OUTRAGEOUS 1950s EC COMICS!

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

NO. 10
DEC

FEATURING...

THE CRYPT-KEEPER

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

QUICKLY! LIFT OUT HIS COFFIN! HE DOESN'T BELONG IN OUR SACRED GRAVEYARD. HE DESECRATES THE VERY GROUND IN WHICH HE'S BURIED.
BACK ISSUES!!

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USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!

Welcome to the Crypt of Terror, horror fiends! Yes, it’s me again... the Crypt-Keeper! Once more I am your host in my mad-mag, Tales from the Crypt! For my first offering, I have chosen... from my vast collection of terror yarns that I keep in my Crypt... a favorite of mine! It’s a chilling story of voodoo and revenge! I call this little epic...

Drawn and quartered!

My story begins on the island of Haiti... in the city of Port-au-Prince... in a hot, dirty, sparsely furnished apartment that has been converted to a studio. A young American... an artist... stands before his canvas... painting a self-portrait...

There! Almost finished! A perfect likeness of myself! My best piece of work! Ah! What’s the use? It’ll be like all my other pictures! Boonerd... criticized... worthless...
THE YOUNG ARTIST YOU ARE WATCHING IS MAX MOORE. HE IS A RECENT ARRIVAL IN HAITI. HE HAS SPENT HIS LAST PENNY TO COME HERE. BACK HOME IN THE STATES, MAX WAS A FAILURE! FENTON BREDLKY, THE ART CRITIC, SAID HIS WORK WAS POOR. ARTHUR GREEN, THE ART DEALER, COULDN'T SELL A PICTURE! AND SO, LAWRENCE DILTANT, THE RENOWNED ART COLLECTOR, HAD BOUGHT UP EVERY PAINTING THAT MAX HAD DONE CHEAP! IT HAD BEEN ENOUGH TO BRING MAX HERE TO HAITI... THE ISLAND OF VOODOO!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT, MAX! ANY ARTIST WHO SETS FIVE GRAND A PICTURE...

WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I NEVER SOLD A PICTURE FOR MORE THAN FIFTY BUCKS BACK IN THE STATES!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I SAW ONE OF YOUR PAINTINGS GO FOR FIVE GRAND AT THE ARTHUR GREEN GALLERIES! LARRY DILTANT SOLD IT...

BUT... BREDLKY! FENTON BREDLKY, THE CRITIC, SAID MY PAINTINGS WERE BAD... SHOWED NO TALENT!

THE NEWCOMER GREETS MAX WITH A WARM HANDSHAKE AND SITS DOWN.

SAY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ROUGHING IT? YOU ARTISTS: WE ALL ALIKE! SHABBY CLOTHES...

IF I COULD AFFORD BETTER I'D BUY IT!

THAT'S JUST IT! I SOLD THEM ALL... EVERY PICTURE... TO LARRY DILTANT.

SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'VE BEEN TAKEN FOR A RIDE, MAX!

BOB? CAN YOU LET ME HAVE SOME MONEY? I... I'LL NEED IT... TO BUY MY REVENGE...

YEHUDA WELL, FENTON BREDLKY CHANGED HIS MIND! HIS COLUMNS CALL YOU A GENIUS, A MASTER! SAY... YOU STILL HAVE YOUR WORK, DON'T YOU?
Max is led into a thatched hut where a wrinkled old native huddles over a small fire... He says he came to buy voodoo! What do you want voodoo for... white man? Revenge! Three men have stolen from me, and I want revenge... Go away, white man! This is not for you! Go away! I've come to buy voodoo! I have money!

Max hesitates. He stares down at the foul-smelling, bubbling, steaming contents in the pot. Suddenly he plunges his right hand into the bubbling brew...

But I'll scalD myself! You want voodoo? You must do it!

What is that all? Say! What is this? Don't I get one of those voodoo dolls to stick pins into? You are... artist? You can draw! You don't need doll? Now you go...
Max curse the old man for cheating him and stamps out of the hut. Later, in his shabby studio, Max puts the finishing touches on his self-portrait.

Blasted native! I must have been crazy to think I could get revenge with voodoo.

That right. Max cannot sleep. Finally he gets out of bed, sits down at the table and idly begins to sketch the vase there.

I've got to get back to the states and get those dirty.

Angrily Max rips the drawing of the vase from his sketch pad and tears it into tiny pieces.

They owe me plenty! If they don't come across, I'll tear each of them limb from limb like this...

Suddenly there is a crash behind Max. He spins around, the vase he had been drawing is lying on the floor...smashed to bits.

It...it must have fallen off the table when I tore up the...the drawing of it?

Max stares in horror at the pieces of paper in his hand...

It...it's...voodoo!

Swiftly, Max sketches the crust of bread that lies on the floor next to the garbage can. Then he takes an eraser and rubs out half of it...

I've got to be...sure!

For a full minute, Max stares at the crust of bread. Nothing happens. Then, suddenly, a huge rat darts out from behind the garbage can and begins to devour the bread...

It does work! It does!
The rat, startled by Max's exclamation, darts away leaving half of the crust uneaten. The bare half that still remains on the paper in Max's sketchpad suddenly Max gasps or the easel... watching him...

"Good Lord! My self-portrait! I finished it tonight!"

Max takes his palette knife and scratches a small nick in the portrait's cheek! Then he sits down to wait—nothing happens! Soon Max's head begins to nod—sleep creeps upon him! Then, as he dozes off, he topples forward.

Max stares wide-eyed in horror at his self-portrait! It seems to smirk at him...

"Oh Lord! My portrait is voodoo! Too! I can't destroy it! I've got to protect it from harm!"

The fall awakens him! He lies sprawled, face downward on the floor! There is a burning sensation or his cheek! Max puts his hand to his face and feels something wet and sticky...

"Blood! I gut my face on the broken vase when I fell..."

