



OCT.  
NO. 19

# HOUSE of MYSTERY

10c

PONDER WELL YOUR COLLECTION OF  
DEATH-MASKS! THOSE MEN WERE  
VICTIMS OF THE SUPERNATURAL--  
*AS YOU WILL BE, TOO!*



Featuring "The **STRANGE**  
**FACES OF DEATH!**"

Also:

GHOST  
WRITER

MAN OF  
EVIL

SPIRIT'S  
REVENGE

IT WAS A TERRIFIC HIT. THIS FIRST NOVEL OF A NEW AUTHOR. WITHIN A SHORT TIME, IT HAD BECOME A SENSATION. YES, "MORLEY MEWS" HAD TAKEN THE WHOLE LITERARY WORLD BY STORM! BUT THEN CAME THE SHOCK. WHEN STUNNED READERS THAT SUDDENLY LEARNED THAT THE AUTHOR WAS LITERALLY A...

# "GHOST WRITER!"

AND NOW, RALPH DESMOND, I SHALL DESCRIBE THIS ESCAPE FROM A 17TH CENTURY GALLEY!

YES, YES, GO ON... I'M LISTENING!

"I WAS ABROAD ON BUSINESS WHEN RALPH DESMOND FIRST ENTERED THE OFFICES OF MY PUBLISHING FIRM TO INQUIRE ABOUT HIS NOVEL! MY CHIEF EDITOR, ROGER BODLEY, SPOKE TO HIM..."

MR. BLAKE IS OUT OF TOWN, MR. DESMOND, BUT I READ YOUR NOVEL! FOUND IT VERY INTERESTING! BUT NEXT TIME YOU WRITE A NOVEL ABOUT 17TH CENTURY ENGLAND, MAKE SURE THAT YOU CHECK YOUR FACTS!

ER---WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WE HAVE EXPERTS IN THIS OFFICE, MR. DESMOND--- EXPERTS WHO READ YOUR NOVEL AND REPORTED THAT THOSE PLACES IN ENGLAND... LIKE MORLEY MEWS AND HACKETT SQUARE--- **DO NOT EXIST!**

BUT THEY **MUST!** THE PERSON WHO DICTATED THE NOVEL TO ME **LIVED IN ENGLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY!**

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ER...WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID?

YES... THE SPIRIT OF A MAN WHO LIVED IN THE 17<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY, HAVING THE SAME NAME AS MY OWN, RALPH DESMOND, CAME TO ME ONE NIGHT, AND...



YOU'VE BEEN A FAILURE AS A WRITER, DESMOND, BUT I, YOUR ANCESTOR, SHALL HELP YOU! I WILL DICTATE COMPLETE NOVELS TO YOU, SET IN 17<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY ENGLAND! YOU WILL GAIN THE FAME AND RICHES WHICH WERE DENIED ME!



THIS GUY'S CRAZY... BUT THE NOVEL ISN'T BAD... AND IF WE PUBLICIZED IT AS HAVING BEEN DICTATED BY A GHOST WRITER OF THE 17<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY, WE MIGHT SELL A MILLION COPIES!

SURE! WHAT CAN WE LOSE?



"BODLEY WAS RIGHT! BY THE TIME I RETURNED TO AMERICA, THE NOVEL WAS IN ITS FIFTH PRINTING, AND HAD CREATED A STORM OF APPROVAL... AND DISAPPROVAL!"

IN MY OPINION, SUCH PUBLISHING PRACTICES ARE A FRAUD AND A HOAX ON THE PEOPLE! THEY SHOULD BE STOPPED!

RIGHT! I'M GLAD TO SAY THAT MY PUBLISHING HOUSE DOESN'T RESPOND TO SUCH CHEAP PUBLICITY TRICKS!



"YOU CAN UNDERSTAND NOW WHY I WAS IN A BITTER MOOD WHEN I REACHED MY OFFICE NEXT MORNING..."

WHAT A STUNT, BH, J.B.? AND WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THE SALES REPORTS!

YES, BODLEY, I KNOW THE BOOK IS A HIT, BUT I DON'T LIKE THAT FRAUD... NOT ONE BIT!



IT ISN'T OUR FAULT, J.B.! WE'RE ONLY TAKING DESMOND'S WORD THAT HE'S TAKING DICTATION FROM A 17<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY ENGLISH SPIRIT! GET IT? HA, HA! ... BY THE WAY, DESMOND WILL BE HERE SHORTLY WITH THE FIRST CHAPTER OF HIS NEXT NOVEL!



# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



"THE FIRST TIME I LAID EYES ON DESMOND, I WAS IMPRESSED BY HIS STRANGE, FAR-AWAY LOOK, BUT I WAS DETERMINED TO PUT AN END TO THE HOAX, AND WHEN HE ENTERED..."

LOOK HERE, DESMOND, YOU'RE A SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR NOW, SO LET'S PUT AN END TO THIS SILLY STORY OF YOURS AT ONCE!

I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR NOT BELIEVING IT, SIR... BUT IT'S TRUE! THE SPIRIT VISITS ME EVERY DAY! WHY, ONLY YESTERDAY HE DICTATED THE FIRST CHAPTER OF A NEW BOOK! IT'S ALL TRUE, BELIEVE ME!



TRUE, IS IT? THEN WHY HAVE YOU NEVER EXPLAINED WHY THE STREETS AND OTHER SCENES IN THAT NOVEL... LIKE MORLEY MEWS AND HACKETT SQUARE... **DON'T EXIST?** SURELY, YOUR SO-CALLED BRITISH SPIRIT SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN THAT EH?

I... I DON'T KNOW! I... I'LL ASK HIM WHEN HE VISITS ME LATER!



"CRAZY WAS THE WORD FOR IT, BUT WHEN WE PEERED INTO THE WINDOW..."

"I DECIDED AT THAT MOMENT TO BE PRESENT WHEN HE DID, SO THAT EVENING, BOPLEY AND I SECRETLY DROVE OUT TO THE COUNTRY HOUSE WHERE DESMOND LIVED, AND..."

DID DESMOND EVER TELL YOU WHY THE SPIRIT PICKED ON HIM TO DICTATE HIS NOVELS TO?

YES, CHIEF... SEEMS THE SPIRIT IS HIS ANCESTOR... EVEN HAS THE SAME NAME... RALPH DESMOND! CRAZY, HUH?

LOOK, J.B.... DESMOND'S GOING INTO SOME KIND OF A TRANCE!

RUBBISH! PROBABLY FIGURED WE'D FOLLOW HIM OUT HERE, AND IS PUTTING ON A BIG ACT FOR US!



"SPELLBOUND... WE CONTINUED TO WATCH..."

TRY TO VISUALIZE THE SCENE, MY SON... THE GALLEY BENCHES FOR ROWERS... AND THERE ARE SIX SLAVES TO EACH BENCH!

YES, YES...!

THERE'S A HAZE FILLING THE ROOM, AND... HOLY CAT, CHIEF... IS... IS THAT A FACE MATERIALIZING?

PROBABLY A HIDDEN MOVIE PROJECTOR, OR SOME OTHER KIND OF GIMMICK! LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS NOW!







# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



DO I DICTATE TOO RAPIDLY FOR THAT INFERNAL MACHINE OF YOURS, MY NAMESAKE?

NO, NO, CONTINUE---



SUDDENLY, OUR HERO BROKE LOOSE AND HE MADE A GREAT LEAP... OVER THE SIDE!

AH!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS HAMMY MOVIE! COME ON, WE'RE GOING IN!



**BUT WHEN WE BURST UNEXPECTEDLY INTO THE ROOM---**

QUITE A SHOW, DESMOND! WHERE IS THE MOVIE PROJECTOR HIDDEN? THE ONE SHOWING THE PICTURE OF THE GALLEY AND ALL THAT ROT?

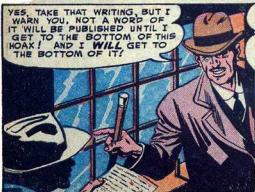
YOU'RE WRONG, SIR! YOU'VE --- YOU'VE ONLY DRIVEN AWAY THE SPIRIT!



THE SPIRIT BE HANGED! DID YOU ASK YOUR SPIRIT ABOUT MORLEY MEWS AND HACKETT SQUARE, AS YOU PROMISED?

YES, YES, I DID---I ASKED HIM---AND HE SAID THEY **DO** EXIST!

I'LL TAKE THIS FINISHED CHAPTER!



YES, TAKE THAT WRITING, BUT I WARN YOU, NOT A WORD OF IT WILL BE PUBLISHED UNTIL I GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS HOAX! AND I **WILL** GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT!



**"NEXT MORNING, I CONTACTED MY LONDON AGENT, BERNARD TINSLEY, BY TRANS-ATLANTIC PHONE."**

UNDERSTAND, TINSLEY? I WANT A COMPLETE CHECK ON EVERYTHING--- MORLEY MEWS, HACKETT SQUARE, AND--- OH, YES, A 17<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY FRENCH GALLEY SHIP THAT WENT BY THE NAME OF **GOLJON!**

I'LL ATTEND TO IT ALL AT ONCE, SIR!



# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



"TRUE TO HIS WORD, TINSLEY WENT TO WORK AT ONCE---AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM..."

IF THOSE NAMES EVER DID EXIST, THEY'D BE SOMEWHERE ON THESE OLD 17th CENTURY MAPS! LET'S SEE NOW...

THEY MIGHT BE JUST AROUND HERE... IN THIS REGION...

"AH, HERE WE ARE, MORLEY MEWS, ABOUT A MILE DUE NORTH OF HACKETT SQUARE..."

BUT I'VE LIVED IN THIS AREA ALL MY LIFE, AND NEVER CAME ACROSS EITHER MORLEY MEWS OR HACKETT SQUARE! IF THEY DID EXIST, WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THEM...?

"TINSLEY FOUND THE ANSWER TO HIS QUESTION THAT SAME DAY, IN A HISTORY OF ANCIENT ENGLAND..."

AN-AH, THIS CLEARS UP THE MYSTERY! THE ENTIRE AREA WAS GUTTED BY FIRE IN 1708, AND WHEN THE SECTION WAS REBUILT, THE STREETS WERE ALL RE-NAMED!

"BUT NEXT MOMENT, HE MADE THE MOST STARTLING DISCOVERY OF ALL..."

WAIT, WHAT'S THIS? A---A RECORD OF A RALPH DESMOND! IT---IT SAYS HE WAS A SLAVE ON A FRENCH GALLEY, MADE HIS ESCAPE, LIVED IN ENGLAND FOR FIVE YEARS, WROTE SEVERAL NOVELS, WAS RECAPTURED AND DROWNED WHILE TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM A FRENCH GALLEY NAMED "GOUJON"! B-BUT--- WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MANUSCRIPTS?

"HASTENING TO THE CHIEF LIBRARIAN OF THE MUSEUM..."

THOSE MANUSCRIPTS OF RALPH DESMOND'S! DO THEY STILL EXIST?

UNFORTUNATELY, SIR, THEY ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN IN THAT WING OF THE MUSEUM THAT WAS BOMBED IN THE BLITZ! NONE OF THE MATERIAL WAS EVER RECOVERED! IF THOSE MANUSCRIPTS DID SURVIVE, THEY BELONG TO THE MUSEUM!

"THAT SAME DAY, TINSLEY CALLED ME BACK..."

DON'T YOU SEE, SIR? THE MANUSCRIPTS WERE PROBABLY STOLEN WHEN THE MUSEUM WAS BOMBED! AND YOUR MAN SOMEHOW GOT HOLD OF THEM FROM THE ONE WHO TOOK THEM!

YES, YES, I GET IT! DESMOND WAS SURE THERE WOULDN'T BE A COPY OF THEM ANYWHERE --- I'LL FIX THAT SWINDLER!

"I WASTED NO TIME IN GETTING TO BODLEY'S OFFICE..."

J.B., THIS FIRST CHAPTER OF DESMOND'S NEW BOOK IS TERRIFIC! IT TELLS ABOUT A VISITOR FROM THE PRESENT WHO WENT BACK AND ENTERED THE 17<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY!

NEVER MIND THAT! I'VE DISCOVERED THE WHOLE GIMMICK! WE'RE GOING OUT TO DESMOND'S PLACE TO EXPOSE HIM! I'VE ALREADY SENT HIM A WIRE TO EXPECT US! COME ON!



