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

NO. 23
FEBRUARY

FEATURING...

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

THE CRYPT-KEEPER

10¢
GAPOOKS! MY JOY KNOWS NO BOUNDS! I HAVE JUST RECEIVED MY E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB MEMBERSHIP KIT WHICH INCLUDES A FULL COLOR 7½X10½ ILLUMINATED CERTIFICATE, A STURDY WALLET IDENTIFICATION CARD, AN ATTRACTIVE EMBROIDERED SHOULDER PATCH, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH BAS-RELIEF PIN, SO WHAT?

SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!

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THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 206
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

SO, ALL RIGHT! SO HERE'S MY TWO BITS. SO MAKE ME A MEMBER, ALREADY, AND SEND ME THE THINGS AND STUFF LIKE WHAT THE KID UP THERE GOT... SO!

NAME ____________________________________________________________

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THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

NEE, HEE! SO YOU GOT YOUR GRIMY PAWS ONE OF YOUR OLD MAN'S COINS, BOUGHT MY MUCK-MAM, AND NOW YOU'RE HUNGRY FOR ANOTHER SLIME-SERVING FROM MY CAULDRON HERE IN THE MAUNT OF FEAR EH? WELL, TUCK YOUR DROOL CUPS UNDER YOUR DOUBLE CHINS, KNOT YOUR NAPKINS AROUND YOUR NUBBY NECKS, AND YOUR DELIRIUM DIETICIAN, YOUR FEERING-RESTAURATEUR, YOUR MORBID-MENU-MAKER. THE OLD WITCH, WILL DISH OUT ANOTHER OF HER REVOLTING RECIPES. READY? GOOD! THEN HERE GO WITH THE NAUSEATING NOVELLETTE I CALL...

CREEP COURSE

Stella's furnished room wasn't very far from the university. In fact, from her front window, she could see the tower of Memorial Hall rising above the rooftops. She hurried the few blocks from the campus, flung open the door, tossed her books on a chair, and now she stood gazing out over the college town and smiling a triumphant smile.

"ANCIENT CIVILIZATION! YOU'RE ONE COURSE I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANY MORE!"
Stella turned and grinned at her reflection in the full-length mirror on the closet door. She tied her ballerina shoes, her full skirt, her tight-fitting sweater, and she shook her head...

—uh-uh! no sir! this outfit is ok for perks' prop's interest during the day, but now that i've seen invited to an evening session...

Stella swayed open the closet and unhooked her very best strapless from the rack...

...it's time to roll out the big guns! say! where are you going?

It was Mitzi, Stella's roommate. She crossed the small room and fingered the evening gown

got a heavy date tonight, Mitzi! it isn't a blind date, i hope. i wouldn't fool around with any blind date these days!

Stella scoffed...

I didn't start the rumors, Stella. I'm just repeating what I heard. who's the guy?

Oh, cut it, Mitzi. So a few students disappear from the campus. is that any reason to start ugly rumors about maniacs and murderers and stuff like that?!

Well... if you promise not to tell? it's... professor finley!

Professor Finley?!? the 'ancient civilization' teacher?!? are you out of your mind? why, he's an old creep!

He may be an old creep, Mitzi, but if I don't pass 'ancient civilization', I don't graduate. and what I know about ancient civilization wouldn't fill a thimble.

Oh, i get it! gonna vamp 'im, eh?

Gonna try! don't forget! not a word! I promised him I wouldn't tell a soul.

Well, have fun, Stella. I gotta run. the gang's over at morrey's. we're gonna have a jam session. don't worry! your secret's safe with me...
Mitzi left and Stella stretched out on the bed. She smiled impishly...

Poor Professor Finley! If he only knew what he was letting himself in for!

She'd been so careful about her make-up. She'd worn her most flattering sweaters. She'd sat cross-legged in class till her muscles had ached, and he'd finally bitten...

You wanted to see me, Professor? Last night I read your paper on the Fall of Rome. Miss Sharp, frankly, I'm a little worried about how much you've grasped from my lectures!

I...I'm a little worried myself, Professor. I've tried! Honestly, I've tried! But I just haven't understood...

I thought I'd made the causes and effects quite clear, Miss Sharp. I feel terrible now. I covered too much ground too fast for you?

Perhaps, if you reviewed it for me, Professor... say... some evening?

He'd bitten, all right. He'd sucked in the bait. Hook, line, and sinker...

Oh, I wouldn't want to get you into any kind of trouble...

Er. Perhaps... if no one knew... if it was... say... our little secret... I mean... well... I'd like to help you, Miss Sharp! You're a... very nice... er... ah... girl... cough... cough...

Ahem... yes... er... well then, shall we say... tonight... at eight... at my house? You'll... er... make sure you're not seen!

It was going to be so simple. Stella'd planned it all so carefully. Ever since that first week, when they'd covered Egyptian culture and she'd known she'd never be able to pass that course, what with Greece and Rome yet to come... she'd worked on Professor Finley, and this afternoon, she'd finally succeeded.

Oh, er... Miss Sharp. I'd like to see you after my lecture. Of course, Professor.

