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- THE HAUNT OF FEAR
- THE VAULT OF HORROR
- WEIRD SCIENCE
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One of your employees has fallen to his death from a scaffold. Now, at his burial, you stand beside his sobbing wife as she seeks to control a rising tide of hysteria. The monotonous drone of the eulogy has only added to the miserable feeling of tension you feel. And as you stand there, the only sound you hear is the patter of the drizzling rain dancing on your hat brim.
Until now the widow has been silent and motionless but as the pall-bearers step forward...

**NO! STOP! DON'T LOWER THE CASKET! IT'S EMPTY!**

You try to quiet the woman, but have no success. Finally, to appease her, the casket is opened.

**GOOD HEAVENS! SHE WAS RIGHT! THE CASKET IS EMPTY!**

However, a funeral has to have a body!

**YES! WE MUST FIND ONE!**

Of course! I don't care where!

**HE'LL MAKE WHAT? SAY, WHAT IS THIS? ARE YOU ALL INSANE?**

We must get a body!

**WHAT MY HUSBAND'S EMPLOYER? YES! EXCELLENT!**

But where?

**HE'LL MAKE A FINE BODY!**

Don't lower the caskets! They're empty...

**BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! GOOD HEAVENS! SHE WAS RIGHT! THE CASKET IS EMPTY!**

If we have a body for my poor husband's burial...

**OF COURSE! I INSIST WE HAVE A BODY FOR MY POOR HUSBAND'S BURIAL!**

Wait we have a body right here!

**WELL, MAKE HIM! WHAT A FINE BODY!**

No! stop! for God's sake, let me go! stop! please! you can't bury me! I'm alive!

Hurry! hurry! push him in! push him in!

**HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!**

Quick, now! close the top down! we'll have to nail him in!

**HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!**

Let me out! help!
HELP! HELP! WHA WHAT? WHERE OH THANK HEAVEN! I'VE BEEN DREAMING! THOSE BLASTED NIGHTMARES! I'M I'M SHAKING LIKE A LEAF!

YOU ARE TOO FRIGHTENED TO SLEEP, SO YOU SIT IN A CHAIR AND READ...

CONFUNDIT...I'M SO EXHAUSTED! CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OPEN! I'D BETTER GET YAWN-N-N. DRESSED AND TAKE A WALK!

LEAVING YOUR HOUSE, YOU ROAM THROUGH DESERTED STREETS TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN.

MISERABLE WEATHER! I WISH MORNING WERE HERE! GETTING TO BE A NERVOUS WHAT'S THAT?

SOMEONE IS CALLING! IT'S COMING FROM OUT THERE IN THE FIELD SOMEWHERE!

YOU CRAWL THROUGH THE FENCE AND BEGIN TO SEARCH FOR WHOEVER HAS CALLED. THE DRIVING RAIN BLINDS YOUR VISION AND YOU STRUGGLE TO KEEP WALKING, FOR THE MUDDY SLIME IS TREACHEROUS...GRASPING...

BLAZES! LIKE WALKING THROUGH A FIELD OF GLUE! (GASP) CAN'T...CAN'T LIFT MY FOOT! SO MUDDY...KEEP SINKING DEEPER.

Above the howling rain you think you hear a cry for help! You aren't certain, so you wait, straining your ears to listen and it comes again!

Above the howling rain you think you hear a cry for help! You aren't certain, so you wait, straining your ears to listen and it comes again!

Desperately, you summon all your strength! You try to free yourself...and then suddenly...as you sink deeper, you realize you have stumbled into...not a mud hole...but a hungry, sucking bog of quicksand!

Oh, Lord...help me! I've got to get out of this! It's just like all my nightmares! I'll be buried alive!

Panic-stricken, you flail your arms, screaming as loud as you can! Tears run from your eyes and waves of terror shake your sweat-covered body! You are insane with fear! The quicks and is above your chest, now...over your chin! Then comes the gritty, gagging sensation as the sand floods in your mouth...the choking suffocation as it clogs your nostrils...and then burning, empty blackness.
WHY... I'M ALIVE! I'M BACK IN MY ROOM! I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP HERE IN THE CHAIR WHILE I WAS READING! IT WAS ONLY ANOTHER NIGHTMARE!

I... CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS! IT'S DAYLIGHT NOW. I'LL GO VISIT A DOCTOR TODAY. I... MUST HAVE HELP!

AND SO, SEVERAL HOURS LATER, YOU ARE USHERED INTO THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF A FAMOUS PSYCHIATRIST.

YOUR NAME, AGE AND OCCUPATION, PLEASE. MY NAME IS JOHN SEVERIN. I'M 28 YEARS OLD, AND I'M A CONSTRUCTION ENGINEER!

ALL RIGHT, MR. SEVERIN! NOW WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?

DR. FROYD... FOR MONTHS NOW I'VE BEEN HAVING HORRIBLE NIGHTMARES! I... CAN'T GET RID OF THEM! THEY'RE SO REAL, THAT LATELY I'M NOT SURE WHEN I'M AWAKE OR WHEN I'M ASLEEP!

THEY ALL END THE SAME WAY! I'M ALWAYS BEING BURIED ALIVE IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER! HONESTLY, OR FROYD, I'M GOING TO PIECES! I'M AFRAID TO SLEEP AT NIGHT!

I SEE... SUPPOSE YOU LIE DOWN ON THIS COUCH AND TELL ME ABOUT ONE OF YOUR NIGHTMARES?

JUST RELAX, MR. SEVERIN! JUST RELAX!

OH-H-H... THIS COUCH FEELS GOOD! I'VE BEEN GETTING SO LITTLE SLEEP... (Yawn) I'M SO EXHAUSTED!

WELL, DOCTOR, I REMEMBER ONE DREAM I HAD ABOUT FOUR NIGHTS AGO...

"IN THIS DREAM I WAS WALKING A DIRT ROAD THAT WOUND ENDLESSLY BEHIND A CEMETARY. I THINK IT WAS RAINING. YES, IT WAS... AND THE TOMBSTONES COVERED THE GROUND AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE... SUDDENLY, I HEARD A VOICE CALLING MY NAME..."
I hurried through the graveyard seeking the source of the voice I had heard. All at once, I came upon a mausoleum. Its door stood ajar.

Somehow I knew that the voice had come from within. I entered... I saw a casket, its lid closed... and from inside it I heard the voice calling my name!

Mr. Severin! Mr. Severin!

I rushed to the casket... flung open the top! And then...

A... a thing reached up out of the coffin and grabbed me? a scream strangled and died in my throat and before I knew it, this thing had... had pulled me into the coffin!

The lid slammed shut! I fought frantically to open it, but... the thing wrapped its arms about me in an iron grasp and held me down! I began screaming!

The thing only held me tighter as I fought and struggled to free myself, I sensed that this inhuman creature was laughing at me for it seemed that its mouth was twisted in a wicked grin! After a while I ceased fighting, my body went limp, and my face rested on the face of the thing, I sobbed quietly in despair.

Soon every breath raked my lungs with searing pain! I gasped and panted for air... air! But the thing only grinned into my face and held me tighter! As I lay there dying, I could hear the crashing of thunder... and mingled with it, I heard the thing chuckling quietly to itself...
AND THAT'S HOW IT ENDED, DR. FROYD! JUST LIKE ALL MY NIGHTMARES! I WAS BURIED ALIVE!

I SEE! WELL, MR. SEVERIN, I THINK I CAN READILY EXPLAIN THE CAUSE OF YOUR NIGHTMARES! IT'S QUITE SIMPLE!

YOU'RE OVERWORKED, MR. SEVERIN, AND YOUR DREAMS ARE NOTHING BUT SUBCONSCIOUS MANIFESTATIONS OF THIS FACT! IN OTHER WORDS, YOU FEEL YOU ARE SIMPLY BURIED UNDER TOO MUCH WORK!

OF COURSE! IT'S NOTHING AT ALL TO WORRY ABOUT! GO AWAY... TAKE A VACATION!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, DOCTOR! I'LL ASK MY BOSS THIS AFTERNOON FOR A VACATION! I CERTAINLY COULD USE ONE!

GOOD! GOOD! A LITTLE REST, AND YOU'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW! TAKE MY WORD FOR IT. I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!

OF COURSE! IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY! I'M GLAD I DECIDED TO VISIT DR. FROYD! I SHOULD HAVE GONE TO HIM A LONG TIME AGO!

I'LL SEE MR. HARRISON... ASK HIM TO LET ME HAVE MY SUMMER VACATION NOW! DO ME A WORLD OF GOOD! RIGHT NOW, THOUGH, I BETTER GET TO WORK... SEE HOW THAT BUILDING CONSTRUCTION IS COMING ALONG...

AH, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY! I'M GLAD I DECIDED TO VISIT DR. FROYD! I SHOULD HAVE GONE TO HIM A LONG TIME AGO!

YOUR FIRM IS BUILDING A NUMBER OF OFFICE BUILDINGS, AND AS CONSTRUCTION ENGINEER, IT IS YOUR JOB TO SUPERVISE THE WORK...

HELLO, PAUL!... HOW'S EVERYTHING?... I'M OVERSLEPT...

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL MORNING?
The men have been readying the wooden frames into which the cement is poured to form the building's foundation. When the cement dries, these forms will be removed?

Yeah... sure! So long!

Hmm... everything's all set for the cement to be poured in? That's good! We're right on schedule!

You nose about inside the forms, checking on measurements, making sure all is okay.

Well... lunch hour is over! Time to get back to work...

What's the matter with you?

They're gonna pour the foundation for that section of the building! And Mr. Severin's down in the forms!

Holy smoke! They don't see him! Mr. Severin! Look out!

Mr. Severin! Mr. Severin!

The machinery down there is making too much noise! He didn't hear you! Hey! Mr. Severin! Mr. Severin! Look out!

Mr. Severin! Mr. Severin!
THAT'S STRANGE! I COULD SWEAR I HEARD SOMEONE CALLING ME! AND WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE?

GREAT SCOTT! THEY'RE GOING TO POUR THE FOUNDATION? THEY DON'T KNOW I'M HERE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT! ?? WAIT A MINUTE...

WHAT AM I WORRIED ABOUT? THIS IS JUST LIKE ANOTHER NIGHTMARE! I HEAR MY NAME CALLED AND THEN I'M BURIED ALIVE... HA!

I WON'T BE FooLED THIS TIME! HA! HA! HA! I'M PROBABLY SLEEPING ON THE COUCH IN DR. FROYD'S OFFICE! HA! HA! WAIT'LL I WAKE UP... WILL I TELL HIM A STORY? C'MON' BRING ON THE CEMENT! THIS IS JUST ANOTHER DREAM!

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! HE KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING! HE COULD HAVE GOTTEN OUT IN TIME! BUT HE JUST STOOD THERE, LAUGHING! LIKE IT WAS A BIG JOKE! CAN'T THEY GET HIM OUT?

SURE! BUT IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD! HE'S DEAD BY NOW! CHEE, I'M SURE GLAD IT WASN'T ME THAT WAS BURIED ALIVE!

THE END
Ah... The thin line that separates the physical from the spiritual... the living from the dead! This is a story about the living and the dead! Who would suspect this gruesome story could start on a commonplace television set... on millions of television sets... in millions of homes all over the country? But enough! Let us begin at the beginning... the beginning of the tale of...

**TELEVISION TERROR!**

A journey into the supernatural

We find ourselves in an average American home! The Rabbit family has just finished supper...

Mmmm... that was a fine meal, Martha! Hey... 8 o'clock! It's time for the All-Hunt show!

Wonder what he's going to do tonight? Oh!
I wouldn't miss his program for anything!

I didn't he announce last week that he was going to spend this night in a haunted house?

Here it comes! There he is right on time!

Let's listen.

And so, once again... it's hunting time! Time for you to come along with me, Al Hunt. And with the aid of your television set, you will be with me wherever I go, and see whatever I see! Now, you'd better turn the lights down low and hold on to your seats.

...you see, tonight I'm going to visit a real haunted house! No kidding! Ha-ha-ha! And to prove it, I've brought along Professor John Poltergeist of the London Society of Psychic Research! Ha-ha-ha! Meet the television audience! Ha-ha-ha!

Thank you.

We've got the T.V. truck out here on location... and the house is up there on the hill! See it, folks? Ha-ha! But suppose I let the prof tell you about it? Hey, Prof?

Well.

Mr. Hunt! The story goes that in 1897, a Mr. Creedmore moved into this house with his young bride. Because of the difference in their ages, the Creedmores didn't get on well together. Then one black night, Mr. Creedmore's body was discovered hanging by the neck in an upstairs room.

But that wasn't the end of the story! It was rumored that Mr. Creedmore hadn't hung himself at all, but was foully murdered by his wife and her lover! In any event, soon after, she and a newly acquired husband settled down to live in the Creedmore mansion! They'd hardly been married one month when they too were found hanging dead from the very beam that Mr. Creedmore hung from!
NOW... LET ME EXPLAIN, FOLKS! THIS TRIP WILL BE NO FAKE... NO, SIR! I SAID I WAS GOING INTO A REAL HAUNTED HOUSE, AND BY GOLLY... I AM! I HAVE HERE A SPECIAL PORTABLE TELEVISION CAMERA WITH A POWERFUL SPOT LIGHT! SEE... I'M GOING TO LEAVE THE TELEVISION CREW, THE POWER TRUCK... EVERYTHING... BEHIND! THEN AS I WALK UP AND INTO THE HOUSE, I'LL REEL OUT A CABLE, SO I CAN HAVE MY CAMERA CONNECTED TO THE POWER TRUCK AT ALL TIMES! THEN THERE'LL BE JUST THE PROFESSOR, MYSELF, AND YOU, THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE INSIDE THE HAUNTED HOUSE!

WELL... THEY GO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! AL HUNT WITH HIS SPECIAL CAMERA REELING OUT THE CABLE, AND PROF. POLTERGEIST WITH HIS LITTLE SUITCASE OF GHOST HUNTING EQUIPMENT!

SINCE THEN, SIXTY YEARS AGO, NO ONE HAS LIVED IN THE CREEDMORE MANSION! IT IS A WELL KNOWN FACT AMONGST THE NEIGHBORS THAT CREEDMORE MANSION IS HAUNTED!

WELL... HA HA! OH WITH THE SHOW! LET'S BE OFF TO SEE THE SPOOKS, GHOSTS AND BANSHEES! HA-HA-HA!

THE PROFESSOR WILL ROOT OUT THE SPOOKS AND I'LL TAKE THEIR PICTURE, HEY, PROF? HA-HA! I WARN YOU, MR. HUNT! THE WORLD OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IS NOT TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY!
... Now folks, we're ready to go inside the haunted house! Ha-ha-ha! At this point, the engineers will switch you over to the camera that I'm carrying.

Now I warn you, Mr. Hunt! If there are evil spirits here, you may be engulfed by a terrible depression! In any event, keep your wits about you!

... Now that we're inside I'll just set the camera down here on the floor so that we can walk around in front of it! Heh-heh-heh-there!

Brrrr! Isn't this the spookiest house you've ever seen, folks! Ha-ha! Well, Prof. Findo? Any spooks yet? Heh-heh-gee, it's awfully cold in here!

Ha! Cut it out, Prof. You'll scare our audience to death!

Nevertheless, I do sense a presence very definitely... and sensations seem to come from upstairs!

I'm going upstairs to investigate, Mr. Hunt! You may follow me if you so desire?

Upstairs? Sure. We'll go upstairs in a while, but first let me show the television audience around this room! Ha-ha-ha!
WELL, FOLKS... THE PROFESSOR IS PUTTERING AROUND UPSTAIRS! HA-HA! I CAN HEAR HIS FOOTSTEPS MOVING ABOVE ME! T-THIS PLACE IS... HAH... REALLY CREEPY! WEE-ELL! LET'S SEE NOW! I'LL SWING THIS CAMERA AROUND!

CLUMP
CLUMP
CLUMP

SAY! LOOK HERE! A PAINTING! MUST BE OLD MAN CREEDMORE! SURE LOOKS... LOOKS... DOWNRIGHT MEAN! HEH! GEE... THE CHILL GETS YOU RIGHT TO THE B-SONE!

AND THIS MUST'VE BEEN THE MISSUS! SOME DISH, HUH, FOLKS? STRANGE! IT'S SO Icy COLD IN THIS CORNER OF THE B-ROOM!

HA-HA! FUNNY! THIS PLACE MUST BE REALLY GETTING ME! NOW I'M BEGINNING TO HEAR THINGS! ALL GOES TO SHOW YOU HOW YOU IMAGINE THINGS WHEN YOU'RE... WELL... SCARED!

MUST BE THE WIND! SOUNDS. SOUNDS LIKE SWISHING OF CLOTH OVER THE FLOOR... ALL AROUND.

PROFESSOR IS STILL MOVING ABOUT UPSTAIRS! GUESS I'LL GO UP AND JOIN HIM! PHEW... WON'T WE ALL BE GLAD WHEN THIS PROGRAM'S OVER? NO... LET ME LIFT THIS CAMERA...
WHAT'S THAT?

CRASH!

DROPPED THE CAMERA! SOMETHING... SOMETHING Icy COLD WENT BY ME... TOUCHED MY CHEEK... ICY COLD... I... I...

... MUSTN'T LOSE MY WITS! THE PROFESSOR! I CAN'T HEAR HIM! MUST GO UPSTAIRS AND... AND FIND HIM! LET ME TAKE THE CAMERA...

UP THESE STEPS! I HEAR HIM! HE'S MOVING BEHIND THAT DOOR! PROFESSOR!

PROFESSOR? WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME? I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE! I'LL JUST OPEN THE DOOR AND... UH!

SLAM!
THE PROFESSOR! THOSE PEOPLE! MY BRAIN IS WHIRLING...I-I...

HEE-HEE! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! HEE-HEE-HEE! YOU'RE MR. GREEDMORE AND MRS. GREEDMORE...AND YOUR LOVER HEE-HEE! YOU WANT ME TO CLIMB UP THERE? SURE! HEE-HEE-HEE! I DON'T CARE!

HEE-HEE! PUT THIS AROUND MY HECK? HEE-HEE-HEE!
WHY NOT?

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL, WE...SOMETHING...AH...UNFORESEEN...INTERRUPT...WE...NOW SWITCH YOU TO OUR STUDIOS FOR AN INTERLUDE OF MUSIC!

STRANGE? WELL, THAT WAS THE PROGRAM JUST AS IT WAS ORI-
GINALY TELEVISION! CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED? WE CAN'T!
Carstairs awoke with a start; his forehead was damp with ice-cold perspiration and the twisted bedclothes attested to the fact that his slumber had been torturous. He passed a shaky hand over his throbbing eyes and tried hard to swallow the lump of fear that was caught in his throat like bitter gull. It was by all odds the most terrible dream he had ever experienced... Its crystalline clearness and urgency made it a horrible nightmare. A shudder trembled visibly down his slender body.

Carstairs kicked the blankets away and his feet slid to the carpet. He rose almost convulsively and stumbled across to the bathroom. By main effort he was able to turn on the faucet and slosh cold water over his face and neck. He staggered back to his bedroom and slumped into the easy-chair next to the window. His head had been as clear as anything he ever remembered happening to him. Even now he felt a trifle of fear when he thought of the short rap on the door and his padding over to it to throw it open. In his dream he had seen a tall man standing there in the hallway—a man he had never seen before, with a vicious white scar running from temple to throat—a man who was so lifelike that Carstairs' mind's-eye still had a perfect picture of him.

"They're close behind me!" the man had said breathlessly, forcing his way into the room and brushing Carstairs aside as he did so.

Carstairs had gasped as the man suddenly whirled and faced him. He had watched in silent terror as a weird glint came to the stranger's eye and the man slowly removed his enormous hands from his pockets, approaching closer and closer. And then in an instant Carstairs felt those grotesque hands digging into his neck... felt a sob stifled in his throat... felt the blackness close in on him as his consciousness was choked out of him.

Carstairs had awakened in a cold-sweat. Even now he could almost feel the strangling sensation in his throat... even now, with all the lights on, Carstairs felt himself slowly relaxing and he inhaled deeply on the cigarette he had lit a moment before with shaking fingers. With each puff, blessed normalcy seemed to flow over him.

"Must have been that infernal midnight scream," he mused to himself as he settled deeper into the easy chair. Of those screaming headlines and blaring radio bulletins about the insane killer escaping this afternoon from the Asylum over in Trenton...

There was a short rap on the door and Carstairs looked up in terror. But his tension faded as he crossed the room... having company when he was so jumpy might be just what he needed.

Carstairs' hand turned on the knob and the door swung open. In the hallway stood a tall man. Carstairs couldn't seem to place. The overhead light traced a scar running jaggedly from the stranger's temple down to his throat...

Carstairs felt the faintness creeping up on him again... "They're close behind me," the stranger was saying breathlessly...
SOMEBODY...SOMEBODY ON THIS EARTH, THERE'S A HIDEOUS...THING... PEERING INTO DIMMED WINDOWS, STALKING LONELY STREETS, LURKING IN THE SHADOWS... THE FANTASTIC CREATION OF FRUSTRATED GENIUS, THE FRIGHTFUL ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE...

MONSTER MAKER!

A SCIENTIFIC SUSPENSE STORY

ONE GLOOMY AFTERNOON... IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SURGEON OF LONDON HOSPITAL... A DEPRESSING, UNPLEASANT DUTY WAS BEING PERFORMED... I'M SORRY, DOCTOR RAVENSCAR, BUT YOU CAN REALIZE MY POSITION... I'M BEING FORCED INTO THIS DECISION...

BUT DOCTOR? AFTER ALL THE YEARS... THE WORK SACRIFICE... THE SUCCESS... NOW THIS!

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, JOHN...

VERY WELL! VERY WELL! BUT UPON MY RETURN, YOU SHALL HAVE SOMETHING TO BEHOLD! INDEED, TO BEHOLD!
Thoughtfully, the dejected Doctor Ravenscar passed through the fog and gloom...

Long rest! Bah! They don't fool me one bit! Overlook my fabulous success, but seize upon trivial failures!

Frustration his soul-mate, the celebrated brain surgeon entered his luxurious home - his laboratory assistant, Whitsly, listened intently to the disappointing turn of events.

Because of three failures in succession, three deaths in a row! It could happen to anyone! But no! No! They called them simple operations!

Because of three failures in succession, three deaths in a row! It could happen to anyone! But no! No! They called them simple operations!

Wait. Just wait? Quick. Whitsly! We're leaving at once! Pack our equipment. Our instruments!

They've turned you out? B-but why? Because the operations failed? Proved fatal?

And get the car! Y-yes, doctor!

The mad journey finished, the exhausted Whitsly brought the car to a final halt! There, on the cliff's edge, stood the castle of Ravenscar, overlooking the north sea and desolate moor.

A burning memory of Ravenscar's wrath enabled Whitsly's clammy hands to guide the big car skillfully, hastily northward...toward the sea!

Faster, you idiot! Don't you understand? I have no time to waste!

Ah! There it is! There it is, just as it was built hundreds of years ago by my ancestors!
His commands having turned Whitely to many tasks, the Doctor spent the entire night reviewing his long years of secret research... Ah, yes! Yes, I'm ready! The world shall embrace me!

Next morning, though the sun had scarcely dissolved the chill of that region, Ravenscar had already begun the procurement of large quantities of metal, glass, chemicals, laboratory equipment.

They don't have it? Tell them to get it! Spare no cost!

That evening, a violent storm churned the sea, and seethed about the towers of the old castle, but Ravenscar was preoccupied by his most inspiring experiment.

The brain alive fed. Doctor! Doctor! A shipwreck! A man... washing up onto the shore! He'll be drowned.

Months passed, but enlisting the many craftsmen of the countryside, Ravenscar successfully directed the transformation of the castle's gigantic kitchen into a fantastic laboratory!

But what's it for? Never mind, you've been paid. Get out!

He... he's dead! Quickly! Hurry! Up to the lab with him! I have an idea... indeed. What an idea!

Drowned?

Down... down they raced, down through the musty passages to the battered old smuggler's cove hundreds of feet beneath the castle.

T-There! On the rock!
The exhausting climb to the lab did not alter Ravenscar's wild enthusiasm.

On this slab—\( Y-YOU \) mean?\n
The brain!\n
\( Y-YOU \)’ve dropped it! You stupid fool! You blithering idiot! Now we have no brain!

The impact of Ravenscar's fantastic decision completely unnerved the emotional Whitstly! His legs weaving, hands trembling, he...

T-the brain! Y-you've dropped it! You stupid fool! You blithering idiot! Now we have no brain!

Wait we do have a brain. A man’s brain! Your brain!

Whitstly's brain... Then lowered it into a wondrous device to be nourished, to be retained... to wait for the yawning cranium of the still warm drowned corpse!

Hours of anxious exhausting work passed.

Ah-h-h-h.

Complete! Whitstly's brain in this corpse's skull! Now, the pulsator must hurry!

Ravenscar guided the gigantic pulsating needle to the metallic disc covering the heart! It hovers directly above, and... down! Live! Live!

Yes! Yes! The ape's brain we've nourished it! Kept it alive! Why transfer it to a dog? We have a man! Why not a man? Why not? Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Hurry you fool!

Oh-h-h-h n-no! No! No! Please please! Aghhhhhhh!
THE HAND IT MOVED! ALIVE! IT'S ALIVE!

AGHHHHH!

THE WORLD WILL WORSHIP ME H-HE CAN'T SEE! T-THE LIGHT IT'S BLINDING HIM NEEDS A MASK!

AGHHHHHH!

Ravenscar hastily removed the huge needle and darkened the room! Then, fashioning a large black hood, it's stopped screaming. Can you speak? Do you hear me?

IT'S ALIVE?

IT MOVED.

H-HE CAN'T SEE? THE LIGHT... IT'S BLINDING HIM. NEEDS A MASK!

AGHHHHHH!

He's blind! Can't see! He'll go off the cliff... must catch him!

THE HAND, IT MOVED! ALIVE! IT'S ALIVE!

AGHHHHHH!

N-NO! DON'T! I WON'T HARM YOU! WAIT! WAIT! STAY THERE!

The returning light and inquisitive approach of Ravenscar aroused the living corpse! It screamed and thrashed...

N-NO! DON'T! I WON'T HARM YOU! WAIT! WAIT! STAY THERE!

Blindly, the strange creature crashed through the thick shrubbery and raced out onto the moor...

AGHHHHHH!

He's weaving! I'll cut him off directly!

Bringing forth an inhuman burst of exertion, the doctor hurled himself upon the flailing corpse...

W-H-A-T STRENGTH BY Jove! What strength!

AGHHHHHHH!

He's weaving! I'll cut him off directly!
Fortunate for me that he can't see... Ughnn!

Weird screams from the tower.
Revived Ravenscar's senses.

N-No... No! Don't go up there!

Ahhhhhhhhhh!
There he is! Can't see me? He mustn't get to the window.

Ravenscar lunged wildly towards the corpse to prevent it falling through the tower window. But, at the crucial moment, the corpse deftly side stepped...

Down, down, down the hundreds of feet to the jagged rocks below plunged Ravenscar. While 'the thing' stared blankly after him...

Then, it turned...

Did it. This thing. Lure the frustrated genius Ravenscar to his death? Whitely is dead! The doctor is dead! But where is the thing? Where? Where is it right now?
**THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE**

Well, well... looks like it's time for me to stop stirring the evil brew in my cauldron, and open up a few fresh morsels concocted by—er—the readers of this, my very own BLOODCHILLING magazine! Your eager acceptance of the HAUNT OF FEAR warms my shivered heart, and I shall earnestly strive to continue giving the very best in FEARFUL FICTION! Oh, incidentally, if this is the first time you've read my magazine, it is probably because my regular HORROR-NAPPY readers GOBBLED up the previous issues as fast as they were put on the stands! So ask your newsdealer to order a few more next time if you can't get your own HAIR-RAISING copy! And now for the MAD-MAIL!

**Dear Old Witch,**

I only wish I had found THE HAUNT OF FEAR sooner! Words cannot express my gratitude to you for publishing such a marvelous magazine! It is the best in horror, suspense, and terror! You asked me which story I liked the best! EVERY LAST ONE WAS THE BEST! Miss Barbara Williams Chicago 14, Ill.

Thank you, Barbara, for your slightly complimentary letter! Of course, you under-rate my magazine... it's much better than the WEAK words you have used to describe it! Oh, and please don't use the words HORROR and TERROR... these sissy words belong to those two tellers of FAIRY TALES, THE CRYPT-KEEPER and THE VAULT-KEEPER!

**Dear Old Witch,**

I derive much enjoyment and pleasure from reading your book. Being a Navy NEUROPSYCHIATRIC TECHNICIAN, I would like to point out that your stories not only test the intelligence, but leave room for expanding the PHENOMENAL ASPECTS as well as DIAGNOSTIC VALUES. It is my contention that material of this kind adds the flavor greatly in the field of mental disease and psychological disorders and would prevent further misconceptions and misconceptions of mental difficulties! Wallace E. Gates

NET U.S.N.

Who— ?? ME? Doing all that? Anchors aweigh! Always did like the NAVY! ME helping all those handsome sailors! Well, scrape off my BARNACLES and call me BILGE-WATER BESSIE, the BAG of the BATTLEWAGONS!

My dearest Old Hag,

You MUST settle this question once and for all! That purveyor of nursery-fiction, the Keeper of the CRYPT OF TERROR, claims that you are his GHOUL FRIEND! As you and I both know, this is preposterous! Once at the offices of our mutual publisher, you called me "NAUSIATING OLD BESSIE"... and it was then that I realized you loved ME! So publicly proclaim me to be the CRAB-APPLE of your BLOODSHOT EYES, dearest! (The CRYPT-KEEPER said that your stories are milder than baby-soap, and that they put old women to sleep at night!)

**The Vault-_keeper**

VAULT OF HORROR, U.S.A.

**Dearest Old Crone,**

The Keeper of the VAULT OF HORROR, that foppish teller of milk-toast tales, has announced that you are his BITTER-HEART! WE know that is POPPYCOCK, don't we! Once you said to me, "GAD, YOU REVOLT ME!" I knew at once that it was LOVE AT FIRST FRIGHT! So tell the world... spew it forth from your crooked toothless mouth... that it is I who is the CREEPY MONSTER of your NIGHTMARES! (The VAULT-KEEPER said that your magazine wouldn't make a bowl of gelatin quiver during an earthquake... that it makes duller reading than a telephone directory!)

**The Crypt-keeper**

CRYPT OF TERROR, U.S.A.

Are you two decayed old derelicts KIDDING? Why I wouldn't be caught ALIVE with either of you! With all the vampires and werewolves living in the HAUNT OF FEAR, how can you CREEPS expect to RATE? See... one little COMPLIMENT and you OLD COOTS become CASANOVAS... great lovers! Why don't you go bury each other alive?

**So, dear reader, when you feel tasty enough to hold a pen, why don't you write me? Tell me what kind of stories you like the best! Address your letters to: The Old Witch, Room 705, Dept. 17, 225 Lafayette St. N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.**
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THIS TIME, DUE TO THE MANY REQUESTS I HAVE RECEIVED, I AM GOING TO TELL YOU A STRANGE TALE ABOUT TWO MEN WHO ARE EDITORS OF THE E.C. COMIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHING COMPANY... AND HOW THEY ENCOUNTERED...

**HORROR BENEATH THE STREETS!**

My story begins on a dank, dismal night, the city is asleep. The buildings stand, cold and bare like tombstones in a crowed cemetery. All is silent. All is darkness except for a single lighted window, high up in one building, the offices of the E.C. Comic Magazine Publishing Company. Inside, two men breathe a sigh of relief.

Well, Al? That goes it? Yew, Bill. "Modern Love" is finally finished! And... Right on the deadline, too...

C'MON, AL! LET'S GET ON HOME!

I'LL PUT OUT THE LIGHTS, BILL! BE RIGHT WITH YOU!
The lights are put out, and all the doors are locked! The two men turn and make their way slowly down along dark corridor. Their footsteps echoing through the blackness...

Pretty eerie around here at night, eh, Bill?

H-m-m! That gives me an idea!

The hum of the elevator approaching breaks the thick silence...

What kind of an idea, Bill? Eerie terror? Horror? Boy! That would be terrific!

Horror in comics!

They turn the corner and cross over to the other side...

A-ah! Nobody believes that. But... I'll bet they'd like them.

They mean creepy stories like ghosts and stuff?

Sure! I bet that'd go over big!

The silence in the street is shattered as the door to the building slams shut... and the two men start to walk.

Hah! Our readers wouldn't go for that! Horror stories! Everybody likes a good ghost story!

The clackety-clack of quick footsteps echoes up and down the silent faces of the cold buildings, as the two men increase their speed...

It... he... it's still behind us! Where in the blazes did you park your car?

Down this street! C'mon!
The two terrorized men scamper down the yawning black hole as the clack-clack of the footsteps behind them grow louder, louder.

Hurry, hurry! I'm no athlete! Take it easy! I'm rushing all I can!

Swiftly they pull the ladder down with them thereby foiling any attempt at being followed. Then:

Bill: He's closing the lid!

Listen! Listen to his horrible laugh!
Suddenly, the hysterical ranting of the person above them stops... and quick footsteps scurry away in the street.

He's gone! Put up the ladder! Let's take a look.

They're trapped. Bill! Trapped! Maybe he'll go away.

It's stuck! I... oof! I can't budge this lid.

What'll we do, Al? What'll we do?

Maybe we can find another exit... get out that way? Let's give it a try!

Slowly, cautiously, the two men move forward in the gloom of the musty sewer.

I'm scared, Bill!

I thought you didn't believe in creepy horror stuff!

I... I... don't! Only... well... this place is different! I've never been in a sewer before!

Oh, and haunted houses... old castles... graveyards... tombs... you've been in those?

Oh, shut up! What's the matter, Al?

L. L. LIGHT A. M. MATCH... IT'S NOTHING ALF PROBABLY JUST A PILE OF GARBAGE... SEE?

Y-I-H--H!!! A BODY!

Blindly the two men rush from the harrowing sight of the decayed corpse. Slushing through the stench, falling crawling fear in their hearts, fear in their minds, fear and horror pursuing them...

Exhausted... They stop, leaning on the dripping walls for support.

GASP! GASP... CAN'T GO ON MUCH FURTHER!

Look, Bill! A light up ahead!

O'MON! Maybe it's a way out of this god-forsaken hole?

You take a look while I rest up...

Okay! I'll be right back! Wait here! I'll see what it's all about!

Bill, where are you?
SUDDENLY, AS AL... TERRIFIED TURNS A CORNER IN THE TUNNELS.

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

GULP... OH! COME IN! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

GONE! DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!

MEANWHILE, THE OTHER ONE, BILL, FINDS HIMSELF IN A STRANGE DIMLY-LIT ROOM FACING HIS CAPTOR.


YOU, YOU'RE DARN TOOTIN' I DO, AND YOU, YOU AIN'T H..H..HELPING ME FORGET IT!

GOOD! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING YOU! I HAVE A PROPOSITION.

THE CRYPT OF WHAT? TERROR? DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT TERROR IS?

WHILE AL... UP AHEAD IN THE STENCH-FILLED SEWER.

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME? COME IN AND WE'LL TALK IT OVER! I AM THE KEEPER OF THE VAULT OF HORROR!
All is still now in the musty tunnels beneath the streets. All, that is, except for the occasional shrieking of a rat! Then...a splash...and another! Someone is coming!

All where are you?

...And so this creep who calls himself the Keeper of the Crypt of Terror sticks a contract under my nose! What could I do? I signed it!

Gulp! You too? Look! I signed one with some friend called the Keeper of the Vault of Horror!

Well, all! They got us! I guess we'll have to publish their stuff?

Come on, Bill, let's get out of here!

...And that's the story, dear reader? Well...almost! Perhaps you're wondering who it was that followed the two editors and forced them to enter that horrid sewer? Well...that was me...the old witch! And when I let them out again, they had to pay my fee...and that's how the Haunt of Fear was born! That's how I got my contract! And now you know the whole story behind the Vault of Horror, the Crypt of Terror, and the Haunt of Fear! I'll see you next issue! Bye, now!

The terrified editors of the Haunt of Fear would like to know which story in this magazine you liked best! Vote for your favorite!

1. Nightmare! A psychological study!
2. Monster Maker! A scientific suspense story!
3. Television Terror! A journey into the supernatural!
4. The Witch's Cauldron: Horror beneath the streets! An adventure in terror!

Address your letters to:
The Old Witch, The Haunt of Fear Room 706, Dept. IT 255 Lafayette Street N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.
Which of these 2 time weaklings paid only a few cents to become an All-Around He-Man? Which one paid hundreds of dollars to train at my side? Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He-Man. Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business. Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He-Man right at home with those same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!

Enjoy my "progressive power" strength secrets! Give me 10 easy minutes a day—without strain! I'll teach you the "progressive power" method through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15 to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher. "Progressive power" has power to build the strongest, handsomest man in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you may be I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you. Yes, I'll join you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out. Until you are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. Build a body you will be proud of.

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