



Miskatonic University®

ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION PACK

Containing all manner of newspaper clippings for use with the BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS epic campaign, or for your own personal amusement. TO USE: Trim each clipping just along the cropped newsprint and linework. Each is backed with period advertisements.

Polar-Riposte

New York's Finest Daily

Copyright 1933

THE WEATHER

Cloudy, with probably occasional rain today; tomorrow fair, colder

tk, Friday, May 26th 1933

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Editorial Offices:
247 Fifth Avenue

Noon Edition, Three Cents

MID-AIR ON HOUSE

On, Del. May circus" stunted together over the heart on this after-tarted drop—everal thou-truck specta-on.

Planes, pi-oy (Speed) Oklahoma, the roof of a velling, while torn loose, igh the house itself in the at the first sailed out at floated to the street on a hich opened et above the n of the city. ie tank of his ed soon after ring and in-: policemen mbed to the ect the dam-ther persons or injuries in s badly dam-e explosion.

REKNOWNED ADVENTURER SETS HIS SIGHTS ON THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD

New York City (AP) World famous explorer James Starkweather announced today that he would lead a party of scientists and explorers into uncharted parts of the Antarctic continent this fall.

Starkweather, accompanied by geologist William Moore of Miskatonic University in Arkham, Massachusetts, intends to continue along the trail first blazed by the ill-fated Miskatonic University Expedition of 1930-31.

The Starkweather-Moore Expedition will set sail in September from New York City. Like their predecessors, they intend to use long-range aircraft to explore further into the South Polar wilderness than has ever been done before.

"This is not about the South Pole," Starkweather explained this morning, in a prepared speech in his hotel in New York. "Many people have been to the Pole. We're going to go places where no one has ever been, see and do things that no one alive has seen."

The Expedition intends to spend only three months in Antarctica. Extensive use of aeroplanes for sur-

veying and transport, according to Starkweather, will allow the party to chart and cover territory in hours that would have taken weeks to cross on the ground.

One goal of the Expedition is to find the campsite and last resting place of the twelve men, led by Professor Charles Lake, who first discovered the Miskatonic Range, and who were killed there by an unexpected storm. The mapping and climbing of the mountains in that range; and an aerial survey of the lands on the far side are also important goals.

"The peaks are tremendous," Starkweather explained. "The tallest mountains in the world! It's my job to conquer those heights, and bring home their secrets for all mankind."

MOB ATTACKED STALIN'S HOME IN WIDE REVOLT, TOKYO HEARS

TOKYO, Tuesday, May 23—Private information reaching Tokyo states that discontent due to famine conditions is so acute in Soviet Russia that a mob attacked Joseph Stalin's house in Moscow on Jan. 20 and was driven off by troops after 400 persons had been killed.

"Many people have been to the Pole. We're going to go places where no one has ever been, see and do things that no one alive has seen."

"We have the finest equipment money can buy. We cannot help but succeed."

Starkweather, 43, is a veteran of the Great War. He has led expeditions into the wilderness on four

Continued on Page Two

Other reports from Siberia, partly corroborated by information reaching military circles here, indicate the farmers are in widespread revolt. Serious disturbances occurred at Irkutsk, and 80,000 men are said to have joined the revolt, including Communists and Red soldiers.

The Japanese discount a good part of these rumors, but they come from too many sources to be entirely ignored. It is believed these disturbances are much more serious than the Soviet Government

Continued from "Antarctic or Bust," p. 1.
continents, and was present on the trans-polar flight of the airship (Italia), whose crash near the end of its voyage on the North Polar ice cap received worldwide attention.

Moore, 39, a full Professor of Geology, is also the holder of the Smythe Chair of Paleontology at Miskatonic University. He has extensive field experience in harsh climates and has taken part in expeditions to both the Arctic and the Himalayan Plateau.

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FALL FROM ROOF KILLS CIGAR HEAD

By Special Cable to the Pillar-Riposte

New York, Thursday
Anthony Snyder, president
of Union Cigar Company
and Webster E. Eisenlohr

With the BYRD Antarctic Expedition



WFA 86EM Little America Antarctica

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Pillar-Riposte

New York's Finest Daily

Copyright 1933

New York, Sunday, September 3rd 1933

Editorial Offices:
247 Fifth Avenue

Morning Edition, Three Cents

THE WEATHER

Clear and hot, with occasional wind today; tomorrow clear, hot and higher humidity

Seattle Street Wrecked by Blast

SEATTLE, March 5 (IP) — A mystery explosion tore a hole in the middle of Ashworth avenue in the Wallingford district shortly before 1 p.m. here today. Police said there was nothing to indicate what caused the blast, which shattered plaster from the walls of nearby homes. No one was on the street near the spot when the explosion occurred.

COMMANDER DOUGLAS TO JOIN EXPEDITION

FAMED SEA CAPTAIN RETURNS TO ANTARCTIC WATERS

New York (UPI) — Commander JB Douglas, famed sea captain and former master of the brig "Arkham," will return to Antarctic waters later this year.

James Starkweather, world explorer and leader of the forthcoming Starkweather-Moore Expedition to Antarctica, announced today that Douglas has agreed to come out of retirement and captain the Expedition's ship on their voyage of discovery.

"Commander Douglas will be an invaluable addition to our expedition," Starkweather said. "Not only does he have a personal knowledge of many of the dangers and hazards of the South Pole, but he is an accomplished explorer and adventurer. The expedition will benefit greatly from his experience of the harsher climes and his keen inquiring mind. I look forward to providing this country's most note-

continued on page 4 col 2

Father of Girl Elopee Charged With Murder

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Ca., — Murder charges were filed today by officials against G.A. White accusing him of shooting to death Thomas Moses, who eloped two weeks ago with White's 14-year old daughter, Audrey. The girl testified against her father last night at the Coroner's inquest, accusing him of which she termed the "cold-blooded killing" of her

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for comment.

Professor William Moore, the expedition's other head, could not be

reached for comment.

Do Your Golf Clubs Hit You?

If they're not hitting straight, it's time to improve your game. Try new clubs, because the right club makes all the difference. The new clubs are designed to fit you exactly. They're built to last, and matched to your swing. The result is better performance and more pleasure. The new clubs are made of the highest quality materials. They're built to last, and matched to your swing. The result is better performance and more pleasure. The new clubs are made of the highest quality materials. They're built to last, and matched to your swing. The result is better performance and more pleasure. The new clubs are made of the highest quality materials. They're built to last, and matched to your swing. The result is better performance and more pleasure. The new clubs are made of the highest quality materials. They're built to last, and matched to your swing. The result is better performance and more pleasure. The new clubs are made of the highest quality materials. They're built to last, and matched to your swing. The result is better performance and more pleasure. The new clubs are made of the highest quality materials. They're built to last, and matched to your swing. The result is better performance and more pleasure. The new clubs are made of the highest quality materials. They're built to last, and matched to your swing. The result is better performance and more pleasure. The new clubs are made of the highest quality materials. They're built to last, and matched to your swing. The result is better performance and more pleasure. The new clubs are made of the highest quality materials. They're built to last, and matched to your swing. The result is better performance and more pleasure. The new clubs are made of the highest quality materials. They're built to last, and matched to your swing. The result is better performance and more pleasure. The new clubs are made of the highest quality materials. They're built to last, and matched to your swing. The result is better performance and more pleasure. The new clubs are made of the highest quality materials. They're built to last, and matched to your swing. The result is better performance and more pleasure.

See, Charter Golf Products Co.
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FREE

WORLD

September 4, 1933

Two Cents

WOMAN OF EDUCATION ADDS

POISE TO STARKWEATHER EXPEDITION

New York (AP) — Captain James Starkweather, leader of the Starkweather-Moore Antarctic Expedition, divulged the latest addition to his excursion to the South Pole today. Miss Charlene Whitston, botanist and cum laude graduate of Bowdoin College, is the newest member of the team.

Captain Starkweather expressed his concern that intelligent and talented women not be excluded from scientific ventures as his upcoming journey of exploration, and announced that he wished to do his part in advancing the enlightenment of the age. "I was only too happy to honor Miss Whitston's request with an invitation to the Antarctic expedition," he told reporters today in his suite at the Amherst Hotel. "Her credentials as an educated member of the scientific community are excellent and I am sure she will be a valuable member of the team we have assembled for this voyage."

Professor William Moore, the expedition's other head, could not be reached for comment.

worthy scientists with a means to enrich our understanding of the natural world."

Douglas, a twenty-five year veteran of the Merchant Marines, was sailing master of the *Arkham* on its 1930 voyage to the Antarctic with the now-famous Miskatonic Expedition. He retired from the sea in 1932.

Commander Douglas could not be reached for comments. Starkweather has promised interviews with the Commander beginning on September 7, by appointment.

Police Chief Tired, Demoted at Request

BROOKLYN, (UPI) — Saying he was tired of the turmoil of his job. Police Chief Font Webster resigned today as asked City Manager Fred Nighbert to demote him to the rank of patrolman — which Nighbert did.



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buy, their cost is really moderate.

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A V - A T O R

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A HELPFUL BOOKLET
describing modernized luggage inventions sent on request by
Wheary Trunk Company

1503 16th Street
Racine, Wis.
209 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



September 6th 1933

Editorial Offices:
247 Fifth Avenue

Morning

FAMED SEA CAPTAIN MURDERED!

WATERY DEATH FOR COMMANDER DOUGLAS

New York (AP) — J.B. Douglas, fifty years old, was discovered last night in the water off Battery Wharf. Two fishermen brought the unconscious mariner ashore after an assault by person or persons unknown.

Commander Douglas died on the way to the hospital.

A respected officer of the Merchant Marine for many years, Douglas will be remembered as the captain of the SS Arkham, one of the vessels which carried the Miskatonic University Expedition to the Antarctic in 1930.

