

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY: Young Taylor is "cleverly" excited when Constance asks his reason for wanting the ranch. Questioning Meg, the housekeeper, she learns that someone telegraphed the Taylor's that she was coming.

Chapter Nine Like an Older Sister

DON had sent the wire. But he was her brother. Didn't he understand she must be making the trip for the good of the whole family, his good as much as any one's? Couldn't he see beyond the end of his nose, or didn't he care about any tomorrow?

And if he didn't, and Donna didn't, and if her mother too, was not then interested in the present, then it was up to her to look to their future.

Constance stood up, after her own brief moment of shock. "You're holding dinner for me, Meg, come on... and thank you, dear."

Peter Taylor wondered if Constance Cabrillo had undergone a sea change in Meg's room, or if she had changed places with some older sister.

The young business woman who came into the dining room seemed years older than the ruffe-haired youngster who had gone in.

And the change was deeper than a change of clothing. He questioned Meg with his eyes, and Meg, standing behind Constance's chair, signaled back, a ludicrous gyration of eyebrows and eyes which sought to express commiseration, sympathy and an appeal to Peter to be kind to the girl.

Peter tried without much success.

"What would you like to do this afternoon, Miss Cabrillo?" Constance seemed to bring herself back to the present.

"You haven't said how long you intended remaining. I'd like to plan a few things for you, some entertainment, and... well, show you around the ranch."

"Thank you," Constance answered thoughtfully. "I do want to see the ranch, but not today. Is Beachport within easy driving distance?"

"Two hours along the coast road; may I drive you there?"

"No thank you. And about my visit, I had intended going back tonight. Now I may stay several days."

Taylor asked no further questions of Constance, but when she had hurried down the hill, he called Meg to him.

"What happened?" he demanded, bluntly. "Come on, come on, something happened to Miss Cabrillo after she went into the room with you, Meg? He eyed her suspiciously. "You know something; out with it!"

Meg shifted from foot to foot, her face red, her apron fluttering with the agitation of her hands. "And if I do, should I be telling you?"

Taylor shook his head. "She had Meg's hand on her hand before she went into the house, and now you have both of you woman-haters."

"Faith, it's a wonder you're yourself. Well, you might have you nibblin' from the apple."

"You needn't worry about me. She's a Cabrillo."

"And is she now?" Meg's hands came to her hips, and she was the odd one, if you will, she tells me the truth about them. Poor pet, you stand there condemning her, and she with her heart broken. Why don't you get yourself out and fix up a fool to do thing, fista of whatever it's called. She's on vacation. Give her something to remember when she's back on her job, please!"

Two hands came belatedly to Meg's mouth, and her skirts whirled as she rushed into the house before her tongue further betrayed her vow of secrecy.

"Work!" Peter flung after her. "If she works she isn't a Cabrillo!" And he went out on the hill to see Constance, alone, going to the little cemetery.

Only A Longing

CONSTANCE walked on leaden feet. She stopped at the picket gate to notice how well the graves have been tended, how clear the paths, then moved on to her father's grave.

For a long time she stood, conscious of the stillness about her. She had no grief to bring to this grave, only a longing. "If you could tell me what I should do," she murmured. "With the world so troubled, did you mean I should keep this place as a haven for them?"

There was no answer there and she started out to stop at a monument which thrust an aggressive shaft towards the heavens, as though the one beneath it had defied eternity and demanded admission.

Constance smiled slowly. So that was the answer. It was there, cut in the stone—"You win what you fight for." Old Michael Mahoney believed that Constance could picture him wrangling a choice seat in the hereafter.

She saluted the shaft and hurried back to the ranch, unaware of a man on a hilltop who watched her, a strange, unwilling tenderness in his eyes.

There was no tenderness in the eyes of Constance Cabrillo when she ordered Juliana to have her car brought around and someone, preferably Dolores, who knew the road to Beachport, with it.

Even Dolores, resplendent in rose-colored suit, blue hat, white shoes and black stockings, was subdued by the Cabrillo countenance.

"Juliano," Constance leaned hand from the driver's seat, "I need the Cabrillo affairs at Beachport?"

"Señor Franks, the judge. He is at the courthouse opposite, on the third floor from the front door of the building, which is with cigar and cigar counters occupied."

Constance gasped and thanked him. "And no word to anyone of where I'm going, Juliano."

She drove down El Camino Real, loving each evenly spaced tree, each foot of brown earth; the vista of blue sea at the end of the avenue.

These things were enduring. Human affections were not. She had thought that in a crisis her family would stand by; give her some credit for business acumen. Instead, anticipating her move, her own brother had forewarned her... she couldn't call the Taylors enemies.

This bothered her for many miles. The Taylors had not followed the telegram. They had not tried to freeze her out; instead, they had given her a warm welcome.

Perhaps she thought, if they sought to disarm her in this way, Dolores, tell me something of the Taylors. How did they happen to come here to the ranch? Where did they get the money they evidently have?"

"From Texas came the Señor Taylor and the beautiful señora, who was frail. With the heart she suffers. The doctor, they say for her sea air and the low altitude. For a little while they visit the resorts, but Señor Taylor he cannot what you call twiddle the thumb?"

Constance smiled. No, Mr. Taylor was hardly one to sit twiddle thumbs.

"So then," continued Dolores, "he meet with your father at Santa Barbara at the fiesta, and your father he tell him he has one rancho which needs the good cattle man. Señor Taylor he come to the ranch and he roar, he say: 'What tell, I build heem up for you and you take heem over or you get heem new manager.' So your father he say 'No, I give to you management so long as these rancho, she is in my hands.'

Judge Franck

"OOO," Dolores exhaled with gusto, "they come and soon young Pedro he come from the school, militaire in Texas, and very happy they are with moch work and moch climate."

"Always they speak of when they go back to thees Texas, then the señora's heart, she quit, sudden, two years ago. Now, say the señors Taylor, to Texas we go. Only now they have like El Cabrillo better than Texas, so then they sell the rancho what they have in that panhandle... Señorita Conchita, how does one have the rancho in the panhandle?"

Constance answered vaguely. "The panhandle is a section of Texas, so called because of the shape of the state on the map."

"She was thinking, then accounts for their money. They've had an income from their home ranch. They could have bought and sold the Cabrillos anytime."

Only why did they have to have ranches in the same vicinity. Why try to rob the Cabrillos?

Gradually she worked up an anger at Pedro's attitude. The tone he'd used when he suggested she could not find money for her very own ranch. His superior attitude. He'd acted as though he were the host and she a mere guest, while in reality she was his employer.

Min Tien's engine boomed into Beachport. Constance was surprised to find such a thriving little city. It sprawled out over the sand flats to wharves and industries edging the bay, then crept back up into the hills in attractive homes.

A passing logging train blocked their way. Constance saw nothing in the great hewn lengths moving past on flat cars, to point to her future. She only wished they would move more quickly.

In town she located the courthouse, and across the green found a building and Judge Franck's office. Yes, he would see her if she would be brief.

Constance stiffened with resentment. He'd been retained by the Cabrillos since he was out of law school. No one had bothered him since her father's time, and now... she must be brief. She wondered if he too had received a telegram.

"Sit down, Miss Cabrillo," said the secretary, after taking her into the judge's office.

Constance was conscious of the Judge staring at her. She stared right back. He had the appearance of an ancient tree in that rumpled gray suit. His skin was like the November leaf of an elm, yellow and dry. She wondered if it would crumble if she touched it.

"What brings you here?"

Constance jumped at the question. There was nothing old about his voice; it crackled with vitality.

"I don't intend sitting clear across the room here so you can shout your answers to the world," Constance informed him.

"Answers, answers! ME give answers!"

"Definitely yes, I'm Constance Cabrillo and I intend to know all you know about the El Cabrillo situation before I leave this office."

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, 1180, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KJW, 120, Portland; KJR, 870, Seattle; KNX, 1080, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 930, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Monday
8:00—Forecast, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Quiz Program, KPO, KGW; Music Society, KGO, KEX, KJR.
8:30—Concert, KGO, KJR, KEX; Paul Carson, KPO.
9:00—News, KEX; Hour, KPO, KGW; Rot's Orch., KGO; Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.
9:30—Burns and Allen, KPO, KGW; Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Adventure in Reading, KGO, KEX.
7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Heatherton's Orch., KGO, KEX.
7:30—Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KEX, KJR; Where and When, KPO, KGW; Pipe Smoke Time, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:00—Show Boat, KPO, KGW; Passing Parade, KGO; Kemp's Orch., KOIN.
8:30—Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW; King's Orch., KOIN, KSL.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Little Or' Hollywood, KEX.
9:30—Clare's Orch., KGO, KEX; Luncheon Orch., KNX, KOIN.
10:00—Crosby's Orch., KSL, KSL; Reporter, KPO, KGW; Dancing With Clancy, KGO, KJR, KEX.
10:30—Music by Woodbury, KGO.

Tuesday
8:00—Marimba Band, KPO, KGW; Exposition Band, KGO, KEX, KJR.
8:30—Kent's Orch., KOIN; Willson's Musical Review, KPO, KGW; Dance Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.
9:00—News, KGO, KEX; Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KGW; Miller's Orch., KOIN, KEX, KSL.
9:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Dog House, KPO, KGW; News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW.
7:30—Black Velvet, KGO, KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KGW; McCreery's Orch., KNX, KOIN.
8:00—Musical Americana, KPO, KGW; We, the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW; Hudson's Orch., KGO, KEX; Treasure Island Tours, KOMO; Professor Quiz, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Symph. Orch., KPO, KGW.
9:30—Scott's Orch., KGO; American Treasure Chest, KPO.
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Crosby's Orch., KNX, KSL.
10:30—Van's Orch., KEX, KJR; Richards' Orch., KGW; National Defense Program, KPO; King's Orch., KSL, KOIN.
11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX; Busse's

Duchess Windsor Gets Clean Duds

New York, Aug. 26.—(P)—All the way from Nassau, The Bahamas, to a cleaning establishment in Manhattan yesterday came a bundle of clothes from the Duchess of Windsor.

The package, labeled "Her Royal Highness," arrived on the steamship Acadia. Customs authorities, noting that the gowns were not declared on the ship's manifest, held them at the pier until a steamship official posted \$500 covering bond.

Then the package was rushed uptown, where a crew of cleaners worked late into the night on the garments.

A few minutes before the Acadia sailed again today, a representative of the cleaners dashed breathlessly back to the pier, the customs passed the bundle and her highness' gowns were Nassau bound.

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

Bonneville and Coulee to Unite

Washington, Aug. 26.—(P)—The White House said today that President Roosevelt would coordinate the power resources of the Columbia river by combining the market of power produced at the Bonneville and Grand Coulee dams under one agency.

Press Secretary Stephen Early said the transmission network now under construction by the Bonneville power administration would carry the low-cost power from both developments through the Pacific northwest.

Early said Mr. Roosevelt informed his cabinet meeting yesterday of the plan to coordinate the power resources of the Columbia "available for the requirements of national defense, industrial development and domestic consumption."

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Bermuda Air Base

Hamilton, Bermuda, Aug. 26. (Canadian Press)—The Great sound of Bermuda is to be made available to the United States for an air base, it was announced today at a special session of the Bermuda assembly.

Taxi Plea Quashed
Portland, Aug. 26.—(P)—Circuit Judge James Crawford today quashed an injunction restraining the Taxicab Drivers' union from attempting to prevent the Yellow Cab company from selling its taxicabs to drivers.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

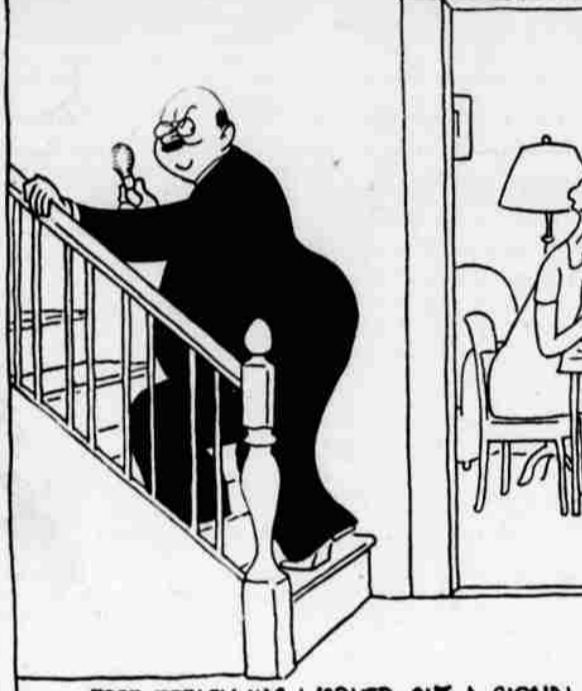
ONLY ONE PER CENT--
OF ALL INSECT SPECIES IS DIRECTLY INJURIOUS TO CROPS!
(Over \$1,000,000,000 annual damage in U.S. alone)

FEATHERED HITCH-HIKER!
A HEN--
RODE 10 MILES
ON THE BUMPER OF
MRS. HARLEY REYNOLDS'
AUTO!
-Chesnee, S.C.-

**THE FIRST GREEK PAPYRI FOUND IN EGYPT--
WERE TORN UP AND BURNED--
BECAUSE THE NATIVES LIKED THE AROMATIC SMELL!
ONLY ONE WAS SAVED... (1778)**

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY HAS WORKED OUT A SIGNAL WITH HIS FRIENDS SO THAT IF ANY ONE OF THEM, FINDING HIMSELF TRAPPED IN AN UNSUPPORTABLE GAME OF DOMESTIC BRIDGE, LIGHTS A COLORED LIGHT IN AN ATTIC WINDOW, HE WILL SHORTLY RECEIVE A 'PHONE CALL REMINDING HIM OF AN IMPORTANT COMMITTEE MEETING AT THE MEN'S CLUB

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAILSPIN TOMMY

"Cold Meat" for the Enemy



TOMMY SAVED COUNTESS LATROFF FROM DEATH AT THE HANDS OF COUNT CASTRONI. OR AT LEAST HE THOUGHT SO... UNTIL LATER, WHEN "TOMMY" TOOK THE COUNT A VICTIM OF THE DEADLY "KHYBAKAM," THE COUNTESS OF MURDERING LORD TWEEDLY, SHE THREATENED TO SHOOT HIM, BUT BETTY-LOU GRABBED THE GUN.

