# ATTACK ON AMERICA

By General REED WHITE
(Via Radio)

CHAPTER X—Continued

As the commanders moved toward their station wagons and military sedans, the bright sun burned into a hideous blue of sunset. It came crashing in out of the distance. The air build trace to emerge as it rolled toward the earth.

An instant's silence and the ground trembled under the impact of high explosives. A geyser of muddy brown earth shot skyward, the air filled with the mighty detonation.

The departing commanders gave an animal look at the spot of drill but changed neither pace nor pose. Nora. General Mole calmly lighted a match to his stub of his cigar and gave several vindictive puffs.

"Well, there's the first shot," he muttered. "Sounded to me like a long-range howitzer—probably from twenty or thirty miles."

An observation plane radioed in the information. Van Hassek's heavy artillery had set up north of the Nueces. Mole offered no comment. There was nothing he could do about it until the enemy came within range of his howitzers. His own 105-millimeter cannon, good for fifteen miles, had yet to be moved, mounted, tested, and delivered to the Army.

As for his airplanes, there was no taking further risks over Van Hassek's morning columns. It didn't matter that the air service had sent in the crack combat groups from all fronts of its powerful sector. That American pilots and gunners had proved themselves this morning much more than a match for the Van Hassek airmen.

The American squadrons had paid a heavy price for their success against Van Hassek's weakest, hitherto anti-aircraft trap after another the Americans had fallen.

The first big shell fright an empty field well back from the Second's front lines. A second shot followed quickly, and the hoarsest of long-range pommeling rolled down the glum, reaching routine. From a range of approximately twenty-two miles, observation reported The Van Hassek columns were still rolling forward in a great, tortuous mantal serpent whose tail reached far back across the Rio Grande into Mexico.

The ten thousand men of the division worked feverishly through the hot afternoon, deep-ening and widening their trenches, adjusting gun positions. They pretended indifference to the roar of Van Hassek's artillery, to the frequent spurting fountains of earth that rose hideously about them. In mid-afternoon one shell caught a full squad of men who in a flash were shreds of flesh.

A stark reminder of what was to come. But the men who saw this tragedy went stubbornly on with their work.

Out of the distance came the rumble of light American artillery.

The firing came from the Five River, which meant that Major Randt, commanding, was potting at the head of the main attack force. The sound of Van Hassek's counter-battery assault wafted in fifteen minutes later. It rose in volume. The artillery duel went on, growing in violence, which told the whole Second Division that the intrepid Randt was forcing the Van Hassek advance guard to extend itself.

Firing broke out to the north and south on the extreme flanks. At the division command post Mole and his staff waited on these actions with tense nerves. Three o'clock was near. If Van Hassek's invaders could be delayed much longer, they would not be able to deliver their attack in force against the Second before daybreak.

General Mole and his staff made an estimate of the situation. Mole's jaded face brightened in a moment's exultation as his staff unanimously agreed with his own deduction. The Van Hassek commanders would not be able to attack now until morning. Their advanced divisions had not even started to assemble across far battle disposition.

"That means we've delayed them one day without a fight," Mole exclaimed. "It gives us a real chance of getting through tomorrow without getting blown out of our shoes. After that—we will see what we will see. But what a hell of a pounding we're in for tonight, without any anti-aircraft and long-range artillery!"

When the hot Texas sun slipped down to the horizon through the haze in the west, a furious rear of motors swept the Second Division. The flight of enemy attack planes, flying an altitude of less than five hundred feet, struck with the sharp bite of forked lightning.

Over the 9th Infantry's sector the attack planes appeared close enough to be hit with a hand-grenade. Mowgaped after the apparition, or ducked into their holes in the ground against the menace of fragmentation bombs. But there came no explosion. The enemy had not opened up with their machine guns.

"Gas!"

The warning outcry rose in volume from two thousand throats. Terror frozen on men's faces. Officers

Mole's jaded face brightened.

intact. The American pilots were sharply alert against a second such surprise. Reinforcements flew up from Kelly Field.

Overhead the American aviation was redoubling its efforts. Pursuit and observation squadrons had flown in from Louisiana and Virginia. Other pilots were en route from California.

At the division command post, General Mole and his staff grimly watched the fading light of day. There was a tightening of tension throughout the sectors as dusk slowly engulfed them and deepened into night. Long-range artillery pounded away intermittently, tearing great craters in the Second's artillery area and hitting near the division's main line of resistance, and back in the bivouacs of the reserves. This told Mole that enemy observation planes had photographed his positions in detail—and confirmed the hits at what must be expected during the night.

Evident it was, as the enemy purpose unfolded itself, that Van Hassek did not mean to break daylight. With the preponderance of force held by his main Laredo column he had no need to wait. For that matter it would be to his advantage to attack in the dark. Mole's staff knew that the Van Hassek line of military reasoning, that the Second Division would commit the brash audacity of a serious fight in front of San Antonio. Withdrawal would be only the logical course for the Americans, and Van Hassek had no reason to expect anything more than a few holding battalions at daybreak, resistance that would roll up in a hurry and scatter before his massed assault waves.

"Bombers flying in, altitude between eight thousand and ten thousand feet!"

The warning came in from an observation plane a few minutes after nine o'clock. It merely confirmed Mole's fears. Fast on the heels of the warning came the devastating roar of a heavy bomb. The earth charged under the roar of successive explosions. A squadron of nine bombers, air service reported, using an estimated three-hundred-pound bombs, which would have a

(To be continued)

## MYERS

(Mrs. Jesse Parsons, Cor.)

The Cassidy Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. Arnold Bowen Friday afternoon.

Bobby Swartz spent Sunday night with Minerva Bowen.

(Continued from Page One)

Bump bumbled on the Emerald Isle. From there he went to Wales and into Connaught. Tradition tells Patrick's fame from churches in Trim, Dundonaghin, Armagh, Tashach, Cashel, and Croagpatrick. He went to Rome to sit where he received the approval of Pope the Great.

The powerful enemies of Christianity were the Druid priests of the Sun—and Patrick loath. Since the Druids were almost magicians, they would have been more than a match for anyone less gifted and certain than Patrick.

Whom kindness and reason failed to convince, force or imposition St. Patrick used force. He entered their fertile land so that it became a desert. He caused the river so that it proclaimed no fish could live in it. He kettles that no amount of fire would make them boil. Finally, even these things did not daunt them. At last he caused the Druids thermometers, earth opened and swallowed them up.

Many traditions have grown up about the life of St. Patrick. One is the story that he and his followers found themselves on a mountain one cold morning without a fire. Patrick commanded them to go to a place low and snow. When this had been collected he breathed upon it and the ice became fire. An unknown poet writes:

"Saint Patrick, as in legendary fold,
The morning being very cold.
In order to assuge the weather,
Collected bits of ice together,
Then gently breathing upon the pyre,
Whom every fragment blazed on fire."

All of the some had been kind. As to have left the gift behind. To such a lowborn wretch as I am?

Who daily struggles to be free? I be content—and be with part.

I'd only ask to thee the heart. The Poem of Angel of Polly Ho.

Most Irishmen like to tell of the driving of cobras out of Ireland. Saint Patrick accomplished this by beating a drum which he struck with such force that he knocked a hole in it. An angel mended the place so that the drum would lose none of its magic. At last the snakes were driven into the sea. However, there was one wise old serpent who refused to leave. To out-wit him St. Patrick made a box and invited him to enter. The serpent objected on the ground that the box was too small for comfort. To prove his point he entered it. As soon as the reptile was safely inside the good saint shut the lid, fastened it, and threw the box into the sea.

Poteen, a popular beverage in Ireland, is said to have been an invention of St. Patrick. However, many historians object to this by representing Patrick as being temperate if not a "dry." Since the drinking of corn whisky, white clover, is worn in the nat over all Ireland and because it is the symbol of St. Patrick day or place were en route from California.

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The despotism of custom is on the wane.—We are not content to know that things are; we ask whether they ought to be.—John Stuart Mill.

## BAREFOOT

(Cecelia Cox, Correspondent)

Willie Grey and family had their Sunday guests, Elmer and Cecil and Lee Lemons. Afternoon guest was Julian Bowen.

Raymond Coy was the Saturday night guest of Walter Hughes.

Mr. and Mrs. Frazier Platt and son James, were Sunday guests of J. B. and Howard Bowen and family.

Mrs. Robert Harmon was the guest of Mrs. Raymond Coy on evening last week.

Robert and Dorothy Platt were Sunday guests of Shell Morris and family at Beechland.

Hinkle Malone is on the sick list with measles.

Howard Stiles was the Sunday morning guest of Willie Coy.

## WALNUT GROVE

(Mrs. Joe Mattox, Cor.)

Thurston Mattox wife and son, Edward, Everett Stapp and wife spent Sunday with Joe Mattox and family. Afternoon guests were Jessie T. Turner and family and Mrs. Fan Hounshell.

Clark and Leroy Earlywine spent Saturday night with Roy Stapp and family.

Little Edward Mattox spent Thursday with his grandparents, Joe Mattox and wife.

Ether Mattox is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Everett Stapp.

Ray Stapp and family, Mr. Frances Howard spent Sunday with Jessie Earlywine and family.

David Earlywine spent Friday and until Sunday with his grandparents, Joe Mattox and wife.

Mrs. Tone Shaw and Floyd Ann spent Saturday night with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Boone.

Little Billy Mattox spent night last week with his cousin, Charles Mattox.

Mr. and Mrs. Tone Shaw and daughter spent Sunday with Charles Mattox and wife. Afternoon guests were Earl Arlie and two children.

Mr. and Mrs. Beau Shaw and Thomas Mr. and Mrs. Tony Shaw and daughter spent Sunday last week with John Fry and family at Concordia.

## EAST UNION

(Mrs. Essel Barr, Cor.)

Miss Patsy Boyd of Mt. Sterling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Boyd of E. U. and Mr. Hense Terry were married in the Christian church in Mt. Sterling Sunday morning by Rev. Howard Stephenson. Patsy is a graduate of E. U. high and one of the most popular girls in our community. She has a host of friends who are wishing them a very happy future.

Mrs. J. B. Henry was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Henry Thursday.

Mrs. William Newell and Mr. and Mrs. Russell Barr visited Mrs. Dock Downing and daughters Monday at Paris.

Mrs. John Stephenson is spending a few days with Mrs. Elmer Richie and family.

B. and Lawrence Newell spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Newell at Moores field.

Henry Howe Brambletts, of Lexington, spent the week end at home.

Dr. and Mrs. Fern, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Stephenson and daughter were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Stephenson and daughter.

Sylvester Toy visited Mr. and Mrs. Earl Haney Sunday.

Mrs. Morgan Ring was moved from a Lexington hospital to the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Foster. Mrs. Ring is improving from her operation nicely.

Miss Jeanette Stephenson visited Mrs. James Stephenson one day last week.

We are very glad to know Mrs. John House is improving from her illness.

## MOOREFIELD

(Mrs. Mike Heflin, Cor.)

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Graves have been at the bedside of Mr. Graves' mother who has been very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Frazier Platt attended the Boone County Jamboree at Cynthiana Tuesday night.

Mike Heflin and family spent Sunday with Martin Heflin and family of Milersburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Judge were in Lexington one day the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Graves visited Mr. and Mrs. Dave Jefferson Sunday.

Henry Kash of Millersburg, is spending a few days with his sister, Mary Heflin.

The best way to get to the top is by being the best man at the bottom.—V. H. Jones.


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## ISHMAEL

(Kathryn Clay, Cor.)

The monthly meeting of the Goodwill Club will be held on Friday evening, March 21, at the home of Misses Louise and Marjorie Johnson.

Rev. B. M. Winter, Mount-field, and Rev. Harvey Gunnels, Carlisle, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Alexander Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Short and Mrs. Myrtle Ashley, Covington, were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Park Crump and Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Crump.

Garford and Estill Letcher, K. S. D., Danville, have been spending a few days with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Letcher.

Mr. Harvey Ellison spent Saturday night and Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. Nannie Lanville, Cowan.

Mrs. Herbert McClanahan was the week end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Letcher.

## TUNNELL HILL

Mrs. John Gray, Mrs. Ola Hammonds and Mrs. Albert Gray spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Vaughn.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Hammonds were in Carlisle Wednesday.

Mrs. Charley Purcell and daughter spent Saturday in Carlisle.

Ruby Gray is visiting Bonnie Vaughn.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Mitchell, Mrs. Hack Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Boone were in Flemingsburg Tuesday.

Mrs. Lucy Burnett and Cecil Vice of Carlisle, spent Thursday with Mrs. Emma Briggs.

Harrison Hunt, wife and son of Carlisle, visited Jim Johnson Sunday.

Shirley Boone and wife of Carlisle spent the week end with Mrs. Lottie Boone.

Mrs. Annie Hendill entertained for dinner Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Boone, R. W. Boone wife and son, Mr. and Mrs. George Henson, Joyce Henson and C. N. Massey.

Mrs. Marie Hickett and Mrs. Mattie Boone were in Flemingsburg Friday shopping.

Malcolm Berry and W. T. Mitchell were home from Shelbyville over the week end.

Miss Marie Grace spent the week end with Miss Beulah Toomy at Fairview.

Curtis Francis, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Stanfield is improving from pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar George and daughter spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fields Curtis at Milcreek.

Mrs. Lillie Posie and daughters are visiting her parents, Charley Hammonds and wife.

## LICKING

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hunt and family of Hilltop, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hunt.

Misses Gertrude and Aleta Hunt spent from Sunday until Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. William Hunt at Helena.

Miss Florene Standiford spent Thursday night and Friday with Misses Beulah and Gertrude Hunt.

Miss Beulah Hunt spent Friday night with Miss Florene Standiford.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe McIntosh have moved to their property at Ewing and Mr. and Mrs. John Howard have moved to the property vacated by Mr. McIntosh. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barbee have moved to the property of Robert Friskneck. Mr. and Mrs. John Shingleton have moved to the property of Joe Bishop, and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Crawford have moved to the property vacated by Mr. Shingleton. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Earlywine has moved to the property of Henry Herrndon.

## ELL CREEK

Mr. and Mrs. William Darnall and two children spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Duncan.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Stone of Maysville spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kennel Proctor.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Barbee and daughter spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Linville at Blue Licks.

Charles Darnall, Jr., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Julian Darnall of Ewing.

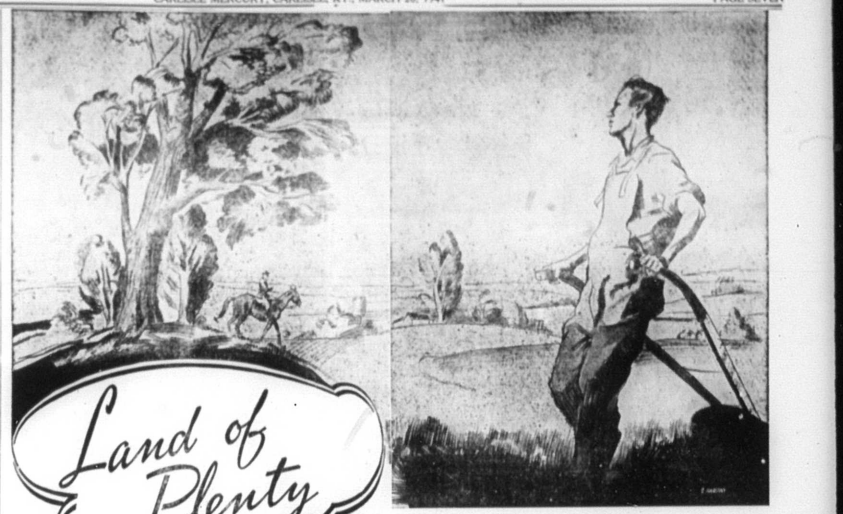
Mr. and Mrs. Omey Humphries spent one day last week with Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Linville.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Argo and son spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Darnall.

Mrs. William Darnall and daughter Betty Lou, Mrs. W. F. Duncan and Charles Walden spent Monday in Flemingsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bradford spent Wednesday in Lexington.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Hill of Lewisburg spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Linville.


WITH AN incredible richness and generosity, you have given birth to the perfumed orange groves of Florida and California, the waving wheat and corn fields of the Middlewestern plains, the white cotton fields of the South and the rolling expanse of the Eastern farmlands where tranquillity and peace nourish the American principle of individual initiative against collective regimentation.

In your bosom, you have stored for our welfare all the minerals which American genius gratefully receives and transforms into peaceful instruments by which we live the most abundant life known in the history of mankind.

You have given seed to and nurtured our priceless heritage of freedom of religious worship, free speech, free assembly and a free, enlightened press. With your beneficence, we have learned tolerance from the intolerant.

Such soil, such land, we are thankful to be born on, eternally grateful to live on, and unyieldingly defiant to die on, if need be, to save our beloved land from the brutal rape which threatens to plunge the whole world towards a barbarism and slavery that staggers the imagination of civilized man. We are proud to be part of the first line of defense of American liberties . . . to always stand militantly at the side of every true American against the inroads of doctrines seeking to destroy America's priceless heritage.

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