ORIGINAL EC COMICS FROM THE 1950s!

NO. 11 APR

THE VAULT OF HORROR

FEATURING...

THE VAULT-KEEPER

THE CRYPT-KEEPER

THE OLD WITCH

In this issue, the old witch reveals the startling rediscovery of the authentic Frankenstein monster!
THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE FAMOUS (AND INFAMOUS!) EC COMICS LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE FIRST ISSUE OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE BITTER END! GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND FILL IN THE GAPS IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!

EACH 32-PAGE COMIC REPRINTS THE COVER AND ENTIRE STORY CONTENT OF ITS 1950s PREDECESSOR, IN FULL COLOR IN STANDARD COMIC BOOK FORMAT. THEY ARE RELEASED ON QUARTERLY SCHEDULES.

OTHER TITLES IN THE LINE ARE VAULT, WEIRD SCIENCE, TWO-PISTELED TALES, HAUNT, WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY AND CRIME! THE BACKLIST ON EVERY TITLE REPRESENTS THE SAME ISSUE SPAN AS THOSE ILLUSTRATED ABOVE. SEE THE AD IN THIS COMIC TO SUBSCRIBE TO ANY OR EVERY TITLE!

WHEN ORDERING PLEASE IDENTIFY AS 32-PG TITLE ISSUE #? FOR EXAMPLE: "32PG SHOCK #1," 32PG CRYPT #1. $3 EACH (SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY). ALL OTHERS UP THRU #3, $1.50 EACH. ALL TITLES ISSUE #4 AND UP $2 EACH: INCLUDE $5 PER ORDER FOR 5% ($10 OUTSIDE US) PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

MISSOURI RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6.225% SALES TAX MARYLAND RESIDENTS MUST ADD 5% SALES TAX GEMSTONE PUBLISHING 417-256-2224 OR TO ORDER CALL 1-800-EC CRYPT AND ASK FOR THE ORDER DESK. USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY.

US FUNDS ONLY. PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. MARYLAND RESIDENTS MUST ADD 5% SALES TAX.

POB 469  WEST PLAINS, MO 65775
HEH, HEH! Well, here we are together again—ready for another sojourn into horror! I trust you came well prepared. For the tale I am about to spin is guaranteed to make your skin crawl, and your heart pound like a trip-hammer!

I found this story in my private collection, buried deep in the vault’s alcoves. I call it... FOUNTAINS of YOUTH!
But, Ken, it sounds like a wonderful opportunity! I've always wanted to travel, and I know, but I don't like the idea! After all, Eileen.

Kenneth Martin, I may be your kid sister, but I'm no child! I'm nineteen and I have a right to lead my own life!

All right, Eileen but it's against my better judgment!

Maybe I am being silly, sis, but I just want to be sure of your safety!

I know, Ken but I can take care of myself! Don't worry!

And so, a few hours before noon, Eileen Martin stepped from the private elevator to suite 2104, in the Colenidge Hotel...

Oh! Only a few girls ahead of me! I hope I get the job!

She waited, as one by one those ahead of her went into the next room and one by one returned, each face with its disappointed expression lent hope to her heart.

Eileen stepped through the huge, paneled doors into the sumptuous room beyond. Seated on a luxurious couch, her face heavily veiled, her hands gloved, was the occupant of suite 2104.

Good morning! I came in response to your ad in the paper!

Good morning! Come... sit over here where I can see you better...

As Eileen stated her experience and qualifications, she had the strange feeling that the woman was only half listening! Then, abruptly...

I have several letters of recommendation, if you.

That won't be necessary! I think you'll do nicely!
Several hours later, Eileen excitedly explained to Ken,

"Oh, yes! And she handed me $800 so I could buy all the new clothes for the trip!"

"She's tired of news-people and autograph rounds always bothering her. Just wants peace and quiet!" she said happily.

"Her name is Madame Dubois. She's really a very famous socialite, one of the 'Four Hundred', and she's traveling incognito! That's why she wears a heavy veil!"

A week later, all preparations had been made. Eileen and Madame Dubois were on their way to Europe.

"Well, everything's unpacked and put away! What else can I do?"

"Nothing, my dear! Run along and enjoy yourself! I want you to have a good time!"

"Oh, Ken. You're a dear brother to worry so much. But it's really unnecessary! I'm sure I'll be fine!"

"Eileen's pleasures soon eroded as a sudden squall struck with terrific force! The ship bobbed and tossed with the sea's fury..."

"Oh-h-h-h, Madame Dubois... you poor dear! I...I think I'm getting seasick!"

"Come...lie down! I'll call the ship's doctor!"

From the first day aboard ship, Madame Dubois secluded herself in their cabin-suite and insisted that Eileen relax and enjoy the cruise.

"She's so considerate! I'm having the time of my life! It's all so wonderful!"
For three days, Madame Dubois remained by Eileen's side, doing everything she could to soothe, to comfort her.

But, Doctor! She was fine until this storm came up! She's not the only one aboard who's seasick! When we get calm weather, she'll be okay again!

Eileen, Eileen! You poor dear girl! Is there anything I can do to comfort you? Bathe your forehead? I'll stay with you. I won't leave you for a minute!

Oh, oh...

Oooh...

Oh, Doctor! We've had a calm sea for two days now! I can't understand it! There's nothing physically wrong...yet she continues to get weaker...to waste away!

You...you're holding my hand so tightly...

What...what's that you're singing?

An old, old folk song, my dear, in a language long dead!

Is there anything you want, my dear? Can I get you something to eat?

Rest, Eileen.

I've never seen a case like this! Nothing organically wrong, and yet I don't know. I just don't know.

She's...she's dying, isn't she, Doctor?

The next day found Eileen much worse. Her skin was wrinkled and her cheeks hollowed...her entire body looked aged and withered. Through it all, Madame Dubois chanted her ancient songs.

000
I knew I shouldn’t have let her go. I knew it! Why did I let her talk me into it? All along I felt that something was wrong—and, by heaven, I’m going to find out what it was!

Upon reaching Marseilles, Kenneth went straight to Madame Dubois’s suite in the Hotel de Concorde. The door opened to his knock and a sleek, dark-haired girl stood facing him...

Yes? I’m Madame Dubois. Why do you look so surprised and what do you want?

I didn’t expect you to be so young! I...I want to talk to you. I’m Eileen’s brother!

I don’t believe it! You did something to her! You’re lying to me!

Eileen’s small funeral was held on a dismal, rainy day. Embossed in his thoughts, Kenneth hardly heard the minister’s eulogy.

Cablegram said she was going on to Marseilles. The Hotel de Concorde.

That right, a transcontinental airplane winged its way through the rain-streaked sky on its way to Marseilles...And in it, sat Eileen’s brother.

He was ushered into a spacious, expensively decorated room...And that’s the story, Mr. Martin. Exactly as I cabled you!

