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SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

VAL DOUGLAS—girl sports writer, shipped on a freighter to find excitement.

EDDIE CAVALIER—a prize fighter headed for the title, has a score to settle with Val.

CAPTAIN STEVE HANSEN—skipper of the Northern Belle.

DUFFY KELSO—Cavalier's manager.

* * *

YESTERDAY: Val tries to thank Eddie for saving her, but he remains cold. She even offers to release him from the crew when the ship makes port. Back in San Francisco, Promoter Sam Golden is trying to explain to sports writers, when word comes that Eddie's opponent has sprained his ankle.

CHAPTER XVI

There was mild commotion in Sam Golden's office when the promoter made his announcement. They leaped upon him at once. When . . . how bad was Massini hurt . . . would he be able to fight . . . what did the doctor say . . . ?

Sam held up his hands in an effort to stop the torrent of words that were being fired at him.

"Boys, boys, give me a chance to breathe," he pleaded. "It's bad. The docs say Massini went and twisted one of them fancy ligaments, or something, and he won't be able to fight for maybe two months."

Sam mopped his bald head again. "And with that advance gate," he moaned, "this is gotta happen to me."

They were relentless. They had to have a story. One of them already had a death clutch on the telephone to call his paper.

"I can't cancel," Sam wailed. "I can't. I'll never get Cavalier here again."

Suddenly he rushed to the phone. "Wait! I got an idea. I'm gonna call the champ. I think I got an out."

* * *

Sam was lucky. In five minutes he was talking to the champ's manager in New York. When he was through he slumped back in his seat, completely spent.

"Well, boys, here it is and it's a swell yarn, too. We're bringin' in Corky Briggs from Chicago. He's available and in shape. An' what's more, the champ says he'll give Cavalier a whack at him if he beats Briggs."

"Jumping Jupiter!" one of the reporters howled. "Corky Briggs isn't a middleweight any more. He's been fighting as a light-heavy for three months now and he's climbing fast!"

Sam shrugged. "I know it, but what can we do? I ain't got no alternative. So Cavalier'll have to give away eight, nine pounds, or so. It's his business, not mine, if he wants that title shot."

He looked at his watch. "That mud scow of theirs gets into Prince Rupert in a few hours. I'm gonna wire Duffy now- he should call me just as soon as he gets ashore. Now scram, you guys, and let me have my headache in peace."

They left him with a rush and Sam Golden reached for the remnants of the bottle of whisky.

* * *

Sparks sent Sam Golden's wire down to Duffy Kelso a couple of hours later.

"Call me immediately you find a telephone," he read out aloud. "That sounds like Sam Golden," Duffy said. "He must be up in the air like a kite, only higher."

Duffy stared at the message again, suspiciously. "I don't like the smell of this," he said.

"Well, the nearest telephone is still three hours away. Meanwhile keep your blood below the boiling point," Val advised him. "You might want to get up a full head of steam later when you put your call through."

"What's up, do you wonder?" Pop asked her when he got her alone. But Val had no better idea than they did.

It was late afternoon when the Northern Belle nosed slowly up the channel toward Prince Rupert. "We'll be picking up a pilot soon," Val observed. They were leaning against the rail up forward, letting the cool breeze fan back into their faces.

"How long before we dock?" Eddie asked.

"Couple of hours at least." She looked at him sideways. "Can't wait until you rid yourself of us, can you?"

He shrugged and stared at the curling wake of white which spewed away from the bow.

"It was your offer, remember. What do you expect me to do under the circumstances? Duffy probably will weep out of sheer happiness."

He had something there, she admitted to herself. What did she expect? Could there be any earthly reason why he'd give up a quick trip back to San Francisco instead of four-day voyage.

Was that what she wanted? That was a troublesome thought, too. She stole a glance at the dark, rugged profile beside her. There was something slightly incongruous about it. That sensitive mouth, maybe. Eddie Cavalier didn't have the mouth you'd expect to find on a boxer. Strange she should be catching herself thinking of little things like that.

So she let her mind wander a bit. She thought of some of the other men she had known. A couple of them she had liked. There was Marshall Kendall. Handsome, impetuous Marshall Kendall who didn't have to work a day of his life if he didn't care to, but who was haphazardly trying to learn the brokerage business. Marshall and his house on Long Island and his yacht.

There was Rodney Blair, a human dynamo if ever there was one. So wrapped up in his law business that he had no time to relax. She could like Rodney Blair a lot if only he would unbend a little more. He had already asked her to marry him.

Yet she knew she could never fall in love with either Marshall or Rodney. She couldn't ever marry a type, and that's what they were. If and when she did fall in love it would be with someone more refreshing. Someone with purpose and spirit.

The question formed in her mind without her being conscious of it. Someone like Eddie Cavalier? No, she told herself, it could hardly be Eddie . . . could it?

* * *

But when he spoke, suddenly, at her side she startled visibly.

"I guess we're picking up the pilot here," he observed. He was right. In a little while they were in Chatham sound and nosed toward their dock.

The gangway had hardly been moored fast when Duffy Kelso was scrambling down. Pop Grimes leaned on the rail and watched him. "He'll fall flat on his face, sure," he said dryly. "I almost did when I stepped on land after my first sea trip."

But Duffy made it without accident. He found a waterfront restaurant with a pay station and put his call through.

Duffy Kelso ran all the way back to the ship. He was raging and sputtering so much he could hardly talk.

First thing Pop did was remove the cigar from his mouth. "Maybe this'll make it easier," he said.

"We been jobbed again!" Duffy screamed. He told them what had happened in San Francisco.

"Thats bad," muttered Pop. I dunno whether we can give away pounds like that—especially to a tough one like Corky Briggs."

"We ain't got no choice," Duffy said. "Cmon, we're gettin' back to Frisco in a hurry."

(To be continued)

Cadastral Engineer of Land Office Kills Self

JUNEAU, Alaska, April 17.—(AP)—The body of Floyd G. Betts, 53, with a bullet wound in the head, was found in the woods near his home on the Glacier highway today. Authorities said Betts, cadastral engineer in the land office here, had apparently taken his own life. The widow and a step-son survive.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County.

The Pioneer Educational Society, a corporation, Plaintiff, vs. The unknown heirs of Lovey Patterson, deceased; Martha Jane Patterson; and the unknown heirs of Martha Jane Patterson; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the Complaint herein, Defendants.

To: The unknown heirs of Lovey Patterson, deceased; Martha Jane Patterson; the unknown heirs of Martha Jane Patterson; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the Complaint herein, above named defendants.

In the name of the State of Oregon: You and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint of plaintiff filed against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before four weeks from the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to so appear and answer said Complaint, plaintiff for want thereof will apply to the court for the relief demanded to said Complaint, a succinct statement of which is as follows, to-wit: That you and each of you be required to assert and disclose the nature and character of any claim, estate or interest you have or claim in and to the following described real property situated in Douglas County, Oregon, to-wit:

The North half of the South half of Donation Land Claim No. 40 in Sections seventeen (17) and eighteen (18) in Township twenty-nine (29) South, Range eight (8) West of Willamette Meridian.

and to subject the same to a judicial investigation that the right of possession and title between plaintiff and defendants may be forever quieted, and that it be decreed that the claim of the defendants and each of them is without foundation in law or in equity or in fact and that plaintiff is the owner in fee of said premises and the whole thereof free from any and all claims or interest of said defendants or either of them of any kind or nature whatsoever and subject only to the contractual rights of Isaac Dahl and Edna S. Dahl, and that plaintiff have such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of once each week for four consecutive weeks in the Roseburg News-Review, a newspaper of general circulation published and issued in Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, by order of the Hon. Carl E. Wimberly, Judge of the above entitled court made on the 3rd day of April, 1940, and you are hereby notified to appear and answer the same on or before four weeks from the date of the first publication hereof which is the 11th day of April, 1940.

RICE & ORCUTT,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.
Post Office Address: Roseburg, Oregon.

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Red & White—Fancy Bartlett PEARS ..... No. 2½ cans 20¢

Red & White—Homestyle or Sliced PINEAPPLE ..... No. 2½ cans 20¢

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