# FORBIDDEN VALLEY

by William Byron Mowery

*SYNOPSIS: Instead of taking the good job that had been offered him when he came down from a winter in the sub-Arctic to Edmonton, Curt Tennyson has gone to the aid of A. R. Martin, his former chief in the Royal Mounted. He is tracking down Igor Karakhan, international crook, who apparently has disappeared into the wilds of the Lillvara. Curt, with Paul St. Claire, has landed at the tiny backwoods settlement of Russian Lake, posing as a prospector, and now suddenly finds his plans in danger. He has seen a girl, at dusk, paddle to an island nearby to fish. A drunken half-breed has followed her. Curt dislikes making an enemy of anyone—but the girl is in danger.*

Chapter Ten

QUICK ACTION

FROM time to time Sonya glanced west at the looming storm. Streaked by snaky lightning, the black thunderheads had cut off the lingering afterglow of the sun. Between herself and the wooded part of the island stood a clump of lifeless pines, lifting their gaunt arms to the sky.

It seemed to Sonya that all the innumerable swallows which she had seen tilting and volleying over the lake that evening had gathered on those dead pines to sleep, for the branches looked fuzzy with them, and their faint twittering sounded like the purling of a stream.

She flipped out the butterfly for a last time. Something struck it, struck hard. The reel spun, her light rod tugged and whipped. Behind her at the woods edge a stealthy figure slunk out to the clump of pines, but Sonya's attention was all given to the fight on her hands, and she did not notice.

Not until she had reeled in the struggling seven-pounder did she become alive to her danger. She had seen nothing, heard nothing, but she sensed that she was no longer alone, and she whirled around.

Against the lighter background of the water she saw a man's head and shoulders between two of the dead pines.

In a flash she understood his intention; understood why he had followed her from the post and sneaked ashore so stealthily and cut her off from her canoe. Panic seized her, and the fishing rod dropped from her hands.

For a moment she was overwhelmed by her desperate plight—the post so far away, those thunderheads drawing the curtain of night across the sky, and herself alone on the island with that man yonder.

With a great effort she fought down her panic and made herself think. It wouldn't do any good to plead with him; he was one of those drunken shameless camp hangers on. She had no weapon to fight him with, and in a physical struggle he could crush her one-handed. Her only chance was to outwit him somehow and get to her boat.

Something struck at Sonya's hook.

SHE let her creel and net lie, but picked up her rod again and stepped back off the narrow tongue of rock where he had almost cornered her.

The man moved away from the pines and came nearer. He was lurching unsteadily, Sonya noticed. She believed she stood a good chance to elude him, rush to her canoe and get it afloat before he could catch her. In order to have a strip of open sand for her dash she moved toward the landwash.

"You t'ink you run 'way, *hein?*" the man taunted in a drunken chuckle. "Huh, dat canoe of your, she all cut op to da dabbil! I slash her so you no get 'way. Me, I wise—no? You and me, we stay here on dis leetle islan'."

Sonya's heart stopped beating. Her canoe, down the landwash—he'd found it, wrecked it! She was caught, as helpless as a creature in a trap.

On beyond the pines two shadowy figures unexpectedly appeared out of the darkness of the spruces. Sonya thought they were confederates of the 'breed. Without a second's hesitation she whirled toward the water edge. She could hardly swim a stroke, but rather than remain there with those three she meant to strike out for the nearest island, two hundred yards away.

A sharp voice called to the 'breed. "I say, fellow, what the de'il d'you think you're doing here?"

The voice stopped Sonya in her tracks. "Oh-oo!" It was a wordless cry of thankfulness. She peered at the two figures as they came on. Strangers they were. And that sharp commanding voice was strange too. They must be the two prospectors who had come to Russian Lake that evening.

The 'breed jerked around and stared blankly at the pair. With his brain all muddled by liquor, he did not understand at first this sudden turn to things. But it did dawn on him finally. Caught dead to rights, ...ed like a cornered animal, ...ands flexing and unflexing.

And then, as those two figures stalked nearer and nearer he went suddenly berserk. His hand dropped to his belt, whipped out a glittering hunting knife, and with a yell he lunged at the two.

THE younger stranger drew an automatic and leveled it at the 'breed. "Stop!" he snapped. "Put down that knife, you!"

"Put up your gun, Paul," the older stranger ordered. "I'll handle him and his frog-sticker."

Without a gun or knife or any weapon at all, he tensed himself to meet the vicious rush. Sonya trembled with fear for him. The 'breed was taller than he and much heavier, and that flashing knife was a wicked thing in a hand-to-hand battle.

But in the next few seconds something happened—happened so swiftly that Sonya could hardly follow it. As the 'breed's knife swished down a hand shot out and seized his wrist and wrenched it till the weapon dropped. The stranger bent a little lower and turned his shoulder to receive the charge. There was a moment of impact.

In the next instant the 'breed was lifted bodily and went somersaulting over his enemy's shoulder. Fairly flying through the air, he hit the ground thump on his back, with all the breath and fight knocked out of him.

At the commotion below the cloud of swallows exploded, with a burst of excited twittering, and vanished in the twilight.

Curt picked up the knife, flung it out into the water and looked at the attacker, who had managed to sit up. He was one of the men at the fish scaffolding that afternoon, a powerfully built man, with bushy black hair, a stubble of coarse beard and the high cheekbones of an Indian. He looked like an intelligent fellow, well dressed and neat and much above the average half-breed.

"Where's your canoe?" Curt demanded.

The man gestured at the lower end of the islet. "Down dere in de bush."

"Go get his boat, Paul," Curt ordered. "We'll take it across to the mainland."

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Curt meets, tomorrow, a most important person.

**Back in Hospital.**

SALEM, Nov. 27.—(AP)—Max Ulrich was at liberty only four hours before being returned late Saturday to the Oregon state hospital from which he escaped. A state police officer took him in charge north of Salem.

See the smart Turtle neck Sweaters at Adrienne's. Brown, Blue, Red, White . . . And they only cost $1.95.

Heating costs can be reduced. For complete heating service call Art Schmidli, 418—1682.

MORE SATISFACTION CAN'T BE BOUGHT FOR 5¢

# SOLON IN FAVOR MUZZLING PRESS

GARY, Ind., Nov. 27.—(AP)—Congressman William T. Schulte of the first Indiana district predicted in a speech last night that the next congress would pass legislation "muzzling the press," and declared "it needs muzzling."

"In addition to fighting the thieves of Wall street," Schulte, a Democrat, said "we are going to have to deal with a subsidized press, whose slogan just now seems to be 'Stop Roosevelt.'"

Harry Long, Gary attorney, answered Schulte, declaring "every newspaper has a right to criticize the government if it sees fit."

# CCC BOYS TO FEAST ON THANKSGIVING DAY

Although many of the boys can not be home for Thanksgiving dinner this year, the CCC camps will serve regular holidays meals to the boys, according to some of the menus which have been submitted to headquarters by the various camps.

For instance, his is what the men at Camp Cape Sebastian will have for dinner Thursday: Oyster soup, radishes and green onions, roast young turkey, sage dressing, cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, brown gravy, candied sweet potatoes, buttered peas, fruit cake, salad, mince and pumpkin pie, bread, butter and coffee with cream.

# KETCHELL AND FIRPO WILL FIGHT TUESDAY

PORTLAND, Nov. 27. — (AP) — Joe Waterman's "ring battle of the year" will feature a week crammed with sports events here. Tuesday night at the municipal auditorium, Wesley Ketchell, hard socking local heavyweight boxer, and Young Firpo, wild bull of Burke, Idaho, clash in the 10-round main event of Waterman's card. The bout, which the promoter has tried to sign for several months, has been halted several times through action of the principals.

# LEGION, AUXILIARY BANQUET TONIGHT

Tonight is Medford post No. 15, American Legion and its Auxiliary's big pre-Thanksgiving party.

The evening starts with a covered dish supper at 6:30, at the Armory. Every member of the Legion and Auxiliary, and their immediate family, is urged to attend.

The Auxiliary calls particular attention to the fact that each person must furnish their own table service.

After dinner a very short business meeting will be held by each organization, after which a joint program and other entertainment will be the order of the night.

# GOODS STOLEN FROM PARKED AUTOMOBILES

Reports were made to city police Saturday night that a number of groceries, clothes and books were taken from parked cars Saturday night, and Chief of Police Clatous McCredie today reminded people that they must not leave such articles in the cars, unwatched.

Mrs. N. Nye of Prospect had a number of clothes and numerous arithmetic and English books stolen from her automobile. D. A. Coffin of 1007 Reddy avenue and Ben Hitzen of 26 Spring street had groceries stolen from their cars, which were parked on South Grape street.

# THE GRANGE

**Talent Grange.**

The Talent Grange wishes to correct a news item which appeared in the Talent news of November 23.

Talent Grange held no dancing party at its last meeting. The meeting was the annual homecoming meeting for the year. A covered dish luncheon was served at 7:30, followed by the regular business meeting, after which the remainder of the evening was spent in a social time.

**Oregon Weather.**

Occasional rain tonight and Tuesday; snows in the mountains; not much change in temperature; southwest gales offshore.

## Jailed In Mexico

Lee Tracy, movie actor was jailed for several hours in Mexico City sending investigation of complaints that he had "offended public morals." It was alleged he appeared nude on a hotel balcony and shouted to a parade of cadets. (Associated Press Photo)

# GOLD PRICE HELD AT SAME LEVEL

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—(AP)—On the return of Acting Secretary Morgenthau from his Warm Springs conference with President Roosevelt, the administration today held the gold price for the sixth day at $33.76 an ounce—well above the London figure.

On the basis of sterling opening at $5.24 to the pound, the London price was $32.83.

The present domestic price has been sustained since before Morgenthau left on his week-end with Mr. Roosevelt.

The acting secretary returned at 8:30 this morning, making the last portion of his trip by airplane in order to reach his office before the setting of the new price.

**City Warrants Called for Payment.**

Notice is hereby given that there are funds on hand in the General Fund of the City of Medford for the redemption of Warrants Nos. 1244 to 1598 inc. Interest on the above warrants will cease after November 24, 1933.

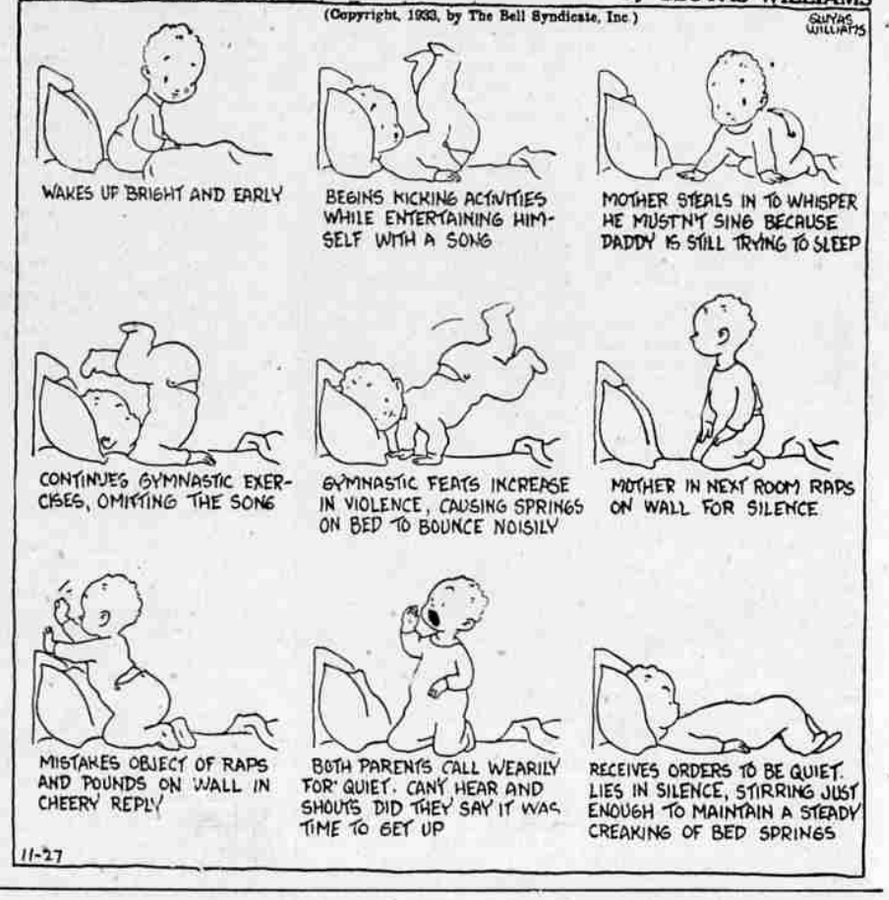
GUS H. SAMUELS,
City Treasurer.

## S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

## EARLY MORNING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS




## TAILSPIN TOMMY—No News Of Brownie!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

## THE NEBBS—And That's That

By SOL HESS

## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

There's No Guesswork in Tribune A. B. C. Circulation