

HOUSE

THE MAJOR HAS SOLD A \$500 PACKAGE HE CAN'T DELIVER

NO THANKS, MAJOR! NO FARM, FOR RUBE! I'LL JUST STICK AROUND AND WHIRL FOR THE DELOXY STOVE TEAM! THOSE BUSH LEAGUES PAY OFF WITH BOX TOPS, AN' THE PLAYERS HAFTA SLEEP FOUR IN A HOTEL COAL BIN! YOUR SHOT, GUS!

YOU HAVE ONE MINUTE TO CATCH YOUR BUS

OH MY GOODNESS

THAT'S RIGHT, MAJOR. NOW TURN IT ON.

THE MAJOR HAS SOLD A \$500 PACKAGE HE CAN'T DELIVER

ALL SIN'N' NOT I GOT OUT OF THERE SO FAST HE SHOULD'VE WASHED INTO THE AIR!

DO YOU STAY AND PICK UP HIS TOUPEE FOR ME, PLEASE!

By CHIC YOUNG

BLONDE

The Children's Hour

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By FRANK KING

CHAPTER TWENTY

of Berlin, known as Feliseck, situated between the capital and the suburban town of Reinickendorf, it contained less than a hundred cottages, and was a secret camp of the Communist military organization than a community of gardeners.

The country surrounding Feliseck was rather lonely and undeveloped, despite the proximity of heavily erected apartment blocks at the edge of Berlin-Schneppen, ill-kempt hedges, fences, piles of debris and bare trees added to the inhospitable of the place. This was important, for the Feliseck colony was a secret camp of the Communist Party, here I swailed the delivery of the documentary loot from Professor Schwartz's villa.

The material which Aviatin's aides gathered about Feliseck was so valuable that he had headed the intelligence bureau attached to the headquarters of the Red Army, the supreme chief of the storm troops. When the Foreign Division of the Red Army was established in the Spring of 1931, Schwartz, who knew Russian from his field work service, had been assigned to a special section dealing with Soviet affairs. It was true that he was in charge of numerous Russian contacts, a raid on his archives could possibly lead to the identification of all Red agents in the Soviet Union. Schwartz was fifty-four years old. His official rank was that of a storm troop leader. To camouflage the real nature of his activities, he was given a portrait painter's name and when he had obtained the title of professor remained a mystery.

Aviatin's crew struck on the evening of January 18. Professor Schwartz was lured away from his suburban residence by a faked call from the office of Dr. Joseph Goebbels, who was then the chairman of the Nazi Party in the Berlin district. The caller was a G.P.U. man, while Schwartz was away, G.P.U. agents raided his villa, tying up Professor's wife and two servants, and escaping with their files. The trunks were first brought to 34 Choriner Strasse, a Communist Party office in the north of Berlin.

But if the G.P.U. had its spies inside the Hitler movement, as was shown on the document of Heinrich Himmler and one Dietrich, they were not the only ones to have their agents in the Communist Party. A flying squad of storm troops swooped down unexpectedly on the house at 34 Choriner Strasse, but the loot taken from Professor Schwartz was then already in the hands of the Communist colony at Feliseck. The Brownshirts stormed the Hitler station, and in a fierce struggle with guns in their hands Red Front-guards on duty in the house repelled the first force of the Nazi raiders were shot before the police arrived.

Nazi headquarters was informed that Professor Schwartz's archives were being taken to a hiding place in Feliseck. Ernst Schwartz himself sped to a roadside garage Waldmannstrasse, which was a storm trooper's stronghold an hour's marching distance from Feliseck. He put himself at the head of a force of armed Brownshirts, and moved post haste against the Communist hideout.

While all this was going on, I sat serenely in a cottage by a pool, believing myself to be in a safe place, and waiting for the load of papers to take to Hamburg. The two trunks containing the fished documents never arrived, however, in Feliseck. The storm troops were lost without trace in the vastness of the Berlin suburb. The two comrades who drove the hired car which carried the trunks were never heard of again. I was later learned that they had died in the nerve and determined.

A courier burst in upon me, breathless, he reported that a column of two hundred armed Nazis was driving Feliseck, and I was to investigate, and to find the leaders of the colony. It was too late. From the car and the storm troops would remain the guide to the hideout.

At a given hour, I was to meet Professor Schwartz for a period of detail. As a given hour, I was to meet Professor Schwartz for a period of detail. As a given hour, I was to meet Professor Schwartz for a period of detail.

GASOLINE ALLEY

The Lid Is Off

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By FRANK KING

RED RYDER

Pleasant Thought

IF YOU DON'T GET UP OUT OF BED YOU'LL GO ON LONG AWAY

WELL, NEVER GET TO YOUR FEET, BEAVER!

SHARK!

ABS FISH FOR ME!

YOU'LL SHOW US TO THE SHARK!

By FRED HARMAN

THIMBLE THEATER

It's Always Polite to Knock!

A GOOD APPEANCE IS THE BEST APPEANCE!

AH, I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW HOW TO FIND A LOCKER?

YOU ARE GOING TOWARD DIAN LONES' LOCKER?

THANKS, THAT'S THE WAY TO GO.

COMING THE DOOR! WHAT?

HA! HA!

By FRED HARMAN

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Hearing to Go

COR! COR! WAKE UP!!!

STEPHEN! WHY ISN'T HE GETTING UP?

OH, THAT DOESN'T MATTER! GET UP! I JUST HEARD THE NEWS! THE CROWD IS GOING TO BE GREAT!

REALLY?

YES—AND WHEN ONE IS IN THE COUNTRY—AND A BOOBY—IT'S TIME TO GET UP!

BACK TO THE BEACH! LET GO! YOU GET SOME WOOD TO SHOOT A FIRE—VIPPER!

By AL CAPP

LIL' ARNER

The Good Neighbor Policy

LET APAPOLA DOWN IN A BOW!

AH, IS GULDIN IN A PE-COOL-YAR DAY? WELL, HE'S A SCARLET NOT LAND.

IT MIGHT BE WORSE! TRY I MAKE TH' BEBE! SHAY-SHUN!

SI SENOR!!

SHACK! SHACK! SHACK!

SI SENOR!!

SI SENOR!!

By AL CAPP

WASH TUBS

Yeah, Where's Wash?

WE'VE CUT YOU OFF FROM SHAVE AND RINSE. ARE YOU READY TO GIVE UP?

G-MEN!

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU'VE WON! WITH OUR PLANS FOR A BETTER WAY!

LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!

MEANWHILE, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN WASHING THEIR HAIR AND FEET TO WASH TUBS. WELL, FOLKS, AT THIS VERY MOMENT WE ARE ON OUR WAY TO WASHINGTON, D.C.

I GOTTA WASH TODAY!

By ROY CRANE

LOOK, MATILDA! OLD SOU-RUSS IS SMILING!

I JUST SAW HIM DRINKING SOMETHING HEAVENLY DAYS—AND NOW HE'S BUZZING FOR ME

IMAGINE! HE JUST DISCOVERED! DECIDED IT'S THE HOW GOOD—BEST-TASTING ROYAL CROWN COLA—COLA-IT IS!

BY CRICKET—IF HE JUST DISCOVERED! DECIDED IT'S THE HOW GOOD—BEST-TASTING ROYAL CROWN COLA—COLA-IT IS!

VICTOR McLAIBEN SAYS!

It's MY TASTE-TEST WINNER

Victor McLaiben drank leading colas and voted for Royal Crown Cola. The rule is: you must taste a group of colas from coast to coast! Try it today!

ROYAL CROWN COLA

THE CASTRO IS ENDED.

By ROY CRANE

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