

The Menace of Red China

By **LOUIS FRANCIS
BUDENZ**

The Communist avalanche that's rolling across China will gain momentum, smash across the Pacific islands and cover the United States—all according to the Soviet plan. The American public's apathy to this looming disaster is also a part of the plan—exposed here by one who took part in the plotting

THE Communist conquest of China, now dangerously near completion, long has been planned as a major milestone in Moscow's road toward creation of a Soviet America. Japan and Korea are next on the schedule, then Indonesia and the Philippines. Once in control of the western Pacific's vast man power and vital rubber, tin and oil resources, Russia hopes to be ready for the final showdown with the United States.

That is the blueprint, at least, of Soviet world conquest. It has been known to U.S. Communists since 1927, the year Earl Browder was sent to China to plant seeds of anti-Americanism there. His mission became a model, cited repeatedly at Communist meetings I attended, for the manner in which a true Bolshevik acts against the "bourgeoisie" in his own country.

Since 1927, every American Communist has been inculcated with the Soviet tenet that China is the master key to a Red White House.

In my ten years as a Communist editor and party worker, no other indoctrination program was more important. Numerous U.S. Red leaders stated their belief that China's 463,000,000 people would be the decisive factor in Sovietizing the United States. At a 1940 "educational meeting" of Daily Worker staff members, William Z. Foster, now the party's national chairman, stressed China's role in America's future.

"China's millions," he said, "will be a great aid to the Soviet Union in helping the American proletariat establish a Soviet America." Continuing, he pointed out that China was also "the key to Korea, Japan and the Philippines."

Japan's scheduled role in the Soviet pattern of conquest was more recently outlined in the September 8, 1948, issue of New Times, weekly supplement of the Moscow newspaper. Trud. An editorial in it predicted that "the insensate policy of power-drunk American monopolies" in Japan would "cost blood, the blood of the people." But, it concluded, "the national liberation movement in the Asiatic countries will drive the American imperialists out of all Asia, including Japan."

Significantly, on the very day of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's retirement, a Chinese Communist broadcast promised that "a new China . . . will assist in Japan's democratization and prevent the re-emergence of reactionary forces." The same day, in Moscow, Pravda editor Pospelov denounced America's "mad imperialism," cited the great Communist victories in China despite U.S. aid to Chiang Kai-shek and predicted "the 20th century will be the century of the complete triumph of Leninism."

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Collier's for March 19, 1949

TRIANGLE PHOTOS



A grim-faced scout from Mao Tse-tung's Communist forces watches Kuomintang troops in Manchuria



In 1947, a Red-inspired meeting of Harbin workers (above) demanded American armies leave China. The partisans posing below with a land mine belie the peaceful aims attributed to them by the Soviets



VENI, VIDI, VIDEO

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

Pete was lonely, and when the blonde wouldn't speak to him he bought a television set. Then everybody came to see him, even the blonde—and her boy friend

PETE THATCHER hadn't always hated people. Once he had approved of mankind. Transferred East by the engineering firm which employed him, Pete considered the garden-type apartment he had managed to acquire delightful. He liked the flagstone walks, the patches of grass, the elm trees and the blonde who walked her dog around the court at five thirty each evening.

She was there every day when he came home from work. Thatcher took to loitering in the vicinity; he became bold enough to speak to the dog and the dog barked at him. The blonde didn't bark, she merely moved onward glacially and Thatcher ducked into his apartment and met Mrs. Feible on the stairs.

Whenever Pete entered or left his apartment hallway he was likely to find Mrs. Feible. She was a wrinkled beldame whom Thatcher expected to see ascending the staircase on a broom. He had even got so desperate to talk to someone that one evening he ventured to say hello to Mrs. Feible. She looked blankly at him and skittered on up out of sight. Thereafter Pete did not repeat his mistake.

He spent his evenings wandering through his quarters, occasionally peering out the window at activity in other apartments. He saw bridge games and cocktail parties and families laughing and talking together.

He was lonely and because of that he dropped into a store one day and spent a month's hard-earned pay. He got special permission from the landlord and made the arrangements and came home one night to find two servicemen in his living room.

"All set," said one of them. "You got a little ghosting on number five but nothing can be done about it; there's a mountain between here and the station. I'll show you how to operate it." He stooped before the walnut cabinet. "You flip this switch a notch. You turn on the volume. Then switch your brightness and contrast all the way over. Clockwise. Then you tune her in for sound with this dial. Set your contrast and cut down on the brightness. Counterclockwise. Set your focus, and, brother, you're all set. You got it?" The man's hands flicked from dial to dial. "Okay, that's it, she's your baby. So long."

Pete Thatcher tossed his hat into the corner and stood before the television set. Pete was a tall and brawny young man with an aggressive jaw and tumbled black hair. Okay, he thought. So he didn't know anybody to talk to. So all right. He'd look at people on the television. He'd watch somebody else talk.

