I've seen plenty of stiffs in my years around this place... but this is the first one that has ever really affected me! There's something weird and frightening about it!

In this issue: They found him in a back alley and brought him to the City Morgue... an unidentified cadaver! But they didn't know he was a living corpse!
GET ANY OR ALL...

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SO, WE MEET AGAIN, DEAR READER! WELCOME ONCE MORE TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! THIS TIME, I HAVE DUG DEEP INTO MY COLLECTION OF BLOOD-CURDLING TALES TO FIND A STORY THAT I'M SURE WILL TERRIFY YOU! THIS HAIR-RAISER I CALL...

THE MAESTRO'S HAND!
My story begins just outside of a deserted log cabin in a lonely stretch of woods. Doctor Emanuel Hellman approaches over an overgrown trail...

Ah! At last... I am here! Now I will be able to rest, and forget the horrors of these last few months!

I wonder what it can be? Br-r-r-r-r! It's cold! I'll start a fire, first!

As the glow of the fire pierces the dim interior of the cabin, Dr. Hellman sinks wearily into a chair...

I can't get Virginia out of my mind! Oh... why... why did she kill herself?

Yes, Doctor Hellman, you remember it well! You had taken your fiancée, Virginia Caddy, to hear the great Vladimir Borrstein play... and as the piano music grew and swelled to its stirring crescendo...

Oh, Manny! He... he's wonderful!

He plays well, Virginia!

As the doctor unlocks the long-sealed door, his eyes fall upon...

What the... a package addressed to me! But... who... who knew I was coming here?

As the flames of the fire leap higher... and its warmth spreads through the cabin... Dr. Emanuel Hellman sits staring into its dancing light...

I remember it as if it were yesterday... the night it all began...

You sat there and watched Virginia, as the concert went on! She listened, entranced... and when it was over... she stood up to applaud...

We must go backstage to meet him, Manny dear! He's... magnificent!

Really, Virginia...
YOU OBJECTED, OR HELLMAN... BUT IN THE ENO, YOU JOINED THE GROUP OF ADMIRERS CROWDED AROUND MAESTRO BORRSTEIN... VIRGINIA WORKED HER WAY FORWARD... AND THEN... THEIR EYES MET...

BRAVO, MR. BORRSTEIN! YOU PLAYED... SUPERBLY!

WHY, THANK YOU SO MUCH, MISS...

CADDY! VIRGINIA CADDY! I WANT SO MUCH TO TALK TO YOU AGAIN... ABOUT YOUR MUSIC? WILL YOU CALL ME? I'M IN THE BOOK!

DELIGHTED... MISS CADDY? DELIGHTED!

...THAT'S HOW IT BEGAN? WHEN I SAW HER SMILE AT HIM LIKE THAT, I FELT MY FACE GROW HOT... AS NOW, FROM THE HEAT OF THE FIRE!

YES, DR. HELLMAN! THAT WAS THE BEGINNING... THE BEGINNING OF THE END! THEY SAW EACH OTHER MUCH AFTER THAT NIGHT...

WHY, VLADIMIR! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU PAINTED?

A LITTLE! DO YOU LIKE IT?

LIKED IT? SHE LOVED IT! SHE WAS MAD ABOUT ANYTHING HE DID! SHE HAD ALWAYS ADMIRE GENIUS... CREATIVE ABILITY! BORRSTEIN WAS THE ANSWER... THE TYPE OF MAN VIRGINA COULD...

YES, EMANUEL! I LOVE HIM! WE ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED!

BUT... VIRGINIA?

SHE GAVE YOU BACK HER RING! YOU... THE GREAT DOCTOR HELLMAN... THE RENOWNED SURGEON.

IT'S MERELY AN INFATUATION, VIRGINIA! YOU ARE NOT IN LOVE WITH HIM! YOU ARE IN LOVE WITH HIS TALENTS... A DREAM!

THEN MAY I NEVER AWAKEN, EMANUEL?

SHE WILL COME BACK TO ME! SHE WILL COME BACK TO ME... SHE WILL... SHE MUST! I'LL MAKE HER FORGET HIM IF I HAVE TO...

She gave you back her ring, you... the great Doctor Hellman... the renowned surgeon....
Ah, dear reader! What evils men will commit for the love of a beautiful woman! And Dr. Hellman was no exception! His chance came one night when...

I... the knife... slipped! I... have cut myself... badly!

You must go to a doctor... Emanuel! I'll call him and tell him we are coming...

Just like the nursery rhyme about the spider and the fly, eh, doctor? They came to you... the fools!

Hurry, Manny! It's bleeding badly! Wait out here, Virginia! Come in, Mr. Borrstein!

His hand... his wonderful hand from which such beautiful music flowed! How you hated it! How you hated what it had done to you... and your love!

Sit down, Mr. Borrstein! Let's take a look... careful with the bandages, doctor! It is very painful!

It was a bad slash, but... not nearly bad enough to warrant what you had in mind...

She would be mine once more! He would never play... ever again!

I am going to give you a hypo, Mr. Borrstein! It will stop the pain and make you sleep!

Good! It does hurt quite a bit...

Then... you sent Virginia home...

He... he severed an artery? I've given him a sedative! I have a tourniquet on, now? There's no need for you to wait around... it will be hours before he awakens!

All right? Call me as soon as he does, Manny!
She left and you went back into your office... to the instrument cabinet...

He'll NEVER play again...

Yes, doctor Helman! You remember it well! In fact you'll never forget it... every the blood... the tearing flesh... the sawing of the bone... and then...

It... gasp... is done!

You didn't sleep well after that, did you, doctor? Borstein, downstairs... under the anesthetic... and you in your sweaty bed...


My hand! Where is my hand?

Easy, Borstein! Easy! It couldn't be helped! The bleeding... it wouldn't stop... not even a tourne-ouet... and the gangrene... I had to do it... to save your arm?

I shall never play again never! NEVER!

Here, take this. Borstein! It will make you sleep!

In the morning, he was dead! You read it in the papers! Vladimir Borstein had jumped in front of a subway train... mangled beyond recognition! Then... she came...

