HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF FEAR

NOV-DEC 1950

THE OLD WITCH
THE VAULT-KEEPER
THE CRYPT-KEEPER

FEATURING THE VAULT-KEEPER
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HENRY E. SCHULTZ, Executive Director
Association of Comics Magazine Publishers
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York

The following is a complete list of

- TALES FROM THE CRYPT
- TWO-FISTED TALES
- THE HAUNT OF FEAR
- THE VAULT OF HORROR
- WEIRD SCIENCE
- WEIRD FANTASY
- CRIME Suspensories

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Henry E. Schultz, Executive Director
Association of Comics Magazine Publishers
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York
Hee, hee! Yes! It's me again! The old witch...mistress of the Haunt of Fear! I see it's time to brew another terror-tale for you here in my cauldron! Come closer... closer! Now gaze into its bubbling contents... gaze deep... and soon you'll see the beginning of a blood-curdling yarn I call... THE HUNCHBACK!

It was a dreary day, as Roger Compton strolled up the main street of the little town for the first time...

What's that? Looks like a commotion up ahead... people running!

While Roger Compton watched, the townsfolk scurried about... seeking refuge...

He's coming! Get indoors! He's coming! Run... run! They seem to be frightened of someone... or something!
Soon, Roger found himself on a deserted street! The people had all disappeared... hidden behind locked doors and drawn blinds... it must be something horrible they fear! I wonder if I ought to take cover, too? oh, oh! too late! here he comes!

A stooped figure shuffled around a corner and up the empty street! As he drew near, Roger noticed that he was a hunchback. GOLGO—my old friend, Peter Golgo?

Peter? You do not remember me? I'm Roger—your old college chum—but how bad you look, Peter!

Go away! Leave me alone! Leave me alone!

Huh? Wha—why Peter? It is I, Roger! Don't you remember?

Peter Golgo shuffled up the street and disappeared into a dark alley. Roger, comin'! annual watchin'—amazin'! I can't believe it! He did not know me! Why, we were the best of friends! But now, how strange he looks and acts.

Cautiously, the townsfolk that had barricaded themselves emerged from their hiding places... you're a stranger here, aren't you?

Why, yes! I... you talked to him... you shouldn't have! He's bad... a fiend!

Peter? A fiend? Nonsense! We were friends at college!

That was a long time ago! Before he became what he is today... a ghoul!
It was about two years ago. I was returning from a Grange meeting. I was taking a short cut through the cemetery. When I turned the corner, I saw a lantern, someone digging.

Peter Solar - the Hunchback? Robbing a grave...

From my hiding place, I could not see what he was doing to the corpse he had dug down to... but when Peter had left, I approached the desecrated grave.

Good Lord! The corpse... is partially devoured! He... he's a ghoul!

Roger Compton listened, horrified, to the old man's tale. When he had finished...

I cannot believe it! Peter was normal at school... even brilliant!

But you've seen him! Does he behave normally now? Does he?

I've got to see him again! Talk to him! Get to the bottom of this! Where does he live?

In the old house on the hill! But we warn you... keep away from him! He's evil!

Roger turned to go, but one of the townsfolk caught him by the arm.

My little girl died of pneumonia last week! Two nights ago, her grave was broken open and her little body stripped of its flesh!

The Twelfth grave in two years! Twelve graves, desecrated! Their corpses devoured! The man is inhuman!
Roger broke away from the wide-eyed townpeople, and their horrible tales... and made his way up the hill to the ramshackle house that was Peter Golgo's home...

He stepped up to the battered doorway and knocked! The blows upon the door boomed through the drafty halls of the old place; then the door creaked open...

Peter Golgo stood in the doorway, his thin, stooped body hunched at a grotesque angle... his hands clenched at his sides; his face was a waxy mask of death from which two eyes glared with ghoulish light...

A smile spread across Peter's twisted leering face... a smile of sly, lurking evil! His thick lips curled back in a fanged grimace of idiotic mirth...

"Help me? Hah! I am beyond help!"

The door slammed in Roger Compton's astounded face, and he found himself alone...

I know all about Peter Golgo! I brought him into the world... then you'll come you'll help...

Roan made his way down the hill and across the street to a sign marked "Henry Gordon, M.D." He knocked upon the clean, white, newly-painted door...

"Why? I am Roger Compton! I am a friend of Peter Golgo, the hunchback! You must come and see him! He is sick... very sick..."
NO? I WILL NOT COME! I CANNOT HELP HIM!

WHAT THEY BELIEVE, MR. GOMPTON, IS TRUE.

YOU MEAN, PETER GOLGO IS A GHOUL!

NOT HE...EXACTLY! BUT IT IS A LONG STORY! SIT DOWN AND I WILL TELL YOU ABOUT IT, I AM QUITE COMFORTABLE STANDING, SIR! PROCEED!

FOR THE MOST PART, I FEEL SORRY FOR WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO PETER GOLGO! IT IS NOT HIS FAULT! BUT I AM GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF...

WHEN HE WAS A CHILD, THE OTHER CHILDREN MADE FUN OF HIM...THREW STONES AT HIM BECAUSE OF HIS HUNCHED BACK...

