

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY The Cabrillos and her husband, Constance, and the ranch Pedro writes, asking for her decision.

Chapter 18 All's Fair

CONSTANCE had carried the letter to her window to read. Now she looked out. Rain had followed the snow and now, with lowering clouds dripping half rain, half snow, it was as miserable underfoot as it was overhead.

She returned to her desk pulled it before the hearth, snapped on a low light and started composing the reply, her cheeks as scarlet as the velvet robe she wore.

Dear Pedro:— Mr. Raskthorne will write the formal decision to Judge Frank, but I would like you to know why I reached my decision.

Really, I have never had to reach one. At no time have I personally wanted to sell the ranch.

Despite your belief that the Cabrillos have thought of it only as a means of income, this has not been true of me or of Pedro, as Mrs. says, I am not a Cabrillo.

To me, the ranch has always been a symbol of home. I have worked for the day when I could return there to live.

Your offer forced me to return for a visit, and that visit made me know I could not part with it without first trying to save it for myself.

Perhaps it is wrong for me to follow your plan to convert the place into a dairy farm, however the plan is not original, and when you are fighting for something you love, all's fair.

I know your father's consent allows him to remain as manager, as long as the property remains in the hands of the Cabrillos.

I am bringing in a dairy expert like you, and you, care to remain under these circumstances, and—

Constance stopped to nibble the end of her pen.

Why couldn't she think of El Cabrillo without the Taylors there? Why couldn't she divorce them from the ranch? It was the ranch she loved. Were they as much a part of the ranch as the house and the willow trees, and the hills and the ocean?

They loved it. That justified her next words. She was confident it was the only reason she wrote them.

—and I hope you will find it convenient to stay, at least during the three years I am taking for my experiment.

I will arrive, on New Year's day. May I now hear whether or not you will remain, at your earliest convenience?

Michael, P.S. Pedro, A Cabrilla raised the money. Or was it a Mahoney's?

She waited anxiously for the reply. She watched the city burrow into the snow for the winter. She made trims with John, and then one evening she returned to find a letter awaiting her.

Peter, she had written it. She opened it before John.

"Inside Seats" CONSTANCE laughed as she read Peter Taylor's letter. She could imagine how it had come around, wondering if Peter's pen would scurry through the paper and scratch the desk could imagine Pedro, standing by chuckling dark eyes sardonic.

—of all the fool young women you are the prize," he wrote. "A snowball in hater has a better chance of enduring than you have on a dairy farm."

And the concluding paragraph, John Raskthorne saw nothing humorous about it, but Constance laughed hysterically.

—you bet we're staying. We have ringside seats at the biggest stock show the west has ever put on—"

John naced up and down, then stopped before Constance. "Chita there, something queer about their staying on it, don't you? No business men, and I have great respect for the business ability of gentlemen, with the capital these fellows have would take three years out of their lives for the pleasure of watching a girl make a failure of the place they wanted Constance what is this son of Taylor's like?"

"Oh, my goodness," gasped Constance. "Why, he's... a well, he's... I don't know how to describe him, John, he's sort of insolent and well, well, we fought over him, we met, she hesitated to say "He's the Cabrillos," she explained. "He thinks them completely worthless."

John resumed his pacing and again stopped before Constance. "The Taylors are remaining for one of two reasons," he stated. "Either the young Taylor hopes to marry El Cabrillo, or else they will work against you undercover."

Constance reached for a cigaret and for once John did not spring to light it for her. She was glad. The silly little white cylinder was trembling. Either reason was disconcerting. One more than another. "Idiot," she charged herself.

"As the young Taylor can't marry El Cabrillo, unless Donna should succumb, and I can't imagine Donna falling for a raucouser," Constance began, "the must mean

to work... undercover. However, I am hiring the dairyman and the employes have been with the Cabrillos since time began. I don't intend worrying about their making any headway."

John drew an ottoman close. "I'm jealous of that Taylor," he confided, half ruefully. "He'll be there seeing you every day. Constance, how about taking me on as your business manager?"

"Dollar-a-year man?" inquired Constance. "But don't be foolish, John, there's no reason for my seeing Taylor every day, or even every week... and what if I should?" she added. "Look, here's a letter from the State Agricultural college, must be Pedro's credentials; Pederson is the Dane Mrs. MacKelvey believes in so firmly."

Constance tried several times to interest the family in the ranch. "Imagine a man graduating from a cow-college," disparaged Donna. "That good are those references? Who cares if he's had ten years of practical husbandry since then? Anyone who could stand to be around a cow could run a dairy."

"Bound By Kindness" CONSTANCE gave up. She was leaving for the west, two days before Christmas. There would be nothing merry or peaceful among the Cabrillos if she remained.

She had one last chore. She must tell her story. Fortunately the reporter had imagination. Into his account he wove the history of Michael Mahoney, as well as the Cabrillos, and he gave full credit for the present condition of the ranch to the Taylors, who had carried on despite changing conditions.

"That," stated John, striking the paper as he drove with Constance to her west-bound train will put a final check on Cabrillo credit. No man, aside from the one who loves you, will believe you can make good against such odds."

Constance settled into her compartment; Lamson bringing evidence of John Raskthorne's affection with him. Candy, flowers, magazines and a number of books on dairy farming.

She had received her Christmas gift from him, a Becca-lined hat of softest leather; a leather bound wristwatch; laced boots of softest doeskin, and riding in the baggage car, a handsome stock saddle.

Lamson, the only family representative, gave her an awkward farewell. "Be careful of the horses, Miss Conchita. I wish you would wait until I could join you."

"You can join me anytime you're ready," Constance assured him. "Someone has to drive my car out in the spring."

Lamson left and she turned to John. How could she think of him as a sweetheart, when he was father, mother and brother to her? He'd thought of the things Nadine should have remembered. He'd stood by her through her troubles as Don should have stood. Now he was letting her go on, into a new world, without trying to hold her; letting her try out her wings, as a father would. And he'd be there in the background, waiting if the wings weren't strong enough.

"John, you're binding me to you with your kindness," she whispered into his shoulder, and leaned there a moment.

And then the train was moving out, and she was alone. Lights glit, but her window colored lights, tiny trees glittering in shack windows along the railroad, snow hiding the ugliness of the mean places which held them.

Once, after she had turned out her light and lay watching the landscape, a slip waited at a crossing, a sleek filled with people old and young, a family, all together, going somewhere to celebrate the holiday.

Constance thought of her mother's farewell, a quick, light, perfume-kiss. "I hope you're not making a mistake, dear."

Don and Donna had left for a cocktail party without offering farewell.

Constance had watched the glittering parade, seeing herself in severe black tailored clothes. Now she thought, bitterly, the runt of the litter, the one crossing broad: the throwback!

Morning came with the snow falling thick, blurring the landscape and casting an unearthly glow in the compartment.

The line was filled with families going home for Christmas, with commercial men, Christmas, for one day with their families; even the waiters were filled with the love of the holidays.

Constance retreated from the happy people. She rang for a butler and buried her thoughts in the future.

Here were the letters pertaining to transactions. She'd read them through, every one of them, but later, now she would study dairying. She read Holbeins, Jerevas, Guernseys, Short-horns, Herefords, Galloways, Devons and Durhams as a check on the notes of the books. Feed mash, tillage, housing, marketing, crammed into her mind.

What would Michael Mahoney have thought of his throwback she wondered once. She closed the books and leaned back, assured. She had done exactly what Michael would have done under these circumstances.

"I can't lose," she cried aloud. "I can't lose in the cards; it's just history repeating itself."

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS: Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEN, 1160, Portland; KFL, 630, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 630, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 820, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake. Friday: 5:00—Kogon's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX, Waite Time, KPO, KGW, Clark Rose, KNX, KOIN. 5:30—Concert Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Music for Moderns, KPO, KGW, Drama, KNX, KSL, KOIN. 6:00—Public Affairs, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Don Ameche, KPO, KGW; Boxing Bout, KEX, KJR, (Conn-Pastor). 6:30—Templeton Time, KPO, KGW; Al Pearce, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Boxing Bout, KGO. 7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Amos and Andy, KEX, KSL, KOIN; Your Voice and You, KJR. 7:30—Johnny Presents, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Dance Orch., KPO, KGW. 8:00—Treasure Island Varieties, KPO; Sports, KGO. 8:30—Golly's Orch., KGO; Death Valley Day, KPO, KGW; Luncheon's Orch., KSL; Baseball Game, KEX. 9:00—Gordon's Orch., KPO; 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; Dance Orch., KNX. 10:30—Richard's Orch., KEX, KJR; Young's Orch., KPO, KGW; Luncheon's Orch., KSL, KOIN. 11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Tucker's Orch., KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KJR, KEX; News, KGO, KGW.

FAMINE PINCH FELT BY EUROPEANS SAY RETURNING CLERICS

Portland, Sept. 5.—(P)—Two missionaries home from Scandinavian countries said today continental Europe was feeling the pinch of famine in the midst of harvest.

The men, Rev. John Kulvala of Vasa, Finland, and Rev. Harold Kamptien, Stavanger, Norway, explained nazis were shipping out all available foods from Norway, using many subterfuges to disguise the products.

A favorite method, they said, was to move food from the country in coffins.

"Already the people are without butter and are spreading lard on their bread and sprinkling a little salt on it," Rev. Kulvala said.

Movements of munitions and war equipment also is disguised, often being shipped in Red Cross ambulances.

The missionaries, both of Portland, came home on the

PARALYSIS POSTPONES OPENING OF SCHOOLS

Vale, Ore., Sept. 5.—(P)—Opening of the Vale schools was postponed for a week today, following the death of Jesse Garred, 38, grade school janitor, from infantile paralysis.

Garred's was the fourth case in the county in the past two weeks and the first fatality.

"Queer" \$5 Bills Being Circulated

Portland, Sept. 5.—(P)—If Lincoln's picture looks "flat" and the paper is faded or grayish, don't accept that \$5 bill.

William S. MacSwain, U. S. secret service agent, said today such counterfeit bills were being circulated in the Portland area. More than a dozen have been passed.

Nyssa schools also will be closed for an additional week.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

Illustration of a man on a bicycle with a sign that says 'JOSEPH SCHOELLING-- Salt Lake City, Utah, BICYCLED INTO THE REAR OF A PARKED CAR, LOOPED-THE-LOOP AND LIT RIGHTSIDE UP ATOP THE CAR!'. Below is a portrait of a man and a sign that says 'JOB INVENTOR No. 1! TOD STROMQUIST-- Oberlin College Student MADE HIMSELF A JOB BY PHOTOGRAPHING RESIDENCES, FRAMING THE PICTURES AND SELLING THEM TO THE HOUSE-OWNERS AT \$2 EACH! HE AVERAGES \$30 A WEEK PROFIT'. Text below says 'THOUSANDS OF FISH-- FREQUENTLY SWIM TO THEIR DEATHS ON THE DESERT SANDS OF LOWER CALIFORNIA!'.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Illustration of a group of children sitting on a bench. Text below says 'THE TEAM'S ATTEMPT TO MAKE SOME MONEY FROM ITS CHAMPIONSHIP GAME WAS A CONSPICUOUS FAILURE BECAUSE THERE WAS ONLY ONE CASH CUSTOMER, AND HE PAID SOLELY FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF TELLING THE TEAM EXACTLY WHAT HE THOUGHT OF THEM'. Signed 'GLUYAS WILLIAMS'.

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Death To Advance, and Death To Remain

Comic strip panels showing a submarine and a ship. Text includes 'THE REST OF THOSE CUT-THROATS ARE STILL ABOARD THAT SUB MENACING US... AND I'VE GOT A PLAN TO CAPTURE 'EM, SKEETS!' and 'WAIT! DON'T GET IN THE RUBBER BOATS YET... THERE'S AN OFFICER ON THAT SUB WATCHING US THROUGH BINOCULARS!'.

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Clancy's Decision

Comic strip panels showing a man in a car. Text includes 'PRAISE BE, YOU'RE BACK!' and 'DETOUR NOTHIN'! THAT WAS A FAKE! THE HIGHWAY POLICE TIPPED ME OFF TO THAT—WOW! HAVE I BEEN WORRIED!'.

THE NEBBS—Twinkins

Comic strip panels showing a man talking to a woman. Text includes 'I'M GLAD YOU CAME HERE, TAYLOR... YOU PUT ME IN SOCIALLY... YOU KNOW I SOCKED A GUY BY THE NAME OF TWINKINS FOR INSULTING ME AND THEY PULLED THE PLUG ON ME'.

By HAL FORREST

Comic strip panels showing a ship at sea. Text includes 'THE CAPTAIN SAID IF HE DID NOT RETURN OR SIGNAL US ALL IS WELL WITHIN HALF AN HOUR, WE MUST FIRE UPON THE CLIPPER PLANE... EVEN IF HE AND OUR COMRADES DIE ABOARD HER...'.

By EDWIN ALGER

Comic strip panels showing a man talking to a woman. Text includes 'BEN'S SOBER AND SILENT APPEARANCE WAS NOTICED BY CLANCY—HE TURNED TO HIS SON...' and 'WHAT'S EATIN' HIM, TIM? LOSE HIS NERVE?'.

By SOL HEST

Comic strip panels showing a man talking to a woman. Text includes 'SO THIS IS TAYLOR VAN MIDAS... MY NAME IS TWINKINS... I DON'T KNOW IF NEBB TOLD YOU BUT WE HAD A MISUNDERSTANDING... ALL MY FAULT... I'M BIG ENOUGH TO ADMIT IT'.

Destroyers Wait Repair

Vallejo, Cal., Sept. 5.—(P)—The recommissioned World war destroyers Palmer and Hogan arrived at Mare island today for overhaul. Four other destroyers—Montgomery, Jouett, Davis and McDougall—also came in for the same purpose.

Hop Pickers Needed

Portland, Sept. 5.—(P)—A call for hop pickers to work in Independence yards was issued yesterday by the state employment service.

Nazis Discipline French

Vichy, France, Sept. 5.—(P)—Sweeping measures to intern "dangerous" individuals throughout unoccupied France were announced today simultaneously with word of disciplinary steps by German forces in the occupied zone.

The average elevation of the line of perpetual snow in the Rocky Mountains is 11,000 feet

Tides occur twice in every 24 hours and 52 minutes.