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HEE, HEE! SO YOU GOT YOUR GRIMY PAWS ONE ONE OF YOUR OLD MAN'S DIMES, BOUGHT MY MUCK-MAG, AND NOW YOU'RE HUNGRY FOR ANOTHER SLIME-SERVING FROM MY CAULDRON HERE IN THE HAUNT OF FEAR, EH? WELL, TUCK YOUR DROOL CUPS UNDER YOUR DOUBLE CHINS, KNOT YOUR NAPKINS AROUND YOUR NUBBY NECKS, AND YOUR DELIRIUM DIETICIAN, YOUR REEKING-RESTAURATEUR, YOUR MORBID-MENU-MAKER, THE OLD WITCH, WILL OISH OUT ANOTHER OF HER REVOLTING RECIPES. READY? GOOD! THEN HERE GOES WITH THE NAUSEATING NOVELLETTE I CALL...

STELLA'S FURNISHED ROOM WASN'T VERY FAR FROM THE UNIVERSITY. IN FACT, FROM HER FRONT WINDOW, SHE COULD SEE THE TOWER OF MEMORIAL HALL RISING ABOVE THE ROOFTOPS. SHE'D HURRIED THE FEW BLOCKS FROM THE CAMPUS, FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR, TOSSED HER BOOKS ON A CHAIR, AND NOW SHE STOOD GAZING OUT OVER THE COLLEGE TOWN AND SMILING A TRIUMPHANT SMILE...

ANCIENT CIVILIZATION! YOU'RE ONE COURSE I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANY MORE!
Stella turned and grinned at her reflection in the full-length mirror on the closet door. She eyed her ballerina shoes, her full skirt, her tight-fitting sweater, and she shook her head...

"Uh-oh! No sir, this outfit is okay for perking a prof's interest during the day, but now that I've been invited to an evening session...

Stella scoffed...

Oh, cut it, Mitzi. So a few students disappear from the campus. Is that any reason to start ugly rumors about maniacs and murderers and stuff like that?

I didn't start the rumors, Stella. I'm just repeating what I heard. Who's the guy?

Well...if you promise not to tell, it's...Professor Finley!

Professor Finley? The 'ancient civilization' teacher?! Are you out of your mind? Why, he's an old creep!

He may be an old creep, Mitzi, but if I don't pass 'ancient civilization', I don't graduate. And what I know about ancient civilization wouldn't fill a thimble.

Oh, I get it! Gonna vamp 'im, eh?

Gonna try! Don't forget! Not a word! I promised him I wouldn't tell a soul.

Well, have fun, Stella. I gotta run. The gang's over at Morrey's. We're gonna have a jam session. Don't worry! Your secrets safe with me.

Stella swung open the closet and unhooked her very best strapless from the rack...

...It's time to roll. Stella, say! Where are you going?

It was Mitzi, Stella's roommate. She crossed the small room and fingered the evening gown.

Got a heavy date tonight, date, I hope, I wouldn't fool around with any blino date these days!
It was going to be so simple. Stella'd planned it all so carefully. Ever since that first week... when they'd covered Egyptian culture and she'd known she'd never be able to pass that course, what with Greece and Rome yet to come. She'd worked on Professor Finley. And this afternoon, she'd finally succeeded.

"Oh, Er, Miss Sharp, I'd like to see you after my lecture."

Of course, Professor.

Stella's been so careful about her make-up. She'd worn her most flattering sweaters. She'd sat cross-legged in class till her muscles had ached... and he'd finally bitten.

You wanted to see me, Professor?

Last night I read your paper on the fall of Rome, Miss Sharp. Frankly, I'm a little worried about how much you've grasped from my lectures.

I... I'm a little worried myself, Professor. I've tried! Honestly, I've tried, but I just haven't understood...

Perhaps... If you reviewed it for me, Professor... say, some evening?

I thought I'd made the causes and effects quite clear, Miss Sharp. I feel terrible. Have I covered too much ground too fast for you?

Perhaps... If you'd been that would be highly irregular, Miss Sharp. The faculty frowns on fraternization.

You wanted to see me, Professor?

I... I wouldn't want to get you into any kind of trouble...

Er... perhaps. If no one knew... if it was... say... our little secret... I mean... well... I'd like to help you, Miss Sharp. You're a... very nice... er... girl...

Cough...

She'd bitten, all right. He'd bucked in the bait, hook, line, and sinker...

"Oh... I wouldn't tell a soul, Professor. Not a soul! This is so sweet of you! I... I could kiss you..."

Ahem... yes... er... well then, shall we say... tonight... at eight... at my house? You'll... er... make sure you're not seen?

She'd been so careful about her make-up. She'd worn her most flattering sweaters. She'd sat cross-legged in class till her muscles had ached. And he'd finally bitten.

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"Ahem... yes... er... well then, shall we say... tonight... at eight... at my house? You'll... er... make sure you're not seen?"

"And... I see... well..."

"I... I wouldn't want to get you into any kind of trouble..."
Stella yawned and stretched. She looked at her watch...

Golly! It's almost eight? I've got to hurry!

Stella swirled through the door, moving lithely, trying to look very desirable...

Why, Miss Sharp? You're all dressed up!

Oh, this? It's just a little something I picked up for cocktails! Like it?

She watched his beady little eyes sweep over her. Yes, 'ancient civilization' was one course she wasn't going to have to worry about.

It's... it's a very nice gown, Miss Sharp. You... you look very lovely.

Call me Stella, Professor!

Stella hid her real feelings. The inside of the house was worse than the outside. There were statues wherever one looked... marble busts of Roman emperors... full length poses of mighty Roman warriors... Roman poets, writers, mathematicians. Columns lined the walls, between which were hung paintings of ancient Roman scenes.

Do you find it interesting, Miss... er... Stella? Come! I'll show you something really interesting...

Professor Finley's house was one of those old fashioned monstrosities that had once been very stylish. Stella lifted the huge door knocker. The hollow boom echoed down long corridors and up steep staircases and died away in dark corners within. The door squeaked open.

Miss Sharp? Is that you? Yes, Professor! It's me!

Professor Finley opened a small door at the end of the hall. He motioned Stella down the steps...

It's in the cellar, come... the cellar? Loro! What I won't do to graduate!
Stella descended the steps slowly, thinking to herself...

I've always loved Roman culture, Stella! Open it, Stella! Open it, Stella! I'm sure, Professor.

The door slammed shut behind Stella. The lock snapped, Professor Finley's maniacal laugh echoed through...

Professor. My God! What is this? Let me out!

Who...who's there? He's got another one! You poor kid!

Stella peered into the gloom. She seemed to be in some sort of huge room. There were other figures huddled together in the center of the floor...

Who...who are you? He's mad! He trapped us the same way he trapped you! This is his Colosseum! See? See the cages...?

At the bottom of the stairs was another door... a massive oak door...

Stella opened it. Professor Finley pushed. Stella sprawled through...

Heh, heh, heh! Professor! Heh, heh, heh!

Footsteps faded away up the cellar stairs. Stella screamed after them. Suddenly, Stella's blood froze, she heard the low-throated growl...

He's got a lion back there... and a tiger... a gorilla! We're to be his Christian martyrs! Oh, no! No!
Stella's eyes were becoming accustomed to the darkness now. She could see the others... young girls like herself... shivering in the dank dampness. She recognized them. They were students... the students that had disappeared.

Suddenly the cellar reverberated with a recorded trumpet fanfare. The lights went on. Stella blinked. The sand floor of the cellar was stained red. In their cages, the animals roared, drooling hungrily.

GREETINGS, MY BELOVED SUBJECTS!

Suddenly the cellar reverberated with a recorded trumpet fanfare. The lights went on. Stella blinked. The sand floor of the cellar was stained red. In their cages, the animals roared, drooling hungrily.

HE THINKS HE'S HERO!

HE'S CRAZY!

HE'S GOING TO SACRIFICE US TO THOSE BEASTS!

Stella and the other girls huddled together, whimpering, as the mad man raised his wine glass.

HERO, EMPEROR OF ALL ROME, WELCOMES YOU!

PROFESSOR, HAVE PITY!

LET THE CELEBRATION BEGIN.

Behind his screened box, Professor Finley pressed a button. Then another. Stella screamed. The bars of the cages rolled open.

The lion snarled, the tiger paced toward them. The gorilla pounded his chest, waddling out of his cage. The cellar resonated with the hysterical shriekings of the helpless girls...

YAAAAAAAAHHHHGGGHH!

And as the shrieks and screams rose to a crescendo, harmonizing in a horror symphony with the roars of the blood-starved beasts, the maniac munched grapes and strummed his lyre and watched the ripping... the tearing... the very death scene his manic counterpart had watched nineteen centuries ago...
Stella screamed, Mitzi shook her again.

Stella sat up wide-eyed...

Golly! You were having a heck of a nightmare.

Huh? Oh Mitzi, bob Mitzi!

Profesor Finley!

He had those three girls that disappeared from the campus in his cellar! And I...

Professor Finley!

That old creep! He wouldn't hurt a fly!

It sure was a dream, baby.

But, it was so real. His whole house was done in Roman statues everywhere! Busts! Paintings of Roman scenes. It was awful!

Say, don't you have a date with him?

Oh... golly! What time is it?

Quarter after eight.

Stella leaped from the bed...

Dream or no dream. I'm going to get that sheepskin.

Good luck, honey...

She hurried down dark streets to Professor Finley's house...

It's very simple, Mitzi suggested my dream to me when she told me not to go on any blind dates because of those disappearances... and I, in turn, in my dream, attributed them to Professor Finley... which of course, is ridiculous.
Professor Finley's house wasn't at all as Stella had dreamed it. There was no doorknocker. Instead, soft chimes sang from within as she touched the button...

Miss Sharp! Is that you? Yes, Professor! It's me!

Why, Miss Sharp! You're all dressed up! Oh, this? It's just a little something I picked up for cocktails like it!

Stella swirled through the door. This was no dream now! This was it!

Come with me, Miss Sharp! Well, get started...

She watched his beady little eyes sweep over her. Yes, 'Ancient Civilization' was one course...

Call me Stella, Professor!

教授芬利的家并不像斯黛拉想象的那样。没有门铃。相反，从里面传来了轻柔的铃声。当她按门铃时...

小姐，是你吗？是的，教授！是我。

为什么，小姐，你都打扮好了！哦，这个？我只是随便拿了一些鸡尾酒的东西。

斯黛拉穿过门口。这不是梦境！

来吧，小姐，快点……

她看着他那双亮晶晶的小眼睛扫过她。是的，‘古代文明’是一门课程。

叫我斯黛拉，教授！

Professor Finley led Stella down a long hall to a huge door. He swung it open...

Well, thank goodness, Professor. I would have died if I saw any Roman statues or paintings or the like...

Oh, no, Miss Sharp! Roman civilization never really interested me...

Stella backed off. Professor Finley opened a cabinet and drew forth an Egyptian priest's mantle. He dropped his robe, placed the mantle on his head, and came toward her... The yards and yards of burial gauze trailing behind him...

It's an interesting process, Stella. Mummification...

No! No! Choke...

The lock snapped behind them. Stella looked around, relieved. The walls bore weird inscriptions and strange drawings. At one end of the room stood three, three. Stella gasped...

Mummy cases! Three of them!

Yes, Stella! Egyptian culture is my forte! I am particularly interested in the burial practices of the ancient Egyptians.

Hee, hee! Well, kiddies, that about wraps it up... For Stella, that is. Professor Finley has four mummy cases now, and there are four girls missing from the campus. Strange thing about 'Ancient Civilization' students. They either flunk out, drop out, or... Hee, hee... Die out. Now, the vault-keeper awaits with his gory story! I'll see you later with another of my grim fairy tales, inciden-
tally, if you haven't joined the E.C. fan-addict club... Why fight it? It's bigger than both of us! Dig you later...
'Heh. Heh. Now it's my turn to shiver your timbers. Yep, it's your host in the Vault of Horror, the Vault-Keeper, ready to present another piece of putrid prose from my creepy collection of terror-tomes. This scream-selection ought to chill your watery blood! I call it...

**NO SILVER ATOLL!**

When we boarded the trans-Pacific airliner in San Francisco, Clark and I were perfect strangers. He chose the seat beside me and we began to talk. By Hawaii, we were friends. By Wake Island, we were more than friends. By Guam, I was in love and knew it. And when the engine caught fire somewhere south-east of the Philippines, the only terror... the only fear I had... was now that I'd found Clark. I was going to lose him...

**Clark, look that engine! Flames!**

**Good Lord! The plane's on fire!**

**Attention all passengers! Fasten your seat belts! Fasten your seat belts! We're going down...**

I remember the stewardess stumbling up and down the aisle, comforting us, reassuring us, and the screaming whine of the wind outside mixing with the shrieks of the passengers inside as our plane dove seaward. And I remember how I took Clark's hand and held it to my trembling lips...

**O-darling! I'm f-frightened...**

**Everything will be all right, Ruth! You'll see...**
The Pacific came up to meet us, blue and vast and rolling, and the moments before we hit were eternities. Then, the sudden shock! The spray exploding upward around us! The hissing of the flaming engine as the sea water enveloped it.

Then, the utter screaming confusion, as we realized we were sinking. Someone opened the escape hatch and we poured out onto the wind. Miss Kirby, the stewardess, remembered to salvage the medical kit, and the pilot, Captain Miller, managed to inflate two life rafts. Quickly, get into the rafts. She's sinking fast.

The plane went down nose first in a matter of minutes. I shuddered as I watched the tail section sink slowly beneath the choppy Pacific.

WHAT ISLAND IS THAT, CAPTAIN? I DON'T KNOW! THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF ISLANDS IN THIS AREA... MANY UNCHARTED!

Hours later, we pulled our rafts up on a spume-lined slimy shore. Foul-smelling driftwood and reeking seaweed covered the narrow steaming beach.

I thought these Pacific atolls were supposed to be little paradises. Only in travel folders.

I don't know how long we're going to be here. It may be a week... it may be six months. Eventually, we'll be rescued. This is near the shipping lanes in any case, our survival depends on everyone's cooperation.

So there we were, eleven human beings marooned on an uninhabited tropical island. That first night, as Clark and I sat beside each other and listened to the squealing tropical birds off in the dense overgrowth, I noticed...

WHAT'S WRONG, CLARK? YOU LOOK WORRIED. I. I AM, RUTH. WE'VE... WE'VE GOT TO BE RESCUED. SOON. WE'VE JUST GOT TO.
A week went by. No plane or ship came near our island. And strange things began to happen. One of our party was a thief...

That's right. My ring was stolen last night. I demand its return.

I don't know who the guilty party is. Mr. Kubleski, but I'll do my best to find out.

Every night, something else was stolen from one of the members of our group...

I can't understand it. Captain! My belt-buckle was of little value. Who would want to steal a belt-buckle?

One of us is a kleptomaniac. I have no alternative but to post a watch. Two of us at a time will stand guard while the others sleep. This petty thievery must be stopped.

The thief, whoever he or she was, had rifled through everyone's clothes. Probably while we slept. But the curious thing was...

He's only taken dimes and quarters and half-dollars! All my bills are here. A silver dollar I had is gone. My pennies and nickels are still here!

We found out why! One night at the end of the second week, I was awakened to the blood-curdling sound of someone shrieking in pain.

Yaaaaahhhhh! Good lord! What was that?

Miss Kirby, the stewardess gasped.

Mr. Dawson, what was your belt buckle made of?

Silver! And my ring! My ring was silver, too. It seems our thief is only interested in stealing silver! But why?

One by one, we all searched our pockets and purses. It was incredible...

I have plenty of change. I remember! Now, I've only a penny and two nickels.

All of my dimes and quarters are gone! Stolen!

He's only taken dimes and quarters and half-dollars!

We all searched our pockets and purses. It was incredible. I have plenty of change. I remember! Now, I've only a penny and two nickels.

All of my dimes and quarters are gone! Stolen!

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He's only taken dimes and quarters and half-dollars!

We all searched our pockets and purses. It was incredible. I have plenty of change. I remember! Now, I've only a penny and two nickels.

All of my dimes and quarters are gone! Stolen!

He's only taken dimes and quarters and half-dollars!
We stared at each other... ashin faces in the pale moonlight. Captain Miller's voice was cold, expressionless...

But there are no wild beasts on this island! Only us...

Then one of us is the wild beast!

Mr. Kubleski! What do you mean?

I looked at the faces around me as Mr. Kubleski spoke. Captain Miller... Mr. Dawson... Miss Kirby... Mr. Ansen... Mrs. Ames... Mr. Ames... who was it? Who?

The werewolf knew he... or she... was in trouble when we crashed. He knew that the full moon would rise within two weeks. He knew he would have to strike. So, he stole everything made of silver that we had...

And now, even if his identity is learned, we will not be able to destroy him!
In the days and weeks that followed, I scarcely left Clark's side. I was frightened and he was the only one I could turn to.

Clark! Next week is the full moon again! What will we do? What if it strikes again?

And then, it happened again. Four weeks after the first murder, on the night of the full moon, a horrible shriek echoed across our tropic island...

And when we got to Miss Kirby's lean-to, we found her pale white body torn and shredded and streaked red with blood...

Choke... the werewolf has struck again!

Captain Miller shouted...

Mr. Kubleski looked around...

Captain Miller shouted...

Mr. Kubleski looked around...

ALL RIGHT! We'll find out who it is! Who's missing? Quickly! Look around! Who isn't here?

Don't bother looking, Captain! It is too late! Once the werewolf's hunger for human flesh is sated, he returns once more to his normal self.

He is no doubt right here among us at the present moment!

Are there any tests, Mr. Kubleski... any ways of telling who is a werewolf?

During the period preceding the rise of the full moon, there are very few, Clark! Werewolves are mortally afraid of garlic. In the old country, many peasants still hang garlic on their doors at full moon time. As the full moon rises, the werewolves' eyes turn red. A pentagram is seen on the palm of his intended victim. His eyebrows merge... his face grows hairy... his teeth lengthen... and then, at exactly the moment of the full moon, the transformation is complete. He is, in fact, a veritable human wolf.

Lord! Where can we get enough silver to fashion a silver bullet? We've got to destroy this god-awful creature...
With Miss Kirby's death, I became guardian of the medical kit. Although my training consisted only of a short nurse's aide course during the war, I nevertheless managed to patch up the various cuts and bruises suffered by the members of our party.

I certainly hope so, Ruth! I'm so sick of fish and fruit!

Do you think a ship will ever come, Clark?

One day I was walking down along the beach when I noticed a crate that had washed ashore. I read the faded stencil markings... 

"U.S. army... quartermaster corps... field rations..."

Sure thing, Ruth!

I waved to Clark who was up at the camp...

Clark? Come here! Quick!

Clark recoiled in horror. He walked away...

Muttering...

Clark, honey! I was only joking! Please don't be angry...

He walked on up to camp, never once looking back. I kicked at the crate furiously...

Oh, blast you! Why did you pick this beach to wash up... Oh... gasp...

The rotten crate fell apart. The cans rolled out over the sand. I picked one up. The stamped letters denoting its contents was still legible...

Good Lord! Canned salami! Salami has... choke... garlic in it!

Clark came on the run. I pointed to the rotten crate... laughing...

You wanted something else beside fish and fruit, darling! Well, here you are...

Choke...

...very funny!

Clark, honey! I was only joking! Please don't be angry...

He walked on up to camp, never once looking back. I kicked at the crate furiously...

Oh, blast you! Why did you pick this beach to wash up... Oh... gasp...
I didn't want to believe it. I prayed I was wrong. Clark... The werewolf! How could it be? I loved Clark. I wanted to marry him when all this was over. I had to be sure. I went back to my lean-to.

There's a calendar somewhere! I know it! I saw it! I... I remember! The medical kit!

The moonlight streamed in upon his face as he changed... as his eyebrows merged...

...as his eyes turned red and his teeth lengthened and the hair grew out of his face...

I opened the medical kit. I studied the calendar. Tonight tonight was to be the full moon. I started to close the medical kit, when something caught my eye...

Of course! How stupid of me not to have thought of this before!

Captain Miller came and looked at Clark's dead body lying in the moonlight and then he stared at me questioningly as I handed him the empty hypodermic I'd filled with silver nitrate from the bottle I'd found in the medical kit...

I opened the medical kit. I studied the calendar tonight tonight was to be the full moon. I started to close the medical kit, when something caught my eye...

Of course! How stupid of me not to have thought of this before!

The moonlight streamed in upon his face as he changed... as his eyebrows merged...

...as his eyes turned red and his teeth lengthened and his hair grew out of his face...

...and he snarled and sprang at me, slobbering...

...and I plunged the hypodermic needle into his chest...

That night I went to Clark's lean-to. He looked up at me sadly...

Heh, Heh! That's Ruthy's yarn, kiddies, exactly as she told it to me. How come she met me, you ask? So who do you think rescued her and the other crumbs? Watch! Me! You see, I was taking a little cruise this summer on my ghost ship and... well, that's another story! I'll save it till some other time. Now it's time to close up the vault of horror for this issue of D.W.'s Mag and turn you back to her. So, bye, now and... as the undertaker said when he painted his coffin-curtain red, "This is a hearse of a different color!"
Graveyard Goodies

Whether you’re new to E.C. or just one of the thousands already afflicted with E.C. fever, then the books and other goodies listed below will be of interest to you. Over the past 20 years dozens of publications and assorted memorabilia have been produced on and about E.C., but unfortunately most of them are not available anymore and fetch premium prices among collectors. The items listed here are all of high quality and deserve a place in the heart of any E.C. fan.

**The E.C. HORROR LIBRARY**

Over 200 pages of the best of E.C. sandwiched between two gorgeous blood red hardcovers. This FULL COLOR treasury stands 10"x14" and contains 23 complete E.C. classics. This showpiece includes such immortal stories as “Squeeze Play” by Frank Frazetta, “Foul Play” by Jack Davis, “Midnight Mass” by Joe Orlando, “Horror We, How’s Bayou?” by Graham Ingels, “Swamped” by Reed Crandall, and, in addition to the other 17 stories, you’ll find an unpublished E.C. terror tale by Angelo Torres! A glorious landmark in the E.C. tradition. Price: $19.95 plus 75¢ postage and handling.

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No. 1—If you ever wondered what the original art to those classic E.C. stories looked like, then you’re in for a surprise! This series of art folios is just what the witch doctor ordered. All stories were photographed from the actual original art. You can rest in peace that every single brush stroke is there! These huge folio-size and heavy bristol board present you with an unbeatable value. Bound within the rare first issue you have “Touch and Go” by Johnny Craig, “Food For Thought” by Al Williamson and Roy Krenkel, “Horror We, How’s Bayou?” by Graham Ingels, plus “My World” by Wally Wood, cover art and more! Price: $50.00 plus $1.00 postage and handling, Insured. Only a few left!

No. 2—This folio contains 6 all time E.C. classics. “Squeeze Play,” “Air Burst,” “Let’s Play Poison,” “Flying Machine,” “Gid Soldiers Never Die,” and “Thunder Jat.” The beautiful cover of this lavish folio is a FULL COLOR reproduction of Frazetta’s unpublished version of this cover to WEIRD SCIENCE FANTASY No. 291. Price: $25.00 plus $1.00 postage and handling, Insured.

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**THE MONSTER TIMES No. 10**—A special E.C. issue. Originally published in May, 1972. Features interview with Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein as well as great articles on the E.C. convention, the TALES FROM THE CRYPT movie, the E.C. books themselves, Lots of illustrations and a 20"x15" color E.C. cover poster fold-out by Jack Davis. Only a few of these are available. Price: $2.50 plus 25¢ postage and handling.
Graveyard Goodies

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Two different FULL COLOR posters of the uncensored covers from THE VAULT OF HORROR No. 32 by Johnny Craig and TALES FROM THE CRYPT No. 36 by Jack Davis. These gigantic (22" x 28") posters are an easy way of telling your friends that your reading isn't limited to Shakespeare and Freud. They fit just about any wall... even all cells! They come mailed in a tube. These posters were $2.50 each, but now we can offer them to you for only $1.00 each, but you must buy both! That's $2.00 for both plus 50¢ for postage and handling.

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No. 2—The greatest of the E.C. fan magazines is once again available for all of you lunatics who lost out last time! Within this 52 page issue you'll find an article on E.C.'s war comics with some unpublished Kurtzman paintings; a 12 page folio of unpublished Williamson E.C. ink sketches; the original "Tig" strips by Frazetta. Covers by Williamson and Grandle! More! Price: $3.00 plus 25¢ postage.

No. 3—Color covers by Feldstein and Grandle start off this issue. Featured within you'll uncover a 21 page article of E.C. science fiction; more unpublished Frazetta: E.C. death article; 7 pages of Grandle art; some unpublished "Flying Swiffs" by George Evans; and more! 80 pages. Price: $3.00 plus 25¢ postage.

No. 4—100 page blockbuster issue! You actually get four full color covers by Harvey Kurtzman, Graham Ingels, Vaughn Bode, and Kenneth Smith. Inside this issue you'll take an in-depth look at Harvey Kurtzman and unpublished art from his E.C., Humbug, and Playboy periods. More for the Frazetta collector, E.C. foreign comics, E.C. Club bulletins, art by Wrightson, Krenkel, Williamson, Corban, etc. PLUS two unpublished E.C. science fiction stories by Reed Grandle and Bernie Krigstein! There's more! Price: $5.00 plus 25¢ postage.

E.C. T-SHIRT
Why not let everyone know that you're one of those frantic fans struck with E.C. fever? These classy white T-shirts come printed with a huge two color E.C. emblem! Just like the original E.C. (Entertaining Comics) symbol! Why not dump that soiled shroud you've been wearing and order one of these nice numbers. Comes in Small, Medium, Large, and Extra Large. Make sure you specify size when ordering. Price: $3.00 plus 50¢ postage.

Make all checks payable to East Coast Comix

Send for the above to your fast service ghouls at:

GRAVEYARD GOODIES
Box 21364
San Jose, Calif.
95151
THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

Before we get into the latest batch of drool letters from our fervid fans, there are a few points that need to be covered (with a few sorrowful of dirt) First: we have made a few remarks in previous issues concerning the E.C. Fan-Addict Club renewal. Naturally, we've received a wealth of mail in favor of our beginning a new E.C. Fan-Addict Club. We promised you news, but here it is: our 10th reprint and STILL NO NEWS! What gives? ... you ask. Well, these things take time and planning and we just haven't finished yet. We find we're OK in the planning department, but we keep running out of time, what with a book a month. And you guys want a book a week? GOOD LORD! All we can say about the club now is to watch for news in future reprints. Second: our plans for another E.C. Convention. At this time we're trying to set our sights on 1976 as the target we suggest you train those eyeballs on our upcoming reprints for more details.

In case you've been wanting to order a copy of the first E.C. Portfolio from our Graveyard Geebies department, but haven't done it yet, do so! It's been out-of-print for some time now and we're trying hard to get more copies into the mail. Now that we've bored you again with our usual dribble, we turn you over to our rendil readers.

Gentlemen

GOOD LORD! EC has returned! You can go home again alter all! Just read EC Reprints #1, 2, 4 and 5, and I'm having trouble climbing out of this 4-color time machine back into the 70's. I tried to read E.C.'s when they (and I) were younger, but were a staple in my reading diet from approximately age 10 through 15.

Ballantine Books' black-and-white reprints 2 or 3 years ago, of some of the stories were better than nothing but just barely. The EC REPRINTS are at least as good, perhaps better than the originals! Those garish ghoulish gory comic books are the most billion-esh of B.E.M.'s. I'm still as addictive as they were in the 50's! "Perhaps better" because (1) they're still good stories and art, (2) with age and experience has come new knowledge and ways to appreciate them, and (3) the fanatical nostalgia-zap!

When I ordered #1's, 2, 4, 5, I figured you were probably going to print 6 or 7 of these and grab a couple or quick EC nostalgia-backs, and close up shop. Then I discovered, inside front cover of #1, that your awe-inspiring overall plan is to eventually reprint EVERY E.C. COMIC! (Gasp!) #OK! One-a-month will do, I guess; but one wishes you were far enough ahead of schedule to issue about one a week.

Suggestions for future reprints: (1) The "SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES" (or "Crime SuspensStories"), about whose cover Mr. Gaines was quizzed at the Senate Hearing "There's blood coming from her mouth" — "A little" — Just to see that cover (again) would almost be worth the buck. (2), (3), (4) — Whichever issues of the horror mags presented Origin Stories on the Old Witch Crypt Keeper, or A Wally Wood stuff, featuring a little girl, product of atomic mutation — she was physically smelly and ugly, despised by her playmates. one night when "hiding something" in the woods, smelt it, was found, and I love you. "They just don't write 'em like that anymore!

Questions on future reprints: I know you won't/can't do old MAD's, but how about PANIC? Also how about the short-lived "New Directions" mags, put out in a last-ditch effort to keep going without crime & horror? Things like PIRAG and R-A-H-I-C-T, and probably a couple others? — I, for one, would like to see the "Tales of Terror" and "Weird Science-Fantasy" annals reprinted, at anywhere near a reasonable price.

In the late (or middle) 50's, I was thrilled to have a letter-to-editor printed in one of the Pulp-Fiction Magazines. I would be hardly less thrilled for you to use all or any part of this one in an EC Reprint.

THANK YOU!
J.R. McHone
Charlotte, N.C.

Dear East Coast Combs

What? FIVE Dollars for only six comics? But do they look like the old E.C.'s when I was just a kid? Here hand me that CRYPT OF TERROR. Yes, yes ... very impressive, but I still feel that ... What's they say — just try reading a story or two? Well, after all, if this is any TRICK ... Hmm mumble mumble swish rustle glitter, oh no he couldn't have — mumble swish, yesss, rustle, HE DIDI mmm, NOT SO FAST I AIN'T THROUGH YET! mumble mmm mmm mmm drool, drool, rustle hmmm, yesss but ... GOOD LORD ITS TRUE! moral more? They really are, yes. HERE'S MY $5. Send me six more E.C.'e HURRY, MAN! Before I go into withdrawal symptoms.

Cheerfully
Ritchie Dean
Richmond, Ky

GASP! CHICKEI Yes ... we do plan to reprint ALL the E.C. New Trend books as well as the NEW DIRECTIONS titles. No, we can't reprint the old MAD comics, but perhaps in the future we can get an issue of PANIC out. The main problem with PANIC is the fact that it could be regarded as a competitor to the current MAD. There are quite a few involved problems in PANIC vs. MAD question which we hope to receive sometime in the future, but at this point a PANIC reprint just isn't possible.

Send all correspondence to LETTERS TO THE EDITOR Box 1290 Great Neck, N.Y. 11023
Hansel and Gretel!

Here's the latest in my fairy tale debunking campaign, kiddies. This is the real scoop...the true facts behind the nauseating nonsense that you've read as...

The old witch's grim fairy tale!

You see, actually, the woodcutter and his wife and two kids weren't so bad off. They weren't so poor that they couldn't buy food, like in the versions you've read. In fact, the old man was doing all right, what with the housing boom and the G.I.'s back from the crusades. The real trouble was...

That's all they do is eat! Eat, eat! Eat! You'll have to increase my allowance. I just can't manage with them eating like that!

You shut up and eat! NO! Don't eat! Talk! Don't eat! Talk! Say something!

Hansel! Our parents seem to be in disagreement as to... chomp... what our behavior... slurp... should be!

Crazy mixed up... chomp... parents!

Stop with the 'increase my allowance' routine! I'm handing over my whole pay bag now. Why, I still owe a few ducats on my new axe! Every time the collector comes, I got to OC.

And there's an installment due on the new wash tub. Oh, what will we do?

CHOMP... CHOMP... WEAR DIRTY CLOTHES!

CHOMP... CHOMP...
Get the picture, kiddies? Actually these two brats were eating their folks out of house and home... so one night...

We gotta get rid of 'em! We just gotta! That's all! Supper tonight was the last straw...

The last straw? Sob! I haven't had a good steak in years. All the time, they eat steak... I eat straw! Now... no more straw, even!

Now, don't get excited... I got a suggestion! What say I take 'em out into the woods and ditch 'em? We'd be rid of them! We'd eat again... real food. Meat... vegetables... yogurt!

Husband, dear! How could you? You shock me! I... we'll do it! Maybe a tree'll fall on them... or a wild beast...

On the other side of the flimsy wall of their pre-fab woodcutter's cabin, Hansel and Gretel listened...

Chomp... chomp... Did you hear that? They're gonna ditch us, Hans.

Don't get dispepsia, sis. I'll think of something. Pass me the Worstershi... the Worcestshi... the Worsh... the Ketchup!

Later, when everyone was asleep, Hansel tip-toed outside and gathered up some white pebbles...

I'm no fool. I passed my Junior Forester's merit badge test! I'm clever. I'm... I'm hungry!

And so, the next day, when the woodcutter led the children into the forest, Hansel was ready...

Come, kiddies! Follow me! We will go deep into the woods. We will have a picnic. We will...

Notice, sister! As we proceed into the impenetrable... the impenet... the thick forest, I keep dropping pebbles!

Finally, deep in the forest, the woodcutter turned...

Well! This is it! The finish! The pay-off! You two are through... done... washed up! It's the end of the line...

Father's been reading Mickey Spillane!

Chomp... chomp... me too! Va-va-voom!

And then, without a word, the woodcutter dashed off, leaving his two children stranded...

Is he gone... chomp? He's... chomp... real gone!
Later that night, when the moon came up and the shiny pebbles that Hansel had dropped glittered like newly minted subway tokens, the children retraced their steps. "We're almost home, Hansel. Yes, I can hear the wild cheering and hysterical laughing!"

The woodcutter had just sat down to their first square meal in years when the door to their tiny cottage swung open... "Yum! Yum! mash! And... AND... Surprise!"

OH, NO! CHOKED! "Mmm... Food? We're starved! Pass the Worcestershi... The worstershi... The worshter in the ketchup!

That night, the woodcutter and his wife plotted... "We've got to try it again, wifey! And this time, we've got to do the job right!"

Okay! Okay! now pass me that bone, it's my turn to gnaw on it!

And so, the next morning, the woodcutter again led his darlings into the impenetrable woods...

"Today we will observe the habits and habitats of the yellow-bellied sapsucker... a bird of the woodpecker family noted for its distinctive plumage."

"Cut the corn, pop! Give us the Mickey Spillane routine and let's get it over with!"

The woodcutter turned...

The string's run out! Your time is up! Er... say your prayers! Er... ah...

Go, already! Yeah! We're hungry!

The woodcutter dashed off leaving the two children deep in the forest... (Heh, heh... thought I'd say impenetrable... Thick, eh?)...

Come, Hansel. Share my crust of bread since you have torn up yours into tiny crumbs to leave a trail for us to follow back home!

Who did? Think I'm a fool? I passed my bird study merit badge test! Why let the birds eat it? Chomp... Chomp...
And so, Hansel and Gretel were really lost this time. But do you think they cared? Do you think they worried? You're darn right they did! After all, in a few hours, they got...you guessed it...

...hungry! I'm starved, Hansel!

Me too! I could eat a horse! I look!

It stood before them in the clearing, the tiny cottage. Gretel ran toward it, slobbering...

Gretel! Come back! Don’t stop! I said ‘horse’...not house!

Chomp chomp. P-toocee!

I'm hot kidding! She was no witch! I listen! I ought to know a witch when I see one. This old lady was a sweet little old thing...


You hungry? Are you hungry? Come! This can stay here! I'll feed you. I'll take care of you. I'll buy you pretty clothes...toys...candy...sodas...maltese...

This little old lady, kind-hearted soul, that she was, listened to Hansel and Gretel's story...

And since Mama and Papa... and since Mama and Papa... and since Mama and Papa...

Chomp... couldn't afford to buy us food... they left us in the woods to die...chomp... because they couldn't bear to see us... blump... suffer!

You two little darlings can stay here! I'll feed you! I'll take care of you! If you'll buy you a horse. I'll buy you a horse. I'll buy you a horse.

Hansel! This just old bat must be loaded up... and play along!
This little old lady begged them brats to stay with her.

"Please say 'yes!' I've been so lonely since my husband died last year and left me with all this useless wealth..."

"Choke! Grandma! You doit a deal!"

"Yeah! We accept!"

"Oh...you've made me so happy! If I knew you were comin' I'd've baked a cake!"

"Why not bake one now, grandma?"

"Don't I will! I will!"

"You stay here, and I'll go get the firewood! Stay right here, now..."

"We're not budgin', Granny!"

"No! We're settin' but def!"

"But as soon as the little old lady was gone, Hansel and Gretel rushed to her treasure chest..."

"Man! Dig this cool ice!"

"All we do is get rid of the old bag and it's all ours! Now here's the plan!"

"Not canned meat, Hansel! Nice thick fresh..."

"Knock it off, listen! And it will make me so happy if you'll allow me to spend all this on you two!"

"Useless, I say. Because what good is money if it can't buy happiness?"

"It can, it can!"
WELCOME HOME, DARLINGS!

GOOD LORO, JEWELS! GOLO!

BUT, LORD WHAT IN HELL... THOUGHT WE WERE BAKING A CAKE, VINTAGE! GROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THERE WE ARE... A NICE ROARING FIRE! NOW!

AND LISTENED TO HER BURN TO A CRISP...

REAL... CHOMP... GONE!

THEN THEY TOOK ALL OF THE POOR OLD LADY'S JEWELS...

SOME HAUL? THINK OF THE FOOD THIS WILL BUY!

AND WENT HOME TO THEIR LOVING MOTHER AND FATHER'S CABIN AND TOLE THEM THE FANTASTIC STORY THAT YOU'VE BELIEVED...

AND THAT'S IT. TO SAVE OURSELVES FROM BEING ROASTED ALIVE, WE PUSHED HER INTO THE OVEN. AND THEN WE FOUND THESE...

...BELIEVED UP TO NOW, THAT IS! NOW, OF COURSE, YOU KNOW THE TRUE STORY OF HANSEL AND GRETEL, GRIM, EH? WELL, THAT'S THE NAME OF THIS DEPARTMENT! NEXT TIME, I'LL TELL YOU... ER... WELL... LET'S JUST WAIT AND SEE WHAT MY IDIOT EDITORS DREAM UP. NOW, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE CRYPT-KEEPER WHO WILL WIND UP MY REEK RAG WITH A TALE FROM HIS CRYPT OF TERROR. 'BYE, NOW! AND AS THE BOP CONSTRUCTION MAN SAID WHEN HE FOUND THE GOAT IN THE CEMENT MACHINE, "DIG THAT CRAZY MIXED-UP KID!"
Heh, heh! And now it's time for me, your crypt-keeper, to wind up the old bag's mag. So, since you've been tucked away with a little fairy tale... prepare yourself for a nightmare from me! Come... come with me to the land of the Okefenokee... south... south of south... where varmint pits against man, and only the wittiest survive. Our hero will be the wittiest, even though he's just half-so. This tale, I call...

COUNTRY CLUBBING!

Far off, the swamps echoed with the blood-curdling yelps of blood hounds. For on this dark night, the chain gang was searching for one escaped convict...

Gotta stop... rest... eat... hungry! Hungry!
The convict quivered and convulsed with the excitement of food at last! Food... all for him and no one else... him alone!
It stood huge and ugly. It was a man... the dead woman's man. His face would scare the wits out of any striped skunk...

...and it did!

ON!

Nooooo!

Git away! Don't touch me! I... I didn't mean to hit her! I wuz hungry... honest!

Owwww! Help!

It's th' devil himself! I ain't ready fer ya yet! Ya gotta ketch me! Lemme outa here!

Back out into the darkness and the swamps he ran, even the hounds would be better for him than this shoulish-looking monster...

Heh? Heh! I can out-lea him... the stumblin' idiot!

Yet he still followed... with the club!
His wild running brought him back onto the path of the baying blood hounds... their throats sore and eager for a swallow of flesh.

My legs! Can't move 'em! I'm exhausted! No! No! It's quicksand!

Gotta pull up! I'll pull up this tree... Climb it so dogs can't git me!

At last! No muddy earth nor dawg kin eat me!

Aaeee! It's a rat! It's got me! Help!

It's a filthy 'possum! I'll fling ya to the dawgs!

While they eatcha, I'm skedadlin'!

Yet he still followed with the club.
YET HE STILL FOLLOWED WITH THE CLUB.

"GATOR BAIT, I AIN'T GONNA BE!"

WITH CRAZED STRENGTH, THE CONVICT GRABBED A DANGLING VINE AND CLIMBED TO SAFETY...

...YET HE STILL FOLLOWED WITH THE CLUB!

IF T'HE CRAZY CRITTER THINKS HE'S GONNA KETCH ME, HE BETTER GET A BOAT, 'CAUSE I'M TRAVLIN' ON WATER FROM HERE OUT!

THE CONVICT WADED INTO THE BLACK SWAMP WATER AFTER A FLOATING LOG THAT WOULD CARRY HIM TO FREEDOM...

CAN'T SEE TOO WELL! THIS LOG'LL DO!

GNUFFF! 'GATOR!

SNOP!
As he untangled himself from the vines that twisted around his arms and legs, one vine began to slowly move...

**GOOD LORD! A SNAKE!**

**YOU DID IT! YOU BIT ME! YOU OWIP! PHO! I'LL TEACH YA!**

**YOU BIT ME!**

**I'LL TEACH YA!**

**You did it!**

**You bit me!**

**You owip! Pho! I'll teach ya!**

In his fit of fear and anger, he beat the reptile to death...

**T'LL KILL YA! KILL YA! KILL YA!**

Suddenly, the swamp answered back to him with a wild hum of gnats and mosquitoes...

...followed by pursuing bats, flapping and frightening the convict deeper into the swamp...

He ran wild. Fear, now, had control of his criminal brain. Only instinct kept him fighting to escape the murdered woman's man...

**Yet he still followed with the club!**

He ran wild. Fear, now, had control of his criminal brain. Only instinct kept him fighting to escape the murdered woman's man...
The Okefenokee had now sapped all of his energy. He couldn’t go on. This was it...

He’s gonna get me. Get me like I got his wife!

I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to hurt her! Let me live! I don’t wanta die! Don’t use th’ club!

Stay away! Keep away! Don’t kill me! It’ll be murder! You’ll be a murderer!

Help! Please help!

Uhh... Here’s ya club, Mistuh! Ya forgot an’ left it way back at muh house!

I... Eh, eh... I forgot my... Eh, eh... Club. Isn’t that... Eh, eh... Funny? I... Eh, eh... Forgot my... Eh, eh, eh, eh...

And so we leave our convict friend... jibbering away... a ravaging maniac deep in the Okefenokee. Something... just... shall we say... snapped, when the big slob practiced his southern okey hospitality... which is always return things that ain’t rightfully yours. Well that about winds up O.W.’s morbid mag, which is rightfully yours. We’ll all see you next in my mag, tales from the crypt? Oh, by the way, did you forget about the E.C. Fan-Addict club? No? Hmmm! That’s too bad! ‘Bye, now... E.C., that is!
THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

Dear Old Crone,
I and my friend have a boast to make. By the time this is printed, I will have 160 E.C.'s and my friend will have 170 I think we have two of the largest collections of E.C. mags in the United States. If there are any people who have more, I would like to hear from them.
Norman Benedict
Matt Flynn
1413 Rosemary
Columbia, Mo.

This sounds like a trap.

Dear Old Witch,
It always seemed kind of strange that everytime anything happens in your books, somebody says, 'Good Lord!' I thought it was kind of silly, but it seems that recently everyone's been saying it.
Paul Cummings
Salina, Kansas

Power of the press, Paul

Dear Old Ugly,
Every month, I look forward to the story driven by Ghostly Graham Ingels. I think he's swell because all his characters look like my relatives.
Mary Little
N.Y.C.

You poor lershugginer kid

And now for the advertising (if ya ain't got any money, don't bother reading the rest of this lershugginer column). In case you didn't catch E.C.'s two 3-D magazines while they were languishing on the newsstands, the stockroom is now bulging with millions of copies for you unfortunate people who missed them. And save my idiot editors got an offer far YOU! You can now obtain THREE DIMENSIONAL EC CLASSICS (original newsstand price: 25c) or THREE DIMENSIONAL TALES FROM THE CRYPT OF TERROR (ditto) for the absurd price of 15c each, or the special combined price of 2 for 30c. This is 3-D like you never saw 3-D before... or since! Subscriptions (in 2-D) for the HAUNT OF FEAR will lower your financial worth by one buck for eight that issues. The address for 3-D orders, subscription orders, and the other stuff like what you been sending in is:
The Old Witch
Room 706, Dept. 23
225 Lafayette Street
N.Y. 12, N.Y.

Or
Down in the valley, the valley so red
Hang your neck over and I'll cut off your head

Mary had a little lamb
It went with her to school
One day the lamb came home alone
It really was a ghoul!

John Chapin of Houston, Texas dreams up this delicious delight:

Blood and guts all over the street
And me without a spoon to eat

And now for some missives from the not-so-artistic

Dear Old Crone,
I and my friend have a boast to make. By the time this is printed, I will have 160 E.C.'s and my friend will have 170. I think we have two of the largest collections of E.C. mags in the United States. If there are any people who have more, I would like to hear from them.
Norman Benedict
Matt Flynn
1413 Rosemary
Columbia, Mo.

Joe Malone of Brooklyn and Dan Voorhees of Los Angeles suggest the following vampire vocalists to warble the above disgusting ditties:

EDDIE SQUIRISH
DIANA GORE
LES FALL-BEARER
MEL TORE-ME
ETHEL MURDER-MAN
ROSEMARY SLEW ME
BOIL EYES

Patric Poerty Dept.: Sickly Sandy of Willow Grove, Pa., dashes off this one to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"

PAIL, PLEASE
My stomach is in a commotion,
My head is hanging over the rail...
I don't want to mess up the ocean
So somebody bring me a pail

Bobby McMahon of Decatur, Ill., pens this prize:

When a vampire goes out at night
He sure don't go out to fly a kite!
He goes out searching, and then he droins
And leaves his victim with empty veins!

DO NOT CREMATE ME, OH MY DARLING
I'VE GOT YOUR BLOOD TO KEEP ME WARM
I'LL BE THERE TO EAT YOU IN A TAXI, YUMMY!
I SAW MOMMY EATING SANTA'S CLAWS
IT'S THE TALK OF THE TOMB
DON'T DRAIN ME
MY OLD KENTUCKY CRONE
HACK IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD
DON'T SPIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE
JUST ANOTHER CROAKER
THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR YOUR SON'S EYES
I DON'T CARE IF THE SUN DON'T SHINE
I LEAP MY LOVERS IN THE EVENIN' TIME
CUT HER UP A LITTLE CLOSER
THRUSS IN ME
I'M PUING OVER THE FOUR STIFFS OF DOVER
DROWNED IN THE OLD BILGE STREAM
I WILL BREAK YOUR BACK AGAIN, KATHLEEN
SOMEBODY STOLE MY GUTS
A-CRUNCHING WE WILL GO
I'M SLITTING THE TOP OF A GIRL

ORIGINAL LETTERS PAGE
All and all addresses, subscription offers, premiums, and merchandise mentioned on this page are reprinted at the form they usually appeared during the period 1950 through 1955 and are NO LONGER VALID.
If you've been finding it a bit difficult cooking something flesh and appealing for your famished fright family and have been looking for something special to spice up your next lurid literary luncheon, then we suggest you shiver-chefs subscribe to our next batch of E.C. fiction.

Within each and every issue you'll find four tasty terror treats to keep those hungry horror hounds at bay! You can be sure that their every morbid mouthful will be garnished with a bit of the old E.C. gore.

BACK ISSUES STILL AVAILABLE

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It's too bad you can't be here to get a whiff of the things that are brewing for our forthcoming feasts in fetid fiction, but you'll have to wait like all the other starved subscribers.

So..., if you can't stand the thought of missing a single rancid recipe from the E.C. cauldron, then tighten up that burying bib, wipe off those drops of drool, and send in today.

Classic Reprint No. 7— THE VAULT OF HORROR No. 26
Featuring:  
- "Two of a Kind" by Craig  
- "Graft in Concrete" by Davis  
- "Half-Way Horror" by Check  
- "Hock Line and Stinker" by Ingels  

Classic Reprint No. 8— SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES No. 6  
Featuring:  
- "Undercover" by Wood  
- "Not So Tough" by Orlando  
- "Sugar 'N' Spice" by Ingels  

Classic Reprint No. 9— TWO FISTED TALES No. 34  
Featuring:  
- "Betsey" by Davis  
- "Trial by Arms" by Wood  
- "En Crabaudine" by Sovenin  
- "Guywene" by Evans  

FORTHCOMING ISSUE

Classic Reprint No. 11— WEIRD SCIENCE No. 12  
Featuring:  
- "Lost in the Microcosm" by Kurtzman  
- "Dream of Doom" by Wood  
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