

WITCHES
TALES

WE DARE YOU TO READ THESE EERIE TALES
OF SUPERNATURAL HORROR!

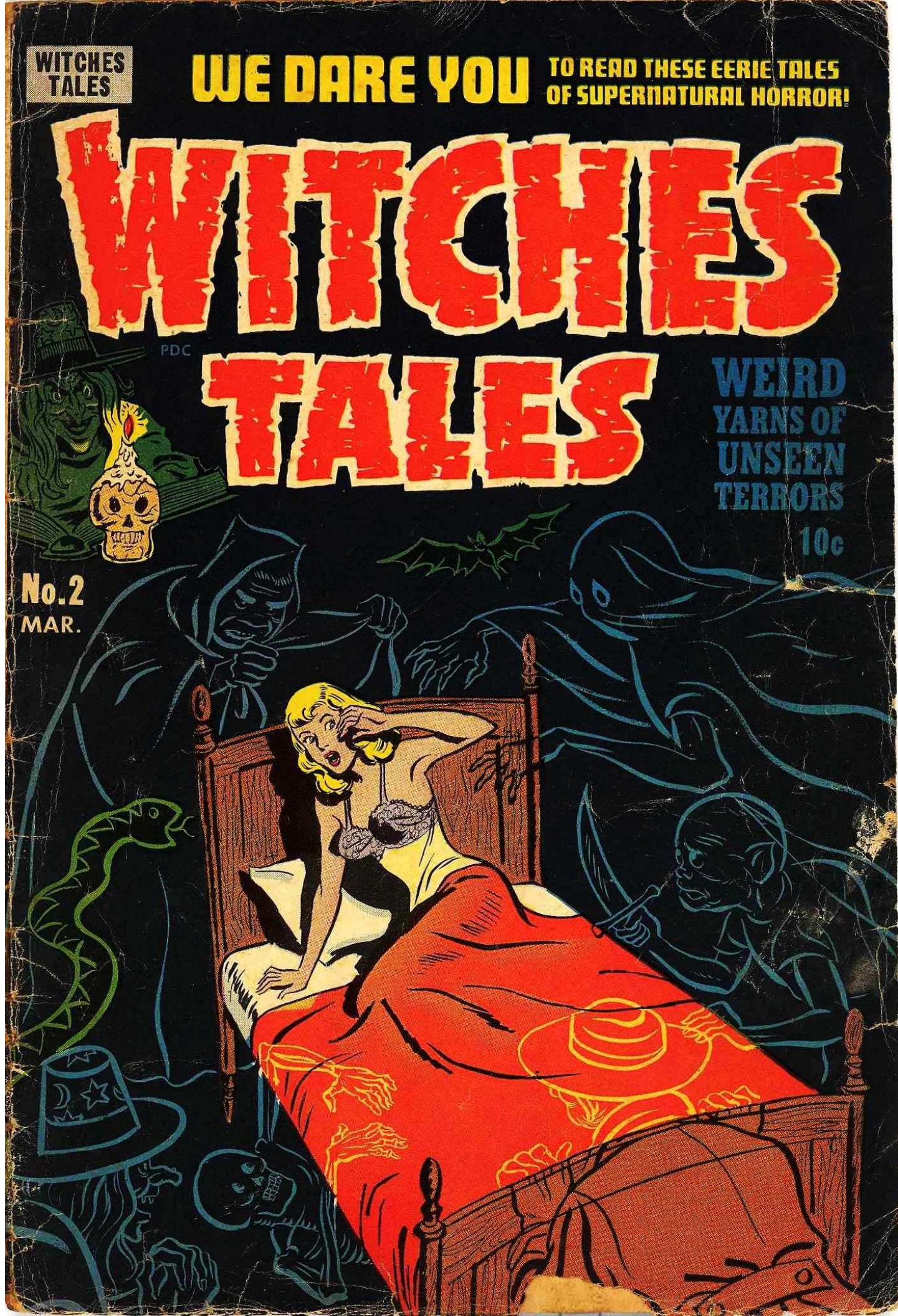
WITCHES TALES

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WEIRD
YARNS OF
UNSEEN
TERRORS

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No. 2
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A MESSAGE FROM THE WITCH



Heh, heh! The pot has bubbled and the brew is right! Mystery and horror crackle with glee. The flames of the fantastic leap high in the brimstone pit. Look! Look at how many letters fill my eerie den! A-ha-ha-a-a, how you fiends of fury-swept adventure delighted in my last issue of WITCHES TALES!!! Heh, heh, I . . . what? Oh, of course! My purring friend in the corner has reminded me of something. You, out there, don't forget to write to me. It does my black heart good to hear from you. Eh, the wind moans and the candle atop the skull burns low? Then, it is time again for another series of . . . WITCHES TALES . . .

But lark! Here are some of the sounds you've made . . .

GRIPPING SUSPENSE!!!

From the very first page of WITCHES TALES, I was glued to my chair by its gripping suspense!

J.S., Chicago, Ill.

THRILLED AND CHILLED!!!

As a lover of excitement, I read your book and was thrilled and chilled by its super stories!

B.K., Bethlehem, Pa.

WOW!!!

All I can say about WITCHES TALES is WOW!

T.M., Clovis, New Mexico

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WITCHES TALES

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EVERYONE HAS HEARD AND LAUGHED AT THE EXPRESSION "IF THIS IS COULD KILL" THIS IS THE STORY OF BOSS SQUINT, A MAN WHO FOUND THAT HE HAD THIS STRANGE POWER, THE SUPERHUMAN POWER OF...

THE EVIL EYE



PHANTOMS IN THE FLAMES



MASSACRE of the GHOSTS!



AMONG THE ANNALS OF CRIME AND JUSTICE, ONE OF THE STRANGEST CASES IS THAT OF BLIX CRANDALL, THE MOST VICIOUS CRIMINAL OF HIS DAY! MANY TIMES HE ESCAPED THE CLUTCHING FINGERS OF DEATH, FOR EVEN DEATH WAS BAFLED BY...

The man with TWO FACES



EVERYONE HAS HEARD AND LAUGHED AT THE EXPRESSION "IF LOOKS COULD KILL." THIS IS THE STORY OF BOSS SQUINT, A MAN WHO FOUND THAT HE HAD THIS STRANGE POWER, THE SUPERHUMAN POWER OF...

THE EVIL EYE



SEVERAL MONTHS BEFORE SQUINT EVER DREAMED OF THE RARE POWER HE WOULD SOME DAY POSSESS, A MEETING TOOK PLACE IN THE F.B.I. OFFICE AT WASHINGTON...

WELL, JOHNSON, WHAT ABOUT THIS JEWEL ROBBERY CASE? SCOTLAND YARD WANTS A REPORT!

I'VE MANAGED TO LOCATE SOME OF THE JEWELS THAT HAVE BEEN SMUGGLED INTO THIS COUNTRY FROM THAT ENGLISH JOB, BUT I CAN'T GET A LEAD ON WHO IS BRINGING THE STUFF IN PAST OUR CUSTOMS OFFICIALS—AND HOW THEY DO IT!!



THIS MUST BE THE DOINGS OF A CLEVER INTERNATIONAL JEWEL GANG. THAT HALF-MILLION DOLLAR ROBBERY IN ENGLAND TOOK PLACE TWO YEARS AGO! I WANT THIS CASE CHECKED!

THIS THING HAS GOT ME BEAT, CHIEF—I KEEP RUNNING INTO DEAD ENDS! WE'RE UP AGAINST SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW!



AT THIS VERY MOMENT, ANOTHER SMALL PORTION OF THE JEWELS IS BEING *SMUGGLED* ABOARD A SHIP ONLY A FEW DAYS FROM THE UNITED STATES' COAST...



YOUR LUGGAGE LOOKS ALL RIGHT, SIR. ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE DECLARED EVERYTHING YOU'RE BRINGING IN?

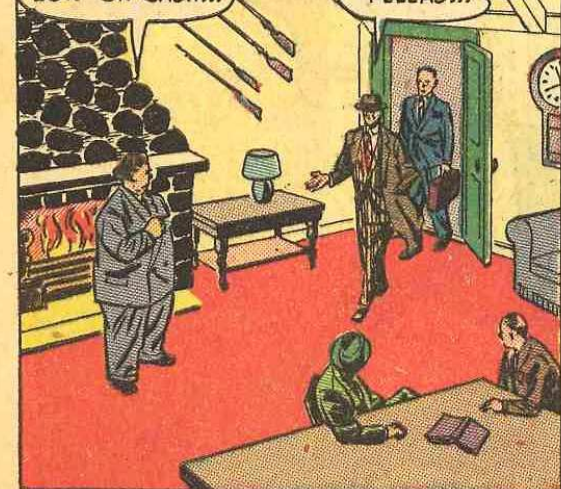


SQUINT WAS MET AT THE BOAT AND DRIVEN TO THE GANG'S HIDEOUT...

I'VE SURE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU, SQUINT. BIG STEVE SAYS YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE IN THE GANG WHO CAN GET THE STUFF PAST CUSTOMS WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT! HOW DO YOU DO IT, HUH, SQUINT?

