

# MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY: insisting that the ranch is as good as hers, the Cabrillo's proceed with their extravagant plans. The last straw for Constance is Donna's demand for the horse, Pancho.

## Chapter 28

### Tour Of The Ranch

CONSTANCE mopped her eyes and her nose and looked up with a watery smile. "Guess you won't have much confidence in my business ability after this scene, will you?"

"Hrrumph," grunted Peter Taylor. "Never did have any until now."

Shocked to alertness, Constance looked at him. John had said the older Taylor expected her to fail. Somehow this substantiation of John's power of discernment faded before his other prophecy, that Young Taylor would take the easier route. And Pedro was now out riding with Donna. And Donna was riding Pancho.

Constance forgot everything else. "About Pancho," she reminded Taylor.

"Er-yes, about Pancho, write me a check for nine hundred and he's yours."

Constance gasped at the price, but wrote the check and accepted the receipt and watched Taylor enter the sale in his book. She wondered why she felt such tenderness for that huge old, gray head... when it held thoughts of taking advantage of her failure. She couldn't trust herself further. She clutched the receipt in her hand and raced down the hill. Pancho was hers, all hers, the only thing in the world that was hers, all hers... unless it might be John... he was waiting for her.

And he was laughing.

Constance heard a vibrant neigh. She looked across the grove. Pancho, coming into the stable yard was Pedro, leading Midnight. And on Midnight was the bedraggled figure of Donna: Donna, mud-caked, hair hanging in wet straggles, a pitiful figure of woe.

Constance ran to her anxiously. Her little sister, thrown, while she, Constance, had been trying to deprive her of the mount she wanted.

Tenderly Constance helped Donna from Midnight. Donna didn't look at her, she was looking at Pedro; and Pedro, Constance knew from months of association, was shaking with laughter.

"I'm awfully glad you happened along just this morning," Donna was murmuring in dulcet tones. "Intimating it wasn't a date?" asked Pedro, with a side glance for Constance. "Next time, let me know when you want to ride and I'll find a horse that isn't a one-woman mount."

Constance caught one glance of her old, dear Pedro in the look he gave her, then he swung onto Midnight's saddle and rode out.

And Donna turned on her. "You put him up to that. You have trained him to throw anyone else, the shillies felt all and mane, Pancho came across the grove to Constance, like a child confident of having performed a cute trick which would be duly rewarded.

"Donna," Constance faced her sister, "you said this morning that I didn't own Pancho any more than any of the rest of you. I do. I've bought and paid for him and here is the receipt. Now keep off."

Donna looked at Constance, then looked at John. "Nice engagement present," she observed, and ran away, her boot heels tapping the patio floor.

### So Involved

CONSTANCE dug in her sweater pocket for a lump of sugar, patted Pancho's nose and turned him over to the stableboy, then stepped inside the patio with John.

"What she needs," stated John, "is to be turned over someone's knee and treated with the sole of a slipper."

"Whose knee and what slipper?" asked Constance wearily. "Mother won't; there's no one else but me and, after all, I'm only two years older than she... and Don."

But she was so involved in their affairs. She wondered if that was what Peter Taylor had meant, that she couldn't succeed with the dead weight of the Cabrillos about her shoulders, and that the purchase of Pancho was the first indication she had shown of cutting herself off from this weight and traveling on her own.

She would talk to John immediately. She would not tell him of Pedro. The wound Pedro's distrust had left was too deep; it was a dull aching pain her hope could not surmount. Enough to tell John he must not count on her marrying him at any time.

But Nadine Cabrillo was in the patio. John, Juliana, Juanita and Dolores were called into service. They would lunch there, and surely Constance would change. "Mother," stated Constance

firmly, "I work here. I haven't time to change clothes a dozen times a day. If I offend you, then I'll take my meals elsewhere. Now please excuse me."

She ordered a tray sent to her office, then burrowed into the reports which had come in that morning. She didn't dare get behind. Saturday the railroad would be open; the dairy car put into operation, and Pedersen would return from the south with the last of the herds; great cattle cars of herds to file into the waiting barns. By Monday the ranch would be running full blast.

John, seated in one and seeing her working, went away without speaking.

Again Constance bent her head over figures. They were heartening. If the new herds produced with a respective amount of milk and cream, the dairy car would pull through in time.

Figures, she thought, were dependable. Figures and cows and land. It was the human element you couldn't confine in columns... and if you did, it seemed that they slipped into the debit side.

Her work completed, Constance lit a cigarette and tipped back in her chair. If only there were some way to buy the ranch as she had bought Pancho. She'd be willing to sell to give the Cabrillos their share of the income... providing she could run the place without interference from them.

If there were only... some way.

There wasn't. She was handicapped. A dull blue pain intensified the blue of his eyes.

"Through until the evening reports," she answered. "I let them go last night and that isn't wise."

"Then... then you'll go riding with me? I'd like to see the ranch."

### 'I've Wronged You'

HER first thought was one of relief. They could talk while they were riding. She could tell John what she'd been wanting to tell him. Her next thought was one of consternation. John was riding again.

He had come in, was standing before her desk looking down at her with an expression totally foreign to him, hesitant, appealing.

Defeated and sympathetic, she nodded. She wouldn't be able to talk freely this trip. John who had loved horses and who hadn't been near one since he'd put the death-dealing shot into the favorite which had killed his father, was about to break his vow... for her.

"I'll change."

She swung her feet to the floor and hurried to her room, trying to close her mind to the memory of that tragic day; the horse writhing; the pain she'd tried to keep his agony from his son; and John, anguish etched on his face, drawing a revolver to put an end to the suffering of one and to wait with the other until death carried him into peace.

Constance tossed her first choice of a sweater aside. She had worn a pink hunting coat that day. She'd wear white now. There must be nothing to strike the flint of memory.

Constance joined John in the evening. Found Pancho and another horse saddled.

"Let's go to the top and work back," she said as she swung into the saddle. "Come on!" She rode off, and in a moment heard John's horse behind her.

She looked back. Even Pedro could ride no better. She flushed with pride, as she had flushed so long ago when she, a comparative nonentity, had waited between chukkers for the ten goal man to ride up and smile for her alone.

Resolutely she skirted the spots made dear to her by Pedro. When they came out on a summit, it was far from the boulder peak. But El Cabrillo lay below them, its inland valleys one mosaic pattern of beauty. And when they turned, the western slope was rich with beauty.

"Chita," John pulled in close to her. "I've wronged you. I didn't believe a person could love land enough to long to possess it as you long to possess El Cabrillo. I'm beginning to understand."

Constance smiled at him. "Look, John, see the half-moon it makes, jutting out to sea. Notice the cove; and now look at the highway, like a bandeau on the hair of a beautiful blonde... John, can you imagine that cut up; pink stucco and log-and-stone monstrosities every half-mile."

John stared down at the scene. In the stillness faint sounds reached them, the plaintive lowing of cattle, the bark of a dog, the sound of a motor.

He reached for Constance's hand. "We'll keep it in one piece, Chita," he promised.

His horse shied as a silver-gray squirrel scurried before it, seeking the shelter of stub pine, and John rose with the horse, wheeled and came back smiling. "Oh, it's good to be in a saddle again. Dad would like it."

"Let's look at the barns," suggested Constance quickly and rode ahead. And in her mind she was repeating his words: "We'll keep it in one piece."

To be continued

## On the Radio Chains

**STATIONS:**  
Where to Find Them on the Dial:  
KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 610, Los Angeles; KGA, 1510, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 630, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNA, 1030, Los Angeles; KOA, 530, 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.  
5:30—Drama, 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, KX, KSL.  
6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Uncle Walter, KPO, KGW; Four Clubmen, KX, KOIN, KSL.  
7:00—Amos and Andy, KX, KOIN, KSL; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW.  
7:30—Blank Velvet, KGO, KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KGW; Luncheon's Orch., KX, KOIN.  
8:00—Musical Americana, KPO, KGW; We, the People, KX, KOIN, KSL; Judy Deane, KGO.  
8:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW; Long's Orch., KGO, KJR; Herbeck's Orch., KX, KOIN, KSL.  
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KX, KOIN, KSL; Holmes' Orch., KPO, KGW; Holmes' Orch., KGO, KJR.  
9:30—Ellington's Orch., KGW; Cugat's Orch., KOIN, KX; Treasure Chest, KPO.  
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Lu-

cas' Orch., KJR; Crosby's Orch., KSL, 10:30—Garber's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Richards' Orch., KGO; National Defense, KPO.  
11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Shaw's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KOW, KX.

**Wednesday:**  
5:00—Summer Show, KX, KSL, KOIN; Talk by Herbert Hoover, KGO, KEX, KJR; Paul Carson, KOW.  
5:30—Song of Your Life, KGO, KJR, KEX; Ricardo, KPO; Concert Orch., KX, KSL, KOIN.  
6:00—Quartet, KGO; Kyster's Prgm., KPO, KGW; News, KEX; Miller's Orch., KX, KOIN.  
6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Songs, KX, KOIN, KSL.  
7:00—Quiz Kids, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos and Andy, KX, KOIN, KSL; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KOW.  
7:30—Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KEX, KJR; Plantation, KPO, KGW; Dr. Christian, KX, KSL, KOIN.  
8:00—Judy Deane, KGO; Time to Smile, KPO, KGW; Meet Mr. Meek, KX, KSL, KOIN.  
8:30—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KGW; Jim's Question Box, KX, KOIN, KSL; Gray's Orch., KGO, KJR.  
9:00—Shelton's Orch., KGO, KJR; Paul Sullivan, KX, KSL, KOIN; Martin's Orch., KPO.  
9:30—Dance Orch., KSL; Ellington's Orch., KGO; Stanford Univ., KPO, KGW.  
10:00—Crosby's Orch., KX; Reporter, KPO, KGW; Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR.  
10:30—King's Orch., KOIN; Rich-

## HANOI EXPECTING INVASION BY JAPS

Hanoi, French Indo-China, Sept. 17.—(AP)—Authoritative French, Japanese and other foreign sources expressed belief today that early developments may bring the Chinese army into this French possession, probably without resistance by the French.

But this, they said, may prompt China to send her armies across the Colonial frontier and lead to a conflict that would mean the beginning of the end of France's 60-year domination of this 230,000 square mile area in eastern Asia.

### Drop Milk Case

Chicago, Sept. 17.—(AP)—The government's anti-trust case against 45 individuals, corporations and associations in the milk industry was dismissed today.

## WILLKIE IGNORANT OF RECENT EVENTS SAYS SECY. HULL

Washington, Sept. 17.—(AP)—Secretary Hull accused Wendell Willkie today of being "grossly ignorant of the history of the last few years" in placing upon President Roosevelt responsibility for the fate of Czechoslovakia at Munich.

The Republican presidential nominee charged in a speech in Illinois Saturday that Mr. Roosevelt helped to promote the Munich pact and urged a settlement which "sold Czechoslovakia down the river."

In a statement, the administration's chief official on foreign affairs declared "the assertions which Mr. Willkie made are untrue and make it evident he is grossly ignorant of the history of the last few years."

Referring to Willkie's assertion that President Roosevelt "telephoned Hitler and Mussolini and urged them to sell Czechoslovakia down the river at Munich," Hull said:

"The president has never communicated by telephone with either Premier Mussolini or Chancellor Hitler.

"All the president has ever urged upon the nations involved has been in accordance with the provisions of the Kellogg pact which provides for pacific solution of controversies as they arise."

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

By JOHN HIX

ORANGE SEEDS—SOLD FOR \$1 AN OUNCE IN CALIFORNIA, 1860's... From the "Old Mother Orange Tree," Planted 1856, Feather River.

REVERSE FOOTBALL!

HOQUIAM AND VANCOUVER HIGH SCHOOL—Wash. LOST MORE YARDAGE THAN THEY GAINED WHEN THEY MET LAST FALL! NEITHER TEAM SCORED.

## WASTE OF TIME

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

GREETS AUNT, SIMULTANEOUSLY TRYING TO AVOID A HISS AND TRYING TO SEE IF SHE HAS BROUGHT ANYTHING

FAILS TO AVOID A HINGE AND HISS, BUT THEIR EFFECTS ARE SOFTENED BY HIS SPOTTING A PACKAGE ON THE TABLE

FREES HIMSELF AND GOES OVER TO INVESTIGATE PACKAGE WHICH LOOKS LIKE A BOX OF CANDY

WISHES SOMEBODY WOULD BRING UP THE SUBJECT OF THE PACKAGE. PUSHES IT AROUND A LITTLE TRYING TO DRAW ATTENTION TO IT

CAN'T SOUND THE SUSPENSE ANY LONGER. CARRIES IT OVER TO ALUNT SAYING HE WAS AFRAID SHE'D FORGET HER PACKAGE

PACKAGE PROVES TO BE A BOX FULL OF SEA SHELLS SHE HAD BROUGHT TO SHOW. GOES OUT FEELING HE HAS BEEN WASTING TIME

9-18

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Hold-Up!

PLEASE BELIEVE ME, CAPTAIN TOMKINS! IT IS NOT A COMMAND THAT YOU FLY ME TO PUERTO BAHONGO, BECAUSE MY FATHER IS PRESIDENT OF THREE-POINT TRANSATLANTIC AIRWAYS...

LET'S FORGET THAT I AM THE DAUGHTER OF CURTIS LANE... PRETEND I AM JUST AN ORDINARY GIRL, ASKING YOUR HELP TO SAVE SOMEONE WHOSE LIFE IS DEAR TO ME.

...DON'T UNDERSTAND?

LIS'SEN, TOM! SHE DIDN'T FOOL US ABOUT THE STOLEN TREATY OF THE BALKANS, DID SHE? SHE DELIVERED IT TO THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES, WHEN WE LANDED HERE, DIDN'T SHE?

AN' SOMEONE DEAR TO HER, MEBBE AN AUNT OR UNCLE, IS IN DANGER ON PUERTO BAHONGO? C'MON, GIVE TH' LITTLE GAL A BREAK! WE CAN GET BACK HERE IN TIME TO FLY TH' CLIPPER TO NEW YORK!

OKAY, SKEETS... TELL HER TO LOAD HER BAGS ON THE DOG SEAPLANE! WE HOP OFF IN AN HOUR... FOR PUERTO BAHONGO!

BUT TOMMY WILL BE SURPRISED WHEN HE LEARNS WHO IT IS IN PUERTO BAHONGO, WHO PROMPTED THIS VERY DANGEROUS FLIGHT!

9-17-40

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Bluffing It Out

HE DOESN'T KNOW ME! OH, BOY, DO I HAVE TO THINK FAST!

COME ON! SPIT IT OUT! WHO ARE YOU?

WHY, MY NAME'S BEN WEBSTER—I WAS JUST TAKING A HIKE THROUGH THE WOODS WITH MY DOG AND I MET YOUR BOY AND—

MY BOY? YOU MEAN THAT? YES, AND HE WAS FRIGHTENED BY THE STORM SO I CAME HERE WITH HIM—

YOU KNOW THIS KID, LUNKIE? NOPE... I DON'T KNOW HIM... BUT HE WAS GOOD TO ME, THOUGH—HE SAVED ME FROM THE WIND AND THE THUNDER!

9-17

## THE NEBBS—Good Bye

NOW WE HAVE OUR HERO LEAVING THE BEAUTIFUL BALSAMS—

GOOD-BYE, THANKS FOR EVERYTHING OLD MAN... DUTY IS CALLING ME BACK... MAY FLY BACK FOR A DAY AND PICK THE WIFE UP

HE RECEIVED A TELEGRAM FROM ORIE SLIDER ASKING HIM TO COME AT ONCE.

SAY BILL, YOU HAVEN'T GOT A SODA MINT TABLET IN YOUR POCKET? I'M GETTING TERRIBLE CRAMPS

NO I HAVEN'T—I NEVER THINK OF CARRYING ANYTHING LIKE THAT

MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING YOU ATE—IT WILL PASS AWAY

I COULDN'T HAVE SWALLOWED ANYTHING WITH THIS MUCH PAIN IN IT... EVERY TIME ONE COMES ALONG—IT'S GETTING SO BAD, BILL, I GUESS YOU'D BETTER LAND

9-17

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

By JOHN HIX

SACCHARIN— WAS DISCOVERED ACCIDENTALLY BECAUSE A SCIENTIST ATE DINNER WITH DIRTY HANDS!

HIS BREAD TASTED SWEET FROM LABORATORY CHEMICALS LATER IDENTIFIED AS SACCHARIN... —Johns Hopkins U., 1879—

REVERSE FOOTBALL!

HOQUIAM AND VANCOUVER HIGH SCHOOL—Wash. LOST MORE YARDAGE THAN THEY GAINED WHEN THEY MET LAST FALL! NEITHER TEAM SCORED.

SACCHARIN DISCOVERY

Strange as it seems, saccharin was discovered because C. Fahberg, Johns Hopkins chemist, ate dinner one night without washing his hands thoroughly. Fahberg noticed that his bread tasted sweet, and on closer examination found the taste came from his hands. Fahberg returned to the laboratory, where he had been working with Ira Remsen on the oxidation of o-chloro-sulphonamide, and tasted each beaker until he found one containing the sweetening substance. Today this chemical is widely known as saccharin.

Tomorrow: Long Tom.

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Bluffing It Out

HE DOESN'T KNOW ME! OH, BOY, DO I HAVE TO THINK FAST!

COME ON! SPIT IT OUT! WHO ARE YOU?

WHY, MY NAME'S BEN WEBSTER—I WAS JUST TAKING A HIKE THROUGH THE WOODS WITH MY DOG AND I MET YOUR BOY AND—

MY BOY? YOU MEAN THAT? YES, AND HE WAS FRIGHTENED BY THE STORM SO I CAME HERE WITH HIM—

YOU KNOW THIS KID, LUNKIE? NOPE... I DON'T KNOW HIM... BUT HE WAS GOOD TO ME, THOUGH—HE SAVED ME FROM THE WIND AND THE THUNDER!

9-17

## THE NEBBS—Good Bye

NOW WE HAVE OUR HERO LEAVING THE BEAUTIFUL BALSAMS—

GOOD-BYE, THANKS FOR EVERYTHING OLD MAN... DUTY IS CALLING ME BACK... MAY FLY BACK FOR A DAY AND PICK THE WIFE UP

HE RECEIVED A TELEGRAM FROM ORIE SLIDER ASKING HIM TO COME AT ONCE.

SAY BILL, YOU HAVEN'T GOT A SODA MINT TABLET IN YOUR POCKET? I'M GETTING TERRIBLE CRAMPS

NO I HAVEN'T—I NEVER THINK OF CARRYING ANYTHING LIKE THAT

MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING YOU ATE—IT WILL PASS AWAY

I COULDN'T HAVE SWALLOWED ANYTHING WITH THIS MUCH PAIN IN IT... EVERY TIME ONE COMES ALONG—IT'S GETTING SO BAD, BILL, I GUESS YOU'D BETTER LAND

9-17

## THE NEBBS—Good Bye

NOW WE HAVE OUR HERO LEAVING THE BEAUTIFUL BALSAMS—

GOOD-BYE, THANKS FOR EVERYTHING OLD MAN... DUTY IS CALLING ME BACK... MAY FLY BACK FOR A DAY AND PICK THE WIFE UP

HE RECEIVED A TELEGRAM FROM ORIE SLIDER ASKING HIM TO COME AT ONCE.

SAY BILL, YOU HAVEN'T GOT A SODA MINT TABLET IN YOUR POCKET? I'M GETTING TERRIBLE CRAMPS

NO I HAVEN'T—I NEVER THINK OF CARRYING ANYTHING LIKE THAT

MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING YOU ATE—IT WILL PASS AWAY

I COULDN'T HAVE SWALLOWED ANYTHING WITH THIS MUCH PAIN IN IT... EVERY TIME ONE COMES ALONG—IT'S GETTING SO BAD, BILL, I GUESS YOU'D BETTER LAND

9-17

Barker's present  
**BRADLEY SWEATERS**  
"slip into a Bradley and out of doors"  
Barkerizing is fun  
**Barker's MEN'S STORE**

### TELLER CHARGED WITH \$1500 EMBEZZLEMENT

Portland, Sept. 17.—(AP)—Donald F. Egan, 33, teller at the First State Bank of Milwaukie, was arrested on a charge of embezzling \$1500, Special Agent J. Douglas Swenson of the federal bureau of investigation, said today.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.