HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF

FEAR

NO. 19 JUNE

FEATURING...

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

THE CRYPT-KEEPER
LET US PROVE WHAT WE CAN DO FOR YOU!

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU
HUMOR IN A JUGULAR

YOU SAY YOU LOST YOUR VICE AND YOU WANTED TO FIND IT AT LAST AN EXCITING CASE!

... AND BOUGHT A COPY OF MAD COMICS! HERE IS MELVIN GOOMBAH AFTER HE READ OUR BOOK ... A SKINNY, ABNORMAL AMERICAN BOY! YOU TOO CAN BE LIKE MELVIN GOOMBAH!

SEE MAD! BUY MAD! BE MAD! TODAY!
THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

NEE, NEE! WELL, HOP INTO THE HAUNTED, HUNGRY HUDIOTS. THIS IS THE OLD WITCH, YOUR SHIVER-CHEER, STEWING ANOTHER SCREAM-SNACK IN HER CRUDDY CAULDRON. I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T EATEN ALREADY, BECAUSE IF YOU HAVE... WELL, COME CLOSER TO THE CAULDRON JUST IN CASE, I'D HATE TO HAVE THE FLOOR MESS UP WHILE I'M NARRATING MY NAUSEATING NOVELLETTE. BESIDES... THE OLD RECIPE NEEDS A LITTLE FLAVORING!

AND NOW, READ EMILE'S STORY IN HIS OWN WORDS. HE CALLS IT...

SUCKER BAIT!

I WALK SLOWLY THROUGH THE DESERTED NIGHT STREETS AND I LISTEN TO THE TERRIFIED SILENCE OF MY TOWN. I LISTEN TO THE STILLNESS OF ITS LOCKED DOORS AND SHUTTERED WINDOWS, AND I CAN ALMOST HEAR THE FRIGHTENED BREATHING OF THE PEOPLE HIDING BEHIND THEM. I LISTEN TO THE QUICK HEAVY FOOTSTEPS FOLLOWING ME, DRAWING NEARER. MY HANDS ARE COLD AND MY BLOOD POUNDS THROUGH MY SHIVERING BODY. BUT I AM NOT AFRAID. EVEN THOUGH I KNOW I AM GOING TO DIE, I AM NOT AFRAID. FOR I AM TO BE THE VAMPIRE'S LAST VICTIM.
No more will the good people of my town writhe in the grip of fear. No more will each dawn peer into the dank still mornings and see another bloodless corpse. For they will find him now. They will find my body and then they will find the vampire and drive a stake through his cursed inhuman heart. The footsteps behind me are closer now...

I think of Stanley, my older brother, silently working at his lathe on his drill press or whatever he does at his job on the night shift at the factory, and I think of the sadness that will be in his face and the silent black band encircling his strong arm.

And then I think of my father... white and rigid, never more to smile or laugh or sing songs... my father... lying dead in the town's only funeral pantheon with no blood to drain from his punctured body.

Suddenly the white rigidity in my father's face is gone, and the sadness in my brother's face has disappeared and they are both smiling and laughing and waving at me as I step off the train...

Pop! Stan! There he is! My boy! Emile...

Hey! The night before last, my father was alive and there was no silent black band on my brother's arm. They had come down to the station to meet me. I had come home... home, after four years of college...

Pop! It's good to see you! Emile! You look so well! I'm proud of you, Emile...

Just think, Stanley! My boy. Your brother Emile -- a college graduate a chemist...

I owe it all to you. Both of you, you were responsible, you paid my way. I can never fully repay you, but I'll try. Honestly, I'll try!

Ah, cut it, Emile. Let me carry your bags here...

Careful, Stan. I have some equipment in them...

Come, Emile. Come. Let's go home...
That was the night before last. I remember it all so clearly. We walked home, arm in arm, through the deserted streets...

Where... where is everybody, Stan? Where's all the folks?

The vampire? What vampire? What's this all about?

The town is being terrorized by a vampire, Emile! Twelve people have been murdered already... their blood sucked from their bodies. Twelve people in twelve days...

Is... is this true, Pop? Yes, Emile. It's true. But maybe, how that you're home.

Aw, Pop! What could Emile do? It doesn't take a college education to catch a vampire!

The house was older, and maybe in need of painting, but it was still the same. It was still home. Pop opened the door and I stepped inside. Spiral streamers of crepe paper decorated the living room in my honor...

Welcome home, Emile!

Let's have a drink!

Wait, Stan. Look... I appreciate all this! Really? But I'm interested in the vampire! What about it...

It's horrible. Horrible! If Emile, if you only knew how...

Pop! We agreed to forget about the vampire tonight! We agreed that we'd make Emile's homecoming a happy one...

How can I be happy, Stan, when twelve of my townsmen are dead?

All right, all right. It all started when old man Feeney was found dead... two tiny holes in his neck, and his blood drained from his boot. Then, Ed Cobb was next... and so on. The whole town's scared stiff! No one goes out at night except me and the other boys on the night shift at the plant.

Hasn't anyone found the vampire? Didn't you try to trap it... drive a stake through its heart?

No one's seen it. No one knows where it sleeps. Believe me, we've tried to find its resting place but it's been no use. Me and the boys even took a night off from the plant and wandered around town trying to catch sight of it.

It's almost ten-thirty. Stanley. Hadn't you better be running alone?
Stanley glanced at his watch...

He smiled...

He was done. Stan, my brother, for three years he'd done this for me. Worked to help put me through college. Dad turned to me:

"You must be tired after that long trip, Emile! Come, your room is ready."

"Thanks, Pop. I'm beat." Stan...

He was dead. I don't remember too clearly what happened after that. Between fits of crying, I think I made a phone call... Anyway, the next thing I knew, Stan was home and he was comforting me and I was shrieking hysterically...

"I'll get it, Stan! I swear I'll get that vampire!"

The house was full of people—neighbors and friends. I guess after a while I calmed down. Stan made a phone call, and Mr. Godin, the town undertaker, came and took Pop away. It was about five in the morning when everybody'd left...

"You... you must be tired, Stan! I will, Emile. Soon you'll feel better?"

"You..."

I rushed to Pop's room. The door was locked from the inside. By the time I'd broken it open, his screams had stopped. I snapped on the light. Pop lay on his bed, deathly white. There were two small puncture holes in his neck...

"Pop! My God! Pop!"

Pop watched me undress and crawl into my old bed. Then he snapped off the light. I think I was asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow. The next thing I remember was Pop's god-awful screaming waking me up...

"Huh? What the... Pop! Pop!"

"I don't know, Stan. I'm pretty tired. I'll probably still be asleep when you get home..."

"Okay, kid. When I get up, then. S'long, it... it's good to have you home again, Emile."

"It's good to be home, Stan."

"Sorry, Emile. Time to go to work. I'll see you in the morning..."

"Okay, kid. When I get up, then. S'long, it... it's good to have you home again, Emile."

"S'long, now. It's good to have you home again, Emile."

I'll get it, Stan! I swear I'll get that vampire! Take it easy, Emile. We all want to find it. The whole town wants to. We'll get it for Pop! You and me."
I nodded. My eyes fell on my still-unpacked suitcases. Suddenly I knew. I knew how to trap our vampire. I unpacked the suitcase with my equipment, the equipment I'd bought in college...

Stan, look. Do you know what this is? Uh-uh! No! What is it?

Stam. Look. Do you know what this is? Yes, Stam! Because it's detecting a radio-active material. This... in this bottle... is radio-phosphorous... isotope P-32... a radio-active tracer. The geiger-counter senses the P-32. That's why it's clicking!

Well, what's this got to do with the vampire, Emile?

It's a geiger counter. It detects radio-active material. It clicks when it hears any. This is the way you turn it on. See? Now... listen...

I can't tell you, Stam. Just trust me and don't worry. After tonight, this town will be rid of him. You'll see, now, why don't you get some sleep? You must be tired.

Yes, Stam! Because it's detecting a radio-active material. This...

I snapped on the geiger counter. It began to click loudly...

Why... it's clicking now, Emile!

I am tired, Emile. I think I will hit the hay...

Stan went into his room and shut the door. Soon, it was quiet and I knew he was asleep. For a long time I sat there, watching it get light and feeling the sun streaming in the window. Then I took a pencil and began to write...

My plan was simple. I finished the note...

Dear Stanley,

When you awaken, I will be gone. Don't look for me. Tomorrow morning, take the geiger-counter, comb the town, and listen for the clicks. When you hear them, you will have found the vampire's resting place...

Emile
Then I left the house. I went out into the sunshine. I went out into my town. I walked the streets and I looked at the people and I saw the fear in their eyes and mourned my father and knew that what I was going to do was right...

I watched the sun set beyond the distant mountains. I watched the sky darken and the stars sing out... first one solo, then a whole symphony of twinkling light. I lifted the bottle of P-32 to my lips...

Now I listen to the quick heavy footsteps behind me, almost on top of me. My hands are cold and my blood pounds through my shivering body. But I am not afraid...

I am not afraid because I know that Stanley has awakened and is reading my note... Emile! You little fool!

And I know that he will search for my body and find it, and the Geiger-counter will be silent because the vampire will have drained the radioactive tracer out of my body with my blood...

And then Stanley will go looking, and he will listen. He will peer into cellars and attics and old buildings and deserted houses...

Emile... sob... Emile... I'll find you! I'll find you!
And the clicks will grow louder and louder and louder until Stanley will stand and look down at the inhuman living-dead with a hate in his eyes and a curse on his lips...

...and the stake through the blood-sucking thing's inhuman heart...

...until it shrieks and falls to dust and is destroyed...

...and my smile freezes and my face is a wax mask...
Stanley, my brother, leers at me, his fangs gleaming...

And then he is upon me, throwing me to the ground. I feel the flesh of my throat tear as his needle-like fangs rip in...

I feel his overpowering strength as he holds me fast. I feel a warm trickle down behind my neck where the blood is running...

The stars above begin to spin until they whirl in concentric circles of light and I feel my strength ebbing and know that I am dying...

Just before the blackness closes in, I think of Stanley going home and turning on the Geiger counter...

And listening to the clicks and tearing up my note and laughing.

Nee, hee... which is just what I'm doing, Emile. Well, as they always say, the best laid plans of mice and chemists oft go boom. Somebody was made a sucker of, eh? So Stanley was the vamp all along. Oh... brother. No wonder he worked nights and slept days. All vampires do what? You know somebody who works nights and sleeps days and he's no vampire? Are you... nee, hee. Sure? Try looking for a thin layer of soil in his bed. Now. V.K. this way.
The car engine coughed and died and the nervous staccato sound of the downpour on the roof seemed to increase in tempo. Charles Keeley leaned forward, peering past the fogging windshield into the fluid blackness illuminated by the headlights. Beside him, Peggy, his bride of scarcely two hours, giggled:

"This isn't funny, Peg! She's conked out for good! What a way to begin a honey-moon."

"Oh, darling, I'm so happy. Even being bogged down on a lonely backwoods road is fun... as long as it's with you."
ALAN ANDERSON, MY FATHER, WAS KILLED BEFORE I WAS BORN. AUNTY NEVER TOLD ME WHY OR HOW, ALTHOUGH I QUESTIONED HER SO MANY TIMES ABOUT IT. SOMETIMES I THINK SHE WAS TRYING TO HIDE SOMETHING ABOUT MY FATHER'S DEATH. A MEMORABLE MYSTERY.

Charlie turned to his lovely new wife. She grinned at him and the love and happiness that was inside her sparkled outward through her smiling eyes.

Yes, but well. Spending one's wedding night stuck in a car isn't my idea of fun, Peg. Charlie, dear. Two hours ago I was Peggy Anderson, living with an old maid aunt... an orphan, who grew up knowing no love.

PEGGY SNUGGLED UP CLOSE TO HER NEW HUSBAND...

PEGGY... so you see, darling? Whether it's in a palace or a bogged-down car on a deserted muddy road, as long as I can be close to you and know love...

PEGGY POINTED OFF TO THE LEFT... INTO THE DOWNPOURING BLACKNESS...

WAIT UNTIL ANOTHER LIGHTNING FLASH SILHOUETTES IT. THERE?

IT'S A HOUSE! AN OLD MANSION!

PEGGY FLUNG OPEN THE CAR DOOR. THE RAIN LASHED IN AT THEM...

THERE WAS A FLASH OF LIGHTNING, AND A THUNDER CLAP ROARED. CHARLES REACHED OVER AND SNAPPE OFF THE HEADLIGHTS, AND THE DARKNESS CLOSED IN AROUND THEM. HE COULD HEAR PEGGY'S HEAVY BREATHING ABOVE THE DOWNPUR AS HE SLID HIS ARMS AROUND HER AND DREW HER TO HIM...

WAIT, CHARLIE! LOOK! WHAT? WHERE?

PEGGY FLUNG, OPEN THE CAR DOOR. THE RAIN LASHED IN AT THEM...
Behind them, the rain swept off the porch roof and waterfalled to the ground, feeding growing rivulets that ran crazily off into the blackness down the hill. Charlie shrugged.

Well, it's either back to the car for us or break in...

I'm sure whoever owns the house wouldn't mind under the circumstances.

Heck, I'm soaked to the skin, me too. Looks like this place is deserted. The windows are all boarded up and... the door's locked...

The aged lock,otted with the years, splintered open under Charles's weight, and the door swung wide...

Well, Mrs. Keeley? Welcome to our honeymoon cottage.

Oh, Charles... it's the custom, you know, Peggy.
Outside, the storm lashed at the old house but within, the newlyweds were oblivious to its fury, hearing only the pounding of their own hearts as they walked together to the huge bed...

The fire crackled and leaped, licking at the logs. The storm seemed to increase in intensity, raging and whipping the ancient edifice. Between yellowed and musty sheets, Charles and Peggy were close, feeling the increasing intensity of their own emotional storm...

A sudden sound awakened Charles, and he sat up abruptly, staring into the darkness. The fire had gone out. The bed beside him was empty, and the sheets...

Good lord! These sheets are white and... and everything looks so new...

The room was no longer dingy and dusty and smelling of age. Everything was spotless and clean and had the odor of newness. The windows that had been boarded up now admitted the light from a cold moon shining outside...

What is this? Peggy! Peggy... where are you?

Their makeshift clothesline was gone. Their overnight bag was missing. Outside, an engine sputtered to a stop. Charles went to a window and peered out. Laughter drifted up to him. A man and woman were getting out of an old-style limousine...

Will you look at that? An old La Salle! And it looks brand new...

Charles watched as the couple crossed the newly paved blue-stone drive that had been just a mass of weeds and mud only a short time before. He listened as they mounted the newly painted porch...

Well, Mrs. Anders. Welcome to our honeymoon cottage...
Charles gasped. Freda? Why... that was Peggy down there being carried across the threshold! Or was it Peggy? It... it looked like Peggy...

Well, darling this is your new home. Like it?

Freda and Alan Anderson! Of course!

Down below, as upstairs, everything was shiny and new. The dust-covers that had hooded the furniture were gone...

Oh, Alan. It's beautiful! Freda and Alan Anderson were Peggy's parents!

Charles ducked into the bedroom as they came up the stairs. He held his breath, cowering behind the door as they entered...

It's the custom, you know, Freda.

The couple moved, arm and arm, to the bed that Charles had awakened in. He turned away listening to their heavy breathing, their soft voices whispering...

What's this all about? Why am I seeing all this? What's the reason?

Charles watched, fascinated, as the man lit a fire in the new fireplace and the woman began to undress. He dared not move from his hiding place behind the bedroom door for fear of being seen...

Their clothes... they're the styles of the twenties! And the old-fashioned car... the new furniture! Why, I'm witnessing what happened twenty-five years ago in this very house...

I'm witnessing Peggy's mother and father's wedding night...

I'm so deliriously happy.

Embarrassed by the intimacy of the scene beyond, Charles waited, staring at the blank door, until their soft whispers faded and their gasps and sighs turned to the regular breathing of slumber...

They're asleep! Now how in blazes do I get back to 1953... to Peggy?
Charles was about to step from his hiding place and tiptoe downstairs when cllicing footsteps approached...

Oh, oh! It's Freda...Peggy's mother...she's coming this way!

Freda's face was a grinning mask with glazed staring eyes as she seemed to float across the bedroom toward the fireplace...

She's reaching for that battle-axe over the mantel...

Gripping the lethal-looking weapon in her tiny white-knuckled fists, Freda returned to the bed where Alan lay sleeping peacefully. She stood over him, her eyes filling with tears.

Oh, Alan! Alan! This night is so beautiful. This love of ours so complete...

For a moment of sheer terror Charles froze, watching horrified, as Freda raised the battle-axe. Then his voice erupted from his throat in a high-pitched scream and he darted forward...

My god! She's going to kill him!

Freda...

Charles lunged forward trying to catch Freda's arms, but his fingers closed on nothingness. The battle-axe fell...

Stop! Stop...oh, Lord...I can't stop her! I can't feel her. She...she's like a ghost!

Charles listened, rooted to his hiding place, as Freda's soft quivering voice drifted across the room...

This is the way love should always remain, my darling. Sweet and clean and passionate. But it doesn't. Time sours love. Age dirties it. The passion cools...

Her words were almost sing-song now, almost raving...

But that isn't going to happen to our sweet clean passionate love, my dearest. I'm not going to let it. I'm going to keep it...exactly as it is...preserve it...for always! I'm going to make sure time doesn't spoil our love! Alan! Alan...wake up, darling!

Good lord! She's...She's...
Satisfied, Freda tiptoed back across the room and replaced the bloody battle-axe over the fireplace. This was the secret Peggy's aunt kept from her all these years.

Then she returned to the bed and started in beside the bloody remains, smiling and whispering softly...

Choke...Peggy's mother was insane. She killed Peggy's father here in this house on their wedding night when Peggy herself was conceived...

All Charles could do was to watch horrified as Freda lifted the huge battle-axe again and again until the figure on the bed became a soft, wet, red mash...

Satisfied, Freda tiptoed back across the room and replaced the bloody battle-axe over the fireplace... She...she's mad! Absolutely mad!
From the doorway in which he crouched, Bronson watched the smoke spiraling toward the sky. His eyes glittered happily with the reflection of the orange and crimson and blue tints lighting up the night: it was the best fire he had ever set!

His head turned when he heard the piercing siren announcing the arrival of the fire trucks. A smile wrinkled the corners of his mouth as he watched the long coils of hose unwinding; saw the men moving frantically forward in their billowing black-rubber coats. He pursed his lips and, in the safety of the doorway, observed critically the fire-fighting technique on display before him. The men were good, he admitted grudgingly . . . but they'd never get the flames under control before the towering building was gutted. It would take at least an hour before the last embers died amidst the charred ruins . . . an hour and he'd collect the biggest fee of his career!

He opened his silver cigarette case and removed a slim white cylinder of tobacco. For a moment he admired the gold monogram on the paper: only the top-ranking arsonist could afford his own blended cigarettes, like this. Meticulously he tapped the cigarette against his manicured thumbnail and turned again to watch the fire he had started.

It was that new fluid that made this job so simple. The old kerosene-rag dodge, that was all right for pikers and run-of-the-mill torches. And the guys who used the candle-technique: let them pick up their crummy $25 for a hit-or-miss job. When you get into...
the big-time like Bronson...when arson was
made to pay off so well you needed a firm of
accountants to handle your income tax re-
turns...you did the job right, and you did it
yourself!

