IN THIS ISSUE:
E.C.'S ADAPTATION OF A STORY BY
RAY BRADBURY
AMERICA'S TOP HORROR WRITER!

FEATURING...
THE CRYPT-KEEPER
THE OLD WITCH
THE VAULT-KEEPER
THE
"ARTIST
OF THE
ISSUE"
•
GEORGE
EVANS

Latest permanent addition to the E.C. family, George R. Evans was born Feb. 5, 1920, in Harwood, Pa., of English and Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry. When George was nine, his family moved to Kulpmont, Pa., a coal-mining town. George's early art training came at fifteen from a correspondence course, which he paid for by working as a store clerk, coal-trucker, and mill hand. He also attended the Scranton Art School for one year. At 16, he had already started to sell illustrations to airplane pulp magazines, supplementing his income by sign-painting. Came the war, and George spent three years in the AAF, where, by diligence, application, and K.P., he rose to the grade of Pfc. Decorations: one (1) Good Conduct Medal, grudgingly awarded. While in the army, George was stationed for a spell on Long Island. He liked it so much that upon being discharged, he came back there to live with his bride, whom he'd married six months previously. After returning to civilian life, George's first job was as a staff artist for another comic publishing house. He also attended night classes at the Art Students League in N. Y. C. George, his lovely wife Evelyn, and their four-year-old daughter, Carol, are now living in a cute little ranch house in Levittown, Long Island. His hobbies include: aviation . . . especially World War I vintage, loafing, sports of all kinds, loafing, eating, and . . . you guessed it . . . loafing! George's work . . . which has been enthusiastically received by you readers . . . appears in E.C.'s three horror mags, two war mags, and two SuspenStory mags!
Fare tonight, followed by increasing clottyness...

You slam down the trunk lid of your taxi cab and look around. The night is damp and a faint trace of fog drifts in from the bay, chilling you to the bone. You stand there for a moment, shivering. You fumble in your jacket pocket for a cigarette, pull out a half empty pack and shake one between your lips. The flame of the match, flaring up in the gloom, burns your eyes, and even after you’ve blown it out, its glow still dances before you...

Hmph... 'Nide night... for a murder!
The FO0 HAS SETTLED its blanket of obey mist upon YOUR WINDSHIELD, SO YOU SNAP ON THE WIPERS. Indus-
trious little fingers whip back and forth, shaming the water away. YOU PEER THROUGH THE CLEAR OPENING
AT THE DISTORTED ASPHALT AHEAD. THE STREETS ARE DESERTED.

CRIPES! NOT A SOUL AROUND! WHAT A NIGHT TO TRY TO SCRAPE UP A FARE!

The subway riders hurry off into the wet gloom. The newie at the corner calls after them, trying to unload his night's paper order...

READ ALL ABOUT IT! ANOTHER BODY FOUND! ANOTHER MURDER! READ ALL ABOUT IT! TAXI? TAXI? TAXI?

The rushing shadows are gone. The night and the rain settle down again. YOU STARE ACROSS THE MIRRORED SIDEWALK TO THE NEWSSTAND. ANOTHER MUR-
DER. CURiosity gets the better of you. YOU SNAP OPEN THE CAB-DOOR AND DART THROUGH THE RAIN TO THE PROTECTION OF THE STAND'S OVERHANG...

PAPER. MISTER? YEAH. THANKS!
Another murder. Thirteen of THEM now. Each body drained of its blood. Your eyes sweep over the columns of tiny print. The gory details. Suddenly, a paragraph catches your attention...

'A Suggestion that a Vampire might be responsible for these murders was offered by Dr. Egbert Muller, noted Mythologist. Police have refuted this possibility.'

You shiver. The work of a vampire. You look around uncomfortable, peering out at the downpour. The rain pounds down on your cab roof, chattering loudly...

A... A Vampire! Who would believe it?!
He scurries into a darkened hallway and disappears into the shadows. You shrug, glance at the meter, and settle back to wait. The rain is letting up now. The street is a black mirror reflecting the squalor that rings it at either curb. Something in the mirror catches your eye...

You turn around and stare at the shiny new leather briefcase your customer has left on the back seat. The gold initials pulsate in the light from the street lamp...

E.M., Ph.D. E.M., Ph.D. What is there about those initials?

The newspaper rolled up beside you reminds you, of course...

Of course! E.M. EGBERT MULLER... the noted mythologist... the man who is trying to convince the police that the murderer is a vampire.

You pull out your pack of butts, fishing for another cigarette. The pack is empty. You curse. Far down the block, at the corner, a dim light filters through a store window, silhouetting the letters painted on it...

They'd have a cigarette machine.

You swing from the cab and start down the long dark street. The rain has stopped. A muddy stream of water rushing headlong at the curbside pours down into a foul-smelling sewer, pulling the last traces of rain with it. Up above, the clouds are breaking up. And here and there, a star blinks through a black hole in the grey cover.

You're almost to the corner when the lights in the bar window disappear and blackness descends. The sign in the door laughs at you, and the laugh echoes over the slick streets and off the grinning faces of the tenements...

The laugh dies. Silence closes in, thick, black, frightening silence. Strange. No radio playing? No baby crying? No sounds of the people that live behind the mute tenement facades? Just silence...

No wonder! These tenements are all boarded up. They're deserted.

You pull out your pack of butts, fishing for another cigarette. The pack is empty. You curse. Far down the block, at the corner, a dim light filters through a store window, silhouetting the letters painted on it...

The newspaper rolled up beside you reminds you, of course...

Of course! E.M. EGBERT MULLER... the noted mythologist... the man who is trying to convince the police that the murderer is a vampire.

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No wonder! These tenements are all boarded up. They're deserted.
You quicken your steps. The cab is a million miles away behind you. The footsteps increase their tempo too. You begin to run.

The cab! I'll never reach it in time.

Then why the bar? What business could a bar do in a condemned tenement district? You start back toward your cab. And then you hear them. At first, you think they're echoes of your own. But when you stop, they continue...

Footsteps. Someone's following me.

You hear his footsteps pounding up the block. In your chest, your heart is pounding too. Then the footsteps stop and your heart skips a beat.

He's coming back!

You back off into the gloom the footsteps approach. He stands framed in the hallway entrance. His eyes burning like two white-hot coals. You can't escape. My friend! You're trapped!

The open hallway yawns at you. You duck in, cringing in the shadows. A figure hurries by...black overcoat...black hat.

Him! My customer! Muller.

His eyes seem to pierce the darkness, seem to search you out of the shadows. Can he see you there? Can his eyes penetrate the night like like a bat's? Like a vampire's?

You shriek. You open your quivering lips and you shriek. And you turn and run...down the long black corridor. Stumbling, getting up, running again.

It's no use! You're trapped! I've caught you!

No, no!
You struggle to your feet, above you, your customer peers down through the cellar doorway... You're trapped... hen... neh...

And his laugh echoes loudly through the damp dark cellar.

Suddenly there are strange sounds about you. Creaking noises... and deep sighs... and flutterings in the dark. The cellar is filled with long evil-looking boxes. No, not boxes at all...

GASP... COFFINS!

They stumble toward you, shrieking... laughing... reaching out...

VAMPIRES!

And then they are upon you, their fangs ripping and tearing at your flesh... their dry lips closing over your wounds, drawing the life-fluid that pours red from them...

And you scream, you are helpless under their onslaught. There is nothing else to do but scream.
The scream echoes and re-echoes in your ears. You claw at the cold leather seat, and you open your eyes.

Huh? What... where am I?

The rain chatters on your cab roof. People pour from the subway exit, the newsie chants at them.

Read all about it! Another body found! Another murder! Read all about it!

You're back at the hack-stand, by the subway exit. The realization dawns upon you...

I... I fell asleep. I've been dreaming!

You stare down at the open paper on your lap. His name seems to rise from the blocks of type... magnified... black and shining...

Dr. Egbert Muller! Why did I dream about him? Why.

And then he is beside you, his black overcoat pulled up, his black hat-brim turned down, and his eyes glaring like fire-lights.

Busy... no bree' hop in' Where to?

You don't have to look at the initials on the brief-case he is carrying. You know who he is. He mutters the street and number and slides into the back seat. You mesh gears and pull away...

Why did I dream about him? And the vampires... attacking me? What did it all mean?

Suddenly, you know. You know the meaning of your nightmare. And you know what you must do...

This isn't the way... It's a short-cut, Doctor Muller...
You stop the cab. It's one of the worst neighborhoods in the city. The neighborhood you dreamed about.

You, you know me? Yes, doctor! Get out...

It's clear now. The whole dream is clear. Or Egbert Muller is a threat to you. That's why you dreamed of him following you...tracking you down...

My...my briefcase! I left it on the seat! You...you won't need it, ooo...

And the vampires...the ones that attacked you in the cellar. Doctor Muller knows about vampires. All about them. Sooner or later he'd convince the police...

Where are you taking me? This hallway...it's so dark...

He struggles, but you are strong. You bend and sink your fangs into his soft white surging neck...drawing in the thick red life-fluid that you must have...

I'd...ho-hum...Better get a good day's rest today! Imagine...a vampire falling asleep at night! And dreaming, yet...

And when the last drop is gone, you fling his lifeless body down the rotted cellar steps with the others. Only thirteen victims? Hah! Wait till they find the rest down there! As dawn breaks, you open the trunk of your cab, crawl in onto the thin layer of soil and yawn...

Heh, heh. Now some people might accuse me of spinning hack yarns, but you wouldn't agree, would you, kids? The only thing I'm guilty of is taking your imagination once in a while. Well, I've got to meter friend, so I'll turn you over to the vault-keeper for his offering. Who's the friend, you ask? Oh, some sucker I know. They spotted him as a hick when he came to New York. Sold him the Vampire State Building, isn't that a bloody shame? 'Bye, now. Dig you later!
CURIOSITY KILLED...
First let me say that, ever since I'd known him, Wallace Durand had always been shy, quiet, and completely dominated by his wife, Emily. That morning, he seemed like an entirely different person.

He slammed the door. Slammed it, mind you! Mr. Durand... the milquetoast... the weakling. He slammed the door in my face. I stood there shocked! I couldn't believe it...

What... what's come over him? He's like a different man! He's never acted like that!

Emily's gone, Mrs. Clayton. She's taken a trip... to the coast... to visit relatives.

He slammed the door. Slammed it, mind you! Mr. Durand... the milquetoast... the weakling. He slammed the door in my face. I stood there shocked! I couldn't believe it...

I rang the elevator. A cold shiver ran up my spine. I glanced at my watch, 4:00 still time.

Morning, Mrs. Clayton. Good morning, George... er... you been on all night?

Since nine p.m., ma'am? Anything wrong?

Did you take Mrs. Durand down last night, George? Emily Durand? She would have had a suitcase...

No, ma'am! I brought you and Mrs. Durand up at ten p.m. last night, remember? That's the last I saw of her. Didn't take her down last night at all!

I see! Er... suppose she walked down, George? Who'd see her?
WALKED DOWN, MRS. CLAYTON? FOURTEEN FLOORS? I HARDLY THINK SHE'D WALK DOWN BECAUSE IF SHE DID, JED WOULD HAVE SEEN HER HE WAS AT THE DESK ALL NIGHT... WORKIN' THE SWITCHBOARD.

ASK HIM FOR ME, WILL YOU, GEORGE? ASK JED IF HE SAW MRS. OR MR. DURAND LAST NIGHT!

GEORGE NODDED, THE ELEVATOR DOOR SLID CLOSED, AND IT WHIRRED AWAY. I WATCHED THE HAND ABOVE SWING SLOWLY AROUND TOWARDS ONE. I WENT BACK TO MY OWN APARTMENT. MILTON WAS GETTING INTO HIS COAT. MILTON IS MY HUSBAND...

WELL, HENRIETTA, GOOD-BYE! I'M OFF... MILTON! HE'S KILLED HER!

I HEARD THE ELEVATOR DOOR OUTSIDE SLIDE OPEN. I PEERED OUT, GEORGE WAS COMING TOWARD MY APARTMENT...

HE SAID NOBODY CAME DOWN THOSE STAIRS LAST NIGHT, MA'AM... BUT NOBODY...

I THANKED GEORGE AND HE SHUFFLED OFF. I TURNED TO MILTON... THEN SHE'S STILL IN THERE, MILTON! POOR EMILY... LYIN' DEAD IN THAT APARTMENT.

DON'T YOU THINK THAT IF WALLY DID MURDER EMILY, HE'D HAVE GOTTEN RID OF HER BODY, HENRIETTA?


WELL, I'M LATE. I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE OFFICE... LOOK, HENRIETTA. IF YOU'RE SO SURE, WHY DON'T YOU CALL THE POLICE?
I put down the phone and went to the kitchen. I took a measuring cup from the cupboard and went down the hall to the Durand apartment. I knocked, I heard footsteps moving around inside, and Wallace Durand opened the door...

I can't call the police. I have no proof. I've got to have proof.

Oh, it's you again, now what? Could I borrow a cup of sugar, Mr. Durand? I'm a little short!

I started in but Mr. Durand blocked my way. He lifted the cup from my hand.

I'll get it for you, Mrs. Clayton. Oh, thanks. Here you are.

Sorry to bother you, Mr. Durand.

He closed the door and locked it. He wouldn't let me in. He was hiding something, all right. Emily was in there! Poor Emily...

All right, Wallace Durand! All right! I'll get the proof. You'll see...

I started in but Mr. Durand blocked my way. He lifted the cup from my hand.

I'll get it for you, Mrs. Clayton. Oh, thanks. Here you are.

Sorry to bother you, Mr. Durand.

He closed the door and locked it. He wouldn't let me in. He was hiding something, all right. Emily was in there! Poor Emily...

All right, Wallace Durand! All right! I'll get the proof. You'll see...

He slammed the door. I was alone in the hall. I went back to my apartment. My hand shook...

I pulled a chair up to the apartment door and sat down. I opened it a crack so I could watch the Durand's door. I waited. After an hour, Mr. Durand came out...locked the door carefully...and pressed the elevator bell...

When he was gone, I darted across the living room and out the French doors. The Durands and we shared a terrace. I crossed the low dividing-walls and peered into their apartment. The blinds were drawn. I couldn't see. The door was locked...

I won't give up. I won't. He's going to have to try to get rid of her body. And when he does...
I slammed the door in my face... 

No! Oh... dear!

He slammed the door in my face... 

Now what? I... came to return the sugar I borrowed.

Finally after two months of this... going out empty-handed and coming back two hours later with the inevitable shoe box... I accused him one day.

When's Emily coming back, Mr. Durand? Never!

And every day he came back with another shoe-box...

He seemed annoyed. He snatched the sugar, locked the door, and returned with the empty glass...

Now, don't bother me!

Since Emily's left you for a while, perhaps you'd like me to come in and dust or make the bed...

He let himself into his apartment, and I heard him lock it from the inside. I took the cup of sugar and went down the hall and knocked...

Mornin', Mr. Durand! Mornin', George!
I THOUGHT MY EARS WERE DECEIVING ME. I HEARD IT PLAIN AS DAY. A SCRATCHING SOUND INSIDE THE BOX HE WAS CARRYING.

NEVER, EMILY'S LEFT ME FOR GOOD! NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND...

HE WENT INSIDE. I WENT BACK TO MY APARTMENT. I TRIED TO THINK. WHAT DID HE HAVE IN THAT BOX? WAS EMILY'S BODY STILL IN THAT APARTMENT, OR HAD WALLACE DURAND MANAGED TO GET RID OF IT? AND THEN, THAT NIGHT, AS I FACED THE LIVING ROOM FLOOR...

WHAT'S THAT?

THERE WAS A FLAPPING SOUND OUT ON THE TERRACE. I TIPTOED TO THE FRENCH DOORS. WALLACE DURAND WAS OUT THERE... AND HE HELD SOMETHING IN HIS OUTSTRETCHED HANDS...

A... A PIGEON!

MR. DURAND CHECKED THE SMALL CAN STRAPPED TO THE PIGEON'S LEG. THEN HE TOSS THE BIRD INTO THE AIR AND WATCHED IT FLY OFF INTO THE NIGHT...

A... HOMING PIGEON!

I WOKE UP MILTON. I TOLD HIM WHAT I'D SEEN...

SO WHAT? WHAT IN BLAZES HAS ONE THING TO DO WITH THE OTHER?

DON'T YOU SEE, MILTON? HE'S BEEN GETTING RID OF EMILY'S REMAINS THAT WAY. A LITTLE BIT AT A TIME... IN THAT CAN STRAPPED TO THE PIGEON'S LEG...

GOOD LORD! IT WOULD TAKE MONTHS!

I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE.

NO! WAIT! YOU CAN'T BE SURE! WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW HIM TOMORROW MORNING? FIND OUT WHERE HE GETS THOSE BIRDS?

AND THEN I'LL SEE WHAT HE DOES WITH THE CONTENTS OF THE CAN...

THAT'LL BE THE PROOF YOU NEED!

YES... YES...
It was all so clear. I watched him untie the can from the homing pigeon that had arrived that night and empty the contents into the kennel full of slobbering hungry hounds.

Mr. Durand went to the rear of a rundown shack. I could hear the loud barking of dogs...

So that's it...

I heard the unmistakable cooing of a pigeon.

I took Milton's advice... and the next day, I followed Wallace Durand when he left the Royal Arms apartment hotel. He took a subway out of the city to the end of the line. Then a bus. I followed the bus in a taxi...

He's setting off. All right, driver. I'll set out here.

Then he took another pigeon from the coop, placed it in a shoe-box, and went away. I waited until he was gone before I came out of my hiding place. I felt sick... nauseous. Poor Emily!

When I finally got back to my apartment...

Milton, you're home early! Yes, Emily! Come in! I've been waiting!

I heard the unmistakable cooing of a pigeon...

Then he took another pigeon from the coop, placed it in a shoe-box, and went away. I waited until he was gone before I came out of my hiding place. I felt sick... nauseous. Poor Emily!

When I finally got back to my apartment...

Milton looked strange. He had a wild gleam in his usually sad eyes. Emily and I had been attracted to each other because we were so much alike... dominating wives who lorded over shy, quiet, milquetoast husbands...

Milton! What? What's that you have there?

A shoe-box, Emily...

I heard the unmistakable cooing of a pigeon...

I screamed and rushed for the bedroom. I locked myself in. I was trapped, Milton giggled... his voice drifting through the door.

We planned it this way, Henrietta! First Wally, then me! We rented the shack, the dogs, the pigeons... but you found out... too soon...

The door is opening. I'll have to stop writing... so how, even though Wally isn't through getting rid of Emily's boot... I'll have to start, Henrietta... start by killing you... then cutting you up into tiny little pieces... big enough to fit in cans...

I heard the unmistakable cooing of a pigeon...

At this point our manuscript ends. Kiooiee... end in a bloody smear! Henrietta is now... for the birds! How did I get hold of this little yarn, you ask? So who do you think owned the shack, the dogs, the pigeons? That was the deal! Wally and Milton got the use of them for the story rights. Neigh. Now I'll turn you back to the crypt-keeper. See you next in my mag, 'The Vale of Horror.' Till then. Cooee?

--The End--
Not ten seconds after Kendall had seized the payroll bag and started toward the factory exit, he knew he was being pursued. He could hear their feet clattering along the concrete walk behind him, then a shot screamed along the corridor and ricocheted off the wall not five feet from his head. They were armed... and they meant business. And from the sound their shoes were making, there were at least three guards tracking him.

Almost in panic, Kendall clawed at his coat pocket and fumbled his gun free as he ran. It was the three guards against him... their lives against his own, he thought as he fled. They had him badly outnumbered... there wasn't much chance for him to escape...

Then he saw the steel staircase spiraling up far overhead to the catwalk which ran the length of the factory. This might help him squeeze out of the trap, Kendall thought, as he raced frenziedly up the steps. In another moment he was scampering along the catwalk and could hear them pounding up the steps after him. In a second they'd have him cornered; if he turned to fight, their bullets would cut him down in the first exchange of hot lead. And if he surrendered, it meant conviction for the fourth time... imprisonment for the rest of his life!

He stopped momentarily, amazement on his face. There, just a short
jump below, was a small area sur-
rrounded by steel walls. If he could
just reach that haven, he’d be able to
shoot at the guards as they came after
him along the catwalk. And their own
shots would be shrugged aside by
those gleaming metal plates!

The jump jarred him more than he
had expected: it was a half-minute
before he recovered his balance and
turned back to face the oncoming
guards. The first of them reared up
above him, leveled his gun. But he
never pulled the trigger, because a
bullet from below sent him reeling
backward.

Kendall crouched lower behind the
steel walls ... heard the guards’ bul-
lets ploughing into the plates with a
shrill whine, then bounce harmlessly
aside. He was safe, Kendall grinned
to himself. At least for the moment.
They couldn’t get him with their guns
... and if the two remaining guards
gave him even the slightest target,
he’d shoot to kill! Just one shot at each
of the guards ... that was all Kendall
wanted ...

A whirring sound made him pause
in fear. He must be seeing things, he
thought ... but no! The steel plates
that sheltered him ... they were grind-
ing toward one another, moving to-
gether ominously! He leaped to his
feet and began to scream out his sur-
render, but it was too late! The walls
could not be stopped ... already they
were pressing against him on each
side. Already they were crushing his
chest and legs ... squeezing the
breath out of his tortured lungs ... 
mashing him into a bloody shadow
on the sides of the huge steel vise he
had heedlessly plunged into!
THE CRYPT-KEEPER’S CORNER

Hey, heh! Guess all you EVANS fans can stop howling now! Gruesome George’s biography and pithy, as you probably noticed, and if you haven’t, why not?, is on the inside front cover of this miserable mag. And now YOU can stop howling TOO, George! Ye Gods, these ecclesiastical artists! Glory...glory...all they want is fame and fortune! Now take me! All I want is FORTUNE...and all I get is FAMOUS! (In famous would be a BETTER word, C.K., old boy—editors) I don’t seem them handing YOU TWO any laurel wreaths, you money-hungry perverts! (Money? What’s “money?”) Al? Dunno, Bill. Sounds familiar, but these sure ain’t been none of that stuff ‘round here in some time—ed! Ah, you poor, poor boys! Isn’t it a pity! You’ll have to drive your LAST YEAR’S Cadillacs for a while yet! (But C.K! The ASH-TRAYS are FULL—ed!) Reckless butts, I presume! (Of course...and KING-SIZE, too—ed!) Oh, DIG those CRAZY proof-readers! And now for the mail:

Dear Crypt-keeper,
We are three intellectual college ghouls who spend our evenings reading your degenerate literature. The protagonists in your most horrible stories remind us of some of our long-lost dates. (Now we know what happened to them!) Due to our advanced education, we are properly equipped to fully appreciate your sublility and sarcasm. Please print this or we boycott! De-generately yours,

Slimy Syd
Mummified Myrna
Just Plain Joyce

PROTAGONISTS??? Man! DIG those CRAZY co-eds!

Dear Pudge-Face,
All of your stories turned everyone in the house a lovely shade of green. My Aunts Minerva was eating when she read your book, and she’s been in the re-education (a coined word, so don’t throw it up to me!) for the past week. I personally think you must be crazy, but then aren’t we all?

Edwin Zurech
Sandusky, Ohio

CRAZY, MAN! That’s what I said! DIG them CHARTREUSE Ohios!

Most Beloved Crypt-keeper,
I’m a steady fan of yours, and enjoy all of the E.C. mags very much! Here are a few additional titles for your “horror hit parade”:

1. LADY OF PAIN (I will kill you!)
2. GONE SQUISHIN’!
3. I’LL DISMEMBER APRIL!
4. CAN’T HELP LOATHING THAT CLAN OF MINE

Ralph Chapman
Authorhouse Alaska

Dig that CRAZY streiberg!

here’s some more

MAN! That dog is REAL GONE!

How about these?

JUMBLEDEYE BALLS
THE BLOODIEST BITE OF THE BAR
I WANT A GHOUL JUST LIKE THE GHOUL THAT BURIED DEAR OLD DAD

Maura (Mo) Miller
Chicago, Ill.

DIG that CRAZY battle ship!

... How do you like:
OLD MACDONALD WAS EMBALMED
WHEN YOU AND I WERE HUNG, MAGGIE!

Dave Eordenow
Dick Merrit
Bothline, Mass.

... I love your mag, but I think that Ray Bradbury’s story...stunk! What happened?

Ed Redling
Pottersville, N.J.

Well, ye can’t please EVERYBODY! Anywho, Mr. FREIBERG will be happy to find E.C.’s adaptation of Mr. B’s ‘The Handler’...also illustrated by Ghostly Graham Ingels...in the wind-up spot of this issue. Before closing, a couple of ‘it’s-gonna-cost-you-money-if-you’re-a-sucker-enough-to-bite’ announcements. A limited number (seven hundred fifty-two thousand one hundred and sixty-nine) of copies of the 3rd annual TALES OF TERROR, E.C.’s anthology of horror and SuspensorStories, are now cluttering up the office. Help us unload! 25¢! Also...subscriptions to any E.C. mag 75¢ 6 issues! Address for either or both of the above, mail, poetry, kicks, kisses, or 1933 Cadillacs is:

The Crypt-keeper
Room 706, Dept. 36
225 Lafayette St.
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.
HERE'S A TERROR-TALE OF SPORTING LIFE! I CALL IT...

HOW GREEN WAS MY ALLEY

His job as a traveling salesman had enabled Robert to keep up the deception for three exciting years. It had been so simple to carry on his double life, spending a week with Amy, a week with Jean, and two weeks on the road. Yes, Robert Smith was a bigamist.

Must you go, dearest? You know how I miss you when you're away. I've got to earn a living, Amy, honey. Well, goodbye. See you in a month.

Robert looked down at Slim, darkhaired Amy. She snuggled sleepily in the bed, reaching toward him...

Kiss me good-bye and wish me luck. The National Woman's Amateur Athletic Tournaments are two weeks off...

Say, I almost forgot your golf tournament! I bought you something.
Robert went out to the car. He unlocked the trunk. Inside were two carefully wrapped packages. He chose one and brought it back into the house to the bedroom.

Robert slipped away from Amy and picked up his bags. She followed him to the door.

She'll come down and see me play, Bob? Two weeks from tomorrow...at the N.W.A.A.A. Course in Springdale! I'll be at the hotel! I've reserved a double room!

Robert put out his hand... wait! Don't open it now! Not until you get to your golf tournament. It's a surprise! It may help you win...

You're so thoughtful, darling.

Amy put down the package and slipped her arms around Robert's neck...

I really have to, Beast? How get going, honey? Can business it's late! Please... be more important than... pleasure?

Bob chuckled as he drove off...

My athletic woman. Little did I know, when I suggested to Amy that she take up golf while I was away on the road, that she'd become such an expert golfer. Now she's entered in the N.W.A.A.A. Championship!

The car roared north through small towns and over miles of highways until, the next night...

Bob, honey! I thought you'd be back tonight! I came home from practice early...

Jean, baby!

She tossed her book to the floor and he was in her arms. Jean was heavier than any more muscular, her hair fell in soft golden tresses about her bare shoulders....

