

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY: Torn by doubt and conflicting loyalties, Constance hesitates to tell Pedro about her agreement with John. Unexpectedly, the Cabrillos arrive, and John takes Constance in his arms in front of Pedro's contemptuous eyes.

Chapter 24

Avalanche

"All right, take her mount on," ordered John, and slipped a coin at Pedro, whom he had scarcely seen.

"Gracias, señor," said Pedro who pocketed the half dollar and rode off.

"John," groaned Constance, "that was young Taylor."

"What?" John looked after the departing figure. "It was? Oh, well, I'll explain to him later," and he chuckled. "Good sport, he took it like a gentleman; or have the Taylors taking ways with more than money?"

"Must you jump at conclusions?" asked Constance. "But come in. Where are the others? How did you happen to come west?"

She plied him with questions while her heart sank lower and lower. For Pedro to have seen John's greeting after their own scene on the mountain. How could she explain? Fatherly friends do not embrace their charges as John had embraced her, nor call them darlings.

John had never embraced her in that fashion before.

She couldn't explain. Pedro would laugh at her. Pedro wouldn't believe her and she wouldn't blame him.

"Chee-tai!"

Constance gasped. Donna, who hadn't bothered to bid her fare-

well, was running to her with wide open arms. "Oh, you're exquisite. You look so... so ducky ranchy. Darling, who was that simply perfect specimen you rode in with? Don't tell me he was a mere cowboy, because my heart wouldn't stand it. He's real, isn't he? I mean... well you know?"

"I know," affirmed Constance dryly. "The perfect specimen is Peter Taylor, junior, the ranch manager's son, and to save your aristocratic nose from touching mid-heaven, he is a college graduate and his father has more money than the Cabrillos. Now, is there anything else you'd like to know about him?"

"Who's his current heart interest?"

Constance thought she had never seen her sister look as piquantly beautiful. She was so perfectly groomed, so vivacious, black eyes sparkling, black hair so sculptured to her pretty head.

"I wouldn't know," Constance evaded. "We discuss dairy herds."

"I'd like to believe that," offered John.

"You can," laughed Donna. "For, I warn you, from now on Peter Taylor and I shall be exhausting the more important subjects."

El Cabrillo buzzed, it hummed, it bubbled. The Cabrillos were home. Constance, enroute to her mother's quarters, fell over her vanity at every foot of the way. She gave thanks that the Pedersons had moved to their own house; there wouldn't be room for children here.

"Hi sis," shouted Don from the patio.

"Hello, Don." Timidly Constance made her way towards him. Eagerly, anxious to be friends. "It's good to have you here."

"Some dump," complimented the young squire. "Say there, Juliano, how about a long high one for a dusty throat?"

Juliano bent from the waist, nearly to the floor and when he straightened his old eyes were proud. "Si, Señor Don Cabrillo, for you, muy pronto."

Bewildered

"WELL, how are things going?"

John sat on the edge of the stone table, once pounded by the fists of Constance and Pedro, and studied Constance and smiled paternally at Don. Don was obviously "feeling his oats." He lolled in a basket chair, long legs thrown over the arm.

Constance started a report of the ranch, but Don interrupted. "How many rooms here? I mean, how many guests can we house?"

"Guests? Why, Don, I don't know."

"Señor Cabrillo," Juliano, with the highball, was bowing before him—"in the days of your father's elder brother when I was so," and he indicated small stature. "We have entertained of fifty people over the night."

"Sweet, the fifty won't strain the walls. Our crowd, fifteen of them, are flying up from Santa Barbara for the week end," he explained to Constance, and to Juliano, "I can trust you to do right by them, Juliano."

"Si, si, señor."

Constance feared for the hips of Juliano, and then her heart seemed squeezed with a sudden fear. But this was Don's home, it wasn't hers alone.

"Where is mother?" Constance asked.

"The Señora Cabrillo, is taking a siesta," Juliano informed her. "She is not to be interrupted!"

Constance sat down.

"The old boy doesn't seem to cotton to you," Don observed as Juliano swaggered out.

"Mutual," murmured Constance. "Where is Lamon?"

"Getting my things squared around."

Don absorbed the conversation while John sat, sending sidelong glances of sympathy at Constance, bewildered. She felt she had been dropped from some cool mountain peak into a valley of turmoil. Her thoughts ran around chaotically. Ten minutes ago she had been in Pedro's arms, now she sat facing John Raskthorne, who had appeared out of thin air to interpret to Pedro the wrong definition of her silence.

And Don's lofty assumption of ownership. Fifteen guests over the week end; the cost. The Cabrillos credit in Beachport was high; Don could have what he asked for. And once learning that, he'd ask for everything he wanted.

Why hadn't she foreseen this? Why had she merely worried over John's loan. She looked at him anxiously, quickly, and found such an expression of tender concern in his gray eyes, that she looked away.

That handsome, distinguished looking man in gray slacks and darker coat of thin air to interpret to Pedro the wrong definition of her silence.

She must find time alone to sort her thoughts, to regain her poise. After all, the family's visit need not disrupt everything. It wouldn't affect the dairy farm, she could keep that separate from the manor affairs. She must.

Donna, having changed to apricot velvet lounging pyjamas, sauntered in and gave Don some competition, and then Juliano, who had been in and out a dozen times, approached in official dignity.

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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; KGW, 630, Portland; KAH, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1000, Los Angeles; KQJ, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Thursday

5:00—Singin' and Swingin', KGO, KJR, KEX, Music Hall, KPO, KGW, Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, 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; Kinney's Orch., KGO.

7:30—Canadian Holiday, KGO, KEX, KJR; Ask-Hi 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; Luneford's Orch., KNX.

10:30—Safety First, KPO, Harpa's.

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

Friday

5:00—Kopert's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Waite Time, KPO, KGW; Clark Ross, KNX, KOIN.

5:30—Concert Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Music for Moderns, KPO, KGW; Drama, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

6:00—Believe It or Not, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Don Ameche, KPO, KGW; News, KEX.

6:30—Alec Templeton, KPO, KGW; Pearce's Gang, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Ink Spots, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Your Voice and You, KJR, KEX; Our Musical Heritage, KGO.

7:30—Johnny Presents, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Herman's Orch., KGO, KEX; Byrd Expedition, KPO, KGW.

8:00—Treasure Island Varieties, KPO; Sports, KGO; Dance Orch., KJR.

8:30—Golly's Orch., KGO, KJR, Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW; Luneford's Orch., KSL.

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; Crosby's Orch., KNX.

10:30—Reporter, KPO, KGW; KJR; Young's Orch., KPO, KGW; Luneford's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO.

Shaw's Orch., KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KJR, KEX.

19 CIVIL WAR VETS IN ANNUAL PARADE

Springfield, Ill., Sept. 12.—(P) Nineteen gray-haired survivors of the thousands who fought with the Union army in the Civil war marched with faltering gait in the annual parade which opened the 74th national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic yesterday.

COLUMBIA FISHERMEN MAKING HEAVY HAULS

Astoria, Ore., Sept. 12.—(P) Astoria salmon cannery said lower Columbia river fishermen averaged a ton of Chinook salmon to the boat in their first night of fishing of the fall season. The Columbia River Packers' association reported the heaviest delivery by one boat was 5000 pounds and that the fall season gives promise of far exceeding that of 1939.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

OREGON FARM INCOME RECEIVES BIG BOOST FROM SPECIAL CROPS

Corvallis, Sept. 12.—(P)—Oregon practically doubled its cash farm income from specialty crops in the last four years, the Oregon State College extension service said today.

In 1936 the cash return slight-

ly exceeded \$11,000,000, the service found. In 1939 it was \$21,932,300.

Listed as specialty crops were various forage seed crops, hops, sugar beets, fiber flax, flax seed and peppermint, various berry and nut crops, such horticultural crops as nursery stock, bulbs, flowers and holly, specialty animal products, including turkeys, fur and game animals and bee products.

Approximately three-fourths of the products, \$16,225,560 worth, was produced in the Willamette valley.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Canada, America Defenses Pooled

Washington, Sept. 12.—(P)—Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York said today the Canadian-American joint defense board had planned for "the pooling of defense forces in the event of attack."

Speaking for the entire board upon conclusion of its second set of sessions here today, LaGuardia said also that plans had been considered for the best "utilization" of such military, naval and air bases as each country might establish.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX