THREE DIMENSIONAL TALES FROM THE CRYPT OF TERROR

ON THE INSIDE! TWO 3-D VIEWERS!
Heh. Heh. Well, here's tości! Horrors! in three dimensions, and this is your host in the Crypt of Terror, the Crypt-Keeper, ready to bring it to you in all its gory details. So get a good grip on your viewer, hold on to your eyeballs, and I'll begin the blood-curdling depth-drama I call...
Clyde Franklin was a big game hunter. The night before he was to leave on another expedition, a reporter came to interview him. They entered the trophy room...

And these are my mementos of past hunting trips. My records of achievement. How could you? How could you hunt these poor creatures? Then stuff their heads? It's cruel!

The young reporter stormed out. Clyde Franklin began to laugh...

Poor fool! What's he so worked up about? After all, they're only animals!

The next morning, Clyde packed his hunting gear into his station wagon...

Goodbye, Jeeves. We'll bring a moose head just for you.

Thank you, Sir. Goodbye and good luck!
Ilyoe's first shot grazed the moose. Annoyed, it turned, bellowing. Then it charged.

Clyde stood his ground. He waited until the moose was almost upon him...waited till he was sure he could hit the vital spot.

Then he fired. The moose went down, skidding, and rolled over dead at Clyde's feet. Clyde unsheathed his hunting knife...

What a beautiful head for my trophy room!
The next day, Clyde broke camp and continued north in his station wagon. He stopped toward noon at a gas station.

Ray, that's some moose—head you got there, mister. Er—where's the carcass?

I left it. I just wanted the head— as a trophy.

The old Canadian shook his head...

Shucks! That's a lot of meat gone to waste. Folks up here hunt for food. Well, I hunt for sport!

It was toward evening when it happened. Clyde was using his station wagon over a winding mountain highway when he saw the spiked board...

Good Lord!

He slammed his foot down on the brakes, too late. The two front tires exploded as the spikes ripped into them. The station wagon lurched crazily...going over...

Smashing through the guard-rail...rolling down the steep hill...into the ravine below.

To Clyde, everything went black. He lay, unconscious, amid the twisted steel...the broken glass...the moose-head...
When he came to, he was lying on a cot in a rustic cabin, as the cobwebs cleared, he heard the muffled throbbing of a motor coming from the next room...

Suddenly, the motor stopped. Then Clyde heard angry voices, in the room with the motor...

It sounded as if someone were being tortured in the next room. The motor started again. Clyde tried to get up...

The door to the next room opened. The sound of the throbbing motor was louder now. And Clyde heard another sound, like liquid gurgling through pipes.

He came toward Clyde, grinning eagerly...

He's not interested in your leg, my friend. What's going on in there? Who have you got in there? What kind of man are you?
YOU, YOU'VE HEARD ME! YES! LOOK! YOU'VE GOT TO GET MY LEG OR GET ME TO A DOCTOR!

YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE! YOU'RE MY PRISONER!

THE SPIKES, YOU'RE PUT THEM HERE ACROSS THE ROAD CAR!

EXACTLY! LET US SAY I KILLED YOU AS A HUNTER ONCE BANTE!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

HE TURNED AND STARTED OUT THE OPEN DOOR OF THE CABIN, SHUCKLING. CLYDE SHIVERED...

YOU'LL SEE!

YOU'LL SEE!

CLYDE WATCHED HIM CROSS THE CLEARING TO WHAT APPEARED TO BE A LARGE WOODSHED...

HE'S OBVIOUSLY SCARED AND THERE'S SOMEONE IN THAT OTHER ROOM. I'VE GOT TO SEE...

WITH A GREAT DEAL OF EFFORT, CLYDE MANAGED TO HALF HOP, HALF DRAG HIMSELF TO THE DOOR. HE FLUNG IT OPEN...

WHY, THERE'S NO ONE HERE?
The room was empty. On a bare white table was a rather large round container. It looked like a hat box. On the floor below, a small motor throbbed. It seemed to be a pump arrangement. From an attached tank, several rubber tubes ran off toward the table.

If I heard the motor, and it's here, then the person I heard must be here too!

