● SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY: Well out at sea, the reporter-stowaways are discovered. Val threatens to refuse them the use of the radio, but Eddie tells her he won't let her do that. She gives in. Later, Eddie takes a radiogram to Val. It is signed "love—Rodney."

CHAPTER XXII

EDDIE didn't know a whole lot about Val Douglas' private life, but he was pretty sure she didn't have any close relatives named Rodney. So the guy who signed the wire "love," must have been . . . well, he just must have been someone else. Sure. Just one of a dozen guys who'd be willing to chase her around the country.

He found her helping Wong Lee with a batch of pies. "Message for you," he said and turned his attention to Wong.

She read it and then glanced quickly at Eddie. He was just starting to leave.

"Wait a minute."

He stopped.

"You're not very flattering," she said cryptically.

"I'm not very which?"

"This Rodney—I thought you'd show a little more curiosity."

"What makes you think I would?" he asked bluntly. "Maybe you've got your signals crossed."

With that he left the galley. She stood looking after him. Maybe she did have her signals crossed, at that. But in the next instant she forgot about Eddie. What was Rodney Blair doing in San Francisco? And why was it she didn't feel particularly thrilled to see him?

Val was just a little afraid to answer the second question in her mind. She had a dawning suspicion that it involved Eddie Cavalier. Even against her will and what she thought was her better judgment.

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FOR two days Bradley and Monroe practically monopolized Eddie Cavalier. They managed to sit next to him at mess. They gave up their cabin to bunk with him in the crew's quarters. They played poker with him, and rummy for a penny a point. On credit, as Duffy Kelso explained.

The only time Val was able to see him was at mealtime and occasionally during a workout.

Once she caught him giving her a quick glance as he skipped rope. It was the first time that day he had looked directly at her and she wondered if he were beginning to realize Bradley and Monroe were monopolizing him.

Weather conditions were ideal. The Pacific was as calm as a piece of glass and Eddie made the most of it. He must have run the equivalent of five miles a day around decks. He sharpened up on the light bag and slammed away fiercely at the heavy sandbag.

On the third day Mike Kelly insisted he was okay, despite his recent narrow escape in Prince Rupert, and sparred three fast rounds with Eddie. The boxing writers from San Francisco looked at each other significantly.

"He's right as rain," Bradley said.

Monroe nodded. "And just as fresh. He's a great one, that kid."

He nodded toward Val who was munching an apple on the other side of the rigg. "Beautiful, over there, hasn't been so chipper lately," he observed.

"You wouldn't be, either, if someone blew up an exclusive right underneath you."

• • •

VAL leaned over the stern rail watching the foam-flecked wake as it trailed off behind them. It was a beautiful, star-studded night. A soft, warm breeze toyed with wisps of her hair.

"Careful, there. I don't want to have to fish you out again."

She turned, startled at his voice.

"Oh . . . it's you. I didn't hear you come up. And how did you manage to slip those two leeches who have been tracking you down?"

"Simple enough." He leaned on the rail next to her. "I got Mike and Pop to start a rummy game."

"We'll be in San Francisco tomorrow night," she said. "Glad?"

"Glad enough. Things will really move once we get back."

"Oh, you've been bored to death the last 10 days?"

"Hardly. It can't be very boring when you're around."

"How am I supposed to take that?"

He looked down at her. "Who is Rodney?" he asked quietly.

She was so surprised she couldn't answer at first. Finally she got her jumbled emotions straightened out.

"Rodney . . . Rodney Blair . . . he's an attorney back east."

"Is that all?"

Somehow, she didn't resent his questions. In fact, she felt a little limp.

"No. . . . He . . . Rodney asked me to marry him a couple of months ago," she answered slowly.

"Are you going to?"

She turned away and looked for her answer in the moon-washed water. "I'm not sure. . . . I don't know," she faltered.

Then suddenly his hands were on her shoulders but she didn't turn around.

"Maybe I'm out of bounds," he said in a low voice. "Way out of bounds, but there's something I'm going to do and then try to forget."

The next instant he had turned her around and taken her in his arms. She made no movement of protest as he bent down and kissed her, hard, but not too hard. She closed her eyes and for a brief instant her own arms went about his neck. Then he released her.

"I suppose I'm a sucker," he said evenly. "Probably left myself wide open for anything that enters your mind. But as I said, it was something I had to do. Maybe it would help me more if you forgot it, too."

Then he left her and strode down the deck.

• • •

"EDDIE . . . wait!" She ran after him, caught him by the hand.

"Are you sure you want to forget it?" she asked in a low voice.

"Pretty sure." But his eyes betrayed him.

"You're a lousy liar, Eddie," she told him.

"So I'm a liar," he said fiercely. "But don't you understand? I started to get ideas I shouldn't be getting. Just like that guy said back there in Prince Rupert. Sometimes it isn't good for people. Don't you see that we're . . . that you and I are in different . . ."

He stopped. "I'll bet I'm building up the best yarn of all for you."

That hurt. He just didn't have any faith in her at all. "Stop me if I'm wrong, but didn't you start to say something about being in different leagues . . . or something like that?"

"Sure. Something like that. There's no use kidding myself. It's true, isn't it?"

She didn't answer. She wasn't going to tell him that nothing was further from the truth. She couldn't say anything just then. She just turned away.

But Val knew what he was thinking as he slipped down the companionway.

She went back to the stern of the Northern Belle and let the breeze blow in her face. She needed something soothing like that just then.

(To Be Continued)

Negro Fowl

Although the feathers of silkies may be either white or black, their skin always is black. They are the negroes among fowl.

Class is a concept too small to unite men for social emancipation. Nationality is too small. Race is too small. The ideal must be large enough to include all men.—Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam.

General to Be

Colonel Thomas A. Terry, commander of San Francisco's harbor defenses, has been nominated for promotion to brigadier general, effective Sept. 1. (U. S. Army Photo.)

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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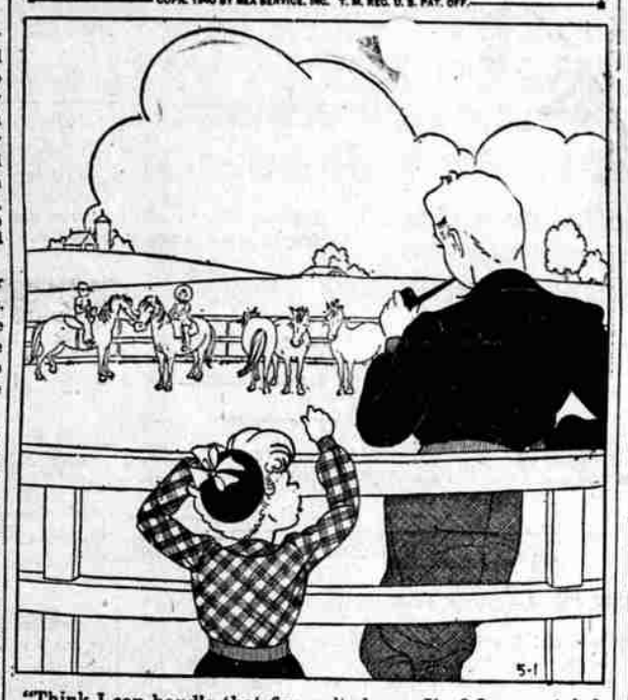


"Think I can handle that five-gaited one, Jim? I never tried him except in low gear."

RESPIRATORY ORGAN

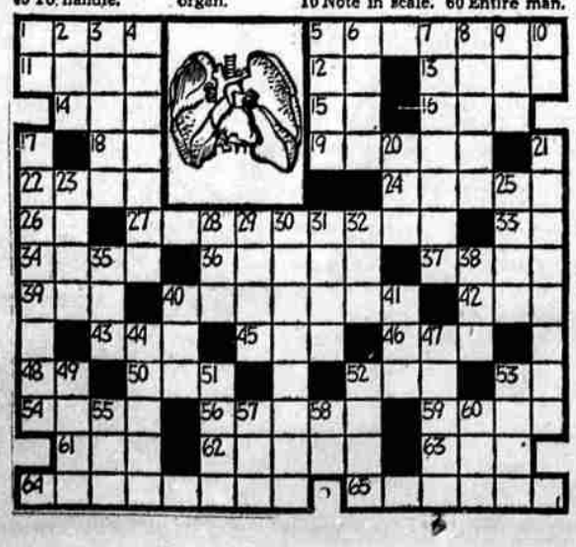
HORIZONTAL

1 Breathing organ of man.
5 It is somewhat —— in shape.
11 Genus of swans.
12 Above.
13 New star.
14 Period of time
15 Musical note.
16 Dyewood tree.
18 North Carolina (abbr.).
19 Knot of hair.
22 Stint.
24 Less polite
26 Transposed (abbr.).
27 Distributions of prizes by chance.
33 Sorrow.
34 Pain.
36 Coat of mail.
37 At that time.
39 Tea.
40 Preconditions.
42 Part of circle.
43 Gazelle.
45 To handle.
46 Climbing plant.
48 Type measure.
50 In behalf of.
52 Unit.
53 Bushel (abbr.).
54 Fine powder.
56 Valued.
59 Dross.
61 Monkey.
62 Ascended.
63 Turkish commander.
64 It is a —— or baglike organ.
65 It is enveloped in a —— coat.

VERTICAL

1 Behold.
2 Rubber tree.
3 Giantesses of fate.
4 Starling bird.
5 Snarling fellows.
6 Opposed to closed.
7 To commit.
8 Was able.
9 Kava.
10 Note in scale.
17 It is connected or —— at the root only.
20 100 square meters.
21 Its air tube is called ——.
23 Mischievous.
25 Pitcher.
28 Seaman.
29 Journey.
30 Competitor.
31 Blushing.
32 Fury.
35 Ugly old woman.
38 Fodder.
40 Nominal value.
41 Iniquity.
44 Ocular.
47 Pertaining to the velum.
49 Banana.
51 Spoken.
52 Poems.
53 Escort.
55 Baglike part.
57 Constellation.
58 Electrical term.
60 Entire man.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

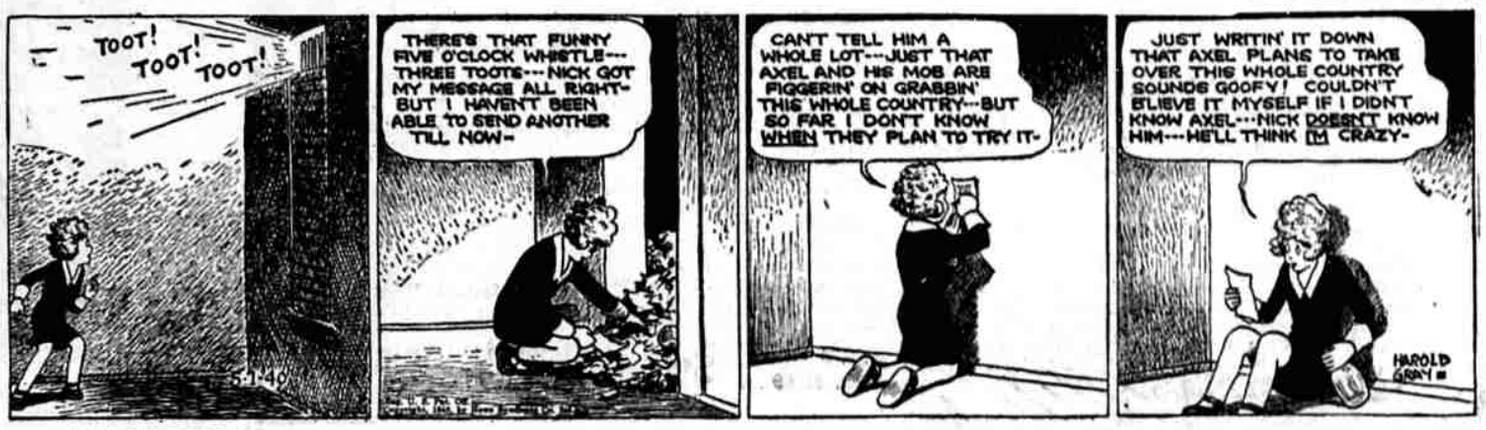


OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE

RED RYDER BY FRED HARMAN

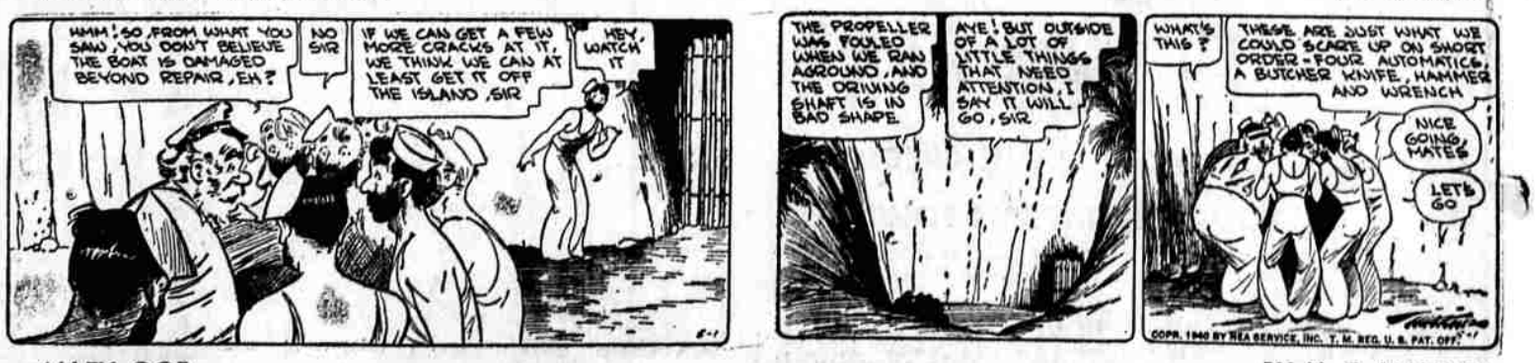
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE BY HAROLD GRAY



WASH TUBBS BY CRANE

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS BY BLOSSER

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES BY MARTIN



ALLEY OOP BY V. T. HAMLIN