

132 PRIZE-WINNING PAGES!

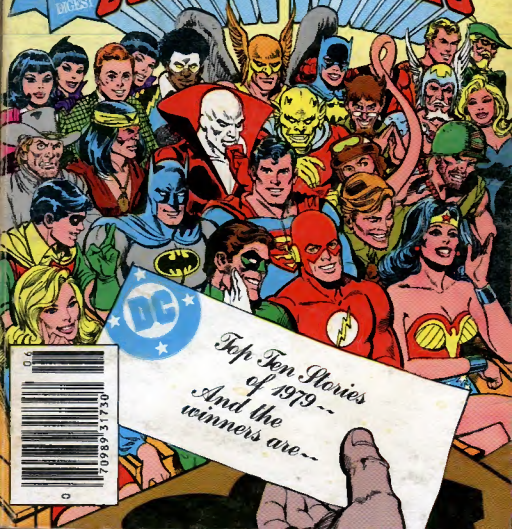
95¢

NO. 5

JUNE



YEARS BEST COMICS STORIES



*Top Ten Stories
of 1979--
And the
winners are--*



YEAR'S BEST COMICS STORIES

★ ★ ★ ★ Editor — Julius Schwartz ★ ★ ★ ★

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THIS STORY IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
JERRY Siegel & JOE SHUSTER, ROBERT MANKOFF & JOE KUBERT

POCKETED AS A BABY FROM
THE DOOMED PLANET KRYPTON,
KAL-EL REACHED EARTH, WHOSE
ENVIRONMENT GAVE HIM THE
SUPER-POWERS HE USES TO
FIGHT EVIL AS...

SUPERMAN

Created by
JERRY Siegel &
JOE SHUSTER

DURING THE DARK DAYS OF WORLD
WAR II, NO OUTFIT BOASTED MORE
COURAGE THAN EASY COMPANY--
AND NO MAN WON MORE FAME
AMONG FRIENDS AND FOES THAN...

SGT ROCK

THE TIME--1944, THE MIDST
OF WORLD WAR II! THE
PLACE--FRANCE! AND THE
MEN--THE LEGENDARY
SERGEANT ROCK AND THE
COMBAT-HAPPY JOES OF
EASY COMPANY!

BUT THERE SEEMS TO BE
ANOTHER, LEGEND ON THE
SCENE HERE--A MAN OF
TOMORROW--CAST INTO A
GRIM SCENARIO OF DEATH
AND DESTRUCTION LONG
BEFORE HIS TIME!

MOVE
EM OUT,
EASY--

--NOW THAT
WE'VE GOT
THOSE KRAUTS
RUNNIN' LIKE
SPOOKED
JACKRABBIT!

WE'RE
BEHIND YA
ALL THE WAY,
ROCK!

"THE MIRACLE MAN OF EASY COMPANY"

WRITER - CARY BATES
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WRITER - JACK ABEL
EDITOR - JULIUS SCHWARTZ

PARIS, FRANCE: SITE OF THE MAJESTIC ARC DE TRIUMPH--AND AN AWARD CEREMONY IN PROGRESS...

...AND ON THE BEHALF OF MY GRATEFUL FELLOW PARISIANS, IT IS MY PLEASURE TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS SOLID GOLD SCALE REPLICA--

...OF THE GIANT ASTEROID WHICH WOULD HAVE DEMOLISHED OUR BELOVED "CITY OF LIGHTS"...

--HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR THE VIGILANCE OF THE MIGHTY MAN OF STEEL!

ON BEHALF OF THE CHARITIES AMONG WHICH ILL BE DIVIDING YOUR GENEROUS GIFT, LET ME--

MERCI, MONSIEUR LE PRESIDENT!

UH-OH! SOMETHING'S WRONG-- I SENSE THIS GOLD IS 2.4 GRAMS TOO HEAVY FOR ITS BULK...

...AND MY X-RAY VISION SHOWS WHY-- THERE'S AN ULTRA-EXPLOSIVE DEVICE CONCEALED INSIDE--

--A BOMB POWERFUL ENOUGH TO ANNIHILATE PARIS!

NOW I'VE GOT 'EM! WHAT IS SUPERMAN DOING?

MORE BAD NEWS! THE GOLD HAS BEEN COATED WITH AN INVISIBLE SUPER-ADHESIVE--

--STRONG ENOUGH TO RESIST THE MOMENTUM OF A SUPER-TOSS!

THE BOMB IS CLINGING TO MY HAND--

--AND DETONATION IS JUST A TICK AWAY!

SACRÉ BLEU!
WHERE IS SUPERMAN
TAKING THE GOLD
ASTEROID?

HOW
RUDE!
HE
NEVER
EVEN
SAID
AU
REVOIR!

ONE
CHANCE--

--PUT AS
MUCH
ALTITUDE
AS
POSSIBLE
BETWEEN
THE
GROUND
AND MY
HAND--

--AND PRAY THE
DISTANCE WILL
BE ENOUGH TO
SAVE PARIS FROM
THE DEVASTATING
FORCE OF THE--

BARRBOOM!!!

--BLASSST...
...

LOOK--UP IN
THE SKY! AN
EXPLOSION!

HOW DICK! WHERE
LAST WE SAW SUPERMAN
--THERE IS NOTHING BUT
A FIERY BILLOW OF SMOKE!

AS SUDDENLY AS IT ERUPTED--
THE CATASTROPHIC BLAST HAS
SUBSIDED! LINGERING BILLOWS
OF SPENT SMOKE CURL AND WISP
APART--LEAVING ONLY EMPTY
STRATOSPHERE IN THEIR WAKE...

WHAT HAPPENED TO SUPERMAN?
ONLY A MOMENT AGO, THE PEOPLE
OF PARIS BELOW COULD SEE HIM--

--BUT NOW?--
NOTHING!

HAS THE MIGHTIEST
MAN ALIVE SUDDENLY
CEASED TO EXIST...
OR IS THERE, HOPEFULLY,
ANOTHER EXPLANATION?

A SPRAWLING FOREST SOME 75 MILES NORTHWEST OF PARIS! FROM A DISTANCE ALL SEEMS CALM AND SERENE ON THIS BALMY FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE AFTERNOON...

BUT UPON CLOSER INSPECTION...

LITTLE WONDER OUR SUPERBOYS ARE SO DETERMINED TO FIND A MEANS OF EXTERMINATING THE AMERIKANER SERGEANT KNOWN AS THE ROCK!

JA! IT WAS JOLTING TO OBSERVE HOW SWIFTLY HE MANAGED TO SEE THROUGH OUR COMRADES' FLAMELESS MINNESOTA ACCENTS!

I DO NOT KNOW ABOUT YOU, ROLF... BUT I LOOK FORWARD TO THE SAFETY BEHIND OUR OWN LINES!

I, TOO, KARL... BUT NOT UNTIL I DISCARD THIS AMERIKANER UNIFORM!

WE WOULD NOT WANT OUR OWN S.S. COMRADES TO MISTAKE US FOR THE ENEMY!

CHEER UP! OUR DISGUISES WERE EXPOSED, JA... BUT WE DID ACQUIRE KNOWLEDGE OF THE AMERIKANER UNIT'S POSITION AND STRENGTH!

FOR OUR SAKES I HOPE GENERAL KRAUZE SHARES THAT POINT OF VIEW!

NO, READER, YOUR EARS AND EYES DON'T DECEIVE YOU--THIS IS FRANCE--AS IT WAS IN THE TURBULENT DAYS OF WORLD WAR II!

...AND THE SNEWY BLUE-GLIMMERED ARM YOU SAW EARLIER DID INDEED BELONG TO SUPERMAN AT THIS MOMENT A VERY BAZED AND GROSSLY MAN OF STEEL...

DHWH... MY HEAD POUNDING! I MUST BE BLACKED OUT FOR AWHILE...

BUT I DON'T REMEMBER BEING IN THIS FOREST...

IN FACT... I DON'T SEEM ABLE TO RECALL WHAT IT WAS THAT KNOCKED ME OUT!

WAIT A MINUTE... WHAT'S EVEN WORSE--

--I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHO I AM!

WHATEVER LEFT ME KNOCKED OUT COLD ALSO LEFT ME WITH A FIRST-CLASS CASE OF AMNESIA!

HOPEFULLY, I'M CARRYING SOME SORT OF IDENTIFICATION THAT WILL--

HUHH-- NO POCKETS?!



WHAT AM I DOING DRESSED IN THIS BIZARRE GARB-- CAPE, BOOTS, A BIG RED 'S' EMBLAZONED ON MY CHEST--? I CAN'T BELIEVE I'D ACTUALLY WEAR THIS IN PUBLIC! MAYBE I'M A SHOW-BUSINESS PERFORMER OF SOME SORT...



HMM...UNLESS I'M VERY MUCH MISTAKEN-- THOSE KHAKI FATIGUES ARE THE STANDARD UNIFORM WORN BY AMERICAN INFANTRY SOLDIERS...

...WAY BACK IN WORLD WAR I!



HOLD ON--! IF THESE ARE GENUINE WORLD WAR I-ISSUED ITEMS--HOW COULD THEY LOOK SO NEW AND RECENT?

I MAY HAVE AMNESIA, BUT AT LEAST I KNOW WHAT YEAR IT WAS WHEN I PASSED OUT--1979!

DOES THIS MEAN--?



KEEP SLOGGIN' AHEAD, EASY--

LITTLE SURE SHOT IS EAGLE-EYEN' EVERY TREE FOR US--

HEY, BULLDOZER-- PASS ME A CHUNK OF THAT CHOCOLATE BAR--

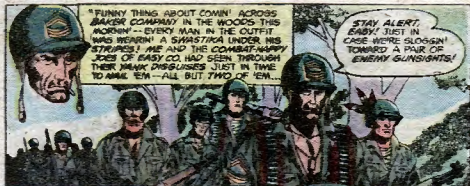
?! I'M HEARING VOICES... BUT THERE'S NO ONE IN SIGHT!



GREAT STARS! COMING ACROSS THE DISTANT HORIZON-- SOLDIERS!!

HOW COULD I HAVE HEARD WHAT THOSE G.I.'S ARE SAYING FROM THIS FAR AWAY?





"FUNNY THING ABOUT COMIN' ACROSS BAKER COMPANY IN THE WOODS THIS MORNIN'-- EVERY MAN IN THE OUTFIT WAS WEARIN' A SWASTIKA UNDER HIS STRIPES! ME AND THE COMBAT-HAPPY JOES OF EASY CO. HAD SEEN THROUGH THEIR MANY DISGUISES JUST IN TIME TO ANNIHILATE 'EM-- ALL BUT TWO OF 'EM...

STAY ALERT, EASY! JUST IN CASE WE'RE GLOSSIN' TOWARD A PAIR OF ENEMY GUNSIGHTS!



"IT WAS GETTIN' DARK... IT'D BE TIME TO EVACUATE SOON! BUT NO MATTER HOW MANY TREES WE PASSED-- I COULDN'T SHAKE THE FEELIN' THERE WERE EYES SIZIN' US UP LIKE DEAD MEAT FOR A BACK...

"THE WOODS WERE SO QUIET YOU COULD HEAR YOUR OWN HAIR STAND UP-- AN' THEN LITTLE SURE SHOT DROPPED TO ONE KNEE AND GAVE OUT A SHOUT THAT TORE THROUGH THE TREES...

ROCK!!

"LITTLE SURE SHOT COULD SPOT A DIVE-BOMBIN' STUNKA FROM THE GROUND-SIDE OF A CLOUD-COVER-- AN' THIS TIME HE'D EAGLE-EYED A SWATCH OF KHAKI LURKIN' BEHIND A TREE...

ALL RIGHT, SOLDIER-- STEP OUT IN THE OPEN REAL SLOW-- AND YOU MIGHT JUST LIVE THROUGH THE NEXT TEN SECONDS!

HE'S WEARIN' THE STRIPES OF A CORPORAL! HE'S ONE O' US!

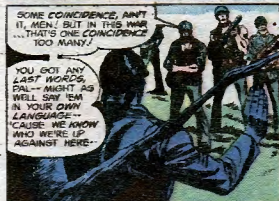
NOT SO FAST! WHO SAYS HE AIN'T ONE O' THEM "BAKER COMPANY" KRAUTS IN DISGUISE?

I... I'M AFRAID I CAN'T DO THAT, SERGEANT!

BULLDOZER... WILD MAN... GTOW IT!

GIVE, SOLDIER-- NAME, RANK AND SERIAL NUMBER!

YOU SEE... I DON'T KNOW WHO I AM!



"THE ENEMY NEVER GOT TO GO TO THE PLATE! IT WAS A ONE-ARMY GAME... AND WE'D KNOCKED THE OPPOSIN' BATTERS OUT..."

LOOK WHO'S STILL STANDIN' SARGE!

SO I SEE-- ALONG WITH EVERYTHIN' ELSE IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S FORGOTTEN HOW TO TAKE ORDERS!



MAYBE HE IS ON THE LEVEL! IF IT WASN'T FOR THE TREE-- THAT ENEMY BARRAGE WOULD'VE KILLED HIM FOR SURE!

OR MAYBE THE KRAUTS WANTED TO PLUG 'IM SO HE COULDN'T SPILL THEIR SECRETS!

EITHER ONE O' YOU COULD BE RIGHT-- SO WE'RE GONNA PLAY A GAME OF EASY QUESTIONS-AND-ANSWERS!

LUCKILY MY AMNESIA SEEMS TO BE PARTIAL. ALTHOUGH MY OWN PAST IS ONLY A BLUR, SOMEHOW I CAN SENSE I'M A UNITED STATES CITIZEN!



BUT MY CAPED CIRCUS GUY WOULD JUST RAISE QUESTIONS I STILL CAN'T ANSWER-- SO WEARING THIS G.I. UNIFORM DISCARDED BY THE GERMAN SPIES SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA!

I CAN'T BEGIN TO EXPLAIN IT... BUT SOMEHOW I'VE BEEN TRANSPORTED ABOUT 35 YEARS INTO THE PAST-- IN THE MIST OF WORLD WAR II!

UNTIL I CAN THINK OF A BETTER COURSE OF ACTION, I'LL KEEP PLAYING THE ROLE OF A G.I. WITHOUT A NAME OR NUMBER!

*AS WE GLOSSED ANOTHER MILE OR TWO THROUGH THE WOODS-- ONE BY ONE, WE FIRED OUR CASHEST RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE QUESTIONS AT OUR STRAGGLER! AND WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT-- HE SPOULET BACK WITH ALL THE RIGHT ANSWERS!

WHO LOST THE WORLD SERIES LAST YEAR?

THE ST. LOUIS CARDINALS! THE YANKS WON!

WHAT MOVIE COPPED THE '45 OSCAR?

CASABLANCA!

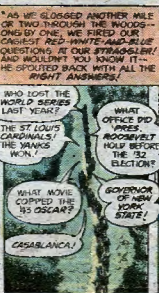
WHAT OFFICE DID VPRES. ROOSEVELT HOLD BEFORE THE '32 ELECTION?

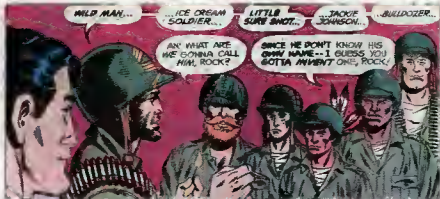
GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK STATE!

*BY THE TIME WE FOUND A SAFE SPOT TO DIG IN FOR THE NIGHT-- ALL OF US WERE SATISFIED THE NEW MAN WAS JUST WHAT HE SAID HE WAS-- A G.I. WITH A HEAD-INJURY THAT SENT HIS MEMORY A.W.O.L....

RECKON IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR INTRODUCTIONS, CORPORAL-- I'M SGT. FRANK ROCK!

AND THESE ARE THE COMBAT-HAPPY JOES OF EASY CO....





AN' WHAT ARE WE GONNA CALL HIM, ROCK?

SINCE HE DON'T KNOW HIS OWN NAME-- I GUESS YOU GOTTA INVENT ONE, ROCK!



"THERE WAS A FULL MOON THAT NIGHT... AND MOST OF THE MEN WHO WEREN'T STANDIN' WATCH WERE TOO DOG-TIRED TO NOTICE! BUT SOME OTHERS...

...AND IN A COMBAT SITUATION --DEPENDIN' HOW THE CARDS FALL-- OUR LIVES AND EASY'S SURVIVAL COULD HANG ON ANY OF US... INCLUDIN' TAG-ALONG! BUT WE KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT WHAT HE CAN DO UNDER FIRE!

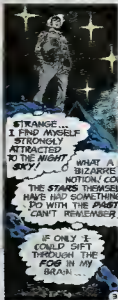
CHWEN ON THIS, WILD MAN--WHAT IF HE CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT TO DO WHEN THE LEAD'S FLYIN'?

"TAKE IT FROM ME-- BULLDOZER AND WILD MAN WEREN'T THE ONLY ONES WONDERIN' ABOUT OUR NEW FUZZY-HEADED RECRUIT...

EASY'S HOOKED UP WITH MORE THAN ITS SHARE OF AMBIFTS AND ODDBALLS BETWEEN FRONTS-- BUT SOMEHOW THEY ALWAYS MANAGED TO PULL THEIR OWN WEIGHT AND MORE! WHEN THE GOIN' GOT TOUGH!

NOW THERE'S TAG-ALONG! IF WE GET CAUGHT IN AN ENEMY TNT FESTIVAL--

-- WILL TAG-ALONG BECOME A MAN OF TIN OR A MAN OF STEEL?



"THE NIGHT PASSED BY WITHOUT A HITCH! AND BY SUNRISE, BABY WAS UP AND AT 'EM--TRUDGIN' AN' GRIPIN' ITS WAY OUTA THE WOODS...

"I EVER TELL YOU GUYS ABOUT THE LAST NIGHT OF MY LEAVE IN PARIS?

"WILD MAN, YOU TELL US EVERY CHANCE YOU GET!

"AN' WHAT YOU TOLD US WASN'T THAT GREAT THE FIRST TIME AROUND, NEITHER!

"WE ALL WATCHED TAG-ALONG LOAD UP THE STOVEPIPE LIKE A REAL PRO--COUNTH' THE BUILT-SECONDS WITH OSK RACIN' HEARTBEATS...

"STEP IT UP, SOLDIER! ONLY THING BETWEEN US AND THIS TIGER IS ONE O' THOSE RED-HOT ROCKETS!

"NEXT THING WE KNEW--AN ENEMY TIGER TANK CLANGED UP OVER THE RISE AND STARTED FORCE-FEEDIN' ITS FLAMIN' PAYLOAD DOWN OUR THROATS...

"DIG IN, YOU JOES! THAT'S A HUNGRY TIGER AND IT WANTS FOR BREAKFAST!

"WE GOTTA SHOOT A ROCKET UP ITS 'NOOT! WHO'S CARRYIN' THE BAZOOKA?

"TAG-ALONG! TAG-ALONG'S GOT IT!

"TAG-ALONG DROPPED TO FIRIN' POSITION ON ONE KNEE, HOLDIN' DIE HEAVY BAZOOKA ON HIS SHOULDER LIKE IT WEIGHED NEXT TO NOTHIN'--BUT THEN...

"C'MON, TAG-ALONG! OUR M-2'S ARE NO BETTER THAN PSA-SHOOTERS UP AGAINST A CHARGIN' TANK!

"IT'S ALMOST ON TOP O' US, TAG-ALONG! BLAST IT APART!"

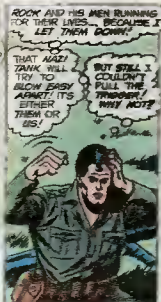
"I'D SEEN IT HAPPEN TO GUYS ON THE LINE BEFORE--AN' TAG-ALONG'S TRIGGER-FINGER COULDN'TA PICKED A WORSE TIME TO FREEZE UP...

"NOW, TAG-ALONG--LIGHT UP A VOLCANO UNDERNEATH THAT BARDING CAN!

"I-I CAN'T, ROCK!

"NO MATTER HOW MUCH I TRY...I CAN'T SHOOT! SOMETHIN' HOLDIN' ME BACK!

"PIN A MEDAL ON YOURSELF, READER--IF YOU FIGURED OUT THE MAN OF STEEL'S SUBCONSCIOUS MIND AND INEXORABLE CODE AGAINST TAKIN' A HUMAN LIFE ARE STILL IN EFFECT DESPITE HIS AMNESIA!



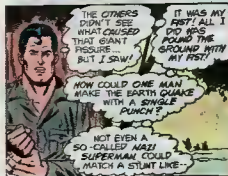
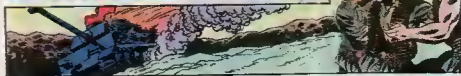


"WHILE THE TIGER WAS GOIN' OFF LIKE A FOURTH O' JULY FESTIVAL - I WAS 'RESTLIN' WITH A MUNCH ENABIN' AT THE BACK OF MY BRAIN..."

THAT'S WHAT I CALL ONE DISABLED TANK!

BUT HOW DO THEY KNOW WHERE TO FIND US, WILD MAN?

HOW DID THEY KNOW?

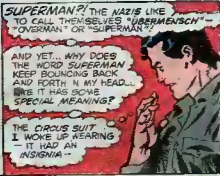


THE OTHERS DIDN'T SEE WHAT CAUSED THAT GIANT FIGURE... BUT I SAW!

IT WAS MY FIST! ALL I DID WAS POUND THE GROUND WITH MY FIST!

HOW COULD ONE MAN MAKE THE EARTH QUAKE WITH A SINGLE PUNCH?

NOT EVEN A SO-CALLED NAZI SUPERMAN COULD MATCH A STUNT LIKE--



SUPERMAN?! THE NAZIS LIKE TO CALL THEMSELVES "UBERMENSCH" - "OVERMAN" OR "SUPERMAN"!

AND YET... WHY DOES THE WORD SUPERMAN KEEP BOUNCING BACK AND FORTH IN MY HEAD... LIKE IT HAS SOME SPECIAL MEANING?

THE CIRCUS SUIT I WOKE UP WEARING - IT HAD AN INSIGNIA--



--A RED S! S IS FOR SUPERMAN!

IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME NOW!



GREAT KRYPTON! UP IN THE SKY--

THIS IS A JOB FOR SUPERMAN!

"THE STUKA DROVE DOWN OUT OF THE SKY AND SCREAMED AT US BEHIND OUR BACKS..."

DOWN, EASY!
THAT SWASTIKA-CROSSED BUZZARD'S
LAYIN' A TNT EGG
IN OUR LAPS!

"EASY HAD DUG IN AND WAS BRACED FOR THE BLAST— BUT THE BIG FIREWORKS NEVER CAME! IT WAS LIKE THE BLOCKBUSTER GOT SWALLOWED UP BY THE SKY BEFORE IT COULD HIT GROUND..."

ROCK—? YOU SEE
THAT BOMB DISAPPEAR
LIKE I DID?

LATER, JACKIE!
KEEP KAILIN' THAT
BUZZARD WITH
RED-HOT AMETS
TILL IT CHOKES
FIRE!

