

SPORTSMAN FLIES HIGH

by Lawrence A. Keating

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS: Detective Dan Colwell of the Graber-Vaci 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. Dan is hot on their trail and suspects a sinister plot.

He crossed the alley and walked on. Two thickset men brushed past him with the air of knowing where they were headed and being in a hurry. Colwell recognized two city plainclothes men, Harry Deane and Joe Harper. He realized they were on their way to the office of Arthur McDonald on a routine checkup. The body had been identified, then.

A sympathetic crowd crossed his face at thought of Miss Jennings, the office girl. The poor kid was soon to get a heavy blow, news of her employer's murder. It could mean the office closed and her job gone.

Neither Quillen nor Bradshaw was in the lobby. Colwell turned back the way he had come and slowly became aware that people hurried past him with an air of excitement and curiosity. Then a squad car strewn wheel and the vehicle twisted in a sharp right angle to plunging down the alley. Dan moved faster.

Sure enough, deep in the alley was a close-packed knot of people. By standing on tiptoe Colwell could see over the heads of his neighbors two uniformed men who rose and stood aside for the squadmen.

"Soup Catterby," one growled. "Somebody jammed a knife right through that pretty striped tie. Say, that's the stiffest tie I seen today, and it's my birthday. Thirty-nine. I got two swell ties from Clara, and from—"

"What the hell—Catterby?"

"How come Soup went out from a knife? Who did it?"

One of the policemen shrugged. "Where's the quack? I told Sarg to shoot over one of them doctors. Not that he could do much. Soup was plenty dead when we found him."

Straining to see better, Colwell did at last attain a partial view. Bradshaw, alias Soup Catterby, huddled grotesquely in alley fifth, his shoulders against the brick wall of a skyscraper. A look of unspeakable agony etched lines from his twisted nose to his mouth, from the corners of his mouth downward, and in parallel grooves in his gaunt cheeks. He had the same terrible expression McDonald had worn.

A knife in his hand shined with blood, was sunk to the very hilt in his chest.

"Betcha it's his own?" one of the policemen exclaimed. "Yook, he's wearin' the scabbard under his pants, and it's empty!"

Crowd threaded his way out of the crowd. It appeared that Quillen thought his pal had tried to doublecross him—that he figured Bradshaw, alias Catterby, had obtained that package from the news stand by the magic name Sweeney, and had sent it to some hiding place by a confederate.

Dan felt genuinely sorry for Soup Catterby. It was his fault that he

had been murdered by the revengeful Quillen jumping at conclusions. Although the dead man himself had participated in a murder an hour or so ago; he was a rat.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. McDonald," Dan reported over the telephone later. "I have some very bad news and I don't know how to tell you. Brace yourself, Mrs. McDonald. It's very bad indeed."

"If you want it straight out then, something has happened to your husband. I thought perhaps the police had been there? Something very serious. I'm sorry, Mrs. McDonald, but your husband was murdered an hour or so ago."

He waited. Several gasps came to his ears and a wailing "Oh dear! Oh dear!" She went through her act, but it did not strike Colwell as a very good act. She never could earn a living in the smallest stage part that required emotion. Of course, when he poses as the wife of a man who lived and died a bachelor.

There was no Mrs. McDonald and never had been. Colwell had been aware of that from the first.

He listened attentively, putting in a word here and there. Gradually the lawyer's imposter wife calmed her tumultuous grief that should, to be convincing, have been a trifle less tumultuous and a bit more hysterical.

"I know who the murderers are, Mrs. McDonald."

That stirred her! Colwell had believed it would. She was breathless an instant. "You do?"

"Yes. But I haven't informed the police yet. We'll have to, soon, of course, but your instructions in Mr. Graber's office—Yes, there were two. It was with a knife, in a taxicab, brooding a traffic loop. Corner of Broadway and Alton."

