

# MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

**YESTERDAY** Constance meets Carl Pedersen, the dairy man, in San Francisco, and feels confident of his ability. Pedro welcomes her back to El Cabrillo Rancho but something seems wrong.

## Chapter 20 Rebellion

JULIANO stood in the little entrance court, and behind him, dressed in a shabby suit, stood the person of El Cabrillo Rancho.

"So this is the welcome you give me," said Constance.

Juliano straightened. "Si, señora," he agreed, and the heads behind him nodded emphatically.

"Juliano, what is wrong? Why are you acting in this way? You were so kind when I went away, are you sorry I've returned?"

"You weep to know," stated Juliano. "Bueno, I tell you.

"For more than one hundred year, our people have herd the cattle of the Cabrillos. For them we have work weeth the heart and the hand. Then Pedro he say to you that you will sell to him and they will turn these place to cows . . . cows weeth milk," he spat.

"Then you come and we think: these Señorita Conchita Cabrillo, she is our saviour. She will save us our place in the sun. She will keep our horses that we may herd the cattle on the golden hills of El Cabrillo, and we are made happy.

"We would have worked weeth the hand for Pedro, who is bot a gringo, bot when we learn that these Señorita Conchita say we are to be sheovers of debris; meekers of cows, we say no.

"She then is not one true Cabrillo. We have no welcome for one who is not a Cabrillo." And Juliano folded his arms across his chest and defied her with his eyes.

Constance looked at him and tried to stifle the hysterical laughter bubbling up. She was dreaming. She'd wandered into a wild and woolly western film by mistake.

"Let me get this straight," she said. "You would work for the Taylors because they are gringos and don't know any better, but you refuse to work for me because by turning this place into a dairy ranch, I am proving I'm not a Cabrillo and so demean the name, the place, and you."

"Si!" confirmed Juliano, and "si," echoed the others.

"I would make of suggestion," continued Juliano smoothly, "that the señorita would return to the señora and let the Don Cabrillo, who is the man of these family, make attend to these rancho."

Don Cabrillo. Constance felt a red anger, half-Mahoney, half-Cabrillo, sweep over her. So Don, who hadn't cared to visit the ranch, who hadn't been there since child, had more influence over these people than did she who was trying to save it for the Cabrillos.

**'Worship Of The Past'**

ALL of the bitterness she had tasted in that past two months was on Constance's lips as she lashed at the people before her.

"You say I am not a Cabrillo. I'm not. I'm a Mahoney. I'm a throwback from the old Irishman who saved this land for your people once. I'm trying to save it for you again.

"I'm going to do, in my day, what Michael Mahoney did in his, restock the ranch in cattle best fitted to current conditions.

"You outsiders know we haven't enough grazing land for the cattle we run. You, all of you, should know that if we cut down our run it will mean that some of you will have to go outside to make a living. Can you? Do you know what it means to have to pay rent and buy food?"

"You pretend a loyalty to the Cabrillos. Do you want them to suffer for your stubbornness? Are you so crystalized in your fanatic worship of the past that you would starve, see El Cabrillo denuded of its last blade of grass, watch the cattle die, merely to save your face?"

"Well, I won't!

"I've had to barter my future for this land, and I'm going to fight through and save it.

"Now, you men who are men, back to the herds you left untended, and the rest of you, back to your posts.

"And those of you who are not men . . . get off El Cabrillo, for good."

Some of the old riders lingered for translations and were urged out by those who understood English. The children had scurried at the first blast. Only Dolores, as tearful as her name, and Maria, the militant, remained.

"Señorita Michael," wheezed Maria, waddling up, "you have make the speech well. I go now to knock the hell into Beeg Juan."

Constance laughed hysterically. "Atta-Maria," she commended. "We women will run the ranch if the men fall down on us."

Constance started for her room, Dolores following.

"How many do you think will leave, Dolores?" she asked.

"But not one," moaned Dolores. "The older ones will stay because they is their home and you make the talk like the hot-blooded Cabrillo. The young ones they will stay because Pedro he say he will make them crawl off on their nose if they try the fony business."

Constance faced the mirror to

find a smile on her lips . . . for Pedro.

From the opened wardrobe, where Dolores, to whom keys had been mailed, had hung her clothes, Constance chose a long dinner dress of garnet velvet, and with a wore an heirloom of the Cabrillo as a necklace of dull gold squares inset with garnets and seed pearls.

Dolores stood back in rapt admiration. "Fef you could bot look like thees when you make the speak, they would have knelt at the feet before you," she murmured.

Constance paid little attention to the thought beneath this, until she was alone with Meg. Meg had gathered her into warm arms and Constance had found nothing incongruous in a Cabrillo being so greeted by a "house-keep."

"Divil take them," muttered Meg, when Constance had laughingly told of Dolores' doubtful compliment. "Don't they know their feudal times are dead? They have to worship, do they? Well, let them find out a lady's a lady in heart and not in coverings, these days."

## Gold Locket

THE Taylors gave Constance the holiday she should have had with her own family; the welcome the people of El Cabrillo should have given her. There was the dinner, with Meg hovering over her, seeing she had the best of everything, and then the Christmas tree disgorged gifts.

A turtle necked sweater to match the beret, knitted by Meg. A scarlet poncho and billed cap from Peter Senior, and from Pedro, a long jeweler's box.

Constance opened it slowly and frowned a little. It contained an old-fashioned gold chain with a golden heart for a locket.

"Open it," prompted Meg.

Constance touched the snap and two faces were revealed, a bearded man and a prim, rosy-checked woman. The man looked like someone she knew.

"Michael Mahoney and his bride, Sary," explained old Peter. "Son found it in San Francisco some time back, bought it thinking someone in the family might like it."

Constance closed her eyes to hide the tears. She was the only one in the family who would have looked at it a second time and she loved it. She sensed then what she later learned, that it had been pawned by a Cabrillo who had set no value on it.

"If you don't mind," she murmured, "I'd like to cry . . . just a little bit."

"You do and I'll sing," threatened Peter Senior, and burst into When Irish Eyes Are Smiling.

He led Constance to the piano, piled music before her, then sat down, his injured leg out before him, to rattle his old, favorite songs.

An hour before the huge fireplace followed, Constance and Peter Taylor talking of the ranch, Pedro sitting back in the shadows, silent.

"Of course I'm still manager here," Taylor warned her once, "but I won't over-ride you if you don't try to over-ride me. I like that Pedersen. He spent a few days here looking over the place, after you first wrote him. We'll work together."

"Pedro is driving me down to San Francisco next week. I intend getting top prices on the cattle before we send them out. That should offset the incoming herds to a good degree."

He went on talking and Constance was puzzled. The man seemed as interested in the replacement and the future of the ranch, as he would have been had she sold to him.

"Mr. Taylor," she asked suddenly, "why didn't you tell us of the proposed railroad right-of-way through the ranch?"

Peter Taylor rumbled under his breath, then looked at his son and sighed. "Well, Michael, it was this way. They bargained with me. They wanted to bring the line in from Fuller's Junction. That wouldn't have touched the ranch proper and we couldn't have used the Beachport depot. So I promised, if they'd come in from the north instead. I'd give them the right of way; providing, of course, they swung the line as far south as the proposed dairy unit, and allowed us the use of the line."

"Oh," breathed Constance, and thought a moment. "How much would they have paid for right of way from the south?"

"Wouldn't run over five thousand, the way the land runs, and that wouldn't pay for the trucks we'd need, nor cover the extra handling. This way, we can shoot straight into San Francisco with the bulk of the goods. The cream can go straight to Beachport without doubling back from Fuller's Junction."

Then they hadn't been trying to "hold out" on the Cabrillos. Her face brightened, then clouded and she went over to Mr. Taylor, her hand outstretched. "I'm sorry, I felt I was justified in using your plans because you were double-crossing me about the right of way. Now it's too late."

"Oh, that's all right, Michael," he gruffed. "We'll stick around for a couple of years and see you get your feet under you, then we'll go off somewhere. Kinds like this place, though, I'm getting old, Michael, doesn't matter much about me. But the boy, here, he's use to be working for himself now."

To be continued

**Japs Negligent In Sinking Barge**

Los Angeles, Sept. 7.—(AP)—A corner's jury today declared operators of the Japanese freighter Sakito Maru were guilty of "extreme negligence" in running down and sinking the fish-

# On the Radio Chains

**STATIONS:**  
Where to Find Them on the Dial:  
KEX, 1160, Portland; KFL, 630, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 820, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNS, 1630, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

**Sunday:**  
5:00—Ford Summer Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KGW; Our Musical Heritage, KJR, KEX.  
5:30—American Album of Familiar Music, KPO, KGW; Paul Carson, KGO, KEX, KJR.  
6:00—Take It or Leave It, KSL, KOIN; Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR; Hour of Charm, KPO, KGW.  
6:30—Carnival, KPO, KGW; Human Nature in Action, KOMO.  
7:00—Chansonette, KGO, KEX; Regal Amblings, KPO; Crime Doctor, KNX, KOIN; Stock's Orch., KOW.  
7:30—Wagon Days, KPO; Chester's Orch., KGW; Henry's Orch., KGO, KJR; Crosby's Orch., KNX.  
8:00—Buse's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Walter Winchell, KPO.  
8:30—Dance Orch., KOIN; Sports Newsreel, KGO, KEX, KJR; Night Editor, KPO, KGW.  
9:00—Luncheon's Orch., KOIN, KNX; Shelton's Orch., KPO, KOW.  
9:30—News, KPO, KGW; Sanitary, KGO, KEX; Agular's Orch., KNX, KOIN.  
10:00—Harp's Orch., KGO, KJR; Crosby's Orch., KNX; Reporter, KEX; KSL; News, KGO, KNX.

**Monday:**  
10:30—Martin's Orch., KGO, KOIN; Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KGW; Organist, KEX; Dale's Orch., KOIN.  
**Monday:**  
5:00—Radio Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Quiz Program, KPO, KGW; Chamber Music, KEX, KJR.  
5:30—Martin's Music, KGO, KJR, KEX; String Ensemble, KPO, KGW.  
6:00—Ricardo, KGO; News, KEX; Hour, KPO, KGW; Lombardi's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.  
6:30—Burns and Allen, KPO, KGW; Biondi, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Concert Orch., KGO, KEX.  
7:00—Anne and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Cutler's Orch., KGO, KEX.  
7:30—Tros or False, KGO, KEX; KJR; Where and When, KPO, KGW; Smoking Time, KNX, KSL, KOIN.  
8:00—Show Boat, KPO, KGW; Passing Parade, KGO; Dance Orch., KOIN.  
8:30—Hawthorne House, KPO, KOW; King's Orch., KOIN, KSL.  
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Little Of Hollywood, KEX.  
9:30—Billmore Boys, KGO, KEX; Luncheon's Orch., KNX; Dance Orch., KSL.  
10:00—Crosby's Orch., KNX, KSL; Reporter, KPO, KGW; Richard's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.  
10:30—Music by Woodbury, KGW; Lucas' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Sportsman's News, KPO; Kent's Orch., KSL, KOIN.  
11:00—Dancing With Clancy, KPO; This Moving World, KEX; Kyrer's Orch., KOIN, KSL; News, KGO, KNX.

# PHOENIX SCHOOLS RESUME MONDAY

Phoenix, Sept. 7.—(Sp.)—Phoenix school will open Monday, September 9. The grade school faculty includes Mona Ferns, first grade; Marie Prescott, second grade; Edith Thompson, third grade; LaVerne Robertson, fourth grade; Eunice Colver, fifth grade; Gladys Sloan, sixth grade; Alta Norcross, seventh grade, and Eldred Colver, eighth grade.

High school faculty includes Floyd Barrett, principal; Dwight Catherwood, coach; Mildred Gillmouthe, commercial, and Isabell Miller, English.

# EX-HAWAII GOVERNOR TO SPEAK IN ASHLAND

Ashland, Sept. 7.—(Sp.)—Lawrence M. Judd, former governor of the Territory of Hawaii, will address a chamber of commerce forum dinner in Ashland September 28. The meeting is scheduled for the Lithia hotel at 6:45 p. m.

Judd, who served as the chief executive for the islands during the Hoover administration, will

# RESCUE OF COMRADES PREVENTED BY NAZIS

London, Sept. 7.—(AP)—The British admiralty said tonight that "German airmen have again prevented the rescue of their comrades from the sea by British naval units."

An admiralty communique said: "This morning three of his majesty's drifters attempted to rescue four German airmen who had bailed out over the sea from a German bomber. The rescue was prevented by other German aircraft which attacked the drifters with machine-gun fire."

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

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

ELIHU B. WASHBURNE -- U.S. Secretary of state under Grant WAS IN OFFICE LESS THAN ONE WEEK!

A BOTTLE OF MILK IS WORTH MORE IN HONG KONG THAN TWO DAYS PAY OF THE COOLIE DELIVERING IT! (Got to 75¢ per quart)

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# KEEPING CLEAN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

IS PUT INTO FRESH SUIT AND IS TOLD FOR PITY'S SAKE TO KEEP CLEAN UNTIL IT'S TIME TO START TO GRANDMA'S

STARTS TO SPREAD THE "FUNNIES" OUT ON FLOOR BUT REMEMBERS

MOVES TO CHAIR AND LOOKS AT THEM, UNCOMFORTABLY BUT CLEAN

STARTS PLAYING WITH HIS TRAIN BUT REALIZES HE WOULD END UP ON HIS STOMACH ON FLOOR

WOULD LIKE TO PLAY WITH HIS BALL BUT WON'T RISK GETTING SUIT DIRTY GOING UNDER COUCH FOR IT

PICKS DOG UP TO CUDDLE HIM IN LAP BUT SETS HIM DOWN BECAUSE HE MIGHT BE MUDDY

PLAYS IT SAFE BY SITTING PATIENTLY ON STAIRS, UNTIL AT LAST FAMILY COME DOWN READY TO START

RELIEVED TO HAVE ORDEAL OF KEEPING CLEAN OVER, RACES OUT TO CAR, FALLING FLAT IN MUD. FEELS IT'S NO USE TRYING TO BE GOOD

9-9 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

# THE FOUR CORNERS

AT HARLEM AND NORTH AVENUES, Chicago, ARE EACH IN A DIFFERENT COMMUNITY! (Chicago, Oak Park, Park Elmwood and River Forest)

DAIRY MAID'S DISCOVERY

Strange as it seems, a British dairy maid gave Edward Jenner the inspiration for the discovery of smallpox vaccine. The girl, a patient of Jenner's master, hearing smallpox mentioned said she "couldn't" contract it because she had cowpox and was immune.

Jenner's associates called it a silly superstition, but Jenner decided to investigate. On May 14, 1796, after numerous experiments on his own son, Jenner vaccinated a boy named James Phipps. Later the boy was inoculated with smallpox, which would not "take." Jenner sent a report to the Royal Society—which ironically returned it!

MONDAY: Job Inventor.

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Danger Below!

AS TOMMY, SKEETS, AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CLIPPER SHIP, DREW NEAR THE ENEMY'S SUB IN RUBBER BOATS, THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE SUB, ORDERED HIS CREW TO FIRE UPON THE INVADERS, BUT, TOMMY...

SORRY... BUT YOU ASKED FOR THIS!

TOMMY'S WELL-AIMED FIRE SCATTERS THE SUB CREW JUST IN TIME TO SAVE HIMSELF AND HIS CREW FROM SUDDEN DEATH

SURRENDER... OR WE'LL BLAST YOU ALL INTO THE SEA!

QUICK, SKEETS! WE'VE GOT TO BLOCK THAT WATCH BEFORE THE CREW BELOW SUBMERGES THIS CRAFT!

AND... BEFORE THE SUB CREW CAN RECOVER, TOMMY AND HIS MEN HAVE CLAMBERED ABOARD

WILL TOMMY AND SKEETS BE ABLE TO PREVENT THE SUBMARINE FROM DIVING UNDER THE SEA? WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL MONDAY TO FIND OUT—

By HAL FORRESTER

# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Precaution No. 1

WHEN DO YOU WANT TO START, BEN?

RIGHT NOW, MR. CLANCY!

OKAY! TAKE THAT ROADSTER AND TAKE EVERY PRECAUTION FOR YOURSELF, ME BOY!

HERE'S WHERE WE TURN OFF, BRIARLIE—AND BEFORE I GET TO THE SPRING WHERE I MET RUSTY, I THINK I'D BETTER PLAY SAFE AND—

—GET THIS CAR OFF THE ROAD SO NOBODY WILL SEE IT—WE'LL GO THE REST OF THE WAY ON FOOT—COME ON, BOY!

By EDWIN ALGER

# THE NEBBS—He's In Again

HERE WE HAVE TWINKINS BACK STILL TRYING TO KISS HIS WAY INTO THE VAN MIDAS SOCIETY

DO YOU KNOW, MR. VAN MIDAS, I THINK I REMEMBER MY FATHER SAYING HE WAS A CLASSMATE OF YOUR FATHER'S AT PRINCETON

NO, MR. TWINKINS, MY FATHER NEVER WENT TO COLLEGE—HE HAD ONE OF THOSE ABRAHAM LINCOLN HOME-MADE EDUCATIONS—HE SENT ME TO COLLEGE—SAY HE WANTED ME TO GET A BETTER KNOWLEDGE OF HOW TO SPEND THE MONEY HE MADE

I'M ACTING LIKE I DON'T HATE THAT GUY BUT HE'S EVERYTHING I'M NOT AND DON'T LIKE!

HE'S ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO HAD A LOT OF DOUGH LEFT TO HIM AND IS TRYING TO MAKE ANYBODY BELIEVE HE WAS SMART IN PICKING THAT KIND OF A DAD

By SOL HESS

# Japs Negligent In Sinking Barge

Los Angeles, Sept. 7.—(AP)—A corner's jury today declared operators of the Japanese freighter Sakito Maru were guilty of "extreme negligence" in running down and sinking the fish-