The Night AN ULTI

...ich, under the yellow light of lanterns, pushes pavement ...wam like circular islands in the dark. Ahead of me a couple, arms linked together, swayed around a corner. A broad-hipped woman scuttled through the cold and disappeared in a doorway. Empty sidewalks are likely to mate any humid man feel oppressive. Jammed in a crowd a man feels safer. I saw the headlights of a car flash their beams along the street. I wondered why the car slowed down as it came up behind me. I thought of turning quickly into a doorway to let the car pass by. But then I thought, "Oh, nerves!" And I took care not to quicken my stride.

It was not a trick of my imagination. The car slowed down. I heard the sudden scream of brakes.

"Raus!" snapped a voice. "Auf! Heil!"

I jerked around and dived toward the entrance of a house. I wanted to run into the house, race up the top floor, escape over the roofs, shooting to cover my retreat. The door was locked. The pursuers were around me in a second.

They brought me to a police station in St. Pauli, Hamburg's Coney Island. As they led me through the streets, silent, people assembled from nowhere and stared. A grunted command from a Gestapo man sufficed to disperse them.

I wondered what could have happened to Karl Burmeister, Cilly, Comrade Holstein. My arrest had been no haphazard affair. When they pounced on me, the Gestapo knew who I was. I could not explain it. We had been careful in the extreme. We had adhered to all the complicated rules of conspirative work. We were too alert, too well trained, not to recognize at once that we were trailed. We were no tyros in illegal work. What if Karl Burmeister had been taken? Or Cilly? Or Holstein? I refused to believe it. Cilly would come to my quarters at midnight, and find me gone. She'd guess the truth. She knew that I had hidden a list of courier addresses in my bedroom. She would find them and take them away and warn the others.

The telephone rang. A policeman took the receiver.

"Herr Magnus," he addressed the dark-skinned agent. "A message for you, St. Georg station speaking."

Magnus stamped over to the telephone.

I strained to catch every word he said.

"Herr Magnus . . . Oh, yes, a perfect evening . . . You have the lady? Good. Very good. Excellent! Call Stadthaus for instructions . . . Yes, yes . . . Heil Hitler!"

Immediately he dialed another number. I watched his forefinger move. 8-0001, that was the number of Gestapo headquarters. I knew it because I had called that number many times to give the Gestapo misleading information.

Then Magnus' rumbling voice: "Inspector Kraus? . . . Sure, we got him. He walked away pretty fast, but we got him . . . No . . . no, he acted quite civilized. Had a shooting iron, though. One of the little ones from Belgium. Didn't give him a chance to use it. . . . Yes, quite civilized . . . Bring him up right away? Very good. Wird gemacht. Heil Hitler!"

The other two leaped from their desks. The chair was kicked from under me. The uniformed officers leaped to attention.

"Auf wiedersehen!"

At the curb a car waited, a burly chauffeur at the wheel.

We drove to the center of the city. The hinged arms across a short bridge, and then the towering bulk of police headquarters dominated the street.

Sentries in the uniforms of the Black Corps threw up their arms in the Hitler salute as the car waved through an arched gateway and clashed to a halt in a gloomy yard. The yard was cluttered with motor cars. Massive walls towered in the dark. Light flooded from high windows. I heard the clanging of the great bell from the St. Michael Cathedral. It was eleven.

We marched down a murky hall. Our steps echoed from dust-covered walls. An Elite Guard passed with a ringing stride. He had held the end of a chain which was twisted around the wrist of a bedraggled prisoner. They passed without giving us a glance.

At a rapid pace we traversed a labyrinth of corridors, up broad stairways, past armed guards and large rooms full of clattering noise. Doors were unlocked at a signal from Magnus, and locked again after we had passed.

On the next landing a score of men stood facing the wall. Guards shouted from the rear guard, a youngster, had seized the scrawny neck of an elderly worker and pressed himself with his entire body the worker's head against the wall. Where the file of male prisoners ended, two Elite Guards stood over a plump girl. The girl's face was white as death. She threw herself to the stone floor and scrambled back on her feet. A trooper swung his arms and barked commands:

"Up—down! Up—down! Up—down! We'll make you eat dirt. Up—down! Up—down . . ."

Hideous shouting came from the end of the corridor. A well-dressed man was down on hands and knees. Astride him sat a grinning trooper. The man was screaming at the top of his voice: "I'm a Jew, a stinking Jew! I'm a Jew, a stinking Jew!"

We were on the sixth floor. The hallway was silent as a graveyard. Carpets covered the floor. The walls were clean and the smell of paint was in the air. On a bench sat a dejected-looking woman. She clasped a cardboard box on her knees, and her head hung forward.

"Heil."

I stood in front of a heavy door. It was guarded by two armed troopers who wore black uniforms and silver skull and crossbones on their peaked caps. Magnus pressed an electric button. The door opened. I was pushed into the room with such violence that I pitched headlong to the floor.

A roar arose up. It was a large, bare room. At first I was stunned by the blinding glare of cluster lights. Then I saw rows of plain clothesmen around me, and all of them looked at me and roared. Maps and posters covered the walls. Clouds of tobacco smoke swirled under the ceiling.

A whiplike voice cut through the bedlam. "Up on your feet!"

Slowly I rose from the floor.

On the morning of the fourth day, I was brought back to Berlin. Two hours of questioning followed. A Gestapo inspector showed me a map of the western border districts of Germany and demanded that I should draw in the locations of Comintern frontier relay stations. Then he showed me a series of photographs for identification. After that followed questions about the names and addresses of communists in countries adjoining Germany. Again, all this led to nothing.

"I see now where we stand," the Gestapo man said coldly. "Wir werden andere Saiten aufziehen. When you we must play a different tune."

I expected to be strapped over a table. Instead, chained to a dozen other prisoners, I was led to an inner court-yard. I was pushed aboard a police lorry and into a steel box. Soon the lorry was speeding over roads I could not see. Around me was complete darkness. Hour after hour passed. My body grew stiff and numb.

The journey lasted all through the night. Finally the truck stopped. Outside keys grated in locks. "All out!"

(Continued Tomorrow)

AUTHORITY ON WORDS

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Author of a fine English dictionary.
10 Malarial fever.
14 Stream.
12 Stiff collar.
13 To bark.
14 Mother.
15 Home library.
16 Joker.
17 Genus of rats.
18 Into.
19 Soft cap.
20 Arroyo.
21 Skillet.
22 Haunt.
23 Correct.
27 Holm oak.
29 Bees' home.
30 Animal.
31 Over (abbr.).
32 Mohammedan judge.
33 Long tooth.
34 No good (abbr.).
35 Tea boxes.
37 New England (abbr.).
38 Chief garment in Ceylon.
40 Electrified particles.
41 Ill-natured.
42 Gentle.
43 Forest.
44 Taxi.
45 Hair.
47 Deities.
49 He was a — by profession.
50 He wrote a most popular — first.

VERTICAL

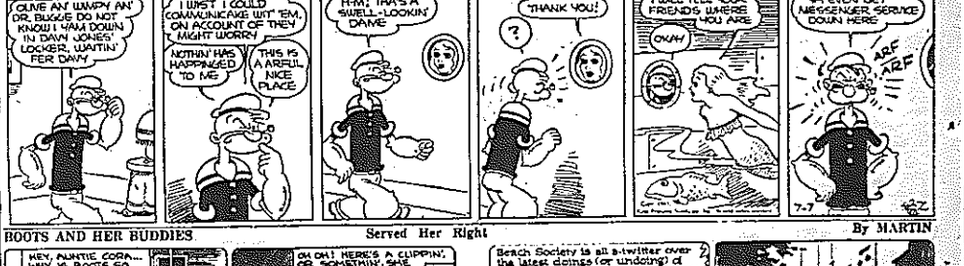
2 Made of oatmeal.
3 Contest for a prize.
4 Vandal.
5 You and I.
6 Boast.
7 To drink slowly.
8 Forward.
9 To bake.
42 The first — of his dictionary appeared in 1828 (pl.).
43 Sweet potato.
44 Mold.
46 Pale.
47 To meditate.
48 To fondle.
20 A general — of his book was made in 1864.
21 By.
22 Spiders' nests.
23 Weights.
24 Tatter.
25 Musical syllable.
26 Kind of duck.
28 One receiving a legacy.
29 To fondle.
30 Vehicles.
32 Walking stick.
33 To ward off.
35 Humorous.
36 Honks.
37 Splendid.
39 Incarnation of Vishnu.
40 To become bankrupt.
43 Hostility.
44 Mountain pass
45 Sheet (abbr.).
46 Musical note.
47 Compass point (abbr.).
48 Senior (abbr.).

BLONDIE — Silver Threads Among the Gold — By CHIC YOUNG

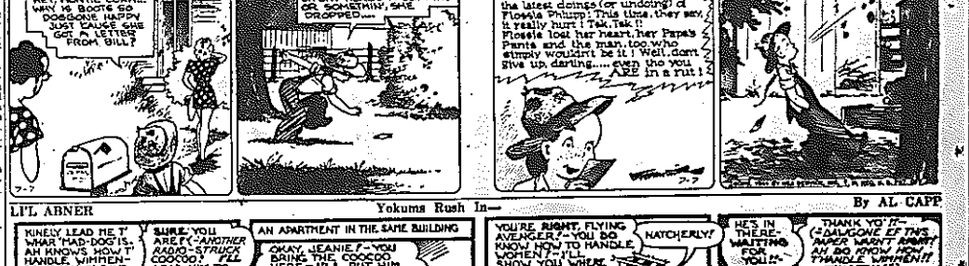
GASOLINE ALLEY — Doesn't Hurt to Ask — By FRANK KING

RED RYDER — The Stranger — By FRED HARMAN

THIMBLE THEATER — Nice Uniform You're Wearing! — STARRING POPEYE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Served Her Right — By MARTIN



LI'L ABNER — Yokums Rush In— By AL CAPP

WASH TUBBS — Did He Fool You? — By ROY CRANE

SUPERMAN — Plotters Meet — By JERRY SIEGEL and Joe SHUSTER