Jeff Whittaker's my handle! Though some of the boys from the wagon train I'd joined up with to come west to California had nicknamed me 'Whitey!' That's 'cause I was no chicken, and my hair turned gray long years before! But I'd been a prospectin' fool all my life, an' when they found the teller stuff over at Sutter's saw mill in 1848 I packed my duds an' headed west with the rest of the forty-niners... Wal, Whitey! We'll be in California by this time next week! What's your plans? Me? I'm headin' right for them gold fields! Gonna stake me out a claim and pan me a fortune!
Yeah, them were my plans! I had lots o' high hopes in them days! Soon as we hit Sacramento, I lit out up the valley!

Keep goin', stranger! Try this land's all staked out! Ten miles further up-river!

Don't take me long to find out that most o' the gold'd been played out by the time that I got there! Yeller-hundy critters'd taken slipper ships 'round the cape o' good hope an' beaten us overlanders to the fields...

This stream's been panned out already!

Finally, I decided to try up in the hills! I'd heard talk about rich veins been' found! I bought me a shotgun so I could hunt my own vittles, a pick-axe an' a shovel t' dig with, an' some canned beans! Spent every last dime I owned...

Better take s'more shellys, stranger! Gotta watch out for claim jumpers up in the hills!

Le'me tell you, that's beautiful country! Them California hills! Towerin' pines whisperin' overhead! Rushin' streams cascadin' over rocks! Quiet lakes layin' like lookin'-glasses! I pitched me a tent next to one of them quiet lakes and made me a camp...

This shor is purty, but it ain't gettin' me rich! I'm borrowin' I what diggin'!

I tried a few spots without much success! Then I found me a stream feedin' into the lake! She was a fast-runnin' stream, a-comin' down from them hills and a-bubblin' out into the quiet lake... stirrin' it all up 'round the spot...

That's that? Somethin' shinin' in the water?

It were gold all right! and Lordy, what a rich deposit! That there stream musta been rollin' them nuggets down from the hills since time begun... an' they were all layin' right there fer me...

It'll take me a year to clear out this strike! I'm rich! rich!

So I started pannin'! I figured on cleanin' out the mouth of the stream where she emptied into the lake... then workin' my way upstream till I played the strike out...

Look at this nugget! Must be a four-ouncer at least!
Then, 'bout a month after I'd started workin' by claim, it happened. This big burly-lookin' critter shows up. I'd panned me 'bout four thousand ollars worth o' gold by that time and I was feelin' pretty dooo! That was where I made my big mistake. I guess he'd been spym' on me... An' I let him get too close...

Howdy, Stranger, where you headed? No place, bub' it's you... What'd goin'?

The two red-hot lead slugs catch me in the gut an' I keel over! The pain is somethin' awful, an' I'm boilin' mad! When he comes over to see if I'm done for, I kick out at him! His colt goes flyin'.

Nuh...? Nobody... Steals what's mine... Yuh ornery coyote!

I keep goin', even though the pain is killin' me! Back o' me, I hear him shout when he spies his '45'...

Won't go you no good to run, stranger?

A slug whistles past my ear as I tumble into camp! I grab my shotgun and the box of shells, duck behind a rock, an' let do with both barrels...

Here, you murderin' snake! Now, we're even-steven...

The gun lands off in the brush and the burly guy dives after it! I sees my chance and gettin' my feet, high-tails it for camp...

Lordy, them slugs're burnin' in my middle! Blast! Where's that cursed iron? Damn! Bullseye?!
I STUFF THE SHOTGUN SHells FROM THE BOX INTO MY POCKETS AND SIT BACK TO WAIT. I KNOW I'M GONNA DIE, BUT I AIN'T GONNA LET HIM LIVE EITHER...

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE THIS CLAIN, YUM SNAKE! I'LL GET YUM FIRST! I SWEAR IT! I'M WAITIN', OL' TIMER!
So I roll into the grave and land face up, starein' at him and grinnin' at him. He's so durn mad! He tells me and flings a shovel-full of dirt into my face...

Stop starin' at me! Stop grinnin' at me! Shut your eyes when yer dead! Close yer mouth!

I figure I lay there a week or so in the ground! The crawlin' things start workin' on me! I don't feel 'em, but I know they're there 'cause I kin hear 'em scratchin' round me! Then, after a long time, I hear somethin' up above, clawin' at the ground.

It's a wild catoggin' me up! It clears the sod off'n my face and shoulders, grasps my collar between its fangs, and pulls me up to a sittin' position...

Stop starin' at me! Stop grinnin' at me! Shut your eyes when yer dead! Close yer mouth!

Then, afore it kin start rippin' me to shreds, another wild cat shows up.

Right away they start spittin' and howlin' at each other! I sit there, grinnin' at them.

They sail into one another, but soon the one that dug me up goes off a-screedin' and a-nursin' his wounds! Then the latecomer what won comes over, sniffs at me, and lopes off himself! I guess I'm too far gone to make good eatin' anymore...

I'm all covered, an' layin' nice an' cozy in my grave! I hear his nos-nailed boots crunchin' around over me as he stamps the ground down hard so's it won't look fresh.

Heh, heh! You were wrong, eh, old timer? I got you first, after all!
In the mornin’, he comes out of the tent for a minute. I think his eyes is gonna fly right outta his head.

Good Lord!

He comes over to me, lookin’ a little green around the gills. His mouth is dribblin’ a little spittle, like he’s been suckin’ on a bar o’ soap.

It... It ain’t natural! Lay down! You’re dead!

But I just sit there grinnin’ at him. I kin tell he’s gettin’ some ‘cause his eyes is red-dennin’ up! He hauls off and kicks me in the face, and I flops backwards into my shallow grave.

So you won’t stay buried, eh, you blasted old bezerker?

He scrambles off toward the tent an’ comes back with the pick-axe an’ shovel. He shang holo of me an’ drag me down t’the lake.

Well, we’ll see if you’ll stay in the water!

He ties the shovel an’ the pick-are t’my feet with some rope.

This’ll weight you down so you stay deep!

Then he hauls me into the lake! He pulls me out as deep as he can go an’ lets me settle to the bottom. I shih at his hog-nailed boots as I hit...
 Where the rushin' stream emptied into the lake, a crazy current swirled! I'm layin' right smack in the middle of it. Pretty soon, I'm turnin' and twistin', and the ropes is rubbin' on the sharp edges of the shovel...

He starts yellin' and screamin' at me, but I just stare at him. Him and his real silly-like! Only I don't look too humorous anymore. Fact is I smell pretty bad too. At least that's what he complains of as he drags me around...

He lugs me over to the clearing and lays me in the middle! Then he starts draggin' over logs he's been collectin'...

I guess me was gettin' ready to build himself a cabin with them logs and stay over the winter. Anyway he decided to sacrifice 'em all for me. He tosses me on the pile...

If you won't stay buried and you won't stay drowned, maybe you'll stay burned!

He starts luggin' me across the clearing. He says if I don't come back from this, he'll blast me...

I guess those crazy currents musta dragged me 'round and 'round, 'cause I pop up right at the mouth of the stream where Squirrel-boy is pannin' near the falls in the water when he spots me...

You're dead! Why in tarnation don't you stay dead?

He starts yellin' and screamin' at me, but I just stare at him. Him and his real silly-like! Only I don't look too humorous anymore. Fact is I smell pretty bad too. At least that's what he complains of as he drags me around...

Phew!
I'm layin' there on the pile of logs in the ridge o' the clearin'! All around, the brush is dry, 'cause it's been a dry summer! Right away, the flames are leapin' 'round me...

The heat is terrific! Of course, I don't feel nothin', but I can hear my water-logged body a-hissin' and a-popin'! I guess I blacken up a bit, and the water in my rotted clothes cools out soon they start to burn! I kin sense somethin' strange goin' on inside me—like I'm expandin' from the steam and gases! Then...

Here's a terrific boom, and I blow up! The shot-gun shells I'd packed into my pockets go off like a dynamite charge! I rip into a thousand pieces, and the expanding cases and compressed steam inside me sends the flamin' hunks flyin' through the air...

Sore of re lands on the burly guy, and he's so busy peelin' me off him and pattin' out his burnin' clothes that he don't notice I've also landed all around the edge of the clearin'... in the dry brush... in the tinder-like pines... everywhere.

What a fire I start! In a couple of minutes, the whole clearin' is surrounded by a circle of flame. A white hot wall rovin' in on the burly critter! He don't stand a chance o' gettin' through it! Taint long 'til he starts shreakin' in pain...

Heh, heh! You plumb have, whitey! And it shor war a haw! It sure was a doozy of a tale, eh, kid-dies? You know, when I first tol' this yarn to my idiot editors, they confessed that they never knew a corpse could write his own story! I straightened them out, though! Whitey couldn't write his own name I he dictated the whole thing to me! Heh, heh! A real ghost writer, eh? Well, now I'll turn you over to the vault-keeper. I'll see you later on!
Greetings, gory grave-ghouls! It's me, the Vault-Keeper... again! Time to guest-spot the Crypt-Keeper's Mag once more! So drag your battered bodies into the vault and stretch them out on that cake of ice over there! It'll keep you cool... which is the proper mood for this chilling tale of ice, snow, and hot love I call...

A Hollywood Ending!

Hugh Howards, famous Hollywood movie producer and celebrated sportsman and world traveler, guided his private transport plane low over the glaring ice-fields of the frozen north.

There's an Eskimo settlement down there, Mr. Howards!

All right, Evans! Tell the publicity boys to fasten their safety belts! We're going in.
Down below the gleaming airplane, fur-clad figures danted from their igloos, waving and chattering...

They see us! There's a level spot east of the settlement! I'm going to bring 'em down on it!

Soon the sky-giant's ski-runners touched the surface of the chosen icy expanse and came to a stop! The ooling eski population crowded about the plane...

Well! C'mon you guys! Let's get some pictures and get out of here!

Mr. Howards stepped from the plane and addressed the gathered arctic inhabitants...

Anybody here speak English? I speak English!

Good! My name is Howards! I'm a Hollywood producer! Say! You're not an eski no?

No, Mr. Howards! I am an American! What are you doing with these people? That wooden building is my home! My guardian brought me here six years ago!

The girl smiled at Hugh! Her eyes sparkled! One was beautiful...

Hugh studied the attractive girl standing before him! He'd never seen a more photogenic face...

You say you live there in that shack? Is it heated?

Why, yes! There's an oil stove in it! What makes you ask?

Hugh took the girl's mittenened hand and started toward the snow-laden frame building...

C'mon! I want to take a look at your figure!

My figure? Well, really now, Mr. Howards...
LOOK! DON'T GET IN A HUFF! I'M A HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER! THIS IS STRICTLY BUSINESS! IF YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES, I CAN MAKE A STAR OUT OF YOU?

HUM? HOW LONG DID YOU SAY YOU'VE BEEN UP HERE?

SIX YEARS? 'DADDY'... THAT'S MY GUARDIAN. DOCTOR WHEEMS BROUGHT ME HERE AFTER THE ACCIDENT!

