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Dear Reader:

On February 25, 1972, the President of the United States stood in Peking and raised his glass to the portrait of mass-murderer Mao Tse-tung as if saluting a god. The President then spoke of the glories of George Washington and Chairman Mao, and called for creation of a New World Order embracing Communist China and the United States of America.

It was a betrayal so rank, so monstrous, that in reporting it (*The Kowtow*, Page 11) Dr. Susan Huck found herself literally weeping with shame. Susan was not alone. For Richard Nixon, as Gary Allen illustrates so thoroughly in his article beginning on Page 19, has now betrayed every Conservative promise he ever made. But, laughs columnist Max Lerner, the old Marxist, Conservatives "have nowhere to go, no one else to support. I think they will settle for Mr. Nixon, betrayal and all."

Gary Allen and Dr. Huck think Lerner is wrong. And so does Contributing Editor Alan Stang (*Discrimination*, Page 49), who this month exposes efforts by the Nixon Administration to use Maoist techniques against American employers and workers. Rather, the authors you are about to read are convinced that it is America's Conservatives who can, and will, defeat Richard Nixon.

We confess that we do not know if Allen and Huck and Stang are right. Like Henry Mencken, we learned long ago that the prophesying business is much like writing fugues; it is fatal to everyone save the man of absolute genius. But we take heart from the wise words of E. Merrill Root, who is indeed a man of absolute genius. In concluding his great essay on General MacArthur, Professor Root writes:

"And, in spite of all the traitors to America's soul, of all the appeasers who yield to blackmail of every sort, my own faith remains unbroken. I believe that real heroes, Americans worthy of the tradition of Douglas MacArthur, still speak the great words: 'I shall return!'"

They had better hurry.

Sincerely,

Scott Stanley Jr.

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MACARTHUR

American Statesman Of War

E. Merrill Root was graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Amherst College and did his graduate work in English and theology at the University of Missouri, Andover, and Harvard. Professor Root is the author of eleven volumes of major poetry, rated by Robert Frost and Max Eastman as among America's best. His five volumes of prose include his monumentally great America's Steadfast Dream.



■ ONE intimation of divinity is the strange Providence that underlies even the perversity of things. We live in an unheroic age, amid a denial of the great; where clever, even brilliant, minds slide over the surface of things like skater-bugs on a summer pond. But there are few who dare the deep waters or sound the unplumbed depths. Talent abounds; but where is genius? Where is the spokesman for the reality of the center?

We see this tragedy in our literature, where there is a brilliant superficial literacy of talent, but almost always a bleak illiteracy in the realms of the profound and the essential which mark genius. We see it even more so — or at least equally so — in the realm of action. Our politicians are plentiful; our statesmen are few. And in the military sphere, we have had excellent fighting generals like Omar Bradley, or politicians of warfare who are oil-on-the-waters, like Dwight Eisenhower; but we have had few great generals — men who are not politicians but statesmen of war. When we do see the

statesman of war, the general who is more than a general, we find him listening to intimations of divinity unheard by the conforming politician amid the perversity of the hour.

Yet even in the sort of conformist world that we have today, there have been two military statesmen; two geniuses of war who were geniuses of life — General George S. Patton Jr., and General Douglas MacArthur. I have written to you of Patton; I write now about MacArthur.

General of the Army Douglas MacArthur was not a biological mutation but a spiritual creation. He was unique. He was, in a noble sense, an anachronism in the modern world — a bold right angle to the times in which he lived. And as a right angle to time he belongs to Eternity. In 1964, in one of his last speeches, General MacArthur addressed the cadets at West Point. His final words were the hymn of his whole life. Here is the essential man: "But in the evening of my memory, always I come back to West Point. Always there echoes and re-echoes in my ears — Duty, Honor, Country."

Such a philosophy cries out to the best in the American psyche. But if you would understand it, first you must understand the genius of MacArthur . . . and why he was loved, and why he was hated.

In the realm of the many who are called, but not chosen, there are those who are clever, gifted, brilliant, intellectually chic; they dazzle and impress. They are the Brainy Boys of the day and hour. They win the plaudits of Academe, the laurel of the moment. They are called "the foremost spokesmen of responsible this or that," they are the currency of

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In The Beauty Of The Lilies ...

Pope

