

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY, John tells Constance he does not trust the Tavoris and wants to buy them. Constance is shaken but a talk with old Peter renewed her determination to fight.

Chapter 30

Parade
JOHN rode off and Pedersen came up. "Miss Cabrillo," his blue eyes were lined with worry. "I'd go. We need the support of Beachport. We can't offend them. I have a trailer here; I'll have Pedro take Pancho in to town."

Constance thought of Beachport, the communal spirit of the people, her place in the community. "But what will you do?" she asked. "You're here alone. We don't know that the men will return in time to help you. I'll try, I will."

"I know," he smiled at her. "And Mrs. Pedersen and Carl Junior, and Pedro, and Peter Senior. We'll make out; and after it's over we'll talk about getting new men in; men I can trust."

Constance thrust out her hand, found it crushed by the grasp of the big Dane, and hurried back to the house.

The outfit Pedro had brought back on his first visit; the blue shirt and golden kerchief, Cabrillo colors.

John waited patiently until she was ready, then they streaked towards Beachport, and half way in passed Pedro, with Pancho and his own mount in a trailer.

The rest was a blur; the hotel; crowds milling; people in costume; men dressed in prospectors' outfits, a thousand women emulating Mae West; a thousand more in full Spanish skirts, tight bodices and lace mantillas. Men in tight velvet breeches, long silk hose, and jackets corded with dancing velour pompons. Flat hats with pompons jiggling.

Constance found herself greeted with a roar of approval. Judge Francis stood her on a table and announced in a stentorian voice: "Michael Mahoney!"

John had disappeared. Somehow she found herself in a city stable confronting a bewildered Pancho, who tossed his head and neighed his disapproval of the trappings with which he was decorated.

"Don't take it so hard," whispered Constance. "I don't like this any better than you do."

Someone led Pancho to the street. A long line formed behind them. "Go along Main Street to the water-front, along the water-front to the railroad track, and back up that street to the crossing," ordered a man in a Stetson.

Constance breathed deeply, dug her knees into Pancho's flanks to hold him, and nodded.

They were off. Someone rode beside her. In a moment, when she could control this fool horse of hers, she would see who it was. Behind her the band blared a melody. A rival voice took up the theme. "Ride, tenderfoot, ride," he bellowed, and the marchers picked up the words and thundered them out.

Pancho shook himself and began wiggling his shoulders, mincing, prancing, keeping step to the music. "You doggone adagio dancer!" scolded Constance, and Pancho picked up his ears.

"Nice going," observed the rider at Constance's side.

Constance looked up. Pedro! Pedro in his vaquero outfit, the stamp of El Cabrillo on his band, gloves and wide, brass-studded belt.

"When you can spare an eye, look behind," he suggested.

Constance looked at Pedro instead, and hated him. Then curiosity became too much for discretion, and she turned her head.

'Purely Cabrillo'
BEHIND them was a carriage; its side panels painted with pictures of the Saints; its wheels gilded.

High on the box sat Julian; proud Julian in velvet and sky-blue and gold, arms folded across his chest.

Beside him rode Don, resplendent in black velvet, only a waistband of blue and gold indicating his heritage.

"The last of the Dons," quoted Pedro airily.

Constance turned quickly, but not before she had seen her mother in gold lace, seated in the carriage, a delightful Janina at her feet.

"Ride, tenderfoot, ride," bellowed the pump business man who seemed responsible for keeping the parade in line.

"The last of the vaqueros," hissed Constance at Pedro.

Pedro doubled over his saddle with a great laugh.

Then, somehow, Constance caught the spirit of the parade, the spirit of the fiesta. It was fun, this riding on a dancing horse. Pancho appreciated his rôle. His wise amber eyes picked every beauty in the crowd and courted, while the audience roared approval and Constance tried vainly to keep her dignified seat.

"Michael! Pedro's voice was full of mischief. "Who loves you?" "You don't," said Constance. "I can't afford palanquins for engagement presents," chuckled Pedro.

Constance bowed and smiled at the reviewing stand, and out of the corner of her mouth she shrieked. "And I can't afford conceited so-and-so's who jump to conclusions. Pancho was purchased with my hard-earned money."

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 610, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 670, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1030, Los Angeles; KDA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 820, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Thursday:
5:00—Hirgin' and Swinging, KGO, KJR, KEX, 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—Songs, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kinney's Orch., KGO.

7:30—Canadian Holiday, KGO, KEX, KJR; Ask-Ti-Basket, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Good News, KPO, KGW.

8:00—Sitcom as It Seems, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Aldrich Family, KPO, KGW; Judy Deane, KGO.

8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW; Dance Orch., KSL; Sam Hayes, KGO, KJR; Auction, KNX, KOIN.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Concert Orch., KGO, KJR; 10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Garber's Orch., KGO, KJR.

10:30—Safety First, KPO; Harpa's Orch., KGW; King's Orch., KSL; Richards' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; 11:30—Nottingham's Orch., KPO.

This Moving World, KEX; Shaw's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KGW, KNX.

Friday:
5:00—Kogen's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Waite Time, KPO, KGW, Songs, KOIN.
5:30—Concert Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Music for Moderns, KPO, KGW; Drama, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

6:00—Believe It or Not, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Don Ameche, KPO, KGW; News, KEX.

6:30—Alec Templeton, KPO, KGW; Al Pearce, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Ink Spots, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; 7:30—Johnny Presents, KOIN.

8:00—Herman's Orch., KEX, KJR; Dance Orch., KPO, KGW.

8:30—Treasure Island Varieties, KPO; Sports, KGO; News, KJR; Kate Smith, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

9:00—Golden's Orch., KGO, KJR; Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW.

9:30—Gordon's Orch., KPO; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

9:50—The Old Days, KPO; King's Orch., KOIN; Music by Woodbury, KOMO.

10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Lucia's Orch., KGO, KJR; Crosby's Orch., KNX.

10:30—Richards' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Martin's Orch., KPO; Luncheon's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

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

A tax on windows was levied in England in 1696.

OREGON RANKED THIRD IN AUTO OWNERSHIP, PORTLAND PLACED 11TH

Portland—(Sp)—There is a passenger car registered in Portland for every 3.7 residents, according to data received by Dr. E. B. McDaniel, president of the Oregon State Motor association, from the Automobile Manufacturers association. Portland ranked eleventh for all cities over 100,000 population in per capita passenger car ownership. Oregon ranked third in states in point of ownership, the motor association president said. There is a car for every 3.3 persons in Oregon. The national average for states is a car for every 5.5 persons.

Portland also ranked ninth for cities of 100,000 in total street mileage. There are 1,094 miles of streets within the city while the average for cities within this population group was 708 miles of streets.

The material revealed that motorists and the motoring industry paid 11 per cent of all

the taxes collected in 1939. Taxes per motor vehicle in the United States now average \$58.15, a jump of 48 per cent over the average of \$35.88 per vehicle in 1929.

Gasoline consumption per vehicle during 1939 was 724 gallons at a cost of \$135.75. Dr. McDaniel said that federal, state and local gasoline taxes accounted for \$39.39 or 40.9 per cent of the gasoline cost.

Lake Superior is the largest of the Great Lakes.

FLOOD CONTROL DEAD FOR CURRENT SESSION

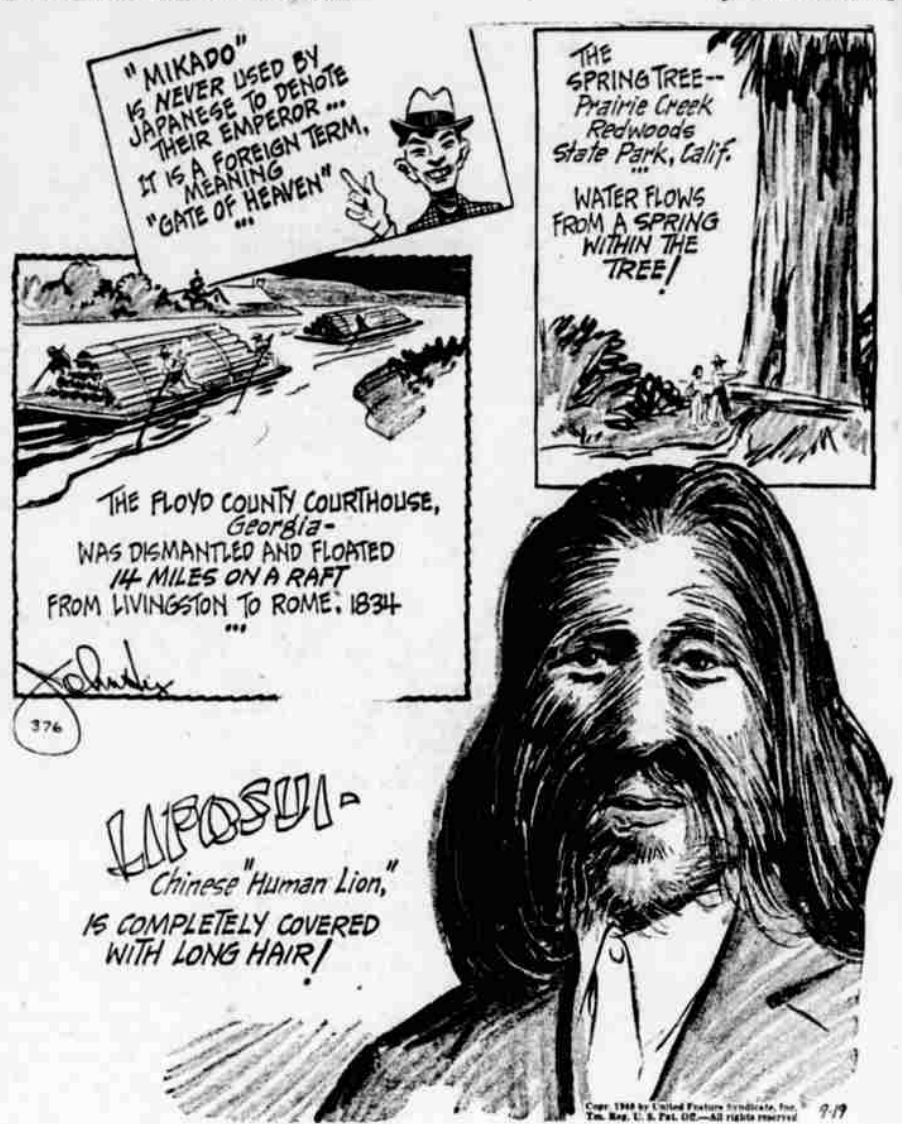
Washington, Sept. 19.—(P)—A new flood control authorization program apparently has been shelved for this congress, informed persons said today. They reported that at the suggestion of President Roosevelt, Chairman Whittington (D-Miss) of the house flood control committee would not attempt to obtain passage of the legislation (HR 9640).

Taft Will Stump in Willkie Behalf

Cleveland, Sept. 19.—(P)—Senator Robert A. Taft will take the stump in New England and in the west on behalf of Wendell L. Willkie, the Cincinnati said today as he made his first political appearance since the national Republican convention. Taft unsuccessfully sought the G. O. P. presidential nomination. The moon is approximately 240,000 miles from earth.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



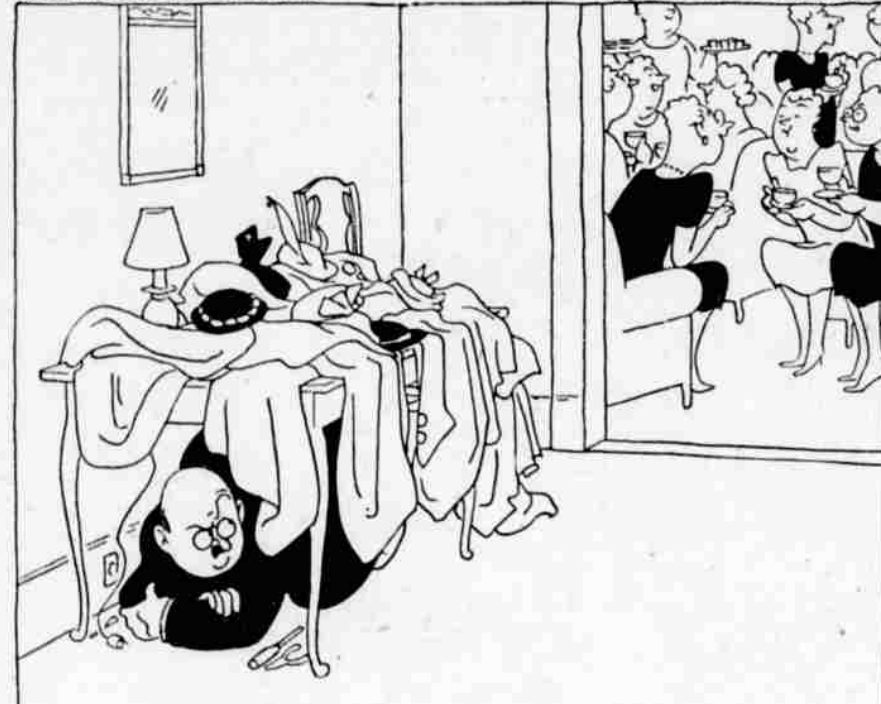
FLOATING COURTHOUSE
Strange as it seems, when the seat of Floyd county, Ga., was moved to Rome in 1934, the log courthouse was entirely dismantled, loaded on rafts and flat boats and floated up Coosa river 14 miles from its former site at Livingston. The change was made due to better transportation facilities at Rome.

MIKADO
The term "Mikado" is entirely foreign to Japan, meaning literally "Gate of Heaven." Japanese never use the term, except in an impersonal sense, as one might refer to the King of England as "the Court."

TOMORROW: Biggest Ball on Earth!

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Quick Work!
MISS LANE, YOU'VE TALKED ME INTO THIS MAD FLIGHT TO PUERTO RICO. BUT IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO HOLD UP ON THAT ISLAND UNTIL YOU'RE READY TO LEAVE, YOU'RE MISTAKEN!

BECAUSE I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE INTERNATIONAL SEADROME... TO FLY THE CLIPPER TO NEW YORK... SATURDAY.

AND AS TOMMY LANES AT PUERTO RICO...



THE NEBBS—It's Over

Well, we presume the operation was necessary... at least he's getting it and we hope for the best.



"Next to myself I like B. V. D."
Pajamas that are fun to wear and DO wear.
\$2.00 at Barker's MEN'S STORE

Pedestrian Killed.
Portland, Sept. 19.—(P)—An automobile killed David J. Gauthier, 71-year-old pedestrian, just outside the city limits last night.

Sub Feared Lost
London, Sept. 18.—(P)—The admiralty announced tonight that the British submarine Narwhal was overdue and considered lost.