Oh, darling! I missed you! I missed you! And I missed you, Jean. I don't like this one-week-a-month deal any more than you do...
HEH, HEH! WELL, KIDDIES, THAT'S THE PICTURE. LOVER BOY COMMUTED BETWEEN WIVES. ONE WEEK WITH SLIM, SWEET AMY... ONE WEEK WITH BUXOM JEAN FOR THREE YEARS. THIS LITTLE RACKET HAD BEEN GOING ON ANY TOOK UP GOLF WHILE ROBERT DARLING WAS ON THE ROAD. KNOW WHAT JEAN TOOK UP? READ ON...

THE WEEK WAS OVER. JEAN AND BOB WERE SAYING GOOD-BYE. WHAT IS IT, BOB? DON'T OPEN A SURPRISE. FOR ME? YOU MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT A TOURNAMENT LAST MONTH WHEN I WAS HOME...

YES, THE NWAAA BOWLING TOURNAMENT. IT'S NEXT WEEK. I'VE QUALIFIED...

OF COURSE, JEAN. WHERE'D YOU SAY IT WAS?

SPRINGDALE! THE NWAAA'S ALLEYS THERE.

OF COURSE, JEAN, WHERE'D YOU SAY IT WAS?

WHERE'D YOU SAY IT WAS? JEAN, WHERE'D YOU SAY IT WAS?

SPRINGDALE! THE NWAAA'S ALLEYS THERE.

SPRINGDALE!! BUT... BUT I THOUGHT THERE WAS A GOLF COURSE THERE.

THERE IS, AND TENNIS COURTS. AND A POOL. THE NWAAA HOLDS ALL ITS TOURNAMENTS THERE. YOU WILL COME, WON'T YOU? I HAVE A RESERVATION FOR A DOUBLE ROOM...

WE'LL... WE'LL TRY TO MAKE IT, HONEY. AT LEAST I'LL STOP BY YOUR HOTEL TO WISH YOU LUCK!

OH, DARLING I'LL MAKE YOU SO PROUD OF ME NOW... KISS ME GOOD-BYE.

Yes, Jean had taken up BOWLING. Robert had suggested it, and like any, Jean had proven herself very adept at her chosen sport. Just think! My wife! A CHAMPION BOWLER. You will come down and see me bowl next week, won't you, honey?
hmmm. Springdale probably had only one hotel. They'll both be there. Yes, sir! This is going to be fun.

But then, haven't the last three years?!

Springdale's one hotel was a bustle of excitement on the first day of tournament week. The lobby was jammed...

Sorry, no rooms. You have a reservation for me... Why... Mrs. Robert Smith? Mrs. Robert Smith checked in this morning!

But that's impossible. I'm Mrs. Robert Smith. Here's your letter acknowledging my reservation...

Oh, dear. There's been a mistake. Obviously there are two Mrs. Robert Smiths. I see you're from Denver City. The one that registered this morning is from... Lakeview.

Lakeview? Did I hear someone mention Lakeview? That's my...

Oh, Mrs. Smith. I'm so glad you're here. There's been a terrible error. Let me introduce you to Mrs. Robert Smith.

Seems we have the same name, honey... and the same room reservation...

Ladies! I have a brilliant idea! Why don't you two share the room? I see that it's a double...

Well, my husband is coming down to see me play...

So's mine. But we could double up until they straighten this mess out...
OH, YES! WE'LL FIX THINGS UP.
THIS IS ALL OUR FAULT.

C'MON, HONEY! MY NAME'S AMY. WHAT'S YOURS?

JEAN! I BOWL...

I PLAY GOLF.

ER... BOY!

TAKE THESE BAGS TO ROOM 204.

ISN'T IT A COINCIDENCE... I MEAN US HAVING THE SAME MARRIED NAME!

WELL, HONEY... ROBERT SMITH IS AN AWFULLY COMMON NAME IN HERE...

I GUESS SO.

MY BOB IS A TRAVELING SALESMAN....

HE IS? SO'S MINE! I HARDLY SEE HIM!

ONLY ONE WEEK A MONTH!

HERE, BOY! THANKS,

DID YOU SAY ONE WEEK
A MONTH? THAT'S
OUR ARRANGEMENT,
TOO!

I GUESS ALL TRAVELING
SALESMEN'S WIVES HAVE IT
ROUGH. THAT'S WHY I TOOK UP GOLF.

SAME HERE... WITH
MY BOWLING. IT GAVE
ME SOMETHING TO DO!

OH, I FORGET...

MY HUSBAND GAVE ME THIS
PACKAGE. IT'S A SURPRISE. I WAS SUPPOSED TO OPEN IT WHEN I

GOT HERE...

THAT'S FUNNY! I

HAVE ONE, TOO! HERE!

SEE...?

THE TWO GIRLS STRUGGLED WITH THEIR PACKAGES...

TEARING THEM OPEN NERVOUSLY...

WHAT THE...?

GOOD LORD!
Amy stared at the shoes with the one rubber sole and the one leather one...

These these are bowling shoes...

Jean stared at her gift... shoes with metal cleats...

And... these are golf shoes.

Then it dawned upon them. They looked at each other...

But... but I play golf! And I...

In silence they each rummaged through their suitcases, tossing clothes aside...

And when they each found what they were looking for, they held the two photographs up... comparing them...

So they waited for Robert together...

What the... Hello, Bob! Come in... our husband!

The next morning, when the tournament started, the judges found Amy on the first green of the golf course, her hair stringy, her face pale, gleefully practicing her putting...

And they found Jean at the alleys when they came to open them up. She was practicing her bowling...

