

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY: Constance buys Pencho for \$300. She and John tour the ranch.

Chapter 29 John's Plan

PEDRO would have to be at the first barn, she thought. He watched them approach, over his shoulder, smiling genially at John, and treated Constance with the courtesy of a ranch manager's son for the owner's daughter.

Constance hated him. She felt a primitive desire to scratch at him, force his attention until he either fought or left, vanquished. Instead, she prattled about ventilating systems, "odder, and the necessity of protecting dairy cows from chills.

Pedro, like a hired guide, led them through each barn; those occupied, those waiting for the new herds. He took them into the laboratory, introduced John to Pedersen's chemist, waited until he had seen a test run, then gravely escorted him on.

And Constance followed, seething inwardly. Pedro was playing up to John for some reason, and John was falling for Pedro's act. Thoughtfully they rode back to the ranch house.

"Mind if I take a look at your books, Constance?" John asked, as they neared the stables.

"I'm too proud of them, John," she confessed. "Maybe you had better look at them and find some fault."

"Twilight came in as John sat studying the figures, making computations on a pad, asking questions which Constance found readily answerable.

And then John put the books and pads aside and sat in deep thought for a few moments.

"Chita," he said at length. "I've made up my mind. What I'm going to do. Only twice before in my life have I found the desire to possess so strong that I let common sense go by the boards. I haven't been sorry.

"I put my business in good hands in the east. I'm free. You need someone here who can handle the family, as well as the ranch. You can't."

"Frankly, I do not like the Taylors. I distrust that bluff, hearty attitude of the old man, and the young one you call Pedro is too smooth."

"I'm going to buy them out. I'm going to make them such a good offer they can't refuse... without disclosing their hand. And if they refuse, we fight. Chita; you and I. We'll fight them clear off of El Cabrillo."

Constance found a grain in the twilight. John couldn't see her eyes; couldn't read in them what was in her heart.

"We fight the Taylors." The Taylors were to be "bought off."

Constance felt the sustaining earth of El Cabrillo Rancho quiver beneath her.

John was assuming possession of El Cabrillo, as he had assumed possession of her.

And El Cabrillo was as powerless to fight him as she had been. She was bound by the fifty-thousand-dollar investment he had made in her.

El Cabrillo was bound by the three Cabrillos who could outvote her decision, for her final word lay only on the sale of the land.

"What do you think of it?" Constance was glad there were no electric lights. John couldn't press a switch and find the answer in her face. She must have time; time to find the answer.

"Spiritual Value" "I DON'T know, John," she answered carefully, and her eyes were narrowed. "You have been on ranch property only a little more than twenty-four hours and you find its fascination driving you to possession. How do you think the Taylors who have lived here for more than fifteen years must feel.

"Do you think money can buy them off? Don't you believe, with me, that this land holds something deeper, something with a spiritual value which transcends profit?"

"Umm," murmured Rask-thorne. "No. I wouldn't say that. Constance. To me, there are only a few thousand dollars, an increase on those dollars is bound to count.

Suddenly Constance sped from the room, through a side door, across the shadowy-deep space of the willow grove and up the hill. A fire was burning on the patio hearth. Peter Taylor's silver hair was burnished to copper by the glow.

Constance opened the door and slipped in. She went resolutely to him, paused beside the fireplace, and there she found herself defeated.

"What? Peter Taylor sat up. "What is it, Michael? More trouble?"

"Slim, boyish hands clasped behind her, Constance stood, blue eyes dark with worry. "No," she replied slowly. "No, Peter Taylor, I'm afraid, after all, I'm a woman. It's difficult to face things like a man. I guess," she hesitated, "I guess I made a mistake coming."

"Come here, Mike." He patted his knee. "Haven't had a pretty girl perched on there for forty years. Now listen, I'm not a sissy. I know what I want and I know what I'm going to have. And hell and high water aren't going to keep me from it... understand?"

Constance sat rigid. "Quietly, Merry."

"YOU'RE so explicit," she murmured. "All right, you want me to be true to myself. Well, listen, young Michael Mahoney, you do that. Don't sell out. Understand?"

Constance leaned forward, took the white head in her hands and kissed Peter Taylor on the brow.

"You old sun-of-a-gun," she whispered. "I hope they string you from a good tall Eucalyptus."

"Neck's too tough," he chuckled. "Go on down and eat your supper and get a good sleep. You look like one of these here swooning movie stars. I like my girls up and coming."

Constance sped down the hill like a shadow, wondering why Pedro hadn't taken after his father.

Dinner was a quietly merry affair. Everyone, including Constance, was in good spirits.

There was a station wagon in Beachport, it would be ready for delivery the next day, Don reported. Don was "high." Donna said, he'd found an amazing reception in the coast city.

"The Cabrillos rate here," he opined. "Why, say, even the electric company said they'd have men out in the morning and would do their best to have the house wired and a temporary line run in to carry us over the week end."

Donna had a "date" with Pedro. She'd accidentally run into him in the park. "He was looking for you," she cooed. "Wanted to ask for some blanks, but—" and she smiled triumphantly, "he didn't discuss blanks with me."

Nadine Cabrillo was interested in the ranch house. She had made a tour, accompanied by Juliano and maids to the guest rooms. "Major Pinkard is coming," she explained, cheeks pink. "He's very appreciative of old things."

John heartened them with his resumé of the ride and his confidence in the ranch.

And Constance let the talk flow over her like a soothing wave. From Peter Taylor she had carried something solid and sure. She wouldn't "sell out." She'd fight through even though it meant losing El Cabrillo... to John.

For the next four days she was too busy to think. Don, Nadine, and Juliano required the service of the men who usually attended to ranch routine. Lamson and she tried to take their places.

The guests arrived Friday night. Donna, dejected, admitted that Pedro refused to be "shown off like a blue-nosed Holstein." Constance was too submerged with work to appear, and slipped in and out of her room as quietly as possible.

Laughter, music, the tinkle of glasses, of bottles of dishes, intruded into her sleep, but she must be up at four, Pedro, releasing for a moment from his studied contempt, had said: "I'm taking Meg on in the morning, there won't be a man worthy of her shoes."

"It won't go on," Constance thought, as startled, she sat up when someone broke a bottle against the tree outside her window. "It can't," she thought, relaxed and went back to sleep.

At four o'clock she was up. At noon John came roaring back from the fiesta at Beachport. "There seems to be a parade," he explained, "and you have to lead it. I'm riding with Donna on the train, because Don insists upon driving his mother's carriage."

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS: Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEX, 1160, Portland; KFL, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 1960, San Francisco; KGW, 630, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KVA, 1930, Los Angeles; KDA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 820, Seattle; KPO, 830, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Wednesday. 5:00—Summer Show, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Talk by Herbert Hoover, KGO, KEX, KJR; Paul Carson, KGW. 5:30—Song of Your Life, KGO, KJR, KEX; Ricardo, KPO; Concert Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.

6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Songs, 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, KEX, KJR; Plantation, KPO, KGW; Dr. Christian, KN, KSL, KOIN.

8:00—Judy Drane, KPO; Time to Smile, KPO, KGW; Meet Mr. Meek, KNX, KSL, KOIN. 8:30—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOIN; Jim's Question Box, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Gray's Orch., KGO, KJR. 9:00—Shelton's Orch., KGO, KJR; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Martin's Orch., KPO. 9:30—Dance Orch., KSL; Ellington's Orch., KGO; Stanford Univ., KPO, KGW. 10:00—Crosby's Orch., KNX; Re-

porter, KPO, KGW; Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR. 10:30—King's Orch., KOIN; Richards' Orch., KPO; Lucas' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR. 11:00—Shaw's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Nottingham's Orch., KPO; This Morning World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KGW, KNX.

Thursday. 5:00—Singer and Swinging, KGO, KJR, KEX; Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL. 5:30—Concert in Miniature, KGO, KJR. 6:00—Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; News, KGO, KEX; Crosby's Orch., KPO, KGW. 6:30—Songs, 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 It-Basket, KNX, KSL; KSL; News, KGO, 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, KJR; Auction, KNX, KOIN. 9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Concert Orch., KGO, KJR. 10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Osber's Orch., KGO, KJR. 10:30—Safety First, KPO; Harpa's Orch., KGW; King's Orch., KSL; Richards' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR. 11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; This Morning World, KEX; Shaw's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KGW, KNX.

URGE VICTORIA CROSS FOR 'SUICIDE SQUAD' WHO REMOVED BOMB FOR TRADE INCREASE

London, Sept. 18.—(P)—Award of the Victoria Cross, highest decoration for bravery at Britain's disposal, to Lieut. Robert Davies and his "suicide squad" of four men who removed a delayed action bomb from historic St. Paul's cathedral, was urged today by the News Chronicle.

There was some doubt whether the V.C. could be given in the circumstances, since it is awarded for conspicuous gallantry "in the presence of the enemy." But the News Chronicle observed that "if their action is not gallantry at its most conspicuous, then there is no such quality as bravery." The Times called the feat of the squad in digging up the bomb, carting it to the outskirts of the city and exploding it harmlessly "the outstanding deed of heroism so far recorded in the capital."

KLAMATH BASIN LOOKS FOR WILLAMETTE AREA FOR TRADE INCREASE

Eugene, Sept. 18.—(P)—Increased trade between the rich Klamath basin and the upper Willamette valley was envisioned here today following the

appearance at Monday night's yearly Eugene chamber of commerce banquet of a Klamath Falls delegation headed by Chamber President H. P. Bosworth, Jr.

Opening of the new Willamette highway, cutting mileage distances between the two previously widely separated sections of the state was welcomed for "bringing Klamath county back into Oregon."

"Twenty five per cent of Klamath's business is still in California," Bosworth said, "but I

hope that in the next few years that can be changed."

There will be little competition between the two areas, it was cited. Klamath county produces pine, hard grains, cattle and potatoes, which it could market in the valley for green vegetables, fruits and Douglas fir.

Wire making is one of the most ancient of the metal working crafts.

The Tower of London once housed a menagerie.

by JOHN HIX

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

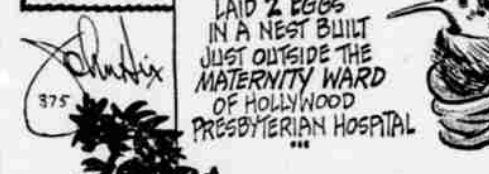


AN ALBINO BISON -- LEADS A HERD OF NORMAL BISON near Moiese, Montana...



HARRY JAMES -- Alhadena, Calif. LED A PARTY OVER THE EXACT ROUTE OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION OF 1804-05 FROM FORT BENTON, MONT. TO THE PACIFIC!

THREE GREAT-GREAT-GREAT GRANDSONS OF ORIGINAL EXPEDITION MEMBERS WENT ALONG!



A HUMMINGBIRD LAID 2 EGGS IN A NEST BUILT JUST OUTSIDE THE MATERNITY WARD OF HOLLYWOOD PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL...



LONG TOM 42-pounder cannon, FOUGHT WITH 3 DIFFERENT NAVIES! - France, Haiti and U.S. - (Now at Leutze Park, Washington, D.C.)

Long Tom, 42-pounder cannon, first saw service on the French battleship Hoche. Captured in 1798 by a British squadron under Sir John B. Warren, the Hoche was sent to England and dismantled. Long Tom was later sold to the U. S. government, but was rejected because of an indentation in her muzzle. In 1804 three vessels were fitted out in New York to defend Haiti against France. Long Tom being mounted on the Sampson, going great service against French privateers. In 1812 Long Tom again saw service, this time aboard the private armed brig General Armstrong, against England. TOMORROW: The Sheep-Man...

NEW KNIFE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WITH ALARM SEES THAT UNCLE GEORGE HAS BROUGHT JUNIOR A JACKKNIFE FOR A PRESENT



FEELS THAT UNCLE GEORGE OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER AND GIVES HIM A DIRTY LOOK



SUGGESTS SHE KEEP THE KNIFE FOR JUNIOR UNLESS HE'S JUST A LITTLE OLDER, JUNIOR VETOING IDEA LOUDLY



WATCHES, TERRIFIED, AS JUNIOR OPENS BIG SHINING BLADE



CRIES TO WATCH WHAT HE'S DOING, AS JUNIOR RUNS BLADE LOVINGLY OVER LEG OF CHAIR AS IF ABOUT TO WHITTLE IT



CAN STAND IT NO LONGER AND SHUTS EYES AS JUNIOR KEEPS SNAPPING BLADE OPEN AND SHUT



CRIES TO BE CAREFUL AS JUNIOR STRUGGLES TO GET SMALL BLADE OPEN

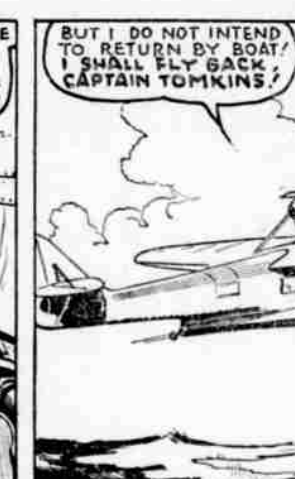


UNCLE GEORGE TAKES OVER AND OPENS BLADE, CUTTING HIMSELF AND GETTING NO SYMPATHY FROM HER

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—One Down!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—So Far, So Good!



THE NEBBS—The Chance?



YOUR FALL SUIT SHOULD HAVE THE BARKER LABEL IN IT \$27.00 to \$50.00 Barker's MEN'S STORE

Intruder Frees Canary San Francisco—(P)—Police are convinced it was an ex-convict who went through the optometry establishment of Dr. Robert Atkinson. Nothing was stolen but the intruder had opened the cage of Dr. Atkinson's pet canary and allowed the latter its freedom. Only a man who had spent long years in prison bars would have thought of that, police reasoned.