

ATTACK ON AMERICA

BY GENERAL ARRED WHITE
W. N. U. Release

THE STORY SO FAR: More than 200,000 foreign troops secretly assembled in Mexico by Van Hasek suddenly invaded the United States. Vastly superior in numbers and equipment to the American forces which opposed them, Van Hasek's troops pushed relentlessly forward. The U. S. army was not prepared for this sudden attack, and could only retreat in the face of overwhelming force. High army officers worked desperately to organize an effective resistance against the invader. Intelligence officer Benning barely escaped with his life when a dynamite-laden ship exploded in the Panama Canal, trapping the

U. S. fleet in the Pacific Ocean. Ordered to Mexico City, he learned that Van Hasek would soon invade America's west coast. Benning then left for Washington to report to Colonel Flagwill, chief of the U. S. Intelligence Department. Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XIX

Colonel Flagwill had sprawled out on a cot in his office in the Munitions Building for a few winks of sleep at sunrise, when he was shaken to wakefulness by an assistant. "Here's our report from the Fourth Army at San Diego, sir," the assistant reported. "Air reconnaissance confirmed Major Benning's report from El Paso. Van Hasek's troops are moving north from Guaymas! Facts confirmed by photographs taken by one of our observation planes."

Flagwill sat up and read the report with a blank expression. The staggering succession of events, the crushing responsibilities of the past few days had bankrupt him of emotion. "Well—one more report from our Asiatic fleet and we'll know the worst," he muttered. "Is General Hague at his desk yet, do you know?"

"No, sir, the general has been asleep for nearly an hour. His aide refuses to let anyone disturb him on any account. Major Benning reported in from El Paso half an hour ago. You were asleep—"

"Let him come in," Flagwill interrupted.

Benning responded at once, his face a peculiar chalky color. Flagwill's eyes centered on the major's left arm that hung from his neck in a woolen sling.

"You didn't tell me you'd been in a jam," Flagwill accused. "What are all the bandages about?"

Benning smiled placidly, and said: "The sawbones took a Luger slug out at El Paso, sir. I've only myself to blame for taking foolish chances, but at least all's well that ends well, and I suppose I'll always feel better about the way I handled it."

"What about Boggio?" Flagwill sharply interrupted.

"When I met him, instead of shooting him at sight, I said, 'Boggio, I'm Major Benning, United States Army. I understand you claim responsibility for bombing the White House.' Boggio snatched out his pistol and went into action. I aimed very deliberately at his heart and effected a clean bull's-eye. I didn't even know I'd been hit until some minutes later."

Flagwill nodded gravely and said: "I'm glad you did it just that way, Benning. Hope your arm isn't in too bad a fix."

"Just a little hole, sir. El Paso gave me anti-tetanus treatment and said I'd be as good as new in a short time. Things seem to look pretty black just now. Anything new from Panama?"

"Yes. Engineers affirm that it'll take a year to put the Canal in commission."

General Hague's aide-de-camp banged into the room with a summons, his ashen face and distended eyes eloquent of some major catastrophe that he did not wait to disclose.

Flagwill got to his feet. "There must be blood on the moon, Benning!" he exclaimed. "Better get out to Walter Reed and get your arm treated, then report back here to me in event I need you."

Benning passed up the hospital to search through Intelligence summaries and press reports. They reflected a world now black as pitch with stark omens of mighty violence.

An hour later President Tannard walked slowly up and down his study, head sunk in his chest, hands tightly clenched, the tense silence of the room broken only by the soft tread of his feet and the noisy tick of a small clock. Across the room from him stood General Hague and Admiral Hunt, the latter, chief of naval operations.

The President halted in front of Hague and said in a low voice, "You are sure of your estimate, General, that you haven't sufficient forces to hold the Pacific coast against a major invasion?"

"Positive, sir," Hague affirmed at once. "Even if we shoved all our available troops onto the Pacific coast, we couldn't supply them with ammunition for more than two weeks of action, if that long. As I said before, sir, our defense plans have been laid on having an effective force ready in three hundred days after mobilization."

"I regret to say, General," President Tannard responded, "that with all my years in the Senate I didn't realize that condition."

The President turned to Admiral Hunt and asked him, "With the loss of your naval bases on the Pacific, you will have Pearl Harbor to fall back on?"

"If two of our battleship divisions and other craft are to be ordered to protect the Atlantic, sir, I'd recommend against risking what remains of our fleet on the Pacific in Pearl Harbor. Such a division of the fleet is very dangerous."

"Then you recommend abandonment of the Pacific coasts, at least for the time being?" President Tannard demanded.

The admiral's face went ashen; He swallowed several times and licked purple lips.

"That, sir," he said in a low, tremulous voice, "is a matter of decision entirely beyond my province. I can only give you the facts as to the limitations of your navy."

Tannard nodded slowly and resumed his pacing of the floor. His head sunk again to his chest, his knuckles of his clenched hands were white as bleached bones.

"Very well, gentlemen, I will decide," President Tannard said at last.

He halted and looked from one to another. His face now was wrinkled and drawn until he had the aspect of a very old man.

"The inevitable decision," he added, and wet his lips with several nervous flicks of his tongue. "You, Admiral, will be prepared to withdraw your fleet to the Atlantic to protect the country's vital centers of population. You, General, will meet the invasion as best you can at the Pacific shore, and fight a delaying action. There must be no public announcement of this decision temporarily to abandon the Pacific coast. We are simply yielding to the inevitable. That is all, gentlemen."

A momentous decision had to be made by the commander of the Fourth Army. General Brunn and



"Very well, gentlemen, I will decide."

his general staff had been in a huddle through long hours.

American bombers, attack and pursuit planes, had hammered Van Hasek's marching columns without greatly reducing their relentless northern movement.

Another complication was the monstrous specter of invasion from the Pacific, now looming nearer and nearer. Airplane observers, risking themselves far out over the sea, verified the actuality of it. Though there had been no declaration of war, yet transport and warcraft, cloaked in greasy smudge, swept toward the coast like some cataclysmic pestilence.

"We have done our best here," Brunn finally told his staff. "We have no alternative than to withdraw northward to the vicinity of Sacramento. Otherwise we will find ourselves inevitably in a pocket from which we'll be unable to extricate ourselves. Our withdrawal commences tonight."

Benning heard the decision with a gloomy tightening of the muscles of his jaw. Events of the past few days had dulled his sense of acute feeling, left him numb and dazed. Brunn's decision meant the abandonment of the great Naval Operating Base at San Diego. It meant the first move of the land forces in evacuating the Pacific coast.

CHAPTER XX

A plane from the 21st Reconnaissance Squadron had brought Benning from Washington two days before as Flagwill observer of the inevitable invasion. Captain Hawtry, pilot, was on the lookout for his passenger.

"Hear the news, Major?" Hawtry inquired. Hawtry, a lanky Virginian with clear gray eyes and the relaxed features of a man who takes life as it comes, added in a laconic drawl: "It just come in a minute ago over the radio. They've cracked us up pretty bad off the Jersey coast with their ships. There's hell popping on the Atlantic. It looks like Atlantic City was in for a shelling before the day's over."

Benning merely stared at his pilot out of hollow eyes and said: "We're

pulling out of here, Hawtry. I want to get to the Puget Sound country as soon as possible."

They took off at once for San Francisco. Below them they saw the roads massed black with fleeing thousands from Los Angeles, Pasadena, and towns along the path of impending invasion.

At San Francisco they put down for the night because of heavy fogs. The city was in a panic. Steady streams of people were pouring out of the city on all roads. The Mint was being emptied, money and securities from banks being shipped by train and truck.

A new terror fed the panic. Fog had engulfed most of the coastline from Seattle to San Francisco. Visibility had been stripped from the sea by vast blankets of fog. Air observers were land-bound. If the fog held out through the next few days, the invader would be able to put ashore in whaleboats and establish a foothold unhampered by American fighting planes.

With nightfall word came to San Francisco that the Fourth Army was retreating north from San Diego. General Brunn refused to make any announcement, but the secret leaked that his divisions were headed into the region of Sacramento. News of this retreat converted panic into frenzy.

In the morning Hawtry took a chance against the fog. He found a hole at Medford and put down to refuel. Four hours later, Hawtry nosed about in the fleecy sky over Fort Lewis until he found a rift and dived to a landing.

Here on Puget Sound, some two thousand miles north of Brunn's retreating divisions, was the northernmost element of his Fourth Army. For defense of the Northwest were two National Guard Divisions and part of the Third Regulars.

Benning reported to Lieutenant Colonel Marsh, G-2, at Fort Lewis headquarters, whence operations in the field were being directed.

Marsh's bloodless, drawn face reflected stunned hopelessness; his voice was a contained but colorless monotone as he sketched over the operations map with Benning.

"This fog has us stumped," he groaned. "We know enemy transports are not far off shore—they may make a landing tonight. But they can land anywhere from Gray Harbor on down the coast into Oregon. All we can do is watch and wait, keeping our reserves massed and mobile. When they do land, all we can do is fight them in successive positions for a day or two and then pull out for the Cascades!"

Astride his machine gun on the sandy beach south of Aberdeen, Private John Rand, 161st Infantry, thought he heard a rift in the monotonous splash of the incoming tide. The gun crew held its breath to strain into the washing waves.

"There's men moving," someone hoarsely whispered.

Private Rand knew that friendly patrols were not allowed in front of his own position. His heart pounded so hard he heard nothing else.

A stab of flame leaped from the muzzle of Rand's gun. A succession of sharp flames followed as he poured the murderous might of his machine gun into the night. A shrill cry rang out in front.

Rand did not live to hear the howling, maddening storm that swiftly grew out of that first bark of his machine gun. Shadows loomed out of the fog and bore in on his crew. The long steel gang of a bayonet bit into his breast.

From a mile behind the shoreline the commander of a battalion of howitzers barked an order. Muzzle flashes cut the night momentarily to ribbons. The earth rocked from the force of the explosion that sent high-explosive shells screaming to the unseen shoreline.

From the sea came now the roar of thunder as heavy naval guns picked up the brawl to mock the puny defiance of the howitzers. The violence spread in length and depth, swiftly rose in fury until it became a ceaseless roar of mighty thunder.

There was no such thing in this foggy night as observation, no such thing as gauging the tidal wave of invasion, or co-ordinating resistance. Only by sound could the invader be estimated. Ten thousand men, the staff decided at dawn, must have landed on the beach under cover of darkness. Men enough to force a human bridgehead for an army to follow under the savage protection of naval guns.

Through the stricken, sodden day that followed, Benning remained at Fort Lewis while the Fourth Army's Puget Sound divisions slowly dropped back. They fought the invader from successive lines of ridges, but the die was cast, the command given. The Forty-First was to cover the withdrawal to the Cascade passes. The conquest of the Northwest waited only consolidation by the now victorious divisions of the invader.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NEXT WEEK
Another Absorbing Installment

FARM TOPICS

PLANT TISSUE 'MIRRORS' SOIL

Furnishes Accurate Test For Essential Minerals.

By DR. GEORGE D. SCARSETH
(Soil Chemist, Purdue University Agricultural Experiment Station)

An effective checkup of the "conveyor belts" that supply farm crops with food from the soil can be made during the growing season by means of Tissue Tests. These tests will tell whether the growing plants are receiving their principal nourishment—nitrogen, phosphorus and potash—in balanced amounts.

The tissue test of plants, like the rapid chemical test of the soil, affords a quick diagnosis of plant nutrition or starvation. The proper use of either of these tests make it possible for the farmer more accurately to determine the fertilizer needs of various crops on individual fields.

The tissue test consists of splitting open stalks or leaf stems of corn or other growing crops and cutting out thin pieces of tissue. These pieces are then placed in a glass vial containing a chemical agent. The reaction of the chemical to the plant tissue reveals the presence or absence of the necessary plant foods.

Usually six or eight samples representative of the type of plants growing in a field will suffice. Certain parts of a plant give more reliable indications of fertilizer needs than others. In analyzing corn, tissue from the base of the main stalk is best suited for a nitrogen test. For phosphorus, the tip of the main stalk or the main stalk just below the tassel is best, while for potash the base of the leaf at the ear node is most effective.

If the nitrogen supply of corn plants is deficient, the test for nitrates will be negative, while those for phosphates and potash may be high. The corn plants in such a case are likely to be stunted. Leaves will be greenish yellow, with yellowing tissues following the midrib from the tip end.

If the phosphate "conveyor belt" runs empty, tests are likely to show: Nitrates high, phosphates negative and potash high. Physical symptoms will be plants dark green in color with spindly growth, but with leaves otherwise normal.

When potash is insufficient, tests will show nitrates and phosphorus both high while potash is low. Plants will be weak, dark green in color with leaves showing a marginal scorch.

AGRICULTURE IN INDUSTRY

By Florence C. Weed

(This is one of a series of articles showing how farm products are finding an important market in industry.)

Milk

It is a modern miracle that a man can tip his hat made of milk and yet it won't spill. Following the lead of Italy, American research workers have produced a "milk wool" which they claim is much superior to the foreign product. It is cheap, long wearing and takes color well and can probably be used for upholstery material. At present, it is going into men's hats.

In recent years, the ingenuity of government and dairy scientists has uncovered new uses for 30,000,000,000 quarts which once was wasted. It goes into casein for coating paper, making window shades and manufacturing a paste paint which is thinned with water. It is the base for insecticide sprays and a filler for cloth, textiles, leather tanning, and color plating industries use lactic acid in their manufacturing processes.

Akin to the many food uses of the new milk-derived animal feeds for poultry and livestock. Some ingredients for popular vitamin capsules are also obtained from milk. Milk plastics are being made into small articles such as buttons, door handles and book ends. Casein is fabricated into lamp bases, backs for pin-up lamps, and bowl diffusers for indirect lighting.

Still in the experimental stage are wines of sherry and sauterne type which can be made from milk whey. A resin made from lactose may be adaptable as lining for food containers.

There is probably more research going on in dairies and creameries than in any other industry, but in spite of the advance, there remain 24,000,000,000 quarts of skimmed milk without a commercial outlet.

Agriculture News

The farmer's share of the consumer's dollar spent for 58 different foods, averaged 42 cents in 1940, compared with 41 cents in 1939 and 40 cents in 1938.

Farmers of the United States are now passing up every year \$150,000,000 of income that could be realized through better management of farm woods, says the U. S. forest service.

Ask Me Another A General Quiz

1. Are alligators the slow, creeping creatures they appear to be?
2. Are all national flags alike on both sides?
3. What lake, 12,500 feet above sea level, is the highest large body of navigable water in the world?
4. Are marriages in England restricted as to the time performed?
5. What is a tympanist?
6. What is the principal language of Brazil?

The Answers

1. No. They are real sprinters when they care to run. Their legs stretch out to 18 inches in length when in top speed.
2. The national flags of Paraguay, Lithuania and Yemen, Arabia, are not alike on both sides.
3. Lake Titicaca (in Bolivia).
4. Marriages in England are legal only when performed between 8 a. m. and 6 p. m. on week days.
5. A drummer.
6. Portuguese. Italian and German are widely spoken in the southern states.

NEW IDEAS for Home-makers

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



which are screwed to all four sides of the top fit down over the stool. Flowered chintz is used for the top of the cover and a plain 3-inch glazed chintz frill is added repeating one of the tones in the flower pattern. The seam allowance around the cover may be tacked to the removable top of the table and the whole thing may then be folded away in a small space when not in use.

NOTE: You will find directions for re-modeling and slip-covering many types of chairs, as well as an out-moded couch in Book 5 of the series of home-making booklets offered with these articles. The new Book 7 contains a number of ways to use slip covers. In it boxes become ottomans; and an old wicker chair is padded and tufted. Each book contains more than thirty useful home-making projects with complete directions for making. Send order to:

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SO MANY clever slip cover tricks are being used now that it is possible to transform an entire house with a few yards of gay chintz. Old chairs of all types set right out and become the life of the party in smart new frocks. Even tables and lamp shades are slip-covered but the best trick is to make something out of next to nothing by slip-covering it. A smart coffee table from a camp stool for instance. The lower sketch shows how to make a substantial removable top for the stool. The 2-inch boards

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