

MARCH, 1946	Cover by Lee Brown Coye	
NOVELETTES		
TWICE CURSED		10
THE MAN IN CRESCENT TERRACE.  The thing used its spear like a woman testing a broomstraw—only the "cake" was a hun		34
SHORT STORIES		
THE BOGY MAN WILL GET YOU That was what was nice about him — the mys		27
DEAD MAN'S SHOES	Stephen Grendon terrible hallucination should more terrible	48
CHANU  Look closely at his cultured face and you wanted amazement a snarling mouth and great fan		5 <b>4</b>
THE JONAH		64
TUNNEL TERROR	· · · · · · Allison V. Harding be—especially when	72
THE TRAVELLER  A strange family, with no real life to any of	them!	82
VERSE		
TREE WOMAN	Dorothy Quick	33
FORGETFUL HOUR	· · · · · Yetza Gillespie	90
SUPERSTITIONS AND TABOOS	Irwin J. Weill	71
THE EYRIE AND THE WEIRD TALES C	LUB	91

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DEEP in the fastness of a Druid wood
She saw no path between the somber trees;
Leaf-mold and moss were dank, and where she stood
Silence was older than the cypresses.
There crept along her veins a chilly flow
Of something not of flesh; her fingers curled
On emptiness. Ten thousand years ago
This might have been the dawn-dusk of the world!





Strange how her feet were rooted there; she heard Her lips moan like the wind; her arms, uptossed, Were long and supple, and a dark-winged bird Perched on her shoulder. Beautiful and lost, She felt upon her brow, once white and fair, A crown of leaves that rustled softly there!