

SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY: When Val to washed overboard, Eddie plunged in after her. He fights his way to the girl, supports her until a boat is put out to save them. Back on the ship, Eddie awakens, finds Duffy and Grimes anxiously watching him. The girl is all right, Grimes explains.

CHAPTER XV

POP GRIMES breathed a sigh of relief next morning when Eddie alid his feet out of bed, grinned and inhaled deeply. "Looks like the storm's over," he observed, nodding toward the porthole.

"Yeah! I'm sure glad," said Pop. "And I'm also plenty glad you didn't take cold or anything. Can't have you going into that ring next week on crutches."

"Where's Duffy?" Eddie asked, looking around. They were alone in the crew's quarters.

"It's almost noon. They wanted you to sleep it out and you sure did just that. You've been poundin' your ear for a good 14 hours."

"Say, Pop... uh..."

"Yeah, she snapped out of it too, if that's what you're tryin' to say. She's still in bed, though... an' she sent word she'd like to see you just as soon's you got up and had somethin' to eat."

Eddie got into his clothes and went straight to her cabin. She lay propped up against a couple of pillows when he entered.

They looked at each other. His look was a little challenging, and perhaps a bit reproachful.

She motioned to a chair. "Please sit down," she said in a low voice.

"I'll stand."

"No," she said firmly. "Sit down. I can talk to you better that way."

"About what?"

He sat down, facing her.

"About what a dunce I was for slapping you last night."

"Oh... that?"

"It's awfully inadequate to tell you I'm sorry... and it's just as inadequate to thank you for saving my life."

She extended her hand. "But won't you let me try?"

He took her hand in his. It was the first time he had ever touched her in more than a casual, accidental fashion. He wondered why he got the sudden electric shock that surged through him.

"Sure," he said easily. "I think I know how you feel. You don't have to eat crow."

She shook her head. "I'm not... I don't think you'd want me to. But Eddie... why did you do it? Last night, I mean. Steve Hansen says he doesn't know how anyone could live in that sea."

"We were lucky. The ship had almost stopped and we didn't drift far."

"You haven't answered my question."

He shrugged. "I don't know. Ask me again sometime when I've had a chance to think about it."

"I will," she promised.

"By the way, what did we run into?" he asked.

"Some tanker out of Seattle. Outside of a couple plates stove in nothing serious happened. We'll be able to make port in good shape tonight. Which reminds me," she said thoughtfully.

"There's nothing to prevent you from jumping ship once we get to Prince Rupert. Unless we keep you a virtual prisoner below decks," she added.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I said. Once you and Duffy and Pop get ashore we won't be able to keep an eye on you every second. What's to prevent you from walking out on us? You could grab a train, or even a plane back to Frisco."

"You mean you're giving us our release if we want it?"

She nodded again. "Why not? You've earned it, haven't you? Besides, we probably can pick up all the men we want in Prince Rupert. We'll be in port for a couple of days, you know. Won't be any trouble at all."

"Just like Lincoln freeing the slaves," he murmured. "That'll be a big sacrifice on your part, you know. What about the stories you're sending back to your office? You wouldn't want to give up a good thing like that, would you?"

"Must you rub it in? Why don't you decide on my offer as it stands?"

"Might not Captain Hansen have something to say about this?"

"Steve Hansen will do anything I say."

"That was the trouble in the first place," he reminded her, getting to his feet. "Now if you don't mind, I'll go get myself some breakfast."

She was surprised. "Why, I told them to be sure you ate first, before coming here."

"I didn't," he said. "See you later."

It wasn't until well along in the afternoon that Steve Hansen would permit Val to get up. When she finally came on deck she found Eddie beating a tattoo on the bag. There was still a heavy ground swell that made any sparring impossible.

Duffy Kelso bit down on his finger and jerked his head toward

her. "Here comes the eighth plague," he said to Pop. "Sam Golden should only know how close he came to promotin' a funeral at sea instead of a fight."

She looked at her watch. "Sam Golden will be reading the entire story in about an hour, I'd say. I just filed a yarn that'll leave him limp with exhaustion when it hits the streets."

SHE wasn't far from the truth. Sam Golden, a fat little fellow with a pair of sad brown eyes, paced back and forth and mopped a perspiring bald spot.

Sam had broken out two bottles of his best liquor but the half dozen sports writers who were cluttering up his office at the moment didn't let up on him for a minute.

"Don't I know it," said Sam. "I ask you—could I help it, boys? Is it my fault that crazy Duffy Kelso decides he wants to become a sailor all of a sudden? Is it my fault this dame falls overboard? Here, Kenny, have another drink."

Ken Bradley, boxing writer for the Express, growled in his grog and held his glass out to be replenished.

"Scooped within an inch of our lives. Every day for a week and another week to come. And then this—" He tapped the paper containing Val Douglas' story of her own rescue. "Sam," he mourned, "we've been jobbed like never before in our lives."

"Don't I know it," said Sam. "And then dreamily: 'But already I ain't got 300 seats left in the joint. And they ain't coming to see Massini!'"

A couple news hounds sitting on his desk snorted. The telephone rang and one of them answered.

"For you, Sam," he said. "Sam took it. The party at the other end had spoken only a half

dozen words when Sam Golden went white as a sheet.

"Boys," he gasped, hanging up. "It's awful. They just called from the gym—that dope Massini—he just tripped over a dumbbell and sprained his ankle."

(To Be Continued)

BIRTH RATE DROPS

Despite Mussolini's many edicts, Italy's birth rate declined from 29.7 in the 1921-25 period to 22.7 in 1937, with 110 of every 1000 babies dying in the first year of life.

BUTTERFLIES ARE JEALOUS
Male butterflies have very jealous dispositions and viciously attack other males, as well as other much larger insects, and even birds.

A Pacific Blockade?



(NEA Telephoto)
Hints of stronger Allied operations in the Pacific was voiced by Sir Ronald Cross, British minister of shipping, in a speech before the House of Commons. He said there was evidence that shipments from U. S. Pacific Coast ports ostensibly for Russia were intended for Germany.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"How's his art work coming?"

"Oh, he's still painting a rosy future—but try and sell that."

NOTED POET

HORIZONTAL

1, 4 Poet who wrote "Barbara Frietchie."

10 Policeman.

11 Turkish title.

13 Pasture.

14 By way of.

16 To add to.

17 One who paddles a canoe.

19 Distinctive theory.

20 Tendons.

21 Eucalyptus thicket.

23 Places of public actions.

25 Above.

27 Short lances.

28 Note in scale.

29 To flinch.

31 Meat jelly.

33 Ye.

34 North America (abbr.).

36 Choir leader's baton.

37 Railway (abbr.).

Answer to Previous Puzzle

SILK WORM COCOON

CUE NOOSE ART

MESA SOWED WATTI

USE PET WEN SON

BATED AH DOILU

EVIL WILKINW

RECITE ARES

YAW ROC CEN RAY

CAD DATED ORE

LIRA IDOLA WILL

BOMEYCIPI LONGER

38 Mischievous tois.

40 In.

41 To slumber.

43 Veranda.

44 Afresh.

46 Either.

47 Delity of war.

49 Chum.

51 To suffice.

52 Well done!

54 Theater pathway.

56 As a boy he was a— or cobbler.

57 Many of his verses are used as — or songs.

58 Molten rock.

43 Partner.

45 Sorrows.

48 Battering machine.

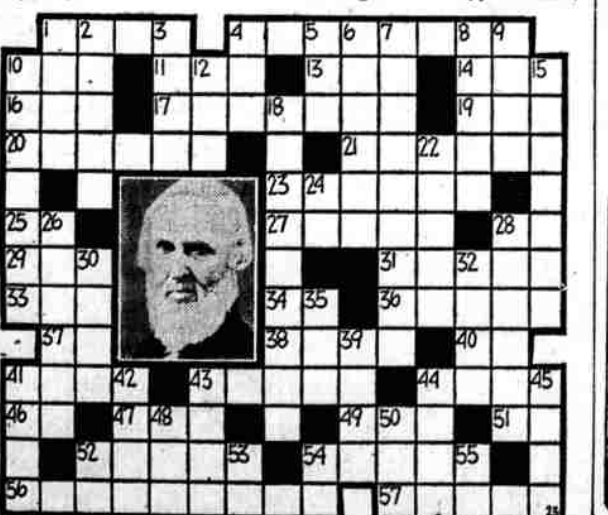
50 Tree.

52 Exclamation.

53 All right (initial).

54 Measure of area.

55 Type standard.



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

