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TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 5
JUN-JULY



10¢

MAD

YOU SAY YOU
LOST YOUR VOICE
AND YOU WANT ME TO
FIND IT?... **AT LAST
AN EXCITING
CASE!**



**KANE KEEN
PRIVATE
EYE**

BILL ELDER

THE



**"PUBLISHER
OF THE
ISSUE"**

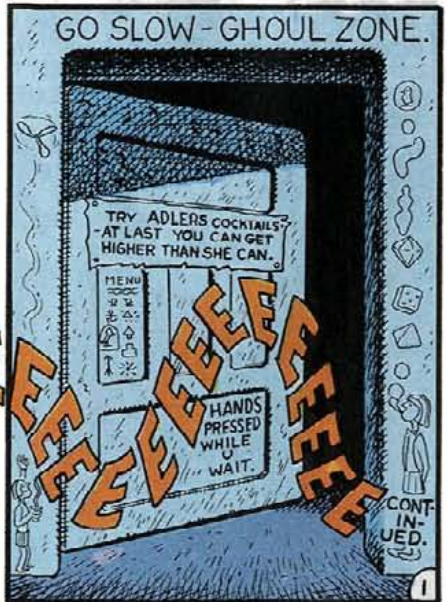
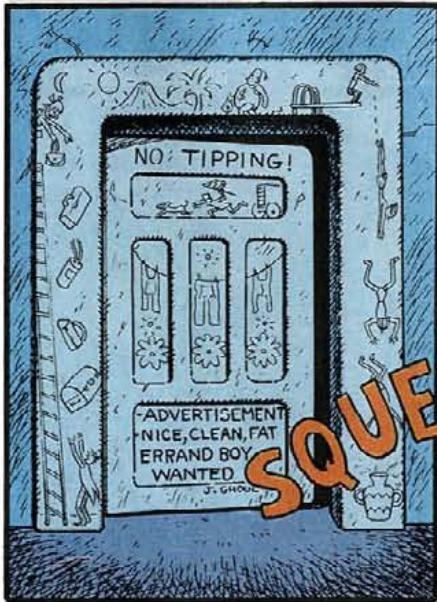
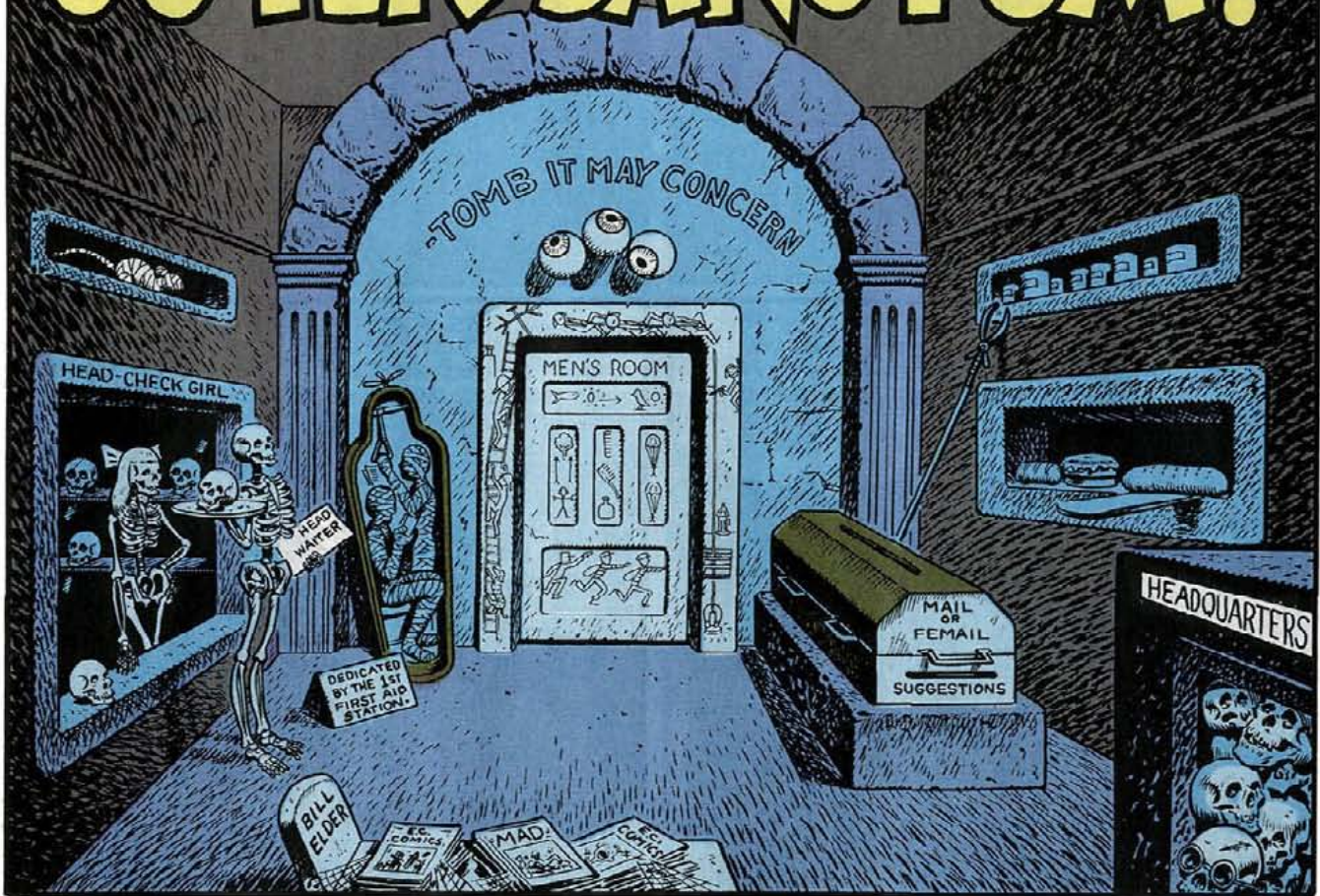
**WILLIAM M.
GAINES
ALIAS MELVIN**



William M. (for "Mad") Gaines, twisted publisher of the perverted E.C. line, was born on Feb. 30, 1922, in an abandoned cattle-car on a siding outside the Chicago stock-yards. His father was an International Communist Banker of Persian, Iranian, Egyptian and Danish stock, and his mother came from the Bronx. His early childhood was relatively uneventful, having been spent in picking pockets, stealing government checks from mail-boxes, running errands for bookies, counterfeiting lead nickels, and playing with Teddy-bears. Bill's formal education consisted of four years in first grade, followed by nine years in reform school. Upon breaking out, he took the alias of "Melvin" Gaines and began selling "cartoon books" (you know the kind!) on dark street corners outside burlesque houses. When he had read them all, he turned to peddling dope near nursery schools . . . took the cure . . . opened an establishment in a district of scarlet illumination . . . took the cure . . . and finally, seeking the ultimate in depravity and debasement, quite naturally turned to the comic magazine industry. Here he found a home! Utilizing his vast background of worldly and literary experiences, coupled with the tidy fortune he had accumulated from same, Bill introduced to the American public the notorious E.C. line . . . E.C. standing for Evil Comics. His editorial policy is a reflection of his highly developed sense of immoral obligation. As he was heard to remark at his last bi-annual editorial conference: "I don't care if it don't gotta plot! I don't care if it don't got grammar! I don't care if the pitchers ain't from talent! All I care is get into every story *sadism, snakes, masochism, pyromania, snakes, fetishes, snakes, necrophilia, phallic symbols, snakes*, and all the rest of that *esoterica* what I can't think of this minute." Today, Bill lives in a sixty-nine room mansion in wholesome Westchester County, N. Y. He owns a grey Cadillac for grey days, a blue Cadillac for blue days, a green Cadillac for bilious days, and a pogo-stick for hopped-up days. Bill's hobbies include selling "cartoon books" (you know the kind!), peddling dope, running his scarlet-illuminated establishment, and collecting snakes. At this writing, he is single . . . having been married and divorced 69 times. Don't send fan-mail . . . he can't read!

HORROR DEPT. - FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! DROP THIS COMIC BOOK! GET RID OF IT! BURY IT! DO ANYTHING ONLY DON'T LISTEN TO THIS STORY! FOR IN FRONT OF YOU IS A DOOR, BEHIND WHICH LIES A STORY THAT WILL DO THINGS... STRANGE THINGS... TO YOU... TO YOUR MIND!... FOR THIS IS THE INNER DOOR TO THE ...

OUTER SANCTUM!



SQUEEEEEE

CONT. IN- UED.



GOOD EVENING! THIS IS RAMON, YOUR GHOST... I MEAN... HOST! COME IN, I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!



I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO FIX MY SQUEAKING DOOR!

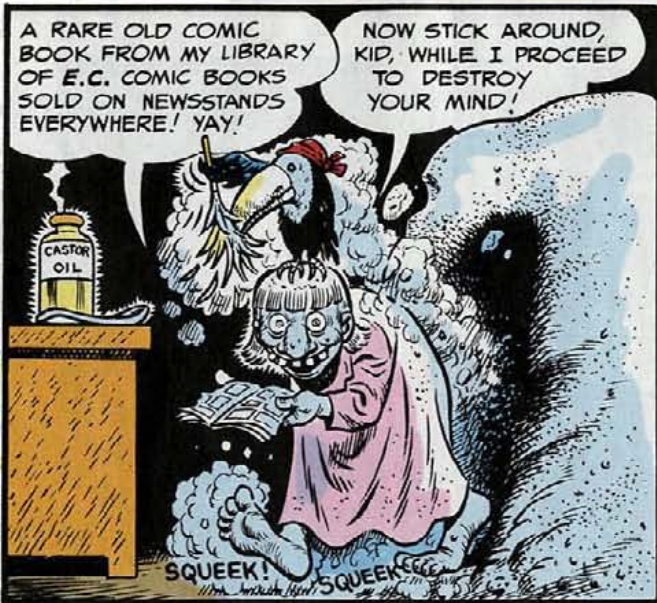
...YOU SAY YOU'RE NOT THE CARPENTER?... YOU HAVE COME TO HEAR A STORY? ...VERY WELL! I'VE GOT ONE THAT'LL KILL YOU!... IN THIS DUSTY OLD BOOK OVER HERE ...

...WHAT?



THIS FRIGHTENING, HORRIBLE, AWFUL BOOK THAT I'M EVEN AFRAID TO READ MYSELF! ... LET ME JUST BLOW THE DUST OFF ...

HAH! THERE'S THE TITLE! "CRYPT OF TERROR" COMIC BOOK... ISSUE NUMBER 7, JUL-AUG!



A RARE OLD COMIC BOOK FROM MY LIBRARY OF E.C. COMIC BOOKS SOLD ON NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE! YAY!

NOW STICK AROUND, KID, WHILE I PROCEED TO DESTROY YOUR MIND!



HAH! HERE WE ARE! THIS STORY IS ABOUT A THING! A HORRIBLE SHAPELESS THING! NOT VEGETABLE, MINERAL OR ANIMAL... JUST A THING!

...GET IT? THING... THINK? ...AHEM!

LET'S SEE NOW! OUR STORY BEGINS...

THIS STORY WILL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO THING ABOUT!

...JUST BEYOND THE LOUISIANA BAYOUS IN THE DEPTHS OF MYSTERIOUS, UNEXPLORED, UNPENETRABLE, STEAMING, SWEATY, DISGUSTING OKEEFENOKEE SWAMP!

OKEEFENOKEEFENOKEE SWAMP, WHERE THE WORLD STOOD STILL! NOT A SIGN OF LIFE... LOOK, PIC OR QUICK! ONLY A TUMBLE DOWN SHACK PROPPED UP WITH A SINGLE BROOMSTICK!



INSIDE THE SHACK, ALSO PROPPED UP BY A BROOMSTICK, WORKED THE 'PROFESSOR'!

YES...A MAN WITH A BRILLIANT MIND WORKED, ALONE IN THE SWAMP!

...WORKED FRANTICALLY AMIDST HIS BUBBLING RETORTS AND TEST TUBES!

WORKED AGAINST TIME...NOW THE WHOLE WORK WAS DONE! THE MIXTURE WAS READY!



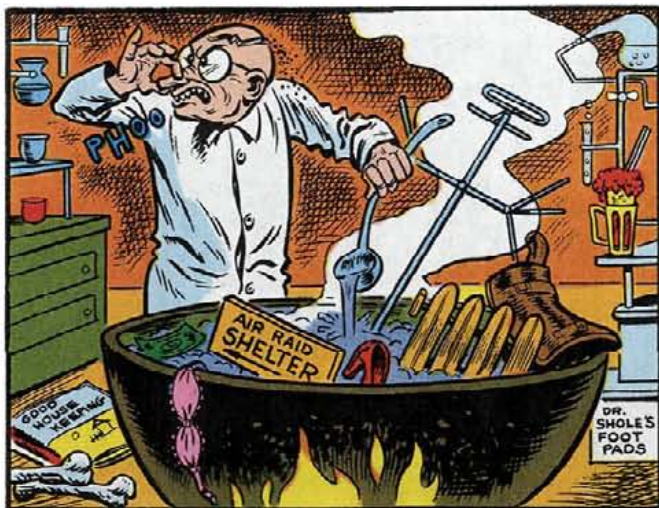
DOWNING THE DRY MARTINI COCKTAIL AT ONE GULP, THE 'PROFESSOR' TURNED TO THE HUGE VAT THAT HELD THE CONTENTS OF A LIFETIME OF RESEARCH, BOILING AND BUBBLING...

...A RECIPE HE'D BEEN GIVEN BY THE OLD CAJUN WITCH WOMAN! CROCODILES' WARTS, CHOPPED UP ZOMBIE HEARTS, SHRIMPS CREOLE...A MIXTURE OF THIS SWAMP!



AND THIS WAS WHY THE 'PROFESSOR' HAD HIDDEN HIMSELF FROM THE SCOFFING WORLD! "SKOFF, SKOFF!" THEY HAD SKOFFED! 'NO MAN CAN CREATE LIFE!'

SUDDENLY THE SCENT OF MANY MASHED POLECATS DRIFTED FROM THE MIXTURE!... IN A FLASH, A LIFETIME OF RESEARCH WAS SPILLING OUT THE WINDOW!



...SPILLED OUT THE WINDOW WHERE IT LAY... COMBINING WITH THE SWAMP WATERS IN A FESTERING MISH-MOSH!

NIGHT FELL!... NIGHT ON THE OKEEFENO-KEEKEE SWAMP! SOUNDS OF THINGS... MOVING THROUGH THE BACKWATERS!

...HIDDEN THINGS WITH STRANGE CRIES SHATTERING THE SLEEPING CALM OF OLD OKEEFENOKEEKENOFFEE!

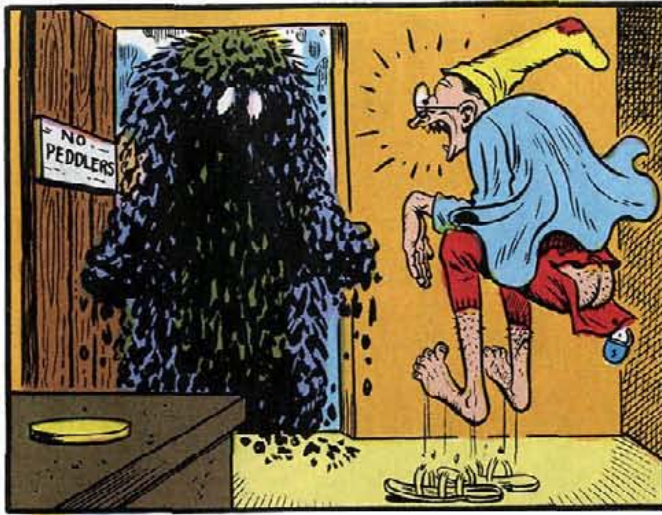


...AND... BENEATH THE PROFESSOR'S WINDOW... THE MIXTURE CONTINUED TO PULSATE AND QUIVER WHERE IT HAD LAIN... PULSATED... QUIVERED... AND GREW!

GREW! STOOD UP! ERECT! A HORRIBLE STANDING GLOB OF SWAMP THING! THERE WAS NOTHING TO CALL IT BUT... HEAP!



WHEN THE 'PROFESSOR' WOKE UP, HE FOUND IT!... 'HEAP',
STANDING OUTSIDE THE DOOR AND FROM SOMEWHERE
INSIDE THIS 'HEAP' CAME A CROAK... THAT SOUNDED LIKE... 'PAPA'!

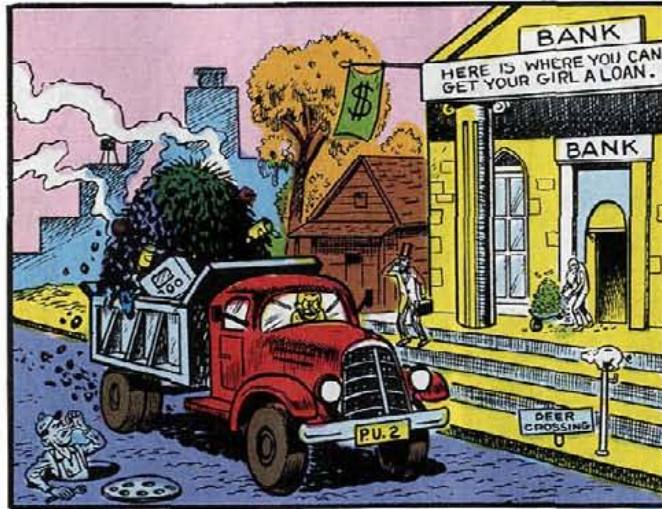


...FOR THE 'PROFESSOR' WAS TRULY THIS 'HEAP'S' FATHER! AND
AS 'HEAP' EMBRACED HIM IN ITS SLIMEY BANANA PEEL AND TIN
CAN ENCRUSTED ARMS, THE EVIL PROFESSOR GOT A HORRID IDEA!



THE NEXT DAY SAW A TRUCK, CARRYING WHAT APPEARED
TO BE A CRUMBLING PILE OF GARBAGE, ROLL UP TO
THE DOORS OF THE FIRST CAJUN NATIONAL BANK!

...AND THEN IT HAPPENED! THIS FESTERING, PALPITATING
HEAP OF GARBAGE SUDDENLY CRAWLED OVER THE
TRUCK'S SIDEBOARDS, INTO THE STREET, AND UP THE BANK STEPS!



THEN... LIKE A HUGE AMOEBA, THIS 'HEAP'
SLATHERED INTO THE TELLER'S CAGE AND
SCOOPED UP THE CASH!... PHEW!

ITS WORK WAS DONE! IT Poured OUT
THE ENTRANCE, UNMINDFUL OF THE
HAIL OF BULLETS FROM THE GUARDS!

LEAVING A TRAIL OF ORANGE PEELS AND
DEAD CATS, IT GOT BACK IN THE TRUCK,
AND WAS GONE! **HEAP HAD STRUCK!**



BACK IN THE STEAMING MESSY OL' OKEEFENOKEDOKEE SWAMP, THE 'PROFESSOR' WAS SOON ROLLING IN DOUGH! HIS 'HEAP' WAS FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS WELL!

IT WAS EASY TO KEEP 'HEAP' HAPPY! AN OLD DECAYED FISH ...COLD, WET COFFEE GROUNDS...A BIT OF DRIPPING NEWS-PAPER THAT WAS USED TO LINE THE GARBAGE PAIL...



