

PRIZE
GROUP

MAY-JUNE, 1954

No. 30 10¢

BLACK MAGIC

TRUE AMAZING
ACCOUNTS OF THE
STRANGEST STORIES
EVER TOLD!

magazine

IF YOU WANT TO GET APPROVAL
OF YOUR MARRIAGE TO DRAGO,
MY DEAR, YOU MUSTN'T UPSET
UNCLE HUGO -- HE'S LITERALLY
**THE HEAD OF
THE FAMILY!**

OH! DRAGO!
THAT AWFUL,
HORRIBLE THING!
TAKE ME OUT
OF HERE!



MICROBACILLUS

STAPHYLOCOCCUS
ALBUS

KILL THESE GERMS

WITH WARD'S FORMULA

PITYROSPORUM
OVALE

MOROCOCCUS

**NOTHING, Absolutely nothing
known to Science can do more to**

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all four* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

Once you're bald, that's *it*, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe *us*. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have *proved* what we say. Read their grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's *better* than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at our risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**. You be the judge! © Ward Laboratories Inc., 19 W. 44th St. New York 36, N.Y.

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1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—on contact
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—*fast*
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—*quickly*
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—*instantly*
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—*within 3 seconds*

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I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.

E. K., Cleveland, Ohio

Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.

C. La M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.

R. W. C., Cicero, Ill.

I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time—no dandruff! W. T. W., Portola, Cal.

I feel encouraged to say that the infuriating scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.

J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

We gladly cooperate with Physicians and Hospitals desiring to make clinical tests of Ward's Formula. Please write.

TO SAVE YOUR HAIR ACT NOW. Send coupon today for 10-day offer. Send No Money

Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but Double Your Money Back unless you actually SEE, FEEL and ENJOY all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The test is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.

SEAL

Ward Laboratories, Inc.

Ward Laboratories Inc.,
19 W. 44th St. Dept. 2204E New York 36, N.Y.

Rush Ward's Formula to me at once. I will pay postman two dollars plus postage. I must be completely satisfied within 10 days, or you GUARANTEE refund of **DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK** upon return of bottle and unused portion.

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ Check here if you enclose \$2.00 with order, and we will pay postage. Same refund after holds, of course.

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign, add 25c—No C.O.D.'s.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Don't open that door! There's NO BODY inside! NO BODY to speak of, that is -- and nobody in this house speaks about Uncle Hugo,

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY!



IT WAS THE ONLY TIME THE GIRL SHOWED ANY FRIGHT DURING HER VISIT TO THE OLD FESKER HOUSE. OF COURSE, THE MERE SIGHT OF THE FAMILY GAVE MOST FOLKS A TURN. BUT FRANCIE BLEEKER SEEMED TO TAKE THEM IN HER STRIDE-- UNTIL THE INCIDENT OF THE CLOSED DOOR.



FRANCIE WAS THE ONLY PERSON EVER KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN INVITED AS A GUEST BY THE FESKERS. SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE IN TOWN WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN WILLING TO ACCEPT THEIR INVITATION. THE RUMORS WERE THAT FRANCIE WAS SWEET ON DARK-EYED HANDSOME HUGAN FESKER.

YOU'RE NOT HIDING A FAMILY SKELETON IN THERE, ARE YOU?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT, IT'S UNCLE HUGO'S ROOM. HE'S--ER--AN INVALID! PERHAPS YOU'LL GET TO MEET HIM ONE DAY SOON--



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May-June, 1954

YES, HUGAN FESKER WAS HANDSOME... IF ONE COULD ADMIRE THE FINE, FIERCE HEAD OF THE **HUNTER HAWK**, IT WAS POSSIBLE TO BE DRAWN TO HUGAN! HE WAS THE ONLY FESKER WHO TOOK PART IN THE TOWN'S SOCIAL ACTIVITIES! THAT'S HOW HE HAPPENED TO MEET FRANCIE BLEEKER!

YOUR UNCLE HUGO... IS HE ANYTHING LIKE **THE OTHERS?** I MEAN...

TELL ME WHAT YOU MEAN, FRANCIE... ARE YOU REFERRING TO THE **TALK** IN TOWN... THAT WE'RE A FAMILY OF **OGRES?**



NATURALLY, I DON'T BELIEVE THAT! BUT THEY ARE A BIT... STRANGE! YOUR BROTHER, HUGEL, IS SO LARGE AND POWERFUL! HE DOESN'T SMILE OR TALK! HE LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE WHO MIGHT HARM A PERSON!

HAH! NOT HUGEL! HE JUST WORKS! HE'S THE HANDS OF THE HOUSE!



AND, THAT LITTLE BOY, HUGARD! HE DOES NOTHING BUT **WANDER** ABOUT THIS GLOOMY PLACE... LOOKING, PRYING, LISTENING...

THAT'S HUGARD'S WAY! HIS SENSES ARE RAZOR SHARP! NO SIGHT OR SOUND EVER ESCAPES HIM!



YOUR SISTER, **HUGUETTE**, IS NEVER AWAY FROM HER STEAMING CALDRONS! WHATEVER DOES SHE **BREW** IN THOSE POTS?

DELICACIES FOR **UNCLE HUGO!** HE REQUIRES A VERY SPECIAL DIET!



AH! NOW, WE COME TO ME, I TAKE IT! HOW DO I STRIKE YOU, FRANCIE?

YOU'RE NOT LIKE THEM AT ALL, HUGAN! YOU'RE JUST A FASCINATING SWEET-TALKING MAN WHO CAN CHARM A BIRD RIGHT OFF A TREE!



SO CAN **THE DEVIL!** PEOPLE SEEM TO THINK I **RESEMBLE** HIM, FRANCIE! LIKE MY FAMILY, I'M OFTEN WHISPERED ABOUT! YET YOU DON'T SEEM TO FIND ME FRIGHTENING!

ONLY WHEN YOU MAKE MY HEART BEAT FASTER, HUGAN!



FRANCIE... YOU DON'T REALIZE HOW MUCH YOU'VE COME TO MEAN TO ME... HOW MUCH I'VE **NEEDED** SOMEONE LIKE YOU... A GIRL WHO CAN SEE BEYOND THE SURFACE TO THE LOVE INSIDE!



IT WAS PLAIN TO SEE THAT HUGAN AND FRANCIE WOULD BE **MORE** THAN FRIENDS AFTER THAT! WHEN THEY LEFT THE FESKER HOUSE THAT AFTERNOON, IT WAS WITH LINKED ARMS, IN THE TIME-HONORED FASHION OF SWEETHEARTS!

I'D BETTER TAKE YOU HOME BEFORE YOUR FATHER DECIDES THAT WE **ATE** YOU... AND YELLS FOR THE VIGILANTES!

OH, HUGAN! THIS IS A **BEAUTIFUL** CAR! IT MUST BE TERRIBLY EXPENSIVE!



AH! THAT'S **MY** FUNCTION IN THE FAMILY... TO DEAL WITH PEOPLE... TO MAKE **THE MONEY** THAT BUYS EXPENSIVE THINGS... TO **LIVE**... AND SAVOR THE SENSATIONS THAT ARE MISSING IN THIS OLD PLACE! THAT'S MY JOB, FRANCIE... JUST AS **HUGEL** DOES ALL THE FIXING, THE FIGHTING... AND THE DRIVING!



YOUR **UNCLE HUGO**, THE INVALID... I SUPPOSE, THE POOR MAN MUST FEEL **HELP-LESS**... BEING CONFINED TO HIS ROOM THAT WAY..

UNCLE HUGO'S CONTRIBUTION IS THE GREATEST OF ALL! WE TRY OUR BEST TO KEEP HIM WELL FED AND COMFORTABLE! WE **COULDN'T** DO WITHOUT **UNCLE HUGO**!



THE REPLY MADE FRANCIE EVEN MORE CURIOUS ABOUT **UNCLE HUGO**! BUT SHE STOPPED ASKING QUESTIONS! HER HOME WAS ALMOST IN SIGHT! AND SHE BEGAN THINKING ABOUT HER FATHER... AND WHAT HE WOULD SAY WHEN SHE TOLD HIM ABOUT HERSELF AND HUGAN FESKER!

I'D BETTER SPEAK TO **PAPA ALONE**, HUGAN! CALL ME TOMORROW!



FRANCIE NO SOONER ENTERED HER HOUSE WHEN HER FATHER'S ANGER EXPLODED ABOUT HER!

SO! WHAT I HEARD WAS **TRUE**! YOU WENT TO **THE FESKER HOUSE**!

PAPA! LET ME GO..



YOU'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO TREAT ME LIKE THAT! I **DIDN'T** DO ANYTHING **WRONG**!

ARE YOU MAD, GIRL? YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE FESKERS! THEY'RE A FAMILY OF MONSTERS... **EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM!**



YES, I'VE HEARD THOSE STORIES! THE FESKERS ARE **GHOULS AND VAMPIRES AND WITCHES** AND THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT! NOW, **REALLY, PAPA!**

I'M NOT SAYING THAT! I'M SAYING THAT THE FESKERS ARE NOT LIKE OTHER PEOPLE! **THEY DON'T BREED TRUE HUMANS!** I KNOW IT FOR A FACT, FRANCIE!



OLD DOC HARRISON TOLD ME SO HIMSELF... NOT EVERYTHING, MIND YOU... **BUT ENOUGH TO MAKE MY SPINE CRAWL!** DOC HARRISON WAS THERE WHEN THEY WERE ALL BORN... HUGO... HUGEL... HUGUETTE... HUGARD... YES, AND HUGAN, TOO! HE'S LIKE THE OTHERS... YOU CAN BET ON IT!



DOC HARRISON SAID THAT WHAT HE COULD TELL ABOUT THE BIRTHS OF THOSE FESKERS WOULD **SHOCK** THE MEDICAL WORLD! ONLY HE KEPT SILENT FOR REASONS OF HIS OWN! THE FESKERS ARE A BAD STRAIN, FRANCIE! I DON'T WANT YOU TO SEE HUGAN AGAIN!



THE **EERIE** SOUND OF A RISING WIND MADE HER FATHER'S WORDS SCRAMBLE INSIDE FRANCIE'S BRAIN LIKE MACABRE SHADOWS! THE SKY TURNED AN ANGRY BLACK, AND THE FALLING NIGHT GREW WILDER... FRANCIE RECOILED FROM THE WINDOW AS THE THUNDER BROKE!

YOU'VE BEEN INSIDE THE FESKER HOUSE TODAY! YOU'VE SEEN THINGS YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN! LEAVE THEM BE! **DON'T MEDDLE IN THEIR AWFUL SECRET!**



WHAT WAS THE FESKER SECRET? FRANCIE KNEW THAT ONE EXISTED! IT WAS PART OF THE STRANGE APPEARANCE AND BEHAVIOR OF HUGAN'S FAMILY! ALL THE DISTURBING IMPRESSIONS OF HER VISIT LEAPED OUT OF THE HAMMERING STORM AND HOVERED ABOUT HER THAT NIGHT... WHISPERING IN THE DARKENED ROOM!

THEY LOOK DIFFERENT... BUT THERE IS A **SAMENESS** ABOUT THEM... AS THOUGH THEY WERE ONE PERSON! EVEN **THEIR NAMES** ARE ALIKE!



... AND WHEN THEY DO SPEAK... THEY TALK IN THE **SAME VOICE!** THE SISTER, HUGUETTE... THE LITTLE BOY... T-THEY SOUND JUST LIKE THE MEN... LIKE HUGAN AND HUGEL...



THEIR UNCLE HUGO... ONLY A NAME BEHIND A CLOSED DOOR... YET THEY PROTECT HIM... WORK FOR HIM... **KEEP HIM ALIVE!** HE'S SO IMPORTANT TO HUGAN'S FAMILY..



UNCLE HUGO... **HE'S THE ANSWER!** HE **MUST BE!** THE PERSON WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING ABOUT THE FESKERS... **I'VE GOT TO MEET HIM FACE TO FACE!**



THAT DECISION WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR FRANCIE'S LOVE... HER SANITY... AND FOR POOR FRANCIE HERSELF! SHE SHOULD NEVER HAVE GONE TO PAY HER SECOND VISIT TO THE FESKER HOUSE UNANNOUNCED! BUT SHE *DID*... THE VERY NEXT EVENING!



NOTHING SEEMED TO MOVE INSIDE THE GLOOMY PLACE! IT WAS AS IF THE HEART OF THE GREAT STRUCTURE HAD STOPPED! AND IT STOOD IN THE SILENCE OF DEATH! SUDDENLY, FRANCIE FROZE IN HER TRACKS! THERE WAS THE SOUND OF APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS! SHE REMEMBERED THE BOY, *HUGARD*... AND HIS KEEN, SHARPENED SENSES...

THE BOY! HOW COULD HE HAVE HEARD ME? HE'S *UNCANNY*!



TRYING TO AVOID DISCOVERY, FRANCIE STOOPED AND PICKED UP A PEBBLE WHICH SHE THREW INTO THE SHRUBS NEARBY!



THE BOY, DISTRACTED BY THE SOUND OF THE PEBBLE'S FALL, SET OFF TO INVESTIGATE! AT THAT MOMENT FRANCIE HURRIED THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR!



SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY, FRANCIE SPED THROUGH THE HALLWAY TO THE STAIRS WHICH LED TO THE DOOR OF UNCLE HUGO'S ROOM!



AND, THEN, SHE WAS THERE... HER HANDS TREMBLING ABOVE THE BRASS KNOB ON THE OAKEN DOOR! HER FINGERS CLOSED UPON IT WITH A TURNING MOTION...

THE DOOR ISN'T LOCKED! IT'S NOW OR NEVER!



FRANCIE ENTERED SLOWLY... CAUTIOUSLY... SEARCHING FOR SIGNS OF MOVEMENT IN THE DIM LIGHT! BUT THERE WAS NONE! THERE *COULDN'T* BE! FRANCIE STOOD TRANSFIXED IN TERROR WHEN SHE SUDDENLY DISCOVERED WHY!



OH... OH...

IT WAS A HEAD... A HUGE, FRIGHTENING HEAD AND, IT RESTED ON A CHAIR PILLOW, UNSEEING, UNMOVING, SHOWING NOT THE SLIGHTEST AWARENESS OF FRANCIE'S PRESENCE! YET, SHE COULD SENSE THAT IT WAS ALIVE! BENEATH, ITS GRAYISH MOTTLED MASS... IT LIVED... AND THOUGHT!



IT... IT ISN'T REAL... IT'S NOT THERE... IT'S NOT... WHY DOESN'T IT DISAPPEAR..

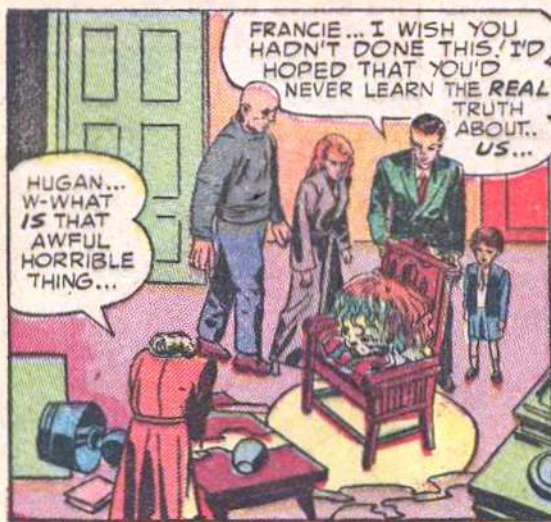
FRANCIE... OH, MY GOSH! IT'S FRANCIE!



THEY SHUFFLED FORWARD, SILENTLY... GROUPING THEMSELVES BEHIND THE CHAIR ON WHICH THE MONSTROUS HEAD RESTED! HUGAN'S VOICE ADDRESSED HER AGAIN! BUT IT WAS HUGEL'S LIPS WHICH UTTERED THE WORDS...

HUGAN... W-WHAT IS THAT AWFUL HORRIBLE THING...

FRANCIE... I WISH YOU HADN'T DONE THIS, I'D HOPED THAT YOU'D NEVER LEARN THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT... US...



THE TRUTH IS, FRANCIE, THAT NATURE MAKES SOME THINGS ON EARTH... DIFFERENTLY.

ONE NIGHT... AT THIS HOUSE... SUCH A THING WAS BORN.



IT WAS GIVEN LARGE, STRONG HANDS WITH WHICH TO WORK AND PROTECT ITSELF!

A MEANS TO FEED ITSELF...

