

# 10¢ DIME MYSTERY MAGAZINE

Volume Ten

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Number Four

## TWO FULL-LENGTH NOVELS OF EERIE MYSTERY

- Necklaces for the Dying.....By Frederick C. Davis 8  
*Claire Forester feared the rabid passion that stared at her from out the stone-cutter's lust-filled eyes—feared, too, those fabulously strong hands, which some whispered, shaped ghastly necklaces for the dying. . . .*
- Brides for the Beast.....By Wayne Rogers 40  
*A lust-mad scientist whispered secrets concerning her lover's birth to Minna Talbot—while a mad thing, whose origin was unknown, brought terror to that mountain wilderness. . . .*

## TWO WEIRDLY REALISTIC MYSTERY-TERROR NOVELETTES

- The Embalmers.....By Garry Grant 76  
*Was Marmon truly mad as he stood grim vigil beside the white, still body of his beloved—protecting her from perils which only the living should fear?*
- Convicts from Hell.....By George Alden Edson 104  
*Thousands of volts of electricity swept through his quivering body—but Nan Raymond feared that his grisly promise to return and wreak ghastly vengeance upon her would be kept!*

## SHORT TALES OF GRIPPING TERROR

- Death's Warm Fireside.....By Paul Ernst 34  
*Through strangely clinging snowdrifts Malcolm Slade tardily returned to a lost love.*
- Bedfellow from Hell.....By Larry Moore 67  
*Leona awakened to find her bed invaded by one whose grisly passions were not of this earth!*
- Locked in With Death.....By Dale Clark 95  
*Girls, whose beauty condemned them to horrible death, cowered in their homes—where their danger was greatest!*

—AND—

- Dark Council.....A Department 122

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# THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES of DIME MYSTERY Authors

## No. 1: ARTHUR J. BURKS

**A**RTHUR J. BURKS, who has contributed his engrossing tales of mystery and terror to this magazine for many years, is marvelously well equipped, through experience and background, to present the eerie and weird aspects of life on this planet in their proper setting. During his travels, which have been extensive, he has encountered individuals and witnessed scenes that he admits in all frankness have him stumped to account for logically. Ranging up and down the West Indies he has seen sights that beggar even his remarkable powers of description—but it was these experiences, in a large measure, that diverted him from a military career into the field of writing.

Although now only thirty-seven, Burks saw eleven years' service with the Marine Corps; enlisting in 1917 and receiving his Honorable Discharge in 1928. He advanced rapidly through the non-commissioned grades from private to aide-de-camp to General Smedley D. Butler. He was stationed in Santo Domingo for two and one-half years doing topographical and intelligence work. He has visited Haiti, Cuba, Panama, Nicaragua, Mexico, Hawaii, Philippines, Formosa, China, Manchuria, Korea and Japan.

His wide knowledge of these places, and his acquaintances throughout the globe, have furnished him with rich resources from which to draw the color and atmosphere for his stories. Who, of those who have read his tales set in the West Indies, in China—or any of the other multitudinous locales he has used—could doubt the authenticity of the background, or the sure authority of the writer? But this is not so much due to the fact that Burks actually visited those places, as to his ability to take authentic raw materials and inject into them that vivid, breathing life without which no amount of actual experience can enable a writer to carry conviction over to his readers.

Burks' background as a writer is as rich and colorful as his experience of life. He has written for a total of one hundred and forty magazines. He has had pub-

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lished a number of books among which are the well-known "Here Are My People", "Rivers Into Wilderness", "Land of Checkerboard Families", and many others. He was also co-author of "Yankee Komisar". He has likewise done a considerable amount of screen and radio work.

Those who have read books dealing with the West Indies are frequently skeptical about the authenticity of the events described therein. Burks stands as a witness that most of it is true. He has seen voodoo rites, and taken part in ceremonials during the course of which things have happened that he cannot account for. But he is insistent upon the fact of their actual occurrence. A close and skeptical observer, he is the least likely of mortals to be fooled by trickery. One small incident he relates gives a clue to the quality of experience to be met with in those sultry climes whose secrets no white man has ever plumbed. It was while he was in charge of a prison in Santo Domingo. Under him was a native Haitian who held the post because of his influence over the prisoners of his own race. Both Burks and the Haitian had been away, one afternoon, in order to take charge of a shipment of prisoners sent from one of the small islands. When they returned they found that a member of the local gendarmerie had jailed a couple of Haitians—and the Haitians had promptly dug themselves out of prison. Hearing of the incident, Burks' native aide smiled quietly. "Before dawn," he said, "they will return!" The aide did not know the escaped prisoners; he heard of the incident only at the same time that Burks heard of it—and yet he made this strange prediction with apparent confidence. The next morning the prisoners returned, offering no explanation, but obviously almost pathetically happy to be back in the gaol they had fled!

At present Arthur J. Burks is President of the American Fiction Guild, a national organization of writers, painters, and illustrators.

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