He'd bitten, all right. He'd sucked in the bait. Hook, line, and sinker...

Oh, I wouldn't tell a soul, Professor. Not a soul! This is so sweet of you! I... I could kiss you...

Ahem... yes... er... well then, shall we say... tonight... at eight... at my house? You'll... er... make sure you're not seen!
Stella yawned and stretched. She looked at her watch...

Golly! It’s almost eight! I’ve got to hurry!

Professor Finley’s house was one of those old fashioned monstrosities that had once been very stylish. Stella lifted the huge door knocker. The hollow boom echoed down long corridors and up steep staircases and died away in dark corners within. The door squeaked open...

Miss Sharp? Yes, Professor! It’s me!

Stella swirled through the door, moving lithely, trying to look very desirable.

Why, Miss Sharp? You’re all dressed up!

Oh, this? It’s just a little something I picked up for cocktails, like it?

All right... er... Stella, come... come into the library!

Oh, what a lovely house! Everything is so... so... interesting!

She watched his bead little eyes sweep over her. Yes. ‘Ancient civilization’ was one course she wasn’t going to have to worry about...

It’s... it’s a very nice gown, Miss Sharp. You look very lovely!

Call me Stella, Professor!

Stella hid her real feelings. The inside of the house was worse than the outside. There were statues wherever one looked... marble busts of Roman emperors... full length poses of mighty Roman warriors... Roman poets, writers, mathematicians. Columns lined the walls, between which were hung paintings of ancient Roman scenes.

Do you find it interesting, Miss... er... Stella? Come! I’ll show you something really interesting...

Professor Finley opened a small door at the end of the hall. He motioned Stella down the steps...

It’s in the cellar! Come...

The cellar? Lord! What I won’t do to graduate!
Stella descended the steps slowly, thinking to herself, "All I have to do is throw my arms around him and kiss him and he's dead, duck! He won't dare flunk me. Poor Professor Finley!"

"I've always loved Roman culture, Stella!"

At the bottom of the stairs was another door... a massive oak door...

"Open it, Stella!" said Professor Finley.

"Professor! Heh, heh, heh!

Stella opened it. Professor Finley pushed. Stella sprawled through...

The door slammed shut behind Stella. The lock snapped. Professor Finley's maniacal laugh echoed through.

"Professor, my God! What is this! Let me out!"

"Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh!"

Footsteps faded away up the cellar stairs. Stella screamed after them. Suddenly, Stella's blood froze, she heard the low-throated growl...

"Who's there?"

"He's got another one!"

"You poor kid!"

Stella peered into the gloom. She seemed to be in some sort of huge room. There were other figures huddled together in the center of the floor...

"Who... who are you?"

"He's Mao! He trapped us the same way he trapped you! This is his colosseum! See? See the cages?"

At the other end of the cavernous cellar chamber, Stella could see the bars... and behind them, the burning yellow eyes and the gleaming teeth...

"He's got a lion back there... and a tiger..."

"A gorilla! We're to be his Christian martyrs!"

Oh, no! No!
Stella's eyes were becoming accustomed to the darkness now. She could see the others... young girls like herself... shivering in the dank dampness. She recognized them. They were students... the students that had disappeared.

He thinks he's Nero! He's crazy! He's going to sacrifice us to those beasts!

Suddenly the cellar reverberated with a recorded trumpet fanfare. The lights went on. Stella blinked. The sand floor of the cellar was stained red. In their cages, the animals roared, drooling hungrily.

Greetings, my beloved subjects! Look! Good lord!

Professor Finley entered a draped box. He had discarded his dressing gown and now stood proudly in a white Roman toga, a wreath of laurel on his head.

Let the celebration begin.

Professor, have pity! Nero, Emperor of all Rome, welcomes you!

Stella and the other girls huddled together, whispering, as the mad man raised his wine glass.

Behind his screened box, Professor Finley pressed a button... then another. Stella screamed. The bars of the cages rolled open...

The lion snarled. The tiger padded toward them. The gorilla pounded his chest, waddling out of his cage. The cellar resounded with the hysterical shriekings of the helpless girls.

The lion snarled. The tiger padded toward them... The gorilla pounded his chest, waddling out of his cage. The cellar resounded with the hysterical shriekings of the helpless girls.

And as the shrieks and screams rose to a crescendo, harmonizing in a horror symphony with the roars of the blood-starved beasts, the maniac munched grapes and strummed his lyre and watched the ripping... the tearing... the very death scene his maniacal counterpart had watched nineteen centuries ago.
Stella screamed. Mitzi shook her again.

Stella clung to her roommate, sobbing.

Stella sat up wide-eyed.

"Golly! You were having a heck of a nightmare!"

"Huh! Oh, Mitzi... sob... Mitzi!"

"It was awful, Mitzi! Awful! He was crazy! He thought he was hero! He had a miniature colosseum and a lion... and a tiger... and a..."

"Who? What are you talking about?"

"It's very simple. Mitzi suggested my dream to me when she told me not to go down any blind dates because of those disappearances... and I, in turn, in my dream, attributed them to Professor Finley... which, of course, is ridiculous.

"Good luck, honey..."

"Say, don't you have a date with him?"

"Oh... golly! What time is it?"

"Quarter after eight!"

"You have a date?"

"What time?"

"It was so real! His whole house was done in Roman statues everywhere! Busts! Paintings of Roman scenes. It was awful!"

"And a..."
PROFESSOR FINLEY'S HOUSE WASN'T AT ALL AS STELLA HAD DREAMED IT. THERE WAS NO DOORKNOCKER. INSTEAD, SOFT CHIMES SANG FROM WITHIN AS SHE TOOK THE BUTTON...

WELL, THANK GOODNESS, PROFESSOR? I WOULD HAVE DIED IF I SAW ANY ROMAN STATUES OR PAINTINGS OR THE LIKE...

MISS SHARP? YES, IS THAT YOU? PROFESSOR? IT'S ME!

STELLA SWIRLED THROUGH THE DOOR. THIS WAS NO DREAM NOW! THIS WAS IT!

WHY, MISS SHARP! YOU'RE ALL DRESSED UP!

OH, THIS?? IT'S JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING I PICKED UP FOR COCKTAILS LIKE IT!

SHE WATCHED HIS BEADY LITTLE EYES SWEEP OVER HER, YES, ANCIENT CIVILIZATION WAS ONE COURSE...

COME WITH ME, MISS SHARP'WELL GET STARTED... CALL ME STELLA, PROFESSOR!

PROFESSOR FINLEY LED STELLA DOWN A LONG HALL TO A HUGE DOOR. HE SWUNG IT OPEN...

WELL, THANK GOODNESS, PROFESSOR? OH, NO, MISS SHARP. I WOULD HAVE DIED IF I SAW ANY ROMAN STATUES OR PAINTINGS OR THE LIKE...

STELLA BACKED OFF, PROFESSOR FINLEY OPENED A CABINET AND DREW FORTH AN EGYPTIAN PRIEST'S MANTLE. HE DROPPED HIS ROBE, PLACED THE MANTLE ON HIS HEAD, AND CAME TOWARD HER... THE YARDS AND YARDS OF BURIAL GAUZE TRAILING BEHIND HIM...

IT'S AN INTERESTING PROCESS, STELLA. MUMMIFICATION...

STEELA SWIRLED THROUGH THE DOOR. THIS WAS NO DREAM NOW! THIS WAS IT!

WHY, MISS SHARP! YOU'RE ALL DRESSED UP!

OH, THIS?? IT'S JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING I PICKED UP FOR COCKTAILS LIKE IT!

SHE WATCHED HIS BEADY LITTLE EYES SWEEP OVER HER, YES, ANCIENT CIVILIZATION WAS ONE COURSE...

COME WITH ME, MISS SHARP. WELL GET STARTED...

CALL ME STELLA, PROFESSOR!

THE LOCK SNAPED BEHIND THEM. STELLA LOOKED AROUND, RELIEVED. THE WALLS BORE WEIRD INSCRIPTIONS AND STRANGE DRAWINGS. AT ONE END OF THE ROOM STOOD THREE... THREE... STELLA GASPED...

MUMMY CASES? YES, STELLA. EGYPTIAN CULTURE IS MY FORTE. I AM PARTICULARLY INTERESTED IN THE BURIAL PRACTICES OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS...

NO SILVER ATOLL!

When we boarded the trans-Pacific airliner in San Francisco, Clark and I were perfect strangers. He chose the seat beside me and we began to talk. By Hawaii, we were friends. By Wake Island, we were more than friends. By Guam, I was in love and knew it. And when the engine caught fire somewhere south-east of the Philippines, the only terror... the only fear I had... was now that I'd found Clark, I was going to lose him...

I remember the stewardess stumbling up and down the aisle, comforting us, reassuring us, and the screaming whine of the wind outside mixing with the shrieks of the passengers inside as our plane dove seaward. And I remember how I took Clark's hand and held it to my trembling lips...

O-Darling! I'm f-frightened... Everything will be all right, Ruth! You'll see...

Then, the utter screaming confusion, as we realized we were sinking. Someone opened the escape hatch and we poured out onto the wing. Miss Kirby, the stewardess, remembered to salvage the medical kit, and the pilot, Captain Miller, managed to inflate two life rafts...

QUICKLY GET INTO THE RAFTS, SHE'S SINKING FAST. LOOK, CAPTAIN MILLERLAND, AN ISLAND!

THE PLANE WENT DOWN NOSE FIRST IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, I SHUDDERED AS I WATCHED THE TAIL SECTION SINK SLOWLY BENEATH THE CHOPPY PACIFIC.

WHAT ISLAND IS THAT, CAPTAIN? I DON'T KNOW! THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF ISLANDS IN THIS AREA... MANY UNCHARTED!

HOURS LATER, WE PULLED OUR RAFTS UP ON A SPUME-LINED SLIMY SHORE, FOUL-SMELLING DRIFTWOOD AND REEKING SEAWEED COVERED THE NARROW STEAMING BEACH...

I THOUGHT THESE PACIFIC ATOLLS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE LITTLE PARADISES... ONLY IN TRAVEL FOLDERS.