THEN... A CHANGE CAME OVER 'HEAP'! ONE DAY THE PROFESSOR FOUND HIM COMBING HIS SLIME IN THE MIRROR!

AND THEN, ONE DAY THE PROFESSOR FOUND 'HEAP' SPRINKLING HIMSELF WITH AFTER-SHAVE LOTION AND FLIT!

AND THEN ONE DAY, THE HEAP CAME BACK FROM TOWN DRESSED IN A ZOOT-SUIT WITH A BELT IN THE BACK!



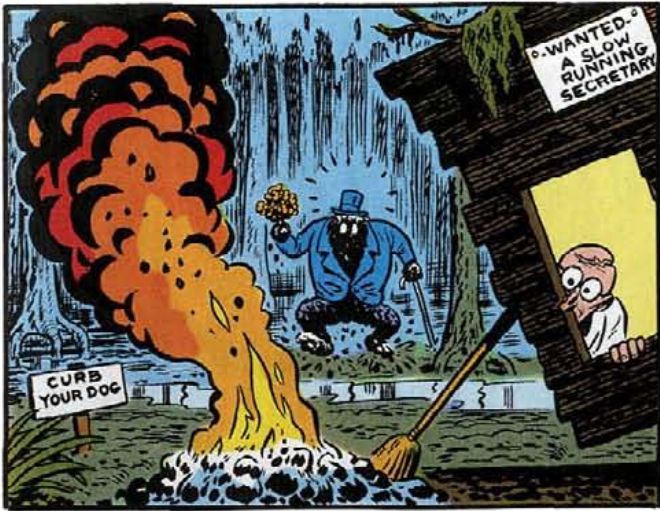
ALL THIS COULD ONLY HAVE ONE AWFUL MONSTROUS, HORRIBLE CONCLUSION... 'HEAP WAS IN LOVE!' THAT EVENING, THE 'PROFESSOR' FOLLOWED 'HEAP' WHO LOOKED HEP!

IN BACK OF THE PROFESSOR'S SHACK LAY A PIECE OF THE PROFESSOR'S GARBAGE, ACCUMULATED THROUGH THE YEARS! BY GEORGE... THIS WAS A FEMALE GARBAGE HEAP!



THE PROFESSOR KNEW WHAT HAD TO BE DONE! WHEN 'HEAP' CAME TO LOOK AT HIS BELOVED GARBAGE PILE THE NEXT EVENING... IT WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND!

AN ODD CRY LIKE A STEPPED-ON CAT CAME FROM THE TIN CANNED DEPTHS OF 'HEAP', AND IN A MAD LOVER'S FRENZY KICKED AWAY THE SINGLE BROOMSTICK...



...THAT SUPPORTED THE SHACK, BRINGING THE LABORATORY TUMBLING DOWN ON THE WICKED PROFESSOR!

THEN IT RAN AMUCK IN THE VILLAGE... FREEING GARBAGE FROM ITS CANS, UNMINDFUL OF POLICEMAN'S BULLETS!

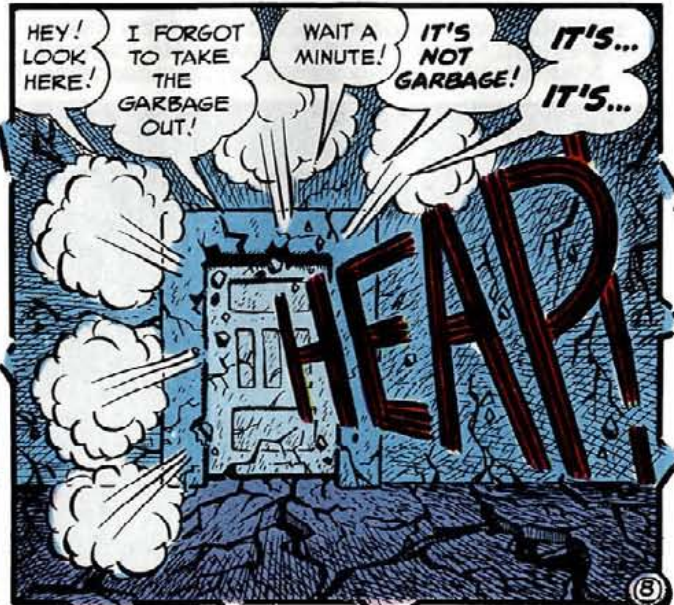
...FINALLY, PURSUED BY A DRAGNET OF GARBAGE CLEANERS, 'HEAP' DISAPPEARED BACK INTO THE SWAMP...



...NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN!... SOME SAY WHEN THE MOON IS FULL YOU CAN SEE IT WANDERING OVER THE CITY DUMP, SEARCHING FOR A CERTAIN LITTLE GARBAGE PILE!

SOME SAY IT FOUND THAT CERTAIN LITTLE GARBAGE PILE... AND WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, YOU CAN SEE THEM BEING FOLLOWED BY TINY LITTLE GARBAGE PILES!





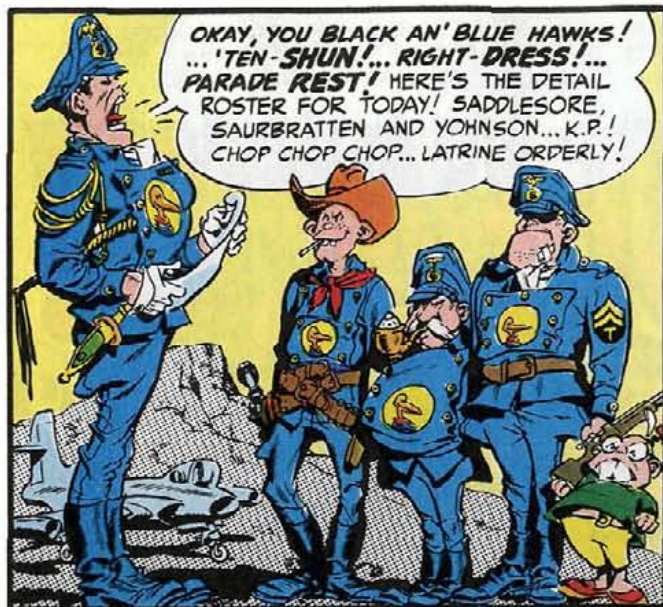
FIRST THERE IS 'SADDLESORE'... SIX FOOT LANKY TEXAN, 'SAURBRATTEN'... WALRUS-MUSTACHED DUTCHMAN, 'ROBESPIERRE'... SUAVE PARISIEN FROM LA BELLE FRANCE, 'BOSS HAWK', LEADER OF THE GANG, 'YOHNNY YOHNSON', FIGHTING SWEDE, AND 'CHOP CHOP CHOP'... CAMP FOLLOWER! ALL MEN OF PEP, VIM AND VIGOR, SNAP CRACKLE AND POP... ALL...

BLACK and BLUE HAWKS!



YES, DEAR READER, THESE ARE THE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS... **FLYING, FLYING, DYING** FOR THE FUN OF IT! OH, I'M TELLING YOU... WHAT FUN! COME, THEN! **COME...** TO A TINY ISLAND FAR OUT IN THE OCEAN! LATITUDE ... **ADVENTURE**, LONGITUDE... **DANGER!** FOR THIS IS THE HOME OF... THE **ROOST** OF... THE **COOP** OF... **THE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS!**





OKAY, YOU BLACK AN' BLUE HAWKS!
... 'TEN-SHUN!... RIGHT-DRESS!...
PARADE REST! HERE'S THE DETAIL
ROSTER FOR TODAY! SADDLESORE,
SAURBRATTEN AND YOHNSON... K.P!
CHOP CHOP CHOP... LATRINE ORDERLY!



FIRST WE'LL HAVE
SOME CLOSE ORDER
DRILL! THEN WE'LL
POLICE THE AREA!
THIS ISLAND'S
A MESS!

'TEN-SHUN! FORWARD
MARCH!... RIGHT FLANK
MARCH! TO THE REAR,
MARCH...



OKAY! NOW EVERYBODY!...
WE GONNA PRACTICE OUR
BATTLE CRY! EVERYONE
AFTER ME! ONE...
TWO... THREE...

HAWKAAH!

I SAY! BY
JOVE! WHAT
DO MINE
EYES
PERCEIVE?



IT'S
ROBESPIERRE
COMING BACK
FROM GUARD
DUTY!

THE STUPID
FOOL! I
KEEP TELLING
HIM
NOT TO
MAKE THESE
RECKLESS
LANDINGS!

RUMF!



ROBESPIERRE'S
PLANE! IT'S
NOT MOVING!

IT'S...
IT'S
JUST
LYING
THERE!

DO YOU
THINK
SOMETHING
IS WRONG?



ROBESPIERRE!
ROBESPIERRE,
OLD MAN!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, ROBES?
DOES SOMETHING
HURT?

O... ONLY
WHEN I
LAUGH,
MES
AMIS!



LISTEN CAREFULLY, MON BRAVES! I
HAVE JUST COME FROM PANAZONIA!
THEY ARE SHIPPING GUNS AND
AMMUNITION FOR A REVOLUTION!
THEY ARE SHIPPING AMMUNITION
TO... TO...

TO...
TO...
TO...
TO, TO...
TO...
TO, TO...
TO, TO...
TOOT!

TO WHO?
WHO TO TO
WHO TO?

HE... HE'S
DAID!

COVER 'IM
OVER AFORE
HE STINKS,
BOYS!

HOT DOG, BOYS! ADVENTURE! FLYING... FIGHTING... DYING! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT REVOLUTION! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE IT WILL BE... OFF TO PANAZONIA...



BLAST IT ALL! I SAY FELLOWS! WAIT UP! WAIT TILL I WIND MY RUBBER BAND!



OVER LAND OVER SEA... WE FIGHT FOR DOE-RE-MI... FOR WE'RE BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS...

SWEET ADALINE, MY ADALINE...

HEY! WHO'S SINGING THE WRONG SONG OVER THE INTERCOM!



WHOEVER DID THAT SINGING GETS EXTRA K.P.!

PANAZONIA AHEAD! FORWARD LAND!



I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THE TERRAIN BELOW! THINK WE CAN LAND?

US BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS CAN LAND ANYWHERE! BESIDES I DON'T SEE NO TERRAIN! YOU MEAN AN ELECTRIC TERRAIN OR A CHOO CHOO TERRAIN?



OKAY, YOU PANAZONIANS! US BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS ARE TAKING OVER!

SADDLESORE! GATHER SOME HOSTAGES AND SHOOT 'EM IF THERE'S TROUBLE!

SAURBRATTEN! YOHNSON! FOLLOW ME TO THAT WAREHOUSE! THAT MUST BE WHERE THE GUNS ARE!



EKK! ...WE'RE TOO LATE!

OY!...THE GUNS HAVE BEEN SHIPPED OUT ALREADY!

GANG!...WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THIS REVOLUTION'S GOING TO BE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE LEADER OF THIS REVOLUTION!



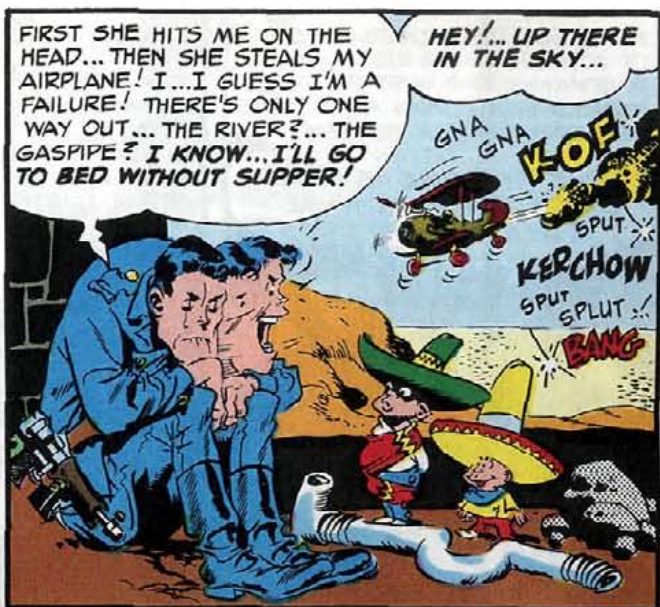


OKAY, BABE! ENOUGH STALLING.... TALK! WHERE'S THAT REVOLUTION GONNA BE? CAHMON! YOUR GOOD LOOKS DON'T FOOL ME ONE BIT!

'BYE!

FOOSH

CHOIP CHOIP...



FIRST SHE HITS ME ON THE HEAD... THEN SHE STEALS MY AIRPLANE! I... I GUESS I'M A FAILURE! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT... THE RIVER?... THE GASPIPE? I KNOW... I'LL GO TO BED WITHOUT SUPPER!

HEY!... UP THERE IN THE SKY...

GNA GNA

KLOE!

SPUT

KERCHOW

SPUT SPLUT

BANG



IT'S GOOD OLD, GREAT OLD, GOOD OLD GREAT... GOOD... CHOP CHOP CHOP!... I'LL JUST GRAB ONTO THE PLANE AS SHE GOES BY, LIKE US BLACK AND BLUE HAWKS USUALLY DO!



SOMETHING

TELLS ME I

SHOULDN'T

OF

GRABBED

THE

PROPELLOR!

HMM!



OUCH!

OW!

BLAST IT, CHOP CHOP...

STOP TRYING TO GRAB ME BY THE HAIR!

SPUT

KORTCH

BR-RUP

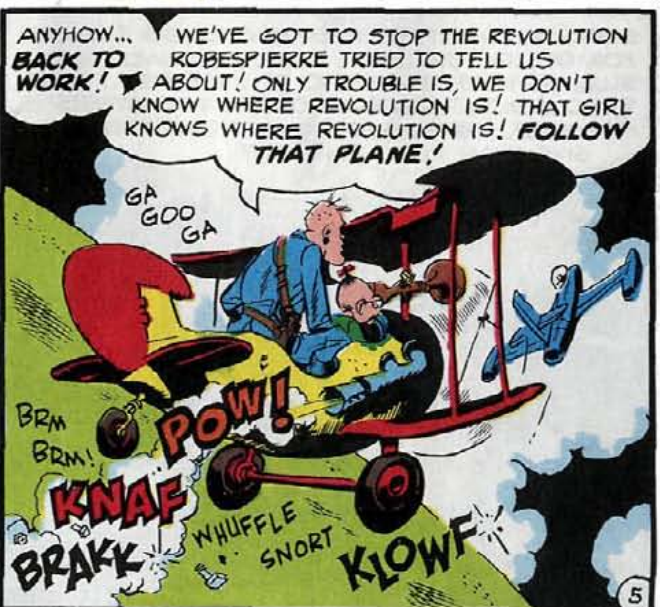
BURP!



PHEW! FINALLY MADE IT BACK TO THE COCKPIT! GOOD WORK, CHOP CHOP CHOP! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A THREE DAY PASS FOR THIS!

BR-RUP!

TRRRRRRRRRRR



ANYHOW... BACK TO WORK!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP THE REVOLUTION ROBESPIERRE TRIED TO TELL US ABOUT! ONLY TROUBLE IS, WE DON'T KNOW WHERE REVOLUTION IS! THAT GIRL KNOWS WHERE REVOLUTION IS! FOLLOW THAT PLANE!

GA GOO GA

BRM BRM!

KNAF

BRAKK

WHUFFLE

SNORT

KLOWF

WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT WOMAN!
OF COURSE BEING A BLACK AND
BLUE HAWK... ONE MUST BE A
PERFECT GENTLEMAN AT ALL TIMES,
ESPECIALLY WITH A WOMAN!

**BUT THIS TIME IS DIFFER-
ENT! STAND BACK WHILE
I BLAST 'ER!**



I SAY, CHOP
CHOP CHOP!
DIDN'T WE EVER
GET AROUND TO
GIVING YOU A
BLACK AND BLUE
HAWK AIRPLANE
JET, M-1, YET?

OKAY!
STAND BACK
NOW! THIS
GUN IS
READY...
AIM...
FIRE!



GOOD OL', GREAT OL' CHOP CHOP
CHOP! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A
FOUR DAY PASS! REMIND ME TO
HAVE A NEWER TYPE MACHINE-
GUN PUT ON YOUR PLANE!

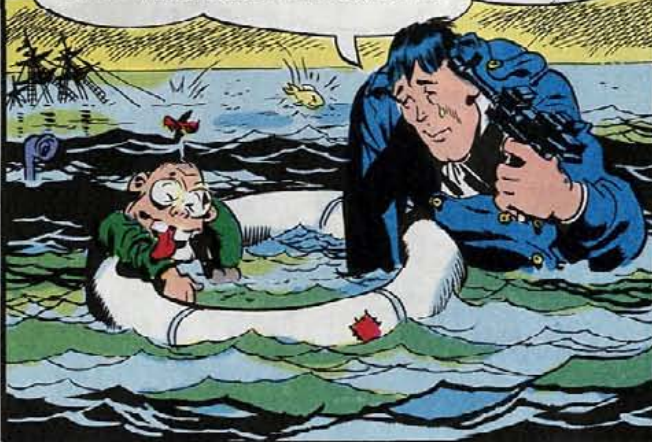


WE'RE LOST OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
OCEAN! BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT
WHERE THAT REVOLUTION WILL BE!
**CAREFUL, YOU DUMKOPF! YOU'RE
GETTING MY BOOTS WET!**

HAH!
A LIFE
PRESERVER
AHEAD!

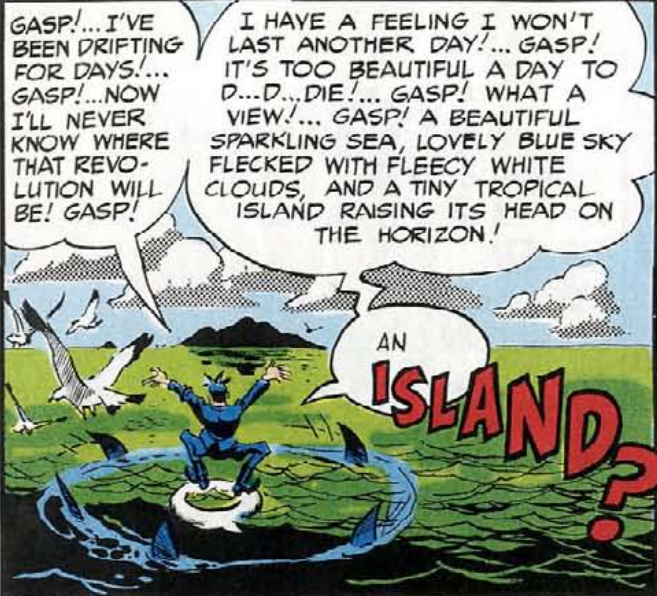


SNIFF! THIS LIFE PRESERVER IS ONLY BIG ENOUGH
FOR ONE OF US! SNIFF, SNIFF!... A BLACK AND
BLUE HAWK IS TRAINED TO BE UNSELFISH... SNIFF...
TO GO WITHOUT... SNIFF... IN ORDER THAT OTHERS
MAY HAVE... SNIFF SNIFF... THAT IT IS BETTER TO
GIVE THAN RECEIVE... SNARF...



SO I'M GIVING YOU THE
WORKS, CHOP OLD MAN! AFTER
ALL... YOU'RE NOT REALLY
ONE OF US!





GASP!... I'VE BEEN DRIFTING FOR DAYS!... GASP!... NOW I'LL NEVER KNOW WHERE THAT REVOLUTION WILL BE! GASP!

