FANTASTIC 1950s EC COMICS!

NO. 13
OCT

THE VAULT OF HORROR®

FEATURING...

GOOD LORD! THE BLOOD HAS ALREADY BEEN DRAINED OUT OF THIS CORPSE! BUT HOW... WHO...?
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NEH, NEH! WON'T YOU COME INTO MY PARLOR? UNDERTAKING PARLOR, THAT IS! SET YOURSELF DOWN IN A COMFY COFFIN AND REST YOUR WEARY BONES, WHILE I BEAT MY BICUSPIDS ABOUT ANOTHER BLOOD-COAGULATOR FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION HERE IN THE VAULT OF HORROR! AS YOU KNOW, I AM THE VAULT-REAPER, AND THE STORY I AM GOING TO TELL IS GRUESOME ENOUGH TO ROCK GIBRALTAR! NEH, NEH! SO LET'S BEGIN THE TERRIFYING TALE I CALL...

A BLOODY UNDERTAKING!

LIKE A NUGE MONSTER, THE TRAIN PANTED AND PUFFED FORTH ANGRY CLOUDS OF SMOKE AS IT SHOT OUT OF TOMPKINS STATION AND SLOWLY MOVED DOWN THE SILVER THREADS OF TRACK INTO THE NIGHT. THE MAN ON THE PLATFORM WAVED A FINAL FAREWELL, TURNED, AND WALKED TOWARD HIS PARKED CAR...

(SIGH!) IT'S TOO BAD GEORGE DECIDED TO LEAVE! HE WAS THE BEST ASSISTANT I'VE EVER HAD! OH, WELL... (SIGH!)
He slid behind the wheel, closed the car door, and switched on the ignition. He lit a cigarette and, as he tossed the burnt match out the window, noticed a slight movement in the shadows of the station...

... no one or duty at this hour? Wonder who it could be?

The girl yanked open the door, with a rustle of her skirt and a flash of stockinged leg. She settled herself in the seat. A bit flustered, the man threw in the clutch, and they drove away.

Curious, he watched as the figure of a young woman stepped into the moonlight... and walked slowly yet deliberately, across the snow to stand by his car window...

ER... GOOD EVENING! I... I didn't see you get off the train? Car I. I mean... if you don't mind, could I give you a lift?

THANKS, MAC! THAT'S REAL FRIENDLY OF YOU!

The girl sat close to him. Her legs crossed, a soft smile upon her lips. Her cheeks and heavy perfume filled the car. She spoke softly...

THE NAME IS WILMA! I'M SURE GLAD YOU WERE AROUND! EH? OH! WHY, I'M GLAD I CAN HELP YOU! MY NAME IS PODGES! GILBERT PODGES!

As they drove, Gilbert found himself doing a great deal of talking... GREAT DEAL.

YES, I OWN THE BIGGEST UNDERTAKING PARLOR IN THE COUNTY! VERY SUCCESSFUL, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!

WELL... I'VE BEEN THINKING OF RETIRING, BUT I CAN'T! MY ASSISTANT JUST LEFT FOR THE CITY TO OPEN HIS OWN PLACE! NOW I HAVE TO TRAIN SOMEONE ELSE... AND A GOOD ASSISTANT ISN'T EASY TO FIND!

ON, I'LL GET ALONG! I'LL HAVE TO WORK HARDER, BUT I'M USED TO IT! WHEN I WAS A BOY...

ON! HERE'S WHERE I GET OUT! IT'S SO SORRY, GILBERT!

ON, YOU POOR DEAR!
Then suddenly, she was gone... and he was left with the vision of her shapely legs... the thrill of her warm, moist lips... the scent of her perfume that still filled the car.

Gilbert glanced out the window at the dark, dreary house almost completely hidden by overhanging leaves. Then he felt Wilma's body press closer to him, and he turned to find her lips only inches from his own.

Then, Gilbert... this risqué will show you how grateful I am...

Heh, heh! What a schlomp! Gilbert had it bad... and every night he didn't have a 'client,' he went to see Wilma! The fact that perhaps she was only interested in him because of his money never dawned on him! He was head over heels in love!

Wilma... I... I've only known you for a few days, but I've grown to... I mean, Wilma... will you be my wife?

Sure, honey... if you want me to!

And so, that night, they drove to the next town and were married...

I... I wish we could go on a honey... moon now, Wilma... but I have so much work!

I understand, Gilbert! It's all right! Your work is more important!

I've just arrived in town, sir. And I need the job... badly! I'm not afraid to work hard, and I learn fast!

Mmm... all right, Mr. Orayhe... you're hired!

And he did... the very next day, a strange queer-looking man applied for the job...
Gilbert wasn't gone very long, but when he returned, his new assistant, Charlie Onayne, wasn't in the laboratory...

Hmmm... probably stepped out for a minute? Ah! I see he's finished removing the blood!

About a week later, Gilbert entered his place of business and sat at his desk to read the morning paper. Its headlines screamed at him:

IT SAYS HERE THAT THE KILLING HAPPENED A WEEK AGO! THE BODY WASN'T FOUND UNTIL LAST EVENING! ORN! GIVES ME THE WILLIES! WELL... BETTER GET TO WORK!

He tossed the paper aside and went into his laboratory. The latest corpse lay on its white slab... and Gilbert withdrew the sheet...

WY... THIS CORPSE HAS ALREADY BEEN VNANCED OF ITS BLOOD! CHARLEY MUST HAVE WORKED ON IT LAST NIGHT!

HE'S A STRANGE LOOKING FELLOW, BUT HE'S COMING ALONG FINE!

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HE'S A STRANGE LOOKING FELLOW, BUT HE'S COMING ALONG FINE!
A week passed, and Gilbert didn't receive any new calls...

Wouldn't you know it? I'm up to my ears in work... until I hire an assistant! Then, everybody stop! Yawn!

Oh, well! There's still a lot of other things to be done! Paper work has piled up tremendously! Now I'll be able to get everything straightened out!

