

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY, Constance goes into Pedro's arms, then remembering her bargain with John, explains that if she fails with the farm she loses everything. For the first time she faces the possibility of being defeated by her refractory personnel.

the roadbed north to meet the other started two months ago from Beachport. Next time I turn around I'll hear a whistle, and down from the hills will come flat cars loaded with timber. It's fun, John, watching things grow. From John came all news of her family. Her mother did write an occasional perfumed note, brief and filled only with warnings:—"Do look after your hands, dear, they coarsen so when you're riding. I'll send you gloves to wear at night; they have some new medication guaranteed to soften and whiten—" The gloves never arrived, neither did the eye-wash to be used religiously every rest period. But John thought Constance wouldn't have bothered to use them.

Letters From John

PEDERSEN was the adviser. Pedro was the quiet executive. He laid a colored chart of El Cabrillo before them, showing open fields; degree of slope, drainage, and sections liable to be affected by nightwater. He had a gang-plow ready for delivery and crews appointed. Soy bean, mangel and alfalfa seed stored against advance in prices.

"If you'll authorize the plow purchase and let me hire another, I can have the winter ploughing finished before the rains, then we can give the land another turnover before seeding and spring rains."

Constance remembered Pedersen saying the land must be worked deep this first season. She looked out of the window to the east. Difficult to think of it being winter, but the peak upon which she and Pedro had stopped that memorable day was covered with snow.

"Gentlemen," she said, as they were leaving for a ride to the proposed barn site, "I don't see how I can fall with you around me, each doing your part."

"And you riding herd on us to see we do," teased Peter Taylor, senior.

Constance, who had slipped out to give Pancho an apple, earlier, found her favorite hard to control. He wanted to run. She gave him rein, knowing Pedro was not far behind, and when Pancho was satisfied, Pedro rode up.

"Do you mind my saying you look particularly stunning in that outfit, Miss Cabrillo?" asked Pedro.

Constance felt the swift flash of color in her cheeks. Resolutely she looked at him. "Thank you. A Christmas gift from John Raskthorne."

"Raskthorne?" Pedro's voice rasped on the name. "Oh, yes, Juliano showed me his picture one time. Polo game, you standing with him while someone handed him a trophy."

Constance nodded. "That was taken a long time ago. He hasn't ridden since his father's death. He was thrown, hunting. His mother died from shock."

Pedro stared ahead a moment. "Then it's this John who handles your estate in the east?"

"Yes, he... he's been a very fine friend to the family since his father's death... and before, too, of course."

They rode on in silence, Constance noting the silver sheen of winter grass and the sharp white line above the peaks like a reflection on the sky.

"May I ask if he approved of your decision to take over the ranch?"

Constance looked up, relieved. "Yes, he did. He does. He's very interested. You see, he agrees with me that we Cabrillos must have some kind of an income or well, as my brother would say, 'shoot the works in one play.'"

The clop-clop of horses' hoofs measured time, then Pedro rode close, lifted Constance's left hand and stripped off the gauntlet. "No ring, Michael?"

"No ring, Pedro."

"And you're not wearing one on your left hand, is that so?"

"Only a heart on a chain, Pedro. The one you gave me... I mean the locket, of course."

Wordless Melody PEDRO'S laugh rang out, free and happy. "At that, you have my heart dangling, Michael," he lowered his voice as the others rode up, "do you know how many seconds there are in three years? Three million, sixteen thousand, eight hundred and one."

"Then I must stay away from you, Pedro," she retorted, and welcomed the other men so gaily that they turned to look at her again and again.

It was Pedro, however, who stayed away from Constance, though not willingly. The ploughing under way, he drove his father south to sell the cattle, and then he was off with Pedersen to buy the dairy herd.

He dropped from her mind to heart, to remain there like a wordless melody and left her thoughts free to write John; long letters full of the details of progress on the ranch.

"—one cow palace is completed, John, and such a palace, as clean and white as a modern mansion; air conditioned; private compartments for each of the bovine blue-bloods. There's even a nursery and maternity ward off the chemists' laboratory."

"Pete Taylor, a nice old grumbler, says we should have dotted swiss curtains with baby-blue tie-backs, but Pedersen told him cows dotted on dotted swiss and we might find our milk troughs flowing with polka dotted milk, so we refrained."

Judge Franck had convinced John Raskthorne that it would be better to bargain railroad right-of-way than sell it, and one day Constance wrote.

"They're here, the tractors. One with its crew arrived here today to start from the ranch and lay

John reported their gradual dropping of servants until only Lamson and the cook remained; reported Don's refusing to borrow on his car to pay for Donna's spring wardrobe. Constance, looking out at the cold drizzle, splashed against her windows by the wind from the sea. There would be snow in the east.

And then John's letters protested:—"I believe, if dear were not the accepted opening of a letter, you would never spare a word of affection for me."

"Admitting I am interested in the ranch, I confess that interest secondary. What of yourself? Do you miss having me around? Do you never think of me... John?"

"Conchita, I'm wondering why you never mention the younger Taylor. Isn't he around your age? There is something... ominous... in the omission."

"Nothing To Mention" CONSTANCE was relieved that she could reply honestly. "I don't mention the younger Taylor because there is nothing to mention. As far as I know, he's been here at the ranch only two days since New Year's... and John, he doesn't correspond with me. Now maybe that is the ominous omission. Shall I take it up with him when he returns?"

John's answer came air-mail—"I have a dandy ivory-handled crop that should be used on fresh little girls like you. By all means, correspond with your own book-keeper. She had spent most of the day making copies of a skeleton form of report. It wasn't a stupid procedure to her, this leaving space for the name of a cow; her age, weight and the amount of milk and percentage of butter-cream she was giving."

She had enjoyed the day; enjoyed the beating rain, the dreary sound of trees soughing, and the coziness of fire and red leather chairs, deep and inviting. She sent coffee royals to the carpenters and ordered brandy for the riders. Riders from the ranch had carried it to the hills when the round-up was going on. The last round-up.

Now she went to a deep chair, re-read John's letter and was worried. She was being completely honest with neither John nor Pedro. Yet how could she be?

There was really nothing she could tell John, unless she wanted to confess that Pedro was the incarnation of El Cabrillo, fascinating, romantic, and that each moment with him was an intoxicating madness. She couldn't tell that to a man who had invested fifty thousand dollars in her common sense. Especially when nothing would come of it.

Exactly what had she promised? Constance sat rigid in her chair. She had promised John Raskthorne that she would marry no one but him until she had repaid his loan.

She couldn't do that without selling El Cabrillo! The three-year limitation was only to show profit. If she did, the note would be extended for twenty years, but only if she could meet the interest out of her one-fourth of the net income of the ranch. Terms of the will precluded her taking more for any outside indebtedness. And she could not depend upon the family helping her.

John Raskthorne was giving her a three year moratorium on marriage to him. The other alternative was sacrifice of El Cabrillo Rancho. "And I thought I was shrewd," cried Constance.

The room grew dusky with twilight, as Constance sat huddled in the deep chair, thinking. An approaching car threw yellow bars into the room, intensifying the darkness as they disappeared abruptly.

Pedersen home from Beachport, thought Constance. "Michael! The door was flung open. Cold, wet, salty air rushed in with it. Pedro. He kicked the door closed with his heel, strode across the room, lifted her from the chair, and laughed down at her. "I'm borrowing ten minutes out of three years hence," he explained. "Or have I been away three years?"

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On the Radio Chains

Where to Find Them on the Dial:

STATIONS:
KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1170, Spokane; KGO, 730, San Francisco; KGW, 630, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNS, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Tuesday:

5:00—Marimba Band, KPO, KGW; Exposition Band, KGO, KEX, KJR; Clark Ross, KOIN.

5:30—Kent's Orch., KOIN; Musical Revue, KPO, KGW; Your Neighbors, KGO, KEX, KJR.

6:00—News, KEX; Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KGW; Aloha Land, KGO; Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL.

6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Dog House, KPO, KGW; News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

7:00—Amos and Andy, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW.

7:30—Black Velvet, KGO, KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KGW; Luncheonette's Orch., KNX, KOIN.

8:00—Musical Americana, KPO, KGW; We, the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Deane, KGO.

8:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW; Professor Quiz, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN, KSL; San Francisco Symphony Orch., KPO, KGW.

9:30—Ellington's Orch., KGW; Cugat's Orch., KOIN, KNX; Treasure Chest, KPO.

10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Crossby's Orch., KNX, KSL.
10:30—Garber's Orch., KGO, KEX; Richards' Orch., KGW; National Defense, KPO.
11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Luncheonette's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News KNX.

Wednesday:

5:00—Summer Show, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Song of Your Life, KGO, KEX, KJR; Paul Carson, KGW; Introducing, KPO.

5:30—This Our America, KGO, KJR, KEX; Ricardo, KPO; Concert Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.

6:00—Barber Shop Quartet, KGO; Kyrer's Prgm, KPO, KGW; News, KEX; Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.

6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KGW.

7:00—Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KEX, KJR; Plantation Party, KPO, KGW; Dr. Christian, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:00—Judy Drake, KGO; Time to Smile, KPO, KGW; Meet Mr. Meek, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Byrne's Orch., KJR.

8:30—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KGW; Question Bee, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Venuti's Orch., KJR.

9:00—Shelton's Orch., KJR; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Martin's Orch., KPO.

9:30—Dance Orch., KSL; Stanford Univ., KPO, KGW.

10:00—King's Orch., KOIN; Rich-

ards' Orch., KPO; Lucas' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

11:00—Van's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Nottingham's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KGW, KNX.

OREGON SHARES IN RETAIL BOOM

San Francisco, Sept. 10.—(AP)—The Pacific northwest's retail trade bettered national marks in July. Census bureau reports made public today showed both Oregon and Washington among the nine states making larger than average gains over 1939 sales.

Consumers in Idaho maintained the most consistent increase in purchases of all the states during the first seven months of the year.

California's July sales were 8.8 percent higher than a year ago—exactly matching the national average increase.

Washington, with a gain of 12.5 percent, stood third in the percentage gain list. Pennsylvania gained 14.9 percent and Ohio 12.8.

Oregon was eighth, with a gain of 9.9 percent.

FEHL EXAMINATION CHARGE IS UPHeld

Salem, Sept. 10.—(AP)—Drs. Wendell H. Hutchens and James H. Huddleson, Portland psychiatrists who examined former Jackson County Judge Earl Fehl at the request of the circuit court during Fehl's action to obtain release from the state hospital, charged the county \$125 each for making the examinations.

Circuit Judge Calvin L. Sweck refused to release Fehl, the doctors finding that Fehl is insane and unsafe to be at large.

The attorney general ruled today that the county should pay the fees to the doctors.

Death in Parked Auto Eugene, Sept. 10.—(AP)—Harry C. Farley, 59, was found dead in his parked car on a country road near here today. A garden hose was found lead-

ing from the exhaust into the car window. Coroner Charles Poole investigated after a passerby discovered the tragedy.

Sub Overdue London, Sept. 10.—(AP)—The British submarine Phoenix is considerably overdue and must be considered lost, the admiralty announced tonight. The 1,475-ton submarine normally carried 50 men.

Accidental deaths of persons under 25 are more numerous in the summer than at any other time.

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



U.S. GRANT WAS 3 TIMES ARRESTED FOR SPEEDING (IN A BUGGY) ONCE WHILE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!



A BIRD -- CARRIED A MATCH TO ITS NEST IN A CHURCH STEEPLE, SETTING IT AFIRE... BUT THE FLAMES MELTED ICICLES ABOVE THE NEST, PUTTING OUT THE FIRE! -Memphis, Tenn., 1939-



HIGHEST NATURAL SINGLE-JET FOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD -- SHOOTS 196 FEET IN THE AIR! -Fed by a natural spring, Bennington, Vt.-

NO FUN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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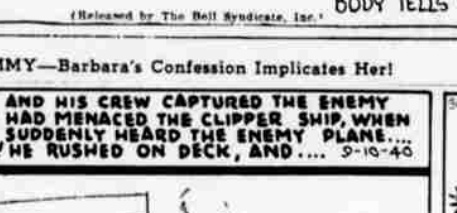
GETS A LITTLE BORED WITH BLOCKS, PICKS ONE UP AND PUTS IT TO HIS MOUTH



LOOKS AROUND TO SEE WHY MOTHER DOESN'T TELL HIM NOT TO



CROWS AND GURGLES TO ATTRACT HER ATTENTION AND MAKE HER LOOK UP FROM HER SEWING



TRIES TO FORCE AN ISSUE BY USING TWO BLOCKS



SHE LOOKS UP, BUT TO HIS DISAPPOINTMENT ONLY SMILES AND RETURNS TO HER WORK



GIVES UP, DECIDING THAT SOME THINGS AREN'T ANY FUN TO DO UNLESS SOMEBODY TELLS YOU NOT TO

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Barbara's Confession Implicates Her!

TOMMY AND HIS CREW CAPTURED THE ENEMY SUB THAT HAD MENAGED THE CLIPPER SHIP WHEN TAILSPIN SUDDENLY HEARD THE ENEMY PLANE LANDING! HE RUSHED ON DECK, AND... 9-10-40



DON'T TRY TO TAKE OFF... I'LL BLAST YOU OUT OF THE WATER! STAY WHERE YOU ARE... UNTIL WE THROW YOU A LINE!



TOMMY... ER... OUR CREW HAS CAPTURED THE ENEMY SUB... EVERYTHING IS NOW PERFECTLY UNDER CONTROL AND...



THANK GOODNESS! NOW I CAN GIVE CAPTAIN TOMMINS THIS ENVELOPE TO KEEP IN THE PLANE'S SAFE... IT CONTAINS IMPORTANT PAPERS THAT JOHN ER... LORD JOHN SMITH TWEDDLY WAS CARRYING TO LONDON.



DO YOU REALIZE THAT THIS MAKES YOU AN ACCOMPLICE OF COUNTLESS LATROFF... WHO HAS JUST CONFESSED THAT SHE KILLED LORD TWEDDLY? WAIT!... I'LL TELL YOU ALL!



I... HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH... WITH THE MURDER OF LORD TWEDDLY! WAIT!... I'LL TELL YOU ALL!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—No Progress!



HELLO, RUSTY! HOW ARE YOU? HUNH?



AW, RUSTY, YOU KNOW ME— I'M BEN—BEN WEBSTER— LOOK! EVEN OLD BRIAR REMEMBERS YOU—AREN'T YOU GLAD TO SEE HIM?



WHO? BRIAR? I... DON'T... KNOW... NO... BRIAR—WHO'S RUSTY? EVERYBODY CALLS ME LUNKIE— LUNKIE'S MY NAME—



LUNKIE'S A GOOD NAME, AIN'T IT? LUNKIE, LUNKIE! EVERYBODY CALLS ME LUNKIE!



POOR OLD RUSTY! HE'S COMPLETELY OUT OF HIS HEAD!

THE NEBBS—Work and Play



I THOUGHT I'D COME DOWN HERE AND VISIT FOR ANWHILE— YOUR BOSSES DON'T TALK ABOUT ANYTHING BUT THE STOCK MARKET



YES, SUH—MY BOSS HE TURNS DE PAPER RIGHT TO DEM LITTLE FIGURES TO SEE IF HE CARES TO LOOK AT DE STOCK MARKET



I'M A MAN WHO WORKS WHEN HE WORKS AND LOAFS WHEN HE LOAFS— I DON'T MIX THEM UP— I SAW ONE GUY WHO HAD HIS CADDY CARRYING A PORTABLE RADIO ON THE GOLF COURSE TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH THE MARKET



ISN'T THAT YOUR HUSBAND MRS. NEBB?



IT IS— HE'S FOUND A MARKET FOR HIS CONVERSATION!

BARKERIZE and GOSH!
you'll feel wonderful
Barker's
MEN'S STORE

Into the Fold
Memphis, Tenn.—(AP)—The minister of a country church near here was beginning his sermon when a commotion outside caused him to pause. Into the front door and down the aisle trooped a herd of goats with several dogs at their heels. The procession continued noisily past the rear door and disappeared. The minister calmly cleared his throat, continued.