

Cover by Margaret Brundage MARCH, 1941 NOVELETTES 4 Malcolm Jameson THE MAN WHO LOVED PLANKS -And Gathered the Scattered Wood Nymphs of All the Ages Seabury Quinn 31 WAKE AND REMEMBER Romance Walks Out of the Past Thorp McClusky THE GRAVEYARD HORROR Only Crucifix and Stake Could Cure the Dead's Ghastly Malady SHORT STORIES Nelson S. Bond 19 THE DOWNFALL OF LANCELOT BIGGS Traveling With Us? We're Outward Bound for Mars! AN ADVENTURE OF A PROFESSIONAL CORPSE 46 (4) The Affair of the Shuteye Medium.. H. Bedford-Jones This Dead Man Does Tell Tales! 60 THE CRYSTAL BULLET Donald Wandrei Freezing Horror Falls from the Wildernesses of the Universe THE CREAM-COLORED CAT Ann Sloan 66 ... Was Death's Pet EDGE OF THE CLIFF 80 Dorothy Quick "One Second-and It's Over" DEATH WORE AN ASTRAKHAN HAT Walter C. Brown 83 Black Magic, a Thousand Years Out of Its Time "COME TO ME!" August W. Derleth 94 A Full Dress Rehearsal for Judgment Day **VERSE** 65 DREAMER . . John M. Barnard FLIGHT OF TIME 82 BAD COMPANY . . Leah Bodine Drake 119 SUPERSTITIONS AND TABOOS Irwin J. Weill 58 IT HAPPENED TO ME True Experience . . . Ralph Rayburn Phillips 120 THE EYRIE and WEIRD TALES CLUB 121

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Dreamer

By C. S. YOUD

His brow was chapleted with mighty stars; The silver moon spread round him like a lace Her tender loveliness which no shade mars. He took the road, a sturdy staff he wrought; He left for realms and mysteries undared; His solitary kingdom was a thought And his great staff was but a slender word.

Dreamer of dreams! Your path will ever be As bright and gilded as the tales you love, Through valleys whence the dreary shadows flee, Those valleys which your own sweet longing wove; And when your earth-bound wanderings are through, The Master Poet shall make a home for you.