"BY THE TIME THE ENEMY BOMBER
FINISHED ITS FIRST PASS— IT'D
POKED UP A TERMINAL CASE OF
FLAMIN' INDIGESTION! BUT I STILL
DON'T HAVE AN EXPLANATION
FOR THE VANISHIN' ACT THAT HAD
JUST SAVED OUR SKINS..."

THE BOMB, ROCK! WHAT
IN BLAZES HAPPENED
TO THE BOMB?

FIRST IT'S AN
EARTHQUAKE
OUTTA NOWHERE...
NOW 100 POUNDS
O' FLYIN' TNT JUST
UP AN' FADE AWAY OVER
OUR HEADS!

OH MAN! FIMIRACLES
COME IN THREES... THERE
OUGHTA BE ONE MORE
ON THE WAY!

HIMMEL! MY
AIRCRAFT HAS
LOST ALL POWER
... AND YET I AM
STILL CLEARING
THESE TREES!

HOW CAN
I STILL BE
ALOFT?

"WE ALL LOOKED TO THE TREES, EXPECTIN' TO SEE THE BILLOWIN' BLACK SMOKE OF ONE DEAD BUZZARD RISE INTO THE AIR! BUT THOSE TREES STAYED QUIETER THAN AN EMPTY BARRACKS...

I DON'T GET IT, ROCK! WE ALL SAW THAT FIGHTER HEADIN' FOR A 'SWOKIN' FINISH!

IT OUGHTA BE A BUZZIN' FIREBALL BY NOW! BUT ALL I SEE IS CLEAR SKY!

MAYBE THE TOP-KICK IN THE SKY DECIDED TO DELIVER JACKIE'S THIRD MIRACLE!

WAS IST LOS? ONE MOMENT I AM AIRBORNE AS IF BY MAGIC--AND THE NEXT--

--I AM SITTING IN AN OPEN FIELD WATCHING MY PLANE FREEZE UP IN THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST!

MEIN GOTT! I AM ENCASED IN ICE!

THE AMERICANERS MUST HAVE DEVELOPED A LONG-RANGE FREEZING RAY!

A BLAST OF SUPER-COLD BREATH TOOK CARE OF THAT PILOT! NOW TO ZOOM OUT OF SIGHT BEFORE HE SPOTS ME!

SINCE THERE'S NO RECORD OF A SUPERMAN FIGHTING ALONGSIDE THE ALLIED POWERS IN WORLD WAR II--

...BECAUSE IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT-- MY PRESENCE HAS ALREADY ALTERED THE STREAM OF EVENTS HERE--

--BY ENDANGERING THE LIVES OF SGT. ROCK AND EASY COMPANY!!

I OVERHEARD ROCK WONDERING OUT LOUD HOW THE NAZIS KNEW EXACTLY WHERE TO ZERO-IN ON EASY WITH THAT TANK AND FIGHTER-PLANE...

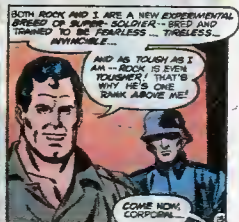
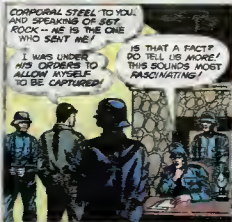
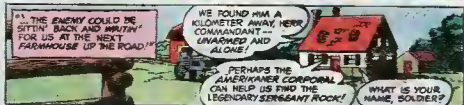
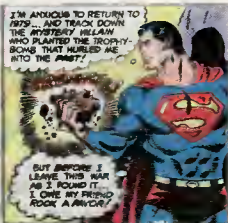
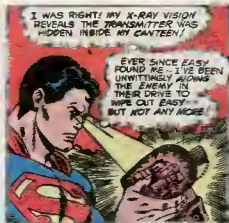
--I'VE GOT TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE... I CAN'T RISK TAMPERING WITH THE COURSE OF HISTORY!

BUT I CAN'T RETURN TO 1979 JUST YET EITHER...

IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE ENEMY WAS MOVING IN ON THEM... BUT THAT WOULD MEAN SOMEBODY IN ROCK'S UNIT WOULD HAVE TO BE CARRYING A HIDDEN TRANSMITTER

--AND SINCE I WAS WEARING A G.I. UNIFORM LEFT BEHIND BY A NAZI SPY--

--OO'S ARE THE CULPRIT WAS 'DAG-ALONGY'



...SURELY YOU DO NOT EXPECT US TO BE TAKEN IN BY SUCH AN OBVIOUS STALLING TACTIC!

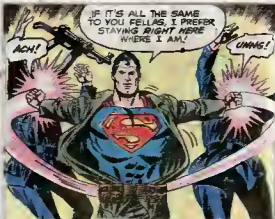
KLEMPFER! HAUSEN! TAKE CORPORAL STEEL TO THE BASEMENT AND EXTRACT HIS TEETH--ALONG WITH EVERY USEFUL SHRED OF INFORMATION HE HAS!



IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU FELLAS, I PREFER STAYING RIGHT HERE WHERE I AM!

ACH!

UNNG!



GRUBER-- KILL THE AMERIKANER WHERE HE STANDS!

REESTATAT!



MY BULLETS, COMMANDANT! TH- THEY BOUNCE OFF HIS CHEST!

AS I SAID-- A SUPER- CORPORAL IS TOUGH-- AND A SUPER- SERGEANT IS EVEN TOUGHER!

BUT I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO TAKE MY WORD FOR IT-- SO YOU ARE GOING TO GET A DEMONSTRATION OF WHAT THE SUPER REALLY MEANS!

MEIN GOTT! I AM BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND WHY SERGEANT ROCK HAS BECOME A LEGEND!

COLONEL! CORPORAL STEEL IS CHEWING UP MY RIFLE!



"WE FOUND TAG-ALONG LATER THAT DAY -- WITHOUT A MARK ON 'IM. NOT ONE CUT, BRUISE OR BURN! BUT STILL, HIS CHEST WOULDN'T MAKE A SOUND..."

NO HEARTBEAT
ROCK! TAG-ALONG'S
OUT OF ACTION
PERMANENTLY

THOSE LOUSY KRAUTS!
THEY GOT WAYS OF
"TORTURIN" THAT
DON'T SHOW!

"WE KNEW THE KRAUTS HAD BEEN
HOLD-UP THERE 'CAUSE WE FOUND
THEIR CIGARETTE BUTTS ALL OVER THE
GROUND! BUT THE FARMHOUSE
LOOKED LIKE IT'D BEEN TORN APART
BY A RAMPAGIN' TORNADO..."

WHAT DO YOU FIGURE
IT WAS, ROCK? WE
DIDN'T HEAR ANY
EXPLOSIONS!

YOU GOT ME! ONE
THING'S FOR SURE --
WHATEVER TAG-ALONG
TOLD THE ENEMY --

--IT SENT 'EM
SCUTTLEIN' AWAY
TOWARD THEIR
OWN LINES WITH
THEIR TAILS
BETWEEN THEIR
LEGS! ALL THE
TRACKS POINT
TO ONE SOLED
DIVISION!

"WE GAVE TAG-ALONG A
PROPER BURIAL -- AS PROPER
AS THE WAR WOULD ALLOW."

LOOKS LIKE I HAD HIM PEGGED
ALL WRONG, ROCK! SOMEHOW
HE SAVED EASY FROM
WALKIN' INTO AN
AMBUSH -- AN' HE DIED
DOIN' IT!

WE NEVER EVEN GOT TO FIND
OUT HIS REAL NAME! WONDER
IF TAG-ALONG REMEMBERED
WHO HE WAS BEFORE HE WENT?

ONE THING ABOUT
EASY CO. AND THIS
WAR -- EVERY MAN
FINDS OUT JUST WHO
HE IS -- WHETHER HE
WANTS TO OR NOT!

WHEREVER HE IS NOW --
LET'S HOPE TAG-ALONG
CAN SAY THE SAME!

MOVE 'EM
OUT, EASY--

-- THERE'S
STILL A
WAR ON!

MURDERED BEFORE HIS RIGHTFUL TIME,
GRANTED THE BIZARRE ABILITY TO POSSESS
LIVING BODIES, THE SPIRIT OF CIRCUS
AERIALIST BOSTON BRAND LIVES ON, TO
STRIKE A BALANCE BETWEEN GOOD
AND EVIL AS...

DEADMAN

NEVER SAY DIE!

IT IS PEACEFUL HERE WHERE THE
OPTIMISTIC SINGING OF THE BIRDS
IS ECHOED BY THE LAUGHTER OF
THE CHILDREN...

AND THERE IS NO ONE WHO
APPRECIATES THIS SOFT SERENITY
MORE THAN THE RESTLESS SPIRIT
OF BOSTON BRAND, WHO HAS BEEN
DENIED THAT FINAL, FINAL PEACE--

—THE PEACE OF
THE BIRDS!

Y'KNOW,
THIS IS JUST
ABOUT ALL
ANYBODY
COULD ASK
FOR!



LEN
WEIN
WRITER

JOSÉ LUIS
GARCÍA LOPEZ
ARTIST

GARYS
WEIN
EDITOR

BEN
ODIA
LETTERER

ROSS
ANDRU
EDITOR

*Dedicated to the
memory of my father,
PHILIP, so that he may
read it and KNOW!*
—Len

I REALLY
NEEDED
THIS BREAK-
TO GET AWAY
FROM ALL THE
SENSELESS
VIOLENCE
THAT SEEMS
TO HAUNT ME.

YOU DON'T
KNOW HOW I
ENVY YOU,
OLD MAN.

THAT'S IT FOR TODAY,
LITTLE FRIENDS--NO MORE
BREAD CRUMBS!

THAT'S ALL I HAVE
TO GIVE YOU.

I'M AFRAID THAT'S
ALL I HAVE TO GIVE
ANYONE!

HEY--NO! WHAT ARE
YOU SAYING?

THE CANCER IS OUT
OF CONTROL, THE DOCTORS
TELL ME-- AND THE PAIN
WILL ONLY GET
WORSE!

NO! ABSOLUTELY
NOT! YOU CAN'T
JUST QUIT,
OLD MAN!

LIFE IS
FAR TOO
PRECIOUS
TO SIMPLY
BE THROWN
AWAY!

YOU'VE GOTTA STAND IN
THERE, OLD MAN! YOU'VE
GOTTA KEEP FIGHTING!

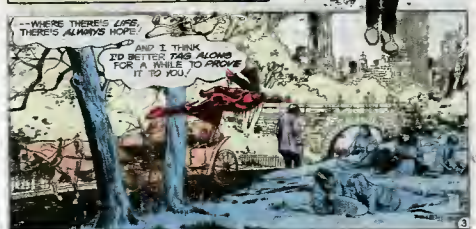
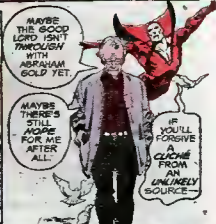
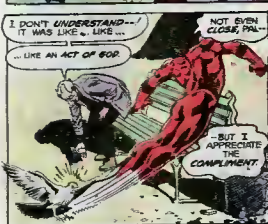
TAKE THE WORD OF
SOMEONE WHO KNOWS
HOW MUCH HE'S
LOST!

MAYBE IT'S
BETTER
I SHOULD END IT
NOW-- HERE
AMONG MY
FRIENDS!

FORGIVE ME,
LORD--BUT THIS
IS FOR THE
BEST!

NO! GOTTA STOP
HIM!

BUT HOW--??



THERE IS AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN SPRING IN ABRAHAM GOLD'S STEP AS HE AMBLES OUT OF THE PARK--



--BUT HIS TREAD SOON GROWS HEAVY ONCE MORE, AS HE APPROACHES A CRUMBING BROWNSTONE--

--AND DRAGS HIMSELF SLOWLY UP THREE RICKETY FLIGHTS OF STAIRS--

GRAN'PA--HI!
HOW WAS YOUR DAY?

I'VE HAD BETTER, SARAH--



YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, CHUM.

--BUT ONE GOOD MUG FROM YOU CAN MAKE EVERYTHING BETTER AGAIN!

OH, GRAN'PA--

SO WHERE'S YOUR PAPA? HE SAID HE'D BE HOME ALL DAY!

HE GOT A PHONE CALL, SAID HE HAD TO GO OUT FOR A WHILE--

BUT HE PROMISED--!

--BUT HE SHOULD BE BACK SOON, GRAN'PA.

HE SAID HE WAS THROUGH--!



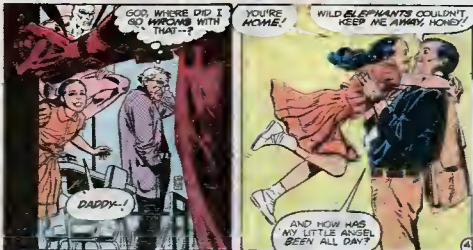
GOD, WHERE DID I GO WRONG WITH THAT--?

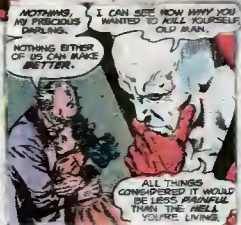
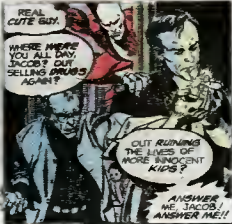
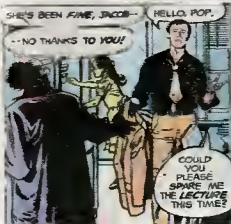
YOU'RE HOME!

WILD ELEPHANTS COULDN'T KEEP ME AWAY, HONEY!

DADDY--!

AND NOW WAS MY LITTLE ANGEL BEEN ALL DAY?





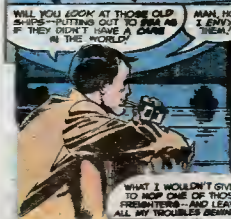


I HATE TO HAND
POOR OLD ABE ANY
MORE HEARTACHE
BUT IF HIS BOY JACK
IS SELLING DRUGS--

HAHAHA--THIS
IS THE LAST
PLACE I EXPECTED
HIM TO GO.

--I'M
GONNA HAVE
TO NAIL HIM
FOR IT!

IF JACK
IS PUSHING
DOPE
HERE, HE'S
PUSHING
IT TO THE
FISHIES!



WILL YOU LOOK AT THOSE OLD
SHIPS--PUTTING OUT TO SEA AS
IF THEY DIDN'T HAVE A CABIN
IN THE WORLD!

MAN, HOW
I ENVY
THEM!



YOU AND
HALF THE
REST OF
THE WORLD,
RUBE!

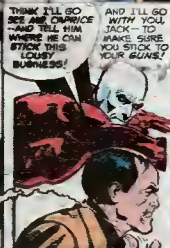
WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE
TO HOP ONE OF THOSE
FREIGHTERS--AND LEAVE
ALL MY TROUBLES BEHIND ME!

TOO BAD
IT'S JUST A
DREAM...



...OR IS IT?

WHERE
DOES IT
SEEM THAT
I CAN'T
QUIT--
TRY TO
MAKE A
NEW LIFE
FOR ME
AND MY KID?



THINK I'LL GO
SEE MR. O'PRICE
--AND TELL HIM
WHERE HE CAN
STICK THIS
LOUSY
BUSINESS!

AND I'LL GO
WITH YOU,
JACK-- TO
MAKE SURE
YOU STICK TO
YOUR GUNS!



GRAN'PA, WHAT'S
THE MATTER
WITH DADDY?

HE SEEMS
SO... SAD.

YOUR PAPA
HAS HAD A
LOT ON HIS
MIND LATELY,
SARAH.

BUT DON'T YOU
WORRY YOUR PRETTY
LITTLE HEAD ABOUT
THAT, DARLING.

BUT HE'S
MY DADDY--!

AND HE'S MY
SON.

AND MAYBE
IF WE BOTH LOVE
HIM VERY HARD,
THAT WILL BE
ENOUGH.

SLEEP
WELL,
SWEETHEART.

BUT HOW AM I SUPPOSED
TO SLEEP--KNOWING WHAT
JACOB HAS *BECOME*--KNOW-
ING THAT I *FAILED* IN MY
DUTY AS A FATHER!

MAYBE
I'D HAVE
BETTER
OFF IF GOD
HAD LET ME
PULL THAT
TRIGGER
TODAY...

...OR MAYBE...
JUST MAYBE...
THAT'S WHAT THE
GOOD LORD SAVED
ME FOR!

MAYBE HE'S
GIVEN ME ONE
LAST CHANCE TO
REDEEM MY SON'S
LOST SOUL

--AND IT'S A
CHANCE I'VE
GOT TO TAKE!

UNNOTICED
BY THE
PETERMANED
OLD MAN, HIS
GRAND-
DAUGHTER
SILENTLY
WATCHES HIM
LEAVE--

--AND
WONDERS
WHEN SHE
WILL BE OLD
ENOUGH TO
UNDERSTAND
THE WAYS OF
ADULTS..

AND
SHORTLY
ALONG A
PRIVATE
PIER ON
THE CITY'S
WATERFRONT...

THIS
MUST BE THE
PLACE--

I WANT TO
SEE MR. CAPRICE!

--AND A
HECK OF A
PLACE AT
THAT!

SORRY,
JACKY-BOY--
HE AIN'T
SEEN!
NOBODY RIGHT
NOW.



TELL CAPRICE
HE'LL SEE ME--
OR ELSE HE'LL
SEE THE COPS!

THAT'S TELLING
'EM, ACE!

C'MON IN! THE
BOSS IS
WAITIN'!

KEEP COOL,
JACK-- I'LL
TELL 'IM YOU'RE
HERE!



JACOB, DEAR BOY--HOW
GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

WAS THERE
SOMETHING
IN PARTICULAR
YOU
WANTED?

NOT
REALLY,
MR. C!

I JUST
CAME BY TO
GIVE YOU A
LITTLE
PRESENT!



IF THAT HAND COMES OUT
HOLDIN' ANYTHIN' BUT
FINGERS, BUDDY-BOY--
YOU'RE DEAD!

HEY, TAKE IT
EASY, LESTER--
I'M NOT ARMED!

THEN
LET'S SEE
WHAT
YOU'VE GOT
THERE!



I'M TELLING YOU--
IT'S ON! / AN
ENVELOPE!

IT BELONGS
TO MR. C!

FOR ME? WHY,
HOW NICE, JACOB



HOLY
JUMPIN'
JUDAS!

IT'S
FULL OF
SMACK--
HEROIN--
ENOUGH
TO RUIN A
LOT OF
LITTLE
LIVES!

AND WHAT
PRECISELY IS
THIS SUPPOSED
TO MEAN, DEAR
BOY?

TAKE A
GUESS,
RUBE.

IT MEANS I QUIT! I'M
NOT SELLING ANY MORE
SABRAGE TO ANY
KIDS!

COME NOW, JACK--BE REALISTIC. YOU
KNOW FAR TOO MUCH TO BE PERMITTED
TO LEAVE MY ORGANIZATION.

FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR HEALTH,
I URGE YOU TO RECONSIDER
YOUR RESIGNATION.

M-MAYBE YOU'RE
RIGHT. MAYBE
IT'S TOO LATE
FOR ME TO--

NO! YOU
MUSTN'T
LISTEN TO
HIM, JACOB!

WNO--??

HOLY--! IT'S
OLD MAN GOLD!

YOU'VE
RUINED THE
LIFE OF MY SON
AND COUNTLESS
OTHERS,
MISTER--

--BUT THE
GOOD LORD
SPARED MY LIFE
SO I COULD
TAKE YOURS!

OLD MAN--
NO!!



HOLD HIM, BOYS! KEEP THAT MANIAC AWAY FROM ME!

I'M GONNA GET YOU, FAT MAN--!

YOU WON'T GET ANYTHING DONE ALONE, JACK!

WE'RE GONNA FINISH THIS TOGETHER!

I SWEAR I'LL--

UH.

THESE CREEPS ARE TOUGH, CAPRICE--

WAAAA!!

--BUT THERE'S NOTHING ON EARTH THAT'S GOING TO SAVE YOU FROM ME!

STAY BACK, DAMN YOU--

--OR I'LL BLOW YOU AWAY!

THEN YOU'D BETTER KILL ME WITH THE FIRST SHOT, FAT MAN--

--BECAUSE YOU WON'T GET A SECOND ONE!

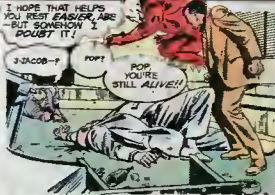
IT'S OVER, CAPRICE! THOSE GUNSHOTS WILL BRING THE COPS HERE--

THERE'S NO WAY OUT FOR YOU, FAT MAN!

BUT YOU'RE WRONG, DEAR BOY! THERE IS ALWAYS A WAY OUT--

--IF A MAN HAS THE COURAGE TO TAKE IT!

--WHERE THEY'LL FIND THE OLD MAN'S BODY, WITH YOUR PRINTS ALL OVER THE GUN THAT KILLED HIM!



HE WAS A HERO TO SOME, A VILLAIN TO OTHERS... AND WHEREVER HE RODE, PEOPLE SPOKE HIS NAME IN WHISPERS. HE HAD NO FRIENDS, THIS JONAH HEX, BUT HE DID HAVE TWO COMPANIONS: ONE WAS DEATH ITSELF... THE OTHER, THE ACRID SMELL OF GUNSMOKE...

JONAH HEX

IT'S GOOD OF YOU TO LET ME RIDE ALONG WITH YOU, MR. HEX! EVEN THE UNWAVERING COMPANIONSHIP OF THE ALMIGHTY IS NOT ALWAYS SUFFICIENT TO DISPEL THE HAUNTING LONELINESS OF THE OPEN TRAIL!

GLAD TUN HAVE YUH ALONG, REVEREND! BUT DON'T BE THANKIN' ME FER MUH COMPANY! JUST YET! AH BEEN TRACIN' THE SAM BROWSON GANG ALL THE WAY FUM RATTLESNAKE FORKS--

WRITER: MICHAEL FLEISHER
ARTIST: LUIS DOMINGUEZ
LETTER: BEN ODA
COLORIST: BOB LEROSE
EDITOR: ROSS ANDRU

--AN' THEM HOWBRES
HAS GOT THEMSELVES
A NASTY REPUTATION
FER DOUBLIN' BACK
ON THEIR OWN TRAIL
AN' SETTIN' UP A
PRETTY CRAFTY--



!!GASP!!



--AMBUSH--!!

M-MR. HEX!
WH-WHAT...
WHO...



AH AN'T GOT NO TIME TUN
ANALYZE THE FINE POINTS
WITH YUH NOW, REVEREND!
LESS'N YO'RE LOOKIN' TUN-
MEET YO'RE MAKER A
LOT SOONER'N NATURE
INTENDED--

--YOU'D BEST JOIN
ME IN MAKIN' A BEELINE
FER THEM THAR ROCKS!



TENSE SECONDS LATER...

WE CAN'T STAY HERE, REVEREND! NOT UNLESS WE'RE BENT ON GETTIN' OURSELVES SLAUGHTERED LIKE GOPHERS IN A GUNNYSACK!

