

SERIAL STORY GHOST DETOUR BY OREN ARNOLD

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Yesterday's Romance develops as "Ghost Detour" gets underway. Franklin realizes he is more than merely interested in Christine and Christy reveal she is going to date Dick. Franklin feels this keenly.

CHAPTER VII

TO the surprise and delight of the four young workers at Goldcrest, tourists discovered their ghost town immediately, and in rapidly increasing numbers. Most of this was due to Franklin Larraway. He had thought to take a few photographs of Goldcrest before he went to Los Angeles to confer with travel agencies. Promotion men had seen his pictures. They in turn had contacted two of the large national photo magazines and several large newspapers. Goldcrest wasn't two weeks old—in its revived state—before it was having national publicity, and this had spurred the travel agents along as well.

The result was that all four workers soon were kept busy serving as guides. They worked out neat, entertaining little lectures to give the tourists as each walk through Goldcrest progressed. They had arranged, with Mrs. Hogan's valuable help, to have three or four bearded prospectors, an Indian family, and two elderly cowboys leading regularly around the porch of the Ace High Hotel just for looks, and inside the hotel "lobby" Mrs. Hogan now operated a quick lunch stand. It showed a profit serving sandwiches and drinks and confections to tourists. Six horses were kept saddled for tourists who wanted to stay longer and ride around the hills—at an additional \$1 per hour. Roselee, now called "Mayor" of Goldcrest by her friends, was delighted with the progress they were making.

But meanwhile Dick Bancroft's personal venture there had lagged. He had come to Goldcrest originally to test the old abandoned ore dump and he hadn't found time to do any work on it. He needed certain chemicals and equipment which he would have to order from Phoenix, but most of all he needed free time.

"Thing for you to do," his friend Franklin counseled one busy Monday morning, "is take some of the average samples of the ore and send them in by stage for formal assay. I'll go on in to Phoenix easy, and if the assay looks good, then that's all you need."

"I'll do it," Dick agreed, happily. "I wanted to stick close here anyway."

"Yeah," Franklin nodded. "She'd make a man forget mining or anything else."

"Deuce if she wouldn't, pal! You think maybe—well, listen, Frank, I'm just a ham fullback. Ex-fallback. Not a dime to my name, and not much future, looks like. You think she could—she'd ever—?"

Franklin wasn't looking at his friend. The pain in his own soul was throbbing. Which accounts, perhaps, for the fact that he jumped at a conclusion.

Finally he walked over and put a hand on the other's shoulder. "Dick," he said, smiling in slow friendly manner, "money doesn't matter with that girl. It's you, I—well, I already know. She told me so herself!"

BRISCOE & SON, Assayers and Metallurgists, advertised their business partnership with a sign in front of a cluttered laboratory on First street in Phoenix, Arizona, and this Thursday morning old man Briscoe himself washed his hands, wiped them on an ink towel, and went to the overloaded desk in the front of his establishment. He found his glasses and adjusted them an amazing distance from his eyes, then tilted back his head to see through them, automatically opening his mouth.

For 10 minutes then he searched, "prospected" through the litter of papers, rocks, dust, lint, envelopes, keys, pencils, whiskey glasses and cat hairs before him. Even the cat itself was moved, with a protesting meow. But Mr. Briscoe was thwarted.

Finally his son and partner, a man of almost 50 himself, grew impatient. "Why'n't just send 'er reports to Ed Felch!" he begged, contentiously. "You been knowin' him for 50 years. Goldcrest is Western M. & M. property, and Felch's still 'er president, ain't he? Any assayer'd have to git to him sooner or later anyhow."

"Yep, reckon so," old man Briscoe said. "Wasn't him that sent in 'er samples, though. Still they both musta been his men, or they wouldn't of said they got 'er samples at Goldcrest. One asked about this new business of handlin' low grade ore, I remember You take and write Ed a letter for me, son, and say the low grade is good for about \$6 a ton, but to forget that and work the rock samples. My lord, they assayed better'n a \$100 a ton! Old Goldcrest is likely to boom again, son! You wish Ed Felch well, for me. We'll likely git more of his business."

Which accounts for the fact that four days later President Felch of the Western Metals and Minerals Corporation, headquarters in El Paso, almost had a spasm of surprise and anger when he read the formal assay report and the personal letter from Briscoe & Son in Phoenix. And for the fact that Mr. Felch forthwith called in the burly field manager of his corporation for an executive session.

The two were closeted together for most of one morning, talking a lot and cursing a lot, going over musty old records from the corporation files, studying maps that

had been forgotten for long years, speculating and planning and cursing some more. When they were done with it, though, they had agreed on two courses of action. The first was to be mild and gentle, even unctuous; but the second—a measure of desperation, really—held possibilities for considerably more force.

ROSELEE DALE, "Mayor" of Goldcrest, Arizona, a ghost municipality, received her business caller in her private office—really a room of the Ace High Hotel which had in it an extra chair. The genial business man talked at some length.

"... and so that's how we felt, Miss Dale," he was saying. President Felch feels that you are a young woman of remarkable acumen. You have high talents and personal charm. You have already proven that. Now, Goldcrest could not possibly reach its maximum development as a show place for tourists without investment of considerable capital—say for a dude ranch resort all summer, a large tourist court, a store or two, an Indian village, all that sort of thing—and since it has doubtless reached its maximum under your limited means, I am authorized to purchase the town back from you and to offer you a job as assistant manager of the new and bigger development."

"Good!" breathed Roselee.

"Good! I knew you would see it our way. Now we can of course show you a nice profit to start. You paid us a mere \$500. Now, for all your assets in the place, I can offer you, say, \$1200 cash."

The man paused, eyeing Roselee shrewdly. But she had stopped smiling. She inhaled instead, and looked straight at him.

"It's worth that much," she began, at length. "I'd better look

around and—" He raised his offer. When she shook her head, he talked and talked some more, but Roselee only said no and continued to look at him in amazement. Half an hour later, therefore, he lost patience and rather angrily took his leave.

When he had gone away in his automobile, Roselee ran from the hotel calling, "Richard! . . . Dick! . . . Oh Dick!"

(To Be Continued)

Brenda's Successor?



Blonde, long-bobbed Mary Steele, above, of New York, is being hailed as the best bet for the crown of No. 1 Glamor Girl, about to be relinquished by much publicized Brenda Frazier who is graduating from the deb class.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"He really is the most flatterin' boy, Fan—he said I looked old enough to be your daughter."

AUTO RACER

HORIZONTAL

1. & Winner of the most important annual auto race.

10 Piece of poetry.

11 Explosive shell.

13 Ship's record book.

14 Sour plum.

15 Eggs of fishes.

16 Half hinge.

18 Translucent resin.

20 Foreigner.

22 Publicity.

25 Cereal grasses.

27 To project.

30 Imbecility.

33 Slumberer.

36 Wheel hub.

37 Crinkled fabric.

39 Wild buffalo.

40 To hail.

42 Dower property.

Answer to Previous Puzzle.

JOHN MCCRAE

COOLER ELIM

ROWLAND M. JOHNSON

RED CEMENTS

LA DUC A ET

AART ARA AES R

NEGATED NITRATE

OPEN GISTIN

EH ERSE PILOT TO

ROD SURGEON MOW

SOAP ERATO DARN

PLEA EYE TOGA

SERVED RAISIN

VERTICAL

43 Frozen dew.

44 Scepter.

46 To cook in fat.

47 Thing.

50 To spoil.

52 Wing.

53 Youth.

55 Passerby.

57 Gloomy.

59 It was his second—

in this race.

60 He drives a—

ly built car.

21 To devour.

23 Obed.

24 His profession is full of

26 Carnelian.

27 Poisonous snakes.

28 Tearful.

29 Boxed.

31 Blemish.

32 Adam's mate.

34 Professional athlete.

35 Being.

38 Eternity.

41 Human trunk.

43 Skeleton of a structure.

45 Factor.

46 To flap heavily.

48 Roof decoration.

49 Soft-walled cavity.

51 To attempt.

52 Quadruped.

53 Rumanian coins.

54 Constellation.

56 Street.

58 Before Christ.



OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



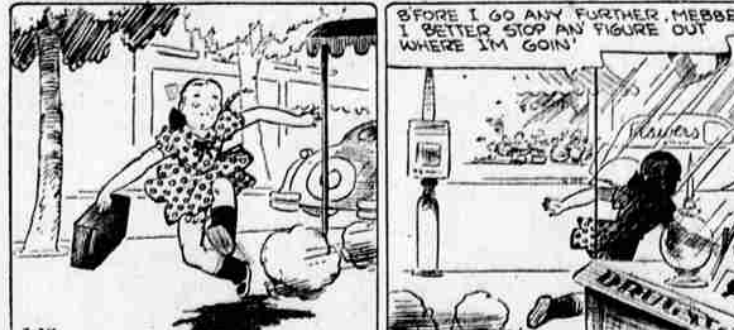
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