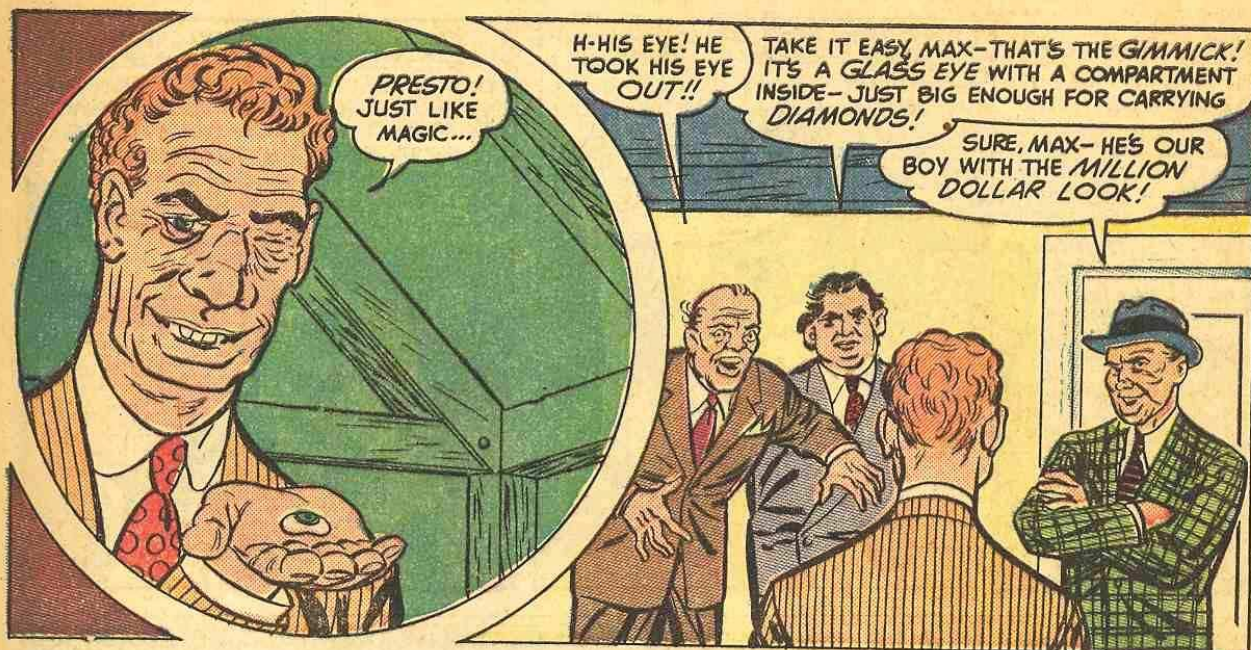


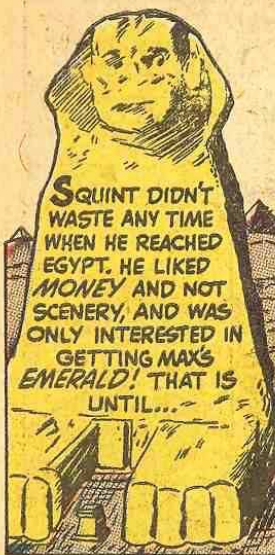
SQUINT!! WELL, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! NO TROUBLE, EH? WE'VE BEEN RUNNING LOW ON CASH...



WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT YOU GOT THIS TIME. NOW WATCH HIM CLOSELY, MAX!







SQUINT DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME WHEN HE REACHED EGYPT. HE LIKED MONEY AND NOT SCENERY, AND WAS ONLY INTERESTED IN GETTING MAX'S EMERALD! THAT IS UNTIL...

NOW LET'S SEE, HERE'S THE ADDRESS I NEED-- DARNED PLACES DON'T HAVE ANY NUMBERS ON 'EM...HUH! WHAT? GET AWAY! QUIT FOLLOWING ME...

SIRE...SIRE, YOU NEED GOOD GUIDE? ME, SACHI...I CAN SHOW YOU SECRETS...SECRETS OF EGYPT...JUST A FEW PENNIES, SIRE...



ONLY A FEW PENNIES... COME- I WILL SHOW YOU A MYSTERY OF WHICH MY PEOPLE FEAR TO SPEAK... IF I DID NOT NEED THE MONEY, I WOULD NEVER SHOW YOU IT!

WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU'LL KEEP ON BOTHERING ME. I COULD USE SOME RELAXATION ANYWAY. OKAY, YOU BUZZARD'S BAIT, LEAD ON. THE EMERALD CAN KEEP ANOTHER DAY!



THEY LEFT THE LITTLE TOWN AT THE EDGE OF THE DESERT, AND FOR AN HOUR THE TWO RODE ACROSS THE TRACKLESS WASTES OF BARREN LAND. ONLY THE SCRATCHY VOICE OF THE GUIDE AND THE WHINE OF THE LONESOME DESERT WIND BROKE THE SILENCE.



OKAY, SO IT'S A PYRAMID-- NOW WHAT?

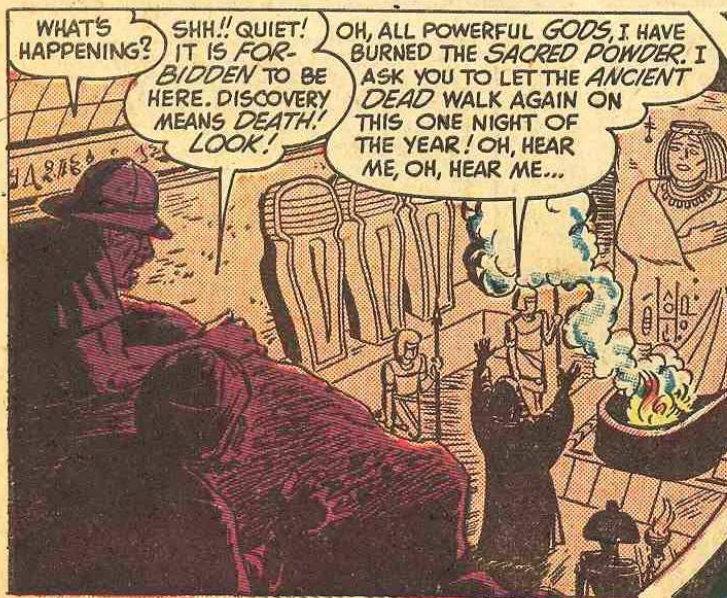
COME, TONIGHT IS THE ANCIENT RITUAL! YOU WILL SEE WHAT NO WHITE MEN HAVE EVER SEEN. THE DEAD WILL WALK!

EVEN THE AIR SEEMED DEAD IN THE ANCIENT TOMB, AND IT WAS SO MUSTY AND DANK THAT THE TORCH HAD TO FIGHT TO KEEP ALIVE! THEY WENT DOWN... DOWN... DOWN INTO WHAT SEEMED TO BE THE BLACK CORE OF THE EARTH, WHEN...



HUH, WHAT WAS THAT?

IT IS THE SIGNAL FOR THE BEGINNING OF THE CEREMONY OF THE DEAD! HURRY, OR WE'LL MISS IT!



WHAT'S HAPPENING?

SHH!! QUIET! IT IS FOR-BIDDEN TO BE HERE. DISCOVERY MEANS DEATH! LOOK!

OH, ALL POWERFUL GODS, I HAVE BURNED THE SACRED POWDER. I ASK YOU TO LET THE ANCIENT DEAD WALK AGAIN ON THIS ONE NIGHT OF THE YEAR! OH, HEAR ME, OH, HEAR ME...

WITH SOUNDS TEMPERED BY THE CENTURIES, THE OLD MUMMY CASKS OPEN AS THE SHARP SMELL OF THE POWDER'S FUMES SEEPS INTO EVERY CORNER OF THE ROOM AND INTO THE NOSTRILS OF THE MUMMIES.

LOOK! TH-THEY'RE COMING TO LIFE! IT'S THAT POWDER-- I'M GOING TO GET SOME...

NO--THEY WILL TEAR YOU TO PIECES!



SILENTLY, SLOWLY, SQUINT SLITHERED TO THE ALTAR, DETERMINED TO POSSESS THE MYSTERIOUS POWDER THAT COULD GIVE LIFE TO THE DEAD, WONDERING IF HE HAD THE SECRET TO EVERLASTING LIFE...



ANCIENT KINGS...WHAT TROUBLES YOU? OH-AN INTRUDER! AFTER HIM... KILL HIM!!

THEY SEE ME!

C'MON- WE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... THEY'VE SPOTTED US...

I- C-CANNOT G-GO F-FASTER! I--I AM D-DOOMED!!



BELOW THE PONDEROUS STEPS OF THE ANCIENT, DEAD KINGS RELENTLESSLY FOLLOW THE TWO MEN UP THE NEVER ENDING STAIRCASE, UNTIL...

OH, THEY GOT HIM! I'LL BE NEXT...



IN A LAST MOMENT OF DESPERATION, SQUINT THROWS ONE OF THE PRECIOUS VIALS OF POWDER AT THE ONRUSHING MUMMIES AND...



WHAT A BREAK! THIS STUFF IS LIKE T.N.T.!! NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE...



WITHOUT STOPPING AND WITHOUT LOOKING BEHIND HIM, SQUINT RAN ALL THE WAY TO HIS HOTEL ROOM, PUTTING AS MUCH SPACE BETWEEN HIM AND THE SCENE OF UNSPEAKABLE HORROR AS HE COULD!! BUT IT WAS NOT ENOUGH...

I--I--(PUFF-PUFF) GOT TO LEAVE THIS PLACE... (GASP) T-TOO DANGEROUS- MIGHT COME AFTER ME HERE- (PUFF)...TAKE BOAT, TONIGHT...





WHEW! AM I GLAD TO SEE THE LAST OF *THAT* PLACE! IF MAX WANTS THAT EMERALD HE CAN GO BACK AFTER IT *HIMSELF*! AS FOR THE POWDER I STOLE— NO ONE IS GOING TO GET THAT!! NOT WHILE I'VE GOT IT HIDDEN IN MY GLASS EYE!

SO SQUINT CAME HOME, KEEPING TO HIS CABIN THE WHOLE TRIP, STILL *SHAKEN* FROM HIS *FANTASTIC EXPERIENCE*! ONCE AT HOME, IT ALL SEEMED LIKE A *NIGHTMARE*. BUT, LITTLE DID HE KNOW THE SECRET POWER HE POSSESSED UNTIL THE NIGHT ON THE WAY HOME FROM THE SHIP...

SURE GOOD TO BE HOME AGAIN... WONDER HOW MUCH I SHOULD TELL MAX AND STEVE...

HEY, GET AWAY, YOU MUTT! G'WAN, BEAT IT...



GR-R-RRR



I HEARD IF YOU LOOK 'EM IN THE EYE, SHOW 'EM YOU'RE NOT *AFRAID*, DOGS LEAVE YOU ALONE... GEE, MY EYE, IT FEELS SO FUNNY— KIND OF WARM...? WELL, LOOK AT THAT...

YI-YI-YI-YI-YI.



IT SEEMS LIKE ONE LOOK FROM ME MADE HIM A *DEAD DOG*!

SCREECH-H-H



POOR OLD FELLER... GUESS HE'S DONE FOR...

SEEMED TO BE *RUNNING* FROM SOMEBODY... OR SOMETHING...

ALL RIGHT, *WISE GUY*— DOWN THIS NEXT ALLEY, AND NOT A *PEEP* OUT OF YOU!

WHY, MAX, I... I WAS JUST ABOUT TO CALL YOU...



I HAD A HUNCH YOU MIGHT TRY TO COME BACK *SOONER* THAN YOU SAID, AND KEEP THE *EMERALD* YOURSELF! OKAY, SQUINT, *UNSCREW* THAT *PHONEY EYE* BEFORE I PUT A *HOLE* IN YOUR HEAD AND GET IT THE HARD WAY!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, MAX— YOU GOT ME *ALL* WRONG...

SQUINT KNOWS THAT DEATH IS VERY CLOSE, AND THE COLD MUZZLE OF THE GUN FEELS LIKE ONE OF DEATH'S ICY FINGERS! MAX WILL NEVER BELIEVE HIS STORY AND SO...



MAYBE IF I JUST GLARE AT HIM... LIKE THE DOG! MY EYE... IT'S GETTING WARM...

C'MON, QUIT STALLING... WH-WHY ARE YOU L-LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT...?

HEY, MIKE-LOOK! THERE'S A GUY BEING HELD UP!



STOP, OR WE'LL SHOOT!

I'LL GET HIM...

BLAM!

BLAM!



LUCKY WE CAME ALONG JUST THEN. SOMETHING TOLD ME TO CRUISE PAST THIS PART OF TOWN...EVER SEE THIS GUY BEFORE?

NEVER LAID EYES ON HIM! HE WANTED MY MONEY... THREATENED ME...



LATER... IT CAN'T BE JUST LUCK...THERE MUST BE A POWER IN THAT POWDER THAT I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT...A SECRET BEYOND MODERN KNOWLEDGE! I HAVE THE LOOKS THAT KILL-HA-HA AND WITH IT, I CAN CONTROL ANY MOB--I CAN BE BOSS SQUINT!

KNOCK

KNOCK



ONE HOLLER FROM YOU, AND I GOT SOMETHING HERE THAT'LL KNOCK YOUR EYE OUT! BACK UP!

SURE, BIG STEVE... SURE!



BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING, STEVE- I WARN YOU, YOU BETTER LISTEN TO ME! I CAN KILL YOU WITHOUT RAISING A HAND!

LISTEN, YOU RAT, IF YOU DON'T HAVE THAT EMERALD, YOU BETTER TALK FAST!



BUT ONE DARK NIGHT, DURING THE VOYAGE, WHEN SQUINT'S FUTURE CRIMINAL CAREER LOOKED BRIGHTEST, THE BULKY STRANGERS WHO HAD BOARDED THE SHIP APPEARED ON DECK AS SILENT AS SHADOWS.

THERE HE IS, OH, ANCIENT KINGS—THE MAN WHO VIOLATED THE CEREMONY! UNTIL YOU DESTROY HIM, THE DEAD CANNOT REST!

ARGGH!



WITH CAT LIKE STEPS THE AVENGERS SLINK UP BEHIND THE UNPREPARED SQUINT AND...

KILL... KILL...

IT... IT'S THE MUMMIES! NO! DON'T T-THROW ME OVERBOARD!



NO ONE ABOARD THE SHIP COULD EVER EXPLAIN THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF SQUINT, AND IT WAS ASSUMED THAT HE HAD FALLEN OVERBOARD. HOWEVER SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, AT THE VERY SPOT THAT SQUINT HAD BEEN THROWN INTO THE SEA...



NOW YOU BE CAREFUL DOWN THERE, JIM. WE'VE ALREADY LOST TWO MEN TRYING TO SALVAGE THE GOLD FROM THIS WRECK!

AYE, CAPTAIN!

ALL READY, JIM?



SOMETHING FUNNY DOWN HERE, CAPTAIN... SOMETHING SHINING OVER THERE NEAR THE WRECK... IT LOOKS LIKE AN EYE... STARING AT ME... OH... AIR... URGH—LINES TANG--LED...



JIM! JIM! WHAT'S THE MATTER... ANSWER ME! PULL HIM UP, BOYS!

IT'S TOO LATE, CAPTAIN. HE'S DEAD...

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS JOB. THIS IS AN EVIL PLACE! THERE IS SOMETHING... SOMETHING DOWN THERE THAT HAS TAKEN THE LIVES OF THREE GOOD MEN! LET THE SEA KEEP ITS SECRET, BOYS! UP ANCHOR!



AND WHILE THE SALVAGE SHIP DISAPPEARS OVER THE HORIZON, THE EVIL REMAINS OF SQUINT KEEP A LONELY VIGIL BY THE OLD WRECK WHERE HE DROWNED! AND THE EVIL EYE IS ONLY A CURIOSITY TO THE STRANGE ANIMALS THAT LIVE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA...



PHANTOMS IN THE FLAMES



IN THE COLD BLACKNESS OF AN AFRICAN NIGHT, WHILE THE TROPICAL STARS MOCKED THEIR PURSUIT FROM ABOVE, A TRADER, JONATHAN PIERCE, AND HIS BOY SERVANT, SABI, CHASED A FIRE AND A GROUP OF NATIVES FOR MILES AND MILES...

ALL WE WANT TO DO IS REST AND GET WARM BY THAT FIRE YET EVERY TIME WE COME CLOSE TO IT, THE BLASTED THING AND THOSE NATIVES DRAW AWAY. HOW?

NEVER HAVE I BEEN FOOLED BY FIRES IN THE NIGHT. EVIL KEEPS HIGH THOSE FLAMES!



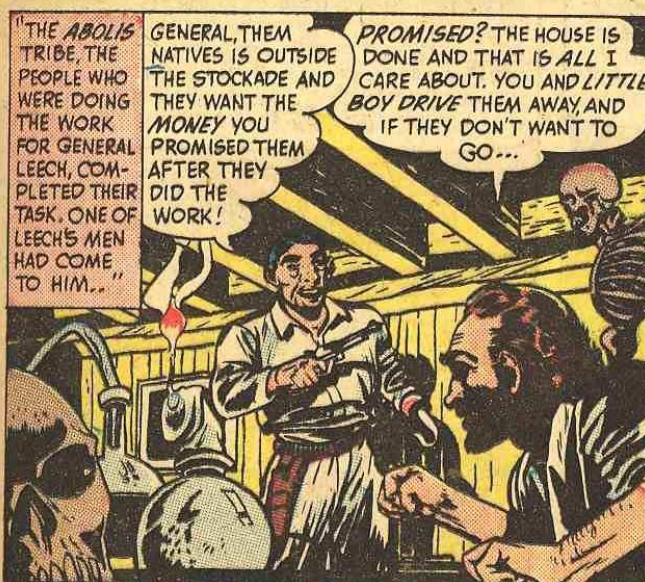
AS THE MORNING SUN'S RAYS BATHED THE VALLEY IN GOLDEN LIGHT, PIERCE DECIDED TO GO DOWN INTO THE VALLEY. SABI, WHO FEARED FOR HIS MASTER'S SAFETY, TRIED TO STOP HIM, BUT IN THE STRUGGLE...

I MUST GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! OUT OF MY WAY, SABI! I... OH, NO!! SABI, SABI! WHAT HAVE I DONE?

DO NOT ENDANGER YOUR LIFE, MASTER. LOOK, THE FIRE HAS DISAPPEARED. I WILL NOT ALLOW... NO... HELP... AHHHHH!!!

NEIGH! NEIGH!





"YES, THE **SLAUGHTER OF THE ABOLIS** WAS TERRIBLE AND THE PEOPLE OF THE JUNGLE SUDDENLY KNEW WHAT KIND OF MAN **LEECH** WAS. BUT, EVEN THEN, WE DID NOT KNOW THE **POWER OF HIS EVIL...**"

AH, THIS IS **PERFECT!** HERE, IN THE HEART OF **AFRICA**, I CAN CONTINUE MY WORK. THE DAY WILL COME WHEN EITHER A MAN **OBEYS** ME OR BECOMES AS **FLESHLESS** AS THIS SKULL.



"SOME TIME LATER, AS THE GENERAL INSPECTED HIS LAND..."

WHAT THE...WHOA, BOY... WH... AHHHH!



IT...IT'S **QUICKSAND!!** SAVE ME! I...I'LL GIVE YOU **ANYTHING**. OH, I...I CAN'T REACH THAT VINE!

LET THE **QUICKSAND SUCK** YOU DOWN TO THE **BLACK BOWELS** OF THE EARTH!! THERE YOU WILL **ROT** CURSED BY ALL, **MURDERER** OF OUR PEOPLE!!!

SO YOU THINK YOU HAVE ME! **NO!** I'LL COME BACK FROM THE DEAD! MY HOUSE WILL FOREVER BE **GUARDED!!** AND EVERY LAST **ABOLIS** MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD WILL BE **FORCED** TO ROAM THE EARTH AND **FLEE** WHENEVER A WHITE MAN APPEARS. YOU WILL **NEVER** KNOW THE **PEACE OF DEATH!!**



"AND, SLOWLY, SLOWLY, THE **RAVING LEECH** WAS DRAGGED UNDER THE SURFACE OF THE SAND AS IF SOME **GIANT HAND** HAD HOLD OF HIS LEGS AND WAS **PULLING HIM DOWN... DOWN...**"

THE STORY ENDS BUT THE **CURSE** CONTINUES. FROM TIME TO TIME THE **ABOLIS** ARE SEEN AROUND THEIR FIRE. THE JUNGLE PEOPLE HAVE ALSO HEARD STRANGE NOISES FROM THE DESERTED GENERAL'S HOUSE BUT NO ONE **DARES** GO NEAR IT. BUT...

I'VE JUST GOT TO SEE THAT HOUSE! AFTER I GET STRONGER, I WANT TO BE SHOWN WHERE THE PLACE IS!



WITH MORE DETERMINATION THAN SANITY, JONATHAN PIERCE GOT SOMEONE TO GUIDE HIM TO THE HOUSE. THE JUNGLE WAS QUIET... TOO QUIET...! THERE WAS A FEELING OF SUSPENSE AND DEATH WHEN...

I-I DON'T FEEL QUITE AS SURE ABOUT THIS NOW THAT I'M HERE! THIS HOUSE... IT... WHAT WAS THAT??

THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!



WONDER WHAT THAT NOISE WAS BEFORE? I COULD HAVE IMAGINED IT. THIS PASSAGEWAY IS A DEAD END. BETTER GET OUT AND... GOOD HEAVENS, THAT NOISE IS RIGHT BEHIND ME NOW!!!

THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!



A NOISE... A STRANGE SMELL... MADE JONATHAN WHEEL AROUND AND WHAT HE SAW MADE THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK BRISTLE WITH FEAR!!

ARRGH!
THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!

GORILLA... MY GUN... IT WON'T FIRE!!



WITH STEPS THAT THUNDERED IN THE SMALL PASSAGEWAY, THE HUGE MONSTER OF THE JUNGLE ADVANCED, IT BEING THE THING LEECH HAD LEFT TO GUARD HIS HOUSE!!