You OIO this to me! You cut my hand off on purpose! You hate me because I took Virginia from you... and now you've taken revenge! I curse you... I curse you... with the hand you cut from me...

Borstein... Wait! You're in no condition to leave...

Borstein...

Virginia!

He told me what you did to him... he called me before he killed himself! I hate you! You're evil... I hate you... hate you... hate you!
And then, she killed herself... and you came here, doctor, to this lonely cabin... to forget!

**Forget! Yes! To forget!**

Oh... the package...

Slowly, doctor Hellman unwraps the parcel. Inside is a small box... and as he opens it...

A... hand!

Swiftly, like a cat, the hand springs from the box... to his throat...

Ulp... gasp... no... Glug-g-gh!

Summoning all his strength, doctor Hellman tears at the hand clutching his throat, and wrenches it from him!

But even as he watches, the hand, singed and black, jumps from the fire and scurries up the chimney...

It's... getting away!

I can hear it... clattering over the roof! The doors! The windows! I've got to lock it out!

And even as he watches from the window, doctor Hellman can see the hand moving about in the grass near the house...
The minutes become hours... and Doctor Hellman sits, terrified, in a chair...

I cannot let the fire go out! The windows and doors are locked! But if the fire dies... the hand will come back down the chimney!

But as the hours drag on... Doctor Hellman's eyes, heavy with sleep... close! Suddenly... the room is filled with music... piano music!

No! No!

Cautiously, Doctor Hellman slips toward the piano... and then he sees it...

Borrstein! It's Borrstein's right hand! The hand I cut off!

If I could grab it as it plays... I could kill it by holding it in the flames...

Quietly, Hellman moves closer... and closer... and then he lunges...

Got it!

The minutes become hours... and Doctor Hellman sits, terrified, in a chair...

I cannot let the fire go out! The windows and doors are locked! But if the fire dies... the hand will come back down the chimney!

But as the hours drag on... Doctor Hellman's eyes, heavy with sleep... close! Suddenly... the room is filled with music... piano music!

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Got it!

Quickly he stumbles across the room... and falling on his knees before the fire, he thrusts the squirming hand into it...

As the hungry flames lick Doctor Hellman's fingers, and he becomes conscious of the pain... he relaxes his grip on the writhing hand...

No... no... it's getting away again...
The hand darts across the floor...running on its fingers...the stump of the wrist raised!

But as Doctor Hellman staggers after the scampering hand...

SUDDENLY THE HAND TURNS AND SPRINGS AT THE DOCTOR'S THROAT...

VAINLY, DOCTOR HELLMAN STRUGGLES, TRYING TO PULL THE HAND FROM ITS STRANGLE HOLD ON HIS THROAT...

Suddenly the hand turns and springs at the doctor's throat...

Vainly, Doctor Hellman struggles, trying to pull the hand from its strangle hold on his throat...

But, after a while, his strength ebbs...and the doctor's grip relaxes! He is dead from strangulation!

A few days later, when the caretaker discovers his body...and calls the police...

Queerest thing I ever saw! The guy choked himself to death! Look at the grip he's got on his own neck!

And that's the story, dear reader! The "hand" was in Doctor Hellman's own mind! That's what he got for committing such an underhanded trick! Gripping tale, wasn't it? Well, if you can stand it, there are more stories from my collection following this one! Take a good hold of yourself...hehe-hehe-hehe...and read on!

But, after a while, his strength ebbs...and the doctor's grip relaxes! He is dead from strangulation!

But, after a while, his strength ebbs...and the doctor's grip relaxes! He is dead from strangulation!

If you like this story and the other stories in this book, won't you write me? Address your letters to:

CRYPT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 469
WEST PLAINS, MO 65775
On fog-shrouded nights, in the loneliest of places, strange horrors walk—unseen and unknown to mortals! But sometimes... sometimes the barrier of terror lifts slightly and weird things enter the cities of man! Such a thing was...

Jed Bryant's job as attendant at the morgue was not what one would call pleasant, but Jed was getting old, and the work was easy...

 Frankfurt, Jed, this place sure is quiet...

Found this stiff in a back alley! Dead as can be!

Yeah, it's quiet all right! Anyway, the customers don't complain! Heh, Heh, Heh!
Suddenly the deathly stillness was broken by a weird bubbling scream from the long-dead corpse. Icy fingers clutched at Jed's throat...

The men left, and quiet reigned, broken only by the tick-tock of the clock... But behind Jed's back a grisly scene was being enacted.

No! Don't touch me! GUGGHNN!

Jed's straining heart pounded unmercifully as the terrible clammy hands squeezed his throat as he sank down into stygian depths and gasped...

Slowly consciousness came as Jed returned from the very brink of madness. His throbbing eyes wildly searched the room. The corpse was gone!

My throat---gasp! Oh, the pain...water...

A living corpse. D-H-H! My hair...my hair? Good heavens, I'm going mad!

No one must find out what happened! They'll think I stole the corpse! They'd never believe this wild story! I'd lose my job! With the entry torn out there'll be no record of the body at all.

Jed's straining heart pounded unmercifully as the terrible clammy hands squeezed his throat as he sank down into stygian depths and gasped...

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The walk home from the job was a nightmare. Jed constantly peered over his shoulder as the simple shadows of the night assumed weird and fantastic forms.

I see things. They're not real... they can't be!

Can't get over the feeling something's following me. The place is so dark!

Ah, that's better! I'll get right to bed!

The horrible monsters that haunted Jed's dreams left him weak and exhausted! How could he face the next night's work?

No prisoner walking the last mile ever dragged his steps more than Jed, faltering and trembling he entered the morgue...

Gotta keep my mind on my work! Check these bodies. Look at this poor man. Guess this job's beginning to get me down.

Here's one must've come just before I got here. Guess I better take a look before I shove it in the refrigerator.
JED: JED! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

YOU'D BETTER HURRY AND SEE A DOCTOR! I'LL TAKE OVER FOR YOU!

YES, YES... A DOCTOR! I'LL GO RIGHT AWAY!

BUT I CAN'T SEE A DOCTOR! HOW CAN I TELL ANYONE WHAT HAPPENED? I'M ALL ALONE... AND I'M SCARED! THAT THING IT MAY BE FOLLOWING ME?

I'VE GOT TO RELAX! MAYBE IF I SEE A SHOW IT WILL GET MY MIND OFF ALL THIS!

THE SHOCK OF ANOTHER CORPSE COMING TO LIFE BEFORE HIS EYES WAS TOO MUCH FOR JED! DARKNESS ENGULFED HIM AS THE CORPSE'S SHARP TALONS OF DEATH SANK INTO HIS FLESH.

GOOD LORD, MAN! YOUR HAIR... IT'S WHITE!

MY HEART... NOT SO GOOD LATELY. I HAD AN ATTACK... THE SHOCK...

THwarted! at his human labors and snarling at the intrusion, the monster slipped into the shadows.

BEFORE HIS EYES WAS TOO MUCH FOR JED! DARKNESS ENGULFED HIM AS THE CORPSE'S SHARP TALONS OF DEATH SANK INTO HIS FLESH.

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THwarted! at his human labors and snarling at the intrusion, the monster slipped into the shadows.
LAOIES AND GENTLEMEN, I REGRET THAT MY PARTNER, THE BEAUTIFUL DESIREE, WILL NOT BE ABLE TO APPEAR TONIGHT. BUT STILL, I WILL ATTEMPT MY MOST AMAZING FEAT. QUIET PLEASE!

AND NOW, SATANUS WILL DO... THE IMPOSSIBLE! FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES, KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE CLOCK—SATANUS WILL REMAIN SUBMERGED IN THIS TANK OF WATER!

TWO AND A HALF MINUTES GONE. LAOIES AND GENTLEMEN. YOU CAN HEAR HIS HEARTBEATS FROM THIS SENSITIVE MICROPHONE STRAPPED TO HIS CHEST? LISTEN? THEY'VE STOPPED? SATANUS—HE'S DEAD!

THE FIFTEEN MINUTES ARE UP! HIS HEARTBEATS HAVE RESUMED! SATANUS RETURNS—ALIVE—FROM HIS WATERY GRAVE! SATANUS—THE ONLY MAN TODAY WHO CAN CONTROL HIS BREATHING AND HEARTBEATS SO AS TO APPEAR DEAD?

NO, NO! I CAN'T STAND IT! I'M HAUNTED BY DEATH! WHY CAN'T THEY LEAVE ME ALONE?

BETTER GET BACK TO WORK. I DON'T DARE STAY AWAY ANY LONGER IF THEY MIGHT SUSPECT SOMETHING!

I'LL BE OKAY NOW, TIM. YOU CAN GO, AND THANKS!

IF YOU'RE SURE YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, GOOD-NIGHT!
BETTER RELAX AWHile.
GUESS I'LL READ THE EVENING PAPER!

UGGH! THAT MAGICIAN AGAIN!
H'M'M, A PRETTY GIRL! TOO BAD
I DIDN'T SEE HER WELL, I GUESS!
BETTER CHECK THE NEW ARRIVALS

WHY? IT'S THAT GIRL--DESIREE,
THE MAGICIAN'S PARTNER! LET'S SEE
THE CARD! DEATH INSTANTANEOUS
CAUSED BY A BLOW ON JAW! TOO BAD!

HERE'S ANOTHER ONE!
THAT MARK ON HER CHIN--
A SNAKE! I WONDER WHAT
WH-HH-HH? OH, JUST
LEAVE IT ON THE TABLE!

IF SHE WAS HIT... A
RING MIGHT HAVE MADE
THAT MARK... A SNAKE...

YEEOWW! THAT
RING!

IT'S HE... SATANUS, THE LIVING CORPSE... WITHOUT HIS BEARD
AND MUSTACHE! HE MUST HAVE KILLED THE GIRL! HE'S...
THE MARK OF THE RING

Then no one will ever know.

The police got to call...my heart...

Jed's heart pounded. The blood beat in his ears. Death's chilly fingers were grasping him...

Weak with shock, Jed was easily overpowered by the vicious magician. But Satanus had reckoned without the marble slabs.

Slowly Jed regained his senses, but he was frantic with fear! Was Satanus finally dead? Or still alive to threaten him again?

I'll put him in the refrigerator! I'll just make sure he's dead! Ha! Ha! He'll never get me, now!

No...no! I'm not dead! And when the police come...DH-H-H!

Don't leave me here!

Let me out--you fool! Let me out! I'll freeze to death!

The wild screams from the refrigerator grew weaker as Jed's mind dulled and the world slipped away! Satanus would never get out...for Jed was...scared to death! Satanus had condemned himself to a real and final grave!
Rollini touched his paint-brush to the palette... and as he withdrew it and turned to-ward his easel there was a strange glint to his eyes. His mouth hardened momentarily as he scrutinized the canvas before him... then his flesh filled with color and his eyes widened as if with wild delight.

"This will be the painting to enshrine my name forever," he thought, his chest rising and falling with great rapidity, as if inwardly he were going through some strange and tremendous exertion. "This will be a token of my great talent," he thought. And his eye moved from the flaming, tempestuous colors of the canvas to the woman who stood across the room from him. There could be no uncertainty about it... the canvas was an exact duplicate of the living woman... but there was a bizarre, almost a ghostly difference. For the woman appeared to be bloodless, even the pigmentation of her hair appeared to have begun to seep from her. If anything, the portrait was more lifelike than the living woman who was posing for it.

"It was wise of me," Rollini murmured to himself as his brush flashed and stabbed at the canvas, now applying the magenta, now the deep rich brown. "Wise of me to marry my model... so that I could bring her here to my garret without fear of talk behind my back.

