

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY, Constance leaves El Cabrillo determined to visit home for the dairy farm, somehow.

Chapter 14 Homecoming

CONSTANCE thought of Min's Tim's car as she drove her own coupe out of the city garage. She patted the steering wheel as though to encourage it on, into that melatonin of early evening traffic. Quicker she'd never before noticed the noise and confusion.

Ahead of her lay The Family, and explanations. She'd worry about both when she faced them. The first thing she saw, upon driving into the grounds, was the resplendent roadster which had belonged, after a fashion, to Don Cabrillo.

"Now what?" she wondered. Lamson's face lighted with joy, then clouded. His eyebrows arched, his eyes rolled toward the ceiling and his shoulders seemed intent upon following.

"Lammy... what on... my word, are we having a funeral?" The foyer was a mass of flowers, great baskets of blossoms filled the air with a heady fragrance.

"Your bag is in your car, Miss Constance?" he inquired, and nodded to a trim new maid who was hurrying towards them.

"Of course, but—" Lamson was gone and the maid was insisting that Constance follow her.

"Will you please attend to your duties," Constance said. "I'm quite capable of finding my way about this house."

The maid disappeared and Constance tiptoed down the hall. Flowers everywhere. Heavenly Day, they'd had the living room done over again. And now the dining room: three long tables, exquisitely appointed, a new footman hovering over one.

Constance nearly ran into Lamson as he hurried into the house with her bag. "A wedding?" she demanded.

Lamson lost control of his aitches. "It's a dinner to h'out-dinner h'all dinners," he moaned. "Listen," she grabbed him by the sleeve, "gentlemen don't visit ladies in their boudoirs, but I'm not feeling like a lady just now, so come on."

Lamson followed her upstairs and when she had closed the door behind him, she handed him a cigarette. "Light up, Lammy, and start spilling. What's happened since I went away?"

Lamson balanced gingerly on the edge of a chair. "C-Conchita," he began, and stopped short.

Constance controlled her smile. She hadn't heard him call her that since she returned from her first boarding school. "That's all right, I like to hear you say Conchita. Now go on—"

Instead he reached into a pocket and drew forth a clipping. Constance read it, slipper tapping.

CABRILLOS TO SELL FAMOUS RANCHO, the heading advised her.

"A second cap'on, elucidate!" "Fabulous Price To Be Paid For El Cabrillo Rancho."

The clipping contained an interview with the Cabrillo family. Excerpts from it burned into the heart of the girl who read.

"—the days of the cattle barons are gone—"

"—Out of the mouths of babes," quoted Constance.

"—and it advisable to dispose of extensive holdings as times have changed and resident managers can no longer be trusted to give honest attention to the interests of absentee owners—"

Constance read the eulogy on Cabrillos past and present, through anger-dulled eyes. This then, was the thanks the Taylors were to receive: public condemnation.

"Credit"

FINE slits of sapphire shone through the black fringe of Constance's eyes as she looked up. "What has happened since this appeared?" she demanded.

"Credit!" stated Lamson. "Such credit I never saw given a Cabrillo."

"Don't perjure your loyalty, Lamson, I understand," soothed Constance. "You want to tell me that since then they've gone the limit, and by they I mean the family."

"Now listen. I don't want it known I'm here. I don't want to play Banquo at this evening's feast, but after that... well, just tell the maid that I'm... oh, say I'm a lady dick."

"Lammy!" her voice softened as she looked at the tired, old man. "How would you like to live on a ranch with plenty of horses—"

says, never has El Cabrillo had as efficient management. "As soon as possible I will refile the printed statements and give you credit for your fine work—"

Constance slipped the letter into her bag, after addressing it to Peter Taylor, Senior, then turned out her light and went to the window to look down on the arriving guests.

Lights threw a luster on top hats and white strappings, on folds of velvet, satin and furs. White eyes of limousines streamed up the driveway, and red tail lights blinked as they wheeled down again.

Once a cab stopped to deposit a tall, squarely-built figure, and Constance leaned close to the pane to look down and whisper—"Why... why, John?"

He had become real again. He'd stepped out of the background, where he'd been pushed by the more vivid life at El Cabrillo, and for a moment it seemed to Constance that only with the sight of him had she actually returned from the ranch.

She turned away then to study her position. One thing the Cabrillos' headlong fling into debt substantiated her claim that the fifty thousand dollars wouldn't last long, once it was in their hands.

"Oh," she thought bitterly. "I wish this sweet Old England, where they had a debtors' prison. Maybe that would teach this family the lesson they must learn some day."

"And why do I assume the burden? I'm not responsible for their actions! I'm not even bound by a promise to my father, as Lamson is..."

"Why don't I let them sell the place and step out, start living my own life... let them sell—she stopped with a sob. "I can't. I may as well be honest. I love El Cabrillo. I'm really saying it because I love it more than I love them."

The last car departed and comparative quiet reigned in the hall below. Assured the guests were all at dinner, Constance descended the stairs. "Going out to mail a letter," she whispered to Lamson.

Outsider

THE green mail of the post-box accepted the envelope. Constance drove on, trying to blind herself to the course of that missive. Someone would go down to the highway for the mail pouch. It would be brought to Peter Senior's table. He'd cough, rumble, and finally throw it across to Pedro.

"Please, God," whispered Constance seeking a glimpse of stars through the naked limbs of the park trees "please make them understand that the story was given in thoughtlessness."

She couldn't drive all night so she returned home, wormed her way through the driveway and, leaving the car before the garage, started back to the house. She stopped before the lighted windows of the solarium.

Somewhere an orchestra played d'c r e t i l y. Constance straightened through from the hall, down the tiled floors and back into the hall through another doorway.

There was her mother, radiant in amber velvet, looking at that moment only half the age of the daughter who scowled at her from the darkness of the terrace.

Constance scowled because she couldn't picture Nadine Cabrillo at the ranch. She belonged here; here in this exotic setting.

Don strode through, sleek and handsome. The girl in his arms adjusted her steps to his with a pained, adoring smile. Don would never adjust his steps to another's.

And then came Donna; exotic as a tropical blossom, in a frock that seemed a swirl of living blossoms; one scarlet flower in the high coils of her blue-black hair.

Donna and—Constance straightened. Donna and John Rask-thorne engaged in a deeply serious conversation. Constance wondered if her feeling of alarm was jealousy, and then she saw Donna jerk from John's arms, stomp tiny scart shoes and snap her fingers before John's patrician nose.

"Okay, sister!"

A hand closed on Constance's arm with the words, and simultaneously a flashlight blinded her. "What's the business?" demanded the voice.

"Let go of my arm," warned Constance.

"Come on, come on, what are you up to?" droned the superior person beyond the flashlight.

"I'm Constance Cabrillo and I—"

"Yeah? Well, I'm old Don Cabrillo's ghost," chuckled the shadow. "Here, Ed, you go through her bag."

Constance fought the hand that gripped her. "You touch that bag and you'll be sorry," she promised. "Who are you?"

"We're private detectives, sister, put here to catch little blue-eyed snitches. Want me to take you into the Cabrillos?"

"No," cried Constance. "But please look in my bag; you'll find my driver's license there, and if you can't believe what you read, call Lamson, the butler, he'll identify myself."

"Fat chance," breathed the shadowy Ed. "You girls always work with someone on the inside. Let's take her down to the station for the night, the Cabrillos can come in tomorrow—"

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KJW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KKN, 1030, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO 926 Seattle; KPO 830 San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake

Sunday 8:30—Summer Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KGW, Ofr. Musical Heritage, KJR.

8:30—Album of Familiar Music, KJO, KGW; Paul Carson, KJR. 9:00—Take It or Leave It, KSL, KOIN; Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR; Hour of Charm, KPO, KGW. 9:30—Carnival, KPO, KGW.

7:00—Chansonnate, KGO, KEX; Regal Ambings, KPO, Crime Doctor, KNX, KOIN, Steaks Orch., KGW.

7:30—Chuck Wagon Days, KPO, KGW; Kenny's Orch., KGO, KJR; Crosby's Orch., KNX.

8:00—Buses's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Walter Winchell, KPO, KGW; News, KGO.

8:30—Stern's Newscast, KGO, KEX, KJR; Lunceford's Orch., KOIN; Night Editor, KPO, KGW.

9:00—Lunceford's Orch., KOIN, KNX; Sheltom's Orch., KPO, KGW. 9:30—News, KPO, KGW; Sanctuarty, KGO, KEX; Aguilar's Orch., KNX, KOIN.

10:00—Happa's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Crosby's Orch., KNX; Reporter, KPO, KGW; Richards' Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.

10:30—Music by Woodbury, KGW; Lucas' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR. 11:00—Dancing With Clancy, KPO; This Moving World, KEX; Held's Orch., KOIN, KSL; News, KGO, KGW, KNX.

Monday 8:00—Forecast, KNX, KOIN; Quiz Program, KPO, KGW; Chamber Music, KEK, KJR.

8:30—Martin's Music, KJR, KEX; String Serenade, KPO.

9:00—News, KEX; Hour, KPO, KGW; Ricardo, KGO; Lombardo's Orch., KNX, 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; Cutler's Orch., KGO, KEX.

7:30—Washington Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KEX, KJR; Where and When, KPO, KGW; News, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:00—Show Boat, KPO, KGW; Passing Parade, KGO; Dance Orch., KOIN.

8:30—Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW; King's Orch., KOIN.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Little ol' Hollywood, KEX; Classics for Today, KPO.

9:30—Biltmore Boys, KGO, KEX; Lunceford's Orch., KNX, KOIN.

10:00—Crosby's Orch., KNX, KSL, Reporter, KPO, KGW; Richards' Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.

10:30—Music by Woodbury, KGW; Lucas' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

11:00—Dancing With Clancy, KPO; This Moving World, KEX; Held's Orch., KOIN, KSL; News, KGO, KGW, KNX.

HOME IS SOUGHT FOR TWO BOYS

The Salvation Army made an appeal yesterday for suitable homes for two Portland boys, brothers 17 and 15 years old. Because of improper home environment, the boys are being held as dependents by the court of domestic relations and it is imperative that homes for them be found immediately, said Capt. Charles Cox, Salvation Army head here.

Farm homes were considered especially suitable as the boys could work for their room and board and spending money and yet continue with their schooling. They would be under Salvation Army supervision. The boys were described as tall and well built and willing workers. Anyone who can help was asked to communicate with Capt. Cox at the Salvation Army, 236 North Bartlett street.

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

VETERAN GROUPS INVITED TO HEAR SPRAGUE ADDRESS

Grants Pass, Aug. 31.—(P)—State Commander Niel R. Allen said today he had been asked by Governor Charles A. Sprague to arrange attendance of all veterans organizations when the governor addresses the American Legion department convention at Seaside next Thursday.

Sprague has arranged to make what the governor called "an important statement dealing with Oregon's relation to the problem of defense."

Major General George A. White, Governor Sprague, and Commander Allen agreed at a conference, Allen said, that General White will attend the convention the following day, Friday, to implement the plan which the governor is to announce. Legion proposals are being held in abeyance awaiting the governor's statement, Allen said.

The request that all veterans groups be represented, Allen said, lent credence to the supposition that the governor's talk will have some connection with President Roosevelt's recent press conference statement that veterans' organizations like the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars might become the nucleus for citizen units to replace the national guard when it is mobilized.

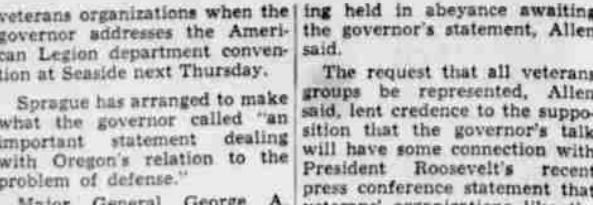
Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

WEB OF DEATH! A BLACK WIDOW SPIDER--KILLED A SMALL MOUSE AND LIFTED IT 10 INCHES OFF THE FLOOR! -Bell Gardens, Calif.-

THE "TYPE-WRITER"! WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE -- noted American newspaperman, DEVELOPED HIS CONCISE WRITING STYLE BECAUSE AS A YOUNG REPORTER HE HAND-SET HIS OWN STORIES IN TYPE! HE SAVED TIME BY USING SHORT WORDS...

KHYBER PASS, India, IS DEFENDED AGAINST BANDITS FOR ONLY A FEW HOURS ON TWO DAYS EACH WEEK! OUTSIDE THOSE HOURS EXISTS AN "OPEN SEASON" ON CARAVANS!



WHAT FAMOUS HEAVYWEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION STARTED HIS CAREER AS "KID BLACKIE"? (Answer Monday)

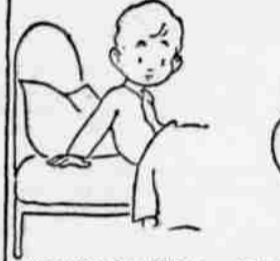
TYPE-WRITER Famous editor-owner of the Emporia (Kansas) Gazette, William Allen White, claims he learned to write with directness and conciseness because, as a young reporter on a Kansas newspaper, he set in type the stories he wrote.

White found he could save time by composing his stories directly in type. This process led to the use of shorter, more expressive words and the mental deletion of unimportant facts.

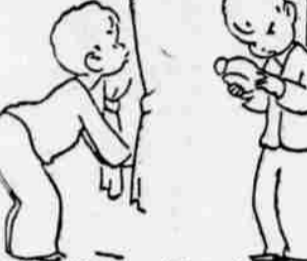
Monday: Unauthorized Navy.

FAIR DAY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WAKES UP WITH A THRILL BECAUSE THIS IS THE DAY FATHER IS GOING TO TAKE HIM TO COUNTY FAIR-- UNLESS IT RAINS



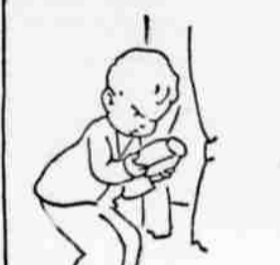
GETS UP ANXIOUSLY TO LOOK AT WEATHER, BUT IT'S STILL TOO DARK TO SEE ANYTHING



LOOKS AT CLOCK, SUN OUGHT TO BE UP IN AN HOUR



GETS BACK TO BED, WONDERERS IS IT GOING TO RAIN AND WHETHER FATHER WOULD COUNT A LITTLE SPRINKLE AS RAIN



FEELS AN HOUR MUST HAVE GONE BY, BUT FINDS IT'S BEEN ONLY TEN MINUTES



KEEPS PLYING BETWEEN BED AND WINDOW, AS IT GETS LIGHTER, SEEMS PRETTY OVERCAST



GETS COMPLETELY DISCOURAGED AS HE SEES CLOUDS PILING UP IN MIST OF HIS GLOOM, DOZES OFF



WAKES WITH SUN STREAMING IN HIS WINDOW AND LEAPS OUT OF BED WITH A WHOOP

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Surprise Attack!

DO NOT OPEN THE DOOR, CAPTAIN! IT IS NOT A TREATY THAT THIS ENVELOPE CONTAINS... BUT SOMETHING THOSE CROOKS DESIRE! LOOK!



MEANWHILE, BETTY LOU RELAXES VIGILANCE.

DIAMONDS!!



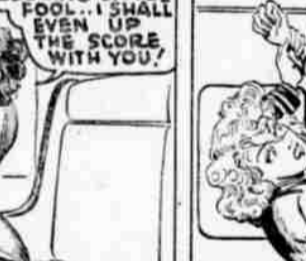
OH, WHY DOESN'T TOMMY RETURN?



AND... AT THIS MOMENT COUNTS! LATER SHE ERRES HERSELF!!



NOW... YOU MEDDLING LITTLE FOOL... I SHALL EVEN UP THE SCORE WITH YOU!



LIKE AN ENRAGED TIGRESS THE ADVENTUROUS SPRINGS UPON BETTY LOU!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Rusty!

IT'S GETTIN' LIGHT, STUBBY—ARE YOU SURE THE CLANCY TRUCK FELL FOR THE FAKE DETOUR?



I SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES!



WELL... THEN THEY SMELLED A RAT—LET'S GO BACK TO THE CAVE FOR SOME GRUB—



GET LUNKHEAD OUT O' BED TO FIX BREAKFAST—



COME ON, LUNKIE! GET GOIN'!



AW, LEMME BE!



THE NEBBS—Enter Van Midas

GIVE ME MY BILL, PLEASE... RUDOLPH NEBB... 1132... WERE CHECKING OUT



RUDY! LOOK! THE VAN MIDASES!



FANNY! JENNITH!



RUDY! IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU TAYLOR! YES, WE DON'T FIT IN HERE... DON'T LET ANYBODY CATCH YOU TALKING TO ME OR YOU'LL HAVE TO HIRE SOMEBODY TO TALK TO YOU!



CAN SEND MONEY TO INVADIED AREA

Washington, Aug. 31.—(P)—The treasury authorized today a resumption of personal remittances of money by Americans to friends and relatives in the invaded European countries.

These remittances were blocked by decrees of President Roosevelt issued since April 8 restricting the movement of money to or from each of the invaded countries—France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, Denmark, Norway, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. The order has no effect on Poland, Germany, or other countries which were not included in the presidential "freezing" orders.