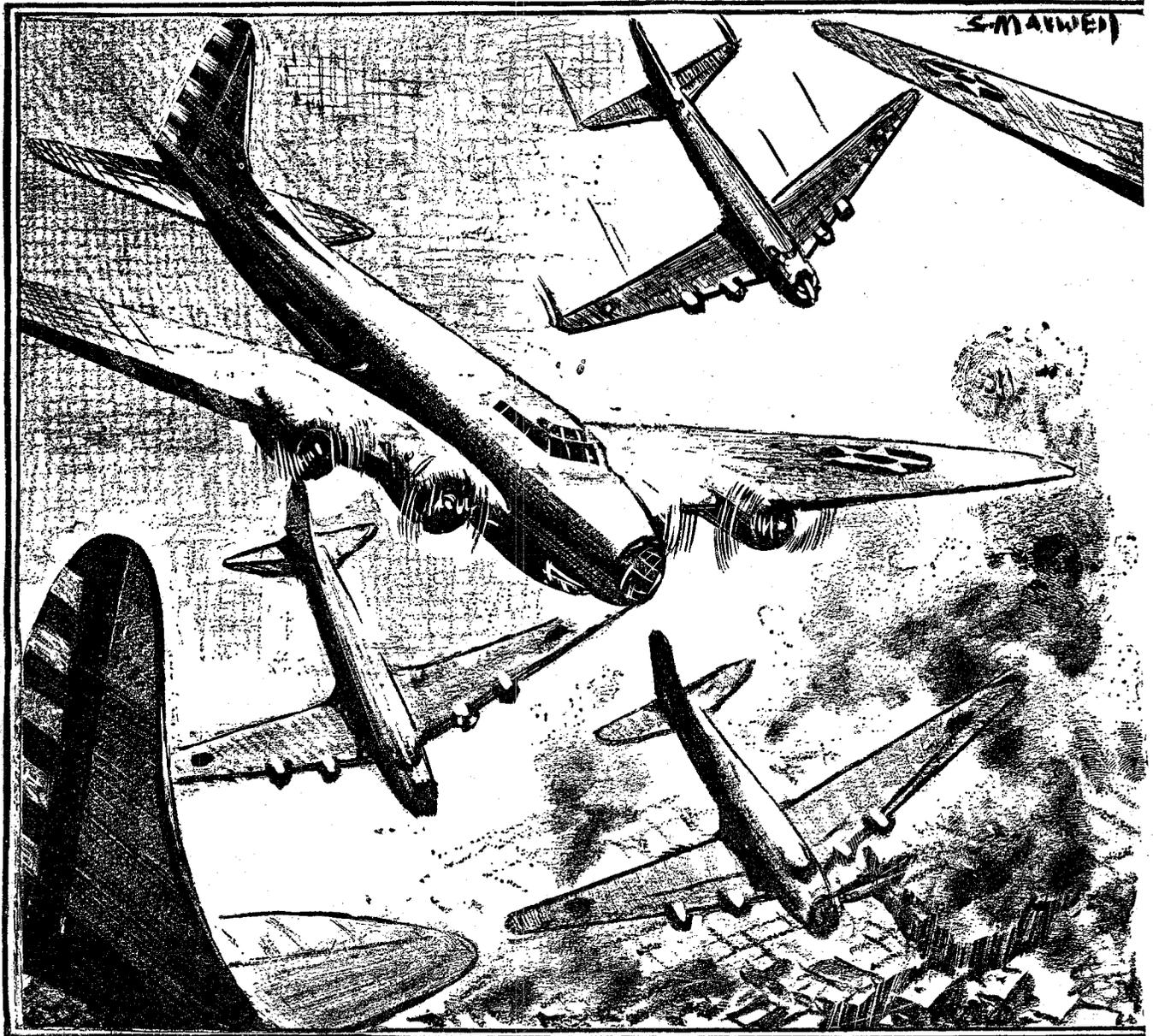


We Bomb



By Jay Hamilton

THE small brown men in blue uniforms top-heavy with braid stood stiffly about the office waiting for the admiral to speak. Their faces too were stiff, inscrutable; but it was as if they all knew exactly what he would say even before he spoke—as if all Tokyo knew it, in fact.

The admiral lifted the radiogram from his desk and adjusted his thick-lensed glasses. There was no need even for the pretense of the glasses, for he could have repeated it word for word without them.

IMPERIAL AIRFORCE TORPEDO PLANE PATROLING SOUTH OF FORMOSA RELEASED TORPEDO AT UNITED STATES DESTROYER 388 WHICH SANK BY THE STERN IN 10 MINUTES. PLANE MACHINE-GUNNED BOATLOAD SURVIVORS AND RETURNED TO BASE.

The admiral placed the radiogram in a wire basket. "Regrettable accident. . . ."

He shrugged, and the small brown men of Nippon chuckled as at a private joke.

"So sorry," they twittered, and chuckled still louder.

"So very sorry," they mimicked their own stilted, sibilant English. "Just a mistake. Very sorry indeed!"

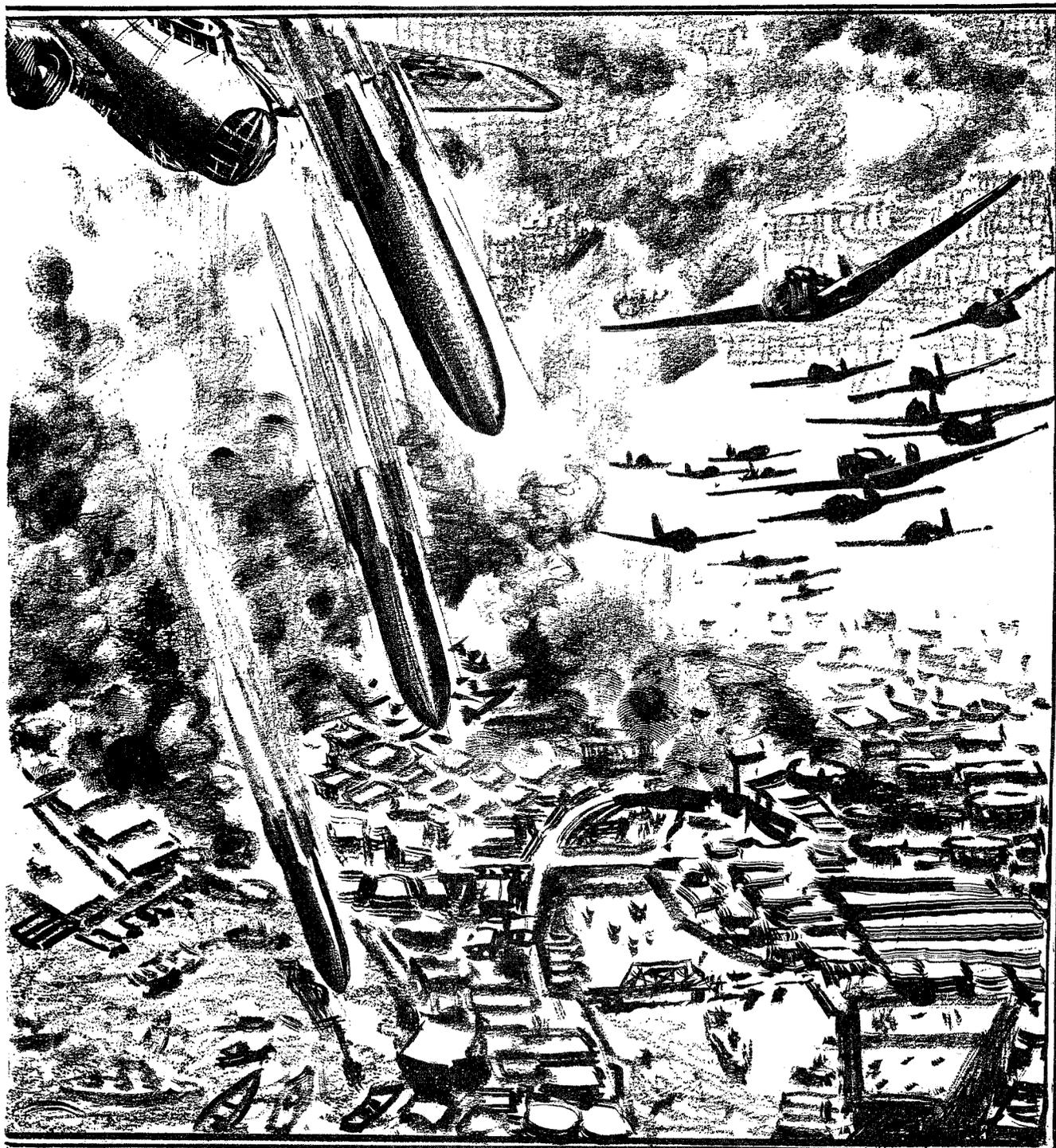
In Washington the President of the United States was reading a radiogram, slightly different in its wording but similar in content, to his hastily assembled Cabinet. Their faces as they listened were shocked, angry, grave—or utterly unbelieving. The President's voice shook.

The admiral dismissed his conference. This would be just another *Panay* incident—another *Tutuila*—he felt

TOKYO!

Who's afraid of the Little Yellow Wolf? Not your Uncle Sammy! Let the war lords of Japan beware: America is through with appeasement. The *Panay* bombed? So sorry! The Embassy damaged? So very sorry! The *Tutuila*? It won't happen again! . . . Well, it had better not; and here are the reasons why

The B-19's roared their answer, and a holocaust spread through flimsy paper houses



quite sure. A perfunctory, tongue-in-cheek apology on Japan's part which would be promptly rejected by the American State Department. An exchange of notes. Further expressions of regret by Japan, tendered this time with a check to cover property loss, death and injuries.

The two-hour bombing of the U. S. Gunboat *Panay* and three Standard Oil tankers by Japanese planes in 1937 had resulted in the sinking or beaching of all four ships, the death of three Americans and the injury of forty others, and had cost Japan \$2,214,007.36 in indemnities. The pilots responsible were "punished," although the exact nature of their "punishment" never was revealed.

Navy Crosses for heroism were awarded by the United States Government to twenty-three of the *Panay's* crew (one posthumously), and the incident was considered closed.

The bombing of the U. S. gunboat *Tutuila*, in late July of 1941, was a less serious affair. The damage had been comparatively small; no lives were lost. Official apologies were made, reparations guaranteed, and safeguards against future incidents "assured"—all this, even before America's State Department had had time to lodge a formal protest.

Everybody relieved; everybody happy. So-o-o—

The admiral settled back in his swivel chair, his expression smug. He knew how these officers had smarted at being balked of their declared intention to sweep southward in a gigantic grab for the Dutch East Indies, British Malaya, Thailand—and Singapore itself: balked by the surprisingly firm attitude of the United States.

He knew how they must be relishing this. For once more Japan had saved face at the expense of the stupid, money-mad Westerners who stubbornly barred her way.

"Regrettable accident," he muttered, and almost grinned. "Very sorry. . . ." (*Once more, Admiral? But listen—*)

NOW! . . . The carefully coded orders from Washington came crackling over the short wave: a terse message to the operations office of the Army Air Field outside Manila; another to the battlewagon flying the flag of the Commander of the Fleet.

Somewhere in the Pacific: somewhere close to the western perimeter of a 2,500-mile battle radius, centering at the great naval base at Pearl Harbor in Hawaii, America's Gibraltar of the Pacific.

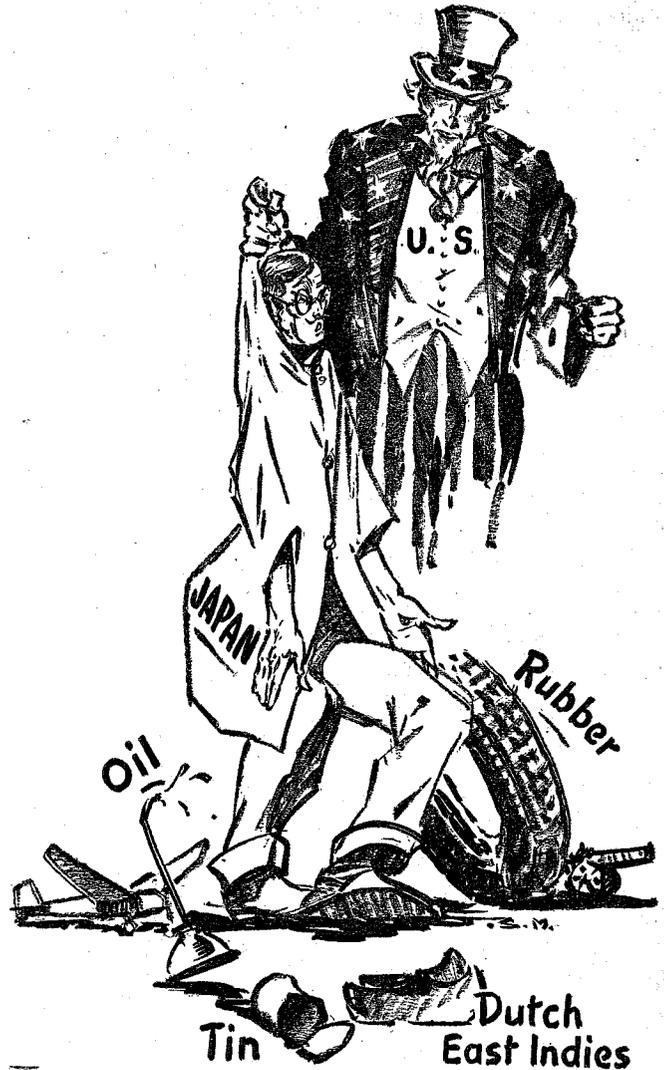
The fleet cleared for action; ships of the line swung into their assigned battle stations while gaunt destroyers fanned out on their flanks and a swarm of patrol planes hopped off from the decks of the carriers.

Over Manila the short tropical dusk had thickened into night as the first squadron of flying fortresses roared down the runway and lifted heavily into the air. They rose slowly: fueled to capacity, their bomb racks full. In a few minutes they disappeared in the cloudbank to the northward of the Philippine capital.

Another squadron followed, and another, in what seemed an endless stream. Long-range bombers only; grim, terrible machines of destruction.

The first of a flight of B-19s rolled into position. The pilot gunned his four 2,000-horsepower motors and the huge ship, the largest and most powerful bomber in the world, gathered speed. As its wheels left the runway the others followed.

From his seat in the control cabin, the commander-in-chief of the tremendous air armada glanced up from the



altimeter and peered anxiously through the windshield into the impenetrable blanket of mist sweeping past in spectral wisps and spirals.

The altimeter climbed slowly from 6,000 feet to 7,000 and then to 8,000.

At 12,000 feet the windshield cleared as an ocean of cotton wool clouds fell away below and lay bathed in the eerie radiance from a thin sliver of moon. This was as the meteorological officer at the field had promised, and would afford a protective screen almost to their objective.

The commander-in-chief spoke briefly into the mouthpiece of his headset and the armada closed into formation.

IT WAS beginning to gray in the east as the cotton-wool ocean came to an abrupt end, and the Pacific appeared dark and forbidding thousands of feet below. To the west and north, directly ahead, Japan lay spread in a dark smudge that grew more distinct as the red arc of the sun thrust up over the horizon and it was day.

"On the nose!" the commander-in-chief muttered, consulting the flight map strapped to his knee. Everything was working out exactly according to plan. There was not a hostile plane in sight. The element of surprise would be complete.

The coastline loomed nearer. Now they were exactly over it.

Ahead lay Tokyo, a patchwork of gray and green interlaced by the silver thread of the Sumida River and a

spidery network of canals. Not far away Yokohama sprawled beside a white line of breakers.

The commander-in-chief felt his belly muscles grow taut; but his voice was calm as he gave his orders.

The armada broke up into squadrons and smaller units, each with an assigned objective.

The commander-in-chief spoke into the interplane telephone and the great ship nosed over slightly.

To the left and a thousand feet or so below a white ball of smoke mushroomed out suddenly. Tokyo's anti-aircraft defenses, caught flat-footed, were coming to life. More white puffs appeared, to the right and above.

The ship lightened with an upward jolt as the first stick of its eighteen-ton bomb load dropped away earthward.

A crater of flame erupted on the gray-and-green patchwork below—was quickly covered by a black blob of smoke. The commander-in-chief could not see it, but the gunner crouched in the rear turret could.

"Direct hit, sir. Gas or oil tanks I think," his voice came through the earphones.

Other craters erupted, incendiaries winked redly as they started fires which spread rapidly through the flimsy houses of paper and bamboo.

A swarm of interceptor planes, the red sun of the Empire

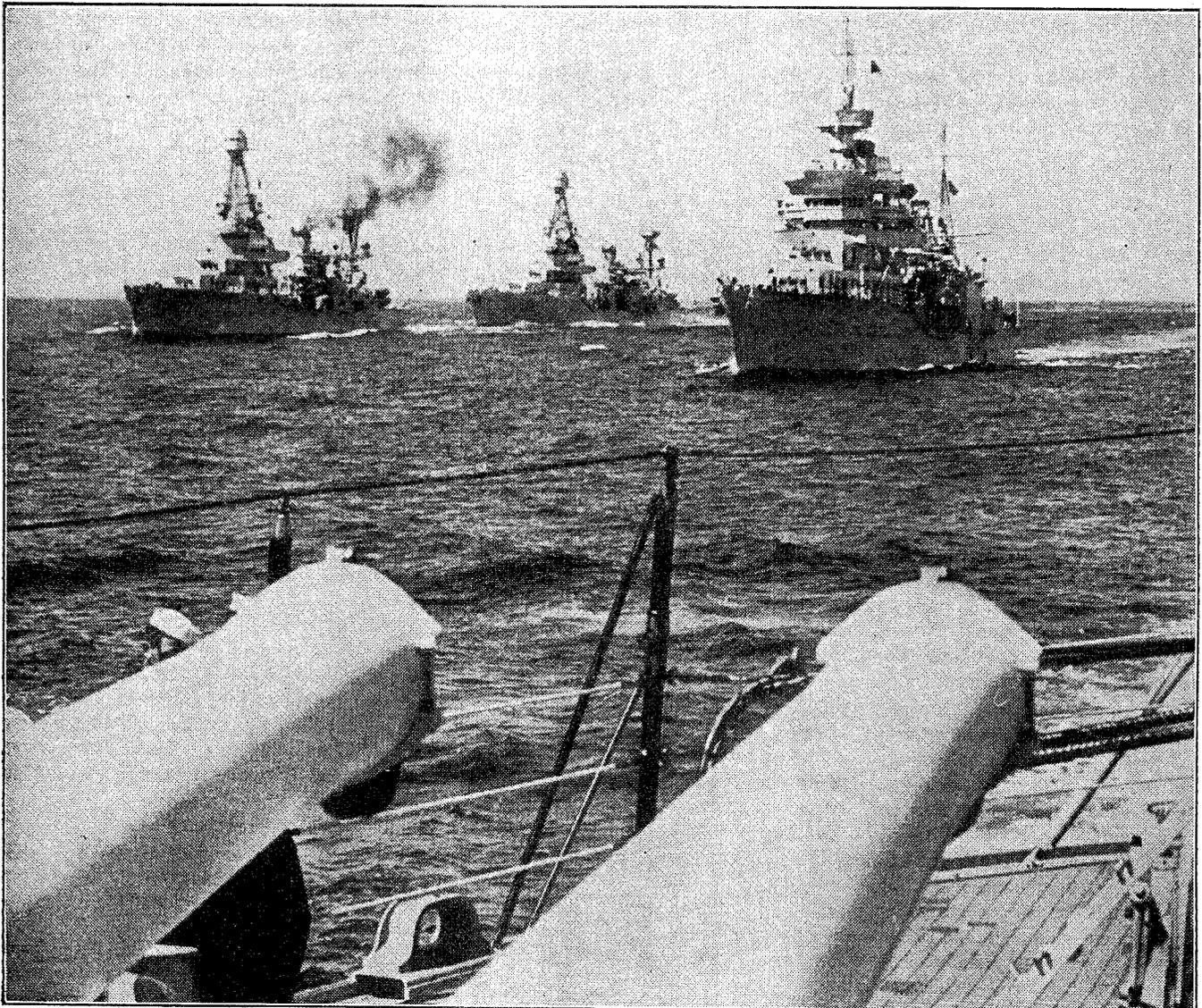
on wings and fuselages, rose to the attack. But they were too few—and too late. The damage had been done. And they were no match for the heavier cannon carried by the American bombers. Hit by explosive shells, they seemed to stop suddenly and fall to pieces in the air.

Some penetrated the barrage and came to grips with their larger opponents, machine guns yammering. A flying fortress faltered, fell off on one wing and went into a spin. Another crumpled under an A.A. burst and plummeted toward the earth trailing smoke.

An interceptor, its pilot imbued with the fanatical frenzy of the Japanese fighting man, zoomed into position high above a B-19, nosed over in a screaming power dive and crashed the great bomber head on. The two ships went down locked in a flaming embrace.

. . . In a comparatively few minutes the raid was over. The American bombers had dropped hundreds of tons of explosives and dealt Nippon a crushing blow.

Their work done, they scudded away southward for the protection of the cloudbank, leaving Tokyo in the grip of a panic such as it had not known since the earthquake of 1923. A holocaust raged through its paper houses. The main power plant had been put out of commission. Water mains everywhere were broken and useless.



International News Photo

One picture the Jap spies don't have to take: a preview of our naval muscles

The railway station in the Kojimachi district was a mass of smoking wreckage, the treasury building nearby in ruins. Military barracks had been leveled and the Bridge of Japan yawned in the middle from a direct hit.

Yokohama, eighteen miles down the Sumida, was a shambles, its docks battered and its warehouses in flames. Air fields and naval yards had been bombed mercilessly, Japan's principal submarine base destroyed, aircraft factories and munitions works crippled.

Uncle Sam, provoked at last into action, had taken a page from the dictator's own book. There would be no tongue-in-cheek muttering about "mistakes" or "regrettable accidents," no blandly ironic "so sorry" from the State Department in Washington. Uncle Sam had done his talking with his fists.

And it was up to the Empire of the Rising Sun to put up—or shut up!



IMPOSSIBLE? Don't believe it! But improbable—maybe: for the small brown men of Nippon find themselves hoist on a petard of their own making.

For years Japan has been a private battleground with three cliques—the army, the navy and big business, each with its respective satellites—all struggling for the favor of the emperor and the power that goes with it. Although the fight has been carried on entirely under the surface it has been bitter, relentless, and with no holds barred.

With the army finally installed as top dog, Japan embarked on her "punitive" adventure into China in 1937.

That little undeclared war, Chinese sources claim, has already cost the land of the chrysanthemum some two million of its best young men in killed and wounded, 25,000 prisoners, 2,000 planes, 13,000 tanks and armored cars, and thousands of rifles, machine guns and pieces of artillery.

Unquestionably it has cost her billions of yen, the respect of the decent-thinking nations of the world, and bled her white economically.

When Japan started her bold-faced grab for territory and markets, something she figured could be successfully accomplished in a matter of weeks, the United States protested vigorously. There was talk of sanctions and embargoes. But the supremely confident Nipponese army went arrogantly ahead.

Now the aspect of the Pacific picture has altered.

When Japan began to view with alarm the aid pouring into China from the United States and hinted broadly that it stop, Uncle Sam replied by sending more money, more guns and more planes.

To hamstring the flow of aid to China, Nippon put pressure on the British to close the Burma Road. England, with plenty of trouble of her own, acquiesced. But it didn't stay closed long; and experts in foreign affairs credit its reopening to the fine hand of Uncle Sam injecting a little stiffening into the British lion's back.

Japan has long had her eyes on even fatter fields of conquest than China, which probably accounts for her alliance with Hitler. Expecting Britain to lose control of the Mediterranean and collapse of her own weight, the small brown men visioned a march over a supine and impotent Uncle Sam southward through the Phillipines, the Dutch East Indies, British Malaya, French Indo-China, Singapore and even to Australia. They started on Indo-China. . . .

But the British neither collapsed nor lost the Mediterranean and Uncle Sam remained annoyingly firm. And when the Nipponese suggested the possibility of a move into the apparently helpless Dutch East Indies they were told by the Free Dutch to *keep off!* The warning came in no uncertain terms, for it had England and the United States firmly behind it.

But Could America Take It?

Tokyo in ruins: a grim picture, but not impossible. We know only too well the tragic stories of Madrid, Warsaw, Amsterdam, London . . .

What about New York?

The Atlantic has shrunk; enemy bombers can make it easily enough. When would they come? What damage could they do? How are we preparing against them—now?

ARGOSY has gone out after the answers, and has gotten them. No American who values his life and safety should miss Robinson MacLean's authoritative account:

Nazi Terror Over New York

coming in the ARGOSY for October 4—on sale Sept. 24

Recently Nippon has been agitating for the United States to remove the fleet and its supporting bombers from the Pacific "in the interest of Japanese-American rapprochement." But the fleet stayed: and more and longer-range bombers landed in Hawaii and at Manila.

Nor were the Japanese pleased with the recent remarks of Paul V. McNutt, Federal Security Administrator and former High Commissioner of the Philippines. Speaking at the exercises commemorating the fourth anniversary of the Sino-Japanese war he denounced Japan as a "partner of Axis thuggery" and declared that "the time has come to act" in the Pacific. It sounded too much like a challenge to the Nipponese war clique, already enraged at their inability to overawe the United States.

FOR Americans ought to remember: Japan is essentially an industrial and maritime nation whose economic existence depends upon imports of raw materials to be manufactured into goods for export and sale.

Right now she is so hard up for raw materials that her dwindling stocks of rubber, metals, chemicals, oil, wool and cotton are rigorously rationed.

Her people have long ago given up little things like toothpaste, golf balls, chewing gum, teacup decorations, toy balloons and bathing suits. They have even given up the small piles of salt that stood beside their doorways to ward off evil spirits and bring good luck. Her scientists are trying to find a process that will make leather out of rat skins.

As far back as 1938 the government asked match manufacturers to reduce the length of each match stick .029 of an inch to conserve wood.

Her farmers—who pay sixty percent of their earnings to the government—have been compelled to sell their sixteen-to twenty-three-year-old daughters into service in the Yoshiwara, Japan's red-light district, for yen enough to keep body and soul together. The girls bring anywhere from three dollars to 300 dollars; and the farmers are beginning to grumble.

Japan is desperate for foreign exchange—and plenty of other things. Most of her scrap iron came from the United States; she isn't getting it now. Desperate need for rice—the bare fundamentals of life itself—was one of the prods to her reckless thrust into Indo-China.

Economically the Yellow Menace, that terrible bogey man of the Pacific, is nothing but a hollow shell. *And no nation so unsound economically could hope to take on a first-class power in a major war and win.*

Most of us visualize a war in the Pacific merely in terms

of a naval action in which the fleets of Japan and the United States would fight it out in a great sea engagement on whose outcome the result of the war would hinge.

Some naval experts assert that the Japanese fleet with its four new 23-ton battleships—each mounting twelve 16-inch guns—and with the *Kongo*, which is the world's most powerful battle cruiser, out-tons and out-guns us. Others fear that our fleet has been so weakened by withdrawals to the Atlantic to protect the advance into Greenland and Iceland and keep the sea lanes open that we are now no match for the Nipponese in the Pacific.

But every such weakening has been more than counter-balanced by the addition of air power, long-range bombers and flying patrol boats; and the preponderance of opinion is that our naval forces have no equal in the Pacific.



W AIT, though! There's more to it than that. America—and Japan!—had better keep in mind that other things than guns, ships, and planes can whip a nation at war. There's a human balance that the brown war lords might well remember.

For example—United States Navy gunners are the most accurate in the world; and the men of the fleet are convinced that they can lick twice their weight in assorted wildcats.

And they'd be willing to prove it.

That is not to imply that the Japs are not good fighters. There are no better anywhere. Their devotion to their Emperor, whom they venerate as the Son of Heaven, amounts to a religious fanaticism.

Their discipline is remarkable. Soldiers embarking for China were ordered to fight until their ammunition gave out, then club their rifles. When those broke they were to fight on with their knives; their knives useless to fight with their fingernails. Some unquestionably turned themselves into human bombs to blow a way through the enemy barbed wire for the advancing infantry.

It is an open secret that the Japanese have been experimenting with a one-man submarine that is little more than a glorified torpedo, and from which there is no way for the navigator to escape.

Mussolini's "Desparata Squadron", pledged to crash their dive-bombers into the British battlewagons and wipe them off the Mediterranean, never quite jelled; but its Japanese equivalent probably would.

It's tough to tangle with fighting men like that.

But warfare today, as Herr Hitler has demonstrated, depends on smoothly operating machines even more than on charging men. And—listen, America!—Japanese scientists and engineers are found wanting in the balance. *They are not so hot.*

All right: the Japanese are excellent imitators and copyists; but they are a literal people with an absolute minimum of imagination.

Their spy system pokes its inquisitive fingers everywhere; but the catch is—as recent events on the West Coast demonstrated—that it is satisfied to spend thousands of dollars and risk the necks of its master spies—for a stack of old magazines.

This spy system, in the early days of aviation, gathered secret blueprints of warplanes under construction in Europe and America. After considerable study Japanese engineers decided that the French ship had the best tail assembly, the British the best fuselage, the German the best wings and the American the most efficient engine. Painstakingly, methodically, humorlessly they set about constructing a ship of their own that would embody all these "best" features—and were utterly amazed when it wouldn't fly.

This would be unbelievable—if it weren't true.

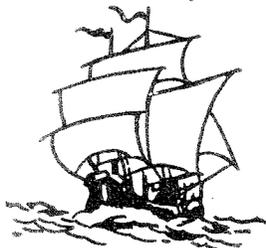
One of their early battleships turned over shortly after it was launched for much the same reason.

And only a short time ago Japanese commercial agents purchased two of a newly perfected type of flight instrument. Rushed to Japan, one was taken apart for study. Engineers recognized at once that its operation depended upon the difference in expansion of a bow made of three different kinds of metal laminated together. One of these metals was shiny like chromium, the second blue, the third copper-colored.

The Japs made an ingenious replica of the instrument: careful, complete, thorough, meticulously copying that all-important bow. One of its laminated metal strips was shiny like chromium; the second was blue; the third copper-colored. But it wouldn't work.

No: stout-hearted men alone can't win wars. Nor the biggest battleships with the longest guns. Wars today are won by the efficient organizations of men and machines that *work* just a little better than the other fellow's.

We have the men and the machines, and the money to keep them running; and if the little brown men of Nippon speak out of turn Uncle Sam can take them with considerably less difficulty than it cost Grant to take Richmond.



Backache, Leg Pains May Be Danger Sign Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg

pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills. (Adv.)