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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

GREETINGS, BOILS AND GHOULS! WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO THE MAGAZINE VOTED "I'D MOST LIKE TO BE SHIPWRECKED ON A DESERT ISLAND WITH IF MARILYN MONROE WERE ALONG TOO!" HUMM! THERE MUST BE AN HONOR IN THAT SOMEWHERE ANYWAY. IT'S YOUR CRYPT-KEEPER AGAIN, WELCOMING YOU TO ANOTHER SLIMY SESSION OF SICKENING SELECTIONS STARTING WITH THIS SCREAM-STORY GUARANTEED TO DRIVE YOU NOTES! IT'S A MASTERPIECE OF MUSICAL MORBIDITY... A FAVORITE OF MINE! I CALL THIS OSSUARY DELVING INTO DELIRIUM...

CONCERTO for VIOLIN and WEREWOLF

SACHA BARAK, THE FAMED CONCERT VIOLINIST, CLUTCHED HIS PRECIOUS STRADIVARIUS PROTECTIVELY TO HIS BREAST AND CURSED SOFTLY TO HIMSELF AS THE OLD COACH RUMBLED AND BUMPED OVER THE RUTTED ROAD THROUGH THE ROUMANIAN COUNTRYSIDE. THE OLD COACH HAD BEEN THE ONLY MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION AVAILABLE TO SACHA. TAXI DRIVERS HAD LOOKED AT HIM WIDE-EYED AND TURNED AWAY WHEN HE TOLD THEM HIS DESTINATION. SO HE'D CLIMBED INTO THE ANCIENT VEHICLE, WITH ITS TIGHT-LIPPED DRIVER, AND NOW HE WAS BEING WHIPPED AND JOSTLED ABOUT AS IT THUNDERED INTO THE NIGHT...

BLAST! THESE CONFOUNDED TRANSYLVANIAN HIGHWAYS ARE EVEN WORSE THAN I REMEMBER THEM. IF IT WEREN'T TO SEE VASILE IORGĂ, I WOULD NEVER EVEN ATTEMPT SUCH A JOURNEY!
SLOW DOWN, YOU FOOL! DO YOU WANT TO GET US BOTH KILLED?

The last seven miles between Chisasi and Brudja were even worse than what had gone before. The coach bounced and heaved over the pitted and scarred dirt road, but at last...

So this is Brudja! No wonder they didn't pave the road here. Only a fool would come to this god-forsaken town now! Why everything is moldering with decay and rot...

Sacha almost wept as he looked at the face of his teacher... a face that had once been so handsome and powerful and noble, but now was withered and toothless, with paled watery eyes. Vasile was a mere shell of the strict, stern maestro Sacha had so long revered...

Forgive me, Sacha! I do not see as well as I used to! How good of you to remember me, Sacha... and taught me all I know. Sacha? You should never have come to visit me here in Brudja! It is dangerous.

Suddenly, Sacha noticed the old man stiffen as his face grew grey and his eyes fill with terror...

As if I could ever forget the man who recognized my talent when I was but a child... and taught me all I knew.

Sachai lived in an ancient house at the edge of town. Sacha stood before the man he'd dreamed so long of seeing, but time had done its work on his old teacher...

No! I don't recognize you? Who are you? What do you want? It's your old pupil... Sacha... Sacha Barak?

So the famed violinist could only pray for safe deliverance to his destination, soon, the creaking, groaning coach clattered loudly over cobblestones. They were passing through a town that Sacha recognized.

Chisasi! Thank heavens! Only seven more miles to Brudja!

Heh, heh! 'Only a fool,' he says. Pardon my putrid pun, kiddies, but you've never seen Sacha fool as Sacha... risking his neck and a $28,000 fiddle to reach this horrible Hamlet! You'll see what I mean...

Vasile Idriga lived in an ancient house at the edge of town. Sacha stood before the man he'd dreamed so long of seeing, but time had done its work on his old teacher...

Sacha? You should never have come to visit me here in Brudja! It is dangerous. Why, maestro?
The old man shrugged his shoulders. "You were always stubborn, Sacha! And I do want you to stay. It's just that, at this time of the month... and a stranger in town... well... promise me you'll keep your bedroom windows and door locked..."

Of course, maestro! I know how to take care of myself! Look...

Sacha opened his suitcase and took out his revolver...

I carry it to protect myself and my Stradivarius.

A Stradivarius... a genuine Stradivarius! Let me see!

Old Vasile opened Sacha's violin case and drew forth the strap/varIOUS. He fondled it reverently as Sacha stared at his gun.

If I remember right, maestro! Legend has it that only a silver bullet can kill a werewolf...

Sacha's violin case...

A member of Bucharest society paid with his life last night when he ignored the warning to stay away from the Transylvanian town of Brudja. There was a full moon, and his body, stripped of flesh, was found...

The old teacher finished his story with a sigh. Sacha noticed that he was shaking and covered with sweat, and his toothless old mouth quivered...

Don't you remember? Maestro! I do. Remember! But the explanation of the incident was simple enough. The woods are full of wolves! They've been known to attack a man.

There have been more incidents, do you expect me to believe there is a werewolf here? Here in nearly two months ago?

I ask you to believe this! See the gate, Sacha! Here from Bucharest. A member of Bucharest society paid with his life last night when he ignored the warning to stay away from the Transylvanian town of Brudja. There was a full moon, and his body, stripped of flesh, was found.

The old man pointed to the article in the newspaper.

'There was a full moon,' Sacha! A lycanthropic moon. In two days, there'll be another! I beg of you, do not stay in Brudja!

Nonsense, maestro! I am as safe here as you are! If I am not welcome in your home, I will go to the inn. But I will not be frightened into leaving Brudja!

The old maestro shrugged his shoulders.

You were always stubborn, Sacha! And I do want you to stay. It's just that, at this time of the month... and a stranger in town... well... promise me you'll keep your bedroom windows and door locked...

Of course, maestro! I know how to take care of myself! Look...

Sacha opened his suitcase and took out his revolver...

I carry it to protect myself and my Stradivarius.

A Stradivarius! A genuine Stradivarius! Let me see!

Old Vasile opened Sacha's violin case and drew forth the strap/various. He fondled it reverently as Sacha stared at his gun.

If I remember right, maestro! Legend has it that only a silver bullet can kill a werewolf...
Sacha's eyes narrowed. He smiled grimly...

