

ATTACK ON AMERICA

BY GENERAL ARED WHITE
W. M. U. Release

THE STORY SO FAR: Intelligence Officer Benning's warning that 200,000 foreign troops were poised in Mexico for an attack on the United States caused grave concern in army headquarters, but the people branded the statement as "war mongering." Four large southern cities were suddenly attacked from

CHAPTER VIII—Continued
As Boll's eye went back into the air, his mind was lifted suddenly out of the depths of black despair by a joyous miracle of development. Those new planes were closing in and he made out by the shape of wings and fuselage that they were not Van Hasek planes.

Boll's hand flashed out his field-glasses. He gazed them to the skies. From under the wings of those rushing squadrons flashed the glorious legend "U. S. Army."

American planes plummeted down. Van Hasek's hornets now were diving about in a Lufbery circle awaiting the developments of attack. In a twinkling the American bird-men projected an audacious assault. Planes circled, dove, rolled, darted in the throes of combat. A plane came whistling down. Boll's jaw tightened as he saw the first casualty was an American plane. But quickly two of Van Hasek's bird-men came tumbling out of the sky.

If the Van Hasek pilots had stalled for reinforcements, they now decided upon precipitate flight against superior number. Another Van Hasek plane went down. In a minute the cloud of darting falcons passed into the distance behind.

A noon sun was burning the baked hills and swales when Boll's survivors rolled in on a Second Division outpost south of Kirk. Boll's cheek, caked in blood, was throbbing with pain, his right arm hung stiff and useless at his side. He climbed from the truck and stolidly checked his command as it came through the outpost. Forty-two moaned in the throes of wounds, twenty-nine had been left dead along the crimson road from Laredo.

The outpost commander came hurrying up. "Sorry to report in with my command shot to pieces like this, Colonel," Boll reported in grim dejection. "But the only choice was capture. Where's the hospital, sir? My wounded must have care at once!"

"Eleventh's men are being evacuated to San Antonio, Captain," the outpost commander advised. "Colonel Denn was killed, total casualties over three hundred men. But maybe that's not too bad when you consider our border cavalry was all gobbled up. The Twelfth and Fifth are still fighting it out, but they haven't any more chance than Custer had. From all reconnaissance reports, we'll be attacked in force here before many hours pass. All right, Boll, get rolling."

CHAPTER IX

In Washington, Captain Benning spent a sleepless nightmare of a night on the assignment from Flagwill of observing panic-stricken streets.

Daybreak and exhaustion restored some degree of reason. People moved about now as if stunned, but from time to time looking fearfully into the skies or straining at every word of radio loudspeakers that had been put in service on principal streets.

Traffic jams finally had been reduced, steady streams of cabs and cars were pouring out of the city on all roads. Thousands flocked about the railway station clamoring for standing space on any train that led away from Washington.

Extra editions of newspapers burst into the streets at frequent intervals.

Texas invaded. Extras massed black headlines over meager dispatches from San Antonio. Van Hasek was moving north in three columns. American infantry and cavalry were fighting him at the Rio Grande. American Second Division was moving south to repel the invasion.

Another extra dashed out. Washington safe! Benning read eagerly. It had been as Flagwill guessed. The night raiders had planted a re- fueling field. Back of the Tennessee River, southwest from Nashville. The thing had been camouflaged as a new airways enterprise, had even been fostered by ambitious and unsuspecting chambers of commerce.

When the bombers and their convoys of fighting craft had put down to fill their tanks after bombing Washington, a few mounted machine guns had kept curious natives away. The aircraft had taken all personnel off at resuming their flight back to Mexico. Another raid on Washington would be impossible— unless attack could be launched from the sea.

That subdued hum of relentless activity filled the Munitions Building. Faces were lined and gray from strain and fatigue, but eyes burned from smudged sockets with stern resolution.

The night's panic had swept the whole country. In the Midwest there had been incredulity at first. The whole thing seemed too inconceivable. Invasions, bomber raids, were an intangible atrocity occurring to distant peoples and recorded in dispatches. Those inexplicable atrocities

INSTALLMENT NINE

the air; Washington was bombed and the President killed. General Brill, commander of the army in Texas, reported to General Hague at Washington that he was opposed by greatly superior forces. General Hague told him to resist the enemy's advance at all costs. Brill ordered Captain Boll to lead the 11th U. S.

ties belonged to the black pages of Shanghai, Canton, and Madrid.

Already the hue and cry was rising west of the Alleghenies sharp on the heels of the first hysterical waves of fear. What of the Army? Why had our armed forces been caught napping? Why hadn't the raiders been detected and shot down?

The first reports of mobilization of Army and National Guard were pouring in. Mobilization was less than one fourth complete. The Regular Army was ready to sustain for concentration points from its farming network of small garrisons whose location had been dictated by chambers of commerce and congressmen rather than by the necessities of military training in the vital team-play of larger units.

Plans were being laid for a call for 500,000 volunteers. That would have to wait action by Congress, but Congress could be depended upon now to go the limit. A draft army of a million men would come next.

As for modern equipment, that would have to wait. There would be no such thing as buying it in France and England, even in Canada, as at the time of the World War. A year, or two years, might elapse before industrial mobilization, the country's own resources, could



"I have two reports that will interest you."

provide anything more than the crudest necessities of combat. If a major war was in the offing, the country would have to depend upon the massed valor of its manpower to take unequal red losses and drive through at all costs.

It was nine o'clock before Colonel Flagwill stamped in from the Chief of Staff's office. His face was ashen and lined, but his level black eyes glowed vitality.

"What an inglorious angle!" he muttered to Benning with a torrent of shakes of his head. "Which way to turn, that's the question bedeviling all of us."

"I've been reading the reports and recommendations of the staff sections, sir," Benning answered. "Mobilization seems to be moving right along and the panic is cooling off, even in Washington."

"Mobilizing is one thing, fighting another," Flagwill snapped out. "By tonight, when the Second gets cracked at San Antonio, the whole country will be howling for action. The howl for anti-aircraft is already pouring in—and every one of our ten regiments of anti-aircraft is short something, a battery or two, a full battalion, or essential equipment. Not to mention ammunition."

"The big trouble is, we don't know yet what we're up against and we've got to play a cautious game. If all we had to consider was Van Hasek, we'd rush troops in there and give him his lesson in a very few weeks. What the public will not be able to understand, nor even Congress, is that we've got to use most of our peace-strength army as a framework for building a national army."

"But anyhow, come what may with the future," Flagwill went on with a sardonic grin. "The Chief has just made one ten-strike of a decision. We're to make our first military stand down around Fort Worth, which is about as far as Van Hasek would dare go in any event."

Flagwill bolted a sandwich and washed it down with a cup of coffee, then pulled himself up to his desk.

"I've two reports that will interest you, Benning," he announced abruptly. "First, we've a tip from London that the Coalition espionage system in the United States is organized to completely wreck our industrial organization. That merely

confirms what we'd guessed long ago. They also suggest that the enemy espionage has its headquarters in New York, disguised as some large corporation, no details available. Second, I have positive information that Van Hasek's bombers had ground liaison in Washington last night. Light signals were flashed from the area of the White House during both raids."

Benning started. Into his mind flashed Captain Fincke's cryptic statements at the Shoreham. Promptly he decided against reporting this conversation for the time being. He gave Flagwill a brief account of his discovery of the Austrian captain and Colonel Boggio and explained his logic in not immediately causing their arrest.

"All right, Benning," Flagwill said, his eyes snapping. "I'll assume you made no mistake in not arresting them last night. But now you forget everything else and get out after them! Use your own judgment about when you make arrests, but see to it they don't get away from you. I needn't tell you that the Coalition spy net is ten times more dangerous in the long run than Van Hasek's present rotten invasion."

Infantry into position for battle. Boll's motor column bravely withstood a terrible strafing from enemy aircraft, but he ordered the men to abandon their trucks when he observed twenty more planes approaching. Further resistance seemed useless to him.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER X
General Mole sat in the hot shelter of his command post which had been dug by engineers into the reverse slope of a squal ridge. He puffed glumly at the stub of a cigar as he observed the arrival of his regimental and battalion commanders whom he had summoned from over his battle position.

Planes soared overhead, American combat planes covering his position against air attack. From time to time an observation plane dashed low with a dropped message reporting progress of the Van Hasek approach. At last word, the main Van Hasek column had cleared the Nueces River after routing a motorized battalion strong-point that Mole had sent out to gain contact and delay the enemy.

Mole's plan of battle was shaped; his formal orders had been distributed. Since morning the men had been digging in.

All his artillery had been dug in and camouflaged. Here he had an immense, hastily organized citadel of mutually supporting strong-points. Machine guns had been placed for the maximum of destructive effect. The breaking of one line yielded the enemy the grim necessity of attacking a new one. Roads menacing his flanks were strongly covered. It was not such a position as he would have selected of his own choice, but since necessity forced it on him, he meant to make the most of his opportunities for stubborn resistance.

His senior aide-de-camp came up to him and saluted. "Sir, the officers are assembled," the captain advised.

There was a greenish hue to the general's lean, cadaverous face, brought by the stress of the past few days. His eyes were bloodshot under puffy black lids, but they shone with a spout, even glitter, that proclaimed the mastery of will over flesh. As he stood up to face his assembled commanders, he was perfectly contained.

"I wanted a few words with you before we go into action, gentlemen," he began in a calm voice.

"The decision to fight here was made for us by General Hague. Therefore, it becomes our decision. Let me frankly say that the Army is on the spot, that the people wouldn't understand the simple wisdom of our falling back without a fight."

He paused and his pale, bluish lips drew down into an expression of bitterness.

"All right, we'll go through! We'll hold! We'll give the country a new tradition to remember! We'll fight Van Hasek with one regiment to four or five! If we're attacked this afternoon we'll fight until night. We'll hold through tomorrow. Then I'll make my further decision. When the time comes I'll give the order for withdrawal which must be by night."

General Mole paused again to look about among them and then spoke in slow, biting words.

"Gentlemen, a final word! We'll show the country what our mettle is. We'll show the enemy what they can expect to meet once our armies are mobilized and organized and trained. Remember this, if we lost every last man in the Second Division, our losses would still be only a fraction of what the good old Second took in France, even if nobody remembers that fact but the Second's survivors!"

His voice rose to a furious intensity and his clenched hand rose above his head.

"A new Alamo to remember, gentlemen! That's what we'll give the country—a new Alamo to remember! Put that thought into the teeth of your men. That's all!"

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From Sharecropper to Packing Magnate, Americans Work Hard for Their Living

By HOPE CHAMBERLIN (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

CHICAGO.—In most American homes, the "Mrs." holds the purse strings . . . less than 50 per cent of American houses have bath tubs . . .

The least amount of money that can sustain life is the three cents a day per person that the colored sharecroppers in Mississippi live on by eating flour and molasses in winter . . .

As much money is spent in ice cream and soft drinks as in building houses . . . These and other down-to-earth facts are the findings revealed in "How America Lives," just off the presses of the Henry Holt publishing house. The full report on how Americans make their money—and spend it; what they eat, drink, wear and talk about; what gives them a kick; where the shoe pinches the most; and the least; what they dream of and what they believe in; and even what they do on Sunday afternoons was compiled by specialists who, after traveling to all parts of the nation during 1940, wrote for "How - America - Lives" series for The Ladies' Home Journal.

The 18 families range from that of Henry Bracey, Negro Mississippi sharecropper, whose cash income last year totaled \$26, to the family of Thomas Wilson, millionaire head of the Wilson Packing company of Chicago.

Summary of Study.
And here's a summary of the study which was conducted in the homes of real, warm, typical Americans:

As against the 1940 U. S. census statement that \$22 a week is the salary of the average man in America, the survey disclosed that a man with a family of two children needs to earn at least \$35 a week before he can own his own home, carry insurance, and give his children welcome advantages. And he can do this only

Kitchens Best Equipped.
High points in American living are American kitchens—best equipped, most modern and most used room in the house. Living room is shabby, dining room bare and least used.

Ninety-five per cent of the women in America employ no household help. Average American homemaker's week (in home where there are growing children) runs 50 to 60 hours—and 24 hours a day, seven days a week she is "on call" when the children are little. (Grandmother's hours were nearly a hundred!) American boys and girls still help with the chores, even if they live in city apartments.

The typical American family's credit is good. Majority of families "pay as they go," after saving with a particular goal in view. Installment buying records show 98½ per cent fulfill their payments. Foreclosures in FHA mortgages over five years have amounted to less than half of 1 per cent.

Largest single item of American families' yearly spending is food—14 billions, or 28 per cent of the national income. Conclusive proof that America as a whole sets a good table is the fact that the average city family spends one-third of its annual income for food. Ten dollars a week feeds a family of four adequately, but without many frills. It can be done for less . . . Cedar Rapids, Iowa, woman's food budget was \$7 a week for four people.

Food Budget 'Touchy.'
Toucheiest subject among American homemakers is the food budget, about which they become more defensive and passionate than about a national presidential election.

American homemakers have been made acutely vitamin conscious. Per capita consumption of vegetables, other than potatoes, has increased from 26.36 pounds in 1919-20 to 29.24 to 31.36 pounds in 1934-35. Production and shipment of oranges

jumped from 10 million boxes in 1900 to 55 million in 1935. The big Sunday dinner is passing. More and more families go on automobile outings instead. Saturday night dinner has replaced Sunday noon as the big dinner of the week. Gingerbread and baked beans are still America's number one choice; beef, number one meat; apple pie and chocolate cake, number one desserts.

When the pinch comes, American families economize on clothes first. But American women love clothes and have a vast choice in inexpensive styles (48 million felt hats in the \$3.95 to \$5 quality were sold last year.) There is no more Main Street of fashion.

Fashion a Fault?
American women's chief fashion fault—doing a good thing to death. If veiling is the fashion, they lose themselves in the mists. If open toes are in style, they go for the most extreme and open styles—and wear them every hour of the day and night. They pile on too much junk jewelry . . . lack co-ordinating powers when shopping for clothes.

Two permanents a year, averaging from \$3 to \$5 are fixed charges in the budget, although weekly trips to the beauty shop are usually supplanted by the home shampoo and bobby pin method.

America is reappraising itself . . . taken as a whole—some 30 million than 80 per cent were built without help from architects. Functionally they are inadequate. Aesthetically, they are unfortunate. They lack enough closet space; they are hard to heat; the roof leaks; and they are so poorly planned that the homemaker walks an extra hundred miles a year between the front door and the kitchen.



How America Lives . . . They spend as much on ice cream and soft drinks as on building houses. As a nation, they like to "eat well," and, particularly in these times, do eat better than any other nation in the world. The average city family spends one-third of its annual income, or \$508, a year for food. It thrives on good plain cooking—three square meals a day. Few families keep accurate food budgets. They don't need to—the women are thrifty shoppers.

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Artificial Ear

Now a Valuable Aid to Hearing

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)
THE wearing of glasses to bring vision within normal limits is now so common, one is surprised to find anyone with an eye defect who is unwilling to wear them. Of course, there are some, such as actors or actresses, to whom facial expression is so important, who can be excused for not wanting to wear glasses. The use of contact lenses gives good vision without hiding or shading the face.

For years many hard of hearing individuals have been going without hearing aids despite the fact that the new methods of discovering the amount and kind of hearing lacking now make it possible to fit hearing aids just as eye glasses are fitted. For those with a special type of hard of hearing who will not wear hearing aids, a late invention may be of interest.

A Swiss physician, Dr. Madocleczy-Miloud, in the Swiss Medical Journal, states that an artificial ear drum is now in use in cases where there are defects in the ear drum or where hearing in both ears has been lost following operation or injury. It is hardly ever used where there is hearing in one ear.

While the artificial ear drum has some disadvantages in that it must be fitted and sometimes refitted by the ear specialist, nevertheless it has many advantages. It is not visible from the outside and causes no distortion or changes in sound.

Effects Personality.
A most important point is the effect upon the patient's personality in having such a hearing help or aid that cannot be seen by others. "It overcomes all self-consciousness because it makes strings and technical devices unnecessary. The patient has no difficulty in keeping up the conversation in a small group if the artificial drum fits well. The ability to hear everyday noises has a beneficial effect upon the mind."

These ear drums are being made of tin foil and cellophane. Remember, these artificial ear drums are used only where the ear drums have been damaged, where ear is dry and scars are present.

How America Lives . . . What does Mrs. America do on an average day? She has no help with her housework. (95 per cent of American women don't.) Then it's likely she's up at 7 a. m., and the light in her kitchen window will be shining long after sundown. She gets the meals, washes the dishes, cleans the house, markets, irons and mends, to mention but a few of the deeds which require 60 or more of her weekly hours.

families—America lives pretty well. There's room for improvement, yes. That, like the new vacuum cleaner, another pair of shoes for sis or an addition to the house, will come.

Real 'Boom Town' Rises in Wasteland

HOLLY RIDGE, N. C.—Four months ago you could have bought all the land you wanted around here for three or four dollars an acre— unless you happened to be dealing with a native whose conscience would not allow him to accept such an exorbitant price. Today this same land is being sold in 20-foot lots and for serious money, too.

No, nobody has discovered oil in these parts. This just happens to be the place the federal government picked for the army's new anti-aircraft training camp, now under construction.

There is good farm land both to the north and south of Holly Ridge but the real estate in this immediate vicinity is little more than a scrub-timbered waste. But the U. S. army had other ideas. The section is not only easily accessible by highway and railroad, but offers an ideal spot over which to shoot anti-aircraft guns without danger of hitting anyone on land or sea. The shape of the coast and the lay of the land is well suited to the army's purpose. Guns will fire out into Onslow bay, wide coastal indenture many miles from the lanes of coastwise shipping.

Naturally the government didn't suffer from Holly Ridge's new land boom. In the first place, the price didn't rise until the army had acted and, in the second, the government has the right of condemnation. So its two-mile frontage on U. S. highway No. 17 and all the territory between here and the ocean came cheap enough. It's the land adjacent to the reservation that's suddenly become so valuable.

In November the entire population of the cross roads of Holly Ridge and for a mile in every direction totaled 28. This summer, according to government plans, there will be 20,000 troops stationed here. Already there are several thousand men building the camp and the trailer camps in which many of them live stretch up and down the highway for miles. Pine plank stores and bunk houses spring up over night and business is booming on every hand.

How long it all will last nobody knows.

QUESTION BOX
Q. What can be the cause of a constant pain in stomach? What causes my skin to itch over my entire body? I will appreciate your advice.

A.—Any constant pain in pit of stomach should be investigated. While most of these pains are due to gas from sluggish liver and gall bladder there may be a growth. A general itching of body is usually due to some general condition such as diabetes, or sensitiveness to foods.

March Guide to Agriculture



This map illustrates the agricultural situation during March as described by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Government Defines Proper Use of Flag in Commerce

WASHINGTON.—The American flag can't be displayed promiscuously without violating the law even though it represents the "land of the free." To explain and clarify legal restrictions in connection with the use of the flag for advertising or other commercial purposes, the department of commerce has published a new handbook entitled, "The Flag of the United States—Its Use in Commerce."

Numerous instances have been reported to the department of commerce of the questionable employment of the national emblem for commercial purposes. In most cases the violation of the law was done unwittingly.

While there is no federal legislation covering the use of the flag, every state in the Union has passed laws prohibiting its use for advertising purposes. Similar laws appear on the statute books of Alaska, Puerto Rico and Samoa.

NEXT WEEK
Another Absorbing Installment