

FIESTA

BY OREN ARNOLD
RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER 46

ON THIS Saturday afternoon people started eating supper—it was not called dinner—as early as five o'clock; and some, apparently some of the same ones, were eating on up to midnight. But at 6 p. m. practically everybody was sitting cross-legged outside, munching fresh hot barbecue, or fresh and hotter chili con carne and tamales, or any of the dozen or so other dishes that had been prepared.

The air was clean and clear with just enough early evening chill to make small campfires feel pleasant. There is a zest about this eating outdoors before an open fire that the swankiest restaurants cannot offer.

You can stick your bread on a switch broken from the nearest shrub and toast it as you eat. If your meat gets cold, you can re-warm it between bites. Your tin cup of coffee can be set smack onto a glowing coal while you pause between sips to crack a joke or laugh at one of your friend's or applaud some gay merry-maker's song. You can gaze at the vaulted ceiling of blue and watch the earliest stars come out, and see the night theatrical effect that your campfire blaze and sparks and illuminated smoke create against the twilight immensity. You can see faces high-lighted with warmth and happiness. New pictures, such as to defy any artist, greet you at every turn. The very trees and mountains seem to be sociable themselves. It is all something that cannot be duplicated at any price on, say, the roof garden of the best hotel.

In the approximate center of this big open area before Ellen's Casa Hermosa, a dozen Mexican musicians were playing soft supper music. Ellen herself sat with a bunch of Hollywood girls, two Indians, three or four shy ranch women, and Fanola Montoya. They had ceased to talk, for the moment. "Ta-tum, ta-tum ta-tum ta-tum-tum," they hummed it, following the orchestra in "La Paloma."

"I think this is just simply marvelous!" one of the Californians declared, and meant it. "Ellen, I have learned during this fiesta why you built your home away out here."

Ellen smiled her acknowledgment, and said nothing. She felt a spiritual warmth. She knew that soon the final night's dancing and hilarity would begin, but for the moment she was enjoying an infinite peace. Except that she wondered, every few minutes, where Bill was. She wished he would come and sit with her, and tell her guests some of the western yarns he told so well. But then—she couldn't complain, or be selfish; certainly he had taken the burden of the fiesta off her shoulders, had been for her a marvelous host. She left the blanket on which she had been sitting, and walked around a bit looking for Bill.

She hadn't looked. Bill Baron at that moment was nowhere on the DD rancho.

When he had driven away an hour and a half before, he had gone speeding straight to Nogales, trying to think as he rolled along. He went directly to the office of Mr. McIntyre, border patrol chief, and explained exactly what had developed at the DD fiesta.

"Why, this is the most brazen thing they've ever done!" McIntyre exclaimed, when Bill had told him. "It's—it's an affront to the United States, Baron!"

"Sure!" agreed Bill. "But right now I am not worried about Uncle Sam's dignity. I'm concerned with arresting these men and still keeping Ellen's fiesta undisturbed."

"Naturally. But—I hardly need



"What is the trouble, anyway?"

to tell you that smugglers are dangerous men. "I know." "Have you some plan, Baron? You know the situation there. What do you suggest?" "Nothing very positive, I'm afraid, sir. But I think we might take a dozen or so armed officers, all drive up to the rancho in a body and take most of the men quickly without any violence. Take advantage of a surprise, early in the evening."

McIntyre gave thought to that for a moment. "Yes," he said, eventually. "That might do. They will be on the lookout for officers when they start drifting away. If we strike now, we may catch them unprepared. Let's try it. Oh, Blake!" He called a young officer and issued crisp commands. Ten minutes later Bill and a dozen border patrolmen were speeding back toward the DD rancho. Bill was trying to give every possible detail to the men in his car, including McIntyre, so that all might know exactly what move to make when they arrived.

"There's only one road out of the place," Bill explained. "A car turned sideways near the main gate will block that. If they take to the canyons and hills, they'll have to do it on foot, and we can use our ranch horses to ride them down. What gets me, though, is how to separate the smugglers and aliens from the honest guests."

"I hate to mess up Miss Dale's party," McIntyre admitted. "But we simply may have to raid it, hold every man who can't show he is an American citizen."

"There'll be resistance, sure as fate." Bill was glum about it. He almost wished he had not reported his discovery, that he had let the party go on as planned and let the smugglers get away without being molested at all. He owed that much to Ellen.

On the other hand—did he? Wouldn't Ellen herself want him to be a good citizen first? Wouldn't she think him remiss, as a man, if he aided smugglers just to keep a fiesta crowd undisturbed?

It never dawned on him that during the past few months he had come to make virtually every decision on a basis of how Ellen Dale would want it done.

The smuggler lookout who had

seen Bill and Buckshot Brown talking, then had seen Bill hasten away in a car and Buckshot get out his long rifle, made a correct four simply by adding two and two together. That is, he concluded that Bill's suspicions must have been aroused.

And yet, the spy had no proof. And he realized that he and his cohorts had to move cautiously. To jump to a hasty conclusion might spoil their otherwise well executed plans. He had observed Bill and Buckshot from a distance of 50 yards or so, and then had quietly gone to look up his own boss. Hundreds of people were in sight, but none right near them.

"Everything all right?" the smuggler chief asked, in Spanish. "Maybe so; maybe not," the spy answered, meaningly.

The chief laughed aloud, as it at some joke. Then under his breath he commanded, "Get Marcial. Meet me in 20 minutes, there by that hitching rail. Bring your guitar. We can pretend to sing."

They drifted apart, and the chief went smiling into Ellen's house. The spy ambled casually down by the barbecue pits where he had seen Marcial Jalisco, the smuggler's second in command, and finally gave Marcial the high sign.

The two met presently by the hitching rail, and appeared to be no more than two Mexican guests idly discussing fiesta events and sipping snotches of song. They waited for their chief, and continued to wait.

"What is the trouble, anyway?" Marcial demanded, finally. "Where has he gone?"

"Where he is I cannot say," the spy answered. "He said to meet him here. We will wait. But there are suspicious movements. That Senor Baron, he has gone away. He talked with the old man, who went and got his rifle."

"Isn't it enough? Why would Baron leave the rancho now? He must suspect something!"

"We will wait for the chief."

But the smuggler chief, a striking figure in any crowd, had been surrounded by women and girls, virtually corralled by them. It was almost an hour before he could fill his appointment by the hitching rail.

(To Be Continued)



Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf ... ill in stateroom

Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden, who came to the U. S. to participate with President Roosevelt in ceremonies at Wilmington, Del., marking the tercentenary of the landing of the first Swedish colonists, and then had to stay aboard ship because of a kidney ailment, is shown in bed in his stateroom in a cheerful mood. The crown prince's son, Prince Bertil, participated in the ceremonies. The Swedish king-to-be was to remain aboard the ship until it reached Philadelphia and then was to be transferred to a train for removal to a New York hospital for medical attention.

Tests Big Plane



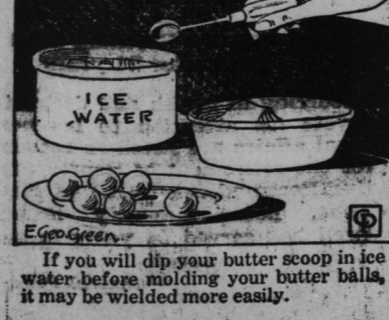
Capt. Alex Papanu, Rumanian aviator who plans a non-stop flight from New York to Bucharest, Rumania, is pictured in his ship at Miami, Fla., after his initial try-out of his new plane. The machine is a twin-motored Barkley-Grow monoplane. (Central Press)

They Plan Retake



Jon Hall and Frances Langford Screen newlyweds Jon Hall and Frances Langford, shown in New York, plan a retake of their June 4 marriage at Yuma, Ariz., with guests, reception, punch and everything. Hall, handsome star of "Hurricane", was so flustered when they eloped to Yuma that when he said his "I do's", he forgot his birthplace and correct address. (Central Press)

Wife Preservers



If you will dip your butter scoop in ice water before molding your butter balls, it may be wielded more easily. (Central Press)

Castellon Residents Welcome Franco's Troops



Street scene in Castellon, Spain

Here is a street scene in Castellon, Spain, as the inhabitants, mostly women and children, turned out to welcome the troops of Gen. Francisco Franco when the town fell into the hands of his insurgent forces. The vanguard of Franco's troops had just entered the town when the photo was made.

Governor Joins Hunt



Gov. Clyde Tingley ... leads McCormick hunt

Directing the hunt for John Medill McCormick, 21-year-old scion of the Chicago publishing family and son of Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick Simms, former congresswoman from Illinois, Gov. Clyde Tingley of New Mexico rests and nurses a sore foot at the scene near Albuquerque, N. M. McCormick and a companion, Richard Whitmer, were on a climbing expedition of Sandia mountain when they disappeared. Whitmer was found dead at the base of a 2,000-foot cliff. (Central Press)

Killed in China



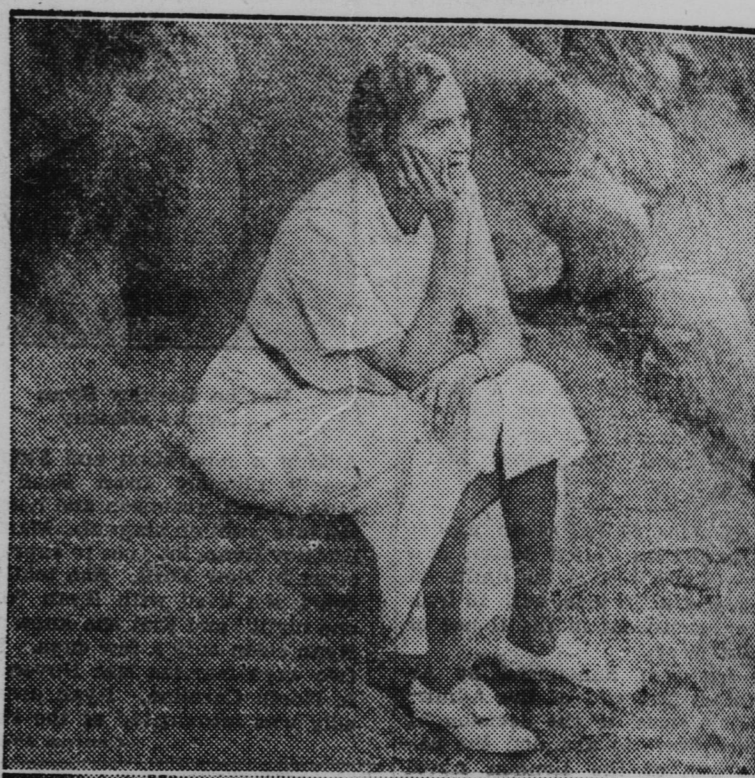
Lieut. Commander F. H. Gilmer (above), in charge of the United States gunboat Tuttle in China, is dead of gunshot wounds inflicted aboard ship. The death, according to official report, occurred at Ichang, China, where the Tuttle was stationed. (Central Press)

Princess to Wed



Here is a charming portrait of Princess Fawzia, 17-year-old sister of King Farouk, of Egypt, whose engagement to Crown Prince Mohammed Reza Pahlavi of Iran has been announced. (Central Press)

MRS. SIMMS AT SEARCH FOR SON



Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick Simms at search on mountain; cliff where missing young man was sought is at bottom

As hundreds of searchers continued their hunt on Sandia mountain in New Mexico for the missing John Medill McCormick, 21-year-old scion of the Chicago publishing family, the boy's mother, Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick Simms, former congresswoman from Illinois, sat on a roadside nearby, her nerves tautened by days of strain. Finding of the body of Richard Whitmer, companion of McCormick on the mountain-climbing expedition, spurred the searchers. Whitmer apparently fell to his death from the cliff in background. It was here that the search was centered.

Pre-View of His Own Funeral



Here is a photograph of the highlight of the social season at Care Creek near Knoxville, Tenn. Uncle Felix Breazeale, patriarch of the hills, is shown at the pre-view of his own funeral. Eight thousand visitors heard the pastor eulogize Uncle Felix, who wanted to get all the benefit of the service while he could still hear it. (Central Press)

The First Veteran Arrives



Alvin F. Tolman (left), 90-year-old Civil War veteran from Nanatee, Fla., and Watertown, Mass., was the first to arrive for the 75th anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg at the historic battlefield in Pennsylvania. He is shown shaking hands with James R. McConaghie, superintendent of the Gettysburg National Military Park. For the first time in history both North and South take part in the anniversary encampment. (Central Press)

Starts Life Anew



Roy Gardner ... once a train robber

Once a mail train robber and jail breaker and now free after 17 years in prison, Roy Gardner starts life anew in Los Angeles working as a helper to a motion picture distributor, Louis S. Sonney, who, as an officer, was the last person to capture the ex-train robber. Gardner did time with Al Capone, former Chicago underworld czar, at Alcatraz. Gardner says that if Al Capone lives out his term in Alcatraz he will re-enter the world as a "worthless husk of a man, for his mind is gone." (Central Press)

1884—The National Deaf-Mute College, now Gallaudet College, opened, Washington.