

FORBIDDEN VALLEY

by William Byron Mowery

SYNOPSIS: Curt Tennyson reaches the lake in the Canadian wilderness where his amphibia should be and find his partner, Swash Desplaine, camp. Curt wants to use it to capture poor Karakhan, desperate and weakly criminal; still more he wants to protect Sonya Volkov, who is making her way to Karakhan with the intention of killing him. Curt's hands are tied, as hourly "Tease" LeNoir and his Indian allies take Sonya nearer Karakhan.

Chapter 42
THE MEETING
SONYA made herself stop thinking of anything beyond tomorrow morning. She would need all her strength and poise for her meeting with Karakhan. It would be fatal to brood about the future and let it unnerve her. The future must take care of itself.

All that day her thoughts had been running on her father; and now, on the trip up the dark river, they came back to him, and she tried to feel that he was with her in spirit, watching over her safety again as he had done during that white Siberian winter.

As she looked above the tree tops and saw the Sacred W hanging in the northeast sky, she remembered the long-ago evening in distant Irkutsk when he had first pointed it out to her and Carl, and recalled winter nights in the Lena Woods when the three of them had lain huddled together, without fire or shelter, listening for enemies and watching the constellations swing around the pole star.

Now he and Carl were gone, and under the far-northern Canadian sky she was watching those constellations alone. Dead, he and Carl, her menfolk who had been all the world to her—she dared not let herself think of them as dead, for it was only recently that she had pulled herself out of the black bottomless tragedy of their deaths and found heart to go on living.

Karakhan was reading a batch of month-old newspapers that mid-night when the three runners came into his cabin with LeNoir's report. The moment he heard about the escape of Raiston and his partner, he made up his mind to get away in his plane as soon as he had light enough for flying. The reassurance which LeNoir relayed—that those two had fled south and the main band was coming north as a guard—reassured him not at all.

Sharpened by twenty years of keeping ahead of the law, his intuition told him it was time to go. That fellow Raiston had a charmed life.

He wavered over what to do about Sonya. On Helen Mathieson, or any of the others, he would not have wasted a thought; but Sonya Volkov stood out by herself, one of the rare personalities of his lifetime. In the last few days he had been thinking of her till she had become a madness in his blood; and all the clamorous impulses within him rebelled at the thought of leaving her there.

She would go along with him willingly; her passionate letter left no doubt that she would follow him to the world's end. On the swift flight to Mexico she would be an impediment, true enough—an extra person would cut down the gas load, and inquisitive officials along the coast might ask questions, since he would be flying with a girl. But the risk was slight, his burden would be a precious burden, and when he got to Mexico he would have her there with him!

After throwing his personal effects into a duffle bag, he went down to the hangar, turned the Speedair so that it faced backward; and untied all the mooring ropes except one slip-kitch around a pontoon brace. Once he started to make his get-away; it would be distinctly wise to go in a hurry.

He wanted to be skimming out upon the lake, beyond canoe and rifle reach, before his intention burst upon LeNoir and Blam Klute. They were going to turn ugly when they realized he was escaping and letting them hold the sack.

The Speedair was so vital to him that he ordered a pair of Klosshees, two of his bodyguard whom he could trust, to stay there at the hangar and guard the ship. It was just possible that LeNoir might suspect him of wanting to escape and might try to cripple the plane.

At dawn, when the ten canoes came swinging around the timbered headland, he was standing on the log pier, waiting. Strung out for several hundred yards, the flotilla skirted up along the shore toward him till at last, with pulses ham-

pering, he picked out Sonya in LeNoir's craft. LeNoir stroked his canoe in front of the others and nosed in, swaying slightly to the rocking of the water. Karakhan reached her hand, clasped it, helped her step up on the logs. "Sonya!" He greeted her in their native tongue. "You have really come! I haven't quite believed it until now!"

Sonya's clear eyes looked at him steadily. She did not respond to the pressure of his hand. "Yes, I've come," she said, in an even voice. "I'm glad to meet you again."

Karakhan was disappointed—and puzzled. Her greeting had none of the passion of her letter. But perhaps it was only her natural shyness before LeNoir and the Indians. "You're tired," he said, with a show of solicitude. He could not take his eyes from her—the golden softness of her hair, the loveliness of her face and throat. "Come up with me to the cabin. I've a breakfast of sorts ready for you." He lowered his voice, though none of his listeners knew a sentence of Russian; "Then we're leaving here. Immediately. I'll explain, dearest, when we're alone and a thousand versts from this place."

As they walked up the footpath to the cabin, he grew more and more disappointed and mystified by Sonya's attitude. This meeting with her was not as he had expected. She seemed even colder and more distant than in Victoria, when he had so dimly failed of a conquest.

INSIDE the cabin he took her forcibly into his arms and kissed her, thinking it would break down her shyness. Sonya turned her face away, and he felt her whole body stiffen—at the mere contact with him, it seemed.

"What's wrong, Sonya?" he demanded. "You don't appear at all glad." He was impatient with her coldness and utter lack of response. Sonya freed herself, without answering. She stepped over to the rough block table and behind it, so that it stood between her and Karakhan. With a glance about the room and a glance at the Indians outside, she confronted him.

"It's been a long trail from Victoria here," she said, dropping the last pretense of friendliness. "And it was a long hunt before that, to get my first trace of where you'd gone. When I look back, it seems as though I've had one continuous miracle of luck in finding you. But that's past. I'm here."

Karakhan stared wide-eyed at her, with all his ardor forsaking him. He saw, at last, that her coldness was no girlish make-believe but a dead earnestness. The expression in her eyes made him suddenly afraid.

"Your conquests with women have always been so easy," she went on, "that you can't imagine any woman not falling in love with you, and so when you get a letter from one that called you 'Beloved' when she meant 'You white beast,' you swallowed the hook and sent your man to bring her to you."

"You were proof against traps and poison and the professional police hook and a, but you weren't proof against that lure! You've had your way with a great number of women and you came to regard them as harmless things. But where men—all the men ever sent after you—failed to bring you to account, it was a woman who trailed you, and reached here, and here now!"

Karakhan backed, up a step and his jaw dropped. If anything of his delusion about her remained, the jolting packed into that epithet, "You white beast," toppled it and shattered it to bits. A suspicion volted through him—did she know? Had she found out? Impossible; he had worked too carefully and anonymously. But was anything impossible to one who had trailed him as consummately as she had done?

Her next words left him in no doubt. "There in Victoria, when you started negotiating with father and Carl about that lumber importation, I told them that you were a dangerous man, as dangerous as a cobra. They didn't take my warning, because I had no evidence except my intangible judgment of you. With those worthless safe-conduct papers that you forged they went away to Vladivostok—to close that big lumber deal for their company, they thought. And there—in the Loufyanka—in that execution chamber under the hill—father and Carl—"

(Copyright, William B. Mowery)
Sonya, tomorrow, comes to the climax of her mission.

THE DALLES TO HAVE MODERN BOX FACTORY

THE DALLES, Ore., Jan. 6.—(AP)—C. W. Daugh of Portland, president

of the Western Pine Lumber company Incorporated last June, announced today his company had purchased the plant of Libby, McNeill and Libby here and will transform it into a box factory and later erect a modern mill. Daugh said employment would be given between 200 and 300 persons. He said remodeling, electrification and installation of new machinery

will represent an investment of \$150,000. PASADENA, Cal., Jan. 5.—(AP)—Funeral services will be held in Glendale tomorrow for Frank W. Brown, Jr., 51, founder of the Idaho State Journal at Pocatello, Idaho, and at one time prominent in politics in Nebraska and Idaho. Mr. Brown died of a heart attack here yesterday.

REACTION TO BUDGET MESSAGE VERY GOOD

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—(AP)—Terminating market reaction to Pres-

ident Roosevelt's budget message "very good," Secretary Morgenthau said today the treasury will begin "right soon" on its billion dollar financing program. This tremendous task, as shown by President Roosevelt in his budget message to congress yesterday, involves borrowing by sales of bonds. Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

DOLLAR LINE STAGE OPERATOR IS WARNED

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 6.—(AP)—George A. Boyd, operating Body's Dollar line between San Francisco and Portland, was ordered by the California railroad commission to cease "the character of service" he was found to be conducting.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

Panel 1: "HOW LET US HAVE OUR DAILY INTELLIGENCE TEST. TELL ME, WHICH IS THE RIGHT END OF A TROLLEY CAR TO GET OFF?"

Panel 2: "THE END WHICH STOPS, POP!"

Panel 3: "H-M-M, THAT KINDA THROWS THE EQUATION OUT OF BALANCE."

Panel 4: "LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET IT STRAIGHT!"

Panel 5: "UM, HOW DO WE IDENTIFY THE 'END WHICH STOPS'?"

Panel 6: "OH-HI, THAT IS THE END WE GET OFF AT!"

Panel 7: "H-M-M, THAT KINDA SEEMS TO CHECK ALL-RIGHT!"

Panel 8: "AM I INTELLIGENT, POP?"

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PARTY TROPHIES

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Panel 1: "CALLS TO TAKE JUNIOR HOME FROM BIRTHDAY PARTY"

Panel 2: "JUNIOR COLLECTS HIS PRIZES AND FAVORS, AND STARTS STRUGGLING INTO COAT"

Panel 3: "SOME TROUBLE IS HAD GETTING INTO LEFT SLEEVE, OWING TO JUNIOR'S HOLDING TOY AIRPLANE CLUTCHED IN LEFT HAND"

Panel 4: "FATHER FINALLY HOLDS ALL HIS TROPHIES FOR HIM, AND GETS HIM STARTED INTO SLEEVE, JUNIOR PULLING STEADILY AWAY"

Panel 5: "GETS HIM INTO COAT AT LAST AND DISCOVERS THAT THE BOY'S HAT WHICH HE LEFT ON HALL TABLE HAS DISAPPEARED"

Panel 6: "RESCUES HAT FROM FREDDY LEWIS WHO THOUGHT IT WAS HIS. RETURNS TO FIND JUNIOR HAS VANISHED"

Panel 7: "SETS OUT IN SEARCH, FINDING HIM AT LAST IN DINING ROOM CONTEMPLATING REMAINS OF THE ICE CREAM"

Panel 8: "IS READY TO GO WHEN JUNIOR REMEMBERS HE HADN'T GOT THE PENCIL HE WON. PROMISES TO BUY HIM ANOTHER AND STARTS HASTILY HOME"

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Brownie Comes Through

ONE YEAR AGO TOMMY BROWNIE FAILED TO MAKE HIS FLIGHT FROM EL PASO TO THREE POINT AND FLEW MYSTERIOUSLY FROM SIGHT. TONIGHT STRANGE AS IT SEEMS... THE SAME STORMY WEATHER PREVAILS AS OF A YEAR AGO... AND OUT OF THE TURBULENT BLACK SKY A HOT AIRPLANE THE SAME TYPE SHIP BROWNIE USED TO FLY... LANDS TO A BOUNDING... 1933

Panel 1: "BROWNIE! IT CAN'T BE YOU..."

Panel 2: "HELLO, TOMMY—BETTER LATE THAN NEVER—CRACKED UP YESTERDAY—BUT HERE'S THE OL' MAIL OKAY AS USUAL..."

Panel 3: "YESTERDAY? SAY, WE'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR YOU A YEAR..."

Panel 4: "DON'T KID ME, SKEETS... I DON'T FEEL LIKE LAUGHING RIGHT—NOW—MY HEAD FEELS... BAD—AND—I WANT TO—GET—TO—BED"

Panel 5: "HE'S HURT, SKEETS?"

Panel 6: "HAL FORREST"

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BOUND TO WIN—At The End Of His Rope

WHILE BEN WEBSTER WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS WRITING, ANOTHER SCENE WAS TRANSPILING BACK IN THE CITY—A TIRED AND WEARY OLD MAN SAT ALONE AT HIS DESK...

BEN'S BEEN GONE ALMOST A MONTH— I KNOW HE'S BEEN WORKING HIS HEAD OFF AND TRIED EVERYTHING HE COULD THINK OF BUT HE HASN'T LEARNED A THING...

EZRA PARTON REPORTS THAT OUR MERCHANDISE LOSSES ALONE EXCEED SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS -- THE POLICE ARE HELPLESS -- THEY'VE NOT FOUND A SINGLE TRACE OF THE MURDERERS NOR OF THE STOLEN GOODS...

COLONEL BARNES, YOU WANTED CHECKS MADE OUT FOR THE FAMILIES OF THE TWO MEN WHO LOST THEIR LIVES AT HURRICANE ISLAND -- THE COMPANY FINDS ARE VERY LOW GIRLS -- MAY I USE YOUR PERSONAL CHECKS?

YES WHIPPLE, I MUST TAKE CARE OF THOSE POOR PEOPLE...

WHIPPLE DOESN'T KNOW THAT MY PERSONAL FUNDS ARE VERY LOW, TOO -- I'VE PLEDGED MY FORTUNE TO FIGHT THIS SITUATION BUT, IF THE TRUTH WERE KNOWN, I'M JUST ABOUT AT THE END OF MY ROPE!

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THE NEBBS—The Lion and the Mouse

JUST BECAUSE I TRIED TO KEEP THE SHULTZ-BITT RAMANCE FROM YOUR COUSIN AMBROSE BECAUSE I THOUGHT THE STORY WOULD HURT HIM, HE JUMPED ALL OVER ME!

HERE I DO A NOBLE DEED— SACRIFICING MY CHRISTMAS WITH MY FAMILY JUST TO KEEP HIM FROM HEART-ACHE AND HE SCOLDS AND TREATS ME LIKE I WAS HIS WORST ENEMY

DID ANYBODY ASK YOU TO MIX INTO HIS LOVE AFFAIRS? HE CAN MAKE A FOOL OF HIMSELF WITHOUT YOUR HELP— I DON'T CARE HOW DUMB HE IS— WHEN YOU STEP IN, IT MAKES HIM LOOK BRILLIANT— IF YOU HAD ENOUGH INTELLIGENCE TO SPREAD IT AROUND, YOU'D KNOW ENOUGH TO MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!!

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BRINGING UP FATHER

I FEEL A HUNGER COMING ON—I'LL STEP INTO THE FIRST RESTAURANT I SEE

I'LL HAVE A DOUBLE HELPING OF --

IF YOU DON'T MIND, WOULD YOU ORDER SOMETHING ALREADY COOKED, I'M IN A HURRY.

HURRY FOR WHAT?

I'M OFF IN TEN MINUTES AND I'M GOIN' TO DINTY MOORE'S FOR CORNED BEEF AND, IF I DON'T HURRY IT'LL BE ALL GONE

I KNEW I WAS IN THE WRONG BEANERY.

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By SOL HESS

By George McManus

KMED Broadcast Schedule

Sunday
10:00—Judea Rutherford, Lecturer.
10:30—News Digest, Mail Tribune.
10:45—Holly-Time.

Monday
10 A. M.—Eb and Zeb

A. M.—
8:00—Breakfast News, Mail Tribune.
8:05—Musical Clock.
8:15—Peerless Parade.
8:30—Shopping Guide.
9:00—Friendship Circle Hour.
9:30—Morning Melody.
10:00—Weather Forecast.
10:05—Eb and Zeb.
10:15—Musical Notes.
10:30—Vignettes.
11:00—Grants Pass Hour.
11:15—Song Parade.
11:30—Mirror of Family Life.
11:45—Tone Pictures.
P. M.—
12:00—Mid-day Revue.
12:10—Chamber of Commerce News.

12:15—Radio Rendezvous.
12:30—News Flash, Mail Tribune.
12:30—Martial Melody.
1:00—Varieties.
1:30—Mrs. Mack, Demonstration Agent.
2:00—Classified Edition of the Air.
3:00—Songs for Every Day.
3:30—KMED Program Review.
4:00—Rhythmical Cocktail.
4:30—Masterworks Program.
4:45—Holly-Time.
5:00—Ceil and Sally.
5:15—Hililo Serenaders.
5:30—Si and Elmer.
5:45—News Digest, Mail Tribune.
6:00—Medford Theater Guide.
6:15—Al Pione's Sports and Fishing Fishes.
6:00—Dinner-Dance.
6:30—Tito Ships, Tenor.
6:45—Vignettes.
7:00—Anson Weeks' Orchestra.
7:15—Helen Bellevue.
7:20—Moderns.
7:30—Eventide.

Oriental water buffalo imported to Hawaii more than 20 years ago for use as farm animals, and then abandoned, have reverted to wild ways on Molokai Island.

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