

FORBIDDEN VALLEY

By William Byron Mowery

SYNOPSIS: Curt Tennyson and Paul St. Clair are trailing Igor Aurakhan, millionaire crook, into the wilds of the Adirondacks. They have joined parties with Sonya and Ralph Nichols. Sonya and Ralph claim to be entomologists on a scientific expedition, and to be brother and sister. Curt, who is much interested in Sonya, finds they are neither scientists nor related. Sonya is bound on a secret mission, and will not explain it to Curt, who nevertheless promises to protect her as best he can against the dangerous Klooshees Indians, whose territory they are entering.

Chapter 21 THE BATTLE

AT THE mouth of the pass the next morning, Curt stood up in his canoe for a last look ahead. To get his party through that narrow was a job that he would gladly have handed to someone else. He had the uneasy feeling that eyes were watching his three canoes and dusky hands were toying with fluted arrows.

The pass was more than a mile long, with a strong current to buck and no midstream islets to take refuge on. He and Paul had scouted it out that morning while the others were still asleep, and had discovered only one favorable circumstance.

Sometime that spring a lightning fire had swept down the east shore, cutting a swath half a mile wide, and burning to the very water edge. Along that whole east shore there was hardly a place where a rabbit could have made its form.

If the Klooshees were watching the pass, they had to be on the west side. By hugging the east landwash with his party, he could make them shoot all the way across the river. No bows that he had ever seen could do effective work at that distance.

Before sitting down, he gave his final orders: "Paul and I'll lead, Sonya and François'll come next, Ralph and Jocku last. We'll keep strung out in single file so it'll be harder to hit us. One other thing—nobody shoots at those men unless I say shoot. Jocku, that's meant for you and François."

They skirted into the narrow. In spite of the stiff current they put the rods behind them, hoping to slide through unmolested.

A quarter way through, it happened—the thing Curt had expected. Twenty yards ahead of his canoe something plunked into the water. Watching the opposite shore closely, he saw a second object, so swift that it seemed a mere flash, come whizzing out of a rocky ravine and sail across the river in a low graceful arch. It too fell ahead.

Another and another followed, not aimed at the three craft but deliberately placed in front, as a warning to turn back. They came faster and faster till perhaps fifty arrows had been shot. Then they suddenly stopped.

The range of those horn bows daunted Curt. They could do damage at that distance. They could do deadly work.

He stopped and let Sonya's craft slide up alongside.

"You lie down, girl, flat in your canoe. Don't expose yourself; you'll be taking chances on your life if you do." He pulled her blanket roll beside her and laid his own sleeping pokes on top of it for extra protection.

"François, you and Jocku dip those paddles deep and fast! The quicker we get through here, the less time they'll have to make targets of us."

They skimmed on, hugging the east landwash.

AS THEY came exactly opposite the rocky ravine, the Klooshees opened on them again, this time in earnest.

If the arrows had come singly, they could have been dodged by an alert person, for their polished heads glistened in the sun and their flight was visible at the height of its arch. But they came too thick to watch. One struck Paul's paddle, uprated for a stroke, and pierced clear through the ash-heart blade.

One hit the canoe in front of Curt's knees, clipped through the spruce-gum pot, behind him somebody yelled. He turned and saw François grabbing at his hat as it fell into the water with an arrow through the crown.

Ralph had gone pale, but he kept his eyes straight ahead and was paddling valiantly. Tenderfoot though he was, in those hectic moments that brought out a man's real nature he showed more courage than the "breeds" who had spent all their lives in the bush.

Disobeying orders, Sonya had sat up, seized her paddle and was helping François.

"Get down!" Curt ordered her. "Don't you know you're liable to be killed?"

Sonya shook her head as though saying, "Well, aren't the rest of you?" An instant later a vicious arrow whizzed over her, so low that she dodged and gasped. Another splintered the thwart she was sitting against. A third hit the sleeping poke which Curt had placed at her side. If the poke had not been there, that third arrow would have shot her through the breast.

François shipped paddle and grabbed for his rifle. "Drop that!" Curt snapped at him. "You can't touch 'em. They're in cover, we're on open water. That paddle will get you out of danger quicker than a gun!"

Bent low, they clipped on up stream, trusting to sheer luck. Slowly the arrows tailed off, began falling behind, and finally stopped altogether as the range became too great.

Curt let the other two canoes catch up and looked them over. Nineteen arrows in the three craft—it was a miracle that none of his party had been killed or wounded. Ralph flicked the sweat from his face and stared across at the forbidding woods, with fright in his eyes. François and Jocku were ready to turn in their tracks and whip back south. Sonya was the coolest of the lot.

He picked the arrow out of the sleeping poke and examined it curiously. A superb piece of workmanship, its obsidian head was pointed to needle sharpness and its shaft was neatly feathered with split hawk-quills.

Paul touched his arm and pointed to the rocky ravine across the river.

"THEY'RE leaving the ravine. Watch. There by the four birches goes one now!"

Curt glimpsed a shadowy figure slipping into a buck-brush thicket. Another and another followed. Eight of them. To be only eight, they certainly had let loose a flock of arrows!

He knew why they were hurrying up stream. Their first ambush had failed but they still had time to lay another one before his party could get through the pass. No use to race them; they were loping along a game trail while his canoes were fighting a ten-mile current. There was nothing to do but go ahead, keep a sharp lookout, and try to get by them again.

He gave the word, and his party went on.

Near the upper end of the narrow a long granite rock jutted out into the river, extending fully a third of the way across; and at its tip a big pile of break-up debris had lodged, quite sufficient to hide eight men. Curt looked at it sharply as the canoes approached. If the Klooshees were hiding there, it was suicide to try to get past.

On above it lay a big river-widening, the end of the pass. It tempted him, that broad sun-glistening water. In ten minutes his party could be skimming out upon it.

He reached his binoculars, drew the granite rock up close, studied the pile of debris, but saw nothing suspicious. He had almost made up his mind to take the risk, when a magpie with a stolen egg in its bill came flapping down stream. Directly above the rock it suddenly broadened up high, nearly tumbled over itself in the air, dropped the egg, and veered abruptly out across the river.

Curt and Paul looked knowingly at each other. That magpie was a dead give-away. There were men lying behind that drift.

The three canoes pulled in to shore and landed.

Sonya spoke up. "I know how you can do it! We're not stopped! We can't pass them on the river, but why can't we portage around them? Just as we would at a rapids or falls!"

The move was so simple and self-evident that Curt felt ashamed for not thinking of it himself. If his party kept three hundred feet back from the water edge, they would be entirely safe. They could portage their stuff at one hitch and be up at that widening in ten minutes.

Paul and François shouldered one canoe, load and all, and headed for the bank above. Jocku and Ralph staggered after them with the second. Curt handed the paddles and his rifle to Sonya, swung up the third canoe and followed.

At the bank he put down his load, told the others to wait there, and started back alone the beach.

Directly opposite the ambush he walked out on the sand to the river edge, palms up; the sign for peace. It was a risky act; at so short a range he was completely at their mercy.

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Tomorrow, Curt faces death.

HOLIDAY RULING ISSUED BY NRA

With the approach of the holiday season, Frank Messenger, Oregon-Id.

also NRA compliance director, today issued the ruling of the NRA policy board of legal holidays, announced by the local NRA committee. Employees paid on a weekly basis are to be paid their full weekly salary during any week containing a legal holiday. Employees on a daily or hourly basis of pay need not be paid for the holiday. It was further pointed out that

legal holidays were taken into consideration when the codes were drawn, and that no employer may require an employee to work longer hours on other days of the week to make up for the time lost during a legal holiday. That is, if an employee may work no more than 40 hours weekly under the code, and loses 8 hours work by reason of a legal holiday, his employer may not

require him to work additional hours on the other days of that week to make up the lost time.

Bright Spots

(By United Press.)
Midland Steel Products company reports net profits for first ten

months of 1933 of \$692,630, against net loss of \$492,631 in like 1932 period.

Pratt & Lamber, Inc., declares extra dividend of 12 1/2 cents a share.

Liquor Carbonic company declares special dividend of 25 cents a share.

American Capital Corporation declares dividend of 75 cents a share on \$3 cumulative preferred stock first payment since Oct. 1, 1931.

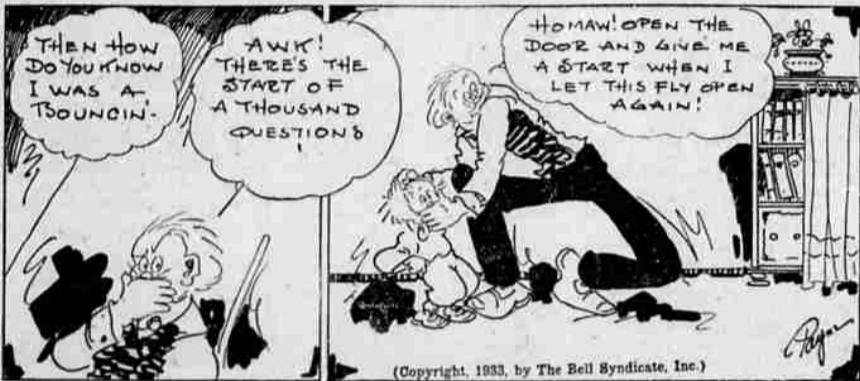
J. C. Penney Company reports November sales of \$19,215,786, up 27.7 per cent from November 1932.

Torrington Company increases annual dividend rate from \$2 to \$3 a share.

The sight-seeing bus has arrived in India, the first line to be operated for the convenience of tourists being known as "The Ganges Valley Pullman Service."

'SMATTER POP—

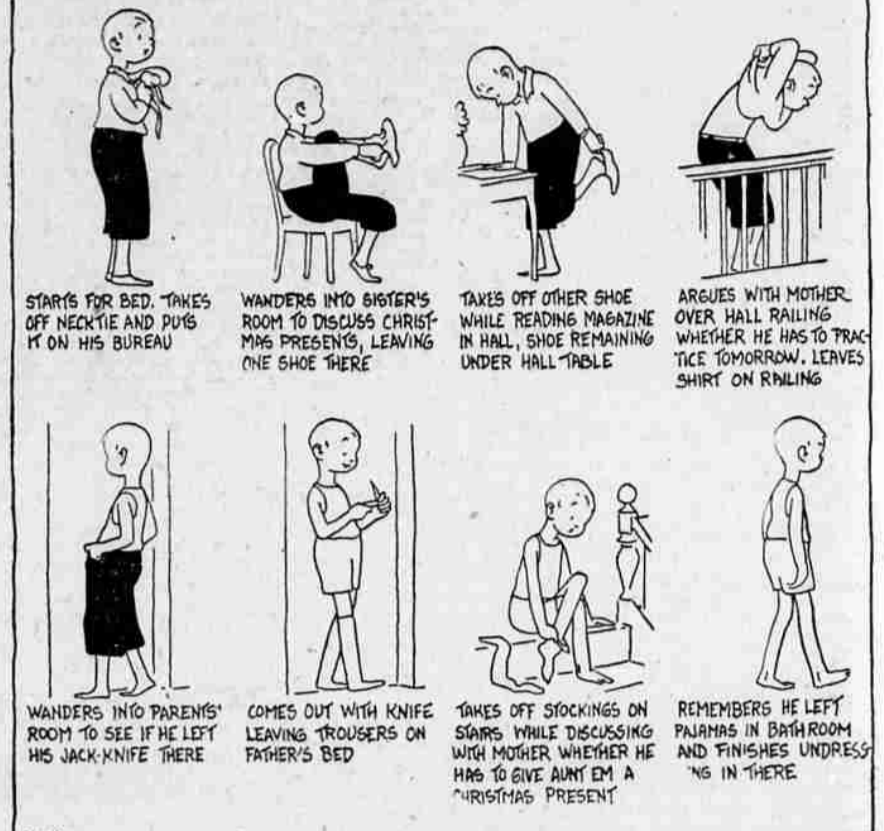
By C. M. PAYNE



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SNAPSHOTS OF A BOY UNDRRESSING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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12-11

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Brownie Disappears Again

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORRESTER



BOUND TO WIN—A Grandstand View

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—The Rivals

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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Oregon Weather.
Rain tonight and Tuesday; cool northwest portion tonight; southerly gales offshore.

World production of boots and shoes during the first half of 1933 year reached the grand total of \$15,000,000 pairs.

Eight hundred men will move 250,000 cubic yards of earth, using picks and shovels in lieu of power machinery, to level Port Moore hill in Los Angeles, as an unemployment relief project.

There are 26 municipal libraries in Tokyo, Japan.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

The BIG 5¢ WORTH

THE FLAVOR LASTS

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