

# Ruckman's Battlefield Notes



**Dr. Peter S. Ruckman**

# **RUCKMAN'S BATTLEFIELD NOTES**

## **The Christian Civil War of 1901-2001**

By

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## Introduction

Many, many, years ago when I was what Christians call a “babe in Christ” (1 Cor. 3:1), I was given some wise advice from some Christian “veterans.” Fortunately, two of them were not in the least bit like Chuck Swindoll, J. Vernon McGee, “Dr. Dobson,” James White, Chuck Colson, Bob Jones III, Shelton Smith, Woodrow Kroll, Harold Willmington, Billy Graham, Sumner Wemp, Doug Kutilek, Harold Rawlings, David Cloud, or anyone *like them* (or their associates).

I was most blessed to have two veterans help me through “boot camp” who had been in hand-to-hand combat with the “enemy” for years and had been “blooded” before they were twenty-one years old. One of them was a peanut farmer from southeast Alabama who had never been to any theological seminary, and the other was a World War II infantryman who had led souls to Christ the entire time he served as a “dog face” in the regular army (1941-1945).

Both men were raised on the *King James Bible*, both were saved through believing it, both were called to preach through it, and both of them led scores of grown men to Christ by *preaching* it. One was a Yankee and one was a “Rebel.” I, therefore, had the benefit of a “G-2” from both sides: the Union and the Confederacy. The Yankee ex-Catholic was Glenn Schunk from Indiana, and the Alabama “Rebel” was *Bob Jones Sr.*, the founder of BJU.

Now, I only mention this because of my own background. My father (John Hamilton Ruckman—the Scotch “Hamiltons”) was a *captain* in World War I and a *Colonel* in World War II. My grandfather (*General* John H. Ruckman) fought in the Philippine insurrection (Aguinaldo, 1898). In World War II, my brother (John H. Ruckman, Jr.) was a *Sergeant* (1944) and I was a “shave tail” (“2nd Looney”). All of us were *infantrymen*. That is, we would be the “doughboys” of 1914 and 1930, the “dog faces” of 1940 and 1950, and the “grunts” after 1960. In the Civil War, the Southerners called them “yallar dogs.” Blue liner on the overseas’ caps; the artillery men wore *red*.

My old eight-man squad had front and rear ranks with a *Corporal* for a leader and a *First Class* (PFC) for an “assistant” squad leader. The old T.O. and T.E. (Table of Organization and Table of Equipment) sported a “Weapons” Platoon per rifle company, which majored in air-cooled machine guns, automatic rifles, and light mortars, while the “Heavy Weapons” Company carried the heavy mortars, water-cooled machine guns, etc. A platoon was four squads—thirty-two men. Later (after 1938), it became four *twelve-man squads*: forty-eight men, with a 2nd Looney as commander and a “Buck” Sergeant as an assistant. Sometimes he was a “Staff.”

I note that the .50 caliber machine gun is now called the “heavy,” whereas the “heavy” was the water-cooled .30 caliber (the “light” machine gun was air cooled). Technically, a .50 caliber would not be a heavy machine gun; it was a RIFLE. Fifty caliber rifles were used on the Gettysburg battlefield more than 150 years ago.

The First Sergeant (the “top kick”) was “three up and two down” and actually carried more weight than a First Lieutenant who was “second” to the “old man”—the Captain.

The first thing at which I ever shot (using a real rifle—a .22 caliber) was not a squirrel or a rabbit or a dove or a quail; it was the silhouette of a MAN, in a National Guard Armory.

My “MOS” at Ft. Benning, and then the regular Army (1944-1945), was 0927153; *Rifle Platoon Leader*.

From this “upbringing,” I stepped into premillennial, conservative, evangelical, fundamentalist “Christianity,” in 1949 (March 14). Believe me, the shock was just as violent for me as it was for the “Body of Christ.” I have not gotten over it yet after fifty-four years on the “battlefront” as “point man,” scouting out “X-ambushes.”

Well, my two combat veterans told me this: “You are going to find out that the people who will hurt you and hinder your ministry the most will be *OTHER SAVED CHRISTIANS*.” The prophecy was “infallible.” That is exactly how it worked out.

“You are going to find out that the closer you get to God the closer you will get to the *Devil*.” I didn’t believe THAT one back in 1949, but I believe it *now* (A.D. 2003)!

But the most shocking revelation came from the peanut farmer. He said, “Pete, the action you are about to enter now, in the ministry, will turn out to be bloodier combat than all the *battlefields* of this world.”

I must confess that I did not believe one word of that sentence when he said it to me back around 1951. When he said THAT, he had no idea that the “battlefields of this world” were so thoroughly embedded in *my mind* and character and background and culture (and memory) that fifty-three years as a “new creature” (2 Cor. 5:17) would never obliterate half of them. I was *raised* on “battle maps” spread out on the dining room table to show logistics, troop movements, primary and secondary targets and objectives, supply routes, good cover, “high ground,” phalanxes, flanking movements, echelons, fire power, enfilade fire, etc., etc.

I did not get involved in the martial arts till after the war was over. I first became interested in them after “occupying” Tokyo with “Mac’s Headquarters” (Daiichi Building, across from the “Emperor’s moat.”) But as a drill instructor in bayonet and “unarmed combat,” I had to know a lot of dirty tricks, some of which I saw later, showing up in Kenjitsu, Judo, Aikido, Hapkido, Taekwando, Jujitsu, etc. But from eight years old and upward, it was simply “*Fix bayonets*” (Capt. John Thompson, Marine officer) morning, noon, and night.

By the time I was fifty I had read *All Quiet on the Western Front* through seventeen times. (It almost made a pacifist out of me!)

Now I can look backward, and “hindsight” always reveals more than “foresight.” I know, NOW, what Bob Jones Sr. meant. You see, the worst battles fought on earth (Waterloo, Berlin, Stalingrad, Iwo Jima, Austerlitz, Balaclava, Shiloh, Antietam, Kursk, Spion Kop, Singapore, Bataan, etc., etc.) *had an end to them*. The outfit I enlisted in on March 14, 1949, was fighting a “100 Years’ War” (French and English: 1337-1435) which began sometime around 1880 and was to go right through 1980 like “hostilities” were still in effect. More than that, I learned, from church history, that the BATTLEFIELD had been laid out in John 17 and 1 John 1-5 more than *seventeen centuries* before 1880; every Christian from that time to this was supposed to have been “on the battlefield for his

Lord!” So there was a line of dead, wounded, and MIAs from A.D. 90 to A.D. 2003 that stretched across *five continents*; and they included men, women, and children: *many of the children under five years old*.

You talk about a *bloody battlefield!*

Where individuals had surrendered from either side, the Commanders’ “In Chief” had never declared even a *temporary* truce or “cease fire.” I saw that the final battle was out beyond A.D. 2005 (Rev. 14, 19; Isa. 63; Joel 2-3; and Jer. 25). In the meantime, it was “Katey bar the door!” (Irish expression: circa nineteenth century). Furthermore, the battle fury had INCREASED to such a tempo between 1901 and 1990 that hundreds of thousands of real Christians were deserting ranks right and left; it was the “C.Os” (Company Commanders) who were waving the white flag for them.

For those readers who will have a “tough time” understanding this book, I submit the words and wisdom of a “pro.” This 706-page military history has been, and will remain, the best military history of the Korean “Conflict” (euphemism: “Police Action”) ever written. Nothing written by any two historians or military experts will ever compete with it. It deals with the “Police Action” from every possible angle, answers every possible question, and deals with every decision on a Divisional and Corps level right down through Company, Platoon, and Squad actions and the individuals in them. It was titled *This Kind of a War—A Study in Unpreparedness*, by T. R. Fehrenbach, a German-American.

When the author says that the *purpose* of his book is to detail the events of that action, and what led to it, he tells the “Honest-to-God truth.” That is what he *does*. At the start, he shows the difference between the “civilian sociologists” (who would represent the ecumenical Christians in spiritual warfare) and the soldier’s duty (representing the Bible-believing position). One, he says, is concerned about men living together in peace and amiability and justice, and the other one’s task is to teach them how to SUFFER and FIGHT and KILL and DIE.

The first position is that of the *positive* thinker; the second position is the *negative* thinker’s. So far, every dispensation of man since 4000 B.C. has ended on a *negative* note. *The trick is to pretend that it DIDN’T*. That was Darwin’s job; Karl Marx was “mamma’s little helper” in that case.

*Joe Stalin*: “A diplomat’s words must have NO relation to actions ... SINCERE diplomacy is no more possible than dry water or iron wood” (p. 562).

This is Arafat’s conviction, and so it is the conviction of every *Moslem in the UN and the Middle East*. It was *Hitler’s* conviction (1933—1939). It remained *Ho Chi Minh’s* conviction throughout the Vietnamese war.

“Who desired *peace* should prepare for WAR” (p. 5, citing Vegetius in Latin).

Fehrenbach says that Americans, in 1950, rediscovered something that since Hiroshima they had forgotten. It was that you may fly over a land forever, you may bomb it and wipe it clean of life; but if you desire to defend it, protect it, and keep it, you must do this ON THE GROUND the way the Roman legions did it: BY PUTTING YOUR YOUNG MEN INTO THE MUD (p. 454).



Fehrenbach's analysis is bulletproof. He notes that before 1939 the United States Army was small but it was professional. Its small officers corps was "parochial," but true. Its ROTC and West Point graduates spent time studying WAR. They cared little about what went on in the civilian society surrounding them. Fehrenbach says they were "centurions" so the society around them was "not their concern" (p. 456).

**"No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier"** (2 Tim. 2:4).

Then he notes that in 1950 America confused the PLUMBERS with the men who "*pulled the chain.*" The news media demanded that the Army be *changed* to CONFORM with a "decent, liberal society" (p. 458).

Application: the world demanded (around 1860-1900) that the Lord's army—"the church militant"—be converted into a civilian *society* instead of being transformed into Christian "soldiers."

**"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.**

**And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God.**

**For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith"** (Rom. 12:1-3).

A veteran infantryman notes that the "captains suddenly ceased to be gods," and sergeants (the hard-bitten backbone of any army) were told to try to be just "some of the boys." At this time, junior officers had a great deal of their authority to discipline taken away from them. They could no longer mete out any REAL "punishment," nor could they easily get rid of *ineffective* NCOs.

Fehrenbach says that a sergeant, by SHOUTING at some sensitive bird [*say a woman or a queer or a black*], could get his captain into a lot of trouble. The officer corps, by 1946, was still PROFESSIONAL, but it did not know how to live with the "new code." (See my personal experience with this in Tokyo at Mac's Headquarters in 1947: *The Full Cup*, 1992, p. 108.)

Fehrenbach grasps the great truth that the infantry battlefield *cannot* be fashioned according to the unrealistic, mid-century OPINIONS of "American Sociologists" (p. 462).

He says that many of America's youth in the army "faced horror badly," because they had never been *told* they would have to face horror, or that horror ["terrorism" for example!!] IS VERY NORMAL IN OUR UNSANE WORLD" (p. 466).

Note! Get it! They had had nothing but positive preaching and positive teaching to believe in "possibility thinking." They were totally unprepared for REALITY. *They are still TOTALLY UNPREPARED.*

"The problem," says Fehrenbach, "is not that Americans are *soft* but that they simply will not FACE what war is all about until they have had their teeth kicked in" (p. 467). The truth is that free society *cannot* be oriented toward the battlefield. "It is this final, basic

PRIDE—what will my buddies think?—that keeps MOST SOLDIERS (see p. 102) carrying on, beyond the dictates of good sense.” Common sense would tell them to run so they could LIVE and to “hell with war” (p. 553).

Fehrenbach continues by saying that FEW colored men feel the urge to “prove themselves in front of *other* colored men” (p. 553). A Columbia professor discussed practical means of ending the army’s trouble. He saw only one solution: “DESEGREGATION” (p. 557).

*And immediately the United States LOST four wars: Korea, Vietnam, Kuwait, and the War on Terrorism.*

Fehrenbach notes, correctly, that this means since the dawn of time men have competed with each other; anyone who says there will be no competition in the future simply does not understand the NATURE of man (p. 704). “The nature of MAN” is described in detail in Romans 1-5, 1 Corinthians 3-6, and Galatians 5.

The truth is that a modern infantry outfit may ride sky vehicles into combat and employ devices of frightening lethality in the future, but it still must also be “old-fashioned enough to be IRON-HARD, poised for instant OBEDIENCE [Eph. 5], and PREPARED TO DIE IN THE MUD” (p. 706); (see Gen. 3:19 and Ecc. 12:7).

In Fehrenbach’s acknowledgments, at the beginning of his classic work, he confesses simply that it is very much a “PLATOON LEADERS book,” based on the actions of men who led small units across the face of Korea from June 1950 until July 1953” (p. xiii). He says their outlook was not “warlike, but it was MILITARY.”

Ditto 2nd Lt. Peter S. Ruckman, 0927153.

It was General George Patton who said, “Cowardice is epidemic.” So it was demonstrated between 1901 and 2001 in America by Christians. (For the details, see the 900 pages of documented evidence in *The Christian’s Handbook of Biblical Scholarship, The Mythological Septuagint, The Christian Liars’ Library, The Scholarship Only Controversy, and The NIV, an In-depth Study in Apostasy*, Bible Baptist Bookstore, 1990-2001.)

When I first read Gen. Patton’s *Principles of Leadership* (about 1996), I was shocked. I was shocked to see that what he said was so *ordinary* and common place to me that I wouldn’t have thought a book would need to be written about it. I have gone by those principles since 1944 *without even questioning them*. I didn’t know Patton *then* or many details about his campaigns or his personality, or his effect on the news media. If I had seen him slap the “defector” in the hospital (a typical news media orgy by typical stupid, blind, inexperienced journalist), I would have simply said an unsaved “amen” to it.

After I was saved, I noticed the Marine advertisements: “We are looking for a few good MEN.” They wound up with a lot of crumby *women* (after Korea). Losing three wars (Korea, Vietnam, and the phony “War on Terrorism”), the American military, with the exception of a handful of “special troops” (elite: Seals, Swat teams, Rangers, Paratroops, etc.), is such a joke that America has had to ask the UN for permission to attack or defend anyone. America, right now, could no more sign a *military alliance* with Israel than she could convert Osama, Mandela, and Arafat to soulwinning Bible teachers.

So here is MY account of the *Second Civil War*—a true “war of REBELLION” *against* the most dedicated, holy, godly, “Christlike,” separated, spiritual, “loving,” intellectual

leaders in the Body of Christ since 1901.

“Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war!”

This is written that you might **“WAR a good WARFARE.”**

Your enemies will wear Confederate jackets and Union pants. Like all Popes, they are *chameleons*. They wave the Stars and Stripes while dressed in black SS uniforms; they wear Cossack hats and Russian boots while they parade to “Stars and Stripes Forever,” “King Cotton,” and the “Washington Post March.” Your main enemy, apart from the century-old enemies of the Bible (Islam and the Vatican, Mary and Mohammed, etc.), is SABOTEURS *within your ranks*, who desire the “preeminent place” (3 John 9). In this case, their main objective is *to replace the third Person of the Trinity* (the Holy Ghost)—with their own opinions and preference in regards to field orders, “operations,” troop movements, fields of fire, regimental objectives, and material use in the “Field Manuals.”

“Saddle up!” “Guns up!” (Marines: Nam 1965—1967).

The C-in-C is still looking for “A FEW GOOD MEN!”

Are YOU available?

**“Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God: and the Lord do that which seemeth him good”** (2 Sam. 10:12).

## CHAPTER 1

### Wars and “Militant Fundamentalists”

There have been ninety-two (by 2003) wars fought since the UN was established to bring in “peace on earth” by “peace-keeping forces” (i.e., armed troops equipped to kill thousands) for the One World “Global Community.” This means that, historically speaking, the United Nations is by far (by all “odds”) the greatest and *bloodiest* war-mongering society ever put together by “do gooders.” President Harry Truman’s optimistic, “positive thinking” remarks about the UN (1950) being the “world’s best hope” for an “enduring peace” was about the same kind of inane rhetoric that Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg or FDR spoke on his “fireside chats”—“Freedom from fear ... the only thing to fear is fear itself,” blah, blah, blah—or that the UN spoke (in 1974) when it gave Arafat a Nobel Peace Prize and declared “Zionism” (Psa. 2, 86, 66, 72, 110; Isa. 2, 11; Gen. 12, 15, 13, 28; Deut. 1-25; Joel 3; etc.) to be “racism.”

The woods are full of gooney-birds in these days (1901-2002).

The UN charter is built, naturally, on three major premises, none of which are *true* or near the truth and none of which deal with *reality* as far as written history is concerned.

1. Evolution of man as an animal, *which is false*. 2. Jungle laws of survival of the fittest; Murphy’s Golden Rule: “He who has the gold makes the rules.” Murphy’s “Scripture”: “Those who live the sword perish by those who don’t: *they use guns*.” 3. All men and all religions are equal; that is, Jesus didn’t really die for anyone but Himself, and He stayed dead after they entombed Him; that is, Moslems and Buddhists have been singing hymns praising Mohammed and Buddha since A.D. 632 and 600 B.C.; Mohammed or Buddha are returning to Jerusalem to reign on “**the throne of David**,” etc. (You said “EQUAL,” didn’t you?)

On this Darwinian-Ghandian-Marxist-Einstein-Papal-Islamic foundation the UN sits in downtown New York like a gathering of Barnum and Bailey clowns waiting for a ten thousand-ton-load of TNT to blow them into “**thy kingdom come, thy will be done**,” etc.

Be that as it may, WAR has always been the true “measure” of the “measure of all things” (man). It has been man’s *main occupation* since Genesis 4:8, outclassing any five other occupations by twenty to one. War’s popularity has outlived more than 200 generations of killers, and is more popular *today* than it ever has been before. At the time of this writing, the Moslems are “spreading the kingdom” by killing (and torturing and kidnapping) “non-Moslems” *in five different countries*, while President Bush’s playful little “war on terrorism” is killing several hundred *civilians*, along with the Jews that have been getting blown up right and left (women and children included) in Palestine—since 1921.

When writing of these matters, all journalists, editors, and “news analysts” are *day dreamers*: they are all positive-thinking “do gooders” trying to “make the hog pen” (Luke 15) a better place to wallow in (see 2 Pet. 2:22—*no overstatement*).

Man’s history, as *recorded in history*, is not just four battles in the American Revolution

(1776); it was seventy battles. I will not bore you with the list. It would be about as “enlightening” as listing, by name, the seventy that comprised the Civil War (1861-1865).

Italy had “warred” in forty battles *before* 1197, and twenty-two more before 1500. Britain did a little better: thirty-six battles fought before 1500, and then fifty-four more before World War 1 (1914— 1918).

These “battles” are WARS. For example: the Thirty Years War (Germany), the 100 Years War (France and England), the WARS of the Austrian and Spanish “Successions” (1740-1748; 1701-1713), and Napoleonic wars consist of BATTLES. For example: France polished off *sixty-five* wars before 1914. No “hobby horse” or “fad” or “custom” has fared that well anywhere on earth. Killing people in wars is as common as eating, fishing, drinking, dancing, walking, running, farming, or breathing.

The main occupation of all civilized countries (4000 B.C.–A.D. 2003) has been *killing*.

The *real* “measure” of the “measure of all things” (some hot air from a Greek gas bag: Protagoras, 481-411 B.C.) is nothing but an infernal and eternal series of mass, competitive killings to see who gets to run whom (Isa. 14). This “measure” was established long before the first man showed up on this earth (Isa. 14:10-15). It remains the unshakable, *absolute standard* for man’s conduct to this day. The note in the 1901 *Scofield Reference Bible* fixed this position so accurately, and with such a knowledge of REALITY, that no one has ever improved on it since then; that will be over ninety-three years without one improvement from one “think tank” in the CIA, CFR, NEA, FBI, Trilateral Commission, the Masons, the Club of Rome, or the United Nations.

It reads as follows:

“*Kosmos*, Summary: In the sense of the present world system [EEC, NATO, GATT, NEA, FBI, EPA, FEMA, UNESCO, UN, CIA, CFR, Vatican, etc.], the ethically bad [*negative*] sense of the word, refers to the ‘order,’ ‘arrangement’ under which Satan [*negative*] has organized the world of unbelieving mankind upon his [*negative*] cosmic principles of force [*negative*], greed [*negative*], selfishness [*negative*], ambition [*negative*], and pleasure [*negative*].”

Notice how the foundational teacher and “prophet” for all Moslems based his *entire religious teaching* on those *five* Satanic “fundamentals.” 1. Armed force in killing “non-believers.” 2. Desire for his own religion to rule the entire world, giving *HIM the credit* for being God’s “HOLY” prophet. 3. Giving himself the *same powers* given to his moon god when it came to obedience, disobedience, and getting to “Paradise.” 4. Pretending he ranked with Jesus and Moses, although he couldn’t even prophesy his own future. 5. *Fourteen wives, including a nine-year-old girl and his own daughter-in-law, plus female slaves: he was a carnal, Satanic, fornicating, fleshpot.*

“This world system is imposing and powerful with armies and fleets; is often outwardly *religioius* [Islam, Catholicism, Hinduism, Buddhism, etc.], scientific, cultured, and elegant; but, seething with national and commercial rivalries and ambitions, is upheld in any real crisis only by *armed force*, and is dominated by Satanic [*negative*] principles.”

There it is; there it is “in the raw” instead of “virtual reality.” There is the “world” in the Bible (see Luke 16:15).

*That is why the world always speaks POSITIVELY of itself and humanity; because it is totally NEGATIVE.*

No one has ever improved on that “Scofield note” printed in 1909, *before World War I*. (It is on page 1342 of a *Scofield Reference Bible*; it was written by a *soldier* who fought for the Confederacy in the Civil War.) It cannot be improved upon, for it covers all human history on all *five continents* from 1400 B.C. to A.D. 2005.

The briefest history of man, written by *anyone* from 4000 B.C. to A.D. 2003, would have to be little more than one continual history of military actions, *without a letup*. (See the “law of first mention” illustrated in Gen. 14:1-20.)

You could not write a *real* “history of mankind” from A.D. 378-582 without going into “the importance of cavalry in combat.” You could describe nothing that took place unless you also documented the Gothic invasions, the Goths, the Vandals, and the Huns; the battle of Adrianople, Constantine’s armies, and the German tribes; the armies of Eastern Europe and Theodosius.

A history of “man” from A.D. 476-1081 would be a fairy-tale without a discussion of the Battle of Tours and what led up to it, Charlemagne’s military conquests, the Magyars and the Vikings, the Danes and the Anglo-Saxon wars, and the Battle of Hastings.

If you continued to write, there would be no end in sight when it came to the slaughter, butchering, and killing of armies engaged in warfare. Turks fighting Slavs, Franks and Byzantine armies, military machines, “sappers,” infantry armament, the Crusades, etc., and then, on and on, into Swiss phalanxes, the halberd and the pike, the Battles of Morat, Sempah, Morgarten, Laupen, Ravenna, the Spanish short-sword, the longbow and the crossbow, the battles of Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Rocroi, Leutzen, Leuthen, and up to Jena, Blenheim, Leipzig, Waterloo, and Bannockburn.

Long, long, long before you got to the Civil War or World War I, you would have waded through more than 500,000,000 gallons of human blood shed in mortal combat. **The tempo picks up AFTER Napoleon (1814).**

Wars are fought for a number of reasons, the first being James 4:1.

A. “You got something *I want* and don’t have, so I need to come and get it because *I am just as good as you are and deserve* it just as much as you do” (Castro, Mao, Lincoln, FDR, Hitler, Arafat, Mandela, M. L. King Jr., Charlemagne, Alexander, et al.).

B. “Might makes right because RIGHT is a synonym of being ABLE or having POWER. Since I have you outnumbered and out-equipped I have a ‘RIGHT’ to it: ‘might is right’” (1 Kings 20:1-10).

C. “It is wicked for you to have it instead of ME and my friends. You must SHARE with us” (Judg. 6:1-6).

D. “If you resist our demands you are hindering the ‘*peace process*.’ Thus, *you* are a ‘war monger’ who hates peace, while *we* are peace-loving people who only fight ‘defensive warfares’ against people like *you*.”

E. “Your majority should be run by OUR minority *unless* our minority is WHITE. Only a black minority should run white majorities.

F. “You are persecuting ‘minorities’ so you need foreign troops [*a minority!*] to occupy your country to ‘keep the peace.’”

G. “You should be killed [Islam] or brought into subjection [the Vatican] because you don’t believe in my religion; only *my religion* is right.” “Outside the Catholic Church there is no salvation”—Mary’s version. “Fight the unbelievers and resist till no God receives worship but Mohammed’s moon god!” (Mohammed’s version).

*Und so weiter!* Ho-hum. Twenty-one centuries of killing, with the “big ones” (Rev. 4-20) still in the future: “the Big Three” (Rev. 6, 9, 14, 19, 20).

WARFARE is the *normal life-style* of all “advanced civilizations,” *and always has been*. Progress is measured by “decisive” battles: Crecy, Agincourt, Blenheim, Waterloo, Midway, Leyte Gulf, Kursk, Cambrai, Constantinople, Vienna, etc., etc. The Germans have it down right: “*In case of rain the war will be held in the auditorium.*”

Anyone who is squeamish when one starts to talk about “Christian warfare” is not worth “two hoots in Hell” as a Bible-believing Christian. He is nothing but an unconscientious objector. He is an alien and a stranger to the TRUTH (John 6:63, 17:17, 18:37, 14:6).

Here are typical, modern samples of the attitude of apostate pacifists towards *Christian warfare*. The first is Ben Franklin, the Deist who said, “There never was a good war nor a bad PEACE.”

Up your nose, kid. Get back in your playpen quickly before you get someone killed.

Judges 7 was a good war, and it was commanded by God (not “Allah”). Judges 5 was a good war, and it was commanded by the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; it is a type of Armageddon. Joshua 1-9 was a good war, and Numbers 31 was such a *good war* that if you had gotten on the right side you would have not suffered ONE casualty (Num. 31:49). Those are the genuine, original *SCRIPTURAL wars* fought by Israel as a “chosen people” under a Theocracy; the modern *counterfeit* is the Vatican State and the Palestinian State. Both “Mary” and “Mohammed” stole Israel’s “thunder” from the Old Testament and *applied it to their own corrupt religions, thus justifying KILLING, MURDER, ASSASSINATIONS, and TERRORISM in order to “glorify” their god*. Neither has changed since they were founded (Catholicism, as found in A.D. 400, and Islam, as found in A.D. 600).

A “bad PEACE” is where you yield to a Moslem’s request for “peace”—the price being *giving up BOTH TESTAMENTS for the Koran* and, if not, then becoming a subject to a Church-State and *charged TAXES to support Islam’s armies* (Islam from A.D. 630 to A.D. 2003).

A “BAD peace” is when any leader of any government signs any agreement with a Pope (called a “*concordat*”) in order to avoid war. You couldn’t have a worse “peace” unless you made it with Mohammed’s moon god.

Ole’ Benny Franklin was “off his rocker.”

“The last great hope for the survival of mankind rests not in implements of war but in a strong abiding faith in God” (H. S. Jackson, Freemason).

Kiss my grits, kid. Get back in the nursery where you belong.

The “survival of mankind” depends on the One who *made man*, and He intends to wipe out two-thirds of the world’s 6,000,000,000 people in the next few years. “Abiding faith” in “God” is just hypocritical posturing. WHICH GOD? “Faith in God” to do *what*? Kill your enemies? Keep you out of Hell? Put you into Hell?

“Faith in God?” There isn’t one demon, in or out of Hell, who doesn’t believe in **“ONE GOD”** (see James 2:19), and not one devil would deny (or doubt) *anything* He said: they all have perfect “faith” in Him that He will do what He said He is going to do. *Read it.* Don’t get upset with me, you hypocritical bigot! READ IT.

**“Saying, Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God”** (Mark 1:24).

**“And cried with a loud voice, and said, What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God? I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not”** (Mark 5:7).

**“And the evil spirit answered and said, Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye?”** (Acts 19:15).

“If Christian nations [what on earth would THAT be?] were nations of Christians there would be no more wars.” Nutty as a fruitcake. How many “Christians” would there be in a “*nation* of Christians”? All of them? There couldn’t possibly be a nation with a population that was 100 percent “born again.” Read Matthew 7:14 and John 17:9,14-18.

*No nation has ever had even a majority of Christians in it since A.D. 33.* The USA has never had *one State* out of fifty that had a majority of Christians in it. As a matter of fact, the USA has never had ONE CITY, with a population over 50,000, that had a majority of Christians in it, and it never will till the Millennium.

The speaker was day dreaming, like every fool before him and after him who talked about “peace on earth, good will to men” apart from **“Glory to God in the highest”** (Luke 2:14). Like Darwin, Arafat, Bush, M. L. King Jr., Gandhi, FDR, all Popes, Freud, Marx, and all “New Agers,” he simply lives in a dream world.

Wanna hear another deluded nut?

Abraham Lincoln: “Fondly do we HOPE, fervently do we PRAY, that this mighty scourge of WAR will speedily pass away!”

Save your prayers, stupid. Christ wasn’t praying for this world (John 17:9). He didn’t come to send peace; He came to bring **“a SWORD”** (see Matt. 10:34).

How did God answer Abe’s prayer? Easy; He tripled the wars as soon as the Civil War ended: Philippine Insurrection, the Baltic Wars, World Wars I and II, Korea, Vietnam, etc.; and along with them came the battles of Flanders Field, Soissons, 1 and 2 Marne, Pork Chop Hill, Da Nang, Saigon, Stalingrad, El Alamein, Cambria, Ypres I, II, and III, Passchendaele, St. Mihiel, Tannenburg, Caporetto, Salerno, Remagen, Normandy, Tobruk I and II, Gazala, Alam Haifa, Tunisia, Guam, Guadalcanal, Burma, Wake Island, Iwo Jima, Okinawa, Manila, Singapore, Khe Sanh, and a few more.

There are THREE world wars “on deck,” according to the New Testament (Rev. 6, 9, 14, 19-20).



A vacillating pacifist said, “In disarming Peter, Christ disarmed every SOLDIER.” *He did?* Wasn’t Paul a “soldier”? *Didn’t he say YOU were?* When Jesus Christ told Peter to “put up” his sword, was He addressing THE NATION OF ISRAEL? Every soldier in the Russian and Chinese army? All of the Scotch Covenanters who fought to save their families from being tortured to death by Roman Catholics?

Did He disarm HIS OWN TROOPS who will return to earth with Him as an ARMY (Joel 3; Isa. 63; Rev. 19), with Him using a “**SWORD**” (Rev. 19:15; 2 Thess. 2:8)?

Back in the crib, sonny. You are a threat to the truth.

You see, the pacifist is so anxious to “demythologize” the myth of “holy wars” and “holy warfare” and “holy Jihads” and “holy crusades” as being “godly” activities—which he is “just” in doing—that he forgets SPIRITUAL WARFARE and dumps it all together. *You can’t dump it.* It was Arthur Wellesley (better known as the Duke of Wellington) who said, “Those who have NICE notions about *religion* have no business as SOLDIERS.”

“Amen, Arty! You tell ‘em!!”

*There are no “nice” Christians in the New Testament.* Read Acts 1-28 and show me one. The word doesn’t occur anywhere in a *King James Bible* in any edition since 1611; like the words “share” and “fun,” it is completely absent.

Christians, in the New Testament, are called “SOLDIERS” (2 Tim. 2:1-4), and they are armed with spiritual weapons (2 Cor. 10:4; Eph. 6:10-14) and told to FIGHT against real *adversaries* (Eph. 6:10-14). Joshua 1:9 was given to them, via Joshua, since “**Joshua**” is the Old Testament word for “**Jesus**” (see Acts 7:45 and Heb. 4:8).

No one driving by Crown College, PCC, Liberty University, BBC, etc., or any church set up by these people, would mistake those institutions for ARMED MILITARY CAMPS TRAINING COMBAT INFANTRYMEN. That is what the “soldier” is in the Pauline epistles: *a Roman foot soldier* (Eph. 6:10-17): “dog face”—“grunt.”

That is the *last thing* you would think if you ever met David Cloud, David Hunt, Tim LaHaye, Mike Randall, James Combs, Bob Jones III, James White, Robert Sumner, Shelton Smith, or Oral Roberts.

A local church in the New Testament should be an assembly of armed militants, in training, to *attack* the world system, their own flesh, and the Devil (1 Pet. 5:8). Bob Jones University and Crown College (along with Pillsbury, Piedmont, Fuller, Moody, Wheaton, etc.) are what we called “garritroopers” back in World War II. They liked to wear combat boots instead of “puttees” or “wrap arounds,” and then they preferred “jump boots” (Paratroop TE) for combat boots because that branch of infantrymen got more “glamour.” *I know the type perfectly.* They were the sissies who wanted “epaulets” (shoulder straps) on the G.I. shirts of enlisted men so you would mistake them for officers. To add to their little French fashion show, they started pinning metal insignias on the *collars* of the shirts so they would be mistaken for silver and gold bars or “oak leaves” and “full chickens.”

When they started making Majors and Colonels out of twenty-five-year-old pilots—to “up their pay level” because of their education and intellect, we dogfaces (see *Willie and Joe*, by Bill Mauldin) referred to them as “Junior Birdmen” (1941-1945).

Don't kid me. *All my people were "dogfaces."*

That's why they wore dog tags and *fought* and *died* like dogs.

I still call myself (2003) "The Lord's Junkyard Dog."

Christian celebrities, to me, are what the "Golden Pheasants" were to the "Landser" in Deutschland (1939-1949). The "grunts" in Nam called them "perfumed princes." I know the fakir when I see him. "Infantrymen have a keen nose for such distinctions," says a German infantryman who fought three years in World War I when he was 18-20 years old: Erich Maria Remarque.

Such nonsense as "Bastions of Orthodoxy" or "Fortresses of the Faith" impress me about the way Rundstedt and Guderian were impressed by Hitler's idea of Stalingrad as a "Fortress" (1942). What the faculties and staffs of BJU and Tennessee Temple know about fortresses and "bastions" (see Verdun, Metz, Gibraltar, Jerusalem, the Maignot Line, Acre, Antioch, Vicksburg, etc.), you could put on the backside of a postage stamp.

A typical, modern, militant, "fundamentalist" church or school might remind you of a *sports center or an old folks' home or a hospital* or (sometimes) a civil war or a play house for sissified teenagers, but an armed encampment of highly trained warriors *would be the LAST thing that would enter your mind*. No major Christian College or University, when seeking to boost its enrollment, advertises anything in pictures but pretty girls, couples dating, expensive buildings, and gorgeous landscapes.

They are not training military troops fit to invade any place, anywhere, at any time. *Their advertisements MATCH the material published by every SECULAR State College and University in America and Europe.*

We note, first of all, that the standard, "accepted" Christian celebrities of our age are all connected with *higher Christian education* in some way; they are never associated, primarily and firsthand, with THE BOOK. The "use" the Book, but then, again, all of them "use" all kinds of books. The "eye of the hurricane" since 1611 has been only ONE BOOK—never "books." The hurricane may include reliable translations of the original manuscripts such as Olivetan, Valera, Luther, Michaelis, Diodati, etc.; but the "EYE," where the 250 m.p.h. winds are, is in the UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE of the end time: English. *And it is never ANY English Bible, translated by ANYONE that causes the panic among Christian celebrities that the old King James Bible causes.*

When we think of "militant" Christianity, as advertised in ALL publications by ALL Christian universities, colleges, and seminaries—at least the ones who profess to believe in the Book and practise personal work and evangelism—we think immediately of pretty, young, teenaged girls, clean-cut young men with proper hair cuts, right-wing politics, demonstrations against abortion, family counseling, stage performances ("specials"), and huge buildings on extravagant "campuses."

*The Book NEVER appears as the main attraction ONE TIME since 1901.*

When one thinks of Billy Graham or the Pope, the BOOK never enters one's mind. Bob Jones Jr. and Bob Jones III couldn't teach you anything about the Book that wasn't available (and well known) in 1910 more than four years before World War I.

Who in America, since 1901, would even imagine that any Christian “soldier” could get so attached to *the BOOK* that people would mistake HIM for *the Book*? IMPOSSIBLE? Well there is one:

**“He arose, and smote the Philistines until his hand was weary, and his hand clave unto the sword: and the Lord wrought a great victory that day; and the people returned after him only to spoil”** (2 Sam. 23:10).

Just as the Samurai taught their soldiers that any weapon was an “extension” of the fighter, so Eleazar, the son of Dodo the Ahohite, became so attached to his sword that his hand became part of it.

Did you get that **“sword”** part? Look at Ephesians 6, Jeremiah 48:10, and Psalm 149:6—SWORD is WORD with an “s” on it. They mistook it for him.

When the WORD goes out of God’s mouth (Gen. 1), it is a SWORD coming out of His mouth (Rev. 19:15). That is going to be Julia’s “terrible swift sword” that she never saw a day in her life— *the rotten, old, lying bag!*

You had to pry Eleazar’s hand off the handle of his weapon; they were one unit. You never could possibly have associated Eleazar with old folks retirement homes, pretty teenaged girls, robed choirs singing “vespers,” Christian “playets” and flannelgraphs, clean-cut teenaged boys who wouldn’t know a sledge hammer from a pick axe, or “conferences” where everyone sat on their fannies and stuffed their guts between “sessions.”

*Eleazar* was a SOLDIER.

He was an infantryman.

Few Universities or Colleges even show the “soldier” the WEAPON he is to carry and use (and *believe* and know) the rest of his life (Eph. 6:17). Eighty percent of them take this weapon from him *before* he has been in CMTC (Citizens Military Training Camp: 1920-1941), thus completely *disarming him* before his first “action.” In its place the “soldier” has been given (for an offensive weapon—seebPsa. 149:6, Jer. 48:10, and Judg. 3:21—22) a bean bag (ASV, 1901) or a jelly roll (NASV, 1971) or a floss candy cone (NIV, 1978).

The Christian Colleges and Universities followed the “new” American armies “to the T.” *They became FEMININE organizations* (Marine poop sheets on “Sexual Harassment,” 1990; “Stress Cards,” 1996, etc.) controlled by the news media. This was to maintain their “testimony.” Bob Jones University made the mistake of thinking because the Federal Socialists attacked them on a racial issue that they were attacking them for their stand on FINAL AUTHORITY. *They were not.* Bob Jones University has not had ANY final authority higher than the preferences and opinions of their faculty and staff since 1950 (see 600 pages of documented evidence in *The Last Grenade and Bible Believers’ Bulletin Articles*, Vols. I and II, 1992 and 2001).

The expression “standing without apology for the absolute authority of *the Bible*” will be found MISSING in all public advertising from BJU since Bob Jones III “took over.” It was found on all their material from 1930 to 1980. “*Cowardice is epidemic.*”

When I stepped onto the campus of the “World’s Most Unusual University” (Sept. 1949), I

came in with the following “mind set” which was as “out of place” and as “foreign” and “alien” to the “Bastion of Orthodoxy” as a redneck street preacher coming into a UN Assembly in downtown New York.

1. I was a *soldier* with a *captain* (2 Tim. 2:4; Heb. 2:10), called “the old man” in a rifle company.
2. I had an indwelling Spirit who represented the *Commander Himself* (Col. 1:27).
3. My orders were to “**endure hardness**” (2 Tim. 2:3) and “**fight the good fight**” (1 Tim. 6:12). I was not to get “**entangled**” (2 Tim. 2:4). I had a retirement program that no one could beat (Rev. 21-22), and if I carried out His orders, I was promised a public commendation from my superior officer (Matt. 25:21; 1 Cor. 4:5), plus medals (1 Cor. 3) and a grand review (Rev. 19).
4. If that were not enough, I had been told that all of my rations would be supplied (Phil. 4:19)—no goof-up at quartermaster or ordnance, no matter what happened—and my Commander would not retreat and leave me *abandoned* to be taken prisoner (Heb. 13:5-6).

Son, if you know anything about warfare or the military, you know that that setup is “loaded.” *It is a bonanza.* That was a thirty-year man’s “jackpot.” Any man who wouldn’t fight for his country (Col. 3:1-3) under *those* conditions, with that kind of a Commander, had no business in any army’s “rank and file” (Phil. 3:10). Give him a “Section 8” on “general principles.”

In my youth I wanted to be a “thirty-year man.” That would have been “active duty” from 1944 to 1974; *I would retire at fifty-three.* The way it worked was that God saved me in 1949, and I went on “active” duty then. It is now A.D. 2003. I have been on active duty—in *the right army!!*—fifty-four years; at eighty-one years old I have not “cashed in” on my “longevity.”

With that in mind, what do you think I ran into when I got to “The World’s Most Unusual University?” Have you any idea of what I ran into?

“He has chalk on his pants.” “He doesn’t talk to people.” “So and so is divorced.” “His fingernails are dirty all the time.” “The *original* Greek text says ... .” “A *better translation* should be ... .” “So-and-so is spreading rumors on me. They are lying about me. They are slandering me.” “Irenaeus did not accept this reading.” “Tradition tells us that ... .” “The ASV is a great improvement over the *King James Version.*” “I wish he wouldn’t call people names!” “Doesn’t he ever get his pants pressed?” “It is not a matter of truth versus error but only preference versus opinion, except of course in cases like the *New World Translation* and the *Revised Standard Version.*” “Operas are part of Christian culture, even though 80 percent of them are about adultery and murder,” and so forth.

In the local churches I ran into: “Why did he have to bring that up?” “Her baby bit my baby in the nursery.” “Who does he think he is, talking like that?” “What is wrong with storehouse tithing?” “He is divorced.” “She has a living husband.” “I don’t believe in criticizing other people’s faith.” “The parking lot looks like a mine field.” “I think the piano should be on the left side of the pulpit.” “Aren’t they ever going to get cushions on the seats?” “We can’t afford to support foreign missions right now.” “That isn’t what they teach at MY school!” “Where did you get your degree?” “Do you support the Cooperative

Program?” “What on earth could be wrong with the *Living Bible*? Billy Graham uses it!” “Don’t be so negative,” etc.

I had walked slap into another world all together about which I knew nothing. The “cadremen” with which I found myself surrounded were Brownies, Girl Scouts, “little goody two shoes,” faggots, gossips, loafers, thin-skinned sissies, and Bible critics; most of their teachers were liars, cowards, smooth, slick, polished actors, and crafty, well-dressed smiling JACKASSES.

Had I joined the wrong army?

Nowhere at BJU could I find a shred of New Testament Christianity that I had found in reading the Bible through once a month for nearly two years. True, I found a monkish *separation* from the world system, but the THINKING and the APPROACH to the Bible and the ministry almost *matched it*: buildings, lavish landscaping, escrow, sinking funds, property, playing politics with rich Christian businessmen, real estate deals, loans, getting old ladies to make out their wills to the institution. They were bragging about their moral standards while over half the student body was not winning one soul to Christ in a year. Missionaries were an afterthought. The only “emphasis” came from the children of missionaries *who had sent their kids home to get a college education*. For every dime spent on actual *soul winning overseas* more than \$10,000 landed on the campus.

I couldn’t find one Bible-believing teacher on the faculty of BJU the entire five years I was there *or thirty years after I left there*.

I did not find *one* consistent soulwinner on the faculty or staff in that entire time. Later, when I had three sons attend Pensacola Christian School, I learned that Becky and Arlin had the *students* take up the missionary offering every year; they did this while they were taking in \$82,000,000 a year royalties on “Beka Books” and operating a \$20,000,000 yearly construction program.

One of my boys (with two confirming witnesses from two other students whose families went to our church) said the total student offering, in one year, was somewhere around \$8000. I never heard of more than \$10,000 a year coming out of Hyles Anderson or Liberty University for any foreign mission work.

We have often given one missionary more than \$5,000 in one offering. Baptist Bible Fellowship is way past such outfits when it comes to overseas work, but even then *there is not ONE local church in the Baptist Bible Fellowship*, nor has there ever been, that has produced as many male missionaries in *ten years* as we have in TWO. The church I pastor, here, has taught and trained (and sent out) more than *forty-five* young men unto *eighteen fields*, and eleven of them have been preaching in a *foreign tongue*: Mongolian, Vietnamese, Italian, Greek, Spanish, Russian, German, Chinese, Telegu (Indian), Illongo (Philippines), and Tagalog (Philippines).

They all were called out of *one church* and trained in that *one church*, and that church has never run, regularly, over 650 in Sunday School.

But back in 1949, all I ran into in local churches was: “It’s raining too hard, I won’t be able to come.” “If I have to put my baby in the nursery I am not coming!” “He doesn’t qualify for the ministry.” “Did you know that he had Bob Harrington in to preach for

him?” “No services tonight; the Superbowl is on.” “There is not enough love in your preaching.” “I have to stay home and help my teenaged daughter do her homework.” “Should Mrs. So-and-so head up the flower committee?” “Go ahead and use this Bible even if you don’t believe it.” “Where does it say I have to tithe in the New Testament?”

The first twelve years that I was a full-time evangelist, after BJU, I wondered, half the time, if I hadn’t volunteered for the Ladies Aid Society or Affirmative Action for Women or the Old Maid’s Knitting Society. Here I had been raised to believe that the greatest honor any American man could have would be *to get killed in action while leading troops into battle, defending America*, and now I have been drafted into a civilian “army” who thought *the greatest honor* was to build brick and stone monuments, get your name in the *Sword of the Lord*, increase your enrollment and attendance, run a church with a deacon board, pastor a record-breaking Sunday School bussed in from seventy miles, getting slain in the spirit, jerking and twitching like a marionette with Parkinson’s disease, or criticizing the *King James Bible* till you were “recognized” as a “militant defender of the faith.”

How could I reconcile this massive pile of kiddy-car, playpen activities with what I found in my HYMNAL?

“The Son of God goes forth to war His kingly crown to gain! His blood red banner streams afar, who follows in His train?” “Sure I must fight if I must win. Increase my courage, Lord! I’ll bear the toil, endure the PAIN, supported by thy word!”

As I bushwhacked the highways and hedges for the souls of men (see details in *Memoirs of a Twentieth Century Circuit Rider*, 1992, Bible Baptist Bookstore), I put on an old 78-rpm, wax recording of Charlie Fuller’s quartet, with Rudy Atwood “tickling the ivories” (i.e., “at the keyboard”). I heard them sing, “I left my home and kindred bound for the Promised Land, the grace of God upon me, *THE BIBLE IN MY HAND*; in distant lands I trod, crying, ‘Sinner come to God!’ Ohhh, I’m on the *BATTLEFIELD FOR MY LORD!*”

Little did I dream in 1949, 1950, and 1951 that that is exactly what I would wind up doing in Hawaii, Canada, Mexico, Austria, Lichtenstein, Germany, the Ukraine, India, Korea, and the Philippines.

Thy hymnal said, “Stand up, stand up for Jesus, ye SOLDIERS of the cross!” “Well, bless God, I knew what THAT word meant in English, German, Greek, Turkish, Chinese, Japanese, Spanish, Italian, or Russian! A soldier’s job is *three fold*: he is to *fight* to kill, he is to *suffer* hardship and pain, and he is either to get *wounded* or get *killed* before giving up or disobeying orders.

“*Befehl ist befehl*” as the Krauts say.

The poet Joyce Kilmer said:

“My shoulders ache beneath my pack; lie easier cross upon His back. I march with feet that burn and smart; tread Holy feet upon my heart.

“Men shout at me, who may not speak; they scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek. I may not lift a hand to clear my eyes from salty drops that sear; then shall my fickle soul forget Thine agony and bloody sweat?

“My rifle hand is stiff and numb; from Thy pierced palm red rivers run. Lord, thou didst

suffer more for me than all these hosts on land or sea; So let me render back again, this millionth of Thy GIFT—AMEN!”

I gathered, immediately, before I had been on the BJU campus a year, that somebody had their shuffleboard sticks crossed, and I don't mean their crossbows or “scabbards.” By 1955, I had given up on trying to get along with the BJU “army of the Lord.” I decided I had better revert to my old TO and TE of our rifle companies, back in World Wars I and II. Instead of ditching my heritage and forgetting it, I decided to dig around back in the old “foot lockers” and “duffle bags” and field packs and see if I could find what Christian warfare was *really* all about.

By the grace of God, I could still remember that engineers used to be called “sappers” and that “white phosphorous anti-personnel” was a reference to white phosphorus grenades. I had not yet forgotten how to garrote a sentry with a wire or rope, and I still could cut a string wrapped around a tree with a hatchet thrown at about fifteen feet. I had spent many a night listening to Colonel John H. (my father) expatiating, with gusto, on *the blunders* or the *genius* of the commanders at Cambrai (1917), the Somme (1916), Crecy (1346), Zama (202 B.C.), Agincourt (1415), Malvern Hill (1862), Hastings (1066), the Argonne (1918), Austerlitz (1805), Tannenburg (1914), and Cannae (216 B.C.).

Hannibal, C. P. Hill, Grant, Jackson, Longstreet, William the Conqueror, Sheridan, Thomas, Napoleon, Foch, Haig, Ludendorf, the “Crown Prince” Rupert, and the French Field Marshals (Ney, Davout, Soult, et al.) were as familiar to me as *Amos and Andy* were to the radio fans in the 1930s.

Of course, my military education was highly curtailed because I had received little or no knowledge about *aerial* engagements or *naval* operations, although I was slightly familiar with the battles at Lepanto (1571), Midway, the Coral Sea, Leyte Gulf, the Battle of Jutland (1916), the sinking of the Graf Spee and the Bismarck, Lake Fire (1813), Manila Bay (1898), Tsushima (1905), and the German “wolf packs” (submarines) of both World Wars.

My personal training was all *infantry training*: “The Queen of Battles.”

Quite accidentally, and without any forethought whatsoever, I picked the name *Pensacola Bible Institute* for my school (1964-2003), not knowing the British used the acronym “PBI” for “*Poor Bloody Infantry*” (1914-1945).

Let me tell you about one battle an English regiment fought.

This particular battle was between the French and the English; it was fought in Spain, in La Albuera (May 16, 1811). Thirty thousand Frogs under Napoleon's Marshall Soult collided with General Beresford's troops (9,000 Limeys plus some Spanish and Portuguese).

In a vicious two or three hours of hand-to-hand fighting on the “buffs,” Colonel Inglis was killed. Only 85 officers were left out of his original 728. The regimental “colors” (57th Reg.) were knocked out of the hands of two young men, consecutively, as their carriers were cut down with sabers. One was a sixteen-year-old soldier named Ensign Thomas; another ensign (Ensign Walsh) was killed. A third carrier of the colors (Pike) was killed, but as he dropped, a British lieutenant (Latham), with half of his face gone by a sword cut

and one arm severed, ripped the colors off the guidon and stuffed them into his tunic rather than surrender them. (He lived after the deadly melee and was able to command troops later.)

Lt. Latham had taken his Colonel's "orders" seriously. Do you know what they were? Well, right before Colonel Inglis died (he bled to death from saber cuts), he yelled at his troops, "DIE HARD, 57th; DIE HAAARD!!"

Can you interpret that English? It means "they are going to *kill you* but make them *pay* for it!" Get a kill ratio of at least three to one! "Die hard, Peter Ruckman! Die *hard!*"



## CHAPTER 2

### The Situation and The Terrain

I have never read 2 Timothy 2 that I didn't think of *that British regiment*: Poor Bloody Infantry!

And there was old Field Marshall Ney, “the bravest of the brave,” trotting around all over the battlefield at Waterloo after the fight was lost. He had sabre slashes all over his boots, his face was streaming with sweat and blood, he had POWDER marks on his back and chest where guns had gone off within five feet of him, and he was bare-headed, still driving his horse on and hollering: “Come see how a Field Marshall of France can die on the battlefield!”

“I'm on the *battlefield* for my Lord!!”

What the generals call “The Queen of Battles” is a chessman's term; the infantry reference is to the *pawn*—the lowest, most powerless piece on the board. And since 70 percent of all casualties in any war, since 1500, have been infantrymen, there are *eight pawns* while there are only two bishops, two castles, and two knights.

“Dog faces” are expendable.

“The Queen of Battles” simply means something that the War Department and the Justice Department and the Executive branch of the USA have forgotten *or never learned* (!) since 1945. All wars and battles are over *real estate*. Therefore, the deciding factor (as the *Queen* is in chess, since she can move as a bishop or a castle) is GROUND TROOPS (*pawns*) conquering DIRT and holding it. We lost two wars (Korea and Vietnam) because we pretended *history* had never taken place. In the news media's fantastic world of virtual “reality,” you can win a “war” by bombing or shelling a country or by harassing it. No such thing ever happened in history, any time, any place, anywhere. It is the INFANT (*Infantry*, near the ground, low down, as by your FEET: “pedal extremities,” “pediatrics,” “pedastry”; *pedal*—on the floor) who is the decisive factor in the end. Thus has it been, and thus shall be until the Cavalry (Rev. 19; Joel 2) dismounts and sits down on thrones (Matt. 19:28; Psa. 149; Luke 19; Rev. 20).

*No exceptions: not one since 4000 B. C.*

This basic principle of the “Art of War” was just as much in effect in 1960-1990 as it was in 1400 B.C.-A.D. 33. Korea and Vietnam, plus Kuwait and the “War on Terrorism,” were fought by standing on (and believing in) a basic principle that wars should NOT be fought over “ground.” They would be “idealist” battles fought against social and political “principles.” So we lost all four of them.

You abandon “Pork Chop Hill” in Korea *after taking it*. You abandon “Hamburger Hill” in Vietnam after taking it, and then you abandon Israel to chase one “terrorist,” somewhere in Pakistan, while letting the Moslems control the LAND. *You will lose the next war*. Wars are fought over “real estate.”

The military argument for the debacle in Vietnam, instigated by the Catholic Vatican State

and its American congressmen and State Department officials (see Avro Manhattan, *Why Did We Go?* 1984), was that we should fight “to impose casualties on the enemy”—not OCCUPY THEIR LAND.

You did NOT whip Germany by “imposing casualties.” You won it by marching into Berlin, Hamburg, Kaiserslauten, Leipzig, Nuremberg, Aachen, and Bonn and taking over the country. Ditto Japan, ditto the American Civil War, ditto the American Revolution, ditto the wars of the Spanish and Austrian “Successions,” and ditto anything else.

The fanciful (and utterly ridiculous) notion that you can stop “terrorism” by *AVOIDING the country and people who have been “terrorized” for nineteen centuries* (the Jews; who are being terrorized NOW) is Alice and the Mad Hatter. You will get rid of the terrorists in America, the Sudan, England, France, Indonesia, Palestine, Germany, Pakistan, and Syria, by DRIVING THEM OUT and KEEPING THEM OUT.

You keep them out by killing them when they get back in.

That is “WAR.” It always has been and always will be, and there is no substitute for it, nor has there ever been since Nimrod hunted men (Gen. 10). See the definitive, and FINAL, Scofield note on these matters as printed on pages 4 and 5 of this work.

In what is to follow I am sure there will be many military experts who will sense a woeful lack of knowledge on my part of the T.O. and T.E. of a “modern” rifle company, say, since Korea and Vietnam (1952 and 1972). I am not familiar with the BMP-1 Infantry Combat Vehicle, the BRDMI AFV, the Tow Missiles, the RPC, the Uzi, the 7.65 mm V2, or Sam-6 missiles, the M14, the M16, or the baseball type grenade. My familiarity (that is field-stripping, carrying, handling, loading, and firing a weapon) was with the M1, the Carbine, the .45 caliber and 9mm pistols, the .45 caliber submachine gun, the air-cooled and water-cooled .30 caliber machine guns, the .50 caliber machine gun, the light and heavy mortars, the light and heavy antitank guns, the “bazooka” (an antitank “rocket” launcher), the trench knife, garotte, bayonet, etc.

Much of this has changed. You have “Abrams” now instead of “Shermans” and T-34s. “A-10s” instead of P-38s or Messerschmidts. You have stealth bombers and B-1s instead of “B-17s” and “B-29s.” We didn’t have any “Bradley Fighting Vehicles.” Our “Jeep” was replaced by the “Humvee,” and we didn’t have *Ranger vests* or Kevlar vests. *Maverick* missiles and *Milan* missiles and “RPGs” were not in the TE. The “Saw” replaced our BAR, and “Sams” and “Scuds” showed up. We didn’t use any assault helicopters (UH-60s); “TOW” missiles weren’t fired at tanks from the light and heavy anti-tank guns we had.

We practised field maneuvers (Ft. Benning) with live ammo, including overhead artillery bombardments (105s, 155s, 205s, and so forth). The “Bangalore Torpedo” was TNT for busting up wire obstacles. We had no “recoilless rocket launchers,” per se, T-55s, T-56s, Huey helicopters, AVFs, 7.62 mm ammo, M-60s, M79 grenade launchers, M13 APCs, 2.5 inch rockets, and the Boeing “Chinook” were not in our Table of Equipment.

So when I write here I am writing about infantry combat *as far as I know it* from 1500 B.C. to A.D. 1950. This is from the “ground level” where all infantrymen are to be found: *flat on their face in the dirt*. Rule one: lie down. Rule two: stay down. Rule three: don’t get up. Of course when you *have* to, you have to, but *never* unless you *have* to. In World

War I the doughboy's main plague was "shell shock"—named after artillery bombardments. In World War II it was called "combat fatigue" with some irreverent "G.I.s" referring to it as "jungle-jolly." I do not know what the "Nam" term for it was, but I am certain the grunts *had* a word for it. I am certain. I know infantrymen; they have "a word" for *everything*.

For example, the Landser Wehrmacht—the common, ordinary, drafted, German foot soldier—referred to his "high brass" as "Golden Pheasants" if they were not real combat officers. We called them "Chicken" or "Dugout Doug" or "Brown nosers." Col. David Hackworth (retired), who fought in Korea and Vietnam, says that the Americans in his generation called them "Perfumed Princes."

(I could name you more than fifty of them right now that hold "high positions" of "high esteem" in the Body of Christ as "militant, bold defenders of the faith." They are Girl Scouts in lace britches.)

Now, there are so many "variables" in any *ground* military engagement that it takes a lifelong study of battles to get any kind of a correct picture of the problems involved. The standard "school solution" (the Infantry School at Ft. Benning) for any tactical problem is to answer the instructor with, "Well, that depends upon the *situation* and the *terrain*." That is about as general a statement as you ever got on anything. For example, the "situation" may be that you are entrapped, infiltrated, surrounded or "out flanked"; then you can be *well* or *ill* concealed, you can hold the high ground or not, you can be outnumbered or vice versa. (Gen. Nathaniel B. Forrest's classic answer on how to win a battle was "to get there the fustest with the mostest!")

Then, again, you can have little or no air support or control of the air, you are *secure* or *unstable*, your troops are beat to death or *hungry*, the rations fail to come up, you may be unable to make a break through or scale natural obstacles, the weather may wipe you out (Napoleon and Adolph Hitler: 1942-1943), you may have supporting artillery from a "fire base," and you may *not*. Your gun barrels may be so worn out they fire "short rounds." Miscalculations in the batteries may cause "friendly fire" to fall on you—which is never "friendly," especially when coming from your own bombers. Then there is always the matter of "short rounds," "wet fuses," men trying to fight with temperatures of 102, half-starved, sometimes crippled, and sometimes running out of ammo.

"Ammo" in the old days—say 3000 B.C. to 1300—meant mainly rocks and arrows. The Roman short javelin (called a "pilum"), or anything that was *thrown*, would match modern "ammunition." Not much is said about it, but in ancient wars the victor *recovered* his ammo so he could *use it again*. It was a simple matter of going through the battleground, stripping the corpses (see 1 Sam. 31:8), and taking what you wanted. The frugal professionals would recover not only their arrows that had missed and stuck in the ground, but the arrows that were imbedded in men and horses. They could be used again.

An unusual case of "running out of ammo" occurred at the battle of Isandhlwana (Jan. 22, 1879), where 1,800 British troops took on 20,000 Zulus. Here, the British ran out of ammo when more than 500,000 rounds were sitting in their wagons *in their camp*. A quartermaster's blunder cost them the battle, at least from the standpoint of not being able to shoot back. The wagons were in a camp which was nearly a mile from the firing line.

When they got to it, the officers in charge of the wagons would not issue ammo to troops outside of their own battalions. The cases were secured by nine large screws. The boxes *inside* had to be opened after the case lid was loose of the screws, and each box was shut with six more screws. *Each battalion had only ONE screwdriver.* (I am sure you begin to see the problem: “SNAFU” as the dog faces say.)

Both of the quartermaster officers, in charge, died on the field of battle after trying to stop *their own troops* from breaking into the cases with bayonets and their bare hands.

To acquaint yourself with real infantry combat, as compared to modern Christianity, one needs to read Guy Sajer’s monumental *The Forgotten Soldier*, which is a diary of a Frenchman who joined an elite German Panzer division (Gross Deutschland) to fight clear through the war in Russia from 1941 to 1945.

“The situation” can get as close to Hell on earth as it is possible to get without falling into the Lake of Fire or hearing the King’s sentence: **“Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels”** (Matt. 25:41).

As my Alabama peanut farmer told me: “War is God’s judgment on sin HERE, and Hell is God’s judgment on sin HEREAFTER.”

As to the “terrain” (see above), in a World War it was *all* terrain of every imaginable (and unimaginable) kind. It was deserts, mountains, rivers, streams, lakes, forests, woods, swamps, underbrush, plowed fields, cement highways, black tops, house-to-house, building-to-building, at 20,000 to 30,000 altitude down to 500 feet under the ocean, and everywhere in between. You will have to fight on beaches, on highways, on hills, in valleys, in swamps, in snow drifts, on ice flows, etc. Genghis Khan would tie wool and leather pads to the hoofs of his horses so they could attack an enemy on a frozen river, lake, or pond without slipping or falling down (Yellow River: 1226).

The terrain on Iwo Jima was black and gray volcanic ashes turned to rock. The terrain on which the Russians had to attack the Finns (Nov. 1939) was snow drifts, sometimes eight feet deep. Erich said hundreds of the young German draftees of 1918 would get shot simply because they could not spot a hump or bump in the “terrain” big enough to dive for cover unless it was two feet high. *Eight inches* can save you a lot of bone and flesh. When four G.I.s, in Italy, all jumped into the same slit trench, landing on top of each other; the guy on the bottom was screaming, “Get off me! Get off me! You’re crushing me to death!” The guy on the top, fully exposed to flying shrapnel, said, “Wanna trade places?”

Any field officer (especially a staff of Colonels) must know the terrain over which his troops will have to attack like he knows the back of his right hand. Choice of terrain (Wellington’s choice of Mt. St. Jean before Waterloo, for example, or Henry IV’s choice of the battleground of Agincourt for example: 1415) is always crucial to any battle. Martson Moor (July 1644) was a disaster because of a *muddy battleground*; ditto Crecy (Aug. 1346).

SOP is to try to get the “high ground”—see Suribachi on Iwo Jima (1945). Using Mt. Cassino Abbey as an OP (observation post), the Germans were able to literally shell the britches off English, French, Polish, and American troops for weeks by putting the 88 shells “right in their back pockets,” as one Anzio-Cassino vet told me.

News media “buffs” of that time (Cassino, 1944) were all familiar with the duel going on between the Pope and the U.S. Army and allies. It was the Abbey on Mt. Cassino (a Benedictine monastery for monks) that was the trouble. Catholics (like Moslems) all have these little “holy places” they worship and use them in which to *hide* (Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, for example; claiming Mt. Zion as “sacred” to *Mohammed* and Allah; claiming Jerusalem is a “holy” city for Christians, when, in this age, it is called “**SODOM**” and “**EGYPT**” by *the Holy Spirit* [Rev. 11:8]). In this case, it was a “no-no” to bomb a *German observation post* just because you were suffering over 2,400 casualties trying to take the town below the monastery (Cassino). United States servicemen were to pay the price the Pope demanded: their lives. After much hemming and hawing and stalling, *while troops were getting slaughtered right and left*, Gen. Clark (a Catholic) finally got permission from FDR, via the Pope, to bomb the place. After he bombed it, a Polish corps attached to the 8th Army took the mount.

When the mess was over, all of the American journalists assured their readers that the Germans had *never used it one hour for an OP* for their artillery, so it could have been spared.

The “proof” was the Germans had evacuated it *after* the bombing started.

That is a perfect picture of your modern Christian “celebrities” commenting on “the Battle for the Bible” or the “King James Only Controversy” or “the tactics of the Ruckman cult of Ruckmanites,” etc. They have no more idea about what they are talking than Mike Tyson would have talking about casting a mullet net. Any military unit that would not use a 1,500-foot mount (called “Hill 516”) for an OP, when being *attacked* by British, Polish, Australian, French, and American troops, **SHOULD BE EXECUTED BEFORE SUNDOWN.**

At Gettysburg, July 1, the Yankee General Buford did not hesitate to use a cupola on the top of a *Lutheran seminary* for an OP; Confederate officers *used the same tower* July 2 and July 3.

“High ground” is “high ground,” and an infantry officer who would not take advantage of it should be in the motor pool or the School for Cooks and Bakers. I can assure you the Krauts were calling back coordinates and fields of fire the entire time the monastery stood: “*Fire for effect!*”

Of course the *airplane* changed this SOP, for the “high ground” now belonged to whoever controlled the AIR over the mountains, hills, “rises,” and plateaus. Examples of this are innumerable since 1939. In the Falaise “pocket” (1944), after “D-day,” a large part of the German army was obliterated by strafing and bombing, for they didn’t have left to them a ratio of one pursuit plane (Messerschmidts and Focke-Wolfs) to four Mustangs (P-51s) or Lancasters nor one bomber (Heinkel, Dornier Arado) to four B-17s and B-24s.

*Air superiority* settled Allah’s “hash” back in 1967 when the Jewish airforce eliminated the Syrian and Egyptian air forces in less than twenty-four hours. After that, Islam was so helpless they had to beg at the doorstep of the Vatican and the UN for the next thirty-five years to keep Israel from wiping them off the map.

Now there are other decisive factors: the general’s formation of troops (echelons), his care to guard his flanks, his concern to keep his troops supplied with food, etc. Here, a few

words from “*The Little Corporal*” may be fitting:

“There are *five* things a soldier should never be without: a musket, ammunition, a knapsack, an entrenching tool, and provisions for four days.

“The better your *infantry* the more important it is to support them with *artillery* so they can be preserved. Always have a body of horses in reserve (today that would be “mechanized cavalry: half-tracks; light, medium, and heavy tanks; light, medium, and heavy APCs, etc.).

“Never make a flank march before an enemy in the line of battle.” When Von Kluck made his “turn” short of Paris, 1914, he exposed his flank to an enemy in battle line—Paris—and converted a three-month war into a four-year war. The Schlieffen plan (1905-1914) had called for an *envelopment* of Paris going north of it and circling west of it; Von Kluck circled too quick.

“Nothing is more important as *undivided command*. There should be only ONE army acting upon the base, and conducted by *ONE chief*. Eugene and Marlborough would not have conquered at Blenheim if the opposing army had not been constantly discouraged by a spirit of intrigue and difference of opinion among their LEADERS.”

Examples of why Napoleon said this are to be found in the confusion in the China-India-Burma Theatre (1944-1945) between “Vinegar” Joe Stillwell and the “Peanut” (Stillwell’s name for Gen. Chiang Kai-Shek), and the trouble in the European Theatre between Montgomery, Bradley, Eisenhower, and Patton.

In Germany’s case the situation was worse. True, they had one supreme commander, but the trouble was their leader wanted three, simultaneous offenses against the Russian front; thus separating his Wehrmacht’s strength by hundreds of miles. Generals Guderian and Von Kleist were sent to encircle Kiev in the center and Weichs, Paulus, and List wound up in the Crimea and Stalingrad. All the generals (including Haider and Brauchtisch and Bock) said “Moscow!” not Kiev or Stalingrad! This is what led to Stalingrad and then Kursk and then the end.

Kiev was called the principle blunder of the German war, according to General Franz Haider who, nonetheless, captured 655,000 prisoners, took 884 tanks, 3,718 guns, and 3,500 vehicles.

The Russian critics point out that Stalin had the same problem. They said that his biggest failure was giving up the main fight in front of Moscow, after the Germans had had to pull back, and going down to fight it out with them in the Ukraine. “He had forgotten the principle of singleness of purpose and concentration of resources to that end” (*Book of Battles*, John E. Lewis, p. 193).

The moral is that not only must the military leaders be in accord with their LEADER, but the LEADER must have a clear picture of the exact thing that he is to accomplish and exactly how he is to try to carry it out, by every and any means possible. For that reason, I have never wasted any time pushing collections, promoting a school or Sunday School or church, forming “fellowships” or joining “conventions,” or engaging in any kind of community, social, political, or scholarly “project” or “fund raising.” A soldier doesn’t raise funds; he fights.

Then, above all of this, is a great word called “MORALE,” which simply means the faith of the soldiers *in themselves* that they can and WILL win the battle and reach their regimental and divisional “objectives.”

No German was ever short on “morale,” although in both World Wars he was often outnumbered, out flanked, out voted, under equipped, and suffering from casualties. In extreme cases, like the cellars of Stalingrad (1942—where the troops knew that Adolph had “written them off”), morale disappeared, but that was only after a resistance that would make the Union resistance at Gettysburg look like the French defending the Maginot Line (1939).

Morale is about 70 percent of the battle; *equipment* and *supplies* are the “other things,” with a note that REST, as in the case of Elijah (1 Kings 19:1-6) and the disciples (Matt. 14:13; Mark 6:3), is essential, or at least *some* rest. Troops in World War I were often so exhausted that when an attack came they had to be punched or shaken to wake them up for defense of their trench.

Bedford Forrest once took up action against some Yankee troops in Tennessee which began in Courtland, Tennessee (March, 1863). Bedford Forest wound up taking 1,700 Yankee prisoners after pursuing them continuously, without a “break,” for four days and four nights. He took the unit (under Gen. Streight) with 600 Rebel soldiers.

When Forrest finally caught up with his prey, that had been retreating for four days, they were so worn out that not only could they not fight, many of them couldn't be AWAKENED to fight. Hundreds of them were sleeping when Forrest began the attack, and the attack failed to wake many of them up.

## CHAPTER 3

### The Enemy and Your “Objectives”

When we went to Ft. Benning (1944), we were commanded, “Know your enemy.” This included not only his weapons, tactics, and habits but the silhouettes of his ships, tanks, and planes. We were also trained to spot his rank by the insignia on his uniform (German and Japanese).

*You are to know your enemy.*

I. The Book said it was the world, the flesh, and the Devil.

II. The Book said your enemy was *invisible* many times.

III. The Book said *you could not beat him in your own strength*.

IV. The Book said you had a C-in-C who could handle him. OKW is in good hands.

V. The Book says you have an *offensive weapon* (Eph. 6:17) and *five defensive pieces of armor*: a breastplate, a loin cover, sandals or boots, a shield, and a helmet.

The “shin greaves” are not mentioned because, doctrinally speaking, you are *kneeling* in prayer. This battle is fought on your knees; therefore, your shins are *covered*. You have no armor to cover your *back*. Like the unsaved Philistines you are to “quit you like men” (1 Sam. 4:9), which would be facing the enemy, standing fast, keeping ranks, and never turning to run from anything but “**youthful lusts**” (2 Tim. 2:22).

It goes without saying that the further you get out ahead of your *own troops* the more times you will get shot in the back *by* your own troops: “short rounds,” “friendly fire,” etc.

I know my enemy, I know my equipment, and I know my “**captain**” (Heb. 2:10).

Now! Have you any idea about how I will go about training Christian troops for their warfare in *this* age? Have you any idea how my “Citizens’ Military Training Camp” or “Army Specialized Training Program” or “Reserve Officer Training Corps” will *differ* from the ones set up by Jerry Falwell, Clarence Sexton, John Rice, the SBC, Chuck Swindoll, Zane Hodges, the BBF, A. T. Robertson, Bob Jones III, Tom Malone, Shelton Smith, Dave Hunt, David Cloud, Mike Randall, and Lee Roberson?

By now it ought to be getting really clear. Or as my old Tactical Officer at OCS used to say (Eddie Copeland—we called him the “BIRD DOG”): “Is thut *cleah*, Ruckman? Is thut *cleah*?!”

In the Dark Ages I must receive the crossbow bolts and long bow arrows (and the napalm tipped spears and the slinger’s stones) on my SHIELD or HELMET (Eph. 6). I must be “**strong in the Lord, and in the power of HIS might.**” The breastplate should be flak-proof (bullet proof in the twentieth century) at least to some extent. I am not to desert or even “break ranks.” I am not even to “**give place**” to the Devil (Eph. 4:27), and under no conditions am I to surrender: GIVE NO QUARTER; TAKE NO QUARTER. Or as Jeremiah said it, “**Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully, and**



**cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood” (Jer. 48:10).**

“Is that *cleah*?”

If you “gave place” in a Macedonian phalanx or a Roman phalanx (200 B.C.) or a British “Square” (1800-1900), your buddies become “out flanked.” If you throw down your weapon and run, your cowardice will become “epidemic” (Patton). The worst beating America ever took in any war she ever fought (including the Civil War, the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Indian Wars, the Philippine Insurrection, the Spanish-American War, Vietnam, Korea, World War I, or World War II) she suffered at the hands of the German Wehrmacht in the last year of the war, after Germany *had been fighting it for five years and was down to fifteen to seventeen year olds for fighting material*.

This debacle is simply “overlooked” by most military historians. Americans pretend it didn’t happen, but it did. It was accompanied by another “drubbing” from the Krauts (in the Huertgen Forest: Nov. 1944) that caused the Army Replacement Centers in America to give draftees only six weeks training before sending them into the “Death Factory.”

I was training troops in the IRTCs (Infantry Replacement Training Centers) during these two battles: the Huertgen Forest and the “Snow Eiffel.” The latter battle was the greatest *mass desertion* that any American army ever witnessed in infantry combat. The fleeing troops were the “Golden Lions” (the 106th Infantry Division under Major General Alan Jones).

This total collapse of a division preceded the battles of St. Vith and Bastogne in the “Bulge” in the winter of 1944 and 1945.

They suffered *16,000 casualties* in six days (Dec. 16-22, 1944), and the “Bull Run” (1861) retreat they ran was so heavy it blocked their own troops who eventually were set up to relieve them. Passing the buck from General Jones to two of his Colonels (Descheneaux and Cavendar) didn’t really explain what happened, although the failure of reconnaissance to detect the building up and aligning of three armies of crack German troops (Deitrich’s 6th SS Panzer Army, Manteuffel’s 5th Panzer Army, and the Brandenberger’s 7th Army) had a lot to do with it.

When the Krauts came through the American defense line like a wildcat tearing through a paper bag, the “retreat” became a rout—not a “delaying action.” *Cowardice was epidemic*. The Christian is supposed to STAND “**and having done all, to stand**” (Eph. 6).

Somewhere around 1954 I was forced by “circumstances beyond my control” to “evaluate” my position and prepare for “action.”

It began with John Rawlings and Lester Roloff. Rawlings wanted to put my sermon on *Why I Believe the King James Bible is the Word of God* into his monthly newsletter, and Roloff wanted to tape it and use it on the “*Family Altar Program*.” Until *then* I was just an unknown, street-preaching, soulwinning, prison-ministering “evangelist.” Of 400 sermon outlines I had put together, only FOUR of them were about the *King James Bible* issue. (I only have six today [2003] after fifty-three years in the ministry.) Those four messages were enough to split three national fellowships, more than fifty colleges and universities, and several hundred local churches. They were aimed, specifically, *at Christian scholars*

*involved in revising, correcting, and perverting the AV; especially the SAVED ones who used it to make a living.*

From 1954 onward, I was called into “active duty” involving a DESTRUCTIVE (“WAR”—remember?) ministry for which I had no particular love. I simply wanted to win grown men to Jesus Christ. The C-in-C had other plans. He had been dealing with Christian “terrorism” in Bible ranks since 1885 (RV in England and the ASV in America: 1901). The Christian terrorists worked exactly as the PLO, El Fedayeen, Al Fatah, Hamas, and Hizbullahs operated in Israel between 1929 and 2003. They operated with the approval and support of every major nation in both hemispheres.

I found myself in a position similar to that of Col. Josef “Pips” Priller, a five-foot six-inch Luftwaffe Colonel in Hitler’s Third Reich. This Nazi received a field telephone call on “D-Day” (June 1944, Normandy Beach) to strafe the invasion beachhead. He was told to take his squadron with him; *he had no squadron*. All of his “wing” had been sent to the Eastern front more than a week before. He was to attack, taking only his wingman (“bat man”) with him; he would go in against *13,000 aircraft*. His enemy would be 5,049 fighter planes (*more than the entire German Airforce at that time*), 1,649 light bombers, 3,467 heavy bombers, 2,316 transport planes, and 1,000 gliders.

He flew in *alone* and strafed the beach and got out alive. He died in Augsburg, Germany, in 1961, more than sixteen years *after* the war ended.

I would have much more time to assess the “situation and the terrain” (and also to carry out reconnaissance missions) than “Pips” did, but whereas his opponents were only about 13,000 planes in the air and a possible 4,000 gunners on ships and landing crafts, my adversary rose up before me like a 38,000-foot Atlas leading 500,000 giants into the action.

*I knew who the enemy was.* So did Paul (2 Cor. 2:11).

He was “**a king of kings**” as Nebuchadnezzar (Ezek. 26:7), although not THE “**King of kings**” (Rev. 19). But as “**a king of kings**” he was “A” lord of hosts (Rev. 12:1-10), and his *hosts* were principalities, powers of darkness, spiritual wickedness, and the RULERS of the nations (Luke 4:6). *He controlled* these anti-Semitic, anti-biblical, anti-Christ UN leaders through powers “**higher than they**” (Ecc. 5:8), for there were spiritual powers higher than Mt. Everest (Isa. 24:21). Earthly kings and queens were under them.

*I knew my enemy.* Peter said he was my “**adversary**” (1 Pet. 5:8).

What the world or the scholars thought about such matters was totally *immaterial*; they were of no consequence *whatsoever*. I had to deal with reality. *In combat you don’t daydream*; at least not in any account of combat I have ever read and that would include all the actions in the Civil War, both World Wars, Korea, and Vietnam, and then back through the ages in the battles of Trafalgar (1805), Sedan (1870), Saratoga (1777), Rossbach (1757), Fontenoy (1845), Poltava (1709), Rocroi (1643), Naseby (1645), Agincourt (1415), etc.

My *enemy* was the most intelligent, powerful, well-equipped veteran fighter the world ever encountered. Only *one man* who “called his hand” ever whipped him (Col. 2:14-15; Isa. 50:4-9; John 16:11). It certainly was not Seydlitz, Murat, Ney, Mohammed,

Marlborough, Prince Eugene, Ziethen, Alexander, Cromwell, Julius Caesar, Rommel, Manstein, Joshua, Hindenburg, Pershing, Gustavus Adolphus, Sheridan, Mosby, Jeb Stuart, or N. B. Forrest.

This veteran of “foreign wars” whipped Moses, Daniel, Joseph, David, JFK, Mohammed, FDR, Gandhi, MacArthur, Peter, Paul, Stalin, Mother Teresa, Hezekiah, Jacob, Lenin, Thomas, Sir Francis Drake, Cortez, Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Balboa, Xerxes, Saladin, Richard the Lion Hearted, William the Conqueror, and every Pope who ever lived, *without exerting himself*.

**“For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not”** (Ecc. 7:20).

**“But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away”** (Isa. 64:6).

**“Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity. Selah”** (Psa. 39:5).

**“What then? are we better than they? No, in no wise: for we have before proved both Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin; As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one: There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God”** (Rom. 3:9-11).

Man, would I have to watch my step (1 Pet. 5:8)!

The outcome of any battle *I fought* against him would wind up with me as the loser; the wages I had already earned (Rom. 6:23) guaranteed my DEATH *at his hands* (see Heb. 2:14) unless at the last moment—there came Blucher on Wellington’s left flank! There came Desaix (Marengo: 1800) to save Napoleon from an almost sure defeat! There came... .”

Our Lord said, **“I WILL COME AGAIN.”**

MacArthur made a like promise before landing at Leyte (Oct. 1944) after giving up Bataan and Corregidor (Jan.–May, 1942).

Now, what did the C-in-C say about my *present situation*? He said **“OCCUPY till I come”** (Luke 19:13). I knew that word! You **“occupy”** no enemy territory *till you have taken it with ground troops and hold the real estate by armaments*. Perish the thought of ever winning ANY war until your troops are on the enemy’s soil and can *hold it* so he cannot *reclaim it*. That is THE “absolute basic” of all warfare on this earth, and has been since Jacob got his real estate from the **“Amorite”** (Gen. 48:22).

So! Out come my battle maps again; out come my field manuals again; out go my patrols again. *I have to raise an army*. Whether big or small and whether my combat is going to be limited to man-on-man, hand-to-hand combat or squad encounters or company involvement or calling back for regimental or battalion support, I am going to have to *fight*. I cannot fight the whole battle alone like Art Wermuth, the “one man army” of Bataan (1944, a U.S. Army Captain credited with killing over 100 Japanese) did. I am not that good of a soldier, and the odds against me are more than 50,000 times the odds

against *him*. I cannot ride up and down in front of Saladin's Moslem troops six hours challenging any man to come out and "take me on." Richard the Lion Hearted did this (1190) in the Third Crusade. I am not the leader he was, and again, the odds against me are better than 10,000 times his.

I must *think* as well as pray.

What is my objective? I cannot win the *war*, for the *war* (Ecc. 8:8) cannot be won until the "**man of war**" (Exod. 15:3) shows up with ALL of His troops (Rev. 19). Any fighting *I do* will have to be a rear-guard "delaying action" with casualties mounting steadily until ALL of my men are dead; that will happen if the Lord "tarries." In the meantime, I am to do what every soldier on earth was called to do whether he knows it or not: I have volunteered (*Freiwillig*, Marz 14, 1949) to join an elite outfit ("Der Wehrmacht Des Herrns") and subsequently to "kill or be killed, suffer and live, or suffer and die" (1 Pet. 2:21, 4:13). *I have no other options.*

"My orders are to fight; then if I bleed, or fail, or strongly win, what matters it? God only doth prevail. The servant craveth naught except to strive with might. I was not told to win or lose—my orders were to fight" ("My Orders" by Ethelwyn Wetherald).

**"I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air"** (1 Cor. 9:26).

**"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses"** (1 Tim. 6:12).

**"This charge I commit unto thee, son Timothy, according to the prophecies which went before on thee, that thou by them mightest war a good warfare"** (1 Tim. 1:18).

I was not given these orders from any faculty member the entire time I was at BJU in Greenville, SC. They were not even "brought up" to discuss. *I got them directly from "headquarters."*

*Objective:* hold back the enemy so that thousands of Christians can escape his onslaught and survive to fight again.

I must follow Arnold Van Winkelreid (July 9, 1481, Switzerland), who gathered four spear heads on the front ranks of the advancing phalanx, thus creating a gap through which his troops could break up the formation. *Take the spears in your chest.* Don't think about *survival*, let alone "building a large Sunday School" or "building a great university" or "training champions for Christ" or being voted as "pastor of the century" or "Christian of the year" or any other Hollywood virtual reality, TV gimmick used by any carnal, worldly, backslidden, "doubly separated" DEFECTORS.

It didn't take one reading of Isaiah 14 to see what the situation was: *two kings were in competition.* There was a war going on to see *who* would be "king of the mountain." The war was over *real estate*: in this case, Planet Earth and the solar system.

My enemy held the *high ground* (Isa. 14); he could shoot right into my hip pocket with anything like a French 75 (World War I) or a German 88 (World War II) or a mortar firing a 1200 mm APFSDS (Armor Piercing Fin Stabilized Discarding Sabot: 1990). My enemy had just finished more than 20,000 successive battles without any substantial loss; *he had*

won all of them.

I was “in for it,” as they say in the ranks.

SNAFU. T.S. (and other choice infantry expressions!).

What should I do? Hold my own position? Attack? Send out “search and destroy” missions? Get some high ground like Aetius (a Roman) did at the battle of Chalons (451) where Attila the Hun had overlooked it when setting up his defensive positions against the Roman Legions.

Should I try to meet his army in the field and defeat it? Trick him into making the wrong move? (Like Scipio tricked Hannibal’s elephants in the battle of Zama [202 B.C.] so they stampeded backwards or went through unmanned lanes chasing men who were not even troops?) Should the whole operation be a SWAT team—CIA covert operation? Could I count on my own troops when I got them? Wellington had to disperse English foot soldiers among his front lines on Mount St. Jean between the Dutch, German, and Belgian troops to guarantee they wouldn’t panic.

If ever I needed to think clearly, now was the time.

*What was to be my objective? Would I know it if I attained it? Could it evaporate and another more important objective appear? Would I be “mobile”? The only three armies in history who seemed to be able to move right or left, forwards or backwards, or obliquely, at a moment’s notice. All used EAGLES for their standards: the Roman Legions, the American armies overseas, and the German armies on the continent. Would my troops retain “cohesion”? A draft army is a nightmare when it comes to cohesion. Any volunteer outfit will retain cohesion better: Seals, Sea-Bees, Rangers, SWAT teams, Green Berets, Samurai, SS, etc.*

It was noticed many years ago (1942-1946) that German POWs maintained more cohesion with their officers and units in *prison* than Americans did when they were *not imprisoned*. Lack of *cohesion* was the major factor in the debacle on the Snow Eifel (the 106th Infantry Division). Its men had no sense of loyalty or previous experiences together *as a unit*. They were “one minute” rice cooked up in haste to plug holes.

A battle, let alone a WAR, without any major objective is like a Stanley Cup “Playoff” with each team trying to see how many minutes its players can spend in the penalty box, or a football game where a quarterback thinks the main objective to the game is how many yards he can *run* without *passing*.

The little Corporal offered the following advice: “Every war should have a *definite objective* and be conducted according to the rules of the art” (i.e. “the art of WARFARE”).

“The first quality of a good general is a cool head and being able to see objects AT THEIR REAL VALUE.”

“He must not be elated by good news or depressed by bad news. He cannot see things through a HIGHLY COLORED MEDIUM.” Modern application: never make any decision, concerning any phase of Christian combat, by consulting *ANYTHING* promoted, supported, recommended, or approved of by *ANY* major news outlet in America: TV, radio, newspapers, or magazines (Luke 16:15).

From a military standpoint (strictly), Korea, Kuwait, and Vietnam were three of the most stupid “police actions” any nation ever undertook (until Bush’s “War on Terrorism”). THERE WERE NO *MILITARY OBJECTIVES*. Ho Chi Minh, the North Koreans, Nelson Mandela, Yassar Arafat, and Adolph Hitler all HAD *military objectives*. The PLO (Palestinians) have an objective: the military annihilation of Israel.

This is, plainly, going to have to be a rear guard action. When Napoleon returned from his tragic disaster at Moscow (1812), his “rear guard” was simply annihilated (“clocked” as the expression goes). Weeks after returning to Paris, one gaunt, emaciated, tattered, and torn French officer showed up at a “get together” and reported to an astonished gathering of officers that *he* had been in charge of the rear guard. No one recognized him. He was “what was left” of Field Marshall Ney— “le brave des braves.” They said “Where is the rear guard?” Ney replied, “*I am the rear guard.*”

The word “Ruckman” means “*back man*,” the man in the rear, back where the “RUCK” sack is carried. As a verb it means to “push” or to “jolt” or “jerk.” “*Zuruck*” with the umlaut over the “u” means to return, to *go back*.

“Ruckman” would be a *reactionary man*. In soccer or hockey he would be nothing but a GOALIE: a “*rear guard*.”

I must approach my own military campaign with *that* in mind. Winning is out of the question. “Theirs is not to question why; theirs was but to do or die” (Balaclava, Light Brigade, Crimean War: 1854).

There is no way *one man*, even with an army of 500 elite-trained Christian troops who had mastered Christian combat, could stop the twentieth-century apostasy that ushered in the Laodicean church of 1901: what was written was written. God’s plan for the Body of Christ at the end of the Church Age was *total apostasy* (2 Tim. 3, 4; Rev. 3). No one could *stop* that or *prevent* it. I would have to get troops from Christians who had been intimidated and demoralized by Christian scholarship, huge campus spreads, and mammoth publishing outfits (Zondervan, Eerdmans, Baker Book House, etc.).

The enemy had been deeply entrenched more than forty years *before I was born*. He had plenty of reserve troops. Through years of patrolling and night ambushes and terrorism, they had succeeded in infiltrating nearly every group of real Bible believers left in America. They had money to burn and massive artillery emplacements plus cover on both flanks by flotillas of tanks.

Their control of the “air” was complete.

I couldn’t get a Cessna off the strip.

*Yearly*, they had been turning out nearly 4,000 Bible critics since 1901. Their internal security setups were so strong a mosquito couldn’t fly through them without breaking a wing, and if you chanced to win any Christian to your position, he would be looked upon as a “hell-raising,” “trouble-making,” “church-splitting “heretic” belonging to a “cult.” On the surface, it would appear that their ranks were *divided* by liberal or modernistic theologians or by “neo-Evangelicalism” or “neo-Orthodoxy,” but upon closer scrutiny it was soon discovered that all of the major conservative outlets agreed 100 percent *with the unsaved Liberals and Catholics, plus all Atheists and Agnostics, on three major points:*

1. No Book on earth is “**given by inspiration of God**” so no Book on earth could be an *equal authority* with a pile of lost manuscripts no one had ever seen.
2. The *highest authority* to which any Christian could go on this earth would be to the writings and speeches of saved sinners *with high IQs* who studied Greek and Hebrew.
3. In the end, personal preferences and opinions were a man’s GOD: *his own mind was his highest authority. No Holy Bible was involved.*

When Adolph gave up Moscow for a military objective (1942) and split his armies into three groups aimed at “general” objectives like industrial and agricultural objectives (the Caucasus and the Ukraine), he lost World War II. It just took a couple of years for it to be “in evidence.”

The purpose for bombing Nagasaki and Hiroshima (1945) did not have one POLITICAL, PROPAGANDA, SOCIAL, PHILOSOPHICAL, AGRICULTURAL, ECONOMIC, OR DIPLOMATIC OBJECT TO IT. War is killing. You must kill to win a war. You kill as many of the enemy as you can; you “do unto others *before* they do unto you.” If you can get the “HEAD” (London, Berlin, Rome, New York, Paris, Washington D.C., Vienna, Tokyo, Moscow, Jerusalem, Mecca, Saigon, Medina), you can do the most damage.

The top leadership of the Korean-Vietnam fiasco’s must have been a combination of the Three Stooges, the Marx Brothers, the Keystone Cops, and Abbot and Costello.

- A. The USA didn’t get to *keep* the ground it took.
- B. It couldn’t occupy the land it *conquered*.
- C. The USA often gave sentries *unloaded* rifles.
- D. In Korea, sawed-off, semi-automatic shotguns were “outlawed.”
- E. Soldiers were court-martialed for killing *civilians*, while civilians were killing *soldiers* right and left.
- F. The USA refused to bomb targets that might have brought the wars to an end.
- G. The USA sacrificed thousands of American boys to slaughter by purposely letting the enemy *mass troop concentrations* without harassment, so they could launch massive attacks in *full force*.

In “Nam,” the enemy was allowed not only to outflank you, but surround you and infiltrate you. And throughout this madness there was continual talk about “victory.” When the godless mess was over, to the tune of 213,000 casualties, the press continued to *brag* about how Korea and ‘Nam had been “liberated” from Communism. Nam is 100 percent Communist after 213,000 young men from America were killed (59,000) or wounded (154,000). Korea is 40 percent Communist.

There does not exist in the annals of military history (St. Private, Stalingrad, Mary’s Heights, the Yellow River, Marston Moor, Galipoli, the Huertgen Forest, Dien Bien Phu, Custer’s Last Stand, etc.) *a more capricious series of deadly blunders than in the conduct of the Korean conflict and the Vietnam “Military Advisor’s” Action*. Obviously, both wars were controlled and conducted by the UN, Vatican politics, the news media, the CFR, and the CIA.

“Soldiers” were an afterthought.

Now, there is no way to get a “contract” or a “hit man” to take care of the enemy’s C-in-C. *No one kills Satan*. Once the strong man enters his house (Matt. 12:29), He will bind him (Rev. 20:1-5) and then *steal* his REAL ESTATE (Rev. 20:1-9; Isa. 11; Psa. 72, 145, 148; Rom. 8:19-21, etc.).

The “big dog”—the “chief high muckety muck,” “HNIC” (a censored American expression which was legal till 1964 but now is considered a “hate” crime!)—is the man to get rid of, but it will not happen to Satan till *HIS LORD* shows up (Rev. 19, 14; Isa. 63; Jer. 25; Joel 3, etc.). So aim, if you can, for his “big boys,” the “Lieutenants.” (Not 1st and 2nd Looeys, here, but as in “Lee’s Lieutenants”—the Lt. Generals. These would be men like Jackson, Stuart, Hill, Mosby, Johnson, Hood, A. P. Hill, Longstreet, et al.)

Historians believe that the Civil War was really lost at Chancellorsville when General Jackson was accidentally shot by one of his own men (May 10, 1863). France never rose to her former military heights after Napoleon went into exile (St. Helena, 1815). When the English leader (King Harold) was killed at Hastings (1066) what was left of his army simply fell to pieces. At the Battle of Tours (732), when Charles Martel (“The Hammer”) drove the Moslems from Europe, the death blow to Mohammed’s moon god (“Allah”) was the killing of Abd-er-Rahman, the leader of Islam’s troops.

Like any other Christian, including the greatest (Paul, Rawlings, Wesley, Norris, Vick, Luther, Knox, Norris, Jones, Sunday, et al.), I cannot “take the devil on” intending to “finish him off.” That is ridiculous. I am going to have to be satisfied with second or third “best.” If I am going to follow in my grandfather’s footsteps, I will have to ferret out the headquarters of the enemy (“**Satan’s seat**” in Rev. 2:13) and try to wipe out his divisional and corps area leaders along with their *communication systems*.

I must do this on the battlefield where my Commander places me. I have no choice of “terrain.” I cannot go to Rome to deal directly with Satan’s semi-gods and demi-gods, nor to Mecca to deal with a million lying scoundrels who say that God had no Son and that Jesus Christ never died for any sinner.

Both of those “army headquarters” (Mary and Mohammed) were set up by Satan with the same objective in mind: *to replace Israel by doing away with 500 promises given to Israel in the Old Testament*. Both increased in size, by “members,” through sex (no birth control for the Maryites and four wives for the Mohammedans) and *killing* (Inquisition and Crusades for Mary, “Jihads” for Mohammedans).

As I study their directives and battle plans, I notice that all Five-Point Calvinist Presbyterians *agree with them on the Israel question*, as do ALL amillennial and postmillennial Baptists, Methodists, Charismatics, Lutherans, and Greek Orthodox “Christians.”

It looks like I must have to engage in a CIVIL WAR, at least partially. You see, *my own people* are aligned with Satan when THE BOOK becomes the issue. I cannot fire a shell, sling a stone, shoot off a rocket, drop a round in a mortar, pull the latch on an artillery piece, or open a bomb bay without wounding or killing some of *my own people*. THEY TOOK SATAN’S SIDE AGAINST THE BOOK. *I took the reverse*.



Now, if those who do not learn the lessons of history are “condemned to repeat them,” I had better get my military histories straight, or there will be a senseless debacle with an unnecessary slaughter of troops. It happened at Balaclava (The Charge of the Light Brigade; Oct. 25, 1854) through confused orders between officers arguing among themselves. Their *leaders* got them slaughtered.

Those lines are from British poetry, written to eulogize the famous “Charge of the Light Brigade” which, to put it as short as it can be put, was the throwing away of about 578 good cavalymen through a mistake in the *transmission* of a battle order. In this particular one, the *personalities* of the higher officers were involved and affected the way the orders were delivered. (This is why Napoleon cautioned generals with the following: “A general must use discrimination in spotting character so that best man has the place for which he was qualified by nature [God], Study young generals for their dispositions and inclinations.”)

In this case, the British were attacking Russians who were coming at them from the east. The *Heavy Brigade* thrashed the Russians and drove their Cossacks off the field of battle. Three hundred Scotch Greys and British “Royals” had whipped about 3,000 mounted Russian cavalry. At that moment, “The Light Brigade” was present but “uncommitted.” Lord Lucan failed to send them in to follow up the great slaughter the Heavy Brigade had carried out. Cardigan, the head of the “Lights” was ready with 700 eager troopers to finish the Russians off. A Britisher named Alexander Eliot had led the charge, and when he was hauled out of the battle, unconscious and wounded, he was bleeding from every pore. He had taken fourteen wounds from sabers or lances.

Being recommended for the Victoria cross, Eliot was turned down by *Lord Lucan* who, instead, named his own “aide de camp,” who (as far as anyone knows) did not take part in EITHER action: *the Heavy or Light Brigades. Upper echelon politics* (see Bernard Montgomery, pp. 163).

But as the Russians retreated eastward, they began to haul artillery pieces up on a long ridge southward, which ran *parallel* to where the English were attacking. Upon spotting this, Lord Raglan sent Lord Lucan a message, “Calvary to advance and take advantage of any opportunity to recover THE HEIGHTS.” (The “Heights,” here mentioned, would be southward of a valley and *on the British right flank*.) Some of the guns being hauled off and positioned on the “Heights” were captured *English canon*.

Ragland had General Airey write out a “red alert” which said, “Cavalry is to advance RAPIDLY to the front and try to prevent the enemy from carrying away our guns.”

And here the “personalities” of human nature came into play. Lucan had a reputation for arguing with orders and criticizing orders even when carrying them out. Further, Lucan hated *General Airey* (Raglan’s messenger boy) and tried to ignore him when he showed up anywhere. So as soon as he read the order he started denouncing it and actually challenged the “aide de camp” as to its authenticity. The order had only been *signed* by General Airey; it *came* to Lucan from Airey’s “aide de camp”—Captain Louis Nolan. Lucan hated *his* guts too, and Nolan didn’t have much use for him.

Nolan galloped into the valley with Airey’s message and reined up in front of Lucan. Lucan half read the dispatch, then he began to rant and rave. Later, he admitted that he

was so mad he had not even carefully read the dispatch. He thought it said, "... the enemy carrying the guns *by the Turkish troops* in the morning," which it had not said.

Nolan, unable to control himself, replied, "Lord Raglan's ORDERS are that the cavalry should ATTACK *immediately!*" Contemptuously, Lord Lucan said, "Attack, sir? Attack WHAT? *What guns, sir?!*"

Nolan (just as mad as Lucan) yelled, "THERE, my Lord, is your enemy! *There are your guns!*" But he had not wheeled his steed to point to the "Heights." He had simply pointed *over his right shoulder*, and from where Lucan was mounted a ridge covered the "Heights" on his right flank.

Nolan was *pointing* right down the valley, *west to east*. The guns at the end of that valley were the Russian batteries of artillery for the main battle. When Lucan ordered his under-officer, Lord Cardigan, to charge, Cardigan pointed this fact out to him: "We also have," he said, "Russian batteries and riflemen on EACH FLANK."

Lucan shrugged his shoulders and said, "I know it, but Lord Raglan will have it, and we have no choice (see the poem above!) *but to obey.*" The Light Brigade attacking through a *mile long* gauntlet of batteries and riflemen into ten large artillery pieces backed by CAVALRY. That was "the charge of the Light Brigade."

As the front ranks broke into a gallop, Nolan, still with the Brigade, saw what was happening. Instead of sweeping around to the right, they were going straight ahead into "the jaws of death." He madly rode out in front of Cardigan's lead horses and waving his sabre wildly, he screamed, "This way! This way!" pointing toward the guns on the Heights. No one heard Nolan or paid any attention to him. Five seconds later a bursting shell nearly took his head off, and his corpse stayed in the saddle till it fell off behind the charge.

The "charge" ended behind the Russian batteries with 578 dead and 500 horses killed or disabled. After the war, a French general, studying the action, said, "It is magnificent; but is not WAR." (See Napoleon's comment on "according to the rules of the art," pp. 52-53.)

When it is impossible to take an objective, stop the attrition and get out.

There is no sense in fighting a losing battle that you are sure to lose unless it is absolutely NECESSARY. I have given two "necessary" cases: a *delaying action* and a "*rear guard*" action. There are two more: one is called a "listening post"—a phenomenon of World War I—and a "diversionary" attack which is not meant to *take* an objective, but rather to hinder an enemy from attaining his objective by temporarily diverting him from *his plans and position*.

Among scores of useless attacks made on objectives that could *not* be taken is the famous Winston Churchill "boo boo" in World War I at Gallipoli. (He made a worse one in 1921 when he gave two-thirds of the Promised Land to Allah and Mohammed, which was worse than when he activated the British Navy [as Lord of the Admiralty] BEFORE Germany declared war on anyone in 1914.)

Henry Wilson, an old buddy of Col. Richard Meinertzhagen (see ISRAEL: *A Deadly Piece of Dirt*, 2001, p. 276), warned the Colonel: "Churchill might do something stupid, and his MILITARY JUDGMENT IS ALMOST ALWAYS AT FAULT. He thinks he is the Duke of

Marlborough” (p. 38).

Of course he did; the Duke’s name was “John Churchill.” Winnie the Pooh figured if he had the same name then he too was a military genius like the victor of Blenheim (p. 6).

In April of 1915, an English armada, sent out to Turkey by Winston Churchill, found themselves near the Sulva Bay on the Aegean Sea (the Gallipoli Peninsula). They landed 78,000 BEF soldiers under Gen. Ian Hamilton plus about 4,000 Australians. The Turks knew they were coming and were well prepared, holding ALL of the “high ground” inland from the beaches (Sulva Bay to the Dardanelles).

First they changed *buoy markers* so the English fleet landed too far *north* of their objective. Jammed together where they couldn’t disembark, they were fired at from the cliffs. The Australians bravely took one ridge but then were faced with a second one. At this time the Turkish 19th Division arrived, led by Mustafa Pasha. He himself led the first regiment in the attack.

The Turks drove the Australians off, but they later counter-attacked. With the arrival of thousands of Turkish troops, the Aussies were again driven back to the beachhead. *Neither side took any prisoners.* The English dug in on a crowded beach under fire (see Anzio, p. 74). On “V” beach and “W” beach, where the British 29th Division landed, it was a slaughter like Omaha Beach, only worse; the British had no pre-invasion bombardment and no air force. Of 9,000 men who landed on the beaches, 3,000 were dead in twenty-four hours. The French landed some troops with the aid of naval bombardment, but they couldn’t advance 500 yards after landing. In a week, the whole battle had created another “Western Front” of dead-locked “trench warfare” *exactly like the situation in Europe.* That is the situation they had been trying to *avoid.*

After five weeks they had lost 40,000 men and the French another 20,000. Churchill decided to break the “deadlock” with large reinforcements (as Haight did in Europe in Flanders Field). Three military units were sent. The mess dragged on—May, June, July, August, September, October. At the end of November, the Limeys decided to pull out. All their troops evacuated by January 8, the main body leaving December 19. More than 100,000 soldiers returned to Europe after accomplishing nothing.

*Ditto Korea and Vietnam.*

It happened at Spion Kop during the Boer War, through an unwise choice to hold a piece of “high ground” that was not worth holding. It was lethal (Jan. 1900). It was “high ground,” but it afforded no real “ground cover” because you couldn’t *dig* in it. It was all *rocks*—all of it, and most of them too big to roll or move anywhere to set up any kind of cover.

The German-Dutch defenders let the British get it and then bombarded them with mortars behind the opposite hill till they had to “absquatulate” (American: circa 1849).

The same thing happened at Crecy during the 100 Years War (England and France, Aug. 1346) where heavy cavalry were given orders for a massed frontal assault against English “longbow men.” The route was through ploughed-up, muddy ground with potholes in it two feet deep which had been dug by the British infantry during the night before the attack.

A hail of arrows took out nearly five ranks of charging knights. Once de horsed, *and in the mud*, they were easy prey for the archers who then drew swords and daggers and went to retrieve their arrows and kill the wounded. When the next ranks charged, to counter them, they stumbled over several hundred bodies *of their own men and horses* while the 100-pound bows cut loose in front of them again. History is replete with tactical blunders which cost hundreds and thousands of fine young men their lives or their limbs.

I don't want casualties in my "outfit" unless they are *unavoidable*. Nobody is going to get into action and out of it without a casualty; at least not once since Numbers 31. Major Dunk (*Dunk's Almanac*), a retired Marine, said, "A Battalion that is not suffering *heavy* casualties is not *committed* to the attack."

World War I cost France 1,335,000 military dead; Germany suffered 1,773,000. An additional 4,266,000 "Frogs" were wounded, and 4,215,000 "Krauts" were wounded. Thirteen million Russians were killed or MIA in World War II, while the Germans lost 9,000,000 of their finest young men (16-60).

Often an outfit shot its own wounded through pity and mercy. In 1536, when the French entered Milan, Italy, three men wounded terribly by burns had a future surgeon slit their throats (gently of course). One soldier, seeing this act, shouted at him and called him a "villain" for killing the wounded men. He said, "I pray God that He would find someone who would do the same for *me* if I ever get in the condition *those men* were in."

What do you do with one of your own men when you find him "staked out" in a rice paddy (Nam) or hanging naked to a tree (China-India Burma theater) after he has been flayed from the waist up like a deer and is begging you to shoot him?

God save any commander from seeing such casualties among his own troops, knowing that HE was responsible for their condition through a tactical blunder.

The assault on St. Private (Franco-Prussian war, Aug. 1870) by the Germans was madness, and there was some madness in the center attack at Gettysburg, although with the troops he had Lee was "dead ended" at Culp's Hill on the Yankee right and Little Round Top on the Yankee left (July 3, 1863).

The Yankees tried the same thing on Mary's Heights at Fredericksburg (Dec. 13, 1862) with about the same results. More often it is overconfidence in numbers or "elan" (a French term for "up and at 'em, boys! We can whip anybody!") that does the damage. In modern Christian churches (The Crystal Cathedral for example), this is called "Possibility Thinking" or "having faith in yourself" or "the power of positive thinking." It is what Hitler practiced until 1945.

It is this "*positive* thinking" that left America *unprepared for THREE wars in a row*: World War I, World War II, and Korea. In the case of Bush's "War on Terrorism," the war never even got off the ground.

West Point, Annapolis, and the Pentagon were reticent to adjust themselves to reality in *all three cases* and then repeated it in Vietnam. When World War I broke out, we were prepared for cavalry action (Mosby, Sheridan, Stuart, Custer, Newy, Ashby, Forrest, et al.), campaign hats, Ft. Riley, and the whole works. It turned out to be trench warfare where a cavalry horse was about as practical as a parachute on a submarine.

When World War II broke out, America and France were prepared for *trench warfare* (the “bastion” or “fortress” concept), and it turned out to be 20-60 m.p.h. “blitzes” on the ground, with motorized infantry, motorized cavalry, and 200-400 m.p.h. Blitzkrieg with bombers and pursuit planes. When the war ended we promptly prepared for the same kind of a “blitz” that took place between 1939-1945. Blew it again. The warfare in Korea (1950) was so close to the *trench warfare* and night fighting and hand-to-hand combat of World War I that you could almost swap photos on the actions.

Any German general with an ounce of sense (if he had been in charge of American troops in Korea) would have issued ten-round, semi-automatic, double-00 buck shot *shotguns* to every infantryman and equipped every rifle company with a minimum of 400 *white phosphorus hand grenades* before each night action.

Too little, too late. We lost the “police action” and never even got our POWs or our MI As back. Don’t blame the 18-25 year olds who took the beating on a platoon or company level. The trouble is nearly always somewhere above the level of a major. In Vietnam, the trouble came from the White House and the War Department.

So I took my time with battle plans. Back in 1958 I was still studying the “disposition” of the enemy’s troops, his position on the terrain, his ballistic possibilities, the strengths of his units, and the infernal and eternal “situation.”

“Make him fight on your ground on *your* terms.”

That was Napoleon’s dictum. Do it if possible.

I noted that in the Civil War the same “situation” would develop nearly every time the Yankees and Southerners collided in a major battle. It explained to me the curious retort of A. P. Hill to a group of Yankee officers after the war was over. Playing “Monday morning” football after the big “Sunday game,” some Confederate and Yankee Generals were rehashing the battles. After several hours of very enthusiastic, and even violent, debating, Sheridan breathed a sigh and said, “Well, anyway we whipped ya!” To which A. P. Hill snapped, “Go’ wan with that! *We wore ourselves out WHIPPIN’ YOU!*”

I have studied and walked the battlefields of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and Chancellorsville, and have studied the maps and tactics of Shiloh, Vicksburg, 1st and 2nd Bull Run, Chickamauga, and Atlanta, many times; the formats are almost uniform.

A. The troops clash head-on. B. The Southerners drive the Yankees back, back, and back except when outnumbered about two to one. Then they *still* drive them back a little. C. Several times they succeed in *collapsing* the Union’s flanks or drive them back to a river with no place to go and have to “take a stand.” D. When the sun goes down the South has lost so many men they could not attack *again* at daylight if they bivouacked, *so they pull out*. E. By sunlight, *reinforcements are always there for the Union*; whole regiments come to their aid in twenty-four hours after they have been driven backward. In the case of Bull Run (July 21, 1861), the South could have been in Washington, D.C. that night, but being just as green as the Yankees were to actual bloody combat they failed to “press the attack.” That is all right; General Meade did *the same thing* at Gettysburg where *the Yankees* could have ended the war in 1863.

At Gettysburg, the identical format was followed. The Southerners drove the Yankees

back to Gettysburg, then *through* Gettysburg, and then *out flanked* them at Culp's Hill and *nearly* out flanked them down by Big Round Top. When the day ended, the rear of the Yankee's position was still open *for 50,000 men to come in and reinforce the troops if they had been available*. Lee has nothing and had lost 20,000 men, and *no replacements could come from anywhere*. He left the field: "worn out with whipping 'em."

I could read "my future in the stars."

*My side could not possibly win till after Christ comes back.*

The best I could do would be to "whup up on 'em" every time I contacted them. "Beat 'em into rag dollies," as they say in North Carolina. One casualty out of every five men on the Southern side, at Gettysburg, were from one state: *North Carolina*.

When the war ended, two year *later* (Appomattox, April, 1865), many of the "Johnny Rebs" had no uniforms, no food rations, shoes, or even guns. They were reduced to throwing ROCKS at Union cavalry. Some of them had no boots or shoes but were ready to fight in their bare feet rather than surrender. General Lee said, "I must go and see General Grant today, and I would rather die a thousand deaths."

I could see my future clearly: I was to throw rocks and finish in my bare feet. *No surrender*. Like the Japanese on Okinawa (April 1-June 22, 1945), I was to be "*faithful unto death*" (Rev. 2:10). Less than 8,000 Japanese surrendered out of Okinawa's 135,000 defenders; the Japs had lost 110,000 troops in the defense of one island.

Across the centuries floats an exchange between Lincoln's Abolitionists and Dixie's defenders. Sentries patrolling both sides of the Rappahannock River before "Marye's Heights" would often yell at each other. "Hey, Johnny Reb! I see you ain't got much of a uniform left!" (Laughter on the Union's side.) After about five seconds a deep, slow-speaking drawl, with a Georgia accent, came back across the waters: "Ah nevah weah's mah Sunday clothes when ah goes to a hog killin'!"

Neither Blues or Grays wanted to be found dead on the field battle with a *deck of cards* of them; they took them out of their packs *before* they went into action. Any thief caught "requisitioning" (military term in 1940 for "stealing") was "drummed out of camp" with a cue ball hair cut, his uniform off, and his rifle held upside down. The average unsaved sinner in those armies (1860-1865) had *moral convictions* you will find missing in *Christian churches* (and the government—see typical, fornicating scum-buckets like Kennedy and Clinton) in the 1960s, 70s, 80s, and 90s. If you want to see the *moral standards* of the American Army today, check the black market, the drug traffic, and sex perversion among high-ranking officers and political corruption worldwide in dealing with Israel and Moslem oil interests.

Bob Jones Sr. had told me the conflict I was entering would be bloodier than Omaha Beach (1944), the Somme (July-Nov. 1916), Verdun (Feb.-Dec. 1916), or Shiloh (April 6-7, 1892). What would happen? I was about to take on the faculties and staffs of 200 Christian colleges, seminaries, and universities in America, England, and Europe and DEFY the "historic positions" of the (supposedly) greatest, most *spiritual*, most *godly*, most *dedicated*, *consecrated* Bible critics (1 Tim. 5:17) who ever spent their lifetime trying to gain "the preeminent place" (3 John 9) in the Body of Christ as *men who deserved double honor for themselves*.

Would I “goof up” like Haight did (World War I) when he tried to make troops charge through mud three feet deep in a landscape potted with shell holes, filled with dead and wounded, and bodies all tangled up in barbed wire and mule harnesses where they had tried to pull small artillery pieces up through Flanders Field (Dec. 1915-Sept. 1916)? *Attrition*; slaughter. Five hundred thousand casualties in ONE military operation.

Could I lead a charge like the Yankees carried out at Missionary Ridge (Nov. 25, 1863)? This charge was committed by the troops *without orders* by the “higher ups,” and it was carried out with genuine desperation, for the objective was high, strongly fortified, and well manned. *It succeeded*. It was “git shot lying on the hillside” or “git shot climb’n it!” So they “dumb” it and won.

As a Colonel, Charles Canham (116th Infantry Division) said, during the slaughter on Omaha Beach (D-Day, June, Normandy, 1944), with blood coming out a wrist wound, making one arm useless, “Com’on men! Follow me! [Matt. 4:19] They’re murdering us down *here* [they were pinned down by machine gun fire and mortar fire and (!) Pips Priller (pp. 38-39) strafing them]. Let’s move inland and get murdered up *there!* ”

My, my, the “variables” that happen! They are so numerous that often a battle looks like it is just a multitude of killers given up to chance and luck. But “planning” (G-2) there has to be. When Genghis Khan invaded China and ran into Aha-Gambo by the Yellow River, he baited the Chinese by a *false retreat*, drawing them out on to the ice (see p. 29 on the horse hoofs). William the Conqueror did exactly the same thing in Hastings (Oct. 1066) against King Harold of England. The *Indians* used this tactic more than once on U.S. Cavalry. The Roman Legions did it at Pydna, 168 B.C.

It came directly from a Book written before 100 B.C. (see Josh. 8:3-8 and Judg. 20:31-34).

## CHAPTER 4

### Real Wars and Real Soldiers

If I am a soldier of the cross, I “must fight if I must win; increase my courage Lord!” (Josh. 1:9). If I get killed and “lose,” **then let “the Lord do that which seemeth Him good!”** (The general of David’s Army—Joab, 2 Sam. 10:12).

What is your “battle plan,” Ruckman?

Gen. Lucas (Anzio beachhead, Jan.–Feb., 1944) *didn’t have any*. He decided to be ultra-cautious and “dig in” instead of advancing before the Krauts could build up a front against him. Gen. Lucas caused 6,923 American boys to lose their lives WITHOUT GETTING OFF THE BEACH. We could have reached Rome two months earlier than we did if Lucas had sent out “combat patrols” ahead of his landing forces. Gen. Truscott had to replace him.

I have an advantage. *I am already surrounded*; I am encircled by the enemy. As Marine Chesty Puller said (Korea, 1950): “We got ‘em now! They can’t get away from us! We’re surrounded!”

Then there is the matter of *civilians*. House-to-house fighting and “rooftop to rooftop”—after clearing rooms with grenades, flame throwers, tear gas, etc.—eventually affects civilians. The two outstanding examples are Janet Reno’s slaughter (after gassing) of seventeen unarmed *minor children* in Waco, Texas and the fiasco at Ruby Ridge where a professional sniper deliberately murdered an *unarmed woman* carrying a baby.

When you bomb Nagasaki or Hiroshima (or Hamburg or Dresden, for that matter), *you kill pregnant women and unarmed children under five years old*.

Long ago (Civil War) battles like Fort Pillow (April 1864), Spotsylvania (May 1864), the Wilderness (May 1864), Gettysburg (1863), and Antietam (Sept. 1862) did not include “door-to-door visitation”—Acts 20:20; that is, “house-to-house” combat.

There can be little or no “heroics” in such a campaign. I am not a brave and bold “hero” or the “Christian celebrity” type. Alexander and Richard the Lion-Hearted both crossed streams, alone on horseback, to face masses of enemy troops. Being outnumbered about three to one, Alexander did this when facing Darius the Persian at Issus (Oct. 333 B.C.). He rode “the lead hoss” (Beucephalus) in a frontal attack and sailed right into the midst of archers just like Philip VI’s army did at the Battle of Crecy (1346). But Alex cut his way through the archers and cavalry so quickly that he was right next to the C-in-C’s royal chariot (“carriage”) in a few minutes. Darius (a General, Emperor, and Sultan) tucked his tail between his legs and “ab-squattulated” as quickly as he could.

“Cowardice is epidemic.” The whole Persian army broke up.

The English King Richard was not only “lion-hearted” but had the power of a lion, the face of a lion, the rage of a lion, and the *moral ethics* of a lion. He crossed a stream that separated his troops from 20,000 Moslem in ranks; for more than two hours he rode up and down in front of them, challenging any “son of the prophets” to come out and “take



him on.” His red hair must have scared the living fire out of them because *Mohammed* dyed his own hair red. “Allah” wasn’t up to taking the “Limey” on.

When Saladin’s nephew leaned over and whispered into Saladin’s ear that he would go out and “try Ricky for size,” Saladin hissed “*Keep your saddle, you fool!*” Whereupon some of the “Amirs” in headquarters nearby laughed. Their great general had just “lost face.”

If I am going to have to collide with a Shemite (Chief White Cloud, Geronimo, Yamamoto, Sitting Bull, Hiroshi Oonada, Yamashita, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Ho Chi Minh, Mao, or “Crazy Horse,” then I had better worry about *losing face* as much as *losing life*. Shem says, “Death with honor is better than life with dishonor.” Japheth never “dug” that philosophy. So we “lost face” in the Orient TWICE: *Korea and Vietnam*. From *that time* on we needed the news media and the UN to protect us for our “internal security.” *It cost us our national freedom as a democracy.*

I am not giving you my opinion about anything. You can take the word of the most decorated Marine officer in the history of the Marine Corp (Gen. “Chesty” Puller).

“Chesty’s” chest displayed the Navy Cross with four stars, the Army Distinguished Service Cross, the Silver Star, the Legion of Merit, the Bronze Star, the Purple Heart, the Air Medal, five Presidential Unit citations, two Good Conduct medals, and medals for fighting in Haiti, Nicaragua, China, and Korea, plus thirteen other decorations.

*Here is what “Chesty” said about the “police action ” in Korea.*

“Stalemate, Hell! We’ve LOST the first war in our history (1950-1951), and it’s time someone told the American people the TRUTH about it. *The Reds whipped the devil out of us, pure and simple.*”

The news media never told the truth to the American people. One hundred percent of them were LIARS.

The news media has never told the truth to the American people *one time* about *anything* that dealt with Korea, Vietnam, Serbia, North Ireland, Israel, Islam, Russia, gun control, crime control, segregation, liquor, the Bible, the Pope, UFOs, women’s “lib,” the Catholic Church, sex perverts, the Federal Reserve Bank, civil rights, the UN, or the work of the NEA and the ACLU. It never will.

As soon as Chesty Puller got on a plane and returned to the USA, he took out his notebook and made a list of “Topics I will NOT DISCUSS with the *press*.”

“Freedom of *speech*” had vanished from America due to the “freedom” of the “*press*.” Speech, from 1950 on, was to be censored. *So it is today.*

When the Japanese and American airmen were playing “Monday morning football” (see pp. 68-70) in the emperor’s motel (across from the moat in Tokyo) after World War II, an American Colonel said, “There is one thing about you Japanese that mystifies us. How could you needlessly sacrifice so many young men as Kamikaze divers when you knew the tactic would not visibly effect our invasion fleets and offshore navy?”

A Shemite Colonel replied, “We also find you people do something that is incomprehensible to us. We hear you talk constantly about young men loving their country enough to die for it, and then when you find some that DO, like our flyers, you act

surprised.”

Long before “Custer’s Last Stand” (Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876) knocked him down permanently, there were Indian “braves” attacking his “ring” and jumping over the gunners, charging through the center, planting a spear in the crowd, and then jumping out of the ring over another line of gunmen; *they did it without firing a shot or tomahawking a defender.*

Let’s see Japheth figure THAT one out!

“Negotiations” with Shem are a joke unless you can back it with a thermo-nuclear bomb, *before he gets one.*

Any peace treaty signed between a *real* Shemite and a Caucasian is temporary. No Moslem ever abides by any treaty any longer than is expedient to do so. “Saving face” is much more important than telling the truth. You can apply that dictum to *ALL negotiations* with Arafat, Hussein, Assad, and Nassar; all negotiations between Europeans and Saladin, Baibars, Tamerlane, or Attila; all negotiations NOW with Pakistan, Afghanistan, Red China, Arabia, Syria, Turkey, Korea, or Japan.

“Negotiations” with Red China are an international joke.

So are ANY dealings with the PLO, now called the “PA.”

A “constitution” for a Palestinian State is a horse laugh.

The rules of battle, according to history:

1. *Never* get into a fight with Shem unless you intend to wipe him out *thoroughly*.
2. If you do not intend to obliterate him, don’t mess with him at all; *leave him alone*. Gen. Wedemeyer: “America must never get involved in a war on the Asiatic mainland.” We ignored that warning *THREE* times: Korea, Vietnam, Kuwait. We are ignoring it now. We will “pay the piper” shortly.
3. Half Shemites: Cambodians, Vietnamese, Indians, Turks, Arabs, and American Indians have much of this “blood” in their veins.
4. If you want to *attack* a position, use GERMANS (Krauts). See *Angriff!* by Erwin Rommel, written as an Infantry Field Manual before 1939.
5. If you want to *hold* a position, use ENGLISHMEN (Limeys).
6. If you have so many hordes of Shemites (American Sgt. in Korea; “Captain, how many hordes are there in a Chinese platoon?”) that you can afford to be “expendable,” use RUSSIANS or CHINESE.
7. If you want a successful *bayonet attack*, winding up in hand-to-hand, get SCOTCHMEN or AUSTRALIANS (*New Zealanders* are pretty good too!).
8. If you want a *barroom brawl*, get “Micks” (IRISHMEN).
9. Turks are like the Aussies (down under) and the Kiwis (New Zealanders).

I am about to close with an enemy that I cannot see (Eph. 6:10-12) and who has won literally millions of battles, at least where destruction of THE TRUTH is involved and

where SIN is involved. These battles were fought on a *global scale* from Fairbanks, Alaska to Bombay, from Manila to Nova Scotia, from Tokyo to Barcelona, and from Berlin to the East Indies.

Where will I be able to recruit troops? I will need troops as tough as a “thirty-year man” in the Seals or Green Berets or the SS.

Do you reckon I can enlist some “Sturmtruppen” out of the “Promise Keepers” or the “700 Club”? “PTL?” Are there any “shock troops” (Stosstruppen) in the Brownsville Booby Hatch or among the Toronto Twitchers? How about the Benny Hinn’s Floppers? No? Well, may I find “a few good men” attached to “Focus on the Family” or “Learning how to live with Others”? Perhaps “The Hour of Prophecy”? How about some smiling girlies from BJU or PCC or some of the half-baked Bible critics at the seminaries in Chicago, Eos Angeles, Denver, Louisville, New Orleans, Minneapolis, and Bob Jones University?

Boy, did America ever have some “potential” in the twentieth century!

Here, I need some SAVED Mafia “wise-guys,” some SAVED BATF teams, some SAVED Marines (1940 vintage), and some SAVED Green Berets.

The last thing on earth I will need will be troops trained under Sgt. Becky and Sgt. Grace Rice, Lt.’s Dobson, Hindson, Hobson, Hutson, Col. Betty Boop, Col. Becky Poo Poo, Tinker Bell, Capt. Twinkle Toes, Sgt. Smith and Sgt. Swindoll, Clarence Crown College Campfire Girls, the PCC Lady Fingers, and the Liberty University Brownies.

**“Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ”** (2 Tim. 2:3).

Where, oh where, can I get some battle-scarred, tough *infantrymen* who have been “blooded” and can “take it” as well as dish it out? I want men like Joe Boss (Holland, Michigan) who won his American citizenship after World War II by leaving Germany and fighting for the USA in Korea.

On Christmas Eve of 1950, “on the line,” Joe was trying to hack his way through a can of cold turkey when the “old man” (p. 17) passed by him, checking out the perimeter of defense. “How’s it goin, Joe?” asked the Captain. “Great sir! Just great! Man, dis is great! Vee nefer got so goot a meal in Germany afer de VAR!”

The Old Man beamed and slapped Joe on the back and said, “Ah, Joe, I wisht I had a hundred jes’ like ya!”

Joe had been on a detail burning corpses all day because you can’t dig *graves* in ground that is frozen six feet deep; not even mortar shells can shovel them.

*Soldiers?* Huh! Writing cute little books on how to avoid church splits and books on the *King James Only Controversy* and the “Battle” (!!) for the Bible and the *Our God Breathed Book*, and then promoting 208 trashy replacements for the *King James Bible* while calling American Bible believers “Ruckmanites” in a “cult”?

That is your idea of a “soldier,” is it? How about some excerpts from some *real soldiers*, okay? For a moment, let us just step back into 1967 and see what is actually going on in Binh Son, Vietnam, and in Quang Tin Province (1968).

I’ll give you a hasty montage of “soldiering” coming to you out of the middle of an

infantry battleground in the middle of some “action.” These are genuine excerpts.

“So and so had his platoon pinned down ... he made a one-man attack on an armed bunker complex ... we saw him run across open ground for about *forty yards* with bullets hitting around him and grenades exploding near him. He fired from the hip the whole distance. He was *wounded* by shrapnel but got to the main bunker and killed every enemy in it; then he climbed to the top of the bunker and shouted for us to com’on; without waiting for us he assaulted three more bunkers; and was wounded again in so doing.”

That would be Platoon Sgt. Finnis McCleery from San Angelo, Texas: **“No man stood with me ... be strong and of a good courage!”**

Here is Pvt. 1st Class Gary Martini from Portland, Oregon, a Marine. His platoon was caught in intensive mortar and rifle fire when they tried to cross a rice paddy. Fourteen of their men were *killed*, and eighteen more had to take cover behind a low dyke. Over the dyke goes Pvt. Martini, and, crawling forward, he pitches grenades into the enemy’s positions, killing several of them. He then rejoins his platoon. Upon seeing a couple of his wounded buddies lying exposed to fire, he races across to them and drags them back to safety; *he got wounded badly while he did this*. He went again to bring in another buddy, and this time he was mortally wounded, but he got his buddy back to safety. While he was *dying*, pulling the wounded buddy, some of his own men tried to come out to help him, but he yelled to them to keep cover. He died ten minutes after bringing in his last trooper.

**“Greater love hath no man than this ... .”**

Never mind the sweet-smiling, hand-shaking, soft-soaping, “caring and sharing,” and the “love of Christ,” and giving us “a better rendering of the original Greek.” Sack ‘em. Swat ‘em.

I’ll give it to you, but I’ll give it to you out of the mouth of grunts and dogfaces. Want to get it out of the “horse’s mouth,” do ya? Well, let’s step over to the Ia Drang Valley in 1965 and see what is going on in LZ “X-Ray” and LZ “Albany.” Here are some choice “tid bits” from a typical, twentieth-century, infantry battlefield:

“We dragged his dead body to a creek and left it there ... somebody on my left shot the Cong, and he slammed into a tree real hard and then just crumpled up ... finally we had to get out of there; everyone was getting wounded. I saw my radio operator’s hip ‘explode’ right in front of my face before the bleeding covered it up ... I saw a white, jagged bone sticking out of his hip after that ... we tried to keep him from losing his mind; we were puttin’ bandages all over him; about that time a gook threw one of our own grenades at us. It killed a sergeant. I was hit by some grenade fragments; one got me in the knee. The gook who threw the grenade was *laughing* at us, and he was still laughing when a sergeant emptied a magazine into his stomach. I saw daylight through the guy’s *belly* before he fell ... .”

“Sgt... . was dropping beside me with a bullet in his heart—it went in and came out under his left arm. In spite of them, and bleeding heavily, he picked up a rifle and *went on firing*. We had to carry two wounded buddies to an aid station which had been set up behind a termite hill. One guy’s right arm was tore all to pieces, and his hand dangled down; it was a bloody, shattered mess. Another kid had a leg that was just one big, bloody wound from his hip to his feet; he was screaming in pain ... . the enemy’s fire slackened off a minute

... I saw Jim's helmet lying in front of me with a bullet hole in it; I turned the helmet over, and it looked like all his brains fell out of it in front of me. I began to scream for a medic and tried to tell Jim that it wasn't nothin' but a small wound, and he would be all right... while me and a medic were trying to fix him up, we heard *somebody else* screaming from another gun position. They were yelling, 'So-and-so is hit!' Help! His guts are all over the ground!"

Do you know what went on in some of the LCIs and LSTs that landed on the Normandy Beach on D-Day? Well, here are two dogfaces with their comments.

Their LST was about to land troops into the holocaust you saw in "Saving Private Ryan." In the face of machine gun fire directly into the boats, the commander (Sgt. Paddy McQuiad) said to Sgt. De Lacy, "Don't ye think now that some of these boys seem a *wee bit timid?*"

Sgt. De Lacey ordered them out in a rush when the front gate went down: "Alright now! Here we go! On the run!" Sgt. McQuiad, as he charged into the water, yelled, "Come out, ye bastards! Com'on and fight us now!" He immediately *sank* into seven feet of water. Coming up, cursing and spluttering, and nearly drowning with *fifty pounds of equipment* on him, he roared, "Oh the EVIL of it! Tryin' to drown me before I even get up on the beach!!"

The landing crafts had to sail through the dead bodies of drowned G.I.s and had to ignore the screams of the drowning who were begging to be taken aboard. Some of the boat handlers vomited as they raced by their drowning buddies. A fast launch weaved through the assault boats making sure none of them stopped to help the drowning servicemen. "You are not a rescue ship!" bellowed the loud speakers. "Get on shore!" The assault waves sped by.

In one boat, containing infantrymen from Lt. Colon Battes' 8th Infantry Regiment, a dogface watched the drowning G.I.s and said, "Them lucky b... , they aint' *seasick* no more!"

"Promise Keepers," huh? Ecumenical councils, is it? "Family week," is it? Pack a pew night? "Spiritual emphasis" week, is it? Right? Christian "retreat" for young people? "RETREAT"? Did you say "retreat"?

"I could see the grass bending down in front of my position ... someone was crawling around out there ... I yelled, 'Who's out there?' No answer. A sergeant next to me said, 'Burn his ... !', so I and my buddies emptied several clips into the grass. One guy fired for ten minutes.

The next day we found dead Viet Cong all through that field ... these guys had been cooked by napalm; they were *dancing* they were in such pain ... their clothes were burned to shreds, their hair was all burned off, and they were just one big mass of blisters. Some of them had breathed fire into their lungs. I grabbed ahold of the charred feet of one G.I., and his boots just crumbled while his *flesh came off on my hands* ... I could feel his *bare ankle bones*. I can still hear that kid screaming."

"*Christian soldiers*," eh? I could recruit better troops from a truck farm or a Garbage Collector's Union.

Where will I get enough ammo for sustaining combat through half a century? How can I supply my troop's subsistence? The Little Corporal said, "An army travels on its stomach."

Where can they rest between engagements? If we meet with disaster (like the Chosen Reservoir, Korea, Nov.-Dec., 1950), how can I conduct an "orderly retreat" as the 1st Marine Division did? They said, "We ain't retreating, we are just *attacking* in a new direction!" They were getting ready for another disaster which would take place twenty years later: Nam (1965). We know that because, in 1950, the Gyrenes "in ranks" were singing, "We're Harry's Police Force on call! So put back your pack on, our next stop is SAIGON (!!), So cheer up, my lads! ... 'em all." (You can insert the word "bless" here, but it is not in the "original autograph".)

Battle Rule No. 9: Any "Doggie" in ranks who has access to "scuttlebutt" always has more *advanced information* on war than ALL of the news media journalists and reporters *COMBINED*.

Who will care for my wounded?

What will we do when spies show up in our midst? They did among our troops in France (Ardennes, 1944) during the "Bastogne Bulge" activities. Passwords had to be abandoned, and sentries began to "challenge" what looked like their own troops with such questions as "What famous candy bar is named after a *baseball player*," "Give me the name of Maggie's *husband*," "Who is Lil Abner's *girlfriend*," etc.

The most specialized training in the world had not equipped the German spies (dressed like Americans and talking like Americans) to answer such "challenges."

The spies were tied to stakes and shot. Six were betrayed by eating meat with their fork in the left hand. Two of them betrayed themselves by the way they were sitting in the backend of a Jeep and by the way their driver asked for a refill in the gas tank. The two Germans in American uniforms were sitting bolt *upright* in the back of the Jeep with their arms *folded* on their chests. No American G.I. assumes that posture in any Jeep, not even if it is toting a General. The driver inadvertently forgot his training and asked for "petrol" instead of "gas her up" or "fill 'er up" or "gimmee a tankful" or "need some moah gas!" "PETROL" is the equivalent of telling a K-mart clerk that you want a "TORCH" instead of a "flashlight." ("TORCH" was the English word for a flashlight [1900-1950].)

(Never will I forget trying to get some okra in a restaurant in Detroit in 1960. The waitress smiled and said, "No, we don't have any *okra*, but we have 7-Up and Coca Cola.")

In World War I they shot spies who "gave aid or comfort to the enemy." After we lost face in two wars we didn't shoot *anyone* who gave "aid and comfort" to the enemy as long as they were *politically correct*.

From strictly a military standpoint, the following people should have been placed before a firing squad and executed: Alger Hiss, H. D. White, Dean Acheson, Owen Lattimore, Jane Fonda, McNamara, Hillary Clinton, Slick Willie, JFK, Janet Reno, the NEA and EPA, the editors of *Life*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, and the announcers on National Public Radio. Sacking Nixon was the most hypocritical thing Congress ever did, in view of what they let FDR, JFK, and Clinton get away with. But JFK, FDR, and Slick were DEMOCRATS.

There will be casualties; where will I get my replacements?

How can I train them in such a short time?

In the twentieth century, the machine gun gave the advantage to the defender every time (World War I), whereas the attacker used to have the advantage. Should I use a flanking attack, an oblique attack (Frederick, Leuthen, 1757), a double envelopment (Zama, 202 B.C.), a rear surprise attack (Chancellorsville, 1863), or an infiltration under cover?

In most cases, a “divertment” (a diversionary attack) is made first to rattle the defense. This is a “fake” or “feint” which is staged to distract the enemy. It is an old boxer’s movement. You make the opponent think you are going to hit him somewhere, and then when he covers that place, you hit him somewhere else. He can move to cover his threatened eye (or eyelid or cut over the eye or chin, cheek, solar plexus, etc.), and then you land a hook or a jab that hurts him somewhere else. It is like a “draw play” in football. You fake a *pass* and then *run* with the ball.

One rarely seen illustration of this is a football team faking a one-point field goal after a touchdown and converting it into a two-point play by running the ball into the “end zone.”

At the monumental and decisive battle of the Kursk salient (Russia, July–Aug., 1943)—the greatest tank battle in history—the Germans attacked the exact point anyone would expect them to attack when dealing with a “salient.” The Russians were not only thoroughly prepared for it due to captured intelligence documents, but they attacked first at the very place (the “north corridor”) where the Germans intended to come. The salient was never “exploited,” although it had already poked out several miles away from the Russian defenses.

If the 2nd and 9th armies of General Hoth, Kluge, and Manstein had massed artillery at the expected point and then attacked twenty to thirty miles south of it, or north of it, they could have gotten into the rear of the defending Russians. But Germany has always had a problem with tactics like this, for they attacked France through Belgium and northern France (in 1870) and cleaned them out; they did it *again* by the same route in 1914 and cleaned them out; and then they did it *again* in 1940 (in exactly the same way!) and took the whole country. Why give up on a good thing?

But as anyone knows, the German high command, led by the best Generals in the world (Kesselring, Hoth, Von Manstein, Rundstedt, Manteufel, Guderia, Jodl, Zeitzler, and Rommel) were continually hampered and rebuffed by a corporal at “top level.” This happened again and again (see *The German Generals Talk*). For example, no “Kursk salient” would ever have been fought if Hitler had allowed Gen. Paulus (6th Army, Stalingrad) to break out of an encirclement (1942) before December of 1942. At one time, Gen. Hoth (4th Panzer), under Gen. Manstein, got within thirty miles of Stalingrad, and Paulus *could* have broken out; but “Befehl ist Befehl.” Hitler had ordered him to fight to the last man and the last bullet. The entire 6th Army was destroyed in one battle. Hitler could have gotten out of the trap (Nov. 22-Dec. 11) almost unscathed if Paulus and Hoth had attacked the southeast “ring” simultaneously.

## CHAPTER 5

### Leading the “Irregulars”

Since I was fifteen years old, I have been forced into positions of leadership. I coveted none of them and *volunteered* for none of them. I am, by nature, an introvert, a bookworm, an artist, and musician; and I HATE responsibility. I am not a full-blooded Saxon or Prussian “Berliner.” I am much more like an Austrian artist or a Bavarian woodsman. I believe an Austrian is “a Kraut in 3/4 time.”

I have that depraved, degenerate trait in me that makes me want to lie down on a river bank under some willow or mimosa tree, on a warm spring day, with my belly full of black bread, swiss cheese, and knackwurst (or Mexican rice, nachos, and Polish sausage!), and let the world go to Hell while I listen to Mozart or Schubert on a portable CD player.

When my brother left our “gang” back in his teens (1936), I was ostracized because I was a “pee-wee” (a shrimp, minnow, etc.). So another gang adopted me as their leader. Needless to say, it was *not* a CLEAN gang. We highjacked cars, stole gasoline out of filling station pumps, bootlegged liquor from Missouri to Kansas, did “second story work,” jimmed locks, played “chicken” on the highways at 60 m.p.h., “broke and entered,” and (often) ran from the “Fuzz.” Instead of playing “Cowboys and Indians” or “Cops and Robbers,” we played “Teenagers and Fuzz.” (See *The Full Cup*, Bible Baptist Bookstore, 1992 for a detailed account.)

In spite of this proclivity to avoid LEADERSHIP, I was thrust, time and time again, into places of responsibility for the actions (and even lives) of others.

Why God did this I do not know, for if ever a critter lived on this “terrestrial ball” who had no ambition to run ANYTHING or ANYBODY, it would be Peter Sturges Ruckman.

I would rather be a mullet fisherman than *mayor* of the largest city in the USA. I would rather play ice hockey or street hockey with young men than be a *Governor* or a *Senator* from any state in the UNION. You couldn’t GIVE me the King Ranch in Texas or one acre of land that was owned by Ted Turner, unless I could sell it and get rid of it. I would rather be a street preacher than the president of any country, including the United States. And if you offered me a position as Secretary General of the United Nations I would trade it in for a chance to teach forty young men in a Bible study.

If I ever got engaged in Christian combat, it would be one “low profile,” “non-advertised,” back-road, undercover, covert, junkyard operation. No flash, no glory, no national publicity, no front headlines, no “names” in lights, no glamor, no large financial remunerations, and no monuments of brick, cement, stone, and lumber would be erected ANYWHERE.

I would still be found in the *prisons* (not the city-wide revivals), on the streets (not in elaborate, ornamental, \$20,000,000 to \$100,000,000 offices), and on *foreign soils* (Germany, Lichtenstein, Austria, India, Japan, the Ukraine, the Philippines, Korea, Hawaii, Mexico, Canada, etc.); not isolated and confined to a square mile of impressive



buildings in America.

I had to LEAD, but I hated it.

Sometimes it was forty-eight men in a rifle platoon. Sometimes it was as a drummer—the man who set the beat—in a dance band. Sometimes it was pastoring 200 people; sometimes 600 people.

I resigned from the ministry three times (1960, 1972, 1989). The Lord ignored all three moves. Not one of them stuck. Instead, He *added a ministry* every time I quit. Three of them turned out to be *international ministries*; I didn't ask for them either. In addition to that, the Lord made me responsible for the lives of two girls and three boys (1945-1965), and then two girls (1972-1989), and then three more boys (1989-2003).

While this was going on, He made me responsible for *three churches* “started from scratch” (1954, 1960, and 1972) and then responsible for the lives of *twelve young ministerial students*—I had to teach them twenty-nine different subjects for three years (1965-1968)—and then 20-40 students (1968-1975) and then 50-80 students (1975—1985) and then 90-130 students (1985-1999) and then 150-200 students (1999-2002).

Then, to make sure I had five times the responsibilities that my “peers” and “mentors” had, He loaded me up with writing 120 books and pamphlets, then correspondences with more than 200 prisoners in forty different prisons, then over 500 native Filipinos and Indian pastors, and then forty-five young men out of my own church (whom I had taught) going onto *seventeen foreign mission fields*. I wound up being the leader of more than fifty hockey players, and playing more than *600 games* with them on Friday nights (fifty-two Fridays a year). *That was after I was sixty years old.*

You can see how much time I had left for nachos, Mozart, yellow rice, okra, fried mullet, and Schubert!

If I had ever gotten into the Mafia, I would never have graduated above a “wise guy”—a street SOLDIER. I would have been satisfied to take contracts on anonymous “targets” and get paid for making the “hit.” That's all. I would not (no, not for all the dope in the Golden Crescent and the Golden Triangle!) ever covet a position like that held by Joe Bonanno, Bugsy Siegel, Sammy Gravano, Tony Arcardo, Frank Costello, Sam Giancana, Paul Castellano, Santos Trafficante, Reggio, Riina, Escobar, or Moe Dalitz.

You can have it.

Well, I survey the terrain.

A *frontal assault* is out of the question. If a flank is rolled up, it will have to be an oblique movement like Rocroi (Louis II and Conde, 1643), and I may have to sacrifice one of my flanks to do it. If you can call in some air strikes on the installations behind the front lines (see the preemptive strikes of Israel on Egypt, 1967), you will get some results.

But all of this is thinking too big. I cannot deal with large scale movements by masses of troops: I haven't got any “*masses* of troops.” My “secret weapon” is a BOOK. None of the highly-educated, apostate Fundamentalists fear it at a DISTANCE. They are well situated to fend it off where it can hurt none of their “personnel.” What they fear is “in-fighting”—the close hand-to-hand encounter that accompanies small arms and unarmed combat. That

is when they will begin to bleed (Judg. 3:21) and holler (Jer. 48:10) and whine and whimper.

Now, think, Peter, THIMK! Überdenken sie!

Well, according to England's best military historians (John Keegan, Lindell Hart), my slot will be that of an "irregular." The term is a euphemism for a *guerilla* (Spanish: "small war"). Keegan says the "irregular" fights wars "in the minor key." "Pitched battles are relatively rare. It is war at its HARSHEST ... the irregular needs perseverance and dogged courage." His style is profitable in attacking occupying armies or oppressive rulers. It is characterized by raids and ambushes and, in Islam's case (always), "terrorism."

The most difficult part of the Boer War (Oct. 1899-June 1900) was not when the two armies clashed; it was the guerilla phase that *followed* the war. A similar condition existed in Spain when the French were trying to bring them into subjection (1808-1813). They whipped the regular Spanish armies, but the "Juntas"—local governments—were something else. These "irregulars," with regular "bandoleros" (robbers), under Espos y Mina, gave the French a fit. Lawrence of Arabia was an "irregular." So was Mao Tse-tung.

Christian combat in America, in the twentieth and twenty-first century, according to what little knowledge I have accumulated regarding military history, would have to be the nature of what the military calls "commandos."

The man who invented the "commandos" was a Limey: Lt. Col. Dudley Clarke. He studied the Spanish guerilla warfare against Napoleon's armies (pp. 135-136). The first World War II commandos were "raiders" who "raided" the French coast at Boulogne and Le Touquet; the second raid was on Jerbourg Point on Guernsey Island, just west of Cherbourg (June and July of 1940).

Later, commando raids were carried out in the Loften Islands (Norway, 1941) and Vaagso (Dec. 1941). And then, later, the Limeys sent commandos into *Africa* (Tobruk, Beda Littoria, and Bardia and *Rommel's headquarters* at Hamma). Only two Britishers survived an attempt to kill Rommel. The raid on Dieppe (Aug. 18-19, 1942) was a "bombed out" mess. It was based on false intelligence. The Royal Navy lost 500 men, a destroyer, and a number of landing craft. The infantrymen killed were about 3,670, and most of them were Canadians. Along with this, the RAF lost 106 planes and 153 officers.

One U.S. "Ranger" was found in the group of prisoners that the Germans captured. A Kraut officer asked him, "How many American soldiers are there in England?"

The "irregular" said, "About 3,000,000, and they have to be kept behind barbed wire to stop them from swimming the channel to get at you bastards."

*"Irregulars" are not "nice" Christians.*

General Patton, in 1940-1945, had a much better grasp of Christian combat in the twentieth century than Bob Jones III had sixty years later— 2002. Patton said, "Some ... fool once said that flanks must be secured and since then the ... all over the world have been going crazy *guarding* their flanks. We don't want any of that ... in this Army. Flanks are something for the enemy to worry about. Not us.

Also, I don't want to get any message saying, 'I am holding my position.' [A bastion, a

fortress, etc.] *We're not HOLDING anything.* Let the Hun do that. We are ADVANCING constantly and are not interested in HOLDING anything except *onto* the enemy. We're going to hold on to HIM and kick the ... out of him all the time. From here on out until we WIN or DIE in the attempt, we will always be audacious!" (*Expletives omitted.*)

Again, the veteran counselled and said that "The harder we push the more Germans we are going to kill, and the more Germans we kill the fewer of our own men will be killed. [Pushing means fewer *casualties.*] I want you to remember that."

War is killing: "kill or be killed." It has never been anything else. The Christian is to **"WAR a good WARFARE."**

Your killing tool is a "SWORD" (Eph. 6; Psa. 149), and you are not to trade it in for anything; least of all for some silly "original autographs" that have no more existence in REALITY than Walt Disney's Pinocchio.

During World War II the "maquis" in France attacked the Germans and the "partisans" in Russia, destroying hundreds of German tanks and locomotives and succeeded in killing about 4,000 German troops caught in unwary traps. The "Montagnard" tribesmen in Vietnam fought as "irregulars." You might call the CIA "irregular irregulars."

According to Mao, his "war" was to go through three phases: 1. Infiltrate and organize *popular support* among the ordinary civilians. 2. *Slowly* wear down enemy strength through ambushes, combat patrols, and acts of terrorism. 3. Conventional warfare AFTER *seizing* towns and building a large sized army. This phase followed World War II with the Chinese Nationalists.

No "siege" mentality (BJU: "Fortresses" and "Bastions") is to be considered. No Christian was called to fight a defensive warfare against a "siege." Hitler made that mistake at Stalingrad; it cost him the whole war. He pretended he was "holding the fort" (see the hymn by that name!) fighting a *medieval battle*. Long before he "blew it," the Civil War in America gave him three cases to study: Vicksburg (1863), St. Petersburg (1864-1865), and Ft. Morgan (1864).

Now the enemy can fly OVER you or tunnel under you, and they can sit off more than four miles away from you and shell you into perdition (see Verdun, 1916, World War I) as you starve to death in cellars at forty degrees below zero (Stalingrad).

*Don't waste troops trying to take an objective:* for example, the Banzai charges on New Georgia, Bouganville, Cape Gloucester, and Guadalcanal (1942).

For example: the Prussian armies trying to take St. Privat (1870).

For example: the Somme (1916). *Sixty thousand British killed on one day* (July 1) out of 240,000 troops who crossed the front line. Two officers going across the battlefield, later, found scores of wounded men who died because no one carried them off the field. "They had crawled into shell holes, wrapped their waterproof sheets around them, TAKEN OUT *THEIR BIBLES*, and DIED LIKE THAT."

Don't try what Edward Hills and David Otis Fuller tried; it *didn't work*. Donald Waite fell into the same trap and dragged Dell Johnson and PCC into it with him (1989-2001); *they all failed, MIA.*

Military history shows that there were three defeats in a row for France, and they took place under almost identical circumstances and against the same enemy: England on the defense, France on the offence. These three national disasters were the battles of Crecy (1346), the battle of Poitiers (1356), and the battle of Agincourt (1415).

The cause was *the same* in all three cases.

1. They let the Limeys *pick the battlefield*.
2. They had no *alternate plan* for a frontal attack.
3. *Both flanks* of their adversary were covered by forests.

In those three battles, they made thirteen identical charges, conducted in the same way, and the English longbow men filled the air with so many arrows it looked like a rain storm. The French lost 50 percent of their cavalry horses plus thirty of their riders (armored knights) before they got close enough to hit an Englander with a lance or sword.

Dr. Edward Hills, following Dean Burgon (1890) could not break through the enemy's ranks. They *saluted him* and give him credit for saying "Some of the words in the AV need to be changed." I saw German officers *saluting* the survivors of a British commando raid on Dieppe (1942) for their bravery—*after they had taken them prisoner*.

David Otis Fuller fared no better. He was bold and brave, sincere and honest, but he could not "break a British square" or a "Roman phalanx." He dented and bruised them and caused a few deserters to defect, but the hosts of Hell stood fast. Between 1970 and 2000 Donald Waite tried his hand at a frontal assault. They shot his britches off, and the action wound up splitting the *Trinitarian Bible Society*, with PCC defecting *halfway* to the true Bible believer's position without believing in any authority higher than the opinions of Wilbur Pickering, Dean Burgon, Zane Hodges, Theodore Letis, and similar "ilk and kin."

When PCC grabbed Burgon's Receptus, they thought they had the enemy "where the hair was short." All they did was grab the mad dog by the ears (Prov. 26:17). Burgon claimed the AV has several corrupt readings in it, and he was smart enough to spot them: *ditto all Alexandrian champions of the corrupt Alexandrian Greek texts* (Mill, Walton, Fell, Griesbach, Westcott, Hort, Nestle, Aland, Metzger, Stewart Custer, Bob Jones III, Tischendorf, Gregory, and Bruce).

Careful, Ruckman! In combat the "variables" are infinite!

Stephan Zweig says the main cause of the final fall of Constantinople to the Moslems (May 1453) was due to a "gates ajar" entrance on the northeast side of the city. A Turkish patrol found and got through this entrance after the Turks had suffered more than 90,000 casualties (including Janissaries and whirling dervishes).

**"Who hath despised the day of small things?"** (Zech. 4:10).

Well, as near as I could figure it out (back in the 1950s), I had about 12,000 to 15,000 potential troops *somewhere* in America, but I had no idea of where they were located. They were not within calling distance and could not be "mustarded" (as the expression goes: "muster"). These would be a mass of common, ordinary "laymen" and uneducated, God-called preachers who *believed* the Book. They actually knew of no other Book. Most of them had taken for granted, in their lifetime, that there was only ONE Holy Bible, and

it certainly wasn't a pile of contradicting Greek manuscripts collected by non-soulwinning, non-street preaching, non-local church attending, non-premillennial, five-point TULIP baby-sprinkling Calvinists or Catholics.

There were probably another 5,000 preachers in America who had been using the Book all of their life, and although they had always believed it, they had been afraid to take a *public stand* for it due to the intimidation ("terrorism") of the faculty members of the outstanding Christian colleges and seminaries in America.

They were afraid that the educated intelligentsia in their generation would put them to shame, because although they *believed* the Book, they could not explain *WHY* they believed the Book. This brings in an infantry factor that all of the military historians recognize; that is, if they know anything about *infantry combat*. You see, one of the greatest things that keeps troopers in "rank" and keeps them together in a battle and sustains them in "mounting an attack" is THE FEAR OF *RIDICULE*.

Almost half the American troops who got into combat (1941-1945) admitted that they messed in their britches when the first bullets began to whiz by or the artillery shells started landing. That is a normal reaction to sudden death. Although some "pros" may love to fight because of the glory or honor, and some rare ones, with a sadistic streak, just enjoy "killin folks," most G.I.s hang together because of PEER PRESSURE. This is especially true of *new recruits in a draft army* who don't want to be labeled as a "coward" when the shooting starts.

For two A-one examples of how this works, no accounts have been written any better than *The Red Badge of Courage* by Stephen Crane and *Company Aytch* by a veteran Tennessee Volunteer (Sam Watkins) who fought as an infantryman in FOUR major battles in the Civil War.

You see, war is recognized by all normal MALES as a *test* of "manhood." Thus has it always been, and thus will it always be. Nothing in that matter has changed since Abraham whipped Hammurabi's troops in the land of Canaan (Gen. 14) to some ragheads proving they had "guts" by splattering themselves all over the "Twin Towers" (Sept. 2001).

Well, it looks like I cannot get some "irregulars" into the action right now. The enemy is secure (1 Sam. 30:16). His fortifications would make the Maginot Line look like a Chinese outhouse; he has all the comforts of home: hair dressers, typists, bus drivers, Sunday School superintendents, house maids, barbers, bowling halls, "Wal-mart," air-conditioned dorms, libraries, weight-lifting rooms, saunas, computers, cellular phones, e-mail, etc.—the whole works.

Actually he is about as well prepared for a real *infantry attack* as the 106th "Golden Lions" were (see p. 43) in December of 1944.

THIS will be to my advantage. I will take months and even years to train cadremen, draw up reinforcements, assemble troops in staging areas, and conduct "reconnaissance" and "search and destroy" patrols. My enemy is only prepared to fight in the sense of having numerical superiority, ammunition, fire power, supplies, and confidence. But he is NOT in a battle formation, and his troops are not in physical condition to *fight*. They have no "battle alertness" (Judg. 18:27, 28). Nothing like that general who was awakened at 2 a.m.

in a town that had been besieged for two months. His orderly ran into the room screaming, "Sir, they have attacked!" The general, putting on his "long johns" (see uniforms for the eighteenth century), said, "Which direction?" The orderly said, "The northwest and northeast corners of the city." "THIRD VALISE FROM THE RIGHT, ON THE TOP SHELF!" said the general, putting on his boots.

The old war dog had filed *TEN brief cases* full of battle notes for orders that would be issued to all defensive units in the event of *TEN different kinds of attacks* on the city.

To the everlasting honor and glory to God, with thanksgiving, I noticed that He had let the Laodicean Alexandrians get "soft." Like the occupation troops of Korea, following World War II, they had forgotten "that there were tigers out there" (see *This Kind of a War*, Fehrenbach, 1963).

Instead of running obstacle courses, going through infiltration courses, attacking dummies with bayonets, practising "night problems," and playing "combat football," they had been worshipping degrees, matriculating "think tanks," upping their enrollments, keeping academic records, borrowing money, stealing real estate, building buildings, publishing "year books," revising Bibles, attacking the *Authorized Version*, patting their fellow apostates on the back, advertising their "goodies" by photographing sexy girls and "couples" enjoying "fellowship," and bragging about the "fundamentals" which every *ROMAN CATHOLIC POPE BELIEVED SINCE A.D. 500*.

The infantry acronym for these "Pentagon Follies," during the Vietnam war, was "REMF." Unfortunately, I cannot "interpret" this for the reader, for like "SNAFU" and "FUBAR," the terms are strictly the terms adopted and used by unsaved soldiers who experience combat.

They cannot be classified with "**sound speech, that cannot be condemned**" (Titus 2:8) in the New Testament. Nonetheless, they are *accurate descriptions* of the people and situations to which they refer. (Dogfaces were never misleading or deceptive when "defining" things. They all were "plain spoken," to put it politely!)

Lucky break. If I could just get a "regimental combat team" together I could raise ... with their installations long enough for God to save several hundred ministries of young men He was calling to preach. Delaying action. *Rear guard*. Ney said (p. 53), "I AM THE REAR GUARD."

What is my future? I could read the handwriting on the wall. It says, "One young Nazi officer in charge of an 88 gun emplacement, outside Smolensk, was captured by Ivan (the Russians) when the great counterattacks swept through Poland after Kursk" (p. 90). It was twenty below zero when they got him at bayonet point. He was standing up with frozen blood on a broken arm sling. All of his gun crew was dead, and he had fired every round they had left when they died; he had used up every pistol round (p. 38) and every rifle round (Mauser 98 carbine) in the gun pit, plus every 88 shell had been fired.

"They put two bayonets on him and commanded him 'Hande hoch!' (Hands high! Raise your hands! Rather unique: he only had one hand he could raise!) *He spit on them*. They killed him." What is in the crystal ball? I know what is in it. I know infantrymen and the infantry, just like Guy Sajer and Erich Remarque knew them.

I was issued my uniform and equipment when I got saved (March 14, 1949). Every item was listed in Ephesians 6:10-17. It was the equipment of a *FOOT soldier* in the Roman army. It has nothing to do with “dress codes,” proper length of skirt, proper haircut, ties, cuff links, wigs, manicured fingernails, deodorants, aftershave lotion, or choir robes. It was the equivalent of a dog face—a “grunt.” The Romans’ nickname for their own infantryman was “Marius’ Mule.”

The question is: “How should a real infantryman take a *defeat*?”

In 1918 Brig. Gen. Jack Seely, in a battle near Moureuil (1918), saw a Bavarian and a Canadian exchange bayonet thrusts. The Canadian got the Bavarian through the neck, and he sank down with his back against a tree, the blood pouring from his throat. The Brig. Gen. came up to him and hollered in German: “Lie still, a stretcher bearer will look after you!”

When he yelled that he said the eyes in that ashen grey, dying face blazed up with light, and the dying man snatched his rifle back up and fired at HIM! He missed, but as he collapsed he said, “No, no! I will not die as a prisoner!” Then he “collapsed in a heap.”

“Forward into battle! See His banner go!”

In 1964 I talked with a German American who got his citizenship fighting in Korea, 1951. His name was Kreitzer; he still had a decided German accent in his speech. I forget why he was in the hospital, but a friend of his who had been trying to win him to Christ for about ten years asked me to pay him a visit. All I could find out about him was that he was raised as a Lutheran and had fought in North Africa in World War II.

To make a long “visit” short, I tried about twenty minutes to win him to Christ by showing him about life after death according to Revelation 20, Romans 3, Ecclesiastes 12, and so forth. He was not to be convinced. He was polite but very cool and indifferent. He said he was an “agnostic.” After failing to “get a rise” out of him, I resorted to a typical “back door” attack by an camouflaged “irregular.”

I asked innocently, “Were you in any of the action at Tobruk or Alam Haifa in Weltskreig Zwei?”

His face was transformed. His eyes began to flash; he visibly moved to a more upright position on his pillow, and looking me right in the face like a man getting ready to take someone on in a “bout of fisticuffs,” he said loudly, “*I fought vit Rommel!*”

I pushed him: “At El Alamein, were you on the left flank by Rommel or down with the Italian corps on the right flank?”

I was in for it. He lectured me for fifteen minutes, eyes blazing. “In dat battle effery man vas his own Cheneral! Foxhole to foxhole! Und if ve could haf gotten de Petrol... you know Mussolini’s son-in-law, Count Ciano and de Pope! You remember dat don’t you?”

(I nodded my head, although I didn’t know all of the details about the Pope’s betrayal of his own troops [the Italians were fighting with Rommel against the British] after he heard about the debacle at Stalingrad [Jan. 1993]. I found out about that later. It had to do with shipping lanes and *supplies* via Malta. Ciano was Musso’s ambassador to the Vatican.)

“Vell,” he went on shaking his fist, “if ve had had da Petrol like ve should haf had VE

COULD HAF VIPPED (whipped) DEM!!”

That sucker was ready to get out of that bed, put on a uniform, get a Mauser 98, and “go at it” again, on the spot! You talk about *morale*!!

On one visit to Germany, around 1978, I was accosted by two World War II veterans who collared me after I had given them gospel tracts in German. One said, “You Americans haf to help us mit dese Russians! Vee can drife dem out! *Ven are you going to help us?!*”

At that time we were in Berchestgaden, not *seventy miles* from the Russian “east” zone. I thought about the panic going on in America in the “Cold War” while America was more than *4,000 miles* from where we were standing!

Those Krauts weren’t in any panic. *They were ready to re-arm and attack.*

God said if you are “**fainthearted**” (Deut. 20:8), go home. We don’t need you. Jesus Christ doesn’t need you. God doesn’t need you, and neither does the *Body of Christ*.

You are just bathing in the soft soap and bath salts of amateur “family value” psychologists who are making a fortune off you because you like to be told that you are important and need to learn to “live with yourself” so that you can “reach out and touch others” and “cope” with them so that you might “share” Christ with them in a “meaningful way.”

*Go home.* Get off the battlefield. You are a pain in the . . . . !

You are one of some 2,000,000 Christians in America who are nothing but gutless wonders. You cannot lead and you cannot follow. You are just a nuisance. *Go home and stay home.*

Go home and “think beautiful thoughts,” and by the way, take your friends with you, will ya’? We don’t need *them* either.

For God’s sake don’t mess up our battle formations like Hannibal messed up the Roman Legion’s in 216 B.C. (Cannae). By the time he had allowed the Legions to pierce and penetrate his center, his cavalry had outflanked Paulus, going clear around behind the infantry columns and making a rear attack on Varros’ cavalry on Varros’ left flank. A double envelopment followed with 48,200 Romans killed and 4,500 captured on the field.

The Roman infantry columns, thus surrounded, were practically hacking each other in order to get room to fight. *There was no room to fight.* The last thing I needed on earth was a “large following” containing 22,000 good-for-nothing Girl Scouts (see Judg. 7:3) who would get “spooked” as soon as the real fighting started.

“Let courage rise with danger and strength to strength oppose!”

Get rid of the “neutrals.” Let them sit on the sidelines and write books about the “*Battle for the Bible.*” They are no good to either side.



## CHAPTER 6

### Underestimating the Enemy's Strength

I can see, at a glance, that whatever kind of combat these enemy units may have previously engaged in it must not have been much of a “hassle” for them. Nothing like the “Seven Days” (Civil War in Virginia, 1862) or the struggle to keep Guadalcanal for an airstrip (World War II, Aug. 7, 1942-Feb. 9, 1943). Not many wounded can be found in their hospital lists; not a half a dozen “missing in action”; most of the casualties were from malaria, frostbite, trench foot, diphtheria, VD, drugs, cholera, or desertion. In over 10,000 actions they didn't lose more than 500 men. This, of course, accounts for their false sense of security (1960) and their lack of vigilance (1 Sam. 30:16) in the lull between battles.

In spite of spending nearly seventy years (1880-1950) in this relaxed, non-military position, they were not merely “confident” (or rather self-confident), but they were absolutely and thoroughly adjusted to the fact that they were *invincible*, and so no one (*but no one*) would ever be able to break up their ranks to attain the objective of actually turning a whole nation “Back to the BIBLE.” Like every apostate before them they continued to use an orthodox vocabulary while DENYING their profession. When they said, “Back to *the Bible*,” they always meant “Back to *critical Christian scholars* who have *replaced* the Bible.”

To say they were “stuck on themselves” would be an understatement. They were madly enraptured of themselves. Every time it thundered they took a bow. Shelton Smith, for example—the editor of the *Sword of the Lord*—printed his own picture in his own paper five to seven times every two weeks for six years.

They remind me of General Burnside's comment to President Lincoln just before the battle of Fredericksburg (Civil War, Dec. 1862): “I've got Lee right where I want him, now, and not even God can deliver him out of my hand!” Gen. Burnside gave Hooker the task of taking Marye's Heights. Burnside and Hooker made fourteen futile assault charges against an impregnable position (see pp. 63-66) and had to hightail it out of Fredericksburg *two days* after they entered it. They left behind them 12,653 casualties (1,284 killed, 9,600 wounded, and 1,769 missing). Lee suffered a total of 5,377 casualties. **“Pride goeth before destruction, an haughty spirit before a fall”** (Prov. 16:18).

In a similar vein, the “godly Christian” scholars remind me of Napoleon's famous retort to Field Marshall Ney (Waterloo, June 1815). The “bravest of the brave” had just counseled, “But Emperor, regarding the time for the assault, *under the circumstances* don't you think that... .” The Corsican snapped back with, “I *make* circumstances!” Thus he took credit for losing his cavalry, then his infantry, and finally his “old Guard”; he was whisked off to St. Helena for the rest of his miserable life.

Who had these Alexandrian apostates been fighting? It must have been ordinary, untrained, unequipped, non-intellectual, soulwinning preachers and evangelists; or it was against hayseeds who had been brainwashed at a Christian school somewhere. These Nicolaitan apostates had never really been on any *battlefield*; not where there had been

any *real* contest of arms. They were “asphalt soldiers” (sarcastic German terminology for the SS before it proved its metal in Poland). We call them “sandbox soldiers.” They talk about “militant Christians” and put on little theatrical shows to prove that they are “fighting the good fight.” They stay in their little “playpens.”

I saw the weak place in the defense as soon as I began to read the *Sword of the Lord* (Rice, later replaced by Hutson and Smith). They always *underestimated* the strength of the enemy (Gen. 3:1; 1 Sam. 14:13-14). Everyone of them *limited* the term “apostasy” to unsaved Liberals (“Modernist” in the National Council of Churches) *and altered the text of 2 Timothy 4 so it would exclude any of THEIR OWN BUNCH*. They figured like Charismatics when they pounce on 1 John 4:4 to make them “Satan-proof.” They wanted you to think that a dedicated, separated, premillennial, non-compromising “Fundamentalist” was bulletproof when it came to *DENYING THE TRUTH*.

Just as blind as any unsaved Catholic or “Liberal,” they ignored the fact that Moses ignored it (Num. 20:12); so did Simon Peter (Matt. 26:31), so did Paul (Acts 22:18-21), so did David (Psa. 101:3), and so did Daniel (Dan. 2:46).

They ignored the other great truth that their “ENEMY” (Rev. 12:3-9; Job 1-2) could get *any* “godly” man to sin if he could get permission from God to test him on matters of BELIEF (Gen. 3:1).

Underestimating the strength of the enemy is the first step towards a military disaster in nearly any military campaign. Hitler never figured that the Russian masses—literally hordes of men forced to fight—could whip him while he was getting a kill ratio of four to one on them in action. They outlasted him by sheer numbers. After fighting his way half through Russia, Adolph thought he had nearly annihilated the population. He hadn’t *begun*.

The stupid War Department in America, in 2002, thinks that if a war took place between Red China and America we would have to win it. You will if you get a kill ratio of *twenty to one*; if all you can do is ten to one, they will still be “passing in review” after the last American is dead.

*Never underestimate the strength of your enemy.*

Whether a Commander who lost a battle ever *openly* confessed he was responsible for that mistake is doubtful. A more honest man would say what a drunken sot said out in Texas many years ago. In a typical cowtown, with a population of about 1,500, on a Saturday night, a drunk pushed his way through the swinging doors and roared, “Ah jes wanna say that ah am the toughest, roughest, meanest critter in these here parts, and ah can whup any man in this here barroom! Who’ll be first”?

Whereupon, a grimy, unshaven character, as skinny as a rail and two inches shorter than the challenger, set down his “red eye,” took three steps forward and decked the challenger. He hit the board floor like a ton of bricks and didn’t get up till about the count of twenty. Then he staggered to his feet, and waving his hand at his audience, he said, “Gentlemen! I am ready to acknowledge that ah done took in too much territory in that last statement!”

I think Robert E. Lee said something like that to Longstreet when they left the field at Gettysburg. “Pete” saw the strength of the enemy on Cemetery Ridge: it was strong

—*extremely strong*, and nothing could stop more reinforcements from coming in from the east and southeast. One corps of the Potomac Army was already on its way, July 2.

All of Longstreet's successes had been in *defensive warfare* (Manassah, Antietam, and Marye's Heights). He was not at Chancellorsville; he did not inherit Lee's zeal for *attacking* instead of *defending*. I could see his viewpoint clearly, for I have before me, and have had before me since I was sixteen years old, the battles of Murfreesboro, Malvern Hill, Shiloh, Missionary Ridge, Atlanta, and so forth. I see that in nearly every case a "too high morale" and too little precaution on the part of the *Confederates* (nearly every time) in abandoning good defensive positions and coming out into the open to attack.

Lee said to Pete: "The enemy is THERE (on the ridge), and I'm going to attack him." *That is exactly what Napoleon said, surveying Wellington's position on Mount St. Jean.* That is what Hooker and Burnside said, looking up Marye's Heights. Longstreet answered, "If he is THERE it will be because he is anxious that you should *attack him THERE*: a good reason, in my judgment, *for not doing so.*"

Longstreet proposed a flank deployment of troops developing southeast of Little and Big Round Top since Culps Hill (on the Yankee right flank) could not be captured. This would force Meade to *attack them*. If Jackson had been in the troops that hit the Union on July 2-3, the Yankees could have never gotten established on Culps Hill or Cemetery Ridge, but now they were there.

Morale was high among the Southerners (see pp. 69-70). Gen. Lee was afraid they would "lose their edge" fighting a defensive battle.

A battle historian tells the truth when he says that the Southerners had "been beaten so constantly that they were *enraged*, for not once did the men in combat have anything for the Union's fighting capabilities, as individual men, but *contempt.*"

*Don't ever underestimate your enemy.*

General Publius Quintillus Varus, the Roman General, learned this the hard way in the forests of Saxony (Teutoburger) in A.D. 9. "Oooo der winter wind war kalt!" Woe, woe, woe, woe, woe, woe! "Alles var blut und leichen (corpses)." Woe, woe, woe, woe, woe, woe! "Soon eine grosse Fruih-stuck!" ("Soon a great feast for the birds, etc.") (Student song at Heidelberg!)

Gen. Quintillus Varus thought that with three legions and about 800 cavalry he could handle the "Huns" near what is now Westphalia. He had a traitor in his midst, a Roman auxiliary who was (behind his back) rousing the German tribes to revolt. Arminius ("Hermann" in the German songs) slipped out of camp and gathered a group to set up an ambush. They did it. After three days of fighting in underbrush almost as thick as a rain forest,

Varus committed suicide to avoid capture. He lost 20,000 men: *every trooper he had.*

He made the mistake that McNamara, Dean Rusk, JFK, and John Foster Dulles made when they ran into the "Gooks." The "Gooks," this time, were pagan, illiterate, "third world" Vietnamese. The State Department and War Department of the USA took it for granted that an atom bomb—new age—high technology *winner* of two world wars ought to be able to handle any little nest of bow-legged, varicose-veined "natives" in a land not

as big as the state of Texas. *Wrong again.* When it comes to *survival*, every man is a genius; he doesn't need any formal education.

Give your enemy credit for having more money, more power, more support, and more troops than you have, whether he does or not. THINK NEGATIVE. It's safer that way.

Who can forget Lester Atwell's description of the American troops marching through a town in France that their regiment had conquered? As they passed by a hastily erected "stockade" (mainly just wire) the troops were harassed by an English-speaking German officer, a colonel, who continually cursed them and dared any dog face to step out of ranks and "take him on."

About two companies out of four had passed by and had done no more about the jeering but curse him back or thumb their noses at him. His own German fellow prisoners watched the sideshow approvingly.

When the third company dragged by, fatigued, sweating, dirty, and crest-fallen from days of battle and sleepless nights, one G.I. stepped out of ranks and went to his lieutenant and said, "Sir, with your permission could I dump my gear and take him on?" "Go get him," said the Shavetail.

The Kraut Oberst was 6 feet 2 with blond hair and blue eyes. He weighed about 220 and was about thirty-two years old. His American challenger was about 5 feet 10, and somewhere around 190 pounds without an inch of loose fat on him, and by his looks it would appear he was a Polak or a "Hunky" from the Bronx.

The fight lasted *five minutes*. In those five minutes the colonel got knocked flat on his back *three times*, after being punched everywhere above the belt except on the back. The G.I. simply slipped out of harness (pack and strap), dropped his ammo belt and carbine, dumped his helmet on them, walked into the compound, and knocked the Kraut down THREE times in five minutes. The *fourth time* he knocked him down the German officer simply lay there on the ground on his stomach and pounded the earth with his fists in frustration.

Like someone said, "He got carried away with the sound of his own mouth." *Overconfidence* is much worse than lack of "self-esteem."

Back in 1879, I remember how Lord Chelmsford (Englishman) gravely underestimated the potential combat capabilities of *savages* who carried spears, clubs, and shields: in this case, the *Zulus* of Isandhlwana (Africa, by the Indian Ocean, south of Ethiopia). He figured 1,400 English riflemen wouldn't have any trouble taking them on. But there were about 5,000 of them. They pulled a Hannibal "double envelopment" on the Limeys (pp. 108, 109) and cut off their retreat so all they could do was make a "Custer's last stand." *They did.* Only 400 Englishmen survived the battle. As Kipling said: "Here's to ya, Fuzzy Wuzzy with your fuzzy locks o' hair; yer a poor beknighted heathen, but ye whipped a British Square."

I began to draw up battle plans somewhere around 1960. I chose *one* major objective and several *minor* objectives. I needed a base in which to train troops in (an IRTC or ASTP or CMTC) and prepare them for action—real action; no fake, "sand pile" kiddy maneuvers. It should be "low profile"; if possible, *undiscernable*. Like Gen. Seek (Germany, World War

I), I would rearm where it would not be apparent: Von Seek trained German troops in military maneuvers in Russia between 1920 and 1933 using cardboard tanks, bicycles, and dummy rifles.

Napoleon's advice to me was: "You should establish your *cantonments* at the most DISTANT and best protected point from the enemy, especially when surprise is possible. By this means you will have the time to unite all your forces before he can attack you."

Note the peculiar word "*cantonment*" used here: a word meaning an "assembly point for troops before a battle." Napoleon blamed the failure of Marshall Turenne (in 1645) for losing the battle of Marienthal because he assembled his divisions in the wrong place; he should have assembled them at Mergentheim behind the Tauber River.

I only mention this because by some wild stroke of Divine coincidence (exactly like the one of calling our school PBI, without knowing what that acronym actually meant, *militarily*), our school was outside the city limits at the time it was started, and the next suburb was five miles northward. It was called "*Cantonment*." *It still is today.*

I didn't want my enemies to know I existed. The school I set up was never advertised in any magazine, newspaper, radio broadcast, or "dozier" in the United States at any time in the last *thirty-seven years*. Not once does an ad for it appear in the *Sword of the Lord*, *Pulpit Helps*, *The Flaming Torch*, *The Biblical Evangelist*, *The Biblical Viewpoint*, *Revival Fires*, *The Biblical Expositor*, and student "Year Book," or *Christianity Today*. With a student body larger than some "colleges" advertised in the *Sword of the Lord* and *Pulpit Helps*, it taught college *post-graduate courses* to young men who had never finished *high school*. (See details in *The Full Cup*, 1992.)

When the school finally was discovered by Bob Jones Jr. and Robert Sumner (around 1966) the response was predictable: "Oh, *that* little school! Oh, Ruckman's school, right? Oh, THAT crack pot! Oh, that nut! Why, Ruckmanism is a CULT!!"

Ignorance for them was bliss, but it was bliss for me also. *I didn't want their attention*; the less the better. More time to train "irregulars." The less they thought of *me* the better. I could send out scouts and recon for months until I knew the situation and the terrain like I knew the back of my right hand. I was able to obtain complete lists (with details) of their T.O.s and T.E.s, their previous battles, their tactics, the names and ranks of their leading field officers, their military background and training, their army's payroll, its quartermaster supplies, their number of armored vehicles (half tracks and tanks included), the number of cooks they had in their Cooks and Bakers' school, every caliber and millimeter size of ammo they used, the number of artillery pieces they had that were serviceable, and a list of their most modern, "up-to-date" weapons.

I would simply pit my weapon—an outdated, archaic, "Elizabethan" Bible—against their self-propelled missiles (strategic, tactical, ground, sea, and air launched), their solid and liquid fuel propulsion rockets, their bombs (incendiary, "scatter" type, intensive and "fire storm" effect), their chemical grenades, anti-ballistic missile systems, "Copperheads," silicon chips, lasers, neutron bombs, shocksticks, stuns and flash bombs, and so forth.

I intended to confiscate some of those weapons for my troops to use. That would mean some "raids" on "fire bases," ammo dumps, and "communication centers." I was going to have to knock out some ELECTRICITY to accomplish the minor objectives.

Once the lasers (and radar and guidance systems) are “neutralized” a lot of “modern weaponry” will be just as ineffectual as a busted crossbow or a splintered lance. Gyroscopes that control “pitch and yaw” need computers that can calculate positions from “data.” A “programmer” is necessary with all of this riff-raff, along with a “control system” that “activates flight control mechanisms.” Blow up the source of electricity and let the guided missile follow a blind guide into a ditch (Matt. 15:14).

Around 1960 I had begun to move into “enemy territory” with one book (*The Christian’s Handbook of Manuscript Evidence*) and a handful of tough young men who had finished “boot camp” and were eager for the “baptism of fire.” We made “probes” (mainly night patrols) that were aimed more at demoralizing the enemy than actually engaging him in combat. We would do that later.

The idea at the start (1970-1990) would be to emulate the “ministry” of the “Mad Prussian” (a name given to one of Bill Mauldin’s buddies in World War II in Italy [1944] who was a German-American). He would go out at night, alone, and creep into the enemy lines clad in a poncho. He carried a trench knife and several grenades. The grenades were for “in case” he was detected. What he would do is crawl around till he found two Krauts sleeping near each other on the ground. He would then slit the throat of one of them from ear to ear and then crawl off.

Now this kind of a thing, done several times, has a marvelous “effect” on the man’s buddy when “reveille” comes around—believe me! One might say “*it impacts*” *one’s point of view*. “Good morning to you! Good morning to you! We’re all in our places with blood on our faces! Oh what a fine way to start a new day!”

If you find Westcott and Hort sharing a two-man “slit trench,” slit Hort’s throat and let Westcott think about it. If it is Dana and Mantey, whack Mantey and give Dana something about which to think when he lays down to sleep the next night. If it is A. T. Robertson and Casper Gregory, “light up” Gregory and let Robertson live—for *awhile*. If it is Aland and Metzger, “waste” Metzger and let Aland think about it. Ditto when dealing with the two Nestles (Eberhard and Erwin).

This kind of work is NOT for Little Miss Muffet, Tinker Bell, Little Goody Two Shoes, or Liberace. It must be carried out by SOLDIERS—not good, “godly,” doubly-separated, “militant” Fundamentalists who “stand for the absolute authority” of the “verbally plenary inspired original flap-doodles.” This *revolution* against Laodicean Nicolaitans, at the end of the Church Age, is to be like a spiritual civil war: you must fight against *your own people and your own leaders* who graduated from West Point just like you did.

There will be no place in ranks for the Brownies, Twinkies, Girl Scouts, Fruit Loops, and Campfire Girls like Chuck Swindoll, D. A. Carson, John MacArthur, David Cloud, Dave Hunt, Doug Kutilek, Fred Afman, James Price, Robert Sumner, Hot Dog Hymers, Mike Randall, James Combs, Arthur Farstad, Harold Willmington, Sumner Wemp, and other little deluded children who like to “play soldier.”

From the Civil War (1861-1865) I picked up one of the most remarkable (and without doubt one of the most honest) conversations I have ever heard take place between two men discussing combat.

This conversation took place on a Yankee gunboat after the battle of Ft. Donnelson (1862)

where the 9th Illinois Regiment suffered many casualties. It took place between a captain of infantry and a private; the private was a Negro.

“Were you in the fight?”

“Had a little taste of it, yassuh.”

“Stood your ground, did you?”

“No suh. I runs fo’ it.”

“Ran at the first fire, did you?”

“Yassuh. Sho’ did. An ah woulda run soonah if ida known what were cornin’!”

“Why that wasn’t very credible to your courage!”

“No suh, it sho wantn’t. Dat ain’t my line; cookin’ is mah profession.”

“But have you no regard for your reputation?” “No suh, reputation ain’t nuffin’ wid me ‘long side my life!”

“Do you then consider your life to be worth more than other peoples?”

“It’s wuth mo’ to me, yassuh!”

“Then you must value it very highly.”

“Yassuh, deed ah do, mo’ dan a million dollas, mo’ den de whole world, for what would dat be wuth to a man wid de breath outta him? Self preservation am de fust law wid me.”

“But why should you go by a different law than other men?”

“Cause dey sets a diffunt value on der libes. Mine ain’t on de market.”

“But if you lost it you would know you had died for your country.”

“What satisfaction dat gonna be to you if yo’ powah of knowin’ am gone?”

“Then honor and patriotism don’t mean anything to you?”

“No suh! Nuffin’ whatsoever! Ah counts dem among de vanities ob life!”

“Well then, if our soldiers were all like YOU the rebels might have entered Washington and broken up our government!”

“Yassuh, deed dey would! Deah wouldn’t be no help fo’ it!”

“Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?”

“No suh, dey sho’ wouldn’t! A dead white man ain’t nothin’ to dem Yankees; let alone a dead niggah! But ah’d miss MAHSELF, and dat am de point wid me!”

Patton said, “I have never seen a brave man. All men are frightened; the more *intelligent* they are the more frightened they are. The courageous man is the man who forces himself, *in spite of his fears*, to carry on.”

If a man doesn’t *fear* he has no real acts of “bravery” to perform. “Courage is armor a blind man wears, the calloused scars of outlived despairs. Courage is FEAR that has ‘said its prayers.’”

After the Tet Offensive (Nam, 1968) an I.G. Colonel was investigating various aspects of the battle. One was quizzing an office worker who (as many cooks, mechanics, bakers, and even medics) had to be converted, in thirty seconds, to rifle-carrying infantrymen. He had been working in downtown headquarters when the attack came.

“What did you do, Corporal, when you knew it was an attack?”

“Well, sir, I warned those in the vicinity of the building, sounded the alarm, initiated a thorough inspection of the office, locked the safe, inspected the security files to see if they were closed; then, after completing precautionary measures, I donned combat gear and made an orderly exit down the hallway to the bunker outside.”

“How much time,” asked the Colonel, “would you say elapsed between the start of the attack and when you got to the bunker, son?”

He said, “About fifteen seconds.”

Modern “fundamentalists” don’t have the manhood or the guts for real battles. They never have and never will. We need some soldiers who can “draw blood” (Jer. 48:10; Judg. 3:22; Psa. 149:6) like Paul did (Acts 13:50, 9:23, 17:6-7).

Since 1933, we have needed those kind of men worse than we needed “revival.” Their *lack* (Psa. 12:1) is the cause of there being no revival in America since 1933 (Billy Sunday). Running around quoting Charles G. Finney and Dwight Moody (and mumbling 2 Chron. 7:14) or passing out and letting someone catch you (!) will no more bring about a national revival than playing at “wars on terrorism” or “maintaining internal security” or running around with signs protesting abortion.

Why would God Almighty waste His time sending revival to any bunch of vacillating, egotistical, destructive *Bible critics* who are nothing but man-fearing, honor-loving, materialistic, two-faced, LYING COWARDS (see *The Christian Liars Library*, 1997)? They are half men, who are no more “soldiers” in the sense of 2 Timothy than they are Appalachian coal miners or Canadian lumberjacks.

“The flag is up, the flag is waving, the flag is down! COMMENCE FIRING!”

*Battle stations!* “Guns up!”

Shoot to kill. That is what Ehud did with the “sword of the Spirit”

**“And Ehud came unto him; and he was sitting in a summer parlour, which he had for himself alone. And Ehud said, I have a message from God unto thee. And he arose out of his seat. And Ehud put forth his left hand, and took the dagger from his right thigh, and thrust it into his belly: And the haft also went in after the blade; and the fat closed upon the blade, so that he could not draw the dagger out of his belly; and the dirt came out”** (Judg. 3:20-22).

“Do or die.” *Kill or be killed*. “Let the other guy die for his country!” (George Patton) I AM TALKING ABOUT SPIRITUAL WARFARE WITH SPIRITUAL WEAPONS.

A typical Patton “briefing” for troops about to “jump off.”

“Some of you probably think *I am an s.o.b.* Well, you are right. I am an s.o.b. to the Germans, and you are s.o.b.s to them, and they’re s.o.b.s to you. Everyone is an s.o.b. to



someone. That doesn't mean a thing; there is only one thing you can do about it. Be *better* s.o.b.s than *they are!*"

Advice: "Don't become *desk bound*. Get up in the lines and see what is going on. Those are your men fighting up there, and you can't know what the hell they're up against unless you go up and *see it with your own eyes.*"

You want it straight from somebody who knows more about what he is talking about than I do? I mean do you think I am the least bit eccentric or "original" in my thinking along these lines? Well, try this bird for size. This is *William Carey* (1761— 1834), the Baptist missionary to India who taught himself Greek, Latin, and Hebrew before translating the *King James Bible* into half a dozen Indian dialects before the RV or the ASV reared their twisted, depraved, crooked, perverted "heads."

This is the "father of modern missions" who said, "Expect great things from God." Listen to what he said that the Christian schools fail to quote: "I FEEL LIKE A SOLDIER ABOUT TO ENTER A BATTLE *THAT I AM CERTAIN TO LOSE.*"

Okay "fellow-soldier!" in ranks. *You and me, buddy!* You and me. *That is exactly what I told my readers on pages 25-26, 51 when I began this book.*

The Girl Scouts who came out of BBC, Liberty University, Moody, Fuller, BJU, Wheaton, Stetson, Regent, Judson, Crown College, PCC, Howard, Wake Forest, and Tennessee Temple just didn't want to believe what you said: *IT WAS TOO NEGATIVE*. Like their own liberal and modernistic humanistic contemporaries they just simply couldn't believe what *THE SCRIPTURES SAID ABOUT THESE MATTERS*. They couldn't imagine such a frame of mind in a Christian who would keep *high morale* throughout the whole war and never *quit*, *NO MATTER HOW IT ENDED*.

A famous anonymous poet wrote Carey's epitaph. I would take it to be mine also. It was in German and said, "Erich Fisher Wood. Captain U.S. Army. Fand hier den Heldentod nach schweren Einzelkaemfen."

I envy that young Captain who stayed on the Snow Eifel after the 106th Infantry Division deserted and ran for their lives (see pp. 43, 44). He stayed and fought a one-man war by *HIMSELF* and died in hand-to-hand combat, after killing Germans. The Germans thought so highly of this young Ami ("American") they gave him an honorable burial and erected a tombstone for him with that inscription. "He found a hero's death after unsparing single-handed combat." Around him lay the bodies of seven Germans. Wood still had his papers on him and 4,000 Belgian francs in his wallet.

*Ahhh! there it is!* I do not know if that young man was saved, but like the young man with the 88 gun crew (p. 105), I will never understand till the Judgment Seat of Christ why *UNSAVED SOLDIERS* would die for demon-possessed Catholics like Adolph Hitler or for *fornicating whoremongers* like Jack Kennedy (Vietnam). I have been a Christian for fifty-four years, and I do not understand it yet. Where do *unsaved SOLDIERS* get their grace, guts, and courage from when they do not know the Lord, *nor does He know them?*

**"But now, after that ye have known God, or rather are known of God, how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements, whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage?"** (Gal. 4:9).

My, what a question!

I could not answer that question back in 1950, one year after I was saved; fifty-four years later (A.D. 2003) I am still in the dark about it. It is an enigma I have never solved.

My “crew,” *before I was saved*, was a mob of trained killers; and most of them were cursing, swearing, fornicating, trouble-making, gambling, fist-fighting roughnecks. Some were religious; some were not. Some were honest; most of them would steal anything they needed. I don’t recall ONE born-again, Bible-believing Christian in the lot (1939— 1945); not even a chaplain—*Catholic or Protestant*.

With that background, I had no illusions about what I found in the New Testament that applied to me as a saved man. In the “**good fight**” (1 Tim. 6:12), I come out as *the loser*, and so will my troops. But that is what happened at Calvary and at Paul’s execution, AS FAR AS THE WORLD COULD TELL. Neither man was applauded by *the world* as any kind of a “success” in the eyes of anyone found in the NEA, the CIA, the *Encyclopedia America*, the *World Almanac*, the United Nations, the League of Nations, the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, FEMA, FBI, ACLU, CFR, Illuminati, or “NATO.” Not even the NCCC or the Ecumenical Councils would call ANY man on earth “successful” if he died without wife or children, real estate or hospital care, a bank account, school buildings, an inheritance, church buildings, a decent funeral, or a grave plot.

Paul was that kind of a man. He was the one that told his irregular infantrymen (Eph. 6:10-17), “**follow me**” (1 Cor. 11:1). That is what Jesus Christ told His “squad” (Matt. 4:19): there were twelve men.

A rifle platoon in 1941 was four *TWELVE man squads*.

What they were told is on the GATES at the Infantry School in Ft. Benning, Georgia: “**FOLLOW ME.**”

You can tell the Christian celebrities who are not following Him by the fact they do not *believe* the Scriptures He quotes to them (John 8:40-45; Matt. 23:24), and their “fish stringers” rarely contain anything but minnows and “lady fish.” There are no celebrities trying to win “Jaws” or “Moby Dick” to Christ. They duck out by saying “we” in their sermons instead of YOU, and they avoid a burning Hell by making a liar out of God in Psalm 69:8 so they won’t offend Moby Dick, Jaws, and a sea full of Portugese Man O’ Wars (see Billy Graham, Pope John Paul II, and any Moslem, Arabic scholar commenting on the *Koran*).

Christ said, “**FOLLOW ME, and I will make you FISHERS of MEN**” — *not kiddies in day care centers*.

You see, the real enemy is Satan, and he will not only WIN this battle (Pentecost to the Rapture), but he will wind up seated on David’s throne in Jerusalem as “GOD IN THE FLESH” (Dan. 11; 2 Thess. 2:1-12). You think that isn’t *winning* a 1900-year war?

I think sometimes that these stupid kingdom builders (take Arlin Horton, for example, giving the “KEYS” for the *land* and *buildings* in Pensacola that constitute PCC [May 2002] to Jesus Christ as a welcome KING), think they are in the Tribulation and are looking forward to victory at the ADVENT.

*Wrong dispensation.*

This “age of grace” ends in the total failure of the Body of Christ to convert the world to the gospel. Rushdoony and Andy Pandy, with their “Theonomist” and “Reconstruction” friends, are about as Scriptural—trying to bring in the kingdom through Congress and the UN— as Bush and the UN trying to stop “terrorism” by making alliances with Moslem nations that are all dedicated to Jewish genocide (1999-2003).

When Hitler signed his “non-aggression” treaty with Stalin (1939), it carried no more weight as a news item than a treaty between Arafat and Sharon, or Arafat and Begin, or Arafat and Peres, or Arafat and his own wife (Catholic). Such “treaties” are lighter than a floss candy cone.

Catholic “treaties” (concordats), with Islam “treaties,” are always as false as the religious hypocrites who use their *religion* as an alibi to *kill* their adversaries.

A good military example is found in 1572, when the Roman Catholic Duke of Alva (from Spain) invaded Malines and Zutphen in Holland, letting his troops spend three days raping women and killing civilians. In his attack on Naarden, he got the townspeople to surrender on promises of *clemency* (mercy) by the order of his main Spanish commander. Alva then set up a banquet for his troops. As the banquet ended, a church bell tolled— see the same operation by Catholics which signalled the St. Bartholomew Massacre in France (Aug. 1572), *History of the New Testament Church* (1980, Vol. I, pp. 399-400)—the calm and well-fed Catholic soldiers got up from their tables and *slaughtered more than ninety percent of the population of Naarden*. In France (St. Bartholomew), they murdered more than *50,000 unarmed civilians*.

No treaties with the enemy; *his word is worthless*.

A Palestinian “constitution” is exactly like a Catholic “concordat.”

No sinner, whose highest authority is *his own opinion*, can EVER be counted upon to keep his word when *his own integrity is at stake*. That goes for all Protestant and Catholic “Bible” teachers, all Greek and Hebrew scholars, *all* Moslems, and *all* gangsters.

We can only deal with Satan’s *visible* representatives. We are not to blow one kiss in their direction, we are to refuse to shake hands with them on any “deal,” and we shouldn’t waste five minutes joining their efforts to bring a national revival to America. Their *motives* and *goals* are rotten, and their *professions of good will* mean nothing once they are faced with FINAL AUTHORITY.

Since we have proved this on more than 500 occasions, to the tune of more than 6,000 pages (see *The Christian Liars’ Library*, *The Last Grenade*, *The Mythological Septuagint*, *The Scholarship Only Controversy*, *The Christian’s Handbook of Biblical Scholarship*, *The “Errors” in the King James Bible*, *ISRAEL: A Deadly Piece of Dirt*, *The Bible Believer’s Commentary on Psalms*, *Rome: The Great Private Interpreter*, etc.), we will not waste our time with the proof here.

What this means is that more than 90 percent of the present-day *leaders* in “Christianity” are in alliance with Satan, *without being aware of it*.

This means that any warfare carried out against THEM will eventually arouse their real

“master.” Sooner or later, us “irregulars” will get exactly what we didn’t want: *publicity*—exposure; exposure to the “**god of this world**” (2 Cor. 4:4) who runs its UN (see Luke 4:6).

We can whip his deceived flunkies, but we will not overcome his plans for world dominion. *He will have them.* He will “bring in the kingdom” (Rev. 13), with the help and assistance of SAVED CHRISTIAN SCHOLARS, PASTORS, BIBLE TEACHERS, BIBLE REVISERS, AND CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS OF HIGHER EDUCATION.

*No illusions.* In combat, illusions are dangerous; more dangerous than anywhere else.

Korea, the Bay of Pigs, and Vietnam were “visionary virtual realities” from start to finish. They were illusionary delusions cooked up by someone raised on movies, newspapers, radio, and TV.

In *The Pentagon and the Art of War*, Edward Luttwak mentions the need for military reform in 1984 after the USA lost two major wars and six minor ones. After those two expensive, wasteful debacles, the rotten US military messed up the raid on Mayaguez (1975), the Iran “rescue” operation (1980), the Beirut “terrorist protection” (1983), and then the Twin Towers. Something was not only “rotten in Denmark,” it was rotten in the Pentagon. There was also the *Grenada* operation and the *Lebanon* “bombing” raid (1983) where nothing produced nothing.

The American over-use of air fire power in *all* these operations was an open confession to anyone who KNEW the military—and bless God, I know it!—that American soldiers couldn’t engage any enemy and shoot him. And in all eight stinking operations the USA had to get permission from the greatest war-mongering outfit known to history—the UN; *they sponsored ninety-two wars between 1945 and 2002.*

You might add “The Bay of Pigs” to that list of Boy Scout operations that accomplished nothing. That time there was no air power. Every campaign was a *total flop*, as is the present “War on Terrorism,” which actually released the most accomplished terrorist in the last half of the twentieth century (Yasser Arafat), and then offered him a “State” to use as a base for carrying out *literal genocide*.

Of course the “winner” for absolute suicidal madness was “Nam.” This, as the Nazi Holocaust, was a Roman Catholic operation from start to finish. Lyndon Johnson said of it, “If we get involved in that bitch of a war. My ‘Great Society’ will be dead.” Truer words were never spoken. It collapsed, and they buried it in 1964 (the Civil Rights Act).

The civilian dumbbells who tried to run the Army, between 1960 and 1980, chose the targets in North Vietnam, and the news media used them to prevent the troops from getting support. The blockheads who caused this slaughter were JFK, the Roman Catholic *William Colby* of the CIA, Secretary of State *Dean Rusk*, Secretary of Defense *Robert McNamara*, William Bunday, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., *John Foster Dulles*, Ambassador Lodge, and Canada’s Catholic senior delegate, *James Blair Seaborn* of the ICC (International Congressional Commission).

But the “carriers out” of the papal set-up were Gen. Joseph Carroll (*Catholic*), head of the Corps; Admiral George Anderson Jr. (*Catholic*), Chief of Naval Operations; the Roman *Catholic* Speaker of the House (John McCormack); the *Roman Catholic* Senate Majority

Leader (Mike Mansfield), the head of the Armed Forces Committee (the *Roman Catholic* Melvin Price); Gen. John Lavallie (*Roman Catholic* head of the 7th Air Force); Lt. Gen. Sosthena Fernandez, the *Catholic* who bombed Buddhist temples (1970); and all three Diem brothers (President, Head of the Secret Police, and the Bishop of Saigon). The other *Catholics* were Nixon's secretary (Rosemary Wood), his speech writer (John McLaughlin), and Gen. Alexander Haig.

How is that World War I was started by *FOUR* Roman Catholics, World War II was started by *TEN* Roman Catholics, and Vietnam began with *FIFTEEN* Roman Catholics?

*Saddam Hussein's ambassador to Rome is a Catholic*, all of his household servants are Catholic, and *Arafat's WIFE is a Catholic*.

When Hitler, Weygand, Franco, Mussolini, Petain, Pope Pius XII, Von Papen, Goebbels, Goering, Himmler, Stepinac, Pavelich, Stangl, Hoess, and Seyss-Inquart get through with Europe, there were 22,000,000 battle casualties, 9,000,000 civilian casualties, and 4,000,000 displaced persons. That was accomplished by three Roman Catholic concordats with Franco, Hitler, and Mussolini.

When the same Catholic crew got through with their "containment" of Communism in southeast Asia, they found out that it had cost \$7,000 per head to kill a Viet Cong. (It took only twenty bullets per head in World War II, which was about \$1,200 per man.) When the Vietnam debacle was over, our Catholic buddies left behind 500 tanks, 1,300 artillery pieces, 130,000 tons of ammo, 6,000 rifles, 42,000 trucks, 940 ships, 466 helicopters, 113 bombs, and 90 transport planes. This made Vietnam the **FIFTH RANKING MILITARY POWER IN THE WORLD**. She had been about number twenty-five.

In the last six battles Napoleon fought (after Leipzig: "the battle of the nations"), he fought under the illusion that he could not be beaten, no matter what. The "no matter what" amounted to 54,000 of his troops taking on 112,000 enemy troops (at Rothiere, Feb. 1814), 77,000 of his troops taking on 172,000 enemy troops at Montmiral (France, 1814), 42,000 of his troops taking on 119,000 of Blucher's soldiers (Laon, Feb.-Mar. 1814).

Thirty-eight thousand survived to fight against 70,000 (Craonne, Mar. 1814), and finally 34,000 versus 82,000 at Laon (Mar. 9), Ligny (65,000 vs. 83,000), and Quatre Bas (June 1815), where he faced 15,780 with 11,300.

You know the outcome: *Waterloo* (June 1815).

In those six closing encounters, the great victories of Marengo (1800), Austerlitz (Dec. 2, 1805), Jena (1806), and Borodino (1812) were not in evidence. And even Borodino (before the retreat from Moscow) came close to being a "tie." The Corsican dictator lost 30,000 men to the Russians 40,000.

You can see by the "roll call" of troops at Rothiere, Montmiral, Craonne, Laon, Ligny, and Quatre Bas that Napoleon's army was not just getting smaller but, obviously, his *casualty* list was approaching the moon. Even when *winning* an encounter, he was gradually "losing his shirt." He had lost more than 10,000 men at Dresden (Aug. 1813), and another 26,000 at Leipzig (Oct. 1813). Rothiere was not a victory; it was a *draw* (a "tie"). Montmiral was a victory, but he lost another 2,000 men.

The historian's comment on Montmiral was: "For Napoleon, his very military success was

FATAL.

He could not believe he could be *defeated*, and again refused the offers of the allies as ‘inadequate.’ It would be his LAST CHANCE” (*The Last Campaigns*, Crown Pub., N.Y., 1977, p. 89).

Laon and Craonne were “dead heats.” The chronicler notes that “Years of success against all probability had dulled his sense of MILITARY REALITY” (see Bob Jones III, Dave Hunt, David Cloud, John MacArthur, Chuck Swindoll, Clarence Sexton, Curtis Hutson, Ed Hindson, Mike Randall, James Combs, Jerry Falwell, Zane Hodges, Lee Robertson, Tim LaHaye, Hal Lindsay, Shelton Smith, John Rice, et al.). Napoleon was a victim of a MYTH he *himself* had propagated (see our list of Fundamentalists!). “HE BELIEVED HIMSELF INVINCIBLE” (Ibid., p. 101).

One more temporary (and very short) victory at Ligny (June 1815), and matters came to an end. At Quatre Bas it was another “dead heat”: Napoleon was through celebrating “victories.” He was headed for the “clink.”

“Wavre,” as ten thousand other unknown, insignificant “names” on a map (take such words as Soissons, Metz, Zama, Tarawa, Bouganville, Kiev, Sadowa, Argonne, Saipan, Da Nang, Porkchop Hill, etc., etc.) was the key to Napoleon’s downfall, if such a thing as a “key” could be found.

The mess into which Napoleon got when he returned from Elba (1815) was the fact that England and Europe had UNITED (see the modern EEC) against him, and this time, with a revived French army, Napoleon was facing 100,000 Prussians, 100,000 Austrians, 167,000 Russians, plus ENGLISHMEN. Napoleon had only 120,000 to meet this horde in battle: 120,000 versus 400,000.

Obviously, the Little Corporal had to SPLIT their forces so they could not all get together at one time; he chose to drive a wedge between his deadliest foes: the Krauts (Blucher) and the Limeys (Wellington). He did it by driving the English out of *Quatre Bas* and driving Blucher out of *Ligny* so that Wellington was pushed *northward* to La Belle Alliance, near Waterloo, and Blucher had to get out of Ligny and go northward to “Wavre.” This put Blucher a distance of about *eight miles EAST of Waterloo*. This was just eight miles that Blucher would have to cover to *join* Wellington at Waterloo.

And at this point, when Napoleon thought he had Blucher “in the bag,” Blucher LEFT *Wavre* headed west to join Wellington while Napoleon’s Marshall Grouchy was *stopped* at Wavre by one of Blucher’s toughest generals: Baron Johann Von Thielmann (June 18).

Grouchy, attempting to pursue Blucher, had to stop at Wavre to *fight Thielmann* while Blucher got away to join the English. Grouchy whipped Thielmann, but he had to pound away at Thielmann’s 15,000 troops for more than twelve hours “in one of the most useless victories in history” (*Battles*, Eggenberger, Dover Pub., 1967, p. 472).

Blucher got away and eventually joined Wellington. Heading west to Waterloo, old Blucher also left behind him a “rear guard” to mess up Grouchy after he left Wavre: *it messed him up*. Grouchy never caught up with Blucher. Blucher had SPLIT NAPOLEON’S ARMY after Napoleon had “split” Blucher’s Prussian Army from Wellington’s English Army.

Marshall Grouchy could not get back to join his own French army at the time Napoleon needed him the most.

“Wavre.” W-a-v-r-e, a “nothing place” if you ever heard of one: a small French town in northern France.

The man who said, “I MAKE CIRCUMSTANCES,” was suffering from “delusions of grandeur.” James Kilpatrick, Oral Roberts, Elvis Presley, Morris Cerullo, Stephen Hill, Adolph Hitler, Benny Hinn, Mussolini, Bob Jones III, Kenneth Copeland, President Bush, Clinton, JFK, and all popes have exactly the same problem.

Illusions of grandeur (Hitler and any pope for example) will not resurrect dead troops. On his last battle, Napoleon lost 26,000 “good men.”

I have no illusion about my battlefields. I am destined to be a “born loser.” *But I will fight.*

“Fight one more round—just *one!* When you can’t raise your fist and you’re looking through a mist, go on till you’ve won!

“Get up one more time! When they can’t dry the cut above your eye and you can hardly see the other guy, don’t whine; *get up!*”

“When the bell rings, up and at ‘em, wobbly legs and all! And if you have to take another fall, get up from the floor and give him some more! *Up and at ‘em!*”

“*One more round, buddy!* You’ve been knocked down before. Comon,’ fight one more! He’s just as tired as you, although he’s nearly knocked you out. Get up!

Get off your stool and finish the bout!’

This might be the round you will win.

All it takes is an uppercut to the chin. Not always, but usually, the man who can fight ‘*one more round*’ winds up wearing the victor’s crown.”

My “troop status” around 1964 was about 2,000 men-at-arms who were facing more than 200,000 German, American, and English enemies. Of those 2,000 troops, more than 1,000 were so demoralized (p. 40) they could not “mount an attack” or counterattack when charged. Our enemies had the “high ground”; furthermore our “holding position” was not good. It had been overrun at least ten times since 1880. There were 5,000 casualties every time we tried to hold our ground; furthermore, after nearly every attack at least 200 of our men pulled off a “Benedict Arnold” or a “Hermann” (see p. 115) on us and went over to the enemy.

## CHAPTER 7

### Leadership in Combat

By 1970 we still held a few pockets and small strips of front line, but if we likened the Body of Christ to a CITY, it would be a *city* that had been completely overrun before 1910. It was occupied and run by the enemy. Our job was supposed to have been “*defend the city at any cost*” (Hitler’s orders to Gen. Paulus in Stalingrad), but our brave and bold leaders at this time (Schaff, Scarborough, Green, Trench, Carroll, Vincent, Miller, Zodhiates, Gaussen, Robertson, Wuest, and the faculties and staffs of Princeton, Louisville, Southwestern, Dallas, etc.) had decided that *surrendering* to the enemy was preferable to being *ridiculed* by the enemy. They all feared ridicule worse than lying, stealing, fraud, false profession of faith, death, or even the Judgment Seat of Christ. So they “sold out.” They “capitulated,” like the Japanese did aboard the USS Missouri (Sept. 2, 1945).

Gen. Paulus did the same thing at Stalingrad after being given a Field Marshall’s baton and a pistol with one round in it—courtesy of the C-in-C of the Wehrmacht: Hitler (Nov. 1942–Jan. 1943). He was being promoted to Field Marshall while being given a subtle hint that he didn’t deserve it if he capitulated, so he must blow his brains out to prove he was a good commander of troops.

Paulus surrendered to the Russians. He never returned to his “fatherland.”

He saw Hitler in his true light. He saw exactly what he was: *A ROMAN CATHOLIC ATTEMPTING TO “BRING IN THE KINGDOM.”* “All kingdom builders are bloody killers.” Like the *Roman Catholic Napoleon* before him, he would gladly sacrifice 300,000 young men to obtain his *objectives*. The Roman Catholic Charlemagne would too.

The Body of Christ is going to “capitulate” and do it *cheerfully* in the next five years, if the Lord tarries. You better pray that He doesn’t. If your C-in-C offers you “**a crown of life**” (Rev. 2:10) instead of a Field Marshall’s baton, you better follow Simon Peter (John 21:18) and let someone else “pull the trigger.”

So back in 1970, I found myself commanding something like a rear guard whose orders were to “delay” the enemy to the utmost extent of my powers and ability. I had, at my disposal, a small band of very tough, very well trained Christian *young men*. In our training camp we did not “bat a thousand.” No one does. Still, by 1990 I had succeeded in sending throughout “the city” (pp. 21, 148-150) and over the countryside (and beyond the country) more than 200 young “soldiers” who were *not* raised on: 1. Positive thinking. 2. “Possibility thinking.” 3. Illusions about reality. 4. False hopes in national revivals. 5. Corrupt nineteenth- and twentieth-century mistranslations of the Holy Bible. 6. A desire for popularity, bigness, or success. 7. Admiration and respect for highly intellectual scholars who fear RIDICULE more than they do God. 8. Wasting a Christian’s time preaching on attendance and giving at the expense of sound doctrine. 9. Fancy Christian “theatricals” in music, plays, movies, performances, “specials,” and “contemporary” Christian music.



They were trained to believe that: 1. **“All have sinned,”** including the most godly Christian *“fundamentalists”* who ever lived. 2. Satan’s main attack has been, and always will be, against what God SAID: **“THE WORD OF GOD”** (Note John 14:23, 8:47, 17:8, 17:17). 3. No good deed shall go unpunished; “you can’t do right and get away with it.” 4. Anything of which the news media speaks highly is ALWAYS *totally corrupt* (Luke 16:15). 5. The patterns for Christian living are Jesus Christ and the apostle Paul; which will result in self denial, belief in God’s words, obedience to God’s words, and SUFFERING (1 Pet. 3:14, 4:12; 1 Tim. 1:16; Acts 9:16). No cross; no crown. 6. Ridicule is the smallest, *least important*, and most *acceptable form* of persecution that ANY Christian could possibly receive from ANYONE; therefore, a Christian who is afraid of what educated people will think about him is a COWARD, and “cowardice is epidemic” (Gen. George S. Paton).

Wanna see *real* persecution?

Private First Class Alton Knappenberger: 3rd Infantry, Littoria, Italy, 1944.

During a Kraut counterattack the young man crawled to an exposed position and opened fire on the enemy with a BAR. A machine gun eighty-five yards away opened on him, spattering bullets within six inches of him. He took a kneeling position and fired back, killing two men in the machine gun nest and wounding a third. While this was going on, two Krauts crawled to within twenty yards of him and pitched some “potato mashers” at him (grenades); he killed them both with the BAR. *Another* machine gun opened up on him, and he silenced it.

Then a *20 mm anti-aircraft gun* directed fire at him. He held his position even when *tank fire* was added to the artillery, while holding back German infantrymen. He ran out of ammo, so he crawled to a dead man and removed the clips from his corpse-belt and returned to his position, resuming fire. When he rejoined his company, he had held back an enemy counterattack for over two hours—*by himself*.

*THAT* is “*persecution*.” Don’t waste my time telling me about what people are *saying* about me or what they *think* about me, my school, my church, my family, or my ministry. You will put me to sleep. If you can’t stand for some backslidden, Laodicean jackass making fun of you and your *King James Bible*, STAY OUT OF ANY OUTFIT I’M IN, OKAY? Is it a deal? I don’t need you anymore than you need me. Soldiers don’t whine about ridicule or criticism. That’s a “Christian” scholar’s operation!

Want the *real thing* instead of “Promise Keepers” and “Opus Dei” and “a Week of Prayer” and “Youth for Christ” or “Spiritual emphasis week” and “Black Month” or “Renewal on the Campus”?

On the Marine beachhead at Betio (Nov. 20, 1942, 2nd Marine Division), a young Marine “fielded” four Japanese grenades that were slung at his platoon. That is, he caught them in the air and threw them back before they had time to explode: *that would be one to three seconds*.

The fifth one got him.

In action on Okinawa, Sgt. Elbert Luther Kinser (May 4, 1945), during a hand grenade battle, saw a Japanese grenade land right behind one of his squads. He threw himself on

top of the missile and took the full explosion right through his stomach and chest. *He sacrificed himself for his buddies.*

**“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends”**  
(John 15:13).

“Rally, rally! Rally round the banner! Ready? Steady! Pass the word along! Forward! Forward!!”

Salute Private First Class Lloyd Hawks of Becker, Minnesota (Jan. 30, 1944 in Italy). He braved a counterattack to rescue two wounded men who were unable to move; they were lying within thirty yards of the enemy. He crawled through a hail of bullet and mortar fragments and ministered to another one of his own men who had gone out to get the two wounded men and had been hit himself; then Hawks went on. A bullet knocked his helmet off, temporarily stunning him. Thirteen bullets went through that helmet while it lay on the ground, within *six inches of his body*.

Hawks got to the casualties and gave first aid to the worst hit and then *dragged him twenty-five yards to cover*. He returned to the other, while under shell fire and automatic rifle fire, and gave him first aid. While he was bandaging the man, his own right hip was splintered by machine gun fire and a second burst hit his forearm. With a dangling arm and severe pain, *he dragged his buddy* back to the same cover the first wounded man had. Since there was not enough cover there for *three* of them, Hawks crawled another seventy-five yards back to his own company.

And you were saying what?

“Am I a soldier of the cross, A FOLLOWER of the Lamb?”

Don't kid “Ruckman”; Ruckman was raised (four generations) in the home of an infantryman. I know a Golden Pheasant or a Perfumed Prince when I see one, *and modern-day Christianity is STUFFED with them*.

Want some more nice, sweet, kind, charitable, *positive thinking* descriptions of BIBLICAL CHRISTIANITY and its future?

“That's when my radio was hit and the *shrapnel from the radio* hit me in the back of the head. I was suddenly lying face down on the ground; a handful of blood was running out of my neck ... The three of them died in a hail of rifle fire and enemy grenades ... We had five men killed in twenty-five minutes ... I had the *handle* of my entrenching tool blown off and there was a bullet hole in my *canteen* ... We watched our front ... Old bodies from the day before mingled with the newly killed; the smell was hard to take ... I heard the battalion commander holler, ‘Withdraw!’ which I thought was rather odd because there didn't seem like there was anywhere to go ... Men were dead and wounded all in the area; *six were alive*. Soon I was hit in the shoulder. ‘T’ was hit in the neck and died an arm's length from me *begging for a medic* ... Blood ran everywhere; the mortar platoon Sgt.'s pistol had been shot out of his hand ... his right hand hung limp from the wrist and blood poured to the ground ... *the firing continued* ... They had us in a U-shaped ambush, and they had us cut off with mortars ... *my men were dying around me*; I could do nothing ... I didn't see my men die, but I *heard* them. One of them screamed, “Oh, God forgive me!” I still believed we were under fire by our own troops ... The entire jungle disappeared in

flame, smoke, and flying dirt ... searing white phosphorus shells fell everywhere ... ‘They are killing our wounded!’ The enemy was mopping up and *taking no prisoners*; we were as good as DEAD.”

PBI (Pensacola Bible Institute), otherwise known as the “POOR BLOODY INFANTRY” (p. 25).

You see, I wasn’t day-dreaming, surmising, overstating, understating, “asserting,” suggesting, exaggerating, or imagining ANYTHING.

Those accounts were from *combat soldiers* in Vietnam in the PBI who fought in the tall grass and the jungles of the Chu Pong “massif” in the la Drang Valley and “Albany” near the la Drang River in 1965.

*Ridicule is NOT persecution.* A Christian who fears *ridicule* (see John 12:42; Acts 26:28; Jer. 38:19) has no more business connecting his name with Gideon’s “*Sword of the Lord*” (Judg. 7:20) than connecting it with the *Humanist Manifesto* or the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

Well, the “Citizens’ Military Training Camp” starts. Soon it produced “combat teams” with leaders. Sam Gipp pops up and goes to work with a gusto. *Paul Heaton* uncovers the light and heavy mortars and goes to work. Up pops Donald Clarke and then they begin to come out of the bushes (1 Sam. 14:27; Judge. 6:2) and caves. All along they had *believed* the old Book from cover to cover but had never had enough *ammo* to go to war about it. Now they were being supplied and being trained along with the supply. They began to come out from their dugouts, slit trenches, foxholes, and pillboxes all over the country where they had been enduring the barrage without being able to fire a shot back.

*The counterattack began.* Up pops Barry Burton: *Let’s Weigh the Evidence*. Up pops Perry Rock-wood in Nova Scotia. Here comes *William Hoste* with *Remove Not the Ancient Landmark*. He is followed by *Lloyd Streeter* who deals with *The Seventy-five Problems*. *William DeJonge* comes up with *66 Reasons for Keeping Our Protestant Bible*.

Up pops *Coston*, who claims BJU, *Christianity Today*, Moody Bible Institute, and Tennessee Temple lied about King James’ alleged “homosexuality.” The combat patrols “fire for effect,” and they make an “impact” in the modern vernacular. Up comes *Dr. Laurence Vance*, who proves the best accredited Princeton scholars who promoted the ASV and the RV were just as screwed up doctrinally as Phillip Mauro or John Calvin; then he adds insult to injury by showing that what the faculties and staffs of every leading seminary in America call “archaic” words in the *King James Bible* are “current in the market,” appearing in secular works written AFTER 1900—and many of them AFTER 1950.

Here comes *Chick Salliby* with *If the Foundations Be Destroyed*. A sharpshooter from Texas writes *The New Athenians* (James Son) and then a WAVE joins a Navy “Seal” operation and puts out *New Age Bible Versions* (*Gail Riplinger*) and that stirs up a hornet’s nest.

The hornets were the ones that drove the Canaanites, Hittites, Jebusites, and Amorites out of Canaan (Deut. 7:20; Josh. 24:12). Armed troops cannot do much hand-to-hand fighting when their bare legs and feet and arms and necks (and sometimes faces and chest) are

being worked on by HORNETS. *Good combat tactics.* Ever look at those Persian and Greek uniforms for infantrymen?

And what started out as 400 *discontented* sinners who were either in *distress* or *debt* (1 Sam. 22) wound up with a host like “the hosts of God” (1 Chron. 12:1-22).

In England, *Alan O’Reilly* “ate their lunch” with *O Biblios!* “Down under,” in New Zealand, *Dennis Lloyd* “clocked” ‘em with *The Stand*. Over in Korea, *Song Lee* turned Seoul upside down and inside out, while *Kumar* and *Chelli* in India took a stand for the *King James Bible* that embarrassed American missionaries who had graduated from Christian colleges and universities in America.

You talk about “partisan activity”! Churches split, the Trinitarian Bible Society split, Cornelius Stam’s “Bereans” blew up like a prairie shack in a tornado, BJU and PCC turned on each other like two antichrist Popes accusing each other of being “the man of sin” (see *History of the New Testament Church*, Vol. I, 1980, p. 355).

The Southern Baptist Convention got all torn up in public as the Bible believers in it tore up railroad tracks, sabotaged factories, derailed supply trains, shot down airliners, hijacked eighteen wheelers, ambushed fellowship meetings, shot the tubes out of TV and radio sets, smashed computers, taped mouths shut, broke up council and board meetings, set a torch to “reliable translations,” and fired several dozen professors.

The “rear guard” was *delaying* the assault on the Body of Christ. F. Doyle gave them *The Bible Roots*, *John Adair* accused them of *Sitting in Judgment on the Word of God*, Harold Sightler’s son gave BJU a fit, *David Reagan* said that the revisions of the *King James Bible* were largely MYTHS, and *Dr. Thomas Holland* asked “*Can You Trust Your Modern Translations?*” Ruckman grinned and listed for his troops the 320 liars IN the Body of Christ who had been giving them trouble since 1700.

But Ruckman was no longer “the *unknown* soldier.” He was now a “wanted man”—like the boy said, “My daddy is *wanted* in forty states—for murder.” Ruckman was not “famous,” but he certainly was “notorious.” From here on (1990), there was no hiding place for *him*. But thank God now that he had been spotted by infrared night scopes several thousand other “irregulars” were in ranks right behind him and some of them *in front of him*. Up till that time he had been the Lead Scout (“Point Man”) that had led them into every “X” ambush into which they had walked. *He was no longer alone*. True, his “Stosstruppen” were still out-numbered better than 100 to 1, but what did that matter? “*Nichts vergessen Pips Priller!*” (see pp. 45-46). He had been “outnumbered” 1,300 to 1.

*James Sightler* came up with *A Testimony Founded Forever*. *Bill Grady* confirmed it with *Final Authority*. *Dr. Vance* slams them again with *Double Jeopardy*, and then *Dr. Samuel Gipp* “decks” ‘em with *The Answer Book* and *An Understandable History of the Bible*.

The enemy is suffering severe casualties. *Good*.

Let him “die for his country” instead of Bible believers dying for their Lord. The enemy’s home is this world, and it is *this world* even when they *profess* it is New Jerusalem.

**“(For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ: Whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things.)”** (Phil. 3:18-

19).

*This world IS the HOME of every Bible scholar who threw “God” out of 1 Timothy 3:16 and tried to conceal the Deity of Christ in Mark 1:2 by refusing to note Malachi’s quotation. If he is a backslidden saint then he is in line with the world, and the “god of this world,” where the WORDS OF GOD ARE AT STAKE. They are at stake in Genesis 3; now they are at stake INTERNATIONALLY.*

**“Choose you this day whom ye will serve!”**

Get on the losing side as quickly as possible; *earn your crown.*

The battle of Thermopylae (480 B.C.) affords the Christian soldier with a fine example of a “delaying action” by a rear guard which is on the *losing side*. In that contest between Persia and Greece, the Spartan General Leonidas was still commanding his troops *after* his death.

To give the main body of Greeks time to escape an envelopment, Leonidas, with 1,000 men, fought a delaying action against 10,000 Persians under Xerxes. (Pips Priller in 480 B.C.!) )

As in the case of Constantinople (p. 100), an opening was found to envelop Leonidas’ guard who seemed to be completely surrounded in a pass that no one could enter except by the “front gate.” It was a “back road” path revealed to Xerxes by a shepherd named Epialties which finished Leonidas off. (Judas, back in 480 B.C.)

When the Persian infantry began to show up behind him and his small corps (which was now down to about 800 men), Leonidas ordered a *frontal attack* into the main body of the Persian army; as he did this, he received a *mortal wound*. Being mortally wounded, he *charged* and *led* the charge, leading a “sortie” right in the Persian front ranks. Live minutes later, his Spartans retreated back to their original position on a small knoll; *they carried the dead body of their commander with them*, back to about 100 yards from the battle line. There they “regrouped” *to continue the fight*.

The next morning Xerxes saw about 300 of these Spartans left, looking at him. They stood in a circle facing more than 90,000 troops.

Not caring to risk another man, after having already suffered a kill ratio of about ten Persians to one Spartan, Xerxes first offered them “surrender or die.” You don’t have to guess which offer they took. They took the one the young German gunnery “Lieutenant” took in 1945, outside of Smolensk (p. 105).

And so to save his own men, Xerxes called about 500 archers forward who encircled the Spartans at about seventy yards; the Spartans didn’t have a bow or arrow in their midst.

Then, for nearly an hour, the arrows flew till (as one chronicler wrote) they “darkened the sun”; each archer fired about twenty arrows in that time, fifteen of them coming down like rain on a tin roof and five of them coming nearly horizontally across the ground. Fending this artillery off—that is why it is called “**artillery**” in a *King James 1611 Authorized Version* (1 Sam. 20:40) with shields as best they could, the Spartans died. In the end, every corpse the Persians found had at least two arrows stuck in it. Many a dead “grunt” had been hit three times after he was already dead.

One by one they all perished.

*That is OUR destiny if the Lord Jesus Christ “tarries.”*

I have no illusions. I don't diddle daddle with “the power of positive thinking.” I never consult “Possibility Thinking” for anything, and I never waste three seconds taking any ONE newscast or ANY news report from ANY major news outlet as seriously *to be believed* or acted on.

“All glory to the hero who wins the prize, the world has cried for a thousand years! But what of the failure who tries and dies with his efforts bathed in his blood and tears?

Oh, great is the Christian who wins him a name but greater far, many-a-time, is some pale-faced Christian who dies in shame with his back to the wall and his feet on the line.

Great are those saints with huge churches and schools, and godly the saints who refrain from wine, but oh! that pale-faced fighter who, fainting, fights on and on, *and still fights TILL HE FALLS ON THE LINE.*”

This bunch of professing Christians we are facing are not battle-scarred veterans; they are “battle-scared amateurs.” They are not blooded infantrymen; they are soft, positive-thinking, upper middle-class pansies who are counting on their reputations, their traditions, and their associations to “carry the day” against Satan and the powers of Hell.

What they will take to be a victory, *for them*, will be the greatest victory that Satan ever had on this earth: it will *install him as the king of this world* as well as its god.

**“Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him, That ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand.**

**“Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition; Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God.**

**Remember ye not, that, when I was yet with you, I told you these things? And now ye know what withholdeth that he might be revealed in his time. For the mystery of iniquity doth already work: only he who now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way.**

**And then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming: Even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: That they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness.**

**“But we are bound to give thanks alway to God for you, brethren beloved of the Lord, because God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth:” (2 Thess. 2:1-13).**

**“And in his estate shall stand up a vile person, to whom they shall not give the honour of the kingdom: but he shall come in peaceably, and obtain the kingdom by flatteries ... And after the league made with him he shall work deceitfully: for he shall come up, and shall become strong with a small people. He shall enter peaceably even upon the fattest places of the province; and he shall do that which his fathers have not done, nor his fathers’ fathers ... And both these kings’ hearts shall be to do mischief, and they shall speak lies at one table ... and his heart shall be against the holy covenant; and he shall do exploits, and return to his own land ... therefore he shall be grieved, and return, and have indignation against the holy covenant: so shall he do; he shall even return, and have intelligence with them that forsake the holy covenant ... And such as do wickedly against the covenant shall he corrupt by flatteries: but the people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits. And they that understand among the people shall instruct many: yet they shall fall by the sword, and by flame, by captivity, and by spoil, many days ...**

**And the king shall do according to his will; and he shall exalt himself, and magnify himself above every god, and shall speak marvellous things against the God of gods, and shall prosper till the indignation be accomplished: for that that is determined shall be done.**

**Neither shall he regard the God of his fathers, nor the desire of women, nor regard any god: for he shall magnify himself above all.**

**But in his estate shall he honour the God of forces: and a god whom his fathers knew not shall he honour with gold, and silver, and with precious stones, and pleasant things ... and he shall cause them to rule over many, and shall divide the land for gain ... He shall enter also into the glorious land, and many countries shall be overthrown: but these shall escape out of his hand, even Edom, and Moab, and the chief of the children of Ammon” (Dan. 11:21-40).**

**“In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them” (2 Cor. 4:4).**

The day has arrived. You are in the **“last days”** of the Body of Christ (2 Tim. 3:1-10). We no longer have to endure the bombardment (like Verdun and the Somme); *now we can ACT*. In 1916, the French had to endure at Verdun, on Iwo Jima the Japanese had to “take it” in March of 1945, and then again on Okinawa (April-June 1945).

The “relief” in such situations is when you finally can actually spot the enemy—see the dirty dog who has been killing your buddies—and close with him. Adrenalin takes over where “shell shock” stops. Now you can SEE Death and come to terms with it: fight. Kill or be killed (see *All Quiet on the Western Front*, Remarque, 1929). You now have a chance to do something about your traumatic suffering. Once the fire lifts, “up and at ‘em!”

**“Follow me!”**

Now (2002-2003) is the time! The only “leadership principle” I know is **“Follow me!”** It is found in Judges 9:48. Then, some will and some won’t. That is none of my business; that is *God’s* business. I don’t “recruit” anywhere. You’ve never heard me advertise PBI by mouth or by written word one time in thirty-seven years outside of the *Bible Believers’*

*Bulletin.* I can show a young man to do it and then say, “Go to it! Sic ‘em, tiger!” That is all of the “Cultic Charisma” I have.

It has been a standing joke among knowledgeable Christians (“who take their Bible studies seriously”) that a Cult of “Ruckmanites” would be the last thing that would ever show up on this earth, bar nothing. All Cult leaders have “Charisma”— ALL of them; that is how they get to be the head of a “cult.” If you are going to get a “cult” together, you NEVER train them like you train SEAL demolition crews, RANGER paratroopers, SS sturmtruppen, or Special Forces SWAT teams: never. Never, *ever!*

You never give them the dark side. You always present yourself and your teaching as something that will make *them* happy and successful. You assure *them* that God will help them, and they cannot “go wrong” because of how GOOD they make YOU feel about YOURSELF.

Getting rid of a *literal* Hell is the most “cultic” Charismatic thing any cult leader could think of: so Billy Graham and the Pope, Judge Rutherford, Robert Schuller, and Pastor Russell all qualify!

In addition to this, every Cult leader cultivates his (or her) educational background so that he (or she) will pass off as a “scholar” even where not one earned degree shows up. If they *cannot* present the image of a “recognized, qualified scholar,” then they will present the image of an extremely pious, holy, godly “saint” who wants to do nothing *but HELP people.*

This leaves “Ruckman” high and dry, marooned on an abandoned South Sea island. I have never been accused of even being a gentleman, let alone a “man of God.” I have sent photos of myself to various Christian celebrities in America, and these celebrities (who have REAL Alexandrian cults) have had to pretend that *they never got the photos.* Do you know why? You would never guess unless you knew me like many Bible believers know me. You see, if they had *shown* anyone those photos or dared *print* them in their newsletters, weekly and monthly magazines, or books, it would have *DESTROYED THE PICTURE THEY HAD CREATED IN THE MINDS OF THE CHRISTIAN PUBLIC AS TO “RUCKMAN” BEING A LEADER OF A “CULT.”*

One photo has me, barefooted, lying on a pile of dead mullet (about 300 of them) in my backyard with one dead mullet between my teeth like Black Beard would carry a dagger. Another one shows me barefooted, seated at a piano, playing the piano with my toes, while wearing a woman’s wig. I get a kick out of sending that kind of stuff to selfconceited, deceived, lying APOSTATES like Hot Dog Hymers, Doug Kutilek, Robert Sumner, Curtis Hutson, Bob Jones III, and their friends. They can’t do anything with them!

A real leader “sleeps on the battlefield” the night before the battle (Napoleon’s advice). Gen. Patton demanded that all of his staff members make regular visits to the front (p. 126). Irwin Rommel did much of his own reconnaissance flying his own plane or tearing around his own lines in a command car *during artillery fire.* You should be seen constantly WITH your troops, not back in the “cantonment.”

At the Battle of Hornbec, the French Marshall Villars, seeing his troops halt in the middle of an attack, rode out ahead of them yelling, “What!? Is it expected that I a field marshall



of France, should be the FIRST to escalate when I order YOU to attack?" He took the objective with less than four percent casualties.

When Napoleon's troops "slacked off" at Marengo (June 14, 1800), their five-foot, six-inch General galloped through them yelling, "I always sleep on the field of battle!"

The problem with the sissy-brigade of lace-britches (any modern, large gathering of Christian celebrities) is simple. They cannot get any young men to follow *them*, PERSONALLY. They have no effect at all on YOUNG male men when it comes to Christian leadership or *example*. This makes them desperately jealous of any other "officer" who can get them to follow HIM into combat.

"Monty" (Field Marshall Montgomery) was obsessed with this complex when dealing with Patton's Third Army and Patton's leadership ability. Men would follow Patton like they followed Charles XII (Sweden) anywhere, anytime, about under any condition. Charles XII warred against Denmark, Poland, and Russia for twenty-one years, during the times of Peter the Great (1720). All his troops always had the utmost confidence in him even when he "blundered" and made blunders that cost lives.

His last battle was at Fredrikshald, 1718, where he was defeated and had to give Pomerania, Poland, and the Baltic States back to Russia. His "decisive" battle was earlier at Poltava (July 8, 1709); that was the "beginning of the end." With 20,000 troops he took on 69,000 enemy troops—*odds 3 to 1*. Charlie and 1,500 survivors escaped death on the battlefield, but they had suffered nearly *92 percent casualties*. In spite of that "drubbin," Charles XII led troops AGAIN in 1714 (Stralsund), 1715 (Ahvenanmma), and 1718 (Fredrikshald).

*Men would follow him.* He had absolutely no "charisma." He was brave and would *take part* in the battle.

Men would follow Rommel and Napoleon as they would follow Guderian, Manstein, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and many an infantry and marine sergeant. Titus and Timothy followed Paul. He had no "charisma," nor did he set up one school a day in his lifetime of missionary work. Paul was *not* a cult leader, but the leading "celebrities" of his day (see Matt. 23:2-3) said he *was* because he led a "SECT" (Acts 24:5) as a teacher of "HERESY" (Acts 24:14). Note the difference in the slick, smooth talk of a religious "celebrity" (Acts 24:2-4) and a *soldier* (Acts 17:22, 25:10-11, 23:3). Do you get the difference?

Patton's troops loved him and obeyed him while they cussed him out and told jokes about him and called him "Georgie." He had about as much "charisma" as "Black Jack" Ketchum (1899) or "Wild Bill" Hickock (1837-1876). G.I.s have a sense of humor we call "IRON humor." It is borrowed from God (see Mal. 2:3, 3:15; Matt. 19:24, 15:14; Ezek. 23:20; Isa. 3:15; Job 21:3; etc.).

A good sampler would be the young Marine manning a machine gun by "Suicide Creek" on New Britain, Dec. 1943). He has just seen his assistant gunner drop dead with half of his upper head gone and his helmet sliding off over the sticky mess like strawberry jam. It had already been a "bad day" with snipers picking off three of their bulldozer drivers and now the Japs were "banzai-ing" across a dry stream bed. An old thirty-year man (a Marine gunny) took one look at the young man's face and hands—they were shaking so bad he

couldn't have picked up a cup of coffee—and snarled, “Well, commence firin’! Whatcha’ b—for? *Yer gittin paid for it, ain’t ‘cha?*”

Those things happen.

On Juno Beach (D-Day Normandy), in an effort to get communications between the first wave of Canadians that hit the beach and their command ship, Ronald Clark of the United Press came ashore with two baskets full of *carrier pigeons*; they got the communications tucked into small plastic bottles attached to the birds’ legs and turned them loose. Instead of flying to the command ship, they circled the beach and then headed straight to the *German* lines! One Reuter’s correspondent began to jump up and down on the beach, shaking his fist at the pigeons, and roar: “*Traitors: D– traitors!*”

In the same action, a young G.I., sea sick and covered with his own vomit (4th Division landing on “Utah” Beach)—the men were packed so close together in the Higgins’ Boat they were vomiting *on each other*—was sitting waiting for the ramp to open on the machine gun fire; he was just shaking his head and mumbling: “That guy Higgins ain’t got nothin’ to be proud about, inventin’ this g– d– boat!”

Never will I forget seeing Mauldin’s “G.I.s” (Willie and Joe) sitting under a near leafless tree in a cold, Italian, November downpour, and one of them is saying: “This d– tree LEAKS!”

[*I know few of my readers understand what I am talking about; it is the modern, effeminate, slick, smooth, polished, rehearsed, PHONY piety that prevents you from understanding it. They have a natural resentment for any man who can get individual young men to follow his Christian example because all they can do is BUILD NON-PROFIT CORPORATIONS and attract young men with pictures of pretty girls, pretty campuses, big church buildings, and high-sounding talk about “academic standards” and “godly” Christian scholars.*

Their own personal, individual, MALE lives, as mature men, make no impression whatsoever upon a truly “male” MAN. There is simply nothing bold, brave, heroic, daring, or challenging about *them*. They are Bradleys, not *Pattons*. They are Eisenhowers, not *Joe Stillwells*. They are Montgomery; not *Rommels*. They are JFKs, not *Skorzenys*. They are Robert Schullers, not *Billy Sundays*. They are Melancthons, not *Luthers*. They are Swindolls and MacArthurs, not *Maze Jacksons* and *Frank Norrises*. They are John Calvins, not *John Knoxes*.

Let me illustrate my type of operation for which God made me and trained me and in which He supported me, without my desiring it or volunteering for the job. This is a little extravagant and improper, but believe me, it is not in the least inappropriate or inapplicable for an infantry “irregular.”

I am sure you understand that I *understand* 2 Corinthians 10:4 thoroughly. Nonetheless, that does not nullify *three great truths*. 1. A Christian is a *soldier* with a *Commander* and is engaged in a *lifelong WAR* against the world, the flesh, and the devil. 2. The Christian is to wear a war “outfit”—a uniform designed for *GROUND warfare* and fighting at *close quarters* (Eph. 6:10-17). 3. A Christian (any and every Christian) is to follow the example set for him by a *FIGHTER* (1 Cor. 11:1) who “**fought a good FIGHT**” (2 Tim. 4:7) as the pattern and “**ROLE MODEL**” (1 Tim. 1:16) for *ALL Christians* to follow since A.D. 68.

## CHAPTER 8

### Closing With the Enemy

With Chapter 7 in mind, I postulate this scenario.

I don camouflage fatigues and holster a .22 “long rifle” pistol with a silencer; it holds twelve rounds. I hang four white phosphorous grenades from my halter, bind my pant legs to my ankles with rubber bands, exchange my combat boots for some thick-soled “tennis shoes,” paint my cheek bones, chin, and nose bridge with “blacking,” put on a black stocking cap, and take along a long piece of piano wire (about 3 1/2 feet long) fastened to two 6-inch wooden handles.

The only other weapons I will carry will be a policeman’s “stun gun” and a dime store ice pick with a blade about eight inches long. Not properly a “weapon” would be a homemade “old man’s weapon” which is simply two very short batons (about eighteen inches long) with cords that slip over your wrist. They are long enough so that you can hold both sticks like you would hold any sticks, but the cords hang *over the THUMBS* and then *down* around the wrists and back around *into the palms* before they contact the sticks.

This means you can hold a knife or fire a pistol or you can grasp a man with either hand *without dropping either baton*. The movements in self defense are taught in “ESCRIMA” (Arnis).

You will notice I don’t fool with anything really *modern*. The stun-gun is about the most up-to-date thing I have in my possession. Semi-automatic pistols and silencers were in vogue in 1918, and so were the grenades. The garotte has never been out of style since 2000 B.C., and the ice pick is as old a “dagger” as the one that Ehud used to kill Eglon (Judg. 3). I am “archaic,” definitely not “up with the times,” but like David going out to meet Goliath, I had better stick with the things with which I am familiar. David couldn’t wear Saul’s armor (1 Sam. 17:38-40).

The stun-gun and the “old man’s weapons” are simply for getting a sentry’s equipment and weapons (and clothing if you need them) *quietly*. Two seconds of inactivity is plenty of time to take one of the batons and knock his head off (*silently*); the short sticks are made of “black gum” from North Carolina. They are about four times harder than *hickory* or *mahogany*.

Either one would dent a man’s head as deeply as a piece of *galvanized iron pipe* an inch thick.

I leave the LD (line of departure) with a small combat team—about seven of us. We have spent the day flat on our bellies in the bushes (like the 50 caliber sniper from Nam). No copters; that is good. No patrols out; that is even better. In the distance we can hear “music and dancing” (Exod. 32:18-19). They are having a typical Girlie Party at the Officers’ Club. Things are shaping up like the British commando raid (Aug. 18, 1942) at Dnieppe, France where Lt. Colonel Lorat was the No. 4 commando.

*I am in position*. No sentries are guarding the BOQ or the HDQ of Battalion or Regiment.

Some of the “full chickens” (Colonels) are celebrating New Year’s Eve along with the “top brass” ( a couple of one and two star Generals), and the WACS and WAVES are enjoying being “harassed” as long as the *right officer* “harasses” them, etc.

I enter into the banquet hall through a basement window, come up into a hallway behind the mess hall—which is, actually, a beautifully decorated *steakhouse cafeteria*—and slip into the “Men’s Room” (labeled “Persons”) and wait.

I stand up on a commode so no one looking under the swinging doors will detect an occupant. My first victim goes to the urinals and then to the sink. I slip out and take three gliding steps *parallel* with him, so my reflection doesn’t show up too soon, and then I give him the “Ice Pick Willie” treatment (or “Ice Pick Barney”) the Mafia uses. From behind him, I cover his mouth with my left hand while I drive the pick into his right ear. (You muzzle him to keep him from yelling.) In four second you can lower him gently down, wipe the blood off and drag him back into a stall and dump him over a commode. (They always did have an affinity for those kind of places!)

He now resembles an unfortunate man who has been the victim of a *cerebral hemorrhage*. “RIP.” God bless you, buddy!

I step behind the door and wait for my next visitor. (If two of them had come in at the same time I would have had to waste two silent rounds from my pistol. *Now I can save the ammo.*) I step behind the door with the stun gun in my left and the old man’s weapon in my right. Fortunately I have the presence of mind to stick the .22 in my belt *in front of me* so that if I have to use it, all I have to do is grab it.” The stick, as I said before, will stay hanging on your wrist even when you let go of it.

It is a good thing I did this, for this time, *two* do come in together! Rats! I shoot two shots, each one aimed at their *throats*. (That is so they don’t scream or yell too loud after they get hit.) I still have the stun gun so if the shots miss or are not mortal wounds I can buzz ‘em. In that case, in less than three seconds I can step forward with the baton in my right and “deck ‘em” silently. Then all it will take is two more shots to send them to the “happy hunting ground,” for you have your choice of where the *place* the bullets: they are both unconscious.

You see, we are not talking about “sharing the love of Christ’ and “reaching out to touch others” so as to “impact” them with our caring, etc. We are “Promise Keeping” NOTHING. Most important of all, we are certainly not engaged in trying to help someone to **“recover themselves out of the snare of the devil”** (2 Tim. 2:26), which is a common alibi for ministering like Chicken Little in order to maintain *your own image and reputation*.

We are engaged in nullifying or *wiping out* the most *deadly enemies* the Body of Christ has in the *final apostasy* of the American Laodicean church (1900-2000): its scholarly, educated “PERFUMED PRINCES.”

No compliments, no tact, no smiles and handshakes, no “well wishes” and “God bless yous,” no “deals,” no dialogues, no “summits,” and absolutely no attempts of any kind to “get along with erring brethren” or have folks say, “behold how they love one another!” and all that jazz. When dealing with apostate Christians who spend their lives trying to get rid of the *King James Bible*—see the list of 320 in *The Christian Liars’ Library*, 1997—

SACK ‘EM. Take ‘em up to 5,000 feet in the Jolly Green Giant and pitch ‘em out—chuteless. No quarter asked; no quarter given. “Geronimo!”

We “irregulars” take them to be *professional liars* (see *The Scholarship Only Controversy*, 1996), fraudulent historians (see *The Christian’s Handbook of Biblical Scholarship*, 1988), worldly, carnal, men-pleasing, praise-loving, *man-honoring*, man-fearing APOSTATES who would do *anything* for a recognition and a buck. The best way to handle them is get rid of them (“Sorry, Lieutenant! he tried to escape when I was taking him back!” Sure, kid, sure. We read ya.) Why give him your rations when you ain’t got enough for yourself or your buddies? Figure it out. Never mind the Pablum Pukes who are trying to sell your inheritance and birthright for a mess of pottage and then LYING about it.

Well, I have three corpses piled up in the “can” (Tischendorf, Nestle, and Metzger!)—‘scuse me! I meant “the Head”! “‘Scuse me, again! I meant the “latrine.” (It has been so long since I was “. . . .house Rosey” that I forgot my nomenclature!)

If I have time, I strip off one officer’s jacket and pants and try to trade them for my camouflage outfit. This will give me a few seconds advantage at any time in the next twenty-four hours when I “run into” an enemy. I am able to deck two more of these Alexandrian punks (Griesbach and Hort) before moving out. But you must be *mobile*; you cannot stay in one place too long. Somebody’s “pal” is going to start getting worried why old “palsy-walsy” hasn’t come back to his table yet, and they will begin to check. But “*Alles in ordnung*” (German, “All is order.”). If they get me I will still have a *kill ratio* of five to one; that is a good “body count” on any grunt’s report card!

See what I mean, jelly bean?

“Hah ha haa, ho ho ho! Ten at one blow!” That’s what the “Little Tailor” said.

My teammates have not been idle. None of them have been “bucking for points,” and none of them are trying to qualify for being the “most valuable player of the year”—or the game.

There is no time to “grandstand” (“hot dog”) in combat.

Two of my dog faces have sandwiched a drunk in between them when he took a back road out of the party. One jumped him from behind a tree and said “Boo!” The victim “liked to have had a litter.” While his mouth was still open the second irregular—I forget whether it was Alan O’Reilly or James Son—smacked him on the backbone with a hatchet and then strangled him with a cord. He only grunted once and that was it.

The same team got another character when he poked his head out of a window in the dance hall to get some fresh air; they pulled him clean through it and got a Fairbairn (British commando dagger, World Wars I and II) into him to the hilt (Judg. 3). “**The dirt came out.**” (That bunch is dirtier inside than a white-washed *Pharisee*.)

Two more of my patrol members (I think it was Sam Gipp and Laurence Vance) got a third Alexandrian apostate after he had passed out. His Pentagon buddies dragged him out on to a veranda and left him in a folding chair to “recoup.” He recouped all right. Our pair “recouped” him in less than fifteen seconds. One muffled his mouth with a napkin, and the other gouged him with a short bayonet (Carbine, World War II, 1944) *and ran the slice from his belly button up to his rib cage*—just to make sure an IV couldn’t help him out.

Thought I was joking, didn't you? Read this.

**“For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do”** (Heb. 4:12-13).

See how some of you prissy, little Christian sissies, with lace on your britches, have a time with *that Book*? It has so much in it that no professor in any Christian school would even dare QUOTE (like Jer. 30:11) that your chances of ever becoming a Christian soldier are about 1 out 5,000.

**“And the burden of the LORD shall ye mention no more: for every man's word shall be his burden; for ye have perverted the words of the living God, of the LORD of hosts our God”** (Jer. 23:36).

**“How do ye say, We are wise, and the law of the LORD is with us? Lo, certainly in vain made he it; the pen of the scribes is in vain. The wise men are ashamed, they are dismayed and taken: lo, they have rejected the word of the LORD; and what wisdom is in them?”** (Jer. 8:8-9).

With some more “borrowed” uniforms we get through “security” back into the forest and then hightail it through the underbrush by a different route than we had come in on.

By 2 a.m. the “camp” had been alerted. The news had gotten out. An enemy was “within the gates,” not just “at” the gates. A Trojan Horse (Troy, about 1200 B.C.) has smuggled some killers into the base (or Fort). They now waste ten hours trying to find them *in their own camp*. (That is how much faith practical atheists have in *each other* since all of them have no higher authority than *their own opinions*.)

When they got through scrambling around among themselves “like ducks on a pond trying to dodge lightning,” some artillery observer calls it to their attention that they now can expect, shortly, a massed attack by somewhere near 40,000 troops. G-2 has informed him that these troops have been gradually assembling since 1960, and now (1970) the formations are converging on the frontal positions of the Alexandrian Cult.

The night we chose to raid we checked the weather report. The official forecasts in that area predicted a ceiling so low that all of the commercial airlines were grounded. For at least eighteen hours, “air superiority” would do them no good at all, so all chances of an air strike on the ground troops was out. It was almost like the Lord covering up the sky for the BEF at Dunkirk (May-June 1940) so they could get back to England.

We would have enough time to break up their electronic systems and computer controls. Me and my buddies are back in the prone position on our left flank. Our irregular troops are reaching “the line of departure”—we will advance through heavy timber. (It now is called a “phase line”).

Defying the weather, out against us come two squadrons of planes “made in China” (Mikoyan Mig 15s and Shengang J8s). Unfortunately their pilots (like the pilots of Sept. 11 in New York) were trained in Pensacola, Florida, and eight of them are *women*. These Brownsville-Eglin Air Force Base “mama sans” often get hysterical when their controls

on the F-15 don't work; they CRY over the "internetwork." Two of them collide with sister ships on their "wing." The rest of the squadron mistakes their own troops for *ours*, and after thirty minutes of strafing and dumping napalm they have lost more men in *two hours* than in their last eight full-time battles between 1901 and 1980.

Now all attention is forward. My troops are massing along a two-mile line with ranks running a quarter of a mile deep (1999). They now have Flak flame throwers, SAM missiles, armored vehicles, 60 and 82 mm mortars and rifles (made in Thailand, Vietnam, Germany, and Russia) as well as 57 mm recoilless rifles, k-44 Carbines, AK-47s, Soviet Chicoms, 12.7 mm heavy machine guns (Soviet DSHK), and French MAS 36s, T-62 tanks, 75mm and 107mm RRs (Chicom type), and some more up-to-date stuff. (We have had twenty to thirty years to get ahold of these weapons. The Alexandrians didn't think we were important enough to check on.)

The Alexandrians dispatch a brigade of tanks (including Sheridans, Leopards, and T-62s) from the 49th Armored Division. They enter the woods near our left front flank. It is double error. We have had *years* to plant MINES on every deer track in the timber, and when the tankers appear we "**rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory,**" etc., to see they have no *foot soldiers* to support them. This was to be expected, for not one time in 120 years (1880-2000) would the Alexandrian Cult *lower itself to INFANTRY TRAINING OR INFANTRY COMBAT.*" All of them were too holy, *too spiritual*, too "godly" to get their little pinkies and their little footsy-wootsies in the dirt. Forty iron monsters go into the woods armed with 122mm canon and 105s—guns that can fire at ranges over 2,000 yards, but *the tankers don't have twenty to forty yards visibility.*

The tankers who were sent in to clear-out the woods and fold up our left flank find themselves beset with flame throwers, RPG rocket launchers, Molotov "cocktails," and 3.5 inch M20s. We planted no mines at the entrance to the forest. They began 200 yards inside the forest: too late to back out. Our X-ambush sucks the head of the column in at least one-third of the way before we commence firing. Now comes the "Marianna Turkey Shoot" (Battle of the Philippine Sea, June 1944) all over again, except this one is a "Clown Shoot" (you see, "all of the clowns are not in the circus"), and this one is on *land*. The tankers have three options: stay in a metal coffin and burn up (or explode) or get punctured by Milan missiles or come out of the hatch and get shot.

"So solly. No prisoners."

You had no mercy on *the Body of Christ*. You had no mercy on the young ministers you destroyed. You had no *respect* for the *greatest Book on this earth*. You had no fear of God when it came to *attacking it*. You had no more moral or *ethical standards* when discussing manuscript evidence and the fruits of new translations than a rabid alley cat. You had no *humility* in dealing with soulwinners who were TEN times the "man" that *you would ever be*, and you had no more actual burden for men and women *going to Hell* than Slick Willie had for getting rid of the drug traffic.

Don't wave any white handkerchiefs now, you miserable curs! *Save them to blow your nose on*. You dirty, wicked, lying, Christian egomaniacs have been putting an average of 1,000 young men *out of the ministry* every year since 1901. It is a little late to start pretending you're in the "Lord's Army." Go on, yell! "Remember the Alamo!"

“Remember Pearl Harbor!” “God Bless America!” “Remember the Twin Towers!”  
“Geronimo!” “Remember the Black Hole” (Calcutta, June 1756), “Remember Bataan!”  
“Remember Santa Claus!” “Remember that September in the Rain!”

*Now is the time.* The artillery pieces have opened up, and the deadly overture has begun (1999). The deadly “organs” are running up and down the scale; fortunately the ceiling is still (temporarily) zero.

I and my shock troops can go back into the enemy installations *behind* the lines, clothed in their uniforms! (Don’t forget! Not all of the tankers are going to be burnt to a marshmallow!). With only twenty of us going in we can get a “fit” out of 200 dead bodies. We tie a yellow (or white, blue, green, etc.) rag to the back of our harnesses *so our own troops* will know we are not your “basic,” ordinary enemy.

With the roar now on the front, we have a good opportunity to take out some sentries. None of them are alert anyway; they were all reading Trench’s *Synonyms*, Wuest’s *Golden Nuggets from the Greek New Testament*, Ryrie’s *Study Bible*, Kittel’s *Theological Dictionary of the New Testament*, Thayer’s *Lexicon*, Zodhiates’ *Hebrew-Greek Key Word Study Bible*, etc. We are able to clean out a barracks of MPs by going in both ends at one time and working toward the center, using *silencers*.

We suffer six casualties getting into the control center, but once there “we have the goodies!” We spray the place. After all of the bodies of the operators in it are in the “prone position,” two of our boys check them to make sure that none of them are playing possum. (Those things happen, you know!) Then out go the tubes, out goes all of the “software,” out go the “screens,” slam! go all of the fuse boxes, *Bingo!* go the AN-TPQ 37 connections for locating artillery pieces, and out goes the AN-TPQ 36s for locating mortars. Anything hooked up to anything goes dead. No auxiliary power can come on to light up a 40-watt bulb anywhere in the building when we get through with it. All of the radar and sonar setups, all of the field communications (with their officers) have been blown to smithereens and couldn’t be repaired in a week or a month.

Now our dear little seminary professors will have to be exposed to primitive, pagan, archaic, INFANTRY warfare (like when the cooks, bakers, typists, nurses, and secretaries were overrun in the Tet Offensive in Nam: Feb. 1968) without having any access to “scientific advancements” to help them save face.

Get the head and the tail will quit wiggling.

You are now “up to date” (2003).

Shortly, our Sturmtruppen will be coming out of the woods attacking in a *narrow wedge* about one-eighth of a mile at the point and about two miles wide in the rear ranks. We intend to penetrate at least *one mile* into the occupied zone; we hope for a kill ratio of *ten to one*, and if possible (by the grace of God!), a *twenty to one* ratio.

We will lose the war eventually. That is obvious to anyone who studies what happened at Bataan and on Corregidor back in April of 1942.

If we had a kill ratio of *fifty to one* the “**son of perdition**” would still show up (Rev. 13). We don’t win the WAR till Revelation 19:11-21. We will *lose*, but we are determined to “die with our boots on” and not as MacArthur and Patton and Chesty Puller and Erwin



Rommel and Napoleon Bonaparte died: off the battlefield, away from “shot and shell.”

My dad died that way (1966) after being a captain of infantry in World War II. In 1941 he was too old to get back into the rifle companies and regiments. They put him into “Ordnance” (Bynum, Alabama, outside of Anniston: 1941-1945). It broke his heart. I am sure he wanted to die as he had taught us to die when we were minor children. I can remember him saying, at least four times before I was ten years old, “The greatest honor any man can have is to die while leading troops into battle in defense of his country.”

“My country ‘tis of thee” is *New Jerusalem*.

**“But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all”** (Gal. 4:26).

**“But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels”** (Heb. 12:22).

**“For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ”** (Phil. 3:20).

True, conversion forced me to swap my *carnal* weapons for *spiritual* ones, but I still think that some unsaved men (Pulley, Priller, Rommel, Wellington, Hartmann, Patton, Luciano, N. B. Forrest, Goldwater, Skorzeny, et al.), with carnal weapons, have more CHARACTER than 90 percent of the Christian leaders in America between 1960 and 2003.

You could never convince me “otherwise.”

These cod-fishy-nerved, bi-focaled *half wits* are always as nervous as a clam at low tide every time the old black-backed, 66 cal. Book is opened. The only real **“cause”** they ever had for collecting weapons and mustering an army of half wits like themselves, to attack the Body of Christ, was to secure their tenures (*flesh*), bolster their egos (*flesh*), increase their salaries (*flesh*), sell books (*flesh*), gain reputations for being “great, godly scholars” (*flesh*), and turn as many young men away from belief in the Holy Bible as they possibly could so that THEY would be his final authority (*flesh*). A more carnal, *fleshy* bunch of worldly apostates has never showed up anywhere outside of a massage parlor, an x-rated adult theatre, a burlesque show, a strip tease, or a whorehouse.

Our **“cause”** (1 Sam. 17:29), from the first shot (see Ft. Sumter, 4:20 a.m. April 12, 1861), was to preserve the integrity of God’s Holy Bible (*at their expense*) and help 500,000 to 5,000,000 Christians in America to grow in grace and maturity as loyal, obedient SOLDIERS in *“Der Wehrmacht des Herrns”* (The Lord’s Army), instead of degenerating into conceited, worldly, backslidden, Laodicean fleshpots.

Now that the *real* battle is underway (1990), we are contesting every foot of the field, and their casualty list is growing by leaps and bounds. It is beginning to look like General Haight’s World War I “situation report” (1917) after his campaign in “Flanders Field” (May-Dec. of 1917). This is now called a “SITREP.”

You see, the apostate Alexandrians are actually getting their first real taste of combat since the days of Burgon, Miller, Scrivener, and Hoskier (1870-1890). It is costing them “dearly.”

They don’t *like* Christian warfare, especially a civil war—a “war of rebellion”—for *which*

*they ALONE are responsible.* They can't take it; they just like to "dish it out." *They can't take it;* they are not real "males." *They can't take it;* they just like to play soldier for the "galleries"—REMF—in colloquial Americana.

And win or lose, as late as 2003, "Ruckman" was still "at large," finishing fifty-four years as "point man" in an army of "irregulars." Some of my "Old Guard" (see Waterloo, 1815) are still with me, and I have miraculously been preserved to see many of my comrades fall "in action" with the war still unwon. Some day, in the Grand Review, we will celebrate our permanent victory, but we cannot until our "**man of War**" (Exod. 15:3) shows up with troops that cannot be killed (Joel 2:8) with carnal weapons (Joel 2:11).

**"What shall be the end of these things"** (Dan. 12:6, 8)? Well, if the Lord tarries we will be slain on the field of battle; *we will lose.* We have never mistaken ourselves for "supermen" since the conflict started.

Eventually we will be *liquidated*, or we will be caught up and out (1 Cor. 15; 1 Thess. 4) of their sight before they can liquidate us. Then we will go where they "**cannot come**" (John 8:21). Then THEIR real commander-and-chief will show up (2 Thess. 2:1-3; Dan. 11; John 14:3) who has hated that *King James Bible* from the day it was written, like no other book. He *has devoted 391 years to its extinction.* We will lose, but God being our helper, we will drop with our back to the wall and our toes "on the line" (p. 153).

In the meantime, we will shoot the knee caps off the enemy's troops, destroy their new equipment with homemade axes, tear up their electrical circuits, mine their airstrips, make "basket cases" out of their celebrities and Ph.D.s, and get rid of their influence like a gardener would poison a pile of fire ants. While doing this, we will be thumbing our noses at their offers of "Christian love," "sharing Christ," "sharing and caring, coping with stresses," "catching the spirit of the campus," and "loving the brethren."

I might add, at the same time, we will be *chambering the next round* or getting ready to fire *another clip* into the next educated idiot who recommends the "Brand New American International Standard Authorized Revised Living Cow Pie" for those "who take their Bible studies seriously."

"Some men die by degrees." *The bigger the belfry the more room for the bats.*

God has always had on this earth some soldiers whom neither money nor recognition could buy. They simply were not for sale (General Ziethen, Field Marshall Ney, Pips Priller, Erich Hartmann, Otto Skorzeny, Gen. Von Zeeland, Gen. Robert E. Lee, Andrew Jackson, Oliver Cromwell, Gustavus Adolphus, Stonewall Jackson, Joshua, Erwin Rommel, Nathan Hale, Audie Murphy, Sgt. York, and Nathaniel Bedford Forrest).

These days (1990-2003), chicken-livered, yellow-bellied Christian cowards come two cents a carload—at least in America. "Cowardice is epidemic."

To Hell with their leadership. We opt to "**withstand ... and having done all, to STAND.**" No quarter given, no quarter taken. "Lay on McDuff, and damned be he who first cries, 'Hold! Enough!'" (*Macbeth*, Shakespeare).

Whether we hit the dirt or hit the clouds (1 Thess. 4), we are determined to fall or fly away as MEN (1 Sam. 4:9), not the news media's pitiful little "persons" who are nothing but some kiddy's wooden soldiers that he pulled out of his toy box.

*“Machen sie dem Guten Krieg! Folgen sie Mir!”*

## CHAPTER 9

### Faithful Unto Death

In Atlanta, at the Cyclorama, one can still find a huge painting depicting the Battle of Atlanta. It was painted about twenty years after the Civil War by about fifty Flemish and Belgian painters. It is about fifteen feet high and goes around in a circle of more than 160 feet. It shows the fighting around the school house, the cotton bales, the hill where Sherman observed the action, the railroad track going north, etc.

Around 1920, an old Civil War vet who had been blinded in that battle went to see the painting. He took his little granddaughter with him, for she would have to *tell him* what he could not see: she would have to explain the picture to him.

He was eighty and had been stone-blind for fifty-five years. As she led him around the Cyclorama he would ask question after question: “Where are the men in the blue uniforms, honey?” “Are they near *the tracks*?” “What is on the other side of the tracks?” “Do you see soldiers coming out of the forest?” “Is there anyone running up the track?” “Where is the *school house*?” “Do you see any *canons*?”

As they went clockwise around the panorama, he became visibly agitated. In a trembling voice he asked, “Cora, do you see some cannons lined up on the *right side* of that schoolhouse?”

“Yes, paw paw.”

“How many are there, honey?”

“Well, I can count six.”

“Are there some horses running at them?” “Yes, paw paw. There are riders in blue clothes, and they are carrying long swords.”

The old veteran began to sweat. “Honey,” he said, “look close, right ‘round that *fourth canon*. Do you see anything like smoke balloons exploding in the air?”

“Oh yes, paw paw, lots of them, all around.” “Now, Cora, right by that fourth canon, what do you see there?”

The little girl studied the painting for a moment, and then she said, “Well, some men in gray uniforms are looking up, and a big *smoke bomb* is going off right over their heads in *front of them*.”

The old man moved backward and leaned against the center wall of the rotunda, and wiping his brow with a large handkerchief, he said, trembling, “Honey, *that is the last thing I saw on this earth* before I lost my sight!”

She had identified his battery and his gun crew. I want to ask you a question. It is a *very personal question*.

Will that be the last thing YOU will remember on this earth? An enemy shell going off *RIGHT IN YOUR FACE*? Will you be “in the action” when the Lord takes you home or

just sitting around like “Monty” sat around in northern France stripping Patton’s 3rd Army of his gasoline (and even some of his troops—Dec. 1944–Jan. 1945) to insure *his own safety* if he should have to attack? Monty did the same thing at El Alamein II, using New Zealanders from his left flank (1942) to protect *himself* whereas if he had attacked when *they* attacked he would have finished Rommel off.

Will it be power and smoke, shot and shell, right in front of your face when you die? And if so, will you fall on the field without ever FACING *the enemy* or FIRING A SHOT at him?!

Do you mind if I call in “Georgie,” as his friends called him (“Old Blood and Guts”), for the answer to that question? I would trust him for the right answer before I would trust Lee Roberson, Tom Malone, Clarence Sexton, Jerry Falwell, Billy Graham, Jack Hyles, or John Rice with it.

George S. Patton said *this* at his last operational briefing (May 9, 1945) in Regensburg, Germany. He said, “*The best END for an old campaigner is a BULLET in the LAST MINUTE of the battle*” (Patton’s 3rd Army, Col. Robert Allen, 1945, p. 302).

My dad felt that way about it. That is exactly what he taught ME from the time I was old enough to know the difference between Reveille and Taps.

I wonder if my *heavenly* Father feels that way about it?

When that great Christian soldier, Paul, had his head cut off, he left his “legacy” to a young man named Timothy. That was *the contents* of 2 Timothy. When the Captain of our Salvation left his twelve-man squad (John 13-17), He gave them their final “briefing”; likewise *Jacob* (Gen. 49) and *Moses* (Deut. 28-34).

Gen. MacArthur’s final “briefing” was given to West Pointers; among several things, he said these:

“*Duty, Honor, Country*. Those three hallowed words reverently dictate what you ought to be, what you can be, and what you WILL be.”

I revise the General: “*The Holy Bible, the Holy Spirit, and your Holy Commander in Chief*; those three ... etc.”

“The *UNBELIEVERS* say they are but words— but a slogan—a flamboyant phrase. Every demagogue, every cynic, every HYPOCRITE, every troublemaker ... will try to downgrade them to the extent of mockery or RIDICULE.” (I will leave those words of “Dugout” Doug intact.)

“In memory’s eye I can see those staggering columns of the First World War (1918) bending under soggy packs (see J. Kilmer, p. 23), on many a weary march. The long gray line has never failed us [*they did in Korea and Nam*]. Only the DEAD have seen the END of war. A million ghosts in olive drab, in brown khaki, in blue and grey could rise from their white crosses thundering those magic words: *Duty, Honor, Country!*”

I revise again: “Those magic words: *THE HOLY BIBLE, THE HOLY SPIRIT, AND THE HOLY CAPTAIN*” (Heb. 2:10).

“This does not mean that you are *war mongers*; on the contrary, the soldier, above all other

people, prays for peace, for he must suffer and bear the deepest wounds and scars of war. The shadows are lengthening for me, but in the evening of my memory, always I come back to West Point. Always their echoes and re-echoes, 'DUTY, HONOR, COUNTRY.' I bid you farewell."

Correction, General! "Always there echoes and re-echoes, 'THE HOLY BIBLE, THE HOLY SPIRIT, AND THE HOLY MAN OF WAR" (Exod. 15:3).

If I were to "brief" my irregulars before our last action, I would simply quote the words of a poet laureate of England, many years ago. He wrote a poem called *Recessional*. I only had to change three words in it to apply it to my sturmtruppen: "God of our Fathers know of old, Lord of our far-flung battle line, beneath whose AWFUL hand we hold dominion over Palm and Pine! Lord God of Hosts be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget!"

The reference was to Queen Victoria's British Empire, which fell completely to pieces after Winston Churchill signed the tribal possessions of Reuben, Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh over to Mohammed and Allah, in 1921 (see *ISRAEL: A Deadly Piece of Dirt*, 2001). Having lost Australia, Canada, Erie, (South Ireland), Scotland, and the USA, the British proceeded to lose India, Burma, Malaysia, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Singapore, Rhodesia, British Guinea, the Sudan, and the Palestinian "Mandate," etc. They forgot.

"If drunk with sight of power we loose WILD TONGUES against THY BOOK of Law, such boastings as AGNOSTICS use and PRACTICAL ATHEISTS 'JAW,' Lord God of Hosts be with us yet; lest we forget, lest we forget!"

*We forgot.*

So we lost the war in Korea, we lost the war in Vietnam, and then we wasted more than \$25,000, 000,000 pretending we were "warring" against "terrorism" (2001-2003).

The "wild tongues" that "jawed" against the BOOK (see above) are listed in *The Christian Liars' Library*, 1997: all 320 of them, and 300 of them are Conservative and "Evangelical" or "Fundamentalist" Christians.

The author of *Recessional* was Rudyard Kipling, who spent years overseas with the British "expeditionary forces" of the British Empire. Do you know what he said in a farewell address to a mass of students at an Oxford graduation? I have kept it for years: I consider it to be a classic in the English language for all English-speaking people, and especially to the Christian "career-building celebrities" in America in the final apostasy of the Laodicean church (Rev. 3).

He said (in effect): "I see young gentlemen, by your carriage, bearing, clothes, and manners that you have been well-raised in homes where all of life's necessities were taken care of. You have taken great pains to *impress the right people* and lay back enough *wealth* to buy your way through things. Some day after you leave here, somewhere down the pathway of life, you will come across a man, somewhere, to whom all of these things mean absolutely *nothing at all*, and when you do you will realize how *POOR* you really are!"

That day for a Christian will be 1 Corinthians 3; 2 Corinthians 5; and Romans 14.

Wanna see a real Christian soldier in action? Here is one. He was a governor of Louisiana

after the Civil War (1861-1865).

This was Mr. Nicols, a saved *veteran infantryman* who fought in three bloody battles in the Civil War (Richmond, Ky.; Manasseh; and Antietam).

One day he was visited by a well-dressed committee of fine looking gentlemen who were simply *gamblers*—forerunners of the New Orleans Mafia later—who had come to talk him out of vetoing a bill that would give Louisiana a state lottery (like those in Florida and other places now!). They talked calmly, slowly, carefully, smiling most of the time. They were courteous and cheerful (like all Christian celebrities), if you could overlook the tight, thin, compressed lips, the set of the jaws, the glint in their eyes, and the continual fiddling with their fingers and fists.

When they got through, what Nicols had been “offered” was a typical “offer he couldn’t refuse” in the form of a BRIBE.

Nicols got to his one foot (not “feet”; he only had one leg). Leaning on his crutch with his arm (he only had one arm), he said: “I see what you mean, gentlemen! Do you see this one EYE? *I lost* the other one at Richmond. Do you see the one leg? I had the other one *amputated* at Manasseh. Do you see this one arm I have left? The other one was *shot off* at Sharpsburg (Antietam). As poor as I am, you might crush me and jab me leaving me to go through life legless, armless, and sightless to a pauper’s grave. BUT THERE ISN’T ENOUGH MONEY ON THIS EARTH TO *BUY ME*. YOU ARE DISMISSED!!”

Same to you—whoever you are that have read this book.

*You are “dismissed!”*