

# EERIE

## COMICS

AN  
AVON  
COMIC

10<sup>c</sup>

NO. 1



*Kongsten Studio*



# THE EYES OF THE TIGER



CARL EATLER LOVED  
BEASTS OF THE FOREST  
SERVE, AND THEY RETURNED  
THIS AFFECTION. FOR  
THE MOST PART, EVERY-  
THING WAS LOVEY-DOVEY  
UNTIL CARL MADE ONE  
SERIOUS MISTAKE!  
AFTER THAT, HE SAW  
NOTHING BUT THE  
"EYES OF THE TIGER!"

Wingspan 10" x 10"



WHAT AN AFTERNOON TO MAKE AN INSURANCE CALL!—I HEAR THIS CATTLEMAN'S A QUEER BIRD. PANTON SAYS, WELL, I WON'T STAY LONG, JUST LISTEN TO HIS TALKER AND GO!



W-H-A-T! HE IS ECCENTRIC! WHOEVER HEARD OF PUTTING A STUPID TIGER OUT ON THE LAMPS! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THYR VISIT'S OVER.



HOW THE DEVIL LONG MUST I KEEP KNOCKING? MAY BE MY INSURANCE PATIENT IS DEAD ALREADY?



WHAT LUCK!—HE *ISN'T* DEAD, BUT FROM THE LOOKS OF HIM IT WON'T BE LONG!

YOU'D BE DOCTOR PANTON, WOULDN'T YOU? OF COURSE, COME INSIDE, DOCTOR, AND WHAM YOURSELF BY THE FIBR!



IF YOU DON'T MIND, MR. CATTLE, I'D LIKE TO EXAMINE YOU AT ONCE. I'VE LITTLE TIME TO WASTE.

BUT OF COURSE, DOCTOR! WHAT *ELSE* ARE YOU HERE FOR?—HEH! HEH! I WISH YOU, I'M TERRIBLY HEALTHY, DON'T FIND ANYTHING WRONG WITH ME!



NOT ONLY DON'T I LIKE CATTLE, BUT I DON'T LIKE HIS *HEART*! IT'S BLOW LIKE A PUNK UNDER THE SLIGHTEST STRAIN!

Body? DID YOU EVER HEAR A MORE PERFECT HEART? YOU'LL PASS ME FOR THE POLICY, KAY?

WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY, ENT ISN'T THAT A PERFECT



I SHOULD SAY *NOT*. NO INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD'D TRAD A CHANCE ON YOU... YOU'VE GOT THE WORST HEART I'VE EVER LISTENED TO, OUTSIDE OF A DEAD MAN'S.

WHAT!!







BUT DURING THE NIGHT, FATE UNFOLDS: ONE OF CATTLE'S FEET AND FLAME BECOMES INTERESTED IN ITS STARK, BLUE-VEINED WHITENESS...



CATTLE WAKES UP AWARE OF A STRANGE TINGLING IN HIS FOOT...

W-WHAT IS IT? FLAME'S BEEN LICKING MY FOOT! MY FOOT'S ALL BLOODY-FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, FLAME TASTED BLOOD!



WHAT IF HE SHOULD USE HIS TEETH INSTEAD OF HIS TONGUE? I MUST TAKE MY FOOT AWAY BEFORE HE REVERTS TO HIS BESTIAL NATURE!



BUT AS CATTLE MOVES TO WITHDRAW HIS LEG, FLAME MOVES TO KEEP IT THERE WITH HIS STEEL CLAWS!

THIS ISN'T FLAME ANYMORE! IT'S A TIGER... A TIGER WHO WON'T BE SATISFIED TILL HE TASTES MY THROAT'S BLOOD!



THIS REVOLVER I KEEP AGAINST BURGLARS, WILL COME IN HANDY! FLAME NEVER HEARD A REVOLVER SHOT BEFORE--IF I'M LUCKY, HE'LL FLEEZ ONE NOW!



CURSE MY SHAKING HAND! I ONLY SNAZZED HIM! GOT TO GET OUT OF THE ROOM BEFORE HE RECOVERS FROM HIS FRIGHT!









MOMENTS LATER...WITH POUNDING HEART!

NO SCARS...NOT EVEN A SCAB...OF PAIN...YET FLAME'S BLOOD IS MIRRORING OVER THE THRESHOLD! HE **MUST** BE DEAD!



BUT HOW CAN HE BE DEAD...WHEN I SEE HIS EYES STARING AT ME!



EVERYWHERE! **FLAME'S EYES**...STARING AT ME! SCOUNDING AWAY!



I'LL GET RID OF THEM! I'LL SHUT THEM **FOREVER!** I'LL KILL THEM AGAIN! AND AGAIN!



**FLAME!** THEN YOU AREN'T DEAD!! YOU'RE NOT IN THE HOUSE, BEHIND THE BILLIARD ROOM DOOR...YOU'RE HERE...**ALIVE!**



AAEEK! YOU'RE **ALIVE!** BULLETS DON'T KILL YOU!



MY LAST BULLETS...NOW I'M ALONE...NOTHING BETWEEN ME AND FLAME'S FANGS!





# DEAD MAN'S TALE



IT IS PROPER TO BEGIN THIS DEAD MAN'S TALE  
AT THE UNDERTAKERS, WHERE...

GENTLY, GENTLY...  
YOU ARE CARRYING  
A GREAT MAN!

I'LL SAY - HE'S GREAT! THE  
OTHER MENWER A TINY MAN!  
ANYER YOU ALWAYS GET SOME  
GIANTS! WOOL! AN' THERE NO  
DEAD WIDGETS?



THERE SOCIETY BOYS  
OGER DRESS FANCY  
WHERE WAS HE GOING  
TO A HANGOVER?

HAW, YOU DORE! MR.  
MORGAN WAS ON A  
FOUNTAIN WHEN HE  
DROPPED DEAD!







"I REMEMBER HOLLAND WENT THAT LITTLE ONE-  
VEGETATION NEEDS DRINK MARCH YOUR WASTES A DAY.  
IT WAS... I THOUGHT I WAS BEING SQUISHED ALIVE!"

I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS  
DOOR WAS COLD. WHY ARE  
RADIATORS COLDER THAN  
THIS FUEL-TANKING  
BOTTLED POLUTION!

CAN'T HELP IT  
MISTER. I'M DINN!  
YOU WANT I HOT  
DON'T WANT TO DRINK  
IT IF NOBODY WANT.  
WELL, YOUR OWN'S ABOUT  
READY!



LIKE SUEP. CAN'T IT...  
UNLY THING  
MISSING IN MISTERY!

IF I SEE AN IMAGINATION  
I AM TASTE THEM,  
TOO--(GASP!)



GUDE! ITS READY--  
SUNNY FOR THE  
JUNKPILE!

HEY, MISTER... DON'T  
THROW YOUR BOTTLE  
AWAY! GIVE ME SOME  
ON IT... ME THROTS AS  
DEY IN A TESTOTALER'S  
GIZZARD!



YOU BEIN' NO WIND  
MISTER--HOW ABOUT  
GAIN UP A BITE? ITS  
A LONG WAY I'M TRAV-  
ELING AND EVERY LITTLE  
BIT HELPS ME PUPPUS!

IF YOU'RE WILLING TO  
RISK YOUR LIFE  
RIDING IN THIS  
BROKEN-DOWN YOU-  
CAR, ITS OKAY BY  
ME. I CAN OBE YOU  
DON'T KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE DOING!



I WOULDN'T SAY THAT, IF I WAS  
YOU. MISTER... I ALWAYS KNOW WHAT  
I'M DOIN'!



A HALF HOUR LATER... THE WORST HAPPENS...

CURSE MY LUCK AND  
CURSE YOU FOR  
LEAVING TO THE  
ROTTERNESS-OF-IT!  
I SHOULD HAVE  
KNOWN YOU'D BE A  
JUNK!

ME DEAR SIR, ME A  
JUNK? WHY, I'M JUST  
A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING  
BUSH. BUSHIN' A  
BITE...!



LOOK AT THE  
CURSED THING  
BLOW-UPING  
THE CAR! CURSE  
THE WORLD...  
CURSE ME! I'M  
LICKED!



ACTA MONA THINGIE  
NOT THAT BAD.  
MAVER I CAN  
HELP YOU. YOU  
HARD BEEN  
SO KIND TO  
ME BEFORE!

YOU HELP ME?  
A WORTHLESS  
TEAM! I WANT  
CAN YOU DO  
EXCEPT STAND  
AROUND AND  
DRINK YOUR  
SWEET DRINK?



FOURTH WALL  
AND WHAT?  
HUSH YE DO.  
YE AND ME  
A FEW A  
LITTLE WHILE  
BACK WHEN I  
WAS THIRSTY,  
NOW I'VE GOT A  
LITTLE DRINK  
FOR YOU!

