

SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY: Val sees little of Eddie on the return trip. The last night out, he finds her on the other dock, kissing her. They are in different leagues, he thinks, and he has no business kidding himself.

CHAPTER XXIII

WHEN Val finally went to bed he knew what she was going to tell Rodney Blair if he asked her again to marry him. She found it quite a relief now that she had made up her mind. She wondered if Rodney would be there to meet them when they docked. She had a hunch he would.

Val was right. When they finally slipped alongside their dock and were made fast, she saw Rodney Blair waving up at her.

Rodney wasn't the only one there, however. Sam Golden was so excited he almost fell into the bay.

A half dozen sports writers were on hand and a battery of photographers made ready to shoot the works.

Once again she had changed into more feminine clothes, donning the same suit she had worn when she boarded the ship almost two weeks ago.

Eddie Cavalier was watching her when she ran down the gang-plank and up to the tall, mustached man at the gate. He saw her kiss him lightly and turned away. Turning, he bumped into Capt. Steve Hansen.

"Well, Steve, coming to the fight tomorrow night? Bring all the boys. Don't worry about tickets. They're on me."

He laughed somewhat nervously. Deliberately Hansen looked at Val walking off with Rodney Blair. Then he looked back at Eddie.

"We'll be there, all right, son. An' we're for you all the way. In every way, too," he said but the significance was lost on Eddie.

EDDIE CAVALIER was too busy trying to drive the memory of Val kissing the stranger out of his mind.

Sam Golden embraced him like a long-lost son. The cameramen were snapping pictures all over the place. But when they looked for Val Douglas she had disappeared.

Eddie swore at himself when he searched for her face at the boxing commission's office when they reported for the weighing-in ceremonies at noon the next day. She wasn't there. He wondered if she'd be at the fight.

He posed for the photographers shaking hands with Corky Briggs. Corky looked good. He looked bigger and stronger than when Eddie had last seen him. The photographers asked them to square off together for a shot and Eddie wished someone would ring the bell right then and let them get it over with.

Duffy and Pop didn't let him out of sight once that afternoon. They went back to their hotel. Pop told him to lie down and nap for a couple of hours. He lay on the bed for 10 minutes and got up. He was thirsty, he explained to Duffy.

Duffy pulled up a chair and sat down next to him. "Eddie," he said, "you're not fooling me. It's that girl. I know. Of all the times for a dame to put the clamp on you it had to be now!"

"Eddie... don't you see... you've GOT to get her out of your mind. Look, Eddie... I'm not tryin' to run your private life. But at a time like this... this is different. Anyway... anyway, she's strictly poison."

"Don't ever say that again, Duffy. Never. I love that girl."

A great weight seemed to fall on Duffy Kelo and crush him. There were tears in his eyes as he got to his feet. He crossed to the window and looked out. Duffy Kelo also had a love. He loved Eddie Cavalier as a father loved a son. And now Duffy felt like a father seeing that son hurt. If only it were a dream. But it was real. Brutally real.

POP GRIMES could never recall when it had been so quiet in Eddie Cavalier's dressing room before a fight. Absolutely no one was to be admitted. Duffy had notified the guard outside. No one. Not even reporters.

Pop gave Eddie's bandages a final inspection, wordlessly. The only sound in the room was the drip, drip of a faucet. Duffy took out a cigar. He couldn't smoke in the dressing room, so he chewed it viciously.

Pop didn't like things the way they were. It was a violin string stretched too tight. He was afraid. He wished the preliminary would be over so they could go to work. Outside he could hear the muffled roar of the crowd. Someone must have been belted a good one.

Then, after hours, it seemed, they knocked on the door. "Okay, Cavalier," a muffled voice said, and they went out into the night and down the crowded aisle. Eddie almost ran. A tremendous roar went up as he climbed through the ropes. Another, an instant later, heralded Corky Briggs. Corky came over and shook hands with Eddie in his corner.

Eddie looked down at the ring-side as he shuffled his feet in the resin and suddenly froze. Val

Douglas in the second press row was looking at him, her lips slightly parted, as though she wanted to say something but couldn't. He turned away quickly and went to the middle of the ring for instructions.

Back in his corner he slipped out of the blue bathrobe with the large white "E. C." on the back. Duffy was intoning last-second instructions in his ear, but he didn't hear a word. And then the bell which mercifully forced all other

thoughts out of Eddie Cavalier's mind.

EDDIE jabbed with his left experimentally. Briggs blocked it and got in close, hammering a hard right to Eddie's ribs. It hurt, and Eddie knew the 10 pounds Briggs had on him was going to mean a lot. He speared Corky with another left and danced away.

Briggs followed, worked him into a corner and landed to his body again. He hooked Eddie sharply with a left and then dug into his ribs with another thudding right.

"He's working downstairs," Duffy told him hoarsely between rounds. "Keep dancing away and spearing him with your left. Don't let him get in close. He's dynamite in there."

Eddie didn't have to be told that. Corky Briggs was tough. At the end of the third round Eddie's body was red. "Two more rounds like that and he'll have you broke in two," Duffy said savagely.

Pop sponged him off and rubbed his leg muscles. The bell again.

EDDIE walked right into Briggs and hooked him with a wicked left. He followed it up with two straight left jabs to the face. Eddie bobbed and threw a right, but he was a little too eager. He went off balance just a trifle, but enough for Briggs to step in.

Corky looped a right that landed high on Eddie's cheek. It staggered him and Briggs put him against the ropes with a short right to the heart.

Eddie's guard came down momentarily and Briggs flashed a left to his head. It caught Eddie just above the eye.

Eddie covered up and weathered the storm as the bell sounded, but there was a trickle of blood running down his face.

Pop worked on it furiously with colloidion and cotton swab. Val Douglas could see the damage from where she sat. And it was with a sickening feeling that she realized that Corky Briggs had reopened Eddie's black and blue wound. (To Be Concluded)

The federal communications commission lays the dead hand of bureaucracy upon a scientific and commercial development.—President Henry M. Wriston of Brown university, on FCC restriction of television commercials.

Ward of First Lady



Newest "adopted" child of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is Janina Dydowska, 15, who, with her parents fled to Paris when the Nazis invaded Poland. Adoption is under the foster parents' plan for war children under which American members pay \$8 a month for maintenance of refugee children at camps in France.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"There. Now you look as if some woman beside your mother cared for you."

ORIENTAL SCHOLAR

HORIZONTAL

- Great Oriental teacher pictured here.
- His native land.
- To recommend.
- Clouded.
- If not.
- To proceed.
- Diamonds.
- Matrimonial property.
- Voter.
- Monkey.
- To set on end.
- Cravat.
- Curses.
- Observed.
- Healthy.
- Advertisement based on worship of— or forefathers.
- Common verb.
- Eye fluid (pl.).
- Female deer.
- To pick.
- Wading bird.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

VERTICAL

- Chinese — or teaching is based on his ideas.
- To cut with a shears.
- Plant.
- States of bliss.
- Bellows.
- Draws close.
- To.
- North Carolina (abbr.).
- Stop.
- An outlet.
- To prepare for publication.
- While.
- Aspiration.
- Disastrous.
- Slight burn.
- Nimbus.
- Animal.
- Measure of length.
- Sloth.
- To suffice.
- Exclamation.



OUT OUR WAY

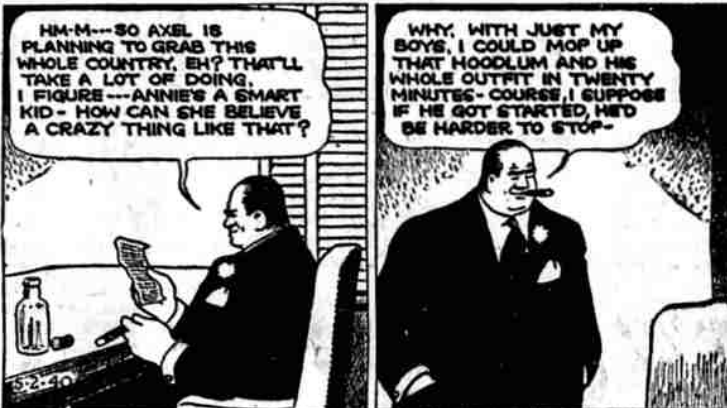
By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



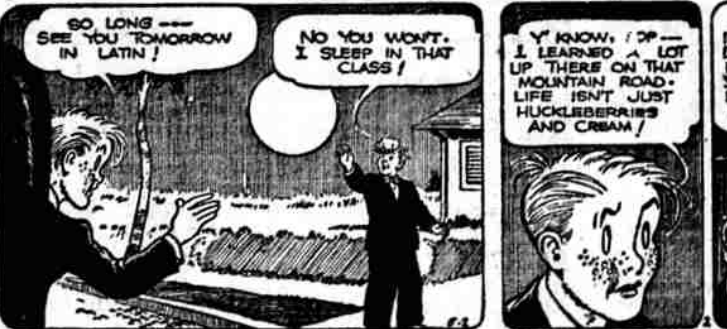
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



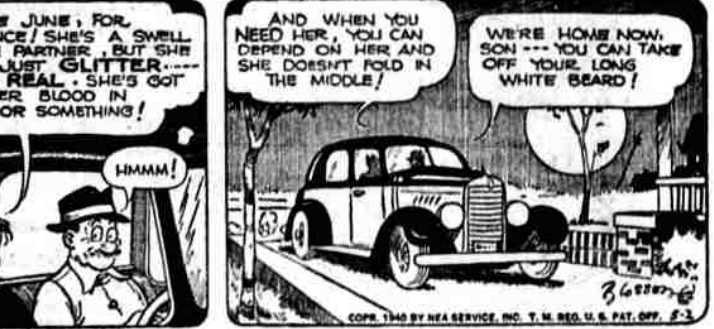
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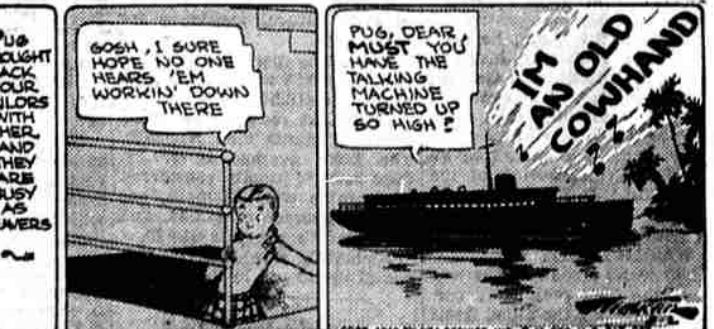
BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