I HAVE A FEELING I WON'T LAST ANOTHER DAY!... GASP! IT'S TOO BEAUTIFUL A DAY TO D...D...DIE!... GASP! WHAT A VIEW!... GASP! A BEAUTIFUL SPARKLING SEA, LOVELY BLUE SKY FLECKED WITH FLEECY WHITE CLOUDS, AND A TINY TROPICAL ISLAND RAISING ITS HEAD ON THE HORIZON!

AN ISLAND?



I MADE IT! I MADE IT TO THIS ISLAND! YAY!

UGH!... BUT I'M WEAK! I-I'M GETTING WEAKER! MY STRENGTH IS GOING FAST!... WHAT I NEED TO BRING MY STRENGTH BACK IS FOOD... WATER...



... WATER... FOOD... FOOD... WATER! GOTTA GET STRENGTH BACK... JUST NEED SOME WATER... FOOD... WATER...

HUH!



HAWKAA

KLIK!



SIMMER DOWN, BOY! IT'S ONLY ME AGAIN!

DON'T GET EXCITED JUST BECAUSE YOU SEE THIS GUN!



WAIT! BEFORE YOU KILL ME... WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME ONE THING! WHERE, OH WHERE, ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE THAT REVOLUTION ROBESPIERRE TRIED TO TELL US ABOUT? WHERE? WHERE WHERE? WHERE?



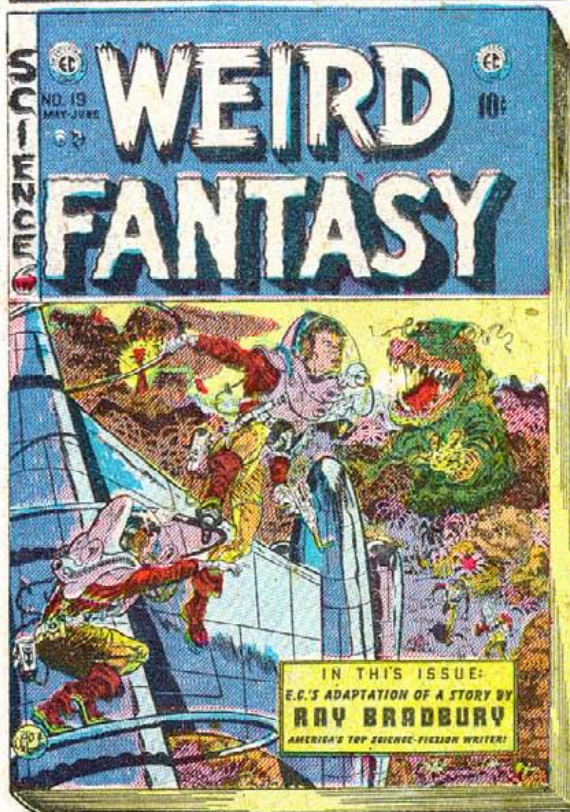
WHY, NOT AT ALL HAWK MONEY! IT WAS RIGHT HERE! AND THE REVOLUTION WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS!

...OH YES! IN CASE YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE IT... THIS PLACE GOES BY NAME OF BLACK AND BLUE HAWK ISLAND!

...BYE!

ROCKETTA! ROCKETTA!

**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**



Examination days are occasions inseparably associated with quiet, solemn classrooms, worried and haunted classmates, and alternate hope and despair. Here is a scientific analysis of what happens to the average college student on an exam day!

11:30 p.m. to 6:31 a.m.:

Grotesque dream of the entire faculty, becoming clad in purple tuxedos, busily engaged in tearing up a diploma.

A.M.:

- 6:32—Awoke from troubled sleep, feeling like nothing at all.
- 6:33—Wished to be in Tahiti.
- 6:34—Wished to be back in the third grade.
- 6:37—Washed savagely. Soap in eye. No towels.
- 6:42—Button on collar refuses to function. Ripped it off in desperation and pulled up tie until it threatened strangulation.
- 7:00—Greeted family with inarticulate grunt. Bore their efforts at encouragement with grimaces.
- 7:05—Hearty breakfast of one piece of toast and one cup of coffee.
- 7:20—Departed, slamming door.
- 7:25—Sneered at traffic cop.
- 7:39—Boarded train in a half-hope for an open switch and a sort of miraculous wreck that would ruin the train without injuring anybody.
- 7:45—Made conductor wait for ticket.
- 7:48—Tried to think of what Archimedes did and why he did it.
- 7:51—Opened Physics book.



**LOOK FOR
THESE SEALS
WHEN YOU BUY!**



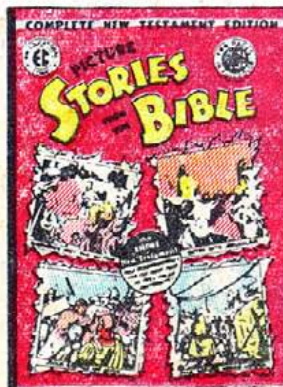
**THEY ARE YOUR ASSURANCE OF TOP
ENTERTAINMENT...FOUND ONLY ON
THE FOLLOWING E.C. MAGAZINES:**

TALES FROM THE CRYPT
HAUNT OF FEAR • VAULT OF HORROR
SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES
CRIME SUSPENSTORIES
TWO-FISTED TALES • FRONTLINE COMBAT
MAD
WEIRD SCIENCE • WEIRD FANTASY
AND THE 25¢ ANNUAL ANTHOLOGIES:
WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY
TWO-FISTED ANNUAL • TALES OF TERROR

7:52—Closed Physics book.
 8:10—Left train regretfully.
 8:15—Hailed classmate and walked together in gloomy silence.
 8:30—Arrived in silent, oh so silent, students' lounge.
 8:35—Smoked.
 8:40—Looked at watch.
 8:41—Asked friend the time.
 8:42—Wondered what time it was.
 8:45—Stared at stricken figures of classmates.
 8:47—Had serious talk with self. Decided that there was nothing to fear.
 8:48—Began to tremble.
 8:50—Resolved to do a lot of studying *next* term.
 8:52—Straightened tie as first bell rang.
 8:55—Arrived in classroom. Managed sickly smile and faint greeting for the proctor.
 9:00—Looked over exam. Feeling in stomach became acute.
 9:01—Wondered if that pain might be appendicitis.
 9:05—Coughed.
 9:07—Began examination.
 9:45—Looked out window. Envied child in baby carriage.
 10:20—Made desperate search of mind for that formula needed for problem.
 10:30—Felt inspired. Wrote something.
 11:05—Handed in exam paper with a silent prayer.
 11:10—Dashed hysterically for the train.
 11:33—Boarded train.
 11:45—Thought of correct formula for that problem.
 11:50—Inspected fingernails.

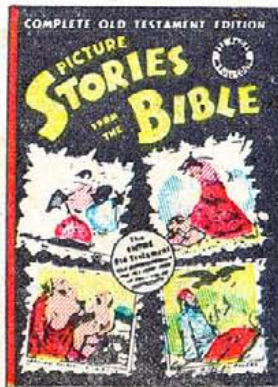
P.M.:

12:20—Arrived home.
 12:22—Answered all queries with, "I'll know when the marks come out!"
 12:23—Coughed.



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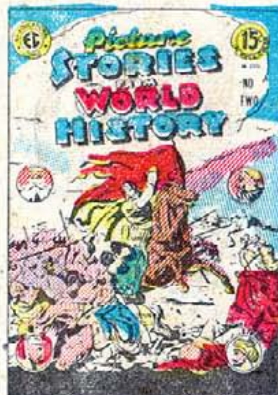


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MAD MUMBLINGS



We've said it in our advertisements! We've said it on our covers! MAD IS CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD! We, the editors of MAD do not make false statements! We said we'd drive you mad . . . AND WE MEANT IT! Now . . . here is proof . . . proof positive that MAD is driving our readers quite insane! Here is a sampling of letters from some of our MAD readers! Read them and see what MAD did for THEM! SEE WHAT MAD CAN DO FOR YOU!

Net" story, and I'm sorry to say that in Italian, the word "pizza" means "pie." So what you really were saying was, "pie pie"! John Anastasio—New Haven, Conn. P.S. What in the world is "borscht"?

"Borscht" is a soup! Quite often, pizza pie is DUNKED in borscht. This is nothing as delicious as borscht-sopped pizza pie, with an Irish stew chaser!—ed.

Dear Editors,

I rushed to buy a copy of MAD and showed it to all of my friends. They both died laughing. Here is the coroner's report: ". . . as a direct result of asphyxiation, and due to hilarious and sustained laughter."—David S. Hawley—Albuquerque, New Mexico

. . . I keep my MAD Classics on the same shelf with my Harvard Classics.—John R. Williams—Groton, Conn.

. . . When my brother was reading your latest edition of MAD, he laughed so hard I thought he'd bust a gut. He did! Am enclosing bill for one busted gut!—Tim Rice—Wash., D. C. (Hey . . . you mean EEE-see, don't ya Tim?—editors)

. . . I love MAD. Don't pay any attention to those uncouth persons who are criticizing you.—Ernest Gardner—Newark, N. J.

. . . Melvyn has the qualities of making a good president. Long Live Melvyn! Long Live Mad.—The Mad Cadets of Greenbrier Military School—Lewisburg, W. Va.

. . . Next to MAD, we all love Marilyn Monroe. Can you work HER into a take-off? Bring back Melvyn of the Apes.—Bob Olson—Culver Military Academy (no address given) (Don't know about a take-off, Bob, but we'd gladly EXCHANGE Mad for Marilyn!—ed.)

. . . Mad is real cool. It's real frampton, George, and that sort of tommyrot.—Daniel J. Satter—North Wales, Pa.

