-BADMINTON RACKETS IN SUMMER AND BADMINTON IN WINTER GIVES YOU YOUR OWN PROFIT-- AND EVERY TIME I BUY A DOLLAR'S WORTH OF WILLS' STRINGS I GET A 10¢ CASH WORTH 10¢ SAVING ME 10% EXTRA!

HEY GANG! SEE THE NEW BICYCLE AND CAMERA I BOUGHT WITH MY RACKET RE-STRINGING PROFIT!

BOYS AND MEN! RE-STRINGING IS EASY, FUN, PROFITABLE! NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED. RUSH COUPON. ACT NOW BECAUSE FREE 10¢ CHECK OFFER SOON EXPIRES!

HENRIETTA

HELLO, POSTMAN! ANY LETTERS FOR ME?

MAYBE! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

NEVER MIND! I KNOW YOUR NAME--HERE'S ONE!

THE NAME IS ON THE ENVELOPE!

EARN UP TO \$3 AN HOUR

At Home In Sparetime The Year Round

BOYS AND MEN! Here's a pleasant, easy way to earn the money you want to buy bicycles, cameras, etc.--or for a dandy year 'round income as a regular business. Earn up to \$3 per hour at home re-stringing tennis and badminton rackets! We supply all instructions, money-making plan! OR--SAVE at least 50% re-stringing your own rackets with genuine WILLS GUT or silk strings. Don't buy any racket, stings or re-stringer's equipment until you get our marvelous offer, low prices. Remember--every time you buy a dollar's worth of WILLS STRINGS, you get a FREE TRADE CHECK that saves you an extra 10¢ on your next stringing purchase. But you don't have to wait 'til your first purchase to get a check because right now we'll send you ONE 10¢ CHECK FREE!

SAVE 50% ON YOUR OWN RACKET STRINGING

SPECIAL OFFER! Send us Coupon for FREE Catalog, Money-Making Plan, and we'll include one 10¢ WILLS TRADE CHECK Absolutely FREE! It saves you 10¢ on your first stringing purchase. Hurry--send Coupon now--this Special Free Trade Check Offer expires May 15th, 1941! It may never be repeated!

SEND COUPON FOR YOUR FREE CHECK

WORTH 10¢ IN TRADE

Don't delay--paste Coupon on postal-card and mail today!

H-E-WILLS CO. 10¢
Pay to the order of **you**
Ten Cents

MAIL COUPON NOW!

H. E. WILLS CO., 1047 W. 47th St., Dept. S-21, CHICAGO 14, ILL. U.S.A.

Please send me FREE (1) 10¢ Trade Check, (1) Catalog of Tennis-Badminton Strings & Re-Stringer's Equipment, (1) Money-Making Plan--all at no cost to me.

NAME _____

STREET & NO. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

FREE CHECK OFFER EXPIRES MAY 15, 1941
(Only 1 Free Check Per Coupon; Per Person)

ALSO GET FREE CATALOG and MONEY-MAKING PLAN

TENNIS and BADMINTON CATALOG

WHY--IT'S FROM HENRY! LOOK!--HE SPELLED ONE OF THE WORDS WRONG! I'LL SEND AN ANSWER--

Dear Henry,

I received you're letter and it had a miss-spelled wort int Wy don't you learn how too spell rite!

yours trooly,
Henrietta

SPORT

**SPOT-
LIGHT
ON
SURPRISING
VETERANS!**

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE COMEBACKS OF 1940 WAS STAGED BY THE DEAN OF DODGER HURLERS--
OLD FRED FITZSIMMONS
-- MASTER OF THE KNUCKLE BALL!

**KNUCKLING
DOWN!**



GOLF'S OLD TIMER
GENE SARAZEN
UPSET THE DOPE BY
TYING LAWSON LITTLE FOR FIRST
PLACE IN THE 1940 NATIONAL OPEN!



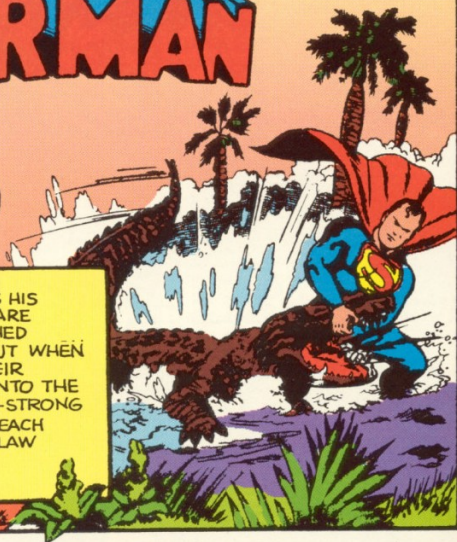
IN SPITE OF PAST SETBACKS, BAER, SUPPOSED TO BE WASHED-UP, DREW 3 BIG GATES IN 1940, AND KAYOED GALENTO AND COMISKEY!

**MAX
BAER--**
STILL A MONEY
MAKER!

SUPERMAN

by
JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

BULWARK OF MAN'S CIVILIZATION IS HIS COURT OF LAW WHERE WRONGS ARE RIGHTED AND CRIMINALS PUNISHED ACCORDING TO THEIR MERITS, BUT WHEN EVILDOERS SEEK TO INJECT THEIR VILLAINOUS METHODS DIRECTLY INTO THE COURTROOM, **SUPERMAN**, SUPER-STRONG CHAMPION OF JUSTICE, STEPS IN TO TEACH THE CRIMINAL HORDE RESPECT FOR LAW AND ORDER....



LOIS LANE AND CLARK KENT, REPORTERS ON THE CRUSADING DAILY PLANET, METROPOLIS LEADING NEWSPAPER, HURRY TOWARD CRIMINAL COURT....

HURRY, CLARK! THE TRIAL IS ABOUT TO BEGIN! AND YOU KNOW HOW MUCH OF A STICKLER FOR PUNCTUALITY JUDGE CRANE IS!

IF YOU HADN'T STOPPED TO POWDER YOUR NOSE HALF A DOZEN TIMES, WE'D HAVE BEEN IN THE COURTROOM LONG AGO!



LATER...

THAT'S ODD! IT'S WAY PAST STARTING TIME!

THAT PRACTICALLY RATES AN EXTRA!



CLARK NOTES THAT THE DEFENDANT, JOE GATSON, FACING THE POSSIBILITY OF GOING TO JAIL FOR A MINOR RACKETEERING CHARGE, DOESN'T APPEAR PARTICULARLY WORRIED...



THE JUDGE FINALLY ENTERS THE COURTROOM -- TWENTY MINUTES LATE....

THIS COURT WILL ADJOURN UNTIL TEN O'CLOCK TOMORROW!



THE COURT
ALREADY
ADJOURNED!
THAT'S WHAT
I CALL
**FAST
WORK!**



DID YOU
NOTICE HOW
PALE AND
DRAWN JUDGE
CRANE APPEARS?

WHAT CLARK'S SUPER-HEARING
OVERHEARS...



HE CAN'T
DO THIS TO
ME! I'LL...

CAREFUL, JOE!
DON'T START
ANYTHING...
YET!

LOOK, CLARK! D-DO YOU
GATSON IS THINK HE'S REAL
ANY OF THOSE
WALKING DIRECTLY ABOUT HIM? PAR-
TICULARLY THE
TOWARD US! ONE IN WHICH I
CALLED HIM A
"BEETLE-BROWED
MORON"?



SO YOU'RE
CLARK KENT, EH?
THE REPORTER
WHO'S BEEN
MAKIN' ALL
THOSE SMART
CRACKS ABOUT
ME!



ER--I---
OF COURSE,
I DIDN'T
MEAN
THEM!

WELL, YOU'D BETTER
LOCK THAT TYPE-
WRITER OF YOURS,
SEE! YOU'RE
LIABLE TO
INSULT ME JUST
ONCE TOO OFTEN!



OUCH!

HIT HIM,
CLARK!

WHY DID YOU
STAND THERE,
SHAKING LIKE
A FOOL? YOU
SHOULD HAVE
PUNCHED THE
HOODLUM!



I-I THOUGHT
OF IT. BUT
BEFORE I
COULD MAKE
UP MY MIND,
HE WALKED
OFF!

AND THAT'S JUST
EXACTLY WHAT I'M
DOING! I CAN
STAND JUST SO
MUCH OF YOUR
COWARDICE, AND
NO MORE!



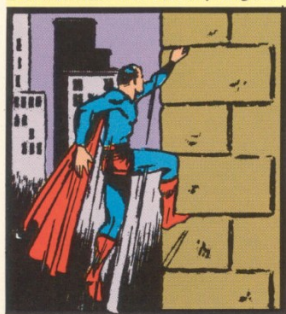
BUT,
LOIS--!

LOCATING
A
SECLUDED
SPOT,
CLARK
REMOVES
HIS OUTER
GARMENTS
TRANSFORMING
HIMSELF
INTO THE
DYNAMIC
SUPERMAN!



THE JUDGE SEEMED
VERY WORRIED ABOUT
SOMETHING. I'LL
SEE IF HE NEEDS
HELP!

STEPPING THRU THE WINDOW, **SUPERMAN** SWARMS UP THE SIDE OF THE COURTHOUSE LIKE A STARTLED ANTHROPOID...



...UNTIL HE IS SUSPENDED OUTSIDE THE JUDGE'S CHAMBER...



WITHIN THE CHAMBER...



JUDGE CRANE'S FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE GUN'S TRIGGER, PREPARATORY TO LAUNCHING A BULLET INTO HIS BRAIN....



BEFORE THE FATAL EXPLOSION CAN OCCUR **SUPERMAN** SPRINGS IN THRU THE WINDOW WITH DART-LIKE SPEED, AND GRASPS THE BULLET CYLINDER BEFORE IT CAN COMPLETE ITS ROTATION....

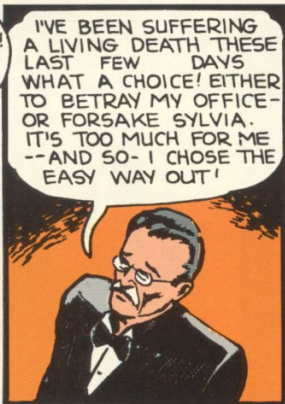


WHY DID YOU DO IT?

MY DAUGHTER, SYLVIA, KIDNAPPED! I'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO EITHER FREE GATSON, OR I'D NEVER SEE HER AGAIN!



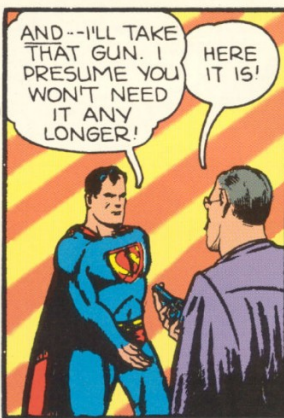
I'VE BEEN SUFFERING A LIVING DEATH THESE LAST FEW DAYS. WHAT A CHOICE! EITHER TO BETRAY MY OFFICE--OR FORSAKE SYLVIA. IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME --AND SO-- I CHOSE THE EASY WAY OUT!