SO THERE WE WERE, ELEVEN HUMAN BEINGS MAROONED ON AN UNINHABITED TROPICAL ISLAND. THAT FIRST NIGHT, AS CLARK AND I SAT BESIDE EACH OTHER AND LISTENED TO THE SQUEALING TROPICAL BIRDS OFF IN THE DENSE OVERGROWTH, I NOTICED...

WHAT'S WRONG, CLARK? I AM, RUTH. WE'VE... YOU LOOK WORRIED. WE'VE GOT TO BE RESCUED SOON. WE'VE JUST GOT TO,

NOW, I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG WE'RE GOING TO BE HERE. IT MAY BE A WEEK... IT MAY BE SIX MONTHS. EVENTUALLY, WE'LL BE RESCUED. THIS IS NEAR THE SHIPPINGS LANES. IN ANY CASE, OUR SURVIVAL DEPENDS ON EVERYONE'S COOPERATION!

THERE IS PLENTY OF FRUIT GROWING ON THE ISLAND, AND PLENTY OF FISH IN THE LAGOON SO WE WON'T STARVE. WE'VE GOT ONE SUN, ONE BOX OF SHELLS, AND A MEDICAL KIT. WITH ALL THE DRIFTWOOD AROUND, WE CAN BUILD A SIGNAL PYRE, AND IF A PLANE OR A SHIP COMES BY, WE'LL BE ABLE TO LIGHT IT TO ATTRACT ATTENTION. SO, ALL IN ALL, OUR SITUATION COULD BE A LOT WORSE...
A week went by. No plane or ship came near our island, and strange things began to happen. One of our party was a thief.

That's right. My ring was stolen last night. I demand its return.

I didn't know who the guilty party was, Mr. Kubleski, but I'll do my best to find out.

One by one, we all searched our pockets and purses. It was incredible...

I had plenty of change. I remember! Now I've only a penny and two nickels.

All of my dimes and quarters are gone... stolen!

The thief, whoever he or she was, had rifled through everyone's clothes... probably while we slept. But the curious thing was...

He's only taken dimes and quarters and half-dollars.

All my bills are here. A silver dollar I had is gone. My pennies and nickels are still here!

We found out why! One night at the end of the second week I was awakened to the blood-curdling sound of someone shrieking in pain...

Yaaahhhhh! Good Lord! What was that?

Miss Kirby, the stewardess gasped.

Mr. Dawson, what was your belt buckle made of?

Silver! And my ring! My ring seems to be gone. The thief is silver, too!

It seems our thief is only interested in stealing silver! But why?
We stared at each other... ashen faces in the pale moonlight. Captain Miller's voice was cold, expressionless...

But there are no wild beasts on this island! Only us...

Then one of us is the wild beast!

What do you mean?

In the portion of Europe where I come from there is a belief that certain human beings, when the moon is full, crave the flesh of other humans, we call them werewolves!

And it is also believed that the only way to kill a werewolf is to shoot it with a silver bullet!

A silver... good Lord! The missing coins. The ring... the belt-buckle...

You mean that unless we can manufacture a silver bullet we cannot kill this... this thing, Mr. Kubleski?

I looked at the faces around me as Mr. Kubleski spoke. Captain Miller... Mr. Dawson... Miss Kirby... Mr. Ansen... Mrs. Ames... Mr. Ames... who was it? Who?

I shivered in the tropical night. Clark came up behind me and slipped his arm around my shoulder...

You mean that unless we can manufacture a silver bullet we cannot kill this... this thing, Mr. Kubleski?

That is correct. Clark. No lead bullet will kill a werewolf! Only... silver.

The werewolf knew he... or she... was in trouble when we crashed. He knew that the full moon would rise within two weeks. He knew he would have to strike. So he stole everything made of silver that we had...

And now, even if his identity is learned, we will not be able to destroy him!
In the days and weeks that followed, I scarcely left Clark's side. I was frightened and he was the only one I could turn to...

Clark! Next week is the full moon again! What will we do? What if it strikes again?

Captain Miller shouted.

All right! We'll find out who it is! Who's missing? Quickly! Look around! Who isn't here?

I'll protect you, honey! Don't worry!

Mr. Kubleski looked around...

He is no doubt right here among us at the present moment!

Are there any tests, Mr. Kubleski? Any ways of telling who is a werewolf?

During the period preceding the rise of the full moon, there are very few, Clark! Werewolves are mortally afraid of garlic. In the old country, many peasants still hang garlic on their doors at full moon time. As the full moon rises, the werewolves' eyes turn red. A pentagram is seen on the palm of his intended victim. His eyebrow merges... his face grows hairy... his teeth lengthen...

And then, it happened again. Four weeks after the first murder, on the night of the full moon, a horrible shriek echoed across our Tropic Island...

And when we got to Miss Kirby's lean-to, we found her pale white body torn and shredded and streaked red with blood.

Choke... The werewolf has struck again!

And then, at exactly the moment of the full moon, the transformation is complete. He is, in fact, a veritable human wolf.

Lord! Where can we get enough silver to fashion a silver bullet? We've got to destroy this god-awful creature.
one day i was walking down along the beach when i noticed a crate that had washed ashore. i read the faded stencil markings.

u.s. army... quartermaster corps... field rations...

i waved to clark who was up at the camp...

clark! come here! quick!
sure thing, ruth!

clark came on the run. i pointed to the rotted crate... laughing...

you wanted something else beside fish and fruit, darling! well, here you are...

choke...

very funny!

clark, honey! i was only joking! please don't be angry...

he walked on up to camp, never once looking back. i kicked at the crate furiously...

oh, blast you! why did you pick this beach to wash up...

on... gasp...

the rotted crate fell apart. the cans rolled out over the sand. i picked one up. the stamped letters denoting its contents was still legible...

good lord! canned salami! salami has... choke... garlic in it!
I didn't want to believe it. I prayed I was wrong, Clark... the Werewolf! How could it be? I loved Clark. I wanted to marry him when all this was over. I had to be sure, I went back to my lean-to...

There's a calendar somewhere! I know it! I saw it! I... I remember! The medical kit!

The moonlight streamed upon his face as he changed... as his eye-rows merged...

Exactly...

I have to...

...as his eyes tunneled and his teeth lengthened and the hair grew out of his face...

...and he snarled and sprang at me, slobbering.

...and I plunged the hypodermic needle into his chest...

Agh!

That night I went to Clark's lean-to. He looked up at me sadly...

Why did you have to find out? We could have been so happy together. How...

I know, Clark! Look! My palm! The pentagram! You're going to kill me!

It... it worked... sob... like a silver bullet! You can tell... sob... Mr. Kubleski!

Good Lord!

Hah, hah! That's Ruthy's yarn, kiddies, exactly as she told it to me. How come she met me, you ask? So who do you think rescued her and the other crumbs? Watch me! You see, I was taking a little cruise this summer on my ghost ship and... well, that's another story! I'll save it till some other time. Now it's time to close up the vault of horror for this issue of O.W.S.H. and turn you back to her. So, 'bye now... and... as the undertaker said when he painted his coffin a different color, "This is a hearse of a different color!"
With the blueprints carefully folded in his breast pocket, Krilov stepped out of the Design Room. He glanced up and down the broad corridor, no one had noticed him. Another few minutes, Krilov thought, and he'd have successfully stolen the plans for one of America's most jealously guarded military secrets!

Through a door marked Test Section, Krilov passed... his hand brushing his coat and the bulge in his pocket. The plans would be on their way overseas in less than 8 hours. Krilov gloated before another sunset his nation's greatest experts would be examining the blueprints of the top-secret B-111 jet bomber! Stealing plans from a Yankee airplane factory was child's play. Krilov reflected to use the Americans' own phrase, it was a BREEZE!

A uniformed guard appeared to be watching him. Krilov realized with dismay. The man was scrutinizing over from the far end of the corridor. Krilov looked about nervously... he had been detected somehow! Opposite him were a large pair of doors with a sign reading, RESTRICTED KEEP OUT! If the guard came closer, Krilov thought... he'd make a dash for it.

These doors would provide him with a few minutes' breathing time... he'd manage to think of a way out of this dilemma! A way to pass on the plans to a colleague, even if they got him!

"Hey, mister!" the guard was bellowing at him. Krilov darted toward the huge doors, tugged his coat, and was able to squeeze his body through.

Perspiration standing out like raindrops on his furrowed brow, Krilov slammed the doors shut behind him and locked the lock into place. He'd have to think fast...

The room was of enormous proportions. Krilov noted as he slid his hand into the secret pouch and pulled out the blueprints it was some kind of gargantuan hall. Thousands of steel cables ran from floor to ceiling for overhead. He'd hide the plans in one of the struts, then pass the word into his colleagues after he was re-based. It would be a breeze...

A roaring sound alarmed Krilov, he stepped in his truck and turned toward the source of noise. A gigantic horn completely dominated the far wall... it was stirring up a frightful wind!

Krilov felt the full shattering blast the second it lifted him off the floor, tore his coat from his body in a thousand tatters and buried his headlong toward one of the sloping side walls. He crashed with stunning force against the struts, was aware that the flesh of his face and hands had been allowed off in bloody shreds. He tried groggily to stand, but the turmoil was too much; once again he was wrenched from the floor and catapulted against the murderous struts. A stabbing pain slashed between his eyes... one of his arms was being savagely torn from its socket by the awful wind...

"I tried to stop him." the bewildered guard said in the chief of the Security Section. "He seemed to be just inside, but before I could get to him he went in there..." The guard pointed to the double-doors marked: RESTRICTED... KEEP OUT! "Want into the High-Speed Wind Tunnel!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION, REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 1, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 563) OF HAUNT OF FEAR published semiweekly at New York, N.Y., for October 1, 1952.


2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Fables Pub. Co., Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., Wm. M. Gaens, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., J. K. Gaens, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder holds the stock or other securities of another company, the names and addresses of the officers and directors of such other company as well as the stock or securities held in the other company.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.

(Signed) FRANK D. LEE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1953.

Ettore De Stefano, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1954.)
Hey, wasn't there s'pose t'be a big bowl game here today, Melvin? So where's all the people? So?

So haven't you heard, Irving? The first issue of E.C.'s new humor mag is out. The people are all down at the newsstand buying Panic!

Yep, kiddies! E.C.'s new humor mag, Panic is on sale. So rush down to your favorite newsstand and get your copy. However, if you don't want to miss any football games... if you want to read Panic and sit in the bowl at the same time... subscribe! Fill out the coupon and mail to...

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I SAW MOMMY EATING SANTA’S CLAWS
IT'S THE TALK OF THE TOMB
DON'T DRAIN ME
MY OLD KENTUCKY CRONE
HACK IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD
DON'T SPIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE
JUST ANOTHER CROAKER
THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR YOUR SON'S EYES
I DON'T CARE IF THE SUN DON'T SHINE
II EAT MY LOVERS IN THE EVENIN' TIME!
CUT HER UP A LITTLE CLOSER
THRUHT IN ME
I'M PUING OVER THE FOUR STIFFS OF DOVER
DROWNED IN THE OLD BILGE STREAM
I WILL BREAK YOUR BACK AGAIN, KATHLEEN
SOMEBODY STOLE MY GUTS
A-CRUNCHING WE WILL GO
I'M SLITTING THE TOP OF A GIRL

Joe Malone of Brooklyn and Dan Voorhees of Los Angeles suggest the following vampire vocalists to warble the above disgusting ditties:

EDDIE SQUISHER
DINAH GORE
LES FALL-BEARER
MEL FORE-ME
ETHEL MURDERMAN
ROSEMARY SLEW-ME
BOIL EYES

Putrid Poetry Dept. Sickly-Sandy of Willow Grove, Pa. dashes off this one to the tune of ‘My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean’:

PAIL, PLEASE

My stomach is in a commotion,
My head's hanging over the rail...
I don't want to mess up the ocean
So somebody bring me a pail!

Robert McMahon of Decatur, Ill. pens this gem:

When a vampire goes out at night
He sure don't go out to fly a kite!
He goes out searching, and then he draws
And leaves his victim with empty veins!
THE OLD WITCH'S GRIM FAIRY TALE!

HERE'S THE LATEST IN MY FAIRY TALE DEBUNKING CAMPAIGN, KIDDIES. THIS IS THE REAL SCOOP... THE TRUE FACTS BEHIND THE NAUSEATING NONSENSE THAT YOU'VE READ AS...

HANSEL and GRETEL!

Y' see, actually, the woodcutter and his wife and two kids weren't so bad off. They weren't so poor that they couldn't buy food like in the versions you've read. In fact, the old man was doing all right, what with the housing boom and the G.I.s back from the Crusades. The real trouble was...

GOOD LORD, WIFEY! THEN KIDS! THEY'RE EATING AGAIN!

THAT'S ALL THEY DO IS EAT! EAT, EAT, EAT! YOU'LL HAVE TO INCREASE MY ALLOWANCE, I JUST CAN'T MANAGE WITH THEM EATING LIKE THAT!

STOP WITH THE 'INCREASE MY ALLOWANCE' ROUTINE. I'M HANDING OVER MY WHOLE PAY BAG NOW. WHY, I STILL OWE A FEW DUCATS ON MY NEW AXE. EVERY TIME THE COLLECTOR COMES, I GOT TO OUCAT....

CHOMP... CHOMP... CHOMP...

YOU GNUT UP AND EAT! NO! DON'T EAT! TALK! DON'T EAT! TALK! SAY SOMETHING!

NANSEL! OUR PARENTS SEEM TO BE IN DISAGREEMENT AS TO... CHOMP... WHAT OUR BEHAVIOR... SLURP... SHOULD BE!

CRAZY MIXED UP... CHOMP... PARENTS!

AND THERE'S AN INSTALLMENT DUE ON THE NEW WASH TUB. OH, WHAT WILL WE DO?

CHOMP... CHOMP... WEAR DIRTY CLOTHES! CHOMP...
HUSBAND, DEAR! HOW COULD YOU? YOU SHOCK ME!...
I... WE'LL DO IT! MAYBE A TREE'LL FALL ON THEM...
OR A WILD BEAST...

MAYBE A TREE'LL FALL ON THEM...
OR A WILD BEAST...

NOW, DON'T GET EXCITED... I GOT A SUGGESTION! WHAT SAY I TAKE 'EM OUT INTO THE WOODS AND DITCH 'EM? WE'D BE NO OF THEM! WE'D EAT AGAIN... REAL FOOD... MEAT... VEGETABLES... YOGURT!

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Later that night, when the moon came up and the shiny pebbles that Hansel had dropped glittered like newly minted subway tokens, the children retraced their steps.

We're almost home, Hansel! You can hear the wild cheering and hysterical laughing!

The woodcutter and his wife had just sat down to their first square meal in years when the door to their tiny cottage swung open...

Yum! Yum! And mashed potatoes! Surprise!

Oh, no! Choke! Food! We're starved! Pass the worcestershire! The worstershire! The worsti... The ketchup!

That night, the woodcutter and his wife plotted...

We've got to try it again, wifey! And this time, we've got to do the job right!

Okay! Okay! Now pass me that bone. It's my turn to gnaw on it!

And so, the next morning, the woodcutter again led his darlings into the impenetrable woods...

Today, we will observe the habits and habitats of the yellow-bellied sapsucker... a bird of the woodpecker family noted for its distinct plumage...

Cut the corn, mom! Give us the Mickey Spillane routine and let's get it over with!

The woodcutter turned...

The string's run out! Your time is up! Er... Say your prayers! Er... Ah...

Go, already! Yeah! We're hungry!

The woodcutter dashed off leaving the two children deep in the forest...

Come, Hansel... Share my crust of bread since you have torn up yours into tiny crumbs to leave a trail for us to follow back home!

Who did? Think I'm a fool? I passed my bird study merit badge test? Why let the birds eat it? Chomp... Chomp...
And so, Hansel and Gretel were really lost this time. But do you think they cared? Do you think they worried? You’re darn right they didn’t! After all, in a few hours, they got... you guessed it...!

...Hungry! I’m starved, Hansel!

Me too! I could eat a horse! I look!

I’m not kidding! She was no witch! Listen! I ought to know a witch when I see one. This old lady was a sweet little old thing...

My lar! Children? Gang — one side, y’old bag!

So naturally the little old pensioned widow who lived there asked...

Nibbling, nibbling... like a mouse, who’s that nibbling at my house?

Aw, shut up, y’old eat!

I’m not kidding! She was no witch! Listen! I ought to know a witch when I see one. This old lady was a sweet little old thing...

My lar! Children? Gang — one side, y’old bag!

This little old lady, kind-hearted soul that she was, listened to Hansel and Gretel’s story...

And since Mama and Papa... Chomp... couldn’t afford to buy us food... they left us in the woods to die... Chomp... because they couldn’t bear to see us... Slurp... Suffer!

...and fell for it... Hook, Line, and Sinker...

You two little darlings can stay here! I’ll feed you! I’ll take care of you! I’ll buy you pretty clothes... toys... candy... sodas... malteds...
This little old lady begged them brats to stay with her.

Please say 'yes!' I've been so lonely since my husband died last year and left me with all this useless wealth...

They showed them her jewels...her gold...

Useless, I say...because what good is money if it can't buy happiness?

But as soon as the little old lady was gone, Hansel and Gretel rushed to her treasure chest...

Why not bake one now, grandma?

Why not bake one now, grandma?

I will! I will!

Knock it off! Listen! If you'll allow me to spend all this on you two!

They showed them her jewels...

Her canned meat, Hans! Nice thick fresh...

Not canned meat, Hans! Nice thick fresh...

Showed them her jewels...her gold... Useless, I say... because what good is money if it can't buy happiness?

It can't buy happiness?

So happy if you'll allow me to spend all this on you two!

I will! I will!

I will! I will!

Why not bake one now, grandma?

I will! I will!

Knock it off! Listen! If you'll allow me to spend all this on you two!

But as soon as the little old lady was gone, Hansel and Gretel rushed to her treasure chest...

You stay here, and I'll go get the firewood! Stay right here, now...

We're not budgin', Granny!

No! We're settin'...but deaf!

And it will make me so happy if you'll allow me to spend all this on you two!

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I will! I will!

Knock it off! Listen! If you'll allow me to spend all this on you two!
So you see, kiddies, this little old lady wasn't getting ready to roast the brats alive! All she was doing was getting the fire started in the oven to bake a cake in celebration of Hansel and Gretel's coming to live with her...

There we are... a nice roaring fire! Now!

Then they took all of the poor old lady's jewels...

She gone yet? Chomp? Real... chomp... gone!

And listened to her burn to a crisp...

Good lord! Jewels! Gold!

Welcome home, darlings!

And went home to their loving mother and father's cabin and told them the fantastic story that you've believed...

And that's it. To save ourselves from being roasted alive, we pushed her into the oven, and then we found these...

Believed up to now, that is! Now, of course, you know the true story of Hansel and Gretel. Grim, eh? Well, that's the name of this department!

Next time, I'll tell you... er... well... let's just wait and see what my idiot editors dream up. Now, I'll turn you over to the crypt-keeper who will wind up my reek rag with a tale from his crypt of terror.

'Bye, now! And as the bop construction man said when he found the boat in the cement machine, "Dig that crazy mixed-up kid!"
HEH, NEN' AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR ME, YOUR CRYPT-KEEPER, TO WIND UP THE OLD MAG'S MAG. SO, SINCE YOU'VE BEEN TUCKED AWAY WITH A LITTLE FAIRY TALE... PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A NIGHTMARE FROM ME! COME... COME WITH ME TO THE LAND OF THE OKEFENOKEE... SOUTH... SOUTHERN SOUTHWEST WHERE VARMINT PITS AGAINST MAN, AND ONLY THE WITTIEST SURVIVE. OUR HERO WILL BE THE WITTIEST, EVEN THOUGH HE'S JUST HALF-DO. THIS TALE, I CALL...

COUNTRY CLUBBING!

Far off, the swamps echoed with the blood-curdling yelps of bloodhounds. For on this dark night, the chain gang was searching for one escaped convict...

O'DTTS STOP... REST... EAT... HUNGRY! HUNGRY!
As if in answer to his wild, breathless babbling, a light breaks through the darkness...

A SHACK! THEY'LL HAVE FOOD!

I'LL KILL 'EM. KILL 'EM DEAD! STUPID ROTTEN PEOPLE OUGHTA BE DEAD FOR JUST LIVIN' IN THIS SMELLY NGB SLOP!

THIS HERE CYPRRESS STICK'LL MAKE ME A GOOD CLUB!... BEAT THEIR BRAINS OUT!... BEAT 'EM OUT DEAD!

WOMAN!...

GIMME THET...

THERE, FOOD!

I'M HUNGRY!

The convict quivered and convulsed with the excitement of food at last! Food... all for him and no one else... him alone!
It stood huge and ugly. It was a man...the dead woman's man. His face would scare the wits out of any striped skunk...

...And it did.

Oh!

Nooooo!

Git away! Don't touch me! I...I didn't mean to hit her! I wuz hungry...honest!

Owww! Help!

It's the devil hisself! I ain't ready fer ya yet! Ya gotta ketch me! Lemme outa here!

Back out into the darkness and the swamps he ran. Even the hounds would be better for him than this ghoulish-looking monster...

Heh! Heh! I can out-leg him...the stumbling idiot!

...yet he still followed...with the club!
His wild running brought him back onto the path of the baying blood hounds... Their throats sore and eager for a swallow of flesh...

HAROOOOOO

MY LEGS! CAN'T MOVE 'EM! I'M EXHAUSTED! NO! NO! IT'S QUICKSAND!

I'M EXHAUSTED. NO. NO. IT'S QUICKSAND.

GOTTA PULL UP! I'LL PULL UP THIS TREE... CLIMB IT SO DOGS CAH'T GIT ME?

AT LAST! NO MUDDY EARTH NOR DAWG KIN EAT ME!

AAEEE! IT'S A RAT! IT'S GOT ME! HELP!

IT'S A FILTHY 'POSSUM! I'LL FLING YAT'D THE DAWGS!

WHILE THEY EATCHA, I'M SKEDADLISH!

YET HE STILL FOLLOWED WITH THE CLUB.
IF THET CRAZY CRITTER THINKS HE'S GONNA KETCH ME, HE BETTER GET A BOAT, CAUSE I'M TRAVLIN' ON WATER FROM HERE OUT!

THE CONVICT WADED INTO THE BLACK SWAMP WATER AFTER A FLOATING LOG THAT WOULD CARRY HIM TO FREEDOM... CAN'T SEE TOO WELL! THIS LOG'LL DO!

WITH CRAZED STRENGTH, THE CONVICT GRABBED A DANGLING VINE AND CLIMBED TO SAFETY...

'GATOR BAIT, I AIN'T GONNA BE!

... YET HE STILL FOLLOWED WITH THE CLUB!
As he untangled himself from the vines that twisted around his arms and legs, one vine began to slowly move...

True! It was a snake—a long, brown and yellow cottonmouth snake, and it sank its teeth into the convict, ejecting its stored-up venom...

In his pit of fear and anger, he beat the reptile to death...

Suddenly, the swamp answered back to him with a wild hum of gnats and mosquitoes...

...followed by pursuing bats, flapping and frightening the convict deeper into the swamp...

He ran wild. Fear, now, had control of his criminal brain. Only instinct kept him fighting to escape the murdered woman's man...

Yet he still followed with the club!
The Okefenokee had now sapped all of his energy. He couldn't go on. This was it...

He's gonna get me... get me like I got his wife!

I'm sorry! I didn't mean to hurt her! Let me live! I don't wanna die! Don't use th' club!

Stay away! Keep away! Don't kill me? It'll be murder! You'll be a murderer!

Help! Please help!

Uh... here's ya club, Mistuh! Ya forgot an' left it way back at muh house!

I... eh, eh... I forgot my... eh, eh... club. Isn't that... eh, eh... funny? I... eh, eh... forgot my... eh, eh, eh, eh, eh...

Uh... here's ya club, Mistuh! Ya forgot an' left it way back at muh house!

And so we leave our convict friend... gibbering away... a raving maniac deep in the Okefenokee. Something just... shall we say... snapped, when the big slob practiced his Southern Okey Hospitality... which is always return things that ain't rightfully yours. Well that about winds up O.W.'s morbidd mag which is rightfully yours. We'll all see you next in my mag Tales from the Crypt? Oh by the way, did you forget about the E.C. fan-addict club? No? Hmmm? That's too bad! Bye, now... E.C., that is!
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We're so sure that our "Picture Way" can show EVERYONE HOW TO PLAY the guitar, that we're giving you this IRONCLAD GUARANTEE... if you are not playing beautiful music on your guitar 10 days after you receive the Lonnie & Wayne Home Teaching Course, return the course to us and get your money back! Could anything be fairer?

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