

# ATTACK ON AMERICA!

## Startling Expose of U. S. Lack of Defense

By GENERAL ARED WHITE

### WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S HAPPENED

Unprepared America is under attack by Mexican forces under Military Leader Van Haseck. Washington is bombed and the president is killed.

**COLONEL FLAGWELL**, chief of U. S. military intelligence in Washington. Major Benning, U. S. intelligence officer trailing Van Haseck's spies—the Austrian Fincke, Italian Roggio and Colonel Bravot—finds himself in a dynamite ship plotted by the Mexicans to destroy the Panama Canal and strip the Atlantic seaboard of the protection of the U. S. fleet. Benning's plans have miscarried. Previously in Mexico City, Van Haseck's agents have known Benning as Lieutenant Bronitz, American renegade, whom he impersonated there.

**CHAPTER XXIV**  
Benning woke from a brief fitful sleep and went to a porthole. He calculated from the speed of the freighter that the craft must be well down the coast of Virginia, perhaps off North Carolina and not far from Cape Hatteras.

For a time last night he had flitted about the deck, watching the overboard on the chance of making shore. Now he had given up hopes of being rescued by the navy.

He slipped out on the deck for a hasty look around. Land was not in sight. The ship, which he judged around twenty thousand tons, showed the American flag. A few sailors were about, no one else in sight on the deck.

"You're a lunny one, Bronitz," Fincke scolded when Benning returned to the cabin. "Yesterday, when we were on the spot, you were real as a cucumber. Now when we're safe at sea, you're as glum as a wet blanket."

"That's because I'm a poor sailor," Benning explained.

Benning judged that Colonel Flagwell by now had the report from the Norwegian freighter. No doubt the navy had turned the steamer back to port. But Benning guessed that the skipper would deny knowledge of five passengers who had gone over the side of his ship in the night.

He was nailing at the porthole when a figure passed along the boat deck close to his eyes. The fellow wore a black mustache, dark horn-rimmed glasses; his clothes were seedy and his shoulders sagged. But the profile was not to be mistaken.

"You know Bravot was aboard?" Benning said to Fincke.

"The American body admonished, 'Don't talk so much, Bronitz! How many times have I got to tell you not to mention names?'"

"I thought we were clear of all that trouble," Benning retorted.

"Not with a brand-new crew on the boat. We still got to watch our tongues."

"You think these sailors aren't Bravot's men?"

"Just use your brain, Bronitz. Sailors wouldn't hardly sign up to get blown to hell, if they knew the score."

"I presume," Benning sneered, "the captain and crew don't even know what their cargo is."

"The skipper knows, and a few of his good men. For two years Schmolz has been laying his plans for just this cruise. He's been through Lima Bay so often he knows every porpoise and flying fish by its first name."

"The door of the cabin banged suddenly open. A chunky man with a squarish, rough-hewn, leering face swaggered in. The fellow wore a dirty cotton suit and an officer's cap, and he looked at Benning and short temper.

"Who are you two?" he demanded, searching first Fincke's face, then Benning's.

The Van Haseck spy leaped to his feet and gave the identification formula. Benning was more leisurely in rising to identify himself. He guessed that the intruder was Schmolz, skipper of the ship.

"I don't like your looks!" the fellow blurted, glaring Benning with glaring green eyes.

"Don't worry about him, Captain," Fincke promptly interposed. "He's a major—the two of us been working together in the United States."

Schmolz rubbed a valet's eyes suggestively and gave Benning a parting glare in which there was mingled distrust and dislike.

"Major or no major, there's something about your looks I don't like," he admonished.

Their noon meal was brought in by an American deckhand. After luncheon, Fincke went out on deck for exercise. With the complicity of Bravot's presence on the ship, Benning knew he must keep to cover during daylight. At 3:30 he must strike against Van Haseck's spy-master without delay if he expected to survive this cruise for many days.

He turned to see Schmolz glaring at him out of eyes that seemed to glow with rage.

"See here, Schmolz!" Benning shot back hotly. "I'm not one of your deckhands. Take your hands off my coat! If you object to my listening to the war news over your radio, why don't you post an order to that effect?"

"Listen all you want to," Schmolz mumbled, cooling perceptibly at the rebuff and releasing Benning's collar. "But keep away from in front of my stateroom after this. I don't allow no body to do that."

As Schmolz swaggered into his room with a muttered imprecation, Benning returned to his cabin.

For some time Benning waited in tense readiness for calamity. He knew that if Schmolz communicated his suspicions to Bravot, prompt and disastrous investigation was sure to follow. But finally, when nothing happened, he decided that Schmolz' early conduct was nothing more than an ugly whim of spite.

Benning turned in and undressed. At three o'clock he rose, dressed, and slipped his pistol into his coat pocket. Fincke was sleeping lustily. The deck was deserted. Keeping to the shadows, Benning slipped down to the Schmolz cabin. Softly trying the door he found it unlocked and eased inside.

In that brief reconnaissance of the early evening he had noted the position of the electric switch. His intentions brought him no compunction now as he released the safety catch of his pistol and set for the lights.

He remembered himself that Schmolz was the captain of a dynamite ship who intended the murder of his crew in five minutes ahead of him. Bravot was the murderer of Lieutenant Carter. Then death was an act in the line of duty, nor was the present emergency any time to play chances with them.

The room reeked of tobacco smoke and whiskey, and someone was snoring noisily. Benning thrust forward his pistol as his fingers located the switch. He was now coolly contained and he meant to take the two deliberately as they vaulted to the attack. A twist of his fingers flung the room with bright light.

His eyes, sweeping the room, saw a single figure. Schmolz was leaning on his back with his mouth agape, eyes wide open, arms outstretched, but not being slept in. Schmolz stepped forward to shake Benning into wakefulness. But as he came over Schmolz he hesitated in the sudden realization that Schmolz' death might only raise dangerous suspicions. His wily director's own strategy was clear. Schmolz set his heathen to an accurate count of noses aboard ship.

As Schmolz robbed fitfully at the verge of waking, Benning snatched the lights and quickly retreated to the boat deck. There he secreted himself in the shadow of a scabbard and waited. An hour passed, night began to thin, and day. Bravot failed to appear. He instantly Benning abandoned his vigil and returned to his cabin.

Benning managed to sleep through part of the day.

From his porthole, Benning saw flying fish scurry out of the course of the ship in late afternoon, which confirmed, fast progress south. With evening he caught the blink of distant light myriads on the coast line. He explored the possibility of escape in the night by whaleboat, but concluded to avoid slender chances of success in such an exploit. At last he resumed his reconnaissance of the deck in his effort to locate Bravot.

Schmolz' stateroom was empty at nine o'clock, again at ten. On his third trip down the boat deck, Benning found that half a dozen men had assembled, including Bravot and Schmolz. He stationed himself again in the shadow of a scabbard and waited. An hour passed without development, then the group filed out and went to the rail to strain their eyes into the starlit night.

One of them set off a flare, and five minutes later a second flare. Benning's eyes caught the distant hum of an airplane. The sound grew in volume until a pronounced overhead and skidded to a stop of glimmering points on the black surface of the sea.

The engines of the ship showed dead. Four men lowered a boat. Bravot showed himself with a pistol and climbed over the rail to disappear down the ladder. A few minutes later Benning caught the flash of rays in the starlight. The plane hurt into a roar of sound, dived into the night, and streaked out like the comet he had been.

Benning returned bravely to his cabin. Bravot's departure he placed chiefly meant that the ship would not return at Tampico or Vera Cruz. But at least Benning considered himself, he could play a still more desperate game with the French renegade out at the mercy of Southern in the days ahead. He would find a solution to this dilemma problem, no you'd it nothing better, a chance at the rail room whence he could flash a warning code in the stars with very facts and moral force guarding the signal from enemy eyes.

(To be continued)

Benning passed for a brief survey of the law of the cabin. There were two beds, set opposite each other in the rectangular stateroom. Bravot's cot was by accident in the foot of the berth on which he and Schmolz' cap reposed on the pillow.

Blare of the radio blotted out outer sounds on the deck and Benning was not conscious of the fire driving down on him along the dimly lighted deck until about midnight, closed on the lapel of his coat.

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SCRAM IS JUST IMITATING HIS MASTER IN A WEEK HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RUN FOR A STREET CAR!

MARTHA WAS ONLY FATTENING HIM UP A LITTLE!

### News of 4-H CLUBS

The Umpqua national forest service and the Douglas County Fire patrol will cooperate with County 4-H agent E. A. Britton in a motion picture program which is to be taken to fourteen different communities during the first two weeks of February. These programs are all being given under the auspices of 4-H clubs of the respective communities, who will invite their parents and friends to enjoy the program with them at no cost.

The schedule is as follows: Wednesday, January 31, Lookout Falls; Thursday, February 1, Bluff; Friday, February 2, Kellogg; Saturday, February 3, Willapa; Sunday, February 4, Canyonville; Tuesday, February 6, Roseburg; Wednesday, February 7, Smith River.

Thursday, February 8, Look Lake; Friday, February 9, Dixonville; Saturday, February 10, Elsie; Sunday, February 12, local leaders' meeting at Oakland.

Tuesday, February 13, Gledo; Wednesday, February 14, Medford; Thursday, February 15, Days Creek.

These will all be evening programs and will include livestock films, some films on poultry, and scenic pictures. Each program will last about an hour and fifteen minutes.

L. L. Allen, assistant state club leader, will be in Douglas county, February 19, 20, and 21. In company with County Club Agent Britton, he will visit each of the 4-H club leaders and will be able to see some of the boys' livestock projects.

A cookery club has been organized at Tillamook with seventeen members. Mrs. Virginia Lawrence will lead the club, which elected Maynard Eastman president, James McNamee vice president, and Doris Smith secretary. Other members are Edna Jean King, Margaret Anderson, Carol Spackman, Marvin Jamieson, Dicky Blair, James Gourley, Sammy Miller, Bobby Courtney, Francis Daniel, Shirley Wilson, Rayline Daniel, Denny Lawrence, Phyllis Basil and Wanda White.

A camp cookery club is organized at Oakland under the leadership of Miss Lois McCurdy. The club elected Ward Todd president, Dan Bridges vice president, and Pat Stearns secretary. Other members are Peggy Truitt and Clyde Manning.

Seven girls of the Canas Valley school have formed a cookery club and have selected Miss Margaret Brown as their leader. This club will carry the 4-H division of cookery and expect to have the work all completed by May 1. The club elected Mayfield Standley president and Adelle Bixler secretary. Other members are Marie Wakefield, Verdon Milbush Betty

Log Williams and Doris Papst.

(By Harold Mary) The Gledo Junior high art club is somewhat larger this year than last, as there are 28 members. The club is led by Mrs. James J. Metz, teacher of the school. Last year there were 23 members in the club, which won a special prize of \$10 on its exhibit at the 4-H spring fair. That money is being used this year to buy materials for their art work.

The first work the club did was to make crayola pictures; their "cut-outs" were made by the entire club. Everyone was given a chance to develop self-expression in this work.

The club also made wall-hangs. Mosaic was bought and color of with crayolas. This was then colored and pressed and turned out to be very good work. The members have enjoyed this work very much and they are certain, too, that their leader enjoys the work as much as they do. They have a lot of enthusiasm, but feel that it is because the leader has. They are planning to have the best exhibit ever at the 4-H club spring fair this coming May.

(By Betty Anne Matthews) At the meeting of the "Stitch and Clut" club Thursday, roll call was answered by short talks on dogs. Audrey Roseland was almost to take serum tests at the health unit. Other announcements will be given next Thursday, so the club will not meet that day.

During instruction period Mrs. Hartley taught the girls how to trim a sheet and explained the kind of quilt they would make for their fall beds. The girls worked so fast on sewing that they forgot to play. Everyone enjoyed the evening and cookies that Mrs. Hartley served.

Glendale Miss Helen Cowgill, assistant state club leader, was out to Glendale

(By Josephine Wright) No 4-H club meetings were held at Days Creek last week, due to a quarantine of the Days Creek school. The regular meetings will begin this week.

(By Delores Cary) The club met last Monday at Dixonville school. The following officers were elected: Brovick Brown president, Delores Cary secretary. The club decided to have a vice-president from each school. LeRoy Stratton and Dan Tindal were elected. Donald Brumbach was elected roll leader. The club decided on "Smix-Dix-Pig club" for its name.

(By Betty Matthews) At the regular meeting of the "Tree Helpers" forestry club, it was announced that if there was good weather then a hike to Lambers lookout would be taken Saturday, a week from now.

Several yellows were given, and also a few songs. A very interesting report was given by Paul Weaver on "The Tree that Grew Up" a story told by a fire warden after he had put out a fire accidentally started by some boys. It was decided that the four ever-

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7:30 P. M.  
Roseburg High School  
vs.  
University of Oregon Freshmen

PRELIMINARY ADMISSION  
A. S. B. Tickets 15c

25c 35c

### ODDITIES

(By the Associated Press)

#### Tough Work

MIDDLETON, N. Y.—A 29,000-gallon railroad water tank froze, and workmen attempting to thaw it, accidentally set fire to the supporting wooden structure.

Firemen were called, but found the by-stander frozen. By the time they thawed it, they found the hose nozzles frozen. By the time the nozzles were thawed, the hose had frozen.

Then a locomotive drew up, and the crew threw hot water from the boiler onto the fire and left. The fire broke out again. Firemen got a new hose and extinguished the blaze.

The water tank never did get thawed.

#### Name Plate

CASHTON, Wis.—Ole Lee has his name on his automobile license plates—upside down. For the third successive year, he has asked the state to give him license 337-370 which inverted, spells his name.

#### Bull's Eye, Almost

DETROIT—When word of this gets around, Frank Reddick probably won't be bothered with growlers.

He was awakened by the sound of someone trying to enter his bedroom window. He grabbed an ax,

with E. A. Britton last week and met with the leaders, Mrs. R. Gardner, Sewing II club; Miss L. Raess, Sewing I; Mrs. Pirley Winkelman, Cooking II; Mrs. L. Allen, Cooking I; and Mrs. R. E. Place, Sewing III and IV was unable to attend. Plans of the different clubs were discussed at the meeting.

The second meeting of the clothing III and IV clubs was held Monday afternoon. A discussion was held on the work to be done on the scrapbooks and record books. We plan to have our material assembled and ready to really get to work by next meeting. We decided to call our club "Stitch in Time," the same name that we had last year. Mrs. R. E. Place is our leader.

Mrs. Pirley Winkelman held a meeting with the cooking II girls. A demonstration on making salads was given by Beverly Lewis and Joan Carpenter. All records were brought up to date.

The cooking I club held another meeting led by Mrs. L. M. Allen. A demonstration was given on making cereal by Marjorie and Margaret Gipe.

Miss L. Raess and Mrs. R. Gardner held a meeting with the girls from the sewing I and II clubs. The girls had their toe towels all laundered and ready to begin the finishing sewing on them.

crept to the window and gave a tremendous chop.

The growler fled. Reddick turned on the light and found the intruder's hat neatly pinned to the window ledge by the ax.

#### Auto(matic) Alarm

DULZONT, Iowa—Members of the Albert Lothing family lay claim to an automatic fire alarm. Shortly after midnight, they heard a car honking outside. Investigation showed their auto was on fire. A short circuit, caused by the flames, had turned on the horn. Only a portion of the car was damaged by the blaze.

#### Bare Escape

NEW YORK—Captain Elfr Telleken doesn't care if friends tease him about his bald spot. It saved his life.

The captain was crossing from a tug to his construction company

barge last night when he slipped and fell into the ice-choked East river.

Two men heard him but could not locate him in the darkness. They were about to give up the search when they saw his bald head bobbing in the shadows.

They tossed him a rope and hauled him to safety.

The Jewish race has about twice as great immunity to tuberculosis as any other group of the white race.

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