I don’t believe it! You did something to her! You’re lying to me!
Mr. Martin! I've told you the truth as I know it! I realize that you're emotionally upset, but I think you've insulted me enough! I must ask you to leave!

I'll go! But I'm not through with you! There's something fishy going on here. And I want to know what it is!

Kenneth took a room in another hotel nearby. He kept a sharp watch on Madame Dubois's hotel... and also on the want ads in the newspapers. Finally, more than a month later, AH! At last! I thought she'd advertise for another companion as soon as she was ready to travel again! Better set down to her hotel!

Patiently, Kenneth watched the elevator that privately served Madame Dubois's suite.

An-ha! That's the only girl to come back a second and third time! She's Madame Dubois's new companion!

Kenneth followed the girl down several streets and into a travel agency.

Two tickets, first class, from Marseille to New York, on the Mauretania, please?

Yes. Miss. Hmm, back to the States again!

The following midnight found the Mauretania heading out to sea. With Madame Dubois and her lovely companion in their luxurious stateroom, and Kenneth Martin pacing the deck.

During the next few days, Kenneth made friends with the young girl and saw her often. Madame Dubois remained in her stateroom...

...I have never even seen her face. Her veil hides it! But she is such a kind old woman!

And then a sudden storm slashed at the ship! It roared and tossed for several days, and Kenneth saw no more of the beautiful French sin...

Steward: Have you seen Miss Blanchard?

Yen, sir. She is confining to her stateroom, with seasickness!

Certain now that Miss Blanchard was facing his sister's fate, Kenneth roused forth the story of Eileen's death...

Don't you see? The same thing is happening to Miss Blanchard! Incredible! I've heard of cases like this, but come! There's not a moment to lose!

No! No! No! I won't let you take her away from me! Stop! Stop!

Do as I say, men! I'll stay and lock Madame Dubois in her stateroom!

Stop! Stop! I need her! You don't understand!

Lock the door, Martin, quickly!

Doctor: Well, frankly, Mr. Martin, I'm worried! I can't find the slightest thing wrong with her, but her condition is constantly getting worse!

Picking up several stewards on the way, the doctor and Kenneth raced along the deck and burst into Madame Dubois's stateroom...

What's going on? What's happening? Stewards! Take Miss Blanchard to the ship's hospital!

Doctor: No time to explain now, Mr. Martin! We must hurry to the ship's hospital!
FOR SEVERAL DAYS KENNETH WAITED IMPATIENTLY AS THE DOCTOR FONU TO SAVE MISS BLANCHARD FROM DEATH. THEN SUCCESS!

THANK GOD SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT! I BET MADAME DUBOIS!

MADAME DUBOIS! GOOD LORD! I'D COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN HER! G'MON, MARTIR, WE MUST HURRY!

LORD KNOWS HOW MANY INNOCENT GIRLS SHE HAS MURDERED! LUCKILY, WE SAVE MISS BLANCHARD!

IF ONLY WE'RE NOT TOO LATE...

THE TWO MEN CRASHED INTO THE ROOM HORRIFIED, THEY SAW MADAME DUBOIS BROVILING ON THE FLOOR, HER FACE AND BODY CON-TORTING AND TWISTING IN THE CULMINATION OF TIME CHEATED, BREACHED ITS VENGEANCE UPON HER.

LISTEN! THAT SCREAM FROM MADAME DUBOIS' STATEROOM!

SHE... SHE'S AGING! WITHERING! RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES?

WITHIN MOMENTS, THE AGORIZED, SHRIEKING FIGURE HAD BROKEN AND CRUMPLED... FINALLY DISINTERGRATING INTO DUST!

GOOD LORD!

YES, MARTIR! DEPRIVED OF HER BOUNTY OF LIFE, MADAME DUBOIS TURNT INTO THE DUST SHE SHOULD HAVE BEEN CENTURIES AGO!

HEH! HEH! HEH! IMAGINE LIVING SEVERAL HUNDRED YEARS! THE CAT WITH NINE LIVES HAD NOTWIRI ON MADAME DUBOIS! LOOKS LIKE LOST TIME FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HER! HEH, HEH! WELL... OLD YOUTH-GAPPERS NEVER DIE... THEY JUST DOZE AWAY... AND YOU'LL JUST DOZE AWAY WITH JEALOUSY IF YOUR FRIENDS HAVE BACK ISSUES AND YOU DON'T. SO DON'T BE A SAP! READ MY COLUMN, THE VAULT KEEPER'S CORNER, AND LEARN HOW TO GET YOURS NOW. THE OLD WITCH AWAIT YOU! BUT I'LL BE BACK!

- THE END -

THE MONSTER IN THE ICE!

My story begins far out on the lonely stretches of the barren frozen waste that is the Arctic! In a small shack, half covered with ice and snow, a middle-aged geologist sits at an equipment-cluttered table. The door swings open and a blast of freezing air sweeps through the shack. Back so soon, Campbell? I thought you'd be done another two hours at least!

Blasted Eskimo! Superstitious idiot!
When I told him where I wanted to go, he refused to take me! I started howling some bugaboo about 'the monster in the ice!'

WHAT? A MONSTER in the ice? Are you sure that was what he said?

I'll try! I'll see what I can do!

Of course I'm sure. I understand him as well as you! Perhaps you can talk to him, Dawson! You know how much we need those readings!

George Dawson... dresses in the awkward, bulky fur clothing of the frozen north and moves out of the warm, snow-covered shack into the blasting wind! Leaning hard against its biting force, he stumbles toward a nearby kilo.

Long? You in there? Yes, Miss Dawson! I'm in here! You come...

Dawson enters the snug interior of the igloo! A fire burns cheerily in the center of the ice floor...

What's this about refusing to guide Mister Campbell north of the ice field, Lord?

No go! Never go there!

What is it? What are you afraid of?

Monster... in ice! Once he roam ice fields! Kill many! Those who see it and lucky enough to get away come back out of their minds... crazy! It horrible.

Dawson returns to the shack...

Well? Did you get anywhere? The Pound Devil is scared silly! There seems to be something frozen in the ice out there... some monster!

What say we do take a look, Dawson? Maybe we can convince these Eskimos how silly their superstitions are!

I figured you'd want to do that, Campbell! I had long fix us up a dog-sled! C'hiow! We'll be able to reach there and get back by nightfall!
Several hours later, as the two geologists make their way across the barren snow wastes...

How much farther, Dawson? According to Loho, it ought to be around here somewhere. Keep your eyes open, mush!

Suddenly, the oos-bloos refuse to go on! They cower in the snow, their hair on their necks hissing. They draw back their thick lips revealing white fangs. From their throats come deep growls.

What's gotten into those mutts? They won't move! Whatever's bothering them must be up ahead! Let's hoof it!

Herbert Campbell follows his cohort across the smooth ice. Suddenly, Gerald Dawson stops! He peers wide-eyed into the ice beneath his feet.

Campbell! Come here! What is it, behold? What do you see?

Look! Down there! Good lord! Behold! Some things in the ice!

The two men stand down at the hazy frozen beneath the frozen face. Look like a man! Big feet, though! Can't make out his face either!

I'll be hight back! I've got to get a pick-axe!

After a few minutes, Dawson returns with an axe and begins to chop the ice in a large oblong shape around the body...

What are you going to do, behold? Why, we're going to dig this "monster" out and bring it back with us! Probably some poor explorer's frozen remains!

Soon a huge block of ice is chipped out of the ice-field. A block containing the body of the Eskimo's "ice-monster!" The ice-cake is loaded on the oos-bloos.

Down, boy! Oomph! Somethings's bothering those bloos. They're acting awfully nervous! You'd think they were never near a dead body before this!

Herbert Campbell follows his cohort across the smooth ice. Suddenly, Gerald Dawson stops! He peers wide-eyed into the ice beneath his feet.

Campbell! Come here! What is it, behold? What do you see?

Look! Down there! Good lord! Behold! Some things in the ice!

The two men stand down at the hazy frozen beneath the frozen face. Look like a man! Big feet, though! Can't make out his face either!

I'll be hight back! I've got to get a pick-axe!

After a few minutes, Dawson returns with an axe and begins to chop the ice in a large oblong shape around the body...

What are you going to do, behold? Why, we're going to dig this "monster" out and bring it back with us! Probably some poor explorer's frozen remains!

Soon a huge block of ice is chipped out of the ice-field. A block containing the body of the Eskimo's "ice-monster!" The ice-cake is loaded on the oos-bloos.

Down, boy! Oomph! Somethings's bothering those bloos. They're acting awfully nervous! You'd think they were never near a dead body before this!
Several hours later, the geologists reach camp with their find.

Well, Lomo! Here you are!

What, what you got there?

Legend bah! Help me get this block inside! We're going to get the ice off this corpse and settle this thing once and for all!

Don't be a fool, Lomo!

Listen, Lomo! Enough of this rot! You start chipping away that block while Gerald and I get warmed up! Understand? And if you don't... so help me, I'll kick you out of camp without a dog or a morsel of food!

Yes, Missa Campbell! I chip ice!

I'll be listening in the next room! I want to hear you chipping, get me?

C'mon, Herbert! Leave the poor fellow se' he'll do it!

Take a good look, Lomo! There's your ice-monster! Nothing but the remains of some poor devil who froze to death out there!

No! Not true! Monster not human! Monster horrible! Anyone who see it go mad from fright!
Suddenly, Gerald Dawson's face lights up. His eyes widen...

Herb? Did you ever read 'Frankenstein' by Mary Shelley?

No, but I saw the movie.

Dawson and Campbell go into the next room of the shack and close the door! The 'chack-chack' of Lomo chipping away at the block of ice drifts through to them as they sit warming themselves near the pot-bellied stove.

You know, Herb! Supernatural stories among native people usually have a basis in fact?

Bah! Not this time! You can see that the thing in the ice is no monster!

No! I’m not talking about the Hollywood version! That was nothing like the book in the original 'Frankenstein'. Doctor Frankenstein pursued his monster which he'd constructed from parts of dead corpses and living animals...to the Arctic! He never did kill the monster. It was last seen drifting away on an ice-flow.

Yeah? So what?

When Frankenstein was first published back in the nineteenth century, it was rumored that the story was true!

True? You mean...

Suddenly, the shack is filled with a terrifying, blood-curdling shriek.

Eeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaaahhh!

Lomo! Lord! Come on!

The two geologists burst through the door, as the splintering crash of a window being smashed is heard.

Look! The ice-monster! It's gone! It went through that window! It's alive!

Lomo! Look at him! He's white as a sheet! He's babbling! He...he's been driven out of his mind.

Don't be foolish, Gerald! You sound like Lomo in there! He...that's funny! He's stopped chipping!
IT MUST BE FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER! WHAT'LL WE DO?

WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY IT!

BUT HOW? ACCORDING TO SHELLEY'S NOVEL, BULLETS CAN'T STOP IT! IT'S NOT HUMAN!

WE'VE GOT TO GET IT BACK INTO THE ICE! AND I THINK I KNOW A WAY!

LATER, OUTSIDE, IN THE FRIGID ARTIC WIND

KEEP CHOPPING! WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE WATER BELOW THE ICE!

WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, DAWSON?

SOONER OR LATER, THE MONSTER WILL BE BACK FOR US! WHEN IT DOES SHOW UP, ONE OF US WILL ACT AS BAIT!

YOU MEAN STAND ON THE EDGE OF THIS HOLE WE'VE CUT IN THE ICE?

AHNT! THEN, WHEN IT ATTACKS THE ONE WHO ACTS AS BAiT INTO THE WATER IT GOES!

I HOPE IT WORKS, SERALO!


IT'S COMING TOWARD US! IT... OH MY GOD! YAAAAAAAAOH!

DON'T LOOK AT IT. HERD! DON'T TURN AWAY!

SOON THE ICE IS CHOPPED THROUGH AND WATER FILLS THE HOLE! THEN

LISTEN! HEAR THAT? IT'S COMING! HOW REMEMBER! DON'T LOOK AT IT! YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO LONO.
Herbert Campbell falls to his knees next to the hole in the ice—whispering! The monster moves toward him.

HEROES! Get up! Get up!

Then, with a shriek the hideous thing plunges into the opening that the two geologists have hacked...

HEROES! We've got it! We've...

Look out, here!

THE STRUGGLING MONSTER REACHES OUT, CLUTCHING HERBERT CAMPBELL'S LEG...

Eeeeeh-H! Here! Give me your hand! It'll drag you in!

Gerald Dawson turns to help Herbert Campbell, and his eyes fall upon the gruesome monster as Campbell's hand closes around his in a vise-like grip.

Good lord! How ghastly!

Hee, hee! Yepp the three of them went into the drink! And it didn't take long for the drink to freeze solid, either! But wait! This isn't quite the end! Not quite, yet!

About a year later, the U.S. Air Force decides to build a base near that very spot.

Little by little, the monster drags Campbell into the freezing water in an effort to climb from the hole. And Dawson, paralyzed from the glimpse of the monster's face, is dragged down with him...

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Hee, hee! Well here we are again! At this point, I think I'll end my little tale after all. How much horror can you fiends take? What do you do? Then you ought to send for my back issues!

The Vaultkeeper's Corner contains all the information! It follows... you should pardon the expression...

The text! Read it and find out how to get your copy! Now I must toddle off! I have a cooking class to attend! I'm the teacher!
Dear VK,

Issue #9 was fairly good. I think it would've been better if Wally Wood did a story "About Face!" was the best story in the issue. I think they should've shown what her face looked like (in the and, her face appeared, but on her chauffeur's head). Overall, this was a great example of good artwork and EC quality. Please print my address.

Brandon Hendrix
POB 117
Broken Bow, OK 74728

Wood could do a mean horror story, but he departed our title for the far-out and sleazy Suspensestory magal Yash, the gal in "About Face!" did a number on her shady chauffeur, but he DROVE her to it! Nah, heh! Been writing over forty years to crack that joke! —VK

Dear Russ,

I hope your holidays are the best. Me and a zombie are sharing the holidays especially Thanksgiving with me as the turkey. You printed my address and nobody wrote (e.g., the postman must be a grouch from the dead-letter office). I quit smoking—not after 27 odd years of smoking coffin nails. I quit (the doctor said I was playin' with fire)—Don't do as I do (as I say). So once I said it was the and it was easy. Have a good Christmas and let Sandy Clause open the presents for you.

Frank X (ECP) Mattison, esq
New Holland, PA

We had a great Holiday here (due to printing schedules, we're only able to reprint). We exchanged gifts, and I exchanged the Crypt-Keeper (for a Vegasmatic!)

—VK

Dear Vault-Keeper,

My name is Mark Piekieniak and I am 11 years old and I love your horror stories. I have read VAULT COMICS. I have some questions for you.

1) Will you ever get a TV show like the Crypt-Keeper?
2) What is your favorite book?
3) Do you like Beavis and Butthead? If you do, who is dumber?
4) How old are you?

Mark Piekieniak
Utica, NY

1) Likely na. 2) Would you green if I said hamburgers and french fries? 3) Na. If I did, it would be ME who's dumber. 4) I've aged considerably since we began these reprints!

—VK

I guess you could say I am an all-around fan of all things. Everything from Monty Python to the Moody Blues excites me to further investigate, so the moment I saw your show on FOX, I didn't have cable. I know I was experiencing deja-vu.

I enjoy seeing the shows, and looking for them in the comics or vice-versa to check the acting and the differences. I saw "Fitting Punishment" (VAULT #5) on TV, and then got the comic, and I was shocked at the difference in story. Oh, well. Also, from VAULT #5 I recently saw "Werewolf Concerto", and it was barely recognizable as the story from the comic. Please include my address as I would love to hear from fellow fans.

Ashley Flagg
40 Pine Hill St
Manchester, CT 06040

I am not responsible for the TV scripts. Even CK is not responsible for them. We like to hear your comments on how they "rack up."

—VK

Dear Vault-Keeper,

Hi! My name is Grant Smith and I just recently subscribed to CRYPTO and VAULT. They’re great! I only have a couple of questions to ask you. 1) What issues had an "Artist of the Issue" of Jack Kamen? I’m dying to know what he looks like! 2) On "Crypt" (the TV show), does Jack Kamen get played by the real Jack Kamen or is he just an actor who looks like Jack Kamen? Finally, are they ever going to come out with "Vault of Horror" cards? I hope so! The Vault-Keeper rules! Your devoted fan.

Grant Smith
age 11
Stamford, CT

Kamen’s bio ran in the original HAUNT "31" and W SCI 11, in one sense about "now," but the bio ran on the inside front cover which we use for ads. Why not check out our reprint of CRYPTO "31," in 64-pg RCP CRYPTO 1 (also available in tabloid size as EXTRA-LARGE CRYPTO for $8) for the issue which we’ll reprint as CRYPTO 15) contained "Kamen's Katamity!" with altogether too many depictions of the EC crew! Gotta have been an actor doing Kamen TV.

—VK

Dear CK, OW and VK,

I have questions for The CK, OW, and The VK. OK first. CK 1) What is your favorite comic book? 2) When and where were you "born?" 3) Why do you like only creepy things?

OW 1) How old are you? 2) When did you get "drawn”? 3) VK 1) Do you like CK or OW better? 2) How old are you? I think it is pitiful that those idiots called OW and VK idiots. You’re cool, OK, but you should share the attention with OW and VK. Please print my address. I want a penpal bud.

Cap Pierce
3112 Wabash
FT Worth, TX 76109-2244

I’ll answer for everyone. CK likes VAULT best, was born in a barn, and likes creepy stuff because he’s a creep! OW is a jillion years old and was first drawn on a cave wall in Mesopotamia. Lastly, I like both CK and OW better—than a job in the eye with a stick! Aren’t you glad you asked?

—VK

Next Issue:

QUIET! GET BACK TO WORK, ALL OF YOU! I’VE RADD ENOUGH OF THIS LAYING DOWN ON THE JOB! GET BACK TO WORK!

C’MON GIRLS.

EN.

RE.

NA.

EH.

EH...

HA...

HI...

IN...

EN
Dear Russ, VK, OW CK,

I am an avid reader of horror novels, comic books and MAD magazine. Today at the local bookstore I discovered that a company was finally reprinting those old EC horror comics. The only problem was only one title was there: THE VAULT OF HORROR 10 I bought it, not even glancing at the superhero comics. The Vault-Keeper makes Superman look like a wimp! The Crypt-Keeper, on the other hand...

Some readers may not know it but EC comics are still alive today and are the publishers of MAD magazine. Why a magazine and not a comic book? Well, back when comics were only a hobby by everyone especially EC's comics, MAD was a comic book along with all the others. When the Comic Code Authority went into effect, instead of dampering their comic line's potential, the late Bill Gaines decided to drop the comic book business and change MAD into a larger black-and-white format as it is today. My question is, since you are already reprinting EC comics of the same era why not reprint the first MADs (23 to be exact)? I know I would buy them and many MAD fans would too if readers are still interested in the MAD-horror comic connection, the book "Completely Mad" by Maria Riedelbach is very informative and funny. As a sidenote, many of the EC artists are still alive and working for MAD. Jack Davis does art for them a lot still. Please print my address so I can get a pen pal into MAD and horror.

Happy Holidays Russ. Old Witch and Vault-Keeper! (Crypt-Keeper Bah Humbug!)

David Becker

1103 Woodlawn AV

Pascagoula, MS 39562

MAD was, in fact, the only Bill Gaines EC comic to be published by "Educational Comics." Later, it changed hands several times, and requires a separate business deal to allow reprinting in this series.

—VK

Dear VK,

My name is Adam Brooks. I have just recently become a fan. My brother has been a fan since DC (Detective Comics) meant Doller Comics. We like all the EC 50s comics. In your #8 issue I think you screwed up! The story "The Beast of the Full Moon!" just stops on page 8. Please write me back and tell me how the story ended. You may print my address thanks.

Adam Brooks

16649 Cagle Rd

Lapine OR 97739

Here's what you need; cut this out and paste it on the last panel of "Beast!":

THE END

—VK

Dear VK,

I am your greatest fan. Just recently I was getting ready to watch my favorite show, Tales from the Crypt." When I thought to myself, " Didn't I see a comic called TALES FROM THE CRYPT?" So the next day there I was at the only comic book store that sells EC in my neighborhood and sure enough there it was staring me in the face: TFC #8. So I picked up one of each of your horror titles. That night I had one regret, that I wasn't born in the 50s. I'm trying to convince my friends to start collecting EC, they collect Marvel (sigh) Not that I dislike Marvel, but how can it compare to titles like VAULT HAUNT and CRYPT? Keep up the good work, VK! And you too Russ.

Richard Laliberte

Providence RI

Ewwww!

—VK

Dear Vault-Keeper,

Please tell me that the best gifts are those that feed the squirrels! For your information I have no more "chutzpah" than a clam. I am one who live entirely withdrawn from the world, so determined am I that I escape past reactions and avoid old mistakes. My only outlets are painting and letter-hacking magazines like yours. If you had threatened to send the "Ghouls Teacher" or something, to eat my face, it may have been laughed off, but there is no humor in this sort of thing, only hurtfulness and you sir owe me an apology. Disgustedly yours,

David Hall

Seattle WA

I apologize, but The Old Ghoul-Teacher is on her way to Seattle!

—VK

THE OLD GOUL-TEACHER:

Dear Russ,

I love all of your EC comic books. The only one I don't like is TWO-FISTED. I wish you would make EC every month if you made blankets, posters, wallpaper, pillows etc. I'd buy "em -- I've tried to buy all your comics, but it's hard with no comic shop with your comics. The only ones I have are CRYPT 1, 4, 8 and VAULT 8! I also have VAULT OF HGROR 39, the old comic.

Nicolai A. Mendosa

Hacienda HTS CA

Need I say that all back issues are still available? See the end of the column for details.

—VK

Dear VK,

I ordered some back issues of VAULT. I'm interested in CRYPT issues! I agree with her totally when she says VAULT should have its own show. I think VAULT should have its own show. I think that vault should have its own show. So if there is a possibility of either show tell me please Give me a serious answer.

Michael Dooney

Saddle Brook NJ

I say the chances are slim and none. And, I am serious. Prove me wrong, HBO!

—VK

NEXT ISSUE

I'M GOING TO DROWN!

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

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #6 (subject to availability) 35 cents. All others thru issue 44: $1.50 each. Issues 44 end up, 45 cents. Add $5 per order to US outside US for $2.

We want letters! Write for:

VAULT RUSSELL DOBRIAN POB 469 WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS VAULT OF HORROR "22" (F11, DEC 31/JAN 82)

COVER by Johnny Craig

"Fountain of Youth!" Johnny Craig
"The Monster in the Ice!" Graham Ingels
"Gone Fishing!" Jack Davis
"What the Dog Dragged In!" Jack Kamen

We reserve the right to withdraw items from this issue unless you earlier state you wish them published. We attempt to underestimate publication of items to do so any change in your address on the individual work.

Add 52 Cents each, 25c each.
What will HBO's Crypt-Keeper look like when they put together the reunion show in 2010? Probably something like the guy at right! This ravaged visage comes courtesy David Lowery, Irving, TX, and makes a horrific heading for THE CRYPT-KEEPER's PAGE OF...

FINE ARTS #27

William Pearson, Rutland, VT sent in this TWO-FISTED duo, and I wanted to have the anonymous editor run it in the local of that title. "No room!" he cried. Though I offered to do some judicious cutting on William's behalf Ed Anon was simply too quick on his feet and escaped my vorpal blade. So, I ran it here!

OUTRAGEOUS 1950s EC COMICS!

WEIRD SCIENCE

A "doctoral" EC cover, sent over from my compatriot, Dr deRango of El Fama. Seema that artist is Soemila (of Eromall, AILARTSUE). —CK

Back again is our own Scots Terror (art-fact!), John Miller, with another mini-strip. Huzzah, Leekel! —CK

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

THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S PAGE OF FINE ARTS
RUSI COCHRAN
POB 469
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

The author's contributions. We cannot guarantee accuracy or publish contributions. We will not entertain anonymous contributions. There is no pay for contributions. We are not responsible for unedited work. All names and data are mute in name as the individual's signature.
OUST
COVERED
AUTOMOBILE
ROLLED
TO
WHERE
THE
SLACK
TAR
ROAD
KNIFED
THROUGH
SAND-DUNES
AND
ENDED
ABRUPTLY
AT
THE
EDGE
A
STRETCH
Of
WHITE
Beach
f
BEYOND.
THE
SURF...
AND
FROTHY...
ROLLED
IN
FROM
THE
VAST
SEA,
KNOW
WHY
YOU
INSISTED
ON
DRAG-

THE
DUST-COVERED
AUTOMOBILE
ROLLED
TO
A
STOP
WHERE
THE
BLACK
TAR
ROAD
KNIFED
THROUGH
THE
SAND-DUNES
AND
ENDED
ABRUPTLY
AT
THE
EDGE
OF
A
STRETCH
OF
WHITE
BEACH!
BEYOND.

THE
SURF
WHITE
AND
FROTHY
ROLLED
IN
FROM
THE
VAST
SEA,
FILLING
THE
DRISK
SALT
AIR
WITH
AN
OMINOUS
THUNDER.

WELL,
STEVEN!

HERE
WE
ARE!

BEAUTIFUL,

ISN'T
IT?

REALLY
MAX?
I
DON'T
KNOW
WHY
YOU
INSISTED
ON
DRAG-
NING
ME
ALONG.
YOU
KNOW
I
DON'T
APPROVE
OF
FISHING.
Maxwell Larkin, the noted sport-fisherman, got out of the can and began to unstrap the long split-bamboo hoops that were fastened to the rack on the car-top...

Just wait till you hook into one, Steve! You'll change your mind! You'll see!

I doubt it, Max! I'm opposed to fishing on moral grounds!

How could you possibly be opposed to fishing on moral grounds, Steve?

It's cruelty to living creatures! It must be very painful to the poor fish!

At the water's edge, the sport-fisherman and his reluctant companion set down the equipment. Max removed a hollow tube with a spiked point from his tackle box and drove it into the ground...

Bah! Fish don't feel pain! Are you sure, Max? Who's to say? Er... what's that?

A sand-spike! It holds the rod upright so sand can't get into the reel! See?

Oh! Very clever!

Max fumbled in the metal box and finally removed a long, snake-like, fish-like form bedecked with sets of hooks.

Ugh! That's a striped-bass plug! The bass thinks it's a fish! It goes for it and... wham!

Then you just haul him in, eh?

Not as easy as all that! A bass will put on a pretttt stiff fight! Might take an hour to land him.

And that's supposed to be a sport?

Aw, cut it out, Steve! Just sit down and watch for a while! You'll see... if I'm lucky!
Maxwell tied the bass-plug to the end of his line and lifted the rod from its sand-spike holder...

If you're lucky! You mean if the bass is unlucky!

I'll ignore that! Now this type of fishing is called surf-casting. First, you cast the plug as far out into the surf as you can...

Max began to wind the reel slowly and evenly. Taking the line back up...

...like this! The plug, because of its design, bobs and weaves through the water somewhat resembling a small fish! Striper feed on small fish in the surf...

Suddenly, the rod in Max's hands bent and the reel began to sing as the line spun off it...

A strike! I've hooked one!

As Steve watched, Max struggled with the hooked fish! The rod bent under the strain! Max began to reel in, but many times the line would go shooting back out in spite of his work...

Can't you just reel him in? Must you let him go out like that again? If I didn't, the line would snap!

Max continued to fight the hooked fish for twenty minutes! At times they could see it leap o'eran of the water in an effort to free itself.

Look at him! Jump!

It's horrible!

I'm not letting him run out! He's taking it out! Gasp! There's a series of clutch disks inside a surf-heel called a 'drag.' I set it for the tested strength of the line! Then, if the fish yanks harder, the drag releases the line and avoids breaking...
Max hauled the fish well up onto the beach and put his foot on its head...

Bring me the knife in the box, Steve! I've got to get the hook loose!

Good Lord, Max! How could you? Let the poor thing go!

Steve turned to go when...

Steve! Look out!

Oh! I'm sorry!

The contents of the tackle box lay scattered over the white sand...

I'll see you later, Max! I'll come back and pick you up in a couple of hours!

Huh, huh! Okay! Go ahead, softy! I'll be here!

Max watched Steve cross the beach to the parked car and drive off. Then he knelted and began replacing the spilled fishing tackle...

Poor guy! Boy, was he flustered! I didn't have the heart to make him pick up the stuff he kicked out! Ah... here's the knife!

Max bent and slashed the hooked-lure from the gulping mouth of the beached fish. Then he slipped his thumb beneath one gill and lifted it... admiringly...

Man, oh man! What a beauty! Thirty pounds, at least! And what a fighter! A real devil!
Max placed the fish into a plastic bag...

There! That’ll keep the sun off you!

Then he checked his line and prepared for another cast...

Maybe I’ll hook into another one!

The rod whipped forward and the bass-plug sailed out over the incoming breakers once more...

Ah! That was a good cast!

C’mon, baby! Hit me!

For a full hour, Max cast into the white frothy waves. Reeled in... cast. Reeled in... but without another strike...

Looks like one is all I get today! Aw! I’ll quit for a while! I’m hungry anyway!

Boy! A nice sandwich and oh, no! The lunch is in the car?

Max cursed and kicked up the sand angrily... suddenly, he saw something lying there... something bright and colorful...

Hey! Looks like a candy bar!

Must have been in my tackle-box and got kicked out! What luck! I’m starved!
Max unwrapped the candy bar and bit into it hungrily. He never noticed the silky, almost invisible thread hanging from it...

Suddenly the silk thread grew taut! Max felt a piercing pain in his cheek...

The pain in Max's cheek was unbearable. It felt like a barbed hook in the line, running from his mouth, grew tighter and tighter! Max screamed in pain...

The line! It comes from the water!

The dusty automobile pulled up to the beach where the road ended. Steve got out and looked down toward the surf, rod standing alone on the deserted beach...

That's funny! I wonder where Max is?

Something caught Steve's eye! Something out in the water!

As it broke the surface, a blood-curdling scream echoed above the roar of the incoming breakers. It hesitated for a split second, then it was gone. A man's head...

Good Lord! Max!

Slowly, steadily, Max was dragged screaming and struggling toward the water. The stinging pain in his mouth was excruciating! He tried to spit it out, tried to free himself, but it was no use! Savagely, he dug his heels into the soft sand. It did no good! Oh, and oh, he was dragged...

On toward the roaring surf...

Yaaaaaaaaah!

The VAULT-KEEPER tells how to get toons in his column. The VAULT-KEEPER's Corner.

Bernie, me! Bern! Max was hooked! Now he knows how a fish feels. What kind of fish does beach-casting for men. You ask? Well, how should I know? Am I a fish? Heh, heh! Oh, by the way. Next time you go fishing be careful! Remember! Some fish may be man-ing, and you might get hooked, too. But you won't be hooked when you send for back issues! Shocked is a better word! The VAULT-KEEPER tells how to get your in his column. The VAULT-KEEPER's Corner.

Now I'll turn you back to him. 'Bye!
Deftly, with fingers long accustomed to the ritual, Betty folded the meat order and slipped it under the anxious dog's collar...

"So come right back with it, you hear? There! row. Off you go!"

Betty reached deep into her world of darkness and patted Jerry's soft silky head. Then she raised a warning finger. Her blind eyes staring past the squatting dog...

"And mind you, Jerry, go straight to the butcher shop! Mrs. Simpson will be here soon, and I have to have that order in the house!"

"AND NOW, COME SEE...

What the dog dragged in!"
JERRY STARTED AWAY LIKE A SHOT AT HIS MISTRESS'S COMMAND. SCRAMBLING OUT OF THE BEDROOM, AND DOWN THE RICKETY STAIRS...

AND WATCH OUT FOR CARS, BOY!

...THROUGH THE BROKEN PANEL IN THE SATTERED FRONT DOOR, DOWN THE OVERBROWN PATH, THE DOG RACED

OR UP THE DUSTY ROAD TO TOWN FROM HER BEDROOM WINDOW, BETTY SAT IN HER WHEELCHAIR, STARING OUT WITH SIGHTLESS EYES...

HER, WHEN JERRY'S YELPS COULD NO LONGER BE HEARD SETTY PUSHED HARD ON THE RIGHT WHEEL AND SWUNG AWAY FROM THE WARM SUNNY AIR OUTSIDE SO THAT SHE FACED THE DUSTY RAMSHACKLE INTERIOR OF HER RUN-DOWN HOUSE.

GOOD DOG! GOOD OLD JERRY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU.

Meanwhile, far down the dusty road, JERRY RACED ALORS, KICKING UP THE PEBBLES WITH HIS HIND PAWS. SOON HE APPROACHED THE STAYS HIGHWAY THAT Lead INTO TOWN.

GOOD DOG! GOOD OLD JERRY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU.

As the LOP-ED DOG SWUNG OUT OF THE DIRT SIDE-ROAD ONTO THE SMOOTH STRIP OF CONCRETE HIGHWAY, A SPEEDING CAR HURLED AT HIM! THE STILL, HOT AFTERNOON AIR WAS FILLED WITH THE SCREAMING SHRIEK OF BRAKES AND THE YIPING SQUEAL OF A DOG IN PAIN.

GOOD LORD!

In her plaster-cracked room, BETTY LIFTED HER SENSITIVE FINGERS FROM THE WART-LIKE BRAILLE BOOK AND LISTENED! IT CAME LIKE A THIN THREAD STRETCHED ACROSS THE SUNNY AFTERNOON AIR. THE FAINT SOUND OF A CAR... STOPPING! THEN IT WAS SONS AS IF A GIANT SCISSOR HAD SNAPPED IT.

WHAT... WHAT WAS THAT? IT SOUNDED LIKE BRAKES... OUT OR THE HIGHWAY!
The man in the snappy sport coat looked down at the still furry mound lying before his expensive car! He shook his head then he stooped and placed his hand on the dog's chest...

Poor Thris 'ran right out in front of me' he... what's this? Heart's still beating 'he's... alive!'

The sleek car pulled up before the veterinarian's. And the man in the sport coat carried the limp form of the dog inside. After a hasty examination, the white-coated vet announced...

'He'll be all right... he's just bruised up a bit!'

The afternoon passed and evenings came, but still the dog did not return. Betty sat in her room... in her world of darkness... waiting...

Oh, Jerry! Jerry! Where are you?

While a few miles away, in his luxurious home, Roger cartwright the wealthy philanthropist comforted the wounded Jerry...

Just take it easy, Feller! In a few days, you'll be good as new. Then we'll see about returning you to your master!

While back at the house...

Jerry should be back at now. Mrs. Simpson, I can't understand it. I don't know who's comin' in and coosin' for you, Miss Betty. But I don't wait around all day! I'll just have to make do with what you have...

And so, two days later, Betty, heartbroken over the disappearance of her cherished companion, gasped as his friendly bank drifted up to her from below...

Jenny! It's Jerry! He's come back!
Blind Betty flung her arms about Jerry as he scampered into her bedroom and huddled his warm nose against her tear-streaked cheek.

"Oh, Jerry! Jerry! I was afraid you'd been killed!" she almost whispered.

"What's wrong, Miss?" asked the man in the room. Someone had brought Jerry back to her.

"My name is Betty. I'm Betty Marsh. I don't know how to thank you, Roger!"

Roger Cartwright studied the attractive blind girl in the wheelchair as she clutched her dog affectionately.

"My name is Roger. You can call me Roger."

"Don't try, Betty! Do you know the least about the circumstances?"

"I don't!"

"It was the least I could do under the circumstances."

"Yes, he is smart! He does all my shopping for me!"

"A few miles away! You have a very clever dog!"

"He practically guided me here!"

"Well, I must be going, Betty! It's getting late!"

"You'll come again, won't you, Roger? I have so few visitors!"

"Of course I'll come again, Betty! Anytime you want me to! Just send your dog! He knows where I live!"

"Roger looked down at the sweet young girl. "Relentless thing before him..."

"Don't you tell me? I don't ever know your last name!"
Roger made his way out of Betty's shabby room and down the rickety stairs.

No, Betty! I can't tell you my last name or where I live! I hope you don't know!

I don't understand...

I... I hope you don't mind... I couldn't tell her who I am! I'm wealthy! I'm known for my charitable work! I wouldn't want her to think I was seeing her out of pity! She'd hate me for it! And I don't want that!

BETTY LISTENED AS ROGER'S CAR ROARED AWAY INTO THE GATHERING TWILIGHT. SHE HUGGED JERRY'S SOFT SILKY HEAD, PRESSING HER CHEEK AGAINST IT.

OR, JERRY! HE'S SO NICE! THANK YOU FOR FINDING HIM FOR ME!

Betty smiled as Jerry's happy barking announced his return.

ROGER? YES, BETTY! I'M HERE! I'M SO GLAD YOU SENT JERRY FOR ME! I'VE BEEN WAITING.

I'm happy you came, Roger! Sit down here next to me! We'll talk.

Several says later, as Roger Cartwright was sitting on the terrace of his luxurious home, a dog came dashing furiously across his vast well-kept lawn.

JERRY! I've been waiting for you to come! Does Betty want me to visit her again? Does she, feller?
A week went by. Roger’s visits became more frequent. Betty would send Jenny for him, and he’d come back with the rap-pily yelping dog! Then they’d be together, laughing, chatting! One day...

Please, Roger! I couldn’t. I’m an invalid... blind... I’ll marry me? Be a burden.

The next day, Betty sat alone in her world of darkness, waiting for Jerry to return with Roger... waiting for the happy barking... but when Jerry trotted in sadly... and laid his head in her lap, whimpering...

Jenny isn’t Roger home today? I wonder where he could be.

Day after day, Betty would send Jenny for Roger... and day after day, the panting dog would return... alone. It’s been over a month. Jenny! Where is he? What’s happened to him? Oh, dear Lord! If only you could talk... tell me what’s wrong.

The day after that, Betty sent Jerry once again... and once again, Jenny returned alone.

Jerry didn’t you bring him back today either? What is it? You’re trembling.

Day after day, Betty would send Jenny for Roger... and day after day, the panting dog would return... alone. But I love you, darling. Oh, Roger, Roger! Do you? I’ve loved you since the first time you came here.

Sweetheart! Dearest!
HAO STOPPED COMING TO CALL—AFTER BETTY'S TEARFUL PLEADING, THE DOG DARTED AWAY... DOWN THE RICKETY STEPS AND UP THE DUNGY ROAD!

BY THAT NIGHT, HE'D STILL NOT RETURNED...

ON, JERRY! JERRY! YOU'VE DESERTED ME, TOO! I'M ALL ALONE, ROW!

JERRY'S GONE BACK!

BETTY SWUNG HER WHEELCHAIR AROUND... SOMEONE WAS COMING UP THE RICKETY STAIRS!

SLOWLY, PAINFULLY DRAWDING ONE LEG AFTER THE OTHER!

THE BEDROOM DOOR SWUNG OPEN! IT BOOED FAOWED IN THE DOORWAY!

BETTY STARED AT IT WITH SIGHTLESS EYES.

SO WHO ELSE? YER, KIDDIES! IT WAS ROGER! OEO ROGER, THAT IS! HOW WASTN'T JERRY A LOYAL DOG? SIX FEET IS AN AWFUL LOT OF DIGGIN' FOR SUCH TINY PAWS! IT'S GOOD BETTY IS BLIND! SHE'S LUCKY SHE CAN'T SEE WHAT THE WUFF DRABBED IN! BUT YOU CAN SEE SOMETHING HORRIBLE IF YOU WANT TO! MY FACE! MY BACK!

...AND EVERYONE IS AVAILABLE! READ MY COLUMN, THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER, FOR INFO ON HOW TO BET YOURS AND WE'LL ALL BE FREE NEXT IN THE HAUNT OF CEAN!
HEE-HEE! I'M GOING TO DO LIKE THESE TWO GOOFY GHOULUNATICS, AND GET MY OWN SUBSCRIPTIONS TO ALL THE EC COMICS!

SUBSCRIBE!
AND GET ANY OR ALL OF THE FABULOUS EC COMICS DELIVERED DIRECT TO YOUR CRYPT, VAULT, HAUNT OR HOUSE IN A STOUT ILLUSTRATED MANILA ENVELOPE!

GEMSTONE PUBLISHING
PO BOX 469
WEST PLAINS, MO 65775
417-256-2224
or call 1-800-EC CRYPT

START MY 4-ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FOLLOWING EC COMICS

- CRYPT
- WEIRD SCIENCE
- SHOCK
- VAULT
- WEIRD FANTASY
- TWO-FISTED
- HAUNT
- INCREDIBLE SF
- CRIME

NAME & ADDRESS

REMIT $8 EACH ($12 OUTSIDE US IN US FUNDS)
DON'T CUT IF YOU DON'T WANT TO PHOTOCOPY OR YOUR OWN PAPER OKAY

MISSOURI RESIDENTS MUST ADD 4.9% SALES TAX
MARYLAND RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6% SALES TAX

ALL SUBS START WITH "NEXT" ISSUE
PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE
YEAT MORE EC COMICS!!

FOR APPROXIMATELY A YEAR, GLADSTONE PUBLISHED A LINE OF EC REPRINT COMICS CONSISTING OF THE TITLES SHOWN BELOW. EACH ISSUE CONTAINED 64 PAGES IN FULL COMIC BOOK COLOR. THE FIRST 32 FROM THE 'KEY' TITLE AND THE LAST 32 FROM A SECOND TITLE IN ADDITION. THERE ARE OCCASIONAL ARTICLES ABOUT THE MACABRE IN LITERATURE, A THEN-CURRENT LETTER COLUMN AND OTHER READER-WRITTEN FEATURES.

RUSS COCHRAN NOW HAS THE ENTIRE BACKSTOCK OF GLADSTONE'S EC REPRINT LINE! EVERY ISSUE IS IN STOCK AND AVAILABLE FOR IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT. COMPLETE YOUR EC COLLECTION BY PURCHASING THESE COMICS!

CONTENTS OF GLADSTONE EC COMICS

GLAD CRYPT
#1 CRYPT 33 (1962)
CRIME 17 (1963)
#2 CRYPT 35 (1962)
CRIME 16 (1963)
#3 CRYPT 39 (1963)
CRIME 1 (1963)
#4 CRYPT 18 (1960)
CRIME 9 (1963)
#5 CRYPT 42 (1954)
CRIME 27 (1965)
#6 CRYPT 45 (1964)
CRIME 5 (1961)
#7 CRYPT 34 (1953)
CRIME 15 (1961)
#8 CRYPT 16 (1960)
CRIME 10 (1962)
#9 CRYPT 46 (1965)
CRIME 1 (1965)
#10 CRYPT 42 (1954)
CRIME 27 (1965)
#11 CRYPT 34 (1953)
CRIME 15 (1961)
#12 CRYPT 16 (1960)
CRIME 10 (1962)
#13 CRYPT 46 (1965)
CRIME 1 (1965)
#14 CRYPT 42 (1954)
CRIME 27 (1965)

GLAD VAULT
#1 VAULT 4 (1963)
HAUNT 6 (1961)
#2 VAULT 25 (1960)
HAUNT 16 (1961)
#3 VAULT 22 (1953)
VAULT 13 (1960)
#4 VAULT 23 (1953)
HAUNT 13 (1962)
#5 VAULT 16 (1961)
W FAN 8 (1961)
#6 VAULT 32 (1953)
W FAN 8 (1961)
#7 VAULT 17 (1962)
W FAN 11 (1962)
#8 VAULT 17 (1962)
W FAN 11 (1962)
#9 VAULT 17 (1962)
W FAN 11 (1962)
#10 VAULT 17 (1962)
W FAN 11 (1962)
#11 VAULT 17 (1962)
W FAN 11 (1962)
#12 VAULT 17 (1962)
W FAN 11 (1962)

GLAD WEIRD
#1 W SCI 23 (1963)
W SCI 22 (1963)
#2 W SCI 5 (1963)
W SCI 6 (1963)
#3 W SCI 5 (1963)
W SCI 6 (1963)
#4 W SCI 5 (1963)
W SCI 6 (1963)
#5 W SCI 5 (1963)
W SCI 6 (1963)
#6 W SCI 5 (1963)
W SCI 6 (1963)

GLAD HAUNT
#1 HAUNT 22 (1960)
W SCI 6 (1963)
#2 HAUNT 22 (1960)
W SCI 6 (1963)
#3 HAUNT 22 (1960)
W SCI 6 (1963)
#4 HAUNT 22 (1960)
W SCI 6 (1963)
#5 HAUNT 22 (1960)
W SCI 6 (1963)
#6 HAUNT 22 (1960)
W SCI 6 (1963)

WHEN ORDERING, PLEASE IDENTIFY AS GLAD TITLE ISSUE # FOR EXAMPLE "GLAD CRYPT #1." GLAD CRYPT #1 IS $5; GLAD CRYPT #4, GLAD WEIRD #1 AND #4 ARE $4 EACH. ALL OTHER ISSUES ARE $3 EACH. INCLUDE $5 PER ORDER FOR S&H ($10 OUTSIDE US).

US FUNDS ONLY
MISSOURI RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6.225% SALES TAX
MISSOURI PUBLISHING 417-256-2224
MARYLAND RESIDENTS MUST ADD 5% SALES TAX
MARYLAND 417-256-2224
OR TO ORDER CALL 1-800-EC CRYPT AND ASK FOR THE ORDER DESK
USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!
EXCLUSIVE
TO READERS OF THIS COMIC!

THESE TWO DESIGNS HAVE BEEN CREATED ESPECIALLY FOR, AND EXCLUSIVELY FOR YOU! THEY SHOW HBO’s CRYPT-KEEPER ENJOYING EITHER TALES FROM THE CRYPT #7 (BLUE COVER) OR #8 (RED COVER.) EACH DESIGN IS AVAILABLE ON A BLACK OR WHITE 100% COTTON SHIRT.

SPECIFY YOUR CHOICE OF DESIGN AND SIZE (LARGE OR X-LARGE). CHOOSE FROM: RED COVER ON BLACK SHIRT, $15. BLUE COVER ON BLACK SHIRT, $15. RED COVER ON WHITE SHIRT, $14. BLUE COVER ON WHITE SHIRT, $14.

SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED, SO ORDER SOON. ADD $5 SHIPPING AND HANDLING IN THE US. PLEASE CALL FOR SHIPPING CHARGES OUTSIDE THE US.

US FUNDS ONLY
MISSOURI RESIDENTS ADD 6.225% SALES TAX
MARYLAND RESIDENTS ADD 5% SALES TAX
GEMSTONE PUBLISHING 417-256-2224 POB 469 WEST PLAINS, MO 65775
OR TO ORDER CALL 1-800-EC-CRYPT AND ASK FOR THE ORDER DESK. USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!

PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE