Here are tales that will usher you into The Haunt of Fear.

No. 13
June
10¢

Featuring...

The Old Witch
The Vault-Keeper
The Crypt-Keeper

EC ENTERTAINMENT COMIC

Ghastly
HEE, HEE! I SEE BY YOUR FLUSHED FACES THAT YOU'RE BACK FOR MORE MORSELS OF MADNESS, CRAZILY CONCOCTED BY ME, THE OLD WITCH, MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! WELL, THE FIRE UNDER MY CAULDRON IS LIT, AND THE REVOLTING RECIPE IS READY FOR RETCHING! SO COME IN, DEAR FIENDS, AND SIT DOWN BESIDE ME! CON YOUR DRIBBLE-CUPS, KNOT YOUR NAPKINS ABOUT YOUR NECKS, AND I'LL DISH OUT ANOTHER OF MY TASTY TALES OF TERROR! I CALL THIS MORBID MOUTHFUL...

FOR THE LOVE OF DEATH!

Morton Macawber drew aside the curtain and peered out at the deserted street! He looked up and down, scowled, and cursed to himself... HMMMM! BLASTED NEWSPAPER BOY! HE'S LATE AGAIN! WHY CAN'T HE EVER GET HERE ON TIME?
For the next fifteen minutes, Morton paced the floor nervously, waiting for the familiar sound of the newspaper landing on the front porch.

The dull thud outside waltzed Mr. Macawber's raving! He darted to the window and peered out anxiously! A small boy on a bicycle pedaled off down the street.

Morton flung open the front door and rushed out to the folded paper lying on the weatherbeaten porch.

Next time that brat comes for his money, I'll tell him a thing or two! He's been here! It's about time!

Please please let there be one... please.

Back into the house the wild-eyed man scurried, clutching the paper to his chest...

There wasn't one yesterday... or the day before! Two whole days without one! There has to be one today! Please!

Feverishly, Mr. Macawber unfolded the paper and began flinging the unwanted sections to the floor.

World news, bah! Local news, phew! Financial, real estate! Ah! Here it is!

Obituaries...

Morton's glance sped up and down the obituary column! Suddenly, his somber countenance exploded in a leering grin.

There is one! There's a funeral today!

Happiness, sheer ecstasy, showed on Morton's face as he read the details...

'Abner P. Wigginbottom, beloved husband and father, passed away!' So and so... such and such on! Here! Services will be held at the terminal funeral parlor at 1 p.m. today! Let's see! It's 12:15 now! I can still make it!
Morton whistled a cheerful little tune as he dressed hurriedly in his black suit. It was just 1 p.m. when he arrived at the terminal funeral parlor. He joined the line of mourners that were passing before the open casket.

What an exquisite coffin! How nice the deceased looks! My, a satin lining!

When the funeral procession reached the cemetery, Morton followed the others to the open yawning grave.

This is the one time in a person's existence when his evils are forgotten and his virtues are extolled...eulogized!

The rich black soil resounded on the coffin-lid as the grave was filled. Morton Macawber smiled sadly.

As the coffin was lowered slowly into the black pit, MR MACAWBER REFLECTED:

If only man would treat his fellow man with this respect and love all through his life-time instead of after he is dead!

...But he leaves behind the warmth, the love, the kindness, so selfishly given to all who crossed his path of life! In conclusion.

A tear stole out of the corner of one of Mr. Macawber's eyes and dribbled down his cheek as he listened to Mr. Wigginbottom's funeral oration. Aber sounds like he was such a good man.

...Too bad Mr. Wigginbottom cannot appreciate the dignity he now enjoys! It's such a shame that one has to die to be treated with such adoration and reverential regard! Probably, while he was alive, his loved ones humiliated him.

Now that he's dead, they mourn him! Their tears fall for him.

As the coffin was lowered slowly into the black pit, Mr. Macawber reflected:

Then the rich black soil resounded on the coffin-lid as the grave was filled. Morton Macawber smiled sadly.

That's why I come to every funeral I can! Because here, at least, I can watch a person being treated with the dignity he never enjoyed while he lived.
After the grave was covered and the other mourners had departed, Mr. Macawber strolled among the gravestones, reading the inscriptions and the epitaphs etched in them.

"Fenwick Appleby! Ah! I remember his funeral! It was so stately!" And 'Matilda Nickelbury! There was a final homage!

Too bad all of you couldn't experience the dignity and solemnity you received!

As for myself, I am alone in the world! My funeral will never have such pomp... such lavishness as yours had! Oh, if it were only possible for me to enjoy it... just once...

But why not? Gulp...

Ah, Matilda! What a funeral you had! Beautiful! Just beautiful! And you, Fenwick! Too bad you couldn't appreciate the splendor of your final rites! And you, Alous... Fanny... Agnes..."
HEE, HEE! NUTTY AS A FRUIT-CAKE, THIS MORTY-BOY, EH, KIDDIES! DID YOU EVER WANT TO KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO BE THE STAR ATTRACTION AT A FUNERAL? WELL! IT TAKES ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE! LET'S GO ON AND SEE WHAT MORBID MACAWBER HAS IN MIND!

That night, Morton cut the obituary notice of the funeral he'd attended that day from the newspaper and pasted it in his scrapbook...

HMMM... NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND NINE! NOT BAD... FOR ONLY TWO YEARS...

Yep! This creep's been watchin' the 'obits' and attending funerals for two years! Now he's set on seeing how it actually feels... instead of just watchin'!

After finishing the scrap-book-pasting, Morton went into the kitchen. I'll have to forego the open-coffin ceremony for the sake of safety! This knife will do nicely!

Later that night, Morton crouched in the bushes outside the Winkleston mansion...

Old Phineas always takes his constitutional before retiring! I've seen him so many times! Ah! Here he comes now!

Old Phineas certainly was surprised when Morty sprang from the bushes! Why, you could have knocked him over with a feather! Morty used the knife...

In fact he used it a great deal! He practically defaced Phineas...

Sorry, Mr. Winkleston but I must make sure your family requests a closed-coffin ceremony.

When Mr. Macawber left Mr. Winkleston, there was no doubt about that! Even an expert undertaker don't stand a chance.

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
Morton proceeded with further arrangements. "I'll pay you fifty dollars, Amos! All you have to do is stay outside the funeral parlor. Follow the procession, see where they bury old Phineas and come and dig him up. That sure is a lot of money!"

"Here it is! 'Services will be held at the Apodosis Funeral Parlor at noon tomorrow.'"

"I don't have to open the coffin, Amos! Just uncover it!"

"Gonna rob the gold from his teeth, eh, Mr. Macawber?"

"Nothing like that! Okay? Okay! Don't get sore!"

"You won't fail me now, Amos? Don't worry, Mr. Macawber! I'll do it!"

"Don't worry. Mr. Macawber has a lot of money!"

"Ah! Here you are, Mr. Winkleston! Come now! I'm taking your place! You'll never miss anything and your funeral will mean so much to me!"

Late that night, Morton pried open the rear window of the Apodosis Funeral Parlor... There! That was easy!

After some investigating, Morton found old Phineas's coffin...
Morton lay in Phineas's casket all that night and through the morning, drinking in the solemnity of the situation. He revelled in its plush interior, listening to the sobbing as the mourners began to file in towards noon...

Inside Morton listened to the scratching on the coffin lid as the floral wreaths were placed upon it... "Ah...what exotic aromas! Flowers...for me!"

Outside the funeral parlor, Amos waited patiently for the services to take place...

Crazy old Macawber! Oh, well! Fifty bucks is fifty bucks!"

The coffin was rolled into the chapel! Morton listened to the gliding wheels...the organ music...the whimpering mourners...

The services are about to begin! Services...for me!
Soon the solemn voice of the orator was heard, filling the chapel. Morton drank in the words...thrilled at the homage paid to the deceased...

...and when a murderer's knife took this beloved man from his devoted family, it took from them great joy and happiness.

Morton listened to the shuffling of feet as the pall-bearers moved toward the coffin...

Those who wish to leave may do so at this time.

Morton did not hear the strange request, he was too enthralled with the rapture of being born aloft by many strong hands...

And now, in respect to the departed one's desires and instructions, we commit his last remains.

Hee, hee! That's a hot one, eh, kiddies? By the time Morty-boy realized what was happening, he was pretty burned up! The roaring fire and 'adoring' sobs of remorse from the mourners drowned out his screams. So Morty found out what it felt like to enjoy one's own funeral! It gave him a warm feeling...through and through! By the way! Amos finally gave up waiting for his fifty-buck deal after a couple of hours! But the vault-keeper won't...so I'll turn you over to him for his terror tidbit! See you later!

—The end—
HEH, HEH! A HORROR STORY SHE CALLS THAT IHAME DRIVE! BAH! FUNNY ANIMALS WOULD SCARE BABES MORE! I'LL TELL YOU A HORROR STORY! YES, IT'S THE VAULT-KEEPER, WELCOMING YOU ONCE MORE TO THE VAULT OF HORROR! COME IN! I FEEL REAL SHARP TODAY! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT! I CALL THIS SPIKE-TINGLING, BLOOD-CURDLING, HAIR-STANDER...

FED UP!

THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS TEEMED WITH EXCITED THRILL-SEEKING CUSTOMERS! CALLIOPE MUSIC FILLED THE SUNNY AIR! CHILDREN SQUEELED WITH JOY AS THE HUGE CARROUSEL WENT 'ROUND AND 'ROUND! LOUD-VOICED BARKERS MADE THEIR PITCHES BEFORE SEAS OF GILLING FACES...

STEP RIGHT UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! SEE MUNNAB'S ODDBITORIUM... THE GREATEST COLLECTION OF FREAKS AND RARE PERFORMERS TO EVER...
But off the jammed midway, just beyond the laughter and noise, a man moved toward a dilapidated trailer! The man was huge... obese! His breathing was heavy as he labored up the trailer's rotting steps...

The trailer door swung open and the hulking figure entered! He flopped onto a well-worn studio-bed! The woman stood over him, tears in her eyes...

But off the jammed midway, just beyond the laughter and noise, a man moved toward a dilapidated trailer. The man was huge... obese! His breathing was heavy as he labored up the trailer's rotting steps...

The trailer door swung open and the hulking figure entered! He flopped onto a well-worn studio-bed! The woman stood over him, tears in her eyes...

Alec? Is that you? Gasp... Yeah, Sandra! It... gasp... It's me! Burrrp!

You... you took it, didn't you, Alec? You took the money I'd scrimped and pinched and put away so we could get into the big-time! You took it and stuffed yourself!

I... I couldn't help it, Sandra! I... I wuz hungry! I...

The fat one's voice faded as he stammered out another of his feeble explanations! The woman wasn't listening! She'd heard them so many times before! His voice droned on... and on... just like 'The Great Galago's' voice had done ten years before... the day she'd first met Alec...

And now, ladies and gentlemen! May I introduce my protégé... Sandra! I... The Great Galago... have taught her all she knows! For two years... every day... I...

Gallo's introductory speech always dragged like that! Sandra usually looked around at the customers while he made his pitch! Alec was in the crowd, grinning up at her! Only he wasn't fat then! He was big, broad-shouldered, almost handsome...

... and now... Sandra! For her first feat, she will swallow the twelve-inch dagger...

Sandra'd gone through her act as usual! The dagger...

... the rapier...

... and the three-inch sword...
Galago was big-time! His neon-sword was famous! Sandra was just a decoration for his act... a come-on for the male-trade! Alec came around to the back as soon as Sandra'd gotten off the stage! He'd walked out on the neon-act! Sandra was quite flattered...

You say you saw my performance? But you're missing the best part of the show right now...

No I'm not! The best part of the show is right here!

That was Alec ten years ago! A sweet-talking flatterer! Sandra fell for his line... fell hard...

Listen! I could be your Barker! We'd go from Carnival to Carnival...

Haul in the dough by the backfuls! What d'ya say?

Do you really think I'm good enough, Alec?

Good enough? Baby! You'll be big-time inside of a year! Just you wait and see!

All right, Alec! I'll do it!

So, Sandra'd quit Galago and gone out on her own! She and Alec worked hard getting started! Finally they landed a spot with a traveling Road Show...

It's a start, baby! The dough isn't much but it's a start!

But, Alec! We couldn't both live on that salary!

Not separately, maybe! But together we'd manage!

I... I mean if we were married... it'd be easier...

Oh, Alec! Do you mean it? Are you proposing? Do you want to marry me?

Excuse me! Pardon me...
SO ALEC AND SANDRA WERE SLICED...ER, SPLICED! A YEAR WENT BY; MONEY WAS TIGHT; SANDRA WENT TO THE ROAD-SHOW MANAGER...

IT... IT'S JUST IMPOSSIBLE FOR ALEC AND I TO SAVE ON WHAT I'M EARNING! I THOUGHT... PERHAPS...

LOOK, SANDRA! SWALLOWERS LIKE YOU ARE A DIME A DOZEN!

A YEAR WENT BY? MONEY WAS TIGHT....

SANDRA WAS THINKING OF THE NEON SWORD! IT WAS JUST ABOUT THAT TIME THAT ALEC BEGAN TO EAT... AS IF THINGS WEREN'T HARD ENOUGH...

ALEC! YOU MEAN YOU SPENT ALL OF OUR FOOD ALLOWANCE ALREADY?

WELL... I... I HAD A GOOD MEAL TODAY!

A GOOD MEAL?

DON'T YOU WELL, I WAS SICK AND TIRED OF EATING THE SAME OLD SLOP EVERY DAY, SO I WENT OUT AND HAD ME A STEAK! AND IT WAS GOOD, TOO!

OH, OHLING! I DON'T MEAN TO NAG! I KNOW HOW IT IS! WE'LL... WE'LL MANAGE SOMEHOW! I'M GLAD YOU ENJOYED IT! YOU... YOU DESERVED IT!

I LIKE A DECENT MEAL ONCE IN A WHILE!

BUT ALEC'S 'DECENT MEALS ONCE IN A WHILE' CAME VERY OFTEN AFTER THAT! HE'D GO OUT AND ORDER A HUGE DINNER FOR HIMSELF, REGARDLESS OF COST...

AND THE PHEASANT-UNDER-GLASS, LYONNAISE POTATOES, CAULIFLOWER, MIXED GREEN SALAD, RELISH DISH, DOUBLE CHEESE CAKE 'A LA MODE', AND HOT CHOCOLATE? OH... AND YOU BETTER BRING A THICK STEAK!

VERY WELL, M'SIEU! IS... IS THIS YOU WILL PAROON ME. IS THIS ALL FOR YOU?

AND AS THE MONTHS FLEW BY, AND TWO...THREE YEARS PASSED, ALEC CONTINUED TO GORSE HIMSELF! HE GREW FATTER AND FATTER...

OH, ALEC! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO SAVE FOR THAT NEON-SWORD FOR TWO YEARS... I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO PUT AWAY A DIME!

A GUY'S Gotta EAT? KIN I HELP IT IF I NEED TO SAW A FOOD?
But Sandra loved Alec... so she took it year after year he'd stuffed himself into obesity! And year after year Sandra tried to save...!

S'watter, Sandra! You grinnin'? Sob... sob... it... It's no use! We'll never get anywhere, not this way!

Don't worry, Sandra! You'll be big-time yet! You wait and see! Just wait and... burrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
But just that afternoon, Sandra'd returned from her performance in the odditorium to find... The money! It's... It's gone! Alec must have found it!

So she'd waited for fat, belching Alec! She'd waited and boiled! And finally she'd heard his elephantine footsteps or the trailer stairs...

The honey. It's gone. Alec is that you? Gasp... yeah, Sandra! It... Gasp... it's me! Burrrp!

Now she was listening to his feeble explanation and his voice was droning on and on...

All right, Alec? All right! That's enough!

I'm going to teach you to be a sword-swallower too! Me, oh no! Not me! I couldn't...

Yeah you could! I'd teach you the secret, how to relax your throat. You'd like to eat steaks and pheasants every day, wouldn't you?

Yeah! Sure! But...

It's easy, Alec! Here! Let me show you! Stand up! Now look up... up higher...

Look, Alec! I've been thinking! I have a plan! A plan to get us into the big-time!

Yeah? What is it, Sandra?

I'm going to teach you to be a sword-swallower too! Me, oh no! Not me! I couldn't...
Perfect, Alec! Now relax! Here! Take the sword! Pass it down... slowly... slowly.

I don't know, Sandra. I don't know...

I see? That was easy, wasn't it?

There? See? There?

Don't know, take the sword? Sandra? I... pass it down... slowly... there?

Sandra started out the door of the trailer! Alec stood, wide-eyed, his hands tied behind him, the sword-handle sticking out of his mouth like some misshapen tongue.

I'm leaving now, Alec! I'm going to lock you in! There's a good crowd out there today! No one will hear you... g-l-u-n-n-u-h!

Swiftly, she wrapped the strand of rope around his wrists, securing them tightly.

There, Alec! There! Now you can do nothing! Nothing!

Un-n-n-n-u-h-h!

Sandra slipped out! Alec listened to the key turn in the lock! He dared not move! He stood rigid... listening... as Sandra's voice drifted to him...

Be careful, Alec! The least little movement might send the sword blade through your chest! Don't even breathe hard!... and above all... hah, try not to belch!

Which brings up an important point, eh, kiddies? Nen, heh! Get it? Well, Alec will! After the meal he just put away? But definitely! So Alec finally swallowed a bit more than he could chew! A regular cut-up, that boy! Well, his mouthing finally penetrated his wife's good heart! Now, hers will penetrate his! Nen, heh! Now I'll turn you back to the old witch! Bye! Burrrp! Well, excuse you! WHAT? It wasn't you? Oh, oh! There goes Alec!

The end.
YOU'VE WRITTEN! YOU'VE TELEGRAPHED! YOU'VE THREATENED US!
SO HERE IT IS! THE MAGAZINE YOU'VE DEMANDED!

Cautiously, looking up and down the gangway to make certain that none was watching, Keller emerged from Fenton's stateroom. Pulling the knot toward him until he heard the lock click into place, Keller walked briskly away from the room which contained the corpse of the man he had just killed. Fenton's own wristwatch would furnish the ironclad alibi he needed, Keller thought to himself. Resetting the hands of Fenton's purposely-smashed watch to indicate that the murder had occurred at exactly 2 o'clock, would make it appear physically impossible for Keller to have been the murderer. It was 1:45 now, he noted, glancing at his own wrist watch. By 2 the debris in the company of witnesses who could be relied upon to swear that at the time of Fenton's death, they—were busy rescuing Keller from the sea. For that was Keller's trump card: he was going to fall overboard "accidentally." Making certain, of course, that a witness was present on deck to see him hit the water. A witness was all that was necessary... for without someone to see his fall and then raise the alarm, the ship might continue on its way, abandoning Keller to quick death in the shark-infested waters.

Up on deck, Keller turned and stared at the man leaning against the handrail 15 yards away, a bulky man in red knowing the only other person present at the moment. The bulky man coughed loudly... the man turned at the sound and stared right at Keller, his eyes wide with realization...
at him. Good, thought Keller, he's seen me! Now, as soon as he looks away, I go over the side! The moment he sees me hit the water he'll start screaming... the rescue lifeboat ought to be headed back for me within 5 minutes, unless the Captain was just letting our wind about the speed of his crew's rescue operations. They should pick me up by 2 o'clock. And then, any time after that... while they're still questioning me about how the accident happened... the steward bringing Fenton's lunch will discover his body. But that watch stopped at 2... and my rescue at almost the same moment... is the kind of evidence no prosecutor will ever break down!

The moment to launch himself over the side of the ship had arrived, Keller realized. The would-be witness had turned away for a moment and was staring once again across the unre- lieved vista of sleet-grey water. Keller clambered quickly to the handrail and without a moment's hesitation threw himself far out, to make sure he cleared the side of the craft. In an incredibly short time he felt himself smash against the sea and become engulfed by water. Then, at last, his head bobbed clear of the waves. The boat was steaming past him. But the witness, Keller noted with glee, was staring right at him. In another moment the man would give the alarm...

It was 10 minutes later... 10 minutes in which the ship's speed had continued unabated... that a young man in a junior officer's coat stepped out on deck and moved toward the bulky man in the red mackinaw.

"Time for your nap, sir," the officer said softly, taking the bulky man's arm. Then, carefully, he led the blind passenger in the red mackinaw to the doors which led to the first-class state-rooms.
Hee, hee! It seems that I have a culture-loving readership! Since I published a poem sent me by the boys in Pine Hill Cemetery, other artistic offerings along the same morbid lines have poured in. And lately, since I've been entertaining you with torrid-terror-tunes from my humid-hit-parade, many mad-music lovers have sent me revolting-requests! Billy Barnett of Brooklyn, N. Y., Arnold Poelt of Tacoma, Wash., and Genevive Ashley of Denver, Colo., requested the following sobbing selections:

**FANGS FOR THE MEMORY**
**GHOUL OF MY DREAMS**
Ooze sorry now?
You're the scream in my coffin
My mummy done tore me
Slime on my hands
My Adobe mausoleum
Summer crime
The little white shroud that died
Polluted waters
My Boo Heaven
My body lies full or a potion
Oh, what a beautiful mourning

Of course, there were many others, but they were too ghastly to publish! As far as the poetry goes, a gentleman who signs himself Edgar Allen Poet (actually Bob Brothers of Gonzales, Texas) sends in this gem of American literature:

I had a little vampire friend
Her teeth were white as snow,
And everywhere the vampire went
She wanted me to go.

She took me to a grave one night
To visit with a ghoul,
It made me lose my appetite
To see those creatures drool!

Janice Lopez of Ft. Walton, Florida sends in TWO poems! Isn't she the busy little bee?

Three hungry ghosts
Three hungry ghosts!
See how they thrum
See how they thrum!
They all ran after the mortician's wife
And split her throat with a carving knife.
Did you ever see such a sight in your life
As three hungry ghosts?

Janice's second offering is shorter but more to the point:

The spring has sprung
The grass has ris
I wonder where
The bodies are!

Stanley Sherman and Leo Martinez of N. Y. C. sent in the following eulogy to your three GhoulLunatics:

**The Crypt-Keeper and Old Witch were walking one day**
When they met the Vault-Keeper, while on their way.
"Relax," cried the Old Witch, "We're working too hard!"

"Let's take a stroll on the pretty graveyard!"
They were sucking the blood from each other's throat.

"When a vampire has dropped them a note.
"Don't know in the grave yard, you funny old crones"
"Oh, we'll finish you off and we'll pick on the bones!"
So they ran toward the gate, showing like shingles.

When Lo and Behold... they met Graham Ingels.
"Good evening, friend ghosts," he quietly said,
While he carefully put on his very best bow.

"Look out," cried the Crypt-Keeper, pointing down low.
For Ingels was slowly devouring his toe.

"You'll position yourself," the Old Witch did cry.
"With the food that they feed me, a termite would die!"

Then they all shook hands and became good friends.
And that's how our story ends!

Gene Fager of Philadelphia, Pa. completed a song started by the Vault-Keeper (to the tune of the Anniversary Waltz).

Oh how we danced on the night you were bled
I looked at your face and then lopped off your head.
The night was all grey as the ghosts fled away.
The vampires returned to their graves before day.
Now that I have you so securely chained.
Your screams have stopped, for your blood I have drained.
My flag is deep and I drank my fill.
My darling I love you still!

And now, before I close this classy cnclave, just a reminder! Pictures are still available... nobody buys them so naturally they're still available! Ice, her 25¢ gets for you (and who would want them!) the set of 5 by 7 autographed photographic reproductions (this means they aren't hand-drawn but actual!) of the three GhoulLunatics me and the other two crumbs! And while we're sucking money, for 75¢ you can get a subscription to my mad-mag (or any other E.C. mad-mag for that matter!) Just send the moda along with your worst enemy's clearly printed name and address, and we'll mail him the next six nauseating issues--a full year's disgusting supply! Send picture orders, money, subscription orders, money, poetry, money, drawings, money, fan mail, and/or money to:

**The Old Witch**
Room 706, Dept. 13
225 Lafayette Street
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.
The ashen countenance of a twelve year old boy peered out at the gathered kids below.

Hey! That must be the new kid that moved in!

Hey! It's getting dark! Let's play hide 'n seek!

Yeah! Good idea! How 'bout...

Hey! You there! Come out, kid!

Hey! Looks sickly!

Look! Look! A face in the window!
The child's wide-eyed, pale face disappeared from the window.

The Front door to the old house opened and a man came out. He carried a large carton tied with strings.

The man's face was a rigid mask set with a cruel expression. He started down the street.

Let's ask him why the kid can't come out an' play!

The man's face grew purple with rage. His lips a snarl, exposing sharp little discolored teeth...

S'wan! Scram! Mind your own business! Ezra ain't never coming out! Never, d'you hear? And don't you hang around the house! I don't like pryin'!

Golly! I'd hate to have him as my old man!

I seen him come out every night at this time! Nomma says he works at night!

What's he got in the box?

I dunno! He never carried it before!

C'mon! Let's play hide 'n seek! It's gettin' late!
The next day the neighborhood kids were all excited about the murder the previous night. It says 'the murdered man's body was completely drained of its blood!' Vampires? Aw, shudder! There ain't no such thing!

Oh, no! I read in a comic book once... I think it was called 'the haunt of...'

Listen to this! 'A carton was found at the scene! It's the police's only clue!'

A carton? Gee... last night...

A carton! Wiz carryin' a carton! So what does that mean?

Later that afternoon... What'll we do tonight? How 'bout playin'?

How 'bout seein' if we can get to talk to that new kid!

Not me, boy! His old man looks awful mean!

Aw, c'mon! The sourpuss works at night! We'll wait until he leaves!

Towards evening... There he goes! He's got a carton again!

We'll wait till he turns the corner! Poor kid! He never gets out...

Finally the new arrival in the neighborhood disappeared around the corner and was gone! The kids hurred across the street...

Hey, kid! Hey, Ezra! C'mon out!
The door to the old house creaked open and a pale white face appeared...

Hi, Ezra!

Golly! It ain't his old man!

If my uncle finds out I spoke to you, he'll...

Why don't yere uncle let you come out an' play, Ez?

I don't know! He doesn't want me to talk to anybody!

X don't know he doesn't want me to talk to anybody!

Don't know he doesn't want me to talk to anybody!

Where's yer mom 'n pop? Huh? Why do you live with him?

M. my mother and father are dead. Uncle takes care of me 'n now!

Gee! That's too bad!

Hey, Ez! Yer shivering! Better put somethin' on!

I, yes! I'll be right back!

Ezra went into the house. He came out again with a jacket draped around his shoulders. A jacket that was much too long for him...

It...it's one of my uncle's suit-coats! I don't have much clothes!

Hey! Look! On the jacket!

Blood-stains!

Muh? Oh! Uncle is always getting stains on his jackets! I have to wash them out!

Stains like them? Blood stains?

Uh... huh!

W...w...well, s...s'long, Ezra! We'll see yuh again!

Yeah! G'bye, Ezra! See yuh!

As the kids darted down the block...

I told yuh the old crag dug it!

He's a vampire! Golly!
The next day, the kids read about the second strange killing... Just like the first one! Blood drained, all! An' they found another empty carton.

Ihat night, the kids crouched behind the bushes opposite Ezra's house...

If we tell the cops Ezra's uncle is a vampire... We're not sure yet! We've got to be sure!

Here he comes! He's carryin' a carton again! Sh-ha! We'll follow him... but stay out of sight!

Ducking behind fences, lamp-posts, trees, and any other hiding place, the kids followed Ezra's uncle...

He's stoppin'! Someone's comin' the other way!

He's hittin' him on the head! I'm gettin' out of here!

He's takin' somethin'... It... It's a gallon jug!

Holy cow! He's drainin' the blood into the jug! I feel sick! C'mon! We seen enough!

No wonder he keeps Ezra locked up! He's afraid Ezra'll talk!

We gotta do somethin'! The cops'll never believe Ezra's uncle is a vampire!

Then we've got to destroy him ourselves! Vampires sleep during the day! Now, here's what we'll do...
The next day, the kids climbed through a window of Ezra's house armed with a hammer and a sharpened wooden stake.

There he is! Asleep! Just like I said!

Okay! Slam it! Slam it hard!

Quick! Here goes!

A shriek of pain echoed through the house as the hammer fell upon the stake again and again...

He... He's... Basr... He's dead!

He's supposed to fall into dust!

Aw... You an' your comic books!

G'mon! Let's go find Ezra!

The kids searched the house... but no sign of Ezra! Suddenly...

Hey! Down here... G'mon! In the cellar!

Oh... Golly!!

The other two boys rushed to the cellar! The one who called stood before the open coffin, staring with wide frightened eyes! Ezra slept serenely! His blood-stained lips were curled in a slight smile! The empty gallon jug stood on the floor beside his coffin.

H-he's asleep!

H-he's the vampire!

W-we made a mistake!

You sure did, kiddo! But that's because you didn't read my comic book carefully! Vampires sleep in coffins, not beds, and they drink blood... they don't collect it! Yep! Lil' Ezra was the vampire! So was his mommy and daddy! Uncle was just taking care of him because he loved the child! Of course, that meant getting blood for the thirsty lil' tike! At least till he was old enough to go out and get his own! And if you'd like to get your own... picture of me, that is... read my column, The Old Witch's Nitch! Bye, now!
NEH, NEH! YEP, IT'S ME AGAIN! YOUR HOST IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR, THE CRYPT-KEEPER! COME IN! COME IN! BUT WATCH YOUR STEP! AH...STEPPE! SAY! THERE'S A NICE LOCATION FOR A HORROR STORY! THE FROZEN, SNOW-COVERED STEPPE OF OLD IMPERIAL RUSSIA... B.S. (BEFORE STALIN) AND I HAVE JUST THE YARN! IT'S BOUND TO MAKE YOU HOWL FOR JOY! I CALL THIS TERROR-FYING TALE OF TUNORA-TREMORS...

WOLF BAIT!

DESPITE THE BITING WINTER WIND THAT SWEEPS ACROSS THE TREELESS RUSSIAN TUNDRA, THE HORSE'S MANEY COAT IS BATHED IN PERSPIRATION! THE PANTING ANIMAL STRUGGLING AT THE SLEIGH-Harness... Galloping Painfully Across the Treeless Snow-Covered Wasteland...

FASTER... FASTER! THEY'RE CATCHING UP TO US!

THE HORSE CANNOT GO ANY FASTER! THE SLEIGH IS TOO HEAVY.
For this is Russia at the turn of the century, when sleighs are the only means of transportation across the steppes or northern plains, and starving wolves hunt in packs! Even now, the yelping, howling grey shadows leap across the glistening white after the speeding sleigh.

The young officer called Netzka sights down the barrel of his rifle at the drooling, howling wolves closing in behind the sleigh...

The starving animals, insane with the gnawing pangs of hunger, their eyes burning like white-hot coals, leap up about the sleigh, their fangs slashing, their spittle spattering...

Now, Netzka! Just a little closer! Just a little...

The scent of blood draws the rest of the pack from the sleigh and they spring upon their fallen companion, ripping, tearing, devouring.

Soon they will be upon us again. Once they have stripped the wounded one's flesh from its bones!

The frightened passengers in the sleigh watch the gory sight fading in the distance. The young officer's aim is true! A wolf falls, shrieking, in the snow! The white around it soaks crimson.

Good shot! Good shot!

Thirteen, fourteen miles! We will be lucky if we make it!
The woman named Vanya closes her eyes. She has not even seen her baby. She has found a place for them to live. She must get through...

This is the chance I have waited for, my darling!

But, the baby...

The wolves are upon them once again! Their cruel-looking teeth flash beneath drawn-back lips. Their infuriated eyes are like balls of fire! Netzka's finger closes against the rifle trigger. You hit one, Netzka! You hit one!
Once again, the wolves fall upon their wounded companion, abandoning the fleeing sleigh...

"We will be all right for another mile or so now, eh, Netzka?"

The old man beside Netzka tugs at his tunic, shocking him out of his thoughts.

"What, what will we do now? Your bullets are used up?"

That is right, Old One! Perhaps they will not come after us again!

"No! They will come back! They will follow us all the way! Packs like that are never satisfied! Their hunger knows no bounds!"

Then we will have to fight them off with our bare hands!

I have a better way, soldier? Here, in this package!

"What is it, Old One?"

I go to live with my daughter! She is recently widowed! She is very poor! She and her three children are starving! I will bring them meat.

You have meat in that package?

"Yes! If, if I give it to you do you think it would help?"

Of course it will, Old One! Of course! We will throw it to them when they overtake us again! It will stall them a little longer!"
Once again, the baying grey shadows leap across the glistening snow after the sleigh...

How far now, Ivan? Nine miles, Netka! Only nine miles!

Soon the blood-thirsty animals are leaping about the sleigh once more, snapping at the horse's hooves, clawing at the sleigh-sides.

The meat! Throw the meat!

The woman with the child turns to Ivan, the driver... Why do you do this, Ivan? Why do you take such a chance?

I, too, have an infant child at home, Vanya. An infant needs milk.

I have a little money! I could buy more for Anna... if... if I get through!

Seven miles more! Only seven!

The young officer points off toward the horizon...

There it is! There is the town! Only five miles away!

Suddenly Vanya screams...

Look! The wolves! They're coming again!

But we pay you so little!

It is enough for Olga and the baby! Perhaps I will change more next time, if there is a next time!
THE Slobbering, yelping grey shadows streak across the snow after the sleigh! The drool spills from their fanged jaws! They jostle and shove each other, trying to be the first to reach their quarry.

Fear and terror clutch at the hearts of people in the sleigh.

Think of something! Think of something! Anything!

But Ivan the driver is not thinking of a way to stall the wolves! He is thinking of Olga and the baby, at home with no milk.

AND THE OLD ONE IS THINKING OF HIS STARVING WIDOW DAUGHTER WITH THE THREE UNDERNOURISHED CHILDREN

AND NETZKA, TOO, WHEN HE TRIES TO THINK, SEES ONLY SONIA, HIS BRIDE-TO-BE.

But the wolves are thinking only of hot blood and fresh warm meat, and they howl as they near the sleigh.

There must be a way! There must!
The snarling, snapping grey-deaths leap up around the sleigh. One of them gashes the young officer's face... YAAAAAAAAAH! There is a way! There is a way!

The driver's face is white, his eyes wide with terror as he screams out his plan. The meat stopped them! One of us could stop them! It's only a few miles more! One of us could save the others! You're mad, Ivan!

The meath stopped them! One of us could stop them! It's only a few miles more! One of us could save the others.

One of the wolves lands in the sleigh but a kick sends him off! The horse shrieks in pain... If they stop the horse, we'll all be finished! One of us... a sacrifice is the only way!

Ho! Ho!

He's right? It's one... or all? Who? Who will go? Hurry! Before it is too late! Decide!

It takes only a split second to make the decision! The people in the sleigh, like the animals outside, spring upon their victim... Lift the figure, and toss it to the howling shadows...

EEAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

And while the pack rips and tears at the sacrificed one, the sleigh speeds on toward the town... and safety.

Heh, heh! Yep! That's my story, kiddies! The rest got through all right but... huh? Who did they toss overboard? Well, I'll tell you! When I got there, there wasn't enough left to tell who it was! Er... who do you think? Heh, heh! Yep! You're right! Well, we'll all see you next in my mag. Tales from the Crypt, with more ouch-tales! Bye, now!
LOOK! TERRIFIC BARGAINS!

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the boys shouted at me

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"I was a SKINNY, scared, girl-shy skeleton. Now I feel and look great. Pal, do as I did, right NOW! Mail the Coupon below.

I gained 53 lbs.
of MIGHTY MUSCLE
6½ inches on my CHEST; 3 inches
on each ARM. You can do it in
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made in me in 90 DAYS!
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MAN! With ONE hand I can now lift
overhead a boy weighing 145 pounds.
I can bend a 1½ inch IRON BAR
around my neck. Jowett gives you
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"NOW, I am a NEW STRONG MAN.
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I could live to have a big 48 inch
CHEST!! powerful 17 inch ARMS!! a
small 32 inch WAIST the big 17
inch difference between my chest
and waist attracts everybody's
admiration at the beach."

Jefle Madera
—CALIFORNIA

You are SICK and
TIRED as I and thousands of
MIGHTY JOWETT HE-MEN
SKINNY?

Then, Come on, Pal, do as they did!
Give me 10 Pleasant Minutes a Day
and I'll give you a NEW HE-MAN BOOY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if
you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over. If you're
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is to MAKE
YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a
wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE
added to YOUR ARMS. YOUR CHEST deepened. YOUR BACK
AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain
SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-
Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you
tackle--or my Training won't cost you one single cent!

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME
study of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the
BEST by TEST my "5-ONE PROGRESSIVE POWER" the
only method that builds you faster. You save TEARS,
DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger
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Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. So

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