. . . I like your MAD so much that I'm playing ping-pong with my head.—Bubba Bailey—Wichita Falls, Texas (That's O.K. if your head is rubba, Bubba!—ed.)

. . . I am an airplane stewardess. I found the first issue of Mad flung on a seat of one of our planes. The entire crew have been loyal readers since.—Bev Evans—Northern Pacific Airlines, Anchorage, Alaska

. . . I have just finished reading your latest copy of MAD and the little men in the white jackets are here.—Elaine North—Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . (1)—Stan Shapiro—Chicago, Ill. (??—ed.)

. . . I saw the word "pizza Pie" in your "Dragged

. . . I don't know how I'd face life without MAD! It has everyone around here screaming. Please continue stories like "Dragged Net" and "Mole."—David Cassell—Erie, Pa.

. . . I am the librarian for my ship, and I distribute the various magazines among the crew. All my shipmates have read the one copy of MAD we have on board. Although the cover of this mag is now off, and the pages are ragged, I am still retaining my original copy to show to my friends when I go home.—Ralph Cassol—U.S.S. Badoeng Strait CVE 116, Fleet P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

. . . I am manager of the Lake Theater in Lake Worth, Florida. "Dragged Net" had me in stitches, and I showed it to the ushers. I couldn't get any work out of them all night long!—Charles Cassini—Lake Worth, Fla.

Bet the neckers in the balcony had a good night, Charlie!—ed.

. . . What I like best in your issue was the "Sheik of Araby," which I believe might easily be a satire on "Beau Geste." Whoever rigged it up deserves a lot of credit. Your MAD is satirical, subtle, and sophisticated, and I am bewitched, bothered, and bewildered. It's actually a "high-brow" comic, but I hope the public takes to it!—Robert L. Draxen—Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . After reading Mad, I got a little room all to myself. Funny thing . . . it's got pads? Don't give up the book . . . I've just begun to read!—Donald Cole—USAF, Albuquerque, N. M.

O.K., D.C. (D.C.? . . . NO . . . EEE SEE!) If'n ya promise not to buy till ya see the whites of our E.C. emblems!—ed.

AND NOT ONLY IS MAD CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD, IT'S ROUNDER, FIRMER, MORE FULLY PACKED . . . SO FREE AND EASY ON THE GUFFAW! Well, please keep writing, suggesting, criticizing, etc. The address for mail or subscription orders (75c for 6 issues . . . full year's supply!) is:

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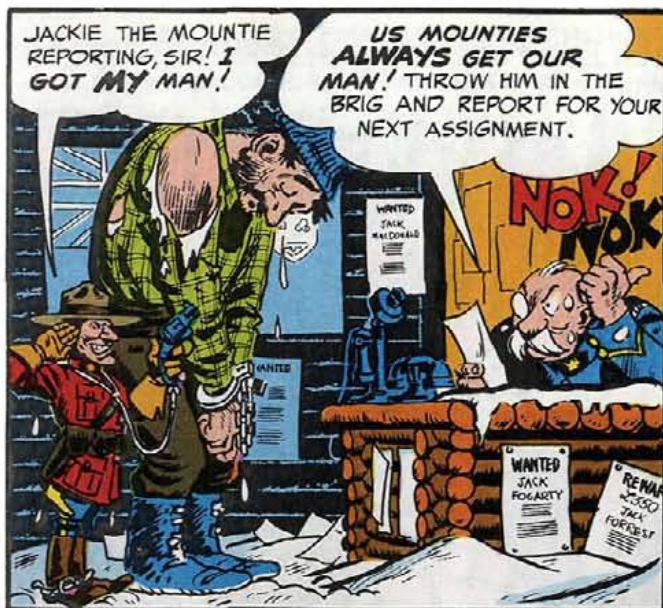
TALES FROM THE NORTHWEST DEPT.: THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTIES HAVE HAD MANY A SHINING HERO...
RENFREW OF THE MOUNTIES, KING OF THE MOUNTIES, SILVER EAGLE OF THE MOUNTIES... AND MANY MORE!
 BUT WE'RE GOING TO DO A STORY ON THE **MOST FAMOUS OF THEM ALL!** YES... YOU GUESSED IT...

MILTIE OF THE MOUNTIES!



OUR STORY STARTS IN A LOG CABIN OFFICE BUILDING IN THE UPPER MANITOBA SWAMPLANDS! SEATED BEHIND A LOG CABIN DESK, SITS SCOTT YARDLAND, CHIEF OF THE ROYAL MOUNTIES!







INTERRUPTIONS!
INTERRUPTIONS!
WHAT'S THIS REPORT? "TO CHIEF SCOTT YARDLAND! NANUK THE CANUK IS SELLING SLOT MACHINES TO THE ESKIMOS AGAIN! GET NANUK THE CANUK OR YOU'RE FIRED!... SIGNED... BIGGEST CHIEF YARDLEY LANDSCOTT!" **GAD!**

SCOGGINS!

YES SIR!



WHERE THE DEVIL IS THAT ORDERLY?

SCOGGINS!
SCOGGINS!
SCOGGINS!

SCOGGINS!
OL' BEAN!
HOO HOO!

YES SIR!



AH, THERE YOU ARE, SCOGGINS! WHERE THE DEVIL WERE YOU WHEN I CALLED? ALL RIGHT, MAN! **UP!... UP, I SAY!**

YES SIR!



SCOGGINS! I'VE GOT A BIT OF A PROBLEM! I'VE GOT TO ROUND UP **NANUK THE CANUK**, AND I CAN'T THINK OF THE MOUNTIE WHO'S UP TO THE JOB?... WHO CAN I CHOOSE? JACKIE?... HERBIE?

WHAT ABOUT MILTIE THE MOUNTIE, SIR?

A MOUNTIE ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN



EDDY?... TEDDY?... FREDDY?... LENNY?... BENNY?... KENNY?... ERNIE?... BERNIE?... THROKMORTON?... **THROKMORTON!** HOW'D HE GET IN HERE?... WILLIE?... PHILLIE?... TILLIE?...

HOW ABOUT MILTIE THE MOUNTIE, SIR?

THIS IS A MAN!



I'VE GOT IT! **WE'LL USE MILTIE THE MOUNTIE!** NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT 'UN, EH, SCOGGINS!

WHY THAT MAN IS **PLANTED** IN THE SADDLE!

GET MILTIE THE MOUNTIE, SCOGGINS, AND HURRY!

YES SIR!



YESSIR! PLANTED IN THE SADDLE... AND HERE HE COMES...

MILTIE-E-E-E-E... THE MOUNTIE-EEE!

I ALWAYS GET MUH MAN!

TATARRA TARRA TARRA

HEP! HEP!

HAH! THE TRAIL IS JOINED BY ANOTHER SET OF PRINTS! AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER ANI ANIITHEI!...

WOW! NANUK HAS A WHOLE ARMY!



PHOOEY! SO MANY FOOT-PRINTS, I LOST THE WHOLE TRAIL!

HEY, FELLAZ ... YOU SEE THIS HERE NANUK THE CANUK?

YEAH! I'M NANUK THE CANUK! I DECIDED TO BRING MYSELF IN FOR THE REWARD MONEY!



... YOU CRAZY, BOY? THE MAN DON'T GET HIS MAN! THE MOUNTIE GETS HIS MAN!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, MOUNTIE!



I, MILTIE THE MOUNTIE, ALWAYS GET MUH MAN!

I'LL FOLLOW YOU... THROUGH THE RAIN...



... THROUGH THE SLEET...



... THROUGH THE SNOW AND HAIL...



... THE MAILS MUST GET THROUGH!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! ... I'M NOT A MAILMAN!



... I'M MILTIE THE MOUNTIE, AND I'M CHASING NANUK THE CANUK! HE'S TRAPPED IN A DEAD END AHEAD! I TOLD YOU I ALWAYS GET MUH MAN!





NANUK THE CANUK! YOU'RE UP AGAINST A DEAD END AND WHEN I GET THROUGH, THE REST OF YOU WILL BE DEAD TOO!



WAIT, MILTIE!

BEFORE YOU SHOOT, LET ME OPEN UP MY COAT! I JUST STOLE IT BRAND-NEW AND I'D HATE TO GET ANY NASTY OLD BULLET HOLES IN IT!



O.K. NOW, MILTIE! GO AHEAD AND SHOOT! GO AHEAD! IT'S EASY!



SHOOT! SHOOT! HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW! SEE? YOU HOLD THE GUN ...



... WITH YOUR FINGER ON THE TRIGGER ... FRONT OF GUN POINTING TO HE WHO IS TO BE SHOT!



THEN YOU SIMPLY APPLY PRESSURE ON TRIGGER ONCE... TWICE... THRICE... FIVE... AS MANY TIMES AS NECESSARY!



UGH!... I AM MILTIE THE MOUNTIE! I... I ALWAYS G-GET MUH M-M-M-MAN!



UNFORTUNATELY THIS SHALL NOT HOLD TRUE FOR NANUK THE CANUK!... FOR YOU SEE... NANUK THE CAKUK...



... IS A W-W-WOMAN!

CRIME DEPT.: IN A DINGY TWO BY FOUR OFFICE ON THE MAIN STEM... AROUND A BULLET-SCARRED DESK, WELL-PACKED WITH REVOLVERS, SCOTCH, SODA, PRETZELS, ICE... BEING CHASED BY A BLONDE SECRETARY, ALSO WELL-PACKED... RUNNING WITH TRENCH COAT COLLAR UP, BELT PULLED TIGHT... RUNS ...

KANE KEEN!

PRIVATE EYE



YEAH... THAT'S ME... KANE KEEN, PRIVATE EYE! DOES SOMEONE WANT TO MURDER YOU? DID YOU GET A PARKING TICKET? MY GUN IS FOR HIRE!



THAT'S ME... KANE KEEN! THE UNDERWORLD HATES ME! THE WOMEN FIND ME IRRESISTIBLE! YOU SEE, I USE BURMA-SHAYE!



