

FORBIDDEN VALLEY

by William Byron Mowery

Curly Thompson has... in the Royal Mounted to undertake one more man hunt. The quarry is four Kaskasians, notorious international crooks. The trail has led Curt and his partner, Paul St. Claire, to a tiny settlement on the Canadian Northwest called Russian Lake. Curt has rescued Sonya Nichele from the evil designs of a half-breed, and now Sonya is telling her story of the history of the Cossack post that was the original settlement at Russian Lake. In retaliation for scores of tortures and tributes, the Kaskasians had attacked the Cossacks, Sonya says.

Chapter 12 THE OLD FORT

While the Cossacks were drinking heavily," said Sonya, "the eighty surviving Kaskasians massacred them all, burned their bodies in one huge pyre; and their old shaman laid the dread Thunder Curse on the place. Only the priest was left alive.

"It was a summer night like tonight," Sonya added. "Eight men who escaped the first rush, barricaded themselves in one of the rooms, but the Kaskasians chopped the door off its hinges and killed them. I imagined I could still see the dark stains on the walls of that room."

Curt thought that the Indians he had seen on the landing that afternoon were a pretty mild set to be descendants of the fiery tribe who had battled the Cossacks to a standstill, returning massacre for extortion. "They've certainly come down a notch," he remarked. "They're as peaceful as coast Siwash now."

"Oh, you're mistaken; the Indians around here aren't Kaskasians," she corrected him. "They're descendants of another band that used to live down toward Toland. The Kaskasians fled back into the mountains after that massacre, and they've stayed there ever since. They live up north in the Liliuar headwaters, and keep themselves isolated from other tribes, and they won't let white people come into their territory at all."

Curt recalled a time when he had sat on the pier at Fort McMurray with Inspector Jamieson of the Indian Bureau, and Jamieson had told him about a "lost" tribe in the Liliuar Mountains. These Kaskasians might be the tribe Jamieson meant.

According to Jamieson's account they were a wild and unapproachable clan, but not treacherous like the nomads of the S'kanni and Nahanni countries. He had so far persuaded the Indian Bureau to let them alone because they minded their own business and clutched their freedom so pathetically.

Gliding ashore, he beached the boat's canoe and started up the path with his companion. As he watched her moccasins play in and out of the yellow circle of light that he directed at the trail, he thought what small things they were—smaller even than Regina Ducharme's.

Once when her head bobbed close to his he caught the faint odor of rhyne perfume, and it put him in mind of the thyme-scented kerchief which had unlocked that Spanish consul case for him in Montreal. But what a difference between that soft-palmed woman and this clean-limbed vital girl at his side!

The touch of her hand on his arm, as he guided her past root-logs and shielded her from brush flipping back, was an experience such as he had never known with Rosalie Martin. Although he had been acquainted with her so short a time, he felt the impact of her personality, a very positive and loquent force.

The fort loomed up just ahead. Startlingly near, the owl sounded its weird call again. Curt reached down for a stone and sent it clattering against the old building. A soft-winged shadow passed over them and they heard the angry clicking of the bird's bill.

At the door he flipped the light on the massive rock walls and the broad parapet twenty-five feet high where soldiers once paced sentry-go at night. A clump of devil's club nearby choked the entrance. He pushed a way through the clump, and they stepped into the gloomy hallway that led down the center.

There were six rooms on the ground floor, but the second story was one big room, probably the Cossacks' assembly place. The roof had partly fallen in; the floor above had rotted, leaving only the thick beams; the dust of many generations covered everything; but otherwise the ruin lay there as it had been left on the night of the massacre, one hundred and twenty years ago.

Down the dusty hallway led a fresh moccasin track, small and dainty. Curt knew it was Sonya's, on some previous expedition. She certainly had nerve, to visit that place alone!

At the far end of the corridor she pointed to the doorway of the room at their left. In the hushed silence Sonya lowered her voice to a whisper.

"The massacre room, Mr. Ralston. Those last eight Cossacks barricaded themselves here. These blows were from the copper axes of the Kaskasians as they broke down the door."

Inside the room Curt played the flash about. A dozen rusty muskets of the flintlock type lay scattered on the floor. He picked one up and clicked the heavy hammer. A spark leaped. Against an empty powder canister lay a broken sword with richly chased hilt.

He rubbed away the corrosion till he made out the loping wolf insignia of the Imperial crest of the Romanoffs. Not caring for so gruesome a souvenir, he put it down and turned his flash on the walls. Those dark discolorations, splatly and sinister-looking—were they merely seepage from rain and snow, or bloodstains of the murdered Cossacks?

He took Sonya out of the ghastly place into the clean sweet night air, and they went on toward the post.

"It was plain justice that the Kaskasians did wipe out those Cossacks," he remarked grimly. "The Cossack régime allowed torture like this to go on for two thousand miles up and down the Pacific Coast. They knew all about it; they were just brutal to their own subjects, and they kept it up right down into modern times."

"Thank heaven, that régime got what was coming to it, too! The Leninists did a good job when they wiped that depravity out, rank and branch. They deserve thanks."

Sonya stopped suddenly, and her hand dropped from Curt's arm. "Thanks," she whirled on him, her eyes flashing. "To that crew of murderers?"

Her words came in a torrent, angry ringing words. "You don't realize what you're saying! You don't know anything about the red wave of bloodshed that swept all over Russia in '17 and '18."

"You were here in peaceful Canada, idling around pleasantly on some river or mountain range. You didn't see hundreds and thousands of innocent people killed, to stone for what a guilty few had done. Thanks—to those killers? Don't you ever say a thing like that to me!"

Curt stepped back as though she had struck him. Her anger was like a blow, so sudden and violent and utterly unexpected. For a moment he hardly knew what to say. Then he became a little angry himself. What he had just said didn't call for any such tirade from her.

"If you please," he said stiffly, "I limited my statement to the Cossack outfit. And I wasn't idling around pleasantly during that time; I was pushing a plane back and forth across the front in northern France. I don't condone this 'red wave of bloodshed' that you speak about. I said it was a good thing that the Leninists swept the Romanoff régime off the map. I'm sorry if my opinion wounded you, but—it's my opinion."

"You're welcome to it!" "Let's not have any angry feelings about it, please." "I'm not angry."

"Well, if you're not, I wouldn't want to be close to when you are!" Sonya struggled to control herself. "Let's drop it."

"All right." In an awkward silence they walked on out the path. Curt wondered, in a bewildered way, what on earth his remark had touched off in her, to make her fly all to pieces like that. He had recovered from his own anger, but her fiery words were ringing in his ears yet.

Near the tent she stopped, faced him. "You needn't go on to the post with me; it's only a few steps." She gave him her hand. "I'm really grateful to you and your partner for coming over to that island. It was awfully nice of you, and I won't ever forget it."

Curt tried to detain her. Somehow he had offended her violently, and he did want to part on friendly terms. But she disengaged her hand, turned, left him, and vanished up the trail in the dusk.

He was still staring after her when Paul came out of the tent. "I say, Paul," he remarked dryly. "It's a good thing you and I went over to that island and stopped that."

"Why so?" "Well, if we hadn't, I'm thinking there'd be a dead half-breed over there by now!"

Curt finds, Monday, that he has made a dangerous enemy.

SCIENCE WEIGHS RESULT OF TRIP TO SKY CEILING

Fungus Spores Taken to Stratosphere by Lieut. Com. Settle Prove Resistance Abnormal Conditions

By F. B. COLTON
Associated Press Science Writer
WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—(AP)—First scientific results of Lieut. Comdr. T. G. W. Settle's stratosphere flight were made public today, showing that life in the form of fungus spores or molds, where humans would die if unprotected, can survive 11 miles above earth.

