

STRANGEST TALES OF FEAR AND TERROR!

BLACK CAT MYSTERY

PDC

10c

No. 35
MAY

Read.... THE LAST
MAN ON EARTH!



HARVEY
COMICS

CONTENTS

No.35

MAY

TRICK THE DEVIL!



THE LAST MAN ON EARTH



Forbidden ROOM!



MARCHING ZOMBIES



DEVILS DEN



The horrible shriek of the **BLACK CAT** in a fantastic fit of frenzy is fine accompaniment for this greatest of all announcements! History moulds before your very eyes as the weirdest story ever penned in the caverns of the deep is unfolded in this issue.

You will stop, you will shudder, you will shake with terror as your eyes behold... **THE LAST MAN ON EARTH!**

This story is unique in the

long history of the printed page. Dipped in current events and thrust into the unknown of tomorrow **THE LAST MAN ON EARTH** emerges as the most grotesque experience in humankind!

No one issue of any magazine could hold this tale in its entirety! No issue of any other magazine has ever dared to tell this story!

This is only the first installment. This is only the beginning for what promises to be a panorama of horror!

Yet, each chapter is a story of its own that stands alone as a prize piece in the annals of terror. But the reading of the first chapter will whet your ap-

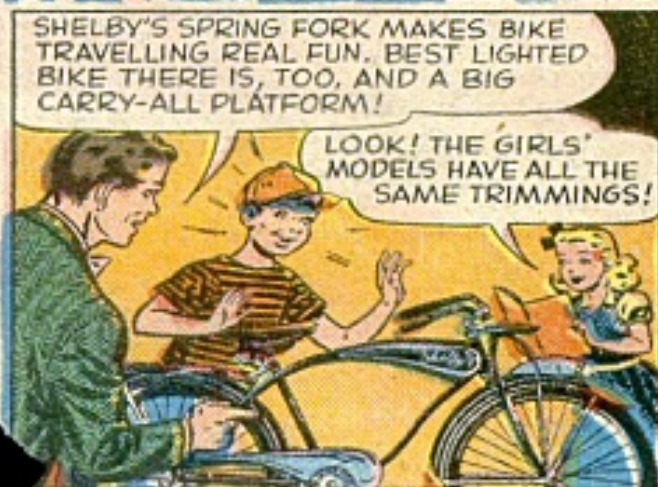
petite for more and still more!

THE LAST MAN ON EARTH takes his place in the hall of horror next to the Frankenstein monster, the vampire, Dracula, the Wolfman, the Thing, and the Mummy!

And, here is more news to tingle your spine. Beginning with this issue, **BLACK CAT Superstitions** will become a monthly! You can now savor the **BLACK CAT's** brew of mystery every month! Every month! Every month!

BLACK CAT MYSTERY

NOW TIM'S A "RIDING ROVER", TOO, SHELBY MAKES HIS DREAMS COME TRUE



THIS BEAUTIFUL SHELBY "52" WILL TAKE YOU ANYWHERE... EASY RIDING, HEAPS OF FUN! GIRLS! -GO ALONG WITH A SHELBY "53"

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I promise to be a careful, courteous rider at all times.

Here's 10¢ for my dues and membership card. Please rush my BIKE DECAL and the 5 LETTERS which I have printed in the squares below. (Example: BOBBY)[RUTH JJ]

--	--	--	--	--

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

See your **SHELBY** dealer today!

IN THE YEAR 2052 THE ATOMIC WAR WAS BRIEF...AND EFFECTIVE. AFTER TWO MONTHS, THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF THE WORLD WAS NUMBERED IN THE THOUSANDS; AND YET THE PEACE THAT FOLLOWED WAS FAR MORE TERRIBLE...FOR ATOMIC WAR HAD SPAWNED A HERITAGE OF HORROR WHICH RAVAGED THE WORLD UNTIL THERE ONLY REMAINED...

THE LAST MAN ON EARTH



DOC,
HOW
IS MY
BROTHER?

WELL, WILKINS, YOU--YOU
MUST PREPARE YOURSELF
FOR A SHOCK... A
TERRIBLE SHOCK!...
POSSIBLY WE'D BETTER
DISCUSS IT FIRST IN
MY OFFICE.

IT... IT SEEMS YOUR
BROTHER'S STRANGE
ATTACK IS DUE TO
ATOMIC RAYS WHICH
STRUCK HIS BODY
DURING THE LAST WAR.
HIS SYSTEM UNTIL NOW...
OH... WHAT'S THE USE...
I CAN'T USE WORDS
TO TELL YOU.

DOC...WHAT
IS IT?
WHAT ARE
YOU TRYING
TO SAY?

YOU'D BETTER COME WITH
ME, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.
I WISH I COULD SPARE YOU
THIS... BUT THE FINAL DECISION
WILL HAVE TO BE UP TO YOU.



THERE HE IS, WILKINS.
YOUR--YOUR
BROTHER.

IT--IT CAN'T BE.
IT--IT'S NOT HUMAN!



WILKINS BROKE DOWN AND SOBBED FOR LONG
PAIN WRACKED MINUTES, AND THEN, WHEN THE
FIRST SHOCK WORE OFF...

I ADMIT IT'S HARDLY HUMAN,
BUT WE MUST STUDY HIS
BEHAVIOR. THE RESULTS MAY
SAVE THE REST OF HUMANITY.

YES... YES...
OF COURSE.
OH, THIS
ATOMIC
CURSE.



THAT WAS THE FIRST. AFTER THAT, OTHERS OF THE FEW
REMAINING HUMANS CHANGED SIMILARLY. SCIENTIFIC
OPINION WAS DIVIDED...

I SAY KILL THEM ALL!
THEY'RE DANGEROUS!
THEIR MINDS MAY BE
AS WARPED AS
THEIR BODIES!

WE CAN'T DO THAT. THIS IS
THE YEAR 2052. NOT THE
MIDDLE AGES! WE MADE THE
ATOMIC BOMB AND WE'RE
RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM. LET'S
MAKE A PLACE APART WHERE
WE CAN STUDY THEM,
POSSIBLY EVEN RETURN
THEM TO NORMAL.



AT FIRST, IT WAS CALLED THE *INSTITUTE FOR
OBSERVATION OF MUTANTS*... BUT AFTER AWHILE,
THOSE WHO WORKED THERE FOUND A BETTER NAME
- *THE HALL OF HORRORS!*

THEY ARE OF LOW INTELLIGENCE,
BUT CUNNING. I WONDER
WHAT GOES ON IN THEIR
MINDS!

WE'LL SOON
KNOW, DOCTOR.
WE'RE TEACHING
THEM TO READ AND
SPEAK.



THE SOUND OF HUMAN WORDS ISSUING FROM
THOSE INHUMAN MOUTHS WAS A GHASTLY MOCKERY!

HUNGRY. I
WANT...
FOOD.

WHY DON'T WE DESTROY
THEM? IT'S THE ONLY SAFE
THING TO DO!



KNOWLEDGE OF THE MUTANTS ADVANCED AT A SLOW
PACE, UNTIL ONE DAY...

DOCTOR COLLINS... PLEASE...
A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT...
COME WITH ME!

CERTAINLY. I'LL BE
RIGHT OVER.



WE HAD GIVEN HIM A STICK TO TEST HIS REACTIONS TO IT. HE FELL ON IT-- IT'S DRIVEN RIGHT THROUGH HIS HEART.

HMM...FIRST OF THE MUTANTS WE'VE LOST. I CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY, AN AUTOPSY SHOULD PROVIDE US WITH INTERESTING DATA.



SUDDENLY--

DOCTOR, LOOK--IT--IT'S LAUGHING! IT DOESN'T SEEM HURT AT ALL.

AMAZING! I MUST STUDY IT...MUCH MORE INTENSIVELY. BRING IT INTO MY LAB, AT ONCE.



COLLINS WORKED IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS LABORATORY FOR MONTHS, AND THEN CALLED AN URGENT MEETING OF THE FULL STAFF.

YOU MAY THINK THIS EXPERIMENT COLD-BLOODED, BUT I HAVE LEARNED THAT THESE MUTANTS ARE FANTASTIC BEINGS. **THEY LITERALLY CAN'T BE KILLED.** EACH CELL OF THEIR HORRID BODIES IS ALIVE, AND IF ONE PART IS DESTROYED, THAT WHICH REMAINS GROWS A NEW ONE.



WITH SURGICAL PRECISION COLLINS AMPUTATED AN ARM...

IT--IT'S GROWING ANOTHER ARM!

YES, AND EVEN IF I HAD REMOVED ITS HEAD, A NEW ONE WOULD'VE GROWN! EACH PART IS CAPABLE OF REPRODUCING THE REST.



AS THE YEARS WENT BY, THE HALL OF HORRORS GREW MORE AND MORE CROWDED...

