

# FORBIDDEN VALLEY

By William Byron Mowery

**SYNOPSIS:** After a winter of wolf hunting by airplane in the sub-Arctic, Curt Tennyson returns to Edmond to find a message from his former chief in the Mounted Police, A. K. Marlin, asking that Curt not "sit up" with anything before they meet. Curt goes to Marlin's hotel room, sees his niece, Rosalie Marlin, and then goes to breakfast with A-K. A-K is amused to find that Curt already knows the history of Igor Karakhan, the international crook who has evaded the police for 3 months. Curt looks over Karakhan's record, and photographs of him.

### Chapter Three

#### CURT REFUSES

Curt glanced at the snaps, two of them full-length; and studied one enlarged bust photo. He had seen the Russian personally on half a dozen occasions, but not close enough to observe him very well. He was struck by the intelligence and dynamic power of Karakhan. A man of forty, tall and commanding, he did not look Russian at all; his handsome manly features had nothing of the usual Slavic broadness. His dark eyes, staring straight into Curt's, were smiling a faint sardonic smile. Except for a lustful expression about his mouth, he gave no suggestion of the crime trail that he had tracked across two continents.

The record contained several facts which Curt had not known at all. Karakhan was a Don Cossack, born of the lowest muzhik parents. Joining the army at an early age, he rose by sheer brilliance and became a colonel in the Imperial Guard at twenty-five.

As an aide to General Sukhomlinov, he had raked in his share of Sukhomlinov's war graft during those times when the Russian armies were struggling pitifully in the Gallican swamps, with Ludendorff's gray hosts in front of them and traitors in the high places behind.

"We got that data from the Soviet G.P.U.," A-K explained. "They want him as badly as we do. You see, his game in Vancouver was to pose as an agent of the Soviet foreign trade commission. With his Russian background and all, he put it over in easy style. He cleaned up a million that we know of, and his haul must have totaled twice that much; some of those firms won't admit they were defrauded, for fear they'd lose prestige. Last September, on the sixteenth, or seventeenth, he cashed in and vanished like a puff of smoke."

Curt understood that A-K wanted him to run Karakhan down and arrest him. After so brazen a crime, the man's clean get-away must have dealt a serious blow to the reputation of the Royal Mounted. And no doubt A-K, like all decent-thinking men, considered that Karakhan's reckoning for the long trail of human suffering, death and ruined lives that lay behind him, was due and overdue.

As he looked out into the sun-splashed court, Curt felt a challenge in pitting himself against this international criminal who had outgeneraled the police of half a dozen nations; and he was proud that the heads of the Mounted should have turned to him, an outsider now, when all other recourses had failed. Personally he despised Karakhan with a tinge of loathing; and in fancy he imagined himself nailing

the Cossack and wiping that sardonic smile off his face.

Marlin stirred his coffee musingly. "Curt, I wouldn't be asking this of you if the case was just ordinary. But it's an international affair, and besides that it goes a lot deeper than merely capturing and punishing a criminal. You and I know that when some person makes a fat haul by theft or graft or shady deal, and gets by with it—we know what a pernicious influence it has on the man in the street. It breaks down his respect for law."

Curt saw the force of the argument, but it did not move him. Moments ago he had made his decision. He would not take the job. He was going back down north.

"I'll think about it, A-K," he said evasively, "and—uh, let you know." A-K shrugged his shoulders, the only show of his bitter disappointment. He knew that Curt was refusing him.

In a way he did not blame Curt. Those seven years had been bareh years, a big fraction of a man's lifetime; and he thoroughly understood Curt's wish to go north again. His year down there had been happy, and he had richly deserved it.

Yet, the refusal hurt. Not only because he had been banking heavily

on Curt to get Karakhan, but because it showed him so clearly that Curt had changed a lot since his Police days. He appeared uncertain of himself, wavering between the careless selfish freedom of his new life and the earnest responsibility of the old.

In the last few weeks he had been quietly working to secure Curt one of the best positions in the province, a work which would give him scope for his abilities. If he was to see Tennyson established in that position, it had to be quickly.

Unknown to Curt, unknown even to Rosalie, death had marked him—one year longer, two at the very most, his physician said. Now Curt was turning him down, not only on the Karakhan hunt but on this infinitely more important thing.

He felt very old and defeated. Curt had been just as much a son to him as Rosalie, of his own flesh and blood, had been a daughter.

At a familiar voice speaking their names, he and Curt looked around. Smash Desplaines was coming into the breakfast room. He was freshly shaved and his red hair was cropped close; but his muddled flying clothes brought naughty looks of disapproval from the correctly groomed people there. Waving the waiters breezily aside, he picked up a third chair and started across to join his partner and Marlin.

"Better not discuss Karakhan before him," Curt said quietly. "He's honest as daylight, of course, but he's got an unguarded tongue. We'll talk this over later, A-K."

In their room that evening Smash paused in his whistling to inquire, "You and Rosalie stepping out tonight, Curt?"

Curt turned from the north window. "That's the time! Better make it high, wide and handsome, and soak up all the sociability you can while you're back in civilization. It's your last chance till snow flies, you know."

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Curt makes a momentous decision, tomorrow.

## ANNOUNCE WINNERS IN BABY CONTEST

Confronted with the difficult task of selecting the most attractive children from a group of 300 photographs entered in the Kennell-Ellis contest, three judges yesterday agreed upon the following winners:

Class A, babies from 3 to 12 months, first prize, Eloise Wolf, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Wolf; second prize, Cynthia Hittson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hittson; honorable mention, Frances Runyon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Runyon, and Denise Meunier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Meunier, Gold Hill.

Class B, girls from 1 to 5 years, first prize, Donna Lee Ross, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ross; second prize, Delores Bostwick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Bostwick; honorable mention, Mary Lu Paddock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Paddock and Dolores Wolff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wolff.

Class C, boys from 1 to 5 years, first prize, Sonny Harris, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Harris, Hill, Calif.; second prize, Junior Klepper, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Klepper, honorable mention, R. K. Junior, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Wassell, and Bob Ward, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Ward, Rogue River.

Class D, twins, first prize, Catherine and Edward Vilas, children of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Vilas; second prize, Joyce and James Fraley, children of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fraley; honorable mention, Richard and Robert, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dunn.

Photographs of the 300 charming children in Kennell-Ellis studio's third annual contest were displayed at the Hotel Holland with Mrs. Howard LeClerc, manager of the local studio, in charge. Miss Catherine

Gayford, of the Kennell-Ellis studio at Klamath Falls, was in Medford to assist with the contest finals. Judges who determined the winners are Mrs. Jacque Lenox, Mrs. Mabel Mack and William P. Isaacs.

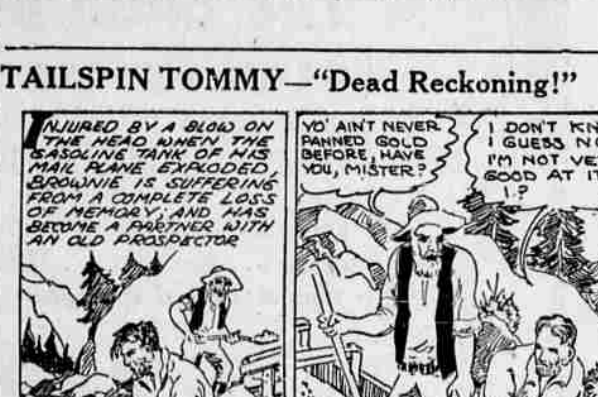
For Modern, Quick Fuel Oil Delivery Service, Phone 319, Edna Transfer.

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## S'MATTER POP—

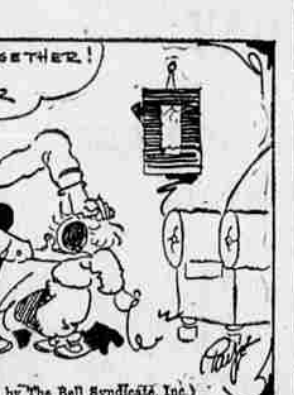
By C. M. PAYNE



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## CLEARING UP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Dead Reckoning!"

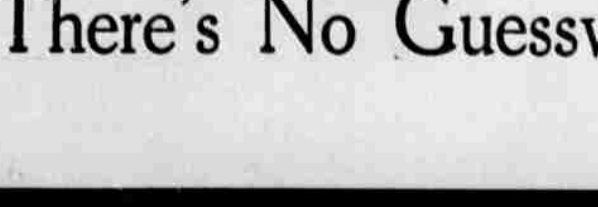
By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



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## BOUND TO WIN—Luke O'Brien's Story

By EDWIN ALGER



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## THE NEBBS—My Busy Day

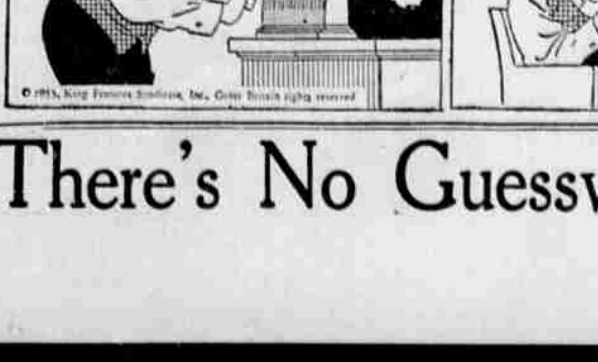
By SOL HESS



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## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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

REBECCA JENSEN, Clerk School District No. 49.



"Soak up all the sociability you can," said Smash.

### KMED Broadcast Schedule

**Sunday**  
10:00—Judge Rutherford, lecturer.  
10:15—News Digest.  
10:30—Holy Time.  
10:45 to 11:00—Morning Melody.

**Monday**  
8:00—Breakfast News.  
8:05—Musical Clock.  
8:15—A Peppier Parade.  
8:30—Shopping Guide.  
9:00—Friendship Circle.  
9:30—Morning Melody.  
10:00—U. S. Weather Forecast.  
10:00—No end Zeb.  
10:15—Vignettes.  
10:30—Musical Notes.  
11:00—The Grants Pass Hour.  
11:15—Marital Music.  
11:30—Protective Diet League.  
11:45—Song and Comedy.  
12:00—Mid-day Review.  
12:15—Radio Rendezvous.  
12:30—News Flash.  
12:45—Esther Merritt Sadler.  
12:45—Interlude.

**1:00—Varieties.**  
1:30—Mrs. Mable Mack, County Home Demonstration Agent.  
3:00—Songs for Everyday.  
3:30—KMED Program Review.  
3:45—Music of Old.  
4:00—Cocktail of Music.  
4:30—Masterworks.  
5:00—Cecil and Sally.  
5:15—Popular Parade.  
5:30—Ed and Elmer.  
5:45—News Digest.  
6:00—Medford Theatre Guide.  
6:15—Sports and Fishing Flashies by Al Fitch.  
6:30—Dinner Dance.  
6:30—Renee Chernet.  
6:45—Holy Time.  
7:00—The Hawk.  
7:15—A Tour of San Francisco.  
7:30 to 8:00—Eventide.

Warrant Call  
Notice is hereby given that School District No. 49, Jackson county, warrants No. 4891 to No. 4845 inclusive are called for payment. Interest to cease on November 29, 1933. Warrants to be presented for payment at the office of the District Clerk, City Hall, Medford, Oregon.