

Weird Tales



MAY, 1953

Cover by Joseph Eberle

- WHISPER WATER** Leah Bodine Drake 6
It seems to whisper . . . especially at sundown when the night hawks are flying and the breeze makes spooky rustlings in the willows.
- THE LIVING EYES** Justin Dowling 16
They protruded from their sockets as if on sticks; they writhed, expanded, twitched as she blinked. They were themselves alive!
- I'LL BE BACK** David Eynon 20
That was what all the G. I.'s said in France—I'll be back. Back how many years one was led to wonder?
- STRANGE HARVEST (A novelette)** Donald Wandrei 26
A whole orchard moved itself to a new location; potatoes sank instead of being dug up; melons receded from the pickers—what sort of agricultural report would cover all this?
- MORTHYLLA** Clark Ashton Smith 41
. . . after his death, he forgot that he had died.
- A CORNER FOR LUCIA** August Derleth 47
Lucia dropped out of sight right into a hole—not a hole in the pavement, but a hole in space.
- A FOG WAS BLOWING (Verse)** Stanton A. Coblentz 54
- BETWEEN TWO DREAMS (A novelette)** Felix Marti Ibanez 56
The dream was taking on most abhorrent aspects. I was no longer a spectator, but a participant, and I didn't like it at all.
- THE VENGEANCE OF KALI MAI** Garnett Radcliffe 73
The temple had become a playground for monkeys. How easy it would be to remove the necklace of blood-red stones.
- REQUIEM FOR A SINNER (Verse)** Pauline Booker 77
- MANDRAKE** Adam Hull Shirk 78
. . . one plant concerning which superstition is almost universal. Could it have a modern application?
(Copyright 1923 by Rural Publishing Company)
- WIFE OF THE DRAGON-FLY** Paul Ernst 83
There was no shelter for an eavesdropper for fifty feet about them, yet their conversation was reported word for word.
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THE EYRIE

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D. McILWRAITH, Editor

A Fog Was Blowing

BY STANTON A. COBLENTZ

A fog was blowing across the world,
and a fog was in his eyes,
But he smiled in the gray and fading light,
nor heeded the watchers' sighs.

"Free! Free! Eerily free! Free as an ocean
bird!"—

They saw a flutter of dying lips, but gay
was the song they heard.—

"Loosed from the dust and trash of earth,
I shall make a cloud my home;
I shall voyage the seas of twilight mist, and
cruise with the flying foam.

I shall haunt the vapors that wraithlike
weave high on the mountain's breast;
Float like a shadow through the woods;
and surge to the thunder-crest.

I shall rocket in sport on the clockless lanes
that wind among the stars,
Swift as a hope, and winged with the might
of gods and avatars.

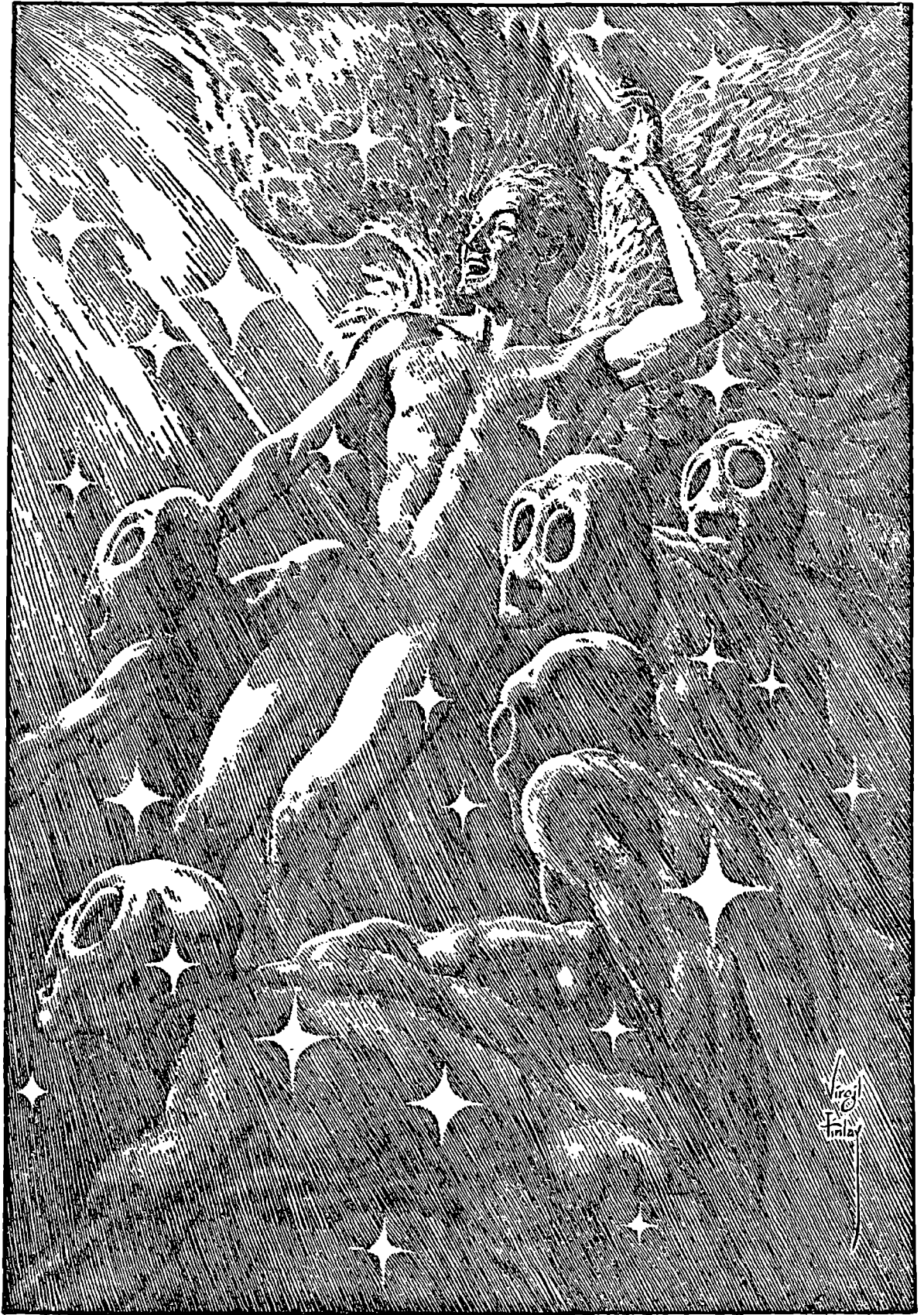
And they, the comrades from of old,
timeless as rivers flowing,
Shall glimmer in silence at my side, with
great eyes round and glowing;

And people that gather far below, when we
flicker on the blast,
Shall shudder, and cross themselves, and
say, "What weirdness, what ghost goes
past?"

A fog was blowing across the world, and
a fog was in his eyes,
But he smiled in the gray and fading light,
nor heeded the watchers' cries.

"Free! Free! Eerily free! Free as an ocean
bird!"—

They saw a flutter of dying lips, but gay was
the song they heard.



Anglo
F. H. L.