Have you ever seen a "living corpse," dear reader? Do you believe that the dead can be revived* that they can be made to live once again? Then read this story... one of the best of my terror tales that I keep here in the crypt! It is the story of James Cooper. And how he came back from the dead! I call it... a shocking way to die!
My story begins in a courtroom, crowded with the curious who have come to watch a convicted murderer be sentenced to death. And it is the judgment of this court, James Cooper, that you be sent to state prison, and there be electrocuted on the night of November 7th... and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

I've been framed! You're all against me! But... I'll get even! I'll come back... and I'll get you... all of you! I'll have revenge! You'll see! I...

Let's go, Cooper!

The evening papers carried glaring headlines of James Cooper's threat...

**EVENING BUG**

**CONVICTED MURDERER SWEARSW REVENGE!!**

To return from the dead!

What? You can make him live again!

Jury members amused?

Cooper to die right of mouth.

**THE EVENING PAPER**

**CONVICTED MURDERER SWEARSW REVENGE!!**

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Cooper to die right of mouth.

Convicted man.

But a few nights later, in a ramshackled house outside of town... for the right price, gentlemen, I can bring James Cooper back from the dead... revive him after he has been electrocuted.

That is correct! I have been experimenting on electrocution deaths for many years, and have been successful with animals! I have longed to experiment on a human... that is why I've contacted you.

And so, a few days before James Cooper was to die in the electric chair... he had a visitor in the death house...

But a few nights later, in a ramshackled house outside of town... for the right price, gentlemen, I can bring James Cooper back from the dead... revive him after he has been electrocuted.

That is correct! I have been experimenting on electrocution deaths for many years, and have been successful with animals! I have longed to experiment on a human... that is why I've contacted you.

What do you think, Jimmy? Want to change it?

Of course, you fool! What have I got to lose? Pay him his money!

The deal was made, and on the night of November 7th, at the appointed hour...

All right, Cooper? Let's go! Sune, Guard! Sune!
Down the long corridor to the little green door, the convicted man... flanked by the warden and a guard... slowly made his way... down the “Last Mile”...

The heavy door swung open! Inside, sat reporters assigned to cover the execution...

Look, Joe! The jerk’s smiling! Wait! He'll crack! They always do!

Outside the dark grey walls, in the prison yard, stood a black hearse! A face peered out from behind drawn curtains...

While within, the prisoner was being strapped into the lethal chair... he doesn’t seem to be afraid! I don’t get it!

Electrodes were fastened into place...

All set, warden? All right, Mr. Executioner!

A small man stepped to a control panel and pulled a switch...

The stench of burning flesh and singed hair filled the room as the lights dimmed. After a few moments, a doctor stepped forward and placed his stethoscope on James Cooper’s heart...

This man is dead!
A guard stepped forward...

His relatives are here to claim his body, sir! They may come in!

The professor busied himself with electrodes, plates, and other gadgets, which he fastened to Cooper's body. Soon, then...

Three hypodermics! Do not jar him!

Looks like a Frankenstein movie!

Gives me the creeps!

After the two minutes had passed, the apparatus was turned off! All eyes watched the still form! The seconds ticked off...ten, twenty...then...

He's alive!

In a matter of minutes, the black car pulled up before the professor's house...

Careful! I've given him three hypodermics! Do not jar him!

Don't worry, prof! We'll handle him like a baby!

The stiff form of James Cooper was placed upon a metal table in a room filled with complicated apparatus...

It will take me a moment to attach my equipment!

The doors to the black hearse swung open, and the covered body of James Cooper was lifted in...

Hurry!

Okay, Prof!

Quick! We haven't a moment to lose!

Step on it, looney! 

The huge gates to the prison parted, and the hearse... with its odious prize... roared through...
Slowly the draped figure stirred... then sat up! The sheet fell away and...

**Cripes! His flesh is all burned!**

Certainly! He has been subjected to a very high amperage charge!

HE LOOKS... MORRIBLE!

Do not worry! With proper medication, he will heal!

What... what... happened?

**Gripes! His flesh is all burned!**

Certainly! He has been subjected to a very high amperage charge!

**What...?**

You heard me! Give me a gun! NO! DON'T!

Take it easy, Jimmy! You've had a rough time!

I... I remember, now! The chair... I was electrocuted!

This is the professor I was telling you about, Jimmy! He revived you!

