

## SERIAL STORY

## K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

COPYRIGHT, 1940, NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY: When Steve Hansen explained that an important contract depended upon the safe arrival of a shipment of mining machinery at Prince Rupert, Val refused to be made, signs as a seaman. Three sailors jump ship a few hours before sailing. To wait for new men will mean a costly delay. Val suggests they shanghai three men.

## CHAPTER III

THERE was a broad smile on Steve Hansen's face. "We'll make it right after dark . . . an' shove off as soon as we get back. You can nose around a bit by yourself now, while I make a few arrangements." He turned to his arm and went to look for MacGregor.

"Barney," he began, "I found the big Scotsman we're going to have tonight. We're going to shanghai to replace the skunks that jumped ship. The effect on Barney was expected. "Take it easy, Barney. It's just a little gag to please the gal."

"Keep talkin', Steve Hansen, but I'm going to need a lot of convincin'."

Hansen laughed. "Barney, where you come in. You take 50 bucks and scout around a few of the waterfront hangouts. Pick up three guys you think might make pretty fair hands. Give 'em 10 bucks each and explain to 'em what we want 'em to do. Tell 'em what's coming off and have 'em wait casually behind that freight warehouse at 10 o'clock. Tell 'em to put up some struggle to make it look good. Now . . . d'you get it?"

Barney MacGregor regarded his skipper dubiously. "Steve Hansen, it's just a mite bit clearer than bilge water but if that's the way you want it, okay with me."

VAL DOUGLAS, seaman at mess a short while later, felt a tingle that started at her toes and seemed to run to the base of her neck. This, she told herself, was more fun than she'd ever had in her life. She glanced across the table at Barney MacGregor and he gave her a broad wink.

"We're not letting everyone in on this just yet," Hansen whispered to her. "We don't want to take any more chances than we have to. Barney has six of our best men lined up for the job. Figures two to a man ought to be plenty."

He nodded toward a red-headed seaman at the far end of the table. "Mike Kelly, there, used to be a pretty fair heavyweight fighter about six years ago. He says he can go out and bring 'em in himself."

Then lowering his voice still further: "You didn't want to go along with the boys by any chance, did you?"

She almost choked on a mouthful of string beans in her haste to reply. "Try and leave me behind!" she flared. "Whose idea was this, anyway?"

"It's liable to be a little dangerous," he said, leading her on. "An' if anything goes wrong you can't afford to be in on the mess. Which reminds me, if your Uncle Hank gets wind of this we'll be all finding ourselves lookin' for jobs."

"Uncle Hank is 3000 miles away and he won't be back for a week. And besides, he need never know. As for me, don't worry about my getting involved in a mess. I know people who can square anything but murder."

"I've seen shanghai parties that have ended in just that."

The cold, casual way he said it made Val Douglas shiver just a little.

BARNEY MACGREGOR, leading his little party single file along the deserted dock, held up his hand. "We take it easy from here on," he whispered. "Another 800 feet and we'll begin to see some signs of life."

Big Mike Kelly took Val's hand in his. "Stick close to me, kid," he whispered hoarsely. "An' hang onto those ropes. We might have to send these guys back one at a time."

Val nodded. The seaman in front of her had a blackjack sticking out of his hip pocket. The sight of the ugly-looking instrument gave her a momentary feeling of regret about the whole idea. She hoped no one would be hurt.

It was back as pitch. There was no moon and only a few stars shone overhead. Barney MacGregor held up his hand again. "Talk about luck," he whispered excitedly. "Look!"

Walking toward them, a couple hundred feet away, were three men. "Split up, quick!" Barney ordered. "Behind these two sheds."

Val felt her heart racing. All three at one fell swoop! A minute or so later the three men were upon them. Val, flattened out against a wall, held her breath. Barney gave a signal and the six of them catapulted on their three victims.

Val, her eyes wide with excitement, had never seen the likes of this struggle. The three victims fought back savagely, so savagely they made hardly a sound.

One of them caught Barney MacGregor with a right that

drove him back six feet. The man dropped another with a terrific left to the chin. He was a wild man, but they closed in on him again. Val gasped when the seaman with the blackjack went to work. He lifted his hand. There was a dull whacking sound and the wild man crumbled.

The other two were subdued in a couple of minutes. "Lucky it's so dark," MacGregor muttered. "We're going to have to carry that one guy. He's out cold."

A half hour later Val Douglas stood on the bridge with Captain Steve Hansen as they upped anchor and headed out toward the Golden Gate.

"We've got 'em locked up below, Steve. When do you want to let 'em out?"

"When we're about an hour out to sea I'll go down and talk to 'em," he told her. "I haven't seen 'em yet, y'know."

"Neither have we, hardly. It was so pitch black out and we didn't dare use a flashlight."

THEY were plowing along at 10 knots by the time Steve Hansen made ready to go below. He had just filled his pipe when Mike Kelly came barging up breathlessly.

"Hey, Skipper . . . there's been a mistake! Honest. An' guess what."

Steve Hansen felt a sinking sensation in his stomach. "What kind of mistake?" he inquired with apprehension. "An' don't keep me in the dark, y'know."

"Those three guys we shanghai'd . . . ain't the guys Hansen picked up this afternoon. They're . . ."

Steve Hansen gripped Kelly's arm as he saw a slow light dawned on Val Douglas's face.

"Who are they?" Hansen belatedly. Mike Kelly licked his lips. "This'll scupper you, Skipper," he moaned. "They're Eddie Cavalier, his manager and his trainer. I recognized 'em just when I happened to go below and saw 'em in the light for the first time." "Eddie Cavalier!" shrieked Hansen. "You mean that boxer-fighter?"

"Th' same," said Mike Kelly. (To Be Continued)

Language Changes  
The English language constantly is undergoing changes. In the past 20 years 170,000 new words have been added, while 50,000 have become obsolete.



This Easter bonnet, straight from the Fitch, stopped traffic in Fifth Avenue. It's a skillet—just a plain kitchen skillet, minus handle, tied on with ribbons and trimmed with clusters of artificial flowers.

## F LAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

COPY, 1940 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



"I want you to meet my boy-friend—he's a woman hater."

## COAT OF ARMS

## HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured coat of arms of

7 It has been the home of the — for 1000 years.

12 Fish eggs.

13 Fertile desert spots.

15 Room recess.

16 Cows' home.

17 Furtive fellow.

18 Oxhide strap.

20 Forearm bones.

21 Paris of keels.

22 To do again.

23 Pair (abbr.).

25 To add to.

26 Yellow bird.

27 Fatty.

31 Large seaweed.

34 Food fish.

35 Mongrel.

36 Epochs.

37 Provided.

39 Camel's hair cloth.

40 Bubble in glass.

## ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

1 FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

2 TOP TITEL PAR

3 MACIOTON SAVANNA

4 APIDICENTIA

5 CRUS

6 PERMITAGE

7 RACE

8 DESSERT

9 ATTACKS

10 LEFT

11 TERN

12 BELT

13 ASSAULT

14 RATE

15 MERCE

16 DETAINEE

17 Foray.

18 To look for.

19 This land's capital.

20 It's a unit, the pengo.

21 Mythical bird.

22 Alleged force.

23 Instrumental duet.

24 Wayside hotel.

25 To depart by boat.

26 Wine cup.

27 To polish.

28 Lucky stone.

29 Meander.

30 Blithe.

31 Within.

32 Caseous element.

33 Worst of yarns.

34 Bill of fare.

35 Arabian.

36 Mystic syllable.

37 North Carolina (abbr.).

38 Emaciated.

39 Questions.

40 Strong-scented plant.

41 Each (abbr.).

42 To exist.

43 On the lee.

44 To exist.

45 On the lee.

46 To exist.

47 On the lee.

48 To exist.

49 On the lee.

50 To exist.

51 On the lee.

52 To exist.

53 On the lee.

54 To exist.

55 On the lee.

56 To exist.

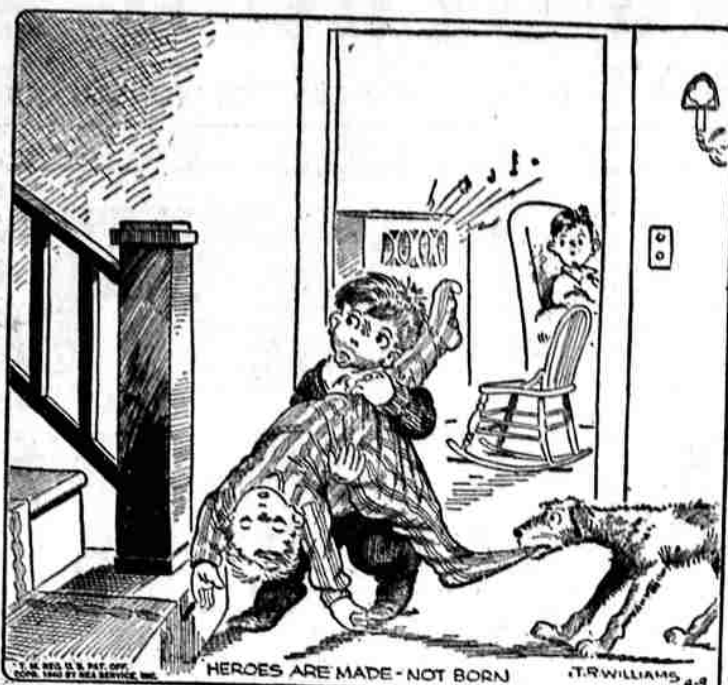
57 On the lee.

58 To exist.

59 On the lee.

## OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN

J. R. WILLIAMS

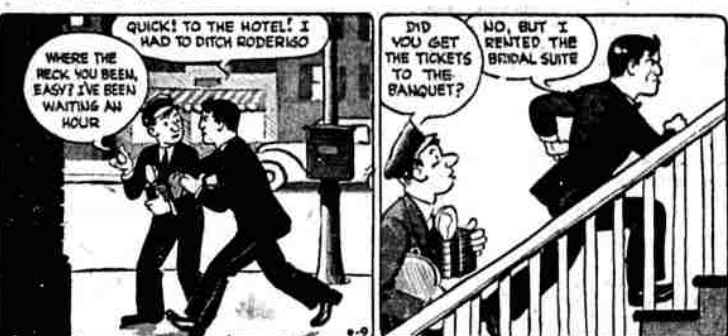
## RED RYDER



## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



## WASH TUBBS



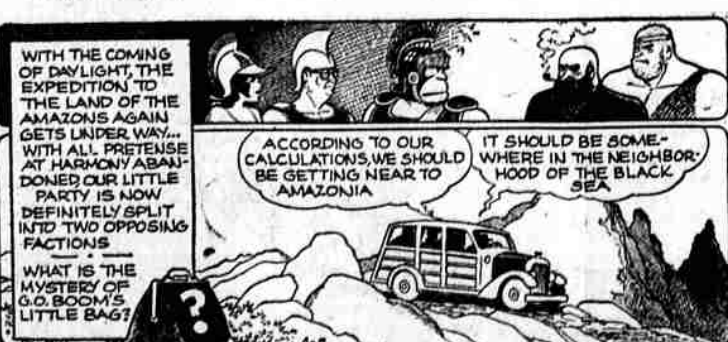
## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## 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

