

# ATTACK ON AMERICA

BY GENERAL ARED WHITE  
W. N. U. Release

THE STORY SO FAR: More than 200,000 foreign troops which had been secretly transported to Mexico suddenly invaded the United States. Intelligence Officer Benning had discovered their plans while a spy in Mexico City where he had gained the confidence of Fincke

## INSTALLMENT FIFTEEN

that set the earth shaking under them. "In spite of hell and high water!" he concluded as the room cleared of vibrations. "It'll take me days to straighten out this tangle and it'll only take Van Hasek a few hours to run up here with his motorized and mechanized outfits!"

"General Hague probably has told you, sir," Flagwill said, "that we've got to hold on this line. The country is in an uproar and everyone in Washington, sir, feels we've got to have a victory."

"Sure we've got to hold!" Lannes raged. "But don't forget that fifty thousand men are fifty thousand soldiers only when they're shaken down, organized, supplied, and ready to fight."

The Army commander stalked to a wall map and pointed to his dispositions and immediate plan of action. "Mole is taking an artillery lancing at this minute, which means attack on him at daybreak. With the reinforcements I've sent up, he must hold on the Colorado as long as possible. Then he's got to fight delaying actions and make another desperate stand behind the Brazos. Somehow Mole must delay Van Hasek at least three days, maybe for a week, until I can get in shape to take the enemy on here in front of Dallas. It's going to cost us a lot



"Take your hands off my coat."

of men, Flagwill, a lot of men! But I want you to go out and see the situation for yourself—and tell Hague why I'm forced into these desperate delaying actions out in front!"

An hour of patient driving put Flagwill down the Army's projected front. Whole regiments stood about in the dawn, still waiting for orders and supplies. The men were tired and hungry. Shortage of ammunition was general, even in the infantry. Ammunition was reported available at the railhead, but the railhead was swamped with demands and there were insufficient truck trains at present for all purposes.

As the sun shot over the horizon, Flagwill turned back to the Lannes command post. Squadrons of American combat planes had combed the air of Van Hasek's night hawk and the day had quieted down to a rumble of artillery columns and hum of friendly planes.

Given a day or two, Flagwill concluded, the hastily assembled Third Army would shake itself down. American ingenuity somehow would overcome the shortages of supplies, motor vehicles, the obsolescent organization tables, the uncoordinated staffs, outmoded weapons, the lack of training in team-play of higher units. At least the officers had sound academic training in the science of war.

General Lannes, his face flushed and harried, his eyes distended, sat feverishly at the end of a field telephone as Flagwill re-entered the command post. After a staccato, fretted exchange he hung up the receiver and got to his feet.

"Van Hasek is driving at Mole with everything he's got this morning!" Lannes roared. "Only the regiments I sent up to him last night kept Mole from being cracked up early this morning. Says he'll be lucky to hold on till nine. My God, Flagwill, this mess is going to cost us five thousand men, maybe ten!"

By eight o'clock, Mole saw he could hold no longer. Ghostly losses were multiplying, his flanks were threatened. Now the American air service held the supremacy of the air immediately over the heads of Mole's troops, which made possible the dangerous operation of daylight withdrawal.

"I'm pulling out of here now, Lannes!" he shouted fiercely over

unearthed a vast spy ring. Benning continued to pose as a friend when he unexpectedly met Fincke in Washington, and accompanied him on a mysterious mission which took them aboard a small boat in the New York harbor. Now continue with the story.

the field telephone. "I can't hold another minute! I hope you have strong reinforcements for me at the Brazos."

"All right, Mole, use your own judgment," Lannes retorted. "But no matter what it costs, we've got to delay Van Hasek until I can get my Third Army ready to stop him!"

## CHAPTER XVII

Benning woke from a brief fitful sleep and went to a porthole. There was a bright sun rising across a smooth sea. 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 flirted with the desperation of jumping overboard on the chance of making shore. Now he had given up hopes of being rescued by the Navy.

He was mulling 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 knew Bravot was aboard?" Benning said to Fincke.

The Austrian hotly admonished, "Don't talk so much, Bromlitz! 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 bean, Bromlitz. 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."

The door of their 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 bristled with authority and short temper.

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

The Van Hasek 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, fixing Benning with glinting green eyes.

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

Schmolz rubbed a cauliflowered ear ruminatively 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 grumbled.

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

Benning sweltered in the torrid little cabin through an insufferable day. With full darkness he examined the mechanism of his automatic pistol and went out on deck. As he suspected, Bravot was living in the captain's quarters. Looking in the porthole he saw Bravot sitting alone on his berth, his face cold and imperturbable as he listened to the news from the Texas front.

Blare of the radio blotted out other sounds on the deck and Benning was not conscious of the figure driving down on him along the dimly lighted deck until stout fingers closed on the lapel of his coat.

He turned to see Schmolz glaring at him out of eyes that seethed 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 nobody 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 eventualities. He knew that if Schmolz communicated his suspicions to Bravot, prompt and disastrous investigation was sure to follow.

## Motley Army Joins English Fighting Force

### Men From Many Nations Leave Homes to War Against Germany.

By ROGER SHAW  
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

WASHINGTON.—When the British beat Napoleon—the Hitler of his time—at Waterloo, only about half of the British army was actually British. The rest of Wellington's outfit was a strange mixture of peoples who thought they were fighting for their freedom. The list was a long one. It took in Dutchmen, Belgians, Hanoverians, Prussians, and men from Brunswick, Nassau, and Saxe-Weimar. The Hanoverians did well in the battle, but the Dutch, Belgians, and men of Nassau did very badly.

After the battle, large groups of the latter were found playing cards miles back of the field of honor.

The King's German Legion was the best, and best known, of these foreign outfits under British leadership. The Legion was made up of refugees from all over the Germanies—a hodgepodge then under Napoleon's domination. The Legion served on every sort of front during the long war cycle, even acting as marines in various naval operations. They fought from the North Cape to the North African coastline, and campaigned against the Americans in 1812 and after. They were "owned," payed, and equipped by the British government, and they burned with hatred of the Hitler-like Bonaparte, who had turned their fatherlands into a "new order."

The Legion, which made a specially distinguished record at Waterloo, contained Austrians and Netherlands, as well as natives of the various little Germanies.

History tends to repeat itself, and in the year 1941 the King's Legion has come to life again in various forms. The old Legion was predominantly Germanic. The new Legion, or legions, are politically anti-Germanic, but they take in a wide variety of peoples. This time they include Dutch, Belgians, Norwegians, Danes, Poles, Czechs, "free" Frenchmen, and goodness knows what else. In such cases, their countries have been overrun, and England has become the refuge—the last white hope or chance. In fighting for England, these people feel they are fighting for their own lost countries, and against the common tyrant. Today the tyrant is A. H. and not N. B., but otherwise things are much as they were a century and a third ago. In England today, there are also anti-Fascist Germans, Italians, and Austrians, who swell the alien ranks of the King's Foreign Legion. This is not an innovation, either. Anti-Fascist Frenchmen served England against Napoleonic France in the early 1800s. In short, what we are witnessing—now as then—is an international civil war.

### 50,000 Foreign Fighters.

Today there are something like 50,000 foreign legionaries serving the British empire. Strangely enough, this is just about the same size as the King's German Legion of antiquity. These foreign legionaries might, in a sense, be considered the composite army of the late lamented League of Nations. In many cases, their dummy governments are in London or Bristol, as well as their armed representatives. The king of Norway and the queen of Holland are among the foreign-legion rulers in the British Isles, as was the black Ethiopian Lion of Judah until recently—i.e. Haile Selassie.

Poland and Belgium have ambassadors to the British government, and vice versa, while Norway, Holland, and the Czechs still maintain official ministers to the Court of St. James. General De Gaulle represents the "free" Frenchman, but he has no official standing with the French Vichy government.

The foreign troops in England wear British uniforms and use British equipment, except for the officers on leave in London. They wear their fancy native garb, which seems to bore the Londoners, to a marked degree.

The Dutch are really considered the most useful, and best liked, of England's exiled allies. The English and Dutch peoples are closely akin, and follow much the same pattern of behavior. The Dutch have presented the British government with close to a million tons of commercial shipping, and some small warships to boot. The Dutch East Indies, with their oil, rubber and tin, are still independent, and they have perhaps 60,000,000 inhabitants. There are very few Dutch soldiers in England—the Dutch army lasted only four days—but the merchant fleet and colonies make up the difference. Another 2,000,000 tons of Dutch shipping are now trading on their own in the faraway Pacific area.

### Norwegians Popular.

Second most popular with the English people are the Norwegians. Like the "Dutchies," they, too, are chiefly nautical in their contributions. Norway has supplied England with close to 1,000 ships—something like three or four million tons of shipping. Some lesser Norwegian warcraft also are co-operating with the British navy. These are mostly destroyers, minesweepers and armed whalers with perhaps the world's best crews. The Poles, "free" French, Belgians, and Czechs are not as popular in England as the kindred Dutch and Norwegians.

The Poles are the most numerous of the alien lot, and the most boastful. They have garrisoned Scotland, and are also serving in the royal air force. They have some ships with the royal navy, and a puppet government at London. Their commander has been Gen. Wladislaw Sikorski, a good man of comparatively liberal convictions, who was on bad terms with the reckless Polish dictatorship which reigned at the beginning of the war. The Czechs, close kith and kin of the Poles, are not very many. They are largely college men and armed intellectuals—as brainy as the Poles are militaristic. Just the same, the exiled Polish and Czech governments are planning a Czech-Polish federation for the sweet bye and bye after the war. Some of the Belgian politicians are actually petitioning to be taken into the British empire, with dominion status, after the shooting is done!

These Belgians are very angry at their King, Leo, who is still in Belgium. They think, some of them, that he sold the Allies down the river—a claim which history may have a pretty hard time to substantiate. There are some Belgians in the royal air force, and elsewhere, including a few ultra-rich playboys. The "free" Frenches are another story. The tactful British government has never known quite what to do with them.

If England is too kind to De Gaulle, who is none too popular at home, it may drive Vichy into the arms of Berlin. De Gaulle's Dakar expedition to West Africa was a terrible fiasco. De Gaulle himself is persona grata with Churchill, but not with many other Englishmen. At the same time, he tends to serve as a useful brake on the politicians and generals of Vichy. Further, the French colonies of Syria, North Africa, and Martinique, with their important armed forces, continue to be against De Gaulle, and for old Petain.

### World's Largest Island Placed Under U. S. Protection

WASHINGTON.—When President Roosevelt announced that the United States would defend Greenland, he extended the scope of the Monroe Doctrine to the largest island in the world.

With a total area of 850,000 square miles, it is almost as large as the United States east of the Mississippi. More than three-fourths of this area is covered by an immense ice field. Eskimos greatly predominate



Men have come thousands of miles to fight beside the British in their war against the Axis powers. The Arab soldiers (left) are helping to defend Egypt, while the American aviators (center) and the gunner from India (right) do their part in England to keep Hitler's "Luftwaffe" in check.

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### World Market Reduced.

With an annual production of 2½ billion pounds, and a normal over-production of 720 million pounds, the war has reduced world markets until the United States is now Brazil's only substantial customer. Add to this surplus the 905 million pounds which Europe would normally have bought this year, and you have a coffee problem that would give any country a headache!

### Conditions in Brazil's great coffee states have been desperate.

Groups of coffee planters petitioned for the right to uproot whole orchards of fine coffee trees, and coffee was selling on the New York Coffee exchange at lowest prices in history. Looking ahead gloomily to the best coffee crop in years, Brazil may be literally drugged by her own coffee.

### What is Brazil going to do?

Plastics Possible Solution. While secret preparations have gone on for months, in a "too-good-to-be-true" atmosphere, hope, doubt, and hope again has grown that the coffee plastics will really make all the magic things science says.

That the miracle of coffee plastics will save this wanton destruction of coffee money, has been the hope of every coffee planter and laborer, watching the great barn-like buildings rise on barren lands outside Sao Paulo, seeing great cranes of machinery arrive from the U. S.

The new Cafelite is heat-resistant, and thus excellent for Brazil's warmer climate. It is noise-proof, and may save the nerves of Brazilians from the increasing racket of city traffic. It is proof against termites and other pests who destroy homes and furniture in warmer climates. It may be made in a whole range of lovely "bathroom" colors, or combined with other substances to imitate wood or wallpaper.

It was discovered by a clever young North American, Herbert Spencer Pollin, while doing research for the American Coffee Corporation, in his floating yacht laboratory and rushed to Brazil.

Plumbing fixtures made of coffee plastics would be a God-send for millions of Brazilians living in the far interior, and for cheap apartment homes too. Cabinets, electrical appliances, kitchen equipment, furniture, school and hospital equipment, perhaps whole homes and apartments of the future will be made out of surplus coffee!

### Plastics of Coffee Bring New Hope To Troubled Brazil

RIO DE JANEIRO.—Brazil's greatest new industry is a demonstration of the world's most amazing scientific solution to an over-production problem. "Coffee plastics" from which Brazil may make homes and schools, war planes and even the industrial machinery of the future, is the answer of modern science to a surplus crop problem which threatened to engulf the whole economy of Brazil and impoverish millions of her peoples!

### Where Days Are Born

The International Date Line, which, like the Equator, is an imaginary line, runs between two islands known as Big Diomedes and Little Diomedes, situated almost halfway between the mainlands of Asia and Alaska. It is here, between the Old World and the New, that each new day is born, and when it is New Year's day on Big Diomedes, it is still a full 24 hours behind on Little Diomedes. The selection of this particular spot to decide the beginning of each day was decided by an international committee of scientists, who took every other possible site into consideration.

### A Good Book

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye.—Milton.

### RAZOR BLADES

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE OUTSTANDING BLADE VALUE

KENT BLADES

Double Edge Blades Single Edge Blades

10 for 10c 7 for 10c

"TAKING THE COUNTRY BY STORM" KNOWN FROM COAST TO COAST

● SUPPLIES COMPANY - ST. LOUIS, MO. ●

### We Can All Be EXPERT BUYERS

In bringing us buying information, as to prices that are being asked for what we intend to buy, and as to the quality we can expect, the advertising columns of this newspaper perform a worth while service which saves us many dollars a year.

It is a good habit to form, the habit of consulting the advertisements every time we make a purchase, though we have already decided just what we want and where we are going to buy. It gives us the most priceless feeling in the world; the feeling of being adequately prepared.

When we go into a store, prepared beforehand with knowledge of what is offered and at what price, we go as an expert buyer, filled with self-confidence. It is a pleasant feeling to have, the feeling of adequacy. Most of the unprepared in the world can be traced to a lack of this feeling. This advertising shows another of its manifold facets—shows itself as an aid toward making all our business relationships more secure and pleasant.

## Things to do



Pattern 6896.

A BRIGHT decoration in any room, this rug crocheted in four strands of string, candlewick or rags looks like a large chrysanthemum. Use two shades of a color, with white, gray, tan or three colors.

Pattern 6896 contains instructions for making rug; illustrations of it and stitches; materials needed; color schemes. Send order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept. 22 Eighth Ave. New York Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No. .... Name ..... Address .....

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Black Leaf KILLS APHIS One ounce of "Black Leaf 40" makes six gallons of effective aphid spray. Use "Black Leaf 40" on aphids, leafhoppers, leaf miners, young sucking bugs, lace bugs, scale bugs and most other garden crop pests on trees, shrubs, plants or flowers. BY PRODUCTS & CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Incorporated - Louisville, Ky.

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NEXT WEEK Another Absorbing Installment

(TO BE CONTINUED)