I'm thinking about killing me a werewolf, Vasile. Do you have an iron kettle I may use to melt down some silver...

I am no fool, Maestro! Think of the publicity I will receive—headlines in all the papers throughout Europe! "Famed Violinist Frees Romany Town of Rampaging Werewolf!" You see, Vasile, there's more to success than mere genius! Even I must have publicity!

Sacha spent the next few hours in the cellar, melting down silver coins and pouring the molten silver into a mold he'd made by pressing the slug from an ordinary bullet into moist earth. And as he worked, elegiac strains of a sad gypsy air played on the Stradivarius by the faltering hands of his old teacher filtered down from the parlor...

Hmmm! The old boy can still play...

When the silver slugs were cooled, Sacha removed the lead slugs from the regular bullets and replaced the silver ones in the steel jackets. He went upstairs, filled the chambers of his revolver with his handmade work, and placed the gun in his overcoat pocket...

There, Maestro! Now I'm ready for the Werewolf of Brudja!

Such tone, Sacha. Such mellow sounds come from this glorious instrument!

The next morning, even though the old maestro warned him against it, Sacha walked into town. The sun beat down on the marketplace, but the warmth it brought was not enough to offset the cold, suspicious stares of the townsfolk...

Hmmm! Not a friendly face among them! The way they look at me, you'd think I was the werewolf...

But there was more than suspicion and coldness in the townspeople's stares. Sacha seemed to sense a certain tenseness...perhaps hostility. He plunged his hand into his overcoat pockets, feeling for the reassuring steel of his revolver...

Choke my gun! It's gone!
Sacha returned at once to Vasile Iorga's house. He was very upset and spoke excitedly to the old violin teacher...

I thought it was accidental that someone jostled me when I first entered the marketplace, but now I realize that he must have stolen my gun. Do you know what that means, Vasile? One of our townspeople is the Werewolf.

That night, a gibbous moon, not quite full, bathed the old maestro's house in a cold pale light. Inside, Sacha scanned a newspaper while Vasile played the valuable violin...

Why this is last month's Bucharest Journal, Vasile, and it came today.

Yes, Sacha! That happened last month.

You see, it has happened so many times to so many unfortunate people. Over the years, that we here in Brudja are no longer shocked by it!

Yes, Sacha! It was! I took the gun from your pocket and threw it down the well! It was only because I am afraid for you...

The old man began to cry...

Ah, at you? Ho, maestro! I am touched by your concern for my safety, but I have no intention of leaving Brudja!

Vasile! Listen to this! There was a full moon last night when five persons from Chisasa became drunk while celebrating a wedding anniversary and wandered into the ill-famed town of Brudja.

...a searching party found the five bodies the next day outside the town. They had all been stripped of their flesh...bare skeletons...unidentifiable.

Sacha was well into the paper before a report caught his eye. He leaped up with a start...

Vasile! I recall something I read on my last concert tour, Vasile! I wonder...hmmm! Of course! How stupid of me! Tomorrow, I am going into Chisasa for another gun.

That night, a gibbous moon, not quite full, bathed the old maestro's house in a cold pale light. Inside, Sacha scanned a newspaper while Vasile played the valuable violin...

You know I had a gun? How old they know it was loaded with silver bullets! How could they? Vasile? You...
It was past noon when he returned to Vasilie's home. He grinned confidentially as he showed the old man the gun he'd bought...

...and tonight I will go into town carrying my violin case...and who would suspect it conceals a gun...

The rest of the afternoon was spent in the cellar, carefully molding bullets from molten silver.

Early the next morning, Sacha Barak, the famed violinist, walked the seven miles to Chisasi in order to purchase the gun and bullets he needed. He carried his empty violin case.

I should have guessed! Well, tonight the moon will be full and I will be waiting for them...in the marketplace.

And when twilight was beginning to shroud the town, Sacha returned to the parlor with his silver ammunition, loaded his gun, and replaced it in the violin case...

There! Done! And now, good heavens, Vasilie, don't you ever tire of playing the violin?

Not this one, Sacha! Not a Stradivarius! Besides, you said I could play it while you stayed...

Sacha rested in his room, listening to the lilting strains of the violin...suddenly he felt Vasilie's hands shaking him.

It is almost time, Sacha! The moon is almost full! Come! Let us go!

US?? No sir, old man! You're staying here! You told me yourself, it would be dangerous...

But Vasilie insisted that he would follow Sacha anyway, so they walked into town together. Above, the moon cast an eerie glow upon the cobblestone streets. The marketplace was deserted, yet Sacha was aware of a frightening presence...something he could only feel instinctively. The weight of the weapon in the violin case comforted him.

And then, slowly, the frightening presence made itself known. The townspeople...all of the population of Buda...began to appear from alleys and doorways and deep shadows. They came toward Sacha and Vasilie...
And as they came, Sacha could see their red eyes glowing in the full moonlight, and the hair bristling on their faces, and their gleaming white fangs dripping spittle. He could see their snarling, drooling, werewolf faces, and he retched in disgust.

And then Sacha began to laugh. He knelt and placed the violin case on the cobblestones, fumbling with the latches...

*I knew I was right! When I read in the paper that five bodies were stripped of their flesh, I knew there had to be more than one werewolf!*

Sacha's laughter choked back in his throat and the howling came up as the beasts sprang upon him, for there was no sub-machine gun in his violin case... only a useless old Stradivarius! And as flashing drooling teeth tore and ripped and gored Sacha, he heard his old maestro's squealing voice...

_Sach's laughter choked back in his throat and the howling came up as the beasts sprang upon him, for there was no sub-machine gun in his violin case... only a useless old Stradivarius! And as flashing drooling teeth tore and ripped and gored Sacha, he heard his old maestro's squealing voice..._

Careful of the violin! And save some soft part for a toothless old werewolf. Remember! I brought him! I fixed things! I took out the gun...

And then Sacha began to laugh. He knelt and placed the violin case on the cobblestones, fumbling with the latches...

*I knew I was right! When I read in the paper that five bodies were stripped of their flesh, I knew there had to be more than one werewolf!*

The snarling howling beasts were almost upon him now... and their howling sounded like laughter too. Sacha reached for the gun...

_Well, I am ready for you... all of you! Because I've got a gun... loaded with silver bullets! Not just any gun! A Thompson sub-machine gun! I'm ready... for... good lord!_

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, MR. WILLIAMS. SHE WASN'T LIKE THAT WHEN THEY BROUGHT HER IN, BUT EARL PUT EVERYTHING HE HAD INTO THE JOB BECAUSE HE'S YOUR BEST FRIEND AND HE WAS TO BE YOUR BEST MAN.

