

Weird Tales



JULY, 1953

Cover by W. H. Silvey

THE EYRIE 6

L'AFFAIRE VERENEKIN David Eyaon 9

The colonel had a theory—that the beauty of dying young is that one doesn't have to face one's mistakes.

THE HOUSE IN THE VALLEY (A novelette) August Derleth 12

It is not commonly believed that the mind can duplicate in a dream state any experience which is utterly alien to it; this I had done.

HOUSE OF LIFE (Verse) Dorothy Quick 29

SLAUGHTER HOUSE (A novelette) Richard Matheson 30

There had been rumors of ghosts about the old place, but neither of the brothers could credit that sort of thing.

THE SOURCE OF IT Glen Malin 51

If only I knew the source of this evil on earth. It has spread malignantly to nearly all the people and is fishing for me at this very moment. . . .

THE MISSING ROOM Lyn Venable 58

Just like any other young couple looking over a house they'd love to own; how could they know it encompassed a secret room?

ON THE ELEVATOR Joseph Payne Brennan 62

The storm-tossed waves beat against the boardwalk and the very foundations of the hotel itself. Was it they that churned up a secret long meant to lie buried at sea?

DREAD SUMMONS Paul Ernst 67

The old butler heard a scream; but it was muffled by street noises outside the deserted and ghostly old house.

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THE SEA WITCH (A novelette) Nictzin Dyalis 73

...One and all they turned their dead eyes on me with a curious fixity.

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D. McILWRAITH, Editor

House of Life

By DOROTHY QUICK

THE house was lonely, all dark and bare
Not even the thought of love was there.
She stood alone in the dark, with fear,
For the night and time were drawing near.
Then moonlight came and there was the sight
Of a different world, so clear, so white,
The silvered ghost of an ancient past
Seemed to be loosed to her eyes at last.
She opened the doors and she passed through
To a well-known garden she hardly knew,
Bright etched in silver which coldly glowed
Where flowers stretched to a pearly road
And cypresses stood tall and straight
As sentinels to the iron gate.
By day the roses gave out perfume
As soft and sweet as sea spray's spume.
But now their aroma was heady wine
That sent tingling music along her spine.

The air was soft as a feathered breast
And a sense of quietude impressed
Itself on her frightened heart. The spell
Of nature's magic served her well,
For she knew now that no empty room
No matter how bare or dark with gloom
Can cage the heart when the wind is free,
And the mind that has known the ecstasy
Which nature gives, that is beauty's own
Can never be stricken, or alone;
For the loveliness of the world can heal
An aching wound, with its bright appeal.
And remembrance can be a sword to wield
That will always comfort, save and shield.
The time had come, full well she knew,
But the other knowledge was more true.
She left the garden, the trees' dark shade,
And returned to the dark house, unafraid.