TAKE ONE  
BUNCH OF THEM  
STUFF AND YOU  
CAN RUN LIKE  
A WALK-BOY.  
MAVER I'VE  
WASH A LITTLE  
LARGER, I'LL  
TURN INTO A  
BANG-BOY!



IF I HAD TO  
GET DRINK  
AND SEE THE  
WORLD WITH  
MY EYES OPEN,  
YOU DON'T  
HATE TO TALK  
ME AND GET  
MY FEELING  
BOTTLE-DOO  
OH MY  
SACRE!

IS THERE ANY "FIREWATER"? YES WITH  
WATER, THERE IS WATER-COCKED STUFF...  
SNAKE OIL! THE INDIAN CRIES WHAT GIVE  
IT TO ME HAVE YE TAKE A SWALLOW,  
WANTS A WISH, AND THE WISH COMES  
TRUE!



STAY AWAY... THERE A  
BUNCH BARTERIA GOT  
TA LONGER I'VE DON'T  
LIKE THE TASTE GAY  
T OUT, BUT DON'T FORGET  
TO WASH AS YE WASH  
YOUR WHISTLE.



YOU'RE RIGHT... I'VE  
NOTHING AT ALL TO  
LOVE. IN FACT, HE  
THERE'S POISON IN  
THE BOTTLE, I'LL  
BE SORRY.  
TOO!

THAT'S THE STUFF,  
MAVER GOT ITS BUCKS!  
-THAT'S RIGHT!  
NOW WISH THAT  
THE CAR REND  
AGAIN...

WAS BEA FINDER  
ABOUT THIS MAGAC  
NOMBER? I HOPE  
THAT THE TIN LEGGED  
CHAMBER AND A  
LINDORRE!



A SECOND LICKER  
WELL, MY GUY'S  
A LITTLE STRONGER  
SKEIN POP, AMN' IT?



GRAY G-SCOTT!  
-I CAN'T  
BELIEVE MY  
EYES... A  
LIMONNE!!



*Kingdom of the*

DISAPPEARED? I DISAPPEAR  
NEVER, MYRON NORMAN!—I SHALL  
BE WITH YOU FOR THE REST OF  
YOUR LIFE AND I SHALL CLAIM  
YOU AT THE END  
OF IT!

SOMETIMES  
WISDOM  
HAPPENES  
I'VE GOT TO  
GET AWAY  
FROM HERE!  
FAR AWAY!

I DON'T KNOW ANY-  
THING ABOUT TWO  
WONDERFUL LIQUIDS... BUT WHO WOULD?  
ALL I KNOW IS THAT DRINK GRANTS  
MY WISH! WHA!



DON'T WORRY,  
LITTLE MORTAL...  
WATCH HOW RABBIT-  
TERED YOUR LIFE  
WILL BE AS YOU USE  
THE LIQUID GRADU-  
ALLY DISAPPEAR!

WHO CARES  
THAT WITH EACH  
SWALLOW DIMINISH-  
ES THE CONTENTS  
OF THE BOTTLE, MY  
OWN LIFE DIMIN-  
ISHES?—I WANT A  
SUCCESSFUL LIFE,  
EVEN IF IT BECOMES  
A SHORT ONE!

"YEARS PASSED  
AND WITH THEM SW-  
INGING UNDER MY  
BECKONING, I WAS  
POWERFUL, AND  
RESPECTED,  
BEYOND ALL MY  
DREAMS..."

"HE HAD THE MOST BEAU-  
TIFUL WOMAN IN OUR ARTISTE  
SOCIETY..."



"HE HAD SUCCESS  
ON BRIMENTS..."



"A MAGNIFICENT  
ESTATE..."



"A YACHT..."



"AND THE GREATEST  
PRIZE OF ALL, HIS  
LITTLE DAUGHTER..."



Myron Norman



BUT NOBODY KNOWS THE SECRET OF HIS REVENGE  
AND NOBODY KNOWS HIS **GORDON**, EXCEPT  
**MYRON MORGAN!**

LITTLE IDEAS AREN'T KNOWN THAT THE "JAMES"  
BEHIND ALL THIS WEALTH AND POWER LIES  
HIDDEN UP IN A TINY OLD AMERICAN BOTTLE  
NOT SO MY LIFE IS CONTAINED IN A FEW  
DROPS OF THE STEAMER FLUID!



I THINK I'LL HAVE A LOOK AND SEE  
HOW MUCH OF THE STEAMER FLUID IS LEFT...  
MIGHTY NEAR IT IN SOME TUBS!



**GREAT GUNS!** THERE'S SCARCELY  
ANYTHING LEFT! THE LIQUID  
IS ALMOST GONE!



THE GUNS LEFT OUT  
OF THE KNOW MY OWN  
LEFT BLOOD SHEDDING!



I KNOW WHAT  
I'LL DO. I'LL  
WASH FOR  
MORE  
LIQUID!



IT DOESN'T WORK! NOTHING'S BEEN  
ACTING, AND A PRODIGIOUS WIP ON ITS OWN  
WASTED...WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? MY  
LIFE'S AT STAKE!



I'VE GOT IT! I'LL DILUTE  
THE LIQUID WITH WATER!



BOMBING LATER IN THE KITCHEN.....

I CAN'T AFFORD TO OVERHAUL THE ENTIRE CONTENTS WITH THIS EXPENSIVE! SO I'LL JUST USE A BATCH OF THE MAGIC LIQUID AND TRY DILUTING IT WITH WATER IN THE "HEADPHONE".



NOW I'LL GO FOR SOMETHING SIMPLE, USE A \$1000. TO APPEAR ON THE "HISTORY WHEEL".



NOTHING DILUTING THE GUY'S ONLY DE-STROYS ITS POWER! ONLY THE ORIGINAL CONCENTRATE WILL WORK! ...IT'S THE LIQUID ITSELF I MUST GET SOME ON!



I'LL MAKE FROM THE BARON'S CHEMIST, ANALYZE THE LIQUID AND HAVE HIM MAKE MORE OF IT--!!



STAYING IN FRONT OF JACKSON...

WHY THIS IS A VERY COMMON CONDUCTING MR. JACKSON, I CAN DIGEST OR WELL ON THE STUFF FOR YOU!

YOU CAN'T THEN MAKE A GALLON OF IT, RIGHT NOW! I'LL COVER FOR THE OL' MESS, LATER!



IF THIS PERSON, I'LL BE THE WEALTHIEST, MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD! I'LL HAVE GOLD COINTEGRITY OF THE MOST JACKSON TOWN IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE!



AN HOUR LATER IN THE DEN OF HIS HOME....

ANOTHER SECRET WILL  
TELL THE STORY! I'LL  
WIN FOR AGLATER PITCHER  
TO DRA THE MAGIC  
ILLUSION



DOWN THE  
HATCH!



DADDY, WHAT  
ARE YOU DRINKING?  
CAN I HAVE  
SOME?



ONLY THING TO DO IS HAVE  
A CONCRETE CONTAINER AND  
GET THE BOTTLE IN IT SO  
THAT THE LIQUID REMAINS  
UNTouched FOREVER!

NO CIVILIAN  
THIS LIQUID  
IS FACT FOR  
YOU, IT'S BE-  
TTER AND  
BETTER-TASTING

IS GOING TO BUY  
YOU AN ICE-CREAM  
SODA INSTEAD!

ANOTHER FAILURE! NOTHING!  
THE SYNTHETIC LIQUID LACKS  
LONG ECONOMIC SPIRIT, WHICH  
RENDERS IT INEFFECTUAL...

AW DARN,  
FUTAGE...  
GIVE  
ME  
DOWN!



AN ICE CREAM SODA? OH,  
GOOD! CAN I HAVE A  
CHOCOLATE ONE WITH  
**TWO DIPS?**

OF COURSE, DEAR,

IF I HAVE EVERYTHING I  
NEED, A MOMENT OF  
BEAUTIFULNESS AND  
CALM IN THE HAND...

...IF I COULD ONLY THE  
LAST FEW DIPS, I'LL  
HAVE PERFECT ANSWERS  
THAT ALL CONTAIN TO LIVE  
OUT MY MORAL LIFE. I'LL  
SEE ABOUT THAT CONCRETE  
CONTAINER TOMORROW.







SEE WELLBORN, FIRST I TRIED  
THE LITTLE LUGS OPEN...  
DIRTY MIGHT HAVE FORGOTT  
TO CLOSE IT THEN I SAW  
THE DIRTY-LOOKING BOTTLE  
...HOW DIRTY IT IS!



AT THE SAME TIME, ON THE  
ROY VULT...

I'VE GOT EVERYTHING TO LIVE  
FOR... ONCE THE WENGE OF  
LOVING THE LIQUID IN THE  
BOTTLE IS RE-  
MOVED... AND  
THAT'LL BE  
SOON!...



HOW UGLY  
THE BOTTLE  
IS... I HATE  
IT! THERE!



WHAT ON  
EARTH ARE  
YOU DOING?  
GET OFF  
THAT CHAIR  
BEFORE YOU  
EAT YOURSELF!

WH...  
ARRGH!

LOOK AT MORGAN,  
S-SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENED TO HIM!



SHORTLY  
AFTER, IN  
THE  
LINKARD...

YOU NAUGHTY  
DIRTY! LOOK  
WHAT YOU'VE  
DONE! WERE  
YOUR OWN  
NEEDED THAT BOTTLE, AND  
GIVE NOW YOU'VE WASHED IT TO  
PIECE!

NEEDED IT!  
YOU SET HE  
NEEDED IT.  
MADAM! LOOK  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO THE ROY  
WELLBORN  
MORGAN  
WITHOUT  
IT!



REMEMBER THIS, MY BOY? YOU LIARD  
IT SO WELL, DON'T YOU? WHAT DO YOU  
THINK OF IT NOW? OH, BEING WELL  
FORGET! YOU CAN'T SEE AND YOU  
CAN'T THINK, CAN YOU, NOW?



...I HAVE TO DO YOUR THINKING AND  
SPEAKING FOR YOU! ...WHAT A STORY YOU  
WOULD TELL, IF YOU COULD ONLY SPEAK!



AT THE UNDERSTAIRS





I CAN FEEL THE BOAT  
DOWN NOW!

LOOK AT THOSE  
WAVES!



BERT! I THINK  
WE GOT HERE  
LATE FOR  
A CIGARETTE!

THE BOAT  
WAS AWAY  
AND THAT  
GIRL WAS!  
PULL  
UP!



**PULL  
UP...!**



**MONDAY  
EVENING**

THE PLANEY PLANEY LINE  
A SPONGE... WE'LL GO  
DOWN AND RESCUED WERE  
BERT'S HOT WIRE AND THE  
GIRL WAS  
LOOKS!



BERT, I KNOW WHAT THIS IS!  
I SAW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING  
BECAUSE YOU KNOW I STILL DON'T  
KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING THIS  
MORNING OF CEMENT FLOOR!



WALLY, PLEASE... DON'T COME  
OUT ON MY TOES! I'VE NEVER  
HEARD IT TO THE KING WITH  
BOTH OF YOU... WASN'T!

Oh, Bert...



THANKS, BERT...  
IT'S ME  
WALLY...  
NOT ME!

I KNOW WHAT  
BUT YOU  
GOT TO TRY  
EVERYTHING!



















**T**HE SOUND IS ALSO  
HEARD BY THE  
VILLAGERS NEARBY.  
WHOO—

**GERM 12**



**S**OME  
**RED**  
STONES FROM  
NO-  
WHERE



**A** NOWHERE  
THAT  
MATERIALIZES  
IN BEAUTIFULLY  
SHINY FORM



THAT'S WHAT ALL THE  
GOOMING HAS  
ABOUT — YOU'RE  
IMMEDIATE RESCUING GUY!  
UP, TA (SOUND)

**GREAT SCOT,**  
USE —  
**YOU'RE**

**A**FTER BINDING UP TO THE  
FACELESS POOL, THE  
FOUR MEN-FOUND BRINGS  
HERE THE SHADOWS  
GOING GETTING CLOSER



PR 90



9471 7201  
WANT TO GO  
W/TH GEORGE ON  
TO WASH DC  
CLOSE TO  
HALL

**THE MONSTER  
MAY BOMB...  
LEAVE FOR  
NOW!**

GIANT HINDS  
MAKING  
LEADS  
TATTOO WAS IN  
TWO LINES  
WINDY & RAINY



## SACRIFICE



**A** 16-404 RECORDS WITH DAWY, THE  
OUT FINGER, THE FROM THE  
ISLAND OF THE HUNTING VIBES.

DOES THEY HAVE AN  
PROMISING, THE  
HIM GASTROGASTRO  
LITERS, THEY TRY  
TILL ON AARP TO  
FIND FINANCIAL LEND  
JUST OF ALL THE  
NUTS ABOUT JOE  
AND COULD BE  
SHOOTER NAME

THE REPORT OF  
HARRIS ON THE  
RE-GET BACK TO  
SOME OF THE  
AND A LOT OF  
HARRIS ON THE  
RE-GET BACK TO  
SOME OF THE  
AND A LOT OF  
HARRIS ON THE  
RE-GET BACK TO  
SOME OF THE  
AND A LOT OF



**S**AM AND MIKE REACHED THEIR HOME AT TEN TEN, LIVED IN A SPACIOUS WOODBURN HOUSE  
SHORTLY WORK OF THE WILSON STRINGS, SLOTTED WITH SILENTLY. --SAY NOW, THE  
WALK UP TRACTS ON THE 1ST FLOOR.





Angels & Demons



Roughm Thunk





The door opened and a pleasant-looking girl with a quiet gaze led Mr. Grohson into the sitting room.

"My sister will be down presently," said the girl, disappearing with his coat and hat.

Grohson wondered what Mrs. Grohson would be like, whether she, too, would give him the cold reception he had received in this gloomy little village. A district attorney come to a village to convict a native son of murder despite the man's passionate denial of it, cannot be very popular with the townspeople when they are in sympathy with the accused.

At any rate, there was a strong fire blazing in the fireplace to offset the November cold. Grohson took a position in front of the snapping blaze and spread grateful palms toward the warmth. He looked down at his feet, surprised that they should remain so cold in spite of the fire. But drafts of cool air were coming from somewhere inside the house. As he crouched near the floor in front of the fireplace, moving his hands about, slowly, suspiciously, the girl returned.

Grohson caught sight of her and stood erect. "Seems to be a draft somewhere in the house," he commented, by way of explaining his actions.

The girl did not reply. She took a

seat at the opposite end of the room and folded her hands in her lap.

"How long do you mean to stay?" asked the girl, following an embarrassing stillness.

"That's hard to say. It depends." Clearly, this girl shared the attitude of the villagers, who seemed satisfied with the defendant's explanation that he shot and killed his brother, thinking him a robber. . . . What a naive alibi! Perhaps, Grohson frequently mused, only a guiltless man could be so unsubtle as to base his defense on a momentary, though fatal, delusion.

"Do you know anything about my older sister?" inquired the girl.

"Very little. Only that she had a few rooms for tourists."

"Then you know next to nothing about her?" persisted the girl.

"Only her name and address," acknowledged the visitor. Why was the girl so insistent? Grohson wondered what there was about the house that made him feel nervous. Had it anything to do with Mrs. Broughsen? And then, that blamed, shivery draft along the floor! Grim lines appeared along the girl's mouth. A certain harshness entered her voice.

"My sister's tragedy happened exactly one year ago," said the girl. "I don't suppose anybody told you."

"Her tragedy?" repeated Grohson. "You may be curious why we keep



the rear door open on a cold November day," said the girl, rising and walking toward the hallway. She nodded to Grohson and Grohson followed her. The kitchen door leading to the garage of the house was wide open and blasts of freezing air gusted madly into the room. The door was restrained from violent swinging by a cord tied around the doorknob and fixed to a steampipe behind the door. Grohson's jaws gaped with amazement.

"I don't understand," gasped Grohson, quailing before the winds that whipped into the kitchen. "What has this open door got to do with your sister's tragedy?"

"Through that door, one year ago to the day, my brother-in-law and his son went for a drive. They never came back. In crossing a bridge they swerved to avoid collision with a car coming from the opposite direction and crashed through the guard rails, falling fifty feet into the river . . . where they drowned. It was days before their bodies were recovered. When they were, the corpses looked too gruesome to be exhibited and were never seen by my sister. That's the terrible part of it." Here the girl's voice lost its reserve and broke down into sobbing, pathetic. "Poor thing, my sister, that her husband and son will come

back one day, and burst in through that door laughing as they used to do. That is why the door is left open every afternoon until it is quite dark. Do you know, Mr. Grohson, sometimes on a crisp, icy afternoon like this, I myself get an eerie feeling that they will come in again through that door."

The girl broke off with a shudder that was not occasioned by the cold. Then, despondently, they returned to the sitting room, where Grohson sat for a time, staring unhappily into the fireplace. The girl just looked at the floor at her feet. Then, suddenly, Mrs. Brougham hurried into the room with a swirl of apologies for being so late.

"I hope Clara has been entertaining you," she said.

"Your sister has been most interesting," replied Grohson.

"I hope you don't mind our open door," Mrs. Brougham went on. "My husband and son will soon be at home. They just went down to the railroad station to pick up some gardening tools."

"Have you any children, Mr. Grohson?" Mrs. Brougham asked very sweetly. Grohson replied gruffly that he wasn't fortunate enough to be married. Mrs. Brougham continued to talk about Teddy and her husband. —As if they were actually going to

enter the room at any moment. Grohson listened with horror to a whole series of anecdotes about the little family. The thing was so appalling!—Mrs. Brougham would remain unchanged forever. And the dove! . . . That door would be open forever, awaiting people who could never materialize in this life!

It was in the midst of some inconsequential debate that Mrs. Brougham straightened up in alertness . . . She raised her finger and cocked her head brightly. "They're coming!" she said.

Grohson looked at the girl in amazement. The girl's face was a blank. Her eyes widened.

Mrs. Brougham clasped her hands joyously. "Back just in time for Teddy's afternoon milk!"

The girl rose hastily and began to comfort her older sister, who protested, "What are you talking about, Clara . . . they're NOT coming? Why, I heard them distinctly! Ben's car is making the turn into the driveway now!"

It was true. The cold coughing of a car was audible. The girl's eyes started from her head as she heard something roar to a stop behind the house. Mrs. Brougham's face was wreathed in smiles. "They're back! They're back!" she cried, rapturously. Grohson felt faint. Even the draft along the floor grew colder. Outside, a car door slammed and voices rang forth in a merry argument. The girl tossed a glance at the hallway leading to the kitchen and then began to shrink toward the fireplace, with one hand clutching her throat. Grohson knew the blood was drained from his own face. A heavy footfall sounded in the hallway and then a quick patter of feet. Mrs. Brougham sprang to the hallway and shouted, "Darling!" Her arms were outstretched gayly. Both Grohson and the girl stood shoulder to shoulder, their backs to the door, terrified, waiting in their motionless poses. They remained simultaneously as a little

child bounded into the room and a tall, strapping fellow in a plaid macintosh took Mrs. Brougham in his laughing embrace.

"That's Mr. Grohson, darling," introduced Mrs. Brougham, indicating the shrieking man at the fireplace. Brougham came at Grohson with a large hand cordially extended. "Put it there!" he boomed. Grohson struck wildly at the apparition's hand and filled the room with his shrieks. The girl was shrieking, too, her hands to her temples, but a strange note had crept into her voice. Grohson, whose heart felt like ice, stared at the girl. She was . . . LAUGHING!—Could it be hysteria?

But Mrs. Brougham was laughing, too. And Teddy, her dead child! And Mr. Brougham!—Why, he was roaring with mirth, tears coursing down his cheeks! Grohson stopped screaming and watched them, struck dumb with astonishment.

"Why are you all . . . laughing?" he managed to say, haltingly, fearfully. The girl pointed a finger at Grohson, narrowed her eyes, and stopped laughing. So did the others, completely. The room was silent as a tomb.

"There, Mr. Prosecutor . . . there is your proof! Your PROOF, do you hear! So you don't believe in illusions! You didn't believe George Macready's story about how he accidentally shot his brother! What do you say NOW, eh? Is it possible to have delusions? Is it possible to mistake people, eh?—Even the LIVING for the DEAD?"

In a moment, district attorney Grohson understood everything. It had all been an ingenious, chilling trick! He bowed his head. He had learned something. And he never forgot his lesson.

To witness: Two weeks later, George Macready was released from murder charges. Mr. Grohson's grounds for dropping the case: Macready had an illusion . . . a very strange illusion!

# MYSTERY MURDER MANOR







THERE'S  
HITHER  
HANGIN'  
NOW!

THEN LET'S  
GET AWAY  
WHILE HE  
STILL HAS  
THE CHANCE!



WH-WHAT  
WAS  
THAT?...

ONLY THE DOGS! STOP  
BEING NERVOUS, RUBY!  
THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT  
US!



NICE AND SILENT  
FOR A JACKEN-  
DOWN HOUSE!  
IT'LL DO US FOR  
THE NIGHT!

3-JOHNNY!  
1-LOOK!!



A DEAD  
MAN!!  
H-HANDS!!



DEAD ABOUT A  
FEET, 20 GAT  
OUT...WHY?

YOU--YOU  
AREN'T  
GOING TO  
STOP TO FIND  
OUT--ARE  
YOU, JOHNNY?



ARE THEY ASSESSABLE  
YOUR SHOWS ARE RUBY?  
THEY'VE EVEN LEFT THE DOOR  
OPEN?

WHY DON'T WE BE SILENT  
LIKE THAT RAT AND RUN  
AWAY WITH THIS SPOON  
POUNCE?--BECAUSE YOU'RE  
SO LONGTREMELY STUBBORN!



I'M NOT SO SURE  
NOBODY'S HERE--  
WHAT ABOUT SHOTS?

...I DON'T  
BELIEVE IN  
GHOSTS!

I CERTAINLY AMN EN SEARCHING THE HOUSE FROM ATTIC TO CELLAR TILL I FIND OUT WHY THAT MAN WAS KILLED!!

SUDDENLY...

**FOOLS! LEAVE THIS HOUSE -- OR DIE!!**

THE GHOST'S WARNING

THAT VOICE HAD A queer, high-pitched ring that might mean!

OF COURSE IT WERENT HUMAN! I TOLD YOU--IT'S A GHOST'S VOICE! LET'S GO--AN' FORMS BETTER THAN THIS MERE PLACE!

YOU KNOW THE LEGEND OF MURDER MANSOR ELBERTS CASTLE? WHAT IS IT?

LAST CENTURY SOME BODY BROUGHT HOME TREASURE TO PLACE BARGE AND BURIED IT HERE

--THESE USED TO BE A LOT OF FIGHTER ALL OVER THE KEEP OF ELBERT--ONE OF THEM THOUGHT OF HAVING HIS GOLD IN THIS DESERTED MANSION--BUT SINCE THEN, ANY MAN WHO'S COME TO MURDER MANSOR GOT MURDERED --OR--OR--SOMETHING!

IT'S A GOOD THE ORIGINAL PLACE WASN'T ALIVE TO CAUSE ALL THE KILLING--NOBODY LIVES A CENTURY!

BUT A GHOST CAN'T

THAT "GHOST'S" VOICE CAME FROM UP HERE! I'LL SOON SEE WHETHER A BODY DOES ALONG WITH THAT VOICE!

YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, JOHNNY. COME BACK! OH YOU DUMB ATHLETE, YOU!

IT'S A GOOD THE ORIGINAL PLACE WASN'T ALIVE TO CAUSE ALL THE KILLING--NOBODY LIVES A CENTURY!

THAT "GHOST'S" VOICE CAME FROM UP HERE! I'LL SOON SEE WHETHER A BODY DOES ALONG WITH THAT VOICE!

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# THE STRANGE CASE OF HENPECKED HARRY



FROM THE MOMENT HARRY HORTON SUFFERED A MARRIAGE BOND ON HIS WIFE'S FINGER, HE WAS AT WAR WITH HER! SHE GAVE HIM NO RESPECT, NO REST, NO MERCY... SHE HOOKED HIM, CRITICIZED HIM, AMUSED HIM, BORESTOMED AT HIM, STRUCK HIM. HE WAS A FOOL, A BUNGLER, A FAILURE, AN IMBECILE! -- NOTHING HE EVER DID WAS RIGHT. -- SO, IS IT ANY WONDER THAT THINGS TURNED OUT SO WRONG IN -- "THE STRANGE CASE OF HEN-PECKED HARRY"???







LOOK WHAT YOU TRACKED INTO THE HOUSE!!  
ALL THE DIRT IN THE STREET! LOOK AT  
THAT CARPET, YOU FOOL! JUST LOOK AT  
IT... IT'S  
RUINED!

O-GOSH, HOW DID  
THAT HAPPEN...



HOW DID IT HAPPEN, YOU IDIOT?  
HOW DO ALL THE STUPID THINGS YOU  
DO, HAPPEN? BECAUSE YOU'RE A NINE-  
BALL-A TORTURER, A CLUE ON MY  
MARRIED LIFE!

BUT...  
BUT...



BUT... YEOWWW!

YOU'RE KNOCKING  
OVER THE  
LAMP!



I-I... COULDN'T  
HELP IT, HELEN!  
I DON'T SEE-  
OWWW!

IDIOT!  
YOU  
IDIOT!  
YOU  
DELIBER-  
ATELY SMASHED  
MY BEST  
LAMP!



WHAM!  
POW!

OWWW! WHO!  
DON'T!

I'LL TEACH  
YOU TO BE  
CLUMSY!

THEY'RE  
BETTER, EVER  
TODAY!

IT'S A DISGRACE!  
SOMEBODY ought  
TO CALL THE  
POLICE!



HALF HOUR LATER...

THANK GOD SHE'S  
LEAVING... IF I  
HEARD HER VOICE  
ANOTHER MINUTE,  
I WOULD GO MAD!

--AND IF YOU THINK I'M GOING  
HERE! ANOTHER MINUTE WITH A  
NINEBALL-LIKE YOU, YOU'RE CRAZIER  
THAN I THINK YOU ARE!--AND YOU  
KNOW HOW CRAZY THAT IS!



...MAKING A  
MURDERER!



















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