64 PAGES OF VINTAGE EC HORROR!

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

NO. 1
SEPT

FEATURING...

THE CRYPT KEEPER

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT KEEPER

200
25¢
CANADA
Dear Russ,

I am a 22 year old Sociology major at the University of California at Santa Cruz. I have been reading and collecting comics since I was about 7 or 8 years old. I am writing to let you know that for one am in support of the larger size. I did not even recognize the comic at first because of the size change. The comic dealer at Atlantis Fantasyworld had to point it out to me. I am glad he did because I would have totally missed it. Other than the surprise of the size change, I like what you are doing. I know this won't be published because it is not full of horrible puns like the letters that are usually published, but I thought I would write anyway. Thanks again for bringing back the vintage EC comics at a reasonable price.

Debra Evans
Santa Cruz, CA

Dear Russ,

I have just finished looking through the first issue (TC) of your EXTRA LARGE COMICS and I have to admit you have simply delighted me and hopefully many others, who will love seeing the old EC stories in a larger format. Reading this comic was a treat for my tired old eyes. When you first brought this idea to me, I thought you were out of your mind because I was afraid retailers would not want to handle comics other than "normal" size but after seeing your first issue I am convinced that you are on to something! (By the way, where's my royalty check?)

Many of my favorite memories are from the years in the early 1950s when Al and I were turning out these EC stories and your new comics make the EC artwork look better than ever!

Congratulations on yet another job well done!

Love and kisses,

Bill Gaines
New York, NY

Cat Kenney
Olympia, WA

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Dear Russ,

I must be crazy! I just flew three hours to get a copy of the EXTRA LARGE TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Boy, are my arms tired! Hee Hee Hee.

I only had one problem with the EXTRA LARGE COMIC. It was so big that I was damaged on the flight back. How can I protect this monstrous mag?

Your friend till your ghastly end,
Kevin Hartnell
Nashville, TN

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Dear Mr. Cochran

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Dear Russ

It takes a lot to get me to write in but this did it. Okay, I see your point (but the hair covers it well) about being able to see the wonderful artwork better, but my eyes are good and my house is small. For those of us who collect comics regularly and bag and box them neatly this tremendous size makes it very difficult on our Felixish organizing attacks. I like TALES FROM THE CRYPT, VAULT OF HORROR and HAUNT OF FEAR and up until now nestled them up as soon as they came out. Please don't mess up a good thing. Go back to your regular size. Thanks for listening.

Cat Kenney
Olympia, WA
OOGA!!! I'M SO MAD AND YOU'LL FIND OUT WHY SOON ENOUGH! HEH, HEH! I'M LAUGHING WITH TEARS IN MY BLOODSHOT EYES!!! THIS IS YOUR HOST IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR, THE CRYPT KEEPER READY TO START OFF MY MAD (HAH, THAT'S A LAUGH!) WITH ANOTHER TALE OF TERROR GUARANTEED TO CURBLE YOUR AREN'T BLOOD AND SHIVER YOUR SCRAPPY BODIES! LATER ON IN MY USUAL SPOT FOLLOWING THE VAULT KEEPER, YOU'LL FIND SOMETHING REALLY HORRIBLE! BUT NOW I'LL BEGIN THE STORY... TOLD BY TAINT, I CALL... SURVIVAL... OR DEATH!

The Macy-Wanner canned ship, Fort-Au-Prince, knifed through the tossing, Caribean waters. Bound for the United States, on board, Gregory Macy leaned on the deck rail, staring out at the blue sea. His partner, Charles Warner, stood at his side.

Heaven's Gregory! This may be one of our ships and all that, but it certainly wasn't a good idea to ride it back to the States! Frankly, I'm bored stiff!

I'm sorry, Charles! I thought the Nest would do us both good!
WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO BE ON A LUXURY LINER INSTEAD OF THIS OBLIGA-
TIO-IMPLANTED SHIP!

DEAR, MEAH, CHARLES? WATCH THE WAY YOU TALK.
ABOUT A MACY-WARNER BANANA BOAT!

LOOK, SHE'S HOW ABOUT DOING SOMETHING? ANYTHING...

IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR LUNCH, CHARLES! WE'LL TALK TO
CAPTAIN HESTON? PERHAPS HE HAS SOME SUGGESTIONS?

THANK YOU, MR. MACY? ARE YOU HOW... YOU MENT ONER
SOMETHING ABOUT TALKING TO ME AFTER WE EAT...

OH, YES! CHARLES FINDS THAT HAVING NOTHING TO DO ALL DAY GETS ON HIS NERVES! HE WONDERS IF YOU HAVE ANY SUGGESTIONS THAT MIGHT PROVE ENTERTAINING...

WELL, MR. WARNER, I'M SORRY, BUT THERE'S NOTHING VERY MUCH THAT YOU CAN DO ON A CARGO VESSEL SUCH AS THIS EXCEPT... PERHAPS TRY POPPING OFF A FEW RATS!

RATS! THERE ARE RATS IN THIS SHIP?

OH, SORRY, MR. WARNER! I'M NOT NAIF! THERE ARE RATS ON EVERY SHIP... EVEN LUXURY LINERS... THEY COME ABOARD WHEN THE BOAT IS IN PORT!

CHARLES REMEMBERS THE INGENIOUS HAT-TRAP WILKES TOLD US ABOUT AT THE CLUB THIS SUMMER! YOU REMEMBER... WITH THE BARREL!

OH, YES! RANS THAT WOULD BE AMUSING! LET'S BUILD ONE AT LAST... SOME ENTERTAINMENT!

RAT TRAP, GENTLEMEN! YES, CAPTAIN HESTON! A GIBRALTARLY CLEVER LITTLE CONTRAPTION! LOOK! YOU FASTEN A TEETER-BODEN TO THE END OF A BARREL HALF-FULLER WITH WOODEN AT THE END OF THE BOARDB THAT EXTENDS OVER THE BARREL YOU TIE A WEDGE OF CHEESE
SEE! WHEN THE RAT GOES OUT TO GET THE CHEESE, THE TEETERBOARD DROPS AND PLOP INTO THE DRINK, DOES THE UNFORTUNATE DEVIL NATURALLY, HE DROWNS!

I SEE! VERY INGENIOUS!

YES! BUT CHARLES HASN'T TOLD YOU THE BEST PART OF ALL! GIVE ME THE SKETCH, CHARLES!

IN THE CENTER OF THE BARREL YOU SEAL A PIPE, OH, ABOUT THREE INCHES IN DIAMETER! IT MUST EXTEND ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE WATER SLIGHTLY! UPON THIS PIPE, YOU SECURE A SMALL PLATFORM OF ABOUT THE SAME DIAMETER AS THE PIPE, LIKE SO!

YOU'LL SEE, CAPTAIN! YOU'LL SEE! OH, I SAY! THIS IS GOING TO BE FUR, GREGORY!

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN HAVE THIS MADE FOR US, CAPTAIN, EXACTLY AS I'VE DRAWN IT?"

OF COURSE, MR. MAGY!

THAT YOU DRILL A HOLE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL, BENEATH WHERE THE PIPE IS SEALED.


ONE HOUR LATER... IN THE HOLD OF THE SHIP...

PERFECT! PERFECT! EXACTLY WHAT WE MEANT!

NOW TO STACK UP A FEW GRATES TO THE RATS' CAR REACH THE TEETERBOARD!

HERE'S THE SMELLIER PIECE OF CHEESE THE COOK HAD!

THE GRATES ARE STACKED, AND THE CHEESE IS TIED TO THE END OF THE TEETERBOARD...

BUT GENTLEMEN, IF A RAT DROPS INTO THE BARREL HE'LL BE ABLE TO SCRAMBLE UP ONTO THAT PLATFORM!

EXACTLY, CAPTAIN? JUST WHAT WE WANT TO HAPPEN! SH-H-H-H! THERE'S ONE NOW!

HE SEES THE CHEESE!
SLOWLY, THE RAT APPROACHES THE CHEESE.

THE TEETER-BOARD TIPS AND THE RAT PLUNGES INTO THE WATER.

AND CLIMBS OUT ONTO THE PLATFORM WHICH IS JUST LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD HIM!

I CAN'T GET IT GENTLEMEN! I'LL SEE CAPTAIN' ALL RIGHT BOYS!

THE SECOND RAT EDGES OUT ON THE TEETER-BOARD TOWARD THE CHEESE.

THE TEETER-BOARD TIPS UP AND THE RAT PLUNGE INTO THE WATER.

GON CAPTAIN!

THE THREE MEN WATCH, FASCINATED, AS THE SECOND RAT SWIMS TOWARD THE PLATFORM. THE FIRST RAT ENGULFS UPON IT, FANGS NARROW READY TO DEFEND HIS PLACE OF SAFETY.

SEE? SEE? ONLY ROOM FOR ONE RAT ON THAT PLATFORM!

THE FIGHT TO THE DEATH BEGINS! THE CAPTAIN TURNS AWAY IN DISGUST.

DON'T FORGET CHARLES! THE FIRST ONE'S MINE!

MINE'S WINNING! AND THERE'S STILL SOME FIGHT LEFT IN MINE!

GOOD LORD!
FINALLY THE FIGHT IS OVER. THE SECOND RAT HAS WON! IT SITS UPON THE PLATFORM PANTING AS THE WATER BELOW TURNS RED.

HEROES YOUNG HUNDRED LUCK NEXT TIME? CHARLES!' TIME GREED!

OF COURSE! THIS CAN GO ON FOR HOURS THE PLATFORM IS NEVER SUBMERGED AS THE DEAD NATS FILE UP BECAUSE OF THE RUN-OFF.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, GENTLEMEN! TRAPPING THE NATS IS ONE THING.

BUT WHY TORTURE THEM THAT WAY? I REALLY DON'T THINK THE PLATFORM IS ESSENTIAL!

PURELY FOR ENTERTAINMENT. CAPTAIN! BEHINDS IT SERVES TO ILLUSTRATE OUR THEORY.

THEORY, GENTLEMEN? YES! IT DEMONSTRATES HOW ONE SAVAGE BEAST WILL DESTROY ANOTHER IN ORDER TO PRESERVE ITS OWN LIFE!

YOU KNOW THE STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL, CAPTAIN? I THINK THAT HUMAN BEINGS IN SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES WOULD BEHAVE EXACTLY THE SAME WAY GENTLEMEN!

POSSIBLY SOME HUMAN BEINGS, CAPTAIN? CERTAINLY NOT CIVILIZED PERSONS SUCH AS OURSELVES!

EVEN CIVILIZED PERSONS SUCH AS YOURSELVES GENTLEMEN!

BAH! YOU'RE WRONG, CAPTAIN! A GENTLEMAN IS ALWAYS A GENTLEMAN!

COME, GREG! LET'S HIDE! I'M ONE HUNDRED UP ON YOU!

WELL, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN, I HAVE TO GET BACK TO WORK!

HUH? OH, OF COURSE, CAPTAIN HESTON! SH-H-H! THERE'S ANOTHER ONE CHARLES!
THAT NIGHT, THE MARY-WARNER CAME VESSEL MAN INTO A STORMY SEA MOUNTAINOUS WAVES LASHED AT THE SHIP, TOSSED IT ABOUT. TWO OF ITS THREE LIFEBOATS WERE TORN FROM THEIR MOORINGS AND LOST.

TOWARDS MORNING AS A FOG DESCENDED.

CAPTAIN HESTON: THERE'S A CRACK IN THE AFT HULL. WE'RE TAKING ON WATER.

CAPTAIN: WHAT'S GOING ON? WE'RE LISTING.

PREPARE TO ABANDON SHIP!

WE'RE SINKING, MR. WARNER! GET INTO YOUR LIFE-JACKET AND MAKE FOR THE REMAINING LIFEBOAT!

GOOD LORD! HURRY, CHARLES! HURRY!


CAPTAIN! THERE ARE TWO MEN MISSING!

CAPTAIN: WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!

CALM DOWN, MR. MACY!

WHEN THE OVER-CROWDED LIFEBOAT REACHED THE WATER, IT BEGAN TO ROCK AND ROLL LIKE A MATCHSTICK.

WE'LL BE SWAMPED! THERE'S TOO MANY OF US HERE! THE BOAT'S LOADED DOWN!

CAN'T YOU SHUT HIM UP, MR. WARNER?

HE'S RIGHT! THE WATER'S ALMOST UP TO THE EDGES!

SUDDENLY, A FIGURE BOBBED UP NEAR THE PITCHING LIFEBOAT:

IT'S JENSEN! HERE, JENSEN! HERE! OVER THIS WAY!

MR. WE'VE NO ROOM! ONE MORE AND WE'LL SURELY BE SWAMPED! FOR SAKE, MR. MACY!
Jensen reached the lifeboat after a hard struggle as his hands clasped its sides.

No more room! No more...

Sit down, Mr. Hady! Bit...

Gregory's heel came down on the exhausted crew member's fingers, again and again he stamped...

No more room! Go away! We'll...

We'll all drown!

Finally Jensen's raw and bloody fingers slipped from the bunions and he disappeared below the surface! Captain Heston screamed at Macy.

A gentleman is always a gentleman, eh, you murderer?

This is different! It was our lives on his! Many... for one.

Another figure appeared at the lifeboat's side! Charles seized an oar...

It's Gilpen... Look out!

Yap.

The oar splintered as it struck Gilpen's head! Charles teetered, then lost his balance! The lifeboat tipped; water poured over its sides! Suddenly...

YAAAAAAAAAAH! We're going over!
Charles washed, gasping for breath, finally reached the small piece of floating debris.

"Gasp... thank God... I couldn't have lasted much longer."

Suddenly another swimming figure moved out of the fog towards him.

"Charles! Gasp! It's me! Greg!"

"Keep away, Greg! Keep away! This is my piece of wood! It's not big enough to hold two of us!"

"Charles! Please! I'm new! Exhausted!"

"No! Go! No your own!"

"All right... I will!"

Gregory Macy lunged at his partner. His fingers closed about Charles's throat.

"I've gasp found it! I'm going to take it... away from you!"

Yeah! While Gregory and Charles were fighting, the piece of driftwood had floated off into the thick fog! Poor Greg was too tired to even try to look for it. He just burbled a little—and sank from sight! Even the rats had a better deal than Greg! At least when they won the platform was still there! And I see that the vault keeper is still there, waiting to tell his horror story! But I won't see you later! As usual, instead of those two nitwits, my editors have commandeered my space for their own use! Hmph! Bye! Oooh! I'm so mad!"

The struggle lasted for five minutes... maybe more. Finally, Charles's body went limp. It slipped from Greg's fingers and sunk below the waves. Greg looked around.

"Oh, lord! The piece of driftwood! It's gone!"
THE VAULT OF HORROR!

THE THING IN THE 'GLADES!

The sheriff slapped at the mosquito sucking at the back of his neck and cursed. Above his head, a flamingo soared out over the overhanging moss-laden cypress trees. Surrounding the ever-glade clearing, at his feet in a pool of blood, lay what was left of a human being.

"T'aint no animal what did that! I tell you! There ain't an animal in the glades! I'll tear a man to pieces!"

"Then, what's goin' on? Sheriff! This here's the third killin' in two months! We gotta stop 'em!"
SEARCH ME! I DUNNO WHAT IT CAN BE! IT AIN'T NO ANIMAL THOUGH! NO TEETH MARKS! NO CLAWIN' OR SCRATCHIN' THE THING WHAT DONE THIS IS POWERFUL STRONG!

IF IT AIN'T NO ANIMAL, THEN IT A GOT TO BE A HUMAN BEIN', AND IF IT'S A HUMAN BEIN', HE'S NOT TO BE AROUND THESE PARTS! I STILL BAT WE OUGHT TO SEE WHAT OL' EZZAR'S GON'T IN HIS CABIN, SHERIFF!

THAT OL' HOOITY! HE COULDN'T A DONE THIS! HE COULDN'T TEAR THE WINGS OFF' N A FLY! JEEZ! CAUSE HE DON'T WANT NOBODY MOTHERIN' HIM, DON'T HE MEAN!

EVERY TIME ANYBODY GOES NEAR HIS CABIN, HE COMES OUT AND SNAPPIN' EM OFF WITH A SHOT GUN!

HEC'! TAIN'T NO CRIME TO CHASE TRESPASSERS FROM YER LEGAL PROPERTY, CLEM!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT ROYALIST AND SHERIFF, JESS DUBBEL TOL' ME ABOUT? HE SAYS IT COME FROM OL' EZZAR'S CABIN!

WELL, MEbbe we will have a TALK with Ol' Ez. After we take what's left o' PETE here back t' TOWN, G'ONNA HELP ME WEAR 'EM UP IN THIS CANVAS SHELTER, CLEM!

I JUBE NO, SHERIFF? I GOT A WEAK STOMACH! I JUBE I'LL TRY!

Later that cat, the SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY APPROACHED OLD EZZAR'S CABIN DEEP IN THE EVERGLADES.

DON' COME ANY CLOSER, YOU TWO! I GOT A SHOT RUN POINTIN' AT YOU!

DOIN' KNOW RUTHIN' 'bout 50 MURDERS, CLEM!

DON' KNOW RUTHIN'! A MOB 'bout 50 MURDERS, CLEM!

OLD EZZAR'S TOOK HIS GADGET GRANDIANING HIS DOUBLE-BALLED GUN.

DIN' KNOW RUTHIN'! A MOB 'bout 50 MURDERS, CLEM!

LE'T'S GO!

DON' MIND N' OWN ANYTHING! YOU MISS YOURS! HOW 'BOUT THEM MURDERS WE BEEN HAVIN'?

The sheriff AND HIS DEPUTY MADE THEIR WAY BACK THROUGH THE PEST-INFESTED EVERGLADE TOWARD TOWN... THE

AIN'T Gonna SEE WHAT HE' S GOT IN THAT CABIN, SHERIFF? WHAT ABOUT THEM COWBOYS AN' SHERIFFS WE'VE HEARD OF?

YOU DUNNO WHAT I HEARD RUTHIN', DID YUH? NEITHER DID I! O'MON!
NEW! NEW! YEP! SHERIFF BLACK SHORE HAS HIS TROUBLES. THREE KILLINGS IN TWO MONTHS! AN EACH ONE OF THEM THE SAME! THE VICTIM'S BODY TORN TO SHREDS! PARANOIA HAS EVERYONE ON EDGE! BELIEVE ME I'M KEEPIN' IN THE MOOD! AN REPORTS OF MYSTERIOUS GROWN AN SCREAMING EMERG IN FROM OLE EZZER'S CABIN DON'T HELP ME EITHER! WALT LE'D UNDO ON WITH OUR YARN-EN!

BACK IN TOWN THAT NIGHT, DOORS AND WINDOWS WERE LOCKED AND VACANT... THE TINY SETTLEMENT WAS HELD IN THE GRIP OF FEAR... FEAR OF AN UNKNOWN MINSTREL...

WHAT SAY WE SNEAK UP TO OLE EZZER'S PLACE? HAMMENS AN LOOK AROUND. HE'S TWISTED, SHERIFF! HE'S BEEN LIKE THAT FOR YEARS!

ALL RIGHT! IF I'KN'T KNOW, IT AIN'T HIM, THEN WHO OR WHAT IS IT?

WORSE! I JUST SEEN HANK GRIDDEN JUMPIN' OUT. IT WAS HORRIBLE! GASP... Horrible? Them thin's thin's, I DON'T KNOW WHAT JUMPED IN JUH BACK O MY HOUSE! I HEEAR IN DREAM AN I DONE A-RUNNIN', Ne wan dead when I got there!

Lou leah hennison black to the spy? Hank hennison's body was just like all the best... ripped to pieces...

YOU SAY YOU SAW THE THING? WHAT DID IT TOLD YOU? IT WAS A GOOD LOOK?

IT WERE TOO DARK TO REALLY SEE! BUT I KNO' IT WERE HORRIBLE BY THE WAY IT DRAGGED ITSELF ALONG...

...AN I FOLLOWED IT INTO THE GARDENS! IT KEPT BROWLIN' AN SCREAMIN' SO I HADDA KEEP WAY BACK! I FOLLOWED IT TO OLE EZZER'S CABIN! I SEE K IN INSIDE!

OL' EZZER'S CABIN, EH? NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY, SHERIFF?

I SAY LET'S GIT IT G'MON!
Lou, the sheriff, and Glen made their way through the everglade undergrowth to old Ezard's cabin. As they headed toward the clearing, old Ez stepped out into the moonlight, his shotgun pointed.

I'll put down this gun when you or your wayfaring sheriff now git.

I'll git ez but I'm takin' that thing you shot in that cabin with me.

I don't know what you talkin' about. Git!

I'm talkin' about that thing what's murdered four people already. You here seen 't kill Hank Gridden? He folleded it back to your cabin. I'm takin' it in, Ez.

The old hermit's eyes filled with tears.

No! I won't let you! He didn't mean to hurt nobody! I won't let you take him away from me! He's all I got. My only son.

Your son. But I thought your wife died in childbirth twenty years ago. An' that the baby died too.

Yeah, any died? But the baby didn't. Only I repty it a secret. The baby was deformed. That's why I moved out here... To the Glades. I didn't want nobody to know about him.

Havin' a deformity ain't no excuse for murder, Ez.

The lower part of his body was all shriveled as he grew older. By year the shriveled part of his body just never seemed to develop. Instead—his upper body grew big and muscular... And hairy. But his brain, his brain was like the lower half. It never developed either.

You mean he's... crazy?

No, don't say that! It's just that he thinks like a child. He wants to play. Only his big arms are too strong to play. He... He tears things apart. But he'll learn. I'll teach him.

One's Ez ez son or no son he's a killer. I'm bringin' him into town to stand trial.
Old Ez lifted his gun.

"No, you don't! Nobody's near! You're takin' him away from me! I'll kill you first! So on, Sheriff! Go on back to your an' leave us be!"

The sheriff, his deputy, and Ez turned and started back into the brush.

"An' next time you show your face round here, Ah! I'll shoot without warnin'!"

"You asked for it, Ez! If it's a fight yuh want, you'll git it!"

The three men moved in silence... through the moonlight. Suddenly, a distant scream echoed through the hot damp night air.

What was that? They came from Ez's cabin!

They started back towards the hermit's cabin. Suddenly, they heard a scream in the undergrowth ahead of them. Old Ezward bent upon them. His clothes soaked with blood! One of his sleeves was empty.

"He's after me!"

"Good Lord! Look at him!"

Something was coming! Something was steaming through the underbrush toward them.

"Ez! Ez! He's dead! He bled to death!"

"Sheriff! It's... I'm coming!"

"I'm scared!"

A growl echoed into the night... then a scream! It bunted from the underbrush! The three men stared at the hideous creature.

"Holy! Jumpin' catfish!"

"Good Lord! Yaaaaaaah!"

Old Ez pitched forward on his face! The sheriff stooped over him.

You... you were right, Sheriff! He... he is a killer! I... I tried! Sheriff! Listen! I... I... I was wrong!
The thing hesitated for a moment. Its shriveled body swayed. It stood balanced upon its immense, hairy arms, its flabby, eel-like body. Beneath the shaggy hair that fell over its leering face, a low growl rumbled from its throat.

"Kill it!" "For Pete's sake!" "Look out!"

The thing sprang at Clem as he lifted the rifle to his shoulder. The gun spun from his hands; Lou fired into the lumbering hulk as it attacked the terrified deputy.

Clem went down in a crumpled heap as Lou fired again and again. "It turned towards him, screaming..."

Bullets... Don't kill it!

Run Lou! Run!

Sheriff Slack started off into the underbrush. The thing was upon Lou before he could escape.

Sheriff! Sheriff! Eeeeee!

The thing started after the sheriff. It traveled upon its huge arms, swinging its withered body forwards...

It... It's after me! I... I've got to outsmart it!

The thing moved past... faster than the sheriff could run! The distance between them closed up.

"Gasp! The bog!" "If I could... get to the bog of quicksand..."
The thing moved by leaps and bounds, throwing its hairy over-developed arm forward and swinging its shaven body after it! The sheriff began to tire...

The sheriff darted toward the pool of quicksand. Then side-stepped swiftly...

The thing leaped forward... into the sucking bog! It screamed in dismay.

Wildly it thrashed around, trying to free itself from the quicksand! The more it struggled, the faster it sank into the drawing quicksand...

It... it's horrible! Horrible!

The everglade forest was filled with the blood-curdling shrieks of the thing... as it sank deeper and deeper into the bog?

Finally it ripped itself in a choking bubble as its head submerged! A hairy hand was the last to sink below the quicksand pool's surface... clawing at the dank, carrion night.

Bulp! Hen, Hent ye' old Ezra boy! Finally went down for good! And it looks like the Crypt-Keeper's man is going down, too! You'll see why I'm talking about when you get to it! Re-wolfin' Willie and Asimire all are going to tell their own horror story! Their ought to be pretty nauseating! It follows the Crypt-Keeper's corner which follows the text! They better not try a dirty trick like this in my mag, which comes out next! The vault of horror! Oye, now oodoom! c.o's 30 war!
Through the hayloft window, Harry watched the "old man" working on the wagon below. Pressing up against the rafters at the corner of the wooden structure, the young farm hand could see his grey-haired boss thrust the pitchfork deep into the crackly yellow hay and left it up to the open second-story door with one mighty heave. He's strong as a bull, Harry reflected, watching the older man sweating there on the haymow. A lot stronger'n the average 60 year-old geezer! Only his strength ain't gonna help him any TODAY, 'cause he's gonna die sure as shootin'!

Looking down from the loft now, Harry thought, he knows I stole that money out'n his desk drawer... he's just been trying with me to get me rattled! Wants me to get down on my knees and knees and beg for mercy, or turn tail and run like a scared rabbit! That cursed old man is out to show he's stronger'n I am! Ever since I come here to work for him, he's been trying to prove I'm yellin' - to show the world that even though everyone here, the Law knows he killed my paw! I ain't got the guts to settle with him!

Still staring down from the top of the hay loft, Harry went over in his mind for the twentieth time that hour the plan he had devised after 2 sleepless nights of tossing and turning. Getting the old man up here oughta be easy, the youth thought since he don't trust me much anyway, but I'll prob'ly wanna check to make sure I'm not stealin' any of his dang hay! And once he comes up that ladder, his goose is cooked! Killing him and gettin' away with it - the way I've planned it - should be a soft touch!

The young man stepped up to the open window and, cupping his hands around his mouth, shouted

"Mr Malcolm! Some of the hay up here seems to've caught FIRE! I've tried to put it out myself but it's kind of getting outta control..."

With a smile of satisfaction, Harry saw the old man toss his pitchfork down into the mound of hay and look toward the loft apprehensively. Then the grey-haired employer leaped down from the haymow and ran frantically toward the barn entrance. That's got 'im! Harry gloated, looking once toward the farm house on the hill to make sure that the rest of the Malcolm clan hadn't unexpectedly come back from town where they had all gone for the day. From now on Harry thought, it'll be SOFT!

30 seconds later, as the old man's head appeared above the top of the ladder, Harry brought the hammer down with stunning force. His boss cowered for a moment, but Harry leaned far forward and dragged him up onto the loft floor. Then, with repeated blows of the already bloody hammer, he savagely crushed the old man's skull.

A moment later Harry straightened up and leaped down in triumph at his victim. A match tossed into the hay up here, he said aloud, 'will set this place afire in a minute! And by the time anyone's able to help me put out the blaze, you'll be so roasted that NO ONE'll be able to tell the fire didn't kill you!' A flame leaped up from the match which Harry scraped across the rough floor without a flicker of emotion. Harry tossed it into the hay.

So long old timer, he said as he moved toward the open second-story door. I've got a date to jump into that hay you were throwing up here! It's a 35 foot drop but compared to what happened to YOU my landing'll be SOFT!

And with that Harry leaped toward the haymow 35 feet and plummeted down and his landing was somewhat different from what he had planned. For, in the very same moment that he felt a spasm of pain shudder agonizingly through his body from his feet to his shattered jaw felt his stomach wall ripped wide open and his insides spilling out wetly onto the sun warmed hay. Harry knew that he had impaled himself on the murderous edges of the pitchfork which old Malcolm had left behind him on the wagon.
THE DEN OF INIQUITY!

HO! HO! FONE FELICITATIONS FANS! YEAH, IT'S US. THE DEN KEEPERS, YOUR EDITORS, BILL AND AL!

IN THIS ISSUE OF TALES FROM THE CRYPT, THE CRYPT KEEPER HAS CHEERFULLY TOLD THAT'S A LAUGH (WE
HAD TO THREATEN TO CUT OFF HIS SUPPLY OF CADAVERS!) CORRECTED TO OUR APPEARING IN THE FLESHY
FLESH TO PERSONALLY TELL YOU OUN NEW CORR PORR STORY GO COME CLOSER TO THE ELECTRIC
HEATER—BIT YOURSELVES DOWN ON THAT ROTTED OLD TEXT-WRITER, AND WE'LL HAND OUT A TARN
FROM OUR THASN-BASKET (ALL OF OUR STORIES ARE TRASH!) THAT WE AFFECTIONATELY CALL

KAMEN'S KALAMITY!

Our story begins back in the day when E.C. was just a budding organization bustling in publishing
love magazines for romance-starved womankind! In those days, our motto was "sigh," now it's "ugh!" One
day an editor was busy congressing Susie, our secretary, around the office, attempting to gather material

I beg your pardon! Are these the offices of the entertaining comics group?

Good Lord! Jack Kamen.

In better times out of here!
He stood there, nattily dressed
in a coat bedecked with chads,
looking like a Cheshire Cat.

**Jack (Happy-Boy) Kamen**

Well, knock me over with a fat
check-up! It isn't all
(stiff figures)
Feldstein!

Jack: You old
son! I haven't
seen you for
two years.
Hey! Bill, where
am I? What are
you doing?

You're always
readin' the one
about
Kamen!

Can he draw
girls, Al?

Can he? Why this
boy is... let me
tell you. He's
terrific!

Flattery
will get you
nowhere,
I expect to
get paid!

I admire the frankness of
this charming and jovial
young fellow. Who would
happen to be a friend
of yours, Al... so hire him!

Jack: You're
hired!

Can he
hear you?

I can
hear you.

What so
I set
how?

Tell him,
Al!

Jack: This is an up-and-
coming organization.
You'll have a great
future with us. Why
in a few years...

What so
I set
how?

Tell him,
Al!

Jack was told, but he came to work for us.
Anyway, and his work was...

Beautiful!

What sweet
paths, Al?

What
Bing!

Hey! You ever
hear the joke
about the
jockey?

- But now, Jack!
- Run along. We're
busy!
No, no! Yef! That's how it began! Jack (Happy Roy) Kamen came to work for E.C., turning out sweet charming little love tales about sweet charming people in sweet charming situations! His stuff was... that's right... sweet an' charming. Then tragedy struck at E.C.

We're running al our love books are selling 2c. 2% well be broke in a month!

What about those three books we were forced to put out by those characters we met in the seventh? You know! The crypt of somethin' etc.

Wait, I'll check! Good... Lord! Some good buyin' that horror stuff! Look!

Hey! They made money! Almost ten dollars each! We're rich!

The Haunt of Fear (No back issues available) Horror beneath the streets!

So when Jack (Happy Roy) came in, (that's a pun, don't?) with his latest love story, we broke the bad news.

Well, here I am and have I got a story for you? Listen! D'ja ever hear Bad News, Jack! Love is through! It's a horror!

No, and here's your first yarn. It's about this vampire. Are? One day

Puff... Puff... I'm sittin' out of here.

So Jack set to work on his first horror story!

A week later.

Well, here it is! And while you're looking it over, d'ja ever hear the joke about Awful terrible! Who ever heard of a charming, sweet-looking vampire?

Jack! It ain't horrible enough! So I ain't a horrible person! How get this? These three guys are floatin' down the river on a marble slab...

You gotta do somethin', Jack! You gotta draw more horrible! Now in your next job, there's this werewolf. See?
But it didn't do any good! Jack's stuff kept cornin' in sweet and charming! We tried every trick we knew.

'What happened? Poor Al! Poor Al! Maybe a good joke'll cheer you up! There was these two morons.

But Happy-Boy just wouldn't get horrified! He was too happy.

Gee, Al! Maybe a good joke'll cheer you up! There was these two morons.

Oh, not now, Jack! Don't cryin' now, Jack.

Can't ya be like Graham Ingles there! Look now, he's fallen into the spirit.

I'm the spirit! Jack.

Yeah or O.K. or okay!' Looks him! Heh! Heh!

Or Davies! Now there's a boy what's really got the feelin'.

Yuk yuk yuk you all.

Maybe the sight of those three successful horror artists convinced Jack.

Okay! Okay! In gonna be horrible! You'll see! You'll see!

So Jack commuted back to his sweet and charming suburban home. His mind made up; his sweet and charming wife and his two sweet and charming boys met him as he came up the walk.

'Hello, dear! Now did it go today? G-R-H-R-R-R-

Why, what's wrong, Jack, dear?

Shaddup! Ah, how come the blinds aren't drawn? Stop weedin' the garden! Let the grass grow! This place looks too charming!

Google, grumble! Daddy funny! Nuh, Nonny?
Jack had made up his mind: he stamped into the house and up to his sweet and charming studio.

So I'm not horrible enough, Eh? Well, I'll show Em! O-war-r-r-r-r-r-r-

Happy Boy slumped down at his drawing board and he was to work on his latest story. He rushed up and

hair, dumped over a couple of bottles of ink in the

floor, bucked on a hair of soap so his mouth would shin, and really got into the mood.

Now lemme beet in the first panel thin! Were Wolf is attacking this non! Happier!

Jack worked feverishly far into the night.

Heh heh heh.

Suddenly a cold ray of light streamed through the studio window. Jack glanced up! Perspiration dripped from his face! The full moon!

Ha - Ha - Ha - Ha - Ha!

Jack sprang to his feet! He stared out at the white thing in the black sky! A strange excitement crept over him! The hair on the back of his neck bristled.

Full moon! Horror! Not to ho out! But to hen heen got to kill!

Jack slunk past the nursery where the two boys blept and blipped down the stairs! His wife turned from her sewing machine.


Very soon after, a shadowy figure sprang from its hiding place in the quiet suburban community where Jack lived.

What the?
YES, FANS... YOU, TOO, CAN BE LUCKY LIKE MELVIN, HERE! YOU, TOO, CAN COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION OF E.C.'S! YOU, TOO, CAN OWN... THE COMPLETE CRYPT

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HEE, HEE! E C's SCIENCE-FICTION MAGS MUST BE PRETTY FIENDISH TO GIVE THESE TWO GHOULOOTS A CHARGE! LOOK AT 'EM!
BURYED TREASURE!

My story begins in seventeenth century Germany, at the time when it was composed of many tiny principalities each under the rule of a nobleman or a messer of the county. In 1687, one of these principalities, known as Schlussdorf, was ruled by Heinrich, Duke of Schlussstein. He was the blackest, cruellest tyrant of them all. His stately castle towered high over the village of Schlussdorf, where his subjects, the poor farmers who till'd his lands, lived...
HEINRICH, DUKE OF SCHLUSSBERG, CARED NO MORE FOR HIS SUBJECTS THAN FOR THE PEDRALES BEHIND HIS SILVER BUCKLED BUCKLES! HE WAS A SŁD ARROGANT RULER WHO SOUGHT PLENTY TO BLEED THE PEASANTS BY HOLDING THEM DOWN BENEATH THE CRIMSON HEEL OF TAXATION AND OPPRESSION. THEY WOULD LOOK UP WITH EMITTED EYES AT THE SPLENDOR AND POMP ABOVE THEM FROM THEIR SQUALOR...

ONE DAY, THE PEACE OF THE VILLAGE OF SCHLUSSBERG WAS SHATTERED BY THE THUNDER OF HORSES' HOVES AS THE DUKE'S GILDED COACH SPED DOWN FROM THE CASTLE INTO THE TOWN.

"CLEAR THE STREETS!" "HE'S COMING!" "HANS!

...WHILE WE HERE STARVE!

"GOOD LORD!"

"THE CHILD...." "EEEEEEE"

AND AS THE DUKE'S COACH DISAPPEARED IN A CLOUD OF DUST, A SMALL BOY'S BROKEN AND MANGLE BODY LAY PROSTRATE ON THE BLOOD-STAINED COBBLESTONES.

"THE MURDEROUS BUTCHER!

"HE COULD HAVE STOPPED!

"MY BABY!" "SOR. SOR. MY BABY!

AS THE SPEEDED COACH BORE DOWN THROUGH THE VILLAGE'S MAIN STREET, THE CHILD CALLED HANS STOOD PETRIFIED BEFORE THE GALLOPING HORSES.

"ONE OF THE PEASANTS SHOOK HIS FIST AT THE CASTLE..."

"SOMEDAY...SOMEDAY WE'LL GET YOU FOR THIS..."

"BUD, BUD..."

"BUT TO THE DUKE OF SCHLUSSBERG, RESPLENDENT IN HIS GILDED COACH, THE CHILD'S DEATH MEANT ONLY STUPID IDIOTS! BUD, THE COACH WHEELS ARE MARRED WITH BLOOD STAINS! HOW DISGUSTING!

"THEY MUST BE REPAINTED!

"WELL, I'LL NOT PAY FOR IT! THE RABBLE WILL ILL, I'LL PAINT THEM FOR IT!"
The next day a notice was placed in the village square. It says that we are to be taxed for spoiling the duke's carriage?

What? Why the dirty how much emile?

Far more than we can afford. Johann! A fortune and already my children starve for lack of bread and milk?

Emile pulled Johann into the shadows of a dark alley and explained his plan. Many times my wife has cleaned the duke's bedroom! She knows where everything is kept... even his jewels?

No emile! Not you! you have a wife and family! I will do it! Come your wife must tell exactly where the jewels are kept?

But how could we get into the castle?

Exactly! The duke of hungaria would pay much gold for them! he and Neurach hate each other like poison! It would be enough to pay this tax?

But where can we get that much gold? Emile?

I do not know Johann! I do not... what? I have it?
HEE HEE! YEP! EVEN IN THOSE DAYS THEY HAD FENCES WHERE STOLEN JEWELS COULD BE DISPOSED OF. IN THIS CASE IT WERE AN UNFRIENDLY RULER OF A RIVAL PRINCIPALITY. SO PLANS WERE MADE... AM I THE NEXT NIGHT, JOHANN CRIED UP THE MOUNTAIN TO THE CASTLE ECHLUSSTEIN...

INSIDE, THE WALL WAS UNDER WAY. LEAN THE ANIMAL SUGAR FILLED THE AIR. THE COWS IN THE PHEASANTS AND ROASTING AINS DRIFTED TOWARDS THE STANDING PEASANT...

SLOWLY. JOHANN NEEDED THE CASTLE WALL. KEEPING WELL OUT OF SIGHT. FROM TIME TO TIME. HE HAD TO Lie IN THE SHADY NER... WITH BOUT BREATHING  WHILE ONE OF THE DUKE'S GUARDS PASSED NOT FIVE FEET FROM HIM.

FINALLY JOHANN FOUGNE A TALL TREE WHERE UPENN LIMBS HUNG OVER THE CASTLE WALL.

JOHANN DROPPED NOISLESSLY INTO THE GARDEN. HIDDEN AND CROUCHED IN THE SHADOWS. WATCHING BEHIND THE HIDE-UP LATTICE WINDOWS. MEN AND WOMEN BEDECKED IN EMBLEMED LACE AND EXPENSIVE JEWELRY MOVED BEFORE A FOOD-LADER PANLE TASTING THIS, THAT, AND EVERYTHING IN THE PANEL. RICH OVER-FEED PIGS! PIGS!-RICH OVER-FEED POMPOUS PIGS!

FINALLY JOHANN TONSELF AWAY FROM THE MOUTH WATCHING SCENE AND MADE HIS WAY THROUGH. THE GARDEN TO THE SPOT BENEATH THE DUKE'S BEDROOM...

IT IS JUST AS EMILE'S WIFE SAI... THERE ARE THE IVY-COVERED TRELLIS THOAT I MUST CLIMB TO GET TO THE DUKE'S ROOM.

IT WAS SEVERAL MINUTES LATER. THOAT JOHANN EMMEEED FROM THE DUKE'S WINDOW. HIS POCKETS LAID WITH JEWELRY AS HE DESCENDED TO THE TREATISE HE TURNED TO SEE...

SEIZE HIM! THIEF! BRING HIM TO THE DUKE!
The next day, a notice was placed in the village square.

**What does it say, Emile?**

**It says that a thief has been caught and that we are all ordered to witness his punishment!**

**Who caught him?**

**It is Johann! He tried to steal some of the Duke's jewelry to pay the tax I put him up to it!**

The Duke's jewelry!

**Yes! Think of what gold those useless trinkets could bring the food that could be bought! Milk for our starving children. Bread... clothing!**

The Gathered Villagers Boomed Sadly in Absence.

**How long must this go on?**

**While we here in schlubenstein act in equal or paying eighty per cent of all the food we grow to the Duke in taxes... He lives amid plenty, bedecked in jewels!**

One Ruby. One Diamond. One Pearl. Such beauty could buy enough food to keep a whole family well fed for a year. Maybe more?

Emile, please! Hugh!

Come, we must go to witness Johann's punishment!

A Platform had been erected just outside the castle gates. Johann stood upon it, lashed to a post, his hands tied behind his back. Several guards stood by.

**What do you think they'll do to him?**

**Whip him? Probably. Here comes the Duke!**

Ahem! Eh! Ah! Last night, this man was apprehended leaving my bedroom with the jewelry which I am now wearing!
The Duke stopped to sniff a pinch of snuff...

"Look at that diamond! It's the one I would clothe the whole village with!"

Then he continued...

Therefore...in order to discourage any further attempts at thievery, my sentence is that this man's hands be severed at the wrists!

The guards moved fast! The horrified peasants watched...stunned! Johann's hands were untied from behind him and stretched out over a chopping block! One of the guards raised a large axe.

The sound of the axe falling upon the block was like an electric shock, jolting the peasants from their silence! Emilie darted forward:

"Come back!"

Emile screamed at his fellow serfs as the noon bell tolls..."Come...don't...I-NEINICH, ON THIS KNIFE! PLEASE! GUARDS! L-leave the platform! P-please!"

The guards moved in, but Emilie was too quick. He reached the Duke before the guards could act. The knife blade pressed against the Duke's fat stomach.

"Call off your guards, Johann. We'll leave you in two..."
EURE! TO THE MERRY VILLAGE.

HELEN TOOK A LOOK AT THE OLD MAN OF HUMANESSE. HE SAID THAT THE PEASANTS HAD GROWN MIGHTY WEAK. IN ALL, THEY HAD ONLY ABOUT THIRTY, BUT THEY HELD THIRTY SAUCERES. SOME HAD A PAIR OF SCHEES, SOME HAD A PARADE. THERE WAS ONE WHO HAD A PARADE OF SCHEES.

YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEM AWAY FROM HIM.

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THE EXECUTION!

This is the story of a man's last day in prison. For 216 days inmate No. 25862 occupied cell 7 in cell block "D", and thought of the 220th day. When, as far as society was concerned, his slate would be wiped clean! This, then, is the 220th day No. 25862 is scheduled to die in the electric chair tonight.
6:30 A.M., THE CLANGING OF A HEAVY BELL ROBES NO SLEEPER FROM A NIGHTMARE SLEEP. AND THE LAST DAY BEGINS.

7:00 A.M., HE'S WASHED, DRESSED, AND STANDING IN THE CAGE FOR THE DAYS 'COUNT.'

7:35 A.M., HE RECEIVES BREAKFAST. A TRUSTY LEADS THE WAY UNDER THE BARS. CEREAL, EGGS, TOAST, JUICE, TWO GLASSES OF MILK, AND COFFEE. PLENTY OF LIQUIDS.

HE SITS IN THE ROWS OF CELLS, THE NIGHT BALANCING IN HIS KNEES. THE STAFF SLOWLY EATS. HE THINKS BACK TO THE LENS WEIGHED ON HIS HAND. THE TERRIBLE RAIN STORM... AND WHAT CHANGED UPON ANOTHER DRIVER IN TROUBLE...

"ENTRANCE TO THE SNOOKER?" "YES! I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU WOULD HELP ME GET BACK ON THE ROAD!"

IT TOOK THEM A HALF-HOUR TO GET THE CAR OF THE ROAD... A HALF-HOUR OF DRIVING, RUINING AND KNEELING IN THE SNOW... AND WHEN IT WAS DONE, THEY WERE EATEN AND TALKED TOGETHER...

"HEADING OUT WEST, YOU SAY?" "THAT'S RIGHT. MY JOB WAS MAKING ME A NERVOUS RACER... DOCTOR SAYS I NEED A GOOD, LONG REST!"

"SAT! LOOK AT THE TIME! IT'S TIME TO LEAVE!" "I SHOULD HAVE THANKED YOU ALMOST AN HOUR AGO! THANKS AGAIN, FRIEND. I HOPE I CAN RETURN THE FAVOR SOONER...

8:00 A.M., RETURN THE FAVOR? TODAY WOULD BE A PERFECT DAY FOR IT... FOR THAT MAN IS THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN SAVE INMATE NO. 3037 FROM THE ELUSIVE GRAB..."
II 30 A.M. HE LIES ON HIS COT AND STARES BLANKLY UP AT THE GREY STONE REILING. HE SMOKES.

12 NOON. VOLUNTARY EXERCISE PERIOD. HE LIES ON THE COT, AND Listens TO THE SOUND OF THE PRISONERS' WASHING. A GUARD BRINGS HIM SOME GRANITE JUICE.

3.30 P.M. HE TRIES TO READ A BOOK, TOSSES IT AWAY, LIGHTS ANOTHER CIGARETTE.

_TICK TOCK
_TICK TOCK
_TICK TOCK
_TICK TOCK
_TICK TOCK
_TICK TOCK
_TICK TOCK
_TICK TOCK

3.30 P.M. VISITORS PERIOD. HIS WIFE ENTERS THE CELL, RUSHES INTO HIS ARMS. HIS LAWYER IS WITH HER. A SLIGHT GESTURE. ALL HOPE IS GONE.

He hits the cot with his wife and tries to smile, to talk of other, pleasant things. But when he looks deep into her bloodshot, tear-stained eyes he knows she isn't fooled. Not one hit? No one is?

5.00 P.M. VISITORS PERIOD. IN OVER THE GUARD OPENS THE CELL DOOR, AND NO ONE FORCES HIMSELF TO SMILE. BRAVELY AS HE SAYS GOOD-NIGHT. THE LAWYER AND GUARD LEAD HIM AWAY. HE'LL NEVER SEE HIS WIFE AGAIN.
A jealous suitor had waited... and when the girl had returned from a any evening with another man, an argument flared. They had struggled in the snow behind her house... and the man had killed her there.

3:50 P.M. He gives a guard a slip of paper on it he written the requests for his last meal.

3:45 P.M. He lights another cigarette and stares through the barred window across the prison yard he had seen the death house...

He thinks... are like the hundreds of times before, he thinks about what he supposed really took place the night of the murder...

Neighbors had seen the murderer race to his car and drive off their description: height, weight, build, clothing, auto all had fitted No. 62582 perfectly. He was trapped!

4:30 P.M. The prison chaplain arrived. And no badge pours out his soul to the only person inside the walls who will listen, understand, and believe the trial.

"Equality under law?" Hollow words how the trial had been a nightmare.

Guilty!
5:00 PM. THE LAST "MEAL" BEGINS.

5:03 PM. ACROSS THE COURT- 
YARD, STRAIGHT TO THE DEATH 
HOUSE...

5:05 PM. HE ENTERS THE DEATH 
CELL. THE LAST MEAL IS WAITING...

A KNOIFE AND FORK THIS TIME... NOT JUST A SPOON. 
MIS FAVORITE MEAL. JUICE, CHICKEN CONSOANNE, 
T-BONE STEAK, POTATOES, SALTED BEANS, CHOCOLATE 
PUDING, LARGE MILK, AND COFFEE. PLENTY OF 
LIQUID... IT HELPS THE CHAIR GO ITS WRE.

HE COMMENCES THE LAST MEAL HE'LL EVER EAT 
AND THINKS OF ALL THE MEALS HE HAD SHARED 
WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN. THE WIFE AND CHIL- 
DREN... A MILLION HAPPY MEMORIES.

3:40 PM. A GUARD COMES TO 
SHAVE HIS HEAD. THE CHAPLAIN 
PRAYS.

CLIP! CLIP! CLIP! CLIP!
6:00 P.M. The final hour begins...

Why do they want to kill me? I didn't do anything.

Where's the witness? Why doesn't he come?

6:15 P.M.

In the movies, the hero always saves the witness at the last minute...

6:30 P.M.

There's still time?

Where's the witness? Where is he?!

6:45 P.M.

Why doesn't he help me? Where is he? Where? Where?

6:50 P.M. A single knock on the door. It's time.

6:54 P.M. He enters the execution chamber.

6:56 P.M. He is strapped to the chair. The mask is put over his face.

7:00 P.M.
WARRIEN JOHNSON, SUPPERENT ELECTRICITY HAS PASSED THROUGH THE BODY OF FEMALE INMATE NO 82785, TO CAUSE DEATH AT 7:00 PM.

WELL, IT'S OVER NOW. I HAVE TO SEE NOW CHIEF ENGINEER ALVA, AND DOUG UP UNDER IT!

ALVA? OH, YES. HE'S THE ONE WHO ALWAYS FEELS BOTHERED FOR THESE CONDEMNED MEN!

THE WARDEN STEPS THROUGH A DOOR INTO THE CONTROL ROOM...

WELL, ALVA, HOW DID IT GO THIS TIME? NOT TOO BAD! THIS IS MY FIRST DAY BACK ON THE JOB!

YEP, THAT'S RIGHT! I GUESS YOU DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHANCE TO REACH ABOUT THIS CASE IN THE PAPERS WHERE YOU WERE!

I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING AT ALL ABOUT IT UNTIL I CAME ON THE JOB TONIGHT. SO I COULD NOT GET WELL... EMOTIONALLY INVOLVED ON UPSET, BUT STILL.

I WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING I COULD HAVE DONE TO HELP HIM!
THE FOLLOWING PAIR OF 'E.G. QUICKIES' POSSES TWO PROBLEMS! THE FIRST ONE IS...

GIVEN: THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE!

TO FIND: A WAY OUT!

METHOD:

MURDER THE LOVER!

In this first 'E.G. Quickie', you're Kenneth Martin, a wealthy businessman. You're in your late thirties, haphazardly married, and madly in love with your beautiful wife, Jeanne. But one day you come home from a business trip earlier than expected, and you find Jeanne in the arms of your best friend, Walter Graham.

Jeanne? And Walter? How could that do this to me?

I first you hurt. Terribly hurt you. If but again without being seen and walk the streets and you think your brain is filled with a thousand frightening thoughts. Your hurt turns to panic and then to hate. So you make up your mind:

He can't have her. I won't give her up! I'll... I'll kill him first.
YOU MAKE YOUR PLANS, CONNETH MARTIN! YOU MAKE YOUR PLANS TO KILL YOUR BEST FRIEND, WALTER! AND IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG BEFORE YOU BEGAN PUTTING YOUR PLANS INTO OPERATION...

HELLO WALT? THIN IS KEN BOW ARE YOU, NOT? DO, I'VE BEEN OUT OF TOWN ON BUSINESS SAY! I WAS THINKING, WALT...

YOU WATCH YOURSELF VERY CAREFULLY DURING THE LONG TRIP UP TO YOUR LODGE! YOU MUSTN'T LET ON TO WALT THAT YOU HAVE THE SLIGHTEST INCLINATION OF WHAT'S GOING ON BETWEEN HIM AND JENNIE! AND IT'S RARE TO CONTROL YOURSELF, ISN'T IT, WHEN WALT ASK...

ROW'S JEANNIE THOSE DAYS, KEN? I HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE BEFORE YOUR TRIP?

OH, SHE'S FINE! JUST FINE!

YEAH, YOU AND JENNIE HAVE BEEN HAPPY BY-NO IN PAST SUMMERS, HAVEN'T YOU, KEN? ARE YOU'LL BE HAPPY AGAIN NEXT SUMMER, TOO? YOU'RE GOING TO SEE TO THAT...

WHAT'S THE LAKE CALLED ANGEI?

IT'S CALLED 'LAKE RAPID-LOONGA' WALT! IT'S AN OLD MIWAN NAME MEANING LAKE OF ALL WATER!

YOU'RE SURE TO SPIT IN HIS EYE, WOULDN'T YOU, KEN? IT MAKES YOUR BLOOD BOIL TO HEAR HIM TALK NO CASUALLY ABOUT JEANNIE, WHEN ALL THE WHILE HE'S BEEN HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH HER... DOESN'T IT? BUT YOU MUST YOURSELF KNOWING THAT IN A DAY OR SO YOU'LL HAVE YOUR REVENGE...

WELL, HERE HE ARE, WALT! LOVELY, KEN RIGHT ON A LAKE, TOO! YOU AND JENNIE MUST DO AWESOME HAPPY HERE DURING THE SUMMER...

OH, YEAH! I REMEMBER NOW! YOU TOLD ME ABOUT IT! HADN'T THERE A SIGHT OUT THERE THAT THE MIWAN USED TO BELIEVE BOO HUN BS)' BOTTOM, BUT THAT IS ACTUALLY JUST VERY DEEP? YOU MENTIONED THAT SOMEBODY DROWNED LAST SUMMER, AND THAT THEY NEVER RECOVERED HIS BODY!
YOU RAVE DIFFICULTY SLEEPING THAT NIGHT, DON'T YOU, KEN? YOU KEEP TOSING AND TURNING...HEARING WALT'S WORDS...RINGING IN YOUR EARS? "YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY, KEN! YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY! LUCKY GUY! LUCKY!"

YOU BET I'M LUCKY, WALT! LUCKY TO HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT YOU AND HEANES IN TIME!