The picture was nearing the great moment of completion, and Rollini worked with redoubled speed, completely engrossed now in the portrait of his wife. "She has not left the garret in weeks," he thought to himself as he worked on, never tiring in his labors, never ceasing... his eye flashing from model to canvas... from canvas to model. "Since I started this great portrait of my wife, she has been a virtual prisoner! For I cannot let her interfere with the mood that has seized me... cannot let her break the spell which enables me to put on canvas the very crystallization of what she is, what she lives for! For this portrait will BE life to all those who see it!"

He hunched forward more than ever now... the end was clearly in sight. Another dab at the sharp line of the eyebrows... a stroke at the cupid's bow mouth... and he would have transferred all that his young wife was to the canvas!

He turned once again to the spot where the living woman sat for a last sweeping view... and suddenly he was shocked by her sight. For in the few short weeks he had been working on her portrait she had visibly aged. Suddenly he was aware of her pallid complexion, of her wax-like skin. He MUST finish now... must HURRY!

And then it was finished! With a roar of triumph he threw his brush and palette to the floor. "This is the great work of my life, little one," he shouted, "and I could not have done it without YOU! For it is LIFE, life transferred to canvas!"

And he turned at that moment, and his eyes grew wide with wonder... then bewilderment... then stark fear! A light seemed to dim and burn out behind his eyes! A mad look came over him. There, on the other side of the room, his wife lay dead where she had fallen from the spot in which she had posed! And she was old... as old as the portrait was young! Rollini had succeeded... he had taken his wife's life... and put it on canvas!
Those lights Mrs. Mander thought she saw flickering in the night... the ghastly wail she was positive she heard... the dog with its throat slashed by the very knife she found at the foot of her bed... All of it could mean only one thing! There was...

MADNESS AT MANDERVILLE

Manderville seemed like every other house in its neighborhood... but there was one startling difference...

I gave the servants the night off, Tom... thought it would be more like old times if I prepared the meal... and we were alone together!

Ever since that terrible accident... when we lost young Billy... I've felt a great change taking place! It's as if my mind was undergoing some sort of metamorphosis! You understand, don't you, Tom?

Another SuspenseStory - THE CRYPT OF TERROR!
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT, MARION! THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN FEELING LATELY, I DON'T THINK YOU'RE UP TO IT... AND BESIDES... YOU DISOBEYED MY ORDERS BY WORKING AROUND THE KITCHEN... I TOLD YOU TO KEEP OUT OF IT UNTIL YOU FEEL BETTER!

THE GLASS... IT SLIPPEO OUT OF MY HAND! I-I CAN'T SEEM TO HOLD ANYTHING, TOM... M-- MY MIND... M-- MY NHERVES?

YOU'RE JUST NOT YOURSELF, MARION...

I'M GOING TO PIECES, TOM... SOB... YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT ABOUT MY NOT GOING INTO THE KITCHEN UNTIL I'M FEELING BETTER... SOB!

OF COURSE I AM MARION. I TOLD YOU THAT FOR YOUR OWN GOOD! A FEW WEEKS OF REST... A CHANCE TO FORGET THAT TERRIBLE ACCIDENT... AND THIS WHOLE EPISODE WILL BE NOTHING BUT A BAD DREAM!

YOU LOOK TIRED... THE WORRY AND ANGUISH HAS TAKEN MORE OUT OF YOU THAN YOU REALIZE! COME... LET'S TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO IF I DIDN'T HAVE YOU TO LEAN ON!

W-- WHAT'S THAT? M-- MY HEART... IT ALMOST STOPPED BEATING! W-- WHAT IS IT TOM?

IT'S ONLY RUSTY, DARLING. IT'S SO DARK UP HERE WE DIDN'T SEE HIM! YOU MUST HAVE STARTLED HIM WHEN YOU STEPPED ON HIM!

HUSH, MARION... THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF!

M-- MAKE HIM KEEP AWAY FROM ME, TOM... T-- THE SHOCK... IT ALMOST KILLED ME JUST NOW!

THIS SEGOH... IT WILL HELP YOU TO SLEEP, MARION... GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO FORGET THE ACCIDENT... AND ALL THE DISTURBANCE AND HEARTACHE IT'S CAUSED YOU!
WHAT LIGHTS, MARION? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING... NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY, ANYWAY! AND I'VE BEEN TOSSED AND TURNED... COULDN'T SEEM TO DOZE OFF... SO THAT I WAS AWAKE AND WOULD HAVE SEEN...

OF COURSE THAT ISN'T WHAT I MEANT, MARION... AND FROM THIS POSITION I CAN SEE THOSE LIGHTS TOO... THEY'RE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT... YOU JUST FORGET THEM...

S-Since the accident in which Billy was killed... S-She's becoming worse and worse! The terrible strain... It must have affected her mind! She's in a bad way... Seeing lights that aren't there...

Y-You didn't see any lights flashing through the window... S-Stabbing at me? You mean there weren't any lights, and I can see what doesn't really exist...?

W-WHAT? You mean you heard a scream or something just now? O-Ooooh! I didn't hear anything?

The hours passed in that strange house called Manderville, and then:

T-Tom... Tom! The lights... T-they blinded me! Coming in through the window, coming closer... CLOSER!

Since the accident in which Billy was killed... She's becoming worse and worse! The terrible strain... It must have affected her mind! She's in a bad way... Seeing lights that aren't there...

A couple of hours sleep have helped me, Tom... I wonder if someone thinks she's going out of her mind, though... With terrible noises like that wail just now!
TOM: GOOD HEAVENS. I FEEL FAINT. WHAT IS STOPPING?
WHERE ARE MARION?
A BUTCHER'S KNIFE SOAKED WITH BLOOD.

THE MINUTES TICKED BY ON THE CLOCK AT TOM MANDER'S ELBOW. THEY STRECHEO INTO AN HOUR. TWO HOURS.
W-WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MARION?
GO BACK TO SLEEP, DARLING... I'M THIRSTY GOING TO GET A GLASS OF WATER.
T-THERE... ON THE FLOOR... T-THERE. THAT KNIFE. HOW DID IT GET HERE, TOM? W-WHAT Does IT MEAN?

