# The Bree Press Short Story

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## The Famous Flying Dutchman

By JOHN SCOTT DOUGLAS

HE biplane carrying the two the earth rushing up to meet him. youngest members of the Calimonia Airways, Incorporated was bussing high over the parched sands of the great Moiave desert. Shimmering head waves rose from the purple wastes of sage. Heat from a flaming sun flayed and blistered the stock, two-headed pilot and the lean, red-headed youth 'n the fore cockpit.

Suddenly whipping tongues of flame aprang out on the motor head, lashing the lean, red-headed passenger and causing the color to drain from his face. Crimson flames caught on the heavilyto crackle.

Choking on the oily fumes of smoke tempt a landing, for they were flying I'd have been killed." five thousand feet above the desert and the aeroplane would separate into flaming fragments long before it reached the

The biplane suddenly lurched staggered like a wounded doc. darted a glance to the rear, and his heat grew cold within him. Norton Mantle was not in the rear cockpit; he had leaped first, leaving his passenger to get out of danger as best he might.

first. He had "bailed out" with his you how rotten I feel about the way parachute without so much as taking the acted. Corey. I never thought I had been terrified; it was a cowardly act.

through a red cloud which hissed and forgive me-" roared about him. He was about to clamber over the side of the cockpit a brittle laugh. "You don't expect much nothing of the fallen eagle who was their when the nose dipped, and the aeroplane of friendship, do you, Nort7 You let me companion. Seven days elapsed, eight started to go into a spin. A white car- go down in a burning ship without a nine. nation seemed to leap up to meet him, chance of getting out alive, and then and Corey realized dizzly that it was calmly ask me to forgive you. The only Corey was sent to pick up a passenger Norton's parachute. If the spinning way I'll forgive you is to treat you in in Phoenix. He had to buck a strong "crate" tore through that 'chute, his like fashion if I ever have the oppor- southerly wind which drove him consupport would be removed, and Norton tunity!" would plummet earthward to a certain death.

"It'd serve him right for leaving his ship without shutting off his motor and for deserting his passenger!" muttered Corey in a choked voice. He did not suit his actions to his words, however Plattening himself to the alippery turtleback, he started to crawl backward toward the tall while the aeroplane nosed down more and more. Clinging with strained muscles, he worked his way along. "Oh, God," he prayed, "give me the strength to save him, even if he is unworthy."

With supreme effort Corey sild his body along a surface as glassy as loc. and tumbled into the rear cockpit. His cars were ringing as the subdued bellow of the motor rose to a shrill wall. His heart pounded madly as he clambered to an upright position. He had not yel pessed his pilot's tests for a license, but he knew considerable about operating an aeroplane. Jerking backward ori the stick to bring up the nose, he waited with pounding pulses, expecting every minute that the wines would be sheared on by the sharp "pull-out."

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

The fear which had been theging at his heart saw realization when one of the badly-burned wines crumpled. The biplane, relieved of support on that side. started to go into another crazy spin.

cord as the seconlane recled over on one with them until Norton approached the Tile rescutment of that fear-laden side. With breath-taking suddenness, he group. Corey then turned his back, and moment swept back over the young pilot. then felt himself thrown violently into the chill of this greeting between two

SCOTT'S SCRAPBOOK

BGYPTIAN STAMP OF 1981

could wait no longer! He jerked his ring forward, and the rip cord did its work. The parachute had hardly opened when Corey felt the earth strike him with dizzying impact. Waves of pain flowed over his body, and he struggled bindly him. He managed to rip a hole in the linen before the oblivion of unconscious, night. ness smothered him.

find his erstwhile friend leaning over in the mountains. There's no way for hlm. "Can you ever forgive me, Corey?" him to get out on foot; that country doped facric of the wings, causing them demanded Norton, in a voice which was teems with rattlesnakes and the temunsteady with emotion.

which poured back into his face, Corey chute, his blue eyes anapping. "It's a Sawyer fumbled for the catch for his fine pilot who forgets his passenger and safety strap. He knew it would be futile thinks only of himself!" he said sharply. Mantle vanished. He knew what it for his friend, Norton Mantle, to at- "If I didn't know how to use a 'chule, meant to be out there on the descrit

"I know it," said the other brokenly "There's nothing I can say to condon my actions. I just lost my head."

