

# Weird Tales



ALL STORIES NEW—NO REPRINTS

SEPTEMBER, 1946

Cover by Pete Kuhlhoff

## NOVELETTE

- LOTTE . . . . . Seabury Quinn 6  
*When a mystery presents itself it gnaws like a magot at the brain, nor can it be dislodged till the solution is found*

## SHORT STORIES

- DAY OF JUDGMENT . . . . . Edmond Hamilton 20  
*Some day, some eternity away, there will be a last man and a last woman. And who will be their judges?*

- ENOCH . . . . . Robert Bloch 28  
*Have you ever felt the tread of little feet walking across the top of your skull?*

- ALICE AND THE ALLERGY . . . . . Fritz Leiber 36  
*It's only common sense to be scared of a killer—sometimes even after he has been apprehended and executed!*

- NOT HUMAN . . . . . Bert David Ross 41  
*A tulka does not really live—therefore a tulka is indestructible. It cannot die*

- THE HORN . . . . . Charles King 50  
*A goat's horn, marvelously endowed with strange virtues and an unforgivable future*

- THE MACHINE . . . . . Allison V. Harding 54  
*A machine, so sensitive as to be human, was the scientist's goal. What he got was as utterly unexpected as it was horrific!*

- SIX FLIGHTS TO TERROR . . . . . Manly Banister 66  
*The building's bizarre architecture was as though it had been lifted bodily and transported here from some haunted place deep in a mysterious Europe*

- POLAR VORTEX . . . . . Malcolm Ferguson 74  
*All alone on the night side of the world time moves at a snail's pace*

- THRESHOLD OF ENDURANCE . . . . . Betsy Emmons 82  
*What is, can be—what happens, can happen again*

- XERXES' HUT . . . . . Harold Lawlor 84  
*A small unpretentious hut, with an eternity of history and an unguessable secret within four walls of horror*

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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.*

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b. McILWRAITH, Editor.

LAMONT BUCHANAN, Associate Editor.

# The Port

By H. P. LOVECRAFT

TEN miles from Arkham I had struck the trail  
 That rides the cliff-edge over Boynton Beach,  
 And hoped that just at sunset I could reach  
 The crest that looks on Innsmouth in the vale.  
 Far out at sea was a retreating sail,  
 White as hard years of ancient winds could bleach,  
 But evil with some portent beyond speech,  
 So that I did not wave my hand or hail.

Sails out of Innsmouth! Echoing old renown  
 Of long-dead times, but now a too-swift night  
 Is closing in, and I have reached the height  
 Whence I so often scan the distant town.  
 The spires and roofs are there—but look! The gloom  
 Sinks on dark lanes, as lightless as the tomb!

