





SERIAL STORY

MEXICAN MASQUERADE

BY CECIL CARNES

EXPLORATION

CHAPTER IX

"A H, now you misjudge me," protested Escobar quickly, and if his tone was equable, there was still a trace of red to color the clear olive skin of his cheeks.

WHEN his speedometer had jolted off nearly ten miles of highway hell, Allan showed up and began to look about him for Sun Su's landmark.

was a group of islands which lay close inshore, almost directly below him. They stretched out in a chain parallel to the shore and separated from it, as Sun Su had said, by a strait hardly more than a hundred yards in width.

Only two of the islands appeared to be occupied. One, much the biggest of the group, had several substantial buildings on it; the "cannery" obviously. There was a boat dock on its nearest shore; on the farthest, a long pier jutted out into the water.

There was a jungle of cactus to the right. He located a break in the gray-green wall, turned into it daringly, and parked the long-suffering sedan where it would not be noticed from the road.

Not a soul was in sight. He might have thought he had Lower California to himself but for faint sounds of human activity which came from the direction of the gulf. Distant voices, and mixed with them the rattle of chains and the clank of machinery.

"The cannery, I expect. The cannery—and what else?" His right hand went back to touch his hip-pocket, though the weight of his automatic was proof enough of its presence.

Stooping a little, his alert eyes watchful, he left the dusty road and headed cross-country for the pine-topped hill. He had on canvas leggings which protected him from cactus spines—and other more deadly perils.

He reached the base of the hill with no more than these reptilian alarms. He began the steep ascent, climbing fairly quickly till he was within a few feet of the top. Then he crouched and went the rest of the way on hands and knees.

Stretched before him was the blue-green expanse of the Gulf, glinting and twinkling in the reflected rays of sunlight. Across the water, nearly ten miles distant at this point, was the hazy shore of Mexico, barren, sandy and with no sign of habitation.

THESE details held Allan's attention no more than an instant. What he was interested in

general of the U. S. Western Defense Command and the Fourth Army and responsible for moving the Japanese. Clark is his right hand aide in dealing with civil aspects of the problem.

Clark was called into the work from the Department of Justice. His regular job is that of Assistant Attorney General in charge of anti-trust prosecutions in the eight far-western states.

In his job of making advance arrangements for evacuations, Clark has been busier than any six men have any right to be. It is nothing to have him in Los Angeles one day and half that night, only to see him pop up in Seattle the next day, Denver the next, Helena, Montana, the next



Miss Onah Jacks, above, is Texas 4-H Club Girls' State Agent. Through her efforts Texas 4-H Club Girls work with a greater understanding of 4-H Club work.

Sometimes, in a pinch when he has missed a commercial plane or can't wait for the next scheduled trip, Clark flies with the army. The official plane of General Dewitt is at his disposal whenever the army officer is not using it. Frequently they fly it together.

The size of Clark's role in the evacuation on complexity is indicated in the well known fact that none of the inland states at first wanted or would accept the Japanese California, Washington and Oregon had to be rid of. Clark went to work and converted most of these states into receptive attitudes. If the Japanese evacuations so far have been sufficiently handled, it was due in large measure to the missionary work

done by the transplanted Texan. When the army decided to take over a 6,000-acre tract in Owens Valley, California, as a temporary reception center for the Japanese, the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power was contacted by army engineers. The utilities department, thinking of possible sabotage to the city's water supply running through the valley, demurred. Mayor Fletcher Bowron protested strongly against the army plans. The city of Los Angeles owns the land the government wanted to use and it looked like a battle.

ed to the Mayor and the Department of Water and Power. After a memorable three-hour session, he came out with an oke on the plans. Clark set up a committee of representative Owens Valley citizens to advise the government on problems arising from the evacuation center project and this committee set to work on plans for turning the development into a community asset. A veteran cattle rancher of Lone Pine, Calif., who was a leader in the original opposition to letting Japanese come into Owens Valley, told newspapermen—after on them.

Clark had swung him around—that young fellow sure was bit by a fox when he was a young 'un down in Texas." Clark is 42. He graduated from the University of Texas law school and practiced in Dallas before joining the Department of Justice when the New Deal was still new. He has been in charge of anti-trust work in the far west for nearly three years. He has a home in Beverly Hills where he used to live with his wife and two children. But now he keeps on the job of moving Japanese into spots where Uncle Sam can keep an eye

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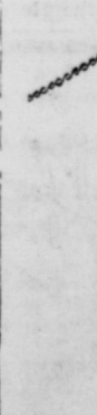
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ALLEY OOP



REGARDLESS OF HOW HE TALKS, I STILL SAY HE'S AN INDIAN. IF HE IS, THEN HE COULD HELP US TRACK DOWN THIS MONSTER WE'RE HUNTING FOR. GOSH, I DON'T KNOW YA HAD MONSTERS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY! SURE, I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP YA! OKAY, CHIEF... GET ABOARD!

RED RYDER



IM A STRANGER HERE, MISTER! HOW MUCH TO ENTER THIS RODEO AND WHAT'S TOP PRIZE? SCHOOL BENEFIT. RODEO ENTRY HERE. IS FIVE DOLLARS. GRAND PRIZE IS A DATE TO ESCORT THE TEACHER TO THE SCHOOL BENEFIT DANCE! AND THAT'S THE TEACHER? HUH? HERE'S TWENTY BUCKS. ENTER ME FOUR TIMES!

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



I WONDER WHY FRECKLES COULDN'T KEEP OUR DATE, FROSTY? HE'S FALLEN FOR A QUAINT DAINTY NAMED JUDY, DOWN AT THE BANK! SO HE PROBABLY FIGURED OUT A COMPLICATED WAY TO TAKE HER OUT AND LEAVE YOU TAPPING YOUR FOOT! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! FRECKLES ISN'T UNDER-HANDED! TWO-BITS SAYS HE'S WITH HER RIGHT NOW! DON'T START A FIGHT IF YOU'RE NOT SURE YOU CAN WIN, FRECKLES! DON'T WORRY, JUDY—I COULD LICK THAT GUY WITH BOTH HANDS TIED BEHIND HIS BACK!

By Hamlin

By Harman

By Blosser