"What's that? No, but I'd know them. Later, one killed the other with his own knife. Both desperate characters." Dan's eyes roved to the corners. That jarred her too! "I thought there might be some little thing, unimportant, of course, which you might not care to have get out?"

Mrs. McDonald was very disturbed that he knew the remaining killer. Colwell had the impression she paused to confer with someone at her elbow, although he could not be certain. "I have your phone number, but haven't looked up Mr. McDonald's home address yet; will you give it to me? Oh, I see." Colwell nodded to the mouthpiece.

Dan hung up and stepped out of the booth. He fished a cigarette from his pack and lighted it. The thing grew more complicated. But thinking back he could detect no error on his part. He had that package, and that was okay! Colwell thought it was working all right. This case ought to be profitable.

His fabled drew up to the somewhat tattered canvas canopy whose begrimed white letters spelled Kennebec Hotel. Dan paid off the driver and paused on the sidewalk to gaze about him. The Kennebec was a ten-story affair of tan brick in a neighborhood that once had been fashionable, as attested by the few sprawling mansions which still evaded the wreckers. Mostly there were other lower middle class apartments about, and delicatessens with smoked

Not the "Caroline"



MIAMI, Fla. . . . Miss Diana Fishwick (above), former British Women's Golf Champion, here aboard the yacht "Caroline," denies the rumor that the "Caroline" is shortly to become the honeymoon craft for David Windsor and Mrs. Wallis Simpson.

windows. A balloon man waited glumly on the far corner, a few automobiles rolled past, and there were several young women pushing baby carriages that contained the small sons and daughters of two-hundred-a-month clerks watching clocks downtown.

Colwell did not relish the visit he was going to pay. He drew a deep breath of reluctance and forced his steps toward the revolving door. But it seemed absolutely necessary to put his head into the lion's mouth this once. He had to learn the exact application of those numbers on the slip of paper found on the running board of McDonald's taxi. They were of great value, he suspected with a thrill warming his breast. Enough to put a man on Easy Street for life!

Because a quarter of a million dollars more in snow soon was due. Arthur McDonald, brains of the ring, had received that thirty thousand dollar package merely as a tryout of the smuggling scheme. Quillen wanted that, but more, he wanted the big shipment. That was why he had killed the lawyer, to get it all for himself. Probably McDonald had tried to hold out on that small package, arousing Quillen's hate and greed and the decision to get McDonald out of the way. That two hundred and fifty thousand in narcotics would put this small capture Dan had lucked into, in the shade!

When, exactly, was the big stuff due and how was it coming? If he was clever enough he might learn that in the apartment of Miss Helen Fane. But he would have to run the gauntlet up there and it wasn't going to be fun!

The small hotel lobby panelled in dark wood was indirectly lighted to give a sort of garnishy modern version of an old English inn. Dan kept thinking the next few minutes would be risky. He stopped at the desk.

"Miss Fanne's apartment 707? By the way, has a Mr. Quillen, a man in a dark suit, rather wide mouth, big shoulders, come in to see her?"

"No, sir, not today, sir, that I noticed."

Lefty was known here, then. Been giving the girl a play, Dan happened to know. The clerk looked in surprise at the five-spot Colwell passed him. "Say, did you ever visit people and wish you had some excuse to leave? Do a favor for me. You ring me up in 707 just thirty minutes from now. I'll do the talking; the point is, you're a friend who knew I'd be there and you insist on seeing me. It's urgent."

He strove for a Don Juan grin. "You know how it is when a man Chuckling, he poked a square fist into the clerk's chest.

His chuckle was infectious. The young fellow's black pompadour twitched forward as he grinned. He folded the five-spot and tucked it safely away. "I'll do that, mister. Who should I ask for?"

"Colwell." He spelled it out. "Thirty minutes from now—and not twenty-five minutes or thirty-five minutes. Thirty!"

With a wink he turned to the elevator. But his humor vanished as it carried him upward. The trouble was, he scarcely knew what to expect.

When the door on seven rolled back he went down the carpeted hall, noting the padding exposed in places. It was a cheery, bashy hotel where no one cared much what went on provided it did not bring the police. Mrs. McDonald admitted him. She wore a silky black satin gown which showed off her slender, supple figure to best advantage. Her eyes had the look of recent weeping, although not enough to impress him. Colwell stepped in and heard the door close with an ominous click.

"Sit down, Mr. Colwell. As I told you, I've been living under my maiden name of Fane." The girl swept past him to a chair and sank into it. "Take off your coat, won't you?"

He did take off his topcoat and draped it over the chair that held his soft hat. Dan heard hinges squeak behind him. He turned to find a shiny bluish forty-four automatic pointed his way with the hard killer eyes of Lefty Quillen behind the straight barrel.

It gave the detective a series of chills down his spinal column. He got to his feet, watching the man come out of a bedroom. "What is this anyhow?"

"So you know who killed McDonald, eh? Two of them! Well, Colwell, you're done for. Done for, get it? You and that snake of a detective agency boss of yours. I mean Graber!"

The words rumbled from deep in his barrel-like chest. Quillen's face was contorted in hate and his eyes were like the eyes of a little suckling pig Dan remembered from his kid days on an Indiana farm, when the pig was wedged in a fence and the old bear came at it. They were the eyes of a man who could hate and who was afraid. "Stick up your hands!" Lefty snarled.

Dan raised his palms level with his ears. "What's this for? I don't get you. How do you know I—?" He fastened accusing eyes on the Fane girl. "You cat!" Colwell cried. "You're not Mrs. McDonald! If you were you wouldn't have this guy here with you! Why," he stammered as if it struck a terrific surprise to him, "you're not Mrs. McDonald! You're a— a fake!"

Quillen's reaction to this was a puzzled look. The puzzlement lifted as he seemed to make a guess, and he sneered. "Catches on fast for a dumb operative!" He stepped behind Dan and after brief fumbling had the gun from his pocket. "Helen, I guess you put it over on Otto, eh? If it took him in like it took this chump. Hold still!"

"What do you mean about Graber?" Colwell adopted the stupidity pose. "Graber's all right. He always handed me my check, every Friday. Why should she pretend—?" He left off, shaking his head as if thoroughly mystified.

Quillen flung a curse that explained nothing but his hate. "I'll hold this guy. You search him, and don't miss anything!"

She had dropped all pretenses that she was the shyster lawyer's widow, and her contempt for Dan was plain in the little lift of her shoulder. The girl wore a hard look now and her nails as she poked her hand into his pockets managed to scratch and tear. She was a cat. She glared at Dan as if she would like to rend him limb from limb. Fane was in this mess, plenty.

All she found on him was a few keys, a notebook containing nothing much of interest, forty dollars in bills and some small change, and a slip of paper in his vest with his fountain pen.

"That's it! Gumme it!" Quillen snatched it. He backed away and smoothed the paper. His hard eyes lighted. "This is it—the numbers. This is what we want!" he breathed exultantly. "This dumb dick hadn't even an idea he was carryin' dynamite around. Why," he cackled, "he might've give it to Graber!"

"You're crazy. Otto's out of town. He's in Ewing, Pennsylvania, or anyhow on the way. He's off hunting."

Lefty shot him a pitying look. He sucked air noisily as he thought. "I guess we got to kill him, all right, eh? That's the only way, Helen. Then he can't squawk that you faked Mrs. Mae. Who killed McDonald?" he thrust suddenly at Dan.

Colwell, watching alternately the blue automatic, set his jaw. "Why not ask me who used Soup Catterby's own knife on him in that alley? I can put two and two together as to who did the second job, knowing who did the first!"

Quillen's jagged, tobacco-yellowed teeth gleamed wet. "Yeh," he muttered, nodding. "We got to kill you, Colwell. Yeh, we'll do it, too." He glanced at the paper in his hands. "Eight, five, three, dash, six, six, six."

The expression on the man's face slowly changed. Perplexity, he tried to shake off but failed, gave way to suspicion. It grew keener and more bitter. His piggy eyes raised to Colwell. Lefty wet his lips with a quick sweep of his tongue, trying to convince himself that it was all right; that these were the numbers.

"Listen," he said at last, thickly. "When we jerked all the stuff outa Mae's pockets, identification and all that, we got the numbers too. Hell, that's what we were after. I takes a squint at them, see? You don't think—" He left off.

"What, Lefty?" Helen Fane asked. "Think what?"

For answer Quillen stepped nearer Colwell and struck him a glancing blow on the head with the muzzle of his gun. "You rat!" he shrieked. "You got them numbers hid away somewhere! This ain't the paper I dropped on that taxi running board! I kind of remember . . . Yup, the first was seven. The next was—let's see—I guess it was ought. That's it!"

"Listen!" he yelled at Dan, and waved his gun as if about to strike again, "you ain't so damned dumb as you act! You switched them numbers, you goat! These ain't the ones were on that slip you must've picked off the running board. Come on, come on, out with 'em! Give me the numbers!" he howled, and made a pass at Colwell's vest as if to jam his hands into the pockets for another search.

Rubbing the side of his head which still stung from the blow, Colwell managed only with the greatest effort to keep control, to maintain his mystified, hurt look. "What do you mean? I threw that slip away. It didn't mean anything to me. Who you hittin'?" he whined.

"Helen! Go through him again. The dirty— He's tryin' to slip us these phoney numbers! Listen," he

barked before she could speak. "I got a memory, ain't I? I swear the first was 7. The next was 0." Quillen put a hand to his forehead, half bent at the waist, and concentrated with all his might. Still there was no opportunity for Colwell to grab for his gun even had he been so minded. Quillen straightened. "I know I'm right!"

"What you waiting for?" he roared at the girl. "Search him! Yank every stitch off! We got to find 'em, don't we?"

"Wait, Lefty. Don't foam at the mouth as if you've gone nuts. Think a minute," she snapped, not in the least cowed by his thundering. "Think a second, will you, and get the rest of those numbers." Meanwhile she was engaged in turning Colwell's pockets inside out. She found nothing. "Can't you get the rest of them, Lefty?"

He relaxed into a spasm of cursing and slumped into a chair. "Geez! But I know these ain't the ones. You think he turned them over to Otto Graber?"

Helen Fane, alias McDonald, stared at Colwell.

He said nothing for a moment. "Listen, what I can't figure out is, what of it? I mean the numbers. What are they for?"

(Continued Next Week)

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ANNUAL REPORT REINS-STURDIVANT BURIAL ASSOCIATION

No. Wilkesboro Boone West Jefferson Sparta Year Ending December 31st, 1936

BENEFITS PAID

Ossie Irwin	\$100.00	G. Y. Johnson	100.00
Lula Winbarger	100.00	Leroy Armstrong	100.00
J. C. Danner	100.00	Mary Rhodes	100.00
Marion Moore Beach	100.00	Sam Wooten	50.00
Charlie Smith	100.00	William Hill	50.00
Mary Anderson	100.00	Genia Bussell	100.00
Phony Church	100.00	Ida Brown	100.00
Kathleen Choate	100.00	Eva Clanton	100.00
Billy Gray Kemp	50.00	Lennie Canter	100.00
William Sherrill	100.00	Ollie Johnson	100.00
Lee Henric	100.00	Rhoda Parsons	100.00
Vance Patterson	100.00	Edna Bengie	100.00
Laura Ball	100.00	D. M. Edwards	100.00
Eugene Hayes	100.00	Harlow Hayes	100.00
Edith Parsons	100.00	Minnie Miller	50.00
Beatrice Fortner	50.00	Hesse Pilkington	100.00
Leonard Toliver	100.00	W. A. Pullen	100.00
Cora Billings	100.00	Mable Richardson	50.00
A. A. Burgarmer	100.00	Eveline Hamby	100.00
John Lovett	100.00	Glenn Swain	100.00
Elizabeth Cheek	100.00	Catherine Barnes	100.00
R. J. Mical	100.00	William Moore	100.00
Roxie Pierce	100.00	Betty Jean Bare	50.00
Mamie Eaglebird	100.00	Dallie Triplett	100.00
Rebecca Berry	100.00	R. C. Eller	100.00
Bessie Sims	100.00	Wiley Dodson	100.00
Mrs. Lillie Reece	100.00	E. L. Chambers	100.00
Fanny Church	100.00	W. L. Maines	100.00
Effie Bumgarner	100.00	Julia Canter	100.00
Tommie Milan	50.00	B. Franklin Miller	100.00
Clyde Mitchell	100.00	W. H. Grogan	100.00
L. N. Absher	100.00	J. W. Forester	100.00
Mrs. C. F. Osborne	100.00	Jerry Bauguess	50.00
Jake Ellison	100.00	C. A. Parks	100.00
J. C. Anderson	100.00	Minnie Blanche Ellison	100.00
Evopa Bielek	50.00	Mrs. V. L. Ashley	100.00
Frank Whittington	100.00	Bert Weaver	100.00
Laulia Louise Hollar	50.00	Lula Kennedy	100.00
A. J. Payne	100.00	Sophia Choate	100.00
Mamie Segraver	100.00	Mary Hall	100.00
W. A. Watkins	100.00	Joseph Wilcox, Jr.	50.00
A. G. Segraves	100.00	Laura Johnson	100.00
Garfield Shew	100.00		

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Balance on hand January 1, 1936	\$ 1,577.04
Amount collected three assessments	10,369.59
Less expenses for 87 burials	\$ 11,946.63
	\$ 8,100.00
Balance in bank December 31, 1936	\$ 3,846.63

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA—Wilkes County: I, Madge L. Sturdivant, Secretary-Treasurer, do hereby certify that the above is a true statement of Assessments collected and Benefits paid by the Association for the year 1936. MADGE L. STURDIVANT, Secretary-Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this the 31st day of December, 1936. N. L. ABSHER, Notary Public, Wilkes County. (My commission expires Oct. 3, 1937.)

The object of a burial association should be to provide a safe, sound and practical plan for the payment of the burial expenses of a member one year up to 10 years in the amount of \$50.00; 10 years up to 65 years, \$100.00.

We believe it more practical and economical to operate on a quarterly basis, making assessments in January, April, July and October of each year, unless the officers and board of directors are fully satisfied that there is enough money in the treasury to assure you of the protection for which you pay and a surplus for any emergencies, such as influenza, other epidemic diseases and accidents, then and only then (in justice to you and your protection) are they justified in passing up an assessment. There are those who will come to your community and say that they can operate for four single assessments per year, but the eight single or four double assessment scale is the rate set up by the insurance department, and it is not a guess but a source of knowledge to those who have been operating the association and paying their claims for 35 years that it takes seven to eight single or three to four double or quarterly assessments to keep money in the treasury with which to pay your claims and without this you do not have the protection for which you pay.

The Reins-Sturdivant Burial Association promised you safe, sane, sensible and economical protection and as long as you pay your dues you shall have it.

We need the support and co-operation of every member to keep the association strong, and we need those who need the protection to join the family circle of more than 20,000 others who believe in helping others and being helped by others.



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People come to a bank for safety of their savings and valuables and for financial services that keep the stream of commerce moving. We believe that stiffness and unnecessary dignity add nothing to promote better banking services. This bank is popular with its customers because it's a friendly bank that gives efficient, satisfactory service. You'll find our officers always glad to talk with you and discuss your problems. We invite you to come and see us soon

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