

FIESTA

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CHAPTER 40

BILL WALKED toward Ellen's front porch with profound gravity of manner. His deep concern over the discovery in the store room of an underhanded plot must have shown on his face, for a group of 15 or 20 young girls instantly accosted him.

"Stop scowling, Mr. Baron!" one of them commanded, and instantly they were all around him. "This is La Fiesta del Sol—see how beautiful is the sunshine? Everybody must smile and be happy!"

They were practicing their pretexts, smiling and laughing, all trying to talk to him at once, poking fun at him and teasing him.

"We're doing stunts and you've either got to recite a piece or sing a song," one 17-year-old commanded. A chorus of affirmatives backed her, gushing, giggling.

You can't refuse a thing like that. It is inhospitable to refuse to be a good sport at a party. Nobody had ever accused Bill Baron of not being a good sport. He tried to josh his way out of it, teasing and cutting up with the kids, but it was no go. So he squared off in exaggerated oratorical pose, extended an arm toward the Dale-Durango landscape and boomed out:

"Where the far blue peaks and the valleys wide,
Cleanses the heart of its hasty pride,
And the open sky and boundless space
Carve something great on the poorest face;
Where a man's on honor to be his best—
Away out west."

He finished with a flourish and a dramatic break. He must have been impressive with it, for the girls stared in profound admiration, then burst into applause.

"Encore! Encore!" they shrieked. "Didn't know you were a poet!"

He smiled his thanks, saying, "I'm not. That's part of one by Sharlot Hall, Arizona's poet laureate. Thanks, anyhow."

He was edging away, staring out and beyond them. A new concern was written on his countenance; he had suddenly seen the smuggler again, standing down the slope by an automobile—talking to a man he had seen among the smugglers in Mexico.

Bill went on inside Ellen's living room thinking to go at once to the telephone. He discovered of course that a private conversation would be impossible. Gay and noisy people seemed everywhere. Most of them whom he encountered wanted him to join them.

He got away and entered the

hall, hoping he might slip upstairs and get at Ellen's bedroom extension phone if her room was unoccupied. But six girls held it, and he turned back unobserved.

He came through the house, left via the kitchen and came onto Buckshot Brown.

"Har-har, ain't she a cutter, Doc? Dad-damndest biggest fiesta I ever seen! Betcha even old Durango hisself didn't have no such dot'n's as this, eh?"

Buckshot was glowing like a child. He had been bossing four helpers at the barbecue pits, and had just enough grease and soot on him to make him comical. He bore a great tray of cooked meat now, choice, crusted cuts the aroma of which was powerful to a hungry man.

"Glory, Uncle Buckshot, you got what it takes here, all right!" Bill's admiration was sincere. "Here, gimme a taste." He reached to take a choice sliver.

"Git yore dirty hands off'n that!" the old man commanded, with mock severity. "This here's Miss Ellen's. And all them purty gals' in thar, by dads. You go down to th' kitchen with th' rest of th' common herd!"

Bill grimaced appreciatively and started on, then turned on his heel to speak again.

"Say, come back out right quick, Buckshot," he commanded. "I got something on my mind." The old man knew by his tone that Bill had ceased joking.

They met presently out rear, and without preliminary Bill told him of the discovery in the store room, of the aliens and cocaine and rifles. The old man was quickly alarmed, and incredulous.

"Oh, yes," Bill explained then, "it's an ideal setup, if you analyze it. Word of this fiesta got all around everywhere. The officers will know that everybody is here, even that some ranchers have come from Mexico as they did back in the old days. They have to wink at such festivities as this; I mean, not butt in too much, you see. And the smugglers know that."

"Also, Buckshot, the smugglers know that aliens are often caught off the trail or road a hundred miles or more from the border. Even up beyond Tucson, and around Phoenix. But when the dancing ends tonight, all these people will be heading home. The fiesta will be over. It's then a chance for the aliens to sort of join the home-going crowd, see? Officers can't stop all these people and demand citizenship papers. Aliens could go right on deep into the U. S. A. and never be challenged. It's an ideal setup. I tell you!"

Buckshot Brown spat copiously. "They come here th' same way?" he queried. "Slipped in here as

Ellen's comp'ny, you agger?"

"Exactly! The officers also knew people were flocking in here for the DD fiesta; they kind of let matters slide. A two-gallon can of kerosene oil looks like camp equipment, naturally. Who would think the can really held cocaine? Or that the festa-bound people, with guitars and such, were really aliens being smuggled in?"

"Be dad-damned!" Buckshot muttered.

"Yep. And they'll get by with it, if we don't do something. The border patrol won't suspect a thing up here."

"Bill, why didn't th' patrol stop these aliens at th' line? Ain't they paid to do that?"

"Sure! But, as I told you, it's not getting across the line into Arizona that's hard. It's getting through the wilderness into a city or town. There are only four or five roads northward. The patrol can guard them fairly easy. They'll have guards out tonight as usual, but the guards won't be suspicious of a fiesta gang. You see this ranch is just a few miles from the line; aliens have been smuggled over for the past week, the smugglers aiming for this fiesta."

"Now look, Buckshot, you keep a close watch, and I'm going into town now and bring out some officers. We can settle this deal, I think, on the quiet, if we spring a surprise. Ellen and her real guests will never know it."

Bill got into his car and drove away. Buckshot Brown permitted himself some choice cussing, and thoughtlessly went into his own cottage and took his favorite rifle down.

He came outside carrying it, and sat on a rock and held it, thinking. Anger had suffused him. He wished he had something at which to shoot. Anyone that tended to mess up Ellen Dale's party, or otherwise disturb the happiness of the girl, would have to answer to him. Come to think of it, he could see a dozen or so people around this ranch fiesta that he "suspected" anyway. He'd set here and watch who went into the store room. If one of them got sassy, he might take a crack at him.

Which was, of course, foolish reasoning on the part of a wrought up but loyal old man. Moreover, both his and Bill Baron's actions had been careless, unguarded. Because one smuggler, posted especially as a lookout, had seen Bill and Buckshot in earnest conversation. Then he had seen Bill hasten to his car and ride away toward town. Finally he had seen old Buckshot take out his rifle and sit belligerently on a rock as if he were a sentinel.

It was sufficient to arouse any lookout's suspicions.

(To Be Continued)

"Dev" Visits Jail



Eire's prime minister, Eamonn de Valera, is shown with his deputy, Sean O'Kelly, as they visited Kilmainham Jail, Dublin, where they were imprisoned after the Easter Week uprising of 1916. De Valera had just won a signal victory at the polls.

Sainthood for Her?



Mother Philippine Rose Duchesne. One of two nuns considered for sainthood, Mother Philippine Rose Duchesne, is shown in a painting. The congregation of rites at the Vatican in Rome is investigating miracles attributed to her in preliminary proceedings for her beatification. Mother Philippine introduced the community of the Visitation nuns into the U. S. in 1818. She died at St. Charles, Mo. If she is elevated to sainthood, she will be the second American saint.

Roosevelt and Royalty at Delaware Fete



Prince Bertil, son of Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden is shown (left) as he greeted President Roosevelt at the 300th anniversary celebration of the landing of the first Swedish colonists on American soil. The ceremonies took place at Wilmington, Del. Bertil substituted for his father, who was unable to leave the liner *Kungsholm* because of illness. In the center is Gov. R. C. McMullen, of Delaware.

Fire Perils New York's \$58,000,000 Tunnel



Braving suffocation and drowning, firemen are shown dragging lines of hose into the section of the midtown Queens vehicular tunnel where a fire raged. For a time the collapse of the entire \$58,000,000 project was feared, but the blaze was eventually subdued by careful flooding of the tunnel. Compressed air was pumped in to keep the walls from breaking down.

Ill Luck Overtakes Transcontinental Train Again



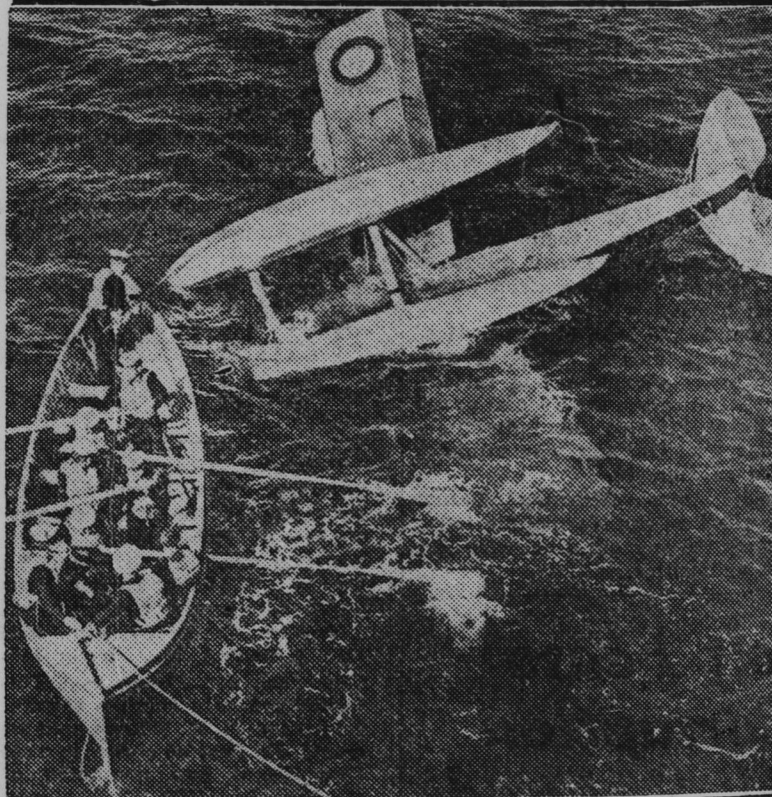
After "Olympian" had crashed into CCC train
Ill luck again overtakes the "Olympian", crack transcontinental train of the Milwaukee road. Only a week after the train had plunged through a flood-weakened bridge over Custer creek, east of Miles City, Mont., it crashed headon into an east-bound CCC special train at Ingomar, Mont., 125 miles west of the previous wreck. One person was killed and 13 injured.

OLD, NEW HEADS OF ROTARY CLUB



Maurice Duperrey and George C. Hager
Old and new heads of Rotary International are pictured as the convention closed in San Francisco. At the left is Maurice Duperrey, retiring chief, and right, George C. Hager, of Chicago, new president. The 1939 convention will be held in Cleveland.

Radio-Controlled Plane Crashes



British sailors are shown salvaging a "Queen Bee" radio-controlled, pilotless plane which crashed during firing practice by the battleships *Rodney* and *Royal Oak* off the English coast recently. This picture was taken from the deck of the *Newcastle*.

The Babe's Daughter Graduates



George Herman Ruth, better known on the baseball diamond as "Babe" and "The Bam," bestows a paternal kiss on his daughter, Dorothy, after she was graduated from Robert Louis Stevenson School in New York City. She was an honor student and president of the arts club.

NOAH NUMSKULL
IS MY FACE RED?
POISON IVY

DEAR NOAH=IS IT A BARE FACT THAT A NUDIST IS IN THE PINK OF CONDITION? R.A.W. TOLEDO, O.

DEAR NOAH=IS IT TRUE THAT THOSE WHO ARE SITTING PRETTY IN EVERY COMMUNITY HAVE THE STANDING? JACK McHALE, HALIFAX, N.S., CAN.

DEAR NOAH=WAS THE CLOCK ANGRY WHEN IT STRUCK THE HOUR? HAZEL ISHEWHER, CHARLOTTE, NC.

NOAH NUMSKULL
OH! BOY, IS THIS ONE OUT O' TUNE!!

DEAR NOAH=CAN YOU ADAGE TO AN OLD SAW, AND WHEN TUNED IN THE KEY OF E, WOULD A MUSICAL SAW BE CALLED AN ESAU? DEARADE PRESDEN SOUTH BEND, IND.

DEAR NOAH=IS IT NOW AGAINST THE LAW FOR A BLACKSMITH TO FORGE A CHECK? ROBERT MARTINICH TOMAHAWK, WIS.

POSTCARD YOUR IDEAS TO NOAH SEND THEM IN CARE OF THIS PAPER NIGHT BOX

NOAH NUMSKULL
THE OVERHEAD IS TOO HIGH!

DEAR NOAH=IF I PAY TWO BUCKS FOR A HAT, IS THAT TWO DEER? MRS. C. WATT RIVER JOHN, N.S.

DEAR NOAH=WHAT KIND OF A FISH IS A POOL SHARK? ED. LOHLER MANSFIELD, O.

DEAR NOAH=DID YOU EVER SEE A FIRE TRUCK? CARL BAUER CLEVELAND, O.

COME ON POLICE—STIR UP YOUR IDEAS AND MAIL NOAH A NOTION POSTCARD YOUR NOTIONS—NOW

NOAH NUMSKULL
CLUMSY!

DEAR NOAH=IF YOU TURN ON THE HOSE, WILL THE LADIES' STOCKINGS RUN? A.B.H. HAVANA, CUBA

DEAR NOAH=IS FALL A BAD TIME OF THE YEAR FOR A JOCKEY? MRS. NEALY BELL CARBIZO SPRINGS, TEX.

DEAR NOAH=DOES A MUSICIAN EVER NOTE THE BARS BEFORE HE GETS INTO TREBLE? C. PURDEN OLAHE, KANS.

POSTCARD YOUR NOTIONS—NOW

NOAH NUMSKULL
MY BUSINESS IS SINKING!

DEAR NOAH=IN HARD TIMES, DOES A RUNNING BUSINESS SLOW DOWN TO A WALK? MARILYN BOULETTE SOUTH EASTON, MASS.

DEAR NOAH=WHEN AN AIRPLANE DRAWS UP ITS WHEELS, IS IT HIGHJACKING THEM? ROLF MEZZGER TOLEDO, O.

DEAR NOAH=DO LOVERS EVER LIVE IN MUSH-ROOMS? J.W.T. TROY, N.Y.

POSTCARD A'N'NOAH NOTION—NOW