I... I remember, now! The chair... I was electrocuted!

**This is the professor I was telling you about, Jimmy! He revived you!**

**Thank you, thank you!**

He looked... horridly!

**Certainly! He has been subjected to a very high amperage charge!**

**Take it easy, Jimmy! You've had a rough time!**

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Do not worry! With proper medication, he will heal!

**Thank you, thank you!**

**Looey! You heard me!**

Sure, Bob! Sure! Here!

**Thanks for the favor, Prof! Here's my payoff!**

**Jimmy! Don't! You...**
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, JIMMY! HE WAS GONNA FIX UP YOUR BURNS!

DON'T NEED IT! NOW... I'M GONNA GET THAT JURY!

WAIT, JIMMY! DON'T DO NOTHING FOOLISH! FORGET THE JURY! THEY JUST DID THEIR DUTY!

I SWEAR REVENGE! NOW I'M GOING TO GET IT!

HE... HE'S DIFFERENT! HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ALL THERE!

MAYBE... WHAT THE PROF SAID... ABOUT HIS BRAIN BEING DAMAGED...

LATE THE NEXT NIGHT, ON A DARK STREET...

ALL RIGHT, JUROR NUMBER ONE... HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS!

WHOA, WHO IS IT? I... NO, NO! COOPER!

MEANWHILE, AT THE COOPER GANG'S HIDE-OUT...

IT'S THE BOSS! GOOD LORD! LOOK AT HIM! HE LOOKS WORSE THAN YESTERDAY!

WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT?

AND THE NEXT MORNING...

THE MORNING STAR—COMET—PRESS

JUROR IN COOPER CASE FOUND MURDERED! FEARED VICTIM OF GANGLAND RETALIATION...

STRANGE MARKS ON THROAT SAID TO BE BURNED PLEAS PRINTS?
It was true; James Cooper's burned and seared body did look worse; it seemed to be... nothing!

You shouldn't have done it, Jimmy! They've turned the heat on...

Who cares? I'll get them! Every last one of them!

Again that night, James Cooper stalked a victim. That takes care of you, juror number two!

And the papers played it up...

STAR NEWS

Second juror found murdered! Courtroom promise to return is recalled!

Police rounding up every known member of Cooper gang!

By court order, the grave of James Cooper was opened...

Okay, boys! Pry open the coffin!

The police grilled suspect after suspect! Meanwhile the other jurors were given police protection...

All right! All right! I'll talk... I'll talk! It's Cooper! He's alive!

Yeah? Then why don't you look in his grave for his body!

Hogan! Get the necessary papers! We'll take this stoolie's suggestion!

It's empty! He is alive! It can't be! I wouldn't believe if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes!
That night, James Cooper again roamed the city, being careful to keep out of sight. He was a hastily thing to see! His flesh had almost completely decayed from his body.

While the cops are guarding the jurors, I'll get the judge that sentenced me...

His hideous face peered into the study of Judge Warren Hawley...

Good! He's alone!

Later, after the coroner had examined Cooper's remains...

I don't know what to make of it, Judge. You say he talked and walked? According to my tests, he's been dead since November 7th!

Yes, Judge! Cooper lived! At least he moved—and talked! But he was a living corpse! And his body continued to decay, as all dead bodies do! Soon, he had decayed to such a point that even the 'life' that the poor old professor had given him slipped away! Too bad, though! He was getting to look real pretty. Didn't you think so well... for more spine-tingling tales, read on...

If you dare, just don't go to pieces like poor old Jimmy!
This is the tale of two people who visited an amusement park... and were not amused! I call it... Terror Ride!

George and Ruth had been driving for hours when they saw the sign...

Look, George! An amusement park! Let's stop for a while!

Okay, Ruth! We can take in some rides!

The cool September air stirred lazily as they entered the shabby gates and walked down the midway...

Oh dear! The roller coaster is closed up!

Looks like the whole place is boarded up! Ruth! The season's over, you know!
George and Ruth stood alone on the deserted midway.

Gee, I guess we might as well leave.

Yeah, too sad.

Suddenly, what's that, Ruth?

Sounds like water splashing!

Oh look, George! How quaint!

Ah old mill ride... with a waterwheel!

I'm glad at least one ride is open. Let's try it.

I don't know, George! It's always so dark in those things.

Hmm... what better place to take my new bride than on a dark boat ride?

Oh, George! Stop. How many, please?

TWD aren't very busy, are you?

No, not many people come here this time of year. All right, take the next boat.

Comfortable, honey?

Shrug as a sign.

Have a pleasant trip, folks!
The boat with George and Ruth moved slowly toward the yawning black mouth of the tunnel...

This looks like it's going to be fun...

Please, George! The man will hear you...

And then... Oooh! It's dark!

...the darker the better!

You're fresh, George Arnold! Did you forget who you just married today, Mrs. Arnold? Now gimme a...

Suddenly, a light flashes on...

What the...?

Oh, it's just one of those wax displays they have in these rides!

But... it looks... so real!

The boat moves slowly forward, and the display darkens again...

Those wax figures, when they're done by an expert, always do look real! Now, where were we?

You were about to give me a...

How horrible!

Say! This isn't funny any more! These displays are... revolting!
GEORGE: I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD!

WE'LL BE OUT SOON, RUTH! I MUST SAY, THE OWNER OF THIS PLACE HAS A MACABRE SENSE OF HUMOR!

LOOK, GEORGE! ANOTHER ONE...

UGH! THEY CERTAINLY DO LOOK REAL...THAT DECAPITATED CORPSE... AND THE DRIED BLOOD!

I'M CLOSING MY EYES! I'M NOT GOING TO LOOK ANY MORE!

I DON'T BLAME YOU! THEY'RE ALL PRETTY DISGUSTING!

WE... WE HIT SOMETHING!

I'LL SEE WHAT IT IS...

I CAN'T MOVE THE BOAT! IT'S JAMMED ON THIS CORPSE! WE'LL HAVE TO WADE THE REST OF THE WAY...

GOOD LORD!

IT... IT'S A BODY!

I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

GEORGE... SOB...
As the frightened couple splashed through the black tunnel...

Great Scott! I just thought of something, Ruth?

That corpse was real! Maybe the displays were real too!

Oh, no! What?

On through the murky darkness they waded...

We'll be out soon! I—dasp... I'm tired! I've got to rest, George!

Here! Here's a place to sit down!

Thank goodness! I'm about ready to...

Suddenly, the place where they have stopped is flooded with light...

It's another display... It is real... George... It is real!

Fear and terror clutched at their hearts as George and Ruth rushed from the horrible scene further into the inky bloom...

Here! Here's an empty display! You can rest here!

It looks... like some kind of torture chamber.

As soon as you catch your breath, we'll get out of here, Ruth!

The owner... He must be a madman! A homicidal maniac!
YOU DIDN'T LAUGH AT MY EXHIBITS, DID YOU?

GEORGE! IT'S... HIM!

LOOK AT HIS EYES... HE IS MAD!

ALL SUMMER THEY LAUGHED AT MY EXHIBITS, THE FOOLS! THEY SAID MY WAX DUMMYS DIDN'T LOOK REAL!

NOW I CAN SHOW THEM! HEH-HEH...

RUTH, GET READY TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!

NO MORE WILL THEY LAUGH! NOW, MY EXHIBITS LOOK REAL! BECAUSE I USE REAL PEOPLE! AND THIS IS MY LAST DISPLAY... A MEDIEVAL TORTURE CHAMBER! THANKS TO YOU TWO LIKE THE OTHERS WHO WANDERED INTO THE DESERTED AMUSEMENT PARK AND FOUND THIS RIDE.

I WILL BE ABLE TO FINISH IT!

THERE'S NO USE RUNNING... YOU CAN'T GET OUT! THE EXIT IS CLOSED... AND LOCKED!

RUN, RUTH! RUN!

HAH-HAH! I'LL GET YOU... NEVER FEAR...

THOSE GASP. SHACKLES. HE'S CARRYING... GASP! HE WANTS TO PUT US OR THAT STRETCH RACK... GASP!

GEORGE. HE'S COMING AFTER US.

THERE, GEORGE... THE END OF THE TUNNEL...

...AND THE EXIT. IT IS LOCKED!
KEEP AWAY, YOU CRAZY IDIOT!

THERE'S NO USE CALLING! NO ONE WILL HEAR YOU! THE PARK IS DESERTED...

I'M A GENIUS... I CREATE REALISTIC...

CRAZY? YOU'LL SEE IF I'M CRAZY...

THE MANIACAL OWNER... HIS EYES BURNING... LUNGES AT THE COWERING PAIR...

I'M A GENIUS... I CREATE REALISTIC...

YEY!

GEORGE! HE SLIPPED ON THE WET BOARDS...

COME, ROTH! LET'S BUST THAT PADLOCK AND GET AWAY FROM HERE...

WHAT A HORRIBLE END! CAUGHT IN THE WATER-WHEEL!

HEEAAAH!

DON'T LOOK, NUTHIN' DON'T LOOK!

WHAT A HORRIBLE END!

HIS OWN DIABOLICAL NIECE FINALLY DESTROYED HIM! COME, NDET! LET'S BUST THAT PADLOCK AND GET AWAY FROM HERE!

REMEMBER? WE'VE GOT A HOONEymoon TO FINISH!

THE END
It was the most unusual fraternity initiation ever seen on the campus... or on any other campus, for that matter! The three pledges were taken out to the old Palmer home on that infamous night fifteen years ago, and instead of the place being amusingly haunted, it turned into a---

House of Horror

It was on a night in 1934 that this strange tale had its beginning! Today, fifteen years later, there is still no explanation for what happened at the Palmer Place!

Get a load of Les Wilton back there... scaring the wits out of those poor freshmen!

He's gone about preparing this house for the initiation as if it were the closing seconds of the big game!

He claims that even if it was just an old dump before... it is haunted now!
...and as the last step in your hazing, boys, you'll have to pass the test of courage: a lonely journey into the old Palmer place...which legend tells us is haunted!

Each one of you will follow the instructions I gave on the ride out here: if anyone wants to drop out now, let him speak up or shut his mouth forever! Everyone ready? Y-yes, I guess so...

Here's your light, Henderson. You might as well start the ball rolling and rest assured of one thing, boys, this is no schoolboy prank. As you'll soon learn! Heh, heh!

Wave that lantern at us from the first and second landings, Henderson, and just cool your heels in the attic till I come up for you if you're not already bathed in cold sweat, that is!

You're driving these freshmen pretty hard, Les...you must have given this place quite a build-up. Because they looked scared to death! From the look in Henderson's eye, he'd kill you in a minute if he had the chance.

There he is again, poor kid must have ran all the way up to the second floor as if there was a ghost behind him!

T-There he is now waving that lantern at the first floor window! Now the fun starts! I went through that place last week, rigged a few contraptions for the boys to trip over. Ought to be good for some laughs before the evening's over!
JUST A BOYISH PRANK, THAT'S ALL!

THINKS HE'LL TURN THE TABLES AND SCARE US A BIT! PROBABLY SITTING UP THERE IN THE ATTIC WAITING TO JUMP OUT AND YELL BOO AT ME WHEN I COME UP TO RELIEVE HIM.

ONE OF 'EM MAY HAVE GOTTEN HENDERSON THEN CAUSE IT'S BEEN SEVERAL MINUTES SINCE WE SAW HIM AT THE SECOND FLOOR, AND IT DOESN'T TAKE THAT LONG TO GET UP TO THE ATTIC!

THAT'S ALL!

JUST A BOYISH PRANK, THAT'S ALL!

THINKS HE'LL TURN THE TABLES AND SCARE US A BIT! PROBABLY SITTING UP THERE IN THE ATTIC WAITING TO JUMP OUT AND YELL BOO AT ME WHEN I COME UP TO RELIEVE HIM.

SO WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE CHANGE OF PLANS... TO MEET THE EMERGENCY! INSTEAD OF LES WILTON GOING UP THERE... WE'LL PICK THE SECOND PLEDGEER? HEY... WATERS?

M-ME? Y-YEAH... BE RIGHT THERE?

WHAT IN THE WORLD DID YOU DO TO THAT HOUSE, WILTON? THESE BOYS HAVE A LOOK OF ABSOLUTE DREAD ON THEIR FACES!

AW, IT'S NOTHING! JUST A COUPLE LOOSE STEPS, A FEW COBWEBS, SOME SQUEAKY DOORS!

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT... BUT WILTON'S GOT THESE FRESHMEN SHAKING IN THEIR BOOTS! NO GUY WOULD NORMALLY TREMBLE AT THE THOUGHT OF A HAUNTED HOUSE... UNLESS HE THOUGHT THERE WAS DIRTY WORK AFOOT!

HMMMM, MAYBE THERE IS!

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT... BUT WILTON'S GOT THESE FRESHMEN SHAKING IN THEIR BOOTS! NO GUY WOULD NORMALLY TREMBLE AT THE THOUGHT OF A HAUNTED HOUSE... UNLESS HE THOUGHT THERE WAS DIRTY WORK AFOOT!

HEH HEH? LOOK AT HIS FACE, WILL YOU! IMAGINE THAT... A GROWN MAN, SHAKING LIKE A TEEN-AGE GAL GOING PAST A GRAVEYARD!

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT I WOULDN'T LIKE THIS SET-UP, MYSELF!

WHAT IN THE WORLD DID YOU DO TO THAT HOUSE, WILTON? THESE BOYS HAVE A LOOK OF ABSOLUTE DREAD ON THEIR FACES!

AW, IT'S NOTHING! JUST A COUPLE LOOSE STEPS, A FEW COBWEBS, SOME SQUEAKY DOORS!

I-IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN! WATERS NEVER REACHED THAT ATTIC WINDOW!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS...

AW, THEY PROBABLY TURNED RIGHT AROUND FROM THE SECOND FLOOR... AND WE'LL FIND 'EM HIDING NEAR THE FRONT DOOR IF THESE GUYS HAVEN'T THE GUTS TO GO UP THERE... THEN THEY'RE NOT FIT TO BE GAMMA DELTAS!

WHAT IN THE WORLD DID YOU DO TO THAT HOUSE, WILTON? THESE BOYS HAVE A LOOK OF ABSOLUTE DREAD ON THEIR FACES!

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YOU ARLING C'MON OVER HERE YOU'RE NEXT MAN GO UP TO THAT ATTIC AND TELL THOSE PALS OF YOURS TO STOP THEIR MONKEY-SHINES THIS IS A FRATERNITY INITIATION NOT A SCHOOLBOY PRANK!

I-I DON'T THINK I CAN CARE TO GO' YOU'LL GO ALL RIGHT OR THEY'LL FIND YOU IN A DITCH I DIDN'T RIG UP THIS PLACE JUST TO HAVE A COUPLES PUNKS SPOIL OUR FUN IF THE THREE OF YOU ARE PLANNING TO GIVE ME A SCARE YOU'LL REGRET IT!

W. WE DIDN'T PLAN ANY JOKES LIKE T-, THAT! AND I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS IT'S NOT LIKE WATERS AND HENDERSON TO FOOL AROUND BUT I'LL GO SPOKEN LIKE A REAL GAMMA DEED TO BE!

HEH HEH LOOK AT 'IM SHAKING BET THE OTHER TWO'LL HAVE A BIG SURPRISE FOR ARLING THINKING IT'S THEIR BELOVED LES WILTON MAYBE THE KID'S RIGHT LES MAYBE SOMETHING DID GO WRONG UP THERE!

RATS NOTHING'S WRONG UP THERE ARLING'S AT THE FIRST FLOOR SAFE AND SOUND! FROM THE LOOK ON HIS FACE HE MUST HAVE STUMBLED OVER THAT SKELETON I BORROWED FROM THE LAB TOO!

FIVE MINUTES WILTON AND NO SIGN OF ARLING ALL THREE OF 'EM GONE THE STUPID PUNKS TOO YELLOW TO TAKE THAT LAST FLIGHT OF STEPS I'LL SHOW 'EM REAL FEAR!

HE'S AT THE SECOND FLOOR ON HIS WAY TO THE ATTIC HOLD YOUR BREATH BOYS HERE'S WHERE THE REAL FUN BEGINS IN THE NEXT SIXTY SECONDS.
GIMME THAT LIGHT, JENKINS. I'LL GO UP THERE MYSELF FIRST TO PROVE TO ALL OF YOU THAT THERE'S NO DANGER UP THERE AND SECOND, TO KICK THOSE GUYS OUT OF THAT PLACE...AND OUT OF THE GAMMA DELTA!

MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET WILTON PLAN THIS WHOLE INITIATION BY HIMSELF. HE'S LIABLE TO GO OVERBOARD ON THIS HAZING BUSINESS. THE BOYS IN THAT HOUSE MAY HAVE HURT THEMSELVES!

FOR ALL WE KNOW HE MIGHT HAVE STUCK SOME RATTLESNAKES IN THE OLD DUMP!

