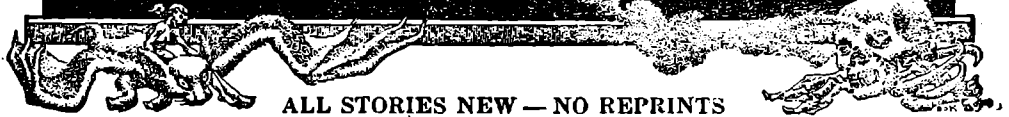


Weird Tales



JANUARY, 1950

Cover by Matt Fox

LONG NOVELETTE

- BLACK HARVEST OF MORAINÉ** Arthur J. Burks 4
When the ice-age retreated, who could know the forces it left behind to plague and outwit men of the scientific age?

SHORT STORIES

- THE ORMOLU CLOCK** August Derleth 22
Hatcher felt nothing in his past could account for the mystery; but could a clock have a past?
- IN THAT SAME MOMENT** Manly Wade Wellman 27
Conquered time is your doormat, your toy, your pocket piece. . . .
- THE SMILING FACE** Mary Elizabeth Counselman 33
The deep Brazilian jungle had swallowed up the woman he loved and the man he hated—the crippled explorer could only wait.
- THE URBANITE** Ewen Whyte 43
The terrible, meaningless scream and cry of the City, its endless vibrations, at last have brought forth upon itself this ultimate inevitable product of itself.
- THE MYSTERIOUS MISS MALTA** Stanton A. Coblentz 50
Auction sales fascinate a lot of folks; who can resist the "Going, going, gone!"—even to death?
- THE LAST TRAIN** Fredric Brown 59
There comes a time in every man's life when he decides to break with the past—how complete the break depends on the man and the state of the world!
- THE MASK OF DON ALFREDO** Mal Bissell 62
Of the husband and wife, one had died fifty years ago, one only last night. But which. . . . ?
- OUTSIDE OF TIME** Carroll John Daly 68
Let it be said everlastingly that the "impossible" of today may well be the commonplace of tomorrow.
- THE FAMILY** Margaret St. Clair 77
. . . flooded by an emotion, even more poignant because he could not be sure if it were anguish or bliss.
- THE CACTUS** Mildred Johnson 80
The police rout something from another universe, another stratum of existence; the law command the supernatural?
- DARK ROSALEEN** Seabury Quinn 86
Was he flesh and blood—an artist's concrete conception of something abstract, tenuous, allegorical?
- THE EYRIE** 93

VERSE

- SEA KING'S DAUGHTER** Dorothy Quick 49
- THE VISION** Leah Bodine Drake 67

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178
Vol. 42, No. 2



the Vision

by LEAH BODINE DRAKE

I SAW a city on a hill
 Where city there was none.
 It rose with crescent-crested domes
 Between me and the sun.

The bare familiar hillside bore
 A swaying camel-train:
 The scent of sandalwood and spice
 Blew in my face like rain!

I saw the cloaked and fierce men
 Ride through the dazzling light;
 One turned and waved a hand to me . . .
 Then vanished out of sight.

