

# MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY, as the moon rose, Constance realized that she is not the only woman who feels attracted to Peter. Later she visits Mrs. MacKensie's dairy farm and decides that she can succeed, too.

## Chapter 13

### From Dream to Reality

PEDRO went around when Constance reached El Cabrillo, but Meg came down to say he'd be there the first thing in the morning to take her for a tour of the ranch.

"He'll need rope," she added moodily. "The doctor cracked Big Pete's shell today, and the devil himself would run for hiding. You'd be thinking he'd grown a love for that cast, the way he took on."

"That and other things is both-ers him," she concluded. "Constance knew, and felt a twinge of sympathy for Peter Taylor, senior. But after all, she reasoned, the Cabrillos had owned the land first.

"That night the weather changed, and when Pedro rode up with the horse the next morning the sky was overcast, the hills blue with the promise of rain.

"I want to get back in time to make the six o'clock cut of Beachport," Constance told him. "So soon?" asked Pedro, and Constance thought he appeared startled.

"I took only three days' leave; I'll be three or four days overdue as it is." And having told him this much, she told him of her work.

"For a long time afterwards he rode in silence and then he turned to her and smiled. "Well, now it's up to El Cabrillo."

"What is up to the ranch?" she asked. "Wait," he suggested. "Riding out, winds carrying the dead scents of late autumn, damp on her cheeks, Constance found Taylor quiet, thoughtful.

"At each point of interest he reined in to give her a detailed report of its relation to the life of the ranch—"this stream never runs dry"—and—"here is a stand of timber which will give El Cabrillo firewood for the whole of its existence, if it is cut over properly."

"Here was the family orchard and here the kitchen garden. Here, they dismantled, was the dug-out, a great cavern, the walls lined with crocks and jars of canned fruit, the floors with baskets of potatoes and onions, apples and squash.

"We don't have to buy much here," he offered, as they mounted again. "El Cabrillo is almost self-supporting."

"Pedro," cried Constance, "you are the most astonishing person. You haven't said anything against the ranch. You are stressing its selling points as I would stress them to a prospective buyer. . . why, Pedro, why?"

she, if she could fight them in a gale, or if she wouldn't want to fight. The throwback, Old Michael Mahoney, in skirts. All right, she'd bargain. She'd bargain El Cabrillo, security, everything she'd thought vital for a gypsy life with this man.

"Michael," he began again. "The moment passed and even the atmosphere changed. The clouds deepened to a dull, brownish black and the wind grew in fury.

Pedro looked at the sky. "We'd better get out of here if we don't want to be caught in a storm," he said. "Wait . . . not like that. . . Michael, you don't understand."

"For Constance had slid down the rock, mounted and was riding away. As she rode her anger mounted. What did he think he was doing, playing a Don Juan game? Let him try that on his red-headed ranch girls who had time for silly flirtations, not on a business girl like herself.

"At the moment her anger turned inward, anger at herself for lowering her guard, for being so susceptible. . . for . . . oh, she might as well be honest with herself. . . for wanting to bargain her future away; to exchange El Cabrillo for the transient joy of a moment.

"Fool!" she stormed, and leaned forward to pat Pancho who'd quirked a backward ear at the word. "I didn't mean you, Pancho. . . and I'm going to miss you, but I'm coming back. I'm coming back if I have to rob a bank single-handed!"

Pedro's horse was pounding close behind her. It was all right, she was on guard now. She was Michael Mahoney's offspring. She'd laugh at him. She'd never let him know.

"Goodby, Little Michael!" THE rain started, fell in sheets, and when they reined in before the ranch house, Juliano and a boy ran for the horses and Meg and Dolores came out with every kind of coat and umbrella.

Constance faced Pedro under the dripping willows. "Goodby," she said, extending her hand. "I thank you so much for your kindness these few days. I won't forget."

Pedro looked at Dolores and Meg and gave up, defeated, he even turned brick red as Meg began: "For the sake of me ears, Peter-boy, go call that blond fluff. Every tin minute she's ringin' with—'La Mr. Taylor goin' to the dance tonight!' Faith, I told her, Mister Taylor's in bed with a mendin' leg and how will he dance on that—"

Meg followed Constance in and talked while she packed. She sent Dolores for hot tea and toast, and at last, when the ranch car was ready, took her in strong arms.

"I've a feelin' in me bones that you're comin' back," she said. "Big Pete feels the same. He says no Michael Mahoney could resist it. Chucklin' the old devil is at watchin' you get in above your ears. Says he's always wanted to watch a Mahoney whipped. But I says to him, I says, 'look out for yourself, Peter, or this young Michael will be beatin' you.'"

"Meg," cried Constance, "you . . . you believe in me. You're part of the Taylor household, and yet you're betting on me?"

## On the Radio Chains

Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEX, 1160, Portland; KSL, 440, Los Angeles; KGIA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KJW, 120, Portland; KJH, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KDA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 928, Seattle; KPO, 830, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

STATIONS: 8:00—Kogen's Orch., KGO, KJH, KEX; Walts Time, KPO, KGW; Clark Rosa, KXN, KOIN. 8:30—Concert Orch., KGO, KJH, KEX; Music for Moderns, KPO, KGW; Drama, KXN, KSL, KOIN. 9:00—Public Affairs, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Don Amos, KPO, KGW; News, KEX. 9:30—Quiz Kids, KPO, KGW; Al Pearce, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Ink Spots, KGO, KJH. 10:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Amos and Andy, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Our Musical Heritage, KGO. 10:30—Johnny Presents, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Dance Orch., KEX; Byrd Expedition, KPO, KGW. 11:00—Treasure Island Varieties, KPO, Sports, KGO; Busse's Orch., KOMO. 11:30—Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW; Luff's Orch., KSL. 12:00—Gordon's Orch., KPO; Paul Sullivan, KXN, KSL, KOIN. 12:30—In the Old Days, KPO; King's Orch., KOIN; Music by Woodbury, KOMO. 1:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Crosby's Orch., KXN. 1:30—Richard's Orch., KEX, KJH; Owsen's Orch., KPO, KGW; Lunneford's Orch., KSL, KOIN. 11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN; This Morning World, KEX; News, KGO, KGW.

## PEACE TALKS AT VIENNA PROGRESS

Vienna, Aug. 30.—(P)—Hungarian and Rumanian delegations, brought to this capital of old Austria by axis "peacemakers," communicated the suggestion of Rome and Berlin for a Transylvanian settlement to their governments today after separate two-hour talks with German and Italian foreign ministers.

German spokesmen said "from various signs it can be presumed that, perhaps tomorrow, concluding results will be reached." The Hungarians, Premier Count Pal Teleky and Foreign Minister Count Istvan Szaaky, and the Rumanians, Foreign Minister Mihail Manoilescu and his aides, had not yet come together in a four-power roundtable to discuss any proposed new frontier. They held separate talks with Joachim von Ribbentrop and Count Galeazzo Ciano, the German and Italian foreign ministers.

## INDICT FIRMS IN BENTONITE PLOT

New York, Aug. 30.—(P)—A federal grand jury investigating alleged anti-trust law violations in various war industries today indicted five corporations and eight individuals on charges of conspiring to control the production and sale of bentonite. The substance is a natural

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

WILLIS KILMER -- noted horse breeder won over \$3,000,000 WITH HIS HORSES! HE AVERAGED OVER \$200,000 A YEAR IN PURSES

THE CARRIER SNAIL -- OF BORNED, REINFORCES ITS SHELL BY CEMENTING GRAVEL TO IT!

NEW YORK CITY -- WAS THE SCENE OF ONE OF THE WORST BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR! THE DRAFT RIOT OF 1863, LASTING FOR 3 DAYS, RESULTED IN OVER \$1,500,000 DAMAGES AND A CASUALTY LIST NUMBERING IN THE THOUSANDS

ALASKA -- IS IN BOTH EASTERN AND WESTERN HEMISPHERES! THE 180TH MERIDIAN PASSES THROUGH THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS

DRAFT RIOTS -- Strange as it seems, one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War was fought in New York City after Congress passed the Conscription Draft Act, in 1863, to increase the Union army. When the first draft was made on July 11, Irish-American longshoremen were selected. These men had recently struck for higher wages, and Negro strikebreakers had taken their jobs. Resentment swelled and before the mob could be controlled, rioting in three horrible-filled days resulted in \$1,500,000 in damaged property and more than 1,000 persons killed and wounded.

## THE LAST OLIVE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

REMMINGES IN ICE CHEST FOR A BED-TIME SNACK AND FINDS AMONG OTHER THINGS, BOTTLE WITH ONE OLIVE IN IT

GETS A FORK AND TRIES TO SPEAR OLIVE

AFTER A WHILE SPEARS IT, AND DROPS IT CAREFULLY TO MOUTH OF BOTTLE, WHERE OLIVE DROPS OFF FORK AND PLOPS BACK TO BOYOM!

AFTER REPEATING THIS MANUEVER SEVERAL TIMES, GLARES AT OLIVE, MUTTERING

TRIES TO GET OLIVE OUT WITH FINGERS, WHICH UNFORTUNATELY GET WEDGED IN BOTTLE

EXTRACTS FINGERS AND TRIES TO SHAKE OLIVE OUT IN PALM OF HAND

SUCCEEDS ONLY IN SHAKING BRINE OUT ON NECK-TIE

FINDS THAT IN THE EXCITEMENT OF MOPPING UP TIE, OLIVE DROPPED OUT OF BOTTLE AND ROLLED UNDER KITCHEN SINK, LEAVES IT THERE

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Trapped

QUICK! IN THERE!

DROP THAT GUN ON THE FLOOR, BRINKERLIN, OR...

IT...IT ISS NOT A GUN, CAPTAIN TOMKINS, IT ISS...

THE SECRET TREATY!! THEN YOU WERE IN LEAGUE WITH COUNTLESS LATROFFS IN THE MURDER OF LORD TWEEDLY!!

OUTSIDE OF THE STATEROOM WE HAF A MACHINE GUN TRAINED UPON THIS DOOR, HERR CAPTAIN... COME OUT, UNARMED, OR...

TRAPPED INSIDE THE STATEROOM, WITH A MURDERER, MENACED FROM OUTSIDE TOMMY HAS LITTLE CHOICE BUT TO SURRENDER... BUT WILL HE ???

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Suspicious

TRY HER ONCE MORE, TIM—I GOT IT!

AH, BABY! SEE, BEN, WE'RE LATE!

I KNOW—IT'S TAKEN OVER AN HOUR—

BUT LISTEN, TIM—DO YOU REALIZE NOT A SINGLE CAR HAS COME UP THIS ROAD IN ALL THAT TIME?

HOLY SMOKES! YOU'RE RIGHT! MAYBE THE DETOUR SIGN WAS A PHONY!

## THE NEBBS—Let's Go!

THAT SETTLES IT...HAULED INTO COURT FOR ASSAULT AND BATTERY LIKE A COMMON ROWDY...WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE!

THE JUDGE DIDN'T THINK IT WAS SO BAD...ONLY FINED ME A PENNY!

GO ON...GET YOUR THINGS PACKED! EVERYBODY SHUNS US HERE...BIRDS OF A FEATHER...WELL FLY SOME PLACE WHERE IF THEY INSULT YOU THEY DO IT IN SUCH A BRAZEN MANNER YOU WON'T RESENT IT...YOU CAN'T TAKE IT SUGAR-COATED!

YOU USED TO FIND AN ALIBI FOR YOUR OLD MAN WHEN HE GOT INTO TROUBLE AND THAT WASN'T OFTEN...I WISH YOU'D DIG BACK AMONGST YOUR OLD ALIBIS AND SEE IF YOU COULDN'T FIND A LITTLE ONE FOR ME!

## LOOKS LIKE JUST RARE CUSSIEDNESS

Klamath Falls, Aug. 30.—(P)—Circuit Judge Edward E. Ashurst pondered today what to do with two boys who confessed stealing automobiles to drive off the side of a mountain. The youths, 14 and 16, admitted maneuvering cars up a hog-back mountain firetrail, heading them down the hillside and jumping out. Police said several cars had been demolished unaccountably in the last two weeks.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p.m. The Mail Tribune wants ads.