

# FIESTA

By OREN ARNOLD  
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"Who'd you say you was?"

CHAPTER 26  
MR. EPHRIAM BROWN, of no town in particular but "at home" since about 1890 anywhere in the southern Arizona hills, was a man of extraordinary talents. Not only could he shoot surpassingly well (he had acquired the name Buckshot as a tribute to that), but he could sit down calmly and do what he called plain and fancy thinking. It is a combination not to be scorned.

He would undoubtedly have died slowly and agonizingly in the isolated canyon, if Ellen hadn't found him. To have been thus rendered helpless by a fall was a matter of shame, in his mind. He had maintained self-sufficiency for half a century and more; to fall like a tenderfoot was disgraceful now. As he lay there on her tent bed, he reckoned he was getting a mite old. And that thought also served to infuriate him; 71 years is not old enough for any man to retire and come to live in a town.

He was giving thought to these personal matters when Bill Baron drove back into the camp.

"Hey, boss?" he called. Ellen's Pintado horse was in sight, but Bill's eyes sought the girl.

Buckshot made such noises as he could, hardly a strong call, for his voice was still husky. Bill peeped in, momentarily alarmed.

The young man stared in amazement.

"Where's Ellen?" he demanded quickly. "Who are you?"

"Keep yore shirt on, son. She's went for a doctor."

"What for? What are you—how'd you get in here?"

"She sot me here. I'm Buckshot Brown, son. Got a game laig. Ankle. She found me. Saved my life. She—"

He explained his presence, Bill sitting attentively on a folding camp chair. Presently Bill had ordered the Mexican woman to bring hot water, and was soaking the old-timer's foot, continuing to talk.

"Who'd you say you was? You just happen along too?" Buckshot asked Bill, finally.

"Nope. No, sir. I'm her foreman. Work for her. We'll have a new ranch setup here in a few days. Ellen has some—she is a woman of some means, and I expect she'll go in for stock improvement work, experiments to produce a better grade meat steer. Anyway that's my plan. For her, I mean."

"You a Tenjano, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir. Why?"

"I c'n always tell a Texas man, from his slow brogue. Borne jest south of San 'Tone m'self, by dads!"

They shook hands on it, like old acquaintances, laughing.

"You say you calculate on up-breedin' range cows? Improvin' 'em?"

"Yes, sir, that's right. Look— for a hundred years, more or less, ranchers in the southwest have had to fight. First Indians, then rustlers, and drovths and shipping trouble and whatever. They haven't had time to do serious,

scientific study on improving their herds. The universities have helped some, but not much. With their start—applying their information and going on from there—I can run all manner of tests as to feeding, breeding, building disease resistance, everything. In 10 years we ought to show good results. Keep your foot in that water. It'll simply take somebody who is both interested and able to finance it, for it won't be profitable. Not at first. Miss Dale is a public spirited woman, a fine type, as well as pretty as a peach. She—"

William Baron lectured the old man for 15 minutes or more. His enthusiasm was so marked and his reasoning so sound that Buckshot was deeply impressed. Buckshot himself had worked on cattle ranches in past years. He knew some of the trials of the business, held a sympathy for the men who fought and slaved to produce the nation's beef. He swapped ideas with Bill, suggesting one or two courses that the younger man hadn't thought of. In short, they got along famously.

They were still at it when Ellen returned with a physician. The doctor didn't find much to do. Hot water treatment, already started, was about all necessary. He left some ointments and bandages, gave instructions to Buckshot to be patient for two weeks and stay out of the hills thereafter.

"You've neglected that foot too long," the doc railed, "and it'll be game for the rest of your life, probably. Get yourself a job in town. Or a pension or something, old-timer. You got any money to pay me for coming out here? If you haven't, it's all right."

He said it kindly, smiling. But Buckshot froze up at him. The bewhiskered old fellow began to dig into the voluminous pants he wore. He fumbled for several seconds, finally extricated a leather pouch. It appeared to be rather heavy.

"Git you a box, or paper or such," he commanded the doctor. Ellen supplied an envelope, looking on curiously.

From his leather bag, Buckshot poured out a tablespoon measure or so of gold dust—pure grainy gold spotted with nuggets as big as beans almost filled the bag!

"Grea-a-at day!" the physician exclaimed. "I only need four or five dollars! Not four or five hundred. You've got a pretty good bank account in that bag, Buckshot!"

"Yeamp. I been pannin' it for years. I can pay you."

They settled the matter amicably, amid much talk, and Bill sent his Mexican employe to drive the doctor home. Ellen took on herself the responsibility of soaking Buckshot's foot, changing the water often to keep it hot.

It was not an unpleasant task. She had fleeting memories—and smiled to herself at them—of her two maids in Hollywood, efficient servants who had obeyed her slightest whim. Somehow she was reveling out here in doing

things not only for herself but for another person as well.

Concepcion Rivera, the Mexican woman, and her daughter, presently came with an excellent camp meal. For the second time Buckshot ate heartily. He asked for water to clean his face and hands and by 9 p. m. he declared he felt fit as a fiddle except for the swollen foot.

Bill was busy with Pablo Rivera fashioning a bed under a lean-to for Buckshot. The old-timer swore he would not sleep that night in Ellen's tent, depriving her. Stars, he declared, made the best canopy. Could Bill lend him a blanket or two? His own duffel was back in the hills about three miles.

While Bill worked outside, Buckshot talked to Ellen in the light of her gasoline lantern.

"You ain't done so well, miss, at pickin' a lover," he came straight to the point he wanted to make. "I had a long talk with him."

Ellen looked up in surprise. She had had no experience with western characters such as Buckshot Brown.

"He doesn't really love me, I'm afraid," she answered. "He won't ever say so. But what's the matter with him? Are you serious?"

"I been studyin' on it, ever since he come here. His eyes don't look right, miss. I been around. I seen plenty of people, good and bad. Look into a man's eyes; they're winder to what's in his mind."

"He has lovely eyes!"

"Yeamp. Mebbe so. But lemme tell you somethin'—ef you figger to marry a man, he better have more'n good looks er you'll regret it. Ef you had to pick you a man, why'n't you pick this'n? This'n that works for you? He's frum Texas and that's a point in his favor to start with. He ain't so un-handsome, is he? He's got brains—I augured him for half a hour before you come back. You had sense enough to hire him. Ain't he got sense enough to court you? I ain't got nothing against the Mexicans, by and large; they's some fine people below the line. But this slicker claimin' to be a baron—"

Ellen felt his contempt for somebody, but did not understand him.

"What are you—are you talking about Bill? Mr. Baron? The man who was just in here?" She was highly interested as well as amused. The old man looked back at her in confusion.

"Which? Not him. He's the one I says you ought to pick, this big Texan. I'm referrin' to that feller with the mile-long name. From Sonora. He come out, and I steered him off."

"Felix Montoya?"

"That's it! Long Spanish name? Ain't he th' one you're soft on?"

Ellen rocked with laughter, so that Bill stuck his head through the tent flap inquiringly.

"What's up?" Bill grinned.

"You couldn't guess!" Ellen was still laughing happily. "And we don't intend to tell you, Bill Baron! Go on about your affairs. I'm entertainin' another man!"

(To Be Continued)

## Relief in Sight



Anticipating successful passage of the relief bill which they piloted through the Senate, Senators Alva B. Adams (left), of Colorado, and James F. Byrnes, of South Carolina, exchange smiles at Washington. Relief in sight! (Central Press)

## A Recovery Celebration



Three Senate stalwarts are shown in happy mood after passage of the huge spend-lend recovery bill by a vote of 60-10. The bill gave the administration authorization to finance and extend the \$5,000,000,000 drive against the recession. In the picture, left to right, are Senators Alva B. Adams, Colorado; Carl A. Hatch, New Mexico, and Majority Leader Alben W. Barkley, of Kentucky. (Central Press)

## Saved in Ship Collision



This child and her mother were among the passengers rescued from the doomed excursion steamer Mandalay, which was rammed and sunk by the luxury liner Acadia in New York harbor. The 325 passengers and members of the crew of the excursion boat were taken off without a casualty, most remarkable of all rescue records ever made in New York. (Central Press)

## TVA INVESTIGATION PRINCIPALS



Dr. Arthur E. Morgan with Senator Vic Donahey

Charges and counter charges continue to be fired between Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, ousted TVA chairman, and his two former associate board members, Harcourt Morgan and David E. Lilienthal, as the congressional investigation proceeds. Here is Dr. Morgan, left, conferring with Senator Vic Donahey, chairman of the investigating committee.

## YEHUDI FIRST, NOW SISTER, TOO



Hephzibah Menuhin and George Nicholas

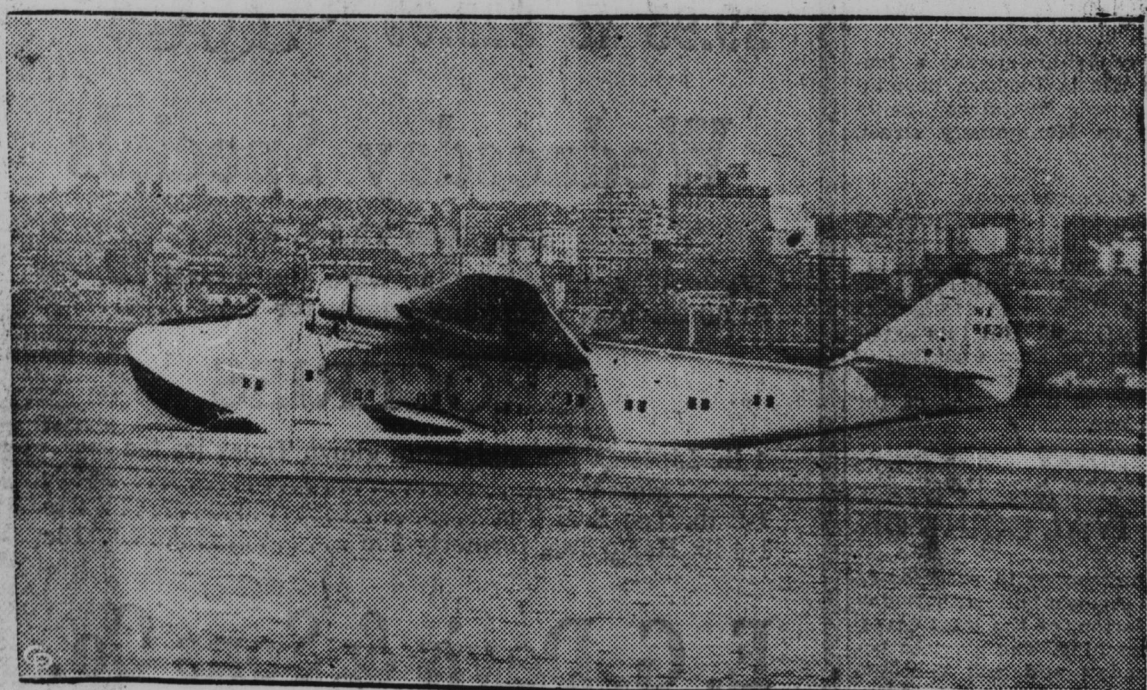
Marriage of Yehudi Menuhin, 21, famous violinist, to an Australian girl, Nola Nicholas, 19, in London, is to be followed closely by marriage of his two sisters, both younger. Hephzibah Menuhin, who is a pianist of great ability, is to marry Nola's brother, George Nicholas. Hephzibah and Nicholas are shown in London just before the entire family sailed to America.

## Hague Fights C. I. O. in Court



Taking a personal hand in the fight he is waging against the C. I. O. in New Jersey, Mayor Frank Hague, of Jersey City, is pictured (left) as he entered Newark Federal Court. With him is his police chief, Harry Walsh. The C. I. O. sought an injunction against Hague for interfering with the distribution of handbills in his city.

## NEW GIANT CLIPPER PLANE SKIMS OVER WATER



New Clipper plane skims over water in Seattle harbor

First of the new transoceanic 74-passenger Clipper planes is given tests at Seattle, where it was built. The only streamlined ferry in America, the Kala kala, is seen in the background.

**NOAH NUMSKULL**  
OH BOY, AS LONG AS HE'S OUT OF A JOB ILL SAY DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT

DEAR NOAH—IF MY BROTHER LIVES FIVE THOUSAND MILES AWAY, IS HE A DISTANT RELATIVE?  
WE MARRIED PAMPLICO, S.C.

DEAR NOAH—IF A MAN MADE A FUNNY CHEST FOR HIS WIFE, WOULD THE CABINET MAKER MAD?  
HUSH BRODIE SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

TODAY IS THE DAY—MAIL YOUR NOTIONS TO NOAH CARE OF THIS PAPER.

**NOAH NUMSKULL**  
DUCK, NOAH!

DEAR NOAH—DO SWORD FISH TAKE FENCING LESSONS?  
FRED GEMERER SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

DEAR NOAH—SHOULD AL-ASK-A MISSISS-IPPI TO LET DELA-WARE HER NEW JERSEY TO SEE IDA-HO?  
BARBARA JEAN DICKEY CANTON, ILL.

DEAR NOAH—DOES A CLEANER PUT HIS CLOTHES IN SOAK FOR SPOT CASH?  
F.R. PETZLER ATLANTA, GA.

**NOAH NUMSKULL**  
SORRY, I MUST HAVE THE WRONG ROOM

DEAR NOAH—DO YOU KNOW WHAT MADE THE VENETIAN BLIND?  
MILTON FORE JR. SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

DEAR NOAH—WHILE JAPAN BREAKS UP CHINA AND HITLER GETS CHINA AND TAKES CHINA WITH A PINCH OF COPENHAGEN, DO YOU THINK THAT MUSSOLINI MIGHT BE SATISFIED WITH A SLICE OF TURKEY AND A SMELL OF JAVA?  
W.F. MEYERS TOLEDO, O.

MAIL A NOTION A DAY TO NOAH!

**NOAH NUMSKULL**  
HAND UP MY HAND-ME-DOWNS!

DEAR NOAH—IF A BOY MUST WEAR "HAND-ME-DOWN-CLOTHES" WOULD IT BE KIND TO THROW THEM UP TO HIM?  
BERTHA CANDLE WINDSOR, ARK.

DEAR NOAH—IF A WOMAN MAKES CURRENT JELLY ONCE A YEAR, WOULD THAT BE A CURRENT EVENT?  
MRS. KAY SAUNDERS MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

JOT DOWN YOUR "NOAH NOTION" SEND IN CARE OF THIS PAPER!