UNFORTUNATELY, YOUR DEATH WOULD SOLVE **NOTHING!** YOUR DAUGHTER WOULD STILL BE IN DANGER, AND GATSON WOULD BE FREE TO FLOUT THE LAW MORE THAN EVER.

THE TELEPHONE RINGING! --PERHAPS IT'S NEWS ABOUT MY DAUGHTER!

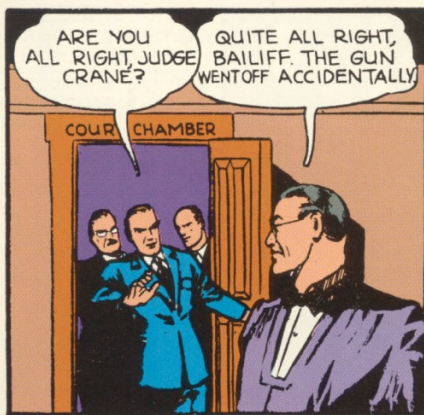




THE WEAPON ACCIDENTALLY
FIRES...



AS
SUPERMAN
SPRINGS
AWAY, A
CROWD
SPILLS
INTO THE
ROOM,
LED BY THE
BAILIFF...



SHORTLY
AFTER...
SUPERMAN
CLAMBERS
UP THE
SIDE
OF THE
TELEPHONE
BUILDING...

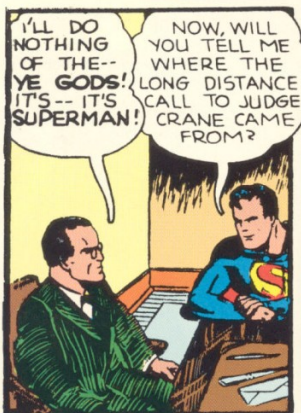


THE OFFICE
WINDOW OF THE
CHIEF ENGINEER
--DEAD AHEAD!

THE
ENGINEER
WHIRLS
AS HE
HEARS THE
WINDOW-
LOCK SNAP
BEHIND
HIM...



WHAT-? DON'T BE
ALARMED. I
JUST WANT
TO ASK YOU A
FEW QUESTIONS!



I'LL DO
NOTHING
OF THE--
YE GODS!!
IT'S-- IT'S
SUPERMAN!

NOW, WILL
YOU TELL ME
WHERE THE
LONG DISTANCE
CALL TO JUDGE
CRANE CAME
FROM?



YOU SAY THE
CALL CAME FROM
SAN COLUMBO?



BUT WHEN THE ENGINEER
CONTACTS THE OPERATOR IN
SAN COLUMBO...

WHAT'S THAT?
YOU SAY YOU DID
NOT PUT THROUGH
ANY SUCH CALL?



I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
IT! THE CALL
CAME FROM SAN
COLUMBO--AND
YET IT DIDN'T!
CAN YOU EX-
PLAIN THAT?

THAT'S ONE
OF THE THINGS
I CAN'T
ANSWER--



...YET! BUT
THE DAY IS
YOUNG!



LATER, WHEN THE MAN OF STEEL
RETURNS TO THE DAILY PLANET IN
HIS IDENTITY AS CLARK KENT.

I'M CERTAIN THERE'S
SOMETHING STRANGE
AFOOT! SYLVIA CRANE
WAS TO BE THE
GUEST-OF-HONOR AT
A LUNCHEON TODAY
AND SHE DIDN'T
EVEN SHOW UP!

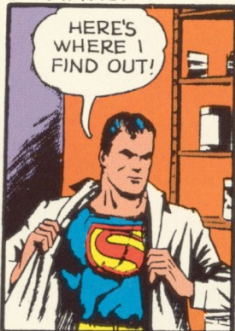
I'LL GIVE YOU
CREDIT FOR ONE
THING, LOIS--
AN ACTIVE
IMAGINATION!
BUT THAT'S ALL
YOU'RE DOING
IMAGINING
THINGS!

GLANCING THRU A WINDOW, CLARK NOTES A LINEMAN ATTACHING HIS HANDSET TO A TELEPHONE CIRCUIT ON A TELEPHONE POLE...



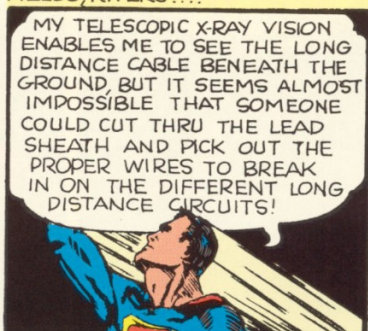
"-SAY! I WONDER IF THAT'S HOW THOSE MYSTERIOUS CALLS GOT ONTO A TELEPHONE CIRCUIT! -")

RETIRING TO A STORE-ROOM, CLARK CHANGES TO HIS SUPERMAN GARMENTS...



HERE'S WHERE I FIND OUT!

A GREAT LEAP LAUNCHES THE MAN OF TOMORROW HIGH THRU THE AIR OVER BUILDINGS, HOUSES, FIELDS, RIVERS...



MY TELESCOPIC X-RAY VISION ENABLES ME TO SEE THE LONG DISTANCE CABLE BENEATH THE GROUND, BUT IT SEEMS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE THAT SOMEONE COULD CUT THRU THE LEAD SHEATH AND PICK OUT THE PROPER WIRES TO BREAK IN ON THE DIFFERENT LONG DISTANCE CIRCUITS!

LATER--AS SUPERMAN SOARS OVER A SWAMP...



A CABLE-BOX AND PLATFORM ATTACHED TO THAT POLE! I'LL INVESTIGATE!



LOCKED! BUT THAT'S NO OBSTACLE...!

BUT BEFORE SUPERMAN CAN MAKE A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION...



SOMEONE COMING!

FROM CONCEALMENT IN THE HIGH GRASS, THE MAN OF STEEL WATCHES TWO MEN APPROACH. ONE OF THEM CLIMBS TO THE PLATFORM.



ODD... I DON'T REMEMBER LEAVING THIS UNLOCKED!



JUDGE CRANE, THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING! EITHER SET GATSON FREE TOMORROW MORNING, OR YOU GET YOUR DAUGHTER'S BODY IN THE AFTERNOON!

("- WHAT A LUCKY
BREAK! MY HUNCH WAS
CORRECT! AND THESE
MEN ARE DIRECTLY
INVOLVED IN THE
KIDNAPPING! -")



AS THE TWO MEN CLIMB INTO
A ROWBOAT AND SET OFF
INTO THE SWAMP,
SUPERMAN TRAILS THEM!



BUT SUDDENLY...

QUICKSAND!



BEFORE HE SCARCELY
REALIZES WHAT HAS HAP-
PENED, THE MAN OF TOMOR-
ROW SINKS DOWN TO HIS WAIST!

I OUGHT
TO GET FREE
WITHOUT ANY
DIFFICULTY...



-- BUT NOT IF
THIS FELLOW
CAN HELP IT!



AS THE ALLIGATOR LEAPS
UPON HIM, THE TWO GRIP IN
STRUGGLE, ALL THE MORE
DEADLY BECAUSE OF THE
TREACHEROUS QUICKSAND'S
MENACE...



A
QUICK FLIP
OF HIS
WRISTS,
AND THE
HUGE
CREATURE
GOES
SAILING
ALOFT...

WE'LL WRESTLE
SOME OTHER TIME
... NOT NOW!



TERRIFIC
EFFORT
... THEN...
SUPERMAN
LEAPS FREE
OF THE
QUICKSAND'S
GRIP!

NOW, TO
CONTINUE THE
CHASE!



IT TAKES BUT
MOMENTS
FOR
SUPERMAN
TO OVERTAKE
THE MEN.
HE KEEPS
THEM IN
SIGHT BY
LEAPING
NIMBLY
FROM TREE
TO TREE....



AS
THEY ENTER
THE SHACK,
HE
APPROACHES
THE
WINDOW....





THE BULLETS
--BOUNCING
OFF!

HE MUST
BE WEARING
A BULLET-
PROOF VEST!

AND THEN,
AGAIN--- I
MIGHT
NOT!



GIVE
ME
THOSE!

HUH --?



GOOD
GOSH!

- CLEAR
THRU THE
WALL!

I'VE HALF
A NOTION
TO MAKE
YOU FOLLOW
THEM!



AND NOW--LET'S
SEE IF YOU'RE
AS THICK-SKULLED
AS I THINK
YOU ARE!

KEEP
BACK! KEEP
BACK, OR...!



I MEAN IT!
KEEP BACK OR
I PLANT THIS
IN YOUR RIBS!

TRY
IT!

AS THE
KIDNAPPER
PLUNGES
THE KNIFE
AGAINST
THE
MAN OF
STEEL'S
SIDE, IT
BREAKS
WITH A
SHARP
TINKLE...



IT--IT
BROKE!

LET THAT
BE A
LESSON
TO YOU!

I'M
GETTIN'
OUTA HERE!



OH, NO YOU
DON'T! YOU'RE
STAYING
RIGHT HERE!

YI-III-TH!

SEIZING
THE TWO
SUPERMAN
BINDS THEM
TOGETHER,
BACK-TO-BACK,
WITH A
CLOTHES
RACK....



MEANWHILE--WITHIN THE SHACK...



WITHIN GATSON'S APARTMENT.







THE DOORBELL--!

I'LL ANSWER IT! KEEP THE OLD COOT COVERED!



I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO... OH-HHH! IT'S

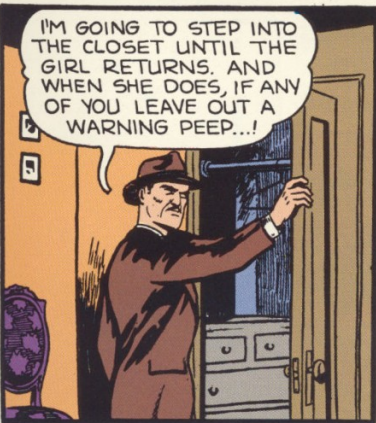
JOE GATSON! DO STEP IN AND I DO MEAN DO!



YOU'RE HOLDING THE JUDGE CAPTIVE IN HIS OWN HOME?

AND I ASSURE YOU, HE'LL PAY FOR IT!

QUIET!



I'M GOING TO STEP INTO THE CLOSET UNTIL THE GIRL RETURNS. AND WHEN SHE DOES, IF ANY OF YOU LEAVE OUT A WARNING PEEP...!

MINUTES LATER--
SUPERMAN SWINGS IN THRU THE WINDOW.



HELLO-- WHAT GOES ON HERE?

JUST THIS-- STEP BACK, OR I DRILL THE GIRL!

CAUTIOUSLY OPENING THE CLOSET DOOR, GATSON STEPS OUT AND RAMS HIS GUN INTO **SUPERMAN'S** BACK...



I'LL TEACH YOU TO INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS...! --BAILIFF--
SHOOT THE GIRL!

SMIRKING, THE BAILIFF OBEYS HIS EVIL EMPLOYER...



YOU'RE THE BOSS!

BUT ACTING SWIFTLY, **SUPERMAN** HAD REACHED BACK, AND SWUNG GATSON OVER HIS HEAD....



YOU ASKED FOR IT!

WHAT--?

SO THAT THE GANGSTER RECEIVES THE BULLET MEANT FOR SYLVIA CRANE...



VA-AA-AA!!

THE BAILIFF IS STRUCK UNCONSCIOUS BY GATSON'S HURLING BODY...



HERE YOU ARE--TELEPHONE THE POLICE, BUT KEEP THE BAILIFF COVERED!

YES --BUT WAIT--!



NO TIME TO WAIT-- I HAVE OTHER PRESSING ENGAGEMENTS!

LATER-- CLARK ENTERS WITH THE POLICE...

CONGRATULATIONS, LOIS! WHAT A FEATHER IN YOUR CAP THIS WILL BE! WHERE'S A TELEPHONE?

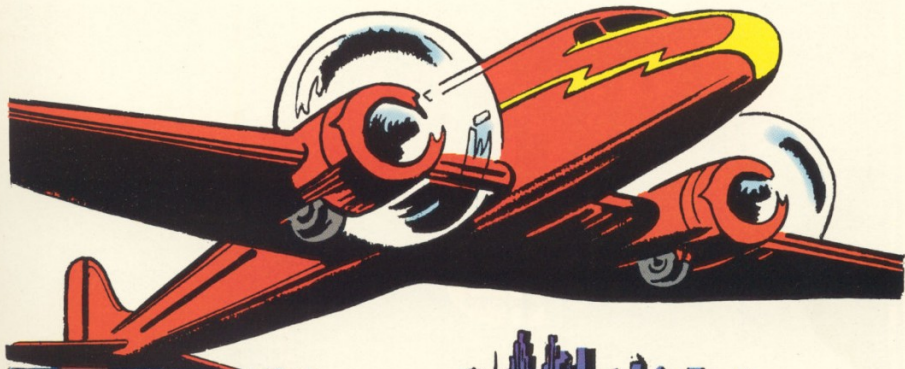
DON'T BOTHER ABOUT THE YARN. I'VE ALREADY DONE SO THANKS TO SUPERMAN!



--AND REMEMBER, A BRAND-NEW **SUPERMAN** STORY APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN **ACTION COMICS** MAGAZINE! DON'T MISS AN ISSUE!



THE END



ALMOST FLIES ITSELF

The huge ship shown here is typical of those now carrying passengers on the nation's principal airways. Equipped with a device called the Gyro Compass, it almost flies itself. Its two engines are so powerful that the ship can cruise at a speed of 190 miles per hour using only 62% of its power. To generate this power, or energy, the 2 engines burn about a gallon of motor fuel every 2 miles.



ENERGY FOR PLAY

When you feel tired after playing, eat a Butterfinger Bar

ENERGY FOR WORK



Your brain uses energy just as your muscles do. When you find it hard to work or study, perhaps it is because you are hungry. Try a Butterfinger Bar.

HELP TO RELIEVE AFTERNOON "LETDOWN"



It's good to know that a Butterfinger Bar provides concentrated food-energy for that mid-afternoon "let-down." The secret is the Dextrose it contains.

RICH IN DEXTROSE

THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY

POWER TO GO PLACES!



The same thing that makes the airplane "go" also makes your body "go." Neither will work without ENERGY. The airplane gets its energy by burning motor fuel. Your body obtains its energy by burning food. Every time you swing a bat or run - every time you move a muscle - your body uses energy. Unless this energy is promptly replaced you become tired.

That's why everyone who wants to be active finds a never-failing friend in Butterfinger, rich in Dextrose. It provides food-energy that helps relieve fatigue, when body sugar is low. And it tastes so good that it fully satisfies that natural craving for sweets. A big BAR and a big VALUE. Only 5 cents.

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.



SUPERMAN

JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

SAFE-KEEPING OF A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY OF TREMENDOUS IMPORT THREATENED BY UNKNOWN PERSONS OR FORCES! LOIS HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY, IN DIRE PERIL! **SUPERMAN** HAS HIS HANDS MORE THAN FULL IN THIS MOST AMAZING OF HIS MANY ADVENTURES...WHEN HE COMES TO GRIPS WITH A MENACE SO FANTASTIC THAT EVEN THE DARING MAN OF TOMORROW IS HARD PUT FOR AN EXPLANATION!



IN FAR OFF ROVERTOWN IN THE LAMSON LABORATORIES...

A SCORE OF SCIENTISTS WORK BUSILY AT THEIR VARIOUS TASKS...

HAVE YOU HEARD? LAMSON HAS RECEIVED MYSTERIOUS THREATS! ALL SORTS OF THINGS ARE THREATENED IF HE DOESN'T REVEAL THE W-142 FORMULA!

THEY'LL SOON LEARN LAMSON ISN'T THE TYPE WHO FRIGHTENS EASILY!



NEXT INSTANT... AN UNDETECTED KILLER SHOOTS DOWN ONE OF THE WORKERS...

YA-AAA-AA!



AND THAT EVENING, A PORTION OF THE PLANT BLOWS UP!

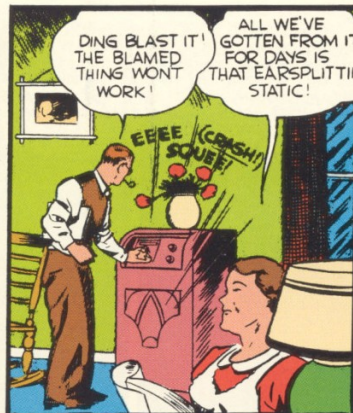


SO THEY TRIED TO GET THE FORMULA FROM THE SAFE, EH, LAMSON?

BUT THEY FAILED! ONLY A FEW OF MY MOST TRUSTED ASSISTANTS KNOW WHERE THE FORMULA ACTUALLY IS HIDDEN! ENEMIES ARE TRYING TO TERRORIZE ME INTO PLAYING BALL BUT-IT WON'T WORK!



AND
MANY
HUNDREDS
OF
MILES
DISTANT....
ON
THE
BORDER
OF
THE
SWASEY
SWAMP....



ALL WE'VE
GOTTEN FROM IT
FOR DAYS IS
THAT EARSPLITTING
STATIC!



WON'T DO YOU
ANY GOOD. NONE
OF THE TELEPHONES
HEREABOUTS HAVE
BEEN IN ORDER
FOR A WEEK!

FOOD AND
DRY-GOODS



EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE
METROPOLIS DAILY PLANET...

YOU KNOW LOIS,
LAST NIGHT I
DREAMED THAT
YOU AND I WERE
ON THE BEST OF
TERMS.

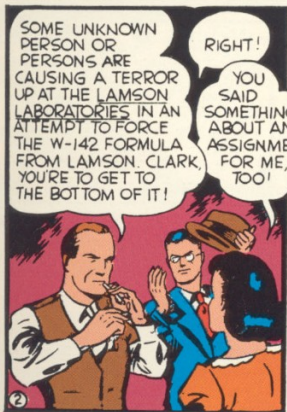
IT MUST
HAVE BEEN
A DREAM!

WHITE WANTS TO
SEE BOTH OF
YOU!



TWO
INTERESTING
STORIES HAVE
BROKEN! I WANT
YOU TO HANDLE
THEM!

HOW
ABOUT SOME
DETAILS?



RIGHT!

YOU
SAID
SOMETHING
ABOUT AN
ASSIGNMENT
FOR ME,
TOO!



YOU'RE TO
INVESTIGATE
THE POWERFUL
ELECTRICAL
DISCHARGE
EMANATING
FROM SWASEY
SWAMP.

LEAVE IT
TO CLARK
TO GET THE
MORE
INTERESTING
ASSIGNMENT!



(*-ROVERTOWN... SWASEY
SWAMP! HM-MM! THEY'RE
HUNDREDS OF MILES APART!
LOIS HAS A GENIUS FOR
POKING HER NOSE INTO
TROUBLE! THIS MAY BE
ONE TIME I MIGHT NOT
BE ON HAND TO HELP
HER! -*)

LATER —
CLARK SEES
LOIS OFF
AT THE
RAILROAD
STATION.....



CLARK
BOARDS
A
BUS
FOR
ROVERTOWN...



LATER...
LOIS
LEAVES
THE
TRAIN
AT
HER
DESTINATION.





WALL-LL...
AINT MUCH
I CAN TELL
YOU 'CEPT...
PERSONALLY,
I THINK IT'S
SPOOKS!

YOU
WOULD!
I CAN SEE
YOU'RE GOING
TO BE A LOT
OF HELP!



CAN YOU AT
LEAST TELL ME
WHERE I CAN
LOCATE A GUIDE
TO TAKE ME INTO
THE SWAMP, SO
THAT I CAN
INVESTIGATE
THE SOURCE
OF THE
TROUBLE?

WHY NOT TRY
JEFF GRADY'S
GROCERY STORE?
THERE'S ALWAYS
A BUNCH OF
TH' FELLAS
HANGIN' AROUND
HIS CRACKER
BARREL!



UNAIDED, LOIS LABORIOUSLY
CARRIES HER HEAVY SUIT-
CASES TO THE DISTANT STORE.

ANY ONE OF
YOU CARE TO
GUIDE ME INTO
THE SWAMP?



AS
NO
ONE
REPLIES...

WHAT'S THE
MATTER? ARE
YOU ALL DEAF?
I ASKED FOR
A GUIDE!

NONE OF THEM
CARE TO ACCEPT
THE JOB, MISS.
WE DON'T LIKE
WHAT'S GOIN' ON
IN TH' SWAMP--
NO-SIR...NOT AT
ALL!

I'VE
GOT A WIFE AN'
KIDS...



I'LL
TAKE THAT
JOB!

THAT'S
MORE LIKE
IT!



WHO ARE
YOU? NEVER
SEEN YOU
AROUND HERE
BEFORE!

HOW CAN YOU--
A STRANGER--
GUIDE ANYONE
INTO THE
SWAMP AND
GET OUT...
ALIVE?

I'M TOM
JEPSON.
STILL
WANT ME
TO GUIDE
YOU?

