

SERIAL STORY—

# K. O. Cavalier

By JERRY BRONDFIELD

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**  
VAL DOUGLAS—A prize fighter, shipped on a freighter to find excitement.  
EDDIE CAVALIER—A prize fighter, shipped on a freighter to find excitement.  
CAPTAIN STEVE HANSEN—Skipper of the Northern Belle.  
DUFFY KELSO—Cavalier's manager.

**CHAPTER FIFTEEN**  
POP GRIMES breathed a sigh of relief next morning when Eddie slid his feet out of bed, grinned and inhaled deeply.

"Looks like the storm's over," he observed, nodding toward the port-hole.

"Yeah! I'm sure glad," said Pop. "And I'm also plenty glad you didn't take cold or anything. Can't have you going into that ring next week on crutches."

"Where's Duffy?" Eddie asked, looking around. They were alone in the crew's quarters.

"It's almost noon. They wanted you to sleep it out and you sure did just that. You've been poundin' your ear for a good 14 hours."

"Say, Pop . . ."

"Yeah, she snatched out of it, too. If that's what you're tryin' to say."

"She's still in bed, though . . . an' she sent word she'd like to see you just as soon as you got up and had somethin' to eat."

"Eddie got into his clothes and went straight to her cabin. She lay propped up against a couple of pillows when he entered.

"They looked at each other. His look was a little challenging, and perhaps a bit reproachful.

"She motioned to a chair. "Please sit down," she said in a low voice. "I'll stand."

"No," she said firmly. "Sit down. I can talk to you better that way."

"About what?"

"He sat down, facing her. "About what a dunce I was for slapping you last night."

"Oh . . . that?"

"It's awfully inadequate to tell you I'm sorry, and it's just as inadequate to thank you for saving my life."

"She extended her hand. "But won't you let me try?"

"He took her hand in his. It was the first time he had ever touched her in a more than a casual, accidental fashion. He wondered why he got the sudden electric shock that surged through him.

"Sure," he said easily. "I think I know how you feel. You don't have to eat crow."

"She shook her head. "I'm not. I don't think you want me to. But Eddie . . . why did you do it? Last night, I mean. Steve Hansen says he doesn't know how anyone could live in that sea."

"We were lucky. The ship had almost stopped and we didn't drift far."

"You haven't answered my question."

"He shrugged. "I don't know. Ask me again sometime when I've had a chance to think about it."

"I will," she promised.

"BY THE WAY, what did we run into?" he asked.

"Some tanker out of Seattle. Outside of a couple plates stove in nothing serious happened. Will be able to make port in good shape tonight. Which reminds me," she said thoughtfully, "There's nothing to prevent you from jumping ship once we get to Prince Rupert. Unless we keep you a virtual prisoner below decks," she added.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I said. Once you and Duffy and Pop get ashore we won't be able to keep an eye on you every second. What's to prevent you from walking out on us? You could grab a train, or even a plane back to Frisco."

"You mean you're giving us our release if we want it?"

"She nodded assent. "That'll be. You've earned it, haven't you? Besides, we probably can pick up all the men we want in Prince Rupert. We'll be in port for a couple of days, you know. Won't be any trouble at all."

"Just like Lincoln freeing the slaves," he murmured. "That'll be a big sacrifice on your part, you know. What about the stories you're sending back to your office? You wouldn't want to give up a good thing like that, would you?"

"Not you rub it in? Why don't you decide on my offer as it stands?"

## GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With Major Hoople



OUT OUR WAY By Williams



GOOD GOSH! HE'S GONNA GET A FREE LUNCH AN' AN' A PROFIT! YOU SEEN HE DON'T—THIS STUFF SUDDENLY HAS LOST ITS TASTE!



DOUGH AND DOUGHNUTS —By Al Capp



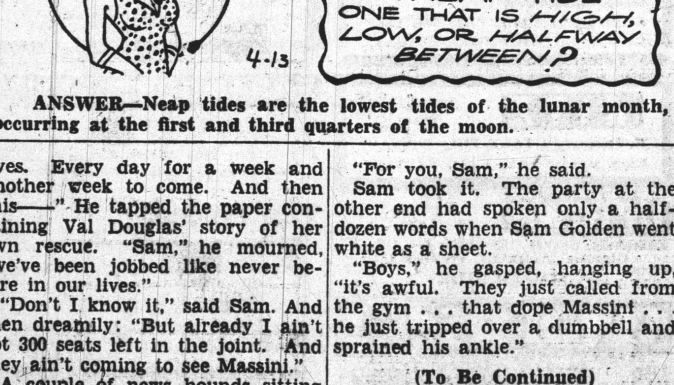
MARRIED—SHE'D BE SAFELY OUT OF THE WAY—OUT OF TONY'S WAY—IT WAS FORTUNATE THAT I OVERHEARD SOME NATIVES GOSSIPING ABOUT HER FRUSTRATED LOVE FOR LIL ABNER—



THAT'S A BOOTFUL GAI, OUT AXIN' FO' YOUNG MISTAH YOKUM!



—By Fred Harman



NOT WE CAN'T BE SEEN TOGETHER—I'LL GO ALONE!



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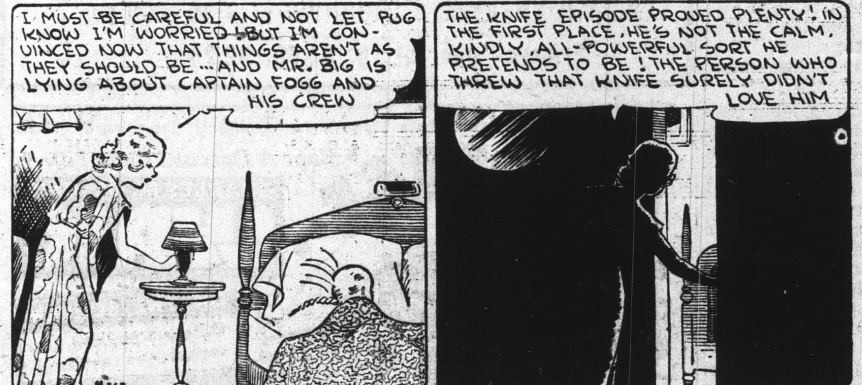
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—By Bushmiller



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By Williams



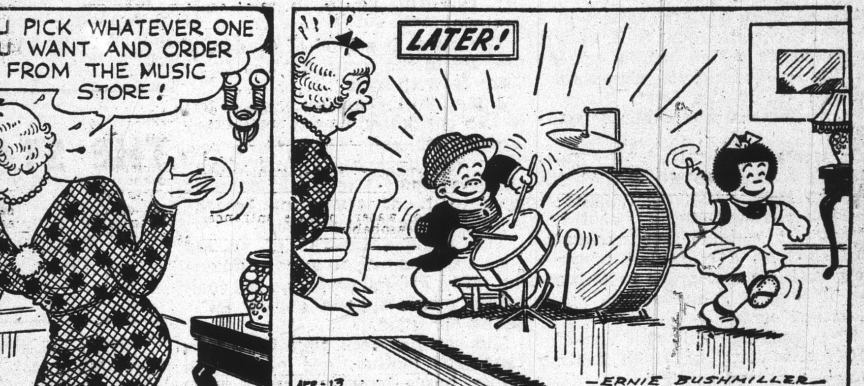
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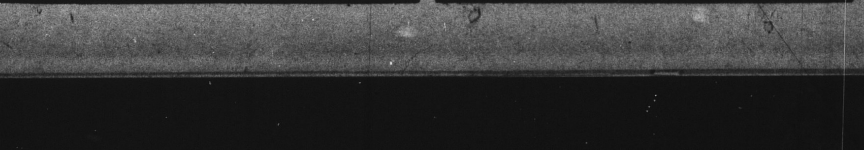
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—By Bushmiller



—By Crane



## HOLD EVERYTHING

By Clyde Lewis



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With Major Hoople



OUT OUR WAY By Williams



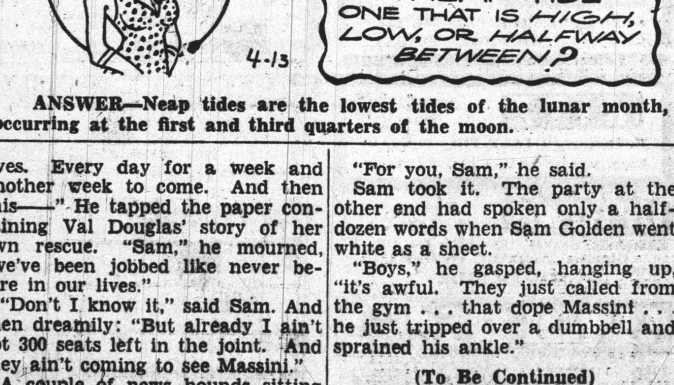
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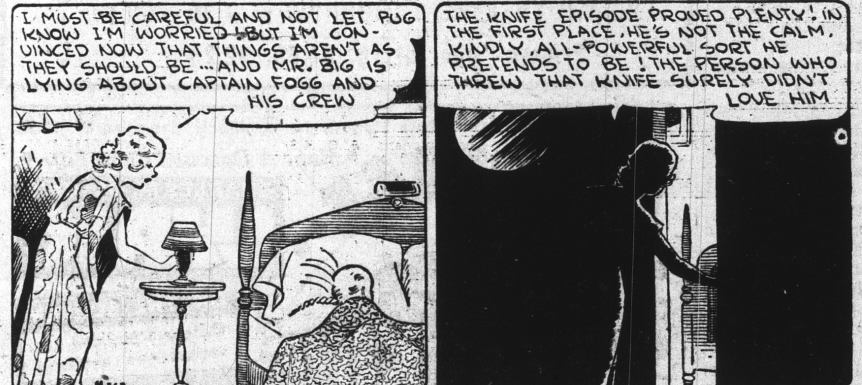
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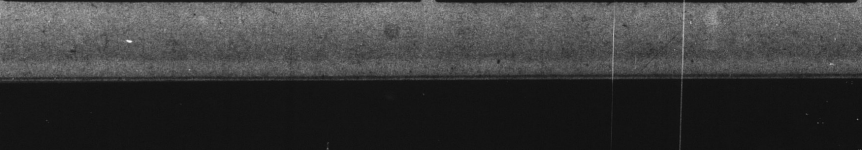
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## OUT OUR WAY

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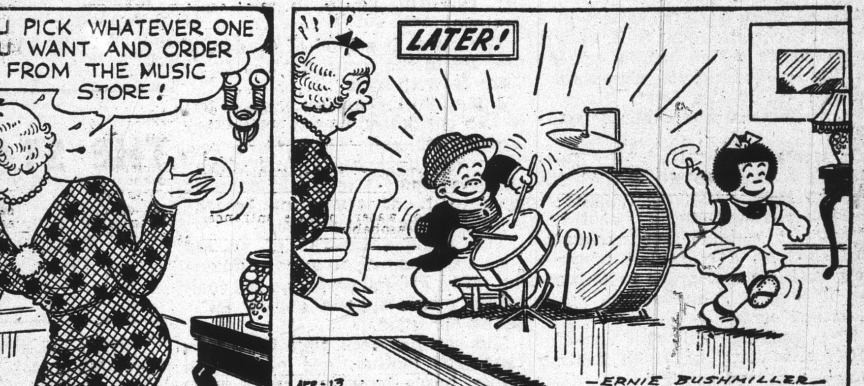
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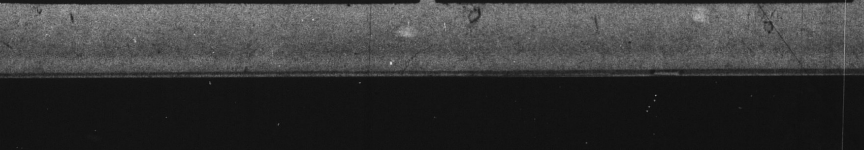
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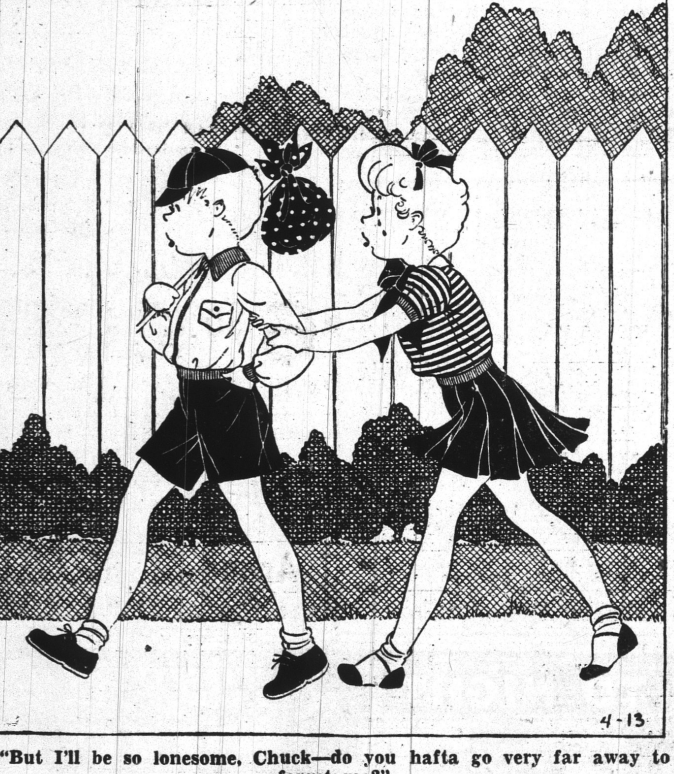


—By Crane



## FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



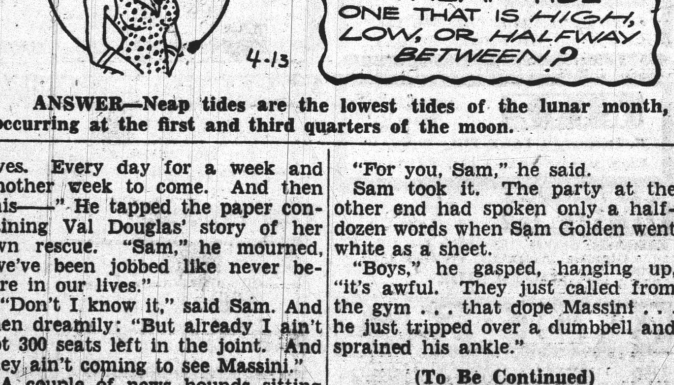
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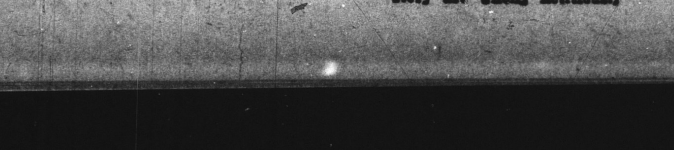
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