

Weird Tales



JULY, 1951

Cover by Charles A. Kennedy

NOVELETTE

- THE SKULL OF BARNABY SHATTUCK** Merle Conatiner 28
*... Caught up in a maelstrom of tragedy and murder—could those
be credentials for asking questions bound to be resented?*

SHORT STORIES

- FLAME BIRDS OF ANGALA** E. Everett Evans 14
*The queen would ascend her throne of honor, the gorgeous
birds would circle—and then with every observance of
tradition the mighty bonfire would be laid.*
- CHINOOK** Mary Elizabeth Counselman 21
Urbane, sophisticated, he tried every way on earth to forget the family curse.
- A KNOCKING IN THE WALL** August Derleth 63
*No one could be inside the wall, yet the knocking came
from there . . . polite, diffident, but determined.*
- THE LITTLE RED OWL** Margaret St. Clair 70
*... Had the Vulture Man really caught him and
broken the bones in both his wings?*
- DATE IN THE CITY ROOM** Talbot Johns 77
*As the old friends walked out of the city room arm in arm,
the clock said a quarter after twelve.*
- THE PRICELESS POLESCU** David Eynon 80
*A legend of the Gypsies, has it that in a violin is imprisoned a soul,
a soul that is let out when the violin is played.*
- AMOK!** Harold Lawlor 86
Could one argue with a madman's dream?
- VERSE** { **THREE MEN** Dorothy Quick 62
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Published bi-monthly by WEIRD TALES, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. Reentered as second-class matter January 28, 1948, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 24 cents. Subscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions, \$1.50. Foreign and Canadian postage extra. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession.

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PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

Vol. 43, No. 5

D. McILWHAITH, Editor

Three Men

By Dorothy Quick

THREE men were walking on the beach.
The waves were high, the tide was in.
 One man was good and one was hale
 And one was neighborly with sin.

Three men were walking on the beach.
The sands stung, sharp as little knives.
 A woman watched them as they came
 And far behind her stood their wives.

"The catch was fine," the good man said,
High on the dock the fish were piled.
 "Meg will be pleased," the second cried
 While the third man spoke not or smiled.

Three men were walking on the beach.
The ocean roared. The wind was high
 The shots were louder than the waves,
 And louder still the woman's sigh.

Three men were walking on the beach
Though one of them could walk no more
 Who was deep buried in the sea,
 But whose ghost walked the sandy shore.

