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"He turned his head toward me. 'Get out!' he gasped. 'Quick!'"

The Dogs of Doctor Dwann

By EDMOND HAMILTON

*An eerie, blood-chilling story of weird surgery and the things
that ran in the night and howled through the forest
in the Adirondack hills*

"SO YOU'VE taken the cottage up by Doctor Dwann's place?" said the elderly storekeeper as he wrapped my purchases. "Settling here or just a visitor?"

"Just a visitor for the summer," I told him. "My doctor ordered me up to these Adirondack hills for a rest."

"Well, it ain't my idea of a place for a rest," said the storekeeper emphatically,

"back up in the hills where your cottage is."

He looked about the little village store, empty except for ourselves, and then leaned closer, his gray-whiskered face wearing a sharp, intent expression.

"Did you hear any dogs barking up there last night?" he asked. "Any *queer* barking?"

"Why, I did hear some dogs barking off in the hills," I said. "I didn't notice anything queer about it."

"You will if you stay up there," he predicted. "People around Nottville here are talking about those dogs barking and about what one fellow says he saw back in the hills one night. People are saying that that Doctor Dwann and the other fellow, Bowman——"

"What are people saying about me and Bowman, Farliss?" broke in a voice behind me.

I turned quickly. Unheard by either Farliss, the storekeeper, or myself, a man had entered the little store. This Doctor Dwann, as he had announced himself, was a man of forty or more with a thick-set, powerful figure. He had black eyes and close-cropped black hair, his nose hooked and his mouth square and strong.

He was regarding Farliss and myself with a pleasant smile, though I thought I detected in it a hint of amusement at the storekeeper's discomfiture. For the latter had jumped at the sudden interruption and was now facing Doctor Dwann with a certain sullenness.

"What are they saying about me and Bowman?" Doctor Dwann repeated, and as Farliss made no answer, turned to me. "I hope Farliss hasn't been traducing us to our new neighbor. You *are* our new neighbor, aren't you, the Mr. Jameson who rented the Rand cottage?"

"I'm Walton Jameson, yes," I said, extending my hand. "Farliss was only tell-

ing me that he didn't think the hills back up there very suitable for a rest such as I'm taking."

"Why not, Farliss?" asked Dwann of the storekeeper. "As one of Nottville's chief merchants you should be praising the neighborhood's attractions rather than dispraising them."

"Just said I don't think those west hills are a good place for a rest, and I don't," Farliss said doggedly. He added pointedly, "You wanted to get something, doctor?"

"Meat, bread and other of the necessities of animal existence," Doctor Dwann said, handing him a list. "Bowman was too busy to come down today and I had to do it."

As I nodded to him and started out the door he stopped me. "Don't go, Mr. Jameson. I'm driving back up to our place in a few minutes and as the road goes right past your cottage I can drop you off there."

I thanked him and waited. In a short time Farliss had ready Doctor Dwann's large packages of meat and smaller parcels of other foods.

Doctor Dwann placed them in the back of his touring-car and then, with the storekeeper looking after us from his door, we drove off down Nottville's single struggling street. At the end of the village Dwann turned west over the bridge across the narrow Reed River, and the car started its climb into the western hills.

THEY loomed before us, green range on range of forest-clad heights, each range out-topped by the one beyond. In the nearer hills we could see the compact white buildings of farms gleaming here and there in the morning sunshine, but farther westward only forest appeared to cover the slopes and crests.

Doctor Dwann gestured widely as he

drove up the steep and narrow dirt roads. "A fine region, Mr. Jameson. I hope Farliss hasn't spoiled your stay in it with his talk."

"No, he was just telling me of some queer barkings of dogs heard back in these hills, and that's hardly enough to make me leave," I said smiling.

Doctor Dwann's face, though, became suddenly serious, irritated. "So that's what Farliss was saying to you. And he was about to tell you, no doubt, that Bowman and I——"

He broke off. "But this is becoming ridiculous! If Farliss and the rest of the people around Nottville don't stop their silly talk I'll see that they're made to do so!"

"What's it all about?" I asked him perplexedly.

"It's a mess of rumors set going by these yokels who haven't intelligence enough to appreciate a rational explanation," Dwann said forcibly. "The sum of them is, Mr. Jameson, that I and my colleague, Doctor Bowman, are engaged in some sort of dark scientific horrors back in our place.

"You see, Bowman and I chose these hills for our zoological research station mainly because we'd have plenty of room and yet be more or less secluded from curiosity-seekers. We had our building put up back on one of these hills almost two years ago. Our work is research into animal intelligence, defining its factors, measuring its limits, testing capacity to learn, and the like. We've worked with dogs, police-dogs, as the most accessible and easily handled of animal subjects.

"Well, our experiments are perfectly comprehensible and normal, but the natives around here prefer to believe that we are engaged in some hideous kind of canine research—just because we won't let them ramble through our place at will!

They've spread rumors of all kinds of strange dogs or dog-like beasts seen or heard around our place at night, and every stray dog that yelps back in these hills is set down as more evidence of our unholy activities."

"So that's what Farliss meant when he asked me if I'd heard any queer barking," I said, and Dwann nodded.

"Yes, since your cottage is on the hill next to our hill, and you'd be in a better position to hear what we were up to."

"It's all rather ridiculous," I admitted. "I hope it doesn't hamper your work any."

He shrugged. "Bowman and I pay little attention to them. But it is rather annoying to find them telling this nonsense to strangers down in Nottville.

"But here's your cottage," he added. "Our place is on the next hill, as I said. Perhaps you can glimpse it."

We had wound up through the steep hairpin turns of the dirt road to the forested hill-top where my little cottage perched.

Looking across the deep valley that separated me from the crest of the higher range of hills a mile or two westward, I could indeed make out the gray mass of a building surrounded by a high wall and half hidden amid the trees.

Doctor Dwann handed out my packages. "I'll be seeing you soon, Mr. Jameson," he said cordially. "Bowman and I are so busy we have no visitors, but I can stop in on my way to the village."

"Please do," I invited. "And I'll be glad to meet your colleague also."

Doctor Dwann drove off, his car moving down from my hill-crest into the next valley, then climbing the steep slope of the next hill. I went inside my cottage with the mental note that Dwann and Bowman might give me some intellectual contacts which I evidently could not expect

from the suspicious and rumor-ridden natives.

THE rumors Doctor Dwann had told me of recurred to my mind that night. I had finished the simple supper I had cooked for myself, and had retired to the porch of my little cottage to smoke and watch darkness dropping over the tumbled hills north and westward. Night's blackness was complete by the time I rose to go in.

Stopping to knock the ashes from my pipe, I heard suddenly through the night a sound that for a moment held me motionless. It was a dog's howl, a long barking cry that came from the hills northwestward and that was followed in a moment by several such cries, a prolonged barking chorus.

There was something in those barking outcries that held me on the porch in the darkness, listening. They were certainly the cries of dogs, swift yelping barks followed by long howls, yet there was something un-doglike about them—an unusual deepness of pitch and huskiness of tone. They made me remember at once what Farliss had told me of "queer" barking.

Then as the howls came again I told myself that I was letting Farliss' notions affect my hearing, and went inside. By the time I had lit my lamp and settled down beside it with my book, I had dismissed the barking from mind.

I had been reading for more than a half-hour, I think, when I was aroused from my absorption by a loud burst of the barking that seemed to come from close outside my cottage. As I looked up, a little startled, the howls were repeated. This time I could not doubt that there was something quite unusual in the deepness and huskiness of those canine outcries.

I rose from my chair, intending to go

to the door and listen. But before I reached the door I stopped suddenly. Without warning other than a sound of quick-running feet outside, there had appeared suddenly at the window beside the door the heads of two great dogs who were looking in at me.

Their heads were very clear in the light of my lamp. Pointed brown muzzles as of large police-dogs they were, red tongues hanging from between their gleaming white teeth in a grin, their green-lit eyes staring directly in at me as I stood looking at them.

The thought foremost in my mind as I met the two dogs' gaze was that they must be dogs of very large size indeed, since the window was as high as my own head and I assumed that they were reared up against it outside. For perhaps two full minutes I stood without moving and met the gaze of the two dogs.

Then with an ejaculation I moved toward the window through which the two dog-faces looked. At once they vanished from sight and there was a sound of running feet outside and two husky howls. These were answered by two or three others and then with some little relief I heard the barking cries of all of the beasts receding southward.

I found to my surprize that I was trembling a little. The appearance of the two dogs' heads at my window had been so sudden, and there had been something so striking in their fixed gaze at me, that my nerves had been affected. I went to the door and looked out into the soft black night. From southward came the husky barking chorus.

My gaze, as I turned to re-enter the cottage, happened to strike the ground outside the window by the door. Suddenly I was tense, staring. The ground was illuminated by light that spilled through the window. It was black earth soft from

recent rains, bearing imprints like wax. But there were in it no imprints at all of the paws of the two police-dogs who a moment before had peered in at me!

Instead, newly made in the soft black earth and as plain to the sight as day, were the tracks of two pairs of *bare human feet!* These tracks came toward the window and departed, and the impressions at the window had their toes pointed toward it and were deeper sunken, for all the world *as though two men had been looking in my window a moment before instead of two dogs!*

I stared at the tracks dazedly, uncomprehending. I could see not a single dog-track on all the ground around my cottage, only the tracks of bare human feet. Then the full strangeness of the thing smote me. Dogs that left human tracks instead of canine ones! Dogs whose barking sounded strange and un-doglike! Were these, then, the dogs that the people of the region feared?

2

DOGS that left human tracks! For a space of time that must have measured minutes I stood outside my cottage, the light from its window alone dispelling the brooding darkness of night about me, and tried to explain to myself this astounding thing. What, indeed, could explain rationally this leaving of clear human footprints by dogs?

It came to me that I might have, in the uncertain light from the window, mistaken footprints of my own and missed seeing the ordinary paw-tracks of the dogs. With this thought in mind, I lit matches and bent to examine the soft ground around the cottage more closely.

The little flares of the matches disclosed even more clearly what I had already seen. There were no dog-tracks anywhere in the soft ground around the

cottage. Instead there were, clear and unmistakable, the tracks of bare human feet. Thus they could not be my footprints or those of any one I knew, since neither I nor any one I knew of had been walking around the cottage with feet bare.

Two pairs of these bare feet, as I had already seen, had approached from the road and had left their impressions by the window. I followed their trail now away from the window and found that a hundred feet south of the cottage they were joined by two other similar sets of barefooted human footprints, all four trending southward.

And as I stared at these freshly made human footprints, by the light of my matches, I heard again from southward the long, husky howls of dogs. I stood listening until the match I held burned down to my fingers, making me drop it hastily.

I went back to the front of my cottage and stood in front of its lamplit window, listening. Soon there came again from the night-shrouded hills southward the barking chorus. This time, listening intently, I thought I could distinguish in it at least four different dogs' howling.

What could it all mean, I asked myself? Four or five dogs were abroad in the hills, that was plain, running and yelping as dogs will often do in forest country by night. They had neared my cottage and two of them had even reared at my window to look in at me. Then the two had gone on with the others, were still running in the wooded hills. All was clear except the one thing—why did these dogs leave human footprints?

Could it be the work of practical jokes? No, for the two dog-heads I had seen in my window had been real and living, heads of police-dogs with eyes green-lit and red tongues hanging from

between white teeth. And it would take more than a joke to set going the whispered rumors and fears that Farliss, the storekeeper down in Nottville, had told me were abroad in the section.

Farliss? I remembered abruptly that the whiskered storekeeper when he had told me about the queer barking heard back in the hills, and the queer stories going about, had been about to connect these things with Doctors Dwann and Bowman when he had been interrupted by Dwann's entrance. What had Farliss been about to tell me?

But now I remembered too that Doctor Dwann himself, during our ride up into the hills that morning from Nottville, had explained to me that because he and Bowman were engaged in zoological research on dog-intelligence, the natives of the region connected them with the queer dog-phenomena in the hills. Dwann, telling me this frankly, had apparently not believed for a moment that there was anything unusual going on.

But I now knew better. Certainly nothing could be more unusual than this leaving of human footprints by dogs. What would Dwann make of that, I wondered, when he knew? Suddenly I resolved to go, at once, and tell Dwann about it. He and Bowman might be able to explain, I thought, and so much had the astounding thing unsettled my thoughts that a rational explanation of it was my paramount and pressing need.

It would take but twenty minutes or so to walk over to Dwann's place on the next hill-top, I told myself. Staring in that direction, indeed, I could make out that next range of hills indistinctly in the starlight, though the valley that lay between me and it was shrouded in deep shadow.

I went into my cottage for my hat and stick, turned out my lamp, and came out

again, closing my door. As I did so I heard again from southward the distant, husky baying of the dogs. The sound made me hesitate for a moment, but as it died away I grasped my stick more tightly and set off along the road.

THE road was in the starlight a ribbon of misty white winding down over the wooded slope and through the dark forests of the valley up the next slope. In a moment I was swinging along down the slope. As I went downward I was able to see on the next hill's crest a spark of yellow light from Dwann's place. I walked steadily on.

It was a lonely walk, for the woods were dark and silent about me, only the hoot of an owl or cry of some other night-bird breaking the stillness. My footsteps rang unnaturally loud on the road. Then through the stillness came again from southward the deep, reverberating calls of the dog-pack.

Soon I reached the trough of the valley between the hills, and there it was very dark, for the starlight could not penetrate between the towering trees that loomed on either side of the road. I crossed the valley and started the steep climb up the next slope.

It was when I had been climbing this slope for a few minutes that the calls of the dog-pack came again, and this time more loudly. I did not believe at first that this was really the case, and stopped to listen. Standing in the starlit road, the dark woods silent on either side of me, I waited.

In a moment came the dog-cries again, deep and husky barking which I could not doubt this time was really louder and nearer. The dogs, it seemed, were circling back from the south into the valley behind and below me, and from their out-cries I judged that they were moving fast.

Something of a chill came over me as I heard that canine chorus louder and closer. I grasped my stick more tightly and quickened my pace. Yet the slope was so steep that even to climb it at normal speed was an effort, and to make much haste would be exhausting.

I was well up the slope, however, moving steadily up the winding road's turns. The howls of the dog-pack came now from the valley down behind me. I was just estimating that the dogs must be obliquely crossing the road down there, when there came up to me a sudden explosion of excited yelping cries. These changed quickly to long quavering howls that grew louder below me.

The dogs, having struck my track on the road, had changed direction and were coming after me up the road. Realization of that sank into me as I heard their howls several times in the next few minutes, each time coming from the road below me. And they were drawing closer.

The weirdness of the whole situation struck me and for the first time I felt fear. I knew that dogs that run thus in the country by night can often be dangerous animals, and in addition there clung to these particular dogs the mystery of the human tracks they had left outside my cottage—the mystery that was the reason for this journey of mine to Doctor Dwann's.

I moved more rapidly, counting on reaching Dwann's place before the dogs could come up to me.

Climbing the steep winding road thus with a haste that cost me much, I heard the dogs give tongue once or twice more, and then fall silent.

This made me think for a moment that they had given up the chase. Then it occurred to me that instead of following the road they might be cutting across its turns through the woods.

W. T.—5

Hardly had this thought come to me when from somewhere in the woods to my right, a little behind me, came a loud howl. This startled me, not only from its nearness but because heard thus near the huskiness and deepness of the howl were very un-doglike.

Another howl came from the left, as though answering the first. At this evidence that the dogs were overtaking me and that some of them were running in the woods on either side of me, I broke into a run.

As I ran, panting for breath, I hoped each moment to reach the crest of the wooded hill and see Doctor Dwann's place before me. Now from either side and from close behind me also the barking howls came louder and exultant. The dogs were converging upon me and I could hear the crashing of their bodies in the woods on either side.

And as I ran on up the road I seemed to glimpse in the dark woods about me the darker shapes of figures nearing me, running obliquely along the road. But these shapes crashing through the brush did not seem dog-shapes as I glimpsed them, but erect human-shapes!

FOR a moment it flashed through my mind that these were men, who, for some reason, were hunting me with the dogs I had heard. But then occurred a thing that shattered this supposition and that seemed at the same moment to shatter my powers of thought. From these dark figures in the woods—*these human figures*—came the husky dog-howls I had been hearing!

The horror of that crashed through my brain even as I stumbled instinctively on up the road. Dogs that trailed me and that howled their hunting-cries but seemed to have human shapes! Yes, and dogs that had left human footprints!

With a choking cry of horror I threw myself forward. I had reached the hill's crest and before me the woods gave way to a small clearing in which stood a wall-encircled gray building whose windows gleamed with yellow light. But as I staggered across the clearing toward the closed gate in the wall, I heard the dog-things crash from the woods behind and with loud howls spring across the clearing after me.

Before I could reach the gate their running feet were close behind me and their sound was not that of swift-pattering dog-feet but the heavier tread of human feet! They were directly behind me, overtaking me, and as I saw that they would be on me before I reached the gate, I spun around with a cry, my stick raised.

For a moment I stood frozen, incapable of movement. The dog-things, four in number, were in fact but a few yards from me, and in the starlight that dimly illuminated the clearing I could see them plainly. That moment I stared, and then as the things leapt at me I screamed, and still screaming struck among them.

