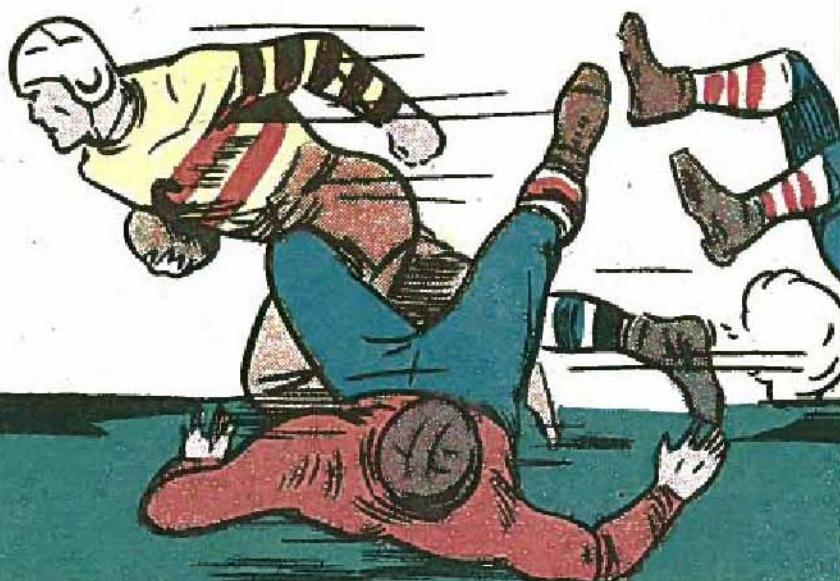


EXHIBIT KK

Part 16 of 17

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



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

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



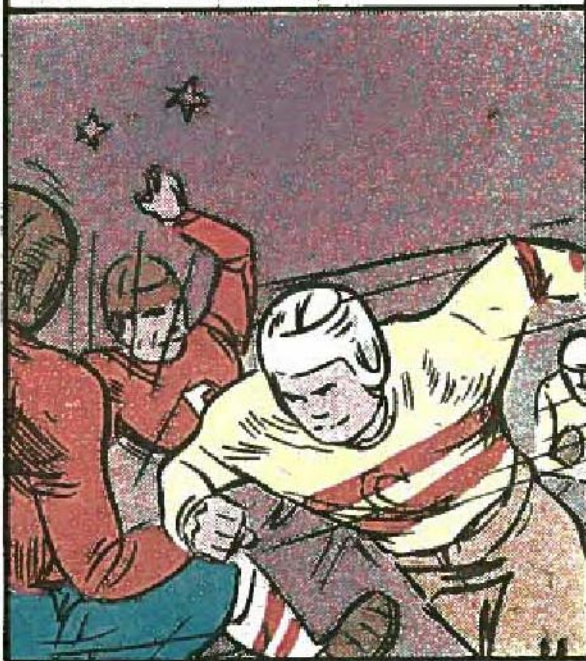
BUT SUPERMAN'S TEAM-MATES ARE FAR FROM DELIGHTED.

WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS, THE WHOLE TEAM?

WHEN DO WE DO SOMETHING?



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



ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN!

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



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

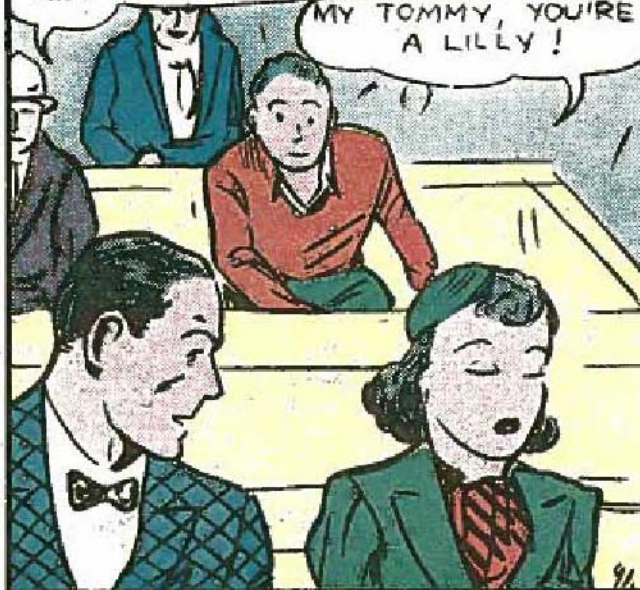
HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL CALL A COP!



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

I WISH YOU'D PAY MORE ATTENTION TO ME.

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



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

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



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



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



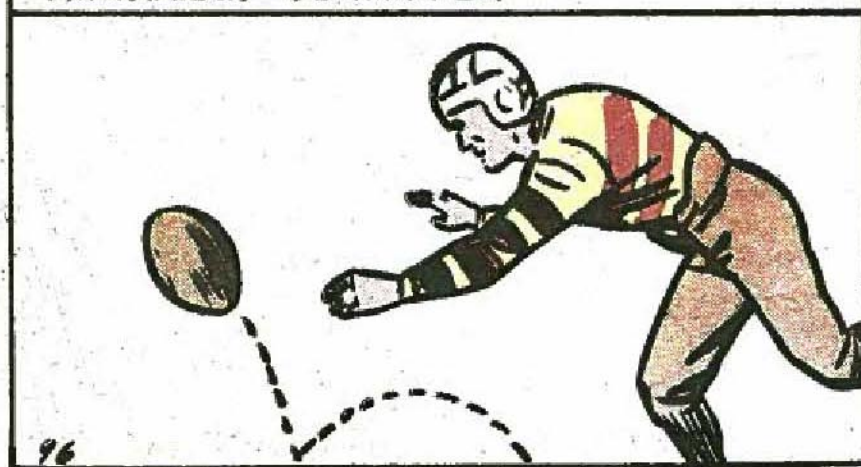
AT THE END OF THE HALF, SUPERMAN MEETS BURKE OUTSIDE THE LOCKER-ROOM.

QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO EXCHANGE CLOTHS!

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



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



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



LATER - WHEN HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

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

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

AND HOW!!

THE END



WARNING:

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

BE MODERATE IN YOUR EXERTIONS!

"ACQUIRING SUPER-STRENGTH"



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



HOWEVER IF YOU LIFT SMALLER WEIGHTS REGULARLY...



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



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

Boys and Girls: Meet the creators of the one and only **SUPERMAN**—America's Greatest Adventure Strip!

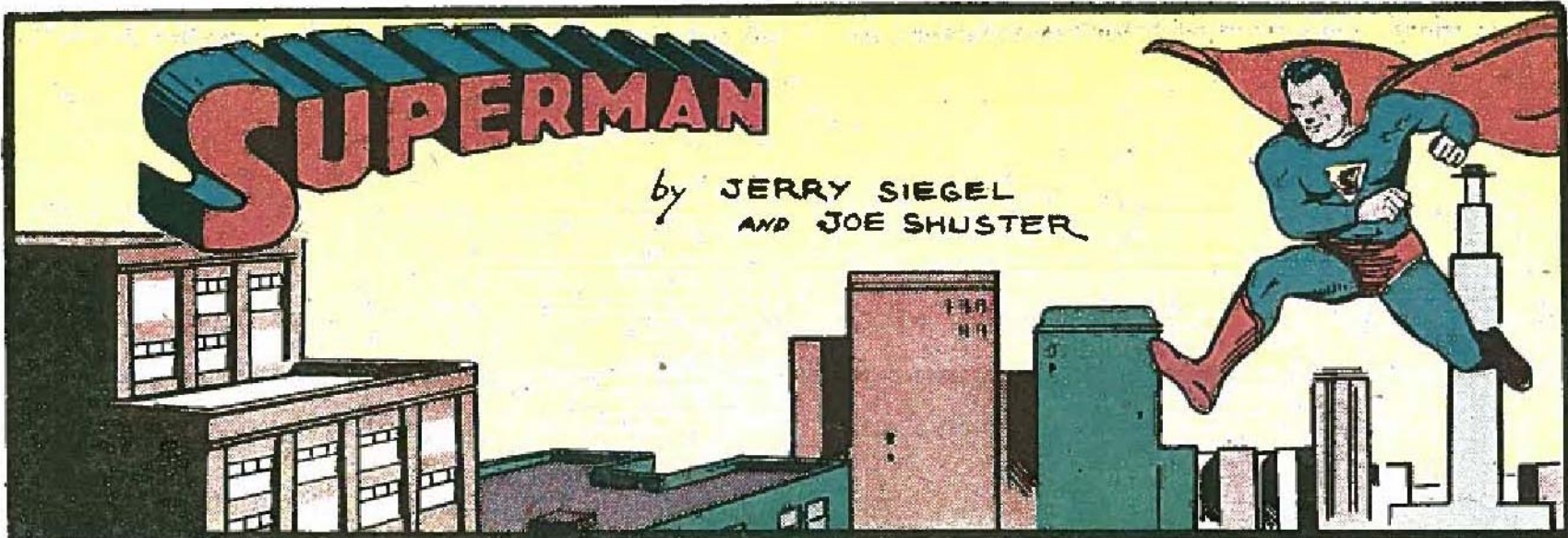


This is Joe Shuster. Jerry's life-long friend and associate, from whose versatile pen and brush are depicted **SUPERMAN'S** amazing feats. Here he is at his drawing board, about to start the new **SUPERMAN** episode which will be seen in July **ACTION COMICS**! Joe, too, is a native and resident of Cleveland and has contributed to many publications. Joe says, "I hope the boys and girls of America enjoy reading **SUPERMAN**, as much as Jerry and I enjoy writing and drawing it."

Here is Jerry Siegel at his typewriter, thinking up his next thrilling adventure of **SUPERMAN**, which will be shown in the July issue of **ACTION COMICS**. Jerry is 24 years of age, a native of Cleveland, Ohio. Jerry has written many books and stories which have appeared in a great many magazines, but he likes **SUPERMAN** best of all, because he really believes in the principles which prompt **SUPERMAN'S** startling accomplishments in behalf of law and justice!



JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER are also the creators of "Slam Bradley" and "Spy" which appear in DETECTIVE COMICS; "Radio Squad" which appears in MORE FUN COMICS; and "Federal Men" which appears monthly in ADVENTURE COMICS.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Said another "Our guns are useless against him!" "Nonsense!" retorted Sergeant Blake. "All we've got to do is keep cool, and we've got him!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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