Gilbert had many things to do... but not so with Charlie...

Charlie... stop pacing the floor! Why don't you clean the lab if you want something to do?

Cleaned it four times already!

That evening, at home with his wife Wilma...

I don't know what I'm going to do with Charlie! It's... it's almost abnormal... the way he loves to work on those dead bodies!

I never did like him! He's so creepy-looking! Brrh!

Oh, I guess there's nothing really wrong with him! Just a bit... odd, perhaps?

You can't prove it yet! He's not weird! Every time I see him, I get goose-pimples!
Well...er, you see...I was nervous tonight, so I went for a walk, like you said I should! I just...er...came here to see if there wasn't something I could do!

Uh... I see...

The next morning, shocking headlines made Gilbert Podges think twice about Charlie. Another vampire murder! And Charlie... he... he said he was out walking last night! Hmmm...

Well, I have some work to do in the lab! I'll be back in a few hours!

All right, Gilbert! I'll wait up for you!

Gilbert arrived at the lab and pattered about for several minutes! Suddenly...

Someone's coming! That's funny! Who could it be at this hour? It's after midnight!

Who's there?

Why... Why, it's only me, Mr. Podges! I... I didn't know you were here!

Isn't it a rather strange time for you to be getting in?

I tell you, he must be the one who did those killings! That's why he loves to work on corpses... so he can drink their blood!

It all adds up! Everything you told us points to him! He is the vampire! Why... the first killing occurred just about the same time he showed up in town!

It didn't take long! The word spread like a prairie fire... and in a short time the road was filled with enraged townspeople, all heading for Podges' funeral parlor...
The little man ran as fast as his legs could carry him. Crashing into trees, tripping and falling over rocks and gnarled boughs, he tried desperately to escape the hysterical townsfolk who constantly narrowed the distance between them and himself...

Fear constricted his breathing... his pounding heart seemed to tear itself from his breast and he screamed at the top of his lungs for salvation! He screamed... but his ears were filled with a thunderous sound that he knew would only be stilled by his death.

He fell to the ground, weak, trembling... and scrambled and clawed at the snow desperately in a frantic effort to flee, while tears streamed down his face, sweat-covered face! But it was too late. They were upon him...

He felt himself lifted and thrown, beaten, kicked, lifted and crushed to the ground again and again! He felt no actual pain and time was an unknown thing! He knew only an all-consuming fear... he heard only a tremendous conglomerate of high pitched, frenzied screams! He felt the sharp point of the stake jabbing into his chest! He saw the sledge hammer raised...
OH, I HOPE I NEVER HAVE TO THROUGH THAT AGAIN. I'M SURE WE DID RIGHT... YET IT WAS SO HORRIBLE TO SEE.

MIMA! THE VAMPIRE!

IT WAS OVER... AND THE ENSUING SILENCE WAS MORE DEAFENING THAN THEIR LOUDEST SHOUTING. SOME BEGAN TO WALK SLOWLY BACK TOWARD THE TOWN...

There was no joy... no talking... only an empty, yet glorious realization that a horrible danger to them had at last been destroyed...

Gilbert Podges trudged back into town with the others! T'guu! Throo and worn from the chase. He nonetheless felt like a hero... for hadn't he been the one who had wielded the sledge-hammer?

His entire body ached and paired him, and his weariness was almost overwhelming, as he entered his undertaking parlor.

"OH, LORD! I HOPE I NEVER HAVE TO THROUGH THAT AGAIN! I'M SURE WE DID RIGHT... YET IT WAS SO HORRIBLE TO SEE!

Puzzled, he moved slowly around until he was in front of her. Then she flared up at him and snarled! He gasped in horror as he saw her fanged, blood-covered mouth... the two small holes in her victim's neck...

Wilma! You're the vampire!!

Heh, heh! Charming! Simply charming! Well, at least Gilbert can be sure that Wilma didn't marry him for his money... she really had his career at heart! She didn't want to drain his pockets... only his customers! And wasn't it a bloody shame about poor innocent Charlie? They staked him to a free ride to the town cemetery! Oh, if you smell a foul odor about this time, it's only the brew the old witch is preparing for your pleasure! She follows next, so 'bye for a while!!
Nee, nee! I got a dilly cooked up! Smell it? Come in! Come into the haunt of fear! I'm your waitress in wails, the old witch! Each time we meet, I light the fire under my cauldron and brew a tasty tale of savory screamings, barnished with gore, topped off with a dash of delirium, and served up to you as a heaping horror helping! This little yarn I'm about to dig out ought to go pretty fur! It's called...

...with all the trappings!

A gentle breeze fanned the pine trees that towered above the town's only cemetery. The small band of fur-trappers and their wives stood in silence as the simple pine box was lowered into the yawning grave. The mourners had come down from their cabins scattered throughout the Canadian North Woods to pay their last respects to a fellow-trapper.

Emile was a good man! We will miss him on the trap lines, come winter.

Come, mama! It is over!
An aged couple turned from the sad scene and made their way out of the cemetery.

Pierre: What is it? You are so pale!

Pierre Ouval and his wife, Mania, traveled warily out of town and into the woods along a well-worn trail...

The old people continued on in silence. The path they traveled became more and more overgrown with each passing week. Finally, they came to a clearing...

Ah, it is time to set up the trap-lines, Pierre. I will make you some tea, Pierre! Perhaps you will feel better!

So Pierre munched and drank his tea. He stopped talking about it, but he didn't stop thinking about it! The horridous thought of burying Mania, of being buried himself...in a pine box to become a victim of the worms and rats...preyed upon his mind when winter came...

Old and near death, Mania! I must have money!
Soon the crows began to fall and the temperature dropped to freezing! Pierre took out his traps, ignoring the pains of one that whacked his body. He was gone a week laying the trap-line.

"Pierre! You are mad! I must do it! I must do it!" "What was waiting for?" Pierre!

Maria lay propped on the cabin ploom. She was dead. Pierre fell on his knees and wept...

Every Monday morning, Pierre would set off on the three-day trip to cover his trap line and gather the animals that had been caught late in December. When he was returning from one of these trip...

Pierre tore open the envelope and read the enclosed folder. Maria froze over his shoulder and helped...

"Metal vaults? What is that? Pierre?" "See! It says so... right there! 'Absolute protection.'"

"The maggots! He worms! A metal vault is the answer! The coffin goes inside! Every thing in sealed!"

"Pierre! STOP! You are crazy to think of such things!"

"Hmmm... too bad! The prices are not given!

Maria... sob... Maria!"
After a while, Pierre stood up and dried his eyes. He looked down at his deceased wife. His face determined.

"I will not let them bury her in a flimsy pine box!" he said. "I will not let them feed you to the grave crawlers!"

Pierre trudged down the snow-covered trail to the north woods settlement. By the time he'd entered the town, Pierre knew he'd made a grave mistake.

I must be careful, perhaps the metal vault is expensive. If I cannot afford it, they will force me to bury Maria in a pine box!

So when Pierre entered the office of the town under-taker:

PIERRE: "FRIENDS... do not tell me that. I just want a little information."

M. HE BANG: "PIERRE. PIERRE... do not tell me that. I just want a little information."

PIERRE: "YOU SEE, MANIA AND I WERE THINKING WE ARE SETTLING ON IN YEARS NOW. WE FEEL THAT WE MUST BEGIN PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE. YOU UNDERSTAND? WE HAVE HEARD ABOUT METAL VAULTS AND WOULD LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THEM."

M. HE BANG: "I FORGET ABOUT A METAL VAULT FIERRE!"

ONE OF THOSE THINGS COSTS THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

THREE HUNDRED! MON Diable!

PIERRE RETURNED TO HIS CABIN AND SANK INTO A CHAIR BESIDE HIS DEAD WIFE’S BODY...

"THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS! WHY... IT WOULD TAKE A WHOLE WINTER’S TRAPPING TO MAKE THAT MUCH MONEY!"
Suddenly Pierre jumped up! He rushed to the window and stared out at the icicles hanging from the roof.

Of course! Of course! How simple! How easy!

Pierre turned to his dead Maria... "You will have your metal vault, Maria! I will wait till I have trapped three-hundred dollars worth of pelts... and then I will bury you!"

Pierre cannied Maria out into the freezing wind and around to the back of the cabin. A snow laden shack, used in the summer as an ice-house, stood before him... "In the meanwhile... you will sleep in here!"

From the frozen stream beyond the clearing, Pierre cut blocks of ice and dragged them to the shed... where Maria, covered with a threadbare quilt, lay on a worn mattress.

The ice will freeze you, my dear! You will stay preserved until your funeral."

Then Pierre locked the shed door and piled snow high around to seal it... "Just like the frozen-food lockers I have heard about!"

In the month that followed Pierre lengthened his trap-line so that it took him almost a week to cover it! Each Monday he would set out, and by Saturday would return laden with the fur-bearing animals that had been ensnared...

Gasp... this week was good! Two otters... one silver fox... one muskrat... and two lynx! Twenty-five dollars, at least!

Pierre wonked his trap-line feverishly throughout the long winter! Each time he returned to his cabin with pelts, he would stop by the shed... "It will not be long now, Maria! Soon I will have enough!"
Once, on one of his trap-line rounds, Pierre came across a trap that had been sprung! The snow around the trap was stained red with blood, but the animal was not there! Only a frozen paw was pinned between the trap jaws... "Sacre deu!"

A lynx? And a big one, too! It has ripped itself loose! Its right foreleg still lays in my trap!

On through the winter Pierre doggedly traveled the trap-lines, gathering his catches! The collection of pelts grew... Only a few more. Maria! Then I will have enough!

Pain tormented Pierre's arming body, but the determined trapper ignored it. The thought of the spring thaw and Maria's funeral spurred him on...

"Ermine! What luck!"

Pierre packed his collection of furs and rushed into the settlement to sell them...

Okay, Quval! Here's your money! Three-hundred and four dollars!

Thank you! Thank you!

Waving his money, Pierre burst into the settlement's undertaking establishment...

Henri! Here it is! The three-hundred dollars for the metal vault!

What are you talking about, Pierre?
Pierre hurried back to his cabin through the icy winds. He wanted to tell Maria the good news...

Maria! Maria! I have done it! I have ordered your funeral!

As Pierre unlocked the ice-house, tears of joy filled his aging eyes. He swung open the door, smiling happily. Suddenly the snin froze over his wizened face. His eyes widened in horror...

Maria! Oh... Mon Dieu!

Maria's body had been dragged from its mattress and lay rigid in a dark corner of the sub-zero ice house. Most of its flesh had been stripped away leaving white bones. Beside it, a vicious-looking gray form crouched. Fangs bared! A lynx with its right foreleg torn off...

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHH!

Hee, Nee! Like they say kiddies: a chain of events is only as strong as its weakest lynx. So poor Pierre's plan was torn to shreds! The bleeding wild-cat just crawled into the ice house. Found itself a free meal ticket—and hung around not that I blame it! After all, a hot meal is fine...

But cold cuts are better than nothing. Of course Pierre golfeo the lame old feline. Hee hee! He fed off on the lynx! Bye, now!
Dear VK,
I just love my EC, I only have #11 of THE VAULT OF HORROR but I sure intend to get more! I loved all the stories but I thought "Fountains of Youth!" was the best. Of course I will convince my friends to buy ECs because your comics are the best (I've ever seen in my life (I'm 11 years old). Keep up the great work both you and Russ. Truly a fan,
Ian Rose
Indianapolis, IN

If you live to 111, same result! You can get our back issues from us direct (see end of letters column).
—VK

I have questions: 1) Is there a video game of "Teles from the Crypt?" 2) Which monster is the strongest? 3) What happens to a werewolf if you grind it up or burn it to ashes, does it die? (People say only silver can kill werewolves.)

Someone Somewhere, MI

1) Dunno; don't Care. 2) The Living Limburger. 3) Check "Wish You Were Here" (HAUNT 22, in GLAD VAULT #3). Heh-heh!
—VK

Dear VK,
I really loved your issue 12. My favorite story was "A Stitch in Time!" I guess Mr. Lasch got all tied up in the end, How are you doing in The Vault of Horror? You're the coolest ghoul around. Well, I'd better go or my mummy will suck my blood. Horribly yours,
Cody Alexander, age 11 Lawrenceburg KY

Dear VK,
You are the greatest! I have collected your comics since VAULT #10. It was great! I especially loved "One Last Fling!" I have just one question. Are you and OW going to be on the "Crypt" show? The fourth Ghoul Nasitic,
Derek McKeen Houston, TX

Maybe not, but simplified versions of us are on the Saturday kidvid.
—VK

I recently became a fan of you and the OW and CK before I left for India where I'm writing you from.
India has many gruesome ghostly rumors. There's a haunted house in my neighborhood. Have you done any of your haunting in India?
In the story "Monster in the Ice!" the OW said she teaches a cooking class. What kinds of foods does she cook? May I come to a class? If not, I beg her to send me a recipe.
My father read the story "What the Dog Dragged In!" as a kid. I write horror stories. I'll send you some (I'll be back when the letter reaches you).
Evan Henry age 9 La Mesa CA

Did you visit the capital, in India-napolis? (VK, you provincial poophead, that's INDIA—the subcontinent) —ED

Oh, you mean H I N C, wh? Speaking of which, The Old Witch sent me a dish spiced with curry—TIM Curry! —VK

Dear Vault-Keeper,
Is it me or does "What the Dog Dragged In!" in issue #11 bear a lot of resemblance to a story written by Ray Bradbury? It's me isn't it?

After reading "Gone... Fishing!" (also issue #11) I'll think twice about eating a chocolate bar that is lying around on the beach!

While reading one of my two copies of "Masters of Terror" I noticed that "The Music of Erich Zann" by H.P. Lovecraft was illustrated by an artist named Johnny Craig! I couldn't help but wonder if it was the one and only Johnny Craig of EC Is it?

If you print this letter, please print my address. I would like to hear from fellow EC fans.

Elise Radke 3225 E Baseline/#206 Gilbert, AZ 85234

Well, maybe Al Feldstein sat on a copy of "Dark Carnival" somewhere along the line. Mathinks if Johnny Craig did the lines on a Lovecraft story we could figure it out by looking. Can you send a photocopy (or can another reader confirm or deny)?

—VK

Dear Vault-Keeper,
I'm your #1 fan. I like all 3 of you, even The Old Witch. You and The Crypt-Keeper are my favorites. I wish you had a show of your own. If I were the creator I would call it TALES FROM THE VAULT OF HORROR. In VAULT #9 "Grandma's Ghost" was cool! And I liked "One Last Fling!" I like all of your stories so far.

James Franco
Agawam, MA

Dear VK,
I loved VAULT #10! I have never been a big fan of VAULT, but after this issue I think I'll reconsider. The best story was "What the Dog Dragged In!" I also liked OW's story. It was a great sequel to "Frankenstein!"

I have a suggestion: take out CK's "Page of Fine Arts" and just make "The VK's Corner" longer. I like the latter column better, and think it should be longer.

C K P O A doesn't appear in CRYPT. Why does it appear here? Keep up the good work.

John Brown
Harrison, TN

It's a simple matter of mathematics; The Script-Reader, or, Crypt-Keeper gets a TV-inflated number of letters and needs his three pages of space to keep the little horror-hounds satisfied. THEN he pulls rank and uses my and Witchie's third page for his own overweening self-promotion. But I've fooled him; now I'm getting three pages of letters! —VK
Dear VK,

Please please please please will you print a story about your origin? CK did, and I bet you ten bucks that yours is much more fascinating.

Here's a question I have: how come there's no blood in your stories?

Oh yeah—recently in one of the comic book stores in my quaint suburban little town, I purchased a HAUNT OF FEAR from the 70s. There were published letters in it, but there were only two. Why? Well, I better go crawl into my coffin almost sunrise, 'kay. Please print my address, I would love to have a pen-pal! Horrifyingly yours,

Audrey Sheehan, 13
12 Cherry Lane Dr
Reading MA 01867

Not only is my origin more fascinating, it's perfectly undiscernable! More blood in my comics? Funny you should bring that up THIS 18TH! Hah-hah!

You must have bought an EAST COAST reprint, they were done in the 70s. We have some for sale, write for details. —VK

Rusty, (and, of course, the GhouLunatics),

Seeing the mention of Ron Mann's COMIC BOOK CONFIDENTIAL, I will notify computer-toting EC Fan Addicts that Voyager came out with a CD-Rom called "Comic Book Confidential" that not only has the movie but filmographies, biographies, information about other comic artists such as Robert Crumb and Lynda Barry, and some great comics preserved forever on CD-Rom. Unfortunately, I didn’t have enough memory in Hyphacard to watch the movie, so if anyone out there on the crypt net knows where I can find a VHS copy, I would be forever indebted. As always, please print my address (if you must find a nickname for me I'd prefer She-ra over my own pathetic last name! OK?)

Ashley Flagg
40 Pine Hill ST
Manchester, CT 06040-3111

I'd lend you mine, IF MANN WOULD COME THRU WITH THE TWO VHS COPIES his organization offered in exchange for our supply of visuals! Maybe the other VK memory banks are bankrupt, but I don't recall bestowing a nickname on ya. How bout we name you after the famous Indian princess, Donjaburnda? —VK

Dear Vault-Keeper,

You guys down at VAULT are doing an excellent job and I thank you for it! I was very impressed with #11 Jack Kamen did an excellent job with "What the Dog Dragged In"

I have a question for the Vault-Keeper: Are you married? If not, would you like to be in the future? Please print my address because I would love to hear from other fans!

Theresa Gough
4139 N Pulaski
Elizabeth Ruiz
Chicago IL 60641

No, I am not married. Yes, I would like to be in the future. In fact, I think I'll go there now (by reading WEIRD FANTASY #13, on sale this month). —VK

To whom it may concern,

Four years ago I went into a comics shop. Being 50 years young at the time, I couldn't make heads or tails from looking at the racks! Gosh, so many characters, so much color, boxes of back-issues some priced less than new ones. What's what? I purchased what I could understand at the time

I've been a part-time flea market dealer of toy collectibles for 10 years now. I have about $1 500 worth of collectibles

Next issue

YES, HE'S DEAD! BUT I KNOW A PERSON WHO IS ABLE TO BRING HIM BACK FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD...TO COMMUNE WITH ME!

MADAME GILDA! ???

Michael Dooney
Saddle Brook, NJ

And, Gofy gives psychic answers. But seriously, folks; another good idea. Can't help you, but...

VK
Dear VK,

It's me again, your #1 fan! Your stories are the best! I want to ask you a question: When do these stories appear? "The Venturian's Dummy?" "Strung Along?" "Mournin' Memories?" "The New Arrival?" "Collection Completed?" "You, Murderer?" "Dig That Cat He's Really Gone?" "My Brother's Keeper?" "A-Sided Triangle?" "Maniac at Large?" "Only Sin Deep?" "Operation Friendship?" and "Cheat Course?"

Which issue of HAUNT does the Ray Bradbury story come out? Did you know Jack Kamen worked in the movie CREEPSHOW? True, he was the comic book artist! Well, it's almost day, better get to my coffin! Till next $LIME!

Ramiro J Roman

Glendale, CA

[Bounding of drawing deep breath]...CRYPT 28, VAULT 33, HAUNT 25, SHOCK 14, HAUNT 21, SHOCK 18, SHOCK 17, CRIME 27, HAUNT 24, CRIME 41, HAUNT 23! Beware, these are the ORIGINAL numbering! Heh, heh! Many issues of various EC titles have Bradbury pics in them.

Dear Vault-Keeper,

You are my favorite story teller of all three [Ghou/Lunatics]. I want to know why will you not get your own TV show like The Crypt-Keeper? That really gets me mad.

Mark Plekelniak

Utica, NY

My agent is working on a gig on LAW & ORDER; they didn't have an opening as a cop or a lawyer but I'm a shoe-in for the annoying man.

VK

Vault-Keeper,

Whaddya hear, whaddya say? Boy VAULT #11 was another great issue! Horror just doesn't get much scarier than this! These books really keep you on the edge of your seat! They have as much of an impact now as they did in the 1950s, I'm sure. And it's because of this that I'll keep on collecting.

Hey, Vault-Keeper! I was wondering I think you and The Old Witch should also come out on the "Tales from the Crypt!" TV show that the Crypt-Keeper hosts. Since all three of you host the CRYPT VAULT and HAUNT books why can't all three of you host the TV show? Sounds like a good idea to me. Why don't the three of you talk it over?

Well, the sun has finally gone down, and it's time for me to dance in the moonlight with the other vampires. Take care, VK, and remember, Adam's Apple a day keeps the doctor away. (Print the address to my haunted house, please. Any other vampires and vampirareyes out there are more than welcome to write me in Spanish, English, French or Italian. I'm a vampire with a heart of gold.)

Tony Martinez (age 17)

6041 B California AV

Chicago, IL 60629

The vampire with a heart of gold, and a tooth to match.

VK

Dear Creator(s) of My Favorite Comic Book of All Time

This is a comic book fanboy chain letter. A c b f c I can be good luck for comic book creators, if the chain isn't broken. For instance in 1984 J. Shooter broke the chain soon afterwards his entire company went belly up. But, in 1964 Aragonese kept the chain going, despite all logic, his book is still being published.

To keep the chain going, the following acts must occur: 1. After receiving this letter, the publisher must print it in the comic's letter column. 2. Every person who reads this letter must go to their local comic book store on New Comics Day buy the latest issues of these non-superhero comics that he's never tried, read the books, and write sincere letters of comment to the comic's creators. 3. Each publisher must make five copies of this letter and must send them to five comic book creators he wants to annoy.

Gentle readers, it is most important that each and every one of you keep the chain going. In 1984, after reading a comic book created by D. Stevens, a 15 year old boy in Biloxi Mississippi broke the chain. Today Mr. Stevens would be lucky to create a single comic book story every three years. Coincidence? I think not.

Jef Conner

Okinawa City, Okinawa JAPAN

PS) For extraordinary good luck for the comic book creator, one of the books purchased should be either Steve Gallicchio's ALBEDO (published by Antarctic Press) or WEIRD SCIENCE (published by Gemstone Publishing). I should know it was a chain letter, the envelope clanked!

NEXT ISSUE

I DESPISE THEM! BUT NOW I...I...I'VE GOT A HOBBY! A HOBBY I'LL LOVE! YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS, ANITA? CAN YOU GUESS? CAN YOU?

Also available this month are WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED TALES. Watch for HAUNT, CRIME and FRONTLINE COMBAT next month. Don't forget! WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Get them at your local comic book store or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details)

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT 1 (subject to availability), $1.95 each. All others up thru issues #5, $1.50 each, issues 64 and up, $2 each. Don't forget the entire 11-issue run of WEIRD SCIENCES-FANTASY/INCRECIBLE SCIENCE FICTION! Add $6 per order ($15 outside US) for S&H.

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THIS COMIC REPRINTS

VAULT OF HORROR #24 (#13, APR/MAY 1952)

COVER by Johnny Craig

"A Bloody Undertaking!"

With All the Trappings!

"Impressed by a Nightingale!"

"The Death Wagon!"

Johnny Craig

Graham Ingels

Joe Orlando

Jack Davis

We welcome unsigned comments. This signed printed in acknowledge ad. To subscribe address at time write to your closest store, read them. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters; do not write your address or the individual author"
Fred Orwak took the steaming blix of coffee from the stove and poured himself a cup. He glanced up at the kitchen clock: it was four thirty-five a.m. A sleepy-eyed woman entered the kitchen...

Emma! I told you a hundred times you don't have to get up for me when I'm on the early shift at the plant!

I know, Fred! I couldn't sleep! I woke up out of a nightmare!

Mr. Orwak slipped on his leather jacket, perched a cap on his greying head, and tucked a tin lunch-box under his arm.

Nightmare, er? What about?

I dream I cut my finger! I kept seeing the blood! It was awful!
Fred kissed his wife and patted her cheek. He smiled warmly...

Forget it, honey! It was just a dream! Why don't you try to get some sleep till one kid gets up?

Okay! Do what you like! I only wish I could have about three more hours of sleep! Ho-hum! Well, 'bye, Emma!

'bye, Fred!

Mr. O'wonkin went out into the grey dawn, and Emma watched till he turned the corner! Then she went back inside...

Nighly as well start getting breakfast ready!

Emma opened the refrigerator and withdrew a can of frozen orange juice! Then she took a can opener from a drawer! Suddenly, as she pressed the opener-knife into the moist can-lid...

Ooooooooh! I slipped!

That afternoon, Fred O'wonkin returned home from the printing plant where he worked. He noticed the bandage on Emma's finger and questioned her about it...

It's nothing, Fred! My hand slipped while I was opening a can and I cut my finger! Just a scratch...

Emma felt a sting of pain as the razor can-lid cut through the flesh! She lifted the wounded finger and stanes at the scarlet stream oozing from the incision.

I... I cut my finger! The... The blood! It's just like my dream!

Nothing was said about Emma's dream on its connection with her accident! But that night...

Jill! Jill! Look out! Oh... Lord! Huh? Wna...? Emma! Emma! Wake up!
Emma's eyes blinked open and she gasped. "What... happened?" You were having a nightmare! You were hollering in your sleep!

"...I dreamt that Jill was running down the street and she tripped and fell!"

"Eight-year-olds do that, Emma!"

She skinned her knees badly! They were bleeding! Her legs were covered...

Go back to sleep, Emma. It was only a dream.

But the next morning, as Jill was coming home from school for lunch, she began to run! Emma watched her from the front steps! A cold chill crept up her spine! She tried to stop her, to grab her daughter.

"Stop, dear! Don't run! Jill! Jill! Look out!"

Jill's awkward legs tangled as she pitched forward! For a split second, she seemed to hang there! Then she hit the pavement. Books flying! Emma rushed toward her...

"Oh... Lord! My baby! My baby!"

Jill had scraped her knees badly! Her legs were covered with blood that poured from the abrasions! She was crying so loudly that she never heard her mother's horrified whisper as Emma looked down at the raw and bleeding bruises...

"Twice, gasp... twice I dreamt... and twice it happened.

Jill had scraped her knees badly! Her legs were covered with the blood that poured from the abrasions! She was crying so loudly that she never heard her mother's horrified whisper as Emma looked down at the raw and bleeding bruises...

But that night, Fred Dworkin scoffed at his wife's claim.

But I told you yesterday morning that I dreamt it out myself! Then I did, and last night I dreamt that Jill...

"Coincidence, Emma. Pure coincidence. Forget about it!"
That night, Emma found it difficult falling asleep! When she finally dozed off, she began to dream again! This time it was about her teen-age son, Jackie! Jackie was sitting down holding a round object...turning it...and turning it! A look of horror was painted on his eighteen-year-old face.

"What are you doing, Jackie? What's that in your hands? It looks like...like..."

Emma sat bolt upright! She screamed to Bob...

"It's all right, honey! You were asleep...that's all!"

I...She...I think...Jackie was hurt in an automobile crash!

"How look news, Emma! Aren't you setting a little morbid?"

I'm frightened! Fraidy! I'm frightened!

The next day, Emma summoned her son at breakfast...

"Jackie? Does...does anyone pick you up or drive you home from school?"

No, mom! Does anyone pick up or drive you home from school? Why?

But that night, as Emma was washing away the supper dishes...

Okay, if I borrow the car tonight, dad? Sort a heavy date with a slick girl.

Sure, son! But take it easy, son? Your mother worries.

Ho, Fred! Please! Jackie can't have the car...not tonight!

A.W. Ma! I promised Janet...

Remember my dream, Fred? Remember what happened twice before!

Kibosh! Fiddle-faddle! Oh, son! Take the car! Your mother's taking a couple of coincidences too seriously!
Fred rushed to his wife's side! She motioned to the phone! Fred picked up the dangling receiver! The voice on the other end was weak but recognizable...

Hello? It's me, Dad! Jackie! You... you better come down... and pick me up! I've... I've had a little accident!

Jackie was all right! The car was a wreck, but she'd had no bones broken. Just a few scratches! They put him to bed!

Yes, Dad! I'm sorry! That's okay, if you'd listened to me, Fred would have, this wouldn't have happened!

Ever after they were both in bed, Emma lambasted her husband...

I told you about my dreams! Every one of them came true! They were warnings! But we didn't listen to them! Warnings! All those things could have been prevented, if you'd only listened!

Emma finally fell asleep! Her dream was strange! Her dream was horrid! A roaring and a humming filled her ears! And then she could see it plainly... the press... the huge color-press... and Fred way up on top!

It's Fred! He's at work! He's looking around!
Suddenly, Emma's dream was filled with Fred's scream as he plunged into the roaring machinery.

SHE'S GONE! GONE TO WORK! HE'S GOING TO DIE! THREE TIMES I DREAM OF ACCIDENTS, AND THREE TIMES MY DREAMS CAME TRUE! AND NOW I DREAM THAT FRED IS GOING TO FALL INTO THE PRESS! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!

Fred stood atop the gigantic color presses, checking its operation! At first, he did not hear Emma's frantic cries. Then, as her high-pitched voice reached him above the roar of the machinery, Fred spun around. His foot skidded over an oil-slick staining the narrow platform and sent him flying. For a moment, he tottered crazily...then plunged off his high perch into the throbbing metal giant!

FRED! OH, LORD!

It was horrible! Fred's body was caught between the rollers of the gigantic printing press and crushed to a mangled pulp! Blood splattered the gleaming metal gears! Emma covered her eyes and screamed...

Emma leaped out of bed and hurried into the kitchen! Fred wasn't there...

FRED! OH, LORD!

Emma dressed quickly and started out for the printing plant! All the way, one prayed that she would not be too late! She ran as fast as she could! She arrived breathless and exhausted...

Emma quickly and started out for the printing plant! All the way, one prayed that she would not be too late!

Hey! Lady! Come back here! Fred! Fred! Come down! Come down!

Fred stood atop the gigantic color presses, checking its operation! At first, he did not hear Emma's frantic cries! Then, as her high-pitched voice reached him above the roar of the machinery, Fred spun around. His foot skidded over an oil-slick staining the narrow platform and sent him flying. For a moment, he tottered crazily...then plunged off his high perch into the throbbing metal giant!

Fred! Oh, Lord!

Fred! Fred! Hey, lady! Come back here! Fred! Fred! Come down! Come down!

THE DEATH WAGON!

HERMAN KITCH, ONE OF THE PARTNERS OF 'SINK AND KITCH, USED CARS' SHOOK HIS HEAD AS HE SURVEYED THE BEAT-UP BLUE COUPE PARKED AT THE CURB...

SORRY, MISTER! YOU CAN KEEP 'ER! THIS WRECK'D OOST ME A FORTUNE TO PUT IN SHAPE!

BUT I MUST SELL, MR. KITCH! I NEED THE MONEY!
Herman shrugged. 'He walked around the car once more... kicked at the muddy tires... then stomped his chin thoughtfully...

Four hundred bucks! That's the best I can do!

Four hundred! Won't I be crazy to sell it at that price?

I... I guess I'll have to take your offer! I need the money immediately!

In the snack that stood at the entrance to the 'Sink and Kitch used car lot,' Amos smiled. Herman's partner... smiled as he watched the transaction going on at the curb...

Later that day, Herman and Amos surveyed their newly acquired car in the garage at the rear of the lot...

Well, Amos! We've turned back the speedometer seven thousand miles and replaced the tires with re-caps! The tubes are in bad shape, so we'll leave 'em!

Yeah! The guy who buys this wreck from us won't find out about that till he has a flat!

And we'll set eight hundred bucks for 'er, at least!

By the way, Amos! The transmission in this maroon sedan we bought yesterday is shot! It sounds like the car's falling apart... it knocks so bad!

Pack it with sawdust! That will keep it from rattling for a couple of hundred miles!

And that convertible's got a cracked radiator! Water keeps leakin' out!

Pour in some grease! I'll clog up the crack as long as the water doesn't get too hot! Once they drive 'en away... we don't know from nothin'!
NICE GUYS, EH, KIDDIES? THEY KNOW ALL THE TRICKS, HUH? WELL, HOLD ON TO YOUR EYES—BALLS... YOU AIN'T SEEN NOVIN' YET! THESE GUYS ARE REALLY CROOKS! JUST KEEP READING! YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN...

I LOOKED OVER THIS TWO-DOOR WE PICKED UP THIS MORNING, HERMAN! THE STEERING ASSEMBLY'S ALMOST GONE!

WRAP'ER WITH WIRE! THAT'LL HOLD IT TOGETHER TILL WE CAN GET RID OF THE HEAP!

THIS GRAY SEDAN NEEDS NEW BRAKE-LININGS, HERMAN! THE BRAKES DON'T HOLD!

BRAKE LININGS COST MONEY, AMOS! CUT UP AN OLD INNER TUBE AND PUT THE STRIPS IN! IT'LL DO THE JOB FOR A FEW MILES!

THE BATTERY IN THIS FOUR-DOOR IS DEAD, HERMAN! WE'LL HAVE TO PUT IN A NEW ONE!

NONSENSE! WE'LL JAZZ IT UP WITH THIS POWDER I PICKED UP! IT'LL HOLD A CHARGE FOR A WEEK OR SO! THE PLATES'LL GO TO POT, BUT IT WON'T BE OUR WORRY BY THAT TIME!

I GOT A BONY ON THIS STATION WAGON WITH A BROKEN AXLE, HERMAN!

GOOD! WE CAN WELD THE AXLE AS THE BUGGY DON'T HIT A HARD BUMP, IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

THE BRAKES ARE BAD IN THIS COUPE, HERMAN! YOU HAVE TO PUMP 'EM TO STOP! SHE'S PROBABLY LOW ON HYDRAULIC FLUID!

PUT IN SOME WATER/HYDRAULIC FLUID—it's EXPENSIVE!

AS YOU CAN SEE, THE USED-CAR LOT OF SINK AND KITCH WAS CROWDED WITH FAULTY AUTOMOBILES THAT HAD BEEN PURCHASED CHEAPLY AND 'REPAIRED' CHEAPLY... AND WHICH WOULD ULTIMATELY BE SOLD FOR MANY TIMES THEIR WORTH! BUT WHAT IS MORE DELIGHTFUL, THE CARS WERE POTENTIAL DEATH-WAGONS...

HEY, AMOS! THERE'S AN OLD COOGER AND HIS WIFE LOOKIN' THE HEAPS OVER!

LOOK LIKE A COUPLE O' JUZZERS TIME!
I think I have just the thing you're looking for!...

This baby, here's practically new... only one owner before you! Used it on Sundays and holidays—low mileage...

I've got to buy a car, but I don't think the bank will okay a loan...

Yes, sir! Can I help you?

Esther... Oreo's my wife... and I am interested in buying a car. We'd like to spend about a thousand dollars?

I think I have just the thing you're looking for... practically new... only one owner before you! Used it on Sundays and Holidays—low mileage...

The factory worker purchased the coupe with the watered hydraulic fluid! Sink and Kitch made six hundred dollars on that deal! There was the poor factory worker who wanted to brighten the drab lives of his loved ones by taking them for drives in the country on his day off?

A station wagon is just what you need! Simply pile the kids in the back...

Best buy on the lot, sir! A station wagon is just what you need! Simply pile the kids in the back...

Just look at the trunk space in this two-door, nister! It's made for a salesman like him. Buy that owned it was stricken with polio... it's been on blocks since two weeks after he bought it...

So the business coupe with the faulty steering assembly relo together by wires was sold. Sink and Kitch made it very easy to buy their death traps...

Listen bud! Tell you what; ordinarily we don't do this, but...

If you keep it quiet we'll finance you ourselves! Of course the interest rate will be a little higher than the legal limit! Say... ten percent...

Shoked, kiddies? I thought so!... this nice aged couple has come to Sink and Kitch's used-car lot for an auto! They've skimped and saved nickles and dimes for two years to accumulate enough money to afford the luxury of owning their own automobile!

So the old couple bought the coupe with the watered hydraulic fluid! Sink and Kitch made six hundred dollars on that deal! There was the poor factory worker who wanted to brighten the drab lives of his loved ones by taking them for drives in the country on his day off!

I've got to buy a car, but I don't think the bank will okay a loan...

The factory worker purchased the station wagon with the welded axle! A young salesman who needed a car for business, also came to Sink and Kitch...

What you need! Simply pile the kids in the back...

Look good to me? Where do I sign?

Yes, sir!... Can I help you?

Esther... Oreo's my wife... and I am interested in buying a car. We'd like to spend about a thousand dollars.

I think I have just the thing you're looking for... practically new... only one owner before you! Used it on Sundays and Holidays—low mileage...
Naturally! Watered hydraulic fluid won't activate a car's brakes on a steep incline like that... We're going to crash!

The old couple were the first to go! They'd driven up a mountain road in their nice new used coupe! As they came down a steep curve, skirthing a cliff...

Esther! The brakes won't hold! Eee-eee!

Next came the factory worker and his station wagon! The picnic was over and he was speeding his wife and five kids home...

Look out Bill! There's a hole in the road! Hold tight, kids!

The front wheels avoided the gaping rut in the road, but the right rear wheel smashed into it... the near wheel fastened to the welded axle! The station wagon swayed crazily for a moment, then spun over as the wheel collapsed...

Daddy! Daddy! Eeaaah!

Once again, crushed steel and shattered glass covered a blood-stained highway...
HEH, HEH! SETTN' A LITTLE HOT UNDER THE COLLAR, KIDDIES? NOW DO YOU THINK THE OLD COUPLE FELT... ON THE FACTORY WORKER AND HIS FAMILY? WELL, KEEP NEARDIN'! WE'LL NEAR THE BOILING POINT SOON!

Two Pedestrians went along on that ride! Night up the sidewalk and into a brick wall, the car hurtled...

HEM, HEM!' GETTIN' A LITTLE HOT UNDER THE COLLAR, KIDDIES? HOW DO YOU THINK THE OLD COUPLE FELT... ON THE FACTORY WORKER AND HIS FAMILY? WELL, KEEP NEARDIN', WE'LL NEAR THE BOILING POINT SOON!

Look out! It's out of control!

The salesman who bought the business coupe was next to go! The wind steering assembly fell apart as the car was turning into a busy intersection...

Two pedestrians went along on that ride! Night up the sidewalk and into a brick wall, the car hurtled...

YAAAAAAAAA!

They had to cut the salesmen out of the wreck with a blow-torch! He never came to! One of the pedestrians was killed instantly. The other died on the way to the hospital! A police inspector came to see Amos and Herman...

Three horrible accidents... and every car came from your lot!

We're not responsible for what people do to their cars! Where those autos left on your lot, they were in perfect condition!

Good Lord, Amos! What will we do? Tomorrow morning...

Don't know, boys, but tomorrow morning I'm going to find out! I'm asking the count to issue a warrant permitting me to examine every car on your lot! Good evening, gentlemen!

I don't know, boys, but tomorrow morning I'm going to find out! I'm asking the count to issue a warrant permitting me to examine every car on your lot! Good evening, gentlemen!

Happy to have you do so, inspector!

Any time, inspector!

After the police inspector left the bight and kitchen used can lot...

Good Lord, Herman! What will we do? Tomorrow morning...

That's a long way off! We have all night to fix up those heaps! C'mon! Let's get busy!
A salesman's corpse, mashed and rotting, crawling with the slime of the grave, stumbled over the dark landscape...

The remains of an aged couple... nipped and torn from the impact of their death-dealing crash... lumbered toward the used-car lot...

A single file of shadowy forms, shreds of flesh falling from their mangled bodies, stared across the road... the dead factory workers, his wife, and five smaller corpses...

And in their dimly-lit garage, Amos Sink and Herman Kitch looked up from their frantic efforts as the things converged upon the doorway... moving toward them...

In the morning, when the police inspector came with his warrant, there were no cars on the lot to inspect! But in the garage, he found one... it stood grotesquely in a pool of dried blood! Amos's skull grinned from where one headlight should have been... Herman's, from the other! Two red tongues had replaced the windshield wipers... eye-balls stared from parking-light sockets... sevened hands served as door handles! Ash-white skin replaced slip-covers! Disjoined feet substituted for clutch, brake, gas, and light-dimming pedals! Blood filled the gas tank... intestines the crank-case... bones were used for the gear shift, steering wheel spokes, piston-rods, and other structures! This was truly a Kitch and Sink car...

Heh, heh! And it was made of everything but the kitchen sink! Eh, kiddies? So Amos and Herman finally wound up as parts... instead of parts! Know what? Nobody ever got up enough nerve to see if the gory mess would run! So I dropped over to where they were keeping it one right? But it started, too! Trouble was it kept stalling on me! Seems hearts don't make good fuel-pumps! Bye, now!
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