

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

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.

CHAPTER XX—Continued

Benning took off to the east in late afternoon. He decided on Boise as the point of vantage from which to observe final developments in the occupation of the Pacific coast. There he would find no difficulty in making his daily wire reports to Flagwill.

Enemy divisions had landed at the mouth of the Columbia River on the Oregon coast, taken the antiquated coast forts from the rear with a few platoons of infantry, and were proceeding up the river toward Portland. A submarine base was reported established at Tongue Point at the mouth of the Columbia.

Other invader divisions had landed on the undefended coast north of San Francisco and were marching into the Sacramento Valley. Van Hasek's Guaymas motorized columns had taken Los Angeles and were well north toward San Francisco to effect a junction with their Oriental allies. By tomorrow all coast naval bases would be in the hands of the enemy.

CHAPTER XXI

Each night for a week past, Benning had gone to sleep with a joyous, rhythmic throbbing in his brain, the echo of what to him was a glorious music. It was the music of marching feet and of rolling trains and caissons, music that conjured up visions of a great day yet to come.

What time he could find to himself away from his duties at GHQ of late afternoons, he spent on the roads at the edge of Salt Lake listening to that same refrain as it beat from the heavy field shoes of marching infantry on their way to the westward trains.

A beautiful sight were those bronzed, strong bodies of men who marched with slanted muskets or sat upright in trucks behind their rolling caissons. They showed their long hard months of training, these rugged youngsters; and their faces were gravely radiant with a soldier's high morale as they faced the west at last on the great adventure.

Texas and the Pacific states had suffered unspeakable cruelties and hardships under the heavy heels of the invader. What wealth they had was stripped to the bone, what energies they had were harnessed against their own country to aid their armed oppressors.

There had been those months of a reign of terror when cities within range of the Atlantic were shelled. Bombers rained the country's great cities with death, carrying their assaults in the dark of the night far inland to such cities as Chicago and St. Louis, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Indianapolis.

Then had come the Van Hasek demand. President Tannard himself had insisted that Van Hasek be allowed to present to the whole country his terms of peace. Over all the networks, Van Hasek had spoken for the Coalition Powers. Peace could be had at the price of Alaska, Hawaii, the right of unrestricted immigration, renunciation of the Monroe Doctrine, internationalization of the Panama Canal.

Tannard's voice came ringing back now in Benning's memory. An answer to go down in history.

"The United States asks no terms. We mean to destroy the armies that have invaded our shores and then we will hold to an accounting those predatory powers that are responsible for international brigandage. That is our last word to our enemies, until you come before us on your knees in the humility of utter defeat!"

There had been glorious days as well, as the months drifted by. There had been that day of two months ago when the Third Army, reorganized, reinforced, and invincible, crashed down across Texas to drive the invader south of the Rio Grande.

Behind the passes of the Rockies there was formed this great army whose fighting reserves now marched into the west. Long, patient months this had taken, months that had tried the courage and resources of the country.

Benning turned from his reflections to the realities of headquarters. Dusk was falling, the skies were filling with planes, planes that pointed their noses to the west. The vast caravan of men and guns moved on in its endless rhythm as it emptied the huge training camps of the Salt Lake Valley of their half-million men.

At headquarters he checked his personal effects, musette bag, belt and pistol, map-case, field-glasses, raincoat, steel helmet. The buzzer from Flagwill's desk rang at eight o'clock. Flagwill was now a two-star general with the assignment of chief of staff of the western group of field armies.

"Smells to me like a crush note," Flagwill said, sniffing at a small linen envelope and handing it to Benning. "But since it came from Paris

"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.

Dawn of the day of attack came with a roar of artillery that shook the skies down a three-hundred-mile front. Old-timers vowed that not even the Argonne witnessed such volcanic wrath of artillery. Light, medium, and heavy artillery pounded the Van Hasek trenches for an hour and in its wake came the infantry waves pushing relentlessly ahead in the first red welter of the tortuous miles to the sea.

On a day, after crimson weeks, that Benning flew in reconnaissance over Sacramento, the first American waves were at last on the edge of the city. A heavy pall of smoke told that the invader had abandoned the city in flames, indication that he meant to hold farther to the west rather than trust here to counterattacks. That told Benning, too, that the Van Hasek lines to the north and south would be drawn back.

Benning's pulse surged as he viewed from the skies heavy enemy columns marching to the west from Sacramento to take up some new strategic disposition. The spectacle seemed to vitalize Hague's prophecy, bring nearer the day of fulfillment.

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.

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.

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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 midsize 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 "nest 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.

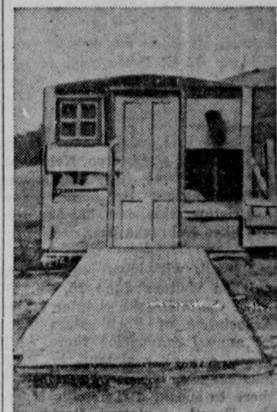
Brazil is said to be by far the best equipped in defenses, but Brazil is mammoth in size (47 per cent of South America), and most vulnerable to attack. If England's fleet were destroyed and Gibraltar taken, the U. S. fleet would be stretched along the entire Atlantic and Pacific

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."

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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 Bonaparte 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 tacking 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 outrider 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.

MYSTERY Romance Adventure

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