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MYSTIC Magazine

Issue No. 2

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Mystic Magazine is published bi-monthly by Palmer Publications, Inc., Evanston, Illinois. Entry as second-class matter has been applied for at the Post Office at Evanston, Illinois. Additional entry applied for at Chicago, Illinois, and Amherst, Wisconsin. Printed in U.S.A. by the W. F. Hall Printing Company of Chicago, Illinois. No responsibility is undertaken for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork. Return envelope and sufficient return postage is required. Advertising rates at request. Subscriptions: 12 issues \$3.00; 24 issues 6.00. Mail subscriptions to Ray Palmer, Amherst, Wisconsin. Copyright 1963 by Palmer Publications, Inc.

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The Strange Case of Monica Lilith

By **ROBERT BARBOUR JOHNSON**

"Then said Saul unto his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her, and inquire of her. And his servants said to him, Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at En-Dor." *1 Samuel, 28:7.* Thus says the Bible, the book of Truth. Although Saul had put away all those with familiars out of the land, it should be obvious that he did not eliminate all such breed. As in those ancient days, so too, in modern times, the same must exist. Here is a story that deals with a modern phenomenon, the lovely, weird Monica Lilith.

Illustrated by Michael Becker

IT was an extraordinary event that occurred at Lake Lodge in the Tahoe region, on July 12th of last year. When one of the West's most prominent vacation resorts is in a state of complete panic for twenty-four hours; when a majority of its employees walk out in a body afterward, and at least a third of its best-paying guests cancel reservations and follow them—it is certainly obvious that something of a most unusual nature must have taken place. The wild rumors spread about the entire area for weeks

thereafter, reaching even as far as Reno.

But even had the full facts been known, it is doubtful whether they would have been accepted, in this day and age. For what occurred, on that placid July day was simply unbelievable, by modern standards! For it seemed to hint unpleasantly at the possibility of truth in certain beliefs and superstitions that have long been discarded by our scientific era; that are regarded only as quaint and fantastic delusions of forgotten Middle Ages. Yet the singular



business of Mrs. Lilith, at Lake Tahoe, in the ultra-modern and streamlined year of our Lord, 1953, seems to be explainable only as witchcraft!

Not, let it be hastily added, that there was anything whatever 'witchlike' about the lady in question! Anyone further from the conventional old crone of folklore would be hard to imagine. Monica Lilith was a beautiful, wealthy and singularly attractive young woman; no more than in her early thirties. She did her flying about, not on a broomstick, but in a low-slung Jaguar roadster with leopard skin upholstery; and the only spells she was known to cast were on susceptible males! As for being wicked—well, that word is rather outmoded, nowadays. The modern term is 'glamorous.' Mrs. Lilith certainly was that. But there was nothing sinister about her personality; and as regards the supernatural, none of her friends and associates dreamed that she could even spell it! Except for that extraordinary name, there was absolutely nothing to set her apart from the rest of the wealthy and carefree set that gather each year to drink, dance and gamble away the summer at one of the West's most famous resort-hotels.

You know Lake Lodge, of course, if you know the Tahoe country at all. Not even 'Cal-Neva' is more famous. Its enormous log bulk, topped by that curious

and distinctive cupola, is on all the postcards, and dominates the entire Nevada side of the Lake itself. But though you've certainly seen the place, or pictures of it; you've probably never been inside it. The average tourist, in his jalopy, does not drive up to its stately portals for a week-end's lodging, as he does to other resorts and motels in the area. Reservations at the Lodge must be made at least six months in advance. And one could easily rent the 'Presidential suite' of the largest San Francisco hotel for less than one of its not particularly modern or elaborate rooms would cost him.

Built in the '90's, it is all under one roof; though a few small guest cottages have been added recently, as a concession. Its architecture is 'rustic'; though only if it is assumed that our pioneer ancestors built their log cabins on the scale of the Pyramid of Cheops! The building is at least a city block in length, and three stories high; the third floor being the most expensive, and desirable. Though its exterior and verandas are of log-sheathing; inside it contains elevators, neon, chrome and all the trappings of a first-class hostel. It has its own private beach, with piers for speedboats and launches, its own gambling casino, its own ballroom, with 'name bands' imported from Reno; and, of course, that famous dining room with live redwoods

growing in it, and a troutstream running through, from which ambitious guests can catch fish for their own breakfasts.

In short, it is quite an establishment! Cuisine, standards and service are all on a par with big-city hotels, in the heart of rusticity. A staff of approximately a hundred, mostly college students working for vacations, ministers to the comfort of its patrons. It even has its own resident physician, Doctor Hugo Gresham; once a prominent Reno surgeon, but with a slight penchant for the bottle, who finds the gay life of the resort more congenial than private practice. He is always available to minister to such ailments as the expensive clientele may have, or think they have.

They are a curious lot, the resort 'regulars.' They come from all over America, and even foreign countries; many of them are famous, and all of them rich. Their general average is surprisingly youthful; since the tone of the place is a bit too lively to be congenial to oldsters. There is an atmosphere of gayety and pleasure seeking, of gambling and recklessness, unusual even in far from conservative Nevada! There have been scandals, suicides, even one or two murders. But the super-expensiveness of the Lodge manages to cloak all in respectability . . .

In this small, gay and cosmopolitan world, Monica Lilith held

high place. For the last three summers she had been there, occupying an entire suite on that exclusive third floor. She was universally known and well-liked; though not even her enemies knew too much about her, or where she came from. The Lodge was apparently her only home; one gathered that she spent her winters in travel, mostly in obscure parts of Europe. She always spoke of herself as an American; but there was an occasional trace of accent in her strangely sweet voice, and a slight dark overcast to her exquisite skin, that seemed to hint of origins outside our shores. In a community made up so largely of divorcees, she passed as one; though it was by no means certain that she had ever been married, or that there had ever been a 'Mr. Lilith' at all. But she was undoubtedly single, now. Though her life was more or less a constant procession of men, none of them ever lingered long enough to consider himself in any way important!

She seemed to have no other purpose in life but to enjoy herself; and she certainly seemed to have all the facilities to do it with, both physical and financial. The source of her wealth was as mysterious as her background. Certainly it did not come from her male friends; she was almost unique, in that environment, in her complete disdain for 'gold-digging.' Yet she had been known

to drop as much as five thousand at a single evening's baccarat at the Lodge Casino without turning a blonde hair!

As for the physical charms, they were much in evidence, too; though perhaps not quite as much as might have been expected. In a climate which seems to inspire its feminine personnel to try to 'outstrip' each other constantly, down to the last ultimate Bikini, Mrs. Lilith was oddly on the conservative side! Her dinner gowns, though all exclusive Parisian creations, were curiously enveloping on their upper portions; so that no one had ever seen her shoulders and upper arms exposed. And though her playsuits revealed the usual (and, indeed, often unusual!) expanses of nether limbs, she always seemed to wear jackets or sweaters with them even on the hottest days. As for bathing suits, she never wore them; since she could not be induced to swim and seemed, indeed, to fear the water. Though she spent much of her time in sunbathing on the beach, beside the lake, she seldom ventured out on its placid blue expanse even in canoes or sailboats.

There were other eccentricities, too. Despite her visible wealth, she had no personal maid; and assumed the complete care of her belongings, and rooms, entirely by herself. Chambermaids and charwomen were admitted to the suite only when Mrs. Lilith

herself was there, and even then their only duty was to make the beds and change linens. Everything else was always in apple-pie order. Exactly how she accomplished this was baffling; since she was seldom there, day-times; and was definitely not the 'housewifely' type! Yet the fact remained; the large suite was always immaculate, without even a speck of dust.

Nor was her aversion to having anyone in her apartment confined to Room Service; it extended also to her friends. She never did any entertaining there, and did nothing to encourage visitors. I do not mean to imply that she always spent her nights alone; the contrary has been stated! Yet none of her lovers was ever able to boast that he had spent a night in Mrs. Lilith's bedroom. Mrs. Lilith always went to his; involving herself in much difficulty, and even a few small scandals; which need not concern us here. That she was willing to go to such lengths, when all she had to do was leave her door ajar, seemed very odd indeed. It was almost as if the rooms held some secret that she dared not chance anyone seeing.

Yet the only living thing that was there, apart from Mrs. Lilith herself, was the pet animal she always kept with her. And there was no particular secret about this pet; everyone in the hotel knew about it. It arrived

with her each June, in a neat traveling case, with open ventilation end; and was carried up by the bellboys, with her other luggage, before the eyes of the entire lobby. The case stood open in a corner of her bedroom, thereafter; and it had the run of the entire apartment during her absences. The resort management ordinarily frowned on pets; but this one had never made any trouble, it had become almost an institution.

Yet though servants and friends alike knew that it was there, and had even caught glimpses of it; none of them had ever seen it at close hand, or had any idea of what it was. It was just something small and whitish, that moved quickly, with a sort of hopping motion. It was generally assumed to be of some rare species; tamed by its owner, but timid with outsiders. It would always withdraw into its leather case when anyone came in, and could not be coaxed forth. "Poor little thing! It's so shy!" Mrs. Lilith would explain. "It loves only me; I just can't get it to have anything to do with other people!" And she cautioned everyone against going too near the case, warning that the creature might attack or bite if it were touched.

But the warning was quite unnecessary, in the majority of cases. For there was something about the thing, small as it was, that

seemed to create a disinclination in most people to go near it, or even remain in the same room with it! Perhaps it was its silence; for it never made the slightest sound, never moved or rustled, as animals do in a box. And yet there was the constant feeling that it was there, and watching; you could never forget its presence.

"It frightens me." More than one of Mrs. Lilith's women friends complained, afterward, "It's just not *natural*, somehow! It gives me goosepimples. I can't think how Monica can stand having it around her!"

But there was no question that Mrs. Lilith was devoted to her pet. She always referred to it as 'my beloved,' or 'my precious one'; she spent long hours closeted with it, and could be heard talking to it, or crooning to it in the dead of night. She assumed full charge of its care, and feeding, herself. There was, indeed, some curiosity as to what she might be feeding it, since she was never seen to carry anything up from the resort dining room, and was never known to purchase packaged or prepared animal foods during her frequent trips to Reno and Carson City. If it could have been ascertained just what the creature ate, it would have been easier to tell what it was

Then came the twelfth of July, and the accident that precipitated such startling consequences.

THE manner of it was curious, and requires some explanation. The day was extremely hot, and most of the resort's population was either in the water, or out on it. Even Mrs. Lilith had succumbed with the rest; she had ventured out in one of the Lodge canoes, and was paddling moodily about, some distance from shore. She was wearing a distinctive red sharkskin playsuit (tightly buttoned up, as usual) and was plainly visible from the beach.

Exactly what happened will probably never be known. But suddenly there were screams; the canoe was seen to be overturned, and Mrs. Lilith was struggling in the water.

The four extremely able Lake Lodge Life Guards (the two handsomest were rumored to be among those whose rooms she visited) all dived in, instantly, and raced toward the scene; as did approximately a dozen other men, all expert swimmers. Several of her friends who were cruising about in various craft quickly swung them in her direction; and even a small hydroplane swung down on its pontoons. There was a sort of converging on the spot, within two minutes; and it seemed simply impossible that none of them reached her before she went down for the third time. Indeed, she probably had *not* gone down, the body was still floating when the rescuers reached it and lifted

it to the deck of a launch. But the lungs were full of water, and there was no trace of pulse.

Artificial respiration, attempted while the boat raced back to shore, was without avail. The expert ministrations of Dr. Hugo Gresham, when the body was carried into his office, likewise proved futile. Mrs. Lilith had drowned, there was no doubt about it. Though how she could have done so without sinking beneath the waves was quite inexplicable.

The body lay in state for some two hours on Dr. Gresham's examination table, while sorrowing friends filed past, and was then removed to the most expensive undertaking establishment in Reno. The sharkskin playsuit had become disarranged by water, and it was now apparent why Monica Lilith, in life, had never permitted her bare shoulders to be seen. There was a birthmark on one of them; a curious blemish that no amount of powder could have covered up. It was round and puffy, and looked oddly like a third nipple! The Doctor examined it several times, with deep interest.

"Never saw anything like it before, in my life!" he muttered, to the resort Manager. "It's more than just a mark. There's a suggestion of glands, beneath; and a swelling—you'd almost swear the thing was functioning! Extraordinary!" One suspected that he would have liked to dissect it, and was deterred only by the prom-

inence of the victim.

The ambulance arrived at length and the body was taken away. There remained only the matter of winding up Mrs. Lilith's affairs, and of the mysterious pet, now bereft of its owner. It was Doctor Gresham who volunteered to take charge of the creature for the time being, since none of her friends seemed over-anxious to assume the responsibility. He departed upstairs on the errand. A few minutes later the Manager, now back in his office, had a call from him on the house phone.

"You'd better come up here," he said, in rather a peculiar voice. "There's something odd . . . I need your advice!"