THE DAYLIGHT HOURS SEEMED INTERMINABLE TO TOM MANDER. BUT AT LAST HE WAS BACK AT MANDEVILLE, AND THE EVENING HAD PASSED WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT. COME UP AS SOON AS YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR PAPER, TOM.

SHE DOES SEEM BETTER, TONIGHT. HER SPIRITS HAVE LIFTED. AND THESE CURIOUS THINGS SHE SEES AND HEARS... M-MAYBE THEY'VE DISAPPEARED?

TOM MANDER WAS IN NO MOOD FOR SLEEP. QUIETLY HE WATCHED HIS WIFE CROSS THE ROOM. ALERT FOR ANY OUTBREAKS ON HER PART. ANXIOUSLY WATCHING FOR SIGNS OF AN ONGOING SPELL.

NOTHING FOR YOU TO WORRY ABOUT, TOM.
I-IT'S JUST THAT I'M TERRIBLY, RESTLESS...TODAY?

T-TOM? GOOD HEAVENS!
I... FEEL FAINT.
W-WHAT IS IT, MARION? WHAT IS IT?

NUMBER... ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY.

THE STRAIN OF BILLY'S DEATH... IT MAY BE WEARING OFF AT LAST. I'VE ASKED DOCTOR BRENNER TO STOP IN TOMORROW. PERHAPS HE'LL FIND HER ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY.

THE MINUTES TICKED BY ON THE CLOCK AT TOM MANDER'S ELBOW. THEY STRETCHED INTO AN HOUR. TWO HOURS.

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W-WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MARION?

GO BACK TO SLEEP, DARLING... I'M THIRSTY GOING TO GET A GLASS OF WATER...

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A BUTCHER'S KNIFE SOAKED WITH BLOOD.
THE DOG, DEAD? MURDERED.

R-RUSTY, HIS THROAT SLASHED.

T-THE OOG, DEAD! MURDERED, MURDERED!

T-H-HE BLOOD TRAIL --- WHAT WAS THE KNIFE GOING AT THE FOOT OF MY BED?

A TRAIL OF IT... LEADS TO THE CELLAR.

IM AFRAID OF IT, TOM...

I'M GOING MAD, TOM. MAD YOU'RE IN A HOUSE WITH A WOMAN WHO'S INSANE. I KNIFE THAT DOG PUT THE BLADE NEAR MY BED... AND I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER IT... M-MY MIND... IT'S CRACKING CRUMBLING...

I'M AFRAID OF IT. I'VE NEVER BEEN BEFORE... WHAT WILL WE FIND AT THE END OF THE BLOOD TRAIL? WHAT WAS THE KNIFE GOING AT THE FOOT OF MY BED?

THE NIGHT WAS A HORRIBLE ORDEAL... BUT SOMEHOW TOM MANDER KEPT HIS EYES OPEN UNTIL THE FIRST RAYS OF MORNING. HIS GAZE NEVER ONCE LEFT HIS WIFE'S CRUMPLED FIGURE...

SHE IS MAD! OR BRENNER. I'LL HAVE HIM OVER FIRST THING IN THE MORNING. EVEN I'M BECOMING A LITTLE FRIGHTENED...

I WANTED TO GET HER OUT OF THE ROOM BEFORE I SPOKE CANDIDLY TO YOU, MANDER... THIS IS SERIOUS. A CASE OF A MIND DEGENERATING... CRACKING AT ONCE. THERE'S DANGER IN A CASE LIKE THIS... GREAT DANGER!

A PERSON SUFFERING FROM THIS CONDITION MUST BE COMMITTED TO AN INSTITUTION FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE AT ONCE! WE DON'T KNOW WHEN THERE MIGHT BE A VIOLENT OUTBREAK... WE MUST SAFEGUARD AGAINST IT IF YOU CAN COME WITH MRS. MANDER TO THE HOBROOK HOME THIS AFTERNOON, I'LL HAVE ALL THE PAPERS READY. THEY SPECIALIZE IN CASES OF THIS KIND.

THE NIGHT WAS A HORRIBLE ORDEAL... BUT SOMEHOW TOM MANDER KEPT HIS EYES OPEN UNTIL THE FIRST RAYS OF MORNING. HIS GAZE NEVER ONCE LEFT HIS WIFE'S CRUMPLED FIGURE...

AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO TELL. ALL WE CAN REMEMBER. ALL I THINK I REMEMBER. HMM... DO YOU THINK YOU COULD GET ME A CUP OF COFFEE, MRS. MANDER? IT'S SO EARLY... I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A CHANCE TO BREAKFAST...

WITH A HEAVY HEART, TOM MANDER DROVE TO THE HOBROOK HOME. HIS WIFE HUDDLED MISERABLY AT HIS SIDE. NOT FOR A SECOND DID HE LET HER SLIDE FROM HIS SIGHT... FOR THE DOCTOR'S WORDS STILL RANG IN HIS EARS...

RIGHT THIS WAY, DEAR... OR BRENNER ASSURED ME THIS IS FOR THE BEST. THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT...
I want no expense spared in this case, Dr. Holbrook. She must receive the finest treatment the best care.

We understand completely, Mr. Mander. The patient will be cared for in the best possible manner.

Let me go, you idiots! I'll have this place torn down! You're mad... all of you are mad! You've got the wrong one... y--you're making a terrible mistake.

Easy, Mrs. Mander. Despite what your husband claims... we are not making a mistake. He... and not you is insane.

Dr. Brenner has explained the whole case to me, Mr. Mander. And I sympathize with both you and your wife. The only solution at the present time is to commit the patient... do what we can to restore the mind... and so, if Mrs. Mander will sign this release form...

This release form... it frees us to care for the patient as we see fit... and now, we'd better start the treatment as soon as possible...

No need for you to be afraid, Marion dear...

There's our new patient! Handle Mister Mander with care, please... he'll be staying with us for some time...

W--what? Are you mad, Holbrook... is this a joke of some kind?

T--Tom? Tom is the patient you've been talking about?

But it seems incredible! The whole thing... it's been a nightmare! The sounds I heard. The strange lights... never existed!

But they did, Mrs. Mander! As your next-door neighbor, I can testify that they did! Those lights night before last... my own car coming up the driveway... and the wail during the day... an ambulance siren going by our houses! When your husband described those things to me... as if they hadn't happened... I knew he was mad!

That was the best method to get him here... for he, too, was certain that you were the mad one! But speaking to your husband convinced me that his curious brain malady had deceived his responses... that he didn't see and hear things which actually happened! You've been under a great nervous strain... but Mr. Mander's mind has cracked!
THE CRYPT-KEEPER’S CORNER

Heh, heh Already I’m up to the second issue of my morbid mag! It seems like only 42 years ago I released the first time (see “#18” of THE CRYPT OF TERROR, see the original logo below).

Dear CK,
This is in defense of 11-year-old Alicyn Novit, who wrote that her friends like to read “Ghost Ship” in “Tales From the Crypt” Vol. 2. You said it was Vol. 1.
“Ghost Ship” is indeed in Vol. 2, of the Random House series of novelizations of “Tales From the Crypt” stories. I bet that’s what Alicyn’s library has; it’s a series of children’s books newly illustrated by Jack Davis, along with panels from the originals. You’ve got your “Crypts” crossed.

Guy MacMillin
Chesterfield, NH

Eged! Thet great Guy le right! Thet’ll teach me to stay out of circulation for 4 decades! Alicyn, whose letter ran in NEW CRYPT #1, was little doubt right, and I offer her my sincere apologies! Random House is up to Volume 5 (ISBN 0-879-83074-X) of their series, which feature new Ghoulunetic covers by Devle. Also new, “Jokes from the Crypt” (ISBN 0-679-83168-1) which features me (and two other jokers) ee e stand-up comic.

—CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,
I would like to start off by saying that I am EC’s number-one fan!! Robert Borruso, who claimed he was in NEW CRYPT #1 doesn’t even know the proper abbreviation for “Tales From the Crypt” which is “Crypt” (he said “Tales”). If Robert isn’t #1, what makes me #1? Well, I’ve made a list:
1. I study the art of EC and can pick out what was drawn by whom.
2. I know the history of EC comics.

There are many other reasons which have slipped my mind at the moment. Love is what you need to be a fan. You must love Ghastly’s detailed painted style of art. You must love Davis’s small arches which he often used to fade out from shadows and the wrinkled-pants technique. You must love Craig’s extra sideburn and flipping hair along with his quality corpse drawings (Davis also has the corpse quality). You must love Marie Severin’s coloring skills. She knew the right color schemes for each artist and used excellent contrast in hues. She always equipped Ghastly with faded shades of blue, orange and deep reds.

EC comics have inspired me to be a writer. It also has inspired my friend Dan Kraut (another super mega-big huge EC fan) to be a writer.

Now you have brought his dream back to a new generation of readers who, like me, have been inspired to be perhaps another Ghastly (my favorite EC artist) or another Davis or Craig. Thank you!

CRYST’s True #1 Fan,
Philip M. Smith
Philadelphia, PA

Is there anyone who’d like to be CRYPT’s #1 Fierce Fen?

—CK

Dear Mr. Cochran,
My name is Shewn Chency, and I am a big CRYPT and VAULT fan. I would like more information on the hardback books you sell. Please send it to me.

Thank you!
From a CRYPT lover and e Real Horror Fan!

Shawn Chancey

Please note Shewn is not claiming to be the True #1 Real Horror Fan! And thank goodness!

—CK
Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I’ve just started to read your comics and they are great! I have a question. Where did the Vault Keeper and the Old Witch come from? Keep up the good work.

Tahara Eastman
Tulsa, OK

V-K end OW came from—under a rock! And they can crawl right back! No, seriously? (seriously?), OW came from the Old Country (watch for HAUNT #14, or get RCP HAUNT #1, see our ad in this comic). The Vault-Keeper came from nowhara and his atorlaf from the same piece. —CK

NEXT ISSUE

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I thoroughly enjoyed [RCP CRYPT 6]. Excellent artwork. I buy your magazine not only for the quality reading material, but for the fantastic illustrations. This is definitely one of the spookiest, superbly well-written, talentedly artistic comic books I’ve ever read and looked at, one of the best comics around.

It’s—Great! What a mag!

A sincere CRYPT artist-reader fan,
Melanie Miller
Lawrenceville, IL

You may not be the #1 artist-reader fan, but you’re alnara. —CK

Dear CK,

I just finished [RCP CRYPT 6]. Terrorific! Why, I even loved the CRIME SUSPENSTORIES at the back of the book!

In Comic Buyers Guide No. 441 (I think) while introducing [RCP CRYPT #4], your teeth were vampire’s! Please spill it, are you a vampire?

But back to Teles, I was going to say the Vault-Keeper stories are like him, DEAD. They make me snore.

Larrie, why must you irritate the GhoulLuNactics so? Please give a little time in between your letters.

Well, I’ve taken enough of your time and the sun’s coming up, so I’ll dig you later!

Eric Henderson
Burnsville, MN

I’ll eek for a DIG-UP cell for midnight, that’s my time to HOWLI Erik, the CRIME material is good stuff, and you can get it in our reprints of CRIME appaering as a saperata title avary quartet!

No, I’m not a vampire, nor do I play one on TV. But after decadee of waiting around to get beck Into comic, I got a little long in the tooth! Thet’s the fenga I get!

VK’s a deed one, elight, elitho I never held that egelnat anyona. It’s only right to read them the same way he write them, eelieel! I wonder if Laramia Carlson isn’t a victim of Veultoale Nercoele; It’s been weeks since he’s written. —CK

Dear Russ,

Thank you for reprinting those great EC horror comics from the early 50s. At the age of 35, I always felt that I had missed out on something truly classic. Although I have several of your other classic reprints, these new reprints, in the original 32 page format, are “The Real Thing”. I’m very pleased with the superior quality, and have enclosed a subscription order for CRYPT, VAULT, and HAUNT.

