

**SUPERMAN**

**AND THE**

**MOB MEN**

*A new saga inspired by  
"The Adventures of Superman"*

**Bruce Kanin**

# ***SUPERMAN AND THE MOB MEN***

**Bruce Kanin**

***A THREE-EPIISODE SAGA  
(EPISODE 1)***

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*To Mom & Dad...*

*Thank you for rocketing me from planet Brooklyn to Earth, and giving me all the powers and abilities I'll ever need...*



**T A B L E O F C O N T E N T S**

**SAGA PROLOGUE**

MEDICAL LOG, DECEMBER 12, 1952

FROM THE PRIVATE FILES OF LOIS LANE

**EPISODE 1 "THE GHOSTS THAT HAUNTED SUPERMAN"**

PROLOGUE

ACT 1

ACT 2

ACT 3

FROM THE PRIVATE FILES OF LOIS LANE

ACT 4

EPILOGUE

FROM THE PRIVATE FILES OF LOIS LANE

CLOSING CREDITS



**SAGA PROLOGUE**

**MEDICAL LOG, DECEMBER 12, 1952**



*Fairbanks Memorial Hospital. Junior medical staff, Dr. H. Imnek (self); Dr. G. Amak; Dr. L. Kappiataitok; and Dr. M. Torngasak. Completed Deep Winter Survival exercise. At final camp site. Along Dietrich River canyon. Waiting for plane at Chandalar Shelf. Take to Fairbanks. Very little sunlight. -12 degrees F.*



*Most unusual earlier today. During breakfast in previous camp site. We hear cries. Take over two hours search in near darkness. Seem like animal at first. Suffering voice. Sound like woman. Her noise help us to locate. We light campfire by her.*

Find two people. Both Caucasian. Male, maybe forty years old. Big man. No pulse. Neck snapped. Body cold but not freeze. He deep in snow.

Female. Laying on top of man. G. Amak feel pulse. Very faint. Neck seem broken but still breathing. She breathing hard.

We try talk to her. Woman eyelids flutter. Cannot open. She try talk. Hard to understand. Voice unclear. She whisper. She stop. G. Amak shake head. We all look at each other. Know that she will die soon. Very sad.

Woman start whisper again. Murmur. Whisper. I bend and put ear to her mouth. English. Odd accent. I remember well. She start and stop. Each word struggle. I jot down.

tell

tell ef

every one

don let

this

die with me

tell

every one kenn is

soop

She close eyes, but then take breath. Cannot breath well. She speak more:

we had  
soop a man his cost oom  
ken clark kent came for  
costume  
costume  
kent bulls bounce cart hurt him kent  
hees the  
hees other  
the other guy  
tell walta  
tell him metropo less  
tell walta  
tell him metropoless tell everyone  
soop a man left ace me  
to die  
tell every  
clarkenn is  
clarkent is  
soop a man

Death rattle. No more pulse. Figure out her words later. We all  
very sad. And cold.

Plane here. Ask pilot radio police in Fairbanks. Maybe they come  
back for bodies.



**FROM THE PRIVATE FILES OF LOIS LANE**

"SUPERMAN AND THE MOB MEN"  
LOIS LANE

CHAPTER 2

WALTER CANBY ONCE HAD IT ALL. He was the most prominent attorney in Metropolis and one of its leading citizens. He was even appointed chairman of the Citizen's Committee for Clean Government. As a result, Canby exerted tremendous influence in many legitimate areas in the city - and beyond. Canby's name was even mentioned not just as the next mayor, but governor and perhaps even at the national level.

But like Jekyll and Hyde, Walter Canby had another side: he was the Number One criminal mob boss in Metropolis. Few people knew this until he was later exposed. His income as an attorney and significant cash flows from other endeavors afforded him great wealth and as a result enabled Canby to buy silence to keep people in his pockets, so to speak. Canby was able to maintain a veil of secrecy over his illicit operations via a very small inner circle of confidants. Anyone else dealt with them. They were handsomely paid to insure their loyalty. It seemed a perfect setup.

His early life was far from ideal. Canby was all but born into an orphanage, what with his mother dying during childbirth and no other living relatives able to accept the infant. It was a miracle that she made it through her pregnancy what with gestational diabetes, anemia and cirrhosis of the liver. But what really killed her was the delivery, as she gave birth to not only Walter but, as well, two other boys.



With the mother dead, a creative nurse named the three boys after her own deceased uncles; besides Walter, there were Albert and Jonas. The hospital staff loved the triplets and cared for them like family, but in time they were given up to a local orphanage. In those days cash-strapped orphanages would separate siblings for the sake of making money: rarely was there a family back then willing to adopt more than one child at a time and contributions would be greater for individual adoptions. As a result, Walter, Albert and Jonas were each taken by different families well before they reached their first birthdays.

A childless couple, Donald and Sylvia Canby, adopted Walter. When he was eight years old, they took in a second child, a baby girl they named Cornelia. Family bliss would be short-lived, though, for on Walter's eleventh birthday, Donald Canby disappeared. Sylvia, by this time in and out of hospitals with alcoholism, could hardly care for her children.



As a result, from the time Donald vanished, Walter became a surrogate father to Cornelia. It was inevitable then that Walter and Cornelia would again become orphans when Sylvia was no longer able to provide for them due to her deteriorated condition. As well, there were no Canby relatives able to take in the children. However, the new orphanage they now found themselves in was suffering from financial woes, so when Teresa Neale, wife of affluent underworld figure Billy Neale, came looking for a child, they rolled out a desperate red carpet for her.

Billy Neale, as it turned out, not only had little time to commit to the act of creating a child, he had no interest in being a father at all. Finally, though, he succumbed to his wife's threats to leave him by allowing her to look into adoption. Before long, Teresa fell in love with the blond hair and cutesy looks of Cornelia Canby.

The orphanage was more than willing to part with Cornelia, for Teresa Neale would provide them with a handsome donation using her husband's money. There was only one obstacle: Walter Canby – he wasn't intended to be part of the adoption. The institution made a superficial attempt to include him in the "deal", but Teresa wanted no part of a teenage boy – just Cornelia. Worried that they'd lose Teresa's money, the orphanage agreed to split up the siblings, justifying it to anyone who asked by saying that they weren't biological brother and sister, anyway.

But Walter Canby, still acting the father to Cornelia, was determined not to lose his sister and found a way to see, of all people, the big mobster, Billy Neale. Neale was so impressed with Canby's nerve that he convinced Teresa to adopt Walter, as well. It didn't hurt that at the time, the Neale operations – run by both Billy and his brother Johnny – were being investigated by the Metropolis District Attorney's Office. Billy Neale felt that adopting two children would provide an air of legitimacy to his family.

To further this impression of lawfulness, when Walter Neale (now using the family name) was old enough, his father enabled him to attend the Metropolis Law University. Walter ultimately passed the bar exam with flying colors and started his career working in a law office that often provided legal help to his father and uncle.







It was while Walter was moving up the law ranks in Metropolis that his father split from the mob and went legit, taking charge of a canning business that covered much of the Northeast. However, his former cronies, upset with the break and fearing he would turn them into the authorities, made him pay: Billy Neale was gunned down on the night of his fortieth birthday party.

With the death of his adoptive father, Walter Neale now found himself at a crossroads. He was building a successful law career, but now had another prospect, because his father's will had left the canning business to him. Walter's resolve and vitality allowed him to continue in both regards. But before long, underworld figures, including his Uncle Johnny, pressured him to accept criminal elements in the business. Walter resisted at first, but with the canning business losing customers following the loss of Billy, he succumbed.



It was a fateful move, and Walter's first misstep towards the dark side.



Yet, he found the situation strangely compelling. He was able to build a solid law practice while sustaining what appeared to be a legitimate canning business. Only those close to him in the business, particularly Uncle Johnny, knew the truth about any mob involvement.

Lest anyone connect Walter with the shady Johnny Neale, Walter reverted his name to Canby. His new law office, Canby and Associates, had no visible connection to the canning business. Moreover, he made a deal resulting in his uncle taking charge of the canning business, with Walter remaining in the shadows.

Meanwhile, Cornelia had become old enough to move out of her mom's house. She became fairly independent, as well, what with her adoptive father dead and Walter absorbed in, effectively, two full-time careers. Now going by her nickname, all sorts of mob lowlife characters courted the attractive, blonde "Connie". One of them, Frank "Ace" Chiles, caught her attention.



Despite protests from her mother and brother, Connie decided to move out of the Neale household and into Chiles's apartment. To make it legal, a local Justice of the Peace married them.

It was around the time of Connie's marriage that Uncle Johnny suffered a mild heart attack, enough to have him step back from running his criminal operation, as well as the canning business. Johnny had no living brother or heir to fill in, so he turned to his nephew, Walter Canby. Walter stepped in without missing a beat, and soon he was running both the business and Johnny's mob.

It was around then that a unique and powerful costumed crime fighter arrived on the scene: SUPERMAN. No one had ever seen anyone or anything like Superman – certainly the mob didn't know what to make of an adversary like him. Within weeks of The Man of Steel's first appearance, all gangland was on alert. Superman, allied with Inspector William (Bill) Henderson and his police squad, began their efforts to ruin the criminal organizations operating in Metropolis



But the lawless elements in the city weren't pushovers, and following defeat after defeat, they struck back with a vengeance. It was during the peak of this wave of crime that Walter Canby lost track of his sister. Eventually, he had learned that Connie and Ace had in fact disappeared. By that time, though, Canby had real challenges of his own: Superman personally and publicly had declared war on crime in Metropolis, vowing to bring in its worst crime bosses, one by one. In swift succession, The Man of Steel, again with Henderson's active involvement, brought the criminal heads to justice, starting with Walter Canby's Uncle Johnny Neale.





In time, there was thought to be only one head racketeer left and Superman was determined to nail him, even though the mobster's identity was a mystery. Ultimately, during an attempt to weed out the top criminal, Superman was ambushed by Canby's men and subjected to a sinister device that appeared to kill him through the use of intense electrical shocks. However, it was all a ruse by the Man of Steel to expose the number one crime boss, who, after all, was Walter Canby. The chairman of the Citizen's Committee for Clean Government was humiliated; his career wrecked and stature seemingly destroyed forever – all single-handedly courtesy of Superman. As a consequence, Walter Canby and most of his cronies were swiftly tried, convicted and thrown in jail.

Information about Canby's activities in prison, particularly his conversations, is limited. What is known is that while he appears to be a "model" prisoner and refrains from talking about his past, he has shared some information with certain inmates. He occasionally has visitors, including a woman named Sally Lambert. It's possible that they have a relationship of sorts. What has been gleaned is that Canby has learned through public transcripts about Connie's fate and does not like to talk about Superman.

*Merge with manuscript pages 37-41*

*E.L.*





**EPISODE 1 “THE GHOSTS THAT HAUNTED SUPERMAN”**

60 min (normal-length episode)

**PROLOGUE**



**BARRYSBURG, SOMEWHERE NEAR THE BLUE MOUNTAINS**

**SUPERMAN IS DEAD!**, thought Walter Canby, and **I** killed him. My greatest enemy is no more. The one obstacle to complete and utter success – gone forever. The professor’s ultra-high voltage electrical shocks **destroyed** the alleged Man of Steel.

“He was going to get **me**”, I had said to my men, one of whom was about to plant a triumphant heel on the so-called hero’s corpse.

But it was too good to be true. Superman had been playing possum - he leapt to his feet and showed us what fools we were, after all. Before long I was being carried by my enemy through the dark night like a rag doll over the countryside and then Metropolis. Soon he flew me through the window of Perry White’s office at the Daily Planet. To this day and for the rest of my life I’ll never forget the scene, although I wonder now – why did he bring me there and not directly to the police?



I was held by the scruff of my neck, like a dog, while Superman asked in his mock-serious tone, “Would you sign for this delivery, Mister White?”

Perry White was clearly startled, asking, “What? What’s that?”

“Clark Kent’s page one story in the flesh!” How interesting that Superman was speaking for Kent. And where **was** Kent? The kid Olsen was there.

*The woman reporter Lane was there. She clearly couldn't believe her eyes when she uttered, "Walter Canby?"*

*Nor could White. "You mean he--?"*

*And then Superman must have thought he was speaking my epitaph: "That's right. Walter Canby. Eminent attorney. Chairman of the Citizen's Committee for Clean Government. And the Number One man behind crime in Metropolis. Now you can print that statement Mister Canby **wanted** you to print: there **is** no number one crime boss in Metropolis **any more!**"*

*Everything else was a blur until I got here to my new surroundings...*

Hackenbosch Prison was built in the early 20<sup>th</sup> Century as a jail for elite criminals who didn't quite fit in with typical low-life thugs such as thieves, muggers, murderers and other hoodlums. Located in the foothills of the Blue Mountains, the facility was essential to the economy of adjacent Barrysburg, along with tourism that came from nearby winter activities. The prison was modest. It was home to no more than a hundred prisoners at a time, most by way of nearby cities and villages. About a fifth of those were typically from Metropolis. One of them was the one-time attorney and civic leader, *and criminal*, Walter Canby.

Prison was a huge adjustment for the former number one Metropolis mob boss. But Canby, with an IQ off the charts, thrived in his new environment. He quickly took advantage of the above-average prison library, using it extensively to stay in touch with current events. Canby became close with the librarian, and before long received books, newspapers, magazines and other resources that he requested.

Had anyone looked closely, they would have noticed that Canby's reading habits had a seeming singular focus: *Superman*. Ever since his capture and humiliation by The Man of Steel, Canby's *raison d'être* was revenge on his enemy. Overtly he was a model prisoner and a gentleman. No one knew that his aim was to do everything and anything possible to achieve retribution such that Superman would regret the day he put on his uniform.

