

GOLD
KEY

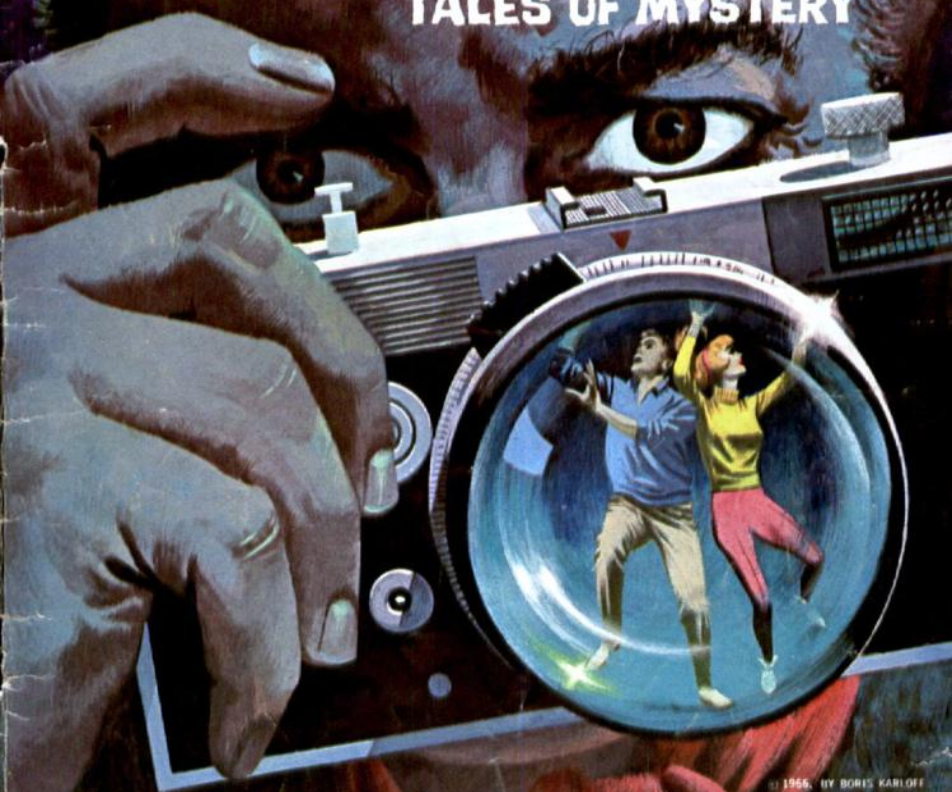
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SEPTEMBER

BORIS KARLOFF

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BORIS KARLOFF

TALES OF MYSTERY



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A click of the camera—and a honeymoon trip turns into an album of horror!



THE TRAGIC EVENT CAUSES MUCH TALK, BUT THE FOLLOWING DAY AFTER ALFONSO INSPECTS A SUB...

YOU MUST **FORGET** YESTERDAY'S TRAGEDY, SIRE! NO ONE IS ACCOUNTABLE!

I HOPE SO!



BUT SECONDS LATER, INSIDE THE SUB, A COMPRESSOR SUDDENLY EXPLODES...



THIS SECOND TRAGEDY SHAKES ALFONSO TO THE CORE...

THESE THINGS HAVE HAPPENED BEFORE! TRAGIC EVENTS FOLLOW ME LIKE A SHADOW! I AM CUTTING SHORT MY VISIT!

AS YOU WISH, SIRE!



LATER THAT DAY, AS THE WARSHIP RETURNS TO NAPLES, COASTAL GUNS FIRE A ROYAL SALUTE TO THE MONARCH...



BUT AGAIN, WITHOUT RYHME OR REASON, ONE OF THE GUNS MALFUNCTIONS AND EXPLODES WITH A SHATTERING ROAR...



THE DEATH OF THE ENTIRE GUN CREW
LOOSENS MANY TONGUES...