The four things were not dogs and neither were they men. They had the bodies of men, white and unclothed bodies. But on their shoulders were the heads of dogs! Pointed police-dog heads, with blazing eyes, white fangs and dark muzzles! Man bodies and dog-heads!

They were rushing at me, running upright like men but with dog-howls coming from the grinning jaws of their dog-heads! They did not raise their hands, but snapped at me with their teeth! I struck among them with my stick, madly, insensately.

They gave back a little, snarling, and then made to rush at me again. But I had thrown myself against the gate in the wall, was beating crazily upon it.

"Dwann, let me in!" I screamed. "Dwann, for God's sake let me in!"

THESE were exclamations from inside the wall and then the gate swung inward. Doctor Dwann and a stocky younger man I guessed to be his colleague Bowman stood in its opening, framed against the yellow light from the building inside. As I fell in against them I could not in my horror attain speech but gestured toward the four human-bodied dog-things behind me who again, with snapping snarls, were rushing at me.

I heard Doctor Dwann exclaim something and then, as he supported me, I saw Bowman run out to the four dog-things and utter a sharp command to them. At once their fierceness ebbed and they cringed and cowered around Bowman. I think that was the final touch to my horror, the sight of Bowman treating those dog-headed but human-bodied things as though they were ordinary dogs. I felt my senses leaving me.

I was aware that Dwann and Bowman were helping me inside the wall and into the building, into a yellow-lit room.

Voices were in my ears, Dwann's deep one and Bowman's sharper tones. I heard low barking outside. Then something fiery was poured down my throat.

My vision cleared. I sat in a comfortably furnished living-room, and Doctors Dwann and Bowman were bending over me, the former with a glass in his hand.

From outside came again one or two of the low, husky barks. I remembered everything when I heard that, and clutched Dwann's wrist.

"Dwann!" I cried. "What are those things? Those men with the heads of—"

My voice failed me. "Those things that chased you?" Dwann asked. He seemed intensely irritated, vexed. "Damn it, Jameson, why

must you come walking this way at night and blunder into things that don't concern you?"

"It wasn't altogether his fault, I think," said Bowman to Dwann in a calmer tone. "They were tracking him, apparently."

"I want to know what they are!" I cried, my voice rising to a ragged scream. "You know—you saw them—dog-heads on the bodies of men! Dog-heads, yes, on human bodies, barking and chasing me!

"And over at my cottage tonight! They looked in at my window and I, who saw only their dog-heads at the window, could not understand how they had left human footprints outside the window! I never dreamed of them being dog-heads on human bodies, and came over to tell you about the thing. Dwann, what are those unholy things?"

Dwann looked at Bowman, then at me. "They are just what you call them," he said. "Dog-heads on the bodies of men."

"But what made them?" I exclaimed. "What produced monsters like that?"

A sudden thought struck me with deeper horror and I looked wildly at Dwann and Bowman. "Dwann, it was you two! You said you were experimenting with dogs up here, and they said down in the village you were connected somehow with the queer dogs heard in the hills!

"You two made those monsters!" I was on my feet, shaking. "You made them and I saw you controlling them just now, commanding them! How—why—in God's name, did you do it?"

Dwann handed me the glass again. "Drink the rest of this," he said. I did, and the fiery liquid steadied me a little. "We'll have to tell him," Dwann said then, speaking to Bowman.

"If you do it'll be out," Bowman said levelly, his eyes holding the other's.

"Perhaps not," Dwann said. "Anyway, he has blundered onto it now. If you'd just kept away from here at night, Jameson!" he said with that irritation again.

He sat down in a chair beside me. "Jameson, you've projected yourself into something that Bowman and I have tried to keep secret," he said. "I'm going to explain it to you in the hope that when you understand you'll not disclose what you've learned."

"Tell me first," I said shakily, "what those dog-headed things were. I think I must be a little insane."

"You're not insane—they're real enough," Dwann said. He nodded to Bowman. "Bring them in, Stuart."

Before I could protest Bowman went out. I heard welcoming barks outside the house. In a moment he re-entered the room and with him came the four—things.

IF THE four had been horrible in the dim starlight, they were more so in the prosaic electric light of the living-room. Sick at heart, trembling violently, I gazed at them.

There bodies were the naked white bodies of full-grown men. One body was taller and better muscled, younger-looking, than the others. All four bodies were scratched in many places as though by briars and brush in the woods. All four stood quite erect and their arms hung loosely, unused, at their sides.

Upon these four human bodies, just above the shoulders, the white human flesh of the lower neck merged suddenly into the hairy flesh of a dog's neck. The whole upper-necks, therefore, were dog-necks and had been fitted onto the human shoulders so that the dog's long pointed head was normally horizontal, eyes and muzzles pointed straight forward.

The heads were as I had seen two of them in my window, large police-dog heads. They breathed, their dog-mouths open in a grin with white fangs showing, tongues hanging out a little, and down in their human chests their human lungs were drawing in their breath! The four things, clustered around Bowman, nudged him with their human bodies as dogs will a master, looking about them with quick bright canine eyes.

They saw me and all four of the dog-men growled, husky, deep growls coming strangely from the combination of human lungs and canine larynx, and they all moved toward me with fangs bared.

"Quiet!" snapped Bowman to them. They quieted at once, nudging Bowman ingratiatingly again. A sickness shook me as I saw.

"Here!" Doctor Dwann ordered, extending his hand.

The four dog-men trotted across the room to us. Their human bodies moved in short, shambling steps, their movements seeming not wholly co-ordinated. They rubbed against Doctor Dwann in turn.

"Speak!" Dwann ordered.

The dog-men opened their mouths and howled loudly.

"Play dead!" commanded Dwann, and then the four slumped to the floor and lay motionless on their backs.

"Paw!" ordered Dwann.

They sprang up and each extended an arm awkwardly as though offering a paw.

"Dwann, I can't stand this!" I said chokingly. "For God's sake don't—"

"All right—call them, Stuart," Dwann said, and at Bowman's command the four dog-men shambled back across the room, lay down in a corner. Bowman came over to Dwann and me then.

"Well, Jameson," said Doctor Dwann

to me grimly, "do you still doubt whether the dog-men are real?"

"They're real enough," I said thickly. "But Dwann, what—how—"

"I'll explain what and how," Dwann said calmly. He sat back in his chair. "Jameson, did you ever hear of the experiments made in Moscow a few years ago by Brukhanenko and Chechulin with dog-heads?"

I shook my head. "Well, Brukhanenko and Chechulin were Russian biologists who conceived the idea that the head of a large animal like a dog might be kept living apart from its body. They succeeded in severing a dog's head completely from its body and keeping it living for some hours.

"They accomplished this by providing an artificial circulatory system which kept up the circulation of prepared blood inside the dog's head, an artificial heart pumping the blood at a regular rate. The dog's head lived, could open and close its eyes and to some extent see, could bark or try to bark, and could even swallow food. These experiments made the names of Doctors S. S. Brukhanenko and S. I. Chechulin famous among biologists.

"Bowman and I," Doctor Dwann's eyes were kindling, "Bowman and I were at that time research zoologists in the Malcolm Foundation down at New York. We became interested in the Brukhanenko-Chechulin work and determined to go further with it. After some preliminary repetitions of the Russian experiments, we resolved to carry the work even further and transfer the head of one living animal to the body of another!

"We suggested this line of research to Doctor Ranley Jackson, head of our department at the Malcolm Foundation, asking his permission to go on with it. We pointed out what far-reaching biological and surgical implications such successful

experiments would involve. But Jackson, damn him"—Dwann's eyes clouded with hate—"Jackson told us that the thing was too horrible and that he could never allow such research to be carried out in his department.

"But Bowman and I were so determined to go on with it that we decided to do so secretly. We did that, working under cover at the Foundation. But three of our fellow-workers in the department, Willetts and Baletti and Smith, found out what we were doing. They reported us at once to Doctor Jackson, and immediately Jackson had us ousted from the Foundation."

Doctor Dwann's face held bitter feeling at the memory, and I could see that in Bowman's stolid features too was hate.

"Jackson, with the aid and assistance of Willetts and Smith and Baletti, had us ousted without appeal. It didn't matter to them that Bowman and I were doing a work that might mean the opening up of a whole new line of zoological research; it didn't mean anything that it might revolutionize some of modern zoological science. All they could see in it was the horror that shocked their little minds.

"But Bowman and I wouldn't give the thing up. We resolved to go ahead and show Jackson and Willetts and the rest what we could achieve. We pooled our money and came up to this isolated hill region to establish our research station. Back here on this hill-top we had this building erected, with room for our laboratories and living-quarters, and a wall around it for further seclusion. Then we imported a dozen large police-dogs to start with and commenced work.

"Since then, for almost two years, Bowman and I have worked here. We tried first to transfer the head of one dog to the body of another, and keep it living. We failed; for we found that though we

could keep dog-heads living by themselves, by means of an artificial heart and blood-stream, to join them to the living bodies of others and knit the several blood-vessels and vertebræ and tie the different nerves and fuse skin and tissues again, was beyond our powers.

"But we kept at it, having more and more police-dogs sent in. Gradually Bowman and I came to have greater and greater skill at the work, conquering our difficulties one by one. We developed a whole new technique to facilitate growing of one blood-vessel to another. We devised bone-building solutions to hasten the knitting of vertebræ. The nerves gave us most trouble, for unless we connected them correctly the head had no control over the body. But even that we conquered.

"We reached a point where we could perform the thing almost flawlessly, could sever the heads of two dogs and then interchange them, putting each head back onto the other's body instead of its own. So that the work we had meant to show Jackson and the rest we could do, we had succeeded in doing! We could transfer dog-heads from one dog-body to another at will!

"But by then Bowman and I had new objectives. We had debated whether or not it would be possible to put the heads of dogs onto the bodies of animals of entirely different species, and still keep them living. Instead of stopping work, therefore, we decided to go on and see whether such a transfer as that would be possible.

"We decided to try placing dog-heads on the bodies of men. This choice was dictated not only by a sort of curiosity as to whether it would be possible, but also by the fact that if it were possible it would have a great effect in the field of surgery, leading perhaps to the placing of human heads on other bodies. But

obviously we could not use human bodies for subjects as we had been using our police-dogs.

"Since Bowman and I had decided that if we placed a living dog-head on a newly dead but undamaged human body, both head and body would live, that gave us a way to secure human bodies for subjects. We prepared all things and then Bowman went down to the city. He waited until an accident brought into a hospital a man who had just died of a head injury, his body being undamaged. No one claimed his body and Bowman secured it, packed it carefully, and rushed it up here.

"Once it was here we worked swiftly. We removed the damaged human head, then swiftly took the living head from one of our police-dogs and placed it on the human trunk. All our skill we used to knit its canine blood-vessels and vertebrae and nerves to the human ones, having made allowance beforehand for the differences between them, and also having made allowance chemically for the difference between human and canine blood. Then with the dog's head attached to the human body, we waited to see if it would live.

"It lived! When the anesthetic wore off, the dog's head still lived and re-animated the human body! And as time passed and the healing processes advanced, this dog-man, as we called him, was able more and more to move his human body and limbs. He moved them clumsily at first, due to the difference in head and body nerves, but quickly by aid of the reflex centers in his human body's spinal cord was able to walk and move as erectly as though wholly a man.

"But he was a dog still in mind! His dog-head, with its dog-brain, still held its canine intelligence even though it controlled now a human body. He was a dog with a human body! He barked, the

dog-larynx in his neck retained, but his human lungs making his bark deeper and huskier. He obeyed all our commands as before, but now ran about with human body erect. A dog-man, a dog-head and mind with human body!

"We kept him here, and in the next months Bowman and I made more like him, three dog-men whose human bodies we procured from the city as we had the first. These four dog-men we kept inside here by day, but since they were in mind dogs still and must have exercise, we let them run outside at night. They always come back before morning, as any dog would. For though dog-men now, in mind and actions they are as much dogs as ever they were!"

4

DWANN looked calmly at me as he stopped. Bowman's eyes were on me also, but instead of the two men I was looking at the four dog-men in the room's corner. They were lying dozing, their human bodies sprawled carelessly and their dog-heads flat on the floor.

"Dwann," I said sickly, "your Doctor Jackson was right when he forbade your experiments. These monsters you've made—grotesque—terrible—"

"That attitude is to be expected on your part, Jameson," Doctor Dwann said, "but is it reasonable? Think, Jameson," he said forcefully, "there has never yet been a major advance in biological science that did not seem at first to the uninitiated unnatural and unholy. Yet this advance is as great as any ever made, as we tried to show to Jackson and to Willetts and Smith and Baletti."

"But is it an advance at all?" I asked. "Dwann, what possible good can it do to make creatures like these?"

Dwann waved his hand impatiently. "These creatures are not the object of our

experiments! They're only a sort of by-product—our real object as in any scientific experiment was the disclosure of new truths, the attainment of new technique that could be used for practical purposes."

"You wouldn't think it terrible," Bowman told me, "if a dog's glands or liver, for instance, were transferred into a human body. Why should it be terrible when a dog's head is used instead?"

"Bowman's right," Dwann said. "The difference is only in degree. That is what Jackson and the rest could not see."

I looked numbly from Bowman and from him to the dog-men again. Their very presence in the room dominated all my thinking with unreasoning horror, and I could not take my fascinated eyes long from them. I stared at the line on their necks where white human flesh ended and hairy dog-flesh began.

One of the things woke and stretched as I stared, extending his human arms as though they were paws, his dog-mouth yawning and showing its white canine teeth. His arm in stretching touched the dog-man nearest him, and the other woke and snapped crossly at him with sudden gleam of white dog-teeth.

"Dwann, where will this horror end?" I asked. "How many more things like that will you make?"

"No more," Dwann said. "Bowman and I have accomplished almost all we can expect to along this line, though we'd still like to test some other methods. But we don't want to have to leave here before we are completely through, and that is why we've kept it all secret and why I'm asking you to continue to keep it secret."

"You, Jameson, are an intelligent man, and even though you are horrified by this thing you can appreciate what value it may some day have for science. But the natives about here would simply see the horror of it and would destroy this place."

"I won't say anything," I said unsteadily. "In fact, I'm not even going to stay in this region another day, Dwann."

"That would perhaps be best," Doctor Dwann said, "though of course I leave that to you."

"And to think," I said weakly, "that I came up here to give my nerves a rest!"

We had risen, and now the dog-men too were rising. They came shuffling toward us, their dog-heads on a level with my own, carried as they were by the erect human bodies.

Wary of Dwann and Bowman beside me, yet they thrust their muzzles near my own head, sniffing at me as dogs will at a person, their green-lit eyes very close to my own. From them came again deep growls.

"Back!" Bowman said sharply, and the dog-men shuffled hastily back.

"They'll not bother you, Jameson," Dwann said. "Pay no attention to them."

But I had sunk weakly into a chair, without strength to stand, so shaken in body and mind was I by what I had seen this night.

Dwann looked sharply at me. "Jameson, you'll never make it back to your cottage in your present condition," he said. "You'd better stay here for the night."

Bowman nodded agreement. "If anything happened to you there'd be an investigation, which Dwann and I don't want."

"Stay here?" I said. "With those—things?"

"They'll be locked up tightly, don't worry, and won't bother you. And there's an extra bedroom for you."

I hesitated. The horror of the homeward walk through the darkness of the hills loomed even greater in my mind than my horror of the four dog-men before me. "I'll stay," I said unsteadily,

"if you're sure these things will be locked up."

"You can come and see us lock them up now," Doctor Dwann said. "Bring them along, Bowman."

HE LED me from the living-room into a hall of some length that ran back into the oblong building. There were seven or eight doors along it, on either side. Bowman followed Dwann and me, whistling the four dog-men after us. I heard their bare feet thudding on the floor.

Bowman opened one of the doors and disclosed a small kennel-like room hardly wider than the door. He ordered one of the dog-men into it and the thing walked reluctantly inside, curled up its human body on a mat in the corner. Bowman closed and locked the door.

"We put them in separate cells like this," Doctor Dwann explained, "so that they won't get to fighting among themselves and ruin our specimens."

Bowman ordered the other three dog-men into the next three little cells, and I felt relief as he locked their doors.

"So there you are," Dwann said. "You needn't fear the dog-men disturbing your sleep."

"What's in the other cells?" I asked, pointing to the remaining doors along the hall.

For answer Dwann opened one and I saw inside it a large police-dog—not one of the monstrous dog-men with human bodies, but a normal dog.

"Dogs we use for subjects we keep in some of the cells," Doctor Dwann explained. "The others are empty."

I went with Bowman and him on down the hall and around a turn at its end. Dwann opened a door to show me a large white-tiled laboratory elaborately fitted

with mechanisms and instruments of metal and glass. Then he went back to another door which when opened disclosed a small but neat bedroom.

"Bowman and I have the rooms just across the hall," he told me, "so you'll be all right here. Just forget our scientific horrors and go to sleep."

"I'll try," I said. With that he and Bowman left me and closed the door.

Once in bed, I lay awake in the darkness for a long time, my thoughts chaotic. The horror of what I had experienced still shook my mind.

Dwann and Bowman had explained their work well enough and I could see that, as they said, their work, however horrible, might mean a tremendous advance in scientific knowledge. But no reasoning of this kind could overcome the horror I still felt of the dog-men. I could not see how even Dwann and Bowman could be insensible to that horror.

Dog-men—dog-heads on human bodies—dog-brains animating the bodies of men. Could any advance in scientific knowledge justify the creation of such monsters as this, who had peered in at my window and who had trailed and pursued me in the darkness?

At the thought that I lay under the same roof with the creatures, I shuddered. Yet they were, in fact, but dogs—no more to be feared than any dogs. Yet I did fear them, deeply, terribly. I listened as I lay there for any sound that might betray their presence, but there was none. Dwann and Bowman retired—I heard their doors closing.

Gradually I drifted into a troubled sleep, half waking each time remembrance of that horror roused my brain. I slipped more deeply back into sleep each time, though. So deeply I sank into darkness that soon I did not even half wake, sleeping completely. Then suddenly with a

jeck I found myself sitting bolt upright in the darkness, trembling violently.

I had been dreaming of an uncouth-headed monster creeping toward me with soft shuffling sound. And now even as I told myself that it was but my dream, I became aware that from across the room there was coming to my ear just such a soft sound. The door of my room was slowly opening.

In a fixed terror I sat there, incapable of movement, as the door slowly opened. The only light in the room was a small square of moonlight on the floor, that slanted in from the window. Yet I was aware by the sound that the door was opening and was aware a moment later that some one, something, was entering the room.

I sat unable to move or to utter a sound. Dwann and Bowman had locked up the dog-men. Yet I felt, from the soft sounds I heard, that it was no human who was entering the room. I could hear the sound of light, stealthy feet crossing the room toward me. Then as I gathered my numbed strength to act, the form in the darkness, or part of it, moved into the square of moonlight on the floor.

It was a man's head that moved into the square of light. The head was but a few feet above the floor, so that, although his body was hidden in the darkness, I judged this man must be crawling on hands and knees. He was looking up at me and I saw that his head was an elderly one, gray-haired, his eyes tense and his face unshaven.

He saw me in the darkness as I sat there staring down at him. His lips moved.

"Quiet!" he whispered. His voice was low, feeble, sibilant. "For God's sake don't make a sound!"

"Who are you?" I whispered, the spell broken. "What's the matter?"

"You're the man who came here to-

night with the dog-men after you?" he said tensely. "The man Dwann and Bowman were talking to?"

I nodded with an effort. "Walton Jameson. But who are you?"

"I'm Jackson—Doctor Ranley Jackson," he said.

"Jackson?" My mind was searching my memory for the connotations that name aroused. "Jackson? The Doctor Jackson who Dwann and Bowman said was their superior at the Malcolm Foundation?"

"Yes!" he whispered. "Jameson, Dwann and Bowman have all four of us here — Willetts and Baletti and Smith and I!"

"But Dwann and Bowman said they hated you for obstructing their work," I whispered bewilderedly. "All four of you."

"They do hate us," Jackson said. "They got us up here by a ruse months ago, asking us to come up and see their new work. And they've kept us here ever since! You've got to help us!"

My mind was still hardly working but I slipped out of bed and into my clothes.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

Jackson had stayed where he was, his head in the moonlight but his body back in the darkness.

"I want you to help me get Smith and Baletti and Willetts out!" he whispered. "They're locked in separate cells like those of the dog-men. I found a key Bowman dropped yesterday in my cell and got out with it after working a long time—you can use it to let the others out quickly!"

"Why didn't you let them out yourself?" I asked. "If you have the key—"

For answer Jackson bent his head to the floor and with his mouth picked up a key which I now saw he had dropped there when he first spoke to me.

"I have to use the key like this—with

my mouth!" he said. "It would take too long, but you can do it quickly."

"But why not use your hands to do it?" I asked bewilderedly.

Jackson's gray face was ghastly. "This is why," he said. "This is what Dwann and Bowman have made of Baletti and Willetts and Smith and me."

He moved forward, so that his body as well as his head was in the revealing square of moonlight. I stared down at him, at first thinking my eyes deceived me, then shaken by a horror ten times greater than that which the dog-men had inspired in me.

For the head of Jackson was not set on any human body but on the hairy body of a large dog! The neck was set on the dog's shoulders so that the human head was upright. This was a reversal of the dog-men. Jackson and the other three were man-dogs, human heads upon dog-bodies!

I stared at Jackson's ghastly face and dog-body as he stood before me, and then as I thought of the others, of Smith and Willetts and Baletti—human heads on dog-bodies also, human minds ruling canine forms—my horror found voice in scream after choking scream.

5

OF WHAT followed immediately I have now only a horror-clouded and misty memory. I know that as I screamed there were sounds from elsewhere in the building, running feet and quick voices. Then as Jackson turned desperately, lights flashed on in the hall and Bowman appeared in the doorway of my room, his face crimson and a pistol in his hand.

Jackson leapt at him, his canine body and human head hurtling across the room toward Bowman like a brown thunder-bolt. But before he reached Bowman the other had fired twice and Jackson fell to

the floor and lay with canine body prone, stirring slightly.

Dwann burst into the room, black eyes sweeping the scene and his face forbidding. With a quick glance he took in the scene from the man-dog lying on the floor to me standing petrified with horror.

"Quick, secure him!" Dwann snapped to Bowman. "He mustn't get away now!"

Before I could recover enough to resist they had seized me and in a moment had bound my hands.

"Stay here with him," Dwann ordered Bowman. "I'll see if any of the rest have escaped."

He went out and down the hall, pistol in hand. In a moment he returned. "Smith and Willetts and Baletti are safe—Jackson was the only one to escape."

"What about Jameson?" Bowman asked, his own pistol still covering me.

Dwann's black eyes were hard as jet. "We'll take him into the laboratory," he said. "Keep him covered."

Holding to me, their pistols against me, they half lifted me out of the room into the hall. As I looked back numbly I saw Jackson's human-headed dog-body moving again, crawling across the floor to where lay the key he had dropped. But Dwann and Bowman, not seeing, were thrusting me into the laboratory.

Dwann snapped on lights, closed shutters, as calmly as though nothing unusual had happened. He came back then to where Bowman held me. His face was utterly calm, merciless.

"Jameson, you've discovered our secret and know that we've made not only dog-men but man-dogs," he said. "You know the truth now, that it wasn't dead human bodies we used in our experiments but living ones, the bodies of the four who did most to obstruct our work, Jackson and Willetts and the other two.

"We put living dog-heads upon their living bodies, and put their heads on living dog-bodies. If you had thought you'd have seen that we had to have living human bodies and not dead ones. What humans were we to use? Why should we use innocent people who had done us no harm, when those four had done us much harm and done the cause of scientific knowledge much harm also? So we got the four of them up here; drugged them and made man-dogs of them and dog-men of four of our dogs, by interchanging their heads and bodies.

"We did so in the cause of scientific knowledge." There was a ring of sincerity in Dwann's voice. "We know, Bowman and I, that the world would condemn us as monsters ourselves to have made such monsters, but we are willing to incur not only the world's condemnation but the condemnation of ourselves, even, to further our work."

"But, Dwann, what about me?" I asked hoarsely. "I want to go—for God's sake let me out of here!"

"Jameson, we can't let you go," Dwann said. "You know all we've done here and you'll surely tell it if we let you free. When you saw only the dog-men you would have kept silent and we were willing to let you go, but now we dare not."

"But what are you going to do with me then?" I cried. "Kill me?"

There was a strange regard, a pity almost, in Dwann's fathomless black eyes. "Jameson," he said, "Bowman and I have wanted to make one more transference of dog and human heads to test some methods we've devised since our last transferences. We're not going to kill you but we're going to test those methods on you."

"You're going to put my head on a dog's body like Jackson and the rest?—a

dog's head on my body?—no!" I screamed. "No, you can't, you daren't!"

I struggled, struck with my bound hands, but Bowman held me helpless.

"Jameson, believe that I'm sorry for you," said Dwann. "I know that in doing this Bowman and I are acting the part of fiends, but fiends or not, we're going on with our work until it's complete to the last iota."

"But you daren't!" I cried again. "They'll discover what you've done here—you'll be torn to pieces for this—"

Dwann stepped to the laboratory wall and opened a small steel door in it. Inside I saw a plunger-switch.

"They'll never discover what's gone on here," Dwann told me. "This switch connects with a half-ton of dynamite under this building. When Bowman and I finish our work here we'll push this time-switch and in three minutes this place, and all the dog-men and men-dogs in it, will be destroyed. Before we do that, we'll finish our work. You're part of that work now, Jameson. And to save you the tortures of anticipation we're going to go ahead with our work on you now."

DAZED, unable to resist, I felt myself lifted to the smooth surface of an operating-table, one of two standing side by side. I was bound tightly to it by Dwann, while Bowman wheeled huge and complicated mechanisms to the two tables, intricate pumps connecting with rubber tubing, flat containers of thick solutions, mechanical and chemical revivification apparatus.

"All ready, Bowman—get one of the dogs," Dwann ordered. "The one from cell 4."

"Dwann, for the love of God——" I choked, as Bowman went to the laboratory door.

But before Bowman reached the door it was thrust open from the hall outside. Dwann and Bowman cried out.

In the door, bleeding from his two bullet-wounds and scarce able to stand, staggered the awful figure of the man-dog Jackson, the dog-body that bore Jackson's head!

Behind him were three other dog-bodied shapes with human heads! Three other man-dogs! Willetts and Baletti and Smith! Jackson had summoned enough strength to free them and now they looked into the laboratory at Dwann and Bowman with eyes blazing, terrible.

Dwann tried to get out the pistol in his pocket, but the three man-dogs had sprung. Jackson had sunk to the floor, but Willetts and Baletti and Smith, human heads on canine bodies, knocked Dwann and Bowman down by the sheer weight of their spring, and then were tearing at them with their sharp dog-claws, seeking with human teeth their throats.

Helpless on the operating-table I heard the terrible struggle, the cries of Dwann and Bowman, the sibilant, beast-like snarls of Willetts and the other two man-dogs. Dwann was down with the man-dog Baletti at his throat, Bowman fighting to escape the other two and get to his feet, striking madly at the man-dogs.

Then with a gurgling sigh Bowman collapsed across the limp body of the man-dog Smith. He had strangled Smith but his own throat was torn out. Dwann lay dead a little distance from him with his own throat crimson. Jackson lay still at the door and Baletti was walking dazedly

about the room, but the man-dog Willetts stumbled across the room toward me.

He reared beside me, his sharp claws tearing at my bonds. I felt myself free, and staggered from the table to the laboratory floor. Willetts, staggering with me across the laboratory, was a terrible sight with his dog-body torn and bloody and his human face white and awful. He reared up against the wall by the door, toward the little steel door in the wall.

He turned his human head toward me. "Get—out!" he whispered gaspingly. "Quick——"

"But you? — the others?" I cried weakly.

For answer his paw ripped open the little steel door, grasped the plunger of the dynamite time-switch inside, pushed it down.

"Get—out—get—out——"

With mind rapidly crumbling from the repeated horrors to which it had been subjected, I stumbled out of the laboratory, down the hall, out of the house and through the gate in the wall, into the darkness.

Half-way across the clearing outside I stumbled and then felt my legs giving under me. But at that moment a terrific explosion split the night behind me, cleaving the darkness with a sword of fire as man-dogs and dog-men and those who had made them were swept by flaming destruction. Then came the duller crash of the building's encircling wall as it fell inward. And even at that moment I too fell, onto the friendly earth, clutching with unfeeling hands at the cold and dew-wet grass.