The new fluid, Bronson thought to himself,
would net him a million! The painstaking ex-
periments with gasoline, kerosene, sulfur and
remote-controlled time-fuses was going to
really pay off! The incendiary he had so cun-
ningly contrived could make an almost in-
stantaneous pyre of concrete!

He chuckled to himself, drawing a gold
lighter from his pocket and fondling it as he
watched the firemen scuttling around the base
of the burning building. The ingenious way
he had planted his new incendiary fluid, so
that pressing a button 50 yards away gener-
ated intense heat and forced vapors to rise and
fire the upper stories...made the job a high-
speed operation and guaranteed there'd be no
evidence of arson for snoopers to uncover.

Bronson placed the monogrammed cigare-
ette in his mouth, raised the lighter and
pressed the flywheel button. A yellow flame
leaped out toward the cigarette, turned the
tobacco orange-white...and, in the same
instant, enveloped Bronson in a cocoon of fire.

A squeal of agony burst from his seared
lips as he realized what had happened: those
fumes generated by his incendiary liquid had
clung to him! The first contact with flame had
set him afire as if he was made of dry tinder!

He staggered out of the doorway, dimly
aware of the stench of burning flesh...he
felt the skin sloughing off his hands like
dying ashes fallen from a burnt log. A second
screech of agony welled up to his scorched
lips as he stumbled and fell in a charred heap.
The eerie echo still reverberated through the
alley as the last tongues of flame flickered
over his unrecognizable body...
Dear Old Witch,

The entire student body of Boys High School was very surprised when the monthly school newspaper, "The Red and Black," came out with a story on your fine comics. Enclosed please find a copy. The principal of our school must like your comics, or else he probably would not have allowed the story to be printed!

Roy Manno
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hee, hee! That'll be the day! The old boy was probably out sick that week—leave us face it!

We wish to express our gratitude for your wonderful stories. We have read one of your stories before each game, and have won 12 in a row without a loss. We owe our great success to your thrilling stories. We will continue to read your book and continue to win.

The Basketball Team
Columbiana High School
Columbiana, Ohio

Took ya a long time to mail the letter, eh? well, after reading my mag all the time, you guys should be pretty good on FOUL shot!!

Comparing E.C. Comics to their inferior limitations is like comparing Marilyn Monroe to you, you old bag!

E. Dailey
Farmingdale, L. I

I LIKE THAT! (So do WE!—editors!)

I have only one justifiable complaint about your exceptionally interesting horror tales: I most fervently desire to voice my violent objection to the animation of dead tissue.

William Fransen
San Francisco, Calif.

What in the Haunt is he talking about? (He's taken about "walking corpses; gram'ma.-ed.) He's talking about WALKING CORPSES, you ill-conceived rom-pots? Yeah, he's talking about walking corpses, like for a change you ain't got in this issue, pickle-puss—ed! Oh, you mean corpses whose DEAD TISSUE has been ANIMATED, wart-heads? (Now ya got it, bead-brain.—ed.) This boy is a □

I was glad to see that Craig, Davis, and your boy, Ghostly Graham Ingels brought the cover pictures of you Ghoulunatics up to date!

David McGill
Shidell, La

The comic business is a rough racket, David. We done aged in the last three years!

As any E.C. fan knows, your stories are the best in the business but what gets my goat is this: Why must you have such ridiculous, stupid titles for them? Titles like: A CREEP IN THE DEEP, OIL'S WELL THAT

END WELL, LOWER BIRTH, etc You should have mature titles for mature stories!

Bill Spicer
Los Angeles, Calif.

Humor is the Spicer life. Bill. And a pun is the lowest form of humor. And since my stories are about the lowest forms of life—no dice, er, Spicer!

You slipped up in your Feb. issue of Haunt of Fear (No 17) when you told the story, "Gorilla My Dreams." I actually got a lump in my throat and shed a tear for that poor guy in the ape's body. Don't tell me there's a heart left in that gruesome old body of yours after all?

C. E. Crandell
Overland, Mo.

To tell ya the truth, C. E., I was out sick that week.

I just got back from the local morgue with the latest copy of your slimy mag (IF No 17) I was eating lunch when I read C. K.'s unholy bit of humor called, "Garden Party." I guess spaghetti and E. C. don't mix. I made a dash for the nearest sink.

John McClure
West Palm Beach, Fla.

I was so nauseated, I ran for the sink, but I loved it. Anytime I get sick from your mags is strictly a pleasure. Retchingly yours,

Frank Kreuger
Houston, Texas

Look Whyncha avoid trouble? How many times I gotta tell ya this? Don't read no E. C. muck-mags while sittin' eatin'. In fact, don't be bal-safe . Don't read no E. C. muck-mags one hour before and one hour after sittin' eatin'. Read E. C. in proper manner at right time inna right place which is, like any stipe knows, sittin' onna a fresh grave innna old cemetary where my blood is full, at midnight, notcably!

All my friends and neighbors, as well as my mother and dad, thank that your magazine is absolutely disgusting. As for ME, all I can say is, keep up the good work. I like it. I like it!

Joseph Amoroso, Jr.
Corona, N. Y.

So do I. So do I. (So we WE. So do WE!—ed.) Drop dead drop dead! And stay out ya my column my column! (OK, OK, bee bee bee head—ed, ed.)

So subscriptions are available 75c six issues full year's output! Mandala envelopes invariably come late. cause the girls that mail 'em are invariably out sick!!!

25c Address for mail, subscription orders, of T orders, money with no orders, money, and animated dead tissue is

The Old Witch
Room 706, Dept. 19 19
223 Lafayette St
N. Y., N. E.
HEE, HEE! HERE’S ANOTHER OF MY INFANTILE INSANITIES... ANOTHER CHILDISH CHILLER... ANOTHER NURSERY NAUSEATOR... I CALL THIS FOUL FABLE... DOUBLE-HEADER!

Once upon a time... long, long ago... there lived an old king who... even though he was surrounded by all the lovely ladies of the court all day long... was very lonely. The king was lonely because... even though all of the palace ladies yearned to be his queen... he had never married. The king had never married because he'd never fallen in love.

Every day the ladies of the court would smile and wink and try to please the lonely old king, but the lonely old king was a righteous old cuss, and he wouldn't fall for their flirtations.

Good morning, sire! Good morning, your majesty!

Oo you think this gown is too... daring, sire? Do you like the way I've done my hair, sire?

Is there anything I can do for you today, sire? Hmmmph!
Then, one day, while the court ladies were each trying very hard to gain the lonely old king’s attention, he suddenly sat bolt upright in his throne.

Gulp! What is it, your highness? Your eyes are popping out of your head, your highness!

The old king gasped... That girl! Who... who is she? What girl, your majesty? Where, your majesty? Oh...

The smiling girl was brought before the love-struck king. Yes, kooies, love-struck! The old boy had finally fallen in love. He looked her over hungrily... then...

Leave us alone! Yes, your majesty! Yes, your majesty!

There, at the far end of the court, the most beautiful girl the old king had ever seen was silently mopping the floor...

She, your majesty! That... that scullery maid, sire? Yes! Yes! Her! Bring her here... to me!

The old king had gone quietly mad.

Meanwhile, inside the throne room...

The minute I laid eyes on you, my dear, I fell in love with you...

You honor me, your majesty! After all these years, hanging around here, trying to hook the old crow...

And when the ladies of the court were allowed to return to the throne room, the king announced... my subjects. This lovely creature has consented to be my wife. Let me present Sylvia, your queen-to-be...
And so, Sylvia and the old king were married.

But the court ladies were wrong. The old king did not soon tire of his new young queen. In fact, as each day passed, he fell more and more in love with her...

Look at him, the old fool. She’s half his age.

Don’t worry. He’ll soon tire of her.

And one of us will yet be queen.

Oh, my dear. I wish that I were young again so that I could make you love me as I love you.

It’s all right, Irving. I am content just being your queen.

And queen Sylvia was content just being the queen, even though King Irving could not physically show his love for her. Instead, at night, Queen Sylvia would go walking...

Who...Who’s here? Who’s out here in the garden?

It is I, Queen Sylvia! Cedric! Cedric...whom you once loved!

Cedric...please...go away! Leave me alone! Do not be cruel to me! I am married now.

Why did you marry him, Sylvia? Why?

And the court ladies were extremely jealous of her...

Oh, Cedric...I wish that I were young again so that I could make you love me as I love you.

It’s all right, Irving. I am content just being your queen.

And queen Sylvia was content just being the queen, even though King Irving could not physically show his love for her. Instead, at night, Queen Sylvia would go walking...

Who...Who’s here? Who’s out here in the garden?

It is I, Queen Sylvia! Cedric! Cedric...whom you once loved!

Cedric...please...go away! Leave me alone! Do not be cruel to me! I am married now.

Why did you marry him, Sylvia? Why?

Cedric moved forward. Sylvia backed off...

Because he offered me his kingdom...to be his queen! What girl could refuse?

But what else did he offer you? Could he offer the love a young woman needs?

Cedric caught her hand... He...he loves me very much, Cedric. He...

But are you satisfied with his kind of love, or do you need...this?

And he swept her into his strong arms...

Oh, Cedric...darling...

Sylvia...
The next night, when once again the Queen met the Captain of the Guards secretly, someone was listening...

And so... I saw them, with my own eyes, Suzette! Gasp! It's true, Marie was right!

Meanwhile, from her darkened bedroom window, one of the court ladies watched the passionate scene in the moonlight...

Gasp! The Queen has a lover, wait until Yvonne hears about this!

I heard them, and I must know. Then we'll be rid of her! I'm going to tell him.

The King dismissed Suzette. He closed his tired old eyes. There was only one thing to do, it was a matter of honor, no matter how much it hurt.

Summon the Queen... and the Captain of the Guards?

What do you think I don't know, Marie? I'll tell you! He'll have them both beheaded. He must, he is the King! They have insulted his honor!

Suzette requested audience with the King... privately...

All right, my dear. What is this urgent news you have for me?

It concerns the Queen, sire... and the Captain of the Guards. It is a matter of your honor.

The King listened to Suzette's story with a great sadness in his heart.

Marie saw them together in the garden, and Yvonne heard them. And I had to tell you...

Suzette, Yvonne, and Marie watched as the Queen and the Captain of the Guards were brought to the throne room.

Yes, your majesty!

Marie, Yvonne, and Suzette watched as the Queen and the Captain of the Guards were brought to the throne room.

What do you think? I don't know, Marie! I'll tell you! He'll have them both beheaded. He must, he is the King! They have insulted his honor!
Inside the throne room, the king looked at the young woman whom he loved so dearly...

Yes, my dear, and that is what is so pitiful. If I didn't know, I wouldn't be forced to do what I now must do! I must...

Sylvia and Cedric were led away. Marie, Yvonne, and Suzette watched them go...

One of us will yet be queen, my dears!

Come! We might as well begin working on the old crow. Let's go in and comfort him!

Meanwhile the broken hearted king sat on his throne, thinking...

I...I love her. I...I would forgive her anything...only...only I can't.

I can't because...

They slid in...the three ladies. They crowded around the king, soothing him...

Oo not be unhappy, your majesty! It is better this way.

Give one of us a chance to make you happy!

The king looked up at them...at Marie and Yvonne and Suzette. And suddenly his face paled and his eyes flamed...

Your majesty! Good lord! Irving!
In the court yard, the axeman was grinding his huge axe, and the sound drowned out the muted screams that came from within the castle...

The axeman's blade rose and fell, and the captain of the guaros' head dropped into the waiting basket...

Inside the castle, the three ladies of the court who had missed viewing the execution, writhed on the stone floor of the throne room. Marie covered her eyes! They had been painfully torn out for what she'd seen. Yvonne had her hands clapped over her ears! The king had burned them off with a red-hot poker for what she'd heard. And Suzette clutched at her bleeding mouth! The king had cut out her tongue for what she'd spoken.

All of the lords and ladies of the court had gathered to witness the execution. All but three. Finally the king emerged and took his place beside the chopping block. He gave the signal, and Sylvia and Cedric were led forward.

In the court yard, the axeman was grinding his huge axe, and the sound drowned out the muted screams that came from within the castle...

The king was a lonely king once more. As he walked back into the castle, the court lords and ladies saw tears streaming from his eyes...

Now the king was a lonely king once more. As he walked back into the castle, the court lords and ladies saw tears streaming from his eyes...

Hee, hee. See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil, eh, kiddies? So the old adage goes. Old King Irving, in his wrath, sure made monkeys out of the three troublemakers, eh? Well, that's my grim fairy tale for this issue. Of course, as in all fairy tales, even grim ones, everybody lived happily ever after. Yep, seems the king went snooping and found a chambermaid making beds on the third floor and... ah, but that's another. Even grimmer tale. Well, o.k., awaits, so, 'bye, now!
Heh, heh! Ah... SPRING is here, eh, Fiendos? IT'S BASEBALL TIME AGAIN. WELL, I'VE GOT A BASEBALL HORROR YARN THAT WILL DRIVE YOU BATTY, SO CREEP INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR, SETTLE DOWN ON THAT SACK, AND YOUR CRYPT-KEEPER WILL PITCH YOU THE BLOOD-CURDLING, SPINE-TINGLING, FEARFUL FUNGO-FABLE I CALL...

FOUL PLAY!

IT IS MIDNIGHT... the eve of opening day. CENTRAL CITY'S BUSH-LEAGUE BALL PARK LIES IN DARKNESS. THERE IS A SMELL OF FRESHLY PAINTED SEATS AND RAILS AND HOT-DOG STANDS HANGING IN THE COOL NIGHT AIR. THE CHAMPIONSHIP PENNANT SAGS LIMPLY FROM THE NEW-WHITENED FLAGPOLE IN THE OUTFIELD, LIFTING SADLY NOW AND THEN TO FLAP IN THE SOFT BREEZE THAT SWEEPS IN AND ACROSS THE SILENT DESERTED GRANDSTANDS. BUT DOWN ON THE GREEN PLAYING FIELD, ILLUMINATED BY THE COLD MOONLIGHT, ARE FIGURES... FIGURES IN BASEBALL UNIFORMS... EACH IN ITS POSITION... WAITING... WAITING FOR THE WORDS...

PLAY BALL!

WHAT GOES ON, YOU ASK? WHY THIS MIDNIGHT GAME IN THE MOONLIT CENTRAL CITY BALL PARK? COME BACK WITH ME TO LAST SEASON... TO THE FINAL DAYS OF THIS BUSH-LEAGUE PENNANT RACE... TO A BRISK SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON. DRY BROWNED LEAVES, CHASED BY A FALL WIND THAT CARRIED A PREVIEW OF WINTER WITH ITS CHILL, TUMBELED ACROSS BAYVILLE'S BALL PARK AS CENTRAL CITY'S STAR PITCHER STRODE TO THE PLATE...

C'MON, HERBIE! LET'S GET SOME RUN-INSURANCE!

GET ON BASE, HERBIE BOY!
It was the playoff game between Central City and Bayville. The two teams had ended the season tied for first place and this game would decide the pennant winner. Visiting Central City was leading their Bayville hosts by one precious run in the first of the ninth. There were two out as Herbie Satten came to bat...

"Put it in here, boy. Ow!" The pitch was inside. Herbie moved toward it, then turned away. The ball struck his elbow. "What? You're crazy! He did it deliberately!"

Bayville's pitcher, Phil Brady, wound up. Suddenly, Herbie, on first, did something strange for a big hulking guy. He made a break for second base...

Phil spun around and let go. Jerry Deegan, Bayville's second baseman and star player, league leader in hits and home runs, was covering. The peg was way ahead of Herbie, but Herbie came in sliding, spikes high...

Bayville's hurler wound up. Big Herbie watched as the pitch came steaming in...

"Look out, Herbie...

"Easy out, boys. An we got our power coming up last of the ninth.

Bayville's team crowded around the umpire, protesting his call...

The umpire just shook his head. His decision stood. Herbie trotted owh to first, and Central City's lead-off man came to the plate...

Okay, boys. It's two down. We'll get 'em out!

The bayville team crowded around the umpire, protesting his call...

"It never would've hit him if he didn't leah it!"

He didn't even try to get out of the way!

"Okay, boys. It's two down. We'll get 'em out!

The umpire just shook his head. His decision stood. Herbie trotted owh to first, and Central City's lead-off man came to the plate...

Okay, boys. It's two down. We'll get 'em out!

The umpire just shook his head. His decision stood. Herbie trotted owh to first, and Central City's lead-off man came to the plate...

Okay, boys. It's two down. We'll get 'em out!

Phil spun around and let go. Jerry Deegan, Bayville's second baseman and star player, league leader in hits and home runs, was covering. The peg was way ahead of Herbie, but Herbie came in sliding, spikes high...

V'ER OUT...

Phil spun around and let go. Jerry Deegan, Bayville's second baseman and star player, league leader in hits and home runs, was covering. The peg was way ahead of Herbie, but Herbie came in sliding, spikes high...

"Jerry, watch out..."
Jerry Deegan went down as the spikes slashed into his calf, and he felt their burning metal sharpness. His teammates were running now.

Jerry? Yuh hurt? Okay, Jerry? That was a cheap trick, Sattenn.

I'm okay! It's only a scratch! Sorry, Deegan! You old that on purpose, Sattenn.

The big central city pitcher smirked... It's all in the game, Chin. If'n Deegan's dropped the ball, I'd be safe!

You were beat by a mile, and you knew it, Sattenn.

The umpires called 'play ball' and the game resumed. Central City, still leading by one run, took to the field. Central's first base coach walked Sattenn to the mound...

I didn't give you no steal sign, Sattenn! What was the idea?

My idea, Eddie! Don't worry about it! The pennant's as good as ours!

In Bayville's dugout, Doc White cleaned Deegan's spike wound and taped it...

Is he okay, Doc? Will he be able to bat?

Okay, Bayville. Let's get a batter out here.

Now it was the last of the ninth. A home run would tie the game for Bayville, and with one on, it would mean victory and the pennant. And Jerry Deegan was due to bat fourth. The first batter strode to the plate...

Get on, Al! Just get on. Jerry'll put one into the stands! Yeah, boy! I feel it...

But Al grounded sadly to short one out. The second batter moved into the box...

Wait 'im out, Bill! He's tirin'! S'matter, Jerry? Huh? Oh... Nutnin'!
But Bill popped out to right. Two out, the third batter stepped into the batter's box...

O'MAH, MELVIN... Let's tag one, Mel... You don't, I'm... Look so good, Jerry!

Hulking Satten worked... pumped... delivered. Mel swung at the first pitch lining it to deep left...

It's good for two, Mel! Get legs, Mel... Slide, Mel...

The crowd roared. Mel pulled up at second. In the dugout, Bayville's boys were on their feet. All but Jerry Deegan...

This is it! Let's go, Jerry! You're through, Satten! Here's our chance!

Jerry's eyes were glassy. Brao shook him... Huh? You're up, Jerry? S'matter, Jerry?

Jerry got to his feet slowly. The dugout steps reeled as he stumbled up...

I'm... I'm okay? Just... felt a little... dizzy... Blast one into the bleachers, Jerry!

The crowd roared. Mel pulled up at second. In the dugout, Bayville's boys were on their feet. All but Jerry Deegan...

Jerry moved to the bat rack... slowly... painfully. He squinted hard, searching...

Something's wrong with him! He can't even find his bat... Let's go, batter...

Finally, finding his favorite wood, Jerry moved into the batter's box. He stared out at Satten who was pumping... delivering...

St-e-e-e-rike one! Atta boy, Herbie! C'mon, Jerry...

Jerry hadn't even seen the pitch speed past him...
The second pitch was slow, straight down the middle. Real home run meat. Jerry seemed to sense it and swung wildly.

Jerry, it was getting dark, he could hardly make out Satten's uniform as he pumped then.

He slumped to the ground as Satten's pitch went by...

He struck three! Yer... Out.

Jerry, it was getting dark. He could hardly make out Satten's uniform as he pumped, then.

ST-EE-RIKE TWO!

Something's wrong with him, I tell yuh, he missed it by a mile.

He slumped to the ground as Satten's pitch went by...

He struck three! Yer... Out.

Jerry, it was getting dark. He could hardly make out Satten's uniform as he pumped, then.

He slumped to the ground as Satten's pitch went by...

He struck three! Yer... Out.

The ball game was over. Central City had won the championship. Doc White rushed to Deegan's side, as the rest of the Bayville team crowded around.

He... He's dead!

The park was empty now. Bayville's broken-hearted fans had filed silently out. In the dressing room, Jerry Deegan's body lay on the rub-down table. Doc White bent over him...

It must have been his heart!

Poor Deegan!

He was the... choke... the greatest!

Then, Doc White's face blanched. He got busy... with needles and bottles and rubber tubes. Deegan's teammates watched silently. Finally, the Doc spoke his voice was husky... grim...

It... It wasn't his heart, boys! Jerry was poisoned. This is... murder!

He... He... Good Lord!

Positive! He died from a quick acting poison which, once it enters your bloodstream, kills you within fifteen minutes!

But Jerry was out on the field fifteen minutes before he died.
For a moment, it was so quiet in the Bayville Dressing Room, you could hear a pin drop. Then...

SATTEN!

Herbie Satten. Jerry came up in the ninth, it would mean the game!

That crazy move! That steal! He had no chance to make it...

Satten spiked Jerry deliberately!

Murdered him... With poison spikes!

While the other players kept moe, the trainer, busy, Doc White made a fast check on Satten's spikes. Later, back at the Bayville Dressing Room...

There's no doubt about it! Satten's own murderer. Traces of the poison are still on his spikes.

While the other players kept moe, the trainer, busy, Doc White made a fast check on Satten's spikes. Later, back at the Bayville Dressing Room...

There's no doubt about it! Satten's own murderer. Traces of the poison are still on his spikes.

Yes, fiends. Herbie Satten had so wanted to win the pennant, not for Central City but for his own Fat ego, that at the beginning of the ninth, while his team was at bat, he'd painted his spikes with the fast-acting poison. He'd carried the poison with him for just such an occasion. Getting hit with the pitch was easy. The slide, easier. And the job was done. And all last Winter, Herbie'd thought he'd gotten away with it. He'd pitched his team to victory and the pennant. He'd been declared a hero. Soon it would be the big-leagues for him. Soon, he'd be famous. He'd have a name, a name immortalized in the annals of baseball. That's why, or the day before opening day...

When the letter arrived, he fell for the invitation...

Dear Mr. Satten,

We are a group of your most avid followers. It is our plan to place in Central City Ball Park a plaque, carrying your name, to honor you and your achievements in baseball. Please meet us tonight at eleven p.m. at the field to help decide upon wording and placement of said tablet.

The Herbert Satten Commemoration Committee

Herbie went. Why not? This was what he wanted above all else. This was what he'd murdered for. Honor, prestige. At 11:00 p.m., he was in the deserted ball park, on the moonlit field, waiting.

Hello, Herbie...

What the...? Brady! Doc White! The Bayville team. What's this all about?
So now you know, friends. Now you know why there is a ball game being played in the moonlight at midnight in the deserted Central City Ball Park. Look closely. See this strange baseball game! See the long strings of pulpy intestines that mark the base lines. See the two lungs and the liver that indicate the bases... the heart that is home plate. See Doc White bend and whisk the heart with the mangy scalp, yelling...

Play ball... Batter up!

Let's go Philly, boy! Pitch it in...

See the batter gone to the plate swinging the less, the arms, then throwing all but one away and standing in the box waiting for the pitcher to hurl the head in to him. See the catcher with the torso strapped on as a chest-protector, the infielders with their hand-mitts, the stomach-hosing-bag, and all the other pieces of equipment that once was Central City's star pitcher, Herbie Sattens...

And in the morning, watch the faces of the fans as they pack the park and see the green grass now stained red, and see the hastily substituted pitcher step to the rubber and stare down at the stone plaque embedded there with the engraved words memorializing the gory remains buried beneath the pitcher's mound.

Huh, huh! So that's my yelp-tarn for this issue, kiddies. Herbie, the pitcher, went to pieces that night and was taken out... out of existence. That is! The plaque turned out to be his grave stone, and the pitcher's mound his grave. Oh, by the way, next time you go see Central City play, be careful where you sit. That night one of Bayville's boys hit a homer, into the stands. They never found the... heh, heh, 'ball!' Bye, now. We'll all see you next in my mag, Tales from the Crypt!
NOW! ONLY $198

Read for 7 Days at our risk!

This new manual shows you how to get
HIGH SPEED & EXTRA POWER QUICK EASY
with any car

Drive 45 Miles or more with 1 GAL. GAS

ZOOM AHEAD

0 to 60 miles in 12 seconds
Increase top speed of your car up to 30 miles
Secrets of Indianapolis Speedway Revealed!

EASY PICTURES SHOW YOU HOW!

OVER 1000 SECRETS YOURS
which do you want to know?

20 Ways to save gas • 10 Oil saving methods • All about fuels & gas additives • Max fuel efficiency • Alcohol use • Fuel additives • How to finely tune your car • Filling the tank • Oil & Gas consumption • How to save on gas • Gas & dye fueling • Gas and car repair • Preventive gas system failure • How to make your car perform • Increasing gas efficiency • Prevent breaking on fuel • Prevent flat tire in your car • Better tire wear • Oil type for tires in your car • Recommendations on fuel additives • Recommendations on fuel filters • Recommendations on fuel pumps • Experts in fuel systems • How to assist underdeveloped countries • High compression • 50,000 miles on your fuel system • Testing on fuels & dies • Perfect performance of your car

FREE
Even if you return manual!

Drive 8000 Miles without oil change!

Burn water & save gas!

U.S. Gov't. Scientist reveals how to

BURN WATER & SAVE GAS!

FREE
Even if you return manual!

SPEEDWAY BOOKS - 127 West 33rd Street, Dept. 36, New York 1, N.Y.

7 DAY TRIAL!

SPEEDWAY BOOKS, Dept. 36-50
127 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N.Y.

Take a look at our manuals for 7 days on us. If you decide not to keep them, return them to us for a full refund of purchase price.

Name
Address

EASY PICTURES SHOW YOU HOW!

OVER 1000 SECRETS YOURS
which do you want to know?

20 Ways to save gas • 10 Oil saving methods • All about fuels & gas additives • Max fuel efficiency • Alcohol use • Fuel additives • How to finely tune your car • Filling the tank • Oil & Gas consumption • How to save on gas • Gas & dye fueling • Gas and car repair • Preventive gas system failure • How to make your car perform • Increasing gas efficiency • Prevent breaking on fuel • Prevent flat tire in your car • Better tire wear • Oil type for tires in your car • Recommendations on fuel additives • Recommendations on fuel filters • Recommendations on fuel pumps • Experts in fuel systems • How to assist underdeveloped countries • High compression • 50,000 miles on your fuel system • Testing on fuels & dies • Perfect performance of your car

FREE
Even if you return manual!

Drive 8000 Miles without oil change!

Burn water & save gas!

U.S. Gov't. Scientist reveals how to

BURN WATER & SAVE GAS!

FREE
Even if you return manual!

SPEEDWAY BOOKS - 127 West 33rd Street, Dept. 36, New York 1, N.Y.

7 DAY TRIAL!

SPEEDWAY BOOKS, Dept. 36-50
127 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N.Y.

Take a look at our manuals for 7 days on us. If you decide not to keep them, return them to us for a full refund of purchase price.

Name
Address
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 teen-ager, in your 20’s or 30’s or over, if you’re short or tall, or what work you do, all I want is to make you per 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 meat to your arms, your chest, your shoulders, broadened from head to heels. You’ll gain solidity, size, power, speed. You’ll become an all-around, all-american he-man, a winner in everything you tackle — or my training won’t cost you one single cent.

Develop your 520 muscles.

Gain pounds, inches, fast!

I gained 70 lbs of mighty muscle!

You can be a winner of the jowett course in weeks and win a big silver trophy. Join me and I win from skinner to cleveland. fuller 90 lbs. to this all-american he-man.

In 10 minutes of fun a day I change from a skinny weakling to a mighty man.

Come on, pal, now you can win $100 and a big 15” silver cup!

Let me make you an all-around he-man as I made these former skinny and flabby weaklings.

Your last chance to get all 5 free picture-packed courses. Millions have been sold for $1 and more. Send 10c for postage and handling.

How to build mighty arms.

How to build mighty legs.

How to build mighty back.

How to become a mighty he-man.

Photo book of how to build mighty he-man.

Mail coupon in time for free offer and prizes!
FREE!
ON THIS AMAZING OFFER
235 STAMPS
FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

ALL DIFFERENT!

GUARANTEED
WORTH OVER
$5.00
AT STANDARD
CATALOG
PRICES!

CHINA AIR-MAIL
$10 900
Chinese currency

TONELAND—Introducing some of
rival native women's dancing
group

RUSSIA — This
unique stamp was
worth a quarter of a
million rubles!

COSTA RICA — The
most beautiful
stamp of Central
American republic

TIMBUCTOO
Shows native of
French Equatorial
African in traditional
war dance

Madagascar
Some stamps from
World War II.

UNITED NATIONS
Fights over
one post office in the
world—UN building
in New York

DIBOUTI
Stamp shows
Djibouti with
Mount Jelben,
the highest peak
in Africa.

HITLER — Stamp
much in demand
by collectors but
rare all the time

YOURs FREE — these 235
fascinating stamps from all over the world. Each
stamp different! Total price — in a standard
catalog — guaranteed to be at least
FIVE DOLLARS! Yet ALL
ARE YOURS FREE if you send for Complete Stamp Collector's Outfit described below. This amazing offer bound to go "like hotcakes" So mail coupon AT ONCE!

HERE'S EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO START ENJOYING
THIS MOST FASCINATING OF ALL HOBBIES

Stamp Collecting opens up
new worlds of fun, profit, and
adventure to you. Many successful
people collect stamps—presidents, kings,
executives, movie stars, explorers, ath-
letes, etc.

Now's EASY to get started. Right
WITH the 235 Free Stamps described
above we will send you a Complete
Stamp Collector's Outfit. If you de-
vote to keep it, it's ONLY ONE DOL-
LAR. But if you DON'T think it's
a bargain, send it back—we'll refund
your dollar AND YOUR POSTAGE, TOO!

The Outfit contains the five items at left
EVERYTHING YOU NEED to start a
stamp collection that can grow in value for
the rest of your life!

Examining Kit for 7 Days Without Risk!
Mail coupon and $1 now. The complete
Outfit—along with the 235 Free Stamps
and other interesting offers—will be sent
for a week's examination. Unless you're
delighted, return it—we'll promptly refund
your dollar and your postage, too! LITTLETON
STAMP CO., Dept. 3-EC, Littleton, N. H.

ALSO FREE while supply lasts!

Unusual Anti-Communist Stamps
5 stamps issued by Ger-
man-Occupied France to
popularize the idea of volun-
teer Frenchmen helping
Nazi fight Soviet Russia. This set (new and
unopened) much sought after!

FREE while supply lasts
even if you decide NOT
to keep Kit! So mail coupon NOW!

With Your 235 FREE STAMPS
Will Come This Complete
Stamp Collector's Outfit:
1. Stamp Album with spaces
   for 300 stamps
2. Book on "How to Collect
   Stamps" has many
delighting stamp stories
3. Mattidix Glass in ex-
   treme valuable details
4. Special Watermark De-
   tector for stamps and paper
5. $90 Canceled Hinges to
   attach stamps in album

LITTLETON STAMP CO., Dept. 3-EC
Littleton, New Hampshire

Send me FREE 235 Invaluable Stamps—and a set
of ANTI-COMMUNIST STAMPS, while supply
lasts. Also send for 7 days' examination Complete
Stamp Collector's Outfit.

I endorse $1 as a deposit. After 7 days' ex-
amination I may return everything (except ANTI-
COMMUNIST STAMPS which I may keep FREE) and
you will return my dollar. AND my postage. Or I will
keep everything and you may keep my dollar as
payment in full.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ___________________ State ______

Send to LITTLETON STAMP CO., Dept. 3-EC
Littleton, New Hampshire