YOU'LL... YOU'LL THANK EARL FOR ME... WHEN YOU SEE HIM!

HARRY MARTIN STEPPED FORWARD OUT OF THE SHADOWS, HE REACHED FOR FRANK'S ARM...

C'MON, FRANK! LET'S GO. I'LL BUY YOU A DRINK!

TH-THANKS, HARRY!
Frank Williams picked up his bags and let himself be led from the funeral home. He smiled bitterly at the grim joke.

Earl Boyd made her beautiful for me, a wedding present from my best friend. Old Man Hayson is stupid! What an idiotic thing to say.

What are you talking about? You've been in New York for the past month, so you don't know what's been going on. See this arm-bangle? I'm in mourning, Tod! My brother Charlie died last week. There were two other deaths the week before.

The night after Charlie's funeral, I got down my hunting rifle. I didn't believe the talk about a vampire. I was going to get the maniac that was roaming our streets. Where're you going with a sun, Harry? What good is a sun? You can't kill a vampire with a sun! I read it; you gotta use a stake... a wooden....

So I went each night I hunted the maniac, with the wind moaning through the dark streets and the snow crunching underfoot.

I'll get you! I'll get you for Charlie!

For five nights I went out into the winter blackness. I sat to asking myself what good it was doing to go walking in the bitter cold with the sleety whipping in my face. But then I'd think of poor dead Charlie with those two bloody punctures in his throat, and I'd known the answer.

May be maybe I'll never find him but I can't quit. I can't, now.
Then, one night, I heard a gurgling cry. Then a moaning just a little louder then the moaning of the wind. I started running through the dark streets, and then I saw it: bending over the body of a girl, its ugly fangs sunk into her thin white throat.

"Get away from her, you filthy!"

I raised my gun, firing as I ran toward it. I heard the bullets thud into its vile flesh. I saw it rise...

"My God! Bullets don't kill it! It is a vampire... one of the living..."

Harry's voice faded. He looked at Frank sitting across from him in the booth in the deserted bar... the girl... it... was Joan?

"Yeah! Joan Lorin! I... I ran all the way to the firehouse. I started pulling the bell rope..."

"Somebody got a stake and we stood a silent, gloomy vigil over Joan's body. I felt sick inside... and cold... even with a big bright fire going... because of what we had to do. And then, when Doc saw the first icy slue streaks of dawn in the east..."

"It's time!"

Harry's voice faded. He looked at Frank sitting across from him in the booth in the deserted bar... the girl... it... was Joan?

"Yeah! Joan Lorin! I... I ran all the way to the firehouse. I started pulling the bell rope..."

The fire-bell was the only thing I could think of to get the town out. I kept pulling, making its mournful sound shatter the wintry silence, and they came! They came running...

You saw it, Harry? You saw the vampire?

I saw it! I shot at it! Bullets don't kill it! It... it got the Lorin girl.

I took them to where Joan's body lay. Doc Morris looked at her and shook his head.

Blood drained. All right? But she's alive somehow!

Sometimes a vampire's victim becomes a vampire. The... the only way to kill it is... 15 with a stake, driven into its heart...

After dawn...

"Somebody got a stake and we stood a silent, gloomy vigil over Joan's body. I felt sick inside... and cold... even with a big bright fire going... because of what we had to do. And then, when Doc saw the first icy slue streaks of dawn in the east..."

"It's time!"
They hanged me the stake, Frank. I held it against Joan’s heart. Somebody else stood over it with a rock.

Frank released his hold. His rage and hate was still there, but he knew Harry Martin and the others had done what was right.

I didn’t send you the telegram, Frank, telling you to come right back home? I didn’t meet you at the airport?

But Frank did not have to look forever. Toward morning, he heard a blood-curdling, gurgling rasp coming from the dark street ahead. He sprinted through the snow. Saw the loathsome hideous thing bending over its victim, sucking its fill of blood.

Harry! It’s gotten Harry!

Frank listened, stunned, his rage growing...

It was awful, Frank! The rest of them. They could turn away, but I had to look! I had to see! You lousy murderers! You killed her!

He reached out, shaming Harry...

We had to do it, Frank. We had to! By now, she’d be sleeping in a coffin with dirt in the bottom during the day... and at night, she’d be roaming the back streets, thirsting for blood! Charlie got his after that. Just to make sure! And the others! We exhumed their bodies... drove stakes into each of their hearts.

That night, Frank Williams went on a hunt through his quiet Illinois town. Armed with a sharp crudely-hewn wooden stake and an anger within him... a bitter hating anger.

I’ll set that vampire! I’ll set it if I have to look forever...

He inched forward, his heart pounding in his chest, so loudly that he was sure the vampire could hear it too, but it was his crunching footstep in the snow that made his presence known...

Blast! It heard me!
Suddenly, Frank turned, his glance falling on the somber familiar structure... Hayson's Funeral Home... with Joar still lying in her coffin...

"Coffin! Of course! A vampire sleeps in a coffin by day. What better place to hide one!"

He crossed the empty deserted street, tried the door, found it open. He pulled the coil of rope he'd brought along from his pocket, and entered cautiously... Earl told me about the cellar. Where they store things and prepare bodies perhaps over there.

He made his way across the dark parlor, brushing against Joar's coffin. There was a staircase in the rear. He struck a match, started down, his shadow performing a grotesque dance on the wall beside him...

A certainly are plenty of coffins down here. And... choke... a body...

He moved from coffin to coffin, peering inside, searching for the tell-tale sign, and then...

"Here it is! There's dirt in the bottom of this one!"

Suddenly, Frank blew out the match; he'd heard a sour... grit grinding on the stairs above. He covered in the darkness, listening, waiting, as a figure came slowly down the steps...
The figure glided across the cellar. Frank leaped, wrapping the rope around it with lightning speed...

What... What's going on?!! Let me go! Hey!

Now we'll see who you are... you friend...

Frank forced the slender, wiry figure to its knees... lashed its hands behind its back... and fumbled for a match...

Earl! Earl boyo!

Frank! Why didn't you let me know you got home? Say, is this your idea of a joke? C'mon! Untie me!

You're the vampire, aren't you, Earl? My best friend... a vampire? You've come back here for your sleep, haven't you?