Spores of seven kinds of fungi, or tiny plants, which Commander Settle carried to the stratosphere on the outside of his balloon gondola, lived through temperatures far below zero, rarefied air, low atmospheric pressure and increased ultra-violet light to which they were subjected on the trip, reported F. C. Meier, plant pathologist of the department of agriculture.

Alive on Return
The spores germinated readily after their return. It was the first time in the history of science that living spores had been sent to such a height above the earth and brought back for scientific analysis. They were carried inside and outside cotton balls tied to the gondola of the balloon.

The spores were those of common fungi that float about everywhere near the earth's surface. Meier sought to learn how high in the air they might travel and live. The tests, he said, showed that these spores, too small to be seen without a microscope, are among the hardiest forms of life in existence.

Common Spores Used
Among the spores sent aloft were those of common bread mold, known to every housewife; the red mold that causes "bloody bread" by germinating in blood-like spots after bread is baked, and strawberry rot that causes the "whiskers" sometimes seen on berries at marketing time. All the fungi used in the experiment previously had been collected by Meier on airplane flights.

Though the spores survived the stratosphere flight, the conditions they underwent may have caused changes not now apparent but which will show up as the fungi develop, Meier explained.

Plans are complete for the Eagles' annual Thanksgiving ball at Dreamland hall Thursday night. The affair, which is conducted annually, is for the purpose of raising funds for Christmas baskets to be distributed to needy families. The Oregon Lumberjacks, seven-piece orchestra, will furnish the music for this year's dance. Musicians making up the orchestra are: Al Wright, violin; Mrs. Apollo, piano; Bert Powell, saxophone; Ralph Gill, saxophone and clarinet; George Wendt, trombone and baritone; R. A. Schumacher, drums; Red Wright, banjo.

Anyone having old clothing or any articles which could be used for relief purposes is asked to leave them at Dreamland hall Thursday night.

MUNICIPALITIES OF WASHINGTON WANT RUM TAX

Special Legislative Session Will Be Told Division Should Be On 60-40 Basis—Gas Tax Also Objective

SEATTLE, Nov. 29.—(AP)—A major portion of the revenue from the sale of hard liquor will be demanded of the special session of the legislature, convening Monday, by cities and incorporated towns of Washington, having an aggregate population of more than 1,000,000 people.

This was the announcement today following a meeting here yesterday of the association of Washington municipalities. Mayor W. G. Stratton of Yakima, president, was instructed to call a meeting of the association at Olympia a week from tomorrow when plans will be made to present the demands to the lawmakers.

A majority of city officials favored a division of the revenue in the proportion of 60 per cent for the cities and 40 per cent for the state. Discussion of measures to be enacted after the fall of the eighteenth amendment disclosed a strong sentiment for some form of state control of hard liquor with municipal control of beer and of wine having an alcoholic content of not more than 14 per cent.

A. E. Colburn, commissioner of public safety of Spokane, said the duty and responsibility of maintaining police departments, courts and inspection service would impose a heavy financial burden on the cities and that they should be reimbursed from liquor revenues.

In addition to the liquor revenues, the cities will ask for a larger share of the tax on gasoline. Attending the meeting were Mayor E. N. Steele, Olympia; Councilman Frank Schuller, Ellensburg; Mayor F. B. Richmond, Walla Walla; Councilman John E. Carroll, Seattle, and Mayor Stratton and Commissioner Colburn.

Montana has 56 counties, an average of one for each 10,000 population.

Thanksgiving Ball Thursday To Help Eagles Charities

Plans are complete for the Eagles' annual Thanksgiving ball at Dreamland hall Thursday night.

The affair, which is conducted annually, is for the purpose of raising funds for Christmas baskets to be distributed to needy families. The Oregon Lumberjacks, seven-piece orchestra, will furnish the music for this year's dance. Musicians making up the orchestra are: Al Wright, violin; Mrs. Apollo, piano; Bert Powell, saxophone; Ralph Gill, saxophone and clarinet; George Wendt, trombone and baritone; R. A. Schumacher, drums; Red Wright, banjo.

Anyone having old clothing or any articles which could be used for relief purposes is asked to leave them at Dreamland hall Thursday night.

Plans are complete for the Eagles' annual Thanksgiving ball at Dreamland hall Thursday night. The affair, which is conducted annually, is for the purpose of raising funds for Christmas baskets to be distributed to needy families. The Oregon Lumberjacks, seven-piece orchestra, will furnish the music for this year's dance. Musicians making up the orchestra are: Al Wright, violin; Mrs. Apollo, piano; Bert Powell, saxophone; Ralph Gill, saxophone and clarinet; George Wendt, trombone and baritone; R. A. Schumacher, drums; Red Wright, banjo.

Anyone having old clothing or any articles which could be used for relief purposes is asked to leave them at Dreamland hall Thursday night.

PRIEST CENSURED FOR DIG AT SMITH

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—(AP)—The New York Sun today quotes Mgr. Thomas G. Carroll, chancellor of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York, as saying the attack which the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, Detroit priest, made Monday night on Former Governor Alfred E. Smith was "absolutely unwarranted."

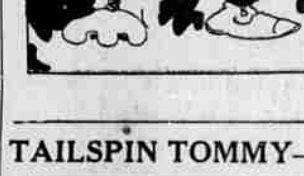
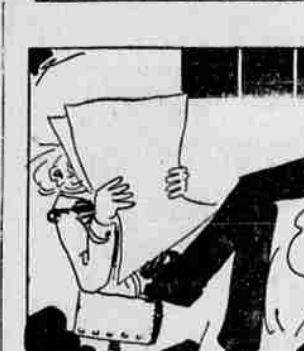
The Sun quoted Mgr. Carroll as saying it was "absolutely unwarranted in view of the governor's record as a legislator and governor of the state of New York, and his work in the interest of the people of the state."

"Father Coughlin," the Sun quotes Mgr. Carroll as saying, "ought to remember that as a clergyman he has a rather privileged forum, which is accorded him by his position whether he accepts it as such or not, and that forum is not the place in which to attribute selfish notions to anybody."

Several attempts to have a state drivers' license law enacted in Montana have been unsuccessful.

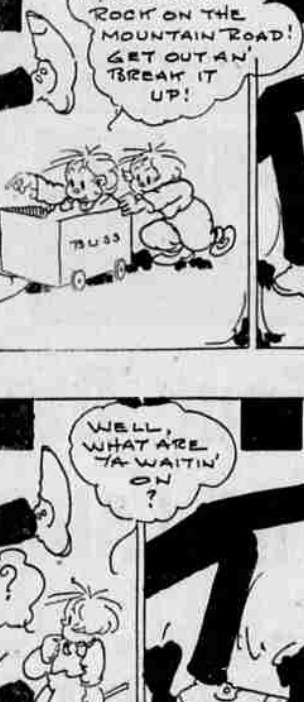
'SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

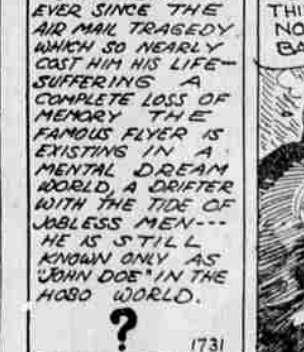
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE FAMILY REUNION AT THANKSGIVING WHICH IS ALL VERY WELL, BUT IT MAKES EATING DIFFICULT FOR A SMALL BOY WHO NEEDS PLENTY OF ELBOW ROOM REALLY TO ENJOY HIS TURKEY

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Not That Desperate!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



THE NEBBS—The Shock

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



SHOE STORE DISPLAY FEATURES GRID MEN

For the Thanksgiving season, the Buster Brown Shoe store has arranged a special display featuring Medford high school's football team. Each of the little players is wearing a pair of regular Buster Brown shoes, and the little men are dressed in red and black.

In the background is one of the trophies from Medford high school's large collection.

MORE SATISFACTION CAN'T BE BOUGHT FOR 5¢

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS



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