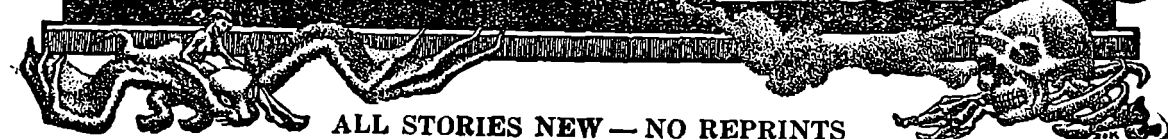


Weird Tales



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. Coblentz 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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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

To the Chimera

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

UNKNOWN chimera, take us, for we tire
 Amid the known monotony of things:
 Descend, and bearing sunward with bright
 wings
 Our mournful weariness and sad desires,

Pause not to prove the opal shores untrod
 Blow thee fading, and the fields of rose;
 Till on thy horns of planished silver flows
 The sanguine light of Edens lost to God.

There, for the weary sense insatiate,
 Primeval sleep from towering scarlet blooms
 Would fall in slow and infinite perfumes;

Or we could leave thy crystal wings elate,
 Riding the pagan plain with knees that press
 The golden flanks of some great centaress.

