Dear Editors,

Congrats! SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES is the greatest thing since the alphabet!

Marie Raub—Cleveland, Ohio

... Let me congratulate you guys for putting out the best 10 book I've ever seen!

Roger Robertson—Era, Texas

... I have always felt, somehow, that E.C. mags are "personally mine"... that the public is accorded a share of them, somehow! My interest in them exceeds that of any other magazines of their type. SHOCK is a welcome addition!

Ruby MacDonell—Raleigh, N. C.

... SHOCK is the best mag I've ever read. I especially like the story, THE PATRIOTS. It illustrates the shock of prejudice. I've always heard some stories on racial and religious prejudice too.

John Gordon—Fenton, Mich

E.C. mags are the best thing to hit the newsstands in a long time. The Seabees here really get a charge out of them. Your latest brain-child, SHOCK, is terrific. It's great to know there's a comic publishing company left that appreciates its readers' intelligence. Why don't your imitators get up? They've met their match!

R. C. Ford—2nd Amphibious Seabees, Little Creek, Va.

They say that you can't tell a book by its cover! But the E.C. emblem on the cover of a comic book tells you that the book but GOZ to be good! SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES proves it!

John Lanctot—Burlington, Vt.

And now, you slush-lovers (you dolls!) can read one! When you've finished, jot down those suggestions, criticisms, grips, and compliments (Don't worry! We'll print a few!) on a 2c post card! (Whee! Inflation is here!) and send them along to us! Subscriptions... 75c for 6 issues... a full year's supply! The address for the whole mess is:

The Editors
SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES
Room 706, Dept 4
225 Lafayette St.
New York 12, N. Y.

The following is a complete list of titles published by

SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES

... TWO-FISTED TALES

... THE VAULT OF HORROR

... WEIRD SCIENCE

... WEIRD FANTASY

... THE HAUNT OF FEAR

... FRONTLINE COMBAT

... TALES FROM THE CRYPT

... CRIME SUSPENSTORIES

... RED ROOM

... TALES OF THE UNEXPECTED

... ALARM (SCIENCE FICTION)

... SUSPENSE STORIES

... THE BEAST OF THE EAST

...-domain of their publication.

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SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES, Aug./Sept., 1952—Vol. 1, No. 4. Published bimonthly by Tiny Tot Comics Inc. at 225 Lafayette Br. New York 12. If you wish to change your address, please notify us at least 4 weeks in advance. In the post office at New York, N. Y., one year subscription in the U. S. and Canada, 50c; all other countries, 80c. Second class postage paid at Second Class Post Office at New York 12, N. Y. Cover price 25c. Printed in U. S. A.
YOU'LL BE JARRED BY THE IMPACT OF THE
STARTLING CLIMAX TO THIS YARN!

SPLIT SECOND!

A CRIME Suspense Story

I first met Steve Dixon in the small
Canadian town where I worked! Steve'd come
down from his camp for a brief vacation. I
was singin' in a cabaret at the time, and
getin' pretty sick of fighting off drunken
lumberjacks! So when Steve asked me to
marry him... I run the
whole show, Liz! I'm
boss! You'll have
everything you want!
Them axe-swingers
jump when I say
somethin'!

Are there
other wives
at the
logging camp,
Steve?
Jus' let one of 'em say a word! Jus' let one of 'em look at you the wrong way! I'll teach him that what I say goes.

Oh, Steve, you're so... so masterful!

Masterful, my heck! Steve was an animal... a big lumbering brute! He ruled the men who worked for him with sheer muscular force! And I loved it...

All night, you guys! Now listen to me! This is my wife! She's gonna live here with me in the camp! Her name is Mrs. Dixon.

Get it?

When the jack made that crack about me, I thought Steve's face would start smoking, it got so red! He pushed his way through the loggers to the one who'd dropped the remark...

I said my wife is a lady! She don't like to be insulted!

Hey! I got a wife at home! Kih I send for her?

Hey, I got a word to say!

Get this straight, you lank-brained log-rollers! I'm the boss here. See? Rules don't apply to me! No women... except my wife! That's the rules! Now, get on about yer work! An' remember! There's a lady amongst us now! Watch yer language!

Steve laced out with a nounouse that smashed into the funny guy's face! Blood started gushin' from his nose, and he caved in like his knees were made of jelly...

I made the rules! I kin change 'em from now on! No women... 'cept my wife!

Steve was an animal... a big lumbering brute! He ruled the men who worked for him with sheer muscular force! I loved it.

When the jack made that crack about me, I thought Steve's face would start smoking, it got so red! He pushed his way through the loggers to the one who'd dropped the remark...

I said my wife is a lady! She don't like to be insulted!... I was only kiddin', Steve! I...
The Meji were sore?!

They were mad 'cause Steve brought me to the camp.

The men moved off, grumblin'...

And the guy that Steve hit got to his feet and stumbled away nursing his bleeding nose.

I got a wife! Why can't I bring her here?

Weren't I the boss? He's extra special!

Uncle, Steve told me how I expect my wife to be treated?

They were mad 'cause Steve brought me to the camp.

Steve stood over him, glarin'.

The men were sore! I could tell they were mad 'cause Steve brought me to the camp.

They were mad 'cause Steve brought me to the camp.

Steve pointed to a log nearby.

Steve pointed to a log nearby.

Says he got a taste of lumber camp life in the following weeks. The more I saw of it, the more I hated it! Then... one day... a stranger blew into camp...

I'm looking for a job! Any openings?

Hey, here comes Mrs. Dixon! Break it up!

What you want, kiddo?

Hey, here comes Mrs. Dixon! Break it up!

What you want, kiddo?

I'm looking for a job! Any openings?

They treated me like typhoid Mary! They steered clear. Which was okay with me. I'd had enough of their kind back in town...

Hey, here comes Mrs. Dixon! Break it up!

What you want, kiddo?

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I really got a taste of lumber camp life in the following weeks. The more I saw of it, the more I hated it! Then... one day... a stranger blew into camp...

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The Kid picked up an axe and stood on the log with his feet spread apart. He grinned at Steve, and he showed nice, white, even teeth...

The Kid's axe-work had attracted some of the boys, and they'd gathered around to watch.

Say, that's the fastest choppin' I've seen in a long time! What's yer name, Kid?

When the Kid started choppin' away on the other side, pretty soon the log was cut clean through...

Then he turned around and started chippin' away on the other side. Pretty soon the log was cut clean through...

There! Fast... Gasp... Enough? Hmm... Not bad!

Hey, Fuzz? Looka the Kid!

Hey, Fuzz! Looka the Kid!

I shot a look at Steve, and I could see he was comin' to a boil 'cause the Jacks were fussin' over the Kid...

Hey, Fuzz? With Morgan here in the choppin' and you in the rollin', we could capture the tourney...

All right! Cut it!

Steve was real mad! He started shoutin'...

Nobody told you guys to quit workin'! This is no show! Go on! Get back to your trees! And make it snappy!

The men shuffle off quietly, and Steve turned to the Kid...

If you want a job, you gut it! But get this: that tourney stuff is on your own time! On my time, you hack pay-wood... Understand?

I... understand! And thanks! Thanks for the job!
As for me, if it weren't for the Kid, I would've walked out on Steve long ago! I was gettin' pretty sick and tired of Steve's bullin'.

Hey, Morgan! Oh! Evenin', Mrs. Dixon! Anything I can do for you?

Sure thing, Mr. Dixon!

Gee, fellers! I hope I don't let you down!

Cut the gab and get to work, you crumps!
I knew it was going to be rough, too! The men warned Morgan about me...

Meanwhile, Steve was gettin' worse and worse. He even tried to bust up the Jacks' off-duty practicin'...

PSST! Here, goes Dixon! Hey, you guys...

I pay you guys good dough but this after hours mornin' around's gotta stop. You knock yourself out now and you ain't worth a cent on the job!

I don't give a hoot about that blasted tourney. What I'm interested in is how much timber you stiffs haul.

C'mon, guys! Let's turn in! It's gettin' late!

The men were sore... plenty sore! Meanwhile, I got a second chance with the kid. He'd gone into the woods to practice his log-chopping event where Steve wouldn't see him accidentally! He was stripped to the waist! I watched for a while... then...

Good! Very good! Oh... It's you!

He kept his distance as I came up to him...

S'matter, Ted? You sound disappointed?

Er... shucks, ma'am! You won't tell Mr. Dixon about this, will you?

I played real coy... that all depends. Ted! That all depends!

Culp...
I was really surprised when he shoved me away! The dumb stiff! What an opportunity.

What's the matter, Ted? Aren't you interested... even a little?

Look, ma'am! Why don't you just go away and leave me alone? You don't interest me at all!

The young squirt! I got 6000 and mad! Nobody turns Liz Dixon down and gets away with it! I decided to teach the kid a lesson...

Steve! Steve! Help!

Huh? Gee, ma'am! What's the matter?

Steve came through the woods on the double! I mussed my hair up a bit to make it look good! You should have seen Steve's face when he spied us...

What the? Sob sob. He... he tried to...

Steve's face blushed crimson! His eyes widened in anger! He dove at the kid.

I'll teach you to fool around with my wife, you dirty...

Steve's face blushed crimson! His eyes widened in anger! He dove at the kid.

Wait! I can explain.

Steve brought the rock down on Morgan's temple! I thought he'd crushed the kid's head, but it was a glancing blow! I screamed! The Jacks came runnin'.

Grab him! He'll bust open the kid's noggin if he hits him again!

Morgan was no match for Steve. Especially with the fighting tactics Steve used! He dumped Ted and picked up a large rock.

Steve! Don't! You'll kill him!

The lights turn on the lights. I can't see...

They pulled Steve off the kid and carried his unconscious body to camp! He was out cold for two days! When he finally came to...

The lights turn on the lights! It's broad daylight! He... he's blind!
It sounds crazy, but that's exactly what happened. Fuz and the other Jacks started to teach the kid to chop logs... even though he was blind.

Steve didn't dare object with the knife-blade pressing against his neck. That's one thing muscles can't beat... cold steel! He went quietly. I went too.

I soon found out what they were going to do! Look! Ted... the kid is on that log! He's practicing for the event he thinks he's entered in! He's almost cut through the log now! The trouble is, the log is hollow... and Steve is inside, tied and gagged...

...and I'm next!
HERE'S A GRIPPING TALE OF TENSION WITH AN ELECTRIFYING FINAL TWIST!

CONFESSION

It was nearly midnight when Arthur Keenan swung his grey sedan into the deserted street! The beam from the single headlight cut through the darkness illuminating the road ahead! Arthur strained his eyes and cursed...

Blasted busted headlight! I'd better have it fixed first thing in the morning! Can't see a thing this way!

Suddenly the lone headlight beam fell upon something lying on the cobblestones ahead of Arthur's slowly-moving car! Arthur gasped...

What's that? Good Lord! It's a body. A woman! She's been hurt!

A SHOCK SUSPENSTORY

Arthur slammed on the brakes and his car squealed to a stop! The figure in the headlight beam lay motionless in a pool of blood! Arthur leaped from the car and rushed to the prostrate woman's side...

She's still alive! She's been hit by a car! I... got to get help. A doctor!

Suddenly...
Arthur backed his car up hurriedly. The gears coughed a protest as he meshed them into first and sped off down the dark street. At that moment, a police patrol car turned the corner behind him... Arthur looked around, frantically. The dark faces of the buildings loomed up about him! This was a factory section! There were no lights... no phones available at this hour! Arthur darted back to his car. Mustn't move her! Have to get to a phone! Have to call an ambulance! She's dying!

Meanwhile, Arthur Keenan sped through the deserted factory section, looking for an open diner... a police call-box... anything that might help him summon aid for the injured woman he'd just left behind him. The squad car flashed after him... its siren screaming...

The police officer named Flagg leaped from the squad car... okay, Riley! Don't worry! Radio in for an ambulance! I'll wait here... and get 'im! The squad car roared off in pursuit as the officer remaining stooped over the crumpled form...

The squad car drew up alongside, forcing Arthur to the curb! The shrieks of brakes and the dying whine of the siren echoed off the empty loft buildings...

The squad car drew up alongside, forcing Arthur to the curb! The shrieks of brakes and the dying whine of the siren echoed off the empty loft buildings... officer! There's a woman back there! She... okay, buddy! Come out of there with your hands up... up high! And no funny business!
The precinct station buzzed in excitement! Arthur Keenan stood before the desk sergeant, his hair mussed, his clothes disheveled. He was flanked by the two radio car officers who'd arrested him. A detective shouted at a switchboard operator. Others stood about, glaring.

Arthur began to sob. One of the detectives sneered at him. You made a big mistake! Tell 'im, I tell you! I was going for it. I didn't do it, I tell you! I was going for it.

Hello, Lieutenant? This is Mason. Here, we just hauled in a hit-and-run. Officers Flagg and Riley caught him red-handed. Killed a woman.

Not yet, Lieutenant! The creep denies it! We're gonna work it out now. Thought you might like to sit in.

I'll be down as soon as my wife gets in, Mason! She went to a show ought to be back soon.

All right, Detective Becker! He's all yours.

G'mon, Keenan! You, me, and Mason're gonna have a nice lil' chat. But I didn't do it. I tell you!

5'long, Lieutenant! I gotta go now. See you later.
The room was dark, except for one brilliant light that hung above them! Arthur shook his head as they fired questions at him.

They found glass all around the body, Keenan! Your car's got a busted headlight! You still deny it?

I broke that headlight last week! Please let me sit down!

I'll stand you up when you decide to admit it, you can sit down! I didn't do it! I didn't do it! How much do you have to drink, Keenan? You stink from it!

I had two! Only two! I was at a party tonight! You can ask them! I only had two small drinks!

You were drunk, weren't you, Keenan? You couldn't stop in time! After you hit her, you got scared! You ran!

No! No! She was there when I drove up! I was going for help! I...

Shut up! You're lying! Listen, punk! Don't try to worm your way out of this! We'll make you admit it!

I'm telling the truth. You're lying! You were drunk! You hit her so hard, you smashed your headlight!

Get wise, Keenan! Save yourself! Some pain! Save us the trouble of getting it out of you! Admit it!

I didn't do it! She was there when I...

You're lying! I'll make you talk!

My arm! You're breaking it! Owww!

Talk, Keenan! Talk!

Where is he? Where is that murderin' punk? Lieutenant?
I just seen 'er! I just seen the woman he killed! It's my wife! My wife!

She... she didn't come home! I got worried! I came down on a hunch!

D'ja hear that, Keenan? D'ja hear who you killed?

The lieutenant's wife, Keenan! Killin' a cop's wife is as bad as killin' a cop!

Know what we do to cop-killers, Keenan?

She... she didn't come home... I got worried.

X came down on a hunch.

That, Keenan? D'ja hear who you killed?

They hit him! They twisted his arms! They made him stand erect when he could barely stay on his feet! And all the while the lieutenant sat there watching, waiting...}

You better talk, Keenan!

I didn't do it!

Liar! Liar!

Cop-killer, ya liar! A liar, a killer! A talk, blast ya! Admit it, Keenan! Sob, sob! I sob didn't... sob do it!

It went on like that for hours! His clothes were torn... his nose, bleeding... his face battered and bruised... other detectives took over... they worked in shifts... pummeling... threatening... cursing... the lieutenant just sat... waiting...

Stand up, you ho! Ho! Ho!!! You killed her. Keenan! Admit it! No! No! No!

Night passed... and dawn came... inside the precinct... their work went on... the punishment continued...

Lieutenant? Can I see you a moment?

Sure, Doyle! Keep it up you guys! Make 'im talk?
Outside the little room with the single overhead light, the detective named Doyle whispered to the lieutenant...

Outside the grilling-room, Detective Doyle winged as the lead pipe fell again and again, and the suspect's cries of pain drifted through the thick door.

The lieutenant went back into the dark room with the light! The grilling continued...

Sure they'll make him talk! They could make anybody talk! They've been grilling him for ten hours now!

Outside the grilling-room, Detective Doyle winged as the lead pipe fell again and again, and the suspect's cries of pain drifted through the thick door.

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Arthur Keenan lay sprawled on his stomach... Blood trickling from his toothless mouth! One eye was completely closed! The bones in his nose were splintered! His scalp had been opened... His hair was matted with sticky ooze! He sobbed...

"N-no, more! I... I... P-please! Keenan! Sign this... Okay, Lieutenant! That wraps it up!"

Outside the dark room, Detective Doyle looked questioningly at Lieutenant Staley as he emerged:

"He talked, Doyle! He finally admitted it! I told you he would! Yes, Sir! You did! Congratulations? I guess I was wrong!"

Lieutenant Staley went out of the station into the warm afternoon air! He stopped on the steps to light a cigar...

Then he started for home! On the way, he stopped off at a store...

When he came out, he carried a package...

Upon reaching his house, the Lieutenant went directly to his garage...

Where he unwrapped the new headlight he'd purchased...

And, after cleaning his wife's blood from his car, began removing the broken headlight in order to replace it...

The end
Cautiously he squirmed past the tiny emergency door, hearing his breath echo explosively through the shaft. Rising to his feet, he wiped his forehead with the back of his hand and looked up to the elevator car poised far overhead. The hint of a grin creased the corners of his mouth: it was all going to work out perfectly. Within 5 minutes the elevator would ascend to the Penthouse and, when it started down, it would be bringing his wife on her last ride.

He slipped a pair of heavy steel nippers from his pocket and slowly fastened the bulky instrument around the control-cable which governed the elevator's movement. The metal threads which were twined together to make up the thick cable began to separate under the pressure of his straining hand. He felt his stomach knotting with the effort necessary to cut through the tough metal... in about 2 minutes the severed edges showed that only a single thread in the center of the cable remained uncut. It was strong enough to get the car up to the Penthouse when his wife signalled for it... enough to start her toward the meeting he had previously arranged by telephone. Her meeting with DEATH!

His preparations were complete. Crouching down in the shaft, he kept his eye on the control panel which indicated the elevator's whereabouts. All he had to do was wait now... and go over in his mind the path which had led to this impending triumph. For it would be a triumph: his wife's death would free him from the fear of divorce... a separation which was designed to cut him off from her fortune!

This idea of his was the solution to all his worries; so simple yet ingenious a scheme that...
he had mentally rebuked himself a dozen times for not thinking of it sooner. For all it entailed was calling his wife from outside the apartment and asking her to meet him at his office. Estimating the amount of time it would take her, he had been able to pin-point within 5 minutes the moment of her departure from the building. And here he was, ready to cut the last strand of cable and catapult her to death while he slipped safely out of the shaft through the emergency door beside him. Then back to his office ... and who could accuse him of complicity in his wife's accidental demise?

The UP-signal flashed on the control panel and apprehensively he watched the board. The car passed 8. 9 ... 10. He tensed involuntarily; it was headed for the Penthouse. It must be his wife who had signalled the car, for only they lived on that floor! His eyes remaining on the control panel, he saw the signal which indicated that the door had opened and the passenger had boarded the car. Then, swiftly, his nippers tightened around the cable and he wrenched at it with all his strength. With an audible sigh of joy he heard the metal break and snap in half. Far above, the roar of the falling car came whistling down the shaft. It was out of control ... his wife's last ride was close to completion!

He stepped quickly to the emergency door and pushed against it, a smile of satisfaction on his face. The smile faded suddenly and was replaced by a look of stark horror. The emergency door was closed solidly. With increasing frenzy he lunged at the rectangle of metal ... it didn't budge! Cutting the control panel must have automatically shut all doors leading to the elevator shaft!

Even before he could scream out his anguish, the plunging car was upon him. The steel floor crushed him almost instantly ... the ponderous falling weight jolted him in the grease of the elevator shaft. And in the final split-second of his fast-fading consciousness, he was dimly aware that his wail of agony had blended with that of the doomed woman inside the car. For both him and his wife this had been a LAST RIDE!
With a shudder of fear, as he crouched low in the wobbling freight car, Bancroft heard the sound of heavy footsteps reverberating across the rooftops... a railroad dick was making his inspection of the moving train! He was trapped. Bancroft realized... with the evidence of his crime right on his own back! Robbing that stalled motorist back on the highway had been easy enough, but hopping the freight... which seemed such a wonderful idea at the time... was going to lead to his capture! For the tweed jacket and flannel pants he was wearing stuck out on him like a sore thumb. The duds were too fancy for someone who humped rides on freight... the detective would undoubtedly think the clothing mighty fishy and hold him for the state police. And the guy Bancroft had robbed... though he had been knocked unconscious before he had a chance to see his assailant... could easily identify those clothes! His jacket and pants, Bancroft realized, were enough to convict him! The footsteps were closer now. To jump off... with a drop of 200 feet on either side of the tracks... was suicide! And to be picked up by the dick meant positive identification through the stuff he was wearing. Some choice Bancroft muttered. Immediate death or ten years in the state pen!

A sudden movement across the freight car caught his eye. Someone was crouching there... a guy Bancroft hadn't seen as he climbed aboard when the train had slowed down for water-pickup. Across the rattling car the men glared suspiciously at one another, and in that instant Bancroft knew that his salvation was at hand! The other guy was much smaller, and Bancroft had little trouble wrestling him to the floor and knocking him unconscious with a piece of loose planking. It was the work of a moment to tip the guy's tattered and grimy clothing from his body and change costumes with the unconscious tramp. The dick's footsteps were only 3 cars away when Bancroft pushed his victim through the open freight door. The tweed jacket and flannel pants rolled clear of the speeding train... in an instant they were gone from sight, along with the hum who was going m save Bancroft from arrest. Let 'em pick me up now, Bancroft thought as he fingered the clothing which felt so clammy and wet under his touch. I'm ready!

The detective was in the car now, moving menacingly toward Bancroft, who got up sheepishly to meet the man. All that could happen was that he'd be thrown off the train at the next slow-down! But the dick had stopped abruptly and was staring incredulously at Bancroft. Then, in one movement, he had pulled a gun from his jacket and was yanking on the emergency cord.

His gun leveled at Bancroft's chest, the beefy detective spoke: "The Law'll be happy to collar YOU!" he rasped. "After what you pulled, you shoulda had the brains to get rid of them duds!"

Instinctively, Bancroft looked down at his clothing: the clamminess he had experienced was due to the fact that the soiled and rattered material was covered with still slick blood!

"They've got you cold," the dick was saying as the train jerked to a stop. "Examination of the blood on your shirt'll be enough to hang you for that murder over in Kent just an hour ago!"
A Science-Fiction Suspense Story

The vacuum-lift sped upward carrying Dianne Masters to the two-hundredth level in a matter of seconds. The lift's doors slid open noiselessly and Dianne stepped out onto the sunlit, plush-carpeted tier. She moved down the corridor between the glass wall and the line of apartment doors.

"200-G! This is the one!"

"Yes? What? My name is Dianne Masters. I'm here about the advertisement you published in the Morning Tele-Paper..."

Behind Dianne, the twenty-first century city gleamed in the morning sunlight. She raised a nervous finger and pushed the bell-button. Inside a melodic chime resounded, and footsteps approached. The door to 200-G slid open and a tall, dark-eyed, handsome man smiled at her.

"Yes? What..."

"I'm here about the advertisement you published in the Morning Tele-Paper..."
TcRAVEN.

ALEC

YOU

1

DBET-X

CRAVEN.

SIT DOWN,

TELL ME ABOUT YOUR OFFER, MR. CRAVEN.

Dianne entered the apartment! She glanced about at the exquisite furnishings...

LIKE WHAT YOU SEE, MISS MASTERS?

OH, YES! IT'S VERY NICE, MR. MR.

CRAVEN, ALEC. CRAVEN! SIT DOWN, MISS MASTERS!

YOU'D BETTER TELL ME ABOUT YOUR OFFER, MR. CRAVEN!

MY OFFER IS VERY SIMPLE, MISS MASTERS! I NEED A WIFE! IN RETURN, I CAN SUPPLY MY PROSPECTIVE MATE WITH ALL OF THE LUXURIES OUR SOCIETY AFFORDS!

A WIFE! BUT THE AO SAID THIS WAS A BUSINESS OFFER!

IT'S MISS MASTERS! AS YOU SEE, I HAVE ALL THE WEALTH I NEED TO LIVE COMFORTABLY! HOWEVER, IT IS NECESSARY FOR ME, AS PART OF MY WORK, TO ASSUME AN AIR OF RESPECTABILITY! OUR MARRIAGE WOULD BE JUST THAT: A BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT!

HOW... HOW LONG WOULD THIS ARRANGEMENT LAST, MR. CRAVEN?

THE USUAL THREE-YEAR MARRIAGE-CONTRACT PERIOD, MISS MASTERS! AT THAT TIME WE'LL NEGLECT TO RENEW AND THE AUTOMATIC DIVORCE WILL BE INVOKED!

I SEE! AND THE TERMS?

STRICTLY BUSINESS, MISS MASTERS! WE WILL OCCUPY SEPARATE ROOMS! WE WILL GO AND COME AS WE PLEASE! IT WILL BE A MARRIAGE IN NAME ONLY! YOUR SALARY WILL BE HIGH... VERY HIGH!

BEFORE I GIVE MY ANSWER, MR. CRAVEN, I'D LIKE TO KNOW JUST WHY YOU FIND THAT YOU MUST BE MARRIED!
Mr. Craven's face darkened. He looked at Dianne sternly...

As I said, Miss Masters, you this will be a business arrangement. My reasons are my own business; I expect you to mind yours! UNDERSTAND?

I'm sorry, Miss Masters! I just don't like people that pry!

Do you mind if I ask how much you're paying for this... this business deal?

$10,000 per year! That's $30,000 for the three year period. That's a lot of money, Mr. Craven. I accept your offer!

By that year in the twenty-first century, marriage laws had changed considerably! The marriage license had become like the twentieth century automobile license? It had to be renewed! Couples who had no desire to remain married had only to let their marriage expire! The divorce court had vanished! The happily married merely renewed their license, thereby renewing, also, their devotion...

Alec drew his wallet from his pocket...

Here's your first year's salary in advance, Dianne! Ten thousand dollars! I hope our arrangement will be satisfactory to both of us!

Aren't you afraid I'll run away with the money, Alec?

I'd be getting off cheap, Dianne! Remember? You're married to me for the next three years whether you stick around or not! For my purposes, that's good enough!

I was only joking, Alec. I don't mean for business deals! You can trust me!

And so, Dianne Masters became Mrs. Alec Craven for a three year period...

This will be your room, Dianne! You'll find everything you need in the closets and drawers.

It's... it's lovely, Alec!

Sign here please, Miss Masters!

Yes, sir!
Then DIANNE WENT TO THE HUGE MIRRORED CLOSET AND SLID THE DOORS OPEN. INSIDE HUNDREDS OF DRESSES AND SUITS HUNG NEATLY, DOZENS OF PAIRS OF SHOES LINED THE FLOOR-RACKS...

"GASP! A WARDROBE! A COMPLETE... WONDERFUL WARDROBE..."

DIANNE COULDN'T BELIEVE HER EYES... MAKE-UP! PERFUME! EVERYTHING A WOMAN COULD WANT!

NEXT SHE FLUNG OPEN THE DRESSING TABLE DRAWERS.

JEWELRY! DIAMONDS! RUBIES! EMERALDS!

I...I...I...

IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, DIANNE TOOK TO HER NEW "JOBS" FEVERISHLY. ALEC WAS VERY PLEASED. OFTEN, AT NIGHT, HE WOULD ENTERTAIN DIANNE, PLAYED THE PERFECT HOSTESS.

YOU HAVE A CHARMING WIFE, CRaven!

THANK YOU, SENATOR!

ALEC WAS VERY SWEET TO DIANNE, THEIR RELATIONSHIP GREW WARMER AND WARMER... YOU WERE EXCEPTIONALLY CHARMING TONIGHT, DIANNE!

THANK YOU, ALEC! I'M GLAD I PLEASED YOU!

IT WAS, INDEED, A VERY SATISFACTORY BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT FOR DIANNE! AND SO, ON HER WEDDING NIGHT... ADORNED WITH JEWELRY, ANNOINTED WITH EXPENSIVE PERFUMES, WEARING AN EXPENSIVE GOWN... DIANNE CRAWLED INTO HER HUGE, LAVISHLY UPHOLSTERED BED... ALONE, BUT HAPPY...
By the end of the first year, Dianne began to wish that her marriage to Alec was... well... less business-like! But Alec remained cold...

Oh? Well, don't worry! You can trust me... Hmmm! I see it's time to go! See you tonight, Dianne!

'Bye, Alec!

SOS... SOS... SOS...

Yes, Dianne was unhappy! She had fallen in love with her husband! At first it had been grand! Clothes, jewelry, everything a woman could want! Everything, that is, except Alec... the one thing Dianne wanted...

Yes, Dianne! What is it?

Alec! We... we've been married for almost two years now! Don't you think that it's about time you... you kissed me?

Yes, Dianne! For heaven's sake! Can't you see I'm in love with you?

Look here, Dianne! You'll just have to forget this foolishness! Love is out of the question! We must keep this relationship on a friendly business basis... nothing more!

I see your pardon, Dianne! You're forgetting... this is a business arrangement... strictly business!

Alec! I... I... come here a moment, please!

Alec? For heaven's sake! Can't you see I'm in love with you?

Alec Craven! I hate you!
As the end of the third year drew near, DiAnne realized that with it came the end of their marriage contract! She approached Alec one night...

"We... our contract runs out in three weeks, Alec!

But Alec? I love you! Doesn't that mean anything to you? I know you could learn to love me... in time!

Alec? You know that a marriage contract automatically renews itself if the wife is expecting a child, don't you?

Yes, dear. I know. Alec? I'm expecting a child! Oh, I know you'll deny it—but they'll believe me! No man and woman could live together for three years...

But you're mistaken, DiAnne! We could!

You wanted to know why I needed a wife? I'll tell you... now that our work is completed! I belong to a special group, dealing with the science of cybernetics! Our work has been secret! We had to appear as ordinary people! You noticed that all of my associates that I've entertained are married! We couldn't afford to appear suspicious in three weeks! We take over... there are enough of us now!

Cybernetics? But that... that...

Yes, my dear! The science of mechanical-electronic life! Look! See? You couldn't be expecting a child, now. Could you? Not very well, when your husband is a robot!

The End...
Your name is Joe Wiley! You're in the fight racket...been in it for years! You've had lots of boys, good and bad. You've seen 'em come and go! In fact, Joe Wiley...right now you're on the lookout for a new fighter...

I need the dough, Mr. Wiley! I'm tryin' t'put my kid brother through med school. Okay, Dixon, get into some trunks and go a round or two! I wanna see what you look like!

You take them when they're green, don't you, Joe Wiley? You take 'em young, and you drive 'em. Drive 'em till they're punch-drunk and slow! And then, after you've made all you can on 'em, you dump 'em and look for a new boy.

Hey, Eddie! Give this young squirt a workout! I wanna see if he's got any stuff.

Sure thing, Mr. Wiley. O'Mon, Pug.
YOU LISTEN TO THE FLAT SOLES SCRAPING ON THE CANVAS... LISTEN TO THE GRUNTS AND GASPS OF THE TWO MEN ABOVE YOU AS THE GLOVES LAND... AND IT MEANS ONLY ONE THING TO YOU, JOE WILEY... MONEY! MONEY... FOR FLESH...

OKAY, DIXON! GRAB A SHOWER AND SEE ME IN MY OFFICE!

I... I GET YEH, MR. WILEY? YOU GOT TO HAVE GUTS TO BE A FIGHTER, DIXON! JUST REMEMBER THAT!

SURE A KID'S GOT TO HAVE GUTS TO BE A FIGHTER, JOE WILEY! ESPECIALLY IF HE WORKS FOR YOU! BECAUSE YOU'RE JUST INTERESTED IN ONE THING! THE BUCK! THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR...

YOU Sure YOUR BOY'S GOOD ENOUGH, WILEY? MURPHY'S A TOUGH NUT?

YOU MEAN YOU'LL TAKE ME ON, MR. WILEY?

Yeah... I'LL CHANGE IT, DIXON! ONE THING THOUGH! ONE THING ABOUT THIS FIGHT RACKET! THERE'S NO PLACE IN THE RING FOR A GUY WITH NO GUTS!

Sure a kid's got to have guts to be a fighter, Joe Wiley! Because you're going to run him down... put him in with boys that far outclass him... fight him twice a week... suck every dime you can get... Murphy? Tom Murphy? Why, he's a leading contender, Mr. Wiley! S'matter, Dixon? Lose your nerve? You want to hit the big time, don't you?
It's easy isn't it, Joe Wiley? Every top-notch in the racket likes a pushover once in a while! It's easy money for him, so you supply the suckers, eh, Joe? And it's easy money for you.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, for the semi-final attraction in this corner, weighing 164 pounds... Tom Murphy! and in this corner... at 163... Herby Dixon?

Remember, kid! Keep your left up!

And then the murder begins, doesn't it, Joe? The kid is raw and Murphy is rings-wise? Yes, it's murder all right. Murder for Dixon! Your latest boy...

Murphy is really overpowering this newcomer, Folks! It looks like Dixon won't last another round.

Between the rounds you fix the kid up, close his cuts, swab his lacerations, talk to him...

He's too good for... Gasp, me, Joe! You... you shouldn't have put me in against him...

S'matter? Got no guts? Think of the dough? Think of your kid brother...

Your boy won't last another round, Joe?

Wanna bet? Fifty says he goes another.

No, Joe Wiley! It's the dough that bothers you! That's what you're interested in! Not what those punches are doing to the poor kid's face... to his brain! No, it's how much you can make...!

He's down. Folks! Dixon is down. Get up, kid! Get up!

9...10... You're out!

Fifty bucks, Joe? Pay up! Blasted crum.- bum!

You're sore, aren't you, Joe? You lost fifty bucks! The kid couldn't take it! You tell him off, don't you?

I said you're through! Washed up! Get yourself a new manager! I don't handle yellow bellies... crums with no guts!

He... he was too good for me, Joe! I... I needed more experience!
And that's the way it goes, Eh, Joe? One after the other they come and go! The suckers! The pushovers! The unknowns trying to break through! Some of them show promise! Some don't! But it doesn't make any difference to you... does it, Joe Wiley?

I got you a fight. Colby... it's a good break... next week!

Gee, Mr. Wiley! You're swell!


And if you beat him, kid? Think what it will mean! You'll be fightin' in the Garden next!

Gee! I never thought of that?

You do what I tell you, kid? You'll go far! Maxwell's a headliner! The fight pays big money!

I sure could use it, Mr. Wiley?

Impressive records look good when a fighter's nearing the top rung of the ladder to the championship, Eh, Joe? And you peddle those impressive records. You supply those 'easy wins...'

Weighing 169, Ernie Maxwell! And in this corner, weighing 161, Jerry Colby.

Just tie him up, kid! He's rotten in the in-fighting!

So the murder begins again, Eh, Joe? Maxwell... championship material... needing wins... needing to keep his name before the public... and your boy... Colby... green... inexperienced... hardly ready! Yes, it's murder, Joe! But you're cashing in...

A C-note says your boy doesn't last three rounds, Joe!

You're on, Lou!

Huh? Maxwell? But he's. He's gonna be the next champion!
A C-NOTE, JOE! IF YOU LOSE IT, YOU'LL COME OUT BEHIND THIS TIME.
YOU GOT NO GUTS? JUST STAY ON YOUR FEET ONE MORE ROUND... THAT'S ALL! ONE MORE!

A C-NOTE, JOE? IT'S NOT ENOUGH. YOU GOTTEN NO TIGER? NOCE, JUST STAY ON YOUR FEET! ONE MORE ROUND... THAT'S ALL! ONE MORE!

YOU LOOK GOOD, KID! JUST KEEP IN THERE! THIS IS THE THIRD JUST LAST THIS ONE!
I... GASP... I DON'T GASP... THINK. I CAN TAKE... ANY MORE, JOE?

THAT'S RIGHT, JOE! YOU HAVEN'T WON YET! COLBY'S GOT TO COME OUT FOR THE FOURTH IN ORDER FOR YOU TO COLLECT! YOU WORK ON HIM HEAVILY.

He's punchy, eh, Joe? He's up Queen Street! You ought to throw in the towel, but that C-NOTE! You'll lose it! So you shove him off the stool as the bell sounds...

AND HERE'S THE FOURTH... OKAY, LOU! HAND IT OVER. LUCKY, YOU'RE THE FOURTH HERE!

You're too busy stuffing the hundred-dollar bill in your wallet, Joe Wiley! You don't even see what's happening to your boy...

Maxwell lands a crushing right... a murderous left... another right... and another! Colby is out on his feet!

You look up in time to see your boy go down...

SOMEBODY GET A DOCTOR! THAT KID'S HURT!

You shame him into it, don't you, Joe? You call him names... Insult him... push him... threaten him... and he goes in there... taking it... for you...

He's down! Fans! Colby! That's 10 downs! But the 10th bell saves him! A C-NOTE! NOT YET, WILEY!
Yes, Joe Wiley! Jerry Colby is dead! You killed him for a lousy s-note! How cheap is a man's life to you?

You busy, Mr. Wiley?

Well! Dixon! Come in!

I heard about Colby, Mr. Wiley! It's too bad.

Aah, he was a grum! Didn't have any guts!

You'll need a new boy, now, Mr. Wiley! I... I was thinkin'...

You, Dixon? Hah! Don't make me laugh! You ain't got any guts, either!

I've changed, Mr. Wiley! Give me a chance! I'm not afraid. Now, give me a break, my brother.

Don't give me that 'brother in med school' routine, Dixon! Just show up at the gym tomorrow!

You mean you'll take me on again? Gee! This calls for a celebration! Now about a drink, Mr. Wiley? I'll pour 'em!

I could use one! Okay, the bottle's in the cabinet there!

You're too busy to notice Dixon putting that powder into your drink, Joe! You're too busy figuring out your next move with this money-maker...
And then he hands the glass to you... well, here's to us, Mr. Wiley!

And you drink it down... Ugh! What was in that slop? A drug, Mr. Wiley!

A what? A drug I stole from my brother! It knocks you out and makes you look dead!

A drug... I stole from my brother? It knocks you out and makes you look dead...

What? A drug... I stole from my brother? It knocks you out and makes you look dead...

And now you're coming to, Joe Wiley. Only you're not in a coffin! There's a blinding light in your eyes! You feel funny... kind of empty... in your stomach! You raise your head! Somebody is bending over you...

And now you're coming to, Joe Wiley! Only you're not in a coffin! There's a blinding light in your eyes! You feel funny... kind of empty... in your stomach! You raise your head! Somebody is bending over you...

One look is enough, Joe! You can't move, can't even cry out... by Mr. Wiley! Change, Mr. Wiley! And when you wake up in that coffin... six feet under... SHOW 'EM YOU GOT GUTS, Mr. Wiley! Don't scream! Don't cry! Don't pound and yell and cry! Guts! You got guts!

One look is enough, Joe! You see it all! You're not in a coffin! You're in the police morgue! And just before you pass out for good, you hear...

But I tell you, Mr. Wiley, I did scream! I was just finishing the autopsy.

Stiffs don't scream, Harry! Especially this one! He didn't have any guts! How could a guy be alive with no guts?
Look Fellows! Here's The Neatest, Strongest Little Real Electric Motor You've Ever Seen!

This amazing new miniature D.C. Electric Motor looks and runs just like a big one! Yet it's so tiny you can hold it in the palm of your hand. Nicest little power unit ever made to run your model boats, planes, cars, trucks, tractors, trains, drawbridges, cranes, turntables, fans — or whatever else you want to make go with the flick of a switch! Motor and multi-ratio gears and pulleys come to you — ready to purr with smooth power the minute you plug it up! Measures only 1 x 1 x 1½ inches, weighs only an ounce. Runs up close! 7000 rpm! REVERSIBLE instantly, too! Motor is in a die-cast housing. Comes complete with batteries, transparent plastic gears — plus ten extra gears and pulleys for working out your own ratings up to 20 to 1.

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So powerful it will drive boats weighing as much as any twice as much as the motor itself! Use for Model Submarines, PT Boats, Yachts, Cruisers, Tugs, Liners.

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Think of the fun you can have with this brand new all-purpose MIGHTY MIDGET electric motor! Think how many different ways you can hitch it up to run things — with gears direct drive, or with pulleys and belt-drive arrangements. There's no end to its uses! Be the first in your crowd to own this powerful new MIGHTY MIDGET Motor! You'll be the envy of the gang.

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You need send no money with coupon at all! Simply tear or cut out, fill in clearly and mail to address shown. Your MIGHTY MIDGET Electric Motor — complete with two fresh long-life 1½ volt batteries, battery clip, plastic gear box, fan blade and set of 10 extra gears and pulleys — ALL will be sent you by return mail. When postman delivers it pay only $2.98 plus few cents postage. If not completely satisfied return it within ten days and your money will be refunded IN FULL! But our supply of MIGHTY MIDGET Motors is limited. So act promptly MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

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And No Transformer Is Needed!

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Your father will see at a glance how helpful this real little motor can be in an educational way. You can take it to school for demonstrations in the classroom — see the laws of Science and principles of Engineering at WORK!
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SALE 50% OFF OUR REG. CREDIT PRICES!

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SEND NO MONEY

IMPORTANT! — Read this message for YOU!

Look over these three no forgotten SAVES of 50% OFF all regular credit prices by taking the cash-cheque way! It's an easy $9.75 to save! Simply place your order with us and we will send you a mail order at a no-obligation, no-risk, no-money expense. If you are not satisfied with your order, return it to us at once, giving us the order number and we will refund your money! No hidden fees for this exciting experience!

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Easy way to get these items in your own home for less than the cost of a newspaper! From TOP QUALITY, FROM SWISS WATCH COMPANY to you. This is your chance to own the world famous SWISS STOP CHRONOGRAPH!

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What a watch! It's simply amazing! It's a 4-IN-1 watch watch a chronograph. COMBINED. Precision made by Swiss artisans.

11 - Wonder Features — 11
I'll Prove that YOU, too can be a NEW MAN!'' - Charles Atlas

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs. I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension." It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

Only 15 Minutes a Day
Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

No "ifs," and "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

Send for FREE BOOK
Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 164T, 115 East 22nd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

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