

# ATTACK ON AMERICA

BY GENERAL ARED WHITE  
W. H. 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.

**CHAPTER XV—Continued**  
The boat bobbed across the harbor; Benning decided that Bravot must be headed back for some secret rendezvous in New York, a part of some crafty maneuver to cover his littered trail. In that event Benning decided to strike in the darkness the instant the launch reached shore.

A few minutes later the launch swerved sharply out of its course and slowed down. Benning saw the massive shadow of a ship looming over his head. A voice called down from above. Bravot got to his feet, edged his way to the bow. A boatman made the launch fast to the ship's ladder. One by one the passengers swung onto the ladder and were swallowed up by the night.

"Go ahead, Bromlitz!" a voice commanded when Benning hesitated. Fincke caught Benning's arm, gently forced him forward. Benning made a swift estimate as he stood in indecision. Quickly he saw that but one course lay ahead. In the bobbing little boat he knew he would stand no chance if he put up a fight for possession of the craft. As for swimming ashore, even the strongest swimmer could not expect success in that feat tonight.

Benning swung to the ladder and mounted to the deck. Close behind him came Fincke. On the deck there was a glow of light from an incandescent.

Inside the Austrian tossed off his coat and stretched himself. His face now was exuberant. "Himmel, but what a comfort, Bromlitz!" he exclaimed with a vast sigh of relief. "Now a fellow can take a free breath."

Fincke paused to give Benning a knowing wink.

"What does it matter if we're sitting over a cargo of high explosives, eh, Bromlitz? It'll not blow up until we give the command—and that'll play the biggest card in the whole Van Hassek deck! Cheer up, Bromlitz, in ten days from now you'll be back with your girl in Mexico City!" Now it was all to clear to Benning. Fincke at last had vitalized the meaning of this cruise, the reason for his own restless misapprehensions. This ship, with its cargo of explosives, clearing New York with papers for San Francisco, was part of an intricately laid plot to destroy the Panama Canal and strip the Atlantic seaboard of the protection of the United States fleet.

**CHAPTER XVI**

General Hague nervously paced the floor of his office despite the long days of driving toil and anxiety that had drained his energies to the point of exhaustion. The last troop trains had moved south with the force of fifty thousand men that was to stop Van Hassek on the Fort Worth-Dallas line. But reports from the south shook him with new misgivings and he had sent for Colonel Flagwill.

Young Benning got away this morning for Mexico City, didn't he? Flagwill's face dropped. "Sorry, General. Benning has vanished in this air. Not a word from him all day."

"Benning missing?" General Hague scowled incredulously. "That doesn't sound like Benning."

"I authorized him to follow a Van Hassek agent aboard a Norwegian tramp freighter, thinking we'd get a haul of spies. A destroyer overhauled the boat last night after it sailed, only to find Benning was not aboard as planned. The ship's captain claimed not to have seen anyone resembling Benning."

"Nothing should have prevented Benning's flight to Mexico City, Flagwill," Hague complained. "All right, let's hope he turns up soon."

Flagwill drove at once to Bolling Field where a fast new O-47 observation plane put him in the air shortly before dusk. Seven hours later, as the plane approached Dallas, a radio warning told the pilot to avoid the Dallas airport and put down at an emergency landing-field south of the city.

The savage winks of detonation bombs caught Flagwill's eye as his plane drove past the city. No sooner had his plane roared to a stop in the emergency field than his ears rang with the bedlam of air bombardment over Dallas. A staff officer from Army headquarters was waiting for him.

"Dallas and Fort Worth are taking an awful beating tonight," the staff officer reported. "We're forced to detain troops and impeding north of the city. An hour ago a bomber registered on one of our troop trains—three hundred men killed. Things are in a pretty bad jam here, sir."

"I'll be frank with you, Flagwill!" General Lannes said in a peppery, overwrought voice. "If Van Hassek sizes up this mess and hits us promptly, he'll roll up my Third Army in spite—"

Lannes' voice was drowned by the mighty crash of a heavy bomb

**INSTALLMENT FIFTEEN**

and Bravot, two enemy officers, but his warnings had gone unheeded. Foreign forces led by Van Hassek pushed relentlessly forward. His troops were vastly superior in numbers and equipment to the American forces which opposed him. Returning to New York, Benning

that set the earth shaking under them. "In spite of hell and high water!" he concluded as the room cleared of vibrations. "I'll take me days to straighten out this tangle and it'll only take Van Hassek 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 Hassek 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 Hassek's night hawks 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 unco-ordinated 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 hurried, 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 Hassek 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. Ghastly 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

**NEXT WEEK**  
Another Absorbing Installment

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. New continues with the story.

"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 Hassek until I can get my Third Army ready to stop him!"

**CHAPTER XVII**

Benning woke from a brief fretful 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 Hassek 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 take your look!" 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 cauliflower 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 Hassek 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 eventuality. He knew that if Schmolz communicated his suspicions to Bravot, prompt and disastrous investigation was sure to follow.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**My Week**  
by Eleanor Roosevelt

**JOINT TAX RETURNS**

I was glad to see that the house of representatives, in considering the tax bill, did not accept the idea of joint income tax returns for husband and wife. I realize that this might bring in a higher revenue, but it would frequently put the tax returns in the group where surtaxes make the tax much higher.

However, it seems to me that some other way of obtaining money would be wiser than a measure which strikes at the roots of a fundamental principle, which we in this country have been establishing over a period of years; the right of women to be considered as persons. There was a time when a woman married and her property became her husband's, her earnings were her husband's and the control of the children was never in her hands.

The battle for the individual rights of women is one of long standing and none of us should countenance anything which undermines it.

Do we believe that work of any kind, honestly performed, creates work? If so, then it is an advantage to have every individual using his abilities productively. It is true that machines have taken over the work of human hands to a great extent, but the real problem before us is how to make the work of the machines a benefit to human beings and not a detriment.

I do not think that, fundamentally, the way to solve the problem is to say that people should grow lazy and not use what abilities and wits a kindly Providence may have given them. I realize that this is a question which can be argued from many points of view and this column is too short to cover it adequately. I am only trying to point out the fact that we have some decisions to make in the future, and we had better think them through intelligently and make sure of what we really believe.

**AN EXPLANATION**

A letter has just come to me which I want to quote and answer in this column: "Referring to a recent article the following is your statement: 'In the United States there are many areas where children cannot get to school and besides there are many families who have no clothes for their children. For more than eight years your husband has been the directing head of the United States and his announced policy on taking office was the 'forgotten man.'"

"With the information you must have on the matter I have quoted, I would be pleased to have your explanation as to why such conditions continue to exist in the United States."

"Your explanation, I think, should have the same amount of publicity as your original statement." The answer seems to me fairly simple. This administration has put on the statute books a great deal of social legislation. Much of it was passed in opposition to the desires of many people, who honestly believed that conditions would return to what they once were and that it is a mistake to try to find new ways to adjust to new conditions. Experience alone can prove whether plans undertaken can have permanent value or not.

Some of them have already been in operation long enough to prove themselves. Others are in process of trial. The social security program as a whole, housing, WPA and NYA have all been factors in meeting the needs of what my correspondent calls the "forgotten man."

To wipe out, however, all injustices and inequalities in our democracy, to make in a period of 12 years a decent corner of the world for everyone to live, in the face of world conditions such as have existed, is beyond the hope of even the most sanguine. We can only be grateful for the fact that more people are aware of the problems of forgotten children as well as forgotten men and women, and that we are working together to make our corner of the world a better place for all of us to live.

**NEED FOR NURSES**

I have just been told that there is a great shortage of young women entering the nursing schools. At this time nurses are much needed, and it has always seemed to me that it is good training for any girl to take, whether she means to take up nursing as a profession or not. At the present time, the girls in training release nurses already trained, for duty where they are needed.

If later, these girls marry, or have no reason for earning a living by nursing, but wish to serve in some way in their community, there are innumerable opportunities to use the knowledge they have acquired in the service of a great many people. Therefore, if any young woman feels she wishes to do something for her country in the present crisis, and is willing to work hard, put in long hours, and sacrifice her leisure during these years of stress, I can think of few things as useful as taking a course in one of our good training schools for nurses.

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