



ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

In the wake of the air attack comes the invasion fleet. The transports haul barrage balloons

Retreat to Victory

By John R. Morris

UNITED PRESS CORRESPONDENT

Since 1922 this famous reporter has watched Japan build her war machine. He saw it grind into action, saw the Allies fight the delaying battles that will help win this war. From Java, he radioes to Collier's this account of the fighting and the strategy back of it



SHE was Dutch and she wore the uniform of a volunteer nurse. She stood in the little town of Serang and watched three Japanese bombers that came with an ugly buzz across the Java sea. Behind her, in the warm valley, dark-skinned women bathed in a stream beside the road, and green volcanic peaks pushed a jagged line against the sky.

But she faced toward the sea as she explained in slow, dignified English that the Dutch would fight and destroy and that she would stay at her post.

"Nobody," she said simply, "can be humiliated by the enemy."

That was the way the Dutch met Japan's offensive into the fabulous treasure-land of the East Indies. They fought quietly, skillfully and utterly without fear. Dry-eyed, they touched the torch to great storehouses, oil tanks and docks that generations of sober colonists had built into property worth billions of dollars. They looked to the future even as their past went up in flames at Tarakan, at Palembang and at Macassar, because they were not fighting alone.

In a bowl-like jungle valley high up in Java's mountains a tall Texan, sweating and rubbing red-rimmed eyes, leaped from a Flying Fortress at a camouflaged airdrome: "Hell! We can do it. Just give us the planes—and some sleep!"

Down on the sun-soaked coast, a red-faced little petty officer, Jock Leehan of Glasgow, made fast one of His Majesty's smallest patrol boats and grinned up at his Dutch hosts: "Anybody got a sandwich? It's a long way from Singapore. Who says we're licked?"

American reporters saw men and women like these, day after day, even in that desperate hour when the enemy thrust gigantic claws across the green islands of the Philippines and down the slim arm of Malaya to the greatest prize of all—the oil and tin and minerals of the Dutch East Indies. These were the resources Japan's war lords gambled to win before the United Nations could mobilize their fighting power. And it was around the island of Java that the Dutch and their allies massed to inflict the greatest possible losses on the enemy, with knowledge that their courage would one day be amply repaid.

Because, although it might give our enemies a laugh at this stage to hear it said, we are literally retreating to victory.

Our retreat, depressing and discouraging as it might seem superficially, is as essential a part of our ultimate victory as the counterattack which eventually will drive the Japanese back to their own islands.

For most of the last five of my fifteen years in the Far East I have been retreating with the Chinese, and latterly with the British, the Dutch and the Americans, from a foe who is already celebrating exultantly his victory over us and our allies. Because the United States was a "neutral against Japan" until last December, I was able to intersperse my retreat with frequent visits to the enemy camps, including Tokyo, occupied Nanking, the puppet state of Manchukuo and other areas. There, all the resources of a vigorous, energetic and intelligent Japanese nation were concentrated for the sole purpose of

gaining complete control of a region of the world vitally important to our welfare and the welfare of our allies.

This almost uninterrupted retreat has been a depressing and often humiliating experience. My colleagues and friends (among them Jim Marshall of Collier's) were on the U.S.S. Panay when the Japanese deliberately sank her by aerial bombardment. I was in Tientsin during the days when Japan provoked a hard-pressed Britain to the limit by stripping and searching British men and women. I was in Shanghai when American women were slapped by Japanese soldiers who destroyed as much American property as they dared throughout China because the United States was a "neutral enemy" with whom they proposed to clash at some later date to be chosen by Japan's war council and that of her Teutonic ally.

The War That Wouldn't Wait

For Japan and Germany were allied in fact long before the Axis pact was signed, just as the United States stood by China to the utmost of her limited ability long before we became active belligerents.

The principal reason these years were so depressing is that we were compelled to take up arms long before we were prepared to fight foes who had made war their principal business for years. It is surely apparent now that Japan is as expert at war as we are at running industries and making movies. The Japanese have demonstrated that they are better prepared than we are in those branches and forms of warfare in which they have

Fighter planes in large numbers strafe the defensive airdromes with explosive shells, and stay around to protect the bombers

specialized. The only surprising thing is that this was not realized before December and the only important surprise in store for the Axis forces is that the superiority they have displayed in a general way to date will not be enough to achieve their grandiose purpose.

With this in mind, let's take a look at how the Japanese carried out their pincers drive on Java. They began years ago, when the advance guard of invasion moved southward from the Japanese islands to the Philippines, Malaya and the East Indies. They were fishermen, businessmen, traders, tourists and diplomatic officials. They came by the thousands long before the Nazi "fifth columnists" filtered through a doomed Europe.

Japanese on the oil-rich east coast of Borneo owned land in almost every sector of military importance. Japanese traders told the Dyak tribesmen in the Borneo jungles five years ago that they would one day rule the island, whose oil fields they had carefully mapped. Japanese fishermen, who were naval reservists, lost money running their boats off the jutting coast of Minahassa on northern Celebes, but they were there when the imperial navy needed them to aid invader forces. Japanese-paid women haunted the hangouts of sailors around the big Surabaya naval base,

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The General's Private Car

By Walter Duranty
and Mary Loos

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER



Her mind was tired, and she wanted something to eat. Manesco jumped to his feet. "Herr General!" he said

She bought her brother a ticket to Istanbul. The price she agreed to pay for it was more than the life of any man is worth

ESTELLE O'FLAHERTY sat on a terrace of the Hotel St. Gelert in Budapest and watched the waves of the swimming pool sweep to and fro. The pool was the pride and joy of Hungary's capital, real waves that rolled up and down across the blue-tiled pool.

Manesco tapped her arm. "Now listen, dear, I'm telling you, I'm telling you this is important! You don't seem to understand, but there never have been

notices like this in any Hungarian paper, and here we've got it in all of them. Without paying a cent! I mean, they don't do that sort of thing. Just look at this one!" He spread out a copy of "Az Est" with a full-page photograph of Estelle and her brother Harold in their dance, "The Dying Swan." He said, "Listen, here's what it says: 'American Dancers Rock Budapest.' And there's a smaller headline: 'O'Flaherty dancing strikes new note.'"

"Wait a minute!" he said. "I'll translate what the fellow writes. He says: 'The whole world has always recognized that Arizona is the finest night club in Europe.' Its revolving stage, its innumerable attractions, have made Arizona famous. But tonight we saw something new—new even for Arizona. This young American couple danced the final scene from Scheherazade with incredible vir-

tuosity, the fatal dance made immortal by Nijinsky and Karsavina. Is that what Americans call Swing Classic? These dancers have combined Ballet with Jazz. After that they danced a rumba with mysterious Cuban music, and again our hearts were thrilled. The third dance was Pavlova's Swan, the Dance of the Dying Swan from the famous Moscow ballet, which Pavlova danced with Mordkin in the days when we were young.'"

Manesco smacked his fat leg. "Do you know what that means?" he said. "Stuff like that, without paying a cent—it means . . . oh, Lord, what it means! It means you can make Berlin, and drag down some real money. The war has ruined the Balkans. Your engagement at Arizona was terribly hard to get, to make them pay us enough. Why, three years ago in Bucharest they'd have paid

us twice as much, but now it's all such a mess. Look at Paris, I ask you, or London. Although it's nearly a year since the Germans conquered Paris, there are only three theaters open in the whole city. But Berlin is another story; that's where we shall go—to Berlin!"

Estelle looked at him coldly. She was tired and rather hungry, and resentful that he had dragged her away from breakfast with, it seemed, no other purpose than to tell her something which she knew already, that her dance had been a success.

She looked at him again, the fat little pig-eyed Rumanian who was so crude and greedy, and yet who held in his hands the fate of herself and her brother.

If only Harold had sense . . . what an idiot the boy had been! A dancing fool, that was Harold, with all his brains in

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