As a result, the criminal consumed any news and stories about The Man of Steel and even his *Daily Planet* friends. He kept a log of current noteworthy incidents and events of significance prior to his capture. His latest read was about proceedings from a recent trial in which, incredibly, Superman was the defendant. Each time Walter Canby read the court transcript, something gnawed at him more and more. It certainly seemed clear as to *what* happened: mobster "Ace" Chiles and his "gun moll" wife, Connie, died after falling from a mountain. In court, The Man of Steel testified that he had brought the mobsters to an isolated Alaskan mountaintop in order to prevent them from leaking his secret identity to others.

What distressed Canby was that these two people had *known* Superman's other identity. Even more so, what troubled him is that one of them, Connie Chiles, was his own *sister* and that for all he knew, had he stayed in touch with her, she might have told him Superman's secret. But since dead men – and women – tell no tales – their discovery of Superman's other guise was seemingly lost forever.

Or was it? The dethroned crime boss wondered. He quickly became obsessed with needing to know The Man of Steel's secret because it was a highly valuable piece of information. It was significant enough to make Superman fly two people to a far-removed location so that they wouldn't talk. Surely The Man of Steel himself knew that the possessor of such knowledge wielded immense power, because that person would have a hold over the greatest force on Earth – *Superman*.

As this fixation to learn Superman's secret identity mushroomed and fed his other preoccupation for revenge towards his enemy, Canby formulated a plan. Soon thereafter, he had a visitor at the Hackenbosch Prison, Sally Lambert. Sally was the only member of Canby's small circle of confidants not rounded up during the so-called "crime wave raid" led by Superman and Inspector Henderson. This was because, as a precaution, Canby limited Sally's participation with the rest of his inner circle, lest she be connected with their nefarious activities should they be exposed. He felt that it was vital that someone on the outside be able to continue his operation should he ever get caught. And since then that foresight had paid off.

Lambert helped Canby maintain a formidable and efficient communications network from prison that escaped detection by law enforcement. The system included underworld figures, crooked cops and well-paid prison guards, amongst others. Sally was the focal point of the network and under the guise of a "relationship" often visited Canby in prison. It didn't hurt that a sizable portion of Canby's great wealth remained unknown to the authorities by way of all sorts of financial holding companies and other business management tricks used to conceal any ties to him.

As Canby logged thoughts concerning his enemy, he remembered a short film taken by Sally Lambert prior to his capture. The film showed Clark Kent running into an alley – and Superman emerging. He, Sally and the rest of his inner circle viewing the film were so engrossed in thwarting and even destroying Superman that they had overlooked the fact that the sequence had provided a very strong clue as to either how Superman is contacted – or who his everyday identity *is*.



The film clip and several other things in Canby's log were topics of conversation when Lambert came to meet with him for her latest visit to Hackenbosch. The pair met in the visitor's area, separating guest from inmate with a long table and low panel. Canby told Sally, "It took me four years to get hold of those court transcripts and four days for me to figure out what I want to do."



They then talked about the film Sally had made of Kent and Superman in the alleyway. He was suspicious about Kent's connection with Superman – in fact, maybe he really *was* Superman, but needed more information. Canby concluded with, "Sally, I want you to fly to Alaska. I want you to dig up anything you can on my sister's death. Find out if she talked before she died. She and Ace knew Superman's other identity – if there's any chance that this information was passed on, I want it."

He added, "Hook up with The Professor. You and he will know how to 'fund' this operation."

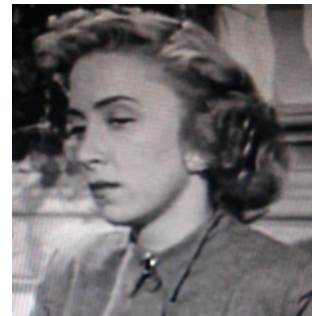


One of Canby's key men in Anchorage was Milton Blaine, AKA *The Professor*. He, too, was part of Canby's inner circle. Blaine was a flawed scientific genius with a forged PhD certificate used when he needed to pose as a doctor. His only educational background was two years in a Latin American dental school before dropping out. His real calling was in electronics. It was Blaine who designed a chamber designed to kill Superman using high voltage shocks.

But the machine was ineffective against The Man of Steel, resulting in the capture of Canby, Blaine and the rest of Canby's men. However, Blaine managed to escape police custody, and fled via Canada to the Alaska territory.

Canby then somberly said, "I realize that what I ask is a long shot."

"I'd tend to agree, but I'll get on it right away." Sally actually didn't mind a jaunt to Alaska, away from the stresses of her activities in Metropolis. "What about our arrangement with Ritchie King?"



"I'm glad you brought him up. Tell him to be ready by the time you come back from Alaska. If my hunches are right, Mister King will prove quite valuable to us on more than one front." Canby and Sally had made plans concerning King in her prior visit to the prison.

"I'll see him before I leave on my trip to the Northwest." But Lambert had a look of concern. "You know boss, Ritchie King's got a reputation of being loose cannon. I really don't trust him."

"Are Robbie and Cutter keeping an eye on him, like I asked you to arrange?"

"Well, yeah, but—"

"Then I wouldn't worry. Mister King is quite valuable to our operation. He's a brilliant scientist, if a bit demented. I so admire his talents, especially with synthetic materials and poisons." Canby paused and then summed it up with, "But I share

your concerns, Sally, which is why Robbie and Cutter are shadowing him. They'll keep Ritchie King in line – one way or another."

Canby and Lambert finished their conversation, not noticing that all the time they were being spied upon. It wasn't by the prison guards but a woman both of them would have recognized had they seen her watching them from a distance in a hallway. However, once Sally Lambert got up to leave the visiting area where she and Walter Canby hatched their plans, reporter Lois Lane of the *Daily Planet* quickly made herself scarce.

**ANCHORAGE, ALASKA TERRITORY**



Within days of her getting together with Canby, Sally was in Anchorage meeting up with Blaine. Before his arrest, Canby had set up a small outpost loyal to his organization in Alaska's largest city. He'd done that in anticipation of statehood and the eventuality of oil reserves being tapped in the territory's vast northern region. Canby's expectation was that with statehood and growth would come the need for more security, in terms of guards, weapons and alarm systems. Led by The Professor, Canby's people created a firm called *Northern Lights Security*, an organization that offered companies security for virtually any situation. His strategic plan was to have the new company become profitable in terms of business and industrial security before branching out into other endeavors. It would position Canby and his operatives to have significant footing in Alaska's almost certain rich future.

In order to increase the demand for *Northern Lights Security*, Canby's men clandestinely generated crime and unrest, primarily in and around Anchorage. Even with Canby in prison, this self-serving operation had taken a foothold. One of the people Blaine enlisted in these efforts was an Asian mute named Kon. The tall, powerfully built thug had been used before by Canby's organization. Though Kon was Asian, he was often mistaken for a local – an Inuit – and with others, was able to incite riots and other forms of instability.

Before long, Sally went to work on Canby's request. Snooping was her specialty, and she was able to charm all sorts of people into providing information, whether helpful or not. Lambert soon established a small network of contacts in the territory and learned of a doctor up north who became involved in the Chiles' demise. To her surprise, Sally found that the doctor was present when Connie uttered her dying words.



She knew that Canby would want this information and rented a plane with a flight plan taking her north to a meeting with the doctor. Lambert was tough-as-nails; that was one reason why Canby included her in his inner circle. However, she wasn't stupid: as a woman in the vast and wild Alaska territory filled with more men than the so-called "weaker sex", she knew that having the right kind of protection when going deep into the wilds was essential.

Besides, it might be necessary to strong-arm the doctor - something that wasn't her specialty. As a result, she enlisted Kon for the trip north. His tall, muscular frame was daunting to others. Kon won both wrestling and boxing championships in Asia and the West Coast of the United States, including the Alaska territory, and it showed.

Plus he had killed over a dozen men with his bare hands.

As such, secure with the thought of Kon at her side, Sally Lambert planned a trip north with the hope of fulfilling her boss's request to uncover the final words of Connie Chiles.

**ACT 1**

**SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, AT THE AIRPORT**



**“ALASKA AIRLINES FLIGHT FIFTY-TWO** direct to Juneau and Anchorage. Boarding will begin in fifteen minutes at gate seven.” The loudspeaker in Sea-Tac Airport’s main waiting area blared with hints of static and a distinct echo.

“Well it’s about time.” Perry White nodded towards the gate and then shrugged. “More flying. Just what I need. It wasn’t enough to spend half a day holed up in one of those tin cans all the way from Metropolis.”

White, “Chief” editor of the great Metropolis newspaper *Daily Planet*, was talking to his traveling companion and subordinate, one of his top reporters – Clark Kent. But White noticed that his star employee seemed not to be listening. No, Clark was lost in a gaze, apparently staring in the direction of a reunion between a serviceman – a U.S. Air Force captain – and a well-dressed young woman.

The editor smiled. “Saw a lot of that at the end of the war”. But Clark was still staring off in the distance. “Clark?” No response. “Kent!”

“Oh, sorry, Chief.” The reporter adjusted his thick black glasses somewhat nervously and seemed even a little embarrassed. “I was just ...”

“I know. I know. Those two.” White nodded in the direction of the USAF captain and his gal. “You know, son...” White paused, carefully considering his next words. Clark thought: *here comes the fatherly advice*. Clark’s foster father, Eben, had died when Clark was in his twenties. He clearly remembered the day of Pa’s fatal heart attack back in Smallville on the Kent farm. Thankfully, Clark’s foster mom, Sarah, was still

going strong back home despite being in her mid-eighties. *I'm due for another return visit soon*, he thought.

The *Daily Planet* editor continued, looking at Clark. "None of us is getting any younger." Then White glanced back at the Captain and his girl whose embrace had been interrupted by a young man singing along with his transistor radio blaring *Mister Purple People Eater, what's your line...* The couple laughed and then walked arm-in-arm towards the main terminal exit where taxis waited.

White shook his head and then continued; "I don't know where I'd be without Alice all these years. I mean, you know I like to burn the midnight oil, but when all's said and done, to come home to her, well..."

"Chief, I—"

"Now hang on there, Clark. It's no secret that you and Lois—"

"Perry--!"

Clark rarely called his boss anything but "Chief", a title of sorts that White accepted from Clark and his other star reporter, Lois Lane. "Cub" reporter and photographer Jimmy Olsen often slipped and called White "Chief", much to the editor's dismay and White would regularly let Olsen know.

"Look, son. I don't want to interfere. But there seems to be a kind of spark between you two, and—"

Clark turned to his superior and put his right hand on the side of Perry's left shoulder. It was clearly with respect, not annoyance. "Chief, I appreciate what you're trying to say." Clark looked down at the floor and then again at his boss. "Lois is very special to me. But, well..." Clark was fumbling for words – something he wasn't accustomed to.

Kent continued. "It's *complicated*. It's – it's – hard for me to explain. Maybe one day—"

*"Alaska Airlines flight fifty-two direct to Juneau and Anchorage. Boarding now at gate seven. Please have your boarding passes ready. Thank you for flying Alaska Airlines."*

*Saved by the bell*, they both thought. Perry guessed that he had made enough of his point. He had watched his two top reporters for many years, noses to the grindstone, with little time for anything else. But White sensed that the two seemed very – comfortable – with each other, despite their professional competition. And somewhat in a fatherly way, despite all the well-known misgivings of office romances, had hoped that something would develop between the two.



At the same time, the editor could see that Clark was now embarrassed – and he was right. The reporter was treading in uneasy territory. For many, discussion of emotional relationships can be awkward, but for Clark Kent, it was downright torture. *Not that I don't have feelings like other mortal men*, he often thought. He did experience all sorts of “normal” emotions and as well wanted a relationship not unlike Perry and his wife Alice – someone to share his life with.

But Clark was no ordinary mortal man. For all he knew, he was neither mortal *nor* a man. Or at least, not a *human* male Earthling. He certainly looked like one, but was in fact, to put it no other way, an *alien* relative to Earth. Clark had learned this and much more from decoded records found in a charred spaceship – a vehicle from beyond Earth – finding out that he and the rocket had apparently come from a distant world called *Krypton*.

Sarah and Eben Kent of Smallville found the rocket and rescued the infant who they named Clark and later became Superman. The rocket was consumed in an explosion, but the next day when Eben returned to the site out of curiosity, he found a strange artifact that had been left behind – apparently notes in an alien language that had been placed inside the rocket.

Later, as Superman, he had the help of two scientists he befriended – Professor Roberts and Professor Lucerne – who decoded the alien language. The notes said that his father, a scientist named Jor-El and his mother, Lara, sent the baby from the doomed planet Krypton. His Kryptonian name, per the records, was *Kal-El*.



However, as a teenager, when Clark learned from his foster parents that they found him as a baby in the spaceship - he became depressed and bewildered. After all, until then, Clark thought was like any other kid – perhaps stronger than other guys his age and able to do all sorts of unusual things, like run really fast and apparently able to imagine things hidden from view – but still for all intents and purposes a *normal* child.

After getting beyond the disbelief and denial of this incredible news, Clark felt out of place around people – even his adoptive parents - and bolted from his home at the Kent farm. But it wasn't long before his thinking changed. A construction crew on the new Lincoln Highway cried out for help, something Clark heard over a mile away. Instinctively he sprinted through corn fields to the construction site only to find a worker trapped under a cement truck that had tipped on its side when the road, muddied from an overnight rainstorm, gave way.

Without hesitation Clark lifted the truck with his tremendous strength while workers pulled their stricken comrade to safety. Though astonished by the boy's amazing feat, everyone thanked him profusely. However, when his feelings of awkwardness returned, Clark ran away from the scene in a blur. He spent the night in a cornfield looking up at the stars wondering where he was from. In the morning he awoke to a glorious golden sun rising to the east, spreading its warm fingers across cornstalks and sunflowers.

