

# MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY Without telling her family, Constance flies to California. Then she takes a train to Fuller's Junction and sets out for the ranch in a hired car.

## Chapter Four

### The Vaquero

CONSTANCE swung onto the road branching right.

At least she was home. She was on El Cabrillo property, free of mortgage, taxes and all encumbrances . . . save for Taylor.

If the fog would lift she would be able to look up a two-mile avenue of Eucalyptus and cedar to the rambling ranch house with the smaller servants' quarters clustering nearby.

But the fog didn't lift and the road seemed much too long and there were no trees visible along the road.

Maybe Taylor had seen it to cut them down.

Oh, well, she liked fog, fog scented with fragrant sweet grass, eucalyptus, bay and salt of the sea. As a child she had walked through such a mist as this, her hand safe in her father's. They'd made a game of it. Each brush, shrub, or pile of rock was a fairy or a gnome.

She forgot the fairies abruptly the car struck a chuck-hole. The road was im visible. Surely Taylor could have kept it in better condition.

It grew narrower, more deeply rutted, and the car labored as the incline grew steeper. A hill jumped out of the fog and Constance dodged a "chuck-hole" as she edged, and then, looking at her watch: "I wonder if I've taken the wrong road. I can't turn around, I—"

Out of the heavy mist loomed a horse and rider. For a moment Constance thought they were going to lope straight into her car.

She turned on the headlights and the horse stood up and waved its forefeet at her. She blinked the lights and he presented a waving tail and saluted the hill with his feet.

At least this gave her a glimpse of the rider: a man who sat the saddle like a centaur.

Constance breathed deeply with pleasure. "A vaquero," she murmured. "A real Cabrillo cowboy."

The horse turned again to the lights, snorting his displeasure, and above his snort the vaquero roared. "Turn those damned lights off!"

Constance complied. She also turned off the motor and watched the horse come back to earth, the man still in the saddle.

"There is a sign at the highway," offered the rider icily, as the horse minced daintily around to the side of the car, which states this is a private road."

Constance leaned over the curtain aside and leaned out. Imagine anyone wanting to keep this road private," she said.

"I—The vaquero stared at her in astonishment. "Señorita, I . . . I beg the pardon."

In one swift graceful movement he had dismounted, swung a sombrero from his head and led his mount to the car.

Constance blinked rapidly. It must be the fog. No man could look like this one, no modern man. He was a copy of the old prints her father had shown her, one of the tall, dark Basques who had come to the new country with the first Don Cabrillo.

He was tall; tall and dark of skin, an amber darkness of layers of sunburned skin.

And where but in Spain could one find such smoldering black eyes, such long, jetty lashes. And there was a wave in his hair, a slight one, probably incorrigible, for it looked as though everything but honey had been used to tame it.

There was nothing incorrigible about his moustache. It was small and very thin and very black. That was probably what made his smile seem so dazzling.

Golden Land  
"YOU are lost, Señorita?"

The magic of the Señorita completed Constance's capitulation. She was home. She was a Cabrillo, one of the old Cabrillos who had ruled thousands of acres, thousands of cattle, and dozens of vaqueros like this one.

But would a Castilian Cabrillo have been as stirred by a cowboy as she was stirred? Could this exciting pulse-accelerating response be a strain of the shanty-Irish cropping out?

"Perhaps I am lost," she conceded. "I thought I was on El Camino Real."

"But no!" countered the man. "El Camino Real is many miles beyond this road. It would not be wise to try to find it. Fog is bad, and fog and twilight is what we in this country, call the Devil's brew."

"Then what shall I do?" begged Constance, looking hopefully at the dim landscape.

"If you will follow this road a few miles, you will come to a Cabrillo out-rider's post. Maria can put you up for the night, and tomorrow I will guide you to the home ranch."

After one backward glance, Constance decided this was the only solution.

He said he would ride on ahead, and promised she would be out of the fog when she reached the summit. Then, with a quick movement, he had mounted and was away.

Constance smiled as she followed, smiled in spite of the motor which protested more audibly with each steep mile. The fog ahead was a curdled sea of gray and she thinned to reveal a stand of redwood, next turned a dull orange, and, as she reached the summit, disappeared to let her ride out into clear, yellow light.

One look ahead and Constance braked the car and turned off the motor. Before her lay half of the remaining Cabrillo acres, mellowed in the last rays of the sun. There were the hills of tan velvet rolling away to plum-colored mountains standing in a serrated line against the blue-gray sky.

Sell this? Never!

Yet no wonder Taylor wanted it for his own. And no wonder the vaquero looked as though he had sprung from such a golden land.

He was riding down the sharp drop to where a wide adobe house squatted in the lee of the hill, dwarfed by the giant Eucalyptus trees which towered above it.

He stopped his horse before the adobe, and a woman, built like the house, squeezed through the door.

Constance laughed as she watched the pantomime.

The woman waved a red apron excitedly. She threw it up over her head and back down. Then she raised her voice and she came to Constance through the thin air.

"Josefa . . . Jo see! Marietta! Juan! Carlos! Muy pronto!"

Children came scrambling muy pronto from every direction, and Maria, after a hurried consultation, waved them on with her apron. One to the woodpile, one to the chicken yard, one to the little garden beyond the grove, and the girl into the house.

"Maria," murmured Constance, "preparing for a guest. What will she think when she learns that her guest is a Cabrillo?"

Miss Michael  
SUDDENLY Michael Mahoney's great-granddaughter sat erect, her eyes narrowed. The vaquero had wheeled away from the house to lope out to the stables where two riders had just come in from the hills.

Tonight, after the evening meal, these men would sit around and talk. If they didn't know her as a Cabrillo, she could ask leading questions and learn all she needed to know about the ranch before Taylor knew that she was within a thousand miles of the place.

"What name shall I use?" she wondered, then nodded. They had called her a throwback. Very well, she would take her great-grandfather's first name. She would be Miss Michael for one night.

A swift shadow fell over the hills, and Constance covered in the chill November evening air. She started her engine, to make a slow descent, brakes, gears and her own young muscles straining to hold the car back from its impetuous dash to the valley.

As she pulled up before the adobe, she noted the new cloth in black, hair pulled into a neat bun, round face shining with recent soaping and broad welcome, a white apron replacing the red one.

She burst into a flow of Spanish which left the descendant of the Don frowning in a concentrated effort to follow her words.

"Welcome," concluded Maria, and Constance relaxed. Maria, it appeared, could speak English after a fashion, and also, after a fashion, could understand it.

And, "Si," she could arrange such humble food as would pacify the hunger of the Señorita.

Constance followed as she backed into the long main room of the house, a room which might have looked better with its white-washed walls, hand-hewn furniture and rock fireplace, had not the rafters and windows been festooned with rows of green and scarlet peppers, yellow gourds and strings of pearl white garlic.

And for the extra room, set in an alcove off the inner door, a small taper glowing before it.

Maria backed towards the Shrine, then respectfully stood aside, waiting, and Constance, reaching back in her memory, remembered a tradition of the Cabrillos.

She had completed a hazardous journey. She must give thanks for its safe termination; for the welcome of friends and for food and shelter.

She thought of the benefit and when she arose found Maria, a fatuous smile on her face, nodding to someone across the room.

Constance turned and her heart tightened, then quickened its beat. The vaquero had come in. Did she imagine disappointment and vague pain in the expression in his eyes, or was it the shadow of the fast falling twilight?

Confusedly Maria introduced him—Señorita Michael, then as Pedro," she offered, then raised her voice, "Marietta!"

Marietta, a pocket edition of her mother, came scurrying in, and Constance, aware only of the slight bow the vaquero had given at the introduction, followed the child out of the room and down a tiny hall to the room she would occupy.

"Si, Pedro your uncle!" she asked of Marietta.

Marietta gave her a startled glance, then hid her face in shocked denial.

To be continued

# On the Radio Chains

STATIONS

Where to Find Them on the Dial:  
KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 540, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 390, San Francisco; KJW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KQA, 530, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Tuesday

5:00—Marimba Band, KPO, KGW; Exposition Band, KGO, KEX, KJR.

5:30—Kenta's Orch., KOIN; Musical Revue, KPO, KGW; Fun With the Revuers, KGO, KEX, KJR.

6:00—News, KEX; Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KGW; Aloha Land, KGO, Gram Swing, KOMO; Miller's Orch., KOIN, KXN, KSL.

6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Dog House, KPO, KGW; News of the War, KXN, KOIN, KSL.

7:00—Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW.

7:30—Black Velvet, KGO, KEX, KJR; Johnny Presenta, KPO, KGW; McCreery's Orch., KXN, KOIN.

8:00—Musical Americana, KPO, KGW; We the People, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Sports, KGO.

8:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW; Baseball, KGO, Treasure Island, KSL; Professor Quiz, KXN, KOIN, KSL.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Dance Orch., KPO, KGW.

9:30—Scott's Orch., KGO; Treasure Chest, KPO.

10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Duchin's Orch., KOMO; Crosby's Orch.,

KNX, KSL, 10:30—Joy's Orch., KEX; Richards' Orch., KGW; National Defense, KPO, King's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

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

Wednesday

8:00—Summer Show, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Drama, KGO, KEX, KJR; Organist, KGW.

8:30—Shield's Revue, KGO, KJR, KEX; Ricardo, KPO; Concert Orch., KXN, KSL, KOIN.

9:00—Quartet, KGO; Kyrer's Program, KPO, KGW; News, KEX; Miller's Orch., KXN, KSL, KOIN.

9:30—News of the War, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:00—Joy's Orch., KGO, KJR, Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KGW.

7:30—Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KEX, KJR; Flanigan Party, KPO, KGW; Drama, KOMO; Dr. Christian, KXN, KSL, KOIN.

8:00—Hour of Smiles, KPO, KGW; Meet Mr. Meek, KXN, KSL, KOIN.

8:30—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KGW; Jim's Question Box, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Baseball, KGO.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Martin's Orch., KPO, KGW.

9:30—News, KSL; Stanford Univ., KPO, KGW.

10:00—Crosby's Orch., KXN, KSL; Reporter, KPO, KGW.

10:30—King's Orch., KOIN; Richards' Orch., KPO, KGW; Duchin's Orch., KEX.

11:00—Bussie's Orch., KOIN, KSL.

# NAZIS' BIG GUNS OF LITTLE VALUE

London, Aug. 20.—(P)—British military circles acknowledged today that at least one big German gun in France has been bombed by the English southeast coast.

The possibility exists, they admitted, that the Germans might shell London from across the channel. But they declared such a bombardment would have "only a nuisance value."

There has been only "very little shelling" of the southern coast, they said, and "no great damage."

They reported the cross-channel bombardment possibly came from a four inch gun.

Nobility a Prisoner  
Edinburgh, Scotland, Aug. 20.—(P)—John Alexander Buller-Fullerton-Elphinstone, 26, master of Elphinstone and nephew of Queen Elizabeth, was disclosed today to be a prisoner of war in Germany.

# REED PREXY ASKS NAME BE ERASED

Washington, Aug. 20.—(P)—Dr. Dexter M. Keezer, president of Reed College, Portland, was en route home by plane today after suggesting that his name be withdrawn from further consideration for the City College of New York presidency.

He asked the board of higher education, however, to complete investigation of charges against him and "bring in a final report."

Dr. Keezer, informed that the board would not meet again until about September 15, wrote that it would be unfair to Reed college to allow his plans to remain uncertain another month.

He explained he did not want to "run away from the sort of attack which the recommendation that I be president of City College has prompted," and proposed that the board make a final report "on my reputation of which it has been forced to make such conspicuous custody."

Mine Pays Dividend  
Yakima, Aug. 19.—(P)—Directors of the Sunshine Mining company here today declared a regular quarterly dividend of 40 cents per share, a total payment of \$95,528 going to some 8,000 stockholders. This makes the total Sunshine dividends, including today's, \$19,771,544. All directors attended the meeting.

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

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

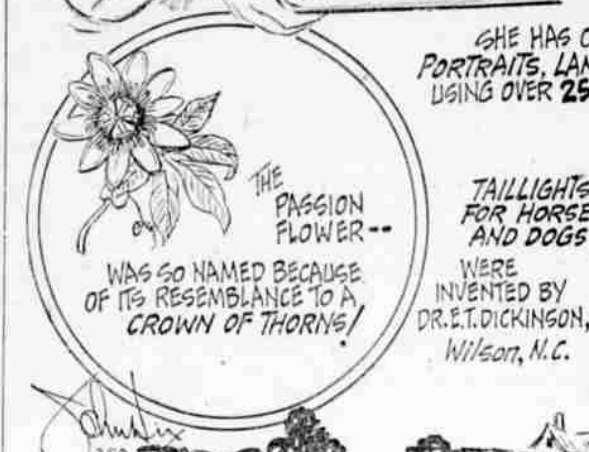


THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN-- FURNISHES WINGED SEEDS TO INVENTORS TO USE AS PATTERNING FOR FLYING MACHINES!



DIRT PICTURES ARE "PAINTED" WITH COMMON EARTH BY LURA EVA PURSELL, Twin Peaks, Calif.

SHE HAS CREATED OVER 500 PORTRAITS, LANDSCAPES AND FLOWER STUDIES USING OVER 250 DIFFERENT HUES OF DIRT



TAILLIGHTS FOR HORSES AND DOGS-- WERE INVENTED BY DR. E. T. DICKINSON, Wilson, N.C.



DIRT PAINTER  
Claiming a new note in softness of coloring, Mrs. Lura Eva Purcell, California artist, "paints" with ordinary dirt. First covering her canvas with a special adhesive, she sprinkles the dirt in place with a tin spoon. She uses more than 250 different hues in her work.

PASSION FLOWER  
This flower was named because it seemed to typify Passion, or last sufferings of Christ. The corona of the blossom was imagined to represent the crown of thorns, other parts the nails or wounds, while the sepals and petals were taken to symbolize the ten apostles—the two omitted being Peter, who denied, and Judas, who betrayed.

Tomorrow: Six knockouts in one night!

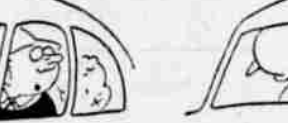
By HAL FOREST

# THE ENDLESS SEARCH

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



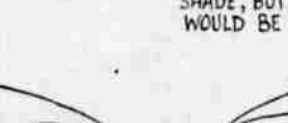
ALL START LOOKING CHEERILY FOR A LIKELY SPOT TO STOP AND PICNIC



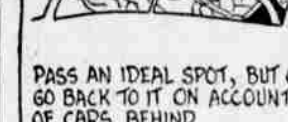
SEE A PRETTY MEADOW WITH PLENTY OF SHADE, BUT AUNT MARCIA FEELS THERE WOULD BE COWS THERE. DRIVE ON



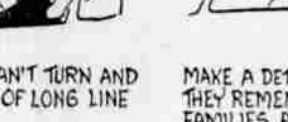
PASS AN IDEAL SPOT, BUT CAN'T TURN AND GO BACK TO IT ON ACCOUNT OF LONG LINE OF CARS BEHIND



MAKE A DETOUR TO A PLEASANT GROVE THEY REMEMBER, AND FIND SIX OTHER FAMILIES ALREADY IN POSSESSION.



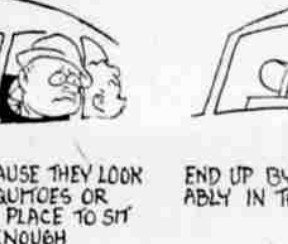
PASS UP OTHER PLACES BECAUSE THEY LOOK AS IF THERE WOULD BE MOSQUITOES OR SNAKES OR TIN CANS OR NO PLACE TO SIT OR TOO MUCH SUN OR NOT ENOUGH



END UP BY EATING, VERY UNCOMFORTABLY IN THE CAR.



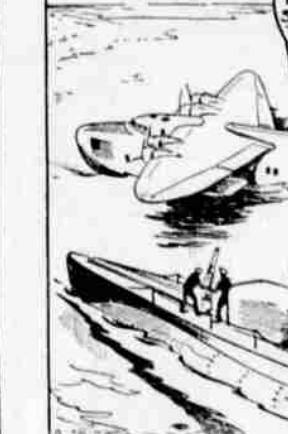
(8-2)



(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Cry For Help

By HAL FOREST



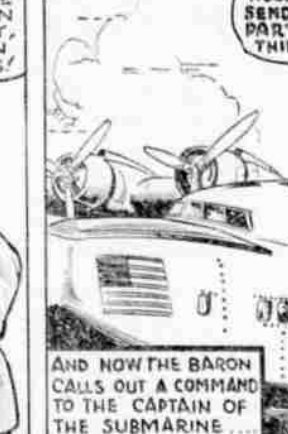
YOU PERCEIVE THE SUBMARINE, CAPTAIN TOMKINS? ANY ATTEMPT TO RESIST SHALL ONLY END IN DISASTER. TO THIS PLANE, AND ITS PASSENGERS, YOUR GUNS, GENTLEMEN



SOME DAY, BARON, I HOPE TO MEET YOU ON MORE EVEN GROUND. BUT NOW, I MUST CONSIDER THE LIVES OF THE PASSENGERS ENTRUSTED INTO MY HANDS



YOU HAVE CHOSEN WISELY, CAPTAIN TOMKINS!



HOLD YOUR FIRE, CAPTAIN! SEND OVER A BOARDING PARTY! I HAVE EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL!



AND NOW THE BARON CALLS OUT A COMMAND TO THE CAPTAIN OF THE SUBMARINE



LISTEN!!! A... GAL SCREAMED! SOUNDS LIKE BETTY... LOU!

# THE NEBBS—There's a Reason

By EDWIN ALGER



IF THAT GUY NEBS HAS WHAT HE CLAIMS HE'LL MAKE MONEY FASTER THAN THE MINT



I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY QUESTION ABOUT IT—THEY'RE MAKING AND SELLING POWER PILLS AND THEY'RE GIVING SATISFACTORY RESULTS



SO YOU'RE FALLING FOR THAT GUY...WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'S HERE FOR? JUST FOR THAT REASON



WHEN HE THROWS OUT THE BAIT BOTH OF YOU GUYS WILL BE ON THE LINE...LISTEN, I CAN PICK THE GENUINE FROM THE PHONY AND THAT GUY AINT EVEN PLATED

# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Clancy Worried?

By SOL HESS



HOW'S BEN DOIN' POP?



HE'S THE TOPS, HE IS! HE'S ALREADY MAKIN' HIMSELF USEFUL—IN THERE WITH PEWEE—



YOU DIDN'T GIVE HIM NO INSTRUCTIONS, DID YOU, TIM?



MEANTIME, IN THE LARGE GARAGE, BEN WAS HEARING MORE ABOUT "OLD MAN CLANCY" FROM PEWEE



BUT I SHUDDER WHEN I THINK OF THE LOAD O' WORRY HE'S CARRYIN' ON HIS SHOULDERS!



MR. CLANCY WORRIED?

# OPPOSE PAROLE TO GAME LAW SLAYER

Portland, Aug. 20.—(P)—George Fiedler, serving 15 years in state prison for slaying Deputy Sheriff Ernest Loll, should not be paroled, District Attorney

James R. Bain of Multnomah county wrote Fred Finsley, state parole and probation director, yesterday.

Loll was fatally shot September 29, 1935, attempting to arrest Fiedler and Ferdinand Weston for shooting pheasants out of season. Weston was given a life sentence.

Fiedler will have a hearing before the state parole board Nov. 29.