

K. O. Cavalier

By JERRY BRONDFIELD

CAST OF CHARACTERS
VAL DOUGLAS—Girl reporter, shipped on a freighter to find excitement.
EDDIE CAVALIER—A prize fighter headed for the title, has a score to settle with Val.
CAPT. STEVE HANSEN—Skipper of the Northern Belle.
DUFFY KELSO—Cavalier's manager.

YESTERDAY: Val sells Duffy the idea of having Cavalier train on the Northern Belle. They can't afford to cancel and Hansen won't turn back. Besides the publicity will rack the stadium. After they agree, she informs Cavalier that he'll have to work with the crew, but she'll try to get Hansen to give him a little time off.

CHAPTER SIX
"OKAY, you lugs. Hit the deck!" Duffy Kelso opened one eye and squinted at the big seaman bellowing into the crew's quarters. Duffy shuddered.
On all sides of him men were getting out of bed but Kelso drew his blankets up closer to his chin. When he looked up again the big fellow was standing over him, grinning.
"Common buttercup. Time to bloom. What do you think you're doing?"
"Right now," Duffy muttered, "I'm hoping you fall overboard before you're a day older. What's the idea getting me up in the middle of the night?"
Next thing Duffy knew the blankets were rudely pulled from his bunk. "It's almost three bells," the seaman roared. "Cap'n Hansen sent some new duffie down for you lugs. Get into it and lay to."

Duffy sat up, groaning again. "Why can't they talk English?" he asked Pop Grimes. "It's like being in a foreign country somewhere, only much worse." He turned to Cavalier. "What time is three bells?"
"Five thirty," Eddie told him. "How'd you know that?" Kelso inquired suspiciously.
"I read a book once," Eddie said sarcastically. "Big words and all."
A red-haired seaman came in. "Hiya boys," he began. "Hi-ya, Duffy. Guess you don't remember me, do ya?"
Duffy looked at him closely and started. "Mike Kelly! Well, I'll be—," he cried, wringing the red-head's hand. Suddenly he drew his hand back. "What th' deuce am I doin' shaking hands with you," he growled. "You're part o' this mob, ain't you?"
Kelly grinned, disregarding Kelso's last remark. "Ain't seen you since—since that night in the Garden."
"Yeah," Duffy agreed. "As I recall, you lay on th' canvas for 10 minutes after Buddy Jones tagged you."
"That's why I'm here now," Mike said seriously. "And at least I know I'll never be walkin' around on my heels and making funny passes every time a trolley motorman clangs his bell."

MIKE NODDED toward Eddie Cavalier who was buttoning his blue denim shirt. "I ain't never had th' pleasure o' shakin' hands with th' champ, Duffy. Could y' introduce us?"
Eddie smiled, even before Duffy could voice the ceremonies.
"Un, say Mike," Pop Grimes broke in. "Let's get down to a little business. What kind of tack you got on board?"
Mike raised his hand significantly. "Plenty. Lucky I keep it on hand for me an' th' boys to putter around with. Two sets o' eight ounce gloves, a light bag, a pair o' bag gloves and a head guard. Almost made to order, hey Pop?"
"If I didn't know better," Pop muttered, "I'd swear it was a frame."
With the exception of those on duty everyone was already seated in the small mess quarters when they entered.
"New hands," Capt. Hansen told the crew curtly as they sat down. "Kelso, Grimes and Cavalier." Hansen grinned behind his napkin as the boxer sat down across from Val. He looked startled at seeing her.
"Didn't think I'd be up this early, did you?" she said sweetly.
"One surprise after another," Eddie sighed.
"First thing we'll do is put up a ring for Mister Cavalier," Val said evenly. "After that, Kelso and Grimes will join the paint crew. Cavalier can do a little of his road work around the deck and then report back to Capt. Hansen."
Eddie Cavalier glared. "Give any orders you wish, but don't go forgetting that Pop Grimes is my trainer. He'll make the suggestions about any road work I'll do."
"Paint crew," Duffy muttered. "A Rembrandt she wants to make out me."

It was early May and the sun shone brightly over the gently rolling Pacific. A thin streamer of smoke on the horizon was the only other sign of life.
Val Douglas breathed deeply and sauntered up behind Eddie Cavalier who lay stretched full length upon a hatch cover.
"You don't look very active for a fighter supposed to be in training," she said casually.

NO ANSWER. He was immovable, with his arm flung across his eyes.
"I was talking to you," she said icily.
"I heard you."
"Why didn't you answer me?" "Why don't you throw me in the brig for insubordination?"
"It's an idea to toy with," she informed him menacingly.
Mike Kelly was putting up the last strand of rope on the ring when she came up. "Did you have any help on this, Mike?" she asked.
"Sure," Grimes and Kelso both took a hand.
"Where are they now?"
"Cap'n Hansen gave Kelso permission to send that wire to Sam Golden. He must be up in the radio room. Grimes is up for'd with the paint crew."

"Beggins your pardon, Miss Douglas," Mike said apologetically. "but mebbe you're just a little blind if you can't tell th' difference between a guy like Eddie Cavalier and a pug like—like, well, like me, for instance. That guy Cavalier even went to college for a couple of years. You'll change your mind about him some day, you will."
"Maybe so," she muttered, "but not in print."

(To Be Continued)

GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



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OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



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WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

WHY DOES Y' RECKON FOSDICK FLOPP WENT OFF FEELIN' SO BAD WHEN AUNT BESSIE WOULDN'T MARRY WIF HIM? A INTELLY JUNT FELLA WOULD A RIN HARRY? T' ESCAPE MARRIDGE?



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