MY LIFE... MUST FIGHT... KNIFE... GET OUT THE KNIFE, QUICK! OH, THE CANDLE!



SLOWLY, THE VISE OF OAK-LIKE ARMS BEGAN TO SQUEEZE THE LIFE OUT OF THE MAN. THE FLAMES SEEMED TO DANCE WITH GLEE AND GROW LONGER AS THE LIFE AND DEATH BATTLE CONTINUED...



URRRR!
UH! UH!

IT... IS... GETTING... SO... DARK!
I... I... URGH... ARRGH!



WITH THE DESPERATION OF A MAN FORCED TO FIGHT FOR HIS LIFE, JONATHAN LASHED OUT WITH A SUPREME EFFORT AND BURIED HIS KNIFE DEEP INTO THE BRAIN OF THE MONSTER. THE GORILLA SHUDDERED, AND THEN FELL...

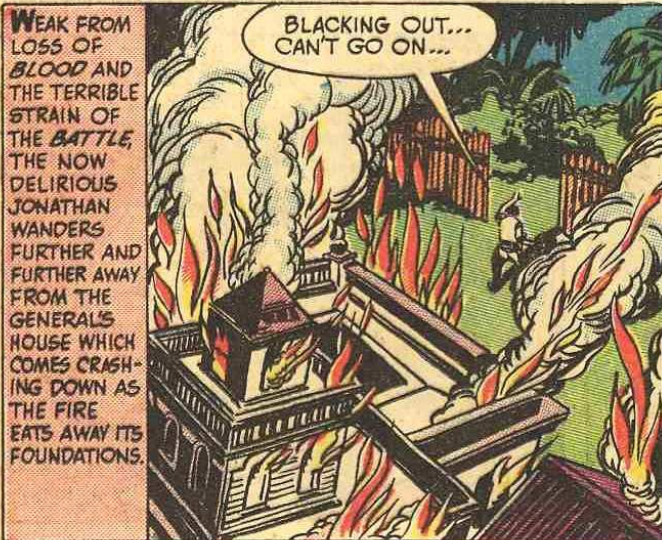


IT'S DEAD...AND...
AND I'M STILL ALIVE!! BUT I
MUST GET AWAY...THE FIRE!

USING WHAT STRENGTH HE HAD LEFT, THE BADLY WOUNDED TRADER DRAGGED HIMSELF OUT OF THE HORRIBLE PASSAGEWAY JUST IN TIME, FOR, AS HE STUMBLED OUT, THE FINGERS OF FIRE JOINED ACROSS THE OPENING IN A BAND OF DEATH!



WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD AND THE TERRIBLE STRAIN OF THE BATTLE, THE NOW DELIRIOUS JONATHAN WANDERS FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY FROM THE GENERAL'S HOUSE WHICH COMES CRASHING DOWN AS THE FIRE EATS AWAY ITS FOUNDATIONS.



BLACKING OUT...
CAN'T GO ON...

AND AS THE BLACKNESS OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS CLOSED IN, MEN AS SILENT AS SHADOWS, SLIPPED FROM THE JUNGLE AND...



FIGHT... HURRY. HE IS CLOSE
FIRE... MUST GET AWAY... TO DEATH!

FOR MANY LONG HOURS THE STRANGE, QUIET MEN CARRIED JONATHAN PIERCE. THEY SEEMED TO KNOW THE JUNGLE LIKE THE ANIMALS. THEN, AS THE TREES SUDDENLY PARTED, THE PHANTOM FIRE WAS SEEN!!!



OH, MY HEAD... WHERE AM I??
YOU ARE AMONG THE ABOLIS!! I AM CHIEF ADUL. THESE ARE MY PEOPLE WHO WALKED THE EARTH IN MISERY JUST AS YOU DID WHEN WE FOUND YOU. ALL OF US KNOW OF YOUR FIGHT.



BUT... BUT THIS CAN'T BE. THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE **GHOSTS!** BUT YOU ARE **REAL**. I'M LEANING ON YOU, CHIEF!

AYE, WE **ARE GHOSTS AND CURSED** AT THAT. FOR THESE MANY YEARS WE HAVE BEEN WANDERING BUT NOW, NO MORE, YOU HAVE **KILLED THE MONSTER**, DESTROYED THAT **EVIL HOUSE** AND SO LIFTED THE **CURSE** FROM OUR HEADS.



AS HIS MIND WHIRLS AROUND IN **CONFUSED CIRCLES**, JONATHAN FINDS VOICE TO ASK...

BUT **HOW** CAN YOU BE **GHOSTS??** I TELL YOU I CAN **FEEL** YOU! OH, NO, YOU'RE ALL **DISAPPEARING!**

DO NOT FEAR. NOW THAT THE **CURSE** IS NO MORE WE CAN **REST**. HERE TAKE THIS **IDOL**. IT WILL BE A BOND OF OUR **FRIENDSHIP... WHEN WE MEET AGAIN!**



UNABLE TO STAND THE **STRAIN** ANYMORE, THE **TRADER'S** BODY BECOMES **LIMP** AND DROPS TO THE GROUND. BUT, FROM **NOWHERE**, IT SEEMS, **VOICES** SPEAK...

OUR **WHITE BROTHER** HAS FAINTED.

WE MUST CARRY HIM TO SAFETY. WE CANNOT, LET HIM **DIE!**



LATER... NOW, TAKE IT EASY... YOU'VE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS FOR SEVERAL DAYS... YOU MUST HAVE HAD A **ROUGH TIME!!**

SOMEBODY BROUGHT YOU TO THE **HOSPITAL'S** FRONT LAWN AND LEFT YOU THERE. THEY MUST HAVE BEEN **FRIENDS** OF YOURS!

FRIENDS?? WAS IT... OF COURSE, THE **ABOLIS!!**



WHEN THE **DOCTOR** HEARD JONATHAN **PIERCE** MENTION THE **ABOLIS**, HIS FACE FIRST **CLOUDED** BUT THEN BECAME **SCOFFING**...

C'MON, TIME FOR ANOTHER **SHOT!** SAY, YOU MUST HAVE SOME OF THAT **FEVER** LEFT! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THE **ABOLIS** HAVE BEEN **EXTINCT** FOR **TWENTY YEARS??** BY THE WAY, **HERE'S** SOMETHING YOU WERE HOLDING WHEN WE FOUND YOU!

BUT...??



AS THE **DOCTOR** LEAVES, SMILING AND SHAKING HIS HEAD, JONATHAN **PIERCE** LOOKS AT WHAT THE **DOCTOR** HAD GIVEN HIM.



FEVER, IS IT? THE **FOOL**. HERE IS THE **ABOLIS** **IDOL**. I DID SEE THE **ABOLIS** AND AS THE **CHIEF** SAID, "IT WILL BE A BOND OF OUR **FRIENDSHIP... WHEN WE MEET AGAIN!!!**"



WITCHCRAFT ON THE HIGH SEAS

In New England, where it is said the persecuted witches went when things got too hot for them in the old world, there lived a woman weaver who was a witch.

As the light of each day melted into the purple of the night, she would just sit, bending over her loom, silent, and not doing a thing. Then, as if the Devil rose up before her, she would start working as busily as corn in a cornfield.

Many was the time that the witch's keyhole had an eye pressed close to it, to marvel and fear at the strange cloth that she was making. The cloth resembled a flag whose background was black!

The witch never ate with the family that employed her and not once did she ask for anything. It is said that the town major, on making a keyhole investigation, saw a hornet buzz out of her mouth. The minister laughed at this and said it was nonsense but, at that very hour, a farmer was thrown from his horse. The farmer later claimed a hornet bit his animal which reared and threw him!

One day, a careless servant started a fire in the farmhouse where the witch lived and soon the flames were reaching for the heavens. The witch managed to get out safely, walking right through the flames. As the ashes of the house mounted in the fire, the witch gave out a terrible shriek and ran back into the burning house to save her cat whom she had forgotten. Just after she entered the blazing structure, the weakened timbers let out a warning groan and collapsed!

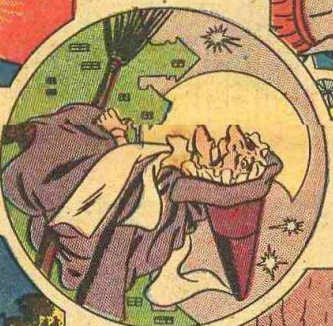
When, finally, but a few sputtering embers remained, the men of the town poked in the ruins for the witch and her cat. Neither was found. But, something else was found... the witch's loom. The work on it was complete. The men cringed back in fright as they saw the strange design the witch had been weaving. Born in the raging flames, it was a mark of horror: seven white on a black cloth. It was a mark which would strike terror in the hearts of men for many years to come.

It was the skull and bones emblem... the JOLLY ROGER!

Strange Superstitions



IN COMMON WITH SOME OF THE CLUTS OF INDIA, THE EGIPTIANS BELIEVED THE SOULS OF MEN ENTERED DIFFERENT FORMS AT DEATH. THOSE PEOPLE WHO HAD BEEN GOOD AND WORTHY IN LIFE WERE GIVEN EXALTED BODIES, WHILE THOSE WHO HAD SINNED AND PREFERRED EVIL WERE GIVEN THE BODIES OF REPTILES AND OTHER HORRIBLE CREATURES.



MANY SAVAGES, THE WORLD OVER, BELIEVE THAT WHEN A PERSON DIES HIS OR HER NAME SHOULD NEVER BE MENTIONED ALOUD AGAIN. SUPPOSEDLY, IF THE GHOST HEARD HIS NAME, HE WOULD THINK HIS RELATIVES WERE NOT PROPERLY GRIEVING FOR HIM AND HE WOULD RETURN TO HAUNT THEM!



IN DAYS GONEBY, THERE WAS A MAN KNOWN AS THE WITCHHUNDE GENERAL WHOSE JOB IT WAS TO TRACK DOWN ALL WITCHES. HE CLAIMED HE HAD A BOOK, STOLEN FROM THE DEVIL, WHICH LISTED ALL THE WITCHES' NAMES. THEN A JEERING CROWD DRAGGED SOMEONE TO BE TORTURED AS A WITCH. THE WITCH-FINDER GENERAL WAS THE MAIN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CROWD'S ACTIONS...



THE WEREWOLF HAS TAKEN ITS PLACE IN WORLD HISTORY AND LEGEND BUT ANOTHER SUCH CREATURE IS FAST GROWING IN THE IMAGINATIONS OF MEN. THE WERREFOX... THE WEREFOX IS A WOMAN WHO HAS ASSUMED THE SHAPE OF A FOX...