ACCIDENT? YES! MY REAL FATHER AND I WERE IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT! FATHER WAS DOCTOR WHEEMS'S COLLABORATOR! FATHER WAS KILLED! I LOST MY MEMORY, I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT MY FATHER LOOKED LIKE!

AMNESIA. HUMP!

I GUESS SO! ANYWAY, 'DADDY' BROUGHT ME HERE! HE HAD TO TEACH ME ALL OVER AGAIN! I'D FORGOTTEN EVERYTHING! I'D EVEN FORGOTTEN HOW TO WALK AND TALK! IT WAS AWFUL, BUT 'DADDY' WAS PATIENT, AND I LEARNED QUICKLY.

THEN YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT MOVIES OR MOVIE STARS?

I'M AFRAID NOT, MR. HOWARDS! BUT LOOK... WE'VE BETTER TAKE OFF OUR PARKAS NOW THAT WE'RE INDOORS?

THE GIRL SLIPPED OUT OF HER HOODED PARKA AND PULLED OFF HER FUR PANTS! HUGH QUICKLY FOLLOWED HER EXAMPLE! FINALLY SHE STOOD BEFORE HIM CLAD ONLY IN A SIMPLE SWEATER AND SLACKS.

TERRIFIC! TERRIFIC! TERRY! IT'S SHORT FOR THERESA! TERRY ARLEN!

YOU'RE A SWEET KID, TERRY! I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU! WHERE IS YOUR GUARDIAN... THE DOCTOR WHEEMS? I WANT TO ASK HIM PERMISSION TO TAKE YOU TO HOLLYWOOD!

YOU'D NEVER LET ME GO! HE'S FORBIDDEN ME TO EVER LEAVE THE SETTLEMENT! BUT... IF YOU WISH, YOU MAY ASK HIM! HE'S AT THE TRADING POST! HE'LL BE BACK IN TWO DAYS!
TWO DAYS LATER, THE SHINING PRIVATE AIR-TRANSPORT STILL SAT ON THE OPEN ICE-FIELD OUTSIDE THE SETTLEMENT. HUGH HAD STAYED WAITING FOR DR. WHEEMS TO RETURN BY DOG-SLED FROM THE DISTANT TRADING-POST.

LOOK HERE, EVANS! WHEN IN BLAZES ARE WE LEAVING THIS FROZEN HOLE? IT'S BEEN TWO DAYS! I BET A WIFE AND KIDS!

SOMETHING HUGH O NEVER FELT ABOUT A GIRL BEFORE...

TERRY, SOMETHING HUGH O NEVER FELT ABOUT A GIRL BEFORE...

I'M... IN LOVE WITH YOU, TERRY! I NEED YOU! YOU'VE GOT TO COME BACK TO THE STATES WITH ME! I WANT TO MARRY YOU!

OH, HUGH! DO YOU MEAN IT? I'VE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE! HOW CAN I BE SURE?

WAIT, DADDY! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! HUGH WANTS TO MARRY ME AND TAKE ME TO HOLLYWOOD!

NEVER! I FORBID IT! YOU'RE NOT LEAVING, TERRY! YOU'RE STAYING HERE WITH ME!

BUT, DOCTOR! I LOVE TERRY! I CAN GIVE HER SO MUCH!

HUGH WANTS TO MAKE A MOVIE-STAR OUT OF ME! HE'S A PRODUCER!

THE FUR-CLAD DOCTOR STAMPED INTO THE ROOM...
Hugh trudged off and Terry went back inside...

"Oh, Hugh! I'm so excited! If only I'd had Daddy's permission to go—instead of having had to sneak away!"

Exhausted from his trip, Doctor Wheems lay down to rest and fell asleep! When he awoke an hour later...

"Terry! I heard a... Terry! Terry! Where are you?"

The roar of an airplane reverberated over the frozen wastes! High above the tiny Eskimo settlement, Terry sat beside Hugh in the cockpit of the huge transport...

As Hugh Howard's private airliner disappeared into the Arctic blue, Doctor Wheems hastily hitched up his dog-team...

"If I can get to the trading post and catch the noon mail packet, I may be able to get there in time! Mush!"

If you feel... I've got to... Terry! If you really love me, and you want to come with me..."
That night, Hugh told Terry about the make-up man's complaint.

"What is it, dear? Aren't you getting enough rest? Am I working you too hard?"

"I don't know, Hugh! I haven't been feeling well. I'm ill."

However, Terry didn't get over it! In fact, stranger things began to happen...

Lord, honey! Why so much perfume? You reek from it!

"Oh, Hugh! Hugh! I never should have come to Hollywood!"

The next day, Terry didn't show up at the studio. Hugh returned to their palatial Beverly Hills home to fetch her...

"Terry! What's wrong? Why are you wearing those gloves... and that veil?"

"Something's wrong, Hugh! Something's terribly wrong! But I'll get over it!"

In the days that followed, Terry locked herself in her room, refusing to come out. She ordered her food sent up and left outside her door.

"Terry! You've got to let me in! Terry! Honey, go away! Please, I'll get a doctor!"

It's... too... late. Leave me alone!
And then Doctor Wheems arrived. He'd traveled by dog-sled, mail-facket, train, and plane to get to the Howards home.

Doctor Wheems! Where is she, Howards? I've got to take her back. Before it's too late! You never should have taken her away!

The accident happened on the highway just outside my laboratory. We'd worked with monkeys, but found that even though we revived them after they'd been a few minutes dead, they continued to decay. Gold was the only answer! Cold...to preserve them!

Yes, Mr. Howards! Terry Arlen was dead! I revived her! That was the experiment. Professor Arlen and I had been working on it. I rushed her to that Arctic settlement to keep her from decaying! I had to teach her everything all over again! The reviving action reverses the patient's infancy! Terry has actually been dead for over six years!

Heh, heh! So that's why Terry doused herself with perfume. After all, how much can a body stand...even a dead body? Poor Hughie! Well, a cold wife is better than no wife at all... stone-cold, that is! Maybe if Terry'd stayed up north, she'd have lasted indefinitely, instead of rotting on the hoof! I'll get those hot aliens! Lights didn't help the situation, either! Oh, well! She's probably been a rotten actress all along! Now I'll turn you back to the crypt-keeper. Stee!' see you next in my mag... the vault of horror!
other... forever! And Homer had gradually, come to realize that Edna liked the state of things... thrilled on his being trapped for life... exulted over her ability to make him cringe and quail before her razor-sharp tongue. And realization that Edna derived enjoyment from these furious russels, had inspired Homer's plan for freedom. He had begun the fight tonight with the idea of getting her wound up in another of her turbulent tantrums... was praying that she would become blind with pent-up rage! So blind that she would gulp down her drink without a moment's hesitation!

"Haven't you got anything to say in your own defense, you miserable fool?" Edna had reentered the room and was standing opposite him, her face flushed with the heat of her own words.

Not another word, Homer cautioned himself. My silence always infuriates her. A couple more minutes of ranting with no answer from me, and she'll grab that drink with unreasoning fury and gulp it down!

Words continued to pour out of Edna like a raging torrent, and Homer stood his ground and looked sheepishly at the carpet. Suddenly, as though exhausted by her own violent clamoring, Edna stopped and picked up the cocktail glass Homer had filled for her. She held it poised in front of her lips:

She's going to drink it now! he thought. If I keep up this defeated act just a moment longer...

"Pahh!!" Edna snorted at that moment. "If there's anything I detest, it's a man who acts like a whipped dog! Maybe this will stir you up!" And with that, Edna hurled her drink in Homer's bewildered face.

A blanket of pain seared into his brain. His eyes became orbs of screaming hot agony... the stench of his own tortured flesh choked his nostrils. And the last thing Homer Wormwood heard, before a veil of unconsciousness descended upon him, was the wail of his own voice stretching aloud a single word: "ACID ACID... ACID...!"
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THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Creep into the old Crypt cramp! Not to be avoided by those other two art lovers, V.K. and O.W., who have been screaming you with marvelous marbled music from their reading record racks, I have recently obtained a collection of folk songs from some dead folk! Listen now while I pound a few places on my pulsating piano! I'll start my mad medley with that old favorite, "On Top of Old Spook!"—woof my way through "The Last Glassed-up," and let my mild offering thrill you with my rolled renditions of the terror-tone made popular by Crankin' Slim "Ghoul Train." But while my lou lou fingers are ticking the treasures, let us discuss more earthly things.

First of all, the votes! Our "Great-of-the-isms" vote-suckers . . . THE FRIENDLY GRAVE-DIGGERS AND MONUMENT CHIPLEERS (WE WRAP EM, THEN TAG EM) CLAMMING AND SHOP-LIFTING ASSOCIATION OF CHERRYSTONE, MAINE . . . have just dug up the hearted out results! First place goes to Druelette Jack Davis (MY BOY!) for his bloody GROUND-UP, FOR HORROR! Second niche is taken by Oosing Joe Orlando, for his shocking ROTTIN' TRICK! To Gantly Graham legal go third place honors—for his crazily SUCKER FOR A SPIDER! Creepy Jack Eason wins fourth spot with his breathtaking BOARD TO DEATH! The text, WEREWOLF, howls in fifth.

And now a message from my idiot editor. They have instructed me to inform you readers who have written in that EACH of your letters has been carefully read, and the criticisms as well as compliments applauded, digested, and in most cases acted upon! They have asked me to sincerely thank all of you who have written! Their only regret is that they find it impossible to answer each and every letter personally, as they would like so much to do! The above statement constitutes a paid political announcement! The opinions expressed in these statements are not necessarily those of your columnist. In fact, I don't give a carpenter's capita- llary if you write or not! Come I'm back to life of bending those ridiculous structures, and better to count your vicious, vulgar votes! (Now let's not get NASTY, old boys! These readers constitute your BREAD and BLOOD! Their wish is our command!:—Ed) So don't any of them wish you two more should disappear! (Aw, stop heaving your toothless gums and tell 'em about your mission!—Ed.) Oh, yeah! As I'm sure you've noticed, there has been a deluge of complaints on the stands making use of any E.C. title words such as TERROR, HORROR, FEAR, and WEIRD! While it's true that E.C. was the first to use these words ... along with HAUNT, CRYPT, and VAULT in the comic book field, these words cannot be registered! Any old schmuck can come along and use these words as long as he doesn't use them in the same combinations that E.C. has used them in its titles! That I this has caused much confusion among you newer readers who have yet to learn to recognize an E.C. mag by its format and artists! Tough! The topper came when I was informed that some publisher had put out a book called "Tales of Terror," the title of our annual! Needless to say, I jumped down my idiot editors' throats . . . and they leaped jumped down the rival publisher's throat . . . and the name will be changed! As far as those other titles that come awfully close to E.C.'s are concerned, all I can do is to ask you to open your blood-shot eyes, try and act clever, and look for the E.C. seal—the seal re-plastered with 'em! So get smart, kiddies . . . wise up! (Aw, shuddup! You're over-doing it!—Editors.) So stop twisting my twisted arm.

And now for some mail . . . a letter room is left for it!