NYAAA! YOUR MOTHER'S CALLIN', YUH, V HUMPY?

I AM QUITE COMFORTABLE STANDING, SIR! PROCEED!

BUT PETER GOLGO HAD NO ORDINARY HUMP ON HIS BACK, MR. GOMPTON! AND TODAY, WHAT HE CARRIES ABOUT ON HIS SHOULDERS IS THE CAUSE OF ALL HIS HORRIBLE ACTIONS... THE GRAVE-DIGGING... EVERYTHING!

WHAT... WHAT IS IT... THIS HUMP?

IT IS A MONSTER! A HORRIBLE LITTLE MONSTER THAT TORTURES PETER GOLGO... CREATES UNBEARABLE PAIN... TORTURES PETER INTO DOING ITS BIDDING! PETER IS NOT THE GHOUL! THE MONSTER IS THE FLESH-EATER!

BUT, HOW DID IT GET THERE?
Peter was born with it! It was an undeveloped Siamese twin that was attached to his back! Only it never developed. Yes, it was alive... but dormant! And then... three years ago... the change came!

It began to grow, Doctor? Yes! He came to me! It lay face downward on his back... its nans clasped about his shoulders! It had its own digestive system, its own lungs... but its legs ran off into the lumpy flesh of his body!

I never knew! When he came to me, its eyes were open! It had developed a tiny set of teeth! It was ugly... ugly!

I could not remove it! I could not kill it! It would have meant Peter's life as well! And so I told him it would have to remain there... for all of his days!

But I never suspected it would be a thing of evil! It demanded flesh... dead flesh... for food! It was a Ghoul! And Peter was forced to obey! It was capable of inflicting excruciating pain upon him...!

But you must do something now, Doctor! You must save him!

I can do nothing... nothing!

Compton walked out of the doctor's office... tears in his eyes! There had to be something... some way of helping poor Peter... of freeing him from the monster that controlled him...

I'll go back! I'll tell him that I know... everything, now!
Compton made his way up the hill again... to the old house! As he approached, he heard voices... One of them is Peter! I recognize his voice! The other... is higher... more frenzied...

It must be the monster! They're fighting about something...

Roger Compton crouched down below the shaded window... listening...

"No! Never! I'll never do it! Never...


It was Peter screaming in pain? The monster was torturing him... forcing him to do something that he didn't want to do...

"No! I won't!" Robbing graves was bad enough! Watching you eat the rotted flesh... but how! Kill for you? For fresh flesh? Never... never!

It was horrible to listen to them! Peter continued to refuse... and then...

After the scream... silence! Roger Compton rushed into the house! What he saw made him sick! The thing was there... exactly as the doctor had described it...

Yes! Hee-hee! It was there! The little monster, in a fit of rage, had climbed a trifle higher on Peter Golgo's back and bitten him to death! Silly little ghoul... it didn't realize it would kill itself, too! You see. These twins had only one heart... the one in Peter's body! Well... read on friends! There are more chills waiting... if you can take it!
He released the fire-bomb he had been preparing so carefully in his workroom... and with a consuming sense of triumph he watched it flicker and begin to glow. No one else in the small plane had seen him fiddling with it... his wife and all the others were too absorbed in the Mexican landscape unfolding thousands of feet below them. In another sixty seconds the bomb would splutter into angry purple and crimson... and it would be time for him to leave them here! He almost laughed at the prospect. He would be abandoning them fifteen thousand feet in the air, in a plane doomed to death by fire within three minutes. They would never be able to land the flaming craft... and his guile in mutilating the chutes closed off the only other avenue of escape! Secretly he had slashed the nylon of all the parachutes but one... and he was slithering into the only good chute at this very moment!

The sound of the fire-bomb was audible now. He could see the horror on his wife’s face as she turned and stared at him in dismay. The others were rising too... he began to giggle even as he ran to the escape hatch and flung it open. They were screaming at him, some were beginning to curse and to moan. But it would do them no good! They were all doomed to death by fire... and he would profit by it. The insurance money on his wife’s life... and on the plane which he was about to destroy... would make him a rich man!

The metal door was wide open, and without a backward glance he threw himself far out into space. He whirled as if caught in the funnel of a twister... then he felt the sharp pull on his back and stomach as the chute mushroomed open above him and stopped his headlong descent almost instantly. Off in the distance he saw the plane wobbling in its path... smoke beginning to trail through its windows and a tongue of bright red and yellow enveloping one of the wings. His plan had worked! They would all be consumed in fire within the next five minutes... and he would be rich! And safe!

He looked down at the Mexican countryside beneath him, and his heart almost stopped beating. Directly under him, open like the jaws of some primitive monster, was Mount Chachitax. And from its gaping mouth there issued great plumes of deadening black smoke! Now and then he saw the swirl of fire far down in the heart of the turbulent smoke... and he was heading directly into it! Some power which neither his will nor his parachute could resist was sucking him directly down into that open mouth... into the awful fires of Mount Chachitax! All at once his chute seemed to lose its remaining power and he was shrouded in the smoke and could feel the searing heat all around him. The deadly fires of Mount Chachitax were claiming him. Like the occupants of the plane he was doomed to death by fire... in the very mouth of the erupting volcano!
WELCOME, DEAR READER... WELCOME ONCE MORE TO THE VAULT OF HORROR! HERE'S A FASCINATING TALE... GUARANTEED TO WIPE THE SMIRK FROM YOUR FACE AND REPLACE IT WITH A GRAVE LOOK! MY STORY TAKES PLACE FAR UNDERGROUND... IN A DANK AND DRAFTY CAVE AS YOU COULD IMAGINE... SO BE CAREFUL TO TURN BACK AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A CHILL... FOR I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOU TO START SNEEZIN' AND GET A COFFIN OVER THE SPINE-TINSLER I CALL...

THE TUNNEL OF TERROR!

My story starts in a town somewhere south of the border...

YOU JUST STAY HERE IN THE HOTEL ROOM AND RELAX, PAUL... I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN!

PACKING UP AND BRINGING PAUL DOWN HERE... AWAY FROM THOSE CRAYZY FRIENDS OF HIS... MAY SAVE HIM FROM A RECURRENCE OF HIS NERVOUS BREAKDOWN! IF ONLY I CAN KEEP HIM AWAY FROM EXCITEMENT... AND LIQUOR...
HE'S GONE! AND IN HIS STATE OF MIND, ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN. IT'S DANGEROUS FOR HIM TO WANDER AROUND THE STREETS ALONE.

LINDA RUSHES TO THE LOCAL POLICE STATION!

YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! PAUL'S NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR HIMSELF! IN A STRANGE TOWN LIKE THIS, HE MAY GET HURT OR...

I HAVE YOUR DESCRIPTION OF HIM, SENORITA. I'LL ATTEND TO THE CASE MYSELF. GO BACK TO YOUR HOTEL, AND GET SOME REST.

THE HOURS TICK BY, AND STILL THERE IS NO WORD FOR LINDA CROSS. I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LEFT HIM. EVEN FOR A MINUTE, A STRANGER, AND IN HIS CONDITION! I CAN'T SIT AROUND ANY LONGER. I'LL GO MAD!

HAVE YOU FOUND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT MY BROTHER?

HUH? OH, SENORITA... ER CROSS... NO WORD YET... WHICH IS GOOD NEWS IN A CASE OF THIS SORT.

MAN FOUND DEAD DOWN AT THE TUNNEL, EL Jefe! STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES! YOU HAD BETTER COME!
AND AFTER THE LIGHTS WENT ON, WE FOUND HIS BODY... AS IF A WILD ANIMAL...

THE TUNNEL IS ODD IN MORE WAYS THAN ITS CHOICE OF NAME, SEÑORITA? IT APPEALS TO PEOPLE WHO SEEK THE BIZARRE AND WEIRD... BUT YOU WILL SEE FOR YOURSELF! HERE IS THE OFFICE...

...AND AFTER THE LIGHTS WENT ON, WE FOUND HIS BODY... AS IF A WILD ANIMAL...

I--IT'S... NOT MY BROTHER! THANK HEAVENS! NOT PAUL! HE'S STILL SAFE.

EL JEFE TOLD ONLY HALF THE STORY IN HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE STRANGE NIGHT-CLUB. ITS NAME, FOR INSTANCE, IS OFFICIALLY THE TUNNEL OF TERROR! AND TERROR IS WHAT LINDA FEELS AS SHE STANDS IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE...

TUNNEL... WHAT AN ODD NAME... FOR A NIGHT-CLUB!

...AN AMERICAN... NO ONE AT THE TUNNEL COULD IDENTIFY HIM! AND HIS BODY... PARTIALLY DEVOURED AS IF BY SOME WILD BEAST!

...UNIDENTIFIED... AMERICAN! PARTIALLY DEVOURED?

YOU HAD BETTER COME ALONG WITH US, SEÑORITA! THIS VICTIM... BUT LET'S NOT JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS! COME... WE HAVE A CAR WAITING.

THIS TUNNEL... IT IS A NIGHT-CLUB... A PLACE WHERE MANY AMERICAN TOURISTS GATHER! THE DEAD MAN COULD BE ANY OF THEM!
VISIT IT? OF COURSE... IF YOU THINK THERE'S ANY CHANCE OF YOUR BROTHER BEING HERE?

THIS IS THE ENTRANCE, SENORITA... SOMewhat UNUSUAL, AS YOU WILL FIND THE REST OF THE TUNNEL OF TERROR TO BE?

THROUGH THE TRAP-DOOR AND DOWN THE LONG FLIGHT OF STEPS, LINDA CROSS GRAPES HER WAY... INTO A PLACE OF COMPLETE DARKNESS! THE AIR IS DANK AND CLAMMY... THE WORD TUNNEL SEEMS APT! UNKNOWN TO HER, SHE HAS DESCENDED INTO ONE OF THE CATACOMBS SURROUNDING THE TOWN...