They say that time heals all wounds; it didn't take long for Clark to return home, almost as if his soul had been re-energized. He apologized to Ma and Pa, who, teary-eyed, were grateful for his return. From that point on the three of them had a close-knit bond – more so than before – and together shared a secret *and* a firm belief: that Clark was put on Earth for a reason, that reason being to help others in need.

And so, when he reached manhood, after Eben Kent passed away, Clark decided that it was time to become more involved in using his unique abilities to aid those in need. To do that, he felt he had to be in a beehive of activity for America, if not the world. No other place seemed to fit that bill more than the city of Metropolis. Clark bade so long – not good-bye – to his foster mother at the Smallville bus terminal and soon made the city of Metropolis his new home.

Clark Kent figured that the beehive within the beehive would be something connected with the media or law enforcement. Trying the Metropolis Police first, Clark had interviewed with a man named Henderson, but the police inspector, despite being impressed, had a sixth sense that told him Clark would be better suited as a reporter. Henderson knew Perry White at the *Daily Planet* and the rest was history. Oh, except for one more detail. Clark and his parents had figured that the day would come when Clark would help people openly and that he'd need to shield his private life from his public actions. So they worked out a way of giving Clark another – *persona* – or identity, to use in public.

Right from kindergarten Clark had worn glasses because he had difficulty seeing. His foster parents had no idea back then that his eyes needed to adjust to being on Earth. Similarly, their doctor hadn't a clue that Clark in fact had the most powerful eyes around. He figured that strong glasses would make up for Clark's seemingly bad eyesight. Eventually, when it seemed that the specs weren't needed any more, Clark became so accustomed to them that he wore them all the time in public.



In fact, the glasses seemed so much a part of Clark's appearance that people almost didn't recognize him *without* them. As a result, Ma and Pa suggested to Clark that he distinguish his normal self from the "other guy" performing in public. They advised Clark that his glasses should continue to be used as a means of throwing people off and removed when he pretending to be the guy who helps everyone.

Building on that, it was Clark himself who realized that he needed to distinguish himself in this other guise. On a family trip to Metropolis he had seen how police were immediately singled out and recognized for their role in helping people. Back home, Clark decided that, like the police, he needed a uniform that would let people immediately know that he was “the guy who helps everyone”.

Of course, he couldn't be referred to as “the guy who helps everyone”. Clark's other identity needed a “brand” and it was Eben who came up with it. It all came together when Sarah created a costume made from red, yellow and blue blankets found in the spaceship. The uniform sported a fancy “S” on its chest based on Eben's nickname for his son and from the moment Clark sported the outfit, using it to save a man at the Metropolis airfield who fell from a dirigible, his public persona became known as—



### ***SUPERMAN.***

So this is what Clark had on his mind at Sea-Tac Airport when editor Perry White prompted thoughts of Clark and a love life, perhaps with the woman he surreptitiously pined for, co-worker Lois Lane.

Love conquers all; Love is blind; Love gives one a singular focus that makes everything else unfocused, making the one in love Crazy Hazy and Topsy-Turvy. But for Clark Kent, alias Superman, the Man of Steel, Love was none of these; it was something ... *distant*. Love was something others seemed to have, but for him – well, perish the thought. He had known girls and hung out with them growing up in Smallville, like Lana Lang, but nothing was ever long-term or serious.

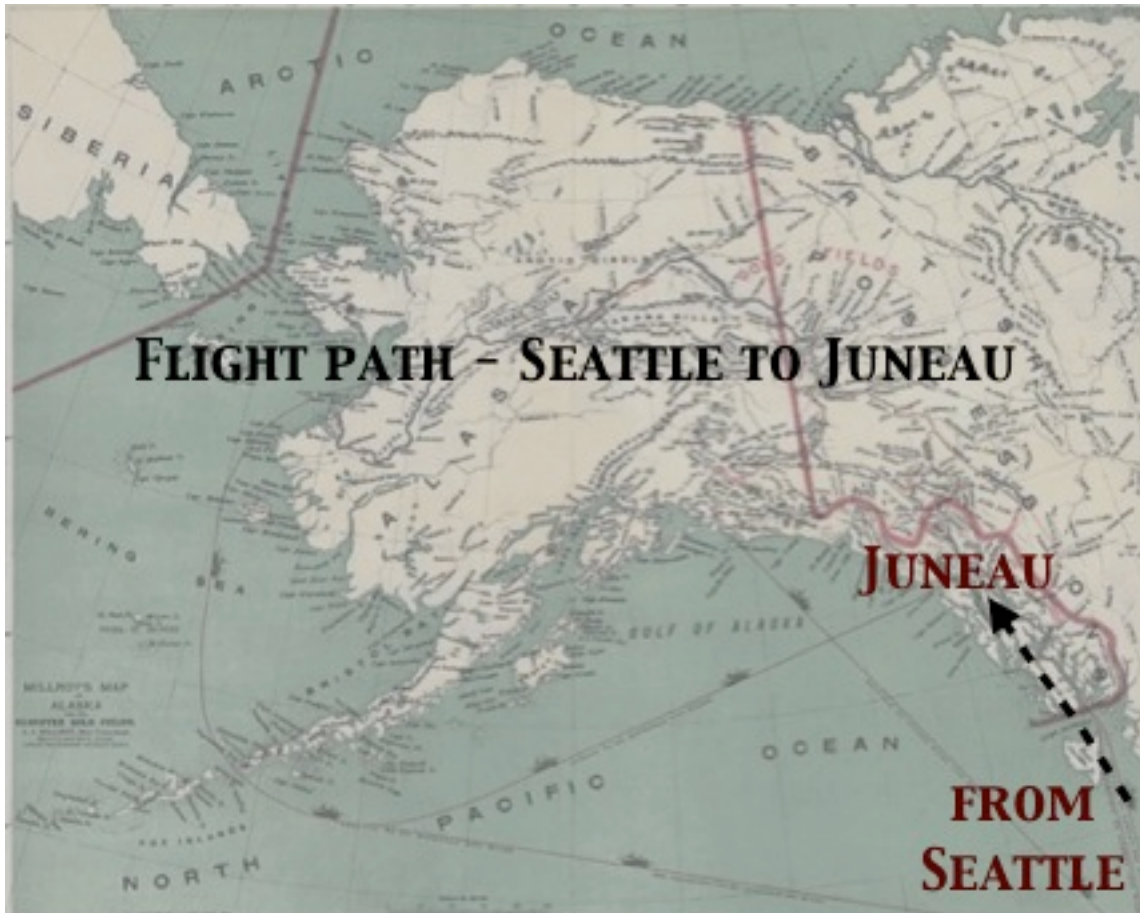
Knowing what he was – an *alien* – and what he had made in his other guise as Superman – *enemies* – Clark defensively stopped short of getting involved in any relationships. Even if a liaison between an alien and a human somehow worked out otherwise, Clark feared that if his enemies found out that Superman was seeing or even was married to a particular woman – for instance, Lois Lane – well, it would put his loved one's life in constant danger.

Not to mention distract him from his duties as The Man of Steel.

Clark sometimes wondered if all of this was conjured up by his psyche as an excuse for avoiding the challenges of a relationship. As he sat down in his window seat on the four-seat Douglas DC-6, he almost chuckled at the irony of a man who could move mountains being afraid to fall in love. He grinned at the thought, *how human*.

Before long the plane was over Puget Sound, heading north towards the international border with Canada, then over Vancouver, followed by the Salish Sea

and Inland Passageway up towards the panhandle that was gateway to the vast expanse of towering mountains, deep fjords, rivers of ice, volcanic islands, abundant wildlife and much more. Alaska was the reason for White and Kent's week or more trip to the United States territory, which was on a slippery slope towards becoming the nation's forty-ninth state.



White had spent most of the flight from Metropolis to Seattle reviewing documents and editing articles he'd brought with him. As a result, he and Kent had little time to chat. On the leg to Alaska, however, White was anxious to brief his reporter. He settled back in his seat, lighting one of his trademark cigars. Originally White's sole purpose in making the business trip was to set up a new *Daily Planet* office in Anchorage, a move precipitated by its impending statehood. His original plan was to fly there alone, but in recent weeks the visit northwest took on a new urgency, and so he brought Kent along.

Statehood had long been proposed for the Alaska territory as far back as 1916. By the 1940s and the 1950s it was getting closer and closer to becoming a reality. "It seemed inevitable", White took a long puff, "that there were forces out there who didn't want it."



“Not surprising”, Kent replied. “Statehood means more government intervention. There are those who’d probably like to be left alone.”

“Exactly, and there were.” Another puff and a pause. “And also not surprising is that it was – and still is – the Inuits—“

Kent interrupted, “You mean the natives, also referred to as Eskimos”.

“That’s right. The Inuits had been concerned about their lands being confiscated as a result of Alaska becoming a state.”

“Much like the American Indians. Can’t say I blame them.”

“Ah, but that’s where it gets interesting.”

“Oh?”

White dumped some cigar ash in his seat’s ashtray. “It seemed like things were worked out between the government and the Inuit people. In fact, there’s a photo – a handshake between the territorial governor – Heintzleman – and one of the Inuit leaders – some guy named Akiak – shaking hands. Page one of Sunday’s *Daily Planet* from a couple of months ago, in fact.”

“All right then—“

Perry took another long puff. “Two weeks ago I got a call from my old friend Nate Brennan.”

“Oh yes. We’ve met. From the *Seattle Times*...”

“Not any more. Now he’s on the *Anchorage Daily News*. Like me, chief editor.”

“That’s a step up for Nate. Good for him.”

White continued. “Anyway, a strange thing happened. Until that handshake, the Inuit protests were peaceful and orderly.”

Kent turned a little to actually look at White’s face instead of the seatback in front of him. He said, “One would think they’d have stopped their protests at that stage.”

“That’s the thing, Kent. They didn’t. In fact, things got worse.”

Clark focused more on his boss’s face and listened.

“For the past month or so there have been incidents. Small explosions. Break-ins. *Violence*.”

“The Inuit?”

“Well, it’s hard to say. Some say yes, some say no. The Inuit leaders have been denying it all.”

“What do the police say? Or better yet”, Kent asked, “What does your friend Nate Brennan say?”



“Now you’re talking.” White was near the end of his cigar and asked a passing stewardess for a smoking tin so that the stub could be taken away. “I spoke to Nate. He doesn’t think that whatever’s going on is political.”

“No? What then?”

“He thinks it’s *criminally* motivated.”

With that, dinner carts came rolling down the aisle and so their conversation was interrupted. Trays were plopped down in front of the *Daily Planet* men with food, knives, forks and small drinks.

In fact, during dinner they both took a break from talking shop to look out the window at the majestic scenery – the long Inland Passageway that separated mainland British Columbia from a string of islands facing the Pacific Ocean. It was still bright sunlight at 7PM, with the waters below sparkling blue in unison with the greens and browns on the islands and mainland. A septuagenarian across the aisle saw their interest in the scenery and gave them a geography lesson. White and Kent politely let her talk and as such didn’t return to their conversation about the trip to Alaska.

White smoked another cigar after dinner at which time the meal trays were removed. As they were being taken away, there was an announcement that the plane was descending for its scheduled stop in Juneau, Alaska’s territorial capital.

**JUNEAU, ALASKA TERRITORY, AT THE AIRPORT**



Both men used the one-hour layover to stretch their legs on the tarmac while the plane was resupplied. They casually watched while some passengers completely disembarked and new ones came aboard, along with luggage being carted on and off the plane. A gasoline truck marked “CONOCO” pulled up and before long the plane was refueled. Attendants checked over the plane’s engines, outside, and instruments in the cockpit before giving the plane a clean bill of health for its second and final leg to Anchorage.

**WASILLA, ALASKA TERRITORY, IN THE BOREALIS BAR**



The *Borealis Bar* in Wasilla, a suburb of Anchorage, was packed every evening from 5PM to closing, which was generally 11PM. The Professor was a regular. This evening two other people – Sally Lambert and Kon, joined him. The trio discussed arrangements for Sally and Kon’s flight north as well as their need to obtain the

information requested by Canby from a Doctor Imnek. After their meal was finished, The Professor lowered his voice. "I thought you two should be aware of another thing."

Sally sipped on her coffee while Kon continued to drink a huge frothy lager he had ordered. Both focused on Blaine, who continued, "Word from Metropolis is that two noseypapermen are headed this way."

Sally asked, "Oh? Who's that?"

"They're from the *Daily Planet*. The editor, Perry White, and that reporter, Clark Kent."

At the mention of the two names, Sally raised her eyebrows. "I remember them. White was on that citizens committee with the Boss."

Blaine added, "And Kent is that snoopy reporter connected to Superman."

"Oh yeah. I got some interesting films of them and some other *Daily Planet* people." She paused. "Lane and Olsen, if I recall."

"Yeah. The doll and the kid." Blaine nodded.

Kon continued listening while he sipped his beer.

Sally spoke again. "That's not good at all. Do we know why they're coming all the way up here?"

"No idea."

"Does the boss know? I don't know about White, but that Kent might be pretty troublesome to the Boss's operation up here."

"No, not enough time to contact him. Sometimes takes a few days to get word to that place he's in, especially from here."

Sally looked somber. "This is bad. If those two—"

But Blaine smiled. "Relax. That's what I wanted to tell you - I got it all figured out."

"Oh? How so?"

"Well, I made a long-distance call to Paulie."

"He's in Juneau, right?"



“Yeah. Been lying low there for now, but sometimes he and his boys come in real handy. *Real handy*. I wouldn’t worry about White and Kent.” Blaine smiled.

One of the other bar patrons was Oliver Crawford. He sat in the booth behind The Professor, Sally and Kon. Crawford had been shadowing Blaine for months, trying to learn more about his intentions in Anchorage. Crawford knew the owner of the *Borealis Bar* and was able to wangle a booth next to The Professor and his friends. It was noisy, but he managed to catch snippets of their conversation, particularly the part about someone flying up north to see a doctor named Imnek and something about the people who died falling off a mountain.

