

SERIAL STORY—

## GHOST DETOUR

By OREN ARNOLD

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**  
ROSELEE DALE and CHRISTINE PALMER — Pastors in a summer tourist venture at Goldcrest.  
DICK BANCROFT and FRANKLIN LARRAWAY — They also found an interest in Goldcrest.

Yesterday—Christine and Roselee left the ghost town of Goldcrest. They rode down its main street, walk with its old bank and the safe locked. A strange voice says, "I've been wondering if you came to open it!"

**CHAPTER TWO**  
A LOT of women in history have fainted—or fainted—for effect. They wanted to impress somebody with their frailty, which was as stiff as back in the buggy-and-bustle era.

But it is physically possible for thoroughly modern and self-reliant young women to faint in absolute safety, and Christine Palmer and Roselee Dale almost did so. Only their abounding curiosity, plus an inability to flee, caused them to remain standing. Finally they let out a concerted groan.

"Gosh!" said the man, himself startled now.

They saw his head then, a fine-looking head above the half wall of what had been a bank teller's cage.

"Say, I'm sorry!" he went on affably. "I guess I scared the daylight out of you. I should have shown myself sooner."

He was a big fellow, bareheaded and in shirt sleeves, tattered with collar open. He had black hair, quite ungroomed.

"Well, did you—expect—somebody else?" Roselee pointed at him oddly. Christine could only swallow.

"Well, yes," it admitted. "There have been tracks here, and I was curious. I still am."

"Tracks," Roselee echoed, still wide-eyed. Fright made Roselee's large blue eyes larger and more beautiful still. The young man appeared to discover them.

"Yump. But they were men's tracks. Here in the dirt and dust of the bank, leading to the vault. I saw you riding up in the distance. I thought you'd be—they. So I hid in here to see who you—who they—were. See?"

Roselee couldn't disperse the thought that something about him looked familiar.

"You—uh—live here?" Christine asked.

"Yes." "On business, no doubt?" Christine was prone to speak a little loftily at him now. "What business?" "Oh, yes. That is—well, important business. You see—well, the fact is, what's your names?"

\* \* \*

**THE** girls looked at each other. They were still flushed with excitement. Roselee took up the conversational reins again.

"You're doubtless the crazy old hermit of Goldcrest," she declared. "Every ghost town has one. Well, old hermit, I'm Roselee Dale, and may I present my friend Christine Palmer. So there!"

The "old hermit" smiled again. He had fine teeth, the girls noted. And well chiselled lips.

My name's Bancroft," he bowed a little. "I'm happy to see you, even though I—

"So are you both?" He looked stern. "I could go to the owners and have you thrown off the property. Or I—I could throw you off myself!"

The girls gasped, and looked significantly at each other. The young man was big enough to do as he threatened.

"Do we have to fight?" he asked then, with a new smile. "I'd rather invite you to dinner. Honest. I can scrap up enough for all three. It's pretty lonesome here. I—I keep batch over yonder in the Ace High Hotel."

"Waiting for Franklin. He's due tonight or tomorrow."

"Um. Another crusty old hermit, no doubt?"

"Franklin's my roommate in college. Franklin Larraway. Franklin's going to study. And I have a serious job. I've loafed some because I've been curious about that vault since I found it locked and saw the tracks here. I have opened every other door in Goldcrest. This one denies me, and I can't stand it."

"Naturally."

"I'll skip over for my flashlight and show you what I mean," he said, boyishly. "Wait a sec."

\* \* \*

**H**E ran swiftly out and all at again with the bank ghosts of yesterday. They didn't like it.

They saw him hastening back, and his pocket light was a blessing.

"We've a long ride home," Christine remembered. "Let's hurry."

"All right," said he, pointing with the light beam. "See what I mean? Here's flaky rust and dust everywhere, except along the crack where the vault door opens, and on the knob and handle. They've been turned. I tried for an hour to work them myself, but—"

"I have the combination," Roselee suddenly put in.

"You have?" Said who are you, anyhow?" he demanded anew.

"I told you my name. Here—you turn, and I'll read off the combination." She was opening the letter she had taken from a pocket of her blouse. He looked very seriously at her, hesitating, curiously.

"Go on, turn it," Christine urged.

The mystic numerals worked—12-14-15-R6-L3-R8. He strained at it and the massive door indeed open tantalizingly. Instantly three heads were peering inside.

A sack was half full and light, resting on the floor. They went in, tiptoeing quite unnecessarily, and he knelt to unfasten the string while Christine held the flashlight. All three young people looked like phantoms high-lighted feebly but theatrically in the gloom.

"It's money," he whispered. In a few tones. Together they stooped to inspect it, handle it, count it, currency and specie alike. They were extremely quiet, almost furtive, as if suffused with a sense of guilt. Neither girl spoke; both stared wide-eyed.

"Glor-ree!" the man murmured at length. "There's nearly \$12,000 of it. Sa-a-a-ay!" Mr. Bancroft sat back on his heels to stare up in fresh wonder and amazement at Christine Palmer and Roselee Dale.

(To Be Continued)

All events and characters in this story are wholly fictitious.

## GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichtry



"That's a miniature shot I took of the Grand Canyon at 250th of a second—couldn't quite get it all in, of course."

## HOLD EVERYTHING

By Clyde Lewis



"How do you like our garden, dear? I made a salad out of it."

## FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"... sunburn lotion, snake serum, poison ivy salve, mosquito netting—yep, that's all. Gee, I wish you were going, too!"

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



SCIENTISTS SAY:  
CALLING VITAMINS  
BY LETTERS OF THE  
ALPHABET HAS  
GONE OUT OF STYLE!

SAV ASORBIC ACID  
INSTEAD OF  
VITAMIN C!

WHICH OF THESE IS THE SOUTHERNMOST POINT OF AFRICA?  
CAPE HORN  
CAPE AGULHAS  
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE  
CAPE SABLE.

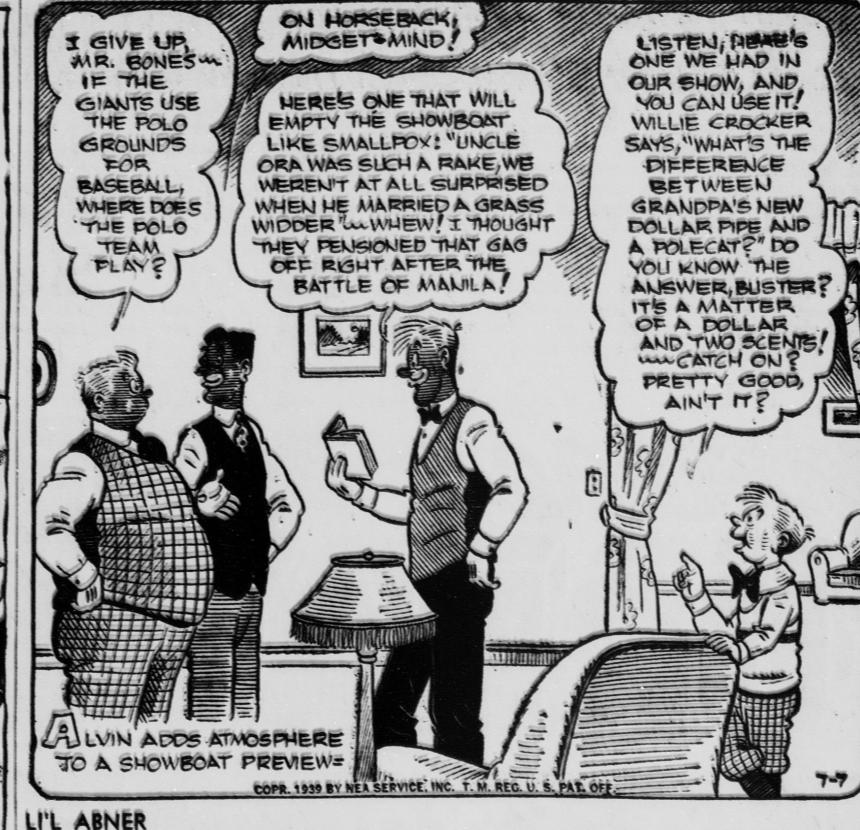
ANSWER—Cape Agulhas, is the southernmost point of Africa.

**LOOK**  
FOR  
this Sign  
and this Bottle  
TOM JOYCE 7UP COMPANY

## THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



"I GIVE UP, MR. GONES! IF THE GIANTS USE THE POLO GROUNDS FOR BASEBALL, WHERE DOES THE POLO TEAM PLAY?"

"ORA WAS SUCH A RAKE WE WEREN'T AT ALL SURPRISED WHEN HE MARRIED A GRASS HOPPER! WHEW! I THOUGHT THEY PENSIONED THAT GAO OFF RIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE OF MANILA!"

"LISTEN, RENEE'S ONE WE HAD IN OUR SHOW, AND YOU CAN USE IT! WILLIE CROCKER SAYS, 'WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GRANDPA'S NEW DOLLAR PIPE AND A POLECAT?' DO YOU KNOW THE ANSWER, BUSTER? IT'S A MATTER OF A DOLLAR, AND TWO SCENTS! ... CATCH ON? PRETTY GOOD, AINT IT?"

## OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



"NO, I AINT GOT IT DONE! I'VE TOLD YOU TWENTY TIMES THAT I'LL FIX THAT WHEN I GET TIME I HAFTA DO THIS STUFF. I'LL HAFTA DO THIS STUFF 'WIT ONE HAND WHILE I EAT 'EM 'THER!"

"OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, DICK—TAKE YOUR TIME, TAKE ANOTHER YEAR—TWO! DON'T THINK I'M TRYIN' TO HURRY YOU!"

"A GUY MUST BE AWFUL TIGHT WHO'LL TAKE ALL THAT JUST TO GET HIS ELECTRIC TOASTER FIXED FOR NOTHIN'!"

"BUT YOU'VE GOT NO IDEA HOW MUCH YOU SAVE—HE'S FIKIN' ALL OUR ELECTRIC APPLIANCES CAN'T USE 'EM FOR MONTHS AN' MONTHS—BOY, WHAT WE SAVE ON LIGHT BILLS!"

ECONOMY

J. Williams



"THASS RIDKERLUSS!! NOBODY'S LIVED IN TH' OL' BLACK-HEART PLACE FO' YARS—TAINT FIT FO' MAN NOR BEAST!!"

"PANSY! AH WERE SHOT ALL OVER UP TH' OL' BLACKHEART PLACE?"

"FRY MAN HIDE-TH' REMAINS DO SMELL O' GUN-POWDER!"

"MEBBE NOT—BUT SOMETHIN' SHOT AT ME—TOOK OFF HALF MAH POMPY-POUR-BEE!"

"WE WILL SEE, WE WILL SEE, WE WILL SEE!"

"DOES THEY ADVANCE ONE MO' YARD—AH SHOTS 'EM DOWN!!"

—By Al Capp



"THIS IRON'S GOIN' TO HURT YUN! KIN YUH STAND IT, RED?"

"GO AHEAD! THAT BULLET WENT CLEAN THROUGH---IT'S GOT TO BE CAUTERIZED!"

"OH-OOOO!"

"FIND RED, LITTLE BEAVER! HE NEEDS THAT MEDICINE!"

"YOU BETCHUM, MISS MORGAN!"

"BUT LITTLE BEAVER IS UNAWARE THAT HE IS BEING WATCHED BY THE MORGAN MAN WHO SHOT RED."

—By Fred Harman



"I THINK I GOT IT FIGURED OUT, EASY! THIS MR. SQUEEZE IS PROBABLY SOME BIG COSMETICS MANUFACTURER. HE'S GOING TO HIPPA-HULA TO GET THE SECRET OF THAT BEAUTY TREATMENT, TOO!"

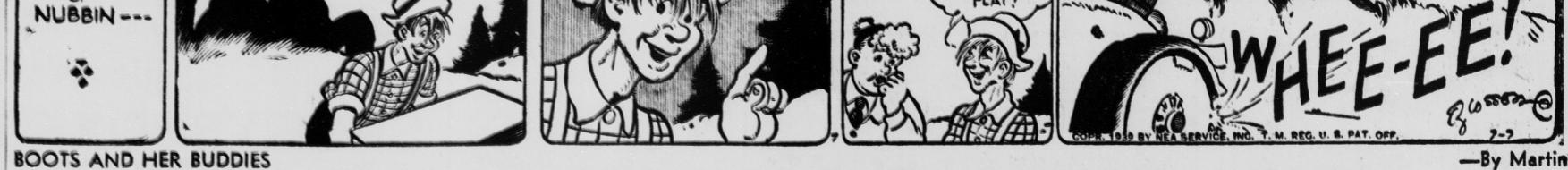
"POSSIBLY. I JUST OVERHEARD HIM OFFER THE CAPTAIN A HUNDRED DOLLARS TO MAKE SURE WE DIDN'T LAND."

"WHAT!"

"BUT SQUEEZE'LL GET THERE FIRST! HELL BEAT US TO IT! WE GOTTA GET ABOARD, EASY WE GOT TO!"

"DON'T WORRY, LAD. THE SKIPPER IS MORE PRACTICAL THAN ETHICAL FOR \$200 HE'S AGREED TO LAND US AT HIPPA-HULA, ANYWAY."

—By Bushmiller



"I WOULD BE A LITTLE BIT SORRY IF I HAD TO GET RID OF YOU, MR. DUGUESME. WHEN WE EXPECT TO TRAVEL A GREAT DEAL..."

"WELL, THAT'S RATHER DIFFICULT TO SAY! YOU SEE WE EXPECT TO TRAVEL A GREAT DEAL..."

"YOU'LL USE US REAL OFTEN. WONT YOU PUG?"

"NO, DEAR."

"LET'S NOT SAY G-G-G-G—DON'T COME OUT TO TH' CAR AN' GEE WHIZZ—WHEN YOU WRITE HANDY, PLEASE DON'T TELL 'IM I BAWLED."

"G-G-G-G—DOGGONIT!"

—By Crane



"I IMITATE THINGS—LIKE FIRE SIRENS, FOG WHISTLES, ROOSTERS CROWIN' AND AIRPLANES WITH ONE CYLINDER MISSING!"

"I CAN WISH YOU COULD IMITATE HAM SANDWICH!"

"BEING CALLED HAM SANDWICH CAN EVEN IMITATE A TIRE GOIN' FLAT!"

"THAT SOUND YOU HEAR AINT ME!!

"WHEE-EE!"

—By Blosser



"WHERE CAN WE REACH YOU, MR. DUGUESME? WHEN WE EXPECT TO TRAVEL A GREAT DEAL..."

"OH, PUG DEAR!"

"WELL, THAT'S RATHER DIFFICULT TO SAY! YOU SEE WE EXPECT TO TRAVEL A GREAT DEAL..."

"YOU'RE MARGIE JONES, ARENT YOU?"

"YEAH...WHAT'S IT TO YOU?"

"MABEL AND ME...WE'RE ON THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE OF THE JUNIOR THIMBLE CLUB. WE CAME TO ASK YOU IF YOU'D LIKE TO ATTEND ONE OF OUR CLUB MEETINGS..."

"OH...SURE! SURE! I'LL BE GLAD TO COME...SO GLAD!"

"I'LL WRITE DOWN THE ADDRESS FOR YOU!"

"THE MEETING STARTS AT EIGHT—PROMPTLY!"

"THAT TOMATO HER PAN IS FAMILIAR!"