Are you crazy? You know I work here at night, Frank?

There's blood on your mouth, Earl. Is it Harry's blood?

You knocked me down! For God's sake, Frank!

What about the dirt, Earl... the dirt in the bottom of this coffin!

I don't know what you're talking about. Frank, Joan's death must have been too much for you! You're out of your mind!

Out of my mind, am I? All right! Then you won't mind proving you're not the vampire! You won't mind being tied up in that coffin...

In that coffin? Why?

Because if you are the vampire, you'll fall asleep come sunrise. And when you do, I'll be ready with this stake. Get in!

I know how much Joan meant to you. But why blame it on me? I loved you both! I was going to be your best man! I...

Get into that coffin and shut up! It's almost seven. Sunrise ought to be very soon!
The minutes crawled by. Frank peered at his watch. 7:12 came and went. Earl was wide awake. 7:30 came. Frank hurled the stake away in disgust.

If you were the vampire, you would have been asleep by now. See? I told you! And the real vampire the one who uses this coffin... has gotten away! Untie me!

My god! How stupid of me! Illinois is an hour behind New York!

That's right, Frank! You forgot to change your watch. I've got plenty of time till sunrise! Another half-hour! Enough to drink my fill... again...

Frank untied Earl. Earl grinned at him... a strange grin... an evil, leering grin...

You've seen in New York, haven't you, Frank? Y-yeah! I flew back this afternoon. When I got Harry's telegram, I took the 2:30 plane out of—out of...

Heh-heh! Now isn't that a bloody shame, kiddies? Just because Frank's watch was a little fast, his time ran out. You might say Frank came to a dead stop, eh? Well, you'll come to a dead stop when you see the stuff you get when you join the E.C. Fan-Addict Club, oops! The ad following this yarn for info! I'll see you next in my mag. The Vault of Horror! Bye now.
Plimpton fingered the wad of bills as he slithered through the shattered basement window. Stepping carefully over the shards of glass, he slipped his cigarette lighter from his pocket and glanced around the murky room. There was enough scrap paper scattered on the floor to make his job a snap. He picked up a crumpled wad of paper: printed on it was the name of the firm whose plant he was about to destroy by arson. He shrugged his shoulders and spun the flywheel of his lighter; if the owner of Freeze-Out Frozen Food Lockers wanted to pay a bundle to have the joint go up in smoke, who was Plimpton to argue?

A minute later he had emptied his tiny cans of lighter fluid in the right places. A sprinkle of the liquid here...a dribble of it there...and the scattered debris was primed for the match. Wadding the saturated paper under a wooden desk that would be sure to catch fire rapidly, he checked the minute details which would make this job a complete success. Several trails of tightly twisted paper radiated out from the doomed desk, one leading to a wooden filing cabinet, another crossed the floor to stacks of paper-packaging in which foods to be consigned to the big freezers were wrapped. One minute for the central wad of fluid-soaked paper to catch fire, and the whole dump would be a seething inferno. He had just one minute in which to scramble out through the shattered basement window...he could do it easily. There was no question in his mind: this job was as good as on ice!

Plimpton smiled to himself, thinking of the wad of bills in his pocket...and the still greater amount waiting for him when he rendezvoused with Mr. Freeze-Out Frozen Food Lockers. Then, suddenly, there was the sound of a door opening somewhere behind him.

In one convulsive moment Plimpton darted across the room, swung open the ponderous door of a huge enameled chest and hurled himself into the big freezer. He flattened himself against sharp-cornered food cartons crammed into the huge refrigerator, letting the lid close almost completely as a flashlight probed toward him out of the darkness. Through the scant inch between the freezer and the lid, he saw the old watchman advancing toward him slowly. Plimpton tensed to leap free of the box, but before he could move, the heavy lid had been slammed shut from the outside. The lock on the freezer lid snapped audibly.

Plimpton's fingers scratched frantically at the door, but the big chest was sealed tight. He screamed in anguish and pounded on the ice-crusted inner surface...already the numbing cold was strangling the breath in his lungs. His stiff fingers whirled the flywheel of the lighter and a bluish flame leapt up. The heat did little to dispell the awful cold.

Two minutes passed...three...then the flame flickered and died. Plimpton tried to hammer on the frosted metal, but his arms were useless stumps...and deep inside his agonized body a core of icy fire sent pulsating shocks along every nerve and fiber.

In a frenzy he struggled to move, but his body was held rigidly now by the chill embrace of the frozen packages. He opened his mouth to scream, but his spittle became a tracery of gagging ice over his cracked lips. His tongue began to swell and turn blu...purple...the color of a flame that, moments before, was poised to touch off a searing fire. He moaned once, and then became merely another consignment of quick-frozen meat.
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* * * * *

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Here's my two bits! I want the things and stuff like the kid's wearing! I want to meet new friends like the kid's meeting! I'm a fan-addict! I'm mad!

NAME ___________________________
ADDRESS _______________________
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STATE __________________________
IN SEAMS I STITCH YOUR HAND, MADAM
I COME FROM ALABAMA WITH A BANSHEE ON MY KNEE
GORGIN' ON MY MIND
OH JENNY GRIEVE, SWEET JENNY GRIEVE
I'M ACHIN' TO BLIND YOU TRYING WITH A SCALPEL
SAY, SEE BONES!
IF I KNEW YOU WERE COMING, I'D A
MILKED A SNAKE
I LOATHE YOU A BUSHEL AND A PECK
(A AND A ROPE AROUND YOUR NECK)
WHILE DROOLING IN THE DARK, ONE DAY
I'LL MY VAULTS AGAIN WITH Goo
BRAIN ON THE ROOF
THE THIRD MAN SCREAM
OH, MAIMED PAPA
IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN TO HACK UP
WILD CORPSES
CARRY MY BACK TO OLE VIRGINIA
FRANCING WITH SPEARS IN MY EYES

And from E. Nelson Bridwell of Oklahoma City, we received the following LURID LYRICS to THE GHOUl THAT I MARRY:

The ghoul that I marry will have to be
As dismal and grey as a mortuary
The ghoul I call my own
Would be greatly improved if she used some
cologne
Her claws will be sharpened, and in her hair
She'll wear a green eyeshade (she's not all
there!)
Steal of fitxin’ I’ll be afraid
to her, and I’m sure I’ll be biten.
A corpse six can carry
The ghoul that I marry must be

Michael Fitzgerald of NYC and Gordon Lewis, Jr., of Atlanta, Ga. suggest the following PUTRID PROGRMS:

I BLEED THREE WIVES
GHOST OF THE TOWN
THE EDDIE FIRED HER SHOW
EAT THE CLOCK
GREATEST FRIGHTS OF THE MORITUARY
TROUBLE OR NOTHING
PLAYHOUSE OF SCARS
HUNG DR. MALONE

Clay Kimbell of Draper, N. C. and Sally Anne Shaw of Hazleton, Pa. suggest the following EVIL ENTERTAINERS

TERESA SEWER
MUSTY VAPOR
SID SQUEEZER
IMOGENE CHOKER

Stanford Grossman of Detroit, Mich. suggests a new dept CRUDDY COMICS

JIGGS AND MAGGOTS or
BRINGING UP SLOBBER
TIM TYLER'S MUCK
STEVE ROPED HER
MICKEY'S PINNED
KERRY'S SLEEP
HER HEART AND JULIET'S BONES

The LURID LITERATURE following was donated by
Doug Stewart of:

TOM'S NUMB
RUMPEL'S STILL SKINNED
THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTS
THE THREE MUSKETEER'S EARS
UNCLE TOM'S STABBIN
AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHT SLAYS
MY DEAR SLAYED HER
THE LADY ON THE STAKE

PERVERTED POETRY by Carole Abbott of Baltimore, Md.

When I was buried at sweet sixteen
Ghouls came to my funeral, it seemed.
They said they were sorry that I was dead.
And one of them began to munch on my head.
They said I was pretty and very sweet.
And another began to munch on my feet.
The said I was nice, with many young charms.
And then they began to munch on my name.
The said they were sorry I'd had to depart.
Then someone reached in and tore out my heart.
Luckily I awoke from this terrible dream.
But then I really began to scream.
For there in my room sitting on stools
Were my mother, my father and six other ghouls.

Just enough room for one letter

Dear Gruesome,

In case you don't know American mags here sell more copies than local ones. And among the comic books E.C. sells lastest, according to the owner of my favorite stand. They are to comic book creeps what Marilyn Monroe is to movie managers.

Tony Aboy
Manila, P. I.

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The Crypt-Keeper
Room 705, Dept. 42
292 Lafayette Street
NYC 12 N Y
THIS YARN IS DRIPPING WITH SWEET AND CLEAN HORROR...

The Bath

My master is a very strange man. At times he is like a wild animal, so crazed is he with his lust for silver. And at other times, he is almost like an old woman, so devoted is he to his personal cleanliness. He gathers constantly, as if he were able to scrub his evil deeds away with foaming bath soaps and scented salts. Listen to him, now... screaming at me! Such eagerness! Such impatience! As if each moment lost brings him nearer to Pollution...

Well, you fool? Is it ready?

In a moment, Master! I am filling the tub...

My name is Raoul Vendoza. It is I who undresses Senor Tobosa. It is I who prepares his bath. It is I who perfumes the water and scrubs his back and washes his evilness away...

My master is Senor Pedro Tobosa. Here, on his Plantacion in the Matto Grosso Jungle, he is absolute king. And I... I am his man-servant. I have been his man-servant for many years. I have seen and heard many things...

Not too hot... not too cold, Raoul! It must be exactly right. Hurry, you idiot!

The water is just right, master... and the tub is almost filled...

Oui bien! Make certain that you have drawn the shutters and closed the doors. I do not wish to catch a draft!

Yes, master! And shall I also sprinkle a few grains from this recently arrived can of bath salts into your tub?
Señor Tobosa needs not answer my question. I already know what his answer will be. Señor Tobosa loves his bath salts and his germicidal and his perfumes. To try a new one is almost a necessity. Do I not write each week for new bath products to be sent from the coast? But I wait for his expected answer...

Of course, Stupio! Why do you always bother me with such questions? Is it lavender or pine?

And I, his faithful servant, would be at his side, ready to do his bidding...

Filthy Garrlor! They've made me exert myself. Quick, Raoul! The antiseptic spray I do not want to develop a fever.

And as I open the lid of the can, I think back over the many years I have spent with the great Señor baths. Let me say, is not his only pleasure. There are many others. Take, for example, that day so long ago.

Those lazy wretches are holding back production. Why can't they move faster? Raoul! Stay near me with that fan! BAH! This sun! It will make me sweat when I beat them...

For I knew that Señor Tobosa always insisted upon bathing after one of those daily contacts with the natives.

Ah-h-h-h! Bueno...Bueno! The very crawling dust from those creatures has been washed down the drain.

I knew that he felt polluted and defiled until he could cleanse himself of the aura of his contact with his workers...

I will try the rough towel today. Raoul! It will circulate my blood and eliminate any dirt particles that may have remained in my pores. Those...filthy wretches!

And so I thought. Señor Tobosa, I will remain a poor man at the rate those lazy devils work my mine. Starting tomorrow, I will start a new policy with those burros. Each man must dig his weight in silver ore, or he will be lashed spread-eagled in the sun for two days with no food or water.

ES LA VERDAD, RAOUl! I WfilLL REMAIII A POOR MAN AT THE RATE THOSE LAZY DEVILS WORK MY MINE. STARTING TOMORROW, I WILL START A NEW POLICY WITH THOSE BURROS! EACH MAN MUST DIG HIS WEIGHT IN SILVER ORE, OR HE WILL BE LASHED SPREAD-EAGLED IN THE SUN FOR TWO DAYS WITH NO FOOD OR WATER.
WE CANNOT WORK ANY HARDER THAN WE ARE WORKING, MASTER. WE DO NOT GET ENOUGH FOOD! OUR STOMACHS BROWL AND WE GROW TIRED. OUR FAMILIES STARVE. FOR FAVOR, MASTER...

WE CANNOT WORK ANY HARDER THAN WE ARE WORKING, MASTER. WE DO NOT GET ENOUGH FOOD! OUR STOMACHS GROWL AND WE GROW TIRED. OUR FAMILIES STARVE. FOR FAVOR, MASTER.

But always after these disgusting experiences... these contacts with the natives... my master would take his bath. For that seemed to be the only thing that would calm him and put him into a good humor again... if I catch anything from that miserable toad, I'll have him hacked to death!

Then and only then, when he felt that his body had been purged of any contamination, would Señor Tobosa be in high spirits, and many were the nights I would stand and watch him count his gold and check his day's production...

The ventilators and air purifiers are working, master!

Good! Good! I... what is this? Only three tons of ore we find today! I'm being cheated!

Had he not beaten and kicked and cursed and threatened the natives into submission?

And here's my answer! Take... oof! This back to your worm-infested huts. Tell them... oof! Obey my orders or die!

But always after these disgusting experiences... these contacts with the natives... my master would take his bath. For that seemed to be the only thing that would calm him and put him into a good humor again... if I catch anything from that miserable toad, I'll have him hacked to death!

The water would lave him gently... smelling of soap and germicides and bath salts... Ah! Good! The hotter, the better! I must clean their slime from me, Raoul! I must remove their pollution!

And afterward, when he would dress...

My face looks good today, eh, Raoul... so smooth and white and clean!

Then and only then, when he felt that his body had been purged of any contamination, would Señor Tobosa be in high spirits, and many were the nights I would stand and watch him count his gold and check his day's production...

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The ventilators and air purifiers are working, master!

Good! Good! I... what is this? Only three tons of ore we find today! I'm being cheated!
And when my master was angry like that, I knew that my duties would be heavy and trying. That there would be many more baths.

You'll all work harder and longer! I'm increasing your hours to make you realize that my orders are not merely idle words...

Cough! Cough!

But worst of all were the days when the unexpected happened:

You coughed! You filthy dog! You spewed your dirty germs upon me. I'll fix you! Guards! Guards!

No, master! I couldn't help it! Mercy, for Dios!

Señor Tobosa would shriek for his guards, and they would close in on the poor sick native who dared insult him.

Take him away! Sew his mouth shut! Torture him! Kill him!

No! No! Yaah, yaah.

On those days, all would feel his wrath. It was best to obey him instantly or suffer grave consequences:

Spray the room! Bring me my metal vaporizer! Draw my bath quickly, Raoul! If I come down with a cold...

Yes, master!

I remember the day El Señor raided the nearby native village for more workers...

Ho! Please! Don't take our son away! He is too young... too young! He will not stand the strain! We beseech you. Take us, but...

Stand back, you old fools! He is capable of digging! He will come with us...

For after that, things were not the same. The boy infuriated El Señor. Often, under the hot, blazing sun, when the other forced laborers staggered back and forth from the mine, scarcely able to stand, Señor Tobosa would pick on the boy.

Work, I said! Get back on your feet, scum! Do as I say! Your life is mine! Back on your feet!

Bob... Bob...
Yes, I remember it well... ALL OF IT. The boy grew weaker and weaker under the onslaughts of my master's angry beatings, finally collapsing today.

HE. HE IS DEAD, MASTER!

BAM! HE WAS LIKE A TOY! I shall have to find workers with more stamina!

I remember how the boy's parents rushed from their stations to their dead son's side.

YOU HAVE DONE THIS TO OUR BOY, YOU FAT FOREIGN PIG! YOU HAVE TAKEN AWAY... SOB... OUR SON!

YOU ARE EVII! I WOULD LIKE TO SQUEEZE YOUR FAT UGLY NECK!

^ KEEP AWAY!

... HOW THEY POOLISHLY ATTACKED MY MASTER.

SCRATCH HIS PIG EYES OUT, JUHAI! LET HIM FEEL THE PAIN AND MISERY THAT PLAGUES OUR PEOPLE!

SWIPE! MURDERING SWIPE!

KEEP AWAY! KEEP... I'M CONTAMINATED! TAKE YOUR SLIMY HANDS OFF ME...

AND HOW THEY EACH FELT THE STINGING BULLETS FROM EL SENOR'S GLEAMING REVOLVER...

I REMEMBER HOW HE STOOD OVER THEM, SHUDDERING IN REVULSION...

I'LL TEACH YOU TO VIOLATE MY PERSON... TO DARE TOUCH ME WITH YOUR CRAWLY HANDS! I'LL LET YOUR CARCASSES ROT IN THE SUN!

... HOW HE SCREAMED AT THE OTHERS...

NOW GET BACK TO WORK, YOU SWINE! OR YOU'LL ALL ROT IN THE SUN WITH THEM!

HOW HE CAME IN PANTING...

MY BATH, RAOUl! GET MY BATH READY! I MUST CLEANSE MYSELF OF THEIR FILTH...

YES MASTER.
So I open the lid of the can, and I empty its contents into my master’s bath. It is a big can, but he does not see me do this.

Your bath is ready, master!

Eh? Oh! Good! What took you so long, Raoul? Where did you go while I was undressing?

I lead my master to the tub as I have done so often...

I went to get the new bath preparation, master!

Oh! Yes! It’ll cleanse me as I have never been cleansed before, you said?

The boards creak under my fat master’s weight as I help him into the tub.

Good! I feel positively filthy after all those deaths... their dirty blood splattering upon me.

You will be cleansed, master.

I listen to his screams of pain as he sinks into the swirling and eddying bath water...

RAOUl! MY GOD!

RAOUl! YAAEEEEEEAGGG...

YOU WILL BE CLEANSED TO THE BONE, MASTER!

I listen to my master scream, just as the boy he beat to death screamed, and the boy’s parents he shot to death screamed, for my master’s bath has been filled with a canful of the terrible, tiny, savage, flesh-eating, pirhuana fish of the matto gross...

AEEEEEEEEE...
AREN'T YOU GOING TO YELL AT ME, LEON? AREN'T YOU GOING TO GET MAD? DON'T JUST STAND THERE! SAY SOMETHING!

THE AIR IS STIFLING IN THE OLD HOUSE... STINKING OF WHISKEY AND IODINE AND DUST AND SWEAT. THE SHABBY FURNITURE, USUALLY SO ORDERLY, SHOWS SIGNS OF THE STRUGGLE THAT HAS TAKEN PLACE. LEON LETS HIS GAZE WANDER ABOUT THE ROOM... STARING AT THE STAINED, AGED WALLPAPER WITH THE FADED, ONCE-GAY PATTERN... THE FOUR SAD WALLS... AS IF THEY MIGHT TELL HIM WHAT THEY'VE WITNESSED BEFORE HE'D GOTTEN HOME.

HE GLANCES QUICKLY INTO THE BATHROOM ACROSS THE HALL, STUDYING WHAT LIES THERE ON THE HARD COLD TILES. THE GORGE RISES IN HIS THROAT AND STICKS IN IT. HIS EYES DART TO HIS BROTHER... TO CHET'S TORN SHIRT AND THE SCRATCHES. CHET LOOKS UP AT LEON, TRYING TO READ WHAT IS IN HIS EYES, BUT THEY TELL HIM NOTHING. FINALLY, CHET SCREAMS...

WHY DON'T YOU HIT ME, LEON? WHY DON'T YOU BEAT ME TO A BLOODY PULP? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT?

LEON'S FACE IS COLD. HIS MOUTH IS A GRIM TIGHT LINE. CHET SHUDDERS... LOOKING DOWN AT THE FLOOR...
Ma never heard that promise, Chet. I made it, but it fell on deaf ears. She was dead.

She made me promise... He's a baby, Leon! Take care of him! You'll be... all alone, just the two... or... you, promise me...

I promise, Ma! I'll look after Chet. I'll keep him with me... I'll work for him... I'll... I'll...

Ma, never heard that promise, Chet. I made it, but it fell on deaf ears. She was dead...

'You might as well have stayed home from school that day... the way you dreamed about a jalopy of your own, and having dates, and parking. You were all set for me when I came home from work that night, weren't you?..."

'Twenty dollars? That's a lot of money, Chet! Can't you make the bike do for another year?' I solo the bike, Leon... for twenty bucks!

Remember the bicycle, Chet? Remember how you bawled it in the window and begged me for it? Yeah! You knew I was a pushover! I did a lot of overtime to get that bike for you! It was the best... imported from England..."

León! The bike! You bought it for me! Oh, Golly, León! See! You're the best brother in the whole world...

You don't remember it very well, do you, Chet... the day Mame was upstairs, lying in her bed, gasping for breath...

Remember the bicycle, Chet? It was a big thing to you. But the thrill didn't last long, did it? Jerry Hudson bought himself a second-hand convertible and your tongue hung out...

Say, it's the nuts, Jerry! What'd this joy wagon set you back?

One-twenty with new seat covers, Chet? I'm tellin' you, the chicks in school go nuts over a jalopy. I just raise my eyebrows and in they jump!

You might as well have stayed home from school that day... the way you dreamed about a jalopy of your own, and having dates, and parking. You were all set for me when I came home from work that night, weren't you?..."

Leon? The bike! You bought it for me! Oh, Golly, Leon! See! You're the best brother in the whole world...

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'You might as well have stayed home from school that day... the way you dreamed about a jalopy of your own, and having dates, and parking. You were all set for me when I came home from work that night, weren't you?..."
That's the way I was, huh, Chet? I always ended up spending more because you had to have the best.

It won't be too bad. Fifteen months to pay off the balance. Let's see, that's three-hundred-divided by fifteen... plus interest...

I'll get a job after school, Leon. I'll buy the gas, and you can use the car!

That was for gas and oil! I can't go on a date without a cent in my pocket, can I?

That's the way I was, huh, Chet? I always ended up spending more because you had to have the best.

I can't keep up with you, Chet! New clothes! Tires! Special hub caps! Dates! I can't...

Thanks, Leon! I'll see you in the morning!

Chet listens uneasily as his brother Leon's voice drones on...

That car must've cost me...

It was good when there were only two of us, then. And it didn't matter that I wasn't saving a dime...

It didn't matter till I met Claire! Three years ago, it was! It doesn't seem that long! You were away at college, then! You wanted to study law.

Remember your promise, Chet? You never did keep it, you never did find that after-school job. You never even looked. And I learned that a car can be an expensive proposition...

What if but I just saved you three bucks... I can't go on a date without a cent in my pocket, can I?

Yeah, you knew me, Chet! You knew I was a pushover! You knew I'd kick a little, but that I'd finally give in, remember how shocked I was at the price of the car you picked out...

Five hundred dollars! But, Chet! You said...

Look at it this way, Mr. Doyle! A car like this stands up. You save on repairs...

It's too much, Leon! I saw the down payment sign and thought it was the price.

Twenty bucks! For Pete's sake, Chet, I paid sixty-two fifty for that bike a couple of months ago!
Leon looks away from the bathroom with its cold tile floor and the cold body lying there. He looks at his brother, and a shadow darkens his face.

"So you can imagine how good I felt when I got that raise. It meant Chet could go to college.

He must be a wonderful boy for you to be so good to him, Leon!

\[\text{Claire was like that, Chet. No matter what she may have thought, she never once suggested that I was spoiling you.}

\[\text{Well, I've had to be both father and mother to him, Claire. If I didn't see to it he got a break, who would?}

\[\text{You're a wonderful person, Leon!}

\[\text{She was twenty three when I met her... six years younger than I. If ever there were two people that were made for each other, it was Claire and me...}

\[\text{Go back? Wouldn't it be great if we could all go back... you and Claire and me?}

\[\text{Leon, I couldn't help what happened!}

\[\text{Claire was satisfied just walking with me. She knew I couldn't afford to take her out, with you in college...}

\[\text{It may sound funny from a guy my age, but you're the first girl I've... ever gone with. Guess I've been too busy}

\[\text{I only went with one other man, Leon. He tried to get fresh with me so I stopped seeing him...}

\[\text{While Claire was out in the kitchen, I told you about her... how we saw each other every night... how she came to the house twice or three times a week to cook for me. Only you... you started imagining things...}

\[\text{So that's how it is, En. Leon? Say, she's a good-looking}

\[\text{That's not how it is at all, Chet! She cooks! Period! Claire and I are going to be married...}

\[\text{While Claire was a good girl, Chet. That's the way I wanted her to stay. Remember when you met her? You'd come home from college for the summer vacation...}

\[\text{Well, it's about time! Leon... finally... got himself a girl! Well, it's about time}

\[\text{Claire is making something special to celebrate your homecoming, Chet? She can really cook! Wait! You'll see...}

\[\text{But my news made no difference to you... to your attitude. The next night, when I got home from work, there was a new T.V. set in the living room...}

\[\text{Cripes, I've been saving for Claire and me to get married! That set'll cost me more than I've got in the bank...}

\[\text{I was just thinking of you, Leon, but if that's the way you feel about it, send it back!}

\[\text{Claire was a good girl. She knew I couldn't afford to take her out, with you in college...}

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\[\text{I was just thinking of you, Leon, but if that's the way you feel about it, send it back!}
Leon's voice fades and he is silent for a moment. Chet watches him pace back and forth.

That TV set went with you when you went back to college and before I even finished paying for it, you'd sold it!

I needed money, Leon. I needed it quick! I needed some college money up there because of some cheap dame, Claire, and I had to put off getting married...

I know! You've got plenty to be mad about, Leon.

You always needed something and I never refused Claire and I were constantly putting off our marriage. For three years I kept her waiting because of you! For three years! Then you came home from college and quit!

'You had plans... big plans. You started talking fast, but I was through.

So this other guy and I... we sat down and figured out how in a year we could pay off a service station and eventually run it into a chain...

Fine, Chet! If that's what you want, go to it! But don't expect any more help from me. I'm finished! When that college money is refunded, Claire and I are going to...

'I didn't have to finish! I could see it in your face.

'The college money, Chet? Where is it! Hand it over!

I tried to speak... tried to get mad... but the words wouldn't come out and then Claire put her hand on my shoulder.

'It's all right, Leon! I'll wait!

Look, Leon! I got it back from the Bursar when I had this chance for a real buy...

'You know what that job cost new, Leon? Seven thousand bucks! Three years ago! I got it for two! The eight hundred I got back from college and the two thousand dollars on it...

You... still owe a thousand dollars on it...

It's all right, Leon! I'll wait!

And if I own my own service station, Leon, repairs and gas won't cost me a cent right?
'So Claire and I put off our wedding again. But it was all just talk. You never did anything about that service station. You were the same old Chet, and that expensive car was everything... just the down payment for a radio, Leon. I'll pay off the rest myself when I get a job..."

'You were stunned, weren't you, Chet? It was the first time I'd ever refused you anything! Maybe that had something to do with what happened this afternoon. Maybe it would have happened anyway. You came home and found Claire here... alone... and you wanted her too...

'I don't drink, Chet. Now, Chet! Stop it! If you won't have a drink with me, how's about a little kiss?

'Later, when you looked for her, you couldn't find her... Claire? Claire, where are you?"
Leon stands over his younger brother, and there is a flaming rage burning in his eyes...

I gave you everything, Chet! What I didn't give, you took!

A rage that seems to burn brighter and wilder...

No! I didn't give you everything, did I? You wanted a hood ornament for your car?

Wilder and madder each minute...

I never could refuse you, Chet! You'll have that ornament for your car!

Before long, Leon Doyle is tearing along the highway, feeling the warmth of Chet's body beside him, and Leon is laughing a maniacal kind of laugh.

I gave you everything you wanted, Chet! I even gave you Claire! And now... Eh, Eh, Eh, you've got your ornament! Eh, Eh! Like it, Chet? Like it?

But Chet's body is silent! He doesn't answer Leon's question! How can he...

Like the hood ornament, Chet? Eh, Eh, Eh, Eh...

For Chet's eyes are closed to the sight of the road flying at him. His ears are deaf to the roar of the engine. He does not feel the wind rushing by his head where Leon has fastened it securely to the hood...

Eh, Eh, Eh! Creeps? That's the yarn! Doesn't that top 'em all? Anything, it puts the lie on C.K.'s perversity. Periodical for this issue! We'll all see you next in the Vault of Horror. By the way, did you hear of one about an headless boy that was sick on a bottle of pop because... get this! De capitate! HEE, HEE! And you'll eat up all the cap you get from the E.C. Fan-Adopt Club, see the ad for the info. Don't forget! Enjoy yourself! No one else does! 'Bye, now!
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If you are a VETERAN, please indicate branch...

DON'T PUT IT OFF! GET THE BIG SALARY YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED!
Send for my **FREE** Outfit and start a **Quick-Cash** spare time Shoe Business!

Just 2 Sales a Day Brings You up to $217 EXTRA a Month!

We Show You How To Do It!

Now, without spending one cent, you can start a spare-time Shoe Business that brings in exciting cash profits every month! My powerful Selling Outfit makes it easy. Just take 2 orders a day for our fine, Nationally-Advertised shoes and you earn up to $217.50 extra a month! You also get chances to win valuable free prizes.

EVERYBODY Wears Shoes!

Here's the perfect business, because EVERYONE you know can be a customer! Just show friends, relatives, neighbors, people where you work, how Mason Velvet-eez Air Cushion shoes let them "Walk on Air" That's REAL comfort!

As the Mason Shoe Counselor you give people the EXACT style, size and width they order because you draw on our giant stock of 200,000 pairs in sizes 2H to 15, widths AAAA to EEEE. Customers choose from over 160 different styles—dress, sport and work styles for men and women, including air-cooled Nylons Mesh shoes, jean work shoes with special built-in comfort and safety features. You'll be EXCITED the way people stuff steady cash profits in your pocket for extra comfortable Mason shoes!

Mason Shoes Can Be Bought Only From YOU!

Because we do not sell Mason Velvet-eez shoes in stores, people must buy these TV-advertised shoes with the famed Good Housekeeping Seal ONLY FROM YOU— and keep buying from you! Right now, during our Golden Anniversary year it is the perfect time to get started. Just mail the coupon and I'll rush your money-making FREE Starting Outfit. The Professional Sample Outfit pictured above is sent to qualified men without a penny's cost! Send today and start earning exciting cash profits RIGHT AWAY!

**RUSH FOR FREE OUTFIT!**

MASON SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. MA-227, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Please rush my 50th Anniversary FREE Selling Outfit so I can start making up to $217 EXTRA a month and more RIGHT AWAY!

NAME ____________________________

ADDRESS ____________________________

TOWN ____________________________ STATE
BOYS, GIRLS, MEN, WOMEN!
The World Is On FIRE
Serve The LORD and You Can Have These Prizes!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page... or dozens of others such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools U-Make-It kits, leather kits sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes and many others... all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST! Crime, sin, graft, wars are the greatest they have ever been. Our leaders say a reawakening of Christianity is needed to save us. You can do your share by spreading the gospel into every home in your community. Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring religious wall motto plaques. Many buy 50 or more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35... sell on sight. Secure big cash commissions or exciting prizes for selling few as one set of 24 Motto Big Prize catalog sent Free! Serve the LORD and earn prizes you want.

FREE! MEMBERSHIP in the FUNman's Fun Club
Just mail coupon below now and we'll send you 24 Religious Motto ON CREDIT. Easy to sell—you get valuable prizes EXTRA! If you sell mottoes and send payment within 15 days you receive FREE Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. A membership card certificate, giant packet of fun materials all yours PLUS extra surpries! SEND NO MONEY... We Trust You

[Image of various prizes and pictures]