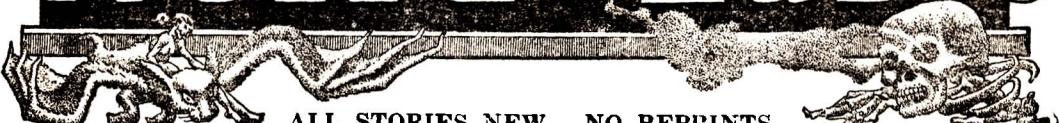


Weird Tales



ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS

May, 1944

Cover by Margaret Brundage

LONG NOVELETTE

IRON MASK Robert Bloch 4

*What manner of man was this creature who towered like a gaunt ghost
in the moonlight, his features covered always!*

NOVELETTE

THE DAY THE WORLD STOOD STILL Allison V. Harding 58

*There is an unseen atmospheric curtain that binds our dimension of space
and speed to us; suppose this were to—lower!*

SHORT STORIES

THE LETTERS OF COLD FIRE Manly Wade Wellman 30

*A strange solitary education—once a day a hand shaggy with
dark hair thrusts in food to the scholar*

MAN IN A HURRY Alan Nelson 40

*For 20 years the pudgy little man was always hurrying, as though to
some appointment for which he was already late*

UNPUBLISHED STORY H. Bedford-Jones 44

*The only logical conclusion was thoroughly out of the question—
the miraculous thing was monstrous and impossible!*

THE DEAR DEPARTED Alice-Mary Schnirring 54

*How could the medium know that this time the seance was
to be different—very different!*

THE LAKE Ray Bradbury 76

*There are some who play in the lake who are destined to be
young and small and unchanged forever*

THE GOTHIC WINDOW Dorothy Quick 80

*The strange window lent itself readily to a fairy tale; the only
trouble was that there is often truth in fairy tales*

A GROUP OF SONNETS

FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH H. P. Lovecraft 52

SUPERSTITIONS AND TABOOS Irwin J. Weill 74

THE EYRIE AND WEIRD TALES CLUB 90

*Except for personal experiences the contents of this magazine is fiction. Any use
of the name of any living person or reference to actual events is purely coincidental.*

Published bi-monthly by Weird Tales, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. Reentered as second-class matter January 26, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 15 cents. Subscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions, 90¢. Foreign and Canadian postage extra. English Office: Charles Lavell, Limited, 4 Clements Inn, Strand, London, W.C.2, England. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession.

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Vol. 37, No. 5

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

D. MCILWRAITH, Editor.

LAMONT BUCHANAN, Associate Editor.

FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH

Decorations by

**A group of
sonnets by**

H. P. Lovecraft

The Well

FARMER Seth Atwood was past eighty when
He tried to sink that deep well by his door,
With only Eb to help him bore and bore.
We laughed, and hoped he'd soon be sane again.
And yet, instead, young Eb went crazy, too,
So that they shipped him to the county farm.
Seth bricked the well-mouth up as tight as glue—
Then hacked an artery in his gnarled left arm.

After the funeral we felt bound to get
Out to that well and rip the bricks away,
But all we saw were iron hand-holds set
Down a black hole deeper than we could say.
And yet we put the bricks back—for we found
The hole too deep for any line to sound.



HANNES BOK