

# ATTACK ON AMERICA



By General ARED WHITE  
D. A. WHITE WNU SERVICE

"Kelly field in flames."

INSTALLMENT FIVE  
THE STORY SO FAR: Colonel Flagwill, acting chief of G-2, U. S. military intelligence department, estimated there were 200,000 European troops in Mexico preparing for an attack on the United States. Posing as Bromlitz, an American traitor captured in Paris, Intelligence Officer Benning went to Mexico City where he was unsuspectingly accepted as an officer by Van Hassek, leader of the foreign armed forces in Mexico. Fincke, another enemy officer,

## CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"I read a news flash on the President's ultimatum in the San Antonio papers last night before I took off for Washington, sir," Benning said. "If my opinion is worth anything, Colonel, Ruiz will merely stall around in a play for time. He's controlled wholly by Van Hassek."

"We're getting ready to mobilize the army and National Guard, Benning," Flagwill rubbed a tormented hand across his brow. "Gad, what a headache if it finally comes to that!"

"We'll be lucky if we get anything mobilized before Van Hassek hits us," Benning predicted. "I mean if we wait much longer."

"Wait! Wait! What else can we do but wait? The people just simply refuse to believe we're vulnerable, Benning. Late yesterday a prominent senator dressed down the President for sending an ultimatum to Ruiz. Said the present troubled time is not one to rock the boat—intimidated the President was playing politics. The press gave that statesman almost as much space as it gave the ultimatum. But now you get busy and type out your report in detail, Benning. General Hague has called a General Staff conference for eight o'clock. Hague has been at his desk constantly since your report came in yesterday—no one around here has had any sleep. I'll be back as soon as possible."

Benning dictated to a confidential clerk his report covering his movements and observations from the day of his arrival in Paris.

This done, he reproduced from memory the Van Hassek operations map with its numerous sinister red arrows indicating points of possible invasion of the United States by a major land force supported by warships and aircraft.

Colonel Flagwill came in from staff conference, his face gravely tense.

"What's fretting the President is his next move. G-2 has canvassed public opinion throughout our nine corps areas and finds the public isn't very much excited over the Mexican situation. The President's ultimatum stirred up more curiosity than alarm in the country. Too many newspapers treat the matter apathetically, or question the vigor and finality with which the President acted after Ruiz."

A stenographer brought in Benning's complete report and Flagwill seized it avidly. His brows met as he came to the scene in Van Hassek's quarters at the Palacio Nacional.

"You say, Benning, you saw a black flag with crossed sabers with your own eyes—and all the officers saluted it?" he asked sharply.

"Yes, sir."

"You didn't tell me that in your verbal account. Man, that's vital information! That same flag has been showing up in Europe among the armies of the Coalition Powers. It's also been reported in Tokio and China. Reports have leaked out that the militarists are rallying behind that flag, hell-bent on taking matters in their own hands if necessary. Of course, that's a subterfuge for Coalition governments to maneuver behind while they keep up a pretense of peace negotiations. But the presence of that flag in Van Hassek's headquarters is highly significant. I'll take your report at once to General Hague."

Benning spent morning and afternoon checking over the G-2 reports on complications and developments the world over. Notes of ambassadors, consuls, army and navy attaches in foreign capitals, and summaries of press clippings all reflected the unrest and tension that gripped the world.

Europe continued a maelstrom of rumor. Germany, Italy, Spain, and their allied Balkan states were shut off by rigid censorship. On the plea of internal necessity they had closed their frontiers to foreigners, denied aliens all use of mails and wire communications. Similar action had been taken by Japan. Unverified reports came from China of heavy

troop concentrations north of Shanghai together with concentration of transport fleets. Russia had drawn off to herself behind an unbreakable curtain of censorship. Diplomacy admittedly had broken down the world over, fretted capitals waited in the grip of fear for the next moves in a world gone mad.

Only in the United States was there tranquillity left, a lack of fear and tension. G-2 reports gave the same story from over the country. There was lively interest but little tension. War was something on remote horizons, isolated by broad seas. America wanted nothing to do with it, wished only to be left alone with her peaceful intentions. Therefore no harm could come. The war scare was jingoistic poppycock promoted by militarists in their quest of heavier appropriations for armaments. Just as though recent millions pledged to them were insufficient. As for those mercenary troops in the Mexican army, our own army could gobble them up in a jiffy if they were senseless enough to start anything.

