SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY: Although inwardly raging at Eddie, Val is sweet, explains his failure to help hey change the tire. Late in the afternoon a seaplane lands. It brings two sports writers, determined to get even with Val Douglas.

CHAPTER XXI

THEY dropped into an obscure little tavern on a side street. "Okay," said Duffy. "Unload. I'm dyin' of curosity."

The Express boxing writer grinned. "Duffy, to begin with, you've got to stow us away on your ship tonight, or some time before you sail in the morning."

"Go ahead, Kenny. Nothing surprises me any more. In fact, I know what happens from then on. You start a mutiny, seize the ship and run off to hunt purple polar bears."

Bradley reached out and took Duffy's glass away from him. "You gotta quit drinking that stuff, Duffy," he said gravely. "Now listen to me.

"Our papers chipped in to charter a plane and get us up here in time to sail back with that outfit. That Douglas dame has scooped everyone. She's given her syndicate some newsbeats that'll be used to shame us men for years to come."

"You got a right to talk about beatings," Duffy mumbled. "You ain't heard nothing."

"I can guess, from that story she did when you were seasick."

"It's a lie!" Duffy roared, but Bradley ignored him.

"Anyway," he continued. "Monroe and I have to get on board that ship and make the trip back with you. We've just got to get in on a couple of those stories. Holy mackerel, Duffy, do you realize this is the first time any fighter ever trained for such an imporatnt scrap aboard a ship?"

"You're tellin' me," Kelso moaned.

"Yeah," Monroe cut in. "And we don't dare try to buy passage back. Douglas has too much of an in with this Captain Hansen. She'd put the skids under us."

"That's why we need your help, Duffy," Bradley said eagerly. "We've got to be well out to sea before they discover us. It'll be too late to do anything about it then."

Duffy closed his eyes and a beatific smile stole over his face. "Boys," he said, "this is wonderful. This gives me new life. This is . . . saahh, but that dame will throw a fit!"

Bradley grinned. "Attaboy, Duffy. I knew you wouldn't let us down."

Duffy frowned. "It ain't gonna be easy. It might take a little dough."

"Whatever you need, Duffy, we've got."

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DUFFY KELSO was bubbling over so that he could hardly talk when he returned to the ship and collared Pop Grimes. He explained everything.

"But we can't even tell Eddie," he warned. "I ain't so sure he'd be on our side."

And so it was that when the Northern Belle nosed back out into Chaltham Sound and into the straits the next morning Ken Bradley and Bob Monroe were among those present. It had taken ticklish work and two $50 bills to convince a couple of good-natured seamen that it was a gag.

Val was in the chartroom with Captain Hansen when Barney MacGregor entered.

Barney sat down heavily. "We've got two stowaways," he announced flatly.

"We got what!" Hansen bellowed.

"Stowaways," Barney repeated wearily as though it might have been something he had been expecting all along. "And what do you think they are — reporters. They walk outa number four hold, just like that, if you don't mind, and say to announce them."

"Reporters? Who are they?" Val asked quickly.

"Names are Bradley and Monroe. Know 'em?"

"Where are they?" she asked. "I know 'em all right."

"Down talking to your young box-fighter. Well, what do we do with 'em?"

• • •

VAL didn't wait to hear Hansen's answer. She flew down the companionway to the lower deck. They were seated on a hatch cover with Cavalier.

"Gentlemen of the press," she cooed. "So you pulled a swiftie, hey?"

"Well, if it isn't the blond blunder," Bradley grinned, extending his hand. "Mind if we cut in on your party?"

"Don't talk to these eggs, Eddie," she said. "They aren't nice people."

"I find 'em rather charming," Eddie grinned. "The boys are old friends of mine."

"Let's get down to cases, Val," Monroe said quietly. "You know why we're here."

Val sat down and clasped her knees. "Sure, but wouldn't it be tough if we denied you the use of the radio room?" she murmured.

Bradley stiffened.

"Don't worry, boys," Eddie broke in swiftly. "She won't."

"And why wouldn't I, Mister Cavalier? I'm still running this show."

"Because I won't let you," he said quietly.

His gray eyes looked square into hers, and it was her gaze that faltered.

She smiled. "That was a swell piece of work. I'd like to know how you mugs swung it?"

"Then it's okay?" Bob asked eagerly.

"Of course," she said quietly. "Captain Hansen can make some sort of financial arrangement with your respective offices. And we won't rob you, either," she promised. "See you later."

"Say," Bradley said curiously. "Have you got something on that dame? She could have spiked everything if she wanted to."

"Want to watch me work on the bag?" Eddie evaded.

• • •

"CORKY BRIGGS is in town," Monroe volunteered as Eddie whaled away at the bag.

"Yeah?" Eddie replied without looking at them.

"Yeah. Looks sweet, too. He's a tough boy, Eddie. And he can do himself a lot of good by belting you out."

Eddie stopped and came over to them. "If you give me your word of honor you won't print this, I'll tell you something."

They nodded.

"I'll knock him out in eight rounds." They whistled softly as he went back to the bag.

A few hours later Sparks called to Eddie as he passed the radio room. "These reporter guys have me swamped," he said. "Will you take this message to Miss Douglas for me?"

"Sure," he said. He meant to give it no more than a casual glance but something made him look closer.

Eddie didn't mean to be nosey but somebody named Rodney said he would be waiting for Val in San Francisco, and he had signed it with "love."

(To Be Continued)

Fun While Waiting

Nondas Metcalfe Cutler, former model and show girl, enjoys herself on skis at Sun Valley, Idaho, as she waits out the six weeks residence requirement for a divorce from Robert Cutler, millionaire heir to a foundry fortune.

If we believe all we hear about what's happening to the German navy, Hitler will soon have to take diving lessons to review his fleet.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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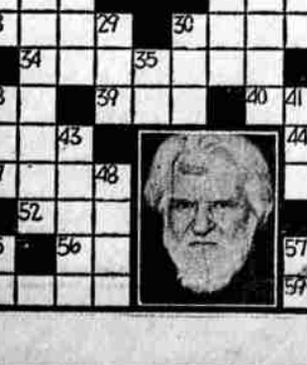
"I'm sorry, this dance is taken. But I'll save one for you in the next block."

NOTED POET

HORIZONTAL

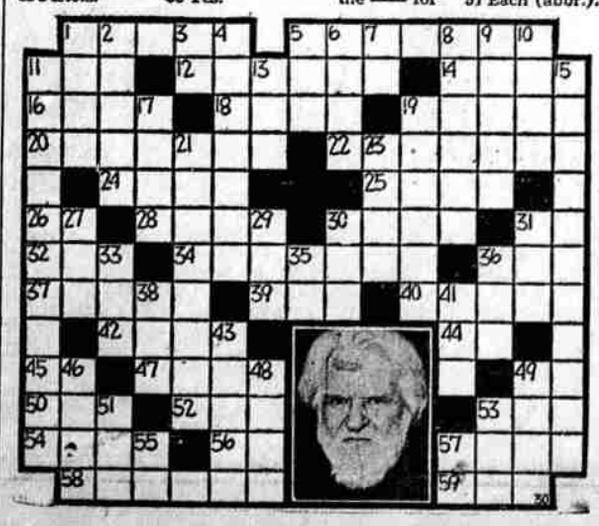
1, 5 Poet who wrote "The Man With the Hoe."
11 Fish.
12 Spite.
14 Dyeing machine.
16 Egyptian river.
18 Lateral.
19 Choice part.
20 Branch of mechanics.
22 A form of lac.
24 Long since.
25 Bitter herb.
26 Provided.
28 Baseball team.
30 To simmer.
31 Giant king.
32 Smart knock.
34 Canceler of stamps.
36 White-tailed eagle.
37 Soul.
39 Plaything.
40 Harem.
42 Pistols.
44 3.1416.
45 Exists.
47 Beast's skin.
49 Three-toed sloth.
50 An uncle.
52 Duet.
53 Stream.
54 Midday.
56 Therefore.
57 To deserve.
58 As a young man he —— school.
59 Yes.

Answer to Previous Puzzle



VERTICAL

1 To redact.
2 To retard.
3 I am.
4 Being born.
5 In the middle of.
6 Expert flyers.
7 Note in scale.
8 To dedicate.
9 Nimble.
10 Boundary.
11 A famous picture was the —— for his poem.
13 Circular wall.
15 He received fame or —— late in life.
17 Stiff collar.
19 Those who catch eels.
21 Iridescent.
23 To loathe.
27 Blowing machine.
29 To chew.
30 Furtive watcher.
31 English coin.
33 Hog.
35 Volume (abbr.).
36 Silkworm.
38 Chart.
41 Roof finial.
43 Half-melted snow.
46 Dirt in smoke.
48 To honk.
49 Irish tribal title.
51 Bird.
53 Beam.
55 Chaos.
57 Each (abbr.).



OUT OUR WAY — By J. R. WILLIAMS

RED RYDER

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — With MAJOR HOOPLE

BY FRED HARMAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

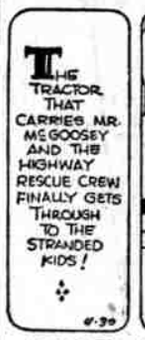
MEANWHILE!

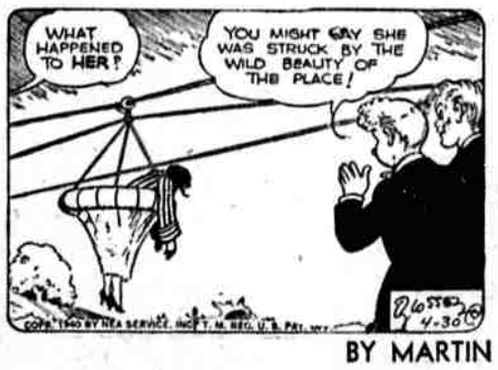
BY HAROLD GRAY

WASH TUBBS — BY CRANE

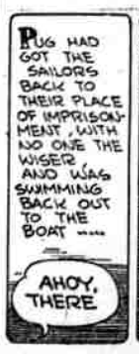
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER

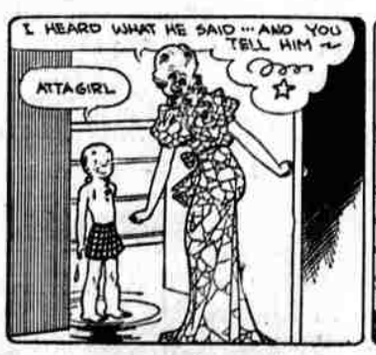




BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — BY MARTIN



ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN