

VOL. 5 NO. 8

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# Shadow

## COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

10¢



THE  
SHADOW

Meets Evil's  
Greatest Genius

THE TALON

and proves that  
CRIME DOES NOT PAY





DALE EVANS, Republic star of "Yellow Rose of Texas"

Lovely DALE EVANS Says:  
**"IT'S EASY  
 TO LEARN  
 DANCING!"**



**Dale is Right**

**...and This Book will Teach  
 You in 5 Days...or NO COST!**

**IF YOU CAN DO THIS  
 STEP — YOU CAN  
 DANCE IN 5 DAYS**

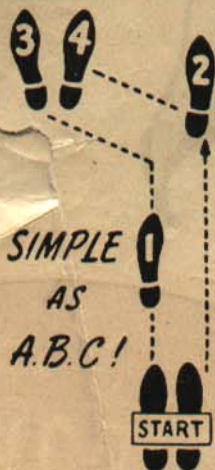


Illustration shows first basic step. This is an example of how the exciting book "Dancing" can quickly teach you to be a smooth, graceful dancer. Chock full of easy-to-follow diagrams like this—with simple, understandable text, this book is destined to be one of your most prized possessions.

★ ★ ★

**LEARN NEWEST DANCE STEPS,  
 INCLUDING RHUMBA, SAMBA,  
 CONGA, JITTERBUG, FOXTROT  
 and WALTZ!**

Take a tip from Dale Evans, talented young dancing star of Republic Pictures. Let dancing open the door to Romance and Happiness for you! Don't let others have all the fun while life passes you by. Be popular... have dates every night instead of sitting alone feeling sorry for yourself!

**EASY-TO-FOLLOW LESSONS!**

This sensational new book can teach you to dance, help you to learn the latest steps, quickly, easily, in the privacy of your own home! Not a correspondence course — not a series of expensive and complicated lessons, but a revolutionary book on Dancing that offers a short-cut to anyone who wants to learn to dance the modern way! Written by Betty Lee, one of America's foremost

dancing authorities, it will teach you the fundamentals of dancing in a few thrilling hours — give you the grace and assurance of an accomplished dancer in as little as 5 days.

**MAKE THIS TEST!**

Don't let another day go by without sending for this amazing book that has already taught thousands of men and women to dance. It's packed full of easy-to-understand diagrams and explains in clear, simple language, how to do the Jitterbug, Rhumba, Conga, Samba and other exciting new dances that are sweeping the country, besides the ever-popular Waltz, Fox Trot, and many old-time favorites. Surprise your friends by knowing how to do all the latest steps. Resolve now, never again to refuse an invitation because you can't dance. If you really want to know how to dance and will act now, we'll send you as a gift, 2 additional books Free of any extra charge, "Tip Top Tapping" and "Swing Steps." Simply send the coupon for your copy of "Dancing," by Betty Lee. Pay postman when *All Three Books* are delivered. Then follow instructions by practicing the simple easy lessons each day. And remember — if not satisfied with results in 5 days you may return the book and your money will be refunded.

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**PIONEER PUBLICATIONS, INC.**

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Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.

I enclose \$1.98. Ship postage prepaid. If in 5 days I do not learn to dance, I may return the book and you will refund purchase price.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_



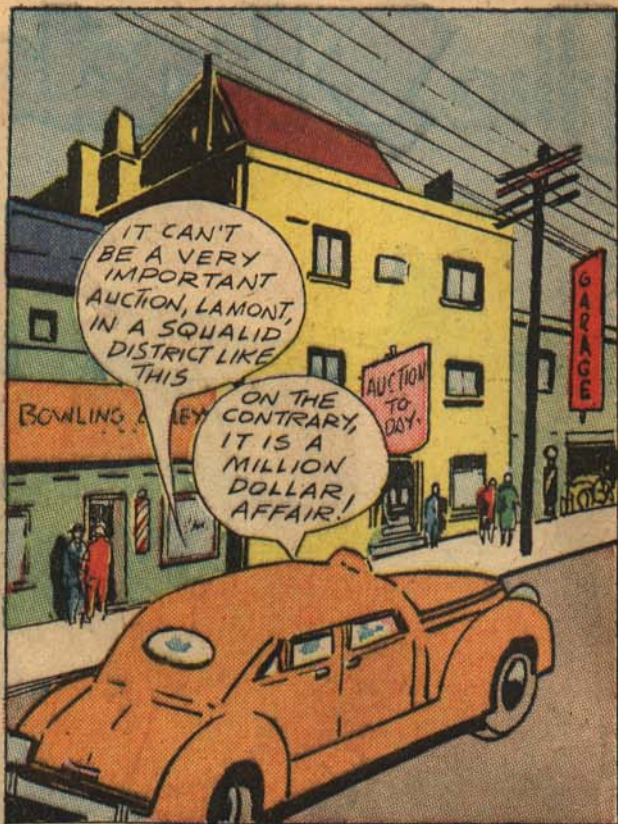


# The Shadow Finds The Talon



**O**NLY THE SHADOW KNOWS THE MENACE OF AN INSIDIOUS MASTER MIND CALLED THE TALON, WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE EVEN THE POLICE DENY... IN PROVING TO CROOKS THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY, THE SHADOW HAS SEEN THE CLAW OF THE TALON ENTER TO CLUTCH THE LOOT THAT OTHERS LOST... SO THE SHADOW, STUDYING THE TALON'S WAYS, HAS MADE IT HIS MAJOR PURPOSE TO FIND AND DESTROY THIS HIDEOUS CREATURE OF INJUSTICE !!!







WELL, MISS LANE,  
I'M GLAD YOU  
CAME ALONG TO  
SEE CRANSTON'S  
THEORY DISPROVE  
ITSELF

WHAT  
THEORY,  
LAMONT  
?

THE ONE  
ABOUT  
THE  
TALON



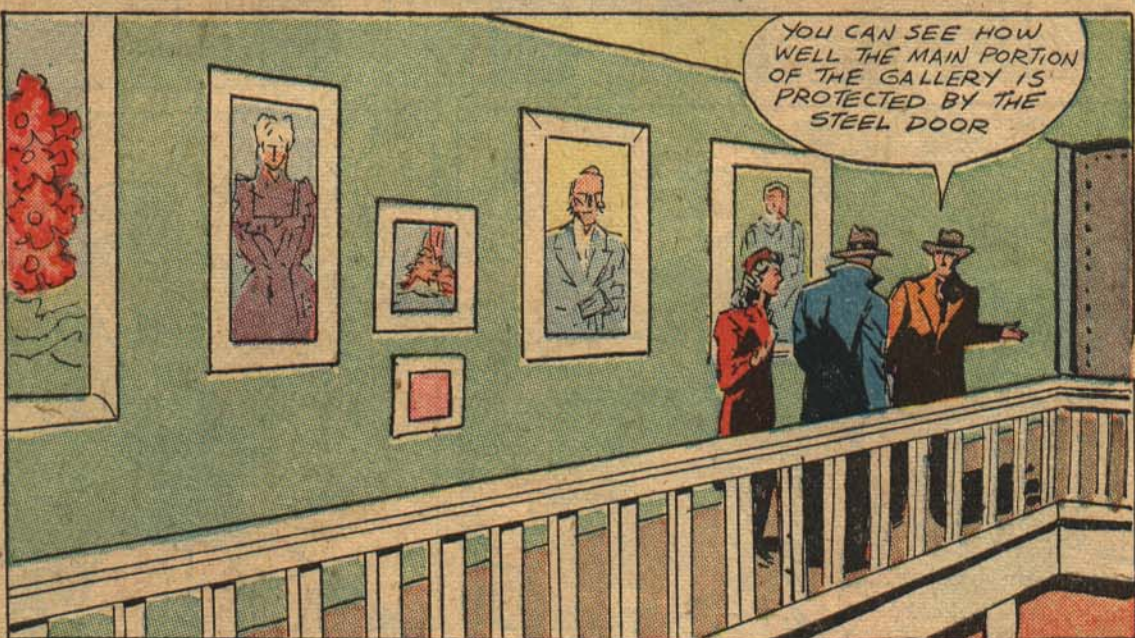
I'VE  
MENTIONED  
THE TALON  
OFTEN...

I KNOW. HE'S THE  
FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL  
CROOK THAT NOBODY  
HAS EVER SEEN

WHICH PROVES  
THE TALON DOESN'T  
EXIST AND IF HE DID  
HE COULDN'T ROB  
THIS PLACE! COME  
AND I'LL SHOW  
YOU WHY!



YOU CAN SEE HOW  
WELL THE MAIN PORTION  
OF THE GALLERY IS  
PROTECTED BY THE  
STEEL DOOR



WHY AT A  
MOMENT'S NOTICE,  
THIS DOOR  
CAN BE  
CLOSED...



AND THE REALLY  
VALUABLE  
PICTURES ARE  
ALL KEPT  
HERE!

IT DOES  
LOOK SAFE,  
LAMONT

MAYBE







BUT THERE'S ONE THING TO REMEMBER, MARGO. THIS WHOLE COLLECTION WAS BROUGHT IN FROM EUROPE, WHERE THE TALON USED TO OPERATE

YES, THAT'S RIGHT

AND HERE THE GALLERY ENDS IN A SOLID WALL. MAKING IT DOUBLY SECURE!



NO ROBBERY COULD POSSIBLY HAPPEN HERE!

THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERAL ROBBERIES LATELY OF ART TREASURES THAT WERE BROUGHT FROM EUROPE DURING THE EARLY STAGES OF THE WAR...

LAMONT! LOOK!



LOOK AT WHAT?

THAT SCRUB-WOMAN! I'VE SEEN HER BEFORE..



IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER WHERE!

TELL ME ABOUT IT LATER, MARGO. THE AUCTION IS STARTING NOW.







THERE WAS MONEY STOLEN  
FROM THE CRIME MUSEUM, AND  
LAMONT CLAIMED THE  
TALON TOOK IT!



SINCE CRIME IS  
DUE HERE FIRST,  
I'D BETTER GET  
BUSY... AS  
THE SHADOW!

DID I  
FEEL A  
DRAFT?



... AND IN MY OPINION, CRIME'S  
SALIENT MUST BE THAT  
BOWLING ALLEY ABOVE  
THE BARBER SHOP  
NEXT DOOR!



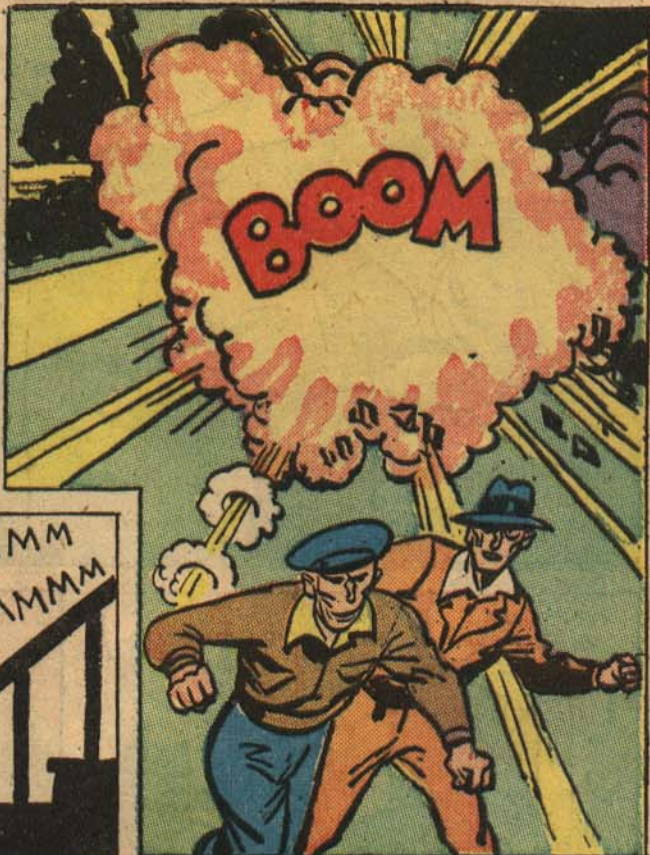
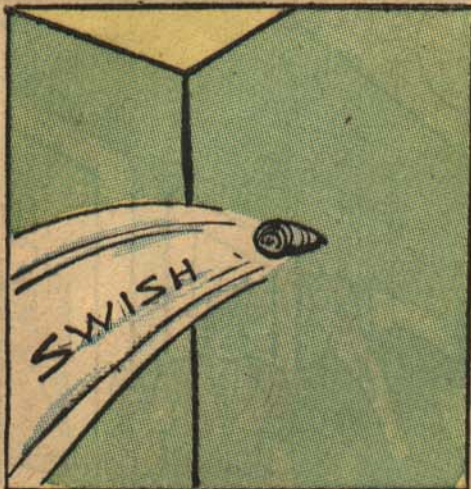
I OUGHT  
TO TELL  
LAMONT!  
BUT WHERE  
IS HE?



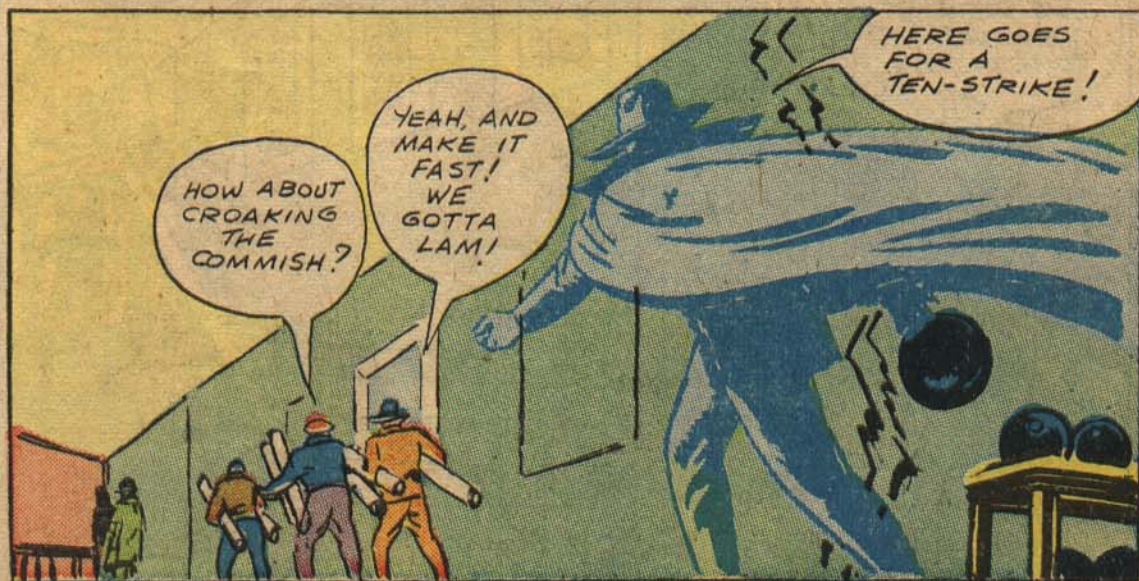
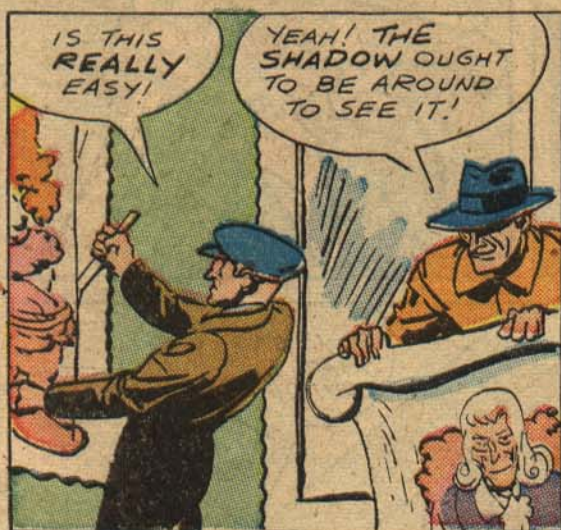
ALRIGHT,  
LUGS!  
STAND BACK  
WHILE I  
HEAVE THIS  
PINEAPPLE!



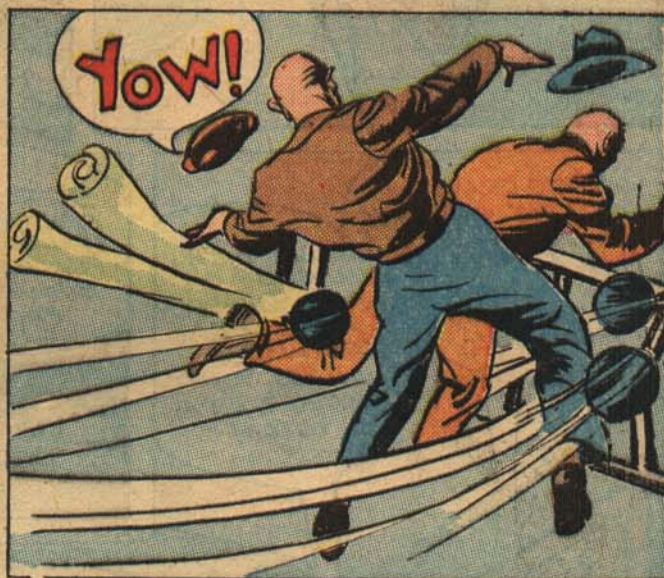














UP THERE! FROM THAT SMOKE, I'D JUDGE THAT SOMEBODY PILED THOSE PAINTINGS IN THE FURNACE!

THE OLD MAN... THE ONE THAT WAS TOO FEEBLE TO GO UP TO THE GALLERY...

...OR PRETENDED HE WAS TOO FEEBLE! BUT WHY WOULD HE BURN THE PAINTINGS?

WE'LL COVER THAT LATER, MARGO. GET US OUT TO NEWFIELD'S, SHREVEY

OKAY, BOSS

WHY YES, CRANSTON, I COLLECT COSTUMES, TOO. YOU SHOULD FIND SOME THAT WILL MATCH A FEW OF THESE PAINTINGS

HEAR THAT, MARGO? GO FIND YOURSELF A BALLET COSTUME... UNLESS YOU'D RATHER BE A WITCH!

SO THIS IS NEWFIELD'S! IT LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH SO FAR!

IT WON'T BE WHEN THE TALON GETS HERE, MARGO!

I PREFER THE BALLET OUTFIT...

BUT IF I'M TO TAKE THE PAINTING'S PLACE, YOU'LL HAVE TO CUT IT FROM IT'S FRAME, WON'T YOU?

WHY NOT... IF WE DON'T, THE TALON WILL... WHEN HE GETS HERE!







NOT WORKING FOR  
THE TALON YET, BUT  
I WILL BE WHEN HE  
LEARNS HOW I HAVE  
HELPED HIS  
GAME!



SINCE YOU HAVE  
HELPED MY GAME,  
SUPPOSE YOU  
TELL ME WHO  
YOU ARE AND  
WHAT YOU KNOW!

THEY CALL  
ME **THE  
HAG**. I TRAILED  
YOU, TALON,  
TO LEARN  
YOUR WAYS



I SAW YOU BURN THOSE  
PAINTINGS AT THE ART  
GALLERY. THEY WERE  
FAKES THAT YOU SOLD  
FOR FULL PRICE!



THAT  
SOUNDS  
INTERESTING.  
TELL ME  
MORE

YOU ARE RIGHT,  
**HAG**. THESE  
PAINTINGS THAT  
I SOLD NEWFIELD  
ARE ALSO  
FRAUDS. THEY  
MUST BE  
DESTROYED,  
TOO

I'LL CUT  
THIS ONE  
FROM ITS  
FRAME AND  
THEN WE CAN  
SEARCH FOR  
THE OTHERS,  
**TALON!**



NOW YOU HAVE  
SMUGGLED THE  
ORIGINALS FROM  
EUROPE AND TO SELL  
THEM, YOU MUST  
DESTROY THE COPIES!

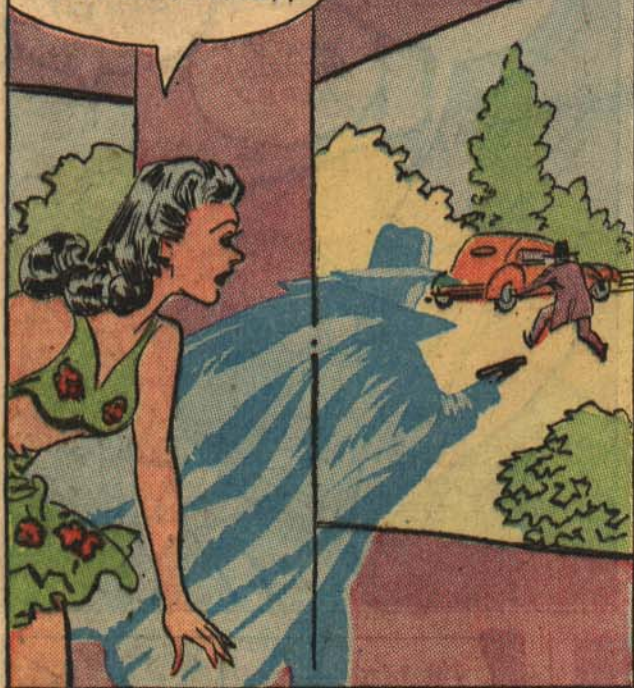








MORE LUCK FOR  
THE TALON, HAVING  
THAT CAR HANDY!



