

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY, Pedro tells Constance the only explanation he will accept is immediate marriage. He doesn't want to hear the reasons for her refusal. The next day the milking suffers because the hands celebrated too well.

Chapter 27

'Old Sour Puss'

IT DEVELOPED that Lamson knew something of cows. He could "strip" them, and he could watch the milker in one barn. Constance could watch another and keep records for the three barns, watch the milk trough and, by using Pancho, could see that the lone sober man on the ranch didn't fall asleep and let the cans overflow at the depot.

It was nine o'clock when Lamson, donning his coat and hat, saw Constance riding back to the barn. Lamson was in high feather. He had stripped. He had mixed feed. He had tossed hay. He had sung "coo bossy" to his heart's content.

Constance, disheveled, angry and distressed, found Pedro waiting with him.

"You're right in one thing," Pedro, conceded. "You can trust this man. He's worth a dozen Cabrillos."

Lamson smiled happily as Pedro rode off. "A fine young man, Conchita," he murmured. "I'll about those keys. Julianio took them from your desk for Master Don. He took the liberty of telling Mister Taylor."

They rode quietly back to the ranch house. Constance was thinking. "This is a foretaste." She thought: "worth a dozen Cabrillos." She was a Cabrillo, but so was Donna.

The weird whistle of a work train in the hills of El Cabrillo echoed and re-echoed. She thought: "Saturday Donna will ride a train; ride through the ribbon barrier of El Cabrillo; Donna who cares nothing for El Cabrillo. Why? What's wrong with me?"

She arrived at the ranch to find Don already in his car.

"Hi, Connie. I'm on my way to Beachport, anything you want there?"

She shook her head. "No. But I want the keys to the wine cellar and I don't want them taken from my desk without my permission." And she told him what had occurred.

Don looked at her angrily. "Who in the devil owns this place?" he demanded. "Those keys belong to mother and Donna and me as much as they do to you, remember that. And those men are as much under our direction as you are."

"They are under the manager," Constance reminded him.

"We'll see," retorted Don. "I'm going to need those musicians over the week end, so if you have any of the poor devils milking cows, find someone to take their place. I'm off to buy a station wagon and get some lights in this place."

"Don," Constance cried, "we can't afford lights and . . . and station wagons."

"You can't," Don corrected. "Old sour puss! And he was once Constance sought her mother. Mrs. Cabrillo was still in bed a maribou jacket, fire in the hearth, and yellow sunshine streaming in through the windows, all warming and glorifying her."

"Chita, good-morning," she greeted. "Dear, I believe I'm going to like it here."

Constance watched Juanita, Julianio's granddaughter, come in with a tray, watched her rapt admiration of the señora and understood. Nadine would have the admiration necessary to her existence.

"Now child, tell mother all about your farm. How are things progressing? Are you going to increase our income this year?"

Constance considered telling her the truth. That they could not expect to profit the first year. Nadine would not understand, simply because she wouldn't listen.

Always Waiting
"YOU may count on the usual income," she evaded. "And things were going very well, mother, until last night."

Carefully she explained what the dereliction of the employees meant. "Mother, you must insist upon letting Mr. Taylor keep those keys."

"Constance, must you take that tone? Here these dear people have looked forward to our return for years; it is only natural that they should want to celebrate."

Constance wondered what other response she had expected. She put then of her conversation with Don.

"Oh, Chita," moaned Mrs. Cabrillo. "Don't you see we must keep Don contented? And we need lights. We can't have guests stumbling around in the dark. As for the station wagon, how else could we bring them from the airport?"

"Just remember, Constance, that if you had not been so stubbornly insistent upon keeping this ranch, this condition would not have arisen. You've worked a great hardship on everyone." Constance went on to her room with that last phrase ringing in her ears:—"a great hardship on everyone."

Slowly, as she changed to blue slacks, white shirt and scarlet

cardigan, she conceded that her father was right. She had worked a great hardship on everyone from the Taylors, the Cabrillos, John, the employees, down to herself.

"And for what?" "Señorita Conchita," Dolores rapped on the door, "the Señor John is waiting for you."

John was waiting in the patio, a warm, sunny spot. John's greeting was as warm and cheering.

"Lamson told me you'd been too busy for breakfast," he explained. "So I waited."

"He had waited. Would he never stop waiting?"

Despite her depression she was hungry, and with food and hot coffee her spirits revived.

"I suppose you're wondering why I intruded," John observed, as she lifted her coffee to her lips. "I felt you'd need someone here to handle things for you. The Taylors alone are enough for a little girl, but the Taylors and the family combined—"

Constance leaned back in her chair. "You still feel that the Taylors are enemies?"

"John looked at her sharply. "Don't you?" he countered. "I've had no reason to think so."

"I have," he said earnestly. "The old man practically told me last night that he had stayed on because he thought you couldn't pull through and he'd buy in when you failed."

"The young fellow believes in taking an easier route. He couldn't get you, so now he's trying for Donna. He's taken her on a tour of the place already. They rode out a little while ago . . . that is," he qualified. "Donna rode out to meet him somewhere, she didn't say where."

"Donna, up at this hour?" Constance wondered why her heart felt dead, a heavy burden in her breast.

John laughed. "And looking like something off a dude ranch poster—"

Dispute Over Pancho
"SEÑORITA!" The patio door opened and the stableboy stood there, Donna behind him. "Am I to saddle Pancho for these young ladies?"

Constance didn't know the cause of her revolt. One thought flashed through her mind; one question, was Donna to take everything that belonged to her?

"You are to saddle Pancho for no one but me," she snapped; and to Donna, "Pancho is mine, and no other person on this ranch is going to ride him."

Donna flashed into the patio. "He's not yours. He's no more yours than mine or Don's or mother's. You don't own this place and you don't own anything on it, alone. I'll ride Pancho . . . Julianio," she called to the major-domo who had appeared as though he'd been waiting for such a call. "I want Pancho saddled and this . . . this boy won't do it, will you?"

Juliano gave Constance one triumphant glance as he passed to follow Donna to the stables.

"It would seem," observed John whimsically, "that you own only one-fourth of Pancho."

Constance looked at him with unseeing eyes. In her mind was a marble shaft, caving Heaven, and at the base was cut the phrase:—"You win what you fight for."

"John, I must attend to some business; can you amuse yourself for an hour?"

She didn't wait for an answer. She ran through the patio gate and up the hill to come face to face with Pedro. Here was her chance to unburden her heart; her golden opportunity to explain. She looked at his expressionless face and the anger of the morning rolled into a barrier between them. She hated him.

"Your newest victim will meet you at your rendezvous immediately," she informed him, bitterly.

Pedro stared at her a moment, then his face became radiant. He laughed at her. "Oh, so my devastating charm still works. Well, be seeing you." And he strode off towards his horse.

Constance arrived in Peter Taylor's office, blinded with anger. "I'm going to buy Pancho," she informed him.

Peter Taylor shook his head as though to clear his eyes of the shaggy brows which had tutted forward at the young tornado.

"Thought you owned him," he observed.

"Only his tail," said Constance. "He's a Cabrillo's possession, and I'm not a Cabrillo. I haven't even bought a shoe-lace out of that money I borrowed on my soul, and so help me . . . Pancho isn't going to be ridden to ribbons if I can help it. How much is he worth?"

Peter Taylor rumbled like an approaching storm. "You would have to choose the most valuable palomino on the ranch," he burst out. "Why must you buy him?"

"Because," Constance cried, "because . . . oh," her voice broke. "Damn it, I'm going to . . . to cry."

"Michael," now Michael, pleaded Taylor, getting up from his chair with difficulty. "I'm not in a singing mood this morning. Don't do that. Hell's bells, girl. I can't afford to buy the horse for you and I'd buy the whole outfit to stop that noise."

"I . . . I'm sorry," sniffled Constance. "Here," Peter Taylor held out a large bandana. "Now blow."

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, 620, Portland; KJN, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1930, Los Angeles; KTA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 540, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 530, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Monday

5:00—Radio Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Music Society, KGO, KEX, KJR; Quiz Program, KPO, KGW, KEX; String Serenade, KPO, KGW, KEX; Ricardo, KGO, News, KEX; Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Burns and Allen, KPO, KGW, Biardi, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Adventure in Reading, KGO, KEX.

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

7:30—True or False, KGO, KEX, KJR; Where and When, KPO, KGW; 8:00—Show Boat, KPO, KGW; Passing Parade, KGO, Those We Love, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:30—Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW; King's Orch., KNX, KOIN; 9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Little O' Hollywood, KEX; 9:30—Biltmore Orch., KGO, KEX; 10:00—Crosby's Orch., KNX, KSL; Reporter, KPO, KGW; Dancing With Glancy, KGO, KJR, KEX.

10:30—Music by Woodbury, KGW; Lucas' Orch., KGO, KEX; 11:00—Dancing With Glancy, KPO; This Moving World, KEX; Shaw's Orch., KOIN, KSL; News, KGO.

Tuesday

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

5:30—Grams, KOIN; Wilson's 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, KSL, KEX; 6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Uncle Walter, KPO, KGW; Four Clubmen, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; 7:30—Black Velvet, KGO, KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KGW; Luncheon's Orch., KNX, KOIN.

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

8:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW; Long's Orch., KGO, KJR; Herbert's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Holmes' Orch., KPO, KGW; Holmes' Orch., KGO, KJR.

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

10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Lucas' Orch., KJR; Crosby's Orch., KSL; 10:30—Garber's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Richards' Orch., KGW; National Defense, KPO.

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

The national church of Iceland is Evangelical Lutheran but there is complete religious liberty.

APPEASEMENT AT MUNICH PROVIDED ADOLF WITH GUNS

Sun Valley, Idaho, Sept. 16.—(AP)—Allied surrender of Czechoslovakia to Germany, Novelist Ernest Hemingway observed today, was "like arming a gangster with an unlimited supply of tommy guns and saying, 'Here, take these. I know you won't use them.'"

The author's theory advanced in an interview, was that without the arms obtained from Czechoslovakia's famed munitions plants, the Nazi war machine could never have rumbled so pulverizingly across western Europe.

In support of his argument, Hemingway cited the comparatively poor showing of German tanks on the testing grounds of the Spanish revolution, of which he was an on-the-spot observer. "The success of the German tanks," he said, "came after Czechoslovakia was sacrificed

to Germany at Munich. The tanks the Nazis used in France came from the Shoda works and were the finest in the world.

"Those tanks are not the same as the ones the Germans used in Spain. Instead, they are the ones the Czechs would have used against the Germans had not Chamberlain handed them over at Munich."

"Chamberlain's appeasement gave Germany Bren guns, which were being made for the allies, the finest anti-aircraft guns, the

finest war materials in the world."

Hemingway is here with two sons for a hunting and fishing holiday.

Noted Engineer Dead
Washington, Sept. 16.—(AP)—John Fossell, 54, general president of the International Union of Operating Engineers (AFL) died today.

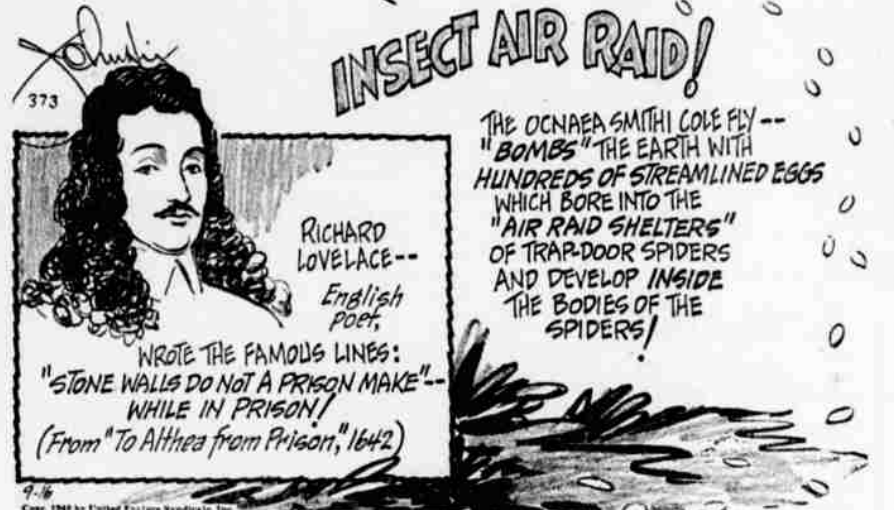
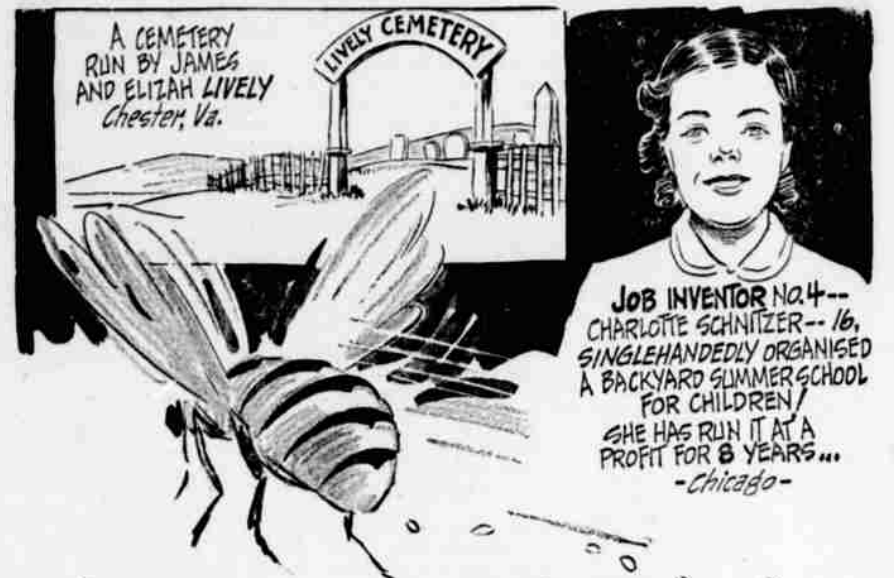
French Warships Depart
Vichy, France, Sept. 16.—(AP)—The admiralty announced today

that three French cruisers and three destroyers had left the naval base at Toulon, on the Mediterranean, for Dakar, Senegal, in French Africa. The ships were understood to have left three days ago.

Loan Idea Okayed
Washington, Sept. 16.—(AP)—The house approved a conference report Saturday on legislation authorizing \$500,000,000 for loans to South American countries by the export-import bank.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



INSECT AIR RAID!
THE OCNEAE SMITHI COLE FLY -- "BOMBS" THE EARTH WITH HUNDREDS OF STREAMLINED EGGS WHICH BORE INTO THE "AIR RAID SHELTERS" OF TRAP-DOOR SPIDERS AND DEVELOP INSIDE THE BODIES OF THE SPIDERS!
RICHARD LOVELACE-- English poet
WROTE THE FAMOUS LINES: "STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE"-- WHILE IN PRISON!
(From "To Althea from Prison," 1642)

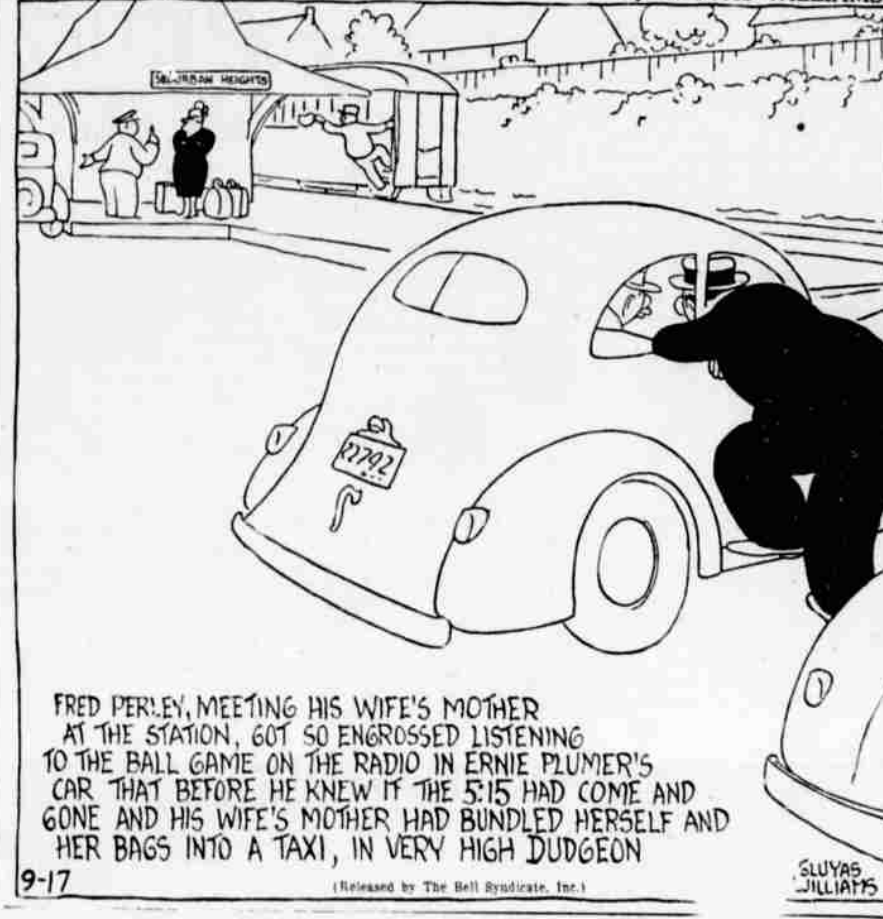
INSECT BOMBER
A strange parallel of human viciousness exists in the insect world in the Ocneae smithi Cole fly, which sprays eggs by hundreds over land inhabited by trap-door spiders. The larvae bore into these "air-raid shelters," then kill the spiders by boring into their bodies.

JOB INVENTOR
Eight-year-old Charlotte Schnitzer of Chicago needed money; so she invented a job. She organized a junior summer school for small children, in her own home. Now 16, she has found the job profitable.

Have you invented a job? To encourage initiative among employment seekers, John Hix will pay \$2.00 to any "Job Inventor" featured in Strange As It Seems. Write to John Hix, care of this paper. Tomorrow: Saccharin Discovered.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



9-17 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER--No Reply!



9-16-40

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER--In the Enemy's Stronghold



9-16-40

THE NEBBS--Duty Calls



9-16-40

THE NEBBS--Duty Calls



9-16-40

THE NEBBS--Duty Calls



9-16-40

THE NEBBS--Duty Calls



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9-16-40

THE NEBBS--Duty Calls



9-16-40

Waterworks Boom
Washington, Sept. 16.—(AP)—
All BARKER topcoats are shower-proof
\$19.95 to \$50.00
Barker's MEN'S STORE

A total of 216 waterworks projects were constructed at a cost of \$17,192,763 by four north-west states which took advantage of the WPA's seven-year construction program.
Jones Succeeds Hopkins
Washington, Sept. 16.—(AP)—The senate confirmed Saturday the nomination of Jesse H. Jones as secretary of commerce to succeed Harry Hopkins, resigned.