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The Haunt of Fear

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The Old House

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The Complete...
OUTRAGEOUS 1950s EC COMICS!

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL Usher YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF

F E A R

NO. 10
FEB

FEATUREING...

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

THE CRYPT-KEEPER
BACK ISSUES!!

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NEE, NEE! YEP! IT'S ME... THE OLD WITCH... MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR!... WELL, THE FIRE BENEATH MY CAULDRON IS LEAPING AND CRACKLING! THE EVIL BREW IS SUSBLING AND STEAMING! SO COME IN AND I'LL DISH OUT ANOTHER OF MY TASTY TALES OF TERROR! THIS TIME MY STORY CONCERNED ITSELF WITH THE BURIAL INDUSTRY! AS ALL OF YOU FIENDISH FANS KNOW, I'M A HARD-HEARTED GUY, BUT WHAT'S GOING ON TODAY EVEN SICKENS ME! OH, SURE! THERE ARE HONEST FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND CEMETERY OPERATORS! HOWEVER THERE ARE FAR TOO MANY OF THE TYPE THIS LITTLE EPIC DEALS WITH! READY FOR IT? GOOD! THEN I'LL BEGIN THE YARN I CALL

GRAVE BUSINESS!

Ezra Cooper, the senior partner of Cooper and Mitchell Undertakers, stands before the paint-cracked door and waits for his latest "client" to open it! Heavy footsteps approach, the door swings inward, and a wrinkled, white-haired old woman peers out. She studies Ezra with red-rimmed eyes, swollen from crying.

YES?

MY Deepest sympathies, Mrs. Martin. I'm Mr. Cooper, the funeral director.
THE OLD LADY NODS AND STEPS ASIDE! EZRA ENTERS THE BLOOMY INTERIOR OF THE TENEMENT FLAT! HE LOOKS ABOUT AND RETCHES IN SILENT NEVUSION.

FILTHY PLACE! THE OLD BAT PROBABLY HASN'T BOUGHT A DIME! UGH! OH, WELL! IT'S A LIVING!

MY HUSBAND! HE DIED... SOB... EARLY THIS MORNING! I... I...

I UNDERSTAND, MRS. MARTIN! YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE... ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOUR DEAR DEPARTED HUSBAND'S BURIAL!

I CAN'T AFFORD MUCH, MR. COOPER! YOU SEE, HENRY Didn'T LEAVE ME MUCH! I HAVE ABOUT FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS SAVED!

FUNNY! HE JUST SENT THEM A PREMIUM PAYMENT LAST WEEK! IT'S FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS! THAT OUGHT TO BE PLENTY FOR ME... FOR A LITTLE WHILE, AT...

A THOUSAND DOLLARS! THAT WAS THOUGHTFUL OF HIM, WASN'T IT? YOUR HUSBAND WAS A GOOD MAN, WASN'T HE?

OH, VERY GOOD! WHILE HE WAS ABLE, HE TOOK GOOD CARE OF ME! YES, HENRY WAS A GOOD MAN... SOB...

THEN YOU'LL WANT TO GIVE HIM A NICE FUNERAL! NOT SOMETHING CHEAP AND ORDINARY! SOMETHING BEFITTING SUCH DEVOTION!

NOW, FOR EXAMPLE, OUR FOUR HUNDRED DOLLAR FUNERAL INCLUDES THE PLOT, A SIMPLE WOODEN COFFIN, A HEARSE, AND ONE CAR! BUT FOR JUST A LITTLE EXTRA, YOUR DEAR DEPARTED HUSBAND WILL BE LAID TO REST IN A SATIN-LINED, SOLID BRONZE CASKET! AND A FLORAL CAR... YOU'LL WANT THAT... AND THE PLOT, IT REALLY SHOULD BE LANDSCAPED...

BUT ALL THAT SOUNDS SO EXPENSIVE!

DON'T YOU WORRY, MRS. MARTIN! JUST LET ME HANDLE IT! I'LL MAKE SURE YOUR DEAR HUSBAND GETS THE KIND OF FUNERAL YOU'D WANT HIM TO HAVE! AND THE PRICE... WELL, WE'LL MAKE SURE YOU WON'T HAVE TO PAY MORE THAN YOU CAN AFFORD!
Several days later, after Merry Martin’s funeral...

I’m glad you liked it, Mrs. Martin! I’ve come with my bill!

Let’s see! The solid bronze gasket with the satin-tailored interior was $420! The plot... $300! A hearse and one car... $50! Four pall bearers... $80! White gloves for pall bearers... $30! Boutonnieres for pall bearers... $30! Embalming... $100! Manicure... $10! Floral car and flowers... $100! Newspaper notices... $10 and funeral direction... $100!

That totals... $1,380! To the penny!

$1,380! But I tol you, Mr. Cooper! I only have $400 saved!

Ah! Don’t be alarmed, Mrs. Martin! Your husband’s insurance policy! One thousand dollars! Remember?

No! You can’t! You wouldn’t take that! That’s all I have!

I’m awfully sorry, Mrs. Martin. The funeral is over! Your husband is buried! You owe me $1380, and you simply must pay it! Good-day!

Sob... sob...

Later, at the offices of Cooper and Mitchel Undertakers, Charlie Mitchel, Ezra & Junior.

The Martin funeral netted us a cool $1038 profit! Ezra! The gasket cost us $32! The flowers for the floral car... $50! The boutonnieres... $10! The newspaper notices... $10! We couldn’t fool around with THAT... And the plot $240!

The cars are ours! The gloves go back in the drawer! Total cost... $342! Heh, heh!

Quite a lucrative business, eh, Charlie?

Oh! By the way! The city’s got another unidentified corpse for us to bury! What’ll we charge?
CHARGE 'EM THE USUAL $79 FOR EMBALMING AND $300 FOR THE PLOT! SINCE 'UNIDENTIFIEDS' GO IN UNMARKED GRAVES, WE CAN PUT HIM IN OLD MAN MARTIN'S PLOT. HALF-WAY DOWN... AND THE CITY'LL NEVER BE THE WISER! THAT'LL SAVE US THE COST OF A PLOT! GIVE HIM ONE OF OUR $10 PLAIN PINE COFFINS AND CHARLIE $50 FOR IT.

OKAY, EZRA!

WELL, I HAVE TO BE GOING, CHARLIE? TOMORROW'S THE CONVENTION OF FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND CEMETERY OPERATORS' TAKE GOOD CARE OF THINGS WHILE I'M GONE.

SURE! NOW, DRIVE CAREFULLY, EZRA!

NEH, NEH! WORRIED ABOUT ME, CHARLIE? I DON'T KNOW WHY! IF I WERE KILLED, THE BUSINESS WOULD BE YOURS! ALL YOU'D HAVE TO DO IS BUY OUT MY SHARE FROM MY ESTATE.

OH, CUT IT OUT, EZRA! I DON'T LIKE THAT KIND OF TALK.

THE NEXT DAY, AT THE BURIAL INDUSTRY'S COMBINED CONVENTION.

EZRA GOOPEN! YOU OLE SON-OF-A-BUN! HOW ARE YOU? HOW'S BUSINESS, EZ?

PRETTY DEAD, PHIL' HAW-HAW!

THERE IS MUCH LAUGHING AND JOKING BY THE MEMBERS OF THIS MORBID INDUSTRY...

$100 FOR EMBALMING! NEH, NEH! THAT'S WHAT I CHARGE! WHY I COULD EMBALM A HIPPOPOTAMUS FOR A BUCK AND A HALF.

MANY 'HUMOROUS STORIES' ARE SWAPPED...

SO WE SELL 'EM THIS FOUR-GRAVE PLOT FOR $700, SEE? ONLY THE PLOT'S JUST LARGE ENOUGH FOR THREE-AND-A-HALF COFFINS!

WHEN THE FOURTH ONE COMES ALONG, WE HOLD UP THE FUNERAL UNTIL THEY COME ACROSS WITH ANOTHER $200.

LORD, WALTER! THAT'S A RIOT!

SO THIS WIDOW DIDN'T WANT TO PAY THE BILL! SO WHAT DID I DO? I HAD THE BODY... SO I HELD IT... WITHOUT BURYING IT... AS SECURITY! SHE PAID! AND QUICK, TOO!

THAT TOOK NERVE, DONALD? PRETTY STIFF SECURITY, I'D SAY! HAW-HAW!

There is much laughing and joking by the members of this morbid industry...
Finally, the conversion is over, and Ezra sees his trip home...

Heh, heh! I sure like those get-togethers! Always learn some new stories.

Suddenly, while Ezra streaks along a lonely stretch of highway, there is a loud explosion as his right front tire blows out.

Good Lord!

The car careens crazily across the concrete road, spins sharply, and turns over into a ditch...

When Ezra comes to, he is staring up at a starry sky! He tries to move...to get up! Nothing happens...

I remember now! The blow-out! I must have crashed!

Ezra tries to cry out...but car make no sound! He begins to concentrate! He can feel nothing! Not even his arms or his legs! For a moment he has the horrible fear that they are gone...

I...I can't move! I can't even blink my eyes! I'm paralyzed!

Ezra hears voices! Two shabbily-dressed tramps move into his line of vision.

Poor guy! He's done for!

Ro! Ro! I'm alive! Look at me! Look closely!

Hey! Maybe he's got some dough on 'im!

Take it! It's in my wallet! Take it all...only help me! I'm alive! I tell you alive!

Thirty bucks! Not bad!

C'mon! Let's go! This gives me the creeps!

Then Ezra is done for!
The two men move out of Ezra's view, and he can hear them crunching off down the road. He lays there, feeling no pain, staring up at the night sky.

I can't ever shift my eyes! I have no control of my muscles! Every bit of me is paralyzed!

Ezra begins to wonder if he is bleeding—perhaps he is bleeding to death? Hours later, he hears a far-off wail! It draws closer and closer. A siren.

Oh, thank God! Thank God! An ambulance... at last! Hey! Those tramps were right! There it is! Wow! What a mess!

The state troopers move into view. They edge toward Ezra. If only there were some way he could tell them... let them know! One of them bends over him...

Shall I call in for an ambulance, Eddie?

Never mind, Bert! Better send for the morgue wagon! This guy is dead!

No! No! I'm not dead! I'm alive! I can't move... but, I'm alive! Look closely! Examine me! Please... please... Oh, God...

Look here, Bert! The guy's wallet! Those tramps must have rifled it! There's not a dime in it!

Who was he? Where'd he come from?

Name's Ezra Cooper! Hey! Get this! He's an undertaker! Says here in case of emergency, notify Charles Mitchell, his partner...

Well! That'll save the boys at the morgue some work!

After what seems like hours to Ezra, he hears another car pull up! The morgue wagon! Then his view of the night sky is blotted out by a curtain of white.

They're covering me with a sheet! Please... I'm not dead! I'm not dead! I'm okay, boys! He's all yours!
Another interminable length of time passes! Ezra hears the sound of a motor and knows he is being driven into town to the Morgue! Then the 'clack-clack' of wheels! They're wheeling him in...

Ezra hears the sound of a motor and knows he is being driven into town to the Morgue! Then the 'clack-clack' of wheels! They're wheeling him in...

OKAT! YES! Charlie'll help me! He'll see I'm not dead!

Charlie! I don't talk like that! I'm not dead! Look at me!

I'm going to give you the most expensive funeral I can! Phony up, Ezra! It's going to cost me peanuts, but your estate will pay through the nose!

Charlie! Please! Oh, Lord, Lord...

And do you know now I'm going to pay your estate for your share of our partnership, Ezra?

Well, Ezra! You were right! The business is all mine now! Charlie! I'm alive! I'm alive!

Thank God! Charlie is taking me home! He'll find out soon! I'll be safe!

Sure, Mr. Mitchell! It's him. All right! Help me get him into the hearse, huh, boys?

More 'clack-clack' as Ezra is wheeled out! Then the sound of a motor.

Again the curtain is removed. Charlie is grinning down at Ezra.

Charlie! Don't talk like that! I'm not dead! Look at me!
Harlie Leers down at Ezra's right face... and the first thing I'm going to do is forget to embalm you, and I'll charge $200. Because it'll be a special job I won't do!

And you'll set our special casket... the one with the velvet-tailored interior and the polished brass handles. You know... the one that costs us $400? I'll charge $2,000 for it!

Oh, yes, Ezra! You'll have a lovely funeral... white-gloved fall-bearers and all! It may run me $400! But the bill will say $4,000! Heh! Heh! That ought to be enough to buy you out!

Ah, yes! Ezra's funeral really is something! It is the most expensive funeral Cooper and Mitchcl ever arranged! The casket with the polished brass handles and the velvet-lined interior is lowered slowly into the gaping six-foot hole inside, Ezra lies, staring up into the blackness that surrounds him. Unable to move... unable to cry out... helpless.

Ezra lies there, listening to Charles! he cannot move! He cannot cry out! He is helpless! As helpless as the poor unfortunate that he once prayed upon himself...

You taught me everything, I know. Ezra! You taught me how to mark up 600%! You taught me how to throw in all the extras! Well, now you're getting them all yourself!

Hee, hee! Hee! Hee! Ezra was buried alive! A just punishment! I would say! What about Charlie? What's his punishment? Don't worry! They'll get him. At his funeral! Hee! Hee! and now I'm going to turn you over to that nauseating old buzzard, the Vault-keeper! He's waiting with his horror yarn! Oh, if you haven't as yet ordered your back issues from me read my column, the Old Witch's Niche! See you later!

The End
HEHEHE! WELL, CREEPING CORPSES! IF IT ISN'T TIME FOR ANOTHER SAVESOME TALE FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION? I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU OF THE PRECAUTIONS THAT SHOULD BE TAKEN BEFORE READING ONE OF MY HORRIFYING YANKS SO WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, I GIVE YOU THE STORY I CALL...

THE VAMP!

Heaving and tossing, the huge ship labored under the pounding of the billowing, crashing waves that swept across her decks... yet held a slow but true course for England...
Several days later, their ship docked in Erinland...

Why, I can’t believe it! It’s not foxy at all!

Ha, ha! Not every day is rainy and foxy, Deena! The sun shines here too.

During the two weeks that followed, Arthur and Deena lived life to the hilt! London, Paris, Geneva, Vienna, Milan, none.

Oh, I’m just exhausted! I’m going straight to bed!

Not me! I think I’ll take a walk before I turn in!

Well, if I’m asleep when you get back, honey! Don’t disturb me!

I think I could sleep for a week!

Eerie shadows fell across the streets, as Arthur walked through the chilly, damp Hungarian night.

I’ve come a long way. Been walking longer than I thought.

Guess I’d better start back to the hotel! Maybe Deena’s right! What’s that noise? Sounds like someone running this way!
A dead man? We better call the police! No! They will see enough! If you or I are found here, we will be in great trouble! We must leave!

A girl! Help! Oh, help! Please! A dead man down there!

But... why? We haven't done anything! At least...

There have been a number of murders of late. The police have reached the point where they will prosecute anyone!

Listen! Police sirens!

You see? Oh, please! You must believe and trust me! Quickly! This way!

For a while, Trel stood in the shadows, talking quietly... intimately... Arthur's voice reeled with the smell of her exotic perfume. The closehees of their bodies...

Georgette... It's getting late! I mean... I don't want to go, but...

I know, Arthur... your wife!

You're... you're the most beautiful woman I've ever met! I... I almost wish that I wasn't married! I mean, you... do you have a spell over me? Georgette...

Arthur Humbolt followed the ravishing, dark-haired beauty through numerous streets and alleys until finally...

We are safe now! I live here. Will you take me home?

Why... why... yes! I'd be delighted to!

Yes, you're the most beautiful woman I've ever met! I... I almost wish that I wasn't married! I mean, you... do you have a spell over me? Georgette...
MEH, HEN? ARTHUR RETURNED TO THE HOTEL AND SNEAKED INTO BED. HE SLEPT FITFULLY. FOR A TARTALIZING VISION OF GEORGETTE PLAGUED HIS THOUGHTS. THE NEXT DAY, ARTHUR FOUND IT DIFFICULT TO KEEP HIS MIND FROM WANDERING... UNTIL HE SAW THE MORNING NEWSPAPER.

ARTHUR, HEN, HEN?

WHAT TIME DID YOU GET IN LAST NIGHT, ARTHUR?

Vampire killing? I didn't know there were such things!

ARTHUR, I ASKED YOU A QUESTION?

HUM? OHH? ER... A SHORT WHILE AFTER YOU WENT TO BED.

TRAT EVERE, ARTHUR AND HIS WIFE EASILY ELBOWED THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT OF THE CROWD, AND STARED DOWN AT THE LIFELESS BODY OF A YOUNG HUNGARIAN GIRL.

SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED!

YEAH, A CROWD'S GATHERING? C'WOR? LET'S TAKE A LOOK!

Subway-wise, Arthur and his wife easily elbowed their way to the front of the crowd, and stared down at the lifeless body of a young Hungarian girl.

Arthur, she... she's dead!
WELL, DEENA, I'm goin' to run downstairs for a few minutes. Need some fresh air.

DEENA... DEENA... I have something to tell you!

ARTHUR, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I've been sick with worry!

Oooh... what a horrible sight! I hope I don't have nightmares!

A short while later Arthur was in Georgette's arms...

BUT... Georgette! I'm married! I... I...

BUT IT'S NOT RIGHT! IT'S...

I don't care! I love you... and I won't let anyone else have you! You're mine!

BUT... but if she knew...

FORGET ABOUT HER! Just... just kiss me... love me...

It was almost dawn when Arthur tiredly and shamefacedly entered the hotel room. His conscience had finally won its battle... and he was ready to tell everything...

ARTHUR! Where have you been? I've been sick with worry!

Deena... Deena... I have something to tell you!

ARTHUR slumped on the bed and told Deena the whole, sordid truth...

...and that's it, honey! She says she won't give me up... won't let you have me!

I see! You... you must be tired, dear... why don't you go to sleep?
LEAVE ME ALONE!
GET OUT OF MY WAY! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

ARTHUR! COME BACK!
I WON'T LET YOU GO!
I'LL KILL YOU BEFORE I'LL LET YOU GO BACK TO HER!

YOU KILLED HIM! YOU'RE A VAMPIRE! A FILTHY, BLOODTHIRSTY VAMPIRE! I HATE YOU! I DESPISE YOU! YOU OISSERT ME!

GO! ARTHUR, LISTEN TO ME!

GEORGETTE!
Later, Arthur breathlessly entered the hotel room and hurriedly began packing. His wife was strangely absent...

...Narrow escape! I'm just a guns fool! When Deena comes back we'll hop a plane...

But hours passed before Deena finally returned...

Honey...I've been waiting for you!

Yes, I know... Georsette said you would be!

Georsette? You've seen to see Georsette?

Yes! I went to ask her to save you up...but we quarreled!

Did you say Georsette?

Is that why you look so...so pale? What...what happened?

We argued...and then she attacked me! I know she bit me...

Ske'reene? Here on the neck! I guess I passed out then!

On the neck? Good Lord! No wonder you're so pale! She's drained you of your blood! She...she's turned you into a...a...

Heh...Heh...Heh! That's the kind of story I like to tell...everybody gets it...in the neck! But Georsette kept her word, didn't she? She couldn't kill Arthur herself...so she fixed it so Deena would do the job! We all know that a vampire's victim becomes a vampire too!

That's really getting nio of two bats with one stone, eh? Well...now I'll turn you back to the old witch...another old bat? You'll find her column brimming over with info including the method for obtaining back issues from your three Ghoulmatics?

Vampires!

The End.
Dear Old Witch
I'm ten years old. I just love your comics, especially “Diminishing Returns!” from HAUNT #8. 
1) Have you heard of Ron & Stimp? 
2) Can I have a free comic? 
3) Can you make a comic about ghouls? 
4) Can you teach me how to draw the Crypto-Keeper? 
I would like a pen pal. Your biggest fan, 
Jeremy Rainer
8A Lee ST 
Foristik MN 55025
1) No, but I heard FROM them (a postcard or Christmas). 
2) We charge about $2 plus shipping for our free comics. 
3) I don't do ghouls exclusively (I like to play the field). 
4) Sure. Just put a little Geritol X-tra strength in a saucer near the Crypto. Draw him out every time. —OW

Dear Old Witch, 
I love your comic books. The Old Witch is the best. I especially enjoyed “Diminishing Returns!” in HAUNT 8. That was awesome when the shrunken head [deleted]. I have one question. Who do you like better, CK or VK? 
Michael Meyer 
Mansfield, OH
I deleted your reminder of just what happened at the end of “Returns,” there may be someone who hasn’t read it yet!
Between CK and VK, it’s a toss up. And I mean of your cookies! —OW

Dear Russ Cochran 
I am a very big fan of your comics. I have only one question: What is this “extra-large” CRYPT that I have heard about? Please print my address. I love to get mail from other EC fans. 
Brandon Hendrix 
POB 117 
Broken Bow, CK 74728
Way back yonder, when reprinting of these comics as comic books was begun, we did one issue of an Extra-Large size (tabloid-sized, treasury-sliced; whatever you call it, it’s about 10x13) comic. It reprints both CRYPT 31 (real number: #151) and CRIME 12. What this means in practical terms is, TWO of my HAUNT stories! @$ each plus shipping according to the schedule at the end of this column. —OW

Dear Old Witch, 
I was hungry for some good, old-fashioned thrills and chills, but you served up more than I could have imagined in HAUNT #8! “Hounded to Death!” was a fitting start to my “meal.” Poor old Steven! I felt bad for him. But I guess we all knew he was dogmeat from the start. 
When you let VK tease my palate a bit with his course, “The Very Strange Mummy!” I mean a mummy and a vampire story all wrapped in one package, what a treat! Then you came in with the main course “Diminishing Returns!” I was eager to read the shrunken head story from the moment I laid eyes on the cover. Ooh! This was a tasty little dish! Just ask Hagen; he'll tell you! He sure showed Vincent that two heads aren't always better than one.

Thanks OW for a great helping of horror! Please keep them coming. Or heads will roll! (and Hagen's will lead the pack!) 
Jim Davis 
Pullman WA
And for dessert, a special “Haunted of Fear” story in the back of CRIME SUSPENSTORIES! A mummy to tickle your tummy and a vampire to tickle your neck! Yee, heads will roll and stomachs will roll, thus the Renulads! —OW

Dear Old Witch, 
Your stories are the scariest ones I collect your comics. I already have HAUNT 8. My favorite is “Hounded to Death!” Keep the picture. Your fan, 
Cassie Mootz 
Peabody, OH

Remember, you can fill in your collection of any of these scary titles! See the section at the end of this column. I like your drawing, but it makes me nervous — why is that dog smiling? —OW

Dear Russ, 
I had planned to take a month off from ordering a volume of the [hardback] EC LIBRARY volumes. But then I noticed from your order form that quite a few more books had sold out and are no longer available. Nothing is worse than having a set that is missing one book. such as the case with my HAUNT set missing Volume One. Well, keep up the good work. I look forward to getting my three EC comics at the BIG GUYS COMICS shop every month. 
Warren Standfried 
Sunnyvale, CA
No news is GOOD news, but the GOOD news is — sets of the hardback HAUNT OF FEAR EC LIBRARY will be back in stock in about six weeks! These are the complete reprints in 9x12 books. HAUNT runs to five volumes! The story pages are in b&W, but are as true to the original art pages you may
Dear Russ,

When are you going to ship your EC albums or 32-page comics to department stores or other places that sell comics? Some people aren't able to buy volumes or sets even as cheap as you sell them.