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

... I notice that you always use the expression, "kiddies!" This I don't like because although I am only 14 myself, I'm sure that many adults read your mag. And I don't think of myself as a "kiddie" either!

Robert Santos
San Antonio, Texas

Well old man when you're as old as I am even an adult is a "kiddie!" But when I call you "kiddie" it's really a term of endearment . . . no slight on your age is intended whether you be 6 or 60! But if enough of you kiddies write in and complain, I'll cut it out! (In a pig's mouth!)

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

My father is a barber, and now he only has your magazine in the rack to his shop. When its customers read them, their hands stand on end and it makes my old man a job easier.

Eddie Fantastic
Jersey City, N.J.

Lazy barbers kindly get it!

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

The store keeper where I get your mag keeps a copy hidden from me so I'm sure of getting it!

Robert Fester
Greenwood, Del.

Never can tell when the store might be robbed, kiddies! Why don't you make doubly sure of getting every copy by subscribing . . . 75c for one year's supply . . . at no guarantee issues!

And sets of pictures of the Three GhouLadies are still 25c might as well not wait any longer to order the price isn't going down . . . and this offer is limited! It will expire in 1933! And remember, only 125 sets to a customer (each at a quarter, of course!) No wholesale prices!

The address for mail, picture orders, subscriptions, and insults is The Crypt-Keeper
Room 705, Dept. 30
225 Lafayette Street
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.
THIS LITTLE GEM OF BLACK HORROR IS CALLED...

"Auntie, it's Coal-Inside!"

Toby shook his seven-year-old head angrily!
The voice continued! It grated in Toby's ears!
This time it was high-pitched and excited! It was always different! Last time it'd been low and soft! The time before that, it'd been loud and gruff...

"Go on, Toby! Your Aunt's not here! Aunt Agnes forbids you to go down the coal bin!"

She'll never know, Toby! Now are you going to be able to mark up the sidewalk without a hunk of coal? Just one piece... one small piece!

Gee, I do need it badly! Today's the game! I gotta keep score! Okay, I'll go down into the coal-bin!

Go on down! Go on down! Go on down! AUNT AGNES'S head said.

GO AHEAD! GO ON DOWN!
Toby opened the door in the kitchen that led to the cellar and tiptoed down the steps. He hesitated at the bottom, peering through the slats of the board-partition next to the furnace that sectioned off the coal-bin from the rest of the cellar.

Overhead, a board creaked! Toby stopped beside the coal-bin door, looking up.

"Maybe... maybe it's Aunt Agnes!"

"Naw! She couldn't have gone to the store and back so fast!"

Toby listened for a moment. There was no sound. He swung open the coal-bin door and stepped in... into the black, dust-covered floor...

"See! The coal's almost all used, she will! Up! Aunt Agnes—Quick! Grab a few pieces—more!"

A faint light filtered through the blackened cellar window high up in the wall above the coal bin. Toby knelt and picked up three of the largest lumps he could see...

"Boy! These are nice ones!" "Okay? Now, come on. Let's get upstairs before she comes back!"

"Golly! Aunt Agnes..."

Toby went out of the coal-bin... closed the door behind him... and tiptoed upstairs! Just as he came through the cellar door into the kitchen, the front door slammed...

"Toby? I'm home! Are you around? Come help me with these bundles!"

Toby's first urge was to run away. But before he could make a move, his aunt was in the kitchen glaring down at him...

"Toby! Didn't you hear me call you to help me with these bundles?"

"I'm sorry, Aunt Agnes! Here, give me the..."

"Toby? You've been in the coal-bin again!"

"Nuh? Who me?"

"Ohy extended two blackened, coal-dust covered hands. His aunt gasped, her face grew purple with rage. "Toby! I'm home! Are you around? Come help me with these bundles!"

Toby's first urge was to run away. But before he could make a move, his aunt was in the kitchen glaring down at him...

"Toby! Didn't you hear me call you to help me with these bundles?"

"I'm sorry, Aunt Agnes! Here, give me the..."

"Toby? You've been in the coal-bin again!"

"Nuh? Who me?"
Aunt Agnes slammed the bundles down on the kitchen table.

"Look at you! You're filthy! I told you what would happen if you went down there again!"

"Once, Aunt Agnes, I needed a piece to keep score! There's a game this afternoon! The voice reminded me!"

"Are you going to start telling me about that stupid voice you keep hearing? You're just like your father. A good-for-nothing liar!"

"I'm not a liar! I hear a voice! Honest! It talks to me! It makes me do things!"

"Liar! Liar! You're just bad. That's all. No good like your father! Oh, I warned my sister not to marry him!"

"Stop it! Stop talking like that! My daddy was wonderful!"

"Hah! He was a worthless drunkard! If it wasn't for him, your mother'd be alive today!"

"No? How do you think he and your mother were killed? He was dead-drunk when he drove home that night!"

"No! I hate you! I hate you!"

"He used to hear voices too! Voices. Bah! They were the d.t.'s. He caused nothing but trouble for all of us! Look at me! Now, I'm stuck with you!"

"The voice says you hate me. That's why you're always yelling at me!"

"I yell at you because you're bad! Now you listen to me, young man! The next time you go down into that coal-bin, I'll send you away to the orphan home!"

"No, Auntie Agnes! (Sob) Please don't send me away! Please! I'll be good! I'll be good!"

"I'll tell you because you're bad! Now you listen to me, young man! The next time you go down into that coal-bin, I'll send you away to the orphan home!"
YOU PROMISE? IF I PROMISE, HEED TIME THE VOICE TELLS ME ANY-THING, I WON'T LISTEN! HONEST! I PROMISE!

