

FORBIDDEN VALLEY

By William Byron Mowery

SYNOPSIS: Sonya Kolow has tracked Igor Karakhan to his abandoned wilderness hiding place to avenge the death of her father and brother, whom Karakhan has betrayed to the Soviets. Karakhan, by a ruse, succeeds in luring Sonya to a bunk in his cabin, and tells her he is leaving her to the mercy of the Indians. Her only hope is Curt Tennyson, and Curt is delayed because his partner, Smash Desplaine, has failed to meet him with Curt's plane.

Chapter 44 DELIVERING ANGEL

UNTIL he reached old John's lake up the Iskitimwah, the prospect of getting into his plane and whirling north had buoyed Curt up and kept him going long after he had gone dead on his feet. But he had reached the limit of human endurance, and the shock of finding himself hopelessly stranded through Smash's treachery, pushed him over the limit. Stumbling under a pine tree, he slumped down, almost in a collapse, and dropped into the merciful oblivion of sleep.

Tenn-Og began looking around the cabin, reading signs—a crushed nettle, footprints, a broken twig with wilted leaves. He announced presently that Smash had not been there yesterday or the day before that. He had left three days ago. To sit around and watch the sky for a plane that did not come was more than Paul could bear. Wisely he kept himself busy. While Tenn-Og went down the shore to a small stream where ptarmigan were chortling among the cloudberry thickets, he drew out the canoe and summed it, freshened up the mussy cabin and chopped a dead jackpine into firewood. When Tenn-Og came back with three ptarmigan, he cleaned and dressed the birds, cooked them, and prepared a meal.

Near seven o'clock Curt woke up. Paul had supper ready, but Curt could not force himself to eat. The thought of Sonya drawing nearer and nearer that headwaters lake sent him tramping the landwash again in distraction.

Paul and Tenn-Og made a two-pronged javelin, hardened the points in the fire; and went down to a rock jut to spear trout. As Curt turned once, he saw they had stopped fishing and were listening intently, looking around the horizon.

A few moments later he caught a far-away hum, faint as a mosquito's song. It seemed to come from nowhere in particular; but it rapidly grew louder, deeper, and changed to a thrifty drone. He located its direction, due south, and whirled to look.

Out above a lofty range hung a glistering speck, shining in the slant evening sun. Curt stood rooted in his tracks, afraid that the growing speck was a delusion and might vanish. But it came on and on, till at last he distinguished the lines of his plane.

For him that glistering plane had all the splendor of a delivering angel. From its height of ten thousand feet it glided down and down, banked over the lake, leveled off, touched and came taxiing shoreward.

The three leaped into their canoe and darted out to meet it.

As they swung around the propeller and clambered upon a pontoon, Smash opened a panel and flipped his cigarette into the water. "Hullo! Didn't keep you waiting, did I, Curt? Darned sorry; but you ought to see the James well and the whole layout down there at Lake Maria—uh—Why, what's the matter, Curt?"

Curt glared at him tight-lipped, sent the canoe splashing with a kick, slammed open the door and climbed into the cabin.

"I'll take the controls. Get back in the rear place; I want Tenn-Og up front with me."

HE LIFTED the tank flaps and glanced at the gauges. One-third full! For a moment he was tempted to throw Smash off on that wilderness shore and let him get out to Russian Lake foot, if he could. It was like Smash, with his mind on Lake Marianne, to come off with barely enough gas to return to Teliaet.

There was plenty to reach the Lili-luar headwaters, but none to bring the ship back south. When they reached the lake they would have no gas to maneuver with or get out to civilization.

Taking off, he circled to five thousand feet and started west, down the Iskitimwah. Fifteen minutes later, as he sailed out over the river-widening and the island of black lilies, he saw Tenn-Og look down at the country below and blink astonished eyes. Fifteen minutes—and that same trip had taken six hard canoe-hours that morning!

Intending to approach his goal from the west in order to keep from flying over the main band of Klozo-

hoes, he headed on westward for sixty miles, then swung north and started up across the ranges, gradually picking up altitude till the needle quivered on fifteen thousand. Tenn-Og kept looking out of the panel windows on each side, trying desperately to guide the flight. In the deep valleys under keel twilight was already gathering; the visibility was made still poorer by a pearly-gray haze that came drifting down from some forest fire in the Yukon country.

But his job was to guide them, and he came through with it. As a mountain nomad he was somewhat used to heights, and by recognizing a familiar range or lake system now and then, he was able to keep his bearings.

At last he touched Curt's arm and pointed twenty-odd miles east at two lordly cloud-wrapped mountains.

"Sunall and Dinagwah," he said; and he indicated that on the other side of them lay the headwaters lake.

Curt studied the giant twins carefully. He had to get down on that lake unheeded and unseen, for at the slightest hint of a plane in that country Karakhan would escape in his own ship, and they had no gas to follow. If the plane could climb high enough, he could cut off the engine and glide those twenty-five miles to the lake and so get there unheeded.

But to reach it without being seen was a harder problem, calling for all the flying skill he had. There was a flock of clouds swirling around the two giants and filling the pass between them. If he could keep behind some big cloud on his approach and fly through the pass by instruments, he would come out on the shadow side of Sunall. It would be twilight there and the plane would hardly be visible a mile away.

H PUT the plane into a steep circling climb. At eighteen thousand feet he geared in the supercharge to aid the laboring motor. The thermometer on the wing strut showed sixteen below, and at nineteen thousand feet it dropped to twenty-one. He noticed his companions nodding drowsily, and he kept a sharp watch over his own senses.

In the thin air he managed to get another thousand out of his plane. Twenty thousand feet high, he looked through a rift of cloud between the two mountains and caught a glimpse of the dark lake valley beyond. Cutting off the engine, he pointed the ship at the great cleft, and began the long silent glide.

Heading on and on toward the snowy pass, he plunged at last into the clouds that hovered around the giants. For a space of five minutes he slipped silently through fleecy woolpack, where the sky above and earth below were blotted out and only his instruments kept him pointed true.

When he came out of the woolpack, he was through the pass and down in the purple shadows of Sunall.

Dropping on down, with the dark waters slowly coming up to meet him, he veered in toward the south shore, under Tenn-Og's guidance.

Three miles from Karakhan's cabin, he leveled off, plowed water, and came to a stop. He was there, all right; he had made it without being seen or heard; but with less than six gallons of gas left, he would never get out of that mountain-cratered lake. No escape, no retreat—it was a locked tight show.

A light breeze blowing offshore began drifting the plane out into the lake. Paul reached the two stubby paddles from the canvas canoe outfit, and the four men clambered down on the floats. By strenuous work they managed to check the drift and start the plane in toward land.

A mile from the cabin Tenn-Og showed them a small cove, screened by several big pines, where the plane would be fairly well hidden. They warped it inside, moored it, got out their guns.

"You're to stay here and watch the ship," Curt ordered Smash. He hated to cut down his party, but Smash was too careless for the work ahead. Instead of a help he would be a constant danger. "Now keep yourself under cover; these Klozohoes have sharp eyes and long ears. We'll scout the place out down there before we spring the fight, and I'll let you know what we're doing."

"Okay. Don't worry about me." A little distance down the shore Curt happened to turn and glance back at the cove. A match was flashing up—Smash lighting a cigarette. In the black pine shadows the point of fire could have been spotted half a mile away.

(Copyright, William B. Mowery)
Curt's party spies out the enemy, tomorrow.

NECKLACE BIDS HELD TOO LOW

CHICAGO, Jan. 10.—(AP)—Two necklaces that cost the late Mrs.

Edith Rockefeller McCormick approximately \$2,500,000 were still the property of her estate today, after Probate Judge John F. O'Connell refused an \$800,000 offer for their purchase.

The offer was submitted yesterday by the Chicago Title and Trust company, trustee of the estate, on behalf of an unnamed broker, said to represent a New York jewelry firm.

The court ruled that the offer was unsatisfactory to the best interests of the estate.

One of the necklaces is composed of 23 pearls, 100 round diamonds and 12 square cut diamonds, and the other is of platinum gold with five emeralds and 155 diamonds.

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works

NO MORE OREGON PWA ALLOTMENTS

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 10.—(AP)—A special dispatch today to the

Journal from Washington said "Senator McNary's office was advised Monday that there will be no further announcement of allotments for non-federal public works in Oregon in the near future, which is understood to mean until additional funds are provided, if they are."

"From public works headquarters," the dispatch continued, "A circular letter is going out to disappointed

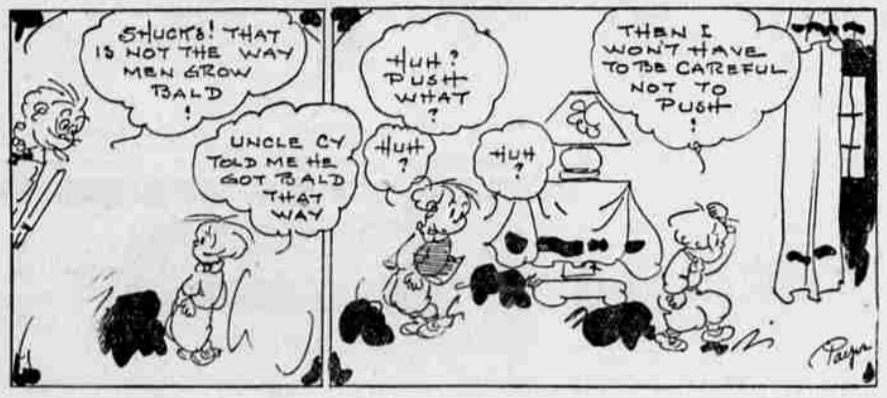
applicants, advising them they were not reached in time, but if found eligible and if further appropriations are made, they will be considered."

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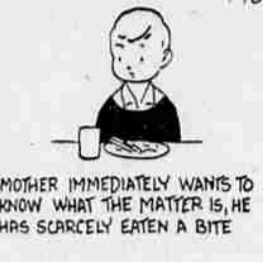
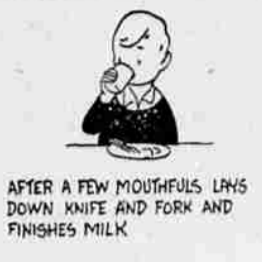
S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



NO APPETITE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



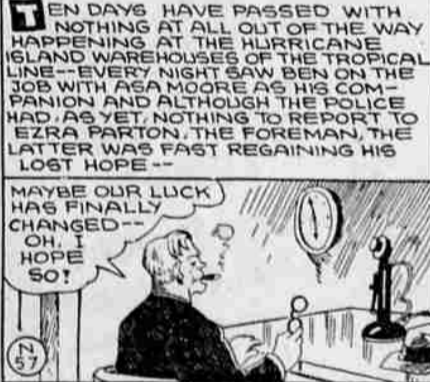
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Dirty Work At The Cross Roads!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—With A Grain Of Salt

By EDWIN ALGER



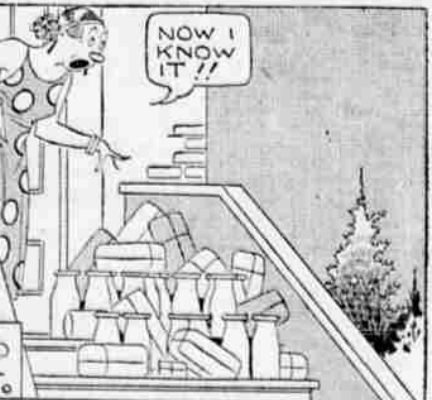
THE NEBBS—Confidence

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



Afghans Execute Four Assassins

KABUL, Afghanistan, Jan. 10.—(AP)—Fourteen persons were executed today for alleged implication in a conspiracy resulting in the assassination of King Nadir Shah last November.

The executions took place in the presence of Shah Mahmud, minister of war. A special court convicted the defendants and their sentences were upheld by King Zahir Shah, who succeeded his slain father.



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