NO REPRINTS ALL STORIES NEW

ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS	
NOVEMBER, 1949 Cover by Matt Fox	
NOVELETTES THE UNDERBODY The country fields of summer hid, within their rich earth, a terro-rid doom to transcend men's ability to fear.	6
THESE DEBTS ARE YOURS Arthur J. Burks W has in the world—or outside of it—would ever set such a chain of events in motion?	34
SHORT STORIES	
CONSCIENCE MAKETH COWARDS Seabury Quinn Jules de Grandin copts again with a peculiar case, the likes of which test even his particular tolents.	18
OIT OF THE WRACK I RISE	30
MURDER MAN	48
TWILIGHT PLAY Strange things can happen to a child in those precious playtime hours. August Derleth	53
THE GREEN WINDOW Mary Elizabeth Counselman It was a strange old structure, and the strangest part of it was that green opaque window to the left of the familighted door.	58
STRANGER AT DUSK	64
THE DARREN FIELD	74
SKYDRIFT The powers that be may send any things from the skies, and not the least of these is a destiny to change men's lives.	81
TERROR UNDER ERIDU	88
VERSE .	
DEMON LURE	57 87
WEIRDISMS Lee Brown Coye	17
WEIRD TALES CLUB	

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Demon Lure

by Harriet A. Bradfield

IND your eyes lest you should step within that light, Or see the horrid ritual of evil acolyte.

Stop your ears against this Revelry malign, Which scrapes against your eardrums And ices down your spine.

Such music's from a fiddle No human ever strung; Such words could not be uttered Save by some demon tongue.

If you should ever hope to See the sun once more, Run with fevered frenzy From that seducing door.

