

# FORBIDDEN VALLEY

By William Byron Mowery

**SYNOPSIS:** Curt Tennyson, Ralph Karakhan and his friend Ralph have been marooned on a Canadian island without provisions or a canoe by the Kioshees Indians. Sonya follows, whom Curt loves, has fled to Igor Karakhan, and Karakhan is the crook Curt is trying to capture. Now Tennyson, a Kioshees whose life Curt had saved, brings them a canoe, and tells them how to avoid the Indians.

## Chapter 38 THE ESCAPE

"All right," Jurt agreed, "we'll try the west. But understand this, if anything happens it can't happen too quick to keep me from putting a bullet between your eyes, friend. You understand?"

Tenn-Og nodded, without a flicker of expression on his dusky face. They went back past their camp island and paddled on west toward the mainland. They were not challenged. Three hundred yards from the shore they swung south. Still they heard no signals, saw no shadowy mottles.

Jurt hardly knew what to think. Twice now the Indian's advice had proved right, very right. By the route he had suggested they had got free of the island and through the cordon of canoes. That didn't look like treachery. Furthermore it was Sonya who had sent him with that boat, and certainly she had not wanted them to meet harm.

With the wind pushing them along, they dropped down toward the narrows where François and Jocku had been killed. The memory of that death cry was still vivid with Curt. As the dark bottle neck loomed up just ahead, he touched Tenn-Og. "Any men guarding that?"

Tenn-Og nodded and held up six fingers. "When they call, I answer, you say nothing."

They skirted into the entrance. The dark timber fitted by, close on either hand. Five hundred yards down, down at the narrowest part, they were suddenly challenged. The voice came from a clump of junipers, ahead of them and on the right-hand bank. An instant later another voice rang out on the left. Two hidden parties, with less than a hundred feet separating them—no wonder François and Jocku had met doom there.

Tenn-Og stood up and answered. Curt held his rifle at alert, with the trigger safety on red. The canoe came in between the two parties. Nothing happened. It drifted on past. Still nothing happened. Before they could make themselves believe it, they were through the gantlet, safe—with the open river ahead!

A mile down, when they breathed freely again and were speeding south as fast as three paddles could take them, Curt crept forward and laid his hand on Tenn-Og's arm. "I make mistake," he said slowly, in the jargon. "Tenn-Og talk straight, save white-man friends. I'm sorry. You understand?"

Tenn-Og shrugged his shoulders and grunted, with no more expression on his clawscarred face than when they had suspected him of treachery and had threatened to shoot him.

SOMETIME after midnight they came to an island where Curt's party had camped on the up trip. Whipping ashore, they ate part of the food which Tenn-Og had brought and fished themselves down on the sand for a five-minute rest.

That camp site held memories for Curt, poignant memories of the evening his party had stayed there. A cluster of wilted anemones, the imprint of a small daisy moccasin along the landward, made him recall how Sonya had wandered lonesomely about the camp, trying by a dozen little kindnesses to get a friendly word out of him.

As he stared up at the stars and thought of her going north with those three Indian guides, it came home to him that in sending Tenn-Og to them with the canoe she had run a big risk, closely guarded as she had been. It was pretty fine of her to do so. If it hadn't been for her, he would have gone across to the Kioshees camp and likely got killed in his attempt to steal a boat.

The incident made him look back on their whole relationship with less bitterness and more honesty, and he had to acknowledge that from first to last she had squared with him. She had not asked for his help on the trip; he had volunteered it, that morning at the mountain torrent.

And later, when she saw he was falling in love with her, she had said and done everything that a girl could do to halt it. At least she had a conscience, a thoughtful regard for other people's feelings. Rosalie Martin would never have tried to

stop him. Rosalie would have taken pride in having another scalp at her belt. The more he thought about her joining Karakhan, the more it seemed to clash with all that he had seen of her during two weeks of intimate association. In Helen Mathieson one could understand such a flight; Helen was blinded and entirely dominated by passion.

But Sonya was not Helen Mathieson. Sonya had gone through more in her life; she was more mature, deeper of insight, far more thoughtful. For all the fire in her, she did not seem a girl who would ever let passion overrule her sense of right. Her association with Karakhan was simply out of harmony with all the rest of her nature.

When they got up to go on, he saw that Ralph had drifted back to the borderline of consciousness; his eyes half open, his lips moving. He was too far gone to talk, but he recognized his friends and understood what they said to him. Curt bent down, encouraging:

"Don't let go, Ralph. We're leaving the Liliars and taking you out. Tomorrow at this time you'll be in Prince Rupert, and there they'll fix you up."

Twice more during the rest of the night Ralph came out of his stupor for a few moments. The second time he tried hard to tell Curt something. Curt believed it was something about Sonya, for her name was distinguishable in the broken whispers. But whatever it was, it went unsaid.

MORNING came at last, with the gray smoke-mist curling up and trout breaking the surface in silvery flashes.

They stopped ten minutes to rest, and then hurried on all the faster, now that they had light to travel by. With Tenn-Og in the prow, guiding them down the river that he knew so intimately, they shot over dangerous white water without pausing to scout a course. Their hands were blistered from the paddle work, their arms ached intolerably, but for Ralph's sake they drove themselves to the limit.

One hour of merciless paddling, then five minutes of rest; another hour and another five minutes on the sand—in that steady relentless fashion they reeled off the long miles of the flight south. At noon they came to a sluggish lake of reed patches and sloughs where ducks and geese and teal in countless numbers had their summer rookeries. As they were threading a short-cut channel, Curt glanced back toward the lake head and happened to see a colony of little black terns rise out of a slough and explode like a puff of feathers, with shrill cries of alarm.

Evidently something out of the ordinary had flushed them. As he kept watching he saw scattered ducks and teal go up, lower down the slough, indicating that the cause of the alarm, whatever it might be, was coming down stream.

Suspicious, he and Paul stopped, backed into a thick clump of flags and waited. A minute later two canoes came skimming around a reedy point and headed down toward them. Traveling light, three stalwart men to a boat, they had come south even faster than his party.

To let them go past would only have meant an ambush and fight further down river. They had to be stopped. Waiting till they were within easy range, he and Paul opened on them with a sudden blast. The ricocheting bullets, smashing through the wind-water line of the craft, sank them before the thunderstruck Kioshees could realize that ambushing was a game which two could play at. With their canoes foundering under them, the six leaped out and swam for the nearest flags.

Muddled and bedraggled, they stood on their bit of quivering bog and stonily waited to be shot, as Curt's canoe nosed across toward them. Curt looked them over. Like Tenn-Og they were tall rugged men, hardy mountaineers as virile a type of Indian as he had ever seen.

"Tell 'em we're not going to kill 'em," he bade Tenn-Og. "Find out where the main band is and what they're doing, and where the white girl is."

He listened closely as Tenn-Og talked with the six, but he could not understand a word of the clicks and grunts except the names of Siam-Kiale and LeNoir. When the palaver was over and he had made sure that the six men could get across to the shore, he backed the canoe off and headed his party down stream again.

With their tragic burden, Curt and his men continue their flight tomorrow.

# BOULDER DAM JOB ABOUT FIFTH DONE

LAS VEGAS, Nev.—(UP)—One-fifth of Boulder Dam, government reclamation project for five states, has been completed with pouring of about 20 per cent of the 3,400,000 cubic yards of concrete.

During October, the 3,200 employees of the Six Companies, Inc., builders of the dam, poured 205,000 cubic yards of mix, an average of 6,600 yards daily, seven days a week, in three shifts each 24 hours. In December the Six Companies

have received three-quarters of the \$48,890,995.50 which the federal government is paying for the building of the structure on the Colorado river. Work on the 30-foot penstock pipe will be started soon. Most of the smaller penstocks have been completed. In the construction of pipes to carry the water from the dam to power plants and irrigation projects, more than 7,000 tons of steel have been received at the fabrication plant here.

A total of 4,100 persons is employed on the entire project. At the actual dam construction 3,200 men are employed by the Six Companies. Babcock & Wilson are using 169, the Boulder City Company 112, Anderson Brothers 102, and permittees at various jobs are estimated at 200 persons. In addition to work on the dam

proper and the steel pipes, the driving of penstock tunnels has continued and has reached the stage where concrete is being poured on the Nevada spillway. Progress on the entire project has been aided by the exceptionally brief period of high water thus far.

**CENTENARY RETAINS UNDEFEATED RECORD**  
DALLAS, Tex., Jan. 2.—(AP)—The Centenary College Gentlemen of Shreveport retained their 2-year undefeated record by playing a 7 to 1 tie against the University of Arkansas in the annual Dixie New Year's football game for the Shrine's Crippled Children Hospital fund.

# S'MATTER POP—

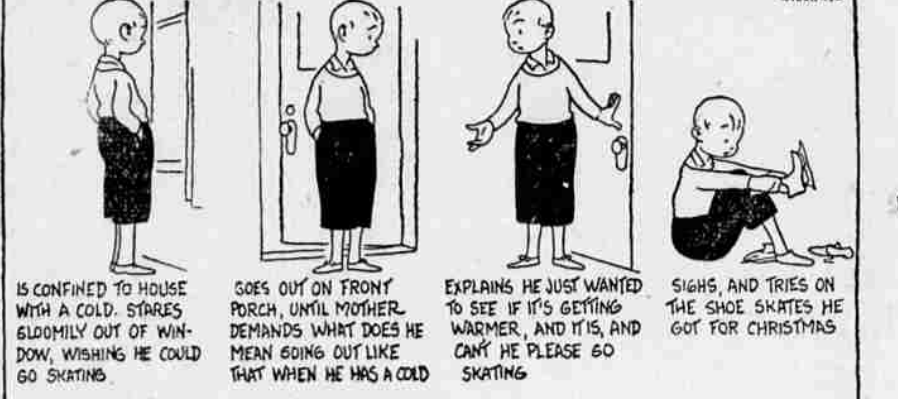
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# PEACE SUGGESTION WILL BE EYED BY EDUCATION BOARD

PORTLAND, Jan. 2.—(AP)—Suggestions of the American Association of University Professors for an "orderly adjustment of the difficulties" which have beset higher learning in Oregon, will be considered by the state board of higher education at a meeting here Monday, January 15. Willard Marks of Albany, acting chairman of the state board, has described the outlook as being "decidedly encouraging."

educational system and the inter-school strife, and the results of this survey will be before the board at its next meeting. Chairman Marks yesterday issued a prepared statement on the matter. It said in part: "The A. A. U. P. committee assigned to study the Oregon situation made a most painstaking and judicial study of the controversies here. It discussed the problems not only with the chancellor and with the faculty, but with as many board members as could be reached conveniently at that time, and it emphasized above all things the welfare of education. "When the committee left Oregon December 1 it forwarded to the board members a very brief memorandum for the orderly adjustment of the difficulties. These suggestions will come before a full meeting of the board, scheduled for January 15."

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