

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY, in town Constance meets Ellen MacKelvey who runs a dairy farm. Constance drives back to the ranch with Pedro Taylor, wondering how to cope with such a friendly enemy.

Chapter 12 Barbecue

FROM boxes the delighted Dolores brought riding breeches of twill; boots and sombrero; and a silk shirt of sapphire blue with a golden yellow kerchief for her throat.

"El Cabrillo colors," Dolores explained. Constance tried to suffice her thoroughly feminine love of clothes. Was Pedro trying to put her so deeply in his favor that she would agree to sell?

But when she was dressed, she whirled before the mirror and was pleased with what she saw. Meg had gauged her measurements accurately; even the boots fit smoothly.

"Look like a colored poster in front of a dime theater," she laughed, and went out to find Peter Taylor waiting for her.

"Muchisimas gracias," she sang out, and bowed low before Pedro. "My word, the gal speaks Spanish," chuckled Pedro. "Now turn around and look at Pancho. He's waiting a word of approval."

Constance caught her lower lip between her teeth as Julianno, festively attired, appeared around the corner of the house leading a beautiful palomino, his coat pale golden tan, his mane and tail a creamy white.

"Pancho the beautiful," cried Constance and ran toward the horse, unaware of the cries of warning from Julianno, Taylor and a few guests who were drawing near.

"Madre de Dios," murmured Julianno fervently, as Pancho, after one startled, head-tossing neigh and swift baring of teeth, dropped his head to nuzzle the sapphire blue shoulder.

"And—'Holy mackerel,'" sighed Pedro, who had sprung across the path, white of face. "That settles it," announced Mrs. MacKelvey. "The girl may be a throwback, but she's a Cabrillo as well."

Constance looked up from her caressing of Pedro to find—"I'm pokot—no, Julianno, don't hold him, I can mount, now watch—"

Pancho made a full swing, but Constance had one foot in the stirrup and by the time he was around she was seated, flushed, laughing, then sobered by the look on Pedro's face.

"Cabrillo," he agreed, and Meg, who had been in the background, anxiously addressing her patron Saint, murmured "That needn't make you a piebald mule."

For a moment the two stared angrily at each other. "Trrry to remember," burred Meg, "that history teaches us the Irish are half Spanish; remember the Moors with their high, fine steppin' horses brought us a love of horse flesh. And above all, Peter me lad, don't be a jackass."

Pedro grinned and finding his horse, mounted and rode up to Constance. "We'll wait for introductions until we reach the grove," he told Constance. "I think the cavalry's ready. You, as a Cabrillo, should lead the parade alone, but I'm not trusting you. You're quite apt to lead us to Maria's."

They rode up and behind them some seventy-five neighbors fell in. Constance pulled up on a hill and looked about her. Never had she seen such sunshine, such a blue sky, such gold-and-purple hills.

"Pedro," she laughed. "I could love you for planning this." "Don't, Michael," returned soberly. "Don't say that, I can't spend the rest of my life eating barbecued beef."

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
Where to Find Them on the Dial
KEX: 1160, Portland; KFL: 540, Los Angeles; KGA: 1470 Spokane; KGO: 730, San Francisco; KGW: 120, Portland; KJH: 970, Seattle; KNX: 1050, Los Angeles; KDA: 830, Denver; KOIN: 540, Portland; KOMO: 930, Seattle; KPO: 530, San Francisco; KSL: 1130, Salt Lake.

STATIONS
5:00—Singing and Swinging, KGO, KJR, KEX; Music Hall, KPO, KGW; Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
5:30—Concert in Miniature, KGO, KJR.
6:00—Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; News, KGO, KEX; Crosby's Orch., KPO, KGW.
6:30—Wallace's Speech, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Park Concert, KPO, KGW.
7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; This Our America, KGO, KJR.
7:30—Canadian Holiday, KGO, KEX, KJR; Ask-Is-Basket, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lewis' Cuck, KPO, KGW.
8:00—Strange as It Seems, KNL, KSL, KOIN; Adrich Family, KPO, KGW; News, KEX.
8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW; Kemp's Orch., KSL; Hayes News, KGO; Answer Auction, KNX, KOIN; Baseball Game, KEX.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN.
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Gardner's Orch., KOMO; Luncheon, KOIN, KNX.
10:30—Safety First, KPO; Harpa's Orch., KGW; King's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Richards' Orch., KEX, KJR; Owens' Orch., KPO, KGW; Luncheon, KOIN, KNX.
11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; King's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Richards' Orch., KEX, KJR; Owens' Orch., KPO, KGW; Luncheon, KOIN, KNX.

EISMANN HOPYARD ACCIDENT SCENE

Grants Pass, Aug. 29.—(P)—Willis Cayvell, 5, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Cayvell of Wonder, hop pickers, was instantly killed Tuesday night when playmates swinging from a hop pole accidentally pulled the 12-inch timber down on his skull, crushing it.

The child was watching older persons swim in the Rogue river bordering the Eismann hop yard. Deputy Coroner Walter Entriken reported that William Kinsley of Glendale and Tom Holmes were swinging on the wires which pulled the pole down.

Portales, N. M. — Eastern New Mexico college sent out a survey to alumni including this question: "What have you been doing since you left ENMC?" Replied a former co-ed: "Having and warm."

GIRL JOURNALIST HEARS NO SPEECH

Salem, Aug. 29.—(P)—Dorothy Ann Hobson, 12-year-old editor of the pro-Republican Valseltz Star, sat with the acceptance committee Tuesday at the ceremony notifying Charles L. McNary of the Republican vice-presidential nomination.

"It was a fine speech—I didn't hear a word of it," the young editor said.

She explained the amplifiers were pointed in the opposite direction.

Burglar Sentenced

Roseburg, Aug. 29.—(P)—Edward Paul Moers, 20, of Chicago was sentenced in circuit court today to one year in the state penitentiary after pleading guilty to a charge of burglary.

Heart Attack Blamed

Kansas City, Aug. 29.—(P)—John Cleveland Price, 48, died in a dentist's chair. Death was attributed to a heart attack. Twenty teeth had been extracted.

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

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

CAMOUFLAGED PIGEONS
ARE BRED BY CAPT. RAY R. DELHAUER, Ontario, Calif. FOR GREATER SAFETY IN FLIGHT DURING WARTIME! GRAY AND WHITE, THE BIRDS ARE NEARLY INVISIBLE IN THE AIR...

PLINY--Roman historian, often dictated from his bath while working on his famous "NATURALIS HISTORIA"

PAULOWINA TREE--HAD TO GROW DOWN TO THE GROUND!

IT'S SEED GERMINATED ATOP AN 18-FOOT STUMP... -Rockport, Indiana-

PLANT LICE--HAVE ELIMINATED MALES FROM ALL BUT ONE OF THEIR MANY ANNUAL GENERATIONS!

CAMOUFLAGED PIGEONS
Strange as it seems, Captain Ray R. Delhauer has bred 40 special camouflaged pigeons whose gray and white mottled wings are almost invisible in flight.

Captain Delhauer's birds are the result of ten generations of inbreeding, starting with two famous World War pigeons—Spike and Mocker. Spike won fame carrying 52 official messages, in 1918, from front line trenches to U. S. Army headquarters; Mocker carried messages from a mobile tank to headquarters, was once hit by sharpnel and blinded in one eye. Captain Delhauer plans to offer his birds for the new national defense program.

TOMORROW: Draft Riots!

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AS YOU HANG UP YOUR APRON WITH A SIGH OF RELIEF THAT THE DAY'S WORK IS DONE, YOU DISCOVER A PILE OF UNWASHED DISHES WHICH YOUR HUSBAND, FOR REASONS KNOWN ONLY TO HIMSELF, PUT ON A CHAIR BEHIND THE DOOR

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Enemy Strikes!

THERE'S THE MAN WHO MURDERED LORD TWEEDY... AND STOLE THE SECRET TREATY OF THE BALKANS! LOOK! HE'S TRYIN' TO HIDE IT IN HIS COAT POCKET!

WHO ARE YOU??

MRS. MACKELVY'S PRECISENESS STOPPED AT HER OWN FRONT GATE. A wild, old-fashioned garden sprawled from fence to steps, only a few marigolds and crystalanemones holding out against the encroaching winter.

The house was roomy, cheerful with light paint and flowered chintz. The living room was lived in, books everywhere, a grand piano heaped with dog-eared music.

Tea was served before a roaring hearth fire and afterwards, when the shadows grew thick, the talk drifted to personal things.

"But with the responsibility of this ranch, one might call it an enterprise on your shoulders, don't you ever get the urge for something to lean upon?" asked Constance.

"Mrs. MacKelvey shot her a quick whimsical glance. "I know that feeling," she admitted. "My parents were touched with the Flynn's ward, happy-go-lucky musicians. I married for security. I married a rancher. Perversely, Jack was no more dependable than any other man... ah, but the land! I found in it the warm, solid shoulder I needed."

Constance slept on a thought. She would lean on El Cabrillo.

She awoke refreshed, and on a daylight tour of the dairy ranch, put the questions to Mrs. MacKelvey as one business woman to another.

When she started home, mid-morning, she felt able to conquer the world. Michael had raised money. She would too, and then—Pancho, honey, she patted the satin shoulder, "we'll show them what a throwback can do."

Pancho twitched a skeptical ear.

To be continued

ME?? UH... I'M A BRITISH SECRET SERVICE OPERATIVE... ER... I'VE BEEN ON THIS MAN'S TRAIL A LONG TIME... AN' NOW MY GUN, IF YOU PLEASE MISTER???

WAIT A MINUTE, MR. PHAROS, YOU DON'T SOUND BRITISH TO ME! YOU DROP YOUR 'G'S'... INSTEAD OF YOUR 'H'S'...

BOTH OF YOU START WALKING FORWARD? I'LL CHECK ON THIS BY RADIO. WHEN WE REACH THE COCKPIT...

BUT AT THIS MOMENT SOME OF THE CREW FROM THE ENEMY SUBMARINE APPEAR, FIRING WITHOUT WARNING, AND PHAROS STAGGERS, MORTALLY WOUNDED!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Hideout

WHAT'S THE MATTER, TIA? WHY STOP HERE?

ENGINE TROUBLE, I GUESS—DARN IT!

MEANTIME, FAR FROM THE ROAD AND NOW ON FOOT, THE MOTORCYCLE RIDER NEARED A LONELY MOUNTAIN CABIN...

GEEZE! WHAT A HIDEOUT!

COME ON, YOUSE GUYS—A CLANCY TRUCK IS ON THE WAY!

THE NEBBES—All It's Worth

SUR TWINKING HAD RUDY HAILED INTO COURT FOR SOCKING HIM... IT SEEMS TROUBLE JUST FOLLOWS RUDY AROUND

SURE I HIT HIM... HE INSULTED THAT I WAS A LIAR AND A CROOK AND YOUR HONOR THAT'S SOMETHING NO RED-BLOODED MAN CAN TAKE!

SO YOU TOOK THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS... AND I SUPPOSE YOU THINK THE SATISFACTION WOULD BE CHEAP FOR AROUND A HUNDRED-DOLLAR FINE!

...AND THEN GO AROUND BRAGGING ABOUT HANDING HIM A \$100 SOCK... WELL, IM NOT GOING TO DIGNIFY YOUR JOB AT ANY SUCH PRICE... YOUR FINE IS ONE CENT... AND DONT COME BACK HERE WITH THE SAME OFFENSE BECAUSE THEN I'LL THINK IT'S A HABIT... AND I DONT LIKE HABITS!

4 NORSEMEN WIN OVER SEAS, NAZIS

New York, Aug. 29.—(P)—Four Norwegians who braved the stormy north Atlantic in a 38-foot sloop to escape from their German-occupied homeland sought entry into the United States today.

Norway. Immigration officials began a check on their credentials.

Six Gales struck them before they raised St. John's, New Foundland, on the first leg of their voyage. A wave washed their mariner's compass overboard soon after the start, and they navigated from that time on by a pocket compass.

German troops forced them ashore at Bergen with machine gun fire, they said, but released them after brief questioning.

The accordion was invented by a Viennese, Damian, in 1829.

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