

SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

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YESTERDAY, Captain Steve Hansen welcomed Val Douglas aboard the Northern Belle. Val is a shipmate on her sister's frigate...

CHAPTER II

STEVE HANSEN laughed. "I ain't hinting you followed him out here, you little devil. I was just making mention of the fact that he was here..."

"Not interested. No busman's holiday for me. I'm vacationing, you know."

"What about that book you're writing?"

"Oh, that? I'm just going to soak up loads and loads of atmosphere. I'll do the actual writing later on. Which reminds me..."

"Okay, Matey, let's shove off. Don't suppose you've gone to sea much since you left Frisco?"

"You're wrong there, Captain Hansen. I've spent my last four summer vacations sailing and yachting up around Maine. I'm not the landlubber you think I am."

He rubbed his chin. "Betcha my sparsy peg leg you had a lot of classy, blue-blood shipmates up that way, though. The hands aboard the Northern Belle have a different cut to their jib, as you'll prob'ly find out. Rough, tough, cussin', sea-farin' men. Think you can handle th' situation?"

She stopped short, feet spread and hands on hips. "I can handle any situation, anytime, Steve Hansen, and don't you think differently for one minute."

He looked at her and mentally agreed.

SHE bubbled on excitedly as they made the rounds. Finally in a more serious vein: "What's going up this trip, Stevie, and what're we bringing back?"

A slight frown flitted over his face. "Except for some pretty valuable mining machinery, we're going up rather light."

"Mining machinery?" she echoed. "Consigned to whom?"

"Outfit called Hallday Resources. They control more mines and lumber than is good for one company to have. They need this machinery in a big hurry. On th' trip back we're going to load up with a hold full of spruce and fir. They've just about promised your Uncle Hank that they'll give him a year's contract on all their shipping if they like our service."

"Swell! Great! It's in the bag, Stevie."

"Hope so, honey. Your uncle needs that contract. It'll help us recondition a couple of the older ships in the line. If we don't get 'em in shape soon we're liable to have trouble with the government."

"But Stevie, there's no reason why we can't give 'em as good services as they can get on the coast. Or is there?" she asked slowly, noticing the look on his face.

"No—there isn't. It's just that this is so goldarned important and so much can happen before we get to Prince Rupert and back again—we—we've been havin' a lot of tough luck lately."

"What kind of tough luck, Stevie?"

"Oh, nothin' that you ought to be worryin' about. You just think o' havin' a good time and enjoyin' yourself for the next couple weeks. Although, frankly, I can't see how a gal like you is going to have much fun on a dirty old tub like this. There won't be any fancy salads at mess, an' you won't have any perfumed bath salts. You'll have a salt bath, instead."

"She was indignant. "Captain Hansen, I'm surprised at you. In the first place it's not going to let you call the Northern Belle a tub, and it isn't dirty, either. You know darned well it's spottier from stem to stern and—inside out, or whatever it is they call a ship from top to bottom."

He chuckled heartily and put a huge arm around her waist. "Speaking of salads, you've seen just about everything but the galley. C'mon, you've got to meet Wong Lee."

"Steve, I've been thinking," she said slowly as they crossed the afterdeck. "In view of the fact that this voyage is a little more important than the others let's forget about me being first mate. It... well, it was just sort of a gag, anyway, and I'd just be in the way. Tell you what—I'll sign on as purser and give you a hand with business affairs."

"Here I had Barney MacGregor all smoothed over for nothing... And you up and resign before we even sail!"

"Incidentally, Stevie, when do we lift anchor?"

"Two bells, prompt. That's 9 o'clock to you. We're just about loaded now."

They entered the galley and Hansen beckoned to a grinning Oriental. "Val, this is Wong Lee."

He puts out the best mulligan stew on the coast. Trouble is, we told him we like it. That was our mistake. Now we get it every night."

"Captain Hansen tell me you come, Missy. He make me bluy new cookbook to make fancy once in while. Yes?" He grinned still wider and Val had a faint suspicion that she was being the recipient of a gentle jibe. A look at Hansen's face convinced her.

"Thanks, Wong," she said, "but we won't be any fancier the next two weeks than we have been. But if you DO want a good Dutch Apple pie some time, just let me know, and I'll show you how it's done."

"Me call."

IT was shortly before dinner that Val, hearing a commotion outside her cabin, opened the door to hear Hansen swearing softly.

"What's up Steve?" she asked quickly.

"Plenty," he snapped. "Three of the crew jumped ship. We were short-handed as it was, too. Can't sail tonight without replacements and we can't sign on anyone until morning."

"But Steve, we've got to sail tonight. We can't afford to wait until morning and you know it. What—what'll we do, Steve?"

"In th' old days," he growled, "we'd shanghai 'em. But these ain't th' old days. They make the laws stick today."

Her eyes glistened. "Steve... let's!"

"Shanghai 'em! Oh, don't be a fussy old sofite. You'll probably be doing three loafers a big favor, anyway. Make men of 'em."

"Hey... hey! Wait a minute," he said hastily, noticing her expression. "You can't do that any-

more. That's... that's piracy. They'd hang us from the yard-arm!"

"Oh, Steve... e'mon. Just for me. Don't you want me to have some fun?"

He looked at her again. And then came the idea. "Okay, Matey. It's your party." (To Be Continued)

The city of Boston, in 1899, closed its parks to automobiles between the hours of 10 a. m. and 9 p. m., because of the many run away horses.

Compulsory liability insurance for motor car owners is now in effect only in the state of Massachusetts.

Fur coats completely covered spring suits and ensembles in the Easter parade. Consequently, hats were highlighted as never before. Above, Miss Lucile Lamarr of New York has on a felt creation—slightly military in feeling.



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"What happened to that air castle you and Bob were building?"

"Ohhh—just found out his mother expected to move in, too."

PATRIOTIC SONG WRITER

- 1 Men who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." 2 Period of time. 3 Treeless plain. 4 Street (abbr.). 5 Lukewarm. 6 Inlet. 7 Position in time. 8 The shank. 9 Dispatched. 10 Sound of inquiry. 11 Hermit's home. 12 Southeast (abbr.). 13 Persian coin. 14 To merit. 15 He observed or—the battle. 16 To bow. 17 His song is the U. S. A. national—(pl.). 18 Sooner than. 19 Cat's murmur. 20 Responded to a stimulus. 21 Copper. 22 Starting device. 23 Fury. 24 Otherwise. 25 Prophet. 26 Male deer. 27 To pay one's part. 28 Criterion. 29 Pertaining to air. 30 Tribal group. 31 Air toy. 32 To free. 33 Form of "be." 34 Verbal termination. 35 He was—on board a British boat. 36 The sweets course at dinner. 37 Polynesian chestnut. 38 Vigilant. 39 Favoritism to relatives. 40 Little island. 41 Bustle. 42 To weep. 43 Joint estate. 44 Jar. 45 Paper mulberry bark.

