FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE:

E.C.'S ADAPTATION OF A STORY BY
RAY BRADBURY
AMERICA'S TOP HORROR WRITER!
HEN, HEN! WELL, IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER TERRIFYING TALE FROM MY COLLECTION HERE IN THE DARK AND DIMAL VAULT OF HORROR... AND, AS ALWAYS, I'VE SELECTED A REAL GINGER-Peachy ONE FOR YOUR FieIdish PLEASURES! DO YOU BELIEVE IN HAUNTED HOUSES? EVER WONDER WHY OR HOW THEY GET THAT WAY? WELL, IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO BECOME TOO FRIGHTENED, I'LL TELL YOU! HERE IT IS. THE TALE CALLED... THE "MAUSOLEUM!"

The wind howled across the bleak English moors, whipping the man's coat-tails, lashing the rocky countryside with stinging fury! An eternal mist clung to the ground, and fire spray saturated the air with excessive moisture! From beyond the jagged cliffs he could hear the booming surf, and he watched the monotonous scaring of the hawks high above! He was definitely pleased.
The man smiled broadly and walked briskly along the road until he arrived at the door to the castle. He knocked.

"Yes? How do you do? My name is Martin Howard Martin. I'd like to speak to the owner of this castle?

I own this castle! Rame is Weatherby!

Just the man I want to see! May I come in?

Their steps echoed again and again from the stone corridor walls as the doddering Mr. Weatherby led the way to the library...

This... This place is magnificent! Thank you, sir. It has quite a history! Please sit down.

Mr. Weatherby, I came here from the United States to find a castle just like this one! I want to buy it, and you can set the price!

I'm flattered, Mr. Martin! That is, indeed, a fine offer!

I've always wanted to live in a place like this! It... It fascinates me! I'm going to have every bit of it transported to the States and rebuild it just...

But, Mr. Martin! I'm afraid the castle is not for sale!

Eh? But why not? I said I'd pay anything you ask! I want this castle! Price is no object! Just rape it! I'm very wealthy!

Mr. Martin, this castle has been in our family for centuries! I'd never sell it!

Now, don't be hasty! Think it over! Here's my card! If...

I'm sorry, Mr. Martin! The decision stands! This castle is not for sale! Good-day!
WELL, MR. WEATHERBY, YOU HAVE MY CARD! I EXPECT TO REMAIN IN LONDON FOR A FEW MORE WEEKS, SO...

GOOD-DAY, MR. MARTIN!

UNCLE! HAVE YOU GONE MAD? A CHANCE LIKE THAT ONLY COMES ONCE IN A LIFETIME!

NEPHEW, MIND YOUR MANNERS! WHILE I'M HEAD OF THIS HOUSE, THE CASTLE SHALL STAY INTACT!

BUT YOU KNOW WE CAN'T PAY THE TAXES? WE'RE BROKE! YOU MUST SELL THE CASTLE!

NEPHEW, PLEASE! THE CASTLE WILL NOT BE SOLD!

I WON'T LET YOU DO IT! YOU'LL DIE SOON... AND ALL THE DEBTS WILL BE ON MY SHOULDERS! WHAT ABOUT ME? WHAT ABOUT ME??

I'M NOT GOING TO LET IN THIS CREEPY PLACE! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GET OUT FROM UNDER, AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SPOIL IT!

NEPHEW! PLEASE! WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH...


AH! HERE IT IS! HOWARD MARTIN DORCHESTER HOTEL, LONDON!
Quickly, he closed the coffin-lid and left the mausoleum! He made certain the door was locked. Then entered the castle and cleaned away the accusing blood!

There! I'll put this thing back where I got it, and then...

He, he, he, he! Guess you could say old Mr. Weatherby had a split-personality! Anyway, the nephew took one of his uncle's hats, and tossed it into a quicksand bog, a short way from the castle! Then he raced to the police station in the village...

Naturally, there was an investigation! They tried snappling for the body, but they never found it! They only found the uncle's hat...

Sorry, Mr. Weatherby, but it's hopeless! We have to give it up!

But you could say old Mr. Weatherby had a split-personality! Anyway, the nephew took one of his uncle's hats, and tossed it into a quicksand bog, a short way from the castle! Then he raced to the police station in the village...

Try to calm yourself, Mr. Weatherby! Tell us just what happened!

It's horrible! My uncle and I were out walking... through the woods! Then suddenly, he tripped and fell from the path... into the quicksand! He's gone!

No body... no murder! The inquest was brief...

... and in view of the evidence, or lack of it, we declare Connelius Weatherby legally dead and hereby state that the cause of his death was accidental due to...
Immediately following the verdict, the nephew went directly to the Dorchester Hotel...

Mr. Martin, I am Nathan Weatherby. My uncle said you were interested in purchasing our castle, and...

They talked for a long time, but finally... then it's settled! The entire castle is yours for $100,000 American money! But remember... not the Mausoleum! That must not be touched! Precisely! I'll make out a check right now! Oh, by the way...

Back in England, Nathan Weatherby, as well to-do, happened to meet an old acquaintance...

Aye, Nathan! There's weird doings at the old castle grounds! It's good ye sold it when ye did!

Weird doings at the castle? What do ye mean?

The, ah, castle... it is haunted, isn't it? I mean, after all... old English castles are supposed to be...

Haunted? Of course! Definitely. Mr. Martin! Why, I guarantee it! Sign the check, please!

And so, the castle was torn down stone by stone, shipped to America, and there, stone by stone, it was rebuilt...

Mr. Martin, I am Nathan Weatherby. My uncle said you were interested in purchasing our castle, and...

The, ah, castle... it is haunted, isn't it? I mean, after all... old English castles are supposed to be...

Haunted? Of course! Definitely. Mr. Martin! Why, I guarantee it! Sign the check, please!

And so, the castle was torn down stone by stone, shipped to America, and there, stone by stone, it was rebuilt...

Back in England, Nathan Weatherby, as well to-do, happened to meet an old acquaintance...

Aye, Nathan! There's weird doings at the old castle grounds! It's good ye sold it when ye did!

Weird doings at the castle? What do ye mean?

That night, Nathan stealthily visited the site of the old castle? The wind shrieked in his ears, and the mist-filled air chilled him to the bone! He looked around searchingly...

