

# FORBIDDEN VALLEY

By William Byron Mowery

**SYNOPSIS:** Deserting Curt Ferguson, who has not only met and befriended her in the Canadian woods but has fallen in love with her, Sonya Volkov has slipped away from camp to join the international crew, Igor Karakhan. Curt is trying to capture Karakhan. Curt, with his partner, Paul, and Ralph Nichols, Sonya's former aid, are left stranded on an island in the middle of a lake with neither canoe nor provisions after an attack by the Kioshoes Indians that has been inspired by Karakhan. Ralph is desperately wounded.

## CHAPTER 37 TENN-OG AGAIN

OVER and over again Curt swore to himself, "I'm going to get off this island!" If he could not walk or fly or paddle away, he at least could swim away. But they could not abandon Ralph. To take Ralph with them they would have to get a boat, and the only chance of doing that was for one of them to swim over to the mainland camp after dark and try to steal a canoe.

He himself would have to go. Paul could not; like most men born beside the cold waters of the north, he could hardly swim at all. "Besides our own lives," he added, "there's Ralph to be considered. If we have a canoe, we can drop down to the Iaklinwah mouth in

up on the sand. Thoroughly mystified, he swam in, struck bottom and waded ashore.

Paul came running to meet him, bringing his clothes. "Partner! It's Tenn-Og! He fetched us a canoe!"

"What's the idea?" "He came just as soon as it was dark enough that the others wouldn't see him. If you don't believe me, there's the boat and there he is!" "What's the idea?"

"He says he met Sonya over at their camp just after the last night, and she told him to bring us a boat."

"Humph! LeNoir's using him to bait some deadfall for us. Let's find out what his game is." He dressed quickly, walked over to Tenn-Og, nodded to him. "It's a surprise to see you, friend. So you brought us a canoe. That's fine! But why?"

Tenn-Og pointed to his forehead and shoulder wounds, as a reminder that the white strangers had once helped him.

"Is the white girl over there at the camp?" Curt asked. She had left last night, Tenn-Og said. LeNoir had started her north to the white man in charge of three dependable guides.

"Wasn't it you last evening," Curt inquired sardonically, "who led



The water was numbing cold at first.

twenty-four hours, and in six more we'll be up at old John's lake. If Smash is waiting there, as he ought to be, we can have Ralph over on the Pacific Coast, in the hospital at Prince Rupert, in thirty-six hours."

Paul glanced across that mile of icy slapping water. "You'd stand one chance in twenty-five of getting over to that camp and one in a hundred of stealing a canoe without getting killed."

"But if I don't go, we don't stand any chance at all. As soon as it gets dark enough I'm going. It had better be tonight; tomorrow night will only find us weaker."

The slight hope of getting away or at least of doing something besides waiting helplessly heartened them a little. Curt happened to remember about Ralph's hat-dline the previous evening and went looking for it. A small chub was on the line when Curt pulled it in. He cut the chub into bait, threw the line out, caught a gray trout and half a dozen mullets. They scorched the fish over a little wisp of fire and had their first meal in thirty hours.

TWILIGHT came earlier than usual, for the sky was still clouded. They walked up to the north tip, and Curt stripped for his swim. The lake still ran wild with whitecaps. He shook hands with Paul, waded out and started for the near island.

The water was numbing cold at first, but he struck up a vigorous pace that kept the chill out of his blood. In twenty minutes he raised his head and saw a spruce islet, his first stop, not far in front of him.

At about that same time he heard a distant gunshot. It sounded like Paul calling to him. He halted, listened, heard nothing more, and swam on. A minute later four shots came rolling across the lake. The peculiar sequence of them—staggered in time, it was a signal between him and Paul; they had used it a dozen times to summon each other.

He turned around and headed back for the camp island.

Seventy-five yards off the lower tip, he made out two men standing at the wave edge. Nearer, he recognized Paul, and saw a canoe drawn

those three canoes down at the north tip of this island!"

TENN-OG admitted leading the canoes. But, he added, at the right moment he had pulled his men out of the fight by shouting to them that the whites were killing the other Kioshoes. When he backed off, it had broken up those plans.

Curt studied the dusky face sharply. It was the most impassive face he had ever met with, as unreadable as a granite mask. Tenn-Og's explanation did fit the circumstance, the whole story sounded plausible enough; but still he did not quite believe it.

"Si-am-Kiale and LeNoir have cooked up something for us," he told Paul. "They want to get it over with in a hurry, so they're using this fellow to trap us with. Well, they've got another guess coming! And in the meantime we've got a canoe!"

Curt inspected the craft. It was a twenty-foot birchbark, large enough for five or six people. The Indian had also brought three extra paddles, sleeping robes for the four of them, and food—several pounds of caribou jerky and two large roasted fish wrapped in leaves. That tempting food made Curt suspicious.

"We'd better stay away from it, Paul. LeNoir is an artist with poison, and it'd be like him to salt grab with strychnine and send it to us."

All thoughts of going on after Karakhan had dropped out of his mind. Sonya could go on, if she wanted to, and Karakhan could get away, it had to be. Ralph's life came first.

They picked up the canoe, took it nearer the barricade, and floated it. After making a bed of the sleeping robes, they carried it up over and laid him in. Curt shoved away, unworshipfully thankful to see the last of that unlucky island.

"Have your friends got canoes out on the lake tonight, watching for us?" he asked Tenn-Og. "Go that way," Tenn-Og pointed west. "No canoes there." He did not argue or try to persuade, but merely pointed and stated facts.

(Copyright, 1933, William B. Mowery)

Tomorrow, Curt decides to trust Tenn-Og.

# YOUTH ADMITS SLAYING MUTE

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 30.—(AP)—William McMann, 20-year-old electrician,

was held in the city jail today for Grand Rapids, Mich., police, who wired they want him on a charge of murdering Margaret Peavy, 22, a deaf mute, in his city.

Detective Lieutenant Earl Lindley and P. Basler stated the youth admitted killing the girl and insisted he had ample reason for the shooting. "She played a dirty trick on me,"

McMann was quoted by police as saying.

McMann signed a waiver of extradition and will be returned to Michigan without offering a court battle.

Real estate or insurance—leave it to Jones. Phone 606.

Dance at Rogue Elk Saturday night, January 6th.

# GIRL WILL DOFF MEN'S CLOTHING

OAKLAND, Cal., Dec. 30.—(AP)—Frances Orlando, 24-year-old mas-

querader in men's clothes for nine years, pleaded guilty to charges of vagrancy today before Police Judge Howard L. Bacon, and was released, with order to "get out of town."

"You must restrain yourself from wearing men's clothes," said the court, sternly regarding her costume of blue pants, sweater and brown coat.

The girl, arrested December 27 in a men's lodging house, boasted it was "easy to fool women," and said several had made her proposals of marriage.

One girl, with whom she said she shared an apartment in Rexburg, Ida., had "fixed" the wedding day as December 29, she said. She declined to name the woman.

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

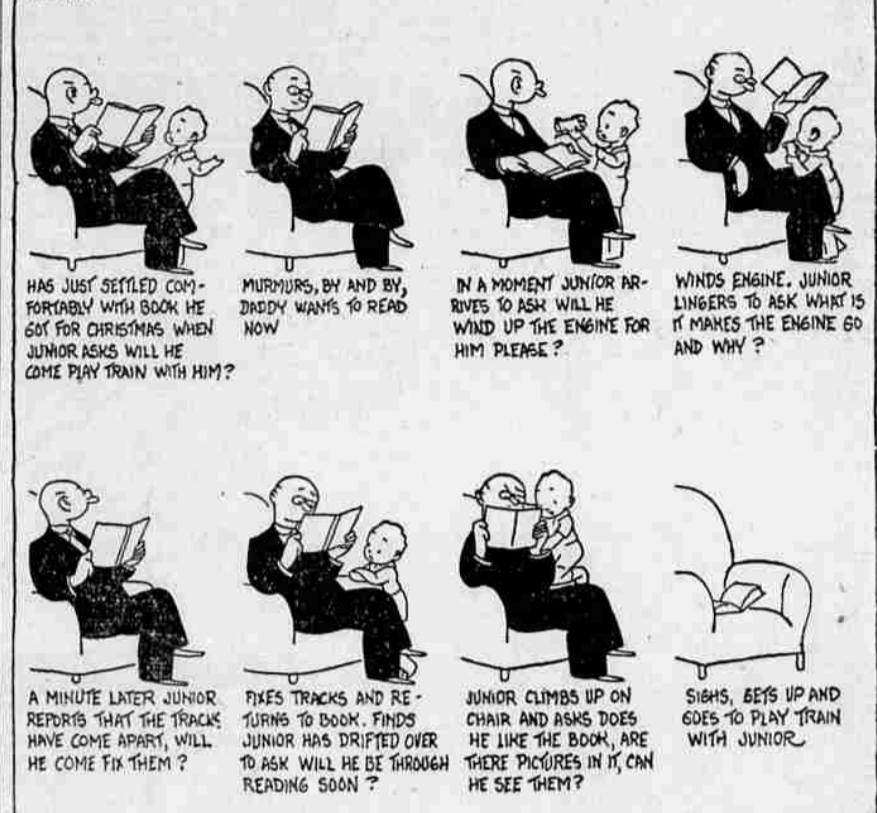
# S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



# SNAPSHOTS OF A FATHER TRYING TO READ

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



# TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Good Pilot Never Misses!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



# BOUND TO WIN—Asa Moore's Discovery

By EDWIN ALGER



# THE NEBBS—The Ungrateful World

By SOL HESS



# BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



# JOHNSON TO EYE BANKS' CHARGES

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—(AP)—Discussing plans of New York banks to impose heavy service charges on checking accounts under the new bankers codes Hugh B. Johnson today indicated to newspapermen he would give these proposals careful scrutiny before approving them.

# CALIFORNIA TOWN TO SEEK GOLD IN STREETS

DUTCH FLAT, Cal.—(UP)—Residents of this mining town long have known their city had streets of gold, and now something is to be done about it.

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