THEY SAY SO LITTLE, I WONDER WHAT THEY FEEL. SOMEHOW, I'M SURE THEY HATE US, EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE ONCE AS US. THEY MUST BLAME US FOR THEIR PRESENT CONDITION.



ONE DAY, NOT MUCH LATER, PROFESSOR COLLINS' QUESTION WAS ANSWERED!

THE ONE I EXPERIMENTED ON, IT--IT'S BREAKING OUT! WHAT DO YOU WANT?



THE ANSWER WAS BRIEF AND HORRIBLY CLEAR!



COME... KILL! THEY
CANNOT HURT! WE WILL
BE FREE.



SOON, THEY POURED FORTH FROM THE BUILDING,
A FRENZIED THRONG OF HATE-MAD CREATURES!



THE WORLD ITSELF BECAME A HUGE, HAUNTED HALL OF
HORROR!



MAN'S DEADLIEST WEAPONS WERE PITIFULLY USELESS!



LIKE A HIDEOUS, DEADLY PLAGUE, THEY SPREAD OVER THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH...



FINALLY, THE DAY CAME WHEN A NEW RACE RULED THE EARTH, AND MAN, AS HE WAS KNOWN IN THE PAST, DISAPPEARED FOREVER...



AS TIME PASSED, THE HALL OF HORRORS BEGAN TO HOUSE OTHER OCCUPANTS, FOR THE NEW RACE WAS NOT COMPLETELY CLEANSED OF ITS HERITAGE FROM THE OLD...



THE OLD BLOOD WAS WEAK, AND THEY DID CHANGE-- ALL BUT ONE!

SEE--THE OTHERS GROW LIKE US, BUT THAT ONE--MOGYLL--HE IS STILL LIKE THE PEOPLE OF THE PAST.

WE LET HIM LIVE TWO MORE YEARS. IF THERE IS NO CHANGE, WE KILL HIM.



MOGYLL REMAINED UNCHANGED, THINKING STRANGE THOUGHTS AS HE VIEWED HIS CAPTORS...

THEY HATE ME...I CAN FEEL IT...AND I HATE THEM. UGLY, MISSHAPEN MONSTERS...I MUST GET FREE BEFORE THEY KILL ME. I CAN READ THEIR THOUGHTS IN THEIR STUPID, EVIL EYES.



ONE EVENING, WHEN MOGYLL'S GUARD LEFT THE GLASS DOOR UNLATCHED...

FREEDOM AT LAST! I MUST FIND SOMEWHERE TO HIDE...IF THEY FIND ME THEY WILL DESTROY ME.



MOGYLL FOUND REFUGE WITHIN THE WALLS OF AN OLD UNIVERSITY, AND SPENT HIS TIME READING... LEARNING THE LORE AND KNOWLEDGE OF THE PAST...

PEOPLE LIKE ME ONCE RULED THE EARTH... UNTIL THEY WERE DESTROYED BY THE MONSTERS. THE MONSTERS HATE MY KIND. THEY WILL HUNT ME DOWN... KILL ME... UNLESS I CAN FIND A WAY TO KILL THEM FIRST.



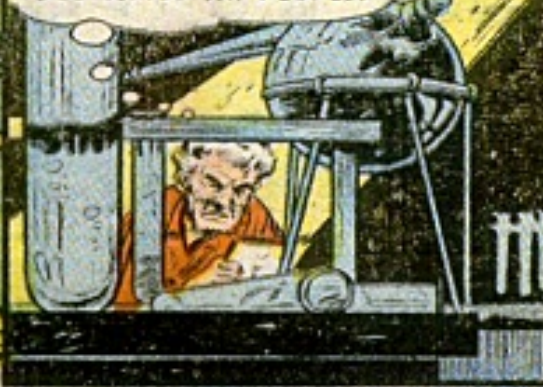
EACH EVENING, MOGYLL'S BLOOD CHILLED AS THE MONSTERS PROWLED THE STREETS... SEEKING HIM... SEEKING HIM ALWAYS...

THEY'RE COMING IN HERE! MUST HIDE... THE CLOSET IN THE ROOF LABORATORY... THEY MAY NOT LOOK THERE!



AND EACH DAY HE READ AND READ... SEEKING FOR SOME SCRAP OF LEARNING THAT MIGHT HELP HIM! FINALLY...

THIS FORMULA DEVELOPED BY ONE OF THE PROFESSORS - JUST BEFORE THEY KILLED HIM! HE THOUGHT IT WOULD DISSOLVE THE FLESH OF THE MONSTERS. THE EQUIPMENT IS HERE... AND THE MATERIALS... MAYBE I CAN COMPLETE HIS WORK AND DESTROY THEM AS THEY DESTROYED MY PEOPLE.



LONG HOURS MOGYLL LABORED UNTIL...

THERE... IT'S PERFECTED AT LAST... NOW THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR ME TO DO BUT STAKE MY LIFE ON ITS SUCCESS!



A LITTLE LATER...

AAAGH! MAN FROM THE PAST! WE KILL!

WE'LL SOON SEE WHICH RACE WILL SURVIVE-- YOURS OR MINE!



THE DEADLY FLUID, CONCEIVED IN THE BRAIN OF A MAN LONG SINCE DEAD AND ROTTING, SPRAYED ON THE MONSTERS, AND...

IT WORKS! IT WORKS!



WITH A DESPERATE COURAGE, MOGYLL SOUGHT OUT HIS ENEMIES UNTIL...

THERE! THE LAST OF THEM, NO MORE THAN A PUDDLE IN THE DUST! MY PEOPLE HAVE WON! I AM THE LAST MAN ON EARTH... BUT AT LEAST I AM A MAN.



IT WAS LATER IN THE EVENING WHEN MOGYLL CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIMSELF IN THE POOL... A HORRID GLIMPSE!

I-- I'M FINALLY CHANGING! I-- I'M NOT A MAN... I'M BECOMING ONE OF THEM!



WITH THE CHANGE, CAME A STRANGE, UNREASONING HATE FOR THE PEOPLE OF OLD--AS THE MONSTERS HE HAD JUST KILLED HATED PEOPLE. AT FIRST, MOGYLL SMASHED WHATEVER REMINDED HIM OF THEM!

THEY MADE A MONSTER OF ME! IT IS THEIR FAULT THAT I KILLED THE LAST OF MY OWN PEOPLE. THEY MADE THE ATOMIC BOMB!



FOR YEARS, MOGYLL ROAMED THE EARTH, ALONE AND BITTER...THE LAST OF ALL MANKIND, UNTIL ONE DAY...

THE INVENTOR WAS KILLED BEFORE HE HAD TIME TO TEST IT, BUT IF THIS TIME MACHINE WORKS I CAN TRAVEL INTO THE PAST, BACK INTO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, WHERE I CAN MEET THOSE DEVILS WHO BEGAN ALL OF THIS AND REAP MY TRUE REVENGE!



EMBARKING ON THE STRANGEST VOYAGE OF ALL TIMES, MOGYLL JOURNEYED BACK... BACK TO THE DAYS OF HIS ANCESTORS!



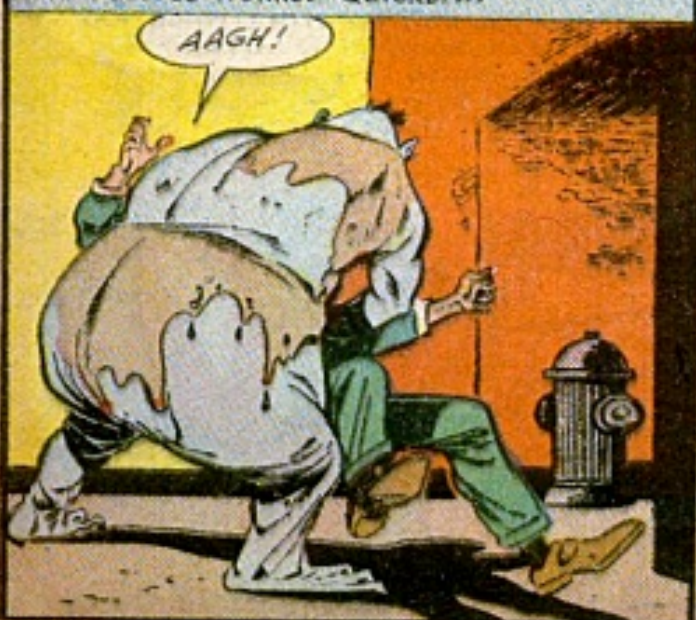
THE MACHINE WORKED AND MOGYLL EMERGED IN 1952...

I AM HERE. I NOW CAN DESTROY THOSE WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR MAKING ME WHAT I AM.



THE FIRST ONE TO SEE MOGYLL FROZE IN TERROR, BUT THE TERROR DIDN'T LAST LONG. FOR MOGYLL WORKED QUICKLY...

AAGH!



AND NOW FOR THE NEXT...AND THE NEXT...AND THE NEXT! I MUST KILL TO AVENGE MY PEOPLE.



DO YOU DARE TO WALK THE STREETS NOW? CAN YOU LAUGH AT FOOTSTEPS BEHIND YOU? OF COURSE YOU CAN'T!

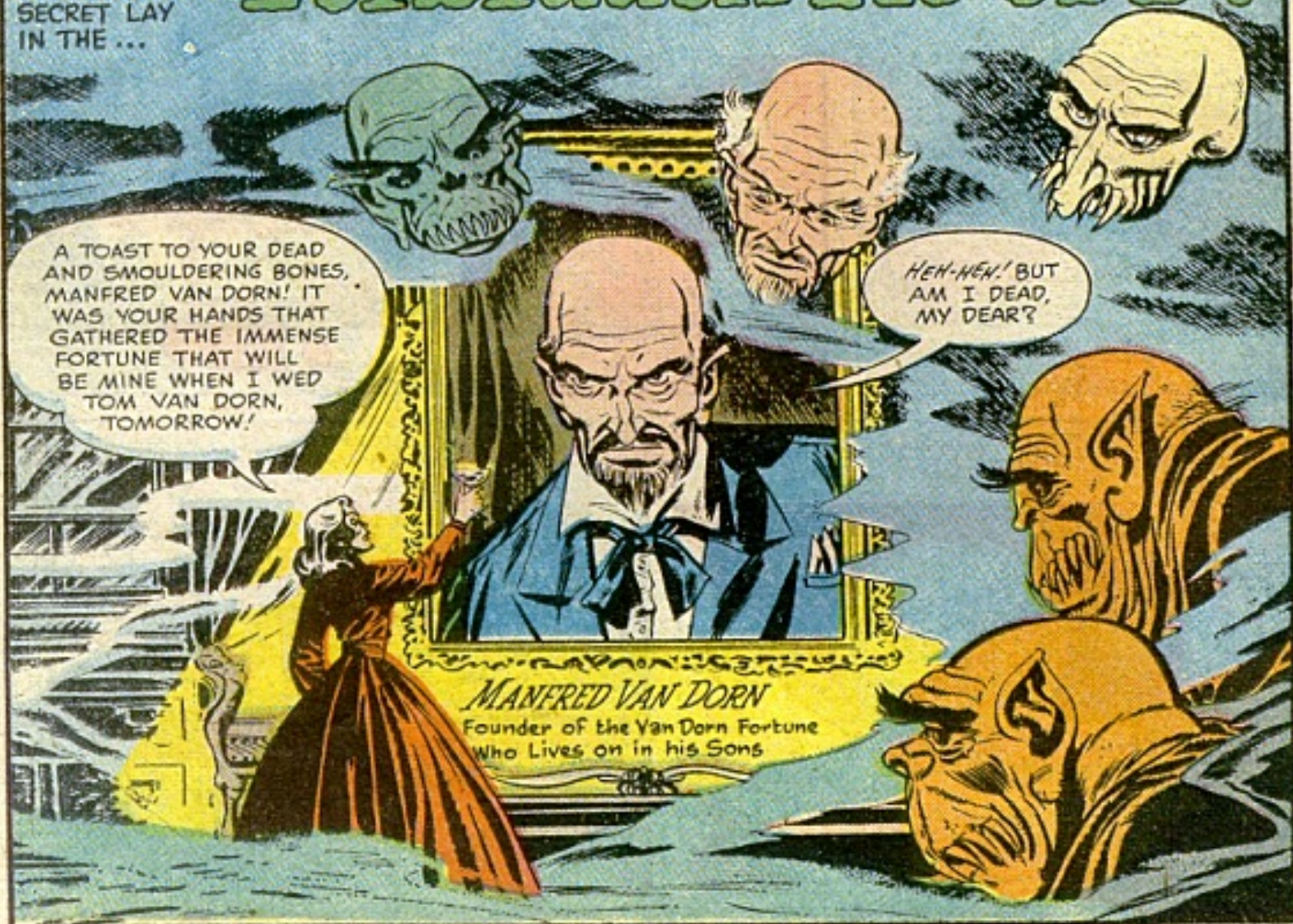
BE SURE TO GET MY NEXT AMAZING ISSUE! THE "LAST MAN" WILL WALK... KILL...AGAIN!!



BLACK CAT MYSTERY COMICS NOW PUBLISHED MONTHLY! GET YOUR COPY NOW!

CENTURIES AGO
MANFRED VAN
DORN EXCHANGED
HIS SOUL FOR
A STRANGE
GIFT! WHAT
HIDEOUS
SECRET LAY
IN THE ...

Forbidden ROOM!



ONE NIGHT IN THE ANCIENT AND MASSIVE MANSION THAT WAS THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE VAN DORN FAMILY...



DREADED
MINUTES
LATER...

HERE (GASP)
TOM... TAKE
IT! I... I...
AGGGH!

FATHER... I WARNED
YOU! SIMMONS...
RING FOR THE
DOCTOR— AT
ONCE!



THESE SPELLS OF YOUR FATHER PUZZLE
ME, TOM. YOUR GRANDFATHER HAD
THEM, TOO... ONE DAY IN PERFECT
HEALTH, AND THE NEXT... HUMPH...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

WHAT LIES
BEYOND THAT
DOOR? I... I'M
AFRAID TO THINK
THAT ONE DAY
I MAY HAVE TO
GO IN THERE!



NEXT DAY, OLD SILAS VAN
DORN WAS SUFFICIENTLY
RECOVERED TO ATTEND
HIS SON'S WEDDING...

ELSA... AT
LAST... YOU'RE
MINE!

AND AT
LAST YOUR
FORTUNE
IS MINE!

MY BLESSINGS
ON YOU BOTH,
MR. AND MRS.
VAN DORN.



HOWEVER, SOME MONTHS AFTER TOM'S
MARRIAGE OLD SILAS DIED...

TOM, THIS IS YOUR FATHER'S ONLY
HERITAGE TO YOU AND IT COMES
WITH A SOLEMN WARNING...
THAT YOU NEVER USE IT!



ELSA HAD
PLANNED TO
LIVE LIKE A
QUEEN, AND

SHE DID. MONTHS LATER WHEN
THE MONEY SUPPLIED BY OLD
VAN DORN'S JEWELS WAS
EXHAUSTED...

NO! NO! STAY, ELSA! PERHAPS
YOU'RE RIGHT! PERHAPS MY
FEARS HAVE BEEN UNREASON-
ABLE. MAYBE IT WAS A TEST
TO SEE IF I'M WORTHY OF
THE TREASURE!

THIS IS THE KEY TO
THE FABULOUS VAN
DORN FORTUNE,
MY DEAR... AND IT'S
THE KEY TO THE
SECRET THAT FILLED
MY FATHER'S HEART
WITH UNSPEAKABLE
HORROR! EVEN
THOUGH WE HAVE
TO LIVE AS
PAUPERS, I WILL
NEVER USE IT!

WE'LL
SEE ABOUT
THAT, MY
DEAR TOM.
I HAVEN'T
PLANNED
ALL THESE
YEARS TO
BE A
PAUPER'S
BRIDE!



ELSA!
WH-WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

THIS IS GOOD-
BYE, TOM-- FOR
GOOD! HOW CAN
I RESPECT YOU
WHEN I KNOW THAT
YOU CAN PROVIDE
ME WITH EVERYTHING
MY HEART DESIRES
AND YET YOU KEEP
ME PENNILESS BE-
CAUSE OF YOUR
SILLY, SPINELESS
FEARS!



WITH TENSELY FUMBLING FINGERS, TOM OPENED THE DOOR... AND SLAMMED IT SHUT BEHIND HIMSELF!

I...I...DON'T UNDERSTAND! MY ANCESTOR... MANFRED VAN DORN... PERFECTLY PRESERVED!



MORE PERFECTLY THAN YOU THINK, MY SON!

NO! NO! YOU -- YOU CAN'T BE ALIVE...



THANKS TO MY SONS, I *AM* ALIVE. DO YOU RECALL THE INSCRIPTION ON MY PORTRAIT... MANFRED VAN DORN... WHO LIVES ON IN HIS SONS...

Y-YES... B-BUT I NEVER UNDERSTOOD IT!



THEN I SHALL MAKE IT CLEAR TO YOU...VERY CLEAR. I AM ALIVE BECAUSE THE LIVING BLOOD OF MY SONS FLOWS THROUGH MY VEINS! EACH YEAR, FOR THE PAST TWO CENTURIES, I HAVE GIVEN PART OF MY BOUNDLESS TREASURE TO ONE OF MY DESCENDANTS!



...IN RETURN FOR THE RICH RED TREASURE OF LIFE THAT COURSES THROUGH THEIR WARM FLESH. FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS THEY HAVE SHARED MY TREASURE... AND I HAVE SHARED THEIR BLOOD! NOW, IT IS YOUR TURN, MY SON!



FEAR NOT. I WILL ONLY TAKE A LITTLE... FOR YOU MUST CONTINUE TO LIVE SO THAT I MAY LIVE AND FOREVER GUARD THE VAN DORN FORTUNE FROM THOSE WHO WOULD STEAL IT!



WAIT WHILE I GET YOUR REWARD. ONLY I KNOW WHERE THE TREASURE IS HIDDEN...AND THAT IS WHY THE VAN DORNS KEEP COMING BACK. IN THEIR BLOOD IS MY GREED AND THEY CANNOT RESIST THE LURE OF WEALTH!



A LITTLE LATER...

HERE, MY SON. WHAT PRICE COULD BE TOO GREAT FOR THESE? WHEN YOU COME BACK AGAIN...

I WON'T...I... I'LL NEVER COME BACK AGAIN...YOU... YOU HIDEOUS MONSTER!



YOU WILL...BUT LET ME WARN YOU...DON'T STAY AWAY MORE THAN A YEAR... FOR THEN MY HUNGER GROWS INSATIABLE... AND I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO CONTROL IT!



TOM! THOSE GEMS! A SMALL FORTUNE! SEE...WEREN'T YOU SILLY AND STUPID NOT TO... WHY, TOM... YOU LOOK ILL! WHAT'S WRONG?

I...I...I'LL NEVER TELL THAT TO ANYONE, ELSA... ONLY LET'S LEAVE... AT ONCE...AND FOREVER!



WITH VAN DORN MANOR HURRIEDLY CLOSED AND SHUTTERED, TOM AND ELSA LEFT--FOREVER, THEY SAID...

THAT'S THE LAST WE'LL SEE OF THAT ACCURSED PLACE... AND THE LAST ANYONE WILL SEE OF THIS ACCURSED KEY!

THE FOOL--I MUST STOP HIM!

NO, TOM--KEEP IT--AS A SYMBOL THAT YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH TO RESIST THE WEALTH IT LEADS TO!



IT TOOK ELSA LITTLE MORE THAN A YEAR TO SPEND THE MONEY ACQUIRED FROM THE SALE OF THE GEMS. AND THEN...ONE NIGHT...

I'LL NEVER GET HIM TO GO IN THERE AGAIN! I'LL GET THE TREASURE MYSELF!

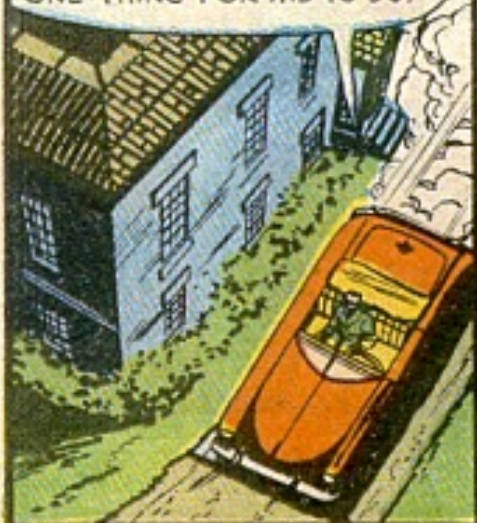


ELSA! WHERE ARE...THE KEY! SH-SHE TOOK THE KEY! I--MUST STOP HER!



THAT NIGHT, TOM DROVE LIKE A DEMON SPURRED BY THE LIVING FLAMES OF THE INFERNO!

THANK HEAVENS! THE DOOR-- STILL BOLTED! I GOT HERE BEFORE HER! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR ME TO DO!



I SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS BEFORE!

NO, TOM... DON'T!



I'M SORRY, TOM, BUT THAT TREASURE MEANS EVERYTHING TO ME... EVERYTHING! THERE'S STILL TIME TO GET IT BEFORE THE FIRE SPREADS!



MOMENTS LATER, ELSA STOOD FACE TO FACE WITH WHAT SHE WANTED SO DESPERATELY.

IT MUST BE SOMEWHERE IN... WH-WHAT? NO... NO! IT CAN'T BE!

I'VE BEEN WAITING LONG... TOO LONG!



I NEED IT... ALL OF IT!



OUTSIDE, A STUNNED MAN WATCHED AS THE STENCH OF LONG DEAD FLESH GREW STRONGER AND STRONGER... AND LISTENED TO THE AGONIZED CRY OF A SICK AND DOOMED SOUL AS IT FLED FROM THINGS MORE EVIL THAN HIMSELF!



The End

BLACK CAT MYSTERY COMICS NOW PUBLISHED MONTHLY! GET YOUR COPY NOW!

THE SHOW'S ON,
GANG!

New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

LIGHTS UP!

LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES
IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION
HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR
FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR
SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



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**ONLY
\$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH
BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN!

Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!

Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!

When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST!

Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A HONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL!

You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, $4\frac{1}{4}$ " x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL
NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the latest work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. 60BE, New York 2, N. Y.

SEAGEE CO., Dept. 60BE
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

- ☐ Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____
Sex No. _____
Route No. _____
Street _____

(Please Print Plainly)

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

- ☐ I enclose \$1.00. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

**AND NOW DEAR READERS A
SHOCKING TALE ENTITLED...
"MAN AGAINST
BEAST!"**



Before the day would end, both would be dead!

Now, one of them shuffled his tired legs as a heavy harness caught him by the sides and automatically clamped nine hours of ploughing on him. Today would be much harder.

Suddenly, a hard stick pounded again and again across the horse's back. The blows met no defense for the plow prevented the beast from at least dodging the cruel, undeserved punishment. Over and over again the animal's flesh receded and then rose hot under the stings of the wood. The man's gritted teeth let hissing oaths slither through and explode simultaneously with the sickening thuds. The horse tried to escape the beating but found its only escape in piteous neighing.

The crazed farmer staggered back.

"There, you devil, that'll show you I mean business. I don't want any lazy horse holding me back!"

As a farmer and human being, Califf Watson was a miserable failure. But he would never believe it. Someone or something was always responsible for his failure... but he was sure he wasn't.

Then, the man kicked the barn door open, grasped the stocks of the plow, looked up and faced a blue sky, a blazing sun and very, very poor fields. The man and the horse plodded out of the barn.

* * *

The sun had almost climbed to its highest point and the dust had stopped snapping at the two lonely figures who toiled and feared in one corner of a corn field. The man was still raving that he was better than the rest of the farmers... that the horse was no good. The conflict between the man and the horse grew. The circus of pain and torment had to end, soon.

As the day wore on, the dust got thicker, the sun got hotter and the man and beast approached their last resources. A break had to come.

It did.

The man's insistence upon the horse grew and grew. Finally, when the next blow of the stick smashed down on its back, the exhausted beast dropped to the ground. The man unleashed a torrent of blows on the horse but his energy was wasted as the horse couldn't rise. The sun manufactured an invisible arm of heat which held the animal down.

The man was being transformed into a demon. The horse was dying.

Closer and closer the farmer approached the stricken beast. The man's object was not to make the horse rise now but to beat the animal to death. The horse knew something was wrong with its master. The heat had melted the last wire of sanity in the man's mind. Pitifully the horse tried to drag its fever-ridden body away from the farmer but it could only move a few feet. Then, the beast collapsed and waited for its murderer. He came.

The horse waited as the farmer raised a shovel to deliver the crushing blow.

The field seemed to be a confused picture. Where the earth ended and the sky began was now a rim blurred a grayish white. Heat waves rose and ruffled the rim. The world had stopped breathing.

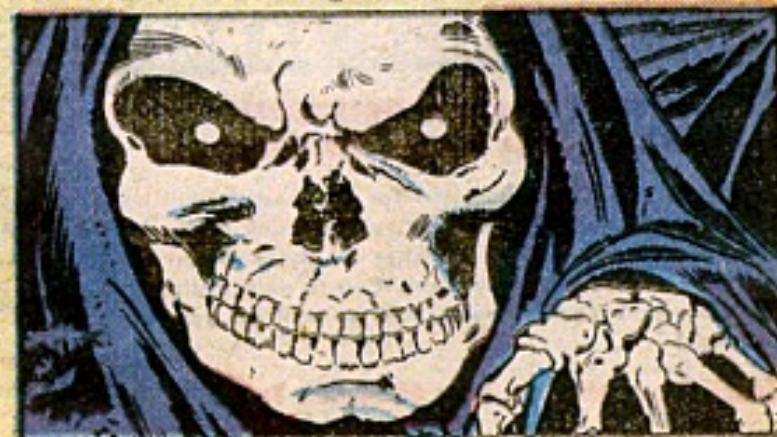
The shovel began to fall.

But before it could strike, the horse, in its last moments before death, lashed out with its hind legs and struck the farmer on his left thigh. The man crashed to the ground, rolled over several times and then remained rigid on his back.

Some time passed when the fallen farmer let loose a terrible yell! The blow by the now dead animal had paralyzed his body from the hips down!

The sun grew redder and the dust began to whirl about with more force. Shadows started to play about an empty farmhouse and barn. Both were empty.

The mailman, the only visitor to the farm, wouldn't be coming for three more days.



Strange Superstitions

PEOPLE LAUGH AT THE IDEA OF SUPERSTITION-- BUT THE STRANGE TOUCH OF THE UNKNOWN FOR- EVER HOVERS OVER US AND MOST OF US BEND TO ITS WILL! IT MAY SEEM UNCANNY BUT SEVEN OUT OF EVERY TEN MORTALS BELIEVE IN SUPERSTITIONS.



PERHAPS THE MOST PREVALENT OF ALL FEARS IS THE TERROR STRUCK BY THE BLACK CAT. EVIL BELIEVES IN THE EBONY OF THE FELINE AND CROSSING ITS PATH IS AN INVITATION TO HORROR!

BORN IN THE DAYS OF WORLD WAR I WAS THE FEAR OF LIGHTING THREE THINGS ON A MATCH. DEATH BY ENEMY ARTILLERY CAME TO A TRIO OF SOLDIERS LIGHTING THEIR CIGARETTES ON THE SAME LIGHT--AND PEOPLE HAVE NEVER FOR- GOTTEN THIS!



BROKEN MIRRORS ARE SAID TO SHATTER THE HOPES OF GOOD AND ARE FORERUNNERS OF HORROR AS BLACK AS THE NIGHT!



THE NUMBER THREE IS CONSIDERED A FIGURE OF THE SUPERNATURAL. GOOD--AND EVIL-- EVENTS OCCUR IN SERIES OF THREE BELIEVE THE SUPERSTITIOUS AS THEY WAIT OUT THEIR FATE.





BUD, COULD I GET A WRIST WATCH THE SAME EASY WAY YOU GOT THAT AIR RIFLE

YOU SURE CAN SIS, ALSO DOLLS BICYCLES AND MANY OTHER THINGS, JUST MAIL COUPON TO START, LIKE I DID



AND SIS MAILED IN THE COUPON AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE

LOOK, BUD - WILSON SENT WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE AND EVERYTHING. I DIDN'T HAVE TO SEND A PENNY. NOW I'LL GET MY WRISTWATCH



YOU'LL SELL THEM FAST!

THANKS, SIS, THIS IS A WONDERFUL ART PICTURE THAT YOU'RE GIVING ME WITH THIS FINE SALVE



YES! GIVING THE PICTURES MADE IT FUN TO SELL ALL I NEED FOR MY WATCH

IT SURE IS - I'M GOING TO GET A BIKE NEXT

LOOK AT MY NEW WATCH ISN'T IT LOVELY



VALUABLE PREMIUMS GIVEN BOYS • GIRLS • MEN • LADIES

Be First!
ACT NOW!



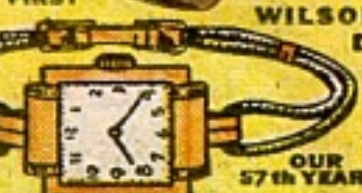
GENUINE .22 CAL. RIFLES, 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifles (with tube of shot), Cameras, Footballs, Telescopes, complete Fishing Kits, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Simply Give beautiful pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE used for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25c a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Mail coupon below.



ACT NOW!

WE ARE RELIABLE

BE FIRST



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Dept. 25HG, Tyrone, Pa.

DOLLS, FULLY DRESSED, Over 15" in height, Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Blankets, Alarm Clocks, Aluminum Ware, Bibles, Pen & Pencil sets (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commissions. Big catalog lists many other personal and household premiums. So don't delay getting what you want. MAIL COUPON NOW!

BICYCLES (boys—girls), Coaster Wagons (sent express charges collect). Flashlights, School Boxes (sent postage paid). Easy fun to get 'em. NO MONEY NOW. We send art pictures, salve, catalog on trust to start. Write today!

BOYS! GIRLS!

PREMIUMS

OR
CASH COMMISSIONS

GIVEN

MAIL
THIS
COUPON
TODAY

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 25 HG, Tyrone, Pa. Date

Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 15 colorful art pictures with 15 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c 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. or R. R. _____ Box _____

Town _____ Zone # _____ State _____

PRINT LAST NAME HERE

PASTE COUPON ON POSTAL CARD OR MAIL IN ENVELOPE TODAY

MAIL THIS COUPON
SEND NO MONEY NOW
WE TRUST YOU

WHAT IS
THE DREADFUL
HORROR... THE
UNBELIEVABLE FORCE
THAT PLACES PEOPLE
FOREVER IN THE
GHOULISH
RANKS OF...

MARCHING ZOMBIES

L-LOOK!!! HE RISES
FROM THE SACRED
PIT OF KNIVES!!

BUT HE MUST
PERISH--OR OUR
LIVING DEATH
WILL NEVER
END!!!



DEEP WITHIN THE *DESOLATE WASTES* OF
AN OBSCURE ASIAN DESERT, TWO MEN WANDER
DESPERATELY SEARCHING FOR SOME SIGN
OF HUMAN LIFE!!...

WE--WE CAN'T GO
ON MUCH LONGER
LIKE THIS!! THERE'S
HARDLY ANY FOOD
OR WATER LEFT!!

IT WAS FOOLISH OF
US TO THINK WE
COULD FIND A LOST
CIVILIZATION IN
THIS DESERT!!



BATES!!! LOOK!!! THAT
MUST BE A CITY
AHEAD OF US!!



APPROACHING THE CITY IN THE DESERT, THE MEN FIND ONLY *DECAY* AND A *DEATHLY* SILENCE THAT STRIKES THEM WITH AN *UNEXPLAINABLE TERROR!*...

WHY, THERE'S *NO-BODY* HERE!! IT SEEMS TO BE THE *RUINS* OF SOME *ANCIENT CITY*!!

THERE'S A *STRANGE* FEELING IN THE AIR--AS IF *DEATH* HAD *NEVER LEFT*!!! LET'S--



**SANDERS!! YAA-HH
LOOK!**



AS THE *REPULSIVE* SILENT CREATURES APPROACH, A LOOK OF *HORRIFIED* RECOGNITION FREEZES ON THE FACES OF THE MEN!!...

THEY--THEY SEEM LIKE MEN WHO HAVE WANDERED FROM THE *DEPTHS* OF THE *GRAVE*!!

LIKE--
ZOMBIES!



WHAT DO YOU *WANT* WITH US??? WE MEAN YOU *NO HARM*!!

THAT MUST BE THEIR *CHIEF* APPROACHING!



YOU WISH TO KNOW WHO WE ARE!! WE ARE AN *ACCURSED* TRIBE-- DEAD THESE MANY YEARS--*DOOMED* BY OUR GOD *KALU* TO WANDER THE *RUINS* OF OUR CITY!!

WE CAN RETURN TO OUR *BURIAL MOUND* BEYOND THE HILL ONLY WHEN WE HAVE SHED THE BLOOD OF A *LIVING HUMAN*!!...



AS THE *HIDEOUS* FEATURES OF THE LIVING DEAD BECOME DISTORTED WITH *UNHOLY EVIL*, A NUMBING FEAR GRIPS THE TWO MEN!...

...AND ONE HAS COME TO US AT LAST!!!

KALU MUST BE *APPEASED!!* WE MUST RETURN TO OUR GRAVES!!



SEIZE HIM!!

NO! NO! LET ME GO!!!



WHERE ARE YOU TAKING HIM??? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO???

KALU CALLS HIM TO HIS SACRED PIT OF KNIVES!!! HE MUST BE ANSWERED!!

THE *SHARP KNIVES* HAVE WAITED *MANY YEARS* FOR YOUR *BLOOD!!* THEY ARE HUNGRY TO PIERCE YOUR *FLESH!!!*

NO-O-O!!!



KALU!! HE IS YOURS!!

NO!!
DON'T!! D---



SCREAMING WITH THE *WILD AGONY* BEFORE SUDDEN DEATH, SANDERS IS FLUNG INTO THE DEADLY PIT...

AAARGH-H!



AND NOW WE DESTROY HIM,
TOO!!! KALU WILL BE
PLEASED!!

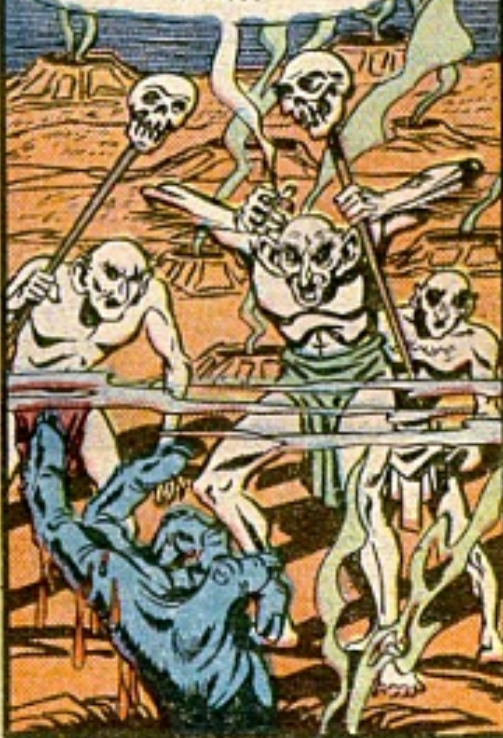


WAIT! WE HAVE *BROKEN*
THE CURSE WITH THE BODY
OF HIS *FRIEND*!! THERE IS
NOTHING MORE THAT CAN
BE ASKED OF US *NOW*!!



SUDDENLY, AN *ANGUISHED MOAN*
FROM THE PIT OF KNIVES BREAKS
UPON THE VOICES OF THE LIVING
DEAD---AND A *TERRIFYING SIGHT*
FALLS UPON THEIR *GLAZED EYES*!

THE PIT!! A HAND
IS RISING FROM THE
PIT!!!



IT IS *HE*
WHOM WE HAVE
JUST THROWN
INTO THE
PIT!!

WHY DOES HE
RETURN
THIS WAY???
IS NOT KALU
SATISFIED???



MY EYES
CANNOT
GAZE
ON HIM!!

YET HE IS *NEITHER*
LIVING NOR
DEAD--AS WE
ARE!! SPEAK TO
US!! WHAT IS THE
WILL OF OUR
GOD???



SUDDENLY, A BOLT OF LIGHTNING
ANNOUNCES THE COMING OF THE
FEARED ONE, THE APPROACH OF A
GIANT FROM THE PAGAN WORLD
OF *DARKNESS*!...



KALU!! WE HAVE SHED THE BLOOD OF A LIVING HUMAN-- AND YET HE RISES FROM HIS DEATH. WHY IS OUR CURSE NOT ENDED???



MY PIT OF KNIVES IS SACRED!! I WILL NOT HAVE IT SOILED BY THE BODY OF THIS MAN!! HE MUST GO WITH YOU TO YOUR BURIAL MOUND!!



WHAT DOES HE SAY? HIS BLOOD IS TO STAIN OUR EARTH!!

NO! NO! THIS CANNOT BE!!!



KALU, OUR BURIAL MOUND IS SACRED TO US!! THE BODY OF THIS MAN MUST NOT REST THERE! WE CANNOT DO AS YOU SAY!!



AS THE ANGRY MUMBLINGS OF THE ZOMBIES INCREASE, SO DOES THE WRATH OF THEIR LEADER BECOME LIKE A STORM ABOUT TO BURST WITH WILD FURY UPON THE SCENE!!...

YOU FOOLS!! I DEMAND THAT YOU OBEY ME!! I AM YOUR GOD AND YOUR LEADER!!



SHOW YOUR OBEDIENCE TO ME!! FLING HIM INTO THE PIT OF KNIVES!! THIS IS MY WILL!!



WE WILL NOT DO THIS IF WE MUST BURY HIM IN OUR SACRED GROUND!!

NO! NO! WE MUST RETURN ALONE TO OUR GRAVES BEYOND THE HILL!!



THEN I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT IT MEANS TO DEFEY ME!!

YAAAH-H-H!!! DON'T! DON'T!!!

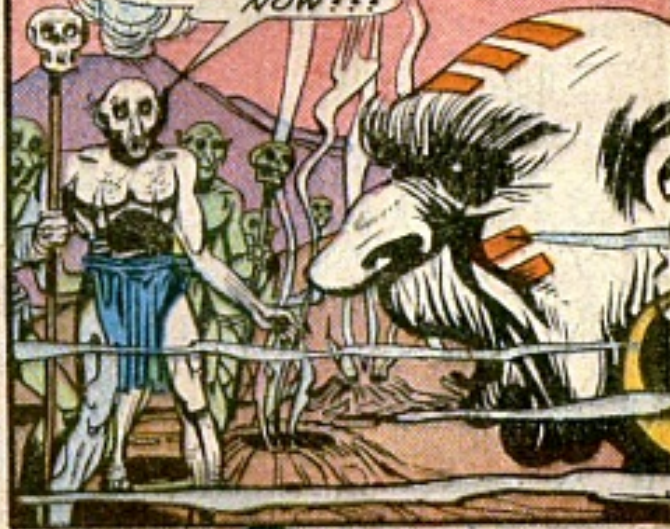


AGAIN A BODY IS TOSSED TO ITS BLOODY DOOM IN THE LOATHESOME PIT--AND AGAIN A SHRIEK OF AGONY RENTS THE AIR!!...

YAARGH-H-H-H!!!



KALU!! WE KNOW YOUR POWER-- AND WE BEG FORGIVENESS!!! WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW???



RISE UP FROM THE PIT, MAN OF A DISTANT LAND!!! RISE WITH YOUR DEATH WOUNDS FRESH AND BLEEDING!!!



AS BEFORE, A GHASTLY BEING EMERGES FROM THE PIT, DEAD AND YET NOT DEAD-- A KNIFE-RIDDEN MASS OF HUMAN FLESH!!...

UGH-H-H!!! AARGH-H-H!!!



THIS IS MY **COMMAND**: YOU ARE TO CARRY THEIR BODIES TO YOUR BURIAL MOUND AND PLACE THEM THERE!! YOU WILL RETURN TO WANDER FOREVER IN THESE STREETS-- FOREVER TO BE THE **LIVING DEAD**!!!



ONCE MORE, A BOLT OF **LIGHTNING** STRIKES SUDDENLY-- AND KALU RETURNS TO HIS PAGAN WORLD OF DARKNESS!!



WE MUST OBEY KALU!! THE CURSE WILL NEVER BE BROKEN!!

WE ARE DOOMED!! DOOMED!!



THEIR **RAVAGED** FACES FILLED WITH DREAD OF THE **BLOODY APPARITIONS** WHO ARE TO LIE IN THEIR GRAVES, THE ZOMBIES BEGIN THEIR **TERRIBLE TASK**!...

THEY MUST BE CARRIED BEYOND THE HILL AT ONCE!!

ONLY THEY WILL KNOW THE **PEACE OF THE DEAD**!!



WE MUST RETURN TO THE CITY BEFORE DARK!!

OH-H-H-H-H!!! OH-H-H-H!!



AND SO AS THE DAY DEEPENS, THE SILENT DESERT LOOKS UPON A **WEIRD PROCESSION OF MARCHING ZOMBIES**, DOOMED NEVER TO REST BUT TO WANDER LIKE **LOST SOULS** THROUGH THE LONG PATHWAYS OF **ETERNITY**!

OH-H-H-H-H-H-H-H-H-H



THE END

BLACK CAT MYSTERY COMICS NOW PUBLISHED MONTHLY! GET YOUR COPY NOW!



The door was opened by a middle-aged woman in black.

"I'm Detective Pines," the visitor began.

"Yes, sir," the woman interrupted. "We've been expecting you. Won't you come in, sir? Mr. Tremaine is in the library, Mrs. Tremaine is upstairs. Shall I call them? I'm Mrs. Henderson, the housekeeper."

"Suppose you tell me your version of the story first," suggested Pines, as she closed the door behind him.

"Mrs. Tremaine and I were alone in the house this morning, except for Mr. Richards, Mrs. Tremaine's uncle," the housekeeper replied promptly. "About 11 o'clock, a man called to see Mr. Richards. Said his name was Smith... Henry Smith. I showed him into the living room, and went back to my work. Then, about ten minutes later, I heard the shot! Mrs. Tremaine heard it too, and we both ran to the living room. There was poor Mr. Richards on the floor—dead—and his murderer gone... through the window, I suppose!"

"Can you describe this Mr. Smith, Mrs. Henderson?" demanded Pines.

"He was about your size, sir," the woman told him, "and he had a big red beard and wore eyeglasses. His hat was pulled down over his face, so I couldn't tell much more."

"A big red beard!" exclaimed Pines. "Are you sure?" Mrs. Henderson nodded emphatically. "Well then," continued the detective slowly, "I'll see Mr. Tremaine now. And while I'm talking to him, please ask Mrs. Tremaine to come down."

Francis Tremaine rose politely to his feet as Pines entered the library. The housekeeper introduced them, and discreetly withdrew. "Shocking business, sir," sighed Tremaine, "shocking! I wasn't even here when the tragedy occurred, you know." The detective nodded slightly, and waited for the man to continue. Francis Tremaine looked at him with annoyance. "There's really nothing I can tell you, Detective Pines,"

he added grudgingly. "As I've said, I'd already left for my office. My wife telephoned me there, and I rushed home... too late. I called the police, and the rest you..."

Tremaine stopped short as the door of the library was flung open, and a slim blonde woman in a brown silk dress rushed in. "I'm Alice Tremaine," she said quickly, "and you must be the detective who's going to solve this awful, awful tragedy! Oh, I'm so glad you're here!"

Pines smiled... she was a darned attractive woman, he thought... and introduced himself. Without waiting to be asked, Mrs. Tremaine plunged into her story.

"That—that man arrived about 11 o'clock," she gushed. "I heard the bell ring, and I heard Mrs. Henderson let him in. Then there was a—shot! I ran to the living room... so did Mrs. Henderson... and there was Uncle Albert on the floor—dead—and his murderer gone... through the window, I suppose!"

Pines frowned. Mrs. Tremaine had told her story in almost the *identical words* that the housekeeper had used... almost as though they'd *rehearsed* it!

"Did Mr. Richards make his home with you?" he asked.

"Strictly speaking, we made our home with *him*!" smiled Alice Tremaine. "You see, I'm an actress, so I'm away from home a good deal. And Uncle Albert was a bachelor... he lived all alone, until we moved in... this way, we *all* had more of a home life."

"Your uncle was a wealthy man?" asked Pines. She nodded. "Who will inherit his estate?" Pines went on.

"Well, I—I guess we will," she told him, not smiling any more.

"I'd like to speak to your housekeeper again," barked Pines abruptly.

"I'll call her." Mrs. Tremaine rose and went to the door, and the detective noticed her *feet* with savage satisfaction. He and Francis Tremaine sat in stony silence, until the door was flung open again. "She's *gone*!" gasped Mrs. Tremaine. "I can't find her..."

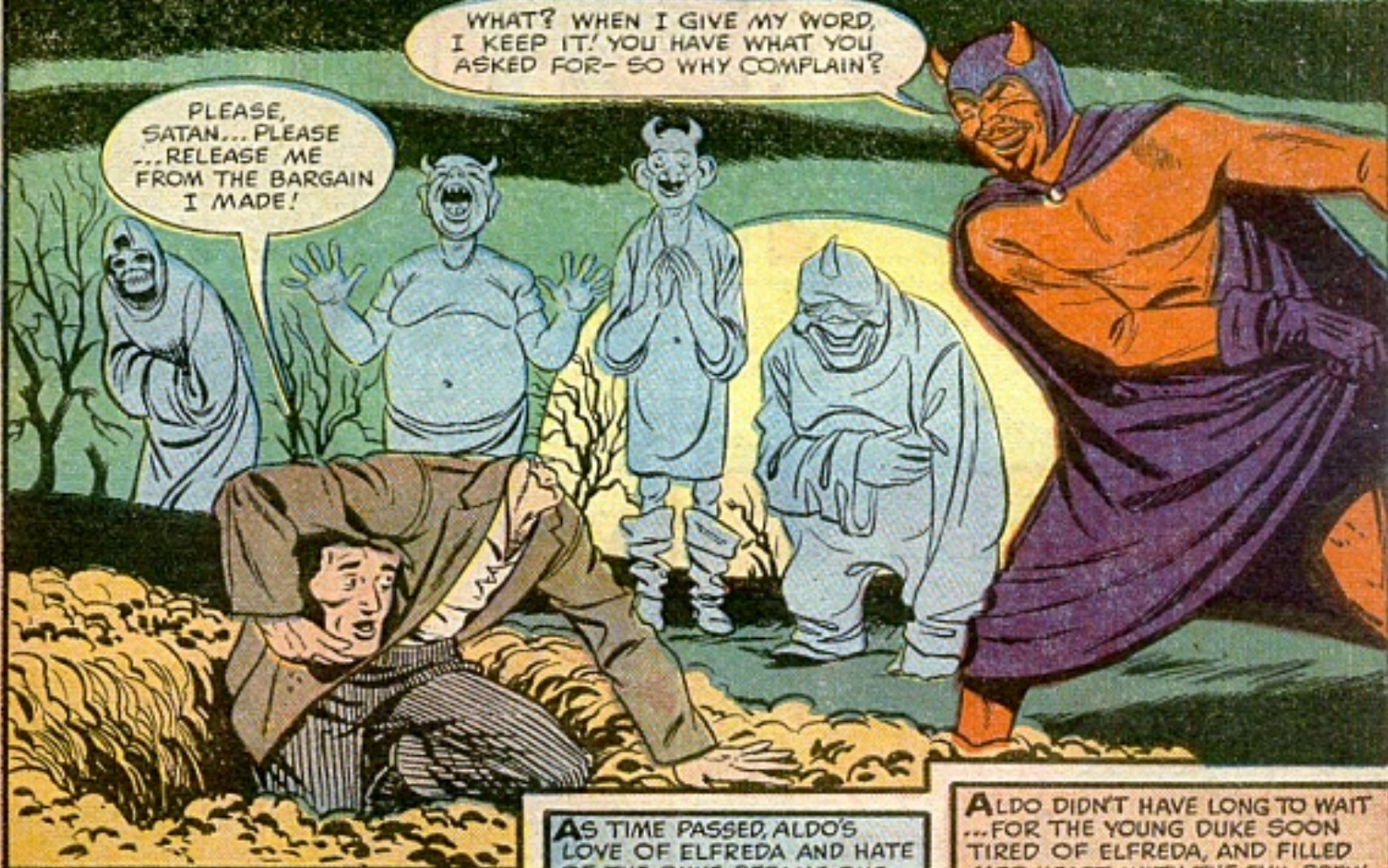
"Of course you can't!" snapped Pines, leaping to his feet. "Because there is *no such person*! A big red beard, indeed! The typical theatrical touch, eh, Mrs. Tremaine? But it was a fine performance anyhow? You almost had me fooled... until I saw *your shoes*! Fashionable young women don't wear low-heeled black oxfords with brown silk dresses... but middle-aged housekeepers in gray wigs and clever stage make-up who talk to detectives in dimly-lit hallways do! It was easy for *you*—an *actress*—to dash upstairs and change back into the young and lovely Alice Tremaine while your husband kept me busy down here! Too bad you forgot about the shoes, though! Because they're going to send you and your husband to the electric chair!"

ALDO VON CARL THOUGHT HE COULD OUTSMART THE DEVIL BY WINNING THE DARK ONE'S FAVOR WITHOUT FORFEITING HIS SOUL... BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW THE HORRIBLE PENALTY IF HE WAS CAUGHT WHILE TRYING TO...

TRICK THE DEVIL!

WHAT? WHEN I GIVE MY WORD, I KEEP IT! YOU HAVE WHAT YOU ASKED FOR— SO WHY COMPLAIN?

PLEASE, SATAN... PLEASE... RELEASE ME FROM THE BARGAIN I MADE!



MANY YEARS AGO, IN THE SMALL VILLAGE OF BRUNSWOLD, ALDO VON CARL, A CUNNING YOUNG PEASANT, LOVED A BEWITCHING LASS NAMED ELFREDA.

DON'T BE SILLY, ALDO! WHY MARRY YOU WHEN THE DUKE'S YOUNG SON CAN'T LIVE UNLESS HE SEES ME EACH DAY?

WON'T YOU MARRY ME, ELFREDA?



AS TIME PASSED, ALDO'S LOVE OF ELFREDA AND HATE OF THE DUKE BECAME ONE... AN OVERPOWERING EMOTION BLINDING ALL REASON!

STOP STARING, SERF! YOUR UGLY FACE FRIGHTENS MY HORSES!

ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL FRIGHTEN YOU-- TO DEATH!



ALDO DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT... FOR THE YOUNG DUKE SOON TIRED OF ELFREDA, AND FILLED HER HEART WITH THE EVIL BREW OF HATE!

KILL HIM, ALDO! KILL HIM, AND I'LL BECOME YOUR BRIDE! I PROMISE!



THERE'S LITTLE CHANCE OF MY WEDDING HER IF I KILL THE YOUNG DUKE -- PUNISHMENT WOULD BE SWIFT AND SURE. YET...METHINKS THERE'S A WAY...AYE...PERHAPS IT CAN BE DONE! SHE'S WORTH IT!

IT'S A BARGAIN, ELFREDA... AND REMEMBER... YOU'LL KEEP YOUR WORD.

YES, ALDO... I'LL KEEP MY PROMISE!



THAT NIGHT, ALDO SET OUT TO MAKE ANOTHER BARGAIN... AND HIS WAY LED TO THE RAMSHACKLE HUT OF OLD MOTHER GEBLUDE... KNOWN TO BE A WITCH!

GOOD EVEN, DAME GEBLUDE! HERE ARE TEN SILVER PIECES. SUMMON YOUR MASTER! I WOULD MAKE A BARGAIN WITH HIM!

I WILL! I WILL! BUT REMEMBER-- A BARGAIN WITH MY MASTER WILL COST YOU YOUR SOUL!



I KNOW! BUT HE'LL WAIT A LONG TIME FOR MY SOUL! DID YOU EVER THINK, DAME WITCH, THAT THERE ARE MEN WHO ARE SMARTER THAN THE DEVIL!

MAYBE THERE ARE... BUT I'VE YET TO SEE ONE THAT HAS OUT-SMARTED MY MASTER!



BLOOD OF LIVING, FAT OF DEAD, EYES FROM THE SCREECHING OWL'S HEAD, CRAWLING SERPENTS FROM OOZING MIRE-- COME MY MASTER-- THROUGH WATER AND FIRE!



YOU WHO HAVE SUMMONED ME-- I WILL GRANT ANY FAVOR YOU ASK PROVIDED YOUR SOUL IS MINE AFTER YOU DIE. AGREED?

I AGREE... AND MY FAVOR IS A SIMPLE ONE... I ASK TO LIVE FOREVER!



YOU CAN HAVE MY SOUL AFTER I DIE... BUT I'LL NEVER DIE! A GOOD BARGAIN, EH, MASTER DEVIL!

A GOOD BARGAIN-- BUT YOU'LL SPEND ALL ETERNITY REGRETTING IT! FOOL, YOU HAVE GAINED NOTHING-- AND LOST MORE THAN YOUR SOUL!



ALDO PAID LITTLE HEED TO THE DREAD ONE'S WORDS, AND LATER THAT NIGHT...

FOR ELFREDA AND ME, YOU HIGH BORN FOOL!

HE--HE'S KILLING THE YOUNG DUKE! HE...HE MUST BE MAD!

YOU WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG FOR VENGEANCE!

IS FOREVER LONG?

YOUR SWORDS CAN'T HURT ME! *NOTHING* CAN HURT ME! I'LL NEVER DIE...NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO!

AFTER HIM! HE--HE'S BEWITCHED!

ALDO WAS CAPTURED BY THE GUARDS, AND SENTENCED TO BE BEHEADED, BUT HE LAUGHED AT THE SENTENCE...

SHARPEN ALL YOU WILL, HEADSMAN... YOUR SWORD CAN'T HARM ME!

THE PONDEROUS BLOW FELL AND ALDO'S HEAD TUMBLED TO THE GROUND! AND YET...

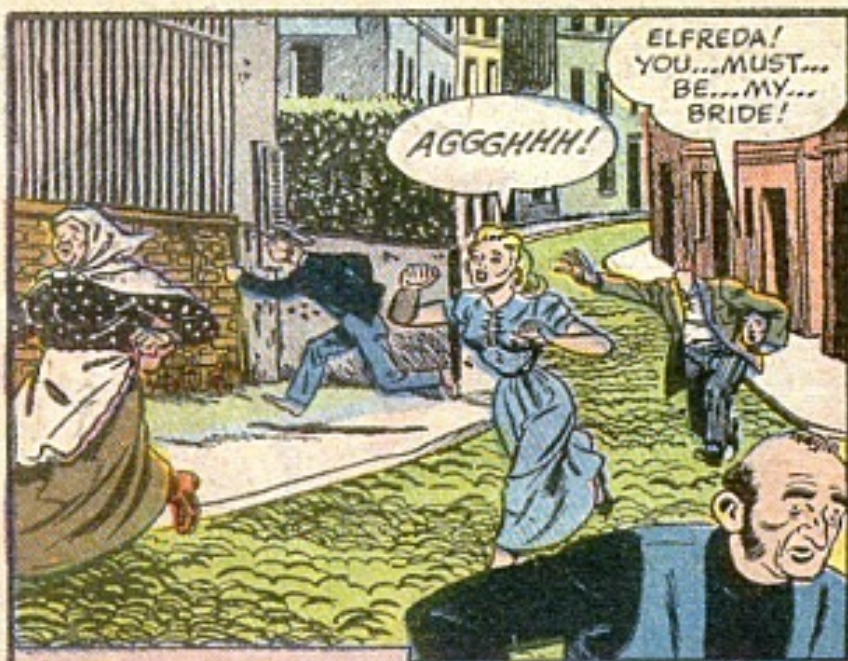
THERE'S NO BLOOD... NO BLOOD!

AND LOOK--THE WOUND...IT...IT'S HEALED OVER!

ALDO'S TRUNCATED BODY REACHED GRUESOMELY FOR THE FALLEN HEAD, AND...

ELFREDA! REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE!

AAAAHHHH!



WHEN THE CLOUD LIFTED, ALDO'S TORMENTED FORM WRITHED HELPLESSLY...



AT THE EDGE OF THE TOWN OF BRUNS-WOLD IS A DEEP PIT... HOW DEEP NO-ONE KNOWS ...ALTHOUGH SOME SAY IT LEADS TO HELL ITSELF!



THERE ARE THOSE WHO HAVE SWORN THEY HAVE SEEN ALDO AGAIN... GROPING... BLINDLY SEEKING... AND THOUGH NO ONE SLEEPS IN BRUNS-WOLD BEHIND UNBARRED DOORS, THERE IS ONE WHO NEVER SLEEPS, FOR SHE REMEMBERS A PROMISE...



THE END 4

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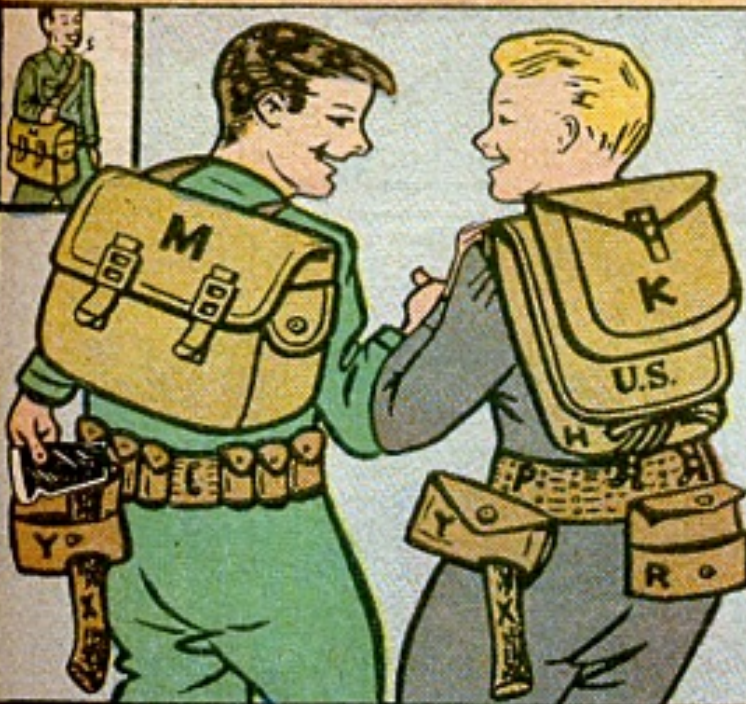
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(SEE ILLUSTRATION AT LEFT)

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HKPRXY plus MSC plus FREE Lemon Concentrate; Consists of H. Haversack; K. Mess Kit Case; P. Pistol Belt; R. First Aid Pouch; X. Axe; Y. Axe Sheath; M. Musette Bag; S. Adjustable Shoulder Strap; C. 10 Pocket Cartridge Belt plus FREE 12 oz. Navy Lemon Concentrate Powder (makes 3/4 gallon Lemon Juice or 6 1/2 gallons lemonade with sugar and water added).

(SEE LOWER ILLUSTRATION AT LEFT)

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STREET
TOWN
STATE



YOU CAN WRITE
LIKE THIS WITH MY
MAGIC PENCIL

Cracker Jack is
Candy Coated Popcorn
with Peanuts

SEND TODAY FOR THIS
MAGIC PENCIL

WRITES 4 COLORS
AT ONE TIME
-- 7 INCHES LONG!

Amaze your friends . . . have lots of fun . . . get this clever Magic Pencil so you can write or draw in rainbow colors. Each line you make will be green, red, yellow and blue—all in one. Send for your Magic Pencil today.

Cracker Jack

THE MORE YOU EAT . . .
THE MORE YOU WANT



Cracker Jack is famous for its wonderfully delicious flavor. It's the treat of treats . . . and you get the most for your money. Get some Cracker Jack right away.

SURPRISE NOVELTY IN EVERY PACKAGE

There's double pleasure for you in every package of Cracker Jack. Besides the delicious candy coated popcorn with peanuts, you'll find an amusing, worthwhile surprise novelty, too.



HERE'S
HOW TO
GET MY
MAGIC
PENCIL



BUY 2
PACKS OF
CRACKER
JACK



CUT THE
SAILOR
FROM BOTH
PACKAGES

SEND THE 2
SAILORS WITH
5¢ IN COIN
AND THIS COUPON

MAGIC PENCIL COUPON

THE CRACKER JACK CO.

Desk 80, 4800 W. 66th St., Chicago 38, Ill.

Enclosed are two sailors taken from Cracker Jack boxes and 5 cents in coin for which send me your MAGIC 4-color PENCIL.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____