

15¢

THE NEW MYSTERY MAGAZINE

SHOCK



Volume 1

March, 1948

Number 1

Exciting Shock-Mystery Novel

- DEATH IS A DAME**..... Frederick C. Davis 8
Was she really his wife? Or was she evil-souled Zelda—biding her time until her next murder?

Two Spine-Tingling Suspense Novelettes

- HELL'S BELLE**..... Robert Turner 42
Despising himself and exotic Roxy, Ben Harlow went all out to win her love with a grisly murder memento.
- HOMICIDAL HOMESTEAD**..... Bruno Fischer 84
Luscious Della's scarecrow husband bought a knife—and brooded on slaughter.

Six Gripping Short Stories

- NIGHTMARE MAN**..... John E. Harbaugh 28
His hog-fat wife jeered little Herman's dream into a hideous nightmare.
- HER BLACK WINGS**..... John D. MacDonald 32
Three men had loved her—and died violently. I was next. . . .
- SKULDUGGER'S LOOT**..... H. C. Malcolm 38
Human skulls grinned in the window—yet thick-skulled Dutch wanted in.
- A CENTURY OF THE KILLER CURSE**.. D. L. Champion 63
An ancient kill-curse was crawling in the mind of a lovely heiress. . . .
- STRANGLER'S MOON**..... Curt Hamlin 73
Strange, garroted women were his stepping stones to heights of homicide.
- CRYPT OF THE JEALOUS QUEEN**..... Jack Bennett 78
She flew away on butterfly wings . . . strewing her vengeance with a cobra's venom.

Features and Departments

- WITHOUT WARNING**..... A Department 6
Preview of "Blood of the Vixen" by John D. MacDonald.
- THE PERFECT GIFT (A Storiette)**..... John Bender 72
Everything worked out perfectly—for no one.
- ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN**..... 82
The Secret of Glamis Castle. . . . Frederick Blakeslee

The next issue will be out March 19th.

Published bi-monthly by New Publications, Inc., at 2256 Grove Street, Chicago, 16, Illinois. Editorial and Executive Offices, 210 East 43rd Street, New York, 17, N. Y. Entry as Second-class matter pending at the Post Office, at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1948, by New Publications, Inc. This issue is published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. Copyright under the International Copyright Convention and Pan American Copyright Conventions. All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction, in whole or in part, in any form. Single copy, 15c. Annual subscription for U.S.A., its possessions and Canada, \$9.00; other countries 25c additional. Send subscriptions to 210 East 43rd Street, New York, 17, N. Y. For advertising rates, address Sam J. Perry, 210 East 43rd Street, New York 17, N. Y. When submitting manuscripts, enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for their return, if found unavailable. The publishers will exercise care in the handling of unsolicited manuscripts, but assume no responsibility for their return. Any resemblance between any character, appearing in fictional matter, and any person, living or dead, is entirely coincidental and unintentional. Printed in the U.S.A.

THE PERFECT GIFT

A Storiette by John Bender

THE MUSIC of the Montmartre café blasted the flimsy walls, and while Girond watched, Suzanne inspected the green stone necklace in her dressing-room mirror. "It looks so real, my love!"

Girond touched his tiny beard, his eyes hungry upon her. "Your precious Henri does not suspect?"

"That we sell his jewelry?" She drew her filmy robe tighter. "No—he is a stupid pig."

Soon, Henri would arrive. With, Suzanne hoped, the new necklace he had mentioned. It was good, she thought, to be young and lovely, and desired by the handsome Girond—and by such a pig as Henri. A pig whose clever hands could fashion such lovely jewelry!

Already—against the day when she and Girond could leave this filthy music-hall for the Riviera's splendor—she had thousands of francs, obtained by selling Henri's jewelry through Girond, almost as soon as Henri gave it to her. Henri did not demand she wear it often, and Suzanne was clever enough to detract his close inspection away from the simulated pieces.

Henri was due momentarily. With a

fervent kiss, Suzanne sent Girond away, and was seated at her dressing table when she heard the knock. The timid knock of Henri.

In her mirror she saw him enter—a paunchy, little fellow with workman's hands. He closed the door and came to stand behind her.

"My dear!" She feigned surprise, though he always acted so, when he had a gift for her. "Something for me, *cher?*"

She saw him nod, almost to himself. "Something just for you," he whispered strangely. "For you alone—" He broke off.

Suzanne forced a smile. "A surprise?" She dropped her robe, making her white shoulders a temptation for his eyes. "A new necklace?"

She chuckled inwardly thinking him the fool as he reached into his pocket. She closed her eyes, lest he see her eagerness; then she felt, with sudden fear, not the smooth filigreed jewelry, but a scratching, heavy something encircling her neck.

And in the mirror, horrified, she saw this necklace—a neatly-fashioned rope, a hangman's noose—tightening on her throat. . . .