Several days later, with a loan from Bob Dickson, Max flies to New York—his precious self-portrait under his arm...

"First thing I've got to do is put this portrait where it will be safe!"

Max goes straight to his old studio building—Harry Halley, his ex-landlord who had thrown him out for non-payment of rent—torn door...

"Well, Max Moor! I suppose you want your old studio back, eh? Well, if you pay me the back rent... you can have it!"

"Here's your back rent and a month in advance!"
Then Max buys a safe... Large enough to hold his self-portrait... There! Now I can begin to take my revenge! My portrait will be safe in there!

Max takes a sheet of drawing paper and sketches a picture of Harry Halley, the landlord...

Once you kicked me out, Mr. Halley... when I was broke!

Max takes an eraser and rubs out one of Mr. Halley's legs...

Well, now you'll kick no more...

Suddenly, outside... There is a shriek of brakes and a scream of pain! Max goes to the window on the street. A crowd has gathered! Mr. Halley, Max's landlord... has seen run over by a car...

His Leg is crushed! We'll have to amputate!

Max takes a new sheet of paper and draws the scene. Finally, the crowd...

So you lied to me, eh, Sreedly? You looked at my pictures and said they were no good, eh? Well...

Max takes an eraser and erases the eyes on Sreedly's portrait...

Well, now you'll never see another picture again...

Far across the city... Fenton Sreedly screams in pain... his wife has just flung acid at his face...

There! That will fix you! Now maybe you'll spend more time with me! Now, maybe you won't be such a ladies' man!
On a third sheet of paper, Max draws a likeness of Arthur Sheer... an art dealer...

You lied to me, Arthur! You told me my pictures were worthless... that you couldn't sell them! Then you did... when they were no longer mine.

With the eraser, Max obliterates Arthur's hands...

That was an underhanded trick. Green! Yes! Underhanded! So... no hands for you, anymore!

In the back room of the Green Galleries, Anthum stumps to the floor, shrieking in pain...

Someone set an ambulance! Mr. Green just caught his hands in the big matt-cutter.

In his studio, Max monks sits before his sketch pad, gasping for breath...

Air! I need air! I'm suffocating! I can't breathe!

Suddenly Max realizes what is happening! He stumbles to the safe, the room spinning before his eyes...

Air tight... safe! Portrait... suffocating! Got to... get it... out... into the air...

Max goes to the closet! He puts the portrait inside! In the hoop of the closet is a sky-light!

This is a good spot! I can open the sky-light slightly and lock the door!

Max turns the small crank that opens the sky-light to admit air! Then he closes the door inside the closet, his self-portrait smiles up at the daylight...

Just as everything goes bad, Max manages to open the safe! He lies before it sucking in the cool air...

Sasp... the safe is no good! I've got to find a better spot! The gasp... portrait needs air...

Max...
MAX MAKES HIS WAY DOWN THE STEPS INTO THE SUBWAY...

IT WON'T TAKE MUCH FOR ME TO CONVINCE DILANT TO HAND OVER SOME OF THE MONEY THAT'S DUE ME...

DON TRAP... TRAP... TRAP...

UP ON THE ROOF, A SIGN PAINTER READIES HIS PAINTS ON A SCAFFOLD, HUGGING A BILLBOARD...

As Max soon leaves his studio, a sign painter reads his paints on a scaffold, hugging a billboard...
HAAAAA! GREETINGS GHOULS! LET ME SEE! WHAT HORROR STORY FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION OF CHILLERS THAT I KEEP HERE IN MY VAULT CAN I PALPitate YOUR LITTLE CADAVERS WITH THIS TIME? YES, IT'S ME AGAIN YOUR HOST IN HORROR: THE VAULT-KEEPER! AN, I KNOW! HERE'S A DELIGHTFUL SPINE-TINGLER THAT WILl CURdle THE NARROW IN YOUR BONES! IT'S A FAVORITE OF MINE THAT I AFFECTIONATELY CALL THE BORROWED BODY!

HIGH UP OVER SWANKY PARK AVENUE, IN AN ELABORATELY FURNISHED PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN PACES THE PLUSH CARPETED FLOOR NERVOUSLY. SMOKING CIGARETTE AFTER CIGARETTE FROM TIME TO TIME, SHE GLANCES ANXIOUSLY AT THE FRONT DOOR. EXPECTANTLY. FINALLY, THE CHIMES STARTLE HER AND SHE RUSHES TO THE DOOR AND PULLS IT OPEN...

YOU'RE LATE, FRED! COME IN!

YOU'RE CRAZY, SANDRA. INVITING ME HERE! IF YOUR HUSBAND FOUND OUT ABOUT US, HE'D DIVORCE YOU IN A MINUTE! THEN WE'D LOSE THE DUFF!
Don't worry about him, Fred! Herbert has a board meeting tonight! He won't be home till late!

Tonight! I can't stand it! Art is shorter, either. Fred! I want to be rid of him for good!

C'MERE, SAB! You look ravishing, tonight!

Ro, Fred! We've got a lot to talk about... plans to make...

Okay, after just one little kiss.

Herbert always walks home from board meetings! You'll wait for him in a certain alley.

Finally, Fred reluctantly releases Sandra, wife of the wealthy corporation executive, Herbert Borsay, from his embrace! He goes to the bar and pours himself a drink...

Okay, Sandra! Shoot! What's the pitch?

Herbert always walks home from board meetings! You'll wait for him in a certain alley.

Oh? I've seen him with your wife, several times! You sure, Cooper? Sandra never mentioned it! Are you sure it was Sandra?

Well, really, Herbert! It was just once. It might be a mistake! But I've seen them together! Oh... five or six times!

Heh, heh! Well, Fred's an old flame of Sandra's! They're probably just... friends... now!

And so we leave the plotting lovers and cross town to an imposing office building! The board meeting of the Dorsay Investment Company is just breaking up...

Say, Herbert! Who's this Fred Huntson? Wht, he's a friend of mine, Cooper! Haven't seen him for months...
Now that the seed of doubt is planted in Herbert Dorsey's jealous brain, let's go back across town to the Dorsey penthouse, huh?

You'd better go now, Fred! Got everything straight?

Right? I know the spot! He'll never know what hit him! 'Night, baby!

Soon after Fred Huntson leaves the Dorsey home, Herbert leaves the office building...

Sure I can't give you a lift, Nerd. No, thanks. Cooper! I always walk...

Down the dark deserted streets between the towering silent buildings Herbert Dorsey moves... thinking...

Sandra—and Fred! I can't believe it! Cooper must be mistaken! Still...

Suddenly, as Herbert passes a darkened alley, a shadowy figure rushes at him—a length of heavy pipe poised.

What the... Good Lord!

Somehow, Herbert manages to side-step the attack and the empty silence of the deserted street is shattered by the impact of the metal pipe against the streetlight pole...

Herbert begins to run wildly down the dark street. His attacker close at his heels! As they dash across an intersection, a speeding truck suddenly looms before them. Its brakes shrieking.

Look out...

Huntington pauses, panting, against a building. The confused truck driver gets out of his car! Before the bloodstained bumper of the truck, bathed in the blinding glare of the headlights, lies a still figure.

Crazy fool! Ran right in front of me!

It—it's Fred Huntington! He—he tried to kill me!
High up in her luxurious penthouse apartment, Sandra Dorsey smiles to herself as she rolls on a chaise-lounge. "By now she muses, it's all over!" Suddenly the door chimes wipe the smile from her lovely face.

Meanwhile Sandra is opening the penthouse door...

"Yes? I'm surprised to see you, Sandra?"

"Who, who can that be? Fred? He's got a brain?

All night... All right! It's true! He did try to kill you! Too bad we didn't know I'll have to finish the job..."

"All right... All right! It's true! He did try to kill you! Too bad we didn't know I'll have to finish the job..."

"Put down that poker, Sandra! Put it down!"

"Don't act with me, Sandra! I know everything! I know all about Fred, and you..."

"As, at the hospital..."

"More adrenalin! He's bleeding! He's got hit by a truck!"

"Never mind, nurse! He's dead..."

"Put down that poker, Sandra! Put it down!"

"I'll be back!"

"You're going fast! What happened?"

"By now, she muses, it's all over!" Suddenly the door chimes wipe the smile from her lovely face.

"Put down that poker, Sandra! Put it down!"

"As, at the hospital..."

"More adrenalin! He's bleeding! He's got hit by a truck!"

"Never mind, nurse! He's dead..."

"You're going fast! What happened?"

"By now, she muses, it's all over!" Suddenly the door chimes wipe the smile from her lovely face.
But, exactly at that moment, in the Oorsay penthouse...

Sandra stands over the prostrate form of her husband...

I've got to put on an act for the neighbors... make it look like self-defense!

Listen! It's from the Oorsay apartment!

Keep away from me. Herbert! No! No! EEEEE!

While at the hospital, the doctor has just covered Fred Huntson's face with the sheet.

Take him down to the morgue! Well...

Impossibly! His heart stopped!

He... He's alive!

Don't... Sandra! He's delirious!

Don't hit me...

Put down that poker... Sandra!

You're in the hospital, Mr. Huntson! You were hit by a truck...

Huntson! My name is Oorsay!

But take identification...

Let him alone, nurse! He's suffering from shock!
HEH, HEH! WHO WOULDN'T BE SHOCKED, EH, KIDDIES? HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WAKE UP IN SOMEONE ELSE'S BODY? YES! THE EXACT MOMENT THAT FRED HUNTSON DIED, HERBERT DORSEY WAS MURDERED BY HIS WIFE! BUT SOMETHING STRANGE HAS HAPPENED... SOMETHING WEIRD! HERBERT DORSEY ISN'T DEAD! HE'S ALIVE... IN FRED HUNTSON'S BODY! ISN'T THIS AN INTERESTING DEVELOPMENT?

THE NEIGHBOR'S CORROBORATE MRS. DORSEY'S STORY...

YES! WE HEARD THE WHOLE THING! THE BEAST... HE WAS BEATING HER...

SHE SCREAMED... BEGGED HIM TO STOP! SHE MUST HAVE HIT HIM...

SANDRA IS BOOKED FOR MURDER BUT IS RELEASED ON BAIL. IT IS ALMOST CERTAIN THAT A TRIAL WILL FIND THAT SHE KILLED HERBERT IN SELF DEFENSE! MEANWHILE AT THE HOSPITAL...

TIME FOR YOUR MEDICINE, MR. HUNTSON! I... HE'S GONE!

DR. DOCTOR! MR. HUNTSON... THE PATIENT IN 305! HE'S GONE... HIS BED'S EMPTY!

IMPOSSIBLE! THE MAN WAS HIT BY A TRUCK!

AT HER PENTHOUSE, SANDRA CALLS THE HOSPITAL...

I'M CALLING TO FIND OUT THE CONDITION OF MR. FRED HUNTSON! I UNDERSTAND HE WAS TAKEN... WHAT?... GONE?... BUT...

SANDRA OPENS HER PENTHOUSE DOOR! THERE... STANDING IN A POOL OF BLOOD... IS...

FRED! NO, SANDRA! YOU'RE WRONG...
THE BROKEN BODY MOVES TOWARD HER...

I'M HERBERT... YOUR HUSBAND!

NO, NO, FRED! LISTEN TO ME... YOU'RE DELIRIOUS.

HERBERT'S DEAD, FRED! I KILLED HIM! THE POLICE THINK IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE! WE'RE SAFE...

FRED IS THE ONE WHO'S DEAD... I AM HERBERT... IN FRED'S BODY.

KEEP AWAY FROM ME, FRED! KEEP AWAY! YOU'RE... YOU'RE MAD!

YOU THOUGHT YOU KILLED ME WHEN YOU STRUCK ME WITH THIS POKER... DIDN'T YOU, SANDRA?

POKER! HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE POKER, FRED? HOW DID YOU... OH, LORD, NO!

YES, SANDRA! NOW YOU'RE CONVINCED, AREN'T YOU? AND DON'T TRY TO GET MY GUN... THAT I KEEP IN THE DESK DRAWER...

OH, GOD! YOU ARE HERBERT? YOU ARE.

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU ALL ALONG...

OH, FRED! AND THAT'S MY TALE... DEAR FIENDS! SANDRA TOOK A LITTLE CONVINCING TO REALIZE THAT IT WAS REALLY HERBERT IN FRED'S BODY! THEN, SHE FINALLY GOT IT... BUT GOOD! THEY FOUND SANDRA'S BODY... AND FRED'S TOO... STONE COLD DEAD! WELL, AFTER ALL, HOW LONG CAN A GUY WHO'S BEEN HIT BY A TRUCK LAST, ANYWAY? OH, BY THE WAY! IF YOU WANT TO SEE HOW LONG YOU CAN LAST... JUST SEND FOR BACK ISSUES! THE INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET 'EM IS IN THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER!
The Crypt-Keeper's Corner

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi
Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I love your stories. Your stories are better than the Vault-Keeper's. (I think the Vault-Keeper is a stupid lout.) Goodbye for now, your friend forever,

Michael Mc Knight

I love your stories. The Old Witch and The Vault-Keeper are idiots.

Brandon Guillory

Are The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch your friends? Tell The Vault-Keeper I said hi and tell The Old Witch she's a bag!

I want some pennies! Your coolest fan,

John Baldi

19 Ledge ST
Melrose MA 02176

The story "Scared to Death!" in issue #6 was the best story in that book. The worst story was The Old Witch's. That really sucked. Please print my address.

Dara Conner
7827 Rambler PL
Cincinnati, OH 45231

Five great minds with but a single trill.

I am a big fan of CRYPT and also watch your shows. What I like is that it has scary stories I think CRYPT should be a movie in movie theaters. Then see how many people like it.

Tony Rizzi
Lima, OH

Don't forget Aloues did a CRYPT and a VAULT during the 70's. People say they're on video, with the VAULT one labeled CRYPT II.

I love the comic CRYPT 7! Are you a girl or a boy? I hate the other creepy comics, like THE VAULT OF HORROR. They suck! The only creepy comic I like is yours. You're the best spook.

Scott LeBeau
Mt Vernon, WA

"Bats in My Belfry!" from CRYPT #6 was a fun story. I recognized "The Living Death!" as Poe a "Facts in the Case Of M. Valdemar" cleverly updated: Graham Ingels was the perfect choice to illustrate this bizarro tale. Poe and Ingels just seem to go together. I'm remembering his fine work on the "Case Of Amontillado" adaptation "Blood Red Wine!" in Crime #3.

Duncan Reynolds' story was a gruesome little tale of a man with a hunger for literature. I wonder what book he was reading, perhaps "Frankensteinstein"!

By the way, on "Tales from the Cryptkeeper" the stories are obviously not EC, and your face is green. What's the deal with those cartoon guys?

Barry McCollum
Alton, IL

Sorry, got no ideas.

CRYPT #6 kicks butt! My favorite stories "Bats in My Belfry!" (faithfully reprinted in Vol. 1 of the Random House books) and "Scared to Death!". The Old Witch is a major loser. "The Living Death!" is boring and cheap. "Midnight Snack!" a predictable and obvious.

In issue #9 you seemed upset because no 14-year-olds wrote to you. So, here I am. Here's what I thought of issue #9:


"Loved to Death!" Not bad at all, I really liked the ending.

"The Works... In Was!" Excellent! One of the best! Just one problem. Who the "**1**" is Lucy Bordeman?

My favorite episode of HBO's "Tales from the CRYPT!" is "The Switch". When will it appear?

Which issues are "The Reluctant Vampire!" and "Abra Cadaver!" gonna be in? If anyone else wants to write, I invite all letters. Until next time.

Myron James
RR 4 Box 141
Rockville IN 47872

"Lucy Bordeman took an ax and gave her mother 40 wacks. When she saw what Lucy done, Lizzy Bordeman joined the fun."

"The Switch!" is IN CRYPT 29, yet to come, or get it now in GLAD CRYPT 8. "Reluctant" was in VAULT 9, get it now. "Abra" wasn't the title at an EC story. Give me a two sentence plotline and I'll ID it.

—CK

You are my idol. I'm a 14 year-old girl. I collect your comics and cards, and I tape your shows, except the ones on FOX on Saturday because they cut all the good parts out. I celebrate Halloween year round. I'm a really gory person. I have even developed your sick vocabulary. So when do we start getting some Crypt shirts out?"

I give much thanks to John Kassir for bringing you back from the dead on your show. I must say your cards are a real kick in the teeth to lend. I would like to hear from Mike Tormey who wrote you a letter in CRYPT #9. I draw a lot. I've been in many art shows. I draw a lot of skulls and corpses. Please print my address Mike write me! Thanks, CRYPT, for making my life (or death) a gory experience.

Paula Santos
2253 Matheeven LN
Gambette, MD 21054

And I drew face Ed says, "T-shirts featuring HBO CE in next catalog. Will have about 8 to choose from. Plus, 1 exclusive to EC Comics." Terse little goober, isn't he?

—CK

I really dug "The Trophy!" in CRYPT #8! Your trophy room is the greatest. Did you bag them all yourself? In the picture of your trophy room it looks like VK's mouth is sewn shut is that the only way you could keep him quiet?

Jim Davis
Pullman WA

And still I hear him MUMBLING up there! —CK
I noticed that "The Thing From The Seat!" in CRYPT #4 is almost identical to "The Upper Berth" by F. Marion Crawford, but no credit was given to him. He wrote it in the 1960s.

I hear someone has already noticed the similarity between "Rex Death!" and "White Powder!" Also no credit was given. Is it not necessary in comic book stories?

Jack Barnes
Dallas, TX

As we’ve intimated in these pages before, sometimes you borrow an idea and sometimes you borrow the plot it’s stored in, too. And sometimes you remember to say thanks, and sometimes you don’t. That’s business.

I have a question. At the beginning of your TV show you show the comic book the story is in. I was wondering if you have any of those comic books? The comic book with The Vault-Keeper’s face, Old Witch’s face and your face.

Chad J. Barr
Peachtree City, GA

These are done just for the show. Mike Vosburg did TV-Crypt-Keeper quite right. Compare to Jack Davis’ portrait of me from CRYPT 17.

I’m 12 years old and I never could find the CRYPT comic until I went to Sleepaway Camp. An outside mail! The comic store only had CRYPT #9.

I think that if you put more blood in your tales it would improve the comics. It would be more realistic.

Jon Estreich
New York, NY

When I was 12, we didn’t have time to shop at Sleep Away Camp ‘cause we were fighting ‘off’ predators!

I love your comics! Your stories are wonderful! I love it at the end of your stories when you make funny comments.

Please print my address people who like your comics can write to me, and I’ll write back!

Rosalie Ertl, 14 years old
7 Park ST
Shortsville NY 14578

I love your tales, they’re so creepy. Your spookier than The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch. How come in your show you’re dead but in the comic you’re not? Creepingly yours,

Chris Draks
Vineland, NJ

Why in the TV show on FOX is the Crypt-Keeper bald and has no skin when the one in the comic book is the total opposite?

Harold Craft
Rockaway, NJ

I [am] a fan of your CRYPT reprints. I have also been a fan of the HBO show “Tales from the Crypt” for a while but the only thing from the show I don’t like is the Crypt-Keeper. I expected him to be more like the comic books.

Ray Alarcon
Houston, TX

I am a bit disturbed by your comments about the Crypt-Keeper voice on the TV show and the cartoon (as mentioned in CRYPT #6). I can do several voice impersonations very well, but my favorite is the Crypt-Keeper’s voice because I can do it excellently (although the laugh is tricky). So if the Crypt-Keeper even needs a back-up vocalist, I’ll be hanging around! Any other horror-crazed folks and ghouls out there? I could use a pal, write to me please.

Pleasant dreams,

Jerry Brito (CK, Jr.)
9371 Anderson ST
Thornton, CO 80229

I’m a big fan of yours, I come out from da fires of Hell just to read your mag. You’ve been very popular, or so I heard. You’re own show, cartoon cards, and I heard about some toys coming out soon.

Duck Dull

Bottom half of a smokin’ sheet received here. Part of the signature was burned off. “Dark Demo...” Hmm. Maybe it was “Dark Demosthenes.”

— CK

I enjoyed reading CRYPT number 7. “Reflection of Death” was a neat idea, having the reader being the person in the story. But then they ruined the illusion by showing the face of the character and then giving him the name Al. The chances of the name of the reader being Al is rather remote, so it would have been better to refer to the character as “you”.

The Feldstein cover for CRYPT #8 seemed weak compared to the one he did for #8. Those covers that require a talk balloon to carry them over are seldom as good as those [without]! You have no doubt noticed that Jack Davis never had balloons in any of his cover illustrations. Davis seemed to be a very versatile artist as he did good work in the war and SF comics as well as in the horror mags.

Waren Staudt
Sunnyvale, CA

I have a beach towel, watch, cup holder, poster, two shirts, a pen and the HBO TV show cards of you. I also have some issues of CRYPT I think the story in #8 (“Scared To Death”) was great! Ghoulishly yours,

Corey Dussk
West Hartford, CT

P.S. I wrote this letter with the Crypt-Keeper pen.

Too bad you couldn’t E-Mail it through the Crypt.net?

— CK

It’s good to see something new in the field of comic books today. I mean there are too many superheroes out there. That’s why I like EC comics so much! They are my number one! So I give EC two skulls up!

Personally, the Crypt-Keeper is the best of all three! Say hi to the Cryptster for me!

Eric Johnson
Goldensboro, NC

I love every EC comic. I especially love your horror comics. I am planning to get the [hardback] COMPLETE CRYPT soon because I think it is the best horror comic ever made.

Adam Owens
Englewood, CO

I am a big fan of you and your show on HBO! If you have a fan club please! please! please! send an application to join. I really, really, really, really would like to join.

Corey Agee
Martinsville, VA

We don’t operate a fan club, but other fans do! You should see The Vault-Keeper’s “Fan Club News” page, which ran in HAUNT, INCREDIBLE SF and CRIME #9 last month!

— CK
I'm Trista. When I got done reading CRYPT #7, I loved it. Then I let my friend Tabbe read it. She said it was cool. My favorite story in it was "Voodoo Death!" How old are you? This is my first letter. I hope you like it! Well, see you!

Trista White, age 9
Anderson, IN

I am old enough to appreciate a well-written, well-spelled legible letter from a young person, especially when they are SO young! Congratulations.  

I got my first EC comics a couple weeks ago. I'm 9 years old. I'm your #1 fan! My favorite story in the book is "Bats in My Beffy!" I agree with Jerri Brewer OW sucks big time. They should take my advice and use VK right between the eyes. They should have an EC comic that only has you and your stories. I gotta go now.

Luke Torgerson
Bozeman, MT

Sad news! Shooting VK in the head doesn't even make him angry (it does get his attention). I know, I tried it. And I want my bullet back!  

I love your show! I watch it whenever it's on. I just got my first CRYPT comic and pack of cards. I love them! I bought them to school and everybody wanted to look at them! Me and my friend decided to start a Crypt Club! It will be amazing! I love your attitude! I can't believe my sister doesn't like you! I'm 11 years old.

Zack Gilroy
Newmarket ON

Get with it, Sie!

My name is Matt Smith. I am ten years old. I wrote to you before I have some questions to ask you. 1) Do you like Mortal Kombat guys? 2) Are you rich? If you are could you send me a CRYPT comic? 3) Did you ever kill somebody? 4) Do you like to play sports? 5) Can you send me a picture of yourself? And sign your name on it? I know I am asking for a lot, but it would be real nice if you did.

I have two more questions to ask you. A) What is your favorite animal? B) Do you like Beavis and Butthead?

Matt Smith
Utica, NY

1) I like them, but foresee no long term relationships. 2) Sure, I'm rich! And, I got that way by NOT giving away everything I have! 3) Someone pees this! 4) I played for the NY Black Sox football team in 1948. 5) Why should I learn to write just for you? A) I don't like animals. B) Didn't I just answer that?

I just love your comics. My brother has [hardbacks?] books of you! My favorite story is CRYPT #9. I would love a pair! Also, can you give me a free comic and I will give you a story called "The Switch". But you have to give me the comic first, ok?

Jeremy Rainier
6A Lee St
Forest, MI 48025

Blackmail, oh? Well, EC already has a story titled "The Switch" (see above), so you'll have to up the ante to get a freebie outa me! Huh, huh?

I just read CRYPT #9. It was cool! Two tales in that issue were adapted by the HBO series. My favorite tale from your magazine is "The Worka in Wax!"

Dusty Gann
Pembroke GA

You're the best out of the three. All your stories are the best. My favorite is "Bats in My Beffy!" What is your favorite? Well tell me if they make it even cooler.

Jevin Claxton
Royse City, TX

You are awesome! Just plain awesome! I love your comics! Actually, some of the stories are weird but I just don't care! Me and my sister started collecting your comics. They're great! I've watched your show so many times!

Nishad Majmudar
Pittsburgh PA

You also heard from:

Cyril Traylor
Wind Gap, PA

Willy Beaulieu
Holden, MA

Brent Lahr
Dellin, TX

Jason Mihalek
Glen Forrest, PA

Milo Prochaska
Manchester, MD

Ashley Robinson
Leitchfield, KY

Scott Shelly
Oak Park, IL

Britt Schachne
Norwood, OH

Evan Will Slate
Venice, CA

This comic reprints TALES FROM THE CRYPT #33 (21G, OCT/NOV 81) COVER by Wally Wood

"The Barred Body!" Howard Larsen
"Indian Burial Ground!" George Roussos
"Political Pull!" Graham Ingels

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Here's a hair-raising tale of terror! I call this one... **Indian Burial Mound**

Old Hiram Becker raised his hand to shade his eyes from the glaring sun and gazed down the dirt road at the cloud of dust moving toward him...

Hmmm! Here comes that city feller who's interested in buyin' my farm! Right on time, too!

Soon a sleek, busty automobile drew up and a young man got out...

You the feller what called me on the phone 'bout buyin' the farm?

That's right! You must be Hiram Becker! My name is Roy Madison
Hiram turned and gesticulated toward the open fields and the ramshackle farm house.

Well, than she is! What do you think? Perfect! Exactly what I'm looking for!

You mean you still want to buy 'en? Of course! The listing said your asking price was seven thousand dollars! Is that correct?

Say, young feller! Go ahead, man if I ask you a question?

Hiram got into Roy's car and they drove up the dusty road to the house.

You're no farmer! I kin tell that! What do you want this ol' farm for anyway?

I'm going to turn it into an airport and flying school, Mr. Becker!

Airport! Flying school! It's a perfect location—just off the main highway. Five miles from town! and look at it! The land is perfect! Almost flat! Except for that small hill out there.

And a bull-dozer will level that off in jiffy time! Runways.

You ain't gonna bull-doze that hump, Mr. Madison, are you? I wouldn't advise it!
INDIAN MOUND? WHAT’S THAT? IT’S A BURIAL MOUND, THE INDIANS THAT ONCE ROAMED THESE PARTS BURIED THEIR DEAD UNDER MOUNDS LIKE THAT ONE!

WELL... IT WOULDN'T TOUCH THAT MOUND IF I WERE YOU MR. MADISON. SEE? MY FUN NOS SO AROUND IT THERE’S A LEGEND ABOUT THEM INDIAN MOUNDS.

ANYONE WHO VIOLATES THE RESTING PLACE OF THE DEAD WILL BE PUNISHED BY THEIR SPIRITS.

BAH! THAT’S JUST IGNORANT SUPERSTITION! WELL, SHALL WE CONCLUDE OUR DEAL...

AND SO ROY MADISON AND HIRAM BECKER SIGNEO THE BILL OF SALE AND THE BECKER FARM WAS TUNNELED OVER TO ROY.

...AND HERE’S YOUR CHECK, MR. BECKER. NOW, HOW SOON DO YOU THINK I CAN BEGIN MOVING IN MY EQUIPMENT?

WHY, ANYTIME, MR. MADISON! I... I’M WONDERIN’ IF YOU’LL NEED A HAND TO HELP YOU FOR A WHILE.

...YOU SEE, I AIN’T GOT NO FAMILY, AND I’LL NEED WORK TILL I KIN FIND ME A NEW FARM.

OKAY, BECKER! YOU CAN STICK AROUND! BUT REMEMBER, YOU’RE WORKING FOR ME.

NOW?

SOON THE CHEDS AND BARN, THE FENCES AND TREES HAVE ALL BEEN CLEARED AWAY.

THERE’S THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT! NOW TO LEVEL THE LAND.

MR. MADISON, YOU GONNA PLOW UP THAT INDIAN MOUND?

THE NEXT DAY, THE LOUD ROAR OF A HUGE BULL-DOZER ECHOED OVEN NOY MADISON’S NEWLY ACHAINED FARM.

WE’LL LEAVE THE HOUSE STANDING FOR A WHILE TILL THE LAND IS CLEARED OF THAT TERRIBLE PIECE OF MACHINERY.
REMEMBER, MR. MADISON!

THE HUGE BULL-DOZER ROARED AS ROY THREW HER INTO FORWARD GEAR! SLOWLY IT CAME DOWN UPON THE SMALL RISE ON THE OTHERWISE FLAT LANDSCAPE... HERE GOES YOUR INDIAN MOUND, HIRAM. FOR ALL!

Coughing and barking, the bull-dozer's powerful treads shoved its gleaming plow into the Indian mound... ...tore up tremendous chunks of black soil and flung them aside... ...then sputtered to a stop halfway through the ancient burial site...

WHAT IN BLAZES... SHE'S CONKED OUT!

Roy swung himself down from the driver's seat of the mechanical monster as Old Hiram came on the run...

...what happened? Don't know, Hiram! Engine just died on me! She... Good Lord... Look!

Roy bent and picked up a whitened, grinning skull... It... it must be the remains of one of the poor devils that was buried here!

LISTEN, MR. MADISON! LISTEN! DRUMS...
Roy and Hiram turned their heads skyward from far off came the sound of tom-toms throbbing... pulsating...

It's the Indian spirits! You've got 'em riled up!

Don't be foolish, Hiram! That's just heat lightning. In that thunderhead up there

I told you, Mr. Madison! I told you not to plow up that Indian burial mound. Now they're gonna come and git us...

Hiram spun and ran wildly out across the field...

Roy watched as the fleeing Hiram Becker disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust. Suddenly a clap of thunder exploded overhead and it began to rain! Roy plowed the scraggly skull to the ground... drat the luck! First the bulldozer goes out and now this rain! I'll have to quit for today!

Then Roy sprinted to the house just as the rain began to fall in heavy sheets! He slammed the door and cursed! Outside it was getting dark...

Superstitious fool! Afraid of an old legend...

But the steady drumming of the tom-toms seemed to draw closer and closer to the old farmhouse! Roy began to shiver! Fear clutched at his heart! A cold chill ran up his spine! Suddenly there was a heavy pounding on the door...

Thump! Thump!

Later as night closed in on the ramshackle farm house, Roy sat near the fire outside. The rain beat incessantly on the rotted roof. Suddenly, the distant sound of tom-toms began again...

What's that? Drums? Nah! It's only my imagination! The old man's got me jumpy now!

Someone outside. Suey's old Hiram's come back!
Roy flung open the battered door and dazed outside into the blackness...

That you, Hiram? I thought you'd think...it...oh my God!

No! No!

Amid the steady throbbing of the rain came a clear unmistakable sound—the blood-curdling shriek of Roy Madison.

AAAAAAAAAGHH!

An the sun rose over the old farm, the sky had cleared here and there, puddles of water attested to the fact that it had rained all that night, a lone figure moved down the muddy road...I wonder if Mr. Madison's scared of me? I guess I'm out of a job.

"What the...!

As the sun rose over the old farm, the sky had cleared here and there, puddles of water attested to the fact that it had rained all that night, a lone figure moved down the muddy road...I wonder if Mr. Madison's scared of me? I guess I'm out of a job.

The Indian mound! It's been repaired! It's all built up again!

Old Hiram Becker! He crossed the rain-soaked field toward the house. Suddenly he stopped and stared in amazement! The bulldozer sat silently in a muddy puddle near the Indian burial mound! But the mound...

Hiram turned toward the water-logged house. It stood dark and somber in the morning sunlight. He moved toward it, swung open the battered door.

Mr. Madison? Is...I am good Lord?

It was old Hiram Becker, he crossed the rain-soaked field toward the house. Suddenly he stopped and stared in amazement! The bulldozer sat silently in a muddy puddle near the Indian burial mound! But the mound...

Hiram stared down at the crumpled figure of Roy stretched out in a dried pool of blood on the dusty floor! He stifled the feeling of nausea that swept over him.

How...horrible! He...he's been scalped!

Heh, heh! Well, I told you, kiddies! I told you this was a hair-raising tale! How hair-raising can one get? Oh, by the way, know anybody that's looking for a farm? Hiram Becker's still for sale! Only one thing: right smack in the middle of it is an Indian burial mound. If you've got a customer for it, you'd better tell him not to try to level it! Or else he might be leveled by a tomahawk! Oh, don't forget to read 'The Crypt-keeper's Corner' and now, the old witch will entertain you...

POLITICAL PULL!

I WAS A BRIGHT SUNNY SUNDAY MORNING IN JULY OF 1892 IN A SMALL SEACOAST TOWN THAT MY STORY HAD ITS BEGINNING. THE DOORS OF THE LITTLE WHITE CHURCH THAT STOOD IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE HAD JUST BEEN OPENED AND THE MORNING WORSHIPERS WERE FILING OUT.

A PINE SERMON, REVEREND?

ON MR. MAYOR! LET ME THANK YOU AGAIN FOR YOUR BENEVOLENT CONTRIBUTION TO OUR STAINED-GLASS WINDOW FUND! IT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO FILL OUR QUOTA! PERHAPS THE WINDOW WILL BE INSTALLED BY THE TIME THE ELECTION ROLLS AROUND.
think nothing of it. I only wish I could have given more. But as you know, being an honest politician does not make a man rich.

and that is why you have been re-elected so often. Mayor Fulton because the townsfolk know you are an honorable man.

Meanwhile, nearby, Cyrus Mangate, Mayor Jed Fulton's opponent in the coming election, manned to himself:

Hmph! Look at him, righteous old stuff! Shirts! Three times he's beaten me for the mayoralty! Three times! But this time this time will be different...

often the usual Sunday morning meetings and idle chatten was finished. Mayor Fulton made his way home.

Mayor Fulton: "Ah, my worthy opponent... Mr. Mangate!

I'd like to have a talk with you, sir. It's very important.

Why not have lunch with me, Mr. Mangate? My servant has the day off... and I'd welcome the company!

I'd be delighted, sir. Are you 'Mangate' no trouble at all! While we are dining we can talk.

Later, after the two political opponents had eaten a hearty meal...laughing about past elections, Mr. Mangate proposed a toast.

Let's drink to this election, Jed! I know I can't beat you.

Nonsense, Cyrus! You can't tell.

Cyrus drew a small square of folded paper from his pocket and emptied the contents into the mayor's drink.

Maybe this time will be your change, Cyrus... maybe, Mr. Mayor... maybe you're right!"
Here you are! May the best man win!

Mayor Fulton drained his glass! Cyrus studied him.

Pheew! Bah! Wine's bad! Poor vintage! It tastes all right to me, Jed!

The townsfolk have always respected you. Haven't they, Jed? They've always thought you were an honorable, God-fearing righteous man!

That's right, Cyrus! I... I...

When you die, you'll give you a right nice funeral, eh?

Why not? I... What's wrong with me? I feel... funny!

But if they thought you committed suicide... and left a note confessing graft and corruption... they'd be pretty sore at you, eh? You might not get a decent burial...

Mandate! What... what... have you... done... to... me?

I've poisoned you... you righteous old fool! And see this? It's your confession... your suicide note!

No... no... I... I... Mayor Fulton slumped to the floor of his office.

Now we'll see, Jed! We'll see what the town thinks of you after this! I'll just leave this note and the empty poison packet on the table and clear up any evidence of my being here... and leave!
After carefully removing any traces of his having visited the mayor's house, Cyrus Mangoate slipped out unseen.

Heh, heh well Jed! I guess this cinches my election and ruins your spot-less reputation!

He's been poisoned! It... it's murder!

Who... who could have done it? The whole town loved and respected him!

Cyrus was at the funeral, too! There were many suspecting glances thrown in his direction.

I... I can't understand it! They... didn't find the suicide note! What could have happened...

And now we commit his body to its final resting place.

I sneeze! Cyrus's plan got fouled! The old bag of wind didn't count on a slight breeze... anyway, when the servant discovered Mayon Fulton's spot... and the suicide note was not found with it... an autopsy was performed.

Oh, what a funeral they gave poor Mayor Fulton! Everybody in the town turned out to mourn his passing... he was a good man! the best mayor this town ever had. We'll get the skunk that did this!

Two days after the funeral, as the local police were investigating the mayor's death...

Net! Look at this! I found it under the book-case... wtf, it's a suicide note? It must have fallen off this table...
At first, the townsfolk were shocked at the news that the mayor's death was a suicide. I don't believe it! Why should he do such a thing? The police say the note confesses stealing.

Soon, however, Cyrus Managate had worked the shock into anger. And we trusted him all these years! Believed in him! Never doubted his honesty! And now he lies there among decent people... in the church buryin' grounds! Are you going to stand for that? Are you?

He committed suicide! That's right! Let's get all these years posing as an upstanding God-fearin' man and all the time stealin'... The angry mob in the cemetery shot him dead by Cyrus Managa.

Anxious hands wielded spades and shovels, diggin' up the fresh grave. There! You've struck the coffin. Let's get the ropes on it and haul 'im up.

The coffin was carried to the waterfront where it was wrapped in chains to weight it. There! That ought to sink fast! Put it aboard! We'll take 'im out and dump 'im.
The weights coffin containing the remains of Jed Fulton was taken out to sea and thrown overboard...

One, two... Three-e-e-e-e-e! Good riddance!

At election time, Cyrus Wansate was unopposed! He was unanimously elected mayor.

Reh men! Now I have everything I want! Everything I've wanted for twelve years!

...and righteous old Jed Fulton's name has been smeared good! How he lies at the bottom of the sea... not good enough to be buried in the church cemetery.

And so, the year passed! The town soon forgot Jed Fulton! One warm summer day...

Mondy, Mayor! Howdy, Clem! I'd like to come along? I'm goin' fishin'!

Sorry, Mayor! Martha's makin' me! I guess you'll want a rowboat!

Cyrus begun to haul at the anchor rope! The anchor refused to come up! It was stuck...

That's funny! That there's a sandy bottom! Ain't no rocks down there! Us'n!
As Cyrus struggled with the anchor rope, he
knocked the oars overboard...

Ugh! I... I... BLAST IT!
There go the oars!

Soon the full fury of the storm lashed at the
tiny rowboat! It tossed and swirled about! Cyrus
stared at the anchor rope...
I can't... and what it's caught
on... but anyway I hope it holds
I... I... What's that?

Cyrus had caught sight of something white just
below the surface of the water near the anchor
rope! He stared into the darkness! Suddenly he
gasped! A rotted hand reached up over the side of
the storm-tossed rowboat.

Good lord! Who... who are you?

Suddenly the foul-smelling
stench of water-rotted flesh
seared Cyrus's nostrils! A fish-
pitted face appeared—then a
rotted neck—delayed shoulders.

No... No! It can't be...

A whitened hand shot forward—
grasping Cyrus by the leg! Then
the thing began to pull! The
thing was strong! Cyrus couldn't
hold on! He felt himself slid-
ing overboard...

Jed! Let me go! Let me
go! Eee! Aaaagh!

And so with a burble and a
gulp my story ends! Poor
Cyrus! He didn't end up in
the nice, neat little cemetery
behind the small white church,
either! Well—it's like one of
the townsfolk said! There wasn't
room there for sinners! What's that? What
about Jed? He was no sinner! Oh, but he was! Those
things in the suicide note were true! C'mon! Did
you ever meet an honest politician? Hee! Hee!
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