

Pulpdom

Online 10



Pulpdom Online 10, Christmas, 2015. *Celebrating Pulps & ERB for almost 55 years.*
Ed. & Pub by Camille Cazedessus - *Pulpdom* is the Son of *ERB-dom*, born in 1960.

I've reached back into the early 20th century to reprint part II of a prehistoric series that ran in *The All-Story* in 1919-20: "The People of the Glacier" by C. B. Hough. I located some appropriate Zdenek Burian drawings to accompany it, even a back cover that fits the story. Zdenek Burian is one of the premier artists of the 20th century, particularly his paintings of ancient man and prehistoric creatures. See: **PREHISTORIC MAN**, by J. Augusta (1960). I here remind you that my 1973 "Jungle Scenes of Tarzan" Zed Burian art folio is still available from me for \$50 + postage. It consists of 30 large sepia tone prints from the first three Tarzan novels as published in Czechoslovakia.

The front cover painting by Ernest Grisel from an old **Boy's Own Paper** (an 1890s UK pulp). Enjoy Mike Taylor's review of the new Kevin Costner book: **THE EXPLORERS GUILD**.

It was Henry Hardy Heins who reported the most often used chapter title in the ERB books was "Escape." There is certainly something very desirable to read a story that lifts you out of this world and off into a fantastic land of real heart pounding adventure, daring feats, with a close companion...and then to escape to the safe confines of your home . Thanks ERB, for helping me "escape" so often. It's been a long run, and "I still live!" -Caz

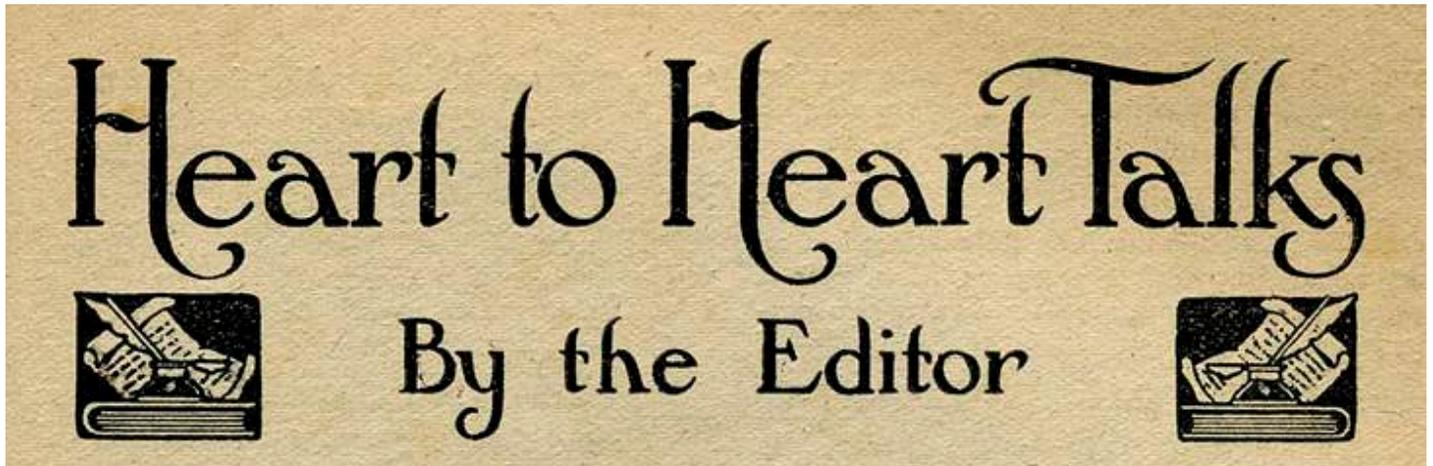
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constructed
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and taken total
control of every
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edges, but...in time...*

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Escaped!
(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by G. H. EDWARDS.)



For over a decade in the early 20th century, *The All-Story*, a classic old pulp, ran this column heading wherein the editor previewed stories for future issues and commented in general. I borrow it here to introduce C. B. Hough, author of the following short story, a remarkable little unpublished prehistoric.-Caz

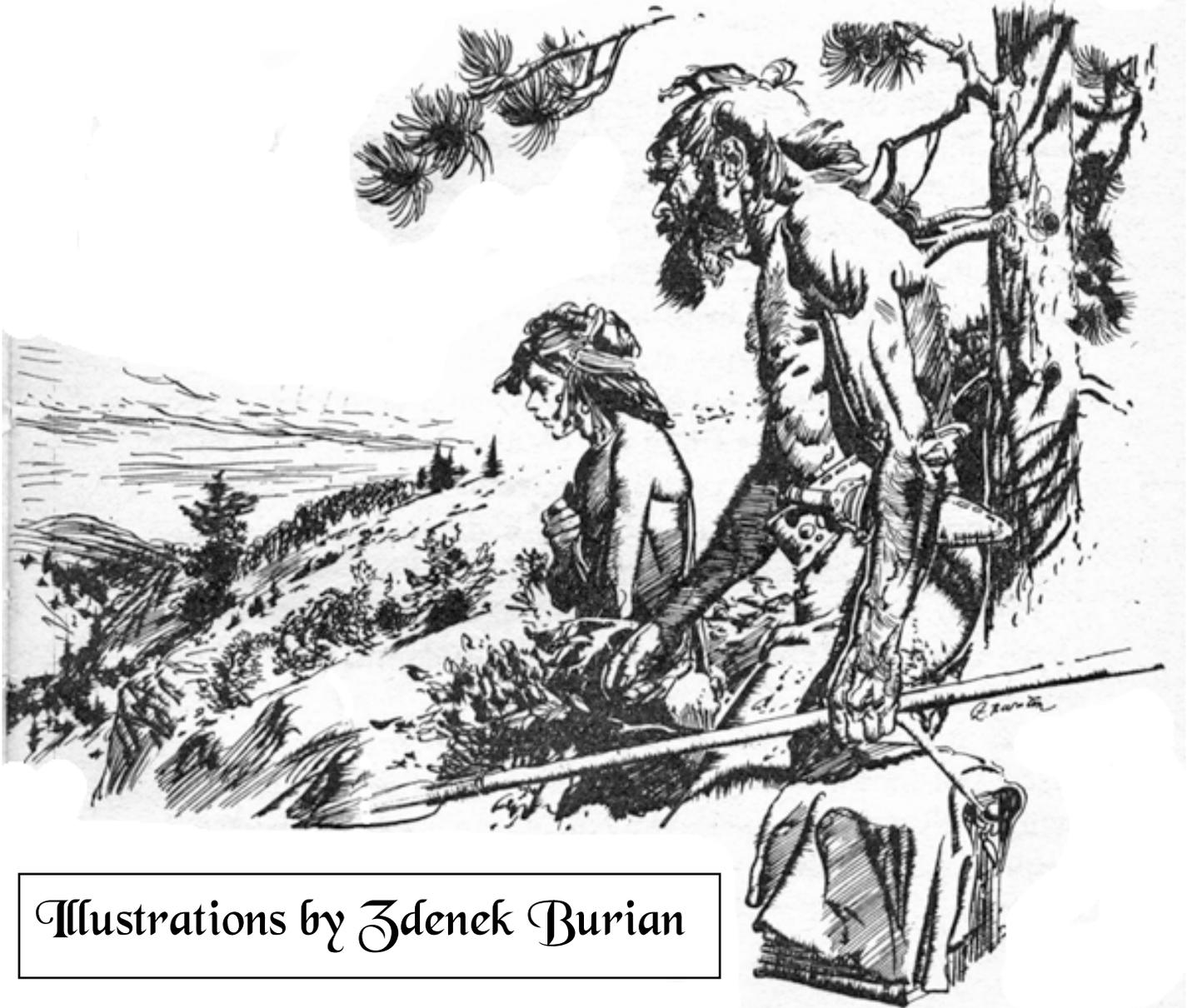
Hough, Clyde B(ird) (1889-1975) (stories) Born in Illinois. Was (illegally) arrested on 5-June-1917, 10 days before the Espionage Act was passed on the 15th. He had been an anti-war activist and secretary to the Rockford Furniture Workers (a local chapter of the I.W.W., the Industrial Workers of the World) Charges were also brought forward on the account of his non-registration. He was released from jail in 26-July-1919 on bond, sentenced to a five-year term, and quickly took to writing fiction stories. That came a quick close when in 25-April-1921 he was sent back to Leavenworth to serve another five-year term, for obstruction of the draft. June 1922, President Harding commuted his sentence.

- * The Bargain, (ss) Adventure Feb 10 1925
- * Better So, (ss) Adventure mid-Jan 1919
- * The Call of the Jungle, (ss) Adventure Oct #1 1918
- * Darcy Deserts, (ss) Adventure mid-Nov 1917
- * The Fingers of Home, (ss) Adventure May #1 1919
- * The Green Bottle, (ss) High Spot Magazine Mar 1931
- * The Groove, (ss) All-Story Weekly Dec 8 1917
- * Head-Hunters and Gold, (ss) Adventure mid-Sep 1919
- * An Hour, (ss) Adventure Jul #1 1919
- * Justice, (ss) Adventure Jan #1 1920
- * Marooned, (ss) Sea Stories Magazine Nov 5 1922
- * The Nature of the Beast, (ss) Adventure Sep 1 1930
- * One of Life's Guardians, (ss) Adventure Jan 30 1923

- A Partner for Gogo, (ss) Adventure Jun 30 1924
- * The People of the Glacier: (6 part series)
- * ___ I. The Great Cold, (ss) All-Story Weekly Nov 1 1919
- * ___ II. The Passing of the Great Cold, (ss) All-Story Weekly Dec 20 1919
- * ___ III. The Fire, (ss), All-Story Weekly, Jan. 3, 1920
- * ___ IV. The Course of Cave Love, (ss) All-Story Weekly Jan 17 1920
- * ___ V. Wings Against the Cave Walls, (ss) All-Story Weekly Jan 31 1920
- * ___ VI. A Newer Dawn, (ss) All-Story Weekly, Feb. 14, 1920
- * Red Idols (with Garland Vultee), (ss) Novelets Apr 1925
- * Red's Example, (ss) Adventure mid-Dec 1918
- * Rescued, (ss) Adventure Aug #1 1919
- * A Sixty-Thousand-Dollar Tintype, (ss) Adventure May #1 1921
- * The Spirit of the Flames, (ss) Adventure Jul 10 1922
- * Straight to the Mine, (ss) Western Story Magazine Oct 7 1920
- * Toll of the Sands, (ss) North•West Stories Jun 1929
- * Two Calls in the Jungle, (ss) Adventure mid-Nov 1918
- * The Vengeance of Rooney, (ss) Adventure Jun #1 1919
- * The Weakness of Men, (ss) Adventure mid-Jul 1920
- * The Will to Go On, (ss) Adventure Apr #1 1920
- * Wolf Fangs, (ss) North•West Stories Nov #1 1928

(From another website, and now corrected!)

The People of the Glacier



Illustrations by Zdenek Burian

The People of the Glacier

By Clyde B. Hough



SOMETHING over a month ago—in the November 1, 1919, issue, to be exact—we published a little story of life in the glacial period, under the title “The Great Cold.” The story pleased us and our readers so much that we asked Mr. Hough to tell us more about “The People,” and especially about *Lab* and *Wah*, and the other “Intellectuals” of the time. The second story of the series follows, and in the gradual unfolding of the human mind, the slow development of simple animal instinct to the beginnings of reason, in the first faint dawn of Earth life, is pure drama of the tensest and most appealing sort.

II—THE PASSING OF THE GREAT COLD

AT the time of the passing of the Great Cold there was in process of development the world's first love match. There had been mates and matings since the race began, of course, but little or no love had entered into these pairings. The male simply chose the female who appealed to him most and led her to his cave. If she resisted being led, he knocked her senseless, threw her across his shoulder and carried her to his cave. All that ever prevented the man of that far-distant day from mating with the woman of his choice was another man more powerful than himself—one who snatched the woman away, threw her across *his* shoulder and carried her to *his* cave. In either case, the woman's side of the situation remained the same, and her only possible consolation lay in knowing that she had become the property of the more capable of her suitors.

But these were mere matings, and this other was a love match, and not to be con-

sumated through the agencies of force. The chief characters in this innovation were Wah and Ga. Had the reckoning of years been understood by the People, Wah would, no doubt, have taken great pleasure in the knowledge that he was eighteen years and some months old. And because Ga was not quite seventeen, she probably would have told you the truth about her age.

Wah was the son of Lab, and Lab, at that time, was foremost citizen of the world. Lab could think. Ga was the daughter of Obe, the crazy man. And her mother had been a strange female not of the People. She died when Ga was a baby, and her death was the foundation of Obe's insane hatred of Lab. But first you should know something of Ga's mother. Her story will help you to understand why Ga is so broadly different from her father's people.

Years before the passing of the Great Cold, when Obe was in the flush of early



manhood, he went foraging in the Deep Forest, and when night came he did not return. The People, if they thought about it at all, took it for granted that Obe had been eaten by one of the mighty man-eating cats. That was not an unusual occurrence in their day. Obe was gone a long time, but he had not been eaten, for one day he came bounding through the fringe of the Deep Forest with shouts of triumph. In the crook of his great, hairy left arm, he was carrying, as easily as if she had been a babe, a grown, female the like of whom the People had never seen before.

Obe called her Yar, and she was much smaller than the females of the People. The hair on her body was thin, and the color of light ashes, while the hair of the People was dull brown. But her head hair differed most. It was unusually long, and lighter even than that on her body. Her limbs were somewhat fuller — not so stringy and flat as those of the People, and her arms were shorter. The People had no idea concerning Yar's origin, nor how far Obe had brought her, and Obe had no language to tell them.

Yar preferred trees to caves. In the trees she was swift, light moving, and sure of her holds, and she had prehensile great-toes longer than the thumbs of the People. But climbing the cliff wherein the People had their caves was difficult for Yar. It frightened her even to walk along the narrow ledge in front of the line of caves, though she would balance herself on a wind-swayed bough with uttermost unconcern. Also it was torture for her to live in a cave, the dampness, darkness, and the heavy air made her sick. At first, Yar would slip out of the cave toward evening and climb into a near-by tree for the night, but Obe was heavy-handed, and soon broke her of these digressions from the customs of his people.

Then Ga was born, and for long weeks Yar was too weak to leave the cave. But at last she found strength to drag herself into the sunlight out on the ledge in front of her cave. For a while she just sat still, taking in the pure air and sunny warmth, then she started to rise. Lab, lying in his cave, which was next to Obe's, heard a wild

shriek and rushed out. It was late afternoon, and the sand, thirty feet below at the base of the cliff, was yellow with slanting sun rays. Lab peered down and saw Yar sprawled out and motionless, clearly lined against the yellow sand, her head twisted around in such a way as to leave no doubt that her neck was broken.

At that moment Obe, who had heard his mate's cry, came running along the ledge and found Lab peering down. Then he looked down also and saw Yar. It seemed exactly as if Lab had shoved Yar over the cliff, and Obe fully believed that he had. He sprang at Lab, who dodged away, ran into his cave and grasped two of the stones which he always kept there, one in each hand. Obe started to enter the cave. A stone whirred through the air and ended with a dull spat against Obe's head. He dropped unconscious and lay there a long time; then crawled away to his own cave. After that Obe wandered about, a strange, brooding figure, for the most part seeming to see nothing or no one.

The blow of the stone had partly paralyzed Obe's brain, but at the same time it had seared, forever on his numbed mind, the scene of Yar's death, and Lab on the ledge peering down. Obe often walked past Lab without seeing him at all. He might go for days without being aware of Lab's existence, but whenever his eyes did manage to convey the fact of Lab's presence to that smoldering spark at the back of his head, he would emit a ferocious yell and rush for the other's throat. Obe was a much larger and stronger man than Lab, therefore Lab's life was constantly menaced.

Meantime Obe fed the baby, Ga, whenever he wandered into his cave and saw her. Sometimes the child would go for two or three days without food, and at other times Obe would leave great chunks of raw meat for her to pick and claw over at will. Thus Ga passed through babyhood, through the little girl period, and on beyond her sixteenth birthday, an event of which she was totally ignorant.

At this time in her life Ga was not altogether unpleasing to look upon. She had the straight limbs and short, full arms of



her mother, but, unlike her mother, she was neither frail nor sickly. And though she was larger than Yar had been, she was yet smaller than the females of the People. She liked the outside and the sunlight on the ledge, but the cave had no ill effect on her health. Her face was round and fuller than the faces of the People—not so pushed in. Her nose had just the slightest hint of a bridge, and her movements were endowed with something akin to grace. But Ga's hair was most wonderful of all her attributes. It was neither the color of light ashes like her mother's, nor dull brown like her father's. On her body it was a deep, rich brown, soft and live, and on her head it grew in ropes and hanks which hung to her knees, dark red and gold in the sun.

It was her head hair that first changed Wah's attitude toward Ga. All his life he had run and romped with her, though never before had her hair interested him. Never before had she meant anything to him except a rough and ready companion whose style of play he liked. But on this afternoon, when they came from picking up nuts in the Deep Forest, Ga ran a ways ahead of Wah, stopped and stood on the brink of the cliff, just above the caves.

Then for the first time in his life Wah saw what the sun could do to Ga's hair; and the whole world changed in that instant. He had never seen any one stroke any one's hair. He had never seen the People, either old or young, touch or fondle one another. It was an unknown, an unprecedented desire. It had never been done before. Yet Wah knew very clearly, though he had no words to express it, just what he wanted to do. He wanted to stroke Ga's hair. He was seized by an overwhelming passion to know how those golden strands would feel against his hand. That wonderful hair of shifting, shimmering, changing colors had been under his eyes all the days of his life, and yet, not until within the last five minutes had he realized that it existed.

Wah moved swiftly toward Ga. She heard him and turned, and what she saw in his eyes, and the feeling that she caught from his feeling, both frightened and

pleased her. Intuitively, she understood. She had seen other males seize females and take them away to their caves. Her heart beat wildly. She stood breathless for an instant. But Wah hesitated, unaggressive, and Ga sensed something different. Then she dodged away, ran to the head of the steplike trail which led down the cliff, and stood, tantalizing, her hair glittering in the sun. Then when Wah was almost to her again, she chattered gleefully, ran down the trail and into Obe's cave.

Wah had already left the cave of his father, Lab, and taken a cave for himself, and there is no telling how soon Ga might have become cooccupant had not a crisis come upon the People the next day.

It was the glacial period, and enormous glaciers from the north were moving down across the face of the world. In the dull minds of the People it was designated: "The Great Cold." For years on end the People had been pinched by this steadily increasing cold. Then of recent time they had been terrorized by perpetual roaring, crunching and grinding sounds, sounds that were pregnant with impressions of dire calamity. And now their fear had turned to panic. For the slow-moving wall of ice had, this morning, come within the scope of their vision; towering and majestic, it was a beautiful, a terrible, a God-awful sight to see.

This mountain of ice, aurora-hued in the early sun, stood thousands of feet in the azure blue and stretched away to unseen miles along the earth, something to be associated with cosmic force and planetary destruction. But the approach of the glacial ice brought its recompense. Its proximity froze the Broad River, thus making it possible for the People to cross that monster-peopled stream and flee to the southward.

Lab was the first to discover that he could walk across the ice-covered water, and the People were prompt to follow him; they instinctively recognized Lab as a leader. Though it was not physical qualities that set him above his fellows. He was the smallest male among the People, and likewise the weakest—physically. But his forehead was more than an inch high. Lab



Most of these drawings
are from a Prague, Chez. book:
"Bronzovy Poklad" by Eduard Storch





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could think, and not infrequently obvious facts forced their way into his mind.

All day the People, with Lab in the lead, ran southward along the narrow, rocky strip of sand which lay between the Big Water on their west hand and the clifflike ridge on their east hand. Their feet were cut and bleeding from continual battering on the sharp and jagged stones which thickly studded the sand. They had never encountered such stones as these before. The ground about their caves, on the north side of the Broad River, was either worn smooth by generations of feet, or covered with leaves. Up on the slope of the ridge, in the fringy edges of the Deep Forest, were numerous animals. Like the People, the animals were running from the Great Cold. And like the animals, the People had no idea where they were going nor how far they must run.

Could the People ultimately escape this moving wall of ice which they had seen that morning for the first time? It was a problem that had no terrors for them. They never thought of it. That is, none save Lab. He thought of it and it troubled him not a little. He knew that the People could not keep on running the rest of their days and he doubted if the ice would ever stop.

As the People ran, circulation increased, and they became warm and sometimes slowed up. But always the roaring and crunching, the eternal sounds were in their ears to reliven their fear. They would look back and see the great mass of ice glinting in the sun. Then they would run again in terror. So they ran on and on and night came. But there were no caves, and never in their lives had they slept outside of their caves. Some few of their fellows had been caught away from the caves at night and unable to get back, but the bones of these—all except Obe—lay picked in the Deep Forest.

Nevertheless the People could not run on forever. So they stopped and huddled together at the edge of the Big Water. The heat of circulation soon left their bodies, and the moisture of perspiration grew cold. They shivered and chattered in impotent protest. And while the People

shivered and chattered, the staring eyes of Obe fell on the figure of Lab. And his eyes brought to Obe a message. To him it was the old, old scene—the scene that was seared and branded on his half-paralyzed brain. Without the aid of his eyes Obe saw it all again, just as clearly, just as vividly as he had seen it on that other day sixteen years ago. The narrow ledge in front of the caves, Yar sprawled on the yellow sand thirty feet below, and Lab peering down. Obe would avenge the death of his mate. Swiftly, stealthily as death itself, he crossed the space between and closed his great, hairy fingers on Lab's throat. They both went to the ground—Obe on top.

Wah saw the attack and promptly went to the aid of his father. His method was simple and effective; he made two long, springy leaps and landed with both feet, and all of his weight, on the middle of Obe's back. The shock was so great that it knocked Obe unconscious. Lab rolled the inert body to one side and stood up.

At this moment some one of the People pointed to the slope above and chattered fearfully. All eyes were instantly turned in that direction, and there they saw, in the moonlight, a long, slinking form. The People knew it to be a great, striped cat with rending claws and crunching jaws. The beast was creeping forward, belly down, under jaws on the ground, and its tail silently lashing. The People chattered wildly, shivered violently, and shrieked and screamed. But this did not deter the great, sleek cat; it kept coming. Also there were many others close behind the first.

The animals were quite a distance away, then, but Lab did not wait, he quickly began throwing stones at them. Meantime, clicking his teeth and chattering to his fellows in the hope that they would follow his example. But the People did not understand. Only Wah caught the idea. Lab had taught the boy to throw stones, though he had not yet acquired the deadly accuracy of his father. So Wah's help was not enough, and the ferocious man-killers were rapidly drawing near, their tails lashing, their malevolent eyes glowing along the ground with hypnotic, paralyzing effect. A



few minutes more and they would be close enough to spring.

Lab gathered more stones and forced them into the hands of those nearest him. The hungry beasts were crouching hard against the ground, their spines wiggling, their muscles gathering for the final leap. Lab flung his stones again and quickly touched the arms of one or two of the People, who held the stones he had given them. They looked at him and they looked at Wah, flinging stones as fast as he could pick them up.

At last they understood and threw their missiles. The People were unaccustomed to throwing stones and their marksmanship was poor. However, the animals were so close and so large that they were not hard to hit. The crouching beasts wavered for a space of seconds. The People had caught the idea, and with instant death to urge them, they applied the principle with energy. Every one in the tribe scrambled, and clawed, and dug for stones at once. There was a storm, a fusillade of missiles, whirring through the air with terrific force. Then thuds and snarls and the stalking animals turned and ran. The People had learned the strength of unity, the principle of combined effort.

But the People were too well acquainted with the man-eaters of their day to believe that these had been permanently frightened off. The great cats had turned and run under the hail of stones, but that was to escape immediate pain, and the moment they no longer felt pain, hunger would urge them to renew the attack. The People did not reason this out. They did not understand the situation as set forth in present-day style. They knew those things without the process of thinking, much the same as the flower knows it must turn to the sun.

Moreover, the cold in the open was unbearable. That is, it was unbearable if the People remained inactive. So they started again along the rock-strewn beach. This, also they had not analyzed or thought out. They simply knew that to move was to keep warm. Therefore, they moved.

Several times, as the People ran along at their slow trot, some of the bolder, or perhaps hungrier animals were seen sneaking

toward them. But Lab, the leader, had not forgotten the success of concerted effort. He stopped, and once more the People pelted the stalking animals with stones. And once more the animals ran. Thus the People ran and fought all night, their feet bleeding and the menacing roar of grinding glaciers forever in their ears, literally following at their heels. And always Lab wondered if they would finally escape.

At last the moon waned, and the rising sun flared the eastern sky. The cold was intense. Frost was on the sand and in the sharp rocks that bruised and snagged the People's feet. The People suffered dreadfully from the cold, but of them all, Ga suffered most. That was because the hair on her body was so fine and thin. The others shivered and whimpered, but Ga fairly shook from head to heel, and her teeth rattled a continuous tattoo that she had no power to stop.

For twenty-four hours they had not eaten. Still they could not stop. The cold would not permit it, and they could not eat, for there was nothing to eat along the beach. And to go up the slope, into the Deep Forest for food, was to go among the hungry animals. So the People kept to the beach. But they no longer ran. They could not run. They trudged a slow, painful walk. Then the sun swung over to the west, and the sand and the rocks became somewhat warm. The towering mass of ice had been left behind, for the time, out of sight, and even the terrific sounds were a little softened by distance.

The People were, to some extent, reassured by the decreasing cold and sound. And because they were practically exhausted, they lay down on the sand and slept. But it was fitful slumber, and did them little good. Besides, the rocks were hard and painful against their sore muscles. Yet it was rest. So they remained there till the cold once more set them to shivering and darkness brought the hungry animals. Then they arose and started south again, always keeping close to the water's edge, with the man-killers slinking impudently near and kept from attack only by the fusillade of stones which fell upon them when they ventured too close. And so they



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spent another night of walking—they no longer ran—of sore, bleeding feet and aching muscles.

Obe and Lab and Wah and Ga were all there with the rest and each other, but love and hate, alike, had been forgotten in the stress of fear and cold and hunger. Still this was only a temporary condition. It merely needed a night's sleep, a little to eat, and a message from Obe's staring eyes to set him at Lab's throat. While a short rest, a few nuts and a bit of sunlight on Ga's hair would have changed the suffering Wah to a throbbing lover.

Day came again, clear and bitter cold, and the roaring and the crunching seemed louder on the frost-laden air. The People trudged on and again, the sun swung over to the west, and they lay down on the sand and hard stones to snatch a little rest.

It was forty odd hours since they had eaten. And they were ferociously hungry. But it was not unusual for them to go two or even three days without food. When one battled in the prehistoric forest for food, the prospects were at least uncertain. So the People rose again at the end of the second day and began the travel of the second night.

By this time the ridge on their east hand began to rise, and as they moved southward it grew steeper. It had taken on the appearance of rock, perhaps some lava formation, and the trees were smaller here and scattered. This had its benefit for the People, because the animals, disliking open territory, ran farther east to get in the timber, thereby putting greater distance between them and the People.

All night the People moved southward, and the ridge grew steeper, and with the morning light the People saw ahead a tall, stark peak. It was like a lone finger reaching skyward. The ridge by that time had become exceedingly sharp—bladelike—at its summit and on the western side, facing the Big Water it was a sheer cliff similar to the one wherein the People had their caves before the Great Cold frightened them into flight. But they found no caves here—a solid abutment of brown rock.

At this point the strip of sand narrowed,

and the rock cliff ran nearer and nearer to the water's edge. The ridge was still rising. Yet it was not at its highest. It grew and grew with its bladelike back reaching ever southward to the finger of a peak. And, as the People passed on, the sound of the crunching icebergs behind them reverberated against the precipitous wall.

The bladelike ridge ended at the base of the peak. The sun was a little in the west, and the People came to an outjutting bulge in the cliff, where they had actually to wade in the shallow waves in order to pass. They were now directly opposite the peak. A few minutes and they rounded the bulge in the cliff and found themselves in a small basin.

It was as if some fabled monster had bitten a great gap in the mountainside. The floor of this basin was almost level with the surface of the Big Water. At the northern end was a sheer wall which raised from the ground to the top of the mountainous ridge and flattened out the face of the tall peak. Standing in the basin and looking up at the peak, it seemed to reach clear into the blue dome of heaven. Its base was acres large, and it was a solid mass of rock.

On the eastern side of the basin the ridge terminated in a perpendicular cliff. And in the face of this cliff were many holes—apertures of various sizes and varied shapes—caves. The cliff sloped away gradually to the south and finally merged into the Deep Forest which climbed up and covered it over.

By the time the People had looked over their little haven the sun was well over in the southwest, beating against the walls of solid rock, throwing back heat and making the basin the warmest, the most comfortable place the People had known for years. The cold wind off the glaciers was broken by the cliff wall and the peak. But comfortable as it was here, Lab still doubted that they had escaped the roaring menace behind them.

There were no animals in sight. These had gone far to the east in order to get around the great peak. The People lay down and slept, every last one of them.

At last the sun was low; and the People



began to awaken. Their feet were caked and clotted, bruised and grisly. Night was coming, and they dreaded to move on again. In fact, there were some who did not rise. These seemed stolidly resigned to whatever fate might be waiting them.

But Lab was not resigned. He climbed up to one of the holes in the cliff and cautiously crept in. But he promptly scrambled out again, and clinging to a crag by his hands, swung his body below the cave entrance and clung there while enormous bats made their exit above his head. A few minutes and the bats were all out. Apparently they had been more frightened than the man.

After a little, Lab ventured back into the cave, but it was only a matter of moments till he came out again, unceremoniously. It was a flying leap. Lab came through the aperture and landed in the soft earth some twenty feet below. Scarcely had he struck the ground when the cause of his haste also came forth. There were two beadlike eyes in the small, sinister head which was no larger than the neck. From the vivid, red mouth there flashed a double tongue like lurid lightning. The neck came farther and farther out and merged into a long, sinuous body, the head was held high, the body arching to a graceful curve until it reached the ground. Then the reptile slowly and carefully drew its entire length, some thirty odd feet, down from the cave.

The People shrank back to the edge of the Big Water. They were frightened. They had seen such monsters before. The snake reared its head eight or ten feet above the ground and swayed slowly from side to side, apparently deciding which one of the People should be its first victim. An instant more and some one would have been enfolded in the monster's bone-crushing coils. Lab snatched up a stone and flung it with all his strength. This missile glanced the swaying head and the snake was confused for a moment, and in that moment the People remembered what to do. As one, they bent for stones. Then they straightened up and the space between them and that glistening, beautiful, repulsive creature was roofed with whirring rock.

It was all new to the snake. It knew no way to meet this sort of attack, and besides it was hurt. It flattened its entire length on the ground and speedily disappeared in the Deep Forest.

After Lab's experience it would be natural to expect that the People would have kept out of the caves above them. But the pull of the caves was strong. There had been no real sleep for the People since they crossed the Broad River, and soon they were clambering up the cliff. The caves were cold and dark, and many of them very small, but they were far preferable to sleeping in the open. There were numerous bats and some small snakes, but no more large ones; and by dark most of the objectionable inhabitants had been routed out of the caves and the People themselves installed.

When the general rush for the caves started, Ga was one of the foremost, so she was able to secure a fairly comfortable cave for herself and her luckless father. But Wah found it necessary to share in with several other young males who were too near grown to sleep in the caves of their parents. Strange as it may seem, these matters always adjusted themselves without any management or directing on the part of the People.

The next day the People foraged in the Deep Forest to the south of their basin and found many nuts. Also some small animals that lived in shallow burrows. These little fellows could not run very fast, and the People caught a number of them. They were fat and tender. So with this meat and the nuts, the People gorged themselves. Then they went back to the caves and slept the night through.

Next morning the People were stiff and sore all over, but their feet were worst of all. However, they climbed down and limped painfully off to the Deep Forest for something to eat. And in three or four days their feet had somewhat healed and they began fetching dry leaves to the new caves.

Then, one afternoon, Wah and Ga were together in the Deep Forest south of the little basin where the People had found their new caves. The two wandered down



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to the narrow strip of sandy beach. The wearying, fearsome noise of the moving ice was loud and harsh in their ears. The sun hung low beyond the Big Water and laid a path of gold across. Ga sat down on the sand, sidewise to the sun, and once more Wah felt the urge to stroke her glittering, red hair. He walked close and stood beside her, his hand went out to her head and moved tenderly down the soft, golden strands. Ga looked up at Wah and her eyes were soft as a caress.

Wah raised his hand and looked at it, gravely, reverently, perhaps. The sun dipped into the Big Water and the spell was broken. Ga sprang up with a frightened squeak and ran toward the little basin. Wah followed her. It would never do to let darkness find them in the Deep Forest.

When Wah and Ga emerged from the Deep Forest they saw that the shimmering ice-wall had reached the base of the tall peak. They could see the ice looming high on either side. It seemed on the verge of sweeping the peak away. There was panic in their hearts. Unconsciously Wah laid his arm protectingly across Ga's shoulders, and unconsciously they drew close together, sympathetic in mutual fear.

The People were huddled together in the little basin, chattering and fearful. They sensed a crisis, and looked, hesitating, first at their caves and then at the beach, but they did not move. Travel on the rock-strewn beach with no caves to sleep in at night held more terror for the People than did the tremendous glaciers. Or, perhaps, in some dim way, they may have realized that it was useless to run again from this glinting, colorful mass. At any rate, they stood awestricken and looked and listened.

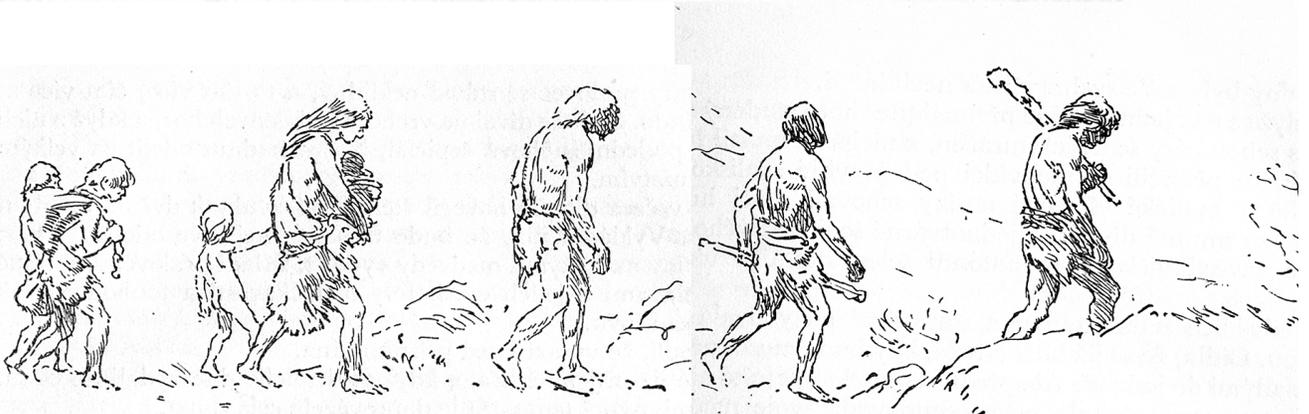
And at this time of all times, when the

People seemed on the verge of annihilation, Obe's eyes brought in the message of Lab's presence. And once more Obe reviewed the scene. The narrow ledge in front of the caves, Yar sprawled on the yellow sand thirty feet below and Lab peering down. Lab's eyes were set on the gigantic wall of ice. Obe sprang like an infuriated tiger, his great, hairy fingers clutched Lab's throat and they went down, unnoticed—Obe on top.

Then came a loud crashing and rending, a voluminous roar as if all the sounds of all the ages were combined in that one effort. Then, slowly at first, the great mass of ice began to part. It had struck the base of the fingerlike peak, and the peak did not go down before its weight. The ice split, and a great part of it rolled down to the west and into the Big Water, causing a terrific wave to rise and flood the basin wherein the People stood. But the wave did no damage, in fact it served a good purpose. It completely submerged Obe and Lab, who were still fighting on the ground, and the backward rush of the water, as it returned to its source, washed the combatants apart, and Obe's half-paralyzed mind was shaken from its aim for the time being.

Meantime the greater part of the glacier had fallen to the eastward, rolled down the incline at that side of the mountain ridge, and, crushing the forest before it, moved on its inexorable way. The high ridge on the eastern side had fended the glacier off, and the little basin was not touched.

The People did not understand what had happened. But by some instinct they were reassured. Their countenances cleared of fear and they felt joy, something they had never felt before, because they had never really suffered before.



THE EXPLORERS GUILD:
Volume I, A Passage to Shamballa
 by Jon Baird and Kevin Costner,
 Illustrated by Rick Ross,
 Atria Books (Simon & Schuster), 2015

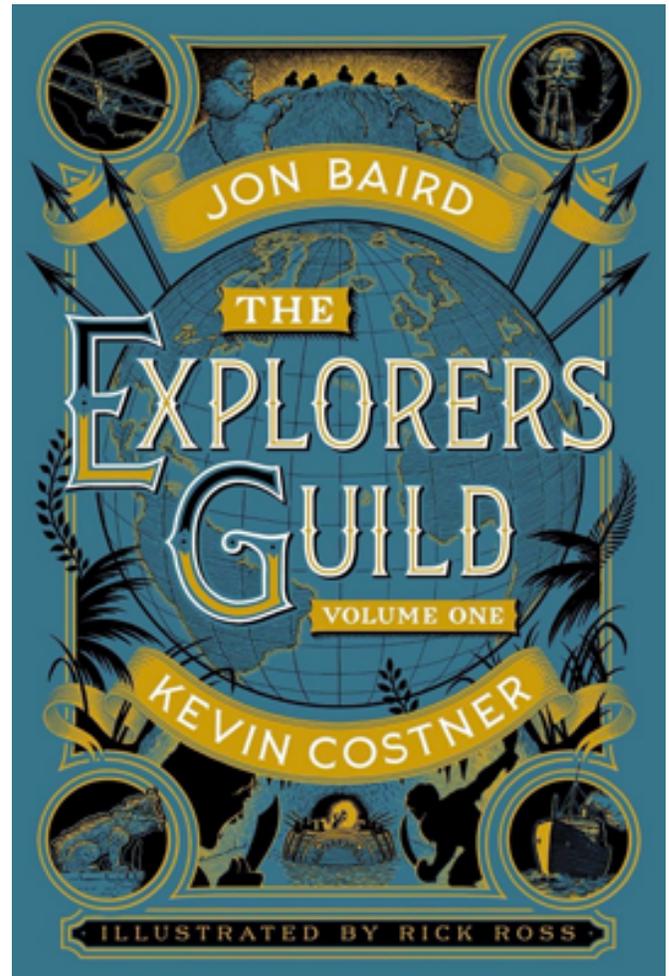
Reviewed by Mike Taylor

A totally retro excursion from today's cyber world. This book was designed and produced to replicate the style of the late 19th Century, complete with old-time illustrations, lengthy chapter headings, and even browning pages.

The story itself is a curious combination of Poe's "Ms. Found in a Bottle" and Kipling's Far East tales, interwoven with sepia-toned graphic sequences. To say the pace is leisurely is a vast understatement. The narrative meanders hither and yon, full of interludes and expositions--not the kind of book you can devour in an evening or two. The emphasis is all on capturing the feel of those intrepid British adventurers from the period, as exemplified in the fiction of H.R. Haggard and Joseph Conrad. It's divided into five "books" following an introduction and a prologue, so that's how we'll look at them.

The opening pages introduce the "gentle reader" to the reclusive Explorers Guild which serves as an umbrella for presenting this story. Next the prologue (done in graphics) briefly visits the Arthur Ogden expedition "lost at or about the pole in the Winter of 1912." And we're off...

BOOK ONE: August 1917. World War I as it was prosecuted in the Middle East. Corporal Buchan of the Third Light Cavalry, bearing a message from Bombay for Major John Ogden, arrives at Al-Shar, a fortress on the Tigris River 50 kilometers south of Baghdad. Major Ogden and his Fifth Dragoon Guards have forged far ahead of the main force commanded by General Nixon. Buchan falls under the spell of the rebellious major. When Ogden receives an urgent request from his sister Frances, forwarding the expedition log of his missing brother Arthur, he chooses to leave for the coast at once--a clear act of desertion.



BOOK TWO: October 1912 and diverse times. Wallowing in a surfeit of family history, Arthur Ogden's journal recounts the odd competition with his cousin Cyril which led up to his mounting an expedition to the pole. It's time to start paying close attention now, because the story bounces around between locales and time periods: the polar snows, Romania, the coast of Africa, and the good ship *Virago* bearing Major Ogden and those who have chosen to follow him, including a last-minute addition, Corporal Buchan. We're also introduced to Evelyn Harrow, born Ilyena Sirotskaya in the Provinces, an internationally renowned silent screen star and sybarite. And there's the mysterious figure of one Mr. Sloane, whose shadowy presence hovers over all.

BOOK THREE: February -May 1918. The plot gets even more convoluted as a host of minor characters are introduced. Miss Harrow's yacht, the *Tiflah Al-Safi*, rescues Ogden and his men from a sinking *Virago*. A young boy named Bertram appears who apparently holds

some key to the mystery of Shamballah. He also has a hole drilled in the back of his skull, plugged with a cork! The yacht sails into New York harbor where there's considerable intrigue going on in the dockside environs, while Major Ogden visits his brother's estate on the Hudson. Arthur Ogden is badly off following his arctic adventure, a walking skeleton visited by haunting visions. He has apparently been to Shamballa but has no recall of the place. Sister Frances is at the estate too and they are soon joined by Evelyn Harrow. Arthur shows them a futuristic machine invented by the mysterious Mr. Sloane, a kind of mind-probe that can recover memories. Then via some kind of shortcut through the physical world, young Bertram also turns up at the estate. An interlude provides some background on Shamballa--apparently the mystical city appears and disappears in varying locations around the globe. Many of the story's principals, including Major Ogden, Mr. Sloane and Evelyn Harrow, gather at the local Explorers Guild in New York City. An attempt to reach Shamballa is planned.

BOOK FOUR: May 1918. The party embarks on the dirigible *Luftschiff Metternich* headed for the continent--after being bombarded by flaming octopi! Corporal Buchan and Miss Harrow have a brief romantic interlude out over the ocean. The destination is Castle Feritiva and they no sooner arrive overhead than the airship is attacked by a flight of Sopwith Camels. Most of the principals reach the ground alive, including Mr. Sloane, who leads them along a secret route into the castle. Major Ogden is obsessed with finding some manner to revive his brother. Then Sloane subjects poor Bertram to a brain probe which allows the lad to gaze upon unworldly vistas, which only raise more questions. More bizarre events unfold within the castle which I must treat as spoilers--so as not to ruin it for new readers.

BOOK FIVE: November 1918. Well, after gallivanting around the globe for nearly 600 pages, the party finally ends up back where they started--the fortress of Al-Shar in Persia. A secret entrance leads down to an underground waterway which apparently connects with different cities, one of which may hold the key to Shamballa. Waiting for them in a vast cavern is

a giant submersible vehicle. They pile aboard, nicknaming it the *Black Joke*, and launch it into the waterway. It sustains hull damage and the dragoons must man the pumps to keep the waters at bay but they sail ahead, emerging from the canal into the underground settlement of Gryzha. There they run into armed conflict and take some casualties but Major Ogden learns from the magistrates that his brother has indeed passed this way, enclosed in a special metal coffin to keep him alive. They press ahead, finally surfacing in Kathmandu, and then on foot into the mountains of Nepal and to the base of Mount Meru. After a grinding climb to the summit they finally reach their goal, the Channa-Achala Mountain Lamasery. Here, finally, secrets are revealed, Mr. Sloane discloses his history to Bertram, Major Ogden finds his brother, and the story wheezes to a close.

Kevin Costner, of course, enjoys major celebrity status, so "Shamballa" has gotten far more exposure than books of a comparable type. Evidently there's a planned movie tie-in as well. His co-author, Jon Baird, seems a rather odd choice, since his previously published books are titled *SONGS FROM NOWHERE NEAR THE HEART* and *DAY JOB: A WORKPLACE READER FOR THE RESTLESS AGE*--these don't exactly conjure up images of high adventure. Rick Ross is an graphic artist whose work includes *URBAN MONSTERS* for Image Comics and the animation for Cinemax's *FEMME FATALES*.

So, does it work? In my case, it started becoming a chore about midway through BOOK TWO. I found the graphics sections particularly distracting. Just when the ornate prose was starting to draw me in--oops! The narrative picked up in picture mode and I had to shift gears. And the story line seems longer and more complicated than it needs to be.

The audience for this kind of experiment is fairly limited. This book is labeled Volume One...will there ever be a Volume Two? Frankly, I have my doubts, at least in this format, which must have been quite costly to produce.

Note: This new hardcover in dj is about \$20.

