

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

A Romance of Modern California

She Fought The Man She Loved To Gain The Right To Love Him

Chapter One
The Throwback

CONSTANCE CABRILLO KNEW something unusual was underway the very moment Lamson opened the street door. The butler's carefully acquired mask of British indifference had slipped, revealing a frankly Irish twinkle in his eyes.

"Lammy," the girl accused, "you look as though you'd been paid your back wages."

"You've paid them back to '31, Miss Constance," he reproached, "and if you'll pardon my saying so, you look happy yourself."

"I am! Bruce MacDonald put his John Henry on the dotted line at four o'clock."

"Congratulations. That was the business property deal?"

"Lammy, you're a man of vision. MacDonald said I was selling him a cow pasture. Now, it's your turn. Come on, what's up?"

The British mask jerked into place, and at Miss Cabrillo's "out with it—" he began scattering his sashes about in agitation.

"Hi, really couldn't say. It's about money. Thousands. Master Don says we will soon 'ave nothing to worry 'bout."

Constance sighed wearily. "The last time he backed a horse, I hooked my car. What else?"

"Mrs. Cabrillo wishes you to come to the library at once, Mr. Raskthorne is calling. And . . . there is a person waiting for you in the solarium."

"A person?"

"A man 'bout a bill."

"That sounds more natural," approved Constance, and walked to a hall mirror.

A man-about-a-bill called for a hat pulled to a defiant angle, blue-black hair pushed severely under the brim. It called for a fresh flame of scarlet over mutinous lips, and the narrowing of blue eyes which had softened momentarily during the tête-à-tête with Lamson; Lamson who had been everything from nurse-maid to exchequer for the Cabrillos during his twenty years of service.

Constance walked briskly to the arch of the solarium and stopped short; "Just what are you doing here?" she demanded.

A plump young salesman arose from a chair. "You said you couldn't talk to me at your office," he defended.

"Nor any other place," added Constance.

"But Miss Cabrillo, you have

the reputation of being a keen business woman. Now your brother has invested four hundred dollars in his car. He's been unable to keep up his payments. Instead of the Cabrillos losing that investment, we are willing to accept your business coupe at present list price, reducing the total amount of the indebtedness which we will arrange for you to meet in small monthly payments."

"What am I supposed to do, buy a pair of roller skates?"

"But Miss Cabrillo, you would then be the owner of an imported special."

"Listen," flashed Constance. "I sell real estate. If I took my clients out in that four-wheeled night club, they'd expect me to go into a bubble-dance. The answer is NO!"

Defeated, the man arose. "Okay, if you Cabrillos can afford to lose the investment."

Constance watched him leave, her lips pressed tightly against further words. His scene at her office that afternoon had nearly cost her a three hundred dollar commission. The Cabrillos couldn't afford to lose that.

She waited a moment to fortify her spirit against the coming family conference. John Raskthorne, alone, signified a potential fiancé. For a moment she toyed with the thought of leaning against his sturdy shoulder, of letting the family lean against his equally sturdy financial backing. Then she straightened. She couldn't. They had already gained credit on the rumors that she would marry him. She didn't know to what lengths they would go if she became Mrs. Raskthorne.

Stormy Rebellion

STILL feeling the need to lean upon something she looked about the sunroom. Not a square inch of the jade- and scarlet leather furniture was paid for. A pet shop was threatening to carry the macaws and marmosets back to their store cages. They'd miss the freedom of the luxuriant tropical foliage, also threatened with return.

Why couldn't the Cabrillos realize that lineage would not pay bills?

Well, she might as well get it over. The library, John and her mother signified a financial discussion. Along with his millions, Raskthorne had inherited the rôle of administrator of the Cabrillo estate.

The heavy rugs caught and smothered Constance's footsteps. She stepped into the long room unseemly, and for a little while

watched the group gathered about the hearth fire.

As always, her stormy rebellion calmed at the sight of her mother's fragile, golden beauty. She might scoff at her untiring effort to cling to youth, but underneath her scoffing lay a deep compassion. It made her forgive her father for dissipating the estate during his brief life with Nadine.

Rebellion surged back as Constance looked at her younger brother Don, sprawled on a rug, his hair yellow against the white fur, his black Cabrillo eyes moody.

Donna, his twin, and pure Cabrillo, was a chic vision in black and scarlet, though a rather tense vision as she sat on an ottoman, hands clasped tightly about her knees.

"You're crazy if you think Constance will sell," Don was saying. "That girl's shrewd. She'll hang on until the rest of us starve to death, so she can have it for herself."

"Don, dear," protested Mrs. Cabrillo, gently. "Conchita is not shrewd, she is modern."

"Modern, my eye," snapped Donna. "My beloved sister is what's commonly called a throwback. Don't look so shocked, mother. Rask has ancestors he doesn't brag about. As long as he's so intent upon marrying Connie, he might as well know we have a Shanty Irishman in our ancestral wood-pile."

Constance slipped into a chair. She might as well eavesdrop, if there was a sale involved, she needed to know the truth and they'd never tell it to her face.

"I don't feel you are justified in saying your great-grandfather Michael was shanty."

"Oh, mother-er," groaned Don. "you can't squeeze any blue blood out of a moniker like Mickey Mahoney."

"This is the set-up, Rask. One day, in a careless mood, a King of Spain had an undersecretary scratch some words on parchment granting a wad of land in what is now known as California to the first of the Cabrillos; that is, of our branch of them; I understand there are others."

"This land and our branch pertained until, when Mickey Mahoney came over from Ireland during the California gold rush, there were only forty-five thousand acres left."

"Mickey wheedled the current Don into selling him all of this, excepting the ranch proper, for some thirty-five hundred dollars in gold."

"Mickey acquired a Scotch wife and they acquired a daughter who



The only way to find out the truth was to eavesdrop, Constance decided.

fell in love and married the last of the old Don's grandsons. Mickey went on to his just reward without a son to inherit, so the daughter inherited and the land was back in the hands of the Cabrillos.

Rattling Of Skeletons

THE daughter, Bridget, had inherited her father's shrewdness, but she didn't pass it on, and by the time father's older brothers, her sons, got through selling land to keep themselves like human beings, there were only two thousand acres left for Dad.

"I was six when he died, so I didn't really know him, but from what I understand, he was cracked on the subject of land. He had the place homesteaded so mother couldn't mortgage it, and left that fool proviso in his will that it couldn't be sold until Constance was twenty-one, and never without her full permission."

"Consequently, we three have to depend upon Connie's decision, and meanwhile we live like church mice."

Donna leaned forward. "You see how important it is, Rask, don't you?"

Raskthorne's voice, smooth, slightly whimsical, was heard for the first time. "It looks to me as though your father had gauged

Connie's business ability at a very early age."

"Rot," snorted Don. "It wasn't that, it was her gift of gab. He was crazy about her. He'd have given her the moon if she'd put up a sales talk."

"That girl is a throwback. She's Mickey Mahoney done over in skirts. Why else would she be working? Going out on the job every morning as though she belonged to a laboring man. It's a disgrace."

"It isn't just the desire to work," Donna put in, acidly. "It's money. She has a bank vault instead of a heart."

Constance gripped the arms of the chair. So that is what they thought of her. She'd known, but she'd never heard them speak openly; she'd never dreamed they would tell anyone outside of the family. Would she ever dare marry John now, without him thinking she was marrying him for his money?

"You're wrong, Donna," Raskthorne said seriously. "If it were money alone, Constance would marry for it. She won't. I know. It's something deeper than money."

Constance felt she could not bear to listen to his defense, to know that he knew why she refused so persistently.

"An eavesdropper," she quoted lightly, crossing the room, "never hears good of herself. Would you mind being as frank with a member of your family as you have with a friend, and tell me what causes this rattling of skeletons?"

There was a moment of startled silence, then Raskthorne jumped to hold a chair for her.

In that moment Constance hated him; hated him for the pity in his eyes; for the smooth assurance of his gestures; for his very sturdiness, the squared features, the silver line on his temples which blocked his brown hair into a cap, his grey eyes with their short, thick shade of lashes.

"They are not like you, Conchita," he chided. "They concede that I am a member of the family."

Constance flashed him a white-lipped smile. "They are inclined to accept everything good as their own," she said. "Now please, there was talk of a sale and my consent being necessary. May I hear about it?"

Don and Donna sought to speak at once. At twenty-one they were confident of their right to riches by grace of being a Cabrillo; as Constance at twenty-four was confident all rights and riches must be earned by individual effort.

To be continued

NEW SPECIAL PRIMER TO HELP ENROLLEES OF CCC WITH ABC'S

Washington.—U.S.—A new textbook has been added to CCC camp libraries which officials believe will enable illiterate enrollees to learn to read and write within three months.

Education Commissioner John W. Studebaker said that existing textbooks "have proved quite unsatisfactory" and that the new issue would meet the "peculiar educational needs of the CCC enrollees."

"The subject matter in elementary readers has not been addressed to the mature minds of CCC young men," he said. "Texts written to teach English to foreign-born adults likewise have proved unsuitable in many instances for the average CCC boy."

Director Howard W. Oxley of the CCC education office said that three out of every 100 enrollees are unable to read or write. Approximately 80,000, however, have been instructed in these studies since the corps

was organized, he added. The new book was prepared by Oxley's office in conjunction with the office of education.

SOVIET ORGAN DENIES DESIGNS UPON ALASKA

Moscow, Aug. 16.—(AP)—A Soviet campaign to regain Alaska is "non-existent," Pravda, communist party organ, said today with regard to reports in America that the northernmost possession of the United States was menaced by attack from Siberia.

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GRANTS PASS FIRM BUYS CALIFORNIA CHROME DEPOSIT

Sacramento, Cal.—(AP)—The Rustless Mining corporation of Grants Pass, Ore., has purchased the largest deposit of chrome ore now known to exist in Siskiyou county, California.

The company estimates that it can produce 500,000 tons of commercial chromite if the ore is milled, enough to supply the normal requirements of the nation for one year.

The same company has taken leases and options on other deposits in California. Prospectors are active in locating deposits in the counties of Shasta, Siskiyou, Trinity, Tehama, Plumas, Del Norte and some farther south.

Metal experts believe that Oregon and California should be able to supply a substantial part of the U. S. requirements for a war of any reasonable duration, although time would be needed to install equipment to work the deposits.

During the war years of 1914-19, California, largest producing state in the Union, turned out 180,519 tons of ore. For the 10-year period before the war and the entire period since then, the state's production has averaged less than 1,000 tons a year, but the possibility of an interruption of foreign supplies has increased chrome production this year.

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GRANGE SPONSORING SINGING CONTEST AT STATE FAIR AGAIN

Salem—(AP)—The Oregon State Grange will again sponsor a singing contest at this year's state fair, fair officials said here. The Grange held its first state contest last year.

This year's contest will be in charge of Mrs. G. W. Thiessen of Milwaukie, state Grange lecturer.

Only songs written prior to 1900 may be used. Only members of the subordinate and juvenile Granges will be eligible for competition, with winners to be chosen in nine classes: Men soloists, women soloists, duets, trios, quartets, chorus, juvenile soloists, duets and quartets.

The state fair will award first and second cash prizes to the winners totaling \$150 for all classes.

MUCH-MEDALED NAZI NABBED IN ENGLAND

Liverpool, Aug. 16.—(AP)—A German bomber, piloted by a man who wore an iron cross and other medals, was brought down in northwest England last night

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Famous Honeymoon Ships Of Lakes To Scrap Heap

By Herbert K. Lewis

(U.P. Staff Correspondent.) Buffalo, N. Y. (U.P.)—Another chapter in the history of America's inland seas, the Great Lakes, soon will be ended by the sailing of three ships from Buffalo harbor.

In three decades of service as de luxe cruise vessels the Great Lakes Transit corporation liners Tionesta, Juniata and Octorara have carried uncounted thousands of honeymooners, vacationists and pleasure-seekers over the thousand miles of blue water between Buffalo and Duluth.

Annually during the summer seasons from 1905 until 1935

the trim white craft distinguished by orange stacks and green hulls, sailed proudly out of Buffalo to the tune of lilting music and merry farewells shouted between voyagers and crowds of well-wishers ashore.

But the forthcoming sailings will be different. A few harbor loafers may gaze curiously at the spectacle. They will see three weather-grayed boats with dilapidated superstructures faltering along obediently, like tired old women, behind disdainfully snorting tugs. They will be towed by the tugs to Detroit, for scrapping at the port where their keels were laid 36 years ago.

The plane apparently was returning from a raid on Wales when the British attacked.

by British fighters.

A farmer captured the pilot and four members of the crew.

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