

The Free Press Short Story

The Famous Flying Dutchman

By JOHN SCOTT DOUGLAS

THE biplane carrying the two youngest members of the California Airways, Incorporated was turning high over the parched sands of the great Mojave desert.

Suddenly whipping tongues of flame sprang out on the motor head, flashing the lean, red-headed passenger and causing the color to drain from his face.

Choking on the oily fumes of smoke which poured back into his face, Corey Sawyer fumbled for the catch for his safety strap.

The biplane suddenly lurched and staggered like a wounded doe. Corey started a glance to the rear, and his heart grew cold within him.

Corey stared with smarting eyes through a red cloud which hissed and roared about him. He was about to clamber over the side of the cockpit when the nose dipped, and the aeroplane started to go into a spin.

Corey turned on his feet, striding out across the baking desert which supported no life save purple sage, spiny and barrel cactus, and giant yucca plants.

Corey saw red. His friend had disobeyed the first rule of a good pilot, which is always to consider the passenger first.

With supreme effort Corey slid his body along a surface as glassy as ice, and tumbled into the rear cockpit. His ears were ringing as the subdued howl of the motor rose to a shrill wail.

Something white flashed dizzily past him, and he realized dimly that he had pulled the machine out of the spin just in time to save Norton's parachute from being ripped to ribbons.

The fear which had been tingling at his heart saw realization when one of the badly-burned wings crumpled. The biplane, relieved of support on that side, listed precariously, "side-slipped," and started to go into another crazy spin.

Corey Sawyer successfully concluded the company's business in Los Angeles, and returned to Yuma in one of the California Airways ships two days later. He was popular with the other pilots at the field, and stood talking and joking with them until Norton approached the group.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

recognized as a distinct rebuff by every member of the group.

Norton was the youngest pilot at the airrome. He did his work faithfully and well, but there was always that slight at Corey. Sometimes Corey felt almost of sadness in his eyes when he looked like weakening, but when he thought of those terrible moments in that burning aeroplane, not knowing whether or not he could get out of it alive, his feelings hardened.

Finally Corey's training at the airrome was completed, and the young man successfully passed his tests for a license to become the youngest pilot at the field instead of Norton Mantle.

One day Norton flew a passenger eastward over the Gila Desert and the Gila Bend Mountains to Phoenix, Arizona. Morning found him still absent. The manager of California Airways called up the airport a Phoenix only to learn that Norton had safely landed his passenger and had turned westward that same night.

The manager was worried. "He must have met with some engine trouble, men," he said. "He might be killed or injured in the mountains. There's no way for him to get out on foot; that country teems with rattlesnakes and the temperature is that of a blast-furnace on his busy day. We'll have to find him."

Corey felt a painful constriction about his heart, and his dislike for Norton Mantle vanished. He knew what it meant to be out there on the desert without water or food. He felt ashamed of having held feelings of a petty nature toward Norton Mantle.

So Corey Sawyer went out with the other aeroplanes which buzzed over the parched sands of the Gila Desert wastes, hoping that he would be the one to find Norton, that he might beg forgiveness. He crossed the undulating brown carpet to the point where it merged into the serrated red crags of the Gila Bend Mountains, but he saw nothing of the lost aeroplane.

On the afternoon of that ninth day, Corey was sent to pick up a passenger in Phoenix. He had to buck a strong southerly wind which drove him constantly northward. It did not concern him particularly that he was being driven out of his course, however, for it would delay the climb over the Gila Bend Mountains.

Pinally, however, the tawny desert began to flow into the redder crags and crevasses of the lowlands. Then occurred one of those phenomena of nature, not particularly rare in this region, which are the bane of the airman's existence.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

CANADIAN BUFFALO TO EUROPE

Canada's success in saving the buffalo from extinction has been heralded as one of the outstanding achievements in the preservation of native fauna, and now the Canadian buffalo is to be used in the perpetuation of the European bison. Arrangements have been made to ship twenty buffalo from the Dominion's national parks to Germany, where they will be used in breeding experiments with the European bison.

The story of the saving of the buffalo from extinction is one of the most interesting in the annals of wild-life conservation. Over sixty years ago the buffalo inhabited the western plains of Canada and the United States in countless thousands. The advance of civilization and the improvidence of hunters, however, brought about one of the greatest slaughters in wild-life history, when more than a million buffalo were killed off in less than twenty years.

In 1907 the Government of Canada had an opportunity to purchase a pure-bred herd of buffalo from one Michael Pablo, a half-breed of Roman, Montana, who had developed a herd of almost 1,000 animals. It required almost three years to round up and load 672 buffalo, of which 621 were placed in Buffalo National Park at Watnwright, Alberta and will go forward at an early date.

Many has been said and written about the wrong numbers given by telephone operators, but this story has to do with the correct ones. According to telephone statistics released by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, the number of completed conversations on Canadian telephones during 1934 is estimated at 3,298,507,566; and that is a lot of right numbers. This is an average of 1,925 conversations per telephone, or 212 per capita.

No other country has as high an average number of conversations per capita as only the United States and Japan report a greater total number of telephone conversations. Perhaps the reason that Canadians are particularly loquacious over the telephone may be attributed in some measure to the fact that the telephone is a Canadian invention, the world's first telephones having been set up and operated in Canada by Alexander Graham Bell.

The number of telephones in Canada at the close of 1934 amounted to 1,193,720, compared with 1,192,370 in 1933. For each of the years 1931, 1932 and 1933 decreases from the previous year were recorded, and in 1934, while the number of residence telephones continued to decrease, increases in business, rural and public pay telephones were more than sufficient to offset this decrease. With an average of 1.01 telephones per 100 of population Canada was second only to the United States, where there is an average of 13.39 telephones per 100 of population.

In addition to playing an important part as a medium of communication in the business and social life of the Dominion, the telephone also provided employment of 17,291 persons to whom salaries and wages totalling \$21,107,834 were paid during the year.

Milady in Britain when she goes out to buy her pure silk hosiery looks with favor on the Canadian article, which has made a name for itself in the British market on the grounds of quality and durability. Of some 450,000 pairs of silk stockings which it is estimated were imported into Great Britain last year, Canada supplied well on to half that quantity, according to the Industrial Department of the Canadian National Railways. In the case of artificial silk hosiery, these come mostly from Germany and cotton variety the mainly from Japan and Germany.

In full-fashioned silk hosiery is where the Canadian stocking makes the appeal while the decorated heel, the swag toe, a fancy top, shading of color and all the other gadgets and adornments which are dear to milady's heart, are added attractions and bring higher prices and larger sales as long as the feature is new.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

Corey saw the columns springing up into the air ahead of him, signifying the battle of conflicting winds. Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. He snatched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him.

DINNER STORIES

NOT THAT BAD "Well, Mrs. Joyner," said the neighbor, "so your poor husband has joined the great majority?" "Oh, don't say that, sir," said Mrs. Joyner. "I'm sure he was not as bad as all that."

THAT'S ONE WAY "Minister," "I do wish I could think of some way to make the members of the congregation pay attention to me when I'm preaching." "Son," "Why don't you put the clock right behind the pulpit?"

YES, THAT'S USUALLY IT Little six-year-old Harry was asked by his Sunday school teacher: "And Harry, would you please give your darling little brother for his birthday this year?" "I dunno," said Harry; "last year I gave him the chicken pox."

MARKET FOR BIRCH PLYWOOD IN BRITAIN Plywood for panelling doors, furniture and other forms of interior decoration is being used to an increasing extent in Great Britain. The principal sources of supply in order are Finland, Russia, Latvia, United States, Germany, Japan, Poland, Lithuania, Estonia and Sweden, according to the Industrial Department of the Canadian National Railways.

Miller's Worm Powders are sweet and palatable to children, who show no hesitancy in taking them. They will certainly bring all worm troubles to an end. They are a strengthening and stimulating medicine, correcting the disorders of digestion that the worms cause and imparting a healthy tone to the system most beneficial to development.

TABLE MANNERS "Buck," famous canine hero of the silver screen, has become quite a habitue of popular restaurants. Here is Buck handling himself like a gentleman at the table, with an oversized bone for his meal. He takes well to the society whirl of Hollywood.

BRITISH WOMEN BUYING CANADIAN SILK HOSERY Milady in Britain when she goes out to buy her pure silk hosiery looks with favor on the Canadian article, which has made a name for itself in the British market on the grounds of quality and durability.

Peerless Sales Books are the best Counter Check Books made in Canada. They cost no more than ordinary books and always give satisfaction. We are agents and will be pleased to quote you on any style or quantity required. See Your Home Printer First

For a new delight in Tea try Salada Orange Pekoe Blend

"SALADA" TEA



FACTOGRAPHS

The quantity of nicotine contained in tobacco varies from 2 to 8 per cent, the coarser kinds containing the larger quantity. More than 25,000,000 eggs are deposited by the ling during the spawning season, as compared with more than 9,000,000 by the turbot, which ranks second.

The gross tonnage of a vessel is figured by measuring the interior of the ship to ascertain its internal volume, and then dividing the total by 100 to obtain the tonnage. One hundred cubic feet is figured, according to this system of measuring, as being equal to one ton.

It is believed that lavender, one of the most typical of England's flowers, may have been introduced there by the Romans. Bluing is classified as a dye because it neutralizes the yellow in clothes, thus making them white.

TINY SLEEPING SICKNESS VICTIM



Two-and-one-half-year-old Maxine Yarrington of Fairview, Pa., shown in her crib at an Erie hospital, has been asleep for five months, a victim of encephalitis lethargica—sleeping sickness. Although she is fast asleep, little Maxine's big blue eyes are wide open and she has the appearance of a normal child. When first admitted to the hospital, Maxine was fed by a hypodermic needle under the skin. Now, however, she eats in a normal manner.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE

A crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1 through 39 indicating starting points for words. The grid is partially filled with letters.

- ACROSS: 1-A hand-out; 2-Exact mate of the other; 3-A recent of; 4-the daily progress of; 5-A slight person; 6-He sorry far; 7-A substitution to the Virgin; 8-What town?; 9-Goddess of; 10-Male offspring; 11-Street in Russia; 12-A title of; 13-Turkistan baroneta; 14-A only in the alternative; 15-Of the; 16-Scripture; 17-Endeavor (Or church); 18-An Ottoman; 19-Exact mate of the other; 20-Faun; 21-Point covering; 22-Crisis con-; 23-High up; 24-A tree of the; 25-Miscelline; 26-Traut; 27-A city in Oklahoma; 28-The ancient language of; 29-Any surface; 30-A portion of; 31-A mine-cath; 32-century Car-; 33-man social; 34-and leader

Peerless Sales Books are the best Counter Check Books made in Canada. They cost no more than ordinary books and always give satisfaction. We are agents and will be pleased to quote you on any style or quantity required. See Your Home Printer First

SCOTT'S SCRAPBOOK by R. J. SCOTT

Advertisement for Scott's Scrapbook featuring an illustration of a man in a hat and a camel. Text includes 'HOUSE MOVING IS A SMALL TACK IN THE FRENCH COGNAC' and 'CAMELS CARRY THEIR OWN WATER'.