



SPORTSMAN FLIES HIGH

By Lawrence A. Keating

EIGHTH 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 led has become disorganized. Colwell risks his life to gather evidence by playing one against another.

FINAL INSTALLMENT

"You get the snow. I want the girl—alive. But there's to be no killing of Graber, understand? Not unless it's self defense."

Worriedly, Dan watched the repetition of farms. He berated himself for bungling back there in his office. Over-confidence had ruined the who's game. A swollen head! Otto had certainly been swept off his feet by the news that Irita, known to him as Helen Fane, and Colwell, were Customs Special Agency operatives! It naturally had occurred to Graber that a Graber-Vael Agency sleuth might also be a representative of Uncle Sam.

Admiration rose in Colwell's blue-gray eyes. Irita had taken chances, insinuating herself with those fellows! It was like walking a tight rope over Niagara Falls. By acute means, Irita knew to her clever, resourceful self, she had procured the rascals quarantined over here. Yet she had won and maintained her confidence.

That hectic ride lasted five minutes less than an hour. But Exting, Pennsylvania, a country town of perhaps a thousand souls, was not their goal. As they came down the main street Dan turned to Lefty.

"Now which way do you want to find the camp?"

Quillen nodded. "Straight ahead, buddy," he told the driver. "The second road outside town, turn left. Hit it up!"

Another thirty minutes dragged past. Despite his efforts at calm, Colwell's tension heightened. They turned off the main road, went two miles down a muddy country lane, and halted when Quillen ordered the driver to do so.

The two men piled out. "Guess you earned the ten-spot," Dan said the fare and handed it to him. "Suppose you roll back in three hours?"

They waited until the rattly cab was gone. "Come on," Quillen snapped, and led the way into the towering forest. It was rapidly growing dark: in fifteen minutes it would be like night. But the killer of McDonald and Carterby seemed to know the way.

Another mile they traversed afoot before Lefty stopped and touched Dan's arm. "It's up there. See that cabin?"

Colwell could not at first make it out. Going nearer, they found it dark. The two men exchanged questioning looks at this. Dan felt his heartbeat slow, then go faster. "Suppose your guess was wrong? Suppose Graber was still back in the city?"

Cautiously they approached the square log structure with the slanting roof extended over a front porch. There was no light in it, no car nearby, no sign of habitation. Quillen seemed concerned. He walked to a side window and peered in. Then both men went to the front door which they found locked. Again they peered at each other—it was dark now—and again were in wordless agreement. They put their shoulders to the door and after several efforts of their combined power, burst the cheap hinge lock.

Dan struck a match. "We won't light that lamp—we don't need it. Just want to see if their things are gone."

"They're coming back," Colwell stated.

He walked to the door and stared at the black sky. Suddenly, almost a mile of the countryside flared alight, and at the same time he became conscious of the whine of a motor. "Lefty! There's a plane!"

Quillen followed at his heels onto the porch. It was a flare the ship had dropped, used when the pilot sees an emergency landing field. The motor roared loudly now and in the slow-burning three hundred-candle power magnesium they found the ship circling. It was quite low. A cabin job of the Monogram mo-

tor. By mutual consent when the flare died at the end of its appointed three minutes, Quillen and Colwell rushed to the fringe of woods. They judged that Graber—if it was he—intended landing somewhere to the south. Both men ran fast as they could over hard, uneven ground. Until, two minutes later, they burst suddenly from the cove of trees onto a wide, flat clearing.

"Sure! I remember this. But I never thought Otto could use it for landing!" Lefty panted.

Colwell determined the direction of the wind and knew which way Graber must face to land. As the ship banked, coming lower, he started at a dead run for the spot it was due to touch. But he had forgotten Graber's second flare.

It burst alive suddenly, illuminating the two men who raced across the cleared space. "Down!" Colwell yelled, and hurled himself flat. With a searing curse Quillen followed suit.

But they had been seen. The motor, which had been cut out, picked up with a roar. The ship's nose lifted as Graber put her into a climb. Dan's heart stuttered and seemed laden in his breast. They had given themselves away!

Vengefully, Quillen raised his automatic. He too, could utilize the still burning flare that swung lower on its small parachute. He fired, twice, three times. Foolishness of course. It seemed useless.

Or was it? The monoplane was only two hundred yd. Suddenly the motor sputtered. It died and the plane roared without a sound. The white magnesium still made the field almost bright enough to read a newspaper. The motor ricked and Graber increased his speed. It spluttered, bobbed, went up, then down.

"This get to come down?"

The words were scarcely out of Colwell's mouth before he and Quillen rose full height with a jerk. Lefty gave an ejaculation. Dan's jaw sagged; he was speechless. His eyes like agates followed the sharp swoop of the aircraft, nose foremost but side slipping badly.