ALFONSO BRINGS **DEATH**
THE WAY RATS BRING THE
PLAGUE!

MAY THE
GOOD
LORD HAVE
MERCY
ON US!

MEANWHILE, AN ITALIAN NAVAL OFFICER
SAYS FAREWELL AS THE ROYAL PARTY
PREPARES TO DEBARK...

SIRE, ON BEHALF OF THE
ITALIAN PEOPLE, I WISH
TO... OH--HH...

**QUICKLY! CALL
THE SHIP'S DOCTOR!**



TWO DAYS LATER, HIS VISIT CUT TO LESS
THAN HALF, KING ALFONSO BOARDS HIS
SPECIAL TRAIN TO RETURN TO SPAIN...

THANK HEAVENS
HE'S GOING!

AND THE SOONER HE'S
BACK IN HIS OWN COUN-
TRY, THE BETTER!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AS THE TRAIN
TRIP PROCEEDS...

WE ARE APPROACHING
THE DAM AT LAKE GLENO!

AH, YES! THIS
IS SOMETHING
WORTH SEEING,
SIRE!

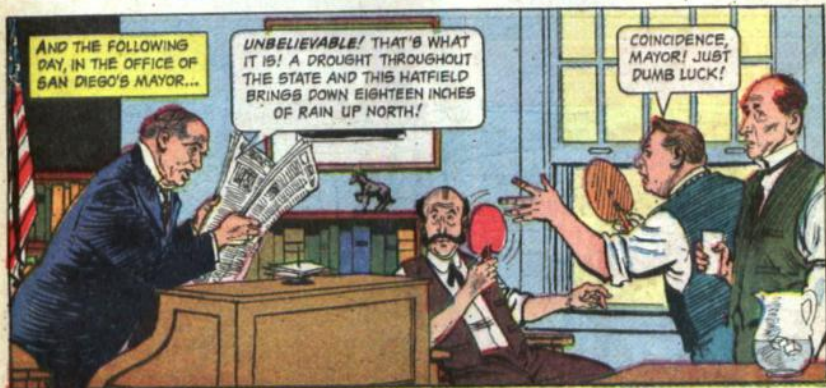
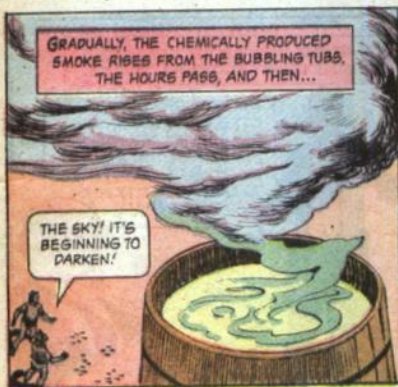


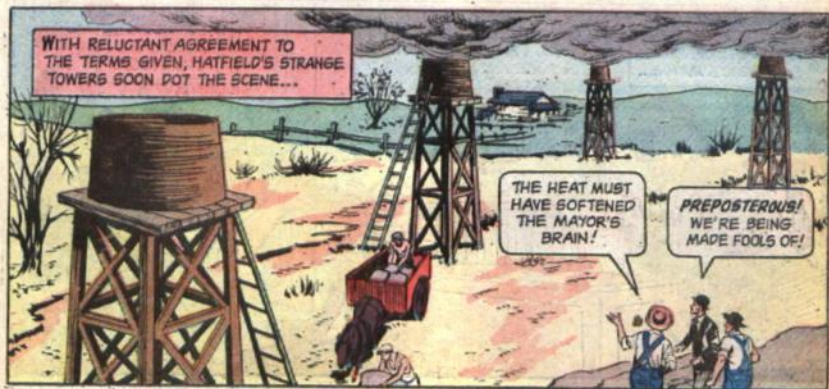
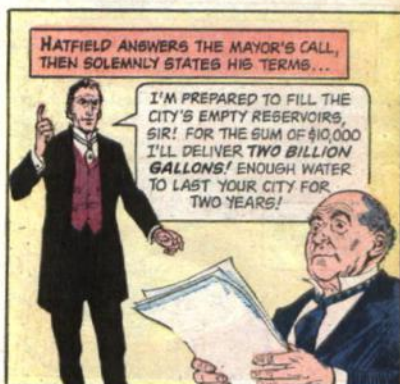
The RAINMAKER

IT IS 1916, AND AS CALIFORNIA FACES ITS GREATEST DROUGHT, A GROUP OF FARMERS STARE HOPEFULLY AT A NUMBER OF STRANGE TOWERS THAT RISE ALONG THE EDGE OF A PARCHED FIELD...

BUT WILL IT WORK?

THEY SAY CHARLES HATFIELD IS THE BEST RAINMAKER THERE EVER WAS, BUT I WONDER...





BUT AS THE SMOKE RISES THROUGHOUT THE DAY, A NOTICEABLE LAYER OF THUNDERHEADS APPEARS ALONG THE HORIZON...



AND THEN, FROM OUT OF WHAT HAD BEEN PARCHED, CLOUDLESS SKY, A DELUGE BEGINS TO FALL...

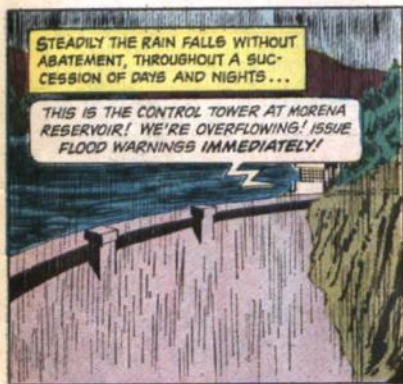


IT'S REAL
WET RAIN!
GLORY BE!

BLESS CHARLES
HATFIELD! HE'S FUL-
FILLED OUR PRAYERS!

STEADILY THE RAIN FALLS WITHOUT ABATEMENT, THROUGHOUT A SUC-
CESSION OF DAYS AND NIGHTS...

THIS IS THE CONTROL TOWER AT MORENA
RESERVOIR! WE'RE OVERFLOWING! ISSUE
FLOOD WARNINGS IMMEDIATELY!



AND SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...



AS THE DAM BURSTS, PEOPLE, HOMES AND LIVE-
STOCK ARE SWEEPED ALONG IN THE RAGING TORRENT...



BY THE FOURTH DAY, RAILROAD BRIDGES AND COMMUNICATIONS LINES ARE KNOCKED OUT...



A WASHOUT OF THE SAN DIEGO EXPOSITION FOLLOWS...



MILLIONS OF DOLLARS LOST, MAYOR! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

I--I DON'T KNOW! WHAT BLACK SORCERY HAVE WE UNLEASHED?

AS THE RAINS CONTINUE AND MARTIAL LAW IS DECLARED, THE CITY'S MOOD TURNS AGAINST HATFIELD!

A DEVIL! A SON OF SATAN HIMSELF!

HE'S A MONSTER!



NOT UNTIL THE LAST TOWER IS PULLED DOWN DO THE RAINS FINALLY CEASE. BUT HATFIELD HAS FULFILLED HIS PLEDGE. ALTHOUGH SAN DIEGO IS A SEA OF MUD, HER RESERVOIRS ARE FULL...



THese are the facts. BUT WHAT ARE THE EXPLANATIONS? WAS CHARLES HATFIELD A FRAUD WHOSE SUCCESS WAS MERE COINCIDENCE? OR DID HE HAVE SOME ADVANCED SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE? PERHAPS, AS SOME THOUGHT, HE WAS EVEN A SORCERER. HATFIELD DIED IN 1958, A BITTER MAN WHO WAS NEVER PAID HIS \$10,000 FEE. WHATEVER HIS RAINMAKING SECRET WAS, IT WAS BURIED WITH HIM...



The END

BORIS KARLOFF PIN-UP