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Excitement Ahead!

NO TAXES

NOT ONE CENT IN FEDERAL TAXES--
WAS COLLECTED DURING 57 OF THE FIRST 72 YEARS OF UNITED STATES HISTORY!

NO TAXES
During 57 of the Federal government's first 72 years there was no tax levied under Federal legislation, other than tariff legislation. These 57 years did not run consecutively. On July 14, 1789, the first "direct tax" was imposed on land, houses and slaves. First excise legislation, imposed on distilled spirits, was laid seven years earlier. Both types of taxes were repealed in 1802, later re-enacted. Before the Civil War Federal tax revenues came almost wholly from customs duties. In 1856, for example, customs duties totaled \$64,022,000 and all other Federal taxes only \$1,117,000.

Tomorrow: Hotel Jail.

THE SET'S DEAD



THE SET'S DEAD... THEY MUST HAVE SHOT AWAY THE AERIAL SKREETS!

HAN! BETTER YOU SHOULD SET ME FREE NOW... TO SECURE A CERTAIN PAPER... FROM SOMEONE ON THIS PLANE, BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE, MEN HERRS!

DUSEN, YOU ARE A GOOD SHOT... SEE IF YOU CAN PICK OFF THAT RADIO ANTENNA!

BUT ARMED MEN IN PORTABLE BOATS ARE DRAWING NEAR THE CLIPPER SHIP, INTENT UPON BOARDING THE PLANE...

THE NEBBS—Hot Pollos

By EDWIN ALGER



GEE, BEN, POP HAS A HUNCH ABOUT YOU—

YOU MEAN ABOUT THE RUN TO SWEETERSBURG?

YEAH—THAT'S THE ONE THAT TAKES US OVER HAIRPIN CURVE—IT'S TWELVE HOURS THERE AN' BACK—WE'LL SPELL EACH OTHER ON DRIVING—

MAYBE POP THINKS NOTHIN'LL HAPPEN TO US 'CAUSE WE'RE JUST KINDA KIDS—I'LL BETCHA WE RUN INTO SOMETHIN' EXCITIN', THOUGH—

WELL, I LIKE EXCITEMENT, TIM—

POP'LL ALSO PAY YOU A DRIVER'S WAGE AND THAT'S LOTS MORE DOUGH THAN YOU'RE GETTIN' NOW—

I LIKE THAT, TOO, TIM!

THE NEBBS—Hot Pollos

By SOL HESS



THERE'S THAT FELLOW NEBB—BEEN FLYING SOME PLACE—HE MUST HAVE MONEY

THAT'S THE FOUR-FLUSH—IF HE HAS MONEY HE HANST HAD IT LONG HE DOESN'T ACT USED TO IT

HELLO, NEBB—WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN FLYING?

WE FLEW OVER TO CONCORD—WE HAD AN IRRESISTIBLE CRAVING FOR A HAMBURGER ON A BUN AND A DISC OF ONION—I HAD TWO—FANNY HAD THREE BETWEEN LIPSTICKS

DO YOU HAVE TO TELL EVERYTHING YOU KNOW? NO WONDER THEY'VE GOT A LINE ON US HERE—JUST HAD TO TELL THEM WE WENT FOR HAMBURGERS

WASN'T IT THE TRUTH? I SUPPOSE IF YOU SAW ONE OF THESE SOCIETY DAMES HIDING HAMBURGERS IN HER SYSTEM YOU'D THINK IT WAS ALL THE VOGUE

Heroine Succumbs

Hollywood, Aug. 26.—(P)—Actress Edna Waldron, 26, died early today of burns received last Sunday in an unsuccessful attempt to save the life of Catherine Bowman, 3, whose clothes became ignited from a fluid Miss Waldron was using to clean clothes. The child was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bowman of Fort Worth, Tex., who were here for a visit.

Road Contracts Awarded

Portland, Aug. 26.—(P)—Six contracts totaling \$126,860 were awarded to low bidders by the state highway commission yesterday. None were in Jackson county.

Dallas, Aug. 26.—(P)—Dallas, with about 3,000 population, is believed to be the smallest city in the United States to give a fully-equipped ambulance to the British government.