

THE ACOLYTE

AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND THE SUPERNATURAL
(An Outsider Publication)

Co-edited and published by
Francis T. Laney
1104 South Georgia St.
Los Angeles 15, Calif.
Samuel D. Russell
1810 North Harvard Ave.
Hollywood 27, Calif.

-oOo-

Art Director: R. A. Hoffman

Contributing Editors: Duane W. Rimel, F. Lee Baldwin, Harold Wakefield

Vol. II, No. 3 Summer - 1944 Whole No. 7

THIS ISSUE OF THE ACOLYTE IS DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF PAUL FREEHAFFER

Cover: Maliano

Stories:

MORTE JAMBE	T. Bruce Yerke	3
SUMMER'S CLOUD	Anthony Boucher	8
THE HARP	Alan P. Roberts	11
THE SMALL, DARK THING	Duane W. Rimel	20

Poems:

THE LITTLE ONES	Duane W. Rimel	7
LIGHT FANTASTIC	Arthur Kennedy	10
REGNAR LODBRUG'S EPICEDIUM	H. P. Lovecraft	14
DARK GARDEN	Richard Ely Morse	19
SATAN'S HOLE	Rita Barr	24

Articles and Features:

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING	The Editors	2
CHECKLIST OF M. G. LEWIS	W. Paul Cook & R. H. Barlow	7
THE FAMILY TREE OF THE GODS	Clark Ashton Smith	9
HOFFMANIA	R. A. Hoffman	
4. The Gods of Bal-Arkoth		(facing) 10
5. Unwanted Desire		(facing) 24
LITTLE KNOWN FANTASISTES	Harold Wakefield	13
SHOP TALK	E. Hoffman Price	16
FANTASY FORUM	The Readers	25
BACK COVER	John Giunta	

The Acolyte is published quarterly; appearing on the 15th of March, June, September, and December. Subscription rates: 15¢ per copy, or four issues for 50¢. This is an amateur and non-profit publication, and no payment is made for accepted material. Accepted material is subject to editorial revision when necessary. The editors are not responsible for disputes arising from advertising contained in these pages, nor are they responsible for statements appearing in this magazine unless signed by them.

FRANCIS T. LANEY
SAMUEL D. RUSSELL

With our swords have we contended!
When the Vistula we enter'd
With our ships in battle order
We unto the hall of Woden
Sent the bold Helsingian foemen.
Then the sword-points bit in fury;
All the billows turn'd to life-blood
Earth with streaming gore was crimson'd;
Reeking sword with ringing note
Shields divided; armour smote. }

{With our swords have we contended!
{None had fallen on that day }
{Till on his ship Heraucus fell: }
{Than him before no braver baron }
Cleft the sea with ships of battle;
Never after him was chieftan
Lighter hearted in the fighting.

With our swords have we contended!
Now the host flung down their buckles;
Flying spears tore hero's bosoms
Swords on Scarfian rocks were striking.
Gory was his shield in slaughter
Till the royal Rofus perish'd.
Sweat from weary hands and pale }
Trickled down the suits of mail. }

With our swords have we contended!
Copious booty had the ravens
Round about the Indirian islands,
In that single day of action
(One in many deaths was little.)
(The rising sun grew bright on spears)
In the forms of prostrate warrior-men.
Arrows from their bows ejected;
(Weapons roared on Lano's plain.)
(Long the virgin mourned that slaughter.)