I CAN'T SEE A THING! IT SEEMS LIKE AN UNEXPLAINED CAVE? IS THIS SOME KIND OF A JOKE? I'LL SOON... OOOHH!

WELCOME TO THE TUNNEL OF TERROR!

WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS THIS? NO LIGHTS AND THIS EERINESS...

ALLOW ME, SENORITA, TO EXPLAIN... OUR CLUB IS ACTUALLY LOCATED IN ONE OF THE CAVES USED FOR BURIAL LONG CENTURIES AGO. FOR NOVELTY WE STRIVE TO KEEP THE ILLUSION OF DEATH!

BUT ASIDE FROM OUR SUPERFICIAL APPEARANCE, I'M SURE YOU WILL FIND US CONGENIAL! OUR WHISKY IS THE FINEST...

IN THAT CASE, PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP ME? HAS A TALL BLONDE MAN BEEN HERE... SOMEONE WHO LOOKS SICK? AS IF... ER... HE MIGHT HAVE A FEVER?

WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS THIS? NO LIGHTS AND THIS EERINESS...
Perhaps this is the one you search for?

Just a bit of the entertainment we provide, senorita! Nothing to fear, I assure...

What's that?

Please don't become alarmed... there's been an accident here...

This place... like something out of a nightmare! Another body... I have to see... perhaps it's Paul...

A tourist... American...

Let me see... please, let me see! It may be my brother... get out of my way!

Not Paul! But... it's horrible! As though... it had been eaten...

At that moment something compels Linda Cross to look up, and across the room she sees something which makes her blood grow cold...

Paul! Paul... it's me!

H-hey, senorita! Watch out...

Give me that torch. It's my brother! He's sick... he needs me! Quick... I must find him!
HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME! THIS CRAZY PLACE... IT'S FRIGHTENED HIM! I'VE GOT TO FIND PAUL - GET HIM OUT OF HERE.

A SCREAM! AND WITH THE ECHOES IT SEEMS TO COME FROM EVERY SIDE ALL AT ONCE! THE BEAST IT MUST HAVE STRUCK AGAIN! I - I MUST FIND PAUL... MUST...

THE SECONDS DRAG BY LIKE AGONIZED HOURS AS LINDA CROSS TRIES DESPERATELY TO TRACE HER BROTHER THROUGH THAT UNDERGROUND CAVE, AND THEN SHE SEES THE FLICKER OF A SHADOW AGAINST THE WALL. SOMETHING MOVING! PERHAPS IT IS PAUL...

HE'S AFRAID EVEN OF ME! IN HIS MENTAL STATE HE MUST BE TERRIFIED... CAN'T TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF? IT'S UP TO ME TO... OOOOFFFFF!

ANOTHER CORPSE! HORRIBLY MUTILATED! THE BEAST! IT'S FOUND ANOTHER VICTIM!

THAT SOUND - WHAT? PAUL? YOU'RE SAFE... SAFE?

IT'S ME! YOUR SISTER LINDA! YOU WON'T HAVE TO RUN ANY LONGER. WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE TOGETHER! YOU'RE SAFE?

SAFE WOHN'T HAVE TO RUN...
I can't be you. My own brother. You've murdered the others! You're the monster who's killed my human flesh!

No. No. You must not be afraid! I don't mean you any harm! I want to save you. I want you to escape from whatever it is that killed those others! Let go of me, Paul...

No. No... I'm going to take you out of here, Paul! Don't be afraid...

That look on his face. The excitement here has caused another mental collapse. He doesn't know me...

I have to help you. I mean you no harm. I don't want to hurt you. I want to save you. I want you to escape from whatever it is that killed those others! Let go of me, Paul...

You... your teeth... they cut my hand... I left a mark... like a wild... a tale of brotherly affection. Wasn't it? Sort of a family plot. Heh, heh, heh. Just one thing to remember. To this day, no one has apprehended the monster who stalks the tunnel of terror! So if you're planning a vacation... heh, heh, heh, well, I'll be seeing you in my own magazine, The Vault of Horror...
HERE'S ANOTHER MAGAZINE SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO TERRORIZE YOU...
TO MAKE THE BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR VEINS! FOR SPINE-TINGLING TALES AT THEIR ILLUSTRATED BEST... READ:

The Camp lay in almost total ruin around him... it was hard to believe that this mass of smashed rock and splintered wood had once been considered a model Concentration Camp by the Nazis who built it. Most of the wooden buildings where the prisoners had been held in "protective custody" were now reduced to charred heaps... it would have made Herr Kanzler sad to see what this most recent Allied bombing had done to the Camp he once ruled with such ferocity and absolute control. But Herr Kanzler could not see the effect of the bombing... he would never see again! It was only by a quirk of fate that he was alive, in fact... alive and left completely alone in the Camp as the Allied armies swept toward Berlin. Days before the Gestapo Detachment had disintegrated and disappeared, and the prisoners had broken free as soon as they learned the Camp was unguarded. Now the place was a scene of weird desolation and ruin, totally uninhabited except for Herr Kanzler, the Camp Commandant. Why did he remain? There were two reasons. It was the place where he had enjoyed complete and unlimited power, and his Prussian mind refused to abandon it. And having been blinded in the last bombing... and a man...
who was utterly friendless... he COULDN'T leave!

Frantically he groped his way over the rubble. The explosions nearby and the quivering of the earth under him made it evident that the bombings had started again. He had to get to safety now... or else! The steel Bunker was probably undamaged, and it was his goal and his salvation. Once inside those thick metal walls, he would be safe from the bombs... and after the Allies had swept over the area he could surrender and throw himself on their mercy! He would escape yet... cunning would do it!

His fingers gripped the steel door and inwardly he exulted. He had found the Bunker... even in his blindness he had shown a will-to-live which surpassed that of the prisoners he had destroyed!

A bomb dropped nearby and in desperation he swung the heavy door closed. It clicked loudly and he could barely hear the explosions any longer. But another sound had claimed his attention... an almost inaudible sound which filled him with dread. It was a low hiss... and its meaning was well-known to Herr Kanzler. GAS was filling the room... the click of the door had automatically turned it on! For this was not the Bunker... he was locked tightly in the LETHAL CHAMBER! At once the truth flooded his brain... he was doomed! Doomed to the same death which he had administered to so many thousands of others!
HOOPEE, HEE HEE... well BUBBLE my CAULDRON!
It’s time for another HEATED discussion about
THIS... my very own magazine, THE HAUNT
OF FEAR! As I’m sure you’ve noticed by now,
these two old COOTS, the CRYPT-KEEPER and
the VAULT-KEEPER each have a story in
this issue! And therein lies a tale! As you may
recall, I cleverly tricked both of these RE-
VOLTING old GHOULS into signing contracts
whereby they would appear in each of their
magazines. This gave me a decided ad-
vantage! I was serene in my glory — when
one dark night, as I was brewing an evil
concoction in my CAULDRON, these two
nauseating buzzards sneaked up behind me
and shoved me screaming into the seething mire! For a few moments, it was a
HOTLY contested battle... but finally I
gave in! Although I was BOILING mad, I
SIMMERED down and reluctantly signed
TWENTY-year contracts with both of them to
appear in my MAD-MAG! Now all three of us
appear in each of the three magazines...
THE HAUNT OF FEAR, THE VAULT OF
HORROR, and TALES FROM THE CRYPT (OF
TERROR)! Everything is even... they THINK!
But here’s a little secret! I still have the jump
on them! The last time I was out panning the
town red (with BLOOD, of course!) with our
HORROR-HAPPY publisher, I was able... by
resorting to my feminine charms... to in-
vigle him into featuring me in another of
his magazines... CRIME SUSPENSTORIES.
Hoopeee... that’ll fix their COFFIN-CARTS!

Oh, the publisher requested that I make
an announcement! You may have noted that
this issue of THE HAUNT OF FEAR is NUM-
BER 4! The last issue was number 17! This
came about because we started numbering
my mag with number 15. It was a change
in title from a previous magazine which ran
14 issues! After publishing issues 15, 16, and
17, the United States Post Office requested
that the fourth issue actually be numbered
No. 4, rather than No. 18! Well... "ya can’t
fight City Hall!"

Now, the review of the voting on last
issue’s stones! NIGHTMARE, by Craig, re-
ceived the most votes to win first place Field-
stein’s HORROR BENEATH THE STREETS...
which featured my two terror-fied editors...
came in second. TELEVISION TERROR...
masterpieced by Kurtzman... took third place
honors. Ghastly Graham Ingels’ MONSTER
MAKER made fourth spot... and the text, RE-
PEAT PERFORMANCE, pimped into last place!
Our popular text REPEATED its usual PER-
FORMANCE!

I have received many letters requesting in-
formation on how to subscribe to my maga-
azine! Lazy, huh? Don’t like running down
to the corner newsstand and finding all the
copies sold out, eh? Hoopeee, Wipe... O.K.!
Here’s the dope straight from the opium den!
Send $1.00 and your name and address to me.

THE OLD WITCH
Room 706, Dept 4
225 Lafayette Street
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

For this puny amount, you’ll get a full
year’s supply... six repulsive issues... of
THE HAUNT OF FEAR!

And now for the BIG SURPRISE AN-
OUNCEMENT! Inspired and flattered by
your thousands of letters requesting my pic-
ture, I flew downtown to the DUNGEON
STUDIOS... PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS where I had my lovely countenance
forever immortalized by the camera! I left the
photographer a raving maniac! His equip-
ment demolished, his studio a shambles, but
the negative intact! Want my picture? I warn
you, you know how beautiful I am! If you
think you can stand it, send 10¢ in COIN to
me at the above address and you will receive
in return an actual PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRO-
DUCTION! Not a drawing... but a full 5 by
7 glossy picture autographed by me! Is that a
deal? You said a BLOODY month!!

And don’t forget to write, you hounds! No
one will associate with me... so my only
contact with the outside world is through
your letters! Vote for your favorite stories!
Hoopeee! I’ll be seeing you along with the
other two GHOULUNATICS in the next issue
of THE VAULT OF HORROR! By-e, now!
This is the story of three men who created life out of death, only to find at the end that their own lives had to be given in return! I call it...

The Living Mummy

My tale begins on a dismal stormy night at the bleak laboratory—castle of Professor Arnold Zamron, world-famous scientist.

I'm warning you for the last time, Krause! Stay away from my girl or I'll kill you!

Glub let me go.

What is the meaning of this outrage?

(Gasp) Stevens is crazy, sir! He tried to choke me.

I did not! I
QuiET, Stevens! We are ON THE VERSE OF BRINGING THIS MUMMY... DEAD FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS BACK TO LIFE? I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER! Krause START THE EXPERIMENT!

At once, sir!

The whining hum of dynamos begin! Strange liquids bubble up in weird chemical combinations. The three men work for hours. Then...

It's no use... the mummy hasn't moved? I've failed!

Perhaps if we used my method of increasing voltage capacity to maximum potential...

But Stevens has other ideas...

That conceited windbag! For years I've been taking his orders... and all that time my methods, my formulas have been responsible for his fame! That Krause is no better! Well, I'll show both of them! I'll bring the mummy back to life!

Now if I can modify that rheostat to produce a force suitable to chemical revival...

Stevens works far into the night. Brilliant lights flicker on and off casting shadows against the door. Suddenly, they stop. Then... silence. Minutes pass. The door slowly opens.

I... I don't believe it! I was sure my method was correct! But the creature just lies there... dead? I've... I've failed like the rest!

Shut up, Stevens! Don't tell me What to do! I pay you for assistance, not for criticism! You can clean up this mess while Krause and I record our data. I'll see you in the morning.

What went wrong? Got to think? sleep... must have sleep! so tired.

Stevens works far into the night. Brilliant lights flicker on and off casting shadows against the door. Suddenly, they stop. Then... silence. Minutes pass. The door slowly opens.
But back in the dark shadows of the laboratory, a horribly shriveled hand rises slowly into the air.

A few minutes later, Krause... hearing noises, walks unwarily into the laboratory...

What a mess! You're responsible, Stevens! Where are you? You thought I was asleep, eh? Wait 'til the professor hears of this!

Answer me or I'll... no... no! Stay away...

Meanwhile, dear reader, Professor Zamron sits at his desk on the top floor of the castle. He also has not been asleep...

Hmm... yes! Stevens was right after all! Well, I'll just... ahem... use his method next time! He need never know! Ha, ha!

Wha--? That scream... it came from the lab! Stevens must be fighting with Krause again! By heavens, this time he's gone too far!

Stop it! Do you hear?
Pausing only long enough to get a gun from a nearby drawer, Professor Zamron runs to Stevens' room...

Stevens did this? The man is a maniac! I should have fired him long ago! If he doesn't tell me what he's done with the mummy, I'll...

A few seconds later, the angry scientist stands over the sleeping Stevens...

Get up! Get up!

There's no use pretending to be asleep!

You know very well! Why did you kill Krause? Where is that mummy? Answer me!

What are you talking about? Krause killed the mummy gone? It can't be! Unless... the mummy were alive! Then my method must have worked!

You must believe me! When you left, I experimented... tried everything... thought I failed. I came back to my room, exhausted... and I've been asleep all this time!

You're lying! You've hidden that mummy somewhere as an alibi!

But Stevens doesn't pay any attention to the professor! He runs out of the room to the lab below...

Come back here!

I must see for myself! Ugh! I was right! The mummy is alive and somewhere in this house!

I'd shoot you down right now, Stevens... but I'm going to save you for the police!

No! I swear I didn't kill him! The mummy did it! I... wha... what was that?

Thump! Thump...
But a desperate idea forms in Stevens' terrified mind:

"I can't let him hold me here in the castle! If the Mummy doesn't kill me, prison will. I've got to get out... out!"

Meanwhile, back in the castle, Professor Zamron runs to the library to phone the police.

"Gott to, get far away from that horrible place!"

But fate has destined Stevens for a different end! As the hysterical man struggles through the heavy downpour, he far too see the sheer cliff yawning directly in front of him.

"Achew!"

He can't get very far in this storm! The police will catch him!
But as the professor is about to make his call, he hears footsteps coming toward the library! So... the rogue has decided to come back, eh? I knew he couldn't go very far!

Shrieking with terror, the professor backs away... pumping bullet after bullet into the creature...

"He's not dying! He's coming closer... closer..."


Hee, hee! Well, that's my story, dear reader! Professor Zamron was finally convinced that Stevens' method was correct! The mummy proved it to him! What happened to the mummy? The police never found him! He's probably roaming around the countryside right now! Hee, hee! He might even be peeking in your window... the one behind you! Don't look... you may not be able to stand it!"

(End)

ON A WARM MAY EVENING LAST YEAR, THE EARTH SHOOK LOOSELY. THE EERIE MOON BEAMED DOWN ON A ROTTING HAND THAT LIFTED WITH INSANE FURY THROUGH THE GRAVEMOLD...

THE HAND MOVED! IT RIPpled and tore crazily at the grave dirt... tore handfuls loose... dug frenzied talons again and again into the soft loam until...

NO GRAVE CAN HOLD ME! NOT WHEN I HAVE A TASK THAT CALLS ME... THAT SUMMONS ME FROM THE FINAL SLEEP! I MUST RISE FROM THIS COFFIN... RISE AND CONTINUE MY WORK...
With thumping, sudden steps, the dead man walked the graveyard paths—

**Merciful heavens! I... I feel sick!**

**Eee Yaaa!**

Hee, Hee! A pretty sight on a moonlit night, eh? A dead man lumbering along the sidewalks! Smelling of the grave! But... where is he going? What strange work calls him from the grave? Curious? Hee, Hee! Let's turn over the musty pages of the past... and go back some years, to a cold October afternoon in an Eastern city.

Wayland was alive, then! Young and handsome... but poor... Some painter, I am! I can't sell a thing! I can't even earn enough to buy myself a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk!

**The only encouraging news he ever got was from a magazine editor...**

I know you paint mysterious and horrible things, Wayland! A lot of folks don't go for it, but I like macabre things! But... I can't use it? Sorry!

Finally, Jon Wayland was forced to pawn his paintings in order to eat... It's charity, that's what it is! These things aren't worth anything, but you never can tell, I might sell 'em... sometime!

Thank you, thank you!

One morning, shortly after Jon had pawned everything he owned, there was a knock on his door...

Special delivery letter for Jon Wayland!

Special delivery? For me? But... but I don't know anybody who would write to me!...
IT'S FROM THAT EDITOR... WHO LIKED MY STUFF! HE'S GETTING OUT A NEW HORROR MAGAZINE... WANTS ME TO DO ITS COVERS FOR HIM! I'LL GET A CONTRACT... MONEY! AT LAST!

SURE, I'LL GIVE YOU A CONTRACT... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BRING IN YOUR SAMPLES AGAIN! I'VE GOT TO SHOW THEM TO THE BIG BOSS!

BUT I... MY PICTURES... I HAD TO PAWN THEM...

JUST MY LUCK! THE FIRST BREAK I GET, I LOSE OUT ON! IF I COULD ONLY GET MY PICTURES BACK... OR PAINT SOME MORE... MAYBE I'D STILL GET THE CONTRACT!

Give you your pictures? Without money? Ha! Ha! Ha! I may be old... but I'm not crazy! Ha! Ha!

Please! Please! You don't know what this means to me! My big chance! If I don't show that editor some samples, I'll lose it!

Please! Please! I know what this means to me! My big chance!

Only one hope left! I've got to see my old friend, Billy Johnson! He always helped me in the past. He'll help me one more time! I know he will!

Bill Johnson greeted his friend with harsh words and cold sneers...

Help you... again? After all the times I've loaned you money in the past? You're just a cheap bum, Wayland! Nobody'd give you a job! Who're you trying to kid?

I'm not lying! It's true! True!

Now get out... and stay out! I never want to see you again! You're a cheap, spineless bum! A no-good! A worthless slug!

I'll never get that job now! I'm really washed up!
Suddenly the oams of Jon Wayland's restraint burst like a demonic thing, he hurled himself on his old friend!

JON WAYLAND'S RESTRAINT BURST! LIKE A DEMONIC THING, HE HURLED HIMSELF ON HIS OLD FRIEND!

YOU COULD LOAN ME MONEY TO REDEEM MY PICTURES! YOU HAVE PLENTY OF IT! YOU'D NEVER MISS A MEANLY FIFTEEN DOLLARS! BUT NO... NO... NO!

JON WAYLAND! I SEE YOU... STEALING MY PAINTS AND BRUSHES! TAKE THEM, IF YOU WANT... BUT REMEMBER... I AM CURSING THEM! USE THEM... AND YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE TO USE THEM... NEVER RESTING... ALWAYS WORKING... DAY AND NIGHT... FOREVER AND EVER...

JON! I DON'T DO THIS TO ME! JON! AAAAAAGGHNN!

I'LL TAKE PLENTY OF PAINT... AND BRUSHES! EVERYTHING I NEED! THAT FOOL JOHNSON! WHY DIDN'T HE GIVE ME THE FIFTEEN DOLLARS? HE'D BE ALIVE, NOW!

JON WAYLAND MADE A MISTAKE? BILL JOHNSON WASN'T DEAD... NOT QUITE! HE WAS ALMOST DEAD... BUT THERE WAS STILL A SPARK OF LIFE LEFT... SO LOOK FOR YOURSELF, DEAR NEADEN... IF YOU DARE!

I NEED THAT COVER JOB, YOU HEAR? I NEED IT TO EAT, TO LIVE!

I KNOCKED HIM OUT, BUT I'LL DO MORE THAN THAT! I'M GOING TO KILL HIM! THEN I WON'T HAVE TO REDEEM MY OLD PICTURES! I'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE HIS PAINTS AND BRUSHES... TO PAINT NEW AND BETTER ONES!

I'LL TAKE PLENTY OF PAINT... AND BRUSHES! EVERYTHING I NEED! THAT FOOL, JOHNSON! WHY DIDN'T HE GIVE ME THE FIFTEEN DOLLARS? HE'D BE ALIVE, NOW!

JON! JON WAYLAND! I SEE YOU... STEALING MY PAINTS AND BRUSHES! TAKE THEM, IF YOU WANT... BUT REMEMBER... I AM CURSING THEM! USE THEM... AND YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE TO USE THEM... NEVER RESTING... ALWAYS WORKING... DAY AND NIGHT... FOREVER AND EVER...

JON WAYLAND! I SEE YOU... STEALING MY PAINTS AND BRUSHES! TAKE THEM, IF YOU WANT... BUT REMEMBER... I AM CURSING THEM! USE THEM... AND YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE TO USE THEM... NEVER RESTING... ALWAYS WORKING... DAY AND NIGHT... FOREVER AND EVER...
Feverishly, Jon Wayland threw himself into a frenzy of painting. Anxious to make up for time, he threw paint on canvas with sure, dexterous speed.

Wait'll the editor sees this picture!

All that day and all that night, Jon Wayland worked. Covered with perspiration, his eyelids heavy with the need of rest, he worked on...

He wants samples, does he? I'll give him samples... ten of them! Each one better... more norrible than the rest!

I'm giving you a lot of money for each cover! You can make a fortune if our book clicks! And it sure ought to... with these covers of yours!

I ought to rest, but... I don't want to rest! I'm in the mood to paint, and I will!

Jon Wayland went to work with a will. He never rested. Always, at any hour of the night, his lights were on as he painted and painted, madly, wildly...

They're terrific, Wayland! Terrific! You've caught the mood exactly! Terror! Horror! The big boss likes 'em so you're in!

Rich! I'll get rich at these prices!

Hee, hee! Jon Wayland was in the mood to paint, wasn't he? All well and good... for a little time! But read on, my friend... read on! Remember the dying man's curse? Hee. Hee! Of course you do... and so will Jon Wayland, after a while? Hee, hee!
SURE THING, JON. THE MAGAZINE IS SELLING LIKE HOT CAKES, SO I CAN USE SOME, BUT DON'T GET TOO FAR AHEAD.

BUT JON WAYLAND COULD NOT STOP PAINTING IF THE GLOSSY PAINTS OF THE MURDERED ARTIST RECKONED HIM LIKE SOME STRANGE MAGNET.

I CAN'T STOP? I MUST... GO ON, PAINTING! EVEN IF HE DOESN'T NEED COVERS.

I'VE WORKED FOR THIRTY-THREE HOURS, STEADILY, NOT STOPPING EVEN FOR A DRINK OF WATER? I CAN'T GO ON. BUT I MUST. FOR I CAN'T STOP.

USE MY PAINTS... AND YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE TO USE THEM... NEVER RESTING, ALWAYS WORKING... FOR EVER AND EVER!

MONTH AFTER MONTH, DAY AND NIGHT, JON WAYLAND LABORED IN HIS LITTLE GARRET STUDIO, HE DEVELOPED A HACKING COUGH. HIS BODY GREW THIN, WRAITHLIKE. HIS FINGERS, EXHAUSTED WITH BRUSHWORK, TREMBLED AND SHOOK...

ONE DAY HE FELL TO THE FLOOR, AND DID NOT GET UP.

HE'S DEAD!
THE POOR MAN HE WORKED HIMSELF TO DEATH, HE DID NO REST, NO TIME FOR LAUGHTER OR FUN... SIGH... AND NOW THE GRAVE WILL SHELTER HIM.

HE MUST HAVE MADE A LOT OF MONEY, WITH ALL THAT WORK HE DID! LORD KNOWS, HE NEVER SPENT ANY OF IT! I WONDER WHERE HE KEPT IT? 'TWON'T DO NO HARM IF I LOOK AROUND.

WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE... FOOTSTEPS? BUT NOT NATURAL STEPS? ALMOST LIKE THEY WERE MADE BY... LEG STUMPS!

I COULD NOT STAY AWAY FROM MY WORK! AH... THERE ARE MY PAINTS AND BRUSHES... STILL AS GOOD AS EVER.

HEE, HEE! WELL, THAT'S MY STORY, DEAR FRIENDS! I'LL BET THAT IF I TOOK A CANVAS OF YOU READERS RIGHT NOW, I'D FIND SOME OF YOU SCREAMING, TOO... JUST LIKE THAT POOR OLD LANDLADY! DID YOU NOTICE HOW PALE AND PALLETTE SHE LOOKED? OH, BY THE WAY, SHE'S RECOVERED NOW... DOING NICELY TOO! BUT SHE'S STILL NOT OUT OF THE INSANE ASYLUM! SEEMS THAT EVERY TIME SHE SEES A PAINTING SHE GOES MAD OVER IT!

GOT TO WORK AND... KEEP ON. WORKING! NEVER REST... FOREVER AND EVER... TO WORK AND PAINT... EVEN THOUGH... I SMELL OF THE CHARNEL-HOUSE AND THE GRAVE.

AAGH HHH! AIEEG HH!

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