Over the table, a bottle hung upside down. It looked like the kind of bottle used to administer plasma. A tube ran from it, down to the table, toward the hat box.

Funny! All the tubes seemed to run under that hat container.

Suddenly, the hair on Clyde's neck crawled and bristled in terror...

That... that moan! That pathetic moan! It came from that box!

Clyde dragged himself to the table, painfully. He stared down at the strange box. He saw, now, that it was only a cover...

Clyde grasped the handle, raised the cover, and gazed down at the most horrifying sights he'd ever seen...

YAAAAAAAAAA!
Clyde stood rooted to the spot, unable to move. The indescribable horror he felt had completely numbed his senses. The head on the table screamed...

Of course, I have several you're crazy! In my trophy room across you don't Hunt the human beings keep the heads of all my game. There are!

Yep, 30 friends. I fear demented drips. That's how Clyde Franklin lost his head. And you'll lose your head over my next tale. So rest your eyes for a moment, thereby giving your heaving stomach a chance to settle down, and then I'll begin. Ready? Then, eyes right... four eyes!
YOU HAVE BEEN DRIVING FOR TWO HOURS THROUGH A BLINDING DOWNPOUR. AT TIMES YOU CAN HARDLY SEE THE ROAD AHEAD. HEADLIGHTS DON'T HELP. THEY ONLY REFLECT BACK FROM THE SHEETS OF DRIVING RAIN, GIVING THE EERIE EFFECT THAT YOU ARE FOLLOWING A SOLID WALL OF WATER. WAIT! THERE'S A LIGHT UP AHEAD, MOVING UP AND DOWN. IT'S A MAN, A STATE TROOPER, SIGNALING YOU TO STOP...

YOU'LL HAVE TO TURN BACK, WATER! THE BRIDGES ARE WASHED OUT UP AHEAD!

BUT WE'VE GOT TO TRY TO GET THROUGH, OFFICER. ISN'T THERE ANOTHER WAY?

[YOU CAN'T TAKE THIS SIDE ROAD!] [THANKS, OFFICER. I'LL CHANGE IT!]

[HERE CROSSES THE RIVER] [ABOUT TWO MILES BEYOND BAD ROAD, THOUGH!]

YOU BACK UP THE CAR AND SWING INTO THE SIDE ROAD. THE CAR BUMPS AND ROCKS AS YOU GUIDE IT THROUGH THE BLACK...

THAT TROOPER WAS RIGHT. THIS IS A BAD ROAD!
You continue on, splashing, rolling, for what seems like hours. You're tired, the strain of driving through the downpour is beginning to have its effect. Suddenly...

---

The car lurches into a water-filled hole and the engine stalls. You try to start but it's no use. You're stuck...

---

...stuck in this Fordorsアナニンガホル.

Welp, there's no use driving anywhere. I'll just have to sweat it out...

---

You settle back, resigned to waiting until the storm abates. When suddenly, you see a light... shining through the black downpour...

---

Dark house! Perhaps they have a phone...

---

You pull your collar up around your neck, pull your hat down, and break for the house...

---

If they have no phone, perhaps they can put me up for the night...

---

The house is old and run down. The shutters are broken and clatter against the windows. Icy fingers grip your spine as you stand before the battered door...

---

There's something foreboding about this place. It gives me the creeps.

---

You knock. The hollow boom echoes through the interior. Heavy footsteps approach. The door swings open on rusty straining hinges...

---

OAWAIA! Go away. From here!...

---

But... the storm...
You're frightened. The woman had a wild maniacal look in her burning eyes...

You're not wanted! It's dangerous for you here! Go away!

The dark tall man points to his temple...

You mustn't mind my wife, Sin. She's...not well.

Oh! These! That's why we live out in this desolate place. I can keep my eyes on her. Take care of her.

I understand! Do you think I could get something to eat?

As his footsteps fade into the cellar, the woman rushes at you, clawing you...

Please don't call me inhuman!

Do you see? You're in great danger here. My husband is...he's inhuman!
The man returns to the table. You can see that he is irritated. He pours himself a glass of red liquid and drinks it down, licking his lips. Then he leans toward you:

YOU MUSTN'T LISTEN TO HER. SHE'S INSANE. HELPLESSLY, INSANE. MY WIFE IS... A GHOUl!

The footsteps on the cellar stairs warn the old woman of her husband's return, and as she scurries into the shadows of the fireplace:

AN' HERE WE ARe!

He jumps up angrily. He rushes to the woman:

YOU'VE BEEN TALKING AS IF YOU'RE FEDONG, GO TO YOUR ROOM. GO AHEAD.

The man puts the bottle on the table, and you stare at it. It is almost empty... and its contents are a deep red - blood red.

YOU'LL JOIN ME, SIR? I'D... I'D RATHER NOT!

Icy fingers close around your heart as the man relates a strange tale...

WE HAD A DOG! ONE DAY, IT DIED. I BURIED THE POOR THING IN THE GARDEN. THAT NIGHT, I WAS AWAKENED BY THE SOUND OF DIGGING. I LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW!
The man takes the bottle and goes into the cellar suddenly, behind you the woman hisses from the stairs...

He killed the dog! He drained its blood, lock the door to your room tonight, I beg you! Here's the key.

She scurries back up the stairs as the man returns. He hands you a key...

Here! Lock the closet in your room tonight. She can get in that way if you don't.

He leads you up the creaking stairs, down a long hall to a small room...

Good night, sir. Remember my warning. That closet or sure you look it.

He closes the door and you listen to his footsteps fade away down the hall. You take the key that the woman gave you from your pocket and lock the door to the room.

And I'll make sure, by barricading myself in! There may be other keys!
You look around...

That bureau looks heavy enough!

You push the heavy bureau up against the door to his room...

That ought to do it! He can't move that!

Then you lock the closet with the key that the man has given you.

There may be another key to the closet, too!

You move the heavy iron bed up against the closet door.

If she lies on the bed, she won't be able to guess it.

Suddenly, you sit bolt-upright! A noise...outside your room...in the hall. Footsteps! Your blood freezes.

There the man? Is he out there?

You stretch out on the bed, listening to the rain pounding on the roof above...

Who...who can I believe? Which one is telling the truth? Or is this all some horrible joke!
You listen. Another noise behind you. In the closet.

The panel opens wider... wider... and then...

Nooh, nooh! Lord! It's both of them!

You can't escape. The doors are barricaded. The two of them... that horrible couple... are coming at you. Their eyes burning...

My bottle is almost empty. Hurry, Fedor! Drain quickly so that I may feast!

Both of them told you the truth! And as they come at you, you scream. You claw against the wall and scream...
Suddenly you open your eyes. The lightning flashes...

Good Lord!

You are in a car, the rain pouring on the metal top, echoes in your brain, you're wet with perspiration, and sick.

I... I must have been dreaming.

You settle back, resigned to waiting until the storm abates, when suddenly, you see a light... shining through the black downpour.

A farmhouse? Perhaps they have a phone!

You pull your collar up around your neck, pull your hat down, and break for the house...

If they have no phone, perhaps they can put me up for the night.

The house is old and run down. The shutters are broken and clatter against the windows. Icy fingers grip your spine. Your nightmare? It's just like the house in your nightmare.

And it was only a dream.

You knock. The hollow boom echoes through the interior. Heavy footsteps approach. The door swings open on rusty straining hinges...

Go away! Go away from here. Let the gentleman come in, Hebsiah!

Only a dream? Well? Then what are you frightened of? Go on! Go on in!
I first found out that I was going deaf when I visited my family doctor because of a painful earache I'd been having. He just shook his head...

Are you sure, doctor? Isn't there anything you can do? Operation...

I went home to my wife Joan, I told her what the doctor had said...

You mean you won't be able to act anymore? How could it? I'd miss my cues. My voice would be expressionless.
But every doctor I went to told me the same story. It was useless. And when I started to miss my cues onstage... *there must be something they can do, go see specialists! I will, honey? I will...

And then it came... that thick, heavy silence. I was stone deaf. I had to learn to lip read...

I heard about your misfortune, Harry. I said our money's practically gone! We're broke! Understand? Cleaned out!

things got worse. I couldn't find work. finally I went to see an old friend, John Bayne. John and I had played summer stock together. John had gone blind...

SLOWER, JOHN! SPEAK SLOWER! I SAID OUR MONEY'S PRACTICALLY GONE! WE'RE BROKE! UNDERSTAND? CLEANED OUT!

Harry! Harry, are you all right? I say. did you say, my name? John? I can't hear anymore.

I heard about your misfortune, Harry. I said your name. I recognized you immediately. Then you can see John. you can see again!

John nodded... then why do you wear those dark glasses, John? To hide my eyes? Hardly. these are eyes!
I followed him into the rear of the shop. It was lined with shelves of bottles filled with various colored liquids and powders. It was like an alchemist's nightmare. He examined me.

John Bayne recommended you. He said you might be able to help me.

I see by the way you study my lips that you are deaf. Come in the back.

John followed me into the rear of the shop. He was a small man, dark and sinister looking...
Can you imagine the sensation? Have you ever turned on a radio full blast? I rushed home to tell Joan. As I opened the door, I heard Joan's voice, upstairs, whispering. I heard it clearly...

I thought he just came in! I'll have to hang up, darling. Yes, of course I love you. Good-bye.

When I came out of the anesthetic, I looked around. I could hear the air in the room seemed to hiss. He stood over me. He spoke.

How do you feel? My head! Don't talk!

I couldn't believe it. Joan... and another man! I decided not to tell her about my hearing being restored. That night, I couldn't sleep. I got dressed and went for a walk...

Funny! I have the strangest feeling... like I want to scream!
I walked until dawn, then I went home. Joan was gone. She'd taken a job when our money'd run out...

All night, I'd felt wide awake. Now, at dawn, a heavy drowsiness came over me. I don't remember falling asleep, but when I awoke...

I dressed quickly and rushed to John Bayne's house. What manner of fiend had he sent me to? As I plunged open the door...

I staggered into the bathroom and looked at myself in the mirror...

I was hanging upside down from the clothes pole in my closet. I slipped to the floor...

I shaved carefully, clearing my face of the silken growth. Then I showered...

What the @% a membrane growing across my armpit!

Get out! Go away before it's too late. I'm an animal!

What in hell?
JOHN'S ROOM WAS DIMLY LIT. HIS FELINE EYES SLOPED WITH AN ERIE YELLOW LIGHT. HE KNEEL IN A CORNER, WHITE PICKED-CLEAN BONES AROUND HIM.

THAT HORRIBLE FIEND, HARRY! HE DID SOMETHING TO ME! THERE AREN'T CAT'S EYES... THEY'RE THE EYES OF A PANTHER AND I CAN'T HELP MYSELF. I HAVE AN INCESSANT URGE TO KILL.

JOHN SNARLED. I GOT OUT... AND THAT NIGHT, AS I WALKED, I TOOK SHORT SHRILL SHRIKES. I LISTENED TO THEIR ECHOES. I WAS USING THE BAT'S RADAR-LIKE DEVICE...

THE EXPLAINS THE HAIR ON MY FACE... MY FALLING ASLEEP IN THE CLOSET, UPRIGHT... I'M TURNING INTO A BAT!

JOHN SNAPPED ON A LIGHT...

LOOK AT ME! LOOK! I'M EVEN BEGINNING TO TURN INTO A PANTHER! DON'T GO TO HIM, HARRY! DON'T.

IT'S... IT'S TOO LATE!

WHEN I GOT HOME, TOWARD DAWN...

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL NIGHTS AND YOU WEREN'T AT HOME LAST NIGHT? WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

I GOT A JOB! NIGHT WORK!

GOODS... THEN I'LL BLO "NINE TODAY?"

IF YOU LIKE... I'M... I'M TIRED... I'M GOING TO BED!

JOAN LEFT... I STAGGERED TO THE CLOSET. I SWUNG IT OPEN, SQUEALING...
When I awoke, I heard voices in the bedroom beyond Joan's voice... and a man's... Are you sure about his insurance policy, Joan, baby? (Positive! I paid the last premium! It's still in effect! $25,000! He booked out when he was still successful!)

I plunged open the closet door and ran, screaming, from the house... That was Harry! He heard! He'll go to the police! I'll stop him... if I have to...

I listened, horror-stricken... We'll be rich, baby! Rich! After we kill him... They're planning to murder me! I've got to get away.

Joan's lover came after me. I ran, uttering those little shrill shrieks that warned me of fences and blind alleys and dead-end streets... I'll use Harry! I'll carry you!

And as I ran, I saw the sharp talons spring from my fingertips where nails had once grown... I... and where, Doo, Harry? I'll kill you!

And then, I felt the Fangs jut from behind my lips; I felt the hair covering my face. I felt a new strength. I stopped running...

Harry? Tired of running? This won't hurt, Harry! This is good, God!
He lay sprawled grotesquely on the cobblestones. I stood over him, staring down at the two puncture marks in his throat... I'd drained his blood...

I'm not just an ordinary bat...

Joan sat up eagerly as I came in...

Well, but did you take care of poor Harry?

I killed him, Joan! I killed your lover.

I sprang at Joan...

I killed him, as you had planned to kill me! And now, I must kill you, too!
AND NOW, TRENDS, FOR THE FINALE DEPTH-DRAAMA OFFERING FROM MY COLLECTION HERE IN THE CRYPT, PAINT YOUR SEAT WITH BLUE SO YOU WON'T HIT THE CEILING WHEN YOU READ THE PUTRID POP-OUT PROSE DESCRIBING THE PRO-SWELLING DETAILS OF...

The THING FROM THE GRAVE!

James Barry and William Perth were both in love with the same girl, Laura Mason. Jim was kind... considerate... a gentleman. Bill was brazen... fun-loving... and at times, Laura was almost afraid of him. And so, when Jim proposed to Laura...

Marry me, Laura? I know I can make you happy!

But, Jim. What about Bill? I... I dread the thought of what he'll do when he finds out.

Don't worry, Laura. Bill will have to take it like a man, after all... all's fair in love and war, you know!

Eff you, Bill! Isn't this your type? I gave up Lissie, Jim darling.

And Laura didn't know how right she was about Bill... yes, he wasn't the type to give up easily, he wanted Laura... desperately...

...and I'll get her, too. Even if I have to kill you, James Barry!
Laura and Jim were married, and for two weeks they were very happy. Then, business called Jim out of town for a few days...

I'll be back by Thursday, the latest. Don't worry about me!

Oh, Jim, I'm afraid I have to be left alone. I keep thinking of Bill and what he might do...

Bill won't do anything to you, Laura. Besides, I promise that in the future you will be happier with me. I'll be free to Worm it now. Goodbye, good lady...

You're being silly, Jim! With me and James and Barry, you've been... enjoying...

Jim gunned the car and sped away...

So have I, Laura! Hurry back, Jim! So have I...

Jim's car sped along the dark country road; its headlights slicing through the darkness. Suddenly, a figure loomed ahead...

What the...? It's me. Jim...

Jim slammed on the brakes. The car skidded to a stop, its tires screeching...

Crazy fool! I could have killed you! Who...

As the shadowy figure moved toward the car, Jim saw the glint of shiny steel...

Good Lord! He's got a knife! He's going to kill me!
Bill pulled the body of his murdered friend from the car and carried it into the woods...

Said to get rid of the body where no one will ever find it. Got to bury it deep in these woods.

Soon, a gaping hole was opened in the forest floor and Jim's stiff corpse was dropped in...

How to etch the daisies.

This time, the edum of a stride echoing over the deserted countryside, ended with a thud and a dull thud. Jim slumped over the wheel...

AND NOW, LAURA IS MINE... ALL MINE.

The edum of a struggle, echoing over the deserted countryside, ended with a thud and a dull thud. Jim slumped over the wheel...

AND NOW, LAURA IS MINE... ALL MINE.

Late, the killer form of Jim's auto hurtled over a cliff into a deep lake...

I'll sink into the mud bottom, and they'll never find it...

I can't believe this, Bill. Something happened to Jim. I feel it.

It's over a month now, Laura. He's left you. He's probably found another woman!
Bill waited. He had plenty of time. After two more months, he went to see Laura again...

If anything happened to him, you would have known by now, Laura. Can't you see he's deserted you?

I'll wait for him to come back. Never!

