

SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

COPYRIGHT, 1940,
NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY, Eddie apologized to Kelly for letting his temper get away from him, but Val is not convinced. She uses the fact that the future of the entire ship depends on getting this shipment to port safely and on time. Duffy complains about the food, gets himself assigned to galley duty.

CHAPTER IX

THE Pacific wasn't so gentle the next day as they headed northward. There was a more pronounced roll under the "Northern Belle," and every once in awhile she dipped deep into a heavy sea that sent spray hissing over her forward deck.

Val picked her way along the after deck and tied a knot in a rope holding together some life preservers. It had slipped a little. When she looked up Eddie Cavalier was watching her. He reached down, tugged at the rope experimentally and grunted with satisfaction.

"Since when are you checking up on me?" she flared. "All in the interests of public welfare," he murmured. "Someone's life may depend on just such a little thing as a knot. Anyway, I was a Boy Scout once and I know all about knots."

"I know," she said slowly. "I've often wondered why you ever became a fighter."

He gave her a long look. "Why?"

"Oh . . . never mind. Just a sudden thought." Then more brusquely: "By the way, what's on the program for today?"

"A little rope-skipping . . . little jogging . . . little shadow boxing. Pop says nothing heavy." "Fine story that'll make for me," she commented.

He showed her a can of metal polish he had in his hand. "First I'm going to work out on some of these deck-fittings. You might get something out of that."

For almost an hour she watched him polish brass until the metal glistened in the sun.

"When you're all washed up in the ring I can get you a job polishing mail boxes and door handles in a New York apartment house."

"Thanks. I might need it at that."

"I don't think you will," she said evenly.

He shook his polishing cloth in the wind. "Hey, what is this? A change of heart? I thought you hated my internal workings—otherwise known as guts."

She felt a faint flush gathering in her face. She strove for an answer and found herself all tied up. If only she could say something. She wasn't angry, though. Of that she was certain.

He turned to his task again but when he looked up a minute later she was gone.

Eddie Cavalier watched the slender figure climb the companionway to the upper deck. His gaze followed her until she disappeared into the chart room.

Eddie was very thoughtful for a long minute. Funny the way they had been at each other's throats since they'd known each other.

Eddie Cavalier hadn't had much time for women. He'd always had to work too hard. So he knew he oughtn't make comparisons. Still, he bet himself, she probably had a lot more than the usual run of females. She merely had to be slapped down once. That's all. Just once. And maybe, he figured, he'd be the one to do it yet.

"HELLO, Matey," Captain Hansen boomed as she entered.

"What's stirring?"

"Nothing. That's the trouble," she said morosely.

"Hold on," he said quickly. "Here comes Joe Barnes and he's coming awful fast."

The seaman came up the companionway two steps at a time. "This Kelso, sir. He says Wong Lee has poisoned him. He sent word he's awful sick."

"What's that?" Hansen bellowed. "Poisoned? Ridiculous!"

"Whatever it is, it's a story," Val howled and was out the door in a flash, Captain Hansen following her.

Together they dashed into Wong Lee's galley. "Wong—what's this about you poisoning Mister Kelso?" Hansen asked.

Wong smiled broadly and fingered his meat cleaver. "Me no poison Mister Kelso," he said blandly. "But me like to."

"No doubt," Val muttered, "and with just cause."

"Then why does he insist you poisoned him? Where is he, anyway?"

Wong smiled. "No poison," he repeated. "Too much rock today. He made rolling motions with his hand and suddenly it dawned on them.

"Seasick, by gad!" Hansen roared. "Seasick, an' he thinks he's been poisoned. There's your story for today, honey."

"You're telling me," Val chuckled. "And I wish I had a camera and could get Mr. Kelso in technicolor. I'll bet he looks well in green and white. Let's go down and see."

moaned. "That Chinese don't like me nohow."

"Kelso," Hansen chuckled. "You're just plain seasick and don't know it."

Val nodded. "That's right, Duffy. Plain old mal de mer."

"Can you die from it?" he whispered.

Val shook her head in the negative.

"Someone's a liar," he croaked. "Cause I'm dyin'."

VAL hurried down to her cabin and got out her portable. She sat immobile for two or three minutes before she had her lead figured out. She battered away at the keys for a half hour, then scampered up to the radio room with her story.

"Get this off, will you Sparks? We can just about make the afternoon editions with this."

She hadn't been gone five minutes when Eddie Cavalier strolled in.

"Hi, Sparks."

"Howdy, champ," the radio operator greeted him. "Have a good workout?"

"Pretty fair. What's got there . . . another story from Miss Shakespeare?"

Sparks nodded. "Yup . . . and it's a whopper, too. Here, you can read over my shoulder."

Eddie peered down and a wide grin broke over his face as he read.

"Duffy Kelso lies dying in his bunk even as I am writing this. At least so he thinks. The pop-off manager of 'Pretty-Pants' Cavalier, pretender to the middle-weight throne, lies a victim of mal de mer in the advanced stages. And for the first time in his life, Duffy Kelso is a thoroughly beaten and subdued individual. . . ."

Eddie Cavalier's grin blended

into a burst of laughter as he read on. "Wait'll the boys get a load of this," he chuckled. "They'll never let Duffy live it down."

"Say, that dame can write, can't she?" he said to Sparks.

"You said it, Pretty-Pants," said Sparks, and Eddie grinned even wider.

(To Be Continued)



Lt. Chiang Wego, second son of China's generalissimo Chang Kai-Shek, is pictured in Washington as he watched with interest Uncle Sam's military forces in their annual Army Day parade.

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



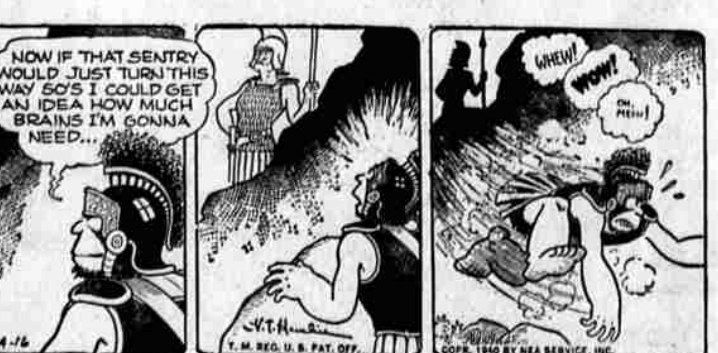
BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Hold it, chief! I got a story that'll bust this town wide open!"

GODDESS OF BEAUTY

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Roman goddess of beauty.
- 5 She was named in Greece.
- 13 Stir.
- 14 Kind of sandal.
- 16 Jackdaw.
- 17 Ginning knots.
- 19 Dried plum.
- 20 5280 feet.
- 21 Sea mile.
- 23 Last point.
- 24 Moderately cold.
- 26 Rumanian coin.
- 27 Hop bush.
- 28 Salamander.
- 30 Musical note.
- 32 Stepped.
- 34 Cross.
- 36 Jumbled type.
- 37 To imitate.
- 39 Chestnut-colored.
- 40 To undermine.
- 41 Solar orb.
- 42 Luminous.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERTICAL

- 1 Closed truck.
- 2 Paradise.
- 3 Prickly pear.
- 4 Senior.
- 5 By this time.
- 6 To twang.
- 7 Retards.
- 8 Eggs of fishes.
- 9 Onward.
- 10 Colloquialism.
- 11 High.
- 12 Female.
- 13 sheep.
- 15 Above.
- 18 Mutton fat.

