

# STARTLING 15¢ MYSTERY

MAGAZINE

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## TWO FULL LENGTH NOVELS OF EERIE MENACE

**FLESH FOR THE DEVIL'S PIPER.....Wayne Rogers 6**

The girls who heard the love-call sent from the depths of Dead Man's pond were filled with a raging madness that made them plunge eagerly into the dark waters for a rendezvous with death!

**BUS LINE FOR THE DEAD.....Otis Cameron 62**

The horror of that journey with the cadavers had only just begun for Nell Mansfield when the death bus stopped. For it brought her to a picnic where rotting corpses from the grave danced around the fires that would roast her flesh!

## TWO BLOOD-CHILLING NOVELETTES

**DEATH STOCKS HIS HAREM.....Francis James 38**

Hell had spawned upon the city street a brood of hideously deformed monsters who made the night clamor with the groans of murdered men and the agonized screams of lovely women!

**THE POOL OF AGONY.....Conrad Kimball 66**

How could I watch that inhuman diving contest and not go mad? The pool into which those monsters were about to throw my beloved fiancée was filled with boiling oil!

## THREE SHORT STORIES OF STARK TERROR

**MY HANDS WANT BLOOD.....Richard Huzarski 28**

The madness in Red Cramer's blood changed his love into a saturnalia of murder where his gentle caresses mingled with the tortures of a fiend!

**THE DINNER COOKED IN HELL.....Mindret Lord 56**

The meal was baked in the ovens of hell; the entertainment was planned in the antechamber of Satan!

**I AM THE DEMON.....William B. Rainey 79**

My mind was twisted by lust for speed, but I knew that a living death awaited me if I didn't drive in tomorrow's race; knew that if I did, my wife and child would perish!

— AND —

**DEATH'S HAND-MAIDEN.....The Editors 4**

**THE CRYPT.....A Department 89**

# THE CRYPT

DAVID KEPNER was a respected citizen of the suburban village where he lived with his charming young wife and six-year-old son. It would never have occurred to anyone to connect him with the four ambulances that had disappeared from the face of the earth.

But one morning, after he had been out very late the night before, his wife noticed something red beneath his finger nails, and was not satisfied with his explanation that he had been demonstrating his firm's new line of cosmetics to an out of town buyer. The next time he left the house at night, she took her own coupé and followed him. She couldn't understand why he drove to a hospital, parked in front of it, and sat there. Puzzled and frightened, she parked and waited.

Several hours later an ambulance left the garage and sped screaming into the street. Dave Keppner started his car and followed. His wife sped behind. All three stopped at the scene of an automobile accident. Mrs. Keppner watched with horrified apprehension as her husband stole into the body of the ambulance while the driver was helping the interne lift the mangled victim of the wreck onto the stretcher. In a few minutes the ambulance started off again. Mrs. Keppner followed. As she drove, a muffled noise came to her ears—like the sound of a shot! Then another!

After miles of twisting and turning, the ambulance drove into the garage of an empty house in a part of town that had been almost completely deserted. The terrified woman saw the figure of her husband emerge from the driver's seat, and carry the inert driver into the dark depths of the house. Then he returned for the interne and the injured man. It seemed hours before she could summon enough courage to enter that dwelling of the dead.

What she saw tore a scream of terror from her throat. Her husband was sitting on the floor beside the accident victim. He was alternately staunching the flow of blood from the hideous wounds and probing into them deeply with a butcher knife. And all the time he habbled incoherently, crooningly, to the half dead body. Beside him were the bodies of the driver and the interne—blood streaming thickly from the ruins of their eyes. And in the dark corners of the room were strewn grisly heaps of human flesh and blood-darkened clothes that tainted the air with the sickening stench of decay.

Her husband turned when she screamed, moved toward her without recognition. She screamed again and when she saw the burly figure of a policeman, she fainted. . . .

The case of David Keppner is by no means unique. Every day newspapers throughout the country bear the reports of hideous crimes committed by people respected in their communities. In the secret shadows of every man's being there lurks a monster tensely crouched to leap and kill. Beware!