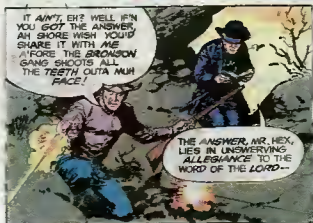
HERE! YOU GRAB THIS HERE RIFLE AN' START--

NO, MR. HEX! I-I'M SORRY! BUT EVEN WHEN CIRCUMSTANCES SEEM TO TAKE A DESPERATE TURN, RESORTING TO VIOLENCE IS NOT THE ANSWER!



IT AIN'T, EH? WELL IFN YOU GOT THE ANSWER, AH SHORE WISH YOU'D SHARE IT WITH ME A'FORE THE BROWSON GANG SHOOTS ALL THE TEETH OUTA MUH FACE!

THE ANSWER, MR. HEX, LIES IN UNSWERVING ALLEGIANCE TO THE WORD OF THE LORD--



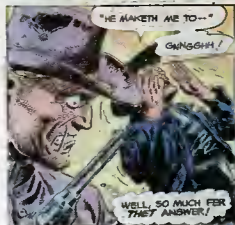
--AS ENUNCIATED IN HIS HOLY SCRIPTURES! "THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT!"



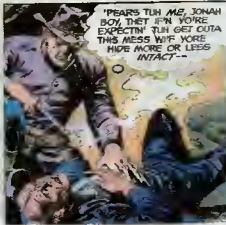
"HE MAKETH ME TO--"

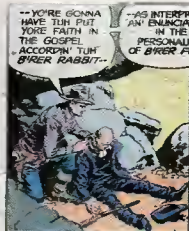
GNGGSH!

WELL, SO MUCH FER THET ANSWER!

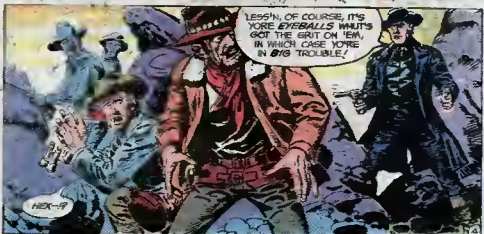
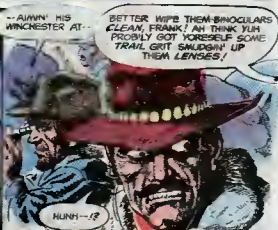
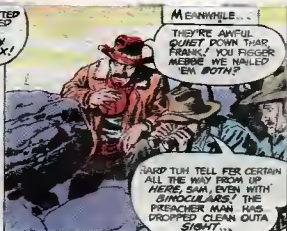


'PEARS TUH ME, JONAH BOY, THET IFN YO'RE EXPECTIN' TUH GET OUTA THIS MESS WIF YO'RE HIDE MORE OR LESS INTACT--





--AS INTERPRETED 'AN' ENUNCIATED IN THE PERSONALITY OF B'IRER FOX!



REVEREND HEX TUN YOU, SKUNK!
NOW STAND UP AN' RAISE
THEM HANDS UP NASH--



NOW, AS AN WUZ SAYIN',
RAISE THEM--

TH-THE GUNSHOTS--!

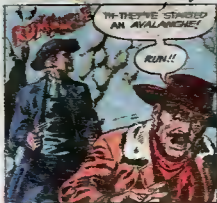
RUMBLE
WHUH--?



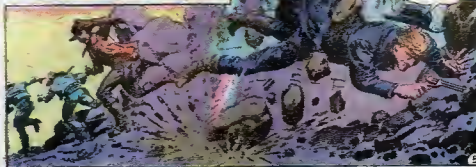
WH-THEY'VE STARTED
AN AVALANCHE!

RUN!!

DISLOGGED BY THE
SOUND OF GUNFIRE,
TENS OF ROCK AND
DEBRIS RAIN DOWN
ON THE LEGENDARY
BOUNTY HUNTER...



GAASP!!



UNTIL FINALLY THE AVALANCHE HAVING SPENT ITS FURY, THE CANYON IS SILENT, SAVE FOR THE CLATTER OF HOOFEATS AND THE EVIL LAUGHTER OF THE ESCAPING OUTLAWS...

HOURS PASS, AND THE CANYON IS DEATHLY STILL...

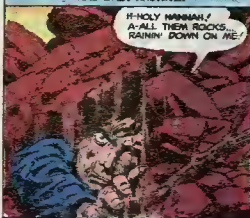


BUT THE INDOMITABLE SPIRIT OF THIS MAN HAS NOT BEEN STILLER. FOR HE POSSESSES THE PROFOUND INSTINCTS FOR ENDURANCE AND SURVIVAL THE WEST HAS EVER KNOWN...

A-AH! LUCKY AH AIN'T DEAD!

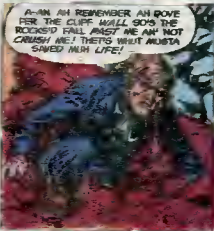
A-AH CAN RECOLLECT THE BOULDERS 'STARTIN' T'UN FALL... AND THEN SOMEBODY YELLED AVALANCHE!

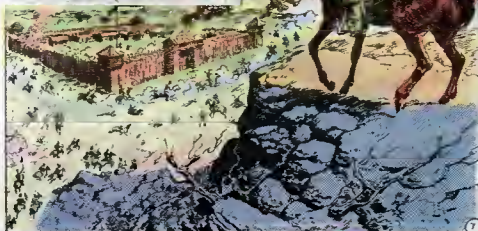
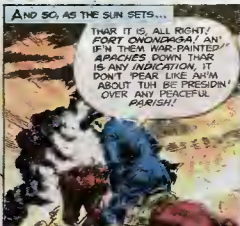
H-HOLY MANNAH!
A-ALL THEM ROCKS...
RAININ' DOWN ON ME!



A-AH AH REMEMBER AH ROVE FER THE CLIFF WALL SO'S THE ROCKS'D FALL PAST ME AH NOT CRUSH ME! THAT'S WHUT MUSTA SAVED MUH LIFE!

B-BUT WHUT ABOUT BEFORE THE AVALANCHE? A-AH CAN'T SEEM T'UN REMEMBER NUTHIN' F'UM BEFORE THE AVALANCHE! A-AH CAN'T EVEN RECOLLECT...





AH JUST PRAY THE GOOD LORD
SEES FIT TUH PROTECT ME, ON
'ACCOUNTA THE ONLY WAY AH
KIN SEE TUH GET PAST THEM
INJUNS IS TUH RIDE RIGHT
THROUGH 'EM!



CAPTAIN! LOOK!
IT'S A RIDER!
A WHITE MAN!
AND HE'S HEADED
THIS WAY!



WE'LL GIVE HIM SOME
COVER, BLAST IT! AND
AS SOON AS HE'S RIGHT
ON TOP OF US, OPEN UP
THOSE FRONT GATES!



THROUGH THE
DEADLY GAUNTLET
OF WHOOPING
APACHES RIDES
JONAH HEX, AS
BULLETS AND
ARROWS WHIZ
THROUGH THE AIR
AROUND HIM...

AND FINALLY...

REVEREND JULIAN
REPORTIN' FER
DUTY, CAPTAIN!

WHA-IF Y-YOU
MEAN YOU'RE
THE NEW
CHAPLAIN?



I SWEAR, REVEREND THE
WAY YOU RODE THAT
HORSE THROUGH THAT
ARMY OF HOSTILES, I
TOOK YOU FOR A SEASONED
FRONTIERSMAN, NOT A
CLERGYMAN!



BUT I'M NOT SURE
EVEN THE ALMIGHTY
CAN SAVE US NOW,
REVEREND JULIAN! WE'RE
HEADED IN BY HOSTILE
APACHES! THREE-
QUARTERS OF MY COM-
MAND IS DEAD! ANNIHIL-
ATION IS ALMOST
NONEXISTENT!

WE'RE DUE TO RECEIVE
REINFORCEMENTS NEXT WEEK,
BUT WE CAN'T HOLD OUT
THAT LONG! IN FACT, UNLESS
WE CAN COME UP WITH A
MIRACLE BY TOMORROW
MORNING, I'M AFRAID OUR
GOOSE IS AS GOOD AS--

YOU S'POSE YOU
GOT ANY FIREWORKS
IN THE FORT, CAP'N?



FIREWORKS? YOU
MEAN LIKE THE KIND
WE USE ON JULY
FOURTH?

NOW LOOK HERE,
REVEREND! I MEAN NO
DISRESPECT, BUT THIS
IS HARDLY THE TIME TO
START PLANNING SOME
SORT OF RELIGIOUS
CELEBRATION! WE--

ANY OTHER LITTLE THINGS
AH NEED, AH'LL JUST REQUISITION
'EM DIRECT FROM THE QUARTERMASTER!
G'NIGHT, CAP'N!

THANK YOU,
CAP'N!

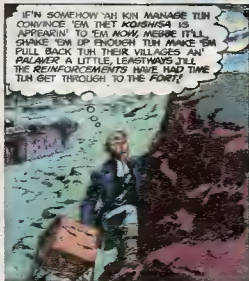
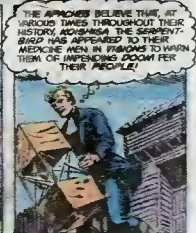
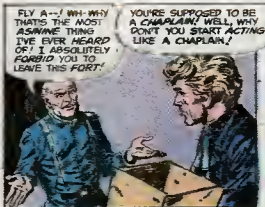


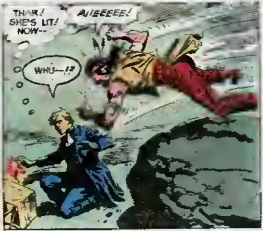
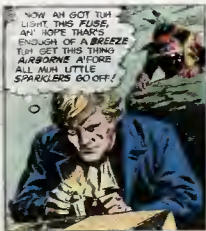
LATE THAT NIGHT...

REVEREND JULIAN! WHERE MAY I
ASK, ARE YOU GOING AT THIS TIME
OF NIGHT? AND WHAT IN TARNATION--

THAT'S A GOOD STIFF BREEZE
BLOWIN' UP ON THE MESA, CAP'N!
AH FIGGER THIS IS PROBABLY A
REAL GOOD TIME TUN RUN UP
THAR AN' FLY THIS HERE KITE
AH'VE MADE!









AM'D LIKE TUH STOP TUH
PRAY FER HIS IMMORTAL
SOUL, 'CEPT'N THEN IT
WOULD BE TOO LATE TUH--



--TUH LAUNCH
MUH KITE!

JUST IN TIME, TOO! THEY'RE...
THEY'RE STARTIN' TUH LIGHT UP!



PIEEEEEE!

KOISHISA HUALPA!

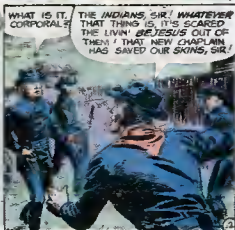
WINONCIKA!



F-FOR PETE'S SAKE
SERGEANT! WHAT
IN BLAZES IS
THAT THING?

1- I DON'T KNOW,
SIR! HIT LOOKS LIKE
A BIRD OF SOME
KIND, WITH--

CAPTAIN!
CAPTAIN!



WHAT IS IT,
CORPORAL?

THE INDIANS, SIR! WHATEVER
THAT THING IS, IT'S SCARED
THE LIVIN' BEJESUS OUT OF
THEM! THAT NEW CHAPLAIN
HAS SAVED OUR SKINS, SIR!

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, THE AMNESIC JONAH HEX CARRIES OUT THE NORMAL DUTIES OF AN ARMY CHAPLAIN: PRESIDING OVER RELIGIOUS SERVICES... COUNSELING TROUBLED CAVALRYMEN... TENDING TO THE NEEDS OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED...



AND THEN, ONE FATEFUL AFTERNOON...

SAM SAID FER ME TUN CHECK OUT THE LAYOUT OF THE PAYMASTER'S OFFICE SO'S WE KIN PLAN HOW BEST TUN ROB IT WHEN THE ARMY PAYROLL COMES THROUGH HERE NEXT WEEK!



AH'D BETTER ASK SOMEONE WHERE...

UH, EXCUSE ME, CHAPLAIN!



KIN YOU POINT ME TOWARD THE--

YES, MY SON?

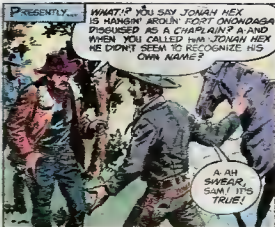
GASP!
JONAH HEX!?



AH'M REVEREND JULIAN, YOUNG MAN! MAY AH BE OF SERVICE TUN YOU? ARE YOU FEELING ILL?

N-NO! S-STAY AWAY FROM
CHOKE-ME!
S-STAY AWAY!

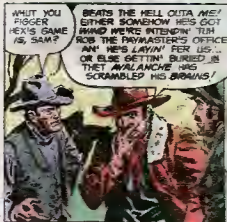




PRESENTLY...

WHAT? YOU SAY JONAH HEX IS HANGIN' AROUND FORT ONONDAGA DISGUISED AS A CHAPLAIN? A-AND WHEN YOU CALLED HIM JONAH HEX HE DIDN'T SEEM TO RECOGNIZE HIS OWN NAME?

A AH SWEAR, SAM! IT'S TRUE!



WHUT YOU FIGGER HEX'S GAME IS, SAM?

BEATS THE HELL OUTA ME! EITHER SOMEBOW HE'S GOT HIS MIND WE'RE INTENDIN' TIL ROB THE PRYMASTER'S OFFICE AN' HE'S LAYIN' FER US... OR ELSE GETTIN' BURIED IN THAT AVALANCHE HAS SCRAMBLED HIS BRAINS!



EITHER WAY, OUR FIRST ORDER'A BUSINESS IS GONNA BE KILLIN' THET MULE-FACED PIG! CWOON! LET'S RIDE!



SOON...

HAW HAW! WELL, WHATTAYA KNOW! HE IS ALL DECKED OUT LIKE A PREACHER!

AWRIGHT, HEX! STRAP ON YORE GUNS AN' CWOON OUTSIDE! MEN IN BOYS HERE IS CALLIN' YOU OUT!

AHM AFRAID YOU GENTLEMEN MUST BE MAKIN' SOME MISTAKE! I'AM REVEREND JULIAN, CHAPLAIN OF THIS ARMY POST!





--GO FER YORE GUNS!

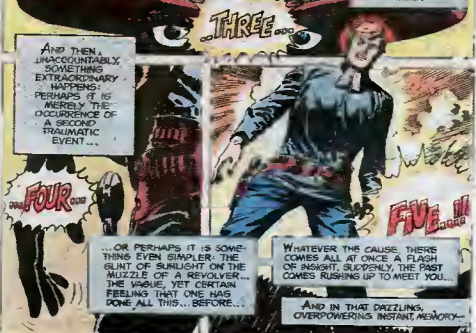
ONE...

AMNESIA IS A BIZARRE DISORDER OF THE HUMAN MIND. EVEN IN OUR OWN TIME, IT REMAINS MYSTERIOUS.



TWO...

A TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCE OR A BLOW ON THE HEAD MAKES A MAN TEMPORARILY LOSE HIS MEMORY. FOR A TIME, THESE MEMORIES OF PAST EVENTS REMAIN IRRETRIEVABLY BURIED DEEP WITHIN THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND.



AND THEN, UNACCOUNTABLY, SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY HAPPENS: PERHAPS IT IS MERELY THE OCCURRENCE OF A SECOND TRAUMATIC EVENT...

THREE...

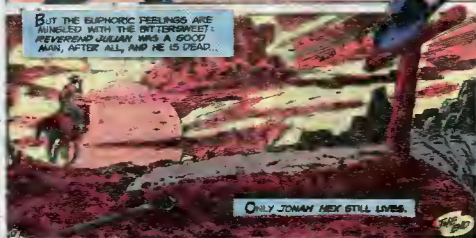
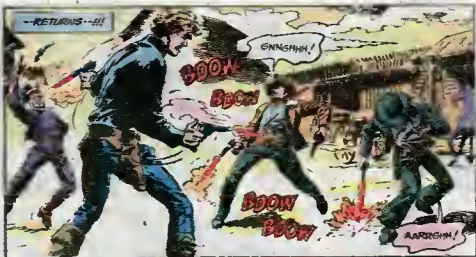
FOUR...

...OR PERHAPS IT IS SOMETHING EVEN SIMPLER: THE GLINT OF SUNLIGHT ON THE MUZZLE OF A REVOLVER... THE VAGUE, YET CERTAIN FEELING THAT ONE HAS DONE ALL THIS... BEFORE...

WHATEVER THE CAUSE, THERE COMES ALL AT ONCE A FLASH OF INSIGHT. SUDDENLY, THE PAST COMES RUSHING UP TO MEET YOU...

FIVE...

AND IN THAT DAZZLING, OVERPOWERING INSTANT, MEMORY...



ROCKETED TO EARTH FROM THE EXPLODING PLANET KRYPTON, BABY JOR-EL WAS ADOPTED BY A KINDLY COUPLE NAMED JONATHAN AND MARTHA KENT. REMAINED CLARK, HE GREW TO ADOLESCENCE IN SMALLVILLE, LEARNING TO USE WISELY THE AMAZING SUPER-POWERS THAT WOULD ONE DAY MAKE HIM THE WORLD'S GREATEST HERO! THESE ARE THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS...

SUPERBOY

ATTA WAY, DAD... YOU TELL THEM!

SHOW THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE SCIENCE COUNCIL WHAT KIND OF GEEKS YOU WERE --

--SHOW THEM WHY MY FATHER WAS THE GREATEST SCIENTIST ON KRYPTON!

HOW HEARTENING TO SEE MY SON DISPLAY SO MUCH PRIDE IN HIS FATHER!

I ONLY WISH THE FATHER HE'S BOASTING ABOUT WAS... ME!

WRITTEN BY: CARY BATES
PENCILED BY: JOE BERTON

INKED BY: FRANK CERRANTE

EDITED BY: VICTORIEL
COLORS BY: CAROLYN
PROOFREADING BY: JORDAN

ILLUSTRATED BY: JULIUS SCHWARTZ

YOU ARE LOOKING AT A MIND-PROBER RAY--AN ADVANCED APPARATUS SUPERBOY OCCASIONALLY USES TO FILL IN MISSING GAPS IN THE MEMORY OF HIS EARLY CHILDHOOD ON KRYPTON!

YOU ARE ALSO LOOKING AT A MAN IN DISTRESS... A MAN PLAGUED BY A COMBINATION OF INFERIORITY AND SELF-DUBT--A MAN HAUNTED BY...

SHADOW OF JOR-EL!

SO ABSORBED IS THE SON OF KRYPTON IN HIS MENTAL REPLAY HE IS UNAWARE OF THE PRESENCE OF HIS FOSTER FATHER JONATHAN KENT...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE FOOLS, DAD? WHY COULDN'T THEY TAKE YOUR WORD FOR SOMETHING, JUST ONCE?

WHY WOULDN'T THEY EVER TRUST YOUR SCIENTIFIC EXPERTISE?

A CAMOUFLAGE FABRIC SO EFFECTIVE... IT RENDERS THE WEARER VIRTUALLY INVISIBLE--

OF HIS OWN DESIGN...

IT SOUNDS FAR-FETCHED TO ME, JOR-EL!

...BUT FIRST I'LL REMOVE THIS COVER-UP BELT...

...SO YOU CAN SEE THE REAL CAMOUFLAGE BELT!

BY RAD! YOUR MISDEEDION-- IT HAS DISAPPEARED!

MUST YOU RESORT TO MAGIC TO CONVINCE US JOR-EL?

WHY DO THEY ALWAYS HAVE TO SEE BEFORE THEY WOULD BELIEVE?

IF THAT BELT REPRESENTS YOUR MONSTER FABRIC--I WOULD SAY YOUR EXPERIMENT WAS A TOTAL FAILURE!

DO NOT DESPAIR, JOR! QUITE OFTEN A SCIENTIST MUST REWORK HIS EXPERIMENTS!

YOU POSSIBLY COULD BE RIGHT...

NOT MAGIC, RY-UL... SCIENCE! AND THE APPLICATION OF NEGATIVE LIGHT DIFFUSION!

TOMORROW I SHALL FORMALLY PRESENT THIS BELT AND MY RESEARCH NOTES TO THE COUNCIL!

*THOUGH DAD KEPT ASTONISHING THE SKEPTICAL COUNCIL MEMBERS TIME AND AGAIN... THEY NEVER LEARNED THEIR LESSON.

*EVEN WHEN HE DISCOVERED THE LETHAL CHAIN REACTION SEETHING DEEP WITHIN KRYPTON'S CORE...

... ALL HIS EFFORTS TO **WARY** HIS FELLOW SCIENTISTS OF THE PLANET'S IMPENDING **DOOM** WERE TRAGICALLY **IGNORED**—

-- LEAVING HIM WITH **BARELY** ENOUGH TIME TO SEND ME AWAY FROM **KRYPTON'S** DESTRUCTION IN A SMALL EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET. **CHOKE**!

THAT'S IT, SON-- TURN OFF THE "PROBE!"

?!? OH, IT'S YOU, DAD! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HERE IN THE BASEMENT!

HONESTLY, CLARK, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU SPEND SO MUCH TIME WITH THIS **MIND-PROBE**!

CONSIDERING KRYPTON'S FATE, THOSE EARLY MEMORIES MUST BE AGONIZING FOR YOU!

I CAN'T TURN MY BACK ON MY **HERITAGE**, DAD! I MAY BE JUST PLAIN **CLARK KENT** TO THE REST OF THE WORLD... BUT YOU AND MOM KNOW ME **BETTER**!

WHICH REMINDS ME-- YOU STILL INSIST ON CALLING ME **CLARK**--EVEN WHEN I'M NOT IN MY **CLARK KENT** IDENTITY!

WHY CAN'T YOU CALL ME BY MY **TRUE** NAME IN THE PRIVACY OF OUR HOME?

YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN **CLARK** TO MOTHER AND ME, SON. IF YOU WANT TO HEAR THE NAME **KAL-EL**, YOU'LL HAVE TO STICK TO YOUR **MEMORY-PROBE**!

BUT THAT'S THE WAY WE FEEL!

OR RATHER THE WAY I FEEL!

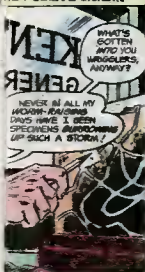
I HAVE NO BUSINESS CALLING MY ADOPTED SON BY HIS NATIVE **KRYPTONIAN** NAME--

3 WHEN! DAD SURE HAS BEEN **MOODY** LATELY... AND SO TOUCHY ABOUT THE MOST INSIGNIFICANT THINGS!

MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE HE MISSES MOM! SHE DECIDED TO SPEND A FEW MORE DAYS IN **MARVELL**, VISITING HER SISTER!

--BECAUSE I'M NOTHING LIKE HIS **REAL** FATHER--THE MOST BRILLIANT SCIENTIST OF HIS WORLD!

EARLY NEXT MORNING, IN THE KENT GENERAL STORE...



WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU WIGGLERS, ANYWAY?

NEVER IN ALL MY WORM-RAISING DAYS HAVE I SEEN SPECIMENS SURROUNDING UP SUCH A STORM!

SUDDENLY, JONATHAN KENT'S ATTENTION IS DIVERTED FROM HIS HOBBY TO A NEARBY COMMOTION...



LOOK OUT! IT'S COMIN' RIGHT AT US!

SCATTER, EVERYBODY!

WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?!

JEHOASHAPHAT! NO WONDER EVERYONE'S RUNNING AROUND AND CACKLING LIKE SPOOKED CHICKENS!



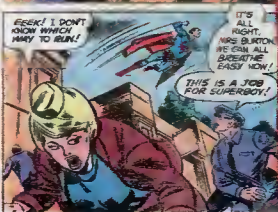
THERE'S DANGER IN THE AIR--

--IN THE FORM OF THAT OUT-OF-CONTROL HELICOPTER COMING DOWN OVER SMALLVILLE!

NO MATTER WHERE IT HITS--FOLKS ARE BOUND TO BE HURT... OR KILLED!



EEEK! I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO RUN!



IT'S ALL RIGHT, MRS BURTON. WE CAN ALL BREATHE EASY NOW!

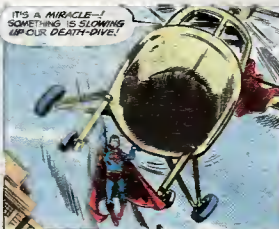
THIS IS A JOB FOR SUPERBOY!

LOOK AT HIM GO!

JOR-EL WOULD BE SO PROUD--IF HE WERE HERE--TO SEE HOW HIS SON HAS BEEN PROGRESSING IN THE USE OF HIS SUPER-POWERS!



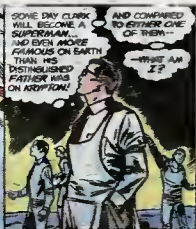
IT'S A MIRACLE—!
SOMETHING IS SLOWING
UP OUR DEATH-DIVE!



SOME DAY CLARK
WILL BECOME A
SUPERMAN...
AND EVEN MORE
FAMOUS ON EARTH
THAN HIS
DISTINGUISHED
FATHER WAS
ON KRYPTON!

AND COMPARED
TO EITHER ONE
OF THEM—

—WHY AM
I?



GREAT
KRYPTON!
THE 'COPTER'S
BLADE-ASSEMBLY
HAS RIPPED ITSELF
FREE!

IT'S LIKE A GIANT
BUZZSAW FLYING
WILD!



I'M JUST A SIMPLE
FARMER AND
STOREKEEPER
WHO BARELY HAD
TIME TO FINISH
HIGH SCHOOL
BEFORE HE HAD TO
START WORKING
FOR A LIVING!

IS IT ANY WONDER
I FEEL SO
INADEQUATE
FILLING IN FOR
A GREAT MAN
LIKE JOR-EL!

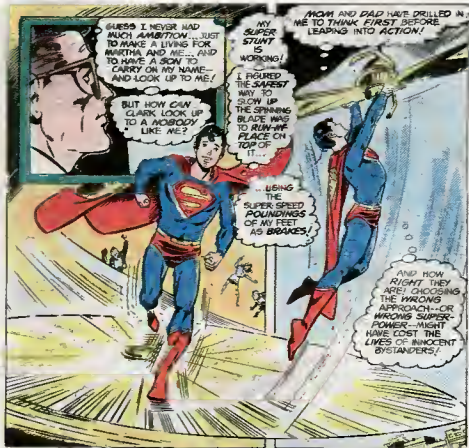
THE BLADE IS WHIRL-
ING DANGEROUSLY
CLOSE TO THE STREET!

IF I TRY TO
GRAB IT—
IT MAY
SHATTER

AGAINST MY
INVULNERABLE
ARM INTO
DOZENS OF
LETHAL FURTLING
FRAGMENTS!

SO I'VE
GOT TO
COME UP
WITH
SOMETHING
ELSE!





GUESS I NEVER HAD MUCH AMBITION... JUST TO MAKE A LIVING FOR MARTHA AND ME... AND TO HAVE A SON TO CARRY ON MY NAME-- AND LOOK UP TO ME!

BUT HOW CAN CLARK LOOK UP TO A NOBODY LIKE ME?

MY SUPER STUNT IS WORKING!

I FIGURED THE SAFEST WAY TO SLOW UP THE SPINNING BLADE WAS TO RUN-~~IN~~ PLACE ON TOP OF IT...

...USING THE SUPER-SPEED POUNDINGS OF MY FEET AS BRAKES!

MOM AND DAD HAVE DRILLED IN ME TO THINK FIRST BEFORE LEAPING INTO ACTION!

AND HOW RIGHT THEY ARE! CHOOSING THE WRONG APPROACH--OR WRONG SUPER-POWER--MIGHT HAVE COST THE LIVES OF INNOCENT BYSTANDERS!

AND WHILE THE REST OF THE GRATEFUL TOWNS-PEOPLE CHEER THE SMALLVILLE SENSATION...

CLARK HANDLED THE CRISIS SUPERBLY!

THE STORE DOESN'T OPEN FOR ANOTHER HOUR, SO I MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK INSIDE AND ATTEND TO MY WORMS!

ACCORDING TO CLARK'S MIND-PROBE, JOR-EL SPENT HIS SPARE TIME DISCOVERING MEDICAL CURES AND INVENTING FANTASTIC GADGETS!

WHAT DO I DO FOR A MOBBY--RAISE WORMS!

9:00 AM--
THE START OF
BUSINESS
HOURS! THEN
9:20... 9:45...
AND STILL THE
KENT GENERAL
STORE REMAINS
CLOSED!



I'VE RUN THIS THING
THROUGH MY HEAD
AGAIN AND AGAIN...
AND STILL CAN'T
MAKE ANY SENSE
OUT OF IT!

CLOSED

EIGHT DIFFERENT SOIL
SAMPLES... CONTAINING
THE SAME SPECIES OF
EARTHWORM FROM EIGHT
DIFFERENT NEARBY
GEOGRAPHIC AREAS--

...AND YET THE
WORKS IN ONE OF
THE CASES ARE
ACTING VERY
STRANGELY!



IT'S CASE #5--THE SOIL
SAMPLE FROM ECHOBOX
CANYON!

MAYBE IF I WERE A
BRILLIANT SCIENTIST,
I'D WORK UP A GOOD
THEORY FOR THE
WORKS BURROWING
FRENZY!

BUT IT'S GOT ME STUMPED...
COMPLETELY STUMPED!



10:00 A.M....

PLEASE, JONATHAN...
I'M ALL OUT OF
BLEACH!

AND I HAVE A
FERTILIZER ORDER
TO PICK UP!



SORRY, POLICE. I'LL BE
CLOSED ALL MORNING!
IT'S A...ER... OUT-OF-
TOWN EMERGENCY!

CLOSED



THEN, WITHOUT WARNING--A BRIEF BUT OMINOUS
SHUDDER IN THE GROUND BENEATH EVERYONE'S
FEET...

LAND O'GOSHEN!
I FEEL SO SHAKKY!
CALL A DOCTOR,
HENRY!

SHUTTER DOWN, MABEL! IT'S
JUST A LIL' OLD EARTH
TREMOR!

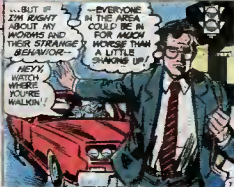


HENRY'S
RIGHT--
SMALLVILLE HAS
EXPERIENCED
MANY MINOR
TREMORS THROUGH
THE YEARS!..

...BUT IF
I'M RIGHT
ABOUT MY
WORMS AND
THEIR STRANGE
BEHAVIOR--

EVERYONE
IN THE AREA
COULD BE IN
FOR MUCH
WORSE THAN
A LITTLE
SHAKING UP!

HEY!
WATCH
WHERE
YOU'RE
WALKIN'!



SOON—A BATTERED PICK-UP TRUCK IS BARRELING NORTH, LEAVING SMALLVILLE MILES BEHIND...

I TRIED TO REACH CLARK AT SCHOOL... BUT HIS TEACHER SAID SHE LET HIM STEP OUTSIDE FOR SOME FRESH AIR BECAUSE HE WAS "SICK TO HIS STOMACH!"

IT MEANS HE SPOTTED AN EMERGENCY SOMEWHERE—AND HE'S ON THE JOB AS SUPERSON!



MAKING IT'S BEST THIS WAY—ODDS ARE MY WORKS AND I AM ON A FOOL'S ERRAND ANYWAY!

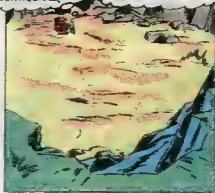
NO POINT EMBARRASSING MYSELF IN FRONT OF CLARK... I SUSPECT HE THINKS LITTLE ENOUGH OF ME AS IT IS!



ONE HOUR AND THREE MINUTES LATER—SURROUNDED BY THE IMPOSING GRANITE-CHEELED WALLS OF ECHOBOX CANYON...

I READ SOMEWHERE THERE ARE CERTAIN CREATURES IN NATURE THAT SEEM TO SENSE THE APPROACHING THREAT OF A MAJOR EARTHQUAKE!

ALTHOUGH NO ONE SEEMS TO AGREE ON JUST WHAT THESE SO-CALLED SIGNS ARE... OR WHICH CRITTERS ARE THE MOST RELIABLE...



...MY FATHER MATTHEW KENT, WAS CONVINCED THE BEST QUAKE-PREDICTORS WERE EARTHWORMS!

AND A SURE SIGN OF AN ONCOMING BIG QUAKE, HE SAID, WAS FRANTIC, NON-STOP WORM BURROWING—JUST THE WAY THESE WRIGGLERS HAVE BEEN GOING AT IT!

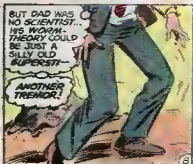


OF ALL MY SPECIMENS—THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES FROM THE SOIL HERE IN ECHOBOX CANYON—

BUT DAD WAS NO SCIENTIST... HIS WORM-THEORY COULD BE JUST A SILLY OLD SUPERSTITION!

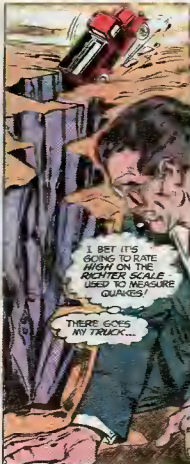
ANOTHER TREMOR!

—MEANING, IF DAD WAS RIGHT, THE WORMS ARE ACTING UP BECAUSE THERE'S GONNA BE A BIG QUAKE SOON—STARTING HERE!





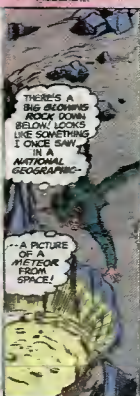
OH-OH! IT'S
STARTING
ALREADY--AND
IT SOUNDS
LIKE A BIG
ONE!



I BET IT'S
GOING TO RATE
HIGH ON THE
RICHTER SCALE--
USED TO MEASURE
QUAKES!

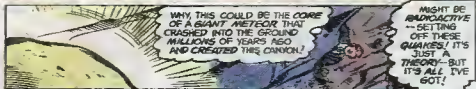
THERE GOES
MY TRUCK...

AN UNSTEADYING MOMENT
LATER, AFTER THE RUPTURED
CANYON FLOOR HAS BECOME
STABLE AGAIN--AN OMINOUS
GLOW FILTERS UP THROUGH
THE DEPTHS OF THE GAPING
FISSURE...



THERE'S A
BIG GLOWING
ROCK DOWN
BELOW! LOOKS
LIKE SOMETHING
I ONCE SAW
IN A
NATIONAL
GEOGRAPHIC--

...A PICTURE
OF A
METEOR
FROM
SPACE!



WHY, THIS COULD BE THE CORE
OF A GIANT METEOR THAT
CRASHED INTO THE GROUND
MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO
AND CREATED THIS CANYON!

MIGHT BE
RADIOACTIVE
--SETTING
OFF THESE
QUAKES! IT'S
JUST A
THEORY--BUT
IT'S ALL I'VE
GOT!



AND IF MY FAMILY
WORKS ARE ANY
INDICATION--THE
WORST IS YET TO
COME!

ANY MINUTE NOW,
THE AFTER-SHOCKS
WILL REACH SMALLVILLE,
FIFTY MILES TO THE
SOUTH--

--AND CLARK WILL SEE
THE EFFECTS!

BUT THE BOY'S INEXPERIENCED WITH QUAKES... HE'LL USE HIS POWERS TO OFFSET ONLY THE TREMORS THAT REACH SMALLVILLE--

--INSTEAD OF JACKLING THE QUAKE'S CENTER HERE BENEATH THE CANYON!

NO MATTER HOW MUCH SMALLVILLE MAY SEEM TO NEED HIM AT THE MOMENT... I'VE GOT TO LURE CLARK HERE TO ECHOBOX CANYON!

AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO THAT-- PUT MY OWN LIFE IN JEOPARDY!

A HEARTBEAT LATER-- THE DARING STOREKEEPER DANGLES FOR HIS LIFE OVER THE GARDING MAWN OF THE DEEP FIGSURE

DON'T THINK I CAN HOLD ON MORE THAN A MINUTE--

--SO ALL I CAN DO NOW IS CALL MY SON AND HOPE HE HEARS ME!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, SMALLVILLE IS IN THE THROES OF AFTER-SHOCK...

SURE GLAD I GOT BACK FROM MY MISSION OVER THE ATLANTIC IN TIME TO SEE THIS EARTHQUAKE STRIKE!

HOPEFULLY, I CAN STOP THE TREMORS FROM DOING ANY MAJOR DAMAGE!

KAL-EL
KAL-EL

GREAT SUNS! MY SUPER-HEARING IS PICKING UP THE SOUND OF MY KRYPTONIAN NAME--

--BUT NO ONE ON EARTH KNOWS THE NAME KAL-EL... EXCEPT MA AND PA KENT!

AND WHEN THE MIGHTIEST BOY ON EARTH SENDS A BEAM OF TELESCOPIC VISION IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SOUND WAVES...



IT'S DAD--
DANGLING FOR
HIS LIFE IN
AN OPEN
FISSURE!

GOT TO SAVE
HIM RIGHT AWAY--
HE'S STARTING TO
LOSE HIS GRIP!



ZOOMING
ACROSS FIFTY
MILES OF
OPEN COUNTRY
IN LESS THAN
AN EYE-BLINK...

DID KNOW THE WALLS OF
ECHOBOX CANYON WOULD
REVERBERATE AND
MAGNIFY HIS VOICE!

AND TO MAKE SURE MY SUPER-
HEARING WOULD SIFT OUT HIS SOS--
HE USED A NAME I'D BE SURE TO NOTICE--

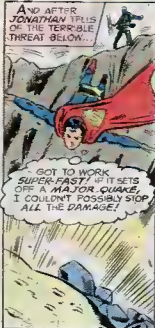
KAL



I'M
HERE,
DAD--
THE
DANGER
IS OVER!

NOT YET,
SON! THERE'S
A BIGGER
JOB FOR
YOU TO DO!

AND AFTER
JONATHAN TELLS
OF THE TERRIBLE
THREAT BELOW...



GOT TO WORK
SUPER-FAST! IF IT SETS
OFF A MAJOR QUAKE,
I COULDN'T POSSIBLY STOP
ALL THE DAMAGE!

MY X-RAY VISION REVEALS:
THE METEORITE IS COMPOSED
OF AN UNFAMILIAR SPACE-
ELEMENT WHICH WAS RELATIVELY
HARMLESS FOR AGES--CAUSING
ONLY MINOR TREMORS.



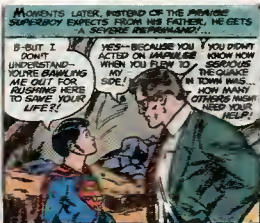
BUT IT'S
CHANGED--
BECOME
A HIGHLY
UNSTABLE
SUB-
STANCE--



--WHICH COULD EXPLODE--
AND DESTROY THE WHOLE
COUNTY!

BUT A BLAST OF
SUPER-COLD
BREATH SHOULD
STOP IT FOR NOW--

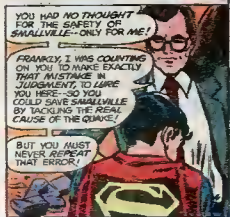
--BY NULLIFYING
THE INTENSE HEAT
NECESSARY TO
FUEL THE CHAIN
REACTION! I'LL HURL
IT INTO THE SUN
LATER!



B-BUT I
DON'T
UNDERSTAND--
YOU'RE BAWLING
ME OUT FOR
RUSHING HERE
TO SAVE YOUR
LIFE?!

YES--BECAUSE YOU
ACTED ON IMPULSE
WHEN YOU FLEW TO
MY
SIDE!

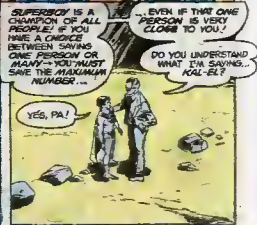
YOU DIDN'T
KNOW HOW
SERIOUS
THE QUAKE
IN TOWN WAS...
HOW MANY
OTHERS MIGHT
NEED YOUR
HELP!



YOU HAD NO THOUGHT
FOR THE SAFETY OF
SMALLVILLE--ONLY FOR ME!

FRANKLY, I WAS COUNTING
ON YOU TO MAKE EXACTLY
THAT MISTAKE IN
JUDGMENT, TO LURE
YOU HERE--SO YOU
COULD SAVE SMALLVILLE
BY TACKLING THE REAL
CAUSE OF THE QUAKE!

BUT YOU MUST
NEVER REPEAT
THAT ERROR!

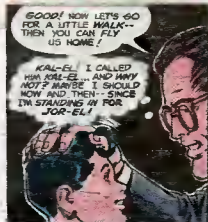


SUPERBOY IS A
CHAMPION OF ALL
PEOPLE! IF YOU
HAVE A CHOICE
BETWEEN SAVING
ONE PERSON OR
MANY--YOU MUST
SAVE THE MAXIMUM
NUMBER...

...EVEN IF THAT ONE
PERSON IS VERY
CLOSE TO YOU!

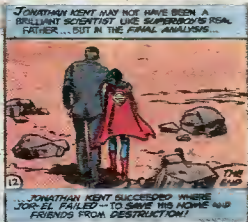
DO YOU UNDERSTAND
WHAT I'M SAYING...
KAL-EL?

YES, PA!



GOOD! NOW LET'S GO
FOR A LITTLE WALK--
THEN YOU CAN FLY
US HOME!

KAL-EL I CALLED
HIM KAL-EL... AND WHY
NOT? MAYBE I SHOULD
NOW AND THEN--SINCE
I'M STANDING IN FOR
JOR-EL!

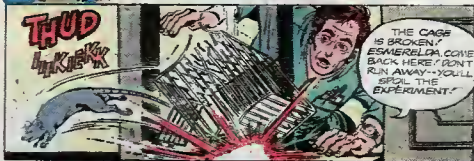


JONATHAN KENT MAY NOT HAVE BEEN A
BRILLIANT SCIENTIST LIKE SUPERBOY'S REAL
FATHER... BUT IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS...

JONATHAN KENT SUCCEEDED WHERE
JOR-EL FAILED--TO SAVE HIS HOME AND
FRIENDS FROM DESTRUCTION!



IF YOU HAVE EVER THOUGHT HOW GREAT IT WOULD BE IF THE WORLD FOLLOWED YOUR SCRIPT, PAY NEED TO THE STORY OF PAUL JONAS, A LOWLY RESEARCH ASSISTANT WHO FOUND A WAY TO MAKE LIFE FOLLOW HIS GAME PLAN.



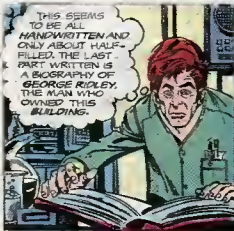
JONAS PULLED THE BOARD OFF AND REACHED IN FOR THE MOUSE. IF IT ESCAPED HE WOULD HAVE TO START ALL OVER AGAIN. BREEDING ANOTHER MOUSE FOR THE EXPERIMENTS.



THE MOUSE OF HISTORY

STORY: DON THOMPSON
ART: RUBENY
LETTERED BY: ESPHID M.
COLORED BY: JERRY SERPE
EDITED BY: PAUL LEVITZ

THIS SEEMS TO BE ALL HANDWRITTEN AND ONLY ABOUT HALF-FILLED. THE LAST PART WRITTEN IS A BIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE RIDLEY, THE MAN WHO OWNED THIS BUILDING.



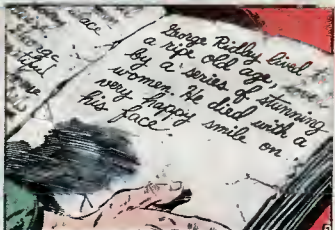
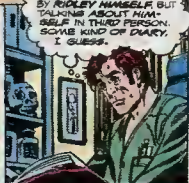
THE LAB IN WHICH JONAS WORKED WAS ONCE THE RIDLEY MANSION, BUILT BY GEORGE RIDLEY AND THE SCENE OF MANY LAVISH PARTIES UNTIL HIS DEATH FIVE YEARS AGO. IN HIS WILL, RIDLEY LEFT HIS MANSION TO ONE OF HIS MANY COMPANIES TO BE USED AS A LABORATORY BUILDING.

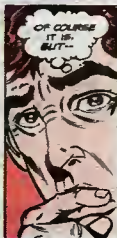
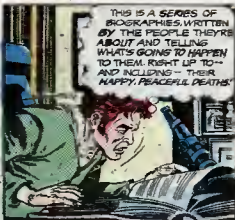
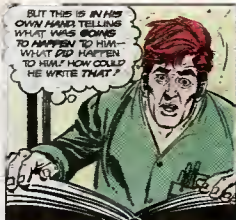


GEORGE RIDLEY LIVED TO A RIPE OLD AGE, LOVED BY A SERIES OF STUNNING WOMEN. HE DIED WITH A VERY HAPPY SMILE ON HIS FACE.



THIS IS STRANGE. IT SEEMS TO BE WRITTEN BY RIDLEY HIMSELF, BUT TALKING ABOUT HIMSELF IN THIRD PERSON. SOME KIND OF DIARY, I GUESS.





AND THE MOUSE CAME
OUT OF ITS HOLE--



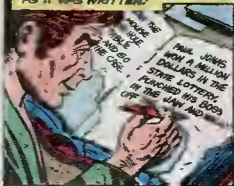
--CLIMBED THE
TABLE--



--AND WENT INTO
AN EMPTY CAGE!



WHATEVER WAS WRITTEN IN THE BOOK
BECAME HISTORY! IT HAPPENED JUST
AS IT WAS WRITTEN!



AND HE
DID!



IN THE NEXT SEVERAL DAYS, JONAS LIVED THE GOOD LIFE TO THE HILT, DUMPING ALL HIS OLD FRIENDS AND, MAKING NEW ONES.



--WELL, NOT ALL HIS OLD FRIENDS. JONAS DID KEEP ESMERELDA AROUND.

LET'S SEE NOW-- I HAVE MONEY, PROPERTY AND WOMEN. ALL I NEED NOW IS FAME. WHAT DO I WANT TO BE FAMOUS AS? I ALWAYS LIKED PAINTING. I'LL MAKE MYSELF A FAMOUS PAINTER.

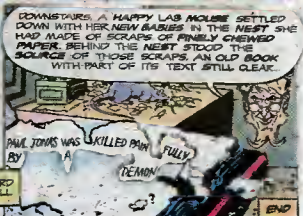


PAUL JONAS WAS A SKILLED PAINTER, BUT AS LOVED BY THE CRITICS AS THE PUBLIC, DEMONSTRATING THAT GREAT ART HAD NOT PERISHED WITH REBORN.



PAUL JONAS WENT UPSTAIRS TO PAINT, LEAVING ESMERELDA TO ROAM AT WILL THROUGH THE MANSION IN WHICH THEY NOW LIVED.





ORPHANED AS A CHILD WHEN HIS PARENTS WERE MURDERED BEFORE HIS EYES, BRUCE WAYNE HAS TRAINED HIMSELF TO WAGE RELENTLESS WAR AGAINST CRIME AS THE DREAD AVENGER OF THE NIGHT...

BAT MAN

CREATED BY

BOB KANE

MORE THAN TWO DECADES AGO, THIS NEIGHBORHOOD WAS THE DWELLING PLACE OF THE RICH AND SOON-TO-BE-RICH... A PLACE OF GOURMET RESTAURANTS AND FASHIONABLE THEATERS... OF ELEGANT WOMEN AND SLAVE MEN...

.. BUT THE DRY ROT OF TIME SET IN. THE LAUGHTER STOPPED AND THE LIGHTS DIMMED. THOSE ELEGANT WOMEN AND SLAVE MEN SOUGHT THEIR PLEASURES ELSEWHERE... AND NOW, ONLY THE FORLORN AND THE DESPERATE WALK THESE STREETS...

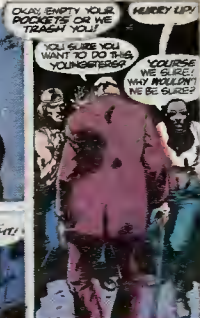
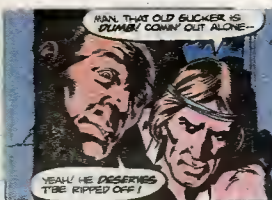
FOR ONE NIGHT, TWO BRUTAL SLAYINGS OCCURRED, SIGNALING THE BEGINNING OF THE END. THE AREA KNOWN AS PARK ROW ACQUIRED A NEW NAME-- CRIME ALLEY... AND A SPECIAL DOOM--



DENNY
O'NEIL
WRITER

DON & DAN
NEWTON & ADKINS
ARTISTS

TODD KLEIN LETTERER
ADRIENNE ROY COLORIST
JULIUS SCHWARTZ EDITOR



NO SHADOW WAS EVER MORE SILENT, NO DEER MORE SWIFT THAN THE BATMAN AS HE SPEEDS THROUGH THE BROODING STREETS.

...AND WHEN HE SEES THE FRAIL, SOLITARY FIGURE, IT IS WITH BOTH JOY AND SORROW THAT HE SAYS—

LESLIE!
LESLIE THOMPINS!

HELLO! I'VE
BEEN EXPECTING
YOU!

ARE YOU EVER
GOING TO TELL ME
WHY YOU VISIT HERE
EVERY YEAR ON
THIS DATE?

...IT IS A JOURNEY
INTO THE PAST. FOR
ALREADY THE MEMORIES
ROUND IN HIS MIND...

PROBABLY NOT!
LET'S JUST CALL IT
...A COMPELSION!
A SORT OF PRIVATE
MEMORIAL!

IT HELPS ME
REMEMBER HOW I
BEGAN... AND HOW
I'LL PROBABLY
END!

HE CAN NO LONGER
STIFLE THE MEMORY, THEN,
AS HE HAS SO OFTEN, HE
REMEMBERS WATCHING IN
HELPLESS HORROR AS
HIS PARENTS FELL BEFORE
A KILLER'S WEAPON...

NEITHER THE POLICE NOR THE
ATTENTION TO THE CHILD WHOSE WORLD HAD JUST
CRUMPLED...

--HER MANNER WAS GENTLE, HER
WORDS SOOTHING...

AS HE COVERED,
RACKED WITH
ENDLESS SOBS,
A SLENDER
WOMAN APPROACHED.

I'M LESLIE
THOMPSON. COME
WITH ME. I'LL ...
I'LL DO WHAT
I CAN.

... AND HER WORDS
ARE SOOTHING NOW...

WHATEVER YOU'RE
REMEMBERING, IT
WILL DO YOU NO
GOOD TO DWELL
ON IT.

A SENSE THAT SOME
THING IS WRONG
HERE! WHEN YOU'VE
LIVED IN CRIME
ALLEY AS LONG AS
I HAVE... WELL, YOU
JUST KNOW!
I DON'T MEAN
THE POVERTY, THE
DISEASE, THE
PETTY THEFTS...

YOU'RE RIGHT!
WHAT BRINGS
YOU TO THIS
PARTICULAR
SPOT?

... NO, IT'S
BIGGER!

SOMETHING
EVIL! SOME-
THING...
MONSTROUS!

I TRUST YOUR INTUITION!
I'LL HELP YOU FIND WHAT-
EVER IT IS -- AND I THINK
I SEE WHERE TO
BEGIN!

THAT CAR... WAY TOO
FANCY FOR THE NEIGHBORHOOD!
AND THE MEN INSIDE DON'T
LOOK LIKE SOCIAL WORKERS!

MIND IF I
JOIN YOU--?

YEAH...
WE MIND!

THE BATMAN
AIN'T GOT NO
BUSINESS WITH
US!

THAT REMAINS
TO BE SEEN...
BARKSY TWINS!

WHEN A COUPLE OF HIRED THUGS
FROM **TOLEDO** SHOW UP IN **GOTHAM**
CITY, I WANT TO KNOW WHY!

LIKE WE
SAY... NONE
OF YOUR
BUSINESS!

TONIGHT--OF ALL
NIGHTS-- YOU SHOULDN'T
PULL A GUN ON ME --

-- IT COULD
GET YOU HURT--

NOW YOUR
TURN!

OWWWW!

I'M NOT COERCING
YOU... OR THREATENING
YOU! I'M SIMPLY STATING
TWO FACTS!

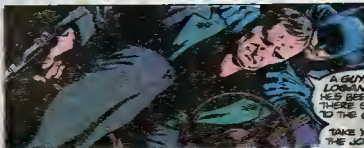
FACT ONE: I
VERY, VERY MUCH
WANT YOU TO TELL
ME WHY YOU'RE
HERE!

FACT TWO: IT
TAKES APPROX-
IMATELY SEVENTY
FIVE POUNDS OF
PRESSURE TO
BREAK THE
AVERAGE HUMAN
BONE!

YOU MADE YOUR
POINT!

MAXIE ZELLS HIRED
US... US AN' ABOUT A
HUNNERT OTHERS...
TO KEEP AN EYE ON
THAT BUILDING
OVER THERE—

--THAT HOUSING PROJECT!
THE SKIRLEY APARTMENTS!



--KNOWN TO THE
RESIDENTS
AS "SCURVY
CITY"! WHAT
ARE YOU
WATCHING
FOR?

A GUY... LONG JOHN
LOBBAN! MAXIE GOT WORD
HE'S BEEN HOLING UP IN
THERE SINCE HE SWITCHED
TO THE COPS LAST MONTH!

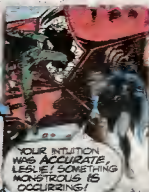
TAKE YEARS TO SEARCH
THE JOINT, IT'S SO BIG!

BUT MAXIE'S GOT A
WAY TO FLUSH HIM
OUT. MAXIE SAYS HELL
EITHER SHOW A
COUPLA MINUTES
AFTER THE RAIN
STARTS TONIGHT...
OR HE WON'T
SHOW AT ALL!

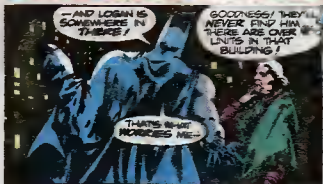
WE'RE SUPPOSED
TO DEAL WITH
HIM--

--LIKE I'M
GONNA DEAL
WITH YOU!





YOUR INTUITION WAS ACCURATE, LESLIE! SOMETHING MONSTROUS IS OCCURRING!

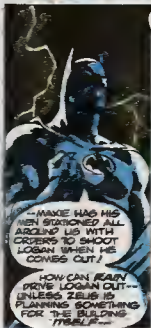


--AND LOGAN IS SOMEWHERE IN THERE!

GOODNESS! THEY NEVER FIND HIM THERE ARE OVER LINTS IN THAT BUILDING!

THAT'S WHAT WORRIES ME--

A MOBSTER NAMED MAXIE ZEUS HAS HIRED A SMALL ARMY OF GUNMEN TO MURDER AN OLD ENEMY-- JOHN LOGAN!



--MAXIE HAS HIS MEN STATIONED ALL AROUND US WITH ORDERS TO SHOOT LOGAN WHEN HE COMES OUT!

HOW CAN I EVEN DRIVE LOGAN OUT-- UNLESS ZEUS IS PLANNING SOMETHING FOR THE BUILDING ITSELF--

--SOMETHING THAT WILL FORCE THE TENANTS ONTO THE STREET!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT MY ONLY CHOICE IS--

--TO WARN THE PEOPLE!



AND IT'S OUR JOB, YOUNG MAN-- NOT YOURS!



HERE COME TWO OFFICERS! MAYBE THEY COULD HELP--

HOLD IT, FOLKS! NO ONE ALLOWED IN THERE!

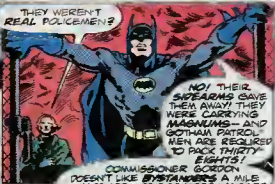


SONNY... NEXT TIME YOU PLAN TO IMPERSONATE AN OFFICER --



--DO YOUR HOMEWORK!

THEY WERENT REAL POLICEMEN?



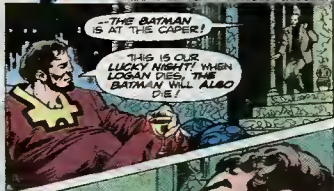
NO! THEIR SWEARMS GAVE THEM AWAY! THEY WERE CARRYING MAGNUMS-- AND GOTHAM PATROL MEN ARE REQUIRED TO PACK THIRTY EIGHTS!

COMMISSIONER GORDON DOESNT LIKE BYSTANDERS A MILE AWAY TO GET HURT IF SOMEBODY MISSES!



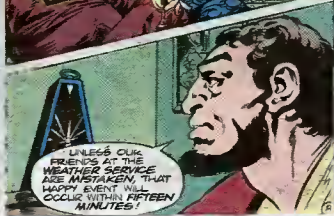
AT THAT MOMENT ACROSS THE CITY...

MISTER ZELIS-- WE JUST GOT A CALL--



--THE BATMAN IS AT THE CAPER!

THIS IS OUR LUCKY NIGHT! WHEN LOGAN DIES, THE BATMAN WILL ALSO DIE!



UNLESS OUR FRIENDS AT THE WEATHER SERVICE ARE MISTAKEN, THAT HAPPY EVENT WILL OCCUR WITHIN FIFTEEN MINUTES!

THUNDER IS RUMBLING AND THE AIR IS ALREADY HEAVY AS THE BATMAN AND LESUE THOMPSON ENTER THE SKIRLEY APARTMENTS...

--BUILT OF SHODDY MATERIALS AND SO BADLY DESIGNED THAT IN LESS THAN A YEAR IT HAS BECOME WORSE THAN THE SLUM HOUSES IT REPLACED!

WE MAY AS WELL BEGIN HERE!

OH... SUCH A DREADFUL PLACE!

A MONUMENT TO STUPIDITY...

YOO HOO... ANYBODY HOME--?

YOU'LL HAVE TO COME OUT!

DON'T LISSSEN TO 'EM, MA! IT'S A TRICK!

THEY'LL ROB US... HURT US! GO 'WAY! GO 'WAY!

THEY'RE SCARED!

CAN YOU BLAME THEM? THEY SAY IT'S A JUNGLE ... BUT IT'S WORSE! IN JUNGLES THERE ISN'T THE HATE... THE DESPAIR...

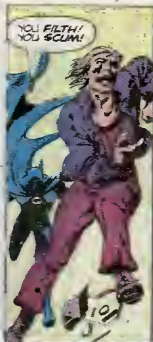
SOMEONE IN TROUBLE!

YOU'D BEST ATTEND TO IT!

I'VE LEARNED THESE FOLKS DON'T ANSWER POLITE KNOCKS, SO...

KRAWNCH!







BEATING HIM WILL
DO NO GOOD!

IT'LL MAKE ME
FEEL BETTER!

BUT
DON'T YOU REALIZE
WHY? DON'T YOU
REALIZE WHERE
YOU ARE?

THEY BUILT THIS PLACE
ON THE EXACT SPOT WHERE
A MURDER WAS
COMMITTED YEARS AGO.



YES, YES... THERE'S
A CURSE HERE, LESLIE!
A CURSE OF ENDLESS
VIOLENCE

NO, BATMAN!
IF THERE IS A
CURSE, IT LIVES
IN HUMAN
HEARTS--
INCLUDING
YOURS!

WHEN WE HAVE
THE WISDOM TO USE
MERCY AND COM-
PASSION INSTEAD
OF FORCE--



--WE HUMAN
CREATURES WILL
FINALLY BE ON
THE PATH TO
PERFECTION!

I WISH I COULD
SHARE HER FAITH!
BUT SHE'S A SAINT
--AND I'M NOT!

STILL, SHE'S RIGHT!
I HAVEN'T A CHANCE
OF SOLVING MY
IMMEDIATE PROBLEM
WITH MUSCLE!



I'VE GOT TO
THINK! WHAT
COULD ZELUS HAVE
IN MIND... TO EVACUATE
THE ENTIRE BUILDING?

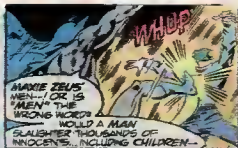
THAT VENTILATOR
SHAFT--! THERE'S
THE ANSWER!



I HAVE TO
LEAVE YOU...
FOR A LITTLE
WHILE...

I'LL
CARE FOR
HER!





IT WOULD
GO INTO
YOUR AND EITHER
KILL LOGAN OR
DRIVE HIM TO THE
GUN ON THE
STREET!

YOU HAD
WAIT
THE RAIN
IN CASE
THE FUMES

THE MOISTURE
WOULD KEEP
THEM FROM
SPREADING TOO
FAST... MAYBE
HARNING ONE OF
MAYBE'S TRIGGER-
HAPPY CHILMS!

STAY
BACK-OR
I'LL THROW
IT!

--YOU'LL NEVER
BE GOOD
ENOUGH!

AND THE BATMAN
STRIKES THE FINAL BLOW
OF THIS GRIMEST OF
DRAMAS...

I'M NOT
STOPPING YOU,
PUNK!
GO AHEAD!
DO YOUR BEST--

...BUT THE STORY
IS NOT FINISHED
--NOT YET! FOR...

MY PLANT AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS SAYS
THE BATMAN SUCCEEDED
IN HIS MEDDLING INTER-
FERENCE!

SPECIAL
DELIVERY JUST
ARRIVED, MASTER
ZEUS!

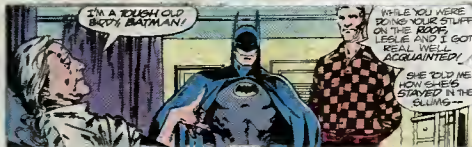
HIS EYES SCAN THE HARSH
MESSAGE AND HE GROWS
PALE... HIS HAND
TREMBLES--

--FOR THE WORLD HAS
SUDDENLY BECOME COLD
...AND FEARFUL...

THOUGH FIERCE, THE RAIN-
STORM HAS BEEN BRIEF! BY
DAWN, THE AIR IS DRY AND
WARMING! AND AT GOTHAM
GENERAL HOSPITAL...



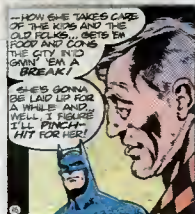
THE DOCTOR
SAYS YOU'LL BE
FINE, LESLIE!



I'M A TOUGH OLD
BODDY, BATMAN!

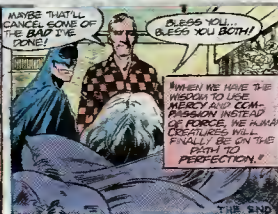
WHILE YOU WERE
DOING YOUR STUFF
ON THE ROOF,
LESLIE AND I GOT
REAL WELL
ACQUAINTED!

SHE TOLD ME
HOW SHE'S
STAYED IN THE
SLUMS--



--HOW SHE TAKES CARE
OF THE KIDS AND THE
OLD FOLKS... GETS 'EM
FOOD AND CONS
THE CITY INTO
GIVIN' 'EM A
BREAK!

SHE'S GONNA
BE LAID UP FOR
A WHILE AND...
WELL, I FIGURE
I'LL PINCH-
HIT FOR HER!



MAYBE THAT'LL
CANCEL SOME OF
THE BAD I'VE
DONE!

BLESS YOU...
BLESS YOU BOTH!

"WHEN WE HAVE THE
WISDOM TO USE
MERCY AND COM-
PASSION INSTEAD
OF FORCE, THE HUMAN
CREATURES WILL
FINALLY BE ON THE
PATH TO
PERFECTION."

THE END

IN HIS COLORFUL
CAPED COSTUME,
HE'S THE WORLD'S
GREATEST HERO,
SUPERMAN... BUT AS
THE MILD-MANNERED
ANCHORMAN OF THE
WGSS 6:00 P.M.
NEWS, HE LIVES...

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF CLARK KENT

7:56 P.M. ON FRIDAY EVENING—
A HEAVY WGSS ANCHORMAN—
DAILY PLANET REPORTER
STEPS ONTO THE THIRD FLOOR
OF HIS APARTMENT AT 344
CLINTON STREET...

...BUT NOBODY KNOWS CLARK
KENT SPENT HIS LUNCH HOUR
SAVING AN ISLAND POPULA-
TION FROM BEING BURIED
ALIVE UNDER AN ERUPTING
VOLCANO

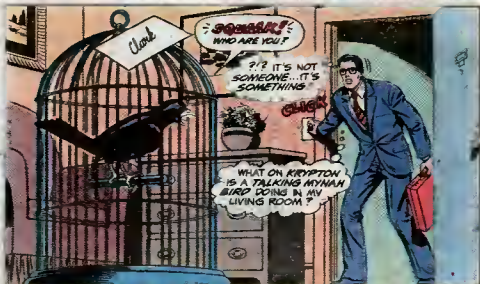
WHO ARE
YOU?

GREAT SCOTT!
THERE'S SOMEONE
INSIDE MY
APARTMENT!



YAWN: I KNOW A SUPERMAN
ISN'T SUPPOSED TO GET TIRED
AFTER A LONG, HARD DAY AT
THE OFFICE—

MOREOVER, I HAVEN'T SLEPT
IN WEEKS AND I'M MENTALLY
FATIGUED!



BOOM!
WHO ARE YOU?

?? IT'S NOT
SOMEONE...IT'S
SOMETHING

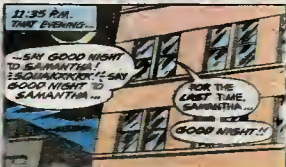
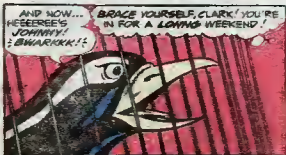
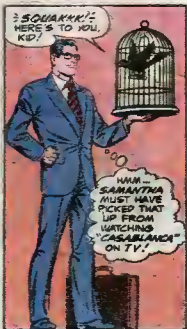
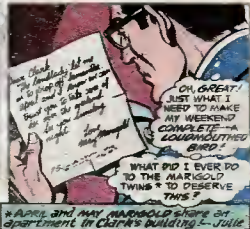
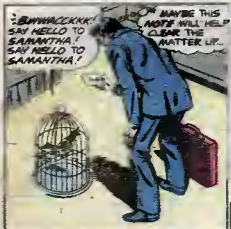
CLICK

WHAT ON KRYPTON
IS A TALKING MYNAH
BIRD DOING IN MY
LIVING ROOM?

THE ACTION ACE HAS HAD TO FACE A MYRIAD OF CRUCIAL PROBLEMS DURING THE
COURSE OF HIS SUPER-CAREER! BUT NEVER--IN COSTUME OR OUT--HAS HE
EVER HAD TO TACKLE A PROBLEM LIKE...

CLARK KENT'S MYNAH DILEMMA

WRITER: GARY BATES * PENCILLER: KURT SCHAFERBERGER * INKER: DAVE HUNT
LETTERER: ALBERT DE GUZMAN * COLORIST: ADRIENNE ROY * EDITOR: JULIUS SCHWARTZ



FORTUNATELY, I HAVE ENOUGH SUPER-WILLPOWER TO BLOCK OUT ALL OUTSIDE NOISE IF NECESSARY...

...EVEN THE MADDENING VOICE OF A NON-STOP TALKING BIRD.

TIME TO CONCENTRATE ON SLEEP... SOOTHING, RESTFUL SLEEP!

9 A.M. NEXT MORNING...

...AHNN! SLEPT LIKE THE PROVERBIAL LOG! AND BEST OF ALL - THE ONLY VOICE I HEAR IS MY OWN!

SAMANTHA MUST HAVE TALKED HERSELF OUT...

...SHE SEEMS TO BE SOUND ASLEEP!

I'LL WALK AROUND "ON AIR" AS I GET DRESSED SO I WON'T MAKE ANY NOISE...

SHORT SECONDS LATER...

CLARK KENT IS SUPERMAN! SQUAKK!

WING-Y-Y?

CLARK KENT IS GREAT! SUPERMAN! SQUAKK!

GREAT! IRTYPTON! THAT BIRD KNOWS MY SECRET IDENTITY!

ER...WHAT EVER GAVE YOU A CRAZY IDEA LIKE THAT, SAMANTHA?

HOW ARE YOU? SQUAKK! HOW ARE YOU?

LIKE ALL SO-CALLED "TALKING BIRDS," SAMANTHA DOESN'T KNOW WHAT SHE'S SAYING...

...SHE'S ONLY MIMICKING WORDS AND PHRASES SHE HEARS FROM HUMAN CONVERSATION!

WHAT AM I DOING... TRYING TO HAVE AN INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION WITH A DUMB BIRD???

AND SINCE I'M THE ONLY HUMAN IN THIS APARTMENT... I MUST LOGICALLY ASSUME THE LATEST ADDITION TO SAMANTHA'S REPERTOIRE CAME DIRECTLY FROM ME!

BUT HOW COULD I HAVE REVEALED MY SECRET IDENTITY OUT LOUD AND NOT REMEMBER...

UNLESS... UNLESS I WAS DREAMING LAST NIGHT...

...A DREAM REVOLVING AROUND MY DOUBLE IDENTITY...

"...A DREAM THAT CAUSED ME TO TALK IN MY SLEEP!"

...YES... IT'S TRUE, LOIS... CLARK KENT IS SUPERMAN!

SQUAKK! CLARK KENT IS SUPERMAN!

WHAT IS DONE MUST BE UNDONE! QUICKLY, THE MAN OF STEEL FORMULATES A PLAN...

CLARK KENT IS A SUPER NEWSMAN! CLARK KENT IS A SUPER NEWSMAN!

I RIGGED UP THIS PORTABLE TAPE RECORDER...

...TO PLAY MY RECORDED VOICE--RECITING THAT SLIGHTLY ALTERED MESSAGE-- OVER AND OVER!

CLARK KENT IS A SUPER NEWSMAN...

...CLARK KENT IS A SUPER NEWSMAN...

HOPEFULLY, HOURS OF SHEER REPETITION WILL BRAIN-WASH SAMANTHA INTO RECITING THE "SAFE" SENTENCE INSTEAD OF THE DANGEROUS ONE!

AND WITH THAT, CLARK KENT LEAVES HIS APARTMENT AND GOES OUT FOR A LONG WALK...

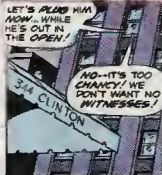
5:48 P.M. THAT AFTERNOON--
TWO COLDLY CALCULATING
CONSPIRE FROM A MOTEL ROOM
FACING 344 CLINTON STREET...

LET'S **PLUG** HIM
NOW... WHILE
HE'S OUT IN
THE OPEN!

NO--IT'S TOO
CHANCY! WE
DON'T WANT NO
WITNESSES!

A COUPLE MORE
MINUTES AN' YOU'LL
HAVE YOUR **PERFECT
SHOT!**

HE'S FINALLY GONNA PAY FOR
BRINGIN' IN THE **SCOOP** THAT SENT
MY BROTHER AN' HIS GANG TO
THE **SLAMMER!**



SEVERAL
MOMENTS
LATER...

HI, SAMANTHA...WHAT'S
NEW? YOU HAVE ANY
GOOD WORDS FOR

--SUPERMAN!
--KRAWRK!--

AW, SHUT UP!



==SQUAKK!==
CLARK
KENT IS--



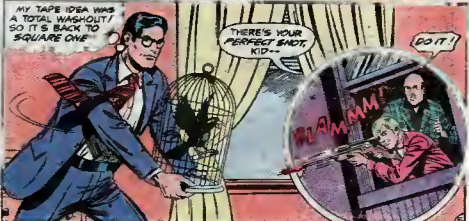
CLARK KENT
IS A SUPER
NEWSMAN!

MY TAPE IDEA WAS
A TOTAL WASHOUT!
SO IT'S BACK TO
SQUARE ONE



THERE'S YOUR
PERFECT SHOT,
KID--

DO IT!



ALTHOUGH THE SOUND OF THE GUNSHOT WON'T REACH THE ACTION ACE FOR ANOTHER FRACTIONAL SECOND... HIS SUPER-HEARING HAS ALREADY PICKED UP THE OMINOUS CLICK...



THAT SOUND--
SOMEONE NEARBY
JUST PULLED A
TRIGGER--

AND WITH HIS INCREDIBLE SPEED OF VISION AND REFLEXES...

A RIFLE BULLET! UNWITTINGLY AND I'M THE BROUGHT SAMANTHA IN THE LINE OF TARGET-- FIRE!



THE SUDDEN CRACK OF THE GUNSHOT HAS LEFT ONE STARTLED BIRD...

...AND ONE SPENT BULLET CAUGHT BETWEEN THE MAN OF STEEL'S INDESTRUCTIBLE TOOTH...

JUST HAD ENOUGH TIME FOR SOME SUPER-SUCKION BREATH TO DRAW THE SLUG AWAY FROM SAMANTHA AND INTO MY MOUTH!



HE'S STILL STANDING, YOU IDIOT! HOW COULD YOU MISS?



I CAN'T FIGURE IT! I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME...

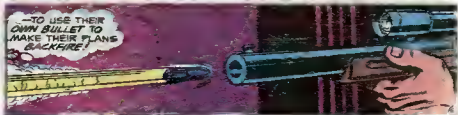
BUT UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE WOULD-BE KILLERS...

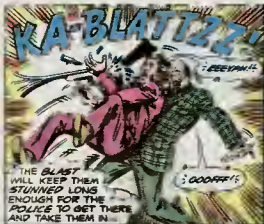
...THEIR WOULD-BE VICTIM HAS ALREADY SPOTTED THEM-- IN TIME TO LAUNCH A UNIQUE COUNTER-ATTACK--



ALL IT TAKES IS ONE PERFECTLY AIMED SUPER-EXHALATION--

—TO USE THEIR OWN BULLET TO MAKE THEIR PLANS BACKFIRE!





AND AFTER THE MAN OF MIGHT HAS PHONED HEADQUARTERS...

!!BWAHKK!!
WHO ARE YOU?
WHO ARE YOU?

THAT'S RIGHT, SAMANTHA! KEEP ON ASKING ME—WHO I AM, DON'T TELL ME!



SOON, A CHANGE OF SCENERY...

SINCE CLARK KENT FAILED TO SOLVE THIS PROBLEM—IT'S UP TO SUPERMAN TO SAVE THE DAY, AS USUAL!



INSIDE THE FRODOLOUS CITADEL...

!!SQUAK!!
CLARK KENT IS SUPERMAN!

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, SAMANTHA! KEEP ON BLABBERING MY SECRET

—AND I'LL BE BACK IN JUST A FEW SECONDS



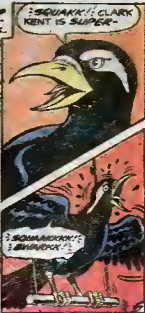
MOMENTS PASS AFTER SUPERMAN EXITS—FOLLOWED BY SEVERAL MORE MOMENTS—ABOMINABLY LONG MOMENTS.

!!BWAHKK!!

SAY IT AGAIN, SAM—ONE MORE TIME...



!!SQUAK!! CLARK KENT IS SUPER-





"FOUR WORDS!"

—THEN THE "GIANT MYNNA" WILL LUNGE AT HER AGAIN—EACH AND EVERY TIME SHE SPILLS MY SECRET!

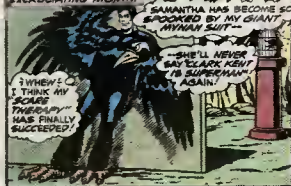
AFTER A FEW HOURS I SHOULD CREATE A CONDITIONED FEAR RESPONSE TO THOSE FOUR WORDS!

IF ANYONE EVER SAW ME IN THIS GIANT BIRD SUIT, I'D NEVER LIVE IT DOWN—

—BUT IT HAS A DEFINITE PURPOSE! I'LL DROP OUT OF SIGHT NOW...UNTIL SAMANTHA SAYS "CLARK KENT IS SUPERMAN" AGAIN—



AND AT THE END OF AN EXCRUCIATING NIGHT...



SAMANTHA HAS BECOME SO SPOOKED BY MY GIANT MYNNA SUIT—

—SHE'LL NEVER SAY "CLARK KENT IS SUPERMAN" AGAIN!

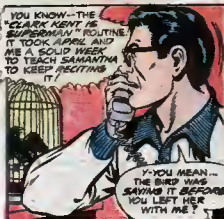
WHY? I THINK MY SCARE THERAPY HAS FINALLY SUCCEEDED!

10 A.M. SUNDAY MORNING—A TELEPHONE RINGS IN CLARK KENT'S APARTMENT...

CLARK? HI, IT'S ME, MAY MARIGOLD. WE'LL BE BACK THIS EVENING...BUT I CAN'T WAIT TO FIND OUT WHAT YOU THOUGHT OF THE GAS I PULLED!

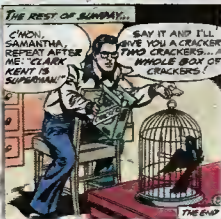


ER...GAG? I DON'T FOLLOW!



YOU KNOW—THE "CLARK KENT IS SUPERMAN" ROUTINE. IT TOOK APRIL AND ME A SOLID WEEK TO TEACH SAMANTHA TO KEEP RECITING IT!

Y-YOU MEAN... THE BIRD WAS SAYING IT BEFORE YOU LEFT HER WITH ME?



THE REST OF SUNDAY...

C'MON, SAMANTHA, REPEAT AFTER ME: "CLARK KENT IS SUPERMAN!"

SAY IT AND I'LL GIVE YOU A CRACKER. TWO CRACKERS...A WHOLE BOX OF CRACKERS!

THE END

the HAUNTED TANK

AFTER TORRID BATTLES ON THE SCORCHING SANDS OF NORTH AFRICA, THE HAUNTED TANK CREW SEEKS THE COOL BREEZES ON ONE OF THE SHIPS OF THE CONVOY BOUND FOR SICILY.

WRITER: ROBERT KANISHER
ARTIST: SAM GLANZMAN
LETTERER: GASPAR SALADINO
COLORIST: JERRY SERPE
EDITOR: MURRAY BOLTONOFF

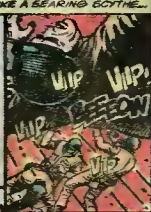
IT IS QUIET... UNTIL THE DARKNESS IS TORN BY FIERY FLASHES, DESPITE PREDICTIONS THAT THIS WOULD BE JUST A...

BACK DOOR TO WAR!



THE LUFTWAFFE CRAFT'S FLAMING GUNS...

...CUT DOWN MEN ON DECK
LIKE A BEARING SCYTHE...



...IN THE MARCH OF THE HAUNTED
TANK, JES EYES THE ONCOMING
FLYING BOMBARDIER...

HE'S COMING FOR
US NOW! AT
12 O'CLOCK! RANGE
100 YARDS!

OPEN UP—
OPEN UP!



HE'S A FLAMER!
BUT HE'S COMING IN
TO RAM US—!

HEADS
DOWN!!
I'M
COMING
IN!



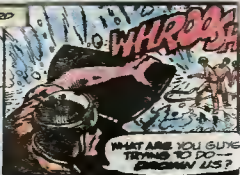
A FIERY BALL, THE ENEMY FIGHTER
BOUNCES OFF THE BUTTONED-DOWN
HAUNTED TANK...



THE SHIP'S FIRE CREW RUSH TOWARD
THE FUNERAL PYRE...



THOSE
TANKERS
INSIDE
MUST BE
COOKED!



WHAT ARE YOU GUYS
TRYING TO DO--
BURN US?

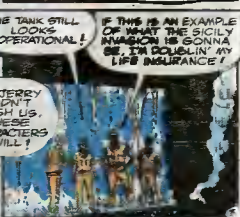
STOP MAKIN' WITH
THE BATH!

YEAH--IT AIN'T
SATURDAY
NIGHT!

THE TANK STILL
LOOKS
OPERATIONAL!

IF JERRY
DIDN'T
FINISH US,
THESE
CHARACTERS
WILL!

IF THIS IS AN EXAMPLE
OF WHAT THE SICILY
INVASION IS GONNA
BE, I'M DROPPIN' MY
LIFE INSURANCE!

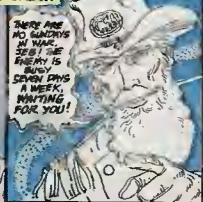


**DAWN, AND THE GHOSTLY GUARDIAN OF THE HAUNTED TANK
GREET'S JEB AS THE TANK ROLLS ASHORE...**

**GLAD
TO SEE
YOU
AGAIN,
GENERAL!**

**NOT A SHOT WAS FIRED
AT THE FLEET! THIS
LANDING LOOKS LIKE A
SUNDAY BOAT RIDE IN
CENTRAL PARK'S LAKE!**

**THERE ARE
NO SUNDAYS
IN WAR,
JEB! THE
ENEMY IS
BUSY
SEVEN DAYS
A WEEK,
WAITING
FOR YOU!**



**FROM DISTANT HEIGHTS
OVERLOOKING THE
LANDING...**

**AUT! WIR LASSEN SIE
INGELANDISCH SO WEIT
KOMMEN BIS IHR
SEEFEEVERGEWEHR
SIE NICHT UNTER-
STÜTZEN KANN! ***

**KAPITÄN ZU PANZERN!
SICH ZURÜCKZIEHEN--
AUS DEN AUGEN
BLEIBEN!**

**DIE AMERIKANER TATSCHEN
AUS OB SIE AN EINEM
DINNIK WÄREN, HERR
OBERST KLEBER! ***

**WIR MACHEN DIE LETZTE
BEWEGUNG WENN WIR
SIE AUS DEM HINTERHALT
ÜBERFALLEN! ***



*** THE AMERICANS ARE
SPLASHING ASHORE AS
IF THEY WERE ON A
PICNIC, COL. KLEBER!**

*** GOOD! WE WILL LET
THEM COME INLAND
UNTIL THEIR NAVAL
GUNS CANNOT SUPPORT
THEM... THEN OUR
TANKS WILL BLITZ
THEM!**

*** COMMANDER TO
PANZERS! FALL
BACK! REMAIN
OUT OF SIGHT!**

**WE WILL MAKE THE
FINAL MOVE--WHEN
WE AMBUSH THEM!**

AT THE BEACHHEAD...

LT. STUART...IN RECOGNITION OF THE BRAVERY OF YOU AND YOUR MEN ABOARD THAT SHIP, I AM GIVING YOU THE HONOR OF **SPEAR-HEADING** THE ADVANCE!

THANK YOU, SIR!



WITH FRIENDS LIKE THAT WHO NEEDS ENEMIES?

REMEMBER ME NOT TO BE A HERO NEXT TIME!

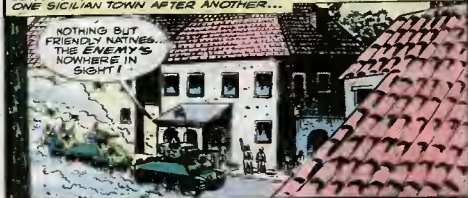
YEAH--MAKIN' US **POINT** MEANS WE'RE GONNA BE SHOT AT FIRST!

DO YOUR GRIPING INSIDE... AND LET'S GET GOING!



BUT, LATER, AS THE HAUNTED TANK LEADS THE SQUADRON THROUGH ONE SICILIAN TOWN AFTER ANOTHER...

NOTHING BUT FRIENDLY NATIVES... THE **ENEMY'S** NOWHERE IN SIGHT!



JEB! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE ENGINE! I'VE GOTTA PULL OVER!

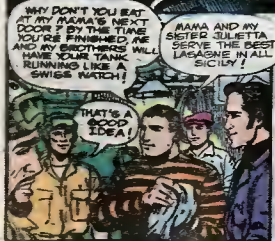
WE'RE IN LUCK, SLIM! **GARAGE AHEAD!**





WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE LEADING THE ADVANCE... NOW WE'RE BEING LEFT BEHIND!

WHO'S COMPLAININ'?



WHY DON'T YOU EAT AT MY MAMA'S NEXT DOOR? BY THE TIME YOU'RE FINISHED, WE AND MY BROTHERS WILL HAVE YOUR TANK RUNNING LIKE A SWISS WATCH!

MAMA AND MY SISTER JULIETTA SERVE THE BEST LASAGNE IN ALL SICILY!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!



MINGE-- MINGE! BUONTO?

MY MOTHER ASKS... FOOD GOOD?

DELICIOUS JULIETTA!



I DON'T HEAR ANY OF YOU GRIPING ABOUT THE WAR!

WHAT WAR?



OUR TANK--

--IT'S BEING HIJACKED BY THE ROCCO BROTHERS!



THERE
IT GOES!

WHERE ARE THEY
TAKING OUR TANK?

TO THE GERMANS?

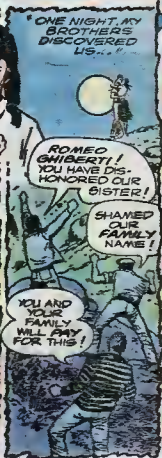


VENDETTA!
ROMEO
GHIRBERTI!

A MOTHER
MEANS
THEY'RE
TAKING IT
FOR A
VENDETTA—
A SICILIAN
FEUD... TO
THE DEATH
AGAINST
THE BOY
I LOVE...
ROMEO
GHIRBERTI—
AND HIS
BROTHERS...
HIDING IN
THE HILLS!



"ROMEO AND
I USED TO
MEET
SECRETLY...
WITHOUT
A
CHAPERONE..."



"ONE NIGHT, MY
BROTHERS
DISCOVERED
US..."

ROMEO
GHIRBERTI!
YOU HAVE DIS-
HONORED OUR
SISTER!

SHAMED
OUR
FAMILY
NAME!

YOU AND
YOUR
FAMILY
WILL PAY
FOR THIS!



NO, JULIETTA! I AM
NOT AFRAID!

PLEASE GO, OR
MY BROTHERS
WILL KILL YOU!
RUN AND HIDE
IN THE HILLS.
ROMEO! I WILL
SEND YOUR
COUSINS TO
YOU!



AS DUSK FALLS IN THE HILLS OUTSIDE TOWN, THE HIJACKED HAUNTED TANK LABORS UP A SLIPPERY SLOPE...

ROMEO! WE KNOW YOU AND YOUR COUSINS HIDE IN THAT CAVE!

COME OUT AND FACE JUSTICE!



ES WAR NUR GLÜCKSFALL FÜR DIE AMERIKANISCHE STAHKREUZERTENDER MASCHINE LINSEREN VERDORGEHEN PLATZ IN DIESEN HÖHLEN ZU ENTDECKEN ABER UNGLÜCK FÜR SIE! *



* IT WAS PURE LUCK FOR THAT AMERICAN SCOUT TANK TO DISCOVER OUR HIDING PLACE IN THESE CAVES! BUT BAD LUCK FOR IT!

SCHLIEß... JETZT KÖNNEN WIR DIE ÜBRIGEN PANZERS DIE VORBEIGEHEN UMGEHEN UND FANGEN! *



IT'S FINISHED! NOW, WE CAN OUTFLANK THE REST OF THE TANKS THAT PASSED, AND AMBUSH THEM BEFORE THEY REALIZE WHAT HIT THEM

NO, GUS! ONLY STUNNED BY THAT SHELL! HIS BROTHERS ARE STILL OUT, TOO!

WAKE UP! COME ON, WAKE UP!

IS HE DEAD, JEB?

UH-HH...



YOU SAVED US
TENENTE! WE WILL
REPAY YOU BY HELP-
ING YOU DRIVE THE
GERMANS FROM
SICILY...

...AFTER WE
UPHOLD OUR
FAMILY OATH!

HOLD ON!
FIRST,
WE FIGHT
THE
GERMANS--

HIS
BROTHERS...
THEY
YANKED HIM
DOWN INSIDE...
AND CLOSED
THE HATCH!

KLING!

HANG
ON!

THEY'RE FIGHTING THEIR
OWN WAR... MAKING US
ANGRY FROM OURS!

OPEN UP!
WILL YOU
LISTEN
TO ME?

HOURS LATER, DAWN SLOWLY RISES ON
U.S. TANKS STARTING ACROSS A
BRIDGE SPANNING A DEEP CANYON...

AND OVERLOOKING THE CANYON.

WIR GEBEN FEUER WENN ALLE
AMERIKANER AUF DER BRÜCKE
SIND! *

* WE WILL OPEN FIRE WHEN
ALL THE AMERICANS ARE
ON THE BRIDGE!



* WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED! WE HAVE NOT OUTFLANKED THE AMERICANS! THEY SPLIT UP THEIR FORCES AND OUTFLANKED US! TURN TO THE REAR!

NUR EINE PANZER HINTER UNS!
DEN MÖRDERISCHEN NARR
DURCHSCHERN! *



* ONLY ONE TANK BEHIND US!
RIDDLE THE SUICIDAL FOOL!

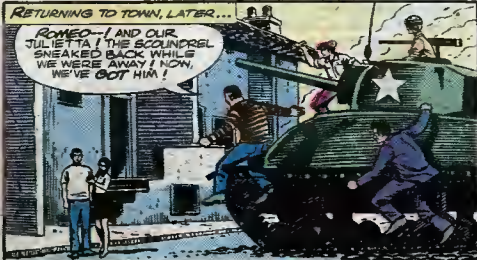
OUR TANKS ON THE BRIDGE ARE
FIRING AT EVERYTHING...
PUTTING US IN RANGE, TOO...



BEAT IT,
SLIM!

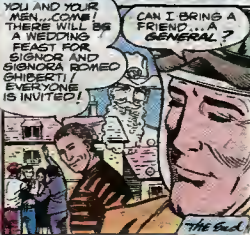
RETURNING TO TOWN, LATER...

ROMEO--! AND OUR
JULIETTA! THE SCOUNDREL
SNEAKED BACK WHILE
WE WERE AWAY! NOW,
WE'VE GOT HIM!



YOU AND YOUR
MEN...COME!
THERE WILL BE
A WEDDING
FEAST FOR
SIGNORA AND
SIGNORA ROMEO
GHIBERTI!
EVERYONE
IS INVITED!

CAN I BRING A
FRIEND...A
GENERAL?



THE END

I LISTEN TO TREES,
TASTE THE WIND AS IT
SEETHERS THROUGH THE
GRASS AND DRINK THE
SUN'S SODDEN JUICE AS IT
POURS UPON THE GRASS.
I AM AWARE OF
MAMA NATURE
AND SHE COMFORTS
ME.

LISTEN. A FAINT VOICE ECHOS
THROUGH THESE DARK CORRIDORS,
BREACHING THE VACUUM OF
TIME TO REACH OUR HOLLOW
EARS. A VOICE UNLIKE ANY
EVER HEARD...

BUT I WAS NOT
ALWAYS LIKE THIS.
THERE WAS A TIME,
BACK IN HARLEM,
WHEN I WAS YOUNG
AND THE COLD BITE
OF WINTER REPULSED
ME. IT WAS 1937. I
WAS FRIENDS WITH...

PAPA DON

STORY: GREG POTTER
ART: HOLY PANALIGAN
COLORIST: JERRY SEIDNE
EDITOR: PAUL LEVITZ

EVERY WEDNESDAY, WHEN
THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO
AND THE EMPTINESS IN MY
ROCKETS LEFT ME NOWHERE
TO GO, I'D PASS BY HIS FLAT.
AND HE'D BE THERE—GIVING
ME TALES OF AFRICA AND
HAITI IN WHICH I COULD LOSE
MYSELF AND LEAVE CRUEL REALITY
BEHIND.

YOU IS
SOMETHING
ELSE!

BUT THERE
WAS ONE
THING
PAPA DON
COULD
NEVER
GIVE ME.

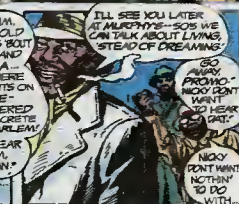
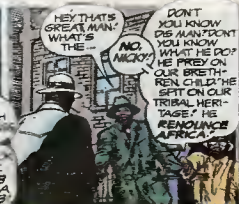
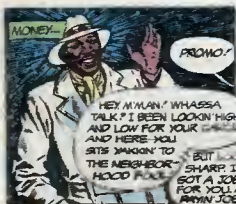
SO MY GRAND-
FATHER DE GREAT
JU-JU MAN, HE CALL
TO DE SKY. HE SAY,
'SKY, YOU GONNA
RAIN NOW!' AND BY
GOLLY, SHE DID!

AND MY
GRANDFATHER'S
PEOPLE DEY
DRINK AND DRINK
TIL DEY FORGETS
DERE EVER WAS
A DROUGHT!

AND HE
SAVED
THEM,
PAPA DON!

TO DE
LAST BABY
BOY!

NICKY?





BUT DERE IS GOOD WOODOO TOO. TEF
IS DE WOODOO ALLOWING BLACK MEN
TO KNOW HERBS AND ROOTS DAT HEALS
A MAN STRUCK BY MAMA LION.

BUT DAT
DONT MATTER.
CHILD. 'CAUSE
YOU GOT DE
SPIRITS WITH
YOU.

OH, I KNOW--
MOST PEOPLE, DEY
T'INK OF DE AFRICAN
SPIRITS AS EVIL.
T'INGS DEY REMEMBER
ONLY BAD WOODOO.
SO DEY REJECT
DEIR GRANDFATHERS
WAYS.



AND DE WOODOO
WHICH ALLOWS
TALKIN TO MAMA SKY
AND BROTHER
EARTH SO'S THIRSTY
CROPS CAN DRINK
AGAIN.

DERE IS EVEN DE HIGH WOODOO WHICH
ALLOWS PRIESTS TO BRING BACK SPIRITS SO'S
AS ZIVUMBIES. DEY CAN PROTECT DEIR
CHILDREN AND CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.



DIS WHAT YOU GOT
INSIDE YOU. DIS WHAT
MAKE YOU WHOLE!

SURE, MAN. -- SURE.

MURPHY'S WAS A SLICK PLACE. JAZZ.
GIRLS. BIG SHOTS. LITTLE SHOTS. SHOTS
IN A GLASS. MURPHY'S HAD THEM ALL.

HEY, PROMO.
WHASSA TALK?

REST YOUR
M/MAN.

EXCUSE US,
LADIES. BUT
M/MAN AND I GOT
BUSINESS.



Y'SEE, NICK, I
BEEN SELLIN'
WHAT YOU MIGHT
CALL INSURANCE TO
SOME OF THE LOCAL
SHOPKEEPERS.
PROTECTIN' THEM
FROM ACCIDENTS
AND ALL, YOU DIS?

THIS ONE SHOP-
KEEP REFUSES TO PAY
MY PREMIUMS. CHEATIN'
ME OUT OF A HONEST
LIVIN'. I THOUGHT MAYBE
YOU COULD HELP PERSUADE
THIS DEADBEAT THAT
AIN'T NICE.

SURE, I'D
REPLIED "IT'LL
BE EASY," SO I
STEPPED HIGH
DOWN THE
MIDNIGHT
STREET, FILLED
WITH A NEW
SENSE OF
IMPORTANCE--
UNTIL I SAW



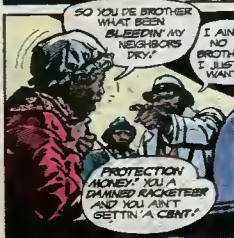
HEY,
DEAD-
BEAT!



...HER!

WH- WHAT
YOU WANT?

WHAT YOU
THINK DEAD-
BEAT? I
WANT MY
MONEY!



SO YOU DE BROTHER
WHAT BEEN
BLEEDIN' MY
NEIGHBORS
DRY?

I AINT
NO BROTHER.
I JLIST
WANTS.

PROTECTION
MONEY? YOU A
DAMNED RACKETEER
AND YOU AINT
GETTIN' A CUNT.



AIN'T I?

NICKY
M' MAN...



...CONVINCE
HER TO
BE NICE.

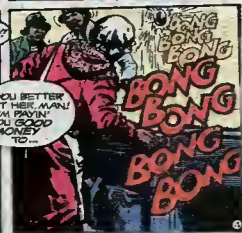
PROMO
I ...



I CAN'T
HIT NO SISTER
MAN.

WHAT??

YOU BETTER
HIT HER, MAN!
I'M PAYIN'
YOU GOOD
MONEY
TO ...



BONG
BONG
BONG
BONG
BONG
BONG
BONG
BONG
BONG
BONG



SHE HIT
THE ALARM!
THAT JINE
LITTLE...

BONG
BONG
BONG



BONG BONG BONG

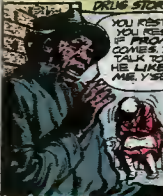
BONG

BONG

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG OR
HOW FAR, BUT I RAN UNTIL THE
ALARMS CRY DIED IN THE DIS-
TANCE AND I HEARD THE OLD
WOMAN BEGGING ME TO STOP.
WE DUCKED BEHIND GROSSMAN'S
DRUG STORE.

HE'LL
LISTEN
TO ME
IF--

YOU REST NOW...
YOU REST.
IF PROMO
COMES, I'LL
TALK TO HIM.
HE LIKES
ME, Y'SEE.



OH LORD,
HE TRIED
TO KILL
ME.

BROTHER, DON'T
LEAVE ME,
BROTHER!

HE DON'T
CARE 'BOUT
THAT OLD
LADY NO
MORE! HE'S
TRYING TO
KILL ME!



AND I
DONT
WANNA...



...DIE!

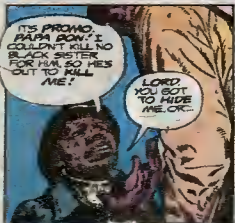


I DONT
WANNA...



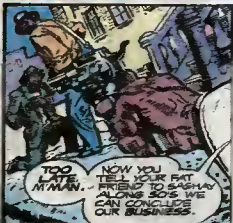
DIE!
PLEASE DONT
LET ME
DIE!

NICKY!
WHAT
TROUBLES
YOU
CHILD?



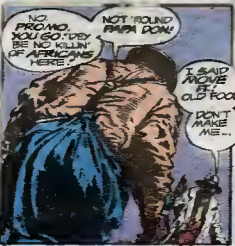
ITS PROMO.
PAPA DON. I
COULDN'T KILL NO
BLACK SISTER
FOR HIM, SO HES
OUT TO KILL
ME!

LORD,
YOU GOT
TO HIDE
ME, OK...



TOO
LATE,
M'MAN.

NOW YOU
TELL YOUR FAT
FRIEND TO SASHAY
ALONG SO'S WE
CAN CONCLUDE
OUR BUSINESS.



NO
PROMO.
YOU GO. 'DEY
BE NO KILLIN'
OF AFRICANS
HERE.

NOT 'ROUND
PAPA DON!

I SAID
MOVE
FE!
OLD FOOL!

DONT
MAKE
ME...

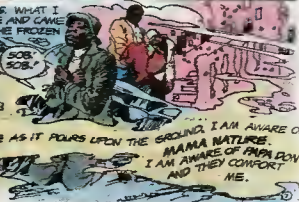


BLAM
BLAM
BLAM



AT THE ZUVEMBE'S WORDS WHAT I WAS WELLED UP INSIDE ME AND CAME POURING OUT MY EYES INTO THE FROZEN STREETS OF HARLEM.

BUT THAT WAS LONG AGO.
NOW I LISTEN TO TREES,
TASTE THE WIND AS IT
SLITHERS THROUGH THE
GRASS, AND DRINK
THE SUN'S GOLDEN ALE AS IT POURS UPON THE GROUND.



ROCKETED AS A BABY FROM THE
EXPLODING PLANET KRYPTON,
KAL-EL GREW TO MANHOOD ON
EARTH--WHOSE YELLOW SUN
AND LIGHTER GRAVITY GAVE
HIM FANTASTIC SUPER-POWERS!
IN THE CITY OF METROPOLIS,
HE POSES AS MILD-MANNERED
NEWSMAN CLARK KENT--BUT
BATTLES EVIL ALL OVER EARTH--
AND BEYOND AS ...

SUPERMAN

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

SUPERMAN,
TALK ABOUT HISTORY
REPEATING ITSELF!
JUST AS YOU
CRASH-LANDED ON
EARTH YEARS AGO
AS A BABY,
TO BE FOUND
AND RAISED BY
THE KENTS--

--HERE WE ARE,
SUPERGIRL--
AT THE SITE OF
ANOTHER
LANDING...

...TO BRING UP
ANOTHER ALIEN--
FROM BIRTH
TO ADULTHOOD--

--IN
TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS!

"FALL AND RISE OF THE STAR-CHILD!"

WRITER: CARY BATES
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INKER: FRANK CHIARAMONTE
EDITOR: JULIUS SCHWARTZ

THE PERTURBED MAN-BEHIND-THE-LENS IS ROB GELLER--A PROFESSIONAL, BUT OFTEN-AGGRAVATING, PHOTOGRAPHER WHO MAKES HIS LIVING BY TAKING CANDID, OFF-GUARD SHOTS OF UNSUSPECTING CELEBRITIES...

SURE THERE ARE PLENTY OF PHOTOS OF A TV-NEWS ANCHORMAN LIKE KENT IN CIRCULATION

BLAST IT! I WOULD'VE HAD A PERFECT SHOT OF CLARK KENT--

--IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT SO-AND-SO WHO JUST STEPPED INTO MY FRAME!

...BUT ALL OF THEM ARE CAREFULLY POSED AND POISED--ALL OF THEM AS DULL AS KENT HIMSELF IS SUPPOSED TO BE OFF-CAMERA!

I WANT TO CAPTURE KENT ON FILM WHEN HE'S NOT EXPECTING IT. WHEN HE'S OFF-GUARD, SO TO SPEAK!

OUTTA MY WAY, LADY--

OF ALL THE NERVE--!

OH-OH... KENT'S SUDDENLY CHANGED DIRECTION... SCOOTING INTO THAT ALLEY!

MAYBE HE KNOWS I'M ON HIS TAIL AND IS TRYING TO SHAKE ME!

BUT AS JACKIE SOPHIA AND MICK COULD TELL THE ELUSIVE MR. KENT--

--ONCE ROB GELLER DECIDES TO STICK WITH SOMEBODY--

--HE STICKS LIKE SUPER-GLUE!

WHY IS HE DUCKING BEHIND THOSE OBATES?

WHATEVER THE REASON... MY TRUSTY CAMERA AND I ARE GOING TO FIND OUT TOGETHER!

OKAY, I'M ALL SET! WHEN HE STEPS OUT, I HAVE A HUNCH I'M GOING TO GET ONE VERY CANDID, UNREHEARSED SHOT OF WGBS'S STAR ANCHORMAN!

AND WHILE THE IRREREPRESSIBLE ROB GELLER ANXIOUSLY STANDS AT THE READY, HIS FINGER POISED ON HIS SHUTTER-RELEASE...

NO MAKING OF THE SILENT GUST OF SUPER-BREATH WHICH GUIDES THE FALLING BRICK DOWNWARD ON A CAREFULLY PLOTTED COURSE...

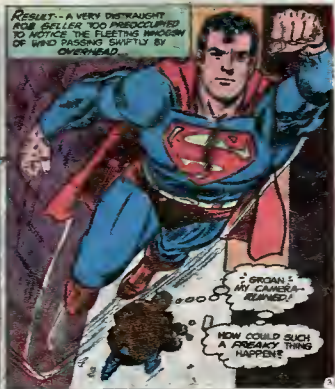


...HE HAS NO MAKING OF THE PENCIL-THIN BEAMS OF HEAT VISION FLASHING ABOVE HIM-- SWIFTLY MELTING THE MORTAR AROUND A BRICK WITH THE UTMOST PRECISION...



... TO SMASH ITS OBJECTIVE!

RESULT-- A VERY DISTRAUGHT ROB GELLER TOO PREOCCUPIED TO NOTICE THE FLEETING WINGMAN OF WIND PASSING SWIFTLY BY OVERHEAD...



GROAN-- MY CAMERA-- REAINED!

HOW COULD SUCH A FREAKY THING HAPPEN?

OH, NO!

NOW... LET'S TRACK THE MIGHTY MAN OF STEEL AS HE SLINGSHOTS ACROSS THE UPPERMOST REACHES OF THE ATMOSPHERE...

WHY AM I DOING THIS--?

ALL I KNOW IS THAT WHEN THESE WEIRD TELEPATHIC IMPULSES REACHED ME IN FRONT OF THE GALAXY BUILDING...

...I WAS MYSTERIOUSLY COMPELLED TO SWITCH TO SUPERMAN AND FOLLOW THE IMPULSES CLEAR ACROSS THE SKY!

GREAT KRYPTON! THE IMPULSES ARE BEING TRANSMITTED BY AN ALIEN SPACECRAFT THAT ENTERED THE ATMOSPHERE--

--AND IS ABOUT TO CRASH-LAND!

ONE SECOND AFTER THE CRASH, A PAIR OF SUPER-LEGS LANDS ON THE DESERTED TERRAIN, FACING THE EDGE OF A FRESHLY-MADE, SMOKING CRATER...

AMAZING! THE TECHNOLOGY OF THIS SPACECRAFT IS TOTALLY ALIEN TO ME... YET IT MUST BE VERY ADVANCED--

--EVEN BY MY OWN KRYPTONIAN STANDARDS!

COUSIN KAL-BL!

I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO FELT AN IRRESISTIBLE URGE TO FOLLOW A STREAM OF TELEPATHIC IMPULSES!

HELLO, SUPERGIRL!

MY GUESS IS THE SIGNALS WERE TRANSMITTED ON AN EXTREMELY HIGH FREQUENCY MEANT TO REACH ONLY OUR KRYPTONIAN BRAIN-WAVES!

I WONDER WHAT--

AND THEN--PRECISELY 23 MINUTES, 41 SECONDS
AFTER THE ALIEN SPACECRAFT FIRST BLAZED
ITS WAY INTO THE ATMOSPHERE...

...THE WIGHTEST MALE AND FEMALE
IN THE GALAXY GRIMLY CARRY THE
SHIP'S PRECIOUS CARGO ON A
SWIFT JOURNEY NORTHWARD...

THEIR DESTINATION--THE
FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE,
NESTLED DEEP WITHIN THE
FRIGID REACHES OF THE
SNOW-SWEPT ARCTIC...

BUT TODAY, COSMIC DESTINY
HAS CHOSEN THE FORTRESS TO
SERVE AN UNPRECEDENTED
FUNCTION...

LOOK--
OUR BLESSED
EVENT IS
ABOUT TO
OCCUR!

EVERYTHING
IS PROCEED-
ING LIKE
CLOCKWORK
--JUST AS THE
DYRLIANS
ADVISED US!

IF SOMEONE HAD TOLD ME AN
HOUR AGO I'D BE A STAND-IN
FATHER WATCHING THE BIRTH
OF AN ALIEN LIFE FORM...

I KNOW HOW YOU
FEEL! JUST CALL ME
MOTHER... DAD!

...AN IMPOSING CITADEL WHICH
SERVES AS A SECRET
SANCTUARY FOR BOTH THE
MAN AND GIRL OF STEEL...

THE INCUBATION-CUBE IS
DISINTEGRATING ON
SCHEDULE! IT'S A
TECHNOLOGICAL
WONDER!

I SAY IT'S A
MIRACLE-- A
SYNTHETIC
BIRTH DESIGNED
IN ANOTHER RACE'S
SUPER-SCIENCE!
GET THE
CLOTHING THEY
PROVIDED FOR
THIS STAGE OF
ITS LIFE!

HIS LIFE, KARA--
ACCORDING TO THE
DYRLIANS!

WHY ELSE WOULD
THE DYRLIANS
HAVE REQUESTED
WE ONLY SPEAK
THEIR LANGUAGE
IN HIS PRESENCE?

AT LEAST HE DOESN'T
SEEM TO BE FRIGHTENED
BY THE SIGHT OF HIS
FIRST TWO HUMAN
BEINGS! AMAZING
THAT HE CAN
UNDERSTAND
US ALREADY!

HE MUST BE
CAPABLE OF
LEARNING BY
INSTANT
ABSORPTION!

* Which is being conveniently TRANSLATED
for the reader! -- Juke

I... HAVE
LEARNED
SOME
ALREADY...
HELP ME
LEARN
MORE...

ABSOLUTELY
INCREDIBLE!

ABSOLUTELY
ADORABLE,
YOU MEAN!
WHAT A
LITTLE
DARLING
HE IS!

HE... NO DARLING!
I AM ARVOS—
A GENETICALLY
SYNTHESIZED
BIO-SPAWN...
FOR ACCELERATED
GROWTH AND
DEVELOPMENT!

—WHEN I
WAS
RIGHT THE
FIRST TIME—
IN-CRED-IBLE!

FOR THE NEXT HOUR, THE COUSINS FROM KRYPTON
QUIETLY CONFER OVER THEIR INFANT CHARGE FROM
THE STAIRS...

SO THE
DYRLIANS ARE
COUNTING ON US
TO TURN THAT INTO
THE SALVATION
OF THEIR RACE?

THINK POSITIVE, KAL!
IF THEY'RE AS
ADVANCED AS THE
EVIDENCE SEEMS TO
SUGGEST--

—THEN THEY MUST
HAVE PROVIDED ARVOS
WITH THE TREMENDOUS
POTENTIAL HE'LL NEED
TO ACCOMPLISH THEIR
GOALS! IT'S UP TO US
TO BRING IT OUT!

SO FAR IT'S NOT
CLEAR WHY WE
WERE CHOSEN TO
RAISE THE
ALIEN!

THERE HE GOES—
EXPERIENCING
ANOTHER
INSTANTANEOUS
AGE-BOOST!
ARVOS HAS
NOW REACHED
THE PHYSICAL
DEVELOPMENT
OF AN
EIGHT-YEAR-
OLD CHILD!

AT THIS RATE,
HE'LL REACH
ADULTHOOD
BY THE END OF
THE DAY... AND
WE HAVE SO
MUCH YET TO
DO--BEGINNING
WITH A NEW
SUIT OF
CLOTHES FOR HIM!

SEVERAL HOURS MORE PASS--HOURS
SPENT IN PAINSTAKING PREPARATION FOR
THE INITIAL PHASE OF TRAINING FOR
THEIR ASTOUNDING PUPIL...

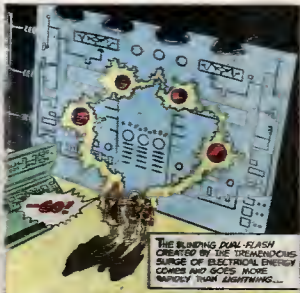
TO REPEAT, ARVOS...THE
SUPER-COMPUTER WILL
BE CONVERTING SEVERAL
MILLION UNITS OF RAY
INFORMATION INTO TWO
IMMENSE ELECTRICAL
DISCHARGES... WHICH
WILL BE INSTANTANEOUSLY
TRANSMITTED TO
SUPERGIRL AND
MYSELF!

THE REST WILL BE UP TO
YOU--AND YOUR INCREDIBLE
POWERS OF ABSORPTION!



I AM
READY,
SUPERMAN!
PLEASE
PROCEED!

RIGHT!
ALL
SYSTEMS
ARE—



THE BLINDING DUAL-FLASH
CREATED BY THE TREMENDOUS
SURGE OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY
COMES AND GOES MORE
RAPIDLY THAN LIGHTNING...

...BUT ITS EFFECT IS AS DURABLE AS BARNITE!

OHMM. I MUST
FIND THE WORDS
TO EXPRESS
THIS WEIRD SENSATION!
IT IS AS THOUGH I
HAVE BEEN ENERGIZED
—WITH WHOLE LIBRARIES
OF KNOWLEDGE!



ROYDS! YOU'RE
SPEAKING TO US
IN ENGLISH!
THAT MEANS
THE DATA-
TRANSFER
WAS A SUCCESS!

EVEN THE BRAINS
OF TEN EINSTEINS
COULDN'T HOLD
THE AMOUNT OF
SHEER INFORMATION
THAT ROYDS NOW
POSSESSES IN EVERY
FIELD FROM ABSTRACT
ART TO
ZOOLOGY!

THAT WOULD BE ALBERT
EINSTEIN, THE GENIUS
WHO FORMULATED THE
THEORY OF RELATIVITY.
—CORRECT?

HE GETS MORE
ADORABLE BY
THE MINUTE!



I MUST
DISAGREE
WITH YOU,
KARRA!
"ADORABLE"
IS AN
ADJECTIVE
CONNOTING
QUALITIES
RANGING FROM
CUTENESS TO
PRECOCOUSNESS!

I HARDLY
THINK
SUCH TERMS
APPLY TO A
BIO-SPAWN
DEVOID OF EMOTION!

MORE HOURS PASS—HOURS OF MORE AND MORE
INTENSIFIED TRAINING...

ALL RIGHT, ROYDS. NOW
THAT YOU'VE FULLY
MASTERED A SOLID
FOUNDATION OF GENERAL
KNOWLEDGE IN A
WIDE VARIETY OF
SUBJECTS—

—IT'S TIME
FOR YOU TO
KNOW MORE
ABOUT YOURSELF
AND YOUR
CREATORS!

YOU
SPEAK
OF
THOSE
WHO
CALL
THEMSELVES
DYRLIANS!



YES! ALTHOUGH THE TRAINING INSTRUCTIONS THEY TRANS-
FERRED TO SUPERMAN AND ME WERE
QUITE SPECIFIC... THE DYRLANS
LEFT MANY DETAILS
ABOUT THEMSELVES
SHROUDED IN
MYSTERY!

WE DO KNOW
THEIR RACE
IS THREATENED
--AND THEY
SPAWNED
YOU TO
EVOLVE
INTO THEIR...
SAVIOR!

BUT, KARA-- PRECISELY WHAT IS
IT THAT I HAVE BEEN CREATED
TO DO? HOW CAN I SERVE MY
CREATORS UNLESS I KNOW
MY TRUE FUNCTION?

GGGGGG
GGGGGG
GGGGGG
HOLD IT--!
THAT'S OUR
CODE-RED
CATASTROPHE
ALARM!

ONE OF SUPERMAN'S
ORBITING SATELLITE MONITORS
MUST HAVE DETECTED A
GRAVE SITUATION ABOUT
TO GO CRITICAL!

WAIT FOR
ME, KARA!
I AM COMING,
TOO!

EVEN AS THE ARTIFICIAL
ALIEN RACES AFTER THE
MAID OF MIGHT--

HE EXPERIENCES
HIS NEXT-PRE-
PROGRAMMED
AGE-BOOST!

HARD TO SAY!
THE CRITICAL AREA
IS A REMOTE
RADIO-TELESCOPE
INSTALLATION IN
THE SOUTHWESTERN
UNITED STATES!

HOW
SERIOUS
DOES THE
SITUATION
APPEAR TO
BE, KARA?

I'M ZEROING IN
ON IT NOW!

BUT I DO NOT COMPREHEND!
I SEE NO INDICATION OF
A CRISIS DEVELOPING!

SUPERMAN'S
MONITOR SYSTEM
FEATURES ADVANCED
PROBABILITY-FACTOR
COMPUTERS, ROYOB!

WITH ENOUGH
DATA, THEY CAN
GIVE US UP TO 60
SECONDS ADVANCE
WARNINGS BEFORE
CERTAIN DISASTERS
STRIKE!

LOOK, KARA!
A BIZARRE
ENERGY
FORMATION
IS STARTING
TO MANIFEST
ITSELF--
SOMETHING
I CANNOT
IDENTIFY!

THEY LOOK
LIKE WISPS
OF OUTER
SPACE! THEY
REMINDE ME
OF SOMETHING
SUPERMAN
ONCE DESCRIBED
TO ME!

MORE WISPS
ARE MATERIALIZING
-- COMBINING TO
TAKE ON A
DEFINITE FORM!
I CAN DISCERN
THE OUTLINE OF
A HUMANOID
SHAPE!

THE SHAPE
MAY APPEAR
HUMAN AT
FIRST GLANCE...

... BUT EVERYTHING
ELSE ABOUT THE DREADED
GALACTIC GOLEM IS
TERRIFYINGLY INHUMAN--
A FEARSOME SCOURGE
OF RAW GALACTIC
ENERGY!

SOMEHOW
THAT RADIO-
TELESCOPE
MUST'VE
DRAWN HIM
HERE FROM
DEEP SPACE!

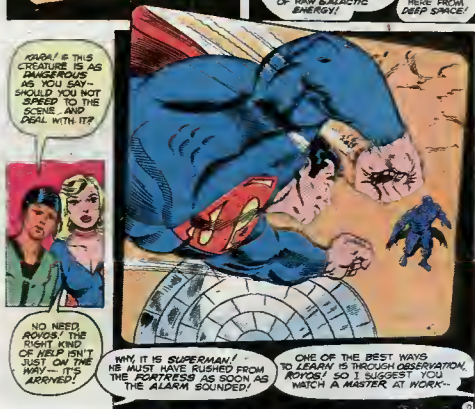
KARA! IF THIS
CREATURE IS AS
DANGEROUS
AS YOU SAY--
SHOULD YOU NOT
SPEED TO THE
SCENE, AND
DEAL WITH IT?



NO NEED,
ROYOS! THE
RIGHT KIND
OF HELP ISN'T
JUST ON THE
WAY-- IT'S
ARRIVED!

WHY, IT IS SUPERMAN!
HE MUST HAVE RUSHED FROM
THE FORTRESS AS SOON AS
THE ALARM SOUNDED!

ONE OF THE BEST WAYS
TO LEARN IS THROUGH OBSERVATION,
ROYOS! SO I SUGGEST YOU
WATCH A MASTER AT WORK--





—AND SEE
HOW A TRUE
CHAMPION
DISPOSES OF
A TERRIBLE
MENACE!

WHAT DAZZLING
SPEED SUPERMAN
UTILIZES TO WARD
OFF THAT DEMASTATING
BLOW!

MY COUSIN IS JUST
WARMING UP ROY'S!
NOTE HOW HE IS DELIBERATELY
AGGRAVATING THE GOLEM
WITHOUT LAYING A FINGER
ON HIM!

YES... THEREBY
CUTTING INTO HIS
VOLATILE FOE'S
FIGHTING EFFECTIVENESS!
VERY SHREWD!



AS ONE OF
OUR POPULAR
SAVINGS GOES,
"YOU AIN'T
SEEN NOTHIN'
YET!"

I THINK HE'S
GETTING SET
TO PUT THE
GOLEM AWAY!



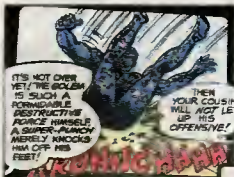
YOU ARE
PLAINLY
VERY PROUD
OF HIM...
AND WITH
GOOD REASON!

NO
WHT
N
G
G
G

"THERE! SEE HOW
SUPERMAN SHOOTS
AND STRIKES
WHEN HIS AGITATED
FOE LEAST
EXPECTS IT!

I SEE, KARA! AND I
CAN ALMOST "FEEL" THAT
IMPACT HERE IN THE
FORTRESS!





IT'S NOT OVER YET! THE GOLEM IS SUCH A FEARFUL DESTRUCTIVE FORCE HIMSELF. A SUPER-PUNCH MERELY KNOCKS HIM OFF HIS FEET!

THEN YOUR COUSIN WILL NOT LET UP HIS OFFENSIVE!



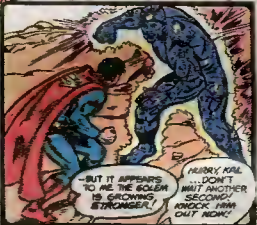
THE GOLEM MUST BE COUNTER-ATTACKING, KARA--JUDGING FROM THE SUDDEN ENERGY MANIFESTATION AT THE CENTER OF HIS MASS!

I DON'T LIKE THIS ONE BIT, REED--



--ANY MORE THAN I LIKE THAT MYSTERIOUS SET OF GLOWING FOOTPRINTS LEADING DIRECTLY TO THE GOLEM!

I MAY BE JUMPING TO A HASTY CONCLUSION, KARA--



--BUT IT APPEARS TO ME THE GOLEM IS GROWING STRONGER!

HURRY, KAL...DON'T WAIT ANOTHER SECOND! KNOCK HIM OUT NOW!



GREAT KRYPTON!

IT...IT'S ALL OVER!



KARA... THERE IS NO TRACE OF SUPERMAN! HAS HE BEEN DISINTEGRATED?

NO WAY, I'M SURE... IT IS A PLOY! KAL HAS FEIGNED DISINTEGRATION IN ORDER TO THROW THE GOLEM OFF-GUARD!

AND THAT--IS THAT, TOO! THE REMNANT OF A CLEVER PLOY?

BY ALL THE GODS OF KRYPTON! CAN IT BE--?



YES, I JUDGE IT IS, KARA! THE VISUAL EVIDENCE IS DISTINCT AND UNMISTAKABLE! ALL THAT REMAINS OF YOUR COUSIN IS A SMOKING, EMPTY UNIFORM!

E... MUST BE...
I... YES, SIR!!

WHY, KARA... YOU JUST RECITED A FAREWELL TO SUPERMAN IN YOUR NATIVE KRYPTONESE! IT WAS ONE OF THE LANGUAGES YOU PROGRAMMED ME TO SPEAK AND UNDERSTAND!

YES? SNIFF? IT IS TRADITIONAL... UPON THE DEATH? SNIFF? OF A KRYPTONIAN...



I--I'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A FEW MINUTES! KAL ALWAYS SAID THIS DAY COULD COME... WHEN ONE OF US WOULD HAVE TO CARRY ON... ALONE...

THE SCREEN, KARA... LOOK AT THE SCREEN!



SOMETHING... SOMEBODY IS BURSTING OUT OF THE GOLEM!

I THINK I RECOGNIZE IT... HIM!



IT IS HIM--THE
PARASITE! ONE
OF SUPERMAN'S
DEADLIEST FOES--
A HUMAN
SPONGE WHO
FEEDS AND
THRIVES OFF
THE POWER
AND ENERGY
OF OTHERS!

IT APPEARS THIS
PARASITE HAS JUST
ABSORBED THE
GOLEM OUT OF ITS
VERY EXISTENCE!

THE FULL PICTURE IS BECOMING
CLEAR NOW! THE PARASITE RIGGED
THE RADIO-TELESCOPE
TO DRAW THE GOLEM
TO EARTH...

WHEN THAT
DEVASTATING
GOLEM-PARASITE
PUNCH CONNECTED--

--MY COUSIN'S BODY
WAS INSTANTLY CON-
VERTED TO PURE
SUPER-POWER
ENERGY, WHICH THE
PARASITE HUNGRILY
ABSORBED! AFTER THAT,
I'D GUESS, THE GOLEM
WAS... JUST DESSERT!

...WHERE HE MERGED
WITH THE GALACTIC
'ENERGY-FLOW' OF
THE GOLEM'S
GIANT BODY--
KNOWING THEIR
COMBINED
MIGHT WOULD
PROVE FATAL TO
SUPERMAN!

FATAL -- P
NOW, KARRA?



NOW THAT THE PARASITE
IS HUNDREDS OF TIMES
MORE DEADLY THAN
BEFORE--IT'S UP TO
ME TO BRING THAT
MURDERER TO
JUSTICE!

WAIT, KARRA!
THERE IS NO
REASON FOR
YOU TO LEAVE--



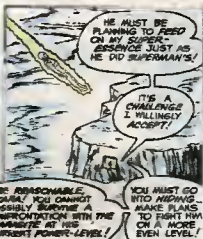
--NOT IF MY INSTANT
MATHEMATICAL CALCULATIONS
ARE CORRECT! THE PARASITE
HAS REDIRECTED THE FOCUS
OF THE RADIO-TELESCOPE--

--SO THAT ANY
WAVES IT TRANSMITS
WILL DEFLECT OFF
THE IONOSPHERE
ON A DIRECT
TRAJECTORY WITH...
THIS FORTRESS!



HOWEVER...
RADIO WAVES
CANNOT BE WHAT
THE PARASITE
PLANS TO SEND--
NOT IF HE IS
CONVERTING HIMSELF
INTO A HUMAN WAVE
OF PURE ENERGY!

GREAT SUNS, ROYDS--
YOU'RE RIGHT! HE'S
BEAMING HIMSELF HERE!

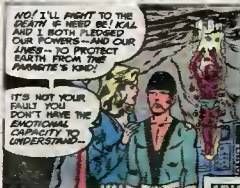


HE MUST BE
PLANNING TO FEED
ON MY SUPER-
ESSENCE JUST AS
HE DID SUPERMAN'S!

IT'S A
CHALLENGE
I WILLINGLY
ACCEPT!

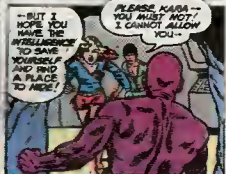
BE REASONABLE,
KARA! YOU CANNOT
POSSIBLY SURVIVE A
CONFRONTATION WITH THE
PARASITE AT HIS
CURRENT POWER-LEVEL!

YOU MUST GO
INTO HIDING--
MAKE PLANS
TO FIGHT HIM
ON A MORE
EVEN LEVEL!



NO! I'LL FIGHT TO THE
DEATH IF NEED BE! KAL
AND I BOTH PLEDGED
OUR POWERS--AND OUR
LIVES-- TO PROTECT
EARTH FROM THE
PARASITE'S KIND!

IT'S NOT YOUR
FAULT YOU
DON'T HAVE THE
EMOTIONAL
CAPACITY TO
UNDERSTAND--



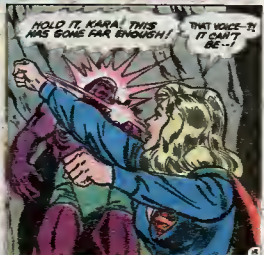
--BUT I
HOPE YOU
HAVE THE
INTELLIGENCE
TO SAVE
YOURSELF
AND FIND
A PLACE TO
HIDE!

PLEASE KARA--
YOU MUST NOT!
I CANNOT ALLOW
YOU--



PARASITE--
YOU AND ALL
YOUR ILL-GOTTEN
POWERS WON'T
BE ENOUGH TO
STOP ME FROM
KNOCKING THE
LAST ERG OF
ENERGY OUT
OF YOU!

KARA--
NO!
COME
BACK!



HOLD IT, KARA! THIS
HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!

THAT VOICE--?
IT CAN'T
BE--!

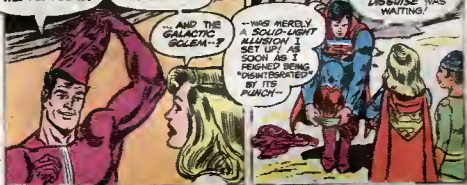
BUT IT IS COUSIN!
THE "PARASITE" YOU
WERE SEEING WAS
ME ALL ALONG!

KILL, THIS IS TOO MUCH!
YOU'RE NOT REALLY DEAD...
THE PARASITE WASN'T
FOR REAL...

...AND THE
GALACTIC
GOLEM--?

--WAS MERELY
A SOLID-LIGHT
ILLUSION I
SET UP! AS
SOON AS I
FEIGNED BEING
"DISINTEGRATED"
BY ITS PUNCH--

--I ZOOMED INSIDE
IT AT INVISIBLE SUPER-
SPEED, WHERE MY
HIDDEN PARASITE
DISGUISE WAS
WAITING!



SUPERMAN... I MAY
BE AN ARTIFICIAL LIFE-
FORM... BUT THAT DOES
NOT PREVENT ME
FROM BEING TOTALLY
REPULSED BY THIS
BLATANT DISPLAY
OF MENTAL CRUELTY
AT KARA'S EXPENSE!



TELL ME WHY,
SUPERMAN! WHY
AND HOW COULD
YOU CARRY OUT SUCH
AN INHUMAN MEXAT?

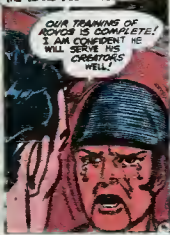
IT WAS ALL FOR
YOUR BENEFIT,
ROYO!

GREAT RAO!
ROYO'S FACE--
I'M BEGINNING
TO UNDERSTAND...

I KNEW YOU WOULD, KARA! HE
HAD TEAR-DUCTS FROM BIRTH--

--BUT IT TOOK A STRONG
EMOTIONAL FLOOD TO START
THE TEARS FLOWING!

OUR TRAINING OF
ROYO IS COMPLETE!
I AM CONFIDENT HE
WILL SERVE HIS
CREATOR'S
WELL!



AND SOON--AFTER ONE LAST PRE-PROGRAMMED AGE-BOOST HAS ADVANCED ROVOS TO THRESHOLD OF ADULTHOOD...

EONS AGO, THE DYRLIANS WERE HUMAN--UNTIL A TERRIBLE PLAGUE DESTROYED THEIR PHYSICAL BODIES! BUT WITH THEIR ADVANCED SCIENCE, THEY WERE ABLE TO FASHION ARTIFICIAL BODIES TO SUSTAIN THEIR MASSIVE MINDS!

IN THIS FORM, THEY DID NOT AGE-- BUT THEY HAD LOST ALL THEIR EMOTIONS!



FOR CENTURIES THEY LONGED FOR THE HUMAN FEELINGS THEY SO SORELY MISSED--AND DESIRED--UNTIL THEY CREATED YOU, ROVOS!

YOU WERE DESIGNED TO BECOME THEIR SALVATION-- BUT YOUR CREATORS' PLAN COULDN'T SUCCEED UNLESS SUPERGIRL UNWITTINGLY PLAYED THE ROLE OF THE VICTIM OF A DRASTIC HOAX!

WHICH IS WHY UNKNOWN TO HER...



...I WAS GIVEN ADDITIONAL INFORMATION WHEN WE WERE LEARNING YOUR NATIVE LANGUAGE!

"THE KEY TO IT ALL IS YOUR AMAZING POWER OF ABSORPTION, ROVOS! FOR IT NOT ONLY ENABLES YOU TO ABSORB KNOWLEDGE...

... BUT RAW EMOTION AS WELL!"



DURING MY "BATTLE" AND "DEATH" ON SCREEN, SUPERGIRL WAS WRENCHED THROUGH THE WHOLE EMOTIONAL GAMUT--

-- LOVE, PRIDE, JOY, FEAR, GRIEF, HATE, COURAGE! DURING OUR LITTLE DRAMA, KARA FELT IT ALL!

AND I INSTANTLY ABSORBED IT ALL! I'M GLAD I PROVED SUCH A SUPER SUBJECT!



HA HA HA! LOOK AT ME-- NOW I REACT TO THE ABSURDITY OF THE SITUATION! I'VE PICKED UP YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR!

SO WILL ALL THE DYRLIANS ... WHEN YOU RETURN HOME! THERE YOU WILL AUTOMATICALLY TRANSMIT THE RANGE OF EMOTIONS YOU'VE ABSORBED HERE...

...THEREBY "INFECTING" YOUR CREATORS WITH THE SAME HUMAN FEELINGS YOU NOW POSSESS! AND THAT, MY FRIEND, IS YOUR TRUE MISSION!

NOT AS MUCH AS I SHALL MISS THE TWO OF YOU!

I MUST KNOW WHAT IT IS TO LOVE... OTHERWISE, HOW COULD IT HURT SO MUCH TO SAY GOODBYE?

I-I FEEL LIKE I'VE WATCHED AN ADOPTED SON GROW UP BEFORE MY EYES IN ONE DAY! WE'RE GOING TO MISS YOU, ROVOS!



THE MOST TRAGIC STORY EVER TOLD—
THE LAST DAYS OF THE ...

40
NO. 1
OCT

WORLD OF KRYPTON

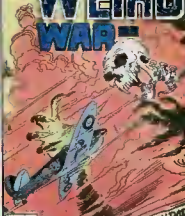
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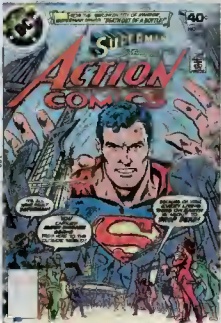
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
BEST COVERS OF THE YEAR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
(AS CHOSEN BY A
SPECIAL POLL OF DC EDITORS) ★ ★ ★

WEIRD WAR

40
NO. 10
OCT



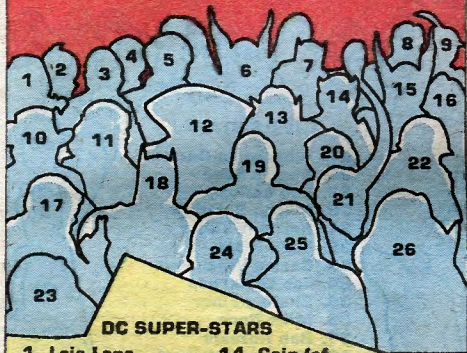
WOULD YOU DARE
CHALLENGE
THE **WINGS OF FURY** TEAM



★ ★ ★ ★ ★
BEST COVERS OF THE YEAR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
 (AS CHOSEN BY A SPECIAL POLL OF DC EDITORS) ★ ★ ★



WHO'S WHO on the cover

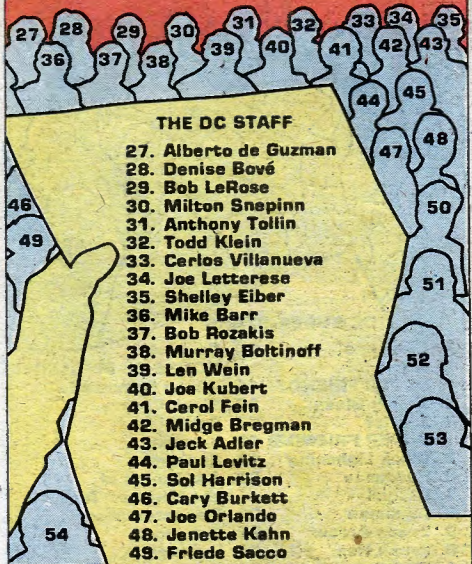


DC SUPER-STARS

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Lois Lane | 14. Cain (of |
| 2. Jayna (of | HOUSE OF MYSTERY) |
| 3. Jimmy Olsen | 15. Viking Commando |
| 4. Zan (of | 16. Black Canary |
| SUPER FRIENDS) | 17. Robin |
| 5. Black Lightning | 18. Batman |
| 6. Hawkman | 19. Superman |
| 7. Batgirl | 20. Jeb Stuart of |
| 8. Aquaman | the Haunted Tank |
| 9. Green Arrow | 21. Elongated Man |
| 10. Jonah Hex | 22. Sgt. Rock |
| 11. Scalphunter | 23. Supergirl |
| 12. Daadman | 24. Green Lantern |
| 13. The Demon | 25. The Flash |
| | 26. Wonder Woman |

WHO'S WHO on the cover

THE DC STAFF

- 
27. Alberto de Guzman
28. Denise Bové
29. Bob LeRose
30. Milton Snepinn
31. Anthony Tollin
32. Todd Klein
33. Carlos Villanueva
34. Joe Letterese
35. Shelley Eiber
36. Mike Barr
37. Bob Rozakis
38. Murray Boltinoff
39. Len Wein
40. Joa Kubert
41. Carol Fein
42. Midge Bregman
43. Jeck Adler
44. Paul Levitz
45. Sol Harrison
46. Cary Burkett
47. Joe Orlando
48. Jenette Kahn
49. Friede Sacco
50. Laurie Sutton

51. E. Nelson Bridwell

53. Ross Andru

52. Jack C. Harris

54. Julius Schwartz

THE STORY BEHIND THIS ISSUE

When editor Julie Schwartz got the go-ahead to do a collection of the year's best DC stories, the first question was how to choose them. The answer: have it done by the editorial staff.

First, each of us picked ten favorites from the magazines that carried a 1979 dateline. All the stories listed became nominees. The list, together with copies of the stories (the issues, if they were already available, but xeroxed copies of the art if the issues had not been published yet) was sent to all those voting. The final tally told Julie which ten tales had been selected as the best.

But then there was the problem of fitting all of them in the issue. This meant some stories had to be omitted because of length. Indeed, many excellent ones were not even nominated because they were part of a series continued from issue to issue. For this reason, no *FLASH* or *JUSTICE LEAGUE* stories made it.

When it came right down to making the final picks, Julie was faced with the problem of a *Haunted Tank* story. The one chosen as the year's best was "Old Soldiers Don't Disappear," from *G.I. COMBAT* #215. But the length—24 pages—precluded its inclusion. Julia asked editor Murray Boltinoff to suggest an alternate, and so "Back Door to War," from *G.I.C.* #213, took the place of the double-lengther.

Similarly, "Let My People Grow" (*SUPERMAN* #338), "The Life Story of Superman" (*ACTION* #500), "The Secret of the Super-S" (*ACTION* #494-495) and "The Jor-El Story" (*WORLD OF KRYPTON* #1-3) were all too long to include. Instead, they get honorable mention.

You may notice a rather large portion of the issue is devoted to stories of *Superman/Superboy/Clark Kent*. This is not because Julie is the *Superman* editor. In fact, no fewer than nine *Superman* tales from *ACTION* and his own magazine were nominated, with *Batman* and *Wonder Woman* tied for second with four each! Not until the stories had been selected did we realize all four of those dealing with the *Superman* family were by the same writer—Cary Bates!

Of the runners-up, the one with most votes was "Bat-Mite's New York Adventure," from *DETECTIVE* #482. This was followed by "Dark Messenger of Mercy" (*BATMAN* #307), The *Dateline:Frontline* story from *MEN OF WAR* #24, "Massacre of the Celestials" (*JONAH HEX* #23), and "The Righteous Ones" (*TIME WARP* #1). There is not room to give a full list of nominees here, but these garnered the most votes aside from those actually chosen.

Then there is the matter of the four best covers. They were also voted on by the editors—and the top winners are included in this issue. The most votes went to *WORLD OF KRYPTON* #3.

It would have been nice to have you, the readers, vote on the year's best. But since the selection had to be made before all the issues had reached the stands, this was impossible. Anyway, we'll be interested in getting your reactions to this collection.

—E. Nelson Bridwell

- 
1. MIRACLE MAN OF EASY CO.
(SUPERMAN & SGT. ROCK)
 2. NEVER SAY DIE (DEADMAN)
 3. MINISTER OF THE LORD
(JONAH HEX)
 4. SHADOW OF JOR-EL
(SUPERBOY)
-

5. MOUSE OF HISTORY
(HOUSE OF MYSTERY)
 6. CURSE OF CRIME ALLEY (BATMAN)
 7. CLARK KENT'S MYNAH DILEMMA
(PRIVATE LIFE OF CLARK KENT)
-

8. BACK DOOR TO WAR
(HAUNTED TANK)
9. PAPA DON
(SECRETS OF HAUNTED HOUSE)
10. FALL AND RISE OF THE STAR-CHILD
(SUPERMAN)