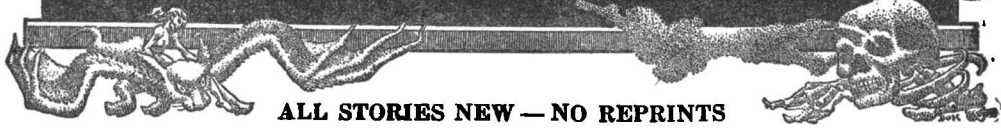


# Weird Tales



ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS

November, 1943

Cover by A. R. Tilburne

## LONG NOVELETTE

<b>THE VALLEY OF THE ASSASSINS . . . . .</b>	<b>Edmond Hamilton</b>	<b>8</b>
<i>A valley of dreadful doom, this . . . where time is as nothing to the fiend whose first murderous crimes were committed centuries ago</i>		

## SHORT STORIES

<b>DEATH WENT THAT WAY . . . . .</b>	<b>Allison V. Harding</b>	<b>20</b>
<i>It's nice to be able to call some strange happening "coincidence" . . . it's much more reassuring than the truth!</i>		
<b>SPEED THE PARTING GHOST . . . . .</b>	<b>Helen W. Kasson</b>	<b>28</b>
<i>So you don't like to have your relatives around! Suppose they were dead . . . and still around!</i>		
<b>THE THIRD CRY TO LEGBA . . . . .</b>	<b>Manly Wade Wellman</b>	<b>50</b>
<i>When we tinker with black forces beyond our ken we must expect the unexpected</i>		
<b>THE DUCKER . . . . .</b>	<b>Ray Bradbury</b>	<b>68</b>
<i>If you shoot those guys over there, he wondered, then they got to play right and fall down, don't they?</i>		
<b>GREAT PAN IS HERE . . . . .</b>	<b>Greya La Spina</b>	<b>72</b>
<i>Our doctrines had not warned us that on this night all hidden powers above and below are loosed</i>		
<b>A THIN GENTLEMAN WITH GLOVES . . . . .</b>	<b>August Derleth</b>	<b>85</b>
<i>A familiar is a companion summoned from outside somewhere to attend a wizard and obey his every command</i>		
<b>HAMMER OF CAIN . . . . .</b>	<b>James Causey and Bill Blackbeard</b>	<b>92</b>
<i>There is a strange curse on all brothers Cain . . . a curse that is terrible as it is compelling—the medium is a little flint hatchet!</i>		
<b>HERBERT WEST: REANIMATOR . . . . .</b>	<b>H. P. Lovecraft</b>	<b>101</b>
<i>Can hideous experiments in the reanimation of the dead be carried so far as to bring on demonic reprisals from those dead?</i>		

## VERSE

<b>THE SNAKE . . . . .</b>	<b>Francis Flagg</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>BECAUSE THE MOON IS FAR . . . . .</b>	<b>Katherine Simons</b>	<b>40</b>
<b>ON LAKE LAGORE . . . . .</b>	<b>Dorothy Gold</b>	<b>91</b>
<b>SUPERSTITIONS AND TABOOS . . . . .</b>	<b>Irwin J. Weil</b>	<b>70</b>
<b>THE EYRIE AND WEIRD TALES CLUB . . . . .</b>		<b>108</b>

*Except for personal experiences the contents of this magazine is fiction. Any use of the name of any living person or reference to actual events is purely coincidental.*

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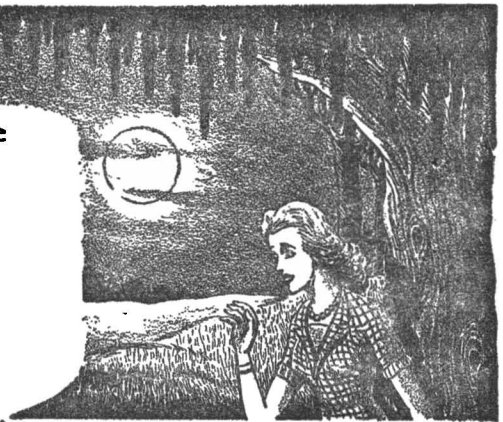
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# On Lake Lagore

By DOROTHY GOLD

**O**N Lake Lagore, when moonbeams glance  
And glimmer on the black expanse,  
The deep-drowned shadows rise and dance  
Under the cypress trees.

Who passes on the road beneath  
The moss-hung branches holds his breath,  
As one who looks on grisly death  
Shudders at what he sees.



But when the other shadows wake,  
My lover rises from the lake,  
And comes to me for love's sweet sake  
From out his watery bed.

So I, though others watch no more  
The moon on haunted Lake Lagore,  
Walk nightly there, and on the shore  
Keep vigil with the dead.