

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY's... of the rancho gave... a royal reception. Then Constance calls on Taylor, the ranch manager, who is laid up with a broken leg.

Chapter Seven
Young Taylor

CONSTANCE smiled at him—"how you do jump to conclusions. I really came to find out why you were offering so much for the ranch?"

"Eh?" Taylor nearly bounced up. "It's worth every cent of that."

"Not as a ranch for livestock," countered his guest nonchalantly. "Your grazing ground is only half of what it used to be. Another generation and it will be timber land. Right now it's in between."

Taylor stared at Constance until his gray eyes seemed ready to pop out of his head. "You're no Cabrillo," he pronounced. "You're... now who the devil do you remind me of... I have it... the old Mick!"

"Don't rub it in," begged Constance wearily. "Rub it in, girl! Say, that's a compliment. If some of that family of yours had taken after him in more than looks and a smooth way of talking, this place wouldn't have been in the condition I found it. Say, now... you don't happen to be a throwback. Is that why you're holding out when the rest of your family want to sell?"

Constance smiled with her lips, but her eyes were well shaded with lashes. "Now why would Mickey Mahoney hold out?" she disparaged.

"Taylor lay back on the pillows. "No you don't," he objected. "I'll take a man with two good legs to stand up to you. I think, you'd better see my son. I can't talk unless I can pound on something and there's no resistance in this damned mattress."

"Meg, where's the boy?" "Like as not he's ridden into town, being that's the only place out of range of your voice, you carryin' on like a lion with a sick paw. Might be, though, that he's out lookin' after that dairy herd."

"Well, get him!" roared Taylor. "My Lord, woman, don't stand there talking! Send someone after him, get after him yourself!"

"Come on, Miss," breathed Meg resignedly. "He's like one of them geyzers in Yellowstone. He's got to let off steam every half hour. It's gettin' to that time. They say words he'll say won't be fit for human consumption."

Constance went out laughing, but her eyes were still narrowed. Her chance shot had gone home. She had noted the growth of young timber where herds had once grazed. And P. T. Taylor had started to rise to her bait, then given himself away by saying he wouldn't.

If they weren't planning on keeping this a cattle ranch, what were they planning to do? She'd better talk to Taylor's boy alone.

"Meg, she tucked a hand into the warm curve of the woman's arm. "Why couldn't I ride up to find Mr. Taylor's son. I want to ride out to my father's grave later."

Meg eyed her suspiciously. "Well now, maybe. Only, pet, he don't like pretty girls."

Constance nodded. She'd met a few young men like that. She could handle them more easily than the other kind. "Find me something to wear," she coaxed.

Meg's eyes were suddenly merry. "Juliano," she called, "bring a horse for Miss Conchita, and a boy for a guide."

A few moments later Constance eyed herself in Meg's mirror and shook with laughter. A white shirtwaist of the woman's, a blue and white striped dress, a blue overall, brought from the ranch house, were rolled up at the cuffs. A red kerchief was knotted about her throat, but the crowning glory was Meg's garden hat, a man's straw which settled down over Constance's ears until she looked as though she were in hiding.

and even though that vaquero had rid himself of his showman's clothes and wore now the plain white shirt, blue jeans, and gray felt hat of the average stockman.

"What is so amusing?" Constance demanded. "One doesn't post in Mexican saddle, Miss Michael," he retorted.

"Miss Cabrillo to you, Pedro," she snapped. "Mr. Taylor to you, Señorita Conchita Cabrillo," he retorted.

Constance grasped the saddle horn to steady herself. Young Taylor, Oh, why hadn't she paid more attention to Sam and to Mini! Why hadn't it occurred to her that they were speaking of the manager's son?

And what had they said? Sam had said, "He shore has a way with girls," and that he'd been back from college several years but "them coeds ain't given up yet." And Mini had wished her good luck!

Constance writhed with humiliation, and then with indignation as she realized Taylor was not surprised to learn her identity. "You knew last night," she accused heatedly. "Why did you pose as a vaquero and call yourself Pedro? And why pretend you didn't know my identity? And how did you know?"

"One at a time, please," begged Taylor. "But first take off that hat... there, that's better."

"I ain't taking it off," announced Constance loftily, "because it hurts my ears."

"All right," Taylor smiled at her. "First, I didn't pose as a vaquero. I am one. Of course I help manage the ranch while Dad's laid up... by the way, he broke off in mock apprehension, "did you meet my father?"

"Afraid?" CONSTANCE was forced to laugh. "I did. Go on."

"All right, I am a cowboy, and you with your Spanish ancestry should know Pedro is Peter in Spanish. My name is Peter."

"As to your identity, I assumed you had reasons for calling yourself Miss Michael, so I accepted your Michael identity... and treated you accordingly."

Constance thought of their parting scene the previous night and blushed. But how did you recognize me as a Cabrillo? I don't look like one."

Taylor looked thoughtfully for a moment, then brightened. "You were angry when the Station Master at the junction called this the Taylor ranch. Then Sam noticed your bags were initialed C.C.C. And then Tim's Min began to worry about the car. She'd nearly lost it when it went over the cliff with Tim in it, so she telephoned Meg to be on the lookout... not for you... but for the car."

"Juliano went down to the highway and you tried to run over him as he attempted to flag you down. He sent a rider after me and I posted men along every road. You waited until you reached the last one before turning east and I happened to have posted myself."

"But you acted surprised to see me... to see a woman driving that car," protested Constance. "I was surprised... to see you," countered Taylor, gravely, and started riding. Constance's mare trotted obediently along with his horse.

"But that still doesn't explain how you knew who—" "My dear young lady, when I went to college, but was considered the most abruptly argumentative word in the English language."

"Oh," flashed Constance, "so you studied English, too. I understood that you majored in coeds."

Taylor's horse sprang forward and Constance, catching a glimpse of his master's face, found it set and angry. That dart, she decided triumphantly, had gone home.

KNX, KSL, KOIN. 9:30—In the Old Days, KPO, King's Orch., KOIN; Music by Woodbury, KOMO. 10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Ditchin's Orch., KGO; Crosby's Orch., KNX. 10:30—Richards' 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, KGO.

Saturday 5:00—Biltmore Boys Orch., KPO, KGW; Kid's Quiltzoo, KNX, KOIN. 5:30—Busse's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Grand Old Days, KPO, KGW; Concerts, KOMO; Owens' Orch., KGO; Radio Guild, KEX, KJR.

6:00—Fair Party, KOMO; News, KEX; Uncle Ezra, KPO, KGW; Message of Israel, KGO. 6:30—Truth or Consequences, KPO, KGW; News of the War, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Melody in the Night, KGO, KEX, KJR. 7:00—Sky Blazers, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Barn Dance, KPO, KGW; Chester's Orch., KEX. 7:30—Johnson Campaign, KNX; Musical Mirror, KEX; Ray's Orch., KJR, KEX. 8:00—Morgan's Orch., KGW; City of St. Francis, KPO, KGO; Hit Parade, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Scott's Orch., KJR. 8:30—Sports Forum, KGO; Richards' Orch., KOMO; Weems' Orch., KPO, KGW. 9:00—Martin's Orch., KOMO; Bill

Henry, KNX, KOIN. 9:30—King's Orch., KNX, KOIN; KSL; Casper's Orch., KGO; Owens' Orch., KPO, KGW. 10:00—Jones' Orch., KGW; Crosby's Orch., KNX; Harjo's Orch., KGO. 10:30—Lunestord's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Martin's Party, KPO. 11:00—Van's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Organist, KEX; News, KGO, KPO, KNX.

More Potatoes Boston (U.P.)—The New England crop reporting service forecasts a New England potato crop of 34,386,000 bushels, 6,139 bushels more than a year ago. It is estimated Maine will produce 45,135,000 bushels of the harvest.

A FOURTH AT BRIDGE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



AFTER HALF AN HOUR, PERSUADES ED MIRCH TO CHANGE HIS GARDENING CLOTHES AND COME OVER TO MAKE A FOURTH AT BRIDGE



HANGS UP, WIFE AND COUSIN COMING IN BRISKLY SAYING THEY JUST STEPPED IN NEXT DOOR, AND HAS GOT A FOURTH?

6-24

TAILSPIN TOMMY

The Countess Gets the Drop on Tommy!



HEARING A SCREAM, TOMMY RUSHED AFT OF THE CLIPPER SHIP TO FIND COUNTESS LATROFF STRUGGLING WITH COURT CASTRONI... BUT BEFORE HE COULD INTERVENE, CASTRONI FELL TO THE FLOOR



HE'S DEAD, BUT BEFORE HE DIED, HE TRIED TO WARN ME ABOUT SOMETHING. HE CALLED THE... DEADLY KHYBAKANN.

6-23-40

THE NEBBS

Too Much for Granted



IT'S CERTAINLY A CONVINCING DEMONSTRATION BUT WHAT DOES IT COST PER PILL TO MAKE AND WHAT'S THE PROFIT IF WE ARE TO INVEST IN IT?



Your father sent me out here to discuss business with you, she offered, riding up. "I want to know why you want to buy this ranch?"

6-23

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



CAT WALK-- A PRIVATE PROMENADE FOR THE FELINE PET OF MRS. MARGARET CURRY -Quincy, Mass.-

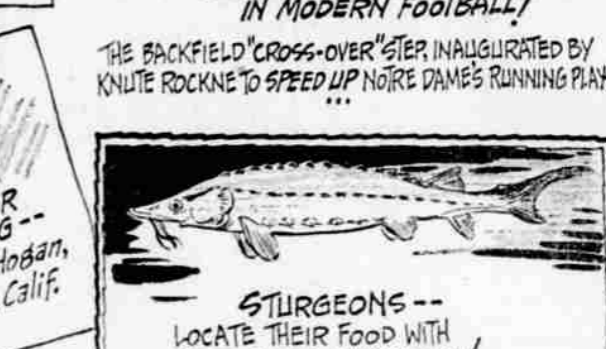


TRIANGULAR CHICKEN EGG-- Found by E. T. Hoban, Long Beach, Calif.

6-23



CHORUS GIRLS-- WE'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR ONE OF THE GREATEST INNOVATIONS IN MODERN FOOTBALL!



STURGEONS-- LOCATE THEIR FOOD WITH THEIR CHIN WHISKERS!

6-23

FOOTBALL FOLLIES

Strange as it seems, one of the most important innovations in modern football was inspired by a dance team. In 1918 Knute Rockne, football coach of Notre Dame, closed the season by treating his team to a Chicago musical show which featured the original Chester Hale girls. Part of their routine was a rhythmical cross-over step.

Rockne saw in the smooth action of the dancing girls the key to a new shift. The result was the famous Notre Dame shift, which embodied the same cross-over the dancers used, having the double advantage of gearing the backfield for a lightning attack and adding color to running plays. SUNDAY: Peewee's Luck!

LOOKS LIKE TOMMY'S TALKED HIMSELF INTO A TOUGH SPOT!

CONTINUED

By HAL FORREST

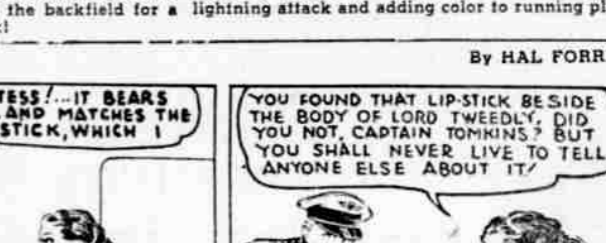
THAT LIP-STICK, COUNTESS!...

IT BEARS THE SAME INITIALS... AND MATCHES THE COLOR OF THE LIP-STICK, WHICH I FOUND...



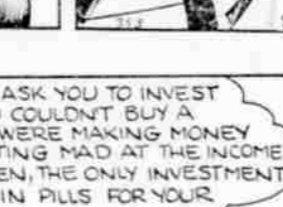
6-23

YOU FOUND THAT LIP-STICK BESIDE THE BODY OF LORD STEEDLY, DID YOU NOT, CAPTAIN TOMKINS? BUT YOU SHALL NEVER LIVE TO TELL ANYONE ELSE ABOUT IT!



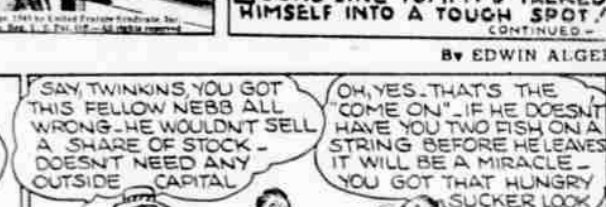
6-23

INVEST? DID I ASK YOU TO INVEST ANY MONEY? YOU COULDN'T BUY A SHARE OF STOCK... WE'RE MAKING MONEY SO FAST WE'RE GETTING MAD AT THE INCOME TAX... NO, GENTLEMEN, THE ONLY INVESTMENT YOU CAN MAKE IS IN PILLS FOR YOUR CARS.



6-23

SAY, TWINKINS, YOU GOT THIS FELLOW NEBB ALL WRONG... HE WOULDN'T SELL A SHARE OF STOCK... DOESN'T NEED ANY OUTSIDE CAPITAL.



6-23

OH, YES... THAT'S THE COME ON... IF HE DOESN'T HAVE YOU TWO FISH ON A STRING BEFORE HE LEAVES IT WILL BE A MIRACLE... YOU GOT THAT HUNGRY SUCKER LOOK.



6-23

THAT NIGHT, AT THE "DORMITORY" WHERE BEN HAD BEEN GIVEN QUARTERS, YOUNG TIM CLANCY TOLD FURTHER OF THE LIFE-AND-DEATH STRUGGLE HIS FATHER WAS IN!



6-23

HOW LONG HAS THE TEMOC OUTFIT BEEN TRYING TO DRIVE YOUR DAD OUT OF BUSINESS, TIM? BUT SIX MONTHS.



6-23

Y'SEE, BEN, THEY'RE RACKETEERS-- THEY'VE WRECKED ELEVEL OF OUR TRUCKS, PUT FOURTEEN OF OUR MEN IN THE HOSPITAL, AND THREE OF OUR FELLOWS HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES IN PHONY ACCIDENTS, BUT--



6-23

POP! GO! HIS RIFLE UP! BEN! AIN' LUCKY YET.



6-23

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEX, 1160; Portland, KFI, 610; Los Angeles, KGI, 1470; Spokane, KID, 1290; San Francisco, KAYW, 120; Portland, KJR, 910; Seattle, NXX, 1050; Los Angeles, KDA, 810; Denver, KOIN, 540; Portland, KTV, 520; Seattle, KFI, 610; San Francisco, KSL, 1130; Salt Lake, KSL, 1130.

Friday 5:00—Kogan'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; Maudie's Orch., KJR, KEX. 7:30—Solitary Presence, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Dance Orch., KGO, KEX; Orch., KPO, KGW. 8:00—Treasure Island Varieties, KPO; Sports, KGO; Legman's Orch., KJR. 8:30—Golly's Orch., KGO; Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW; Ozark's Orch., KSL; Baseball Game, KEX. 9:00—Gordon's Orch., KPO, KGW; Gordon's Orch., KGO; Paul Sullivan,