

TOJO Next!



YOU figured it was in the bag, Mister Tojo!

Yes sir, by this time—so you told the Son of Heaven—your buck-toothed boys would be marching up Pennsylvania Avenue, your fried-egg flag would be flying from the Capitol. And you figured, the luxury-loving, so soft Yankees would be bowing low before your bebagged troops.

So sorry to disappoint, Mister Tojo! So sorry that honorable time-table has upset!

Yes, you figured that while your rag-chewing pal in Berlin kept us busy in the Atlantic, all you would have to do would be to follow up the Pearl Harbor stab with island hops that would bring you clear to our West Coast—and from there it would be just a sleeper jump to Washington.

Well, Tojo, you know what's happened to Adolf. And now it's your turn. What you've gotten so far—the Coral Sea, Midway, the Solomons, the Aleutians and Tarawa—is just a pink tea to what's coming.

Because **NOW**, Mister Tojo, you're going to get the works . . . and fast! You're going to learn what it feels like to get in front of the biggest battle fleet in the world. You're going to learn—as Berlin learned—how it feels to watch your dreams of empire go up in flames and smoke of four-ton block-busters. You're going to learn what it means to take a swipe at Uncle Sam when his back is turned.

Mister Tojo, you're going to wish you had never heard of Pearl Harbor!

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