

Weird Tales

ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS

SEPTEMBER, 1948

Cover by Lee Brown Coye

LONG NOVELETTE

- THE WHIPPOORWILLS IN THE HILLS** August Derleth 4
*The ghastly sound swelled from the black hills into the valley,
 surrounding the house with waves of cacophonous horror.*

NOVELETTE

- THE FOLLOWER** Allison V. Harding 34
A trail that begins in life and ends only with death.

SHORT STORIES

- FEVER DREAM** Ray Bradbury 23
We know the way germs multiply—suppose they go on and grow big and bigger!

- THE CRACKS OF TIME** Dorothy Quick 27
She was fascinated by the image of the tiles—heedless of the danger.

- THE BEASTS THAT TREAD THE WORLD** Harold Lawlor 48
*A woman pursued by monsters, but only in a nightmare, should
 not have scars to show for it in the morning.*

- THE DAUGHTER OF URZUN** Stanton A. Coblenz 56
Decisions made on other days, in other lives can affect us now and today.

- THE HIDDEN TALENT OF ARTIST BATES** Snowden T. Herrick 64
The most unusual, unheard of and deadly kind of strange talent.

- THE WATCHER OF THE AGES** Edmond Hamilton 68
*Many had sought the dead metropolis but all had been defeated
 by the dark jungle and darker forces within it.*

- DISPLACED PERSON** Eric Frank Russell 77
*Our troubled world is full of displaced persons but the man
 in the black cloak was surely the strangest.*

- DEATH'S BOUQUET** Peter Phillips 80
*Lebrun's cider possessed a curious quality.
 Delightful until you knew the ingredients.*

- THE DEVIL'S LOTTERY** Mary Elizabeth Counselman 87
*Everyone agreed that the strange man was there, but no
 two people agreed on what he looked like.*

VERSE

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- THE RIVER** Dorothy Quick 67

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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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The River

By DOROTHY QUICK

DOWN by the river early, early,
Under the lowering unclear light,
The rising sun is surly, surly
And nothing's distinct or over-bright,
It's then the river dances, dances
With water the moon has driven mad
And willow trees send glances, glances
That are unearthly, cold and sad.

Down by the river slowly, slowly
The sun will rise, the dancing cease,
The willow trees bend lowly, lowly
As the river once again knows peace.

