

Free Europe network. Through twenty-nine powerful transmitters these stations beam the words of truth to the people of Czechoslovakia, Romania, Poland, Hungary, and Bulgaria.

These words of truth shoot across the borders in a steady barrage—truth gathered by a fully developed intelligence network, and from thousands of eager refugees; truth voiced by exiled Poles to captive Poles, Czechs to Czechs, Hungarians to Hungarians; truth hurled specifically and tellingly against the lies spread by the Communist propaganda organs.

Into the satellite countries the committee also showers truth in leaflets carried by ingenious balloons, timed to drop their freight over the heavily populated districts. It also conducts, among its other activities, the Free Europe University in Exile for refugee students.

Communist governments have lodged vehement protests against Radio Free Europe and the Free Europe Press—misspent protests, since the Crusade is strictly a private enterprise (a fact difficult for the Reds to understand).

Radio Free Europe has been subjected to the most vigorous and persistent jamming operations—sabotage efforts which have been surmounted by “saturation” broadcasts in which identical messages are transmitted simultaneously over all twenty-nine transmitters.

Red fighter planes have scrambled up to engage the leaflet-bearing balloons, and a secret Red agent has confessed a plot to demolish a balloon launching station. No better testimonials could be proffered to the unflinching success of the Crusade for Freedom.

This Crusade intends to stir no massive uprising in the teeth of the Communist military; it intends to cement the will of the captive millions to fight their captors in the only effective way now open to them—by quiet, passive resistance, and by clinging to the faith that so long as freedom survives anywhere on earth and is cherished in their own hearts and memories, there persists the chance that they will one day recover it.

The Crusade for Freedom carries its indispensable message directly from one freedom-loving people to another, unhampered by diplomatic restraints and governmental fetters. To push on to the fulfillment of its mission, the Crusade needs the financial support of many more millions of Americans.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Meet Mike

Kathy Winnefeld

**T**HE door slams; the house vibrates; muddy boots tramp their soggy way across kitchen linoleum; Comanche calls blast the plaster from an undecided crack in the ceiling, and a burred head accompanied by a hand plunges open the bedroom door. My Pen

and I meet Mike, a seven year old streamlined, jet-propelled, adolescent Simon Legree with a heart as big as Trigger's feed bag. The pride of the family, the "chief" of the neighborhood, the Casanova of the kiddy set, the death of his suffering sister is home. Livingston takes no preference in our social circle for his hair-raising escapades in adventure; his pint-sized successor chalks up high scores for shooting the "proper" out of "propriety." So, with a fresh supply of ink, we study the depths of the blue-eyed, bow-mouthed, pug-nosed, devilish little angel staring at us now.

At the first yelp of Mike's new life, it was evident that the family tree had at last produced a twig worthy of the name. From the very beginning, he charmed the nurses, bewitched his infant associates, screamed at the doctors with cold fingers, and bit his mother. As the long months passed, he gained in appeal for the ladies and refined his habits—he now bit me. When growing legs pushed trouser cuffs up around his upper ankles, the angelic little mischief-maker found people more wary of his seemingly friendly demonstrations. His whole philosophy toward life changed the day his loving sister bit him back. From the diapers, to pants, to short trousers, to long trousers, the road was bumpy and the lesson of learning a difficult one. While Pen and I recorded the better moments, Life, with gentle paternal proddings, developed the sheik of the nursery into the protector of the faith, Roy Rogers style.

The painful process of learning is not always conducive to peaceful family life. Bursts of newly-developed temper and independence often caused red hands and redder suitably situated anatomical areas. The conflict of "Me, Myself, and I" as opposed to "We, Ourselves, and Us" was exceedingly hard to solve; it often terminated with soggy handkerchiefs all the way around the family circle. To Mikie, the struggling beginner in the business of life, the drive for conformity was directly opposed to his innate desire for independence. Vegetables, spoons, cups, bibs, and shoes were inevitably hurled at some unsuspecting member of the family at dinnertime. Patient little Fido was teased unmercifully, the house was in a perpetual state of chaos, and the milkman threatened to erect a sign in his memoriam, "Friends, Beware of Child." Although Nature and Daddy tried their best, little Mikie still remains the typical oil-wick and garret type with absolutely no susceptibility to suggestion.

Abounding with energy and uncontrolled gaiety, the sweet little tyrant brings the white whiskers and shining eyes of Santa into Christmas, the bunny and colored eggs into Easter, the paper hats and glowing candles into Birthday, and the gay snowman into the first snowfall. He can hit you with a slingshot one minute and kiss the bruise "to make it well" the next. He would give every last toy away if his watchful family did not intercede. He dreams of starting a farm someday for delinquent birds and homeless cats. No dog is too big to be hugged; no animal too small to be noticed. They are

all his friends regardless of size, shape, color, or smell. He is the first to protest an injustice and the last to tell on a friend. He maintains the ears, eyes, and heart of the family.

The lanky fellow, as he is today, with his popcorn teeth, dimpled smile, cocked cowboy hat, and "itchy trigger finger" is the model of the twentieth century Boy. Alternately shy, awkward, bold and dexterous, he defies the expoundings of Pen and Me. By the mischievous grin on his jelly-stained face, we can tell that something, spelling our doom, is in the air. We may need reinforcements—Meet Mike.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Are Moral Values Necessary?

Charles Nakarai

WHEN savage man roamed the earth in its youth, his morals were also in an infant state. With no background of thousands of years of trial and error, man could not study the records of earlier ancestors. He was not able to discern from the works of forerunners how he might better the society in which he lived. Savage man was a willing contender if he met any opposition. When the savage desired something of his neighbor's, he captured it by force, whether it were a stone ax, food, or a wife. Yet despite conduct which may appear unseemly to the man of today, even the savage learned to recognize and to worship a Supreme Being.

In this day of atomic weapons, an increasingly important field is that of diplomacy in which every effort for balancing power and for retaining peace is dependent on morals, a sense of right. When one diplomat meets another, both must reach an agreement through an understanding of what is just. In diplomacy, moral obligations include liberty, respect, and honesty. Each negotiator must be free to believe in his cause and to discuss it without any apprehension. Each must honestly present his views and must endeavor to make veracity his most influential argument. If these three moral conditions were upheld, diplomacy would result in a much better understanding of the problems of all.

In business the same three moral obligations also apply: liberty, respect, and honesty. The businessman is guaranteed the liberty to advertise as he wishes as long as he is not disrespectful or dishonest. No advertiser has the moral right to mislead the public with false praise and promises. Practice of dishonesty causes lack of respect by the public, which may in turn cause disrespect of the public by the producer. Business contracts are becoming increasingly more complex because of the distrust of individuals. As one individual becomes more suspicious of another, the future of trust, the culmination of liberty, respect, and honesty, becomes weaker and weaker.