

# MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY, the Cabrillo was possessed of the rancho, and made plans for entertaining. Constance fears they will run into debt again.

## Chapter 23 Dinner Party

CONSTANCE knew she had to be alone for a few moments. Too many unhappy situations had piled one on the other for her to remain poised much longer.

She slipped from under John's hand, it was a warm burden, a restraint, and smiled at Judge Franck.

"My sister is more accustomed to stellar roles than I," she said graciously. "Please accept mother's decision. And will you excuse me, I must see if my reports have been taken to the barn."

None of those present knew of her office. She could find privacy there. She hurried to it and dropped the steel latch, and then she sought to face her problems.

They whirled around in her mind like a squirrel in a cage; Pedro, John, the family, if only she had told Pedro everything. If only she had written John about Pedro. She hadn't, each was totally unprepared for the other.

And the family, time and distance had softened her memory of their unified selfishness.

"It isn't that I wanted to be leading lady at the fiesta, it's mother and everyone thinking I'm unfitted; and why?"

Moments of bitterness passed to turn bitter-sweet with memory of that last hour with Pedro, the touch of his hands and lips.

What must he have thought to see her, suddenly, in the arms of a stranger who spoke to her as though this embrace were a natural thing? What would she have felt were the situation reversed?

She knew, and she thought Pedro felt the same.

"I'll see him soon, maybe this evening after dinner... slip out and tell him everything. And I'll tell John I love Pedro, that of course I won't marry him, but—"

"Seen—or—eat—a Con-cheeta," sang Dolores from under the window. "I have rap on your door but you do open it not. Now I tell you, The Señora say we have the guests to dinner, weech dress do you wear, señoria?"

"Guests? Already?"

"Do you know who is coming, Dolores?"

"The Señors Taylor... weech dress?"

"Oh," murmured Constance vaguely. "I... don't know... I'll be right in." Dolores...

The Señors Taylor, and before she had time to talk to either Pedro or John, she must look her best. She must be as desirable as possible to Pedro, appealing to John.

"Who says women dress to please women?" she thought as she reached her room. "Dolores, have the boys bring water for my bath."

"But Señorita, there is none. Already the Señora, the Señora Donita, the Señora Don and the Señora John, they have been in the bath. There is but one tickle left."

"Then for goodness sakes bring the tickle before Julianno decides he wants it."

Constance stood before the wardrobe wondering why she had brought so few clothes with her; why she had thought so little of clothes in the east; why she had bought nothing, not even a shoe-lace, with the faithful fifty-thousand!

"Dolores, Julianno will have fires, will he not?" she asked, and Dolores came in with the tea-kettle. "And can you run out and pick me a nice fat bunch of white violets?"

**Pleading Glances**  
The dress was of purple chiffon, simple and Grecian in line, a pleated scarf serving for sleeves. With white violets at the high belt, and a few caught with clips that held her long bob back from a center part, she felt she was dressed for the role she must play.

"The men do not but dress informal," Dolores contributed, "but the Señora Donita, I have taken for her the ranculus of red, orange and white and she weave of them the hand for her hair, and the dress she wear, Señora Conchita, it have no back and is like the sun."

Constance scarcely listened. They were waiting for her. She slipped her toes into silver sandals, dabbed violet scent on earlobes and brows, and hurried to the great room of the house.

Purple frock merging with the shadows, Constance stood a moment at the threshold watching the scene, wondering at the chill of appreciation which trickled through her heart like tears.

Candelabras clustered about the far end where the great wood fire suggested their feeble light, and there was Donna, as Dolores had said, in dress like the sun; golden yellow billows, sleeves caught in great puffs just below her shoulder, billowing skirts lifting with each vivacious move; wreath of ranculus like seems against the blue black of her hair.

And then Constance saw her sister's face, the highly arched, slender brows, the heavy lids, the delicate patrician nose, and the wide, hungry red of her lips, lips lifted audaciously to the man who laughed down at her: Pedro.

Constance felt pride in Pedro. He was not the squarer here, he was the equal of Don or John. She glanced at John to see him studying Pedro, aloof, the social smile on his lips not reaching his eyes.

"Here comes my girl," boomed a great voice and Peter Taylor, senior, lifted himself, adjusted his crutch and came hobbling across the room to meet her.

"Well, Michael, you're a sight for a tired man's eyes."

Constance fitted her hand to the hard muscle of his forearm and matched her step to his. She talked with him, laughed with him, yet all of the time she was conscious of the little drama on the stage ahead. Of Pedro watching John, of Donna looking quickly from Pedro to her; of John coming towards her, possessiveness in every line of his face; in every movement he made.

He was on the other side now, and Constance, longing to pull her arm from his, and hating herself for her revolt against this friend of friends, looking ahead to Pedro, pleaded with him in that glance for understanding.

For one unguarded moment she thought she saw what she wanted to see. She wondered if Donna had seen it, too, but then it was gone and the sardonic expression she remembered from that first night had replaced it.

"Stage entrance?" asked Donna flippantly. "We are starved; aren't we, Mr. Taylor?"

**The Jailer**  
CONSTANCE would remember that dinner as a ghastly sequence of courses, of Cabrillo servants out-doing themselves to show the Cabrillos that Julianno had trained them as he and his forefathers had been trained.

She knew if Peter Taylor hadn't drawn her into the conversation, drawn out her knowledge of the ranch, she would have remained mute.

John, never talkative, was unusually silent, but at the other end of the table, Donna and Mrs. Cabrillo focused their attention on Pedro, and Constance, remembering his virulent "damn civilization" of that afternoon, wondered where he had acquired such civilized social charm.

"No electric lights, no radio; no dance," cried Donna, as they returned to the great room. "What a place! Mother, we must have lights installed immediately."

"If it please the Señora," purred Julianno, "music, of its kind, can be provided."

"Any kind," urged Donna.

And Constance sat in wonder. Julianno, purring.

But she dreaded the music. In the hour it took Julianno to round up the musicians, get them into their velvet bolero suits, she wondered if she could plead weariness, a headache, anything.

John, she said by the fire with her, John, pleasantly quiet beside her, John, the faithful, and yet now he seemed to be falter who was keeping her apart from the others. They didn't seem to miss her, even Peter Taylor had succumbed to the beauty of Nadine.

And then came the music. Donna was in Pedro's arms almost before the first guitar was strummed, and John was standing before her, waiting.

"Why did you run out on me this afternoon?" he murmured in her ear.

"I didn't run out on you," she corrected. "I've never been fond of family bickering."

They circled the room—"Surprised to find me here?" he asked, Constance wished he wouldn't hold her so tightly. Had he changed, grown more possessive, or was she merely aware of it for the first time because of a change in herself?

"Amazed," she confessed.

"Pleased that I came west just to see you?"

Constance looked up—"Yes, John." She was, it gave her the opportunity of telling him what she had found too difficult to write.

"Orange blossoms are sweetest in June," she offered Donna, whirling past in Pedro's arms.

Startled she looked at Donna, to find her position reversed and seeing Pedro's face; white, set, contemptuous. She wondered who else Donna had said in her gay, free voice which didn't reveal the studied pertinence of her remarks.

"Donna seems to have fallen for young Taylor," John remarked in an amused voice. "It won't last long. He's too old for her." Donna, she tries of men who crash at the first lift of her eyebrow?

Constance knew jealousy; a blazing searing emotion which burned the words on her lips. Donna intended to take Pedro as she had taken the Cabrillo role that afternoon, lightly, as her just due.

It occurred to her that John Raskthorne was the only person or possession Donna hadn't been able to claim.

"I apologized for my mistake, this afternoon," John went on. "Told him that when a fellow crosses the continent to see the one girl in his life, he doesn't pay much attention to anyone else."

Constance knew defeat. How explain that to Pedro?

"We matched for my tin," John chuckled, "and he won. Said a funny thing. He said 'Never gamble with me, Raskthorne. I always win.'"

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, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 628, Portland; KJR, 950, Seattle; KKN, 1020, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 526, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

### Friday

8:00—Kogen's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Waltz Time, KPO, KGW, Clark Ross, KNX, KOIN.  
8:30—Concert Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Music for Moderns, KPO, KGW, Drama, KNX, KSL, KOIN.  
9:00—Believe it or Not, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Don Ameche, KPO, KGW, News, KEX.  
9:30—Alec Templeton, KPO, KGW; Pearce's Gang, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Ink Spots, KGO, KEX, KJR.  
9:59—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; Lunceford'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—Richards' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Young's Orch., KPO, KGW; Lunceford's Orch., KSL, KOIN.  
11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Shaw's Orch., KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KJR, KEX.

### Saturday

8:00—Hudson's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Billmore Orch., KPO, KGW; Kid's Quizzaro, KNX, KOIN.  
8:30—Shaw's Orch., KOIN, KNX; Drama, KPO, KGW; Radio Guild, KEX, KJR; Young's Orch., KGO, KGW; Message of Israel, KGO.  
9:00—Truth or Consequences, KPO, KGW; News of the War, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Melody in the Night, KGO, KEX, KJR.  
7:00—Marriage Club, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Barn Dance, KPO, KGW; Kurps's Orch., KEX; Gems of Melody, KGO.  
7:30—New Volens of 1940, KNX; Featherston's Orch., KJR, KEX, 8-5; Fleets, KGO.  
8:00—Morgan's Orch., KGW; City of St. Francis, KPO, KGO; Hit Parade, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lyman's Orch., KJR.  
8:30—Sports Forum, KGO, KEX, KJR; Weems' Orch., KPO, KGW.  
9:00—Hollywood Tomorrow, KGO, KEX, KJR; Martin's Party, KOMO; Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN.  
9:30—King's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Young's Orch., KGO, KEX; News, KJR.

10:00—Jones' Orch., KGW; Crosby's Orch., KNX; Harpa's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.  
10:30—Lunceford's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Martin's Party, KPO; Lucas' Orch., KGW.  
11:00—Van's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Paul Carson, KEX; News, KGO; Nottingham's Orch., KPO; News, KOW, KNX.

## CAROL REACHES SPAIN WITH MAGDA LUPESCU

Barcelona, Sept. 13.—(P)—Europe's newest royal exile, former King Carol of Rumania, reached Spain today with Mme. Magda Lupescu and other members of his suite and arranged to spend the night in the same Barcelona hotel rooms occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in their flight from France last summer.

Carol is expected to depart quickly for Portugal.

## Actress' Father Dies

Tacoma, Sept. 13.—(P)—Oluf Lund, father of Lucille Lund, Hollywood actress and 1934 "Wampus Baby Star," died here last night following a long illness. Miss Lund flew here last weekend. The Lunds live at nearby Buckley.

Japanese children enter kindergarten at the age of three.

## 15TH DEATH COUNTED IN POLIO EPIDEMIC

Tacoma, Sept. 13.—(P)—Toll of a four-month-long infantile paralysis outbreak in Pierce county mounted to 15 today with the death of Arthur C. Pedersen, Jr., 11, of Tacoma. The youngster died less than 18 hours after being taken to Pierce county hospital yesterday. The child's death was the 15th within the city.

## Bolt Strikes Two

Tacoma, Sept. 13.—(P)—One man was near death and another

## TRAILBLAZERS DRAW INCREASING CROWDS

The Trailblazers, Evangelists Dorothy Runyan McIntosh and Wayne Mcintosh, are now in their second week of revival meetings at the Medford Four-square church, Central and Jackson.

Steadily increasing attendance and many testimonies of

praise indicate another successful campaign to be added to their many successful campaigns over a period of several years evangelistic work.

They can be heard nightly at the church except Monday, at 7:45. The public is invited.

## Douglas To Depart

La Grande, Ore., Sept. 13.—(P)—William O. Douglas, associate justice of the U. S. supreme court, his wife and two children, will leave here by train Sunday for Washington, D. C., ending a one-month western vacation.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS



CATTLE-- LIVING IN THE INTERIOR OF AUSTRALIA, OFTEN GO 6 YEARS WITHOUT A DRINK OF WATER! THEY RECEIVE MOISTURE FROM PLANTS ALONE...

## by JOHN HIX



TRIED NOT TO BE A DICTATOR! KEMAL ATATURK-- Turkish ruler, CREATED AN OPPOSITION PARTY SO THAT HE WOULD NOT BE BORED WITH A TOTALITARIAN RULE! -1930-



THE WINDMILL TREE-- Unusual cottonwood growing between Maplehill and Topeka, Kansas...



FIRE BRIGADES-- of early Philadelphia, FOUGHT EACH OTHER FOR THE RIGHT TO EXTINGUISH BURNING BUILDINGS PROTECTED BY INSURANCE! (To obtain full award)

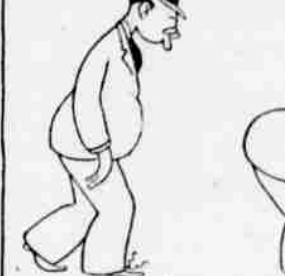
John Hix

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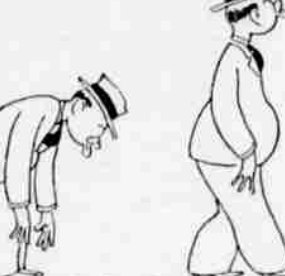
KEMAL ATATURK  
Strange as it seems, Kemal Ataturk tried not to be a dictator, but was forced into the role by his people.  
In 1939 he built Turkey into a power, raised the standard of living and reduced political opposition. Bored with his reign, he created the "Independent Republican Party" and named favorites to lead it. Strange as it seems, the people revolted against it. Ataturk had to renew the role of dictator, smash the opposition he had created and give up the experiment!  
Sunday: Job Inventor.

## SHOESTRING

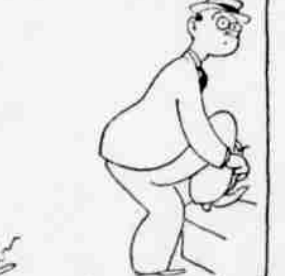
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



REALIZES SHOESTRING HAS COME UNTIED



BENDS OVER TO TIE IT BUT CAN'T GET OVER THAT FAR BECAUSE OF WAISTLINE



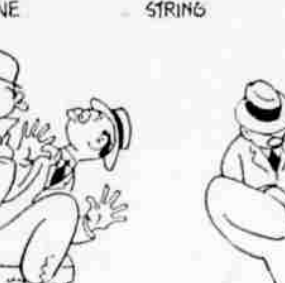
WALKS ON, BECOMING VERY SELF-CONSCIOUS OF FLAPPING SHOESTRING



PUTS FOOT UP ON STORE WINDOW LEDGE BUT SEES PROPRIETOR EYEING HIM WITH DISFAVOR AND WALKS ON



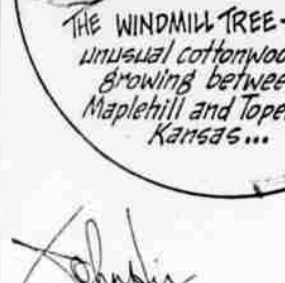
FINDS CONVENIENT RESTING PLACE FOR FOOT ON A HYDRANT



UNFORTUNATELY MAN BEHIND HIM DIDN'T SEE HIM STOP AND BUMPS INTO HIM



TRIES TO TIE SHOESTRING WHILE STANDING ON ONE FOOT, BUT CAN'T KEEP HIS BALANCE



CASTS DIGNITY ASIDE, SITS DOWN ON CURB, AND DOES A THOROUGH JOB OF TYING SHOESTRING

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

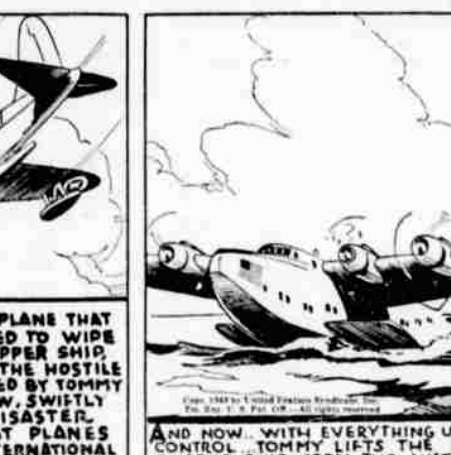
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9-14

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Startling Radiogram!



IF THE ENEMY PLANE THAT HAD INTENDED TO WIPE OUT THE CLIPPER SHIP, AS WELL AS THE HOSTILE SUB, CAPTURED BY TOMMY AND HIS CREW, SWIFTLY MET WITH DISASTER WHEN COMBAT PLANES FROM THE INTERNATIONAL SEADROME ARRIVED!



AND NOW WITH EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL, TOMMY LIFTS THE BIG CLIPPER SHIP FROM THE WATER.



AND ARRIVES AT THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL SEADROME JUST IN TIME TO RECEIVE A STARTLING RADIOGRAM FROM CURTIS LANE, PRESIDENT OF 3-POINT TRANSATLANTIC



GREAT CATS!! EITHER I'M CRAZY OR... OR... BARBARA LANE'S FATHER IS... SKEET'S COME HERE AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!!

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Rusty's Terror!



I USED TO KNOW A BOY JUST LIKE YOU, RUSTY... ER... I MEAN, LUNKIE!



UH-HUH... I GUESS SO...



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, LUNKIE?



JUST HERE—I LIKE TO COME OUT HERE AN' SIT DOWN AN' WATCH THE WATER...

## THE NEBBS—That's Something



THE NEBBS ARE ENJOYING THE POST-SEASON VACATION AT THE BALSAMS HOTEL RESORT



YOU HOO, FANNY! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO WRAP YOUR MOUTH AROUND A HAMBURGER ON A BUN?



WHY, RUDY!



IF THAT INVITATION ISN'T ONLY FOR FANNY COUNT ME IN...

9-13

(Reprinted by The Best Syndicate, Inc.)

ME, TOO... THAT'S THE BEST IDEA I'VE HEARD FOR A LONG TIME!

WELL, COME ON, GIRLS. WE'LL THINK OF A FLY OVER TO THE FEIGENHEIMERS' SMARTEST THINGS!

FANNY, YOUR HUSBAND THINKS OF THE SMARTEST THINGS!

IF YOU CALL EATING SMART—YES

I KNOW OF NOTHING MORE DIVINE THAN A AIR RIDE AFTER A HAMBURGER

**BARKERIZE in Rough Rider Cords**  
(they all have zippers)  
**\$3.95 - \$5.00**  
**Barker's**  
MEN'S STORE

**ROSE FESTIVAL DATE SET FOR JUNE 11-14**  
Portland, Sept. 13.—(P)—Directors set June 11-14 as dates for the 1940 Rose Festival Wednesday and elected Chester A. Moores, president. A float entry in the Pasadena Tournament of Roses was authorized.  
The judicial system of Iran is modeled on that of France.