

Weird Tales



ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS

May, 1944

Cover by Margaret Brundage

LONG NOVELETTE

- IRON MASK** Robert Bloch 4
What manner of man was this creature who towered like a gaunt ghost in the moonlight, his features covered always!

NOVELETTE

- THE DAY THE WORLD STOOD STILL** Allison V. Harding 58
There is an unseen atmospheric curtain that binds our dimension of space and speed to us; suppose this were to—lower!

SHORT STORIES

- THE LETTERS OF COLD FIRE** Manly Wade Wellman 30
A strange solitary education—once a day a hand shaggy with dark hair thrusts in food to the scholar

- MAN IN A HURRY** Alan Nelson 40
For 20 years the pudgy little man was always hurrying, as though to some appointment for which he was already late

- UNPUBLISHED STORY** H. Bedford-Jones 44
The only logical conclusion was thoroughly out of the question—the miraculous thing was monstrous and impossible!

- THE DEAR DEPARTED** Alice-Mary Schnirring 54
How could the medium know that this time the seance was to be different—very different!

- THE LAKE** Ray Bradbury 76
There are some who play in the lake who are destined to be young and small and unchanged forever

- THE GOTHIC WINDOW** Dorothy Quick 80
The strange window lent itself readily to a fairy tale; the only trouble was that there is often truth in fairy tales

A GROUP OF SONNETS

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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.

Published bi-monthly by Weird Tales, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. Reentered as second-class matter January 26, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 15 cents. Subscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions, 90¢. Foreign and Canadian postage extra. English Office: Charles Lavell, Limited, 4 Clements Inn, Strand, London, W.C.2, England. 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. 37, No. 5

D. McILWRAITH, Editor.

LAMONT BUCHANAN, Associate Editor.

FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH

Evening Star



I SAW it from that hidden, silent place
Where the old wood half shuts the meadow in.
It shone through all the sunset's glories—thin
At first, but with a slowly-brightening face.
Night came, and that lone beacon, amber-hued,
Beat on my sight as never it did of old;
The evening star, but grown a thousandfold
More haunting in this hush and solitude.

It traced strange pictures on the quivering air—
Half-memories that had always filled my eyes—
Vast towers and gardens; curious seas and skies
Of some dim life—I never could tell where.
But now I knew that through the cosmic dome
Those rays were calling from my far, lost home.

Decorations by

**A group of
sonnets by** *H. P. Lovecraft*

HANNES BOK