TRUE AMAZING ACCOUNTS OF THE STRANGEST STORIES EVER TOLD!

IF YOU WANT TO GET APPROVAL OF YOUR MARRIAGE TO DRAGO, MY DEAR, YOU MUSTN'T UPSET UNCLE HUGO -- HE'S LITERALLY THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY!

OH! DRAGO! THAT AWFUL, HORRIBLE THING! TAKE ME OUT OF HERE!
KILL THESE GERMS
WITH WARD'S FORMULA

NOTHING, Absolutely nothing
known to Science can do more to

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. heed nature's warning! treat your scalp to scientifically

prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above), are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but all four types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

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We don't ask you to believe us. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have proved what we say. Read their grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's better than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at our risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy all the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK. You be the judge! © Ward Laboratories Inc., 19 W. 44th St., New York 36, N.Y.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—on contact
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—fast
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—quickly
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—instantly
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—within 3 seconds

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I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.

E. K., Cleveland, Ohio

Out of all the hair experts I went to, I've gotten the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.


After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.

R. W. C., Cicero, III.

I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time—no dandruff! W. T. W., Provo, Cal.

I feel encouraged to say that the infesting scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.

J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

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Ward Laboratories, Inc., 19 W. 44th St., Dept. 2294E, New York 36, N.Y.

SEAL

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

[Blank coupon for returning for 10-day offer]
Don't open that door! There's NO BODY inside! NO BODY to speak of, that is -- and nobody in this house speaks about Uncle Hugo,

**THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY!**

WE'D RATHER YOU WOULDN'T, FRANCIE. NO ONE BUT A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY IS ALLOWED IN THERE!

GOOD GRIEF! I THOUGHT YOU PEOPLE WERE GOING TO KILL ME WHEN I TRIED TO GO INTO THAT ROOM... I ONLY MEANT TO SEE WHAT IT WAS LIKE INSIDE--

IT WAS THE ONLY TIME THE GIRL SHOWED ANY FRIGHT DURING HER VISIT TO THE OLD FESKER HOUSE, OF COURSE. THE MERE SIGHT OF THE FAMILY SCARED MOST FOLKS A TURN, BUT FRANCIE SLENDER SEEMED TO TAKE THEM IN HER STRIDE -- UNTIL THE INCIDENT OF THE CLOSED DOOR.

COME, LET ME SHOW YOU THE REST OF THE PLACE! BUT WHAT'S SO TABOO ABOUT THAT ROOM, HUH?

FRANCIE WAS THE ONLY PERSON EVER KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN INVITED AS A GUEST BY THE FESKERS. SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE IN TOWN WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN WILLING TO ACCEPT THEIR INVITATION. THE RUMORS WERE THAT FRANCIE WAS SWEET ON DARK-EYED HANDSOME HUGAN FESKER.

YOU'RE NOT HIDING A FAMILY SKELETON IN THERE ARE YOU?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT. IT'S UNCLE HUGO'S ROOM, HE'S--ER--AN INVALID! PERHAPS YOU'LL GET TO MEET HIM ONE DAY SOON...

Produced by SIMON & KIRBY

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YES, HUGAN FESKER WAS HANDSOME... IF ONE COULD ADMIRE THE FINE, FIERCE HEAD OF THE HUNTER HAWK, IT WAS POSSIBLE TO BE DRAWN TO HUGAN! HE WAS THE ONLY FESKER WHO TOOK PART IN THE TOWN'S SOCIAL ACTIVITIES! THAT'S HOW HE HAPPENED TO MEET FRANCI BLEEKER!

YOUR UNCLE HUGO... IS HE ANYTHING LIKE THE OTHERS? I MEAN...

TELL ME WHAT YOU MEAN, FRANCI... ARE YOU REFERRING TO THE TALK IN TOWN... THAT WERE A FAMILY OF Ogres?

AND, THAT LITTLE BOY, HUGARD? HE DOES NOTHING BUT WANDER ABOUT THIS GLOOMY PLACE... LOOKING, PRYING, LISTENING...

THAT'S HUGARD'S WAY! HIS SENSES ARE RAZOR SHARP! NO SIGHT OR SOUND EVER ESCAPES HIM.

YOUR SISTER, HUGUETTE, IS NEVER AWAY FROM HER STEAMING CAuldRONs!Whatever does she brew in those pots?

DELICACIES FOR UNCLE HUGO? HE REQUIRES A VERY SPECIAL DIET.

AH! NOW, WE COME TO ME, I TAKE IT! HOW DO I STRIKE YOU, FRANCI?

YOU'RE NOT LIKE THEM AT ALL, HUGAN! YOU'RE JUST A FASCINATING SWEET-TALKING MAN WHO CAN CHARM A BIRD RIGHT OFF A TREE!

SO CAN THE DEVL! PEOPLE SEEM TO THINK I RESemble HIM, FRANCI... LIKE MY FAMILY, I'M OFTEN WHISPERED ABOUT! YET YOU DON'T SEEM TO FIND ME FRIGHTENING!

OHLY WHEN YOU MAKE MY HEART BEAT FASTER, HUGAN!

FRANCI... YOU DON'T REALIZE HOW MUCH YOU'VE COME TO MEAN TO ME... HOW MUCH I'VE NEEDED SOMEONE LIKE YOU, A GIRL WHO CAN SEE BEYOND THE SURFACE TO THE LOVE INSIDE!
IT WAS PLAIN TO SEE THAT HUGAN AND FRANCIE WOULD BE MORE THAN FRIENDS AFTER THAT. WHEN THEY LEFT THE FESKER HOUSE THAT AFTERNOON, IT WAS WITH LINKED ARMS, IN THE TIME-HONORED FASHION OF SWEETHEARTS!

I'D BETTER TAKE YOU HOME BEFORE YOUR FATHER DECIDES THAT WE ATE YOU... AND YELLS FOR THE VIGILANTES!

OH, HUGAN! THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL CAR! IT MUST BE TERRIBLY EXPENSIVE!

AH! THAT'S MY FUNCTION IN THE FAMILY... TO DEAL WITH PEOPLE... TO MAKE THE MONEY THAT BUYS EXPENSIVE THINGS... TO LIVE... AND SAVOR THE SENSATIONS THAT ARE MISSING IN THIS OLD PLACE! THAT'S MY JOB, FRANCIE... JUST AS HUGEL DOES ALL THE FIXING, THE FIGHTING... AND THE DRIVING!

YOUR UNCLE HUGO, THE INVALID... I SUPPOSE THE POOR MAN MUST FEEL HELPLESS... BEING CONFINED TO HIS ROOM THAT WAY.

UNCLE HUGO'S CONTRIBUTION IS THE GREATEST OF ALL! WE TRY OUR BEST TO KEEP HIM WELL FED AND COMFORTABLE! WE COULDN'T DO WITHOUT UNCLE HUGO!

THE REPLY MADE FRANCIE EVEN MORE CURIOUS ABOUT UNCLE HUGO, BUT SHE STOPPED ASKING QUESTIONS; HER HOME WAS ALMOST IN SIGHT, AND SHE BEGAN THINKING ABOUT HER FATHER... AND WHAT HE WOULD SAY WHEN SHE TOLD HIM ABOUT HERSELF AND HUGAN FESKER!

I'D BETTER SPEAK TO PAPA ALONE, HUGAN; CALL ME TOMORROW!

FRANCIE NO SOONER ENTERED HER HOUSE WHEN HER FATHER'S ANGER EXPLODED ABOUT HER!

SO! WHAT I HEARD WAS TRUE! YOU WENT TO THE FESKER HOUSE!

PAPA! LET ME GO...

YOU'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO TREAT ME LIKE THAT! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG!

ARE YOU MAD, GIRL? YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE FESKERS! THEY'RE A FAMILY OF MONSTERS... EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM!

YES, I'VE HEARD THOSE STORIES! THE FESKERS ARE GHOULS AND VAMPIRES AND WITCHES AND THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT; NOW REALLY, PAPA!

I'M NOT SAYING THAT! I'M SAYING THAT THE FESKERS ARE NOT LIKE OTHER PEOPLE! THEY DON'T BREED TRUE HUMANS! I KNOW IT FOR A FACT, FRANCIE?
OLD DOC. HARRISON TOLD ME SO HIMSELF. NOT EVERYTHING, MIND YOU. BUT ENOUGH TO MAKE MY SPINE CRAWL! DOC. HARRISON WAS THERE WHEN THEY WERE ALL BORN... Hugo... Hugel... Hugette... Hugard... Yes, and Hugan, too! He's like the others... you can bet on it!

DOC. HARRISON SAID THAT WHAT HE COULD TELL ABOUT THE BIRTHS OF THOSE FESEKERS WOULD SHOCK THE MEDICAL WORLD! ONLY. HE KEPT SILENT FOR REASONS OF HIS OWN. THE FESEKERS ARE A BAD STRAIN, FRANCIE! I DON'T WANT YOU TO SEE HUGAN AGAIN!

THE EERIE SOUND OF A RISING WIND MADE HER FATHER'S WORDS SCRAMBLE INSIDE FRANCIE'S BRAIN LIKE MACABRE SHADOWS. THE SKY TURNED AN ANGRY BLACK, AND THE FALLING NIGHT GREW WILDER... FRANCIE RECOILED FROM THE WINDOW AS THE THUNDER BROKE!

YOU'VE BEEN INSIDE THE FESEKER HOUSE TODAY! YOU'VE SEEN THINGS YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN. I WANT THEM BE, DON'T MEDDLE IN THEIR AWFUL SECRET!

WHAT WAS THE FESEKER SECRET? FRANCIE KNEW THAT ONE EXISTED. IT WAS PART OF THE STRANGE APPEARANCE AND BEHAVIOR OF HUGAN'S FAMILY. ALL THE DISTURBING IMPRESSIONS OF HER VISIT LEAPED OUT OF THE HAMMERING STORM AND MOVERED ABOUT HER THAT NIGHT... WHISPERING IN THE DARKENED ROOM!

THEY LOOK DIFFERENT... BUT THERE IS A SAMENESS ABOUT THEM... AS THOUGH THEY WERE ONE PERSON! EVEN THEIR NAMES ARE ALIKE!

AND WHEN THEY DO SPEAK... THEY TALK IN THE SAME VOICE! THE SISTER, HUGUETTE, THE LITTLE BOY... THEY SOUND JUST LIKE THE MEN... LIKE HUGAN AND HUGEL...

THEIR UNCLE HUGO... ONLY A NAME BEHIND A CLOSED DOOR... YET THEY PROTECT HIM... WORK FOR HIM... KEEP HIM ALIVE! HE'S SO IMPORTANT TO HUGAN'S FAMILY.

UNCLE HUGO... HE'S THE ANSWER! HE MUST BE THE PERSON WHO KNOWS UNCLE HUGO. WILL KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT THE FESEKERS... I'VE GOT TO MEET HIM FACE TO FACE!
TRYING TO AVOID DISCOVERY, FRANCIE STOOPED AND PICKED UP A PEBBLE WHICH SHE THREW INTO THE SHRUBS NEARBY.

THE BOY, DISTRACTED BY THE SOUND OF THE PEBBLE'S FALL, SET OFF TO INVESTIGATE! AT THAT MOMENT FRANCIE HURRIED THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR!

SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY, FRANCIE SPED THROUGH THE HALLWAY TO THE STAIRS WHICH LED TO THE DOOR OF UNCLE HUGO'S ROOM.

AND, THEN, SHE WAS THERE... HER HANDS TREMBLING ABOVE THE BRASS KNOB ON THE OAKEN DOOR! HER FINGERS CLOSED UPON IT WITH A TURNING MOTION...

THE DOOR ISN'T LOCKED? IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

FRANCIE ENTERED SLOWLY... CAUTIOUSLY... SEARCHING FOR SIGNS OF MOVEMENT IN THE DIM LIGHT. BUT THERE WAS NONE! THERE COULDN'T BE! FRANCIE STOOD TRANSFIXED IN TERROR WHEN SHE SUDDENLY DISCOVERED WHY!

OH... OH...
IT WAS A HEAD... A HUGE, FRIGHTENING HEAD AND, IT RESTED ON A CHAIR PILLOW, UNSEEING, UNMOVING, SHOWING NOT THE SLIGHTEST AWARENESS OF FRANCIE'S PRESENCE! YET, SHE COULD SENSE THAT IT WAS ALIVE! BENEATH, ITS GRAYISH MOTTLED MASS... IT LIVED... AND THOUGHT!

FRANCIE... OH, MY GOSH! IT'S FRANCIE!

IT... IT ISN'T REAL... IT'S NOT THERE. IT'S NOT... WHY DOESN'T IT DISAPPEAR...

THEY SHUFFLED FORWARD, SILENTLY... GROUPING THEMSELVES BEHIND THE CHAIR ON WHICH THE MONSTROUS HEAD RESTED. HUGAN'S VOICE ADDRESSED HER AGAIN, BUT IT WAS HUGEL'S LIPS WHICH UTTERED THE WORDS...

ONE NIGHT AT THIS HOUSE... SUCH A THING WAS BORN.

THE TRUTH IS: FRANCIE, THAT NATURE MAKES SOME THINGS ON EARTH DIFFERENTLY.

IT WAS GIVEN LARGE, STRONG HANDS WITH WHICH TO WORK AND PROTECT ITSELF!

A MEANS TO FEED ITSELF...

AND A GUISE TO WEAR, SO IT COULD MINGLE WITH NORMAL PEOPLE... LEAD A NORMAL LIFE... EVEN MARRY...

IT HAD GOOD LIMBS AND THE SHARPEST OF SENSES... BUT THEY WERE IN FOUR DIFFERENT BODIES! THE PART WHICH HELD THE BRAIN, NEVER... GUERN... GREW... A... BODY...
YES, FRANCIE -- WE ARE THE IDENTITY YOU'VE HEARD CALLED UNCLE HUGO! IN HUGO'S BODY -- I ALSO POSSESS A HEART -- WITH THE CAPACITY TO LOVE -- BUT I SUPPOSE THAT MEANS NOTHING TO YOU NOW...

THE VERY MENTION OF THE WORD, LOVE, DID SOMETHING SO TERRIBLE TO FRANCIE, THAT SHE SCREAMED AGAIN -- AND AGAIN -- sending the agonizing sounds of it throughout the entire house. AND THE GROUP OF MEN WHO BROKE DOWN THE FRONT DOOR ON THE FLOOR BELOW, WERE FROZEN BY THE SHEER TERROR OF IT!

THAT'S MY FRANCIE! I KNEW SHE WAS HERE! WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO HER?

RACING UP THE STAIRS, THE MEN LED BY FRANCIE'S FATHER BURST INTO UNCLE HUGO'S ROOM...

FRANCIE! FRANCIE!

GOOD GRAYVY! WHAT'S THAT THING?

DON'T SHOOT! PUT THAT GUN AWAY!

UGH -- IT TURNS MY STOMACH TO LOOK AT IT! IS THIS THING DANGEROUS?

I SAID BE CAREFUL WITH THAT GUN!

HUGO'S SUDDEN MOVE SETS OFF A ROARING FUSILLADE OF BULLETS WHICH PLOWED INTO HIS MASSIVE CHEST!
Hugel did not fall, and the startled men kept firing—unaware that the vital spots they shot at were not in Hugel's body...but, in another...

He won't die! Stop— you crazy fools!

In Hugan's body was the heart! The roaring confusion filled it with fear, and the fear drove it into the path of the bullets which found it...and tore it to bits!

Aaaa--

When the smoke cleared, there were four bodies on the floor. The woman and the boy were unmarked, but they were as lifeless as the bullet riddled corpses of Hugel and Hugan.

They're all dead! But we only fired at the men...I-I don't get it...

Good grief! Look at the woman--she must have fallen against the statue pedestal and it crushed her skull!

But there's no sign of blood...no sign of a brain...this is impossible! There's nothing inside her head! It's like a hollow egg shell!

It looks like the talk about the pesker family was all true...

They were a pack of vicious freakish monsters!

Unmindful of these cutting remarks, the huge head sat on its pillow, shrouded in silence...only this time it was the silence of death...for it is a known fact that when the heart is destroyed, the other organs—including the brain—soon cease to function!
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[ ] If 16 years or under, check for Booklet A.
Dick Barker stood thoughtfully before his office window, watching slivers of early morning sunlight reflect off the panes of glass across the street. Absently he packed fresh tobacco in his pipe as the telephone rang. Remembering suddenly that his secretary, Gay Draper, was doing some research at the library, he turned to answer the phone.

"Dick Barker," he announced softly.

"Mr. Barker? My name is Albert Boyce."

Barker detected an effort for control in the resonant, low voice. The name was familiar and he consulted his memory. He remembered a recent news item about Albert, "oil millions" Boyce being sued for divorce by his beautiful wife.

Boyce went on, "I'd like to talk to you, Barker, in the privacy of my own home."

Barker said, "I'm not too busy this morning; I can be there in about an hour."

Barker was shown into a well stocked library, where he met Albert Boyce. Boyce was a large man, about 45, with a square, powerful jaw. They shook hands warmly.

Boyce's words were chosen carefully as he spoke, but they were direct and to the point. "My wife is leaving me, Barker! She's leaving me because of a dream she's had every night for the past few months. She dreams that I am trying to kill her--in cold blood. She has read books and talked to people and is now of the opinion that her mind is picking up my thoughts waves. I guess it's called mental telepathy! She is thoroughly convinced that I have thoughts of murdering her!"

The two men sat silently. Finally Barker spoke softly and casually. "Do you have such thoughts, Boyce?"

When Boyce spoke his voice was unchanged, as if the question were a most normal one. "It's fantastic! Utterly impossible. I love Virginia, I've always loved and worshipped her, but--yes--yes, Barker, I do find thoughts of murder creeping into my mind. I don't understand it!"

Barker breathed deeply and leaned forward. He felt that Boyce was a man that wanted the truth and was intelligent enough to know what to do with the truth once the cards were on the table.

Barker said, "It's really very simple. As you recall, you are a very successful man. You are fearless in business, and have enemies because a man doesn't usually become a millionaire without making a few enemies. But you know how to deal with those enemies. Therefore you do not fear them. You have built yourself an empire and everyone respects you because you are the boss; you are strong! Yet you are the crusher, for you would crush anyone who stood in your way of further success."

Barker sat back and relaxed in his chair, keeping a sharp eye on Boyce's reactions. Boyce's face had not changed and his eyes met Barker's squarely, honestly.

Barker continued, "Your wife is the one person, possibly the 'wall,' that stands in your way of being a complete, one hundred percent, emperor over your empire. Your subconscious mind has come to hate your wife, because she does not respect you as do all the others. She loves you, perhaps, and respects you as a husband, which is her duty to you, but she does not respect your business tactics, because they do not interest her. Therefore, Boyce, you fear her. She is the only person whom you fear, and consequently have come to hate. You should accept her on the merit of love and companionship in your home and social life. You should leave her out of your business world."

Boyce was silent. Finally he said, "I could easily hate you, Barker, but for some reason I can't hate you and respect you at the same time. You are absolutely correct. I've been forcing my business triumphs on my wife for years. It's when she4 I hate her; or when she sees through my strategies--she's very clever. Odd I couldn't see it. Too close to home I guess. Will you do me a favor, Barker? I would never be able to convince my wife of what you just told me. Would you go upstairs and tell her? She's packing, getting ready to move out of my life. You can tell her she won't have any more dreams."

Barker smiled and knocked the ashes from his pipe, as he stood to leave the room. He had a good feeling because he had been right. Boyce knew exactly what to do when the cards were all out.
George Harper was a writer, a master of creating novel plots and strange situations -- but this was not a product of his imagination. This was actually happening. There was a ---

GHOST IN THE HOUSE

The setting was perfect for it! An old house in the country, a storm in fiction, these things always accompany a visit from the dead, but at first George Harper and his wife did not know... that they were not alone.

Home, at last! Great Scott, what a night! Marion, what on earth ever possessed us to go walking on a night like this?

Why... I don't know, George? As a matter of fact... I don't even remember going out.

That's strange! The last I remember... it was afternoon, and the sun was shining. Funny, but that's what I recall, too! I don't understand?

Maybe we're just both getting old, eh? This sounds like something out of one of my stories.

The stories you haven't been able to sell, darling? Or the ones you sold R.Q. R.D.? Before our personal depression?

George and Marion Harper could still smile, then, as they had smiled bitterly for so long now... despite the bills, the stories that didn't sell, the heartache.

We won't talk about that but about this other thing... Marion, I don't get it! People don't just forget half a day of their lives!

No, they don't! But we'll both think better over some hot coffee! I come into the kitchen... and I'll make some.

George! George! Look!
The woman stood by a window, staring out at the storm. A pale, fragile woman whose face gleamed whitely, and suddenly George and Marion Harper forgot their odd lapse of memory.

George, who... who is she? She looks so strange! What is she doing here?

Beats me! But it's easy enough to find out! Miss... you, whoever you are... who are you?

She... she doesn't hear you!

Obviously maybe she's deaf. Well, we'll soon see...

George reached out to touch a white shoulder and touched... nothing. If he and his wife fled, if they scurried from that room in sudden panic, who could blame them?

No! I don't think she's even aware of us! She doesn't even know we're here.

Look at her! She's beautiful! I'm scared, too! But I'm fascinated as well! This could be the saving of us, if I could just find out who she is... or was!

She's going into the bedroom... it's as if... as if she knows her way around! As if she lived here! Marion... that must be it! This house is old! Maybe she did live here once. Come on, let's follow her.

Don't be a fool! We can't let ourselves be driven out of our home by a... a spook! Especially a pretty spook who doesn't seem to mean us any harm.
MARION, I HAVEN'T SOLD A STORY IN MONTHS. YOU KNOW WHAT THE EDITORS TELL ME? MY PLOTS ARE TOO ORDINARY! BUT THIS... I COULD SELL A STORY ABOUT A GHOST IN MY OWN HOUSE! IT MIGHT BE A NEW BEGINNING FOR US!

SO... MARION HARPER AND HER HUSBAND STAYED, TREMBLING, SCARCELY DARING TO BREATHE! BUT THEY STAYED!

THEY WATCHED A SHADOW SLEEP IN THEIR BED, GO THROUGH A MACABRE PARODY OF THE HABITS OF THE LIVING!

GEORGE, IT... IT'S HORRIBLE! WATCHING HER MOVE AROUND, DO ALL THE THINGS A LIVING WOMAN WOULD DO... I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE! PLEASE! LET'S GO!

MARION, I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT HER! I MUST! IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY TO... TO COMMUNICATE WITH HER!

OH, NO! DON'T! IF SHE KNOWS WE'RE HERE... THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT SHE MIGHT DO, WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN!

BUT BY THEN GEORGE HARPER WAS UTTERLY FASCINATED! HE TRIED TO GET THROUGH TO THAT PALE WRAITH IN EVERY MANNER HE COULD THINK OF!

NO USE! I ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD THAT THE LIVING COMMUNICATED WITH THE DEAD BY RAPPING... BUT SHE DOESN'T HEAR!

AND YET SHE SEEMS TO BE LISTENING FOR SOMETHING! GEORGE, HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED?

YES, BUT WHAT? WHAT WOULD A DEAD WOMAN BE WAITING FOR? LISTENING FOR? IF WE ONLY KNEW...

GEORGE! LISTEN... DO YOU HEAR IT?

YES, A SORT OF... HUMMING NOISE! IT'S GETTING LOUDER, COMING CLOSER!

GEORGE, WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT?
MARION HARPER CLUNG TO HER HUSBAND IN AN AGONY OF SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR! SUDDENLY, GEORGE HARPER LAUGHED...

THAT NOISE, MARION... DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS? IT'S A CAR! LOOK! SEE IT?

I SEE IT BUT... GEORGE, SHE SEES IT, TOO! IF SHE WASN'T AWARE OF US, WHY WOULD SHE BE AWARE OF THAT CAR?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT MAYBE NOW WE'LL GET SOME ANSWERS! WHOEVER IS IN THAT CAR... OUR VISITOR SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN EXPECTING THEM! MAYBE THEY CAN TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT HER!

YOUNG LADY! WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU!

HELEN! HOW ARE YOU?

ELEANOR! I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T GET HERE TODAY. AFTER THAT TERRIBLE STORM LAST NIGHT! I'M FINE...

IT COULDN'T BE, BUT IT WAS! GEORGE HARPER AND HIS WIFE STOOD BY LATER, DUMBLY! THEY LISTENED... AND SLOWLY THEY BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND!

HELEN, HOWEVER DID YOU DO IT? THIS LOVELY OLD HOUSE! WHY, IT'S JUST PERFECT! HOW DID YOU EVER GET THE OWNER TO SELL IT?

I DIDN'T HAVE TO! IT'S A FASCINATING STORY! IT SEEMS THAT THE PREVIOUS OWNER WAS A WRITER... AND NOT VERY SUCCESSFULLY! GEORGE HARPER AS I UNDERSTAND IT HE AND HIS WIFE COMMITTED SUICIDE JUST ABOUT A YEAR AGO IN THIS VERY ROOM!

SUICIDE? BUT... AREN'T YOU AFRAID TO STAY HERE ALONE? WITH YOUR HUSBAND AWAY... WHY WOULDN'T I BE FRIGHTENED TO DEATH?

FRIGHTENED? FOR WHAT? ELEANOR, REALLY! DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU THINK MY NEW HOUSE MIGHT BE HAUNTED! BRAD'S BUSINESS ONLY KEEPS HIM AWAY FOR A FEW DAYS AT A TIME!

AND ANYWAY... WHO BELIEVES IN GHOSTS?

OH, YES! THIS WAS REAL! THIS WAS NOT A PRODUCT OF GEORGE HARPER'S IMAGINATION! THERE WAS A GHOST IN THE HOUSE... IN FACT... THERE WERE TWO!
1000 Shot Red Ryder Repeater Air Rifles with Tube of Shot, Candi Cameras with Carry Case, Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Dolls, Radios, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE, used for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 59th year.

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MAIL COUPON

OUR 59TH YEAR

GIVEN - PREMIUMS or CASH

BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES
ACT NOW — BE FIRST

MAIL COUPON

OUR 59TH YEAR

SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU — ACT NOW

Wrist Watches, School Boxes, Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 145-M, Tyrone, Pa.

CASH - GIVEN - PREMIUMS

Radios, Billfolds, Baseball Bats, Baseball Outfits, Swim Masks, Food Choppers, Blankets, (sent postage paid). SIMPLY GIVE beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your starting order postage paid by us. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 145-P, Tyrone, Pa.

MAIL COUPON TODAY


Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

NAME

AGE

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R.D. BOX

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NO. STATE

TOWN

Print LAST

Name Here

Pace on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW
THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR JOHN CROUCH WAS A NIGHT IN NOVEMBER, 1951, WHEN THE WIND HOWLED AND SHRIEKED LIKE A SOUL IN TORMENT. THAT NIGHT, FOR THE FIRST TIME, HE STEPPED BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF DECENCY.

CARL, IT—IT'S HIM. IT'S DAD! HE MEANT IT WHEN HE SAID HE WAS COMING HERE! YOU WERE RIGHT. HE—HE'S INSANE!

ANY MAN WHO THINKS HE CAN CONJURE UP A DEMON IS INSANE. COME ON!

DAD! DAD! YOU! SO WHAT ARE YOU DOING? FOLLOWED ME, YOU AND THE BOTHERSOME YOUNG FOOL WHO THINKS I'M MAD. GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE!

WE FOLLOWED YOU BECAUSE SARAH WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU. AND IT ISN'T RIGHT TO VIOLATE A GRAVE, MISTER CROUCH! COME HOME WITH US FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

WHAT HAVE I TO DO WITH GOOD? ONLY EVIL HAS POWER. SOME DAY I'LL PROVE THAT. SOME DAY I'LL HAVE SATAN HIMSELF TO FETCH AND CARRY FOR ME!
The ancients tried to do what I'm doing and failed. But I won't fail! I only need time... and the right ingredients!

You've failed so many times! Give it up!

No! I failed because something was missing! The knuckles from the left hand of a murderer! Like the man buried in this grave! But now, I know!

That's why you're here, you... You ghouls! If not for Sarah, I'd go to the police! You aren't worth saving! I'm taking her away from here! Take her and leave me alone!

John Crouch was mad beyond any shadow of a doubt, and no one can reason with a madman. Carl Daniels took Sarah home!

Sarah, come away with me! You don't belong in this... this museum! Your father is beyond help! You know he is!

I'll never admit that! I know Dad's suffering from a delusion! He needs someone to take care of him!

Delusion, is it? You fools! Tonight... you'll see if I'm suffering from a delusion! I have everything I need now! Everything!

Dad!

But Sarah Crouch, numb with horror, shook her head, and in the next room, a devil's brew sputtered as John Crouch mumbled ancient incantations for hours.

Nothing... nothing! I failed! Again! But why? Why?
If Sarah Crouch and Carl Daniels had not been weak, if they had gone to the police, then, all might still have been well, but they did not go. For a week, John Crouch buried himself in his manuscripts.

Whatever you've done, you're not really... bad! You... you couldn't be! I won't let you!

Let me hear you whining, weakling, what do I have to do with your stupid standards of morality? Get out!

Evil comes... to evil? It's so... simple? If I myself were evil, if I committed a sin that condemned my soul forever...

Dad, you... mustn't talk like that!

Sarah Crouch got out! She used a telephone and soon Carl Daniels was with her.

There he is! Carl, he... he's going to do something! He tries terrible! I know he is!

We'll follow him! If he tries anything, we'll stop him!

But John Crouch was not to be stopped! His path wound through dark alleys, down littered streets, and at last he halted, as if he were... waiting!

He's been standing there for almost an hour! Sarah, are you sure that you understood him?

Yes! Carl, he thinks that if he makes him self evil it will draw the... the devil to him! He might do anything!

An evil deed... to attract an evil power!

John Crouch walked on. But behind him, horror hung heavy on the night.

He... stabbed her! A girl... he didn't even know! Sarah, we've got to tell the police! We've got to!

No! I can't! I can't have him locked away! Carl, he's my father! If you love me you won't go to the police! You won't tell!

If we don't tell... we're as guilty as he is! Sarah, I... I can't have this on my conscience! If we keep quiet... some day we'll be sorry.

Do tell, my father will be penned up like a dangerous animal! If you tell, I'll never see you again!
DHN CROUCH WAS SARAH'S FATHER... NO CARL DANIELS LOVED HER! SO DHN CROUCH'S SIN BECAME THEIR IN! THEY WALKED HOME IN AN GONY OF SILENT GUILT. I DIDN'T HELP! IT WAS ALL FOR NOTHING! IT DIDN'T... HELP! I'VE FAILED... AGAIN! BUT THERE MUST BE A WAY! THERE MUST!