AND A GUISE TO WEAR, SO IT COULD MINGLE WITH NORMAL PEOPLE... LEAD A NORMAL LIFE... EVEN MARRY...

IT HAD GOOD LIMBS AND THE SHARPEST OF SENSES... BUT THEY WERE IN FOUR DIFFERENT BODIES! THE PART WHICH HELD THE BRAIN... NEVER... QUITE... GREW... A... BODY...





ALL OF YOU --
Y--YOU BELONG
TO--THE --HEAD--
YOU ARE THE
HEAD--!

YES, FRANCIE --WE
ARE THE IDENTITY
YOU'VE HEARD CALLED
UNCLE HUGO! IN
HUGAN'S BODY--I,
ALSO POSSESS A
HEART--WITH THE
CAPACITY TO LOVE--
BUT I SUPPOSE THAT
MEANS NOTHING TO
YOU NOW---

RACING UP THE STAIRS, THE MEN LED BY
FRANCIE'S FATHER BURST INTO UNCLE HUGO'S
ROOM--

FRANCIE!
FRANCIE!

GOOD GRAVY!
WHAT'S THAT
THING!

DON'T SHOOT! PUT
THAT GUN AWAY!

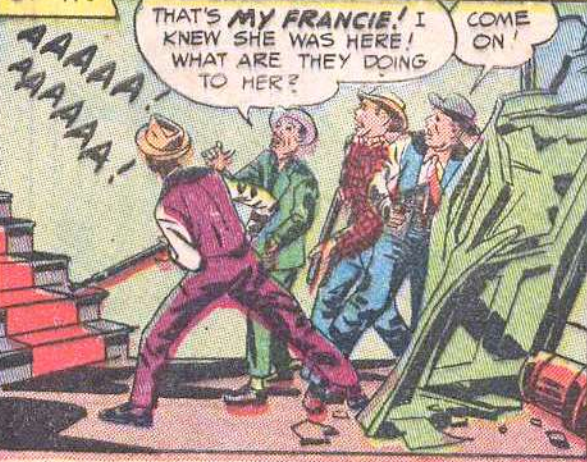
UGH--IT TURNS MY STOMACH
TO LOOK AT IT! IS THIS
THING DANGEROUS?
SPEAK UP!

I SAID BE
CAREFUL WITH
THAT GUN!

HUGEL'S SUDDEN MOVE SETS
OFF A ROARING FUSILLADE OF
BULLETS WHICH PLOWED INTO
HIS MASSIVE CHEST!



THE VERY MENTION OF THE WORD, **LOVE**, DID
SOMETHING SO TERRIBLE TO FRANCIE, THAT SHE
SCREAMED AGAIN -- AND AGAIN--SENDING THE
AGONIZING SOUNDS OF IT THROUGHOUT THE
ENTIRE HOUSE. AND THE GROUP OF MEN WHO
BROKE DOWN THE FRONT DOOR ON THE FLOOR
BELOW, WERE FROZEN BY THE SHEER TERROR
OF IT!



THAT'S MY FRANCIE! I
KNEW SHE WAS HERE!
WHAT ARE THEY DOING
TO HER?

COME
ON!



HUGEL DID NOT FALL, AND THE STARTLED MEN KEPT FIRING — UNAWARE THAT THE VITAL SPOTS THEY SHOT AT WERE NOT IN HUGEL'S BODY -- BUT, IN ANOTHER --

HE WON'T DIE!

STOP — YOU CRAZY FOOLS!



IN **HUGAN'S** BODY WAS THE HEART! THE ROARING CONFUSION FILLED IT WITH FEAR! AND THE FEAR DROVE IT INTO THE PATH OF THE BULLETS WHICH FOUND IT -- AND TORE IT TO BITS!

AAAA--



WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED, THERE WERE FOUR BODIES ON THE FLOOR. THE WOMAN AND THE BOY WERE UNMARKED, BUT **THEY** WERE AS LIFELESS AS THE BULLET RIDDLED CORPSES OF HUGEL AND HUGAN.

THEY'RE **ALL** DEAD! BUT WE ONLY FIRED AT **THE MEN** -- I-I DON'T GET IT --



GOOD GRIEF! LOOK AT THE WOMAN -- SHE MUST HAVE FALLEN AGAINST THE STATUE PEDESTAL -- AND IT CRUSHED HER SKULL!



BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF **BLOOD** -- NO SIGN OF A **BRAIN** -- THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! **THERE'S NOTHING INSIDE HER HEAD!** IT'S LIKE A HOLLOW EGG SHELL!

IT LOOKS LIKE THE TALK ABOUT THE FESKER FAMILY WAS ALL **TRUE** --

THEY WERE A PACK OF **VICIOUS, FREAKISH MONSTERS!**

UNMINDFUL OF THESE CUTTING REMARKS, THE HUGE HEAD SAT ON ITS PILLOW, SHROUDED IN SILENCE -- ONLY THIS TIME IT WAS **THE SILENCE OF DEATH** -- FOR IT IS A KNOWN FACT THAT WHEN THE HEART IS DESTROYED THE OTHER ORGANS -- INCLUDING **THE BRAIN** -- SOON CEASE TO FUNCTION!



"YESTERDAY I Knew Nothing About Music... **TODAY** I'm *Actually Playing!*"

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Never Thought They Could**

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☐ I do ☐ I do NOT — have instrument now.

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ If 16 years or under, check for Booklet A.

MENTAL MURDER

Dick Barker stood thoughtfully before his office window, watching slivers of early morning sun reflect off the panes of glass across the street. Absently he packed fresh tobacco in his pipe as the telephone rang. Remembering suddenly that his secretary, Gay Draper, was doing some research at the library, he turned to answer the phone.



"Dick Barker," he announced softly.

"Mr. Barker? My name is Albert Boyce."

Barker detected an effort for control in the resonant, low voice. The name was familiar and he consulted his memory. He remembered a recent news item about Albert, "oil millions" Boyce being sued for divorce by his beautiful wife.

Boyce went on, "I'd like to talk to you, Barker, in the privacy of my own home."

Barker said, "I'm not too busy this morning; I can be there in about an hour."

Barker was shown into a well stocked library, where he met Albert Boyce. Boyce was a large man, about 45, with a square, powerful jaw. They shook hands warmly.

Boyce's words were chosen carefully as he spoke, but they were direct and to the point. "My wife is leaving me, Barker! She's leaving me because of a dream she's had every night for the past few months. She dreams that I am trying to kill her--in cold blood. She has read books and talked to people and is now of the opinion that her mind is picking up my thought waves. I guess it's called mental telepathy! She is thoroughly convinced that I have thoughts of murdering her!"

The two men sat silently. Finally Barker spoke softly and casually. "Do you have such thoughts, Boyce?"

When Boyce spoke his voice was unchanged, as if the question were a most normal one. "It's fantastical! Utterly impossible. I love Virginia, I've always loved and worshipped her, but--yes--yes, Barker, I do find thoughts of murder creeping into my mind. I don't understand it!"

Barker breathed deeply and leaned forward. He felt that Boyce was a man that wanted the truth and was intelligent enough to know what

to do with the truth once the cards were on the table.

Barker said, "It's really very simple. As I recall, you are a very successful man. You are fearless in business, and have enemies because a man doesn't usually become a millionaire without making a few enemies. But you know how to deal with those enemies. Therefore you do not fear them. You have built yourself an empire and everyone respects you because you are the boss; you are strong! Yet you are the crusher, for you would crush anyone who stood in your way of further success."

Barker sat back and relaxed in his chair, keeping a sharp eye on Boyce's reactions. Boyce's face had not changed and his eyes met Barker's squarely, honestly.

Barker continued, "Your wife is the one person, possibly the 'wall', that stands in your way of being a complete, one hundred percent, emperor over your empire. Your subconscious mind has come to hate your wife, because she does not respect you as do all the others. She loves you, perhaps, and respects you as a husband, which is her duty to you, but she does not respect your business tactics, because they do not interest her. Therefore, Boyce, you fear her. She is the only person whom you fear, and consequently have come to hate. You should accept her on the merit of love and companionship in your home and social life. You should leave her out of your business world."

Boyce was silent. Finally he said, "I could easily hate you, Barker, but for some reason I can't hate you and respect you at the same time. You are absolutely correct. I've been forcing my business triumphs on my wife for years. It's when she laughs I--I hate her; or when she sees through my strategies--she's very clever. Odd I couldn't see it. Too close to home I guess. Will you do me a favor, Barker? I would never be able to convince my wife of what you just told me. Would you go upstairs and tell her? She's packing, getting ready to move out of my life. You can tell her she won't have any more dreams."

Barker smiled and knocked the ashes from his pipe, as he stood to leave the room. He had a good feeling because he had been right. Boyce knew exactly what to do when the cards were all out!

George Harper was a writer, a master of creating novel plots and strange situations -- but this was not a product of his imagination. This was actually happening. There was a ---

GHOST IN THE HOUSE

THE SETTING WAS PERFECT FOR IT! AN OLD HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY, A STORM, IN FICTION, THESE THINGS ALWAYS ACCOMPANY A VISIT FROM THE DEAD! BUT AT FIRST GEORGE HARPER AND HIS WIFE DID NOT KNOW... THAT THEY WERE NOT ALONE!

HOME, AT LAST! GREAT SCOTT, WHAT A NIGHT! MARION, WHAT ON EARTH EVER POSSESSED US TO GO WALKING ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS?

WHY... I DON'T KNOW, GEORGE! AS A MATTER OF FACT... I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER GOING OUT!



GEORGE AND MARION HARPER COULD STILL SMILE, THEN, AS THEY HAD SMILED BITTERLY FOR SO LONG NOW... DESPITE THE BILLS, THE STORIES THAT DIDN'T SELL, THE HEARTACHE!

WE WON'T TALK ABOUT *THAT* BUT ABOUT THIS OTHER THING... MARION, I DON'T GET IT! PEOPLE DON'T JUST FORGET HALF A DAY OF THEIR LIVES!

NO, THEY DON'T! BUT WE'LL BOTH THINK BETTER OVER SOME HOT COFFEE! COME INTO THE KITCHEN... AND I'LL MAKE SOME!



THAT'S STRANGE! THE LAST I REMEMBER... IT WAS AFTERNOON, AND THE SUN WAS SHINING!

FUNNY... BUT THAT'S WHAT I RECALL, TOO! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



MAYBE WE'RE JUST BOTH GETTING OLD, EH? THIS SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF ONE OF MY STORIES!

THE STORIES YOU *HAVEN'T* BEEN ABLE TO SELL, DARLING? OR THE ONES YOU SOLD B.O. R.D.? BEFORE OUR PERSONAL DEPRESSION?



GEORGE! GEORGE! LOOK!



THE WOMAN STOOD BY A WINDOW, STARING OUT AT THE STORM, A PALE, FRAGILE WOMAN WHOSE FACE GLEAMED WHITELY, AND SUDDENLY GEORGE AND MARION HARPER FORGOT THEIR ODD LAPSE OF MEMORY!

GEORGE, WHO... WHO IS SHE? SHE LOOKS SO STRANGE! WHAT IS SHE DOING HERE?

BEATS ME! BUT IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO FIND OUT! MISS? MISS... YOU, WHOEVER YOU ARE... WHO ARE YOU?



SHE... SHE DOESN'T HEAR YOU!

OBVIOUSLY MAYBE SHE'S DEAF! WELL, WE'LL SOON SEE...



GEORGE! YOUR HAND! IT... IT WENT RIGHT THROUGH HER!



GEORGE HARPER REACHED OUT TO TOUCH A WHITE SHOULDER AND TOUCHED... NOTHING! IF HE AND HIS WIFE FLED, IF THEY SCURRIED FROM THAT ROOM IN SUDDEN PANIC, WHO COULD BLAME THEM!

GEORGE, SHE... SHE'S COMING AFTER US!

NO! I DON'T THINK SHE'S EVEN AWARE OF US! SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WE'RE HERE!



SHE'S GOING INTO THE BEDROOM... IT'S AS IF... AS IF SHE KNOWS HER WAY AROUND! AS IF SHE LIVED HERE! MARION... THAT MUST BE IT! THIS HOUSE IS OLD! MAYBE SHE DID LIVE HERE ONCE! COME ON, LET'S FOLLOW HER!

NO! GEORGE, I'M AFRAID! LET'S GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE!



DON'T BE A FOOL! WE CAN'T LET OURSELVES BE DRIVEN OUT OF OUR HOME BY A... A SPOOK! ESPECIALLY A PRETTY SPOOK WHO DOESN'T SEEM TO MEAN US ANY HARM!



LOOK AT HER! SHE'S BEAUTIFUL! I'M SCARED, TOO! BUT I'M FASCINATED AS WELL! THIS COULD BE THE SAVING OF US, IF I COULD JUST FIND OUT WHO SHE IS... OR WAS!



MARION, I HAVEN'T SOLD A STORY IN MONTHS! YOU KNOW WHAT THE EDITORS TELL ME! MY PLOTS ARE TOO ORDINARY! BUT THIS... I COULD **SELL** A STORY ABOUT A **GHOST** IN MY OWN HOUSE! IT MIGHT BE A NEW BEGINNING FOR US!



SO... MARION HARPER AND HER HUSBAND STAYED, TREMBLING, SCARCELY DARING TO BREATHE! BUT THEY STAYED!



THEY WATCHED A SHADOW SLEEP IN THEIR BED, GO THROUGH A MACABRE PARODY OF THE HABITS OF THE LIVING!

GEORGE, IT... IT'S HORRIBLE! WATCHING HER MOVE AROUND, DO ALL THE THINGS A **LIVING** WOMAN WOULD DO... I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE! PLEASE! LET'S GO!



MARION, I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT HER! I **MUST!** IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY TO... TO **COMMUNICATE** WITH HER!



OH, NO! DON'T! IF SHE KNOWS WE'RE HERE... THERE'S NO TELLING **WHAT** SHE MIGHT DO, WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN!



BUT BY THEN GEORGE HARPER WAS UTTERLY FASCINATED! HE TRIED TO GET THROUGH TO THAT PALE WRAITH IN EVERY MANNER HE COULD THINK OF!

NO USE! I ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD THAT THE LIVING COMMUNICATED WITH THE DEAD BY **RAPPING**... BUT SHE DOESN'T HEAR!



AND YET SHE SEEMS TO BE **LISTENING** FOR SOMETHING! GEORGE, HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED?



YES! BUT WHAT? WHAT WOULD A DEAD WOMAN BE WAITING FOR? LISTENING FOR? IF WE ONLY **KNEW**...



GEORGE! LISTEN... DO YOU HEAR IT?

YES, A SORT OF... HUMMING NOISE! IT'S GETTING **LOUDER**, COMING **CLOSER**!



GEORGE, WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT?



MARION HARPER CLUNG TO HER HUSBAND IN AN AGONY OF SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR! SUDDENLY, GEORGE HARPER LAUGHED...

THAT NOISE, MARION... DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS? IT'S A CAR! LOOK! SEE IT?

I SEE IT! BUT...GEORGE, SHE SEES IT, TOO! IF SHE WASN'T AWARE OF US, WHY WOULD SHE BE AWARE OF THAT CAR?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT MAYBE NOW WE'LL GET SOME ANSWERS! WHOEVER IS IN THAT CAR...OUR VISITOR SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN EXPECTING THEM! MAYBE THEY CAN TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT HER!

YOUNG LADY! WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU!

HELEN! HOW ARE YOU?

ELEANOR! I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T GET HERE TODAY, AFTER THAT TERRIBLE STORM LAST NIGHT! I'M FINE... JUST FINE!

IT COULDN'T BE, BUT IT WAS! GEORGE HARPER AND HIS WIFE STOOD BY LATER, DUMBLY! THEY LISTENED... AND SLOWLY THEY BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND!

HELEN, HOWEVER DID YOU DO IT? THIS LOVELY OLD HOUSE! WHY, IT'S JUST PERFECT! HOW DID YOU EVER GET THE OWNER TO SELL IT?

I DON'T HAVE TO! IT'S A FASCINATING STORY! IT SEEMS THAT THE PREVIOUS OWNER WAS A WRITER...AND NOT VERY SUCCESSFUL! A GEORGE HARPER! AS I UNDERSTAND IT HE AND HIS WIFE COMMITTED SUICIDE, JUST ABOUT A YEAR AGO IN THIS VERY ROOM!

SUICIDE? BUT...AREN'T YOU AFRAID TO STAY HERE ALONE? WITH YOUR HUSBAND AWAY... WHY I'D BE FRIGHTENED TO DEATH!

FRIGHTENED? OF WHAT? ELEANOR, REALLY! DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU THINK MY NEW HOUSE MIGHT BE HAUNTED! BRAD'S BUSINESS ONLY KEEPS HIM AWAY FOR A FEW DAYS AT A TIME!

AND ANYWAY... WHO BELIEVES IN GHOSTS?



OH, YES, THIS WAS REAL! THIS WAS NOT A PRODUCT OF GEORGE HARPER'S IMAGINATION! THERE WAS A GHOST IN THE HOUSE...IN FACT... THERE WERE TWO!

GIVEN - GIVEN - GIVEN

BE FIRST

BE FIRST

WE ARE RELIABLE

ACT NOW

BOYS
GIRLS

LADIES
MEN

1000 Shot Red Ryder Repeater Air Rifles with Tube of Shot, Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Dolls, Radios, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE, used for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 59th year.

WILSON CHEMICAL CO.,
Dept. 145-L, TYRONE, PA.

MAIL COUPON

OUR 59th YEAR



BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES
ACT NOW - BE FIRST

MAIL COUPON

WATCHES

OUR 59th
YEAR

BE
FIRST

SEND NO MONEY - WE TRUST YOU - ACT NOW

Wrist Watches, School Boxes, Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked in catalog sent with your order

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BE
FIRST

ACT
NOW

OUR 59th YEAR

GIVEN

Wrist Watches, Ukuleles, Fishing Outfits, Bicycle Lights, Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid) Wagons (sent express charges collect). **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures suitable for framing with White Cloverine Brand Salve for chaps and mild burns and so easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your starting order postage paid by us.

WE TRUST YOU

BOYS
GIRLS

LADIES
MEN



Wilson Chem.
Co., Dept. 145-N
Tyrone, Pa.

OUR 59th YEAR

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 145 Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ST. _____ R.D. _____ BOX _____

TOWN _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

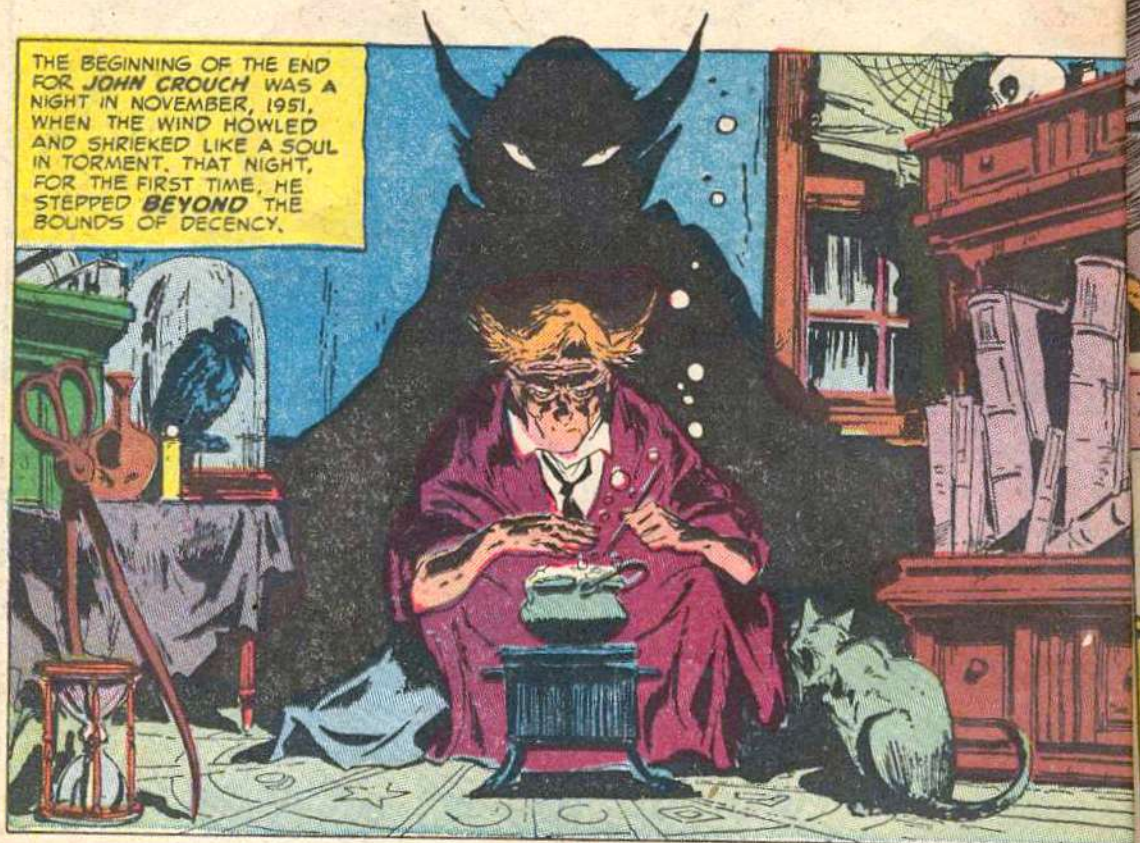
Print LAST Name Here _____

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

You're going to do **WHAT?** Call up an evil spirit? Who?

THE DEVIL, YOU SAY?

THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR **JOHN CROUCH** WAS A NIGHT IN NOVEMBER, 1951, WHEN THE WIND HOWLED AND SHRIEKED LIKE A SOUL IN TORMENT. THAT NIGHT, FOR THE FIRST TIME, HE STEPPED **BEYOND** THE BOUNDS OF DECENCY.



CARL, IT—IT'S HIM. IT'S **DAD!** HE MEANT IT WHEN HE SAID HE WAS COMING HERE! YOU WERE RIGHT. HE—HE'S **INSANE!**

ANY MAN WHO THINKS HE CAN CONJURE UP A DEMON IS INSANE. COME ON!



DAD! DAD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

YOU! SO YOU FOLLOWED ME. YOU AND THE BOTHERSOME YOUNG FOOL WHO THINKS I'M MAD. **GO AWAY!** LEAVE ME ALONE!



WE FOLLOWED YOU BECAUSE SARAH WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU. AND IT **ISN'T** RIGHT TO VIOLATE A GRAVE, MISTER CROUCH! COME HOME WITH US FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

WHAT HAVE I TO DO WITH GOOD? ONLY **EVIL** HAS POWER. SOME DAY I'LL PROVE THAT. SOME DAY I'LL HAVE SATAN HIMSELF TO FETCH AND CARRY FOR ME!



THE ANCIENTS TRIED TO DO WHAT I'M DOING AND FAILED! BUT I WON'T FAIL! I ONLY NEED TIME! TIME... AND THE RIGHT INGREDIENTS!

I KNOW! I'VE SEEN YOUR BOOKS! AND I'VE SEEN THE HORRIBLE CONCOCTIONS YOU MIX IN THAT ROOM OF YOURS! THE BLOOD OF BLACK ROOSTERS! THE HEART OF A FROG!



YOU'VE FAILED SO MANY TIMES! GIVE IT UP!

NO! I FAILED BECAUSE SOMETHING WAS MISSING! THE KNUCKLES FROM THE LEFT HAND OF A MURDERER! LIKE THE MAN BURIED IN THIS GRAVE! BUT, NOW, I KNOW!



THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE! YOU... YOU **GHOUL**! IF NOT FOR SARAH, I'D GO TO THE POLICE! YOU AREN'T WORTH SAVING! I'M TAKING HER AWAY FROM HERE!

TAKE HER! AND LEAVE ME ALONE!



JOHN CROUCH WAS MAD BEYOND ANY SHADOW OF A DOUBT, AND NO ONE CAN REASON WITH A MAD-MAN! CARL DANIELS TOOK SARAH HOME!

SARAH, COME AWAY WITH ME! YOU DON'T BELONG IN THIS... THIS MUSEUM! YOUR FATHER IS BEYOND HELP! YOU KNOW HE IS!

I'LL NEVER ADMIT THAT! I KNOW DAD'S SUFFERING FROM A DELUSION! HE NEEDS SOMEONE TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!



DELUSION, IS IT? YOU **FOOLS**! TONIGHT... YOU'LL SEE IF I'M SUFFERING FROM A DELUSION! I HAVE EVERYTHING I NEED NOW! EVERYTHING!

DAD!



DAD, IN THE PARCEL... THAT CAN'T BE WHAT I THINK IT IS! IT CAN'T BE!

