

JENNINGS C. WISE

Cloverdale, Va.

June 9, 52

Dear Mr. Carter:—

Thanks for autographs.

Hope you will help me with

the MacArthur Saga.

My printer can furnish them
at \$125.00 per M.

My hope is you will get some
out in Texas.

J. Wise



Appeal to the People of Virginia

JENNINGS C. WISE

Roanoke Times and Roanoke World-News, May 31, 1952

PLEASE CIRCULATE THIS ARTICLE

FOREWORD

Some of the readers of this appeal will recall that in November, 1950, the writer published his **SWORD OF THE REPUBLIC: AN APPEAL TO CONGRESS**, urging that it unsheathe the Flaming Sword of God against the iniquity of the Administration. Soon thereafter he began the series of paid advertisements in this paper including one entitled **SHOULD CHRIST COME TO WASHINGTON?** Concurrently he appealed for common sense in the conduct of the Korean War and an end to the useless sacrifice pursuant to unsound military principles of our beardless youth. Copies of the writer's articles had gone to every member of Congress, editor, and educator of note.

Soon after the beginning of this Press Campaign by the writer on his personal responsibility, Senator Byrd, a man of great moral integrity and courage, demanded an end to the travesty of war in Korea and a reform of our foreign policy. Concurrently Mr. Hoover launched the Great Debate designated to bring to light the utter stupidity of the Administration.

The result was the recall of General MacArthur in April, 1951. The night of his return the writer sketched out the **MacARTHUR SAGA**. No one on earth save the author had anything to do with it or its subsequent publication. It was not designed to boost MacArthur's candidacy for the presidency. An honest man, the General, he was not lying when he declared he was not a candidate, and he is not now, apparently. The first edition was quickly exhausted. Thanks to the venerable Col. Henry W. Anderson, characterized as venerable because of the wisdom he has ever shown in the guidance he has proffered the people of Virginia, a new edition was possible. For he deemed it vital that the people of this country, Democrats and Republicans alike, know what has been behind the whole Korean scandal and the relief of MacArthur. Today a free copy of **THE MacARTHUR SAGA** is available to each delegate to the Republican Convention of Virginia and they are all urged to procure one, take it home, study it carefully, make known its contents to Democrats and Republicans alike, urge friends to procure copies without delay.

An Appeal to the Common Sense of Republicans

Because Democrats of principle and moral integrity like Senators Byrd and Russell know who is dominating the party that is masquerading as Democrats in order to exploit an honorable name and mislead the uninformed, they will not support the Radicals who have stolen that name. They know perfectly well it would be impossible for any man, however wise and honest he might be, to control the mob of racketeers who in fact have dominated the present Administration from the first—some mere political bosses, some Socialists, some Communists, some organized Criminals, some merely ignorant impassioned individuals, blinded by passion to all truth and still voting against Abraham Lincoln as a matter of assumed sectional patriotism. The President now in office is more to be pitied than damned. A poor little man utterly unprepared by education, association and experience to occupy his office, he has simply been the tool of those who have used him, whom he was not prepared by moral understanding to resist. But they also know that the dominant group of the present Administration are the greatest International Financial, and Commercial interests who, as Thomas Jefferson pointed out, know nothing of country or principle, and who, having rendered the United Nations helpless, have given the leadership to the other mobsters posing as Democrats.

In truth they are the same forces that made it impossible for Mr. Hoover to achieve a recovery of this country from the Worldwide Depression that began in his Administration. As shown by him in his magnificent articles now running in *Collier's*, it was not the Democrats but the unprincipled vassals of the Brazen Calf who blocked his efforts and caused his defeat. The Democrats simply moved in to the kill.

These same forces will destroy any other President who refuses to serve them, for as Jefferson pointed out, they are also without passion in the sense of love of their country. In truth they know but one God—not America or the Republic of Washington, not Christ or any other principle of morality, and that God is Gold. So today they are demanding the sacrifice of our beardless youth in order to satisfy the Conspirators of the Kremlin so that they can continue to exploit a sordid and unprincipled trade with the enemies of God. Of them Acheson, Harriman, and their type of diplomats are the representatives. To be sure we must have foreign trade but not in their way.

An Appeal to the Common Sense of Virginia Republicans

In view of what has been said, if we as Republicans are really more interested in saving the Republic of Washington than in serving some lesser end, we should carefully avoid in this crisis of the Republic all injurious and disuniting discords. Let us support as firmly as we may this candidate or that one for the Presidential nomination. But let us not in doing so besmirch those we do not desire nominated instead of our own choice, to the point our own sincerity in supporting one of them may be challenged.

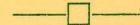
Let us be sure that only True Patriotism can save the Republic whose very existence is threatened by those who are incapable of placing the trust in God commanded of his posterity by Washington. Such patriotism requires unity and the self-sacrifice of all selfish ends.

If now we lose sight of the fact that we must give to the people the candidate wanted by them, and merely give them a candidate that pleases this or that group of politicians we shall not elect any candidate. Again the great mass of Independent voters will scorn our brass bands. Again we shall be defeated.

Face to face with a new Armageddon, a conflict with all the moral principles of our forefathers at stake, we should not antagonize Conservative Democrats but thank God that they are appealing to thoughtful men in the South to stop voting against Abraham Lincoln and to vote for God in the sense of righteousness in Government. For as the Parson of Ipswich wrote in the Text Book of American Liberty in 1717, there can be no practical Democracy save one governed by the moral principles ascribed by Christians to their Saviour. That, in truth, was what the Patriot Father taught through the motto placed on our national coins as an ever present reminder that the mere stamp of Government meant nothing if the Government ignored the God of all men—Protestants, Catholics, Jews and others, symbolized by the Spread Eagle above the motto **IN GOD WE TRUST**

Nay! This is no ordinary campaign. If we fail to endow it with the aspect of a holy crusade; if we fail to show the Independent voters the contest is one between the Sons of God and the forces of Evil; if we fail to appeal to the wisdom of men that is born of their hearts and their faith in God, rather than of their physical intellects; if we confine our appeals to the buncombe of the so-called Economic Man that ignores the deep spiritual factor of life; if we fail to make known to every mother that there will be no end to the futile sacrifice of her sons unless the present holocaust is halted, it will be useless for us to cry out **GOD SAVE THE REPUBLIC**.

Above all we must harken to the words of him who in fact is the real Elder of our civilization today—the wisest and purest man in the nation, so proven by his actual deeds. For others promises are at best a theory. For Herbert Hoover they are a fact. Eh! To him we must look now for guidance.



Comments on the MacArthur Saga

"A lot of thought in this"—James A. Farley, former Democratic National Chairman.

"You have portrayed a military genius"—The Hon. Clarence G. Burton, U.S.H.R.

"I am referring it to the Senate Committee of National Security for special study"—The Hon. Pat McCarran, Chairman.

"Extremely well done"—The Hon. Joseph Martin, Minority Leader, U.S.H.R.

"A magnificent piece of work"—Henry W. Anderson, Richmond, Va.

"It helps immortalize one of the greatest men of my time"—Arthur Graham Glasgow, Publicist.

"Out of this earth as an epic of a great man"—Mary E. Kenny, Lincoln, Nebraska, Publicist.

"Splendidly executed"—Dr. Clayton Torrance, Ed. Va. Hist. Magazine.

"We desire to reprint it"—University of Virginia Alumni News.

"One of the most powerful poems I have ever read"—James N. Young, Editorial Board, *Collier's Magazine*.

"I commend you for your excellent work"—Albert W. Highsmith, Young Republican National Committeeman, Danville, Va.

Copies "**MacARTHUR SAGA**" may be had from
J. C. WISE, Cloverdale, Va.
25c. and Postage Per Copy



In A.C. (Lester),

J. M. W.

Aude Sapere: Discere ut Semper Victurus

MacArthur Saga

I

Emotionless, unbeguiled by loud acclaims
Of those who in high frenzies wreath the heads
Of fancied heroes of an hour, patiently
The Muse of History notes on her lengthening scroll
The triumphs accorded victors as their due.
Unfalsified, unshaded by her brush, like a mirror
Her record stands, reflecting down the ever-darkening
Aisles of time, not the mass of lies concocted
To gratify human vanity, but to preserve facts,
However bitter they may prove.

Yet, far from cold, her story holds much
Of high romance 'long with priceless lessons
For those with minds to learn. For history is,
In truth philosophy by example taught that furnishes
To the nations of the earth the latitude and longitude,
to guide their ships of state.

