

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



IF WE GET TO THE MOUNTAINS ON THESE SPARK PLUGS WE CAN TAKE AN EGG-BEATER TO A CANOE NEXT SUMMER AND GO TO HAWAII.

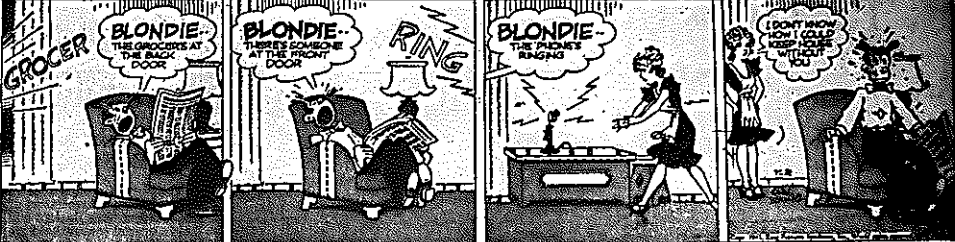
YOU CAN'T DEPEND ON THESE MODERN ROAD MAPS

WITH MAJOR HOOPLE

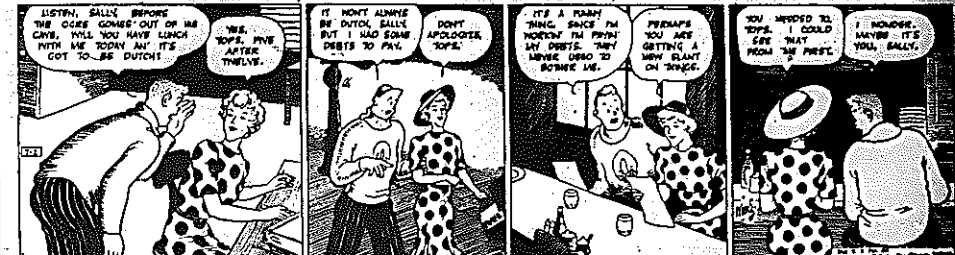


ALWAYS TAKING THE HARD WAY, YOU COULDN'T VENTURE TO THE CORNER FOR A DOZEN BANANAS WITHOUT JOINING THE EXPLORERS' CLUB!

BLONDIE



GABOLINE ALLEY



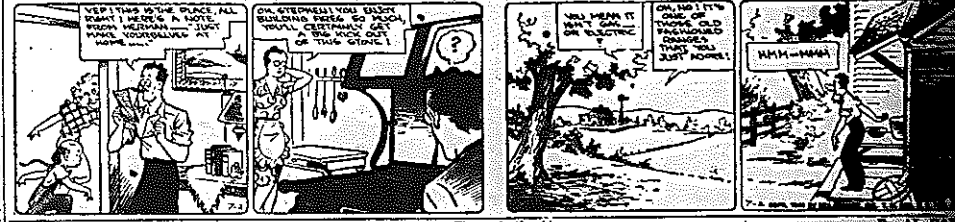
RED RYDER



THIMBLE THEATER



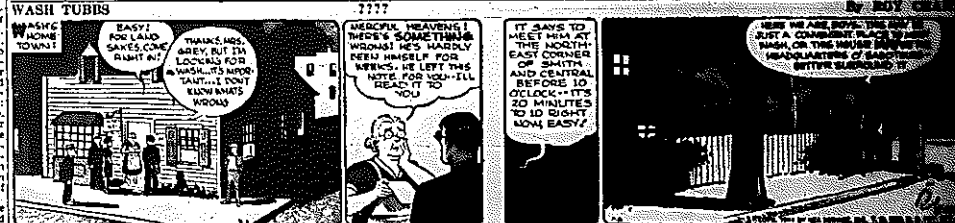
LIT ABNER



WASH TUBS



SUPERMAN



STARRING POPPER



IN THE HURRICANE More than 4,000 Communist and Socialist leaders were arrested in the night of the Reichstag fire. The Nazi raiding parties occupied all Communist Party buildings in Prussia. At dawn, one courier sped out in all directions spreading the order to print and distribute large editions of leaflets headed: 'Nazi Terrorist Betrays the Reichstag.' The Hitler version was that a half-naked Dutchman, Marinus van Lubbe, had been seized in the burning building. He was branded a Communist and the Communist Party of Germany had never heard of this man. Communists were hunted down like mad dogs. Weaklings in our ranks capitulated. Spies stepped from obscurity. The majority of the Party's top-rank leaders had saved their skins by being across the frontiers to neutral countries. But some were captured. Ernst Thälmann, betrayed by one of his couriers, was arrested in his secret abode. Edouard Thälmann, a graduate of the Lenin School, and was seized by the Gestapo. He was held in a small apartment where children romped noisily. She was sitting on a chair in the kitchen, holding a small child against her hip. A robust, red-armed woman tried to comfort her. "What happened?" I demanded. "Where is the child?" He said, "The child is in the hospital. She told it in a tone of unbelief, almost of self-accusation. She had gone to our apartment where she had found Jan. The child was peacefully sleeping in his cradle. For some time she had stood still and watched the little feet in their white socks. She had been tired, dead-tired. She had put some milk on the radiator to heat up a hot shower, and had lain down on the bed with the intention of resting for a few minutes. Then, against her will, she had fallen asleep. He had awakened her. She had lain still and held her breath, fearful lest the electric light be switched on and cry. "Good morning," he said. "My name is Fritz. I live in the next room. You must give me a key to your door." "I am alone," Fritzel said. "My husband has gone away. To France, perhaps." The Gestapo man looked around the room. Then he said: "I don't believe you. Get dressed. You are coming with me." Fritzel thought quickly. "I have nothing on," she said to the man. "I cannot dress when you're in the room. You must give me the next room until I'm ready." Gestapo Agent Herrmann Tweez hesitated. He was confronted with the prospect of making in the "bad" district a woman of revolving doors. Without warning, several hooded Gestapo agents, aided by thousands of Hitler Guards and storm troopers, swooped down on certain sections of the city. The storm troopers formed by the hundreds around many city blocks. No one was permitted to enter or to leave the area. A storm trooper was posted at the entrance of every building. No one was permitted to leave the house nor was anyone allowed to enter it. The Gestapo agent and the Hitler Guards then searched each house from roof to cellar. No room, no bed, no drawer or cupboard was spared. Walls and floors were tapped for hiding places. Men, women and children were stripped and searched. All who could not identify themselves satisfactorily were led into waiting caravans of trucks. The hauls were huge. Secret printing presses, stores of arms and explosives, depots of illegal literature, codes, documents and hidden-looking fugitives without identification papers were brought to light in almost every block. Three days after the big hauls began in Hamburg, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, who acted as courier

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