Good Lord! The... the Mausoleum! It's gone!

No one dares go near since ye left! Every night, they tell of the wails and awful moaning sounds that come from the Mausoleum!

What? The Mausoleum? Good heavens! I'd better investigate!

No one dares go near since ye left! Every night, they tell of the wails and awful moaning sounds that come from the Mausoleum!

What? The Mausoleum? Good heavens! I'd better investigate!

That night, Nathan stealthily visited the site of the old castle? The wind shrieked in his ears, and the mist-filled air chilled him to the bone! He looked around searchingly...

Good Lord! The... the Mausoleum! It's gone!

No one dares go near since ye left! Every night, they tell of the wails and awful moaning sounds that come from the Mausoleum!

What? The Mausoleum? Good heavens! I'd better investigate!
Curious, he slipped on a robe and peered out his window. It sounds like it's coming from the sander! 

He watched in awe for untold hours as the small building gradually took shape into the small hours of morning they worked...efficiently...silently! Mr. Martin remained aware as long as he could, but finally he fell asleep by the window.

Their bodies were rotted and decayed! Some were nothing more than skeletons and chunks of skin seemed to fall from their frames as they worked...yet each was exceptionally strong for they carried the stone blocks with ease! I...I can't believe it! It's...it's so horrible, but...fascinating! The castle really is haunted!

He awoke with a start! The warm sun streamed into the room and the twittering of birds met his ears! The garden was silent and deserted! But the completed mausoleum stood...mute testimony to the event he had witnessed! 

I...I thought I had been dreaming! But it was true! It was true!
Hurriedly, he made for the garden! The mausoleum still remained...ominous...forboding...it's real! it's real! how wonderful!

He examined the small building carefully! front and rear...and all around the general area...

Confound it! Not a trace of those...those things! even the door's locked...wonder if they're inside??

Blast it! why did I have to fall asleep when I did? I missed the best part!

...only one thing to do! I'll watch again tonight! maybe I'll see them once more!

But Mr. Martin wasn't the only one interested in the mausoleum! that night, Nathan Weatherby scaled the wall surrounding the estate...

There's the castle! the mausoleum should be right behind it!

And in his window, Mr. Martin watched...

...nothing happened yet? Good thing I slept all day! I won't miss anything tonight!

Ah! What's that?

Unaware that he was being watched, Nathan furtively sneaked across the lawn to the mausoleum. As he confronted it, he stopped, his eyes bulging from their sockets in horror.

The...the door! it's...it's opening!
Transfixing terror, he could not evade the clutching, withered arm that extended from the inky slackness and snatched him inside...

Immediately, the iron door slammed shut! Mr. Martin was incredulous, yet extremely pleased.

Hang it all! I should have brought binoculars! I wasn't able to tell if that person was alive... on just one of those creatures?

Good heavens! Those awful screams! It's amazing! I wonder what they could be doing!

Inside the depths of the mausoleum, Nathan was being thrust into an ornate coffin! A half dozen corpses forced and pushed him into the gaping box, brushing aside his frantic tries to free himself...

No! No! Stop! You can't do this to me! Stop!

Ghinnins, gnawed faces leaned down on him! Pieces of decayed flesh and chunks of maggot-infested bone came off in his hands as he struggled mightily! But he fought in vain! The lid closed over him and hammers nailed a rhythm to his death cries!

Mr. Martin is extremely satisfied with his purchase! It truly is a haunted castle! So proud is he, that every night he invites guests to listen to the agonized wails that emanate from inside the mausoleum!

Nen, nen! Nothing like a happy ending! Isn't it sad that Nathan and his uncle had that split-up? But that's life! Or is it death? Anyway, I bet Nathan would like to blow his coffin lid, that is! Nen, nen! Well, time to go! The Crypt Keeper is chomping at the bit, dying to tell you his story! See you soon!
Heh, heh! And now it's my turn to entertain you! So, come in! Come in to the Crypt of Terror! Once again, your Crypt-Keeper has chosen a story adapted from a tale by that master of horror and fantasy, Ray Bradbury! This Chiller is one of my favorites! It's called...

Let's Play Poison!

Michael screamed. Recess was over and Mr. Howard, the teacher, was still absent from the filling room. The sixteen boys and girls crowed about Michael...

We hate you!
The sixteen boys and girls, bumping and clustering and breathing, raised a window. It was three flights down to the sidewalk. Michael flailed...

We hate you!

They took hold of Michael and pushed him out the window. Mr. Howard, their teacher, came into the room, shouting...

Wait a minute!

Nothing was done about it. The police shrugged eloquently. These children were eight or nine. They didn't understand what they were doing, so...

It...It's my resignation, but sir, I'll...I'll never teach again!

Michael fell three flights...

Mr. Howard gave no answer. He remained silent and a terrible light filled his eyes. And later he remarked...

If I told them the truth, they would think me quite insane.

Mr. Howard packed his things and went to live in a small nearby town for seven years on an income managed from writing poetry. He never married. The few women he approached always desired a big family! I love big families! Don't you? Children?? Good Lord!!
In the autumn of his seventh year of self-enforced retirement, a good friend of Mr. Howard's, a teacher, fell ill. For lack of a proper substitute, Mr. Howard was summoned and convinced that it was his duty to take over the classroom. Because he realized the appointment could last no longer than a few weeks, he arrived, unhappily. On that Monday morning in September, as Mr. Howard slowly paced the aisles of the classroom, he announced:

SOMETIMES... SOMETIMES I ACTUALLY BELIEVE THAT CHILDREN ARE INVADERS FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION!

Most of Mr. Howard's words ran unfamiliarly into the washed and unwashed ears of the children around him. But all stared at him as if hypnotized. You are another race entirely... your motives, your disobediences, you are not human... you are... children! Therefore, until such times as you are adults, you have no right to demand privileges or question your elders who know better...

Living in a world of fantasy... well, there'll be no fantasy here! You'll soon discover that a ruler on your hand is no dream, no faerie frill, no Peter Pan excitement...

A little girl raised her hand...

WHAT'D... NECROMANCY? WE'LL DISCERN THAT WHEN OUR TWO YOUNG FRIENDS, MASTER ARNOLD AND MASTER BOWERS, EXPLAIN THEIR WHISPERS! WELL, YOUNG MEN...