CURSING all women and all pets under his breath, the Manager hurried for the elevators. Arriving at the third floor, he found Doctor Gresham standing in the middle of Mrs. Lilith's suite, fingering his greying moustache perplexedly. The animal must have escaped, he declared. There was absolutely nothing alive in the whole place; he'd searched thoroughly. The woman who had the adjoining rooms had told him that she'd heard a series of shrill, piping cries about two hours before; and, shortly afterward, a sound like the opening of a transom. It must have gotten out into the corridor, and was perhaps now roaming the resort, look-

ing for its mistress. Though it seemed too far-fetched to suppose that it could know that something had happened to her . . .

The Manager listened to this rambling account with impatience. He was a testy little man with gold-rimmed spectacles, whose life was one long series of irritations. "All right! All right!" he broke in, finally. "So it's escaped! Does it matter? The thing's bound to turn up, sooner or later. It can't get out of the building. And even if it does, and escapes into the woods—what then? We've got more important things to worry about than a confounded animal. I'll pass the word along to the staff to be on the lookout for it, if you like. What is it, by the way? If you've examined the case it lived in, you must have formed some idea."

Doctor Gresham looked at him, quizzically. "The case?" he repeated. "H'm, yes. That's another thing I'd like your opinion on. It's in here; have a look at it for yourself, will you?"

He led the way into the bedroom. Fretfully, the Manager followed; and peered into the traveling case, whose top now stood open. Then he said "Good Lord!" and almost dropped his spectacles.

The case was a large one; almost as wide as a suitcase, and rather higher. It contained, not the sawdust and litter of an animal's quarters, but what seemed to be a complete set of doll furni-

ture! The Manager's bewildered eyes made out a tiny four-poster bed, with sheets; two chairs, a small table, and other objects equally incredible. It looked almost like one of the hotel's rooms, reduced down. There was even a miniature altar at one end, with tiny 'birthday' candles, and an exquisitely carved little ivory crucifix. Possibly through the Doctor's handling, the latter had become loosened, and now dangled head downward.

The Manager straightened, after a moment, and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Well!" he said, a little shakily. "This doesn't tell us much about the animal. But it certainly tells us something about Mrs. Lilith! She was crazy; mad as a March Hare! There's no doubt of it. Imagine furnishing a pet's case, like that. I've heard of doting owners; there was that dame with the perfumed Pekingese, last year. But this—well, it beats the lot! Even a 'prie-dieu'; of all the impossible—I suppose the beast said its prayers, before it! Whew! And to think we had the woman in the Lodge for three whole summers, and never suspected she was mentally off."

Dr. Gresham rubbed his chin, noncommittally. "H'm, possibly," he murmured. "I only hope it's that simple. Still, you'll notice that the case is immaculately clean, and there's no trace of animal odor. The thing seems to have

been an excellent housekeeper! I certainly hope it turns up; I'd like to have a look at whatever sort of animal it is that lives in a furnished room, like a person."

The Manager turned toward the door. "Well," he said, vaguely. "I'll pass the word along to the staff—"

THERE was little need for that as events turned out. Less than fifteen minutes later there was a disturbance on the floor below. Wild shrieks brought everyone within earshot running; and one of the chambermaids was discovered in a state of almost complete collapse. Dr. Gresham managed to get her away from the crowd and into his office before she could stammer out her full story. But virtually all the employees heard it downstairs, later.

She had, she said, gone to the second floor linen closet to obtain some fresh towels. And, when she opened the door, something had swung out at her off the crossbar inside. She had the vague impression of a shape like a monkey, only smaller, and whitish. It had landed on her shoulder, tiny clawed hands clutched at her throat, and a shrill, venomous piping filled her ears. She fell back before the onslaught, screaming from fright, and covering her eyes to protect them. When she opened her eyes again, the thing was gone and a crowd of people were surrounding her. But no crowd could make

her feel safe; she still trembled and cowered, afraid of every shadow. She insisted that she was leaving immediately, without waiting to collect her belongings or salary; or even allowing the Doctor to treat several small but vicious gashes on her face and neck, one of which had narrowly missed the jugular vein. She was really in no condition to travel. But leave she did, by the next bus. Her departure marked the beginning of the later exodus of Lodge people.

"Well," the Manager declared, later. "It could have been worse! At least we know approximately where the little brute is hiding. And we know what it is. Some sort of marmoset, obviously; from her description."

But Dr. Gresham only shook his grizzled head. "Marmosets are timid little things," he declared. "They don't attack human beings. And they don't have claws, like this thing. There's something wholly unnatural about it. I've a notion we haven't seen the last of it, yet!"

His words were prophetic. For within half an hour, he was called on to treat a second victim. This time it was harder to hush up, for it was one of the guests. An elderly dowager, also on the second floor. She had been in the crowd that had gathered about the fallen maid; and had been so upset that she had returned to her rooms, and phoned for stimulants from the Bar downstairs. A few minutes

later there had been a tapping on her outer door, and thinking it was the bell-boy, she opened it. Something had flown into her face, from the dim corridor. 'Flown' was precisely the word she used; she insisted that there had been a whirring, as of wings. The thing had circled her head, flapping and piping shrilly. She'd slapped at it, slammed the door before it could get in, and then collapsed, like the maid. There were no wounds; but she was completely hysterical, and it took the Doctor some time to calm her and give her a sedative.

He was, in fact, still with her when the third incident occurred. It was on the third floor, this time; and involved a young couple named Simpson. They had just returned from driving to Carson City for the afternoon, and so had missed all the excitement. Going straight up to their suite to change for dinner, they were astonished to hear sounds of smashing and splintering inside it, as if someone were running amok in there. They flung open the door, expecting to see some human intruder. They were quite unprepared for what actually came out, scuttling between their legs and down the hallway. Mr. Simpson never saw it at all; or had only the vaguest glimpse of something small and pallid. But his wife saw it clearly and was able to describe it to the Manager, when that harrassed official answered her tearful summons. But her description only

added to the confusion. For she was under the impression that the creature was some sort of lizard! At least, it ran on its hind legs, and had a body covered with scales, and a thick, dragging reptilian tail.

The room it left behind was a veritable shambles; almost everything breakable in it smashed, and belongings ripped and scattered horribly. The Manager, completely bewildered that one small being could have accomplished so much destruction, could only promise that the resort would pay for everything as soon as the damage could be assessed.

Then he hurried off to direct his hunt, which from then on assumed a rather frantic quality. Confronted by what seemed a whole Zoo of creatures, all berserk, a small army of searchers had been enrolled. They spread through the whole three floors of Lake Lodge, questing in every nook and corner. And yet it was in the middle of all this that the fourth incident occurred. A fire was discovered in a corridor, blazing merrily!

A pile of chips and rubbish had been heaped clumsily together, and the whole set ablaze. It took only a few seconds work with an extinguisher to put it out and the Manager was inclined to discount it. "Probably only coincidental," he declared. "Animals don't start fires; that's certain!"

But Doctor Gresham only picked up a handful of the chips, indicat-

ing their extreme tinyness. "Nobody knows what this damned thing is able to do," he said, grimly. "We've got to catch it; that's all there is to it! It'll have the whole building down about our ears if we don't. It's obviously out to avenge its mistress' death, crazy as that sounds. And as for its powers—well, I'm beginning to believe almost anything .".

BY now, of course, the whole of Lake Lodge was aware that something serious was amiss. Clusters of guests, routed unceremoniously out of their rooms by the searchers, gathered in bewildered groups in the downstairs lobby and lounges, speculating in awed tones, and listening to the sounds and babble of voices that drifted from the upper regions. There was no pretense at serving dinner, the Bar and the Casino remained closed; even the reception desk was temporarily unmanned. Every available male employee had been enrolled in the small army of hunters that were spread out all over the huge structure; combing it corridor by corridor, room by room and almost inch by inch. They were armed with sticks, canes, golf clubs, and even a few sporting rifles. The Manager had a revolver, which he flourished; and Doctor Gresham was carrying an old frog gig; a curious affair with three barbed tines and a wooden handle.

For a long time the search went on. But at length most of its parti-

cipants reached the top floor corridors; and the Doctor leaned on his improvised spear and sighed bewilderedly. "No luck!" he said. "It beats me! We've covered the whole place, from top to bottom; there's nowhere else to look. Unless it's given up, and cleared out altogether—" He broke off, sniffing. "Oh, Lord! I smell smoke again! It seems to be coming from above."

The Manager gasped. "The Cupola! The old ornamental tower on top of the Lodge. It's the only place we haven't looked. There's a trapdoor along here, somewhere." He led the way down the hall, midway, and pointed up. "But nobody's been up there in years. There's no way, except by a ladder. The thing can't be in there; it's impossible—"

"Oh, is it?" The Doctor chuckled, grimly. Smoke was plainly curling, in little wisps, down around the trapdoor's outline. "Ever hear of rat-tunnels, my dear fellow? This old building is full of 'em. It could get up there, all right. And if it has, we've trapped it. Hurry!"

A stepladder was brought and raised. The Doctor mounted it stiffly, and cautiously raised the creaking old door. There were several outcries as he did so; for it was a little like looking into Hell. A red light danced and flickered, where there should have been darkness; and a gigantic shadow, winged and horned, seemed to tower in menace. It was a moment

before they realized that such a shadow could only have been thrown by something quite small on the floor where the fire was.

"Yes, sir. That's our little friend!" the Doctor exulted. "He can't slip back into his hole in time. Boost me up, somebody."

He squeezed his bulk through the opening and disappeared from their sight. They heard him say "Well, let's have a look at you!" And then, "Good God Almighty!" in tones of utter unbelief and horror.

Ensued then a great trampling and scurrying, shrill piping cries, and then a high shrieking, like that of a stuck pig, that died away in moans. Finally the Doctor reappeared in the opening and looked down at them. He had the air of a man who has been through some overwhelming experience; his shoulders sagged, and his face was white and drawn. But all he said was, "Some of you better come up and put this fire out. It doesn't amount to much, but it'll need an extinguisher."

There was a rush up the ladder at that. The blaze, which had only caught a couple of rafters, was quickly brought under control; but there was much chopping and squirting of chemical foam. When they'd got it out and looked around, there was nothing else to be seen. Only the broken handle of the old frog-gig lying in a corner, and a few splotches of blackish blood. Then it occurred to the searchers

that Doctor Hugo Gresham was no longer with them. He had climbed down the ladder rather hurriedly, those below reported; and he seemed to be carrying something small under his coat, something that still appeared to be struggling and moaning feebly. Then he had hurried off downstairs. They went in search of him; but he was locked in his office by that time and would not answer even the Manager's knocks. He shouted out that he was making an important dissection, and could not be disturbed

THAT is really all that is positively known about the strange happenings at Lake Lodge. The rest is only gossip, and speculation. It was started principally by one of the bellboys; not one of the college help but a rather illiterate Nevada youth. He had been poking about the trashbins behind the resort, the following day, and he had come upon certain curious fragments, or remains, that bothered him. The nature of these fragments was utterly anomalous; for not only had they been cut and hacked into incredibly small bits (in such a manner as to suggest that something other than dissection was the motive) but decomposition was curiously far advanced in most of them.

Nothing was identifiable save a small fragment of membrane, that looked like part of a bat's wing; a strip of skin about three inches

square, covered with overlapping shiny scales, like a fish's; and part of a foreleg, with a hand or paw attached. It was this latter object that frightened the bellboy, and set him to talking wildly to anyone who would listen. For he swore that not only did it look uncannily (despite being covered with scales, and having talons on the tiny fingers) like a human baby's hand, but that the thing was *still spasmodically closing and unclosing as it lay there on the dump!*

And thus came about that exodus of Lake Lodge employees. They seem to have left almost in a body; and been replaced by others brought from long distances away. Since most of the guests who left at the same time have not returned this season, it is virtually a new Lodge that confronts the visitor; one from which the very memory of the whole occurrence has been elaborately erased, as one sponges off a slate

But old Doctor Gresham is still the Lodge physician; and should you ever stay at the place and have occasion to visit his office to be treated for sunburn or some such specious ailment—if so, I suggest that you pay particular attention to a picture that now hangs in one corner of his office.

It is a reproduction, that the Doctor picked up in an Art store in Reno, of a painting by Hieronymus Boesch, that mad old Dutch master who specialized in depicting the mythical demons of medie-

val Hells. There are hundreds of them in this picture, of all sizes and shapes, with every confused blending of human and beast and bird and insect and whatnot that the diseased fancies of bygone superstition could invent. Around one of these creatures the Doctor has drawn a circle in red ink. It is the most 'plausible' of the lot; almost human in appearance save for its bat-wings, scaled body and reptilian tail, its horned head, and the expression of concentrated malevolence on its tiny face.

Below it, also in red ink, is scribbled what appears to be a Biblical quotation from the first book of Samuel. "*And his servants saith unto Saul: 'Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar, at en-dor.'*"

But that there is any connection between this and a certain Mrs. Monica Lilith at Lake Tahoe, in the year of Eisenhower, television sets and three-dimensional movies—I, of course, should not care to put myself on record as even hinting!

End