IT'S... WHAT YOU THINK IT IS, SARAH! **THE HAND OF A DEAD MAN!** NOW WILL YOU COME AWAY WITH ME?



BUT SARAH CROUCH, NUMB WITH HORROR, SHOOK HER HEAD! AND IN THE NEXT ROOM A DEVIL'S BREW SPATTERED AS JOHN CROUCH MUMBLED ANCIENT INCANTATIONS FOR HOURS!

NOTHING... NOTHING! I FAILED! AGAIN! BUT WHY? WHY?



IF SARAH CROUCH AND CARL DANIELS HAD NOT BEEN WEAK, IF THEY HAD GONE TO THE POLICE THEN, ALL MIGHT STILL HAVE BEEN WELL! BUT THEY DID NOT GO! FOR A WEEK, JOHN CROUCH BURIED HIMSELF IN HIS MANUSCRIPTS!

EVIL COMES... TO EVIL! IT'S SO... SIMPLE! IF I MYSELF WERE EVIL, IF I COMMITTED A SIN THAT CONDEMNED MY SOUL FOREVER... I MIGHT **SUCCEED!**

DAD, YOU... **MUSTN'T** TALK LIKE THAT!



WHATEVER YOU'VE DONE, YOU'RE NOT REALLY... BAD! YOU... YOU **COULDN'T** BE! I WON'T LET YOU!

LET ME? YOU WHINING WEAKLING, WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO WITH YOUR STUPID STANDARDS OF MORALITY? **GET OUT!**



SARAH CROUCH GOT OUT! SHE USED A TELEPHONE AND SOON CARL DANIELS WAS WITH HER!

THERE HE IS! CARL, HE... HE'S GOING TO DO SOMETHING TERRIBLE! I **KNOW** HE IS!

WE'LL FOLLOW HIM! IF HE TRIES ANYTHING, WE'LL STOP HIM!



BUT JOHN CROUCH WAS NOT TO BE STOPPED! HIS PATH WOUND THROUGH DARK ALLEYS, DOWN LITTERED SLUM STREETS, AND AT LAST HE HALTED, AS IF HE WERE... **WAITING!**

HE'S BEEN STANDING THERE FOR ALMOST AN HOUR! SARAH, ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU **UNDERSTOOD** HIM?

YES! CARL, HE THINKS THAT IF HE MAKES HIM-SELF EVIL IT WILL DRAW THE... THE **DEVIL** TO HIM! HE MIGHT DO ANYTHING!



AN EVIL DEED... TO ATTRACT AN EVIL POWER!



JOHN CROUCH WALKED ON! BUT BEHIND HIM, HORROR HUNG HEAVY ON THE NIGHT!

HE... STABBED HER! A GIRL... HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW! SARAH, WE'VE GOT TO TELL THE POLICE! WE'VE GOT TO!

NO! I CAN'T! I CAN'T HAVE HIM LOCKED AWAY! CARL, HE'S MY FATHER! IF YOU LOVE ME YOU WON'T GO TO THE POLICE! YOU WON'T TELL!



IF WE DON'T TELL... **WE'RE AS GUILTY AS HE IS!** SARAH, I... I CAN'T HAVE THIS ON MY CONSCIENCE! IF WE KEEP QUIET... SOME DAY WE'LL BE SORRY!

AND IF WE DO TELL, MY FATHER WILL BE PENNED UP LIKE A DANGEROUS ANIMAL! IF YOU TELL, I'LL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!



JOHN CROUCH WAS SARAH'S FATHER...
AND CARL DANIELS LOVED HER! SO
JOHN CROUCH'S SIN BECAME **THEIR**
IN! THEY WALKED HOME IN AN
GONY OF SILENT GUILT!

IT DIDN'T HELP! IT WAS ALL FOR
NOTHING! IT DIDN'T... HELP! I'VE
FAILED... AGAIN! BUT THERE MUST
BE A WAY! THERE
MUST!



HE STILL THINKS... HE CAN
SUCCEED! AND UNTIL HE
DOES THERE'LL BE NO
PEACE... FOR ANY OF US!
MAYBE IT WOULD BE
BEST... IF HE **DID**
SUCCEED!

CARL!
WHAT ARE
YOU SAYING?



I'M SAYING THAT IF YOUR
FATHER CALLED UP THE DEVIL
...OR **THOUGHT** HE DID...
HE MIGHT BE SATISFIED!
SARAH, I COULD
PRETEND TO BE...
WHAT HE WANTS!
IT MIGHT WORK!

OTHER-
WISE, HE
MIGHT...
KILL AGAIN!
YOU'RE RIGHT!
WE'VE GOT TO
DO SOMETHING!



IT WAS NOT TOO DIFFICULT! EACH NIGHT, JOHN
CROUCH MIXED HIS WITCH'S BREW, MUTTERED
HIS MAGIC WORDS! A FEW NIGHTS LATER,
EVERYTHING WAS **READY!**

CARL, I... I'M
FRIGHTENED! WHAT IF HE RECOGNIZES YOU?
YOU KNOW HOW HE IS! HE... HE MIGHT DO
ANYTHING!

HE MIGHT! BUT WE
HAVE NO CHOICE?
TURN OUT THE LIGHTS...
AND **OPEN THE
DOOR!**



SARAH DID AS SHE WAS TOLD! CARL TOOK HIS
POSITION, A DOOR CREAKED OPEN... AND JOHN
CROUCH FROZE!



FOR A MOMENT THE TABLEAU REMAINED
MOTIONLESS! THEN, CARL DANIELS TURNED
AWAY!

SARAH! WHERE IS
HE? I SAW HIM! HE CAME
INTO THIS ROOM! I SAW
HIM **WITH MY OWN
EYES!**

HIM? WHY,
NO ONE CAME
IN HERE, DAD!



THEN HE MUST HAVE JUST...
VANISHED! HE... HE WAS REALLY
HERE! I DIDN'T IMAGINE IT!
HIS SATANIC MAJESTY! HE
WAS **HERE!**

HIS MAJESTY?
DAD, NO! YOU
DIDN'T... YOU
DIDN'T SUCCEED
AT LAST! IF YOU
DID... THEN YOU CAN
GIVE IT ALL UP NOW!
**YOU'VE DONE WHAT
YOU SET OUT TO DO!**



GIVE IT UP? YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND! I'VE ONLY JUST **BEGUN!** NEXT TIME... HE WON'T SLIP AWAY!



CARL! IT DIDN'T DO ANY GOOD!

I KNOW, SARAH! I HEARD! NOW IT WILL BE... **WORSE** THAN EVER!



CARL DANIELS DID NOTHING MORE, THEN! BUT THERE WAS STILL ONE WAY TO RID JOHN CROUCH OF HIS DELUSION! THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

CARL, YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT YOU'RE GOING TO TELL HIM THE TRUTH... THAT YOU PRETENDED! YOU MUSTN'T! HE... HE'LL **KILL** YOU!

BETTER ME THAN **SOMEONE ELSE!**



SARAH, HE'S ALREADY KILLED ONCE! AND WE'VE PROTECTED HIM! SOME DAY, SOMEHOW, WE'LL **PAY** FOR THAT! BUT IF I TELL HIM THE TRUTH, THAT HE BELIEVED A LIE, IT MAY SHOCK HIM BACK TO NORMALCY!

THE TRUTH, DANIELS! **WHAT IS THE TRUTH?**



THAT YOU'RE INSANE! IT'S **TIME** YOU HEARD IT! LOOK AT YOU! WHAT KIND OF HORROR ARE YOU MIXING IN THAT POT NOW?

IT WAS WHAT WAS IN THIS... THAT CALLED UP SATAN! JUST YESTERDAY! YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT, DID YOU? I **COULDN'T** MAKE HIM STAY! BUT I'VE CHANGED THE PROPORTIONS OF THE INGREDIENTS! NEXT TIME, HE WILL REMAIN!



THERE **WON'T** BE A NEXT TIME! YOU'RE GOING TO HEAR THE TRUTH! ONCE AND FOR ALL! BEFORE YOU DRIVE SARAH AS INSANE AS YOURSELF!



CARL DANIELS SMASHED JOHN CROUCH'S DREAM INTO A MILLION PIECES! HE TOLD THE WHOLE STORY!

LIAR! YOU'RE LYING! I DID SUCCEED! **I DID!**

YOU **FAILED!**



MISTER CROUCH... FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, FOR THE SAKE OF US ALL... LET US TAKE YOU TO A DOCTOR! YOU NEED HELP!

I KNOW. THE KIND OF HELP YOU'D GIVE ME! DON'T TOUCH ME!

DON'T TOUCH ME! YOU WANT TO LOCK ME UP! I KNOW! BUT YOU WON'T! I WON'T LET YOU!

DAD!

DAD, NO... NO!

SO NOW THERE WERE TWO VIOLENT DEATHS TO PLUCK WITH HARPY FINGERS AT THE SOULS OF CARL AND SARAH! THEY CLUNG TOGETHER, TREMBLING! AND THEY DID NOT LOOK BEHIND THEM!

THEY DID NOT SEE A FOUL MIST RISE FROM A NOISOME, EVIL SMELLING BREW! THEY DID NOT SEE IT GROW...

THAT... SHADOW! IT'S MOVING...

THEY KNEW ONLY, IN THAT LAST MOMENT, THAT JOHN CROUCH HAD SUCCEEDED... AT LAST! THEN... THEY KNEW NOTHING!

THE END

UNLESS, PERHAPS, THEY KNEW THAT CARL DANIELS HAD BEEN RIGHT! SOME DAY, SOMEHOW, WE ALL MUST PAY... FOR OUR SINS!

IN MANY SOCIETIES THERE WAS THE STRONG BELIEF THAT THE FALLING OF A MAN'S PORTRAIT OR HIS STATUE, WAS A SURE OMEN OF IMPENDING DEATH!

DEATH OMEN

NO, IT CAN'T BE!
SIR DEVON'S PORTRAIT
HAS FALLEN! NO ONE
MUST TELL HIM, OR
HE WILL BE TERRIBLY
WORRIED!



THIS BELIEF WAS SO STRONG THAT THE POWER OF AUTO-SUGGESTION, UNDOUBTEDLY, HAS BEEN THE CAUSE OF MANY DEATHS SO FORETOLD!

MY PORTRAIT...
I... I DON'T
FEEL... WELL!

QUICK, GET A
DOCTOR...
HE'S FAINTED!



THERE IS THE RECORDED INSTANCE OF THE ARCHBISHOP LAUD OF ENGLAND, WHO ONE DAY, ON ENTERING HIS STUDY, FOUND HIS PORTRAIT LYING FACE DOWN ON THE FLOOR!



SO STRONG WAS HIS BELIEF IN THIS OMEN, THAT HE IMMEDIATELY MADE ALL PREPARATIONS FOR THE END, AND DEATH SOON OVERTOOK HIM!

STRANGE! HE MUST
HAVE KNOWN HE WAS
GOING TO DIE... HE'D
JUST FINISHED HIS
WILL!



THE END

GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. Guaranteed to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight* . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

10-DAY
SUPPLY
ONLY \$1.

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are unconditionally guaranteed to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12 . . . the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals . . . It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything. Act now!

We don't want
SKINNY
on our team!



dangerous drugs . . . you eat it like candy! Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 180

318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

THE BLACK PIANO

You wouldn't think an ordinary housewife with a couple of kids would be bothered by a superstition, do you? Black magic and voodooes are the farthest thing from your mind. Which is what I thought, or didn't think--until the Black Piano.



I'd always had a piano until I got married. I wasn't much of a pianist but I'd liked to tinkle around and now, with the children and a home of my own, I figured we'd all get a lot of enjoyment out of a homey parlor type piano. Besides, I'd just found a part-time job while the children were in school; it would be easy to swing it.

It was Christmas, three years ago, when I first saw the Black Piano. I'd gone into the music store to inquire the price of pianos--used, and the salesman showed me this honey of a black spinet, brand new. It was greatly reduced in price, which ought to have made me suspicious, but of course it didn't and I signed my name to a three year sales contract almost before you could say, "What's for dinner tonight?"

My bargain! I payed the down payment quickly and hurried off to my job, only to learn that I'd been layed off. I didn't connect it with my purchase of the Black Piano, then. I just had to think of something else to meet the monthly terms I'd gone a little over my head for.

The piano arrived in time to trim the Christmas tree and everyone was so excited about it that my husband forgave me for buying on terms, a practice he hates, and we included the payments in our budget. Even now I can remember having to explain to everyone why it was black--it seemed an odd color combined with the brown tones of our other furniture.

We had made three payments on the Black Piano when my husband lost his job and had to take another one at a reduction in salary. There was no room for piano payments and I began to do odd jobs like baby sitting, mending and iron-

ing to keep the musical instrument. Now I pride myself on being careful and competent, but I never got a second order on any of my odd jobs!

A year of hard-to-meet payments passed. I was dusting the piano one day when I realized I hadn't played it half a dozen times! After the initial excitement had worn off, the children had actually been jealous of the times I sat down to practice. So far neither of them had shown any inclination toward it. I was sorry, but I figured the time was just not ready.

During the second year the payments got behind. The office would call me and I'd give some excuse and finally the money would be scraped from some place. I guess by this time keeping the Black Piano had become a real obsession with me and I was determined to keep it at any cost.

Then my husband started his own business on a GI loan. It looked as if everything was going to be rosy until, six months later, it failed, leaving us too broke to go bankrupt even. We had to make arrangements to pay our creditors. It looked as if the piano would have to go back and I wrote the company explaining our situation.

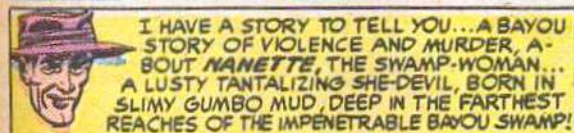
Two days later the head of the office came to see us. He had liked the letter so much, he said, he wanted us to keep the piano, sans payments, until such time when we could afford to pay the balance. I was in Heaven! People really were kind. The piano soon would be mine!

And then, several weeks later, a creditor who wasn't satisfied to make arrangements served us with a summons. We had to have immediate cash. We were up to our ears. We had nothing of value left except the Black Piano which we were forced to sell for enough to take care of the remaining payments to the company and to cover other debts.

Since then things have been going fine. Oh, there were a few tears at first--until I recognized the truth. For we're on the road up again. And you can bet I'll never buy a Black Piano again...I feel guilty for selling this one to someone else. They seemed like such nice people.

Out of the intolerable stench
of a rotting bayou swamp
came a haunting refrain ---

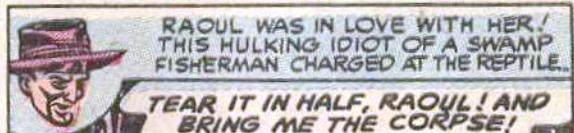
LOVER, COME BACK TO ME,



I HAVE A STORY TO TELL YOU...A BAYOU
STORY OF VIOLENCE AND MURDER, A-
BOUT **NANETTE**, THE SWAMP-WOMAN...
A LUSTY TANTALIZING SHE-DEVIL, BORN IN
SLIMY GUMBO MUD, DEEP IN THE FARTHEST
REACHES OF THE IMPENETRABLE BAYOU SWAMP!

KILL THE SNAKE
FOR ME, **RAOUL**!
KILL IT AND BRING
IT TO ME!

FOR YOUR LOVE, **NANETTE**,
I WOULD KILL **TEN**
SUCH SNAKES!



RAOUL WAS IN LOVE WITH HER!
THIS HULKING IDIOT OF A SWAMP
FISHERMAN CHARGED AT THE REPTILE...

TEAR IT IN HALF, **RAOUL! AND
BRING ME THE CORPSE!**



WHAT WOULD YOU
DO WITH A **DEAD**
SNAKE, MY LOVE?

I WILL MAKE MYSELF
BEAUTIFUL FOR
YOU, FOOL! BRING
IT TO ME!



LIKE IT,
IDIOT?

OH, YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL, **NANETTE**!
YOU HAVE MADE YOURSELF
BEAUTIFUL FOR ME, AS YOU SAID!
WAS I NOT **BRAVE** TO KILL IT FOR
YOU?





HAH! IMBECILE, YOU TALK ABOUT BRAVERY! YOU THINK YOU ARE A MAN BECAUSE YOU KILLED A SNAKE! YOU ARE YOURSELF A SNAKE!

I HAVE DONE A BRAVE THING! **CLAUDE** WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO BRAVE! HE WOULD NOT HAVE KILLED THE SNAKE!



AND I TELL YOU THAT **CLAUDE** IS TEN TIMES THE MAN YOU ARE! LOOK AT YOU! WOULD YOU HAVE ME LOVE AN IDIOT?

I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, NANETTE! LET ME PROVE THAT I LOVE YOU! GIVE ME A TASK!



WHAT WOULD YOU DO FOR ME? WOULD YOU KISS MY FEET? WOULD YOU COOK FOR ME AND CLEAN MY HOUSE? WHAT MORE COULD AN IDIOT DO?



GIVE ME A TASK! WHAT **MUST** I DO? TAKE PITY ON ME, NANETTE!

YOU BORE ME, **RAOUL**! GO BACK TO YOUR CATFISH! I WILL GO TO MY HOUSE AND WAIT FOR MY LOVER! GET ME A CATFISH SO THAT **CLAUDE** AND I MAY EAT OUR SUPPER!



AND THEN THERE WAS **CLAUDE**...

AGH! YOU PIG!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY LITTLE WITCH? WHY DO YOU WALK THE SWAMPS AT NIGHT?



TO LOOK FOR YOU, MY LOVER! I HAVE TIRED OF **RAOUL**! YOU MUST SHOWER YOUR LOVE UPON ME! **RAOUL** ASKS FOR A TASK TO PROVE HIS LOVE!



THAT SON OF AN ALLIGATOR, NANETTE! HOW COULD YOU SOIL YOUR HANDS ON THE FLESH OF THAT IDIOT!

HE KILLED A SNAKE FOR ME, MY LOVER! WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO SHOW YOUR LOVE FOR ME?





NANETTE HAD A PLAN! A WONDERFUL JOKE TO PLAY ON BOTH HER LOVERS! SOON AFTER CLAUDE LEFT THE SHACK, **RAOUL ENTERED...**

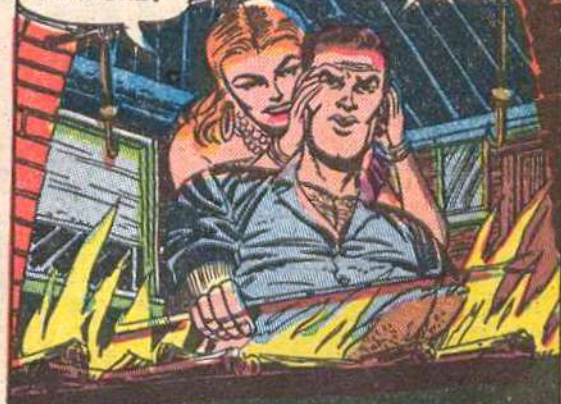


I HAVE YOUR SUPPER, NANETTE! WILL YOU LOVE ME NOW, FOR THE FISH I CAUGHT FOR YOU?

MAD ONE! FRY THE FISH FOR ME AND THEN WE WILL TALK OF LOVE!

CLAUDE WAS HERE, IDIOT! MY LOVER PROMISED TO DO A TASK FOR ME TO PROVE HIS LOVE! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, MAD ONE!

THERE IS NOTHING HE WOULD DO THAT I WOULD NOT DO TEN TIMES BETTER!



WOULD YOU DO THIS FOR ME? WOULD YOU GO NOW TO CLAUDE AT THE CATFISH POOL, AND **MURDER HIM?** THAT IS THE TASK I GIVE YOU!

YES! I WILL DO IT!



WHEN I DO THIS THING, THEN WILL YOU LOVE ME? NANETTE, SAY THAT YOU WILL LOVE ME!

GO, FOOL! KILL HIM AS YOU DID THE SNAKE!



RAOUL WENT INTO THE SWAMP TO FIND THE MAN HE WAS TO KILL, AND WHO WAS TO KILL HIM! THE BAYOU ECHOED WITH NANETTE'S DEMONIC LAUGH, AS EACH MAN SOUGHT THE OTHER!

GOOD EVENING, RAOUL! IT IS LATE FOR YOU TO BE IN THE SWAMP! WHAT DOES THE IDIOT DO HERE AT NIGHT?

I COME ON AN ERRAND! I HAVE COME HERE...



IT WAS A FIGHT TO BE REMEMBERED IN THE SWAMP FOR MANY, MANY YEARS! AS THEY CAME CLOSER, RAOUL PICKED UP A LOG...



TO KILL YOU! OOOOF!



SO IT WAS **CLAUDE** THAT WON NANETTE'S LOVE! OR DID HE?

I HAVE DONE IT! HIS BODY IS IN THE SWAMP, WHERE THE LEECHES AND FISH WILL FEED ON HIS FLESH! I HAVE **EARNED** YOUR LOVE! COME TO ME, NANETTE!

HE IS DEAD! YOU HAVE KILLED THE IDIOT FOR ME!



CATCH ME, YOUNG FOOL! I WILL LOVE YOU-- IF YOU CAN CATCH ME!

YOU DEVIL!





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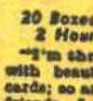
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With Heavy Legs!**

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Which of these
leg problems
are yours?



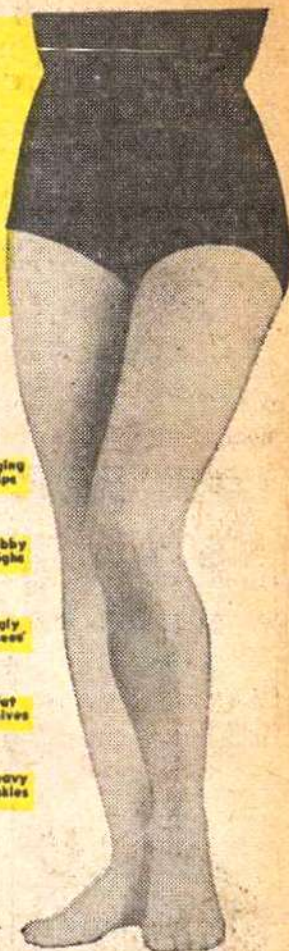
Bulging
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Flabby
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Ugly
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Ankles



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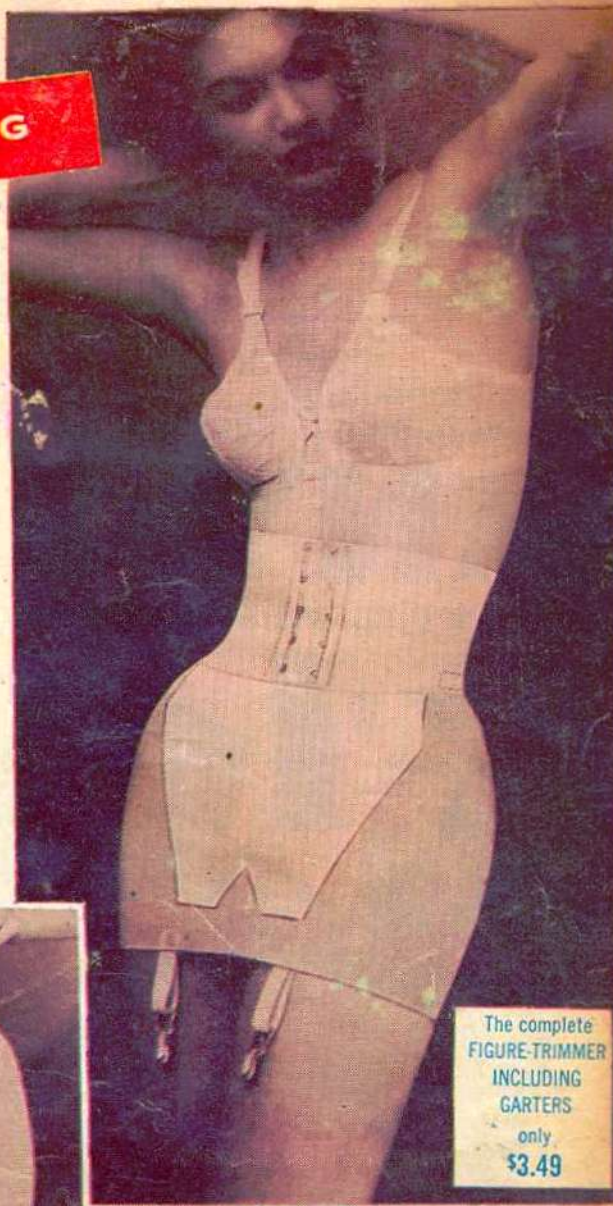


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