

THE WINNING LETTER

Nikita S. Khrushchev
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Dear Mr. Khrushchev:

Don't look now. There's someone behind you.

You say you will bury us. You say the peoples of the world yearn for change. You claim change will pull the rug out from under the world we know. And so, Mr. Khrushchev, your agents swarm like termites gnawing and boring in a thousand dark and rotting beams. You count too much on tearing down, on destruction, despair, and decay.

Revolution truly is loose in the world today. Change does come. Rotten beams are tumbling. But Mr. Khrushchev, this is a revolution begun in 1776 and clearly stamped "Made in U.S.A."

Do you think Americans fear a changing world? Listen, Mr. Khrushchev:

There was taxation without representation. We changed that.

Soldiers quartered in private homes. We changed that.

The cold hand of tyranny choked life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We changed that, too.

And we changed slavery, and child labor, and the 80-hour work week, and poverty, and ignorance, and sickness.

We changed them by building up, by building a better world. That job's just begun.

Today our money and our skills work around the world, building economics with more jobs, more goods, more prosperity for all to share.

Our technicians share their secrets---how to grow more food on this plot of ground, how to stamp out that plague, how to teach, to learn, to progress.

And our arms, our might, and our sons help our friends patrol the beat, guarding the new world we build from wreckers, vandals, and firebugs.

More than 160 million apostles of freedom are agents of revolution on your terms. We stand for those inalienable rights with which each man is endowed by his Creator. Each American abroad---the serviceman, the technician, the tourist---carries subversion towards the tools of tyranny; the sudden knock on the door, the rifle butt, the concentration camp, the knout, and the enforced work quota. We'll change them. And we'll change the invitations to tyranny on which you count: hunger, poverty, disease, and ignorance.

Tremble, Mr. Khrushchev, but you can't turn back the clock. We bring change---light and free air to the dark places on which you and your kind feed. Let your dupes froth and scream "Yankee go home." We won't go home.

Not until the world is on the march toward a better life for all.

You shall not herd the peoples of the world, dragging their chains behind your bloody, red banners.

Even now, nation to nation and man to man, we join hands to our living revolution to change the world and build a better tomorrow. We march proudly, heads high as befits free men. Hear the fife and drum as they have since 1776, pipe the music that strikes fear to tyrants--- the march of freedom.

Yes, Mr. Khrushchev, there's someone behind you---and he's coming closer.

A YANKEE WHO WON'T GO HOME