He tried to remember what the man had told him and fiddled with the dials. He got a picture and pulled up the big chair and had just got comfortable when the doorbell rang.

Nobody ever rang his doorbell. Pete opened the door and the hallway was filled with children. They stood there in solemn conclave, wide-eyed and

reverent, and for a moment silent. Then the biggest boy, prodded from behind, edged forward.

"Hey, Mister," he said. "We seen the aerial. Hey, Mister, is it true you got a television?"

Pete grinned and swung the door wide open. "Why, sure," he said. "Come on in. We'll see what's on."

They raced past him, found seats on the floor and Pete tinkered with the dials and came upon a Western movie. The kids sat there enthralled and Thatcher didn't have the heart to switch over to the news review he had planned to see. He turned off the lights and started for the kitchen, tripping over a small girl on his way out.

He cooked his dinner, carried it to the table and sat down to eat. The screen was beyond his vision. He ate dinner to the drumfire of horses' hoofs and shouts indicating that the Triple X boys were heading off the rustlers in the canyon. In the middle of dinner his phone rang for the first time since he had moved in.

Thatcher went out into the living room, tripping over the same small girl. He sprawled, caught himself, and grabbed the phone.

"Hello?" said a shrill voice. "Is Elwood there?"

"Elwood?" said Thatcher, and a boy sighed, detached himself from the group and ambled to the phone.

"Aw, Mom," he said. "For Pete's sake, Mom. It's right in the middle of the pitcher. I'll eat later. I ain't hungry. I don't have any homework today. Aw, Mom. Aw, for Pete's sake." He hung up. "I gotta go," he announced in the tones of a condemned man, and sadly departed.

THATCHER went back to his dinner, nearly leaped over the small girl in the archway and had just sat down when the phone rang again.

"One of you kids get that," Pete shouted.

He heard sounds of an argument and a lamp crashing over as the children fought to do the good deed. A boy ultimately won, answered the phone, listened a moment, then hung up.

"George and Randall," he said. "The Simonson twins, Harriet, Cynthia and Bonnie. Get going."

Pete continued eating his solitary dinner. When he had finished he peered into the dark living room where four or five forms were faintly visible.

He went out and did up the dishes, came back, and the living room was deserted. Without turning on a light, Pete fiddled with the dials. He sat there entranced watching various programs for an hour and a half. When he stood up, turning on a table lamp, he saw a pair of small feet sticking out from behind the big chair. Investigating, he found the small girl he had tripped over earlier in the evening. She was sound asleep on the strip of carpet between the chair and the wall.

A purse was clutched in one hand. An identification card inside gave her name as Janice Merritt and her residence as Detroit, Michigan, a city approximately seven hundred miles away. Pete picked

her up, still sleeping and made the rounds of the apartments, finding finally at apartment 42 the name of Merritt.

He rang the bell and the door was flung open and a hysterical woman cried, "My grandchild! My stricken grandchild!"

"Not stricken," said Pete. "She fell asleep in my apartment."

Other faces came into his vision. One belonged to the blonde who walked the dog. The man who strode forward was apparently the little girl's grandfather.

"In your apartment," he said grimly. "So you admit you'd taken her to your apartment, you fiend, you—"

"She was looking at the television and—" Someone breathed heavily on Pete's neck. He turned and found a fat policeman standing there.

"I soiced them woods back of the apartment," said the officer. "I went through them woods like a bloodhound. No clues, no cloth sticking to no branches. I got pricklers all over me uniform."

"This man brought her back," the woman said. "He had her in his apartment."

"Get cold feet, did yah?" said the policeman, leering at Thatcher.

"We were looking—" Thatcher began again when the small girl woke up.

"We saw a cowboy pitcher," she said with a dreamy smile. "It was wunnerful. Four men got killed. Bang, bang, bang, bang."

"A most unsuitable program for a four-year-old," said the grandma sternly.

"Nonsense." The blonde spoke up. "It wasn't this man's fault at all. We owe him a vote of thanks for bringing her back."

Pete approved of her more than ever. She was slim and very straight and not at all glacial when she smiled. He bowed himself out and the girl came forward and offered her hand.

"Thank you so much, Mr.—"

"Thatcher," Pete said.

"I'm Susan Merritt," the blonde said. "Janice is my brother's child. She's visiting us for a few days and naturally Mother was frantic when she disappeared—"

"Naturally," said Pete. He got a whiff of perfume and reeled slightly. He could just see himself settling this girl in the big chair in front of his television set. "If you're not doing anything now," he said, "why not come back with me and see what's going on? If you fall asleep, I'll guarantee to bring you home."

She smiled. "Thank you," she said. "Some other time, perhaps."

The door closed in his reddening face. She

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Pete was a stranger in town—but a stranger with a television set. Ten minutes after the big fight started there were about thirty people in his place

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER