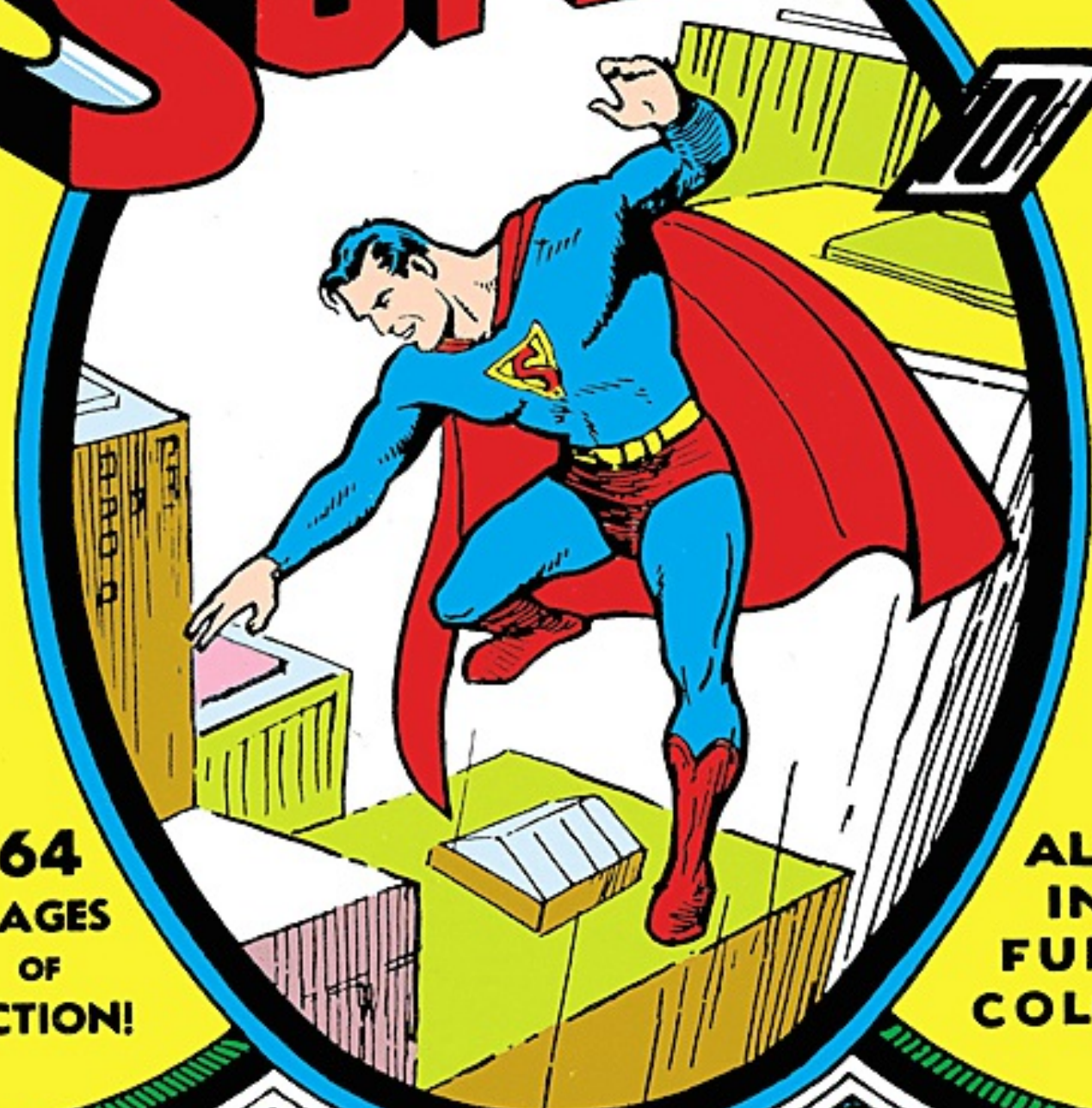


SUPERMAN



64
PAGES
OF
ACTION!

ALL
IN
FULL
COLOR

THE COMPLETE STORY OF THE DARING
EXPLOITS OF THE ONE AND ONLY
SUPERMAN

SUPERMAN

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

JUST BEFORE THE DOOMED PLANET, KRYPTON, EXPLODED TO FRAGMENTS, A SCIENTIST PLACED HIS INFANT SON WITHIN AN EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET-SHIP, LAUNCHING IT TOWARD EARTH!

WHEN THE VESSEL REACHED OUR PLANET, THE CHILD WAS FOUND BY AN ELDERLY COUPLE, THE KENTS.

LOOK, MARY!
—IT'S A
CHILD!

THE POOR
THING! —
IT'S BEEN
ABANDONED!

THE INFANT WAS TURNED OVER TO AN ORPHAN ASYLUM, WHERE IT ASTOUNDED THE ATTENDANTS WITH ITS FEATS OF STRENGTH.

WE -- WE COULDN'T
GET THAT SWEET
CHILD OUT OF OUR
MIND.

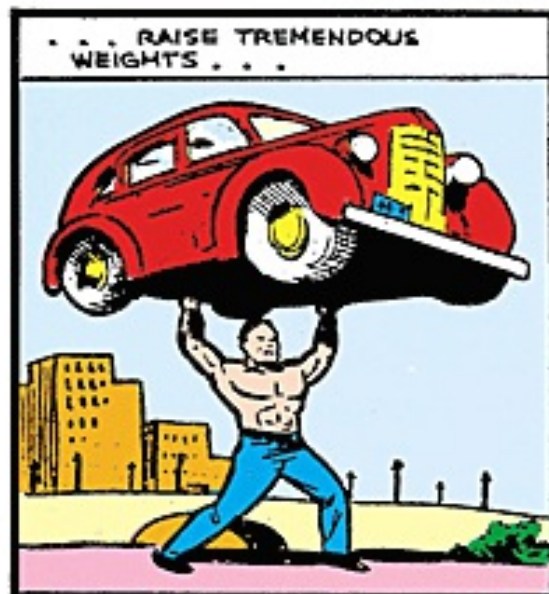
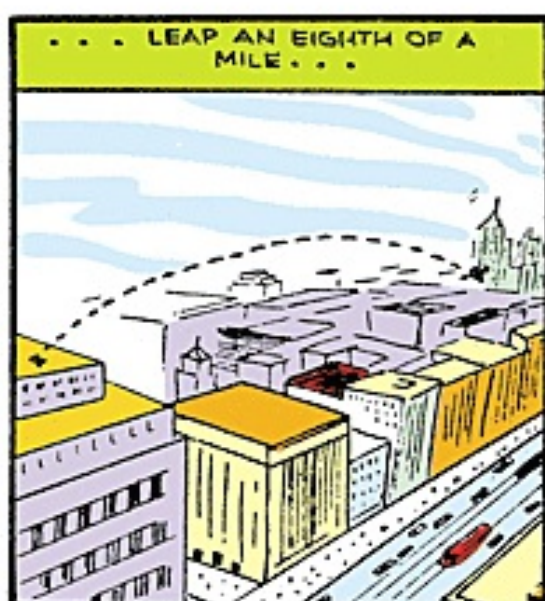
WE'VE COME
TO ADOPT
HIM IF YOU'LL
PERMIT US.

I BELIEVE IT CAN
BE ARRANGED.
(-- WHEW!
THANK GOODNESS
THEY'RE TAKING
HIM AWAY BEFORE
HE WRECKS
THE ASYLUM!)

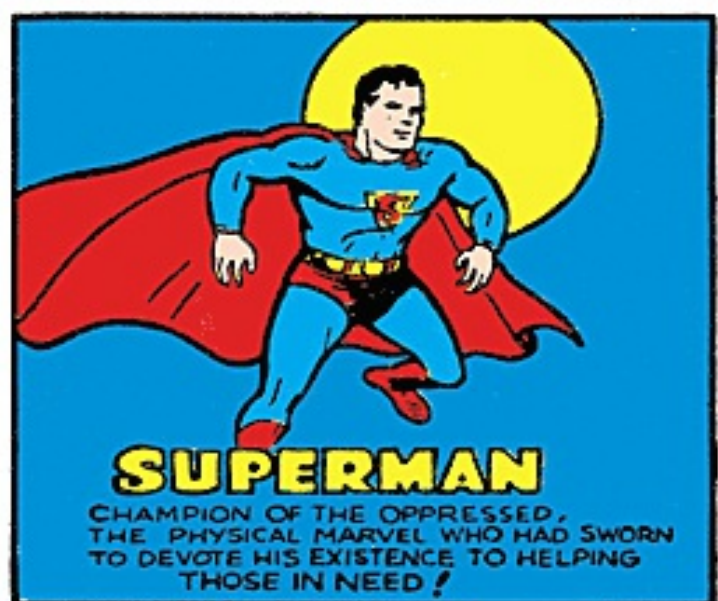
THE LOVE AND GUIDANCE OF HIS KINDLY FOSTER-PARENTS WAS TO BECOME AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE SHAPING OF THE BOY'S FUTURE.

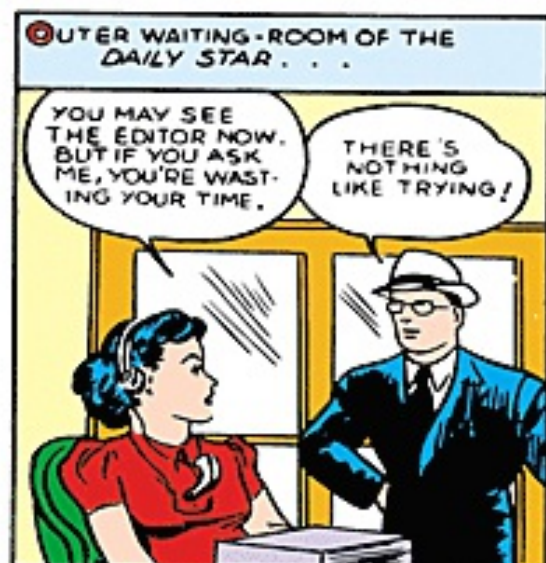
NOW LISTEN TO ME, CLARK!
THIS GREAT STRENGTH
OF YOURS -- YOU'VE
GOT TO HIDE IT FROM
PEOPLE OR THEY'LL
BE SCARED
OF YOU!

BUT WHEN THE
PROPER TIME COMES,
YOU MUST USE IT TO
ASSIST HUMANITY.



CLARK DECIDED HE MUST TURN HIS TITANIC STRENGTH INTO CHANNELS THAT WOULD BENEFIT MANKIND . . . AND SO WAS CREATED--





A FEW
MOMENTS
LATER...



JUST AS THE LYNCHING IS
ABOUT TO BEGIN... DOWN
HURTTLES A FANTASTIC FIGURE



THIS PRISONER'S
FATE WILL BE
DECIDED IN A
COURT OF
JUSTICE. -RETURN
TO YOUR HOMES!



YOU'RE BEGGING
FOR IT!



THE CROWD IS ASTOUNDED TO FIND
ITSELF SWEEPED BACK BY THE LONE
FIGURE...



I DON'T KNOW
HOW YOU DID IT,
BUT YOU'VE MY
THANKS! WHO
ARE YOU?

A REPORTER -
LET'S GET
THE PRISONER
BACK IN HIS
CELL.



YA SAVED MY LIFE...
AN' I'M NOT FORGETTIN'
IT. I'LL LET YA IN ON
A RED-HOT STORY!

LET'S
HAVE IT!







A TIMELESS FIGURE RACES THRU THE NIGHT. SECONDS COUNT. . . DELAY MEANS FORFEIT OF AN INNOCENT LIFE



THE GOVERNOR'S ESTATE FINALLY IS REACHED



MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE! I HAVEN'T TIME TO ATTEND TO IT

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY KNOCKING THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT?



I MUST SEE THE GOVERNOR. IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!



SEE HIM IN THE MORNING!



I'LL SEE HIM NOW!



THIS IS ILLEGAL ENTRY! I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED!



ANSWER MY QUESTION! ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE ME TO THE GOVERNOR?



NO! I WON'T!

THEN I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!



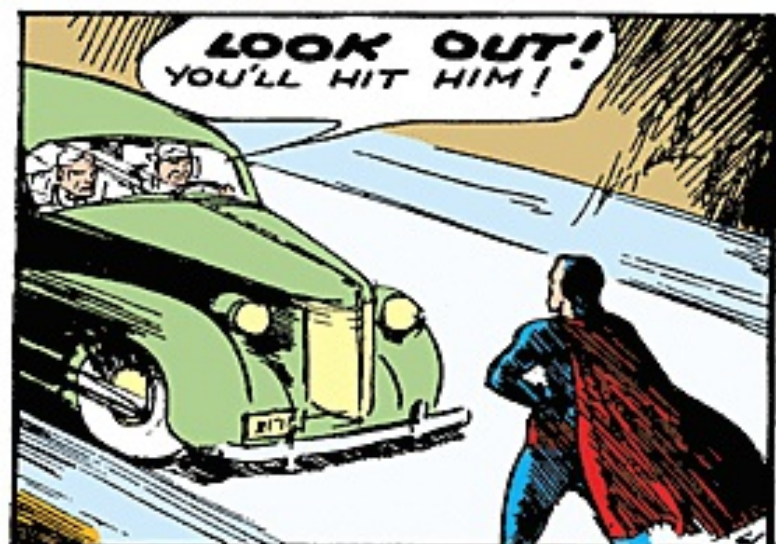
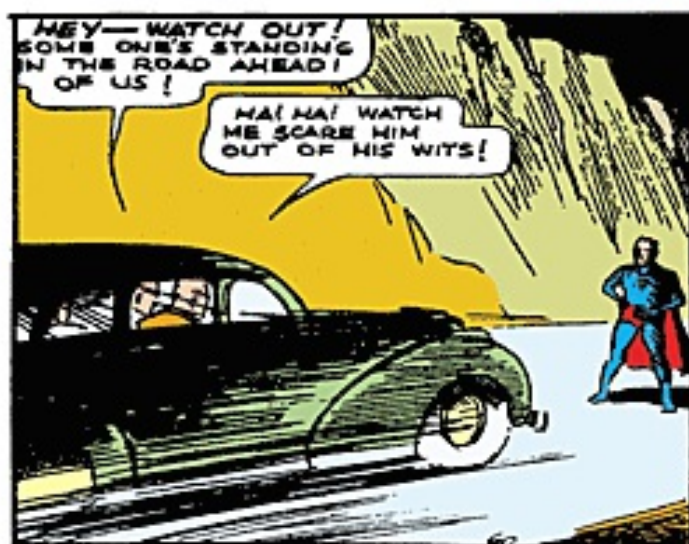


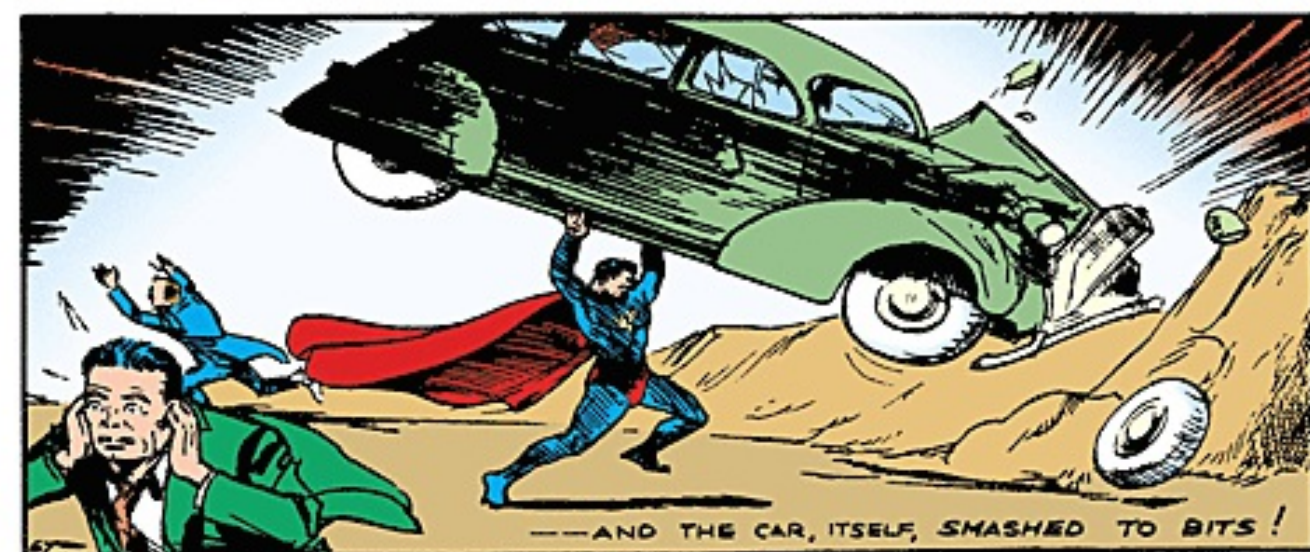






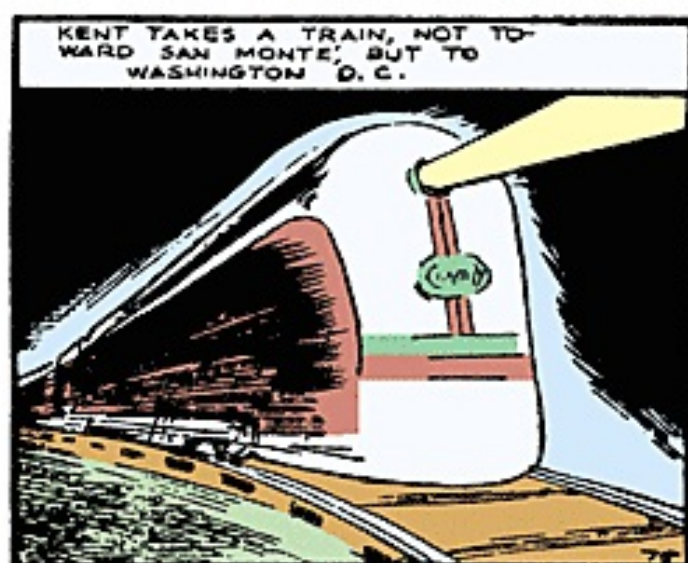
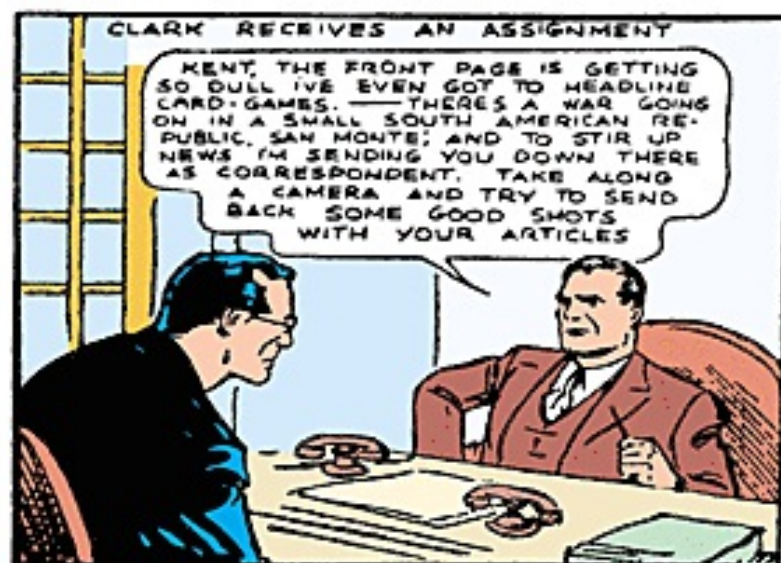






NEXT,
SUPERMAN
OVER-
TAKES
BUTCH
IN ONE
SPRING..





IN THE CAPITAL CITY, HE ATTENDS A SESSION OF CONGRESS, SITTING IN THE GALLERY

IS THAT SENATOR BARROWS SPEAKING?

YES.

UPON LEAVING THE SENATE CHAMBERS, CLARK SNAPS A PICTURE OF A FURTIVE MAN SPEAKING SWIFTLY TO SENATOR BARROWS

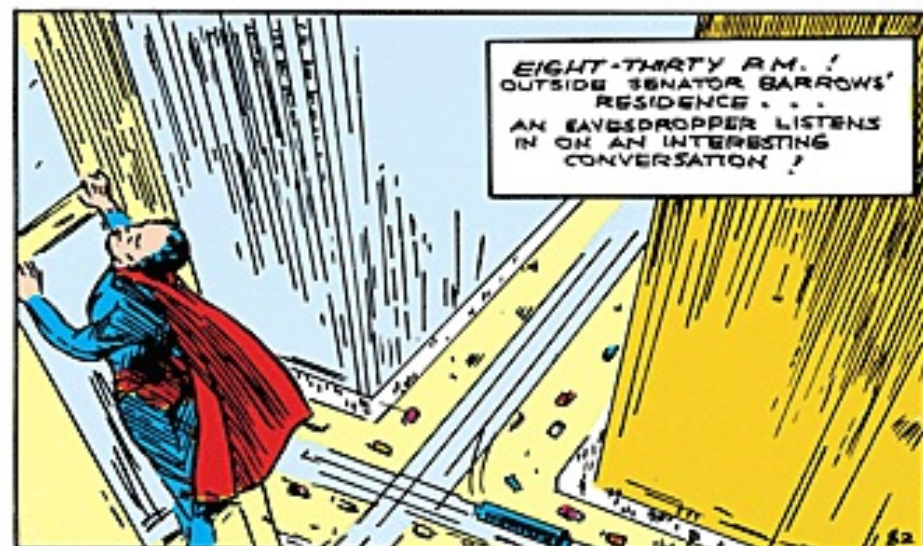
WHEN CAN I SEE YOU?

I TOLD YOU NEVER TO SPEAK TO ME IN PUBLIC! ...UH... MY HOME... TONIGHT AT 8:30.

AT THE "MORQUE" OF A LOCAL NEWSPAPER...

WHO'S THE CHAP SPEAKING TO SENATOR BARROWS?

WHY, THAT'S ALEX GREER, THE SLICKEST LOBBYIST IN WASHINGTON. NO ONE KNOWS WHAT INTERESTS BACK HIM.



I'VE TOLD YOU TO AVOID ME IN PUBLIC. WHAT WOULD PEOPLE THINK IF THEY KNEW I HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU?

QUIT SPUTTERING! I HAD TO SEE YOU. TELL ME: DO YOU THINK YOU'LL SUCCEED IN PUSHING THE BILL THRU?

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! THE BILL WILL BE PASSED BEFORE ITS FULL IMPLICATIONS ARE REALIZED. BEFORE ANY REMEDIAL STEPS CAN BE TAKEN, OUR COUNTRY WILL BE EMBROILED WITH EUROPE.

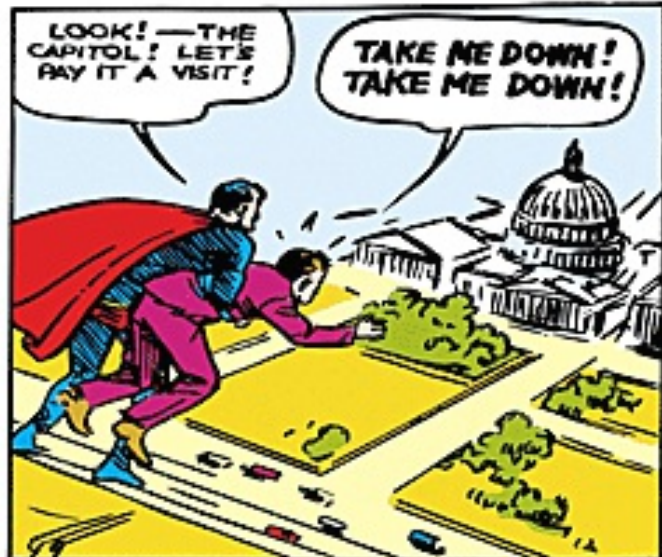
FINE! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU FINAN- CIALLY FOR THIS!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF YOURSELF?

YOU BET HE WILL!

**UPON
LEAVING
BARROWS,
GREER
IS
CONFRONTED
BY
SUPERMAN**





AND SO BEGINS THE STARTLING ADVENTURES
OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL STRIP CHARACTER
OF ALL TIME: **SUPERMAN!**



A PHYSICAL MARVEL,
A MENTAL WONDER,
SUPERMAN IS DESTINED
TO RESHAPE THE DESTINY
OF A WORLD!

Only in
ACTION COMICS
CAN YOU THRILL
AT THE DARING
DEEDS OF THIS
SUPERB CREATION!
**DON'T MISS
AN ISSUE!**

SUPERMAN

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

AS THEY TOPPLE LIKE A PLUMMET
TO THE STREET BELOW, EIGHTY
STORIES DISTANT, GREER SHRIEKS
INSANELY THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF
THE BUILDING!



AS THEY STRIKE THE SIDEWALK, IT BURSTS
INTO FRAGMENTS!

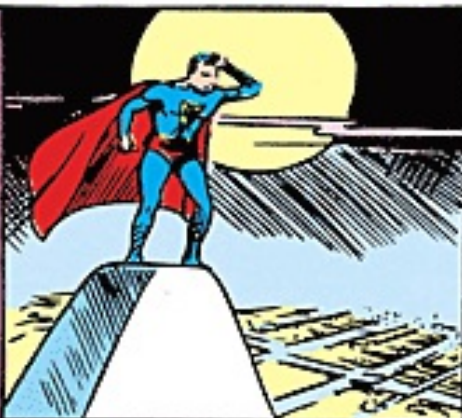


SAY! WASN'T THAT
FUN? -- LET'S DO
IT AGAIN!

NO! I'LL TALK! --
THE MAN BEHIND THE
THREATENING WAR IS
EMIL NORVELL, THE MUNI-
TIONS MAGNATE. YOU'LL
FIND HIM AT HIS LEX-
INGTON PARK ESTATE!



HAVING SECURED
THE INFORMATION
HE DESIRES,
SUPERMAN
TAKES ABRUPT
LEAVE OF GREER,
SPRINGS TO THE
TOP OF THE
WASHINGTON
MONUMENT,
GETS HIS BEAR-
INGS, THEN BEGINS
HIS DASH TOWARD
NORVELL'S
RESIDENCE.



MEANWHILE

I CAN'T EXPLAIN
OVER THE PHONE,
NORVELL, BUT YOU'RE
ABOUT TO RECEIVE A
VISIT FROM THE
MOST DANGEROUS
MAN ALIVE!

DON'T WORRY, GREER!
-- I'LL TAKE CERTAIN
PRECAUTIONS TO IN-
SURE HE DOESN'T
REMAIN ALIVE
LONG!



FIVE MINUTES ELAPSE -- THEN...
SUPERMAN STEPS THRU THE
WINDOW OF EMIL NORVELL'S STUDY
AND CALMLY CONFRONTS HIM...



WHETHER YOU
LIKE IT OR NOT,
NORVELL, YOU'RE
COMING WITH
ME!

SORRY, BUT I
HAVE OTHER
PLANS!

AS HE SPEAKS, THE MUNI-
TIONS MANUFACTURER SUR-
REPTITIOUSLY REACHES BE-
HIND HIM TO PRESS A
BUTTON ON HIS DESK.



WHAT ARE
YOU HOLDING
BEHIND YOU?
-- GIVE IT
TO ME!

ALL RIGHT
BOYS! -- HE
ASKED FOR IT!
LET HIM
HAVE IT!!

INSTANTLY
SEVERAL
PANELS
ABOUT THE
ROOM SLIDE
ASIDE AND
OUT STEP
A NUMBER
OF ARMED
GUARDS!
NEXT
MOMENT
SUPERMAN
IS THE
CENTER
OF A
DEAFENING
MACHINE-GUN
BARRAGE!



GOOD
HEAVENS! HE
WON'T DIE!

GLAD I CAN'T
SAY THE SAME
FOR YOU!

A MOMENT LATER A DOZEN
BODIES FLY HEADLONG OUT
THE WINDOW INTO THE NIGHT,
THE MACHINE-GUNS WRAPPED
FIRMLY ABOUT THEIR NECKS!



YOU SEE HOW EFFORT-
LESSLY I CRUSH THIS
BAR OF IRON IN MY
HAND! -- THAT BAR
COULD JUST AS EASILY
BE YOUR NECK!...
NOW, FOR THE LAST
TIME: ARE YOU
COMING WITH ME?



YES! YES!
IMMEDIATELY!



YOU SEE THAT STEAMER?
IT'S THE BARONTA. TOMORROW,
IT LEAVES FOR SAN MONTE.
UNLESS I FIND YOU ABOARD IT
WHEN IT SAILS, I SWEAR I'LL
FOLLOW YOU TO WHATEVER
HOLE YOU HIDE IN, AND TEAR
OUT YOUR CRUEL HEART
WITH MY BARE
HANDS!

I -- I'LL BE
ON IT!



AS SUPERMAN STANDS SILENTLY AT THE SHIP'S RAIL, ADMIRING THE MOONLIGHT, HE WHIRLS SUDDENLY AT THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS!



ALL TOGETHER,
NOW! —
GET HIM!



FOR AN INSTANT SUPERMAN BRACES HIMSELF AGAINST THE RAIL — AND IN THAT SECOND IT GIVES WAY!



HE IS FLUNG, TWISTING AND TURNING, INTO THE OCEAN!



THE THUGS REPORT BACK TO NORVELL...

IT WAS SIMPLE! A LITTLE SHOVE AND HE TOPPLED OVERBOARD! — NOW HOW ABOUT THAT DOUGH YOU PROMISED US!

YOU'LL GET NOTHING! GET OUT OF HERE, YOU TRUSTING FOOLS, AND BE GLAD I DON'T TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE!



MEANWHILE -- AT THAT VERY INSTANT SUPERMAN, SWIMMING VIGOROUSLY, HAS CAUGHT UP WITH THE STEAMER...



... BUT INSTEAD OF CLIMBING ABOARD HE CONTINUES ONWARD UNTIL THE BARONTA IS OUT-DISTANCED FAR BEHIND!

SEE YOU LATER!



NEXT EVENING, A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE STEAMER LANDS... NORVELL IS ATTACKED BY HIS DOUBLE-CROSSED HENCHMEN.



NORVELL IS SAVED BY THE TIMELY APPEARANCE OF SUPERMAN



SUPERMAN SUBJECTS THE TOUGHS TO THE SEVEREST THRASHING OF THEIR LIVES!



THE THUGS FLEE BEFORE HIS FURY!



YOU SAVED ME! -- BUT WHY?

BECAUSE THE FATE YOU ESCAPED IS PLEASANT INDEED COMPARED TO THE ONE I HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU!



W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?

NOTHING -- IF YOU JOIN THE SAN MONTE ARMY!



LATER -- IN HIS HOTEL...



I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL ENLIST IN THE ARMY -- THEN ESCAPE AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY!



AFTER NORVELL ENLISTS --





SHORTLY LATER, THE COMPANY PITCHES CAMP . . . RETIRES . . .



SENTRIES ARE
PUZZLED
BY A
DARK
SHADOW . .

WHAT WAS
THAT?

PROBABLY
JUST A BIRD!



BUT IN REALITY IT IS
SUPERMAN SPEEDING
TO A STRANGE RENDEZVOUS.



IN THE ENEMY CAMP . . .

BUT THE QUESTION,
GENERAL, IS HOW
STRONG ARE
OUR LINES?

IMPENETRABLE!



AT THAT INSTANT A FIGURE
BURSTS INTO THE TENT.

SMILE, PLEASE!
— THANKS!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER —

GONE! —
BUT HE WON'T
ESCAPE!

GUARDS!



LATER THAT EVENING, CLARK
KENT MAELS A PACKAGE . . .

WHERE TO?

THE EVENING
NEWS . . .
CLEVELAND,
OHIO



THE EVENING NEWS PRINTS
A PICTURE-SCOOP . . .





KENT, IN HIS DISGUISE AS A SOLDIER, OVERHEARS AN ASTOUNDING BIT OF INFORMATION

HAVE YOU HEARD? LOIS LANE A SPY, IS TO BE EXECUTED THIS MORNING.

YES! AND EXACTLY AT DAWN!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT LOIS IS BEING LED OUT TO HER DEATH.

I TELL YOU! YOU'RE GOING TO KILL AN INNOCENT PERSON!



ALMOST FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, A FANTASTIC FIGURE STREAKS FAST MILE AFTER MILE!



READY! AIM! FI—



DOWN — DOWN — INTO THE RANGE OF FIRE PLUMMETS SUPERMAN!



COVERING LOIS'S BODY WITH HIS OWN, HE RECEIVES THE SHOTS MEANT FOR HER

SHOOT AND BE HANGED!



YOU CAN'T DO THIS! — IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

THANKS FOR LETTING ME KNOW!

STOP!



SUPERMAN!

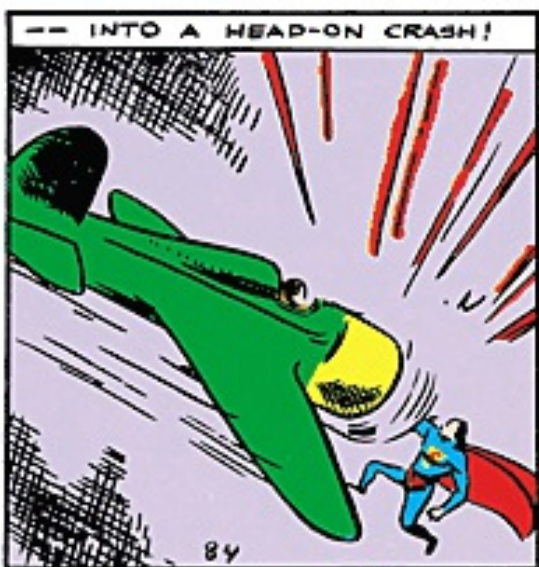
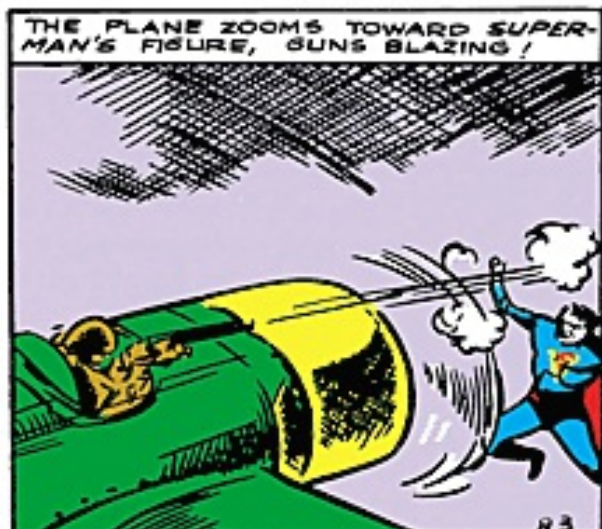
RIGHT! AND STILL PLAYING THE ROLE OF GALLANT RESCUER! —







SUPERMAN LEAPS TO THE ATTACK! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ALL HISTORY, A MAN BATTLES AN AIRPLANE SINGLE-HANDED!







ATTENTION ALL AMERICAN YOUTH!



SUPERMAN now appears on the comic page of many newspapers!

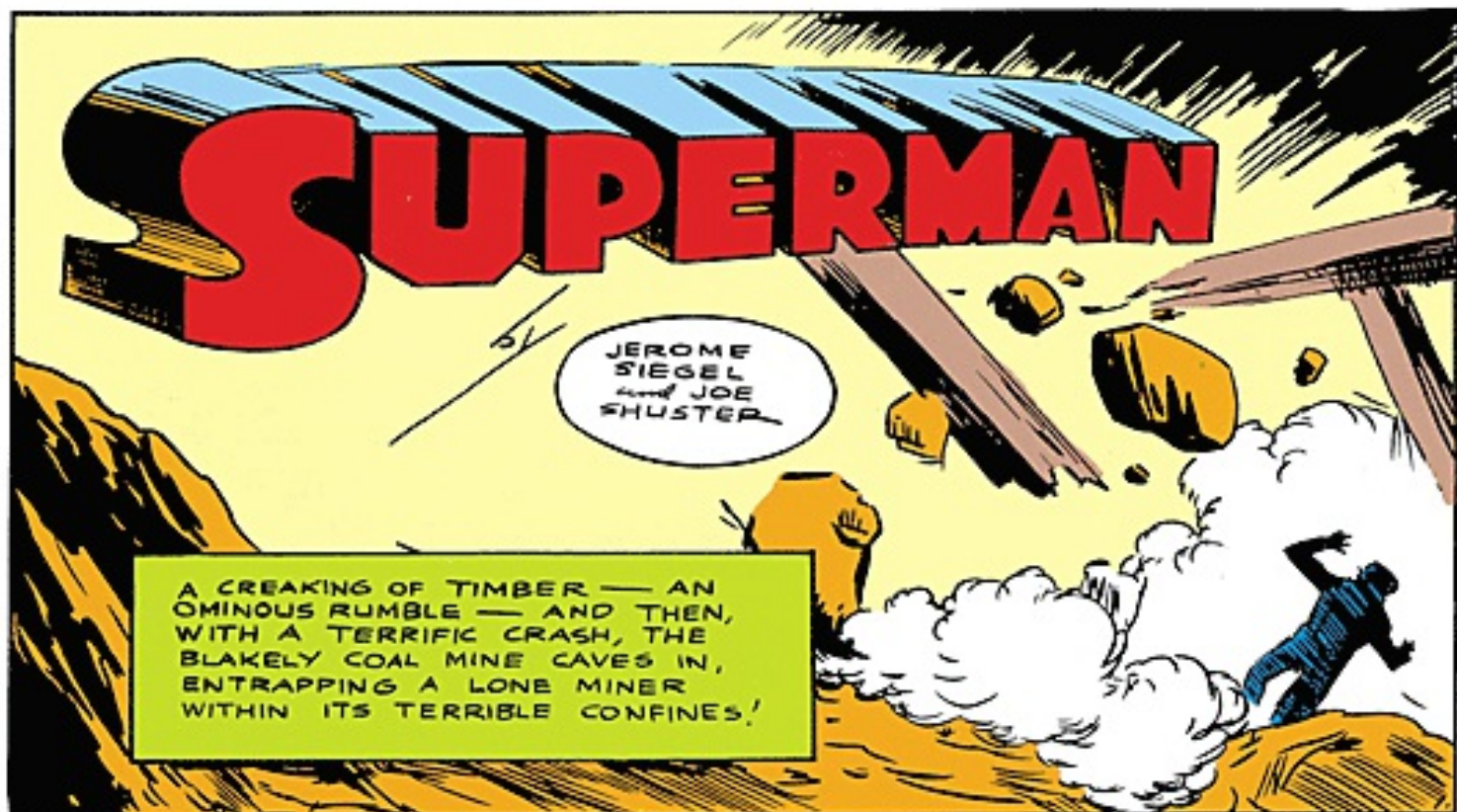
If you would like to see him in your local newspaper, fill in this coupon and mail it immediately to: **SUPERMAN**, c/o Action Comics, 480 Lexington Ave., New York City, and we will try to get your paper to run it as a daily strip.

Your Name

Street Address

City & State

Name of Your Local Daily Newspaper



DOWN PLUNGES SUPERMAN IN A FALL WHICH WOULD HAVE MEANT DEATH FOR AN ORDINARY MAN!



AS SUPERMAN STRIKES THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT, HE DETECTS --



HIS PHYSICAL STRUCTURE UNAFFECTED BY THE GAS, SUPERMAN CONTINUES ALONG THE MINE'S BOTTOM --



-- UNTIL HE STUMBLES UPON A DOZEN UNCONSCIOUS FIGURES.



THE RESCUE-PARTY! I'D BETTER GET THEM OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE GAS FINISHES ITS DEADLY WORK!



A TRIFLE UNCEREMONIOUS -- BUT THE OCCASION DEMANDS IT!



PLACING THE MEN ON THE LIFT, SUPERMAN JERKS THE SIGNAL CORD, AND THE ELEVATOR BEGINS ITS UPWARD JOURNEY.



THAT'S THAT! — AND NOW TO REALLY GET TO WORK!



UPON ROUNDING A CURVE IN THE TUNNEL, SUPERMAN COMES UPON THE GREAT WALL OF COAL WHICH SEPARATES HIM FROM THE ENTRAPPED MINER.



ATTACKING THE STURDY BARRIER WITH HIS BARE HANDS, SUPERMAN PROCEEDS TO DEMOLISH IT AS THO' IT WERE BUT CONSTRUCTED OF PUTTY!



SUPERMAN COMMENCES TO CLIMB THE ELEVATOR-CABLE HAND-OVER-HAND!



LOOK! —
DOWN THERE!
— SOMEONE'S
CLIMBING THE
CABLE!

HOLY MACKEREL!
HE'S RISING
LIKE A STREAK
OF LIGHTNING!



WHEN SUPERMAN
REACHES THE PIT'S EDGE...

GOSH ALMIGHTY!
IT'S KOBER!

GET HIM TO
A HOSPITAL,
QUICK!



LATER —

HERE'S THE DOPE CHIEF!
— KOBER WAS RESCUED
BY AN UNIDENTIFIED
MINER... BUT THE
DOCTORS SAY HE WILL
BE CRIPPLED FOR
LIFE!



NEXT DAY... STANISLAW
KOBER, MAIMED MINER,
RECEIVES A VISITOR...

MY NAME IS KENT,
I REPRESENT A POWERFUL
NEWSPAPER. TELL ME:
IN YOUR OPINION, COULD
THE MINE-TRAGEDY
HAVE BEEN
PREVENTED?

SURE!



MONTHS AGO WE KNOW
MINE IS UNSAFE — BUT
WHEN WE TELL BOSS'S
FOREMEN THEY SAY:
"NO-LIKE JOB, STANISLAW?
QUIT!"



YOU MEAN TO SAY
THE OWNER DIS-
REGARDED THE MINE'S
DANGEROUS
CONDITION?

YAH! BUT WE
NO-QUIT-- GOT
WIFE, KIDS, BILLS! SO
BACK WE GO TO MINE
AN LONG HOURS AN
LITTLE PAY...
AN MAYBE TO DIE!



AN HOUR
LATER
KENT IS
ADMITTED
INTO THE
PRESENCE
OF
THORNTON
BLAKELY,
MINE-
OWNER...

HAVE YOU ARRANGED
A PENSION FOR THE
UNFORTUNATE MINER
WHO WAS CRIPPLED BY
THE CAVE-IN?

CERTAINLY NOT!
KOBER CAN THANK
HIS OWN CARELESS-
NESS FOR HIS
PLIGHT!



HOWEVER, THE COMPANY WILL BE GENEROUS ENOUGH TO PAY A REASONABLE PORTION OF HIS HOSPITAL BILLS AND MAY EVEN CONSIDER OFFERING HIM A \$50 RETIREMENT BONUS.



BUT SURELY YOU'RE GOING TO REPAIR THE BAD SAFETY-CONDITIONS IN YOUR MINE!

THERE ARE NO SAFETY-HAZARDS IN MY MINE. BUT IF THERE WERE, - WHAT OF IT? IN A BUSINESS MAN NOT A HUMANITARIAN!



AND NOW, SINCE THIS IS ALL NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, LET'S CONSIDER THE INTERVIEW CLOSED!



THAT NIGHT. . . SUPERMAN, CLAD IN MINER'S GARB, DROPS OUT OF THE SKIES LIKE SOME OCCULT, AVENGING DEMON. . .

... INTO THE BARRED AND CLOSELY GUARDED CONFINES OF THE BLAKELY ESTATE.



DRAWN BY THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER, MUSIC AND REVELRY. . .



... HE PEERS THRU A WINDOW AND DISCOVERS A GAY PARTY IN PROGRESS.

I'VE HALF A NOTION TO "CRASH" THIS PARTY ... TO BITS!



LOOK!

A PROWLER!

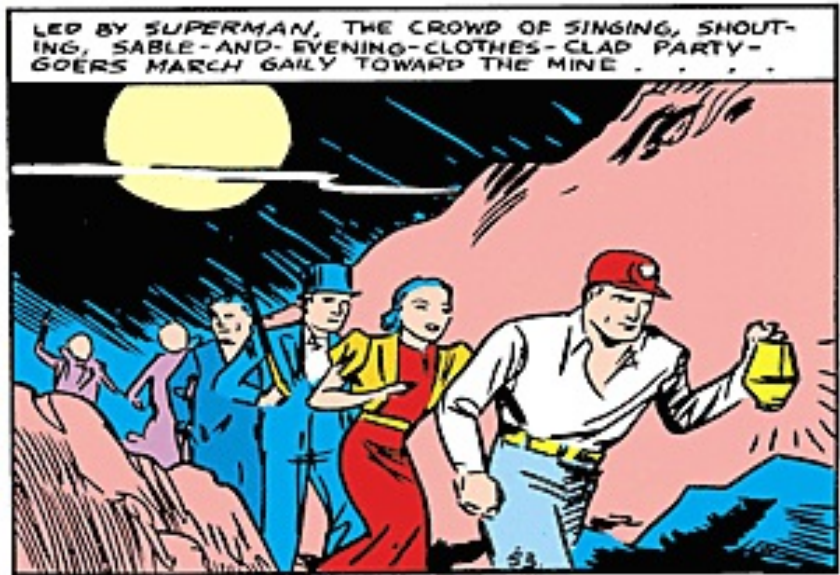


DON'T MOVE!

GOT 'IM!







THE MERRYMAKERS CROWD
ONTO THE SHAFT PLATFORM
AMID SHRILL LAUGHTER.



A MOMENT LATER THEY ARE
ON THEIR WAY TO THE PIT'S
BOTTOM!



BETTER HOLD TIGHT
TO THAT RAIL! ON SECOND
THOUGHT, WHY NOT
ON TO ME? WHAT
HAS THE RAIL GOT,
I HAVEN'T GOT?



ALL OUT! END OF
THE LINE! -- WELL,
FOLKS, I PROMISED
YOU A NEW THRILL!
WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF IT?



WHILE THE OTHERS WALK
FURTHER INTO THE MINE...



... SUPERMAN DROPS BACK ...



... AND ATTACKS THE WOODEN TUNNEL-SUPPORTS!









KNEE-DEEP IN STAGNANT WATER, STRUGGLING WITH UNWIELDY TOOLS, SLIPPING, FREQUENTLY FALLING, THE ENTRAPPED PLEASURE-SEEKERS SEEK DESPERATELY, BUT VAINLY, TO BATTER DOWN THE HUGE BARRIER OF COAL!

HURRY!
WHILE THE AIR
SUPPLY LASTS!

WE'VE GOT TO
GET OUT--
WE'VE GOT TO!



I'M WINDED!
I-- I CAN'T KEEP
THIS UP!

THINK OF THE
MINERS! THEY
HAVE TO DO
THIS 14 LONG
HOURS EACH
DAY!



MEANWHILE-- A RESCUE-
PARTY WORKS FRANTICALLY
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF
THE BARRIER!



IT'S NO USE! WE'LL
NEVER GET OUT OF HERE!
WE'LL ALL DIE!



OH, IF I ONLY HAD THIS
ALL TO DO OVER AGAIN!
-- I NEVER KNEW --
REALLY KNEW -- WHAT
THE MEN DOWN HERE
HAVE TO FACE!



THAT'S ALL I'VE
BEEN WAITING TO
HEAR!



EVENTUALLY
TIRED
BEYOND
ENDURANCE,
THE MINE'S
PRISONERS
COLLAPSE
LIMPLY!



WHILE THE
OTHERS SLEEP,
SUPERMAN
TEARS
DOWN THE
BARRIER --



-- PERMIT-
TING
MINERS
TO ENTER,
AND
RESCUE
THE
GROUP!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, KENT AGAIN
VISITS BLAKELY . . .

YOU CAN ANNOUNCE THAT
HENCEFORTH MY MINE WILL
BE THE SAFEST IN THE
COUNTRY, AND MY WORKERS
THE BEST TREATED. MY
EXPERIENCE IN THE MINE
BROUGHT THEIR PROBLEMS
CLOSER TO MY UNDER-
STANDING!

CONGRATULATIONS
ON YOUR NEW
POLICY. MAY IT BE
A PERMANENT ONE!
(IF IT ISN'T, YOU CAN
EXPECT ANOTHER
VISIT FROM
SUPERMAN!)



HEY FELLERS!

Have you sent in your applica-
tion blank for Membership in The
SUPERMEN OF AMERICA?

If not, turn back to the center
spread of this book, fill it in and
mail immediately so that you can
become one of the Charter
Members!



SUPERMAN

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

EXHILARATED BY THE DEMON SPEED, A DRUNKEN, IRRESPONSIBLE DRIVER, RACES FASTER—FASTER STILL! ABRUPTLY... A SHRILL SHRIEK... A SHARP IMPACT—HE HAS STRUCK A PEDESTRIAN! FRIGHTENED BEYOND REASONING, THE MOTORIST PASSES HIS CAR TO GREATER SPEED, AND FLEES IN TERROR FROM THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME!



A CROWD SWIFTLY GATHERS ABOUT THE HIT-SKIP VICTIM...

HE'S IN AGONY.

GET AN AMBULANCE!



HIGH OVERHEAD, A FIGURE WHICH HAD WITNESSED THE TRAGEDY, SPRINGS INTO ACTION. — IT IS SUPERMAN, CHAMPION OF THE WEAK AND HELPLESS.



HIS GREAT LEAP BRINGS HIM DOWN BESIDE A RAILROAD TRACK—ALMOST PLUNGING HIM INTO THE SIDE OF A HURLING TRAIN!



FAR AHEAD ON THE TRACK, IN THE TRAIN'S PATH, THE HIT-SKIP CAR HAS STALLED.

WITHIN THE ENGINE-CAR . . .



GLANCING OUTWARD, THE ENGINE DOUBTS HIS SENSES, AS HE SEES A FIGURE NOT ONLY RACING THE TRAIN . . .



. . . BUT PASSING IT!



MIKE! — A MAN RACING US — RUNNING FASTER THAN TH' TRAIN — I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES!

DRINKIN' AGAIN, EH?



SUPERMAN BEATS THE TRAIN TO THE STALLED AUTO . . .



YOU FOOL! YOU'LL KILL US BOTH!



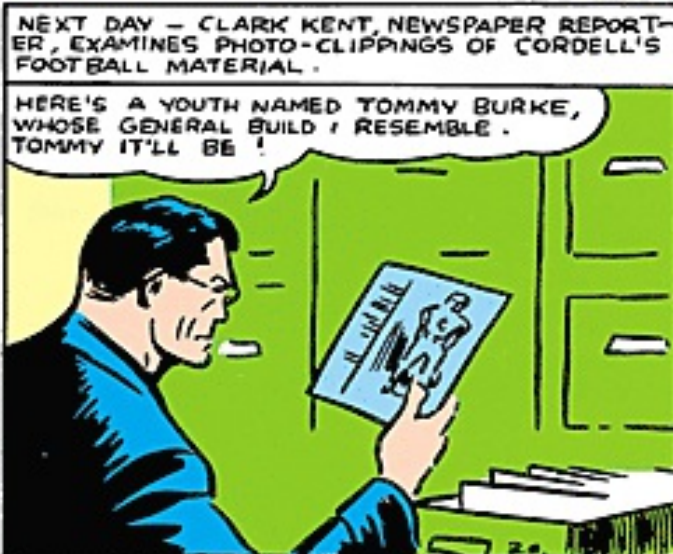
WHEW! — JUST MADE IT! BUT THIS FELLOW HAS DIED OF A HEART ATTACK!



SEIZING THE EDGE OF A WINDOW, SUPERMAN SWINGS DOWNWARD . . .



...INTO A PRIVATE ROOM IN THE PULL-MAN CAR.



THAT EVENING, TOMMY BURKE RECEIVES AN ULTIMATUM FROM HIS GIRL FRIEND, MARY.

YOU MEAN — YOU DON'T WANT TO GO TO TH' MOVIES WITH ME ?

NOW, OR EVER !

I'M ASHAMED OF YOU, TOMMY BURKE ! YOU TOLD ME YOU'D BE A FOOTBALL HERO, BUT IN THE SIX OR SEVEN YEARS YOU'VE BEEN A SUBSTITUTE, YOU'VE NEVER GOTTEN INTO EVEN ONE GAME !

I S'POSE YOU'LL BE LOOKIN' FOR A NEW BOY-FRIEND NOW.

WRONG ! — I'VE ALREADY GOT ONE. WALLACE DODD, THE TENNIS CHAMPION — HE'S A REAL ATHLETE !

LATER — AS BURKE DESPONDENTLY WALKS HOMEWARD, HE IS TOTALLY UNAWARE THAT HE'S BEING TRAILED !

I'LL SHOW HER ! — I'LL MAKE THE TEAM ! I'LL BE FAMOUS ! AN' THEN, I WON'T EVEN LOOK AT HER !

DON'T MOVE !

WHAT IS THIS ? A HOLD-UP ?

G-GOOD LORD ! — YOU'RE ME !

YOU'RE MISTAKEN — YOU'RE NOT LOOKING AT TOMMY BURKE, SUBSTITUTE, BUT AT TOMMY BURKE, THE GREATEST FOOTBALL PLAYER OF ALL TIME !

BURKE LURCHES FORWARD TO ATTACK — INSTANTLY HE FEELS THE STING OF A HYPODERMIC-NEEDLE — HE LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS !

BURKE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS TO DISCOVER HIMSELF A PRISONER IN HIS OWN APARTMENT.

W-WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME ? I CAN'T MOVE !

YOU NEEDN'T WORRY YOU'RE JUST RENDERED PASSIVE BY A DRUG.

BUT WHAT'S TH' BIG IDEA ?

MERELY THIS: I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR PLACE IN LIFE FOR A FEW DAYS — SO LONG, FOR NOW !

DISGUISED AS BURKE, SUPERMAN REPORTS TO THE LOCKER-ROOM OF CORDELL UNIVERSITY, PREPARATORY TO FOOTBALL PRACTICE.

WELL, HERE GOES ! — WONDER IF I'LL GET AWAY WITH IT ?

LOCKER ROOM

HELLO, BOYS !

WELL, WELL ! IF IT AIN'T TOMMY BURKE, CHAMPION BENCH-WARMER OF THE CENTURY !

GET INTO YOUR UNIFORM, BURKE — WE WANTA SEE WHAT A REAL FOOTBALL PLAYER LOOKS LIKE !

I DON'T KNOW IN WHICH LOCKER BURKE KEEPS HIS STUFF — I'LL JUST CHOOSE ONE AT RANDOM ... THIS ONE WILL DO.

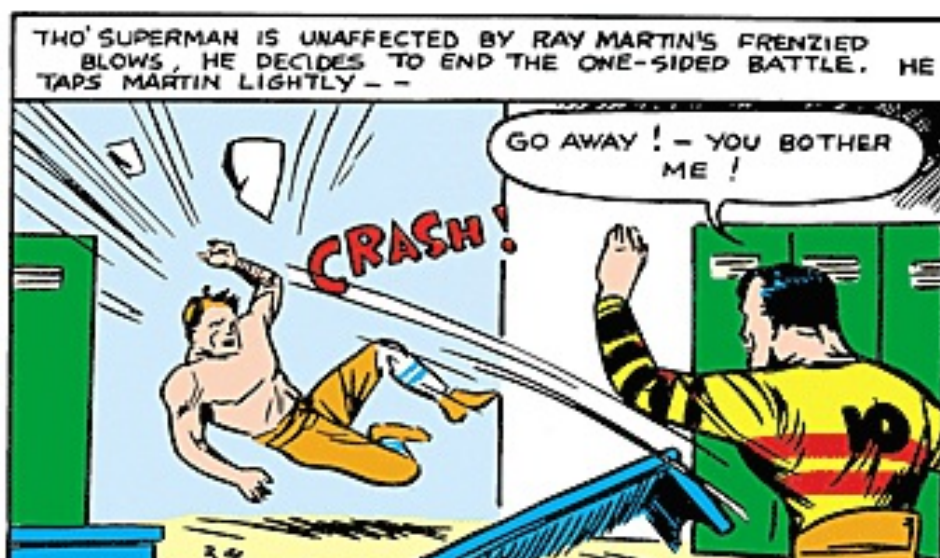
SAY ! — WHAT TH' BLAZES YOU DOIN' IN MY LOCKER ?

SORRY -- MY MISTAKE.

I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO BE REALLY SORRY ABOUT !

DON'T STAND THERE GRINNING ! PUT UP YOUR HANDS AND FIGHT !

BUT IT'S MORE FUN TO SIMPLY WATCH !







JUST BEFORE SUPERMAN REACHES THE GOAL-POST, HE SHAKES OFF THE PLAYERS --- THEN CROSSES THE LINE.

AND THAT -- IS THAT!

TOUCHDOWN!



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BURKE, HAVE YOU BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME?

WHAT'S COME OVER BURKE?
BOY! WHATTA RUN!

AND TO THINK I LET THIS GUY SIT ON THE BENCH FOR SIX ENTIRE SEASONS!

BUT HE CAN BE IN OUR LAST GAME -- THE ONE AGAINST DALE, WHICH WILL DECIDE THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

THIS THE SPORTS EDITOR OF THE "NEWS"? -- LISTEN! I'VE A PLAYER NAMED TOMMY BURKE WHO'S A MARVEL, A SENSATION! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT!



BURKE? -- DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! -- IT'S NO SECRET HE'S THE JOKE OF THE CORDELL TEAM -- WHAT IS THIS? A GAG?

IN BURKE'S APARTMENT --

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

THIS ARTICLE ABOUT YOU -- SATIRICAL BUT STILL, GOOD PUBLICITY!

AT DALE UNIVERSITY --

THIS ARTICLE PLAYS UP BURKE AS A CLOWN. BUT JUST THE SAME, I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF CORDELL'S STAR PLAYER DISAPPEARED.

UNTIL THE GAME WAS OVER EH, BOSS?

WE GET YOU!



DURING THE FOLLOWING DAYS, THE CORDELL TEAM PRACTICES STEADILY FOR THE BIG GAME.

I STILL DON'T GET IT! - HOW IN THE WORLD CAN A PLAYER BECOME SO GOOD OVERNIGHT?

IF YOU KNEW, YOU'D BE THE GREATEST COACH IN THE WORLD!



TOMORROW'S THE GAME WITH DALE! NOW REMEMBER -- EARLY TO BED, NO SMOKING, NO DRINKING! - PLEASANT DREAMS!



THAT EVENING --

BURKE IS ASLEEP IN THAT APARTMENT, - YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.



LATER --

HE'S COMPLETELY TIED!

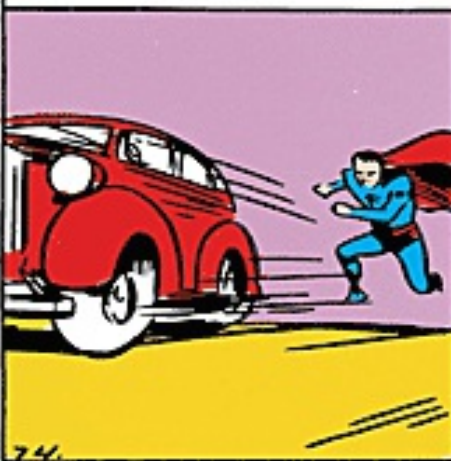
STRANGE HE DIDN'T STRUGGLE AT ALL!



THE TWO THUGS ARE UNAWARE BURKE IS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF A SLEEP-INDUCING DRUG OR THAT SUPERMAN IS OBSERVING THEM FROM THE MOLDING OVERHEAD!



WHEN THE KIDNAPPERS DRIVE OFF, SUPERMAN TAKES IN PURSUIT, EASILY KEEPING THEIR AUTO IN SIGHT!



BURKE IS BROUGHT INTO A DESERTED HOUSE!

W-WHERE AM I?

WHERE YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO GET INTO TOMORROW'S GAME.

BUT YOU DON'T WANT ME - I'M JUST A SUBSTITUTE AND BESIDES -



ARE YOU TOMMY BURKE?

YES, BUT IT ISN'T ME WHO -

THAT'S ALL WE WANTA KNOW - THIS GAG'LL QUIET YOU DOWN.



SUPERMAN, WHO HAS BEEN OBSERVING THE SCENE THRU A WINDOW, GRINS.

FINE! THEY'VE TAKEN HIM OFF MY HANDS - AND THEY MEAN HIM NO PHYSICAL HARM!



NEXT MORNING, HUGE THROGS CROWD INTO THE STADIUM, LITTLE REALIZING THEY ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE MOST AMAZING FOOTBALL GAME OF ALL TIME.



COACH RANDALL DROPPING IN ON COACH STANLEY TO GLOAT OVER BURKE'S DISAPPEARANCE, RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE!

RANDALL, MEET THE BOY WHO'S GOING TO TAKE THE GAME AWAY FROM YOU -- TOMMY BURKE.

BURKE! - BUT I THOUGHT - I -



WHEN SUPERMAN AND RANDALL ARE ALONE.

I KNOW ALL THE DIRTY WORK YOU'VE BEEN PULLING! IF YOU DON'T KICK THOSE THUGS OFF THE DALE TEAM, AND RESIGN YOUR POSITION AS COACH, I'LL EXPOSE YOU AFTER THE GAME!

I - I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.



LATER - IN THE DALE LOCKER-ROOM.

YOU FUMBLING IDIOTS! - BURKE ESCAPED! NOW HE'S GOING TO EXPOSE US ALL AT THE GAME'S CONCLUSION!

OH NO HE WON'T!

THE KNIFE, EH?



SPECTATORS CHEER AS OPPOSING TEAMS DASH ONTO THE FIELD.

THERE HE IS!

WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL -- THE KNIFE!



THE STARTING GUN BARKS, - DALE KICKS OFF - SUPERMAN RECEIVES AND IS OFF LIKE A SHOT!



BACK IN THE DESERTED HOUSE, BURKE HAS STRUGGLED FREE OF HIS BONDS. HE DARTS INTO THE STREET!

TAXI! TO THE FOOTBALL FIELD! AND STEP ON IT!



DOWN THE FIELD STREAKS SUPERMAN -- BOWLING OPPOSITION ASIDE LIKE NINE-PINS -- AND SCORES A TOUCHDOWN! THE CROWD GOES WILD!



SUPERMAN ACCEPTS THE NEXT KICK-OFF AND RACES FOR ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN!

IT'S INCREDIBLE! - I'VE ACTUALLY SEEN THE SAME MAN SCORE TWO TOUCHDOWNS IN THE SPACE OF A FEW SECONDS!



BUT SUPERMAN'S TEAM-MATES ARE FAR FROM DELIGHTED.

WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS, THE WHOLE TEAM?

WHEN DO WE DO SOMETHING?



WHEN RAY MARTIN SECURES THE NEXT KICK-OFF SUPERMAN CLEARS THE WAY FOR HIM.



ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN!

BAH! WITH HIS RUNNING INTERFERENCE, A TWO YEAR OLD CHILD COULD HAVE CARRIED THE BALL OVER THE GOAL!



DENIED ADMITTANCE AT THE PLAYER'S GATE, THE REAL BURKE ENTERS THE BLEACHERS, AND WITH ASTONISHMENT VIEWS A COUNTERPART OF HIMSELF ON THE FIELD SCORING GOAL AFTER GOAL!

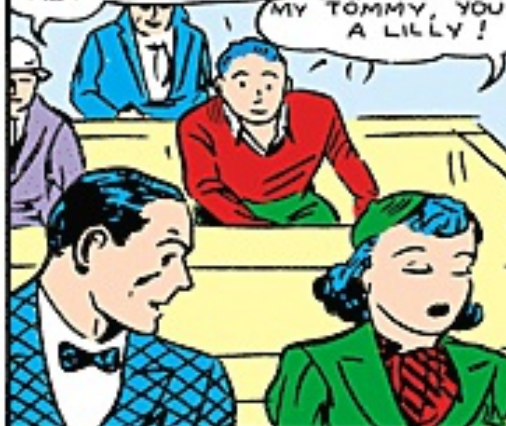
HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL CALL A COP!



BUT AT THAT INSTANT HE HEARS HIS EX-GIRL FRIEND'S VOICE.

I WISH YOU'D PAY MORE ATTENTION TO ME.

YOU MAY BE A TENNIS CHAMP, BUT COMPARED TO MY TOMMY, YOU'RE A LILLY!



REALIZING THAT HE IS NOW IDOLIZED BY THE CROWD, TOMMY CATCHES THEIR ENTHUSIASM.

COME ON, BURKE! - HIT THAT LINE! - TEAR 'EM TO PIECES!



ON THE FIELD - AS A POCKET-KNIFE SNAPS UPON SUPERMAN'S TOUGH SKIN, HE ATTENDS TO HIS TWO ATTACKERS.



HERE - TAKE THIS NOTE - MY RESIGNATION - TO DALE UNIVERSITY'S PRESIDENT.



AT THE END OF THE HALF, SUPERMAN MEETS BURKE OUTSIDE THE LOCKER-ROOM.

QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO EXCHANGE CLOTHES!

I GET IT! I'M TO CARRY ON, NOW!



AS THE SECOND HALF COMMENCES, THE BALL BOUNCES NEAR BURKE - HE CHASES IT ABOUT - AWKWARDLY - DESPERATELY -



WHEN HE FINALLY SNAGS IT, EVERY PLAYER ON THE FIELD PILES ONTO HIM.



LATER - WHEN HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

TOMMY, YOU WERE WONDERFUL - SPLENDID! BUT YOU MUST PROMISE YOU'LL GIVE UP FOOT-BALL! IT'S TOO BRUTAL!

GIVE UP FOOT-BALL? YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ASK! BUT FOR YOU, I'LL DO IT!

AND HOW!!



THE END

WARNING:

WHEN EXERCISING IT IS ALWAYS WELL TO REMEMBER THAT OVERSTRAIN IS DANGEROUS.

BE MODERATE IN YOUR EXERTIONS!



YOU MAY FIND LIFTING A HEAVY ARM-CHAIR A DIFFICULT TASK.



HOWEVER, IF YOU LIFT SMALLER WEIGHTS REGULARLY...



... AND GRADUALLY INCREASE THE WEIGHT OF THESE OBJECTS...



YOU'LL SOON FIND LIFTING A MERE ARM-CHAIR A CINCH!

"ACQUIRING SUPER-STRENGTH"

SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL
AND JOE SHUSTER



SMASHED desks, overturned filing cabinets, strewn plaster, gaping holes in the walls, shining steel fixtures drooping in sad caricature of their former modernistic splendor, greeted the startled Detective Sergeant's eyes, as he swung open the office door to the firm *Harvey Brown, Patent Attorney*.

A quivering wreck of a man arose from the floor, stridently shrieked, "He can't do this to me! Get him! Arrest him!"

Sergeant Blake surveyed the fellow's torn clothing, mussed hair, and blackened eyes, then once again speechlessly regarded the carnage in the room. "What in blazes has happened here?" he roared, finding his voice at last. "A cyclone?"

"Cyclone, nothing!" exclaimed the trembling man. "Worse! I've just had a visit from SUPERMAN!"

"SUPERMAN!" The word burst from Blake's lips with the force of an explosion.

"Yes! He claimed I've stolen my clients' inventions. After he wrecked the place, he warned me that if I didn't go out of business, he'd come back and finish the job! I demand . . ." Brown halted his tirade. The Detective Sergeant was no longer in the room.

The remaining members of the riot squad were taken aback to see their superior officer come hurtling out into the hall at full tilt.

"Quick!" shouted Blake. "Seen anyone since I charged into the room?"

"No one," volunteered a puzzled officer. "That is, no one except a guy wearing a strange costume who asked what the trouble was, then stepped into the elevator."

A howl of baffled rage left the Sergeant as he sprang to the wall and desperately jabbed the elevator button. "Fools!" he roared. "That was SUPERMAN!"

Concerted cries left the policemen. "SUPERMAN! . . . and he's in that elevator! . . . What'll we do?"

Blake seized the hand of one of his men, and shoved it against the button. "Keep that pressed down for a full three minutes, Mooney—or I'll have your badge.—You others, come with me!"

Toward the nearby stairway dashed Blake, followed by his men. As they clattered down at top speed, he explained, "Fortunately, the elevator is automatically operated by the push-buttons on the various floors. As long as Mooney presses the button, SUPERMAN is trapped. And when the three minutes are up, and the Man of Steel gets off at the bottom floor, we'll be ready for him!"

Two minutes later found the policemen ranged before the first floor entrance to the elevator, guns out, all eyes strained on the indicator which showed that the car was stalled somewhere between the second and the first floor. Triumph blazed in Sergeant Blake's eyes. Visions of a pat on the back from the Commissioner, a promotion in rank, and a boost in salary, dangled tantalizingly in his mind.

"Careful, men!" he warned the officers grouped about him. "We've prayed for this break for months, and now that it's come, we don't want to miff it. He was seen going into that elevator . . . and he's bound to come out of that door any moment!"

"And that's what bothers me," muttered someone. "What'll we do when he does emerge?"

Said another "Our guns are useless against him!"

"Nonsense!" retorted Sergeant Blake. "All we've got to do is keep cool, and we've got him!"

But his glib comeback didn't satisfy even the Detective Sergeant himself. There were some very wild tales being circulated about this fellow who called himself SUPERMAN. He was said to be a modern Robin Hood . . . a person who had dedicated his existence to assisting the weak and oppressed. It was whispered that he possessed super-strength, could lift tremendous weights, smash steel with his bare hands, jump over buildings, and that nothing could penetrate his amazingly super-tough skin. But, of course, pondered the Sergeant, these were mere rumors, fantastic fairy tales. Probably SUPERMAN was just an ordinary person whose better than average strength had been immensely exaggerated. Without a doubt!

Nevertheless, the hardboiled cop couldn't prevent an apprehensive shiver from creeping up his spine!

Suddenly, the arrow on the indicator began to move. The three minutes were up! Mooney had released the button, and the elevator was descending!

With a clash of metal the door to the elevator swung open. Fingers tensed on gun-triggers . . . Then . . .

A hesitant, alarmed voice broke the electric silence: "My word! Put down those guns!"

Out of the elevator stepped a slim, nervous figure. Meek eyes blinked fearfully behind thick-rimmed glasses. No SUPERMAN, this! Rather, a very much frightened young man.

From somewhere behind him, the dumbfounded Detective Sergeant heard a smothered titter. His face reddened. "Where's SUPERMAN?" he shouted at the mouse-like young man who stood before him. "What in all that's holy are you doing in that elevator?"

"I was just—er—descending to the lobby, when something apparently went wrong with the mechanism. 'I'll admit I was terrified for a few moments, but . . ."

"Answer me!" thundered Blake. "Did you see a man in a strange uniform in that elevator?"

"No one at all . . . that is, except myself. I'm afraid there must be some mistake, Sergeant. I'm Clark Kent, reporter on the *Daily Star*."

"But SUPERMAN was seen to enter the elevator by one of my men. How do you explain that?"

Clark shrugged. "It's beyond me," he said. "Possibly your man was high-strung, or had an over-active imagination."

A loud laugh went up at this. The Detective Sergeant whirled to face his men, his features register-

ing keen disappointment. "I guess it was just a false alarm, at that! Let's head back for headquarters, to turn in a report."

"I say, that's odd!" interrupted Kent. "I was just about to go to Police Headquarters myself, in search of a story. Do you mind if I accompany you?"

Later, as they sped through the streets with the squad car, Clark learned that people adjoining Brown's office had telephoned for a police car, complaining of a terrific rumpus going on in the Patent Attorney's office . . . and how Blake had expected SUPERMAN to emerge from the elevator.

"Very amusing," chuckled Clark. "It'll make a good feature article for the *Daily Star*."

"Hold on!" bellowed Blake in protest. "You can't print that. It would make me look like a sap!—Don't print it! And maybe some day I'll return the favor!"

The reporter shrugged. "Well, if you feel that strongly about it, I'll forget the yarn . . . temporarily."

The conversation was cut short as they parked before the police station. As they emerged from the car, an officer rushed up and exclaimed to Blake. "Have you heard? 'Biff' Dugan has just been captured!"

A happy grin quickly chased the glum expression from the Detective Sergeant's face. "Biff" was a long-sought murderer who had been eluding the law for months. "I knew we'd catch up with that rat," Blake chuckled.

Swift strides hurried Blake and Kent into the station. A few moments later the prisoner, an ugly hulking brute who sullenly refused to talk, stood before them.

"Thought you could evade the law, did you?" demanded the Sergeant. "Well, maybe you know better now!"

Clark tugged at Blake's sleeve. "Remember, Sergeant? You offered to do me a favor. I'd like to take you up, now!"

Suspiciously, Blake inquired: "What?"

"Allow me to interview the prisoner in private."

"And what," asked Blake, "is wrong with interviewing him right here in front of me?"

"You can see he's in no mood to talk. Perhaps if I could speak to him alone . . ."

"Are you looney? It's against regulations. It's . . ."

Clark smiled tauntingly. "If I can't have this interview, I'll have to write up a certain other story. One about a dumb Detective Sergeant who had his men surround an elevator in the hope . . ."

"Wait!" cried Blake. "You can have that interview!" He added ominously. "But if anything happens to the prisoner, you'll be held personally responsible."

Shortly later, within an adjoining room, Clark was occupied with the task of prying replies from a glum prisoner when there came a knocking at the room's door.

Bart turned from the prisoner. Opened the door slightly.

It was Blake. He demanded: "Is the prisoner still there?"

"Naturally," replied Clark, exasperated. "See for yours . . ." Abruptly Kent's words were choked off in a gasp of astonishment. Alarmed, the Sergeant burst into the room. In one glance he saw the reporter's hand pointing toward an open window . . . and no sight of Dugan anywhere.

"He's escaped!" exclaimed Clark.

Sergeant Blake roared with rage, seized the frail reporter, and shook him angrily. "You—!" he choked. "It's your fault! This makes you an accessory to the fact!"

The Detective Sergeant will never completely remember what happened just then. One moment he was shaking a fear-struck reporter, and the next instant he was whirling up into the air, as though caught in the grip of a hurricane. Next instant, he struck the wall, uttered a groan, and lapsed into unconsciousness.

Clark Kent looked at the Sergeant's recumbent figure, muttered, "Sorry, but I haven't time to use

kid gloves," then, with amazing rapidity he stripped off his glasses and outer garments, revealing himself clad in a weird close-fitting costume, and flaring cape. In this apparel, it was apparent that he really possessed a fine physique of breathtaking symmetry.

One lithe leap brought him to the window-sill. There he poised momentarily, while his keen telescopic vision surveyed the vicinity. And then, as he sighted the figure of "Biff" scrambling into a parked auto, he dived out into space.

Out—out—sped the fantastic figure . . . its mighty muscles launching it across an incredible distance. The auto was a full three hundred yards away, but SUPERMAN smashed down into the gravel before it, just as the car's gears clashed and it leapt ahead.

Within the car, Dugan snarled. This solitary figure which had hurtled down from nowhere . . . it alone stood between him and escape. He pressed the accelerator down to the limit, with the intention of smashing into the body, crushing it beneath his auto's wheels.

He struck the figure with a *crash*! But then, the impossible happened! Instead of being flung beneath the wheels, SUPERMAN held his ground . . . actually kept the roaring machine from moving!

Astounded by this miracle, "Biff" threw the clutch into reverse, but again he was treated to an exhibition of super-strength. Having seized the front bumper, the Man of Steel prevented the automobile from backing up!

A shriek of sheer horror tore from Dugan's throat. Frenziedly, he flung open the door of the automobile, sprang out . . . and looked up to find himself faced by SUPERMAN'S grim figure!

Half mad with fright he leapt at the Man of Tomorrow, seeking to fight his way past. But it was like bucking against a stone wall. His fists encountered flesh as hard as metal, fracturing his knuckles!

Suddenly "Biff" was possessed with but one desire. To flee . . . to get away from this indestructible demon of wrath! He whirled, raced off with all his might, screeching at the top of his lungs. Next instant, arms of steel encircled him from behind. There was a pressure at the back of his neck. Then . . . unconsciousness. . .



SERGEANT Blake revived to find Clark Kent kneeling beside him. He felt his forehead groggily, then suddenly remembering what had occurred, seized the reporter. "You're under arrest!" he shouted.

"What for?" inquired Kent.

"For aiding 'Biff' Dugan to escape, that's why! And . . ."

Clark pointed to a figure huddled on the floor nearby. "Before you say any more, look over there!"

Blake looked, blinked incomprehendingly, then exclaimed: "Dugan!—But how . . . ?"

"All I know," replied Clark, "is that a man wearing a strange costume jumped to the window-sill, tossed 'Biff' in, then leapt away."

The Detective Sergeant sprang erect. "Do you realize who that must have been! SUPERMAN!"

Clark's eyes widened. "Gosh! I guess you're right!"

"You know," grudgingly admitted Sergeant Blake, "sometimes I think SUPERMAN isn't such a bad guy, at that. But," he hastily amended, "don't think that doesn't mean I won't arrest him the minute I get my hands on him!"

"Let's hope you get within reaching distance," said Clark Kent.

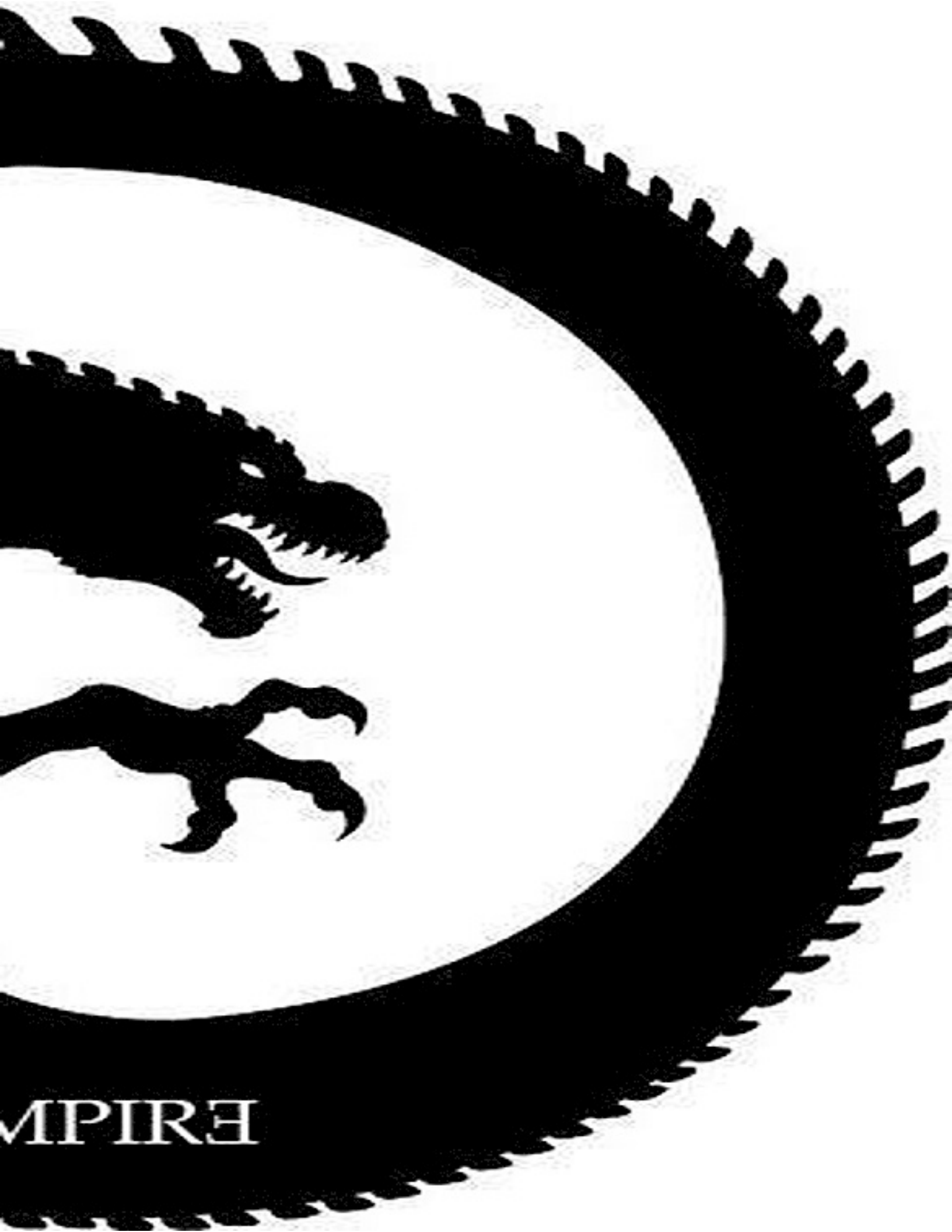
Detective Sergeant Blake cast a quick suspicious glance at the reporter. For a moment he'd fancied he had detected a trace of mockery in Kent's voice. But Clark's visage was completely solemn.

THE END



King
Lizard
Tyrant

EN



EMPIRE