



The Ghost of the
**GOLDEN GATE
BRIDGE**



by
Carole Marsh

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First Edition

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Senior Editor: Janice Baker
Assistant Editor: Sharon Dawkins
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30 YEARS AGO . . .

As a mother and an author, one of the fondest periods of my life was when I decided to write mystery books for children. At this time (1979), kids were pretty much glued to the TV, something parents and teachers complained about the way they do about video games today.

I decided to set each mystery in a real place—a place kids could go and visit for themselves after reading the book. And I also used real children as characters. Usually a couple of my own children served as characters, and I had no trouble recruiting kids from the book's location to also be characters.

Also, I wanted all the kids—boys and girls of all ages—to participate in solving the mystery. And, I wanted kids to learn something as they read. Something about the history of the location. And I wanted the stories to be funny.

That formula of real+scary+smart+fun served me well. The kids and I had a great time visiting each site, and many of the events in the stories actually came out of our experiences there.

I love getting letters from teachers and parents who say they read the book with their class or child, then visited the historic site and saw all the places in the mystery for themselves. What's so great about that? What's great is that you and your children have an experience that bonds you together forever. Something you shared. Something you both cared about at the time. Something that crossed all age levels—a good story, a good scare, a good laugh!

30 years later,

Carole Marsh



Hey, kids! As you see—here we are ready to embark on another of our exciting Carole Marsh Mystery adventures! You know, in “real life,” I keep very close tabs on Christina, Grant, and their friends when we travel. However, in the mystery books, they always seem to slip away from Papa and me so that they can try to solve the mystery on their own!

I hope you will go to www.carolemarshmysteries.com and apply to be a character in a future mystery book! Well, the *Mystery Girl* is all tuned up and ready for “take-off!”

Gotta go...Papa says so! Wonder what I've forgotten this time?

Happy “Armchair Travel” Reading,

Mimi



**Christina
Yother**

**Grant
Yother**

**Lily
Johnson**

**Makito
Nakagawa**

A BOUT THE C H A R A C T E R S

Christina Yother, 10, from Peachtree City, Georgia

Grant Yother, 7, from Peachtree City, Georgia,
Christina's brother

Lily Johnson, 10, from McDonough, Georgia, as Lynn

Makito Nakagawa, 8, from Peachtree City, Georgia, as Scott

The many places featured in the book actually exist and are worth a visit! Perhaps you could read the book and follow the trail these kids went on during their mysterious adventure!

TITLES IN THE CAROLE MARSH MYSTERIES SERIES

- #1 The Mystery of Biltmore House
- #2 The Mystery on the Freedom Trail
- #3 The Mystery of Blackbeard the Pirate
- #4 The Mystery of the Alamo Ghost
- #5 The Mystery on the California Mission Trail
- #6 The Mystery of the Missing Dinosaurs
- #7 The White House Christmas Mystery
- #8 The Mystery on Alaska's Iditarod Trail
- #9 The Mystery at Kill Devil Hills
- #10 The Mystery in New York City
- #11 The Mystery at Disney World
- #12 The Mystery on the Underground Railroad
- #13 The Mystery in the Rocky Mountains
- #14 The Mystery on the Mighty Mississippi
- #15 The Mystery at the Kentucky Derby
- #16 The Ghost of the Grand Canyon
- #17 The Mystery at Jamestown
- #18 The Mystery in Chocolate Town
- #19 The "Gosh Awful!" Gold Rush Mystery
- #20 The Counterfeit Constitution Mystery
- #21 The Mystery of the Haunted Ghost Town
- #22 The Mystery in Las Vegas
- #23 The Mystery at the Graveyard of the Atlantic
- #24 The Ghost of the Golden Gate Bridge

*Books and Teacher's Guides are available at
booksellers, libraries, school supply stores, museums,
and many other locations!*

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A FOGGY LANDING!

“Papa, I thought you said we were ‘bringing this plane down’ a few minutes ago and that we were almost to San Francisco. So why are there still clouds?” Christina asked her grandfather.

“I am bringing us down, Christina,” Papa replied, as he guided his small red and white airplane into San Francisco airspace. “We’re not in clouds, we’re in fog. Didn’t you know that San Francisco is famous for the fog that comes in from the ocean during the summer?”

“But you can’t see a thing, Papa!” exclaimed Christina, brushing her long brown hair over her shoulder and rubbing her tongue over the new braces on her teeth.

“Maybe Papa has X-ray vision,” said Grant, Christina’s blond, curly-haired little brother. He pulled his blue eyes wide open with his fingers and stared at Christina.

“Stop that, Grant!” Christina ordered. “You’re not helping things!”

Mimi, Christina and Grant’s grandmother, sensed Christina’s anxiety. “Don’t worry, Christina,” she said calmly. “You know that Papa is the best pilot in the whole world and the *Mystery Girl* always takes us safely wherever we want to go.”

“Oh, I know,” Christina said, nodding her head. “This fog just gives me a creepy feeling.”

Christina and Grant often joined their grandparents on trips—all over the United States—and to other countries, too! Mimi, a children’s mystery book writer, often traveled to her book locations to do research.

But this time, Mimi wanted to relax and visit with some friends, Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, in San Francisco. Plus, she knew the children would love San Francisco, one of the most exotic and exciting cities in the world! The children enjoyed traveling with

Mimi and Papa, and somehow their trips always became an adventure!

The wispy fog outside Christina's window seemed to grow thicker with each passing minute.

"When are we going to land?" she asked, her hands clenched.

Papa decided to divert Christina's attention. "Christina, listen. I have a song for you," he said.

"You do?" she asked in anticipation.

"Yep, here goes!" Papa began singing in his loudest baritone voice, "I left my heart . . . in San Francisco . . . high on a hill . . . it calls to me . . ."

Mimi beamed. "I always did like that song!" she exclaimed, patting Papa on the shoulder.

Grant interrupted Papa's serenade. "Look! I see something . . . there . . . in the fog . . . it's something red!" he exclaimed. "Is that the bridge you told us to look for?"

"Yes, that's it!" exclaimed Mimi.

"Oh, it's beautiful!" Christina said. "But the way it's mostly hidden in the fog . . . there's something sort of . . . well, mysterious about it."

“Oh, sweetie,” Mimi said with a sigh, “remember, I’m here strictly for pleasure—I don’t want to even hear the word ‘mysterious’ used around me this week! Okay?”

“It’s awesome!” shouted Grant. “But . . . it’s not gold,” he added, disappointed. “I thought you said it was a *golden* bridge!”

“It’s named the Golden Gate Bridge, but it’s not made of gold or even painted gold,” explained Mimi. “Many years ago, a man named the opening where the mouth of the San Francisco Bay meets the Pacific Ocean the ‘Golden Gate.’ So, when the bridge was built to cross this opening, they decided to call it the Golden Gate Bridge.”

“We’re here!” Christina announced, as the *Mystery Girl’s* tires softly touched the runway. Papa looked at Christina and winked. “I’m glad to get out of that soup, too!” he remarked.

Papa plopped his cowboy hat on his head and reached for Mimi’s hand. “Let’s get out and stretch our legs, shall we?”

2 THE BRIDGE THAT COULDN'T BE BUILT

“Welcome to San Francisco!” A young boy and girl shouted the greeting as they bounded across the runway toward the *Mystery Girl*. The children were Asian, with coffee-colored skin and dark, sparkling brown eyes. The girl’s long, black hair glistened in the sun. An older man and woman hurried behind them.

“What a pleasant surprise for you to meet us here!” exclaimed Mimi, as a gust of wind tipped her wide-brimmed red hat, revealing the short blond curls underneath. She turned to Christina and Grant. “This is Mr. and Mrs. Chambers and their two grandchildren!” She buried

Mrs. Chambers in a bear hug while Papa and Mr. Chambers shook hands and slapped each other on the back.

“Look at you!” declared Mr. Chambers as he scrutinized Papa. “Still wearing jeans, cowboy boots, and a cowboy hat, I see! But are you still the free-spirited **maverick** I once knew?” Mr. Chambers asked Papa.

“You bet!” Papa replied. “Still as untamed and free . . . just galloping a little slower is all!”

“We couldn’t wait to see you!” Mrs. Chambers panted as she tried to catch her breath. “We decided to have our chauffeur, Mr. Wong, drive us all here. Plus, our grandchildren, Scott and Lynn, were anxious to meet Christina and Grant. Scott and Lynn will be staying with us this week. Oh, I’ve got lots of plans to keep these kids entertained!”

Scott grabbed one of Grant’s bags. “Hey, come on, my grandparents have a really cool limousine!” he said. “I’ll race you to the parking lot!”

“You’ll like Mr. Wong,” said Lynn, as she helped Christina with her rolling luggage. “He’s a really nice driver. Plus, he knows just about

everything about San Francisco. He and his family have lived here a long time! His wife knows lots of stories, too. She's the storyteller at the Asian Museum."

When they reached the limousine, they found a middle-aged Asian man in a black suit standing stiffly by the open trunk. Mrs. Chambers introduced Mr. Wong to everyone. He bowed and said in a slow, deliberate way, "It will be my pleasure to be your driver. Welcome to San Francisco. Is this your first time to visit our great city?"

"It's the first time for my grandchildren," said Mimi, "but Papa and I have been here before."

"Ahh, I see," answered Mr. Wong, as he turned toward the children. "Then I will be happy to give you my own special tour. My family has lived in Chinatown for generations."

Christina was puzzled. "But Lynn just said you were from San Francisco and now you are saying you're from Chinatown. I'm confused!"

"Let me explain," Mr. Wong said. "Chinatown is a section of San Francisco where thousands of Asians settled. It's like a small bit of China in America."

Mrs. Chambers said, “Mr. Wong has been with our family for many years. He is an excellent driver and a trusted friend. I’ve asked him to drive you and the children wherever you need to go!”

“That sounds wonderful! Thank you,” replied Mimi, as she climbed into the limousine in her spiky red pumps.

Soon the black limo was cruising down the expressway toward the city. Mr. Wong drove around a rocky bend, and before them stood the first massive tower of the Golden Gate Bridge. Its bright reddish color contrasted sharply with the sparkling blue water of San Francisco Bay swirling below.

Christina and Grant gasped. “Man, that sure looks a lot bigger than it did from the airplane,” Grant said.

“I didn’t realize it was so tall!” exclaimed Christina.

“The Golden Gate Bridge was built over 70 years ago,” Mr. Wong explained. “It is known as ‘the bridge that couldn’t be built’ because no bridge had ever been built to cross this distance of water. It took four years to build, and today it

is still one of the tallest and longest bridges in the world.”

“What are those ropes for?” asked Grant, his nose pressed to the window.

“Those are steel cables, my son,” Mr. Wong replied. “It is a suspension bridge. The weight of the bridge and the traffic are supported by those two gigantic steel cables you see suspended between the two towers. Smaller cables attach the road to the large cables. The large cables are three feet thick and contain enough steel wire to circle the earth three times! This bridge is well traveled each day. It’s estimated that more than half a billion vehicles have crossed it over the years!”

Grant piped up, “Make that half a billion and one, now that we’re crossing it!” Everyone chuckled.

“Look at all the boats!” Christina exclaimed.

“Yes,” Mr. Wong continued. “San Francisco is an international port, with ships arriving from all over the world every day. When people first came to San Francisco on large clipper ships, the passengers would tear the ships apart and use the wood to build houses and stores.

San Francisco is a true ‘melting pot’ of people from many nationalities and cultures. We’ve already talked about Chinatown, but there’s also Japantown and Russian Hill!”

“This place is so cool!” Grant exclaimed. “Look at those houses built into the hills!” Christina nodded in agreement.

“As we reach the end of the bridge,” Mr. Wong said, “look down below the bridge and you might catch a glimpse of Fort Point. This fort was built during the Civil War to help protect the city. At first, when the bridge was being built, there were plans to tear it down. However, many people objected, so the builders changed their plans and preserved the fort. Today, it is a museum. In fact, I have a brother who worked there for many years, until recently.”

Mr. Wong looked back at the children in his rearview mirror. “Oh, and speaking of family,” he continued, “I almost forgot. My wife wanted me to invite you to the Asian Museum where she will be telling a story tomorrow morning. Would you like for me to drive you there?”

“Can we go, Mimi?” pleaded Christina and Grant.

“Certainly!” exclaimed Mimi. “In fact, Papa and I might go along to tour the Asian Museum. I’ve heard it has a remarkable collection of Asian art!”

The limousine lumbered slowly up and down the steep hills on the way to Pacific Heights, where Mimi had booked an apartment for the coming week.

3 A GHOSTLY APPEARANCE

Grant threw open the double doors to the living room of their apartment. Two plush sofas and two over-stuffed chairs surrounded a magnificent Oriental rug. Sunlight spilled in from a tall picture window partially covered by thick, red velvet drapes. Doors on either side of the living room led to two bedrooms, one for Mimi and Papa and one for Grant and Christina.

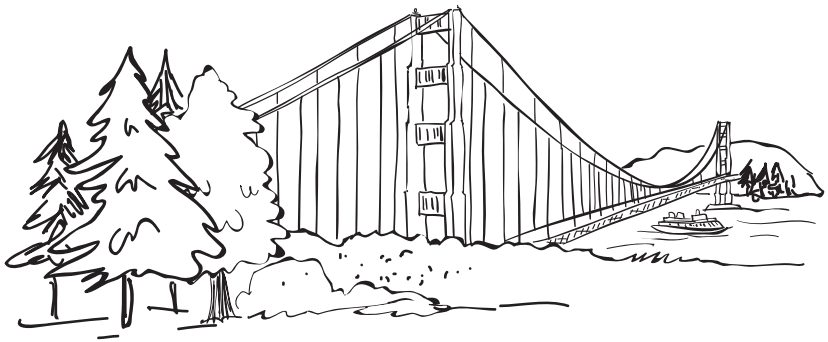
“Welcome to our ‘home away from home,’” Mimi announced.

“Oh, give me a home . . . ” Papa started singing, “where the buffalo roam . . . and a great view of the bridge!”

“Oh, Papa!” Christina said. “I doubt we can see the bridge from here!”

“Well, let’s just see about that, young lady,” Papa retorted. He marched over to the window, pulled the curtains aside, and exposed the view. “Ta dah!”

“Wow!” Christina exclaimed. “You can see everything from up here—the Golden Gate Bridge and the bay . . . it’s so beautiful!” She whirled around to look at her grandfather. “Papa, you were right!” she said. “But how did you know?”



“Oh, I’m just talented that way!” he said with a big grin.

“Or,” added Mimi, “I just might have told him I specifically reserved an apartment with a view

of the bridge!” She lightly bumped Papa on the shoulder with her hand.

“Hey Christina,” called Grant from their bedroom, “I call this bed mine!” His sister peeked in the doorway just as Grant catapulted onto the nearest twin bed.

“Oh, you mean you’re ‘staking your claim’?” questioned Mimi from the living room.

“What do you mean by that, Mimi?” asked Grant.

“That’s a phrase they used in the old Gold Rush days,” Mimi replied. “When a miner struck gold, he declared that the land around his find and underneath it was now his property. He marked the area with signs or wooden stakes and registered his claim with the local officials. Then, any more gold found in that area became his property as well.”

“Tell us more about the Gold Rush, Mimi,” begged Grant.

Mimi sat on the bed next to Grant and put her arm around him. “Well, it’s almost time for you two to go to bed. But I can tell you that the California Gold Rush started in 1848, when gold

was discovered at Sutter's Sawmill near this area. People came here by the thousands from all over the world, hoping to find gold and get rich quick!"

"Did they find it? Did they get rich?" asked Grant.

"Well, a few people did, but most of the people didn't," replied Mimi. "And now it's time for you two to go to sleep. Good night, my little travelers." She kissed each of them on the cheek.

Even though they were exhausted, sleep did not come easily for the children. Grant couldn't stop thinking about the Gold Rush. He wondered if he might find gold on this trip and stake his own claim! He even thought up a name for it. He'd call it *Grant's Goldmine!*"

Christina was thinking about gold, too, but in a different way. She wondered if she could buy a real piece of California gold jewelry as a souvenir of the trip. But, she knew it would probably be expensive. Eventually, Grant fell asleep, but Christina tossed and turned. She decided to get up and go into the living room to get one more glimpse of the bridge.

Suddenly, she saw something moving on the bridge! Was that a man? What was

slung over his shoulder? Christina's eyes widened in disbelief as she saw him climb one of the suspension cables. What was he doing? Suddenly, there was a bright



and the man disappeared into the thick night fog.

Christina rubbed her eyes, thinking she was seeing things. She kept watching, hoping she would spot him again. But she never did. All she saw were trucks and cars flowing across the bridge. She suddenly felt very tired and dragged herself back to her room. *As she snuggled beneath the pink comforter, she thought, did I really see what I think I saw?*