Within moments after The Professor and his crew leaving the bar, Crawford phoned his boss, Nate Brennan at the *Anchorage Daily News*.

**ACT 2**

**SOMEWHERE OVER THE ALASKAN PANHANDLE**



**BY THE TIME WHITE AND KENT GOT BACK ON-BOARD THEIR FLIGHT**, the sun was setting, casting an orange glow on the calm waters around Juneau. Clark tried to get his boss to continue their earlier conversation, but White protested with “I’m beat. Plus you can hear it from the horse’s mouth. From Nate, tomorrow. We’re having breakfast with him in our hotel at 8AM sharp.”

The editor pulled an airplane blanket around him and with a faint “good night, Kent”, closed his eyes.

Clark Kent, with his amazing abilities and stamina, simply did not tire. He did sleep most nights but that was primarily to rest his mind, not so much his body. And so on Alaska Airlines flight #52 he stared out his west-facing window towards the setting sun, while glancing down at the darkening waters below, letting his mind drift back forty-eight hours to Metropolis.



Perry White had not given Clark much advance notice for the excursion to Alaska, but once he did, the *Daily Planet* reporter realized that he hadn't had a great many long trips outside of Metropolis over the years, at least, not so much as Clark Kent. There were a few outings in Latin America but they were all relatively brief. He'd been to Europe and Asia but those, too, were short affairs. And of course he once took a thrilled little girl on a memorable flight around the world as Superman.

In any event, the trip to Alaska was planned as a weeklong deal – possibly longer. It was one thing for Clark Kent to spend several days away on a business trip. But that would also mean that Superman would be away – away from Metropolis, his home base. The “bad element” might notice his absence and take advantage.

Clark toyed with the idea of building something to take his place – a lookalike Superman robot. But there just wasn't enough time. Instead, he had another tack, and that involved flying, as Superman, down to Washington, D.C. to the National Laboratories and his good friend Professor Lucerne.

Superman and the professor had known each other for many years. Lucerne all but devoted his life to the study of his friend, the Man of Steel, for the purpose of trying to understand what makes him tick – and even what might *stop* him from ticking. First and foremost in that regard was an analysis of the element *Kryptonite*, a deadly rock borne from the explosion of Superman's home planet. The substance had found a way to Earth more than once and was even synthesized by the criminal world. Lucerne was always looking for ways to neutralize its debilitating and lethal effect on Superman.

As well, the scientist had helped Superman on two recent occasions as part of The Man of Steel's efforts to overcome the criminal element. In South America, Lucerne advised Superman as to how he could divide himself into two men, allowing him to foil a plot to overthrow a democratic government.

In another situation involving a wanted criminal trying to take advantage of the statute of limitations, Superman learned from Lucerne that he could physically enter solid objects and effectively pass through them – as opposed to his usual style of crashing through things such as walls and other barriers.

So now the *Metropolis Marvel* believed that he needed Professor Lucerne's expertise once more. The two met at Lucerne's lab in a modest brick building on the vast, well-groomed lawn of the National Observatory in D.C.

“Ah, my old friend. It's always wonderful to see you.” Lucerne displayed a broad smile.

“Same here, professor”. Superman was clad in his red, blue and yellow uniform. The two exchanged a warm, dry handshake.

"I never cease to get a thrill seeing you. You are a symbol of all that is good. I can imagine that when people see you – dressed in your uniform – it sends chills up their spines."

Superman chuckled. "I'm tickled, Professor Lucerne. You can imagine that the criminal element feels those chills, too!"

Lucerne laughed, as well. "I'm sure they do. And I understand, that's why you're here."

"Yes, sir. You see – I'm going to be away from Metropolis for an extended period. I fear that doing so could open a door for the criminal element to take advantage of my absence."

"I see. Well, if you had contemplated your ability to force yourself apart – as two *Supermen*, so to speak – you wouldn't be here talking to me, so obviously you're not thinking that way?"

"No, not that I didn't consider it. However, it's too risky. Although it was an immense help in South America – and I can't thank you enough once again for making me realize that I have that – *ability* – I almost shudder to think of using it again."

"Oh. Yes, I do recall our discussion of the risks."

"Yes, it left me – both *me's*" (they both grinned) "weak, compared to what I am as one man – what I am now."

"You told me afterwards about being wounded. It was difficult to fly. You even needed bed rest, if memory serves."

"That's right. My concern now is that it would leave each one of me vulnerable. In particular, the instance of 'me' left in Metropolis would be at the mercy of the criminal element. Once they'd discover that I was vulnerable, they'd be relentless in trying to destroy me – more so than they are now."

"I see what you mean. So what are you thinking now?"

"Well, if I can't truly be in two places at once, I want to be able to get to the 'other place' as quickly as I can."

"Go on."

"It's very simple, professor – I want to understand the limits of my incredible speed."

"Interesting..."



“Yes, well, suppose I was in, as an example, Anchorage, up in the Alaska territory, one minute, and the next, I wanted to be in – Metropolis.”

“That’s a distance of over three thousand miles.”

“Three-thousand three-hundred and sixty miles, to be precise, sir.”

“Well, I certainly don’t need a NEAC 1101 when I have you!”

They chuckled and Superman continued. “So, Professor, what I am trying to understand is – just how fast can I go?”

“Well, Superman, that’s both an easy question to answer and, perhaps not so easy.”

“Oh, how so?”

“The simple response is, you can practically run or fly however fast you *want* to go. It is simply a matter of *will power* on your part.”

Lucerne got up and went over to a desk with a spiral notebook that had papers wedged in between the notebook pages. He came back and sat down across from the Man of Steel.

“As you know, I’ve been studying you. I’ve come to the conclusion that your powers are derived from two sources.” Superman was silent. He was riveted to every word from the good professor. Lucerne continued. “One single ability, that being your gift to defy gravity – to leap and fly through the air – I believe that this is due to the difference in mass between Krypton, the extinct planet of your origin – and Earth.”



Superman replied, “You’ve told me that based on your research, Krypton was a great deal larger than Earth.”

“That’s correct and as a result I would estimate that its gravitational pull was significantly more than that of the Earth. Why, if I would have been able to stand on the surface of your home planet – well, I couldn’t. In fact, I’d likely be pulled down to the ground, unable to get up at all.”

“I find this fascinating, sir.”

“So, conversely, any Kryptonian, and sadly there appears to be only one – *you* – any Kryptonian under a gravity such as Earth’s that is significantly *less* than Krypton’s – would be able to *nullify* its gravitational pull.”

“And as a consequence, be able to leap or fly, as you said – which I am able I do.”

“Precisely!”

“Fair enough. You said that there was more?”

Lucerne held a finger in the air, thumbed through his notebook, and opened it to two pages facing each other filled with drawings and trigonometric calculations. Superman leaned over to take a look and then raised an eyebrow.

The Man of Steel spoke. “I see. The sun—”

Lucerne clearly wanted to be the one to explain. “My goodness. You’ve figured out my equations?” Lucerne paused, and then smiled, “Of course – your super-mind!”

“Yes, well, back when I was growing up, mathematics was a snap for me. Your formulae are easy to understand. It’s quite clear now—”

“Yes, Superman. The rays of Earth’s sun – something about their *yellow* characteristic – and your Kryptonian body – the combination makes you like a solar battery soaking up energy. It enables you to do all these other amazing things like lift the Pyramids of Egypt, see through walls, hear a pin drop a thousand miles away.”

“If I want to—”

“If you want to. It seems to make you impervious not only to bullets and more, but allows your biochemistry to be resistant to poisons. It even may help you to fly.”

“But I thought you just said that the lighter gravity enables me to fly—”

“The difference in gravity? Yes, that’s the main factor, but it’s your super-strength that enables you to fly so fast. The difference in gravity between Krypton and Earth allows you to defy it – the strength derived from the Earth’s sun allows you to *embellish* it with speed.”

“Which, sir, brings us back to the reason why I came to see you.”

Lucerne closed his research book and put it on his lap. “Superman, like your ability to split in two and being able to move through walls, I believe that your super-speed can be controlled through sheer concentration of *will*. You can fly – or even run – in seconds -- from Kalamazoo to Timbuktu—”

They both smiled at the reference to an old children's story. Lucerne continued, "— just by thinking it." The professor paused for effect. "If you truly *want* to do it, it will happen."

Superman shrugged, almost as if he didn't believe it, but he could see that the Professor had more to say.

"You could even simulate the other power – to divide – and effectively project a second image of you. Or a third or a fourth..."

"Let me understand – you mean I could move so quickly so as to make it appear that there are two of me? Or more?"

"Why yes, of course. I mean, unlike the technique you used in South America to 'divide and conquer', so to speak, you would only be one man, but it certainly would *seem* as if there were two of you, as an example, though I wouldn't do *that* over long distances or at all for very long."

"Oh, why not?"

"You're an extraordinary man – a *super* man – and even though you seem to have unlimited abilities, they eventually come at a cost. You recall that I mentioned my theory of being 'fueled' by the sun's solar rays."

"Yes."

"Extended use of super-speed – or, for lack of a better expression – *hyper*-speed – could greatly fatigue you, like a battery running down."

Superman looked at the atomic clock on Lucerne's lab wall. It was controlled by the Naval Observatory, nearby, and was precise. He abruptly stood up. "Well, sir, I'm due back in Metropolis. As always, you've enlightened me—" Superman extended a hand, and the two exchanged a warm grasp, "Perhaps this time, more than ever. I must come back soon to learn more – about *me!*"

Lucerne smiled. "Good luck, Superman."

If Clark Kent had any further private recollections, they were quickly quashed by a commotion coming from the front of the plane. Actually, it was his super-hearing that alerted him to concerned voices in the cockpit. He focused his attention in order to hear exactly what was being said and as he did, Kent eased himself up in his seat so that he could see inside the cockpit. After all, it wouldn't do to beam his so-called x-ray vision through the heads of passengers in front of him. He watched and listened in.



*"Anchorage tower. We repeat. Alaska Air flight fifty-two. We need an emergency landing. Repeat. An emergency landing."* Clark could see that it was one of the pilots but couldn't immediately determine if it was the pilot or co-pilot, not that it mattered.

He heard a crackle over a speaker in the cockpit and then a voice, almost garbled. *"Alaska Air flight fifty-two. This is Anchorage tower. Repeat your situation."*

The pilot answered back. *"We have lost fuel. We'll be on fumes, soon. Need immediate landing options."*

Clark thought. *Great Scott! Lost fuel? We refilled at Juneau and should have nearly a full tank.* He continued his super-eavesdropping, but was formulating a plan of action in parallel.

*"Anchorage tower. Confirmed. We must have a fuel leak. A bad one. Request landing instructions."*

*"Flight fifty-two. Please standby."*

Clark looked westward out the window. *Nothing but water. The Gulf of Alaska.* He then inched up in his seat again but this time aimed his incredible vision towards the floor of the plane and through it. He looked beyond the confines of the baggage area beneath them and outside the hull of the plane, below.

The *Daily Planet* newsman was aghast. *Great Scott! No more than five hundred feet of clearance. That's the National Monument – Glacier Bay.* The waters were filled with icy protrusions and the surrounding land with giant glacier-carved boulders, rocky hills and jagged peaks.



There was no time to lose. Soon an announcement would be made and they'd all be confined to their seats. Kent all but vaulted over the dozing Perry White and walked briskly to the vacant lavatory at the rear of the plane, entering it and locking the door. He looked below the small vestibule with his x-ray vision to see the baggage compartment below. With one of his super-hard fingers, the *Reporter of Steel* swiftly created a hole in the floor and then dropped through.

The baggage compartment was tight and had just enough room for Clark to stand in a narrow aisle. In barely an instant, he replaced his Clark Kent clothes with the uniform of Superman. The rear of the compartment had a door leading to the outside that was locked but Superman easily opened it. Once outside he quickly closed it to minimize the loss of cabin pressure.



Superman then flew in the darkness alongside the stricken plane. He was curious about the gas tank but that would have to wait. He certainly could land the plane here in the wilds of Alaska where the relatively narrow panhandle gave way to the rest of the enormous Alaska territory, but there was a better idea: fly the plane all the way to Anchorage.

There was only one little matter: Clark Kent would be “missing” on the plane, and that would arouse Perry’s suspicions. Plus, the flight attendants would likely notice it and wonder what happened to one of their passengers. At the same time, Superman wasn’t sure that he wanted *his* presence known just yet, if at all.

So once again, the Man of Steel hatched a plan and proceeded to carry it out. He flew underneath the sinking Douglas DC-4 – now it was only three hundred feet above the Gulf of Alaska – and lifted his muscular arms to grab its massive metallic underbelly. His torso and legs provided additional support. Slowly but surely the plane gained altitude. He was careful to not raise its elevation too quickly. The pilots would be dumbfounded but a gradual rise would arouse less suspicion than a sudden one.



At three thousand feet Superman lowered his body such that he could apply his energies into a powerful heave – he tossed the plane such that it would fly forward on its own momentum – aimed in the general direction of Anchorage, which was five hundred miles away. He made sure that its speed approximated normal so as not to adversely harm the propellers that continued to spin due to the plane’s forward movement and calculated an arc that would maintain a safe altitude while he continued to execute his plan.



The Man of Steel then flew back to the baggage compartment door, quickly re-entered the plane and headed to a point halfway through, climbing past all sorts of luggage. His x-ray vision spotted what he was looking for within the fuel tank alongside the baggage compartment: the sensor that fed the fuel indicator in the cockpit.