Donald Bowers arose...

WE DON'T LIKE YOU! THAT'S ALL WE SAID! I LIKE FRANKNESS AND TRUTH. THANK YOU FOR YOUR HONesty. BUT SIMULTANEOUSLY, I DO NOT TOLERATE FLIPPANT REBELLION. YOU'LL STAY AN HOUR AFTER SCHOOL AND WASH THE BOARDS.

He stopped, and his shiny dark eyes rapped from face to face of his small audience...

SOMETIMES... SOMETIMES I BELIEVE CHILDREN ARE LITTLE MONSTERS THREAT FROM HELL, BECAUSE THE DEVIL COULDN'T COPE WITH THEM AND I CERTAINLY REJOICE THAT EVERYTHING SHOULD BE DONE TO REFORM THEIR UNCLEAN, LITTLE MINDS.

Most of Mr. Howard's words ran unfamiliarly into the washed and unwashed ears of the children around him. But all stared at him as if hypnotized. You are another race entirely... your motives, your disobediences, you are not human... you are... children! Therefore, until such times as you are adults, you have no right to demand privileges or question your elders who know better...

Living in a world of fantasy... well, there'll be no fantasy here! You'll soon discover that a ruler on your hand is no dream, no faerie frill, no Peter Pan excitement...

A little girl raised her hand...

WHAT'D... NECROMANCY? WE'LL DISCERN THAT WHEN OUR TWO YOUNG FRIENDS, MASTER ARNOLD AND MASTER BOWERS, EXPLAIN THEIR WHISPERS! WELL, YOUNG MEN...

Donald Bowers arose...

WE DON'T LIKE YOU! THAT'S ALL WE SAID! I LIKE FRANKNESS AND TRUTH. THANK YOU FOR YOUR HONesty. BUT SIMULTANEOUSLY, I DO NOT TOLERATE FLIPPANT REBELLION. YOU'LL STAY AN HOUR AFTER SCHOOL AND WASH THE BOARDS.

He stopped, and his shiny dark eyes rapped from face to face of his small audience...
After school, walking home, with autumn leaves falling both before and after his passing, Mr. Howard caught up with four of his students. He rapped his cane sharply on the sidewalk. "Here! What are you children doing? Playing explain! What were you doing here? Poison! When I came up!"

"If you jump on a dead man's grave, then you're poisoned. Poisoned! Poisoned! Where did you get this dead man idea?"

"Dead men... graves..." "See? On this square, the names of the two dead men!"

"Ridiculous! Those are the names of the contractors who mixed and laid the cement sidewalk!"

"Edith and Clara both gasped wildly and turned accusing eyes to the two boys. You said they were grave-stones! Yeah! They are! Well, almost, anyway..."

"Deliberate lies! Falsifications of the highest calibre! There'll be no more of this... understand?"

"Mr. Howard swung off down the street. I hope a bird drops something right smack on his nose..."

"Come on, Clara. Let's play poison. It's been spoiled? I'm going home!"

"I'm poisoned! Look! I'm poisoned! C'annh..."

"Whenever we come to a dead man, we jump over him!"
SATURDAY MORNING, MR. HOWARD GLANCED OUT OF HIS FRONT WINDOW AND SWORE WHEN HE SAW ISABEL MAKING CHALK MARKS ON THE SIDEWALK AND THEN HOPPING ABOUT, MAKING A MONOTONOUS SING-SONG WITH HER VOICE.

RUSHING OUT, HE ALMOST FLUNched TO THE PAVEMENT IN HIS EMOTION. HE GRABBED HER AND SHOOK HER VIOLENTLY AND LET HER GO AND STOOD OVER HER AND THE CHALK MARKS.

I WAS ONLY PLAYING HOPSCOTCH!

I DON'T CARE! YOU CAN'T PLAY IT HERE! YOUNG WITCH...

BENDING, HE ERASED THE CHALK MARKS WITH HIS HANDKERCHIEF, Muttering...

PENTAGRAMS, RHYMES AND INCANTATIONS AND ALL LOOKING PERFECTLY INNOCENT. GOD, HOW INNOCENT! YOU LITTLE FIEND!

He made as if to strike her, but stopped.

Isabel ran off wailing...

Go ahead, you little fool! Run and tell your cohorts that you've failed. They will have to try some other way. They won't get around me, they won't. Oh, no...

Mr. Howard stalked back into the house and poured himself a stiff drink of brandy. The rest of the day he heard the children playing kick-the-can, hide-and-seek, over-annie-over, jacks, tops, miss... and the sound of the little monsters in every shrub and shadow would not let him rest...

Another week of this and I'll go starkstaring mad! God in heaven, why weren't we all born adults?

ANOTHER WEEK, THEN... AND THE HATRED GROWING BETWEEN HIM AND THE CHILDREN. THE HATE AND THE FEAR GROWING APACE...

But they won't touch me! They won't dare touch me! It's all very silly, anyway. And there's nothing to it. I'll soon be away from here, and... then I'll soon...

SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A WHITE SKULL AT THE WINDOW... GASP...
The days drew short, the nights came too soon. And then, they started working on the water-main outside Mr. Howard’s house.

Choo long! That’s all I needed...

Children love excavations, hiding places, pipes and conduits and trenches. They were ever asamble over and on and down in and up out of the holes where the new pipes were being laid. Mr. Howard had to continually chase them.

I told you to stay away from there! Now, go on. Go on home! Aaw...

It was eight o’clock of a Thursday evening. It had been a long week, with angry flares and accusations. But now it was finished, thank the Lord, and tomorrow, the work-men would shovel in the earth... into the deep water-main excavation... and they’d tamp it down and put in a new cement sidewalk...

...And those horrible little beasts will go away. Then... maybe...

There was a white skull at the window...

Good Lord!

There could be no doubt that a boy’s hand held the skull against the glass... tapping and moving it. There was a childish tittering from outside...

Hey, you!

Mr. Howard burst from the house. He exploded into the midst of the three running boys. He leaped after them, shouting and yelling...

The street was dank, but he saw the figures dart beyond and below him. He saw them sort of bound and could not remember the reason for this, until too late...
The Earth opened under him and he fell into the pit, his head taking a terrific blow from a laid water pipe.

The neighbor lady, with the eggs wrapped in a napkin knocked on Mr. Howard's door the next day for five minutes when she opened the door. Finally, and walked in, she found nothing but speckles of dust floating in the sunny air, as she said many times in the following years...

"Funniest thing? What ever happened to Mr. Howard?"

And adults being what they are, never observant, paid no attention to the children playing poison in the following autumns. Even when the children leaped over one particular square of cement, turned around, and glanced at the marks on it which read...

"Mr. Howard's"

Who's Mr. Howard, Billy?

Aw, I guess he's the guy who laid the cement.

What does R.I.P. mean?

Aw, who knows? You're poison! You stepped on it?

Bet along, children don't block mother's path! Get along!

New, new! Well, that's it, kiddies! That's Mr. Bradbury's Tale, the way he wrote it! Hope you liked it! Now, I'll turn you back to the vault-keeper! I'll have more Ray Bradbury Chillers in the future, so look for them!

"Bye, now!"
There was a fellow in the pressroom today. He said he was a friend of Brian Conrad, just thought he’d drop in on him. Well, I told the fellow that Conrad didn’t work on the Daily Chronicle anymore. He asked for more information about Conrad’s whereabouts or forwarding address. I told the fellow that Conrad had walked out of the pressroom and never bothered to come back. I knew he’d walked out of there, came here, on an assignment, and never bothered to come back. I knew I was on that assignment.

The paper has changed a lot since then. In fact, Conrad was responsible for building up its circulation with his sensational on-the-spot photos! Remember that picture of the bloody killing in Maloney’s Tavern? A taxi driver had his face blasted away with a shotgun by a fellow drunk. Seems they had argued over a fare. Well, Conrad stood on the bar, and snapped a “bomb-sight shot” of the whole mess on the floor.

Then there was the time the police pulled that blue and bloated ‘floater’ out of the river. The corpse’s features were all distorted by the expansion of gases formed by decomposition. There was a bullet-hole between its bulging eyes. The police crew’s gloves were so hot that they peeled off in the heat. The bullet-hole had enlarged to the size of a half-dollar. But nothing bothered Conrad! He didn’t care. He was just getting the job done.

I guess there’s a bit of inhuman streak in all of us that allows us to be exhilarated by a vicarious sacrifice. I’d see the men in the printing room turning the front page at every angle. I’d see the police crew’s gloves as they lifted the body out of the river.

Well, the fellow Conrad was responsible for building up the circulation with his sensational on-the-spot photos! Remember that picture of the bloody killing in Maloney’s Tavern? A taxi driver had his face blasted away with a shotgun by a fellow drunk. Seems they had argued over a fare. Well, Conrad stood on the bar, and snapped a “bomb-sight shot” of the whole mess on the floor.

Then there was the time the police pulled that blue and bloated ‘floater’ out of the river. The corpse’s features were all distorted by the expansion of gases formed by decomposition. There was a bullet-hole between its bulging eyes. The police crew’s gloves were so hot that they peeled off in the heat. The bullet-hole had enlarged to the size of a half-dollar. But nothing bothered Conrad! He didn’t care. He was just getting the job done.

I guess there’s a bit of inhuman streak in all of us that allows us to be exhilarated by a vicarious sacrifice. I’d see the men in the printing room turning the front page at every angle. I’d see the police crew’s gloves as they lifted the body out of the river.
into playing up this particular photo... real BIG!! Said it would give impetus to a new safety program for plants manufacturing explosives.

When Conrad wasn’t covering suicides, stabbings, murders, and crawling under wrecked trains, his attention was occupied by lovely Erica Williams, the society editor on the Chronicle. Most people said they made a strange pair, what with her latest fashions and social teas and his penchant for violence and sensationalism. It was like the mingling of her soap-and-water-goodness with developing fluid and formaldehyde.

The last time I saw Conrad, I was sipping hot coffee with him in the pressroom. We were alone and he was telling me the morbid details of all the deaths and disasters he had covered. He was grinning insidiously as he had one chill December morning when we watched a young medical student ease himself off the window ledge on the tenth floor of a mid-town hotel. The distraught youth had been despondent over flunking a physiology exam. As the boy’s falling body twisted through the air between the abandoned, lifeless ledge and the hotel marquee, the early morning blasts wrapped me in an icy despair. And just as the body rebounded off the marquee, Conrad’s omnipresent camera mercifully blinded me with its flashing bulb. Conrad would have been sorely disappointed if the boy had changed his mind.

Erica Williams entered the pressroom. I watched the crisp sweep of her black taffeta dress and the fluorescent lights shimmering off her matching jacket with its embroidered collar and cuffs. A little black velveteen cloche hugged her carefully arranged blonde hair. Conrad greeted her with a chuck under her chin. She smiled warmly. He almost seemed human... lor once. He walked Erica outside to where her convertible was parked. She was off to one of her social events. Conrad came inside again and we drank some more coffee... in silence. Then I got a tip from police headquarters... a bad head-on collision involving two cars on Main Street!

When Conrad and I arrived at the crash, spectators were pointing up at a telephone pole nearby. We pushed through the crowd instinctively, Conrad raised his camera, pointing it at a body that had been hurled there by the impact of the crash. The victim had been impaled beneath the chin by an iron climbing spike on the side of the pole.

Conrad lowered his camera. The victim’s hair was blonde... and a little black velvet cloche held it neatly in place!

---

When Conrad wasn’t covering suicides, stabbings, murders, and crawling under wrecked trains, his attention was occupied by lovely Erica Williams, the society editor on the Chronicle. Most people said they made a strange pair, what with her latest fashions and social teas and his penchant for violence and sensationalism. It was like the mingling of her soap-and-water-goodness with developing fluid and formaldehyde.

The last time I saw Conrad, I was sipping hot coffee with him in the pressroom. We were alone and he was telling me the morbid details of all the deaths and disasters he had covered. He was grinning insidiously as he had one chill December morning when we watched a young medical student ease himself off the window ledge on the tenth floor of a mid-town hotel. The distraught youth had been despondent over flunking a physiology exam. As the boy’s falling body twisted through the air between the abandoned, lifeless ledge and the hotel marquee, the early morning blasts wrapped me in an icy despair. And just as the body rebounded off the marquee, Conrad’s omnipresent camera mercifully blinded me with its flashing bulb. Conrad would have been sorely disappointed if the boy had changed his mind.

Erica Williams entered the pressroom. I watched the crisp sweep of her black taffeta dress and the fluorescent lights shimmering off her matching jacket with its embroidered collar and cuffs. A little black velveteen cloche hugged her carefully arranged blonde hair. Conrad greeted her with a chuck under her chin. She smiled warmly. He almost seemed human... lor once. He walked Erica outside to where her convertible was parked. She was off to one of her social events. Conrad came inside again and we drank some more coffee... in silence. Then I got a tip from police headquarters... a bad head-on collision involving two cars on Main Street!

When Conrad and I arrived at the crash, spectators were pointing up at a telephone pole nearby. We pushed through the crowd instinctively, Conrad raised his camera, pointing it at a body that had been hurled there by the impact of the crash. The victim had been impaled beneath the chin by an iron climbing spike on the side of the pole.

Conrad lowered his camera. The victim’s hair was blonde... and a little black velvet cloche held it neatly in place!
THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Not only did I get shafted out of 40% of my column for the annual "who-owns-what", this issue, but a late communique from the front-office informs me that my loyal scribes have requested (REQUESTED! That's a laugh! They're standing next to me with hatchets!) the rest of my column for a "grave discussion," or some such rot. So before I get my head split open, here they are:

Grumble... grumble!

Our eternal gratitude for your most gracious acquiescence, dear V. K. If we may wax serious, we'd like to bring to your attention of you readers a condition existing in the comic industry which you are probably not aware of. In the past, we have always tried to make you feel that you are all a personal part of the EC family. We have earnestly attempted to play things straight and honest with you, and have brought our problems to you when they arose. What we have now is a very serious problem. Every few years, the comic industry "collapses!" The last big collapse was early in 1950. Several publishers went out of business, most others dropped titles, changed titles, or temporarily suspended operations. At that time, we at EC completely revised our line, and started from scratch with our "new trend" comics. For the last three years, you readers have been good to us! We have prospered, grown, and now publish 19 bi-monthlies. We were highly successful in horror, science-fiction and then in war comics. Our success led to other publishers helping the stands with their horror, sci-fi, and war comics... loading the stands to an extent that in September 1952, there were over 500 different comic mags being published! An incredible total... an impossible total. Although more comic magazines are being sold today than ever before, the total sales cannot support 500 titles. So the inevitable happened! Last March, the comic industry began to collapse again under the weight of this impossible number of titles. At this writing (early October), the field is filled with rumors of publisher after publisher either going out of business or dropping titles! Money is being lost by the lots and virtualy everyone in comics. Why are our readers, with all this? Two reasons: first, to thank you! EC is a small outfit, an comic outfit so our capital reserve is relatively small IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE FAITHFUL ISSUE AFTER ISSUE BUYING HABIT OF YOU READERS, EC WOULD HAVE GONE DOWN THE DRAIN! For that... your loyalty and continued readership... we earnestly and sincerely thank you. As V. K. would put it, "We're all shook up!"

Secondly, we are telling you all this because we want to ask a favor. There are STILL over 500 titles on the stands, and will be for some months! It takes time to drop a title! Thus far, although we're losing money on some of our titles, EC is standing firm, and we are continuing to publish all 10 magazines! The favor? Simply this: KEEP BUYING EC MAGAZINES! Please don't misunderstand. We don't want a single reader to spend a single dime that he needs for anything important on an EC mag. But if you're planning to spend that dime on a comic mag, make it an EC! More than ever before, we need your business! We need you to stay in business!...'

Before closing, just a word about RAY BRADBURY, America's top horror and sci-fi writer. He, as most of us probably knew by now, has given EC permission to adapt some of his best stories. Mr. B's fascinating horror tale, 'LET'S PLAY POISON,' appears in this issue. Simplicity's favors to any EC mag may see your back FIVE issues... full year's supply... manila envelopes. Please keep writing... please let him simultaneously inspire us and keep us on our toes to give you the best...

Address for mail and/or subscriptions is:

The Vault-Keeper
Room 705, Dept. 29
225 Lafayette St.
N.Y. 12, N. Y.


1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:


2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) L. L. Pub. Co. Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and tri-weekly newspapers only.)

   (Signed) FRANK D. LEE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me the 5th day of September, 1955.

Ettore De Stefano, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1964.)
HER, HER! WELL, I SEE IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER IDIOTIC INFANTILE INSANITY. ANOTHER CHILDISH CHILLER... ANOTHER GHIMFY TALE! I'VE CHOSEN A DELIGHTFUL ONE FOR YOU THIS TIME... ONE THAT OUGHT TO TICKLE YOUR NISS! IT'S CALLED...

A Sock for Christmas

Once upon a time, long ago in a huge beautiful castle, there lived a king, his queen, and their only son, the royal prince. Since the young prince was their only son and heir to the throne, the royal couple spoiled the boy. Whatever Prince Tarby wanted, he received. Whatever he did was never wrong! As the king put it...

Tarby is the royal prince! He can do no wrong!

The young prince pushed me into the castle moat, your majesty! If he were my child, I'd whip him black and blue!

For that was his name... wanted, received! Whatev'en he did was never wrong! As she said...

...and their only son, the royal prince!
Well, he's not your child? He's the Royal Prince! The Royal Prince does not get whipped! Understand?

Y-yes, Your Majesty! Thank you your Majesty!

Hmph! The nerve of him... suggesting that I whip dear Tarby.

Well, Irving! Actually, the boy deserves a whipping! He ruined the Prime Minister's new outfit!

Too bad! If the Prime Minister is so anxious to whip someone, let him whip his own child... but it was Tarby who...

Zounds! Matilda! I've got it! I've got the answer to our problem! Come with me, Tarby!

Irving? Where are you going?

The king ordered his coach! Then, he and the young prince drove down from the castle into the peasant village far below...

The coach is stopping! Make way... make way...

It's the king... and the prince?

Yes! Very good! Very good! Where is your father or mother. You ragamuffin?

I am the boy's father, Your Majesty! What... what do you want with him?
The baker's son was taken to the castle, but when he arrived, he soon found out that there was more to it than just being spoiled Prince Tarby's companion. There was a catch...

...and from then on, ladies and gentlemen of the court, when Prince Tarby is bad, he is to be punished! But... you will not whip Prince Tarby! You will whip his companion here! You will whip Prince Tarby's whipping boy!

And so, the first whipping-boy came into being. The poor baker's son became Prince Tarby's whipping substitute! Anytime Tarby was bad, the whipping boy was punished.

Not only was the whipping-boy thrashed for Prince Tarby's misdoings? There were other substitutions...

What do you mean, you hate baths? You've got to take a bath! Now. Come on.

Just one moment, Royal Washer! Oh, whipping boy.
The whipping-boy was made to substitute for all of the prince's distasteful responsibilities.

Spinach is good for you! You must eat your spinach, Prince Tarby!

Yes, royal dietician! Pass me your plate...choke, Prince Tarby...

Do to school? I hate school! The royal whipping-boy will attend school for me, royal tutor, royal whipping-boy...

Summer passed, and fall came to the kingdom...And with it came...

If me.

Next morning, royal whipping-boy! Eight o'clock!

And so, the whipping-boy even had to go to school for Prince Tarby! There wasn't anything that Prince Tarby disliked that he had to do! The royal whipping-boy did them all...

But worst of all was when Prince Tarby was bad on purpose...just to see the whipping boy receive the whipping...

And...I hope...this...teaches...you...a...lesson...young man!

Your room is a disgrace, Prince Tarby! Toys all over! Clean it up!

But I haven't been bad! I...

Two to school? I hate school! The royal whipping-boy will attend school for me, royal tutor, royal whipping-boy...

Finally, winter drew near! The first snow blanketed the castle and the castle grounds...

It's almost Christmas time, Prince Tarby! Soon I will see my mother and father again...

And Santa Claus will come and fill my stocking and bring me presents!

...And Santa Claus will fill my stocking and bring me presents!

No, no! Listen to the whipping-boy! Don't you know that Santa Claus doesn't bring things to bad little boys?

No, you've been punished, haven't you? I've seen it! I've seen you whipped a dozen times or more a week! Only bad little boys get whipped! I don't get whipped! I'm good! Santa will visit me...not you!
Finally, on the day before Christmas, a coach brought the Baker's boy, the Whipping-Boy... down from the castle to the village far below... to the child's mother and father...

**My Baby! My Baby!**

**My Son! My Son! My Daddy! Soo, Soo**

I'll be back to pick him up tomorrow night.

So Dr., he'd told his mother and father all about the castle and why the King had brought him there...

**And so, if he's bad, I get whipped for him!** But that doesn't make me bad, does it, Father mother?

**Of course, not, my child!**

**The dirty...**

**Ther Santa Claus will fill my stocking... and he will bring me presents!**

**Well... of course, my son!**

**Why shouldn't he?**

Because, Prince Tarby said Santa wouldn't he said that bad little boys get whipped, and since I got whipped...

**Never you mind, my son!**

**I go... hang up a stocking...**

The biggest one you can find!

**And so, with tears of joy streaming down his little face, the Royal Whipping-Boy hung up a large threadbare stocking...**

**Herkimer! You know we have no money! How could we?**

**Hush, Susquehanna! The boy will hear you!**

Then he climbed into his bed and fell fast asleep... a faint smile on his tear-stained face...

**How could you promise the boy, Herkimer? You know we're broke? Now he'll expect Santa Claus to fill his stocking and give him presents!**

**The King should do it, Susquehanna! The King should do it!**

**After all, that boy's been through...**

**...he owes it to him. The King should fill Melvin's stocking, and I'm going to ask him to...**

**Herkimer, come back. He'll laugh at you! He'll laugh...**
The boy skipped and danced as he led his sleepy-eyed parents to the pile of gayly wrapped packages...

Indeed there was a present for the whipping-boy’s daddy! But it was not quite what he’d expected! The stocking, hanging over the dusty old fireplace, bulged strangely! It was red and sticky and a scarlet stream dripped from the hole in its toe to the worn hearth. . .

Look, Herkimer!

Good Lord!

Yes, Herkimer had wanted the king to fill Melvin’s stocking, so Santa had given him what he wanted.

But, the next morning...

He...he laughed at me, Susquehanna! Come to bed, Herkimer!

Daddy, Mommy! Wake up! Wake up! Santa was here!

Merry Christmas, Melvin! Since you were the prince’s whipping-boy, you deserve his presents! And there’s one for your daddy, too...just what he asked for! And it’s signed... ‘Santa Claus’!

Indeed, there was a present for the whipping-boy’s daddy! But it was not quite what he’d expected! The stocking, hanging over the dusty old fireplace, bulged strangely! It was red and sticky and a scarlet stream dripped from the hole in its toe to the worn hearth...

What does it say, Herkimer?

It says ‘Merry Christmas, Melvin!’ Since you were the prince’s whipping-boy, you deserve his presents! And there’s one for your daddy, too...just what he asked for! And it’s signed... ‘Santa Claus’!

Meh, meh! Yep, kiddies! Melvin’s stocking was filled by the king—piece by piece! Grim? That’s the idea of my little fairy tale! Now, when you get up on Christmas morning and look at what your stocking is filled with, don’t be surprised at what you find! I understand that Santa couldn’t quite use all he had, so you might get some left-over king! Oh, by the way! After that Christmas, everybody in the kingdom lived happily ever after! Cause that’s the way all fairy tales end, even grim ones! ‘Bye, now!’
HEE, HEE! GREETINGS, GHOULS! IT'S SNACK TIME IN THE HAUNT OF FEAR ONCE AGAIN! YOUR REEKING RECEIPE RUSTLER-UPPER, THE OLD WITCH, IS READY TO DISH OUT ANOTHER DELICIOUS DELIRIUM DELVING!

SO COME IN... CRAWL UP TO THE FIRE... TUCK YOUR GROOL-CUPS UNDER YOUR PLABBY CHINS... FASTEN YOUR SLURP-SHRUDS AROUND YOUR SCRAWNT NECKS... AND I'LL SERVE YOU THE SANITY-SHATTERING SPECIAL FOR TODAY CALLED...

**PICKLED PINTS!**

The grime-covered derelict stood on the litter-strewn sidewalk, staring with blood-shot eyes into the Bowery bar window! His nervous fingers were thrust deep into the pockets of his shabby pants, feeling hopefully for coins which he knew were not there. Behind him, a well-dressed man studied the seedy character, watching him lick his dried and cracked lips thirstily...

**How'd you like a drink, buddy?**

**Huh? Who? Me? You offerin' me a drink?**
The well-dressed man edged closer to the down-and-outer.

No! I'm not offering you a drink. I'm offering you a charge to make ten bucks so you can buy your own.

Ten minutes later, the Bowery derelict had climbed the rickety stairs of the ancient loft building and knocked on the scarred and battered door.

Ted, sir? What can I do for you?

I got this address... from... from some guy. He said I could make ten bucks here if... if.

Oh, a sleeping cot, another poorly-dressed, wide-faced Bowery character lay. Watching the tiny stream of red liquid pulse into the jar that stood on the table beside him.

Hello, Jack! I'm not going to make 'rushing to it!' Rushin' at all...

Finally, the alcohol-saturated character on the cot was finished. He got up and staggered toward the door.

Here's your ten dollars, sir! Now don't forget to eat a good meal and take it easy tonight.

Yesh. Yanksh...

Blood donor? Go to this address. Donate a pint of blood. And they'll pay you ten bucks. There's nothing to it.

A catch? It only takes a few minutes! All you have to do is become a blood-donor.

Or, yes of course you want to donate a pint of blood? I'll wait.
That night... in the shabby loft building office with the dirty cot...

Well, pal? How'd we do today?

Nineteen pints!

At thirty bucks a pint that's three hundred and eighty bucks profit! Heh, heh! Not bad, not bad.

One ninety apiece! I'll say it isn't bad for a day's work!

And I'm not complainin', Warren! I'd pay a private donor what I pay you! I'm not complainin'!

Meanwhile, on the Bowery. Word was spreading.

Ten bucks! Just like that! All you do is lay there... an' then you're finished. And they give you the dough... WHATSHAA NUMBER OF THE JOINT? Huh?

So what if you're makin' ten bucks a pint yourself, Herbie? The hospitals pay you forty bucks a pint! And it's easy! We do all the work!

And we're not breakin' any laws! If a bum wants to sell us some of his blood, he's got a perfect right to... and we've got a perfect right to buy it.

I'll pack the days take and you can bring it uptown!

Later... uptown... at a 'legitimate' blood-bank...

Boy, you guys certainly are cashin' in on those poor booze bloods down-town.

And we're not breakin' any laws! If a bum wants to sell us some of his blood, he's got a perfect right to... and we've got a perfect right to buy it.

I'm not complainin', Warren! I'd pay a private donor what I pay you! I'm not complainin'!
IT WAS LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM BABIES, THE WAY CAL AND WARREN COLLECTED PINTS OF BLOOD FROM THE POOR DRUNKARDS, ALCOHOLICS, DERELICTS, AND OTHER UNFORTUNATES WHO HUNG AROUND THE BOWERY (AND TO THE UNFORTUNATES, IT WAS EASY MONEY...ANOTHER WEEK OF EXISTING...ANOTHER BOTTLE OR TWO)

AND SO THEY STARTED TO COME BACK TIME AND AGAIN, WHenever THEIR TEN DOLLARS WOULD RUN OUT...TO GIVE ANOTHER PINT...TO BUY ANOTHER QUART...WARREN! THERE'S A BUM ON THERE WHO'S GIVEN THREE TIMES THIS MONTH ALREADY!!

WHO'S GONNA MISS HIM WHEN HE CROAKS, ANYWAY? HUH? GO AHEAD...TAKE IT FROM HIM!

SO WHAT?! IF HE WANTS TO KILL HIMSELF, IT AIN'T MY AFFAIR, IS IT? BESIDES...

THE MONEY ROLLED IN FOR WARREN AND CAL...HE'S OUT COLD! TAKE AN EXTRA PINT? HE'LL NEVER KNOW.

AND THEN ALL RIGHT, STAND BACK! STAND BACK! GIVE HIM AIR!

ISH TOMMY? WASH WRONG... WISH 'IM? THIS MAN IS DEAD!
Nee, hee' so tragedy finally struck! One of the poor unfortunates, who'd given too much of the precious fluid that flowed through his veins, had died! Now the Bowery derelicts were frightened! Cal and Warren's little office was empty.

How about it, buddy? Ten bucks not me, mister! I don't want to end up like Tommy! On a slab... in the morgue.

Cal and Warren became desperate. What'll we do, Warren? Nobody wants to give blood anymore! They're scared. Then we'll go out and get 'im, Cal! O'wone!

And so, Cal and Warren, under the cover of darkness, began to search the back alleys and empty lots around Skid Row.

Here comes one... now... higher than a kite! Quiet! Wait until he gets up to us... then.

They carried their shanghaied victim back to the loft building.

I don't like this, Warren. Stop your worrying, Cal. He won't remember if he came here under his own steam or not! After you're through taking his blood... slip a five spot in his pocket... then we'll ditch him.

Okay, but I still don't like it!
HEE, HEE! NICE GUYS! CAL AND WARREN, EH, KIDDIES? WHEN THE DOWN-AND-OUTERS WOULDN'T COME TO THEM, THEY WENT OUT AND GOT 'EM! OF COURSE, BUSINESS WASN'T AS GOOD AS IT WAS BEFORE... BUT IT WAS BETTER THAN NOTHING.

SIX PINTS?! IS THAT ALL? WHAT'S UP, WARREN? THE BUMS RUN OUT OF BLOOD?

JUST GIVE ME THE DOUGH, HERSHEY, AND FORGET THE CRACKS!

FINALLY, ONE EVENING... AS IT WAS GROWING DARK, ONLY ONE BUM CAME IN TODAY, WARREN!

C'MON! LET'S GO OUT AND SHANGHAI A FEW!

AND SO, IN THE GATHERING SHADOWS, WARREN AND CAL STARTED DOWN THE RICKETY STAIRS OF THE LOFT BUILDING...

HEY! LOOK! THAT DOOR IT'S OPEN!

I NEVER KNEW ANYBODY ELSE WAS IN THIS BUILDING! HELLO IN THERE.

WHAT'S THAT, WARREN? IN THAT BOX...

LOOKS LIKE A BUM! HE'S EITHER SLEEPING OR HE'S OUT COLCH.

NO ANSWER! ONLY THE PATTERN OF TINY FEET AS A GREY SHADOW SCURRIED ACROSS THE FLOOR

And so, in the gathering shadows, Warren and Cal started down the rickety stairs of the loft building.

Hey! Look! That door. It's open!

I never knew anybody else was in this building! Hello in there.

What's that, Warren? In that box...

Looks like a bum! He's either sleeping or he's out cold.

Hey, buddy! Hey! Wake up!

He's soused! C'mon! Give me a hand! We certainly didn't have to travel far for our first sucker of the evening!

They lifted the unconscious figure from the wooden box and carried him out of the loft and up the rickety stairs to their own office...

Ugh! This guy is heavy! He'll be good for three pints at least!
But they never noticed the thin layer of soil in the bottom of the box where their latest victim had been lying.

And just as the sun set beyond the palisades, as they put him down on the soiled cot...

I'll lock the door! You start setting up the equipment... Okay!

...He opened his eyes! His glowing red eyes...

Gasp! Huh? Matter! Good Lord!

He sprang from the cot... his lips drawn back... revealing white, razor-sharp fangs...

Warren... Oh, Lord... It's... Yaahaaaah!

...And the musty old loft building was filled with hysterical shrieks as the vampire attacked.

EEEFFFFAAAACCC!

When the police finally came to investigate the horrible screams that had emanated from the empty loft building, they found Warren and Cal... their eyes bulging in their blue faces.

Dead... Every drop of blood's been drained from their bodies!

Hee, Hee! So Warren and Cal, who'd been taking blood from the poor derelicts in Skid Row, ended up without any themselves! Of course, the police never found the vampire! After all, who believes in vampires, anyway? Hee, Hee! Do you? By the way... I've got a large wooden box here in the 'haunt!' I'd... er... like to get rid of it! Got an address you'd like it shipped to? I'll make sure it arrived just about sun-down! Hee, Hee! Bye now! We'll all see you next in my mag, The Haunt of Fear, so look for us... en?
CAR OWNERS SHOVE $10 BILLS IN YOUR POCKET...

When you show them America's greatest auto seat cover values!

Including BAMBOO

Newest Seat Cover Sensation!

BIG MONEY, FULL OR SPARE TIME!

Want extra money—plenty of it day after day? Then rush your name and address at once for Free Sample Outfit that will start you taking orders from car owners everywhere for Key expertly tailored Auto Seat Covers. Exclusively NEW PATTERNS to fit every make and model car. No one can compete with you in wide choice, in quality—and in expert tailoring that makes covers fit like a pair of gloves. And when you quote prices that are only a fraction of what the customer expects to pay, brother! You make money hand over fist writing up the fast orders! Line includes nationally advertised sensations like BLACK EBONY Saran, in the new Black and Silver Watermelon Stripe, beautiful beyond description BAMBOO, luxurious brilliant FIESTA, colorful BULL FIGHTER PLAIDS, plus many other exclusive patterns to choose from, all at unbelievably low prices. It's no trick at all to make big money whether you sell full time or just in spare time. OPPORTUNITY TO SELL AT WHOLESALE TO GARAGES, SERVICE STATIONS, ETC.

RUSH NAME FOR FREE OUTFIT

Give make, year and model of your car. No experience needed. Make all the extra money you need easily just by showing! Every car owner a "hot" prospect YEAR AROUND STEADY PROFITS No investment to make Actual seat covers given to producers for OWN use! Write for Free Selling Kit and actual samples TODAY!

KEY PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. 9912
800 NORTH CLARK STREET
CHICAGO 10, ILLINOIS

RUSH FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT AT ONCE!! (If you own a car include the following information.)

Make __ Year __ Model __

Name ____________________________ My Age ______
Address ____________________________ Yes. ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

Actual seat covers given to producers for OWN use!
“Scram! You SKINNY Scarecrow! the boys shouted at me ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO!

“I was a SKINNY, scared, girl-shy skeleton. Now I feel and look great. Pal, do as I did, right NOW! Mail the Coupon below.

I gained 53 lbs.
of MIGHTY MUSCLE
6% inches on my CHEST; 3 inches on each ARM. You can do it in 10 minutes a day! —New York

“Now, I am a NEW STRONG MAN. It's wonderful! I never dreamed I could live to have a big 49 inch CHEST! powerful 17 inch ARMS! a small 32 inch WAIST the big 17 inch difference between my chest and waist attracts everybody's admiration at the beach.”

MAN! aren't YOU as SICK and TIRED as I and thousands of MIGHTY JOWETT HE-MEN who were BEING SKINNY?

Then, Come on, Pal, do as they did! Give me 10 Pleasant Minutes a Day and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are, If you're a teenager, in your 20's or 30's or over; If you're short or tall, or of what work you do. All I want is to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK and 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—by my Training won't cost you a single cent!

DEVELOP YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend! I’ve traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every man known to develop his body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY AGGRESSIVE POWER" the very method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger Hitch like MANY THOUSANDS like you did SO.

HURRY TO MAIL COUPON!
GET PRIZES

Make Money

This Easy Way—

Every your thousands of Boys and Girls get these swell prizes for themselves and gifts for Mother and Dad. Many prizes show here and lots of others in our Big Prize Book are GIVER WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling one 45-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10¢ per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in our Big Prize Book.

Everybody wants America Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends, and neighbors and get your prize at once, or if you want to make money, keep one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY, send coupon today for Big Prize Book and seeds.

Send no money—we trust you.

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC.
DEPT. 606, LANCASTER, PA.

(OUR 35TH YEAR)

No goods sent outside U.S.A.

AMERICAN SEED COMPANY, INC.
DEPT. 606, LANCASTER, PA.

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 45 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will sell them at 10¢ each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

City ____________________________

State ____________________________