ALL RIGHT? NOW, GO TO YOUR ROOM! YOU'LL SPEND THE REST OF THE AFTER-HOON INDOORS! YOU'VE GOT TO BE PUNISHED FOR DISOBEDIENING ME!

Y. YES, AUNTY AGNES!

Toby started off! His aunt exploded.

Toby! Look what you're doing to the floor! Your shoes are covered with coal-dust! Take them off...

Toby unlaced his shoes and trotted off! His aunt glared at him.

Idiotic child! Voices. Hnnmph! If he weren't my sister's flesh and blood, I'd have him committed to an insane asylum! Four times he's gone to that coal-bin! Well, I'm going to put a stop to that!

Toby

Aunt Agnes thumbed through the phone book, found what she was looking for, and dialed a number.

Hello? Is this Amos Kinster, the locksmith? Oh, good! I have a job for you, Mr. Kinster. I want you to install a lock on my coal-bin!

Meanwhile upstairs Toby was having his troubles.

C'mon, Toby! It's almost time for the game! The kids are waiting for you! Besides, you've got to keep score! The coal...it's in your pocket!

The voice was gentle, yet the pleading it reminded Toby of his mother's voice at least the little that he could remember.

It's easy, Toby. Just climb down the trellis outside your window! Here! I'll go first. You follow!

Oh, away! I'm not going to listen to you!
The voice was outside the window now! It drifted back to Toby from half-way down to the ground...

Ooh! It's easy! It looks easy!

Toby slipped one foot over the window sill, then the other! He started down the trellis! Suddenly a truck pulled up before the house.

Dolly! A truck! The driver sees me! Hey, kid! You'll get hurt!

Toby dropped to the ground as Aunt Agnes exploded through the front door...

I'm the locksmith, ma'am! I saw him as I drove up.

Toby, get in the house! I'll take care of you later!

Toby scrambled into the house and up to his room! Aunt Agnes took the locksmith into the cellar...

Okey, naan! I got you! You want a lock on 'em so the kid can't open it, eh? One that opens with a key.

That's it! And... oh, dear! I'd better order some more coal!

That's a lot of coal for one delivery, ma'am!

I said four tons and that's what I want! We have a big coal bin. I always order four tons at a time!

Of course, Toby was punished for sneaking out of the window, but he promised once more that he'd mind the voice from then on! The next day...

Now you're to stay in your room while I'm at the store! If the coal should come, just tell them to put it through the cellar window and don't forget what you promised last night.

Don't worry, Auntie Agnes! I'm never going to listen to the voice again!

A little later, Toby looked up from his toys!

Someone was calling him.

Toby! Toby, help me! Come downstairs! Please!

Nun? Why it's Aunt Agnes calling me!
Toby tiptoed downstairs. "The voice was coming from the cellar..."

"Yes, Toby! Come down! Please! Let me out of the coal bin!"

"Yes, the door locked shut on me! I came in to see if the window was open so they could deliver the coal! Hurry, they'll be here any minute!"

"Ah, no. I know you! You're not going to get me into any more trouble!"

"Toby! For heaven's sake! Come down here and let me out! The key is in the lock. Just turn it. Please! Quickly!"

"I promised I wouldn't listen to you anymore..."

"Toby! I am your auntie Agnes! Please come down!"

"Was my daddy a drunkard, auntie Agnes?"

"No, Toby! Your daddy was a good man! Now please come down."

"See! You're not my auntie Agnes! My auntie Agnes always said, 'Window's opening!'

"Toby? Toby! Good lord! The window's opening!"

"Come, come, now! Don't tell me you never heard one! Oh, heh, heh!

"If they haven't driven you out of your mind, my sweet!"

"It says the kids got a great future. Writing the music to those singing commercials. How can a seven-year-old write music to a singing commercial? Come, come, now! Don't tell me you never heard one! Heh, heh.

"It's a symphony orchestra! They say the kids got a great future. Writing the music to those singing commercials. How can a seven-year-old write music to a singing commercial?

"Don't tell me you never heard one! Heh, heh, heh!

"If they haven't driven you out of your mind, my sweet!"

"For all the info!"

"Now doesn't that story leave you with a lump in your throat? Heh, heh, heh!

"It's true! In fact, they found one in her throat. And two more in her mouth when they finally dug her out! Lumps of coal! That is! As for Toby..."

"Well, he doesn't hear voices anymore..."

"Now, it's a symphony orchestra! They say the kids got a great future. Writing the music to those singing commercials. How can a seven-year-old write music to a singing commercial?"

"I think they got a great future. Writing the music to those singing commercials. How can a seven-year-old write music to a singing commercial?"

"Don't tell me you never heard one! Heh, heh, heh!

"If they haven't driven you out of your mind, my sweet!"

"For all the info!"
NOURNIN', AMBROSE...

Andrew Dement pushed open the huge iron gate of his uncle's vast estate and moved up the tree-lined road toward the palatial house that loomed up before him in the semi-darkness. "SO THIS IS HAWLEY MANOR," I knew that uncle Ambrose was wealthy, but I never expected this! I wondered why they've become recluse... He and Aunt Elsa! Oh, well! I'll get all the dope eventually..."
Andrew stepped onto the portico of the impressive mansion and lifted the heavy brass knocker that adorned the massive oak front-door. The hollow boom echoed and re-echoed within.

Ugh! This place gives me the creeps. How anyone could stay here for three years without leaving it beats me!

As the din of the door-knocker died away, slow footsteps approached. The huge door creaked open and a wizened wrinkled face peered out.

Yes...are you my uncle Ambrose? Ambrose Hawley?

The old man's face lit up and a smile spread across it. He stepped back permitting Andrew to enter.

That's me, come in! You must be Andrew. My wife's sister's boy!

The old man continued to peer from side to side. Then he tapped his temple.

She...she's not well...here! Ever since the first death...

The first death?

Of course! You couldn't have known! It happened three years ago. One of your distant cousins came to stay with us! Lovely woman! She...she died...in her sleep.

No! I didn't know! But you said that was the first? Were there others?

Two others! My aged brother came to stay with us about two years ago. He...he was older than I. He passed away about a month later. Then my wife's niece came. It was tragic. Such a young girl...

You...you'd better tell me about Aunt Elsa. Uncle is there something I should know?
HEH, HEH' JUST HUMOR HER. SHE DOESN'T MEAN ANY HARM.

HER NIECE'S DEATH WAS THE LAST STRAW. SHE TOOK THE FIRST TWO HARD, BUT THE LAST, WELL...SOME-THING JUST SNAPPED!

BH-HH! SHE'LL HEAR YOU! NO! NOT EXACTLY! SHE'S JUST A LITTLE OVER-DRA-MATIC EMOTIONAL... YOU KNOW! SUPER-SENSITIVE! SHE TENDS TO EXAGGERATE!

I SEE!

I WILL, UNCLE AMBROSE WHO WAS IT?

A FRAIL, THIN, WIDE-EYED OLD WOMAN TOTTERED INTO THE LIBRARY WHERE ANDREW AND AMBROSE STOOD TALKING! SHE STARED AT AMBROSE.

WHO'S HE? WHAT'S HE GOING HERE?

THIS IS ANDREW HAWLEY, MY DEAR! I WROTE TO HIM... INVITING HIM TO STAY WITH US!

ANDREW? STELLA, MY SISTER'S BOY? HAS IT COME TO THAT?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. UNCLE AMBROSE? WHAT DOES SHE MEAN?

NOTHING, MY BOY! NOTHING! YOU SEE, YOU ARE OUR ONLY LIVING HEIR. NOW!

THE OTHERS ARE DEAD! ALL DEAD! THREE OF THEM ARE OUT THERE IN THE MAUSOLEUM!

PLEAS, ELSA! LET'S TALK ABOUT MORE PLEASANT THINGS!

THIS IS A WONDERFUL LIBRARY, UNCLE AMBROSE. YOU HAVE SO MANY BOOKS!

YES! THOU- SANDS OF THEM! DO YOU READ, ANDREW?

A LITTLE, AUNT ELSA? A LITTLE MURDER WILLS OUT!

EVEN READ 'MACBETH'. ANDREW? WHERE IT SAYS... MURDER WILL OUT!

ELSA, COME, ANDREW! I WILL SHOW YOU YOUR ROOM!
Elsa stared at Andrew, as he passed her and followed Ambrose up the marble stairs to the second floor. They stopped before a door at the end of a long hall.

"I hope you will be comfortable in here, Andrew!"

"I'm sure I will be, Uncle Ambrose!"

Andrew's bedroom was large and lavishly furnished with expensive antiques. A stone fireplace covered one wall of the room. Andrew touched a match to the wood piled on the andirons, and soon the fire's cheery glow danced across the floor. Suddenly...

"Who... who's... there?"

"It's me... Andrew! Your Aunt Elsa!"

The old woman stared at Andrew from the partly opened door.

"Oh! Come in, Aunt Elsa! Sit down! I've come to warn you. Andrew!"

"Warn me, Aunt Elsa? Get out, Andrew! Get out of this house and never come back! He's a fiend... a horrible fiend!"

"You mean Uncle Ambrose? Yes! I mustn't let it happen again! It's horrible. Horrible! He... he's a fiend... a fiend... a fiend!"

"Elsa!"

Ambrose stood framed in the doorway. His wrinkled face purple with anger.

"Elsa! Get to bed... this minute!

"Yes, Ambrose! I... I'm going!"

"Remember, Andrew! Murder will out!"

"Humph! Yes, Aunt Elsa!"

The old woman looked at Andrew, her eyes pleading, as she shuffled off.

"Good night, Andrew! Come, my dear!"

"Andrew! I'm going star-... & followed Ambrose up the marble s-... to the second floor..."
The next morning Andrew was awakened by a frantic pounding on his bedroom door... Andrew! Wake up! Hurry! What's just a minute? Uncle Ambrose!

What is it? What's happened? Elsa! She... sob... she's dead.

What's it? Elsa? She... sob... she's dead. What happened—is it? Elsa. She. Sob. Sob... she's dead. Quick. Wake up. It's—

It's Aunt Elsa. She... hu? What? Just a minute. Uncle Ambrose!

Hee, hee! The plot sickens. Eh, kiddies? Well, the dog came and pronounced Old Elsa dead of natural causes! Andrew's uncle was pretty broken up over Elsa's death! The funeral was dignified and short! They carried the old gal out to the family mausoleum... and that was that...

One evening, a few days after Elsa's entombment...

What's that? Looks like a figure down there. Going toward the mausoleum! Why, it's Uncle Ambrose! And he's carrying flowers!

Evening after evening, Ambrose would leave the house and go down to the family mausoleum to spend some time with his dear departed Elsa... poor old guy! He really misses her!

Then one evening, Andrew was browsing around the library looking for something to read! A title caught his eye: 'Macbeth'? He could almost hear Aunt Elsa's voice...

Andrew reached up and pulled down the book! He opened it...

Why, why this isn't 'Macbeth' at all? It's a diary! Aunt Elsa's diary!

'Macbeth,' Andrew? Where it says 'murder will out'?
AND THIS ONE, INSPECTOR! LISTEN! "I KNOW HOW. HE MURDERED THEM! SUFFOCATION!" HE DUG THEM SO THEY COULDN'T RESIST. THEN STRANGLED THEM WITH A "PILLOW" BUT, WHY? WHY?"

AND THIS ONE! "NOW I KNOW WHY! IT MUST NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN! I MUST NOT LET IT." AND THE LAST ENTRY! ANDREW HAS COME! HE WILL BE NEXT! I MUST WARN HIM! THE FRIEND WILL DO TO HIM WHAT HE HAS DONE TO THE OTHERS! IF AMBROSE WERE TO FIND OUT THAT I MEAN TO TELL ANDREW EVERYTHING, HE WOULD KILL ME.

HMM! AND YOU SAY AMBROSE CAME IN THAT NIGHT AND INTERRUPTED ELBA? JUST AS SHE WAS ABOUT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING?

THAT'S HINT, SIR! BUT ONE THING PUZZLES ME! IF AMBROSE MURDERED ELBA, WHY DOES HE MURDER HER?

IF HE MURDERED HER? WHY THE DOG FELT IT WAS A NATURAL DEATH!

SUDDOCATION LOOKS LIKE A NATURAL DEATH!

THE ONLY WAY TO PROVE THIS ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, MR. DEMERT, IS TO GET PERMISSION TO EXHUME THE BODY AND PERFORM AN AUTOPSY?

PROPOSING NOT TO REVEAL THAT ANDREW HAD TIPPED THEM OFF, TWO DETECTIVES CAME TO SEE AMBROSE HAWLEY...

EXHUME MY DECEASED LATE WIFE'S BODY AND PERFORM AN AUTOPSY ON HER? NEVER! NEVER!

IF YOU REFUSE, MR. HAWLEY, WE CAN GET A COURT ORDER GIVING US PERMISSION TO DO IT OVER YOUR OBJECTIONS!

AMBROSE'S AGED BODY SANK AS HE SOBBED. A TEAR TRICKLED DOWN HIS WIZENED CHEEK. "PLEASE! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO DISTURB HER! SHE'S BEEN LAID TO REST. LEAVE HER. I BEG YOU! SOMEBODY. LEAVE HER HERE!"

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"LET'S DO RIGHT, KELLY! CHIEF."

A TEAR TRICKLED DOWN HIS WIZENED CHEEK. "PLEASE! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO DISTURB HER! SHE'S BEEN LAID TO REST. LEAVE HER. I BEG YOU! SOMEBODY. LEAVE HER HERE!"

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After the old man entered the crypt, Andrew went downstairs and across the garden. The door to the mausoleum was partly open! Andrew peered in.

"Goliath Lord!"

The detectives hurried to the mausoleum and flung the door open! Ambrose Hawley spun around from the partially eaten corpse of his late wife. Ambrose Hawley saw the frothy mouth drooling at the intruders...

"Gasp, you were right, Inspector! He... he is a ghoul!"

A wave of nausea and revulsion swept over Andrew. He turned away from the horrible sight and ran toward the house. Finally, he could no longer. He ducked behind a tree.

"Demert? That's sick, Kelly! Where's your uncle, Demert?"

He choke... in the crypt...

They dragged the shrieking, clawing old man from his victim and took him away! Later they returned to the crypt and examined the other coffins.

"You see, Demert! When we found out from the undertaker in town that Hawley refused to allow him to embalm the bodies, we knew something was wrong! The other corpses have been stripped of their flesh, too!"

That's why he invited you here to Hawley Manor! Like the others, he intended you to be one of his Neal-tickets.

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IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM

Holy Pictures
That come to life in your hand pictures that live — insipire — startle you will hold your breath in amazement when you see these photo-move pictures with true natural action ... they move as you look at them, as you approach them.

The Miracle Cross of the Lord from France $2.98
Send No Money

Peek Through "Centre Window" of the Cross see a child praying. You read clearly The Immortal Lord's Prayer.

A MIRACLE INDEED: The Lord's Prayer is printed on a ray of paper and filmed for the use of the head of a pin. The powerful glass magnifies it approximately 10,000 times.

It's the perfect gift that brings fashion elegance and Peace-of-mind inspiration. Unbelievably beautiful sapphire-and-diamond-studded effect Cross and Charm dazzling Rhodium finish non-removable. Pay Postman $2.98 on Delivery plus postage, or remit $3.00 with order and we pay Delivery Charges.

Pope Pius XII
His Holiness pronounces the Papal Blessing with moving lips, eyes and expressive hand. Even the sign on the cross changes as you look at it.

Each picture mounted in lustrous crystal frame with easel stand and hanger. Actual size 5 x 7 inches $1.50 each. All 3 postpaid for $4. or COD plus postage send now Nu-Art Products, 2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ontario.

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Mail Coupon

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In Canada 2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont.
In U.S.A. 350 W. 49th St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Please send me C.O.D. all 3 Holy Pictures for $4.
Send Pope Pius $1.50.
Send The Saviour $1.50.
The Madonna $1.50.
The Miracle Cross $2.98
I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D. charges. Money refunded if not completely satisfied.

Name
Address
City State or Prov.

If you remit in full with this coupon, we will prepay all delivery charges.

MADONNA
The Blessed Virgin looks at you lifting her lovely face and hands in prayer. Her moving lips seem to speak to you. This is a miracle surpassing all wonder.

THE SAVIOR
Hands move as if giving a Blessing Eyes piously close and open. The Flaming Heart and Stained Window present an aura of Holiness. Truly a spiritual exaltation.

France $2.98
SEND NO MONEY

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