

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY, Constance feels she is in another world. Under the dark eyes of Pedro her concern with ranch affairs is momentarily forgotten. She is interested in the handsome stranger and angry at herself for her interest.

Chapter Six

Royal Reception

SOMEONE was whistling fragments of the song Little Josefa had sung under her window. Constance pieced them together and humming the melody crept into bed to lie thinking of Pedro; to wish, for a little while, she was not a Cabrillo and could walk in enchanted moonlight with a suitor.

He puzzled her. But she must remember she was merely a Miss Michael who drove a dilapidated car. In the morning she would put him in his place. He'd take her to the ranch and there she would admit her identity and watch his surprise.

"Pedro," announced Maria, as she served breakfast, "is gone to El Cabrillo, last night. He says Cardoze, he is take you Cardoze," she added, "he do not speak the English."

Constance sipped the thick black coffee, her eyes narrowing. So Cardoze spoke no English. And Constance spoke no Spanish, a Spaniard could understand. Could it be that there was an unwritten law against strangers obtaining information about El Cabrillo Rancho?

And why did Pedro ride to the home ranch at night, when he had warned her the road was dangerous?

She put this question to Maria. "Dangerous by the automobile," Maria explained, "but the horse he run by sense. Pedro take the back trail."

Maria contributed other items of interest. "You go visit Señor Taylor? He is broke in the leg. In bed he is with pulleys. Most time he swear like—" And Maria rolled her eyes. "Meg, she is in the housekeep. She say she is in the knees stiff from praying to keep these black Irishman out from purgatory."

Constance laughed. "How did he break his leg?"

Maria threw up her hands and giggled. "All his life he is one tough hombre. He break the out-laws. He ride everythings and he win, 'til one month ago he ride one bar of soap on the bathroom floor and she throw him."

Constance laughed with Maria. She felt no sympathy for the tough old hombre. And if he were tied to his bed with pulleys, she could talk to her heart's content. Her departure from the outpost was as noisily hearty as her welcome. The children and as many dogs followed the car toward the hill with lusty sounds.

Cardoze, a desiccated old specimen, his face almost hidden by an enormous hat, clung to the side of Min's Tim's car as it took the first half of the hill with a roar, then abruptly changed its mind and started backwards.

"Sit tight," advised Constance, wriggling with brakes, accelerator and wheel. "We'll make it."

"Madre de Dios," whispered Cardoze, as they came out on the summit right side up, and Constance echoed his prayer of relief.

And then she sighed with happiness. The sun lay warm on the hills. The fog had broken into wisps, scattering out far beyond where the ocean lay blue and sparkling.

Far to the north she could see the deep indenture of a bay and the smoke of the city arising, and she prodded Cardoze with her boarding school Spanish until he advised her it was "Beachport."

And to think she had stopped at Fuller's Junction, but she couldn't be too disgusted, for the road which had seemed dangerous the previous night was a curving brown path of beauty, striped with shadows of redwoods.

A creek accompanied the road down the hill, pausing at pools where herds of cows staid knee deep, lifting white faces and patient eyes to the rattling car.

Musical Comedy
"THEY don't look sad," Constance thought, smiling, "they look sleek and contented... who wouldn't be on a ranch like this?"

Reaching the highway, Constance saw warning signs: "Cat's paws" three hundred feet ahead, and discovered the flattened bridges were the cause.

And then she reached El Camino Real which she had passed the evening before, an hour before she turned off on the wrong road. It was as she remembered: a long avenue lined with Eucalyptus and cedar, a smooth avenue raked clean of leaves which were piled in heaps, brown-skinned men standing guard over the fire smoldering and curling in thin smoke.

"Buenos dias, each one greeted, with a wide display of teeth. "Good morning to you," Constance sang out happily in return. Before her now was the ranch proper. It was real. It wasn't some childish dream. The great weeping willows threw yellowing arms over the wings of the house, silhouetting the white walls with fantastic patterns. Blazing ferns anemiums bloomed in every grilled window and along the balcony.

As the car pulled up before the main entrance, the two wide doors were thrown open and an old man stepped out.

Constance looked and looked again. She had stepped into a

musical comedy, for behind this quaint figure in knee breeches and embroidered velvet bolero, were a score of others in costume. Out of the car she stepped before them. "Good-morning," she offered. "I am Constance Cabrillo."

Sudden tears came to her eyes. These foolish people were kneeling before her and their dark eyes were lifted to hers in some strange message.

"Please," she begged, embarrassed. "Now tell me which is Juliano?"

"Señorita," the old man stepped forward, "you remembered?" They gathered about Constance and Juliano recalled them to her memory with little things she only half remembered. "Dolores, of the night of bad dreams."

Dolores giggled, and Constance with her. That was the night following a festa when she had not only eaten too much, but had stolen a ride on her father's horse and been thrown. Dolores had tried to quiet the nightmares that followed.

"And Francis, who makes of shells the toys?" "I still have them," Constance told the little brown man. "They're in a glass case in my room. The little mussel man and woman; the birds and butterflies of clam shells and the tiny village in the abalone shell."

Then a rushing babble of Spanish and she was moved towards the house. Dolores took her to her room; the very room she had occupied as a child. Not a thing had changed. The walls were freshly white, the drapes of lamark as rich and brightly blue as though no years had passed. There was fresh fruit in a carved bowl by her bedside; flowers in pottery vases on painted tables.

"I could almost believe you were expecting me," Constance said to Dolores who giggled again. "Now ask Juliano if Mr. Taylor will see me at once."

Mr. Taylor could be seen, but... and Juliano shrugged his shoulders expressively.

P. T. Taylor
THE manager's house was on the hill above the ranch house. One could go by the road, or cut through the lower grounds. Constance preferred the short cut. It took her through the patio, a sheltered place with jars of blooming flowers and a center fountain of covered tile around which were grouped deep basket-chairs.

Again Constance felt the place had an air of expectancy, and wondered if these servants so longed for the return of the Cabrillos that they kept it ever ready.

A grilled gate opened off the patio and here, through a cavern of willow boughs, she crossed to the lower stables where the mounts of the household had once been kept, and around these to a footpath which led upwards.

Everywhere was evidence of care. She remarked this to Juliano.

"Si, excellents, Señorita Conchita," he assured her gravely. "These Taylors they are the best we have had at Cabrillo. It is of unfortunate Americano efficiency they should wish to change."

Constance pondered over this a moment, then forgot as she saw the manager's house ahead, a miniature El Cabrillo, one end of the patio glassed to give a view of the sea, visible above the trees which sheltered the main house below.

A stout woman appeared—Meg, the housekeeper—to eye Constance with belligerent suspicion. Constance smiled at her with Michael Mahoney's eyes as Juliano, who hadn't once donned his hat, put it on the better to sweep from his head and bow low over it as he announced: "The Señorita Conchita Cabrillo."

"Humph," grunted the woman, but her grimace had relaxed. "Come in, pet, he's waitin' for yez and a worse temper man never had. It's sittin' that leg of his, and pricking him for every sin he's ever committed, so he's in bad pain."

They walked across the patio to a room, and surprisingly Meg leaned down to whisper: "Talk right up to him, then throw open the door and with a fine imitation of Juliano announced in her rich brogue:—"Señorita Conchita Cabrillo."

It was too much for Constance. She went in to P. T. Taylor, laughing. She couldn't even deign the man as she'd planned. Besides, he was put on a bulldogging contest and bug-tied me to that confounded derrick."

Constance sat down beside him, aware of his keen scrutiny.

"So you're one of the Cabrillos." "One of the seeds," agreed Constance, and explained. "A vaquero, last night, assured me we'd gone to seed."

"Pedro, probably," rumbled Taylor. "I'll talk to that young sprig."

"We do rattle around," admitted Constance, "so don't blame him. Besides, I intend to put him in his place."

"Ye'll be the first one," sputtered Meg.

Taylor changed the subject abruptly. "Suppose you came out to look us over and learn how we get more money out of us? Well, you can!"

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
Where to Find Them on the Dial
KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 540, Los Angeles; KGA, 1420, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 720, Portland; KJR, 910, Seattle; KSN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 530, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 830, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Thursday
5:00—Singer and Switzer, KGO, KJR, KEX; Music Hall, KPO; Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
5:30—Concert in Miniature, KGO, KEX, KJR.
6:00—Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Crosby's Orch., KPO, KGW; News, KGO, KEX.
6:30—News of the War, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Easy Aces, KGO, KTK, KJR; Grant Park Concert, KPO, KGW.
7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Our America, KGO, KJR.
7:30—Canadian Holiday, KGO, KEX, KJR; Ask-It-Basket, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lewis' Orch., KPO, KGW.
8:00—Strange as it Seems, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Aldrich Family, KPO, KGW; KGW; Sports, KGO.
8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW; Answer Auction, KNX, KOIN; Baseball Game, KEX.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN.
9:30—Dress Rehearsal, KPO, KGW.
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Crosby's Orch., KEX.
10:30—Safety First, KPO; Harp's Orch., KGW; King's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Richard's Orch., KEX.

Friday
5:00—Kogen's Orch., KJR, KEX; Waltz Time, KPO, KGW; Songs, KNX, KOIN.
5:30—Concert, KGO, KJR, KEX; Drama, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
6:00—Public Affairs, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Variety Show, KPO, KGW; News, KEX.
6:30—Quiz Kids, KPO, KGW; Al Pearce, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Ink Spots, KGO, KJR.
7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Messner's C-Club, KJR, KEX.
7:30—Johnny Presents, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Dance Orch., KGO, KEX; Orch., KPO, KGW.
8:00—Treasure Island Varieties, KPO; Sports, KGO; Lyman's Orch., KJR.
8:30—Golly's Orch., KGO; Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW; Garber's Orch., KSL; Baseball Game, KEX.
9:00—Gordon's Orch., KPO, KGW; Gordon's Orch., KGO; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
9:30—In the Old Days, KPO; King's Orch., KOIN; Music by Woodbury, KOMO.
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Dick-in's Orch., KGO; Crosby's Orch., KNX.
10:30—Richard's Orch., KGO, KEX; Owens' Orch., KPO, KGW; Garber's Orch., KSL, KOIN.
11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGW, KGW.

ACTRESS CERTAIN SHE IS MARRIED

New York, Aug. 22. — (P) — Film Actress Lillian Bond married her second husband, Broker Sydney A. Smith twice, just to make sure everything was legal, she disclosed today in supreme court in filing suit to compel him to pay premiums on a \$50,000 life insurance policy naming her irrevocable beneficiary. Smith, former husband of actress Florence Rice, countered that a separation agreement under which he was to continue paying on the policy was invalid since Miss Bond never was legally divorced from her first husband, Harry A. Schulman.

Admits Shoes Pinch
Butte, Mont. (P)—City Clerk Beryl Wilson believes he has been asked to do an unusual task. He has received a letter from a woman asking him to find a purchaser for several pairs of shoes that are too small for her, so that she can buy some larger ones.

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

Fortune Hunters Foresee New Buried War Treasure

San Francisco—New legends of buried treasure, to stir the imagination of adventurers for centuries to come, may be in the making during the present war. History shows that when nations are invaded, an immense amount of gold, silver and jewelry goes into hiding. Even entire national treasuries have disappeared. Some of them—such as the hoards of Darius Codomanus the Persian and Oam Paul Kroger the Boer—still are objects of search.

What is happening in Europe today is shown by the story of how the fugitive Norwegian government hid its gold in the mountains, then smuggled \$13,000,000 of it to the seacoast on children's sleds, and shipped it to the United States.

Individuals, too, doubtless

have taken desperate measures to save their tangible wealth—and you can be sure they didn't put it in the local banks. At least one Californian, who has had several flings at the buried treasure market, is so sure of all this that he's just waiting for the first man to show up with a buried treasure map from Europe.

Home Product
Toledo, O. (P)—Toledo Zoological park's most recent acquisition was captured in the city of Toledo itself. William Campbell and Wallace Streib caught and delivered to the zoo an opossum which they found wandering in Courthouse park.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

A CONTRACT--COVERING THE SALE OF A GARAGE, SPECIFIED THAT 2 BROWN BEARS HIBERNATING IN A WASH RACK WERE NOT TO BE DISTURBED UNTIL SPRING! -Pittsburg, Kans., 1940-

SIMON LAKE
American inventor
WAS INSPIRED TO DEVELOP THE MODERN EVEN KEEL SUBMARINE BY READING JULES VERNE'S FAMOUS NOVEL, "TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA!"

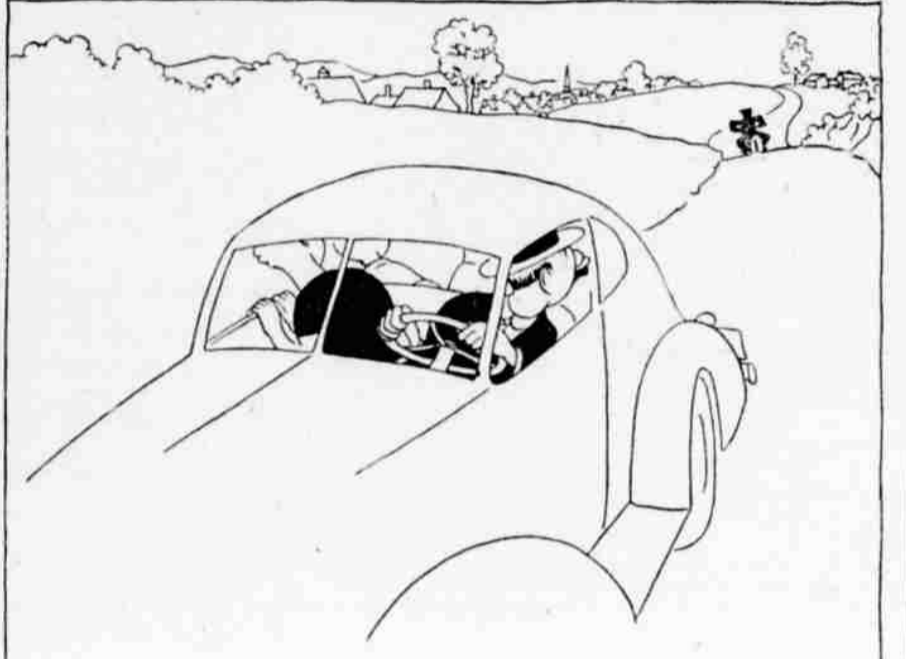
EIGHT LITTLE BUDDHAS--IMBEDDED IN MOTHER OF PEARL BY ORIENTAL PEARL CULTURISTS

ORDINARY MILK BOTTLES--CONTAIN FINER GLASS THAN THAT OF ANY ANCIENT ROMAN OR SYRIAN VASE!

SUBMARINE INSPIRATION
Jules Verne amazed the world, last century, with vivid forecasts of the airplane, submarine, and many other modern innovations. So impressed was Simon Lake, 10-year-old New Jersey lad, that he set about building a wooden submarine for himself. The result was his famous "Argonaut, Jr., forerunner of later Lake submarines whose even-keel principle has been adopted by practically all modern submarines. Tomorrow: Football Follies.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



AFTER CRAWLING ALONG AT A SNAIL'S PACE FOR MILES AND MILES BECAUSE OF AN OMINOUS FIGURE ON A MOTORCYCLE SOME DISTANCE BACK, WHOM YOU ASSUME TO BE THE STATE POLICE, YOU DRAW UP AND WATCH AN ORDINARY MOTORCYCLIST WITH ENGINE TROUBLE CHUG PAST

8-23 (Reprinted by The Hill Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Treads on Dangerous Ground!

ALTHOUGH MENACED BY A SUBMARINE WHOSE CREW HAS THREATENED TO BLOW HIS CLIPPER OUT OF THE SEA UNLESS HE SURRENDERS, TOMMY DEFERRED COMPLYING TO THE OMINOUS COMMAND, AS HE HEARD A GIRL SCREAM...ACT IN THE PLANE...AND NOW...

YOU RAT! I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO STRIKE A WOMAN!

WAIT!! DO NOT STRIKE ME, CAPTAIN TOMKINS! ALREADY...DEATH IS ABOUT...TAKE... ME...!

THE NEBBS—Away She Goes

NEBBS IS PROVING TO THE DOUBTING THOMASES THE EFFICIENCY OF HIS POWER PILL

NOW, GENTLEMEN, YOU SEE ME EMPTY THE TANK AND NOW I'M PUTTING IN JUST PLAIN WATER

NOW THAT IT'S FILLED WITH PLAIN, COMMON, HYDRANT WATER I WILL DROP IN THE PILLS AND WILL THE GENTLEMAN WHO OWNS THE CAR GET IN AND DRIVE

AND AWAY SHE GOES...LIKE A SCARED DEER...WITH MORE POWER AND BETTER MILEAGE FOR HALF THE PRICE OF COMPETING POWER... THE WONDER OF THE AGE!

IT AIN'T A BAD TRICK...I'LL BET HE COULD TAKE AN ELEPHANT OUT OF A SILK HAT

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Bulletin!

OH, OH! THERE GOES THE SIREN AGAIN! COME ON!

LUNCH, PEWEE?

LUNCH NOTHING! MORE BAD NEWS! IT'S THE OLD MAN CALLIN' US FOR A WAR BULLETIN!

TRUCK EIGHTEEN WENT OVER THE CLIFF LAST NIGHT ON HAIRPIN CURVE--WE'VE LOST RADDY AND JACK...

THE ROAD HAD BEEN COATED WITH OIL!

THE TEMO-OUTFIT! MURDERERS!

MORE O' THEIR DIRTY WORK!

Idaho Coops Grow
Moscow, Ida. (UP) — Nearly one-third of the farm products of Idaho are handled through cooperatives, C. O. Youngstrom, University of Idaho extension economist, disclosed in a survey conducted with cooperation of the farm credit administration.

Chagrined
Guernsey, Channel Islands (UP)—Douglas Fawcett, 74-year-old author and qualified pilot has a grudge on the R.A.F. He offered himself and his private plane on the outbreak of the war to the country. The R.A.F. accepted his plane with thanks—but not its pilot.

By HAL FOREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS