IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND 'MAD' ON YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND...

A look harder! It may be at the bottom of the pile...
or...B Ask your dealer to send threatening letters to his wholesaler, demanding MAD...
or...C Send the attached subscription coupon which gets you 60¢ worth of comic books for 75¢...
or...D Give up the whole business and spend your dime on something worth while!

MAIL THIS COUPON TO
ENTERTAINING COMICS GROUP
225 LAFAYETTE STREET, ROOM 706
NEW YORK 12, NEW YORK

Please send me the next six issues of MAD (mailed in strong Manila envelopes) for which I enclose 75¢.

NAME__________________________
ADDRESS________________________
CITY__________STATE__________

Take from the cover, Oct. 1968. A vol. I No. 50 (former No. 100) Published bi-monthly by I. C. Publishing Co., Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., William M. Colgan, Managing Editor, Albert B. Pulitzin, Editor. It is issued as second-class matter June 20, 1950, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1897. One year's subscription in the U. S. for post paying and mailing—total 35 cents. All other countries—$1.00. Copyrighted 1968 by I. C. Publishing Co., Inc. Unauthorized manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped return envelope. No similarity between any of the characters, names or scenes appearing in this magazine with any of those living or dead is intended and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Printed in U. S. A.
Heh, heh, well, all I can say is...you're either fans or fiends for plunkin' down good U.S. currency for this reeking rag. In any case—greetings, ghouls! Welcome once more to the Crypt of Terror...to the putrid pages of this...the Crypt-Keeper's mag. I'm ready to start off the evil festivities with an odd tale told to me by an odd teller of any tale...A trunk, listen, now, to the steamer's own scream-story, which it calls...

TIGHT GRIP!

The layers of dust that had settled upon me over the years have been scrubbed away, and now I lie upon Wilma's bedroom floor, my lid flung wide, yawning happily and swallowing the neatly folded clothes she is busily packing into my insides. I feel clean and fresh and new and alive again after lying dead for so long in the silent littered attic. And there is a joy within me that mirrors Wilma's joy. For today, Wilma is to be married...

TUM-TA-TUM-TEE-DEE-DUM.DOH, YES, JEEVES, WHAT IS IT? MR. ROSWELL IS HERE, MISS WILMA...
Wilma is like a child again as she flits about her bedroom singing happily... The child I knew who used to steal up to the attic when we were both so young and peep inside me and finger the old lace and cloth that had been stored in me and forgotten. Carl? Oh... He's early! I'm not even ready! Show him in, Jeeves.

Yes, ma'am.

Car, darling... Wilma, my pet...

I've called the Justice of the Peace and he's waiting for us. The reservations at the hotel are set.

Yes, oh dear... I hope I haven't forgotten anything...

And I felt her youth pass as she felt it pass, and I prayed as she prayed... that she was not destined to a... life of loneliness... that she would meet someone and he would ask her to be his wife... and how our prayers, Wilma's and mine, had come true...

And I know that the Justice of the Peace and he's waiting for us. The reservations at the hotel are set.

Oh, Carl... I'm so nervous! I can scarcely pack...

Just one thing, though... one thing that rothers me... one thing that spoils the joy I feel... this man... this Carl Roswell... this man who even now anxiously stuffs the last few articles of Wilma's newly-purchased trousseau into me... I am afraid of this man there! Ready to go, Wilma?

Ready, Carl!

I feel his rough hands upon my lid, slamming it down, and I wince... not with pain, not from the noise... I wince with fear. There is something about this man... something... terrifying...

Let's go, then...

Yes, madam?

Carry my trunk out to the car, Jeeves?
And as car doors slam and the motor roars, I sigh happily... my fears forgotten...

Good-bye, Good-bye, Miss Jeeves. Have a happy honeymoon...

Now Jeeves is coming toward me and I feel myself being lifted and carried...

Heavy, Jeeves? NOT VERY, Ma'am.

And suddenly I feel the warm sun upon me for the first time in thirty-nine years...

Just toss it on the back seat there, Jeeves...

Yes, Mr. Roswell...

I sit contentedly, feeling of the silk and lace and flimsy things inside me and the wind upon me as we speed south... Wilma, and I, and this man...

Happy, darling? VERY...

And then we stop and Wilma and Carl leap from the car and hurry, giggling, up a flowered walk, and I see the sign and hear the welcoming voice of the Justice of the Peace...

Right on time. Come in... come in...

And now it is evening, and the sky grows dark. We pull off the highway into a road leading to a vine-covered hotel... Wilma and Carl's honeymoon hotel...

God bless you, and the best of luck to you both... Thanks... bye... It's a darling spot, Carl...

I'm glad you like it, Wilma!
Now we are alone... Wilma and I and Carl. Alone in this hotel suite. And suddenly that fear is back again. That fear of this man who has taken my Wilma as his bride.

Strange hands pull me from the car, carry me across the hotel lobby, and drop me to the floor before the elevator, and I listen to the scratching of the pen as Carl registers...

Mr. and Mrs. Carl. Roswell. Looks good, eh, honey?

It looks wonderful, darling.

Tired, dear? Very...

Wilma's nervous fingers lift my lid and she rummages through me, lifting out her prettiest gown. For this is the night we've both dreamed of... Wilma's wedding night...

Carl! You're joking!

You're a fool, Wilma! Did you really think I could love you? Did you? You're almost forty. I'm twenty-seven. It wasn't you, Wilma. It was your money.

I planned all this, Wilma. Planned it carefully. You're going to set sick, be confined to your room, and all the while, I'll be getting rid of your body piece by piece. And when it's all been disposed of, I'm going to say you ran away. That when I woke up, you were gone, and the police will look for you. And they won't find you. And your money will be mine.

The axe blade cuts Wilma's scream for help. Short as Carl brings it down upon her slunk face...

No, Carl! No! Yaa... gghh...

Yes, Wilma.
I AM EMPTY NOW. CARL HAS STRIPPED ME OF MY CONTENTS...THE NEWLY-PURCHASED LINGERIE...THE SHOES...THE DRESSES. I LIE BesIDE THE BATHROOM DOOR, MY LID WIDE, WAITING...LISTENING IN HORROR AS CARL DISMEMBERS WILMA'S BODY WHERE HE'S CARRIED IT...IN THE TUB.

EH, EH, EH...

AND SUDDENLY, AMID MY SADNESS, THERE IS SLEEP. I HAVE HURT THIS MADMAN WHO HAS TAKEN MY LOVED ONE FROM ME. I CAN HURT HIM AGAIN...

Blasted @Wx! Trunk! Stay open, blast you.

ANOTHER PART OF WILMA IS TOSSED WITHIN ME AND AGAIN I SLAM MY LID SHUT UPON HIS CURSED BLOODY PAW... Y-1-1-1-1...

Now carl has jammed a stick into my mouth...forcing my lid to stay open...preventing me from hurting him. But there are other ways. I will wait. He fills me with Wilma's severed remains and I embrace them lovingly.

There! done? how to shut and lock it...and clean up the place.

I lie locked. waiting...the slimy grue inside me...I listen as carl phones down to the desk.

My wife doesn't feel well. I wonder if you could serve our meals in our room. she wants to remain in bed...and...on please leave word with the chambermaid that we are not to be disturbed.
And every so often, he comes to me and unlocks me and removes a dismembered section of Wilma's body and wraps it carefully in the paper he's brought for the purpose and goes out for a "walk"... And no one suspects the truth. Only I know the grisly truth. The days pass, the parts inside me are slowly disappearing, and I grow desperate. I must thwart this fiend. Expose him.

Carl is clever... very clever.

He has taken pillows and laid them neatly upon the bed and covered them with blankets so that it appears as if Wilma lies there... And, every so often, he comes to me and unlocks me and removes a dismembered section of Wilma's body and wraps it carefully in the paper he's brought for the purpose and goes out for a 'walk'...

And now I am using wheels out of the elevator across the crowded lobby. This is what I planned. This is what will expose my loved one's murderer. I shall open my lock... swing wide my lid...
The lobby of this placio honeymoon motel reverberates with screams as I spill forth my blood-stained gory contents upon the plushly carpeted floor.

And up above, Carl hears the screams and knows that the truth is out. That his horridous deed has been discovered, and he makes his exit...

I better set out of here...

Voices, voices in the darkness, one voice is familiar. Two shadows with gleaming flashlights move toward me where I lie among wardrobes of mink coats and boxes of stolen articles that the police have recovered and are holding for their claimants...

I told you we'd find plenty in here, Carl.

Yeah!

I lie in a warehouse where the police have stored me until they can catch Carl and bring him to trial and put me up as 'Exhibit A'.

I lie through the years and I wait. But no one comes for me. No one comes to take me out into the sunlight. And I grow angry and hunger for revenge... Mine and Wilma's revenge...

That name. That voice. For four years I have waited, still feeling Wilma's gory remains within me. Still hating. Still praying for revenge. And now, Carl Roswell is here. Beside me. I shudder.

What the... Look out...
The boxes piled upon me tumble with a clatter to the floor, somewhere a voice calls out...

"Who's there?"

"Hide, quick!"

I feel rough hands upon my lid, familiar rough hands. Carl's hands. He swings me open, steps into me, and I swallow him greedily...

The footsteps disappear. Carl tries to open the lid, but I have him now. I won't let him go. I jam my lock, listening to him struggle...

"Choke... I'm suffocating in here, Willy. Get me out. Quick."

But Willy doesn't answer. Willy has run off, leaving Carl to his fate. Carl gasps. The air grows thin. Finally, in desperation, I pull his gun, firing it through my sides...

"Gasp. Need air... gasp. Better to... choke... chance being caught than..."

And now I take my revenge. I breathe deep and then exhale. I exhale all of the hate and loathing and desire for revenge within me. And I shrink. My sides close down and my top shrinks down and I grow small and Carl screams until he can not scream any more and his flesh oozes from the bullet holes like icing from a baker's decorating bag. And when they come, they find me. A tiny box with a mold of compressed bone inside me and a thousand yards of flesh-ribbon around me...

Choke...

Men, men, yep. Kiddies. Wilma's old trunk shut Carl up, all right. Anybody care for a foot square bone cube? If you could find a mate for it, you could mark 'em with spots and have a nifty tag game. Not an! Okay. I'll use it as a paper-weight to hold down my next yarn till we meet again later on in my Muck mag.

Right now, the Vault-keeper awaits with his offering. I'll be shoveling off, till we reek again "bye!"

Hey, here's Wilma's...
**THE VAULT OF HORROR!**

Heh, heh! Yep, creep. It's your scream-story-teller in the Vault of Horror, the Vault-Keeper, ready to entertain you with one of my creepy collectors' items. For my spot in C.K.'s rag, er... no, I have chosen a Gay Tale of Mardi Gras Morbidity entitled...

...Only Skin Deep!

**Herbert** had made up his mind. This would be the last time he would come to New Orleans for Mardi Gras week and sit in this crowded café... where he first met Suzanne... and wait for her. This would be the last lonely year he'd spend, dreaming through the spring and summer and fall until February rolled around again, and he'd rush south for one heavenly week. Yes, five years was long enough. This time he would ask Suzanne to marry him. He sat silently, nursing his drink, searching the masked, costumed throng for Suzanne's familiar figure. And then she was coming toward him, out of the hilarity and madness...

Suzanne... darling... Herbert...

And now they were in each other's arms, and he was holding her close and feeling her womanly warmth and his year-long dream was a reality once more...

Suzanne, Suzanne. I thought about you every day. Every minute I missed you so... Oh, Herbert. A year is such a long time... How've you been.
I WANT TO ASK YOU TO MARRY ME, SUE...

YOU...YOU REALLY WANT TO MARRY ME, HERBERT... WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING WHAT I LOOK LIKE...?

ARE YOU SURE, HERBIE, DEAR? SUPPOSE, BENEATH THIS MASK, I WAS NOT AS YOU PICTURE ME. SUPPOSE I WAS...

DON'T TALK, HERBERT. DON'T SAY ANYTHING, NOW. DANCE WITH ME...

HUG MY SWEET...WE HAVE A WHOLE WONDERFUL WEEK AHEAD OF US...

DON'T WANT A WEEK, SUE. I WANT NEXT YEAR...AND THE YEAR AFTER THAT... A WHOLE LIFE-TIME TOGETHER!

YOU...YOU REALLY WANT TO MARRY ME, HERBERT... WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING WHAT I LOOK LIKE...?

I KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU, SUE... AND THAT YOU LOVE ME. THAT'S WHAT'S IMPORTANT...

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, THERE'S NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT, HERB. IS THERE?

I DON'T WANT A WEEK, SUE... I WANT NEXT YEAR... AND THE YEAR AFTER THAT... A WHOLE LIFE-TIME TOGETHER!

OMG, HERBIE, I'VE WAITED FIVE YEARS FOR YOU TO SAY THAT...

WE'VE WASTED SO MUCH TIME, MY SWEET. I'VE WANTED TO SAY IT FOR FIVE YEARS...

THEY'D STOPPED DANCING NOW, SUE AND HERBERT. THEY STOOD THERE, STARING INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES, JOSTLED BY THE GAY CROWD...

SHE TOOK HIS HAND... LED HIM FROM THE DANCE FLOOR... LED HIM THROUGH THE CROWD AND OUT OF THE CAFE INTO THE SCREAMING, FLESH-FILLED, GAUDY-COLORED STREET...

HERBERT STARED INTO SUZANNE'S EYES... DANCING EYES, THAT SMILED AT HIM FROM BEHIND THE RUBBER MASK SHE WORE... THE SAME MASK SHE'D WEAR EVERY YEAR... THE MASK SHE'D WEAR WHEN THEY'D FIRST MEET, FIVE YEARS AGO...

HOW HAVE I BEEN, DARLING? I'VE BEEN GOING CRAZY... THINKING ABOUT YOU. I WOULDN'T LET YOU DO THIS TIME, SUE. I WOULDN'T LET YOU GO... EVER AGAIN.

BUT I'M NOT AS YOU PICTURE ME... I WAS NOT AS YOU PICTURE ME...

WE'VE WASTED SO MUCH TIME, MY SWEET. I'VE WANTED TO SAY IT FOR FIVE YEARS...

THIS WASN'T THE WAY HE'D PLANNED IT AT ALL: NOT HERE ON THIS JAMMED DANCE FLOOR IN THIS NOISY SHONEY CAFE. HERBERT HAD DREAMED OF A QUIET SPOT ALONG THE LAKE BENEATH MOSS-LADEN CYPRUS TREES... A ROMANTIC PLACE... TO PROPOSE. BUT NOW IT WAS OUT... AND DONE...

BUT I'M NOT AS YOU PICTURE ME... I WAS NOT AS YOU PICTURE ME...
And now the madness and the noise and the heartbreak were far behind. Overhead, stars peered through bowing cypresses, and the lake was a mirror of black...

HARRY: Now that we're away from the crowds and the din...

NOW: Ask me again...

HARRY: Marry me, Sue. I love you.

NOW: Marry me first, Herbie. Then we can unmask... when we make our love complete.

HARRY: No, Herbie! Don't! You said it didn't matter...

NOW: It doesn't, honey. I just want to kiss you.

HARRY: I love you... Maureen. Justice of the Peace...

NOW: We could rent a car drive upstate. We could find a Justice of the Peace...

HARRY: Let's go...

NOW: Now... tonight...

SUE: Sweet! Let me kiss you...

SUE: I'll marry you... gladly...

NOW: We're married. Oh, honey! We're married... we ran hand in hand... like children. And soon, New Orleans was just a sigh slow to the south, and they were humming upstate in a rented car... like two phantoms...}

THERE, darlings! There's a sign...

A.M. Moore. Justice of the Peace. Marriages performed. No waiting. 'This is it!'

NOW: I now pronounce you man and wife...

THE OLD J.P. PERFORMED THE CEREMONY WITH RAISED EYESBROWS. THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME HE'D EVER MARRED A COUPLE WHOSE FACES HE DID NOT SEE. BUT THEN... IT WAS MARDI GRAS WEEK...
Later... the small hotel... the grinning bellboy carrying their hastily packed bags... leading the newlyweds to their room...

And now... alone at last. The sudden embarrassment of the intimate moment...

WELL, DEAR, DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME TO GET A LOOK AT YOUR NEW HUSBAND... AND I...

Wait, Herb! Not yet. First...

He watched, his heart beating like a trip-hammer in his chest, as Sue reached for the light, flicking it off...

He could see her in the dim half-light from the neon sign outside... silhouetted... moving lithely... disrobing...

And then she was coming toward him and he could hear her breathing... the short gasps... excited... passionate.

He lay there awhile... smoking... her breathing became heavier... regular. She was asleep. Herbie lay there awhile... smoking. The cigarette burned down and he put it out. His thoughts drifted back across five years... to the first Mardi Gras week...

Her breathing became heavier... regular. She was asleep. Herbie lay there awhile... smoking. The cigarette burned down and he put it out. His thoughts drifted back across five years... to the first Mardi Gras week...

I know, darling? I know... I never did get to see your face...

He could see her in the dim half-light from the neon sign outside... silhouetted... moving lithely... disrobing...

And then she was coming toward him and he could hear her breathing... the short gasps... excited... passionate.

Later... lying in the darkness beside her, smoking a cigarette... Herbie smiled...

YOU KNOW, DARLING? I KNOW... I NEVER DID GET TO SEE YOUR FACE...

I REMEMBER SEEING HER FOR THE FIRST TIME... WEARING THAT REVOLTING HAG-MASK... AND KNOWING THAT SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL...
Yes, the mask had hidden her face, but it couldn't hide her lovely voice. Her smiling eyes and her young, carefree figure made the mask seem so out of place.

He remembered how they'd danced that first night, number after number, until the crowds had gone and the music had ended.

Closing up, now... Let's walk.

And he remembered how they'd talked by the lake beneath the cypress trees and watched the sun come up.

Tomorrow, I go back home... Will you come next year... to Mardi Gras?

Herbie remembered how he'd tried to unmask Sue that first time.

But I'll go away without ever knowing what you really look like... It's better that way, Herbie. You'll remember me as you imagine me. Fantasy is sometimes more desirable than reality.

And he remembered how they'd vowed to meet again the following year, in the same cafe, and he'd dreamed about her till then.

Suzanne... you remembered? I didn't think you'd come. I'd hoped... but I was afraid.

Five years, year after year, meeting and dancing and talking and falling in love, and now Sue was his wife. And and...

Good Lord!

And, by God, I've never even seen her face...

It doesn't really matter, Sue! Really? It's just... that...
She's still masked...

He lifted the mask away...

He reached over gently... untieing the silken cord that held Sue's mask in place...

He sat bolt upright in the darkness... gasping. He was wet and clammy and relieved...

He reached for the light... nervously... dreading...

Herbie... I... I... no! no! You shouldn't have...

Why did I dream that awful dream? What did it mean? I'll love her... no matter what she looks like...

Oh my God!

He's still masked...

Goins to bed with a mask on. It's ridiculous...

Th-thank God! I was only dreaming!

There was no difference. The face... the mask... they were the same...

Yaaaaaaaaa... a...

He glanced at the woman sleeping beside him. A cold shiver of fear rippled up his spine...

No matter what. She... she... oh... no!
She looked up at him with terror in her eyes. He clawed at the mask...

Don’t, Herbie! Don’t try to take it off! It’s time! It’s time!

He was a wild man now, his fingers digging in tugging, pulling...frightened by the dream. He had to know...

No, Herbie! I beg of you! You said it doesn’t matter. You said...

A final desperate, angry pull...

He held the soft wet covering in his hand, staring down at her. Her blood flooded out over the pillow. Her raw flesh quivered lividly. Her eyes glazed. Her sickly grinning mouth...how stripped of its flesh lips...crooked out the words as his stomach heaved...

I...sob...never...more...a mask...

Choke...

Watch it, Herbie. That’s Sue’s skin you have in your hand! Don’t fling it from you like that! One may lose face! Well, kids...that’s my contribution to the Crypt-keeper’s Mag for this time. I’ll see you next in my Mag, the Vault of Horror...but before I turn you back to C.K., some sound advice. Don’t try to remove a dame’s mask at dinner till you’re sure she’s wearing one, or you may be stuck with the cheek...
As he poised on the edge of the lake, Stan Albert chuckled aloud. This Mr. Karin was a real smart jock. He realized that a small expenditure can often bring fabulous returns if you're not wishy-washy about using methods that are slightly illegal. His offer to Stan was a good example of a shrewd operator skirting with ethics in order to win a potful of money. Stan tensed and his bronzed body arched in a neat dive; hardly a ripple signaled his entry into the water. With powerful strokes he slid quickly under the surface, to the spot where Karin and this dope Foster were fishing from their rowboats. All he had to do for the $500, Stanley reflected as he surged forward underwater, was detach the bait from Foster's fishing line, so that Karin could land a bigger catch. There was $5,000 riding on the contest . . . the man to bring in the larger fish would pocket as much as Stan ordinarily made in a year! Smart of Karin to offer half-a-grand just to make the bet less of a gamble for himself! The easiest dough Stan Albert had ever made!

In the greenish water Stan saw Foster's hook; with a powerful surge Stan slipped through the depths toward the object of his pact with Karin. 500 bucks, Stanley thought as he reached out and steadied Foster's bobbing line . . . just to help a man win a contest! A small fortune to make certain that the right man brought in a bigger fish than his opponent!

Carefully, his fingers moving with
great delicacy, Stan began to slide the bait free. This guy Foster was a chiseler, too, Stan grinned. His hook was bigger than had been agreed on; this was a battle between two unscrupulous operators. And he stood to profit from the contest!

Now the bait was almost off the hook, and Stan felt his chest tightening as his lungs clamored for fresh air. The bait was caught on the bent part of the hook and Stan gave a tug to wrench it free. Another 30 seconds was all he could endure without coming to the surface ... he'd have to throw discretion to the winds and pull the hook good and hard!

Suddenly the line became taut under his fingers and Stan felt the hook slithering free. With surprise he was aware of the glittering metal moving upward. Then a ripping sensation at his throat sent a spasm of pain stabbing through his body. The big hook had become cruelly imbedded in Stan's throat and was tearing the tender skin open with each passing second. Already the water was becoming discolored with the reddish fluid pouring from his gaping wound!

Stan felt himself growing faint as he struggled futilely to escape the torturous hook, and as the life drained swiftly from his writhing body he was dimly aware that he was being lifted laboriously toward the surface. All around him the water had become a swirling mass of blood ... his fingers were losing all feeling ... the taste in his mouth was hot, acid, gagging

In his last moment, before darkness closed in and blotted out Stan Albert's shuddering agony, he knew that Foster ... working frantically to pull in his line ... had caught himself a really big fish!
OKLOMIDCE
MIER-BARREL POLKA
A-ROUND THE CORONER
ANNIE GORY
SLAUGHTER BOY
I LOATHY YOU CROASLY
SLIME-NOUSE BLUES
THE TENNESSE VULANTS
SOMEBODY ROLLED MY PAL
HOW'RE YOU GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM (AFTER THEY'VE READ E.C.)
BETTY NO-HEAD
WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN, (HORROR, HORROR)
I GOT HER SON IN THE MORNING, (YUK BICARS THAT NIGHT?)
SEVERED HEADS AMONG THE GHOULS
WHO MUNCH ON THAT BODY IN THE COFFIN
(CHOKE, CHOKE)
THE ONE WITH THE PUTRIFIED VEIL!
WISH YOU WERE-WOLF
OLD CROAKS AT HOME
CHOKE ME, DRILL ME, SQUISH ME

And while in a musical vein, here are some BOP letters from some of ye fools

Dear Cryptsy,
Dig this, man! I think your comic books are real gone.
Fomisano
Newark, N.J.

I'd walk a mile for your mag. It's real cool!
Judy Albarado
Chicago Ill.

Man! That cro-a-a-ozy cool story, The Handler, by Ray Bradbury, is the last cool issue of *Tales From The Crypt.*" was real cool!
Hepster Jim Marion
Richmond N.Y.

P.B. Dig that cro-a-o-ozy undertaker!

We may oblige you sooner than you think, Danny

Dear C.K.
You have forgotten an important character in horror literature... the GHOUL. Won't you try to get a GHOULish story in your books?

Danny Simons
Ardmore, Pa.

In closing, the usual commercial announcements The third annual TALES OF TERROR, E.C.'s horror anthology, 128 pages of chills (?), sixteen complete scream stories not counting 4 tests reprints from 1952, is now available for $5.00, your name and your address! Subscriptions to any E.C. mag will cost you the unheard of price of $36.00 a dollar for six, half-damned issues (E.C. fan club? They're still contemplating!) Address where you read for all this drive. or where YOU send UB drive... be:
The Crypt-Keeper
Room 706, Dept. 39
223 Lafayette St
H.Y.C. 12, N.Y.
Ernie visited the doctor but never expected the last laugh.

Ernie shuffled uncomfortably on the leather chair in the doctor's waiting room. From time to time, the expression on his loose flabby featured face would change from one of anxiety to that of a cheerful grin, and he would chuckle silently or laugh out loud. When that happened, he would clutch his stomach and the grin would fade and the anxiety would return once more. He shook his head sadly after his most recent outburst of hilarity and looked up with relief as Doctor Falder entered.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting, Sir, but I've been having personal difficulties at home. Your call seemed urgent. What seems to be the trouble?"

"It's my stomach, Doc! I got pains! It hurts me... here... every time I laugh!"

Doctor Falder blipped out of his overcoat.

"All right! We'll take a look at you, if you'll step this way, Mr. Ceely. I'm afraid I didn't catch the name..."

"Ceely, Doc! Ernie Ceely! I'm new 'round these parts. Been in town about two weeks."

"The doctor led Mr. Ceely into his examination room and rolled up his sleeves..."

"Might as well give you a thorough going-over, Mr. Ceely, while I'm examining you, you can tell me about this pair you've been having..."

"Started last week. I musta strained myself or somethin'."
Ernie stood before the doctor, stripped to the waist... The examining room lights reflecting on his obese body. Doc Falder placed his stethoscope to his ears...

So you're a practical joker, eh, Mr. Ceely? What sort of practical jokes?

Aw, you know, Doc. Stuff like I call up a number, any old number—some night...

So the sucker goes, see, an' when they come back they say...

Yes, the street lamp outside my house is lit.

Well, be sure to put it out before you go to bed, huh, honey? Bye.

Ernie began to laugh uproariously...

They heh, they fall for it every time, Doc... Heh, heh, they... Ooooh! It hurts...

...And I say...

This is the Electric Company, madam. We're checking on the street lamps in your area. Would you kindly look and see if the street lamp outside your house is lit?

Of course, hold on, please...

The doctor slipped into his white lab coat...

Oh, I see! An' last week I nearly died laughin'. I pulled this gag, see and I figure I strained myself laughin' over it.

Doc Falder looked at Ernie quizzically as he dried his scrubbed hands...

So for yanks, Mr. Ceely? I don't understand.

Yanks, Doc! Laughs! Large charges! I get a bang out of jokes... Practical jokes...

They heh, they fall for it every time, Doc... Heh, heh, they... Ooooh! It hurts...

Breathe deeply and hold it.
The doctor moved the stethoscope about Ernie's chest, listening grimly...

All right, exhale. Go on, Mr. Ceely.

On I call up a candy store.

Rosie's Candy Store? Yes, sir

Ernie's getting cold.

Well, let 'em out, huh? His dinner's gettin' cold.

Ernie started to chuckle...

I get this idea, see? I notice that the kids in this Berg all play down by the railroad tracks. An' I notice that the Limited shoots through, doin' about seventy, every day at noon.

So last week, I buy me some hunks of horse-meat. Real cheap stuff big an' raw an' bloody. An' I buy me some kid's clothes. An' I stuff the meat in the kid's clothes and I go down to the tracks about noon and I lay the mess on the tracks near where some kids is playin'.
An I wait, and when the limited shoots by, I scream.

Hey! What was that?

Doc, you should have seen the faces on those kids! They took one look at the gory mess and they started runnin' in all directions.

Heh, heh, heh... Golly! Gee! Ma!

Doc, you should have seen the faces on those kids! They took one look at the gory mess and they started runnin' in all directions.

Doc, you should have seen the faces on those kids! They took one look at the gory mess and they started runnin' in all directions.

Doc, you should have seen the faces on those kids! They took one look at the gory mess and they started runnin' in all directions.

Doc, you should have seen the faces on those kids! They took one look at the gory mess and they started runnin' in all directions.

Doc, you should have seen the faces on those kids! They took one look at the gory mess and they started runnin' in all directions.

Doc, you should have seen the faces on those kids! They took one look at the gory mess and they started runnin' in all directions.

Doc, you should have seen the faces on those kids! They took one look at the gory mess and they started runnin' in all directions.

Doc, you should have seen the faces on those kids! They took one look at the gory mess and they started runnin' in all directions.
Ernie went out into the waiting room and sat down. He could hear Doctor Paddo moving equipment around behind the closed examination room door...

"Just relax, Mr. Ceely. I'll be ready for you shortly..."

One day the mother sent her two boys out to play. She told the eight-year-old to watch the three-year-old and keep him out of mischief. See that Stevey doesn't get himself dirty, Jeffrey.

But the eight-year-old wandered away... left the three-year-old... disregarded his mother's wishes... and the three-year-old got all muddy playing where he shouldn't have.

Oh, Stevey! Just look at you!

The eight-year-old went to play with his friends. He'd completely forgotten about his little three-year-old brother until he heard a blood-curdling scream.

EEEFFFFF

Hey, Stevey? What was that?
Jeffrey thought that the bloody remains lying upon the railroad tracks was his younger brother, Stevey! Fear clutched at his little eight-year-old heart, he started running home wildly, he never saw the truck...

The mother rushed out of her house when she heard her older son's shriek of pain and the squeal of the truck's brakes.

Jeffrey? My baby?

Doctor Falden's grip was like a vise of steel as he tied Ernie Ceely to the examination table...

You say you almost died laughing over your practical joke, Mr. Ceely? Well, now you will die laughing! Those capsules I gave you contained fish hooks...

Barbed little fish hooks.

Ernie stood, disrobed, before the doctor, staring at his wide flaming eyes...

You, yes, Mr. Ceely, that was my family's story. The eight-year-old died from being struck by the truck. The baby drowned. My wife dropped dead of a heart attack.

Doctor Falden rolled out the equipment he'd prepared and set it about the stripped reclining figure of screaming Ernie Ceely. Then the doc turned all of the equipment on, and the feathers tickled the soles of Ernie's feet and nudged his ribs and under his arms and behind his ears...

Die laughing, Ernie! Die laughing!

Hen hen no...Hen no...YAAAAAAAAHAAA!
NEE, NEE! AND NOW THAT YOUR APPETITES FOR HORROR HAVE BEEN SUFFICIENTLY PIQUED BY MY FELLOW SLIME-SLINGERS... G.K. AND Y.K., IT'S TIME FOR ME TO FEED YOU FOUL FARE. SO HOP INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR, FIENDS, AND YOUR HOSTESS IN HEAVEN, THE OLD WITCH, WILL SIGH OUT THE DELICIOUS DELVING INTO THE DELIRIOUS, CALLED...

**MOURNIN' MESS**

The cemetery lay silent beneath a cold moon that skipped in and out from behind dark clouds that raced along on a brisk November wind. Below, the muffled sound of digging echoed into the night. A man stood knee-deep in an excavation among the flat plainly-marked graves, anxiously sinking his spade in to the soft earth and tossing it onto a growing pile beside him. Every so often the man would stop his work, listen, and then hearing nothing, continue digging...

I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT THIS WHOLE SET-UP. RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNINGS I FELT IT. NOW I'M GOING TO FIND OUT... FOR SURE.

The man furiously spaded the black loam out of the ever-deepening hole... all the while mumbling to himself...

"THE GRATEFUL NOGUES' SOCIETY"! Hmph! It smelled funny from the start! An experienced reporter learns to sense these things. And I sensed it. That first day... at the press conference in the mayor's office.
I REMEMBER HOW OUR OLD MAYOR MERRICK STOOD BEFORE US AND WHEEZED OUT HIS ANNOUNCEMENT, 'GENTLEMEN, OUR FAIR CITY HAS LONG HAD THE PROBLEM OF DISPOSING OF ITS DERELICTS AND HOMELESS ONES WHO PASS AWAY WITH NO FRIENDS OR RELATIVES TO PROPERLY BURY THEM...

HEREFORE, THESE WRETCHED UNFORTUNATES HAVE BEEN LAID TO REST BY OUR CITY IN POTTER'S FIELDS MAINTAINED BY YOUR TAXES. NOW, THIS SAD RESPONSIBILITY HAS BEEN TAKEN OUT OF YOUR CITY'S HANDS. GENTLEMEN...

...MAY I PRESENT FELIX J. COPEHARD, REPRESENTATIVE OF 'THE GRATEFUL HOBOES SOCIETY,' WHO WILL TELL YOU OF THE WONDERFUL OFFER HIS ORGANIZATION HAS MADE. THE OFFER I HAVE GRACIOUSLY ACCEPTED?' MR. COPEHARD...

'REMEMBER SHifty-EYED MR. COPEHARD... SMILING... SOFT-SPOKEN...

GENTLEMEN, 'THE GRATEFUL HOBOES, OUTCASTS, AND UNWANTEDS' LAYAWAY SOCIETY' FOR SHORT... WAS FORMED BY A GROUP OF SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN WHO FELT THAT THEY OWED A DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO THIS FAIR CITY...

ALL THE MEMBERS OF THIS ORGANIZATION CAME TO THIS CITY AS DOWN-AND-OUTERS, ORFIETERS, DERELICTS, OR JUST PLAIN BUMS. BUT HERE, THEY FOUND OPPORTUNITY. HERE, THEY FOUND FINANCIAL SUCCESS, AND SO... IN GRATITUDE... THEY HAVE BANDED TOGETHER TO AID AND ENDOW OTHERS LESS FORTUNATE THAN THEMSELVES. OTHER DRIFTERS AND UNWANTEDS, THEY HAVE PURCHASED A SMALL PARCEL OF LAND IN ONE OF OUR CITY'S SUBURBS, LANDSCAPED IT... AND HAVE TURNED IT INTO A CEMETERY...

...A BEAUTIFUL CEMETERY... WHERE THE POOR OUTCASTS WHO HAVE NOT BEEN AS FORTUNATE AS THEY MAY BE LAY TO FINAL REST IN DIGNITY WHEN THEY PASS FROM OUR MORTAL WORLD...

'THE GRATEFUL HOBOES... WHO PREFER TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS... HAVE CREATED AN ENDOWMENT FUND THROUGH MUTUAL CONTRIBUTIONS, WITH WHICH ALL FUNERAL AND CEMETERY UKEEP EXPENSES WILL BE MET. NO LONGER WILL YOUR TAXES BE NEEDED FOR THIS PURPOSE. NO LONGER WILL SHODDY POTTER'S FIELDS MAR THE BEAUTY OF OUR FAIR CITY'S SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE. NO LONGER WILL...
'Yes it smelled funny all right. I remember listening to Mr. Cope hard and have on, expounding upon the wonderful group of philanthropists he represented, and I remember finally asking: 'My question, Mr. Cope, I have been wondering why should a group of rich men suddenly become concerned about some derelicts' funerals?'

'Sure, Chief! Hey, did you bat the thousandth derelict?'

'Swell, Chief! What's up?'

'Sure, Chief! Hey, did you bat the thousandth derelict?'

'And I remember in the years that followed, returning from time to time and seeing the rolling lawns with the simple grave markers...'

'But after a while the work of the Grateful Hoboes' Society became stale news and I turned to other things. Then, this morning, my editor called me in. Sweeney, you covered the opening of the Grateful Hoboes' Society's cemetery for outcasts and unwanted, didn't you?'

'Yeah, Chief! What's up?'

'Well, according to the Obit Department they're burying the thousandth derelict today. Take a run out and cover it for us, huh? It ought to be worth a paragraph or two.'

'I only work here, mister. The society says this is the modern way a cemetery should look. So I do like they say...'

'How come no grave mounds?'

'Huh? It almost pays to die penniless.'

'A nice place, Sweeney.'

'Yeah, beautiful!'

'And I remember in the years that followed, returning from time to time and seeing the rolling lawns with the simple grave markers...'

'I remember attending that first funeral, and seeing the Grateful Hoboes' Society's cemetery for the first time...'

'Yes... they were all once bums themselves. You explained that. But why wait until these derelicts die before helping them? Couldn't the money be put to better use by rehabilitating them while they are alive?'

'Yes... it smelled funny all right. I remember listening to Mr. Cope hard and have on, expounding upon the wonderful group of philanthropists he represented, and I remember finally asking: 'My question, Mr. Cope, I have been wondering why should a group of rich men suddenly become concerned about some derelicts' funerals?'
WHY COULDN'T IT?

WHY COULDN'T IT? IT'S BEEN ALMOST SEVEN YEARS. THIS IS A BIG CITY. WE GOT A LOT OF BUMS...

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, CHIEF, I'LL SEE YOU LATER.

'SO I DROVE OUT HERE THIS MORNING... SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

I'M SWEENEY, FROM THE GLOBE. COME OUT TO COVER THE FUNERAL TODAY...

ON! I SEE WELL, THE GRAVEDIGGERS ARE OVER THERE NOW, PREPARING THE GRAVE.

I'LL JUST MOSEY OVER AND WATCH, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

'I WATCHED THEM DIG THE SIX FOOT HOLE... OKAY? THAT'S IT! JUST IN TIME TOO. HERE THEY COME!

'I WATCHED THE WHOLE CEREMONY. A FEW DERELICT FRIENDS OF THE DEPARTED ONE HAD COME ALONG TO PAY THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO THEIR FELLOW.' LOWER THE COFFIN...

HE WASH A SWELL FELLER. SCHNIPP

AFTER THE CEREMONY, THE GRAVEDIGGERS RETURNED AND SHOVELLED THE DIRT BACK INTO THE HOLE AND MOUNDED IT UP NEATLY...

THERE THAT'LL DO. C'MON! HMM...
I started pacing. I paced along the gate on the west side of the cemetery. Then I paced along the gate on the north side.

I'm right. I know I'm right.

I started scratching away on my memo-pad... figuring just what I thought! There isn't enough area in that cemetery for a thousand graves!

There was something fishy about this set-up. I knew it. I took a last look at the single mound amid the greenery. They must be stackin' them one above the other... unless.

And drove to the nearest shopping section. I stopped at a hardware store.

I'd like to buy a spade.

I drove back to the cemetery and hid my car. I scaled the fence, picked a hiding place, and waited... watching it grow dark.

I'll find out. I'll find out what this is all about!

And then, something happened. Something weird and frightening. The mound... the single grave-mound... sunk down into the earth... sunk down until it was level with the surrounding grass... Good Lord.

After the gravediggers left, I stood a while looking out over the rolling lawns with the simple markers and the new fresh grave-mound jutting out like a sore thumb.

That's strange! Very strange...
The cemetery lay silent beneath a cold moon. The muffled sound of digging echoed into the night. The man mumbled to himself as he dug furiously...

The sound of metal striking metal reverberated in the deep hole the man had dug. He looked around, confused...

Metal?! That's funny! The coffin was wood! And, hey! I'm a good six feet down. I should have hit the coffin long ago! This isn't the coffin...

The man cleared the soil away from the metal floor of the grave...

The coffin is gone! This... this is a door... a door that opens downward!

The man stood up in the grave. He stared at the old house nearby, beyond the cemetery gates. There were lights on inside it, shining through shaded windows...

Now I get it! Now I get it! The grateful hoboes...

Suddenly the metal floor beneath the man's feet collapsed and he plummeted downward...

Good evening, Mr. Sweeney. I thought I heard you knocking.

Mister Copenhaver. It is too bad that you discovered our little secret, Mr. Sweeney.

This is how you can bury a thousand bodies in a cemetery that couldn't hold six hundred...
EXACTLY, MR. SWEENEY. AND NOW, IF YOU WILL
LEAD THE WAY... MINING THIS GUN I
HAVE HERE... I WILL
SHOW YOU OUR
INTRICATE UNDER-
GROUND NETWORK

BUT WHY?
WHY
ALL
THIS?

AS A MATTER
OF FACT, MR.
SWEENEY, WE
GOT THE IDEA
FROM A COMIC
MAGAZINE! ER...
NOTICE THAT THERE
IS A STEEL TRAP
DOOR BENEATH
EACH GRAVE
LOCATION. ALL
THIS ELIMINATES
DIGGING, YOU SEE!

THAT'S WHY
THE MOUND
SUNK DOWN?
ER... YOU SAY
YOU GOT THE
IDEA FROM A
COMIC
MAGAZINE?

YES A HORROR
MAGAZINE "TALES
FROM THE CRYPT,
I BELIEVE. IN IT
WAS A STORY CALLED
"MIDNIGHT MESS!"
UP THOSE STAIRS,
PLEASE

"MIDNIGHT
MESS"? WHAT WAS IT
ABOUT?

IT WAS ABOUT AN ORGANIZATION OF
VAMPIRES WHO ESTABLISHED A
RESTAURANT WHERE THEY COULD
GET THE BLOOD THEY NEEDED!
THROUGH THAT DOOR PLEASE...

THE GRATEFUL
HOBES? VAMPIRES?

OH, NO, MR. SWEENEY WE MERELY
APPLIED THE STORY TO OUR
OWN NEEDS. ALL WE DID WAS
BUY THIS HOUSE AND IN
THERE PLEASE...

GOOD LORD!

IT WAS ABOUT AN ORGANIZATION OF
VAMPIRES WHO ESTABLISHED A
RESTAURANT WHERE THEY COULD
GET THE BLOOD THEY NEEDED!
THROUGH THAT DOOR PLEASE...

MEET THE "GRATEFUL HOBES, OUTCASTS
AND UNWANTEDS" LAYAWAY SOCIETY, MR.
SWEENEY. WE ARE WHAT OUR
INITIALS STAND FOR.

GHOULS

There were twenty or thirty of them... sitting about the huge
banquet table... patting their mouths with their napkins...

"RAH, REE, REE!" SIB, BOOM,
BEAN! STICK 'IM IN THE ASH
CAN! HIS BONES ARE PICKED
CLEAN! "HEE, HEE! THAT'S THE
 организаций CHEER, CREEPS!
NO CHOKING!" AND NOW, IT'S TIME
TO PUT OUT THE FIRE UNDER MY
GRUDDY CAULDRON AND CLOSE
THE DOOR TO MY REEKING
RESTAURANT FOR TASTY
TEROR TIB-
BITs. WE'LL
ALL SEE YOU
NEXT IN THE
VAULT OF
HORROR. TILL
THEN, GET YOUR
DIME'S WORTH!
READ THIS WHOLE
RAG OVER AGAIN!
I DARE YOU!
10 Scarce Stamps—All Different—Sent Free

MAIL COUPON AT ONCE. We'll send you this fascinating set of 10 Hitler Stamps. Different sizes, colors, values. NO COST TO YOU.

These valuable stamps were issued by the short-lived nation of Bohemia-Moravia. They are much sought after. Now they are becoming SCARCE. And since the nation is no longer in existence—no new issues can be minted. Our supply is limited. So, don't ask for more than one set.

FREE 32-Page Book
In addition to the FREE Hitler Stamps, we'll also include other interesting offers for your inspection—PLUS a FREE copy of our helpful, informative book, "How To Collect Postage Stamps." It contains fascinating and true stories such as the one about the 1¢ stamp (which a schoolboy gladly sold for $1.50) and which was later bought for FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

This Free Book also contains expert advice on collecting: shows how to get started; where and how to find rare stamps; how to tell their real value; how to mount them; trade them; how to start a stamp club; exciting stamp games, etc. It has pictures galore! Full pages of pictures showing odd stamps depicting native men and women from faraway lands; ferocious beasts, etc.

MAIL COUPON NOW
Be the first in your neighborhood to have this valuable set of Hitler Stamps. Your friends will envy you for it and want to buy the set from you. It will become one of the most prized sets of any stamp collection. But you must hurry if you want to get the 10 Hitler Stamps FREE. This special offer may have to be withdrawn soon. If coupon has already been used, write direct to: Littleton Stamp Co., Dept. 7-EC, Littleton, New Hampshire. (Enclose 10¢ to help cover postage and handling.)

Also FREE

Supply Limited
Mail Coupon At Once!

LITTLETON STAMP CO.,
DEPT. 7-EC, LITTLETON, N. H.
Send—AT NO COST TO ME—the valuable set of 10 Hitler stamps and the informative booklet, "How To Collect Postage Stamps." I enclose 10¢ to help cover postage and handling.

Name
Address
City State
AT LAST! A CHROME RESTORER THAT WORKS!

TURN THIS INTO THIS

Amazing new 2-way chrome protector wipes away rust — pits — corrosion — in just 2 minutes! Stops rust from forming! Keeps chrome mirror-bright!

Now keep your bumpers, grillwork, window-frames, all chrome on your car sparkling bright as the day you bought it! Keep it rust-free for life! No matter how badly pitted or scarred, this sensational new 2-Way Chrome Protector wipes it Mirror-Bright, prevents new rust and corrosion from forming!

ONE APPLICATION LASTS ENTIRE SEASON — gives you safe, fool-proof protection against vicious biting erosions of SALT AIR—SUN—RAIN—SLEET— etc. 101 USES — for fishing reels, boat trims, bicycles, sporting equipment, etc. Household appliances, farm equipment, toys, any chromed object, etc.

Complete Chrome Protector Kit contains:
1—Battle of RUST REMOVER chemical with special applicator. Enough to remove all rust from car.
2—Can of PROTECTOR chrome rust preventer and applicator. Enough for years of safe protection.

RESULTS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK!

Enclose $2, check or money order with name and address. C.O.D. orders plus postal charges. Get Your Chrome Kit Now!

H. SEARS INDUSTRIES, INC., Dept. EC-7
400 Madison Ave. * New York 17, N. Y.

H. SEARS INDUSTRIES, Inc. Dept. EC-7
400 Madison Ave.
New York 17, N.Y.

Please send me ( ) CHROME KITS at $2.00 each. It is understood that you guarantee excellent results or I may return package within 10 days for a refund of my purchase price.

Name
Address
City Zone State

( ) Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus postage and handling charges. (You save approximately 57c by enclosing $2.00 in cash, check or money order.)
Build a Fine Business... Full or Spare Time! We Start You FREE—Don't Invest One Cent!

MAKE BIG MONEY
WITH EASY-SELLING WARM
MASON LEATHER JACKETS

Rush Coupon for FREE Selling Outfit!
NOW IT'S EASY to make BIG MONEY in a profit-making part-time business! As our ready is your community you feature Mason's fast-selling Horshide, Capeskin, Suede and other fine leather jackets — nationally known for smart styling, rugged wear, wonderful warmth. Start by selling to friends and fellow workers. Think of all the outdoor workers around your own home who will be delighted to buy these fine jackets direct from you — truck drivers, service men, car drivers, postmen, gas station, construction, and railroad men — hundreds right in your own community! You'll be amazed how quickly business grows. And no wonder! — You offer these special jackets at low money-saving prices people can afford! Our top-notch men find it's easy to make up to $10.00 a day EXTRA income!

BE THE FIRST TO SELL THE WARMEST, CHEAPEST LEATHER JACKETS! Salesmen report 100% satisfied with Mason's Capeskin, Horshide and Sheepskin jackets, all made to sell fast!

SHOE AND LEATHER JACKET ARE BOTH LIVED WITH WARM SHEEPSKIN!

These Special Features Help You Make Money From First Hour!

- Men really go for these warm Mason jackets of long-lasting, non-shrinking Horshide leather. The Capeskin leather is soft and luxurious. You can expect to sell these jackets to men who work outdoors, putting the cold and wetness to the test. The jackets are designed to withstand the elements, making them a perfect choice for outdoor workers.
- Satin-faced twill jackets, men's raincoats, too! And just look at the extra features that make Mason jackets so easy to sell:
  - Warm, cozy lining of real sheepskin — natural, warm protection against cold!
  - Quilted and rayon linings!
  - Laskin lamb waterproof, non-wetting forathers!
  - Knitted wristlets!
  - Especially-treated leathers that do not wrinkle or peel!
  - Zipper fronts!
  - Extra-large pockets!
  - Variety of colors for every taste—brown, black, green, gray, tan, blue!

Send for FREE SELLING OUTFIT Today! Mail the coupon today — it's easy to sell Mason jackets! This powerful Free Jacket and Selling Outfit includes 10 sample Mason jackets, Air-Conditioned Shirts, and EVERYTHING sold to help you make a quick BIG MONEY repeat order business, on hundreds of others who have done with Mason.

SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT!

Mr. Ned Ames, Dept. MA-175
MASON, SHOE MFG. COMPANY
Chepewa Falls, Wisconsin

You're going to start your own extra-income business! Fill in rush FREE and postpaid copy of Popular Selling Outfit — featuring extra-selling Mason Jackets, Air-Conditioned Shirts, and other best-selling specialties — so you can start making BIG MONEY right away!

Name:

Address:

Age:

Town: State: