FEATURING
THE
KEEPER
OF
THE
CRYPT
OF
TERROR.

THE KEEPER OF THE CRYPT OF TERROR!

THE KEEPER OF THE VAULT OF HORROR!

THE OLD WITCH FROM THE HAUNT OF FEAR!
This seal is used by the Association of Comics Magazine Publishers, which believes in decency and good taste. The Association has been joined by leading magazine distributors, wholesalers, printers and engravers serving the industry. The Association does not believe in censorship. ... it believes in self-regulation.

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HENRY E. SCHULTZ, Executive Director Association of Comics Magazine Publishers
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York
HEH, HEH! WELL! SO WE MEET AGAIN, DEAR FRIENDS! WELCOME! WELCOME ONCE MORE TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! THIS TIME I HAVE A REALLY CHILLING TALE FROM MY COLLECTION OF SPINE-TINGLERS TO RELATE TO YOU! NOW, LIE BACK IN YOUR CASKETS! TUCK YOURSELVES IN WITH YOUR SHROUDS! COMFY? COCO? THEN I'LL BEGIN! I CALL THIS STORY...

THE THING FROM THE GRAVE!
James Barry and William Firth were both in love with the same girl, Laura Mason. Jim was kind, considerate, a gentleman; Bill was brazen, fun-loving. And at times, Laura was almost afraid of him. So when Jim asked the inevitable question... 

Marry me, Laura? I know I can make you happy! But, Jim! What about Bill? I'm afraid of what he'll do when he finds out! Don't worry, Laura! Bill will have to take it like a man! All's fair in love and war, you know! Yes! But Bill isn't the type to give up easily!

Laura didn't know how right she was when she spoke those words! Yes! Bill was not the type to give up so easily! He wanted Laura! And I'll have her, too! Even if I have to kill you, James Barry!

Bill won't do anything to you, Laura! But, if you ever are in danger, no matter where I am, somehow, I'll get to you... and save you!

You're joking with me, James Barry... but I've been serious!

Soon, Laura and Jim were married! They were very happy those first few weeks... but then, business called Jim out of town for a few days... I'll be back Thursday night, dearest! Oh, Jim! I'm afraid! I don't want to be left alone! Bill might...
Jim's car sped along a dark country road towards the main highway. The headlights, slicing through the velvety blackness, suddenly fell upon...

The shadowy figure moved towards the car... and as he passed the headlight, a glint of shiny steel caught Jim's eye...

He... he's got a knife! He's... going to kill me!

The sound of a struggle shattered the silence hanging over the deserted road and the heavy woods flanking it. Then there was a thud and a piercing shriek...

Bill Ferth picked up the body of the murdered James Barry and dragged it into the woods...

...got to get rid of the body so no one will ever find it! Got to bury it deep in these woods!

Again the thick silence of the woods was broken! This time by the sound of a spade striking the soft earth below towering trees...

Sorry, to give you such a crude burial, Jim. Ol' boy, but it's the best I can do under the circumstances!
Soon, a gaping hole was opened and the stiff body of James Barry was dropped into it...

Now, to cover it up, ditch the car, and get back home! Then all I do is wait! If I play my cards right, she'll be mine!

A little later, the sleek form of James Barry's automobile hurtled over a cliff into a deep lake...

They'll never find the car! It'll sink into the mud at the bottom of the lake!

And so the job was done! Bill Firth had planned everything carefully! The weeks went by, and then the time came for him to go and see Laura...

Yes, Laura! But it's over a month now! He's left you! He's probably found another woman!

I can't believe that, Bill! Something's happened to him! I know it! I feel it!

Bill could wait! He had plenty of time! She'd come around! He was sure! After another month...

If anything had happened to him, you would have known by now, Laura! Can't you see? He's left you... deserted you!

I'll wait for him... to come back!

Then I'll wait for him forever! I'll never stop loving him, Bill! Jim was my life! Without him...

Then... it's all wasted! The planning... the work... the waiting... wasted!

What do you mean? What are you saying?

He'll never come back! Never!
Yes! I killed him! He's dead! I wanted you, Laura, and he stood in my way!

You killed Jim? I hate you... you... you maniac! Hate you... hate...

Now... I've got to kill you, Laura! If I can't have you, no one else will either! I'll make sure of that!

You... you're mad... a raving madman!

Bill Ferth forced Laura into his car and drove her to a deserted cabin... deep in the woods near where he had killed Jim...

This room has no windows... so when I lock you in, you won't be able to escape!

W... what are you going to do to me?

I'm going to set fire to the cabin! They'll never find what's left of you... never! It'll be ashes... all ashes!

Bill forced the door open and I screamed for help.

The soft earth that covered it... something stirred... then pushed its decayed and rotted hand up, up... through the black dirt into the black night...

Faced with the horror of being burned alive by this madman, Laura screamed for help.

It was an ear-splitting scream that shot through the woods, reverberating from tree to tree... rock to rock...

And somewhere out there, under the soft earth that covered it... something stirred... then pushed its decayed and rotted hand up, up... through the black dirt into the black night...
SLOWLY, THE EARTH GAVE WAY, AS THE THING PULLED UPWARD, CLAWING! THE CLEAN FRESH AIR SEEPED DOWN INTO ITS SHALLOW GRAVE...

IT MOVED FORWARD AT A STUMBLING GATE! ITS ROTTED LEGS...ITS SIGHTLESS EYES...THE DECAYED FLESH THAT CLUNG HERE AND THERE TO WHITENED BONE...MOVED THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH...

BACK AT THE CABIN, BILL POURED THE CAN OF KEROSENE AROUND THE OUTSIDE WALLS...

THE CABIN WAS ON FIRE NOW! INSIDE LAURA CRINGED AGAINST THE DOOR AS THE FLAMES LIKED AT HER...WHILE...NOT...

OUTSIDE, BILL WATCHED AS THE FLAMES LEAPED HIGHER AND HIGHER! THEN, FROM THE FRINGE OF THE TREES, HE SAW THE THING COMING...STUMBLING...STAGGERING...

GO AHEAD... SCREAM, YOU FOOL! NO ONE WILL HEAR YOU!

OH... SAVE ME, JIM! WHEREVER YOU ARE... YOU PROMISED... OOOH!
The thing did not see Bill! It was looking at the burning cabin! Bill put his hand over his mouth! He was sick! He whimpered... J-J-J-J!

The thing went into the fire! It did not feel the flames licking at its tattered clothes... It's rotted flesh! It was dead! It could feel nothing...

After a few moments it came out! Its hair was singed! Its decayed flesh was charred! Where the fire had touched the bone, it was black and scorched! It carried the girl...

Bill was screaming now! He began to run wildly into the woods... Screaming... Screaming... A-A-A-A-A-A-H!

Slowly it shuffled towards the screaming Bill as he crashed madly through the thick undergrowth... He's coming... after me!

The thing put Laura down on the cool grass far from the burning cabin! She was unconscious! She had fainted before the thing had reached her! She had not seen it...

Then the thing turned... towards the hysterical shrieking that came from the nearby woods...
Suddenly, Bill stumbled into a yawning black hole...

Sudden, good God! His grave! Jim's grave... where I buried him!

The thing was coming, now! Bill tried to stand, but he couldn't! The pain! He had broken his leg! He tried to drag himself from the shallow pit... but then...

No... no!

The thing was on top of him, pinning him down! He tried to struggle, but the thing was strong! It held him easily...

Let me go! Let me go! You're dead! Dead!

And then the thing began, with one rotted and decayed hand, to fill the grave again... burying them...

No... no! You can't bury me! I'm alive... alive!

It didn't take long to fill the grave! The dirt was getting to Bill's eyes... his mouth! His screaming was wilder now... hysterical, mad, terrorized screaming...

And then... after a while... the screaming stopped...

And that's my story, dear reader. Jim certainly kept his promise to Laura, didn't he? Lucky for her she fainted before he got there, though! She'll always remember him in a nice way, now! And poor Bill? Now Jim's got him for company... down there where it's cold and black! Well, they can always hold grave conversations together! Heh, heh! Now, if you're not too broken up over this tale... why not read on! More chills await you!
SO YOU ALL LIKE VAMPIRE STORIES, EH? WELL, THIS ONE WILL CURdle YOUR BLOOD! I CALL IT...

BLOOD TYPE V!

As my story opens, a sleek black convertible streaks along a deserted highway late one dark moonlit night...

Please, Freddie! Drive slower! I'm nervous! She handles like a baby carriage!

Suddenly, from out of the gloom, a huge fallen tree looms across the path of the speeding auto... Freddie! Look out! What the...?
Then, silence! A twisted mass of wreckage lies grotesquely on a lonely country highway...

There is a crash of metal and shattering glass as two tons of steel hurtle crazily into the fallen barrier...

Slowly, one of the occupants of the smashed car stirs... shakes his head...

What... happened? J. I. Jean?

Frantically, Freddie struggles to free the pinned girl from the wrecked auto... she's unconscious; got to... get help!

Here's a phone! I'll call Doc Benson! He lives nearby!

Shocked and stunned, the man staggers weakly down the road in search of aid... a light... over there? Maybe... have a phone? can... call a doctor!
The car screeches to a stop before the wildly waving figure of Fred Duncan...

"What happened, Freddie?"

"What can we do? Is there time to get her to town?"

Jean's unconscious. Hurry!

What happened, Freddie?

Incredible! This girl's almost dead... from loss of blood!

She has lost an almost fatal amount of blood! She will need a transfusion immediately!

What? But... Yes! It's very strange! She only has a few minor cuts about the head and shoulders, and yet...

A hasty blood-type test proves... no, Freddie! You're not her blood type! Neither am I!
WAS JUST PASSING BY. PERHAPS MY BLOOD WILL DO? A QUICK TEST REVEALS... YOU HAVE THE SAME BLOOD TYPE? ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVE! OF COURSE!

The minutes tick by as the life-giving liquid flows slowly into the dying girl's veins...

Soon... IT IS DONE! YOU HAVE SAVED HER LIFE, SIR! HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU, MR... MR...

My name does not matter? I only care to know this girl's identity... for sentimental reasons?

She's Jean Jackson! Lives in town! Works on the paper with me... the 'evening sun'! The tall stranger smiles and bows, then turns and disappears into the night...

Odd that he should have come upon us when he did! Thank heavens! Or else Jean would have been a goner!
Doc Benson and Fred Duncan take Jean back into town and have her admitted to the hospital! Next morning... Freddie! I came over as soon as I could! Jean's disappeared!

There is no sign of Jean at her apartment, and none of her friends or relatives have seen her! She has gone... vanished into thin air...

Amnesia, perhaps!

I... I wonder!

That night, as a ragged hobo tramps a lonely highway outside of town... Strange! I seem to hear a flapping noise... like a bat's wings...

No! No!

And... in the blackness of the night... a twisted figure, his face distorted in pain, lies on a lonely road... Dead... the blood drained from his contorted body...
In the days that followed, Fred Duncan searched everywhere for Jean... to no avail. Meanwhile...

VAMPIRES!

IT'S MADNESS!

Four deaths in four nights! A person ain't safe at night anymore!

And then... one night... Doc Benson came to Freddie...

I... I've been thinking about Jean, Freddie! She's in great danger, wherever she is!

What do you mean, Doc?

I remembered that when I examined her, among the small lacerations and abrasions on her neck were two small holes! That might account for her tremendous loss of blood!

Then you think she was attacked by the vampire while I was calling you.

Precisely! But the emergency transfusion robbed the vampire of a victim. However, it will try again!

You've got to get that vampire before it finds her!

Wait! Wait a minute!

That lonely stretch of road where Jean and I had the accident! All of the vampire's victims were attacked in that same locality! If we were to go there armed...
The only method known to destroy a vampire is to drive a wooden stake through its heart, so this is the place where the accident occurred. I'll stay here. Dog! You go on down the road. Good! Perhaps one of us will attract him.

Snatching the stake we had brought, Freddie rushed toward the screaming doctor. Good Lord! The vampire, it's killed dog!

Looking up to the feasting beast, Freddie rammed the stake into its heaving chest.

The vampire fell to the ground, dead! Freddie turned it over with his foot.

It. It can't be! No! No! Jean! Jean dearest! You! You the vampire! But now? How? Elementary!

You! The man who saved her life... Yes! I made her a vampire. At first she was to be my victim, but then, her beauty I fell in love with her, I wanted her! That's why I volunteered the transfusion.

Giving her my blood made her a vampire, and she came to me! But now you have killed her... and so... I must... kill you...

The end.
THE WAY OUT!

They had seen him here aboard-ship; unless he could escape now, the
life to which he clung so precariously
was doomed within the next few
hours! They would hunt him down
relentlessly... regardless of how
crowded the ship was they would dis-
pose of him so that no trace was left.
After all, death was their business!
And they were skilled practitioners

No matter where he hid they would
hunt him down without remorse. To
go to the ship's officers would be
merely to expose his identity, and
choosing between the methods of his
pursuers and the authorities was
something a fugitive could not do!
There was only one way out: if he
was to make good his escape he must
leave the boat. Even out here in mid-
ocean his chances for survival were
better in the tossing seas than on the
same deck which harbored certain
death! After all, the ship was on one
of the busiest trade routes... other
craft were bound to pass by! And,
overboard, they would probably con-
sider him drowned... write him off
their books as dead. It was his only
chance!

Somehow he evaded them until
after darkness had fallen around the
churning ship. Silently he crept to-
wards the stern rail, and reasonably
sure that he had not been seen, he
dove far over the ship's side. The im-
peat of the water against his face and
chest stunned him... it was like feeling the blow of a sledge-hammer! Down down down he plunged, into the jet black turbulence of the water at the ship’s rear. A great weight pressed in around him, as if the water itself was an enemy, in league with those who were intent on destroying him! He tried to move his arms, to thrash his legs, to fight his way back to the surface. In another thirty seconds he knew his breath would give out! He had to get back to the surface had to...

And then, somehow, he felt himself rising swiftly—being propelled upwards by a force he could not explain. In less time than it took him to plunge into the depths he shot clear of the water and gulping free air once more, he discovered the source of his salvation. The water for yards around him boiled white and angry. He looked up in fear and saw the ship’s stern hovering high and ominous above him. His plans had gone awry. Instead of being left far behind in its wake, he was being drawn ever closer to the ship!

Even as he fought desperately to keep his head above water he saw the ship veering closer. In the tempestuous milky-white of the ship’s wake he saw the momentary glint of the propellers. Like immense razors they were cutting through the sea, nothing could withstand their murderous sharpness! He was doomed—he had escaped the enemy on board ship only to fall prey to the thrashing propellers even now sucking him forward! They were coming closer. those blades! He could hear their furious whirr, could even scent the smell of his own horrible death...
Dag over that bed of nails, kiddies, and snug your quivering bodies upon it! It's time for another of our POINTED discussions! First, let's BURY the results of the voting on last issue's stories! My small staff of VAMPIRES, after several long nights of tabulating and drinking...I keep them well supplied with BLOOD, you know!...has just handed me the drifting results! Feldstein's ELECTRIFYING tale, A SHOCKING WAY TO DIE, garnered first place. In this issue, he presents to you a ghastly little piece entitled THE THING FROM THE GRAVE! Second place was taken by Graham Ingels' chiller, DEATH SUITING HIM! Naturally, GHASTLY GRAHAM is well represented this time with his BLOOD TYPE "Y", a real curdler! THE HOUSE OF HORROR, masterpaced by Kurzman, received third place honors. Fourth place was snagged by Wood with his TERROR RIDE BURIAL, the text, was in last place. (Hmmm...BURIAL hit bottom! What a GRAVE result!)

By this time, friendlies fans, I trust you have realized that this issue of TALES FROM THE CRYPT marks a milestone in publishing history! You've heard of the THREE MUSKETEERS, one for all and all for one? Well, in this issue...for the very first time...you have the THREE GHOULUNATICS...each for himself and all for none! Gad, how we HATE each other! However, the VAULT-KEEPER and I have gained something by this unwise alliance. Y'see, THE OLO WITCH tricked both of us into allowing her to appear in each of our magazines! This, plus the fact that she has her own magazine, THE HAUNT OF FEAR, meant that she appeared three times to our once! So there was only one thing to do! UNITE against the common enemy! So, from now on, the Vault-Keeper and I in my magazine, THE VAULT OF HORROR, We are now working on a plan to trick the OLO WITCH into signing a contract with us so that we can both appear in her magazine and even things up! So look for the THREE GHOULUNATICS in three magazines: TALES FROM THE CRYPT (OF TERROR), THE VAULT OF HORROR, and THE HAUNT OF FEAR.

Oh, one more thing before we terminate this revolt shrunken tete-a-tete! I have received requests for information on how to subscribe to my magazine. S'matter? Doncha like to rummage through inferior comics looking for true? Doncha like to scrounge and scrounge and not find it because all the copies have been sold out? Doncha like to be deprived of sleepless nights? Well, I don't blame you! So betcha the scoop straight from the MUMMY'S mouth! Send 75c and your name and address written clearly in blood (or ink, if you simply cannot obtain that tasty beverage) to me.

The Crypt Keeper,
Room 706, Oct 22,
223 Lafayette Street,
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

For this paltry sum, you will receive a full year's supply of disgusting issues of this, my terror-magazine. And remember, keep those letters of approval and disapproval pouring in! Vote for your favorite story and watch for the reckoning results Mail your letters to me at the above address.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, and Circulation, etc. Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 2, 1913, and July 2, 1919, Title 39, United States Code, Section 331.

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DEATH'S TURN!

A LONE FIGURE CARRYING A LEATHER BRIEFCASE STANDS IN THE DESERTED MIDWAY OF A RUN-DOWN AMUSEMENT PARK... HMM-MMM! THIS PLACE CERTAINLY IS A FLORP, NOT A CUSTOMER AROUND!

DOWN AT THE OTHER END OF THE EMPTY MIDWAY, IN A SHACK MARKED 'OFFICE,' TWO MEN ARE TALKING. WE WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP OPEN ANOTHER WEEK, KANE. BUSINESS IS ROTTEN!

THERE MUST BE A WAY TO GET FOLKS OUT HERE, CROSSY. WE'RE NOT LIKED YET!
Suddenly, there is a knock on the door, and the man carrying the brief case enters the shack. ARE YOU THE OWNERS OF THIS AMUSEMENT PARK?

YES! WE'RE THE UNFORTUNATE ONES!

GENTLEMEN! YOUR PROBLEMS ARE SOLVED!

WE NEED SOMETHING NEW! A SUPER SOMETHING DIFFERENT! AN ATTRACTION, EH, KANE?

Suddenly there is a knock on the door, and the man carrying the brief case enters the shack. ARE YOU THE OWNERS OF THIS AMUSEMENT PARK?

YES! WE'RE THE UNFORTUNATE ONES!

GENTLEMEN! YOUR PROBLEMS ARE SOLVED!

ALL I WANT TO OFFER YOU IS A ROLLER-COASTER!

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! I AM ROBERT BIXBY, CONSTRUCTION ENGINEER! I HAVE, HERE IN THIS BRIEF CASE, PLANS FOR A NEW TYPE HIGH-SPEED ROLLER-COASTER!

BUT WE HAVE A ROLLER-COASTER!

THAT OLD THING! IT'S OUTDATED! I HAVE DESIGNED A ROLLER-COASTER FAR SUPERIOR TO ONES FOUND IN ANY AMUSEMENT PARK IN THE WORLD! IT IS FASTER... HAS SHARPER DROPS! ONE, FOR EXAMPLE, IS ALMOST STRAIGHT DOWN FOR TWO-HUNDRED FEET...

YES, CROSSEN! I CAN SEE IT NOW! 'THE FASTEST ROLLER-COASTER IN THE WORLD!', WE DARE YOU TO RIDE IT...

NISTER! WE'LL BUY IT! LET'S SEE THE PLANS!

MISTER! WE'LL BUY IT! LET'S SEE THE PLANS!

AH, GENTLEMEN! THERE'S JUST ONE STIPULATION!

STRINGS ATTACHED?

OKAY! WHAT'S YOUR PROPOSITION? I WANT TO BE TAKEN IN AS A THIRD PARTNER IN THE ENTIRE AMUSEMENT!
PARTNER: Why's highway robbery?

TAKE IT... OR LEAVE IT! THERE ARE OTHER MEN WHO'D BE WILLING TO...

OKAY! OKAY! IT'S A DEAL! WE'LL DRAW UP THE NECESSARY PAPERS!

GOOD! AS SOON AS WE'RE ALL SIGNED UP, I'LL SHOW YOU THE PLANS... AND A WORKING MODEL THAT I'VE CONSTRUCTED!

THE NEXT NIGHT, AT ROBERT BIXBY'S HOME...

BIXBY LEADS KANE AND CROSSEN INTO A LARGE ROOM...

OKAY, GENTLEMEN! THIS WAY!

ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN! THIS WAY!

LOOKS KINDA QUEER TO ME!

ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN! THIS WAY!

THERE IT IS, GENTLEMEN! A SCALE-MODEL!

THERE THEN FOLLOWS A SERIES OF TURNS, BANKS, RISES, AND MORE DROPS CALCULATED TO MAINTAIN THIS SPEED THROUGHOUT THE RIDE! THE CAR IS STOPPED BY A TWO HUNDRED FOOT INCLINE... WHICH IT CLIMBS UNDER ITS OWN POWER! IT IS THEN READY TO BEGIN AGAIN!

S BUILT ON THE PRINCIPLE OF A BLED-IVR RAILS! THIS CURVED WAY IS SCIENTIFICALLY BANKED EACH TURN AND DROP! THIS REDUCES FRICTION AND ALLOWS GREATER SPEED!

THE FIRST DROP IS PRACTICALLY STRAIGHT DOWN! A SLIGHT TWIST IN THE CURVED TRACK KEEPS THE CAR FROM ACTUALLY BECOMING A FREE-FALLING BODY, THE SPEED GATHERED HERE WILL BE BETWEEN 100 AND 105 MILES PER HOUR....
And so, work on the "New Super Roller-Coaster" is begun! Soon, giant fingers of steel point skyward.

Bixby! Your "brain-child" better be all you say it is... or else? We've sunk every last cent we've got in this! Don't worry, gentlemen! Mathematical figures cannot lie; it will work!

How soon can construction on this... this 'Eighth Wonder' begin?

'Immediately!' eighth wonder, I say, that's great! That's what we'll call it! The 'Eighth Wonder of the World'!

The 'Eighth Wonder of the World'! Is begun. Soon, giant fingers of steel point skyward.

'Eight Wonder' won't just sit on the ground. We've sunk every last cent we've got in this! Don't worry, gentlemen! Mathematical figures cannot lie; it will work!

Little by little, as the days and weeks go by, the huge colossus takes shape... it is almost complete!

Well, gentlemen! It is almost complete!

And then, the long awaited day arrives when the last rivet is driven home... and the "Eighth Wonder of the World" is completed... how soon will it be finished... till we open for business? Patience, gentlemen! first there are some tests to be made.

Tests? But you said... mathematically it should work perfectly, but if there was any error in the construction, well... we must test it to find out!

And so, the next day, the sandbag test is made...

What's the sandbag test for, Bixby?

The sandbags represent our future riders! This test will show us if a human being will remain in the car... as it takes the turns and banks... or will be thrown from it.

The car is released... and it rolls down an incline, gathering speed. Then it reaches the first drop at 106 miles per hour, it plummets earthward! Then...

Everything seems to be going according to calculations...

Whew! Look at that car go!

People will come from all over to ride he
After Bixby leaves, Grossen turns to Kane...

Did you hear him? Our Amusement Park? He's a partner! But it was our money, Kane! Yours and mine!

Yeah! We were fools to give him a third partnership.

But there's a way, Kane! A way of getting it back! A way of getting rid of him!

You mean... kill him?

The next morning, Kane and Grossen meet Bixby at the park...

What's up, Kane? Grossen, here, noticed something funny as the car made the drop yesterday?

Yes! Come over there! I'll show you as the car passes us! Kane, here, can start the car after we get there!

As the car, loaded with sandbags, hurtles down the almost perpendicular incline, Grossen pushes Bixby... right into its path...

Yaa-a-a-a-a-a-a!
He is killed instantly! A ton of steel flying at 105 miles per hour packs a MIGHTY WALLOP!
They call it an unfortunate accident! Kane and Crossen have it hushed up! The publicity might harm business...

Yeah! And look at the crowds flocking in already!

Well, today's the big day, Kane!

The two eager men get into the car... and sit down...
I'm going to close my eyes! I'm afraid!

Imagine, Crossen! Poor Bixby never got to ride his own brainchild!

Tch, tch! A shame... Kane! A shame!

The car is released, and it begins to move down the incline, gathering speed...

Here comes the first drop, Kane!

Here they come! They're coming back!

The crowd is still! A hush has fallen over it! The only sound heard is the whirring of the roller-coaster car over its curved track! Then...

Hee, hee! That's right! They were dead! Their necks snapped like dried twigs! Hee, hee! Yes, it was the fastest... the greatest roller coaster in the world! Hee, hee! So fast... so constructed... that no human being could survive the strain of a ride on it! Bixby had thought about that! It was the one test he still had to make! Too bad he didn't get the chance! See you next issue! Bye, now!
HEH' HEH' DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED! YES, I AM THE VAULT-KEEPER! I'VE BEEN INVITED BY THE CRYPT-KEEPER TO TELL ONE OF MY BETTER STORIES TO YOU! AND IN RETURN I'VE ASKED HIM TO RELATE ONE OF HIS CHILLERS IN MY MAGAZINE, THE VAULT OF HORROR! SO COME IN AND RELAX! WE CAN HOLD HANDS! HEH! HEH! I HAVE A WHOLE CASKETFUL OF THEM! HEH! HEH! HEH! SETTLE BACK NOW, AND LET ME SPIN THE YARN I CALL...

The Curse of the Arnold Clan!

IT IS THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 31, 1950... NEW YEAR'S EVE... AT THE HOME OF ROBERT AND BESS ARNOLD, WE FIND THEM ENGROSSED IN HECTIC PREPARATIONS FOR A PARTY...

OH, ROBERT, HOW COULD YOU BE SO THOUGHTLESS AS TO FORGET TO PICK UP YOUR COSTUME FROM THE STORE?

WELL, THERE'S NO USE CRYING OVER SPILT MILK! STORE'S CLOSED NOW. I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO WITHOUT... WAIT A MINUTE!
UP IN THE ATTIC! THERE'S LOTS OF OLD CLOTHES UP THERE! CLOTHES WORN BY MY ANCESTORS GENERATIONS AGO! I'LL RUN UP AND HAVE A LOOK!

Well, I hope you find something! And hurry, dear... It's getting late!

Haven't been up here since I was a kid! Confound it! I'm certain those old clothes were in one of these trunks? Maybe that one over there in the corner?

Ah! Here's what I was looking for! Hope they fit? Don't want to... say, what's this? An old book?

Ah, here's what I was looking for! Hope they fit? Don't want to... say, what's this? An old book?

'THE CURSE OF THE ARNOLD CLAN!' HMPF! NEVER SAW THIS BEFORE! A BOOK TELLING ALL ABOUT MY ANCESTORS? WRITTEN IN 1903... ALMOST FIFTY YEARS AGO! WONDER WHAT IT SAYS...

''THE CURSE OF THE ARNOLD CLAN'' HMPF! NEVER SAW THIS BEFORE! A BOOK TELLING ALL ABOUT MY ANCESTORS? WRITTEN IN 1903... ALMOST FIFTY YEARS AGO! WONDER WHAT IT SAYS...

'1750—the first of the Arnolds, Jeremiah, lies in his death-bed with his two sons, Jason and George, at his side...''

My sons... I shall soon be of another world. I leave a will stating that my wealth is to be divided between thee both on January 1st, 1751. Use the money wisely!

But one son, Jason Arnold, brooded and sulked as New Year's Day moved closer... ever closer...''

I shall not share father's wealth with George! I am older than he... I should have it all! I will not be done out of it!

'And by New Year's Eve, Jason had decided?''

Jason! 'Tis New Year's Eve! Why do ye bring me out here in this wilds? Why?

Patience, George. I have something to show thee!
There, George! There, before thee, is what I have brought thee to see!

'Jas' be ye daft? On such a freezit eve, ye bring me here to gaze at a mere hole in the earth?

'Tis no mere hole in the earth, George! 'Tis thy grave it be!!

There, George! There, before thee, is what I have brought thee to see!

Jason tossed, his brother's limp form into the gaping hole and heaped the cold, moist dirt upon him. Suddenly...

"Wha? 'Tis George! Calling to me from his grave?"

"Jason! I curse thee, Jason! I curse thee and thy descendants! Every fifty years, on New Year's Eve, the eldest of thy descendants shall be buried alive!! This be my curse, brother Jason!"

In a fearful state, Jason finished his work and returned home. He received the entire inheritance, but he lived in fear...

"Going crazy? Can't forget George's curse! If I be alive in fifty years, I will be the eldest Arnold! Mayhap if I give him a decent burial, the curse will not occur?"

"And so it was that with the spring thaw, George's body was 'found' and later laid to rest in a mausoleum..."

"Here, my brother! I bury thee with thy trusty musket and powder-horn in the hope that now at last you will set my mind at rest!"
But Jason found no peace. He squandered all his wealth trying to find happiness, and on New Year's Eve, fifty years later, while cowering in his cellar, his house collapsed... and Jason was buried alive!

The first curse of the Arnold clan had come to pass.

Jason Arnold had died in 1800, and for the next fifty years all was well... until New Year's Eve, 1850...

No, there were no buildings or people by which Albert Arnold could be harmed. Nothing, except...

WHOA! QUICKSAND! I'M TRAPPED IN A BOG OF QUICKSAND! HELP! HELP! I'LL BE BURIED ALIVE!

THE ARNOLD CURSE SHAN'T WORK ON ME! I'VE LIVED IN THIS WILDERNESS FOR YEARS. ALL ALONE? I'LL NOT BE BURIED UNDER A FALLING HOUSE OR ANY SUCH THING!

And for the second time the curse of the Arnold clan had taken its toll!

It was the same in 1900. On New Year's Eve, William Arnold, while working the night shift in a coal mine, was trapped in a shaft cave-in!

HMPF! THAT'S ALL THERE IS! LET'S SEE... LAST TIME WAS IN 1900. THEN THE NEXT TIME WILL BE NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1950. GOOD GOSH! THAT'S TONIGHT! AND I'M THE OLDEST LIVING ARNOLD!
HEH? WELL, ROBERT AND BESS WENT TO THE PARTY. THEY HAD A GAY TIME LAUGHING, DRINKING, DANCING, AND THEN THE HOST MADE AN ANNOUNCEMENT...

HA! WHY, IT'S RIDICULOUS? THOSE DEATHS WERE ONLY A LOT OF FREAK ACCIDENTS! HA! WHAT NONSENSE! NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME!

I FOUND A HONEY OF A COLONIAL COSTUME, DEAR! I'LL BE READY IN A FEW MINUTES! PLEASE HURRY, ROBERT, WE'RE LATE NOW!

HEH! WELL, ROBERT AND BESS WENT TO THE PARTY. THEY HAD A GAY TIME LAUGHING, DRINKING, DANCING, AND THEN THE HOST MADE AN ANNOUNCEMENT...

HA! HA! THAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS, A SCAVENGER HUNT! EVERYONE WILL DRAW A TICKET, AND THE FIRST PERSON TO BRING BACK WHATEVER'S WRITTEN ON THEIR TICKET GETS A PRIZE! C'WON!

OH, GOODNESS! I HAVE TO BRING BACK A MOOSE-HEAD!

GOSH! I HAVE TO FIND AN OLD MUSKET AND A POWDER-HORN! WHERE THE DEVIL WILL I... HEY-Y-Y...

MY ANCESTOR, GEORGE ARNOLD, WAS BURIED WITH A MUSKET AND POWDER-HORN! HM-M-M... AND THE CEMETERY ISN'T FAR FROM HERE, EITHER.

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...cemetry is just ahead! I'll have that musket and powder-horn before the others even start!

I'll have to sneak in. The caretaker would never let me in this time of night, especially in this get-up!

There's the mausoleum over there! Boy! This place is weird! Hope this doesn't take long!

...musket and powder-horn should be inside! Uhh? This...this slab is...sure heavy!

I'm in luck! This door is so old, the lock has just about rusted away! I could have opened it with a hairpin!

Ah! Here it is! The last resting place of George Arnold!

...musket and powder-horn should be inside! Uhh? This...this slab is...sure heavy!

Whew! Boy! That was a job! Ugh! What a smell! Here's the musket and...what's that?

Blazes! The caretaker's coming to make his rounds! I can't let him find me here! What'll I do?
CLANK!

Hey! What happened? The lid! Great Scott! It locked when I shut it! I'm locked in! I can't get out! Help!

Old George won't mind if I use his resting place for a while! Now to... close this... top!

He's coming closer. If he sees this open door, he'll investigate! I'll hide in one of the coffins! After he passes, I'll leave!

Robert's screams lasted for a long time... but finally, inexorably, they ceased! And then across the cemetery came the chimes of a church bell... tolling the hour of midnight. It was New Year's Eve... and the curse of the Arnold clan once again had come true!

But the caretaker, his ears muffled against the cold, doesn't hear the cries for help that are being drowned out by the wintry gale, and he plods tiredly on...

Caretaker! Caretaker! Sod! please! Help me! Get me out! I'll be buried alive! Please! Please!

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Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, Robert really got himself into a grave situation, didn't he? Poor Robert... too bad he had to go out with the old year! At least, he won't have a New Year's hangover! No, Robert wasn't dead drunk. He was just dead! Heh! Well, visit with me in my magazine, the Vault of Horror! Drop in... heh! Any old crime!

The end.
INTRODUCTORY OFFER to Readers of this magazine...

MAY I PLEASE HAVE A CIGARETTE, JOHN?

SURE—THEY'RE HERE SOMEPPLACE.

WHY—THEY'RE ALL BENT!

GOSH, NOW I CAN'T FIND A MATCH!

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CASE AND LIGHTER!

HAVE A CIGARETTE AND A LIGHT!

Hey! WHERE CAN I GET A COMBINATION CASE AND LIGHTER LIKE THAT?

I'LL GET ONE, TOO—WHAT A MAN!

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SHOWS HOW TO
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GUITAR
IN 2 WEEKS
OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Think Of The Fun You'll Have

EXPERIENCED GUITAR PLAYERS have told me Bob West's "PICTURE METHOD" improves their playing tremendously and is ideal for beginners. Don't envy friends who are so popular because they play a musical instrument. LEARN TO PLAY THE GUITAR and hold the spotlight at parties, entertainments, or gatherings of friends. You will be amazed at how easy it is to learn to play the guitar, even if you can't read a note of music.

EXACTLY WHERE TO PUT YOUR FINGERS
101 SONGS & MUSIC INCLUDED!

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