

SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER
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YESTERDAY: Playing checkers, Eddie tells Val why he took up fighting, talks of his plans for the future. The tension between them seems slightly disturbed as she goes to know Eddie better.

CHAPTER XII

THE weather became rougher as they neared north past Cape Haggerty. It was a dull, leaden dawn that broke over the Pacific, and Val noticed through the port-hole that it was impossible to penetrate the mist for more than 75 feet. Steve Hansen must have been on the bridge all night, she figured.

When she stepped outside her cabin the wind almost knocked her flat. Gratefully, she grabbed one of the lines that had been strung along the deck for support. It was treacherous, slippery going and every time the bow of the Northern Belle pitched deep into a cavernous trough of water, Val had to stop and hang on grimly.

She virtually had to fight her way up to the bridge. "Hi, Stevie," she greeted Hansen. "Nice day to fly a kite, what?"

"You ought to go below and stay there," he answered. "This is unusually dirty weather for this time of year and I don't like it, nohow. No sir, I don't."

Val looked up into the sky. "Looks like we're going to have a lot of water above and below us pretty soon."

"More'n might be good for us," he muttered. "The barometer has been droppin' like a ton o' lead. Tell you what you do, honey. Have Wong Lee send me up a pot o' coffee and a couple sandwiches and have Barney MacGregor see that everything's ship-shape in the hold. Might anchor that mining gear a little more, too. Can't afford to have any of that stuff break loose."

SHE bumped into Pop Grimes coming up the companionway. "How's Kelsie getting on?" she asked.

Pop grimed. "Sick as ever. He swears we've been half way around the world by now. I tell him it's only been four days, and he calls me a liar."

"We'll be in Prince Rupert tomorrow night. Maybe that'll cheer him up," she said. "And you can also tell him I received a wire from our San Francisco office. They've persuaded the boxing commission to rescind their order on that \$5000 bond. That ought to bring him right out of his bunk."

When Barney MacGregor took Mike Kelly, Eddie Cavalier and another man down in the hold she went along with them. She watched silently as they threw more ropes around the mining gear and secured everything tightly.

"Where do you go from here?" she asked Eddie after a few minutes.

"Back to the galley, of course. Wong says he can't release me until you give him the word."

"I can't do that," she replied somewhat impishly. "Be bad for discipline and general morale. But I will give you a hand, though. C'mon."

She was opening a can of asparagus when the ship lurched heavily. It threw her off balance slightly, but just enough to strike her finger across a jagged edge of tin.

Eddie helped her bandage the wound. She winced as he bathed the cut in iodine.

"Asparagus," she murmured. "This ought to be proof."

"Proof? Of what?"

She held up the finger. "Blood," she said succinctly. "Not ink. Remember?"

He nodded. "You sure do gain your points the hard way, though. And before I forget—thanks for getting your office to square that forfeit bond for us. You didn't have to, you know."

"Forget it," she said.

BUT Eddie Cavalier found he couldn't forget it—completely. Twice he caught himself looking up at her when she wasn't aware of it. There was something disturbing about the set of her blond, curly head. He had seen a lot more beautiful women, but he couldn't recall one with as much spirit.

She was the kind of girl, Eddie thought, who probably had a dozen or more guys clustering up her doorstep. Guys with a lot of dough and a lot of spare time to spend it. Guys who played polo, maybe, and belonged to two or three country clubs. Guys who had a little blue in their blood.

After all, he told himself, her work took her among people like that, and with her looks it would be only natural for them to go for her, hook, line and sinker.

He stared at the huge bowl of apple sauce he was mixing. So what? So why should he be wasting a lot of thought on it? He lifted the big wooden spoon and whacked the apple sauce flatly.

That's what it was . . . the whole thing was apple sauce. But he wished he could be a little more certain of his convictions.

THE gale broke in all its fury just before dark. Steve Han-

sen remained at mess just long enough to bolt something warm and bark a few orders.

"Get everything battened down and check the pumps. I don't want to ship any more water in that number three hold."

"Barney, double the watch and string a stouter life-line up for'd. We're getting a five-ton sea over our bows every time we bite into a deep one."

Even as he spoke a jagged streak of lightning stabbed the murky blackness. An instant later a terrific clap of thunder rolled above them.

"Get some oilskins and a sou'-wester for me?" Val asked Barney casually.

"You don't have any ideas about going above decks, have you?" Barney growled. "Because if you have, you better forget 'em."

"Whose orders are those?"

"Please, Miss Douglas," MacGregor pleaded. "I don't want to order you to do anything. But it's murder up there. We've got a 50-mile wind blowing and we can't take chances."

Eddie Cavalier watched her closely. He knew she wasn't phased by MacGregor's warning. So when she borrowed some oilskins from the ship's carpenter he stopped her.

"Where you going?" he asked quietly.

She was surprised. "Up on the bridge. Why?"

"Don't you think Captain Hansen can keep us going without your aid?"

"Thanks for your interest," she said coldly. "But I don't need a nursemaid."

She started up the companionway but he seized her arm. "Don't be a fool."

He didn't realize how hard he had gripped her. She turned on him fiercely and brought her fist hand sharply against his face. Then she ran up the steps.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"You must admit she's well preserved."

"Yeah—still has that girlish figure."

CHARMING ACTRESS

HORIZONTAL

1. Pictured actress.

12 Farewell!

13 To decline to prosecute.

15 To assist.

16 Triad.

18 Bargemen.

20 Ancient.

21 Wool fiber knots.

23 Sloth.

24 Railway (abbr.).

25 To swagger.

27 Observed.

28 Breakfast food.

30 More fastidious.

32 Afternoon (abbr.).

34 Before.

36 Stepped upon.

35 100 square meters.

36 Auto.

37 Over.

38 Bodies revolving around sun.

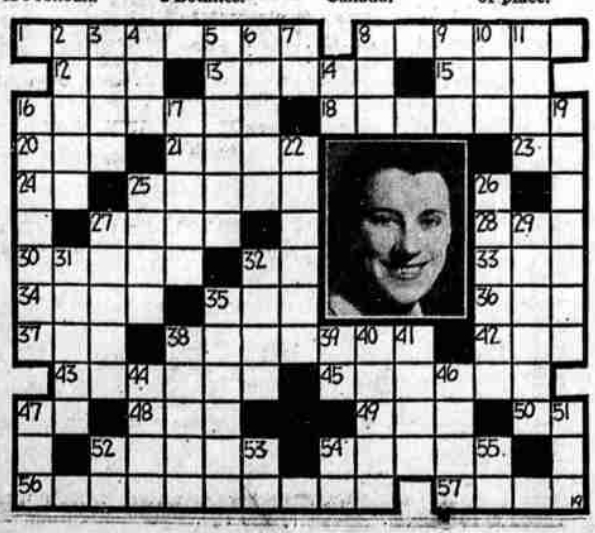
42 Pronoun.

Answer to Previous Puzzle



43 Oleander.
45 Nonpasserine bird.
47 Of the thing.
48 Salamander.
49 Gold quartz.
50 Therefore.
52 Kilns.
54 Life.
56 She is a — or humorous actress.
57 She is a popular stage.

VERTICAL
2 Betimes.



Eddie touched his cheek where the red imprints of her fingers were outlined against the bronze of his skin.
(To Be Continued)

SUCTION LOCOMOTION

The starfish progresses by means of its suction cup arms. It creates a vacuum in its tubes by filling them with water, placing the cups against a surface, and then withdrawing the water into its body.



NEW JOB—This is Matthew Maguire, new U. S. assistant attorney general, at work in Washington. He was recently sworn in by Attorney General Robert Jackson.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



KING FOR A DAY

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

