

SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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YESTERDAY: Eddie goes into his fight with Corky Briggs knowing he is in love with Val. Eddie's extra weight begins to tell on Eddie. Then Briggs opens up the wounds made by the blood-suck the night Eddie was shanghaied. Val knows she is responsible.

CHAPTER XXIV

VAL'S heart raced. All Corky Briggs had to do now was work on that cut above Eddie Cavalier's eye. She knew how eye cuts were. When they bled they made a man look like a stuck pig, blinded him and made him helpless.

And it was all her fault. All her fault if Eddie Cavalier lost this fight on a technical knockout. Sure, he'd climb back up in a year, maybe, but she'd never forgive herself. Worse, he might never forgive her.

Corky Briggs was a smart one. He shifted his tactics and went to work on Eddie's head. He landed two hard rights off Eddie's jaw, got in close again and hooked a left to Cavalier's mouth.

The crowd was roaring. It had seen blood and wanted more. Duffy was on his feet, screaming. "Keep away! Keep away! Make him come to you!"

Eddie heard and tried to follow instructions, but Briggs maneuvered him into a neutral corner and raked the cut eye with another right. Eddie wiped the blood away with his glove and pawed out at the blurred vision before him. And then the bell, ending the fifth round.

Again Duffy and Pop worked over him frantically, trying to do an hour's work in 30 seconds. Val bit her lip until she tasted blood herself.

KEEP your face covered. . . . Keep covered. . . . Keep away from him. . . . Shut your eyes. . . . The instructions were jumbled in Eddie's brain as he went out for the sixth round. If only that cut would stop bleeding. He wasn't really hurt yet, but two more rounds and Briggs' pounding would begin to tell.

He went up high on the balls of his feet, loose, stabbing with his left. Stabbing, stabbing, jabbing away at Briggs' face to keep him from getting set.

"Cripes, what a beautiful boxer that boy is," a writer next to Val muttered.

"Couple more rounds and it won't do him any good," Ken Bradley replied, and Val realized it was the truth.

Briggs waded in. His left thudded against Eddie's middle. He stepped in smartly and hooked a right to the head, Eddie staggered. He was bleeding again. Briggs caught up with him and pounded him twice more in the face.

The din was terrific. Val found herself on her feet, screaming. And then Eddie went down.

He shook his head slowly. Someone was counting.

Four . . . five . . . six. . . . He took a nine-count and staggered to his feet just as the bell rang.

The referee came over and looked at the cut.

"Get the hell away from here," Eddie snarled. "I'm okay."

Duffy Kelso nodded. The referee went back to his neutral corner.

Duffy was drumming instructions in his ear again, but to hell with instructions, Eddie thought. To hell with science. He'd never tasted his own blood like this before. Maybe this was what he needed. Sure, some sports writer once had said he ought to forget the fancy stuff and do a little more swinging. Who was it said that, again? Oh, yeah . . . that dame, that Douglas dame. The beautiful dame had been fool enough to fall in love with.

He walked out to start the seventh round and smashed Corky Briggs full in the mouth. He saw the blood spurt. Hell, Briggs could bleed, too. That would be good. There'd be blood all over the place now. He sure had surprised Mister Corky then, hadn't he.

They stood there in the center of the ring, toe to toe, punching every like maniac. Eddie didn't feel a thing. Was that the bell? No, it couldn't be. Briggs was still swinging. Keep throwing. There was a face in front of him. It was Briggs'. Okay, Eddie, swing into it before it moves.

Again that bell-like clang. And the crazy roaring waves of sound. Maybe it WAS the bell. The referee was trying to tear them apart. What in hell did he have to do that for? Why didn't he leave them alone? And that awful roar! People? Couldn't be. Not that much noise from people. Sounded more like the wild wind and rain that night on the Pacific. THAT was a night, wasn't it?

He felt water being splashed on him. He couldn't be out in the Pacific again, could he? Then it came back to him. It was Pop working on him in his corner.

There was Duffy, splattered with red stuff. Mercurochrome? No, it must be blood. His blood. Some of Briggs', too, though.

There was someone else tugging at him now. He looked down owlishly. It was a dame. A beautiful dame. It was Val Douglas.

"Eddie," she sobbed close to his ear. "Eddie . . . you've got to take him in this round . . . you've got to . . . for me, Eddie. Don't you see? Don't you see what I mean, Eddie?"

He stared at her dumbly and refused to believe what was dawning on him. Was she trying to tell him that . . . that . . . ?

"Oh, Eddie, we're in the same league after all, you and me. I don't love Rodney Blair . . . couldn't . . . I told him so today."

It seeped through then and he grinned through a cracked lip as the bell rang.

It was two full minutes before Pop Grimes admitted the gentlemen of the press.

(The End)

Americans want something better than that—Eddel Ford on the design for the German "people's car," promised but not yet produced.

At a speed of 82 miles an hour, an automobile uses about 60 per cent of its power in overcoming air resistance.

Judge Stole a Line



In the midst of divorce proceedings in which Florine McKinney Travers, Los Angeles singer, sought freedom, the judge interjected: "And he also told you he didn't love you any more and that the marriage was a mistake in the first place, didn't he?" She was granted the decree.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WHAT? YOU TWO LOVE BIRDS FIGHTING?



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY BUTTON



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Of course, there's a lotta difference in our ages, but she's awfully mature for seven."

DAM BUILDER

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured rodent, genus Castor.

6 It has — or webbed hind feet.

12 Tennis point.

13 Conscious.

15 Married.

16 To justify.

17 Domesticated.

18 Pertaining to wings.

20 To mingle.

22 Health spring.

23 Bodily structure.

24 Unit of work.

26 Mire.

27 Derby.

30 Sooner.

33 Brother.

35 Coarse weed herbs.

37 Encounters.

38 Nobleman.

39 To scold.

41 Vein.

42 To separate.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

CONFUCIUS CHINA
ROOPEN CLOUDY
ELSE ISSUE GEM
GIVE ELECTOR APE
UPEND LIFE OATHS
CEASEN HALE A
ADVANCESTORS AW
TEARS DOE COUSE
LETS FIRES
LOOM HAT MID
CALLED ACE
PHILOSOPHER

16 It is an animal, able to live on land or water.

19 It is — for its ability to build dams.

21 Before.

23 Its — is used for coats.

25 Germ cells.

26 Hodgepodge.

28 Class of birds.

29 Rootstock.

31 Musical note.

32 Neuter pronoun.

33 To touch.

34 Genuine.

36 Halls.

38 Swaggered.

40 To make lact.

43 Compound either.

47 Negative.

48 God of war.

51 Kimono sash.

52 Uncle.

54 Right (abbr.).