I CERTAINLY DO!
IT'S A PLEASURE
TO MEET SOMEONE
WHO ACTUALLY ISN'T
AFRAID THE BOOGY-
MAN IS LURKIN IN
THE SWAMP!



AS LOIS DEPARTS FROM THE
STORE, SHE DOES NOT SEE THE
TRIUMPHANT GLEAM IN
JEPSON'S EYES....

TERRORIZED,
LOIS RACES
ALONG
METEOR
ISLAND
HEARING
THE
SOUND OF
PURSUIT
CLOSE
BEHIND....



AS SHE
ATTEMPTS
TO ROUND A
HUGE ROCK,
A WEIRD
FIGURE
STEPS
FORTH
AND
BLOCKS
HER
PATH....



WHIRLING,
SHE
ATTEMPTS
TO RUN
IN
ANOTHER
DIRECTION,
BUT
FINDS....



SWIFTLY,
THE
MONSTER-
MEN CLOSE
IN ON THE
FEAR-
STRICKEN
GIRL ...!



THEN CALMLY REGARD HER
FALLEN FIGURE AS SHE
FAINTS !



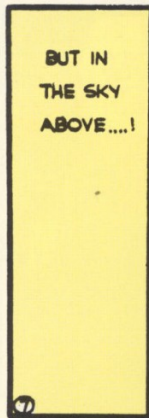
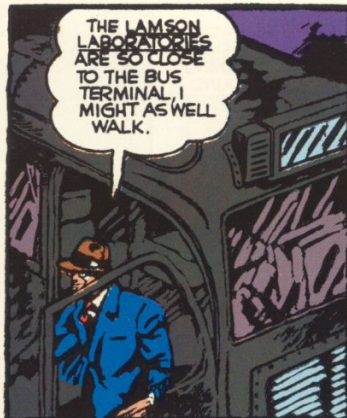
THE
REPORTER--
LOIS LANE--
IS CAPTURED !

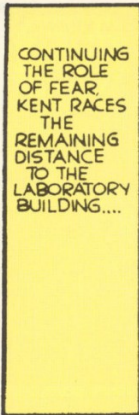


INDEED!
THEN IT ONLY
REMAINS FOR
US TO REMOVE
CLARK KENT!



MEANWHILE--
CLARK HAS
ALREADY
ARRIVED IN
ROVERTOWN...





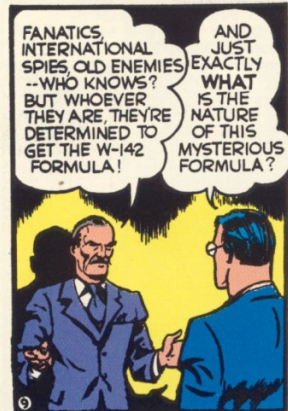
BANG! - AS THE TRIGGER IS PULLED A BULLET CATAPULTS FORTH FROM THE MUZZLE-AND IS FLATTENED HARMLESSLY AGAINST CLARK'S CHEST!



AS THE DOOR BANGS SHUT CLARK CONTINUES HAMMERING AT IT.....



ABRUPTLY, THE DOOR OPENS....



OUT OF SIGHT OF THE OTHERS, CLARK REMOVES HIS OUTER GARMENTS, TRANSFORMING HIMSELF INTO SUPERMAN, MAN OF STEEL.....

LOOKS LIKE I MAY HAVE SOME ACTION ON MY HANDS!

A LARGE PLANE LANDS OUTSIDE THE LABORATORY.....

MEN WEARING METALLIC GARMENTS AND SCREENING GOGGLES, EMERGE.....

QUICK!

INTO THE LABORATORY!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY....

RAISE THOSE HANDS!

NOW.... WHAT IS THE W-142 FORMULA!

I REFUSE TO TELL YOU! AND IF YOU THINK YOU CAN DRAG THE INFORMATION OUT OF ME, YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME!

I BELIEVE HIM. LET'S GET TO WORK ON SOMEONE ELSE!

YOU-TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND A COPY OF THE FORMULA OR I'LL BEAT IN YOUR SKULL!

THERE! --IN THAT CABINET DRAWER!

BUT AS THE METAL CLAD MEN EAGERLY ADVANCE TOWARD THE DRAWER, A COSTUMED FIGURE LEAPS BETWEEN THEM AND THEIR GOAL... SUPERMAN!

STOP! AND I DO MEAN YOU!

GET HIM!!

THE
BANDITS
RUSH THE
MAN OF
TOMORROW
... ONLY TO
DISCOVER
THEY HAVE
TANGLED
WITH A
ONE-MAN
ARMY...



BUT
FLEEING
TO THE
PLANE
ONE OF
THE
INVADERS
FLINGS
A
SWITCH....



INSTANTLY, EVERY METAL
OBJECT IN THE ROOM STREAKS
TOWARD SUPERMAN.....



AS HE BATTLES THE DELUGE
OF METAL, SUPERMAN
GUESSES THE ANSWER....



SEIZING A HUGE METAL BENCH,
SUPERMAN HURLS IT THRU
THE LARGE WINDOWS AT THE
PLANE, DESTROYING THE VESSEL.
INSTANTLY THE RAIN OF METAL
OBJECTS ENDS.....



AS THE MAN OF STEEL SPRINGS
TOWARD THEM, THE TERRIFIED
INVADERS LEAP TO
DESTRUCTION.....!



SUDDENLY, KRAWL LEAPS
FORWARD... SEEKS TO SHOVE
SUPERMAN THRU THE WINDOW...



AS KRAWL PLUMMETS
DOWNWARD, HE THRUSTS
A VIAL INTO HIS MOUTH....



SUPERMAN CATCHES THE FALLING ASSISTANT BEFORE HE STRIKES GROUND.....



GOT YOU!

TOO LATE!
I'VE SWALLOWED POISON!

YOU HAVEN'T MUCH LONGER TO LIVE!
TELL ME-- WHO IS YOUR REAL EMPLOYER?



WITH A FINAL GASP KRAWL DIES!

A MAN OF-- GIGANTIC INTELLIGENCE-- YOU'LL NEVER OUTWIT HIM!
AT THIS MOMENT HE HAS ---- IMPRISONED --LOIS LANE....

A MIGHTY LEAP LAUNCHES SUPERMAN UP INTO THE SKY! HE STREAKS THRU THE CLOUDS LIKE A SKYROCKET GONE WILD....!



LOIS--IN DANGER --IN THE SWASEY SWAMP!

THE CATAPULPING MAN OF STEEL SPANS FORESTS, HAMLETS.... COVERING HUNDREDS OF MILES IN MINUTES! THEN AS HE SIGHS METALLIC-CLAD MEN BELOW, DOWN HE HURTLES...!



THEY KNOW WHERE LOIS IS! AND HERE'S WHERE I LEARN THE ANSWER!

THE ENEMY PUTS UP FEEBLE OPPOSITION BUT IS NO MATCH FOR THE STEELY, FLAILING FISTS OF THE MAN OF TOMORROW...



THIS IS TO KNOCK SOME OF THE CUSSIDNESS OUT OF YOU!

TELL ME WHERE LOIS LANE IS. OR

THERE! SHE'S IN THE SECRET CHAMBER BENEATH THAT BOULDER!



DOWN BURROWS SUPERMAN THRU THE SOLID ROCK.....



INTO A METAL-LINED ROOM...

BACK--OR I'LL DESTROY LOIS IN THE MAGNETIC FIELD!

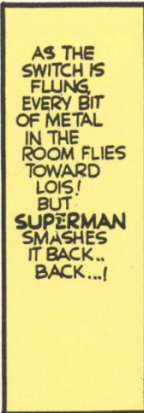
TRY IT!



VERY WELL!
WATCH HER DIE
BEFORE YOUR
VERY EYES!



AS THE
SWITCH IS
FLUNG
EVERY BIT
OF METAL
IN THE
ROOM FLIES
TOWARD
LOIS!
BUT
SUPERMAN
SMASHES
IT BACK...
BACK...!



YOU CAN'T
WIN! THE
MAGNETIC FORCE
IS TOO
POWERFUL!

I'M
SURPRISED
YOU HAVEN'T
MORE
CONFIDENCE
IN ME!



THE CRUSH OF THE METAL
DESTROYS THE MAGNETIC
DEVICE. SWIFTLY **SUPERMAN**
BENDS BACK THE METAL....



THERE
YOU
ARE!

BUT--WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THE EVIL
SCIENTIST?

HE'S
SOMEWHERE
BENEATH
THERE!

DESTROYED
BY HIS OWN
FIENDISH
MACHINE!



AS THEY STREAK UP INTO THE
SKY, **SUPERMAN** BRINGS
JEPSON ALONG AS CAPTIVE...

WHO WAS
YOUR
BOSS?

WILL
THIS
MAKE A
FRONT PAGE
YARN!

A FOREIGN
AGENT, WHO
WAS DETERMINED
TO GET THE W-142
FORMULA AT
ANY COST!



SUPERMAN ALIGHTS BEFORE
THE METROPOLIS JAIL....



HERE YOU
ARE
SERGEANT
CASEY-- A
PRISONER!

WHAT--?

HOLD ONTO
HIM, CASEY!
I'LL EXPLAIN
EVERYTHING
TO YOU
LATER!

AFTER **SUPERMAN**
SPRINGS OFF, LOIS HURRIES
TO THE DAILY PLANET
NEWSPAPER OFFICE....



HOLD THE FRONT
PAGE OPEN, CHIEF!
I'VE A STORY ABOUT
SWASEY SWAMP
AND THE LAMSON
LABORATORIES
THAT WILL....

I GUESS YOU
HAVEN'T YET
READ THE
FRONT PAGE
OF THE
LATEST
EDITION.

M-MY
STORY!
UNDER THE
BY-LINE OF
**CLARK
KENT!**

PAGING
ME, LOIS?



THE END.

SUPERMAN

KEEPS GOOD COMPANY!



THREE ACES



THE BLACK PIRATE



TEX THOMSON

PLUS

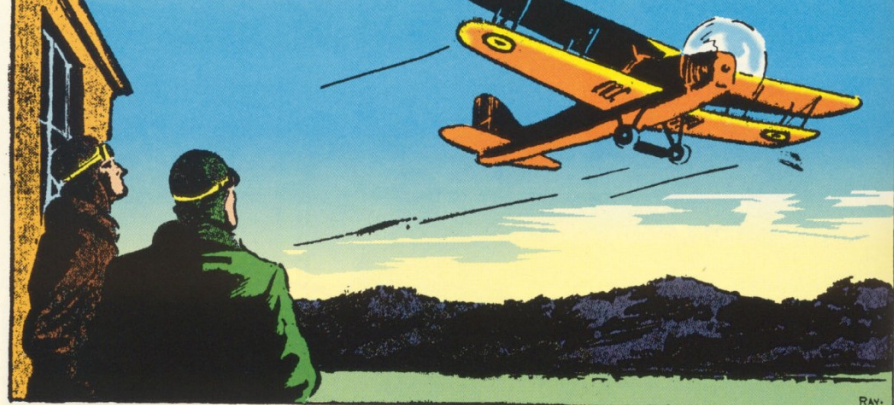


**EVERY
MONTH
IN**



A BOMBING FLIGHT

by Frank Cooper



WE WERE sitting at dinner in London when the stranger came in. He looked old and worn; and very tired. My companion glanced across the room at him, and frowned.

"Strange. I seem to know that man," he said, "but I can't place him!"

"Not at all strange," I replied. "You know him. So do I. His name is Raoul Deschamps."

"Deschamps? But—but he was a flyer! I flew with him in the last war. So did you! He died in Flanders!"

I bit the end of my cigar and smiled at him, saying, "Let me tell you a little story..."

Bombs thundered across the battlefield. In the dugout of the 5th Air Corps, three men were seated: Deschamps, a Frenchman; Rogers, an English Captain; and Smith, an American.

"I do not want to go!" shouted the Frenchman, pounding the little table. "To go alone over their lines to drop a bombload. It is suicide!"

"It's orders!" snapped Smith. There was a commotion at the door. A young woman brushed her way past the guard and ran to the Frenchman, who clasped her in his arms.

"Raoul! Raoul! I have heard. You're going to die! They're sending you aloft! To bomb the

enemy lines! alone!"

They were both excited. Smith could see Raoul turn pale. Smith had seen other men pale like that in the face of danger. Deschamps was no coward: he had demonstrated his bravery many, many times. Smith and Rogers had flown beside him often, and knew his daredevil courage. Yet, there is a difference between fighting with a squadron and going alone into enemy territory to drop bombs and be shot down for it before you can escape!

Rogers squinted at the woman and turned to Smith.

That thing pinned to the sash around her waist," he said. "It

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc. Required by the ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 and MARCH 3, 1933 of Superman Magazine published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October, 1940.

I, before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Lichowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law depose and say that he is the Business Manager of Superman, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the foregoing, and that the same are true and correct to the best of his knowledge and belief, as required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933 embodied in section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations in wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Superman, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City; Editor, W. F. Illworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Lichowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York City.

2. That the owner is (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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Signed and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1940. (Signed) Alfred B. Yaffe. (My commission expires March 10, 1942.)

(Signed) J. S. Lichowitz, Business Manager

looks like a little doll!"

"Smith grunted and turned away. "It is a doll! A luck charm of hers. She always carries it. She says it brings her luck."

Rogers nodded soberly. "Some women are superstitious. They are also proud. She will make Raoul fly that bomber!"

It was the zero hour. Rogers and Smith stood in the doorway and watched Deschamps walk steadily across the flying field toward the bomber, whose motor was droning steadily in the early morning light. He climbed into the cockpit and settled himself. A moment later, the ailerons straightened and the big plane roared down the field and climbed steadily toward the east.

"There he goes," whispered Smith.

"He'll never come back alive," said Captain Rogers, shaking his head.

They found Deschamps' bomber a heap of tangled wreckage when the enemy patrols went out to see if their anti-aircraft barrage had been successful. In traditional style, they flew over the

Allied trenches and dropped his helmet, and goggles and identification tag.

Smith was standing alone the afternoon the enemy plane flew low and dropped the bundle. He ran to it and picked it up. "They got him," he whispered, and opened the package.

"But," protested my companion, "that proves Deschamps died in Flanders!"

"You haven't given me time to finish my story. In that bundle were Deschamps' properties and—a little doll!"

"You mean—the woman took his place and flew his plane?"

"Exactly! He lost his nerve. He refused to go up! As Captain Rogers said, some women are superstitious, but they are very proud! That woman chose to die rather than see her lover disgraced!"

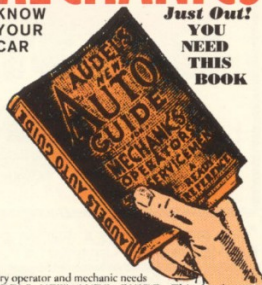
We watched the old, old shell of a proud flyer go out the restaurant door.

My companion shook his head and whispered, "Can you imagine how many times he's wished HE had been in that plane?"

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CAR

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SUBST

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SUPER-STRENGTH

by



SO THIS IS YOUR **SUPERMAN** PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT CLUB! YOU BOYS CERTAINLY ARE IN TRIM SHAPE!

WELL, SIR, IT WASN'T AS SIMPLE AS IT SEEMS!



"WE GOT THE IDEA FROM READING OF **SUPERMAN'S** FEATS..."

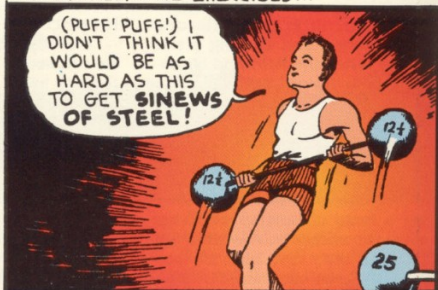
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF WE COULD DO THE STRONG THINGS **SUPERMAN** DOES?

WHY NOT? -LET'S TRY!



"INDIVIDUALLY...WE EXERCISED..."

(PUFF! PUFF!) I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD BE AS HARD AS THIS TO GET **SINEWS** OF STEEL!



"...AND THE RESULTS WERE SLOW IN COMING..."

ER--ARE YOU STILL EXERCISING?

NO ---I STOPPED A WEEK AGO!

ME TOO!



MAYBE, IF WE FORMED A CLUB AND EXERCISED TOGETHER, WE'D SEE TO IT THAT WE KEEP IT UP. THEN, NO ONE WOULD LET DOWN.

SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA!



LATER..

I CAN'T EXERCISE TODAY BECAUSE..

NO ALIBIS! GET IN THERE AND **EXERCISE!**

NO STREET SHOES IN THE 'GYM'

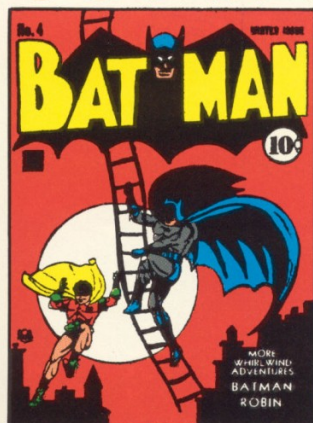


SO, CO-OPERATION DID IT, EH?

YES. UNITED WE ACCOMPLISHED. WHAT WE FAILED TO DO SEPARATELY



COMING AT YOU!



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OF
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ON SALE JAN. 13

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WOR New York City
WHAM Rochester
WGY Schenectady

WFIL Philadelphia
WBZ Boston
WJAR Providence

KOY Phoenix—Sponsored by **MARTIN OIL AND GAS CO.**
KQV Pittsburgh—Sponsored by **THE PITTSBURGH MILK CO.**
WSAV Savannah—Sponsored by **DOCTOR PEPPER BOTTLING CO.**
KWK St. Louis—Sponsored by **PEVELY DAIRY COMPANY**
WTCN Minneapolis—Sponsored by **MILK FOUNDATION OF MINNESOTA**
KDAL Duluth—Sponsored by **CHOCOLATE PRODUCTS CO.**
KMO Tacoma—Sponsored by **MODEL BAKERY**
KROC Rochester, Minn.—Sponsored by **ROCHESTER BOTTLING CO.**
KECA Los Angeles—Sponsored by **SUPREME BAKERY CO.**
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CJCS Stratford

CKTB St. Catharines
CKJL Kirkland Lake
CKGB Timmins
CKSO Sudbury
CKPR Fort William
CKY Winnipeg
CJRM Regina
CFOC Saskatoon

CJOC Lethbridge
CFAC Calgary
CJCA Edmonton
CFGP Grande Prairie
CKOV Kelowna
CKLN Nelson
CIAT Trail
CBR Vancouver
CFAR Flin Flan

SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

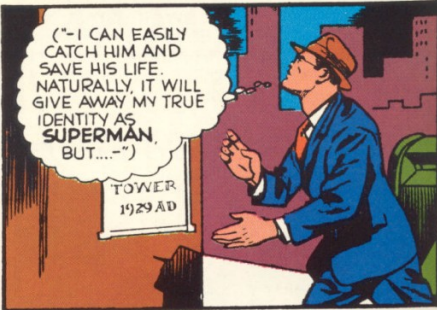
LEAPING OVER SKYSCRAPERS, RUNNING FASTER THAN AN EXPRESS TRAIN, SPRINGING GREAT DISTANCES AND HEIGHTS, LIFTING AND SMASHING TREMENDOUS WEIGHTS, POSSESSING AN IMPENETRABLE SKIN--THESE ARE THE AMAZING ATTRIBUTES OF WHICH **SUPERMAN**, CHAMPION OF THE HELPLESS AND OPPRESSED, AVALS HIMSELF AS HE BATTLES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



AS LOIS LANE AND CLARK KENT STROLL NEAR THE METROPOLIS TOWER, SHRIEK'S ABOUT THEM CAUSE THE TWO TO LOOK UPWARD....



("-I CAN EASILY CATCH HIM AND SAVE HIS LIFE. NATURALLY, IT WILL GIVE AWAY MY TRUE IDENTITY AS **SUPERMAN**, BUT....-")



BUT THEN CLARK'S TELESCOPIC VISION REVEALS TO HIM THAT THE MAN IS ALREADY DEAD FROM A CRUSHING BLOW OVER THE HEAD.....



SWIFTLY, KENT SWEEPS LOIS OUT OF DANGER THEY AVERT THEIR EYES SO AS NOT TO WITNESS THE SICKENING IMPACT.....



THE GATHERING MORBID CROWD IS SWEEPED BACK AS SERGEANT CASEY AND HIS MEN ARRIVE.....

HELLO, SERGEANT CASEY!

IT'S POSITIVELY ASTONISHING THE WAY YOU TWO ALWAYS MANAGE TO BE ON THE SPOT WHEN SOMETHING NEWSWORTHY OCCURS!

WHO-- WHO WAS HE?

MORTON CARLING! -AND HE HAS THE FIRM NAME OF NELSON AND LASSITER WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF THE CARD -HM-MM. I'VE BEEN EXPECTING THIS.....

IT MUST BE SUICIDE, BUT..... ("EXPECTING THIS? NOW WHY SHOULD CASEY SAY THAT?")

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US NOW, LOIS?

TO THE TWENTI-ETH FLOOR TO THE LEGAL FIRM OF NELSON AND LASSITER. I BELIEVE CARLING MUST HAVE JUMPED FROM THEIR WINDOW!

MR. LASSITER... COULD YOU TELL US EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED, AND WHY CARLING SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THAT--ER--LEAP?

I SUGGEST YOU SPEAK TO MR. NELSON, MY PARTNER. HE HAS ALWAYS ATTENDED TO CARLING'S AFFAIRS.

THAT'S OKAY WITH US--JUST AS LONG AS WE GET THE INFORMATION!

PLEASE-- I DON'T FEEL LIKE DISCUSSING IT.....

BUT IT'S BEST THAT YOU DO DISCUSS IT, MR. NELSON.

YOU WOULDN'T WANT THE PAPERS TO PRINT A FALSE REPORT.

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT--DURING THE LAST MONTHS, CARLING CONTINUALLY COMPLAINED THAT HE WAS RECEIVING DEATH-THREATS OVER THE PHONE AND FROM STRANGERS WHO PASSED HIM ON THE CROWDED STREET. WE COMPLAINED TO SERGEANT CASEY-- BUT THE SERGEANT, AFTER INVESTIGATION, DECIDED OUR CLIENT HAD AN OVER-ACTIVE IMAGINATION.

HE WARNED US TO PROTECT OUR CLIENT FROM SUICIDE - BUT TODAY, HE UNEXPECTEDLY LEAPED THRU THE WINDOW!

WAS CARLING WEALTHY?

HE WAS LEFT A LIFE INTEREST IN AN ESTATE OF TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS, A MONTH AGO. NOW THAT HE HAS PASSED AWAY, FORTY NEW HEIRS WILL EACH INHERIT A HALF MILLION DOLLARS!

THEN ANY ONE OF THOSE FORTY HEIRS MIGHT HAVE DESIRED CARLING'S DEATH. MAY WE PLEASE HAVE A LIST OF THE NAMES OF THE HEIRS? IF YOU REFUSE TO GIVE US THE LIST, WE CAN GET IT FROM PROBATE COURT, ANYWAY--SO BE NICE!

CLARK--I'M GLAD YOU GOT THAT LIST OF NAMES, BECAUSE WE'RE PERSONALLY GOING TO INVESTIGATE EACH HEIR--YOU, TWENTY OF THEM, AND I, TWENTY!

TWENTY!? LOIS! HAVE A HEART!

THE SURVEY BEGINS.....

ER--I BELIEVE
YOU'RE ONE OF
MORTON
CARLING'S
HEIRS.....

THAT'S
NONE OF
YOUR
AFFAIR!



AS CLARK CONTINUES ON HIS
ERRAND HE ENCOUNTERS ANGER,
IRRITABILITY, INDIGNATION.....

YOU
REPORTERS!
A PERSON'S
PRIVACY
DOESN'T MEAN
A THING TO
YOU!

I--I ONLY
WANTED TO
ASK A FEW
QUESTIONS....



WHEN, DISCOURAGED, HE
LEAVES THE HOME OF THE
TWENTIETH NAME ON THE
LIST, GEORGE STEELE, HE NOTES

A CAR--
TRAILING ME
THRU
TRAFFIC--!



CLARK TURNS INTO AN
UNFREQUENTED STREET.....

STILL
TRAILING ME!



SUDDENLY, THE TRAILING CAR
SWOOPS IN AND FORCES THE
REPORTER'S AUTO OFF THE
STREET SO THAT IT CRASHES
INTO A TELEPHONE-POLE.....



'YA SAP!
WE'RE PAID
TO SNATCH
THIS GUY--
NOT TO
KILL HIM!

QUIT
SOWAWKIN'!
HE'S STILL
ALIVE.....
JUST UNCON-
SCIOUS!

("I'LL PLAY
POSSUM AND
LEARN JUST
WHAT THEIR
GAME IS!")

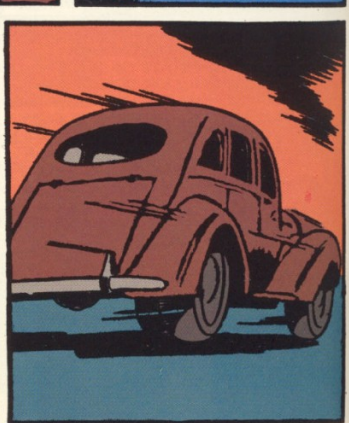


THIS
GUY IS
HEAVY!

ALWAYS COMPLAININ'!
GET HIM INTO THE CAR
---AND LET'S CLEAR
OUTA HERE!



OFF SPEEDS
THE AUTO
WITH THE
APPARENTLY
UNCONSCIOUS
CLARK KENT
A NOT-SO-
HELPLESS
CAPTIVE....!



HALF AN HOUR LATER....THE
TWO KIDNAPPERS FORCE THE
"REVIVED" CLARK INTO THEIR
HIDEOUT.....



THE DAILY PLANET REPORTER
IS TIED TO A CHAIR AND
ROUGHLY QUESTIONED.....



I HAPPEN TO KNOW--
I'M CERTAIN--
THAT CARLING
WAS MURDERED
....DEAD BEFORE
HE HIT THE
SIDEWALK!



RAISING THE TELEPHONE
RECEIVER, ONE OF THE THUGS
DIALS A NUMBER.....



THAT
REPORTER
KNOWS
CARLING WAS
MURDERED!
WHAT DO YA
WANT US
TO DO?



WH-WHERE
ARE YOU
TAKING
ME?

FIGURE
IT OUT FOR
YOURSELF,
BUD!



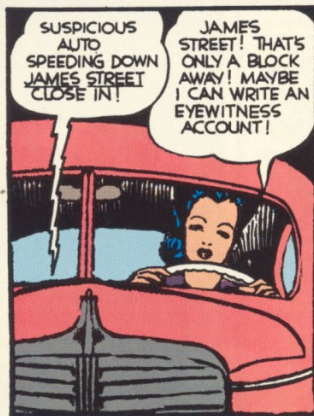
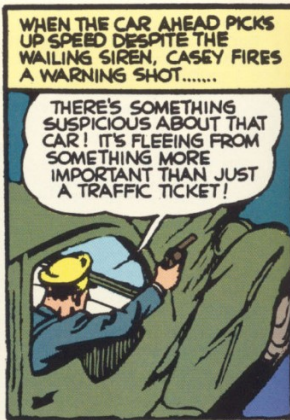
YOU'RE TAKING ME
FOR A ONE-WAY RIDE!
DON'T DO IT! I HAVEN'T
MUCH MONEY SAVED
UP, BUT....

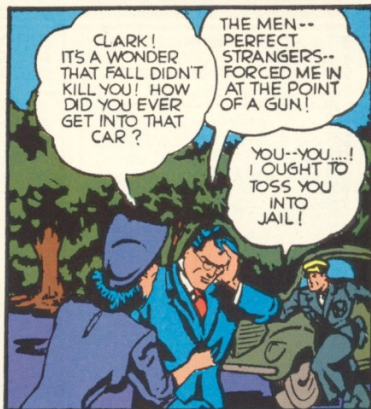
WILL
YOU
SHUT
UP??



DISTRACTED
BY THE
COMMOTION
CLARK
RAISES,
THE CAR'S
DRIVER
SPEEDS THRU
A STOP
SIGNAL
DESPITE A
POLICEMAN'S
WARNING
WHISTLE.....







THE TWO REPORTERS RETURN TO THE DAILY PLANET....

IF YOU'LL ONLY ACCEPT MY APOLOGY, LOIS.....

DON'T YOU SPEAK TO ME, CLARK KENT!



LATER--CLARK DIALS THE TELEPHONE NUMBER HE HAD OVERHEARD. LIFTING HER TELEPHONE, LOIS ACCIDENTALLY OVERHEARS THE CONVERSATION

("-THE JACKSON JEWELRY COMPANY! THEY'VE TOLD CLARK IT'S THE WRONG NUMBER....BUT I WONDER!-")



IN PRIVACY, CLARK CHANGES INTO THE DYNAMIC SUPERMAN

JACKSON JEWELRY COMPANY, EH? I BELIEVE I'LL GIVE THAT PLACE THE ONCE-OVER!



LOIS ENTERS THE TAYLOR BUILDING, IN WHICH THE JEWELRY COMPANY IS LOCATED, IN TIME TO SEE.....

MR. NELSON--ENTERING THE JEWELRY COMPANY'S OFFICE! --THIS CALLS FOR STRATEGY!



CONTACTING THE BUILDING'S SUPERINTENDENT, LOIS SECURES VALUABLE INFORMATION

I WANT TO PLAY A JOKE ON MY GIRL-FRIEND--SHE'S SECRETARY OF THE JACKSON JEWELRY COMPANY. CAN YOU TELL ME THINGS YOU'VE NOTICED ABOUT HER, SO THAT I CAN SPRING THEM ON HER?

YOU MEAN MARJORIE FARNSWORTH? I CAN TELL YOU PLENTY ABOUT HER--!



DOWN, OUT OF THE CLOUDS SWOOPS THE MAN OF STEEL ONTO THE TAYLOR BUILDING.....

THIS DIDN'T TAKE LONG!



LOOKING DOWN THRU THE BUILDING'S ROOF WITH THE AID OF HIS X-RAY VISION, SUPERMAN IS STARTLED TO SIGHT.....

NELSON--IN JACKSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE!



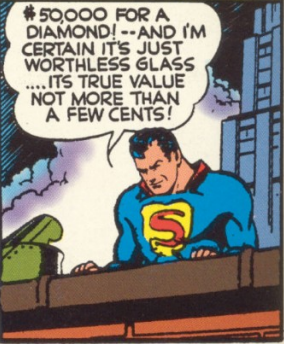
THIS IS AN EXTREMELY VALUABLE DIAMOND. I'LL HAVE TO ASK \$50,000 FOR IT.

VERY WELL. HERE'S MY CHECK FOR THAT AMOUNT!



AS NELSON DEPARTS, HE IS REGARDED BY AN EXTREMELY PUZZLED MAN OF TOMORROW....

\$50,000 FOR A DIAMOND! --AND I'M CERTAIN IT'S JUST WORTHLESS GLASS....ITS TRUE VALUE NOT MORE THAN A FEW CENTS!



AS JACKSON FONDLY REGARDS THE CHECK, SUDDENLY HE IS STARTLED TO SIGHT A SHADOW ON THE FLOOR BEHIND HIM.....



SNATCHING A REVOLVER FROM A DESK-DRAWER HE FIRES!



SLOWLY, LABORIOUSLY, SUPERMAN CLIMBS UP TOWARD THE ROOF, AS THO WOUNDED.....



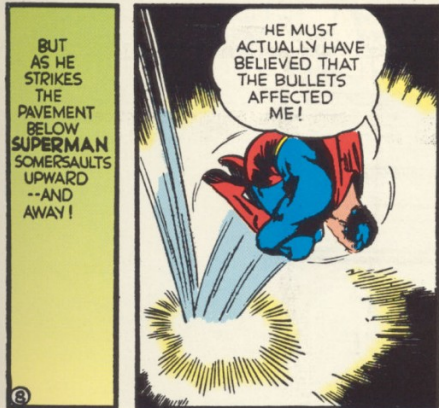
JACKSON EMERGES ONTO THE BUILDING'S ROOF JUST AS SUPERMAN PAINFULLY PULLS HIMSELF UP OVER THE LEDGE.....



BUT DESPITE THE MAN OF TOMORROW'S PLEAS, JACKSON BLASTS AWAY.....



BUT AS HE STRIKES THE PAVEMENT BELOW SUPERMAN SOMERSAULTS UPWARD --AND AWAY!



SHAKEN BY WHAT HE HAS WITNESSED, JACKSON RETURNS TO HIS OFFICE....



SUPERMAN PLUMMETS BACK TO HIS FORMER POSITION AT THE WINDOW.....

IT WORKED! HE'S GETTING IN TOUCH WITH THE LAW FIRM! NOW, TO OVERHEAR DEVELOPMENTS!



A MAN OF TREMENDOUS STRENGTH--IT MUST HAVE BEEN SUPERMAN--WITNESSED THE DIAMOND SALE! I'M CLEARING OUT OF TOWN BEFORE HE LEARNS MORE!



WAIT, JACKSON! \$100,000 IS YOURS--IF YOU ELIMINATE SUPERMAN!

\$100,000! FOR THAT AMOUNT, IT MIGHT BE ARRANGED!



DISGUISED BY SHELL-RIMMED GLASSES, LOIS ENTERS THE JEWELRY STORE.....



WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I CAN SEE THAT MARJORIE IS GONE. I'M HER AUNT JOSEPHINE FROM BRETTVILLE. DO YOU MIND IF I WAIT FOR HER UNCLE? HE'S TO MEET ME HERE.

UNOBSERVED, LOIS SLIPS A LEDGER AND SMALL BLACK BOOK FROM JACKSON'S DESK INTO HER HANDBAG.....



("-IF ONLY HE DOESN'T TURN...!-")

THE TWO HOODLUMS WHO HAD KIDNAPPED CLARK ENTER THE STORE.....



WHAT ARE YOU MEN DOING HERE?

YOU OWE US SOME MONEY--REMEMBER?

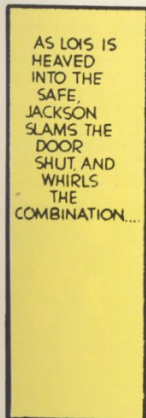
AND WE'VE COME TO COLLECT!



WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE!

MAYBE SHE'D BE BETTER LOOKIN' WITHOUT THOSE GLASSES!

("-ONE OF THOSE MEN. I ONCE SAW HIM IN A POLICE LINEUP. IF THEY REMOVE THE GLASSES HE'S LIABLE TO RECOGNIZE ME!-")



AS THE CRIMINALS OPEN FIRE, **SUPERMAN** ADVANCES INTO THE HAIL OF BULLETS-- UNHARMED!

THEY-- THEY'RE BOUNCING OFF!

KEEP FIRING!

I CAN'T LET THIS WASTE OF GOOD BULLETS CONTINUE! AND SO....

SNATCHING AWAY THE WEAPONS, **SUPERMAN** HURLS THEM CLEAR THRU THE WALL....

-- I'LL HAVE TO DISPOSE OF THE GUNS!

L-LOOK AT THAT!

I--I'M LOOKING! BUT I **STILL** DON'T BELIEVE IT!

BACK--I'VE CORROSIVE BULLETS IN THIS GUN! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES.

AS THE CORROSIVE BULLET STRIKES **SUPERMAN'S** CHEST, IT REBOUNDS...AND PENETRATES THE THICK STEEL DOOR OF THE SAFE!

LOIS--WITHIN THAT SAFE! PERHAPS SHE'S INJURED!

LEAPING IN--**SUPERMAN** GRASPS THE SAFE'S FRONT, AND STRAINS....

FOR-- LOIS--!

WITH A CRASH, THE MASSIVE DOOR FLIES OPEN....

LOIS! ARE YOU UNHARMED?

A FEW MORE MINUTES AND I MIGHT HAVE SUFFOCATED! STOP THEM--THEY'RE TRYING TO ESCAPE!

WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, **SUPERMAN** OVERTAKES THE FLEEING CRIMINALS AND HEAVES THEM BACK INTO THE SAFE'S INTERIOR....

AWK--STOP!

GET BACK IN THERE!

THE MAN OF STEEL JAMS THE SAFE DOOR BACK INTO PLACE....

THAT WILL MAKE THEM STAY PUT UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE!

THEY'LL GET SOME IDEA OF HOW I FELT IN THERE. ONLY YOU, OF COURSE, ARE LEAVING SPACE FOR AIR TO REACH THEM!

A GREAT LEAP CARRIES SUPERMAN AND LOIS OUT THRU THE WINDOW AND OVER THE CITY....

WOULD YOU MIND DROPPING ME OFF AT THE POLICE PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE?

NOT AT ALL!



WAIT! I ALMOST FORGOT TO THANK YOU!

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE!



BACK IN JACKSON'S OFFICE..... BEFORE THEIR CONCENTRATED EFFORT, THE SAFE-DOOR SWINGS OPEN, SPILLING THEM OUT....

LET'S BEAT IT!

NO--WAIT 'TILL I MAKE A TELEPHONE CALL!



JACKSON MAKES HIS CALL....

I KNOW OF A WAY WE CAN COVER THE CARLING KILLING. NOW LISTEN.....

YES.... YES....



MEANWHILE--AT THE METROPO-LIS TOWER.....

WELL, WELL! I SEE THAT JACKSON AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE FREED THEMSELVES AND ARE PAYING NELSON AND LASSITER A VISIT!



AND IN THE PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE..

BUT THIS LEDGER ONLY SHOWS TRANSACTIONS OF THE JACKSON JEWELRY COMPANY!

HOWEVER, WITH THE AID OF THIS LITTLE CODE BOOK, IT CAN BE SEEN THAT MORTON CARLING WAS MURDERED FOR \$50,000 PAID BY GEORGE STEELE, ONE OF THE HEIRS....!



LOIS, SERGEANT CASEY AND SEVERAL SQUAD--CARS INSTANTLY SET OUT IN A DASH TO THE LAW OFFICE OF NELSON AND LASSITER.....

SO THE JACKSON JEWELRY COMPANY WAS JUST THE FRONT FOR A MURDER SYNDICATE THAT DISGUISED THE TRANSFER OF BLOOD MONEY AS JEWELRY PAYMENTS!

THAT'S RIGHT! WHILE OTHER POLICE-CARS PICK UP STEELE AND JACKSON, MY SUGGESTION IS THAT WE CLOSE IN ON THE LAW FIRM!



WITHIN THE LAW-OFFICE.... AS THE MEN HOLD A CONFERENCE, UNAWARE OF THE MAN OF STEEL'S SCRUTINY, NELSON NOTES.....

TIME FOR MY MEDICINE!

DON'T YOU FIND TAKING MEDICINE A NUISANCE?

HE HAS TO DO IT AT REGULAR INTERVALS. DOCTOR'S ORDERS!



UNNOTICED BY NELSON, JACKSON DROPS SOME PILLS INTO HIS MEDICINE.....

OH, YES-- THERE'S ANOTHER IMPORTANT POINT I WANTED TO BRING UP.

YES ?

('-NOW! -)

AS NELSON RAISES THE GLASS TO HIS LIPS....

DROP THAT GLASS!

WHAT--?

AS LOIS AND SERGEANT CASEY ENTER THE OFFICE AT THAT MOMENT.....

SUPERMAN!
-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ?

JACKSON PLANNED TO POISON NELSON. YOU'LL FIND MORE PILLS IN HIS POCKET !

JACKSON AND NELSON-- YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF CARLING !

MY PARTNER-- AN ACCOMPLICE IN MURDER! IF THAT'S TRUE, I INSIST HE BE PROSECUTED!

TRYING TO SNEAK OUT AND LEAVE ME IN THE LURCH, HUH ? --WELL, THEN LISTEN TO THIS ! - LASSITER HIRED ONE OF MY MEN TO BASH AND SHOVE CARLING THRU THE WINDOW WHEN NELSON WAS OUT OF THE ROOM. HE HAD NELSON BUY THAT WORTHLESS DIAMOND FOR HIM. AND NOW, HE WANTED ME TO POISON NELSON SO THAT IT WOULD LOOK LIKE SUICIDE-- THEN HE WAS GOING TO PIN ALL THE BLAME ON NELSON!

ABRUPTLY WHIPPING OUT A GUN, LASSITER FIRES AT JACKSON.....

YOU SQUEALING--!

GOT THE BULLET! CASEY-- GET NELSON !

.... GAINING HIS CAR, LASSITER BEGINS A GETAWAY DASH.....

THEY'LL NEVER GET ME -- NEVER !

STREAKING DOWN BEFORE THE AUTO, **SUPERMAN** FLIPS IT BACK SO THAT IT ALIGHTS UPON ITS ROOF.....

YOU'VE ANOTHER GUESS COMING !

LATER...

CLARK, I'M STILL TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW YOU COULD HAVE RUSHED THAT MURDERING STORY INTO PRINT BEFORE I DID!

MAYBE I HAVE MORE ABILITY THAN YOU GIVE ME CREDIT FOR. (" SO FAR SHE HASN'T GUESSED AT MY REAL IDENTITY AS **SUPERMAN**. BUT THIS CAN'T GO ON FOREVER. SOME DAY I'LL MAKE A SLIP, AND THEN.....! -)

ERRY WHITE DITOR

THE END



C'mon BOYS-GIRLS MEN-WOMEN PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 28 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$2.80 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**

22 Piece TABLEWARE SET



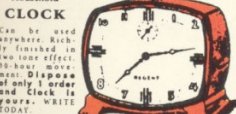
6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, Butter Knife, Sugar Shell **GIVEN** for selling only one order.

Good Luck FISHING OUTFIT



Steel rod, reel, casting line, 12 artificial lures, 12 lead sinkers, cork float and stringer. **Sell only one order.**

Household CLOCK



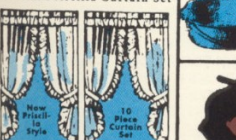
Can be used anywhere. Richly finished in two tone effect. 18-hour movement. Disposal of only 1 order and Clock is yours. **WRITE TODAY.**

Real Live CANARY



What a pet you will love. A Canary and Cage both for selling only two orders. **WRITE TODAY.**

10 Piece Priscilla Curtain Set



Custom set in refined wall pattern, finished with 2 1/4 inch ruffles in colors. Each curtain is 20000 inches 2 pairs, 4 curtains, 4 Tie Backs, 2 Buffed Valances, 10 pieces will **ALL GIVEN** to you as one premium for distributing only one order. **Postpaid.**

32 Piece Rose Petal DINNER SET



Set **GIVEN** for selling 2 orders. Sent express collect.

JUNIOR GUITAR GIVEN

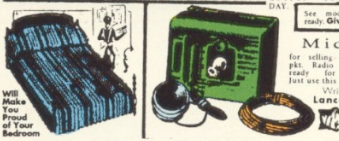


Get this handsome instrument **NOW**, Here's How: Just send your name and address **SEND NO MONEY**. We Trust You with 28 pkts. of Garden Spot to sell at 10c. When sold send \$2.80 collected and **WE WILL SEND** this mahogany finished guitar and Five Minute Instruction Book absolutely **FREE**. Send for seeds **NOW**.

Ladies' New Fashion WRIST WATCH GIVEN



More Than a Guaranteed Timekeeper Sparkling, fashionable, every case. Guaranteed 12-month wear. Yours for disposing of only two orders of Garden Spot Seeds. **MAIL COUPON TODAY.**



Crinkled BED SPREAD The crinkled stripes are neatly woven in contrasting shades. See them in color. A beauty. **Simply dispose of 1 order.**

BASKETBALL GIVEN



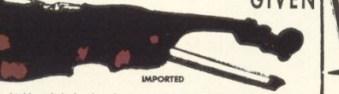
Latest Rubber Valve Type. **Send No Money.** Just name and address. **GIVEN** for disposing of only 28 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. **WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.** Hurry! Be First.

Blue Bird Granite Cooking Set



Convenient and sanitary kitchen utensils. Entire Set, given as one premium consists of four regular-sized pieces: 1 Mixing Bowl, 1 Pudding Pan, 1 Preserving Kettle, with handle, 1 Sauce Pan. **GIVEN** for selling only 25 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. **Write for seeds TODAY.** Send No Money. We Trust You. Hurry! Be First.

VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN



Handsome finish, highly polished. Set of strings and bow included. **Send no money.** **GIVEN** for selling only one order. **MAIL THE COUPON TODAY.** BE FIRST.

Home BARBER Outfit



Here is a money-saver you can trim children's or adults' hair yourself without depending on the barber. Consists of the barber's six of one pair of guaranteed Hair Clippers, a set of barber's utility shears for the latest style cuts. One pair Diamond Point Barber Shears & 7 inch Barber Comb. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order.

PRIZE TYPEWRITER GIVEN



\$10 for best and nearest letter written on this machine by July 1. 1941. Simply dispose of only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. and typewriter is yours.

GIANT SPY-GLASS



See moon, stars and people miles away. Gives new pleasures. Always ready. **GIVEN** for selling only one order. Send for seeds today.

3 FOOT TELESCOPE



See moon, stars and people miles away. Gives new pleasures. Always ready. **GIVEN** for selling only one order. Send for seeds today.

Midget Pocket RADIO GIVEN



For selling—only two 28 packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. Radio needs no batteries or electrical connections. Is complete and ready for use anywhere. **SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU.** Hurry! Just use this Coupon. Do not wait; do it NOW. Write for Seeds to: Lancaster County Seed Co., Sta. 354, Paradise, Pa.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

5 FREE

PROMPTNESS PRIZES!

SENT RIGHT ALONG WITH YOUR REGULAR PREMIUM IF WE GET THIS COUPON IN THE NEXT 5 DAYS.

SO HURRY! FILL OUT TODAY and MAIL.

TRANSFER PICTURE

WIST WATCH

G-MEN BADGE

35mm CAMERA

MAIL COUPON TODAY.

Only 34th Year

Lancaster County Seed Co., Station 354, Paradise, Pa.

Please send me 28 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10c a pkt for a fine Gift will sell along with my Regular Premium. I will send FREE PROMPTNESS PRIZES SHOWS ABOVE.

Name _____

Post Office _____

State _____

Street or R. F. D. _____ Box _____

Print your last name plainly below

Save 2 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY

AT THE TOP OF THE FIELD!

FOUR THRILLING
TOP NOTCHERS

— ON SALE

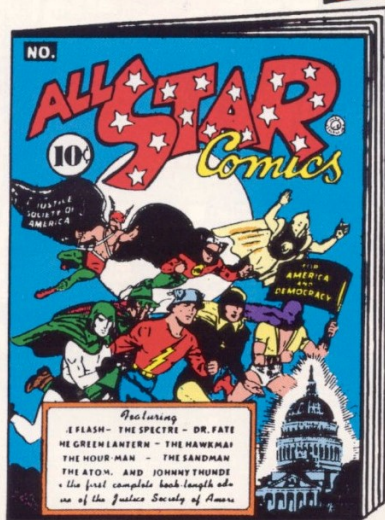
EVERY
MONTH



ALL
64 PAGES
IN FULL COLOR

10¢
EVERYWHERE

—AND



YOU WILL REMEMBER. IN ALL STAR NO. 3, AT THEIR LAST MEETING, THE MEMBERS OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA... THE FLASH - SANDMAN - HAWKMAN - DOCTOR FATE - SPECTRE - GREEN LANTERN - HOURMAN - AND THE ATOM... RECEIVED A TELEGRAM FROM THE F.B.I. CHIEF IN WASHINGTON TELLING THEM THEY WERE NEEDED AS PATRIOTIC AMERICANS TO MEET AND CONFER UPON A MATTER OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO THE UNITED STATES! . . .

NOW, IN THIS ISSUE, ALL STAR NO. 4, THEY COME FROM EVERY PART OF THE NATION, FROM THEIR HAUNTS AND BYPATHS, SPEEDING TO THE CAPITOL IN ANSWER TO THEIR COUNTRY'S CALL! . . .

THIS IS THE STORY OF HOW THEY MET, AND WHY! OF WHAT THEY DID, AND HOW THEY DID IT! THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF AMERICA... FOR AMERICA AND DEMOCRACY!

SOON ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

I Jumped from \$18 a Week to \$50 -a Free Book started me toward this **GOOD PAY JOB IN RADIO**



*Here's
How it
Happened*

by J. E. SMITH, President
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE



"I had my \$18 a week job in a drug store. I got a probability job from a lady. She had a hand about the opportunities in Radio and started looking at home for them."



"The training material Radio Institute gave me was so practical I was soon ready to make \$25 to \$30 a week in spare time morning Radio sets."



"When I started training I secured a job as Radio serviceman. In three weeks I was making service customers at \$40 a week, more than twice my old factory pay."



"Eight months later N.R.I. Graduate Service Department sent me to station KATZ where I became Radio Consultant. Now I do Radio Engineering at Radio City and associated with Television Station WJLB."



"N.R.I. Training took me out of a low-pay job, turned it into a high one and put me into Radio at good pay. Radio has opened a whole new world to me. I will enjoy my work greater than ever."



Find out today how I Train You at Home to **BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN** Many Make \$30, \$40, \$50 a Week

If you can't see a future in your present job, feel you'll never make much more money; if you're in a seasonal field, subject to lay offs, IT'S TIME NOW to investigate Radio. Trained Radio Technicians make good money, and you

don't have to give up your present job or leave home to learn Radio. I train you at home nights in your spare time.

Why Many Radio Technicians Make \$30, \$40, \$50 a Week

Radio broadcasting stations employ operators, technicians. Radio manufacturers employ testers, inspectors, servicemen in good pay jobs. Radio jobbers, dealers, employ installation and servicemen. Many Radio Technicians open their own Radio sales and repair businesses and make \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 a week fixing Radios in spare time. Automobile, Police, Aviation, Commercial Radio, Loudspeaker Systems, Electronic Devices are other fields

offering opportunities for which N.R.I. gives the required knowledge of Radio. Television promises to open good jobs soon.

Many Make \$5 to \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll, I start sending you Extra Money Job Sheets—start showing you how to do Radio repair jobs. Throughout your Course I send plans and directions which have helped many make \$5 to \$10 a week extra in spare time while learning. I send special Radio equipment to conduct experiments and build circuits. This 50-50 training method makes learning at home interesting, fascinating, practical. You also get a MODERN, PROFESSIONAL ALL-WAVE ALL-PURPOSE SET SERVICING INSTRUMENT to help you make money fixing Radios while learning and equip you for full time work after you graduate.

Find Out What Radio, Television Offer You

Act today! Mail the coupon for my 64-page book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." It points out Radio's spare time and full time opportunities and those coming in Television; tells about my Course in Radio and Television; shows more than 100 letters from men I have trained, telling what they are doing and earning. Read my money back agreement. MAIL COUPON in an envelope or paste on a penny postcard—NOW!

J. E. SMITH, President
Dept. 1383, National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

MAIL THIS NOW Get 64 Page Book **Free**



J. E. Smith, President, Dept. 1383,
National Radio Institute,
Washington, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book "Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

A Tested Way to Better Pay

Get this **COWBOY CARBINE** with your **CHRISTMAS MONEY**

Like Bill Got His!

HERE'S A WESTERN SADDLE GUN SELLER THAT'S REAL!



BILL CAN'T GET A BANGY FOR CHRISTMAS—FROM BILL—BUT WHY?



IF CARBINE HAD ONE MORE THING OF THIS KIND—AND BILL WOULD A CARBINE—WELL, HE'D HAVE A BANGY FOR HIS MOTHER!



BILL TOOK THE CARBINE HE GOT FOR CHRISTMAS—AND HE TOOK IT WITH HIM—TO KILL HIS MOTHER!



WELL HE COULDN'T—NOT FOR HE WAS SHOOTING THE RED RYDER CARBINE. BECAUSE YOU CAN SHOOT AT HIM!



GOLDEN-BANDED 1000-SHOT **RED RYDER** cowboy **CARBINE**



USE "TRUCK" TO GET TO SADDLE OR HANG ON WALL.

MEET YOUR CARBINE—this is the one you want. It's a 1000-SHOT RED RYDER CARBINE. It's the one you want. It's the one you want. It's the one you want.

Follow Bill's example—take the money you got for Christmas and buy yourself this beautiful 1000-shot RED RYDER CARBINE (featuring: Genuine Western Carbine Ring—16-inch Leather Saddle Thong fastened to Ring—Lightning-Lender Invention (gun in 1000 shot in 20 seconds)—Carbine Style Face-Plate and Locking Lever—Adjustable Double-Barrel Sight—RED RYDER'S Picture, Signature and Name "Thunder" Brand on Pistol Grip Stock. Buy your RED RYDER CARBINE at the nearest hardware, sports goods or department store—or, if thousands are doing! If Dealer hasn't it (or no Dealer is near you) send us \$3.95 and we'll mail your 1000-shot RED RYDER CARBINE postpaid. (Duty added in Canada.)



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