He'll never come back. Never!

Then I'll wait for him forever. I'll never stop loving him, Bill. Jim was my life. Without him...

It was all wasted. The plane. The work. The waiting. All wasted!

What do you mean, what are you saying?

Jim's dead, Laura! Dead! I rilled him, I wanted you, and he stood in my way!

Y-you rilled Jim? Now... How could you!? I hate you... hate you!

Now I've got to kill you, Laura. If I can't have you, let no one else have you. Either make sure of that, or...

You're a mad man! Paying maniac. Let me go!

Bill forced Laura into a car and drove her to a secluded cabin deep in the woods...

What are you going to do to me?

I'm going to lock you in this room and set fire to the cabin. There are no windows, so you can't escape!
Bill shoved Laura into the windowless room and locked the door.

They'll never find what's left of you, Laura. Only ashes... black whisky ashes...

As the smoke curled in under the locked door, and Laura heard the crackling of flames and felt the heat beyond, she screamed...

It was an ear-splitting scream that shattered the stillness of the forest, reverberating from tree to tree, rock to rock...

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

And somewhere out under the soft earth that covered it, the thing stirred... then pushed a decaying and rotting hand upward into the night.

Aaaghnh!

Slowly, the earth gave way as the thing pushed upward, clawing, the clean fresh air seeped down... into its shallow grave...

It got to its feet clumsily... stood erect in the moonlight. It lifted its head, listening. It had heard a scream... a scream that had made it seek the open air...
IT MOVED FORWARD AT A STUMBLING SLOW. ITS ROTTED LEGS... ITS SIGHTLESS EYES... THE DECAYED FLESH THAT CLUNG HERE AND THERE TO WHITENED SKELETON... MOVED THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH...

OUTSIDE THE FLAME-BURNT CABIN, IT STILL TURNS TO SEE IT COMING FROM THE FRINGE OF THE TREES... STUMBLING... STAGGERING... GOOD LORD!

THE THING DID NOT SEE BILL. IT MOVED TOWARD THE CABIN. BILL PUT HIS HAND OVER HIS MOUTH. HE WAS SICK. HE WHISPERED... OH, JIM!

IT DID NOT ENTER THE FLAMES. IT DID NOT FEEL THE FLAMES LICKING AT ITS TATTERED CLOTHES... ITS ROTTED FLESH. IT WAS DEAD. IT COULD FEEL NOTHING...

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, IT CAME OUT. ITS HAIR WAS SCARCE... ITS DECAYED FLESH WAS CHARRED. WHERE THE FIRE HAD TOUCHED THE BONE, IT WAS BLACK AND SCORCHED. IT CARRIED THE GIRL...

IT PUT THE GIRL DOWN ON THE COOL GRASS FAR FROM THE BURNED CABIN. AND THEN IT TURNED TOWARD THE HYSTERICAL SHRIEKING THAT CAME FROM THE NEARBY WOODS...
Slowly it shambled after Bill as he crashed, screaming, through the thick undergrowth...

Suddenly, Bill stumbled into a yawning BLACK HOLE...

The thing was upon him now, pinning him down. Bill tried to struggle, but the thing was strong. It held him easily...

And then the thing began, with one rotted and decayed hand, to refill the grave—Scooping ins in the dirt again, burying them...

No! I'm alive! You can't bury me! I'm...choking...alive!

Bill's screams...wild, terrorized, hysterical. Screams...echoed into the night as the dirt got into his eyes and filled his mouth. And then, after a while, the screaming stopped...

Well, fiends, put your eyeballs back in their sockets. You've had your
terror in three dimensions. Hope you liked it. Look for more E.C. 3-D mags at your favorite newsstand and look for E.C.'s regular line, too! Now it's time to close the 3-D CRUSADE OF TERROR.

THE END!
CONFIDENTIALLY... THIS IS AN EVEN BETTER E.C. 3-D MAG!

THREE DIMENSIONAL E.C. CLASSICS

COME WITH ME, DEAR READER! COME INTO THE THIRD DIMENSION... IF YOU DARE! FOR YOU WILL NEVER COME OUT!

ON THE INSIDE! TWO 3-D VIEWERS!
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