Roll back the scroll to that day when in the Angle's land
Appeared the first of Christian kings dubbed Arthur.
Note that in his knightly tongue his name implied
One who with the magic sword Excalibur, had come
To plow a pagan soil for God. Almost concurrently,
It appears, a man of mystery, one Du Glass, placed
On Scotia's throne the Christian to whom first the
Celtic pagan bowed in fealty.

Arthur! Douglas! Down sixteen centuries no names
In British annals more brightly have appeared.
Few are the children of today who have not heard
The story of Arthurian deeds, as well how the Scottish Earl,
As Black Douglas known, hurled 'gainst infidels
As he fell, the Bruce's bleeding heart, in token
Of the Flaming Sword, turned all ways to guard,
Not alone the weak, but the strong, against the Cain,
The treacherous serpent living in the breasts
Of mortal men.

Eh! At a mother's knee a lad may gain much of pride
In the names conferred on him when, at each turn his path
May take, they recall the past to him, invoke the stimulus
Of high thought. Douglas, son of Arthur MacArthur!
In such a name a mystic might well find the proof
Of some deep mystery in human blood involved.

II

In this, the crisis of mankind, 't is well for patriots,
Cherishing the heritage Freedom's Land near two centuries now
Has prized, with unimpassioned eyes to gaze in the Muse's mirror,
To contemplate most solemnly what the wise, those with clever minds
And twisted tongue, and mere blatant fools, all have said in the decade
Of kaleidoscopic years now drawing to a close. In an hour so fateful
Must we gauge them all, not in the light that verbal trickery
May cast on them, but in the spiritual light by proud Lucifer
Brought to earth.

As they are so adjudged, who shall praise those who at Yalta
Undertook in secrecy to bribe the fiends of Moscow who already
On the wrists of Russia's folk had forged the shackles of despair,
Despite their guile were training Sinitic agents to spread
The foul empire claimed by these self-degraded foes of God?

Who shall approve as wise, as faithful to the trust imposed
In them, the cold surrender, not alone of the Manchu's realm, but
Christian folk as well to the bold conspirators 'gainst their faith?

Blind, blind indeed were the moral pygmies who so callously
Sacrificed the hope of better days upon a suffering earth smitten
By degrading war, who ignored the scriptural teachings of the wise:
"Where God's spirit is, there is liberty."

They had not learned that however much unrighteousness may yield
One day, on the morrow its apparent gain will prove a curse.

Yet 't is plain today Moscow's lords looked on them as
Arrant fools, mere betrayers of an over-trustful Christian world.
How sad that at the helm supposed to guide the Ship of State
In Freedom's Land had stood of late the mere pawn
Of evil commerce, more concerned, it would appear,
With peddling surplus ships of war than navigating
With a righteous hand Virtue's craft. Sad too
That of his crew a traitor Communist would come
In the emergency of mankind to head the agency
By philanthropy endowed to foster in a world
War-mad the peace by God ordained.

III

Much had the Muse disclosed of the Mikado's distant realm.
In vain a Mongol Khan, ally of the Christian world, had assailed
The brave Samurai who as Jimmu Tenno's heirs sacrosanct had held
The realm to which at last the godly Xavier had come bearing
In his hand the Jesuit cross.

'Though well received soon had he died in the realm of Sin.
Then from Portugal had come Pinto, knight of the Order of the Christ,
Not with the cross alone but with the belching arms of Mongol type,
To fix his hold upon the land where long knights all but the sword
Had disdained to bear, forbade more lethal arms.

A century more, and jealous of the trade the knights
Of Lusitannia had enjoyed, the merchants of a London guild,
One Richard Cocke despatched to demand with blazing guns
Sites for British factories. So had a foul imperialism
O'er the East begun when for their deeds of greed the
British were expelled with plea to Roman Pope to end
More trespasses by the Christians of the West. Yet,
Within two centuries, from Freedom's Land with more
Of cannon came another vaunted hero of the Christian world,
To blaze the way for a degrading trade in slaves, as well
As opiates and other things craved in the lands that
Scorned the Sons of Heaven. These things, in truth,
Were the glowing embers that were fanned to raise
Pearl Harbor's fatal flame.

On marched the tragedy. Soon, wanton cravens with only venom
In their hearts, to all spiritual light opaque, made bold
In the name of Freedom's Land which long had posed as champion
Of humanity, to hurl upon a race, already helpless in defeat,
Even now preparing for a peace to sue, bolts more lethal than any
Wrought by Vulcan's cruel hands.

This did they conceive in their petty minds would so awe
All nations on the earth none would dare threaten a land
Of such might possessed; that even Communist Russia would submit
To its demands. Nor did they fail to flood the world with lies
That many precious lives were saved by them. Soon unhappily
They heard high commanders who, face to face with the physical victims
Of the act, denied their claims, held as unnecessary the heinous deed.

Expediency is not all there is in life. In truth they had obeyed
An old war lord who had urged the Germanic host
Sent by him to China in a former day, to emulate Attila's ruthless
Scourging of the Christian world. Robbed thus was Freedom's Land
Of the moral leadership pridefully it had claimed.

Shall thoughtful ones condone this deed contrived in a secrecy
That forbade its halting by the truly wise?

Can God, in Freedom's Land held All-Wise, All-Merciful,
All-Just, holding no single nation but all the human flock
Within His charity, permit a few to fix the penalty of sin,
Forgive a crime 'gainst Him and man alike so fell, so baneful
In its certain yield, none may now foresee what Retribution's Law,
Inexorable as the count of time, in full shall exact for it?

IV

In this world, Light is known in contrast to the dark,
As black to white, as wrong to right. However base the act
For which shame must ever rest on Freedom's Land,
Still has it much of cause for pride.

Among those in high command was one who shares no guilt
For deeds of horrid madness born. Condoning not the crime
Pearl Harbor saw, yet could he understand it as the spawn
Of olden hate. So bright to some the investiture of his soul
Now seems, it is as if to knighthood was he raised by
Holy accolade of God Himself.

Gloating not o'er a vanquished foe too prostrate in defeat,
Still binding their atomic wounds, to resist a foreign sway,
From the rostrum of the mightiest craft yet shaped
By mortal hands, not to them alone he spoke, but to the whole
Round world.

V

"Ye mighty ones, professing now again a unity
In the cause of peace, beware of more hypocrisy!
Warned have ye been but recently, by one who in the past,
As chief in Freedom's Land, served well the cause
Of humanity in ways that God approved. Clearly,
He has declared that naught but more of disillusionment
Will come of the new league you plan to form,
'Less o'er its councils Almighty God shall rule.
What hope is there that the foes of God will help you
Rule the earth His way?

"Although the arms ye bear intact no lasting peace
May win, cast them not away o'er hastily. With hands
Still strong seize now the Flaming Sword with which in vain
The Saviour sought to arm all men. Ponder 'ere too late,
The grand Atlantean myth by Plato penned to warn
The Macedonian and the Greek against attempt to conquer
Asia's ancient realms. Face now the fact—behind all
The foul imperial wars which men have waged has been
Their lust for gold that jealous commerce yields.
Recall the words of Goethe: War is Empire's word.
Peace ye cannot have 'less all shall purge their hearts of greed.

"Atomic bombs! Not them. Moral armament is our best hope.
As the sons of God, from essence of His eternal fire sprung, higher,
Higher let us rise, uplifting, not degrading more, the unlightened
Of the earth, through mutual sacrifice with them!"

So did the smitten folk of a lately shattered land
Sunk in deep despair, amazed construe the words that seemed to fall
From Wisdom's lips, with new hope born of them atorn forthwith
To one in whom they saw a self-appointed guardian of a fallen race.
So did this victor fan the glowing embers of olden hate to flame of
Pride in ways of peace.

VI

But if in what some may find the proof of all
That might have been in other Asian realms where chaos now
Had come to rule, had cold materialism not prevailed in
Christian parts, millions long misled by unenlightened ones,
Must now lament what followed on that day when at last the Nazi rage
Was quelled, and Moscow's beasts brought forth the fatal terms
Of Yalta's secret pact giving them in fact a throttle hold
On the league they had joined merely to control.

Obedient to its leaders, 'though now was Russia armed
As n'er before, in a trice the Christian world its own arms
Cast away, and from the dream by hopes inspired soon had waked
To find the beasts of Moscow laughing up their sleeves.

Yet, recalling the near rebellion of the Russian masses
Which only Nazi stupidity had forestalled, dared not the Kremlin
To launch them 'gainst the West less the Flaming Sword
Should turn as ever 'gainst those who have unsheathed it in the cause
Of wrong. Eh! Wiser than the Sons of God were they. By threats,
Fifth Columns, fostered fear alone, they must assail their dupes,
To suborned vassals leave open war. Inevitably soon Sinitic hordes,
Led by those in Moscow trained, were swarming o'er the old
Celestial Empire's smitten realm, despite the weakened former allies
Of the West.

Behold the guiding thought of those who so much virtue
Had professed! No higher aim was their's than to preserve
The Open Door of the land of Sin as in the old diplomacy.
Above all else must they save ports still pirate lairs,
Through which nefarious commerce its wares might pour,
Just as through the Iron Curtain that in Europe had been lowered
By the Kremlin to deny contact of its Slavic slaves
With peoples of the outer world, lest shackles from their wrists
Be struck.

Ah, clever ones! Well did they know the hold the Brazen Calf,
Sired in pre-Mosaic times by the Lotus Eaters of the Nile,
Still held on a world of foul hypocrisy; that despite
Its vaunted trust in God the Land of Freedom, like Britannia's realm,
Helpless found itself against Cainitic lusts. The very angels
Seemed to weep as Michael held on high
His warning blade—the sword of Damocles
Above the stumbling Nations' heads!

VII

Oh, tragic days! Had some curse, obedient to
Retribution's law, already fallen on the land of Washington?
Inevitably in the Land of Sin now did chaos rule
Despite a statesman true turned soldier in the late ordeal
Of war, under whom the ruler of Nippon had served in days ago.

Knowing well the tangled skeins in the Sinitic realms,
As ambassador in vain had he sought to uphold the patriot allies
Of the Christian world against the foes of God, with indignation
Deep, had urged recall of all the diplomats who had conspired
To deliver China's folk to Moscow's evil sway. Yet, had each charge
Preferred by him been branded by stupid ones as a herring
Designed to confuse the trail of honest men. So, in disgust
Did he resign with bitter warnings to his native land.

Then did another soldier, one of high prestige who
No protest had made 'gainst Yalta's evil pact, nor 'gainst
Atomic crimes, laying 'side his honored sword, as new ambassador
Appear in China's seething realm.

"Heed ye well, ye self-styled patriots, the just demands
Of those ye have aggrieved. Of right do they as agrarian reformers
Seek to share with you the governance of their land. Forthwith
Compose with them the peace alone ye may not now insure,
And to United Nations look ye not for more of aid!"

So, in effect, was challenged all the ruler of Nippon
To the restless masses of the East had said.

Dismayed the patriots heard the counsel of their old
Allies with whose aid soon were they forced to yield their
Native land and find in Formosa's isle a sad exile. And if
Too proud to yield the birthrights they had shed their blood
To save, each tear they shed as a sting would come in time
To those who even planned to yield Formosa's vital base
To appease Moscow's lords. And now an amazing trade began
With narcotics flooding o'er the Christian world
As n'er before. 'T was as if some evil hand would feed
Mankind the Lotus of antiquity to stupify still more
The victims of the olden curse, to celebrate the victory
Still another Opium War had yielded to the West.

See too! Soon the new ambassador would hold the helm of state,
Yielding it anon to another inept hand. Under both
Not only traitors but moral perverts by the score
Would prosper undisturbed within Sodom's crews,
While fraud at even higher levels reigned amid Gomorrah's stench.

Wisdom? Faith in God? Was evil unrestrained to rule the world?

VIII

Weep, ye thoughtful ones, all who still may cleave
To God's commands! Weep tears of anguish as did the ruler
Of Nippon who helpless saw these crimes. Weep as did those
Of virtue in the West who with spirits still uncowed,
In high protest their voices raised 'gainst the craven course
Of those who had betrayed their trusts.

Yet were they helpless 'gainst the sway of Cain.
As their unrest increased, still was there way for the vassals
Of the Brazen Calf, feeding to Moloch's greedy maw for gold
All the foes of God would take, to silence thoughtful men
Who, in agony were crying out: "Enough of sin!"

Upon the demand that Christian nations unite in a pact
That would achieve what United Nations might not do,
Again was fear invoked. "Beware, ye over bold," now warned
The leader of the challenged ones. "Through traitors in our
Midst others have obtained the secret of atomic bombs!
Quick must we more of them produce, unstinted billions expend
Upon new arms!"

Thus did the very one who had allowed an over-trusting land
To ignore the warnings of the wise, now pose as one
Who would his country save, on others cast the blame for all
The grievous sins by him condoned. Now too did he, while still
Appeasing Moscow's lords, add more of fear to further cow
The masses of the West. "Do ye not see that we must borrow time
To rearm the Christian world with least of irk to them now free
To ravage it at will? So, again he taugth not of the Flaming Sword—
The moral armament that alone could save a fallen world.

Soon, again occurred the inevitable. To nullify the efforts
Of an awakening West, augmented was the strife in India, Indo-China,
Malaya, Iran, and war fomented in Korea made possible through aid
Of western trade. But still the master beasts must not be irked.
So at last United Nations called on the ruler of Nippon to wage
In fact a bitter war denied as such, in a way to military art
Unknown 'til now, that could but sacrifice a generation
Of unbearded youth in Moloch's fiery oven. And as the toll
Of priceless blood increased, thanks to the arms supplied
A Godless enemy, those guilty of the crime by bold suppressions
Sought to cast the blame on Nippon's chief.

Wheels in wheels had turned until the ordinary man,
Unable to form a better pattern with the dominoes of fact withheld,
Found himself hopelessly confused as it was planned that he should be,
Dazed by the spin of things.

IX

Shall we pity, or shall we envy one within whose breast
Afflatus fanned the pure white flame that 'though torturing
Brings to God's anointed few through its very pain,
The utmost joy they know in a world of horrid madness?

Within four years he had seen the world beyond Nippon,
Go from bad to worse. Yet, in the realm where with unwonted wisdom
He had ruled, so great his fame had come by now, the jealous were
Whispering 'mong themselves: "This Phaeton sails too near the sun."

Despite the dread import of this, unlike lesser ones
Who craved most the galaxies of embroidered stars from
Those with favor to bestow, like seals content in silence
To obey the crack of master whip, he truckled not to any man.
'T was not for him, plighted by his voluntary vows to all mankind,
To grovel at the feet of Moscow's lords who a dozen times
Had shown the nature of their godless scheme.

Thus when he saw that still the vassals of the Brazen Calf
Meant to yield Formosa's vital base, fearing not their threats
Again boldly he appealed to his native land to put aside
Its fears, to do its moral duty by its sons whose sacrifice
Had become a scandal on the earth. And now did he hear with joy
Virginia's leader wise, cry out against what had become,
In truth a holocaust.

Then at last did the wise in Freedom's Land obtain embargo
On further shipment of the arms with which the godless Reds
Had slain the youth by sin condemned, though still the trade
In vital goods went on through China's ancient ports.
There did bankers from Freedom's Land, as well as those of other parts,
Reap rich harvest from a perfidious trade just as from that which passed
Behind the Iron Curtain that in Europa's realm was hung.

Such things, of course, only more of shock to thoughtful
Men could bring, when at last a venerable patriot,
Elder Statesman of the land, now honored much though
But a score of years before reviled, with accustomed moral courage
Launched a great debate designed by him to bring to light
Facts long concealed with utmost care. And in the realm
Of Indra where the pundits like the Red Men of the West
Had seen in Washington an immortal of God's House,
It seemed another mandate from his lips now fell:—
"Moscow's evil horde Formosa shall not have, nor any
Of Pacific's Isles." Hearing it, not alone Sinitic patriots,
But uncounted millions in the West, thanked God for him
Whose lofty leadership gathered more of honor to his name.

X

In days agone, Washington, Jackson, Scott, Lee, Grant,
Sherman, Sheridan, great commanders all, as Wolsey, Roberts
Of Kandahar, and Kitchener of Khartoom in Britannia's realm,
Had never failed to challenge all that menace seemed to their lands.
So doing they had served their threatened folk. But alas! Now,
By the cabal who found their sway challenged by the wise,
A new rule was invoked.

Bitterly did they hold that Nippon's chief had gone too far.
Was it not clear to all the blood bath he condemned was high
Training for the impending war for which time they were borrowing
To prepare? So, in more of secrecy they contrived, obedient
To the will of Moscow's pack and vassals of the Brazen Calf alike,
By recall to seal, as they thought, his doom.

What fools may mortals be! Even thieves demand among themselves
A measure of fair-play. Removal from exalted post, to leave
Unassigned to duty in an hour of high emergency such an one,
Could not disgrace him in most fickle eyes, could but prick
The quick of conscience now at last astir.

Poor petty fools! They did not see that they but overplayed
Their hands, afforded an intended victim but a better chance
To arouse a self-degraded world to the need of higher things
For its own defense, to help others end its moral lethargy.

For him it was high tribute indeed that when the Sons of Heaven
Saw him as an eagle pruning pinions that would bear him
To his native crags, grief o'er their impending loss brought tears
To eyes as warning of what was soon to come. For now at last a climax
Was at hand.

"Forget the callow fable to children taught of Noah's bark!
In this new deluge of sin 't is again the philosophic ark
Of high morality in which alone may nations save themselves."

But more than this the thoughtful heard. Above the roll of chariots
Flashes in the moral darkness struck conscience with appalling might
As if again apocalyptic tongues were loosed to quell the universal rage,
Withal to spell the certain doom of those who Lenin hailed as God
From Kremlin's towers that eventually tottering would lie in oblivion's dust
With other old, forgotten things.

Well might the heedless who had not harked to men of higher faith,
Admonished by a swelling host, tremble as the day of reckoning neared.
They could not see in their moral blindness they themselves
Were but adding to the horrors of the earth as victims
Of the vaunted Economic Man; that material armament alone
Could not end the war of Satan's hosts 'gainst God in which
They had played a major part.

XI

Long Bushido's holy men had taught of the great white bird
That from Heaven descended to hatch in the sacred isles of Nippon
The race from whom were sprung Samurai's valiant knights, and,
In America on cliffs above the tramp of mortal feet sages' hands
Had carved the eagle's wings placed by Washington in the seal
Of Freedom's Land to symbolize the origin of immortal men, as well
That in each human frame is combined the spirit and the flesh.

Then too, in old Hellenic myths Jove was portrayed as one
Endowed to assume at will the eagle's form in symbol of his
Lofty sway, while it was the eagle said to have gnawed away
The liver of Prometheus to liberate his higher being from the filth
Of flesh.

And since it was conceived that only spiritual beings such
As Jove and the Angels of Hebraic cult may soar amid the clouds,
E'en Neptune, immortal brother of the mighty Jupiter, Roman counterpart
Of Jove, as ruler of the terrestrial sphere, must skim the waves
In chariot by the dolphins drawn, course his earthy realms with steeds
So shod by Vulcan's hands they might trample in their charge
All their master's foes.

Yet all is change save the law of change itself. Long since
The time had come when mortals even of a low degree, might Jove defy,
Sail his airy realm with watchful planets as their guides.

Homing on a wondrous voyage to the golden Gate of Queen Kalifa's realm,
The erstwhile ruler of Nippon would behold again the eternal conflict
'Twi'x the Dark and Light that ushers in each day. Before the dawn
Awoke he would see afloat upon the supernal depth the vaporous minions
Of the air like a great armada loosed from starlit ports. Then lo!
In noiseless salvos the risen sun would hurl a myriad shafts
Against these drifting hulks that shattered, set aflame,
Would plunge from view, sunk in a blue unfathomable by a mortal hand.

Thus would an hero in God's stratosphere find the pattern
For exalting thought. The Mighty Hunter Nimrod, the Rameside who
A world-empire had claimed, Alexander and his miserable heirs,
Vile Carthage, the fallen Rome of pagan days, the Viking horde,
The over-reaching sons of Lusitannia and of grasping Spain,
All who had sought to extend their sways o'er East and West, one by
One had gone the way of empires unruled by God, perished with
Their mighty fleets in the storms human greed had brewed.

How long could proud Columbia now drifting towards the reefs
Unchartered by the unskilled mariners who held her helm, survive
The waves others had defied in vain?

Alas! No longer were old imperial goals
The major issues of the fallen tenants of the earth.
Each day darker still became, as the ancient Hindu pundits
Had foreseen, with lust and war as materialism gained
Ascendancy o'er human hearts. The saving of their souls was in truth,
The task of men who black had turned in their foul quests.

XII

None may say how many times, how fervently on that voyage
A victor prayed to God for strength to help his Homeland
Win the grandest victory it might gain—the conquest
Of itself.

Imagine not that in the way prepared for him
As by some strange magic, God had played no part.
That wondrous night he approached Kalifa's open gate,
A countless throng had gathered in the Springtide
Of new hope, with eyes uplifted to search for him
Among the stars.

When at last his gleaming wings appeared they
Seemed too awed by solemn thoughts to greet this victor
As vulgar mobs are wont to hail the hero of some earthy war.
As if entranced, in silence they beheld the swoop
That brought him to their outstretched arms, saw him
As his feet trod once more his native soil, with wife
And son beside him bare his head in prayer.

Envisaging not their paltry measures in the sight of God,
Oft do vaunted heroes unconsciously adjudge themselves with words,
No more than fancy dress designed to glorify Emotion's vapid get.
Woven of gossamer threads, evanescent as the rainbow's gorgeous hues,
Rhetoric of this sort, like the memory of old warriors whose mite
Of inner fire has not been fanned by afflatus into flame,
However brave have been their deeds, is doomed to fade away.
That night that saw MacArthur returned to his native land as if
Delivered by the stars, it was fit he should abjure
The lures by lesser men contrived to serve their ends, should utter
But the grandly simple plea: GOD SAVE AMERICA!

So does this saga reach its end. With more of romance
Than fertile pen of Fiction might invent, stood
The eagle-man, the Muse portrays with wings unscorched,
Unclipped, still one of moral grandeur—Douglas, the son
Of Arthur MacArthur, with a name invoking much of thought.

O'erweaning pride 'mong nations on the sea of time
Must know the ebbs and flows that bring its slacks.
"Man, know thyself", vainly have the sages down the ages
Warned, taught that in truth alone salvation lies.
Clearly had the ill-famed Machiavelli shown that artful lying,
Even though dignified as Diplomacy, could not sanctify
The evil in men's hearts, that nations may receive
The brand of Cain for acts by silence they condone.
Bitterly at last had many come to see proud Columbia
On the verge of shipwreck in a world-wide storm,
With only pilots blind to all spiritual law
At her helm, on utter sin relying to bring her to a port.

XIII

Would Columbia founder or would she rise through merit
As the champion of the right despite the appalling degradation
That was hers? Was it too late for a helmsman wise with mates
More trusty, to set her sails for the the haven of a faith
In God restored?

The golden spires of Troy were not the proof of moral greatness,
But of decline. Spoke he the truth who in the Text Book
Of American Liberty declared, only could Democracy survive where prevailed
Christ's governance in mundane as well as in ecclesiastic life.

Protestant, Catholic, Jew! Of their creeds all less must prate,
More concern themselves with mandates of a common God
And join to unsheathe the Flaming Sword in a great crusade
To save mankind from Moscow's evil host.

Prophecy is oft but hope, and hope may be as false
As the things men seek to dignify as faith, or love—
In truth no more than a mist set aglow a while by some
Leaping flame of pride, knowing naught of the fire
Whose flaring symbols in days of yore were fed by
Virgins' hands to light the words of sybils at the oracles
Of a pagan world.

Hope! Faith! Love! With the spirit's birth and its transition,
They comprise life's mystery. Tells us not the Muse how,
Or why they come and go.

Yet, some there are who have declared the current fame
Of one who so ardently has urged the fallen peoples
Of the earth to shrive their hearts of sin, but a momentary thing
Will prove; others who have held that when the dawn of Truth
Has brightened into day, only scorn shall be the meed of those
Who now betray the trust in God on Freedom's Land imposed—
The Patriot Father's highest legacy.

Well may the millions who long this wondrous night
For better things, deny that as an old and broken soldier,
One by God anointed, from the ken of men shall fade away;
Hold that 'though grizzled are his locks, he shall serve
Still more a nation sound in heart despite its errors
In the past, in whose words and deeds combined are found
What ever it shall cherish as the sacraments of its
Higher Faith.

JENNINGS C. WISE,
Cloverdale, Virginia,
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