

SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY, Hansen arranged to have three sailors let themselves be shanghaied, just to give Val a thrill. The men are taken after a battle, and the Northern Belle sails on time. As her horn blows, she tells Hansen that a mistake, instead of the sailors, they've shanghaied Eddie Cavalier, his manager and his trainer.

CHAPTER IV

CAPTAIN STEVE HANSEN went down the steps, three at a time, a lurid Scandinavian oath trailing in his wake.

For just a brief moment Val felt as though paralyzed. Then she flew after Hansen, a hundred thoughts racing through her head. Eddie Cavalier aboard the "Northern Belle" . . . shanghaied . . . by her . . . no wonder the three victims had put up such a terrific battle. . . . And it must have been Cavalier who was black-jacked!

She caught up with Hansen just as he started to go below. "Steve," she gasped. "Steve, before you talk to them, tell me . . . you had this thing all framed for my benefit, didn't you?"

"Of course, Matey, but who'd ever dream these three eggs would happen along at just the right time and right spot. How was MacGregor to know in that darkness?"

He groaned. "Those three guys Barney had lined up probably didn't want to sign on anyway, took their 10 bucks each and got themselves oiled."

She clutched his arm. "Steve . . . what're you going to do?" "Only one thing we can do, I guess, and that's take 'em back to Frisco and try to convince 'em there's been a big mistake."

"That," she murmured, "will take an awful lot of talking. And Steve, if we turn back now we won't be able to get out again until morning—if then," she added meaningfully. "Port authorities might want to know why we turned back. And our three friends below might cause us a lot of trouble and get us held for investigation. We don't dare take the chance, Steve. That contract means too much."

"Besides, Steve," she said slowly. "I've just had a wonderful idea."

He snorted. "Another one of your ideas, eh? You'll be staking the ship next."

"Steve, I'm going down to see them with you. And Steve, do you have enough faith and confidence in me to . . . to let me handle this situation? I mean it, Steve in all seriousness. Take four cues from me."

"Okay, honey. We're in it deep enough. Might as well go deeper. Let's drop in on our guests."

HANSEN opened the cabin door with his master key and they stepped inside.

"Well, if it isn't our rising young middleweight. Fancy meeting you here, Mister Cavalier," Val smiled.

Eddie Cavalier got up from the bunk. His handsome dark face clouded with anger and made the ugly welt above his eye stand out still more.

It took him a full moment to recognize her and then he let out a howl. "Duffy . . . Duffy, look who it is. That female sports writer! What've you got to do with all this?"

She motioned him to be silent. "In due time," she said coolly. "Perhaps we'd better have some introductions first. Captain Hansen, meet Eddie Cavalier, his manager, Duffy Kelso, and the other gentleman, I believe, would be his trainer, Pop Grimes, or am I mistaken?"

Hansen nodded to all in turn. Duffy Kelso yanked the cigar from his teeth so he could have freedom of action. He was a little fellow with a bristling mustache and shoe-button eyes.

"What's the meaning of this?" he shrieked. "What goes on? What the hell is this? It's impossible! I'll have you locked up for life, you pirate!"

"Take it easy, Duffy." Deliberately Val seated herself in a chair. "In the first place, there's been a big mistake made but I'll have to make the most of it."

"Mistake?" The little man howled. "Toots, that's the only sensible thing you've ever said in your life. You never did like us. You never did have a good word to say about us in that column of yours . . . you . . . you . . ."

He sputtered helplessly and Val smiled benignly. "A question, please. Just what were you gentlemen doing on that dock at that time of night?" Duffy Kelso looked as though he would explode and it was the trainer who spoke up quietly. "Well, lady, it'll help clear up this mess, we been out doin' a little fishin' on the bay. On our way back from Oakland our motor went dead on the little speedboat we'd rented and we drifted around until dark when someone picked us up and towed us in. And that's where they happened to drop us off."

"I see," Duffy Kelso, regaining his voice, glared at her. "I don't know who's boss around here, but you'd better have your admiral friend turn this mud scow around and take us back to Frisco."

talk and it was Cavalier who answered her.

"You'd be an idiot to refuse. Where you bound for, anyhow?" "Princes Rupert, British Columbia," she announced quite calmly. "And you won't be back for at least 12 days. I might inform you, also, that while on board you'll have to earn your keep. We're short-handed and you'll have to fill in. However," she added, "you'll receive standard wages for your efforts."

Duffy Kelso's shriek almost split the cabin walls. "You crazy dame, you can't do that to us. We've gotta fight in two weeks. Get us off this tub immediately or I'll murder you myself!"

"Disregard the sensitive gentleman on your left, Captain Hansen. He becomes violent on the slightest provocation. He's really harmless, however."

"Quit clowning," Eddie Cavalier said ominously. "Do we go back or not?"

"The answer is 'not.' About your fight. If I recall correctly, you and Johnny Massini are meeting to see who gets a crack at the champ. Right?"

"For the first time in your life—yes."

"As much as I hate to say it, you ought to take Massini without too much trouble," she said meditatively.

"Look, lady . . . what're you driving at?" Duffy Kelso grunted. "You're killin' me by inches. Why don't you get it over with and end my agony?"

"Okay, Duffy. Here it is," she said exultantly. "You'll be able to go through with your fight with Massini, all right, but in so doing you're going to give me the scoop of the year. You're going to train for that fight right on board this ship and I'm going to file my stories by ship's radio every day."

"Yowee! What a setup," she chortled. "The more I think of it the greater the idea sounds. What a story this'll make! What a story!" (To Be Continued)

Woman Awarded Croix de Guerre



Smiling wistfully, 24-year-old Mlle. Kurtz is pictured above after becoming first French woman to receive prized croix de guerre in the current war. She was wounded while on duty as ambulance driver.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



YOU'VE GOT US GUESSING, MAJOR!



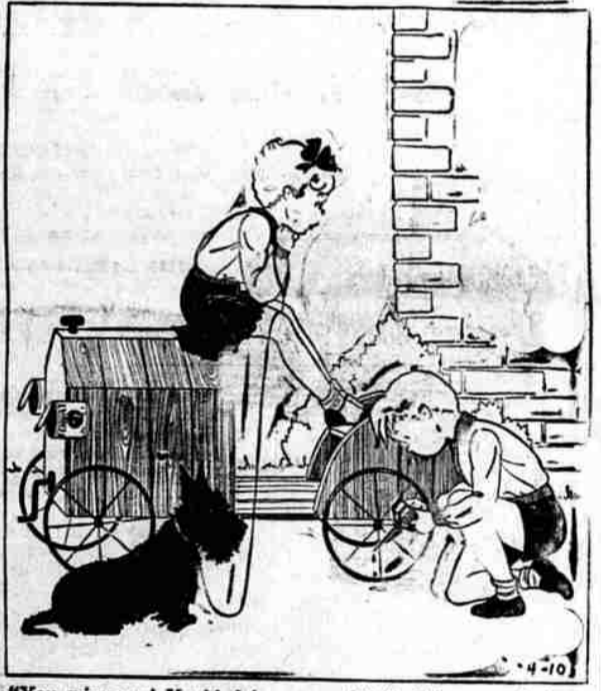
RED RYDER



BY FRED HARMAN

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"You wimmen! You'd drive a car 'til it falls apart before you'd put any oil in it."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

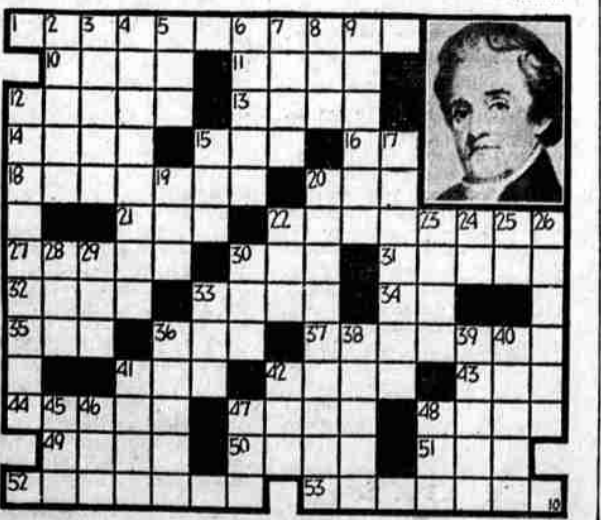


WASH TUBBS

BY HAROLD GRAY

AUTHORITY ON WORDS

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle 1 Compiler of a famous English dictionary. 10 Entreaty. 11 Tiny particle. 12 To run out. 13 To percolate. 14 Mountain range in Russia. 15 Intention. 16 Structural unit. 18 Sella. 20 Form of "be." 21 Grain. 22 Speculator. 27 Mass of cast metal. 30 Spigot. 31 Dispatch boat. 32 To close with wax. 33 Young salmon. 34 New England (abbr.). 35 Skirt edge. 36 Drinking cup. 37 To bring to a uniform grade. 41 Baseball stick. 42 To ignite. 43 2000 pounds. 44 Doleful. 47 High terrace. 48 Peruses. 49 Ewers. 50 Inspires reverence. 51 Malt drink. 52 Digit of foot. 53 Kingdom. 12 His dictionary was in 1828. 15 Work of genius. 17 To disconcert. 19 To chew. 20 Sets a value on. 22 Rowing tool. 23 To affirm. 24 Palm lily. 25 Bone. 26 Aftermaths. 28 Born. 29 School of whales. 30 Price tab. 33 To propose. 35 Swamp. 38 To clutch. 39 Coral island. 40 Bench. 41 Pulpit block. 42 Not many. 45 To repent. 46 Age. 47 To deface. 48 Wolframite.



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY CRANE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY BLOSSER



ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN

