

# Introduction

This story begins in a small cave in the mountains above the Peguis Canyon, 40 miles to the west of the border town of Ojinaga, Mexico. What happens in that cave sets in motion a chain of events that take Sonny Kalup, former Navy SEAL, DEA Agent, and Assistant U.S. Attorney through some of the roughest, gut wrenching, and most dangerous days of his life.

This book is the second in the Sonny Kalup series, the first being “Kalup’s Crossroads.” It is a work of fiction, and with the exception of several friends, primarily the real Augustine Sonny Kalup, a former Navy SEAL and hero of the Vietnam War, all of whom have given me permission to use their names, the characters that populate this story are fictional and not intended to refer to, or reflect upon, any real events or persons, living or dead.

However, the types of activities described in the pages of this novel *do* occur on a daily basis along the border between the United States and Mexico. There *is* a criminal organization like the fictional Sonora Cartel; they *do* move narcotics, weapons and illegal immigrants into the United States at a growing and alarming rate. There *is* an enforcement arm of this Cartel like the fictional “Los Peligrosos,” who have been responsible for many thousands of murders both in Mexico and the United States.

There *is* serious and often confrontational debate between the United States and Mexico over border security and in the United States over the degree and intensity, or lack thereof, connected with activity on the American side of the border to protect the citizens of the United States, especially those who reside close to the border.

There *are* people like Carlos Salazar and Fidel Cepeda, doing the kinds of business on a daily basis that has caused considerable, and many believe catastrophic disruption to normal life in this country.

It is not my intention, however, to highlight this continuing problem, or to stimulate actions regarding it, or to

## The Border Incident/Lewis

place blame for it, or suggest solutions *to* it. The sole purpose of this story is to entertain the reader with a compelling, exciting, and suspenseful story.

Try as I may, I've learned that it is almost impossible to treat a subject like this without the writer's personal feelings becoming known. I have, however, taken much effort not to inject my personal convictions about this subject. I hope I have succeeded.

I have tried to identify Sonny Kalup in this novel without simply repeating the identifying facts that may be found in the first book, "Kalup's Crossroads," so though this is not a continuing story that can't be read without first reading "Kalup's Crossroads", it helps to have done so to better understand Sonny, his personality, and his background.

I hope you enjoy, "The Border Incident." Comments you may have, pro or con would be welcomed and may be directed to me at [donlewis@sccoast.net](mailto:donlewis@sccoast.net).

## **Disclaimer**

The events in this story will touch on several political issues and several fictitious Texas State politicians. I wish to make it clear that nothing in this story should be construed as reflecting badly upon either the Governor of Texas or the Texas Attorney General. Though I am not personally acquainted with either of those gentlemen, I am well aware of their records and backgrounds and have the highest regard for both. Texas is fortunate to have such men leading them; would that our country was so well led.

## Chapter 1

In a small cave in the mountains above the Peguis Canyon, Mexico, 40 miles to the west of Presidio, Texas, sat a bound and bloody Pablo Vargas. He had been in Presidio at the request of Fidel Cepeda, leader of the Sonora Drug Cartel for a meeting he was told was of the utmost importance.

As Vargas returned to consciousness, he could see that dawn was breaking which meant that he had been there for almost a full day, or longer. He became aware that he was bound hand and foot and had no recollection of how he got into that situation. His head hurt and he began breathing heavily as he looked up to see a short but muscular man accompanied by two armed men approaching him.

The man in the middle said, "My name is Ramon Valdez, a very good friend of Señor Cepeda. He is sorry that he can't be here right now, but he has sent me to take care of our business."

Vargas's frightened eyes scanned his surroundings. He recognized the name Ramon Valdez as the leader of the feared Los Peligrosos, the enforcement arm of the Sonora cartel. He realized he was in a rocky cave and from what he could see outside the entrance, in a mountainous area. He also knew that he was in serious trouble. Then, looking at Valdez, he asked, "I don't understand Señor; I was to meet Señor Cepeda in Presidio. Why am I bound? What is it you want of me?"

Valdez glanced over at one of his companions and laughed. "Can you believe he does not know why he is here?" he rhetorically asked the very large man standing to his right.

The man shook his head but made no other reply.

Then returning his attention to Vargas, his mood now ominously somber, he said, "You must pay for what you have done, Pablo."

A confused expression covered Vargas's face and he said in a trembling voice, "I don't understand; what did I do?"

Valdez shook his head slowly. "Pablo, Pablo; it's too late for that. Now, as you may have already guessed, this is not going to end well for you, but it may at least be quick and painless if you are truthful in your answers, and so far you're not doing very well with that. So, tell me what you have told the American Border Patrol Agent."

"What border patrol agent, Señor? I do not know any agents of the border patrol."

Valdez turned to his other companion and calmly said, "Did I not tell you he would deny everything?" Then he turned back and slapped Pablo hard against his cheek. When Pablo recovered, Valdez said, "Pablo, the more you lie to me the worse it is going to be for you. Now, you were followed to the restaurant in Eagle Pass and you were seen having a lengthy conversation with Agent Eric Dobbins of the U.S. Border Patrol. You really do need to tell us what that was all about."

Vargas dropped his head and momentarily closed his eyes. Then, looking up at his captor, a very shaky Pablo Vargas replied, "I told him nothing, Señor. The man approached me and asked me to join him for a cup of coffee and said he had a very important matter to talk with me about. When we sat down, he asked if I would be willing to work with the Border Patrol as an informer. I told him that I know of no one who would be able to give me the kind of information they were seeking and that I

would not know any other way to get it. That is all I said, Señor; I swear it on the graves of my ancestors.”

“How would it be, Pablo, if I cut your body in several places, tie you up spread-eagled in the desert and let the vultures take care of the rest of you?”

“No, Señor, please, I know nothing of what you speak.” Pablo was breathing so hard that he began to choke on his own tears.

Valdez turned to his men, and motioning toward the cave entrance, said, “Take him out, cut him up a little and tie him down with stakes.”

“No, Señor, please, no. What do you want to hear? I will tell you anything you want to hear.”

“I want to hear the truth, Pablo; that is what I want.”

Vargas raised his eyes toward Valdez, and with an abandoned look on his face, said, “I told them there would be a crossing of drugs on Friday night, and where it would be, that is all, Señor, I swear. I am very sorry; they told me they would hurt my family if I did not cooperate with them. They had me very frightened”

“But not like you are now, eh Pablo?”

Vargas did not answer; he only bowed his head.

“What else did you tell them about our operation?”

“Nothing, Señor, I swear to Our Lady.”

Valdez turned to one of his companions. “Oh, he swears to Our Lady. I guess that settles it,” he said sarcastically. Then, he put Pablo’s chin in his hand and raised the frightened man’s head, looking him in the eyes for a long moment.

“I swear it, Señor,” Vargas repeated. “That is all I told them. Please do not feed me to los buitres.”

Looking down at the kneeling Vargas and scratching his head, Valdez finally nodded.

“I told you the truth, Señor. You will let me live now?” Vargas said, mumbling his words.

Valdez smiled. “I believe you, Pablo, but I’m afraid it’s a little too late for that. And how much did you get paid?”

Pablo hesitated a moment, then looked up and said, “Five hundred American dollars.”

“You sold your life cheaply, Pablo.”

Then he motioned for the two men with him to remove Pablo as he had ordered.

“No, Señor,” Pablo begged. “You said that if I told you the truth you would not feed me to los buitres.”

“That was a one-time offer, Pablo,” Valdez said. Then, he turned and walked out of the cave.

Two days later, Pablo’s picked bones were discovered strewn about on the desert floor by a small group of Mexicans heading for the border. Those who found him walked by him and kept moving on. Knowing it was dangerous to get involved in matters that were not of their concern, they said nothing to anyone.