THE RETURN OF THE WEREWOLF

Tobey, the grunted, old cobbler, was hurrying home, his thin shoulders huddled around his scooped head. The night was very cold. Then, as he turned a corner, Tobey was smashed off his feet by the wild attack of an animal!

"It's such a nice morning and we have to be out here investigating a murder." Constable Hawkins wasn't too happy as he knelt before the lifeless form of the old cobbler whose neck had been ripped open by the fangs of a mad demon. Inspector Galt peered at the body, not heedful of his assistant's complaint.

"It's murder, all right! What monster could have... hello, what's this?" The inspector pried open Tobey's fist which was clasped in a death grip. "It looks as if Tobey gave whatever murdered him a little fight. He tore this cloth from the killer's clothes. I..."

"Inspector, come quick! Tim Gallagher says he knows who the murderer is!" Inspector Galt straightened up and faced the man who was standing breathless in front of him. "Hawkins, stay here. I'll check this!"

"Yes, sir. I saw Mrs. Cregar running down the street last night and her clothes were ripped and bloody." The inspector had to call for order. The assembled crowd, upon hearing Tim Gallagher's words, began to shout and mumble that Mrs. Cregar was a witch who could change into an animal! This belief had existed ever since the widow's husband was murdered—his neck slit from ear to ear! Calling for two witnesses, Inspector Galt went to the widow's house.

"Mrs. Cregar," the judge said, "upon entering your house, the inspector and two witnesses found you wounded and your clothes bloody. You have no alibi. This, together with your past actions, forces the court to find you guilty of Tobey's murder and to sentence you to death by burning at the stake as a witch!"

On the night the execution was to take place, the moon was full just as it had been when Tobey was murdered. "Apply the torch!" ordered the mayor. The flames began to lick up the post. And, as they did, the moon passed from behind some clouds.

"Arrgh... arrgh... rrr... grrr..."

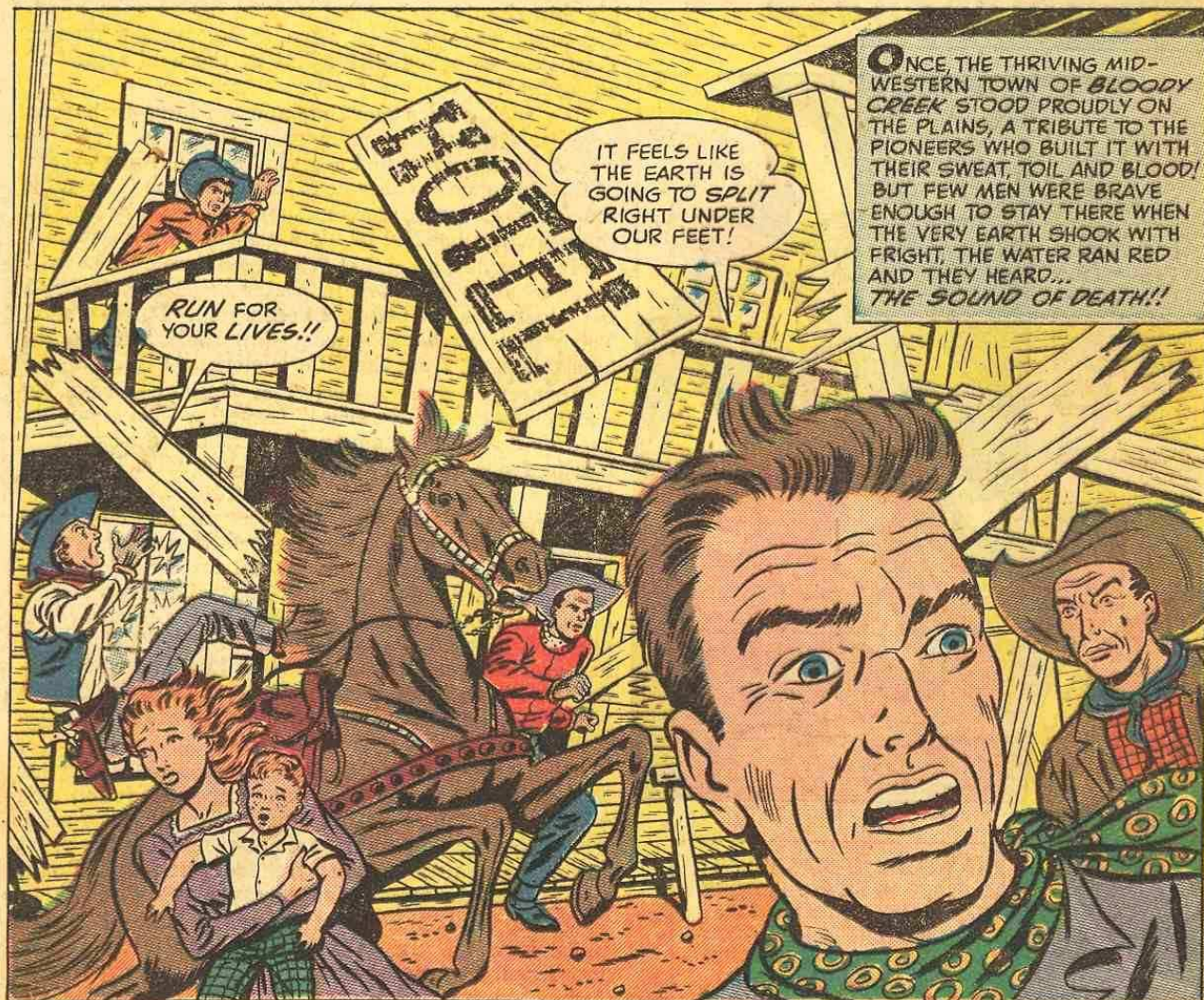
"Good heavens, look at the widow!"

"No, no, it's... it's..."

The flames were devouring the body of a screaming, mad wolf...



MASSACRE of the GHOSTS!





TOM, WE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! THERE MUST BE SOME LOGICAL EXPLANATION BESIDES THAT OLD LEGEND!

MAYBE SO— BUT I'M BEGINNING TO GET A MITE SCARY MYSELF!

HURRY, DOCTOR— MY LITTLE GIRL, SHE'S DYING!

COMING AS FAST AS I CAN, MR. LEE! COULDN'T GET HERE ANY FASTER ... LOT OF FOLKS HURT IN THIS TOWN!

THE PEOPLE WERE DESPERATE AND FRIGHTENED, NOT KNOWING WHEN TO EXPECT ANOTHER CATASTROPHE! THAT NIGHT WHILE THE PRAIRIE WIND MOANED SOLEMNLY FOR THE DEAD THROUGH THE HALF DESERTED TOWN...

NOW, FOLKS, TOM AND I DECIDED IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA IF WE SEND FOR A GOVERNMENT MAN— ONE OF THOSE SCIENTIST FELLERS. WE ALL KNOW THAT AN EARTHQUAKE IS AN ACT OF GOD, BUT WATER TURNING RED COUPLE TIMES EVERY YEAR IS ANOTHER MATTER!

AND I TELL YOU IT'S ALL ONE AND THE SAME! IT'S OUR GRAND-FATHER'S FAULT FOR BRINGING THIS CURSE ON OUR HEADS!

BUT WHAT CAN WE DO? OUR CATTLE DIE LIKE FLIES WHEN THE WATER TURNS RED!

YOU'RE RIGHT— IT'S THE ONLY THING TO DO! THAT— OR CLEAR OUT AND GIVE THIS LAND BACK TO THE INDIANS!



AND, SOMETIME LATER IN WASHINGTON, D.C., THERE IS A MAN WHO DOES NOT KNOW THAT HE IS AT THE THRESHOLD OF THE STRANGEST ADVENTURE OF HIS LIFE...



OH, MR. COLLINS. (OH, THAT MAN! WISH HE'D LOOK AT ME THE WAY HE LOOKS AT THAT TEST TUBE!) KEY! BILL COLLINS! THE CHIEF WANTS TO SEE YOU, RIGHT AWAY!

HUH? OH, YES... BE RIGHT IN...

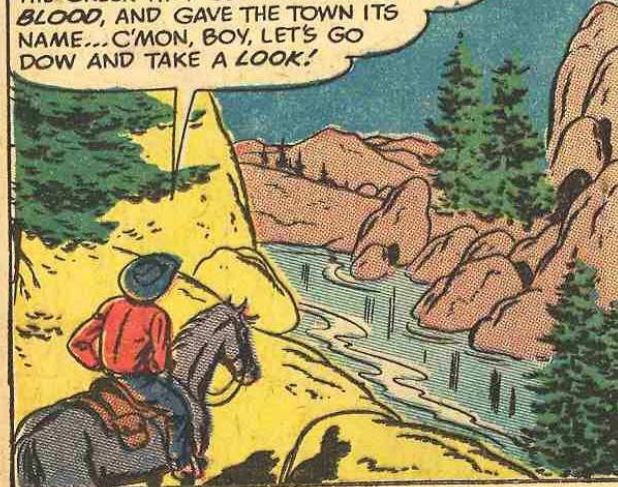
BILL, I'VE GOT AN INTERESTING LITTLE ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU. HERE'S A LETTER FROM A LITTLE TOWN OUT WEST CALLED BLOODY CREEK. SEEMS THEY'RE HAVING SOME TROUBLE... STRANGE RUMBLINGS UNDERGROUND, EVEN A FEW EARTHQUAKES AND ODDER OF ALL, CATTLE BEING POISONED BY WATER THEY CLAIM RUNS RED! THEY'VE REQUESTED AN INVESTIGATOR, INTERESTED?

SURE AM, CHIEF! I'VE BEEN COOPED UP IN THE LAB LONG ENOUGH! I'LL START IMMEDIATELY!



A FEW WEEKS LATER, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

I THINK I'LL TAKE A PRIVATE LOOK BEFORE I GO INTO TOWN! I GUESS THIS MUST BE THE CREEK THEY CLAIM RUNS RED WITH BLOOD, AND GAVE THE TOWN ITS NAME... C'MON, BOY, LET'S GO DOW AND TAKE A LOOK!



HMMM! THIS WATER LOOKS PERFECTLY COLORLESS TO ME... HUH!!



BLAM! ZING!



OKAY, STRANGER, WHAT ARE YOU DOING **SNOOPING** AROUND MY LAND...AND **THAT CREEK!** YOU PUTTIN' SOMETHIN' IN IT? **TALK FAST!**

L--LOOK, MY NAME'S **BILL COLLINS**...FROM **WASHINGTON!** YOU FOLKS ASKED FOR A MAN TO COME OUT HERE. I'M HIM! NOW WILL YOU **PLEASE** POINT THAT THING IN **ANOTHER** DIRECTION?



I'M TAKING **NO** CHANCES WITH YOU, STRANGER. IF YOU **AIN'T** TELLING THE TRUTH, I'LL...

DO YOU **HAVE** TO HOLD THAT THING SO (GULP) CLOSE?

EASY, RUFUS, THIS IS THE ONE WE SENT FOR. HE'S GOT A LETTER WE SENT TO **WASHINGTON**, AND IDENTIFICATION.



WELL, NOW-THAT'S A HORSE OF A **DIFFERENT** COLOR. PUT 'ER THERE, SON!

YOU'VE GOT TO **FORGIVE** THE PEOPLE AROUND HERE FOR BEING A MITE **SUSPICIOUS**. IF WE RIDE OUT TO RUFUS' PLACE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE **WHY**.

I...I'D HATE TO HAVE YOU **MAD** AT ME, RUFUS, IF THAT WAS ONLY BEING **SUSPICIOUS!**

BY NIGHT-FALL, THEY REACHED THE PASTURE-LANDS. A **GRISLY** SIGHT AWAITED BILL AS HE SAW HUNDREDS OF **SKELETONS** GLEAMING DULLY UNDER THE FULL, **GHOSTLY** WHITE MOON.



THIS IS ONLY A **SAMPLE** OF WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING--AND BEEN GETTING **WORSE** ALL THE TIME! WE'VE GOT A **GRAVEYARD** FULL OF FRIENDS, TOO.

IT'S SO **DEATHLY** QUIET OUT HERE AT NIGHT!

AIN'T ALWAYS THIS QUIET...**NO SIRE!** LOOK-A-HERE, BILL, YOU STAY AT MY RANCH TONIGHT. NO SENSE GOING ALL THE WAY BACK TO TOWN!



GRATEFULLY BILL TURNED IN EARLY THAT NIGHT AFTER THE LONG DAY. BUT ABOUT **MIDNIGHT** HE AWOKES, **SUDDENLY!** IT SEEMED AS IF SOME **UNSEEN** HAND WERE SHAKING HIS BED, SHAKING THE WHOLE HOUSE...

W...WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!!

RUMBLE-GRUMBLE
RATTLE-RATTLE
RATTLE



FINALLY, THE TREMBLING HOUSE STOPPED SHAKING--BUT SOMETHING ELSE MADE HIS EYES SNAP OPEN IN **FRIGHT!** IN **HORROR**, HE GLUED HIS EYES TO HIS SLOWLY OPENING DOOR, **CREAKING** LIKE A TORTURED SOUL!

WHAT WAS THAT!! WHO'S THERE??

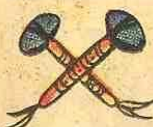
WOODOOOO
CREEACK

YOU CAME IN SO QUIETLY, RUFUS- AND THAT HOWLING... FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT YOU WERE A... BUT, THAT'S SILLY...

CAME IN QUIETLY- THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE SLEPT THRU IT! THAT AIN'T NOTHING BUT AN OLD COYOTE. BUT DID YOU FEEL IT... AND HEAR IT? THE RUMBLING AND THE SHAKING... THAT WAS ONLY A SMALL ONE!!



IN THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE OF A WESTERN MORNING, THE EVENTS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE TOOK ON A NIGHTMARISH, UNREAL QUALITY. BUT, BILL WAS ANXIOUS AS EVER TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THE STRANGE RUMBLINGS...



THANKS, DAUGHTER... BILL, I TELL YOU IT AIN'T NO SCIENCE GOING TO PUT A STOP TO THE GOINGS ON 'ROUND HERE! IT'S THE CURSE THAT OLD SQUANEE'S ANCESTORS PUT ON US ALL! THAT OLD INDIAN'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT! YES SIREE!!

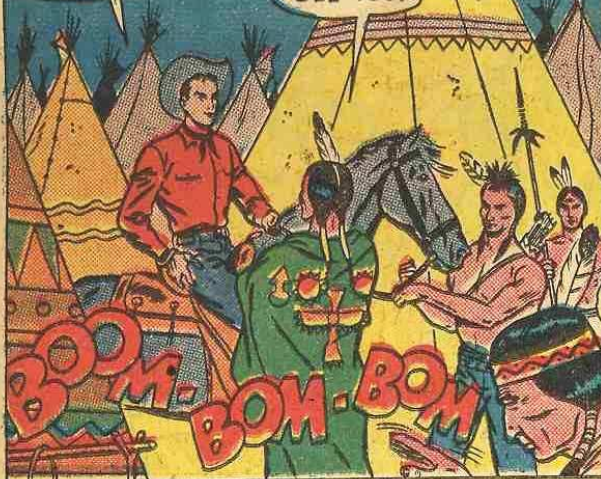
NOW, POP, YOU KNOW THAT'S JUST A STORY!

I WAS GOING TO START MY INVESTIGATIONS, TODAY... BUT, MAYBE I'LL TAKE A RIDE TO THE INDIAN RESERVATION AND SEE THE CHIEF! IT WILL BE SOMETHING TO TELL THE GANG ABOUT AT HOME.



I HAVE COME IN PEACE TO SEE YOUR CHIEF SQUANEE.

WE KNOW, PALEFACE! OTHER INDIANS TELL US ON TOM TOM. COME- SQUANEE WILL SEE YOU!



WHEN BILL ENTERED THE CHIEF'S WIGWAM, IT WAS LIKE WALKING INTO A NEW, STRANGE WORLD. IT WAS DARK, QUIET AND MYSTERIOUS, AND WHEN SQUANEE SPOKE, HIS VOICE WAS CRACKED WITH TIME...

WHAT DO YOU WANT, WHITE MAN?

GREAT CHIEF-I HAVE COME TO HEAR FROM YOUR LIPS ABOUT THE CURSE ON THE PEOPLE OF BLOODY CREEK. THEY SAY THAT YOU KNOW BETTER THAN ANYONE WHY THE EARTH SHAKES AND THE WATER RUNS RED!



I CANNOT BELIEVE, SQUANEE THAT THE WATER RUNS RED WITH BLOOD, AS YOU SAY. I AM SURE THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER REASON...

SILENCE!! I TELL THE TRUTH! SQUANEE KNOWS... SQUANEE SAW! LISTEN- IT WAS OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS A YOUNG BRAVE...

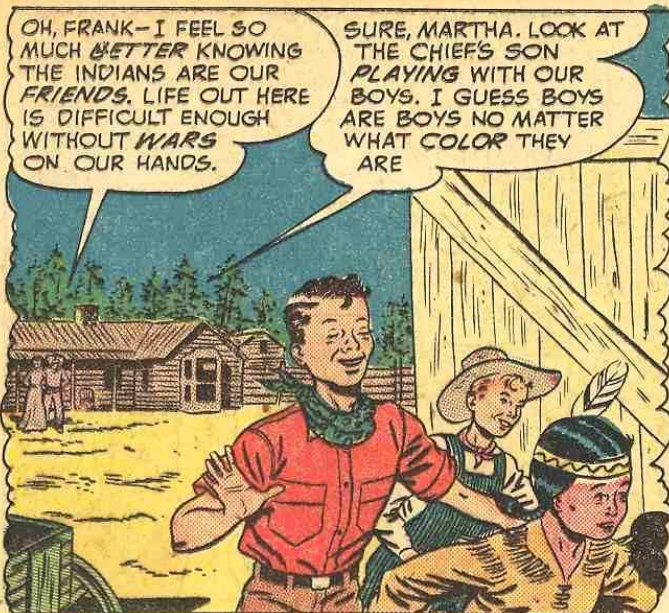


THE HOARSE VOICE OF THE FADINGLY OLD INDIAN MADE BILL COLLINS KEEP AN AWED SILENCE, AND THE ANCIENT STORY UNFOLDED ITSELF BY THE ONLY MAN WHO WAS OLD ENOUGH IN THE WORLD TO REMEMBER...

I AM HAPPY THAT WE HAVE MADE THIS TREATY. THERE IS NO REASON WHY THE RED MAN AND THE WHITE MAN CANNOT LIVE SIDE BY SIDE IN PEACE. THERE IS LAND FOR ALL.

MY PEOPLE ARE GLAD TO BE AT PEACE WITH OUR WHITE BROTHERS! THERE SHALL BE NO MORE KILLING!





OH, FRANK—I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER KNOWING THE INDIANS ARE OUR FRIENDS. LIFE OUT HERE IS DIFFICULT ENOUGH WITHOUT WARS ON OUR HANDS.

SURE, MARTHA. LOOK AT THE CHIEF'S SON PLAYING WITH OUR BOYS. I GUESS BOYS ARE BOYS NO MATTER WHAT COLOR THEY ARE



BUT, ONE BLACK DAY... ACCIDENT. HE ATE SOME POISON AND HE THOUGHT IT WAS CANDY! ALL OUR PEOPLE GRIEVE WITH YOU FOR THE DEATH OF YOUR SON!

BUT, CHIEF, I TELL YOU IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. HE ATE SOME POISON AND HE THOUGHT IT WAS CANDY! ALL OUR PEOPLE GRIEVE WITH YOU FOR THE DEATH OF YOUR SON!

THE WHITE MAN SPEAKS WITH THE FORKED TONGUE OF THE SNAKE! GO! LEAVE MY DEAD SON HERE!



I DON'T THINK THE CHIEF BELIEVED... HEY, FRANK! LOOK!

THAT'S COMING FROM THE VICINITY OF MY PLACE! C'MON..



FRANK, THIS IS HORRIBLE! IT'S THOSE BLASTED INDIANS—THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE YOU!

THEY'LL PAY—I'LL MAKE THEM PAY FOR EVERY DROP OF BLOOD!! D'YA HEAR? EVERY DROP!!



"YES, WHITE MAN, THE TWO CHIEFS MET IN THE VALLEY THAT IS NOW THE BED OF BLOODY CREEK; THERE TO DO BATTLE TO THE DEATH.."

GO GET 'EM, FRANK!

SO IT'S JUST YOU AND ME IS IT, YOU RED DEVIL?

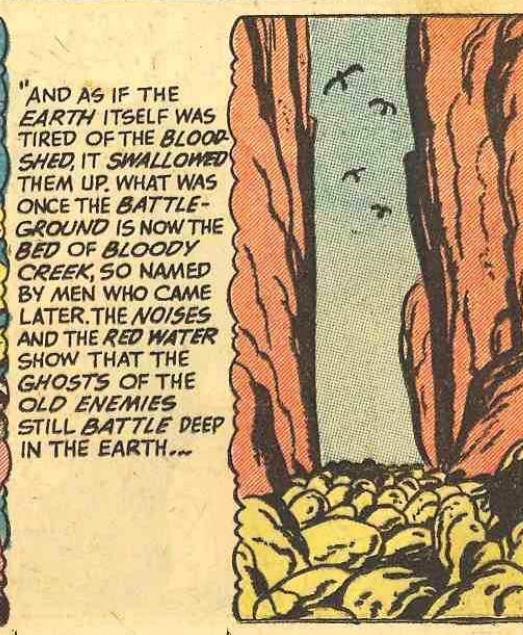
YES—ONE MUST DIE!

WHOOOP WHOOOP WHOOOP!





"FINALLY THE TWO SIDES COULD WAIT NO LONGER, AND THEY CLASHED TOGETHER IN A MIGHTY BATTLE!! MEN FELL AS FAST AS RAINDROPS, AND THE BLOOD REDDENED THE EARTH..."



THE TALE OF SQUANEE HAD WEAVED AN *HYPNOTIC SPELL*, AND EVEN THE SCIENTIST, BILL COLLINS, SEEMED TO SEE IN HIS MIND'S EYE THE *BATTLE OF THE PAST*, AS HE WENT TO GET SPECIMENS FROM THE *STAINED CREEK*...

LOOK AT THAT! THE WATER IS RUNNING RED! I HAVE TO GET SOME OF THAT! I WONDER IF THIS MEANS ANOTHER *QUAKE* IS COMING TOO...



IT ALMOST SEEMS AS IF...!! BUT NO, IT CAN'T BE! I'VE LET THAT OLD INDIAN *BULLDOZE* ME! NOW MY MIND IS PLAYING *TRICKS* ON ME!



WELL, BILL-HAVE YOU FOUND OUT ANYTHING YET? I GUESS YOU'VE HEARD THE *RUMBLINGS* OF THE LAST FEW DAYS. PEOPLE GETTING MIGHTY *SCARED*!

I... I'M TAKING THESE SPECIMENS BACK TO WASHINGTON WITH ME TO TEST. MOST LIKELY ALL I'LL FIND IS SOME *MINERAL ORE* THAT'S BEEN COLORING THE CREEK-MAYBE *POISONING* THE CATTLE.

WELL, LET US KNOW AS SOON AS YOU CAN, WILL YOU, BILL, OR WE WON'T HAVE ANY *TOWN* LEFT!

ALL THE WAY HOME BILL TRIED TO FIGHT DOWN THE THOUGHT THAT HE HAD ACTUALLY SEEN SOMETHING IN THE WATERFALL. HE WAS CONVINCED THAT THE TESTS WOULD TELL ALL...

WELL, BILL, MY BOY, DID YOU GET THAT LITTLE *MYSTERY* CLEARED UP FOR THE PEOPLE OUT IN THAT MID-WESTERN TOWN-YOU KNOW- THE ONE WITH THE *STRANGE NAME*? HEY, WHAT'S THE *MATTER*?

THIS IS *IMPOSSIBLE*... I'VE MADE THE TEST *THREE TIMES*... IT CAN'T BE... NO *MINERAL* IN IT...

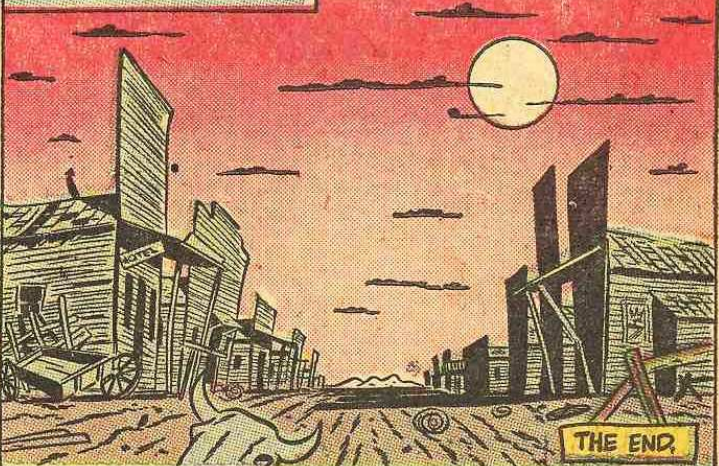


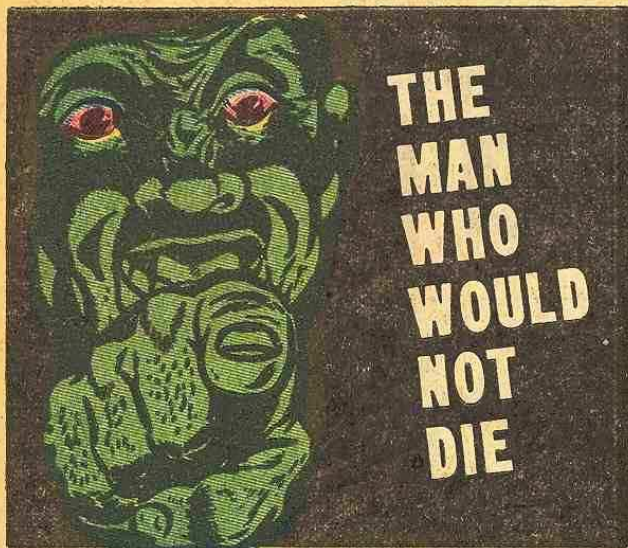
WHAT ARE YOU MUMBLING ABOUT? SAY-I THOUGHT YOU WERE RUNNING SOME TESTS ON THOSE SPECIMENS YOU BROUGHT BACK! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TESTING THIS *BLOOD*!!!

YOU SEE IT, TOO! THEN IT IS *TRUE*!



THE PEOPLE OF *BLOODY CREEK* NEVER HEARD FROM BILL, AND SLOWLY THEY DRIFTED AWAY UNTIL THERE WAS *NOTHING* LEFT ALIVE IN THE TOWN! ONLY THE LONESOME SOUNDS OF THE *WIND*, THE *COYOTE* AND THE OCCASIONAL *RUMBLINGS* ARE HEARD, FOR *NOTHING* CAN LIVE ALONG THE BANKS OF *BLOODY CREEK*!





"Igor Borodin, it is the duty of this court to see that justice is done. Therefore, in view of the facts presented in this case, the court sentences you to hang by the neck until you are dead."

The judge's words seemed to act like sparks for the courtroom became ablaze with excited whispers. Then, silence gripped the room as the prisoner lifted up his chains and motioned for silence. The light from the large window appeared to center on the condemned figure. But, the deep, sunken eyes of Igor Borodin became even blacker.

"You say it is the duty of this court to see that justice is done. I laugh at that. You, Judge August Derleth; you, Prosecutor Ian Heinlein; and you, Defense Lawyer Herman Gunn, are murderers!"

These words rocked the assembled group and caused the judge to stir uneasily and stammer, "Th-the c-c-court will not allow . . ."

"The court will listen, you greasy pig," sharply answered the prisoner, "for justice *will* be served. You three men want to rule this territory. I was the only block to that end. So, the three of you framed a case of murder against me, and, by use of legal means, plotted to kill me. Hear me then, you three murderers and the world, I WILL NOT DIE ON THE SCAFFOLD! I cannot let the poor people of this territory to be bled to death by your taxes. I WILL COME BACK! I CANNOT BE KILLED!"

When the date of execution came, Igor Borodin was marched up to the scaffold. As he passed the reviewing stand, he noticed that the three men, whom he had cursed, were smiling. The fact that they were able to see their enemy so close to his death had fortified their spirits. Igor Borodin also smiled, but to himself.

The executioner blindfolded the prisoner. The mayor nodded his head. The trap door sprung open. The limp body of Igor Borodin swung back and forth.

Time was an excellent memory healer and soon the people forgot about the execution. Actually, they had little time to remember for the

trio that Igor Borodin had called murderers had taken over the territory and were bleeding the people white with taxes. Then, one night, as the judge who had sentenced Igor was preparing to go to bed, he heard someone tapping lightly on the library window. Opening the window, the judge recoiled in horror. Standing in front of him was Igor Borodin, his head bent over his left shoulder and a huge stump rising from the neck where once the head lay. Igor's face was twisted in a grotesque expression as if, at one time, a tremendous pain had gripped his body.

"So August Derleth, you thought I was mad when I said I would never die. When that trap door opened, I placed my head in a position I had practised for months, and thus prevented death. However, though I lived, my neck still was crushed by your rope."

The judge was on his knees asking forgiveness but the burning eyes of Igor had no forgiveness in them. "Get up, you thief, and come here!" The terror-shattered man rose trembling and came closer to the "dead" man. "Put your hand on the stump of my neck!"

"No, no, no," gasped the judge as he cringed away from his tormentor. "Put it there or I shall kill you now. Put it there!"

The judge staggered to Igor and, sobbing with fright, placed his hand on the stump!

"No . . . arghhh . . ." Unable to withstand the shock, August Derleth crashed through the glass library doors and slumped to the ground. His head was split wide open.

"Aye, justice will be served." Igor slipped out of the window.

* *

Some days later, in another part of town:

"Igor Borodin!!! It can't be! You're dead! I-I-I can't . . . I—the stump—it's horrible . . . ughhh!!!" Removing the silken rope from Prosecutor Heinlein's neck, Igor looked down at the still body and grunted, "Justice will be served!"

* *

Defense Lawyer Herman Gunn was sitting in his study when Igor crept in silently. Gunn, hearing about the death of his associates, knew Igor somehow managed to return. He had a long knife hidden in his sleeve for protection. As the lawyer put down his paper, his head jerked back to confront Igor Borodin!

Conquering his fears, Gunn leaped to his feet and charged Igor. For long minutes, they fought and the room was turned into a shambles. Then, Gunn lashed out and sunk his blade up to the hilt into the stump! He broke out into mad, joyous, laughter as the blood shot out of the punctured stump and over the two combatants. The laughter changed to surprise and then to fear, however, as Gunn felt Igor's knife slide into his stomach and twist inside. Both men fell to the ground—dead!

Justice had been served!

AMONG THE ANNALS OF CRIME AND JUSTICE, ONE OF THE STRANGEST CASES IS THAT OF BLIX CRANDELL, THE MOST VICIOUS CRIMINAL OF HIS DAY! MANY TIMES HE ESCAPED THE CLUTCHING FINGERS OF DEATH, FOR EVEN DEATH WAS BAFFLED BY...

The man with TWO FACES



BULLETS, MESSENGERS OF DEATH, WHINED OVER THEIR HEADS WHILE THE LONG, WHITE FINGERS OF THE SEARCH-LIGHT RELENTLESSLY SOUGHT THE TRAPPED CRANDELL GANG...

OUR AMMUNITION IS LOW, BLIX! WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO GIVE UP!

DON'T BE CHUMPS! I'VE GOT A PLAN. WE'VE GOT TO JUMP TO THE ROOF OF THE NEXT HOUSE!

HOW WE GONNA GET OUT OF THIS, BLIX?



ALL RIGHT... NOW!

HEY! LOOK... THERE THEY ARE!! QUICK... TURN THE LIGHTS ON 'EM!!





DESPERATE, THE TWO MEN WENT TO THE CELLAR OF THE HOUSE AND SNEAKED OUT A BACK ALLEY! THEIR DARING STUNT CAUGHT THE POLICE FLATFOOTED...



THE GANG DOCTOR PROBED THE SHOULDER OF UNCONSCIOUS BLIX CRANDELL, AND MANAGED TO SAVE HIS LIFE. A FEW DAYS LATER...

HIYA, DOC! I GUESS I'D BE ON A COLD SLAB AT THE POLICE MORGUE BY NOW IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU!

FEELING PRETTY CHIPPER, ARE YOU, BLIX? HERE, I BROUGHT YOU THIS RADIO SO YOU CAN HEAR ALL ABOUT YOURSELF!



...AND POLICE REPORT THAT WITH THE CAPTURE OF JOE JOHNSON, ALL MEMBERS OF THE VICIOUS CRANDELL GANG HAVE BEEN KILLED OR CAPTURED EXCEPT BLIX CRANDELL HIMSELF WHO IS BELIEVED SERIOUSLY WOUNDED AND HIDING OUT...

SO THEY GOT JOE, TOO, THE POOR SAP. WELL, THEY'LL NEVER TAKE ME!

DON'T BE SO SURE YOU'VE BECOME PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE! THE POLICE ARE BROADCASTING YOUR DESCRIPTION EVERY HALF HOUR! YOU COULDN'T WALK DOWN THE STREET WITHOUT BEING RECOGNIZED, UNLESS...

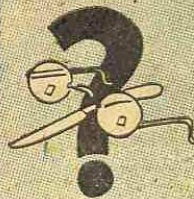


UNLESS, WHAT, SAWBONES!! WHAT'S GOING ON IN THAT HEAD OF YOURS?

AN OPERATION! PLASTIC SURGERY! I'LL GIVE YOU A NEW FACE...THEY'LL NEVER RECOGNIZE YOU! AND I CAN GIVE YOU A NEW SET OF PRINTS! I CAN DO IT, BLIX! I'VE BEEN STUDYING...YOUR LIFE ISN'T WORTH A BENT PENNY NOW...



BLIX AGREED TO THE OPERATION! HE KNEW HIS FACE WAS IMPRINTED ON EVERY POLICEMAN'S MIND IN THE COUNTRY! BUT, HE DID NOT KNOW JUST HOW DANGEROUS THIS OPERATION WOULD BE...



NOW'S MY CHANCE! I'VE GOT THE GUINEA PIG I NEED. YES, I'LL CHANGE HIS FACE, AND I'LL CHANGE HIS MIND, TOO! I'LL MAKE HIM FORGET THE PAST... WIPE HIS MEMORY CLEAN WITH THIS LITTLE SCALPEL! OH, I'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL! SOON... I'LL BE FAMOUS!



...NOW COMES THE DELICATE PART... THE OPERATION ON HIS BRAIN!! I HOPE HIS BRAIN WILL STAND THE SHOCK...



FOR SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THE FANTASTIC OPERATION, THE LIFE OF BLIX CRANDELL WAS DELICATELY BALANCED BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH!! FINALLY, HE WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO SIT UP...

BUT, I DON'T UNDERSTAND...??? MY PAST IS AS DARK TO ME AS THIS ROOM. WHO AM I? WHEN WILL I BE ABLE TO SEE?

A--AH...YOUR CAR HIT A GASOLINE TRUCK AND EVERYTHING WAS BURNED! YOUR FACE ESPECIALLY...AND YOUR HANDS! THE SHOCK HAS CAUSED YOU TO LOSE YOUR MEMORY...COME NOW...REST...



IMPATIENTLY, THE DOCTOR BIDDING HIS TIME, CONVINCING BLIX OF HIS STORY, AND WAITING FOR THE SCARS TO HEAL, FOR HE HAD A PLAN!! THEN, ONE DAY---

SO, THAT'S WHAT I LOOK LIKE! YOU KNOW, I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER THAT! SAY---I'M NOT A BAD LOOKING GUY, AM I?

YOU CAME OUT FINE! LATER, WE'LL GO TO THE HOSPITAL FOR A FINAL CHECK-UP.

SUCCESS!! NOT A TRACE OF HIS OLD SELF, MENTALLY OR PHYSICALLY! EVEN THAT DEEP SCAR ON HIS FACE IS GONE!



WAIT 'TIL I TELL THOSE DOCTORS AT CITY HOSPITAL THAT THIS MAN IS *BLIX CRANDELL*!! WHEN I'VE PROVEN MY SUCCESS, THEN LET THE POLICE HAVE HIM!

TAXI! TAXI! OH, LET'S TAKE THE SUBWAY!

I DON'T RECALL ANY OF THIS! IT'S LIKE BEING BORN AGAIN!



DRAT ALL THESE PEOPLE! DON'T THEY KNOW *WHOM* THEY ARE PUSHING AROUND? HEY, STOP YOUR SHOVING!!

HERE COMES THE TRAIN, DOCTOR! WHERE DID YOU SAY WE WERE GOING?



THE RUSH HOUR CROWD SURGES FORWARD, AND THE FRAIL LITTLE BODY OF THE DOCTOR CANNOT WITHSTAND THE PUSHING MOB! THE ROARING TRAIN DROWNS OUT HIS HIGH-PITCHED VOICE...

NO...NO, DON'T PUSH!! I'M FALLING! BLIX, HELP ME!!

DOCTOR, WATCH OUT!

THAT MAN...CATCH HIM! OH, NO...I CAN'T LOOK STAND BACK!



THE HIDEOUS SCREAMS OF THE DOCTOR ARE SILENCED, AND IN THE TURMOIL, BLIX IS PUSHED TO THE FRINGES OF THE CROWD, BEWILDERED, LOST---

MAKE WAY FOR THE OFFICER

HORRIBLE!

THAT POOR MAN!

WHY COULDN'T I HAVE GRABBED HIM IN TIME? AFTER ALL HE DID FOR ME! NO SENSE HANGING AROUND HERE---I COULDN'T EVEN TELL ANYBODY MY NAME! I'D BETTER JUST EASE OUT--

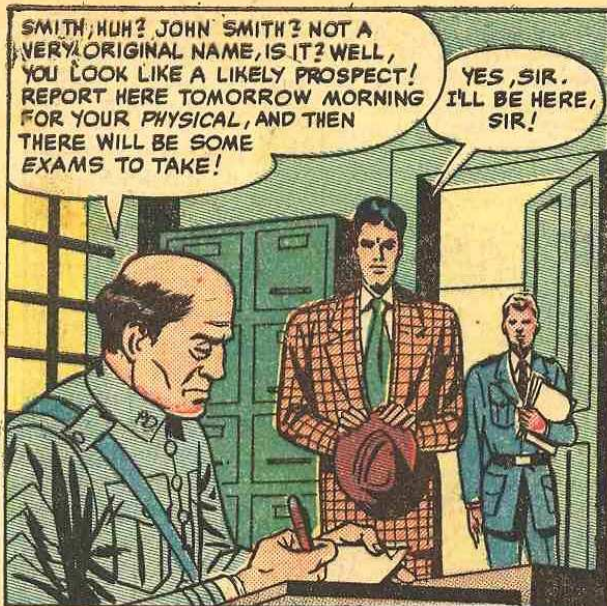


SOMETIMES FATE IS A DIABOLICAL TRICKSTER. AS BLIX ROAMS AROUND THE CITY, TRYING TO REMEMBER SOMETHING...ANYTHING...

WELL, WHY NOT TRY OUT FOR THE FORCE? I'VE GOT TO FIND SOMETHING TO DO! I'VE ONLY GOT A FEW BUCKS IN MY POCKET...

THE POLICE WANT YOU!







BUT THAT JOLT WAS THE SPARK! THE FIRES OF THE PAST SHOT UP AND FOR A MOMENT, A KIND OF PURPLE FOG BLINDED BLIX. WHEN IT LIFTED... JOHN SMITH HAD DISAPPEARED!



BUT, THE NEXT MORNING BLIX HAD NO RECOLLECTION OF THE EVENTS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE. THERE WAS A SHARP, SHOOTING PAIN IN HIS HEAD, AS IF SOME MYSTERIOUS HAND WAS JABBING HIS BRAIN WITH A HOT NEEDLE...







WARNING!

4 Big Stories Dripping with... *DANGER!*

WE DARE YOU TO READ

YOU'LL THRILL!
YOU'LL CHILL!

CLIMB THE JAGGED
MOUNTAINS OF
MYSTERIOUS TIBET
WITH 5 MEN/TRY
AND HOLD YOUR
FOOTING WHEN
YOU MEET THE
WALKING DEAD IN
"TOMBSTONES
TO TIBET!"

THEY DARED TO
CHALLENGE A
POWER FROM
ABOVE! READ THE
MOST DISASTROUS
RETREAT IN
HISTORY IN
"FOREST OF
SKELETONS!"

LIFE AND DEATH
DANGLE LOOSELY
ON THE ENDS
OF STRINGS
MANIPULATED
BY THE 'MAD
COUPLE' IN
"THE PUPPETS
THAT BECAME
MEN!"

WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN VALERIE
DOBBS BECOMES
A WITCH AND
CALLS UPON THE
MONSTERS OF
ANTIQUITY FOR
HELP? READ
"REVENGE BY
THE FULL MOON!"



Watch FOR THE BIG 3RD ISSUE ON SALE SOON!

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