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Neh heh! Heh heh. And the moral of the story kiddies is don't be a mashie and spoon with a spare wife or you'll strike out in the last frame. And nobody will yell foul because one wife is par for the course. So if you feel like pining yourself down don't split your affections. One bag is enough for any sufferer! Neh neh! And now, the old witch awaits to wind up my terror-mas. Bye. Now remember old golfers never die.

Amy was using Robert's eyeballs...

Jean was using Robert's eyeless head.
THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! YEP, IT'S YOUR DIETICIAN OF DISGUSTING DRAMA, THE OLD WITCH, READY TO STIRR UP ANOTHER STONE-SNACK IN MY CAULDRON HERE IN THE HAUNT OF FEAR. SO COME IN, KIDDIES, AND SIT DOWN BY THE FIRE. THIS TIME, MY MENU CONSISTS OF ANOTHER ADAPTATION OF A TALE BY MY BOY, BRADBURY. REVOLTING RAY, AS I AFFECTIONATELY CALL HIM—LISTEN TO RAY BRADBURY'S SUPER... THE HANDLER

Mr. Benedict walked down the steps and out the gate, without once looking at his little mortuary building. He saved that pleasure for later. It was very important that things took the right precedence. It wouldn't pay to think with joy of the bodies awaiting his talents in the mortuary building, no; it was better to follow his usual day after day routine. He would let the conflict begin...

Mr. Benedict knew just where to get himself enraged. He spoke with Mr. Rodgers, the druggist, and he saved and put away all the slurs and intonations and insults.

There you are, you cold one! Cold one! Ha, ha!
Mr. Rodgers always had some terrible thing to say about a man in the funeral profession, and outside the drug-store, Mr. Benedict met up with Mr. Stuyvesant, the contractor.

Oh, hello, Benedict. How's business? Ill, yes, yes. Bet you're going at it tooth and... and how's nail, did you get it? I said your business, Mr. Stuyvesant?

That was Mr. Flinger, the delicatessen man. There were more, many more. Things worked to a crescendo. Finally, Mr. Benedict turned wildly and ran back through town. He was all ready now... some body waitin' on you, Mr. Benedict? Hey! Bet it? I said some body...

Mr. Benedict was the lake into which all refuse was thrown. People began with pebbles, and when Mr. Benedict did not ripple, they heaved a stone... a brick... a boulder... there you are, meat chopper! How are all your corned-beefs and pickled brains?

The room waited like a fall of snow. There were white hummocks and pale delineations of things recumbent under sheets in the oimness. Mr. Benedict flung open the door.

And on it went, person after person... say, how do your hands get so cold? Benedict, old man? That's a cold shake you got there. You just get more embalming a frigid woman... heh, that's not bad. You heard what I said?

The awful part of the day was over... the good part was now to begin. He ran eagerly up the steps of his mortuary.

He stood for a long minute in the very center of his theater. In his head applause, perhaps, thundered. Then he carefully removed his coat, got into a fresh white smock, and rubbed his hands together as he looked at his very good friends... heh... heh... heh...

He was the puppet-master come home.
He walked along the sleeping rows of sheeted people. It had been a fine week, there were any number of family relics lying there. He noted each name on its white card...  

Mrs. Walters, Mr. Smith, Miss Brown, Mr. Andrews. An, good afternoon, one and all!

Mr. Benedict lifted a sheet as if looking for a child under a bed...  
How are you today, Mrs. Shellmund? You're looking splendid, dear lady!

Mr. Benedict pulled up a chair and regarded Mrs. Shellmund through a magnifying glass...  
My dear Mrs. Shellmund, do you realize, my lady, that you have a sebaceous condition of the pores? Oil and grease pimples. A rich, rich diet was your trouble, too many frosted cakes and cream dandies. You always prided yourself on your brain, Mrs. Shellmund...  

But you kept that wonderful, priceless brain of yours afloat in parfaits and fizzes and lemonades and sodas and were so very superior to me that now, Mrs. Shellmund, here is what shall happen...

Mr. Benedict did a neat operation on her. Cutting the scalp in a circle, he lifted it off, then lifted out the brain. Then he prepared a cake confectioners' little sugar-bellows and squirted her empty head full of whipped cream and crystal ribbons, stars and frosted lips, in pink, white and green, and on top he printed a fine pink scroll...

Then he put the skull back on and sewed it in place and hid the marks with wax and powder and walked on to the next table...

Good afternoon, Mr. Wren. And how is the master of racial hatreds today? Pure, white laundered Mr. Wren, clean as snow, white as linen. The man who hated Jews and Negroes. Do you know what I'm going to do to you, Mr. Wren? First, let us draw your blood from you, intolerant friend!

The blood was drawn off...  
Now... the injection of, you might say, embalming fluid.
Mr. Wren, snow-white, linen pune, lay with the fluid going in him, Mr. Benedict laughed. Mr. Wren turned black... black as dirt, black as night.

*Mr. Benedict moved on.*

And hello to you, Edmund Worth. What a handsome body you had. Powerful, with muscles pinned from huge bone to huge bone, and a chest like a boulder. Women grew speechless when you walked by... men stared with envy, and now, here you are.

The embalming fluid was... ink!

Mr. Benedict severed Worth's head, put it in a coffin on a small pillow, facing up, then he placed one hundred ninety pounds of bricks in the coffin and arranged them to look like a body. It was a fine illusion.

