

SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY: Val sells Duffy the idea of having Cavalier train on the Northern Belle. They can't afford to cancel and Hansen won't turn back. Besides the publicity will back the stadium. After they agree, she informs Cavalier that he'll have to work with the crew, but she'll try to get Hansen to give him a little time off.

CHAPTER VI

"OKAY, you lugs. Hit th' deck!" Duffy Kelso opened one eye and squinted at the big seaman bellowing into the crew's quarters. Duffy shuddered.

On all sides of him men were getting out of bed but Kelso drew his blankets up closer to his chin. When he looked up again the big fellow was standing over him, grinning.

"C'mon buttercup. Time to bloom. What do you think you're doin'?"

"Right now," Duffy muttered, "I'm hoping you fall overboard before you're a day older. What's idea getting me up in the middle of the night?"

Next thing Duffy knew the blankets were rudely pulled from his bunk. "It's almost three bells," the seaman roared. "Cap'n Hansen sent some new duffie down for you lugs. Get into it and lay to."

Duffy sat up, groaning again. "Why can't they talk English?" he asked Pop Grimes. "It's like being in a foreign country somewhere, only much worse." He turned to Cavalier. "What time is three bells?"

"Five thirty," Eddie told him. "How'd you know that?" Kelso inquired suspiciously.

"I read a book once," Eddie said sarcastically. "Big words and all."

A red-headed seaman came in. "Hiya boys," he began. "Hiya, Duffy. Guess you don't remember me, do ya?"

Duffy looked at him closely and started. "Mike Kelly! Well, I'll be —" he cried, wringing the red-head's hand. Suddenly he drew his hand back. "What th' deuce am I doin' shaking hands with you?" he growled. "You're part o' this mob, ain't you?"

Kelly grinned, disregarding Kelso's last remark. "Ain't seen you since — since that night in the Garden?"

"Yeah," Duffy agreed. "As I recall, you lay on th' canvas for 10 minutes after Buddy Jones tagged you."

"That's why I'm here now," Mike said seriously. "And at least I know I'll never be walkin' around on my heels and making funny passes every time a trolley motorman clangs his bell."

Mike nodded toward Eddie Cavalier who was buttoning his blue denim shirt. "I ain't never had th' pleasure o' shakin' hands with th' champ, Duffy. Could y' introduce us?"

Eddie smiled, even before Duffy could voice the ceremonies. "Hello, Mike. I'm not champ yet, though."

"You will be, kid," pumping his hand. "I've seen you go. You can't miss."

"Uh, say Mike," Pop Grimes broke in. "Let's get down to a little business. As long as we have to make the best of this mess, what kind of tack you got on board?"

Mike raised his hand significantly. "Plenty, Lucky I keep it on hand for me an' th' boys to putter around with. Two sets o' eight ounce gloves, a light bag, a pair o' bag gloves and a hand guard. Almost made to order, hey Pop?"

"If I didn't know better," Pop muttered, "I'd swear it was a frame."

WITH the exception of those on duty everyone was already seated in the small mess quarters when they entered.

"New hands," Captain Hansen told the crew curtly as they sat down. "Kelso, Grimes and Cavalier." Hansen grinned behind his napkin as the boxer sat down across from Val. He looked startled at seeing her.

"Didn't think I'd be up this early, did you?" she said sweetly. "One surprise after another," Eddie sighed.

"First thing we'll do is put up a ring for Mister Cavalier," Val said evenly. "After that Kelso and Grimes will join the paint crew. Cavalier can do a little of his road work around the deck and then report back to Captain Hansen."

Eddie Cavalier glared. "Give any orders you wish, but don't go forgetting that Pop Grimes is my trainer. He'll make the suggestions about any road work I'll do."

"Paint crew," Duffy muttered. "A Rembrandt she wants to make outa me!"

IT was early May and the sun shone brightly over the gently rolling Pacific. A thin streamer of smoke on the horizon was the only other sign of life.

Val Douglas breathed deeply and sauntered up behind Eddie Cavalier who lay stretched full length upon a hatch cover.

"You don't look very active for a fighter supposed to be in training," she said casually.

No answer. He was immovable.

with his arm flung across his eyes. "I was talking to you," she said lolly.

"I heard you."

"Why didn't you answer me?"

"Why don't you throw me in the brig for insubordination?"

"It's an idea to toy with," she informed him menacingly. "Maybe you'll wish you hadn't given birth to it."

He got to his feet then and started working his arms across his chest in circular motion, totally disregarding her. Then he broke into a slow log around deck.

She pattered after him for a few steps.

"Don't forget to report to Captain Hansen when you're through."

He stopped dead. "Scram!" he barked at her so savagely she was stunned to silence. He trotted off again and left her.

MIKE KELLY was putting up the last strand of rope on the ring when she came up. "Did you have any help on this, Mike?" she asked.

"Sure. Grimes and Kelso both took a hand."

"Where are they now?"

"Cap'n Hansen gave Kelso permission to send that wire to Sam Golden. He must be up in the radio room. Grimes is up for'd with th' paint crew."

Cavalier went by and waved to Kelly.

"Great boy," Mike beamed following Eddie with his eyes.

"Clean-cut kid, too. He ain't just another pug with a couple hard fists and a harder head. He's got class, that boy has."

"I fail to see it," she countered.

"Beggins your pardon, Miss Douglas," Mike said apologetically, "but maybe you're just a little blind if you can't tell th'

difference between a guy like Eddie Cavalier and a pug like — well, like me, for instance. That guy's another Gene Tunney. This guy Cavalier even went to college for a couple years. You'll change your mind about him some day, you will."

"Maybe so," she muttered, "but not in print."

(To Be Continued)

The gasoline tax has been in force in the United States for 21 years. During that period the tax has cost motorists more than \$9,000,000,000, and currently takes more than \$1,000,000,000 from them annually.

About 10,000,000 of the 30,000,000 motorists buy new automobiles, while the others purchase used cars.



CRIME'S FOE—Police guard protects Dist. Atty. William O'Dwyer (above), former "cop" and judge who's now investigating the murder-for-hire gang in Brooklyn, N. Y.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



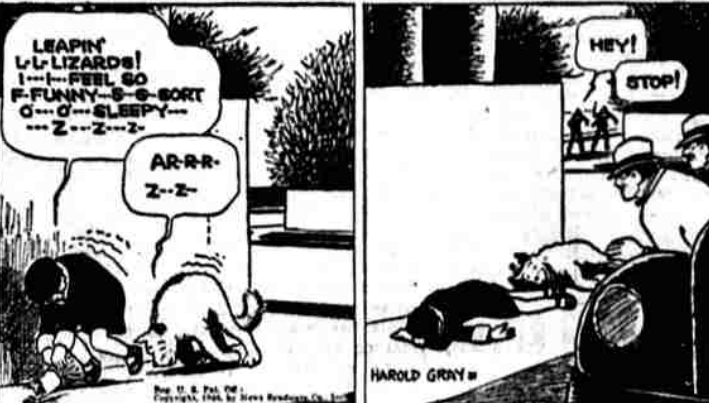
OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR H



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"By the way—a guy was here before and he said he wanted to contact you. Did he?"

CANADIAN STATESMAN

HORIZONTAL

1 Late Governor-General of Canada.

10 Place.

11 Chartered.

13 European mountains.

14 Ridge.

15 Railroad (abbr.).

16 Clergymen.

18 Farewell.

19 Postscript (abbr.).

20 Crisscross frameworks.

22 Immovable.

23 Sooner than.

24 Tendon.

26 Wrosted.

28 Frying fluid.

31 Cotton fabric.

32 At this time.

33 Dower property.

34 Revolution.

35 Palm lily.

36 Onto.

37 Front of an army.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

1 Late Governor-General of Canada.

10 Place.

11 Chartered.

13 European mountains.

14 Ridge.

15 Railroad (abbr.).

16 Clergymen.

18 Farewell.

19 Postscript (abbr.).

20 Crisscross frameworks.

22 Immovable.

23 Sooner than.

24 Tendon.

26 Wrosted.

28 Frying fluid.

31 Cotton fabric.

32 At this time.

33 Dower property.

34 Revolution.

35 Palm lily.

36 Onto.

37 Front of an army.

VERTICAL

1 Late Governor-General of Canada.

10 Place.

11 Chartered.

13 European mountains.

14 Ridge.

15 Railroad (abbr.).

16 Clergymen.

18 Farewell.

19 Postscript (abbr.).

20 Crisscross frameworks.

22 Immovable.

23 Sooner than.

24 Tendon.

26 Wrosted.

28 Frying fluid.

31 Cotton fabric.

32 At this time.

33 Dower property.

34 Revolution.

35 Palm lily.

36 Onto.

37 Front of an army.

38 Blowers.

39 Butter lump.

40 To drink slowly.

41 Bullet for air guns.

42 To polish.

43 Ana.

45 Bed lath.

46 Bundling device.

47 Grimier.

48 Indian cotton cloth.

49, 50 His titled name.

14 Branch of learning.

17 Cereal grain.

18 Expert flyer.

21 To weary.

22 To embroider.

25 Small hotel.

26 Negative.

27 He was an author or by profession.

29 Dove's call.

30 Electrified particle.

31 Respiratory organ.

33 To dabble.

34 Tight.

35 Rabbit.

37 An article of food.

38 Pretentious display.

39 Rice dish.

40 To stimulate.

41 Killed.

42 Opposed to cold.

44 Bustle.

45 To seat.

46 Huge auto.

48 South Dakota (abbr.).