"You certainly did lose your head. ald Corey coldly, his eyes like blue ice If I hadn't crawled back over the turtleback to cut the gun the plane's spin would have hit your 'chute in its full."

"I wondered why you didn't leave the ship sooner," said Norton slowly, Corey saw red. His friend had dis- certainly took nerve to climb back there obeyed the first rule of a good pllot, while the crate was spinning, likely to which is always to consider the passenger blow up at any moment. I can't tell precaution of shutting off his motor. in me to be such a coward. It all hap-Even considering that Norton Mantle had pened so suddenly that I didn't realize what I was doing. I've always prized Corey stared with smarting eyes your friendship, Corey, and if you could days passed, and still those man-made

across the baking desert which supported no life save purple sage, spiny and barrel cactus, and giant yuccz plants. Something within urged him to play the harder part, to remember that it is n greater achievement to forgive than to hold vengeance. He steeled himself against yielding to the promptings of his onscience, however, and strode out across the parched sands, his blood boiling with anger and resentment. He was conscious that Norton Mantle was following him, trusting perhaps to the sureness of direction which his friend displayed. Corey dld not turn his head nor give any indicution that he was aware of Norton's

Toward nightfall, a mail aeroplane, which had espled the burned wreckings and was consequently watchful for the lost pliots, came rouring down out of the sky to land on the desert sands. The two youths were effusive in their thunks to the mail pilot for rescuing them, but neither spoke to the other until they reached the aeroplane's destination

As they left the field together, Corey turned coldly to Norton. bringing me here to take care of the firm's business. I'll do that and you may return whenever you choose."

Los Angeles.

the company's business in Los Angeles, signalling to him. and returned to Yung in one of the listed precariously; "side-slipped," and Calizonia Airways ships two days later, brain, then. Back came that scene of a He was popular with the other pilots at red aeroplane spinning to earth in fiamos The youth managed to find his rip the field, and stood talking and joking like one of those weird Chinese tops.

by R. J. SCOTT

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

Norton was the youngest pilot at the airdrome. 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 terrbile moments in that burning acroplane, not knowing whether or not he could get out of it alive, his feelings hardened.

Pinally Corey's training at the airdrome 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 Glia Desert and the Glia Bend Mountains to Phoenix, Arizona, Morning found him still absent. The manager of Calizonia Airways called up the airport a Phoenix only to learn that against the folds of linen which engulfed Norton hand safely landed his passenger and had turned westward that same

The manager was worried. 'He mus have met with some engine trouble, men, Corey Sawyer gained consciousness to he said. "He might be killed or injured perature is that of a blast-furnace on Corey climbed out of the tangled para- its busy day. We'll have to find him. Corey felt a painful constriction about his heart, and his dislike for Norton without water or food. He felt ashamed of having held feelings of a petty nature toward Norton Mantle. Norton had his head when that aeroplane caught fire, it is true; but he had been blg mough to admit his mistake. perhaps he was dead, and it was too late for Corey to make amends.

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 carpe to the point where it merged into the serrated red crags of the Gila Ben-Mountains, but he saw nothing of the lost acroplane. The other men met with no better success. Pive days passed and nothing had been heard of Norton. Six eagles soured above the wastes of sun-"Forgive you!" exclaimed Corcy, with baked sand, crag, and arroyo and saw

stantly northward. It did not concern Corey turned on his feel, striding out him particularly that he was being driven out of his counte, however, for it would delay the climb over the Olla Bend

Pinally, however, the tawny deser began to flow into the redder crags and crevasees of the lowlands. Then occurred one of those phenomena of nature. not partitudarly rare in this region, which are the bane of the airman's existence In the morning the wind currents are britially down toward the cooler floor of the desort; now, with late afternoon, the wind currents were reversed. The desert floor, baked all day in a broiling sun, was sending up its heat waves to meet the cooler air of the mountains. The wind from the south met these wind currents to form whirling eddled and currents which caught the sand particles in their mighty grip, carrying them upward in swirling columns which rose for hundreds and sometimes for a thousand

Orey saw the columns upringing up the battle of conflicting winds.

Suddenly his heart seemed to stop beating. Me mutched off his dust-clouded goggles and stared with narrowed eyes at a silver something on the brown carpet writhing beneath him. Something white was moving beside the aeroplane, for which it was. Corey knew with a sudden quick beating of his heart that Corey Sawyer successfully concluded the moving speck of white was Norton were paid during the year.

Something seemed to snap in Corey's

He turned his head away so he could

desert without water! Would Norton live of artificial slik heatery, these come another day? Perhaps hours would spell mostly from Germany and cotton variehis death! He was going away to leave ties mainly-from Japan and Germany. Norton to such a fate! "Corey Sawyer, In full-fashloned silk hoslery is where you're mad to think of such a thing!" the Canadian stocking makes he appeal he muttered to himself in sudden anger. while the decorated heel, the swagger toe, happen to him should he be lost in this the other gadgets and adornments which out-of-the-way place with Norton. With are dear to milady's heart, are added

in a sharp dive. Pinally he missed a gigantle cactus as tall as five men, thrusting itself outjof a adobe shack and that excavation?" huge mound, and managed a landing. Corey saw the remains of a prospec-His face was working strangely.

"Norton, I never knew I could be such gings. a rotter!" he said huskily. "I actually sending come one else back."

Norton managed to form a smile been looking for these last sixty years. through crucked, parched lips. "A rot- We're coming here by plane and we're ter?" he muttered in a voice so dry it going to work it together, Corey." rasped in his throat. 'Coming down! Corey was allent a moment, his face through that sand storm was the whitest working strangely. "Vengeance would thing I ever saw one fellow do for an- have been expensive," he said, rinally. other. Twenty times I thought you were "I would have lost half of this richest going to overturn. And you did it for of gold mines and you would have lost a fellow who had treeted you as Y did-" your life. In uddition, Y wouldn't have His voice brokes Endenly his bloodshot had any self-respect with which to face eyes glistened. "See the remains of that the world for the rest of my life!"

CANADIAN BUFFALO TO EUROPE

Canada's success in saving the buffalo from extinction has been heralded as one 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 na tional parks to Germany, where they will be used in breeding experiments with the European bison. The shipment of nineteen cows and one bull will selected from the national herd Buffalo National Park at Wainwright, Alberta and will go forward at an early

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 ouffalo 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 on in less than twenty years about wining out of existence this most interesting species. In 1907 the Government of Canada had an opportunity to purchase pure-bred herd of buffalo from one Michael Pablo, a half-breed of Ronan, Montana, who had developed a herd of almost 1,000 animals. It required almost three years to round up and lost 672 butfalo, of which 631 were placed Buffulo National Park and the balance in Eik Island National Park. The growth MARKET FOR BIRCH PLYWOOD IN of the hards at both parks was rapid and in 1923-24 the numbers had increased to such an extent that the graving capacity of Buffalo Park was in dan- and other forms of interior decoration is ger of being over-taxed. A policy annually disposing of a number animals was adopted and in the intervening years 6,873 animals were thipped from Buffalo Park at Wainwright Wood Buffalo Park, near Port Smith, in the Northwest Territories. Over 12,000 of the Canadian National Rallways. Most burralo have been slaughtered, their meat of the the plywood from Pinland and and hides disposed of by sale, and the Russia, and a fair proportion of that from unimals donated to zoological gardens in Latvia, is of birch, while that from the different parts of Canada, in the United United States consists almost exclu-

#### "NUMBER, PLEASET"

Much 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,-507,568, and that is a lot of right humbers. This is an average of 1,925 comversations per telephone, or 212 per capita. No other country has as high un average number of conversations per capita and 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,-729, compared with 1,192,330 in 1933. Por 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 d1.01 telephones per 100 into the air ahead of him, signifying of population Canada was second only to the United States, where there is an average of 13.30 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 \$21,167,834

ERRITISH WOMEN BUYING CAN-ADIAN SILK HOSTERY

Milady in Britain when she goes out to buy her pure silk hosiery looks with favor on the Canadian article, which has made space. Through smarting eyes he saw who had once been close friends was no longer see that speck of frantically on the grounds of quality and elasticity. waving while. No one would blame him Of some 150,000 pairs of silk stockings for not attempting a landing in that which it is estimated were imported into sand storm. So he stilled his conscience. Great Britain last year, Canada supplied As he sped toward Phoenix, however, well on to half that quantity, according Corey wondered if another neroplans to the Industrial Department of the could find Norton's. Nine days in the Canadian National Railways. In the case He sidled thoughts of what might a fancy top, shading of color and all roaring motor, he banked for the turn, attractions and bring higher prices and and sent the biplane wailing downward larger sales as long as the feature is new,

tor's shack and the evidence of old dig-

"That," said Norton, his voice hourse contemplated leaving you here and with excitement, "is the famous Plying Dutchman mine, which prospectors have

# 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"

of some way, to make the members

Minister: "I do wish I could think

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, what are you going to give your darling little brother for his birthday this year?" "I dunno," said Harry; "last year

RHITAIN

t gave him the chicken pox."

Plywood for panelling doors, furniture being used to an increasing extent in of Great Britain. The principal sources of supply in order are Pinland, Russia, Latvia, United States, Germany, Japan, Doland, Lithuania, Estonia and Sweden, according to the Industrial Department States, and in countries overseas number sively of Douglas fir. Very little is supplied by Canada. It is felt there is an opening for large-sized high-grade Canadlan birch plywood.

> Miller's Worm Powders are sweet and palatable to children, who show no hesitancy in taking them. They will certainly bring all worm troubes 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 oversize bone for his meal. He takes well to the society whirl of Holly-



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## For a new delight in Tea try Salada Orange Pekoe Blend



## · FACT.OGRAPHS

The quantity of nicotine contained in tobacco varies from 2 to 8 per cent., the coarser kinds containing the larger quantity.

spawning season, as compared with more than 9,000,000 by the turbot which ranks second The gross tonnage of a vessel is

It is believed that lavender, one of the most typical of England's

More than 26,000,000 eggs are de-

posited by the ling during the

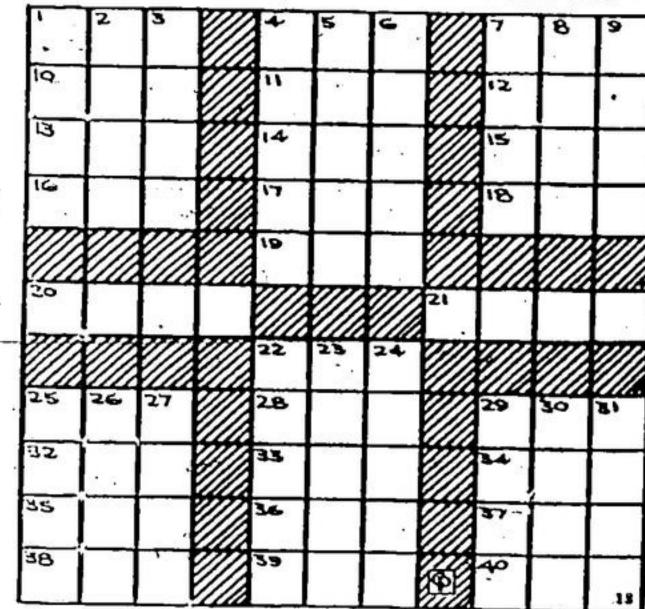
flowers, may have been introduced cause it neutralizes the yellow he

### TINY SLEEPING SICKNESS VICTIM



Two-and-one-half-year-old Maxine Yarrington of Fairview, Pa. shown in her crib at an Eric hospital, has been asleep for five months, victim of encephalitis lathargica-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,

## CROSS WORD PUZZLE



ACROSS 4-A removed of 26-Modifier of

T-A stund to-the sorry for 29-To make s 12- Which of what person? (naut) 14- Guideleng of 12-Attanfed

14-Male offspring 34-An speck 15-Steat 15-River in ti-flamy 17-A title of Turkestan nikana A-88 ts-A reply in the 37-Ever (contr.)

19-()ne of the 38-Spread toose-Semptura ly for drying canticios 19-Endeavor (Qr. church) 40-A slate-av tumnotto al.-02

DOWN 1-In a row . 4-A long line Z-Doceive 3-lielish

b-Erg-shapad Oklahoma 7-Crooked The ancient 9-Crias con-Abysainia EO-A portion of 22-High up any surface \*1-A tree of the 11-A ninetecuth

century Ger-24-Magculine man socialist nteknama and loader 25-Taunt