Since it was a growing and popular habit in the town for people to be buried with the coffin lids closed over them during the service, this gave Mr. Benedict great opportunities to vent his repri... sions on his hapless guests. He had the most utterly wondrous fun with a group of old maiden ladies who were mashed in an auto on their way to an afternoon tea. They were famous gossips, always with heads together over some choice bit. As in life, all three were crowded into one casket, heads together in eternal gold petrified gossip.

The other two caskets were filled with pebbles and shells and ravelings of gingham. It was a nice service. Everybody cried... those three inseparables, at last separated!

Not lacking for a sense of justice, Mr. Benedict buried one rich man stark naked.

A poor man he buried wound in gold cloth, with five dollar gold pieces for buttons and twenty dollar gold coins on each eyelid.
A lawyer he did not burn at all, but burnt him in the incinerator...

His coffin contained nothing but a pole-cat, trapped in the woods one Sunday...

An old maid was the victim of a terrible device. Under the silken comforter, parts of an old man had been buried with her. There she lay being made cold love to by hidden hands and things. The shock showed on her face, somewhat...

So Mr. Benedict moved from body to body in his mortuary. The final body of the day was the body of one Merricwell Blythe, an ancient man afflicted with spells and comas. Mr. Blythe had been brought in for dead several times, but each time he had revived in time to prevent premature burial. Mr. Benedict pulled back the sheet...

Mr. Benedict fell against the slab, suddenly shaken and sick...

Mr. Benedict reached for a hypodermic...

The old man shrieked, frothing...

The old man on the slab wailed, rolling his eyes about in his head in white orbits...

Oh, you dark thing, you awful thing, you no... fiend, you monster, get me up from here! I'll tell the mayor and the council and everyone, oh, you dark dark things! You defiler and sadist, you perverted scoundrel... you terrible man...

You're... alive? You get me up from here! Oh, the things I've heard, the things I've listened to the last hour. Lying here, not being able to move and hearing you talk the things you talk!

To think this has gone on in our town all these years and we never knew the things you did to people! Oh you monstrous monster, the things you said. 'The things you do!'

Sorry.
Mr. Benedict stood there.

They can't do anything to me, and neither can you! Out of your graves, help me! Tonight, or tomorrow, or soon, but come and fix him...this horrible man!

The old man fell back. He knew he was dying... All, listen! He's done this to me, and you, and you, all of you. He's done too much, too long. Don't take it! Don't, don't let him do any more to anyone!

Mr. Benedict stabbed Mr. Blythe in the arm with the needle. The old man cried wildly to all the sheeted figures...

You! Help me! You out there, under the stones, help me! Listen!

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People say there was an explosion that night...in the graveyard, or rather a series of explosions, a smell of strange things, a movement, a violence, a raving. Stones toppled and things swore dath!

They've taken a lot from you, horrible man. Tonight, they'll...co...something...

And then, the old man died.

...And there was a chasing and a screaming, and many shadows...moving inside and outside the mortuary building in swift jerks and shambles. Windows broke; doors were torn from hinges, leaves from trees, iron gates clattered...

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...And then, the old man died.

...And in the end, there was Mr. Benedict running about, running about, vanishing, and a tortured scream that could only be Mr. Benedict himself...

After that...nothing quiet...
The town people entered the mortuary the next morning. They searched the mortuary building and then went out into the graveyard, and they found nothing but blood, a vast quantity of blood, sprinkled and thrown and spread everywhere you could possibly look, as if the heavens had bled profusely in the night...

Walking through the graveyard, they stood in deep tree shadows where stones, row on row, were old and time-erased and leaning. No birds sang. They stopped by one tombstone...

WHERE COULD HE BE?  HOW SHOULD WE KNOW?

THE TOWN PEOPLE WERE STUNNED... HE... HE COUNLDN'T BE BURIED UNDER ALL THESE GRAVESTONES!

FRESHLY SCRATCHED, AS IF BY FEEDLY, FRANTIC, NASTY FINGERS IN THE GREENISH, MOSS-FLECKED STONE WAS THE NAME: MR. BENEDICT...

GOOD LORD!  LOOK... OVER HERE, THIS ONE TOO... AND THIS ONE AND THIS ONE...

A VILLAGER POINTED TO THE OTHER GRAVESTONES. UPON EACH AND EVERY STONE, SCRATCHED BY FINGERNAIL SCRATCHINGS, THE SAME MESSAGE APPEARED: MR. BENEDICT... BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

They stood there for one long moment instinctively they all looked at one another nervously in the silence and the tree darkness. They all waited for an answer with fumbling senseless lips, one of them replied, simply:

COULDN'T HE?

HEE, HEE! SO, THAT'S THE DISH, DRIPS. HOPE YOU FOUND IT A TASTY TALE. THIS BOY BRADBURY HAS QUITE AN IMAGINATION, WOULDN'T YOU SAY? WELL, THAT ABOUT WINDS UP THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S MAG, I'LL JUST POUR SOME BLOOD ON THE FIRE UNDER MY CAULDRON, LAP UP THE LAST TRACE OF THIS ISSUE'S CULINARY CONCOCTION, AND GET READY FOR MY NEXT HORROR HELPING, WHICH WILL BE IN THE VAULT-KEEPER'S MAG, THE VAULT OF HORROR?

'BYE, NOW!
Which of these 2 ME'S is YOU!

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT. SPINDLE-SISSY was me a few short weeks ago.

NO! friend you don’t have to be SKINNY any more just mail NOW the FREE coupon below as I did. Soon you can add 6½ inches to your CHEST 3 inches to each ARM and the rest in proportion just as I did.

Come on, PAL, NOW YOU GIVE ME PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR HOME...AND I’LL GIVE YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you’ll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You’ll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won’t cost you one solitary cent.

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