

Weird Tales



MAY, 1951

Cover by Lee Brown Coye

NOVELETTES

- NOTEBOOK FOUND IN A DESERTED HOUSE** Robert Bloch 14
*The boy knew all sorts of stories about witches and devils
and bat men that suck your blood, and haunts . . . so
he was sure things were moving in the wood.*
- THE KEEPER OF THE KEY** August Derleth 52
*Its altars suggestively low—as if made for creatures
that crawled rather than went upright.*

SHORT STORIES

- THE LAST GRAVE OF LILL WARRAN** Manly Wade Wellman 28
*For Lill—a hunter would leave his gun, a drinker would
leave his bottle of stumphole whiskey, a farmer
would leave his plough standing in the field.*
- THE ISLE OF THE SLEEPER** Edmond Hamilton 42
*If we ourselves are images in the dreams of some
fantastic one who slumbers on a mystic island,
what would happen if the Sleeper awoke?*
- THE CUCKOO CLOCK** David Eynon 75
*The Baron thought fooling with clocks a dull business.
But is death a dull business?*
- THESE DOTH THE LORD HATE** Gans T. Field 80
*She said, "Go away a little, and I will quickly make it rain
on whatever part of the garden you wish.*
- THE BRADLEY VAMPIRE** Roger M. Thomas 84
*Fifty years later to the day Great Grandfather's
unopened box was turned over to me. . . .*

VERSE

- SWAN MAIDEN** Leah Bodine Drake 51
- STAR OF JOY** Robert Forrest 79
- THE EYRIE** 6
- THE WEIRD TALES CLUB** 12

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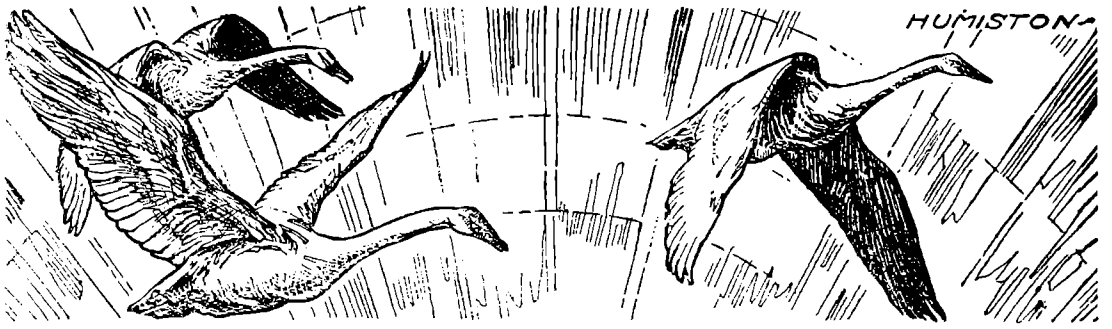
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173
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D. McILWRAITH, Editor



Swan-Maiden

by LEAH BODINE DRAKE

WHAT more, what more can I do, O wild swan's daughter,
To magic away your memories of storm-gray skies?
Of lakes like agates shining where tall pines rise
And the sound in your ears of wild white wings beating above black water?

Under a holy thorn lies your robe of feathers
That I buried deep when the moon pressed a goblin chin
On the Old Hill's shoulder. There I bound in it
With seven spells to guard against the lure of wild swan-weather.

But can one be content beside the drowsy fire
Who has felt the Polar Lights aflame on her wings?
Does the cloak you wear of sables caught in my springs
Feel as soft to the touch as the plumes of your old desire?

You smile as you take my gifts in your thin, webbed fingers
That are yet so deft at the distaff and the loom;
And when you press my lips in the curtained room
I dare to hope that no wild dream yet lingers,

Behind your wide black eyes, of that strange sky-faring.
I say: She is well content with her mortal life,—
The white swan-maid is lost in the human wife
Who sings as she goes about her calm house-caring.

But ever in Spring returns the wild swan's daughter . . .
At night by my side I feel you move and sigh,
As the veils of sleep are torn by a haunting cry
And the sound of great white wings in the dark, rushing above black water!

