

A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE

Volume 34

CONTENTS FOR JUNE-JULY, 1939

Number 1

Cover Design	Virgil Finlay	5
Giants of Anarchy	Eando Binder	5
<i>An amazing glimpse into the future—a world without laws</i>		
Far Below	Robert Barbour Johnson	27
<i>Horror in the New York subway</i>		
They Run Again	Leah Bodine Drake	36
<i>Verse</i>		
Lens-Shy	W. M. Clayton	37
<i>An odd and curious tale about a photographer of the dead</i>		
The Sitter in the Mound	Bruce Bryan	40
<i>Fearful was the archeologist's discovery in an Indian mound</i>		
The Hills of Kandahar	Robert E. Howard	47
<i>Verse</i>		
The Man Who Came Back	Frederic Arnold Kummer, Jr.	48
<i>The genius of a great scientist resurrects fallen soldiers—to what end?</i>		
The Stroke of Twelve	Earl Peirce, Jr.	57
<i>A weird thread linked old Calvert's life with the antique clock</i>		
The Howler	H. P. Lovecraft	66
<i>Verse</i>		
Mansions in the Sky	Seabury Quinn	67
<i>A tale of Jules de Grandin, occult detective and ghost-breaker</i>		
Circe	Edgar Daniel Kramer	85
<i>Verse</i>		
The Phantom Werewolf		86
<i>An alleged true incident—a perfect weird tale</i>		
The Willow Landscape	Clark Ashton Smith	87
<i>An intriguing Chinese fantasy</i>		
Almuric (Part 2)	Robert E. Howard	91
<i>An amazing novel of the demon-haunted world Almuric</i>		
Headache	Paul Ernst	113
<i>An odd little tale about a strange power given to Augustus Taylor</i>		
The Death Watch	Hugh B. Cave	119
<i>What ghastly thing came clumping into the big house?</i>		
"We are no other than a moving row"	Virgil Finlay	128
<i>Pictorial interpretation of a quatrain by Omar Khayyam</i>		
Celephais	H. P. Lovecraft	129
<i>A posthumous weird fantasy by a late great master of eerie fiction</i>		
Weird Story Reprint:		
Imprisoned with the Pharaohs	Houdini	133
<i>The great magician tells an uncanny tale of immemorial Egypt</i>		
The Eyrie		151
<i>The readers interchange opinions</i>		

Published monthly by Weird Tales, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter September 24, 1938, at the post office at New York, N. Y. Single copies, 25 cents. *Subscription rates:* One year in the United States and possessions, Cuba Mexico, South America, Spain, \$2.50; Canada, \$2.75; elsewhere, \$3.00 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. The contents of this magazine are fully protected by copyright and must not be reproduced either wholly or in part without permission from the publishers.

Copyright 1939, by Weird Tales
 COPYRIGHTED IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The Phantom Werewolf

MONTAGUE SUMMERS, in his excellent monograph, *The Werewolf*, tells the following incident which was related to him as an actual happening that took place in the late 1880's. Despite its brevity, it is a perfect weird tale; so we reprint it herewith:—

“AN Oxford professor, being an ardent fisherman, had taken a small cottage for the summer on the shores of one of the remoter lakes in Merionethshire, among the hills, and here he and his wife were entertaining a guest. Whilst wading one day a few yards into the lake he stumbled over an object which seemed upon examination to be the skull of a dog belonging to an uncommonly large breed. Desirous of investigating further he carried it back to the house, where it was temporarily placed on a kitchen shelf.

“That evening his wife had been left alone awhile, and to her surprise not unmixed with fear she heard a snuffling and scratching at the kitchen door which led into the yard. Hesitant lest she should be confronted with a fierce dog, she went into the room to make sure the door was barred. As she moved, something drew her attention to the window, and there she saw glaring at her through the diamond panes the head of a huge creature, half animal, half human. The cruel panting jaws were gaping wide and showed keen white teeth; the great furry paws clasped the sill like hands; the red eyes gleamed hideously; it was the gaze of a man, horribly intensive, horribly intelligent. Half fainting with fear she ran through to the front door and shot the bolt.

“A moment after she heard heavy

breathing outside and the latch rattled menacingly. The minutes that followed were full of acutest suspense, and now and again a low snarl would be heard at the door or window, and a sound as though the creature were endeavoring to force its entrance. At last the voices of her husband and his friend, come back from their ramble, sounded in the little garden; and as they knocked, finding the door fast, she was but able to open ere she fell in a swoon at their feet.

“When her senses returned, to find herself laid on the sofa and her husband anxiously bending over her, she told in halting accents what had happened.

“That night, having made all secure and extinguished the lamps, the two men sat up quietly, armed with stout sticks and a gun.

“The hours passed slowly, until when all was darkest and most lonely the soft thud of cushioned paws was heard on the gravel outside, and nails scratched at the kitchen window. To their horror, in a stale phosphorescent light they saw the hideous mask of a wolf with the eyes of a man glaring through the glass, eyes that were red with hellish rage. Snatching the gun they rushed to the door, but it had seen their movement and was away in a moment. As they issued from the house a shadowy undefined shape slipped through the open gate, and in the stars they could just see a huge animal making toward the lake, into which it disappeared silently, nor did a ruffle cross the surface of the water.

“Early the next morning the professor took the skull, and rowing a little way out from the shore flung it as far as possible into the deeper part of the tarn. The werewolf was never seen again.”