

Saturday

I feel like I'm not giving you a fair picture of Hal Crane.

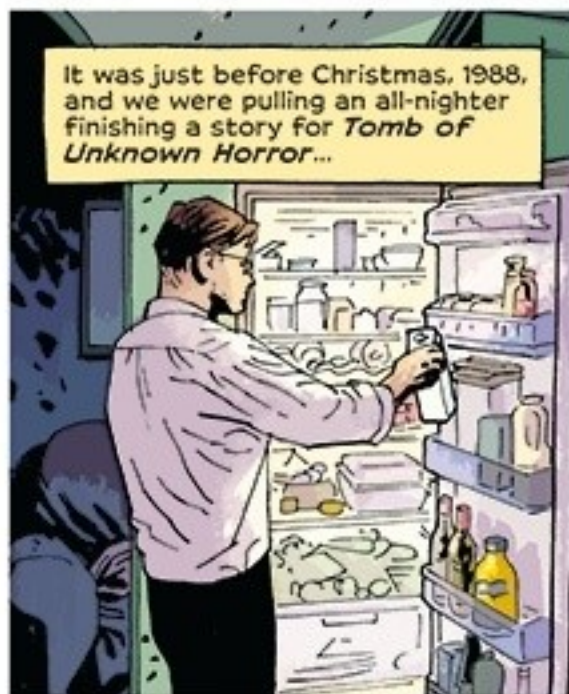
I'm talking like he's just this string of bad luck and drunken rage... But there was more to him than that.



So let me tell you my favorite memory of Hal.



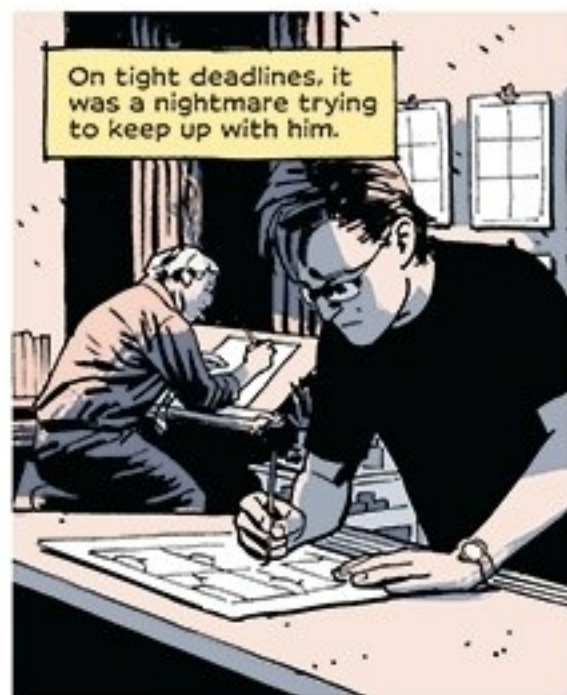
It was just before Christmas, 1988, and we were pulling an all-nighter finishing a story for *Tomb of Unknown Horror*...



I was filling in blacks, and inking some of the backgrounds - all the boring stuff - and Hal was finishing everything else.



On tight deadlines, it was a nightmare trying to keep up with him.



He was about 60 then, but he could still go *days* without sleep when he was inking...



I'd be running on fumes, and with each page Hal somehow seemed *more* awake... more energized.



















Anyway, so Hal led me into his library, which was impressive.

Walls lined with art books, old pulp magazines, paperback crime novels right next to great works of literature... Shakespeare, Dickens, Cervantes.



But what he wanted to show me was locked inside a cabinet across the room.



His real treasure...

His newspaper strip collection.



They were big clothbound books, and pasted into them were daily strips and Sunday pages from the comics Hal had loved as a child.

Terry and the Pirates, Jungle Jackson, Scorchy Smith, Captain Easy... and Star King.