AND NOW YOU'RE OUT THERE IN THE DESERTED WOODS WITH HIM, AREN'T YOU, KEN? HIS BRIGHT RED BALL KINNED IS GOING TO BE A PERFECT TARGET, ISN'T IT? YOU WALK ALONE IN SILENCE...WAITING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY...

HOLD UP A MINUTE, WALT! I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING!

THE NEXT MORNING YOU'RE UP AT THE CRACK OF DAWN ANXIOUS TO GET STARTED AT BREAKFAST...

I'VE NEVER HUNTED WOODES BEFORE, KEN...I UNDERSTAND THEY CAN BE PARTICULARLY VIOLENT...

A WOUNDED BULL CAN BE VERY DANGEROUS, WALT! WELL! WHAT SAY WE TRY OUR LUCK?

WE'D STAND A BETTER CHANCE OF SCARING UP A WOODES IF WE SEPARATE! HOW ABOUT YOU HEARING LEFT... AND I'LL GO RIGHT! THEN WE'LL CIRCLE AROUND AND MEET FURTHER ON...

GOOD IDEA, KEN! OKAY! SEE YOU LATER!
WALT MARCHES OFF INTO THE WOODS TO THE LEFT! YOU WATCH HIM GO; HIS RED MACKINAW FLASHES THROUGH THE BRUSH. YOU RANGO YOUR RIFLE TO YOUR SHOULDER—AIM DOWN THE LONG BARREL...

YOU WAIT UNTIL HE HIYS AN OPEN SPOT THEN... AS THE BLOTCH OF NORTH RED CROSSES YOUR SUNSHINE, YOU SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER.

THE REPORT ECHOES THROUGH THE SILENT FOREST. A FRIGHTENED CROW NIPES FROM A TREE TOP AND FLIES OFF SCREAMING! WALT TURNS, WHEEZEY! YOU'VE MISSED.

REN'T FOR GOD'S SAKE...

BLANG!

YOU TAKE BETTER AIM—THIS TIME! WALT SHOUTS AN INSULT AS YOU PULL THE TRIGGER AND HIS CRY IS CUT SHORT BY THE BLAST...

TWANG!

RAT! I SHOKE!

HE DROPS TO THE GROUND! YOU FLICK YOUR RIFLE AWAY IN REVULSION OVER YOUR NEFARIOUS DEED AND SEIZE TOWARD HIM! WALT LIES FACE DOWN IN AN EVERGREEN POOL OF BLOOD.

I'M RIDE OF YOU... YOU DIRTY!

A CROAKING NUNNIE MAKES YOU TURN! YOUR BLOOD FREEZES IN YOUR VEINS WHEN YOU SEE IT COMING AT YOU—A RED-EYED WOUNDED BULL MOOSE.

GOOD LORD!

AND YOU HE ROAD TO THE SPOT AS THE BEAST CHARGES AT YOU! ITS HEAD LOWERED! ITS LETHAL ANTLERS POINTED!

YAAAAAAAAA!

THE HEAY COMES, RELIEVING THE SUFFERING OF YOUR NUNNIE AND BROKEN BODY. YOU KNOW THAT ALTHOUGH YOUR FIRST SHOT MISSED WALT YOUR AIM WAS TRUE! AND IT WAS YOUR FIRST MOOSE... TOO!

THE END
THE SECOND PROBLEM IN THIS PAIR OF E.C. QUICKIES IS...
GIVEN THE SAME TRIANGLE!
TO FIND: ANOTHER WAY OUT!
METHOD

MURDER THE HUSBAND!

IN THIS E.C. QUICKIE, THE TABLES ARE TURNED!
YOU'RE WALTER GRAHAM AND YOU'RE MADLY IN
LOVE WITH KESSETH MARTIN'S WIFE, JEANNE.
YOU KNOW THE SITUATION IS HOPELESS.
THAT KEN
WILL NEVER GIVE JEANNE A DIVORCE.
SO YOU MAKE
UP YOUR MIND TO KILL HIM.
THAT'S WHY WHEN KEN
CALLS

MOOSE HUNTING, KEN? AT YOUR
SUMMER PLACE? THAT I'D LOVE
TO GO!

YOU KNOW ABOUT KEN'S SUMMER PLACE?
YOU REMEM-
BER THE YEAR BEFORE, WHEN SOMEONE DROWNED UP
THERE? THEY SEVERE FOUNDED HIS BODY.
THERE'S A
SPOT ON THE LAKE THAT'S SO DEEP, THEY CAN'T DREDGE
FOR A BODY.
SO YOU MAKE YOUR PLANS.

HOW MUCH LONGER IS IT, KEEN?
ONLY A
FEW MORE
MILES, WALT!
All the way up to the lodge, you finger the revolver you've bought for the purpose! You're nervous, aren't you, Walter? It's a desperate plan, isn't it?

Well, here we are, Walt! Earl, you've never been here before, have you?

Not much, Bob, Comin' up during the summer, Ken! You know I don't swim!

Sure thing, Walt! It's too late to do any hunting today anyway!

That's why it's such a hazardous plan, Walter! You can't swim a stroke... and yet you plan on having a boating accident! Oh, at least, Ken will have a boating accident...

What's your idea?

I'd like to find out just how deep that spot really is! All I need is some heavy weights and a lot of rope! Do you think you have any?

You're pretty clever, aren't you, Walter? Ken's never suspected the real reason you needed the weights and the rope. And it isn't long before you're out there for the two of you over the spot.

Lucky I had this roll of wire, Walt! We're going to use it to use it to light up the dock next summer! It'll do instead of rope, won't it?

It's long enough for what I have in mind. Ken! And those heavy pipes will do fine!

You pull our revolver and you watch Ken's face pale! He stared at you... humb... founded...

Walt! I. I don't get it! Why the gun?

I'm done to kill you, Ken! It's the only way! Jeanne and I are in love!

You and Jeanne!

That's right, Ken! I knew you'd never give Jeanne a divorce. So I've decided on this! You're done to have a little accident! They'll never find your boat adrift!
AND THEY'LL KNOW I DIDN'T GO OUT ON THE LAKE WITH YOU...BECAUSE I'M AFRAID OF BOATS. I CAN'T SWIM!

YOU'RE CRAZY, WALT? THIS IS INSANE!

AFTER I SHOOT YOU, I'M GOING TO TIE THESE HEAVY PIPES TO YOUR BODY AND THROW YOU OVERBOARD. THEN ROW BACK AND GET THE BOAT ADN'T!

BUT YOU DON'T WAIT, DO YOU? WALTER? YOU DORZEE THE TIE-BOAT AND WATCH ME! HE FROZE AS THE SKY RIPS INTO HIM...

THE BULLET DOESN'T QUIT THE JOB, DOES IT, WALT? KEN LIMBS AT YOU. COUGHING UP BLOOD

BUT HE'S WEAK. AND YOU'RE ABLE TO ROLL ON TOP OF HIM. YOU GO ANGRY. YOU PUMP THE REMAINING BULLETS INTO HIS TWITCHING BODY...

AND THEN YOU FEEL THE WATER SOAKING YOUR KNEES. THE LAST FIVE SHOTS HAVE TORN THROUGH KEN'S BODY, SPLINTERING THE FLIMSY BOARDS OF THE ROW-BOAT. AND THE WATER IS POURING IN...

THE BOAT'S SINKING!
Hackett brought the gunbutt down with shattering force. He felt the man’s skull shatter under the impact. For a second there was a spasmodic thrashing of arms and legs, then all was quiet. From the man’s pockets Hackett took a monogrammed handkerchief, a keycase and a fistful of coins and bills. All but the money he hurled to the ground. They’re not sharing ME through this guy’s junk, Hackett thought. I’m not slipping into THAT kind of trap.

5 minutes later, 7 blocks from the scene of the murder... Hackett stepped into a side-street bar. He seated himself in a booth at the rear of the smoky room, out of sight of the front door. A ten-cent on a five-cent in a quarter - a dime, he noted with satisfaction, starting at the loop spread out before him.

To the waiter who hovered nearby, he said: "Make me a beer." Then, as the man was headed toward the bar, Hackett slipped all but the dime back into his pocket. Snapping the ten-cent piece on the tabletop, he suddenly realized he didn’t have a hole in it. Quickly he dropped it back in his pocket, where the waiter arrived with the beer. Hackett fumbled out the quarter and pushed it nervously across the table. Even before the waiter had reached the cash register for his change, Hackett had gulped down the beer and hurried through the door. That DIME he thought after he had turned the corner and made sure that no one had followed him, might have TRAPPED me! Is it got a hole punched through it might’ve been the guy’s good luck piece! Someone may identify that stiff I knocked off tonight, and tell the cops about the coin. And that waiter might’ve remembered that I gave him a dime with a hole drilled through it! It might’ve TRAPPED me!

Without a moment’s hesitation, Hackett hurled the coin far away from him. Only then did he permit himself a smile. He had narrowly avoided the trap which Fate had set for him, but the danger was past! No one could trace that perforated coin to him now!

At 10:35 that night, as he was wobbling out of the fourth bar he had visited that evening. Hackett glanced to look at the coins in his palm. One of them... a shiny new dime... had a hole punched precariously through its center! Hackett gasped and lunged into the street away from the building, "I throw it away already! he muttered in terror... I did! it’s trying to point the finger at me!" And then, for the second time within 4 hours, Hackett hurled a silver dime into the night.

32 minutes (and 2 bars) later, Hackett gasped again. In his shaking hand were TWO shiny new dimes... each with a hole punched through the metal! He dropped the coins as if they were charged with electricity, and lunged drunkenly down the street as fast as he could move. "It’s a TRAP! he moaned. I can’t be happening! Those coins... they’re trying to bound me! But I won’t let em!"

At 1 minute after midnight, his face haggard and eyes bloodshot, Hackett looked down at the coin he had received in change from the seventh bar he had visited that fateful evening. Through the center of the dime was a neatly drilled hole!

N No! NO!" he screamed aloud, lunging blindly into the gutter and grabbing the coins from him. "That cursed dime’s trying to drive me crazy! I-but I won’t fall into its TRAP!"

The screech of brakes blanketed Hackett before he knew what was happening. The car which had crashed into him slammed to a stop immediately. Even as the shaking driver bent over Hackett’s body and felt for the heartbeat which wasn’t there, the car radio could be heard...

The Government requests that all such coins be returned to banks and post-offices at once. An investigation is under way at the moment to determine the exact reason why each new dime issued in this area in the past two days, has a hole punched through its center. It is estimated that 50,000 of these dimes have accidentally been distributed.
SNOOZE TO ME!

I'd suspected it for several months, but I wouldn't admit it to myself. A woman doesn't like to find out those things, especially when her years are beginning to show! But that night when I waited up for Herbert, the whole thing came to a head. It was about three A.M. when the bedroom door finally opened.

Huh? Why, Nancy? You're still up? Rather late for a business conference, isn't it, Herb?

Herbert sat down on the bed beside me and smiled.

I'm sorry, dear! A couple of the boys suggested a few hands of poker, and before I knew it...

You're lying to me, Herbert! I wasn't born yesterday! He does... your collar is smeared with lipstick!
As I said, a wife doesn't like to find that her husband has carried on with another woman! For several months I'd been closing my eyes to those tell-tale indications that I'd lost my appeal for my husband.

"Lip lipstick? Where?"

"There! On your collar!"

"No, she, Herb?"

Good Lord, Nancy! I hope you didn't tell him about it! He wasn't invited! This was strictly secret. Missy and I are cooking up a deal.

Here was the conference, Herb? At Missy's house or at the office?

Why? Neither! We met at your club! I didn't want anyone to know.

It's no good, Herb! I called your club! I called the office, too! I called Humin's at his home! He was home all evening! Who is she, Herb?"

Hern knew me bad caught! We got very red... started to save.

"All right! All right! It's true! Every word of it! There is another woman! And I'm crazy about her!"

I'll never give you up, Herb! You'll have to pay plenty to get rid of me!

I guess I started to shout and scream at each other! We made threats, poured out insults! Suddenly, the bedroom door swung open and my maid Edith peered in.

"I thought you called me, Maga!"

"Bob... Bob..."

"I'm getting out, Nancy!"

"I'm..."
I shot a funning glance at Edith. She blushed. She was embarrassed by the ticklish situation she'd walked in on.

I'm sorry I disturbed you, Edith. I'll . . .

Edith? No! Wait! Don't go, Edith! I'll . . .

I'll try to explain. I . . .

No! Wait! Stay! Keep those things in my bag. I'll go.

Edith slammed some things into a bag and headed towards the door.

If anyone wants me, I'll be at the club. As for you, Mrs. Chase, you can deal with me through my lawyer. I'm starting divorce proceedings. No, Herb! Wait! Don't leave! I forgive you. I'm for . . .

The bedroom door slammed shut. Cutting off my plea! There was a moment of silence... Poor Edith stood by her bed, her head bowed... Shifting uncomfortably from one foot to the other... "Herb? Edith! Herb!"

Finally I could control myself. I lowered my flaccid self upon the bed and began to nay hysterically.

"He . . . he's left me . . . Oh, With . . . sob . . . sob . . ."

Edith came and sat down beside me. She began to comfort me. Edith had been my maid for two years. She'd been both servant and companion to me during that time.

"Don't cry, ma'am! He'll come back! It's just a lover's quarrel!"

"She . . . sob . . . sob . . ."

Edith seemed shocked. For a second she knew . . .

You can't know, can you, dear? You thought everythin' was chased and cream between me and you didn't think a thing like this could happen, did you?

I'm sorry, ma'am. I . . .

Edith began to comfort me once more. She began to talk, too. The girl made sense.

These things happen. We chase one girl and the next man."

When a man needs affection and his wife wouldn't give it to him, he looks elsewhere."

"Herb, I love him, Edith!"
Perhaps you didn't show it enough, Mr. Chase! A man needs to be shown that he's still appealing when he's still appealing.

You...you surprised me, Edith! I...

I never knew you were so wise! What can I do now?

I...I don't know. Naan! I don't know why don't you try to get some sleep? I'll bet you one of your sleeping pills.

Yes, maybe you're right! I'll be able to think much clearer in the morning. Let's make it two sleeping pills, Edith dear! I...I...Edith! You darling!

Huh! I sed you, Pandor, was Chase!

You've just given me a wonderful idea! A man has to have his ego inflated, eh? Well, I'll get Herbert back. You just wait and see.

It was a crazy plan...and extremely dangerous! But a woman in my position... on the brink of losing everything...has to use extreme measures! Early the next morning I had Edith call Herbert at his club. When she got him, she handed me the phone...

Hello...Herr! This is Nancy! I...I couldn't sleep a wink last night! Please darling, come back to me! I need you! I love you!

No, dear! You don't need me! Your pride is hurt. That's all! Are you very much if you love me either?

I put it oh...the whole act! I seemed like a baby, and then I said it...

I...I can't live without you, Herr! I'll kill myself if you don't come back! Commit suicide!

He huns up! Edith stared at me...

You wouldn't do that...would you, ma'am? Kill yourself?

Not really, Edith! But I have a plan!

I think here would be convinced if I did attempt suicide! I'll leave a note and everything! I'll take sleeping pills! The whole bottle...

No!...won't let you, Mrs. Chase!
DON'T WORRY, EDITH! JUST AS SOON AS I TAKE THEM, YOU'LL CALL AN AMBULANCE! THEY'LL GET THE THINGS PUMPED OUT OF ME AND HERBERT WILL BE CONVINCED!

I'M AFRAID, MRS. CHASE!

COME, COME, DEAR! DON'T BE! IT'S BOUND TO WORK! THERE'D NO DANGER IT TAKES A LONG WHILE FOR SLEEPING PILLS TO KILL YOU!

AND THEY REALLY CAN PUMP THEM OUT BEFORE THEY TAKE EFFECT!

THAT'S RIGHT! I THINK OF WHAT HERBERT WILL SAY WHEN HE FINDS OUT I TRIED TO KILL MYSELF BECAUSE OF HIM! HE'LL COME RUNNING BACK!

I'M SURE OF IT, MA'AM!

THAT EVENING, WHILE EDITH WAITED, I WRITED A CAREFULLY WORDED SUICIDE NOTE:

MY DARLING HERBERT,

BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS, I WILL BE DEAD. I COULDN'T STAND TO GO ON LIVING, KNOWING YOU'VE STOPPED LOVING ME! SLEEPING PILLS ARE THE ONLY WAY OUT FOR ME, NOW THAT MY LIFE IS NO LONGER WORTHWHILE. I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU...

NANNY!

I PROPED THE NOTE UP NEXT TO MY BED AND OPENED THE BOTTLE OF SLEEPING PILLS.

NOW REMEMBER, EDITH, DEAR! FIRST CALL THE AMBULANCE! THEN CALL MR. CHASE AND TELL HIM! AND NOT IT UP WILL YOU, DEAR! NOW A BIT PLAY SHOCKED!

I STARTED SWALLOWING THE PILLS! I THINK I COUNTED TWENTY-EIGHT! EDITH WATCHED ME, GASPING WITH EACH ONE...

PLEASE, MA'AM! THAT'S ENOUGH!

ONLY TWO TO GO, HONEY! YOU CAN GO CALL THE AMBULANCE, NOW!
Edith went out of the room and I lay back on my bed. I began to feel a little dazed.

Edith: Did you call?

Yes, ma'am.

Edith came boom into the room and sat down on the bed next to me. She looked a little hazy. The pills were beginning to have their effect.

Now go, call Mr. Chase, Edith! Tell him...you just...I called him already, ma'am.

I began to feel as if I were paralyzed, every muscle in my body began to ache. The room began to spin.

The hospital...Edith...how? Gasp...long...old...they say...they'd...gasp...take?

I didn't call the hospital, Mrs. Chase! I'm not going to...

Someone loomed up in back of Edith. It was Herbert! He glared down at me.

Herbert...gasp...call an ambulance! I've been very...sleeping pills...cooperative...twenty-eight...of them!

In a few more minutes, I'll be going to sleep for good! Edith and Herb and Stan are all in the car, watching me! Clever Edith! She underestimated me...

Edith: Gasp! You and Herb...

That's right. Mrs. Chase and thanks for the suicide note! It's our perfect alibi!
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GREETINGS, DORES AND SHOULS! WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO THE HAUNT OF FEAR! AS YOU KNOW, IN EACH ISSUE OF CRIME SUSPECT STORIES, I LIGHT THE FIRE UNDER MY CRUMMY CAULDRON AND BREW A TALE OF TERROR FOR YOU! YES! IT'S YOUR HOSTESS, THE OLD WITCH. COME IN! MY BEEFING RECIPE IS STEAMING AND SMELLING! I SEE IT'S TIME TO DOLE OUT MY SAVORY SERVING OF SHIVERG! SO HERE GOES. I CALL THIS DISGUSTING GROG...

PARALYZED...

GLADYS AND ERNEST NEWTON HAD LIVED TOGETHER FOR TWENTY YEARS AS MAN AND WIFE. FROM ALL OUTWARD APPEARANCES THEY WERE HAPPILY MARRIED... THE PERFECT COUPLE! AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT THEIR NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS BELIEVED.

WELL, GOOD NIGHT, GLADYS. EDDIE. IT'S BEEN GRAND HAVING YOU. IT'S INTERESTING TO SEE TWO PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELVES STILL ACTING LIKE LOVERS AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

GOOD NIGHT, SELMA. AND I HAD A DELIGHTFUL EVENING!

YES. SELMA. COME ON... DEAR...
Yes! That's what their neighbors and friends thought... that Blady's and Ernest were two middle-aged love-birds! Actually, they.monitored each other, but Blady's was too proud a woman to let the truth be known! Ernest, on the other hand, had reached the end of his rope! They've been like this for fifteen years now! Well, tonight I'm ending this farce!

No! It doesn't mean I've finished worrying about what other people think! I am thinking about myself! I deserve a little out of life! I'm almost fifty! There, Blady! Look out!

The car lurched crazily, skidding across the highway for a split second, the night air was filled with the screaming of tires! Then came the shattering crash! No two tons of steel and glass plowed into the advertising billboards at the side of the road.

Then there was dead silence! From off in the distance, a siren began to wail. Drawing closer! Inside the wrecked automobile, Ernest shivered... opened his eyes! He looked around... listening for a moment! Then...

AHLAY! You all right? Speak to me! OOOOOOOOOOOH!

The police car drew up, and two officers leaped out. I told you it was a wreck, heard, Al!

What happened, Ernest? I can't move! I'm paralyzed!
Hi, Hee! Miss, isn't that nice! Dear reader: Just when Ernie decided to walk out on proud Blaude, there's an auto wreck... and Blaude finds she can't move! Yes, you can't very well walk out on a paralyzed wife, can you, Mr. Blaude? Oh, well, anyway, Ernie couldn't...

Is it permanent, Doctor? Will she ever walk again?

Can't say for sure, Ernest. Those spine injuries are so vague. She may recover the use of her legs.

Yes, Blaude couldn't walk after that! She was bogged down a wheel chair, paralyzed from the chest down...

You needn't stay if you don't want to. I'm afraid I can't get along by myself.

I'll stay, Blaude! You need me now!

So their neighbors and friends never found out the truth about the 'lovers' couple! In fact, quite the other way around...

Such a shame! They were so devoted to her. She's happy, too.

Well, I'm entitled to one night out a week! I'm cooped up with you every day!

But behind the walls of their 'love-nest', the fighting and wrangling went on...

I'm afraid I can't walk. I'm afraid to be left alone! Dog prowler...

Here! I bought it today! If you're so afraid, keep it near you while I'm gone!

Squeeze a gun! When you prowler shows up, just squeeze the trigger! Well! See you in a couple of hours.

Ernest? Wait! Please! I'm afraid! I...
But Ernest didn't wait. He stamped out of the house and slammed the door! And poor Gladys was left all alone! In fact, one was left alone often after that. Sometimes twice a week! After all, a man needs a little rest from catering to a woman he despises day after day.

Ernie hurried back to the house. If he moved fast, he could still make it, but as he burst through the front door, he gasped, "Ernie!"

Oh, Gladys! Gladys stood before the radio, tuning a station. Her wheelchair was empty. About ten feet behind her, you...you can walk!

Why, Gladys? Why did you do this? You threatened to leave me! I was afraid of what our neighbors and friends would say!

So you deliberately wrecked the car? I wanted to kill us both!

That's right, Gladys. I'm going to take in a movie! I'll be back about eleven!

But that night, when Ernest arrived at the movie theater, oh, blast! I forgot my wallet! er... how much time is there till the last show starts?

About twenty minutes, sir.
YOU'RE MAD! INSANE!

THEN, SMEER! SAY THAT I'D FAILED! I DECIDED TO ACT BADLY SHOT! I KNEW THAT IF I WERE HELPLESS, YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE ME!

WELL, NOW I KNOW THE TRUTH! LADIES... AND I'M GETTING OUT!

NO! YOU'RE NOT, ERNEST! I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU! I CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE YOU TELL EVERYONE WHAT YOU FOUND OUT! I COULDN'T LIVE IT DOWN!

GLADYS, PUT DOWN THAT PISTOL! YOU'RE GOING TO DISAPPEAR, ERNEST! NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW I'VE BEEN FAKING MY PARALYSIS!

DISAPPEAR! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU... THEN BURY YOU IN THE CELLAR!

YOU'RE CRAZY! GLADYS! YOU WILL BE CAUGHT!

WE, ERNEST? HOW COULD A PARALYZED WOMAN DRESS A BODY INTO THE CELLAR AND BURY IT? THEY WOULDN'T EVEN THINK TO LOOK!

BUZZ—WHAT WILL YOU TELL THEM HAPPENED?

I'LL TELL THEM YOU JUST DISAPPEARED! THAT YOU WENT OUT TO THE MOVIE TONIGHT AND THAT YOU NEVER CAME HOME... JUST VANISHED!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, GLADYS?

I'M TUNNING UP THE RADIO SO THE NEIGHBORS WON'T HEAR THE SHOT!
YOU'RE MAD! INSANE!

THEN, WHEN I SAW THAT I FAILED, I DECIDED TO ACT BADLY HURT! I KNEW THAT IF I WERE HELPLESS, YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE ME!

WELL, NOW I KNOW THE TRUTH, ELADYS... AND I'M GETTING OUT!

NO, YOU'RE NOT, ERNEST? I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU! I CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE YOU TELL EVERYONE WHAT YOU FOUND OUT! I WON'T LIVE IT DOWN!

BLADYS! PUT DOWN THAT GUN!

YOU'RE GOING TO DISAPPEAR, ERNEST. NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW I'VE BEEN FAKING MY PARALYSIS.

I'M GOING TO KILL YOU... THEN BURY YOU IN THE CELLAR?

YOU'RE CRAZY, ELADYS! YOU'LL BE CAUGHT!

ME, ERNEST? YOU FORGET! I'M PARALYZED! HOW COULD A PARALYZED WOMAN DRAW A BODY INTO THE CELLAR AND BURY IT? THEY WOULDN'T EVEN THINK TO LOOK!

E-But what will you tell them happened to me?

I'LL TELL THEM YOU JUST DISAPPEARED! THAT YOU WENT OUT TO THE MOVIE TONIGHT AND THAT YOU NEVER CAME HOME... JUST VANISHED!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING, ELADYS?

WHAT ARE YOU GOING, ELADYS? I'M TURNING UP THE RADIO SO THE NEIGHBORS WON'T HEAR THE SHOT!
Gleve started down at the lifeless body of her late husband Ernest...

"I don't have you ruining my reputation! I won't! I won't!"

Then she dragged his corpse into the cellar and dug a shallow grave in the soft-soil floor...

"Oh, I'll be the talk of my friends now. Poor paralyzed Gladys! Her husband disappeared! Maybe kidnapped!"

---

Gladys did a little dance as she patted the noil back down, play once more...

...and pretty soon I'll take a trip to one of those mineral-water health resorts and stage a miraculous recovery!"

---

He next night, Gladys had a visitor...

I noticed the candle burning in your window, Mrs. Newton. I just drove over to see why you've been crying!

It's Ernest... my husband! Mrs. Newton? He—he disappeared last night! I'm frantic. God... I'm so worried about him!

---

Disappeared? Oh, dear...

He went out to a movie about seven, and he never came back! I haven't heard a word from him! I... sob... I'm afraid that maybe... maybe... he's been kidnapped! He's murdered!

Don't fret, Mrs. Newton! He'll come back! Don't think such awful things! I put the candle in the window, hoping... sob... praying...
HEE, HEE! OH, NO! NEWTON'S EQUATIONS WERE CONCERNED! ALL! GLADYS'S MUSES! THEY FLASHER TO FEAR PARALYZE!

GLADYS'S MUSES! EYES! THE CANDLE GLADYS PLACED IN THE WINDOW EARLY BECAME A SHADOW OF HER HOPE.

ONE NIGHT...
IT'S BEEN THREE MONTHS NOW! I THINK IT'S SAFE! TOMORROW I'LL PHONE FOR RESERVATIONS AT TEPIC SPRINGS.

THE CANDLE'S IN THE WINDOW. FANNED BY THE COOL EVENING BREEZE! GLADYS'S HEAD SOON TO HOD! SHE FELL ASLEEP! THE BREEZE INCREASED! THE FLIMSY CURTAIN Began TO BLOW! SUDDENLY A THIN WHISP OF FLAME SHOT UPWARD ACROSS THE CURTAIN.

GLADYS AWOKE TO FIND THE ROOM IN FLAMES.

GOD LORD! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

GLADYS TRIED TO STAND; HER LEGS BUCKLED! THE WHEEL-CHAIR SHOT OUT FROM BENEATH HER.

As GLADYS PLUNGED WALLACE TO THE FLOOR, SOMETHING SNAPPED! SOMETHING IN HER back! SHE TRIED TO GET UP! HER MUSCLES WOULD not RESIST! SHE TRIED TO GET UP, BUT NO SOUND CAME! FOR GLADYS HAD BROKEN HER SPINE... AND NOW... SHE ACTUALLY WAS PARALYZED! SHE LAY HELPLESS... UNABLE TO MOVE... WATCHING HORRIFIED AS THE FLAMES GREW CLOSER AND CLOSER.

HEE, HEE! YEP! THEY FOUND GLADYS'S CHARRED AND BLANKENED REMAINS IN THE RUINS OF HER HOME! AND, MY, HOW THE NEIGHBORS DID TALK! ONLY IT DIDN'T DO GLADYS MUCH GOOD... WHAT THEY HAD TO SAY! POOR GLADYS! THE NEIGHBORS HAD BEEN NO KIND. SHE'D BEEN FORCED TO STICK TO THE WHEEL-CHAIR FOR THREE MONTHS! THAT'S WHY HER LEGS BUCKLED WHEN SHE TRIED TO STAND UP! IF YOU WERE EVER CONFUSED TO BED FOR, SAY, A WEEK OR TWO, AND THEN ALLOWED TO STAND UP... YOU'D KNOW WHAT THAT MEAN!

"BYE NOW! BUT E.D. !"
WOW!
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WHAT? CUT UP A COMIC BOOK? SHAME!
Dear Russ Cochran

I deeply dislike the new format of making all your good old comic books in an extra, extra huge size. I loved 'em the way they were! And the price! You would probably get less business with that price! It's not like kids carry around $3.95 in their pockets!

Zaccary Demien

P.S. Thanks anyway

Dear Mr. Cochran,

I would like to thank you for publishing the EC Library. You have made a lot of nostalgic middle-aged Fan Addicts happy. To me these horror comics are one of the highlights of my youth. They are to me what the Rosebud sled was to Charles Foster Kane.

E.L. Farris
Rogers AR

Dear Russ Cochran,

I concede that this new larger format shows the art of these fine artists better, but this is outweighed by the price increase in these dismal economic times. The cumbersome size storing difficulty and on top of all that I feel like I'm carrying around a child's coloring book.

Please bring back the regular comic book size stories.

Scott Courvies

P.S. Maybe an Annual of this size in each of your titles would be better?

Dear Mr. Cochran,

My love for the EC comics began in 1959 when I purchased #1 and #11 of your EC Classics. Then purchased seven original ECs including FROM LIME COMBAT #12 (May-June 1953). There is a coupon in back that someone could send for information about the Ground Observer Corps. A person wrote their name and address on the coupon. The person wrote:

Oll Johnson
215 Bums St, Forest Hills
LL New York, NY

It Oll Johnson is reading this, or if anybody who knows him could you please write me. I would really like to get in touch with him because probably in his wildest thoughts, he wouldn't think 38 years later a seventeen year old kid would have a comic book he once owned. Thank you.

EC will never die
John Harmon
Rt. 3 255 So. C
Brooked Bow NE 68822

Dear Russ & Ghouls, Gals, etc at EC

At my local comic store today I found myself looking for my EC fix of the latest horror or science fiction comic to hit the streets. What I found was an overgrown comic TALES FROM THE CRYPT which apparently had eaten Wheaties somewhere along the way from West Plains. This puppy was huge, dwarfing the small comics nearby. I hate to "drop a load of tizzies in your toilet bowl" as they say in ANIMAL HOUSE, but I'm not sure I like this new format on a permanent basis especially at $4 a pop.

Don't you know there's a recession going on? How's a little kid going to spring 4 bucks for a comic and still subscribe to Playboy? OK, it was a nice change of pace to see CK VK and Old Witch up close and personal, but I'm only 32 and my eyes still work good. This huge printed book looks like it belongs in a convalescent home so the old folks can see it from across the room. Where am I going to put this thing now? How will I store it and keep it for future generations of my offspring? How will I get cardboard and mylar? It's kinda flimsy, as well. Get the picture? go back to regular size and while you're at it, bring back the sci-fi to a separate book. Do this format once per year if you have to.

Still friends
Ben Margot

Dear Russ,

I just today purchased issue #1 of TALES FROM THE CRYPT at one of the area comic shops. You asked for opinions on your experiment—well this time it definitely a case of "ask and you shall receive." I DON'T LIKE IT, and the reasons why have been enumerated for you below:

(1) Too big, clumsy to handle, clumsy for retailer to display.

(2) Keeping It nice— who has plastic polypropylene mylar or whatever to fit these things?

(3) Price—well, yes 2 EC comics for $3.95 isn't a terribly high price. However, 2 ECs for $2.00 was an even better deal.

In summation it is just hard for me to see where paying 2x as much for the same thing plus the clumsy size offered storage problems and all is a better deal for the consumer/fan it's still an EC they're still great reading. I don't feel the larger panels and price justify the means.

Thanks for the opportunity to criticize, blast nitpick etc, etc

Best regards
Jeff Patton
Massillon OH