

ATTACK ON AMERICA

BY GENERAL ARED 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. Expeditionary forces set sail from both the Mediterranean and the Far East. The U. S. Pacific fleet began the long trip around Cape Horn to protect the Atlantic seaboard when the Panama Canal was destroyed by dynamite-laden

INSTALLMENT NINETEEN

in the diplomatic pouch and was shot here from Washington by air courier, it may have some importance."

Benning slit the envelope open with a paper-knife. A message on a single slip of paper, which bore no signature, read:

"Mon Capitaine, I presume you may know already that M. Bravot is in your country under masquerade in the hope of redeeming himself in Van Hasek's favor."

Benning passed the note to General Flagwill and said, with a thoughtful smile: "That note from our little French girl startles me, sir. Rather a coincidence to receive this just when Bravot has been on my mind today. I've had a hunch the fellow might be around somewhere."

Flagwill stood up and took from the pocket of his coat a pair of silver oak leaves. He handed them to Benning and said: "Here's your new insignia of rank. Colonel, with my affectionate best wishes."

Shortly before nine o'clock, Benning wound his way in Flagwill's sedan through the endless troop convoys to the landing-field. In his dispatch case were the secret orders that would put Holling's Fourth Army into the attack. Four planes were lined up at the field to carry as many field-officer couriers with orders that would put the group of four field armies into action.

Benning's pilot, stiff and erect at attention beside his fuselage, saluted punctiliously. In his present pre-occupation it was only Benning's long habit of sharp observation that picked up the minor inconsistency of a pilot with goggles fixed over his eyes before he climbed to the cockpit.

As Benning searched the pilot, he saw the officer's body stiffen. Benning's hand drove to his holstered service pistol as he picked out in the moonlight his fellow's profile. The masquerader flashed into action at the same instant. With swift, even deliberation Benning leveled his weapon and pressed the trigger. Bravot sank to the ground.

Pilots and ground crew rushed up. Benning leaned over the fallen man and stripped off the goggles. Floodlights were switched on, a hurried search made for Captain Trench, pilot of the plane. Trench's body was found in the shadow of a near-by hangar, a knife thrust through his heart.

Benning hastily searched Bravot's uniform. In a canvas dispatch case he found cleverly counterfeited orders for a prompt withdrawal of three divisions from an important salient in enemy lines east of Sacramento.

In the small hours of the morning, Benning's plane put him down at Carson City. A military automobile took him north around Lake Tahoe, thence west into the slopes of the Sierras.

Columns plodded on, silent shadows in the night, an endless caravan of men moving to the front. Daybreak was close at hand when he reached the Fourth Army's advance command post.

The army commander took the dispatch from Benning, broke the seal, and read with a visible tightening of jaws.

ships. Aided by a heavy fog, troops from the Orient established bridgeheads on the Pacific Coast. Intelligence Officer Benning was assigned the grim task of reporting developments to his superior, Colonel Flagwill, who was stationed in Washington.

Now continue with the story.

"Very good," he said. "This is just what I've been waiting for—my army is itching to jump off."

From the distance heavy artillery grumbled at the dawn, its vibrations tossed from mountain to mountain in a dull, ominous monotone of sound.

In front of them the invader held the superiority of strength in the present moment. But Van Hasek's air force no longer commanded the skies and his espionage system east of the Cascades and Rockies had been snuffed out by firing squads.

Benning worked feverishly to acquaint himself with the intimate details of enemy strength, morale, and dispositions. In five days a million men would be ready to attack. Behind that mighty cavalcade of trained fighting men, another half-million were in the final stages of seasoning for battle, and could be pushed forward when the need for them arrived.

The Fourth Army was shaping itself to attack to the south and west. Whatever the cost, it was to push its way past Sacramento and cut the Van Hasek forces in twain. Simultaneously the First, Second, and Fifth Armies would press forward with a vigor that would prevent Van Hasek from centering his reserves against the Fourth. Upon the advantages of the first few weeks of action would depend the final massed attacks that were aimed to sweep the invader into the Pacific.

Dark months lay ahead; many, many men yet must die, and the country's stamina would be tested to the last fiber of its strength. But for Benning there were no doubts. The dawn would come, that glorious dawn of the day when he had vowed for himself a glorious adventure.

On that day he meant to wing his way to the north again whence had come those fierce shadows in the fog. There he would see their survivors as they melted back into the Pacific before the mighty vengeance of our massed valor.

(THE END)

U. S. Engineers To Help China Build Factories

Small 'Pocket Industries' Nullify Bombings By Japanese.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

NEW YORK.—Plans to increase American technical aid to war torn China by sending a voluntary crew of American engineers to the Orient have been disclosed by John Garfield, Hollywood actor and leader of a group of relief workers on the west coast. His organization is collaborating with the movie colony group, headed by Dave Selznick, member of the National United China Relief committee.

"If we are the arsenal of democracy," stated Garfield, "then China should have our support in full." The actor went on to describe present-day conditions and summarized their plans to defeat the purpose of Japanese air raids by spreading and isolating manufacturing units into mountainous and sparsely settled territories. The engineers, who are scheduled for early departure, plan to introduce and increase more modern technique in industrial production, allied with small units of space and equipment. A major objective will be the operation of motor repair stations along the important Burma road, over which most of the supplies for war reaches China.

The United China Relief campaign is now engaged in the task of raising



JOHN GARFIELD
"China will be victorious."

\$5,000,000 for war relief and to maintain the 3,000 midget industries already established and to provide for thousands more.

Many Factories Moved.

An engineering feat of moving more than 400 complete factories containing 3,000 tons of machinery, wholly with human labor, was consummated in early spring, when thousands of coolies fled the war devastated coastal region, carrying the factories and equipment, piecemeal upon their backs, into the interior sections of their country. It was pointed out that the program served the double purpose of producing needed defense and civilian material and absorbing refugees in rebuilding for the new China.

Mr. Garfield stressed the fact that because of the widely separated points of manufacture and distribution that enemy fliers found it extremely difficult to locate the small centers and impractical to bomb them because of the relative amount of damage as compared to the cost of the bombs, the differential being more than 25 times, even when the objective was a direct hit on the first attempt. "A \$250 bomb is too much, even for the Japanese, to inflict \$10 worth of damage to the enemy," said Mr. Garfield. Money contributed to the fund, is allotted by H. H. Kung, minister of finance in Chungking at the rate of \$7.00 per man for any group of workers willing to start a plant. The money is expended on a loan basis and in accordance with regulations of the old established central revolving fund plan. Mr. Garfield stated that previous loans have all been repaid.

Principle and machines never before seen or understood by the Chinese have become a vital factor in the war of supplies.

"We are teaching them to harness old water wheels to operate small dynamos, the technique of building tiny crucible steel and hearth furnaces, and many other methods of manufacturing and operating small, but efficient plants," said Mr. Garfield. He voiced the opinion that with American financial and technical help, China can finally emerge victorious to take her place with other democracies.

U. S. Army Officers Say 'Goodbye' to 'Hello'

WASHINGTON.—War regulations have deprived civilians and soldiers alike of many things. This time it's words. The army is streamlining its telephone service. No more will our khaki clad defenders draw a "Hello" with the speed of winter sorghum flowing from a jug, or breathe a frosty New England greeting into the mouthpiece. The luxury of this old established American custom has been abolished for the duration of the present emergency, in

Chinese Workers Supply Army



While China's armies are struggling to fight off invading Japanese forces, civilians are working in "vest pocket industries" in the interior. Chinese women (left) are making blankets for their nation, while workmen (right) are busy replacing vital production of occupied regions along the coast.

Brazil Builds 'Defense Railways' To Link Ports With Inland Cities

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.—Is South America defenseless against an invasion threat? Military experts of the U. S. are co-operating with all Latin countries in a speedy survey of just what defenses this great continent could muster against belligerent attack. Nearly the whole of South America is east of New York, bringing it well within the danger zone of the European conflict.

Defense surveys indicate that the combined armies of South America would be under 2,000,000 men, to defend the 125,000,000 scattered citizens of this whole continent. Together, these nations have about 1,200 planes and a joint navy of about 175 ships to defend a coastline on two oceans that is thousands of miles long.

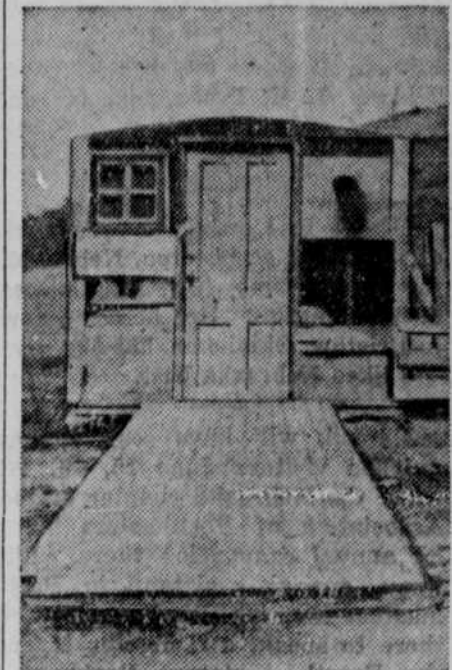
Brazil is said to be by far the best equipped in defenses, but Brazil is mammoth in size (47 per cent of South America), and most vulnerable to attack. If England's fleet were destroyed and Gibraltar taken, the U. S. fleet would be stretched along the entire Atlantic and Pacific

Wagon Post Office Yields to Progress

FARGO, N. D.—The smallest and perhaps most unique post office in the United States, located 40 miles north of Bowman in the southwest corner of North Dakota, gives way to progress.