"WE DROVE AT BREAKNECK SPEED THROUGH THE SUBURBS, EACH LOST IN HIS OWN THOUGHTS..."

IN THE NEXT CHAPTER, THE ONE WE'LL GET TODAY, THE SPIRIT IS GOING TO TELL DESMOND **HOW** THE 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY MAN WAS ABLE TO PROJECT HIMSELF BACK THROUGH 300 YEARS! CAN'T WAIT TILL I READ IT!

HE'S A PHONEY--- I'LL FIX HIS WAGON!



"BUT WHEN WE FINALLY ARRIVED AT DESMOND'S PLACE..."

I---I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS, SIR--- HE VANISHED--- SIMPLY VANISHED---

OF ALL THE BLASTED LUCK! I SHOULDN'T HAVE WARNED HIM 'WE WERE COMING HERE! HE PROBABLY SUSPECTED WE WERE WISE TO HIS HOAX, AND SKIPPED TOWN!

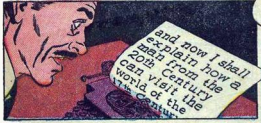


I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT! READ WHAT'S ON THIS SHEET OF PAPER FROM THE NEXT CHAPTER!



MAYBE... MAYBE... WHEN THE SPIRIT TOLD HIM HOW TO GET BACK INTO THE 17<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY, INSTEAD OF TYPING IT OUT, DESMOND JUST... JUST **DID IT!**

DON'T BE A FOOL, BODLEY! THIS WAS ALL A HOAX! DESMOND SOMEHOW GOT HOLD OF THOSE MANUSCRIPTS, THEN PALMED THEM OFF ON US! HE NEVER DID COMMUNICATE WITH A SPIRIT!



and now I shall explain how a man from the 20<sup>th</sup> Century can visit the 17<sup>th</sup> Century.

WHY NOT? THERE **WAS** A RALPH DESMOND? AND A GALLEY NAMED **GOUJON!** REMEMBER, WE SAW IT IN THIS VERY ROOM! CAN YOU EXPLAIN ALL THAT?

NO, I CAN'T... BUT I'LL FIND OUT--- IF IT TAKES MY LAST DOLLAR!



BUT... THAT WAS THREE YEARS AGO! SINCE THEN, I HAVE SPENT A FORTUNE ON PRIVATE DETECTIVES--- BUT THE ANSWER IS ALWAYS THE SAME--- NO TRACE OF A RALPH DESMOND! IS HE HIDING OUT SOMEWHERE, OR--- OR DID HE REALLY GO BACK TO THE 17<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY? WHAT DO YOU THINK?



ONE EVENING, NOT LONG AGO, IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, MARY STEWART WAS WALKING HOME, ACCOMPANIED BY A FELLOW STUDENT, JACK DARNELL. SUDDENLY, THE PAIR EXPERIENCED A TERRIFYING SENSATION WHEN GREAT GUSTS OF AIR LASHED ABOUT THEM! IT FELT AS IF A BLACK, DEADLY WEIGHT WERE FORCING THEM TO THE GROUND!

# BLACK FEAR!

ALL NIGHT LONG, THEY LISTENED TO CONSTANT HAMMERING ON THE FRONT DOOR, AS THOUGH A HUGE, INHUMAN FIST WAS ATTEMPTING TO PUNYER-ISE THE ENTIRE HOUSE! NEXT MORNING, IT SEEMED LIKE ONLY A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE! BUT OUTSIDE, THE NEIGHBORS WERE APPALLED BY THOUSANDS OF DEAD BIRDS LIVING THE ROUTE WHERE THE THING HAD CHASED MARY AND JACK!



THEY STRUGGLED DESPERATELY TO MARY'S HOUSE! HERE, THE FRIGHTENED YOUNG MAN SPENT THE NIGHT ON THE SOFA, WHILE MARY SLEPT WITH HER MOTHER!



ABOUT THE DEAD BIRDS? ... PEOPLE SAID THEY WERE KILLED BY ONE OF THE WILDEST TORNADOES TO HIT THE AREA IN YEARS! YET, TO THIS DAY, MARY INSISTS THAT WHAT SHE EXPERIENCED OCCURRED BEFORE THE TORNADO STRUCK!



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# STRANGE SEA STORY!

ROBERT BRUCE, A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE LIBERATOR OF SCOTLAND, WAS FIRST MATE ABOARD THE S.S. VESTRIS BOUND FOR NEW BRUNSWICK IN 1828! HE WAS SHOCKED ONE NIGHT TO FIND AN UNKNOWN PASSENGER WRITING AT THE CAPTAIN'S DESK!



UP ON DECK, HE INFORMED THE CAPTAIN. BUT WHEN THEY WENT BELOW, THE STRANGER WAS GONE AND BRUCE WAS RIDICULED. BUT THEN HE REMEMBERED THE WRITING!



SURE ENOUGH, ON THE DESK WAS THE WRITING ON A PAD OF PAPER! IT SAID, "STEER NORTHWEST!" THE CAPTAIN GAVE THE ORDER TO DO SO!



SOON, A WRECKED SHIP WITH SURVIVORS WAS SIGHTED, ITS BOW RAMMED INTO AN ICEBERG. THE VESTRIS HAD COME JUST IN TIME!



ONE OF THE SURVIVORS WAS RECOGNIZED BY BRUCE AS THE MAN HE HAD SEEN IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN! HE WAS THEN ASKED TO WRITE, "STEER NORTHWEST!"--THE HANDWRITING WAS IDENTICAL TO THAT FOUND ON THE CAPTAIN'S DESK!



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# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



POLICE! POLICE!  
GET ME OUT OF HERE!  
TAKE ME BACK TO PRISON!  
I ESCAPED, BUT I'LL  
GO BACK. I'LL DO  
ANYTHING TO GET  
OUT OF HERE!

IT'S NO USE,  
EDDIE! THEY CAN'T  
HEAR YOU... AND OUR  
PACT STILL  
STANDS!

HE WAS THERE IN THE  
SWAMP... WAITING  
FOR ME! AND AS  
I FLED FROM PRISON,  
HIS HANDS REACHED  
OUT AND SWEEPED  
ME INTO A GROTESQUE  
WORLD OF TERROR!  
BUT WHAT COULD I  
DO? I WAS THE  
CRIMINAL... EVEN  
THOUGH I KNEW  
FULL WELL HE WAS  
THE ACTUAL...

**"MAN  
OF  
EVIL!"**

I WAS FREE! ALONE, UNAIDED, I HAD ESCAPED  
THE GREAT STONE WALLS OF DARTMONT PRISON...

ONE MILE THROUGH THE  
WOODS... THEN OVER THE  
HILL TO THE MAIN ROAD!  
I'LL STEAL A CAR AND  
BE OUT OF THEIR  
REACH FOR-  
EVER!

MINUTES AFTERWARDS, MY HEART BEGAN TO  
POUND AS THE NIGHT BECAME ALIVE WITH  
DREADED SOUNDS...

TOO LATE... THEY DISCOVERED  
THE BREAK! NO CHANCE  
TO MAKE THE MAIN ROAD  
NOW--- THEY'LL HAVE  
IT BLOCKED!



I'LL GO THROUGH THIS SWAMP... THE MUD WILL SLOW THOSE CURSED BLOODHOUNDS DOWN... IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

AAAAAHHH  
AAAAAHHH



HOUR AFTER HOUR, I DROVE MY PAIN-FILLED BODY ONWARD... ON AND ON THROUGH THE FOUL-SMELLING SWAMP! THEN, UNABLE TO PUSH ON, I COLLAPSED.

HE COULDN'T HAVE GONE MUCH FURTHER THROUGH THAT BOG THAN THIS POINT! WE'LL SPLIT UP... SEARCH BOTH DIRECTIONS!

THEY'VE CUT ME OFF! I'M DONE FOR... ALL WASHED UP...



THEN, SUDDENLY, I SAW... HIM...

AH, I HAVE FOUND YOU!

ALL RIGHT! SO YOU HAVE! I'M BEATEN... TURN ME OVER TO THE GUARDS... LET THEM TAKE ME BACK! GO AHEAD, CALL THEM...



I? TURN YOU IN? NOT AT ALL, MY FRIEND! I HAVE COME TO HELP YOU!

TO HELP ME...?



HALF CONSCIOUS, I WAS DRAGGED ALONG A FIRM, NARROW FOOT TRAIL THAT LED OUT OF THE FOUL-SMELLING SWAMP...

BUT WHO ARE YOU? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS FOR ME?

EVERYTHING WILL BE TOLD YOU IN GOOD TIME. AH, YES, WE ARE NEARLY THERE!



WHAT IS THIS PLACE? A MUSEUM, OR SOMETHIN'?

IT IS MY HOME, YOUR REFUGE, YOUR SANCTUARY... OR, HOW DO YOU CALL IT... A HIDEOUT? WALK STRAIGHT AHEAD!



AND FINALLY WHEN I REACHED A HIGH-VAULTED ROOM...

STRANGE... EVERYTHING'S SCAREY LOOKING!

IT IS MERELY MY CHAMBER OF EVIL, EDDIE BASCOMB! AN APPROPRIATE PLACE FOR A CRIMINAL SUCH AS YOURSELF! NOW, SLEEP... SLEEP...



# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



THAT NIGHT, MY TORTURED BRAIN REELED IN A NIGHTMARE OF FEAR. THE GRUESOME RELICS IN THE ROOM LEAPED OUT AT ME...



NO! NO! LEAVE ME ALONE! LET ME HAVE PEACE...!

AND, AT LAST, NEXT MORNING...



LISTEN, MISTER, THANKS FOR HELPING ME TO ESCAPE... BUT THIS PLACE MAKES ME NERVOUS. I BETTER GET GOING SOON!

LET ME EXPLAIN MY LITTLE COLLECTION TO YOU! PIECES LIKE LUCRETIA BORGIA THERE... ITALY'S INFAMOUS MURDERESS...

YOU SEE, THESE ARE ALL SYMBOLS OF EVIL THROUGH HISTORY THAT I HAVE COLLECTED. LIKE NERO, HERE, A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF COMPLETE EVIL... A MAN WHO WAS CAPABLE OF FIDDLING WHILE ROME BURNED TO THE GROUND!



THIS REPLICA OF A GUILLOTINE ENDED THE LIVES OF SIXTEEN MEN IN FRANCE... INNOCENT MEN, WRONGLY CONVICTED OF A CRIME. AND THIS AFRICAN MASK IS THE IMPRESSION OF A BRUTAL CHERIFAIN WHO WENT MAD AND SLEW HIS WHOLE TRIBE WHILE THEY SLEPT!



AND THIS PORTRAIT... AH, IT IS THE KILLER'S OWN PAINTING OF HIS VICTIM AS HE STRANGLED HIM!



LOOK, MISTER! MAYBE YOU DO THIS FOR KICKS, BUT I DON'T GO FOR IT! LET'S CUT IT, HUH?

WHY, EDDIE BASCOMB? WHY DOES EVIL FRIGHTEN YOU? YOU YOURSELF ARE EVIL! THE RADIO, IN REPORTING YOUR ESCAPE LAST NIGHT, SAID YOU WERE IMPRISONED FOR A DOZEN ROBBERIES... THAT YOU HAD LED A LIFE OF CRIME SINCE YOU WERE A BOY!



OKAY, OKAY! SO WHAT'S THIS STUFF GOT TO DO WITH ME?

JUST THIS! I OFFER YOU A BARGAIN. I AM JUDSON LAMONT, A FORMER PROFESSOR AT THE UNIVERSITY! I AM RETIRED NOW, ENGAGED IN PRIVATE RESEARCH! WHAT IS THE SUBJECT OF THIS RESEARCH? **EVIL!** I STUDY EVIL!







# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



I NEED A **LIVING** SYMBOL OF EVIL, EDDIE! **YOU!** IN EXCHANGE FOR YOUR SERVICES, I OFFER YOU FREEDOM FROM THE POLICE! LEAVE, AND IT'S BACK TO PRISON FOR YOU! WHAT DO YOU SAY? DO YOU AGREE?

AGREE? WHAT CHOICE HAVE I GOT! SURE, COUNT ME IN!

SO IT BEGAN! I HAD ESCAPED THE GRIM WALLS OF PARTMONT ONLY TO BE IMPRISONED WITHIN LAMONT'S DEVILISH LABORATORY...

THERE ARE MANY, MANY EXPERIMENTS I MUST MAKE, EDDIE! THIS INSTRUMENT MEASURES YOUR SKULL...IT WILL ASSIST ME IN DEDUCING IF EVIL CAN BE LOCATED BY THE CONFORMITY OF A MAN'S HEAD!

MAKE IT FAST, WILL YOU, LAMONT?

HIS TESTS BECAME STRANGER, MORE ELABORATE...

THIS IS A RECORDING OF A MAN BEING BEATEN IN A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP! YOUR REACTIONS WILL BE INTERESTING MATERIAL FOR MY NOTE-BOOK. LISTEN...

STOP! STOP! I CAN'T STAND IT! TURN IT OFF! OR I'LL GO CRAZY... **CRAZY!**

**AAHH EEEEE  
OWWW YAHH**

AH, MOST INTERESTING, INDEED! EVIL FEARS EVIL ITSELF! ASTONISHING THAT A CRIMINAL SUCH AS YOURSELF SHOULD BE SO SENSITIVE TO THE EVIL OF OTHERS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, LAMONT!

FOR A WEEK, THE WEIRD TESTS CONTINUED. FINALLY...

NOW, EDDIE, WE'RE READY FOR "ACTION" TESTS! HERE IS A LAYOUT OF THAT HOUSE, AND NOTE WELL THE ROOM MARKED WITH AN "X". THAT IS WHERE THE SAFE IS KEPT. MY NEIGHBOR IS A WEALTHY MAN, AND...

WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'RE YOU ASKING ME TO DO? PULL A JOB? THAT'S GOING A BIT TOO FAR, I THINK...

DO NOT THINK! DO NOT ASK QUESTIONS! YOU ARE A MERE SPECIMEN FROM MY LABORATORY! JUST DO AS YOU ARE TOLD! NOW, HERE ARE THE PLANS! YOU KNOW WHAT MY ALTERNATIVE IS IF YOU REFUSE, DON'T YOU?

OKAY, LAMONT! LET ME HAVE THE PLANS OF THE JOINT YOU CAVED!



THEN AGAIN, THE NEXT NIGHT, ON ANOTHER ESTATE...

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! GET YOUR HANDS UP! I WANT ALL THAT JEWELRY YOU'RE WEARING, LADY... AND FROM YOU, MISTER, I WANT YOUR WALLET!



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, I VENTURED INTO THE NIGHT A HALF DOZEN TIMES TO DO MY CAPTOR'S BIDDING, UNTIL FINALLY...

THIS IS THE LAST ONE FOR LAMONT! IF I'M GOING TO BE A CROOK, I MIGHT AS WELL GET SOME DOUGH OUT OF IT---



WHEN I CONFRONTED HIM LATER, I FELT MY NERVES BEGINNING TO CRACK. I DECIDED TO STAND UP FOR MY RIGHTS...

LOOK HERE, LAMONT! HOW COME YOU KEEP ALL THE DOUGH? DON'T YOU THINK I SHOULD GET A SHARE?

MONEY, BAH! THESE TESTS ARE IN THE INTERESTS OF SCIENCE! WHEN THEY'RE OVER, THE MONEY WILL BE RETURNED TO THEIR OWNERS! NOW THEN, WHAT WERE YOUR REACTIONS TO THAT LAST ROBBERY?

NOW, TONIGHT, WE WILL MAKE THE SUPREME EXPERIMENT! WITH THIS KNIFE, YOU WILL KILL PROFESSOR EATON AT THE UNIVERSITY---

MURDER? I NEVER DID THAT, LAMONT! EVEN YOU CAN'T MAKE ME DO IT!

RELAX, EDDIE! I WAS JUST TESTING YOU TO ASCERTAIN YOUR REACTION! THERE NEED BE NO MURDER!



BUT NEXT MORNING, AS I AWOKE FROM A WORRIED SLEEP...

AH, EDDIE, I SEE YOU DID SLIP OUT AND PERFORM YOUR LITTLE TASK! OH, GOOD--- VERY GOOD!

WHA...? NO! NO! I DIDN'T!



AS LAMONT SPOKE, MY SENSES SPUN. HAD HIS EVIL MACHINATIONS ROBBED ME OF MY SENSES?

OF COURSE YOU DID, EDDIE! SEE, HERE IT IS... IN THE NEWS-PAPER!



YOU---YOU MONSTER! YOU'VE DRIVEN ME CRAZY---I'VE KILLED WITHOUT EVEN BEING AWARE OF IT!

I FOLLOWED LAMONT AS HE WALKED ABRUPTLY TO THE IRON-BARRED WINDOW...

LOOK OUT THERE! THE POLICE ARE SCOURING THE COUNTRYSIDE WITH BLOOD-HOUNDS, EDDIE! THEY'RE SEEKING THE KILLER OF PROFESSOR EATON AND AN ESCAPED CONVICT! BETTER CALM DOWN! LET ME HIDE YOU!

I WON'T CALM DOWN! I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, LAMONT! WHEN THOSE COPS LEAVE, I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!





# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



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# Binky *says:* "GIVE YOUR PET **ALL** THE BREAKS!"







# THE STRANGE FACES OF DEATH!

THESE AREN'T SIMPLY ORDINARY DEATH MASKS...OH, NO! EACH ONE WAS MADE FROM A MAN WHO HAD DIED OF **SUPERNATURAL CAUSES!**

DO YOU KNOW WHAT A DEATH MASK IS? IT'S MADE BY TAKING THE CAST OF A FACE JUST AFTER DEATH...AND IS INTENDED AS AN EVERLASTING REMINDER OF THE DECEASED! BUT ELMO HACKETT HAD ANOTHER PURPOSE IN MIND WHEN HE GATHERED TOGETHER HIS WEIRD COLLECTION OF DEATH MASKS! YES, ELMO HACKETT'S REASON WAS... BUT WAIT--WHY NOT LET HIM TELL YOU HIMSELF?



RUBEN...  
PIORE (RA).

THERE ARE ONLY TWO GREAT COLLECTIONS OF DEATH MASKS IN THE WORLD...JONAS LAIRD'S MASKS OF FAMOUS MEN...AND MY COLLECTION OF PEOPLE WHO DIED FROM SUPERNATURAL CAUSES! LAIRD AND I ARE JEALOUS OF OUR COLLECTIONS...HE HAS NEVER SEEN MINE...AND I HAVE NEVER SEEN HIS! BUT, COME IN...I'LL BE GLAD TO SHOW **YOU** MY MASKS!

THERE YOU ARE! AN AMAZING GROUP, ISN'T IT? ONE OF THESE CASTS IS SUPPOSED TO POSSESS THE POWER TO **DESTROY**... BUT I SUSPECT THE MAN WHO TOLD ME THAT WANTED THE COLLECTION FOR HIMSELF, HA, HA!



BUT I PROMISED TO TELL YOU ABOUT SOME OF MY PRIZES, DIDN'T I? VERY WELL, BUT REMEMBER, ALL OF THEM ARE OF PEOPLE WHO DIED OF MYSTICAL CAUSES... ALTHOUGH THE POLICE WOULD **NATURAL** REASONS! THEY **WOULD!** TAKE THE CASE OF ROGER DALE, FOR INSTANCE!



"HE HAD BEEN WARNED NOT TO ACQUIRE THE DREADED **RING OF ESTERHAZY** AT THAT AUCTION IN PARIS..."

AND HOW MUCH AM I BID FOR THE NOTORIOUS **RING OF ESTERHAZY?**

NO, DALE, YOU MUST NOT BID ON IT--- YOU KNOW THAT RING IS CURSED!

DON'T BE A FOOL! I WANT IT FOR MY COLLECTION, AND BECAUSE OF THAT CURSE, I'LL BE ABLE TO PICK IT UP FOR A SONG!



LOOK HOW EASILY IT SLIPS ON, JUST AS IF IT WERE MADE TO ORDER!

OH, HOW I WISH YOU HADN'T BOUGHT IT!

"THAT NIGHT IN HIS BEDROOM, DALE WAS SUDDENLY AWAKENED..."

WHAT IS THIS... A... A STUPID JOKE OF SOME KIND...?

YOU THOUGHT THE CURSE OF ESTERHAZY WAS A JOKE, TOO, DIDN'T YOU? THEN, LAUGH, LAUGH, AND QUICKLY... FOR YOU HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!

NO, NO!



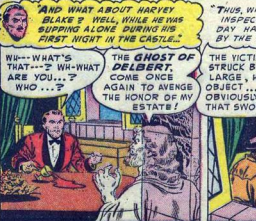
"AND WHEN ROGER DALE'S DEATH WAS DISCOVERED NEXT MORNING..."

AS I SUSPECTED... A SECRET COMPARTMENT PROBABLY EMITTING A SPECIAL POISON, HAVING THE SAME EFFECT AS STRANGULATION!

**Out!** WHOEVER WISHED TO KILL DALE, KNEW HE WAS A COLLECTOR OF RINGS... AND KNEW HE WOULD WEAR IT FOR A TIME, AS HE DID ALL HIS FAMOUS RINGS!

INDEED... "A SPECIAL POISON"... BUT... WHY WAS NONE OF IT EVER FOUND?... WELL, SO MUCH FOR ROGER DALE! I ASSURE YOU, YOU WON'T FIND SUCH INTERESTING MASKS IN JONAS LAIRD'S COLLECTION! TAKE **THIS** MASK, FOR INSTANCE... THE DEATH MASK OF HARVEY BLAKE...







# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



REMEMBER HOWARD TOWNE, THE NOTED ARCHEOLOGIST? THIS IS *HIS* MASK! WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW HOW HE CAME TO BE ADDED TO THIS COLLECTION OF MEN WHO DIED OF SUPERNATURAL CAUSES? IT STARTED...



"SOME YEARS AGO, WHEN HE FOUND HIMSELF IN AN ANCIENT INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF KHANDIYA, IN THE CENTRAL PROVINCES..."



LEGEND ALSO SAY WHO LOOK INTO EYE... DIE!

RUBBISH! I'M GOING UP THERE TO DO IT!



"ACCORDINGLY, TOWNE COMPLETED THE DIFFICULT ASCENT TO THE GODDESS'S HEAD, AND..."



"BUT JUST THEN..."



"AND SOMETIME LATER..."







# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



THE SAME OLD STORY... ALWAYS A **LOGICAL** EXPLANATION FOR AN OBVIOUSLY **SUPER-NATURAL** PHENOMENON! BUT WASN'T IT AMAZING THAT HOWARD TOWNE SHOULD DIE AT THE MOMENT HE GAZED INTO **CHANDARE'S** RIGHT EYE?



I COULD GO ON AND ON, TELLING YOU ABOUT THOSE MASKS OF MINE. BUT DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'D RATHER DO? FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE... I'D LIKE TO SEE JONAS LAIRD'S COLLECTION OF DEATH MASKS! WHAT ABOUT YOU? ARE **YOU** GAME? THEN... COME ALONG!



THE STREETS SEEM STRANGELY DESERTED. DON'T THEY? PROBABLY THE LATENESS OF THE HOUR! WE'LL BE AT LAIRD'S PLACE SOON!



HERE WE ARE! I---I FEEL ODDLY EXCITED! LAIRD AND I HAVE ALWAYS COMPETED FOR THE CHOICEST MASKS... I CAN'T WAIT TILL I SEE HIS PRIZES! THAT WINDOW IS OPEN... AND IT'S NOT TOO HIGH!



NOBODY ABOUT... GOOD... WE'LL SLIP IN TO SEE HIS MASKS IMMEDIATELY...



MUTUAL FRIENDS HAVE CONFIDED IN ME THAT LAIRD KEEPS HIS COLLECTION IN A FIREPROOF ROOM AT THE END OF A LONG CORRIDOR! I'M SURE WE'RE GOING RIGHT! **SSHHH!** I---I WOULDN'T WANT LAIRD TO FIND ME IN HERE!



**THIS MUST BE IT!**  
LET US---**LET US GO IN!**





# HOUSE OF MYSTERY

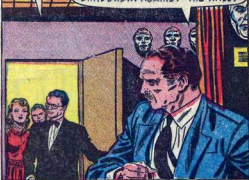


YES, YES... A WONDERFUL COLLECTION... ALL FAMOUS PEOPLE... THERE'S ERSKINE TAYLOR, THE GREAT IMPRESSIONIST PAINTER, AND THERE IS 'DANDRIDGE, THE NOTED ENGINEER, AND... BUT WAIT... THAT MASK AT THE FAR END... IT... IT CAN'T BE...!



