

# Weird Tales



SEPTEMBER, 1952

Cover by Virgil Finlay

- HALLOWE'EN IN A SUBURB (Verse) . . . . . H. P. Lovecraft 8
- ISLAND OF THE HANDS . . . . . Margaret St. Clair 10  
*From his dreams she came; Joan was the magnet, he the steel. But Joan was dead.*
- TABLE NUMBER SIXTEEN . . . . . Curtis W. Casewit 22  
*The "Whistling Shvimp" was atmospheric, very atmospheric. Almost the atmosphere of the Internal Revenue Department.*
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*The Red Horse Inn had been pulled down years ago, its landlord hanged for murder. No wonder he welcomed guests so cordially. . . .*
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*"Always discovering people who weren't or hadn't been or shouldn't have been; rarely a trace of people who were supposed to be."*
- THE ARCHIVE (Verse) . . . . . Henry T. Simmons 46
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*One man wished to see the town as it was a hundred years ago; the second man wished to see it a hundred years in the future.*
- THE PHANTOM EXPRESS . . . . . H. Thompson Rich 52  
*. . . saved by a man or a miracle. Which—?*  
(Copyright 1926 Popular Fiction Publishing Company)
- SA'ANTHA . . . . . E. Everett Evans 54  
*To the wind and the rain and the earth and the sky she prayed, asking that they might always be together.*
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*The orders were explicit—no one with children must ever live in the house. They might explore beyond the lilac bushes.*
- THE SINGING SHADOW (Verse) . . . . . Yetza Gillespie 68
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*A strange powerful tale of possession, of dual personality and things beyond the ken of men.*  
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D. McILWRAITH, Editor



## The Archive

by HENRY T. SIMMONS

THE mammoth Archive lofts in winter's gloom,  
 And vainly clutches the last, expiring light;  
 It stands enveloped in a creeping doom.  
 The soaring towers are frozen in their flight,  
 And lost is their ancient, lithic might.  
 O'er that huge facade is writ: Knowledge is Power—  
 But in those golden letters grows a blight.  
 Founded in the flux of a faithless mire,  
 The tottering Archive rules its vast and mutable empire.

The moles explore that Titan's corridors,  
 Forever snuffing for the Absolute.  
 They packed away their gems and locked the doors—  
 And lost the key to priceless loot,  
 Concealed midst dusty credos, confused and moot.  
 No buttress for that sagging wall—  
 A bitter price for losing precious fruit!  
 The Archive's terraced mass foresees its fall,  
 As a thousand, restless moles dissect the empty hall.