

# *BEWARE of*



# Stalin's Smile

By THOMAS E. DEWEY

To survive, says New York's governor, we must learn that Soviet sweetness and light mask evil intentions. We dare not relax our guard, for "that is Stalin's strongest weapon . . ."

**T**HERE is one greater danger to the survival of our country than open attack by the Soviet Union. That greater danger—the greatest of all—will be when Joseph Stalin smiles. I am afraid he may smile soon, and that we will smile back.

The reason is simple. We are rearming rapidly now and an attack would instantly unite us and the whole free world for defense and counterattack.

But the peoples of the world love peace. All free nations are dedicated to a peaceful way of life. As soon as they think they are in no danger, free people drop their arms and become sitting ducks for an aggressor. That fact is the strongest weapon in the Soviet arsenal.

I want to see that weapon destroyed. Then we can win the peace.

The way to avoid World War III is to understand some simple, obvious truths which are being dangerously ignored in most public discussions today. These truths are:

1. We are not at peace. We are being warred against by Communist Russia with bullets, treason, wile, propaganda and every other weapon.

2. This war will continue so long as Russia remains Communist.

3. War will never again be "declared" in the old-fashioned way with "messages" followed by "ultimatums" and then a Congressional "Declaration of War." The blare of trumpets and the unfurling of banners will never again occur. There has not yet been a declaration of war by either side in Korea. If total war should come it would strike as we sleep—as at Pearl Harbor—in a rain of bombs and terror.

4. We can probably live out our lives without World War III, if we become and remain strong enough, always, if we keep the industrial might of Germany and Japan on our side, if we continue to receive the flow of industrial materials from around the world, and if our friends persist in their will to be free.

5. We can ultimately capitalize on the misery and rebellion of Communist-conquered peoples and start rolling the Iron Curtain back.

6. If we get strong and stay strong we can win our first peace in 137 years.

I have said we are actually being warred against and will be for the rest of our lives. Don't take my word for it. Take the word of the founder of Russian Communism, Lenin. More than 30 years ago he gave his definition of his kind of government. He said:

"It is war, much more cruel, much more prolonged than any war has ever been."

If there is any doubt left, listen to this Lenin quote:

"Until the final issue has been decided, the state of partial war will continue."

Stalin has been even more brutally frank. Once, when asked what he considered the best thing in life, the Red Czar replied:

"To choose one's victim, to prepare one's plans minutely, to slake an implacable vengeance, and then to go to bed—there is nothing sweeter in the world."

We have to take the Soviet leaders at their word. They intend to conquer the whole world and to wage war in one form or another until they get it.

So when Stalin smiles, we must remember that it is just part of the act, as at Yalta, Tehran and Potsdam, where he gained great conquests.

Collier's for May 12, 1951

Knowing all this, what have we Americans done? We have wobbled from great strength to terrible weakness; we have wobbled from opposition to Soviet imperialism to seeming total appeasement and back again. We hold the crucial position in this decisive world struggle, yet nobody knows where we stand or what we will do, even from day to day. From a commanding position as the strongest nation on earth in August, 1945, we cut our immediate military strength down so far that we became one of the weakest major powers, as we found out when South Korea was invaded last June.

It was fruitless to cry out against the demobilization, against allowing China to slip away to the Communists and against the follies of appeasing Russia. Too many people still believed the stupid propaganda that Russia was a nice, peaceful, tame bear—not a rampaging Red bear. I shouted myself hoarse against this folly between 1946 and 1950. But it took the actual Korean invasion and the shock of humiliating reverses before our country woke up.

Between December and March the nation was galvanized to its defense. Our people suddenly realized that we were in dreadful peril. We moved for real rearmament and for the long-overdue program of compulsory military service. The nation also awoke to the need of allies—to the fact that if the rest of the world should go Communist, we in America would be outnumbered 14 to 1.

We discovered, at last, that we cannot live alone. Without the manganese from India, Africa and Brazil, we would have little steel. Without the indispensable necessities we get from all over the world—rubber, industrial diamonds, tin, cobalt and uranium—Fortress America would be another lost Atlantis drowned in the fathomless depths of isolation. We learned—or I thought we had learned—that the free world must become an indestructible society of strongly welded nations.

After many months of dillydallying, the administration finally got going on production and we more than doubled our armed forces.

## When the Tide Turned in Korea

Then what happened? We began to have surprising successes in Korea. The indomitable ground forces of the United States with the vital aid of the Navy and Air Force and the troops of other United Nations beat back not only the North Koreans, but also the colossal Chinese armies, Russian-trained and Russian-equipped: beat them in their chosen season, winter, on their chosen ground, Korea.

Joe Stalin got a bloody nose. Russia's prestige suffered a serious blow.

So what happened? The Soviet tried another tack. They remembered Lenin's words that "the concessions which we grant, which we are forced to grant, are the continuation of war in another form, by other means."

The Soviet has asked for a four-power conference. The Kremlin even hints at a possibility of compromise. Stalin deigns to smile. The question is whether we will relax and smile back.

Stalin's smile is the more dangerous because already we have begun to lower our guard. A temporary success in Korea made everybody relax. In foreign affairs we just can't stand success.

The Congress has spent three months debating



Governor Thomas E. Dewey

whether we can go just a little isolationist again, and technical questions about the assignment of troops when we are "at peace," as if there were any peace.

As I write this in early April the whole atmosphere is one of letdown. A top businessman, called to Washington at great sacrifice to help rearm his country, says to me: "In January we could get almost anything done. Today it is almost impossible to get anything done. Everybody is forgetting."

Another man who is devoting his life to trying to win this peace puts it another way. "Thank God," he says, "we are so strong and rich that we can stand so many terrible blunders."

Our sense of urgency seems to be fading. We have changed as rapidly as the seasons—as if peace and strength and national foreign policy were just coats to be put on or off as the weather changes. Is it possible, is it conceivable that we are falling for Stalin's smile?

What has changed since December, when all America was practically unanimous for the building of great strength for ourselves and the free world? What justifies this frightening letdown? Nothing. Nothing except indecisive success in Korea.

Russian bombers are still only a few hours away from America. General Hoyt Vandenberg, the head of the Air Force, publicly says that the most he could hope to intercept would be 30 per cent. The damage those that got through could do to America is terrible to contemplate.

Our oceans are no longer defensive moats. They are highways to our front door for atom-laden ships and submarines.

History is littered with the wreckage of nations whose people were unwilling to sacrifice even a little for their safety and so lost all. If we are reluctant to serve the cause of freedom at whatever personal cost, we risk (Continued on page 63)



# The EUPHIO QUESTION

By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

How to be terribly happy, in one easy lesson.

Just flick the switch, and something wonderful—  
and rather horrifying—comes stealing over you

**L**ADIES and gentlemen of the Federal Communications Commission, I appreciate this opportunity to testify on the subject before you.

I'm sorry—or maybe "heartsick" is the word—that news has leaked out about it. But now that word is getting around and coming to your official notice, I might as well tell the story straight and pray to God that I can convince you that America doesn't want what we discovered.

I won't deny that all three of us—Lew Harrison, the radio announcer; Dr. Fred Bockman, the physicist; and myself, a sociology professor—all found peace of mind. We did. And I won't say it's wrong for people to seek peace of mind. But if somebody thinks he wants peace of mind the way we found it, he'd be well advised to seek coronary thrombosis instead.

Lew, Fred and I found peace of mind by sitting in easy chairs and turning on a gadget the size of a table-model television set. No herbs, no golden rule, no muscle control, no sticking our noses in other people's troubles to forget our own: no hobbies, Taoism, push-ups or contemplation of a lotus. The gadget is, I think, what a lot of people vaguely foresaw as the crowning achievement of civilization: an electronic something-or-other, cheap, easily mass-produced, that can, at the flick of a switch, provide tranquillity. I see you have one here.

My first brush with synthetic peace of mind was six months ago. It was also then that I got to know Lew Harrison, I'm sorry to say. Lew is chief announcer of our town's only radio station. He makes his living with his loud mouth, and I'd be surprised if it were anyone but he who brought this matter to your attention.

Lew has, along with about thirty other shows, a weekly science program. Every week he gets some professor from Wyandotte College and interviews him about his particular field. Well, six months ago Lew worked up a program around a young dreamer and faculty friend of mine, Dr. Fred Bockman. I gave Fred a lift to the radio station, and he invited me to come

on in and watch. For the heck of it, I did.

Fred Bockman is thirty and looks eighteen. Life has left no marks on him, because he hasn't paid much attention to it. What he pays most of his attention to, and what Lew Harrison wanted to interview him about, is this eight-ton umbrella of his that he listens to the stars with. It's a big radio antenna rigged up on a telescope mount. The way I understand it, instead of looking at the stars through a telescope, he aims this thing out in space and picks up radio signals coming from different heavenly bodies.

Of course, there aren't people running radio stations out there. It's just that many of the heavenly bodies pour out a lot of energy and some of it can be picked up in the radio-frequency band. One good thing Fred's rig does is to spot stars hidden from telescopes by big clouds of cosmic dust. Radio signals from them get through the clouds to Fred's antenna.

That isn't all the outfit can do, and, in his interview with Fred, Lew Harrison saved the most exciting part until the end of the program. "That's very interesting, Dr. Bockman," Lew said. "Tell me, has your radiotelescope turned up anything else about the universe that hasn't been revealed by ordinary light telescopes?"

This was the hooker. "Yes, it has," Fred said. "We've found about fifty spots in space, *not hidden by cosmic dust*, that give off powerful radio signals. Yet no heavenly bodies at all seem to be there."

"Well!" Lew said in mock surprise. "I should say that *is* something! Ladies and gentlemen, for the first time in radio history, we bring you the noise from Dr. Bockman's mysterious voids." They had strung a line out to Fred's antenna on the campus. Lew waved to the engineer to switch in the signals coming from it. "Ladies and gentlemen, the voice of nothingness!"

The noise wasn't much to hear—a wavering hiss, more like a leaking tire than anything else. It was supposed to be on the air for five seconds. When the engineer switched it off, (Continued on page 52)



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