The comic you hold in your hands is part of the chronological, facsimile reprinting of the famous (and infamous!) EC Comics line of the early 1950s! We started with the first issue of each title and are on our way to the bitter end! Get on the bandwagon, and fill in the gaps in your collection from this backlist!!

Each 32-page comic reprints the cover and entire story content of its 1950s predecessor, in full comic book color in standard comic book format. They are released on quarterly schedules. Other titles in the line are Vault, Weird Fantasy, Two-Fisted Tales, Haunt, Weird Science-Fantasy and Crime! The backlist on every title represents the same issue span as those illustrated above. See the ad in this comic to subscribe to any or every title!

When ordering please identify as 32-PG TITLE ISSUE #. For example, "32PG Shock #1," 32PG Crypt #1, $3 each (subject to availability). All others up thru #3, $1.50 each; all titles issue #4 and up $2 each. Include $5 per order for S&H ($10 outside US).

Send orders to: US Funds Only
Russ Cochran, Publisher 417-256-2224 POB 469 West Plains, MO 65775
Missouri residents must add 6.225% sales tax
Or to order call 1-800-EC CRYPTO and ask for the order desk. Use this number for orders only!
The blood-curdling screams that had filled the night had faded now, and the silence had closed in once more. Eric staggered across the lush lawn toward the house, sobbing. The full moon bathed him in its cold light, shimmering over his white wet body. He was clad in bathing trunks and streams of scarlet oozed from the slashes in his pale flesh. In his right hand, Eric clutched a blood-soaked towel, pressing it against the shredded stump of his left arm...

Eric stumbled onto the flag-stone patio and flung himself against the door, pounding it with his red-stained fist. Inside, the house was silent. No one stirred, of course not! He and Sally had seen to that...

Oh, Lord! I need a doctor! I'm bleeding to death! And the door's locked! Sally must have forgotten to... to release the catch...

The house was still. The pounding grew weak. Eric slid to the cold patio, his head whirling. The black velvet curtain of unconsciousness began to fall, shutting out the night, shutting out the moonlight. A pool of blood flooded out over the neatly laid flagstones...

A HORROR SuspenStory
There was only stillness now, the quiet stillness of numbed senses. Eric tried to fight off the blackness but it stubbornly clung to him, driving the sight from his eyes, the pain from his amputated arm. And then, he could see Sally... coming toward him... out of the blackness. Lovely... young... Sally...

Suddenly, the blackness was gone. The moonlight sparkled on the surface of the pool water. Sally stood before him, her young full body revealingly engaged in a bathing suit...

Sidney! Is he...? Asleep! I gave him the pills and he went off like a baby. He won't bother us...

And then she was in his arms, and he was holding her close, his lips searching for hers, finding them, and feeling of their softness...

Sidney had been delighted to see him, and then Sally came out of nowhere and Eric saw her, and the whole world went topsy-turvy...

Sally dear! This is the kid brother I've told you so much about! This is Eric! Eric... my wife...

Sidney wrote me about you, Sally, but I never expected... he spoke about you as though you were a child, Eric. I... I had pictured you so differently...

That was the start of it, they had looked at each other for the first time and it had happened, like a tidal wave rushing across a tiny tropical isle... engulfing...
...And then, dinner that first night... and Eric stealing glances at Sally seated opposite him... their eyes meeting while Sidney chatted aimlessly...

After dinner I must show you my marine collection, Eric. I've recently acquired some rare specimens!

Sidney... ranting about his collection... about new additions... future shipments! And all the while he pretends to be listening, Eric was studying Sally... vivacious Sally...

THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND IN CAPTIVITY. I'd say it's worth roughly six hundred dollars!

You... you look tired, Eric. Come, Sidney! Let's let Eric go to bed! I'll show you your room, Eric!

He brushed past her and they touched, and he breathed deeply, inhaling her woman smell and the perfume in her nair...

Sidney... has trouble sleeping. I have to give him sleeping pills!

She moved ahead of him, up the thickly carpeted stairs. He watched her trim figure glide along the hall and open the guest-room door...

I brought your things up already! I hope you don't mind!

Sidney... the naturalist... the expert on undersea flora and fauna. The shelf-lined library with its myriads of glowing tanks...

Amazing, Sidney! Where do you get them? I mean, these fish... they're shipped to me from all over the world, Eric! This is the most valuable collection in the states! And next month...

And when she'd gone, he stood at the window and stared out at the quiet pool lying like a mirror in the darkness. Until she'd come out of the house and looked up at his window and waved...
Moments later, he slipped downstairs and out into the cool night air. His flesh tingled as he approached the pool. Sally stood there in her suit; each curve of her exciting figure accented and defined.

Do you swim, Eric? A little!

Then they were in the water, the warm pool water... still holding the heat of the day. And they were swimming... and laughing...

What about Sidney? I mean... well...

Sidney's out like a light! With those pills he takes, the house could collapse and he wouldn't hear it...

And later, sitting at the pool edge, sucking on cigarettes, and whispering...

Why did you marry him, Sally? He's twice your age!

I don't know. Perhaps he offered me security...

...and so you've had all you wanted, eh? Is that the story?

Yes, Eric! Up till today, that is!

...The tidal wave rushing headlong...

Sally! Eric...

...Leaving in its wake, after its fury is spent, only ruin and sadness...

I shouldn't have done that, Sally! I shouldn't have come out here!

But you did come, Eric! And now there's no return! We've found each other!

And Sidney, what about him? What will we tell him? He...

We'll tell him nothing! At least not yet! Let's just wait a while! Let's work this out. You'll stay on with us. We'll think of something!
It's come, Eric! Look! The shipment from Borneo!

What's in it, Sidney?

Sidney unpacked the carefully crated can. He emptied it into a waiting tank. A single multi-colored fish...

Isn't it a beauty, Eric? It's a rare specimen!

Very interesting, Sidney!

The interminable days...with Sidney, while he puttered around the library, feeding his collection of sea life...

And next month, the shipment I've waited a year to receive!

Dinner's ready, boys!

Sidney unpacked the carefully crated can. He emptied it into a waiting tank. A single multi-colored fish...

Isn't it a beauty, Eric? It's a rare specimen!

Very interesting, Sidney!

And those all too short nights by the pool...with Sally...

I love you, darling! When will you tell him? How long are we to go on with this?

Soon, Eric. Soon. It's going to be so easy! So simple. His sleeping pills. One night...an overdose.

The shocking revelation of what Sally was planning...

You mean...gas! It's the only way, dear! Then all of this will be ours! All ours!

Yes! But murder...

It will be an accident, sweet! Hold me...

Oh, Sally...

Eric! Darling!
The madness of it. The sheer horror of what they planned to do! And those nights, in the pool, with the world and Sidney so far away...

He expects his shipment tomorrow. Some rare fish. I'll tell them he couldn't sleep! He took too many pills.

I'll give him his usual amount...dissolve the rest in his water. He'll never know!

I'm...I'm cold, Sally! Let's go inside...

And then, this evening...sitting at dinner...
The doorbell! I'll get it. It's probably for me! My shipment...

Sidney...hurrying off...like a child...excited with a new toy...

This is it, Honey! After tonight, we're free! I...I hope so, Sally! I hope so!

Sidney finally returned to the dinner table...

Meet me as usual, Eric...at the pool tonight! Hush! Here beauty! Wait till you see it!

...and then, after dinner...

Well, Sid? What about your new specimen? C'mon! I'll snow it to you! Not tonight, Sidney! I'm tired! I'd like to go to bed.

All right, dear! Good night, Eric! Good night, you two!
The pool was still when Eric came out to it. The moonlight shimmered on its surface. He waited, pacing up and down. Finally, Sally came out of the blackness, toward him...

Eric... darling...

And then she was in his arms, and he was holding her close, his lips searching for hers, finding them, and feeling of their softness...

Sally, baby! Eric... my sweet...

She pushed away from him, gasping...

I'm yours now, Eric! All yours!

Sally...

Sally stood before him, her young full body revealingly encased in her bathing suit...

Sidney! Is he... Asleep? I gave him the pills and he went off like a baby. He won't bother us... ever again! He'll be dead in an hour!

Her eyes sparkled, playfully! She darted toward the pool edge... But if you want me, you'll have to catch me...

Come back here, you little tease...

The splash. The long wait till Sally's head appeared. But she came up with no smile on her face. She came up screaming...

Eric! My God!

And the thrashing... and Eric diving in... not knowing what was making Sally scream...

Sally! I'm coming!
THE HOUSE WAS STILL, THE POUNDING HAD STOPPED. ERIC LAY IN A POOL OF BLOOD ON THE COLD PATIO. THE LAST DROP OF LIFE SEEPED OUT OF HIS ARM-STUMP ONTO THE RED-STAINED FLAGSTONES...

UPSTAIRS, SIDNEY GASPED AND SIGHED... HIS LAST BREATH RUSHING OUTWARD FROM HIS COLLAPSING LUNGS...

AHO BEHEATH THE SURFACE OF THE SWIMMING POOL, OUTLINED IN THE FILTERED MOONLIGHT, SIDNEY'S NEWEST ACQUISITION, A MAN-EATING SHARK, TWISTED AND CAVORTEO IN THE BLOOD-RED BRINE-WATER...

...ITS HUNGER FINALLY SATISFIED AFTER ITS LONG JOURNEY! SALLY HAD BEEN THE MAIN COURSE, AND ERIC'S ARM... DESSERT...
The downpour had begun again. The raindrops pattered on the car-tops, ran in tiny rivulets down their windshields, and dropped in miniature waterfalls to the raging torrent sweeping beside the curbstones. The men huddled under the shelter of the porch, their lips set tight, their eyes peering into the darkness beyond the sheets of falling water. Mrs. Cartwright sat in the rocker, sobbing. Her husband stood behind her, stroking her shoulder, comforting her...

Something... something terrible has happened to her! I know it! I feel it! Oh, Lucy... sob... my baby! my... sob... baby!

Please, honey! They'll find her! Don't cry! She'll be all right... you wait and see!

What do you say, boys? Soon as the rain lets up a little, we'll take the car and scout around town again!

In the east, the first grey streaks of dawn glowed sadly against the heavy rainclouds. It was almost six A.M. Mrs. Cartwright shook her head...

It's been almost thirty-six hours since she left. When she didn't come the first night, I thought she'd stayed over one of her friends' houses like she always does. But then yesterday, and all last night, not a word!

Someone's comin'! Someone's comin' down the block! Maybe it's one of the boys! Maybe...

She came out of the wet, grey dawn. She came with her hair stringy and running and her face white and frightened. She looked at the parked cars, and the gathered men who'd been searching all night for her, and at her mother and father...

It... it's her! Lucy! Lucy! My baby! My baby!

Cripes, young lady! The whole town's out huntin' you!
She looked at the men with their angry faces, and at her mother's swollen eyes and at her father's stern grimace, and suddenly, she began to cry...

She stumbled up the porch steps and threw herself before the rocker, sobbing. Mrs. Cartwright cradled her daughter's head in her lap, stroking her drenched hair...

You...you had us worried sick, Lucy! Worried sick! Where were you last night...and all day yesterday...and the night before...?

Oh, Momma! Momma! It...it was awful! Lucy? Tell us where you were! Tell us!

What was awful, Lucy? What did you do?

Tell us...

You...you had us worried sick, Lucy! Worried sick! Where were you last night...and all day yesterday...and the night before...?

Oh, Momma! Momma! It...it was awful! Lucy? Tell us where you were! Tell us!

What was awful, Lucy? What did you do? Tell us...

Lucy Cartwright looked up and the tears streamed from her seventeen year old eyes and down her pale white cheeks. The words erupted from her mouth. They came full of fright and fear and shame...

It was...it was Old Hodges! He...he forced me to stay in his cabin. He locked me in...and he did things!

Lucy Cartwright looked up and the tears streamed from her seventeen year old eyes and down her pale white cheeks. The words erupted from her mouth. They came full of fright and fear and shame...

A hush seemed to fall over everything. Even the incessant rain suddenly let up. It was silent on the Cartwright porch save for the breathing of the men and Lucy's pitiful sobbing...

I...I...sob...I can't tell you! Sob! They were...sob. Terrible things!

He stared at Lucy! They stared at her wide frightened eyes and her quivering lips and her young body, and the anger grew in them. They were silent but the anger brewed. Lucy's voice was practically a scream...

He kept me there! He wouldn't let me go. He kept me there all night and all day and all last night. This morning, he fell asleep and I escaped.

Old Hodges. The town recluse. The town derelict. Quiet Old Hodges. Living alone on the outskirts in his shabby cabin, keeping to himself. Queer Old Hodges...

He gave my kid candy once. Told her he had a pirates' treasure in his shack.

I warned mine to stay away from him. Never trusted him.

He...he's a degenerate. He ought to be lynched.

Mr. Cartwright's fists clenched and unclenched. Finally he shouted, and his voice was hoarse and angry and wild...

Well what are we waiting for, for God's sake? Look at my baby! Look what he's done to her! Let's get him!
They stomped down the porch steps with infuriated force, they slammed into their cars and they shouted and swore, they were angry men. They were men with a mission...

"We'll pick up the others! He'll be sorry, the dirty @#%! The poor kid!"

The coughing of the cold wet engines, and the roar as they sped off, and the grinning of gears blotted out their shouts. Lucy lifted her head from her mother's lap and watched as their cars whipped away into the grey dawn...

"What... what will they do to him, mom? I... I don't know, dear. I... don't know!"

By the time the motorcade reached old Hodge's cabin, the amount of cars had doubled. They pulled up before the shack with a screaming and squealing of brakes. Angry men poured from their innards. They came with sticks and clubs and angry faces...

"The degenerate! We'll teach him! He should've been kicked out of town long ago!"

The door to the recluse's shack crumpled like paper under the heavy onslaught. The old man sat up in his bed with a start, as they jammed in. The color drained from his face and he clutched his threadbare patched blanket up around his neck...

"What... what do you want? You know @#%! Well! Get him!"

They moved in. The old man flailed. His scream echoed through the damp morning air...

They angry clubs and the angry sticks rose and fell... rose and fell... and the scream faded...

The patched blanket turned crimson and the white form beneath twitched, then lay still...

"That's enough! He's dead."
They did right! He deserved it!

The poor kid! What a horrible experience. He should have gotten a fair trial. It wasn’t right what they did!

Yes? I... I want to see Lucy! Tell her... tell her George is here. Tell her I want to see her.

I... I just heard about it... about Hodges... and about you... and what they did to him. To old Hodges!

There’s nothing to talk about, George! Nothing...

I’ll be back soon, Momma! George and I have something to... settle!

Lucy! Let her go, Momma! Let her go...

Lucy? Is this man...? It’s all right, Daddy! Come on, George! We’ll go for a walk! I’d rather not talk... here!

Lucy, when are you coming back? Who is this man?

They did right away the last of the black rain clouds. The day wore on. On street corners, in bars, in stores throughout the town, the conversations were all the same...

The sun rose, pushing away the last of the black rain clouds. The day wore on. On street corners, in bars, in stores throughout the town, the conversations were all the same...

She doesn’t want to be disturbed! She doesn’t want to see anyone. She’s in her room and...

They did right! He deserved it!

The poor kid! What a horrible experience. He should have gotten a fair trial. It wasn’t right what they did!

Yes? I... I want to see Lucy! Tell her... tell her George is here. Tell her I want to see her.

He was tall and in his late twenties or early thirties. His eyes were tired... looking as if he’d just gotten up. He needed a shave...

He pushed past Mr. Cartwright and strode through the house...

Now just a minute, young man! You’ve got a nerve to...

Who is it? Daddy? Who oh! It’s you, George!

I want to talk to you, Lucy!

Looking as if he’d just gotten up. He needed a shave...

Lucy? Is this man...? It’s all right, Daddy! Come on, George! We’ll go for a walk! I’d rather not talk... here!

Lucy, when are you coming back? Who is this man?

I’ll be back soon, Momma! George and I have something to... settle!

Lucy! Let her go, Momma! Let her go...

He was tall and in his late twenties or early thirties. His eyes were tired... looking as if he’d just gotten up. He needed a shave...

He pushed past Mr. Cartwright and strode through the house...

Now just a minute, young man! You’ve got a nerve to...

Who is it? Daddy? Who oh! It’s you, George!

I want to talk to you, Lucy!

Looking as if he’d just gotten up. He needed a shave...

Lucy? Is this man...? It’s all right, Daddy! Come on, George! We’ll go for a walk! I’d rather not talk... here!

Lucy, when are you coming back? Who is this man?

I’ll be back soon, Momma! George and I have something to... settle!

Lucy! Let her go, Momma! Let her go...

They did right! He deserved it!

The poor kid! What a horrible experience. He should have gotten a fair trial. It wasn’t right what they did!

Yes? I... I want to see Lucy! Tell her... tell her George is here. Tell her I want to see her.

He was tall and in his late twenties or early thirties. His eyes were tired... looking as if he’d just gotten up. He needed a shave...

She doesn’t want to be disturbed! She doesn’t want to see anyone. She’s in her room and...

They did right! He deserved it!

The poor kid! What a horrible experience. He should have gotten a fair trial. It wasn’t right what they did!

Yes? I... I want to see Lucy! Tell her... tell her George is here. Tell her I want to see her.

He was tall and in his late twenties or early thirties. His eyes were tired... looking as if he’d just gotten up. He needed a shave...

They did right! He deserved it!

The poor kid! What a horrible experience. He should have gotten a fair trial. It wasn’t right what they did!

Yes? I... I want to see Lucy! Tell her... tell her George is here. Tell her I want to see her.

He was tall and in his late twenties or early thirties. His eyes were tired... looking as if he’d just gotten up. He needed a shave...

They did right! He deserved it!

The poor kid! What a horrible experience. He should have gotten a fair trial. It wasn’t right what they did!

Yes? I... I want to see Lucy! Tell her... tell her George is here. Tell her I want to see her.

He was tall and in his late twenties or early thirties. His eyes were tired... looking as if he’d just gotten up. He needed a shave...

They did right! He deserved it!

The poor kid! What a horrible experience. He should have gotten a fair trial. It wasn’t right what they did!

Yes? I... I want to see Lucy! Tell her... tell her George is here. Tell her I want to see her.

He was tall and in his late twenties or early thirties. His eyes were tired... looking as if he’d just gotten up. He needed a shave...
It was quiet in the woods. It was almost night and the birds had stopped their singing. George held his head in his hands and he sobbed. His words faltered... but he choked them out... I fell in love with you the minute I laid eyes on you, Lucy. You knew that, didn’t you?

Remember when we met... in that roadside joint? You came in out of the night... alone...

Hello? No date? Uh-uh. "Interested in filling the vacancy?"

I thought you were the most beautiful girl I’d ever seen. We must have danced to every record in that crummy jukebox...

I got a car outside, Lucy! Want to go for a ride? Sure, George! Wait’ll I fix my face!

‘Remember how we drove around and finally parked near the lake...’
‘Like me, George? Like you fine, Lucy!’

‘How I took you in my arms... and kissed you... and now the moon sparkled in your eyes... and how I held you and we were close...’
‘On, George... darling...’

That was the first time, wasn’t it, Lucy? That was the first time it happened... in my car... by the lake... nearly three months ago. But there were other times, weren’t there? It’s... it’s almost morning, George! I’ve got to get home. The folks will... worry. What will you tell them, dearest?

‘You slept over at a girl friend’s house, didn’t you, Lucy? That’s what you told them, but you lied. Didn’t you? You lied! You spent the night with me... at my place...’

‘Let me off here! I’ll walk the rest of the way, George!’ Okay, honey!
I KNEW THE OLD MAN, LUCY... OLD HODGES! I KNEW HIM WELL, HE WAS A GOOD MAN. HE KEPT TO HIMSELF... BUT HE WAS HARMLESS. I TOLD HIM ABOUT YOU...

SHE SOUNDS WONDERFUL, GEORGE! SOMEDAY IF YOU'RE NOT TOO ASHAMED TO BRING HER HERE, I'D LIKE TO MEET HER.

ASHAMED, OLD TIMER? WHY SHOULD I BE ASHAMED?

I LOVED HIM, LUCY! I LOVED HIM LIKE A FATHER. REMEMBER WHEN I BROUGHT YOU UP THERE TO MEET HIM?

SO THIS IS LUCY! WELL, YOUNG LADY! GEORGE SEEMS TO LIKE YOU AN AwFUL LOT!

THAT I DO, POP! THAT I DO!

CMON, GEORGE! LET'S GO!

'It was the night before last, wasn't it? The night he sup-posedly did things to you. But you lied, didn't you Lucy? You weren't in Old Hodges's cabin that night. You were in my place, weren't you?'

'Honey! It's almost morning! I've got to take you home!'

'No, George, not now! Kiss me!'

'So you stayed, didn't you, Lucy? You stayed at my place all that day and into the next night! And then, towards morning, I proposed. I remember it'd begun to rain... I... I want to marry you, Lucy!'

'Marry me, George! Don't make me laugh!'

'It was funny, wasn't it Lucy? So funny... to you...'

'But, Lucy! I love you! Surely... you want to marry me! I mean, after all this... Marry you, George? Don't be silly! I'm not ready to marry anybody! This! This is just for kicks!'

'Kicks!? How can you say that? You don't think you're the only man I've known, do you, George? Don't be so egotistical! I've had plenty before you! I like 'em! And you won't be the last, either!'
And when you got home, you lied to them, didn't you? You lied to save your lousy reputation...

It was... it was Old Hodges! He... he forced me to stay in his cabin. He locked me in... and he did things!

You lied, didn't you, Lucy? And his blood was on your hands! They killed him, didn't they?

That's enough! He's dead!

And when I heard about it, I came to see you. And I knew what I had to do...

All right, George! You wanted to talk to me! Now... talk!

I'm going to tell them where you really were, Lucy! I'm going to tell them the truth!

I don't think you will, George! Old Hodges is dead! What's done can't be undone! I had to protect myself. But you won't tell! For the same reason that none of the others told!

Oh, wouldn't I? I loved him. You little #?x!! I'm going to see that you get yours for this!

You're forgetting, George! When you open your mouth... when you tell them what really happened. You're sending yourself up the river for twenty years! I'm seventeen. You know... and in this state, there's a law...

'What else could I do, Lucy? You were rotten... through and through! You deserved it! It was the only thing I could do...!

George... don't! Where did you get that gun? Don't point it at me!

It's Old Hodges's, Lucy! He kept it... for protection. But it couldn't protect him from an angry mob... angered by lies...!

They were coming closer now. In a minute they would find him... and he'd have to tell them the whole story... exactly as he'd told it to Lucy... to Lucy... lying there... with the six bullet holes in her face...

So8... So8...
Dear Russ,

In SHOCK #7 I really liked "The Small Assassin!". I liked it, but I didn't like the ending. I just bought #7 yesterday. I can't wait till I get my next one! My cousin Tony's makes my comics and slaps them on my head. What should I do?

Dara Conner  
Cincinnati, OH

Say "ouch!"

Dear Mr. Cochran,

Thank you so much for your heroic effort in reprinting the EC line. I plan to subscribe to all the horror comics and SHOCK and CRIME. I have a question, when will the line of EC's run out? Also, will you write new stories, start over, stop production, or what? Most sincerely,

Chris Pittman  
Franklin, MA

Dear Mr. Cochran and Staff,

I am writing to follow up to my first letter, which appeared in SHOCK #6. You show neither age nor ignorance in never before hearing of The Cramps.

The Cramps are an American rock `n' roll band led by Lux Interior and Poison Ivy Rorschach. They play wild, "rockabilly vouchers" saturated with B-culture americana. I had read that Lux in particular was a childhood fan of EC horror comics so naturally I was led to you.

I hope to have shed some light on the subject for you. It is my suggestion that all you Ghoulunatics out there creep down to your local music store and buy some recordings by The Cramps right now. Many thanks again, Mr. Cochran for bringing back these "Notorious" ECs for us all to enjoy!

Many, many thanks!

Andy Terwilleger  
Sunrise, FL

Thanks. I think. (All our lives spent 100 miles from Nashville/Memphis, and we never heard of rockabilly vouchers! We feel deprived!)

Dear Russ,

I just read SHOCK #7 and I'm a little bit confused about "The Bribe!". Why would the bank owner pay over a thousand dollars a year to the fire inspector just so he wouldn't declare his club a fire hazard? I mean, surely with that amount of money the owner could put several exits in. Anyway, I got to say I enjoy reading all the EC comics. Is it possible to order back issues of HAUNT, VAULT, CRIME and TWO-FISTED?

Nathan Little  
Montgomery, AL

Hm. $1000 would buy a lot of carpentry in 1953. But don't be a killjoy! We'd have had a boring story—something along the lines of "Homa Improvement."

Yas, ALL back issues are available. See below.

Also available this month are CRYPTO and WEIRD SCIENCE. Watch for CRYPTO, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED next month. Don't forget HAUNT, WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY and CRIME. Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details).

BACK ISSUES: CRYPTO #1, $3 each (subject to availability). All others up thru issue #3, $1.50 each. Issues #4 and up, $2 each. Add $5 per order ($10 outside US) for S&H.

We want MORE letters! Write to:

SHOCK  
RUSS COCHRAN  
P.O.B 460  
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS  
SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES #6 (APR/MAY 53)

COVER by Al Feldstein  
"Pleemeal"  
"The Assault!"  
"The Arrival"  
"Sleep No More!"

Jack Kamen  
Wally Wood  
Al Williamson  
George Evans

And, it's hard to draw a convincing baby! We admit that, when it comes to "infiltration"/"Body Snatcher" aliens, we would fight, too, by Jinglo!
First, a lovely candle-lit vignette of the Vault-Keeper, caught in a common pastime of his, reading MY comic! Where else do you think he gets his ideas? Artist Andrew Reub shares a few words with us below.

I love EC comics! They are truly frightening, and they send chills up my spine. I just have one question. Is the Old Witch available? I'd like to go on a blind date with her! She's everything a guy could want—good looks, charm, and great cooking abilities! Well, gotta go. The blood I'm writing this in is drying up. Make mine EC! Your fan,
Andrew T. Raab
Webster, NY

She's available, but not advisable when she's visible. 'Caus when it comes to OW, only a BLIND date is permissible.

A SHORT Lovecraftian lyric from our Frland Frank, paired with an eldritch drawing from Kurt Krause, Fountain City, WI.

Galactic Thud
A galactic thud
Time and space in a twist
Explorers searched for answers in the stellar mast
What they found was appalling
Nothing they could do.
A ravenous glowing nibber was in the cosmic stew

Frank X. Mattson III
New Holland, PA

Thank you for publishing my poetry and drawing. My poetry always looks better to me in print than it does when I write it; hoo-ha, that's a fact! I have enclosed another poem, all those corpses and tombs get me inspired.