Bert Martin

address unknown

You've asked a question we GhoulLumines don't know the answer to! But I do know you can buy back issues of these reasonably priced 32-pg comics and subscriptions direct from us by mail!

—OW

Dear Russ,

I've enclosed another poem, I hope you like it. I've been writing a lot of poetry lately for newspapers and others. It makes me feel wonderful everytime I see one of my poems in print in your magazines ("The Fine Arts" page was a great idea).

Phyliss, The Zombie
Phyliss lived to socialize,
A zombie though she be
With a blank-eyed stare
And a feckless air
She took a shine to me
With a voodoo charm
And a voodoo dance
She boogied all the while
The living dead
With blue lips said,
'I really like her style.'
She did the twist
With a broken wrist
And the mashed potato, too.
She fell apart
And it broke my heart
(You lovely zombie, you)

Frank X Mattson
Lancaster, PA

Like I said above, The Crypt-Keeper gets first crack at the poems and drawings. He runs them in a feature called "The Pages of Fine Art," which appears in the SF books, The SuspenseStore books and TWO-FISTED TALES. If you're reading only the horror books, you're missing this reader-written material, and plenty good EC stories, too!

—OW

Dear Old Witch,

I've just finished reading GLAD HAUNT #1 and #2. I loved the story "Horror We? How's Bayou?" I also love "Room for One More." I'm going to start my subscription to your disgusting mag soon. Do you have any zombie stories coming up? Ghoulishly yours,

Corey Dollack
W Hartford CT

Don't forget; there were four more 84-pg GLAD HAUNTS! No zombies on the horizon. Just plenty more vampires, werewolves, ironic retributions—normal stuff like that! But, in your honor, I've flitted a putrid poem on The Crypt-Keeper's desk, and it features a zambie! See above.

—OW

This month INCREIBLE SCIENCE FICTION #19 and CRIME #96.
Next month: The 11th Issue of CRYPT, WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Don't forget VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED TALES. Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details).

BACK ISSUES CRYPT #1, #2 each (subject to availability). All others up thru issue #6, #8, #9 each, issues 4 and up, #2 each. Add $5 per order ($10 outside US) for S&H.

We want lettered White for
HAUNT
RUS: CooRIN
POB #49
WEST PINE, MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS
HAUNT OF FEAR #10 (NOV/DEC 1951)

COVER by Al Feldstein
"Grave Business"
"The Vamp"
"My Uncle Earl"
"Bum Steal"

Graham Ingels
Craig Davies
Jack Kamen
Jack Davis

We welcome letters of individual. We cannot guarantee to acknowledge receipt or answer letters. We call for clarity, brevity and length. We automatically discard silent names and post card letters you don't mark your own. From publisher: the above is excerpt of our publisher instructions of books to us date until your address on the individual copy.
I just wanted to drop you a little note telling you and all the others you’re doing a great job A-O.K with me, Captin. I saw the improvement from the very first issue of the 32-page reprints. Good quality color that’s nice and clear and it doesn’t smudge! Keep up the good work gang!

Feel free to print my address so I can hear from other crazy fans out in this crazy world.

Jess Newmann
POB 320
W Sand, NY 12196

Dear VK,

I buy every EC I can and watch the HBO show whenever possible. I like the comics better than the shows (even though I truly enjoyed “Came The Dawn!” of the cable series Remember? ‘Roger is mine! ’ Hack! Hack!) Some of your stories were changed and rewritten for the worse. “Maniac at Large!” was trashed. The ending was the worst. The story’s shockending was destroyed—I didn’t even let you know that she was in fact the killer. “Lower Berth!” would have been better if it would have followed the comic story more closely “Dead Wait!” (which was not a bad story on HBO) was altered so much that there were no similarities in the stories except for the part about the red hair. (Whoopi Goldberg’s part was a man’s.) Vanlity’s character was never in the original story and the stone man never killed. In ‘ Werewolf Concerto’, I didn’t understand why the character of the werewolf hunter was introduced and why, at the end, he wasn’t a werewolf as the hotel owner in the story was.

Some changes I liked in “The Reluctant Vampire,” I liked the idea that the vampire was not killed, because he was kindhearted.

Changes That go to read into my question of why some television and movie writers take a work and alter it so much that except for a few minor things the work does not resemble the original at all—and they still credit the original writer. (eg the movies STEVEN KING’S GRAVEYARD SHIFT, STEPHEN KING’S THE LAWNMOWER MAN, LOGAN’S RUN BEYOND THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE, THE HOWLING, etc.) Don’t they know they can save money by calling it something else and crediting themselves?

Eddie Ray Rosario
Hempstead, NY

They save money on the script, and lose money on the lawsuits. This is called, “checks and balances.”

—VK

Greetings and salutations! I’ve been wanting to buy an original EC comic but I’ve only seen two at $100 each. These classics are better than any of the comics available today. Here is a list of my picks for the best EC’s I’ve read:

Keep in mind that I favor the sci-fi comics, and I haven’t read every EC. What are your favorites?

BEST COVERS
3. IMPACT 5 (Davis)
2. SHOCK (Wood)
1. W SCI 1 (Feldstein)

BEST ART IN A SINGLE STORY
3. "Uppercut!" (Davies/SHOCK 4)
2. Master Race (Krigstein/IMPACT 1)
1. "A Sound of Thunder" (Williamson/W S-F 3)

BEST ADAPTATIONS
3. Adam Link Series (W S-F)
2. "Touch And Go!" (CRIME 17)
1. "A Sound of Thunder" (W S-F 3)

BEST SINGLE STORY
3. "The Sounds from Another World" (Krigstein/W SCI 3)
2. "Killer" (Krigstein/2FIST 8)
1. "Master Race" (Feldstein/IMPACT 1)

BEST OVERALL COMIC
2. 2FIST 17 or SHOCK 2
2. HAUNT 3
1. W S-F 4

BEST PRICE LOOK-ALIKE
"Seeds of Jupiter" (Feldstein/W SCI 8, pg 5)
Sam Rowley
Anchorage, AK

—VK

Hey, EC fansadicts. Horror from the Crypt of Fear’s #3 issue is due out in late January. Vampires, werewolves, and other ghoulies ghouls have subscribed and now here’s your opportunity! Just $8.00 gets you issues of our muck-mag or if you not sure about what our cruddy cadaver has in it send for just one issue or 2 for terrible dollars! Don’t delay! Issues 1 & 2 have sold out quicker than a vampire can sink his teeth in your mother-in-law (not quick enough eh?)! Sand de check mon to Sam Kingstone’s HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR 30 Ivy Drive Midvale Utah 84047

Hit Wanted to write for a long time. but was afraid I wouldn’t think of something to top what you already printed from me. Re release of blogs of artists—put in different photos

Concerning “Tomb’s Day!”, wasn’t that originally published when Dick TRACY had the character Sphinx? Please print my full name and address

—VK

John Cocca
40 Alden AV
W Islip NY 11795

See “Tomb’s Day!” in 64 pg RCP VAULT #6 that issue of VAULT (ROB) was released in late 83/early 84. You Tracy-heads tell ME!

—VK

Write to this department like so: FAN CLUB NEWS, RUSS COCHRAN, POB 468, WEST PLAINS, MO 65775.

The contents herein are of interest. We cannot guarantee the accuracy and length. We automatically withold address and zip code unless you clearly state you want them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters to do so we need your address on the individual note.
The brot insists, 'I want to MURDER people just like ...

**MY UNCLE EKAR!**

Night slinkets the city... these are the hours when people sleep in their beds behind drawn blinds... and things of evil crawl from beneath their hiding places and roam deserted houses and empty alleys! These are the hours when some unfortunate meet violent deaths...

At the twenty-third precinct headquarters, a sleepy sergeant nods at his desk... suddenly the stillness is shattered by the high-pitched voice of a child...

**NO! NO! NO!**

**PLEASE, KID! COME ON IN! WE WON'T HURT YOU!**

**MUM? M'N'Y? WHAT'S GOIN' ON? WHERE'D YOU SET THE KID, O MALLEY?**
A small wide-eyed youngster is led into the precinct headquar-
ters by a grim-faced officer...

We and Reilly were cruisin' down near the worst section of town when we spotted him!

Maybe you can do somethin' with him, Sarge! We couldn't run down to the freezer O'Alley! Bring up a you know!

After Officer O'Alley leaves, there is an awkward moment of silence... and then what's your name, kid?

Harvey! What? Just Harvey!

Blasted brats! They're never any help at all... where do you live, Harvey?

No place! Men, men! You mean you just walk around the streets, day and night, with no home to go to, eh?

Um-huh! That's right!

Oh, oh! Looks like this one's gonna be tough! Well, what do you do all night, wandering around like that?

I watch people get murdered! You what? Here ya' are, Sarge! Oh, boy! An ice-cream pop... for me?

Oh, boy! I watch people get murdered! Oh, boy! What did you say just now? Wait a minute, O'Alley! Listen, kid! What did you say just now? I said I watch people get murdered! Now can I have my ice-cream pop?
Where?

Oh, Lord! Why do I have to get these things?

Uh-huh! Yeah? Okay? When did you see someone get murdered last?

Tonight?

Tonight? Where?

In the vacant lot on Spring Street at sunset.

Man or woman?

Let's see. Tonight it was a—man.

Did you see who did it?

Of course! Uncle Ekar... I call him Uncle... he did it! He always does it! I just watch!

What does your uncle Ekar do? Whatever it is... look like, kid?

He's got three eyes... and a forked tongue! His third eye is right in the middle of his forehead!

Whew! For a minute I thought the kid was serious!

Better run over to Spring and watch Ekar anyway. O'Malley.

I am serious! That's what Uncle Ekar looks like. You asked me and I told you.

Sure, kid! Sure! Get going, O'Malley!

Yeah, Sarge! S'long, kid!

Bye, Officer! You'll find him in the bushes near the fence!

Thanks! We'll look.

I said get going, O'Malley! That means now!

You're yelling, Mister Sergeant!

Yeah? Well... T... H-H-R-R-R-R-R-R-M-M-M-

Er... where did you say this guy... your uncle Ekar... lives?
Sergeant Brody inserted a "Lost Child Report" into his typewriter and began to fill it out.

Time... Two-thirty a.m. Place... Er where'd they find you, kid?

Spring, near Warash! Name... Harvey... Er... What's your last name, kid?

I told you I don't have a last name.

Kid! I hope you have my job when you grow up! That's what I hope.

Oh, no! I'm not going to be a policeman when I grow up! I want to be like Uncle Exar!

And I suppose you wanna go round murdering people, too!

Uh-huh.

Last name... Not given! Age... How old are you, kid?

Twenty-four! Sarge! Sarge!

Twenty-four? Why, I ought to...

Sarge! The kid was right! There was a stiff in that lot! Dead man! A mackerel!
The two policemen stage at the youngster who is just licking the last trace of chocolate from the ice-cream stick.

How'd you know about this, kid? I told you! I watched Uncle Ekar do it!

Eyes see him kill anybody else?

Uh-huh! Last night, a lady near the lake in the park, papers, Sarge!

He read about that in the papers, Sarge! Are you kidding? This kid can't read! He must be six... I'm twenty-four! Uncle Ekar is one hundred and sixty!

Where can we find him, this uncle of yours, kid? I told you! He's not my real uncle! He said he'd meet me... in the alley... near Prince and High... later!

He said... okay, O'Malley! Take this kid down to the children's shelter and hurry sight back! We've got a date with Uncle Ekar!

Sarge! Are you going to believe this kid about the three eyes and the forked tongue? O'Malley, I don't know what to believe! Now get going!

Late that night, two officers crouch behind a pile of garbage cans and litter in an alley near Prince and High...

I told you the kid was all wet! Let's quit! I'm settin'...

Okay, buddy, stretch!

No! He's settin' away, O'Malley! Hey, you! Stop or we'll shoot!

Harvey? That you?

Shut up! Look! Somebody's comin' up the alley!
The staccato sound of gun-shots rips through the alley after the fleeing man! He falls into an awkward crumpled heap! The two policemen come up to the prostrate form.

Good Lord, O'Malley! Look! In the middle of his forehead... A third eye! And look at his tongue... It's forked.

Hee, hee! Yep! Uncle Ekar was just as Harvey had described him... Third eye, forked tongue, all all! And coincidentally, after Uncle Ekar's death, the wave of killings that had hit the city ended, too! The newspapers told the whole story... About poor little Harvey and how 'that fiendish beast' had subjected him to such horrors! Many felt sorry for the child! They clamored for him... wanted to take him into their homes... into their hearts! Finally...

Harvey! This is Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Vangurhoff! These people are going to adopt you! They're going to take you to their great big house in the country!

Hello, Harvey! You can call me mother.

Well, ma'am! I wanted to see how Harvey's comin' along!

Oh, he's fine, Sergeant! There he is... playing! He's recovered completely from his wretched experience such a sweet, well-behaved little gentleman! And he's been so happy with us... until just today.

You see, his dog died last night.

They were rich, the Vangurhoffs! They did take Harvey to their estate in the country! Harvey got everything he wanted...

Hello there, Mrs. Vangurhoff! Why, Sergeant Brody, it's so nice of you to call!

The end!
HEH, HEH! GREETINGS, GHOULS! I SEE I HAVE LAST SPOT AGAIN! WELL, LAST BUT NOT LEAST, I ALWAYS SAY! YES, IT'S THE CRYPT-KEEPER... YOUR HOST IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR! OUR STORY THIS TIME IS A FAVORITE OF MINE, ONE THAT I'VE SURE WILL CHILL THE MARROW IN YOUR BONES AND MAKE THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK CRAWL! I CALL THIS BLOOD-CURDDLING YARN...

BUM STEER!

Manuel Rodero, the famed matador, the toast of Mondo... stood in the shadows at the entrance to the bull-ring, resplendent in his gold-embroidered satin costume! Beyond, in the sunlight, the wildly cheering crowd howled its approval as the picadores mounted on their blindfolded horses goaded the bull with their sharp barrocas. Manuel fingered the handle of his sword nervously... his dazzling red cape draped on his arm.

...IT IS ALMOST TIME, MANUEL! I AM READY, PEDRO?
A signal was given as Manuel stood out into the sunlight. A resounding ovation exploded from the spectators when they caught sight of him. Manuel was their favorite. The star of the Madrid bullfights! He crossed the bloodstained arena and stopped before a flag-draped box... "See! He salutes Maria Carlo...his beloved! He is dedicating the bull to her as he always does!"

A SNAKE CAUGHT THE HANDKERCHIEF WITH THE POINT OF HIS SWORD AND DROPPED IT TO HIS LIPS, INHALING ITS PERFUMED FRAGRANCE... "See! She throws her handkerchief to him!"

Then he tucked it into his belt and turned to face the enraged, charging bull. "She does that every time he fights!"

Slowly gracefully, he unfurled his scarlet cape! The bull lowered its head, pawing the ground.

As the bull charged, Manuel danced lightly out of its way, lifting his cape above the lethal horns. "Bravo! Beautiful! Perfect!"

Time and again the bull charged...and time and again Manuel gracefully side-stepped its death-dealing horns! Beads of perspiration stood out on Manuel's face like little diamonds! Manuel's hand shook, as he extended his sword for the estocada...the death blow..."Listen to them! Listen to their insane screaming! They think I'm brave! Maria thinks I'm brave! If they only knew...how frightened I am!"

As he extended his cape above the lethal horns..."Yes, brave!"

An attractive dark-eyed señorita dodged to Manuel, smiled, and tossed a perfumed lace handkerchief to him..."Manuel..."
Yes! Manuel was scared! The bull tore across the ring at Manuel! He watched it with wide eyes, his pulse pounding! Suddenly, fear clutched at his heart! The sword slipped from his hand.

Manuel draped the sword with his red cloak and knelt as the bull turned for a final charge. This was the most important part of his performance. My hand is shaking, I cannot hold my sword still.

Look! Rodero's neck! He's lost his nerve!... BOO-OOO!

In the safety of the enclosure beneath the grandstand, Manuel Rodero fell to his knees, sobbing! Outside, the crowd hooted and yelled, demanding the show for which they had paid their admissions...

Manuel! I don't know! I don't know! Where is the novice... The young one... Arturo Elzar? Send him out immediately!

A young promising matador, Arturo Elzar... was dispatched into the ring as a substitute to quiet the shouting audience! A movement near Manuel made him turn! Maria stood before him, staring down at him... a look of scorn on her face...

Maria! I... I'm sorry! I... I'm getting old! I... couldn't...

My handkerchief, Manuel! I want my handkerchief!

Maria bent and snatched her perfumed handkerchief from Manuel's selt! Then she turned and left! Outside, the crowd cheered as Arturo Elzar gracefully sidestepped the bull's murderous charge.

Listen to them out there! They're cheering! They like the novice... Arturo Elzar!

A young promising matador, Arturo Elzar... was dispatched into the ring as a substitute to quiet the shouting audience! A movement near Manuel made him turn! Maria stood before him, staring down at him... a look of scorn on her face...

Maria! I... I'm sorry! I... I'm getting old! I... couldn't...

My handkerchief, Manuel! I want my handkerchief!

Maria! Maria! Sob... Sob...
Again and again, the young matador danced away from the onrushing bull. With each pass, the crowd sent up a thunderous roar. Finally, the espada was delivered and the tortured bull fell dead. Arturo turned to acknowledge the wild cheers of the crowd.

Arturo strode across the ring to the flag-draped box of Maria Carlo! He bowed, smiling at her! She smiled back! Then she stood up and tossed him her perfumed handkerchief to him! The crowd went wild! The din was deafening...

In the shadows of the enclosure below the grandstand, Manuel Rodero watched! He cursed... angrily...

She's through with me... and she's letting all of Madrid know it! She wants that boy... that Elzaro!

That night, Manuel went to Maria Carlo's house! He wanted to beg her forgiveness! He wanted to tell her he would go into the bull-ring again... to reassure her of his bravery! But when he arrived, he saw... through the lattice window...

Maria... and Arturo!

Hate and jealousy surged up in Manuel's heart! He turned from the lovers, swearing...

I've got to get rid of him! Maria belongs to me! She's mine!

And then Manuel Rodero thought of a way. A sure way... to obliterate the young matador, Arturo Elzaro, and win back Maria Carlo! The next day... far from Madrid...

Oh no, Senor! You do not want to buy that bull! It is very ferocidus... but what is worse... it is almost blind!

I thought so! Yes, Senor! I do want that bull! How much?

That night, in the bull-ring behind Rodero's luxurious country home, an almost blind bull faced a downfalled matador... himself blinded with jealousy and hate...

Yes, El Toro! You are blind... but your sense of smell is keen! Can you detect the perfume saturated in the handkerchief tied on the end of this whip?
Night after night, Manuel enraged the almost blind bull with the perfume-drenched handkerchief tied to the whip. It was not long before the bull came to associate the smell of perfume with pain...

Finally the whipped and tortured bull was able merely from scent to charge the perfumed handkerchief accurately...

Good, El Toro! Your aim is good!

And so, the day before the next big attraction at the Madrid bullfights...

Rogero! What do you want? There is no place for a nas-seen in the fights tomorrow!

No! I do not want to fight! I realize I am finished!

It is only that I need money! You pay well for the bulls you use! Surelty for an old friend you have a bull you want us to use?

That night, Manuel sneered at the half-blind bull...

You will perform well, tomorrow, El Toro! You will not see the red cape of Arturo Elzar! You will smell only the perfumed handkerchief in his belt! Its scent will guide your charge, eh, my frieror?
Of course it charged wildly! It could not see! Soor it sorted and swallowed! Hot breath from its dilated nostrils kicked up the sand below its lowered head! A roar went up from the crowd! Arturo Elzar, the matador, entered the ring...

Of course it charged wildly! It could not see! Soor it sorted and swallowed! Hot breath from its dilated nostrils kicked up the sand below its lowered head! A roar went up from the crowd! Arturo Elzar, the matador, entered the ring...

Elzar crossed the ring and bowed before Maria Carlo's box! She smiled warmly at him and tossed him her perfumed handkerchief...

A horn caught Arturo just above the handkerchief and the crowd groaned! The bored matador was lifted high and tossed like a limp mad doll! Before the banderilleros could get to him...to divert the enraged bull...the beast was upon him again...slash...With angry horns...

Elzar tucked Maria's perfumed handkerchief into his belt! Then he turned, facing the bull! A hush fell over the crowd! The bull stood pair-wracked and errased pawirs the toruro! Elzar unfurled his red cape! The bull did not move! Elzar spun the cape artistically...

Elzar moved toward the bull, waving his scarlet cape! The bull stood still! Suddenly, it lifted its head! A familiar smell reached its nostrils! The smell of perfume! The memories of past torture and present pain together with that familiar scent all knitted together! The bull lowered his head and charged!

The bull is a mad one! It charges wildly!

Elzar tuckied Maria's perfumed handkerchief into his belt! Then he turned, facing the bull! A hush fell over the crowd! The bull stood pair-wracked and errased pawirs the toruro! Elzar unfurled his red cape! The bull did not move! Elzar spun the cape artistically...

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That night, Manuel Rodero sat in his luxurious home contemplating his triumphant return to the bull-ring. After Arturo Elzar's untimely death, he'd rushed on and dealt the blind bull the death thrust. The crowd had greeted him with tumultuous applause... 

Suicide: Manuel turned from far away came the distant patter of hooves and the shouting of an enraged bull. They seemed to be coming closer... closer. They seemed to be right outside. Manuel rushed to the door and peered out... Nothing! Nothing out there! But I'm sure I heard hoof-beats!... I...

It lumbered toward him out of the darkness! It was dressed in the blood-soaked gold-embroidered satin costume of a matador...

It grasped Manuel in its strong arms, and dragged him... screaming... to the bull-ring behind his house...

Let me go! Let me go!

Aaaaaaaggh!

A half-blind bull was waiting. The thing that held him reached down and lifted a perfumed handkerchief from its belt. The corpse of the bull snorted... then lowered its head...

In the morning, they found Manuel Rodero in the bull-ring behind his house...

Oh, God! Help me! Help me!

Ugh! What a mess!

Look! Or his chest! It... it seems to be a handkerchief! Smell it? It's perfumed!

In the morning, they found Manuel Rodero in the bull-ring behind his house...

Oh, God! Help me! Help me!

In the morning, they found Manuel Rodero in the bull-ring behind his house...

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In the morning, they found Manuel Rodero in the bull-ring behind his house...
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