

# SPORTSMAN FLIES HIGH

by Lawrence A. Keating

## FIRST INSTALLMENT

Dan Colwell sat in his cubby-hole office with chair tilted back, feet on the cigarette-marred oak desk, perusing the morning News. A second time he read the item in the Around Town column which stated that Otto Garber, president of the Garber-Vael Detective Agency was leaving today for Ewing, Pennsylvania, on a two-week hunting trip. Sportsman, the columnist described him, "and aviation enthusiast, Mr. Garber pilots his own monoplane."

Dan squinted thoughtfully at the north wall as it peered through it into the office of his superior. So Otto was going away... hunting? Very convenient, he reflected, and very wise of Otto.

The president's secretary paused in the doorway. "Mr. Garber wants you. There's a Mrs. McDonald with him. Probably expects you to frame her husband with some chorus cuts for a divorce. Poor papa!"

He twisted around with a grin but the girl was gone into the quarters of the other partner, taciturn Horace Vael. Colwell squinted a last time at the newspaper piece about Garber, lifted his feet from the desk, and rose. He hesitated a moment, conscious of a sense of expectancy that speeded his pulse. A good deal depended on the next few minutes. Dan had waited for this day through months of sordid divorce build-ups and Jewish guarding assignments at the Jewish baths of the Four Hundred. But this was not to be another dreary evidence hunt for the Court of Domestic Relations—nor any other court in the county building.

Colwell went down the brief corridor and knocked on the door that bore Otto Grainer's name and the warning Private. He twisted the knob and entered. "You want me, Chief?"

Garber's steely, Teutonic form was hunched well back in his chair, his powerful, pudgy hands lined over his stomach. He unclasped his fingers to scratch in his blond stubble of hair as he swung to Dan. "Right." With sudden remembrance of courtesy Otto hoisted himself out of the chair. He gestured to his visitor, and following the movement Colwell saw a young woman in a trim dark suit with a flaming white bow at her throat, a fox scarf draped carelessly over narrow shoulders, a snappy little monkey hat.

"Mrs. McDonald. Mr. Colwell. Wife of Arthur McDonald, the lawyer, Dan."

He bowed and smiled. She was a stunning woman of twenty-five or so, a woman he would a turn to watch if he passed her on the street. Her complexion was creamy, her mouth sensual and red and shining as those Bing cherries that come in spring from California. There a trimmer, dark hair Colwell found was brown eyes that were steady and warm, interesting eyes that held his with but a slight sensation of guddiness, he broke the spell.

"Sit down, Dan. Ain't you the best private operative in town?"

"Certainly." He drew up a chair

and lowered his solid five foot eleven frame noiselessly as a cat.

Garber laughed; it sounded a little forced. He hung a hand in the direction of two suitcases strapped and ready on the floor, with a stiff leather gun case lying across them. "See that item about me in the paper? I'm off to Pennsylvania, hunting. I hope you have a lovely hunting trip. I hope you shoot lots of rabbits, is it? And I'm depending on your handsome detective, for you charged me a disgraceful sum, Mr. Graber!"

"Costs money to employ the best operatives in town," he returned the stock excuse. "Good day." Smilingly, Graber ushered her out. As he closed the door his face changed and he waddled back to his chair glowering. "You got nerve! What do you think that humidor is, a grab bag?" "Mighty good cigar, Otto. What's her game, anyhow?"

"Game? She ain't got a game. Afraid her husband'll get killed, ain't that plenty? What you gotta do is keep him from getting killed and find out who the guy is." He shot Colwell a look. "What makes you think she's got a game? You're hired to trail Mac and that's enough."

"All right. So you're off to hunt for two weeks?"

"Yes, right now. I better hike. You handle Mrs. McDonald careful, see? I'd have you report to Vael while I'm gone but what good is that dumb chuk? A swell partner for a man to have!" the detective agency chief complained.

"Swell looker, ain't she?" he asked in sudden appreciation, and nudged Colwell. "Well, I gotta beat it, Ewing, Pennsylvania. See that in the News about me? It said 'sportsman and aviation—uh, bug'. Well, I am a pilot, ain't I? Yeah, that's right you read it. Well, so long Dan, see you in two weeks. I'll bring you back a ring-tail baboon or something."

"And say," he called after Colwell, "I'm looking this humidor, see? Don't you snitch none of my fifty-cent smokers while I'm gone!"

Leaving the office, Dan pressed an elevator button and stood waiting. "Swell plan, Graber's got," he muttered to himself. He parsed his ups for a waste that did not come. Mrs. McDonald's a big one. I'll need to watch my P's and Q's. This thing has got to be handled with gloves. But... He hummed briefly. There's a chance for big results."

Fifteen minutes later he entered the Waverly bar, a part of the notorious Waverly Club, a night excitement place in an adjoining hall. The bar was a long, ornate room done in the modern manner of silver and black and straight lines. Tables scattered about were for the most part occupied by sporty looking men at lunch. The neat, bearded passing a man was a dollar and a quarter. He was on expense but there might not be time to consume a whole lunch. Colwell went to the end of the bar and ordered beer.

McDonald was not here yet. Dan knew the fellow by sight, a small man of forty with pince-nez glasses and white, bony hands. He had watched McDonald extract more than one rascal from the toils of the law, waving his bony hands and throwing his timorous, persuasive voice around the courtroom. McDonald was the kind always skating on thin ice, barely evading disbarment proceedings and contempt citations. He might be mixed up in anything—and was.

The foaming beer was set before him. Dan sipped some of it, then turned to a battery of telephone booths. He entered the first, closed the folding door, and made sure he could see the expanse of the bar-room before he dropped a nickel in the slot. "Central 6576."

He got a quick connection. "Hello, give me Irita."

He waited a moment. "Irita? Dan. Well, we're started, eh? It's risky business but Graber doesn't seem to suspect. That Mrs. McDonald took him ten yards in one down. But he was surprised to hear Lefty has ideas of a big grab! Anyhow, Otto's off to Pennsylvania hunting, and I don't mean rabbits. He's greedy! Every time he thinks of that joy dust he begins to dream he owns a bank. Oh! Here comes McDonald—I'm signing off. We'll make 'em walk the plank before we're through. Call you again. Be careful, Irita."

He lingered in the phone booth until Arthur McDonald located himself a table. Dan returned to his beer, saw the lawyer order lunch, so himself ordered it with a hint to the waiter to make haste.

The meal over, McDonald tripped to the cashier, in that quick, womanish way of his, paid his check, and chatted with a friend at a nearby table. He surveyed the whole bar-room as he donned his hat and light coat, then departed. Colwell let him get a head start. As he paid his own check he saw through the big glass window two men come along

you understand? Follow Arthur—that's what you must do. Let me know who is after him!"

"Well, she said abruptly, her eyes falling, 'that seems to cover it. You won't let him out of your sight, Mr. Colwell?'"

"Not a minute." He found the card blank except for the number penciled on it. He tucked it into a vest pocket. "Suppose I call you once or twice daily, according to developments? And where do you think I might find Mr. McDonald to start?"

She consulted a jeweled wrist watch. "He often lunches at the Waverly Club on Reed street. It's about time now. And you'll phone me full details? Good-bye, Mr. Graber." She offered her small hand to Otto. "I hope you have a lovely hunting trip. I hope you shoot lots of rabbits, is it? And I'm depending on your handsome detective, for you charged me a disgraceful sum, Mr. Graber!"

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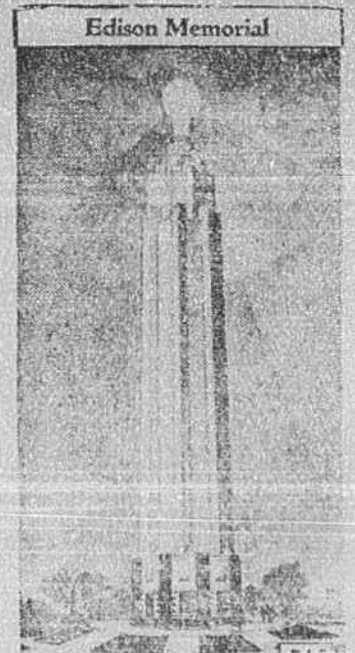
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MENLO PARK, N. J. Above is the architectural design of the "Eternal Light" tower which is to be built here as a memorial to the late Thomas Alva Edison, inventor, Edison Pioneers and the Edison Foundation, Inc., sponsor the memorial.

the walk and accost McDonald. Dan stalled inside with a friendly remark to the cashier, McDonald, he noticed, did not appear to relish the companionship of those fellows.

The short man wore a loud striped suit and derby. He looked like a pug. The other, taller, was a clean featured man of thirty-five, but he had an expression of cruelty on his face. He was dressed in an ordinary dark suit that emphasized the burly shoulders and thick arms of him. When he turned his back Colwell thought he saw the coat skirt reveal the butt of a gun underneath.

(Continued Next Week)

## COUNTY AGENT COLLINS

(Continued From Page Three)

The seed merchants report a larger sale of clover and grass seed than has been sold for a number of years.

**Lespedeza**  
Circulars were sent out to all the 104 demonstration farmers and the 55 watershed farmers asking them to sow lespedeza on their old pastures and on their thinner crop land. As a result the agents placed 3,000 pounds of certified Korean lespedeza and 2,000 pounds of Common lespedeza with the demonstration farmers of the county.

Sixty-seven demonstration farmers sowed 6,948 pounds of lespedeza this year and a large number of other farmers sowed some lespedeza. Practically all our demonstration farmers have indicated that they will sow lespedeza next year.

Mr. Stanley Harris, Amanda, had a fine demonstration on growing lespedeza in an old broom-sage field. Mr. Harris limed the broom-sage field, applied 100 pounds of triple superphosphate per acre, and sowed a mixture of Korean and Common lespedeza. The lespedeza made a fine growth in the broom-sage.

Mr. W. J. Farthing, Valle Crucis had a number of fine demonstrations lespedeza growing on his farm. A large number of farmers have been sold on sowing lespedeza by seeing the results being obtained on Mr. Farthing's farm.

**Pastures**  
One hundred and fifty-seven farmers sowed triple superphosphate on their pastures this year. Fifty-two farmers cut the bushes and briars off 867 acres of pasture land. Six hundred and fifty-nine acres of old pastures were reseeded. One hundred and eighty-eight acres of old pastures were limed.

Two acres of old pastures were set in locusts to prevent further erosion and heal eroded spots.

The farmers of the county are being made pasture conscious as evidenced by the very large number of farmers who this year trimmed the bushes and briars off their pasture land.

In most instances, the triple superphosphate sown on old pastures has shown up well. Where the triple superphosphate was sown there has been a decided thickening of the soil and a much better growth of white and other clovers.

**Soybeans**  
Very few soybeans are being grown in the county, but the agents are making an effort to get potato growers to sow soybeans when they lay by their potato crops and grow a crop of soybeans instead of a crop of weeds on their potato land during the summer and fall.

**Agricultural Conservation Program**  
The agents spent 185.5 days working on the agricultural conservation program. In carrying out this program 40 meetings were held with an attendance of 944 people, and ten circular letters with 5,039 copies were sent to farmers.

The importance of liming was emphasized to such an extent that the program became known by the farmers as the liming program.

A great deal of lime was applied, but due to the fact that by the middle of September when the farmers were marketing their crops and were

able to buy more lime, the supply was so limited that a number of them were not able to secure it. Had the supply not been so limited at this time, the farmers probably would have bought another 1000 tons of lime.

Following is a list of practices carried out by the farmers of Watauga county in compliance with the agricultural conservation program:

Seven hundred and fifteen farmers signed work sheets; 279 farmers applied 3,225 tons of lime; 351 sowed 2,566.1 acres in clover mixture; 114 farmers sowed 474.6 acres in red clover; 98 farmers sowed 561.1 acres in pasture mixture; 79 farmers sowed 541.7 acres in lespedeza; 60 farmers limed under 183.4 acres of crops. Thirty farmers sowed 109.1 acres of common clover, and 39 sowed 374 bags of 16% superphosphate on pasture and meadow land.

For carrying out these practices, the farmers of the county will receive from the agricultural conservation program \$11,338.40, with an additional approximate payment of \$4,000 for reducing crops.

**Tobacco**  
Twenty-nine days of the county agents' time was spent in getting final compliance, clearing up old tobacco contracts, and assisting tobacco farmers with their problems.

**Fruit Trees**  
Spraying demonstrations were started on the Cone estate and the Valle Crucis orchard. The late spring freeze killed practically all the fruit in these orchards, and the spraying demonstrations were discontinued.

**Forestry**  
Two farmers set locusts on poor, eroded hillsides to check erosion and prevent further washing. One of these farmers built a two-strand barb wire fence around the area where locusts were set to keep cattle off the eroded area.

Stacy Ford and D. F. Greene started timber thinning demonstrations. Ralph Moretz placed an order for 1,000 black locusts and 1,000 black walnut seedlings. J. F. Smith placed an order for 1,000 black locusts and 1,000 white pine seedlings. Farmers of the county are showing some interest in reforesting their poorest eroded land.

(Concluded Next Week)

## OBITUARY

Margaret Louise Norris, two months and 13 days old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Granville Norris, died at her home December 17, 1936, on Boone Route 1. Her death was from pneumonia which lasted only a few days. Funeral services were conducted from Laurel Springs Baptist church on Friday afternoon by Rev. Levi Greene, of Deep Gap.

Her days were short here on earth but was lots of pleasure to her father and mother, and two sisters. She was so dear in their home. Jesus saw that He had a better home for her than father and mother had. Father and mother loved her but Jesus loved her more. Father and mother are on their way to meet their dear little darling that has gone on. She will be watching and waiting for them and her two little sisters.

LESLIE ARRENE

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**CAN YOU IMAGINE**  
the surprise of a news service man in Washington who when he met a boyhood friend he had not seen for years advised him to try BISMA-REX if he ever had stomach trouble and found that the friend worked for the producers of BISMA-REX and had read hundreds of similar praises!

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