I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T LIKE THIS WHOLE SET-UP! THE WINDOW IT'S BEEN SMASHED!

I IT'S WILTON THOUGHT I'D INJECT A LITTLE EXCITEMENT INTO THIS INITIATION DO I LOOK ANY THE WORSE FOR WEAR?

FIFTEEN MINUTES SINCE WE SAW WILTON!

SOMETHING'S GOING ON IN THAT HOUSE THAT WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT! AND THE WAY THOSE THREE FRESHMAN HATED WILTON THEY MAY HAVE GIVEN HIM A BAD BEATING!

THE SECONDS TICKED BY IN THAT LONELY AREA KNOWN AS PALMER'S PLACE SECONDS BECAME MINUTES AND THE MINUTES STretched INTERMINABLY.

I HOPE IT'S ONLY THAT? LET'S HURRY!

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT HERE ON THE SECOND FLOOR EITHER.

W. WHAT?
We'll comb this place until we find all four of 'em! Mike, Fred, search each room with a fine-tooth comb! We'll get this thing straightened out if it takes the rest of the night!

Not a trace of anyone in the front room. Or any of the others either! The dust wasn't even disturbed!

No one on the second floor, either! And since no one could have left the house they must all be up there!

T. The attic!

G-good heavens! It's Wilton! He's aged fifty years in the last few minutes! His hair... it's turned white!

H-he looks as if he's gone insane! Listen to his moaning!

Within half an hour the police had arrived at Palmer's place, and a thorough search of the premises revealed one startling fact.

Never seen anything like this... never even heard of its equal! And Wilton kid can't get a coherent word out of him! His mind's cracked. He's completely insane! And the others vanished!

Again and again the police searched the building the next few days, but no further information was uncovered. And then, about a week after the night of horror...

There she goes... consigned to flames by the county commissioner! And with it... the last trace of what happened to Arling, Waters and Henderson!

Fifteen years ago it happened. And no explanation has ever been found as to the disappearance of the three freshmen, or what awful horrors Les Wilton saw in the moments before his mind crumbled!
Greetings, dear reader! We meet again! Remember me? I am THE OLD WITCH! In each issue of this, THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S MAGAZINE, I brew a TERROR-TALE here in my CAULDRON. This time, I have cooked up a CHILLER-DILLER. I call it...

DEATH SUITED HIM!

My story begins on a black night in a deserted graveyard. The sound of digging shatters the dead silence.

Just this last task, John Baxter... and then, tomorrow morning, my victory will be complete!

Willily, the dark figure spades the soft earth, opening the ever-widening black hole...

A few more feet and I'll reach your coffin, John Baxter... and that cursed tuxedo... then, I'll have everything!
That's the way it was! John Baxter and Lawrence Cabot were both in love with the same girl! John was rich... while Larry just managed to scrape up enough to get through college...

All's fair in love and war, Larry, ol' boy!

Sure, John! Sure!

And then that fateful day arrived! The fraternity that John and Larry belonged to was invited to a graduation dance, given by Nancy Anderson's sorority.

... and it's strictly formal, you guys! Nobody goes without a tux!

What...? Something Larry? Can't you afford one?

It was a bad break for Larry! John had a tuxedo, and so he went to that dance... while Larry stayed behind...

Darn it! Just my luck! Johnny'll probably make time with Nancy tonight!

But when the boys returned late that night...

Hey, Larry! Congratulate me! Nancy and I are engaged! We're going to be married right after graduation!

I... I... I see!
If it wasn't for that durbed tuxedo of yours, John Baxter, Nancy Anderson would have been my wife!

But... what happened after that, you ask? Let me continue? John and Nancy were married!

So ahead, Larry! Kiss the bride!

Nancy's father gave John a small position in his firm, and John was set...

Yes, Mr. Baxter!

Take a letter, Miss Glass!

While in his small office, Larry struggled to make ends meet...

Gay in and day out... waiting for that phone to ring! Waiting... waiting! Will I ever be a success?

... and brooded...

I'd be in John's shoes today! I'd have everything that he has...

... and then he made his decision...

But I can have Nancy, John's job, money, prestige! I'll take them from him! They should be mine, anyway! I'll kill him!

Larry Cadet planned it very carefully... every detail! One night, on a lonely road...

Larry! I thought you were supposed to be at the Nourse Pond dinner! What are you doing out here?

