

# ATTACK ON AMERICA!

Startling Expose of U. S. Lack of Defense

By  
GENERAL ARK WHITE

## WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S HAPPENED

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

COLUMEL FLAGWELL, chief of U. S. military intelligence in Washington.

MAJOR BENNING, U. S. intelligence officer trailing Van Hasek's spies—the Austrian Finck, Italian Bogio and Colonel Bravot—finds himself on a dynamite ship plotted by the Mexicans to destroy the Panama canal and stop the Atlantic seaboard of the protection of the U. S. fleet. Benning's plans have miscarried. Previously, in Mexico City, Van Hasek's agents have known Benning as Lieutenant Bravot, American reconnaissance, whom he impersonated there.

SCHMIDT, skipper of the ship, American dock hand, Grimes, through whose aid Benning leaves the ship just before it blows up. Benning is ordered by the war department to fly to Mexico City, where he has worked before with Mlle. Duco, French operative.

## CHAPTER XXVII

Behind him as Benning took off from the Guatemala terminal airport on the last leg of his flight into Mexico City, repeated the camouflaged observation plane that was to pick him up on the second night thereafter at a secret rendezvous south of Chapultepec. These final plans, as he checked them over, seemed oddly academic in detail, like the laying of a field gun for indirect fire upon an unseen human target. But Benning did not realize the dangerous complications that lay ahead.

Midnight brought the lights of Mexico City into view. From the observer's cockpit Benning caught the tone of the pilot's arm in signal and bon voyage. The heart was pumping as he lifted himself erect and climbed out of the cockpit. He lifted his toe into a stirrup, gripped his teeth against the fierce rush of wind, and threw the full strength of his legs and shoulders against the fuselage.

Into the starlight void he plunged, falling in a backward arc and telling off three seconds before his hand tore at the ripcord handle of his parachute. Shortly the straps gripped at armpits and legs to tell him the parachute had fed safely out. Above the rush of air he could hear the plane roaring on its way. There came to him a moment's envy of the pilot who would flash back along the friendly route—Tapachula, Guatemala, San Salvador, Managua, San Jose, Thence to a safe landing at Al-bright field.

The moon had not yet risen, but the capital's masses were outlined in mystic light, clusters, which told Benning the American air service was still too busy at home to strike at Mexico City. Through the starlight he presently caught the black earth toward which he was rushing. His hands clutched the shroud lines to maintain his plunge clear of a tree. Benning's fingers, whizzed by, and he thudded to the ground.

He freed himself of straps and rolled and secreted the stolen chute. Half an hour's brisk walk brought him to the dark little Calle del Nogal, which told him he had landed to the north of Chapultepec. He found a sleepy cabman to drive him direct to Jesus Maria.

Benning's plan was simple. He reached the street on which he landed with Mlle. Duco. If the French operative had left Mexico, there would be left only the precarious chance of picking up information from junior officers in the city. A visit to the Palacio Nacional was out of the question, but he decided that night might be there, and Finck, Bogio, Schmidt.

There was a light in the little Duco apartment when he reached there shortly after one o'clock. He walked resolutely up to the door and knocked. The inimitable howl of averages, he argued hopefully as he waited, dictated an occasional bit of luck in his operations.

In a moment the door opened, and Benning saw the French girl's diminutive figure framed against the lighted room. But at recognizing Benning, terror flashed into her eyes and she stepped quickly back.

"But no, no!" she exclaimed. "No, no! I can't let you in here."

Before she could close the door, a figure strode up from behind her, a man with shaggy, unkempt beard and bloodshot, haunted eyes in which there was dark the gleam of mingled terror and brazen audacity.

The man's dejected voice and wasted face did not rob Benning of instant recognition. It was Bravot, the American spy, discredited and outdone, the man in whose shoes Benning had masqueraded in Mexico.

A sharp look Benning that Bravot had recognized him. Benning, speaking past the French girl to the attack, reaching Bravot before the man from Tapachula could extricate himself from the shock of surprise. Benning drove his fist against Bravot's jaw, but did not hurt him. A knife flash, and from Bravot's belt Benning drove a stiletto into his armpit, let a gasp to his victim.

Bravot shook himself with a frenzied attempt. Benning drove through one stream of resistance after another until he felt that his own endurance could not last longer. With a casually executed lateral movement he released his hand and caught Bravot's knife hand, twisted it suddenly and expelled the fellow to the floor.

There was a howl of pain from Bravot's throat as the stiletto blade, except through his shirt into the flesh of his breast. Benning cast

the weight of his body into the lunge. There followed the rattling cry of a mortal wound. Bravot's strength relaxed.

Benning stood up. The French operative's face was chalky white, but his blue eyes were cold and unafraid as he observed Bravot to the convulsions of his last breath.

"I'm sorry this had to happen here, mademoiselle," Benning told her.

She said with calm indifference: "You've only done me a service, monsieur. Bravot has been very difficult of late and I did not dare let him show himself at the palace. Of course, you'll dispose of his body as soon as he is dead."

She waited in silence for a minute and stooped over to feel Bravot's ebullient pulse, then took Benning into another room. She surveyed him with unfriendly eyes and said: "I've been put in a lot of trouble lately on your account, monsieur. It's unfortunate that you've come here now. Bravot accuses you of running his New York plans—and he suspects me of complicity."

"You appear to have survived Bravot's suspicions," Benning observed.

The French girl answered bitterly: "I have myself to thank for that, monsieur. Van Hasek's good will has been rather expensive."

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Mlle. Duco said with a thin smile and added: "But I can very well understand just how you feel on the subject of Bogio. Bogio has done nothing but boast of the bombing of the white house, ever since."

"Mademoiselle, I can't leave Mexico until I've seen Bogio. A minute alone with him will be enough—and I'll promise to be very discreet so far as your interests are concerned."

"If your government doesn't know already what I've just told you," she countered, "you should waste no time on Bogio now. Even if your country can't defend its Pacific coast at least you'll have time to evacuate troops, supplies, and part of your civilian population."

"I have no possible means of leaving Mexico until tomorrow night," Benning confessed. "My government and I will be eternal grateful to you if you will add this last little service. I promise the greatest discretion in handling Bogio."

Then French girl pondered his proposal, testing its play against the risks to her own obligations. Presently a smile played at the corners of her mouth and a cold glimmer shone in her eyes.

"At four o'clock tomorrow afternoon, monsieur," she decided. "Bogio and I will drive together south from Chapultepec on the highway to Tapachula. Bogio will be at the wheel and we will be alone." She extended her hand and added, "I will say good-bye to you now, monsieur, and bon voyage."

(To be continued)



The girls team from the Northwest Poultry plant took two out of three games from the Copco girls in very close games played as a regular round of the women's basketball tournament at the Roseburg arena last night. Betty's Annex girls won two out of three from the Super Cream girls before a large crowd of fans.

Anna Young, bowling with the Roseburg team, had high individual and high series scores, 184 and 425.

Copco Girls  
M. Almerheid 83 134 192 319  
E. Taylor 166 115 118 233  
J. Babel 189 95 123 218  
L. Leimox 121 141 191 366  
J. Chapman 117 117 149 276  
Helen 78 78 78 234

Northwest Poultry Co.  
E. Fies 128 126 121 375  
R. Hoover 98 116 114 328  
H. Bremer 192 194 197 583  
R. Hart 112 125 117 354  
F. Moffat 91 127 128 346  
Helen 58 58 58 174

Betty's Annex  
Black 121 93 165 379  
Day 101 79 87 267  
Guzman 194 196 196 586  
Percenna 162 193 112 329  
Cramer 112 110 108 330

Super Cream  
Young 167 145 134 446  
Elliot 90 99 79 273  
Moran 104 85 98 287  
Ridgman 82 86 82 250  
Aubrey 169 141 108 328

Betty's Annex  
Black 121 93 165 379  
Day 101 79 87 267  
Guzman 194 196 196 586  
Percenna 162 193 112 329  
Cramer 112 110 108 330

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Black 121 93 165 379  
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Percenna 162 193 112 329  
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## R. H. S. Indians Set For Game Tonight

Opponent Here Will Be North Bend Bulldogs, Fresh From Victory Over Coquille.

A victory tonight by Coach Jim Watts' Indian basketball team over a strong aggregation from North Bend high school would give Roseburg a good struggle in the title-contest in the district No. 3 conference game with three visitors and one defeat. The clash will take place on the local court this evening at 8:15 p. m. with a preliminary scheduled for 7 p. m.

The local canasta prints will have their work cut out for them, for North Bend is invading Indian country with an enviable reputation of having posted a victory over the strong Coquille squad Tuesday evening, 34 to 29, on a comparative score basis, the Indians even now rate approximately 12 points better than the Wattmen since the latter lost to the Red Devils, 29 to 22 in the opening district game.

The Bulldogs' triumph over the Red Devils was no fluke. Led by Sammy Crowell, sharpshooting guard who tallied 14 points, the visitors overcame a big height advantage, as well as the shortness of the score during most of the contest, to chalk up their second win in three games played with Coquille. Accurate shooting from the free throw line where they posted 12 hit toases was the margin of victory.

Coach Watts indicated that he would probably open with the same lineup that started against the Red Devils Tuesday evening—Finley and Ward, forwards; Denton, center; Baker and Sanders, guards; Hughes, Attorneys, Goodlow and Weddell will be held in reserve. Ray Puckett, regular most of the season, will still have been set down for the Indians and this game because of a slight infraction of school regulations.

North Bend will likely start Fox and Roundout at forwards; Varbrun at center; Crowell and Henderson, guards.

Apotoli, Bettina To Clash Tonight

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—(AP)—The round-robin batting among the light heavyweights has come around to Fred Apotoli and Mello Bettina again.

Both former world champions, they'll box 15 rounds tonight for the right to meet the present titleholder, Billy Conn, who already has edged each of them twice.

They fought last month for the same reason, but the fight was so close and the protests against a split decision for Apotoli so vociferous, that Promoter Mike Jacobs decided they had better start all over again.

Their previous fight was a far-outrage. The issue echoed through Madison Square Garden after the verdict and Jimmy Griggs, manager of Bettina, of Beacon, N. Y., yelled so plaintively the boxing commission suspended him, effective after tonight's fight. Griggs has announced he'll ask a legislative investigation if there is "any funny business" tonight.

Apotoli, the former San Francisco bellhop, is a 5 to 6 favorite.

Hauptmann's Son Wins \$23,500 for Auto Blow

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—(AP)—A supreme court jury today awarded Manfred Hauptmann, 6-year-old son of the Lindbergh baby kidnaper, \$23,500 for injuries he received when he was struck by the automobile of Carlsson Frank Moser, May 5, 1938.

The jury also awarded \$2,000 to the boy's mother, Mrs. Bruno Richard Hauptmann. Mrs. Hauptmann had asked \$100,000 damages, charging Moser with negligence and compelling the boy was rendered epileptic.

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## "Runt" Pullins



An outstanding box office basketball attraction has been billed for Roseburg, Thursday, February 8, when the Broadway Clovers, touring negro quintet from Harlem, New York, meet an organization of local hoop talent on the senior high court. Featured above is Al "Runt" Pullins, the little wizard of the maple planks, who started his hoop career in Chicago, played three seasons with the Harlem Globe Trotters, and later organized his own team, the Clovers. The quintet has been billed as a top-flying crew of hoop magicians from Harlem.

Justice Love reserved decision on a request by Moser's lawyer that the verdict be set aside as contrary to the weight of evidence and excessive.

## Displacement of Tariff Body Asked

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—(AP)—Senator Vandenberg (R., Mich.) proposed today that congress abolish the tariff commission and create a board of six members empowered to coordinate the foreign commercial and financial activities of government agencies.

Regarded in some quarters as a republican substitute for the administration's reciprocal trade program, Vandenberg's bill would authorize this foreign trade board to control imports to protect the domestic economy as well as to encourage exports through better agreements and other methods.

Characterizing the proposal as "a realistic approach to the real problem of increasing foreign trade," Vandenberg said the proposed new agency would be able to meet the difficulties presented by "blocked" exchange in effect in some countries as well as other trade discriminations.

"In effect," he said, "this board would be prepared to meet fire with fire when it was presented with a realistic problem in foreign trade."

Pioneer Lumberman of California Dies at 80

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 2.—(AP)—Pneumonia caused the death here yesterday of Charles Russell Johnson, 80, pioneer northern California lumberman, and president of the Lumber Company for 48 years.

Johnson's son, Otis R. Johnson, succeeded him in the presidency last year when Johnson retired to become chairman of the board of directors. He became a lumber operator in 1885 when he and three other men founded a lumber concern at Fort Bragg.

Pensioner Shoots County Director, Kills Himself

SEMP, ORE., Feb. 1.—(AP)—An old age pension client, whose check had been reduced, shot and seriously wounded Mrs. Carrie Staalhaber, 60, Garfield county pension office director, then killed himself today. The client, Edward Wade, strangled at Mrs. Staalhaber's feet as

she screamed for assistance. Wade, office workers said, stormed into the office in the basement of the court house, and complained that his pension check was 10 per cent lower. They told officers there was only a brief exchange between the client and Mrs. Staalhaber before Wade produced a gun and began shooting.

Thomas Jefferson, third president of the United States smuggled the first rice seed from Italy to South Carolina, and thus initiated the south's rice-growing industry.

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**TAXI**  
PHONE 21

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Silver Sundaes . . . . . 15c  
You keep the spoon.  
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**BASKETBALL**  
Friday, February 2nd  
Senior High Gym  
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**Roseburg High School**  
vs.  
**North Bend High School**  
PRELIMINARY  
ADMISSION  
A. S. B. Tickets 15c

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Quart Size Aluminum  
**SMOOTHIE PAN**  
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Many women turn out "masterpieces" every time they bake. To envious questioners they advise: "I didn't learn how to bake—I just learned how to buy flour."

Let Fisher's Blend Flour help you solve your baking problems too. Join those who say, "For bread, cake, and pastries which have everything—Blend's Mah Friend!"

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**Fisher's Blend Flour**

The Smoothie incorporates the greatest sauce pan improvements in years—handy cup measures, Sani-Tite rim, easy clean handle, flat bottom which is quick heating. This isn't an ordinary sauce pan—it is everything you need in a cooking pan. You'll want several. So here's an opportunity to add to your collection of the well-known Mirro aluminum. Send only 25¢ and the \*Coupon packed in the bottom of every sack of Fisher's Blend Flour (or sales slip), to

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