If there are smaller buildings being used exclusively for the distribution of mail, they at least would not appear as diminutive in their setting as does a sheep wagon at Ranger where six families are served by Uncle Sam. The sheep wagon, with its wheels removed, nestles in the valley of the Little Missouri river in the most picturesque section of the badlands of North Dakota.

The sheepwagon has been sold and the post office at Ranger will be discontinued this summer. Established in 1912, the Ranger post office has been a curiosity for many years. Natives tell the story that before the sheep wagon was removed from its wagon wheels, a post office inspector sat in the stuffy little shack when much to his amazement the



post office began to shake violently. Thoughts of a tremor ran through his mind as he made for the door to see what was going on.

The tremor was no more than a pig scratching its back against one of the wheels.

"Thus," as the Bowman County Pioneer says, "With the discontinuance of the Ranger post office, another chapter of the pioneering spirit of the West is brought to a close. The machine age that affords such fast travel makes it possible for patrons to adopt a more modern post office as their address—Bowman, 40 miles away."

accordance with instructions recently received from the war department.

According to a bulletin on the subject valuable minutes are lost in the common exchange of greetings.

Officers making a call will not instruct a clerk to get his party on the line, meanwhile disappearing for ten minutes. Instead he will personally make the call and stay on the line until his party has been connected.

Historical Highlights

by Elmo Scott Watson
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

A Famous Coon Story

ONE of the classics of early American humor is the story of Davy Crockett's "interview" with a coon. According to the usual version, this famous Tennessee frontiersman was out hunting one day when he spied a raccoon high up in a tree. Instantly he leveled his deadly rifle at the animal, whereupon the coon cried out: "Is that you, Crockett? Then don't shoot—I'll come down!"

Although this is readily recognized as a "tall tale" and a bit of frontier folklore, it has been repeated innumerable times as a tribute to Crockett's unerring marksmanship. But, like so many other yarns associated with his name, it is also a "borrowed story" and another man was the hero of it when it was first told.

Visit the historical museum in Bennington, Vt., and there you will see a long rifle which, according to the card beside it, is the ".50 caliber gun used by Lieut. Col. Martin Scott, native of Bennington and sharpshooter. It was made at Harper's Ferry in 1814 and first used in 1818 in the Fifth Rifle Regiment of the



DAVY CROCKETT

regular army. This gun was often used by Colonel Scott while at Fort Howard at Green Bay, Wis., where he and Captain Merrill were commanders, beginning in 1834." This is the rifle used by the man who was the original hero of the famous coon story.

Scott's reputation as a mighty hunter was established while he was still a boy. At the age of 12 he killed a notorious bear that had been preying upon the live-stock of the farmers around Bennington and young Scott was brought into town in triumph astride the carcass of the bear. During his hunting expeditions, he roamed westward into New York and it was near Lake Ontario in the foothills of the Adirondacks that a coon in a tree, seeing him approaching, said: "Is that you, Martin Scott? Then don't shoot—I'll come down!"

At least such a yarn was printed in a Utica, N. Y., newspaper in 1837, and when the New York Sun and other papers reprinted it, it was given wide circulation. Davy Crockett had been killed during the Texan war for independence the previous year and, as one of the "heroes of the Alamo," his fame became even greater than it had been while he was an Indian fighter, bear hunter and congressman from Tennessee. So it is easy to see how some of his admirers, knowing the widely reprinted story of Martin Scott's "interview" with the coon, appropriated it for their hero and attributed the incident to Crockett.

Commissioned a captain in the Fifth Rifle Regiment of the United States army, Scott's fame as a marksman spread rapidly. Once he demonstrated his sharpshooting ability by taking an ace of clubs on a tree and firing three shots at it with his muzzle-loading rifle (no doubt, the one in the Bennington museum) in a minute and 20 seconds.

Col. R. B. Marcy, commander of the regiment, examined the target and announced one hit and two misses. Thereupon Scott called for an ax, chopped into the tree and showed three bullets in the single hole!

Scott's career ended in 1847 when he was killed, while leading his company in the Battle of Molino del Rey in Mexico in 1847.

Before marching away to the war in Mexico, Scott visited his boyhood home in Bennington. He had left it as a poor and obscure lad. He came back rich and famous. According to a contemporary account, he returned in a fine new gig, drawn by a superb white horse. Following him as an outsider was a Negro slave, Jack, dressed in livery and mounted on a thoroughbred, and 20 or 30 full-blooded dogs of various breeds. Scott is said to have paid \$5 a pound for Jack and later freed him.

ROMANCE
MYSTERY
ADVENTURE

SELECTED FICTION
by GIFTED AUTHORS

YOU HAVE JUST CONCLUDED READING A

WAR STORIES

WE HOPE YOU ENJOYED IT