My car broke down, John! I've been waiting for you to come along!
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, LARRY! NANCY WILL BE THRILLED!

YES! SHE'LL PROBABLY GET THE SHOCK OF HER LIFE!

AS HE STRUCK JOHN, LARRY GRABBED THE WHEEL AND GUIDED THE CAR TO A STOP! THEN HE DROVE TO A POINT WHERE THE ROAD SKIRTED A MOUNTAINSIDE...

THIS IS PERFECT!

PROPING THE UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE OF JOHN BEHIND THE WHEEL, LARRY RELEASED THE BRAKE ON THE CAR AND LET IT ROLL TOWARD THE CLIFF EDGE! THEN...

THE MONTHS PASSED, AND LAWRENCE CABOT CAME TO CALL MORE AND MORE OFTEN AT THE HOME OF THE YOUNG WIDOW, NANCY BAXTER...

CHIN UP, NANCY! HE WOULD SOB... HAVE WANTED IT THAT WAY. SOB...

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, LARRY!

NANCY! YOU KNOW HOW I'VE FELT ABOUT YOU... EVER SINCE COLLEGE!

YOU'RE SWEET, LARRY!

YOU'VE GOT YOUR WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF YOU, NANCY! YOU CAN'T THROW IT AWAY...

AND THEN... ONE EVENING...

YOU'RE RIGHT, LARRY!

YOU'RE SWEET, LARRY!
Marry me, Nancy! Let me take John's place! I love you!

I've always liked you, Larry...

Then say 'yes'... say 'yes'!

All night, Larry! I'll marry you!

And so, Larry has gotten what he wanted! Nancy was going to be his wife! In his room, the night before the wedding...

Ha-ha! I've won at last, John Baxter! I've won at last!

I've got it all! Everything I would have gotten if it wasn't for that tuxedo you had when we were in college! But now I...

Your tuxedo! That would crown my victory! Tomorrow when I marry Nancy, I'll wear your tuxedo... the one they buried you in!

The gates to the cemetery creaked open, and Larry... his eyes wide and staring... entered! He carried a spade...

Slowly he made his way across the graves... between the headstones... until he came to the one marked 'John Baxter'...

Just this last task, John Baxter... and then, tomorrow morning, my victory will be complete!
And that is Lawrence Cabot's story so far! Wait! Hear that hollow boom? The coffin! Let's see what he's up to...

N-M-M-M! Four months in the ground wasn't harmed it any! It's still in good condition!

Hah! Now to open your casket and strip you of your last possession, John Baxter!

Larry Cabot removed the tuxedo from the corpse of John Baxter and re-covered the grave! Then...

...and now for some sleep! Tomorrow is a big day!

You think he's mad, don't you? Well, you may be right! In any case, the next morning Larry dressed in John's tuxedo...

...and now for some sleep! Tomorrow is a big day!

John! It fits fine! I fit into everything of yours... Fine! Ha-ha!

The church was hot! And as Larry stood in the vestry, waiting for the ceremony to begin...

Whew! It's certainly hot in here this morning! I... I... feel... strange...

Soon the familiar strains of the wedding march echoed through the vaulted room...

It... must be my... imagination! But I feel... as though... this suit... were crushing me!
Nancy made her appearance and started down the long aisle...

H. Hurry! I. I. can't breathe!
I. I don't think I can last through the ceremony!

Larry's brain was reeling! Everything swam before him as he stepped forward...

Crushing... the life out of me... hot... can't breathe!

We are gathered together to witness the...

There were flashes, now... then a dizziness...

Let him speak now, or forever hold his peace...

John... he... he's crushing me... killing me! I... I...

In a last mad fit, before the blackness closed in, Larry tore John's tuxedo from himself...

Yaaaaaah!

Larry... what is it?

I now pronounce you... what?

He group that had come to witness the wedding were shocked! Someone rushed forward to examine the prostrate Larry...

He... he's dead? Dead?

Yes! he was dead! After a medical examination was made... Strange! this report says that Larry died of poisoning... from embalming fluid! But how did Larry even come in contact with that?

Heh, heh! We know now, don't we dear reader? When Larry got hot under the collar, his body absorbed the embalming fluid which had contaminated John's tuxedo! Now, Larry really has everything that John has! No Nancy... no job... no prestige... no nothing! Just a nice cool coffin in a nice cool grave!