



SPORTSMAN FLIES HIGH

By Lawrence A. Keating

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS: Detective Dan Colwell of the Graber-Vael private detective agency is assigned the job of shadowing lawyer Arthur McDonald, whose wife fears gangster enemies are plotting to murder him. McDonald is murdered in spite of Colwell's watchfulness. Now, with McDonald dead, the smuggling ring which he had become disorganized. Colwell risks his life to gather evidence by playing one against another.

"Hold on, Otto," he begged. "We got a fella in the next room knows it, and all we got to do is make him spill, see?"

Graber rose from his chair. His gun was put away and his big fists doubled at his sides as he chewed mentally on this latest information.

"If I hadn't put a skaukw you were's going to tell me you had a guy who knows the numbers. Fine pals!"

"Runk, Otto. We weren't forgeting you! Were we, Helen?"

"You know how the 'uff is coming in; we don't. That means we needed you, Otto."

"Who is this guy?"

"Colwell."

Through a crack in the partly open bedroom door Dan could see and hear. He watched Graber's face change. The man scarcely credited his ears at first; then he grew red in a wave that flowed up his thick neck and burst over a square German cheek.

"Colwell!" He cursed with loud imagination. "Colwell! He got the numbers? So he's trying to horn in! Mac starts the double cross. Hell! You two figured to pull - fast one, laying the blame on Mac so I don't suspect anything! But I'm wise to you! Now Colwell's got ambitions, eh? Graber cleared his throat with a great snuffle. "That's right. A forty a week paper wants to hear in on the heavy sugar! Well, he flung at them, "How kawk like a couple of dumbies! Where's Colwell?"

"In the bedroom," Helen said heavily.

"Bring him out! Snap into it, Lefty!"

Quillen stamped to the bedroom, his face flushed a queer purple with rage he strove to control. He liked Graber no better than when he had set out to violate the confidence of the ring by murdering McDonald. But Quillen had plenty of respect for Graber, and so had Helen Fane.

"Get up!"

Colwell complied slowly as if he were very weak. As a matter of fact he felt almost all right. He passed Quillen suddenly and went into the living room that looked like a Kansas cyclone had struck it. Graber greeted him with evil, slitted eyes, his fists clenched until the knuckles shone white.

"Colwell," he barked, "you're a sap to monkey with us!"

There was no reply. "So you won't talk, eh? You ain't going to tell us where you've got the license number?"

"No," said Dan. "I'm not." He strove to make out what time the infinitesimal hands on Helen Fane's wrist watch.

Graber pitted his cross obstinacy. "I guess you better carve him, Lefty. That's good medicine for smart guys!"

Quillen scowled, "I ain't got my knife. What's the matter with a gat?"

"You got a bread knife around somewhere, haven't you?"

Helen hesitated at Graber's imperative gesture, then slowly went to the kitchenette. She returned with a gleaming bread knife with saw edges. Graber squinted. "Put him on the floor. We'll carve a couple of figure eights on his chest and then maybe he'll talk."

Colwell struck out. His fist tilted Otto's wide chin and brought a crash of teeth. But before Dan could whirl, Quillen's weight was on him and bore him struggling to the floor. Graber recovered with surprising suddenness for a man with his soft look. The three rolled and threshed wildly, kicking chairs, hurtling into an end table to send its lamp to the floor where it shattered in a thousand bits.

The pair climbed off gingerly. Colwell, dazed by a blow on his temple, had been unable to snatch a gun. He set up with both hands clasped to his head.

Otto's face was stamped with cruelty as he rescued the knife. The bristles of his short cropped hair stood stiff as a mastiffs. He looked the lineal descendant he was, of Attila, chief of the Huns that had been the scourge of Europe centuries ago. Blood hungry, implacable. That was why he bossed the narcotic ring. McDonald had been the brains, Graber the brawn.

Dan knew now he had been a fool to put himself in more trouble than he could care for. But how else was he to learn the nature of the dope smuggling than by some chance, cleverly drawn out sentence? Not by staying away from them. It was a contest now whether he would get away alive. And hope diminished as minutes passed. It diminished too, for the knowledge he needed to get the quarter million worth of snow before they got it!

"Have a—good hunting trip?" he panted at Graber, and stared at the tips of his fingers to learn if it was blood trickling down his temple. It was.

"Swal! I shot a buck today. You'll see about it in the News tomorrow. Know that guy signs himself G.K.G. and runs that column Around Town? Read about me in there tomorrow morning, Colwell—if you can! Come on," he growled, "put him flat and let's get going."

Graber suited action to his words. Quillen sprang to his aid. There was another furious tussle but in his weakened condition Colwell was no match for the powerful hulks. With Graber seated on his chest and pinning his wrist and Helen's weight on his legs, he was helpless. Quillen had the knife. He put his blunt fingers to Dan's shirt and ripped it, leaving his chest exposed. Of a sudden the captive set up a new battle that interrupted proceedings. He got an arm free and shot a look to the in that set Otto roaring back.

But they subdued him. Helen buckled a belt around his thighs. The heavy Graber straddled him. "Go on, Lefty," he panted. "Colwell, tell us those numbers. You hear? Damn you!" he rasped. "Give us those numbers before we kill you!"

The telephone jangled. Everyone stiffened. Quillen, at a nod from Otto, rose and went to the instrument.

"Hello." His eyes swerved suddenly to Colwell, lifted to Graber. "Mr. Colwell? Never heard the name. Just a minute, please."

Perspiration increased on his face. Lefty looked shocked. "Says he knows Colwell's here and it's urgent. He's coming up!"

Otto gaped, nonplussed. He seemed wholly unable to guess who was at the other end of the wire. He climbed off Colwell and gestured for him to rise. Dan did, straightened his torn clothing and stood breathing hard. "Yeah," Lefty growled into the telephone, "just a minute."

He handed Dan the instrument. The black looks on their faces and the warning gestures told Colwell there would be a sudden end of him unless he worked it right. Graber held Dan's automatic, Quillen held his own and the bread knife, and Helen, her wavy brown hair in disarray, looked hateful as she gripped a snub-nosed .38.

"Hello. Oh, you, Harry? Sure, visiting some friends. You're downstairs? Well, I don't know, Harry. I think these people are going out or I'd say come right up."

"Don't you bring him up here!" threatened Quillen.

"Who is it?"

"Wait a second, Harry." He covered the mouthpiece. "It's Deane. You know, Otto—chief of detectives, the city force? He's anxious to see me. Says it's urgent."

"What about?"

Dan shrugged. "How should I know?"

"How come Deane knew you'd be here?"

Colwell grinned as best he could. "I told him."

Both men gulped. "Put him off. Send him away!" snarled Otto.

Dan shook his head. "You know how Harry is. Crash in anywhere. And he says it's important, that he's got to see me."

They still were dazed at this turn. Awd. Uncertain whether they were going to be forced to let Colwell go, or if they did so, whether it would mean the strong arm of the law bent around them. "I'm kind of anxious to bust it," Dan admitted. "If Deane comes up you'll have to let me go, and you'll land in trouble if I tell what you've just tried to do. Kill me now and you're pinched. But if I walk out of here I swear I'll not breathe a word of you fellows torturing me."

Seconds ticked past. For once the resourceful Graber could think of nothing. He fairly slobbered with savagery. But his slow nod proved that he considered Colwell's trick fireproof.

"Harry? I'll come on down. No, they don't mind; I think they were going to kick me out anyhow. — Weren't you, Helen?" he asked the girl. "How about it, Lefty? And —"

He jumped. The bread knife had slashed his coat. There was a look about Quillen that took Dan's breath away. He swallowed and forced a cheerful tone he by no means felt. "Okay, if I'm not there in three minutes, come up. So long, Harry."

He placed the instrument on its cradle. Trembling, he faced them. Graber was beside himself, changing color every second. Left's face was blotched and he kept working his big jaws convulsively. In the flaming eyes of the girl Dan thought he read a certain grudging admiration.

Meticulously, Colwell straightened his wrinkled and torn clothing. Two buttons were gone from his shirt but he managed to hide their loss. He picked up his topcoat and hat, jammed the latter on his head, and put a hand on the door knob. Every second he expected to be stabbed. As an afterthought he stepped across to Graber and held out his hand for his automatic.

"You've got one of your own, Otto? I paid good money for that."

"Listen, Dan, let's talk this over, how about?"

"Sorry, Otto. You boys play too tough. He poked the gun in his pocket and pulled down the door and swung down the corridor to the elevator. His legs were weak. Peek there he knew, they wondered if some game was being played or was his telephone summons bona fide? Accidental? Safe?

Passing thru the lobby, Dan nodded to the grinning clerk. He almost collapsed on the sidewalk. It was the tension of his danger suddenly relieved, the bruises and cuts and scratches and clouts with gun butts that had robbed his strength. Never before had he appreciated the sweetness of outdoor air, smoke-laden as it was from a thousand factories!

He limped along, his face stern. He had failed to learn the means of smuggling in that quarter million in snow, save that he possessed the license number of a particular truck destined to carry some kind of packing case with the stuff inside. The correct numbers he had in his memory. But all that pain in Helen Fane's apartment had been for nothing—or precious little.

Second, they would grab him again if they could and no ruse would get him off. It would be swift murder, sure, this time. Quillen could not afford to have Dan walking the streets with that eyewitness story in his head of the slaying of Arthur McDonald. Nor could Graber permit Dan to live peacefully with his knowledge acquired about the dope ring.

"I'll wait," he reflected, "and give Lita another ring. See what her angle on all this. She'll know something, maybe." Colwell's bruised and scratched face relaxed as mentally he pictured her. He shook his head admiringly. "Plucky kid!"

The angular, hawk-nosed man who stood alone in the hallway was known to Colwell. The man knocked again, the four staccato raps which were the prearranged signal. Colwell withdrew his head from the square milk door above the icebox in the kitchenette. He had taken this tiny apartment hurriedly as a hideout in which to recover from his mauling. He went across the living room and removed the chain before opening the door.

"Step in, Vael," he invited Graber's partner in the detective agency and shoved his hat back on his bullet head. "Have a chair. Cigarette?"

"Thanks, Dan." There was a momentary silence while they lighted up. Vael sat down and Colwell lowered himself in a comfortable chair. As he did so, his cheek twinged with pain, which Vael noticed. "Get hurt?"

"(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

GREENWOOD

(Mrs. H. C. McCaffery, Reporter)

Miller-Redmond Reunion

The Miller-Redmond families enjoyed their annual reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Stratton in Howard last Thursday. Those who attended from here were: Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Lester York, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Goodno, Mrs. Sarah Redmond, Miss Margaret Miller and Walter Redmond.

Attending Republican Meeting

J. H. Goodno, E. M. Scribner, D. D. Baker, W. G. Kellogg and Chauncey Ertle were in Bath Friday attending a meeting of the Republican county committeemen.

Approaching Wedding

Invitations have been issued for the approaching wedding of Miss Beatrice Fitzpatrick and Leo J. Harkenrider of Rexville, to be solemnized at St. Mary's church.

Burger Reunion

The 29th reunion of the descendants of Hiram and Mary Terpening Burger will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wallace, Saturday, Aug. 21st.

Supt. of Schools Virgil H. Hussey and Mrs. Hussey leave this week for a two weeks vacation in Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Zeltwanger of Canistota were calling in town Sunday.

Vaughn Smith of Rexville was a business caller in town Tuesday evening.

Mrs. George McKinley has returned from a motor trip to Montreal and Quebec, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Connelly of Dansville.

Mrs. Carolyn Sage and son Jack of South Canistota have been visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ernest Ruck.

A. B. Karlen, who is employed by W. I. Collins in Penn Yan, was home for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Reynolds and Miss Florence Lincoln of Almond were calling in town Friday.

Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Trowbridge of Elmira spent Friday and Saturday with Mrs. Trowbridge's mother, Mrs. Aviee Young.

Mrs. John Muehler and daughters, Pauline and Adeline of Hornell have been visiting at the home of Mrs. Muehler's sister, Mrs. Franz Teribury.

Mrs. Elton White attended the Senior bridge club party at the home of Mrs. Clair VanSkiver in Jasper.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Murdock and son Guy and Miss Ella Knapp attended a picnic dinner of the Sanford family in Troupsburg held recently in honor of Mrs. Carrie Sanford Drake of San Gabriel, Cal.

W. L. Young is doing carpenter work in Stannards.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martin and son of Hornell were callers here Friday evening.

Rev. and Mrs. S. L. Travis joined Rev. and Mrs. P. V. Arow of Canistota for a picnic at Lake Salubria one day last week.

Mrs. Wm. Smith and daughters of Brookville, Pa., have returned home after visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Murdock.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hale were in Salamanca Friday. Their son, Donald, returned with them after passing a month with relatives in Buffalo and Salamanca.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Price attended the Brownell reunion on Hayes Hill last Sunday.

Merle Green has purchased the Donald Cheesman property in Christian Hollow.

Atty. and Mrs. Davis Webster and sons of Cleveland Heights have been guests the past week at the Webster homestead.

The Misses Virgil Slaughter and Luella Edwards of the Greenwood Central School faculty have rented the Reynolds apartment recently vacated by Donald Brundage.

Mrs. Calvin Dennison of Dunkirk spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Brundage and son Basil called on Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Brundage, Sunday.

Mrs. Jesse York, son Milford and daughter Marian of Olean are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Miner and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur York.

Among the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Miller on Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. James A. Miller, Huntenville, O.; Mrs. Ray Mead, Wilbur K. Mead, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Brasted, Big Creek; and Robert Miller of Canistota.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Miller, Miss Mary Miller, Francis Miller, Mrs. M. Wagner and Miss June Wagner have returned to their homes in Buffalo after visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Miner.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lewis, Jr., and Miss Lucille Lewis of Jasper spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lewis, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Gifford, son Robert and daughter Janice have returned to their home in Buffalo, after spending several weeks with Mrs. Gifford's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Young. Mrs. Young accompanied them home and will visit Buffalo friends for two weeks.

Mrs. Alpha Taylor of Webster has been visiting Greenwood friends and relatives.

Richard Cook of the Veterans' hospital in Bath returned Tuesday after spending a week at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers were in Bath Monday. Miss Gertrude Rogers returned there with them after spending the week-end at her home.

Mrs. Richard Cook was called to Hornell Saturday by the critical illness of her father, John Shelley, who is confined in the Bethesda hospital. Mrs. Thurlow Brooks of this place is day nurse in charge of the case.

Ruby Sick, daughter of Mrs. Ransom Sweet, is recovering from a

broken leg at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jones of Hornell.

Mrs. Lana Baker is recovering from injuries to her ankle and hip, received in a fall down the cellar stairs in her home three weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Fulkert of Trenton, N. J., will arrive Sunday to spend two weeks with Mrs. Fulkert's mother, Mrs. Carrie Tyler and sister, Miss Ruby Tyler.

Walter Redmond is spending the week in the Adirondacks as guest of his cousin, Floyd Miller.

Mr. Rolka and daughters, the Misses Alberta, Blanche and Constance Rolka of New York City, are guests at the home of their cousin, Dr. L. T. Hardenbergh.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Warriner of West Jasper and Frank Warriner of this place attended the Hayes reunion at the Grange Hall in Alfred last Thursday.

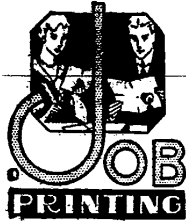
Mr. and Mrs. George Rollins and daughter, Rosamond spent Saturday in Corning.

Mr. and Mrs. James Smith of Bath and guests, the Misses Wilma and Clara Collins of Wadsworth, Ohio, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Burger.

Mrs. Rupert Aman and two children of Irondequoit are spending the week with her father, Merritt Atkins and sister, Mrs. Archie Stephens.

Miss Pauline Rollins of Corning spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Rollins.

Mrs. Sarah Redmond has returned from visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Goodno at Canandaigua Lake.



The Andover News

Food Market Advice

WHOLESALE quotations on butter and eggs continue to be considerably lower than last year at this season and cheese is no higher. Vegetables are very reasonable and vegetable main dishes or plates enriched with butter, eggs and cheese please most people and are a help in regulating the budget.

Vegetables which lend themselves to stuffing make good main dishes and among those in season are the various squashes, potatoes, eggplant, green peppers, tomatoes, onions and cabbage. Other seasonable vegetables make good stuffing such as corn, lima and green beans and peas. In addition, eggs and cheese, bread crumbs, diced or chopped meat, flaked fish, rice, macaroni and dried legumes make good stuffings.

Summer Fruits Abundant — Peaches, pears and plums in colorful and fragrant array are abundant and reasonable in practically all markets. You will find them flanked by apples, melons, oranges, lemons, huckleberries, nectarines and grapes to suit your taste and pocketbook. Some of the small summer fruits and berries linger but in

general the berry-cherry season is over. Fruits make ideal desserts at this season alone or mixed, raw or cooked in cups, salads, compotes or prepared desserts. The first apple sauce, new apple pie and the first baked apple of the season are treats to be anticipated.

All Meats High — The exceptions to generally high prices on meats and poultry are difficult to find. Fresh pork is prohibitive in price, beef is very high, veal is higher and good quality is scarce. Lamb prices just about parallel last year's at this time and represent the best available value. In the poultry market all prices are up except ducklings, which are comparatively reasonable. The fish market offers good values to the housewife seeking low cost foods.

Here is a menu made-up of reasonably priced foods: Baked Eggplant with Rice and Lamb Mixed Green Salad, Cheese Dressing Bread and Butter Peach, Pear and Plum Compote Sponge Cakes Milk



South

(Mrs. Margaret)

Aug. 11.—The been of wonderful ing crops.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Friday evening in ard taking in the ball game.

Paul Dean and ta, Mrs. Margaret Mary enjoyed a Falls last Wednesday. The far-famed city interest to Mrs. city of her birth.

Mr. and Mrs. C. business visitors in afternoon.

Billy Dougherty days visit with his parents over the

A gang of men Wahl's woodlot which is being tr

Mr. and Mrs. and two daughters ney spent Sunday Jerome Schoonover

Mrs. Paul Dean Bradford relatives Mr. and Mrs.

family of Petrol Benjamin enjoyed Sunday in Penns

Having a reuni A Deau family of the old homestead Wahl.

Mr. and Mrs. and Mrs. Robert daughter of Pitts O'Leary of Ando callers at the De very pleasant vis

Mr. and Mrs. and little son retu Sunday evening, visit with her par Olan Brasted.

Mrs. Angie Br and Mrs. George of Hornell spent

Gertrude Schoonover The Misses Mar enjoyed the mov Monday evening.

John Ross of V business on the

Mr. and Mrs. daughter, Robert on their return visits will be ma Cleveland enrou

Earl Dawson o over the hill Tue for the Servel c model gas refrig

Drilling has b the Lynch well, see a well torped

Lane Sch (Harold Chu

Aug. 11.—Mr. Murray were bu Hornell recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Clean passed Th friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Canistota called Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldred passed Su here.

Alton Coombs tor in Andover

Mr. and Mrs. Eldred, Mr. and children ar passed Monday John Church an

Mr. and Mrs. son Robert were Sunday.

Ruth Reubena N. Y., called on day.

Mr. and Mrs. daughter Louise on business Tue Miss Betty R Pa., and Patricia are passing some here.

Howard and Hornell, Sunday

Mr. and Mrs. Canistota called day last week.

John Swart were visitors in Wayne Terbu Saturday night

The dance hel here was well at In two weeks th to which all are

Mr. and Mrs. Elmira passed and Mrs. Van C Mrs. Kathryn Pa., passed Sur Mrs. Rose Chua