

SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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CHAPTER I

CAPT. STEVE HANSEN leaned over the rail of the "Northern Belle" and scratched his iron-gray whiskers reflectively. Quite a voyage this would be. Quite.

Captain Steve spat down into the waters of San Francisco Bay, where the "Belle" lay moored to her pier. He straightened up as Barney MacGregor approached.

"You sent for me, Steve?" Captain Hansen grunted. "Yeah. And then: 'How long you been first mate on this tub, Mac?'"

"Long time, Steve... somethin' like eight years I guess. Why—what's in th' wind?" "Well, you ain't first mate no longer, Mac. At least not for awhile."

Barney MacGregor placed two big hands on his hips and struck a belligerent Scotch chin four degrees forward. "And would you mind explainin' just what th' hell you mean, Steve Hansen?"

Captain Steve spat upside down. "Pull in your jib, Mac. Ain't as bad as you suspect. Y'see Mac, we're going to have some company going up to Prince Rupert this trip. Female company," he added, significantly.

Barney MacGregor's expression clearly indicated he didn't get it. Captain Hansen sighed lustily. "Might as well tell you th' whole story." He pulled a battered pipe from his pocket, tamped some tobacco into it deliberately and lit up.

"Old Hank Vaughan called me long distance today. All th' way from New York... musta cost him a week's pay... Week o' your pay, that is," he corrected. "Anyway, Hank calls to tell me his one and only niece is shipping with us this trip. Says he put her aboard one of those airplanes himself and she'll be here this afternoon."

"An' who is Hank's niece an' how come we're signin' on females?" Captain Steve squinted at him. "Mac, don't stand there and tell me you don't remember little Valerie Douglas. She used to scramble all over this ship 12 years ago."

"You don't mean that long-legged kid with th' pig-tails, Steve?" "Th' same, Mac, except I doubt very much if she still has those pig-tails. Must be quite a lady by now. A cute one she was then, too."

Steve Hansen smiled softly. "Took her fishing out in the bay, once and she threw all my worms overboard because she was sorry for them. Before her mother took her east I promised she could come back some day and be my first mate for a trip or two."

"And this is it, eh? An' you're goin' through with it?" "Orders from Hank. Th' gal is th' star woman's sports writer for a big newspaper syndicate. Hank says she's dallyin' around with a sea-farin' novel and decided she wanted to spend part of her vacation aboard th' 'Belle' to get some more atmosphere, as she calls it."

MacGregor snorted and Captain Steve continued. "But don't take all this too seriously, Mac. O' course you're still first mate. Th' gal's going to have a sorta honorary title. But the boys can amuse her by stringing along with any little things she wants done. See?"

"Yeah," Mac said mournfully. "I see, but I don't like. Neither will th' boys, I'm thinkin'."

Captain Steve hitched up his belt. "It's gonna be your job to see that they do like—or there'll be a lot of cracked skulls around here."

Barney MacGregor muttered something under his breath and stalked off. Explaining this new situation to the rest of the boys wasn't quite to his liking and he didn't think his announcement would be well received.

"It was 4 o'clock that afternoon when the taxi drew up at the dock and instinctively Steve Hansen knew Valerie Douglas had arrived. The cab drew away and the girl who stood with hands on hips looking up at the ship was slender, blond and, even from a distance of 80 feet, amazingly pretty. Two suitcases were at her feet.

"Captain Steve!" she hailed him. "Steve, you old landlubber, is this the best welcome you have for me? C'mon down and haul up my duffie."

Steve Hansen's leathery face cracked. That little tyke... grown up like this. He could hardly believe it. And then a wrinkle popped into his eye.

"Lug it up yourself," he called down to her. "You're in the navy, now."

threw her arms around his neck and gave him a big kiss. He held her off at arm's length for a minute and shook his head. "Danged if I can hardly believe it. Little Val Douglas, all grown up and purtier'n a West Indies sunset."

"And just as bright," she twitted coquettishly. "Where do I bunk, Captain Steve? I'd like to get into some different clothes."

"Good idea. You'll be in th' port cabin, aft. It's fresh scrubbed and waitin' for you."

When she joined him on deck a half hour later she was garbed in blue denim trousers, gray flannel shirt and heavy tan moccasins. Perched saucily on top her blond curls was a battered officer's hat.

He grinned, saluted her smartly and then led her over and sat her down on a hatch cover. "Now then, matey, you've got 12 years of your past to tell me about so let's have it."

She hooked an arm in his. "Gee, Captain Steve, I hardly know where to start. I'm a sports writer for World Syndicate, you know, and—"

Steve Hansen slapped his thigh as he interrupted. "Say, that reminds me. What's this about you feudin' with this box-fighter... what's his name? You know who I mean. It was in all th' papers a short spell back."

A shadow of a smile crossed her face. "Oh... I guess you mean Eddie Cavalier."

She clasped both hands around

a knee. "He's a pugilistic snob. I told him so in a column I wrote. Told him his pants were too pretty, too, and I guess he didn't like it. Then one night at Madison Square Garden... the night he knocked out Tuffy Brostak... he leaned over the ropes and laughed in my face. He didn't say anything... just laughed. I'm going to fix him for that."

He looked at her keenly. "Well, he's close at hand if you want to get at it immediately like. I see by the papers he has a big fight here in Frisco in a couple weeks. Uh—I suppose you know that, didn't you?"

"Look, Steve," she growled. "If you mean what I think you mean, let me tell you that it's strictly coincidence that he happens to be here just when I'm starting my vacation."

(To Be Continued)

Banker Is Indicted



HERBERT FLEISHHACKER, former president of the Anglo California National Bank, indicted by a Federal Grand Jury in San Francisco on charges of misapplying bank funds and making false entries.

OUT OUR WAY

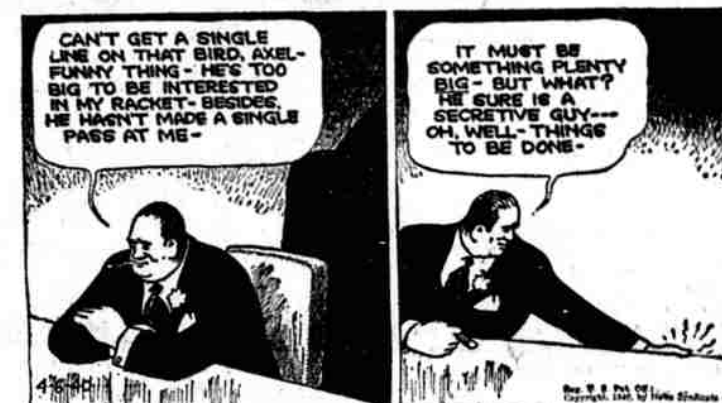
By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



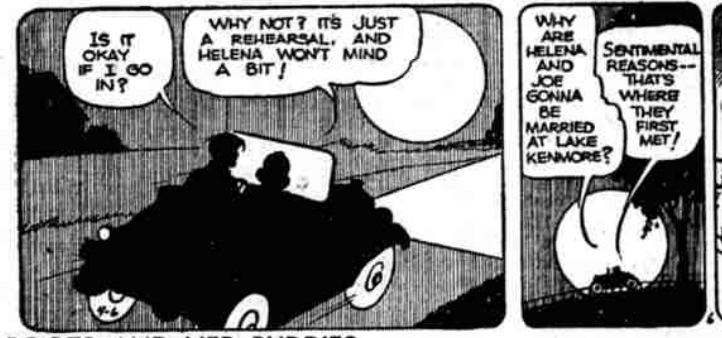
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



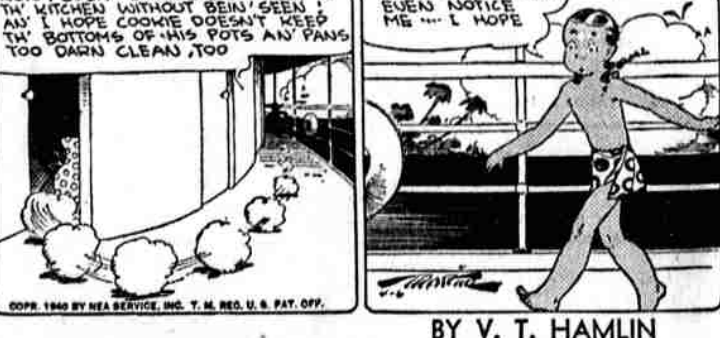
BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN

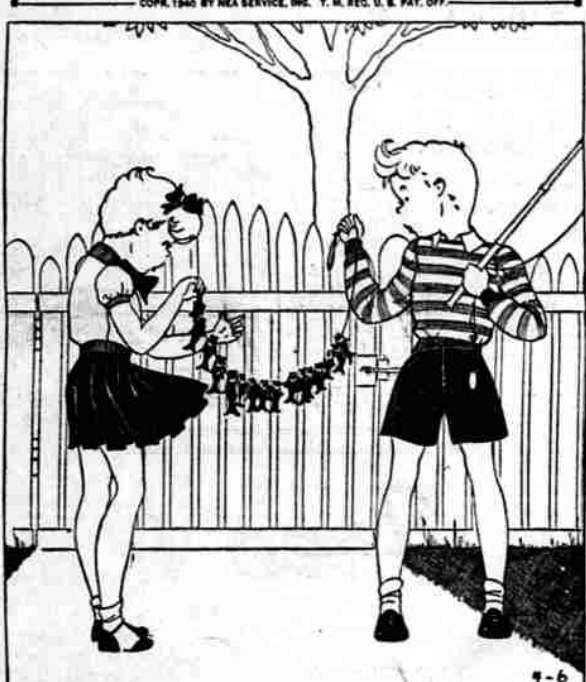


BY V. T. HAMLIN



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Not big enough? Why, they're swell. Chuck—now we can be snooty and have hors d'oeuvres."

SPORTSWOMAN

Answer to Previous Puzzle
HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured sports woman
9 She is an outstanding player
12 Carrier
14 Kind of rock
15 Orderly
16 Tidings
18 Wheel hub
20 The whole
21 Befell
23 Carmine
24 Coating of a seed
26 Being
27 Radiated
29 Substitus
30 Unity
32 The deep
33 Therefore
34 Her native land
37 North Africa (abbr.)
39 Pillow case
40 Quids
41 Postscript (abbr.)
42 Tree
44 Clan symbol
46 Regarded with favor
48 Dejected
50 Badge of merit
52 Stopl
53 The heart
54 Female sheep
55 Above
56 She has competed in
43 Any eared seal
11 Embankments
13 Before
15 She was women's golf champion
17 Tower
19 Taro roots
21 Hackneyed
22 Great fear
25 Opposed to
28 Rough lava
31 To eject
32 Dross
35 Series of
36 Frosted
38 With a bend
39 Sowing device
43 To piece out
45 Flat surface
47 Daybreak
49 Policemen
51 Field
52 Cabin
53 Clotted blood
55 Cotton picker place
VERTICAL
2 White poplars
3 Wild ducks
4 To make lace
5 Year (abbr.)
6 Beast
7 Crucifixes
8 Clotted blood
9 Cotton picker place
2 White poplars
3 Wild ducks
4 To make lace
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6 Beast
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