Superman then punched a hole in the metallic wall that separated the baggage compartment from the fuel tank. With his heat vision he melted a gear in the fuel sensor. His hope was that this would register a half-full (Superman was optimistic!) tank on the gauge seen by the pilots. With any luck they would chalk up the emptying tank to a sensor issue or a blockage in the fuel reservoir that somehow corrected itself. What other explanation could there be, since the plane was flying ahead with spinning propellers and no longer descending on what was an

apparently empty tank? Otherwise, a plane with an empty fuel tank flying hundreds of miles could only be explained through the supernatural – or Superman.

There was one more thing to do. After heat-sealing the hole he made in the wall separating the baggage compartment and fuel tank, Superman stepped beneath the lavatory. There, he changed back to his “Clark Kent clothes” and then jumped up into the vestibule, bringing with him the cutout of the lavatory floor that had fallen into the baggage compartment. With his heat vision he repaired the lavatory floor, lest another person came in to use it before they reached Anchorage. He polished any evidence of the restored cutout via super-speed pressure using the balls of his hands. Then he cooled it down with his super-breath.

Clark opened the door to find two people – a man and a woman – waiting in disgust. He gave an “I’m sorry” face and then headed back to his seat, climbing over his boss, who was now snoring. From his seat, Clark carefully watched the progress of the plane. It was still moving forward but soon would begin to again lose altitude and speed. He briefly looked into the cockpit and listened in, catching the tail end of a conversation with the Anchorage tower.

*“Repeat. Appears to be an instrument malfunction and possible issue with the fuel line. We will keep you apprised. ETA Anchorage one hour twenty minutes at current speed.”*

Clark thought, *Good. Now the last leg of the plan. Here goes.* He roused Perry White out of his slumber by shaking both shoulders.

“Chief. I’m not feeling too well.”

*“Whuf? Alice. A few... more winks...”*

“Chief! It’s *Clark*. I need to use the facilities. I may be there awhile.”

“Kent.” Perry’s eyes began to widen. “S’matter?”

“Must have been the reindeer sausage. My stomach’s ... queasy. I’ll be back there”, he nodded towards the rear of the plane.

Perry, now half-awake, nodded. “OK. But... Where... are we?”

“A little more than an hour from Anchorage. I just wanted you to be aware, in case you don’t see me for a bit. I’m feeling very sick.”

“OK, son. Feel better. I’m going to doze the rest of the way.” And then the editor’s eyes shut once again.

That’s all Clark wanted: Perry acknowledging Clark’s presence *on* the plane and being aware of his absence – for a legitimate reason. Then, like a replay of the earlier

scene, Clark quickly moved to the rear of the plane. The two-person queue was now one and he had to wait an agonizingly long minute for the second person to enter the lavatory and take care of business. Once it was empty, he told a stewardess he was sick and might be “in there” a long time – and to please not to disturb him. Fortunately there was another washroom near the cockpit.

So, one last time, Clark Kent entered the lavatory, following the same steps as before. Once again outside the plane – as Superman – he steered it over Prince William Sound and the Chugach Forest to the so-called “Air Crossroads of the World”, Anchorage International Airport.



Once the plane’s landing gear was down, Superman quickly resumed his guise as Clark Kent back inside the plane and settled down next to Perry, who by this time was awake.

“How are you feeling, Kent?”

“Much better, Chief!”

**ACT 3**

**FROM THE PRIVATE FILES OF LOIS LANE**

*Major breakthrough confirmed! Margaret Standish, former worker at the defunct East Village Orphanage recalled that it was her friend, nurse Judith O'Sullivan (deceased), who named the 3 orphaned babies at W. Side Hospital where Canby born. ID adoptive parents (see notes).*

1. Ron Troupe returning from interview of Standish at the Upjohn Sanatorium to provide details.
2. Henderson tentatively OKs interview of Rockwell at Strykers.
3. Get update from Lucy re: Lambert!

**ANCHORAGE, ALASKA TERRITORY, IN THE ANCHORAGE HOTEL**



In Alaska the next morning, bright and early, Perry White, Clark Kent and Nate Brennan sat down at the historic Anchorage Hotel for a meal of scrambled eggs, bacon and coffee.

“You boys are lucky to be here.” Brennan was a short, squat man with a somewhat high-pitched voice. *Always reminded me of Sam Bleaker, the fight trainer in Metropolis*, thought Clark.

“Why’s that, Nate?” Perry was about to light a cigar, a staple with breakfast for him – well, a staple at all times, really.

Brennan plopped a copy of the morning’s *Anchorage Daily News* on the breakfast table and pointed to a small front-page article with a headline **FUEL-LESS PLANE LANDS MYSTERIOUSLY**. “That was your flight, fifty-two.”





Perry began reading the article while holding his unlit cigar away from the table. “*Great Caesar’s Ghost!* That’s our plane, all right!” The *Daily Planet* editor, excited, turned to his traveling companion. “Were you aware of this Kent?”

Clark Kent looked the tiniest bit sheepish. “Well, Chief, I thought I heard a commotion coming from the cockpit area, but—“

“And you didn’t wake me!? *Great Caesar’s Ghost!* A story right under our noses!” Then White had look of realization accompanied by a mock smile. “Oh, **now** I remember where *you* were!”

“Now, Chief!”

White muttered “a fine time to be sick...” almost under his breath.

Brennan stepped in. “Now, hang on, Perry, they only determined something fishy a few hours ago – just in time for our morning edition. Probably nothing you or Kent would’ve known about.”

White went back to the article. “Incredible. It says here that they found *holes* in the fuel tank!”

“Looks like they were drilled.” Kent let it slip.

White turned to him. “How in blazes would *you* know that?” Even Brennan stared at Clark.

“Well, I don’t know. It just stands to reason that—“

Brennan stepped in once again. “Actually, Perry, Kent’s right. Just before I got here, one of my guys at the airport spoke to the police. They said that preliminary analysis suggests that someone drilled *holes* in the fuel tank.”

“Must’ve been at Juneau”, Kent reasoned. “We were fine until then.”

“That’s just what the police are saying”, Brennan continued.

“But why?” White had calmed down.

Kent lowered his voice and became dead serious. “Someone didn’t want that plane to make it to Anchorage. Or more specifically, somebody didn’t want one or more passengers to make it.”

White turned to look at his reporter. "Assuming that's true, who could they have been after?"

"Well", Brennan said, "my guys looked at the passenger list. It looked pretty ordinary. A mix of Alaska residents and apparent tourists. But we did find two names that stood out."

Both White and Kent uttered "Oh?" at about the same time.

Brennan paused and then spat out "*Yours*".

"You're telling me that the *Chief* and *I* were targets? Someone wanted to down an entire airplane just to prevent *us* from coming here?"

Brennan replied, "We can't be certain, but one thing's for sure: there *was* sabotage."

White said, "Incredible."

Brennan continued. "Not only that - it's a miracle that the plane made it to Anchorage at all, given its empty fuel tank."

With that comment, Kent nervously adjusted his glasses but said nothing.

"Maybe it still had enough fuel to make it here - just enough." White conjectured.

But Brennan shook his head and countered with "Unlikely. The pilots noticed a near-empty tank less than an hour after taking off from Juneau. Thought there was a blockage or a busted gauge. But the tank was bone dry at Anchorage." He paused and then smiled. "Looks like you had a guardian angel."



White had a half-smile. "There's only one guardian angel I've ever known and his name is Superman."

Kent offered a mild protest. "*Superman?* Way up here in Alaska?"

White answered, "Can you think of a better explanation, Kent? Sometimes I think he's *your* guardian angel, in fact."

Breakfast was done and the plates were cleared but they all had another round of coffee. Perry White, halfway through his second cigar, cut to the chase: "So Nate. What's the scoop on the incidents you called me about?"

Brennan took a gulp of coffee and then began his explanation. "Well, the police think it's the local Inuit stirring up trouble over statehood, but I don't think so."

Kent asked, "Oh? What do you think?"

"My boys have traced the Inuit folks arrested for the violence and it turns out they're just locals but not members of the Inuit tribe."

Perry said matter-of-factly, with his cigar in his mouth, "Just everyday Alaska natives, eh?"

"That's right. But that's not the most interesting thing. It's the people they hang out with that made me suspicious."

White had taken his cigar out and was flicking ashes into a tray. "What do you mean?"

Brennan pulled out a large clasped envelope full of photos and spilled them out on the table. He kept a few in a pile but selected three to put in front of the *Daily Planet* men. "It's these guys that have me thinking that this is a *criminal* operation."

"Well, who are they?" White asked.

Brennan pointed to two photos showing two men dressed in business attire. "Jim Duggan and Felix Ramirez. *Northern Lights Security, Inc.*"

"Who are they? What's 'Northern Lights'?" Kent asked.

"It's a security firm – one of a handful competing to take hold here in Alaska. With statehood coming, more business and industry will come. With that, more crime – including industrial secrets, theft, break-ins and the like – and with that, the need for security. Oh, and there's much more – a good one."

"Come on, Nate – tell us." White pointed his cigar right at Brennan.

"Well, you've heard of oil being discovered in Prudhoe Bay."

Kent jumped in. "That's right. Prudhoe Bay is above the Arctic Circle – by the Arctic Ocean."

Brennan continued. "Yup. Dozens of companies are primed to drill below the permafrost. No one knows how much oil is down there, but it's supposed to be plenty. Why, the experts are saying we won't need to import it from the Middle East any more after they set things up."

White said, "Is that a fact?"

Brennan added, "There'll will be a new kind of gold rush for the territory – I mean – the *state* of Alaska. "

"I think I see where you're going", said Perry.

Kent joined in, too. "Yes, with all this activity – all these companies moving people, equipment, offices and such here, even *more* security will be needed. But, Nate, so far I don't see the connection with anything criminal. I mean—"

Kent's eyes wandered to the third photo. "*Great Scott!*"

White looked at Kent and then at what he was looking at. "Kent? What is it?"

He didn't immediately answer but Brennan did and seemed pleased. "Oh, I see you've noticed Milton Blaine."

"Is that what he's calling himself now?" Kent was dead serious..

"You know this character?" White asked.

"Well, Perry, we knew him as 'The Professor'. Take another look." Kent picked up the photo and placed it in front of his editor.



Perry took out his reading glasses. "*Great Caesar's Ghost!* That's Canby's guy! The one behind that infernal electrical machine they used on Superman! *Great Caesar's Ghost!*"

Kent continued. "That's right. Walter Canby's so-called scientific genius. His real name, at least back then, was Hans Swifter."

White said, "Now I remember. He was rounded up along with Canby, but had some electrical gismo that unlocked his cuffs."

"Escaped police custody", added Kent.

"And now Swifter or Blaine – whatever his name – is here? Well I'll be. But why the blazes in Alaska?"

"Probably because it's so far from Metropolis. Nobody's going to come looking for him here." said Kent. The reporter picked up the photo and waved it at Brennan. "Nate, what tipped you off to this so-called Blaine character?"

"Well, we followed some leads and all of them pointed to shady operations back east."

"What specifically?" Kent was all but interrogating Brennan.

“Got some help from the FBI. Wiretaps. Yeah, not quite on the level, I know, but they have some leeway here, you know. We’re not a state just yet.”

“So what did they find out? Did they get anything on Blaine?” Perry was becoming as focused as Kent.

“Nothing conclusive. He made several calls to Metropolis but we don’t know who was on the other end. For awhile the conversations concerned *Northern Lights* bidding for contracts. It sounded very shady.” Brennan filled White and Kent in on the *Northern Lights* operation and suspicious activity by Blaine and others. Then he added, “Something odd last night, though.”

“How so?” Kent asked.

“My boy Oliver Crawford managed to overhear a meeting that Blaine was having. Wish he had gotten a good look at who Blaine was talking to but they were gone before Ollie could see much.”

Kent asked, “Nate, what did your guy hear?”

“Only some of Blaine’s side of it. Seems like someone’s flying up north – to get hold of some doctor, an Inuit working in a remote town. Man’s name is Imnek.”

Kent said, “I see.”

Brennan continued. “You haven’t heard the half of it. Apparently this Inuit doctor used to be a survival nut. Went off in the wilderness way up to the Brooks Range with some other doctors. Some sort of test or trial or something after they graduated from medical school.”

White was getting impatient. “Spare us the geography and history lessons, Nate, and get to the point.”

Brennan shrugged. “Well, years ago Imnek and his doctor buddies found corpses of a man and a woman in the snow -- at the bottom of a mountain. In the middle of nowhere!”

An uncharacteristic chill went up Kent’s spine as Brennan continued. “Only thing is - one wasn’t a corpse yet.” Now Clark shifted uneasily in his seat, listening carefully to the *Anchorage Daily News* editor. “The man was dead but the woman had some life left in her. She apparently talked but you’d have to ask the doc what she said.”

Kent asked nervously, “Who is this doctor – do you know his name?”

“Last name’s *Imnek*. Don’t know his first.”



Kent continued, “Was this Doctor Imnek, er, interviewed? Did he talk to anyone about the dead man and woman?”

Brennan was a little surprised by Kent’s interest, but responded, “Not that I know of. Rumor has it one of his doctor colleagues wrote about their encounter in a journal. Something I read about when I first came here to Anchorage. But he didn’t know much – only this Imnek fellow seems to know what the woman said before she died.”

Unlike Clark, Perry was losing interest in the tangent they were on. “What’s it got to do with this Blaine character?”

Brennan answered, “That’s the thing. I wouldn’t have mentioned it if Kent didn’t get so excited about Blaine. Seems like he’s mixed up with whoever’s going to see this Imnek guy.”

But Kent wouldn’t be swayed. He continued to question Brennan. “Did you get any more information? Like where this doctor is, and when this flight north is supposed to happen?”

Perry looked at his reporter. “Kent, look here. Our business is in Anchorage. Why do you care—“

Clark stuck a hand out to politely interrupt his boss. “Now wait just a minute, Chief. We have a mystery on our hands. Violence in Anchorage. One of Walter Canby’s men here in Alaska. An attempt on our plane. This doctor up north. It may all be connected.” He didn’t mention his concerns about the man and woman found dead by a mountain.

