BE A COWBOY!

You get 'em Carbine like Red Ryder's heap soon! says Little Beaver

I just rode into your Dealer's store with a lot of my new Cowboy Carabines--

Get yours, pardner! says Red Ryder

Get this New SADDLE GUN

RED RYDER

1000-SHOT CARBINE

Picture yourself lookin' at western cow-pie and lariats through the sights of a 1000-shot repeating Red Ryder Carbine in your hands. It's fun to your western saddle world!Western! And when you say themuffs, you've a great idea for your kids. The Golden-Banded Red Ryder Carbine! A dead-nice gun for the kids to play with. It's just like the one Red Ryder once rode in the movies. The Adventures of Red Ryder. The simpatico-shootin', quick-drawing, saddle-gut gun every boy ever wants!

Get your hands on your RED RYDER CARBINE now. Can save you only $1.98 at any Hardware, sporting goods, or department store or a saving at my Dealer next year. Send at $2.50 and you'll wash your RED RYDER CARBINE in your pouch! (Buy added in Canada)

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 7710 UNION STREET, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.
WHEN A DIABOLICAL, CUNNING, SCIENTIFIC MIND SEeks TO INTIMIDATE A GREAT CITY BY DENYING IT THE WATER NECESSARY FOR HUMAN EXISTENCE, SUPERMAN FINDS HIMSELF CONFRONTED BY A MASTER FOE UTTERLY WITHOUT SCRUPLES, BUT THE AMAZING MAN OF TOMORROW MEETS FIENDISH CUNNING WITH SUPER-INTELLIGENCE, AND OFFSETS SCIENTIFIC DESTRUCTION WITH THE IRRESISTIBLE FORCE OF HIS SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH!

METROPOLIS TRUST COMPANY, ONE OF THE CITY'S MOST THRIVING BANKS....

WITHIN IT, TELLERS AND DEPOSITERS ARE BUSILY ENGAGED IN THEIR EVERYDAY PURSUITS....

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BILL? YOU LOOK BORED.

AND WHY NOT? WHAT A DULL PLACE TO WORK. NOTHING EVER HAPPENS!

NOTHING? RUH?--THAT GUN--IN THE EMPTY AIR! AM--AM I DREAMING?

IF YOU DON'T RAISE YOUR HANDS, YOU WILL DREAM PERMANENTLY!
As Clark Kent, ace Daily Planet scribe, passes near the Metropolis Trust Company, he suddenly pauses in wide-eyed disbelief and amazement...

What--??

For, before his very eyes, the bank building appears to fade into nothingness!!

Are my eyes going back on me, or is that building actually becoming invisible?

Next instant, the stunned reporter springs into action as he sights...

In a matter of seconds, the reporter springs into an alley, rips off his outer garments, and is ready for action as dynamic Superman!

In another moment... a crash...!

That truck... out of control... heading straight for the invisible bank building!

GOT TO ACT FAST!

Forward streaks Superman, as the truck nears its invisible target!

Seizing the rear of the truck, the startling Man of Steel heaves back...!

Wheeling, Superman whirls the massive truck up off the ground and in a complete about face!

Now to hurry back for a closer examination as Clark Kent!

Detour, please!

Round you go!
AS CLARK KENT, ACE DAILY PLANET Scribe, passes near the Metropolis Trust Company, he suddenly pauses in wide-eyed disbelief and amazement... 

WHAT--??

FOR, BEFORE HIS VERY EYES, THE BANK BUILDING APPEARS TO FADE INTO NOTHINGNESS!!

ARE MY EYES GOING BACK ON ME, OR IS THAT BUILDING ACTUALLY BECOMING INVISIBLE?

NEXT INSTANT, THE STUNNED REPORTER SPRINGS INTO ACTION AS HE SIGHTS...

THAT TRUCK... OUT OF CONTROL... HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE INVISIBLE BANK BUILDING!

IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, THE REPORTER SPRINGS INTO AN ALLEY, RIPS OFF HIS OUTER GARMENTS, AND IS READY FOR ACTION AS DYNAMIC SUPERMAN!

FORWARD STREAKS SUPERMAN, AS THE TRUCK NEARS ITS INVISIBLE TARGET!

IN ANOTHER MOMENT... A CRASH...!

SEIZING THE REAR OF THE TRUCK, THE STARTLING MAN OF STEEL HEAVES BACK...!

WHEELING, SUPERMAN WHIRLS THE MASSIVE TRUCK UP OFF THE GROUND AND IN A COMPLETE ABOUT FACE!

THEN-- THE CRASH AVERTED-- OFF HE SPRINGS!

NOW TO HURRY BACK FOR A CLOSER EXAMINATION AS CLARK KENT!

GOT TO ACT FAST!
THE BANK BUILDING... MATERIALIZING AGAIN! THIS IS INCRE-IBLE!

THE DAILY PLANET NEWS REPORTER FORCES HIS WAY PAST RIOTING, TERROR-STRICKEN INDIVIDUALS INTO THE BANK....

WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?

ROBBED! WE'VE BEEN ROBBED!

AS SERGEANT CASEY BATTERS HIS WAY TOWARD THE BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE, CLARK TRAILS AFTER HIM...

STOP SQUEALING AND TRY TO MAKE SENSE!

THE ROBBERS GOT AWAY WITH OVER A MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH AND NEGOTIABLE SECURITIES.

CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE CROOKS?

HOW CAN I SAY WHEN THEY WERE INVISIBLE? BY WHAT MAGIC THEY ACCOMPLISHED IT. I CAN'T SAY!

PARDON ME-- THIS STORY IS TOO GOOD TO DELAY!

MIND IF I TAG ALONG, CASEY?

OKAY, BUT REMEMBER TO GIVE ME FAVORABLE MENTION IN YOUR ARTICLE!

WHHEW! SOME HAUL!

I'M NOT KIDDING, WHITE! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED!

I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT, BUT HELP ME IF THIS TURNS OUT TO BE YOUR IDEA OF A COMICAL HOAX, I'LL HAVE YOUR SCALP!

LATER--AS CLARK STEPS INTO THE WASHROOM TO CLEAN UP...

WHAT IN THE BLAZES-- ???

NO WATER-- EITHER HOT OR COLD!

I'M GOING TO RAISE A COMPLAINT-- BUT LOUD-- WAIT! WHAT'S THAT THEY'RE SAYING?
WHAT CLARK OVERHEARS...

NO WATER!
MAYBE IT'S BEEN TEMPORARILY TURNED OFF.

NO! WORLD HAS JUST COME FROM THE PUMP STATION THAT THE WATER IS TURNED ON -- IT REFUSES TO RUN!

SWIFTLY KENT CHANGES TO HIS SUPERMAN COSTUME...

IF THAT REPORT IS TRUE, IT'S WORTH LOOKING INTO!

DOWN TO THE DISTANT STREET PLUMMETS THE AMAZING MAN OF STEEL.

ALIGHTING BESIDE A WATER PLUG, SUPERMAN RIPPLES IT UP WITH HIS BARE HANDS...

SURE ENOUGH! NO WATER FLOWING! THIS GETS POSITIVELY SINISTER!

I WANT A GOOD LOOK!

AT THAT MOMENT A HELICOPTER PLANE APPEARS OVERHEAD. A RASPING, AMPLIFIED VOICE BOOMS OUT FROM IT...

ATTENTION, CITIZENS OF METROPOLIS! YOU ARE AT MY MERCY. WANT WATER? YOU HAVE BUT TO ASK ME FOR IT -- HOWEVER, I SHALL EXPECT TO BE PAID WELL FOR IT!

SO THAT'S WHO IS TO BLAME! WELL, I'LL ATTEND TO HIM IN SHORT ORDER!

BUT WHEN SUPERMAN NEARS THE SPOT WHERE THE PLANE HAD BEEN...

HUH? NO SIGHT OF THE PLANE!
ABRUPTLY, FROM A NEARBY SPOT THE VOICE SPEAKS...

SUPERMAN--DO YOU HEAR ME?

YOU BET I DO! AND IF I CAN ONCE LAY MY HANDS ON YOU...

YOU MAY AS WELL ABANDON THAT PLEASANT PROSPECT. FOR I'M INVISIBLE, YOU SEE!

THAT'S OBVIOUS. BUT LET ME WARN YOU. UNLESS YOU CEASE YOUR CROOKED Shen-A-Nigans AND PERMIT THE WATER TO FLOW ONCE AGAIN, I'LL TRACK YOU DOWN WHEREVER YOU HIDE AND CRUSH YOU!

FORGET THE BRAVADO AND HEAR MY MESSAGE. I WANT ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH. UNLESS YOU BRING ME THAT AMOUNT FROM METROPOLIS, NOT ONE DROP OF WATER WILL THE CITY RECEIVE!

YOU ARE TO BRING IT HERE--TOMORROW. BETTER HURRY. THIRST IS A TERRIBLE THING, AND NOW--FAREWELL!

BUT WHEN AM I TO BRING THE MONEY TO YOU--AND WHERE?

SEE YOU TOMORROW--SAME TIME--SAME PLACE--BUT I HOPE, WITH THE TABLES REVERSED!

EARTHWARD PLUMMETS THE MAN OF TOMORROW...

THIS MADMAN'S THREAT IS NOT TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY!

I'D BETTER GET IN TOUCH WITH THE MAYOR AT ONCE!

BUT YOU CAN'T SEE THE MAYOR NOW! HE'S IN IMPORTANT CONFERENCES!

THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN A DOZEN CONFERENCES!

WHAT IS IT, KENT?

I BRING A MESSAGE FROM THE UNKNOWN SCOUNDREL WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR SHUTTING OFF THE CITY'S WATER SUPPLY!
HE MERELY DEMANDS ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS FROM THE CITY. EITHER HE GETS THAT BY TOMORROW OR THE CITY DOESN'T GET ANY MORE WATER.

AND WHERE DID YOU GET THIS INFORMATION?

I’VE JUST HAD A VISIT FROM SUPERMAN. HE INFORMED ME THAT WE’RE TO LEAVE THE MONEY ATOP THE DAILY PLANET BUILDING ROOF WHERE HE’LL PICK IT UP!

SO SUPERMAN IS INVOLVED IN THIS, EH?

IF YOU ASK ME, HE’S PROBABLY AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS MESS!

VERY WELL, KENT. WE’VE NO CHOICE BUT TO CAPITULATE. COME HERE TOMORROW; THE MONEY WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU!

I’LL BE GLAD TO ASSIST IN ANY WAY I CAN.

100,000,000 DOLLARS! THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS!

AFTER CLARK DEPARTS...

YOU’RE NOT REALLY GOING TO THROW AWAY THAT MUCH OF THE CITY’S MONEY?

I’M NOT AS GUILLY AS I APPEAR. WE’LL PLACE FAKE MONEY IN THE SACKS. IF THE UNKNOWN VILLAIN SHOWS UP TO COLLECT, WE’LL NAB HIM!

BUT OUTSIDE CITY HALL, KENT’S SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING HAS ENABLED HIM TO OVERHEAR THEM...

SO THEY’RE PLANNING A DOUBLE-CROSS! I’M SORRY TO HEAR THAT—FOR THEIR SAKE!

KENT HAS ASSUMED A TREMENDOUS RESPONSIBILITY AND SHOULD HE FAIL, THE TRAGIC RESULTS WOULD BE STAGGERING!

I’M SURE THAT IF THE VOICE IS TRICKED, HIS VENGEANCE WILL BE AWFUL. THAT LEAVES THE PROBLEM SQUARELY UP TO ME. SAVING METROPOLIS FROM A TERRIBLE FATE RESTS IN MY HANDS!

MEANWHILE, GREAT SUFFERING IS CAUSED BY LACK OF WATER.

BUT YOU’VE GOT TO OPERATE!

I CAN’T RISK IT. THERE IS NO STEAM AVAILABLE TO STERILIZE THE INSTRUMENTS!

WATER, MOM! PLEASE WATER!

YOU’LL GET YOUR WATER—LATER...
MEANWHILE--AT THE CITY'S PUMPING STATION
THE MACHINERY--VANISHED!

WHAT--??

ANOTHER STARTLING DEVELOPMENT! MEN HAVE BEEN WORKING FURIOUSLY
AT THE WATER PLANT TO REPAIR THE MECHANISMS, AND NOW--THE MACHINERY
HAS VANISHED
GOOD GRIEF!

MOMENTS LATER A FANTASTIC CLOAKED FIGURE SPRINGS OUT THRU THE WINDOW
OF CLARK KENT'S APARTMENT....

IN THE SKY ABOVE THE STATION--THAT MYSTERIOUS HELICOPTER! NOW,
IF ONLY I CAN STEAL UP ON IT UNDETECTED!

DOGGONIT! NO SIGHT OF IT!

NEXT STOP--THE WATER STATION!

YOU'RE A FOOL TO WASTE YOUR TIME SEEKING TO DETECT ME!

YOU'VE MADE YOUR DEMANDS! WHY NOT BE SATISFIED WITH THAT?

IT'S IMPORTANT I CONTINUE TO IMPRESS THE POPULACE WITH MY POWERS!

AND MOMENTS LATER--THE MAN OF TOMORROW AGAIN IS ALONE....

THE HELICOPTER IS GONE! BUT WE'LL ENCOUNTER EACH OTHER AGAIN TOMORROW!
AND THEN....
NEXT DAY:

YOU'RE SURE THAT SUPERMAN WILL TAKE THIS TREMENDOUS RANSOM TO OUR Foe?

WE HAVE HIS WORD FOR THAT!

Shortly after, Clark sneaks off...

("GOT TO GET AWAY AND CHANGE TO MY SUPERMAN GARMENTS--!

Moments later... a streaking figure swoops down, snatches up the dummy bags-- and is off again...!

SUPERMAN!

INCREDIBLE! AND YET--!

WE SEE HIM WITH OUR OWN EYES!

The mayor and his advisors were foolish to attempt to fool such a madman! But I must see this thru!

As the Man of Tomorrow nears the upper reaches of the sky, suddenly a loud voice blares out almost at his side...

I SEE YOU HAVE BROUGHT THE MONEY-- GOOD!

How are you going to get it without revealing yourself?

I HAVE FORESEEN THAT-- FOLLOW THE SOUND OF MY VOICE--!

I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!

Minutes pass -- then.....

Following the bodiless voice's instructions, Superman zooms into the entrance of the cave of the winds!

Below-- the cave of the winds! Enter it! Deposit the money -- and if all of it is there, the water will once again flow in Metropolis!

No one here! Wait! That blaze of light-- materializing -- increasing in size--!
THE WHITE FLAME INCREASES TO BLINDING BRILLIANCE! SUDDENLY, THE VOICE'S HARSH TONES ISSUE FROM WITHIN IT....

THE BAGS--DEPOSIT THEM ON THE FLOOR--THEN, DEPART--

("I'M IN A BAD SPOT! IF THE VOICE LEARNS OF THE MAYOR'S TRICKERY, THE CITY IS DoOMED!""

DROPPING THE BAGS, SUPERMAN TURNS TO DEPART....

I CEDE YOU THE VICTORY!

WISE FELLOW!

BUT HALTING ABRUPTLY, THE MAN OF STEEL WHIRLS!

NOW!

GOT YOU OFF GUARD!

PIERCING THE FLAME, HIS BODY UNHARMED BY THE FLAMING BEAMS, SUPERMAN SIGHTS AN ABESTOS-CLAD FIGURE....

SO YOU ARE HUMAN, AFTER ALL!

BACK! DON'T TOUCH ME!

LET'S SEE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE!

LET GO, YOU HEAR? LET GO!

LUTHOR!

THINK YOU HAVE ME THIS TIME, EH? BUT IT'S ENTIRELY POSSIBLE YOU'VE PLACED YOURSELF IN A TRAP!

TURNING SLIGHTLY, THE MAN OF TOMORROW SIGHTS TWENTY ARMED THUGS STEP INTO THE CAVE....

SO YOU'VE PLANNED A RECEPTION, EH?

YES. I WAS PREPARED IF ANYTHING WENT AMISS!
Unexpectedly, Luthor twists free... let him have it!

Simultaneously, more than a dozen deadly missiles fly toward the Man of Tomorrow...!

Still determined to get me, eh?

He's buried under there! Success at last! I've finally succeeded in disposing of Superman!

But the Man of Steel, buried under rock, regains consciousness.

Look! He--he's burrowing his way out of the solid rock!

I've got to get out before this resting place becomes permanent!

Nothing can keep us two apart long, eh?

Failed, again!

But I won't fail! I'm going to give that neck of yours a well-deserved massage!

Snatching out a strange weapon, Luthor desperately fires...!

Die, blast you!

Keep away! I warn you!
He's still breathing!
The man's indestructible! That bolt was powerful enough to wreck a battleship!

But it just sends him into dreamland!

But now that we don't have to worry about him—-that money! —-let's divide it—-now!

Not now! —-later!

You promised us our share as soon as it came!

You'll give us our dough now, or...

All right!

But instead of complying, Luthor jerks a switch on the wall, and simultaneously the men in the room all die of electrocution . . .

Only I am protected by my insulated shoes! Pay these riffraff! Non-sense! I keep my bargain only with the important man!

As the scientific fiend presses a section of the wall, it slides aside, revealing a corridor...

And now to keep my appointment!

As the wall slides back into place, Superman rises...

No longer any need to play possum!

Lunging at the cavern wall, Superman rips it open, revealing the passageway...

I was greatly tempted to make the mass murderer pay 'for his villainy.

—but I must ride my time—wait until I learn the identity of the important man Luthor hinted at! And then—!
Entering a large laboratory in the center of the mountain, Luthor finds someone awaiting him...

You -- you have the money?

Yes -- right here!

But your men -- where are they?

They grew greedy -- actually demanded their promised share -- so -- I eliminated them!

How -- how ghastly! You can drop those airs! You wanted money to cover up our fake stock manipulations, didn’t you? And you agreed to my plan to stop the city’s supply of water? Then don’t pretend to be horrified at my methods!

But -- the name of Bob Dunning has never been associated with murder!

You forget that lives have already been lost because we stopped the water! Nice mechanism I created, eh? What the city of Metropolis wouldn’t give to have it destroyed!

What’s wrong? We’ve been tricked! This isn’t money! It’s just paper!

Enraged, Luthor springs to his controls...

Trick me, will they? I warned them they’d pay if they tried anything!

Not the machine! No -- you’d wreck the city!

Nothing can stop me!

Guess again!
LEAPING IN, SUPERMAN SEIZES LUTHOR, HURLS HIM AWAY.
GET AWAY FROM THAT MACHINE!

IT'S DONE ITS LAST BIT OF HARM!

AS SUPERMAN WHIRLS...
LUTHOR -- GONE!
HE RAN OFF -- LEAVING ME IN THE LURCH!

SNATCHING UP DUNNING, SUPERMAN RACES THRU THE PASSAGEWAY, BUT AS HE EMERGES FROM ITS ENTRANCE....

LUTHOR'S SHIP! I'LL OVERTAKE IT QUICKLY!

BUT BEFORE SUPERMAN CAN REACH THE STRANGE VESSEL -- IT VANISHES!

HE'S PULLING HIS FAMOUS DISAPPEARING ACT!
YOU'LL NEVER CATCH HIM NOW!

FAREWELL, SUPERMAN! YOU WERE LUCKY THIS TIME -- BUT NEXT TIME WE CLASH, THE OUTCOME MAY BE DIFFERENT!

BURSTING INTO A POLICE STATION, SUPERMAN FORCES DUNNING TO CONFESS....
WAIT! I HAVEN'T FINISHED CONFESSIONING!
YOU'VE ALREADY SAID ENOUGH TO SEND YOU TO PRISON FOR LIFE! -- WAIT, SUPERMAN!

RIGHT! PERHAPS I'LL BE ABLE TO END YOUR CRIME CAREER PERMANENTLY!

THE END
MONEY FOR YOU!

AT LEAST $1000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

— BUT PRIZES TOTAL $2000.00

IF WON BY MEMBERS OF THE SUPERMEN OF AMERICA!

Yessir, It's a SUPER-CONTEST for all SUPERMAN fans! It's open to all readers of ACTION COMICS Magazine, the magazine in which SUPERMAN appears every month. This SUPER-CONTEST is simple, it's exciting, it's fun—and the SUPER-PRIZES can be won by anyone! REMEMBER—ALL PRIZES ARE DOUBLED AUTOMATICALLY IF THEY ARE WON BY MEMBERS OF THE SUPERMEN OF AMERICA CLUB! Thus:

- FIRST PRIZE $100.00—or $200.00 IF WON BY A MEMBER
- SECOND PRIZE $75.00—or $150.00 IF WON BY A MEMBER
- THIRD PRIZE $50.00—or $100.00 IF WON BY A MEMBER
- 4 FOURTH PRIZES $25.00 each—or $50.00 each IF WON BY A MEMBER
- 5 FIFTH PRIZES $15.00 each—or $30.00 each IF WON BY A MEMBER
- 2 SIXTH PRIZES $10.00 each—or $20.00 each IF WON BY A MEMBER
- 20 SEVENTH PRIZES $5.00 each—or $10.00 each IF WON BY A MEMBER
- 150 EIGHTH PRIZES $2.00 each—or $4.00 each IF WON BY A MEMBER
- 150 NINTH PRIZES $1.00 each—or $2.00 each IF WON BY A MEMBER

—which makes a grand total of 337 Prizes representing as much as $2000.00 in CASII AWARDS! Think of it! What couldn't YOU do with one of those dandy CASH PRIZES! Better plan RIGHT NOW to enter SUPERMAN'S SUPER-CONTEST starting in the MAY issue of ACTION COMICS MAGAZINE!

THIS SIMPLE CONTEST STARTS IN

MAY ACTION COMICS
ON SALE MARCH 21ST

REMEMBER, PRIZE AWARDS ARE DOUBLED FOR WINNERS WHO ARE MEMBERS OF THE SUPERMEN OF AMERICA. TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT BIG BONUS! IF YOU ARE NOT ALREADY A MEMBER, MAIL THE COUPON WITH YOUR TEN CENTS RIGHT NOW!

SUPERMAN,

c/o ACTION COMICS,

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N.Y.C.

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...........................................

CONTEST STARTS IN MAY ACTION COMICS
WEST STEWARTSTOWN, N.H. — INMATES OF THE COUNTY JAIL HERE HAD PRIVILEGES TO ORDER ANYTHING THEY WISHED FROM THE JAIL'S MAIL-ORDER CATALOG. TWO PRISONERS ORDERED HACKSAW BLADES AND ESCAPED.

CHIEF — THE PRISONERS WANT A NEW CATALOG — THE HACKSAW BLADE PAGE IS PRETTY WELL WORN OUT.

LOCKHAVEN — TWO OFFICERS WHO ARRESTED A HUNTER ON A DISORDERLY CHARGE WANT THE PRISONER TO PAY THE CLEANING BILL FOR THEIR UNIFORMS. THE HUNTER WAS CARRYING A DEAD SKUNK AT THE TIME.

IT'S YOUR FAULT, FELLOWS — I DIDN'T ASK YOU TO PINCH ME.

PITTSBURGH — POLICE HAVE TO SERVE 25,000 WARRANTS TO MOTORISTS WHO FORGOT ABOUT THEIR TRAFFIC TAGS IN THE LAST FEW YEARS.

HAGERSTOWN, MD. — POLICE WERE ORDERED TO TRACK DOWN 17,000 RUBBER HEELS STOLEN HERE.

'EXCUSE ME, SIR — I'M LOOKING FOR HEELS.'

WHO'S A HEEL!

BOS ANGELES — A ROBBER WHO ATTEMPTED TO ROB A CAFE WAS PUSHED BACKWARDS INTO A LAUNDRY BAG. EMPLOYEES TIED THE BAG AND CALLED THE POLICE.

SUCH — NO WONDER THEY CALL US FLAT FOOT.

WELL — HERE'S ONE CASE THAT'S IN THE BAG.

Hey — let me out!!!
Well-known coach of the Fordham Rams says:

"Active bodies need plenty of reserve energy. Dextrose sugar, as the prime 'fuel' of the body, provides food-energy promptly.

Naturally a candy bar like Baby Ruth, so rich in Dextrose, is preferred for athletes."

There is no more pleasant, satisfying way to provide your body with Dextrose than to enjoy fine Baby Ruth Candy. It's so pure, so rich in flavor and goodness that millions prefer it to any other candy. And being rich in Dextrose, Baby Ruth is a real food, as nutritious as it is delicious. Enjoy a big bar of Baby Ruth today—and every day.

JAMES CROWLEY
Head Coach of Football
FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois
LEAPING OVER SKYSCRAPERS, RUNNING FASTER THAN AN EXPRESS TRAIN, SPRINGING GREAT DISTANCES AND HEIGHTS, LIFTING AND SMASHING TREMENDOUS WEIGHTS, POSSESSING AN IMPENETRABLE SKIN—as the amazing attributes of which Superman, champion of the helpless and oppressed, avails himself as he battles the forces of evil and injustice!

ONE MORNING UPON ENTERING THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE, CLARK KENT IS SURPRISED AT THE NUMBER OF DOWNCAST FACES.

ODD! THEY LOOK AS THO THEY'D LOST OR WERE ABOUT TO LOSE—a dear friend!

HM-MM! IT SEEMS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

MAY I INQUIRE THE CAUSE OF YOUR ELATION?

IN HERE—MY FORTUNE!

IT'S JUST A Plain MIRROR!

CERTAINLY WHAT I'M GETTING AT IS THAT IF PROPERLY EXPLOITED, MY FACE CAN BRING ME A FORTUNE!
I DON'T GET IT!

VERY WELL, I'LL EXPLAIN!
I WENT TO INTERVIEW MR. GRADY
OF GRADY TALENT ENTERPRISES....

IT TURNED OUT TO BE A VERY
FORTUNATE VISIT FOR ME
FOR MR. GRADY VISUALIZES A GREAT CAREER
AHEAD OF ME ON THE
STAGE AND SCREEN!

BUT STRANGELY, INSTEAD OF
WISHING ME LUCK, MY FELLOW WORKERS
DON'T SEEM PLEASED OVER MY OPPORTUNITY.

AND WHY? THEY THINK YOU'RE SILLY TO
THROW OVER A GOOD JOB TO GO
CHASING RAINBOWS.

WHITE IS RIGHT, LOIS. I'D ADVISE
YOU TO THINK TWICE BEFORE
QUITTING YOUR JOB HERE.

SORRY, PERRY-- BUT MY MIND
IS MADE UP!

DON'T BE SO SUSPICIOUS!

WON'T YOU RECONSIDER,
LOIS?

I CAN'T AFFORD TO PASS
UP SUCH A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY.

I HOPE FOR YOUR SAKE
THIS PLACE IS ON THE LEVEL!

I-- I THINK PERHAPS
I'D BETTER LEAVE!

DON'T BE SILLY! THIS IS JUST THE
MAKE-UP ROOM!
There's Mr. Grady! He looks like a slick article to me!

I've paid you plenty! Now when will your glittering promises materialize?

Be patient, my dear. Rome wasn't built in a day, you know you need further training!

Training! Training! I want results!

Soon, my dear. Soon! But your latest tuition payment is overdue!

Sounds like a racket to me!

Just like you! Always thinking the worst!

Ah! So it's Miss Lane! I'd like to have you meet Clark Kent, a friend who thinks you're a crook!

Sorry to disappoint--but I run a legitimate business.

May I inquire, Grady, why you charge clients for training when your job is to place them?

My dear fellow, how I run my business is entirely my affair! Now--get out!

You deserved that, Clark! I still think he's a crook!
WHEN THEY RETURN....
I GOT MY MONEY BACK!

BUT NO STORY!

STEPPING INTO A STORE-ROOM, CLARK REMOVES HIS OUTER GARMENTS...
NO STORY? THAT ESTABLISHMENT FAIRLY REEKS WITH ONE!

THE MIGHTY MAN OF TOMORROW IS PROPELLED OUT INTO SPACE BY A SURGE OF HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES....

MY DESTINATION -- BELOW!

I'M SO USED TO ENTERING THRU WINDOWS, IT'S GETTING TO BE SECOND NATURE!

EASILY, THE MAN OF STEEL FORCES THE LOCKED WINDOW OPEN...
THE ROAD'S CLEAR!

THE MANAGER'S OFFICE! NOW IF I CAN ONLY FIND WHAT I'M AFTER!

WHAT-!?
A gun! Seems to me an honest business man wouldn’t have to keep a deadly weapon in his desk!

I believe I’ll attend to that Walburn woman once and for all.

(—Some one entering—)

As Grady enters his office, he is completely unaware that above him a physically perfect being is performing an incredible feat!

(—I could stay like this forever—only—I haven’t the time—)

Drat that Walburn battleaxe! She’s turning out to be a terrible nuisance—but I’ll fix that!

Noiselessly, Superman swings down thru the doorway—

—To alight atop the moulding on the other side of the wall!

(—Got to move!—)

Now to get an earful!

Listen closely, Superman! The ensuing conversation will be most enlightening!
MRS. WALBURN? GRADY CALLING! IN RESPONSE TO YOUR NUMEROUS LETTERS, I'VE DECIDED TO VISIT AND DISCUSS THIS MATTER WITH YOU. I'LL BE OVER DIRECTLY.

WELL-- IT'S ABOUT TIME!

CONFUSE THESE SQUAWKERS! WHY CAN'T THEY BE CONTENT MERELY TO PAY UP AND SHUT UP?

AS THE TALENT MANAGER DRIVES OFF, A COSTUMED FIGURE STREAKS DOWN AND CONCEALS HIMSELF BENEATH THE AUTO...

I'LL TRAIL ALONG-- SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!

LOST IN THOUGHT, GRADY SPEEDS THRU THE CITY STREETS, UNAWARE THAT THE SPEEDOMETER IS ATTAINING DANGEROUSLY HIGH NUMBERS.

A TRAFFIC-LIGHT CHANGES. A WOMAN COMMENCES TO CROSS THE STREET. TOO LATE, GRADY CLAMPS DOWN ON HIS BRAKES...!

E-E-E-E-E!

HE'LL NEVER STOP IN TIME! ONLY I CAN SAVE THAT WOMAN!

DESPERATELY, THE MAN OF TOMORROW DUGS HIS BARE FINGERS INTO THE PAVEMENT, DIGGING DEEP FURROWS...!

THANKS TO SUPERMAN'S QUICK ACTION, THE MACHINE SKIDS TO A COMPLETE STOP A SCANT FEW INCHES FROM THE NEAR-VICTIM!
Swerving frantically, Grady drives swiftly on. . .

Whew! If it hadn't been for my good brakes, I'd have had the death of that pedestrian on my hands!

If Grady only knew!

Your name, please?

Grady--Mrs. Walburn is expecting me!

You sound rel! I've paid you thousands and my promised operatic career hasn't materialized. Can I help it if you are utterly devoid of talent? It would be best for both of us if you completely forgot the matter.

But I refuse to forget! I'll sue you for the return of every penny you've multiplied from me! It would avail you nothing--the fees for my services were high. It's true--but were fees!

And may I point out what may have escaped your mind? If you bring suit, your gullibility will be exposed. You'll be the laughing stock of your set!

You're right! But at least I can order you from my house!

Later, in his identity of Clark Kent, he telephones Lois at her home...

Lois? Clark calling? It's important that I see you at the Daily Planet right away.

The Man of Tomorrow angrily watches Grady drive off. His super-sensitive hearing had kept him informed of developments.

It will give me great pleasure to wipe that triumphant smirk off his face!
SWERVING FRANTICALLY, GRADY DRIVES SWIFTLY ON...

WHEN IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR MY GOOD BRAKES, I'D HAVE HAD THE DEATH OF THAT PEDESTRIAN ON MY HANDS!

IF GRADY ONLY KNEW!

YOUR NAME PLEASE?

GRADY -- MRS. WALBURN IS EXPECTING ME!

YOU SOUND REL! I'VE PAID YOU THOUSANDS AND MY PROMISED OPERATIC CAREER HASN'T MATERIALIZED!

CAN I HELP IT IF YOU ARE UTTERLY DEVOUT OF TALENT? -- IT WOULD BE BEST FOR BOTH OF US IF YOU COMPLETELY FORGOT THE MATTER!

BUT I REFUSE TO FORGET! I'LL SUE YOU FOR THE RETURN OF EVERY PENNY YOU'VE MULCITED FROM ME!

IT WOULD AVOID YOU NOTHING--THE FEES FOR MY SERVICES WERE HIGH. IT'S TRUE--BUT WERE FEES!

AND MAY I POINT OUT WHAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOUR MIND? IF YOU BRING YOUR SUIT, YOUR GULLIBILITY WILL BE EXPOSED. YOU'LL BE THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF YOUR SET!

YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT AT LEAST I CAN ORDER YOU FROM MY HOUSE!

LATER, IN HIS IDENTITY OF CLARK KENT, HE TELEPHONES LOIS AT HER HOME...

THE MAN OF TOMORROW ANGRILY WATCHES GRADY DRIVE OFF HIS SUPERSENSITIVE HEARING HAD KEPT HIM INFORMED OF DEVELOPMENTS.

IT WILL GIVE ME GREAT PLEASURE TO WIDE THAT TRIUMPHANT SMIRK OFF HIS FACE!

LOIS? CLARK CALLING! IT'S IMPORTANT THAT I SEE YOU AT THE DAILY PLANET RIGHT AWAY.
A highly puzzled Lois agrees to Clark's breathless request.

Okay! But I wish you would let me know what this is all about!

Later---at the newspaper office.

What goes on? Wait another sentence and I'll be thru with this article.

Here it is, Chief. A complete expose of Grady---you can use it after I've verified this stuff by the facts. We'll have a fine story.

So you've turned seer, Elia? Well, all I can say is that if you can use it, I've verified it after I've verified this stuff by the facts. We'll have a fine story.

If he can!

Still wondering why I called you? Because I'm going to prove to you that Grady is a farce! Big talk, Clark---but I'm going to prove it to you.

Skeptical? You'll soon be singing a different tune! Incidentally, where are you taking me?

We are calling on the very social Mrs. Walburn, who is one of Grady's victims!

Mrs. Walburn is seeing no one! Run along, little man, and tell her that reporters are waiting! She'll come running.

Reporters? How exciting! You want my picture? No doubt! There's something we'd like even more, Mrs. Walburn---the story of how Grady victimized you!
A HIGHLY PUZZLED LOIS AGREES TO CLARK’S BREATHLESS REQUEST.

OKAY! BUT I WISH YOU WOULD LET ME KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

LATER --- AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

WHAT GOES ON?

WAIT. ANOTHER SENTENCE AND I’LL BE THRU WITH THIS ARTICLE.

HERE IT IS, CHIEF. A COMPLETE EXPOSE OF GRADY - YOU CAN USE IT AFTER I VER - THIS STUFF (BY THE FACTS) WE’LL HAVE A FINE STORY.

SO YOU’VE TURNED SEER EL? WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT IF YOU CAN VERIFY IT AFTER I VER - THIS STUFF (BY THE FACTS) WE’LL HAVE A FINE STORY.

IF HE CAN!

STILL WONDERING WHY I CALLED YOU? BECAUSE I’M GOING TO PROVE ONLY TO YOU THAT GRADY IS A FARE TALK.

BIG TALK, CLARK - BUT I’M GOING TO PROVE ONLY TO YOU THAT GRADY IS A FARE TALK.

SKEPTICAL? YOU’LL SOON BE SINGING A DIFFERENT TUNE! INCIDENTLY, WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

WE ARE CALLING ON THE VERY SOCIAL MRS. WALBURN, WHO IS ONE OF GRADY’S VICTIMS!

MRS. WALBURN IS SEEING NO ONE!

RUN ALONG, LITTLE MAN, AND TELL HER THAT REPORTERS ARE WAITING!

REPORTERS? HOW EXCITING! YOU WANT MY PICTURE. NO DOUBT!

THERE’S SOMETHING WE’D LIKE EVEN MORE. MRS. WALBURN - THE STORY OF HOW GRADY VICTIMIZED YOU!
SOMEONE NAMED GRADY-- I-- I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

YOU CAN DROP THAT PUZZLED AIR, MRS. WALBURN, WE HAPPEN TO KNOW THE WHOLE DISGRACEFUL STORY! WE ONLY WANT CONFIRMATION!

THIS IS TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE! MY NAME WILL BE RUINED!

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR THE PUBLIC WILL HAVE ONLY SYMPATHY FOR YOU AND SCORN FOR GRADY.

THEN-- I'LL ADMIT IT! I'VE BEEN A FOOL! I'VE BEEN BILKED OUT OF THOUSANDS. HE PROMISED ME AN OPERATIC CAREER-- NOW, HE TELLS ME I HAVE A Mediocre VOICE!

FORGIVE ME, CLARK! I'VE BEEN BLIND!

WELL, LOIS, BELIEVE ME NOW?

BUT GRADY WILL PAY FOR HIS DECEPTION! COME ON, CLARK, I CAN HARDLY WAIT UNTIL I FACE THAT HUMAN JACKEL!

I'D HAVE KNOWN YOU WERE RIGHT LONG AGO, CLARK, BUT I STUBBORNLY REFUSED TO FACE FACTS JUST HUMAN NATURE, I SUPPOSE.

THE PROSPECT OF A MOVIE OR STAGE CAREER WOULD TURN ANYONE'S HEAD!

AS THEY Emerge FROM THE TAXI, CLARK NOISELESSLY STREAKS OFF....

WELL, IT'S GRADY'S TURN TO HAVE HIS HEAD TURNED WITH A FIST.

WHO-- ?? WHERE IN THE WORLD DID CLARK DISAPPEAR TO? WELL, I'VE NO TIME TO WASTE LOOKING FOR HIM!

CLARK TRANSFORMS HIMSELF TO SUPERMAN SO SWIFTLY THAT HIS FIGURE SEEMS TO BLUR....

NEXT MOMENT, UP THE REAR STAIRS RACES THE MAN OF STEEL....

GOT TO GET THERE FIRST BEFORE LOIS SPILLS THE BEANS AND GRADY HAS A CHANCE TO DESTROY HIS RECORDS!

THIS CALLS FOR SPEED!
Someone named Grady—-! I don't understand.

You can drop that puzzled air, Mrs. Walburn. We happen to know the whole disgraceful story.

We only want confirmation.

This is terrible, terrible! My name will be ruined!

You have nothing to fear. The public will have only sympathy for you and scorn for Grady.

Then—I'll admit it! I've been a fool! I've been bilked out of thousands. He promised me an operatic career. Now, he tells me I have a mediocre voice.

Forgive me, Clark! I've been blind!

Well, Lois. Believe me now?

But Grady will pay for his deception! Come on, Clark. I can hardly wait until I face that human jackel!

I'd have known you were right long ago, Clark, but I stubbornly refused to face facts. Just human nature, I suppose.

The prospect of a movie or stage career would turn anyone's head.

As they emerge from the taxi, Clark noiselessly streaks off. . . .

Well, it's Grady's turn to have his head turned—-with a fist.

Who--?? Where in the world did Clark disappear to? Well, I've no time to waste looking for him!

Clark transforms himself to Superman so swiftly that his figure seems to blur.

This calls for speed!

GOT TO GET THERE FIRST BEFORE LOIS SPLITS THE BEANS AND GRADY HAS A CHANCE TO DESTROY HIS RECORDS!

Next moment, up the rear stairs races the Man of Steel...
The make-up room crowded—and I've got to get into Grady's private office!

Superman streaks thru the make-up parlor so swiftly that the human eye cannot see him...

What was that?

A powerful gust of wind!

Acting at a terrific rate of speed, Superman breezes into Grady's private office....

Exerting his tremendous strength, rips apart a metal safe to discover...

Grady is drawn by the disturbance....

Someone in my office!

Made it in record time!

Grady's secret records!

What are you doing with those records?

Let go of them, you thief!

Give you one guess!

Look who's calling names!

Keep your paws to yourself!

Wh-ooosh!
The make-up room crowded—and I've got to get into Grady's private office!

Superman streaks thru the make-up parlor so swiftly that the human eye cannot see him...

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Give you one guess!

Grady's secret records!

Let go of them, you thief!

Look who's calling names!

Keep your paws to yourself!

Wh-oosh!
As the talent racketeer rises dizzily, Superman swiftly scans the record book's contents.

Grady, this proves you're one of the lowest rats I've ever met!

I said, give me that record book! It's mine!

Ouch! My hand! Is that chin of yours made of steel?

Trouble, eh?

Will you confess to your crimes in court?

Let me go! I'll do nothing of the kind!

Leading to the window, Superman dangles Grady out over empty space.

Pull me back! Pull me back! Shall I let go?

Have you reconsidered?

Nothing can make me change my mind. Nothing!

We'll see about that!
AS THE TALENT RACKETEER RISES DIZZILY, SUPERMAN SWIFTLY SCANS THE RECORD BOOK’S CONTENTS.

GRADY, THIS PROVES YOU’RE ONE OF THE LOWEST RATS I’VE EVER MET!

I SAID, GIVE ME THAT RECORD BOOK! IT’S MINE!

OUCH! MY HAND! IS THAT CHIN OF YOURS MADE OF STEEL?

TROUBLE, EH?

WILL YOU CONFESS TO YOUR CRIMES IN COURT?

LET ME GO! I’LL DO NOTHING OF THE KIND!

LEADING TO THE WINDOW, SUPERMAN DANGLES GRADY OUT OVER EMPTY SPACE.

PULL ME BACK! PULL ME BACK!

SHALL I LET GO?

HAVE YOU RECONSIDERED?

WE’LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

NOTHING CAN MAKE ME CHANGE MY MIND!

NOTHING!
OUT INTO THE EMPTY AIR LEAPS THE MIGHTY MAN OF STEEL WITH HIS CRAVEN, SCREECHING BURDEN...

AREN'T YOU PREMATURE? YOU MAY EVEN LIKE THIS!

NO! DON'T!

EEE EE-EE!

SH-HH! SOMEONE MIGHT THINK YOU'RE FRIGHTENED!

SEE? I CAUGHT IT! CLEVER... WHAT?

HANG ONTO IT!

NO--THAT WOULD SPOIL OUR FUN!

VII-1!

LET'S PLAY XMAS! YOU BE SANTA CLAUS, AND I'LL DROP YOU IN!

I'LL CONFESSION NOW IN COURT ANYWHERE... JUST PUT ME DOWN!

LOIS ENTERS THE TALENT AGENCY TO FIND IT SEETHING WITH EXCITEMENT...

WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE? WHY NOT ASK WHAT ISN'T?

MR. GRADY WENT INTO HIS OFFICE, THERE WAS THE SOUND OF FIGHTING, WHEN WE HAD RUSHED IN, HE'D DISAPPEARED!

HERE HE IS BACK--AND YOU'RE WELCOME TO HIM!

YOU MEAN, THAT'S THE MAN OF STEEL? EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT!

SUPERMAN! GEE--HE'S AS Handsome AS THEY SAY!

EVEN MORE HANDSOME!
OUT INTO THE EMPTY AIR LEAPS THE MIGHTY MAN OF STEEL WITH HIS CRAVEN, SCREECHING BURDEN...

AREN'T YOU PREMATURE? YOU MAY EVEN LIKE THIS!

NO! DON'T!

EEE EEE EEE!

SH-HH! SOMEONE MIGHT THINK YOU'RE FRIGHTENED!

SEE? I CAUGHT IT! CLEVER--WHAT? HANG ONTO IT!

NO--THAT WOULD SPOIL OUR FUN!

VIII--!!

LET'S PLAY XMAS! YOU BE SANTA CLAUS, AND I'LL DROP YOU IN!

I'LL CONFESSION NOW IN COURT ANYWHERE--ONLY--PUT ME DOWN!

LOIS ENTERS THE TALENT AGENCY TO FIND IT SEETHING WITH EXCITEMENT...

MR. GRADY WENT INTO HIS OFFICE. THERE WAS THE SOUND OF FIGHTING WHEN WE HAD RUSHED IN, HE'D DISAPPEARED!

WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE? WHY NOT ASK WHAT ISN'T?

HERE HE IS BACK AGAIN--AND YOU'RE WELCOME TO HIM!

YOU MEAN, THAT'S THE MAN OF STEEL EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT?

SUPERMAN! GEE--HE'S AS HANDSOME AS THEY SAY!

EVEN MORE HANDSOME!
Now that he is among others, Grady makes a last attempt to avoid paying for his crimes—

What's going on here?

Is he hurting you?

Help me! He's a madman!

Repeat your confession— and loud enough so that they don't miss a word!

My talent agency is a fraud! I've never placed anyone! I profit solely thru charging for worthless advice!

What? This is an outrage!

See to it that he remains like this until the police arrive!

You can be sure of that!

Let me down!

So long, Lois! Happy scoops!

Dropping down into an alley, Superman removes his outer garments from under his cloak and dons them once more...

Nothing like a job well done!

Police? Get down here at once!

Shortly after Clark has the satisfaction of seeing the crooked agent forced within a police patrol wagon...

There's one cheap crook who is going to get what he deserves!

Let's get back to the office, Clark, and tell White he can print that article you gave him!

The End.
NOW THAT HE IS AMONG OTHERS, GRADY MAKES A LAST ATTEMPT TO AVOID PAYING FOR HIS CRIMES—

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

IS HE HURTING YOU?

HELP ME! HE'S A MADMAN!

REPEAT YOUR CONFESSION—AND LOUD ENOUGH SO THAT THEY DON'T MISS A WORD!

MY TALENT AGENCY IS A FRAUD! I'VE NEVER PLACED ANY ONE! I PROFIT GOLLY THRU CHARGING FOR WORTHLESS ADVICE!

WHAT?

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!

SEE TO IT THAT HE REMAINS LIKE THIS UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE!

YOU CAN BE SURE OF THAT!

LET ME DOWN!

SO LONG, LOIS! HAPPY SCOOPS!

DROPPING DOWN INTO AN ALLEY, SUPERMAN REMOVES HIS OUTER GARMENTS FROM UNDER HIS CLOAK AND DONNS THEM ONCE MORE...

NOTHING LIKE A JOB WELL DONE!

POLICE? GET DOWN HERE AT ONCE!

SHORTLY AFTER, CLARK HAS THE SATISFACTION OF SEEING THE CROOKED AGENT FORCED WITHIN A POLICE PATROL WAGON...

THERE'S ONE CHEAP CROOK WHO IS GOING TO GET WHAT HE DESERVES!

LET'S GET BACK TO THE OFFICE, CLARK, AND TELL WHITE HE CAN PRINT THAT ARTICLE YOU GAVE HIM!

THE END
WORLD'S BEST VALUE!

TERRIFIC!  STUPENDOUS!

- Superman
- Batman and Robin
- Crimson Avenger
- Zatara
- Johnny Thunder
- The King
- Red White and Blue
  —AND MANY OTHERS!

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For thrills and adventure, don't miss this issue!

In ALL-STAR—No. 4—your favorite comic characters come from every part of the nation in answer to their country's call! This is another complete episode of the Justice Society—how they met, and why—what they did and how they did it! The JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA against the enemies of America—for America and Democracy! Now on sale everywhere!
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A sinister spy-ring, cloaked in mystic disguise, strikes at our nation's vital defense secrets! To circumvent the subversive activities of a master of espionage, Clark Kent once again assumes his dual identity--and brings confusion and disaster to the spies in his role as the sensational, one and only, dynamic Superman!

As Lois and Clark return to the newspaper office after lunch, they collide with a man who unexpectedly hurries out of a small building...

Careful! Why don't you watch where you're going?

Can you beat that? He didn't even stop to apologize! What's wrong with him, anyway?

I remember where I've seen him before! He's Jim Gregg, a clerk in the ordnance division of the war department.

Rightab-Bey--astrologer, that's a strange place for a war department employee to visit! Run along, Clark. I'm going to be busy.

Very well. If you don't care for my company...

But later, at the newspaper office, Clark finds it hard to concentrate on his work...

I've a hunch--and a powerful one, at that. That Lois is about to engage in her favorite sport... getting into trouble!
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I've a hunch—and a powerful one. At that, Lois is about to engage in her favorite sport... getting into trouble!
As Lois is about to press the doorbell, she gives a nervous start as the door opens, apparently of its own volition.

I—I guess that's an invitation for me to enter!

Stepping in, Lois finds herself in luxurious quarters. Abruptly, a giant figure steps out from behind some drapes.

I'd like to see Righab Bey—oh-hh... he's... he's mute... unable to answer....

In response to the servant's gesture, Lois sits... and waits....

Other people waiting—in the adjoining rooms! I think I glimpsed the wife of General Gerard....

The atmosphere of the room seems close.... A wave of drowsiness creeps over the girl reporter....

Gosh, but it's warm—in here....

Abruptly, Lois sits erect! Glancing at her wristwatch, she sees....

I've been asleep for half an hour—and someone's searched my purse!—so that's how they learn all about their clients!

A girl in oriental costume greets Lois....

If you'll follow me, I'll lead you into my master's presence.

I'm-- you needn't tell me. Your name is-- Lois Lane!

I'm--

("Here's where I put on a gullible act—") Wh-why—how did you know?

("Righab Bey knows many things!—among them that you are a Daily Planet reporter. Right?

I'm right with you!
As Lois is about to press the door-bell, she gives a nervous start as the door opens, apparently of its own volition.

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("— Here's where I put on a gullible act — ") Wh-why— how did you know?

Righab Bey knows many things!— among them that you are a Daily Planet reporter. Right?
PARDON, MISS LANE. I AM NOT A FORTUNE TELLER. I AM AN ASTROLOGER. BY CONSULTING THE STARS, I CAN PREDICT YOUR FUTURE!

LOIS DECIDES TO GET DOWN TO BRASS TACKS....

YOU CAN QUIET SPOUTING THE HOOEY, RIGHAB BEY - JOE DOAKS - OR WHATEVER YOUR REAL NAME IS. I KNOW YOUR ASSISTANT LOOKED THRU MY POCKETBOOK. WHAT I WANT TO KNOW - WITHOUT BENEFIT OF THE STARS, MIND YOU - IS WHAT AN ORDNANCE DIVISION CLERK WAS DOING IN THIS PLACE?

YOU ARE AN INQUISTIVE SOUL, MISS LANE - A BIT TOO INQUISTIVE FOR YOUR OWN GOOD. SEIZE HER, RAJ!

LETS GO!

HOLD HER WHILE I TELEPHONE THE BOSS!

A NOSEY GIRL REPORTER IS ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT GREGG. WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HER?

THE USUAL THING, NATURALLY!

LOIS IS FORCED WITHIN A LAUNDRY BASKET - SOILED CLOTHING IS TOSSED UPON HER BOUND FIGURE....

GET HER OUT OF HERE QUICKLY!

THE BASKET IS PLACED IN THE REAR OF A LAUNDRY TRUCK.... OFF DRIVES THE MACHINE....

WHERE SHALL WE DUMP HER? IN THE RIVER OR THE LAKE?

MAKE IT THE LAKE. WE'VE BEEN USIN' TH' RIVER TOO MUCH LATELY. IT'S GETTIN' MONOTONOUS!

EARLIER, ANXIETY FOR LOIS' WELFARE PERSISTING, CLARK HAD ENTERED AN EMPTY ROOM AND CHANGED TO HIS SUPERMAN COSTUME....

I'M CERTAIN LOIS PAID RIGHAB BEY A CALL!

SUPERMAN ARRIVES IN TIME TO SEE THE TRUCK PULL AWAY FROM THE BUILDING. MAKING USE OF HIS X-RAY VISION, HE SIGHTS....

LOIS - A CAPTIVE - WITHIN THAT LAUNDRY BASKET! I HAVEN'T A SECOND TO SPARE!
WHY -- WHY, THAT'S WONDERFUL! IF YOU COULD DO THAT -- WHY, YOU WOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE TELLING MY FORTUNE!

PARDON, MISS LANE. I AM NOT A FORTUNE TELLER. I AM AN ASTROLOGER. BY CONSULTING THE STARS, I CAN PREDICT YOUR FUTURE!

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LOIS -- A CAPTIVE -- WITHIN THAT LAUNDRY BASKET! I HAVEN'T A SECOND TO SPARE!
AS THE LAUNDRY TRUCK NEARS THE WATERFRONT, SUPERMAN STREAKS DOWN OUT OF THE SKY BEHIND IT...

NOW TO...

SWING UNDER!

BENEATH THE SPEEDING TRUCK, SUPERMAN SNAPS THE DRIVE SHAFT AND BRAKE RODS...

THOSE LADS ARE DUE FOR A SURPRISE!

THE TRUCK—OUT OF CONTROL—!

LOOK OUT! YOU'RE HEAD-IN' FOR TH' RAIL!

TEARING OPEN THE REAR OF THE TRUCK...

LOCKED! BUT THAT'S NO DRAWBACK...

BON VOYAGE!

SUPERMAN SEIZES THE LAUNDRY BASKET AND LEAPS OUT WITH IT....

AS THE RUNAWAY TRUCK SMASHES THRU THE RAIL AND CATAPULTS DOWN TOWARD THE LAKE BELOW, THE MEN IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT LEAP TO SAFETY JUST IN TIME...

JUMP!

EEEeee!

NO SIGN OF THE TRUCK—IT SANK BENEATH THE WAVES!

WELL... AT LEAST, WE'RE SURE THE GIRL'S DEAD. LET'S GET BACK TO RIGHAB BEY!
AS THE LAUNDRY TRUCK NEARS THE WATERFRONT, SUPERMAN STREAKS DOWN OUT OF THE SKY BEHIND IT.

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WELL... AT LEAST, WE'RE SURE THE GIRL'S DEAD. LET'S GET BACK TO RHİGHAB BEY!
The most amazing thing about this whole experience is that, for once, Lois is where she can’t venture into further mischief – in this basket! But... it’s too good to last!

As he alights atop the Daily Planet building, Superman frees Lois from her bonds...

Maybe this will teach you to avoid danger!

I’m more determined than ever to find out what Righab Bey is up to!

Better be careful! Next time I may not be around when you need me!

I’m not so completely helpless as you seem to think!

Heading back when Lois leaves the roof Superman swings back into the empty room where he had left his civilian garments.

I’d better keep my eyes on Lois. Unless I’m badly mistaken that girl is headed right back into more mischief!

Lois takes a taxi to police headquarters...

Do me a favor, Casey! Arrange it so that I can look thru the rogue s' gallery.

Okay, Lois -- what’s it all about?

Looking at the photographs of female criminals Lois comes upon the object of her search...

(“...there she is! Righab Bey's assistant -- but here she’s listed as Mary Grogan -- wanted by the police for pocket picking!”)

Hurrying to her apartment Lois disguises herself...

There, Mother! Now, if my own mother doesn’t recognize me, I’m all set!

Please be careful, Lois!
THE MOST AMAZING THING ABOUT THIS WHOLE EXPERIENCE IS THAT, FOR ONCE, LOIS IS WHERE SHE CAN'T VENTURE INTO FURTHER MISCHIEF — IN THIS BASKET! BUT... IT'S TOO GOOD TO LAST!

AS HE ALIGHTS ATOP THE DAILY PLANET BUILDING, SUPERMAN FREES LOIS FROM HER BONDS....

MAYBE THIS WILL TEACH YOU TO AVOID DANGER!

I'M MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER TO FIND OUT WHAT RIGHAB BEY IS UP TO!

BETTER BE CAREFUL! NEXT TIME I MAY NOT BE AROUND WHEN YOU NEED ME!

I'M NOT SO COMPLETELY HELPLESS AS YOU SEEM TO THINK!

HEADING BACK WHEN LOIS LEAVES THE ROOF, SUPERMAN SWINGS BACK INTO THE EMPTY ROOM WHERE HE HAD LEFT HIS CIVILIAN GARMENTS.

I'D BETTER KEEP MY EYES ON LOIS UNLESS I'M BADLY MISTAKEN THAT GIRL IS HEADED RIGHT BACK INTO MORE MISCHIEF!

NOW TO RETURN TO MY IDENTITY AS CLARK KENT!

LOIS TAKES A TAXI TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

DO ME A FAVOR, CASEY! ARRANGE IT SO THAT I CAN LOOK THRU THE ROGUE S' GALLERY.

OKAY, LOIS -- WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

LOOKING AT THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF FEMALE CRIMINALS LOIS COMES UPON THE OBJECT OF HER SEARCH...

("--THERE SHE IS! RIGHAB BEY'S ASSISTANT -- BUT HERE SHE'S LISTED AS MARY GROGAN -- WANTED BY THE POLICE FOR POCKET PICKING!"")

HURRYING TO HER APARTMENT, LOIS DISGUISES HERSELF...

THERE, MOTHER! NOW, IF MY OWN MOTHER DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME, I'M ALL SET!

PLEASE BE CAREFUL, LOIS!
ONCE AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME IN DISGUISE, LOIS RETURNS TO RIGHAB BEY’S STUDIO...

IF YOU’LL BE SEATED... WAIT! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

YOU'RE MARY GROGAN. AREN'T YOU—AND THE POLICE WANT YOU FOR POCKET-PICKING! UNLESS YOU DO AS I SAY, I'LL TURN YOU IN!

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

RESIGN ON SOME PRETEXT AND OFFER ME YOUR JOB! I--I'LL DO IT!

WHAT'S THAT, MARY? YOU'RE LEAVING THE CITY FOR A WHILE AND WANT THIS GIRL TO TAKE YOUR PLACE WHILE YOU'RE GONE? ARE YOU SURE SHE CAN BE TRUSTED?

AM I SURE? WE SERVED TWO TERMS IN PRISON TOGETHER!

YOU'LL FIND I NOT ONLY KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, BUT THAT I KNOW HOW TO HOLD MY TONGUE!

AS MARY DEPARTS, LOIS DONS HER ROBES....

AS MARY DEPARTS, LOIS DONS HER ROBES....

I'M GOING TO BE GONE FOR A WHILE. SHOULD ANYONE COME, STALL HIM OFF.

(“THAT LOCKED FILE! IF I COULD ONLY GET A LOOK AT ITS CONTENTS!”)

WHHEW! IMPORTANT INFORMATION ABOUT PROMINENT GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS. I THINK I'LL APPROPRIATE THESE AS EVIDENCE!

THE LOCK CLICKED! --THE FILE'S OPEN!

AT THAT MOMENT, CLARK KENT RINGS THE DOORBELL....

(“I COULDN'T LOCATE LOIS AT ANY OF HER USUAL HAUNTS! I'M CERTAIN SHE MUST BE HERE -- A PRISONER, PERHAPS!”)
Once again, but this time in disguise, Lois returns to Righab Bey's studio...

If you'll be seated... Wait! I want to talk to you!

You're Mary Grogan. Aren't you--and the police want you for pocket-picking! Unless you do as I say, I'll turn you in!

What do you want me to do?

Resign on some pretext and offer me your job! I--I'll do it!

What's that, Mary? You're leaving the city for a while and want this girl to take your place while you're gone? Are you sure she can be trusted?

Am I sure? We served two terms in prison together!

You'll find I not only know what it's all about, but that I know how to hold my tongue!

As Mary departs, Lois dons her robes....

(-- "That locked file! If I could only get a look at its contents!"

I'm going to be gone for a while, should anyone come. Stall him off.

As her employer departs, Lois loses no time in attempting to pick the file's lock....

The lock clicked! -- the file's open!

Whew! Important information about prominent government officials. I think I'll appropriate these as evidence!

At that moment, Clark Kent rings the doorbell....

("I couldn't locate Lois at any of her usual haunts! I'm certain she must be here--a prisoner, perhaps!")
SOMEBODY ENTERING! -- I'D BETTER TAKE CARE OF HIM OR SOMEBODY MAY GET SUSPICIOUS!

"- THAT DISGUISE DOESN'T FOOL ME! IT'S LOIS!" "- CLARK! CAN YOU BEAT IT?" "- ER - I'D LIKE TO HAVE RIGHAB BEY GIVE ME A READING.

IF YOU'LL BE SEATED, HE'LL SEE YOU SOON. AS RIGHAB BEY RETURNS...

WHO'S NEXT? A DAILY PLANET REPORTER NAMED CLARK KENT! -- I CAN TELL YOU PLenty ABOUT HIM!

SO YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR YOU, EH- CLARK KENT?!

YOU - YOU KNOW MY NAME! -- WH- WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS SOMETHING ABOUT A CERTAIN GIRL, A REPORTER, IN FACT. "- MIGHT AS WELL GET SOME AMUSEMENT OUT OF THIS SITUATION. I'M POSITIVE LOIS IS EAVESDROPPING!"

YES?"

WELL... YOU SEE... I'M CRAZY ABOUT THIS GIRL. SHE'S -- SHE'S POSITIVELY GOT EVERYTHING! BUT THE CATCH IS THAT SHE APPARENTLY DOESN'T CARE FOR ME AT ALL. HAVE I A CHANCE? DO YOU THINK I CAN WIN HER?

"- POOR, SILLY CLARK! I'D FEEL SORRY FOR HIM IF HE WEREN'T SO GULLIBLE! IMAGINE TAKING HIS PERSONAL AFFAIRS TO AN ASTROLOGER!"

MY FRIEND - THE STARS INFORM ME THAT YOUR CHANCES ARE EXCELLENT IF YOU ONLY PROVE MORE ASSERTIVE. DECLARE YOUR LOVE - SWEEP HER OFF HER FEET...

ER - IT SOUNDS LIKE GOOD ADVICE, BUT I -- I'M AFRAID I'M NOT THE SWEEPING SORT...

"- THIS IS MY OPPORTUNITY TO GET THESE PAPERS OUT SAFELY! -- TEN DOLLARS PLEASE!

RIGHAB BEY'S STAR PROBING IS QUITE EXPENSIVE! "- SHE'S PRESSING SOME PAPERS INTO MY HANDS! I'LL EXAMINE THEM LATER!"

AS CLARK DEPARTS...
SOMEBODY ENTERING— I'D BETTER TAKE CARE OF HIM OR SOMEBODY MAY GET SUSPICIOUS!

("- THAT DISGUISE DOESN'T FOOL ME! IT'S LOIS!"

ER - I'D LIKE TO HAVE RHIBAH BEY GIVE ME A READING.

("- CLARK! CAN YOU BEAT IT?"

IF YOU'LL BE SEATED, HE'LL SEE YOU SOON.

AS RICHAB BEY RETURNS...

WHO'S NEXT? A DAILY PLANET REPORTER NAMED CLARK KENT— I CAN TELL YOU PLENTY ABOUT HIM!

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("- THIS IS MY OPPORTUNITY TO GET THESE PAPERS OUT SAFELY!"

("- SHE'S PRESSING SOME PAPERS INTO MY HANDS!"

I'LL EXAMINE THEM LATER!")
AS CLARK DEPARTS, HE COLLIDES WITH A HEAVY-SET, BEETLE-BROWED MAN...

WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

I--I'M SORRY!

IF YOU'LL BE SEATED...

CUT THE FORMALITIES-- NEW GIRL, EH? TAKE ME TO RIGHAB BEY-- HE'S EXPECTING ME!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF HIRING A NEW GIRL? HOW DO YOU KNOW SHE CAN BE TRUSTED?

MARY GAVE HER A HIGH RECOMMENDATION, AND I HAVE GOOD NEWS FOR YOU!

LET'S HAVE IT!

I EXTRACTED SOME EXTREMELY VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM AN ORDNANCE CLERK WHILE HE WAS IN A HYPNOTIC TRANCE!

HE TOLD ME OF A NEW BOMB DEVICE THE WAR DEPARTMENT IS ENTHUSIASTIC OVER. IT IS AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE BOMB. IT RESPONDS TO THE SOUND OF AN ENEMY SHIP'S ENGINE...

REGARDLESS HOW THE SHIP DODGES, OR HOW ACCURATELY THE TORPEDO IS LAUNCHED, THE TORPEDO IS UNERRINGLY GUIDED TOWARD ITS TARGET BY THE SOUND-VIBRATIONS OF THE ENGINE!

SPLENDID! THE SAME DEVICE CAN BE ADDED TO ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELLS SO THAT THEY WILL SEEK OUT THE ENEMY PLANES! WE MUST LOSE NO TIME IN STEALING THE PLANS OF THIS DEVICE!

SO THAT'S THEIR ANGLE-- A SPY RING, USING THE ASTROLOGY RACKET AS A FALSE COVER!

ABRUPTLY, LOIS IS SEIZED IN A POWERFUL GRIP...

CAUGHT THE NEW GIRL SNOOPIN', BOSS!

SO SHE CAN BE TRUSTED, EH?!

OHHH!

NO LONGER PRETENDING TO BE MUTE, RAJ SPEAKS...

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

A DISGUISE-- I RECOGNIZE HER NOW! THE GIRL REPORTER-- LOIS LANE-- WHOM MY MEN REPORTED THEY HAD KILLED!
AS CLARK DEPARTS, HE COLLIDES WITH A HEAVY-SET, BEETLE-BROWED MAN...

WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

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OH-H-H!

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

CAUGHT THE NEW GIRL SNOOPIN', BOSS!

SO SHE CAN BE TRUSTED, EH?!
Carter anxiously examines the file...

Some of our most important papers--missing! Search that girl!

I haven't got them!

We'll soon have the truth from you!

You are growing sleepy--! Your will is mine!

My will is yours!

What did you do with the papers?

I gave them to the reporter, Clark Kent!

 Shortly after... Lois departs from Righab Bey's establishment... alone...

Arriving at the Daily Planet, she seeks out Clark...

I believe a girl at Righab Bey's place gave you some papers. They're for me.

Wait here. I'll get them.

("These papers indicate that Righab Bey is involved in a great spy-ring. -- I wonder what she's going to do with them--")

Here you are!

And here you are!

("Can she have guessed I'm Superman and is testing the imperviousness of my skin?--No! That glazed look in her eyes! She's hypnotized! Righab Bey sent her here in a trance to kill me--")

The bullet ricochets off Clark's skin, leaving him unharmed.
CARTER ANXIOUSLY EXAMINES THE FILE...

SOME OF OUR MOST IMPORTANT PAPERS--MISSING! SEARCH THAT GIRL!

I HAVEN'T GOT THEM!

WE'LL SOON HAVE THE TRUTH FROM YOU!

YOU ARE GROWING SLEEPY--! YOUR WILL IS MINE!

MY--WILL--IS--YOURS!

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE PAPERS?

I GAVE THEM TO THE REPORTER, CLARK KENT!

SHORTLY AFTER... LOIS DEPARTS FROM RIGHAB BEY'S ESTABLISHMENT... ALONE...!

ARRIVING AT THE DAILY PLANET, SHE SEeks OUT CLARK....

I BELIEVE A GIRL AT RIGHAB BEY'S PLACE GAVE YOU SOME PAPERS. THEY'RE FOR ME.

WAIT HERE. I'LL GET THEM.

("-THESE PAPERS INDICATE THAT RIGHAB BEY IS INVOLVED IN A GREAT SPYING. -- I WONDER WHAT SHE'S GOING TO DO WITH THEM!-")

HERE YOU ARE!

AND HERE YOU ARE!

("-CAN SHE HAVE GUESSED I'M SUPERMAN AND IS TESTING THE IMPERVIOUSNESS OF MY SKIN?-- NO! THAT GLAZED LOOK IN HER EYES! SHE'S HYPNOTIZED! RIGHAB BEY SENT HER HERE IN A TRANCE TO KILL ME!--")

THE BULLET RICOCHETS OFF CLARK'S SKIN, LEAVING HIM UNHARMED.
HURRYING the dazed Lois into an empty office, Clark probes her mind...

Tell me all that's occurred...

A NEW BOMBING MECHANISM -- CARTER, RIGHAB BEY--THEIR MEN ARE ABOUT TO RAID THE SAFE OF THE ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT FOR ITS PLANS...

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE CONSPIRATORS, WEARING GAS-MASKS, HAVE OVERCOME THE OCCUPANTS OF THE ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT WITH GAS...

Quick! Open the safe!

It'll take only a few minutes!

ATOP THE DAILY PLANET BUILDING, CLARK KENT DISCARDS HIS OUTER GARMENTS AND LEAPS OFF INTO SPACE... AS SUPERMAN!

The war department building... below...!

So the door has been bolted on the other side!

That's just an added incentive!

The guards--overcome by gas! Fortunately, the gas has no effect upon me! It looks as tho' i've come not a minute too soon!
HURRYING THE DAZED LOIS INTO AN EMPTY OFFICE, CLARK PROBES HER MIND...

TELL ME ALL THAT'S OCCURRED...

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QUICK! OPEN THE SAFE! IT'LL TAKE ONLY A FEW MINUTES!

ATOP THE DAILY PLANET BUILDING, CLARK KENT DISCARDS HIS OUTER GARMENTS AND LEAPS OFF INTO SPACE... AS SUPERMAN!

THE WAR DEPARTMENT BUILDING--BETWEEN...

SO THE DOOR HAS BEEN BOLTED ON THE OTHER SIDE!

THAT'S JUST AN ADDED INCENTIVE!

THE GUARDS--OVERCOME BY GAS! FORTUNATELY, THE GAS HAS NO EFFECT UPON ME! IT LOOKS AS THO I'VE COME NOT A MINUTE TOO SOON!
RACING TO THE ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT, SUPERMAN CONFRONTS THE CRIMINALS...

YOU CAN SAVE YOURSELVES A LOT OF MISERY BY SURRENDERING RIGHT NOW!

SUPERMAN!

KEEP BACK—OR YOU'LL REGRET IT!

IF ANYONE AROUND HERE IS GOING TO REGRET ANYTHING, IT'S GOING TO BE YOU!

I WARNED YOU!

GIVE ME THAT!

THE MAN OF TOMORROW GRIPS THE METAL BLOW-TORCH... THEN...

HE CRUSHED IT—!

AND THAT'S WHAT I'M NOW GOING TO DO TO YOU!

SUPERMAN IS MET BY A FLOOD OF MACHINE-GUN BULLETS...

STILL WANT TO OFFER OPPOSITION? OKAY! IT'S YOUR CHOICE!

HE KEEPS COMING ON!!
RACING TO THE ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT, SUPERMAN CONFRONTS THE CRIMINALS...

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IF ANYONE AROUND HERE IS GOING TO REGRET ANYTHING, IT'S GOING TO BE YOU!

I Warned you!

Give me that!

The man of tomorrow grips the metal blowtorch... Then...

He crushed it--!

And that's what I'm now going to do to you!

Superman is met by a flood of machine-gun bullets...

Still want to offer opposition? Okay! It's your choice!

He keeps coming on!!
IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE, THE MAN OF STEEL SENDS THE SPIES CATAPULTING IN ALL DIRECTIONS!

YOU WANTED ACTION. HERE IT IS!!

STOP!!

HELP!

SEIZING THE SAFE DOOR, SUPERMAN FORCES IT OPEN...

IF YOU WERE SO ANXIOUS TO GET THE SAFE OPEN, WHY DIDN'T YOU DO THIS?

OVERTAKING THE FLEEING ESPIONAGE AGENT, SUPERMAN TEARS OFF THE GAS-MASK...

GET A WHIFF OF YOUR OWN GAS!

THEN HURLS THEIR SLEEPING FIGURES INTO THE SAFE!

YOU WANTED TO GET INTO THAT SAFE—ANYTHING TO OBLIGE!

THIS BURGLAR ALARM SHOULD BRING POLICE ON THE RUN!

ATOP THE BUILDING'S ROOF, HE OBSERVES THE APPROACH OF POLICE PATROLS WITH INTEREST...

NOW THAT THE POLICE HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND HERE...

— I'LL PERSONALLY SEE TO IT THAT THE TWO MASTER PLOTTERS ARE WELL TAKEN CARE OF!

AS RAJ SEEKS TO BAR SUPERMAN'S ADVANCE...

YOU CAN'T—!

BUT I AM!
IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE, THE MAN OF STEEL SENDS THE SPIES CATAPULTING IN ALL DIRECTIONS...

YOU WANTED ACTION. HERE IT IS!!

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AS RAJ SEeks TO BAR SUPERMAN'S ADVANCE...

YOU CAN'T--!

BUT I AM!
Our men will return with the bomb plans at any moment...

We'll be able to dispose of those plans for a fortune!

Guess again!

Stand aside! The gun is to no avail! Only hypnotism can conquer him!

You're welcome to try!

Stand still! Don't--move!

Superman stands rigid! Has Righab bey's mind proved itself master over the Man of Steel...

But shrugging off the effectiveness of the other's will, Superman leaps in and seizes the two...

You failed! Let go! What are you going to do?

You're coming with me--both of you!

Up shoot the three into the sky--up--and still up!

Yeeeee! Stop! Put me down! I--I can't stand heights!

I'll release you--but only if you confess!

But--!

They'll explain to you why they deserve arrest. And if they don't--I'll be back!

Later--at the Daily Planet, Clark releases Lois from her hypnotic trance.

I--I don't know--I seem to have been asleep.

Snoozing on the job, eh, while I got a scoop? Read all about it in the planet!

The end.
OUR MEN WILL RETURN WITH THE BOMB PLANS AT ANY MOMENT...

WE'LL BE ABLE TO DISPOSE OF THOSE PLANS FOR A FORTUNE!

GUESS AGAIN!

STAND ASIDE! THE GUN IS TO NO AVAIL! ONLY HYPNOTISM CAN CONQUER HIM!

YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY!

STAND STILL! DON'T MOVE!

SUPERMAN STANDS RIGID! HAS RIGHABBEY'S MIND PROVED ITSELF MASTER OVER THE MAN OF STEEL...

BUT SHRUGGING OFF THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE OTHER'S WILL, SUPERMAN LEAPS IN AND SEIZES THE TWO...

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YOU'RE COMING WITH ME - BOTH OF YOU!

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YEEEEEE! STOP! PUT ME DOWN!

I -- I CAN'T STAND HEIGHTS!

I'LL RELEASE YOU -- BUT ONLY IF YOU CONFESS!

SUPERMAN DEPOTS THE TWO AT A POLICE STATION....

HE'LL EXPLAIN TO YOU WHY THEY DESERVE ARREST. AND IF THEY DON'T -- I'LL BE BACK!

LATER -- AT THE DAILY PLANET, CLARK RELEASES LOIS FROM HER HYPNOTIC TRANCE.

I -- I DON'T KNOW -- I SEEM TO HAVE BEEN ASLEEP.

SNOOZING ON THE JOB, EH? WHILE I GOT A SCOOP? READ ALL ABOUT IT IN THE PLANET!

THE END.
IT'S A DATE!

SUPERMAN MEETS ALL HIS FRIENDS EVERY MONTH IN

Action Comics

—AND HE BRINGS ALONG A HOST OF OTHER TOP-NOTCH FEATURES SUCH AS ZATARA, MR. AMERICA, THREE ACES, AND OTHERS!
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—AND HE BRINGS ALONG A HOST OF OTHER TOP-NOTCH FEATURES SUCH AS ZATARA, MR. AMERICA, THREE ACES, AND OTHERS!
COACH GREEN could feel Willie Albert's body tense as his star pitcher awaited the verdict of the specialist who had come from New York to examine his arm. Gravely, the doctor said, "With very great care, that arm is going to be all right."

This was the news he had been waiting for these many months since Willie, bearing the brunt of Carvel High's pitching, had suffered the accident to his arm. And he knew how Willie had suffered. The boy had set his heart on being a big league pitcher.

Willie was smiling as they went out together into the storm raging over the seaport town. Trees bent in the wind as the gale roared into the night, crashed over the sturdy seawall, sentinel of the homes.

"Well, Willie, a few more years and some scout will pick you up," said coach Green. "And believe me, I've learned my lesson. Championship or no championship, you don't carry the pitching burden next year."

Willie started to say something when a townsman rushed by, excitedly pointing out to sea. "Steamer in distress off the rocks," he cried. "Got to go down and help the Coast Guard!"

The two went down a break in the sea wall. Out on the reef they could see the distress flares of a ship.

Men rushed about, anxiety written on their faces.

Recognizing the coach, one said: "This is terrible. All those people out there. The ship's breaking up. We can't get a boat into the water and the breeches bow harpoon is jammed!"

Willie looked out to sea. A few hundred yards away, in the seething sea, the vessel was being buffeted like a toy.

An idea flashed into his mind. At the breeches buoy harpoon, which shot out the lifesaving line, men worked frantically, groaning over the loss of precious minutes. Willie saw Ensign Meaks of the Coast Guard patrol. He pushed through to him.

"Mr. Meaks," he gasped. "We can tie the rope around this rock and I'll throw it out. I think I can make it!"

"Alberts, if you can do it, you will save many lives. Go to it!" he shouted.

Willie's face paled as he wound up. The rock was heavier than a baseball. Into his mind's eyes flashed the picture of himself as a big leaguer. Had he spoken too hastily? The specialist had told him to nurse his arm. And now?

The rock, its rope trailing out over the water, sailed true to the side of the ship. "You've made it!" Meeks cried. A cheer went up from the volunteers as they hurried to attach the breeches buoy.

It was Coach Green who reached him first as he sank to the wet sand, unable to bear the pain shooting through his arm.

"Willie, Willie," the coach cried. "Why did you do it?"

Willie smiled wanly. "Maybe I'm only a minor leaguer after all, Coach."

The coach's voice broke. "You're wrong, Willie," he said. "Every person on that boat will be shaking the hand of a big leaguer in just a little while!"
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The coach's voice broke. "You're wrong, Willie," he said. "Every person on that boat will be shaking the hand of a big leaguer in just a little while!"
FREE for ASTHMA
If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you chock and gasp for breath, if restless sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered to a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co. 120-H Frontier Bldg, 462 Niagara St. Buffalo, N. Y.

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A Terrific NEW Feature by JACK BURNLEY in ADVENTURE COMICS!

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VONF St. John's—Sponsored by LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY
Admiral Byrd on his second Antarctic expedition took cows with him to insure a supply of fresh milk!

The weight of a soldier’s pack when fully equipped is 65.51 pounds.

Porterhouse steak derived its name from the once famous Porter House Hotel in Ohio.

What?!?!!
Do you mean to say you haven’t seen Batman No. 4?

Better hurry if you don’t want to miss the latest all new adventures of Batman & Robin now on sale.
JUST A SAMPLE!
THIS IS PAGE ONE OF THE APRIL ISSUE OF
MORE FUN COMICS

THE SPECTRE IS WRITTEN BY JERRY SIEGEL, CREATOR OF RECORD-BREAKING SUPERMAN

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NOW GET THE COMPLETE MAGAZINE! ON SALE EVERYWHERE
FOE OF ALL INTERESTS AND ACTIVITIES SUBVERSIVE TO THIS COUNTRY'S BEST INTERESTS, SUPERMAN LOSES NO TIME IN GOING INTO ACTION WHEN HE ENCOUNTERS A MENACE TO AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. SUPER-STRENGTH CLASHES WITH EVIL SUPER-CUNNING IN ANOTHER THRILLING, DRAMATIC ADVENTURE OF TODAY'S FOREMOST HERO. THE DARING, DYNAMIC MAN OF TOMORROW... SUPERMAN!!

EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET...

WHAT'S ON THE FIRE FOR TODAY, CHIEF?

THE DUKALIA-AMERICAN SPORTS FESTIVAL IS BEING HELD TODAY AT THE MUNICIPAL STADIUM... I WANT BOTH YOU AND LOIS TO COVER IT...

THAT'S THE KIND OF ASSIGNMENT I LIKE. NOW IF YOU'D ONLY SEND US TO A BALL GAME TOMORROW.

BUT WHEN THE TWO REPORTERS REACH THE STADIUM, THEY DISCOVER TO THEIR DISCOMFITURE...

I DON'T LIKE THIS, CLARK! DUKALIA IS ON UNFRIENDLY TERMS WITH US AND THIS LOOKS MORE LIKE AN ANTI-AMERICAN DEMONSTRATION THAN ANYTHING ELSE!

SH-HH! NOT SO LOUD OR WE MAY GET MORE THAN JUST DIRTY LOOKS!

SEE THAT MAN OVER THERE? IT'S EX-CAPTAIN LANG!

I REMEMBER--HE WAS DISCHARGED FROM THE UNITED STATES NAVY FOR CONDUCT UNBECOMING AN OFFICER. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, LOIS. I DON'T LIKE OUR COMPANY. WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH!

BUT SHORTLY AFTER...

WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?

I MUST HAVE DROPPED MY FOUNTAIN PEN. WAIT HERE!
AS SOON AS HE IS OUT OF LOIS' SIGHT, CLARK WHIPS OFF HIS CIVILIAN GARMENTS, STANDING REVEALED AS THE MIGHTY SUPERMAN . . . !

I'M CONvinced this sports festival is but the front for an organization fostering unAmerican activities. The dukalian consul is about to speak—I'LL lend an ear. And if I don't like what he says...

DUKALIAN CONSUL KARL WOLFF HOLDS HIS AUDIENCE SPELBOUND

PRESENT HERE IS THE FLOWER OF DUKALIAN YOUTH! YOU HAVE SEEN THEM PERFORM PHYSICAL FEATS WHICH NO OTHER HUMAN BEINGS CAN. PROOF, I TELL YOU, THAT WE DUKALIANS ARE SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER RACE OR NATION! PROOF THAT WE ARE ENTITLED TO BE THE MASTERS OF AMERICA!

STREAKING DOWN ONTO THE FIELD, INTERRUPTING THE CONSUL'S SPIEL—SUPERMAN!

LET'S SEE JUST HOW SUPERIOR YOU REALLY ARE!

SO YOU'RE THE SHOT-PUTTER, EH? LET'S SEE IF WE CAN BREAK YOUR RECORD—OR YOUR NECK!


NEXT, SUPERMAN SNATCHES THE POLE VAULT CHAMP . . .

SO THAT'S YOUR RECORD HEIGHT, EH?

NOW YOU CAN SAY YOU BEAT YOUR OWN RECORD—WITHOUT THE AID OF THE POLE!

SEIZING ANOTHER ATHLETE BY THE NECK AND SEAT OF HIS PANTS, SUPERMAN PUSHES HIM BEFORE HIM IN THE FASTEST HUNDRED YARD DASH THAT HAS EVER BEEN RUN!

TAKING THE HURDLE CHAMPION UNDER HIS ARM, SUPERMAN CARRIES HIM OVER ALL THE Hurdles IN ONE GREAT LEAP . . . .

HOW'S THAT?

TWO SECONDS FLAT!
AND NOW--
LET'S SEE
WHAT SORT OF
A CHAMPION
YOU ARE!

HELP!
HELP ME!

AS WOLFF'S COMPANIONS SEEK
TO SHIELD HIM FROM THE MAN
OF TOMORROW, THEY ARE
SWEPT ASIDE...

MAKE ROOM!

AWK!
LET GO!

NOT YET
YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!

EEEEEE!

WHY NOT DIS-
PLAY SOME OF
THAT DUKALIAN
COURAGE YOU
DID SO MUCH
RAYING ABOUT?

YOU CAN'T
LEAVE ME HERE!

DON'T LIKE
IT THERE, EH?
WELL, YOU'RE
FREE TO LET
GO ANY TIME
YOU WANT!

GET ME
DOWN!
HURRY!!

RETURNING
TO THE
SPOT
WHERE
HE HAD
LEFT HIS
OUTER
GARMENTS,
SUPERMAN
SWIFTLY
DONS THEM....

GOT TO HURRY
BACK TO LOIS--
BEFORE SHE GETS
SUSPICIOUS....

DID YOU FIND
THE FOUNTAIN
PEN? AND
WHAT'S ALL
THE TUMULT
IN THERE?

A DISTURB-
ANCE IN THERE?
I DIDN'T NOTICE
ANY!
LANG at that un-American demonstration, Clark, I think he deserves investigation!

"I might have expected him to discourage me. He wants to hog the story for himself."

See you later! ("Of that, there can be no doubt!")

LOIS makes a bee-line for Lieutenant Ferguson of the naval intelligence...

You know you can trust me. Why was Captain Lang discharged from the Navy?

He showed suspiciously undue interest in battleship construction plans.

I remember having seen Lang in the lobby of the Cartwright Hotel. Therefore -- that's my next stop!

You're certain that Lang is not in?

I rang his room twice. There's no answer from Room 221.

Later--Lois returns with a suitcase....

Can I have Room 219? I found it very quiet on my last visit.

You're fortunate. The room is unoccupied.

No sooner does Lois enter Room 219 than she removes a rope and hook from the suitcase and swings it out so that it catches onto a ledge outside Room 221....

Made it the first try!

Stepping thru the window, Lois swings out toward her destination.

I hope that hook holds!
CAUTIOUSLY ENTERING THE DARKENED ROOM, THE MAN PLACES A PACKAGE IN THE TOP DRAWER OF THE DRESSER.

OOPS! -- ALMOST LOST MY GRIP THAT TIME!

WHAT--I SOMEONE INSERTING A KEY IN THE DOOR!

AFTER THE ATHLETE DEPARTS, LOIS EMERGES FROM HER HIDING PLACE AND OPENS THE PACKAGE...

WHOW! BILLS OF HIGH DENOMINATION -- THEY MUST TOTAL AT LEAST FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

ABRUPTLY, STRONG FINGERS ENCIRCLE LOIS' NECK FROM BEHIND....

LOIS KICKS BACK SHARPLY, STRIKING HER ASSAILANT'S KNEE. AS THE GRIP ON HER THROAT QUICKLY RELAXES, SHE TEARS FREE AND DASHES TOWARD THE DOOR...