The Merry Old Soul
He loved everyone
And everyone loved him.
He'd light up the party.
When everything looked dim
The sad day came.
He just up and died.
A gloom set on the village.
And everybody cried.
Then one night.
The night turned into day.
He was back (a little rotten, only just a little rotten.
A state to which they didn't cotton.)
But who's to say?
Frank X. Mattson III
New Holland, PA

We've Paired Frank and Kurt again, because they both work so narrow! Thanks, boys!

Springtime is a-coming, and can baseball be far behind? Certainly not, even if it's bare-bones ball as depicted by Little Leaguer Elliott Kazan, age 6, of Richmond HTS, OH.

Send your contributions (not returnable, not too long, not too big, legible double-spaced text &/or bold black art. Warning—which we edit!)

The Crypt-Keeper's Page of Fine Arts
Russ Cochran
POB 469
West Plains, MO 65775

We welcome contributions. We cannot promise to return, acknowledge or publish contributions. We will not edit for clarity, accuracy or size. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish it published. We attempt to acknowledge publication. To do so, we need your address on the individual contribution.
Patterson bit his lip and sent his fist crashing into the old man's face. There was a cry of pain and the old man staggered back and collapsed against the far wall. Weakly he lifted one hand and tried to protect himself from further attack. Patterson squinted at him, glanced around the basement to make certain that he was alone with the old janitor ... then stepped forward ominously. His hand emerged from his jacket clutching a revolver.

"P-Please . . ." the old man stammered, "j-just lemme alone. I-I won't say nothing to the cops . . ."

Patterson grimaced and continued to move forward, the barrel of his gun aimed at the old janitor's forehead. "Too bad, Granpa," he muttered, "that you happened to be down here in the basement when I broke into the joint. I ain't gonna have you sing to the police as soon as I amscray . . . I already got two prison stretches behind me. This one, for breaking and entering, makes me a three-time loser! And I don't wanna spend the rest of my life up-river!"

The old man straightened up suddenly and tried to dodge past Patterson ... but the young man grabbed him by the shirt and swung him around violently. With a grunt Patterson sent the old man hurtling across the basement toward the big high-compression steam boiler. The frightened janitor crashed into the boiler and slumped to the floor, his head resting on the concrete. Patterson continued his ominous advance, his forefinger tightening around the gun trigger.

"Sorry!" Patterson mumbled as he pulled the trigger. There was a sharp roar, and the old man's body jerked as if he were a puppet being manipulated by strings. Patterson stepped forward and, with his free hand, dragged the old man back to the steam boiler. He prodded the body until it sat propped against the boiler, the old man's head resting on the metal and staring out lifelessly.

"One more shot," Patterson mumbled, "right through the first bullet hole . . . with the gun held close so that the skin gets burned and the cops'll think he pulled the trigger on himself and committed suicide!"

Patterson chuckled aloud: SUICIDE! He'd pull the trigger again, then fasten the murder gun into his victim's hand. The Law'd never be able to prove that the old geezer hadn't croaked himself!

Crouching low over the lifeless janitor, Patterson shoved the gun forward so that the barrel touched the old man's forehead at precisely the point where the fatal huller had gone seconds before. SUICIDE, Patterson repeated as he pulled the trigger.

There was a sharp crash: then a hissing roar that seemed to fill the room in an instant. Patterson tried to leap back, but he was too late. A burst of searing steam shot out of the boiler through the ragged hole Patterson's bullet had made after it ploughed through the old man's head. Patterson screamed in agony, but the steam was already enveloping him . . . cooking the skin of his face so that it was purplish red . . . turning his throat and chest into a darkened lump of seared meat . . . choking off his last breath so that it rattled for a moment. Then he was silent . . . and there was only the steady hiss of the escaping steam . . .
They had watched Earth. They had sat on their functional weight-resters before their huge magnification screens and they'd watched the green planet for countless eons. Each Martian night, when the sun had set beyond the red mountains and the dead seas lay bathed in the faint light from their two moons, they'd turned on their telescope-machines and they'd studied Green Earth and they'd wondered. They'd wondered if life as they knew it existed there too as it did here on Mars. And then, on one particular night, they'd seen it. They'd seen the tiny pinpoints of light dotting the land areas go out. They'd seen the fiery glow rush around the green sphere, swallowing it up in one horrible blaze of atomic fury...

And every Martian night since then, for a millennium, they'd turned their telescope-machines to the now black planet and they'd waited hopefully. But no lights came on again. No green areas sprang up to push the blackness back...

And then, in the Martian year of 131,543, in what by our measurement of time would be the ninety-fifth thousandth year after the great atomic explosion, they saw it. A tiny needle of blue flame streaking away from black Earth, streaking toward their red planet...

It is a dead planet now! What life there may have been is surely gone!

See! See it rising upward! It is some sort of space-ship! And we thought life there was gone. We thought it had been wiped out!

A Science-Fiction Suspense Story
Grozo marveled at the finger of flame on the magnification screen... And in all this time, they've done what we could never do! They've developed space-travel! Now they are coming to our planet! To Mars!

Spdork was silent for a moment. Then, when he spoke, his Martian words were filled with wonderment and awe...

What will they look like, Grozo? These Earth creatures? Will they be different?

Who is to say that life on other planets must evolve as it did here on Mars, Spdork. Evolution is like a road with many forks. There are many ways to turn...

Perhaps they will be ghastly creatures, Grozo! Creatures that will sicken us when we gaze upon them!

Perhaps! And in turn, my dear Spdork, we may very well sicken them!

In any case, Spdork, we must prepare for their arrival!

What if they come on a mission of war, and not of peace, Grozo?

We must be prepared, Grozo!

Come! Let us notify the governing council! They must make plans!

The blue streak of flame in the Martian sky grew brighter each night as it hurtled across the black gulf of space that separated earth from the red planet. In two months, the flame had grown so bright it was visible during the Martian day...

They are coming closer, Grozo! They will be here, soon!

And then, on the 73rd night after the first sighting of the Mars-bound Earth space-ship, something strange happened. Grozo had turned on the equivalent of a radio to listen to some music. The jumbled garble interrupted his favorite piece...

By the great canal of Zkorl! What interference is this?

Wait, Grozo! Listen! Could those gutteral squeals be a language. An alien language?
Perhaps it is the Earth-creatures... broadcasting on our wavelengths?

This is stupid, Chief. They don't... hurry! Get the automatic translator that we've prepared for their arrival!

The automatic translator, newly developed for the occasion, was rolled out of its storage compartment...

There! It is on!

Hello, Earth Rocket 029 calling Mars! Hello...

It is them! It is the Earth creatures! Hurry, Spork! Call the government transmitter! We must answer them!

Hello, Mars! Hello, Mars! This is Earth Rocket 029 calling Mars. Hello... yes! Quickly! Same wavelength! Yes! But strengthen the signal. Give it full power!

Hello, Mars! This is Mars, answering. 

Quickly through to the government transmitter! Quickly!

OKAY! But I think it's a waste of time! They're probably some idiot savage race!

Put me through to the government transmitter! Quickly!

As you wish, Spork. All right! Go ahead!

Hello, Earth Rocket 029. Hello, Earth Rocket! This is Mars, answering...

Hello, Rocket 029. Hello, Rocket! This is Mars, answering...

Hey! Did you hear that, Chief? Hello Mars. Hello...

Greetings, visitors from Earth! We on Mars bid you welcome! Your arrival is eagerly awaited!
Say! How come you guys speak our language? Things like this just don't happen!

We do not speak your language, earthlings. We speak our own language. The automatic translator we have built for your visit, automatically translates our word-meanings into your word-meanings...

Automatic translators? Wow! Then you characters must be scientifically advanced!

We have observed your planet for many, many eons, my friends! We developed telescopes that were capable of seeing the lights of your old civilization!

Lights? Oh! You mean the old Pre-Atomic War civilization? Yes! Yes! What happened? Tell us! We saw the explosion!

That was ninety-five thousand years ago. It was a war! It almost wiped all life off the face of the Earth! But a few of us managed to survive!

And you rebuilt what had been destroyed.

Not exactly! Changed it, you might say! Did it our own way! Let me tell you how it was...

Pre-atomic Earth was populated by many forms of animal and plant life. In Earth's history, one of these animal forms evolved to the point where it became dominant over all others...

Look, Os! The sabre-toothed tiger attacks!

I will kill it, Kosk... with my new spear...

With his domination, man began to develop. He reached into the unknown and he learned. He studied, he built...

It will be a tomb that will last for ages, oh Pharaoh!

Good! Good!
He advanced scientifically...

‘Look, Columbus! Land! You were right!’

Then the Earth is round, not flat...

‘And yet, with all his great advances, man often reverted to his primitive state. He indulged in the wholesale slaughter of his fellows; he called it war...’

‘But in spite of these temporary regressions, man continued to advance. Great new scientific developments were discovered. The lights you saw...’

‘The problem of flight was solved. The air above man’s head was conquered...’

And then, during one of these regressions these wars... a great new field was opened. A horrible weapon was devised.

The great new weapon halted that war but peace did not come. Instead came political wrangling, nation against nation...

This is it, ladies and gentlemen. The Russian delegate is getting up... and... he is leaving the conference table...

‘And so, the holocaust descended upon Earth. An atomic war, that was what you saw. And in its wake, only death and destruction remained...’
IT WAS EASY TO BEGIN AGAIN! WE KNEW ALL THE MISTAKES! WE KNEW ALL THE FAULTS. WE WERE DETERMINED NOT TO MAKE THEM OURSELVES!

HOW SMALL YOUR SHIP IS!

PRACTICALLY ALL LIFE WAS WIPE AWAY! BUT AS I SAID BEFORE, A FEW OF US SURVIVED!

WE CAN SEE YOUR ROCKET, EARTHLING! YOU ARE GETTING CLOSE!

AND SO, IN THE FOLLOWING NINETY FIVE THOUSAND YEARS, WE STARTED ANEW... BUILT A NEW AND GREATER CIVILIZATION!

YOU WILL BE LANDING, SOON!

IT WAS EASY TO BEGIN AGAIN! WE KNEW ALL THE MISTAKES! WE KNEW ALL THE FAULTS. WE WERE DETERMINED NOT TO MAKE THEM OURSELVES!

HOW SMALL YOUR SHIP IS!

THE SHIP CAME OUT OF THE MARTIAN NIGHT. IT CAME ON BLUE FLAME AND WHITE HEAT. AND IT DROPPED SMOOTHLY TO THE RED SAND...

THEY ARE DOWN! HURRY!

WE ARE COMING IN NOW, MARTIAN! WE WILL BE AMONG YOU SHORTLY! I WILL SIGN OFF NOW! SEE YOU...

SAFE LANDING, EARTHLING!

WE ARE COMING IN NOW, MARTIAN! WE WILL BE AMONG YOU SHORTLY! I WILL SIGN OFF NOW! SEE YOU...

THE SHIP WAS SCARCELY TWENTY FEET HIGH! IT SAT AMID THE SMOKE AND THE RED DUST. AND THEN A PORT OPENED...

GREETINGS, MARTIANS!

THE GREY FORMS DROPPED TO THE MARTIAN SURFACE, THEIR WHISKERS TWITCHED AND THEIR BEADY EYES GLOWED IN FRIENDSHIP...

GREETINGS, EARTHLINGS!

THE GREY FORMS DROPPED TO THE MARTIAN SURFACE, THEIR WHISKERS TWITCHED AND THEIR BEADY EYES GLOWED IN FRIENDSHIP...

WELCOME! WELCOME TO MARS!

They were of Earth's great race. They were rats!

- The End -
I wondered if Mrs. Monahan had called the police. Mrs. Monahan was my landlady. I lived on the top floor of her boarding house. I paid $18 a week for one room. That included supper, of course. I'd lived at Mrs. Monahan's for two years. I knew they were police the minute I opened the door...

That's Mr. Finner now! He lives across the hall from her! Mr. Finner may have seen something. We ask you a few questions.

I tried to act surprised and innocent. But I knew what they were after... Questions? Why, not at all! About what? About Irene Lauton. How well did you know her?
Irene Lauton was missing. She'd rented a room from Mrs. Monahan... right across the hall from me, as a matter of fact... and then, suddenly, she'd disappeared. Her clothes were still there, in her room... but she'd never come back for them...

Miss Lauton? Why... I didn't know her well at all! Only to say hello, that is.

When did you see her last, Mr. Finner?

You mean...?

Miss Lauton was an up-and-coming young actress, Mr. Finner. She had everything to live for. Why, she'd just been signed for a good part in a Broadway play.

She was supposed to show up at a party... in her honor. She never came. People with everything to live for just don't vanish, Mr. Finner. That's why we're investigating. Her producer called us in.

Oh, dear!... I... I do hope nothing's happened to her!

So do we, Mr. Finner. Meanwhile you and the rest of the boarders better stick around this place till we clear this up and find Miss Lauton. Understand?

Oh, yes, sir!

As I started up the three flights of stairs to my top floor room, I could hear the detectives below questioning Mrs. Monahan, and her answering them...

You say you saw Miss Lauton leave for the party, Mrs. Monahan?

That's right. She left about nine. Mr. Finner had just gone up. She came down... laughing... so happy... sob...