Mailing the comics in strong envelopes is a good idea. Most apartment mailboxes are small, with a common magazine rack. The envelopes should prevent dog-eared copies.

Once again, thank you, and keep up the good work.

Bruce C. Belghley
Waltham, MA

Okey, we WILL keep the good work, to wit:

The second issues of NEW WEIRD SCIENCE, and SHOCK are now in release, and you still get the first issues of NEW VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY, TWO-FISTED TALES, HAUNT, WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY and CRIME! Ask your comic book shop to stock them, or write to us for back issues! Better yet, SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic)!

We want letters! Write to:
CRYPT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 489
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS:
CRYPT OF TERROR “#18” (#2, 1950)

“‘The Maestro’s Hand’”
Al Feldstein

“‘The Living Corpse’”
Wally Wood

“Madness at Menderville”
Harvey Kurtzman

“Mute Witness to Murder!”
Johnny Craig
Women are known as the talkative sex, but I never fully realized the power of the **unspoken** word until I became a...

**MUTE WITNESS to MURDER!**

**ANOTHER SUSPENSTORY from THE CRYPT OF TERROR!**

It was the evening of our second wedding anniversary and Steve and I had just returned to our apartment after a glorious round of the many night spots! It was almost 3 A.M., but I wasn't the least bit tired.

Oh, Steve... it's been a wonderful anniversary!

I'm glad you're happy, Pam... but don't forget I have to work tomorrow! What say we go to bed?

Oh, not yet, Steve... I'm too happy and excited to sleep! You go... I'll be with you in a moment!

Oh... Okay! But don't be too long, Pam!
Steve went into our bedroom I moved to the window and stood looking out. At the stars and sky, at a lit window across the court. And I wondered if the people who lived there were as happy as I...

I watched a man and woman moved back and forth in front of their window. They were arguing

My feeling of happiness fled... and in its place there grew a feeling of dread... a premonition! Something was going to happen... I knew it... and I was afraid!

I watched spellbound! The man was gesturing wildly, and though I couldn't hear his words, I knew their argument had reached a dangerous peak!

Suddenly there was something in his hand... he raised his arm and struck his wife a heavy blow! She crumpled to the floor... and I knew she was dead! Before my eyes, this man had murdered his wife!

I was paralyzed! I wanted to yell... to scream for help! I wanted to run to Steve and tell him about this horrible thing I had seen! I wanted to move... but I couldn't!

Suddenly the spell broke! I whirled... Steve was watching me from the bedroom doorway... with a puzzled expression on his face!

What's the matter, Pam? You're white as a sheet! Anything wrong?

I opened my mouth to blurt out to Steve what I had seen! I opened my mouth to speak... but nothing happened! My lips moved... but no sound came out! I couldn't talk! I had been struck dumb!

Oh, Steve... Steve! Help me! Help me! I'm... I'm so frightened!

Pam! Pam! What's the matter? Pam, are you sick? Pam! Say something!
I couldn't speak I tried but it was no use the shock of seeing a murder committed had caused me to lose my voice!

Pam, for heaven's sake, tell me what's wrong? Tell me!

I couldn't speak I tried, but it was no use? the shock of seeing a murder committed had caused me to lose my voice?

Something's wrong with you Pam? you stay quiet I'll be right back I want to get a doctor you're shaking like a leaf!

Steve returned a few moments later to find me slumped on the couch I was still trembling...

Pam pam, darling I've brought or Bask to examine you he lives here in our building...

I slowly turned to face or Bask... for a moment his face blurred... but it suddenly came into sharp focus? my heart knotted and blood hammered in my head... for I found myself staring into the eyes of the man who had just killed his wife?

I don't know what's the matter doctor? she was looking out the window and suddenly became this way... looks like some kind of shock! she can't even talk!

Looking out the window? Hmmm...

I tried to fight against being given a sedative, but with Steve holding me, thinking it for my own good, it was useless...

Looking out the window? Hmmm...

I felt groggy in a matter of minutes... during which time the doctor concluded his examination. a moment later I was asleep...

I slept long and I awoke with a start to find Dr. Bask bending over me! I was not in my home... Ah, you're awake, my dear! Now lie quietly and there won't be any trouble! there are some things I wish to say...

I slept long and I awoke with a start to find Dr. Bask bending over me! I was not in my home... Ah, you're awake, my dear! Now lie quietly and there won't be any trouble! there are some things I wish to say...
I KNOW YOU SAW ME MURDER MY WIFE... AND YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS! AS LONG AS YOU CAN'T CONTACT ANYONE, I'M SAFE! THAT IS WHY I'VE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO MY SANITARIUM! I TOLD YOUR HUSBAND AND EVERYONE HERE THAT YOU ARE A VIOLENT MENTAL CASE AND ARE TO BE KEPT HERE IN CONFINEMENT UNTIL I CAN "CURE" YOU!

YOU WILL BE QUITE SAFE NO ONE WILL HARM YOU! YOU WON'T BE DISTURBED EXCEPT FOR THE ATTENDANT WHO COMES TO FEED YOU! YOU SEE, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO FEED YOURSELF BECAUSE I'M GOING TO TIE YOU UP IN THIS STRAIGHT-JACKET! I DON'T WANT YOUR HANDS FREE TO WRITE NOTES TO THE ATTENDANT!

OF COURSE, THE ATTENDANT WOULDN'T BELIEVE YOU ANYWAY BECAUSE YOU'RE "CRZY!" HA! HA' BUT I BELIEVE IN TAKING PRECAUTIONS! CAN'T LET HIM PUT ME IN A STRAIGHT-JACKET! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

I STRUGGLED FURIOUSLY BUT DR. BASK OVERPOWERED ME! IN A FEW MOMENTS I FOUND MYSELF TRUSSED, HELPLESS, ON THE BED...

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SUGGESTED THIS! MY MEDICINE! MUST TAKE MY MEDICINE!

ON THE OTHER HAND, THE GUARD ONLY OPENS OR CLOSES THE DOOR IN RESPONSE TO MY VOICE WHEN I SPEAK THROUGH THIS TRANSMITTER HERE BY THE DOOR! THERE IS A SIMILAR ONE OUTSIDE!