“A mystery, eh? And what makes you think that?”

The reporter replied, “Just a hunch.”

White was not amused. “A *hunch*? You need to tell us more than that.”

But Kent’s wheels were turning – he was more interested in *getting* information than giving any. “So Nate, do you know where this Doctor Imnek is located?”

“He’s way north of Fairbanks. *Way* north. A town near the Arctic Circle called *Anaktuvuk Pass*. Crawford thought he heard that someone was flying up early today. Mighta left already.”

With that piece of information, Kent rose from the table.

“Where on earth are you going?” Perry White’s voice was just a tad too intense for the hotel restaurant and people at other tables noticed.

“Oh, well, Perry, I want to check a few leads.”

“Leads on *what?*”

Kent paused. He was troubled by Blaine’s appearance in Alaska and the talk of a trip north to see the doctor named Imnek. Most alarming of all was hearing about the man and woman found at the base of the mountain. But this was his boss he was talking to. Plus he considered Perry a friend. He had to tell him something, though he couldn’t let on about everything. The reporter sat down again but only partly on the chair, suggesting he’d be getting up in a moment. “Chief, Blaine’s an escaped criminal. There are some disturbing loose ends, as well: *Northern Lights Security* and Blaine’s involvement, plus the attempt to bring down our plane, as mentioned. And I’d like to understand what this connection up north is all about.”

Perry said nothing but just exhaled. Brennan was clearly interested in what Kent was saying and said, “Perry, I think your boy’s onto something.”

Kent stood and put his right hand on White’s shoulder, first looking at his boss and then their friend Nate Brennan, across the breakfast table. “Perry. Nate. I think there’s something more here than meets the eye. Blaine was talking to – someone – back east in Metropolis.”

He continued. “Now, we both know that his ex-boss, Walter Canby, is in prison. But regardless, it’s important that we know *who* was on the other end of the telephone. Someone back east is pulling strings all the way to Alaska. Someone who *knew* that Perry White and Clark Kent were on that plane. Someone who had the *means* to bring it down. This could be *big* and I aim to find out what’s going on!” He put on his fedora and closed with, “I’ll be back as soon as I can!”

With that, Kent hurried out of the restaurant. In his wake, Brennan looked at his friend. “Perry, you’ve got quite a reporter there. I could use someone like him. He and Ollie Crawford would make a helluva team.”

Perry was staring at the exit where he had last seen his star employee. “Kent *is* pretty amazing. Sometimes, though, I—”

But Brennan simply sat back and produced a plastic-wrapped cigar, pointing it at Perry. “Looks like you could use one.”

Perry’s eyes lit up as he grabbed the Havana and thanked his friend.

**ANAKTUVUK PASS, ALASKA TERRITORY**



Dr. Hakar Imnek seemed to thrive in isolation. Though as a doctor he had to deal with people, he had chosen to settle in an area in which human beings were few and far between.

And that was just fine for the diminutive physician.

Imnek was born in Osaka, Japan to Taiki and Akemi Kamura. When he was twelve they immigrated to the United States just as the Great Depression was sweeping America and the globe. They initially settled in Oakland, California but the attack on Pearl Harbor changed that. As fighting broke out with Japan, many of Japanese living in the Western United States were ultimately interned in “War Relocation Camps”.

When the Kamura family learned that their Japanese neighbors in Oakland were being displaced to a camp at Tule Lake in Northern California, they packed as many belongings they could and disappeared. A little known Japanese “Underground Railroad” of sorts helped to smuggle them out of California all the way up to Seattle, Washington.

Ultimately the Kamuras made it to the Alaska Territory in Fairbanks, changing their family name to a more Inuit-like *Imnek*. It was there that Hakar earned his medical degree at *Fairbanks Medical College* with a minor in psychology. He became

fascinated with the study of people in isolation, especially how they endured. As a result, following graduation he and a small group of his newly anointed doctors embarked on a December “survival” expedition well to the north of Fairbanks in the rugged Brooks Range. Besides the arctic-like conditions with blizzards and sub-zero temperatures, the time of year presented a challenge, as December offered next to no sunlight.

But in the end, Imnek and his colleagues prevailed. Imnek even published a book, *Humans to the Extreme* that became a best seller. It was this book, in fact, that had led Sally Lambert to travel all the way from Anchorage to the remote outpost of Anaktuvuk Pass.

At least, that’s what the woman told Imnek over the phone. Lambert explained that she represented a growing mail-order retail company based on the East Coast specializing in clothing and outdoor recreation equipment. With Alaska close to becoming a state, her company was interested in establishing a foothold there. Learning more about wilderness survival from a preeminent expert seemed essential to their success, she told Imnek.

As a result, Imnek was not surprised when the woman appeared in his scrubby surroundings.

“Doctor Imnek?” Sally had left Kon back by the plane sitting in a clearing near the modest complex of Quonset huts that made up Anaktuvuk Pass. Imnek worked in a small medical office consisting of a waiting room, examining room and storage area. He served the community and the sparsely populated area within a thousand miles of the town.

“Hello.” Imnek got up from behind a desk and stuck out his hand. “Not get many visitors here. You must be Miss Lambert.”

“Yes, hello. *Sally* Lambert.” They exchanged a warm, dry handshake. Sally detected a distinctive Asian accent from Imnek.

The doctor chuckled. “Welcome. I am Doctor Imnek. Forgive me but I double as secretary and doctor.”

Sally smiled. “That’s quite all right. As I mentioned on the telephone yesterday, I’ve come all the way up from Anchorage. I wonder if you can help me.”

Imnek pointed to a chair next to his desk, offering it to Sally. She thanked him, sat down and he sat behind his desk. “Go on, please.” He pronounced it *plis*. “You must be tired after your flight. Let me know if you want coffee. I have some there”. He pointed to the storage room.

Sally put up a hand. “No, but thank you.”

“Well, so you read my book.”

“That’s right – fascinating, just fascinating.”

“Why thank you.”

But Sally was not at all interested in wilderness survival. She had a much different agenda. “Doctor Imnek, I work for a man back east, in the Lower Forty-Eight, who has taken an interest in an incident that happened in Alaska a few years ago. It was mentioned in a newsletter published by a colleague of yours – a Dr. Torngasak?”

“Oh?” Imnek’s eyes narrowed as he thought, *what is this? She read Torngasak’s journal?*

“As a matter of fact, he wrote that you were a witness to this incident – well, I should say, after the fact.”

“I don’t understand. I thought you want to talk about my study of people in isolation.”

“I’m sorry – let me explain. As I said, it was published that a few years ago there was an incident. Two people – a man and a woman – were found dead at the bottom of a mountain.”

“I see.” Imnek already knew where Sally was going, but didn’t let on.

“The woman, though, didn’t die immediately and it was written that you, Dr. Imnek, were there when she, well, talked, before dying.”

Sally didn’t continue, waiting to see what Imnek had to say at this point. After several seconds of silence, he spoke. “Yes, I recall Dr. Torngasak’s publication and the incident you refer to.” But again, he felt no obligation to be forthcoming with information, putting the onus on Sally.

However, the woman came prepared to play hardball. “Dr. Imnek. The man back east I referred to is ready to pay a lot of money for this information. He wants to know what this woman said before she died.”

“Tell me, who is this man?”

“I would prefer to keep his name out of this.”

“Then can you tell me, why is he so interested in this information?”

“Because the woman who died at the base of the mountain was his sister.”



Imnek nodded. "I see. I am very sorry to hear that." He opened up a little. "We understand here that her body and the man's body were taken away, and that was it – there was no more information. So it is very interesting. What you say is the first thing I hear about the man or woman since my colleagues and I found them."

"Let's cut to the chase, doctor. Will you tell me what the woman said?"

"Miss Lambert. I am sorry you come all this way for nothing. I am also disappointed you come here under false pretenses."

"I apologize, doctor, but I do not think you would have seen me otherwise."

Imnek thought for a moment, *something not right. Something tell me she will get this information any way she can.*

"Well, you tell me how much you pay."

"I am authorized to pay you \$50,000."

"Ah, I see. Well, if your man back east so anxious for this information that he send you to fly up here then he certainly must be willing to pay much more than that. Like, perhaps \$500,000?"

Sally paused and then chose her next step, as if it were all pre-arranged. "You strike a hard bargain. Suppose I say that my client does have that kind of money. How do I know I'll get the truth from you?"

Imnek then committed his only mistake. "I have good memory" he pointed at his head, "but as that was a survival trip I keep log of our activities and wrote down what woman said." He betrayed himself as his eyes looked at a file cabinet across the room for a split-second.

That was all Sally needed. "Doctor Imnek. I appreciate your frankness." She stood up. "I have a short-wave radio in my plane. Let me speak with my client. I don't know if he's available immediately, so it may take while. Do you mind?"

"No, not at all. I have no patients today, but plenty else to do."

"Thank you." And with that, Sally left the room and the building as Imnek sat back to think about what *he* should do next.

**SOMEWHERE IN THE ALASKA TERRITORY**



Meanwhile, in an alleyway alongside the Anchorage Hotel, a delivery truck containing foodstuffs was being unloaded. The driver and a hotel worker were going through a checklist of the items delivered when suddenly from behind the truck they saw the silhouette of a man leap into the sunlit blue sky.

“Holy Cow!” The driver shielded his eyes from the sun.

The other man could only say, “Is that--?”

“Here?”

“Oh my god!”

“In Anchorage. In *Alaska*. Wow – wait ‘till I tell my kids!”

“And my girl...!”



After leaving Perry White and Nate Brennan behind at the restaurant, Clark Kent had asked the hotel desk clerk to pinpoint the location of Anaktuvuk Pass on a map. Once armed with that knowledge, he flew north as Superman towards his destination, quickly soaring over *Knik Arm*, a body of water that separates Anchorage from the vast expanse to the north. Soon he was over Mount McKinley National Park, with its majestic namesake jutting out of the clouds to his left.

During the entire flight, Superman spied the land below and the skies around him. There were no roads leading all that far north of Anchorage and certainly none to Fairbanks. Only the Alaska Railroad connected Alaska's two largest cities. He looked ahead and saw no planes in his path. *Either they've not started out or I'm last in this race*, he thought. He poured on the speed.

While he streaked northward, Superman's thought about the Nate Brennan's mention of the dead man and woman found at the base of a mountain. His mind drifted back to a fateful December years ago. Two thugs, Ace and Connie Chiles, managed to get hold of Superman's costume and in the process, learn his secret identity. Knowing that they couldn't be trusted to keep quiet, Superman had only one immediate solution: isolate Ace and Connie away from civilization where his secret would presumably be safe.

As a result, he decided to fly the pair of hoodlums far from Metropolis. They wore warm clothing, but he also wrapped them in his stretchable indestructible cape to protect them from the cold temperatures aloft as well as air friction. The destination: the Brooks Range of Alaska, majestic mountains making up the "Gates of the Arctic" in the far north of that territory.

There, on one of the lesser peaks was an abandoned hunter's cabin. At one time Superman had even considered carving out his own "fortress" of sorts in this remote arctic wilderness for his own use, but those plans were put on-hold. He deposited Ace and Connie, dressed in their heavy overcoats, not far from the cabin. Superman remembered it like it was yesterday...



*"There's no way of getting down." Superman pointed to the steep drop below the mountain as the distraught criminal pair looked on. "The cabin's very comfortable. I'll see that you have plenty of wood to heat it and enough food to eat."*

*"You're not going to leave us here?" Connie's voice was filled with desperation.*

*Ace spoke. "Now wait a minute, listen—"*

*Superman interrupted the rotund thug. "You'll have to stay here till I think of another way to keep you from talking!"*

*But Ace pleaded. "We won't talk, honest."*

*Superman would have none of it. "I don't believe you."*

*Ace, still begging, tried another tack. "Look. Didn't we give you back your costume? We're willing to forget the whole thing! Ain't we, Connie?" She nodded and attempted a reassuring smile.*

*But Superman looked Ace straight in the eyes, sealing the deal. "I can't take the word of would-be murderers and blackmailers."*

*Ace and Connie knew that they had run out of options when Superman finished with, "I'll be back with everything you need. Now, don't try to escape." Superman gazed at the steep drop. "Your lives wouldn't be worth a nickel." He stepped onto an icy ledge. "I'll see you soon."*

*Ace tried one last time as Superman prepared to jump from the mountain. "Now, now, wait a minute - listen." And Connie yelled, "Don't leave us here,*

*please!" But their final words were in vain as Superman leaped into the icy abyss.*



After leaving Ace and Connie behind, Superman then flew off back to the East Coast and Metropolis. He spent the entire flight thinking of a better way to keep them quiet. Superman's code against killing, of course, didn't permit him to be their executioner, nor would that be lawful. But he couldn't maintain their existence in that remote place forever. It was impractical. He thought of flying them to a secluded island closer to Metropolis with more amenable weather, but a passing ship could possibly rescue them.

The Man of Steel even considered contacting a scientist about some sort of powerful hypnosis to make Ace and Connie forget his super-secret. Superman had recently befriended Professor Lucerne and contemplated talking to him. But for the time being he decided to sustain Ace and Connie at the cabin with food and firewood until he could speak with Lucerne or a better idea came along.

And then when Superman returned a few days later, the pair was nowhere to be found until he spied them, dead, at the bottom of the mountain. After flying their bodies to Metropolis, Superman was ultimately arrested as the result of a murder charge by Ace's brother. Fortunately The Man of Steel was acquitted because it was realized that Ace and Connie had contracted hepatitis from, of all people, the burglar who stole the Superman uniform. So they would have died anyway, and as well, Superman did Metropolis a favor by keeping the contagious criminal couple far from a heavily populated area where they might have caused an epidemic.

But Ace and Connie would always be the ghosts that haunted Superman. And now these ghosts were back, perhaps with a vengeance, for if Connie Chiles had somehow talked before dying, if she had told Doctor Imnek that Clark Kent is really Superman, and if this secret ultimately fell into Walter Canby's hands or anyone in the underworld for that matter, life would be made very difficult for The Man of Steel.

It wasn't about having to adopt another identity – if people found out that Clark Kent was Superman, he could, theoretically disguise himself someone else. Or go around without a second guise and see how long that would work. But in reality, Superman was the disguise and Clark Kent was the man. After all, as soon as he fell to Earth in the rocket ship from Krypton, baby Kal-El became the child of Sarah and Eben Kent, growing up as *Clark* – because that's who he really was.

More than that, Superman feared that anyone learning Clark Kent was Superman would strike out at those he loved – his close co-workers – Lois, Jimmy and Perry – and, though less likely, his foster mother Sarah, in Smallville.





So it was with all this in mind that caused Clark Kent to bolt from the Anchorage Hotel and breakfast with the two newspaper editors in order to prevent someone from learning his greatest secret through a Doctor Imnek. Whoever had flown up to see the doctor may have had a head start, but hopefully not much. Superman trained his super-eyes ahead, beyond Fairbanks and well to the north, to his destination: Anaktuvuk Pass.

***ANAKTUVUK PASS, ALASKA TERRITORY***

The doctor had thought long and hard about Sally Lambert and then decided that he should get help, believing that the woman was trouble. He began to reach for his phone but then the door to his waiting room opened. Without looking up he instinctively said, "Miss Lambert, that was fast."

When there was no reply, the doctor raised his head. He saw a huge man the file cabinet.

Imnek demanded, "Who are you?"

When the man didn't turn around, Imnek got up and walked over to him, facing the man's back. "Excuse me. I ask who you are. What you doing here?"

The intruder was tall and had massive shoulders with thick, muscular arms. His legs were no less powerful looking. He also had an assortment of tools hanging from his

belt. When the man saw that the file cabinet was locked, he took out a small screwdriver and inserted it in the lock.

Imnek looked at the strapping build and size of the interloper, realizing that he was out-matched. He went back to the desk and picked up the telephone. It was a local system, not directly connected to the outside world. Soon he heard a voice at the other end and the doctor whispered, urgently. "Ginny, get me Nimek."

But the trespasser didn't want any potential interruption. He stopped, put the screwdriver on top of the file cabinet and rushed over to the doctor. The man picked the doctor up by his shoulders, causing the phone to drop, and threw him against the wall, in a corner. He then hung up the phone.

Once the intruder saw that the doctor was motionless, he went back to work. Before long the file cabinet had been jimmed open. He searched through four drawers before coming to a file containing a spiral notebook labeled "1952 Fairbanks Hosp. Survival trip". He thumbed through it and decided that this was the information Sally wanted.

Without closing the file drawer, the massive man headed towards the door leading outside. But then the metallic and plasterboard ceiling crashed above and around him. Stunned for a moment, the man resumed heading for the exit past the newly fallen debris but found his path obstructed.

It was blocked by a man in a costume ... with a cape.

**ACT 4**

**ANAKTUVUK PASS, ALASKA TERRITORY**

**SUPERMAN HAD USED HIS SUPER-VISION** to look ahead to the town, scanning it for...well, anything. He had no idea exactly who or what he was looking for – just a doctor and perhaps someone after the doctor for information. When he saw a man thrown against a wall - that was cause enough to pour on the super-speed.

Soon he was crashing through the ceiling of the Quonset hut. Superman's first instinct was to help the man slumped in a corner but he couldn't let the apparent attacker get away. He first put a hand on the large man's chest, shouting, "**Don't move!**" but the thug ignored him and attempted to push Superman away.

Only the Man of Steel didn't budge. Then the hoodlum dropped the notebook he was holding, letting it fall to the floor, and attempted to lift Superman, but that proved to be impossible, too. Superman just looked at him, quizzically and then shook his head.

One more attempt by the attacker: he tried a blow to Superman's solar plexus with his right fist. But all it did was separate the man's knuckles from the rest of the bone and effectively render his right hand useless, resulting in extreme pain, causing the goon to cry out. Despite his agony, the hood tried to strike Superman's gut with his other working fist, but The Man of Steel dodged it, perhaps out of compassion. The hoodlum then did something unexpected – he tried to *bite* Superman on the arm, but then shrieked in still more pain as his teeth cracked or came tumbling out of his mouth.

Superman had had enough. He socked the large man lightly in the jaw, knocking him out, and then propped him up against a wall near the file cabinet.

Just prior to this, Sally had been sitting in the cockpit of the plane waiting for Kon to return when she thought her eyes were playing tricks on her. Dropping out of the sky was a colorful costumed figure she'd only seen in Metropolis.

She thought, *Someone must have tipped him off. He'll figure out that I'm part of this, unless...*

Once Superman was out of sight, Sally jumped from the plane and quickly looked around the nearby area. She thought, *Sharp branches might do. And my own fists. This is going to hurt, but it may save me...*

Back indoors, with the attacker temporarily subdued, Superman rushed over to the desk and picked up the phone. When he heard a voice, he spoke to it, explaining that medical help was needed and where they were. The voice at the other end was startled, but promised that someone would come by. Superman hoped that even if he was now in the only medical facility for hundreds of miles, emergency help might

be available in the community. Then Superman went to the doctor, who was stirring. The Man of Steel bent over the prone figure. The doctor spoke, groggily. "Who - who are - you?"

Superman offered a slight smile. "A friend."

As Imnek struggled to his feet, Superman helped him into a chair behind the desk. He glanced back at the thug who was still slumped against a wall, seemingly unconscious. Superman then looked around and with his x-ray vision, spotted a coffee pot in a storage room. It was half-filled, but when he reached it he saw that the pot was cool. In seconds, Superman brought it to a perfectly warmed drinking temperature via his heat vision. He found a mug, cleaned it in a sink at super-speed and brought coffee to the doctor, who nodded and drank, slowly. Then Imnek spoke again, a bit more lucid.

"Thank you... I know you... I read about you... The Super Man." His eyes widened and he nodded. "You are like legend. Like a god."

"No sir. I am just a man, but there are special things I can do." They heard a groan from the man across the room. He was returning to consciousness. "Like taking care of bad men such as that." Superman nodded at the goon and then looked back at Imnek. "What is your name?"

"Imnek."

"You are a doctor? Dr. Imnek?"

"That's right."

*The man I wanted to find.* "I thought so. Dr. Imnek. What happened here? That is, if you're able to tell me. You've been roughed up, obviously. I've called for help."

Imnek nodded again but now realized that his head was throbbing. He put both hands up to his temples. "I am not well." He seemed disoriented. "That man" he nodded at the intruder "attacked me. Tried to steal notes" he nodded at the spiral notebook on the floor. Superman went over and picked it up. He opened it and read through its contents at super-speed, thoroughly digesting the notes about Imnek's encounter with the dead man and dying woman, including the woman's utterings.

*Ace and Connie. There's no mistake.* Once again, that fateful mountaintop scene with the underworld pair flashed through Superman's mind.

"Yes, I'm certain he was after this." Superman held up the notebook. "This concerns the man and woman who died after falling from a mountain."

"You know?"

"I know only too well. I was there, years ago."

Imnek thought for a moment and then spoke. "But I was there. Did not notice you."

"I'm guessing that I was present immediately before and few days after your discovery."

"I see."

"Doctor Imnek. I read your notes and what the dying woman said but can you tell me anything more? It's incredible that anyone could survive falling from such a height."

Imnek nodded. He was starting to fade and struggled to talk. "I go back there following summer. Needed to ... survey area in daylight. Guess that she and man fall from mountain. Not understand right away ... how she survive fall from so high. But then I figure out."

"Oh?"

"Side of mountain. It has many evergreen bushes. Big man too heavy but bushes may have slowed her fall, enough so that she not hit snowpack as hard as man. So she live a little while longer."

Superman opened the notebook to the pages containing Connie's words about his secret identity. He then spoke almost solemnly. "Doctor Imnek. I realize that these are your notes and they belong to you. But I ask, sir, that the passage about the woman's last words" he patted one of the open pages, "be destroyed. In fact, with your consent, I would like to do so. But only with your permission, sir."

Imnek, clearly in pain, struggled to offer a smile, and nodded. "I understand. You have my approval, Super Man."

Superman nodded with a smile, "Thank you. It means a great deal to me." Then he ripped the offending pages out of the notebook and walked over to an empty metal trashcan. After crumbling the papers and throwing them in the pail, he sent a beam of heat vision into the receptacle. Within moments the record of Connie's last words were ashes.

Back with Imnek, Superman said, "Now all I can ask, Doctor Imnek, is that you do not repeat what you heard from the woman to anyone."

Imnek put a shaky hand out to touch Superman on the shoulder. "Super Man. Ever since that time when I hear what dying woman say, I made a vow to hold her words to myself."

"I see."



"After my trip, back in ... Fairbanks. I read my log and understand her words better. She mention your name. Super Man. And a secret." Imnek paused. "I know you are good man. You were like an angel years ago. My parents, you save them. Apartment building fire in Washington State. They say you a god." Imnek smiled.

Superman thought, *I remember. That was my first trip to Seattle, when I met Nate Brennan.*

Imnek continued. "So I know if you have a secret, I help you keep it." The smile went away. "But I do not know the man and woman who die. Seem strange they there. So I wait for you all these years to explain the woman's words. And if you never come, those words die with me."

"I'm grateful, Doctor Imnek, and you are certainly wise. All I can say is that the man and woman you found that day years ago were criminals. And the words she spoke contained an important secret that no one should know."

"Then I have done well." His hand fell off of Superman's shoulder and Imnek began to conk out. As he faded, Imnek realized that he had said nothing about the woman, Sally Lambert. He tried, saying, "The wom—", but blackness had enveloped him. At that point The Man of Steel could see outside the Quonset hut that help was on the way. He left Imnek and met a man at the door to the waiting room. He held what looked like an emergency survival kit. The man was startled to see a costumed figure but when Superman explained the urgency of treating Imnek, the man rushed in to the waiting room, with Superman in tow.

Once Superman was satisfied that Imnek's needs were being addressed, he turned his attention to the large interloper, who was stirring once again. The Man of Steel scanned the area outside and again saw a plane he had spotted when he arrived. *That's how this guy came here, no doubt.*

He threw the hoodlum over his shoulder and sprinted outside to the plane. As he approached, Superman was alarmed to see a woman inside sitting in the pilot's seat, her face bloodied and scratched. She seemed groggy. Still holding the goon over his shoulder, he opened the plane's cabin door and shouted, "Miss, what happened?"

The woman turned and looked at Superman. Her speech was slurred. "Are you... who... I think... you... are?"

"Yes. Let me get you medical help."

"Oh, no, uh... I have a... first aid... kit..." She grimaced. "...back there..." The woman then pointed to the rear of the plane and Superman was back in a second with the kit. He had put the still-groggy beast of a man in the passenger seat and kept an eagle eye on him.

Within minutes Superman has cleaned up the woman's face, but it was still full of bloody scratches and bruises. "Looks superficial. You'll be all right, I think. Still wish you'd let me have a medic check you out."

The woman took a deep breath and looked at Superman. "Oh my goodness... You *are* him. Superman." She smiled. "How wonderful. Thank you."

But now the goon was moving and his eyes opened. Superman said to the woman, "Excuse me" and in less than five seconds he was back with rope and duct tape retrieved from a storage shack he'd located with his super-vision. In another two seconds the man had his legs and hands bound tightly. Superman held up the duct tape and said to the woman, "This is for later, so he doesn't disturb you."

The woman shook her head, as if not understanding. Then when he was satisfied that the beefy thug was secure, Superman turned back to the woman. "So, you know my name. What's yours?"

"Celia Withers". Sally Lambert blurted out the name of a childhood friend.

Superman, back outside the plane with the cabin door open and Sally still in the pilot seat, stuck out his hand and said, "Pleased to meet you, Celia Withers. Like I said, I believe you know my name."

"Well, I know your nickname, but—"

Superman grinned. "Never mind that. What happened here?"

She rambled a bit. "I live in Anchorage, Superman. Was on the runway. Just finished fueling my plane for a flight to Fairbanks. On my way to see some friends there when this, this – *brute* – suddenly showed up out of nowhere just before takeoff." She shuddered, as if a chill was spreading through her body. "Forced me to fly him here." Sally almost revealed his name, Kon, but stopped. At the sound of the word "brute", Kon grunted like the Frankenstein monster. "I tried to leave the plane. Get to the terminal. To the police. But he jumped in the cockpit."

"I see."

"He didn't say anything. Just grunts." Kon grunted again, if on cue. "Had a map and kept pointing here. To Anaktuvuk. On the map. At first I resisted. Told him 'no' and yelled for help." She grimaced. "He did was this" she pointed to her face "to me. Made me fly him here. And then when we landed he roughed me up again to make sure I wouldn't strand him here. I was afraid he'd catch up to me if I ran for help. I don't know this place."

"Nasty man. Did this brute have a weapon? A knife? A gun?"

“No. Just his bare hands. Almost broke my neck.”

Superman looked at Kon. “I don’t doubt that he could have.”

Sally then said. “You don’t know me, Superman. Alaska isn’t for the faint-hearted and I can be pretty tough. But I wasn’t risking my life. I had no choice but to fly him here.”

*You don’t know me.* The pitch of her voice and the actual words echoed in Superman’s mind. He thought for a second, wondering why it bothered him and then shook it off. Finally he said, “Well, then. I’d best get you to Fairbanks. And then I’ll drop him” he nodded at Kon “with the police in Anchorage.”

She held a weary hand up, “Oh, no. The ordeal has been too much for me. I’m keen on getting back to Anchorage. I’ll see my friends another time.”

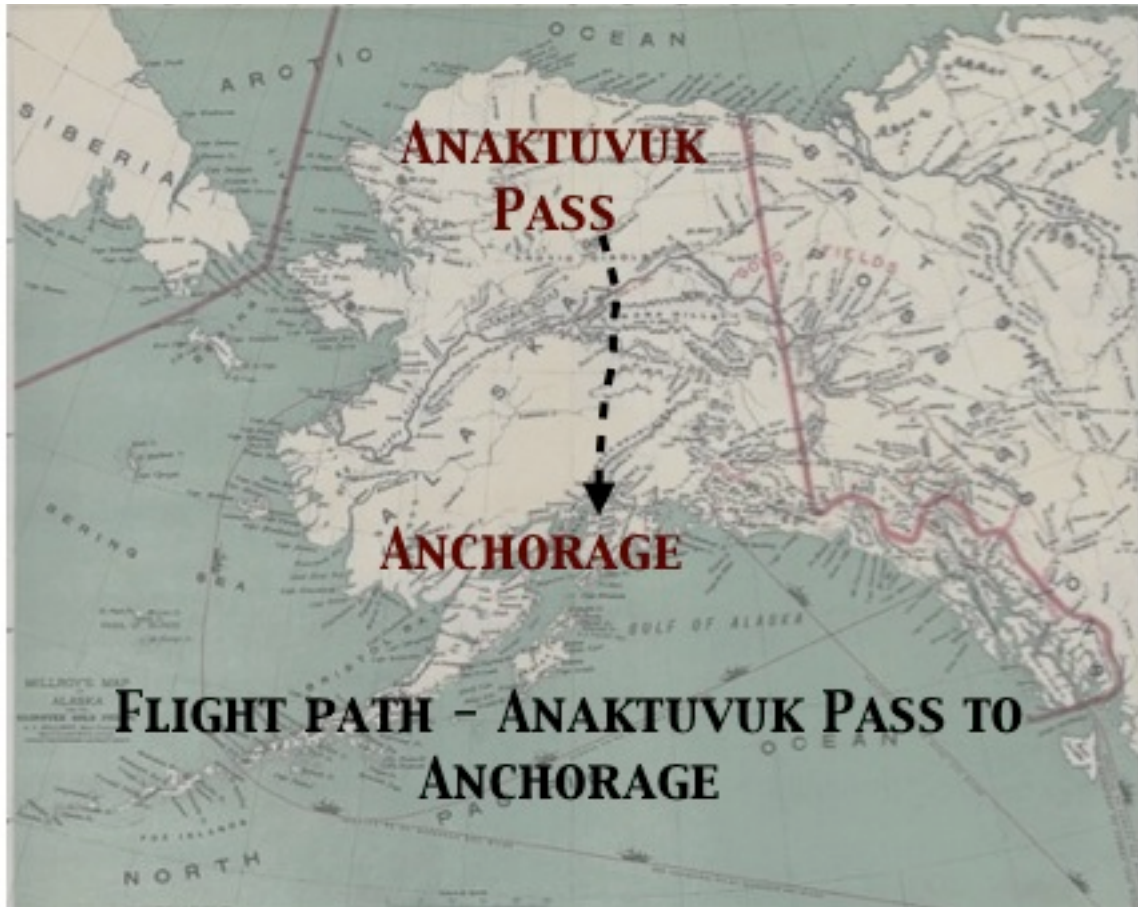
“Well, there’s an air fueling station nearby” he nodded to the east “but I don’t think you’re in any condition to pilot a plane, so I’d like to give you and him” he nodded again at Kon “a free ride back, if you don’t mind.”

She smiled. “Wow. Well, sure!”

“And now, as promised, so he doesn’t bother you...” Superman ripped off a piece of duct tape and put it over the mouth of the goon. He looked at the man and said, “There. Now you both can have a nice quiet trip back to Anchorage.” The man groaned loudly. “Well, somewhat quiet”. Superman grinned again.

He started to close the cabin door and as he did, smiled to the woman and said, “No need to start’er up. I’ll be your pilot, Miss Withers.” He winked. “See you soon.”

**SOMEWHERE OVER THE ALASKA TERRITORY**



For the second time in as many days, Superman was flying an airplane to Anchorage but wasn't *in* it. Only this time, it was a much lighter plane. Carrying the Cessna that contained the woman Celia Withers along with the very dangerous strong man, he zoomed south towards Anchorage pretty much taking the same route taken to get to Anaktuvuk Pass.

The flight back allowed Superman to think. *You don't know me*, Celia had said. He certainly didn't recall her face. But the voice. What about her voice – the *way* she said those words? And the words themselves? With his super-mind and super-memory, The Man of Steel thought back, almost like he had a Rolodex in his brain. And then...

Years ago, back at the *Daily Planet*, in Perry White's office, Clark was trying to convince his superior and Lois Lane that the number one crime boss in Metropolis was real – not a myth. Suddenly White's phone rang and the chief editor picked it up.

*"Yes? Just a minute." He held out the phone. "For you, Kent."*

*Kent took the phone and thanked his boss. "Clark Kent speaking."*

*A woman's voice said, "You don't know me Mister Kent, but I'm calling for the number one man the police and Superman are trying to find..."*

They were nearing the Knik Arm, just north of Anchorage, and all Superman could think of was...

*You don't know me, Superman.  
You don't know me, Mister Kent.*

He replayed Celia's voice and her phrase over and over and over...before it *clicked!*

**ANCHORAGE, ALASKA TERRITORY**



Finally, after a half-hour flight, Superman landed the plane in a field across from an Anchorage police station. Two officers, Whitmore and Morgan, were outside the station reviewing a rotation schedule sitting on clipboards they were holding when both were startled by the amazing sight across the road. They threw down their clipboards and ran over.

Superman nodded and then spoke to them. "Good day, officers. That gorilla inside" he pointed to the plane "needs to be locked up. He attacked and injured a man up in Anaktuvuk Pass. A doctor. Might have killed him if not for my arrival."



Sally opened the pilot's door and stood next to the plane. Superman continued, "And *this* woman needs a doctor to look at those wounds." He pointed at her face.

Sally smiled and said, "Oh, no, I'll be ok..."

Superman, ignoring the woman's protest, then quickly took a step towards her and grabbed her forcefully by the arm. Pulling her over to the policemen, he sternly said, "And after you get a doctor, arrest *her*, too!"

Sally, shocked that Superman had apparently figured her out, attempted to keep up the pretense. "What?!"

Officer Whitmore asked Superman: "Why her?"

"Claims her name is Celia Withers, but don't you believe it. She's part of a criminal organization run by a man named Walter Canby" Superman put a lot of emphasis on the name and let it hang in the air for a few seconds. "He's serving time in prison on the East Coast. She - and this monster" - Superman pointed to the plane - "just tried to shakedown a defenseless man - the doctor I mentioned up north - for some information."

Sally continued to protest. "I did not!"

Superman, barely looking at her, seethed, "Save it for a judge."

Officer Morgan looked at Superman. "Now just hold on. I recognize you. We've heard about you over the past few years. But you're no lawman and have no authority here."

Superman was taken aback. "But you don't understand—"

Whitmore was standing by the plane, looking inside. "Hey, that looks like the hood we've been searching for, for weeks. That Kon character." Superman thought, *so that's his name - Kon.*

Morgan replied, "Great - we'll deal with him." He turned back to Superman. "But this lady, well, it's your word against hers."

Superman was getting annoyed. "If you don't believe me, then call a Doctor Imnek up in Anaktuvuk Pass. He'll certainly want to press charges against him" once again Superman nodded at the plane. "As for her" now he nodded at the woman, "Check with Clark Kent at the Anchorage Hotel. He can tell you all about the woman's criminal connections back east. Even better, call Inspector William J. Henderson in Metropolis. He can—"

Whitmore, who had been by the plane, had sauntered over to Superman, standing face to face with The Man of Steel. He looked over the hero head-to-toe and then into Superman's eyes. He then spoke softly, but deliberately. "You think you're tough, coming from the States. I hear you're pretty strong and fly and do all sorts of amazing stunts. But this is Alaska. We do things our own way and don't like to be told by anyone what to do."

Superman made it clear that he was irritated. "You're making a huge mistake."

Morgan taunted Superman with, "And you're risking arrest."

"Oh? On what charges?"

Whitmore motioned with his hands. "Don't you understand, mister? We're still a territory. This is the last frontier and we don't take to vigilantes." He pointed a finger at the "S" on Superman's chest, touching it. Superman looked down at the finger like he was ready to snap it off. The cop finished with, "Now leave this poor lady alone – can't you see how badly she's hurt?"

Superman said, "It won't look very good for you when tomorrow's headlines say how the police let a key member of a criminal organization slip away from under their noses."

Whitmore had to restrain Morgan as he tried to charge Superman. Morgan growled, "Is that a threat?"

Superman answered, matter-of-factly. "No, I don't need to threaten anyone. But keep an eye on your local news."

Whitmore responded, "Ha! Why – you write for the Anchorage paper?"

Superman offered a thin smile. "No, not exactly."

The Man of Steel could see that he was at an impasse. He let go of Sally but turned to look at her. "Don't think you've gotten away with anything. I'll be keeping an eye on you every step of the way."

She remained silent but Whitmore spoke again. "You know, I'm going to haul you and your circus outfit in for threatening her. Serve you right." He nodded to Morgan, who was getting cuffs out. Morgan said, "And landing that plane here is illegal."

But Superman maintained his gaze at Sally, his real concern. "Think about what I said..."

Then he turned to the policemen. "Sorry, I didn't quite hear you. Now, if you'll excuse me." And he swooped quickly off into the sky.

**EPILOGUE**

**FROM THE PRIVATE FILES OF LOIS LANE**

*Rockwell interview notes.*

1. *Clearly remorseful. Seems genuine.*
2. *Has cooperated with FBI. Info on counterfeiting rings. Fears reprisals.*
3. *Emotional when told news of previously unknown living brother. Staggered.*
4. *Would do anything to meet him. Understands difficulty.*
5. *Parole hearing soon. Hmmm...*

*Next steps.*

1. *Get Henderson approval to break news to Canby.*
2. *Visit Hackenbosch.*
3. *Arrange meeting between brothers.*
4. *Propose to Chief: weeklong Planet article culminating in Sunday magazine spread.*
5. *Maybe a book!*

**ANCHORAGE, ALASKA TERRITORY**



**TWO WEEKS LATER**, White and Kent were at Anchorage International Airport waiting for a plane to take them to the Lower Forty-Eight. Everyone's suspicions about the criminal activities at *Northern Lights Security* had turned out to be true – thanks in part to Perry White's investigative work in Anchorage with Nate Brennan, along with a little snooping by Clark and Oliver Crawford. As a result, *Northern Lights* was quickly put out of business and placed under investigation by the U.S. Justice Department. In addition, the police had traced evidence to a small gang in Juneau in the sabotaging of the Alaska Airlines flight fifty-two, although no one had proven yet that the targets were White and Kent.

Brennan convinced the police that Milton Blaine needed to be picked up, as he was an escaped criminal from Metropolis, but The Professor was nowhere to be found. Even the owner of the Borealis Bar said that he hadn't seen Blaine for several nights. Brennan and Crawford also went to the Anchorage Chief of Police, persuading them to arrest Celia Withers – as soon as *she* could be located.

Meanwhile, Perry White had additionally spent some time in Anchorage doing something that didn't involve any criminal investigation: negotiations to set up a *Daily Planet* satellite office. He explained to Kent that he and Nate Brennan shook hands on the deal: The *Anchorage Daily News* would become an affiliate of the *Planet*.

Clark's only disappointment was letting the so-called Celia Withers slip through his fingers. Despite his attempts to track her whereabouts in Anchorage, she had disappeared. *I'm only super-human*, he mused, but he vowed to himself to track her down. The reporter might have been impressed a week earlier had he known that Celia Withers, AKA Sally Lambert, had donned a brown wig and even black glasses not unlike his own, and had forged papers calling herself Linda Danvers. Under this "secret identity", Canby's femme fatale was able to make her way out of the Alaska territory into Canada. Sally was accompanied by Kon, who she managed to have freed from an Anchorage jail with the help of *Northern Lights* staff before the company was shut down. It was her way of making amends to the goon. The pair eventually met up with Milton Blaine in Fort Frances, Ontario, where the trio of fugitives rented an outboard, navigated the Boundary Lakes along the international border and into Minnesota, eventually making their way to Metropolis.

Regardless, Kent considered the business trip a success as did Perry White (though for different reasons) and as such the jaunt ended on a high note. It was probably good, then, that they did not notice a late morning edition of the *Anchorage Daily News* with a small story about a criminal escapee on the East Coast.

A man named *Walter Canby*.





**CLOSING CREDITS**

**“THE GHOSTS THAT HAUNTED SUPERMAN!”**

***Starring***

George Reeves.....*Superman / Clark Kent*  
Noel Neill.....*Lois Lane*  
John Hamilton.....*Perry White*  
Jack Larson.....*Jimmy Olsen*  
Robert Shayne.....*Inspector Henderson*

***Guest-starring***

John Eldredge.....*Walter Canby*  
Barbara Fuller.....*Sally Lambert*  
Joseph Mell.....*The Professor / Milton Blaine / Hans Swifter*  
Dick Elliot.....*Nate Brennan*  
Mike Connors.....*Oliver Crawford*  
Benson Fong.....*Doctor Imnek*  
Bruno Sammartino.....*Kon*  
Everett Glass.....*Professor Lucerne*  
Dan Seymour.....*Frank “Ace” Chiles*  
Veda Ann Borg.....*Connie Chiles*  
Leonard Ceeley.....*Officer Whitmore*  
Douglass Dumbrille.....*Officer Morgan*