Douglas was reportedly in New York City to speak with the leasers of teh Starkweather-Moore Expedition, which will leave in a few days. The expedition expects to retrace the route of Douglas' ship three years ago.

Thomas Gregor and Phil Jones, sailors resident in New York City, were returning to their fishing boat Bristol when they heard muffled cries and ran to see what was happening. They spotted a man running away and some agitaion in the water.

MRS. ROOSEVELT MAKES JIG-SAW PUZZLE OF OFFICIAL ETIQUETTE

Washington (IP) — The century-old Withe House wore a startled air today, as though listening to the sound of shattered precedents.

One day with dynamic Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt as mistress, and the pattern of red-tape embroidered official etiquette was snipped into as many pieces as a jig-saw puzzle.

A fist lady who greeted her dinner guests at the door instead of waiting for them to assemble and then make cerremonious decent!

While Jones ran after the fleeing man, Gregor dove into the cold waters of the harbor and found a motionless figure there. He heroically pulled the unconscious man out of the water and onto the dock. He attempted to revive the drowned man. Meanwhile Jones, who had lost the quarry, went for help.

Police later announced that Commander Douglas had been bludgeoned about the head and began to search for his murderers.

Anyone with information about this terrible crime, or about Mr. Douglas' whereabouts on the night of the murder, should contact Detective Hansen at the Battery Precinct Station.

A White He hostess v served tea in east room!

A President wife who had vited in women of press with promise t she'd talk publication a who, indeed ready had b "interviewed" her new home

Washington had never s the like, Anna Elea Roosevelt's figure beca symbolic of an clamation pc as the cap dwellers talker the so tranformat that apparer had taken pl with the "r deal."

The first fu tion was that ternoon "te o r i g i n a l planned fo thousand, but suming the f portions of a mal recepti Three thousi

DEATH ANNOUNCEMENTS

COMMANDER J. B. DOUGLAS

Jeremiah Barnes Douglas, Commander (ret.) United States Merchant Marine, aged fifty years, died September 5th in New York City.

Douglas served as an officer in the Merchant Marine during the Great War. He retired from the Service as a Commander in 1926 after twenty five years. He then captained his own vessel, the Arkham, notably on an expedition to Antarctica in 1930-31. He retired from active life in 1932 to his home in New Hampshire.

Known as "J. B." to his family and friends, Douglas is remembered as quiet, forthright, and a stout friend to all. He is survived by his brother Philip. A graveside Memorial Service will be held September 8th, 11A.M., at Saint Bright's Cemetery in Brooklyn.

If you are concerned about your future • • •

SAFETY should be your very first thought when you consider your investments. Yield is important, of course, but it should be no higher than is consistent with safety • • • safety of both principal and interest. If you are concerned about your future and the future of your family you should have a copy of the simple, easy-to-understand booklet, "How to Invest Money." We shall be glad to send you a copy entirely without charge.

Write for booklet N-107

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You can find no better guide in selecting your own sporting equipment than the judgment of these intrepid and successful explorers.

Remington Equipment that went with the Byrd Expedition to the South Pole

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Kleanbore Cartridges
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.30/.30 Express Mushroom Kleanbore
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.303 Savage Kleanbore Cartridges
.22 Long Rifle Kleanbore Cartridges
Buck Shot Loads 00
BB Loads
12 ga. Nitro Express 2 Ch.
12 ga. Nitro Express 4 Ch.

Model 30 Bolt Action
Express Rifles—.30/'06 caliber
Model 12C Repeating
Rifles—.22 caliber
Model 29 Repeating Shotguns—
12 gauge
Rem Oil
Gun Grease
Powder Solvent
Sheath Knives No. RH33
Butcher Knives No. KA116
Butcher Knives No. KA126
General Utility Knives No. R3843

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South Africa Travel Bureau
Room 657, 11 Broadway, New York City

Wife of Trust Company Chief Commits Suicide

Chicago (IP) — A woman identified by police as Mrs. M.M. Dunbar, 40 years old, wife of the vice president of the Union Trust Company of Indianapolis, ended her life with poison this morning.



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Go West to Yellowstone, the Pacific Northwest, Canadian Rockies, Colorado, California...by special train, steamer and motor. All expenses, from Chicago, \$155-\$280.

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The TRAVEL GUILD
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Instead of sowing seed, you plant stolons or the chopped grass—and in a few weeks you have a luxuriant lawn like the deep green pile of a Turkish carpet. Can be planted any time, but fall is the best time to plant. Grows anywhere, except in extreme south. Read all about this unusual grass in our illustrated booklet, "Bent Lawns," which gives full planting instructions and explains soil requirements, mailed on request.

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GENTLEMEN: Men have told us "Why, I never sent a coupon for a sample in my life." And it is true, many men do not.

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We feel that we should warn you of one thing, however. If you mail the coupon the chances are strongly against your ever returning to old style shaving methods again. For our statistics show that 86% of the men who make our free 7-day test, become wedded to Palmolive.

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7 SHAVES FREE

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to
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Central Post Office, New York City.

(Please print your name and address)



July 23 1921

OREGON FACES

PETITI CHA GOVERN

LEXINGTON TRAGEDY

New York (AP) — A shocking scene greeted police at the P.W. Lexington mansion on Fifth Avenue today. They came to investigate what appears to be the death of one of New York City's greatest industrialist at his own hand.

Percival Woodrow Lexington was discovered in his study dead from a gunshot wound to the head. Police initially suspected foul play from the dim-witted nature of the study.

"But there are obvious powder burns on his head and right hand," said Police Detective Ronald O'Meara. "That coupled with the position of the body and gun lead us more toward a self-inflicted wound than foul play."

But his daughter Acacia does not agree. "Daddy wouldn't kill himself. These buffoons are looking for an easy answer to keep from doing any real work," the distraught young woman said. "I vow I'll find my father's killers and make them pay."

Meanwhile an anonymous Wall Street source has hinted that the Lexington fortunes were severely over-extended.

The sky in New York society has grown dimmer this evening and the murky surroundings of this death surely spurs further inquiry.

SALEM 30 (IP) —
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Mar-Kiposte

New York's Finest Daily

AUGUST 1921
Overcast, with
likely rain today;
fair, colder, and w.

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Editorial Offices:
247 Fifth Avenue

Bulldog Edition, T

DARING RESCUE OF HEIRESS

Nairobi (INS) — The dark continent where the wonders of nature can turn on man and prove deadly has shown once again that wherever European man goes, so goes chivalry. Wireless reports out of the Belgian colonies in Africa tell of the daring rescue of our own socialite scamp Acacia Lexington by the daring Englishman, Captain James Starkweather.

Lovely Lexington has been touring the regions of darkest Africa dominated by the mighty Lake Tanganyika. Savages fight daily with alligators longer than a Deusenberg to ensure the passage of commerce in this wild region. Against the advice of her elders, Lady Lexington insisted upon seeing the fabled giraffe mating grounds of Eyasi. Un-

der the expert leadership of Captain Starkweather the band braved the wilderness and arrived at the plains of tall swaying grasses the giraffes find so compelling for their very survival.

The wild beasts, gentled by our own lovely Lady Lexington, came within a few feet of the party without making threatening gestures. Lady Lexington's presence was so compelling that when she came upon a baby giraffe in the grasses, she immediately tamed it and was able to even embrace it briefly before it returned to its herd, earning her the nickname among the savages as 'The Woman Whom the Giraffes Love.'

On the return trip to Nairobi, sudden rains caught the party crossing a branch of the mighty Nakuru river. The party was nearly lost as savages panicked under the onslaught of the rain

and river. Brave Captain Starkweather rallied the natives and had them chop trees and fashion rafts to carry the supplies to safety. A personal trip by Captain Starkweather to a nearby village procured enough canoes to carry the party across the river. The crossing was treacherous but under the skilled hand of Captain Starkweather the entire party made it to port in time for Lady Lexington's return trip to America.

We'll all be thanking Captain Starkweather for the safe return of one of the brightest lights of our social season. Hurrah for him and hurrah for chivalry!

Mary Wister, Kin of Novelist, Wed.

Philadelphia (IP) — Miss Mary Channing Wister, daughter of Owen Wister, the novelist, and Andrew Dasburg, an



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West Indies, Jan. 24th to Feb. 11th

The club-like Cunard cruise ship *Caledonia* sails Jan. 24th on James Boring's *Seventh West Indies Cruise*. Visits: Bermuda, Haiti, Jamaica, Panama, Havana, and Nassau.

Mediterranean, Feb. 14th

The splendid *S. S. Caligari* of the White Star Line sails Feb. 14th on James Boring's *Sixth Annual Mediterranean Cruise* . . . to every bordering country—rates, \$740 up.

Inquire of local agent or Dept. W38

**JAMES BORING'S
TRAVEL SERVICE, INC.**

710 Fifth Avenue NEW YORK, N.Y.

Heiress Denies Own Tale of Murder

New York (AP) — A startling retraction came today from the daughter of the late industrialist Percival Lexington. Just days after she was claiming foul play and police mishandling of the case, Acacia Lexington came out from the funeral of her father with a very different story.

"With the coroner's report and the physical evidence I have no choice but to face the facts about my father's death," Miss Lexington said.

Earlier this week Lexington claimed that her father's death was linked to the disappearance of a rare manuscript he kept in the study where his body was found.

"I believe that book is still in my father's library," Miss Lexington said when asked about her earlier claim. "I haven't finished cataloguing the contents of the house to

see if anything is missing. When it is done I'm sure we'll find the book."

"We know this is a hard time for Miss Lexington," said police detective Ronald O'Meira who investigated the Lexington suicide. "Any suggestions she made earlier were obviously the result of the strain of the situation," O'Meira said.

Percival Lexington was eulogized by several business leaders including fellow industrialist John D. Rockefeller and esteemed banker John Pierpont Morgan. He was laid to rest in a private ceremony at the family's estate in Suffolk County.

Lexington's last will and testament will be read at his attorney's next Wednesday. It is expected that his daughter Acacia will be his sole beneficiary. Questions still remain as to who will run the Lexington enterprises for this young woman.

BOY GANG CHIEF, 15 ADMITS KILLING FOE

SAYS HE STABBED QUEEN'S L
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VICTIM MISSING 2 WEEK

FOUND BOUND IN CLOSET
A VACANT HOUSE TO WHI
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Bound, gagged and stabbethrough the heart, the body of year-old William Bender, who appeared July 6, was found yesterday in a closet in one of a of partly-built dwellings, less two blocks from his home Bergen Landing Road, Richm

RARE MANUSCRIPT LINKED TO LEXINGTON DEATH

(Special) — A notice from the estate of Percival Lexington warns rare book dealers to watch out for a missing manuscript that could be linked to foul play in Lexington's recent death.

An extremely valuable and rare galley proof of the Edgar Allan Poe book "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym" has been reported missing from Lexington's study where his body was found yesterday.

"Robbery would be a motive for murder," said police detective Ronald O'Meira. "But the physical evidence points to a different conclusion. The book may show up in a few days. It's very difficult for most families to accept the loss of a loved one in this way."

Issuing the notice was daughter Acacia Lexington who previously raised suspicions of foul play and a lax attitude by police in investigating this case.

"This manuscript is unique. I believe it is involved in my father's death," she said. "This manuscript differs greatly from the published version. I fear some collector has killed for it."

The manuscript was to have been sold in public auction today, along with other rare and valuable items from Percival Lexington's collection. A coroner's report is expected tomorrow. A public service and private family funeral will be held Friday. The public service will be held at St. John the Divine Cathedral at 11 A.M.

"Lexington Sets Sights South"

of anything that men can do. If I am the first, it only means that others will find it easier to follow."

When asked if her planned expedition was in any way affected by the presence of no less than four other parties on the Antarctic ice this summer, Miss Lexington refused to comment.



Graftex equipment taken to Antarctica by Commander Byrd

CAPT. MCKEELEY
Official Photographer
Byrd Antarctic Expedition

Nine out of every ten of the official still pictures of the Byrd Expedition were taken with Graftex Cameras

Sure, Simple, Certain—the superior camera for important pictures. Let your dealer show you.

The CAMERA for More Interesting Pictures

GRAFTEX

FILMER GRAFTEX CORP., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Filmer Graftex Corp., Dept. 61, Rochester, N.Y.
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Arkham Advertiser, May 30, 1933

From "Intrepid Explorers..." page 1
"We'll have the finest equipment, and skilled men. Geologists-paleontologists-we've got Professor Albemarle from Oberlin, he wants to study weather. Glaciologists, perhaps another biologist or two; the team's not all made up yet, of course. We're not leaving

for another five months!"

"It is important," added Moore, "to try to find Professor Lake's camp and bring home whatever we can from the caverns he discovered. The prospect of a wholly new kind of life, a different taxonomy, is extremely exciting. It would be a shame if, having

found it once, we were unable to do so again."

The two explorers plan to land thirty men on the southern continent, half again more than the Miskatonic Expedition. The expedition is privately funded and owes no allegiance to any school or institution.

Leica



the camera chosen by eleven members of the BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION



THE
Leica
FITS VEST POCKET OR PURSE—WEIGHS LESS THAN A POUND

BECAUSE of its unfailing service on an instant's notice—on the ground or in the air—Leica is invariably the companion of scientists, explorers, professional photographers and amateurs who know and appreciate true photographic excellence. Eleven Leicas accompanied the Byrd Antarctic Expedition. Others were used on the Graf Zeppelin's World Cruise. A compact camera, mechanically and optically perfect. The Leica insures clear, sharp negatives even under adverse conditions of light, weather and temperature. Ideal for snapshots, indoor portraits, sports and action pictures.

The Leica is not a low-priced camera, but a far superior one. The smallest roll film camera with a focal plane shutter, with lens speeds of 1/20 to 1/500 of a second. Weighs less than a pound, fits vest pocket or purse. A single roll of cinema film takes 36 pictures double frame size, and enlargements to 12 x 18 inches or more preserve every detail with amazing beauty and clarity. See this unusual camera at your dealer's—or write for Catalog 1174.

E. Leitz, Inc., Dept. 8G, 60 East 10th Street, New York, N.Y.

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September 4th, 1933

Editorial Offi-

247 Fifth Ave

"LEXINGTON SETS SIGHTS SOUTH"

BLONDE BEAUTY

— TO FLY TO POLE —

New York City. In a startling announcement from her home in Queens today, millionaire industrialist Acacia Lexington told reporters that she intends to set aside her ledger books in favor of seal furs and snow goggles, in an attempt to be the first woman to stand at the bottom of the world. Lexington, only child of the late P. W. Lexington of this city, has impressed friends and adversaries alike for years with her skilled maneuverings in troubled financial waters. Now she intends to venture into a new realm.

BALIANS PLAN IT FOR FUSION ID DEFECTS

[IN TO BEGIN THIS K-LEADERS SEE DEFEAT AS BLOW TO ROOSEVELT.]

gress of City Committee Republicans prepared for aggressive fight for a Guardia. Nationalists of the party hold defeat of Joseph V. McKee to be a blow to prestige President Roosevelt. McKee demanded to whether Mr. McKenna supported Seabury's attacks on nor Lehman. Mr. Laia's reply accused Mr. Seabury of attack on Jews en years ago.

many reported that "we're returning to links and said they be welcomed "if they d."

UBLICANS Plan Fight.
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INTREPID EXPLORERS READY EXPEDITION (CONT. FROM P.1)

"We're going back," Starkweather said. "The job's not done. We're going back, and we're going to finish what was started and bring the whole lot out to the world. It will be a grand adventure and a glorious page in scientific history!"

Professor Moore, sitting quietly to one side, was less passionate but just as determined.

"A lot has changed in the past three years," he insisted. "We have technology now that did not exist three years ago. The aeroplanes are better, brand new Boeing craft, sturdier and safer than before. Professor Pabodie's drills have been improved. And we have Lake's own broadcasts to draw upon. We can plan ahead, with better materials and a knowledge of the region that none of them had when they prepared for their voyage. Yes, I am

optimistic. Quite optimistic. We will succeed in our goals."

When asked what those goals were, the two men looked briefly at one another before Starkweather answered, leaning forward intently.

"We're going back, and we're going to finish what was started..."

"Leapfrog, gentlemen!" he smiled. "We shall leapfrog across the continent. A base on the Ross Ice Shelf; another at the South Pole. One at Lake's old campsite, if we can find it; and, gentlemen, we plan to cross over those fantastic mountains described by Dyer and Lake, and plant our instruments and our flag right on top of the high plateau! Imagine it! Like a landing strip atop Everest!

Continued on next page

BARRICADED MANIAC TAKES LIFE IN FIGHT

MAN CRAZED WITH DRINK DROVE WIFE FROM HOME, THEN FOUGHT POLICE

SHOTS KEPT ATTACKERS OFF

PERTH AMBOY, N.J., July 22 After turning a little one-story, two-room building on the outskirts of this place into an improvised fort, and defending himself for more than eight hours against the attack of policemen and firemen who tried to capture him alive, Anzo Melcino, an Italian laborer, turned his shotgun upon himself and committed suicide this afternoon.

The man was apparently crazed with drink and the desire for money and more liquor. He was seen brandishing a pistol as he entered building at 352 Ellis Street, met by his wife's landlord, Jacob Sprenger. "Let me take that gun," the German told him. "You don't want to get into more trouble."

"Keep out of this," replied the Italian, cursing Sprenger. "I need grappa and money - silver - and plenty of both. I'm going to kill someone today."

Continued on Page Four

To Display Your Travel Pictures

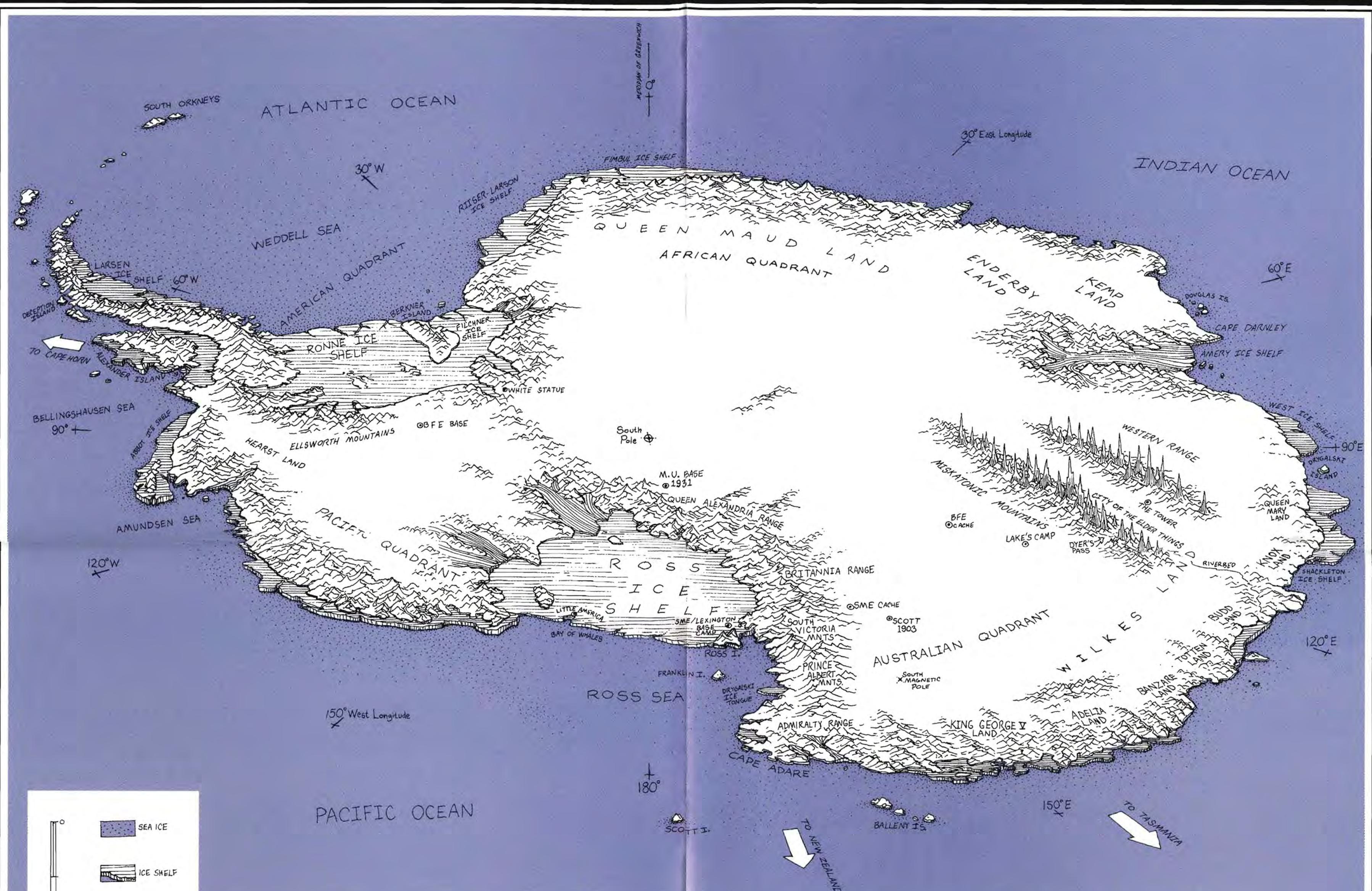
Fasten them to the walls with Moore Push-Pins, Glass Heads, Steel Points, or with Decorative Moore Push-Pins, 6 colors, 3 sizes. For framed pictures, or heavy wall decorations, use Moore Push-less Hangers, 4 sizes.

Moore Push-Pin Co., Philadelphia

Accompanied by a hand-picked team of photo-journalists and wilderness experts the lovely Acacia will cross the Antarctic waste-lands in a specially modified Northrop Delta.

"It's about time a woman did this," Lexington told our reporters. "Today's women are capable

Continued on page two



KEEPER'S MAP OF ANTARCTICA

Compiled and drawn by Professor John T. Snyder of the Miskatonic University Cartographic Dept.

**DOCK PASS
PIER 74-B**

SS
Gabrielle

WATCH OUT!

for
Switch engines
Trucks
Flammables
Dollies
Cargo booms
Cargo nets
Electrical cables
Taxicabs
Piles of cargo

WATCH OUT!

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Switch engines
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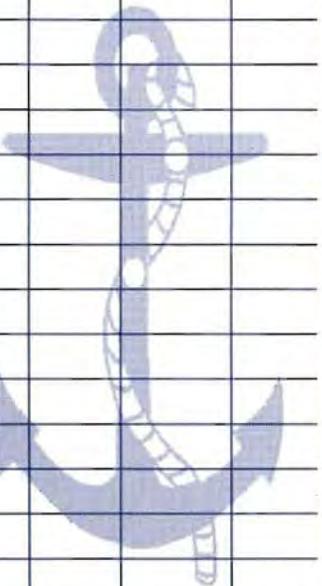
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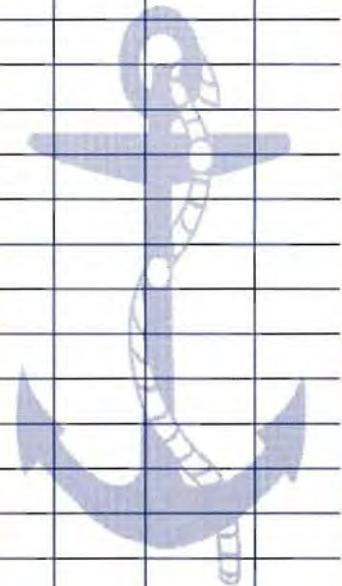
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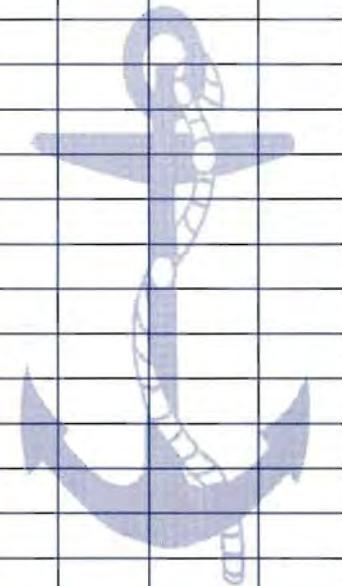
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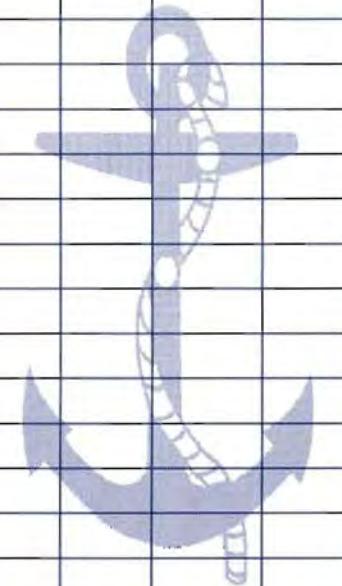
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The American steamer SS Gabrielle shortly before she began her epic and tragic voyage to ice-bound Antarctica.



ADDRESS



S.S. GABRIELLE





04. September 1933

Johann,

Hiermit erhältst Du den Rest des Schriftstückes; studiere ihn bitte sehr sorgfältig. Es ist wohl kaum nötig, Dich daran zu erinnern, daß wenn diese Ausführungen der Wahrheit entsprechen, wir damit den Schlüssel zu einer der größten Entdeckungen der menschlichen Geschichte in Händen halten. Allerdings ist an mir wahrlich kein solch ein Abenteurer verloren gegangen, als das ich es wagen würde Dich auf dieser Expedition zu begleiten, aber ich wünsche dir Hals und Beinbruch bei deiner Jagd.

Poe hat diesen Text bearbeitet, so daß manches vielleicht verwirrend dargestellt ist; aber ich bin mir sicher, daß Du in der Lage sein wirst, die Wahrheit von der Phantasie zu trennen.

Lömmel

March 22. — The darkness had materially increased, relieved only by the glare of the water thrown back from the white curtain before us. Many gigantic and pallidly white birds flew continuously now from beyond the veil, and their scream was the eternal *Tekeli-li!* as they had retreated from our vision. Hereupon Nu-Nu stirred in the bottom of the boat; but upon touching him, we found his spirit had departed. And now we rushed into the embraces of the cataract, where a chasm threw itself open to receive us. But there arose in our pathway a shrouded human figure, very far larger in its proportions than any dweller among men. And the hue of the skin of the figure was of the perfect whiteness of the snow.

CHAPTER XXVI

Shocked from our passive trance, Peters and I took the oars from the bottom of the canoe and stroked powerfully, trying to make headway towards the great figure. We could not say precisely what it was, but without a doubt, whatever lay near the statue was a better fate than the crushing and drowning death that the cataract promised. The now-apparent roar of falling water approached at a tremendous pace, but we clung grimly to our only salvation, throwing ourselves mightily into the task. We could see it only on occasion, for great amounts of mist and the ash-like powder often obscured the figure. Still we struggled on, grasping at last at what might have been our one chance for life. Both Dirk Peters and myself cursed for having lapsed into the strange, dreamy apathy of the previous days, only to be awakened to the fatality of our situation by the awful proximity of the onrushing cataract.

Owing to the great velocity with which the water rushed ahead, we were indeed fortunate to achieve the great figure. It had not moved, and as Peters touched it, virtually in the grasp of the waterfall, we saw that it was an immense statue of some sort, carved entirely out of some brilliant marble-white stone. By the time we had reached it, the haze and ash were so thick that we could seldom see even each other. Peters clung to one leg of the shrouded form with his mighty arms, and screamed over the thunder of the falling water that I was to climb to the front of the boat with him. Moving next to him, I saw through the blinding white storm that the great statue had been constructed on the very edge of an island, on the very lip of the monstrous cataract. We had not seen this land before due to the haze that surrounded it, added to the fact that the island itself was almost entirely white in its appearance, no doubt due to the density of the powdery ash and steam. Peters clung to the leg of the thing while I stepped onto the great foot, and then I held the boat while Peters leapt nimbly onto the other leg. The spray was extremely painful, for the water was so hot that even small droplets were enough to raise blisters. As soon as he was out of the boat, the current tore it from my hands. Our meager supplies, along with Nu-Nu's body, were swept into the roaring chasm, to who knew what chambers on the sea's dead floor.

From the legs of the statue, it was only a slight jump to the pale and sandy island.

Whatever the ash in the air was, it was indistinguishable from the bone-white sand that made up the shore of the island, and was nearly the same color as the pale and strangely fleshy vegetation that covered the land. The air was constantly roaring with the cataract, and it is a wonder that we could make ourselves heard by shouting. Having lost our supplies, our first order of business was to find some sort of food. Peters suggested we try to eat the oddly liquefied flesh of the white, trembling plants that grew no more than two feet out of the white sand, seeing as the many white birds of the island seemed to use it for their own sustenance, and we did so. Although it jerked and quivered when cut and oozed a pale liquid at the rent edges, it was not an entirely repulsive meal. In fact it proved to be our sustenance for many days, containing as it did both food and a sustaining amount of relatively fresh water, although the flavor was sharp, as if it had been pickled.