HE STILL THINKS... HE CAN SUCCEED... AND UNTIL HE DOES THERE'LL BE NO PEACE... FOR ANY OF US! MAYBE IT WOULD BE BEST... IF HE DID SUCCEED!

CARL... WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

I'M SAYING THAT IF YOUR FATHER CALLED UP THE DEVIL... OR THOUGH'T HE DID... HE MIGHT BE SATISFIED! SARAH, I COULD PRETEND TO BE... OTHER-WISE, HE MIGHT... KILL AGAIN! YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

IT WAS NOT TOO DIFFICULT! EACH NIGHT, JOHN CROUCH MIXED HIS WITCH'S BREW, MUTTERED HIS MAGIC WORDS. A FEW NIGHTS LATER, EVERYTHING WAS READY!

CARL, I... I'M FRIGHTENED! WHAT IF HE RECOGNIZES YOU? YOU KNOW HOW HE IS? HE... HE MIGHT DO ANYTHING!

HE MIGHT! BUT WE HAVE NO CHOICE! TURN OUT THE LIGHTS... AND OPEN THE DOOR!

SARAH DID AS SHE WAS TOLD! CARL TOOK HIS POSITION, A DOOR CREAKED OPEN... AND JOHN CROUCH FROZE...

FOR A MOMENT THE TABLEAU REMAINED MOTIONLESS! THEN, CARL DANIELS TURNED AWA Y... SARAH, WHERE IS HE? I SAW HIM! HE CAME INTO THIS ROOM! I SAW HIM WITH MY OWN EYES!

THEN HE MUST HAVE JUST... VANISHED! HE... HE WAS REALLY HERE! I DIDN'T IMAGINE IT!

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY! HE WAS HERE!

HIS MAJESTY? DAD, NO! YOU DIDN'T... YOU DIDN'T SUCCEED AT LAST, IF YOU DID... THEN YOU CAN GIVE IT ALL UP NOW! YOU'VE DONE WHAT YOU SET OUT TO DO!
CARL DANIELS DID NOTHING MORE, THEN! BUT THERE WAS STILL ONE WAY TO RID JOHN CROUCH OF HIS DELUSION THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

SARAH, HE'S ALREADY KILLED ONCE! AND WE'VE PROTECTED HIM SOME DAY, SOMEHOW, WE'LL PAY FOR THAT! BUT IF I TELL HIM THE TRUTH, THAT HE BELIEVED A LIE, IT MAY SHOCK HIM BACK TO NORMALCY!

CARL, YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT YOU'RE GOING TO TELL HIM THE TRUTH... THAT YOU PRETENDED! YOU MUSTN'T! HE... HE'LL KILL SOMEONE ELSE!

THE TRUTH, DANIELS! WHAT IS THE TRUTH?

THAT YOU'RE INSANE? IT'S TIME YOU HEARD IT! LOOK AT YOU! WHAT KIND OF HORROR ARE YOU MIXING IN THAT POT NOW?

IT WAS WHAT WAS IN THIS... THAT CALLED UP SATAN! JUST YESTERDAY! YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT, DID YOU? I COULDN'T MAKE HIM STAY! BUT I'VE CHANGED THE PROPORTIONS OF THE INGREDIENTS! NEXT TIME, HE WILL REMAIN!

THERE WON'T BE A NEXT TIME! YOU'RE GOING TO HEAR THE TRUTH! ONCE AND FOR ALL! BEFORE YOU DRIVE SARAH AS INSANE AS YOURSELF!

CARL DANIELS SMASHED JOHN CROUCH’S DREAM INTO A MILLION PIECES! HE TOLD THE WHOLE STORY!

LIAR! YOU'RE LYING! I DID SUCCEED! I DID!

YOU FAILED!
Mister Crouch... for your own sake, for the sake of us all... let us take you to a doctor! You need help!

I know the kind of help you'd give me. Don't touch me!

Don't touch me! You want to lock me up? I know! But you won't! I won't let you!

Dad!

Dad, no... no!

So now there were two violent deaths to pluck with harpy fingers at the souls of Carl and Sarah! They clung together, trembling, and they did not look behind them.

They did not see a foul mist rise from a noisome, evil-smelling brew! They did not see it grow...

That... shadow! It's moving...

They knew only, in that last moment, that John Crouch had succeeded... at last! Then... they knew nothing!

Unless, perhaps, they knew that Carl Daniels had been right! Some day, somehow, we all must pay... for our sins!
In many societies there was the strong belief that the falling of a man’s portrait or his statue was a sure omen of impending death!

No, it can’t be! Sir Devon’s portrait has fallen! No one must tell him, or he will be terribly worried!

This belief was so strong that the power of auto-suggestion, undoubtedly, has been the cause of many deaths so foretold!

Quick, get a doctor... he’s fainted!

So strong was his belief in this omen, that he immediately made all preparations for the end, and death soon overtook him!

Strange! He must have known he was going to die... he’d just finished his will!
GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDERWEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

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AM I PROUD OF THE WAY THE HUSBAND LOOKS AT YOU?

No Skinny Scare-Crow for me!

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MAIL THE COUPON NOW!
THE BLACK PIANO

You wouldn't think an ordinary housewife with a couple of kids would be bothered by a superstition, do you? Black magic and voodoo are the farthest thing from your mind. Which is what I thought, or didn't think—until the Black Piano.

I'd always had a piano until I got married. I wasn't much of a pianist, but I liked to tinkle around and now, with the children and a home of my own, I figured we'd all get a lot of enjoyment out of a homely parlor type piano. Besides, I'd just found a part-time job while the children were in school; it would be easy to swing it.

It was Christmas, three years ago, when I first saw the Black Piano. I'd gone into the music store to inquire the price of pianos—used, and the salesman showed me this honey of a black spinet, brand new. It was greatly reduced in price, which ought to have made me suspicious, but of course it didn't and I signed my name to a three-year sales contract almost before you could say, "What's for dinner tonight?"

My bargain! I paid the down payment quickly and hurried off to my job, only to learn that I'd been layed off. I didn't connect it with my purchase of the Black Piano, then, I just had to think of something else to meet the monthly terms I'd gone a little over my head for.

The piano arrived in time to trim the Christmas tree and everyone was so excited about it that my husband forgave me for buying on terms, a practice he hates, and we included the payments in our budget. Even now I can remember having to explain to everyone why it was black—it seemed an odd color combined with the brown tones of our other furniture.

We had made three payments on the Black Piano when my husband lost his job and had to take another one at a reduction in salary. There was no room for piano payments and I began to do odd jobs like baby sitting, mending and ironing to keep the musical instrument. Now I pride myself on being careful and competent, but I never got a second order on any of my odd jobs.

A year of hard-to-meet payments passed. I was dusting the piano one day when I realized I hadn't played it half a dozen times! After the initial excitement had worn off, the children had actually been jealous of the times I sat down to practice. So far neither of them had shown any inclination toward it. I was sorry, but I figured the time was just not ready.

During the second year the payments got behind. The office would call me and I'd give some excuse and finally the money would be scroged from some place. I guess by this time keeping the Black Piano had become a real obsession with me and I was determined to keep it at any cost.

Then my husband started his own business on a GI loan. It looked as if everything was going to be rosy until, six months later, it failed, leaving us too broke to go bankrupt even. We had to make arrangements to pay our creditors. It looked as if the piano would have to go back and I wrote the company explaining our situation.

Two days later the head of the office came to see us. He had liked the letter so much, he said, he wanted us to keep the piano, sans payments, until such time when we could afford to pay the balance. I was in Heaven! People really were kind. The piano soon would be mine.

And then, several weeks later, a creditor who wasn't satisfied to make arrangements served us with a summons. We had to have immediate cash. We were up to our ears. We had nothing of value left except the Black Piano which we were forced to sell for enough to take care of the remaining payments to the company and to cover other debts.

Since then things have been going fine. Oh, there were a few tears at first—until I recognized the truth. For we're on the road up again. And you can bet I'll never buy a Black Piano again... I feel guilty for selling this one to someone else. They seemed like such nice people.
Out of the intolerable stench of a rotting bayou swamp came a haunting refrain ---

LOVER, COME BACK TO ME,

I have a story to tell you... a bayou story of violence and murder, about Nanette, the swamp-woman... a lusty tantalizing she-devil, born in slimy gumbo mud, deep in the farthest reaches of the impenetrable bayou swamp!

Kill the snake for me, Raoul! Kill it and bring it to me!

For your love, Nanette, I would kill ten such snakes!

Raoul was in love with her! This hulking idiot of a swamp fisherman charged at the reptile. Tear it in half, Raoul! And bring me the corpse!

What would you do with a dead snake, my love?

I will make myself beautiful for you, fool! Bring it to me!

Like it, idiot? Oh, you are beautiful, Nanette! You have made yourself beautiful for me, as you said. Was I not brave to kill it for you?
Hah! IMBECILE. YOU TALK ABOUT BRAVERY! YOU THINK YOU ARE A MAN BECAUSE YOU KILLED A SNAKE? YOU ARE YOURSELF A SNAKE!

I HAVE DONE A BRAVE THING! CLAUDE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO BRAVE! HE WOULD NOT HAVE KILLED THE SNAKE!

AND I TELL YOU THAT CLAUDE IS TEN TIMES THE MAN YOU ARE! LOOK AT YOU! WOULD YOU HAVE ME LOVE AN IDIOT?

I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, NANETTE! LET ME PROVE THAT I LOVE YOU! GIVE ME A TASK!

WHAT WOULD YOU DO FOR ME? WOULD YOU KISS MY FEET? WOULD YOU COOK FOR ME AND CLEAN MY HOUSE? WHAT MORE COULD AN IDIOT DO?

GIVE ME A TASK! WHAT MUST I DO? TAKE PITY ON ME, NANETTE!

YOU BORE ME, RAOUl! GO BACK TO YOUR CATFISH! I WILL GO TO MY HOUSE AND WAIT FOR MY LOVER! GET ME A CATFISH SO THAT CLAUDE AND I MAY EAT OUR SUPPER!

AND THEN THERE WAS CLAUDE...

AGH! YOU PIG! WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY LITTLE WITCH? WHY DO YOU WALK THE SWAMPS AT NIGHT?

TO LOOK FOR YOU, MY LOVER! I HAVE TIRED OF RAOUl! YOU MUST SHOWER YOUR LOVE UPON ME! RAOUl ASKS FOR A TASK TO PROVE HIS LOVE!

THAT SON OF AN ALLIGATOR, NANETTE, HOW COULD YOU SOIL YOUR HANDS ON THE FLESH OF THAT IDIOT?

HE KILLED A SNAKE FOR ME, MY LOVER! WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO SHOW YOUR LOVE FOR ME?
WHATEVER HE HAS DONE WAS DONE AS AN ANIMAL WOULD. I WILL PROVE MY LOVE AS A MAN WOULD!

NO! YOU WILL NOT TOUCH ME UNTIL YOU PROVE YOUR LOVE!

WHAT MUST I DO?

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

ANYTHING -- ANYTHING FOR YOU!

I WANT YOU TO BE MY WIFE! IF YOU INSIST ON SOME IDIOTIC RITUAL THAT I MUST ACCOMPLISH, VERY WELL! TELL ME WHAT I MUST DO, AND I WILL DO IT!

YOU MUST KILL RAOUl!

NANETTE'S EYES GLOWED LIKE A SWAMP CAT! THIS WAS TO BE HER FINAL JOKF ON POOR RAOUl!

YOU...YOU COULD NOT MEAN THAT!

GO, MY LOVER, AND COME BACK TO ME WITH HIS BLOOD ON YOUR HANDS. YOU WILL FIND HIM AT THE CATFISH POOL! GO NOW!

I WILL DO THIS THING FOR YOU, NANETTE! BUT WHEN IT IS DONE, I SHALL BE THE MASTER IN THIS HOUSE!
NANETTE HAD A PLAN! A WONDERFUL JOKE TO PLAY ON BOTH HER LOVERS! SOON AFTER CLAUDE LEFT THE SHACK, RAOUl ENTERED...

I HAVE YOUR SUPPER, NANETTE! WILL YOU LOVE ME NOW, FOR THE FISH I CAUGHT FOR YOU?

MAD ONE! FRY THE FISH FOR ME AND THEN WE WILL TALK OF LOVE!

CLAUSE WAS HERE, IDIOT! MY LOVER PROMISED TO DO A TASK FOR ME TO PROVE HIS LOVE! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, MAD ONE?

THERE IS NOTHING WE WOULD DO THAT I WOULD NOT DO TEN TIMES BETTER!

WOULD YOU DO THIS FOR ME? WOULD YOU GO NOW TO CLAUDE AT THE CATFISH POOL, AND MURDER HIM? THAT IS THE TASK I GIVE YOU!

YES! I WILL DO IT!

WHEN I DO THIS THING, THEN WILL YOU LOVE ME? NANETTE, SAY THAT YOU WILL LOVE ME!

GO, FOOL! KILL HIM AS YOU DID THE SNAKE!

RAOUl WENT INTO THE SWAMP TO FIND THE MAN HE WAS TO KILL, AND WHO WAS TO KILL HIM! THE BAYOU ECHOED WITH NANETTE'S DEMONIC LAUGH, AS EACH MAN SOUGHT THE OTHER!

GOOD EVENING, RAOUl! IT IS LATE FOR YOU TO BE IN THE SWAMP! WHAT DOES THE IDIOT DO HERE AT NIGHT?

I COME ON AN ERRAND! I HAVE COME HERE...

IT WAS A FIGHT TO BE REMEMBERED IN THE SWAMP FOR MANY, MANY YEARS! AS THEY CAME CLOSER, RAOUl PICKED UP A LOG...

TO KILL YOU! OOF!
SO IT WAS CLAUDE THAT WON NANETTE'S LOVE! OR DID HE?

I HAVE DONE IT! HIS BODY IS IN THE SWAMP WHERE THE LEECHES AND FISH WILL FEED ON HIS FLESH! I HAVE EARNED YOUR LOVE! COME TO ME, NANETTE!

HE IS DEAD! YOU HAVE KILLED THE IDIOT FOR ME!

CATCH ME, YOUNG FOOL! I WILL LOVE YOU... IF YOU CAN CATCH ME!

YOU DEVIL!
COME, CLAUDE! LET ME SEE IF YOU ARE MAN ENOUGH TO FIND FOOTING IN A DARK SWAMP!

I HAVE KILLED FOR YOU! YOU ARE MY WOMAN!

THE SWAMP WAS DARK! NANETTE, CHILD OF THE SWAMP, LEAPED EASILY FROM ROCK TO STUMP... CLAUDE WAS NOT SO LUCKY.

DIE FOR ME, MY LOVE! MY FOOL! THAT WAS YOUR TASK! NOW YOU HAVE PROVED YOUR LOVE!

A JOKE! WHO HAS EVER MANAGED SUCH A JOKE UPON HER LOVERS!

SUDDENLY THE LAUGHTER STOPPED! THE SWAMP THAT SHRIEKED WITH INSANE LAUGHTER, BECAME STRANGELY QUIET BECAUSE NANETTE NO LONGER HAD HER LOVERS! SHE WAS ALONE!

AIHHH! WHAT HAVE I DONE! I HAVE MURDERED MY MEN! I AM ALONE!

WHERE ARE MY LOVERS! COME BACK TO ME, MY LOVERS!

SO, IT TURNED OUT WELL AFTER ALL! NANETTE HAD HER LOVERS AND HER LOVERS HAD NANETTE! AND THE SWAMP WAS RID OF ALL OF THEM!

The End
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IMPROVE YOUR FAVORITE SPORT—Well-shaped legs not only are attractive but also help you play tennis, lawn, and golf, etc., with more ease and form—which many admire.

WALK, STAND WITH POISE—Your carriage and poise through your entire figure will be improved and more graceful with the aid of beautifully shaped legs.

Which of these leg problems are yours?

In Many Cases, Doctors Advise Use of This Technique

Men notice your legs first! Heavy flabby legs can make a woman feel self-conscious, look older and heavier than she is. Beautifully firm, slenderized legs help the rest of your figure look slimmer, more appealing! Give yourself a chance to look good in the latest fashions of higher skirts, bathing suits, shorts, etc. Now at last, you too can try to help yourself, to improve heavy legs, due to normal causes, as many women have by following this new scientific method. You should try to do something about reducing and reshaping ANY PART of your legs you wish: such as streamlining bulging hips into more youthful lines...trimming down flabby thighs into a bewitching contour...acquiring feminine appeal in place of ugly knees...fat calves into more sleenderized alluring curves...heavy ankles into more sleek graceful lines...or your legs all over.

Clothes Look Unattractive
With Heavy Legs!

On fat flabby legs, hose haven’t any appeal...all diwose, suit, skirts seem to fit clumsily...even expensive shoes look unattractive, uncoordinated and out of place. Fat legs make your entire appearance look heavier, more ungainly.

Clothes Look Glamorous
With Sleenderized Legs!

Whether sitting or standing, shapely legs are the foundation of feminine loveliness. Sheer hose, all shoes, dresses, skirts, and of their best over well-formed hips, thighs, knees, calves, ankles.

Tested and Proven Method Requires Only 15 Minutes A Day

Well-known authority on legs with years of experience offers you this tested and proven scientific course—only 15 minutes a day—in the privacy of your home! Contains step-by-step illustrations of the easy scientific leg technique with simple instructions for slenderized, firmer, stronger legs; improving skin color and circulation of blood in legs; also normal causes of heavy legs, plus leg measurement chart of each section of leg according to height and weight.

From the very FIRST DAY you may feel the exhilarating effects of this method

Remember, the average reducing plan, pills, etc., usually result in general weight reduction only—which DOES NOT concentrate on any one part of the body you wish. This amazing method was perfected to concentrate on each part of your legs, from the hips down.

Read How This Technique Helped Others!

One young lady, age 25, accumulated surplus fat—especially around her hips, thighs, and legs. She regained the normal graceful curves in her hips and legs which had attracted her husband. Another woman gained a more attractive appearance by reducing the size of the contour of her hips and legs.

Written About In Health Culture Magazine?

Health Culture asked this well-known authority on legs to write a series of articles on the fundamentals of this method. This magazine believed their readers should learn about this wonderful technique. Many other leading magazines and newspapers have written about the priceless advantages of correct leg development.

SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10-DAY TRIAL!

You would be glad to pay any price to gain slenderized legs, but "Home Method for Sleenderizing Heavy Legs" is yours for the low introductory price of only $1.98 complete. Just deposit $1.98 plus postage with postman on delivery (in plain wrapper). Or send only $1.98 with order and we pay postage. You must see satisfactory results, or return course and your money will be refunded.

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