● SERIAL STORY

GHOST DETOUR

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BY OREN ARNOLD

Yesterday: Franklin tells Christine about the ex-convict and robber who will certainly come to Goldcrest for his money. Later, Franklin gives the purse to Dick to give to Christine but Dick gives it to Roselee!

CHAPTER XIII

A MAN can grow a very good beard in three to five months.

Mr. John Sawyer, formerly known as Carl Quait, No. 32283, spent almost four months growing his after he got a job with the Imperial Feldspar Corporation near Kingman, Ariz. The Imperial was handling 600 tons of feldspar and silica per month, and John, or Carl, worked with 20 other men in an isolated canyon with scarcely no chance to come to town.

Sawyer's top hair grew too; it had been cut very short in January, but by summer it was scraggly again. Both his long hair and his beard combined to make him a very different man from what he had appeared at, say, Christmas time.

On a day early in the summer the town boss rode out with a few "comforts" for the men up in the canyon. Included was a batch of newspapers. Sawyer was keen to read them. When bedtime came he was suddenly excited. In one of the Sunday papers more than a week old ---s a full-page feature article, wit five good photographs and a most interesting text. Oddly Mr. Sawyer went right then and there to his boss and told him he'd have to quit.

"Um. Hit you all at once, didn't it, Sawyer?" the boss asked, curiously.

"Yep. But I got to go for a spell. I might come back later, if you need me."

"Well, you done all right here. I'll have to put on another man now, but I could write you if you want me to, when there's another openin'. Where you from? Your address? You never did give me a place, when you come here?"

"Reckon I'll be around Tucson," Sawyer suggested. "Home country for me, there. Never been out of Arizona, matter of fact."

Mr. Sawyer had to walk in to Kingman that night, so impatient was he. The old newspaper had disturbed him.

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NEXT day at Kingman he bought papers from Phoenix, Albuquerque and Los Angeles. One of them was a Sunday paper again later than the first he had read

And by George if it didn't have some more news that excited him! One picture this time, of a lot of college students in New York City, and a short article underneath.

Mr. Sawyer promptly rented a car in Kingman and drove out on Highway 66. He was considerably worried and he wasn't sure what to do. Riding along, it occurred to him that he had best begin with being extremely careful. True, six months changes a man, makes people forget a lot of things and even makes officers of the law become negligent about an old man-aunt; but then a man who had robbed a payroll and killed a man would have to be cautious all his life.

He pulled up after an hour or so at a small roadside stand in the Joshua forest country. Back of the stand was a large signboard saying:

Turn here to GOLDCREST ARIZONA'S PICTURESQUE GHOST TOWN

He read that and the smaller lettering under it, and pulled up to say good morning to the old man who was in charge of the stand.

"Got any cold drinks?" he asked.

"Soft drinks. Goin' in to Goldcrest?"

"Plain lemon. No, can't spare the time. What's going on up there?" Mr. Sawyer eyed the old timer shrewdly.

"Why plenty, friend! Four young people've opened it up for showing. Cost you a dollar, and wuth it. This is a genu-wine—"

"I know about it. I've seen it, years ago. They opened up everything, eh? The old hotel, stores, jail, bank and everything, no doubt?"

"Nope, not yit. They ain't opened the jail yit. It has to be repaired some to be safe. Likewise the mine shaft itself."

"Opened the business houses? All of 'em?"

"Couldn't open the bank vault, I heard 'em say. Locked. Rusted. Two, three old cellars, too. Mostly dirt."

"Um," said Mr. Sawyer. "Interesting place. Hope they make money out of it."

"Them kids is smart, mister, lemme tell you. They'll do well."

"Kids, eh? They live up there? All the time?"

"Yep. Mrs. Maude Hogan, she cooks for 'em, sees to 'em. They stick to business. It's a lot of tourists comes in. Hundred-odd at oncet due here day after tomorrow. Here comes a car in now, too."

Mr. Sawyer paid the old fellow, but loitered a half an hour longer chinning. Then he got in his car and drove on. Down the road two miles he halted and waited an hour. Then he turned back, driving fast. He didn't think the roadside vendor would recognize his car if he just sped on by, returning to Kingman. Mr. Sawyer had done a deal of thinking. He had evolved a definite plan and he regretted having to wait two days to put it into operation.

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WHEN he got back to Kingman he turned in his rented car, took a quiet hotel room, then went to a barber shop.

"I'm getting too gray," he mentioned, in the chair. "Can't you just—uh—?"

"I can touch it up and take 15 years off," the barber said. "What about the whiskers? They got some white ones."

"Touch them up, too. Make it good."

The barber wasn't rushed. He did a good job. Mr. Sawyer, or Mr. Quait, looked even reasonably handsome when the job was done.

He bought a new suit of clothes and other articles to dress himself inconspicuously. Then he set out to buy a few books. But in a town the size of Kingman there are no bookstores. He did manage, however, to acquire plain spectacles and an umbrella and a suitcase. He went back to his hotel and sat down to be patient. When opportunity offered he informed the clerk and other guests that he welcomed the chance to get back to civilization, since he had been out in the fields doing some special mineralogical studies for several months. In a day or two, he said, he would be ready to head back east again.

Then he wished he hadn't talked so much. Somebody would likely remember that he had posed and worked as a mine laborer at the Imperial Feldspar. Why, he was almost a fool! It wouldn't do to get careless now.

The thought worried him all that night and into next day when he kept to his room pretending to be reading. So the second afternoon he set out abruptly to go buy himself a pistol and some shells.

He was already in the hardware store before he remembered that, in his present pose, he would look conspicuous buying a gun. He lied diplomatically and excused himself. He had seen a heavy .44 calibre pistol under the hotel clerk's counter anyway.

The second night he slipped downstairs at 2 a. m. and got the clerk's pistol, being careful to see that it was fully loaded. The clerk hadn't even discovered his loss when Mr. Sawyer departed on the regular bus at 8 the next morning.

(To Be Continued)

Admits Killing of School Girl

Thomas Boyce, above, 26-year-old father of three children, confessed slaying 11-year-old Elizabeth De Bruicker, whose body was found buried near Harrison Hills Country Club, Attica, Ind., where Boyce is employed as golf course worker.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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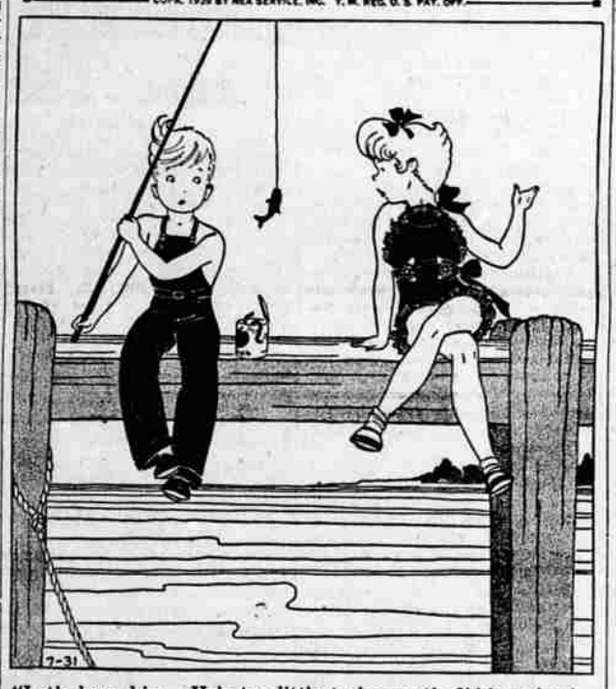


"Let's keep him. He's too little to be worth fibbing about if he was the one that got away."

ANCIENT PHILOSOPHER

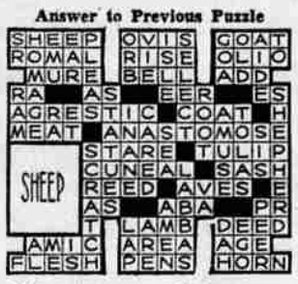
HORIZONTAL

1 Chinese philosopher and teacher.
9 He was a —— Chinese religious leader.
13 Pried.
14 Balance due.
16 Numbered cubes.
17 To use tricky devices.
19 Gaelic.
21 Writing fluids.
22 Funeral oration.
23 Lump of clay.
24 Southeast.
25 Biblical word.
27 Chaos.
29 The populace.
31 Kind.
34 To fare.
35 English coin.
37 Taro paste.
38 Onward.
40 To undo a gem setting.
42 Pound.
43 Conveyed.
45 Jumbled type.
46 A pole lamp.
50 Vocal composition.
52 Principal actress.
54 Fertile desert spot.
56 Daybreak.
58 Measure of length.
59 Piece.
60 Falsehood.
61 He taught forbear or —— worship.
62 Parts of dramas.

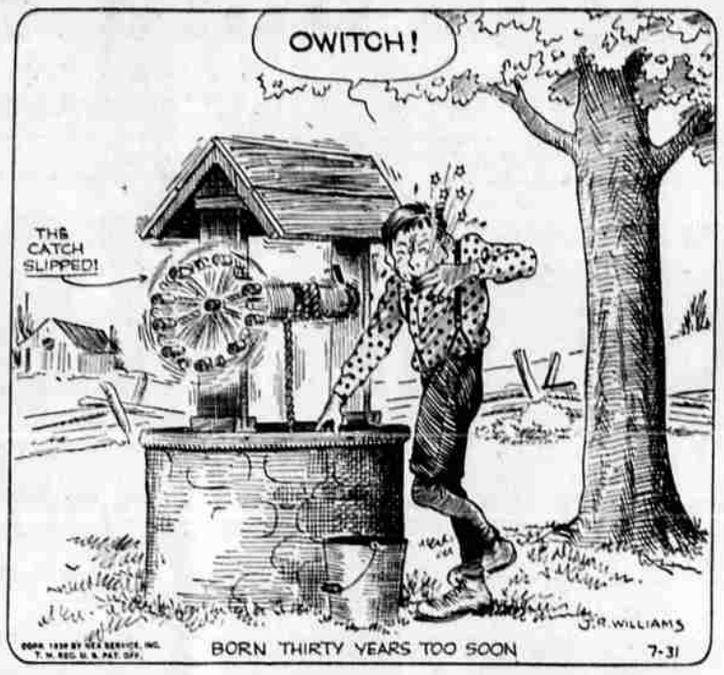
VERTICAL

2 To think.
3 Throat.
4 Lawyers' charges.
5 Above.
6 To yield.
7 False god.
8 Drooped.
9 Grain.
10 To resound.
11 English title.
12 Malicious burning.
15 Told fluently.
16 He still has many followers or ——.
18 Dower property.
20 School training.
26 Sum.
28 Snowshoe.
30 Distress signal.
32 Tennis stroke.
33 Sea gull.
36 Corded fabric.
39 Conventional.
41 Sewing tool.
44 Flowers.
46 Powder ingredient.
47 Shield ornament.
48 Price.
49 Nimbus.
51 Thin tin plate
53 X.
55 Courtesy title.
57 Tiny.

Answer to Previous Puzzle



OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



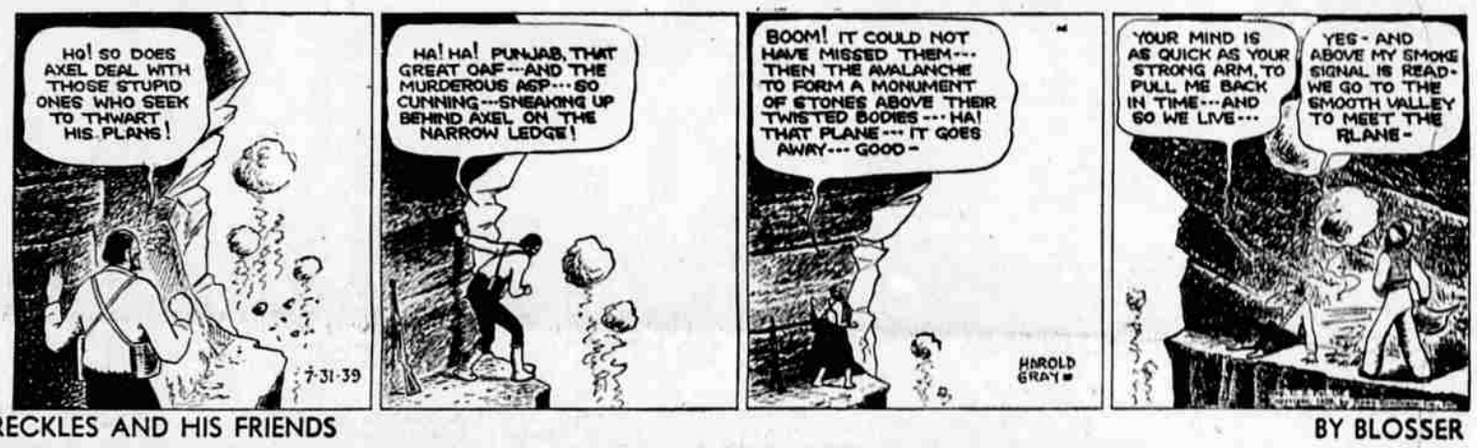
OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE

RED RYDER

BY FRED HARMAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

BY HAROLD GRAY



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER

WASH TUBBS

BY CRANE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP

BY V. T. HAMLIN