AT THE MOMENT I AM TRYING TO SHAKE MY SECRETARY WHO HAS BEEN TRAILING ME ALL DAY! ... HAH! A KNOCK ON THE DOOR!



SST! THE DOOR, SWEETHEART! OPEN IT NICE AND EASY LIKE... THEN GET OUT OF THE WAY! I MIGHT HAVE TO PLAY A SYMPHONY WITH A HOT LEAD TEMPO! THEY'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR ME!... JUST CAN'T GET RID OF THEM **BILL** COLLECTORS!



THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN... AND **SHE** WALKED IN... A SYMPHONY IN CHANNEL #5, TABU AND BURMA-SHAVE! AND BY THE SLIGHT BULGE IN HER HANDBAG, I WOULDN'T SAY SHE WAS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE!



GAD! ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL GIRL CLIENT! WHY CAN'T AN UGLY OLD MAN COME UP SOMETIMES? WHY ONLY BEAUTIFUL GIRLS?

LISTEN, KANE! MY NAME IS LASSIE ROYER! MY UNCLE IS ROLLOVER ROYER! YOU'VE GOT TO HANDLE MY CASE! MONEY IS NO OBJECT!



YOU MEAN YOUR UNCLE IS ROLLOVER ROYER, THE RETIRED VAUDEVILLE ACTOR WHO HAD THE FAMOUS DOG ACT?

YES! EVER SINCE HE CAME OVER FROM DOVER ON THE GOOD SHIP PLOVER, WHERE HE WAS PLANTING CLOVER, HIS LIFE HAS BEEN IN GREAT DANGER!



HELLO! KANE KEEN DETECTIVE AGENCY! ALSO NOTARY PUBLIC AND INCOME TAX RETURNS FILLED OUT!

HELLO KEEN?



LISTEN! MY NAME IS ROLLOVER ROYER! I'M GOING TO BE KILLED! MY MURDERER IS... IS... IS... GET AWAY FROM THAT PHONE..

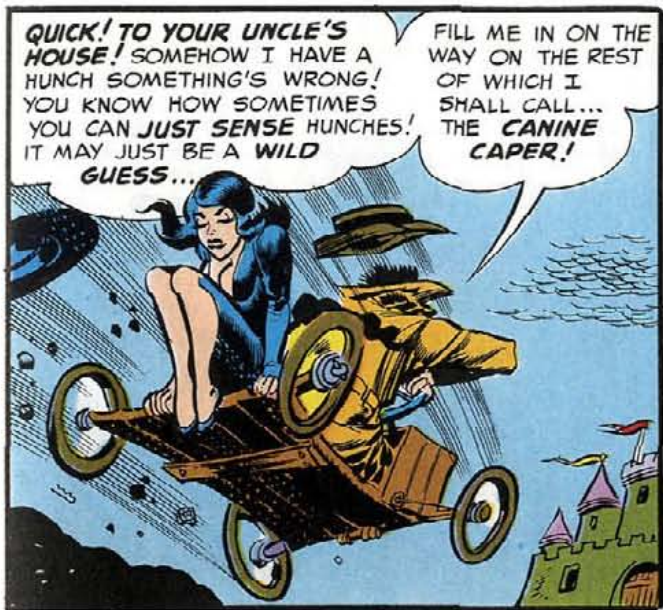


DROP THAT PHONE! ... IS... IS... IS... IS... IS...



SEE? IT HAPPENS EVERY TIME! JUST AS THEY'RE ABOUT TO TELL YOU WHO THE MURDERER IS... THEY GET KILLT!





QUICK! TO YOUR UNCLE'S HOUSE! SOMEHOW I HAVE A HUNCH SOMETHING'S WRONG! YOU KNOW HOW SOMETIMES YOU CAN **JUST SENSE** HUNCHES! IT MAY JUST BE A **WILD GUESS...**

FILL ME IN ON THE WAY ON THE REST OF WHICH I SHALL CALL... THE **CANINE CAPER!**



YOU SEE, UNCLE MADE LOTS OF MONEY WITH A TALKING DOG ACT! NOW HE AND HIS TALKING DOG, **SHLEP**, ARE RETIRED! I HEAR HE'S MADE OUT HIS WHOLE WILL TO **SHLEP!**

AHA! I CAUGHT YOU OPENING THE DOOR! TRYING TO TAKE IT ON THE LAM, EH?

I'M SUPPOSED TO OPEN THE DOOR! I'M THE BUTLER!

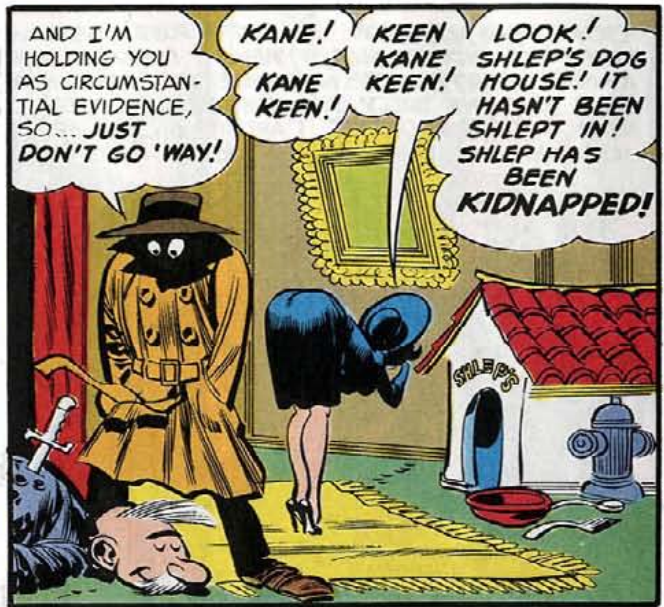
WELL **JUST DON'T GO AWAY!**



EEEK! IT'S MY UNCLE-OVER! **KANE!** IS HE... IS HE... DEAD?

... WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE CORONER'S REPORT!... **HA!** HERE'S A SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CHARACTER!

IT IS MY DUTY TO WARN YOU, SIR, ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE HELD AGAINST YOU! ...**JUST DON'T GO AWAY!**

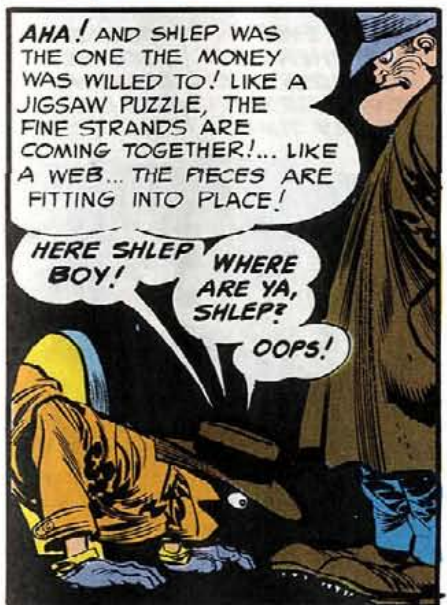


AND I'M HOLDING YOU AS CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, SO... **JUST DON'T GO 'WAY!**

KANE!
KANE KEEN!

KEEN KANE KEEN!

LOOK! **SHLEP'S DOG HOUSE!** IT HASN'T BEEN **SHLEPT IN!** **SHLEP HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED!**



AHA! AND **SHLEP** WAS THE ONE THE MONEY WAS WILLED TO! LIKE A JIGSAW PUZZLE, THE FINE STRANDS ARE COMING TOGETHER!... LIKE A WEB... THE PIECES ARE FITTING INTO PLACE!

HERE **SHLEP BOY!**

WHERE ARE YA, **SHLEP?**

OOPS!



HELLO, **SHAMUS!**

I JUST WANT TO GIVE YOU A WORD OF WARNING!

SHLEP!

SHLEP, OL' BWAH!

COME-A HYAR, SHLEP!



I'M WARNING YOU TO **KEEP OFF OF THIS CASE!**

CLONG

HOOP

A SYMPHONY OF A THOUSAND RIVETING MACHINES RIVETED ON A RIVET THAT WAS MY HEAD! WHEN I OPENED MY EYES... SHE STOOD THERE SPRINKLING WATER ON MY BROW...



OH KANE! I AM ROLLOVER'S WIFE! WHEN I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED, I RAN RIGHT OVER!... YOU SEE... I'M JUST DYING TO MEET YOU!

ROLLOVER'S WIFE, EH!... SOMEHOW I HAVE A HUNCH THAT YOU DIDN'T LOVE YOUR HUSBAND! IT MAY BE A WILD GUESS...



OOH... HAHHAHA! DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, KANE! WHATEVER GAVE YOU THE SILLY NOTION THAT I DIDN'T LOVE MY HUSBAND?

(PUFF, PUFF) JUST A HUNCH! (PUFF) SOMETIMES YOU FOLLOW A HUNCH (PUFF, PUFF) AND IT BLOWS UP IN YOUR FACE!



HA HA HO

HEE HOO THAT'S RICH

NOW TO USE SOME COLD AND CALCULATING REASONING TO DEDUCT WHAT DIRECTION I SHALL TAKE NEXT!

ALL RIGHT, EVERYONE! STAY WHERE YOU ARE! OPEN UP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!



PTOO!

HA! I GO THAT WAY!

CRUNCH

I HEARD THERE WAS A MURDER HERE AND I RUSHED RIGHT OVER!

I RUSHED BECAUSE I WANTED TO BEAT THAT PRIVATE EYE NAMED KANE KEEN! HE ALWAYS GETS TO THE MURDER BEFORE I DO, BUT THIS TIME... THIS TIME...



KANE KEEN, PRIVATE EYE! YOU DID IT AGAIN! YOU BEAT ME TO THE MURDER!

STUPID FOOL! SHVIENHUNT POLICEMAN! GET OUT OF MY WAY!



WAAH! EVERY TIME THERE'S A MURDER... HE COMES FIRST! ...EVERY TIME!

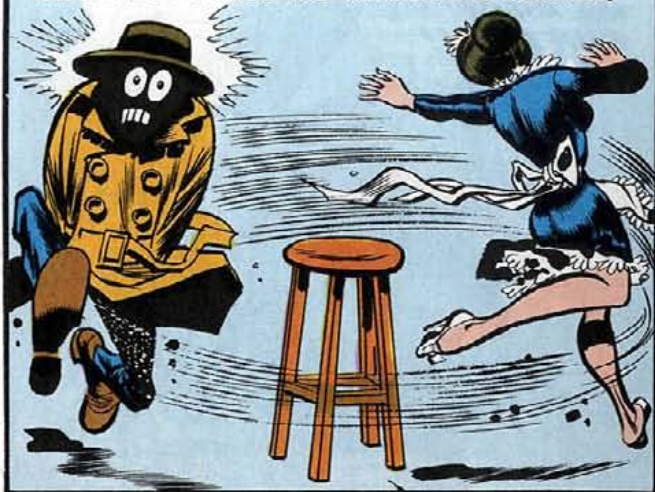
DUMKOPF! AND KEEP OUTTA MY WAY OR I'LL CALL A COP!



I STROLLED THROUGH THE ROVER MANSION LOOKING FOR THE MURDER WEAPON! SUDDENLY ALL CONCENTRATION WAS BLASTED BY A SYMPHONY OF LIPSTICK, HIGH HEELS AND A PAIL OF SLOP!



IT WAS THE UPSTAIRS MAID DOWNSTAIRS CLEANING... CLEANING A COLT 45! I BACKED AWAY... THEN RAN... NOT FROM THIS BEAUTY! I RAN BECAUSE I HAD UNWITTINGLY BACKED INTO THE MURDER WEAPON!



A THOUSAND HAMMERS PLAYED A SYMPHONY BY SPIKE JONES IN MY BRAIN! I BREATHED A PRAYER THAT NONE OF THE CRACKS IN MY HEAD, FROM PREVIOUS CAPERS, HAD OPENED!





WAAAH! EVERY TIME! EVERY TIME HE FINDS OUT BEFORE I FIND OUT!... I'LL KILL MYSELF! I'LL RUN AWAY!

GAD... HOW THESE POLICEMEN DO GET IN THE WAY OF THE LAW!



BUT I'M SICK AND TIRED OF THIS NONSENSE! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING HIT ON THE HEAD BY THIS CHARACTER! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING KICKED AROUND BY TWO-BIT GUNZELS! HE'S A SLIPPERY ONE, NO DOUBT!



HE'S PROBABLY HIDING OUT RIGHT NOW... WAITING TILL THE HEAT'S OVER! BUT I'LL GET 'IM! I'LL TRACK 'IM DOWN! US CANADIAN MOUNTIES ALWAYS GET OUR MAN! ALWAYS! AND WHEN I DO, BOY...



...WHEN I SHLEP! DO...

SHLEP, BOY! WHERE DAT OL' SHLEP?



HA! SNAP ON THE HANDCUFFS BOYS! WE GOT 'IM WHERE WE WANT 'IM! TYPE UP A CONFESSION! HE'LL SIGN IT! HE'S THE MURDERER! HE WANTED ME TO GET OFF THE ROVER CASE!



CONFESSION? MURDER? I'M ROLLOVER ROVER'S LAWYER! I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET OFF OF THE ROVER CASE! I WANT YOU TO GET OFF MY BRIEF-CASE! YOU KEEP STEPPING ON IT!



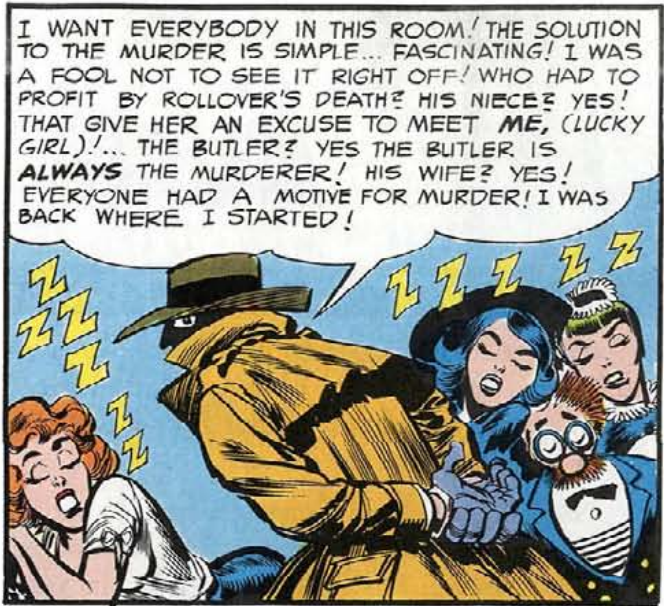
ONCE AND FOR ALL... GET OFF OF THE CASE!

CLOAK



HA! SUDDENLY MY MIND IS CLEAR AS A BELL!

THE SOLUTION HAS SUDDENLY STRUCK ME!



I WANT EVERYBODY IN THIS ROOM! THE SOLUTION TO THE MURDER IS SIMPLE... FASCINATING! I WAS A FOOL NOT TO SEE IT RIGHT OFF! WHO HAD TO PROFIT BY ROLLOVER'S DEATH? HIS NIECE? YES! THAT GIVE HER AN EXCUSE TO MEET ME, (LUCKY GIRL)!... THE BUTLER? YES THE BUTLER IS ALWAYS THE MURDERER! HIS WIFE? YES! EVERYONE HAD A MOTIVE FOR MURDER! I WAS BACK WHERE I STARTED!



SO I TOSSED A COIN AND IT SHOWED THE MURDERER WAS THE BUTLER... WHO IS IN REALITY...



...SHLEP... THE TALKING DOG... IN DISGUISE!... SHLEP BEING A RUSSIAN WOLF-HOUND, I RECOGNIZED HIS ACCENT!

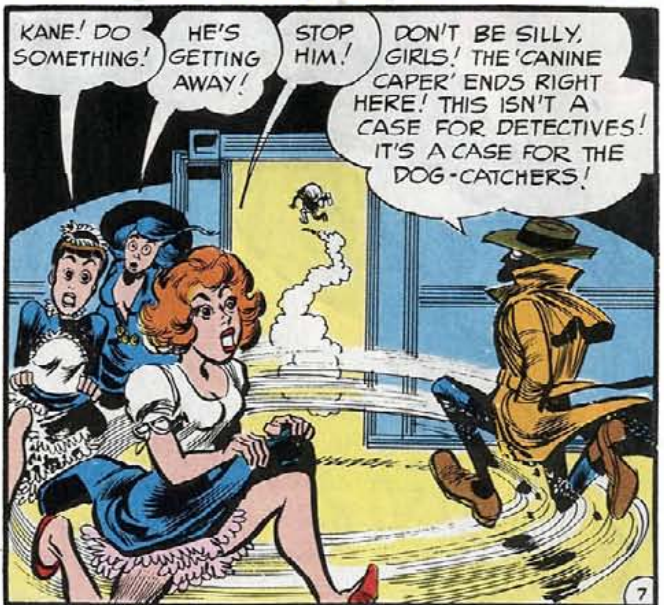


HEY, KANE! THERE YOU ARE! I BET I FIGGERED OUT SUMP'N YOU DIDN'T!

I FIGURE THE BUTLER DID IT!



AWRIGHT, EVERYONE! DON'T MAKE A MOVE OR I'LL BITE THIS COP! I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE AND NO ONE'S GONNA STOP ME! AND FURTHERMORE... RROWF...ARF...AND BARK!



KANE! DO SOMETHING!

HE'S GETTING AWAY!

STOP HIM!

DON'T BE SILLY, GIRLS! THE 'CANINE CAPER' ENDS RIGHT HERE! THIS ISN'T A CASE FOR DETECTIVES! IT'S A CASE FOR THE DOG-CATCHERS!

Artistic Similes of Fine DIAMOND & GOLD RINGS



Mother of Pearl

No. 410. Handsome gentleman's ring with genuine Mother of Pearl from the seven seas, set on top. Has 3 Flaming Pseudo Diamonds. Electro Gold Plated. Perfect ring to make a lasting impression. Gets compliments from all. Looks like \$500. Yours for only **3.29**



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EYES FLASH WEIRDLY!
No. 314. Amazing! Weird shaped, perfect miniature of skull and crossbones. 2 Pseudo RUBIES flash in semi darkness. Watch everyone's amazement when they spot this ring on your hand! Electro Gold Plated, only **1.98**

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"Flaming Love" Set

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No. 396. 10 glistening Pseudo Diamonds to resemble diamonds. Compare with wedding ring sets selling for twice as much! She'll love 'em as they sparkle brightly on her hand! Set **2.94**

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for men... it expresses your personality



No. 401. Something SPECIAL for men! Personalized with your own INITIAL in RAISED GOLD COLOR EFFECT in a sparkling Vermillion firmly set in a sparkling with 2 Pseudo Diamonds from Europe. Remember these are NOT plastic stones. They sparkle with 1000 rays of light. Looks like \$650. Special only **2.95**

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made by European Craftsmen

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* Sparkling Facets!

Treat your friends with these fiery sparklers! Made in Europe by clever craftsmen to resemble costly African Diamonds! Not cheap plastic stones! Pseudo Diamonds are DIFFERENT! Full of fire and brilliancy! Used by some wealthy people to protect their expensive jewels. Now YOU can own a blazing Pseudo Diamond Ring for a few dollars! Choose yours now - enjoy at OUR RISK! Mail coupon TODAY!

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