

SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

COPYRIGHT, 1940,
NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY: Eddie began his training with a light workout and three rounds with Kelly. Although he is supposed to be appearing, Cavalier pounds Kelly without mercy. Val makes Duffy stop the slugging, calls Cavalier a heel.

CHAPTER VIII

EDDIE and Mike sparred lightly the last two rounds and when Pop Grimes called a halt Cavalier went over and took both of Mike's hands in his.

"I'm sorry about that first round, Mike. Honest I am. That damn thing... I guess... Well, it just..."

Mike nodded. "Yeah, kid. I know. That's okay... forget it. You didn't hurt me much."

Eddie slapped him on the back and rushed below to take a shower.

Val Douglas looked after him thoughtfully. "He might be genuinely sorry but it'll still make a good story. I'm filing my first one tonight."

"Never mind your story," Kelo wailed. "What about our \$3000 forfeit money?"

"I don't know why I should play Santa Claus, but I might have an idea about that, too," she said.

SHE found Captain Hansen in his cabin. Quickly she explained the situation they had put Kelo in. "Stevie," she concluded, "I'm going to wire Uncle Hank the facts and have him lend Duffy the money."

Captain Hansen looked at her a long time before replying. "Honey," he said gently, "how those three men really came on board will have to be held from your Uncle Hank for awhile. It's bad enough he'll be knowing they're on board just as he reads the papers. But there's something more important."

He paused for another moment. "As much as your Uncle Hank would want to do anything in the world for you he wouldn't be able to scrape up \$3000 in less than a month—if at all," he added significantly.

"Stevie—what do you mean? That isn't so much."

"Normally, it wouldn't be, but remember I told you we have a lot of reconditioning to do? Well, Uncle Hank has just about every penny he could get his hands on already tied up. That's why we need this Hallday contract to wind things up. Then we'll be bouncing right back up there again."

She nodded. "I didn't think... I had no idea Uncle Hank was working on such a close margin. What happened?"

"Well, just between you 'n me, honey, that rival line is trying to freeze us out of the coast trade. An' they haven't been too particular about their methods."

"Is that what you meant when you mentioned those tough breaks we've been having lately?"

He nodded. "Fire in our freight warehouse once. Two ton of salmon hijacked on the road before we could deliver it to the consignees. Little delays here and there that slow down the service. Never had any proof, of course, but we have ideas."

"And that machinery going up to Prince Rupert? You're worried about that, too?"

"Not while it's on board, we're not. But it's handling it at Prince Rupert that'll take a lot of care. All they got to do is steal one little cog, or something, or throw some little lever outa whack and the whole works will be held up until the part can be sent up from Frisco."

He patted her shoulder. "But you worry about your box-fighter and I'll worry about the important things."

"Oh, he's important," she said quickly. "In a different sort of way, that is. After all, he's sort of our responsibility. And maybe I can still help him. I said thoughtfully, 'I think I can get our San Francisco bureau to intervene with the boxing commission. In fact, I'm sure of it, but don't let Kelo or Cavalier know anything about it.'"

EDDIE CAVALIER stopped her just before evening mess. "I hear you're writing your first training story tonight," he said abruptly.

She nodded and noticed that he had a fresh patch over his black-jack wound. "So Mike did belt you a good one," she murmured.

"That's good."

"Bled a little, that's all," he said briefly. "I'll be all closed up in a week. But what I wanted to ask you was not to scorch me too much for this morning. I didn't realize Mike wasn't wearing a headguard and somehow I got a crazy notion that you had prodded Mike into giving me something I wasn't looking for. You were right when you called me a heel—then, I'll go easy on him from now on."

"Mike's an old man as fighters go but he can take care of himself," she observed. "As for my story—I'll have to think it over. It'll look awful good in print, you know—Eddie Cavalier takes advantage of washed-up spars."

"Okay," he said quietly. "Crucify me. You're pulling all the strings in this deal, anyway. And I'm the heel. That's a good one. Night calls the crow black!"

"Ah, a brilliant piece of supposition. Who said fighters were dumb? Why, I'll bet you can add two and two and get four for an answer without putting it on paper."

"I believe I can," he said, grimly. "I'll have some other answers since I get you ashore."

She raised an eyebrow. "Threatening me, eh? What are you going to do—beat me up?"

"If I can't think of anything better, I will."

SHE found a wire from her office when she sat down at the table. It said: "Great work. We have scoop of century. Everyone else screaming. Give us first story second possible and keep coming \$500 daily."

She shoved the message across to Cavalier. "This'll kill you."

He read it and Val felt like chuckling at his expression of disgust.

Duffy Kelo peered suspiciously at the food Wong Lee was setting on the table and suddenly burst into a roar.

"Bread... potatoes... meat pie... starch and more starch! Hey, Wun Lung!" Duffy howled. "Get that stuff away from that fighter. Go easy on that starchy stuff, get me. He's gonna get hog-fat. He's gotta have more fresh greens and less o' this hash you dish out."

Wong Lee's eyes never changed their expression.

"Mr. Kelo," Val said icily. "We treat everyone around here with all the respect due them. If Captain Hansen were here now it would go bad with you."

"Nuts," said Kelo. "What about it? Do we or don't we get some sort o' training diet around here?"

"Don't bother, Duffy," Eddie said quietly. "I can get along on this."

"What about it Wong Lee?" Val asked.

Wong Lee pattered around the table, looking at no one in particular when he spoke.

"Must have more help in galley. Make other things chop-choo."

for boxing man only if noisy on help."

"He means that, too," Val said slowly. "You'll serve your trick in the galley from now on, Mister Kelo."

There was snicker from someone at the other end of the table. "I'll die first," Duffy roared. "I'll be by starvation, then."

Val replied sweetly. "Remember—no work, no eaties."

(To Be Continued)

Sails for Medical Duty in France



"My parents approve," said Beatrice Phillips, daughter of U.S. Ambassador to Italy, pictured as she recently sailed from New York to France, where she will drive medical supplies bus behind the lines.

The average speed of lightening is 28,500 miles a second, recent studies have shown.

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



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



EXPERT ON STARS