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

BUT AS SHE OPENS THE DOOR--!

WELL ... I SEE I'VE COME NOT A MOMENT TOO EARLY!

L-LANG!

"IT'S ONE OF THE PRIZE-WINNING ATHLETES WHO ATTENDED THE SPORTS FESTIVAL!"
GET BACK IN THERE! LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

I OUGHT TO...

NONE OF THAT, HALL! WE'VE GOT TO GET THE GIRL OUT OF HERE. I'LL PLACE THE GUN IN MY POCKET AND IF SHE MAKES AN OUTCRY....

REMEMBER -- SPEAK ONE WORD -- AND MY GUN TALKS!

WE'LL QUESTION HER LATER, AND IF SHE REFUSES TO TALK...

("-- I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! BUT-- WHAT--?")

"I'VE GOT IT! I'LL GET MYSELF ARRESTED!"

OUCH! -- WHAT'S THE IDEA?

NEVER MIND HER. SHE'S MENTALLY UNBALANCED. WE'RE TAKING HER TO A DOCTOR.

OH-- I SEE...

WH-- WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

I OUGHT TO KILL YOU! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN MY ROOM-- SNOOPING?

"I'M A REPORTER. I THOUGHT I MIGHT FIND A STORY.

YOU'LL FIND A STORY, ALL RIGHT -- YOUR OBITUARY!"

LATER--- AS THEY REACH A PIER, THEY ARE JOINED BY WOLFF, THE DUKALIAN CONSUL....

WE CAUGHT THIS SPY IN MY ROOM. WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HER?

TAKE HER ALONG. SHE MAY EVEN PROVE USEFUL -- AS A BOMB TARGET!
Remember—the fifty thousand dollars was just for a demonstration ride on my startling invention....

True! An additional two million dollars will be paid for the invention if it meets with my complete satisfaction!

If you have made a great military discovery, don’t you think your own country is entitled to it?

I swore this country would pay for dismissing me from the navy! I have Wolff’s assurance that when Dukalia conquers America I will receive an important post!

Dukalia appreciates genius... and loyalty!

When Lois had departed, Clark removed his outer garments and tucked them beneath his Superman cloak....

So Lois thinks Lang could stand investigating! Hm-mm! Doesn’t sound like a bad idea, at that!

A great leap launches the Man of Steel to a position atop the stadium...

Lang below—whispering to someone in the crowd.

I accept your terms!

What Superman’s amazing super-sensitive hearing enables him to overhear...

Splendid!

As ex-Captain Lang drives off, Superman streaks down and swings himself beneath the car....

Guess I’ll be a non-paying passenger!

As Lang swiftly rounds a curve on a mountain road, a huge truck unexpectedly looms before him.... The discharged naval officer frantically twists the wheel....

A sure crash!

A collision is narrowly avoided! But-- the car’s wheels slip off the road!

The auto commences tipping over, preparatory to beginning the terrible downward plunge!
Bracing his hand against the side of the cliff Superman swerves the car back to an upright position on the road.

Whew! I've never come closer to death! I can thank my lucky stars!

No, Lang, you can thank Superman!

An instant later, the man of steel easily vaults over the barrier.

They'll have to build this much higher if they hope to keep me out!

Take it out for a trial spin!

As you direct, sir!

Slowly, the craft moves seaward, then commences to submerge.

Providing you deliver the money as promised, I'm ready to take you on a demonstration voyage at once!

No name has been mentioned but I could recognize that voice anywhere! Lang is speaking to Wolff!

An instant later, Superman is amazed to discover that though he makes use of his telescopic vision....

That strange vessel--completely disappeared--no longer to be seen!
This calls for a more thorough search!

But the Superman rapidly swims underwater, exploring the vicinity, he finds...

-- not a trace of it!

On land once again, Superman streaks off thru the night...

This grows more mysterious--and sinister--every moment! Wolff is the man I want to see right now!

Superman finds the windows of the Dukalian consulate barred, but...

That's no obstacle to me!

As he enters the room...

Gas!--deadly hydrocyanic gas!

Due to his great powers of resistance, the man of tomorrow is unharmed. As powerful ventilators clear the room of the gas, armed men wearing gas-masks enter.

What--! He's--uninjured!

Well, he won't be for long--shoot him down!

That's fine!

You see! Collect bullets! A sort of hobby!

D-do you see what I see?? Keep firing!

I think you've wasted enough ammunition for today!

Y!!--!!! Help!!
I CAN TAKE MY
LEAVE, NOW! IF MY
HUNCH IS TRUE,
I'LL SOON HAVE
COMPANY!

WH-WHAT
HAS HAPPENED?
WHERE IS
THE INTRUDER?

WE WERE
POWERLESS
TO PREVENT
HIS ESCAPE!

IT WAS THAT
INCREDIBLY STRONG
MAN WHO MADE
FOOLS OF US AT
THE STADIUM. HIS
STRENGTH IS BEYOND ALL BELIEF!

JUST AS I HAD
HOPED! WOLFF
IS LOSING NO
TIME MAKING A
BEE-LINE FOR
THAT WHARF!

AS WOLFF NOTES SUPERMAN'S
SHADOW ON THE ROAD . . .

THAT HUGE SHADOW--
WHAT CAN CAUSE IT?
-- MUST BE A BIRD!

WOLFF JOINS LANG . . .

LOIS AMONG
THEM-- A CAPTIVE! I'VE GOT
tO DO SOMETHING . . .!

SWIFTLY, SUPERMAN DONS
HIS OUTER GARMENTS
WHICH HE HAS CARRIED
BENEATH HIS CLOAK . . .

ENTER CLARK KENT!

CLARK DELIBERATELY
PERMITS HIMSELF TO BE
CAPTURED...

GOT YOU!

UH-HHH!

CLARK!
HOW-- HOW DID
YOU GET HERE?

YOU'RE NOT THE
ONLY ENTERPRISING
REPORTER ON THE STAFF!

ANOTHER REPORTER,
EH? I SUGGEST WE
DISPOSE OF BOTH OF THEM
IMMEDIATELY!

NO, WE'LL TAKE
THEM ALONG AS
PRISONERS--
PLENTY OF TIME
TO ATTEND TO
THEM LATER!
CAPTORS AND PRISONERS ENTER THE UNUSUAL VESSEL AND AS THEY DO SO THE HATCH CLOSES.

THE SIDES -- MADE OF TRANSPARENT PLASTIC! WE SEEM TO BE MOVING AT TERRIFIC SPEED!

YOU ARE VERY OBSERVANT... TOO MUCH SO FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

YOU THINK THAT ASTONISHING? WATCH THIS!

AS LANG PULLS THE LEVER THE VESSEL SLANTS SHARPLY UP INTO THE AIR!

THEN AS IT DIVES BENEATH THE WATER'S SURFACE ONCE AGAIN

YOU SEE... MY SHIP CAN TRAVEL ABOVE WATER AS WELL AS BENEATH IT! -- QUITE AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY FOR MODERN WARFARE, EH? AND ANYONE CAN OPERATE IT WITH THIS SIMPLE LEVER!

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW! HEAD FOR THE PANAMA CANAL -- AND FORGET ABOUT THE TWO MILLION... YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO SEE IT!

AH--BUT I'VE ANTICIPATED YOU. HALL HAS ALREADY ATTENDED TO THEM... SPY! YOU CAN DROP THE POSE. I HAPPEN TO HAVE KNOWN ALL ALONG YOU STILL SERVE THE U.S. NAVY AND HAVE USED THIS NEW INVENTION TO SNARE FOREIGN SPIYS!

YOU MUST BE COMPLETELY MAD! THIS CRAFT HASN'T THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE OF PENETRATING THE PANAMA CANAL DEFENSES!

YOU UNDERESTIMATE MY INGENUITY!

AS WOLFF HAD PRE-ARRANGED, THE SKY-SUB IS MANEUVERED SO THAT IT IS ATTACHED TO A HOOK BENEATH A LARGE FREIGHTER...

WITH THE AID OF SPECIAL APPARATUS, TORPEDOES AND BOMBS ARE TRANSFERRED FROM THE FREIGHTER TO THE SUB...

WHEN THE FREIGHTER APPROACHES THE PANAMA CANAL, IT WILL BE INSPECTED AND PASSED. NO ONE WILL KNOW THAT HIDDEN BENEATH IT IS A CRAFT THAT WILL BE RELEASED AT A VITAL SPOT TO BLOW UP THE CANAL!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

BUT IT APPEARS HE IS!
AT THE CONSUL'S ORDERS, CLARK IS PLACED WITHIN AN EMPTY TORPEDO-TUBE.

PLEASE DON'T! THIS IS MURDER!

YOU'LL ONLY BE IN THE WAY NOW. YOU FIRST--THEN... THE OTHERS SHARE YOUR FATE!

YOU -- YOU BUTCHER!

BUT DESPITE LOIS' PLEAS, THE TORPEDO BEARING CLARK IS SHOT INTO THE WATER...

THE SIDES OF THE TORPEDO SPLIT OPEN AS CLARK SMASHES HIS WAY OUT...

HERE'S WHERE 'EXIT!...

GOT TO GET BACK -- BEFORE HE HARMs LOIS--!

SWIFTLY CHANGING HIS GARMENTS, SUPERMAN HIDES HIS CIVILIAN GARMENTS BENEATH HIS CLOAK...

SO HERE GOES!

SEIZING THE VESSEL, SUPERMAN FORCES IT UP TOWARD THE SURFACE...

GET MOVING!

LET THE GIRL AND LANG ALONE OPEN THE HATCH WHEN WE REACH THE SURFACE AND SEE WHAT THE TROUBLE IS!

WHAT CAN IT BE?

IT'S THAT INFERNALLY STRONG MEDDLER -- GET HIM!

THIS BOMB OUGHT TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!
SADLY, IT DIDN'T BOTHER ME A BIT!

TO THE FREIGHTER WITH YOU! JOIN YOUR PALS!

SWIFTLY, SUPERMAN DON'S HIS CIVILIAN GARMENTS AND HURRYING DOWN INTO THE SKY-SUB FREES LOIS AND LANG

CLARK! HOW DID YOU EVER ESCAPE?

QUICK! FREE ME! WE'VE GOTTEN TO SEE THAT THOSE CONSPIRATORS DON'T ESCAPE!

SUPERMAN SAVED ME!

UNDER LANG'S CONTROL, THE VESSEL ZOOMS UP INTO THE AIR...

LOOK--THE FREIGHTER'S CREW IS PULLING AWAY FROM THE SHIP IN LIFE-BOATS!

SMART LADS! THEY KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR THEM!

A CHARGE OF BOMBS DROPPED BY CLARK BLOWS THE FREIGHTER TO BITS...

THAT SHOULD RENDER THEM HARMLESS!

BUT THEY'LL ESCAPE!

NO THEY WON'T! I'LL BROADCAST A MESSAGE TO THE COAST GUARD!

I WANT TO THANK BOTH OF YOU--FOR SAVING THE INVENTION, AIDING IN THE CAPTURE OF THOSE SPIES...

SHORTLY AFTER...

AND...

DON'T THANK US, THANK SUPERMAN!

LET'S PHONE IN THE STORY BEFORE SOMEONE BEATS US TO IT!

THE END
### BICYCLES MAIL COUPON!

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Send No Money! — Mail Coupon!

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customers and friends
waiting to buy. Pictures
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We TRUST YOU. Nothing
to buy. We are fair and
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**OR CASH COMMISSION**

**NOTHING TO BUY!**

SEND NO MONEY — MAIL COUPON!

BOYS — WOMEN

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BIG stands size regulation GUITAR. It's a Pip! Big, Move
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COMPLETE EIGHTH Guitar, Big
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Lovely Little Watch, about size of dime, or Cash Com-
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SIMPLY GIVE AWAY FREE, beautifully
colored Art Pictures with well known
White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE used for
chaps, surface burns and shallow cuts. Salve easily sold to customers and
friends at 25¢ a box (with wonderful
picture FREE). Remit and select premium as per catalog. SPECIAL:—
Choice of 35 premiums given for returning only the $3.00 collected. Nothing to buy! Mail coupon.

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**MAIL COUPON NOW**

### BOTH GIVEN

SIMPLY GIVE AWAY FREE, beautifully
colored Art Pictures with well known
White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE used for
chaps, surface burns and shallow cuts. Salve easily sold to customers and
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