IT'S HOPELESS! I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE NOW! OH, STEVE, IF ONLY YOU KNEW! IF ONLY YOU COULD HELP ME!

AND THE GUARD ONLY OPENS OR CLOSES THE DOOR IN RESPONSE TO MY VOICE WHEN I SPEAK THROUGH THIS TRANSMITTER HERE BY THE DOOR! THERE IS A SIMILAR ONE OUTSIDE!

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HEANIGSON? THIS IS OR BASK IN ROOM 3CB OPEN THE DOOR WILL YOU PLEASE?

GOOSE?, PAMELA... SOP! SOP!

AND THE GUARD ONLY OPENS OR CLOSES THE DOOR IN RESPONSE TO MY VOICE WHEN I SPEAK THROUGH THIS TRANSMITTER HERE BY THE DOOR! THERE IS A SIMILAR ONE OUTSIDE!

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I CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP THAT NIGHT.

STEVE: sob; STEVE: why won't you help me? sob: if only i could speak... tell someone... but i can't... it's hopeless. hopeless.

HEALINGSON: this is nurse brown open up, will you?

OKAY, BROWN.

I CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP THAT NIGHT.

THE FEMALE ATTENDANT TENDED AND FED ME REGULARLY. WHEN I TRIED TO SPEAK, SHE WOULD PAT ME ON THE SHOULDER AND SMILE... BUT JUST TO HUMOR ME! SHE THOUGHT I WAS CRAZY TOO!

SURE, KID, SURE TOUCH, AIN'T IT? WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A NAP NOW?

...AND THEN SHE'D LEAVE AND I'D BE ALONE AGAIN.

BROWN: open up, will you?

STEVE: sob; STEVE: if only i could speak... tell someone... but i can't... it's hopeless.

HOW HAVE YOU BEEN, MY DEAR? SORRY I HAVEN'T DROPPED IN TO SEE YOU, BUT I'VE BEEN QUITE BUSY. I CAME TODAY TO TELL YOU SOME RATHER BAD NEWS!

BAD NEWS? WHAT DOES HE MEAN? HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED TO STEVE?

ANY TIME NOW THE SHOCK YOU EXPERIENCED MAY WEAR OFF AND YOU WILL BE ABLE TO SPEAK AGAIN! THAT WOULD BE VERY DANGEROUS TO ME! SO, FOR MY OWN PROTECTION, MY DEAR, I SHALL HAVE TO KILL YOU!

KILL ME???

OH, WHAT WILL I DO? I DON'T WANT TO DIE! I'VE GOTTED TO DO SOMETHING.

IT'S ALL VERY SIMPLE! I'VE SCHEDULED YOU FOR A BRAIN OPERATION TO MOrange WHICH I WILL PERFORM! ONE SLIP OF THE SCALPEL AND

AND I WILL HAVE RID MYSELF OF THE ONE PERSON WHO COULD SEND ME TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! IT WILL BE A REGRETTABLE ACCIDENT! HA-HA-HA!
Dr. Bask left and I threw myself on the bed, crying in my despair...I'm going to die! I'm going to die! I'm going to die!

I spoke: My voice has come back! I can speak again! Oh, thank heaven, I can speak! There's hope left! I'll tell Nurse Brown and...no!

I can't tell anyone! They still think I'm crazy! They'll tell Dr. Bask my voice has returned and...there must be another way!

All night long I lay awake, trying to think of a means of escape. But when Dr. Bask came the next morning, I still had not formulated a plan...

I must remember not to speak! If I speak once, I'm doomed!

As Dr. Bask loosened the straps, I realized that these would be my last few living moments. For once inside the operating room, I was lost! Now was the time...here was my chance. My only chance!

I leaped!

I fought viciously! I knew I would never be able to get out of my cell, but still I fought! Suddenly...

He had a heart attack! He fell heavily to the floor, his hands fumbling in his pockets, trying to find his life-saving medicine! A stunned look came into his eyes...

You little wildcat...uh! My, my heart...
A flood of thoughts ran through my mind as he lay there, gasping with Dr. Bask dead. I'd be able to tell another doctor what happened. They'd examine me and find that I was not insane!

PAMELA: Call Heanigson... tell him... my medicine... my... oh... I forgot... you... you can't speak!

I'm sorry, or Bask... but to save my life! I must let you die! It's the only way...

I'm sorry, or Bask... but I can speak!

PLEASE, I'll make it up to you! I'll set you free! I'll turn myself over to the police! I promise! Just just call Heanigson!

I'm sorry, Dr. Bask.

But... you can't just let me die! Save me... please! My medicine. Tell Heanigson... please... please... please!

No...

PLEASE...

I turned to the wall and covered my ears to keep from hearing him plead for his life. And when I turned back again, he was still.

Heanigson? This is the patient in room 3CB. Send someone in here right away! Dr. Bask has just died of a heart attack!

-THE END-
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Now, the preliminary painting for the cover of the very first issue of MAD is available as a limited edition, high quality lithographic print, signed by the artist, the legendary original editor of MAD, Harvey Kurtzman!

True to form, Harvey signed the lithos "Kurtz" with a doodle of a "man," but over the course of many signings, some of the doodles were done fancier than others. Some examples of these are shown above.

This collector's item is offered in three editions. For the regular madman, there's our regular edition, with the regular signature, in an edition of 750 numbered prints. For the supreme madman, there's a special edition of 100 numbered prints, each with one of the special signatures. And for the completely insane man, there are a mere five "progressive proof sets," each consisting of 27 different prints which detail how succeeding colors were laid down by the lithographer to achieve the final product, all packed in a handsome collector's box.

To top everything off, every print comes with its own 32-page booklet/certificate of authenticity, written by MAD historian Maria Reidelbach and containing biographies of 37 MAD creators.

So stop reading this ad already and send us $1.00 for a lovely full-color brochure with complete details on how much you want this print, how outrageously expensive it is, and how you can order!