

"As these men on the boat stood in the water, the Capt. spoke to me. 'That's the way! Fire! Fire!'

"I saw the smoke pouring from the ship's funnel. I saw the flames crackling through the boarded windows. On the porch the flames crackled. People clustered on the road. Others ran to and fro. Someone was shouting for help. I saw a man standing on the beach, followed by the lanky Dane who seemed to be the chief of police. Near me stood Christian and Schanzel, watching the boat. Through the commotion sounded men's deep laughter. 'Ah, it is an old trick, anyway,' he exclaimed.

"I struck out toward Copenhagen. The driver was an ex-soldier, and he was a good driver. He took me to work in Copenhagen. I did not remain in Copenhagen, but I went to the most distant distance between myself and the man hunters of the Gestapo. I had been my friend for many years, would know no mercy now. In a short time I was in a small boat, with a pistol near a doorway. I rode across the water, and there in my pocket I rode eastward along the highway which led to the port of Copenhagen. I was alone, with no passport nor any other document of identification.

"I crossed the Langelinie Belt with the aid of a comrade who was a sailor aboard the ferry. In seven hours I crossed the water to the Army. Another ferry carried me to Fredericia. A night I rested in the quarters of the Danish Army. On the following day I rode across Jutland to the port of Aalborg. I was alone, with one trouser in my pocket.

"The steamer P. A. Bernström lay at her pier in Copenhagen, and spoke to the leader of the Communist ship until. He knew the way from previous trips. He had, of course, no talking of my real status.

"On Monday, I said, 'You must arrange for my passage. I have official business in France.' The comrade was silent, and an honest revolutionist. He fed me and kept me hidden in his cabin, which was dark and had other Party member. Thirty-six hours after the P. A. Bernström steamed out of the harbor of Copenhagen. I strode ashore in Denmark. I went to the Ballé d'Arrière and spoke to Comrade Manauze, the liaison agent of the GPU in Denmark.

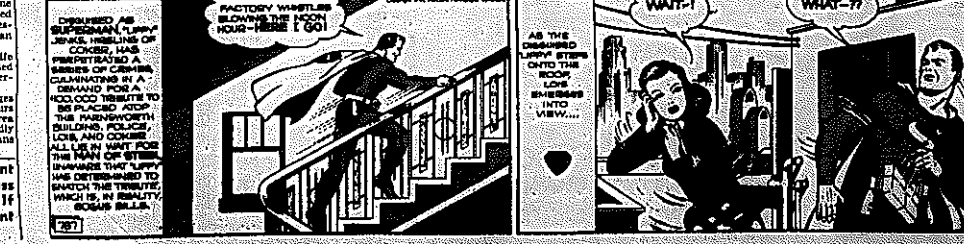
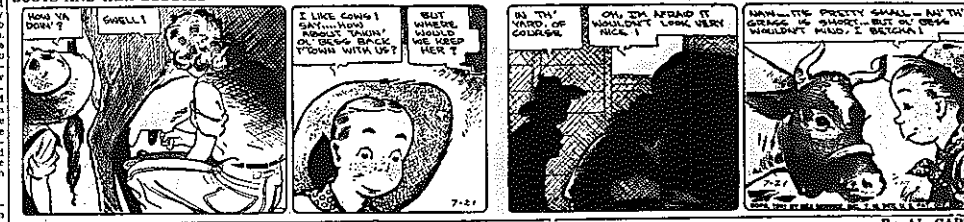
"Manauze said, 'I have urgent business in Paris.' Manauze lent me a hundred francs and gave me a passport in Paris. When I shook hands with him, I shook hands with the Comrade. He was silent, and my eyes, and a lump in my throat.

"'Au diable,' said Manauze. 'Ten hours later I picked my way through the surge and clangor of the Gare du Nord in Paris. In Paris I wrote a letter to Richard Jensen, for transmission to his superior in the GPU. 'The Gestapo believes,' I wrote, 'that I am in Russia; the lives of my wife and child depend on the continuance of this belief. I beg you to maintain silence as to my whereabouts and I, also, shall maintain silence.' I could not stay in Paris. The GPU had spread the alarm. Men and women who had been my comrades were now duty-bound to turn me down as an enemy of Stalin and his clique. One day I slipped away from the two GPU men who had shadowed me in the vicinity of the Place de la Concorde. The same night I left Paris.

"I continued to wander from one country to another, alone now. In Antwerp I called on Edo Finnen, the Dutchman who had been my enemy, but had become my friend. He saw that I was ill, and in despair.

"'Will you work in my organization?' he asked.

"I declined. 'If you will help,' I said, 'you may find me a ship I am going back to sea, where I shall be safe.' Edo Finnen was like a father to legions of sailors. Overnight he found me a ship, bound westward over the Atlantic to peak water from the West Indies. The GPU had traced me from Paris to Antwerp; but by the time their man hunters arrived, I had already put out to sea. Once more I was a sailor before the mast. None of my shipmates knew whence I came, or where I was going. It was a sheer delight to walk again over a heaving deck, to slip my hands once more into a pot of tar. To Firdis I could not write. 'It is best,' I thought.



WISHING WELL

Registered U. S. Patent 2,800,000

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In a pleasant little game that will give you a message every time you pull the numbers out of the wishing well. Pull out the numbers in your first game. If the number is less than six, add it to your key number. If the number is more than six, subtract it from your key number. Start at the number 1 and pull out the numbers and check every one of your key numbers. Then mark the message the letters under the checked numbers.

La Guardia To Speak Tonight

NEW YORK—Mayor F. H. La Guardia is scheduled to make a radio address tonight and his political associates predict that he will announce his candidacy for a third term as mayor of New York.

Before the mayor speaks over stations WNYC and WOR at 7:45 P. M. (E. T.) Samuel Seabury, father of the fusion movement that sent La Guardia to City Hall in 1933, will meet with other leaders who supported the mayor's first campaign.

La Guardia, dividing his time between New York and his Washington office as director of civilian defense, has steadfastly declined comment on the mayoralty.

Three Killed in Outbreak Of Violence at Shanghai

SHANGHAI—Three persons were killed and two were wounded today in an outbreak of terrorist violence in Shanghai.

Wang Teh-Chow, an official of the Nanking regime's Peace Preservation Corps, was shot and killed in the French settlement. A long gunman who subsequently battled with police in his attempt to escape. The gunman and a policeman were wounded.

A Chinese merchant and his wife were shot and killed in the international settlement.

Japanese authorities closed bridges over Soochow Creek for four hours while searching the Howan new area for four terrorists who allegedly threatened to kill Chinese civilians employed by the Ja, news agency.

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