COME RIGHT IN HERE, FOLKS!

IT'S LAIRD... COMING IN HERE! AND... AND THERE'S NO PLACE TO HIDE! I'LL SHRINK BACK IN THE SHADOWS... AGAINST THE WALL!



FRIENDS, I WANT YOU TO SEE THE LATEST ITEM IN MY COLLECTION... **THE DEATH MASK OF ELMO HACKETT**, WHO OWNED THE ONLY OTHER GREAT COLLECTION IN THE WORLD!

HAS LAIRD GONE MAD? I'M--- I'M NOT...!

HOW DID HE DIE, LAIRD?

THE **POLICE** SAY HE DIED OF A HEART ATTACK! BUT I DOUBT IT! ELMO HACKETT OWNED A MASK... I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE... THAT WAS REPUTED TO HAVE THE POWER TO DESTROY ANYONE WHO OWNED IT!



**DEAD?** IT'S A JOKE... A STUPID JOKE... I'M **NOT**... I'M **NOT**...

BUT... THEY'RE ALL WALKING RIGHT PAST ME!... WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU ALL? DON'T YOU **SEE**? HAVE YOU ALL GONE MAD? I'M NOT DEAD... **I'M NOT!** I TELL YOU! OR... OR...



....AM I DEAD?



THE END



**G**REAT MAGICIANS GAZED  
IN WONDER AT THE WEIRD  
SPECTACLE BEFORE THEM...  
FOR HERE WAS A MAN WHO  
HAD PIERCED THE SUPER-  
NATURAL... WHO HAD DEFIED  
ALL THE LAWS OF NATURE,  
AS HE RETURNED FROM  
THE GRAVE TO SEEK THE...

# "SPIRIT'S REVENGE!"



YOU RIDICULED  
MY POWERS... SENT  
ME TO MY DEATH WITH  
YOUR SCOFFING! BUT I'VE  
RETURNED NOW, TO  
EVEN THE SCORE!

**ONE SATURDAY EVENING, A TALL, FIERY-EYED  
PERFORMER PLAYS TO A HALF-FILLED NIGHT CLUB.**

BEHOLD, FROM THE  
ETHER ITSELF I  
DRAW MY  
MAGIC  
POWER!

2 PHEW! HOW CORNY CAN  
VAN DRU GET? NO WONDER  
THE CLUB IS HALF-EMPTY!



AND NOW FROM  
THE GREAT VOID...  
A RABBIT!

VAN DRU WOULD BE  
MORE CONVINCING IF  
HE ELIMINATED THE  
PATTER ABOUT HIS  
HAVING THE GIFT OF  
REAL MAGIC!



RETURN, RABBIT... TO THE MYSTIC REALMS OF THE BEYOND!

WHAT A FARCE!

POOF

HOW DARE YOU MOCK MY MAGICAL FEATS... WHEN **YOU** ARE MAGICIANS IN NAME ONLY?

COME NOW, VAN DRU! THERE'S A RATIONAL EXPLANATION FOR ALL OUR TRICKS! WHY DO **YOU** PRETEND TO HAVE SOME GREAT GIFT OF SUPERNATURAL POWER?

THE RANKEST AMATEUR KNOWS THAT RABBIT REALLY DIS-APPEARED INTO YOUR COAT BEHIND THAT CLOUD OF THEATRICAL SMOKE!

YOU ARE FOOLS! FOOLS NOT TO SEE THAT I AM NO CHARLATAN LIKE YOURSELVES... BUT A **TRUE** MAN OF MAGICAL POWERS!

BEHOLD, FROM VAN DRU'S COAT I DRAW THE DISAPPEARING RABBIT!

HA HA HA

DON'T CONCERN YOURSELF WITH THE DIS-BELIEVERS, MR. VAN DRU! LEAVE THEM WITH THEIR LIES!

SOME TRICKS, SUCH AS THIS RABBIT, **ARE** PLANNED! HE USES THEM ONLY AS A CONTRAST TO HIS REAL MAGIC ACTS!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, WILLIE! WE UNDERSTAND WHY YOU ARE VAN DRU'S STAUCHEST ADMIRER! HE BEFRIENDED YOU WHEN YOU WERE DOWN AND OUT!

LATER, IN VAN DRU'S DRESSING ROOM...

ALWAYS **YOU** HAVE HAD FAITH IN MY POWERS, WILLIE! SINCE THAT DAY A YEAR AGO WHEN I PICKED YOU UP LONELY AND BROKE ON THE PARKVIEW CAUSEWAY! ONLY **YOU** BELIEVE-- AS THE PUBLIC SCOFFS!

I BELIEVE, MASTER... BECAUSE IT IS TRUE!

SOMEDAY YOU WILL BE REWARDED FOR YOUR CONFIDENCE IN ME, WILLIE!

THE ONLY REWARD I ASK, MR. VAN DRU... IS THE HONOR OF SERVING YOU!



BUT AS THE DAYS PASS, CARLTON VAN DRU'S THEATRICAL FUTURE LOOKS BLEAK...

TWO MORE CANCELLATIONS, MR. VAN DRU! THE DETROIT AND CHICAGO BOOKINGS!

IT IS THE EVIL WORK OF THOSE JEALOUS IMITATORS WHO CALL THEMSELVES MAGICIANS! WHAT IS THAT CARD?

NOTHING IMPORTANT, MR. VAN DRU... JUST ANOTHER INVITATION TO THE MONTHLY MEETING OF THE MAGICIANS CLUB!

SO THEY STILL TAUNT ME WITH THEIR INVITATIONS... KNOWING FULL WELL I NEVER ATTEND THEIR INANE MEETINGS! BUT THIS TIME, WILLIE, WE WILL GO!

THAT NIGHT, SURPRISED STARES GREET THE ENTRANCE OF VAN DRU AT THE MAGICIAN'S CLUB...

FELLOW MAGICIANS... WE ARE HONORED TONIGHT BY THE PRESENCE OF A SELF-PROCLAIMED GENIUS OF MAGIC!

TELL US WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS IN STORE FOR US, VAN DRU! HA, HA!



LAUGH, YOU DOUBTERS! VERY WELL... I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT THE FUTURE! ONE DAY... VERY SOON, I PROMISE YOU... I SHALL PERFORM A REMARKABLE FEAT THAT NO MAN BEFORE ME HAS EVER DONE...



SUPPENLY, MULTI-COLORED FLAME BURSTS FORTH FROM WHERE VAN DRU STANDS AND...

I, CARLTON VAN DRU, WILL RETURN FROM THE GRAVE!

HE... HE'S DISAPPEARING!



THEN, AS THE STARTLED MAGICIANS REGAIN THEIR COMPOSURE...

DUPPLICATE THAT, GENTLEMEN... IF YOU CAN!

A REMARKABLE ILLUSION! HE MUST HAVE EXITED THIS WAY!

HMM, LOOKS LIKE HE USED GUN POWDER! IT WAS A TRICK, OF COURSE...



A FEW DAYS LATER, THE FINGER OF DEATH MARKS AN UNEXPECTED X ON CARLTON VAN DRU'S DOOR AS...

MR. VAN DRU... NO... SOB

WHAT'S HAPPENED?





# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



**SUDDENLY, WILLIE'S EYES GLAZE OVER. A DEEP, TERRIFYING VOICE ECHOES THROUGHOUT THE ROOM...**

**WILLIE, LISTEN WELL. BURY MY MORTAL BODY TOMORROW... SEE THAT MY FELLOW MAGICIANS ARE INVITED!**

**YES... MR... VAN... DRU...**

**IT...IT'S MR. VAN DRU'S VOICE!**

**NEXT AFTERNOON, WILLIE'S HUNCHED FIGURE AWAIT'S THE MAGICIANS WHEN THE FUNERAL IS OVER...**

**I BEAR YOU A MESSAGE FROM MR. VAN DRU, SARDONI! HE ADVISES YOU TO AWAIT HIS RETURN FROM THE GRAVE...AS HE PROMISED!**

**FORGET HIM, WILLIE! HE WAS A FAKE--- EVEN AS I!**





# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



**TELL THEM WHAT YOU SEE, SARDONI! TELL THEM VAN DRU'S PROMISE HAS BEEN FULFILLED!**

I TELL YOU IT'S THE TRUTH, ELLIOT! VAN DRU IS HERE WITH ME IN THIS ROOM---NOW!

NO---NO--- THERE IS NO MISTAKE---NO ILLUSION! VAN DRU HAS RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE!

YES, YOU SKEPTICS, IT IS I... CARLTON VAN DRU! HENCEFORTH MY CONTACT WITH YOUR WORLD WILL BE THE ONE PERSON WHO BELIEVED IN ME, WILLIE, MY ASSISTANT! HEED HIS WORDS WELL--- OR DOOM WILL STRIKE YOU FROM BEYOND!



**SO IT IS THAT VAN DRU'S HUMBLE ASSISTANT HOLDS AN AWESOME THREAT OVER THE THREE MAGICIANS...**

SO YOU COME BEGGING FAVORS OF ME---NOW THAT VAN DRU HAS TRANSFERRED ALL HIS MAGIC POWERS TO ME!

WILLIE! IF THIS REMARKABLE THING IS TRUE... THE WORLD OF SCIENCE MUST LEARN HOW---

**TRUE? DO YOU HEAR, MR. VAN DRU? THEY ARE STILL DISBELIEVERS! BREAK THROUGH THE MYSTIC BARRIER AND DEMONSTRATE YOUR MASTERY OF THE SUPERNATURAL!**



**ABRUPTLY, THE ROOM WAS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS AND...**

**DENY MY MAGIC POWER... AND YOU WILL SUFFER DEATH!**

L-LOOK! THAT GLOWING LIGHT OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!

**THE EERIE LIGHT WAVERS, THEN GROWS BRIGHTER...**

VAN DRU! IT'S TRUE! I BELIEVE HIM NOW!

**OBEY WILLIE! HE WILL DO MY BIDDING FROM THE OTHER WORLD! REMEMBER, I SHALL BE WATCHING, WAITING...**



**ABRUPTLY, THE GLOWING LIGHT  
FADES AWAY... AND A CHILL  
SILENCE FILLS THE ROOM...  
THEN...**

**IT'S UNCANNY!  
HOW COULD  
WE HAVE BEEN  
SO WRONG  
ABOUT VAN DRU?**

**WHERE'S  
WILLIE?**

**SUDDENLY, A COMMANDING  
VOICE IS HEARD OUTSIDE...  
FOLLOWED BY TWO SHOTS  
AS A BODY COMES CRASH-  
ING THROUGH THE WINDOW...**

**STOP OR  
I'LL FIRE!**

**THE LIGHTS!  
PUT ON THE  
LIGHTS!**

**BLAM  
CRASH**

**AND AS THE LIGHTS ARE  
SWITCHED ON...**

**IT'S WILLIE!  
HE WORE A  
DISGUISE...  
THE BROKEN  
GLASS RIPPED  
IT OFF!**

**NO...NOT  
WILLIE... BUT VAN  
DRU! THE  
HUMAN  
VAN DRU!**

**I'LL TAKE  
CHARGE HERE!  
I'M A  
DETECTIVE!**

**AND AFTERWARD, AS THE GRIM MASQUERADE IS  
EXPOSED...**

**... AND THEN "WILLIE"  
PARTED OUT INTO THE  
DARKNESS TO  
IMPERSONATE A  
GHOST! YOU SAY,  
OFFICER, THE REAL  
WILLIE WAS WANTED  
FOR MURDER?**

**YES! ON THE PARKVIEW  
CAUSEWAY ONE YEAR  
AGO! I SUSPECTED  
VAN DRU WAS HARBOR-  
ING HIM--- WHEN I  
CAUGHT A FLEETING  
GLIMPSE OF THEM  
A FEW NIGHTS AGO!**

**THE EMBITTERED VAN DRU MURDERED  
WILLIE AND INTENDED TO GAIN  
MAGICAL FAME THROUGH WILLIE'S  
DISGUISE! AND HE WAS BRAZEN  
ENOUGH TO USE A RECORD  
MACHINE HIDDEN IN THIS  
WALL AND LUMINOUS PAINT  
TO FOOL US!**

**THE END**

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