## Chapter 2

The night was dark; there was no moon, no artificial light, and no light emanating from any town close enough to aid night vision. The three American Border Patrol Agents were silent, lost in their own images on how the night would play out. Their Land Rover had only the lambent emanating from their headlights to usher them down the narrow dirt road that led to the Rio Grande River, which separated the American-Mexican border in Southwest Texas. A rattlesnake shown in the slim light and twisted into the rich blackness. A coyote's broken call was answered by another. The trio of agents was heading for a point north of Eagle Pass, Texas, where Agent Eric Dobbins had been told there would be a crossing of a group of illegals moving a very substantial amount of cocaine into the United States.

Nearing the location, the American Agents, armed with M-4 automatic weapons, stopped their vehicle, donned their night-vision goggles, doused the lights on their four-wheel drive vehicle and walked the last quarter-mile through dense mesquite and shrubs to the point where their informant had told them there would be a crossing. That area of the river was lined on both sides of the Rio Grande with small trees, sand, dunes, and light brush.

Gathered in a group, Agent Eric Dobbins addressed Agent Karl Jensen in a whisper. "Karl," he said, pointing to his right, "you station yourself over there twenty paces and don't fire unless you're fired upon and satisfied there are no civilians with them and then not until they have crossed the border. And even at that not unless and until I give the word."

Agent Jensen nodded, and keeping his eyes on the river, silently moved to the point indicated by Dobbins.

"And Neal," Dobbins said to Agent Neal Broderick, "you go downstream twenty paces and find a good spot. When you find one quickly flash your light so we know where you are."

"Right," Broderick said.

All three men knew well that at times agents are provided a tip as a diversion so that an unmolested crossing might be made at another location a safe distance away. Dobbins trusted Pablo, however, and was certain the information was valid.

A little more than an hour later Jensen and Broderick were beginning to believe that they had received false information.

"Are you sure this is the place Pablo told you about?" Jensen whispered into his hand-held radio.

"Let's wait a little longer," Agent Dobbins replied. "Vargas is reliable."

"I still think we should have contacted DEA, or Customs, or somebody, anybody, about this," Jensen said. "If they come across in force, we're screwed."

"Don't worry about it Karl, we can cover it, Dobbins said. "Now, unless you have something that can't wait, zip it."

An hour later, an impatient and nervous Jensen again made contact. "How much longer are we going to wait?" he asked. "It's hot as hell out here, and they're already more than two hours late. It's starting to look like a set-up or false tip to me."

"He's right, Eric," Broderick said. "And if this is a set-up it could get ugly."

"We'll wait a while longer," Dobbins replied.

There was no reply.

After the passage of another hour, Jensen called again. "Something's wrong, its two hours now. Let's go, we're wasting our time," he said.

"Just a while longer," Dobbins insisted.

After another 15 minutes their patience was rewarded, or so they thought at the time. Roving flashlight beacons were seen in the distance across a shallow section of the Rio Grande. This is what they had been waiting for. All three border agents tensed up and with their weapons at the ready, waited for the crossing.

They were on the edge of an incident that would reverberate all the way to Washington D.C. and Mexico City, and bring international attention to the dangers that permeated the American and Mexican border towns.

They saw a group of seven crossing the river.

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At three in the morning of that same night the three Border Patrol Agents sped into the parking lot of the police department office in Eagle Pass, Texas, a small town 20 miles south of the site of the incident they had just gone through. Agent Dobbins held his right arm as they hurried into the building.

Seeing that the three agents were disheveled and Dobbins' shirtsleeve bloodied, Lieutenant Tom Garvey asked, "What the hell happened?"

"We were shot at from across the border," Dobbins said. "We need to call our office."

"Certainly," Garvey said, pointing to the phone. "but what happened?"

Dobbins picked up the phone and made the call while Jensen replied, "We were sitting on the site an informant told us about and sure enough seven people came across the border. Five of them were carrying what appeared to be heavy loads. The other two were carrying rifles, one behind the five, and the other in the lead. All of a sudden, just as we were about to approach those who had crossed, we received fire from the other side of the border."

"From whom?" Garvey asked.

"We're not sure ... well, we don't know," Jensen offered. "Eric was hit with the first volley."

"Were you not wearing your night vision goggles?"

"We were, but they were too far away," Jensen said.

Garvey could see that Dobbins' arm wasn't badly hit and there wasn't much bleeding. Dobbins didn't seem to be in much pain but when he had completed his call Garvey asked him if he needed medical treatment. Dobbins shook his head and said it was only a scratch and that a butterfly bandage would suffice.

"Was anyone else hit?" Garvey asked.

"Neither Neal nor I were hit," Jensen said. "We never returned fire."

"Why not?" Asked Garvey.

"Because the first firing came from across the border," Dobbins said in reference to the fact that Border Patrol Agents are under no circumstances permitted to fire across the border. If they are in danger of being overwhelmed, they should retreat and fire only if being shot at from the American side.

"What about the two who came across with guns?"

“We couldn’t see them too well either,” Broderick said, “Two of them began firing but only briefly. It was only seconds later that we lost track of them. They all scrambled away and disappeared into the darkness,”

“How long did the fire continue?” Garvey asked.

“Not much more than a minute,” Dobbins said. “All the while there was shouting coming from the Mexican side, but we weren’t able to make out what was being said over the sound of the guns. They were speaking in Spanish, that’s all we could tell,” he said.

An hour and a half later, Captain Steve Horner of the border patrol arrived from his office in Fort Stockton. After explaining in greater detail the events of the evening to the Captain, it was directed that all of the rifles and hand guns carried by the agents be turned over, the normal and required procedure after a shooting.

The agents’ weapons were secured and would be taken to the office in San Antonio for inspection.

By the time the agents completed their written reports dawn was breaking. It would be a bright and hot day. Two of the three agents were released with instructions to remain in their homes until after their weapons had been checked.

Agent Dobbins was instructed to remain until a crime scene unit could be deployed to the area. He would go with them and point out their positions and explain in detail exactly what happened.

## Chapter 3

Later that morning Capt. Horner sent two Rangers out with Dobbins to the scene of the incident. They were given instructions to protect the area for the crime scene unit and not to touch or gather up any evidence.

An hour later one of the Rangers called into the Ranger Station and said they found a body a short distance from the scene on the American side. It was a middle-aged woman and she took a gunshot wound to the head. A deputy coroner from Del Rio was summoned to the scene.

The crime scene unit arrived in Presidio from San Antonio early that afternoon, and accompanied by Capt. Horner, drove out to the location of the incident.

One of the two Rangers who had been guarding the scene said, “The dead woman is over there behind that dune,” He pointed to the area where Dobbins said the intruders would have been after they crossed into Texas.

Horner told one of the Rangers to go to his vehicle and “make the call and ask if the coroner was on his way. Tell him we’re outdoors, it’s hot, and we need someone down here ASAP. And have someone cover the body.”

Then, pointing to spots in the area where the agents had been positioned the night before, the Rangers brought to the attention of the CSU that there were spent shells lying around. crime scene investigator, Dan Dipple, nodded and instructed the



Ranger to step aside and let the unit do their work. His tone was less than cordial. The Ranger glanced over at Horner who smiled and motioned for him to join him away from the area of their work.

“What kind of shells are they?” Horner asked.

“.223 shells, Captain.” They were the caliber of bullets used in the weapons carried by the Border Patrol Agents.

Horner looked over at Dobbins. “I thought you said you didn’t fire your weapons,” he said.

Seeing the look of total shock in Dobbins’ eyes, Horner said, “You’d better not say anything more until you retain counsel.”

“Those aren’t ours, Captain,” Dobbins blurted. “This is a set-up; those aren’t our shells.”

“Just keep quiet. Your initial comment has been noted. Relax, they will be tested and chances are they were planted by the Mexicans after you left. If that’s the case, there will be no match and you’re good. Besides if they do match, I’m not the one you’ll have to convince.”

The CSU photographed the various areas where the shells were found. They then gathered all of the spent cartridges, carefully photographing and documenting each one and packaging each in a separately marked plastic bag. Photos of the body were taken before the coroner arrived.

Dobbins kept injecting comments to the CSU and to Horner until he was told to go to the SUV, stay off the radio, and wait.

Horner turned to the head crime scene investigator and asked, “Is there any evidence there might have been others besides our agents who were here recently?”

That’s hard to say,” Dipple replied. “The sand is loose and deep enough to make it difficult even to determine *what* might have made the indentations.”

“When you collected the brass did you mark in which area each was found?” Horner asked.

The CSI frowned at Horner and asked, “Whadda you think, Captain?”

Horner laughed and slapped Dipple on the shoulder. “Thanks,” he said.

A sample of the sand was taken from where the body was found.

When Capt. Horner returned to his SUV, Dobbins said, “Aren’t you going to have me show you what happened?”

“Not right now. Under the circumstances I believe it would be better if you talked to an attorney before saying anything else about this matter. You should tell Jensen and Broderick to do the same. We’ll contact the Mexican Border Patrol and ask them if they have any information about this incident.”

## Chapter 4

Two days after the border incident, the *Austin Post-Review* reported that the Mexican Government had filed a protest with the United States Attorney General. The claim was that three U.S. Border Patrol Agents had fired across the border at a contingent of Mexican Border Patrol Agents and killed one of them, and that Mexico

would be preparing a petition for the extradition to Mexico of the agents who were responsible for the shooting. They would be put on trial in Mexico City.

In the same day's news, it was reported that an investigation being conducted by their paper, had revealed that the Texas Crime Commission was in the process of gathering information that implied a connection between important politicians within the state of Texas including Governor Chandler, and members of the Sonora Drug Cartel, Mexico's largest.

Reading the story for the first time, Texas Crime Commission Director Benjamin Wiley slammed his fist on the desk, and called his Assistant Director and Chief Counsel, Ted Blackmore into his office. Pointing at the paper, he shouted, "Do you have any idea where the hell this information came from?"

Blackmore glanced down at the paper and said, "No sir, I haven't even seen it yet."

The paper suggested that the information would soon be transmitted to the United States Attorney General and could result in one or more Grand Jury Presentations of Indictment.

The article made it clear that Director Wiley was putting a large portion of the blame for the border problems and drug smuggling as much on Texas government officials as on the Mexican Cartel.

"I'm going over there," Wiley said, reaching for his cowboy hat, customary head-gear in the Southwest.

Fifteen minutes later Wiley stood in front of the Editor of the Austin Post-Review, Casey Tibbs, who had been named after the famous rodeo cowboy.

Wiley said nothing and with fire in his eyes, shoved the paper in front of the editor and, pointing at the article asked, "Where the hell did you get this bullshit?"

"I don't know the source of this information," Tibbs said. "And even if I did it would be a privileged communication and I wouldn't be able to divulge his or her identity."

"Bullshit!" Wiley blurted. "I spent 15 years in the newspaper business. There *is* no such privilege and you know it. I'm tellin' you I want to know the source of this information and I want a retraction printed clearly on the front page of tomorrow's paper."

"Don't hold your breath, Wiley, we never print anything we can't back up if required," Tibbs replied, his lips showing the thin edge of a smile.

"You've printed that my office has accused Governor Chandler with being in league with the Sonora Cartel, and that's a lie. I've never said anything like that." His face was flushed with rage.

"I've printed what my information has confirmed. As far as I'm concerned you *are* investigating such an accusation against Chandler. I won't print a retraction of that."

"You sonofabitch, I'll ruin you *and* your rag," Wiley shouted.

"Who the hell do you think you are, Wiley? All you do is use your Grand Jury powers to gather information. You don't have any arrest powers, or search powers either. All you do is write up an annual report and turn the information over to the Texas Attorney General. Let's see ... that makes you nothing more than, hmm ... a *news reporter*."

"You'll regret this day, Tibbs," Wiley said as he turned to leave.

"Don't let the door hit you in the ass," Tibbs returned with a chuckle.

## Chapter 5

Later, in his office, an already irate Wiley called in Blackmore. "I want to know how this information got out of this office," he shouted, pointing again at the paper.

"I told you, I'm already on it. I'll find out who it was in short order."

"Well, do it." Neither the urgency, nor the anger in Wiley's voice was lost on Blackmore.

Half an hour later, Blackmore returned to the boss' office and said, "I have a good idea who it is." Then he paused, waiting for a response.

"What?" Wiley said impatiently, "You want me to guess?"

"Adrian," Blackmore blurted quickly.

"Adrian Mills?"

"Yes. Three days ago, there was a call for her from Steve Burch, from the *Austin Post-Review*. He's the guy who wrote the article, and Adrian is the one who was doing most of the paper work on our investigations."

"Is she here today?" Wiley asked.

"Yes."

"Get her in her ... now." Wiley was fuming.

Moments later, Adrian Mills walked into the Director's office for only the third time since being hired ten months earlier. Her eyes roamed nervously everywhere but into the eyes of her boss. At Wiley's direction, she took a seat in front of his desk.

Wiley paused for a moment, staring ominously at Adrian. Then, he tossed a copy of the morning paper across the desk to her. "What do you know about this?" he asked.

The young woman picked up the paper and reading the headlines asked, "Do you mean this article, sir?" she asked, pointing at the photo of Wiley on the front page.

Wiley kept his glare on Adrian, but offered no response.

"I don't know anything about it, sir," she replied in a timid voice.

"Did you read the by-line?" Wiley asked.

"Yes sir, it is Steve Burk."

"You had a conversation with him a couple of days ago."

"Yes, sir, I did," Adrian answered, both hands shaking, nervously holding on to the paper.

"I hope he paid you enough to hold you over until you get a new job."

Adrian looked down again at the paper and seeing Burk's byline, suddenly understood her predicament. "I didn't give him this, Mr. Wiley ... I didn't."

"What did you talk about with him?"

"He asked me for some information and I told him I wasn't permitted to supply any information regarding any ongoing investigation."

"What information did he ask about?" Wiley asked.

"He asked me if we had an investigation going against Texas politicians," the girl replied.

"Tell me exactly what he asked," Wiley demanded in a stern voice.

“He said he had information that we were investigating several state office-holders and their connection to the drug cartels and that he wanted more information about it.”

“What did you say, exactly?”

“I gave him nothing.” I said, “I don’t know anything about that. I can’t help you, Mr. Burk,” and that was all. I hung up.”

“Was anything said about the governor?”

“No sir, not a thing.”

“How long were you on the phone with Burk?” Wiley asked.

“Not more than a minute or two.”

“Why didn’t you report it to me or to Mr. Blackmore?”

“Mr. Wiley, I get calls from the press almost every day about things they think might be going on in this office. If I reported every call to you, you’d have no time to take care of the business of the day.”

The comment drew a guarded smile from Blackmore.

“Do you ever get any threatening calls?”

“Except for that one I told you about last week, none sir.”

That got Blackmore’s attention. “What threat?” he asked his boss.

“It was nothing,” Wiley said as he sat back in his chair, leaning to one side with his elbow on the arm rests and his hands lightly patting his generous belly. For a moment he gazed silently at Adrian. “You may return to your desk,” he finally said.

When Adrian had gone, Blackmore asked, “What threat are you talking about?”

Wiley waived it off and asked Blackmore to have the receptionist come in. When she arrived, Wiley asked her if she remembered getting a call from Steve Burk for Ms. Mills several days earlier. When she answered that she had, she was asked how long the call lasted.

The receptionist excused herself and went to her desk where she retrieved a notebook. Returning and turning several pages, she said, “Her light was on for less than a minute.”

“Is that written in your book?” Wiley asked.

“Yes, sir.”

“Why did you record that information?”

“Because it was from a reporter and Mr. Tucker told me to keep a close watch on calls from the media and their length.” Mr. Tucker was in charge of office security.

“Okay, Darlene, thank you. You may go,” Wiley said, smiling at the woman.

Wiley turned to Blackmore. “Ask Tucker to double his efforts; I don’t want any more leaks coming out of this office.”

“What about Adrian?” Blackmore asked.

“Nothing, for now, but you tell her to immediately report all media calls regarding any investigation. I’d also like to know who it was that gave Burke that information.”

“I’d like to know more about this threat Adrian mentioned,” Blackmore said. “The way she said it, it sounded like more than a threat to sue.”

“Yeah, it was, but I haven’t received any more lately so I’m not worried about it.”

“Was it a death threat?”

“As a matter of fact,” Wiley said in a bored voice. “it was. Someone with a Spanish accent called and made a threat that he heard about this supposed investigation and

said if I didn't stop it I would be killed. I told him I didn't have any investigation and I don't." Then, seeing a concerned expression on Blackmore's face, he said, "Why do you ask?"

"I don't know, I just thought for some reason that's what it was, and that causes me some concern."

"Yeah, well it's nothing to worry about" Wiley replied. "Now what are we going to do about this news article?"

"I don't know what we can do. You've already been over to the paper and I presume reamed Tibbs out," Blackmore said.

"Check with our lawyers and find out whether we can sue."

Blackmore, who was himself a lawyer, said, "Won't work Ben. Freedom of the press, you know. I can send someone over and threaten him with a law suit if you want," Blackmore said, "but he's not going to go for that."

"Do it anyway, and tell Tibbs that if we don't get that information we may put some serious pressure on them."

"Not a good idea, Chief."

Wiley thought for a moment, then said, "All right, don't threaten him; but at least push him a little."

"How about if I just show a little charming personality, which you don't possess, to get him to tell me something?"

"Do whatever you can. I need to know the source of that information."

Blackmore leaned forward in his chair. "Have you considered that no one leaked it? Maybe they just took an educated guess. I mean it's not like we haven't released information that might lead them to draw those kinds of conclusions," he said.

"Yeah, I have thought of that, but I want to make *darned* sure it didn't come from here."

"What if the governor calls?" Blackmore asked.

"Don't worry about him; I'm going to call him this afternoon."

"And Lumley?" Blackmore asked.

"Tell him we didn't leak it and if he asks if it's true tell him 'no comment'."

That afternoon Wiley called the governor's office to assure them that what was written in the paper was a lie and that no such investigation involving him had been begun or even considered. The governor told Wiley not to worry about it and that he should release to the media that no such investigation is being conducted would take care of it.

The next day, Wiley issued a scathing statement against the Senora Drug Cartel, promising dramatic results in the near future. Though already well known to most law enforcement officials in Texas, he named several of the cartel's leaders and provided other information regarding their operation and tactics. He said nothing of state officials but suggested that there could be a cover-up by the Border Patrol regarding the allegations connected to the border incident. Wiley urged anyone with information regarding drug related activities to report it to the police or the Crime Commission. He also vehemently denied the story released the previous day by the paper.

The statement was printed by the Review and the story headlined newspapers throughout the state and was the lead story on many of the TV news programs, making it all the way to the network news.

According to Wiley, the move was intended to dial up the pressure on local and state law enforcement agencies, with a hint to the Border Patrol and Washington.

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