

SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY, The new hands...

CHAPTER VII

VAL DOUGLAS went up on the bridge...

She didn't have to be told by Mike Kelly...

She remembered he had taken up golf just a year ago...

Val Douglas long ago had decided—in print, too—that Eddie Cavalier...

That, in fact, was what had started the whole feud...

From her position of vantage overlooking the deck...

DUFFY KELSO, spattered and smelly from paint...

"Not at all," she answered brightly. "I'm anxious to see if his surroundings affect his ring disposition."

"I'll try not to disappoint you," Eddie said...

Cavalier donned Kelly's old ring togs and they fitted him somewhat grotesquely...

Val could hardly suppress a snicker, they looked so funny. Duffy Kelso...

While Mike skipped rope to get himself warmed up Cavalier went to work on the light bag...

Val found herself admiring the sight. Eddie lifted his eyes from the bag...

"Golden, hey? What's up?" Pop Grimes asked.

"Plenty," Duffy moaned. "He says the newspaper guys don't believe he didn't know a thing about this and they ain't even talking to him..."

"But that ain't all," Duffy continued. "The state boxing commission had to be notified, of course, and they demand that we put up a \$5000 bond..."

"Who'll we get to dig up the \$5000 for us?" Kelso demanded.

"We'll think about that later," Cavalier said impatiently. "I'm getting cold. Let's go Mike."

They climbed in between the ropes and Kelso and Grimes looked at each other questioningly...

CAVALIER danced forward and flicked a straight left without a preliminary motion of any sort.

corner. "You're a heel," she grated. "And I don't think I have to tell you why."

'Shoo, Fly!'



Pacific, giant statue at the Golden Gate Exposition in San Francisco...

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



"But I'll be so lonesome, Chuck—do you hafta go very far away to forget me?"

ORGAN OF VISION

Crossword puzzle grid with clues and answers.