

FORBIDDEN VALLEY

By William Byron Mowery

CHAPTER 48 LOOKING UP

TWO HUNDRED yards from the cove Curt shouted ahead at Smash: "Start the engine! Revv it up for me!"

For once Smash came through. While Curt was reaching the cove, Smash cut the mooring ropes, clambered into the cabin, cranked the engine and pushed up the throttle, and had the motor settled into a steady powerful rhythm.

"Jump out!" Curt ordered him, splashing to a pontoon and clambering up. "I've got to go after him alone."

Smash jumped into the hip-deep water, but turned, looked up. "Curt! What're you going to do, man? What the devil—?"

He was suddenly bowled over, deluged and half drowned in a blinding smother of spume and chopped-up water, as Curt opened the motor to its thundering roar and plowed out of the cove to the open lake.

For several minutes after Curt had left the cove motion, Paul stayed there to watch. But he saw nothing, and decided that he was needed elsewhere.

Before leaving, he called in Sikani to the men inside the cave: "Things of infamy, you will come out when we say come out! If you are peaceful, you will see the sunshine again. If not, you can stay there till this mountain wears away!"

He started down the slope to the cabin. On his way past the gully, he stopped at a pool of water and washed the blood from his face.

From the door of the cabin he saw Sonya lying bound and gagged on the bunk. She turned her head, saw him and tried to rise, but Karakhan had bound her too securely. Paul ran across to her. As he bent over her and she looked up at him, the expression in her eyes was a thing he could never afterward forget.

When he cut her loess she sprang up and hugged him, sobbing: "Paul! Paul! Oh, I knew—I heard the shooting—I know you had come! Where's Curt? Is he—is he safe?"

In few words Paul explained. "Tenn-Og brought us north, we flew in last night, we've just whipped the Kloshoes. The two planes, hear them—the two ships out on the lake were jarring the cabin with their full-gunned roar—that's Curt going after Karakhan. Let's go!"

They ran out of the cabin to the open landward.

Heavy with gas, Karakhan's plane had got off the water and climbed to a thousand feet, and was circling for altitude to clear the ranges. Curt was just jumping his ship into the air as they came out.

Lighter and swifter than the other plane, it climbed in a steep thundering spiral, cutting down Karakhan's lead so rapidly that in four minutes it was up level with the Speedair.

In bewildered awe Paul and Sonya stood on the shore, faces upturned.

"What's Curt going to do, Paul?" Sonya cried.

Paul shook his head, utterly nonplussed. His partner had gas for only a few miles and could not follow; he had no gun except an automatic, and could not fight. His maneuvers were utterly mystifying. He was not even trying to close up, while he might have got in a lucky shot with the pocket gun; instead he was deliberately keeping at a distance from Karakhan.

AT FOUR THOUSAND feet Karakhan leveled off and swung due south. Curt was behind him at that moment, and about five hundred feet above. As the Speedair swung, Curt's ship nosed down and headed for the other plane, straight as a futed arrow.

He hurtled on and on, aiming his craft like a huge projectile at Karakhan's plane. The intervals shrank—two hundred feet, a hundred, fifty. Still he did not turn a swerve an inch. Sonya screamed.

He was going to crash!

With an explosive smash that came to them distinctly, the Fat-child plowed into the other ship, breaking the Speedair's fuselage in two and tearing off both wings. Careening on beyond the Speedair, Curt's plane turned over twice with its own pontoons and one of its wings gone; and started a crazy lurching spin to the lake below.

Karakhan's ship, a tangle of fabric and metal, came plummeting straight down. A few seconds after the crash a puff of smoke streamed

out behind it, and within a thousand feet the whole mass was wrapped in fierce flames.

But Paul and Sonya scarcely saw it. Their horrified eyes were on Curt's broken plane as it twirled downward at a terrific speed, its propeller gone, its engine roar changed to a high-pitched scream.

At two thousand feet a small mannikin object detached itself from the falling wreckage. For five or six seconds it came down and down, turning slowly, head over feet, till the demolished plane was a hundred yards below it and well to one side.

Against the blue of the sky a tiny bit of white flashed. A moment later a long streamer of white shot out. While the two wrecked craft were plummeting on down, to hit the lake with a tremendous splash and sink out of sight, the streamer caught the air, flared out and burst into a white sky-flower.

"Oh-oo!" broke from both of them—a cry of unwordable thankfulness, releasing all their spellbound fears of those last terrible minutes. Even then they could not fully realize that Curt had saved himself. It came home to them only by degrees, as they watched the packchute stop swinging and drift in their direction.

It was Sonya who first saw Curt tugging at the guide-lines and understood the danger he was fighting against.

"Paul! Get a canoe! He'll come down in the lake! We've got to get out to him!"

Paul sprang back the path to a canoe near the cabin. By the time he got it to water, he saw that the craft would not be needed; the wind was carrying the chute south against the mountain slope. Four hundred feet high it passed over their heads, and Curt looked down and waved assurance to them. Falling slowly, he brushed low over a clump of spruces and lodged in a tall pine just above the little knoll.

Paul hurried up to help his partner. When she saw that Curt had landed and was safe, she sank down on the canoe, faint and trembling. A wing of Karakhan's plane was bobbing in toward shore, but the ship itself had disappeared, and Karakhan with it—down in the icy depths of the lake.

As her eyes followed that piece of bobbing wreckage, she strove to realize that he was dead, dead—the man who had crueltied her father and Carl to their innocent deaths. Her long hunt was ended.

AT RUSSIAN LAKE old John came walking into the fireglow of Curt's camp, where Curt sat talking with Superintendent Marlin who had flown up from Vancouver that afternoon.

"I'm havin' a little git-together over at my tent drookly, like we had that time afore, Curt; an' I aggered you men 'ud like to jin us. Paul an' Tenn-Og an' some more air there a'ready, an' the others all said they're comin'."

"Thanks, John, we'll be over," Curt accepted. "Our trip really started there at your fire, and it ought to end there."

When old Paxton had gone, Marlin handed Curt another newspaper. "Here's the Times-Tribune. Read this."

The streaming headline: KARAKHAN TAKEN BY FORMER MOUNTY

brought Curt a glow of hard-earned pride; but he was more gratified by the subhead, with its emphasis on Karakhan's money:

Embezzler of Huge Sums Killed in Resisting Arrest

The Karakhan hunt had cost him a heavy price personally—his maimed hand, his brushes with death, the suffering it had dragged him through, and the destruction of the plane he had bought with the savings of several long years. As pay for all that he was to receive less than two hundred dollars.

But the hunt had raised him certain priceless things, not to be measured in money. He and A-K were back on the old footing again; he had found himself after a year of groping around, and he had found Sonya.

He laid the paper and stack of others inside the tent. "I suppose we'd better start over to old John's 'sociable.' A-K. You'll be the guest of honor there tonight, and they're probably waiting."

Marlin did not get up. In a moody silence he looked out upon the twilit lake, drumming absently on the chopping b' oak.

(Copyright, William B. Mowery)

Tomorrow, Curt meets Sonya on a new footing.

ONE BLACK CROW KILLED IN CRASH

MESA, Ariz., Jan. 12.—(AP)—Chas. E. Mack, originator of the famous

comedy team of Moran and Mack, known as the "Two Black Crows," is dead.

The 46-year-old comedian was fatally injured as the automobile in which he was riding turned over and caught him beneath it six miles from Mesa last night.

Others in the automobile, who all escaped serious injury, were Mack Bennett, former "Bathing Beauty"

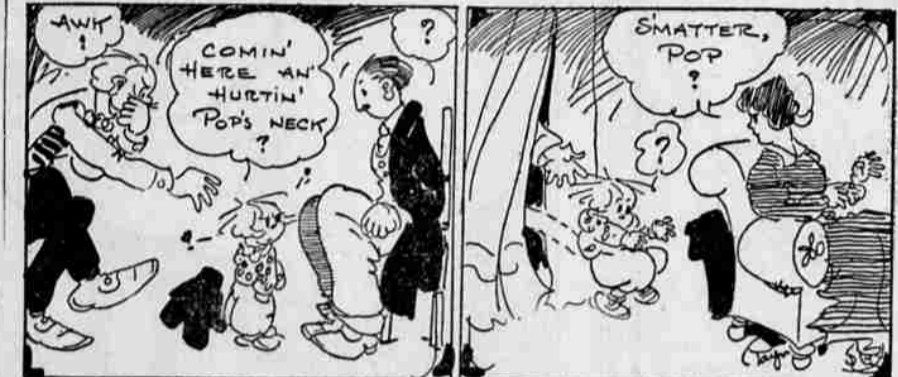
motion picture producer; the comedian's wife and daughter, Mary Jane, and his partner, George Moran.

Be correctly corsested in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

Ida Wood and Florence Graves—Piano Teachers. High school credits given. Studio 220 No. Oakdale.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Holdup!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—A Real Discovery!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Phooey

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



KMED Broadcast Schedule

Sunday

10:00—Judge Rutherford, Lecturer.
10:30—News Digest, Mail Tribune.
10:45—Morning Melody.

Monday

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.
10:00—Ed & Zeb.
10:15—Musical Notes.
10:30—Vignettes.
11:00—Grant's Pass Hour.
11:15—The 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 Flashes, Mail Tribune.
12:30—Marching Along.
1:00—Varieties.
1:30—Mrs. Mack, Home Demonstration Agent.
2:00—Classified Edition of the Air.
3:00—Songs for Everyday.
3:30—KMED Program Review.
3:35—Dreaming the Waits Away.
4:00—Rhythmic Cocktail.
4:30—Masterworks Program.
5:00—Cecil and Sally.
5:15—Hilo Serenaders.
5:30—Elmer.
5:45—News Digest, Mail Tribune.
6:00—Medford Theater Guide.
6:15—Al Piche's Sports and Fishing Flashes.
6:20—Dinner-Dance Program.
6:30—In the Salon.
6:45—Reveries.
7:00—Anson Weeks' Orchestra.
7:15—Helen Bellevue.
7:20—Moderne.
7:30 to 8:00—Eventide.

For FUEL OIL delivery, Phone 853
Binking Trucking Co. Pump and
long hose. We give S. & H. stamps.

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