

THE BOARDING HOUSE



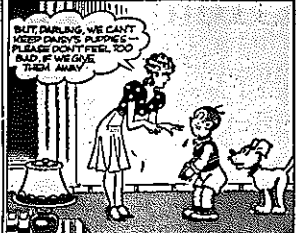
BUT MARTHA! THIS IS PRE-POSTEROUS! I'M MARCHING TO THE BANK TO GET A CHECK! I'M LIKE A PAYROLL GUARD, AS IF I WERE INCAPABLE OF CASHING A MERE \$500 CHECK! READ, IF I HAD SUSPECTED WOMEN WERE SUCH SUSPECTING THOMASES, I MIGHT HAVE REMAINED A CAREFREE BACHELOR!

WELL, JUST LISTEN TO 'OLD FAITHFUL!' I DIDN'T FOLLOW YOU LIKE A BRIDE'S TRAIN, YOU GET HOME ABOUT JULY 4TH, BRINGING ME AN ICE CREAM CONE—ALSO, YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO MIGHT HAVE SURVIVED IF YOU HAD REMAINED A CAREFREE BACHELOR!

HE PROMISED HER HALF, AND SHE'S TAKING NO CHANCES!

With MAJOR HOOPLE

BLONDIE



BUT DARING, WE CAN'T KEEP DAN'S PUPPETS PLEASE DON'T FEEL TOO BAD, WE'VE TRIED.

AW BOO-HOO— I'M NOT ALLOWED TO HAVE ANYTHING LOVED HERE—DAGWOOD LOVES ME—BOO-HOO

REMEMBER, DEAR, YOU'LL STILL HAVE A BEAUTIFUL BABY GIRL AND DUSKY AND A MAMA AND PAPA—AND YOU!

OH, HOW I'D LOVE TO GET THE PUPPETS AWAY FROM YOU IN A SORT OF WAY!

Just Grow a Goatee, Dagwood!

By CHIC YOUNG

By FRANK KING

GASOLINE ALLEY



WENT TOPS COMING WITH US!

NO, HUH! HE'S DECIDED TO TAKE A NAP ON SHORE.

TOPS WILL NEVER GROW UP!

ANYWAY, HIS FIRST JOB NOW.

AND IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I'LL BE THROUGH SCHOOL AND LOOKING FOR ONE, SURETIN.

YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE A VACATION BEFORE YOU START WORKING, AREN'T YOU!

I PLANNED TO TAKE A COUPLE OF WEEKS, I'M THROUGH JULY 15TH.

IT WOULD BE SO CROTTY TO ANNUALLY TO HAVE SOME TIME TO TRY TO GET SOME IN A GOOD MOOD AND ASK.

Two's Comp

By FRANK KING

By FRED HARMAN

RED RYDER



THIS IS THE COMBOY THAT SHOULD SAVED ME!

YEAH, BUT BARBARIE'S KNOWING YOU'RE ON THE LEVEL!

PIRELE AND THE ENGINEER TURNED THE SPURTING HOSE ON THE REELER—CONSIDER PUMPING THEM AROUND THE DECK AND INTO THEIR CABINETS.

"Get off my ship," I commanded again.

"No!" answer for this before the Party Control Commission," the Kultur Kommissar bustered.

"Douse them!"

Pirele and the engineer turned the spurting hose on the reelers—

Long Trip Ahead

By FRED HARMAN

By FRED HARMAN

THIMBLE THEATER



YOUR HEART CHIRPS CHEERFULLY, MY DEAR!

I HAD CRICKETS FOR LUNCH!

KINDLY EXCUSE ME!

THAT'S NOT MY HEART!

PIRELE WAS SOON UNDER WAY. Once in open water, I turned eastward between the islands of Heiligoland and Schraarhorn, ran into the one rocky, pebbled Guden, and entered the locks of Brunabuellet on the North Sea end of the Kiel Canal. When the Kultur Kommissar station ran up a signal: "What ship?" I replied proudly, "Pirele, Brunabuellet, Murnansk."

Much dangerous water lay between Kiel and the North Cape, but I was determined. Guden, my ship to Murnansk or never showing my face again to any living creature! Before we left the Brunabuellet locks, with the Canal pilot aboard, I received a telegram from Bremen. I knew immediately that it was a telegram from the Communist Party, inspired by the Kultur Kommissar and the provisions commission. I had so rudely driven off the Pirele. I read:

"You are herewith expelled from the Communist Party for gross opportunism and unproletarian conduct. Leave ship Pirele at once, Nickel!"

I called a shiphandler's runner and asked him to send a wire for me to the Communist Party in Bremen.

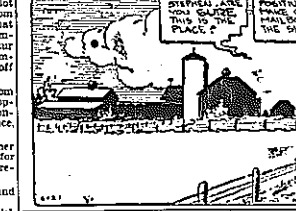
"Go to hell!" I wired. "I and Pirele on my way to Murnansk. Seventeen days after leaving Kiel, we entered Kola Bay. The low shores were shrouded in fog, and I saw the Pirele's stern roar every minute as the ship edged past after yard into Russian waters. When the Murnansk pilot boat appeared like a specker out of the mist, with screaming siren whirling overhead, I felt like shouting with joy. Out safe arrival in Russia," reported as the greatest triumph of my life. Lined up along the rail, the crew of the Pirele eyed the belted Russian pilot as though he were some fabulous god. But this Soviet citizen showed no interest in the new shipwrecks had brought. His first thought was a cup of good coffee and a dish of caviar and eggs—items which Pirele promptly supplied.

That Ain't Cricket, Popeye!

By FRED HARMAN

By FRED HARMAN

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



STEWIE! WELL, I CAN'T QUOTE YOU, BUT I KNOW THAT PLACE IS THE SLIGHTEST COURSE OF IT!

YOU ARE HERWITH EXPULSED FROM THE COMMUNIST PARTY FOR GROSS OPPORTUNISM AND UNPROLETARIAN CONDUCT. LEAVE SHIP PIRELE AT ONCE, NICKEL!

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So Far, So Good

By MARTIN

By MARTIN

LIL' ABNER



CARABBA!—THIS SUN EES BLINDING!—APAROLA! WAS POOL FOR NOT BRINGING HER SUN-GLEES! PUT HER'S CLOAK ON—AND GO AWAY!

THEY WERE TIED. Pirele and my engineer, who enjoyed a somewhat macabre sense of humor, connected the fire hose and the engine set the pumps working.

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"Douse them!"

Pirele and the engineer turned the spurting hose on the reelers—CONSIDER PUMPING THEM AROUND THE DECK AND INTO THEIR CABINETS.

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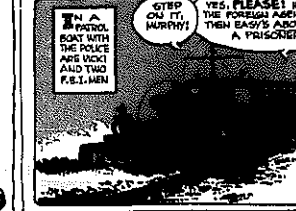
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The Hitch-Hiker!

By AL CAFF

By AL CAFF

WASH TUBS



IN A PATROL BOAT WITH THE POLICE ARE VICKI AND TWO P.B.I. MEN

GET ON IT, MURPHY!

YES, PLEASE! IF THAT'S THE FOREIGN AGENT'S BARGE, THEN DAVIS' ASSOCIATED HE'S A PRISONER!

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Vicki Has Faith

By ROY CRAND

By ROY CRAND

SUPERMAN



LOGS AND LL ARE PLACED WITH IN A LARGE CASE BY BLOCK'S HENCHMAN...

WH-WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

YOU'LL SEE WHEN YOU SEE IT!

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL, SUPERMAN AWAITS HIMSELF OF HIS X-RAY VISION.

WHAT HE SIGHTS!

A SLASH OF MY BLADE—AND YOU'LL BE DESTROYED!

Repulsive Chap

By JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

By JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

SOVIET KICKER

Keeping my eyes averted from the black coffee, cognac and endless cigarettes, I snatched time from Party work to prepare for the examinations at the Nautical School. I emerged as the second best in a group of seventeen students, and even received honorable mention in the bourgeois press of Bremen. I was presented with a document which gave me the right to serve as navigator on ships of any tonnage on any coast.

The next three weeks I was immersed in a course among the waterfront workers along the Rhine. Fried had gone through a course in a Party school, and was now assigned to the political department of Weidmann in Hamburg, a company dealing in Soviet motion pictures. On my return to the office, I found a letter inviting me to call at the headquarters of the North German Lloyd.

I was ushered into the office of Captain von Thullen, chief of the nautical division, who explained to me that his company, one of the largest and oldest shipping concerns in the world, was in the lookout for talented young men to join the officer corps of the fleet. Proudly he outlined the advantages of Communist, advised me to break with radical politics, and offered me a job as navigator on one of the Far East liners of Thussen was joined by Captain Paul Kessel, the man who had replaced the German freight submarine Deutschland from Bremen to Baltimore and back during the World War. Both of these powerful old sea dogs promised me a fine career on condition that I sever all connections with the Communist Party. This was an opportunity which did not come twice in the course of a lifetime. And I knew it. A good respectable job, and the prospect of an honorable career were within my grasp. I had to choose between the realization of my boyhood dream and the perdition uncertainties of the life of a professional revolutionary. In several minutes I fought a violent inner battle.

In the end, I declared, Bourgeois honor was not my honor. I was bound up with the Comintern, and live and die with the Comintern. I would, I thanked the master mariners for their kindness. They would not grasp why my young sea man would reject such an offer. To them, I was an utter, unredemptible fool.

Friedel was pale and silent when I told her what had happened. "Must it be so? Is there nothing to be said?" "Everything for the cause—and nothing for ourselves!" "The Party got you?" "The fact that I had an officer's ticket. At the end of May I was called to Berlin, and back there, who met me at the station led me straight to a conference in Street Thullen's office in the Kay's Lehnrecht House. Fritz Hecker and Dimitroff were present.

Dimitroff, strong, offered as always, trimmed from ear to ear. "You're the first ship's officer who is a member of the Communist Party," he said.

Fritz Hecker, stroking his flabby abdomen, came to the point: "You must now get about among the officers and masters of the merchant marine, to build up revolutionary cells in that group." Hecker and Dimitroff lost no time in developing their plan of campaign, which called for my joining the largest of the seven existing unions for captains, mates and engineers, and the organization of thirty League for Ship Officers—a front organization for the actual work of Communist Party officers. I was allowed an initial budget of eight hundred American dollars, with later monthly budgets to fill my needs.

In Hamburg, I spent seven days exploring the various officers unions and boarding schools of ships to interview mates and engineers. Then I wrote the first issue of the new ship's officer bulletin, which I called 'The Bridge,' and had an edition of five thousand copies printed. The lot into parcels and shipped them to the International Seaman's Club in Danzig, Kiel, Murnansk, Lesebeck, Hamburg, Bremen and a number of smaller ports. Then I went off with a member of the Party motorcycle squad on a tour through all German harbors. I was in Danzig when a message from Berlin reached me. It directed me to Soviet consular in Bremen. I was in command of Soviet

GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichy



DESTITUTE!

"Think of a number!"