Weird Tales
ALL STORIES NEW—NO REPRINTS

SEPTEMBER, 1946

NOVELETTE

LOTTE

When a mystery presents itself it gnaws like a maggot at the brain, nor can it be dislodged till the solution is found

Seabury Quinn 6

SHORT STORIES

DAY OF JUDGMENT

Some day, some eternity away, there will be a last man and a last woman. And who will be their judges?

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ENOCH

Have you ever felt the tread of little feet walking across the top of your skull?

Robert Bloch 28

ALICE AND THE ALLERGY

It's only common sense to be scared of a killer—sometimes even after he has been apprehended and executed!

Fritz Leiber 36

NOT HUMAN

A tulka does not really live—therefore a tulka is indestructible. It cannot die

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THE HORN

A goat's horn, marvelously endowed with strange virtues and an unforgivable future

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THE MACHINE

A machine, so sensitive as to be human, was the scientist's goal.

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What he got was as utterly unexpected as it was horrific!

SIX FLIGHTS TO TERROR

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

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POLAR VORTEX

All alone on the night side of the world time moves at a snail's pace

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A small pretentious 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.

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, 1919. Single copies, 50 cents. Subscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions, $2.00. 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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PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

D. 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!