There was a splintering crash. That was the undercarriage and the wing tip. Yet the monoplane like a wounded bird bumped and floundered along with diminishing speed, pushed by her momentum. Another yell from Quillen—trees loomed up close before the ship—and a louder rending of metal and wood and fabric.

Quicker of wit, Colwell was dashing for the ship before that final catastrophe. It was a hundred yards that seemed never-ending. His great fear was of a sheet of flame that would burn them all to a crisp and prevent any interference, any saving of life.

It did not come. In the dying light of the flare which had struck ground somewhere, Colwell saw a form crawl out. "Stick 'em up!" he shouted.

The man did—but with a gun in his hand. It lanced fire. Colwell's hat left his head as though wiped off by some invisible hand. The next instant he realized that this chap was not the first to alight. The first fellow had hidden behind the crumpled wing had opened fire.

Lefty Quillen's forty-four roared. He was closing in as fast as he could. As he struck ground Dan realized that Irita Doran was on the floor of the partially demolished cabin of the monoplane—helpless though she squirmed and battled her bonds.

Dan groped on his knees, shooting. The second man to alight gave a yell and toppled. Dan saw Quillen locked with the chap; Vael. He rushed for his own quarry. The fellow lay still—but when Colwell got within ten feet, his figure dim in the half-covered ship's ground lights still burning.

Graber!

They struck. Both heavy, the terrific impact merely jarred them. Neither gave way. Graber's square face was contorted into hate and rage that Dan never had seen there before. Perhaps also there was desperation at knowing they had out-guessed him to arrive here first and that now he battled the last time, to win or lose.

His stubble of hair felt hard as the bristles of a brush to Dan's hand. They mauled and punched and grappled for the guns. Colwell's twirled from his grasp. It hit the wing fabric with a ping. Otto

Grabert got in a murderous hook that grazed Dan's jaw. Had it landed all would have been over.

But it didn't land, and Colwell put new savagery into his attack. Graber's gun exploded upward—and again. In the darkness they could scarcely see each other; there was only feeble light from the wing lamps. They stumbled back against the metal struts at the open cabin door. Dan's lucky right flattened Graber's big German nose. Blood spurting from it like water from a fire hydrant.

Otto howled. Colwell tried to wrap both arms around him to bend him back out of control on the floor of the cabin. Graber side-stepped, and his terrific blow to the temple stunned Dan. He was aware of shots a distance off and of Lefty Quillen's scream. And that he himself was weakening, that Graber was more powerful than he ever had estimated.

He punched again with both fists and suddenly grabbed for the gun as it swung nearer a line with his face. His hands struck; the weapon slipped; it was gone. Graber, panting, jammed Colwell back. His head hit an iron support just inside the cabin. Things got foggy.

Something cold came into his hand. "Dan! Dan!"

It was a scream uttered close to his ear. Venomously he swung that cold thing, swung it at Graber's skull. And it landed with a low, hollow sound that thrilled one clear to the pit of the stomach.

Otto crumpled. He twisted and wriggled on the ground while Colwell slowly collected himself and stood swaying, groggily, forced to cling to the open cabin door or fall. Graber's writhing legs protruded there on the dark ground. He had his own suddenly.

"Look out!"

Graber gasped just as Lefty Quillen limped up. Dan reached out and with a kick at Graber's arm tried to dislodge the gun. And the first shot did go wild! But the second took effect.

Lefty Quillen, knife of two men Dan knew about, gave way at the knees. A dot blackened his forehead and an expression of bitter surprise stamped his face. He uttered a low moan—then folded in a heap. Dead.

Dan straddled Otto Graber. He clouted him with his own automatic until Graber slumped unconscious. Then Colwell, very unsteady and with warm blood trickling down his shoulder went uncertainly to the fellow Lefty had tussled with. Horace Vael was badly mauled and weeping drunkenly with the rage that was in his helpless body.

Dan lurched back to the cabin. He had Irita free in a matter of seconds. "We've got to tie them!"

He nodded. "Their belts—will do. Until we can get rope from the cabin. You—all right?" he panted.

"Yes. Oh Dan, Dan, I—" Shuddering, she shook her head. "How did you know? How did you guess they'd fly here? How did you come so fast? We were stalled—motor trouble."

"He meant to kill me. Vael was a little afraid, but he was for it, too. Graber said he'd do it because you—"

"What?" he asked wearily. Colwell folded the girl in his arms and inhaled the fragrance of her hair. "The snow's in there, eh? All of it? Good. Graber said he'd kill you because I—what?"

She nestled closer to him. "Loved me."

Colwell considered a moment. He was growing faint and weaker. "Sure," he said, and with a great effort he chuckled. "I do. You know that! I—there hasn't been much—chance to say it. But— He struggled for breath to go on. "There will be, lots of chance. From now on!"

THE END

When food economy is necessary, substitute dried peas, beans or lentils for meat once or twice a week, suggest home economists.

Corn grown for grain should not only yield well, but should thoroughly ripen in the field before cold weather sets in.

Heifers can and should be raised largely on roughages to develop the bone and body needed by large, roomy, heavy-producing cows.

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GREENWOOD

(Mrs. H. C. McCaffery, Reporter)

Entertain for Mr. and Mrs. Harkenrider

Mrs. John Harkenrider of Rexville entertained a large company Saturday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Harkenrider. Delicious refreshments were served by the hostess after which the many gifts were opened. Those in attendance from Greenwood were: Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Burger, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Scribner, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Linford Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McCaffery, Mrs. Carrie Tyler, Miss Ruby Tyler and Ernest Scribner.

Bride-to-be Honored

Mrs. Merle Green entertained the members of the Goodwill Sunday School Class Thursday in honor of Miss Olive Clark, who is to be married in October. Miss Clark was the recipient of many pieces of crystal.

Attend Old Home Gathering

Several Greenwood residents attended the first Old Home Day at Bennetts Creek, Saturday. The event was held at the old Putnam school house which is now a community center. Over 140 were in attendance and it was voted to make it an annual affair. Officers elected were: President, Bert Childs, Hornell; vice president, Floyd Bassett, Bennetts Creek; secretary, Mary Thompson, Canisteo; treasurer, Mrs. Charles Bassett, Bennetts Creek.

First Woman Juror Summoned

Mrs. Elizabeth Karlen has the distinction of being the first woman from Greenwood called upon to serve at a supreme court term as a juror. Thirteen Steuben county women have been listed for jury duty at the Supreme Court term opening in Hornell Sept. 13.

Marriage Announced

Friends here have received announcements of the marriage of Miss Ethel Jean Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas G. Anderson, 121 Country Club Drive, Elmira and Edwin W. Whittaker of Philadelphia, in Elmira, August 14. Mr. Whittaker was a former member of the Greenwood Union school faculty.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Dwight Young and son of Valley Stream, L. I., arrived Sunday night to spend the week with Miss Ellen Young.

Miss Margaret Tombs, who has been attending the summer sessions at Genesee Normal, has returned to the home of Mrs. R. C. Cook here.

Miss Isabel McCormick of Buffalo has been spending a part of her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Harkenrider have returned from their wedding trip which included Schenectady, Albany, Saratoga Springs and Chester.

Miss Grace Young, who has been attending a house party near Lyndonville on Lake Ontario, is now at the home of her aunt, Miss Ellen Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Fulkert returned to their home in Trenton, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Burdette Russell and two children of Hunts spent Sunday with Mrs. Russell's sister, Mrs. Milton Chaffee and family.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McCaffery and sons, Thomas and Herbert, spent Thursday in Corning.

A. B. Karlen was home from Penn Yan for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Fulkert and Miss Ruby Tyler were calling on friends in Alfred, Saturday afternoon.

E. Gertrude Phelps of Ypsilanti, Mich., and Miss Harriet B. Hogan of Port Huron, Mich., were recent guests of friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Dahlstrom of Elmira were calling here Sunday. Rev. and Mrs. Shirley Travis and daughter Sylvia Jayne have returned from a months' vacation most of which was spent at Lake Lamoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Umberto Clavelli and son Dean of Batavia were in town Monday and Wednesday.

The Ever Ready Sunday School Class enjoyed a picnic dinner at the home of Mrs. Edward Scribner, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Goodno and son Redmond have returned from passing the summer at their cottage at Canandaigua Lake.

Mrs. Anna Burton of Buffalo is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dever Stephens.

Miss Nettie Cline is spending a few weeks with Mrs. Margaret Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Burger and Mrs. Mary Burger were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Johnson of Canador.

Leon Dennis of South Canisteo was a business caller in town Thursday.

Mrs. E. M. Buck and Mrs. Elton White were shopping in Hornell, Saturday.

Porter Stephens of Canisteo was a caller in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Smith of Bath spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mrs. Smith's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Burger.

Miss Lillian Butler of Whitesville was a recent guest of her sister, Mrs. Milford Atkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lamphier were calling in Rushford, Sunday.

Rev. W. P. Trowbridge of Elmira occupied the pulpit at the Methodist Episcopal church Sunday.

Donald Brunlage of Rochester has been spending a week with Mrs. Brundage and Donna Leo at the home of his parents, Mr and Mrs. M. L. Brundage.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hastings of Buffalo and Thomas Fitzpatrick of Tonawanda spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Margaret Fitzpatrick.

Sylvester Mustardo is working in Rochester.

