

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY, Pedro inquires about John and John writes about Pedro. Constance feels she is being honest with neither of them. Reexamining her agreement with John she realizes what a spot she is in.

Chapter 23

'Try To Understand'

EVEN the fire, which had died to coals, blazed to new life with Pedro's return. Flames leaped with the draught from the door, to throw bronze lights on the dark face, to reflect flames in the dark eyes.

Constance ran an inquiring finger along the plane of his cheek and wondered if all things unattainable became increasingly precious.

"You can't borrow without security," Pedro said. "I'm chided by Michael, John, anyone ever told you that you can't bargain with love? Child, there's no security in it, nothing but loneliness when you're away; loneliness and doubt and... Michael, how could I talk steer beef when I was thinking of you? I was afraid I'd try to sell some tough hombre on a lot with Irish eyes and skin that rated ninety-nine percent cream."

He released her to build up the fire. The logs caught, blazed, filled the room with golden light, as Pedro's presence there seemed to fill it with life and vitality.

"What have you been doing while I've been away?" he demanded.

Constance remembered. "Thinking of Pedro."

"Too much of anything is dangerous," he chided, and leaned forward to study her — "what's wrong?"

Constance sat thinking, sat watching Pedro. She was distrustful of John Raskthorne as she had previously distrusted Pedro. Why? Was she so fickle, so vacillating, she swung to the man in whose presence she was?

Two months ago she had thought, "It is Pedersen, and I against the Taylors and the Cabrillos, with John to back me." Now she thought, "It is Pedersen, Peter Senior and I against John and the Cabrillos, with Pedro to back me."

Until she was sure she was not alone in this fight for El Cabrillo; until she knew, without question, who would back her to win, she couldn't speak; she couldn't risk disloyalty.

"I can't tell anyone, Pedro," she answered slowly.

"That's all right, providing it doesn't burden you too much. Why not tell me, ethically?" Constance wondered if she could break down the essentials and put them into a few words.

"Pedro," she asked, "what is victory? Attainment of a thing, a person, a condition, or what?"

"To me, the victory lies in the battle. No one can defeat you if you know you've given your best. You can lose every earthly possession, every earthly love, but as long as you know you have played the game to the best of your ability, you're not defeated."

In the deep sigh which came from Constance, came also her doubts and fears. "Thank you, Pedro," she stretched her hand to him. "That's what I needed to know."

"And I think," added Pedro, holding her hand tight, "that Michael Mahoney wouldn't count a battle lost until he had been slammed into the bastle and the key was turned on him. Even then his luck might turn at the zero hour."

"Now let's talk business," suggested Constance. "I'll have Julian serve dinner in here; provided he'll allow us to remain alone without a duenna. Poor Julian, every time he sees me in slacks, he heads for the chapel to say a dozen prayers for my soul."

Pedro was home and all was right with the world.

Quickened Face
ALL was right with John Raskthorne. Constance wondered how she could have thought John, her friend, faithful, ever-patient John, would have taken advantage of their agreement. It was ludicrous. They'd find a way to keep the ranch in the hands of the Cabrillos. Now all effort must be concentrated on making it a success.

Pedro was home. He arrived just in time to save Constance from something, she was never sure just what it was. The last round-up threatened to be a funeral affair. Little brown men rode sedly out of El Cabrillo, herding the last beef cattle to market. Pedro rode with them. They all returned together, in high spirits.

Dolores, watching, shook her head. "Pedro," she sighed, "from his hand he can make them eat."

Life on El Cabrillo quickened its pace. False spring came and the fields were planted. The Dutch Belted herd moved into the first quarters, ready, and immediately started giving the ranch its first feeling of a dairy.

Truckloads of loving, protesting cows came in from the south to stumble down the runways, look about with restrained eyes, then sniffing food, amble over to feed bins and accept El Cabrillo as home.

Even the Cabrillo men grew contented. "Señorita," Francisco, a milkier, called one evening, "look, Saint Channel Daisy, she has given increase. Since I, Francisco, have

fed these Guernsey herds, they have grown in these milk and there's butter fat. Manuëlo, he who hath those Dutch Belted, he has not such butter fat. And his brown face beamed with pride above the starched white collar of his uniform.

Now it remained only for the railroad to be completed so that they could bring in the rest of the herds and start El Cabrillo Rancho on its road to security.

Meanwhile Constance and Pedro rode. The hills were no longer sear brown but the tender, young green of new grass, and the canyons were filled with mauve mists. Purple rain clouds capped the peaks to shed silver streaks on the lowlands.

The poppies came like golden coins scattered by the careless hands of a Cabrillo, or heaped in mounds flanked by purple lupin.

Constance, watching the dark quiet man who rode beside her, found her own likeness to this land. Something new, tender and selfless was growing in her heart, veiled from maturing by a promise given in the winter of a strange country.

"Who said the sands of time ran swiftly?" demanded Pedro, as they sat in the shelter of a live-oak while the spring shower peppered their retreat. "Michael, why three years?"

Constance sprang up and walked to the edge of their shelter, then turned back. "Because I promised, Pedro. You said, that first day, 'how explain love to one who has never loved.' How did I know you couldn't bargain with love?"

He was beside her, was holding her arms tightly. "You made some such bargain when you were east," he stated. "Didn't you know then?"

"Oh Pedro, how could I tell it wasn't an infatuation, some romantic dream, propinquity... Pedro, how do I know now that it isn't?"

"Don't you know?"

'I Didn't Think'
THE rain droned on the trees and the rocks. Constance lifted clear eyes to Pedro's. "That night I came back; then when you returned from your trip; those two short times I spent in your arms. I didn't think. I didn't want to think. It was enough to be... to be there with you. That's why I asked you to promise there'd be 'no more of this.'"

"Love isn't a matter of the brain," Pedro protested. "Marriages that are thought out are loveless affairs. God knows, Michael, I didn't want to love you. I wanted El Cabrillo more than anything in the world, until I met you, and then I couldn't fight you to take it away from you."

"What I should do is lift you by this mop of blue-black hair, drag you to Beachport, fling you down before the magistrate and say—'come on, say the necessary. I want this woman bound to me so she won't be able to go out bargaining with love.' And then drag you home... to our home, Michael."

Constance knew in the next moment that was what she wished he could do. All of her independence fled; her desire to prove herself to the world; her responsibility to the family. Even El Cabrillo was no longer home. Anyplace with Pedro would be home.

He released her suddenly, mounted, and waited for her. She saw then it was no longer raining.

They rode silently down to the ranch, their horses lifting mincing feet from the puddles; the puddles giving the gold of the sun back with doubled radiance.

Constance was thinking, it's too late now, I can't get out. I can't do anything. I'm tied for the three years. I owe that to everyone.

"Pedro," she rode close to him, "please try to understand."

Some of the sadness she had seen in his eyes, that first evening at Marias was there, disappointment.

"I'm trying, Michael," he answered. "I have been, right along. I can't understand why, if you love me, you don't trust me enough to tell me everything."

"I won't ask you further. As I said, it's your battle. But from now on... it's up to you." He leaned forward to look down into the valley. "What's going on down there... at the ranch?"

Through a break in the willows Constance saw the sun glinting down on the wet hood of a car. Don's car. Behind it was her own little coupe.

"Oh dear," she breathed, "it looks as though the family had arrived. Oh dear," she said again, and rode forward, leaving a completely puzzled Pedro, following.

The family had arrived. Constance knew it the moment she saw Julian's face. It was radiant. He bestowed upon her a most superior lifting of eyebrows as he made the announcement.

"The Cabrillos," he said, loftily, "have come to their home... to live."

To live... the Cabrillos. "Constance!" John Raskthorne stepped out of the door and took Constance in his arms. "Darling, I couldn't stay away from you a minute longer. I... He looked up, aware only then of Pedro.

Constance looked also. The contentment she saw in the eyes of young Peter Taylor seemed to paralyze her tongue.

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, 590, San Francisco; KGW, 620, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1030, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 510, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 830, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

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; Kyr's Prill, KPO; KGW; News; KEX; Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.

6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL; 7:00—Quiz Kids, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KGW.

7:30—Manhattan at Midnight, KGO; KJR; Plantation Party, KPO; KGW; Dr. Christian, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:00—Judy Drane, 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—Shilton'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; Richards' Orch., KPO; Lucas' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.
11:00—Van's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Nottingham's Orch., KPO; This Morning World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KGW, KNX.

Thursday:
5:00—Singing and Swinging, KGO, KJR, KEX; Music Hall, KPO, KGW; Major Bowes, KNX, KQIN, KSL.
5:30—Concert in Miniature, KGO, KJR.

6:00—Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Boxing Bout, KGO, KEX, KJR; Crosby's Orch., KPO, KGW.
6:30—News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kinsey's Orch., KGO.

7:30—Canadian Holiday, KGO, KEX, KJR; Ask-It Basket, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Good News, KPO, KGW.

8:00—Strange as It Seems, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Aldrich Family, KPO, KGW; Judy Deane, KGO.

8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW; Dance Orch., KSL; Sam Hayes, KGO; Answer Auction, KNX, KOIN.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN.
9:30—Dress Rehearsal, KPO, KGW; James' Orch., KSL.

10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Garber's Orch., KOMO; Lunceford's Orch., KNX.

10:30—Safety First, KPO; Harpa's Orch., KGW; King's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Richards' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO.

BUILDINGS TO HOUSE 18,000 MEN ORDERED FOR FT. LEWIS CAMP

Fort Lewis, Wash., Sept. 10.—Construction of a 901-building encampment to house the national guard's 41st division which is being mobilized for a year's active training will be started October 1. Fort Lewis officers announced today.

The cantonment, to be located on American lake near Fort Lewis, will cost approximately \$4,000,000. The entire project, including buildings necessary to house 18,000 men, must be completed by January 1. Construction work probably will be on a 24-hour basis.

Until the new camp is completed, guardsmen, being mobilized September 16, will be housed at Camp Murray, headquarters of the Washington national guard. The 41st is comprised of guardsmen from Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming.

MYSTERY SURROUNDS SUDDEN DROPPING OF HOEHNE AGENT CASE

Los Angeles, Sept. 11.—(AP)—Unexpectedly, charges against Herbert Hoehne, 29, accused of being an unregistered German agent, were dismissed in federal court today on recommendation

of the United States attorney-general's office.
Federal Judge Leon R. Yankwich dismissed the charges on motion of United States Attorney William Fleet Palmer, who, only a moment before, had announced he believed he had a "complete case" against Hoehne and asked the latter if he wished to change his plea from not guilty to guilty.

Palmer read a telegram from O. John Rogge, assistant U. S. attorney-general in Washington, which said the arrest of Dr. Emil Wolfe, 52, German chemist,

in Balboa, Canal Zone, on a similar charge and Wolfe's recent guilty plea accomplished the object in view.
Wolfe was given a suspended \$2,000 fine.

Washington, Sept. 10.—(AP)—Commenting on dismissal of charges against Herbert Hoehne, accused of being an unregistered German agent, justice department officials said today that a trial would have forced the department to reveal certain sources of information it wished to protect at present.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

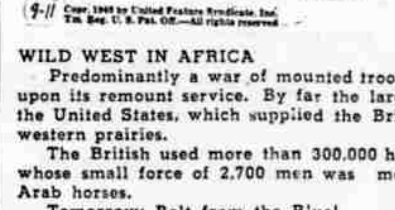
by JOHN HIX



ILLINOIS -- HAD 3 DIFFERENT CAPITOLS IN 19 YEARS (1820-39) -- ALL AT VANDALIA...

ROLAND MCKINNEY -- Director of the Los Angeles Museum, WORKED HIS WAY THROUGH THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE AS A JANITOR!

GIANT PINEAPPLE -- WEIGHED 18 1/4 LBS. (Twice average size) -- Grown at Lanai, Hawaii --



THE "WILD WEST" IN AFRICA! THE BRITISH WON THE BOER WAR (1899-1902), South Africa, BY IMPORTING 100,000 SMALL COW PONIES FROM THE PRAIRIES OF THE UNITED STATES!

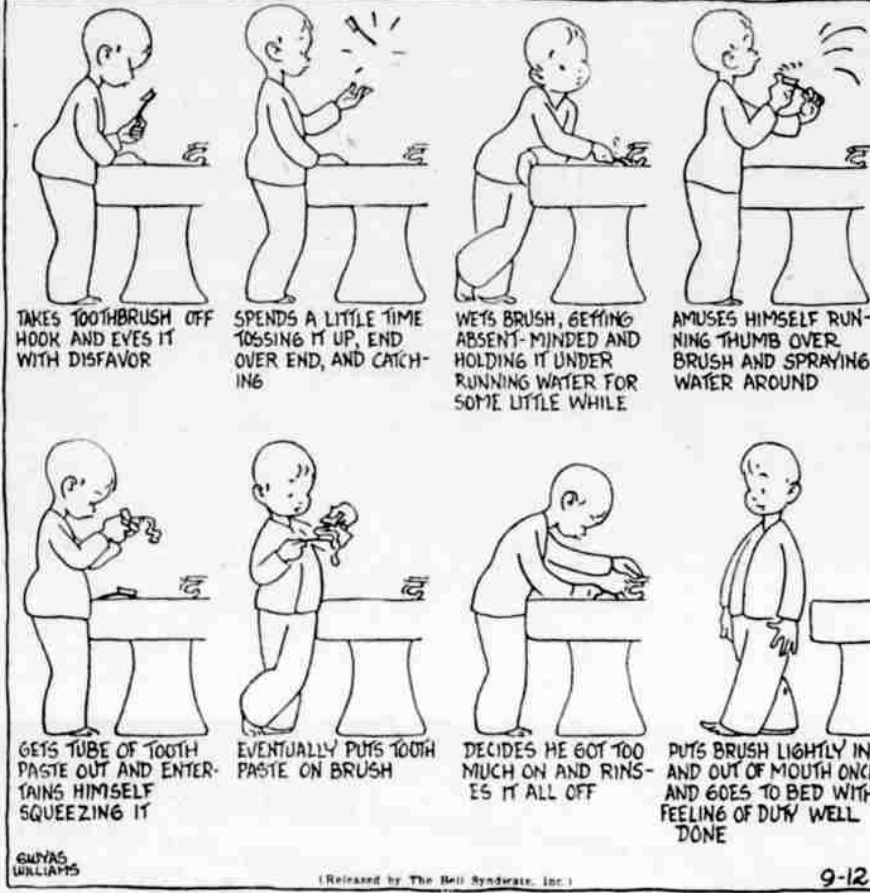
WILD WEST IN AFRICA
Predominantly a war of mounted troops, the Boer war in South Africa was largely dependent upon its remount service. By far the largest source of supply for mules and cavalry horses was the United States, which supplied the British with more than 100,000 little cow ponies from the western prairies.

The British used more than 300,000 horses in an effort to catch the Boer general, De Wet, whose small force of 2,700 men was mounted on cross-bred Black Dutch and Armenian Arab horses.

Tomorrow: Bolt from the Blue!

TOOTHBRUSH DRILL

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAKES TOOTHBRUSH OFF HOOK AND EYES IT WITH DISFAVOR

SPENDS A LITTLE TIME TOSING IT UP, END OVER END, AND CATCHING

WEETS BRUSH, GETTING ABSENT-MINDED AND HOLDING IT UNDER RUNNING WATER FOR SOME LITTLE WHILE

AMUSES HIMSELF RUNNING THUMB OVER BRUSH AND SPRAYING WATER AROUND

GETS TUBE OF TOOTH PASTE OUT AND ENTERAINS HIMSELF SQUEEZING IT

EVENUALLY PUTS TOOTH PASTE ON BRUSH

DECIDES HE GOT TOO MUCH ON AND RINSES IT ALL OFF

PUTS BRUSH LIGHTLY IN AND OUT OF MOUTH ONCE AND GOES TO BED WITH FEELING OF DUTY WELL DONE

GLUYAS WILLIAMS (Reprinted by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 9-12

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Split-Seconds Too Late!

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben's Discovery!



THE NEBBS—Big Business



THE NEBBS—Big Business



THE NEBBS—Big Business



THE NEBBS—Big Business



Closeout of \$2 & \$2.50 Dress Shirts \$1.65 Barker's MEN'S STORE

Highway To Reopen Salem, Sept. 11. — (AP)—The Pacific highway between Salem's south city limits and the 12th street cutoff will be opened Saturday. The three-mile section has been closed six weeks to permit reconstruction.

The last census of New South Wales, in 1938, showed roughly 1,380,900 males and 1,356,000 females.