ALL STORIES NEW - NO REPRINTS

MARCH. 1945

Cover by A. R. Tilburne

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| LORDS OF THE GHOSTLANDS Se | eabury Quinn | 8 |
|--|------------------------|----|
| To be jerked out of the quiet restfulness of your grave and shipped acros thousand miles of water but then any mummy might be called unluc | ss fo ur ky! | |
| SHORT STORIES | | |
| IN THE BEGINNING | Bedford-Jones | 24 |
| A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR TOMMY | Charles King | 33 |
| The way to conquer horror is to bring your fears out into the open; but you can't bring THEM out into the open | | |
| THE PERIPATETIC CORPSE | arold Lawlor | 38 |
| The funniest part about a corpse walking into the morgue by itself is that it just couldn't happen—could it? | | |
| THE SHONOKINS Manly W. | ade Wellman | 48 |
| Precautions against the Shonokins are not like precautions against anything else in this world or out of it | | |
| PLEASE GO WAY AND LET ME SLEEP Hele | n W. Kasson | 56 |
| The family was gathered just as it would have been gathered in any other room only this was the crypt | | |
| | hen Grendon | 64 |
| Any sensitive, imaginative child lives in a world of make-believe— at least "make-believe" is what the prosaic mind calls it | | |
| | ay Bradbury | 72 |
| "No dead man's going to rest easy with strange folks sleeping right on top of him" | | |
| SECOND CHILDHOOD | Jack Snow | 76 |
| As one approaches the end of life's long journey memory becomes brilliantly clear and vivid | | |
| | S. Vreeland | 80 |
| Just one old man alone in a place big enough for a hotel. And the THINGS he did, well, what do you think? | | |
| VERSE | | |
| QUEST UNHALLOWED | Page Cooper | 3 |
| • | ard N. Marsh | 32 |
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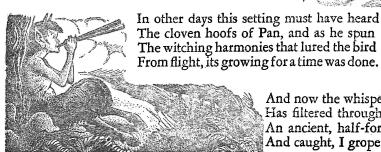
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Bewitched

By WILLARD N. MARSH

THIS timeless garden, like a thing diseased Has flung a green veil round its leprous face And deathless evil blooms are tightly squeezed Within the unkempt vine's obscene embrace.



must have heard and as he spun hat lured the bird ratime was done.

And now the whisper of a magic pipe Has filtered through to me from yesterday: An ancient, half-forgotten dream is ripe— And caught, I grope and cannot find the way.