

Weird Tales

ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS

MARCH, 1948

Cover by Lee Brown Coye

NOVELETTES

THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN Edmond Hamilton 4
*Our universe is but one of many different branches in the road of Time.
separated one from the other by an extra-dimensional abyss*

THE COMING OF M. ALKERHAUS Allison V. Harding 28
*Boy meets girl. How many millions of times has that happened since
the world began? But this was somehow so very different*

SHORT STORIES

GHOST HUNT H. Russell Wakefield 16
*Twice before the Ghost Hunters had tried unsuccessfully to find
their quarry. This was the third—and LAST—attempt!*

THE LEONARDO RONDACHE Manly Wade Wellman 20
*The study of black magic and how to nullify it is
rewarding; it can save your life*

THE LA PRELLO PAPER Carl Jacobi 38
*It was, after all, a strange countryside; but land,
like a leopard, should not change its spots*

SOMETHING IN WOOD August Derleth 44
The question was, just what that "Something" was!

THE OCTOBER GAME Ray Bradbury 52
It isn't enough to just punish someone; the suffering must be prolonged

CATNIP Robert Bloch 57
*Why should a grown-up boy be afraid of a little old lady and her
tomcat? Isn't that "witch" stuff just for Hallowe'en?*

THE MASTER OF THE CRABS Clark Ashton Smith 64
*The Island Iribos was a jagged, lonely promontory rising
out of the sea, warning away the unwary*

THE PROFESSOR'S TEDDY BEAR Theodore Sturgeon 72
*"A metempsychosis is a thing that happens when
a person moves from one house to another"*

THE MERROW Seabury Quinn 78
*Such talk was for the mystically superstitious; for those
who were either mad or childish—or both*

ROMAN REMAINS Algernon Blackwood 87
*They listened and they stared but no one knew
just what was to be heard or seen*

VERSE

THE HOUSE H. P. Lovecraft 27

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*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.*

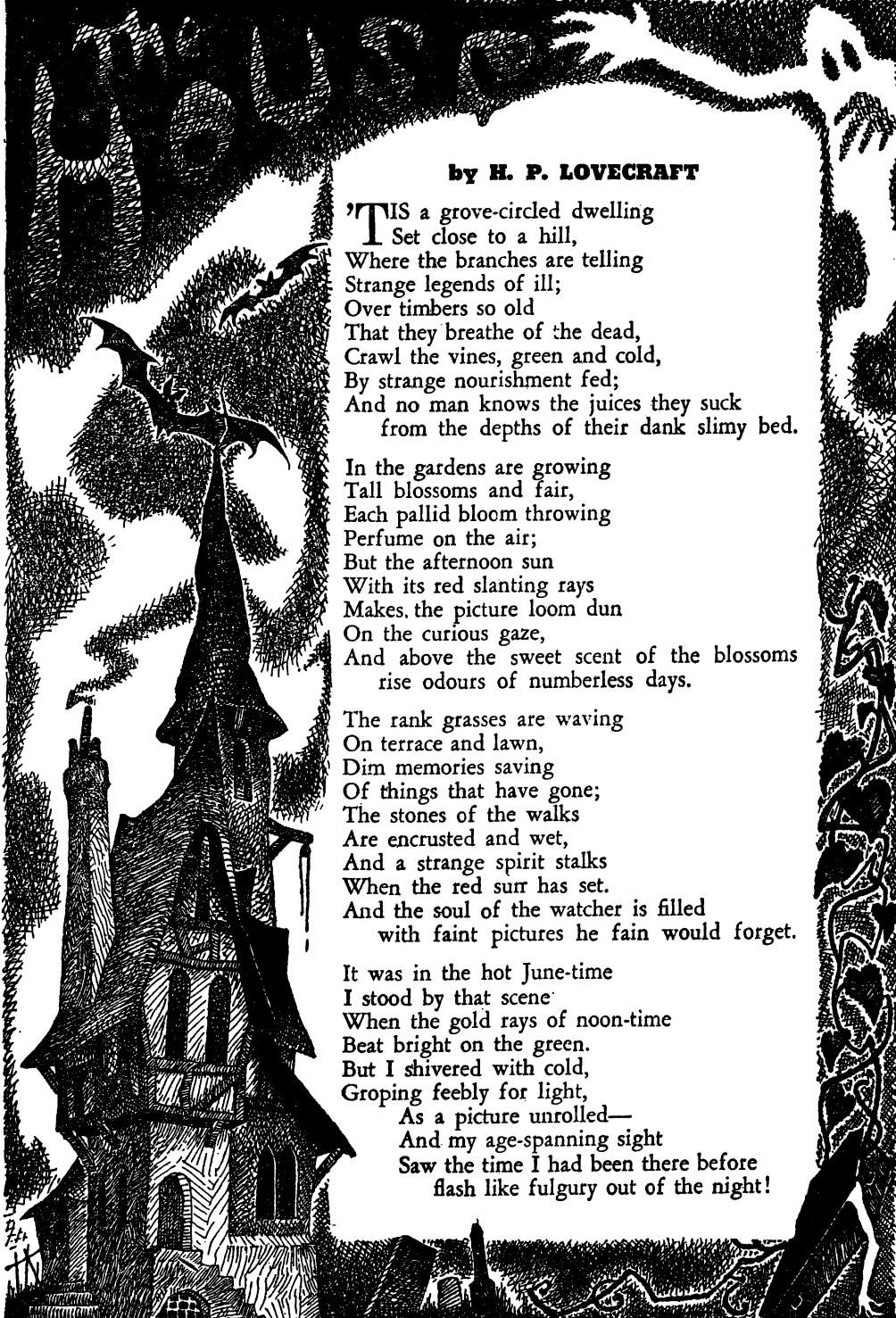
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D. MCILWRAITH, *Editor*. LAMONT BUCHANAN, *Associate Editor*.



by H. P. LOVECRAFT

TIS a grove-circled dwelling
Set close to a hill,
Where the branches are telling
Strange legends of ill;
Over timbers so old
That they breathe of the dead,
Crawl the vines, green and cold,
By strange nourishment fed;
And no man knows the juices they suck
from the depths of their dank slimy bed.

In the gardens are growing
Tall blossoms and fair,
Each pallid bloom throwing
Perfume on the air;
But the afternoon sun
With its red slanting rays
Makes the picture loom dun
On the curious gaze,
And above the sweet scent of the blossoms
rise odours of numberless days.

The rank grasses are waving
On terrace and lawn,
Dim memories saving
Of things that have gone;
The stones of the walks
Are encrusted and wet,
And a strange spirit stalks
When the red surr has set.
And the soul of the watcher is filled
with faint pictures he fain would forget.

It was in the hot June-time
I stood by that scene'
When the gold rays of noon-time
Beat bright on the green.
But I shivered with cold,
Groping feebly for light,
As a picture unrolled—
And my age-spanning sight
Saw the time I had been there before
flash like fulgury out of the night!