BUT MAYBE WE  
CAN STILL FIND  
WHERE THE HAG  
WENT!



THERE SHE IS...  
LUCKY ENOUGH TO  
BE JOINING THE  
GETAWAY!



WELL, WE SAVED  
THESE FAKE  
PAINTINGS, BUT  
WHAT GOOD  
ARE THEY?

THEY WILL BE  
EVIDENCE,  
NEWFIELD, TO  
PROVE YOUR  
CLAIM TO THE  
ORIGINALS  
WHEN WE FIND  
THEM ALONG  
WITH THE  
TALON!

AT LEAST WE'VE  
PROVED THAT  
THE TALON  
EXISTS, AND  
THAT'S TRAIL  
ENOUGH FOR  
THE SHADOW!



—AND  
**THE SHADOW**  
CATCHES UP WITH  
**THE TALON**  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE

IF YOU CAN'T  
BUY A  
**WAR BOND**  
INVEST IN  
**WAR STAMPS**



# DOC SAVAGE

in  
the...  
**UNSEEN  
HARPIST!**



G. HOST, I  
INDEED!  
A FINE NAME  
FOR A GUY  
WHO CLAIMS  
TO BE ABLE  
TO RAISE  
GHOSTS!

G. HOST  
SEANCES  
ARRANGED

SH-H... WE  
HAVE TO  
PRETEND TO  
BE DUPES,  
IF WE ARE  
TO GET THE  
GOODS ON  
THIS FELLOW

**W**HEN GHOSTLY HANDS  
PLUCK AT HARP STRINGS...  
IT ALMOST SEEMS LIKE  
TIME FOR DOC AND HIS  
REDOUBTABLE PARTNERS  
TO DON WINGS AND JOIN  
IN THE CHORUS... BUT  
NOT WHEN DOC  
REALIZED THE ANSWER  
MIGHT BE IN AN  
OBSCURE ACOUSTICAL  
LAW!





FORSAKE ALL UNBELIEFS AS YE ENTER THESE PORTALS!

UH, HUH!  
IT STARTS!



OOOF!  
OKAY...  
I'LL KEEP  
SHUT UP!

YOU'D BETTER!  
WE WERE  
HIRED TO FIND  
OUT IF THIS  
IS REAL OR  
FRAUDULENT  
AND WE  
WILL!



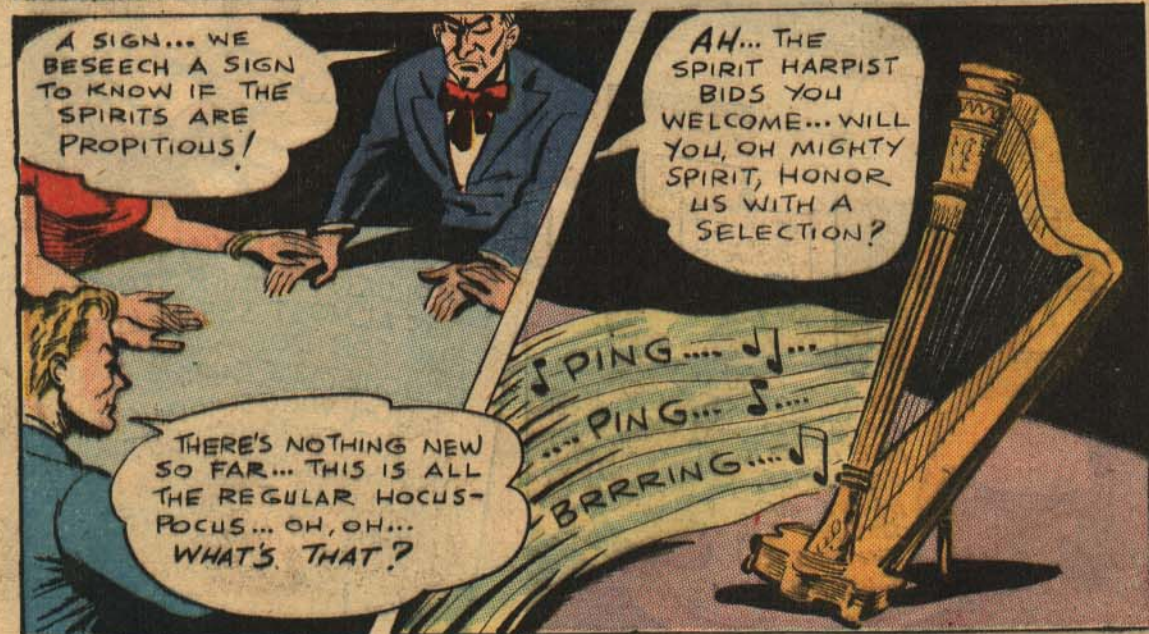
WELCOME! MAY YOU  
BE TRUE BELIEVERS...  
AS FOR THE UNBELIEVERS...  
THE SPIRITS MAKE SHORT  
SHRIFT OF *THEM*!

IS  
THE  
SEANCE  
READY?



WE SHALL ATTEMPT  
CONTACT AS SOON  
AS THESE OTHER  
FRIENDS BECOME  
PART OF THE  
CIRCLE...

I -  
SEE...



A SIGN... WE  
BESEECH A SIGN  
TO KNOW IF THE  
SPIRITS ARE  
PROFITIOUS!

THERE'S NOTHING NEW  
SO FAR... THIS IS ALL  
THE REGULAR HOCUS-  
FOCUS... OH, OH...  
WHAT'S THAT?

AH... THE  
SPIRIT HARPIST  
BIDS YOU  
WELCOME... WILL  
YOU, OH MIGHTY  
SPIRIT, HONOR  
US WITH A  
SELECTION?

PING...  
PING...  
BRRRING...





A  
GHOST  
JUKE  
BOX!

THE SPIRITS ARE  
EVIDENTLY GOING TO  
BE VERY HELPFUL THIS  
EVENING... I SHALL  
ATTEMPT TO GO INTO  
A TRANCE... WHILE I  
AM IN THE TRANCE  
STATE, YOU MAY ASK  
QUESTIONS OF THE  
SPIRITS...



OOOH!  
LOOK... A  
BABY HAND...  
WHY, THAT MUST  
BE MY HELEN!  
SPEAK TO ME,  
BABY!

THIS IS A NEW  
ONE ON ME! HIS  
HANDS ARE IN FULL  
VIEW... HOW IS HE  
ARRANGING  
THAT BABY  
HAND....  
HMMM...

L...LOOK!  
HE IS  
MATERIALIZING  
A FORM  
!



THE DARK IS  
SUDDENLY PUNCTUATED  
WITH SPIRIT  
LIGHTS!

GROAN  
!

SHHHH...

GULP...  
HOW DID  
THEY  
APPEAR?  
WHERE THEY  
COMIN'  
FROM?

OH, I DO HOPE  
IT IS MY DEAR  
...DEAR HUSBAND  
...ALFRED IS  
THAT YOU?











WHY, THESE MEN WHOM WE HAVE PAYING OUR GOOD MONEY TO, ARE NOTHING BUT FAKERS!

YES! THE WORST KIND OF FAKERS! TRADING ON PEOPLE'S HOPES AND FEARS!

UGH!



DON'T MOVE... YOU... IF YOU TRY TO MOVE ANOTHER INCH BEHIND ME, I'LL BLAST YOU AND THIS TIME I WON'T MISS!

BETTER STAND STILL, HAM...

THROW HIM IN THERE!

AND, THEN, YOU TWO FOLLOW!



THIS MAN IS ON THE KILL! OBEY HIM UNTIL I TRY TO THINK OF A WAY OUT OF THIS... THEY CAN'T SLAUGHTER ALL OF US!

OH, WE CAN'T? HEH, HEH! JUST WAIT! GUIDE, GO DOWN AND TAKE CARE OF THESE THREE. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE OTHER SHEEP!



THE SOUND OF MY WILD SHOT MAY ATTRACT THE COPS. IF THEY COME, I'LL BE SITTING AT THE TABLE. UNDER THE TABLE WILL BE MY GUN. IF ONE OF YOU PEEPS, MY FINGER WILL TIGHTEN. GOT THAT?

GULP... YES...



DOWN-STAIRS...

SAY, DOC... IT'S NOT HOPELESS.. THE SOUND OF THAT SHOT MAY BRING THE POLICE...

YA CREEP'DIN'CHA THINK WE THOUGHT OF THAT? WHY'D YA THINK YA STILL ALIVE? THE BOSS IS GONNA FLUFF OFF TH' COPS AND THEN WE'RE GONNA HAVE SOME FUN!

SUDDENLY, THE SOUND OF HEAVY FEET...

YA DON'T THINK WE'RE AFRAID OF YER GHOSTS, COMIN' BACK AN' HAUNTIN' US, DO YA? HA, HA!

DELICATE SENSE OF HUMOR, THE BOY HAS!

THUMP!

THAT'S TH' FLAT FEET, ALRIGHT! HAHA.. WHATCHA GONNA DO ABOUT IT?

THUMP!

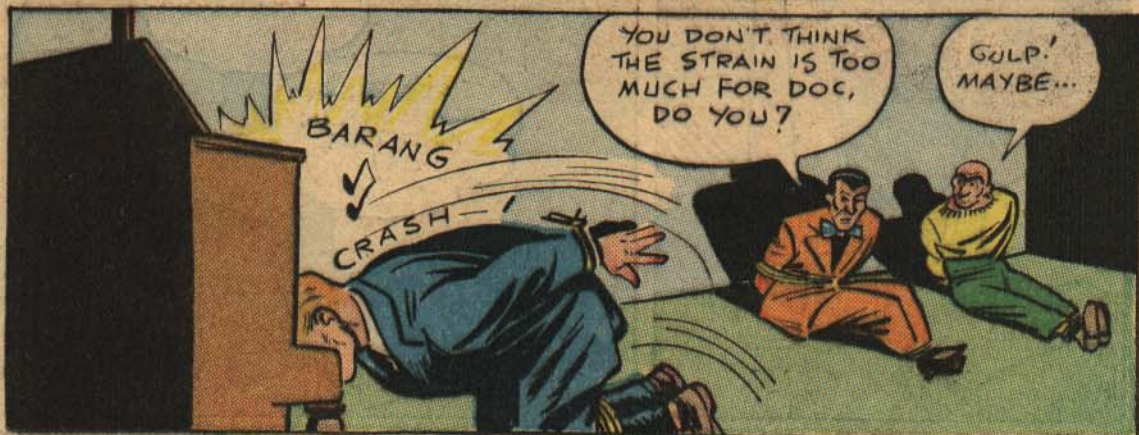
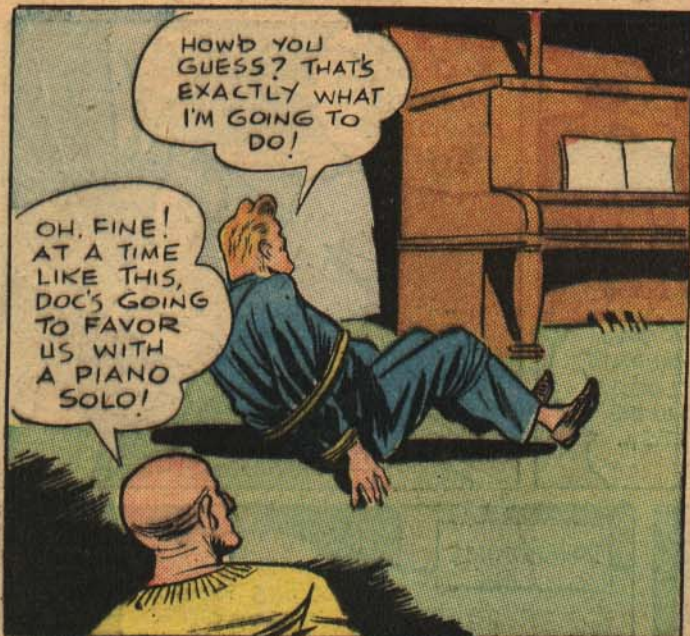
THIS!

AURGH, WHAT TH'...

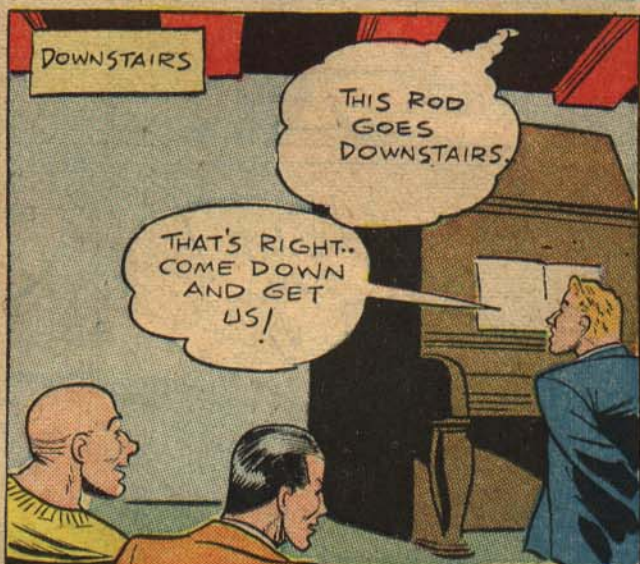
WHAT ROTTEN LUCK.. HIS GUN IS OUT OF REACH... IF WE HAD **THAT** WE COULD CALL THE COPS WITH A SHOT... BUT, WAIT..

WAIT FOR WHAT? FOR THAT KILLER TO COME AND KNOCK US OFF?











# Nick Carter SEVEN FEET TO FORTUNE

**M**ANY AND BAFFLING HAVE BEEN THE PROBLEMS THAT HAVE FACED NICK IN HIS LONG CAREER AS A CRIME BUSTER... BUT PERHAPS NEVER BEFORE HAS HE MET ONE SO INTRICATE, SO BAFFLING AS THE CLUE OF THE FEET THAT WEREN'T!



OH, MR. CARTER, I THINK THE WAY YOU SOLVED THAT MURDER UP IN THE WOODS WAS WONDERFUL! WON'T YOU TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT FOR MY READERS?

HMMM, WELL THE SOLUTION OF THE MURDER WAS SIMPLE. THE REAL PROBLEM WAS FINDING OUT WHERE THE JEWELS WERE...





IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I TOOK A VACATION UP IN THE NORTH WOODS. VACATION! HUH! A FINE VACATION! I WORKED AS HARD AS I DO AT HOME! NEAR MY CABIN WAS ONE BELONGING TO A POET.....

HI NEIGHBOR!

SHH...OH DEAR, NOW YOU'VE MADE ME LOSE MY RHYME! OH MY, I COME ALL THE WAY UP HERE JUST TO GET AWAY FROM PEOPLE AND.....



SINCE THAT WAS THE WAY HE FELT I LEFT, LITTLE THINKING I'D BE BACK IN AN HOUR!



BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! ALL HE HAD TIME TO DO WAS MUTTER A FEW WORDS....



WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW, THE DYING MAN DID, WAS THAT THE KILLER WAS OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.





TOO LATE...HE'S  
GETTING AWAY-  
ID NEVER FIND HIM IN  
THAT UNDERBRUSH...  
LET'S SEE...

BUT WHEN I GOT  
TO THE WINDOW...



THE DEAD MAN,  
ART LIBRE, KNEW HIS  
KILLER WAS OUT THERE...  
SO HE TRIED TO TELL ME  
SOMETHING IN SUCH A  
WAY THAT I'D GET IT, BUT THE  
KILLER WOULDN'T...  
LET'S SEE WHAT'S  
ON THIS...



"No street but knew  
might night feet..."  
No sight by sun he saw  
Midnight was his mother  
and solitude his brother!



SEVEN FEET TO  
FORTUNE...  
HUMMMM...  
I BETTER  
NOTIFY THE  
SHERIFF...



THIS IS ALL VERY  
CONFUSING...I'D  
WISH HED BEEN  
ABLE TO BE A  
LITTLE CLEARER  
BEFORE...



I BETTER DROP THIS  
WHOLE MESS IN THE  
SHERIFF'S LAP AND TRY  
TO FORGET ABOUT IT,  
OR I'LL GET NO VACATION  
AT ALL...

AT THIS MOMENT EVERYTHING  
BLANKED OUT...





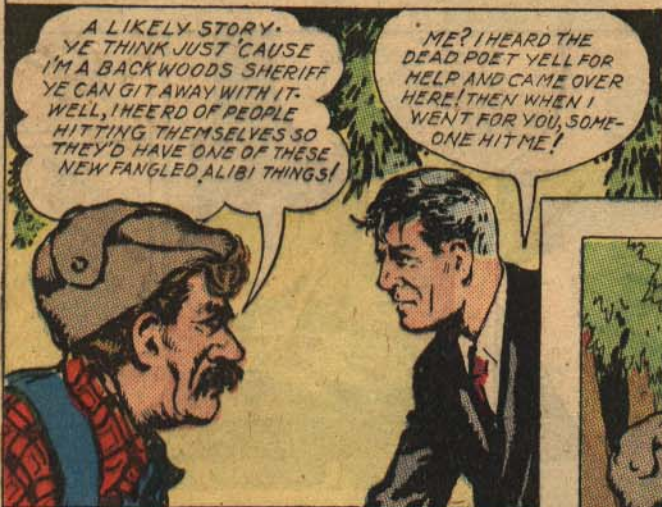
WOW! WHAT A CLOUT!  
GOOD GRAVY...THIS  
MEANS THE KILLER  
CAME BACK AND...

IT MUST HAVE BEEN HOURS BEFORE I CAME TO,  
I WAS ALL CRAMPED UP....



WHATCHA WANT  
TO SEE ME ABOUT,  
CITY FELLER?

HE CONKED ME  
AND SWIPED THE  
POEM!  
THE SHERIFF...  
I MUST SEE HIM...



A LIKELY STORY.  
YE THINK JUST 'CAUSE  
I'M A BACKWOODS SHERIFF  
YE CAN GIT AWAY WITH IT.  
WELL, I HEARD OF PEOPLE  
HITTING THEMSELVES SO  
THEY'D HAVE ONE OF THESE  
NEW FANGLED ALIBI THINGS!

ME? I HEARD THE  
DEAD POET YELL FOR  
HELP AND CAME OVER  
HERE! THEN WHEN I  
WENT FOR YOU, SOME-  
ONE HIT ME!



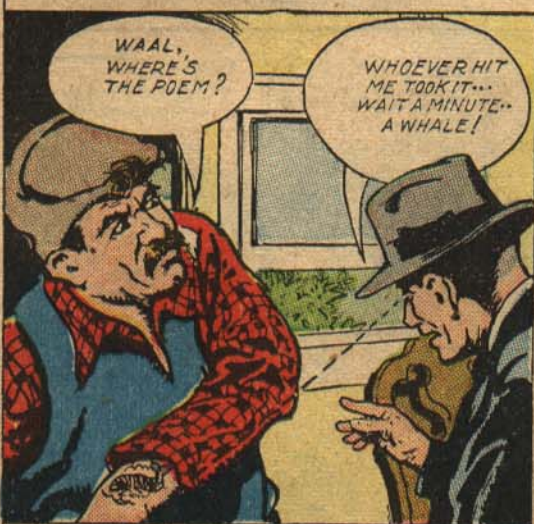
THIS IS A PRETTY  
KETTLE OF FISH..  
LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE  
TO SOLVE THIS IN  
SELF DEFENSE.



WAAL WHAT DO YOU KNOW?  
DO TELL! YOU MAY'NT BELIEVE  
THIS BUT I KNOW IT! WHAT'S  
MORE, I GOT AN IDEE YOU  
GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH  
IT, YOU CITY CITY FOLKS  
ARE ALL ALIKE!

THERE'S  
BEEN A  
MURDER!











WHOA..WAIT A MINUTE..  
FIRST..WHERE'D THE JEWELS  
COME FROM? WHAT WERE THEY  
DOING IN SUCH AN IMPROB-  
ABLE PLACE?

THAT DIDN'T COME OUT TILL  
LATER AT THE TRIAL..THE  
POET AND THE SHERIFF  
HAD BEEN IN CAHOOTS..THE  
CAMP AT WHICH ALL THIS  
HAD HAPPENED WAS UP  
NEAR THE CANADAIN  
BORDER..

THE GEMS HAD BEEN  
SMUGGLED ACROSS THE  
BORDER..EVDENTLY THE  
SAW HAD BEEN  
USED THE HIDING PLACE TO  
FOOL THE CUSTOMS IM-  
SPECTORS..

UH HUH..I SEE THAT..  
BUT NOW, WHY'D THE  
POET HOLD OUT ON  
THE TATTOOED  
SHERIFF?

A QUESTION SNAPS NICK OUT OF THE  
STORY HE HAS BEEN TELLING...

WHEN..WHAT A LOAD..I'M  
NOT NOT GOING TO BE ABLE  
TO CARRY HIM VERY FAR..AND  
YET I'VE GOT TO GET TO TOWN

THE POET HELD OUT  
ON THE SHERIFF BECAUSE  
THE SHERIFF WAS HOLDING  
OUT ON THE PROFITS OF  
THEIR PREVIOUS HAUL!

I GET IT..WHEN  
THIEVES FALL OUT..  
OKAY, LETS GET BACK  
TO THE WOODS.  
WHAT'D YOU DO  
THEN?

PUFF..PUFF..  
ANOTHER HALF  
MILE...

HE'S GOT THE  
GUN.. ONLY ONE  
THING I CAN DO...

GOTTA GET  
THE GUN...

WHAT THE...  
HE'S COME  
TO...





YOU SEE ABOUT IN POETRY IS A MEASURE OF SYLLABLES. THE SEVENTH FOOT WAS THE WORD 'SAW'. THE POEM WENT 'NO STREET BUT KNEW HIS MIDNIGHT FEET, NO SIGHT BY SUN HE SAW. ONCE I KNEW THE CLEW WAS 'SAW' I KNEW THAT THE GEMS HAD TO BE IN THE HANDLE.



## NICK CARTER

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# Chuck Carter's INNER CIRCLE

## THE ONE LEGGED ELEPHANT

Chick Carter looking ill at ease in his newly redonned civvies, smiled at the members of the Inner Circle. He gulped, looked foolish, then said, "Unaccustomed as I have become to public speaking," then he paused again.

Beef said, "Take it easy, Chick, just pretend that we're a bunch of Fascist planes, you weren't afraid of them, so why should you be afraid of us, your friends?"

"Guess you're right," smiled Chick, "it's just that I've gotten out of the habit of speaking to friends, at least in big bunches. The easiest way, should be I guess, to get right into a story. That's what you're all here for."

Sue, anxious to be helpful and knowing the problems that Chick, like any returned serviceman, had to face in reorienting himself to civilian life, said, "The biggest puzzle to us, Chick, is the story that Nick called the 'Case of the One Legged Elephant.' What was that all about?"

"Gee, that was a funny one. At the beginning it seemed like it had all the elements of all the bad mystery stories you ever read. It had the rich old miser, dying in mysterious circumstances, the greedy nephew anxious to get his hands on the old man's dough-re-mi, the strange man seen flitting across the lawn just prior to the murder . . . yep, it had all that and more. It had an impossible murder!

"It started like this . . . Nick was out of town one night when I got a frenzied call from Alex B. Smartly. He was the nephew. He told me in jumbled sentences that his uncle, old Ronald Smartly was dead. Alex wanted to know if I'd rush right over. It was a beastly hot night that had brought back a little touch of my malaria and I'd have been much happier to stay right at home . . . but I knew I couldn't.

"When I got there and had been suitably impressed by the size of the house, its huge lawns and its very dilapidated furnishings, dilapidated because the old man had re-

fused to 'waste' money on its upkeep. I was conducted to the death room by Alex.

"It was a grubby little room, not very appetizing at any time, but doubly unappealing at the moment, with the old man's crumpled body laying about ten feet from the only window in the room. He was shot thru the head. But there was no sign of a gun. Alex wasted no time in calling this to my attention. He wanted, for some reason to assure me that this was no suicide.

"I found out the reason later. The old man carried about a quarter of a million dollar's worth of insurance. There was a double indemnity clause in it. If it was murder, Alex stood to get a half million instead of the measly \$250,000 that suicide would have brought.

"After I had poked around for a while. Alex would have been quite happy to lose the quarter of a million I was sure, for every sign pointed to murder, with Alex as the only one with a motive.

"Believe me," Chick said, "Alex sweated that night and it wasn't just the heat! Look around as much as I could, it still spelled murder. Here was an old man up in his room on the second floor looking over his accounts. No one was seen by the servants to have gone to the room, or near the room, but Alex!

"Then, to make it worse, I found the death gun and . . . it was Alex's! I found it downstairs out on the lawn, about three feet out from the side of the house. It was near what I can only say looked like the trail of a one legged elephant! This mark in the lawn was about a foot in diameter and sort of shapeless as though an elephant had stood there for a moment. It was a fairly deep depression about two inches down in the soft loam of the lawn. The gun was next to this. Fastened to the gun was a small length of string. . . ."

"Chick," said Beef, "I got it! Remember you told us about the Apache trick of tying some string to the trigger guard of a gun so that if they thought they were going to be caught they could whirl the gun around





# The SHADOW

Consult your local paper for time and station  
Starting Sunday September 9th 5:00 P.M. EWT

## GROVE LABORATORIES

KXOA Sacramento, Calif.  
KHJ Los Angeles, Calif.  
KGB San Diego, Calif.  
KDB Santa Barbara, Calif.  
KFXM San Bernardino, Calif.  
KPMC Bakersfield, Calif.  
KVOE Santa Ana, Calif.  
KXO El Centro, Calif.  
KVEC San Luis Obispo, Calif.  
KFRC San Francisco, Calif.  
KMYC Marysville, Calif.  
KDON Monterey, Calif.  
KIEM Eureka, Calif.  
KHSL Chico, Calif.  
KVCV Redding, Calif.  
KFRE Fresno, Calif.  
KYOS Merced, Calif.  
KALE Portland, Ore.  
KRNK Roseburg, Ore.  
KFJI Klamath Falls, Ore.  
KORE Eugene, Ore.  
KOOS Marshfield, Ore.  
KAST Astoria, Ore.  
KUIN Grant's Pass, Ore.  
KWIL Albany, Ore.  
KBND Bend, Ore.  
KSLM Salem, Ore.  
KOL Seattle, Wash.  
KMO Tacoma, Wash.  
KIT Yakima, Wash.  
KXRO Aberdeen, Wash.  
KGY Olympia, Wash.  
KELA Centralia, Wash.  
KRKO Everett, Wash.  
KWLK Longview, Wash.  
KFIO Spokane, Wash.  
KUJ Walla Walla, Wash.  
KWAL Wallace, Ida.  
KRLC Lewiston, Ida.  
WGN Chicago, Ill.  
WIBC Indianapolis, Ind.  
WHK Cleveland, Ohio  
KQV Pittsburgh, Pa.  
KWK St. Louis, Mo.  
WGRC Louisville, Ky.  
CKLW Detroit, Mich.

## CAREY SALT

KFEL Denver, Colo.  
WHB Kansas City, Mo.  
WLWL Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.  
KBON Omaha, Nebr.  
KORN Fremont, Nebr.  
KWK St. Louis, Mo.  
WATL Atlanta, Ga.  
WJLD Bessemer, Ala.  
KBWS Brownwood, Tex.  
KROS Clinton, Ia.  
WRR Dallas, Tex.  
KDTL Dubuque, Ia.  
KFPW Ft. Smith, Ark.  
KFJZ Ft. Worth, Tex.  
WJBY Gadsden, Ala.  
WRUF Gainesville, Fla.  
KLUF Galveston, Tex.  
KTHT Houston, Tex.  
WJXN Jackson, Miss.  
WPDQ Jacksonville, Fla.  
WMBH Joplin, Mo.  
WNEX Macon, Ga.  
WMLT Dublin, Ga.  
WHBQ Memphis, Tenn.  
WGBS Miami, Fla.  
WNOE New Orleans, La.  
KOCY Oklahoma City, Okla.  
KBIZ Ottumwa, Ia.  
KPAC Port Arthur-Beaumont, Tex.  
KSAL Salina, Kans.  
KMAC San Antonio, Tex.  
KTRI Sioux City, Ia.  
WTSP St. Petersburg-Tampa, Fla.  
KRBC Abilene, Tex.  
KBST Big Spring, Tex.  
KFRO Longview, Tex.  
KPLT Paris, Tex.  
KGKL San Angelo, Tex.  
KCMC Texarkana, Tex.  
KNOW Austin, Tex.  
KTEM Temple, Tex.  
WACO Waco, Tex.  
WAYS Charlotte, N. C.  
KRIS Corpus Christi Tex.  
KFOR Lincoln, Nebr.  
WWPG Palm Beach, Fla.  
KTTS Springfield, Mo.



Will Be  
Heard Over

# THE LARGEST List of STATIONS FOR ANY PROGRAM

CAREY SALT COMPANY  
114 Stations

"BLUE COAL"  
26 Stations

GROVE LABORATORIES  
46 Stations



KOME Tulsa, Okla.  
KFBI Wichita, Kans.  
WROX Clarksdale, Miss.  
WCMJ Columbus, Miss.  
WELO Tupelo, Miss.  
KFFA Helena, Ark.  
KMA Shenandoah, Ia.  
KSO Des Moines, Ia.  
WSIX Nashville, Tenn.  
WDEF Chattanooga, Tenn.  
WMT Cedar Rapids, Ia.  
KABR Aberdeen, S. D.  
KGDE Fergus Falls, Minn.  
DVFD Fort Dodge, Ia.  
KVOX Moorhead, Minn.  
KICD Spencer, Ia.  
KATE Albert Lea, Minn.  
KWLM Willmar, Minn.  
KWNO Winona, Minn.  
WALB Albany, Ga.  
KYAK Atchison, Kans.  
KWON Bartlesville, Okla.  
WJZM Clarksville, Tenn.  
WBLJ Dalton, Ga.  
WMSL Decatur, Ala.  
WAGF Dothan, Ala.  
KTSW Emporia, Kans.  
WGGA Gainesville, Ga.  
WRLC Toccoa, Ga.  
KIUL Garden City, Kans.  
KFXJ Grand Junction, Colo.  
KVGB Great Bend, Kans.  
WJPR Greenville, Miss.  
KWFC Hot Springs, Ark.  
WBHP Huntsville, Ala.  
KWOS Jefferson City, Mo.  
KBTM Jonesboro, Ark.  
KPAB Laredo, Tex.  
KFJB Marshalltown, Ia.  
WLAY Muscle Shoals, Ala.  
WJHO Opelika, Ala.  
KPDN Pampa, Tex.  
WDLF Panama City, Fla.  
KOTN Pine Bluff, Ark.  
KDRO Sedalia, Mo.  
WHBB Selma, Ala.  
KRRY Sherman-Denison, Tex.

WFIG Sumter, S. C.  
WTAL Tallahassee, Fla.  
KGKB Tyler, Tex.  
WGOV Valdosta, Ga.  
KYWC Vernon, Tex.  
WAYX Waycross, Ga.  
KRLH Midland, Tex.  
WISE Asheville, N. C.  
WBBB Burlington, N. C.  
WAYS Charlotte, N. C.  
WCNC Elizabeth City, N. C.  
WFNC Fayetteville, N. C.  
WGER Goldsboro, N. C.  
WGTC Greenville, N. C.  
WHIT New Bern, N. C.  
WRAL Raleigh, N. C.  
WCBT Roanoke Rapids, N. C.  
WSTP Salisbury, N. C.  
WGTM Wilson, N. C.

## BLUE COAL

WLSH Portland, Me.  
WSYB Rutland, Vt.  
WNAL Boston, Mass.  
WHYN Holyoke, Mass.  
WAAB Worcester, Mass.  
WEAN Providence, R. I.  
WNLC New London, Conn.  
WBRK Pittsfield, Mass.  
WTHT Hartford, Conn.  
WICG Bridgeport, Conn.  
WOR New York City  
WABY Albany, N. Y.  
WIBX Utica, N. Y.  
WWNY Watertown, N. Y.  
WOLF Syracuse, N. Y.  
WSAY Rochester, N. Y.  
WEBR Buffalo, N. Y.  
WHCU Ithaca, N. Y.  
WNBK Birmingham, N. Y.  
WBAX Wilkes-Barre, Pa.  
WIP Philadelphia, Pa.  
WGAL Lancaster, Pa.  
WKBO Harrisburg, Pa.  
WFBR Baltimore, Md.  
WOL Washington, D. C.  
WBOC Salisbury, Md.



like a catapult and get rid of the evidence?"

"You're warm but not too warm! Not as warm as Alex was anyhow," chuckled Chick, "no . . . this string was the right length for the Apache trick, but that wasn't how it was used."

"I stood staring at the gun and the elephant footprint for a long time. Alex was standing next to me and hot as he was, his face was pale. He gasped when he saw the gun . . . 'That . . . that's my gun . . . Bbbbut . . . I swear I didn't kill him . . . I swear it!'"

"It was at this point that one of the servants joined us. He told us about having seen the shadowy silhouette of a man running across the lawn, away from the house, right after the shot was fired."

"Alex leaped on that as a solution of the crime. He insisted that the killer must have been some stray burglar who'd been seen by his uncle and had shot him in order to make his escape."

"As a matter of fact, as it turned out, the fleeing man *had* been a burglar, and a bad night he must have had! But he had nothing to do with the killing. He hadn't even gotten into the house. He'd been near the window when the shot rang out . . . then, this is his story as we got it later from the police, then he saw something about two feet in diameter, roughly circular, come flying thru the air. It almost brained him. That, coming right after the sound of the shot, scared him away."

"My next move was to go back up to the scene of the death. I looked at the position of the body, saw that it was a distance from the window and then walked to the window sill to find what I knew must be there. It was! Any of you know what I knew would be there?"

Sue's hand was the only one that went up. "Sure! You found a nick in the wood of the sill! Right?"

Chick smiled not so much at Sue who was right, as at the stunned faces of the other members of the Inner Circle who weren't as quick on the uptake as she was.

Beef in particular looked hurt. "How," he asked, "did you know and how in time does Sue know, that there had to be a nick there?"

Sue and Chick answered in unison, "Because of the footprint of the one legged elephant!"

All the other members groaned. Beef said, "Phooey! Go on with the story! I don't get it!"

"Now that I knew the *modus operandi*," went on Chick, "the only thing that bothered me was the motive!"

"But," said Beef heatedly, "certainly this guy Alex had a half a million motives!"

"Ah, ah," Chick shook his head, "but you see Alex had nothing to do with it!"

That did it. All the members but Sue and Chick looked dazed. They sat and looked at Chick as he continued, "I finally realized what the motive was, when I remembered that the dead man was a miser!"

Beef said disgruntledly, "Sure, sure, that makes it all as plain as mud. The nephew didn't do it, the burglar didn't do it. Go on. Now tell us that it was the *butler* and I'll throw something at you!"

Chick laughed, "No, it wasn't the butler. The finger that pulled the trigger belonged to old man Smartly himself. It was suicide, you see and not murder. Knowing that it was suicide, it took me a while to dope out why the old man had gone to so much trouble to make it look like murder. That was the reason his being a miser explained everything. He knew he was dying of heart trouble. But being a miser, he didn't want to lose any money, even *after* his demise. So he rigged this gadget so that the insurance company would have to pay out double indemnity!"

"I can see that," said Beef, "but what was the gadget?"

"The one legged elephant . . . a piece of ice was fastened to the string which in turn was fastened to the gun. When the old man pulled the trigger, the piece of ice was hanging out the window. As his fingers relaxed in death, the weight of the ice dragged the gun out the window, leaving the nick in the sill. The ice and gun, on the ground, were there for all to see . . . but it was a hot night as I told you and in no time at all the ice had melted leaving . . ."

"Leaving," finished Beef, "the shape of an elephant's foot! Oh fine!"



# Flatty Foote

SELL  
THAT  
CELL!



FLATTY FOOTE, ALL INVOLVED  
IN A TROUBLESOME BUSINESS  
BECAUSE OF A CASE OF MISTAKEN  
IDENTITY, WOUND UP IN JAIL-  
BUT ALL THAT IS OVER...  
EVERYTHING WILL BE SMOOTH  
SAILING FROM NOW ON IN...  
OR WILL IT??

FLATTY! ALL  
YOUR TROUBLES ARE  
OVER! HERE'S YOUR  
PRINTS IDENTIFYING  
YOU! JAILER LET THE  
MAN ON YOUR  
LEFT, OUT!

THERE MUST  
BE SOME WAY  
I CAN USE THIS  
DOPEY COP TO  
GET OUT FROM  
UNDER ON MY  
RACKET...  
LET ME SEE...  
I GOT IT!



WHEW -- GEE  
I THOUGHT I WAS  
NEVER GONNA GET  
OUTA THERE!

PST

NO REASON  
FOR YOU TO  
WORRY AT ALL,  
NOT WITH  
ME, PETER  
PRANCE ON  
THE CASE!  
PISH  
TUSH!

LISTEN YOU, PLAY IT SMART  
AND YOU MAY BE ABLE TO  
MAKE A BREAK!

NO KIDDIN'!  
IF I MAKE IT I'LL  
PAY YOU WELL,  
LANTERN!

YE BLAME RIGHT YOU'LL PAY  
ME WELL! WADDYE THINK IM IN  
THIS FOR, MY HEALTH? GO ON  
BEAT IT, MAYBE YOU CAN BEAT  
THAT CÖP TO THE GATE!

AND IN CONCLUSION, MY FLAT  
FOOTED FRIEND, I TAKE IT VERY ILL  
THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE DOUBTED  
MY ABILITY TO EXTRICATE YOU  
FROM THE PARLOUS PREDICAMENT  
YOUR RESEMBLANCE TO THAT  
CROOK GOT YOU INTO!

JEEPERS --  
THEY'RE CLOSE --  
IF I CAN ONLY  
GET TO THE  
GATE FIRST!

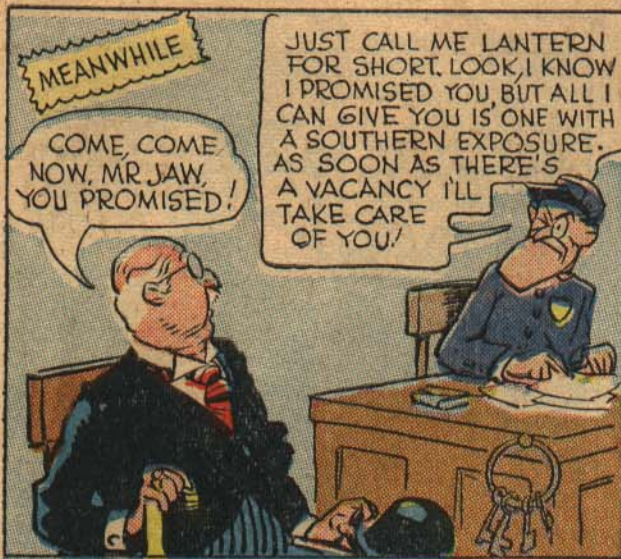
HEY YOU! STAND STILL! REACH  
FOR THE SKY OR I'LL AIR  
CONDITION YOU!

OH NO! DON'T TELL ME  
THIS IS GONNA START  
ALL OVER AGAIN! LOOK  
I'M THE DETECTIVE!  
YOU CANT HOLD ME!

I TOLDJA  
NOT TO MOVE!  
YOU'RE THE  
CROOK! THE  
COP JUST LEFT!

GOOD HEAVENS!  
IT'S HAPPENED!  
THE CROOK, YOUR  
DOUBLE HAS MANAGED  
TO MAKE HIS ESCAPE!  
OH DEAR...





MEANWHILE

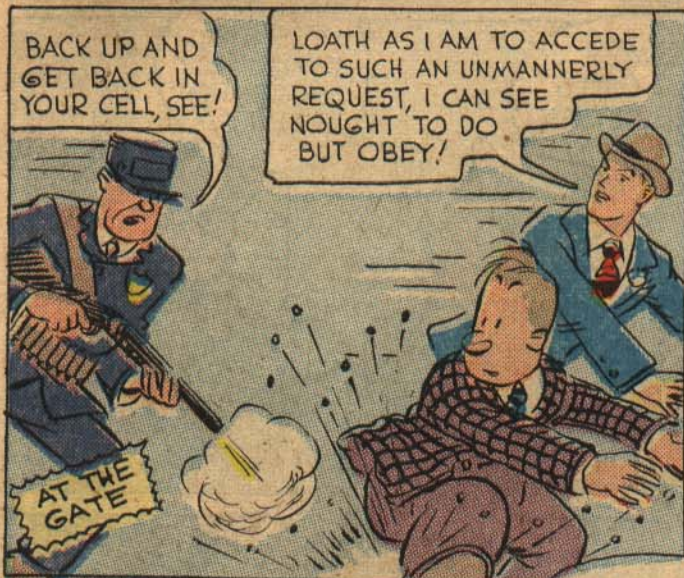
COME, COME  
NOW, MR JAW,  
YOU PROMISED!

JUST CALL ME LANTERN  
FOR SHORT. LOOK, I KNOW  
I PROMISED YOU, BUT ALL I  
CAN GIVE YOU IS ONE WITH  
A SOUTHERN EXPOSURE.  
AS SOON AS THERE'S  
A VACANCY I'LL  
TAKE CARE  
OF YOU!



DO YOU WANT IT OR NOT?  
I'VE GOT PLENTY OF OTHER  
CUSTOMERS, IF YOU DON'T WANT IT!

OH ALRIGHT, YOU'VE  
GOT ME OVER A BARREL  
AND YOU KNOW IT!  
LEAD ON,  
I'LL TAKE IT!



BACK UP AND  
GET BACK IN  
YOUR CELL, SEE!

LOATH AS I AM TO ACCEDE  
TO SUCH AN UNMANNERLY  
REQUEST, I CAN SEE  
NOUGHT TO DO  
BUT OBEY!

AT THE  
GATE



IF ALL THOSE BIG  
WORDS MEAN WE'LL  
DO WHAT HE SAYS,  
WHY OKAY.

SOMETIMES  
I WONDER WHY  
I SPEND MY  
TIME WITH A  
PERSON WITH  
AN I.Q. OF  
YOUR CALIBER!



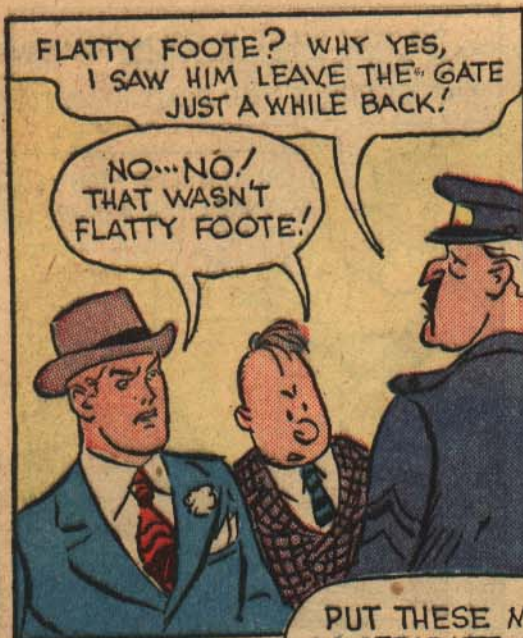
WHY—  
I LIKE  
YOU, TOO!



I'VE SEEN LOTS  
OF MEN TRY TO RUN  
OUT OF HERE, BUT  
YOU'RE THE FIRST  
ONES I'VE EVER  
SEEN RUN IN!

AH WARDEN,  
YOU SEE, IT'S ALL A  
BIG MISTAKE, THIS  
MAN HERE IS THE  
NOTED DETECTIVE FLATTY  
FOOTE, OF WHOM YOU  
MUST HAVE HEARD--











JAIL.

HELP ME!  
WE MUST  
GET IN!

HERE, HERE WHAT'S ALL  
THIS NOISE? IT'S NOT GOING  
TO DO ANYONE ANY GOOD!  
OOOOF!

BUT FLATTY! IT WAS  
ONLY BY A STROKE OF  
LUCK WE GOT OUT OF  
JAIL! ARE YOU SURE  
WE SHOULD  
DO THIS?

OH MY....  
THE DOOR  
OPENED! HEY,  
IT'S THE GUY  
WE WANT!

HERE, HERE WHAT'S  
THE MEANING OF ALL  
THIS? HOW DARE YOU  
ASSAULT MY JAILER?

I CAN'T SEE  
WHAT GOOD ALL  
THIS IS GOING TO  
DO! AFTER ALL IF  
WE GET BACK INTO  
JAIL WE MAY NOT  
GET OUT!

GRAB HIM  
AND BRING HIM  
TO THE WARDEN'S  
OFFICE!

BECAUSE HE'S A CROOK!  
HE'S BEEN TURNING CROOKS  
LOOSE, LIKE MY DOUBLE,  
JUST SO HE COULD RENT  
CELLS TO PEOPLE WHO ARE  
WITHOUT ROOMS ON  
ACCOUNTA THE HOUSING  
SHORTAGE!

I CAN'T THANK YOU TOO MUCH,  
MR FOOTE! A FINE REPUTATION  
MY JAIL WOULD HAVE GOTTEN  
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU! THE  
VERY IDEA OF NON-CRIMINALS  
LIVING IN MY JAIL! WHY..IT'S ABSURD!

BUT NOT AS  
ABSURD AS WHAT  
I GOT COOKED UP  
FOR THAT COP!

Egan



# The Shadow Meets The Wodahs

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.









WHAT DO YOU  
THINK OF  
THAT STORY,  
MARGO?

PROBABLY  
JUST SOME  
PUBLICITY  
STUNT

I'M MORE  
INTERESTED IN  
THE RECEPTION.  
JUST THINK, THERE  
WILL BE **TWO**  
GOVERNORS  
FROM ADJOINING  
STATES!

I'LL TELL YOU  
WHY, MARGO. BOTH  
STATES HAVE  
SUFFERED BANK  
ROBBERIES LATELY...

... AND THE  
GOVERNORS  
ARE HERE  
TO CONFER  
ABOUT  
IT

THEY ARE?  
WELL, I'M  
STILL MORE  
INTERESTED IN  
THE RECEPTION.  
I'LL SEE YOU  
LATER, LAMONT

I WONDER  
WHAT ONE  
GOVERNOR  
IS SAYING  
TO THE  
OTHER?

CAN'T  
YOU  
GUESS?

I DON'T SEE  
LAMONT HERE.  
I WONDER...  
OR DO I?

GIVE ONE OF THESE  
TO EACH OF THE  
GOVERNORS

YES,  
SIR!



I'LL BET HE'S GONE OUT TO  
THE HAUNTED MANSION!  
WELL, IF THAT'S THE CASE, I'M  
GOING TOO!

HERE YOU ARE,  
LADY, ONLY I AIN'T  
STICKING AROUND.  
YOU'LL BE COMING  
BACK TO TOWN SO  
FAST YOU WON'T  
NEED A CAB!

THAT'S  
YOUR  
OPINION!

WHO'S AFRAID  
OF AN OLD  
HOUSE!

AH!  
A  
VISITOR!

WODAH!

OH!

WODAH!

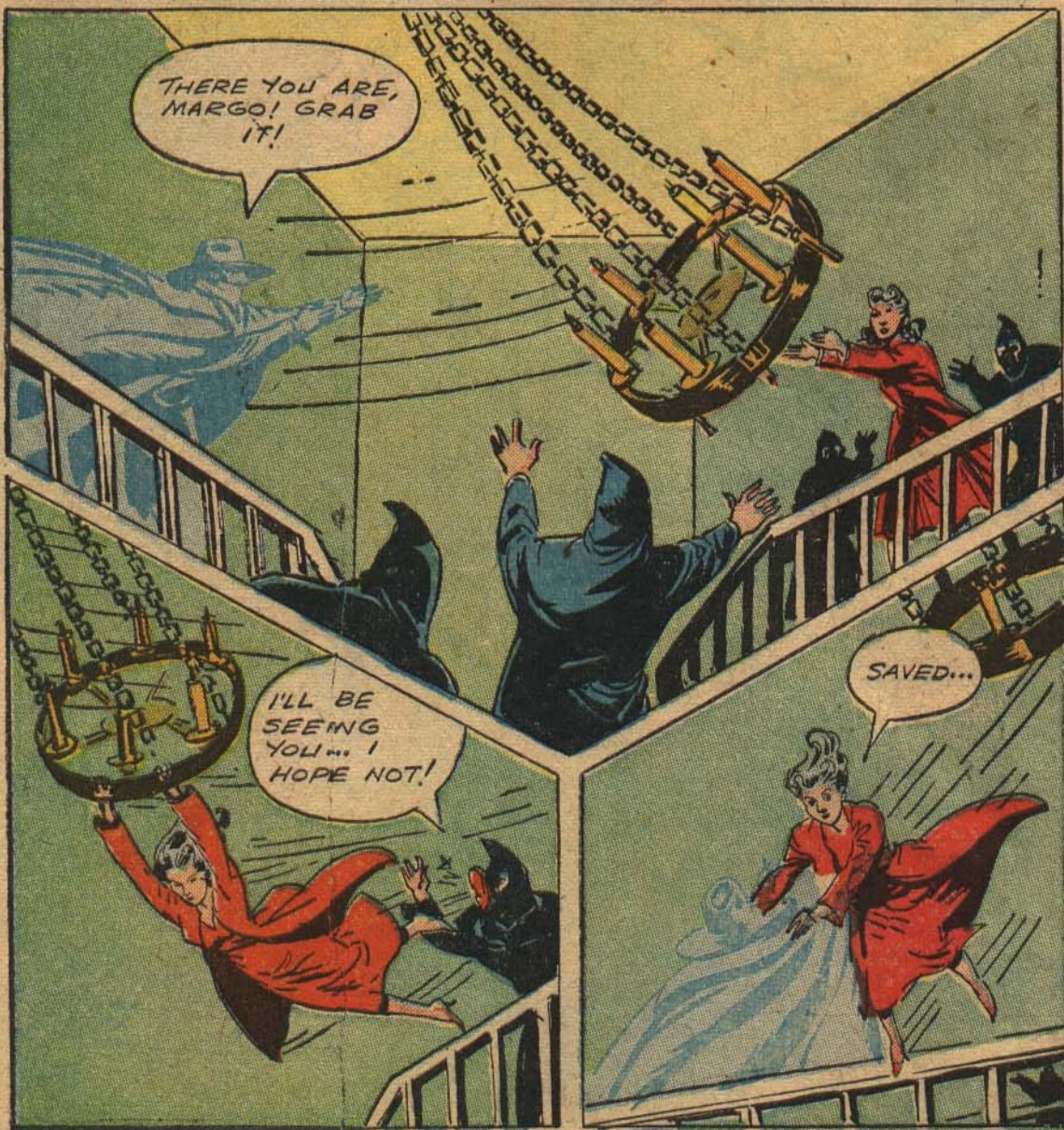
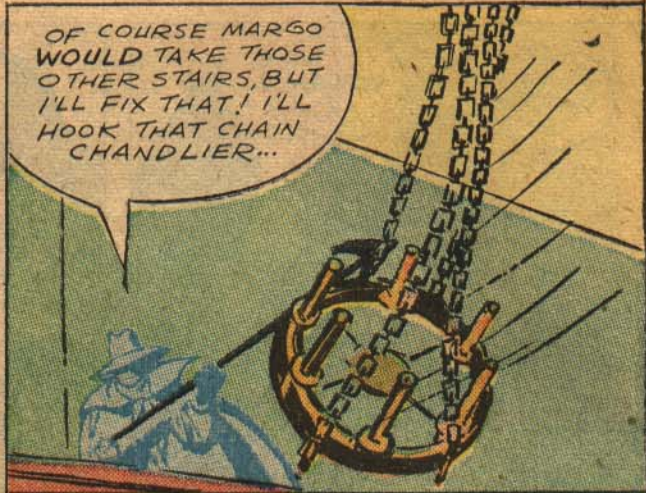
DO... I... I... I...  
HEAR... HEAR...  
WH..WH..WH..WHIS..  
WHISPERS? I'D  
BETTER GO...  
GO... UPSTAIRS!

WODAH!






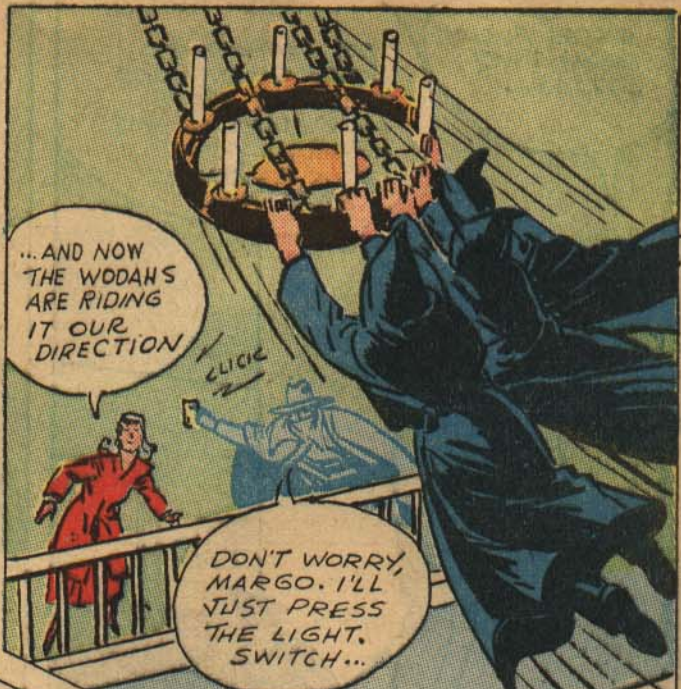









OR AM  
I? THERE  
GOES THE  
CHAIN  
ACROSS  
AGAIN...



...AND NOW  
THE WODAH'S  
ARE RIDING  
IT OUR  
DIRECTION

CLIC

DON'T WORRY,  
MARGO. I'LL  
JUST PRESS  
THE LIGHT.  
SWITCH...



AREN'T YOU  
GOING TO  
ROUND UP  
THE WODAH'S!

THAT WON'T  
BE NECESSARY.  
THE STATE  
POLICE SHOULD  
BE HERE BY  
NOW

I FIGURED  
THAT OLD  
WIRING  
WOULD  
SUPPLY A  
SHORT  
CIRCUIT!



STATE POLICE  
FROM TWO  
STATES...

YES, I INFORMED  
BOTH GOVERNORS  
THAT THIS STATE  
LINE MANSION WAS  
PROBABLY THE  
BANK ROBBERS'  
HIDE-AWAY

BY USING IT, THEY  
COULD HOP INTO  
EITHER STATE IF  
POLICE CAME FROM  
THE OTHER. SO I  
ARRANGED FOR  
POLICE FROM BOTH!



THE WODAHS  
PRETENDED THE  
HOUSE WAS  
HAUNTED TO  
KEEP PEOPLE  
AWAY!

I UNDERSTAND  
THAT. BUT WHY  
WHY DID THEY  
CALL THEMSELVES  
WODAHS!

BECAUSE  
WODAHS IS  
SHADOW  
SPELLED  
BACKWARD!

AND THE  
SHADOW  
STANDS FOR  
RIGHT, WHILE  
THE WODAHS  
STOOD FOR  
WRONG. I  
SEE!



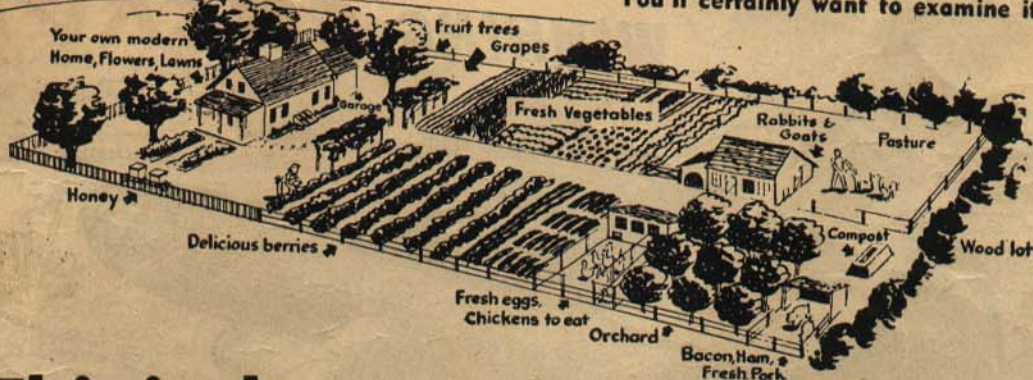
YOUR WASTE PAPER  
ISN'T WASTE PAPER  
UNLESS YOU  
WASTE IT!







"A little land and a lot of living" . . .  
that's what my "Have-More" Plan  
tells you about.  
You'll certainly want to examine it.



# "This is the way I want to live— the rest of my life!"



Mrs. Robison, Jackie, and I aren't selling any land nor promoting anybody's products. We only want to tell you how we've learned to have more fun, more health and more security than 99% of this world's families has ever had.

This morning for breakfast I had fresh berries and cream, a mouth-watering order of ham and eggs, raspberry jam and toast and coffee. The toast and coffee we bought at the store. The rest we raised on our little "Have-More" Homestead.

That breakfast, to me, is just a sample of part of the difference our "Have-More" Plan makes in the way people can live.

The strictly city dweller who buys everything he eats is liable to have a toast-and-coffee life.

The family which does as we are doing gets the "cream"—and the berries and the ham and eggs and the jam. I guess this sounds boastful, but I don't mean it so. It is just the enthusiasm Mrs. Robinson and I have for the Plan we've worked out. We call it our "Have-More" Plan because that's how it works for us . . . we have more of just about everything that makes life worth living!

Our "Have-More" Plan is the true story of how we Robinsons moved from the city to our small place in the nearby country to find "a little land and a lot more living" while I kept a regular full-time job.

It tells how we grow most of our family's food in spare time—have fun doing it—have better living—more sunshine and fresh air—more peace and quiet—more security and independence—in fact, as I said before, more of just about everything!

## All the Details

My "Have-More" Plan contains over 50,000 words, 73 illustrations, many actual photographs of our own place. And I've kept the price as low as I could, only \$1.00.

It tells just how we do things—all our shortcuts, ideas, labor-saving methods—how it takes us only an hour or so of spare time a day to have tender chicken to eat, plenty of really fresh eggs, a wonderful garden, delicious rabbit meat, rich milk, butter, cream from our miniature dairy, tasty ham, pork, bacon, sausage, geese, turkeys, squab, spring lamb, honey bees, fruit trees instead of shade trees, luscious grapes, raspberries, strawberries, etc.—how we use the latest, easiest preserving methods, including quick freezing. (Note: no one family should start all these projects at once. But we describe them all so you can take your pick).

## No "Magic" About It

Now please don't get me wrong. This is no "crack-pot theory" on how to make an easy living! I suppose that if you absolutely had to, you could live a long time entirely off a small place like our two acres. But that would be just existing, not really living.

You've got to have some cash income—from a job or a pension or something. What I'm saying is that with my "Have-More" Plan you can make a small cash income into the best and happiest kind of a living any man could want. That's why we call it our "Have-More" Plan.

Furthermore, you and your wife have to be real partners and enjoy working together. If either of you think of the housework and the chores as just drudgery, you better go live in a boarding house or a two room apartment. Personally, we wish we could spend more time working around our place—it's so interesting.

## Will You Join Us?

A friend said, the other day, "Ed, why do you bother with other people? Why don't you settle down and just enjoy your own job and your 'Have-More' Homestead? Why try to spread it all over the country?" I may sound silly trying to tell you why. This is my job now. I am putting full time into gathering information on country living . . . for ourselves and others. I feel, somehow, that in the years to come the U. S. is going to need all the help it can get toward happiness and peace and security. We aren't always going to have a war boom going on. I've got a boy I want to see grow up in a good country, and if ten or twenty million American families can get set as well as the Robinson family is, I don't think anything can hurt this nation.

Do you see what I mean? That's why I've worked so hard putting this Plan together. That's why I was so careful to be truthful and sensible in everything we put in it. And that's why I've kept the price as low as I possibly could—only \$1.00 postpaid.

## Now It's Up to You!

So if you are one of our kind of people, if you want to have a look at our "Have-More" Plan, just fill in the coupon here and send it to me. When you get the Plan—by return mail—look it over. If you are disappointed in it in any way, or if it doesn't suit you, put it right back in the package and return it to me. I'll give you your dollar back and send you a dime for your postage.

On the other hand, if you like it, and I am sure you will, help me by showing it to your friends and getting them to start a "Have-More" Homestead also.

Yours for "a little land and a lot of living"—

*Ed Robison*

P. O. Box 7609, Noroton, Conn.

Send to ED ROBINSON  
P. O. Box 7609, Noroton, Conn.  
Dear Ed:—

Here's your dollar. I want to see your "Have-More" Plan. If it's what I want, I'll keep it. If not, I'll send it back and you're to return my money—and we'll still be friends.



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