OCT.
ISSUE
OF
BRUCES
FUNZINE
HERE
LIES
BRUCE'S
FUNZINE
R.I.P.

LAUGHS

HERE ARE SOME HALLOWEEN JOKES

What sort of boats do vampires like?

Blood vessels.

What does a vampire do first thing in the morning?

He puts on his bat-robe and goes to brush his teeth in the batroom.

What is a vampire's favorite sport?

Bat-minton.

What was the name of the vampire's old girlfriend?

Cleobatra.

Who was the vampire's cook?

Batty Crocker.

What does a vampire eat for lunch?

Alpha-Bat soup.

If a vampire is unmarried, what is he?

A bat-chelor.

What's a ghost's favorite drink?

Spirits.

What do mummies do for entertainment?

They get together and wrap.

What do grave robbers wear in the cemetery?

Ghoulashes.

What do ghosts like for dinner?

Spook-etti.

What's a ghost's favorite amusement park ride?

The roller ghoster.

What did the ghost say to the person who mumbled?

"Spook up. I can't hear you."

What's a ghost's favorite drink?

Ghoul-aid.

What do ghosts like for breakfast?

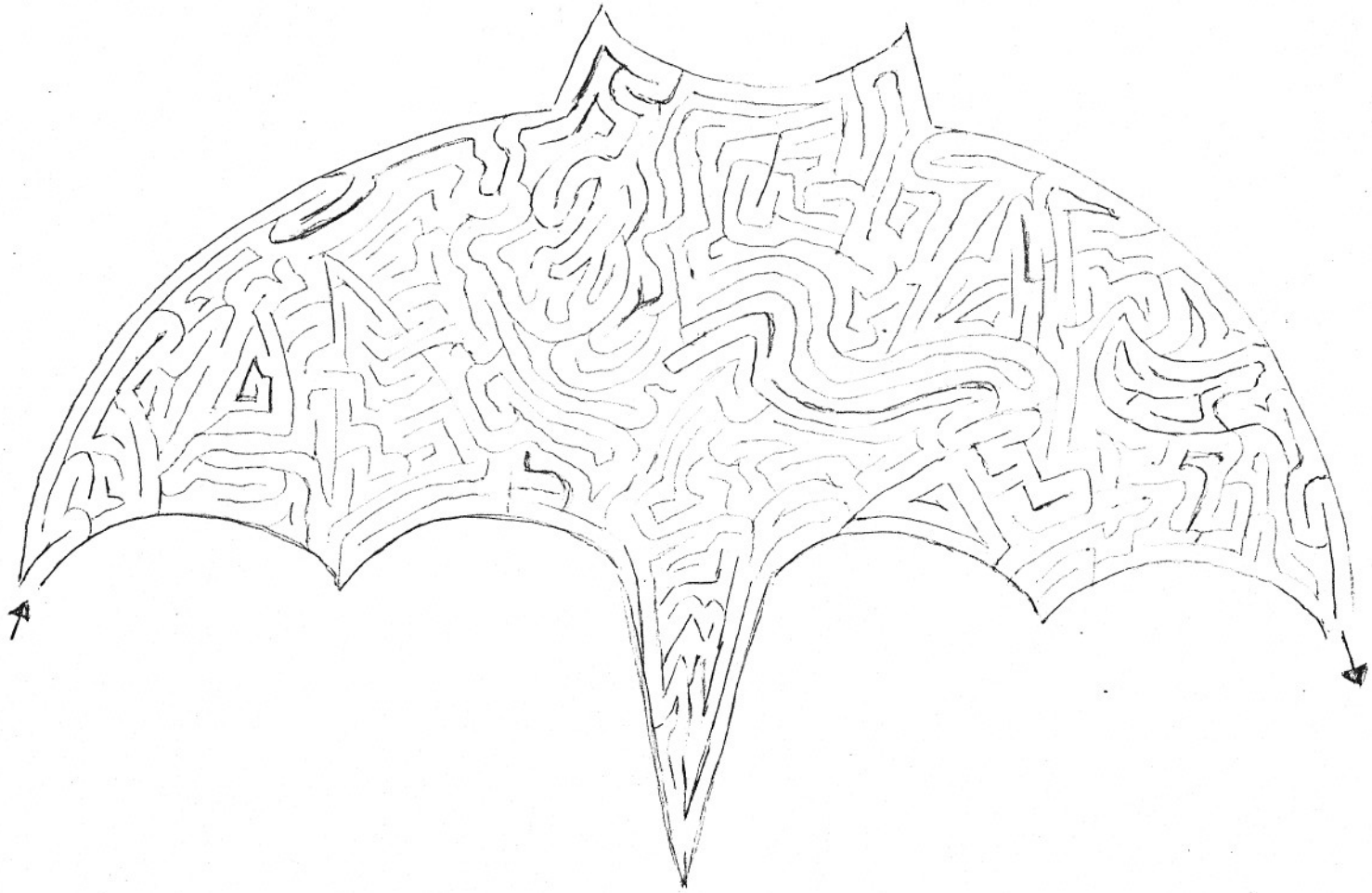
Ghost Toasties.

What did someone say about the success of Bruce's Funzine?

"It hasn't got a ghost of a chance."

CARTOON CHARACTER OF THE MONTH — SCOOBY DOO

MAZE



Here is an old Halloween story.

It was a dark stormy night. A man was driving his car along a dimly lighted road. Suddenly his car began to putt. He was out of gas. Not having any choice, he got out of his car and went on down the road. Seeing an old house, he went up past its dark gate and up to the front door. He rang the doorbell. It was answered by a tall scraggly man.

"Uh, my car broke down a few miles back," said the first man. "Could I possibly stay here tonight."

"Of course. Come in."

"I can't thank you enough --", started the first man.

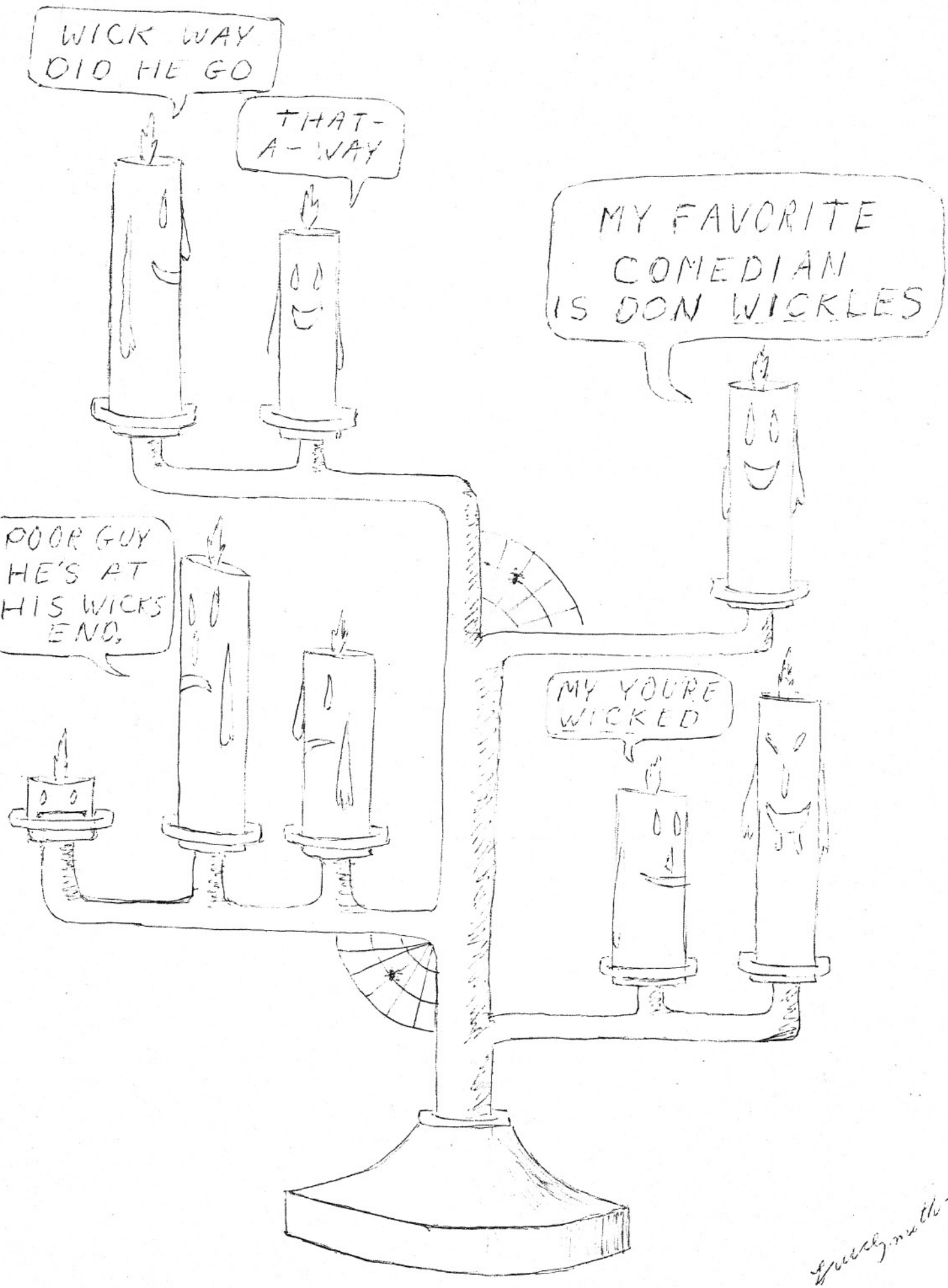
Cutting him off, the old man said, "Before you go to sleep I would like to show you something." Leading him down to the basement, the old man opened a big door. It had a chain across it. He unlocked the lock holding it together. In front of them was another door like a safe door. The old man dialed the combination and it creaked open. But there was still another door with many locks and a big bar across the front. The old man moved the bar and unlocked the locks with a string of keys he pulled from his pocket. This door opened to a big room. In the center was a big cage, and in the cage a monster. A hideous monster; green and slimy, with three eyes, and long fingers that seemed always to be grasping. "This is my pet," said the old man. "Never touch him. You can go to sleep now."

So the man went upstairs and into his room. He laid down and began to think about the monster. He tried to sleep but his mind kept returning to the monster. Getting up, he went down to the basement and made his way through the doors. As he went on he got tenser and tenser. The last door opened and he saw the monster sleeping. He sneaked over to it, wondering if he should touch it. It was so slimy, but he must know how it felt. Slipping his hand into the cage, he touched the monster. He felt a start. The monster awoke with a terrifying roar and the man ran out the door slamming it behind him. As he did he heard the crash of the monster breaking out of his cage. The man ran through the next door, and the monster ripped the door behind him apart. Then the last door. He careened through it and stumbled up the stairs. At the top of the stairs he listened. The monster was still coming. Down the hall, through the front door, out the gate ran the man. All the time the monster was behind him, slashing and grasping. The man thought he could run no

more and yet he did; for miles on down the road. The monster was closer. He could feel it. It's cold freezing breath was at his neck. The hand came grasping and landed on the man's shoulder. The man screamed, and his scream faded into silence.

Then the monster's voice said, "Tag. You're it."

THE END


WICK WAY DID HE GO
THAT-A-WAY
MY FAVORITE COMEDIAN IS DON WICKLES
POOR GUY HE'S AT HIS WICKS END.
MY YOURE WICKED