

SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY: The missing machinery is delivered safely. Eddie and Val...

CHAPTER XX

VAL gasped as they continued on their way. Then rage swept over her and she stamped her foot helplessly.

She remembered there had been a farmhouse a couple of miles back. Maybe she could get help there. Val started out.

POP GRIMES was grinning widely. "She'll be raving a blue streak. What made you do that, anyhow?"

Eddie chuckled. "Did you get the look on her face when we left her standing there?"

Val was still a good quarter of a mile from the farmhouse when it started to rain. Just a few drops at first, and she looked up into the sky. The sun was completely gone.

By the time she reached the house it was drenched. A kindly, gray-haired woman let her in and Val explained her predicament.

It was an hour later before the woman sent her son, a pleasant 16-year-old lad, back with Val.

Her hair was still soggy, her shoes heavy with damp mud. Altogether she felt so miserable she could have cried.

She slipped out of her coat. "That isn't the half of it, Steve. Oooh, wait'll my turn comes again!"

Steve told him what had happened. Steve Hansen spraddled a chair and grinned up at her.

"Sense of humor!" she almost screamed. "Do you see anything funny in that?"

He nodded gravely. "I do," he said. "Look, Val, didn't you know he's just been itching to pull a fast one of some kind on you?"

Steve patted her on the back. "Better get into some dry clothes... and see if you can work up a smile of some sort by the time they get back."

She looked at herself in the mirror when Hansen had left, and her face slowly broke into a grin.

"You're right, Steve," she said softly to herself. "I think I'll shock Mr. Cavalier with my sweet nature when he returns."

She changed back into slacks and moccasins and rejoined Hansen on deck.

"We're taking on about three tons of salmon," he told her, nodding to the crates which were being swung aboard the ship. "Rest of the hold will be filled with Halliday lumber. We ought to be able to up anchor sometime tomorrow morning."

"The fight's next Thursday, you know," she reminded him. "That gives us five good days to get back to Frisco."

"We'll do it in four," he promised.

EDDIE and Pop got back just in time to take a shower and rubdown before evening mess. Pop's face was beet-red and he was breathing heavily. Eddie's face was covered with perspiration. They had jogged all the way through town instead of taking a cab down to the waterfront.

hundred words on your first land excursion." "Oh, fine. Swell. Tip-top. Want any more adjectives or will those do?" "They'll do," she murmured. "Anyway, I get the general impression. You'll murder the bum - unquote."

DUSK was settling over the waterfront when a silver-winged monoplane dived out of the south. Steve Hansen, puffing meditatively on his pipe, watched it come.

"Don't see many of those things up this way," he observed. Eddie, squinting at the ship closely, saw it slant down toward the bay.

"Hi, Duffy!" "Nothin' to get excited about, I don't suppose. "Scaplanes don't set down at Prince Rupert every day, you know."

"Mebbe he lost his way." It was Duffy Kelso, wandering off into town by himself, who discovered that the occupants of the plane hadn't lost their way. Duffy was addressing a picture postcard in the hotel lobby when someone slapped him on the back.

"Hi, Duffy!" It was a robust, enthusiastic sort of slap and Duffy almost caved. He whirled around. His eyes popped.

"Ken Bradley! Hey-who-what th'..." Ken Bradley, boxing writer for the San Francisco Express, grinned widely as he introduced the man with him.

"Duffy, meet Bob Monroe of the Post. He and I have a slight bit of business to talk over with you - where no one will see us," he added.

Duffy frowned. "Sure... sure, I know where there's a little place. But what brings you guys here?" "A dame by the name of Val Douglas, to put it mildly," Kenny said. "Come on, let's go." (To Be Continued)

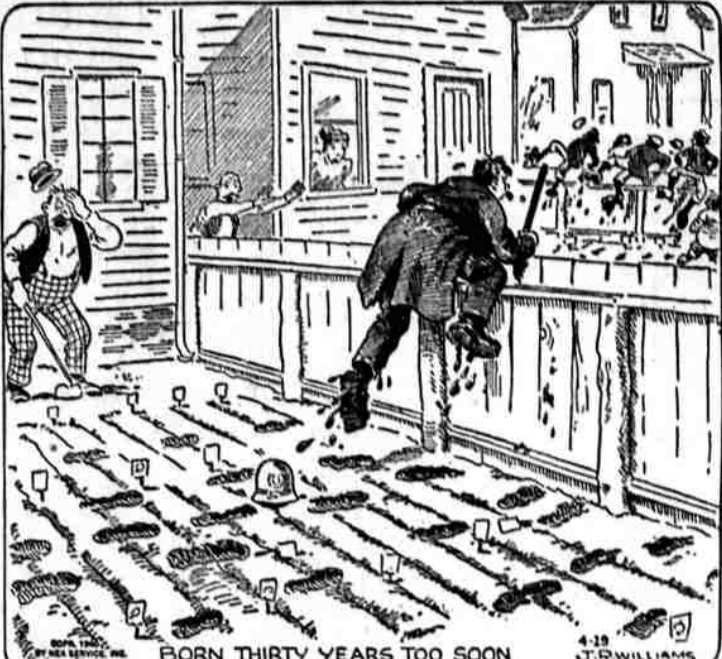
Goering boasts a German army standing with an "iron front," and begins looking around for an ersatz metal should Britain's blockade of Scandinavian ore go through.

Penalty for A Slow Start



The price paid by a jockey for getting his mount off last in a 12-horse field on a sloppy track is shown by jockey G. Witmer's mud-spattered face. Due to late start, he was on receiving end of mud tossed by flying hoofs of rival horses in recent Chesapeake Stakes at Havre de Grace, Md.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

RED RYDER



4-29-40

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



DISCUSSING THE LARGE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE!

BY FRED HARMAN

FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia

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"Jeepers! Lissen to 'em yellin' 'Author!' Think you can get out the back way before they start throwin' things?"

COAT OF ARMS

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.

Completed crossword puzzle grid with answers filled in.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



4-29-40

WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