March 23. — The true disadvantage to the fleshy plants was that they were the only thing that grew on the island. While their fortifying powers were quite in evidence in the renewed constitutions of both Peters and myself, they would in no way serve in the creation of a boat or raft. Unless we could find something to help us get off the island, a stand of trees or perhaps some flotsam that washed on the shore, we were doomed to remain there for the rest of our days. And so we set out to explore the island, keeping close to the beach and each other, because the swirling mist and ash were exceedingly thick, thicker even than the Nantucket fogs I had known as a boy, and we did not want to lose sight of each other. We searched for many hours, only to find the beach scoured clean, as if by the white hands of the tremendous statue that stood sentinel on the end of the island.

March 24. — I awoke to Peters shaking me, and pointing to figures which were approaching the island in distressingly familiar canoes, black shapes easily seen through the eddying whiteness. Alarmed, we hid ourselves among the knee-high white plants. Although they squashed oozy under us, we paid them no mind as we peered across the beach at the canoes of the savages as they approached the island. There were six canoes, which had neither the enormous length nor breadth that the we had seen displayed in the canoes used by the other Tsalalians. These were perhaps twenty feet in length, and contained only three figures, two of whom paddled, and one who stood at the bow. The creatures standing in the boats seemed to be some sort of chantey-man or witch doctor, as a nearly continual wailing ululation came from these figures, very different from the short, harsh tones that we had heard on the island of Tsalal, but punctuated with the familiar Tekeli-li. And each time one of the witch-doctors uttered that dread phrase, all the savages in the canoes would give a shudder, almost all at once. They were obviously terrified of the island and its great expanse of whiteness; possibly this island was the source of the superstitious fear itself. Peters and I had watched the canoes approach for some time when one of them turned, and we saw that, in the bottom, there was a bound human form. I pointed this out to Peters, who quickly began looking at the rest of the boats to see if there were any other prisoners. By the time the savages had landed, we were certain that there were captives in each of the canoes.

As they were dragging canoes out of the water onto the white beach, Peters and I were shocked to see that the prisoners were white — Europeans such as we had

not seen since our own crew had been killed. It was a sight to almost make one weep — to have friends and compatriots so close, and yet captured by the foul savages. We immediately determined to rescue them, but immediately upon our resolution, the savages each picked up a lance or a club from their canoes, and we quailed, being unarmed ourselves. Peters and I discreetly resolved to remain hidden after that, for only when the filthy creatures had hefted their weapons did they reach into the canoe and bring out the Europeans. They had been trussed up like deer — bound hand and foot to a pole, and carried through the deliquescent undergrowth. It was almost too much to bear, and I heard Peters swear under his breath that we would recover the captives, come brimstone and darkness. There was a light in his eyes that I had not seen before, and I recoiled slightly as I saw it. I thought that there perhaps was a glint of madness in his gaze, and I was afraid.

As opposed to their unusually noisy approach, the disgusting Tsalalians were absolutely silent as they paced across the island. We followed, thankful that the slippery oozing plants did not betray us with noise as a wholesome forest would have done, but rather we squashed quietly on a course parallel to that of the loathsome Tsalalians. After some length, the procession came to a halt at a large stone edifice. It was obvious that the Tsalalians had not built this monument, whatever it was, for while they lived in rude huts, this was a structure composed of blocks of unmortared stone. It seemed very ancient; pitted and worn, as Roman ruins seemed in pictures I had seen on the walls in the academy. They appeared to be gray, although it was difficult to tell under the layers of white ash that drifted from the sky, but our view was too obstructed for us to discern its overall form. The Tsalalians marched directly through a wide archway, easily large enough to admit a team of horses, and disappeared from view. Peters and I waited for a time, unsure as to our next action. If we followed too closely, we would probably be massacred by armed warriors. But we simply could not stand by while the evil creatures sacrificed fellow humans to some obscene paynim god. We were creeping closer to the open archway, when we suddenly heard a great shriek of {Tekeli-li}, repeated a dozen times, echoing from what must have been a substantial distance inside the edifice. We heard the sound of running feet rapidly approaching, and had just enough time to hide in the sickly plants before the Tsalalians came thundering back through the archway at a dead run. Of the captives there was no sign, but the warriors, obviously more used to running than the witch doctors, led the mad stampede of black shapes out of the archway running blindly for their canoes.

Peters and I lay dumbfounded, and then stood up. "Did you count them?" Dirk asked. "No," I replied. "Only thirteen came out," he said matter-of-factly. He grinned in a grotesque fashion. There were only two of the savages left in the structure, and he was anxious to find them. He rubbed his coarse hands together in anticipation, and preceded me into the archway. I had the feeling that he had in mind revenge for the souls of the Jane Guy's crew who had been killed in that terrible ambush. As we entered, I noted that despite the rough, weathered look of the exterior of the building, the interior was smooth, as though it had been

carefully polished. The blocks of stone that comprised the structure fit so exactly that I was not even able to insert a fingernail between them. I thought of stories of the great monuments of antiquity, and a feeling of ancientness settled like dust upon us. There was a worn area in the floor — presumably from the feet of the Tsalalians, for we had seen no other evidence of animal or human on the isle. The structure sloped downward at a fair angle, not quite enough to set us tumbling but enough off level to be noticeable. Down we went, into what appeared to be a hallway. Unfortunately, the light that issued from the archway did not penetrate far into the structure, and neither Peters nor I had any means to make a light, let alone any sort of combustible material with which to sustain it. We proceeded forward with caution, allowing our eyes to use even the tiny amounts of light available to us. We were soon below sea-level, for the air was as damp as could be imagined. The walls sweated in such a fashion that I thought of Jonah in the belly of the whale, so great was the wetness of the air. As the light grew dimmer and dimmer, we were forced to navigate by the touch of the smooth, slimy walls, for we still heard nothing from the captive party ahead of us.

Then suddenly, there was a mad shrieking, as of a group of men in mortal danger. The volume was excruciating, and yet on top of it there was a hideous screeching that seared the eardrums like nothing I had ever encountered before. Dirk Peters was suddenly no longer at my side, but whether he had run ahead or fled behind I could not tell. I moved determinedly towards the terrible cacophony, but I tripped and fell sprawling in the thick darkness below the earth.

CHAPTER XXVII

When I regained my senses, the terrible shrieks had quieted, and a thick, glutinous red light had sprung up from the tunnel ahead of me, and I was able to see. Peters was crouching at a corner of the tunnel, peering down into the unnatural red light. At this time I noticed the noise of activity, such as men loading crates into the hold of a ship. Under cover of these sounds, I crept up to Peters, who was raptly watching the activity beyond the corner. I was about ask him what was going on, when without even looking back, he clapped his hand over my mouth. The other noises quickly subsided, and the silence was suddenly total, and then there was a metallic clank and a curious hissing sound, which receded quickly. As the hissing decreased in volume, so too did the light, and we were soon enveloped in darkness again.

"We have to get them," Peters said in a low, terrible voice that made my skin crawl. He turned and went a little way down the corridor, towards something I could not see. He blundered in the darkness, and I heard him cursing and the sounds of objects being moved. I could see nothing until there flared a pale, sickly green light. Peters was standing on a block of stone, holding the strangest-looking lantern I had ever seen. There was no metal on it, simply an eight inch tall glass pentagon, which narrowed to a point at the bottom, and was capped by

a flat stone which was topped in turn by a stone ring that Peters held. Inside the glass was a roiling liquid that seemed to be in some way boiling, and it was this that gave out the very strange illumination. I looked away from the queer thing, grateful enough for the light.

Although the tunnel continued, it was very different. This seemed some sort of wharf without water, and certainly it was one of the strangest places I had ever yet been in. Before I had the opportunity to properly look about me, Peters directed me towards a jumble of metallic poles and instructed me to pick out four. I looked at these strange objects, about five feet long, pentagonal, and equipped with a rounded spike about a handspan in length, which jutted off sharply from the very end, razor sharp on the bottom edge. The entire effect was something like a metal scythe, only shorter in every way and set in straight, rigid lines. They were of no metal I had ever seen before — green as verdigrised bronze and yet slightly oily to the touch, although this may have been the action of the damp air in the tunnel. After I had picked four — no difficult task, for they were all virtually identical — Peters hurriedly told me to bring them to him by the wall. There, in a depression set below the rest of the floor, was a slot in the wall, which ran down the dark tunnel, into which I assumed the prisoners had been taken. He thrust two of the poles into holes which had grooves running down to the main slot, with the spikes pointing up.

After that, we lifted one of the stone platforms that was lying on the floor. It was extraordinarily heavy, as it was about five feet wide and rather thick, and we had to rest several times before we were able to place it on the two poles, on which it fit snugly. The platform itself was made of the same stone as the walls, but perfectly pentagonal, with five holes drilled into the center, in a circle. Other than this, the surface was slightly rough, as if unfinished. Before we continued our journey, I suggested that we ought to get some food, since we had no idea how long we would be in that dreadful tunnel. Peters agreed, and sent me up to gather as many of the white plants from the island as I could. As I was returning to the tunnel below, I heard a great hammering sound. Alarmed, I proceeded more slowly, until I came upon Peters, beating the floor with one of the metal poles. While the floor showed considerable damage from the abuse, the pole did not seem to have suffered in the slightest. When he caught sight of me, he shook the pole at me, saying that it was fit for use. "On what?" I asked him. "Them!" he screamed, pointing down the tunnel, and proceeded to have a fit of violent paroxysms, raging around the little room and screaming strange things to himself. I dared not disturb him, lest his anger turn on me.

I deposited my slimy armload of native vegetation onto the stone platform, and Peters and I climbed on board. We each brought three of the odd lamps, in case the fuel for the one providing the current illumination should fail. Peters also brought several more of the metal rods, apparently to use against the kidnappers. I quickly discovered that these would fit into holes in the front and back of the platform, and we hung our lamps on these. When all was in readiness, Peters took hold of one of the bars supporting the platform and turned the long spike at the end. The stone raft dropped and lurched, and we were quite suddenly moving at a fair rate of speed. The only sound to

our conveyance was the strange hissing that came from the wall we were passing so near to, like some indefatigable snake. The walls were smooth, so I did not initially notice our great velocity, but upon looking back, I could no longer see the end of the passage.

Presently, I noticed that there were disks occasionally set into the walls just above the slit along which we were traveling. Owing to the rapidity of our motion, I was unable to determine what they were. We traveled through the tunnel for hours, neither one of us saying anything to the other, with only the slight hissing of our transport to break the silence. At no other time did I come so close to sheer and utter hopelessness as I did in those first hours descending in that horrible, endless tunnel. The walls were monotonous and the green light made me feel ill. We carefully rationed our vinegary leaves, so eating was infrequent. And so we had nothing but each other to destroy the monotony of the stygian way, and yet I was afraid to say anything to Peters. He seemed very affected by the events previous to our attaining transport. What was going through his mind, I could in no way guess, but he was full of evil looks and violent temper, so I returned to my tedious observation of the walls.

The tunnel was hewn out of the living rock that connected the island to the sea floor. That it had been made by the repugnant Tsalalians was impossible, since there were no seams in the rock, and the walls and floor appeared very smooth. Although there were no clues to the making of the tunnel, there were occasional jogs and lifts along the way. While the majority of the ride was as smooth as oil on water, sometimes there would be a little sway, or a rise that would make the raft shudder a little, and lose some of its velocity, only to resume it some seconds later.

Of other life there was no sign. I never saw anything of the red light I had seen earlier, only the septic green of our own light. Whoever had taken away the prisoners had completely vanished from our sight. But Peters was determined to catch them; to a much greater extent than I was. But we had no idea of there was any way to excite our mode of transport to an even greater velocity. Indeed, I was completely in the dark as to the action that made our platform move so rapidly — it was Peters who had known how to engage whatever mechanism propelled us. The mechanism of the platform required no effort on our part, and the walls rushed by too fast for examination. Blackness surrounded us, cut only by the wan, spectral light of our lamp. Peters squatted, a dark and frightening shape at the other end of the platform. Weariness overcame me, and I lay down, head pillowled by the slick vegetation that served as our feeble store of food. Lulled by the monotonous hiss of the cavern, I was soon overcome by sleep.

I awoke to perfect and utter darkness. I could hear nothing but the faint hissing of our transport and, after a panicked minute, Peters' slow, labored breathing. He was not dead, then. I felt around the platform, hoping to be able to re-ignite our odd light source, for although the light was nauseous, it was better than the crushing darkness that currently surrounded us. By feel alone, I was able to make my way to the fore of the platform, and found the pole upon which the lamp hung. I felt my way up the oily pole, careful not to encounter the sharp edge of the spike, and onto the rough surface of the lamp.

Immediately, there was a sharp tearing sensation along my hand, and the lamp immediately sprang to life, almost literally. I had not before been able to observe the action of the lamp, but now I had a particularly horrible opportunity. A faint glow began in the depths of the glass, radiating from a small, lumpy form at the top of the glass container. After a second, it rapidly grew, both in size and luminosity. Very quickly the mass had expanded enough to press firmly against the sides of the lamp, roiling as I had seen it earlier. I looked at my hand, expecting the palm to be bloody, but there was no mark upon it at all. It was an unpleasant feeling, and I hoped that I would forever after be spared repeating the experience. Our progress continued unabated, the walls rushing past us at great velocity.

Words cannot describe the tedium of the journey — to be confined to a space no more than twenty-five square feet, alone save an insensate companion, rushing through the darkness towards some unknown goal. I spent as much time as possible sleeping, and remain unsure how long the terrible journey lasted — three days at the least.

At last, there came a slowing of our strange method of transportation, along with a distinct cooling of the air. All through the tunnel the air had been warm and humid, but now it turned chill, and water ran off the walls in streams, pooling into ice-scummed puddles on the floor. This was especially worrisome as Peters and I had no clothing against the cold, and no means of procuring any. We turned a corner, the first in the whole hellish journey, we and came to another of the peculiar wharves. But it was obvious that our odd method of conveyance was not going to stop, although it had slowed considerably. The platform was at the height of our raft, so it was a natural thing to simply step off, leaving the raft to continue its journey into the darkness alone.

We were in a maze of tunnels that led in several directions, and from one there was the faintest glimmerings of clean, wholesome light. Despairing from our inability to find any signs of passage on the cold stone floor, we jumped in alarm at a loud, confused chattering that came down from the lit corridor. Up this barely-lit cavern, something was moving — a shifting, flapping sound echoed around us, accompanied by strange squawking and hooting noises. Peters took one of the oily rods in one hand and the pale green-glowing lantern in another. I took another bar, and followed closely behind him.

There were a number of white penguins—larger than any bird I had ever seen before — milling about, the mouth of the cavern. From out vantage, the light behind them was almost intolerably bright, already surpassing the loathsome light that emanated from our lantern. But with the increase of light also came an increase in the chill. A freezing wind gusted down the cave, and Peters, shivering with the cold, hefted his pole and in a trice, broke the neck of one of the birds. "You get one, too," he said, his breath already steaming as he began to skin the wretched thing with the razor-edge of his pike, "we can wear their pelts against the cold." This seemed reasonable to me, and it was the work of but a moment before I had killed another of the things. Oddly, they did not flee, despite seeing two of their company struck dead in their midst, but continued to mill about as confusedly as before. But when I was engaged in the gristly task of

cutting it open, I noted that the eyes were a milky white, all but useless. Like Peters, I skinned the creature, and then turned the whole skin inside-out so that the minute feathers would keep my skin warm. We guessed that the cold outside the tunnel would be even more intense than inside and, even though I rapidly followed his example, I was shaking violently by the time I was done. The polar cold was unimaginably fierce. Even through the penguin hide, I could feel the chill working into my bones. By this time, Peters was feasting on the raw meat from his penguin — the first food other than the vinegary plants we had had in some time. We did not bother to bring any supplies with us — we had no hope of building a fire, and anything we carried with us would probably freeze before we got any significant distance away from the tunnel. Even so, just before we left the site of our butchery, Peters, after some careful maneuvering, pulled an organ from each of the piles. One he thrust at me as he chewed on the other. I ate the raw, bloody liver — and it sent the blood singing in my veins. Thus fortified, we proceeded towards the end of the tunnel and the clean light of day.

A scene of unutterable horror greeted us at the mouth of the cavern. The temperature plummeted as we approached the entrance, and we stepped out into the light. It was excruciatingly bright, reflected not only from the murky skies but from the thousand drifts and embankments of snow that surrounded us. To the ordinary eye, the light was diffuse and dim, but to those such as we who had been immured in the very depths of the earth's bowels, darker than any night, even this wan light was nearly unbearable. The nauseous light of the lamp had in no way prepared our eyes for the wholesome light of the sun, despite the overcast sky and the sun's low angle. There was nowhere to look to rest our eyes; everywhere there was the blinding whiteness of sky or snow, piercing our eyes like silver-white daggers. We stood and blinked — covering and uncovering our eyes to shield us from the reflected glare — and beheld yet another terrible revelation. As our eyes adjusted, we began to make out the outlines of the rock formations that the snow had drifted against, squat and black in contrast to the unyielding brilliance of the snow. The more we could see, the more we saw that the outlines were too regular for anything of nature's construction. Whatever it was and whoever had built it, the blocks of stone and suggestively regular corridors between them could be only one thing. It was a ruined city — unutterably ancient — built and then abandoned on this freezing Antarctic waste.

Great and ancient it was — with open arches and tumbled causeways, many of the great works thrown down by some unimaginable cataclysm. Everything had an unsettling queerness to it — the incalculable age of the city itself, the gaping holes choked with snow, and an indefinable but decidedly repugnant otherness of the entire place. The only sounds were those of the wind as it thrilled and roared through the ruined streets. There were paved courtyards swept clean of snow, with five avenues leading from them, hemmed in by five blank stone walls. There were no signs of inhabitation, only the terrible desolation and loneliness of ages; the march of time slowly grinding this strange metropolis into oblivion. I stood, dumbfounded by this incredible and monstrous landscape, but Peters shook me from my passivity and pointed to the undisturbed snow at the cavern's mouth.

Whatever we were tracking, it had not been this way. The snow was deep and

fresh, white as an unwritten page waiting for the first defacing scratch of a pen. Snarling in anger, Peters stalked back into the darkness of the cavern, and we again set a raft of stone into the wall, and after loading our meager stock of food and other equipment, continued down the passage. But our time in the darkness was much less this time. After no more than three or four hours, our ride ended, and we drifted into another of those dry wharves. This time, however, there was only one tunnel, and it lead directly to the surface.

As harrowing as the sight at the previous tunnel had been, our view from this one was even terrible. No more than a mile away through blasts of snow and wind, yet clearly visible, was the image of a titan tower — a lair of giants, dragons, or some other fabulous and abhorrent creature, for it was far too great to have been erected by mere human hands. It soared above us, hidden behind a swirling, freezing veil of ice and snow, taller than any medieval tower or citadel. And then we saw the brilliant blue light which hovered about its cap, like Saint Elmo's fire about a mast, and I knew, I knew to my soul that this was nothing else but a primordial lighthouse — I can think of no other thing it might have been as the light, dazzlingly bright in the polar gloom, lanced from its top — guiding ships from God knew where to this most desolate of ports. It was a sight that I can never erase from my mind; grand as a square-rigger's mast, terrible as lightning on the sea. There clung to this unholy edifice a hideous feeling of monstrousness, as if this were not something native to this earth, but an enormous, blasphemical tower of Babel erected to mock God and all of His good works. I tried to run, but I could not — I was captivated, involuntarily fascinated by that elder tower of eons long past — as if it were calling to me, urging me to come towards it. I stood frozen, freezing; when Peters nudged me, and I was able to look away from that titan horror. I immediately had the urge to run, but successfully fought it down. To panic and run in this wilderness of snow was to die.

My only hope that we could get away from this awful place of elder madness was crushed by Peters' excited pointing to a trail on the ground. Although it was not fresh — even now there was a light fall of snow and ice — it was definite evidence of recent passage. Utterly crushed, not even daring to believe we should come through the venture alive, I followed as Peters pursued the trail of the captives directly towards the antediluvian ruins.

CHAPTER XXVIII

For an interminable time of freezing cold that we followed that track; I have no conception of how long that dreadful mile took us, for we were unable to even lift our eyes the cold was so utterly numbing to mind and body. Snow and sleet blew all around us, and it was all we could do to watch our ice-laden feet follow each other down the trail in the inches-deep snow. Ice formed on our lashes, and our breath froze ere it left our bodies, forming a second, frozen beard on our lips. We toiled on and the snow got worse, the wind driving against us mercilessly. Our

previous agonies were nothing compared to what we now endured — our erstwhile coats freezing to our bodies, the wind a sledgehammer that drove us from the path, which we knew was leading us to some horrible ending of gruesome death. Twice I fell, only to be picked out of the freezing snow and urged on by Peters. A third time I stumbled, and absolutely could not go on. I lay in the snow, waiting for the merciful oblivion of death, the dark closing in, when Peters kicked me sharply. I threw up an arm to ward off his abuse, unable to cry out, for my lips were frozen shut. "Get up!" he cried. "Up, you miserable wretch!" And with that, he hauled me bodily out of the snow and shook me as if I were nothing but a child. This had the effect of bringing me back to my senses and sending the blood feebly back to my limbs. I gathered myself — more afraid of Peters than I was of the spire of death — and trudged on. Soon, we were walking in the shadow of the dreadful pharos itself.

We continued to stumble, half blind, wholly insensate, until my foot struck something in the trail and I again fell headlong. Peters aimed a fierce kick at me, then suddenly stopped, his face contorting with rage and terror. I followed his gaze, and saw that I had tripped on a human body. Whoever he had been, he was unrecognizable now; his head had been caved in by a powerful blow and his blood had frozen to ice in his long, blonde hair. Although the sight was ghastly, it was in some horrible manner comforting, for we at least knew the mysterious captors and their prisoners had come this way, even if not all of the captives remained alive.

Only a few yards from the pitiful remains, the trail entered the base of the appalling tower. Immediately, we found ourselves on a circular ramp that descended into the depths of the earth below the tremendous lighthouse, and a small amount of packed snow and ice to show us that our quarry had descended within. As we followed this trail, we noted that around this ramp, the walls of the building were covered in carvings — bas reliefs that were too frightening to contemplate for long. We hurried down into the darkness, afraid that we might see too much, Peters in the lead. It is fortunate that Peters had remembered to keep hold of his lamp, for darkness was almost immediate, as within the tower there was no hint or the awful blue light that beckoned. Although there was no snow to hold a trail, he detected a slight trail of ice that continued into the lower depths of the structure.

If the tower above was dead, then below the surface it was alive. We passed dozens of darkened hallways, and from many of these there came sounds of work or activity, the hiss of steam or the clank of metal being worked. Each of these was in perfect rhythm, even more perfect than the best sea-chantey. At times, we looked into entrances or archways, but at no time did we see any living soul, only great disks and plates of metal and stone and other, less identifiable substances that blasted foul air and turned and twisted to no recognizable purpose. Fearful of that which we did not understand, we exited from these rooms in haste. We did not explore the silent passages. As we descended, we noted that the air was becoming warm and damp again. Soon we were all but sweating in our penguin-skin overcoats, but we did not take them off. Our icy beards melted off painfully, and we stopped once to restore life to our limbs, shaking off the

effects of the cold as quickly as possible; we did not know what would be required of us for any rescue attempt.

Eventually, we came to a place where we heard the rasp of human breath, and saw the thick red glow we had seen at the beginning of the terrible tunnel so long ago. Ever cautious, Peters retreated and left our lamp some distance away from the archway, crept up to the entranceway, then signaled me to silently join him. Once there, I saw the four captives, hands still trussed in the primitive ropes made by the Tsalalians, in addition to two of the filthy savages. All lay on a block of stone which rose off the floor of the chamber, apparently dazed in some way. There were carvings on the block, but I could not make them out. Although I could not see the entire chamber, I could see that it was vast and contained several large crystalline structures of some unknowable purpose. The air wafting out of the room was tropical — damp and hot, almost to the point of steaming. I signaled to Peters that we should make an immediate rescue, but he shook his head minutely, his stony features imprecating dire results if I made any attempt. We continued to study the chamber, when there came a queer shuffling sound, and there stepped into my view, a Thing.

There are many things that Man does not yet know about the Earth, and this was one of the most horrible. For it is a conceit of mankind that there are no other intelligences on this Earth than himself, and that the Lord gave him dominion over all the beasts and fishes. This is not the case, for there are other, stranger Things that live amid the polar wastes, Things shaped like whalers' barrels, only taller and more slender, with thick, ropy tentacles below and a curious starfish-shaped head crowning the whole. Its color was a dirty greenish gray, mottled in some areas, and it walked. Great God! I cannot swear whether it was animal or plant, but the Thing walked; clumsily, as if uncomfortable with ambulation, but walk it did, shuffling along on the five powerful tentacles that sprang from its base like the roots from a great tree. I here swear to God in Heaven that this thing was not simply alive, but also intelligent, possessed of a malicious mind at least as great as the brains of men, but evil, as foul as any demon or devil. Without a doubt, these were the creatures that had raised that horrible, hell-spawned beacon that rose above us like the arrogance of Lucifer himself, for only minds of such malice could have created something so grossly malevolent.

The dreadful Thing moved toward one of the defenseless captives and picked him up easily, with only one limb. As soon as the victim was lifted off the carven stone upon which he had rested, he began to thrash and scream horribly, but he was held fast by the Thing's tentacle. Peters and I were paralyzed with horror, knowing that there was nothing we could do as the poor wretch was carried some several yards to a pit in the floor. With incredible strength, the hellish thing carelessly flung its screaming burden headfirst into the cavity. His screams stopped immediately, replaced by a curious churning sound, as if he had fallen into mud, but we held no hope for him in this awful place. I averted my eyes and covered my ears in a futile attempt to shut out the sounds of the dying man. The Thing merely stood by, impassive as the rocky walls while the muddy slopping slowly tapered off. With sudden action, it reached into the hole in the floor, and, with a care it had not previously shown to the man, raised up what was left of our

poor fellow. All that had been a man was gone, and there was only left the pinkish-white net of his sinews, attached to the thick cord of his spine and the pudding-like lump that was his brain!

Paralyzed with fear, sickened with revulsion, we could do nothing but watch as the Thing draped the pitiful sinews of our fellow man over its tentacle and folded it into a neat package, much as a mother tenderly folds the dress of her small child. It then shuffled out of the room by some exit which I was not able to see. Soon after it was out of sight, I leapt down to free the captives. No sooner had I sprinted across the floor and come to the side of the captives then I was struck immobile. Nearly out of my mind with terror, lest the cursed Thing should return and treat me as it had our other compatriot, I attempted to command my limbs to action, but to no avail. I was utterly frozen in place, unable to even move so much as my eyes. There was a weird radiance around certain of the carvings on the stone, and it seemed that it was these symbols that had clamped onto my brain, immobilizing me.

Again, Dirk Peters saved me. Noting my sudden and idiotic stillness, he knocked me sprawling with a powerful blow to my back. As soon as I fell, I was again able to move. Guessing that this was some foul action of the unholy altar upon which the captives were placed, Peters and I carefully removed the three white men from their imprisonment on the stone block. As soon as they were clear of the stone, they began to thrash and struggle. We quieted them, quickly explained that we had the means to escape, and, using the sharp edge of the providential rod, cut them free. Within a few minutes, our work was done, and we remaining five retreated from that terrible room.

We left the Tsalalians to their gods.

Outside in the corridor, we began to run, intending to run all the way to the tunnel, leaving this accursed lighthouse far behind us. Peters led, showing his marvelous dexterity by snatching the still-lit lamp from the floor without slowing his pace. As we fled up the corridor towards the surface, one of our new companions glanced back and let out a despairing cry of horror. The Thing had returned, and was pursuing us! For all its clumsy ambulation, it was horrendously swift when aroused. We ran still faster, but we were tired, hungry, and cold. The Thing steadily gained upon us, issuing an odd, almost musical piping that did nothing but increase our terror. We were hopeless now, knowing that even five of us had no hope of overpowering even one such creature. Finally, in desperation, Peters threw our sickly-green lamp at the creature, more as a gesture of defiance than in hope of doing it harm. To our surprise, there was no explosion. The glass shattered, and the seething liquid within expanded hungrily. Although Peters had thrown short of the mark, the Thing was unable to stop or turn swiftly enough to avoid its peril. At its first touch, the light turned from the familiar ulcerous green to the thick, vile red we had seen in the tunnel. The liquid, growing madly and increasing in brilliance just as rapidly, swiftly covered the tentacled Thing, which, overbalanced, crashed to the floor like a felled tree. Completely enveloped, the Thing flopped for few seconds, then stopped, and the red light burned and shimmered like a roaring bonfire. The edges of the entrapped Thing began to soften horribly as the glowing, bubbling

mass corroded or melted the Thing in some way. And then, of its own volition, the liquid mass moved, seeming to have sucked its victim dry, and seeking more sustenance, reached with bright, fiery red feelers in our direction.

Terrified by what we had released, we fled like madmen. Soon we were out of the accursed lighthouse, and the deathly cold of the polar weather oppressed us with its might. Words cannot describe the piteous suffering we went through on our return, for our new companions were but lightly clothed and obviously on the verge of collapse. We continued at a loping jog, praying that the exertion would warm us enough to allow us to reach the tunnel. Half-way there one of the strangers collapsed, and Peters was obliged to carry the unfortunate soul. Although the wind had slackened, the snow fell even more thickly, so that there we could not feel the call of that titanic, hellish beacon. By the time we reached the safety of the tunnel, our lope had degenerated into the desperate shuffle of the bone-weary. Peters still carried one of the men, so I supported the other two, for tired as I was, my privations were surely as nothing compared to those of these three.

After finally reaching the tunnel, we quickly moved our new comrades into the warmer interior. Presently, after being fed some of the sharp, fleshy leaves that remained on our raft, our companions began to revive. Peters and I then removed our ghastly attire, for it would quickly grow too warm for the wearing of it, and, as it thawed, it would certainly begin to stink and rot. We were quite relieved to see that nothing had been disturbed in our absence; there had been no monstrous penguins to eat the pale, squishy leaves. All five of the remaining lamps were there, much to our dismay — especially in light of the greedy nature it had displayed on the Polar Thing. We handled these very carefully, afraid of releasing the luminous substance within. When we were all restored somewhat, we clambered aboard the movable platform. Peters, obviously understanding the mechanism much better than I, fumbled with the metal rods for a few minutes before they settled with a crunch, and we began to move, this time away from the horrible city of the Pole.

CHAPTER XXIX

When we were sure that we were not immediately pursued, Peters touched one of the lamps. It sprang to eerie, greenish life, and in this shifting light we took our first good look at our fellow survivors. They were sturdy men, for despite all they had been through, pale and weak but with their spirits unbowed. We continued for some time, neither of us speaking, haunted by the fear of pursuit. But eventually one of their company broke the silence, and we learned that they were crewmen of a bark named the Discovery, out of Oslo, named Vredenburgh, DeLance and Marburg. They told us that their hope was that their ship might still be at the shore where that had left it, laid up for repairs. Originally they had been a hunting party of eight, until they had run afoul of the repulsive Tsalalians. Three of their party had been killed in a terrible ambush, and the five survivors

taken as hostages. The man whose head was split open by the Polar Things was named Gunnarsson, an mighty man who had waited until the freezing cold was almost intolerable before attempting to free his fellow-hostages. One of the Things had killed him with a single swift, enormously powerful blow, splitting his head open like a pumpkin. Their other companion who had died so horribly in that awful city had been named Johansen, but they could not bear to talk of him for long. They wept for their comrades, and Peters and I gave them such scraps of comfort as we could.

Hours and days passed, and for a time there was nothing but the monotonous hiss of the platform and the vast miles falling behind us. It had been a long time, far beyond any counting, when Vredenburgh saw a movement just beyond our range of light. Peters touched another lamp, and the nauseous light brightened. Following us, and gaining at a rapid pace, were no less than three of the terrible Polar Things, riding their own platform and encouraging it in some way to overtake ours. Vredenburgh and Marburg screamed and clutched at themselves, paralyzed by approaching doom. Peters swore, and seeing nothing else with which to defend ourselves, threw one of our remaining lamps at it. The lantern shattered on the floor of the tunnel, leaving only a glowing spot that was swiftly left behind us, doing no damage to our pursuers. We all gasped in utter horror, but then DeLance shouted that we should throw two or three of the remaining lanterns together, in the hopes that we would have a better chance of hitting the creatures. This we quickly agreed on. Peters and I activated the lamps, for I felt that the frightful draining sensation would certainly be nothing compared to the horrors that awaited us if we were captured and returned to the polar city. At DeLance's count, we hurled the lamps, glowing greenishly, down the tunnel at our pursuers. We were fortunate; two of the three lamps broke on the Polar Things' platform. As before, the liquid sought out the living creatures, the putrid green glow turning a no-more wholesome red as it touched the Things. The Things frantically swatted at the liquid, attempting to remove it from themselves, but only succeeded in spreading the noxious stuff around, bringing about their dissolution all the faster. As the hungry stuff overwhelmed their platform, one Thing attempted to get off the platform despite the high rate of speed at which it was moving. But the virulent stuff, radiating the swirling red light of a burning house, actually reached out and pulled the Thing back onto the platform, and devoured it. There was no denying now that the substance was alive, and then panic struck us, for the other platform still gained on ours. It was clear that in a matter of minutes, the two would touch, and we would be food for the blazing red horror. We wept, cursing DeLacie for his thoughtless action, and Marburg began to pray.

But hope and salvation sprang from nowhere. Even as we stared, horrified, at the seething, red liquecence that surged towards us, it stopped and, turning, smashed through a weak part of the wall, and was wholly gone in a matter of seconds. We were at a loss, unable to believe our escape. Our platform rushed onwards, leaving the new horror we had created behind us. But abruptly, our movement stopped. We were thrown forward headlong and sprawled severally,

like dice thrown by a clumsy gambler. The impact was tremendous, as our rate of speed had been very great, but I did not suffer any broken bones. As I picked myself up, I felt a rumbling in the stone of the tunnel. I tried to gather my companions, hoping to collect them together in preparation for a collapse of some section of the tunnel, when, from behind us, there exploded the blazing monstrosity, its size incalculably magnified, its light shining brighter than the sun. We felt, rather than saw, it rush up the tunnel like a juggernaut, so powerful and swift that we were unable to do anything but cringe in fear that it would crush us utterly. But it slowed quickly after the initial rush, and stopped less than ten feet from the edge of our platform.

It was not enough to shield our eyes from the brilliant mass, we had to actually turn away from it and keep our eyes closed to make the light tolerable at all. Blinded, we gathered each other and what little equipment we could lay our hands on, and retreated away from the brilliantly-lit monstrosity as fast as we were able. We all had sustained some bruises and aches from our rough treatment, but Peters was the one who was most badly injured. As soon as the light was merely bright, DeLance examined him and found his arm to be broken, although he did not complain of the pain. DeLance bound the arm tightly, to prevent the bones from grinding together, while the rest of us took stock of our situation. We had two of the metal poles, one remaining lantern — which we treated with great care — and only two handfuls of our slowly decaying fleshy leaves. Rationing the food, we plodded along, our pace tortuously slow, and I felt myself getting weaker and weaker. Vredenburgh led the way, the tunnel growing slowly dimmer and dimmer as we moved away from the horrible source of our luminescence. We walked for a day, and yet still we did not need to light our last lantern before we came to the end of the tunnel, on the island near the boiling sea. With glad hearts we attained the surface of the island, to find it much changed. Whatever the plume had been, it was gone, and also the roar of the cataract to which we had grown so accustomed to. Marburg and Vredenburgh ran down to the sea, and found it still extraordinarily hot, but the powerful current which had dragged us to the island was gone, presumably linked inextricably with the strangely missing cataract.

While Vredenburgh, Marburg, and DeLance whooped and cheered on the sandy white beach, eating the pale leaves that had sustained Peters and I for so long, we two sat down, our limbs weak from exhaustion. My head rang as if a cannon had been fired nearby. As the other crew ran on the beach, I watched Peters stumble and fall to the ground. Trance like, I started to walk over to him, but found that I had abused my body too fiercely. My joints cramped, and like Peters, I collapsed onto the sand.

I can only report that I experienced nightmares the like of which I never have before, and that I spent several weeks delirious and raving, from what cause I cannot guess. I know I would have died had not our three companions taken it upon themselves to care for us. For we awoke some time later, to see the sturdy beams of a ship above us, and felt the rolling of the sea under a great ship.

It was some time later that Vredenburgh came down to see us. He explained

that we were on the explorer's ship *Nancy*, and that Peters and I had been ill for some weeks. When I asked him how we had come to be here, he briefly recounted how we had arrived on the *Nancy*. Without the current, it had been an easy thing to take the Tsalalian canoe from the shores of the island and paddle out into the sea while Peters and I lay groaning and helpless in the bottom of the canoe. The further away from the island they moved, the colder it had become. After a few days, we had landed on a drifting ice-floe. They had set to work butchering several seals and wrapping us in the skins, each day keeping we two invalids warm and fed, and never leaving us alone, for fear the Tsalalians might find us. I cannot find the words to express my gratitude to those three brave souls who kept us alive as we awaited rescue. And rescue did come: after two weeks on the ice floe, a passing ship, the exploration brig *Nancy*, found us and took us aboard. After telling his story, Vredenburgh impressed upon me that I should tell no one about our adventures, or anything about the city on the Pole, for, as explorers, the *Nancy*'s crew would certainly wish to investigate that terrible place on the ice. I agreed to this, and the following day was well enough to join the crew.

But there was always a distance between us and the rest of the crew of the *Nancy*. While they believed our story about being shipwrecked, they could not but notice that there was some oddness to us, and that what little gear we carried was of unusual manufacture. Peters and Vredenburgh were especially close-mouthed, fearing the curiosity of the crew. Their resistance to questioning was so adamant that they nearly started a few fights with those who asked too much. We were fortunate that the *Nancy* had completed her primary mission, and that she was returning to her home port of Liverpool, for our notoriety had quickly risen among her crew.

We arrived in Liverpool, where I worked as a barman for some years in order to accumulate enough money to finance my return to America. Of the minor mishaps we suffered as we sailed north, I shall not tell, for they are trivial compared to the terrors and trials that preceded them. Once a man has seen certain things, the mundane world seems ordinary and adventures that once thrilled the blood do not seem worth telling. This is the end of my journal, for I am not the boy who started it. I have starved, frozen, been subject to pirates and Things beyond description. I am no longer as I was. When we return to America, I shall not seek out my father and his home in Nantucket, for I am too changed and the memory of my boyish innocence will do nothing but haunt me. I am no longer the child that my friends knew, if indeed any of them recognize me as the boy who ran away from home to sail the sea. I know now that there are things of which men ought not know, and places they ought not go. I will make my living away from the sea, away from the great waters that see so much. I shall go inland, and never wish to see the world again.