Mrs. L. T. Hardenbergh passed Saturday in Canisteo and Hornell. Gerald Blair of Nunda is spending the week with his grandmother, Mrs. F. E. Carney.

Mrs. Elton White, seventh and eighth grade teacher in Jasper Central School, began her work there Tuesday morning.

Richard Cook returned to the U. S. Veterans hospital in Bath last Tuesday. Mrs. Cook is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. John Shelley in Hornell.

Jason France of Jasper was calling on friends here Sunday afternoon.

Miss Marian York and Milford York have returned to their home in

Clean after spending the past month with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. York and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Miner.

Curtis Mattison, a member of the class of 1937 of Greenwood Central School, has secured a position in the Corning Glass Works.

Miss Ellen Young and Miss Grace Young were business visitors in Hornell, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Hussey have returned from an extended vacation trip which included the coast of Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Abel have returned here from Keuka Lake and will again occupy the apartment of Miss Sabrey Stephens. Mr. Abel is principal of Greenwood Central school.

American Boy Introduces A New Football Game

In the early fall issues of THE AMERICAN BOY there'll be presented the story of a new game—six-man football—fast as professional football, wide open as basketball, thrilling as hockey!

The game came to life thru the need of small schools for some substitute for 11-man football, which was too expensive. Stephen Epler, a Nebraska graduate student in athletics, developed the game of six-man football to meet this need. In six-man football anybody can score, the possibility of injury from mass plays is minimized, and the game is open enough for spectators to follow every exciting development.

The new game is a hit. New schools are taking it up every day. In coming issues THE AMERICAN BOY tells the world about this practical new game. In addition, it presents THE AMERICAN BOY Official Handbook, which can be obtained from the magazine at 20 cents a copy, or 15 cents when bought in bulk.

NOTE: Subscription prices of THE AMERICAN BOY will be raised in the near future. Send your subscription order at once to take advantage of the bargain rates now in effect: one year at \$1.00 or three years at \$2.00. Foreign subscriptions 50c a year extra. Send your name, address and remittance to THE AMERICAN BOY, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. On newsstands the price is 15c a copy.



"Few grown-ups would care to be introduced to people the way children so often are," says one child psychologist.

THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS

By Mac Arthur



Count South

(Mrs. Margaret D...)

With the waning mercury rose, until excessive for some pathize with city d... The Misses Violet Elenor and Eloise E... port, were entertained last week by Miss over, celebrating birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dou... ily were Hornell... last week.

Messrs T. Dough... and W. Joyce atten... aution in Almond... Some activity wa... Hill for a few day... pire Gas Ca. emp... ditch digger, laid a... Lynch lot, for the... Ebenezer Oil Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Ear... enjoying a new Cl... South Hill was... at the Andover Le... evenings of last we... Mr. and Mrs. E... and daughter Dorot... Mr. and Mrs. C... Cani-teo. Also ca... Mrs. Wayne Schoon... Mr. and Mrs. J... Mrs. L. Byrnes of... Sunday dinner gu... Mrs. Howard Deau... Mr. and Mrs. O... Warsaw, Mrs. Em... daughter, Rosetta... spent the week-end... Schoenover, Mrs. D... tor remaining for... Roy Petterson... dresser for the E... recently moved his... Lynch homestead.

Miss Virginia S... was a recent guest... Leo Moran.

Miss Leora De... Dean and children... visitors in Wellvis... The Fenton th... did the work for... Paul "the-over" of... Mr. and Mrs. M... with their guests... daughter, spent t... with Mr. and Mr... Fingray Hill.

Mrs. Will Joy... spent Wednesday... Mrs. Joe Joyce of... A dairy inspec... section on Tuesday

Slate

(Mr. Raymond S...)

(Too late fo... Aug. 25.—Mr... Childs of Hornell... Childs of Canisteo... Mrs. Newell Steph... Mullen Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. L... ed Old Home Day... urday.

Mr. and Mrs. M... Hornell visited at... ell Stephens, Sun... Mr. and Mrs. L... er of Rochester... guests of Mr. and... Mr. and Mrs... and children wer... tives in Cameron... Mrs. Wm. Stew... nets and little G... Stewart and Mrs... Philip of Gorham... calling on Mrs. L... and children, Mr... Mrs. Dan M... Mrs. King used to... munity.

Dr. G. L. Whit... a professional cal... Newell Stephens... phens is suffering... the arteries.

Billy Stewart, s... Raymond Stewart... and under the c... Whiting.

Old Home Day... the Bennetts Cre... (Putnam school)

Aug. 31.—Dr... Canisteo was a... at the home of... Sunday. Little B... fering with a ca... Newell Stephe... mains about the... The children of... Mullen have bee... disoart.

Old Home Day... was well attend... ent.

Mr. and Mrs... family were Sun... and Mrs. Joseph... of high-up.

Mrs. Edith S...