

SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

COPYRIGHT 1940, NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY: Val is making his way along the sea-coast deck when the Northern Belle is struck by another vessel. Eddie rushes to save him. A sea wave breaks over the bow, knocks Eddie down. When he gets to his knees, Val has disappeared.

CHAPTER XIV EDDIE CAVALIER never thought he could yell as loud as he did.

"Man overboard!" The cry was taken up further down deck and again the wailing blast of the Northern Belle's whistles sounded over the wind.

Barney MacGregor was first to reach him. "It's Val!" Eddie yelled. "Just as I got to her a wave washed her overboard."

Barney's face went white. "Searchlight, port stern!" he shouted. An instant later a silver shaft of light swung into the sea.

"Lifeboat No. 4!" MacGregor bawled. "All hands aft!"

"There she is!" Eddie shouted hoarsely, as the searchlight picked up a white face that suddenly bobbed up on top of a big roller 80 yards out.

"Thank God we were reversing the engines when she went over," MacGregor yelled. "Otherwise she wouldn't have a chance." Then to the men. "Lively does it!" he roared.

Val's face disappeared from sight and Eddie Cavalier felt as if a battering ram had hit him in the stomach.

In a split second he had torn his shoes off and mounted the rail with a life preserver. He tossed the cork ring as far as he could and then plunged over the rail after it.

The cold water gave him a terrific shock. Eddie held his breath tightly and fought his way toward the surface. He struggled clear just when it seemed he'd never get to the top. He gulped a big mouthful of air and looked around.

"The crazy, blitherin' fool!" MacGregor roared. "Now we've got two o' them to fish out instead o' one." Barney cursed and climbed into the lifeboat that was being lowered from its davits.

EDDIE was a strong swimmer, but as he struck out toward the spot he had last seen Val, he never thought anything could be as tough. Every rolling sea that broke over him left him fighting helplessly until he learned the secret of riding the great waves and resting as he slid down the other side.

It seemed like an eternity until he reached that spot. He tread water furiously. His arms felt like lead.

Off to his right he saw her again in the brief second the searchlight played back and forth. She had recovered consciousness, but he knew she must be too weak to struggle much longer. It was a matter of seconds, probably. He had to reach her before she went under again or it might be too late.

Eddie lunged toward her. The rain beat in his face and blinded what little vision he had in the solid depths of the water.

Then the searchlight picked them both up and he breathed a silent prayer. At least he could see where he was going now.

"Hold on!" he shouted. "I'll be there in a second!" He doubted if she could hear. The look on her face drove him to one last frenzied effort.

He took a final look at her struggling feebly, as he hit the top of a wave. It carried him deep into the trough with her. She had already started to sink from sight when he caught a hand in her slicks.

He tread water while he fumbled with the heavy garment. He had to get that off her before he did anything else. The dead weight would be enough to pull them both down.

Once she was freed of the embraces he grabbed her under the chin with one hand and started swimming toward the life preserver floating a few yards away.

If it had been another yard he never would have made it. He was completely spent when he grabbed hold of the bobbing circle and hung on. He hoped he had strength left to maintain his grip until they got to him. He shifted his grip on Val cautiously until he finally got an arm around her.

It had taken them an awful long time to swing that boat over the side, he thought. Half-choked, blinded by water, he could see them fighting their way toward him. The heavy sea had carried Val and himself a good way from the ship.

and sagged against the side of the boat. Strong arms reached down and dragged them over the side. Then everything went black for Eddie Cavalier.

WHEN he opened his eyes an hour later he looked up into Duffy Kelso's frightened face. Eddie never had seen Duffy look so funny before. He smiled wanly.

"I thought you were seasick," he cracked weakly. "Sick?" snorted Pop Grimes. "When he heard what was happening, he ran up and down deck and was frightened out of it."

Eddie frowned. "What am I doing in bed?" "What're you doing in bed?" Duffy Kelso was up to par again. "Here you go swallowing half the Pacific ocean and flirtn' with pneumonia, at least, and you ask what are you doing in bed. Sometimes I think I'm runnin' a kindergarten instead of managing the next middleweight champ."

Pop nodded. "That's right, kid. You shipped a lot o' water out there. We had an awful time rolling it outa you once we got you on board. What a beating you musta took."

Pop drew the covers up around Eddie's neck. "It was a fool stunt, kid, but we're proud o' you. She'd be drowned, sure, if you hadn't been there to hold her up till help came."

"Is she okay?" Eddie muttered. "Yeah, sure. She's fine," said Pop. "Swallowed a lot of the wet stuff, same as you did, and probly was scared half to death, but she'll snap outa it by morning. That dame's got plenty of th' old Moxie."

Eddie nodded. "She put up a battle out there until I reached her. I could see it in her face." Pop grinned. "Talk about a battle. MacGregor tells me they just about had to use a crow-bar

on your hand, you had such a death clutch on that dame. You weren't going to let go, come what may." "No," said Eddie. "No, I guess I wasn't." (To Be Continued)

"LUCK" IMPROVES

CAIRO, Ill. (AP)—Leonard Cherry thinks his luck is improving. He is mending a broken leg in a hospital. However, at this time last year, he was in the same hospital—both legs broken.

Collegiate Clip Of the Old Locks

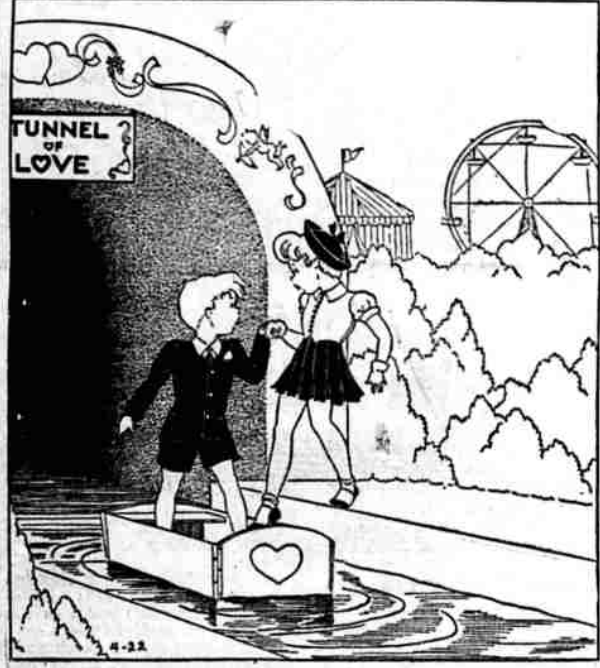


Latest air-cooled coiffure for collegians is this "Incoquis Clip," displayed by Matty Hannon of Manchester, Mass., who introduced it on the North Carolina State College campus at Raleigh, N. C. It's supposed to keep water out of the eyes after swimming.

FLAPPER FANNY

COPY, 1940 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

By Sylvia



"Okay, but remember—it's purely platonic."

IMPORTANT LARVA

Crossword puzzle with clues and a grid. Clues include: 1 Valuable moth larva, 8 It spins a... of strong silk, 12 Billiard rod, 13 Snare, 15 Work of skill, 16 Goat post, 17 Planted, 18 Chinese sedge, 20 Custom, 21 House cat, 22 Tumor, 24 Male offspring, 25 Pistol, 26 Sound of surprise, 28 Moderated, 31 French soldier, 34 Pernicious, 36 God of war, 37 To recount, 39 Gratification, 40 Split pulse, 41 Paid publicity, 42 To steer wild, 43 Fabulous bird, 47 Eternity, 49 Barking of dogs, 51 Sharp-pointed rod, 53 Noted the date, 55 Eye, 58 Italian coin, 57 Phantasms, 58 To droop, 60 Name of its moth, 61 Not as short, 19 Raising it is a chief Asiatic, 21 Small tablet, 23 Pile of cloth, 25 Icy, 27 Hidden supply, 29 Hall, 30 Twisting, 32 Wrath, 33 Field, 35 Melodious, 36 Sailor, 39 To embrown, 43 Money changing, 44 Flushed, 46 Mohammedan judge, 47 Snaky fish, 48 Land right, 49 Vessel, 50 Capable, 52 An expert, 54 Thick shrub, 55 To acknowledge, 56 Pound (abbr.), 59 Transposed (abbr.).

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1 through 61.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



LEANDER LEAVES AND THE ANVIL CLANGS!

BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