During the day Benning saw little of Flagwill. Endless staff conferences were being held, the whole War and Navy Departments a beehive of strained activity. A new plan was hot in the making, a tortured, impossible plan, out of which the best must be drawn.

It was a plan to meet the one emergency for which the United States was wholly and utterly unprepared, the emergency of sudden invasion.

At Fort Sam Houston, on the outskirts of San Antonio, Lieutenant Colonel Bart, Corps Area G-2 Chief, received a disturbing bit of information late in the day. Shortly after sunset a formation, identified as bombers, had passed over the Rio Grande at a point west of Brownsville, headed north.

Bart had telephoned the villages of Kingsville, Gregory, Skidmore, Beville, and Kennedy to the north of the border, in Texas, without picking up any further report of the flight, from which he concluded that the bombers must have taken out across the Gulf of Mexico.

He had alerted Galveston and New Orleans, but as the evening passed no reports came from those cities. Neither Kelly Field nor Randolph Field had any planes out. A query to Washington brought the response that no American bombers were known to be in the lower Texas region or along the Gulf of Mexico.

The reported bomber expedition had followed a series of reports during the afternoon that had put General Brill and the whole corps area on the jagged edge. A Mexican had brought into Laredo the report that heavy motorized divisions were spending the day in screened bivouacs in Coahuila and Nueva Leon.

Half an hour later came news from Colonel Denn that was not to be ignored. "Four flights have passed over Laredo within the past fifteen minutes," Denn said. "If my ears know an American plane these were not American. They were headed about due north, and traveling high and fast."

General Brill calmly made his own estimate of the situation. Parked in the grounds of Fort Sam Houston were the sixteen hundred shining new trucks of the Second Division, together with the division's material and supplies. The Second, alerted and with all leaves suspended, was in barracks and camp ready for emergency. At Kelly and Randolph Fields, near-by, were the planes and supplies used in training a small new army of pilots for an expanded air service.

"Have the Second Division get their trucks out of here as soon as possible," he directed his chief of staff. "They'll also disperse their artillery. Notify the mayor of San Antonio and suggest that he have

all lights cut off. Notify the flying fields of our information. Notify Eagle Pass and Fort Bliss."

He paused to receive another report from Bart.

"Sir, Third Army Headquarters just called in from Atlanta. They've a report from Charleston of bombers flying high over that city at ten-seventeen o'clock, heading north by east."

Outside there was orderly commotion. Troops were pouring out of barracks and bivouac camps already, the first drivers were moving their trucks out of the fort.

Another report from Colonel Denn. The colonel's voice now cracked with intensity. One of his intelligence scouts, disguised as a Mexican peon, had the word from friendly Mexicans that a heavy motor column was moving north from the vicinity of Palo Blanco. Another column was reported moving by night through Tamulipas toward Brownsville and a third was said to have passed Mesquite, in Coahuila, headed in the direction of Eagle Pass.

An hour later the Second Division's trucks, filled with men, were whirring out of the fort; rubber-tired artillery was shifting its light and medium cannon out of the zone of possible danger.

An aide, whom General Brill had sent out to the garrison to observe, burst into headquarters, breathless, his face stripped of color.

"Sir, airplanes!" he panted. "Flying high—but you can hear them coming!"

General Brill left his staff at their allotted jobs and went outside with his aide. The garrison was dark, headquarters worked behind drawn shades.

The roar of motors filled the air as trucks and artillery continued to roll out of the garrison. But above that he caught the sharp whine of higher-powered engines far overhead.

The 69th Anti-Aircraft Artillery had got its guns in position, but was withholding its searchlights pending development. Suddenly a small plane zoomed down over the garrison and dropped a flare that turned night into day.

Brill stood calmly observing. He knew that flare was the first violence of an invasion of the United States. He knew that in a few minutes the bombers would circle over their target of Fort Sam Houston and let drive. He knew, too, that there was nothing he could do to prevent what was to follow.

A hissing shriek caught his ears. Involuntarily he raised himself on his toes and placed his finger-tips at his ears. A savage flash of yellow flame leaped from the earth into the heavens. The ground under him shook with volcanic intensity from the savage wrath of a heavy bomb.

Long fingers of light leaped into the sky from the 69th's searchlights. A heavy demolition bomb detonated in the field from which the trucks were whirring. Brill caught, in the momentary flash of light, the grim tragedy of shattered men and material. Above the din he heard the cries of wounded men. Another bomb crashed and another. His anti-aircraft regiment began crackling, but his handful of guns were almost lost in the din of titanic thunder that crashed from the sky.

Incendiary bombs rained down, bringing an irresistible heat that ate its way into all combustible parts of barracks. General Brill turned back into his headquarters, sat down at his desk stricken by his utter helplessness, but maintaining his self-control.

His staff, their bloodless faces drawn and lined, worked coolly, outwardly oblivious to the danger. Information kept coming in, reports that had to be appraised until the whole picture of attack and disaster had been assembled and appraised as the basis for whatever later action was to be taken.

The wooden hangars at Kelly Field were in flames. Randolph Field was being hammered. San Antonio was in a mad panic which had got out of all police control. People were flooding the streets, rushing about in a mad frenzy in their efforts to escape the city. Roads were choked with passenger vehicles.

But the Van Hassek bombers were confining their major fury to Fort Sam Houston and the flying fields, which told General Brill that the attack presaged a crossing of the Rio Grande by mobile troops during the night or at daybreak.

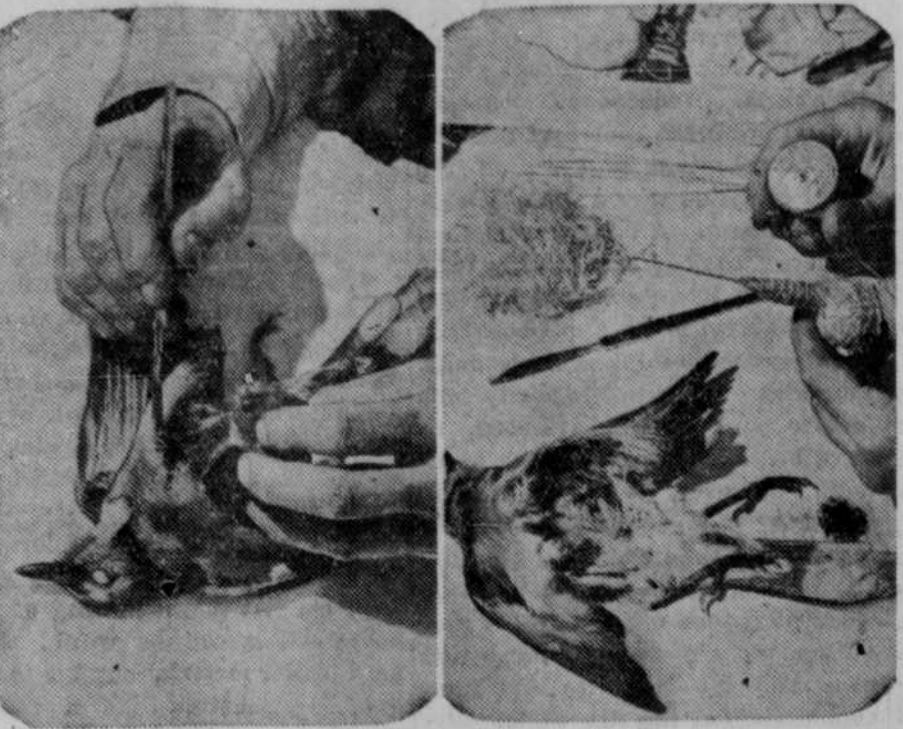
From New Orleans and Galveston came reports of raids that were still in progress. Hundreds were killed in the streets. No other details.

Shortly after midnight the violence suddenly ceased, the bombers and their accompanying attack ships sailed off to the south. Colonel Denn called in again from Laredo. The head of a motorized column had halted at Nuevo Laredo just south of the Rio Grande. His intelligence patrols had verified this with their own eyes.

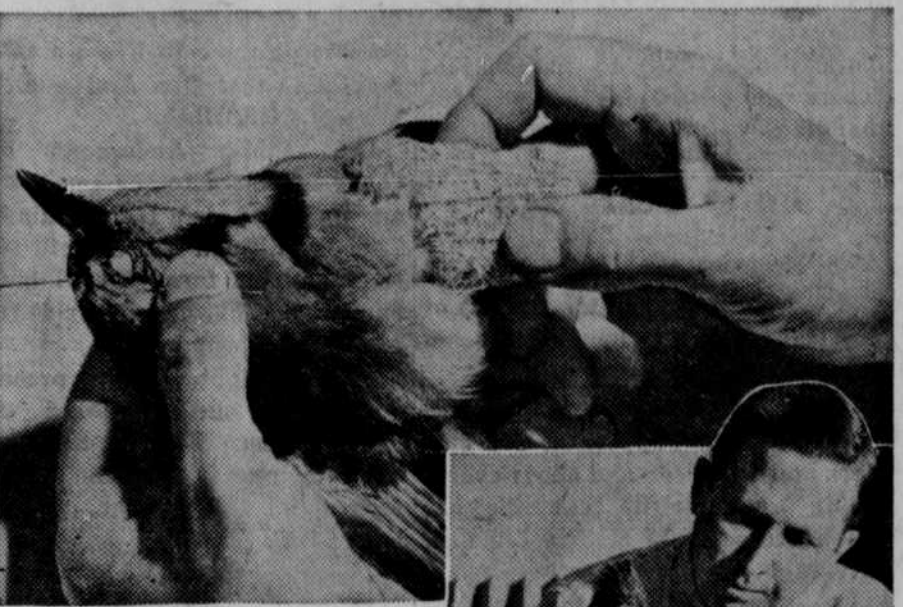
"All right, gentlemen," Brill told his staff. "Get the Second Division together as quickly as possible and start them moving south toward the Nueces River! Tell General Mole of the Second I'll meet him at Kirk in three hours with his orders for the defense of San Antonio. Get General Hague on the long-distance again while I report. We're going to do our best in a desperate situation, and I needn't tell you what we're up against! I'll be ready for your recommendations in an hour, gentlemen."

## From Blue Jays to Dinosaurs

Whether it's a bluejay, a dinosaur or a Paleozoic fossil, the National Museum at Washington, D. C., is glad to get it. Specimens last year numbered 368,082. These photos show you how the taxidermist goes about his job.

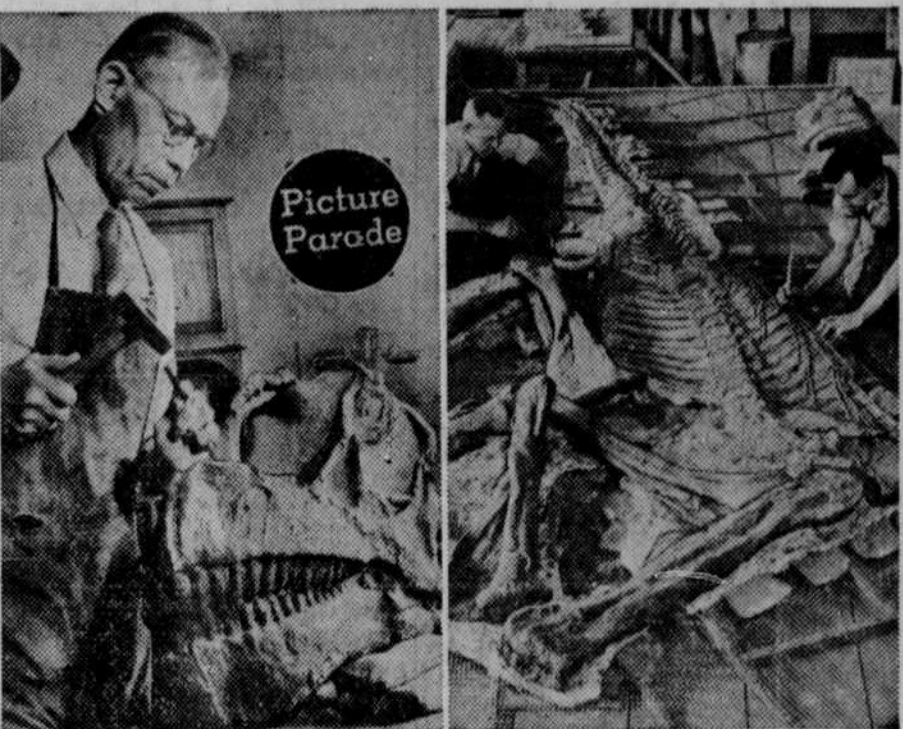


First the skin and coat of feathers are separated from the rest of the body. Stout cord is wrapped around excelsior. The artificial body and neck must be made to fit perfectly.

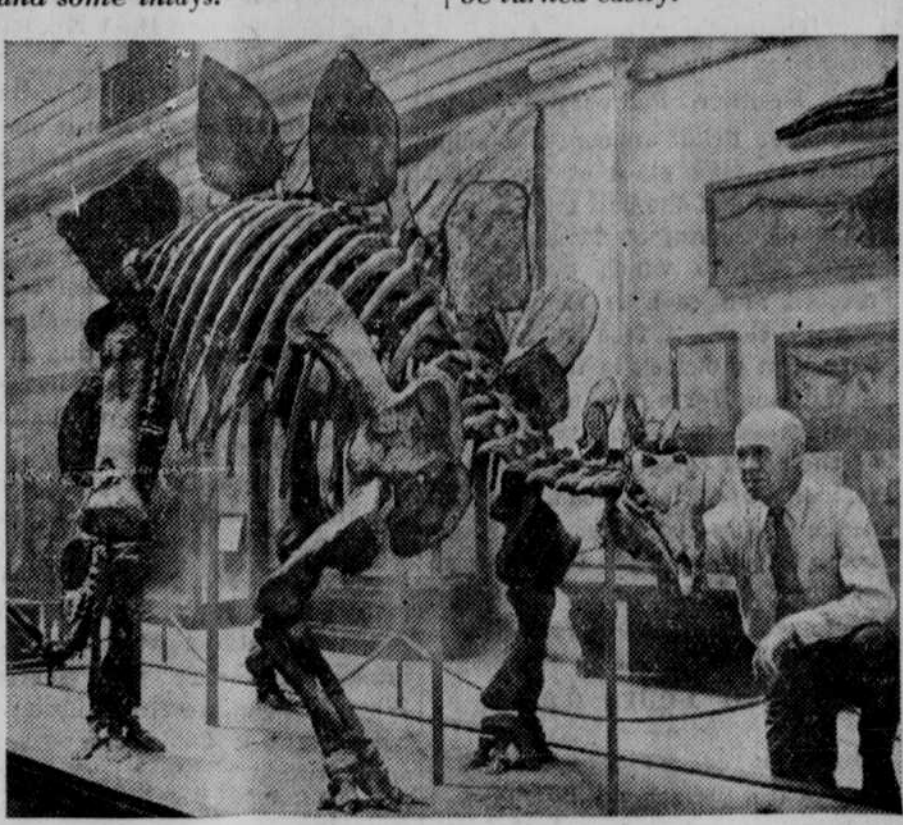


Above: The bluejay's new artificial body is inserted in the feather cloak and sewed inside. The entire operation takes two and a half hours.

Right: And we might call for applause for taxidermist Aschmeier, who makes his appearance at this time. Perhaps he can be persuaded to stuff a butterfly as an encore.



Picture Parade  
Say ah! This particular dinosaur had terrible teeth. Could have used at least a dozen fillings and some inlays.



Here is the assembly line. Repairers Moran and Boss continue their work on a screen which can be turned easily.

WINNAH . . . Dr. Charles W. Gilmore, curator, examines the finished dinosaur. The framework is of steel. Years of work are required to put this animal together in proper relation to all its parts.

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

Defense delays caused by inter-union strife may bring congressional intervention . . . "Aluminum shortage" caused by technical limitations. (Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WASHINGTON. — Feeling about strikes which impede the national defense program is rising in congress. It is far too soon to predict what may be the ultimate result, but it is important to note that presidential as well as congressional patience is beginning to show signs of giving out.

What fans the flame is that so many strikes, and threatened strikes, have nothing whatever to do with working conditions, pay or even hours of the workers.

What annoys officials and congressmen vitally interested in the defense program most are the so-called jurisdictional strikes, and particularly strikes which result solely from rivalry between the American Federation of Labor and the C. I. O.

For instance, right across the street, practically, from a zinc smelter in St. Louis it is proposed to build another zinc smelter. But immediately it becomes impossible to proceed because both the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. want their union members to do the masonry work! So the defense program will have to struggle along without enough zinc, just because of a controversy as to which union will have the franchise for supplying workers on this particular construction.

SHIPBUILDING VITAL  
If anyone thinks that does not breed sentiment for some curb on strikes in connection with defense contracts, the person holding that opinion has no conception of the war temper in Washington—for war temper it is. And while the end is not in sight, there is a good deal of truth in that old saying about the "straw which broke the camel's back."

More irritating by far to the average member of congress, particularly those of the large majority who want this country to use every effort available to produce needed supplies, are the strikes affecting shipbuilding. Even the least technically minded of congressmen realize the vital need for speedy construction of ships to carry supplies to Britain, in view of the considerable success which the submarines, dive bombers, mines and commerce raiders have had in destroying bottoms needed for that purpose.

So when every few days your senator or representative reads of a new walkout on the part of the shipbuilders he comes pretty close to seeing red, whether or not he voices his views in public—as only a few have done so far.

ALUMINUM FORGINGS  
Only Real 'Shortage'  
Is there an aluminum shortage? Is the supply of this metal so vital to airplanes, not only for our own national defense but for export to Britain, inadequate?

Some persons say it is. Officials of the Aluminum Company have their version. But certainly there is little popular understanding of the difficulties involved in supplying aluminum parts for airplanes.

The most serious shortages, if we admit the term, are in the supply of aluminum forgings, rather than in ingots of the metal. An aluminum forging is made by hammering aluminum in two dies, one on the hammer and one on the anvil. Making the dies for aluminum forgings is a long and complex process. Aluminum is forged at a much cooler temperature than steel and approximately three times as great power is needed to forge it. The dies must therefore be made of the hardest known steel. They are the work of skilled craftsmen.

ONE-SHIFT JOB  
Because of the rigid specifications of aircraft forgings, the work of these men must be perfect. No one has ever successfully worked out a method by which more than one diemaker can work on one die.

Just stop a moment and think what that means. The art'san works his allotted number of hours in a day. Then he goes home. And it is impossible to put another man on his job in his absence. Virtually every time an attempt has been made to work two or more shifts on the construction of a particular die, the whole job has been ruined.

Making a single forging die may require from 6 to 24 weeks and the making of a more complicated die may require six to eight months.

Many transport planes in service today have no more than ten or a dozen forgings. But now that military planes are being ordered by the thousand and the cost of the dies may be spread over a large number of units, forgings are being insisted upon. The latest bomber, for example, of the same general size as the transport plane with a dozen forgings, is likely to require nearer 250 forgings, each one requiring a die. Consequently long delays are unavoidable.

## Things to do



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## INDIGESTION

may affect the heart  
Gas trapped in the stomach or gullet may act like a half-gallon on the heart. At the first sign of distress smart men and women depend on Bell's Antacid Tablets to get gas free. No laxative but made of the fastest-acting medicine known for acid indigestion. If the BELL'S DOSIS doesn't give relief, see your doctor for a full bottle of our gentle DOUBLES MONEY BACK.

Courage and Faith  
There is a courage which is only another name for faith. Many a battle is lost before the soldier leaves his tent. The first step to victory is to believe that the battle need not be lost at all.—Hugh Black.

As Is Enough  
Those who seek for more are left in want of much. Happy is he to whom God has given, with sparing hand, as much as is enough.—Horace.

## Beware Coughs

from common colds  
That Hang On

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

## CREOMULSION

for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

## Facts of ADVERTISING

- ADVERTISING represents the leadership of a nation. It points the way. We merely follow—follow to new heights of comfort, of convenience, of happiness.
- As time goes on advertising is used more and more, and as it is used more we all profit more. It's the way advertising has—
- of bringing a profit to everybody concerned, the consumer included

NEXT WEEK  
Another Absorbine Installment

(TO BE CONTINUED)