

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY: Taylor, the manager of El Cabrillo Rancho, has offered \$50,000 for the ranch. Constance Cabrillo's family is eager to sell but she knows the money will soon vanish. She decides to go to California and investigate.

Chapter Three Fuller's Junction

CONSTANCE Cabrillo stopped twice enroute to the airport, once to telephone and learn that the plane was leaving at seven and to make a reservation on it, the second time at her office where she spent a precious half-hour closeted with the head of the realty firm.

That man wiped his brow as she whisked away.

"I hope she never tries to sell me the Empire State Building," he wheezed to his secretary. "I'd buy it."

"Shall I lie to the family for you?" asked the secretary sympathetically.

"If you will," he replied, wearily, and listened to the young woman inform the Cabrillos that he had sent Miss Constance on an important mission; that he did not give out information on prospective purchases of out-of-town ter-

"No," she admitted, "but I had hoped to hire a cab which would take me to El Cabrillo Rancho." "El Cabrillo," mused the man. "Oh, you mean Taylor's ranch." Constance immediately hated Taylor. So the countryside already thought of her home as belonging to the manager, did they?

"Well, now," the station master continued. "Can't say as there's a cab within a hundred miles, but . . . Sam!" he called, and one of the loafers separated himself from a milk can. Is Min retin' out Tim's car these days?"

"Shore is," drawled Sam. "Two bits an hour, jest you like a flat rate, and promise of pay for repairs. Min ain't aimin' to pay no more on that bus. It like to took all Tim's insurance to fix it so it'd run again, after Tim killed himself in it."

Constance swallowed, but it was Min's Tim's car or the next train back, and where would she wait for the train? There wasn't a hotel in sight. She could see the entire town from where she stood, and only a barbershop and post-office, a general store and undertaking parlor and a garage were visible.

Sam offered to take her to Min and grew loquacious on the way. "Bet you're a goin' out to see Peter," he offered. "He shore had a way with girls. Been back from college goin' on six years, but

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
Where to find them on the Dial:
KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGIA, 1470, Spokane; KJL, 750, San Francisco; KJW, 1320, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 630, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 930, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Monday

8:00—Forecast, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Quiz Program, KPO, KGW; Green Hornet, KGO, KEX, KJR.
9:30—Martin's Music, KGO, KJR, KEX; Paul Carson, KPO.
6:00—News, KEX; Hour, KPO, KGW; Ricardo, KGO; Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.
6:30—Burns and Allen, KPO, KGW; Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Adventure in Reading, KGO, KEX.
7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Three Sons, KGO, KEX.
7:30—Washington Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KEX, KJR; Where and When, KPO, KGW; Smoking Time, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:00—Show Boat, KPO, KGW; Paaling Parade, KGO; Kemp's Orch., KOIN.
8:30—Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW; King's Orch., KOIN, KSL, KNX; Richards Orch., KEX, KJR.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Little Or' Hollywood, KEX; Classics for Today, KPO, KGW.
9:30—Cian's Orch., KGO, KEX; Lofner's Orch., KNX, News, KJR.
10:00—Crosby's Orch., KNX, KSL; Reporter, KPO, KGW; Dancing With

Clancy, KGO, KJR, KEX

10:30—Music by Woodbury, KOMO; Duchin's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Sportsmen's News, KPO; Kent's Orch., KOIN.
11:00—Biltmore Boys Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX; Clark Rom, KOIN, KSL; News, KGO, KGW, KNX.

Tuesday

8:00—Marimba Band, KPO, KGW; Exposition Band, KGO, KEX, KJR.
5:30—Kent's Orch., KOIN; Musical Revue, KPO, KGW; Fun With the Reversers, KGO, KEX, KJR.
6:00—News, KEX; Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KGW; Aloha Land, KGO; Gram Swing, KOMO; Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL.
6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Dog House, KPO, KGW; News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW.
7:30—Black Velvet, KGO, KEX, KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KGW; McCreary's Orch., KNX, KOIN.
8:00—Musical Americana, KPO, KGW; We the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Sports, KGO.
8:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW; Baseball, KGO; Treasure Island, KSL; Professor Quiz, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Dance Orch., KPO, KGW.
9:30—Scott's Orch., KOW; Treasure Chest, KPO.
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Duchin's Orch., KOMO; Crosby's Orch., KNX, KSL.
10:30—Van's Orch., KEX; Richards'

Orch., KGO; National Defense, KPO; King's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KGW, KNX.

Radio Highlights

Programs tonight: Europe, WEAD-NBC, 3:15; CBS, 4:55; 6:30 east; WJZ-NBC 6; MBS 6. U. S. army war games, NBC 8, summary of maneuvers.

Policies: WAOC-CBS 4, (west repeat 9:15), Democratic chairman, Edward J. Flynn in "Address to Democratic Workers"; WJZ-NBC, 5:30, Sec. Harold L. Ickes replying to Willkie acceptance speech.

WJZ-NBC, 3:45, Rep. J. Randolph on "Aviation Progress"; 4:30, Pearson & Allen, Pertinax News; 5 Basin St. Swing, new time; 6:15 broadcast from Fehnestock expedition to South seas.

Impersonator Held

Seattle, Aug. 19.—(AP)—Arrested under a secret indictment of a Tacoma federal grand jury, Frederick Johnson, 28, was returned here today from Kansas City and lodged in the King county jail. The charge involved alleged impersonation of a federal officer.

NATIONAL GUARD WAR GAMES ENDED WITH 6 DEATHS

Yelm, Wash., Aug. 19.—(AP)—The "war" is over but national guardsmen from the western states are still drilling today in two great training areas, one near Chehalis and the other at Camp Murray.

The citizen soldiers, their thoughts on their probable mobilization this fall, have started the final period of their three weeks' encampment.

The Pacific northwest's biggest war game, participated in by 41,000 regular and National Guard troops ended Saturday, with each side a moral victor.

The troops returned to their camps yesterday after the war game umpires declared both "red" and "blue" armies had accomplished the purpose for which they went into the field. The "reds" delayed the "blue" advance, but the "blues" had completed their assigned job of taking over disputed territory.

Six fatalities were listed during the extensive maneuvers. One officer died of a heart attack, four soldiers were killed in traffic accidents and one civilian's death was blamed on the army maneuvers.

Thurston county Coroner John S. Lynch called an inquest for tomorrow into the death of C. L. Clark, a railroad brakeman, who was hurled from the top of a train by a wire strung across the track. Lynch termed the stringing of the wire "sheer stupidity."

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

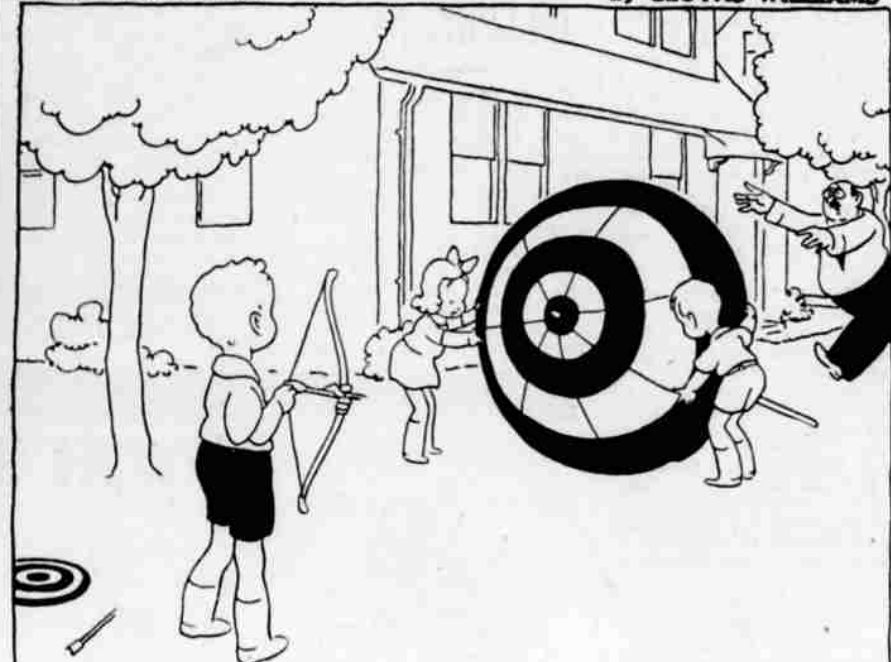
STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

SMOKE JUMPERS
At Brooks Field, Texas, in 1929, parachutes first dropped men and machine guns for military action in a peacetime demonstration.
But, strange as it seems, the United States has a more humane use for parachute troops, as forest service fire fighters. Dubbed "smoke jumpers," men in specially designed suits are dropped in inaccessible places for action against flames and thousands of dollars in timber stands are saved.
Tomorrow: Paints in Dirt!

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY HAPPENED ALONG JUST IN TIME WHEN THE PLUMER CHILDREN NEXT DOOR DISCOVERED THAT HIS NEW GARDEN UMBRELLA WOULD SERVE MUCH BETTER THAN THEIR REGULAR ARCHERY TARGET

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Baron Isn't Bluffing!

THE NEBBS—A Nasty Guy

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—He Does and He Doesn't!



There was a sudden lifting of the fog.

rtory, consequently he could not tell them where she was; that she kept an overnight bag at the office, packed for such trips.

Constance garaged her car, signaled a cab and drove to the airport, smiling a little at the thought of a Cabrillo taking a trans-continental trip with no more luggage than she carried.

She thought of the Cabrillos for the next sixteen hours while the big ship roared through the sky; under stars, under sunshine, across plains misty with the first fall rains, over mountains blazing white with their new mantles of snow.

As the ship circled in over San Francisco Bay, she thought of John with a guilty start, and wondered how long he had waited for her.

She felt as lost and alone as the plane looked in that sea of fog, and later, breakfasting at the airport, wondered if she had done wrong; if it hadn't been the Cabrillo in her that had caused her to throw her hard-earned commission away on this trip when she might have paid bills with it.

By noon, boarding a local train which would steam its way to the town nearest the ranch, she was trying to comfort herself with the thought that her father wouldn't have left that provision in the will if he hadn't expected her to act as she was acting.

And then she relaxed. Outside the window were tawny hills growing purple in the distance; pale golden valleys dotted with grazing herds; fruit orchards, crooked limbs holding tattered yellow leaves.

Then came the redwoods. The train plunged into a dusky cavern of them, seemed to nose a stream half-hidden in a thicket of young bay trees, and finding the bank, proceeded along it at an insolent pace.

Hours passed and Constance dozed to sit up, alert, at the brakeman's call of "Fuller's Junction!"

'Taylor's Ranch'

THE train was in a clearing now, the hills falling away to give the river clearance to the sea, and when it stopped, Constance looked out from the vestibule to find fog rolling in, in vast, wet billows which settled down, crushing the few buildings of the Junction into nonentity.

She felt her spirit crushed with the foreboding outlook, and when the train pulled out she felt it was her last link with civilization. "Expectin' to be met?"

Constance wheeled to find a few loafers cying behind with curiosity, a station master standing just behind her awaiting an answer to his question.

some of them there coeds ain't given up yet."

"Tell me about the car," insisted Constance, as there was no Peter in her plans. "Will it run?" "Runs like Min's tongue," Sam assured her. "Folks is sayin' her tongue run both the car and Tim straight off the cliff. 'Course the coroner he said Tim was carryin' a pretty big load under his vest, but then Tim's Min would a drive a piebald mule to drink."

Curtain of Fog

MIN'S tongue drove Constance to the highway with the running fire of impertinent questions. Having obtained a fifty-dollar deposit, she sought to obtain the reason for a "classy young lady, goin' out to Taylor's ranch, iffen she wasn't after a man."

"Well," she concluded, above the roar of the motor, "good luck. You'll need it. Prettier girls 's you have tried to rope him."

Constance had driven five miles before the buzz of Min's voice faded from her memory. For such a sparsely settled country the road was in good condition. It wound through the coast hills, skirting a stream, then abruptly shot over a hill to come down in a world of blank fog.

Here Constance found the road joined a misty coast highway, and thought it, sympathetically, that here was where Min's Tim had found release from that eternal chatter.

She looked down through the gray vapor as she drove, to see a jagged short line far below, snag-toothed rocks sticking through ugly fangs upwards, swirling foam of an angry sea washing their base. She shivered and drew back.

Fog swept across the highway in curtains, lifted for a few yards, then settled again.

How was she going to see the signs they had told her to watch for?

El Cabrillo Rancho ran from the low-tide line to the crest of the second inland range. Permission was given the State highway to traverse the coast line, but it was posted at intervals and passed through a succession of fenced areas and over cattle guards.

The car rattled over four bridges of what appeared to be dove-tailed slats set parallel with the road, then, at a sudden lifting of the fog, she uttered a cry of triumph.

A white sign faced her with the familiar words:

EL CABRILLO RANCHO
Private Property
Permission to pass over this road revokable at any time,
P. T. Taylor,
Manager.

To be continued

MIDSUMMER SANTA GIVES AWAY \$100,000

Waterbury, Conn., Aug. 19.—(AP)—A mid-summer Santa Claus has given away more than \$100,000 in Waterbury during the past week and nobody knows who he is, but almost everybody wants to find out. The city's two hospitals each got gifts of \$25,000 from the donor who has taken elaborate

pains to conceal his identity, three churches got \$10,000 apiece, the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts each \$3,000 and a number of other charitable organizations were given \$2,500 or \$5,000.
A newspaper's poll revealed that the known donations totaled well over \$100,000.
In most cases the gifts have been made by a treasurer's check issued at a Waterbury bank and delivered to the recipient by the bank president.
Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.