Why, Miss Lauton? How... er... lovely you look tonight!

Irene Lauton! How well I remembered Irene. Especially that night. I was unlocking the door to my room when she came out of hers. Beautiful, beautiful, Irene...

Why, Miss Lauton? How... er... lovely you look tonight!

Oh, Mr. Finner! Thank you, congratulate me! I've been signed! I'm going to a party now... to celebrate...
I stood at the top of the third flight of stairs listening to the police below...

Okay, Mrs. Monahan! We'll be back! Don't let anyone into her room!

I looked across the hall to Irene Lauton's door. I remembered how I'd always looked at that door longingly, even since she'd moved in. She was so beautiful, especially that night...

I, I'm so happy for you, Miss Lauton! May I... May I tell you something?

Oh, miss Lauton! How wonderful for you! Is it a good part?

I've really got to run, Mr. Finner. I'm late! What is it? Make it quick!

I remember how I'd seen her day after day... week after week... so young... so lovely... and how I'd wanted to tell her but never found the words... until that night... when I scraped up enough courage...

I... I want you to know, Irene, that ever since you moved in to this boarding house, that I've loved you with all my heart! I was hoping that you, in time...

I remember how she laughed, how loud she laughed, and how she looked at me... and the ridicule that was in her eyes... and how she turned and hurried away, down the stairs... and how her laughter drifted back to me...

Irene... choke! Irene! Wait! Don't... laugh at me...

The door slamming three flights below woke me from my reverie. The police were gone. I went into my room. I locked it behind me. I went to my bureau and dug down deep and brought out the lace handkerchief with the heavy perfume. And its sweet smell filled my nostrils and brought Irene back to me... right into my room...

Darling... darling, Irene!

After a while I hid the handkerchief and went to bed. That night I tossed and turned in a fretful nightmare of Irene, laughing... and her laughter turning to screams... and then, silence. Then blood... a pool of blood. And I awoke with a start in the morning to see it...

Oh, my God!

There was a sickening red blotch of blood oozing out from the ceiling above my bed...
I leaped out of bed and supped on a robe. I peered down the hall. No one was in sight. The bathroom was empty...

I hurried down the hall and wet a sponge. I came back into my room. I climbed onto my bed. I could just touch the ceiling. I scrubbed...

Soon, the spot was gone. I breathed easier after that. I dressed and hurried downstairs. I was late already...

Don't bother to clean my room today, Mrs. Monahan!

All right, Mr. Finner!

I didn't want Mrs. Monahan to see the wet spot on the ceiling where the blood stain had been. That night, when I came home, the police were there again...

I didn't tell them what happened about fifteen minutes after Irene had left! I didn't tell them how I had heard footsteps out in the hall and how I'd opened my door...

Oh! It's you, Irene! Forget something? No, darn it! Got a run! I was almost there, too! Look...

I didn't tell them how my blood burned as it pounded into my face, out and into my heart, down to my fingertips, and through my body. She stood there, her skirt pulled up, revealing her shapely leg. I didn't tell them how I stumbled forward, awkwardly...

Irene! About what I said before. I... I...

Keep your distance, lover-boy! Don't get any ideas...

And I didn't tell them how she laughed at my awkward attempt and slammed the door in my face. And how I went back into my room and stared out of the window, down at the back yard. How I saw Mrs. Monahan there, sitting in the cool night air, with the others... the other boarders. They were playing cards like they always did. I knew then that no one else had seen Irene return...
The police went away, and I went to bed, and again I had that horrible nightmare...laughing...and screaming...and blood. And when I awoke in the morning.

Oh, Lord! It's there again!

The pool of blood blotting across the white ceiling looked like some horrible wound in a fair skin. Irene's skin...

I've got to clean it off! It must be seeping through!

I rubbed with the sponge as I had done the morning before, but this time it didn't come off...

What will I do? They'll see it... and they'll know...

I dressed quickly and hurried downstairs to the hardware store. I had to wait fifteen minutes for it to open up. I nearly went crazy from nervousness. I kept wondering if Mrs. Monahan would come into my room to clean it and see the blood and know...

Okay, Mister! I'm sorry I'm late! Car trouble! What'll it be?

A can of white paint, please... and a brush... and hurry!

I rushed back to the boarding house. Mrs. Monahan was just going up the stairs with her carpet sweeper and broom when I pushed past her. I was in time. I slammed into my room and locked the door from the inside. And then I painted out that awful bloody spot...

There! There! It's gone!

Mrs. Monahan pounded on my door and insisted that I let her clean the room since it hadn't been cleaned the previous day, so I finally let her in. She stared, first at my paint-spattered hands, then at the paint can, and then at the white spot in the middle of the yellowed ceiling...

There was a wet spot! I thought I'd touch it up!

Looks awful! You'll have to do the whole ceiling, now! And mind you! Careful of that bed-spread! It's brand new!

I lost half a day's pay painting that ceiling under Mrs. Monahan's watchful eye. But at least she never knew about the bloodstain. Then, the next morning, after another sickening nightmarish sleep...

Oh, my God! My God!

It was back again! The bloodstain! It spread over the dry new white paint bigger than ever. And it was dripping... dripping on Mrs. Monahan's bed-spread...
I started to paint. I used up the rest of the can. I covered the blood and it stopped dripping.

There! Thank heavens! It's stopped! And I can't see it, now!

I went downtown and shopped till I found the store where Mrs. Monahan had bought the spread...and I bought a new one. And that night, I moved the bed...

can't...ugh...take any chances! if...it...ugh...drips tonight, i'll be ready!

And then I went to bed. All night I dreamed that same crazy dream, and in the morning I awoke to the steady throbbing of the blood dripping into the pot. It was half full, and the stain spread over the white, white ceiling.

But I'd used up the paint! So I rushed downstairs and out to the hardware store. And when I came back with the new can, they were waiting for me, in my room.

Mr. Finner, we'd like to talk to you!

Oh, god, no! you...you saw it!

Then I dressed and gathered up Mrs. Monahan's blood-spattered spread. I rushed downstairs with it.

Here! Where're you going with that bed-spread?

Oh! I'm taking it into the cleaners, Mrs. Monahan! I did get some paint on it, after all!

There! No one will find it here!

I buried that bedspread in a lot up the street! I knew I couldn't take it into a dry-cleaners...not with these blood stains all over it like that! Then they'd know, so I buried it...

I slipped downstairs after everyone had gone to bed, and I took a pot from the stove. I came back and put it under the spot where the bloodstain oozed out over the ceiling...

I went downtown and shopped till I found the store where Mrs. Monahan had bought the spread...and I bought a new one. And that night, I moved the bed...

can't...ugh...take any chances! if...it...ugh...drips tonight, i'll be ready!

And then I went to bed. All night I dreamed that same crazy dream, and in the morning I awoke to the steady throbbing of the blood dripping into the pot. It was half full, and the stain spread over the white, white ceiling.

GOT TO STOP IT! GOT TO STOP IT!
They were sitting on the bed and the pot beside them was almost full. I looked up and they followed my glance. The bloodstain glowed angry red...

They looked at each other, and then at me...

Would you care to tell us about it, Mr. Finner?

She laughed at me! She didn't think I was good enough for her. She didn't deserve to be so beautiful. She was cheap... and she'd only give her beauty to some one cheap... to some one's cheap clawing paws...

"So I waited till she came out of her room that night! Oh, yes, she'd returned. She'd come back to put on a new stocking. The old one had gotten a bun. When she came out, I called her...

Irene! Look, Buster! Lay off, huh? You're not my type!

I held out the tissue-paper-wrapped box?

"I'm for you, Irene! A gift... for luck!

For me, Finner? How nice...

"She came into my room. The window was shut tight and the blinds drawn so that Mrs. Monahan and the others would not hear her...

What is it, Finner? What... what? Gasp! Mr. Finner? Put down that knife!

You're too lovely to let some one else touch you... Irene!

So I killed her. I stabbed her so many times, my arm hurt! Then I put her up there... in the storage attic. There's an entrance through that closet. I found it a few months ago. No one ever used it! I thought it would be safe there... until the blood started dripping...

One of them climbed up into the attic...

"She's there! Don't you see it all right, Cobb? She's there... on the ceiling... dripping into that pot?

Look like a pin cushion?

There's no bloodstain on that ceiling. No blood in that pot. It's in your mind, you're sick, Finner... you'd better come along with us.

They said there were never any blood stains. They said that half-full pot was empty. But I didn't believe them. Why should I? They're all crazy! — The end —
YOU SAY IT'S A 45-MINUTE BUS TRIP, WITH A TRANSFER, TO THE COMIC BOOK SHOP? YOU SAY IT'S A HARROWING 30-MINUTE DRIVE ON THE EXPRESSWAY TO THE MALL, AND THEN A 30-MINUTE MERRY-GO-ROUND RIDE TO FIND A PARKING PLACE? YOU SAY YOUR TOWN DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A COMIC BOOK SHOP OR BOOKSTORE? IS THAT WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, BUNKY? WELL, THEN, YOU SHOULD...

SUBSCRIBE!

TO RUSS COCHRAN'S REPRINTS OF THE ORIGINAL 1950s EC COMICS! LEAVE THE WORRIES TO US, AND GET OUT AND TAKE A WALK IN THE SUN!

DIRECT FROM THE PUBLISHER TO YOU, IN A HANDSOME, STURDY MANILA ENVELOPE MAILED FLAT TO YOUR OWN MAILBOX!

RUSS COCHRAN, PUBLISHER
PO BOX 469
WEST PLAINS, MO 65775
417-256-2224
OR CALL 1-800-EC CRYPT

START MY 4-ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FOLLOWING EC COMICS:
- CRYPT
- WEIRD SCIENCE
- VAULT
- WEIRD FANTASY
- HAUNT
- WEIRD Sci-Fan
- CRIME
- TWO-FISTED

NAME & ADDRESS

REMIT $8 EACH ($12 OUTSIDE US IN US FUNDS)
MISSOURI RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6.25% SALES TAX

LOSE YOUR SCISSORS? USE YOUR OWN PAPER!
YET MORE EC COMICS!!

For approximately a year, Gladstone published a line of EC reprint comics consisting of the titles shown below. Each issue contained 64 pages in full comic book color, the first 32 from the 'Key' title and the last 32 from a second title. In addition, there are occasional articles about the macabre in literature, a then-current letter column and other reader-written features.

Russ Cochran now has the entire backstock of Gladstone's EC reprint line! Every issue is in stock and available for immediate shipment. Complete your EC collection by purchasing these comics!

GLAD CRYPT #1: CRYPT 33 (1952) CRIME 1 (1950)
GLAD CRYPT #2: CRYPT 35 (1952) CRIME 18 (1951)
GLAD CRYPT #3: CRYPT 39 (1952) CRIME 1 (1950)
GLAD CRYPT #4: CRYPT 18 (1950) CRIME 18 (1953)
GLAD CRYPT #5: CRYPT 45 (1954) CRIME 5 (1951)
GLAD CRYPT #6: CRYPT 42 (1954) CRIME 27 (1955)

GLAD VAULT #1: VAULT 34 (1953) HAUNT 1 (1950)
GLAD VAULT #2: VAULT 27 (1952) HAUNT 18 (1953)
GLAD VAULT #3: VAULT 29 (1952) VAULT 13 (1953)
GLAD VAULT #4: VAULT 23 (1952) HAUNT 13 (1952)
GLAD VAULT #5: VAULT 19 (1951) W FAN 8 (1951)
GLAD VAULT #6: VAULT 32 (1953) W FAN 8 (1951)

GLAD WEIRD SCIENCE #1: W SCI 22 (1953) W FAN 1 (1950)
GLAD WEIRD SCIENCE #2: W SCI 18 (1953) W FAN 17 (1950)
GLAD WEIRD SCIENCE #3: W SCI 9 (1951) W FAN 14 (1950)
GLAD WEIRD SCIENCE #4: W FAN 27 (1955) W FAN 11 (1952)
GLAD WEIRD SCIENCE #5: W FAN 29 (1955) W FAN 29 (1955)

GLAD HAUNT #1: HAUNT 17 (1952)
GLAD HAUNT #2: HAUNT 17 (1952)

Contents of Gladstone EC Comics

When ordering, please identify as Glad Title Issue #: for example "Glad Crypt #1." Glad Crypt #1 is $5; Glad Crypt #4, Glad Weird #1 and #4 are $4 each; all other issues are $3 each. Include $5 per order for S&H ($10 outside US).

Send orders to:
Russ Cochran, Publisher 417-256-2224 P.O. Box 469 West Plains, MO 65775

OR to order call 1-800-EC CRYPT and ask for the order desk. Use this number for orders only!
The lovable ghoul with an attitude now has his very own trading card series and he'll scare you silly. The wise-guy Cryptkeeper from HBO's TALES FROM THE CRYPT is deliciously demented in all kinds of horribly funny situations.

The 110-card set features the Cryptkeeper (and a few unsuspecting victims), photos of the original comic book series, the gory details on what goes on "behind the screams" of the TV show, plus randomly packed Cryptkeeper holograms and a TEKCHROME™ premium card.

TALES FROM THE CRYPT trading cards are too funny for TV. Collect the entire set. Your friends will just die of envy.

Russ is dealing from a full deck, so ante up and write or call for details on these putrid pasteboards today!

RUSS COCHRAN  POB 469  WEST PLAINS MO  65775
417-256-2224 or call 1-800-EC CRYPT and ask for the order desk.